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Statement of Purpose:

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

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

The opinions expressed here are not necessarily those of DDN or the Grateful Dead. ♦

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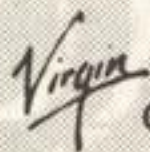
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LETTERS

Dear Folks:

I awoke about an hour ago to warm, clear sunlight pouring through the window, birds chorusing (yeah, it's true!), and a general feeling of well-being. Having spent the last hour reading *DDN* #23, in particular the Dedication by Johnny Dwork and the Ken Kesey interview, I'm really struck by the idea that it's not that important (or comfortable) to attend shows. Wow! For 22 years now my life has trucked along through highs and lows to the Dead's music/vibes. My kids have grown up to these songs of life and death. They know the lyrics, yet have never heard a Dead song on commercial radio. I and the other Deadheads in this Pacific paradise dream of a tour coming this way, but would we really enjoy it that much? I read so much about arrogant, heavy, and selfish behavior at shows that maybe I can do without it... No, No, No! Just once, please, Grateful Dead — open up to the other side of the Pacific. We'll welcome you with open arms.

In peace,
Nick Bagnall
Auckland, New Zealand (Still Nuclear Free!) ◇

Dear DDN:

Greetings from a recently initiated reader. I'm a Deadhead from central California, vacationing on the East Coast for a time. I was in DC for the first time in January and, by coincidence, stumbled on my first Bob & Rob show. Free on the Capitol Mall, nonetheless! About 10,000 fans cheered a set including a burning *Fever*, not to mention *Masterpiece*, *Take Me to the River*, a great *Satisfaction* solo by Mr. Wasserman, and, ever fittingly, *Throwing Stones*. I also picked up *DDN* #23 and enjoyed Mr. Joghart's letter on the Genie suggestions for *Dedicated II*. Might I add a couple:

Bonnie Raitt — *Dire Wolf* > *Casey Jones*
Phish — *Slipknot!*
Metallica — *Terrapin Station*
George Clinton — *Corinna*
Neil Young — *Althea*
Blue Oyster Cult — *Victim or the Crime*
Peter Gabriel — *Friend of the Devil*
JGB — *China Doll*
Pearl Jam — *St. Stephen*

Keep up the good work!
John Florek, Stockton, CA ◇

Hi Gang:

After reading your last issue, I'm beginning to think DEAD concerts are Drug Enforcement Agency Deadhead concerts. I liked it better when they were invisible to the public at large. Speaking of which, I've heard nothing further on the rumor of a Dead Australia visit, though every other person I talk to seems to know of "Bear" the Belt-Buckle King of North Queensland.

The Dead are almost nonexistent in Australia. However, one reaction I've gotten from the non-Dead fans here who *have* heard of them is that they have the impression it's a religion. Australians aren't quite as quick to join religious cults, etc., as the Americans (at least the ones on TV), so I am reluctant to pass on copies of *DDN* with the heavy emphasis on epiphanies, communions, sacraments, and rituals, even if this is a notion many of us eventually concede or embrace. I decided I'd much rather turn them on to an edited 4/29/71 instead. Quite ironically, I was much surprised when the reaction to it was, and I quote, "It changed my life!" Oh well, let 'em decide for themselves, I always say. *DDN* is for the initiated, anyway.

All the beers combined, they melt into a dream...
Steve Jackson, Queensland, Australia ◇

Dear DDN:

I am a 22-year-old college student in Manhattan, Kansas (no *Wizard of Oz* jokes, please). I purchase your magazine at a store called *On the Wildside* here in town. I love your publication and have gotten in contact with many cool people to trade tapes with, thanks to you.

I want to bring to your attention a ticket service that has me extremely pissed. I called Ideal Ticket Service to try for the hard-to-get Atlanta tickets this spring. When I was told their prices, I went into shock and couldn't even think of a suitable response. These people (dare I use that term for them) wanted \$100 a ticket for the first show, \$85 per for the second show, and \$75 for the final show. Doesn't sound too *ideal* to me. I can't believe these rip-off artists are allowed to operate this scam of theirs. I could understand a *small* fee to handle expenses and stay in business, but this is outrageous.

Sincerely,
Mike Bonella
Manhattan, Kansas ◇

Dear DDN:

I love that photo of Jerry in the scuba gear. Every time I look at it, I expect to see a little mechanical rabbit wearing sunglasses and playing a bass drum march across the face of the page. I wonder if I watch too much TV?

Take care. Hope to hear from you folks soon. Peace!
Brian ◇

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Dear DDN:

"When life looks like easy street there is danger at your door."

— Robert Hunter

Once they called us the "counterculture." Now Dead band members tour the White House, the Vice President wears Garcia neckties, and tie-dyes are sold in major department stores. We have met the establishment, and it is us!

Our subculture has also produced its own businesses — from fine magazines like yours to small businesses providing services and/or selling merchandise.

But hasn't it been more than just a generational "coming of age," with ours moving in to take the place of ones that have passed on? Maybe I'm just an idealistic dreamer, but I'd like to believe that, along with the stylistic changes we brought along, also came a higher code of ethics, care for our community and our consumers, and a concern for our environment.

Our collective buying power, however, has not gone unnoticed by the larger corporations. They have retooled their marketing and their products to attract our dollars. That in itself is not so bad; it has in fact forced positive changes such as reduced packaging, increased use of recycled materials, and has brought more corporate dollars to causes that many of us support.

But unlike many of the businesses that have grown out of our generation's long, strange trip, there is only one prime motivator for these large corporations, and that is "the bottom line" — maximization of profits. Their duty is to their stockholders, and their task is to make more money for those good folks.

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So what can we do about it? Well, we can keep our eyes open and recognize such a scheme when we see it, and we can act with our dollars. If you've been pleasantly and fairly treated by a small, environmentally concerned and consumer-oriented business in the past, continue to support this small business and don't play into the hands of its large corporate competitor.

We've all worked long and hard to try to rebuild our world into something we can feel good about, and we've done it by showing each other a little respect. We've also done it by standing up when the time came and saying, "No, this is wrong; I won't be a part of it." Now is such a time.

"There are things you can replace, and others you cannot. The time has come to weigh those things."

— Robert Hunter

Peace,
Marty Soucie
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P.S. "In Germany they came first for the Communists, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a Communist. Then they came for the Jews, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a Jew. Then they came for the trade unionists, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a trade unionist. Then they came for the Catholics, and I didn't speak up because I was a Protestant. Then they came for me, and by that time no one was left to speak up."

— Martin Niemoller 1892 - 1984

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Deadhead Culture

Like many other *veterans* of our scene, I too have served over the years as an older brother of sorts for a host of younger Deadheads. Be it through the simple act of sharing music, or guidance in the form of letters or long conversations or more in-depth friendships and/or internships, I have tried to show them how to use the experience as fuel for powering their own trips more rewardingly. Even though, as the song tells us, we must each ultimately find our own paths in life, the Grateful Dead Experience does provide us with many friendly guides along the way who make the trip less bumpy and more fun.

This act of sharing what I know with these younger friends has been very enlightening in that it has given me a deep appreciation for how *I* have changed and evolved along the way. Here is some of what I've found out about the world and myself by observing my own and others' paths through the Grateful Dead Experience:

The wiser we get, the more we realize how little we really know. After several years on the scene, almost every Deadhead asks, upon arriving at a show for the first time in several months and looking around the parking lot in utter amazement, "Did *I* really look and act like *that* way when I was that young?" The answer is almost always yes. The Grateful Dead Experience is an evolutionary phenomenon and part of the challenge is learning how to dress in something *other* than completely mismatching tie-dye and Guatemalan rags that scream out, "FREAK APPROACHING!"

All that glitters is not gold. Just because the Dead played it, doesn't mean it's the Holy Grail. As GD legend Owsley "Bear" Stanley says in our interview with him (page 36), "A lot of people, they've got to have every tape of every concert, because they're afraid they're going to miss something. Well, they're wrong. The Grateful Dead always says the same thing. It's just sometimes they play better than others. But the magic, the communication, the essence of the sermon is basically the same. And if you've been to one of them, you've had the sermon. It's just buried in your unconscious somewhere." While art and aesthetic taste are subjective, there is a *tremendous* amount of Grateful Dead music out there that really sucks in comparison to their finer musical moments. Go through your collection, pull out those really lousy audience tapes you never listen to and record some music over them that you'll actually listen to at least once a year. Chances are you'll be a whole lot happier for it. There's also a whole lot of arguably well-played Grateful Dead music out there that you don't have to like, for the simple reason that it's okay to not like something for no reason at all. I for one have never ever liked *Black Peter*, *Wave To The Wind*, or *Corinna*. Phew, I feel better already just for sharing that with you. Maybe you should try this.

Our heaven has a heap of hassle in it. Between the maddening process of trying to score tickets, the long hours of travel all just to catch a few hours of show, the expense, the lousy halls, unfriendly security, and the prejudice leveled against us by all those who are threatened by what the Dead stand for, we put up with an amazingly excessive amount of crap. The secret to life is learning how to find happiness amongst the hassles. Somehow we find a way to look beyond the crap. Try to carry this patience, perseverance, and positive attitude over into everything else you do.

Different strokes for different folks. When we first get into the experience it's virtually impossible to imagine doing what we do in any way other than that style which we're accustomed to. Personally, the thought of spending thousands of dollars each year to sit behind the soundboard in crowded taper's seats with oodles of equipment watching lights blinking and meter needles swaying to and fro doesn't turn me on in the least. Neither does spinning around barefoot in the hall where I can barely hear the music, constantly inundated with the blare of neon lights and the condescending stare of menacing security guards. But hey, who am I to think my trip is any more "appropriate" than the next person's? It's not what you do but how well you do it, how quickly you learn your lessons along the way, and how much fun you have without infringing on other people's space. Live and let live. The less time spent on comparing yourself to others the better. And along these same lines...

Anything worth doing this much is worth doing well. The most well-adjusted young Deadheads I've ever met have been those whose parents and/or friends realize what the experience means to them and support them in doing it the right way. Study the music. Travel safely. Don't do stupid things. Live the Grateful Dead Experience like it's a course in the school of life and you're getting graded. Take your fun seriously. If people see you really and truly living better because you deeply believe in and mindfully engage in a certain lifestyle, they will almost always respect you more for your convictions.

You ain't gonna learn what you don't wanna know. Some people, even those you love the most, won't learn their life lessons till they're ready (which, for some, may be never). I can't tell you how many times I've seen Deadhead friends make stupid mistakes over and over and over again (myself included). Oftentimes you jeopardize these relationships by trying to force people to see things from your perspective (sometimes the wisest path of action is to not offer answers until the questions are asked). It's a tough thing to learn, but you have to love people with all their faults; if you can't, then maybe it's time to move on. Another thing to remember is that the world is often not as safe as it seems. Don't get caught in

the illusion that you're free to do as your idealistic, utopian, libertarian philosophy implies. Be mindful that your lifestyle may seriously wig out those who are in a position to do you harm. Also, take care to not be dragged down by those near and dear to you who haven't learned this lesson and are just the type to go down in flames.

Don't dance barefoot in the streets if they're covered in shit. We Deadheads generally pride ourselves in living a lifestyle that is in many ways the opposite of that lived by the status quo establishment. Opposite in many ways except being environmentally sensitive enough. Suffice it to say that the hippest people on the planet are those who respect, recycle, reduce, re-use, and conserve our natural resources. Are you one of these people? The new hip is learning how to turn the act of cleaning up the planet into a dance. Learn how and practice the new hip.

Seasons change and so will you. When I was 16 I *had* to be in the first row no matter what, I wanted the music loud enough to bowl me over, and I went to as many shows as I could afford. These days I won't go if I can't sit down, I wear earplugs if I'm too close, and I try to limit myself to a maximum of 10 shows per year. Sixteen years ago I had a word to describe people like this: BONKERS! These days I realize that just as the Dead Experience has changed, so has the crowd, the music, the vibe, as well as my desires, motives, and goals. The experience is a rite of passage for many of us, and it makes sense that for some of us the experience will someday have served its full purpose. As strange as it may seem for those of you who are relatively new to the experience, you may someday come to be bored, burnt out, or simply finished with the whole thing. Don't be surprised if someday you cut your hair, start listening to classical music, get a steady job, and turn

completely sober. That reality is no less hip than the one you're living now if it's lived with honesty, integrity, love, compassion, and a sense of adventure.

Here's hoping your Grateful Dead Experience is an enlightening one.

In Light,
Johnny Dwork ◊

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SPRING TOUR '93...

ROSEMONT, IL
By John Metzger

March 9

We were excited as the Grateful Dead returned to the Rosemont Horizon after a four year absence. The way the police treated Deadheads in the parking lot prior to the shows, one would think we were criminals. People who opened their car trunks to get food, clothes, etc. were told to close their trunks immediately. If the officers saw any coolers in the car they searched them and the car, carrying off alcohol of any kind.

Fortunately, the Dead took the stage fairly promptly and opened with a wonderful *Here Comes Sunshine*. The light show for this song was amazing, with displays of clouds and sunshine on the screens above the band. With the new monitors, the vocal harmonies sounded better than ever. Jerry looked extremely healthy, having lost quite a bit of weight since his illness last summer. Phil sang a new song, *Broken Arrow*. Although this is a great song, I don't think it will last too long. Most people didn't seem to really be enjoying it, and the band was not very inspired. Bobby's new song, *Eternity*, has its moments and given time could come along nicely. Jerry's new tune, *Liberty* (actually an old Robert Hunter tune that Jerry has dusted off), closed out the first set.

The second set opened with *China Cat > Rider*. This version shined above most with some excellent jamming from the band on the segue. A nice bluesy *Black Peter* followed *Space*, and the set closed with a hot *Sugar Magnolia*.

March 10

Like the day before, the parking lot scene prior to the show was relatively dead, thanks to the Rosemont police. While

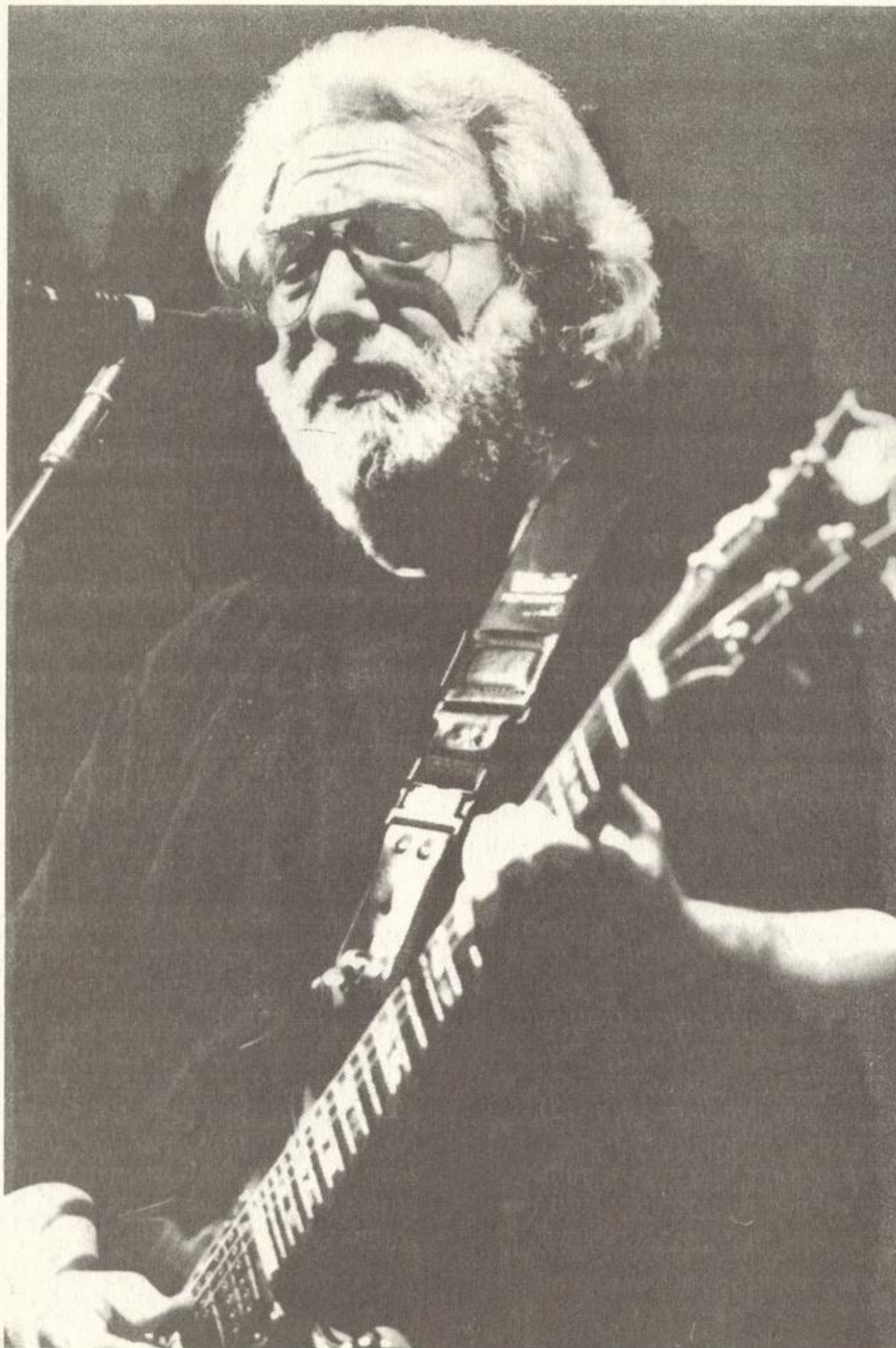


Photo by Brad Niederman

walking past a van with a bunch of people holed up inside for warmth and security, I heard one nearby officer comment that they should just "get a shopping cart and take all their stuff away."

For the second night in a row, the Jerry tunes smoked. Bobby's performance was solid as well. The band opened with a nice *Stranger* followed by a hot *Stagger Lee*. *Queen Jane* was very inspired. It seems like this song has found a second life with both the crowd and the band.

The second set opened with a jazzy *Eyes of the World*. The entire band had definitely hit the groove. Jerry played a new song, *Lazy River Road*. The tune is laid-back and the band is obviously still working on it. *Corinna* followed. This is the best Bobby song in years, and it has come a long way since its debut in '92. The jam at the end of *Corinna* was definitely one of the highlights.

All in all, this was a better show than the first night, with more consistency and high-quality performances from each member of the band.

March 11

The band was about 15 minutes late in starting, and around 7:30, Dan Healy began bouncing sounds around the hall, mostly train noises, left over from the "train drums" from last summer's tour. Expectations were high, and the band fulfilled them with the best show of the run, opening with a nice, long *Help > Slipknot! > Franklin's*. A bluesy *Rooster* followed with some great jamming from Jerry, Bobby, and Vince. The band was definitely on and excited. Bobby's *Masterpiece* was calm, peaceful, and truly a masterpiece. This quickly lead into a hot, spacey *Music Never Stopped*.

The second set opened with a few bars of a *Not Fade Away* jam, led by the drummers, which segued immediately into *Iko Iko*. The band played a real hot, ferocious, and almost angry *Truckin'*, causing the audience to cheer louder than usual during many parts of the song. This was followed by a very intense, fantastic *Spoonful*. A beautiful *He's Gone* came next. At the end of *Drums*, both drummers moved down to the lower level of the stage. The rest of the band soon joined them and moved in tightly around the evening's special guest — Ken Nordine! Evidently, it wasn't until Nordine arrived at the show that he realized the Dead hadn't just invited him, but wanted him to perform! The band fiddled around with some spacey background music while Nordine recited his *Flipperty Jib on the Bippity Bop*. When Nordine left the stage, we were treated to a hot, jamming *Other One*. Once the song peaked, the lyrics followed and quickly fell into another new Jerry tune, *The Days Between*. This song, like *Lazy River Road*, has a lot of potential but is still in process.

The encore, *Liberty*, was a pleasant surprise and summed up my assumptions that the band knew what had been going on in the parking lot.

SNOWED SO HARD THAT THE ROOF CAVED IN — RICHFIELD RUMBLINGS

March 14, 1993

By John J. Wood

Ah, the tribulations one will tolerate for a Grateful Dead concert! In this case, Mother Nature and her Weather Gods conjured up a *real* biggie, producing a monster blizzard that crippled the Northeastern United States, causing something that hadn't occurred for almost two decades: a Grateful Dead concert cancelled due to weather. But skies were clear the following morning, so there would be a Dead concert in Richfield after all.

Musically, Richfield '93 will be remembered for being one of the worst Dead shows ever — despite a few highlights, the show itself was a pure stinker that specialized in uninspiration, disaster, and pure boredom!

There was nothing special about the first set. My first listening to *Lazy River Road* brought disappointment; I'm admittedly a sucker for almost any Garcia ballad, but this one drifted into the blasé realms of nowhere. It also is in dire need of a real Garcia solo slot, if just to give it a sign of life!

While *Eternity* was delivered slowly and surely, it struck me as the new Dead song with the brightest potential. *Eternity* opens up in a fresh jazzy direction, fusing the spaciness of *Bird Song*, the adventurous edges of *Cassidy*, and the abstract progressions of *Victim Or The Crime*, all in a digestible context, yet clearly developing a sensual personality of its own. Bob's sensitive delivery suggests a deft Cab Calloway influence, and I find nothing corny about its pathos: "Let's love each other through eternity."

Don't Ease Me In closed the set, which, while solid, was pure dullsville! Sadly, conditions would only worsen when the lights dimmed for the second set. Garcia butchered the last two verses of *Touch of Grey*, in another case of short-term memory failure. *Samson & Delilah* managed to sustain competence through some gritty Jerry leads, as did *Way To Go Home*. However, I firmly believe that despite its earnest track record over the past year, Vince's song is *not* second-set material.

The worst song of the set was *Corinna*, which at the time made me *never* want to hear the song live *ever again!* The jungly beat failed to tread water, the choruses lacked any inspiration. The ensemble playing reduced itself to nauseating dreck. It was so unlistenablely pitiful that I refuse to have it on tape!

But upon the first familiar chords, the Grateful Dead finally arrived at *Terrapin Station*. Jerry appeared to check in, too, as he didn't drop a chord change or lyric, and handled the long-time epic with an anthemic sincerity. The cream of post-*Space* was clearly a fully developed *Stella Blue*, which featured Jerry's best performance of the evening, his final guitar solo soaring to ecstatic *Morning Dew*-esque peaks. The encore was a genuine surprise at the time, as the Bobby Fuller Four chestnut *I Fought The Law* made its debut appearance. Jerry's delivery was enthusiastic, and it was a kicker seeing Vince "six-shoot" Weir.

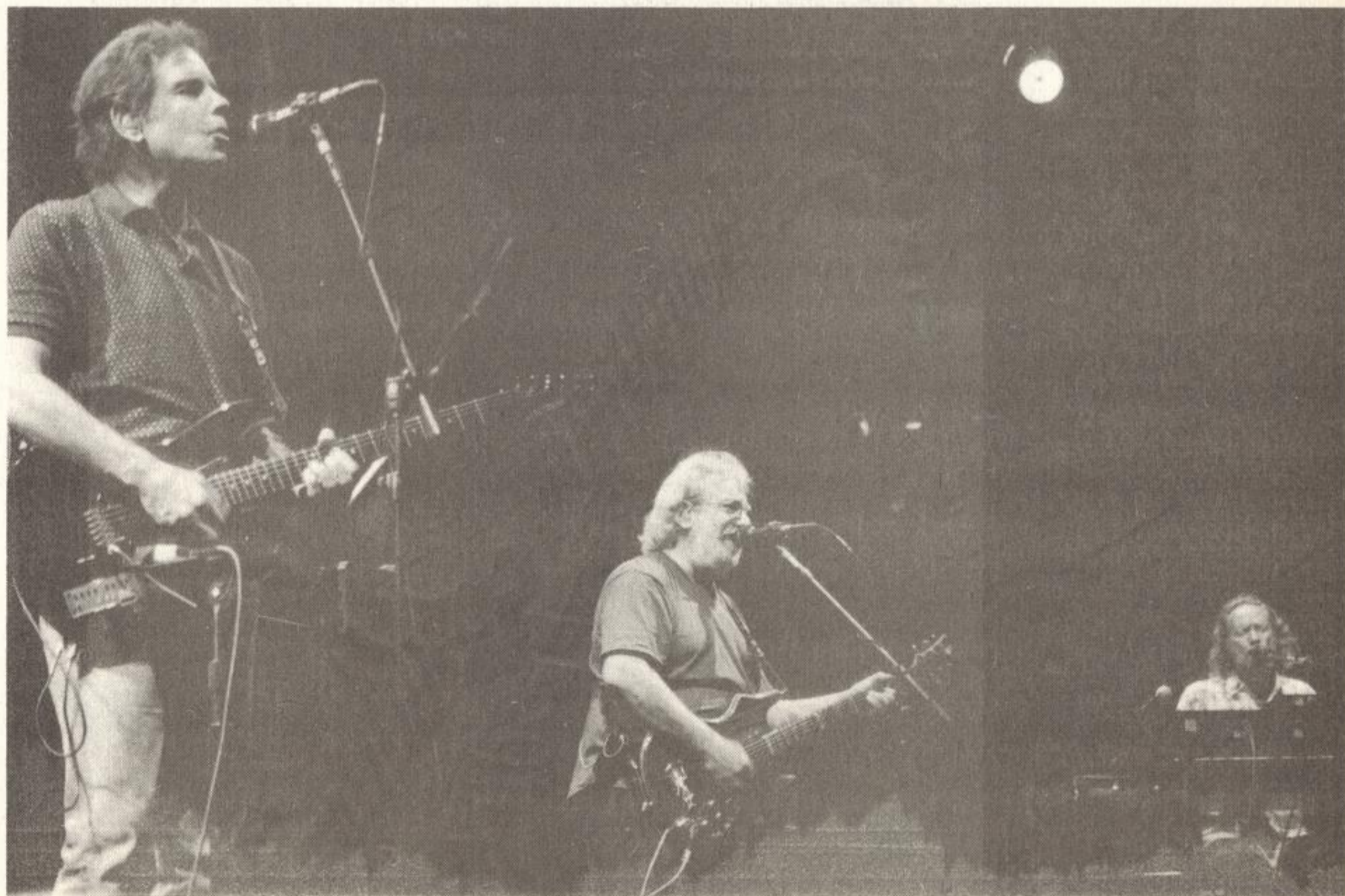


Photo by Stephanie Jennings

THE CAPITAL CENTRE REVIEW

By Nick Morgan

I was psyched for the annual spring tour ritual, three midweek shows at the Cap Centre. I figured we were bound to get some good action sometime during the

triplet, and I also figured we were in for some more of the usual hassle from Cap Centre management and local keepers of the law. Little did I know how right I was on both counts.

March 16

Rain was pouring down the afternoon of the first show. I was completely annoyed at how bad the traffic on the highway was, how painful parking was, and how rude all those guys who were trying to clear every last ticketless human off the Cap Centre grounds were.

Night one, set one was as strong as one could've wanted. The sound was crisp and loud from the first notes. We were pleased with the generally strong first set, especially with the *Jack Straw* > *Row Jimmy* opener and *So Many Roads* > *Cassidy*. The

familiar *Scarlet* opening notes in the second set got everybody pretty happy pretty fast. But the payoff was the *Uncle John's*, which took us into the *Drums* with a smoking Phil/Vince jam with some of the most fun and full-sounding Phil jams I'd seen in a while. The second half of the set came on strong with *The Last Time*, which took us into what was proving to be a very melodic, robust, and well-built *Morning Dew*. Getting ready for the big heavy ending, reflecting on the selective evolution of some humans over others, I was totally shocked that the boys, just before taking us into the powerful ending of the *Dew*, jumped ship and moved into *Sugar Mags*, which was a bit disappointing as it had cut the dramatic and emotional *Dew* closing. After the show, I experienced the Cap Centre's ruthless crowd management style, which typifies their aggressive, fascist attitude. After walking over a bridge to ensure the safety of a very high friend, I was prevented from returning to my own car by some very large, stupid, frustrated, jocks-with-power-attitudes. Threatened with some kind of larger hassle, I retreated to find a more discreet way of slipping back to my vehicle. Nonetheless, the token aggressiveness remained with me as a tribute to the senseless violence that plagues our planet. The tremendous sense of love, community, and respect typified by *Uncle John's* is clearly applicable to only a relatively small segment of the world.

March 17

Police encounters on the next night convinced me that the Cap Centre just loves a good hassle. If you're without a ticket or just like to have a social chat with a friend, forget this place. They do not care about people or being known for anything but rudeness. Cops on horses play their power trip throughout the parking lot.

First set was fairly on, with some strong numbers such as the *Shakedown* > *Wang Dang Doodle* opener, *Desolation Row*, and then the *Eternity* > *Liberty* close. The second set *Picasso Moon* came on with gusto, with a spacey *Crazy Fingers* fitting perfectly in the second slot. With the boys going into a spacey jam about 22 minutes into the set, we were ready for more...but what form would it take? Jerry left no doubt as those searing *Dark Star* riffs trembled through the hall. A couple of dreamy minutes into the very melodic intro, and we were into the first, and only verse, of that magic carpet ride. A good six minutes of very sweet jammin' ensued. An Irish-sounding ditty, *Cabin Boy* perhaps, took us from the otherwise very thin instrumental *Space* into a punchy but short *Other One*, which led nicely to the spacey new Jerry song, *The Days Between*. Ignoring the crowd's clapping at the end of *Not Fade Away*, we were totally stunned as the band broke out a powerful, proud rendition of *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds*. From the first notes, psychedelia and energy flowed everywhere. Harmonies were strong, Jerry's singing was crystal and his leads were crisp, Phil was totally punchy, the drums were out front — indeed, the girl with kaleidoscope eyes had returned from the past.

March 18

Bruce Hornsby was a very welcome addition to the final show of the run, especially for the *China Cat* > *Rider*. Overall the night was decent, if somewhat standard, with no real knock-outs. Most songs, like *China Cat* > *Rider*, *Way To Go Home*, and *Terrapin* were well-played, and *Corinna* out of *Space* was a first, but *I Fought the Law* was as much fun as anything else that

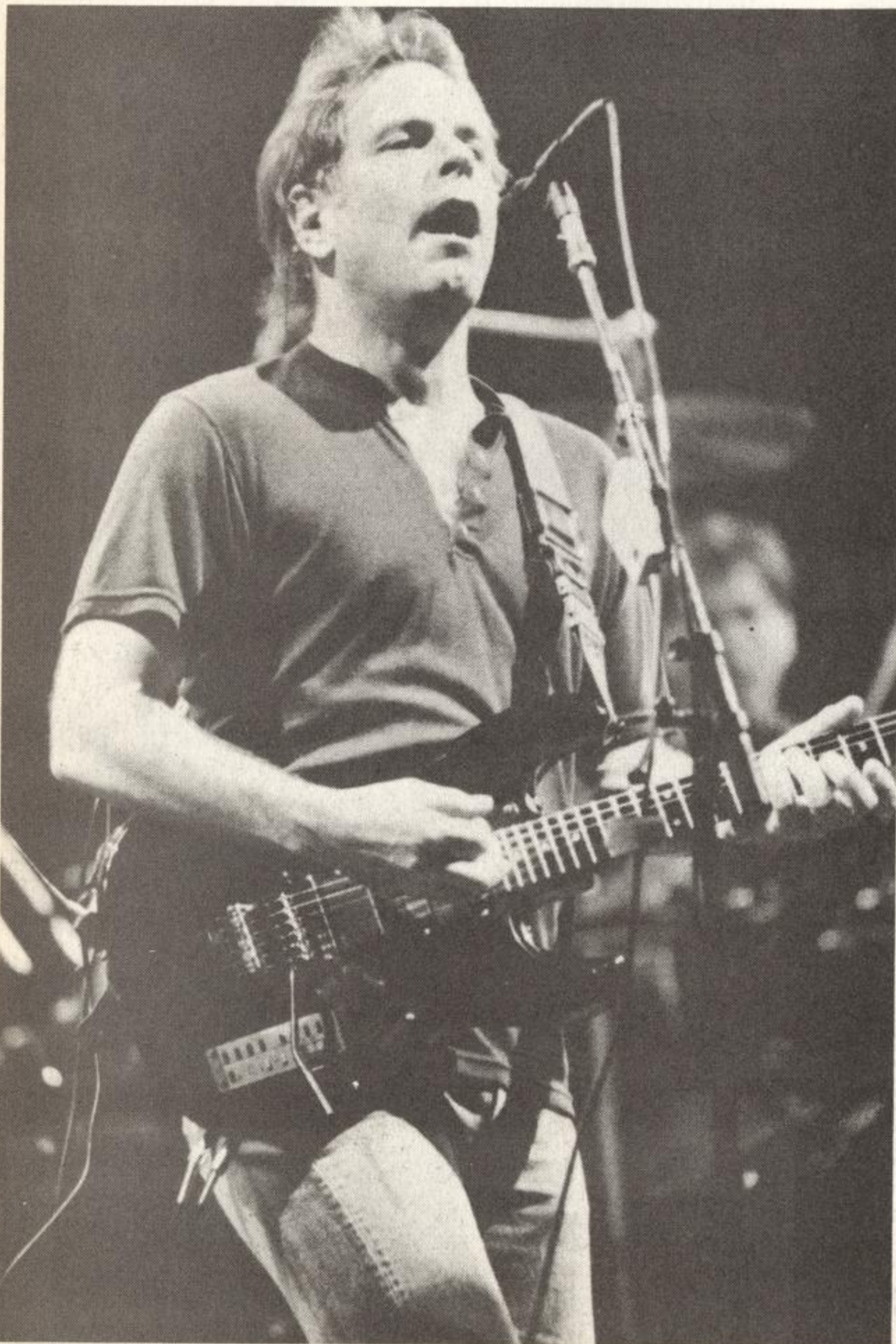


Photo by Brad Niederman

night. It provided fitting commentary for the final walk through security hell on our long, long way home.

Leaving Capital Centre for the last time this year, I was pleased with the overall strength of the shows. *Lucy* was memorable, and the *Scarlet, Playing, China > Rider* jams were satisfying though not spectacular. I was delighted that the boys are strong these days, even on nights when they aren't tearing the house down.

OMNI, ATLANTA, GA

By Cherie Clark King and friends

March 20

Although the cop scene was awful, the Dead started on time. The boys delivered a solid set, beginning with a very hot *Mississippi Half-Step*. The first set stayed strong through *Bird Song*. A rocking *Promised Land* closed. The band played consistently well throughout the second set, with *Eyes, Truckin'*, and *Standing on the Moon* being the highlights.

March 21

It was slow going until Bobby picked things up with *Black-Throated Wind*. A sweet *Candyman* was followed by a hot *Brown-Eyed Women*. They closed with *Liberty*, just played the night before. The second set was much better, and *The Days Between* was the high point of the show.

March 22

They opened with a perfectly done, killer *Help > Slipknot > Franklin's*. Jerry was rocking back and forth from heel to toe, having the best time, and everyone was lovin' it! Second set was mellower, with *China Doll* the standout tune — very lilting and spacey. *I Fought the Law* was the set closer — excellent, but real short.

CHAPEL HILL, NC

By Cherie Clark King and friends

March 24

Although security was beat, and there were police checkpoints everywhere, with heavy arrests, these two shows were HOT! The highlights of the first night was a solid first set, with a lovely *Let It Grow* ender. The high points of the second set were a spacey *Here Comes Sunshine* to open, an excellent *Crazy Fingers*, and a blistering *Lucy in the Sky* encore.

March 25

Second night was even better. *Touch of Grey > Greatest Story* opener was steaming and led into a whaling *So Many Roads*. Second set opened with a fiery *China > Rider*, and highlights included an amazing *Other One > Morning Dew*.

ALBANY, NEW YORK

By John Dwork

The Dead's arrival in the Empire state was greeted with 65 degree sunny weather, and the shows in Albany were just as laid back as the balmy opening night weather — tight, but generally mellow.

The vibe leading up to these concerts, however, was anything *but* mellow. The band's 18-month Northeast hiatus had New England Deadheads starved for concerts. The GD ticket office got 25,000 ticket requests

per night when they only had 7,000 tickets per show to sell (the rest went to Ticketmaster). Panic set in when Heads found out that only 20 Ticketmaster outlets would be selling GD tix, and *none* would be on sale via phone. As a result, one could only get tickets by standing in line in 10 degree snowy weather at mostly small record stores.

In Pittsfield, Massachusetts, 1300 people (many of whom drove hours to get to an Albany-area Ticketmaster) stood outside a small record store ticket outlet in brutal weather (some all night long) only to have the store ignore their line list. Instead, the store brought out a bowl with only 800 vouchers. Chaos ensued as scalpers grabbed *handfuls* of vouchers and then had the audacity to sell them...that's right, scalpers sold the right just to stand in line!!! When tickets finally went on sale at that location, only 250 people holding vouchers managed to get tickets before the concerts were sold out. With Bill Graham gone, there's no prominent promoter left to serve as a high-profile example of how event producers should respect the people from whom they make their money.

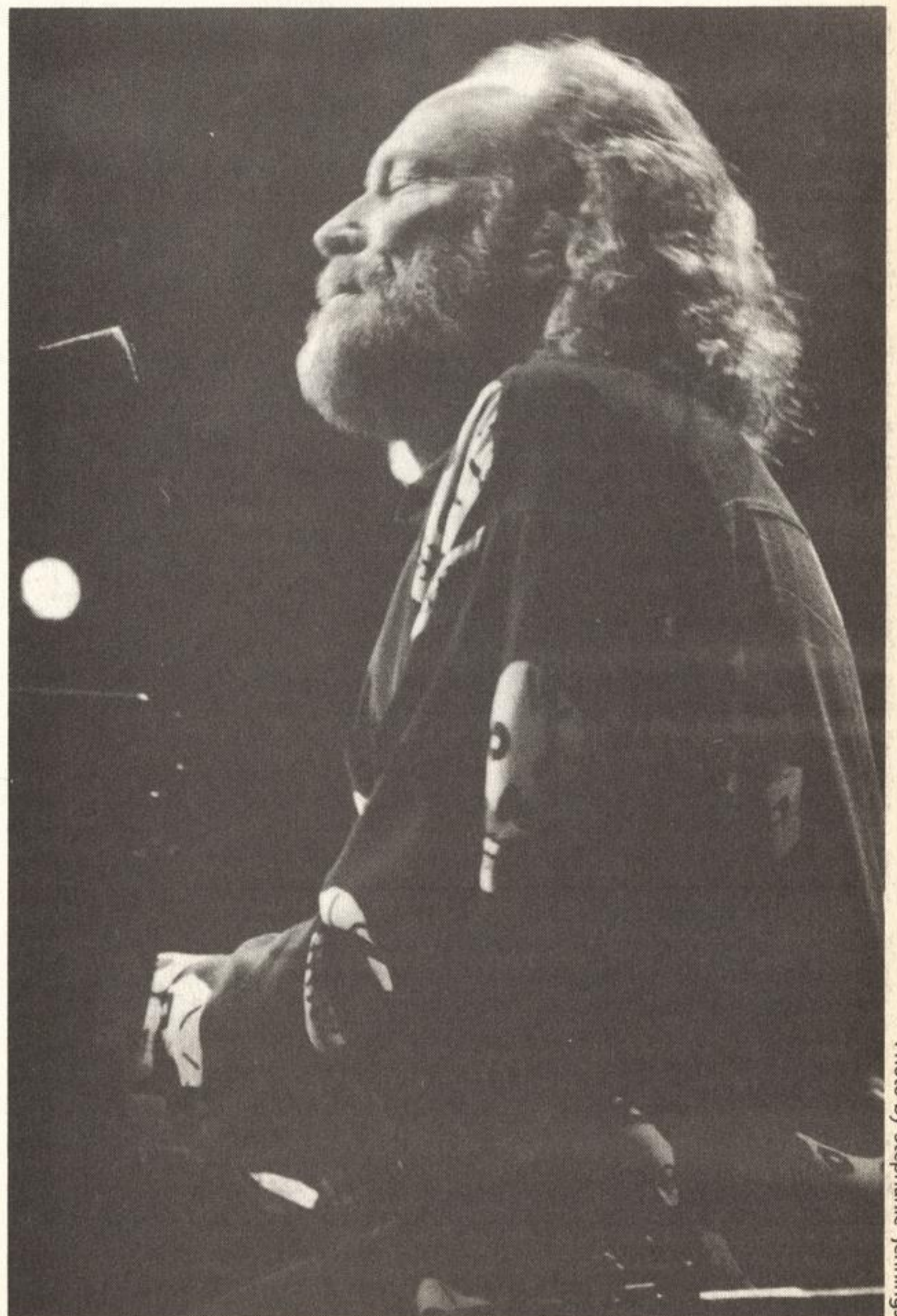


Photo by Stephanie Jennings

March 27
 The first set of the first night was a solid riser. With *Loose Lucy* the band picked up the

tempo and sailed through a strong *Cassidy* and on into a triumphant version of the rare first set closer, *Casey Jones*.

The second set, while consistent and without screwups, was less remarkable than the first. The rare *Comes A Time* was perfect. Jerry's new song *The Days Between* isn't yet turning out to be as stellar a number as *Terrapin*, as some had hoped early on, but it still holds vast potential.

