

Interviews with **DAVID CROSBY & BRUCE HORNSBY**

# DUPREE'S DIAMOND

NEWS

DOCUMENTING THE DEADHEAD EXPERIENCE



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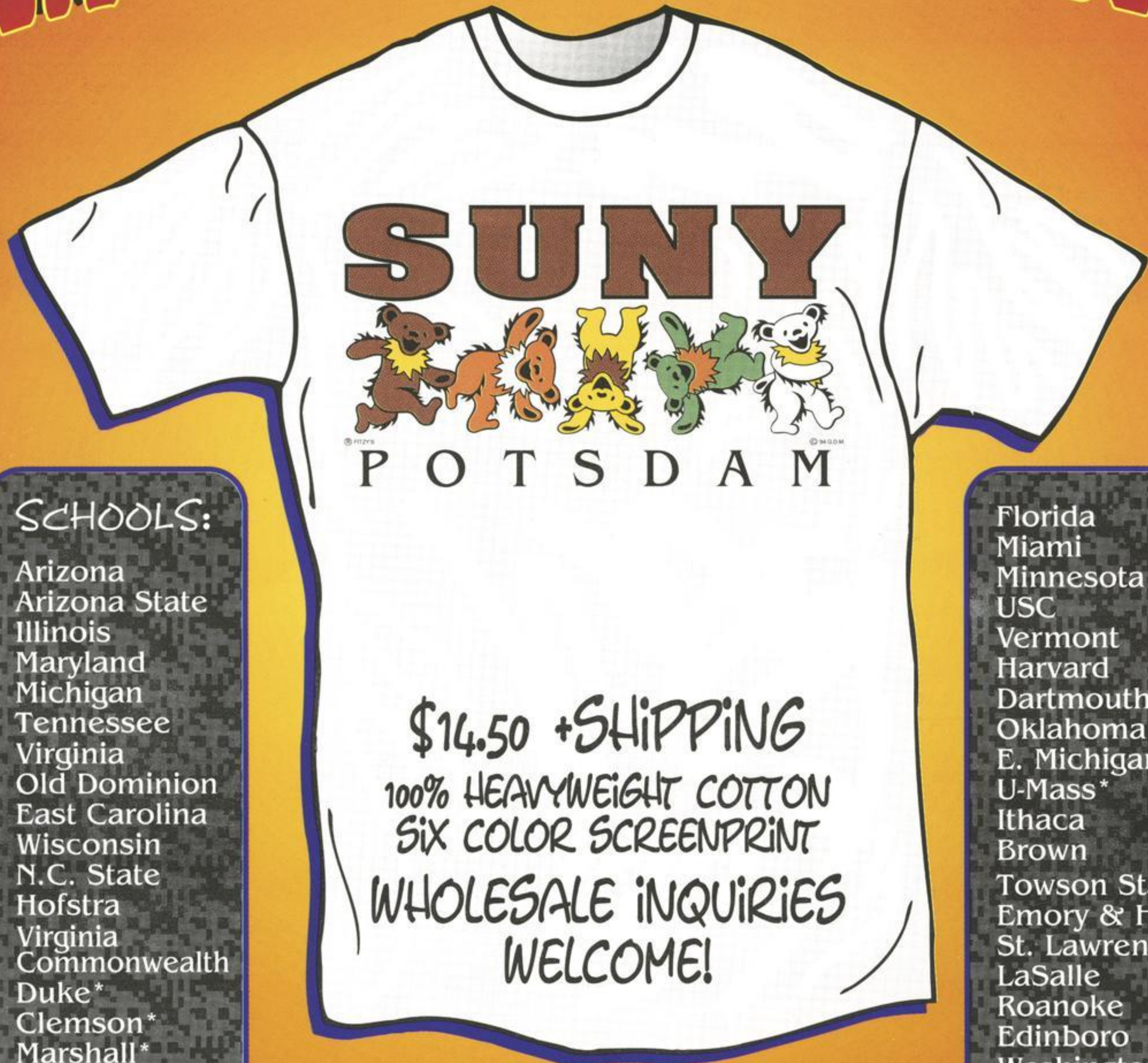
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# DUPREE'S

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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, and do not fold. We maintain the right to decide the appropriate use of all materials submitted and will not return unless requested at the time. 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. And we do not advocate the use of illegal drugs. ♦



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ICI by Alyson Williams and Sally Ansonge Mulvey ♦



# LETTERS TO THE DEADITOR

Dear DDN:

I need to reply to Kevin Perry of Boise, Idaho. He marred an otherwise nice letter with an attack on "dirty Deadhead beggars who go on tour but probably see no actual shows because they were stupid enough to not get a ticket under their own will-power" and he concludes this hasty portion of his letter with the advice to "get a damn life." I am not stupid. In fact, I'm a Cornell graduate with straight As in my major. I'm also not dirty, although I have at times owned nothing, slept on beaches, in parks, and in the woods or the desert, and worn raggedy clothes. ("Dirty Deadhead" sounds oddly like the slur "dirty hippie," common among rednecks in the 60's). Although I've been a Deadhead since 1967, it was not until 1979 (a year after returning from India) that I chose to follow a Dead tour with no money. I washed my clothes in gas station bathrooms or rivers — hence was never "dirty" — and my food, herbs, and Dead tickets were freely offered to me by my Deadhead brothers with money, usually without my even having to ask — hence I was not a "beggar." I DID get to see all the shows, with only one exception.

Living "on the road" is a noble, old American tradition, from the hobo of Woody Guthrie's '30s to the beatnik of Kerouac's '40s and '50s to the hippie of the late '60s-early '70s era, and God-willing, it will never die. It is the all-American equivalent of the Sadhus in India, who wander and renounce all material possessions for the sake of a spiritual ideal. Obviously such a life is not for everyone, and someone has the dharma (fate, Karma, duty)

of paying the bills, and most "dirty Deadheads" (sic) only stick with that path for a few years. Still, such people deserve respect for sleeping out in the cold, being persecuted by cops, occasionally going hungry, or missing the show. Some people merely listen to songs about living the high, free life. Others actually live it. LISTEN to *Jack Straw* about 100 times, brother. READ about Neal Cassady — the man who Jerry called his guru. And remember, as J.R.R. Tolkien said, "All that is gold does not glitter, and all who wander are not lost."

Sincerely,  
Michael Bear Carson, Folsom Prison

P.S. Neal's three rules of life were:

1. Stay high
2. Keep moving
3. And give everything away

*Deaditor's reply: Perry's comments regarding "Deadhead beggars" may have burned with judgmental contempt but there is a very valid point beyond his words. We here at DDN believe the Grateful Dead Experience evolved in part according to a libertarian philosophy; in other words, people should be able to do whatever they want, so long as their actions harm no others. Unfortunately, it's much harder these days to live the hobo life without laying one's burden on those who don't wish to support it. And from what we've seen, most Deadhead gypsies don't come close to embodying the sensitivity toward others that you seem to have.*

*Unfortunately, your correlation between Indian Sadhus and Deadhead gypsies just doesn't play out in real life. Most of the Sadhus I met in India devote their lives to serious daily meditation, prayer, and sexual abstinence as they pursue their holy pilgrimages. Very, very few Deadhead gypsies live such a disciplined lifestyle, much less pursue genuine enlightenment. I am also concerned by your letter in that it seems to interpret the song Jack Straw as a positive example of those who live life on the road. When read on the page the words to Jack Straw clearly tell a tale about cold-blooded murder, not one but two. As the song goes, "Ain't no winner in the game..." If anything, Jack Straw warns against life on the road.*

*These days there are many, many more Deadhead gypsies on tour than ever, people whose hobo lifestyle is now present in such a huge way that it causes a serious burden on other people and our scene in general. When the Dead pull into town, local food banks*

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and survival centers are often deluged with hungry, poor Deadheads. And a whole lot more people are gate-crashing, just hanging out in the parking lot, and sleeping where they're not supposed to, all of which is a direct burn on a band that implores us not to do these things because it makes their jobs much harder. We have great compassion for those who are truly disadvantaged in life, but the way most tour gypsies choose to lay their trip on our collective community is just not fair.

Perry may be caught by the trap of feeling hatred instead of compassion, but he is justified in being upset. Deadhead gypsies need to re-examine the ways in which they choose to do their thing. Laying one's trip on others runs contrary to the very essence of what the Grateful Dead Experience is really all about.

Furthermore, history will surely look back at Cassady and Garcia as remarkable men, but not necessarily men whose lifestyles and personal habits should be emulated. I humbly offer you the following revisions to Neal's rules of life with the hope that this revised perspective might help us all live more gracefully than either Neal or Jerry have managed:

1. However high or low you get in life, do so with love, humor, and sensitivity toward others
2. Move with grace, turn all the motions of your life into a dance
3. Live simply, don't get caught up in attachment ◊

Dear DDN:

Dwork's *Deadiation* in last issue made a point long overdue. I've been listening to various forms of bitching, whining, and complaining since my first show in 1972. In fairness to the post-1980 Deadheads and today's whiners, they probably wouldn't complain about repeated songs if the Dead played 20-30 songs per night for three to four hours like they did in 1972, 1973, and 1974. Also, the Dead only had about half as many songs in the pre-1974 years as they have now.

Perhaps a better analogy for Dwork would have been 1979-80 when *Estimated > Eyes* and *Black Peter* were played every other night. I used to rag on the whiners by saying that I hope they play *Estimated > Eyes* and *Black Peter* every night.

Regarding the resurfacing of "old" songs, it cracks me up how a mediocre version of *Dark Star* will "make" a show for some fans. The same applies to the unjammed *Here Comes Sunshine*. Wouldn't you rather hear a blistering show of repeats than a poor show with weak oldies?

Dwork's probably correct on the ratio of one show out of five being a great show. I believe, however, that the show that is "great" will differ from person to person. Other than a few universally accepted tremendous shows each year, Deadheads

rarely agree on show quality. Where you sat, who you were with, how high you got, what songs they played that you like, all play a part in each person's perception of a show. For example, I know a dude who thought Barton Hall 1977 stank!

Overall, Dwork is correct. Quit complaining, people. It's not what they play, it's how they play it. Enjoy what's put out there. The next time you hear some song too often, imagine being me, stuck in South Texas, 1,000 miles from the closest show and with a job that puts me in court every Monday morning. To me, every song the boys play is a treat, so it should be for all of us.

Scott Jones, Texas ◊

Dear Dupree's:

After much deliberation, I decided to sit down and write you to show just what the Dead can mean to someone at a weak time. Recently I found myself in a battle to quit a controlled substance that I won't go into great detail about. Anyway, I found myself in the middle of tremendous pain and suffering as a result. After nearly going out of my mind with the desire to see my hookup, I decided to jump in my truck and go for a drive. I threw in 4/5/93, set 1 (that's right, the monster first set from Nassau in 1993). As *Tom Thumb Blues* was being prepared by the Dead, the pain in my body would not allow me to forget it. As Phil began [singing], I felt a strong sense of strength filling into me. As the song progressed I found myself becoming painless. The farther *Tom Thumb* went on the greater I felt. I found myself laughing, singing, and filled with the chills, the courage, and knowledge that I was going to make it. By the end of the song I was completely painless and astonished by it. Of course, reality interjected and I was soon quite riddled with pain again. However, I knew that during the song I had crossed the line and it turns out I did. I never went back to that nasty old hook. As

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Phil says, "I do believe I've had enough." Know when you've had enough. Be smart and be careful. See you around the show.

Peter Sansone  
617 Hope Street  
P.O. Box 207  
Bristol, RI 02809

P.S. Beginning tapers — send blanks and I'll tape for free. No 3:1 ratio. I have "70-94" SBDs. ♦

Dear Fellow Freaks,

Greetings from the "worker's paradise." I am a Peace Corps volunteer in the Ukraine, teaching English and hosting my own radio program on Radio Art Kiev, Ukraine's only independently owned radio station. People in this town know me by my radio handle, *Johnny Kashmar* or Johnny Nightmare (if you were to translate *Kashmar* into English). Along with Trey Avens, a cool cat from Oklahoma and fellow Deadhead who hosts the country western show, *Cowboy in Kiev*, we are, as far as we know, the only American DJs with gringo shows originating in Eastern Europe. On January 19, 1994 I blew out the former Communist airwaves with what must have been the CIS's first ALL Dead format show. The response was great. The Dead are virtually unknown here and you just can't find Dead albums. While I have made connections with other Deadhead PCs in Hungary, obviously our musical library is limited to what we can trade amongst ourselves. I have managed to pick up some great Polish bootlegs of Nirvana and Pearl Jam but times are tough all over. I appeal to the old Yippie spirit and ask DDN readers to send me any cool music you can spare. The Eastern European Freak Scene is growing stronger and like our American counterparts we are on the front lines working for real world peace. Put your tapes where your mouths are. Also, the schools here have absolutely no English language materials. Help, if you can spare it. I miss all you guys. See you in '95.

Mark C. Hall  
Peace Corps, Ukraine  
PO Box 204  
252001 Kiev I  
Ukraine

P.S. Pres. Bill Clinton greeted us PC folk at Kiev airport. He was way cool, going out of his way and busy schedule to shake our hands. The Russian Shapka he wore on his head in Kiev and

Moscow is mine! He graciously and humorously accepted it. Thanks, Bill, for making our day! ♦

Dear DDN:

Just some thoughts of my own on the 2:1, 3:1 tape-trading issue. When I was just beginning to trade, I remember mailing out literally dozens of letters and getting either no answer or a note that began, "I'm sorry, but..." Then, I got a note back from this guy asking me either to write back in a few months when he might have fewer trading commitments or, if I didn't want to wait, to send two tapes for every one now. Needless to say, I did that, and I haven't regretted it once. (I got three of my favorite tapes that way.)



That said, although I have been tempted many times to offer the same deal — and although I actually have offered it once or twice with no response — I have never felt good about it. For me, perhaps the best reason for not offering 2:1 "deals" is that I just don't feel right about them. Such "trades" aren't, ethically speaking, too cool, though they might be an option for a desperate and demoralized beginner. The decision to accept such an offer is one that should be made individually and without looking back, I think. I made that decision once, I will not make it a second time, and I remain willing to do, as you say, the occasional handful or even box full of tapes for a beginner. When I do this, it is because I still recall that time when I only had eight or 10 late '80s tapes that sounded like they were 40 or 50 generations away from their source, and because it made me feel good to spread the groove.


Just my 2¢,  
Jim Lamplugh, Memphis, TN ♦

Dear DDN:

I have been a Dead fan for many years now. In this time, I have grown to admire Phil Lesh not only for his musical talent, but for his intelligence, awareness, and musical diversity. When he makes a comment like "those bands don't sound very psychedelic to me, because I haven't heard any of them really stretch out much, jam out," in reference to a question about neo-psychedelic bands, it leads me to believe that he has never heard any live material by Phish.

J. Pugh, Mt. Pleasant, SC ♦

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# DEADICATION

With much forethought, debate, and concern, we have chosen to make drug use and abuse the main focus of this issue. This is no small deal for us. We know there are those of you who'd rather get nothing but band news and reviews. There may even be parents who'll cancel their kids' subscriptions. But the purpose of Dupree's is to document the Deadhead Experience, and drugs are every bit as much a part of our subculture's experience as they are part of Western society in general. Despite all the hyperbole, drug consumption is a facet of almost everybody's daily existence. It's been suggested that intoxication is the fourth major human instinct, along with hunger, thirst, and sex. Since Western society's views on drug use and abuse are so thoroughly skewed, so completely polarized and unproductive, we think it's vital to at least attempt to provide a sane, logical, and constructive perspective on the issue.

Articles in this issue cover a range of topics about drug use and abuse, and together they comprise an empowering message. Our lead article, **A Middle Path Solution to the Drug Crisis**, suggests one logical solution to this planet-wide dilemma.

As we've told you before, Deadheads have been singled out by the DEA as easy targets in the drug war because, unlike gun-toting crack dealers, they are risk-free targets. As a result, thousands of non-violent Deadheads are serving outrageously inappropriate prison sentences, more severe than those being handed down to violent predators, because of the mandatory minimum sentencing guidelines. It's important that we join forces together as activists in standing up for fellow Deadheads. Our **FAMM Update** article tells you how.

One of the things that sets the Grateful Dead Experience apart from most other musical/social phenomena in this culture is that for many Deadheads the Experience is a spiritual path. And since the band got its start with the synergistic help of psychedelic drugs, some Deadheads take such drugs as spiritual sacraments. In **The Psychedelict** the argument is put forth that ingesting such substances as part of a spiritual practice should be a constitutional right, which it is not.

One of the most beautiful things ever to occur within our community is the formation and evolution of the Wharf Rats, the drug-free support group now found at every single Dead concert. It's inspiring to see this grass-roots network give those of us who need it the strength to go drug-free at concerts. In **You Don't Need Dope To Dance**, one Wharf Rat tells her own story of struggling with drug dependency and her success in learning how to get high without drugs. This may be one of the most important lessons we can learn.

In **Truckin' to A Higher Consciousness** Prem Prakash reminds us that we must be mindful to keep on a path of making the most of our lives. It's easy to "get high" by using drugs, or so we think. But often, we actually hurt ourselves by doing things the easy way. It's much harder to get high *responsibly*, and sometimes it's harder still to know when to *not* get high. Prem Prakash sheds his usual clear light on how we need to consciously work at making our dance through life ever more elegant.

One of the saddest results of our society's skewed relationship with drugs is the number of people who have bad experiences with psychedelics. In many other cultures these drugs are taken as spiritual medicine. Much forethought goes into planning such experiences, the results of which are almost always positive. Our society provides no such guide for how to enter such experiences properly and how to recognize when the time is wrong. In **Set and Setting** such a guide is provided. Please give this guide to all those you know who are planning to take psychedelics.

Our regular **Eco column** addresses drugs also. Perhaps you didn't know that many of the drugs people casually ingest are actually very harmful to life on the planet. Green guru Russ Weis gives us the lowdown on how getting high might be bringing all of us down.

We are thrilled to feature an amazing interview with rock and roll legend **David Crosby**. David lived and made music with the Dead back in the late 60's and shares his memories of this very special time and place from an insider's vantage point. David, as many of you know, almost lost his life more than once to a horrible cocaine addiction. His slant on drugs and the rock and roll lifestyle is both sobering and positive.

The bottom line is that humans have always and will always take drugs. Ultimately, each of us must face the instinct to alter consciousness. At the moment, our society fails to equip us with the knowledge, sensitivity, and respect to do this effectively. Instead, it tries to force us to behave in a certain way. But no law, no Puritan ethic, will keep us from making mistakes, from pushing the envelope, from going astray, from experimenting, from doing what our bodies and minds tell us to do. We must each learn for ourselves our limitations, our strengths, and our weaknesses. The only way for our society to truly help people engage in life (which includes altering consciousness) *constructively* is with honest, common-sense education, frank dialogue, compassion, and support. We have tried to present such information here.

In Light,  
Johnny Dwork



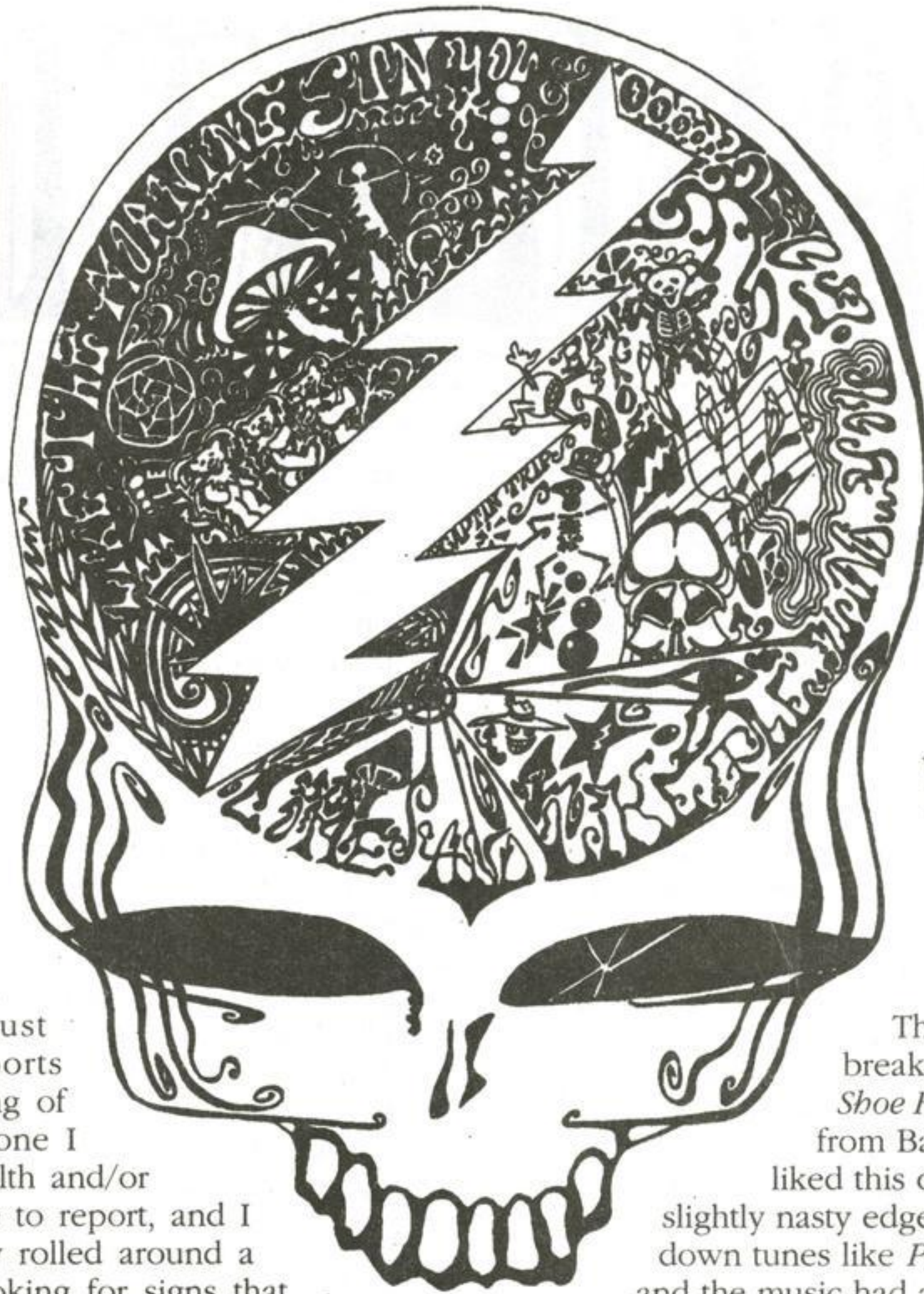
# Spring

## Cal Rexpo

By Blair Jackson

Anyone who's read my writing through the years knows that I really don't like to get into speculation about the personal lives of the band members, but from a strictly reportorial angle, I would be remiss if I didn't note that in the weeks preceding the Cal Expo Rex concerts, the Deadhead world was just swimming with negative reports about the health and well-being of Garcia. Alas, just about everyone I spoke with had some ugly health and/or drug-related rumor or anecdote to report, and I felt that once the shows finally rolled around a lot of people were actively looking for signs that Garcia was a mess, and that interfered with their enjoyment of the shows. Rarely have I seen a set of shows trashed so virulently by such a broad range of people (including friends I respect), and all the complaints were similar: Jerry "wasn't there." Well, forgive me my dissent, but I had a great time. I thought the second set of the middle show was great, and I found lots to like in all three. With the exception of a version of *Deal* the second day, which was truly scary in its ineptitude and sheer blankness (one friend said she felt like the entire amphitheatre collectively sighed, "Oh, no!"; I agree), the shows just felt like the first shows of a tour when the band isn't warmed up. That said, Garcia did seem like a different guy (in a positive way) by the end of the tour at Shoreline.

Though the first show definitely suffered from a lack of fire and focus in Garcia's playing, the other band members definitely seemed "on." Still, it was great to hear the unexpected *Half-Step* opener, a very strong *Stagger Lee*, and a peppy *Me & My Uncle* > *Big River* combo in the first set. The second set was uneven. I loved hearing *Big Railroad Blues*, though it wasn't an over-the-top version, and the workout on *Playing* was nice 'n' spacey. Out of *Space* came the first version of the Welnick-Hunter opus *Samba In the Rain*, which needs a lot of work in my view. The main verses either have no melody at all or Vince has written a melody he's incapable of singing (how Weir-like!). The harmony chorus was better, but the lyrics grated on me so much (I do not need to hear the Grateful Dead singing in unison, "Let's get down and dirty," or "Samba in



# WEST COAST TOUR 94

the rain, oooh baby, samba in the rain") I couldn't enjoy it. The guitar break wasn't weird enough to elevate the tune from being an ordinary samba, either. I guess I'd better get used to it, though. If the merciless flogging of *Way to Go Home* is any indication, we're going to be hearing this a lot. Much more to my liking at this show was a monumental version of *Standing on the Moon*, sung and played with *Morning Dew* intensity. Wow.