Back at the hotel where the Dead were staying, Jerry, Bobby, Vince and a slew of GD crew hit the lobby bar to party down with any and all who stumbled along. In great spirits, Jerry made conversation with those who were forward enough to approach him. While the band may not see it or appreciate it, the Deadhead community is affected in a very

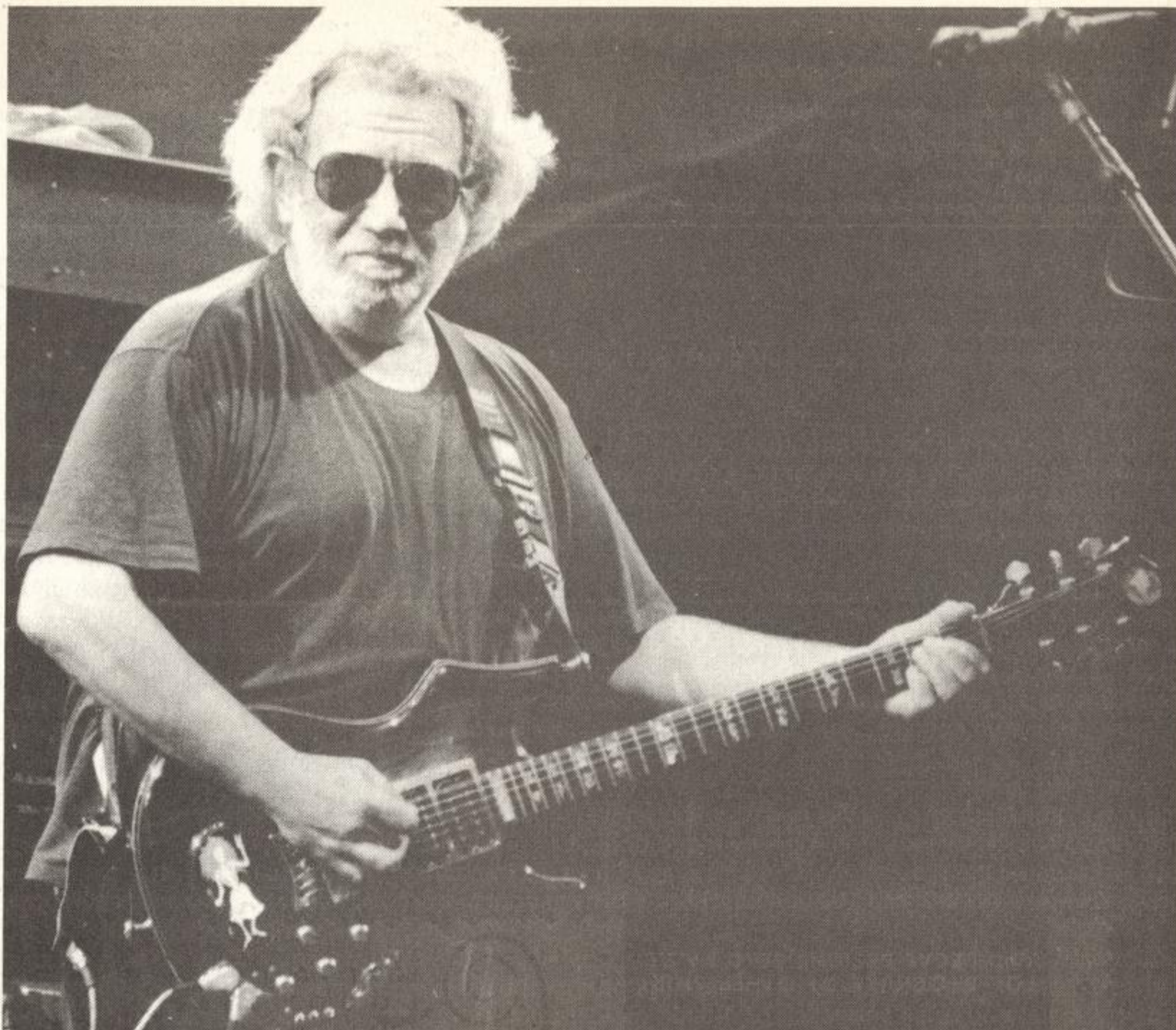
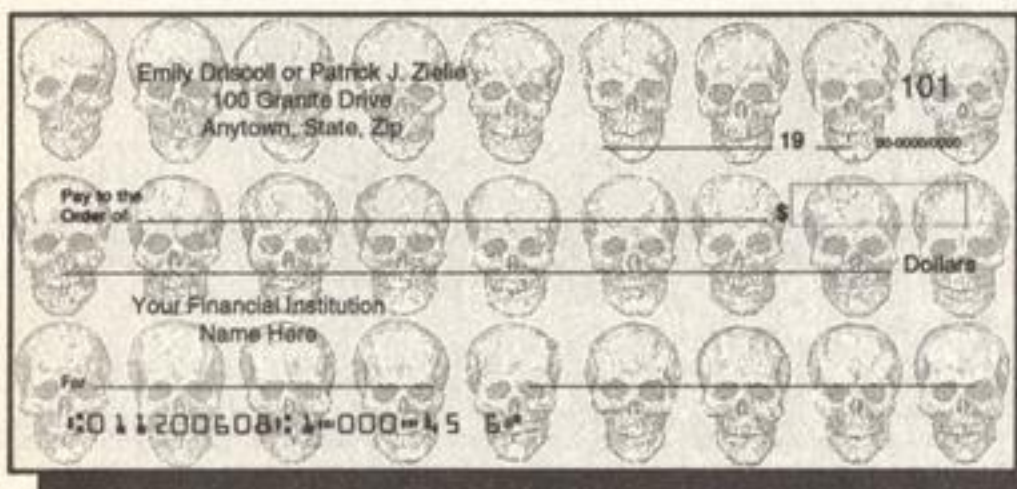


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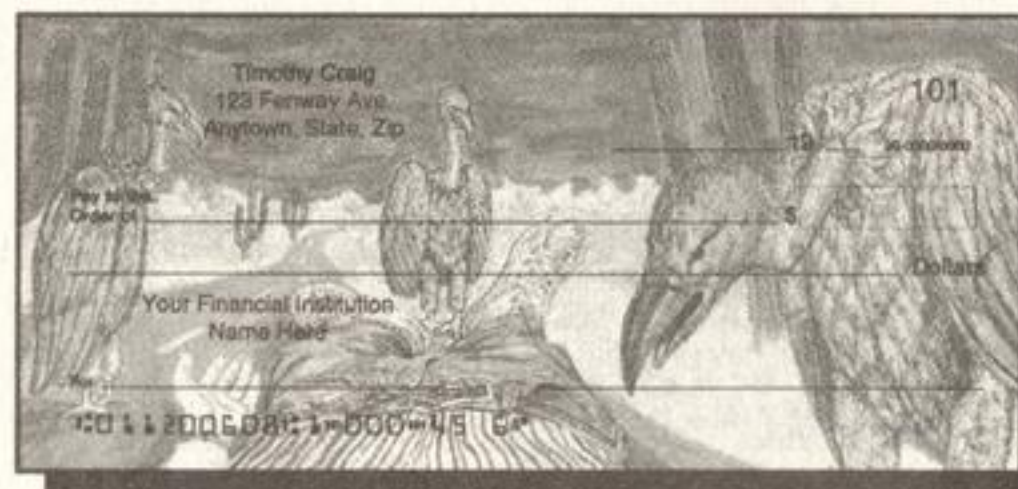


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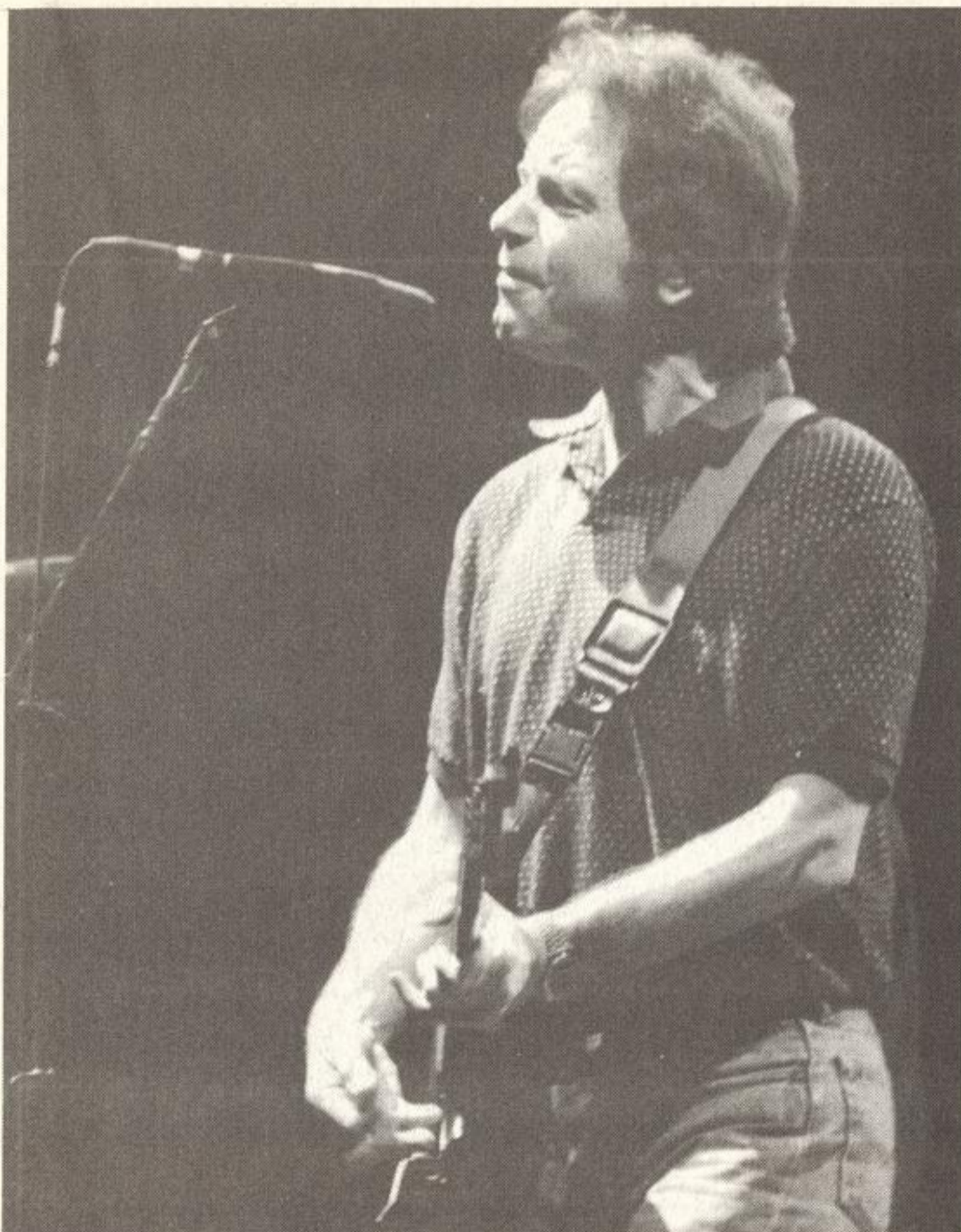
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positive way when, after all he's been through, Jerry makes such a relaxed appearance in public, looking healthy, happy, and bubbling with energy.



March 28

The weather was cooler for the second show, but the music was hotter. Jerry WAILED on *So Many Roads*. Between the benefits gained by the Dead's new in-the-ear monitor system and Jerry's reduction in smoking, the vocals are better than at any time since the acoustic sets in 1980. The set closed with a monstrous *Deal* during which Phil thunderously pounded out some very serious power notes.

Scarlet Begonias (short) > *Fire on the Mountain* (longer, with more jamming) and *Samson & Delilah* were all equally intense. After the *Drums*, Vince led the band into what may arguably be the best version yet of *Way to Go Home*. After a complete stop Jerry rose into a flawless rendition of *Attics of My Life*.

March 29

The final spring '93 Albany show started at the end of a day that saw continuous pouring rain...a prelude of the song selections to come. After a very mellow start, Bobby picked up the tempo considerably with a killer version of *Feel Like A Stranger*. Get the tape of this and check out Jerry's finely detailed noodling — very sweet indeed. It seemed obvious that the band was on. *Ramble On Rose* was exceptional. Even more amazing was *Black-Throated Wind*, the best this reporter has ever seen! *Johnny B. Goode* was fiery. This was the best set of the Albany run.



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After such a great first set, everyone was very excited about what lay in store. A buzz of excitement shot through the crowd as Jerry tuned up. Sure enough, it was the Northeastern

return of *Here Comes Sunshine*, hooray. Alas, the rest of the show was all flat.

The Albany concerts were definitely mellow events with first sets being the place where energy peaked consistently.

NASSAU COLISEUM, NEW YORK

By John Dwork

Despite the infamous reputation that Nassau Coliseum has earned over the years as an easy place to get busted and hassled (mostly outside the Coliseum), the scene inside, in terms of security and ushers, is one of the better ones around these days. On the fourth night we even saw several members of the security force handing out *DDN* flyers!

March 31

Once again the Dead took the stage with tremendously bright, well-focused energy. After a sprightly *Cold Rain and Snow* to open, they delivered superb versions of *Wang Dang*

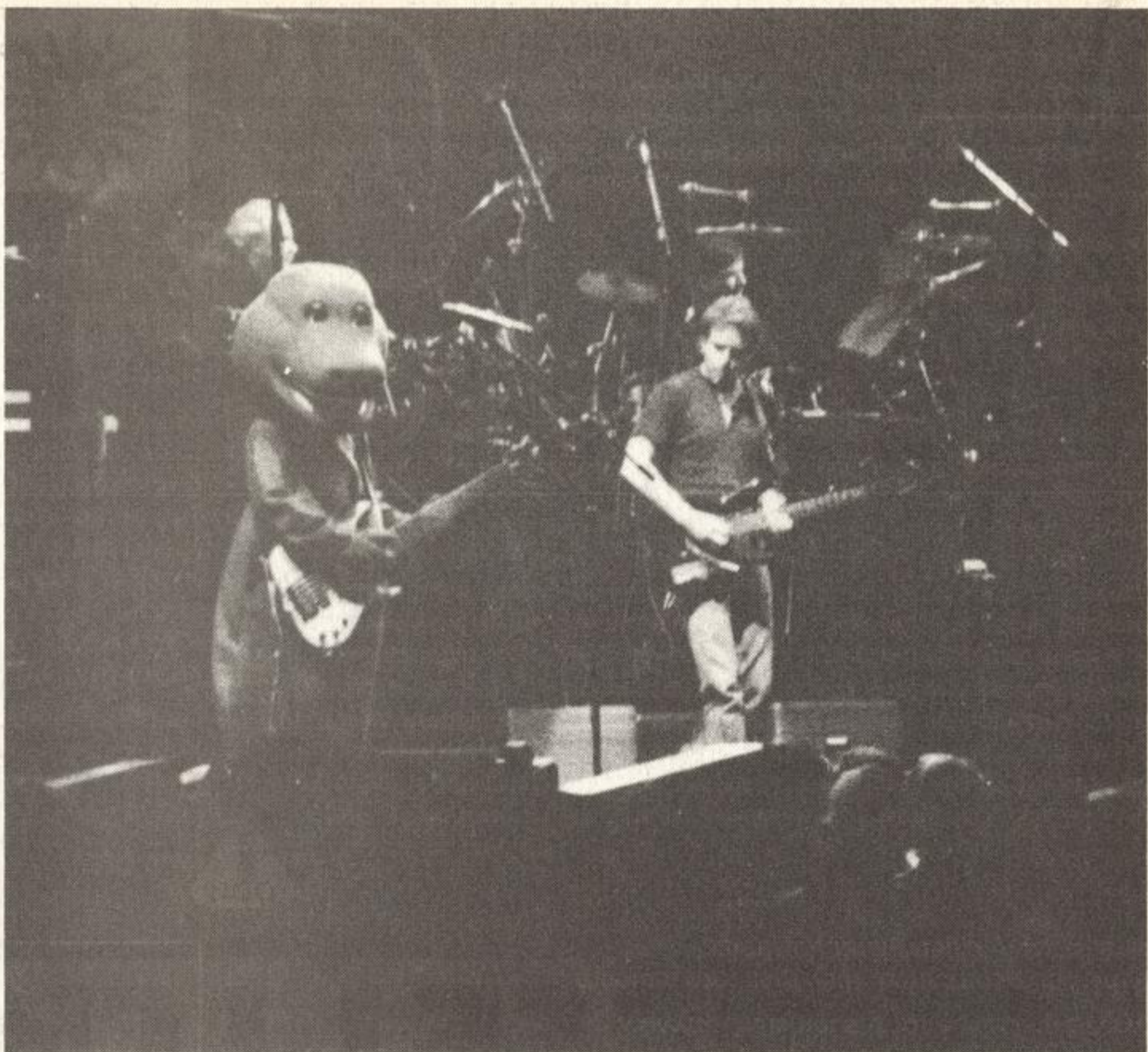


Photo by Sally Ansonge Mulvey



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Doodle, *Althea*, *It's All Over Now*, *Row Jimmy*, and a ferocious *Let It Grow*.

Upon the band's return to the stage, Jerry began to tune up with the opening notes for *China Cat*, but Phil, Bobby, and then Billy started talking to each other with great excitement and apparent humor. Moments later the band launched into a delightful surprise: *Cumberland Blues*. Unfortunately, it was played way too softly and with noticeable hesitation. Then, during *Truckin'*, Bobby completely spaced out on the entire first verse and the band played it like crap — one of the worst versions ever. It's even sadder to say but the rest of the set was mostly worth forgetting — the Dead were simply going through the motions.

April 1

April Fools' Day! Once again the Dead came out of the gate charging, with yet another amazing first set. *Jack Straw* and *They Love Each Other* were both played perfectly, but the *Minglewood Blues* that followed was nothing short of quintessential...one of the great versions of all time...perhaps the best ever. Get the tape of this one!

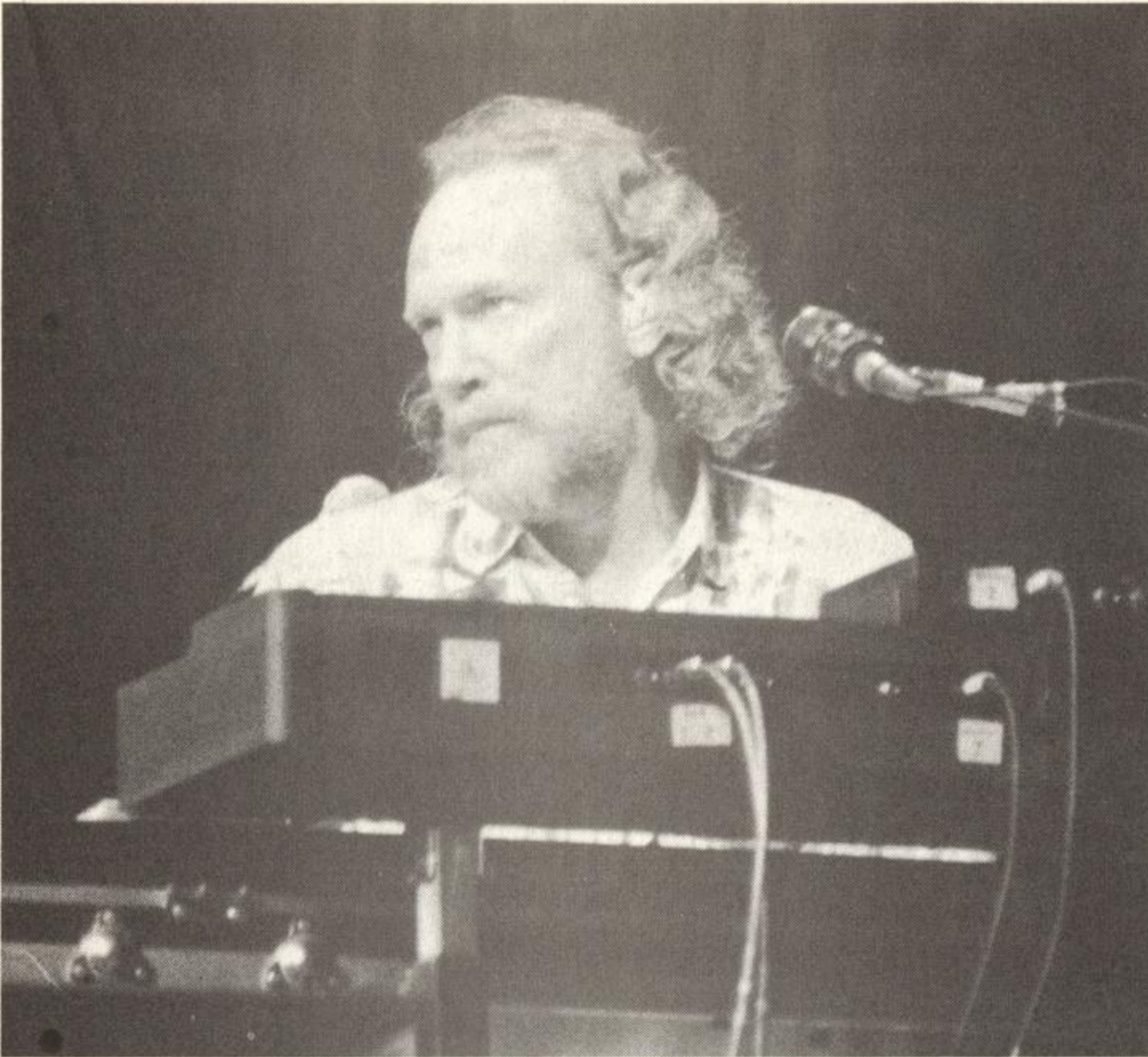
Since the Dead hadn't done anything special for April Fools' over the past few years, we weren't expecting anything out of the ordinary. So you can imagine our surprise when we saw a giant purple dinosaur walk out onstage with Phil's bass around his neck and plug in! The band, minus Phil onstage (he was hidden behind his effects rack), launched into a bouncy rendition of *Iko Iko*. The dinosaur danced around, shaking his tail, mimicking Phil, as Phil's kids looked up in complete delight (it was Phil's son's idea to have the dinosaur join the band). With kids dancing onstage you could have mistaken this scene for a New Year's show in Oakland Coliseum. We heard this special guest was a complete surprise to Garcia, who didn't even blink when he looked up after tuning up and saw the dinosaur instead of Phil. He simply walked up to the mike and said to the

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Photo by Stephanie Jennings



rest of the band, "I hope that guitar's not plugged in."

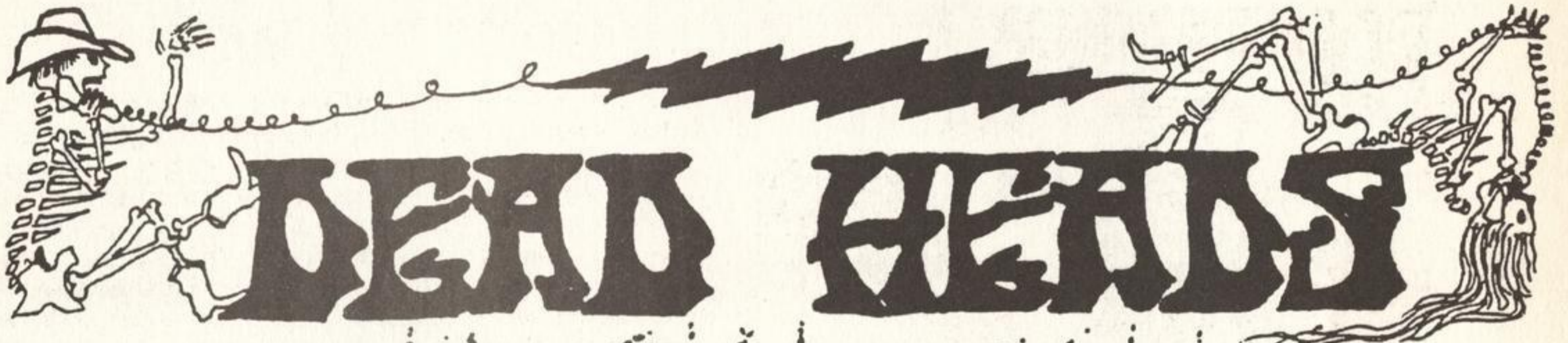
After a decent Rhythm Devils segment, the band came back and played an inspired (although too overplayed) *Way to Go Home*. Unfortunately the band closed with a lifeless *Lovelight*. If the Dead can't "get it up" for this tune, they should honor the spirit of Pigpen and retire it. Delightfully, the Dead encored with the Beatles' timeless beauty, *Rain*.

April 2

Still battling 1000 for their opening sets, the band warmed up the Coliseum with a perfect *Help* > *Slipknot!* > *Franklin's Tower*. The set closed with an immense *Picasso Moon*. *Scarlet* > *Fire, Women Are Smarter*, and *Terrapin* > *Corinna* were all played well.

April 4

The band opened this show with one of the few surprises of the tour: *Midnight Hour*. At one point in the short jam in this song, Phil played a beautiful progression of notes that sounded as if they were coming straight from the stage of the Fillmore in 1971...very heavy! Get the tape.



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Once again, in the second set, the band seemed to be going through the motions. An average *Estimated* led into *Drums*, which featured Baba Olatunji and his son but lasted for only seven minutes. After a mellow, short *Other One*, Jerry slowly brought up *Attics of My Life*. Jerry's encore,

Liberty, sent us for the door early to beat the traffic. Much to our amazement there were *thousands* of other people leaving in the middle of this song. Seems like a whole bunch of Deadheads aren't so wild about this tune as an encore either.

April 5

A stupendous *Black-Throated Wind* and a hot *Tennessee Jed* led into what we surely thought was the best first set ender of the tour: a *Music Never Stopped* that was nothing short of cosmic, with ascending jams that went on and on. The band was positively on fire, blowing our minds with every note! But wait...not having had enough fun yet, Jerry launched into *Deal* and the band obliged him with a performance that eclipsed *The Music Never Stopped*. AMAZING! Now *this* is the Grateful Dead we all chase around hoping to experience.

Unfortunately, the magic stopped there as the band trotted through a slew of mediocre selections in the second set. Fortunately, Mickey and Billy whipped things into shape with the first really hot drum jam of the five-night stand. The rest of the band took the hint and came back with the first genuinely mesmerizing *Space* jam of the run. Phil "burped" one note that was so loud the entire place jumped. The lighting direction was good. Candace has done some intriguing things with flexible, color-changing neon lights. She demonstrated some exciting progressions in moving swirling patterns across the ceilings and

through the audience. Unfortunately, the multimedia projection screens were so far behind the hanging PA, perhaps as much as 50% of the audience couldn't see them.

Bobby next led the band through an explosive *Miracle*, which in turn went into a fiery *Wharf Rat*, whose jam was nothing short of stupendous. The band was playing their hearts out and it showed...*finally*. It came as a complete surprise when Bobby launched into the first-ever Northeast version of *Gloria*. The Coliseum exploded in a sea of energy as the band brought the set to a raucous close.

In retrospect, it seems fair to say that the band *wants* to be playing well these days and seems capable of accomplishing this half of the time they are onstage. Phil and Vince both get gold stars for being totally animated all tour long. Unfortunately, the Dead (most specifically Jerry) still don't realize that great song selections will inspire Deadheads during times the band can't play magnificently (and even more so when they do). It's beyond us how the band either can't figure out or seems to ignore the fact that most Deadheads go to shows hoping for spiritual inspiration and that such rare songs as *Here Comes Sunshine*, *Dark Star*, or *Lucy in the Sky* play an integral part in fulfilling our "quest" for inspirational experiences. These days it's all but impossible for the average Deadhead to get tickets for more than a few local gigs. Common sense therefore dictates that if the band were to play one version of each rare song in the rotation in each area, they'd feed such spiritual hunger. Is it too much to ask that when the Dead play five shows in the same hall that they make an effort to accomplish this simple feat? ♦

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Robert Conrad Engman '89

Conversations At The Edge

An Interview with Mickey Hart

By Sally and Michael Mulvey

We at DDN try to encourage our readers to bring the energy and inspiration they find through their interaction with the Grateful Dead into their own lives, and further cultivate that energy in everything they do, especially when the Dead aren't around. Mickey Hart is one whose energies transcend the Dead Experience. As musician, author, and ethnomusicologist, Mickey is constantly refining himself and assimilating new information. His relationship with the Grateful Dead has enabled him to go off on many other tangents, like a tree continually sprouting new branches. Much of what he learns

and discovers he brings back to us via the Grateful Dead and the Rhythm Devils.

Recently, Mickey worked with Rykodisc and the Library of Congress American Folklife Center to release some of the archived music of indigenous people from around the world. The first release of the series, called *The Spirit Cries*, is part of The Library of Congress Endangered Music Project, and was released in March of this year. We caught up with Mickey in Albany to talk to him about that and a lot more.

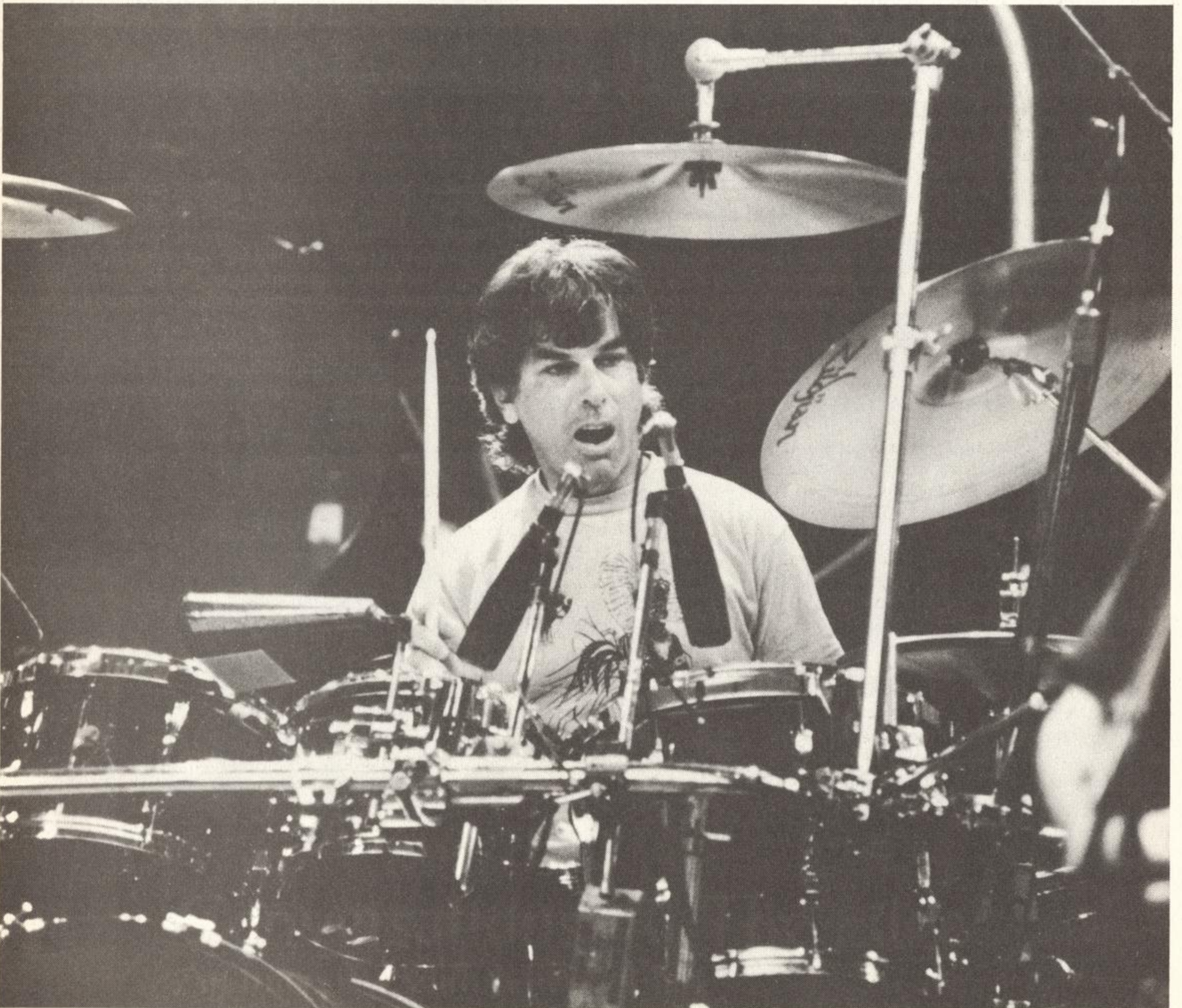


Photo by Susana Millman

Where did the idea for *The Spirit Cries* come from?

While sitting in the back rooms of museums, libraries, and in talking with the archivists, I discovered how much of the documentation of the music of indigenous people already exists and where — at the Library of Congress. So I got together with Alan Jabbour, who gave me access to the Library — *they let me in the vault*. [Laughs] The archives are deep. I knew that what we were dealing with was a huge repository of information. There's tens of thousands of recordings — the largest archives of recorded indigenous music in the world. It's like the Oz of Libraries, like the Vatican and Alexandria all rolled into one. They're sitting on it, and they've never really been able to share it with the world, except through scholars. You can't take stuff out of the Library of Congress. There's no library card. [Laughs]

I was thinking about two things when *The Spirit Cries* crossed my mind. I wanted to focus on the rainforest because it was in the most peril and in the most precarious position — as you lose environments, you lose cultures. I thought it would be incredible to hear sounds from the Amazon basin to Jamaica.

How did you meet Alan Jabbour?

He's the director of the American Folklife Center at the Library of Congress. I went to him and presented him with my credentials, and proposed a partnership between the Library of Congress, Rykodisc, and my company — 360° Productions — to release these indigenous musics. You can see the result.

How did you decide what to release?

I gave specific parameters to the archivists — everything on the indigenous people of the rainforests of Central Brazil and South America. I was presented originally with over 100 hours. This was then reduced to 10 hours of prime pieces, which I took away with me to a tropical island for two weeks. I then brought it down to eight hours, then seven, then four, then down to two and a half, down to one and a half, then one hour. I had a checklist, and I sat there with my computer and my checklist and just whittled away to 70 minutes, and then I ordered it. The first way to learn a culture is to listen to its music. That way you really know what its sensibilities are. I'm not an expert on this music, so it just hits me. When my hair stands on edge, I know I've tapped the power of this music. That's the only way you know this stuff. It happens every time. You just have to cut loose the technique, so it doesn't get in the way.

Have you found that listening to this type of music, specifically to *The Spirit Cries* and *Honor the Earth Powwow*, that your consciousness is affected differently than when listening to your own music?

As to Native American music, I've recorded it off and on for 22 years. I've done the Sun Dances, and a lot of my friends are American Indians. Still, some of it sounds like noise until your ear gets used to it. It has to wear on you because when the ear hears a signal that it doesn't truly understand, it sounds like noise. If you listen to noise long enough, you'll hear a symphony of noise, and so what was noise yesterday is today melody and harmony or something your ear recognizes, and it says, "Ah, I understand that; this is good, I'll listen more." That's what happens when you listen to the strange, multiphonic

music. These techniques are of the extended voice with all these overtones. If you really get into it, it's transforming, and yeah, my consciousness changes, you better believe it does. After listening to this stuff for hours, it's hard to talk because it is trance-inducing music. That's what it really does at the proper listening levels, if you know what I mean.

What degree of documentation came along with this music?

Quite a bit. That's one of the good things about the Library of Congress. They are documented to the hilt.

What technology did you use to clean up the quality of the original music?

The music was originally analog tape. I transferred the recordings to the digital domain for remastering and general cleanup. It was mostly high-powered, state-of-the-art analog equalization. I recreated some of the ambiance that was lost in the transfer. The original machine the music was recorded on dictates the quality, the amount of space that's on it, and then whenever you do anything to it, you lose a part of that ambiance. That's just what it's like, a halo around the sound; it's the ambiance, it's the air. So I recorded air in an open field and brought it back. I played it gently out in a field and then recorded it, and re-recorded it — with the ambiance.

We understand that the indigenous people will be benefiting directly. How is the money being divided?

A percentage of the money will be sent back either to the people whose music we used, or in the event we can't find the people themselves, to the area from which the music came. They get the money, a lot of it. I don't know the percentages. I was very excited about the prospect of helping to bring culture back to the youth of these tribes. By showing the value the West places on their music and rituals, the young will be inspired to learn their

traditions from their elders and pass them on — and perhaps even make some money doing it.

If people want to know what they can do to help save the rainforest, this is something they can do that will have a direct impact on the lives of the people of the rainforest. Buy this CD — *The Spirit Cries*.

Will some of the money go back to help preserve the archives themselves?

Yes, I imagine part of it will go into making more recordings and preserving the archives. This could help make the American Folklife Center self-supporting by the year 2000, a partnership between the government and the private sector, in this case, Rykodisc. But I think most of the money will go to the performers and their communities.

Did you actually get to meet with some of the people?

Yes. Picture this: the Great Hall in the Library of Congress, and we brought two Aluku people up from French Guiana. They started their journey in a canoe. Six days later they were in Washington, singing. The Grateful Dead were there, and all

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these senators and congressmen understanding the value of what was in the archives.

In listening to some of the music, I notice that much of it is really powerful, and I wonder if you, as an ethnomusicologist, are concerned as

well with preserving the traditional knowledge for the uses of the various musics that you're researching.

I'm interested in preserving the knowledge, but I'm also interested in the future of the music. It's two-fold. When the music comes back into the community, it becomes a commodity of the rainforest they can legitimately do business with. Can you imagine when the two Aluku who came to Washington take the CD back with them to French Guiana and play it for their people? The kids will say, "Hey, Dad went to Washington and sold 10,000 copies (so far) of this CD of our music. Wow, this is of great value." This music gives them back part of their community. What interests me is seeing how this mutates into the next century. If it's practiced, you know it's going to mutate. So they practice their rituals, and they keep their songs and their connection to who they were. In an oral tradition, if you lose your songs, you lose all your history, because that's where all the stories, the folktales, and everything about you is stored — in your songs — *that's* the receptacle, the talking book. That's the most precious thing they have, and we know that the greatest invention of a people is their culture. Our greatest invention is our culture. It's like losing a treasure — every day another masterpiece is lost out there. That's why this is so important to me musically. I see it that way, and I'd like to hear what it sounds like in 30-40 years.

Another generation or two...

Right, if it's supposed to exist. If there's no reason for it to exist in the community, it won't. That's the nature of music, and that's also the nature of community. It needs its music, it needs its sound, and the sound needs a place for it to do something, like planting the harvest, healing the sick, or entertaining in some way. There needs to be a function for the music to live.

The music has an effect on the culture and the culture has an effect on the music.

They are inseparable. No culture without its music, and no music without its culture.

What's next in this series?

To perhaps capture the culture of North American Indian tribes. I'm going back to the federal cylinder project now, which is 10,000 cylinder recordings from 1890, all from the Plains' Indians of North America. This is the repository of the great wealth of the Indians, the jewels of their music. One of the good things that the federal government did in the '70s was to take all the cylinders and put them on tape. So we're trying to get one great CD of pre-powwow, pre-1940, pan-tribal Indians. These are the real recordings of their sacred music. So we'll be able to give this back to them, a part of their culture from which some of them are completely disconnected. They've no idea that this exists. When they hear it they'll say, "Oh, my

great-grandfather, I remember him singing songs. So *that's* what it's all about." So going through the libraries is all very romantic, and it's fun, but it's more than fun to see the ripple effect of this music. It's more than just for enjoyment; it's to help return their culture to them.

Have you found that any of these people have coherent systems for eliciting different types of physical and emotional states through the use of their music? In other words, are there shamans who have catalogs of what to use this or that music for?

Absolutely. That's what they're all about. You have to know the plants; you have to know the sounds.

How willing are they to share their knowledge?

They're reaching out. I'm reaching out to them, and they're reaching out to me. It so happened that we met through these archival tapes, but this will get around, and more and more, they'll be coming out. They won't get ripped off for their knowledge; they'll be able to get paid for it, as rightly they should.

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Have you any specific associations between certain rhythms and certain states of consciousness?

Of course. That's what music and rhythm are all about. Alter your consciousness — that's what it does, it sets up this reaction in your body that allows you to time-travel and allows you to move in the dimensions. That's what sound is all about.

Can you go back to those places?

Oh sure. Sometimes it's hit and miss. It's not an exact science. You can get into a certain kind of a groove, a head space, which translates into an emotional state. I think that's what you're getting at, right?

Right. When you work with some of these indigenous people, do you also work on sharing the knowledge of what they find in their music and what you find in yours, to see how they might match?

When we have dialogue, yes. When you don't, you just listen through the music and that's the language. So it works on many levels. I listen to the music, I study the music, I glean as much as I can off the tapes, and then when I meet the people, I have dialogues with translators and sometimes I get to play with them, if there's enough time. So that's how I communicate. Remember, we're all sound sharers. That's what we do. We're professionals at it. That's what the Aluku did when they came to the Library of Congress in March.

From your personal standpoint, how do you perceive rhythm coming into your consciousness? From the mind, from the body, from the spirit?