The next night saw another breakout; this time it was Phil's *If the Shoe Fits*, written with a gentleman from Barbados named Andrew Charles. I liked this one a lot: lyrically it has a rough, slightly nasty edge to it (I thought of Dylan put-down tunes like *Positively 4th Street* or *Idiot Wind*) and the music had a nice, jangly quality to it; maybe a dash of Beatles '65 in there. The Shoreline version was even better. After the eerie, hapless *Deal* set-closer, I'm sure some people were expecting further second set nightmares, but instead the band rebounded with its best set of the run, including a long *China Cat*, an epic *Estimated*, a version of *Stella Blue* that ranks among the best I've seen recently, and a stellar *Not Fade Away* ending. *Drums*, which, as usual, were completely riveting all three nights, were particularly strong at this show — I thought of Weather Report's beautiful and complex sonorities during Billy's electronics workout.

The third show started out with an awful *Here Comes Sunshine* (did Garcia get *any* of the words?), but picked up considerably as it went along, with standout versions of *Lazy River Road* and *El Paso* at mid-set. Many were (justifiably) horrified that Garcia ended the first set with *Don't Ease* for the second time in three shows. The pre-*Drums* in the second set contained no jamming at all. The surprise *Sugar Mag* veered into *Touch of Grey* before the instrumental break, and *Way to Go Home* led directly into *Drums*. The backside of the set featured a high-powered *Other One* and the full *Sugar Mag* jam followed by *Sunshine Daydream*. The *Brokedown* encore was just about perfect.

Not a great run, by any stretch of the imagination, but also not as bad as its detractors claim. And Cal Expo is still the best place the Grateful Dead play. ♦





Photos by Brad Niederman

## We Waited Six Years...

By Jeff Harrison

**T**iny Memorial Stadium seemed the perfect place to welcome the band back to Washington State after a six-year absence. It was also the first show in the city of Seattle since 1983! (The show in 1988 was in southern neighbor Tacoma.)

Sold-out crowds of 22,000 (according to Dennis McNally) still allowed plenty of room in the stands and on the field for dancing. Nicely undersold.

This high school football stadium is open at the stage end, with only small, rounded bleachers at the other end. Covered stands jut high up on either side of the artificial turf field. Some nearby firs poke their heads above the rim of the stadium while the Buck Rogers-like majesty of the Space Needle looms over all. The roller coaster is right behind the south stands, so folks on the north side had that show, too.

The first evening a light mist fell for part of the show, an appropriate reminder of where we were. Jerry, who played Rosebud throughout the run, came out in a black cardigan and turquoise stretch pants — nice to see him adding some color. Elsewhere in the wardrobe department, Bobby wore red ankle weights for both shows. Must be hard to get a workout while on tour. The strictly average first set was graced by a nice *Row Jimmy* and a *Bird Song* that Phil and Jerry both contributed to enthusiastically. *Promised Land* long ago wore out its welcome as *Bird Song*'s set-closing companion, but this version featured such a rocked-out coda that it's worth a listen to the tape.

The second set was much better. They opened with a 29-minute *Scarlet > Fire* that had a great jam in *Scarlet* after the verses and a 17-minute *Fire* that warmed up the damp crowd. *Corrina* found some nice grooves toward the eight-minute mark of its jam, but soon after, Jerry crowbarred his way into *Terrapin*. Despite some botched lyrics that derailed its momentum, the song was thrilling in its closing jam under the blinking lights of the Space Needle.

Garcia stayed for the first part of *Drums*, but with his back to the crowd, apparently fiddling with his effects rack. Phil

threw in a brief snippet from "Peter and the Wolf" in *Space*, which was tailed by a jamless *Miracle*. (The same snippet surfaced in Eugene [a shorter reference] and Richfield — Garcia must be enjoying his Prokofiev lately!) The closing *Dew* was fantastic, though...maybe the highlight of the run. The quiet space was extra long and the whole buildup to Jerry's final blast-off was very emotional. He missed a couple of chords toward the close, but the band definitely gets an A for effort on that 12-minute gem.

The next day was a contrast in every sense. The weather was wonderfully hot and sunny. I crowded in with some friends about ten feet in front of the stage (even that area was fairly relaxed until after the break). We were right in front of Vince, who we egged on and encouraged all night.

The first set was a barn-burner. *Shakedown* was gigantic and funky. The predictable *Rooster* that followed touted amazingly fiery solos by Bobby, Jerry, and Vince. A fun *Loose Lucy* was next. Then Jerry treated us to a full-on *Beer Barrel Polka* instrumental (backed by the rest of the band) while Bob tried to get his amplified acoustic guitar to work. The gentle *Masterpiece* with acoustic Bob was beautiful. *Althea* was a crowd-pleaser as usual, and we got a 10-minute-plus, jazzy and exploratory *Eternity* to close this excellent set.

The second set showed real potential starting with *Victim*, which near its close revealed an uplifting guitar line from Jerry that was very reminiscent of Pink Floyd's "Momentary Lapse of Reason" album. It was a surprise when that steered into *Lazy River Road*, which at this point in the year was getting nearly as much play as *Way to Go Home*. *Lazy River Road* seemed to break the band out of any potentially psychedelic mode started by *Victim*, and our urgings of Vince were rewarded with the second performance of *Samba In The Rain*. It was dynamite; the band actually sounded tight and, gasp, rehearsed. There will probably be a host of Deadhead detractors for this tune (especially if it gets played into the ground) but the variety of style and the band's energy on it is refreshing. A lost *Truckin'* wound into a nice *That Would Be Something*, reminding me a bit of the afterthought pairing of *Truckin'* and *Nobody's Fault* from the old days (but not as tasty, of course). *Drums* and *Space* topped 35 minutes again, and then we realized our potential error in being Vince's cheering section: *Long Way* out of space is not on any Deadhead's wish list, I'm afraid. Another gloriously intense *Standing on the Moon* was next (although I think I'm



permanently spoiled by the version from Eugene in '93) and things closed out with an ecstatic *Sugar Mags*. *Liberty's* vocals were pretty badly smeared, and while at least there was no *I Fought the Law*, Seattle was pretty much 0-for-2 in the encore department.

Overall, the shows followed the 1994 recipe: moments of innovation and inspiration peppering a soup of mediocrity. But still, it's good to see them still playing at all... ♦

## Eugene in the Rain

By Jeff Harrison

**E**ugene was major in every way: massive weeklong media coverage (including an intelligent review and set list in the paper after each show), record-breaking recycling redemptions, coat-tail performances by The Radiators, Merle Saunders, Country Joe, Jambay, and Ken Kesey — and, oh yes, three fine (okay, two great and one good) shows by the Grateful Dead. First in most conversations when it was all over, was the epic Sunday second set; second was Friday's rain set.

Friday's show was the day it finally rained at a Dead show in Eugene. When Phil walked out onstage, he looked up and threw the clouds a kiss. Eight of the 17 songs referred to the damp situation, beginning with *Bertha* — "Ran into a rainstorm." Garcia's wah-wah in *Greatest Story* brought back great memories; it was much richer than versions of recent years, though I still miss the old *Takin' Care of*

*Business* jam in the middle. *Wang Dang Doodle* opened with some strong Weir licks followed by some heavy, clean bass notes — rockin' from the start. Unfortunately, Vince took the break instead of Garcia, who was instrumentally absent from most of the song and really wasn't playing much guitar.

There was a bit of uncertainty up there when the band returned to the stage. Garcia turned to his mike and told us, "We're workin' on it, we're workin' on it." Then Phil said, "Yeah, this is a democratic band." Decision finally made, they chimed appropriately and harmoniously into *Rain* — the nicest one I've heard. A lilting *Eyes* kind of stumbled to a surprising halt after 15 minutes; then they found the samba beat of Vince's new song *Samba In The Rain* ("Samba in the rain, now, baby, samba in the ra-ee-ain"). In the following *Saint*, to quote Kelly McIver, "Garcia burned on his solos" and "Lesh added synthesized thunder from his six-string bass, which the crowd could feel from its wet heads to its soggy toes." Those menacing rumbles made this version unique for me, and extremely powerful. The crowd was going nuts, and the band must've been pretty blown away, too, for the front men turned the stage over to the drummers without any jamming. After *Space*, a long, beautiful jam flowed nicely into *The Wheel*. The ensuing *Attics* was perfect; I just closed my eyes and enjoyed. *Throwing Stones* > *Not Fade Away* are somehow not as disappointing as they were for a while there. The *NFA* has gained a new energy in the last couple of years, and Garcia's sizzling guitar work made this a good one. The encore caused a friend to wonder, "Are we in a new U.S. Blues phase?"

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Saturday was sun and bubbles. In the first set, Garcia still turned over much of what used to be guitar work to Vince. In *All Over Now*, that led to some fun keyboard rock & roll, but otherwise it was a bit frustrating. *Candyman*, though, was beautiful; Garcia's guitar and vocals were right there.


The second set was a roller coaster ride alternating between rockers and thinkers. I really enjoyed the long exploratory segue between *China Cat* and *I Know You Rider*. *Women Are Smarter* began with serious MIDI problems, but kicked in eventually. *Crazy Fingers* was perfect for a hot, comfortable summer afternoon. The final melody turned into a beautiful jam, and could have led into *Drums*, but they squeezed in *Corrina* and then jammed (nicely) into an intense *Drums* section. *Last Time* shifted to a hauntingly powerful *Days Between*. Garcia's guitar soared through an entire lyrical line in a way I hadn't heard before. It was magic. After a hoppin' *Saturday Night* Phil strolled across the stage snapping his fingers till the band came back for a quick *I Fought the Law*.


Sunday was the fifth show in a week, and folks were generally happy with the previous four. After the fairly standard and very short first set, some figured the band was just tiredly plodding through the last day of a tough work week. No one expected the two hour and 20 minute marathon that followed! *Scarlet > Fire* had been great in Seattle Monday, and it was wonderful again in a 30-minute jamful version here. What a treat for everyone as the band jumped into *Playing* and kept on going into the *Uncle John's* we'd wanted. We were amazed. *Drums > Space* lasted 36 minutes (at one point my grandson, perceptive

critic that he is, noted, "This is a crazy song, Peepaw!"). The most striking part was a richly developed solid beat that grew out of the space jam — about as rhythmic and congealed as it gets. The guitars first slid and then exploded into *The Other One* — as steadily intense a version as I've heard in a long time. The long, beautiful *Knockin'* was another wonderful surprise.

After the U. of O. banned the Dead in the fall of '90, I worked with a committee that eventually got the ban overturned (See *DDN* #19). But beer, dogs, and irresponsible behavior were still big problems during these shows. Things have changed in some weird ways the last few years; let me just suggest that it would be nice if we could regain some of the positive values that once prevailed. Sure, the positive vibrations are still there — but the negative ones are growing. If the Dead don't stop, this is what will stop 'em.

I've already heard predictions that Sunday's show will come to be seen as one of the best shows of the year. The band has certainly challenged itself to surpass it, or at least keep it as a standard. In the first set, *Touch of Grey*, *Brown-Eyed Women*, *El Paso*, and *Bird Song* certainly added to the power of the whole show. Whether the new Phil song, *If the Shoe Fits*, did as much is arguable. I found this and *Way To Go Home* the only weak parts of the concert. I've debated whether a second set like this is better *with* the *Way To Go Home* or *without*. Anyway, the shows were a blast, and there is simply nothing like a Grateful Dead concert in Eugene! ♦






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# Dead in the Desert

By wharf rat

A Grateful Dead show is a lot like a dinner at a fancy restaurant. You make reservations weeks ahead of time, get all dressed up, and then wait in line for a seat. There's no menu, of course: in the tradition of the finest establishments, the Dead serve up their own brand of audio goodies *prix fixe*. This weekend dinner was served at the University of Nevada at Las Vegas football stadium, the Silver Bowl. This is one of the best venues I've been to in recent years. For one thing, access was very easy. There was ample parking and plenty of porta-johns. There was a small vending scene with much better than usual quality goods. Security was present but laid-back; though I did see some pretty thorough door searches, most people just walked in.

The big win at this place was that it sold real food — pizza, fruit, lemonade, subs, and so on. They had roving vendors like at a baseball game, so you didn't even have to leave your seats. There were no lines at either sex's restrooms, and they had set up showers/hoses for people to cool off with. However, that didn't prevent dozens of cases of heat-related illness.

The first two courses of this run were neither well-presented nor well-prepared. Traffic was a much better show on both Friday and Saturday, which is sort of like saying the centerpiece on your table tasted better than the food you were served. For one thing, the sound system was positively awful on Friday and only just bad on Saturday. For another, the Grateful Dead didn't really show up until Sunday night!

Friday's show opened with what was essentially a sound check, *Let the Good Times Roll* segued right into *Stranger*. After a dead stop we got *Althea*, a good but not great version. The high point of this entire show may have been the wonderful and too-rare *Cumberland Blues*.

A very real sense of "not quite" pervaded the second part of the show. *Aiko* was generic. *Samba* was



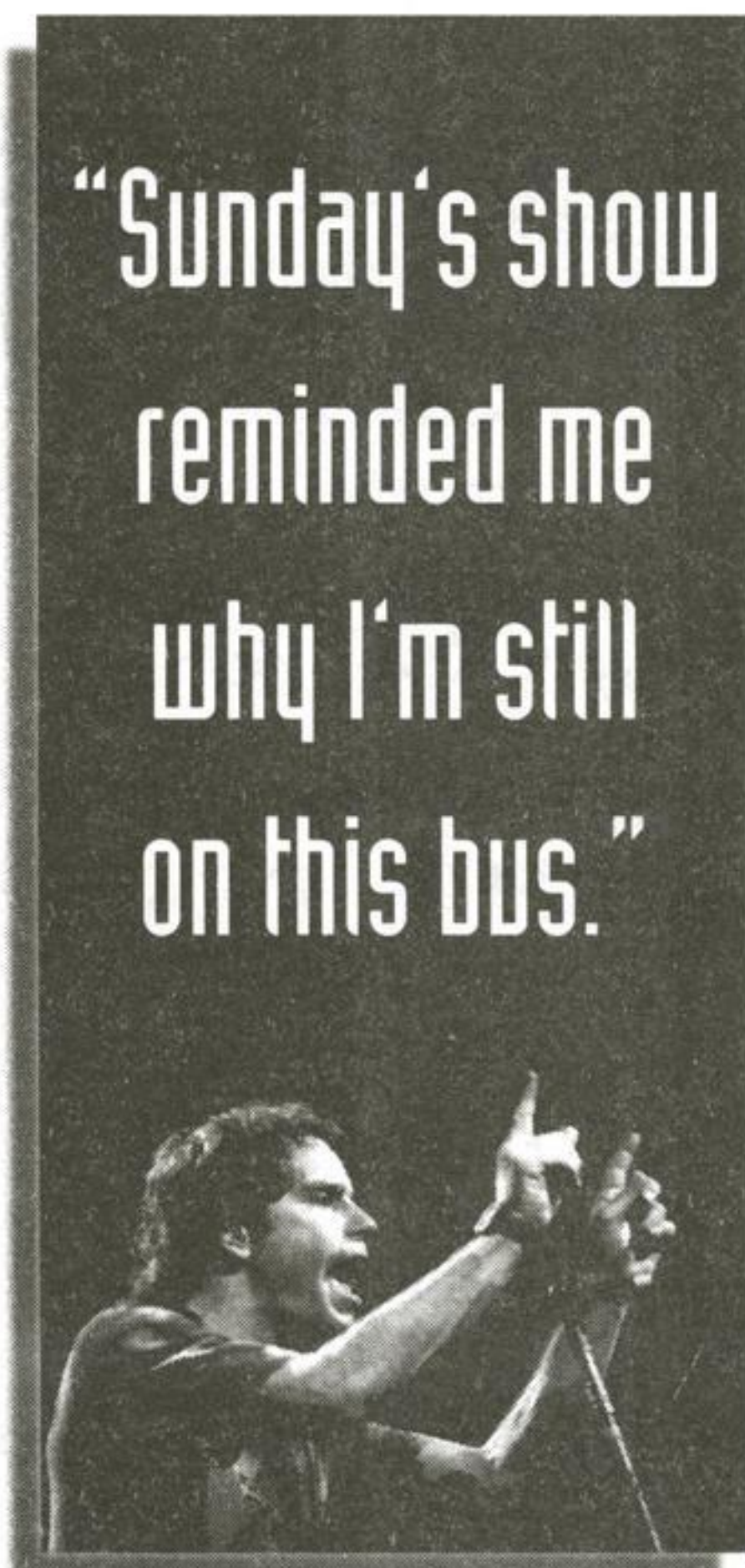
Photo by Brad Niederman

the best new piece I heard all three nights, but it needs work. *Estimated > He's Gone* sounded like no one was quite paying attention, with missed cues and muffled bridges. *Drums* and *Space* might have been perfectly fine, but that miserable sound system made them impossible to listen to. The mono mix made the whole thing sound flat, and the poor balance overemphasized the vocals to the point that they were distorted beyond the possibility of harmony. We walked out on the encore; our ears hurt, and we were thirsty.

Saturday night didn't offer much improvement. *Half-Step* and *Rooster* were standard opening number fare, but *Lazy River Road* was interesting if only for novelty. *Masterpiece* and *Lucy* were nothing to waste good tape on. *Cassidy* had potential, but the awful sound ruined the vocal harmonies, and the spacey jams fell apart into surely accidental dissonance. *Uncle John's* perked things up except the sound ruined the vocal harmonies once again, and *Corrina* was very weak. After a rocking and subtly ironic *Last Time*, the real Jerry Garcia took the stage, opened a window into his soul, and we watched as *Stella Blue* poured out over the dusty Nevada desert. He hung around for the predictable and perfunctory *Saturday Night* closer, but they had the ringers back onstage for the *Liberty* encore.

Ahhh, now, Sunday's show reminded me of why I'm still on this bus. Although the sound was loud and flat, and it was still impossible to pick out different instruments, I'm convinced that this mono sound thing can work for large stadiums especially when the Dead want to do the kind of power rock they were into tonight.

They opened with *Hell in a Bucket*, and followed with *Peggy-O*, sweetly traditional



"Sunday's show reminded me why I'm still on this bus."



with that power-folk edge. *Minglewood* smoked like the Vegas pavement after a thunderstorm, as fine a version as I've heard in 20 years, unmarred by so much as a single wrong note. Then *El Paso* with Bobby on the acoustic guitar, and it sure was too bad that you couldn't really hear him in the flat, distorted mix because what we could hear was twangy-sweet as only good country can be. It took the band a little while to find the right gear for *So Many Roads* but it built and finished in a sparkling flash. *Tom Thumb's* was letter-perfect, maybe the only time I've ever heard Phil not miss at least part of a verse. Jerry teased a few measures of *Deal* before they started *Music Never Stopped*, always a good way to end a first set. This one went on and on and on. That long slow jam in the middle before they break back into the main theme — you know the one — seemed like it really would never stop.

*Victim* was the second set opener, and it surely was the most perfect *Victim* ever played, except maybe for the way the music just sort of petered out at the very end, with the band coming to a complete dead stop before heading into *Eyes.*, a shining quicksilver river of music that washed over us like the ancient seas that had once covered the very spot we were standing on. And then we got Phil, for the second time that night! *Box of Rain*, as simply beautiful as a rainbow after a spring shower and as refreshing to our spirits. Bobby jumped in with *Saint of Circumstance* and made holes in what was left of my reason. Then unbelievably enough, the band started up *Terrapin* even before the last notes of *Saint* had scurried off into the hot desert night. By this time it was apparent that we were experiencing one of those rarest of events, a Grateful Dead

show when Phil was on, and Bobby was on, and Jerry was on, and Billy and Mickey were on, and the sound crew was on, and Candace was on, and the venue didn't care if you danced in the aisles. The immense chaotic equation that is the Dead experience suddenly balanced, and the entire mess broke through into another plane with a rush like the Millennium Falcon entering lightspeed. You could see and feel the band riding the waves: almost controlling and almost controlled. *Terrapin* was simply, grandly magical. Containing incredible symphonic free-form jamming that hung right at the utter edge of cacophony counterpointed by folksy rhythm and rhyme, it never really ended at all, but just became something else. *Drums*, in this case. The flat mono mix really shines in this context. In place of the trippy and fun Healy tricks, we saw the entire stadium transformed into one huge musical instrument in a way we'd only glimpsed before now. Every note reached out and through your mind. The bass shook your liver and the cymbals lifted the ends of your hair. *Drums* passed seamlessly into *Space* without interrupting the enchantment. For the first time in many years I became one with the sound, an auditory satori in the bleachers.

*The Wheel* evolved out of space, and Bobby burned down the house with *Watchtower*, and you could hear Jerry putting each and every lick exactly where and when it had to be. *Watchtower* spun down to a wondrous *Morning Dew*, with every microgram of Jerry's gift pouring out of him as he stood there smiling and working those strings, as though being right there right then playing that song for us was the culmination of his mortal life. I indeed felt privileged to be there. ♦



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# I Want to Tell You 'Bout Shoreline

By Blair Jackson

After the searing heat in Vegas, the cool evenings at Shoreline must have seemed downright nippy to the band and Heads. Evidently touring agrees with the group, because they all looked happy and relaxed at these hometown shows. Garcia, in particular, was more smiley and energetic than I'd seen him in a long time.

The first night was the shakiest of the three. Still, it had a very interesting first set that included versions of (in succession) *Black-Throated Wind*, *Bertha*, *Picasso Moon*, and *Don't Ease Me In*. The second set opened with the only *Foolish Heart* of the tour — not a great version, but it was fun to hear this underplayed nugget. And what a treat when the coda after that tune's last verse evolved into The Beatles' *I Want to Tell You* (a