It comes in from a lot of places. It comes in from your ears, your eyes, your nose, your feet. It comes from all over — gravity, it's all rhythm. You're being bombarded by and are embedded in a universe of rhythms. You are a rhythm machine. Let's face it, kids, it's all rhythm — not necessarily drums, drumming, and music, but it's all a rhythmically based universe, so you're perceiving, you're scanning, you're receiving constantly from the moment you're conceived. I think you get ears at three months, I don't know exactly when, but

it's early, prenatal, way down there. You're really getting it rhythmically. Your mother's heartbeat is, I think, 110 decibels, and that's what you're hearing, this giant bass drum in the womb. You start from a rhythmic place and then you come out into the light, and the light is rhythm, vibration, bombarding you, and it goes on and on. You don't need a lesson in physics here, it's easy to see

You've said in the past that you dream of drumming. Is that still true?

Yes, among other things. Let's put it this way, I have rhythmically based dreams, yeah. There's not a lot of harps and flutes in my dreams.

Do you have any recurring dreams?

All the time. Don't you?

Yes, but only a few that I can really remember and pinpoint and say, "Wow, I've had that dream again." We do a column called Deadhead Dreams, which relates to dreams specifically involving the Grateful Dead. Have you had any you would like to share?

The dream that everybody has, you know, like the bus is leaving, or the band's up there playing and you can't get to your instrument. We all have the same dream, some way or another. Being late for the gig is always a typical musician dream. You know, it's just over the next rise, you're at the last sand dune and you *know* you're there and you keep grasping for that sand, and the more you pull, the more you slide back. We all have these dreams.

If you have any, what are your personal animal spirit guides?

That's a good question. I love animals, and I align myself with their spirits, but I don't have any one in particular. I have a lot of them around me. I wouldn't choose. I don't care if it's a wolf or a macaw. If it has the right personality and the right spirit, I align myself to it. You know, it's just skin and bones.

How did you get involved with the Gyuto Monks doing the San Quentin project?

The Monks were driving back from a gig at

Berkeley in a van. They felt something odd when they passed San Quentin, and they asked to stop; they didn't know, of course, about the prison. They were told that it was a prison and there were 5,500-6,500 trapped souls in there. They asked if they could go in and make a musical offering, because that's what they do. Compassion, light, relief of suffering, they're pros at it. But of course, you just can't walk into San Quentin with 20 monks. This was in 1987. We told them that we'd try to arrange something for their next visit. So before leaving, in the moonlight by the side of the road, they performed their Puja ceremony, for the freedom of the spirits and souls of the prisoners.

Danny Rifkin, who's the head of the Rex Foundation, got it together in November 1991, and the Monks chanted for the prison choir, and then the choir sang for them. Rifkin then came to me and said, "You've gotta hear what's goin' on behind the walls. You've got to hear this choir." So I went and heard them, and it was very impressive. It was real sacred music, behind the walls of a maximum security prison. I

thought it was very interesting, how such joyous music can flourish in such a miserable atmosphere. It is not pretty in San Quentin Prison. It's not made to be pretty. So this was something very beautiful. These inmates were helping themselves, restoring their self-esteem, making something from nothing. This was art, *real* art, I thought. It wasn't like a Sunday in Nebraska, where everyone dresses up. This was for real. When they were singing, they were pouring their hearts out. It was a certain kind of a buzz when I first heard them. The Rex Foundation made a grant for me to record them. And I did.

Was it difficult working in the prison?

There were some rough moments. Some of the best singers were in there for brutal murders. It is a maximum security prison. I thought we needed some female voices to round out the sound. So the unique thing was the mixture of prisoners and guards in the choir. It was great. Once in that room, everyone was working together. The energy was amazing.



Photo by Yusef El-Amin

Was it scary?

One day we were working these really long hours, and I had brought in chicken but told everyone they had to wait until after the session to eat it. I was controlling their diet to help them get the best sound. Anyway, prison is not like any other place, and food

time is serious business. So one guy took a piece of chicken and then someone else wanted some. I said that the deal was no chicken until after the session, and this one guy started to walk fast. You don't walk fast in there, or you might get shot. It all got diffused real quick, but I got a little nervous.

The San Quentin Community Choir performed recently at the Palladium. How was it?

It was hot. It was great. They really tore the place up. It was wonderful to see the guards and the inmates on the outside together — it was impressive! Now there's a place to go when they get out. There is a choir waiting for them, the San Quentin Community Choir.

The San Quentin project really shows the healing power of music at work, doesn't it?

It's really impressive. They gave \$20,000 back to the community — to the victim's fund. It's the royalties from the CD. They're giving it back to the community — to the people they fucked with to begin with. That was an extra added attraction, and now this choir. This is living art. It's wonderful.

I understand you recently visited the White House.

We were in Washington for the Library of Congress party for

Spirit Cries, and we went to the White House. Some of the staff there really like our music. The Vice President asked if we wanted to see the Oval Office, and Jerry, Phil, and I got a tour. We went in and we saw *it*, where the President sits — *the chair*. It was quite impressive.

How did it feel to be welcomed to the seat of power of Western culture?

It was a great lesson to see the world from the Oval Office, where Abraham Lincoln stood, and it was a great crosscut of American history there. It was humbling. It was a very nice meeting.

Last year the Grateful Dead was the only band that could be counted on to sell out every show. The size and loyalty of the band's following is unsurpassed in American culture, and the very mention of the name Grateful Dead is enough to spark interest and strike controversy wherever it's mentioned. What do you think of the phenomenon of the Grateful Dead?

It's what we do. And how it's received, that's in the perception of the people who aren't in the Grateful Dead. I appreciate their love of the Grateful Dead because I love the Grateful Dead. I know that the Grateful Dead is a rare commodity. Anything that is a rare commodity people want more of. So the longevity has spawned the mythology surrounding the Grateful Dead. These people are feeding off it, and they are creating their own mythology. They're creating themselves, and it is a phenomenon. It is a special creation, it is a work of art. I see it as one of the *great* works.

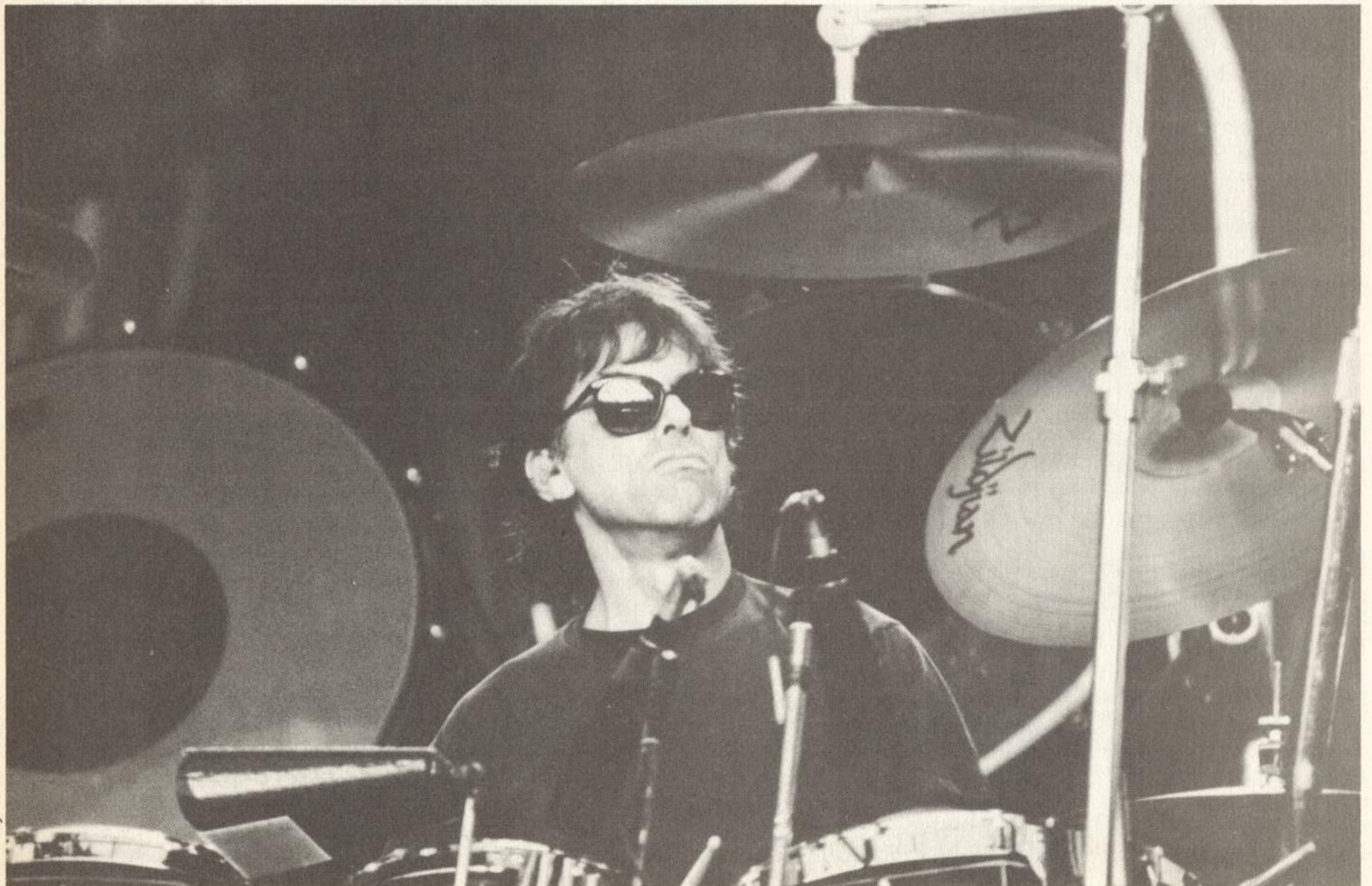


Photo by Susana Milliman

Did you guys ever think that you would be where you are, that you would become the phenomenon that you are today?

I always thought that if the Grateful Dead lasted long enough, it would be a powerful force. I never thought that it wouldn't be, but seeing it is certainly gratifying. No one ever thought this far in advance and said, "Hey man, someday the Grateful Dead will assume this position and will be visiting the White House." We never really thought of that, but it's not odd to me because it was always a special thing. If you can maintain and keep it special *forever*, then it just builds steam, like a snowball going downhill. If it don't crack up, it's enormous by the time it gets down to the bottom of the hill. That's what we've got here — a snowball. Then history took over. And the books were written, and the records were made, and the mystique and the mythology has grown.

How did the success of *In The Dark* really change the band and the scene from your perspective?

It didn't. I didn't feel personally that it changed anything. There was no pressure on me or anybody in the band. The only difference was that more people showed up at the concerts.

As the Grateful Dead move into the future, is the direction planned or does it just happen?

There are certain plans, but there's always chance. You can't ever plan your destiny. Only a fool sits around and believes that he is in control. Spontaneity is certainly one of the key ingredients of the Grateful Dead, as well as survival. So we plan our concerts, but that's just concerts. You can't plan your life. You can try to, but it'll never be as you plan it, so you've got to play it loose.

Do you discuss musical direction?

No, it's usually where it goes, and where we take it, both individually and collectively. Nobody really has an idea for the Grateful Dead. That's one of the great things — no one has *the way it has to be* in mind. Everyone enjoys going there together. It's not so much where you've been or where you're goin', it's how much fun and how you feel when you're doin' it.

Where do you see the band going from here?

The band is getting better, and it's becoming a new band. Another skin is being shed. Vinnie is adding his piece to it. Remember, it always goes from chaos to order, then back to chaos, and so forth. And this is the duality of the band.

If you could change anything about the way the Grateful Dead functions in its present form, what would those changes be?

I couldn't begin to suggest changes.

Is there any one thing or area that makes you crazy?

No. The only time I get crazy is when I play badly, when I can't find *it*, or when as a group we can't find common ground, that gets me crazy. But you can't not want that, because it has to go to that for it to reorder itself. It has to get chaotic, or else it would just dry up and die. Order is never maintained forever, nor is chaos. You have to be flexible and be able to go back

and forth. To find an ideal Grateful Dead, which means you play well all the time, and every night's a gas, every night's a first time experience...isn't *that* unrealistic?

A lot of Deadheads probably wouldn't say so.

Well, you can't have a peak experience every night, so the perfect Grateful Dead does not exist. The Grateful Dead is not built on perfection. To be perfect is not necessarily in the best interest of the Grateful Dead, as I see it.

Are you happy with where the Dead are positioned now in terms of venues, or do you miss playing the smaller places in comparison to the stadiums?

I like stadiums myself. I like to get the big groove going, and I like to see all the people enjoying themselves at one time. I know it's not a peak musical experience necessarily for me, but I've had great times in stadiums, just like I've had great times in the little theaters. It's a different kind of communication, it's a head space, and we're getting better at it. Moving large audiences is different than playing in small places.

Over the years, what would you say is your favorite venue, and then your least favorite?

Wherever I play well is a good venue, wherever I play shitty, I hate. So I don't care what it looks like, only how it feels.

Unusual locations often inspire unique opportunities, such as the trip to Egypt. Are there any exotic places that the Dead would like to or plan to play?

I always want to go to the Orient, to China. That's where my interests are.

That almost happened...

It's gonna happen someday.

While the Rhythm Devils are unlike any other part of the Dead...

I hope so.

...you do seem to follow a format. Are there any plans to shake it up, change, or evolve, aside from adding new and different effects on a regular basis?

Oh yeah, Vinnie hopefully will become part of our madness. We're working with Vinnie now. We have a new midi kalimba that's coming into the arsenal, and that should be fun, and a few new ingredients that are being planned.

We've done a couple of interviews with Bob Bralove. When discussing the new ear monitor system, he said they've allowed for a different type of miking of the drums. Could you elaborate, from your own perspective, on what new instruments it's allowed you to bring out?

The small stuff, the quiet stuff, the wood blocks, and all those little instruments that can't compete in the monitors, like the talking drum. Since there are no monitors up there now, there's no leakage. There's no bleeding of other instruments into each other. You're able to process each instrument on its own, instead of trying to process the entire drum kit, which is impossible.

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As a band, how do you develop new material?

The individual will bring it to the band, play a tape of something he's mocked up, and then we kick it around for five years. Like a farm, it has a Grateful Dead attitude to it.

What is a Grateful Dead attitude?

Musically speaking, it's all of our personalities interpreting this one person's song. It's an attitude. The idea is that when you bring a song to the band, you want everybody to add his individual, unique sound to it. You don't want them to play some lame old part that you thought up — you want them to create. You just bring in the framework. You say, "Okay, here's the frame, let's work with this. Here are the lyrics the way I'd like them to go, let's see what it turns out to be. Let's go at it, man. Let's see what we find in these hills. Let's see if there's gold in them there hills," and that's some of the Grateful Dead attitude.

Do you enjoy playing the new songs?

Sure.

If you could bring back any of the old ones, which ones would you choose?

I don't know which songs I'd bring back. We pretty well played all those songs that we don't play now. We played them so many times that we played through 'em. All those songs were so wonderful and they all had their greatest moments. It's how you render them again. Sometimes going back is not the best thing to do to a song. We could never play it better than we did back then perhaps.

Does that mean that some of the songs you've been playing for 20 odd years, you're still striving to play better, or do you just really love those songs? Like *Playing in the Band*?

You really reinvent it every night. Every night we try to have a new approach to it, a little different, a twist here, a nod there, a wink here. We try to reinterpret it again, inside out, outside in, for the 3,000th time. That's the art — to take these song forms and make them unique and different each night.

What's your favorite Grateful Dead song? The one you enjoy the most.

I don't have *one* favorite.

Okay, give me a couple of options.

I like the *China Cat/Rider* thing, I always enjoy that. Anything we play well is fine. *Cold Rain and Snow* is a great song the way we play it.

What's your least favorite song? What's the song that you hope never, ever to have to play again?

El Paso. That, or *Victim or the Crime*. It's no big thing to me; it just seems like they reached a dead end.

What show stands out most for you over the years, for whatever reason, good or bad?

We played in Englishtown, NJ in 70-something, '77 or '78. I had

just come back from an incredible accident. I had totaled my Porsche, and I was all broken up. My ribs were broken and my shoulder was dislocated, and this was my first gig back in five weeks after an operation. I was working for this one gig, and it was for 175,000 people. I didn't know if my shoulder would hold together, 'cause we hadn't rehearsed, and I hadn't opened it up. It was the hardest gig of my life.

Was it painful?

No, it was just the adrenaline, the excitement, the wonder if I could make it through the night with that many people, was like an out-of-body experience for me. I can remember everything. I remember all those railroad boxcars ringing the perimeter.

Recently, Stanley Mouse was sick and needed a liver transplant. The Grateful Dead family was very generous and donated \$175,000 toward his expenses. How did you collectively decide to do that?

It was the least we could do. Mouse has given us some of our best iconography. He painted my first record cover, *Rolling Thunder*, him and Kelley. They're great artists; they've given their souls to us. It's not so much to ask of someone who can afford it. I mean, you could save someone's life, especially a friend who has given something so special of himself to you. It's a night or two of my life. You have to play benefits. I'd do that for a friend, that's the least I could do. Besides, he's done something. He's contributed to the betterment of mankind in a big way. He's a good person. He's given a lot of love. He shines a lot of light in his life. When you're in trouble, people should come and help you. He's also a great artist. He's one of your treasures, and you should help to try to preserve him. You keep him alive, you'll see some great work coming out of this incredible life/death experience. You realize what he's gone through. He almost died.

He's come back. That's where great art is born. Mouse's head must be just filled with images now.

You've played with a lot of different people. Who would you like to drum with, who you haven't yet had the opportunity to?

I've drummed with all the people that I respect. I've been fortunate in that I think I've played with the greatest percussionists on this Earth. I'm really not wanting at all. All the people I've played with and wanted to play with are the best, I think.

Who inspires you these days?

The people I play with. They are all awe-inspiring. That's why I play with them. That's why they play with me.

What's your biggest frustration musically, and/or in life?

You're always frustrated when you can't attain greatness, can't attain the flow, and you're not at the top of your game all the time. That's my biggest frustration — why I can't be fluid all the time. Why can't things be happening perfectly all the time.

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That, of course, frustrates an artist. They always want some kind of perfection, always want the best. It's a natural thing. I'm like any other artist trying to create, and when something gets in the way, that's a disappointment and a frustration to me. So, it's my art. It's what I'm after.

Has there been one instrument that over the years you've had a more personal or intimate relationship with?

It comes and goes. My collection comes in and out of my personal life, and I sort of revolve it. I become friendly with a certain instrument and then put it back on the shelf. It goes back to the vault, and I pick another instrument up. I just revolve all these sounds. I bring them into my bedroom or studio, start getting personal with them for a few years, and then they rotate. There's lots of them.

What's your current favorite?

My current favorite is a midi kalimba. The only midi kalimba. I'm exploring its wonders as we speak. I'm going to have to leave this interview to continue that exploration.

What is a kalimba?

A kalimba is a mbira, which is a thumb piano that you see people hold in their hand and go tinka-tinka-tinka-tinka-tinka with. Like a gourd with little pieces of metal, a mbira, a thumb piano. This is an electronic midi version of that.

If someone wanted to be your apprentice, what kind of advice would you give in terms of learning, i.e., teachers, influences, etc. What kind of a road to follow?

I would give them the old Bruce Lee line, "Don't think, feel."

That's the idea — to feel it, to try to get to feel it, and not to think too much.

Is there any message you'd like to pass on to our readers?

I think you've covered the waterfront. I've already talked about the messages. I guess the only thing is we're all having fun together. I would think that they should enjoy it. I would hope that they would really savor and enjoy this experience, because it's something that's rare and it's a good thing. They should know that it's a privilege for them to be part of this. That's just like it is for us. We feel it is a privilege to be able to bring this kind of a scene, the music and the whole spiritual side of the business to the people. It's a perfect situation. Everyone gets high. The other thing I would say is that if they love the Grateful Dead, they should help maintain their decorum around the Grateful Dead — not selling in the parking lot, not exposing themselves to busts, not freaking out, not wasting the community. Going in and being really polite, saying thank you for letting us use your community for three days. We want to come back. Not to urinate on their lawns and bathe in their fountains. Understand that the Grateful Dead is a precarious situation. If you don't grow up and become Deadheads of the '90s, they're going to put us out of business and put themselves out of business. That would be my message, to say, "Hey, look, you made it this far, you did great." If we want to make it to 2000, we've gotta get smart, all of us. The Deadheads are targets, and they know that. The roadblocks and the checks, the harassment. They've gotta be smart enough to get around it and not expose that they're high in public. That's the only way. You can't not think that



Photo by Sydney Gamble

there are no undercover agents around, 'cause *there are*. You can't do illegal business in the open; it's just wrong to do. And you'll get caught, and it'll be a big hassle for us and a hassle for you, as well as the community. ♦



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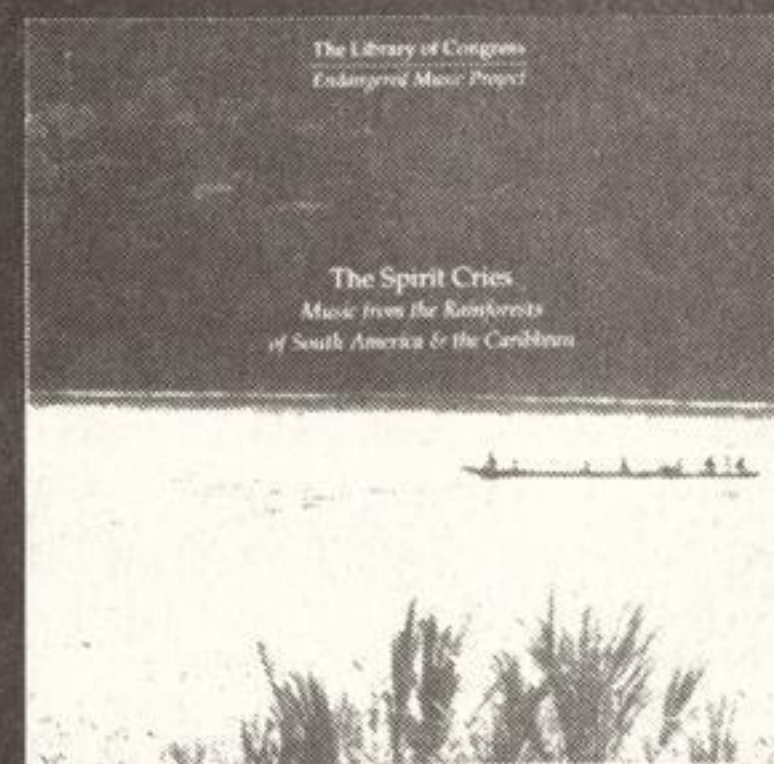
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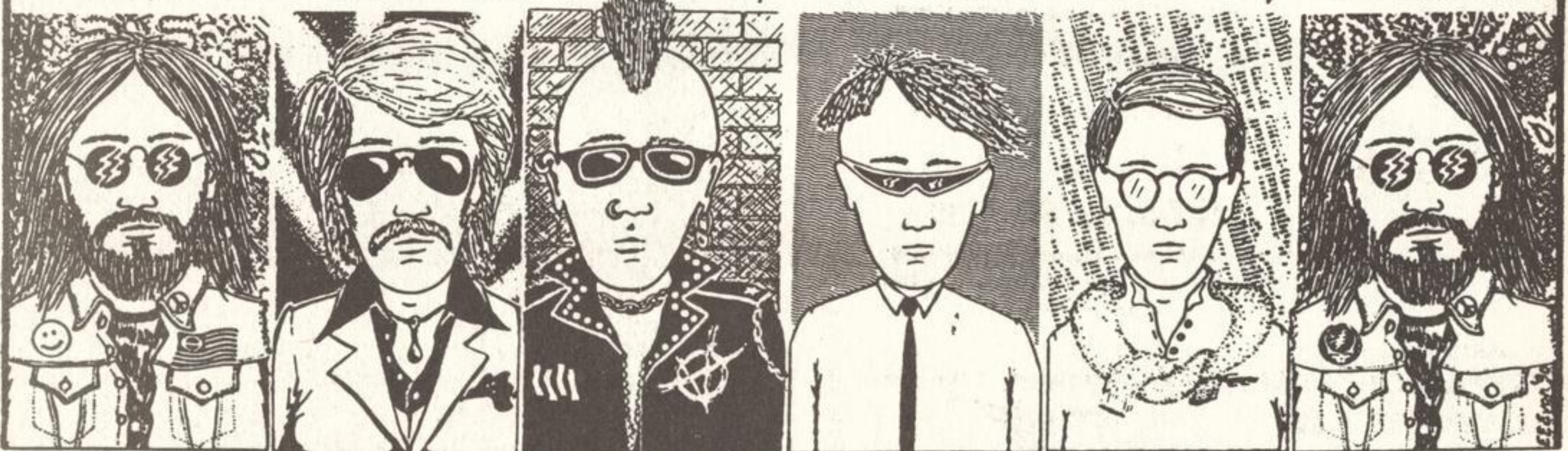
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The Best of The Dead on Tape 1965-1974

By Johnny Dwork, Rich Petlock & a whole slew of you out there

Deadheads are forever in search of the ultimate *peak* musical experience. When we can't find it in the present, we look for it in the past. Think about it for a moment. Most Dead-oriented conversations are about how hot this tape or that show was. We Deadheads are, after all, every bit as analytical and critical as the next bunch of fanatics. It's natural that we seek to quantify the Dead Experience by coming up with a list and a collection of the hottest versions of our favorite tunes.

We've found that some of you have and will continue to *disagree* with our selections. There are, of course, no right or wrong choices. It is our hope, however, that this biannual column will continue to draw enough response to develop a definitive guide based on common consensus. So, please, do write to us if anything listed here (or not listed) strikes a resonant chord.

What makes a *best* version? Those renditions that demonstrate the greatest degree of technical virtuosity and/or elicit the

greatest emotional response from the listener, qualify for this honor.

So, here we go. Please remember that this list is not final, nor is it complete. Enjoy:

Ain't It Crazy (otherwise known as *The Rub*) — 4/28/71 — Fillmore East, NY, featuring some *crazy* harmonica playing by Pigpen

Alligator — 2/28/69 — Fillmore West, SF, CA (unbelievable jamming); 2/14/68 — Carousel Ballroom, SF, CA; 6/14/68 — Fillmore East, NY; 12/30/69 — Boston Tea Party, MA; 4/29/71 — Fillmore East, NY; 11/6/70 — Late show, Capitol Theater, Port Chester, NY (if a soundboard of the jam following the words in this *Alligator* ever circulates it will be recognized as being every bit as hot as 2/14/70! Garcia's notes roll off like liquid fire)

Around 'n Around — 11/19/72 — Houston, TX, Jerry's licks in this version are classic rock 'n roll at its best; 11/20/70 — Rochester, NY, with Jorma, although the only tapes of this show in circulation are of God-awful quality; 6/18/74 — Louisville, KY

Attics of My Life — 6/24/70 — Capitol Theater, Port Chester, NY (out of, and then back into, *Dark Star!*); 9/20/70 — Fillmore East, NY, smooth as cognac; 5/15/70 — Fillmore East, NY

Beat It On Down The Line — 4/26/71 — Fillmore East, NY (with Duane Allman on slide guitar!); 2/15/73 — Madison, WI

Bertha — 4/28/71 — Fillmore East, NY; 12/5/71 — Felt Forum, NYC; 8/27/72 — Oregon Country Fairgrounds, Veneta, OR (despite Garcia's guitar being brought out of tune by the intense sun, his playing is so intensely fast it will have you shaking your head in disbelief)

Big Boy Pete — 9/6/69 — Family Dog, SF; 3/1/70 — Family Dog, SF; 9/20/70 — Fillmore East, NY

Big Railroad Blues — 11/19/72 — Houston, TX; 12/10/71 — St. Louis, MO; 8/12/72 — Sacramento, CA; 9/20/70 — Fillmore East, NY (acoustic!)

Big River — 11/10 and 11/11/73 — Winterland, SF, CA; 5/25/74 — Santa Barbara, CA; 11/14/73 — San Diego (sandwiched inside of *The Other One!*); 6/16/74 — Des Moines, IA

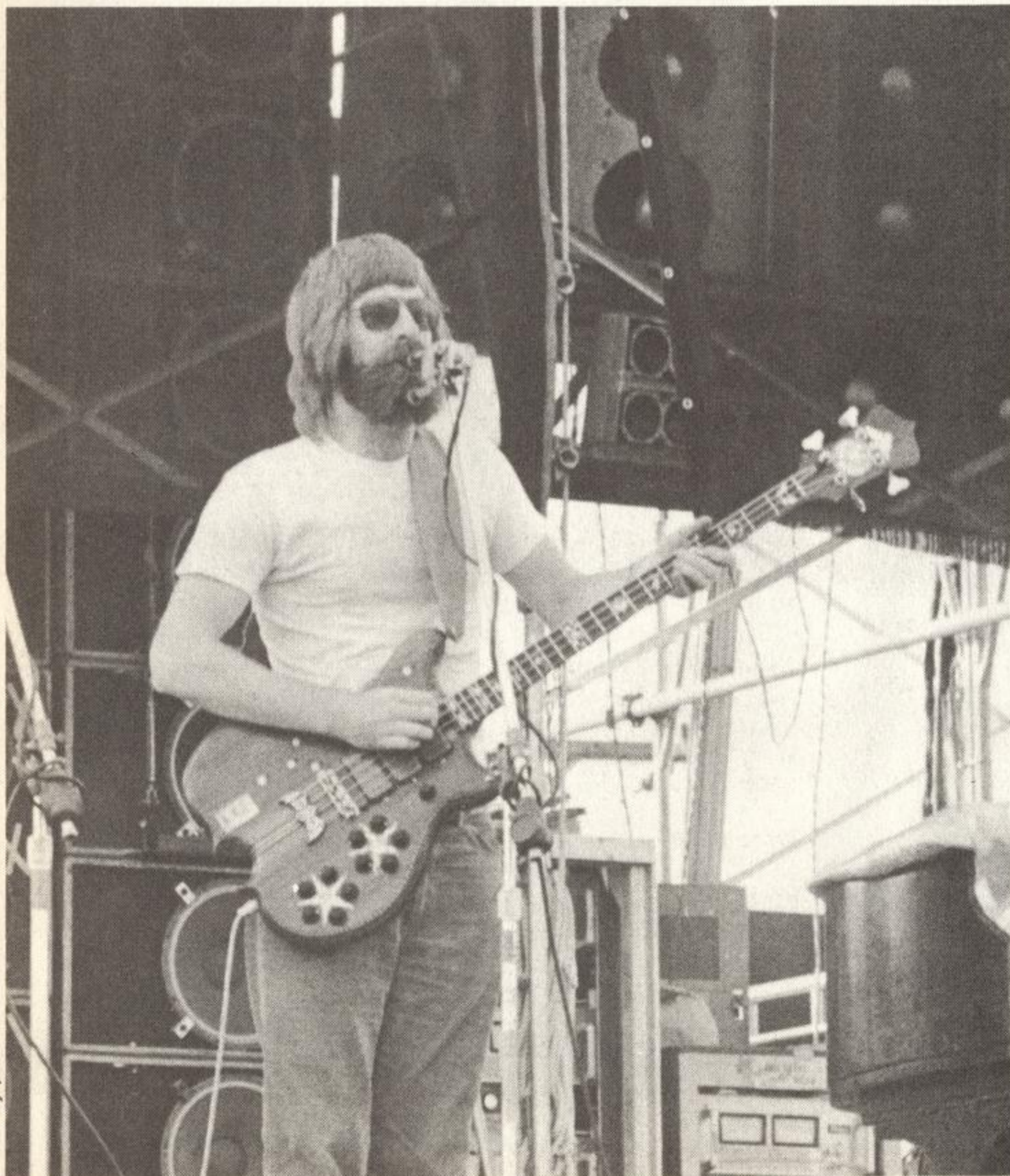


Photo by Jim Anderson



Bird Song — 8/27/72 — Oregon Country Fairgrounds, Kesey's Farm Benefit, Veneta, OR (breathtakingly exquisite, this rendition soars as high as the band on that most cosmic of all days); 9/19/72 — Roosevelt Stadium, Jersey City, NJ (a hard-to-find decent audience tape proves this version to be only one degree less inspired than the version from 8/27/72); 7/31/71 — New Haven, CT (this one *explodes* out of *Dark Star*) Trust us on these!

Black Queen — 12/10/69 — Thelma Theater, LA, CA, with Stephen Stills

Black-Throated Wind — 11/19/72 — Houston, TX; 10/21/73 — Omaha, NB; 9/18/74 — Dijon, France

Box of Rain — 11/19/72 — Houston, TX (Phil's voice is so perfect, they could have put this one on an album. At one point it sounds like the band is *marching* triumphantly through this song!)

Brokedown Palace — 8/30/70 — *Calibration* TV Show, SF, CA (features truly spectacular harmonies, perhaps the best ever in front of an audience. Get the videotape of this performance as well); 9/28/72 — Stanley Theater, NJ; 12/15/71 — Ann Arbor, MI; 9/18/70 — Fillmore East, NY (followed *Cryptical Envelopment* which means the words went "And you know he had to die," into "Fare you well my honey")

Brown-Eyed Women — 7/18/72 — Roosevelt Stadium, NJ; 12/5/71 — Felt Forum, NY, NY

Candyman — 8/30/70 — *Calibration* TV Show, SF, CA

Casey Jones — 11/7/71 — Harding Theater, SF, CA; 8/27/72 — Oregon Country Fairgrounds, Kesey's Farm Benefit, Veneta, OR; 1/16/70 — Springer's Ballroom, Portland, OR

Caution — 2/14/70 — Fillmore East, NY (AMAZING! The Dead take no prisoners as this version explodes out of the best ever *Mason's Children* and melts down into one of the most hauntingly beautiful *Feedback* explorations of all time); 2/14/68 — Carousel Ballroom, SF, CA; 5/11/72 — Rotterdam, Holland; 4/14/72 — Tivoli Theatre, Copenhagen, Denmark (sandwiched *inside* a very psychedelic *Good Lovin'*)

Cbina Cat Sunflower > I Know You Rider — Once again, 8/27/72 — Oregon Country Fairgrounds, Kesey's Farm Benefit, Veneta, OR (It is during this song that the boys find themselves beginning to *peak* on that special sunny summer day); 11/19/72 — Houston, TX; The *Europe '72* version; 7/31/73 — Roosevelt Stadium, NJ; 2/28/73 — Salt Lake City, UT (features a rip-roarin' *Feelin' Groovy* jam); 6/26/74 — Providence, RI

Cbinatown Shuffle — 5/16/72 — Radio Luxembourg, Belgium

Cold Jordan — 5/15/70 — Fillmore East, NY

Cold Rain & Snow — 6/7/69 — Fillmore West, SF, CA; 3/25/66 — Trouper's Club, LA, CA (old, fast, wierd); 3/18/67 — Winterland, SF, CA

Comes A Time — 10/19/71 — Minneapolis, MN (with extra verses); 12/5/71 — Felt Forum, NY; 7/26/72 — Portland, OR

Cosmic Charlie — 3/1/69 — Fillmore West, SF, CA (Screaming guitars and an almost manic tone in their falsetto

voices make this version the one to beat); 5/2/70 — Harpur College, Binghamton, NY; 5/15/70 — Fillmore East, NY

Cream Puff War — 10/7/66 — Winterland, SF, CA (goes on forever!); 11/19/66 — Fillmore Auditorium, SF, CA

Cryptical Envelopment — 2/13/70 — Fillmore East, NY (absolute perfection! The second part is apocalyptic!); 5/2/70 — Harpur College, Binghamton, NY

Cumberland Blues — 11/19/72 — Houston, TX; the *Europe '72* album version; 4/8/71 — Boston, Music Hall, Boston, MA; 6/30/74 — Springfield, MA; 5/2/70 — Harpur College, Binghamton, NY (acoustic)

Dancin' In The Streets — 5/2/70 — Harpur College, Binghamton, NY (an all-time classic, our favorite); 2/14/70 — Fillmore East, NY (beautiful set opener, nice vocals); 5/6/70 — M.I.T., Cambridge, MA; 7/11/70 — Fillmore East, NY (with a *Feelin' Groovy* jam); 9/18/70 — Fillmore East, NY — long and hot

Dark Star — 8/27/72 — Oregon Country Fairgrounds, Kesey's Farm Benefit (without question the most serious (or at least the most *out there*) psychedelic space exploration by any band ever. When the Martians land this is what we'll hand them. Talk about visions of death and rebirth! It's downright apocalyptic, and it features the most immortal and hair-raising Phil bass solo imaginable. Do not pass go without a copy of this tape (let's hope the 16 track 15 IPS Alembic master reel of this cut makes its way onto CD someday); 2/13/70 — Fillmore East, NY (this is most folks' favorite and the *Feelin' Groovy* jam contained within is certainly the most *heavenly* melody ever played by the Dead); *Live Dead* album version (2/27/69 — Fillmore West, SF, CA); 6/24/70 — Capitol Theater, Port Chester, NY; 5/11/72 — Rotterdam, Holland; 5/23/72 — Lyceum, London, England; 5/15/70 — Fillmore East, NY; 4/8/72 — Wembley Empire Pool, London, England; 4/14/72 — Tivoli Theatre, Copenhagen, Denmark (completely *manic*...features the most aggressive-feeling jam ever!); 7/18/72 — Roosevelt Stadium, NJ; 11/11/73 — Winterland, SF, CA. We could go on for hours. Lock us in a closet with just these tapes and we'd be happy

Deal — 7/2/71 — Fillmore West, SF, CA; 8/6/71 — Hollywood Palladium, LA, CA; 6/16/74 — Des Moines, IA (although this song didn't even begin to mature until the late 70's)

Death Don't Have No Mercy — 5/24/69 — Monterey; 2/22/69 — Vallejo, CA

Deep Elem Blues — 10/10/70 — Queens College, NY (they actually jam on it)

Dire Wolf — 11/8/69 — Fillmore Auditorium, SF, CA

Doin' That Rag — Oh, so many that we may never hear — here's the best of what we do have: 6/7/69 — Fillmore West, SF, CA; 9/29/69 — Café Au Go-Go, NY (into *The Seven!* many folks have this listed incorrectly as 7/11/69 — Action House, NY); 2/28/69 — Fillmore West, SF, CA; 4/21/69 — The Ark, Boston, MA

Don't Ease Me In — 11/19/72 — Houston, TX (a truly Texan rendition. Different lyrics as well)



Dupree's Diamond Blues — 6/7/69 — Fillmore West, SF, CA; 7/11/69 — Flushing Meadows, NY, NY

Early Morning Rain — 1/7/66 — Matrix, SF, CA

Easy Wind — 9/20/70 — Fillmore East, NY — Hands down winner (this version features some of the finest Bobby leads ever); 12/26/70 — El Monte Legion Stadium, CA

El Paso — 8/27/72 — Oregon Country Fairgrounds, Kesey's Farm Benefit (out of the most amazing *Dark Star*, a perfect segue); 8/1/73 — Roosevelt Stadium, NJ (another out-of-*Dark Star* beauty); 12/15/71 — Ann Arbor, MI

Empty Pages — 8/26/71 — Gaelic Park, The Bronx, NY

Eyes of the World — A tough call — 6/18/74 — Louisville, KY (The Dead at their jazziest); 6/16/74 — Des Moines, IA; 6/9 and 6/10/73 — RFK Stadium, Washington, DC; 4/2/73 — Boston Garden, MA; 3/28/73 — Springfield, MA; 6/22/74 — Miami, FL; 7/19/74 — Fresno, CA (out of a killer *Spanish Jam*)

Friend of the Devil — 9/23/72 — Waterbury, CT (electric); 5/2/70 — Harpur College, Binghamton, NY (acoustic)

Good Mornin' Little Schoolgirl — 7/10/70 — Fillmore East, NY (good choice as a show opener, it's long and most people's excellent quality audience tapes of this feature a sexy, cat-like female meowing in the background!)

Good Lovin' — 4/26/71 — Fillmore East, NY (In Phil we trust! A *St. Stephen* jam, hyper drum solo, and pounding bass beat make this our favorite); 4/17/71 — Princeton, NJ (Certainly one of the longest, funniest, most inspired Pigpen raps ever!); 4/11/72 — Newcastle, England, enormous jam and rap; 5/2/70 — Harpur College, Binghamton, NY; 11/6/70 — Capitol Theater, Port Chester, NY; 4/14/72 — Tivoli Theatre, Copenhagen, Denmark; 10/24/70 — St. Louis, MO (each band member takes a solo)

Greatest Story Ever Told — 9/28/72 — Stanley Theatre, Jersey City, NJ (Hot *St. Stephen* jam, wailing Donna, and crisp Garcia licks); 8/27/72 — Oregon Country Fairgrounds, Kesey's Farm Benefit (this hot set closer is a close second); 5/20/73 — Santa Barbara, CA (another *St. Stephen* jam! — decent audience tapes of this show are out there, but you may have to look hard); 6/16/74 — Des Moines, IA

Green, Green Grass of Home — 6/21/69 — Fillmore East, NY, opens the show

Hard To Handle — 4/29/71 — Fillmore East, NY (Without question! **THE** *Hard to Handle!* When the *uninitiated* ask us what's so special about the Dead, this is the first thing we play for them); 8/6/71 — Hollywood Palladium, LA, CA (a close second — Jerry supposedly fell down on his knees at the peak of this version!); 4/24/71 — Duke University, NC, is also hot; 4/28/71 — Fillmore East, NY; 12/28/69 — Hollywood Pop Festival, Hollywood, FL

He Was A Friend Of Mine — 5/24/69 — W. Hollywood, FL (out of *Doin' That Rag* and into *China Cat*...phew!)