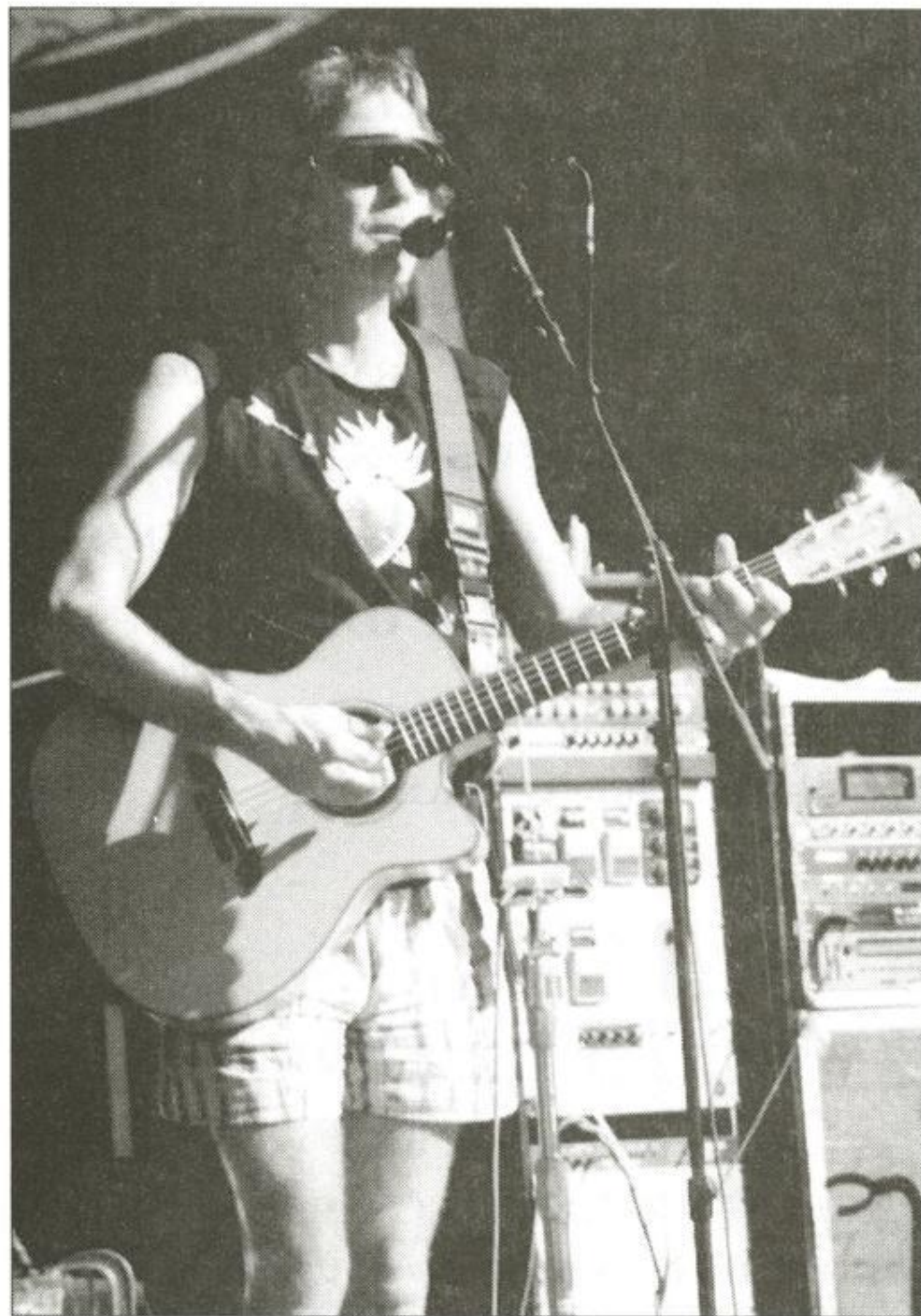


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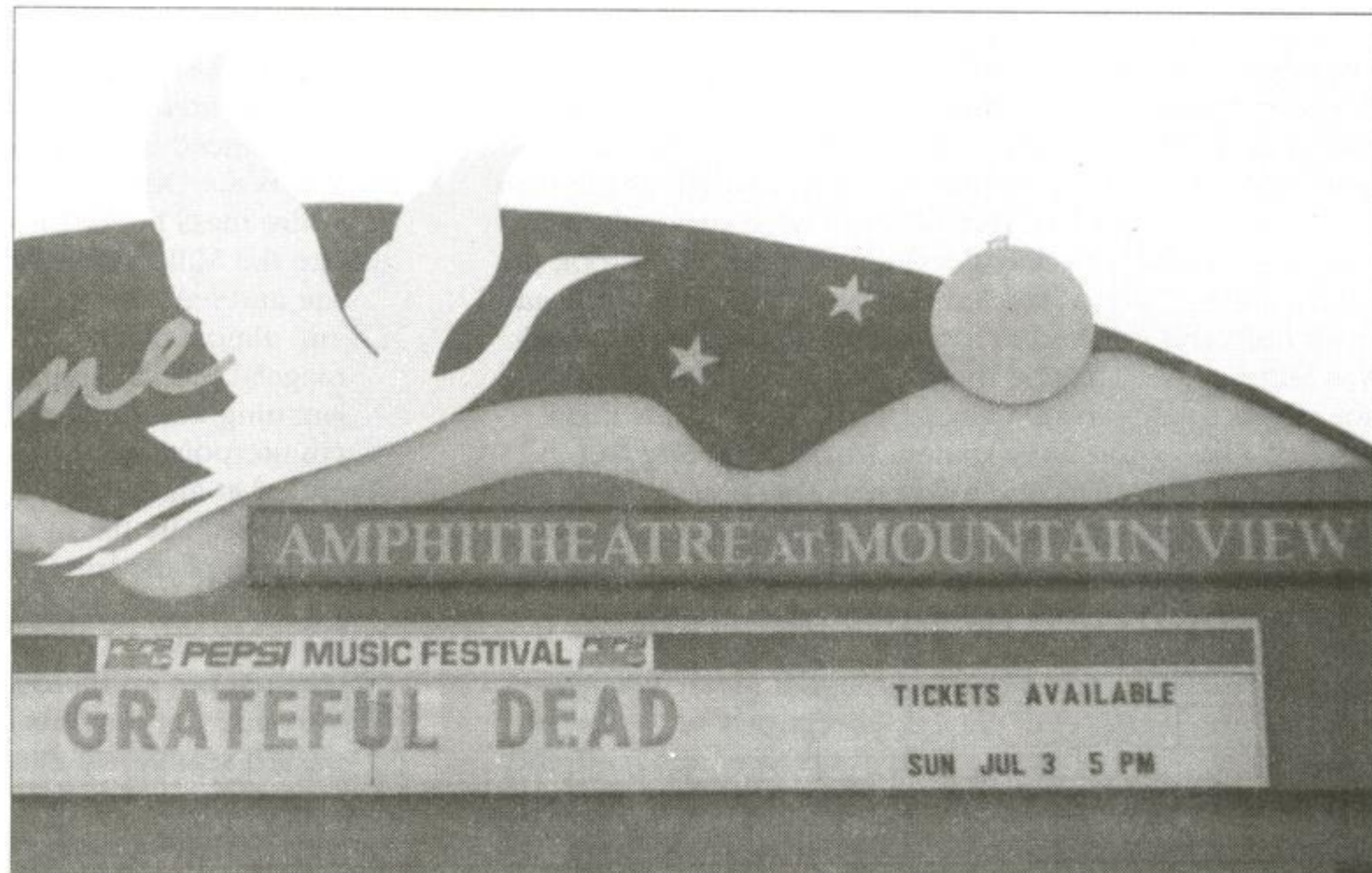


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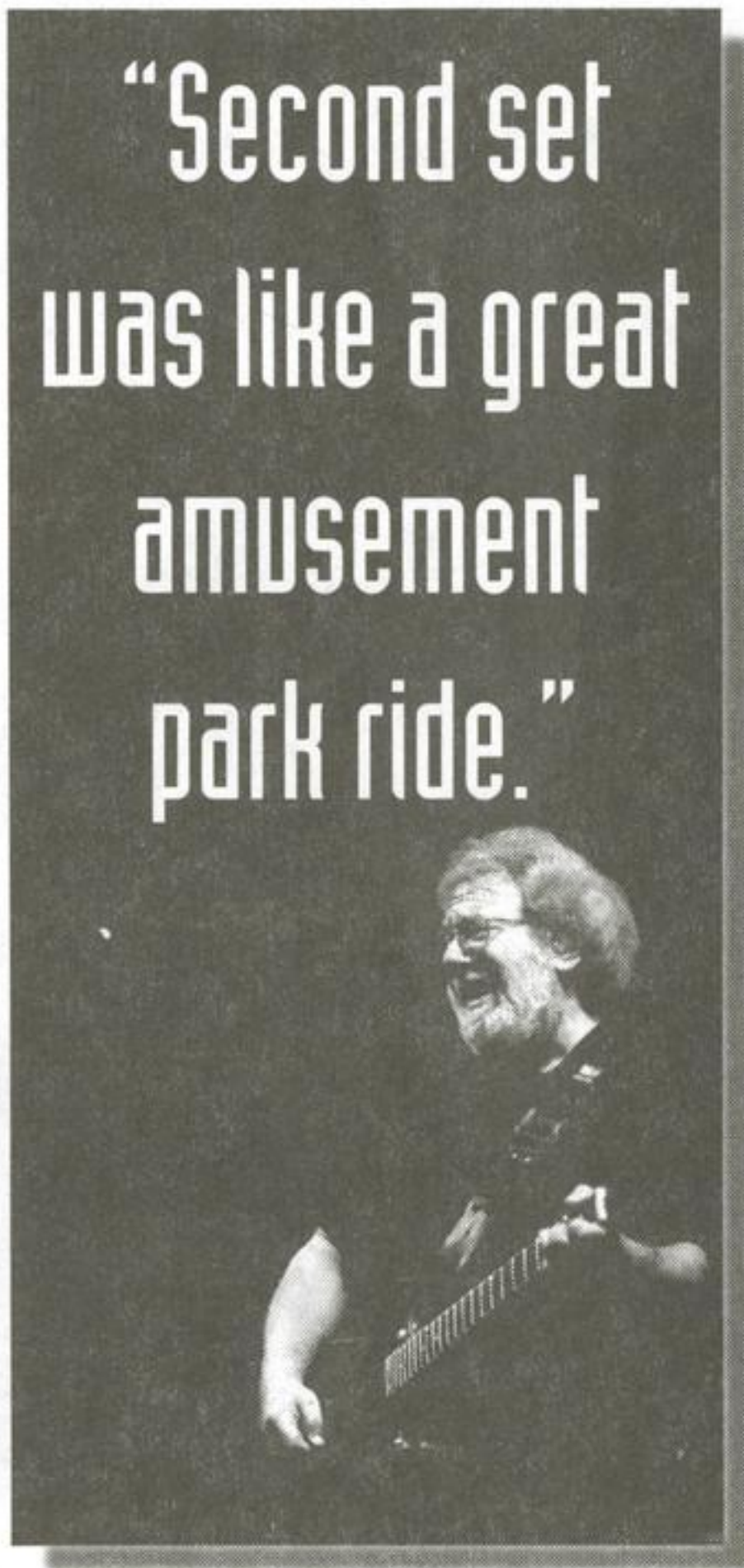
George Harrison song off *Revolver*), a first for the Dead (though I saw JGB do it a couple of times in early '87). Vince and Jerry sang lead together, with Garcia handling the bridges alone; it was rough, but very exciting. (Could Weir singing *Got to Get You Into My Life* be the next *Revolver* cover?) That set also offered an excellent *Playing in the Band* and — my personal highlight — a superbly executed, deeply moving *Attics of My Life*. There was no encore at either this show or the next night, reportedly because of time limitations at the venue.

Night Two — Saturday — was much better played. The opener was a marvelous surprise: *The Music Never Stopped*, which went from the solo seamlessly into *Sugaree* and then back into the closing solo of *Music*. The band doesn't always pull off those kind of transitions gracefully, but this one was very well done indeed. *Desolation Row*, with Bob on acoustic, zipped along nicely through its gazillion verses, and the set-ending *Eternity* jammed out in some very cool directions; I'm liking that one more and more. Set two opened with a massive, destructo *Help > Slip > Frank*, played with a sure-handedness and intensity that was awe-inspiring. I liked everything else in the set as well, from *If the Shoe Fits* to *Truckin'* to the ferocious skins duel between Mickey and Billy, another great *Stella Blue* (this time out of *Space!*), and a super-charged *Throwing Stones > Saturday Night*. This was top-notch playing!

Though I think the band played best on Saturday, the Sunday afternoon show had the greatest emotional resonance for me and the most memorable moments. First of all, it was a gorgeous afternoon — sunny, low '70s — perfect concert weather. With Greek and Frost Dead shows just a memory, we don't get many daylight shows around here, so the Sunday Shoreline show always has a special feeling to it. *Here Comes Sunshine* was an appropriate show-opener, and from there the set cruised on a mellow vibe until the cranked *Promised Land* closer. The entire second set was like a great amusement park ride. An explosive *Samson* led into a dreamy, but churning, *Eyes of*



*the World*, which then wound down until Garcia and Lesh bubbled up with the opening notes of *Fire on the Mountain*; what a shocker! Garcia had some problems with the words, but he and the whole band played the hell out of the song, building to several peaks before finally drifting into another unusual (and excellent) choice: *Box of Rain*. *Terrapin* came next, and once again Garcia struggled with lyrics for a while, but around mid-song it's like he hit a switch, and from there the song completely took off and Garcia was all over his guitar, rocking back and forth on his feet and smiling broadly — yeah! There was one more surprise to come: an excellent, rockin' *Corrina* out of *Space* — the couple of times I've seen it in that slot it's worked very well. *Days Between* was sung with great passion and precision by Garcia, and he did something on this version I wish he'd do more often. After completely screwing up the last verse, he opted to play a solo and then he sang the verse again, this time perfectly. That song blows me away every time. *Good Lovin'* ended the show on a jubilant note and the lone encore of the three shows was *Liberty*, played and sung as well as I'd ever seen it: a nice anthem for the July 4th holiday (which was the next day).



“Second set was like a great amusement park ride.”