Help Me Rhonda — 4/27/71 — Fillmore East, NY (with the Beach Boys)

Here Comes Sunshine — There are so many nice versions, it is really too hard to pick a single best — 2/15/73 — Madison, WI; 6/22/73 — Vancouver, BC, Canada; 2/17/73 — St. Paul, MN (into *China Cat > Rider*); 4/2/73 — Boston, MA (into *Space > Bobby McGee*)

He's Gone — 6/22/73 — Vancouver, BC, Canada; 5/13/73 — Des Moines, IA; 12/2/73 — Boston, MA

Hey Bo Diddley — 5/23/72 — Lyceum Theater, London, England; 7/16/72 — Dillon Stadium, Hartford, CT, with the Allman Brothers

Hey Jude — 3/1/69 — Fillmore West, SF, CA (horribly off-key, but it's the only early version in circulation and they sure were having fun!)

Hey Little One — 3/25/66 — Trouper's Club, LA, CA (better than Glen Campbell ever sang it)

Hideaway — 11/7/71 — Harding Theater, SF, CA (picture perfect)

Hi-Heel Sneakers — 11/19/66 — Fillmore Auditorium, SF, CA

High Time — 2/14/70 — Fillmore East, NY — straight out of *I Know You Rider* (know a better one before 1976? We don't)

I Hear A Voice Callin' — 5/15/70 — Fillmore East, NY

It Hurts Me Too — 5/18/72 — Munich, West Germany; 4/26/71 — Fillmore East, NY (with Duane Allman)

It Takes a lot to Laugh, It Takes a Train To Cry — 6/10/73 — RFK Stadium, Washington, DC (with the Allmans)

It's A Man's World — 5/2/70 — Harpur College, Binghamton, NY (gnarly background vocals and a bluesy bass line make this one the classic)

It's All Over Now, Baby Blue — 6/4/70 — Fillmore West, SF, CA

Jack Straw — Tough, tough, tough — The *Europe '72* album version; 11/19/72 — Houston, TX

Jam — When we say jam, we mean those melodic and often un-nameable musical explorations which do not fall within the band's regularly identifiable repertoire — 7/27/73 — Watkins Glen, NY — soundcheck. (The band pulls off a phenomenal 20 minute long jam which starts up out of silence and, after a tremendous series of melodic explorations, including a *Feelin' Groovy* jam, segues into *Wharf Rat*); 4/29/71 — Fillmore East, NY (Between *Alligator* and *Goin' Down the Road* the boys play a tasty nugget which more than hints at *St. Stephen*); 9/29/69 — Café Au Go-Go, NY — many have this listed incorrectly as Action House, NY, '69. (In between *Doin' That Rag* and *Good Lovin'* the Dead rip through a ferocious rendition of *The Seven*, a jam which is also found on several Mickey Hart and the HartBeats tapes). And then of course, there's the monstrously awesome *Spanish Jam* from 2/11/70 at The Fillmore East, NY (which features Duane and Greg Allman and Peter Greene...this jam will make the blind see and the lame walk!)

Johnny B. Goode — 11/7/71 — Harding Theater, SF, CA

King Bee — 2/21/71 — Capitol Theater, Port Chester, NY; 11/19/66 — Fillmore Auditorium, SF, CA (comes out of *Smokestack Lightnin'*)

Let It Rock — 6/23/74 — Miami, FL

Let Me Sing Your Blues Away — 9/11/73 — William and Mary, Williamsburg, VA; 9/15/73 — Providence, RI (for those of you who miss Keith)

Lindy — 9/16/66 — Avalon Ballroom, SF, CA

Long Black Limousine — 12/26/69 — Dallas, TX (acoustic)

Loose Lucy — 2/15/73 — Madison, WI; 4/2/73 — Boston, MA

Mason's Children — 2/14/70 — Fillmore East, NY (Perfect! Out of *Not Fade Away* and into *Caution*); 12/28/69 — Miami, FL (raw energy jamming goes on and on)

Me & Bobby McGee — 9/28/72 — Stanley Theater, NJ (out of and then back into *The Other One*); 5/26/72 — Lyceum, London, England (out of and then into *The Other One*); 4/2/73 — Boston, MA (out of *Here Comes Sunshine* > *Space*)

Me & My Uncle — 11/7/71 — Harding Theater (sandwiched inside of *The Other One*); 12/31/71 — Winterland, SF, CA (also sandwiched inside of *The Other One*); 6/14/69 — Monterey, CA; 12/1/71 — Boston, MA (also sandwiched inside of *The Other One*); 10/24/70 — St. Louis, MO

Mexicali Blues — 12/31/72 — Winterland, SF, CA; 8/27/72 — Oregon Country Fair-grounds (despite the direct glare of the sun detuning Garcia's guitar the man is so **brimming** with energy that this frighteningly fast version is transcendent)

Midnight Hour — 9/3/67 — Dance Hall, Rio Nido, CA — 30 minutes long! (many have this listed incorrectly as Russian River Festival '68); 4/29/71 — Fillmore East, NY (A classic, everyone loves this one); 2/14/68 — Carousel Ballroom, SF, CA; 6/17/67 — Winterland, SF, CA (*very jumpy!*)

Mindbender (Confusion's Prince) — 11/3/65 — Warlock's Demo recording, Mother's, SF, CA; 11/29/66 — Matrix, SF, CA

Money, Money — 5/19/74 — Portland, OR (only played 3 times ever)

Monkey & the Engineer — 2/13/70 — Fillmore East, NY (acoustic); 12/31/70 — Winterland, SF, CA (electric)

Morning Dew — There are so many good ones, we only have room to rattle off a few suggestions: 4/28/71 — Fillmore East, NY (crisp and tight enough to be put on CD); 5/23 and 5/26/72 — Lyceum Theatre, London, England; 10/13/68 — Avalon Ballroom, SF, CA (KSAN Broadcast); 5/2/70 — Harpur College, Bing-hampton, NY; 1/14/67 — Human Be-In, SF, CA; 5/6/70 — M.I.T., Cambridge, MA

Mountains of the Moon — 1/?/69 — *Playboy After Dark* TV show; 6/7/69 — Monterey, CA; 2/22/69 — Dream Bowl, Vallejo, CA

Mr. Charlie — 5/4/72 — Paris, France; 8/6/71 — Hollywood Palladium, LA, CA

My Babe — 11/8/70 — Capitol Theater, Port Chester, NY

Mystery Train — 11/8/70 — Capitol Theater, Port Chester, NY

Next Time You See Me — 5/6/70 — M.I.T., Cambridge, MA, (free outdoor concert); 12/5/71 — Felt Forum, NY

New Minglewood Blues — 5/15/70 — Fillmore East, NY (this early show encore features Bobby *screaming* his lungs out, no kidding)

New Potato Caboose — 8/24/68 — Shrine Auditorium, LA, CA (This is the best piece of music Healy has put out on the *One From The Vault* series! A must-have version!!); 10/3/68 — Avalon Ballroom, SF, CA

New Orleans — 11/8/70 — Capitol Theater, Port Chester, NY

New Speedway Boogie — 9/20/70 — Fillmore East, NY (acoustic)

Nobody's Fault But Mine — 9/24/73 — Pittsburgh, PA

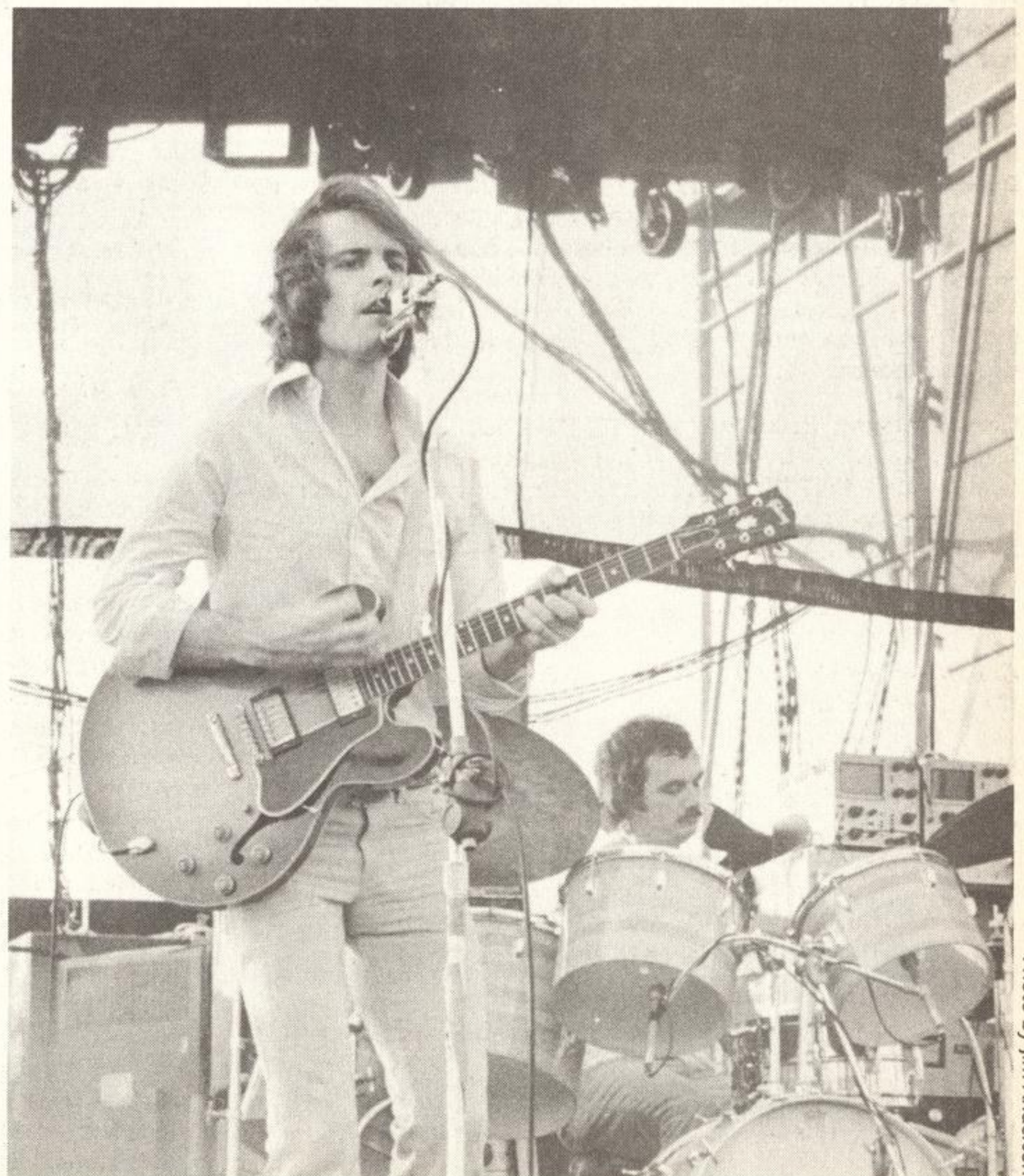


Photo by Jim Anderson



Not Fade Away — 2/14/70 — Fillmore East, NY (is there any other possibility? So fast and so electric, it may leave you breathless)

Not Fade Away > Goin' Down The Road Feelin' Bad > Not Fade Away — 11/7/71 — Harding Theater, S.F., CA (another

absolutely must-have piece for every collection. Rock music simply doesn't get any hotter than this); 9/28/72 — Stanley Theatre, NJ; 6/10/73 — RFK Stadium, Washington, DC (with Dicky Betts); 2/17/73 — St. Paul, MN

Okie From Muskogee — 4/27/71 — Fillmore East, NY (with the Beach Boys)

One More Saturday Night — 11/7/71 — Harding Theater, SF, CA — Phil is a monster! Has to be heard to be believed

Operator — 9/18/70 — Fillmore East, NY (electric!)

Playing In The Band — 8/27/72 — Oregon Country Fairgrounds, Kesey's Farm Benefit (WOOSH, VROOM!!, this version is simply astounding, one of, if not **the**, most visionary jams ever! Jerry is operating at his all-time peak optimal mechanical facilities level); 11/19/72 — Houston, TX — Another transcendental jam; 7/18/72 — Roosevelt Stadium, NJ; 5/21/74 — Seattle, WA (46 minutes long!!); 6/22/73 — Vancouver, BC, Canada; 2/15/73 — Madison, WI; 11/17/72 — UCLA, CA; 6/8/74 — Oakland Coliseum, CA; 12/2/73 — Boston Music Hall, MA (screaming whales, honest). *Hey kids, collect 'em all and trade 'em with your friends!*

Promised Land — 9/27/72 — Oregon Country Fairgrounds, Veneta, OR; 9/28/72 — Stanley Theater, NJ; 2/15/73 — Madison, WI

Ramble On Rose — 7/31/74 — Dillon Stadium, Hartford, CT; 9/28/72 — Stanley Theater, NJ

Riot In Cell Block #9 — 4/27/71 — Fillmore East, NY (with the Beach Boys)

Ripple — 9/20/70 — Fillmore East, NY (acoustic); 2/21/71 — Capitol Theater, Port Chester, NY

Run Rudolph Run — 12/15/71 — Ann Arbor, MI; 12/10/71 — St. Louis, MO

Rockin' Pneumonia — 5/23/72 — Lyceum Theatre, London, England

Row Jimmy — 9/18/74 — Dijon, France

Scarlet Begonias — 6/16/74 — Des Moines, IA; 9/18/74 — Dijon, France

Second That Emotion — 4/29/71 — Fillmore East, NY (no other version comes close. Could be put on an album as is)

Searchin' — 11/8/70 — Capitol Theater, Port Chester, NY

Seasons — 12/31/69 — Boston Tea Party, Boston, MA

Ship Of Fools — 6/16/74 — Des Moines, IA (Keith Godchaux launches this version onto the high seas of mythos with mystical Fender Rhodes perfection)

Sing Me Back Home — 8/27/72 — Oregon Country Fairgrounds, Kesey's Farm Benefit (could this be the most spiritual, bittersweet, emotional moment in their entire career? An absolutely must-have item...*Mr. Healy; this is your cue*)

Sittin' On Top Of The World — This is a tough one — 6/7/69 — Fillmore West, SF, CA; 12/10/71 — St. Louis, MO; 5/23/72 — Lyceum, London, England; 12/5/71 — Felt Forum, NY — out of and then back into *Dark Star*

Smokestack Lightnin' — 2/13/70 — Fillmore East, NY (This is the version featured on *Bear's Choice*); 3/3/68 — Haight St. Free Jam, SF, CA; 11/8/67 — Shrine Auditorium, LA, CA

St. Stephen — 2/28/69 — Fillmore West, SF, CA; The *Live Dead* version; 6/24/70 — Capitol Theater, Port Chester, NY; 10/24/70 — Kiel Auditorium, St. Louis, MO; 4/28/71 — Fillmore East, NY (even the vocal mistake is great)

Stealin' — 3/25/66 — Trouper's Club, LA, CA

Swing Low Sweet Chariot — 8/5/70 — San Diego, CA

Tennessee Jed — 7/18/72 — Roosevelt Stadium, NJ (perhaps the twangiest version of all time!)

That's Alright Mama — 6/10/73 — RFK Stadium, Washington, DC (with the Allman Brothers)

The Eleven — 2/27/69 — Fillmore West, SF, CA (the version from *Live Dead*); 2/28/69 — Fillmore West, SF, CA; 6/14/69 — Monterey, CA

The Golden Road To Unlimited Devotion — 5/5/67 — Fillmore Auditorium, SF, CA

The Main Ten Jam — 11/8/70 — Capitol Theater, Port Chester, NY (out of *Dark Star* and into *Dancin' In The Streets* — very heavy!)

The Other One (in its various forms) — 2/13/70 — Fillmore East, NY (our favorite); 10/3/68 — Avalon Ballroom, SF, CA (KSAN broadcast); 2/28/69 — Fillmore West, SF, CA; 5/26/72 — Lyceum Theatre, London, England; 12/31/72 — Winterland, SF, CA; 6/18/74 — Louisville, KY (jazzy); 9/28/72 — Stanley Theater, NJ; 4/11/72 — Newcastle, England (features a *Feelin' Groovy* jam); 2/28/73 — Salt Lake City, UT (Phil goes nuts); 1/20/72 — Winterland, SF, CA

The Race Is On — 6/16/74 — Des Moines, IA, 9/18/74 — Dijon, France

The Same Thing — 3/18/67 — Winterland, SF, CA

They Love Each Other — 2/9/73 — Stanford U., Palo Alto, CA; 2/24/74 — Winterland, SF, CA; 10/21/73 — Omaha, NB

Till The Morning Comes — 10/4/70 — Winterland, SF, CA (TV broadcast)

Tomorrow Is Forever — 11/19/72 — Houston, TX (A beautifully bittersweet duet by Jerry and Donna); 10/19/74 — Winterland, SF, CA

Truckin' — 4/11/72 — Newcastle, England; 12/31/72 — Winterland, SF, CA; 7/18/72 — Roosevelt Stadium, NJ; The



Europe '72 album version; 12/10/71 — St. Louis, MO; 6/16/74 — Des Moines, IA — funky, with a kazoo even!

Turn On Your Lovelight — This is another tough one, there are so many — 2/11/70 — Fillmore East, NY (featuring Duane and Greg Allman and Peter Greene — must be heard to be believed); 2/1/70 — New Orleans, LA; 2/13/70 — Fillmore East, NY (this unusually slow version is smooth and sweet, like love in the afternoon; and, of course, the *Live Dead* album version); 5/7/72 — Bickershaw, England (Jerry plays a bluesy slide guitar); 6/7/69 — Fillmore West, SF, CA — with Janis Joplin!!

Two Souls In Communion — 5/26/72 — Lyceum Theatre, London, England (Pigpen proves his worth as a balladeer while Jerry and Phil sing a falsetto backup!)

Unbroken Chain — ?/?/74 — Acoustic studio work tape (Phil teaches it to the band while playing it on an acoustic guitar Tape is in wide circulation)

Uncle John's Band — 11/20/70 — Anderson Theater, NY (Beautiful harmonica intro); 9/18/74 — Dijon, France; 11/17/72 — UCLA, CA; 4/29/71 — Fillmore East, NY (This is one song that we feel got better with age — refer to the best of 75-92 review)

U.S. Blues — 6/28/74 — Boston Garden, MA; 6/16/74 — Des Moines, IA

Viola Lee Blues — 5/2/70 — Harpur College, Binghamton, NY (BLISTERING!! Garcia has his amp turned ALL the way up); 3/3/68 — Haight St. Free Jam, SF, CA; 7/9/70 — Fillmore East, NY; 12/28/70 — El Monte, CA

Wake Up Little Susie — 2/13/70 — Fillmore East, NY

Weather Report Suite — 6/18/74 — Louisville, KY (An album-perfect version. Bobby and Donna's voices are beautiful throughout); 3/28/73 — Springfield, MA; 12/18/73 — Tampa, FL; 7/19/74 — Fresno, CA (into an unbelievable *Spanish Jam*); 6/28/74 — Boston Garden, MA (GET THEM ALL!!)

Wharf Rat — 9/28/72 — Stanley Theatre, NJ; 6/16/74 — Des Moines, IA

Who Do You Love — 4/14/72 — Tivoli Theatre, Copenhagen, Denmark (*Good Lovin' > Caution > Who Do You Love > Caution > Good Lovin'*...need we say more?); 5/11/72 — Rotterdam (another delightfully possessed performance!)

We Bid You Good Night — 2/13/70 — Fillmore East, NY (Jerry sings all the verses to cap off this legendary show)

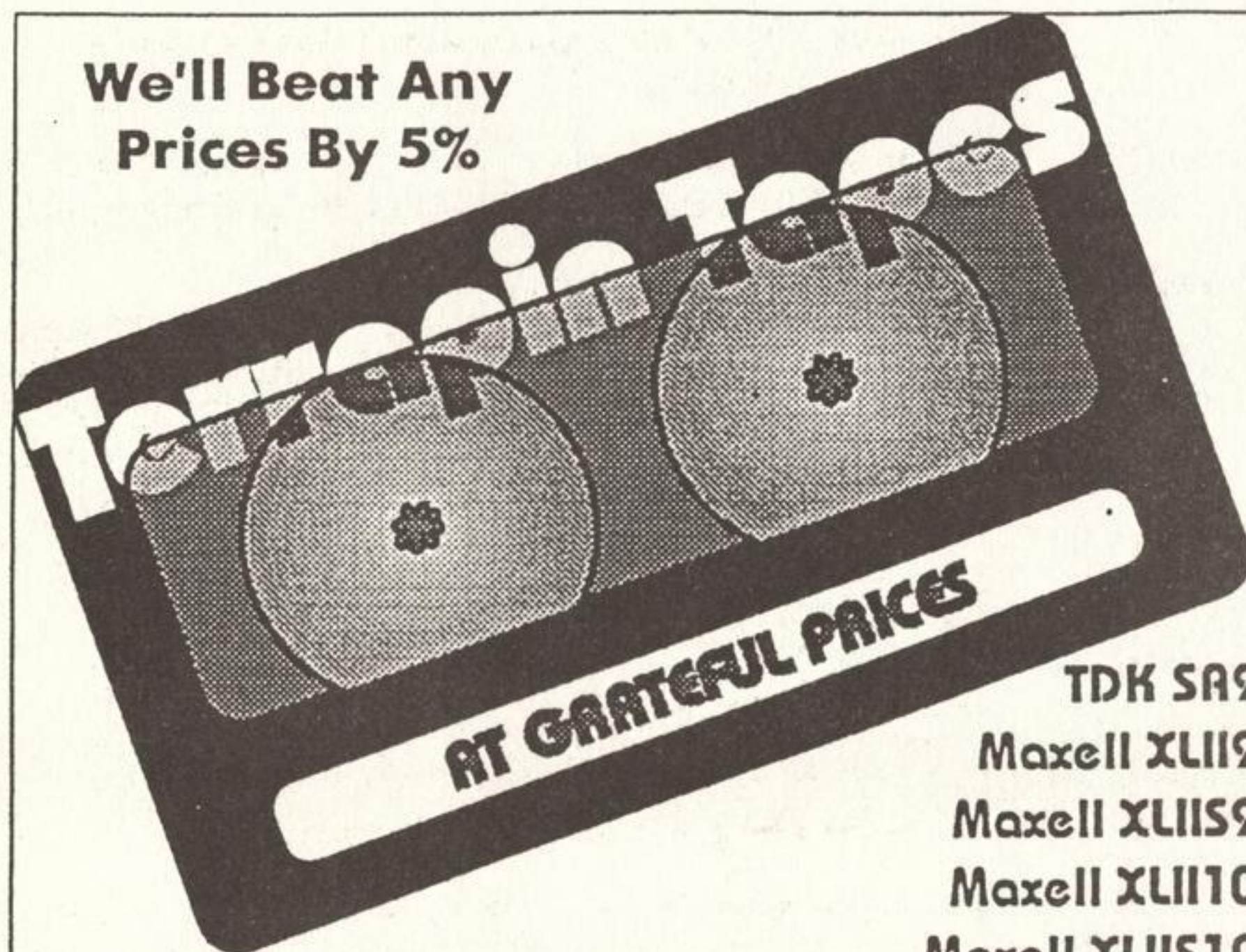
You Ain't Woman Enough — 2/15/73 — Madison, WI (if the Dead released this today they'd eclipse Dolly Parton on the Country charts)

You Don't Have To Ask — 3/25/66 — Trouper's Club, LA, CA

You See a Broken Heart — 3/12/66 — Danish Center, LA, CA

You Win Again — 12/31/71 — Winterland, SF, CA; 12/15/71 — Ann Arbor, MI ♦

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SHORELINE & CAL EXPO: BETTER THAN TV!

By Blair Jackson

There's a lot to be said for the way the Dead handled their May mini-tour, which consisted of nine shows over a two-week period. With four days off between Las Vegas and Shoreline, the band charged into the latter venue both rested *and* sufficiently warmed up. And then having Shoreline and Cal Expo separated by just a day meant that the band could really build some serious momentum over the course of six shows. In general the Bay Area Heads who could hit both Shoreline and Cal Expo were treated *very* well by the band: there were lots of unusual song choices, we got all the cool new encores that had been introduced on the spring East Coast tour, and all six shows were very energetic and well-played for the most part. And the last two... Well, we're getting ahead of ourselves.

The Friday 5/21 Shoreline songlist reveals nothing too extraordinary, but the playing was crisp and powerful, with the notable exception of *Liberty*, which sounded a bit sluggish, particularly for a set-ender. (The Cal Expo encore version a few nights later was much better.) *Me and My Uncle* > *Big River* was remarkably peppy and fresh — it never ceases to amaze me

that the band can still give their all to simple songs they've played a thousand times. *Eternity* is shaping up as a neat tune, though this time out the boys got lost during the jam; somehow that seemed appropriate. The most notable numbers in the second set were *I Know You Rider*, a long, very well-developed *Morning Dew* and the *Baba* > *Tomorrow* encore, a bit of a surprise, since it hadn't been played this year on the West Coast. *Tomorrow Never Knows* was particularly potent — nice to see them stretch out a bit on that one.

The next night's first set (short, but well-played) contained the biggest surprise of the run: a beautifully executed *Supplication*, complete with words (unlike the *Supplication jams* the group has played occasionally). Bob hadn't sung it since Halloween night in 1984. (Now how about *Lazy Lightnin'*?) *Foolish Heart* was one of the few tunes in the band's repertoire that hadn't been played since Garcia's comeback last December, and the version that opened the second set this night was the picture of melodic intensity. *The Last Time* has been getting a heavy workout in the post-*Space* slot with mixed results — this was a good one, and it fell nicely into a heartfelt *Stella Blue* that was the highlight of the show for me.

The Sunday Shoreline show always has a different feeling than the previous two because it starts earlier (5 p.m.) and is played almost entirely in the daylight. I love Western tunes like *Jack Straw* and *Loser* outdoors in the daytime — it seems like the right environment for them. Phil offered a very confident reading of *Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues* (with all of Dylan's original lyrics, instead of Phil's sometimes jokey changes). *Bird Song* was a first-rate flight all the way — long and ultra-spacey — until Vince got horribly lost and the whole thing nearly lurched to a halt before picking up again. It's rare that I'm disappointed with Vince's playing, but he was definitely *way* off on this one. Still, it was an amazing version, as was *The Music Never Stopped* that closed the set. For me, the fireworks in the second set began around the middle of *Saint of Circumstance* and then continued for the rest of the show. *Days Between* is a true masterpiece, as powerful a song as Hunter and Garcia have come up with in years. And I love it anytime we get to hear *Not Fade Away* without *Throwin' Stones*; it almost feels like a gift. I had heard tapes of the band playing *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds*, but they didn't come close to capturing the incredible excitement of seeing it live and feeling the energy of the crowd getting into the song. It helps, too, that Shoreline probably attracts the *oldest* crowd the Dead ever play to, so the tune had a particularly anthemic feel to it.

Sacramento, the home of Cal Expo, can be brutally hot in the daytime, even in May, but this year there was a different twist: there were torrential downpours the day of the first show (which stopped, miraculously, by show time), and then the weather was downright pleasant for the rest of the Dead's stay there. The first set 5/25 was a

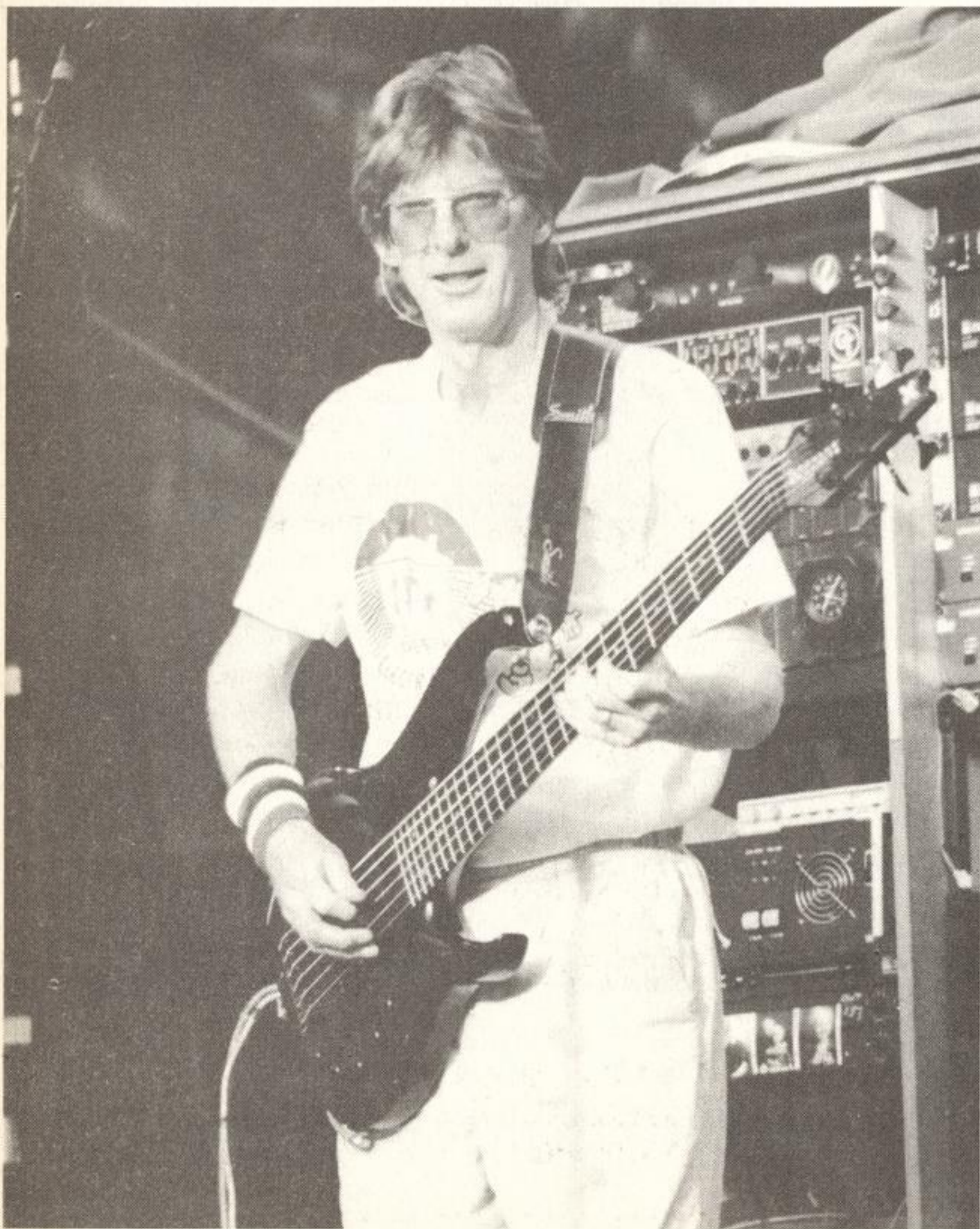
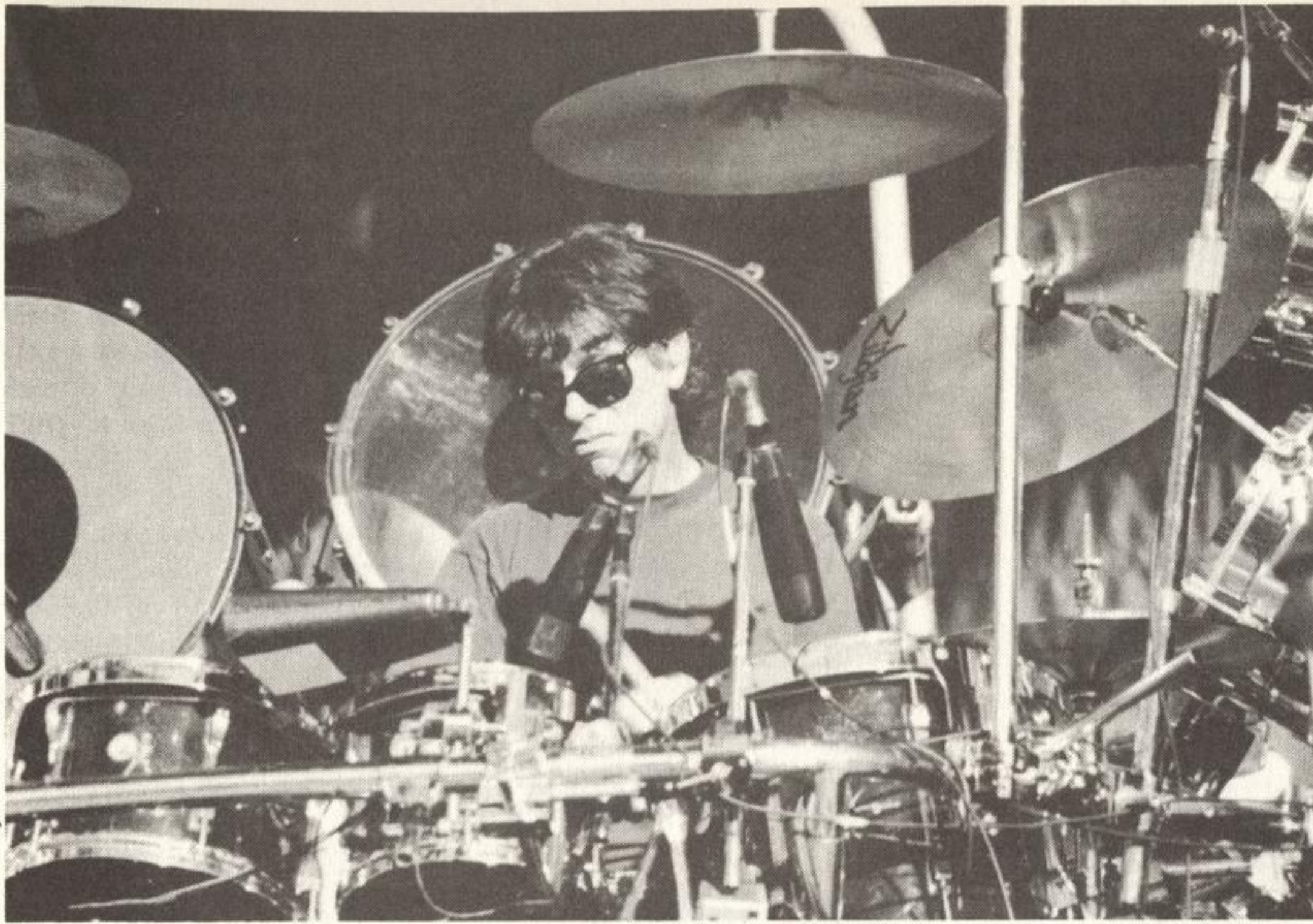


Photo by Rich Petlock



real barn-burner, with a frenetic opening trio of songs (*Bertha*, *Greatest Story*, *Jack-A-Roe*), a typically festive *Loose Lucy*, and in what seems to have become a Cal Expo tradition, a thunderous *Let It Grow*. The first half of the second set was slightly disjointed save for the opener, a flowing but muscular *Eyes* that seemed to warm the cool night air. The back-side of the set featured a perfect *Wheel* (with a generous intro and coda), the all-too-rare scorcher *Goin' Down the Road*, and an over-the-top, rockin' *Johnny B. Goode*. *Rain* was an unexpected (and appropriate) encore choice, zestily performed.

So far we'd had a series of shows that were powerfully played, but a bit lacking when it came to smooth second set transitions. All that changed with the second Cal Expo show. This is the one where they put it all together and moved from just an excellent show, to an *epic* one. For starters, there was the unusual opening: *Samson* (which had appeared in that slot just twice before — once in '76, once in '83) followed by another great *Here Comes Sunshine*. But the blistering *Deal* set closer was the first real indication the band was in exploratory mode. Most of the second set had a real visceral quality to it, beginning with an ultra-gnarly *Victim* (that one gets better and better!) that seemed to set the tone for much of what followed. The jam at the end of *Crazy Fingers* surged and receded again and again, and then dropped into what is definitely among the best versions of *Playing in the Band* the group has played in recent years. This was truly the jam that wouldn't die — Garcia and Co. built to peak after amazing peak with little let-up in between. Parts of it really did feel like an early '70s *Playing*. The *Drums* and *Space* that night were in keeping with what preceded them — loud, gutsy, and propulsive. The dissonant *Space* then fell quite easily into *Corinna*, a very unusual, but inspired, choice. That then moved easily back into the *Playing Reprise* (*bad* to finish *that Playing*), which gave way to a smoldering *China Doll* before the rock-out finale. Whew!

And damned if they didn't go out and top that performance the next night! The first set of the 5/27 show was loaded with Jerry rarities — *Shakedown*, *Dire Wolf*, *High Time* (another Cal Expo tradition) and best of all, *Cumberland Blues* — and featured a *Masterpiece* that was as good as it gets. The second set opened

with a bang: *Picasso Moon* has really matured, and this version was the first I've seen to truly warrant a second set placement. Without missing a beat, that chugged into a dynamite *Fire on the Mountain* that was so good I didn't even miss the *Scarlet*. I have yet to warm up to *Wave to the Wind*; it still has too many schlocky Jerry Vale chords for my taste, and I find the lyrics really grating. What followed blew everyone's mind, though: *Cassidy* was a shocking choice to begin with (it had appeared in a second set only twice), but then the jam near the end got wilder and wilder and eventually segued into a triumphant *Uncle John's Band* before returning to the *Cassidy* jam and the end of the song. Brilliant (and long overdue)! Though the post-*Drums* offered nothing new, it was all wonderfully played and *aggressive*.

And God bless the boys for ending it all with a bang instead of a wimper. *Gloria* was a riot, with Bob stretching out the middle expository buildup so skillfully that Pigpen would have been proud, and culminating his suggestive rap with shouts of "It was better than TV! Better than TV! Better than TV!" I was roaring with laughter, and so were most around me. ♦

SEE PAGE 56 FOR SET LISTS

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DDN Interviews Owsley a/k/a Bear - Part I

Edited by Blair Jackson

Owsley Stanley, otherwise known as Bear, is the stuff legends are made of. Alchemist, artist, soundman, philosopher, Bear is the sort of person who gets to be very good at whatever he does. Bear made a place for himself in the Pantheon of rock and roll legends by manufacturing LSD back when it was legal. It was "Owsley acid" that fueled the Acid Tests. And it was at the Acid Tests where an eternal bond was formed between Bear and the Dead. Bear was blown away by the immense musical/spiritual potential exhibited by the Dead at these mythic events. He quickly noted that what the Dead needed in order to reach their potential was a decent sound system. And so, he offered to be the Dead's soundman. A bond was formed and Bear started using his LSD profits to support the band and build the world's first truly acceptable rock music PA. With Bear on board as an essential catalyst, the Grateful Dead quickly took flight.

Over the years Bear also provided technical sound support for the Carousel Ballroom, Jefferson Airplane, Rolling Stones, Jefferson Starship, and The Beach Boys, to name a few. The Dead album Bear's Choice and Garcia's classic Old & In the Way recording are testaments to his superlative sound engineering work. These days he divides his time between homesteading in Australia (where he creates sculpture in various materials), and touring with the Dead.

As far as we know, this is only the third time ever that Bear has spoken publicly. Preferring to remain extremely low-key, he has cultivated for himself a downright mysterious reputation (as great alchemists tend to do) as he has shadowed the scene discretely for years. Recently, a substantial amount of his artwork was stolen while on the road with the Dead during spring tour '93. Word spread like wildfire throughout the Deadhead community and amazingly his artwork was returned. He took this as a sign of sorts, a sign that the spirit of the scene supported him in his time of need and in turn, much to our surprise, he offered to share his thoughts with us.

We met shortly thereafter, and what follows is part one of the hours of opinions, theories, and facts espoused by this smart, weird, talented man. Almost sixty years old, Bear is hard as a rock, rippling all over with solid muscle, brimming with energy. He attributes his impressive physique to intense workouts and 35 years of eating nothing but meat (yes, you read it right, nothing but blood-rare meat). With the questions not even having fully passed our lips he would embark on lengthy digressions. Whatever you might think of his lifestyle, philosophy, and opinions, Bear is every bit the sort of brilliant, strange, talented legend that gives the Grateful Dead scene its adventuresome character.

Our last issue addressed the mandatory minimum sentencing act, and the DEA's "Project Dead End," which as you know specifically targets Deadheads for drug busts.

If a jurisdiction arrests 300 people in one or two nights, and every one of those people just sits there in jail and says, "I don't want bail. I want speedy trial. I'm not going to waive time. I want a public defender and a full jury trial. Period." That would stop them. There's no way they could possibly bring all those people to trial within the legal minimum time. And if they wound up sitting there a couple of weeks and the jails were jammed to the gills, they'd have to turn people loose. But these kids put up thousands of dollars for bail bondsmen and buy expensive attorneys, which can't change the fact that they sold something to an officer. They're going to do time unless they can force the system to disgorge them. The system can't process people as rapidly as they can arrest them, especially when a concert is in town.

Number two, for the people out there in the crowd, there's no organization, there's no protection. If the people were organized, they could put a tag on: if a cop comes in, or a group of them come into the scene, then someone who is like a tag could attach himself to them and then whenever anyone in the crowd saw one of the tags, he'd know that the group of people the tag was with were probably cops.

On the last tour every single Dupree's flyer said, listen, if someone is trying to sell you a ticket and they won't take money for it, that should be a warning sign right there. If they want drugs in exchange for tickets, walk away from that person as fast as possible.

I've had people come up to me and say I'll trade you X, Y, or Z. These people kind of ask to go to jail. And it's not like a few weeks. They're talking serious stuff.

The mandatory minimum act will get you more time in jail for a small amount of psychedelics on a blotter, because they weigh the blotter as pure drug, than rape, murder, or stealing 80 million dollars! It's 10 years minimum!

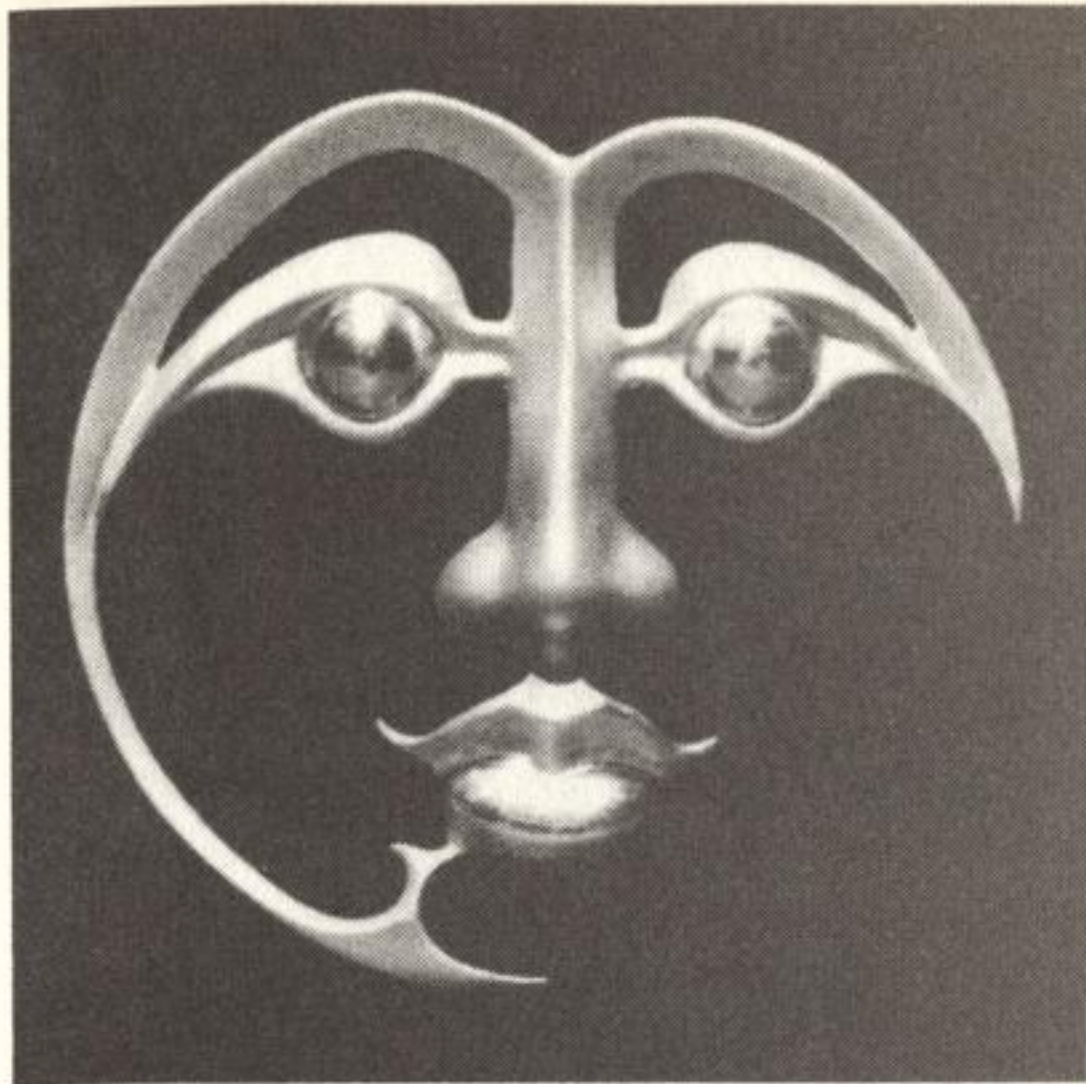
Putting someone in jail for the weight of the blotter paper is like charging a guy with a thousand-pound gold theft because it was a 999.9-pound lead box with one gold coin in it. And the fact that some court somewhere has said that this is okay indicates the state of the bloody system.

It is, in every sense of the term, a drug war.

It's a kind of religious persecution when it comes down to it.

But economically, it's a drug war because there's a certain segment of the population that make a living by incarcerating people.

But their living is a very small part of it. The people who deal drugs, particularly the destructive drugs like cocaine and heroin, are being paid enormous amounts of money for something that's of relatively little worth and very little concern in and of itself; it does little harm. But the illegality of it creates this enormous cash flow which all goes to the wrong places. We've got probably a billion dollars a day leaving this country for drugs. It's because they've managed to suppress domestic



production; this is not counted, but it shows up. Everything is sick. And when the government tries to attack what's sick with the economy, they ignore the fact that there's this huge hemorrhage of funds. And the money that enters the system in the

United States goes into the hands of people who have nothing positive on their agendas as far as the good of the people are concerned. All these lessons were learned in the 1920s [with Prohibition].

I'm mostly concerned with psychedelics because they're ethnobotanical substances which have been used by mankind for hundreds of thousands of years. Native peoples shamanistically use the psychedelic substances which grow in abundance everywhere on this planet. And every group of man has always used them. It's a religious thing. The thing that binds it together is this ethnobotanical background.

Psychedelics tend to dissolve one's worldview and because of that they threaten to undermine the worldview that the establishment has fought very hard to cement in place.

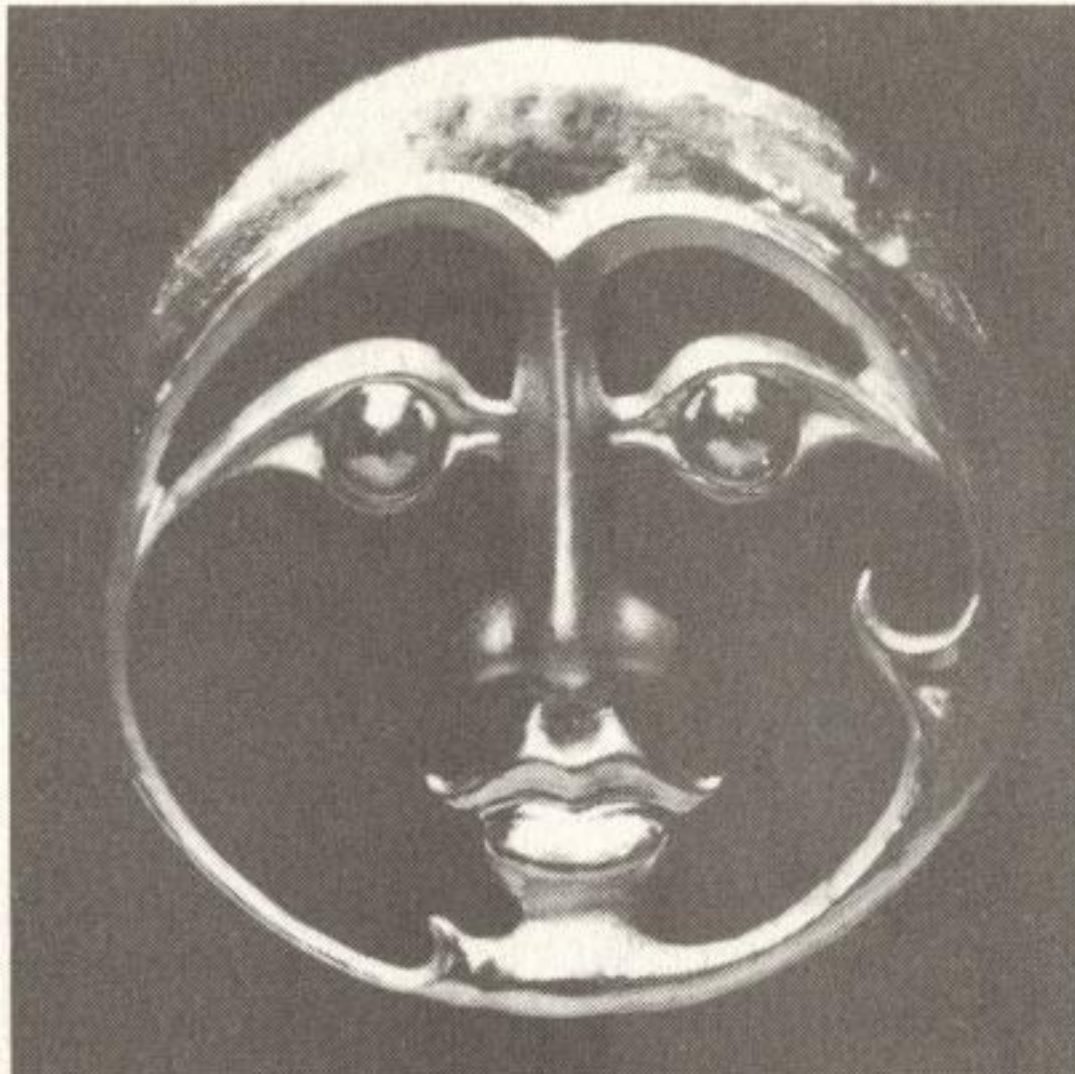
Exactly. You can ascribe a lot of this to conscious actions of people. I don't think that they're that conscious actually.

I think that a lot of it is unconscious fear.

Yeah. Well, it's just something different, and the Romans fed the Christians to the lions because they had an unconscious fear of something that was different, didn't they? But our scene doesn't really threaten the establishment. We're all trying to get back in touch with what the real spirituality is — the spirituality of the Earth and of the planet and of life.

What is the Grateful Dead Experience? From one perspective it's a large community of people who travel around the country helping to infuse local economies with cash by holding spiritual gatherings, and the establishment is out busting us!

Like the old tent revivals, only a little better. There's a small mini-economy that runs along with it that generates goods, sells stuff, and buys its supplies locally. That's the thing about organization: if there was more organization, there could be front men, just like the old carnies. When the carnivals went to a town, there was a front man who paid off the locals. He rented the space, hired the local security (or brought their own), and it was all approved. Circuses did that, too. The scene was always well-organized in itself to protect itself, because



there were all of these souls who preyed upon it. A lot of those lessons have been learned, but no one in this scene seems to be paying attention to it. Obviously there's a tight coherence, because this little event with the artwork certainly indicates that there's a strong sense of family. It's like thousands of people have come up to me and talked to me.

That must be really reassuring for you. A shot in the arm.

Oh, it's just what I expected really. I'm just real pleased that there is that sense. I'm real concerned that the kids who were involved in this seem to have no basic ethical sense, and I think that's indicative of the destruction of values in our culture. Everything is gone, turned into dollars and cents terms, and there's no basic responsibility or ethics or morality on a real basic level that's being transferred to the children. You can blame it on TV. You can blame it on the economic system. Or the fact that conventional religions don't offer any kind of a root — in standard religions there's nothing you can experience — you have to take it on faith and belief.

It's like the preachers on TV. They tell you they're the exclusive messengers to God. In their world, the ability to connect with God-consciousness is removed from you, the individual. You're told that you can't have that experience. Instead, you have to rely on these self-proclaimed messengers, and that's very disempowering.

Yeah, it's a bunch of crap. I don't understand how people can peddle these ideas that somehow you're going to do all this [on Earth], and somehow you're going to get rewarded. Yet no one's ever come back to verify that. By definition, the way in which they define it, you can't verify it. So it's pie-in-the-sky. The only thing I know about death that can be verified is the way the Tibetan Buddhists practice it, because they can verify reincarnation, and have done so over and over again in ways

that are just not questionable.

For example, for readers who might not be familiar with such things, when Tibetans look for the reincarnation of the Dalai Lama, they find signs in the actions of the reincarnate that couldn't possibly be duplicated. The reincarnate, as a very young child, will choose, from



a table filled with many objects, only those that belonged to him in his previous life.

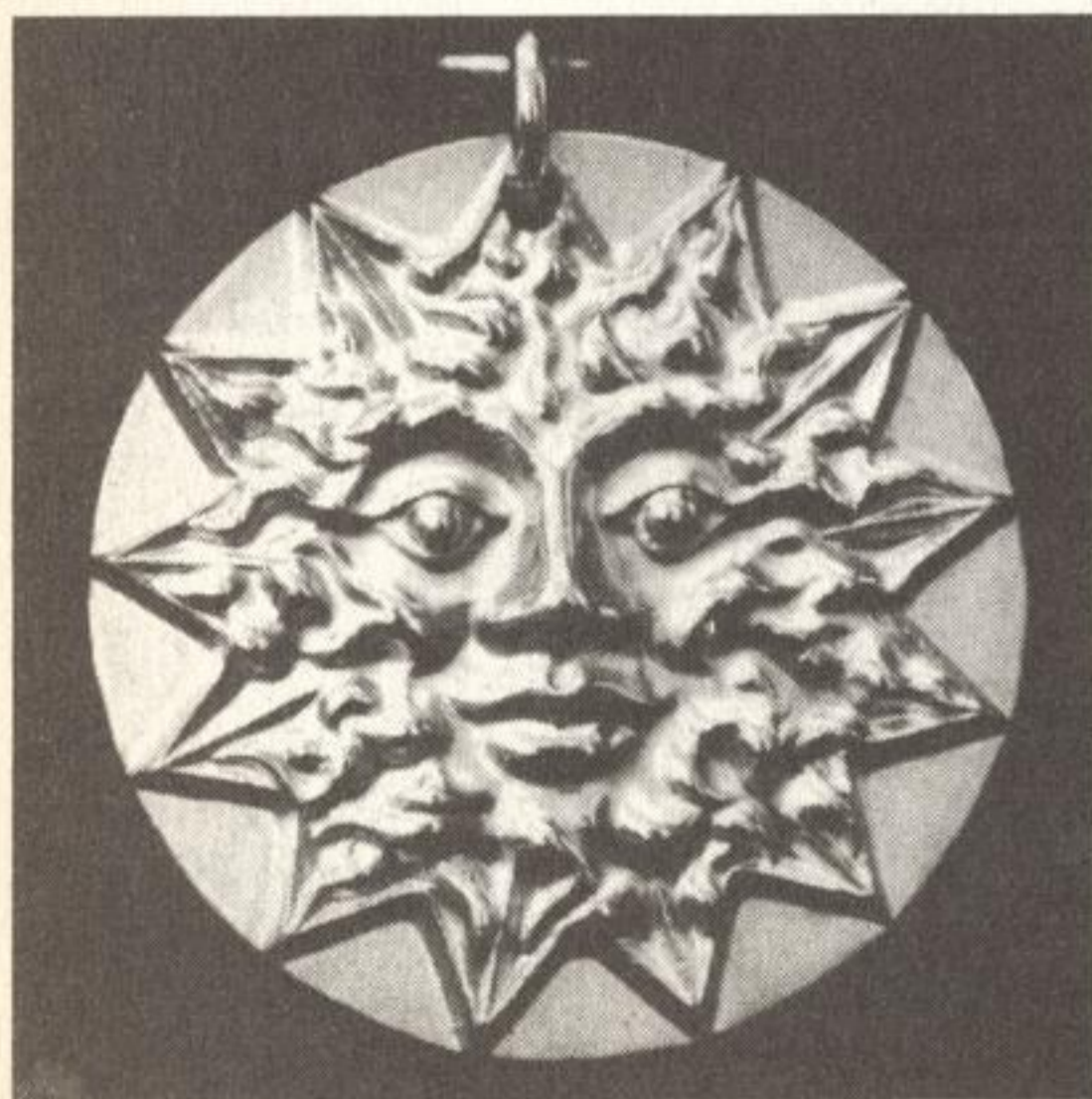
Yes, that's true. In fact they know where they're going to reincarnate. There are certain personal objects that are chosen by the Lama and are given to his followers for

the young reincarnate to identify. When the appointed time arrives, they go to the place and just start knocking on doors. The last one I heard about was the Tibetan Karmapa, from the Black Hat sect. He chose to be reincarnated in a suburb of Chicago. At the appointed time, the monks carrying his personal things started knocking on doors. They came to a door, a woman opened the door, and she said, "We've been expecting something like this." The child was so extraordinary from the moment of his birth that they knew something special was there. It was no problem. Of course, that was the Karmapa.

So, if a highly trained and evolved and structured approach to life and death can be accomplished, you can at least say, "Well, we have verification of that." I'm not saying I'm a Buddhist, I'm not. I'm an alchemist. But it's definitely all part of the alchemical belief status, that these things can be done. That consciousness itself permeates everything.

It's been said over and over again that the psychedelic experience can serve as a visit to the sort of experience that one has at the moment of death.

I've thought that. I've had those experiences where it seemed like you were going to die, you were dying. The main conscious difference between plants and animals is that plants are probably conscious on a higher level than animals because they don't have to have an ego. They don't need to wall themselves off from the whole of consciousness, because they don't have to make decisions. Where the seed falls, it lives. I've had communion experiences with giant redwood trees — amazing, amazing beings that are thousands of years old. Their consciousness is vast. We're very egocentric about what the world is, and most of the time it's not quite that way.



Also, our ego tends to create a dualism, a separation between ourselves and everything else.

Well, it identifies us as being "it." Whereas we're not, we're just a very complex entity.

It seems to me that because of the psychedelic catalyst in their formative period, the Grateful Dead were among the first groups to create an atmosphere for the concertgoer in which this dualism dissolved.



I felt it was absolutely disastrous that we were building atomic bombs and musicians were playing on something that looked like it was built in a garage in the 1930s.

This whole thing has kind of grown out of the roots of the Acid Test and that kind of experience — the fact that it has always seemed like some kind of a communion. But you know, it wasn't just the Dead. It seemed like every time we went to a concert back in the '60s it was like a communion; it was a special thing. I used to have these arguments on the steps outside the Fillmore with Bill Graham about it. I said, "Come on, Bill, you're running a church here." He just kept screaming and yelling and carrying on, and I'd look at him and smile, and tell him I loved him. He didn't know what to think of that. He was trying to abuse me and get me into some kind of a standoff, and I was just smiling at him and thinking, "God, this guy is really pretty powerful. We really need to recruit this guy. He needs to be on our team, not standing there screaming at us." Sure enough, it happened.

It seems to me that one of the most important, perhaps alchemical, synergies was the union of psychedelics and electricity. Because electricity allowed for the externalization of

cosmic consciousness, you could create through the amplification of sound a sort of a vibratory field that allowed people to have communion with a heightened state of consciousness that's normally internalized inside one human being or a very small area.

Well, loud seems to help, but I've had some very psychedelic experiences in a small group of people with acoustic instruments in a nice setting. It doesn't really matter. Of course, if it's loud, you can have hundreds or even thousands of people participate. Probably one of the most interesting scenes I was ever at was the Watkins Glen concerts, which were extremely psychedelic. Woodstock was that way, too. Amplification certainly helps with those, but it's not absolutely essential.

I think that these experiences go back hundreds of thousands of years. People have always gotten together, and made music, eaten the mystical plants and the sacramental botanicals, and gotten into these states. It's an evolutionary thing. I think it's just something you need. It's like a planetary hormone. The



planet produces these various plants that when ingested by humans take their consciousness to another level and allow them to understand what it all is. Otherwise, we're very dangerous and destructive animals.

Do you subscribe to the theory of directed panspermia — the theory that life and/or catalysts that brought about the evolution of consciousness, were seeded from another planet?

I don't really know. I believe the universe exists in a mind that transcends what we consider time and space. There is a transcendent entity, and the world is its dream, its consciousness. Everything fits. Life is inherent in everything, even in crystals, which is why people are so attracted to them. A crystal has a very regular shape, and the electrical activity of the various orbiting electrons are very constrained. In DNA and organic molecules, they're even more elaborate, and the patterns of electrical activity are even more constrained. We remark about electricity. Electricity exists on all levels. In fact, a common slang term for psychedelics is "electric." Thought, and thought in consciousness has an electrical component. That's why they take electroencephalograms and things that show all the brain activity and whatnot. So, in fact, some psychedelics even influence...your mind can influence the actions of an amplifier. Some of the tryptamines do that. They just alter everything.

Can you explain?

I cannot. I've often thought research should be done. We know when someone takes DMT around music being played, the amplifiers become extremely loud and strident, and the tones change, everything changes. It doesn't have to be the musician, it can be someone just listening; someone in the hall or something. I thought that would be a very useful line of research if someone could figure out a way to set up the proper experiment. If you could find out that some electrical circuits were more readily affected by the mind under the influence of a psychedelic substance than others, you could maybe develop that type of circuit to the point where it could be affected by someone who was not under the influence. You could pick the exact kind of circuitry that's most sensitive to that mental influence. Once we've got any way that our brains can be hooked up to an electrical circuit and influence it by direct thought, that's the perfect interface for a computer. Then the computer becomes a total extension of man, a very useful tool.



Of course drug-law hysteria would prevent this research from being done. With all this panic about everything practically up from aspirin, this society is destroying itself. When they wanted to outlaw alcohol, Congress tried to pass legislation, and the Supreme Court threw it out. They did the same thing about income tax. Both income tax and prohibition against alcohol had to have an amendment to the Constitution to put them in effect. The basic theory of the Constitution was to protect individual and states' rights from encroachment by people who wanted to regulate everything. Somehow, they managed to sneak these drug laws through in the late '30s, and they're much more Draconian in their intent than prohibition against alcohol.

It seems unarguable that altering consciousness is as genetically and instinctually inherent in the human experience as any other basic drive.

Of course it is.

In every society throughout history humans have altered their consciousnesses in a multitude of ways to achieve a variety of different states. To not acknowledge that this is

an integral part of what it means to be a human is self-destructive and it's denial in its greatest form. What we have to learn is how to experience these things in ways that are productive, and of course, that also means learning when not to do them. But because we as a society are in denial of our very nature there ends up being no instruction manuals, no guidance.

It's even more basic than that. The problem within this culture is the same problem they're having around the abortion clinics. There are some people who believe that their way or their view, what they consider bad, must be imposed on everyone else. That's what's led to all of this. It has to do with some moralistic thing. You know, it's like women not baring their breasts on the

beach. There's a multitude of examples of this kind of puritanical idea which is very strong in a small segment of the population. I wouldn't say that everybody feels this way, but there are a number of people and they're vocal enough to influence people. The laws against drugs that we're talking about are like the laws against a lot of other things. They're written in a very loaded fashion. It's almost like the





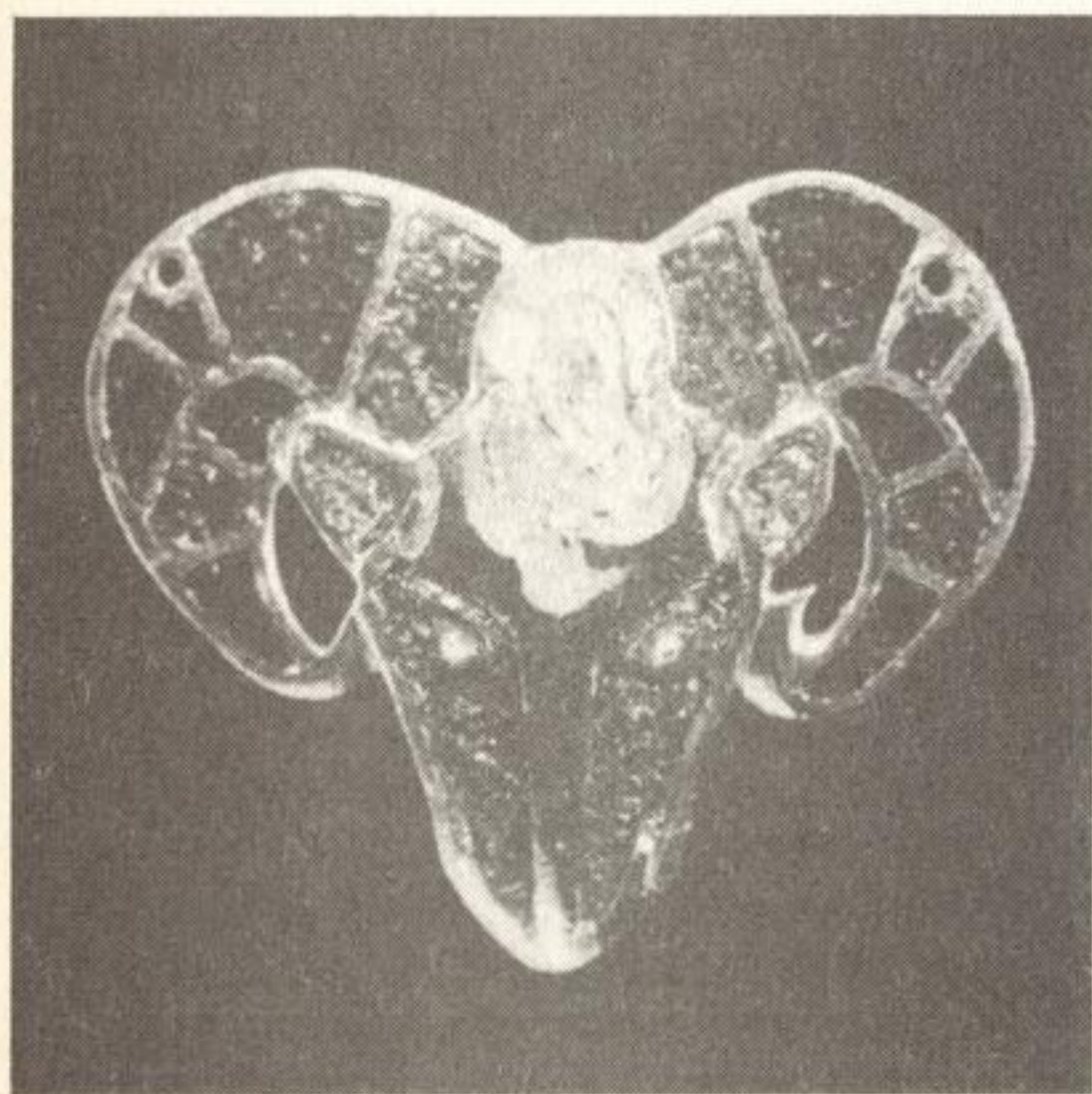
guy who walks up to you and asks, "When did you stop beating your wife?" It's a loaded question. You almost can't answer it without sticking your foot in a bucket somehow.

I know there are a lot of things I don't like: I don't like downers. I don't like alcohol. I don't like tobacco. That's my choice; I just don't like them. But I would be very upset if they outlawed tobacco or alcohol or anything. I don't think you should advertise things that are of questionable social value; I don't think that lottery should be advertised. I don't think alcohol or tobacco or any drug should be advertised. They should be available, but not advertised. Advertising is *not* free speech. It *is* coercion.

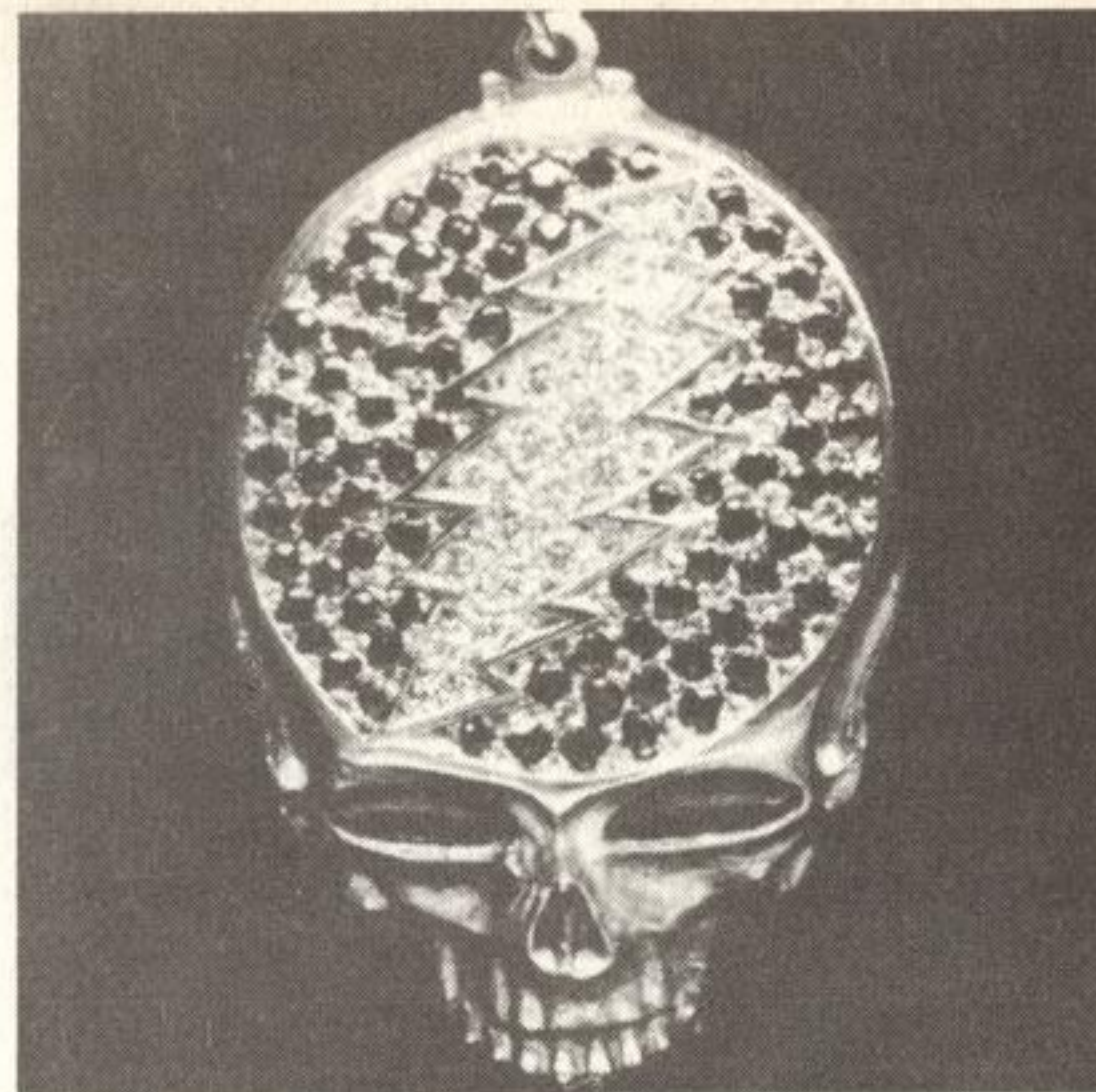
I think if a person wants to use some kind of substance, whether it's acid or heroin or tobacco or alcohol or anything else, they should have to go and take a course, like learning to drive a car. Then they get a "driver's" license with their picture on it. It'll be a users license, and it will be endorsed for each particular substance that they have been instructed about. Instruction tells you what it is, what it does, the side effects, how to take it, how not to take it, etc. Also, it tells you exactly where to go and what to do when you want to stop using it, if you have problems. Because some things are addicting — tobacco, alcohol, heroin, coke; they all can be addicting. Why not take this fee [a tax that the government could charge] to fund these classes, and then the system that issues these sort of licenses, will also fund rehabilitation, and health care for people whose health is damaged by these things. Alcohol and tobacco probably cause 60% of the overhead costs of the health system. Why not make the habit or indulgence that they sought help for pay for [that treatment], without allowing the government to derive any direct revenue? So the government has no reason to promote it or discourage it.

Actually, when it comes to heroin, it'll probably save the culture. Because when junkies take heroin, they don't want to move around much; they just want to sit around

and rob liquor stores or go out and burglarize houses, break into cars. Now, the easiest thing for them to do is buy ten units of heroin, sell eight and use two. The trouble is when they get turned on, everybody they know is already dealing or trying



to. So they've got only one choice. They go out and turn on somebody that doesn't use it, so then they'll be their connection. So we've got an army. We've got hundreds of thousands of heroin addicts constantly trying to turn somebody on. And who is vulnerable? Children. So kids are getting it. As soon as it became legal — BOOM — they'd be off the street. There would be very little new addiction. Because of the availability of treatment and



people knowing how to do it [all funded by taxes on the substance], our addiction rate would plummet like a bomb. It would just disappear.

They've proven conclusively in a number of European countries, including England, that if you take heroin addicts to a pharmacy where they can get a clean, regulated dose, and you give them therapy and guidance, their lives usually become manageable. They stay addicted, but they're often able to hold down jobs, and even raise children responsibly.

Some of them get out of it, too. People do; they go through it. Even William Burroughs said, "There are junkies, but there are almost no *old* junkies." Some people just stop using it after a while, or else they'll die of some weird

infection or overdose or disease or something. With AIDS rampaging through the world, these laws are just encouraging the spread of this disease. It's going to devastate the planet. They're all talking this weird quasi-political denial routine. I kind of hope this administration has the guts. I still think the President probably is the only man in this country who has the power to do this thing. He's got the power. But he has to be willing to take the heat.

I would imagine the only way they'll do that is in the second term.

I don't know. Not only do I think it should be in the first term, but I think it should be very soon. I think he should strike when he still has the power. Then the vibrations will have died out, and things will straighten out so rapidly that he's assured of a second term. I would have done it straight away. I would just say we're going to suspend these laws. My assumption is that that the President could probably force these things to be brought to the Supreme Court through his Justice Department as an executive action. The Supreme Court has never even considered the constitutionality of the anti-drug laws in any really significant fashion. They've mainly [acted] by *not* hearing



the cases. They've never decided that — and this to me is a dichotomy — if Native Americans are allowed to use peyote, which they themselves say acid is an equivalent of, in their religious services without prosecution, then why is it that white folks, black

folks, and yellow folks are denied taking equivalent things in their own rituals? Why is this okay for one group of people, and not for others? Now, this is not the American way to me.

Is it fair to say that your belief system is one of live and let live?

I thought that was the American way: that people should be able to do whatever they want, so long as their actions hurt no one but themselves. It's a form of legislating morality, isn't it? I thought people came to this country to get away from a lot of that.

I think we have a problem when governments get too powerful, when they have too large a tax base, too many people under them, and are too centralized — they become abusive. They're out of the reach of ordinary people. We've got roughly 300 million people in this country, and the individuals out there have almost no way to communicate with the central government in spite of the President's wishes in that direction. It's just fractal. We need more local government; maybe even smaller units. Our scene is like a big tribe. This is why my artwork came back, you know?

When my art was taken from the Horizon in Rosemont after the show, it wasn't taken by someone in our community. It was hangers-on, in the periphery, trying to get in — never been into a show, didn't really know what they were involved in. But the fact that they lacked ethics and morality, that they'd take the thing in the first place... I think somehow socially man has lost his way, and we're not only destroying the planet around us and all of our resources... You've got to understand that all man's pollution and all man's mucking around mostly just disturbs it for himself. Because for one thing we've bred up to a point where the planet can't really sustain us. We're way over carrying capacity now; population must be reduced. Which is why I think something like AIDS comes along, as a way of reducing the population.

Do you believe in the Gaia hypothesis?

Oh, I'm sure of it. Absolutely. It's all one consciousness. I'm an

alchemist. I believe it's all the manifestation of a single consciousness or entity, of which we are its reflections.

So what do you see as being the fundamental change in perspective and shift toward action that Deadheads need to start making in order to effect this change?

Well, we've probably got half a million people in all aspects of the scene. I can't believe that among a half a million people there aren't dozens of natural leaders — people with organizational ability; people with the charisma and the ability to communicate with others, to pull things together and organize in some way. We don't want to be organized, because we're tribal. But even in a tribe there's a chief; there's a shaman; there are rituals; there are rules of behavior. In our tribe, we don't have any of those things. We have the band, which is the focus. But that's not enough. Because the band's business is to do what they're doing. The scene's business is to organize itself, because we live embedded in a highly hierarchical, feudalistic society in which all of the aspects of that society are organized.

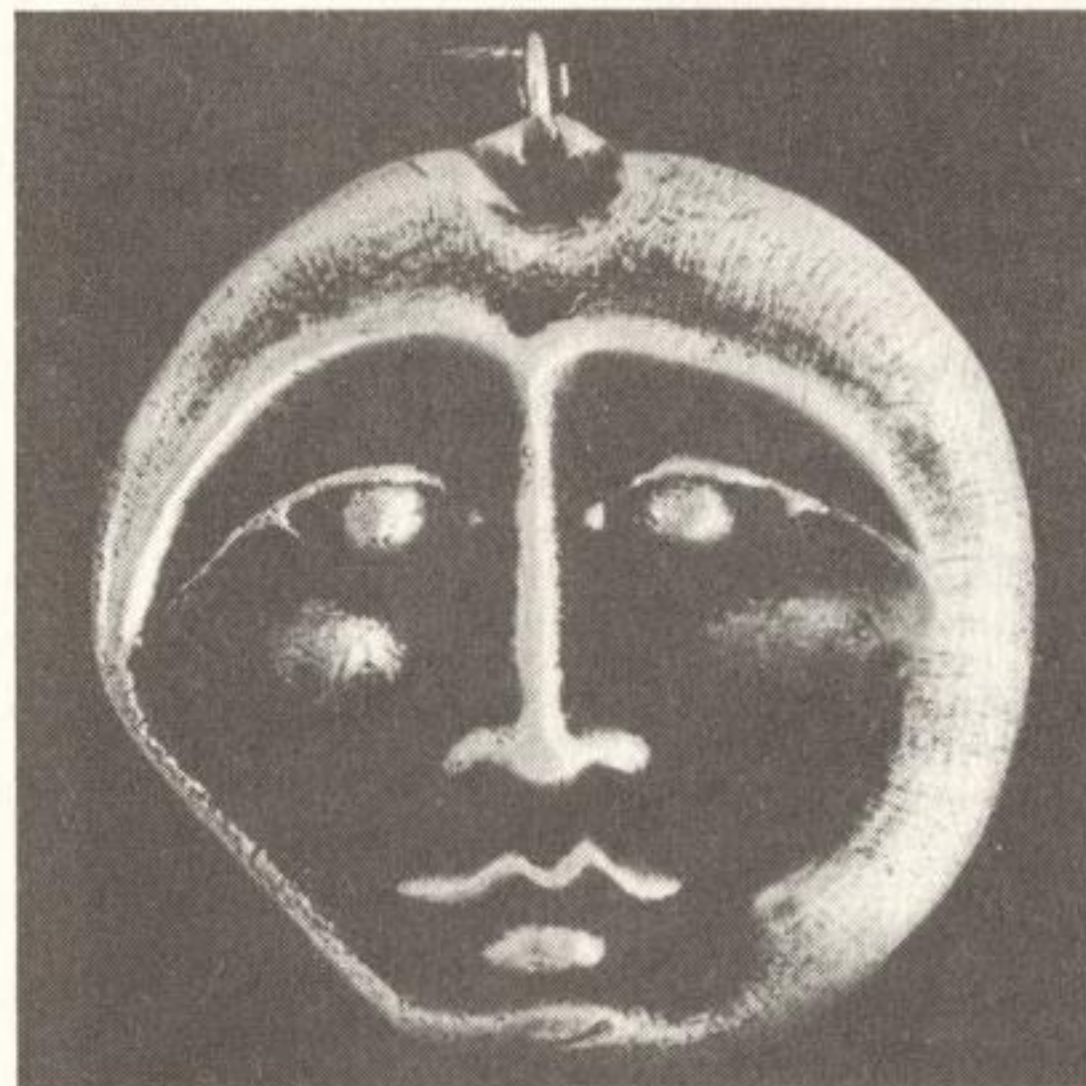
Every single town that says they don't want the camping and they don't want the vending, and they don't want this and don't want that — if the money was crossing their hands for the permits and the requirements, and there was some idea there was a show of organization — if there was security, if there was this and there was that, all of those things make sense to them because they are hierarchically organized. All of the businesses in town have organization. Everything has a structure. This scene comes along, and it's like chaos. There's no structure.

It's anarchy.

They can't deal with it. They realize somehow that when this group leaves, there's a lot of money that wasn't there before. But they don't see this in front. If there was just a little veneer — they

have to see what looks like something they can relate to and seems to have some coherence to it. It doesn't internally have to have any more than it does now. But it needs a structure to protect itself.

I'd like to move into the area of sound. What were the sound limitations at the time of your meeting with the Grateful Dead that led





you to begin improving their sound technology?

Well, there wasn't any sound technology. If the musicians went into a hall and the hall had some speakers installed, they plugged into them. Otherwise, they put a microphone into their Twin Reverbs. There were no sound systems for music in 1966. They had sound systems for movie theaters. They had them for churches. They had them for baseball stadiums. In fact, the Beatles played in Candlestick Park and used the [stadium PA]. Of course, you couldn't hear anything anyway, because the kids were screaming too loud.

But there was no technology for it, and we tried to go around and talk to people, like JBL and Altec-Lansing, and they all said they sold everything they made anyway. They didn't really give a shit. They weren't that interested in us. They didn't do anything. So there was a business that rented this basically baseball stadium stuff for people. They had very poor fidelity. The highest fidelity went to like 4,000 Hertz or something like that. The rest of them rolled off at about 2,800, just about like a telephone.