Finally, a gripe: I know I'm not the only one who thinks the Dead's video trip has gone from merely lame to downright annoying. At Cal Expo and Shoreline, I found the repetition of video clips to be obnoxious and distracting. Three times in six shows *Drums* started with footage of drummers in the parking lot. The loop of the GD morphing into skeletons has been done to death. What does footage of fans sitting around in line or in the lots have to with *Sugar Magnolia*? And don't get me started about the ridiculous video of smiling, golden-lit faces of young women during *Stella Blue* at Shoreline. This is the kind of bush league stuff I'd expect from some slick middle-of-the-road band, not the Grateful Dead, and it only detracts from Candace Brightman's always exquisite and imaginative lighting schemes. And the selection of shots for the real-time video of the band playing continues to mystify me: the director consistently dulls key emotional moments by focusing on the wrong player or singer. At the Sunday Shoreline show, only the second set was in darkness, so they wisely dispensed with the video screens — what a breath of fresh air that was! ♦

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Photo by Susana Millman

# Chills in the Hot Seat: an interview with Bruce Hornsby

By Steve Silberman

Berlin Internationales Congress Centrum, October 20, 1990. The Dead are winding up *Let It Grow*, so fierce and majestic it could be the finale of the set — but just at the close, Garcia strikes an unexpected high note, like a call, that is answered by a grand piano, and an intimate dialogue begins, as the intertwining piano and guitar probe every corner of the elegiac descension. The hairs on the back of your neck bristle as the chords ring new and the rest of the band members join in, led by the shimmering keys, and a door swings open... into *Box of Rain*.

The piano player is Bruce Hornsby. After opening a few Dead shows with his band The Range, and sitting in informally, Hornsby came on board with the Dead as a vocalist and second keyboardist with Vince Welnick in September of 1990, during the difficult period immediately following Brent's death. As Hornsby explains here, he was the "transitional" player, the bridge from the Brent era to the Vince era,

leaving formal membership in the Dead after March '92 to sit in on special occasions, mostly on accordion. Hornsby brought a lot in with him — an aggressive, distinctively driving approach woodshedded in jazz, and an emotional range and fullness in his singing and in his own songs, of which a couple (*Valley Road*, *Stander on the Mountain*) joined the Dead's repertoire all too briefly. Hornsby, having been the successful leader of his own band, was his own man in the Dead, though anyone who ever watched Garcia, rocking and grinning in front of Hornsby's piano, trading lengthening lines back and forth during *Jack Straw*, knows that Hornsby, more than anything, thrives on interaction, experiment, risk, what he calls "mixing it up." Dig Hornsby's crisp navigation from *Scarlet* through *Victim* into *Fire* from Shoreline 8/16/91, or his relentless teasing of *Dark Star* through both sets

at the Meadowlands 6/17/91, to hear what a bandleading keyboard player can do to widen the scope of what's possible for the whole band.

Hornsby is a big, gruff, warm guy, a Southern jock who carries his athleticism into his decisive attack at the keyboard, made deep by the knowledge that there is a sadness in America from which poetry can be made. The lyricism and daring of Hornsby's music, its muscular swing framed by the guitars of Garcia and Pat Metheny, is best appreciated on Hornsby's own 1993 album, "Harbor Lights." Bob Weir once jokingly called the keyboard seat in the Dead "the Hot Seat." Only a musician with a belly for adventure would weave a hook from *Dark Star* into his own song over a hip-hop beat, and hearing Hornsby and Branford swap the mystic riff as if it was lifted from a Charlie Parker tune on Hornsby's "Talk of the Town" is to know a man with guts enough to sit in the Hot Seat and make it his own.



***I heard you guys played Miles Davis' So What in L.A. the other night.***

Yeah. We played Sonny Rollins' *St. Thomas* two nights ago in Denver, out of *Scarlet Begonias*. We take requests. It's not bullshit. Somebody passed us this piece of paper, and it looked like it said *St. Thomas*, so I yelled, "You guys know *St. Thomas*?" And I realized later that what I thought was a request for *St. Thomas* was a note for my keyboard player J.T. Thomas. I was glad I misread it.

***St. Thomas is similar to the little mambo that the Dead finish Scarlet Begonias with.***

Exactly. That's why I saw it and thought, "This would go perfectly in here." My band is really versatile now. We can go so many different places.

***You strike such varied emotional chords, from meditative and reflective songs like The Tide Will Rise, to Iko Iko.***

From my solo stuff, to party time. Which is like the Dead. Not that what we're doing is *like* the Dead, but we cover a lot of ground.

***How old were you when you first heard about the Dead?***

Sixteen. My older brother Bobby was a big Deadhead. He was in a fraternity while at the University of Virginia filled with Deadheads — the Betas — and these guys used to roll to Atlanta or Boston to go to shows. He took me to my first show at William & Mary College on September 11, 1973.

***Did you like their music right away?***

I don't remember being knocked out with the first Dead show I went to. That year I went to see Leon Russell, and that blew me away a lot more. Or Elton John, or Horace Silver at the Jazz Workshop in Boston. This was '73, my senior year. Those made more of an impression on me than the Dead did.

***Did you like your brother's Deadhead friends?***

[Laughing] Yeah! They were wild as hell. I was a jock, but I was starting to get more into music. My first year of college, my brother started a band, and asked me to play in it. It was basically a Dead cover band, called Bobby Hi-Test and the Octane Kids. That's when I really started getting into them. "Europe '72" was out, and I loved that record.

What really sold me was they came and played William and Mary in Williamsburg, and it was a great gig. We were right up close, second row, and at the end of the night, Bob Weir comes up to the microphone and says, "We had such a great time tonight, we're gonna come back and play

tomorrow night — *for free!*" They took out all the chairs and made it into a big party. When you're 19 years old, and some sonofabitch says that, you're *sold*. "Man, these guys are for me!" But I never listened to *only* the Dead. I was too into jazz.

I was heavily into Bill Evans, Keith Jarrett, and Chick Corea. Chick had his first fusion band then, Return to Forever, with "Hymn of the Seventh Galaxy," which was quite a raw-ass rock record, very intense — not like what they call fusion now. McCoy Tyner, Bill Evans, and Keith Jarrett, along with Leon, Professor Longhair, and Otis Spann. And I was heavily into The Band. In '74, I saw Dylan and The Band, and I loved that. The songs really reached me on a gut level. "Rock of Ages" was my favorite record.

The Octane Kids didn't last long. All the guys were graduating. We played mostly in the spring of '74, frat parties, grain alcohol parties. We did a little Allman Brothers, a little Band, and the rest Dead. I played Fender Rhodes and sang a lot of leads. We



Photo by Susana Millman





Photo by Susana Millman

used to do *Jack Straw*, *Sugar Magnolia*, *Truckin'*, lots of "Europe" and "Skull and Roses." *Not Fade Away*, *Goin' Down the Road Feelin' Bad*, *Me & My Uncle*, and *Bertha*.

**Was that your first band?**

No, I had a band before that played a lot in Williamsburg and Newport News. We played in bars, hotel lounges; basically a top-40 band. That was more of a band to make money. The Octane Kids was a big fun band. It was more about going out to this country house my brother lived in with all these hippies and sitting around playing. I would see the Dead periodically through the rest of the '70s.

The last Dead show I saw was '76, in Philadelphia. I remember it because they really weren't happening. It was one of those shows where I was like, "Oh, man! I'm sorry!" They just weren't firing on all cylinders, on that particular night.

But I still retained an interest, though I was heavily immersed in jazz. In 1986, our first record came out, and it went a long way very quickly. We had to become headliners with one album and nine songs. So we started playing other people's songs. We were doing *When I Paint My Masterpiece* the way The Band did it, and *I Know You Rider* the way the Dead did it. We would segue from our song *Red Planes* into *I Know You Rider*. The Dead heard that there was this band riding around the country playing Dead songs, and Garcia and Phil became fans of the record. So we got

a call saying they wanted us to open a couple of shows. I was just mad for this. So in May of '87, it was Ry Cooder, us, and the Dead at Laguna Seca for two days.

**Beautiful venue.**

It was a great time for me, of course, because I had been a fan. The next year, they asked us to open for them again. We played with them at Buckeye Lake and the Rainforest Benefit at Madison Square Garden with Suzanne Vega. Then in '89 we played RFK, and also at JFK, and the last shows in Philadelphia. At some of these shows they started asking me to sit in. The first time was in '88 at Buckeye Lake playing accordion, and then the next year I played a little piano with Brent. When we were cutting our third record, I asked Garcia to play on "Across the River." I sat in with them in December, a couple of nights after Garcia played with us.

Then Jerry came down and did a concert video with us called "A Night on the Town," with Bela Fleck and Joe Henderson. It was this growing relationship that culminated, sadly, in the death of Brent, and them asking me to help them through a difficult time.

"The Dead have always been influenced by folk music, and the improvisatory nature of the Dead is of a kindred spirit with jazz."

**Did you get to know Brent?**

Just a little. I mostly knew Jerry, Bobby, Phil, and Billy. All of them were always very friendly, but Brent was a little more shy than the other guys.

I connected with Phil talking about Charles Ives. I remember the first time we opened for the Dead, Phil was watching us on the side of the stage, and I went into a bi-tonal version of *The Entertainer* by Scott Joplin, C in one hand, and C-sharp in the other. Phil got a big laugh out of it. Garcia and I really connected, and still do.

**What is it that you guys share so deeply?**

We really enjoy playing together. Jerry's a walking encyclopedia of folk music, so I've always loved getting into conversations and learning from him. That's what I've always thought was the kindred musical spirit between my thing and the Dead's thing, that the two most influential



musics for me are folk music and jazz. The Dead have always been influenced by folk music, and the improvisatory nature of the Dead is of a kindred spirit with jazz. The way the drummers play is much more a jazz concept of drumming, rather than a rock concept of laying it down simple and hard — floating time.

That Europe tour in '90 was fun, since it wasn't in airplanes. It was great, being able to spend all that time on the bus with Jerry. I was helping Leon Russell make a record, an old song called *Jezebel*, and Garcia knew the origin of that, so he brought out this record by the Golden Gate Quartet and played it for me.

**Did the Dead give you much direction?**

Not really. Every now and then somebody would say, "You're playing the wrong chord." I came in with no rehearsal. I had a few charts, but generally I would just be hearing the chords. I was left pretty much alone. I used to lay out a lot. There were so many chord players there, I often felt the most musical thing I could do was to lay out.

**I think some of the most beautiful music the Dead made in '90 was a jam you played out of *Space and into Dark Star* at Wembley.**

That's on "Infrared Roses." Garcia asked me to do that during the set break. "Hey, why don't you play variations on the theme of *Dark Star*?" So that's what I did. There was not a lot spoken to me on that level. It was pretty much, "Just play." Which was great.

**How was it hearing the Dead orchestrate *Stander on the Mountain* and *Valley Road*?**

Well, those things never got too far. The first time we played *Valley Road*, I thought it was really smoking, but gradually people would just forget where the song was going, and it got to the point where I felt we had to rehearse more if we wanted to play it, so I called a halt to it. Which they were fine with, too, because they felt the same way.

It just never came up again. Same with *Stander on the Mountain*. I thought it really had

"Now at every show we have this large number of people screaming for Dead tunes."

... "You've got the curse. They'll never leave."

potential. I thought *Valley Road* could have really developed into something. The first couple of times they played it, I thought it really rocked. I was never about pushing my music on them. That's not why I was there. I *have* my outlet for my music. I was there to try to enhance their trip — I love their songs, and that was enough for me. They'd say, "Let's work up a couple of your tunes," and I'd say, "Let's do it," and we'd play them a few times. But if it wasn't happening, or it fell by the wayside, I would never bring it up again. I was there to help them out, not make the Dead a forum for my music. We get lots of requests for *Stander on the Mountain* at our shows, probably from Deadheads in the crowd. We get a good number of Deadheads at our shows.

**How has that been, going from having fans who came to you through your own music, to having people yelling *Jack Straw*.**

About two years ago we were doing a tour. I came back from it and told Jerry, "Now, at every show we have this large number of people screaming for Dead tunes." And he said, "Sorry, man, you've got the curse. They'll never leave." We were laughing. I love that element because we like our shows to be very festive occasions. I like the dynamic range to

get real small sometimes, real soft, but we like it to get off, too. So we love it when the Deadhead crowd comes to our show, because it makes for a more boisterous show. I've always thought that a Dead show was the best party you could go to, so I'm all for it, I'm mad for it.