We blew up speaker after speaker after speaker. We'd rent five units when we only needed two, and then we'd blow them all up, take them all back. They'd send them all back to the manufacturer. Eventually, enough stuff started going back to the manufacturers — because all the bands were doing it — that the manufacturers were forced to improve. The industry didn't *want* to cooperate — they were forced into it by the stress, and of course, now there's a complete industry built up. There's still a great deal of hype and bullshit that goes on. There are people who make 20 and 30 thousand dollar speaker systems that are kind of a joke. I won't name any names. They charge enormous prices and John Meyer's stuff [the Dead use a Meyer system] will run rings around all of them, and do it at high levels, too. They're real rugged and usable things.

When I first started with the Grateful Dead, I was concerned because America was obviously on its way into space, which seemed to be the pinnacle of our technology. I thought about back in the days of Bach: the highest, most technologically superb things that were being built were the great organs.

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I just think
the pinnacle of
human endeavor
should be
some form of art.
All the rest of it
is just a means,
a way to get there,
to make your life
a little more
comfortable.

Music was the height of technology. I felt it was absolutely disastrous that we were shooting rockets, building rockets that could deliver atomic bombs that could be used to destroy entire cities, and musicians were playing on something that looked like it was built in a garage in the 1930s. You took a Twin Reverb apart, and it looked like the radio I had as a kid, except instead of having a tuner, you plugged a guitar in. So, things have come a ways since then.

So you met the Dead in '65.

That's right. '65.

And you were their patron, for a while.

I don't know that I was their patron. We were all kind of on the same trip.

That's how Phil Lesb describes it. He says, in the finest sense of the term, that you were their patron. You created the support mechanism for them in terms of sound equipment, etc. that allowed them to concentrate on evolving their music.

Well, that would be one way to put it. It seemed to me it was what I wanted to do,

too. I wanted the music to be good. I thought the technology was a disaster, and nobody seemed to care. I figured it was worth caring about. I figured good enough for rock and roll should be better than good enough to go into space. Personally. It's all art, isn't it?

And if Grateful Dead music isn't transportation music, what is?

It's all art. I just think the pinnacle of human endeavor should be some form of art, whether it's painting, literature, sculpture, music, architecture, or whatever. All the rest of it is just a means, a way to get there, to make your life a little more comfortable, or whatnot.

I'm appalled at the failure of architecture in recent times. It used to be truly fine, you know.

And that's the case all over the world. It's amazing to go to countries where certain forms of spirituality are devoutly practiced, and there are no new structures to have these activities in. It's all these old, crumbling structures, even in the societies where there's a much greater emphasis put upon the relationship between art, religion, community, and spirituality.

Well, art has always had a high position in societies. Americans don't seem to have that attitude. I saw something in the paper where Clinton was supposed to encourage the arts, and I think it's very important for him to do so. It used to be that when a young man went to take a girl out, and her parents found out that he was either an artist, painter, writer, musician, or something, their basic attitude was, "Well, when the hell are you going to get a proper job?"

Still is today.

I know. The bank president's a big man in our society, and in some other societies, he's just like the guy who's running the filling station on the corner. He's providing a service, no more, no less. The artist is the guy everybody wants to meet — the guy on the hill with the studio who makes the beautiful things.



How did you become an artist?

I just started doing it one day. I was in the joint, and I started making things with my hands. They turned out better than I had any reason to expect.

Did you have the opportunity in prison to be creative, rather than just to make functional things?

I made whatever I wanted. My time was my own. I was stealing my time back, you might say. They tried to take it away from me, but I took every minute I could back for myself.

You learned the techniques?

I never learned anything. I just can do it.

What elements do you work with?

Any element.

What are your favorites?

I don't have any favorites, other than gold. I like gold a lot, but all media have their own challenges. I'm equally proficient in building things up or carving things down or forming them out of just about any material I've taken a hand to. I make images. The images occur to me. Images in sound. Images in space. I'm not much good at drawing or painting, because that's a highly conventionalized sort of fakery. I tend to work in real concrete things. Form is my art medium, rather than shadow.

When you create a piece, what's the process.

I have no idea. How do you ride a bicycle?

You basically do two types of work: small pieces, and now larger pieces.

I've always done larger pieces. I do everything. I do very small, ultra-miniature, medium size, large. I could even do architectural scale. I'd love to do architectural scale. There's a lot of money in that, you know. I mean, if someone wants to commission me to do architectural scale, fine. No problem. Because my images work at any size.

Your work has very strong archetypal motifs.

I like that — archetypal stuff. It's a challenge, for one thing, because everyone has seen archetypal things. Everyone has seen an eagle. Everyone has seen a sun face. Everyone has seen a moon face. So then the challenge is to do a definitive interpretation of something that is so highly integrated into man's consciousness, that when he looks at it he recognizes that, yeah, that's *the* sun, that's *the* moon, that's *the* image. That's the distillation of whatever that archetypal essence is. It's not easy, believe me.

With the larger pieces, do you do your own casting?

No, I have a foundry. An artist has no business messing around too close to toxic chemicals and stuff. You get poisoned. Basically, the artist's job is to make the images. Then the foundry man's job is to cast them, and to produce a good casting. That's his skill. My foundry man's very good. I love him. He's a real neat guy. The little stuff I cast myself.

Does the inspiration for your techniques come from any specific artists or places?

I guess I'm influenced by stories about artists and their approaches to things. I read the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini when I was about 15. At the time I thought, "Gee, that guy had an interesting life. That's the right way to live." Of course, I had no idea I was going to become a goldsmith or a miniature artist or anything else when I was 15. But I was

impressed by the book. So maybe unconsciously I was influenced by him. I've always been fascinated by tales about Picasso, who had an eclectic taste in the world, and was able to borrow almost shamelessly from everything he saw. [He showed that] an artist can turn his tools to anything he finds about him in the world and in his imagination.

I think that's what they call an innovator.

Also, Picasso lived a good life. He lived a nice lifestyle and had a good time of it, and he lived a long time. Degas is another one. Artists today are about as faceless as a lot of the rest of the guys in the mall, you know. I don't think that's the way you should be. I think the artist needs to live an interesting life, and he needs to produce as much as he can, and get his art out there. The older I get, the less time I have, the more art I want to make. So, I try to keep myself in good shape. That's why I'm careful about what I eat, exercise and stuff.

Is your art shaped by the pain in your life, or the joy, by a desire to be inquisitive?

No. I just like making pretty things. I like making stuff that everybody looks at and likes, and no matter who looks at it, they see something. The longer you look at it, the more you see. If they're a kid of nine years old they look at it and they say, "Wow!" If they're a grandfather, they look at it and they say, "Wow!" Then I'm pleased. There's enough ugly in this world. I don't want to make ugly art. I want to make art that's pretty. I want it to be powerful. I want it to be arresting. But I want it to be beautiful.

To me, your artwork seems to possess very potent forms of the male and the female in it.

Well, isn't that what everything is?

Well, no. I think there are some forms of art that are unbalanced in that respect. And sometimes there can be validity in that.

That's their art. I wouldn't argue with you about my art. I see lots of stuff in the world and in my mind. I don't know where they come from or why I make them. I just get an idea and make it.

Do you want to say how people can get in touch with you to check out your artwork?

It's not hard to find me around the shows. The Greenpeace booth is a good place to start. I'm around the ecology people. I would say that by making inquiries, just about anybody who wanted to could probably find me. ♦

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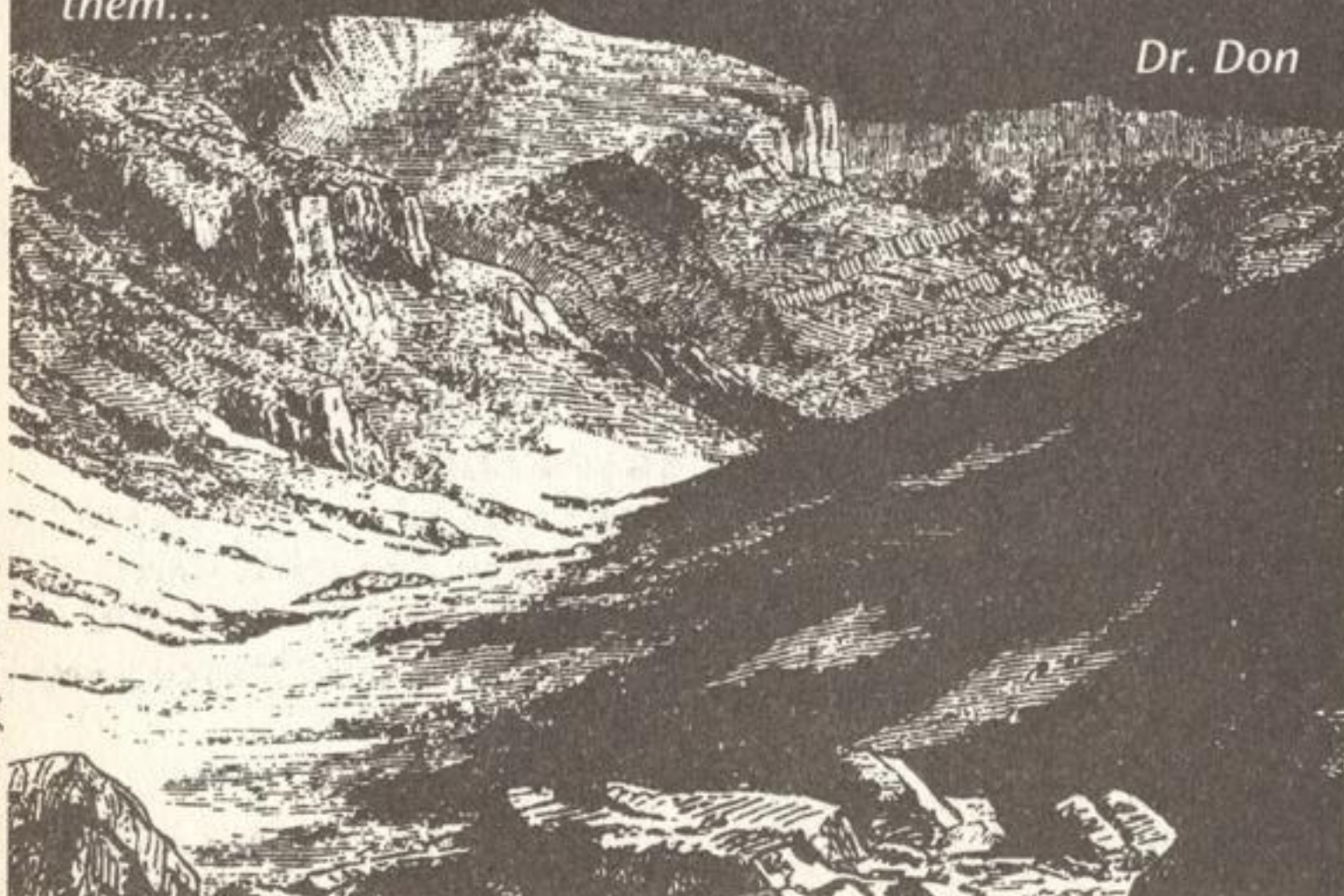
DR. DON'S DEADHEAD DREAMS

The Grateful Dead scene can oftentimes be so surreal that one finds oneself having to be pinched to determine the difference between reality and something else. As strange as the scene can be when wide-awake, it pales in comparison to the wild and woolly events that often transpire while under the spell of a deep snooze.



For some time now, we at DDN have been making unofficial treks into the realms of the Deadhead subconscious — earthing up somnambulistic encounters that might even make Sigmund Freud raise an eyebrow (although Carl Jung would feel right at home). It started with a Dead dream I had a few years back. That dream caused two revelations: first, it made me realize that my experiences with the Grateful Dead had permanently etched a nook deep within my subconscious, and second, it got me thinking...could I be the only one to have such a delightfully strange encounter with the boys in the REM mode? Thus, Dr. Don's Deadhead Dreams column was born. We asked for your submissions of Grateful Dead dreams — only real ones, of course. To our complete amazement the responses started flooding in and they haven't stopped! We've received accounts of subconscious shmoozing and somnambulistic antics with Uncle Jerry, Bob, Phil, Mickey, Billy, and the rest of the gang... Too many dreams to print at one time. After a long absence, the column reappears in this issue. All of the surreal and hilarious scenarios that follow are (as far as we know) real dreams that our readers have sent us. We invite you to keep sending us your dreams, and we'll keep on printing them...

Dr. Don



Artwork by Jim Harter

Dear Dr. Don,

This past September, my husband and I finished a banner year in our garden by canning green beans, beets, peaches, and several gallons of pesto made with the aromatic herb basil (a member of the mint family). As a result, at least once a week I cook a large pot of spaghetti for my family and load on the pesto. On several occasions my husband and I have had some, shall we say, fairly colorful dreams when sleeping off these meals. Suspecting something more than mere coincidence between pesto gorging and vivid dreaming, I did some research and found out in an herb encyclopedia that basil, when taken in substantial portions, can act as a mild hallucinogen!

Well, one of my dreams starred the Grateful Dead, and I thought you ought to know. In this pesto dream, I find myself wandering in a peaceful wooded forest. I hear the distant sound of the song *Terrapin Station* floating through the air. Strange thing is, everything, including me, is made out of colored clay, like Gumby and Pokie. Not finding this odd (in the dream), I wander around until I come to a clearing in the middle of which is a train station. I wait for the train along with two (you guessed it) dancing turtles. We smile but say nothing as if this is all just normal everyday business. Well, along comes a train, which is also made of clay and has a smiling face which winks at me as it goes by. It squeals to a stop and the conductor leans out of the caboose and yells, "All aboard." The conductor is Vince Wellnick. He is not made out of clay. I climb aboard the caboose and he tells me that I have to go to the front of the train because the last few cars are reserved for the band. I oblige him and follow as he leads me through the train toward the front as it pulls out of the train station.

The caboose is filled with keyboards from wall to wall. Some of the keyboards are playing themselves just like a player piano. I reach out to touch one, but Vince grabs my hand and warns me not to do that as I would confuse the band (*Terrapin* is still floating in the air). We go into the next car and it's like stepping into the holodeck on *Star Trek!* The inside of the car is a prehistoric swamp, complete with palm trees and smoking volcanoes. Garcia is sitting in a plump velvet chair, smoking a meerschaum skull pipe and playing guitar. He looks up at me and smiles as Vince and I walk by. Sitting quietly next to him is a small female dinosaur in a dress (don't ask me) and a baby dinosaur, both looking lovingly up at Garcia. As I look at the dinosaurs, Vince asks me, "Nice family, don't you think?"

We go into the next car and the inside is a rainforest, complete with howler monkeys and brightly colored parrots. I look up and Bob Weir is in a tree playing guitar, dressed in a Tarzan loincloth (Yum!). I hear the sound of many moaning, sighing women, none of whom are actually in sight.

The next train car is filled with deep intergalactic space. As we float through it we come across Phil Lesh, his wife, and two kids (in the dream they didn't have faces, probably because I don't know what his family really looks like, but I seemed to know who they were). Phil is playing bass and trying to change a diaper at the same time! He didn't seem a very good mood.

The next car was filled with lava. We were inside a volcano, and Mickey and Billy were pounding away on HUGE drums. It was very hot and painfully loud!

The next car was a completely normal passenger train car. Vince showed me to my seat and then handed me a concert stub! I looked down and noticed that I, as well as everything else, was normal, not clay. I looked up to thank Vince, but he was already on his way back. Just as he disappeared into the drummers' car I saw that *he* was now made of clay. This is where the dream ended.

I have several questions, Dr. Don: Why didn't I have to pay a fare on the train? Where was the train going? Was Casey Jones the engineer, and, if so, what were the implications? I am abstaining from large amounts of pesto with my evening meal until you can answer these for me. Thank you.

Carmine Lascaux in Saugerties, New York

Dear Carmine,

As to your first question, it would appear that your ticket stub was also your train ticket, in which case you probably purchased it in a previous dream through GD mail order. I asked Steve Marcus at the Dead's ticket office about this and he told me that, in an effort to encourage the environmentally sound practice of using public transportation to get to shows, the Dead have been quietly offering combination concert seat and Amtrack tickets for the past two years (except to the Nassau Coliseum and Mountain View shows). Regarding your other two questions, I would venture to guess that because you left "Terrapin Station" in your dream and not "Central Station," it is highly unlikely you were on your way to a train wreck with Casey Jones at the controls.

Now as far as the psychoactive properties of pesto are concerned, I did some research and found that the Dead's tour-cook served spaghetti with pesto backstage before eight out of the last ten concerts at which the Dead played Dark Star. It would therefore stand to reason that listening to Dark Star before going to bed on the nights on which you eat pesto should cancel out any unwanted psychoactive effects while you sleep (but not while listening to Dark Star!).

**Manga!
Dr. Don**

Dear Dr Don,

On January 7th, I dreamt I was onstage during a Dead concert, playing some kind of huge bass drum, happily banging away. I stood toward the back of the stage, but beside me was Phil, who was skillfully playing a set of drums. Right behind us was a chalkboard, the moveable kind, and while he played drums Phil would also draw weird symbols on the board. I then began to draw on the board, too. Phil gave me a disdainful look, but I continued to draw and play drums, because, as I reasoned in the dream, no one was telling me to stop. This was a pleasant dream, and I felt a sense of freedom and adventure. The dream was in full color.

What do you make of this dream of role-swapping, etc.?

Ellen Levitt

Dear Ellen,

It's obvious from the strange symbols on the chalkboard that you are repressing feelings of guilt over having received a poor grade in calculus class in college. The disdainful-looking Phil in your dream is obviously representative of your overly judgmental math professor. Well, relax, you're a Deadhead, not a rocket scientist (although I do know of at least three Deadhead rocket

scientists... all good lads, I assure you). If you'd like to start having Deadhead dreams in which Phil is smiling at you instead of frowning while you write strange symbols on a chalkboard, I'd suggest taking a calculator to Dead shows. Every time Phil sings a song pull out the calculator and perform a calculus calculation correctly. By doing this you will be sending a message to your inner child that you can be a good math student as well as a Deadhead. After a tour or two of this therapy, Phil should start smiling at you in your dreams again.

**Knowingly,
Dr. Don**

Hey Folks:

You asked for descriptions of dreams people have had involving the Dead. Here's mine.

I'm at a small outdoor show held in a large mountain field in the pine forest. It's Christmastime. I have a small tree with me, and someone asks me to put it up on the stage. I do so, and a box of many beautiful ornaments appears on the stage. I decorate the tree, say hi to the guys, and jump off the stage to go dancing off into the crowd for hours.

Sabra Marcroft

Dear Sabra,

I hope when you dream of the band playing outdoors at Christmastime your subconscious at least has the good sense to dress the band properly, especially Jerry (make sure he's wearing a hat and scarf, as well as fingerless gloves and a good down coat). It's a well-known scientific fact that dreaming of people improperly clothed for harsh weather conditions can cause them to get sick in real life. And one certainly wouldn't want to be in any way responsible for a tour getting cancelled because of a silly little dream!

**Happy holiday dreaming,
Dr. Don**

Dear Dr. Don,

I had a dream that I was at an amusement park with Mickey and Bobby. Mickey decided to let me play his drums and as he was handing me his sticks, I noticed many different dolphin rings on his fingers. I turned around and Bobby's wife was hugging a real live dolphin! The dolphin was totally smiling! It was really cool!

Rebecca in Modesto, CA

Dear Rebecca,

Both Bobby and Mickey know that keeping dolphins in amusement parks drastically shortens their life span. While scuba diving with Bobby off the Isles of Langerhorn recently, I asked him about your dream and he said that if he were married (which he is not) it would certainly not be to a woman who would in any way, shape, or form endorse such mistreatment of dolphins by bugging one that is captive. He did suggest that had you continued your dream you might have found that he, his "dream" wife, and Mickey would most likely have been kidnapping the dolphin in order to set it free again. Coincidentally, Mickey did wear several dolphin rings on one occasion: when the Dead played Pirates World in Dania, Florida on 3/24/70. Perhaps you were there?

**Aquatically yours,
Dr. Don ♦**





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

Part II: Blues Traveler

by Paul Semel

Blues Traveler has long been regarded as the leader of the H.O.R.D.E. scene, and singer/harmonica master John Popper has thus become the H.O.R.D.E.'s leader. Born in Ohio, Popper moved from Connecticut to Europe and back, before settling in Princeton, New Jersey, where he formed Blues Traveler with guitarist Chan Kinchla, bassist Bobby Sheehan, and drummer Brendan Hill. The band eventually wound up in New York City, where they and the Spin Doctors honed their craft at such now-legendary haunts as Wetlands and Nightingales. Their new album, *Save His Soul* (A&M) is their most accomplished to date, mixing the loose feel of their debut with the harder edge of *Travelers and Thieves* (A&M) for an album that reconciles their live sound with the restraints of the studio. But the album almost didn't happen, as Popper was nearly killed in a motorcycle accident that kept Traveler off the road, and Popper in a wheelchair. But with a new album, a new tour, and a second H.O.R.D.E. tour in progress, Popper and Traveler have returned in full force. Here now, John Popper:

I've been paying a lot of attention to lyrics lately, and I'd like to know who influences your writing. Not what you write about, but how you write, how you put words and music together.

A whole different bunch of people. Jimi Hendrix, very early on, but I don't think I write the way he writes. The way Chris [Barron of the Spin Doctors] writes is very image-oriented, with lots of metaphors. I don't really use metaphors, I write about what I know. You know how a lawyer uses facts to support evidence? I use irony because it still gets to the truth.

Guess which Spin Doctors' song is going to do the best. I'm making a prediction: *How Could You Want Him (When You Know You Could Have Me?)* [from *Pocket Full of Kryptonite* (Epic)], because that song has a confession. "How could you want him when you could have me. It's bothering me. I don't understand it." It seems to me that if you can confess, that's what people want you to do. When you can hit on something that you don't want to admit, like, "I'm embarrassed to need you." That confession really gets people off because they identify with it on an honest level. You can always love somebody, but when it wrecks you....

But that's really hard to admit, not just in song, but to yourself as well.

Absolutely. But I think songwriting makes it easier. It's therapeutic. Each song is about a period I'm going through. And when I go through that time, the song clarifies it, it puts it in the right perspective to look at and deal with.

Chan described your music as "a garage band's attempt at jazz through a rock and roll reality"...

[Laughing] He stole that from me, the bum.

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 one of the editors of **Mixed Media**, a journal of art and literature.

What kind of jazz? Are you guys into 1950s Miles Davis? Do you like John Coltrane's free jazz stuff?

You've hit two very good areas — from Charlie Parker to Coltrane, and even before that. Really from Louis Armstrong to Coltrane's real free stuff. Charlie Parker is a real hero of mine — although Parker was a lot more chromatically advanced than I'll ever be — and I love playing like Miles because for me that's a real challenge. It's weird, but when I listen to Coltrane play, the next thing I know I'm waking up, it puts me in a trance. And when I listen to a tape of the band, and we're really cooking, I do the same thing.

But I'd say the ultimate, overall influence is Jimi Hendrix. He took a guitar, and he didn't care if it was a guitar or not. When I heard *Voodoo Chile*, that's when I knew I wanted to make music. And from Hendrix I got the jam.

Chan and I both agree that, for us, it was Led Zeppelin's *Good Times, Bad Times*

Chan and Brendan love Zeppelin. You can hear Jimmy Page and John Bonham in our music. Bob Sheehan loves Phil Lesh. We like other musicians, but there was always one guy we each really like. So what you have is a band with Jimi Hendrix on the harmonica, Jimmy Page on guitar, John Bonham on drums, and Phil Lesh on bass. Kind of a weird band.

Is there anybody you'd really like to play with live?

Prince. I got to play with a lot of people at the *Rock and Roll Hall of Fame*. I got to play with Jimmy Page; we jumped all over him and said, "We want you to produce our next record."

What did he say?

[In a poor English accent] "Well, I have other commitments."

Your new album should do well.

I think this album's the best thing we've ever done. Our last album was more jam oriented, but there were good groove ideas that didn't really develop. This time we wrote "songs" for the record.

I remember being at the Spin Doctors' party for *Up For Grabs* (Epic) at Wetlands, and you phoned in this introduction, and said something like, "You guys beat us to recording live at Wetlands, but we're going to do it someday." And then you came out with *On Tour Forever* (A&M) [a limited edition live album, given away with copies of *Thieves*], which wasn't recorded at Wetlands. Why didn't you do something from Wetlands then?

The Spin Doctors did *Grabs* when Wetlands was nicely filled; if we did Wetlands now it would be so packed. You know when they're catching tuna? It would be like a tuna net.

Could you do it under a different name?

We tried Chan's *Fruits and Vegetables*, but that didn't work. And one time we got real clever, didn't advertise at all, and used a whole other name. No one showed up. Eventually you get so cute that it works.

The bio for your first album said you lived in Stamford, Connecticut.

Yes, I did. I lived there for 12 years. I got beat up a lot there. [Laughs] It was a town where you had to play sports, and I was not a jock. I was a fat kid. I sometimes see those guys at shows.

Now they probably kiss your ass.

Sometimes, yeah. But you can't be too vindictive about it, because then you become obsessed with revenge. You have to let it go. It was almost as much my fault for believing them. When someone beats you down, it's sort of up to you to not give in.

Well, now there's this whole community of people who look up to you as a leader.

I'm honored. I don't know what to say about that.

Do you have any idea why the scene grew like it did?

I'll tell you this: after I left high school and didn't know what I wanted to do, I went to New York to go to the New School. I met Eric Shenkman there, and we started jamming, and there was definitely some sort of scene wanting to happen. And when I went home on the weekends, Blues Band, which became Blues Traveler, they all wanted to be in a band and were like, "Let's all go to New York," so I had all of my friends with me. And Chris [Barron] was a friend from high school, and we talked him into coming to the city. I introduced him to Shenkman, and they started the Spin Doctors. I really stayed in touch with a lot of people.

I think the reason the scene grew is that our friends went to college and told their friends about it. It was like the Shampoo Theory: they told two friends, and they told two friends, and so on and so on.

I think it also taps into something. I'm the same age as you guys, and I grew up listening to the same music you guys did. And I got to some music the same way you did: I got into John Lee Hooker and Buddy Guy because the Doors and Led Zeppelin introduced me to it. And that's how I got to Miles Davis and John Coltrane.

Oh, yeah. But I think a lot of that connection of friends was spread through the Dead, because we had a lot of friends who were on the road, and that spread to people who knew about Phish and Widespread Panic. There was just sort of a scene waiting to happen.

The very, very best thing that happened at last year's H.O.R.D.E. happened backstage — which is saying a lot, since what happened onstage was very cool — musicians who had heard each other before but had never met each other. It was all these bands we knew from the road.

Do you think the scene will ever get so big that the H.O.R.D.E. will have to be a stadium tour?

Yeah, but I think before that happens everyone will get big on their own. Blues Traveler and Phish came very close to doing a tour this summer, and I know at some point we'll do a Spin Doctors/Traveler tour. But we only want to do a H.O.R.D.E. when it's a good idea.

So H.O.R.D.E. is not definitely a yearly thing?

If people are into it, cool, but it's not going to be like, "Oh, my God, we have to observe the tradition." We want people to be able to rely on it, but we don't want people to feel like, "Oh, well, I could do this stadium tour on my own, but I gotta do



Photo by Dennis Keeley



H.O.R.D.E. or I'm letting the scene down." They're not letting the scene down, they're expanding it.

Since this thing is sort of your baby, were you disappointed when Phish and the Spin Doctors said they didn't want to do the tour this summer?

No, because it's really the logical thing for them to do. The Spin Doctors are selling shows on their own. I heard in Chicago they sold 12,000 tickets in one day. Phish is able to fill amphitheatres, and they've always wanted to do their own summer tour, so it seems to me it's a logical step.

You have quite a lineup this summer.

Yeah, we've got Widespread Panic, Col. Bruce & the Aquarium Rescue Unit, Big Head Todd & The Monsters, the Samples, and us. We're going to get a sixth band, sort of a floating band, depending on which region of the country we're in — we can get local bands involved. There are bands that do real well in one part of the country, and if we can bring them to the fringes, they can expand their audience while maximizing their stronghold. Also, Eric Shenkman [of Spin Doctors] said he would come and play a few shows, and Phish want to do dates in between their tour.

Speaking of Col. Bruce, you pull a pretty fierce solo on that band's album. [Mirrors of Embarrassment (Capricorn)]

That was fun. They are the best band around. People always ask us why we're so loyal to the Col., because they're the one band that draws people, which doesn't make any sense to a lot of promoters. But the fact is they're just the best band. The Col. is a very spiritual man. Kind of reminds me of the Dalai Lama — only with better hair.

What about Blind Melon?

Yeah, but they don't draw enough to interest promoters. We'll get them in the Northeast, because people like them there. The thing is there's reality, and there's promoter's reality. The promoter is the guy who has to plunk down the money, and he has to decide if his investment is worth it, so he looks at everyone's individual draw. The fact that H.O.R.D.E. itself is having all these bands, and that the concourse [with people selling clothes, jewelry, and political agendas] is another incentive for people to come — that doesn't really impress them much. There are some promoters who think it will. I think we'll sell out the two shows in Red Rocks, but in Canada a lot of people don't know any of these bands. You've just got to keep pushing that envelope, hanging around the edge of financial ruin.

It's funny you mention "financial ruin," because someone wrote that, because you guys had gotten this huge lighting rig and other stuff, that the band was on the verge of "financial ruin." Are things better now?

Oh, yeah, we got a real accountant. We had a ball, and we got our name out there, but we kept doing that, so we needed an accountant.

How's your leg?

It's been slow waiting for the bone to heal.

Has it scared you off motorcycles.

No, unfortunately. ...Hey, I saw my video on TV. [For the *Save His Soul* track, *Conquer Me*].

I saw it, too, It was pretty cool; I had never seen one of your videos before.

It's a marketing tool, it really is. We wanted to make some changes in it, but A&M said they didn't want to do that because MTV had agreed to play it. They're pretty excited to help us; they've been waiting for us to make a video.

You made one for the first album, I heard.

It's the most God-awful, worst thing we've ever done. The Spin Doctors make fun of us constantly for it. I went on the road with them, when they were doing van gigs on Long Island, and they ragged on me the whole way there and the whole way back.

They shouldn't rag on anybody. Little Miss Can't Be Wrong is the most generic-looking video around.

Our video was worse than that. *Little Miss Can't Be Wrong* is a drastic, professional improvement compared to what we did. [Laughs] MTV thought they'd do us a favor and not show it. ♡

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SUMMER TOUR '93...

By Pat Lazaro & Jumbo Sharuda

The Grateful Dead came through with two tight, high-energy shows at Giants Stadium to start the tour off with a bang. A light, constant rain throughout the first show put a damper on what is usually an overly hyper, mostly younger audience, but the band rocked out consistently. The first set, solid throughout, ended with a new song, *Easy Answers*, which appeared sandwiched inside *The Music Never Stopped*. This new strategy of inserting a young song inside a well-established tune may prove to be to the band's advantage as it instantly ups the energy of the young tune. Unfortunately, in the case of *Easy Answers*, which was coauthored by Weir, Neil Young, Robert Hunter, and Bob Bralove, this strategy had mixed results, as it diminished the perfection of *Music Never Stopped* with its awkward, overly simplistic lyrics and irritating riffs. Let's hope the Dead improve this tune as much as they improved *Picasso Moon*, which now shines brightly.

Set two was fabulous with one major exception. After a fierce *Scarlet > Fire* (minus a verse but very well-played), the best *Crazy Fingers* in years, and a perfect *Estimated*, an extremely stoned dude jumped off the third level, 56 feet down, onto the lower level, landing on two people. Luckily, no one was killed. Alas, another very good reason not to trip at shows. *The Other One* was immense and the video effects (many thought for the first time ever) were equally as visionary with exploding fractal landscapes.

Cool, crisp air and clear skies set the tone for the second show. *Here Comes Sunshine*, played only passably well, but very much appreciated, showed Jerry having lots of fun. *Minglewood*, much to the delight of all, was even more amazing than the one played at Nassau Coliseum on April Fools' Day.

Set two opened with a high-spirited *Bertha > Good Lovin'* surprise combo, the first time together since 12/30/89. The jam out of *Playing in the Band* went through some fascinating thematic explorations. The other highlight was a crystalline, pure recitation of *Attics of My Life*.

At shows three and four at The Palace in Auburn Hills, Michigan on 6/8 and 6/9, the security was completely obnoxious, riding around in golf carts, hassling vendors, and trying to force people to head into the show immediately upon arrival. Inside the security was far cooler as was the music, with a sweet *Must've Been the Roses* and a very spacey *Bird Song* highlighting the first set.

The highlight of set two was the opening combination of *Truckin' > New Speedway Boogie > That Would Be Something*. This marked the return of *New Speedway*, absent since before Jerry's health crisis last year. *That Would Be Something*, a slow Paul McCartney tune, appeared for only the second time, the first being 9/25/91.

Show four, an easy ticket outside, opened with a tight *Help On The Way* that led into an uncommonly superb *Franklin's Tower*. *Loose Lucy*, deliciously funky, and *Bertha*, outrageously hot,

closed a set for the first time since 4/17/89. An average second set featured a very hot *China Cat > Rider* and a strong *Terrapin*.

Buckeye Lake, 6/11, Hebron, Ohio, was awfully hot and unbearably humid. And the parking — a logistical nightmare! At least the security was lax and vending was rampant. Healy had the sound tweaked unusually crisply, and this made *Foolish Heart*, in a rare second song of the show position, sound all the more beautiful (very jammed out, too). Jerry went nuts at the end of *So Many Roads*, screaming his lungs out.

Set two was a real gem with plenty of serious jamming. *Eyes > Playing > Uncle John's* were all tremendous. The pre-*Drums* jam out of *Corinna* was nothing less than fantastic! After the *Drums* a long, beautiful *Space* led into *The Wheel*. This was to be one of the best shows of the tour. Get the tape.

Heading northeast, the band trucked on to Orchard Park, New York, near Buffalo. June 13 was a tough ticket, which in turn caused a large number of counterfeit tickets to be caught at the gates. This caused a near riot, and thousands got in for free.

Garcia, dressed in shorts, joined Sting, the summer tour opening act, for several tunes including *Tea in the Sahara*.

The first Dead set was notable for a powerful rendition of *Loser*, the first *Mexicali Blues* in 22 shows (the longest time off for this song since its return to the repertoire in 1977), and a sweet *Broken Arrow*, crooned beautifully by Phil.

After a hot *Samson & Delilah*, Bobby, much to everyone's excitement, picked up an acoustic guitar, which he played for two thirds of *Looks Like Rain* (the first time he's played acoustic with the Dead since 7/17/88). Let's hope this is an omen for good things to come. This set was seriously handicapped by Garcia having only played two songs, both new ones. Let's hope this *isn't* an omen of things to come!

June 15 found the band holding court in Freedom Hall in Louisville, Kentucky, where freedom is a questionable thing for the many people busted at these shows for drug use/possession. This is all-the-more unfortunate, given that the Dead warned people in advance on flyers distributed at Buffalo and included with mail-order tickets.

First set highlights included a vivacious *Feel Like a Stranger* opener and a picture-perfect *Althea*. In the second set the band pulled off a fabulous transition from *Estimated* into *Spoonful*. Post-*Drums* was very, very hot with a volcanic *Last Time* into an amazing *Morning Dew*...WOW! As if this wasn't hot enough, the band encored with the perennially rare favorite treat, *Gloria*. Get this set on tape.

On the second night two highlights stand out from set one — a great *Cold Rain & Snow* opener and a rippin' *Tom Thumb's Blues*. The second set gave us a long, beautifully embellished *Foolish Heart*, a blisteringly hot *Saint of Circumstance*, and a hot jam out of the overplayed *Corinna*.

On to Soldier Field in Chicago, where Jerry started the 6/18/93 show off notably by playing on Sting's last tune, some nice fills but nothing blistering. Shortly thereafter, he did get around to scorching our ears with a fiery *Hell in a Bucket* > *Sugaree* opener. *Stagger Lee*, an all too rare selection, was played perfectly. *The Music Never Stopped* was awesome.

Box of Rain began the second set. An excellent jam out of *Uncle John's Band* led into a riveting drum solo complete with torrential downpour and digital samplings of Marv Albert announcing the score of the NBA Basketball Championship's fifth game (which was watched during the break). The rain continued throughout *Space* and finally abated as the Dead ripped into an explosive *All Along The Watchtower*. After an unusually sweet *China Doll* a rousing *Lovelight* (most these days are sadly lifeless) capped this memorable show.

A rainstorm greeted concertgoers as they arrived for the second Soldier Field show. The Dead made their way onstage as the rain ended. With the exception of the return of *Maggie's Farm*, the first time in 30 shows, and a hot *Deal*, this set was completely unremarkable.

Set two got off to a hot start with a sprightly *China Cat* > *Rider*. *Smokestack Lightnin'* (good choice given the weather), also returned to the rotation for the first time in 30 shows. After *Space* a great *Other One* was followed by a sweet version of *Standing on the Moon*. After a respectable *Saturday Night* set closer the Dead returned to perform the perfect encore for this show, *Rain*.

Deer Creek, Noblesville, Indiana is, many people agree, the finest summer tour venue outside of California. The first show, 6/21, occurred on the summer Solstice and tickets were hard to find again, with lots of counterfeits.

The first set opened with a rousing *Jack Straw*. For his first set blues tune Bobby chose *Spoonful*, the first time it appeared in a first set since 11/2/84. Solid versions of *Jack-A-Roe*, *Black-Throated Wind*, and *Loose Lucy* followed. As usual Jerry let it rip at the end of *So Many Roads*. The second set was largely forgettable.

Show number two at Deer Creek was a surprisingly easy ticket. Again the first set was amazing with a 20 minute *Help* > *Slip* > *Franklin's* opener, a soulful *High Time*, a rockin' *All Over Now*, and a perfect version of *Tom Thumb's Blues*.

As with the night before, the second set was much less impressive. However, *He's Gone* was excellent, with a fabulous vocal jam at its conclusion.

The final night at Deer Creek, 6/23, opened with a spunky *Let the Good Times Roll*. *Memphis Blues*, *Loser*, and *Broken Arrow* all stood out. *Easy Answers* was disjointed and proved a horrible way to end this first set.

In the second set, the band more than made up for this, with a tight *Terrapin* leading into a 12 minute exploratory jam with Jerry and Phil stretching their wings in *spacejamland*. As the post-*Drums Space* session developed, *The Other One* began to emerge, but Jerry veered away from this and led the band into a short, but much appreciated, *Dark Star*, first verse only. This segued beautifully into *The Wheel* which rolled right into a completely inspired *Good Lovin'*. To cap off the evening Steve Parish brought out Jerry's music stand and a rousing rendition

of *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds* topped off this evening with a bang.

With a visit to RFK Stadium in Washington, DC, the Dead brought summer tour 1993 into the homestretch. Again, Jerry joined Sting, helping to close his set. As usual when in DC, Bruce Hornsby sat in for all of both RFK shows, singing and playing accordion. The Dead opened with a crisp *Mississippi Half-Step* and continued in high form with great versions of *Althea*, *Cassidy*, and the too rare *Cumberland Blues* to close.

The second set included another very animated *Saint of Circumstance* into an *Uncle John's Band* that featured absolutely tremendous jamming (thank you, Mr. Hornsby). The post-*Drums* highlight was an explosive version of *Sugar Magnolia* with Bobby running around all over stage (shades of Mick Jagger!).

The final show of the tour, 6/26, started with Jerry joining Sting one last time, as well as Don Henley, who sang one line of one song and left as quick as he came! The Dead jammed out on the *Feel Like A Stranger* opener and delivered a memorable *Brown-Eyed Women*. *Spoonful* and *Bird Song* were both played mindfully with tasteful improvisatory statements.

Alas, the second set showed some wear and tear on the band. After Jerry delivered respectable versions of *Terrapin* and *The Days Between*, Bobby lost his voice on *Throwing Stones* > *One More Saturday Night*. The ever-unremarkable *Liberty* brought this slightly above average tour to an end.

Summer tour 1993 birthed some fine peak concert experiences. Candace's multimedia extravaganza continues to evolve and amaze with beautiful use of painted cloth, sculpted light, and wrought aluminum. Finally, the video is showing hints of real transcendent vision and genuine diversity in its animation, graphic imagery (more fractal-type textures, please), and beautiful nature panoramas. However the director still doesn't know which musician to cut to when — when Jerry is rippin' it up, we don't want to see Vince staring off into space (handsome as he is) — what we wanna see is Jerry's fingers.

First sets, for the most part, continue to be a complete pleasure, sometimes offering small epiphanies night after night. Second set song selection however was sorely lacking in diversity, especially on the second half of the tour. Although the Rhythm Devils segments continue to be the most inventive, eclectic part of Dead concerts, the rest of the second sets, especially the post-*Drums* segments, are way too formulaic. The encore slot, which in the spring had been widely diverse, this summer became painfully redundant — four offerings of *I Fought The Law* and five renditions of *Liberty*. Once again these tunes had thousands of concertgoers rushing for the parking lots in mid-tune hoping to beat the traffic. Hey guys, we luv ya, but take a hint.

Phil is still giving it his all at every single show. He continues to be the true backbone of the band. We are also very excited about the continued maturation of Vince in the keyboard position, though at this juncture he urgently needs to increase his repertoire, especially if it's with more golden oldies.

And so we bid adieu to another summer tour and wait anxiously for the usually smokin' late summer and early fall shows. See you on Phil's side! ♠

SEE PAGES 56/57 FOR SET LISTS

Artwork by Jamie Werner



TRUCKIN' TO A HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS

The Grateful Dead: A Myth For Our Time

By David Prem Prakash Meltzer

After the basic needs of life are secured, human beings inevitably address their intrinsic longing for a cosmology that reflects the purpose of creation. Simply put, people want to feel that their lives have purpose and impact. Nature provides us with intuition, by which we recognize truth, beauty, and harmony. We return her favor by living, working, having children, laughing, crying, dancing, dying...we keep the wheel of life going, constantly covering a little more ground.

We are currently in a time when old belief systems are fading away. Antiquated social, political, and religious structures are collapsing beneath the weight of their own inherent deficiencies and limitations, and new realities are being developed. We see this taking place in the social sphere via democratic, liberation, and personal freedom movements; in science as a result of quantum physics and computer and virtual reality technologies; and in spirituality as practitioners of mystic paths both Eastern and Western attain personal, rather than organizational, experiences of spirit. New myths are being generated, new heroes and heroines, new Gods and Goddesses, new life adventures. These are, indeed, very exciting times.

Alan Trist, longtime literary associate of our favorite band, has written a re-telling of the myth of the Grateful Dead, entitled, *The Water of Life: A Tale of the Grateful Dead*. The term "The

Grateful Dead," before becoming the name of the world's most outrageous musical ensemble, has been a motif found in myths throughout the world. The story line generally follows the quest of an adventurous hero who is helped in his journey by a mysterious stranger. The stranger appears after the hero performs an act of noble kindness for a dead person. This often entails arranging for the funeral of a pauper: paying off his debts and securing a proper burial.

In Trist's book, a youthful prince seeks the water of life to restore the health of his dying father, a righteous king. The infirmities of the king are reflected in his debilitated kingdom; the consciousness of the people is rudderless and confused, turmoil and darkness increase everywhere. The land lays waste, the crops fail to ripen, the ponds and marshes are lifeless, and the birds and wind no longer sing their sweet songs. Without overstating the point, Trist draws an apt analogy to our times.

On his quest the prince encounters magic, powerful beasts, an ogre, unfaithful companions, difficult terrain, and, ultimately, true love and healing. Because he is kind, courageous, and maintains presence of mind, he returns from his journey with his darling Kate by his side and delivers the water of life to his ailing father. The King is healed, the villains put in their rightful place, and the people return to peace and prosperity. The *Water of Life*, powerfully yet delicately told by Trist, contains the essence of myth: a journey from darkness into light, from bondage into freedom, from death into life.

The form of the telling may be fiction, but the journey that myth attempts to describe is real. In fact, it is only by undertaking what Joseph Campbell called "the hero's journey" (or heroine's, as the case may be), that life develops deep meaning. To call a myth a mere story is to miss the point and possibly miss an opportunity for great adventure. And life, someone once said, is either a great adventure or it is nothing at all.

Myths have lives of their own. Trist and I agree that the myth of the Grateful Dead has chosen us as its vehicles on this planet. Who knows why? Joseph Campbell said to Mickey Hart, "A new mythos is coming. A global one. I don't know how it is coming or what it will be, but I do know it will not be unconnected to those mythic structures that preceded it, since the symbolic pattern of myth is at its root a reflection of the brain's own energy patterns." Being a Deadhead is a contemporary swing in an ancient dance.

You and I are bringing to life a cosmology, a mythos, that is beyond the dead dreams of fear, guilt, and sin that have been all too prevalent. We are the brave princes and princesses that must bring healing to the kingdom. This is no meager task. It will take all of the guts and bravado, all of the kindness and compassion we can muster. It's our collective acid test.

Listen quietly, and in your own heart you might hear, as Trist describes at the end of his tale, "royal music ringing in the deep forest." Don't be frightened; it's just the good ol' Grateful Dead, playing to the tide. If you choose, you can venture forth on your own quest in search of the water of life. Perhaps the Grateful Dead will accompany you, providing a soundtrack for your venture. I wish you Godspeed. ♦



THE GRATEFUL DEAD FOLKTALE

The Water of Life

A Tale of the Grateful Dead

Alan Trist; Illustrated by Jim Carpenter \$12.95

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THE CLEAN TEAM: FROM A SUNSHINE DAYDREAM TO A REALITY THAT'S PICKING UP STEAM! BY RUSS WEIS



I'm happy to report that the *Dupree's Diamond News* Clean Team did some very good work at the Albany shows this past spring, overseeing the pickup of large amounts of recyclable items outside the Knickerbocker Arena. Of course, the Albany effort was just a beginning. There is much more that can — and should — be done. In fact, the Clean Team's work will not truly be complete until every single venue where the Dead play has instituted a full recycling program.

The purpose of this article is to let you know that the Clean Team welcomes your help. In short, we can all get off our cans and help recycle the cans! Not only does it feel good to do important work, but it is also loads (and loads) of fun. Your participation can of course span the spectrum, from helping on the day of a show to coordinating the entire effort at a particular venue.

We at *DDN* thank those of you who have already participated on the Clean Team as well as those who are now writing to sign up. What follows is a direct response to your kind offers of assistance. And though it is geared to those contemplating a maximum — and therefore most rewarding — commitment, it will also be of interest to anyone who cares about keeping our wonderful scene blooming like a red rose long into the future.

HOW TO BECOME AN OFFICIAL VENUE COORDINATOR IN 8 EASY STEPS

1) **THE FIRST STEP** is to take full responsibility for getting recycling instituted at the venue of your choice, (or, if a program is already in place, for helping it to function as effectively as possible). The Clean Team suggests that we all work according to the credo: "Think globally and act locally." In other words, it's best to choose a venue that's as close as possible to your hometown. This will greatly increase your chances of being effective, since you will be seen not as an "outsider" but as a concerned local citizen. Besides, the more you know about the town in which you will be working, the better.

2) **THE NEXT STEP** is to contact me at the number below so that I can tell you who else is interested in helping the recycling effort at your chosen site and officially register you as "Venue Coordinator." At that point, you will want to find out all you can about the waste generation and pickup situation. Your first call is to the Operations Manager at the stadium/arena. Be sure not to identify yourself as anyone other than a venue coordinator for The Clean Team, which is a volunteer group formed by *DDN*, the Grateful Dead fan magazine. [Note: It is essential that you don't represent yourself as sanctioned by the Grateful Dead or their organization in any way. Maybe this will be the case someday, but right now it's just too soon to say!]

Anyway, in your discussion with the Operations Manager (or other official responsible for the overall coordination of the shows) your main goal is to get as much information as possible — take notes! — about the waste situation, (i.e.,

how much, if any, of their garbage is recycled, which categories, any logistics, background and history of the recycling effort, etc.). Explain that you mean to enlist volunteers from among those attending the show to help the actual recycling itself go as smoothly as possible, which means folks will be both picking up trash *and* informing others about the recycling locations. ALSO, ASK IF THE OPERATIONS MANAGER WOULD BE WILLING TO HOST A MEETING AT THE VENUE TO DISCUSS RECYCLING. Finally, it is important to find out who the waste haulers for the arena are — mainly because that will be your next call!

3) **IN YOUR DISCUSSIONS** with the waste haulers, once again your main objective is to get as much information as you can. Start with the person in the organization who is responsible for the venue in question, (ideally you got the name from the venue's Operations Manager), but if he or she is not responsive to your questions, attempt to find someone who is. The key is to get an ally at the waste company, which is the most important link in the chain. Invite your waste company contact to your meeting with venue officials.

4) **CONTACT THE POLITICIANS** — The Mayor's Office and The Department of Public Works are the big two to place a call to. Invite representatives of both offices to your meeting and attempt to get an endorsement letter signed by the Mayor for insertion in the *DDN* flyer that will be handed out at the shows.

5) **CONTACT THE MEDIA** — Newspapers (including college papers) in and around the site; radio (of course, local

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Deadhead hours are prime contacts!); TV, etc. This is a very important step and can be lots of fun. Start tooting your own horn and informing any and all who will listen that there will be a recycling project at the show site. Remember, reporters are always looking for an interesting angle and our experience

has shown that they like the idea of Deadheads coordinating recycling at the shows.

When you first call, ask for the assignment desk (or special features editor) and explain your story briefly. (For tips on how to communicate with the media, Bob Kurkela is a real whiz, so feel free to call him at the number below.) Be persistent, yet polite. Try to get allies who seem interested in your story at as many media organizations as you can, and tell them your meeting date at the venue. Be sure to stress that this is a volunteer project, coordinated by Deadheads who care not only about the Earth in general, but also about the cities where the Dead play.

6) **THE RECYCLING MEETING** — Your role at this meeting is to facilitate the process of getting as much recycling done as possible at the shows you have accepted responsibility for. Show up with pens, paper and, if at all possible, enough copies of a typed agenda for all participants. At the very beginning, thank the venue Operations Manager for agreeing to host the meeting and for the venue's overall cooperation with the recycling effort. Then get everyone's name, proper title, and address and write this information down.

Be sure to stay focused and upbeat at all times. The odds are that all those who participate will be looking to you to provide

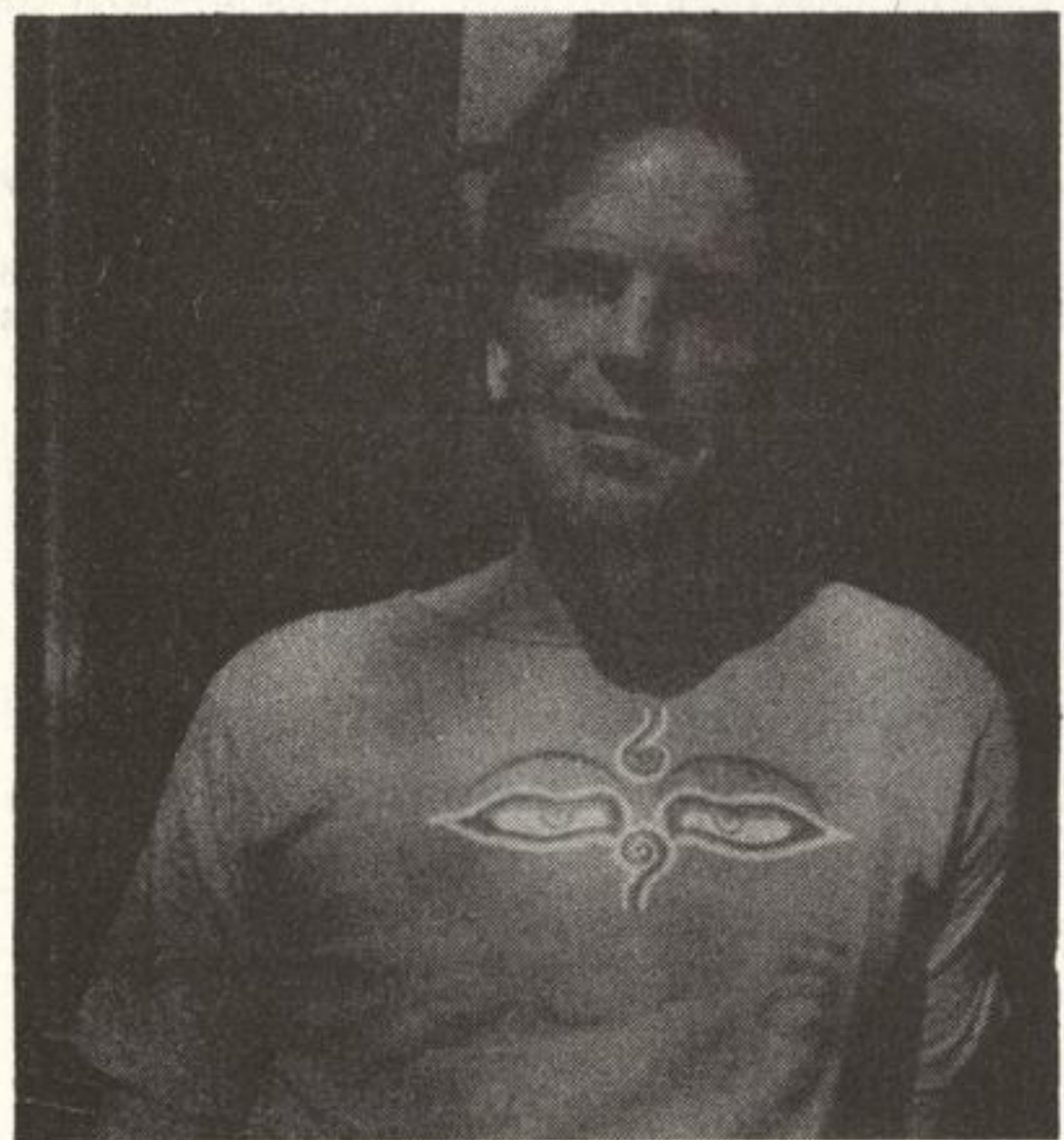
the forward momentum. But don't worry — no one expects you to be an expert in recycling. In fact, once you get the ball rolling, it might be difficult for you to get a word in! Your ultimate goal for the meeting is to elicit an interchange of information between the arena officials and the waste haulers as to the most efficient way for recycling to take place and the best way that volunteers can help this process to run as smoothly as possible. Somewhere toward the end of the meeting, try to get the Operations Manager to officially assign a place outside the venue where Clean Team members can meet, keep their materials, and put up a sign. At the very end of the meeting, be sure to thank everyone for coming.

7) **ENLIST VOLUNTEERS** — The odds are we already have the names and numbers of folks who have signed up to help in your town. But it is a good idea — and also a lot of fun — for you to try to find others who are willing to help out. Of course, you should start by getting your friends involved — most will be real happy you asked. Then try to line up others by using flyers, the media — and your imagination!

8) **AT THE SHOW(S)** — Don't expect too much and remember to have fun. If you've come this far, odds are most of the battle has been won. Thanks to you and the other volunteers, recyclables will soon start piling up by the ton. (Just don't forget to head on into the show when the work is done!)

CLEAN TEAM VOLUNTEER COORDINATOR
Russ Weis: 802-985-1201

CLEAN TEAM PRESS COORDINATOR
Bob Kurkela: 914-923-0804 ♦



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SETLISTS



Rosemont Horizon, Chicago, IL

March 9, 1993
Here Comes Sunshine
Wang Dang Doodle
Loose Lucy
Me & My Uncle>
Mexicali Blues
Broken Arrow
Row Jimmy
Eternity
Liberty

China Cat Sunflower>
I Know You Rider
Victim or the Crime>
Ship of Fools
Playing in the Band>
Drums>Space>
The Last Time>
Black Peter>
Sugar Magnolia
*Knockin'
18 Songs

March 10, 1993
Feel Like A Stranger
Stagger Lee
The Same Thing
Peggy-O
Qn. Jane Approx.
Ramble On Rose
Let It Grow

Eyes of the World
Way To Go Home
Lazy River Road
Corinna>
Jam>Drums>Space>
The Wheel>
Watchtower>
Standing on the Moon>
Not Fade Away
*Baby Blue
16 Songs

March 11, 1993
Help On The Way>
Slipknot!>
Franklin's Tower
Little Red Rooster
Althea
Masterpiece
So Many Roads
Music Never Stopped

Iko Iko
Wave to the Wind>
Truckin'>
Spoonful>
He's Gone>
Drums>Space^>
The Other One>
The Days Between>
Around 'n Around
*Liberty
17 Songs
^w/Ken Nordine

Richfield, OH

March 14, 1993
Cold Rain & Snow
Walkin' Blues
Brown-Eyed Woman
Tom Thumb's Blues
Lazy River Road
Eternity
Don't Ease Me In

Touch of Gray
Sampson & Delilah
Way To Go Home
Corinna>
Terrapin Station>
Jam>Drums>Space>
I Need A Miracle>
Stella Blue>
Throwin' Stones>
Lovelight
*I Fought The Law+
17 Songs
+ first time

Cap Center, Landover, MD

March 16, 1993
Jack Straw
Row Jimmy
New Minglewood Blues
So Many Roads
Cassidy
Tennessee Jed
Promised Land

Scarlet Begonias>
Fire on the Mtn
Women Are Smarter
Uncle John's Band>
Jam w/o Bob & Jerry>
Drums>Space>
The Last Time>
Morning Dew>
Sugar Magnolia
*US Blues
15 Songs

March 17, 1993
Shakedown Street
Wang Dang Doodle
Lazy River Road
Desolation Row
Ramble On Rose
Eternity
Liberty

Picasso Moon
Crazy Fingers>
Playing in the Band>
Dark Star (1st verse)>
Jam w/o Jerry>
Drums>Space>
Handsome Cabin Boy Jam>
The Other One>
The Days Between>
Good Lovin'
*Lucy in the Sky
w/Diamonds+
15 Songs
+ first time

Landover, MD

March 18, 1993 CONT.
Hell in a Bucket>
Sugaree
Walkin' Blues
Broken Arrow
Loose Lucy
Masterpiece
Friend of the Devil
Music Never Stopped

China Cat Sunflower>^
I Know You Rider^
Way to go Home^
Wave to the Wind>^
Estimated Prophet>^
Terrapin Station>^
Drums>Space>^
Corrina>^
Wharf Rat>^
Throwin' Stones>^
Not Fade Away^
*I Fought The Law^
19 Songs
^w/Hornsby

Omni, Atlanta, GA

March 20, 1993
Mississippi Half-Step
It's All Over Now
So Many Roads
Me & My Uncle>
Maggie's Farm
Bird Song
Promised Land

Eyes of the World
Looks Like Rain
Lazy River Road
Truckin'>
Smokestack Lightenin'>
Drums>Space>
The Wheel>
Watchtower>
Standing on the Moon>
One More Saturday Nite
*Liberty
17 Songs

March 21, 1993
Feel Like A Stranger
West LA Fade Away
Black-Throated Wind
Candyman
Qn. Jane Approx.>
Brown-Eyed Woman
Eternity
Liberty

Samson & Delilah
Way To Go Home
Broken Arrow
St. of Circumstance>
He's Gone>
Drums>Space>
I Need A Miracle>
The Days Between>
Around 'n Around
*Baba O'Riley>
*Tomorrow Never Knows
18 Songs

March 22, 1993
Help On The Way>
Slipknot!>
Franklin's Tower>
Little Red Rooster
Althea
BIODTL
Tom Thumb's Blues
Lazy River Road
Picasso Moon

Wave to the Wind>
Iko Iko>
Corrina>
Uncle John's Band>
China Doll>
Drums>Space>
The Last Time>
Stella Blue>
Sugar Magnolia
*I Fought The Law
18 Songs

Dean Smith Ctr, Chappel Hill, NC

March 24, 1993
Jack Straw
Stagger Lee
Wang Dang Doodle
Must've Been The Roses
Memphis Blues Again
Tennessee Jed
Let It Grow

Here Comes Sunshine
Playing in the Band>
Box of Rain>
Crazy Fingers>
Jam>Drums>Space>
Spanish Jam>
GDTRFB>
Throwin' Stones>
Not Fade Away
*Lucy in the Sky
w/Diamonds
15 Songs

March 25, 1993
Touch of Grey
Greatest Story
So Many Roads
New Minglewood Blues
Lazy River Road
Mexicali Blues>
Big River
Friend of the Devil
Eternity
Liberty

China Cat Sunflower>
I Know You Rider
Women Are Smarter>
Wave to the Wind>
Terrapin Station>
Drums>Space>
Way To Go Hcme>
The Other One>
Morning Dew
*The Weight
19 Songs

Knickerbocker Stadium, Albany, NY

March 27, 1993
Hell in a Bucket
Bertha
The Same Thing
Peggy-O
Qn Jane Approx.
Broken Arrow
Loose Lucy
Cassidy
Casey Jones

Eyes of the World>
Estimated Prophet>
Comes A Time
Corinna>
Jam>Drums>Space>
The Wheel>
Watchtower>
The Days Between>
One More Saturday Nite
*I Fought The Law
18 Songs

March 28, 1993
Mississippi Half-Step
Walkin' Blues
So Many Roads
Masterpiece
High Time
Eternity
Deal

Scarlet Begonias>
Fire on the Mountain
Sampson & Delilah
Ship of Fools
Wave to the Wind>
Truckin'>
Drums>Space>
Way To Go Home
Attics>
Lovelight
*Knockin'
17 Songs

March 29, 1993
Good Times Roll
Feel Like A Stranger
Loser
Little Red Rooster
Ramble On Rose
Black-Throated Wind
Lazy River Road
Johnny B. Goode

Here Comes Sunshine
Looks Like Rain
Box of Rain
He's Gone>
Drums>Space>
The Last Time>
Wharf Rat>
Throwin' Stones>
Not Fade Away
*Liberty
17 Songs

Nassau Coliseum, Long Island, NY

March 31, 1993
Cold Rain & Snow
Wang Dang Doodle
Althea
It's All Over Now
Row Jimmy
Let It Grow

Cumberland Blues
Truckin'
Lazy River Road
Playing in the Band>
Uncle John's Band>
Drums>Space>
I Need A Miracle>
Standing On The Moon>
Sugar Magnolia
*I Fought The Law
15 Songs

April 1, 1993
Jack Straw
They Love Each Other
New Minglewood Bues
Candyman
Desolation Row
Stagger Lee
Eternity
Liberty

Iko Iko+
St. of Circumstance
Crazy Fingers>
Wave To The Wind>
Drums>Space>
Way To Go Home
The Days Between>
Lovelight
*Rain
16 Songs
+w/The Purple Dinosaur

April 2, 1993
Help On The Way>
Slipknot!>
Franklin's Tower
The Same Thing
Jack-A-Roe
Qn Jane Approx
Brown-Eyed Woman
Picasso Moon

Scarlet Begonias>
Fire on the Mountain
Women Are Smarter
Terrapin Station>
Corinna>
Drums>Space>
The Last Time>
Black Peter>
Around 'n Around
*Brokedown Palace
17 Songs



SETLISTS

Nassau Coliseum, LI, NY cont.

April 4, 1993
Midnight Hour
Sugaree
Walkin' Blues
Dire Wolf
Masterpiece
So Many Roads
Eternity
Bird Song

Eyes of the World>
Sampson & Delilah
Broken Arrow
Estimated Prophet>
Jam>Drums^>Space>
The Other One>
Attics>
Throwin' Stones
Not Fade Away
*Liberty
17 Songs

^w/Baba Olatunji & Friend

April 5, 1993
Touch of Grey
Greatest Story
Lazy River Road
Tom Thumb's Blues
Black-Throated Wind
Tennessee Jed
Music Never Stopped>
Deal

I Fought The Law
Way To Go Home
Corinna>
He's Gone>
Drums>Space>
I Need A Miracle>
Wharf Rat>
Gloria
*US Blues
16 Songs

Silver Bowl, Las Vegas, NV

May 14, 1993
Cold Rain & Snow
Wang Dang Doodle
Lazy River Road
Qn. Jane Approx.
Ramble On Rose
Black-Throated Wind
Liberty

Scarlet Begonias>
Fire on the Mountain
Way To Go Home
Corinna>
Uncle John's Band>
Jam>Drums>Space>
I Need A Miracle>
Standing On The Moon>
Sugar Magnolia
*I Fought The Law
16 Songs

May 15, 1993
Picasso Moon
Peggy-O
The Same Thing
Tennessee Jed
Broken Arrow
Bird Song

Here Comes Sunshine
Playing In The Band>
Crazy Fingers>
Playing Reprise>
Drums>Space>
Watchtower>
The Days Between>
One More Saturday Nite>
*Lucy in the Sky
w/Diamonds
13 Songs

May 16, 1993
Touch of Grey
Walkin' Blues
Althea
Masterpiece
Row Jimmy
Cassidy

Sampson & Delilah
Help on the Way>
Slipknot!>
Franklin's Tower
Looks Like Rain
Terrapin Station>
Drums>Space>
The Other One>
Wharf Rat>
Throwin' Stones>
Lovelight
*Brokedown Palace
17 Songs

Shoreline Amp. Mountainview, CA

May 21, 1993
Good Times Roll>
Feel Like A Stranger
Friend of the Devi
Me & My Uncle>
Big River
West LA Fade Away
Eternity
Liberty

China Cat Sunflower>
I Know You Rider
Jam>Way to go Home
Estimated Prophet>
He's Gone>
Jam>Drums>Space>
Watchtower>
Morning Dew
*Baba O'Reilly>
*Tomorrow Never Knows
17 Songs

Shoreline Amp, CA cont.

May 22, 1993
Mississippi Half-Step
Little Red Rooster
Brown-Eyed Woman
Broken Arrow
Supplication**
Stagger Lee
Promised Land

Foolish Heart
Women Are Smarter
Ship of Fools
Corinna>
Drums>Space>
The Last Time>
Stella Blue>
One More Sat Nite
*I Fought The Law
15 Songs

**Last played 8/14/91
Last sung 10/31/84!!

May 23, 1993
Jack Straw
Loser
It's All Over Now
Tom Thumb's Blues
Bird Song
Music Never Stopped

Iko Iko
Wave to the Wind
St. of Circumstance
Terrapin Station>
Jam>Drums>Space>
I Need A Miracle>
The Days Between>
Not Fade Away
*Lucy in the Sky
w/Diamonds
14 Songs

Cal Expo, Sacramento, CA

May 25, 1993
Bertha>
Greatest Story
Jack-A-Roe
Wang Dang Doodle
Loose Lucy
Qn Jane Approx.
Lazy River Road
Let It Grow
Don't Ease Me In

Eyes of the World>
Looks Like Rain
Way to go Home
Truckin'>
Drums>Space>
The Wheel>
Throwin' Stones>
GDTRFB>
Johnny B. Goode
*Rain
18 Songs

May 26, 1993
Sampson & Delilah
Here Comes Sunshine
Walkin' Blues
Broken Arrow
Ramble On Rose
Memphis Bls Again
Deal
Promised Land
Box of Rain
Victim or the Crime>
Crazy Fingers>
Playing in the Band>
Jam>Drums>Space>
Corinna>
Playing Reprise>
China Doll>
Around 'n Around
*Liberty
15 Songs
*Gloria
17 Songs

May 27, 1993
Shakedown Street
The Same Thing
Dire Wolf
BIODTL
High Time
Masterpiece
Cumberland Blues

Picasso Moon>
Fire on the Mountain
Wave to the Wind>
Cassidy>
Uncle John's Band>
Cassidy>
Drums>Space>
The Other One>
Wharf Rat>
Sugar Magnolia

Giants Stadium, NJ

June 5, 1993
Hell in a Bucket
Sugaree
Wang Dang Doodle
Peggy-O
Eternity
Candyman
Music Never Stopped>
Easy Answers^>
Music Never Stopped

Scarlet Begonias>
Fire on the Mountain
Way to go Home
Crazy Fingers>
Estimated Prophet>
Drums>Space>
The Other One>
Stella Blue>
One More Saturday Nite
*Box of Rain
17 Songs
^new Bobby tune

Giants Stadium, NJ

June 6, 1993 cont.
Here Comes Sunshine
New Minglewood Bls
Ramble On Rose
Broken Arrow
Masterpiece
Lazy River Road
Let It Grow

Bertha>
Good Lovin'>
Uncle John's Band>
Playing in the Band>
Jam>Drums>Space>
Corinna>
Attics of my Life
Throwin' Stones>
Not Fade Away
*Liberty
16 Songs

Palace, Auburn Hills, MI

June 8, 1993
Picasso Moon
Althea
Qn Jane Approx.
Must've Been The Roses
It's All Over Now
Bird Song

Truckin'>
New Speedway Boogie
That Would Be Something^>
Way to go Home>
St. of Circumstance>
He's Gone>
Drums>Space>
The Last Time>
Standing On The Moon>
Lovelight
*I Fought The Law
16 Songs
^'70s McCartney tune
GD only played it 9/25/91

June 9, 1993
Help On The Way>
Slipknot!>
Franklin's Tower
Little Red Rooster
Loose Lucy>
Easy Answers>
Bertha

China Cat Sunflower>
I Know You Rider
Women Are Smarter
Wave to the Wind
Terrapin Station>
Drums>Space>
I Need A Miracle>
Wharf Rat>
Around 'n Around
*Liberty
16 Songs

Buck Eye Lake, OH

June 11, 1993
Jack Straw
Foolish Heart
The Same Thing
Lazy River Road
Tom Thumb's Blues
Masterpiece
So Many Roads
Promised Land

Eyes of the World>
Playing In The Band>
Uncle John's Band>
Corinna>
Jam>Drums>Space>
The Wheel>
Watchtower>
Black Peter>
Sugar Magnolia
*Brokedown Palace
17 Songs

Rich Stadium, NY

June 13, 1993
Touch of Grey
New Minglewood Blues
Loser
Me & My Uncle>
Mexicali Blues
Broken Arrow
Tennessee Jed
Cassidy>
Deal

Samson & Delilah
Lazy River Road
Looks Like Rain
Way To Go Home
Truckin'>
Drums>Space>
The Other One>
The Days Between>
Johnny B. Goode
*I Fought The Law
18 Songs

Freedom Hall, Louisville, KY

June 15, 1993
Feel Like A Stranger
Althea
Wang Dang Doodle
Friend of the Devil
Desolation Row
Don't Ease Me In

Victim or the Crime>
Crazy Fingers>
Estimated Prophet>
Spoonful>
He's Gone>
Drums>Space>
The Last Time>
Morning Dew
*Gloria
14 Songs

DDN NOTES



•Unconfirmed reports are that Bob Weir had surgery for the removal of nodes on his throat just after the summer tour ended. (This is not an uncommon operation for singers.) Grateful Dead publicist, Dennis McNally said, "As far as I know, Bobby is having a wonderful vacation."

•By the time you read this, Mickey Hart and his wife Carol will have had their first child together. The baby is/was due in July. Congratulations! Send in those baby dyes.

•Tipper Gore recently was unable to attend Pat Nixon's funeral because she was taking her entire staff to the RFK Dead show.

•Phil Jackson, coach of the world champion Chicago Bulls Basketball team said in an interview before the game on Friday June 18, that he hoped his team could wrap up the series with tonight's game so he could take advantage of his Grateful Dead tix for Saturday.

•Ken Kesey's *Thunder* machine will make its first appearance in 10 years at the Eugene shows this August.

•Jerry recently recorded a children's story written by Stephen King (no it's not scary) called *My Pretty Pony* on Random House Books on Tape.

•On summer break, Phil competed in a Pro-Am celebrity car race, Vince went to Mexico, and Billy went surfin' on the Northern California coast.

• On the subject of outdoorsman Billy Kreutzmann, on April 21, while kayaking in the Pacific Ocean off of Mendocino he came upon a guy on a boogie board caught in a riptide and helped him to shore. Unfortunately it was surrounded by 50 ft. cliffs and they had to be picked up by ropes by the Mendocino Fire Department. Billy later made a \$100 donation to the dept.

•The new Garcia/Grisman CD is expected this fall. It will include such tunes as *Teddy Bear's Picnic*, and *Shenandoah*. It is geared toward kids but as the title says, it's *Not For Kids Only*.

•Winning tickets for the Rex Foundation Raffle were drawn on June 30 by Phil Lesh on the KPFA Grateful Dead Hour. To find out if you're the lucky winner, call 415-457-8457.

• Legendary artist Stanley Mouse recently fell ill and had to have a liver transplant. Though the operation was successful, it cost approximately \$350,000. The Grateful Dead donated half (\$175,000), and we are asking you to help, too. Any donation no matter how small, can be sent directly to: Freehand Foundation,

West America Bank, Larkspur-Kentfield Office, 1177 Magnolia, Larkspur, CA 94939, Account #0507961571. Get well cards can be sent to: Freehand, 2998 Warm Springs Rd., Glen Ellen, CA 95442. Now is the time to show this kind and giving person just how much his art has meant to all of us over the years. Dig in folks!

•Musician, poet, and philosopher, **Sun Ra**, born May 22, 1914, died in Philadelphia, May 30, 1993. He was founder, musical director, and chief composer of the *Intergalactic Archestra*. He had a lifelong dedication to art as a vehicle to consciousness expansion and fellow space travelers would do well to connect with the body of this great master's work.

• In May, longtime Deadhead, Bill Walton appeared on Wheel of Fortune Celebrity Charity Week and won approximately \$40,000+. Half the money was given to the Rex Foundation and half to Retired Basketball Players Without Pensions. Way to go, Bill!

•Jerry was at the Mill Valley Memorial Day Parade, judging floats.

• Jerry is popping up all over. He makes appearances on Bruce Hornsby's new album, *Harbor Lights*, as well as (daughter of Sonny & Cher) Chastity Bono's band Ceramo, entitled *Hang Out Your Poetry*. ♦

Louisville, KY

June 16, 1993 cont.
Cold Rain & Snow
The Same Thing
Peggy-O
Tom Thumb's Blues
Ramble On Rose
Eternity
Brown-Eyed Women
Easy Answers
Don't Ease Me In

Foolish Heart
St. of Circumstance
Lazy River Road
Corinna>
Jam>Drums>Space>
I Need A Miracle>
Stella Blue>
Good Lovin'
*I Fought The Law
17 Songs

Soldier Field, Chicago, IL

June 18, 1993
Hell In A Bucket
Sugaree
Walkin' Blues
Stagger Lee
Qn. Jane Approx.
Row Jimmy
Music Never Stopped

Box of Rain
Iko Iko
Playing in the Band>
Uncle John's Band>
Jam>Drums>Space>
Watchtower>
China Doll>
Lovelight
*Liberty
15 Songs

June 19, 1993
Touch of Grey
Little Red Rooster
Lazy River Road
Me & My Uncle>
Maggie's Farm
Broken Arrow
Deal

China Cat Sunflower>
I Know You Rider
Way To Go Home
Truckin'>
Smokestack Lightenin'>
Drums>Space>
The Other One>
Standing on the Moon>
Throwin' Stones>
One More Sat. Nite
*Rain
17 Songs

Deer Creek, Noblesville, IN

June 21, 1993
Jack Straw
Friend of the Devil
Spoonful
Jack-A-Roe
Black-Throated Wind
Loose Lucy
Eternity
So Many Roads
Promised Land

Scarlet Begonias>
Fire on the Mtn.
Women Are Smarter
Ship of Fools
Corinna>
Drums>Space>
The Last Time>
Black Peter>
Around 'n Around
*I Fought The Law
18 Songs

June 22, 1993
Help on the Way>
Slipknot!>
Franklin's Tower
Wang Dang Doodle
High Time
It's All Over Now
Tom Thumb's Blues
Tennessee Jed
Picasso Moon

Victim or the Crime>
Crazy Fingers>
Looks Like Rain>
He's Gone>
Drums>Space>
I Need A Miracle>
The Days Between>
Johnny B. Goode
Liberty
17 Songs

June 23, 1993
Good Times Roll
Hell in a Bucket
Lazy River Road
Memphis Bls Again
Loser
Broken Arrow
Easy Answers

Sampson & Delilah
Way to go Home
Wave to the Wind>
Terrapin Station>
Jam>Drums>Space>
Dark Star>
The Wheel>
Good Lovin'
*Lucy in the Sky
w/Diamonds
15 Songs

RFK, Washington, DC

June 25, 1993
Mississippi Half-Step
Little Red Rooster
Tom Thumb's Blues
Althea
Cassidy
Cumberland
Promised Land

Chinc Cat Sunflower>
I Know You Rider
St. of Circumstance>
Uncle John's Band>
Corinna>
Jam>Drums>Space>
I Need A Miracle>
Wharf Rat>
Sugar Magnolia
*The Weight
16 Songs

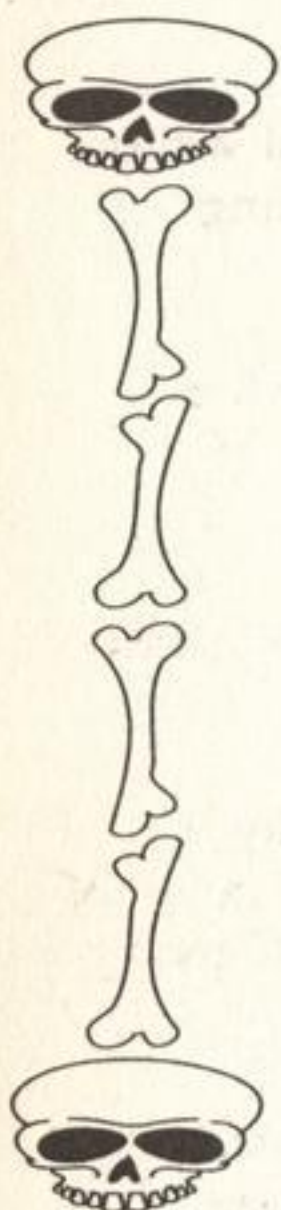
Hornsby on accordion & vocals both nights

June 26, 1993
Feel Like A Stranger
Brown-Eyed Women
Spoonful
Lazy River Road
Masterpiece
Bird Song
Picasso Moon

Iko Iko
Way to go Home
Playing in the Band>
Terrapin Station>
Jam>Drums>Space>
The Last Time>
The Days Between>
Throwin' Stones>
One More Sat. Night
*Liberty
16 Songs



?GRATEFUL?DEAD?TRIVIA?

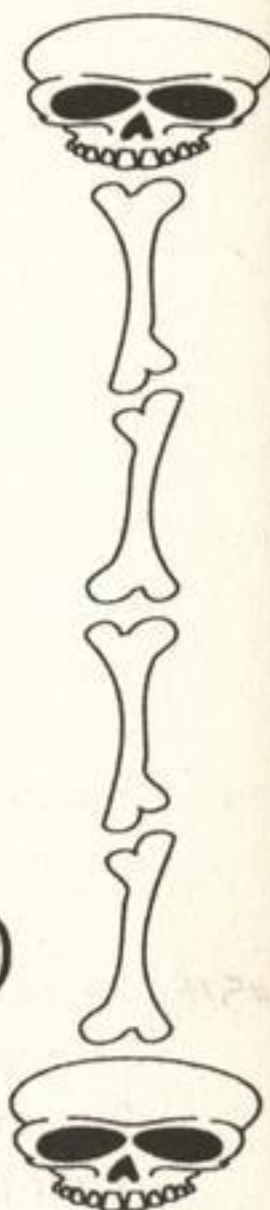


This is a contest!

The first thirteen people who write in with ALL the correct answers will win a prize, and have their name printed in our next issue!

The prizes are as follows:

- | | |
|-----------------|---|
| 1 First Prize | 1 10-pack Maxell XLIIIS 90-min Tapes (Courtesy of Terrapin Tapes) |
| 3 Second Prizes | A signed proof-print of this issue's cover of DDN by the artists (Mikio, William Giese, & Mike DuBois) |
| 9 Third Prizes | A DDN bumper sticker |



- Who was the song *He's Gone* written about?
 - Who co-wrote the words to *Unbroken Chain* and *Pride of Cucamonga* with Phil Lesh?
 - What was Grateful Dead lyricist Robert Hunter's stage name when he started performing in public in 1976?
 - What band backed up Bob Weir on his first solo album, *ACE*?
 - What was Bill Graham's birth name?
 - In which famous concert program guide are the Grateful Dead simply described as:

your ting tang frenetic friends
turn your face to the wall so
tell it to the municipal haze orchestra;
"purify with the dead" in
reaching frisco tokay atman
the last molecule madness
maybe the final fillmore upanishads...
 - Identify the only concert at which the Dead played *Mack the Knife*.
 - Identify the only concert at which the Dead played *Do You Wanna Dance*?
 - Identify the only concert at which the Dead played *Mr. Tamborine Man*.
 - Identify the only concert at which the Dead played *Banks of the Ohio*.
 - Who created the famous tie-dyed backdrops that appeared behind the Dead at the Greek Theater shows in the 1980's.
 - At which gig did the Warlocks first appear as the Grateful Dead?
- In which songs do the following words appear?**
- dead, red, fireman
 - bodhi, bandana, pearls
 - scarlet, salted, shackles
 - clowns, paradise, bread
 - mother's, pleasure, seed
 - a-jingling, ajar, boiling
 - songbirds, profusion, porpoises
 - cloudscape, coals, darkness

Send your answers with your name, address, and phone number to:
DDN Contest, PO Box 148, Purdys, NY 10578

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!*
- #24: **Interviews with Timothy Leary and Ram Dass**, 1992 Year in Review, 1992 Tape Trading Year in Review, The H.O.R.D.E. Part 1, *And more!*

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DDN 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?