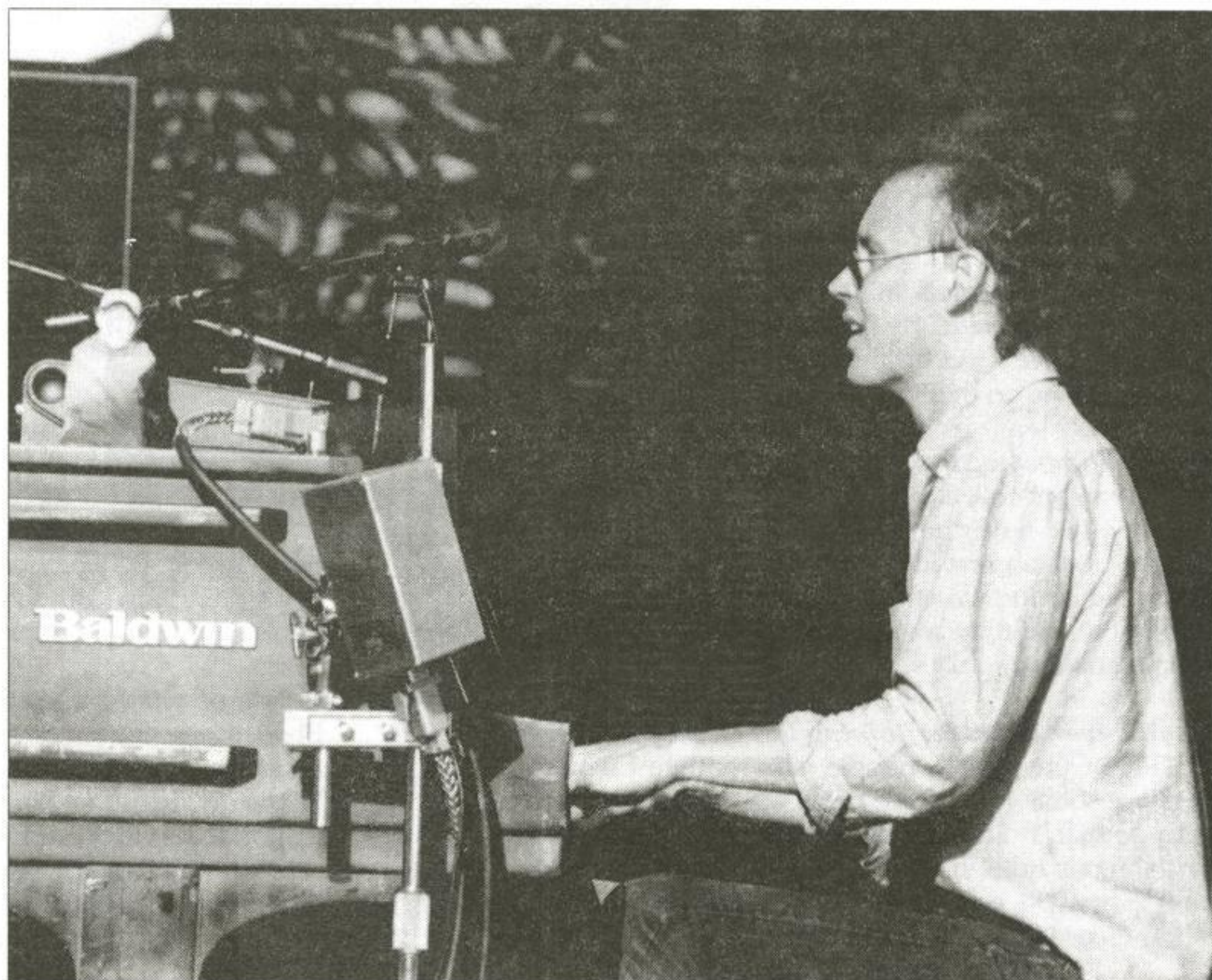


Photo by Susana Millman



**Your own shows, and "Harbor Lights," seem more improvisational than your previous albums. Do you feel your time with the Dead pushed you in that direction?**

I'm sure. It couldn't have helped but influence it. But I think, frankly, the main reason why "Harbor Lights" is looser and freer than the other records is the fact that I was the producer. If you saw our band live before, touring on the older records, which were much straighter, we were always more spontaneous and improvisatory live. But in the studio we always had some guy saying "You're jamming too much," or, "This song's getting too long," or, "We need to tighten this up." So we would succumb to that. This time, with no authority figure in the studio telling us what we could or couldn't do, it was just about a bunch of guys getting wild. I think that has more to do with it than the Dead influence.

**Speaking of getting wild, how did you feel about playing *Space with the Dead*?**

*Space to me* was a situation that sometimes was really amazing, and lots of times, was not. It was a real hit-or-miss proposition. I think the Dead would say the same thing. I'm all for the *Space* concept, but totally improvised music is a hard thing to make work. I know a lot of players in the jazz world who play freely, and a lot of them tell me, "More times than not we're up there scuffling to find something to play together." This was no different. If there's no structure, it makes it much harder for the music to be coherent and have meaning.

**Garcia mentioned in an interview that he had an idea of getting a really free band together with you and Branford and maybe a vocalist.**

I was all for it. I don't know if that'll ever happen, but Garcia still mentions it every now and then. My understanding of it was, we'd get up there and compose songs on the spot — vocals, chords, everything. So it would be an attempt to find structure instantly, to compose songs collectively, instantaneously. I've never heard of that, so I thought it was a great idea. I'd love to try it. Probably most of it would be the worst shit you'd heard that month, but maybe now and then we'd hit on something and it would become amazing.

**Did you ever consider joining the Dead full time?**

No. There were a lot of people who thought I would. There are some guys in the band who might have wanted me to do that. I didn't think I would play with the Dead for as long as I did. If this situation had arisen in '83 or '84 rather than 1990, when I had already sold about five or six million records on my own... I already had a pretty good

head of steam going on my own. I really enjoy what I do because I've created an area which allows me to express myself completely. With the Dead, the context only allows me to express a certain part of my musical personality.

Take seeing me play at any Dead show, and take the show you saw the other night: it's so obvious! I come away from a show like that feeling like I was able to do everything I wanted to do, am able to do, and really connect, too. That's the best feeling you can have. Because of that, I don't think I ever really considered playing in the Dead full time. Though I enjoyed doing it so much, there was a time I thought, "I wonder if I could do both of these things."

There were several reasons why I left. One big reason was that my wife and I had twin boys, and I didn't want to be the absentee father. Not only was I doing the Dead, but the "gun for hire" area of my career was really overflowing at this point. I was playing on lots of records for other people. Robbie Robertson's record, and Bonnie Raitt's, and Dylan, and Seeger, Shawn Colvin, and the Cowboy Junkies, and Liquid Jesus — lots and lots of records.

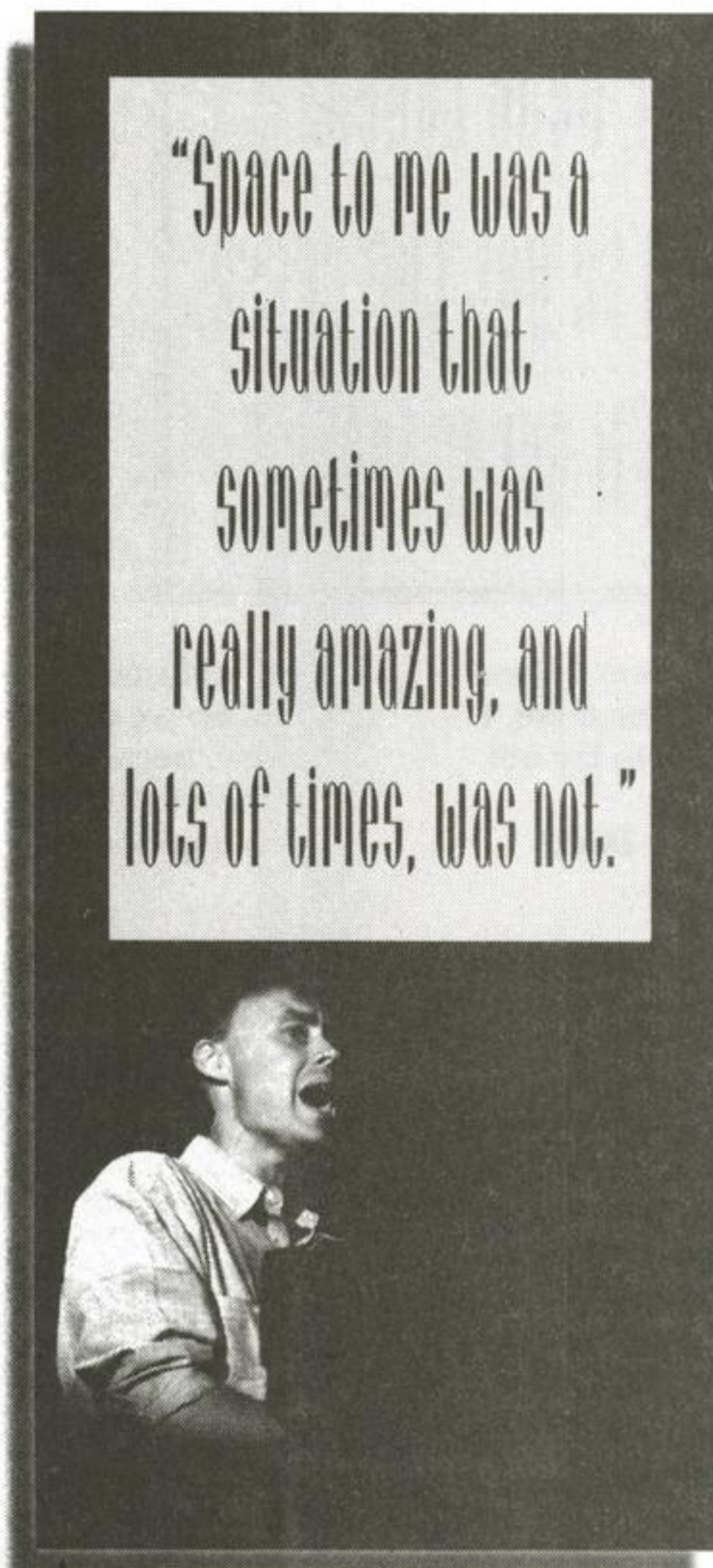
Another reason for my leaving the Dead was that I felt a need to get back to a stronger focus on my own music. I enjoyed losing it for a while, but after a while, I wanted to get back to it. Another big reason was that I felt Vince was gaining a lot of confidence, and they were gaining confidence in him. That hadn't always been the case. I felt they were really becoming a band, and it was time for them to be a band without, as Garcia called me, "the floating member." I feel that I helped serve as a bridge between Brent's death and the time Vince got comfortable with the band and the band got comfortable with Vince. I was the transitional guy. That's why I left.

**What's great about listening to the tapes with both you and Branford is that both of you can feed Garcia lines.**

There was much more of a conversational aspect between the two of us, and I don't think that's there now. But that wasn't there before or after me, I don't think. I don't think it was really there with Brent.

**It was on the best nights, but I know what you mean.**

Brent was a more retiring, shy cat. I'm not that way. When I show up on anybody's gig, I'm going to try to kick ass. That's my nature — I'm a real jock at heart. Garcia always responded to that. I think that's why he likes playing with me. I think it's much better now when I just show up, though I just play accordion. It's more special for me and for them. We had a great run at the Garden when I started.





**A lot of Deadheads think that was one of the greatest runs they ever had.**

Sparks were flying! But these guys get complacent. We were trying shit, and they were all excited, and here's Bruce coming in, let's do some duos and trios, and we'd break the group down to Phil and me and Garcia, or just Bobby and me and Garcia — different little side trips that they weren't doing before, or since. Then they forget, and go back to their same rut. I got frustrated with this. I was like, "Hey, why don't we try something different — why don't we start the show with *Space*?"

**Were they not open to that?**

They would just say, "Ah, well, I don't know." [Laughing]

**Did you ever suggest jazz standards for them to play?**

I didn't do a whole lot of suggesting on that level, but I would say, "Hey, why don't we mix it up a little bit?"

**What are the qualities of Garcia's playing that you really admire?**

His fluidity. He's a very soulful player, and he makes great use of the chromatic scale in a very diatonic context. I know that sounds highbrow and shit, but Garcia's a great practitioner of what I'd call "rock and roll chromaticism." He's a very melodic player; a guy whose solos you can sing. In the end, it just moves me. It just gets me emotionally.