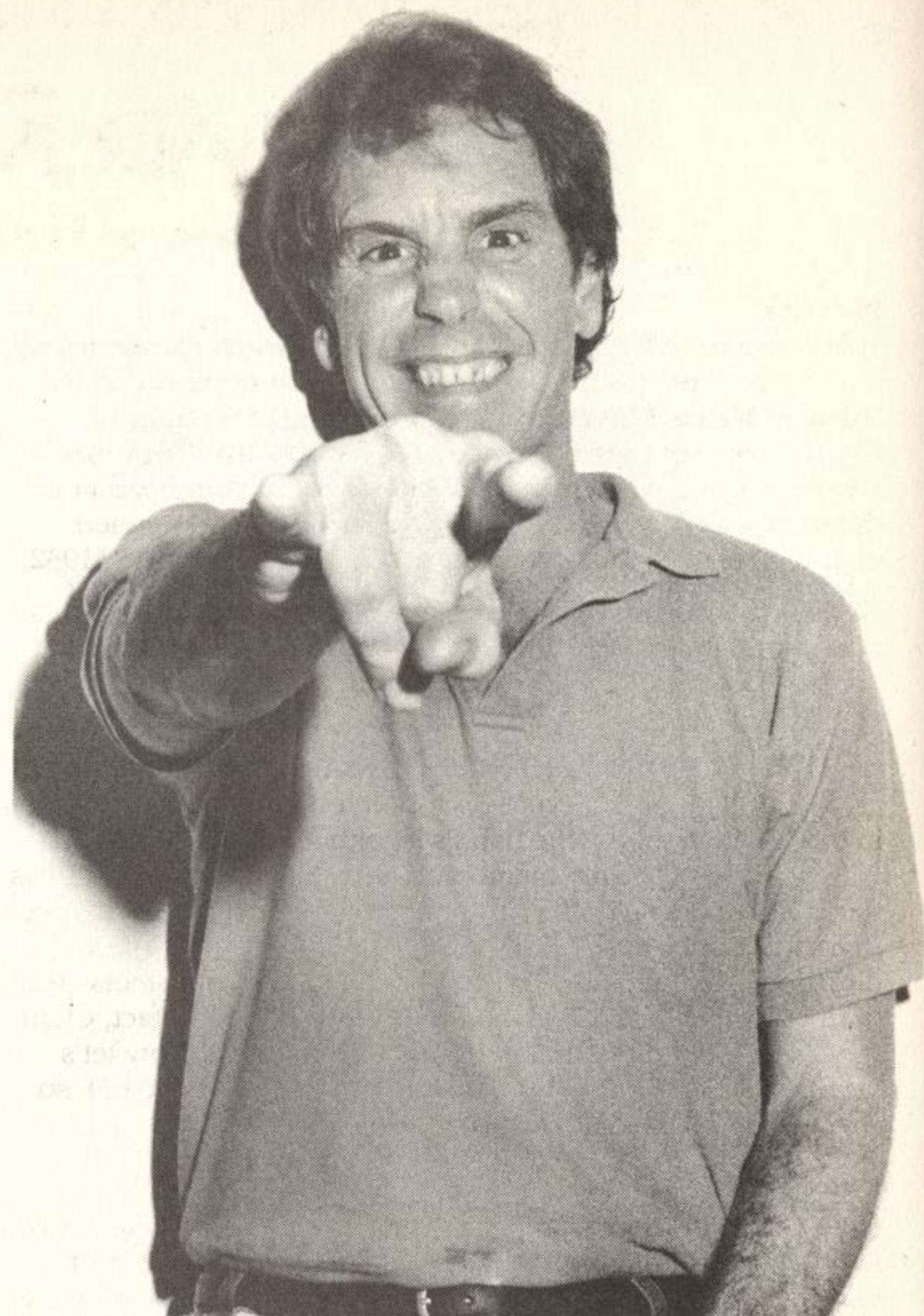


Photo by Stephanie Jennings

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

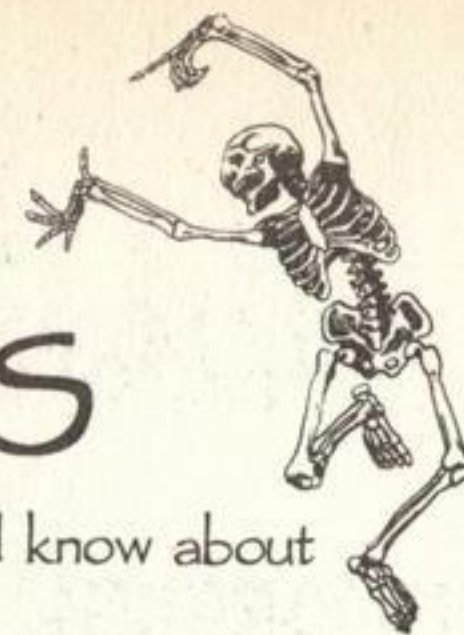
Join the CLEAN TEAM: If you'd like to really make a difference on tour, get involved with the "clean team" to do things like collect recyclables and donate the resulting money to soup kitchens in each town on tour. Send us your name and address, a list of what cities you might be catching shows in, any 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**





GET TO KNOW YOUR DEAD RELATIVES



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



POETRY

Spike magazine has printed 13 of **Robert Hunter's** previously unpublished poems in a tastefully decorated booklet entitled **Infinity Minus Eleven**. It's intriguing to read writings of Hunter that don't seem intended for Garcia's use. These are simple, elegant offerings that paint images in your head in a different way than his songs. To order, send \$6.95 (signed copies are \$8.95) to Darrin Daniel, 1951 West Burnside #1932, Portland, OR 97209.

CD RELEASES

The third **Blues Traveler** CD, **Save His Soul**, is out and it's considerably better than the second one. The first CD, while widely considered a "diamond in the rough," had some true gems on it. Many fans were disappointed in the second release in that it didn't mirror the band's legendary onstage groovin' vibe or have any really memorable cuts. Fortunately, while this new release doesn't offer any infectiously catchy tunes like *But Anyway*, it once again shows the band moving in a good direction. The lyrics are strong, and the guitarwork steers clear of the metallic sound found on CD number two (in fact, Chan sticks to more traditional blues this time around). Now let's hope this band finally gets down to putting out a live CD, so the world gets to know what they're really all about.

VIDEO GEMS

Pay attention, scholars of psychedelic history, class is in session. Key-Z Productions has just released the first in a three-part video documentary series on the Merry Pranksters. Part one of **The Merry Prankster Video** (1 hour, stereo, \$29 plus shipping) looks at the birth of the Pranksters and leads right up to the point at which they embarked upon their infamous bus trip across America in 1965. This truly captivating video set will probably become required viewing in many college American history courses on the 1960's (beats reading about Nixon any day!). Call 503-484-4315 for ordering info.

Those of you who share Garcia's passion for bluegrass music may want to check out **Bill Monroe: Father of Bluegrass Music** (90 min., \$24.90, to order call 800-467-5675). Garcia even makes a short interview appearance in this, the definitive video retrospective on the career of Bill Monroe. If you're a fan, you'll find this effort tastefully done with a lot of love and a wide smattering of historic bluegrass musical moments.

BOOKS

One of the great challenges for Deadheads is learning how to bring the sacredness of the Grateful Dead concert ritual into our daily lives. **Rituals For Our Times** by Black & Roberts (HarperCollins, 1992, \$22.50, 331 pages) is a marvelous resource guide for showing how to do this. From our daily rituals to family traditions, from celebrations to life-cycle rituals and new rites of passage, this book will show you how to bring a quality of sacredness, grace, and celebration into your daily lives.

COOL CLOTHING

So you've worn all 36 dozen different Garcia neckties to work, and you need something new to keep 'em talking 'round the water cooler. Well, then check out the new line of **Fillmore Concert Poster Ties** (\$37.50 at Bloomingdale's, Nordstrom's, and Macy's). Yes, that's right, 14 hand-sewn silk ties with artwork from the legendary Fillmore concert series. *Especially* nice is the "Doors Peacock" model (BG-75).

GET YOUR ACT TOGETHER DEPARTMENT

For those of us who aren't lucky (or crazy) enough to go on tour 365 days a year, here are two tools for self-organization and positive life transformation:

Daily Tripper, the appointment calendar and scheduling database from BrainDance Development (available from GD Merchandising for \$69 + shipping & CA tax), has great graphics, photos, and animation. It also has a nice working layout. However, it is not a stand-alone program. It needs Filemaker Pro 2.0 to run, and QuickTime to get to the really cool stuff. Some improvements might be to make it a little sleeker looking, and for it to have the ability to output to DayRunner or Filofax format. For you IBMers, it also works through Windows. If you're a computer literate Deadhead, this is something really useful and fun to add to your collection!

Awaken the Giant Within (\$12, Simon & Schuster, 538 pages), the second book by **Tony Robbins**, motivational empowerment expert extraordinaire, is now available. You may have seen this guy's late-night infomercials on TV and flipped the channel quicker than you can say, "I peaked at the Greek," but you know something? His schtick really does work. If you take *just one* of the 26 chapters in this amazingly enlightening book to heart, your life will be changed for the better forever. Tony systematically shows you how to make the sort of perspective changes that are essential in bringing about genuine positive change, be it in your physical, mental, or spiritual health, the quality of your relationships, your professional life, or your general level of accomplishment and/or peace of mind. If you need guidance in getting your act together, this step-by-step guide is a powerful catalyst.

FAN CLUBS, NEWSLETTERS

Get on the **Blues Traveler** mailing list by calling 212-582-8787.

Widespread Panic's newsletter is packed with set lists, lyrics, and news; 2351 College Station Rd., Ste 104, Athens GA 30605.

Peter Rowan's (of *Old & In The Way* fame) Mexican Air Force Fan club newsletter; P.O. Box 1918, Cleveland, TX 77328-1918.

Ziggy Marley or **The Wallflowers** mailing lists, write to Chuck, Virgin Records, 1790 Broadway, 20th floor, New York, NY 10019. ♦

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



DECLASSIFIEDS

ADOPTION: Happily married, financially secure "Deadhead" couple wish to provide a loving home and the best opportunities of life to a newborn baby. Give your baby, yourself, and us a happier future. Please call 1-800-304-1699 anytime!

FREE GIFT FROM BRINCADEIRAS When You Request A Copy of Our "Tokens of Enchantment" Catalog. Send Name and Address to **Brincadeiras**, PO Box 2281, Greenville, TN 37744.

Wanted, non-Dead, originally recorded DAT sbds, blues, rock, folk. Have super DAT shows for trade, including Canadian shows unavailable elsewhere. For trade only. Your list gets mine. DAT only pls. Marc Crozier, 1780 Eglinton Ave. East #607, Toronto, M4A 2T2, Ontario, Canada.

Hey now! Looking for tapes of the '92 Secret Fall Tour: August 14, 16, 18, 20, 22 & 24 from the U.K. Please send. A. Zielinski, 64-37 59 Ave., Maspeth, NY 11378.

Need more hi-qual tapes! Have 500 hrs. Send list to JM, 134 S. Harvey #1, Oak Park, IL 60302.

What a long, strange trip it's been from Tokyo. With love.

I know you're out there — who's got my first show 10-21-72 Vandy Univ? Please share the memory with me. Jeff 404-876-7078. Peace.

Highly wanted: Garcia Band with Phil Lesh, 6-26-81, Warfield Theater. Does a tape of this unique show exist?! G. Gura III, 1257 W. 57th St., KC, MO 64113.

Seeking Dead, Phish, BT, JGB, WSP, Bela Fleck. Have stuff to trade. Jeff Day, 6515 Wydown Blvd., Box 3464, St. Louis, MO 63105.

Need tapes, will send mine and/or blanks back (fast) work for USPS. P. O'Donnell, 172 Willow Dr., Levittown, PA 19054-3123.

Help me to grow. Please send list. Peace and love. CBD 4504 Yates Pond Rd., Raleigh, NC 27606.

Have/trade 400+ hrs highest quality sbd Dead and others. Masters through third generation. Any classic jazz out there. Ben 1008 Ockley Shreveport, LA 71106.

50+ hrs & 28 non-Dead (Phish, WSP, Blues, etc.) Your list gets mine. Jim Lamplugh, Box 1734 2000 N. Parkway, Memphis, TN 38112-1699.

Collector with large non-Dead list seeks to expand early-Dead, Eric Andersen, Leonard Cohen. R. Anderson, 305 W. 86th St. #16A, NYC 10024.

Looking for these tapes: 2/21 & 22/73 U. of Ill. 6/9 & 10/73 Wash. DC, 11/10/73 SF, 10/24/74 SF, 6/17/75 SF, Will gladly pay for postage & blanks. 707-865-1250.

Need 3/20, 21/93, 6/17/90, 4/2/90 sbd, pre-1989 sbds and 92/93 good aud. Have 600+ hrs sbd and aud masters. PV2 Brewer, 6th MP Det (Cid) Unit 27291 APO, AE 09222.

Help! Looking for 6/10-16/89 sbd, hi-qual aud of 6/29/92, 1/25-26/93, any 90-91 sbds. Have 600+ hrs. Scott Graham, 1321 Sudden Valley, Bellingham, WA 98226.

Seeking Vegas 1991 and 1992. Will send extra blanks. Sweets and my first shows. M. and Pig Bills, 544 W. Elberta Dr., Pleasant View, UT 84414.

Have sbds (1-4) want sbds (1-4) any?????s. Ken McAvoy, 984 E. Main St., Riverhead, NY 11901.

ATTN: Non-political DC Deadheads! Looking for taping pals and kind people to share GD experiences. Also RFK '92 tape needed. Peace! Michele, 3303-C Commonwealth Ave., Alexandria, VA 22305.

Jim Morrison — Limited edition print s/n by artist, 18" x 24" only \$10.00 plus \$1.50 shipping. Joel Granquist, 1000 E. Cedar Hollow Rd., Lehi, UT 84043.

Radio taper with 50+ hrs looking for more. Local traders preferred. Will respond to all lists w/same. CNC, 31799 River Park Rd., Millington, MD 21651.

Seeking hi-qual, lo-gen sbds & fm. Have 150+ hrs of same. Quick response. Beginners welcome. Jeff McDearmon, 756 West 750, S. Provo, UT 84601.

Need lists to start collection, is Help on the Way? Terry 26 Corte Del Norte, Greenbrae, CA 94904 415-461-2209. Please be kind!!!

To my brothers & sisters, I'm down and out. I'm very lonely. Your letters needed to keep this spirit alive. Will answer all replies. Deadhead, Arthur North 92A2818, PO Box 1245, Beacon, NY 12508.

800 hrs, looking for GD rarities, CSNY, Clapton, Dylan, Vaughn, and Neil. SBDs preferred, but not necessary. Send lists: C. Carlino, 138 Arbor, Somerville, NJ 08876.

Have 1000+ Dead. Need Phish and other tasty music. Rikk, PO Box 2581, Carson City, NV 89702.

Beginner looking for favorite GD, Weir/Wasserman, Phish, REM, Jerry/Bobby, all lists welcome. Will send blanks. 150 Brown St., #5, Waltham, MA 02154.

Have 200 hrs Dead. Seeking other kind traders, friends. Begs welcome. G. Schoolfield, 1140-A Johnson Rd., Frankfort, KY 40601 502-875-5463. Quality over quantity.

Who's got spring '93? Esp. Atlanta, Chapel Hill. Have 400+ hrs hq to trade. Bobby P., PO Box 51793, Durham, NC 27717-1793.

Let kindness surround me! New taper needs help! Send lists to Angela, 15301 Meadowcreek Dr. #907, Orlando, FL 32821.

Need Who tapes and good quality Blind Faith. Also Warfield 2/82. Call 718-457-1000 for travel arrangements to all shows.

Tennessee Jed's spread seeks those superior hifi-tie-die tunes from all eras. Analog masters, 1st gens and dat->analog only please. 9351 Rocky-Fork Rd., Smyrna, TN 37167. Same to trade.

DH wants to trade hi-qual sbds. Jeremy Webber, CPO 312, Whtn Col. Wheaton, IL 60187 708-510-1236.

Still looking for old gold 68-73. Have over 1200 hrs. Call 203-230-2083 or write Steve J. 440 Mix Ave., Hamden, CT 06514.

Seeking to build scientific alliance for Environmental stability. Need input, ideas, correspondence. Send friendly letters to Rich Byrne, 8059 S. Christiana, Chicago, IL 60652.

Still looking for 10/18, 10/21/88 and other favorite shows. Stefan Kieffer, Reichklarastr. 2, 6500 Mainz, Germany. Have 800 hrs.

Bob Marley. Looking for set lists from last concerts at Beacon Theatre, NY. Tapes? GB, 36 Whitehall Rd., Rockville Centre, NY 11570.

Looking for 9/3/80, 2/11/70, 3/14/81, 5/13/81. Have 100+ hrs good quality. Let's trade. 32 Foch St., Lewiston, ME 04240.

Have 300 hrs Dead. Need Radiators, Blues Traveler, Spin Doctors, Floyd. Switzer, 11120 Clark Rd., Chardon, OH 44024.

When in Albany NY, check out the clubs for "Nobody's Girls" or "Motherjudge and the Urban Holiness Society" for great original music.

Reliable trader looking to trade Blues Taveler, God Street Wine, etc. 300 hrs of same. Amy 18 Plum Beach Pt. Rd., Sants Pt., NY 11050.

1967 Aquarios would like to find tape of 2/3/67 (my birth) or nearest day thereafter. Please write: Brian Merrill, 1258 Glenlake, Chicago, 60660.

I have over 100 hrs GD & JGB live tapes. Will trade primo Deer Creek for RFK or Giants Stadium 6/20/92, 6/15/92. B. Crooks, 100 Cross St., Chestertown, MD 21620.

Looking for Bob & Rob at Clinton's Inaugural, not presently trading, but do have 500 hrs. Please write to Marc W. Gagnon, 368 Myrtle St., Manchester, NH 03104.

Reliable trader looking for any good quality tapes, esp. 70's stuff. Also need 11/7/91. Bob T., 2032 Attaway Dr., Brandon, FL 33511.

We rent recording equipment. We tape Dead concerts. You share expenses. We share tapes. Completely non-profit. CCDJ Co-op, 725 N. Viceroy Ave., Covina, CA 91723.

Have approx. 200 hrs. Have never traded through mail. Looking for some tips and/or casual traders. Ani, 3304 Willow Crescent Dr. #T2, Fairfax, VA 22030.

Need good quality 7/28/73, 9/9/91, any NRPs. Have some hot shows of my own to share. JEZ, 43 Elaine Rd., Milford, CT 06460.

Need good quality live Dead, any shows, will send tapes. Call 516-842-0763, ask for Mike.

1000+ hrs. Your list gets mine. Digital Capabilities. Need Denver & Tempe 92. OKI IKO PO Box 537, Noble, OK 73068.

Let's show we care. Help Pres. Bill clean up the mess of the last 12 years.

Kah-wam-da-meh! (We see each other) Keep your eyes & ears open for the Bead Band from Michigan.

DAT traders: full digital boards or audience masters. I prefer no smcs D/A>a/d conversion. B. Aronson, PO Box 2644, Carmel, CA 93921.

300+ hrs, looking for quality not quantity. Also have clip art (pcx) and other PC materials for trade. SDP, 7444 Perkius Greenville, Kinsman, OH 44428.

Looking for DAT>DAT traders. Dead, Phish, others. Gene M., #1301, 5501 N. 11th St., Phila, PA 19141.

Thank you to all my brothers and sisters — I am one truly grateful Deadhead.

Can't wait for Rosemont and Richfield! Roll away the dew! May the four winds blow you safely home. Keep up the great work! IKO IKO!

Have 1200 hrs, looking for hq, lo-gen., analog Dead 71-77, Phish, NPC, Solar, Tuna or any Blues. Qty a must. Jeff, PO Box 1314, Newport, RI 02840.

Newly wed flower couple seeks peacefully active new friends to share travel, experiences and companionship. Jon & Mary PO Box 586, Ho-Ho-Kus, NJ 07423.

HELP! Deadhead in Japan is seeking recent JGB and GD sbds. Write to: Austin Babcock/Midorikai, Urasenke/Ogawa-Teranouchi-Agaru/Kamikyo-ku, Kyoto 602 Japan.

Have 100+ hq hrs, need early '70s, Egypt '78, Dylart rehearsals, 1989-90, Garcia/Grisman. Clive Rex, 27 Windermere Crescent, Allestree, Derby, DE22 2SF, England.

Have 600+ hrs hi-qual sbds, looking for same. Also need upgrade 3/9/92. Brian Badger, 3331 Dudley Ave., Balto, MD 21213.

Small growing collection — would dig your lists. Yours gets mine — will send blanks. Enjoy this beautiful day! Amy, 6000 LaGarce Dr., Miami Beach, FL 33140.

Beg. wanting to start coll. will send blanks/post. Esp. 3/1/92 & any Pigpen. Alan, 4331 Conrad Dr., Spartanburg, SC 29301. Be kind.

Fast reliable trader with 200+ hrs of hi-qual (66-92) Dead and others. Your list gets mine. Dave, 31792 Lodgepole Dr., Evergreen, CO 80439.

Trusty trader looking for 4/21/69, 6/05/69, 6/24/70 and about 1000 others. Have great stuff. Jason Skejellyfetti, 210 Hillrise Dr., Penfield, NY 14526.

Philly DH needs Starlake 6/23/92 and correspondence from local Heads into Earth-based spiritual transformation. Tara, 2338 S. Broad St., 2nd floor, Phila, PA 19145.

Have 1000 hrs Dead & WSP, want more, let's trade. My list for yours. H. Moore, 1801 Slopewood Bend, Marietta, GA 30062.

DAT for DAT. Dead. All music types and sources welcome. Want Stones 81 Hampton FM off reels. Gatto, 431 3rd St., Marietta, OH 45750. Peace.

Reward for 8/2/92 Weir/Wasserman. Also have 100+ hrs to trade. Bewgs welcome. D. Beman, 420 South Main St., Nashua, NH 03060.

Hey now! Fast, reliable trader w/hq sbd, and other. Your list for my list. Matt Lockhart, 46 James River La., Newport News, VA 23606. Or call 804-595-6417.

Beginning Nakamichi trader. Your list gets mine. Don Ferguson, PO Box 22753, Luke AFB, AZ 85309. Peace.

Have excellent sbds, lo-gen, 200-300. Safe, easy trade. I'll pay BOTH postages 1st 8 tapes. B. Fuessel Jr., 264 California Ave., Mercerville, NJ 08619.

Looking to trade for hi-qual dead-non-dead. Send list for same. Zak in the Adirondacks. M. Zalocka, Box 867, Lake Placid, NY 12946.

My list gets your list. Over 300 hrs GD. Cris, PO Box 39, New Vernon, NJ 07976.

Does anyone know if there is any aid of disabled Deadheads at the shows? D. Fenberg, 3127 Taraval St. #3, San Francisco, CA 94116.

The time is here, we are it, we are on our own.

The quest continues: seeking clean tape of 7/8/87 Roanoke. Trade? KEP, Box 1061 Tallahassee, FL 32302. 5 yrs is enough?!

Be kind to yourself today — smile at one another. Kati Mae, Raleigh.

Wanted: Dead highest qual, lo-gen crispy sbds, pre-75. Also Airplane, CSNY, Who, Stones, etc. Haasen, 278 West Dr., Paramus, NJ 07652.

Looking for: 5/24/92, 5/26/77, 5/28/77, any version of Up, Up and Away or Oily Way. Lots to trade. Bob, 1367 16th Ave., SF, CA 94122.

Rosy Red and Electric Blue. Hey now, we need some tapes to trade. How bout you. Kevin/ Tascha, 220 Park St., Vine Grove, KY 40175. 49+hrs.

Baltimore area Deadhead looking to expand collection, esp. looking for tapes from 78-84. Bill, 1004 B Crimson Tree Way, Edgewood, MD 21040.

Celebrating 19 years with the band — what a great trip it's been!

Waiting for a miracle — looking for JGB 11/15/91 and 11/16/91, also Garcia/Grisman. Some to trade. J. Lambert, 15 St. Lawrence Pl., Jericho, NY 11753.

Did you get 12/6/92 or 12/5 from Tempe? Only sbd! please. Cook, 4555 Shamrock Ave., Balto, MD 21206 410-325-4566.

Looking for Shoreline, May 1991 shows. Can you help start our collection? Would like to connect. Will send blank tapes and pstg. 805-944-4798, collect.

Looking for recent east coast shows, esp. Landover and Philly. Have 50 hrs to trade. Send list to Jay Corron, 7016 Cresthave Dr., Glen Burnie, MD 21061.

DAT trades — no smcs, full digital. B. Aronson, Box 2644, Carmel, CA 93921.

Looking for hq. Have a little. Send list and for mine. Gordon Hull, 23563 Lynn St., Hayward, CA 94541.

Watch for new Kinks album "Phobia" and US tour in '93.

Have 1000+ GD, Neil, Solar Circus, Airplane parts. Want Indigo Girls. Steve, 10K Reler Lane, Somerset, NJ 08873.

Let there be songs to fill the air. Any body have 11/15/91 JGB (NYC)? Quality audience & sbd tapes. Mike H. 90 Fawnfield Rd., Stamford, CT 06903.

Trade — VHS video: Dead, JGB, SRV, Clapton, Haggard. Your list for mine. Keith, PO Box 292, Moody, TX 76557.

Need Charlotte 10/84, Chapel Hill and Omni 3/93, Hampton 4/84, Greensboro 4/81. 450 hrs. Rob Moran, 4113 New Bern Place, Durham, NC 27707.

Please help save the remaining virgin forests in the upper peninsula of Michigan! Write to Upper Peninsula Environmental Coalition, PO Box 34, Houghton, MI 49931.

Need Weir solo, Weir and Wasserman, Bobby and Midnites, JGB. Have 200 hrs GD to trade. John, 643 Blue Forest Hill, Burlington, Ont., Canada L7L 4H4.

Beginner looking for tapes, esp. Brent-era and shows where Phil thunders. Have some to trade. Hair Woodfin, PO Box 2019, Mississippi State, MS 39762.

Looking for clean, crisp, complete pre-75. Any takers? Send list to A. Blackman, 127 Virginia Ave., Clifton, NJ 07012. Thanks to all. Peace!

Deadhead lost everything and wheelchair bound. Would be grateful for HQ tapes. Have blanks, postage & thanks. A. Eavly, 1225 S. Caldwell St. #815, Charlotte, NC 28203.

Earthtone drums Deadhead seeks tapes of Mickey playing my lg. ceramic drum, trade for drum; any planet drum, 4/27/91, 6/9/91, 6/14/91, 4/20/93. 407-740-5301, Jesper.

Have 100+ hrs of Dead. Need more! Quick & reliable. Send list to: Brian, 2306-26 St., Kenosha, WI 53140.

Want to trade with anyone and everyone. Seeking 11/8/70, 4/29/71, 8/27/72, 11/19/72, 11/10/73, 10/18/74, 6/9/77. 1/22/78. VERY reliable. Thanks! Lance, 1022 Kearney, Manhattan, KS 66502.

Wanted: GD photos/postcards. Contact Rick. 939 N. Greene Ave., Lindenhurst, NY 11757.

Want: U2, GD, Trip Shakespeare, Springsteen. Have: 60 hrs GD, 60 hrs U2, others. Your list gets mine. John, 1225 Vine St., LaCrosse, WI 54601.

My 1st — Aug. '74 Roosevelt Stadium. Mom's 1st — 1st & 2nd Shoreline shows, May '92. Are you kind? Mike Hall, PSC 810 Box 11, FPO, AE 09619-3200.

Need more Phish, Max Creek, King Crimson, T. Rex, Yes, Al DiMeola and the like. Have 100's quality hours. CC Mock, 218 Topeka Rd., Pensacola, FL 32514-3146.

Looking to trade thoughts and tapes with kind Heads. Robert Kifchin, 911A 3769 Base Hill Corr. Facility, Lady Rd. PO Box 20, Malone, NY 12953.

Looking for live Garcia/Grisman, Poi Dog and Cowboy Junkies. Pam and Gary Austin, 511 N. 74th St., Belleville, IL 62223.

Hey guys, you sound great now, as you always did. Jerry, stay well, we love you. Keep on truckin'. Don't fade away. Jennifer.

Busted 6/29/93 Deer Creek, 8 months jail, 2 years house arrest. Unable to do favorite thing — TOUR! Need tapes bad. Robert Doney, 1843 1/2 52st South, St. Petersburg, FL 33707.

Need the following hq sbds only please or DAT. 9/24/73-II, 11/2, 3/84, 10/12/84-I, 6/25/91-II, 12/28/91-II, 9/9/87-I. J. Wojnowski, 20 Farmbrook Dr., Rochester, NY 14625.

Have new-want old, I have spring and summer and winter '92. Trade for old. Randy Litton, 5143 Collins Ct., Lilburn, GA 30247.

Have 250 hrs to trade. Thanks, peace. Mike Meyer, 7572 E. Larkspur, Scottsdale, AZ 85260.

Looking to go over 100+. Some '71 shows, more recent hq midwest shows. Andy, 2212 W. Homer St. #2, Chicago, IL 60647.

Lots of hi-qual to trade fast and reliable. Your list gets mine. Jon K. 2931 Cedar Knoll Ct., Minnetonka, MN 55305.

New trader looking for hi-qual 12/1/66, 4/18/70, 3/28/72, 12/12/81. Are you kind, let's trade lists. Will Shurts, 1500 Cleary Dr., Ponca City, OK 74604.

Be kind your list gets mine. Any size have 60+ hrs and videos. Bill, 24 Burden Cres. Ajax, ON L1S 3T8 Canada.

"Mercy, mercy me," let's ascend the rainbow and come together to cease discrimination in all of its abhorrent forms.

K&K: Tryin' to figure out the new stuff. April Fools '93 Run, Deer Creek and Star Lake '92. 400+ 137 S. Bryant #3, Pittsburgh, PA 15202.

Rockies so fine, but no tapes to be had! 500+ hrs hq GD JGB. Serious, quick, reliable. Stuart, 1870 Fourwheel, Whitefish, MT 59937. Please help!

Have 1500 hrs mixed. Want more folk, blues, world beat, NRBQ, van, surv RA, waits, prine, zappa. I'm stoked. Woods, PO Box 303, E. Norwich, NY 11732.

Brand new trader. No tapes yet. Hope to start collection. All bands, not just GD boots. Please write: Peri, 21 Chestnut St., Boston, MA 02108.

Starting tape coll. Will send tapes, please send lists. Have over 40 great boot cds to copy. Call 205-236-4168. Ryan, 215 Douglas Dr., Anniston, AL 36201.

In need of Giants '93. Have 450+ hrs to trade. All beginners & correspondence welcome. Fast & reliable. Vic, 13 McNeil Rd., Bethel, CT 06801.





Need more Dylan, GD, JGB. 850 hrs to trade. Send all lists, esp Dylan. Chid, 101-L Stephanie Dr., Cary, NC 27511.

Phish Head seeks Phish 4/27/93, Toronto. Have/want all Phish, Dead, Allmans. Many HQ hrs to

trade. FEE, 14 Elderwood Dr., Toronto, Ontario M5P 1W5 Canada.

Starting my collection some good shows & complete album collection on cd. Looking for my first show 6/26/87 Alpine Valley, WI. Chuck 708-276-7928.

It's Rev. Jack up here near the Arctic Circle pastoring another church. It's hard to get to shows, so let's trade. J. Russell, 708 Trott Ct., Ft. Wainwright, AK 99703.

CQ Deadheads CQ Deadheads 750 hrs to trade. Beginners welcome. 73 & 88 deN4YKD 4120 Mangalore Dr., #401, Annandale, VA 22003.

Possess tons of hq sbds. Want more pre-75 and 93. Rads, Doors, Allmans. Fast, reliable. Del, 820 Aumono Place East, Augusta, GA 30909-3220.

Is help on the way. I hope so. Need 4/15/88, 9/19/90, 12/16/92. Let it grow! Tom Staroba, 415 E. Church Rd., A-10, Elkins Park, PA 19117.

Still need LA 6/1/91. Stephanie Schultz, 2501 W. Sunflower, M-1 Santa Ana, CA 92704.

Have 1500+ hrs. Looking for more boards. Please send me your list. D. Starr, 1385 York Ave., NYC 10021 #4G.

Hey now. Have 200 hrs of Dead on tape. Will exchange my list for your list. Dave, 2045 Lakeshore Blvd., #4403, Toronto, Ontario M8V 2Z6 Canada.

Looking for hi-fi video of 12/31/87 and 6/21/89. Dave Linehan, 112 Hillside Ave., Brockton, MA 02402-4026.

Looking for reliable traders to help me out. Need Oct. '80 Warfield Acquistics JG shows. Send list, I'll send blanks and postage. Jason Rich, 410 Hanna Way, Bel Air, MD 21014.

VIDEOS FOR TRADE — HQ Albany '92 & rare European TV '81 & Bill Graham Benefit '91 plus S.R. Vaughan & others. Will trade for other Video or Audio 3 90's x 1 Send lists! T.M. PO Box 6043, Kingston, NY 12401.

Have/want crispy sbds/dats. 1000 hrs to trade. Mike Ryan, 3221 Military Rd. NW, Wash, DC 20015.

Be kind, help get me started. Send lists, I will send blanks/postage. Valoise, 2002 Fair Park, Little Rock, AR 72204.

Looking for highest sound quality only. Have 650 hrs of same to trade. A. Akin, 2028 Greyfield Dr., Kennesaw, GA 30144.

Beg. trader needs Jerry fix. 100 hrs all hq. Fast & reliable. Looking for 87-93 and Halloween 92. Brandon Crovell, 5025 Scaolmeyer Rd., Yreka, CA 96097.

Looking for sbds. Have 800+ hrs GD/JGB. Want Las Vegas/Summer & Oakland 92. Your list gets mine. Daniela Lane, Am Fischstein 49, 6000 Frankfurt 90, Germany.

Hey now lets do some trading. Have 150+ hrs to trade for Dead, JGB and Creek. Beg welcome. Tim Carroll, 175-2 Meriline Ave., Waterbury, CT 06705.

Looking 4-Lee Derbyshire & Chris Hartmann. Last seen-Chico 6/92. Any info, call 716-285-1051 or write: 710 Division Ave., NF, NY 14305 Rocco.

325 hrs+. Looking for more high qual 74-93. All lists answered, please send lists to Benny LoScalzo, 2879 LaSalle Ave., Bronx, NY 10461.

Have complete Dead performing Natl Anthem at Candlestick Pk on video. Will trade for Dylan tribute video etc. Tom, PO Box 3226, Oakland, CA 94609.

Need '92-'93 lo-gen sbds. Have 1200 GD & JGB, mostly sbd and lo-gen auds. Need also VHS videos! All lists answered. Send to Rudi Tewes, Langewiese 11, W-4414, Sassenberg, Germany.

Med Head w/150 hrs of quality dead to trade w/ all. N. COnTi, 45 Kenwood Rd., Garden City, NY 11530.

Seeking hq tapes only. Happy to trade or will send blanks/postage. Fast & reliable. Chris Chernesky, 22-5 Valley Rd., Drexel Hill, PA 19026.

Have many tapes. Always looking to expand. Send lists to: Carl, 555 84th St., Bklyn, NY 11209.

Trading GD posters, mags, memorabilia. Esp. want Relix yrs. 75-77 or your duplicate items. Mike Maynard, 16004 Oak Arbor, Buda, TX 78610.

Wanted: JGB 12/31/74 and 3/2/91. 1000 hrs to trade. L. Richter, 311 Front St., N. Redwood, MN 56283.

Desperately seeking Calvin & Hobbes "Sunshine Daydream" t-shirt from spring '92 tour. Will trade tapes, 1500 hrs. Joe, 5636 N. Muscatel Ave., San Gabriel, CA 91776.

Reliable 600+ hrs. Examples 73, 81, 83. Good quality. Seek same. 14159 Pineforest #102, N. Royalton, OH 44133.

Help! Looking for someone kind to help build my collection — GD, JGB, Hot Tuna. Will send blanks with many thanks. Andrea, 910 1/2 7th St. N., Fargo, ND 58102.

Long Beach CA Head. 40 hrs live Dead/JGB, various quality seeks LB area Heads 4 friendship, trades & travel. Dave 310-431-4458.

Tape Head wants tape list of the Dead & Jerry Garcia. 1000+ hrs. Gary, PO Box 551355, Dallas, TX 75355-1355.

325+ hrs Dead. Good qual. Looking for '91-93. Fast & very reliable. Paul Angelilli, 234 Pembroke Dr., Yonkers, NY 10710.

Desert Deadhead looking to trade — your list gets mine. 250 hrs. Steve, 1139 N. Madrid Ln., Chandler, AZ 85226.

Peace on you.

Respecting Mother Earth, we are careful with our belongings: Granny says use it up — wear it out — make it do — do without.

Sugar Magnolia is a flower of the imagination.

Please leave your dogs and cats at home — don't bring them to shows — it's not fair to them!

Need my first show! Indpls. 12/7/79. Your list gets mine. Be kind! David, PO Box 2274, Petrified Forest, AZ 86028.

DAT traders only. Tom 216-371-7767 or 716-357-8312.

Just gotta poke around. Let's trade. Moose S. of PA. Send list, get mine. 406 W. Madison St., Caotesville, PA 19320.

Have Dead, Tuna, Allmans. Need Floyd, Cream, etc. Your list gets mine. Good QLTY only. Pete Cronin, 144-02-256 St., Rosedale, NY 11422.

Spin that wheel. Chicago Head seeks more gems. Have 850+ hrs. w/ various artists. Paul Fischer Jr., 443 Highcrest Dr., Wilmette, IL 60091.

Possess tons of hq sbds. Want more pre-75 and 93, rads, doors, allmans. Fast, reliable. Del, 820 Aumond Pl. E., Augusta, GA 30909-3220.

Fast! Responsible! Will send blanks or trade. New sbds. JD, 310 Ocean Ave., Cape May Point, NJ 08212.

Looking for 11/3/65, 11/8/70 Electric, 3/25/72, 7/28/73, 3/23/74, 8/28/82. Have lots to trade. Paul and Debbie, 216 Hexam St., Cambridge, Ontario, Canada N3H 4A2.

Grateful Dead Wanted: 8/21/68, 2/14/69, 2/21/69, 4/5/69, 5/24/69, 6/7/69, 6/13/69, 8/20/69, 9/6/69, 11/8/69. Lists to Paul Steinberg, 67 Lawson Ave., East Rockaway, NY 11518.

Don't want to be treated this old way — Be kind and respect your fellow Head — Think how your actions affect others. Good Lovin'!

Always looking to meet/trade w/DC area Heads. H. Park, 1249 S. Carolina Ave. SE, Wash, DC 20003.

Some wonderful person must have my first show! 8/2/76 Colt Park, Hartford, CT. Jeff Piazza, 61 Thayer Rd., Belmont, MA 02178.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best all things both great and small; for the dear God who loveth us, He made and loveth all." — S.T. Coleridge.

When seeking a fellow Deadhead on the road, honk & wave — nothing left to do but smile smile smile. Dana, Wilmington, Delaware.

Have 250 hrs. Need more. Esp. need Deer Creek 6/29/92, other Dead, and Weir, Hart, JGB. Steve Alcorn, PO Box 354, McKee, KY 40447.

Brewer w/1700 hrs seeks Phish, GD, JGB, Blues, Bluegrass. Stan, PO Box 181, Bridgewater, VT 05034, long trail, the kind ale.

Jeff in Mpls! Where are you? I really want tapes of Chicago & spring 93. Larry 338-0871.

Let's trade tapes! Have 3000 hrs Dead and others. Larry Steele, 201 E. 86th St., #26-F, NYC 10028.

Need places to stay all over U.S. Please write JD 32 N. Butcher St., Irvington, NY 10532.

Will send anything for 1st gen copy of 4/2/92 Nassau (no Dolby please). Greg Kline, 31 Oxford Lane, Harriman, NY 10926.

Casual Trades — Mike Taylor, 23 Hickory Rd., Coventry, RI 02816.

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

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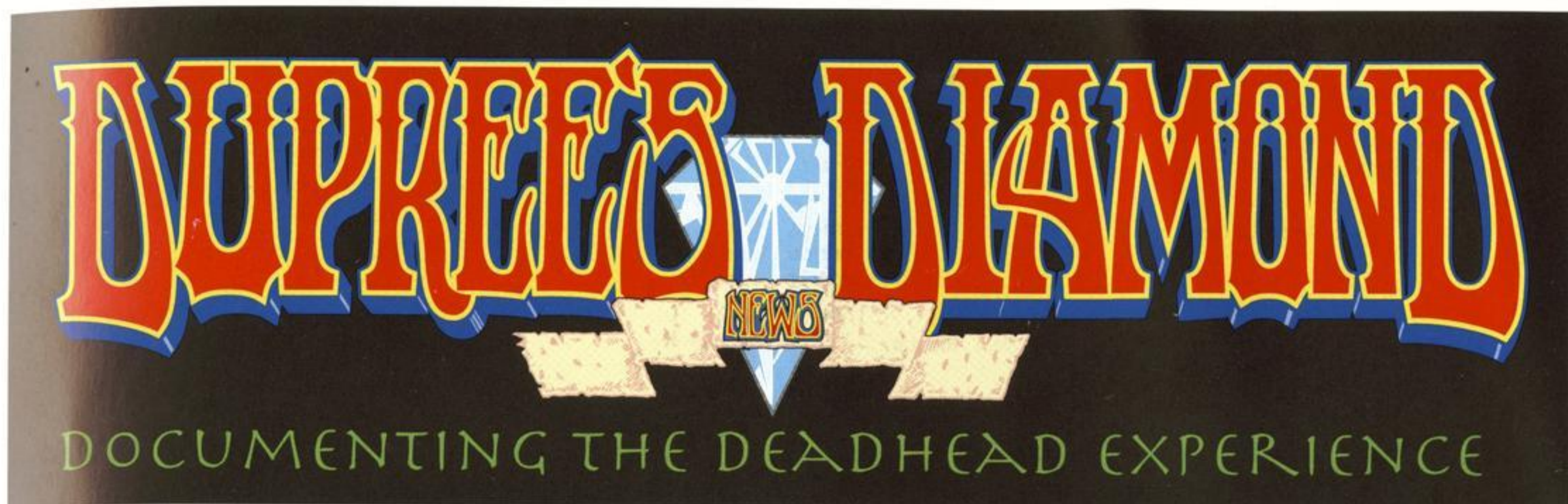
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