The Dead have 50 or 60 truly great songs. Garcia's songs, I like so many of them, but some of my favorite songs are Bobby's songs, like *Jack Straw*. I could list *Althea* and hell, *West L.A. Fadeaway*. I'm listing some of the more obscure ones, but obviously there are so many. I love *Scarlet Begonias*. It's really fun to play. I love *Terrapin* — sometimes I throw that little melody from the middle of it into my show. *Sugaree* I've always liked.

**Do you remember any moments of playing with the Dead that you think of as really transcendent moments?**

There were lots of them. There were times playing with the Dead I would get chills. Much more than I got with my band, The Range. There was one night at the Garden. To me it wasn't a very good Garden run, nine nights in '91, but one Saturday night it was just smoking. It was another situation where I had dragged a friend up from Williamsburg who knew nothing about the Dead. As opposed to the '76 show, where it was not happening, this was a truly killer Dead show. I was getting chills all night. This friend of mine just freaked — he thought it was the *baddest* jam. That's a night I remember specifically.

Certainly that first Garden run. There were a couple of really great moments in Boston Garden in '91. One of those nights I decided just to take off with the drummers and play a kind of rock and roll barrelhouse thing with Mickey and Billy, just the three of us. That was great fun. I jammed with them last March at the Capitol Centre, 3/18/93 — I played the second set with them, on accordion. Man, that was a great night. Playing *Wharf Rat*, getting chills. *Wharf Rat* is one of my true favorite songs.

**It's got narratives within narratives. At one level the narrator is the guy talking, but he's talking to the real narrator of the song.**

This particular night at Cap Centre, *Wharf Rat* and lots of things were truly great, and I was just sitting up there next to Jerry, getting off. There were lots of times; those are just a few. The first time they brought back *Casey Jones* — that was a great time.

I feel like I'm a cousin of the Dead. It's the best crowd that goes to hear concerts, though I think sometimes they get excited for the wrong reasons [Laughing]. Sometimes I find it inexplicable why they're cheering.

**They might be cheering for a lyric that they like.**

I know that, and those are very predictable. It's almost a ritual, you know — [sings] "Some other fucker's crime," for instance. Those little areas, "OK, I'll stand up and scream right now." [Laughs] I'm not saying that cynically, I think it's great. I was privileged to be part of that party for about a year and a half, and hope to always be able to go back and get a little bit of that buzz now and then. There's really nothing quite like it, and I'm very much into that.

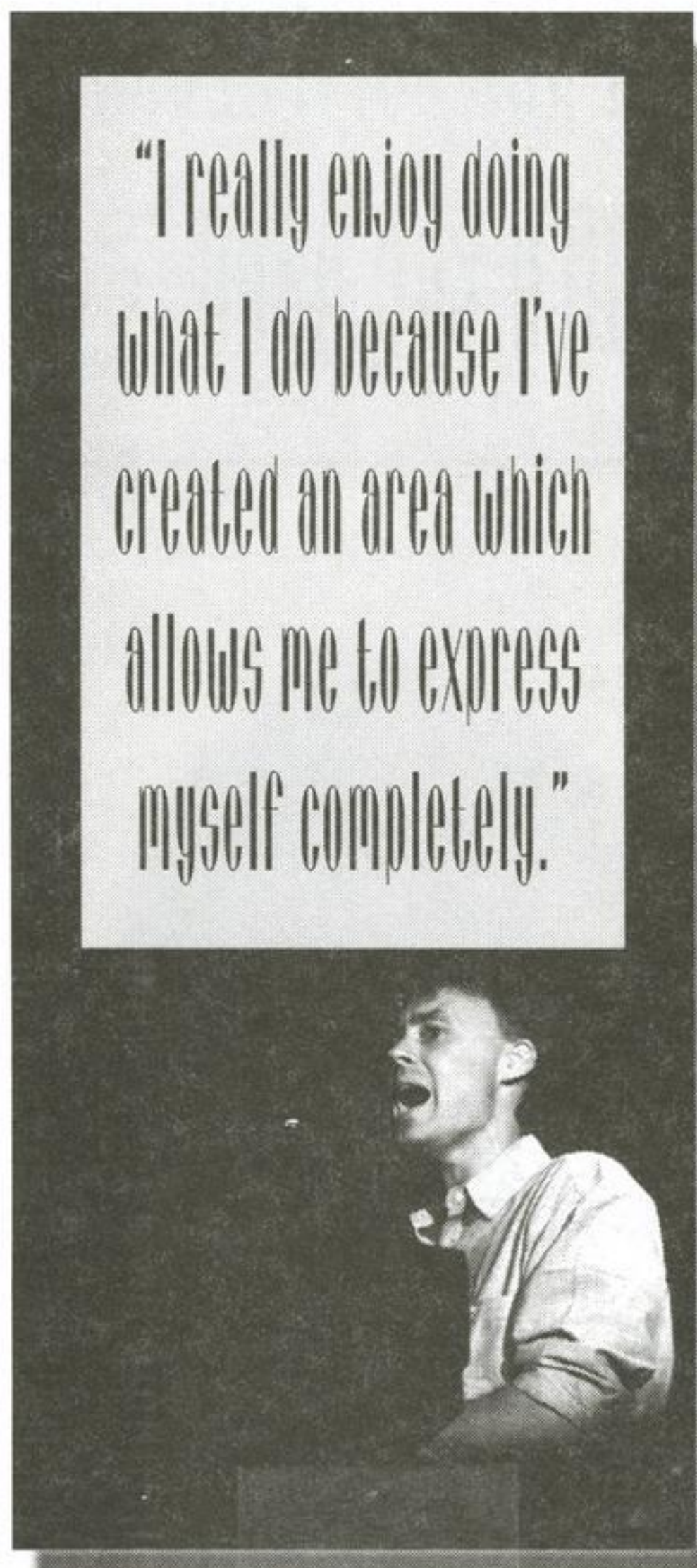
When I first started playing with the Dead, I got the feeling there were some people in the crowd going, "What is this fucking *top-40* guy up here doing playing with these guys?" They would send me *DeadBase*, and they'd have people reviewing the concerts. I remember some guy in particular saying — it was a nice article, actually — "I

learned a lesson in prejudice today, concerning Bruce Hornsby." Because I'd had a bunch of hits, this guy thought that I was going to inflict some dreaded *top-40* disease on the Dead. But he realized that that was bullshit.

**I didn't know your music until I heard you playing with them. I knew that you had your own songs.**

You must have known *The Way It Is*.

**I had heard it on the radio, but to be honest, I hadn't gone out and bought a record. So I didn't really have a prejudice. I liked *The Way It Is*, but I didn't have a**





**big prejudice either way. But the point you're making expresses a kind of frustration that probably a lot of musicians have if they make it. You're obviously a creative, knowledgeable guy, yet because you were so successful early on, some people would box you in. There is a kind of prejudice among some Deadheads against anything that smells like corporate culture.**

That's probably true. I only sensed that because I had read this thing that this guy had written. I thought, "Oh, I imagine there were several people who probably thought this."

**I had never seen you on your own before Concord.**

Oh. We probably fucked you up, then [Laughing].

**In a bad way! When you started playing Scarlet, I said, "OK — this better be good." It was so good! And then somewhere during Not Fade Away into Iko Iko my friend Hewitt said, "We have got to get out of these seats, run up that hill, and dance!" So we did. Now there are people who are seeing a few shows of yours in a row, doing little tours.**

I've sensed that. When we take requests, we'll get somebody saying, "Play this like you played it the other night" — 500 miles away! We let anybody tape the shows, you know. At Concord we had about 20 or more tapers.

**There's this really big misconception, which the Dead have utterly disproved, that if people tape shows or trade tapes that they won't buy albums; it's quite the opposite.**

We're totally with it. That's why we've set up an area for tapers.

"I was a bridge between Brent's death and the time Vince got comfortable with the band."



Photo by Susana Millman

"I was the transitional guy"

**Once people hear So What, they're gonna freak out. Or Scarlet Begonias into St. Thomas I can't wait to get a tape of that for myself!**

That's one thing that I always wished the Dead would have done more. They never do shit like that. They're so by the book. That was one thing that frustrated me. Our gig is more wide open. We did *So What* because somebody requested it. I saw the paper, I held it up, and I said, "Watch out!" [Sings opening notes to *So What*.] And they were all right into it with me.

**Do you know Garcia tried to get the Dead to play So What once?**

I know he knows it.

**Right. I think Bobby and Phil went along for a little bit, but then it dissipated.**

That's too bad — the Dead's fans would love shit like that! They live for that! Hell, they'll take a resurrection of *New Minglewood Blues*.

What was that song that we pulled out for a little while and then it went away — off one of Garcia's solo albums? I really liked the song.

**Reuben and Cherise**

It was great! But then it went away again. I wish they would do more of that, and that's one reason I like playing with my band more! We do that. [Laughs]

**When I first started going, it was more wide open. The second show I ever saw [Roosevelt Stadium 8/6/74], they ended the first set with Playing in the Band into Scarlet back into Playing**

It's too bad to get so set in your ways. Because who cares if you fuck up a little bit? I don't care if we just fuck up. I'm not worried about it. Maybe they're caring too much whether they fuck up. ♦



think he had a wreath in his hair, like a Greek statue. It was  
 kind of... thing... days... occasional... at  
 Kepler's around the summer of '62 or '63... stage in front of  
 five or six tables, and also was an employee at Kepler's for a  
 while. When asked...  
 Garcia cracked, "KICK DOWN  
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 THE KILLS  
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DOUBLEDAY



# Everyone's a Winner as

# No One is Shut Out

By Theik Conkin

**A**fter months of rumors, the formal announcement was made — the Dead, after an 11-year hiatus, were coming back to Vermont to headline an outdoor show in Highgate that had Heads buzzing with excitement from coast to coast. For those of us who live in Vermont, the only concern was getting tickets for what promised to be the largest gathering of people in Vermont's history. This concern over tickets was heightened by a lack of real info on ticket outlets and phone charge availability, combined with the typical Dead rumor mill. What follows is a success story that shows that cooperation, Dedication, and group effort can create positive results and fun for all.

Middlebury is a Deadhead town. I co-own the *Alley Beat*, a music and bookstore, and Dead music-related publications, like *Dupree's* and *DeadBase*, are big sellers for us. When it was announced that Highgate tickets would be on sale at the *Sound Source*, a store here in town, local Heads realized that this small town of 5,000 was in for something it had never experienced before — Grateful Dead tickets for sale and hundreds of people to get them. Remembering the mostly negative scenes at point-of-sale locations for last spring's Albany concerts, Prem Prakash, a fellow area Deadhead and *DDN* contributor (see *Truckin' to a Higher Consciousness* in this issue on pg. 56), and I came up with a plan of action to make the whole thing work better for the Heads as well as the town.

Our two goals in this plan were to minimize the impact on local business and townspeople of several hundred Heads in town for the two-day bracelet ticket procedure, and also, of course, to make sure that all local Deadheads got tickets. We were very successful on both these counts.

As soon as Prem Prakash and I found out that *Sound Source* was a ticket outlet, we visited the owner, Bob Recupoero, and offered our services as liaison to local Deadheads and volunteered to help with both passing out bracelets and the sale of tickets. This was Bob's first taste of the inexorable force of the Dead and their fans, and he gladly accepted our offer. Since information was being doled out bit by bit, Bob was swamped with hundreds of calls from all four time zones. (One aside: some idiot posted Bob's number on the Internet without asking Bob, which ruined several days of business.)

Further, I contacted Middlebury's Police Chief, Tom Hanley, to inform him there would be crowds on consecutive mornings in town, and to find out if camping for bracelets was going to be allowed. Chief Hanley was very appreciative of my call. By informing the police, and including them in the planning, only good feelings were created. Chief Hanley decided that mellow camping would be okay, and we went over where to form the lines, and how

quickly the crowds would dissipate. We also talked to other merchants in the area to let them in on what was going to happen, so they could plan accordingly.

With the town prepared, Prem Prakash and I moved on to our other important goal — insuring that all local Deadheads, and many first-time fans, got tickets. Unfortunately, TicketMaster had the right to call in unsold tickets from small outlets, like Bob's, if TicketMaster sold out their allotment first. Armed with this fact, and being aware that the show could sell out fast, we were determined to avoid the frustrating and confusing





situations that occurred when Albany tickets went on sale in winter '93. For those who don't remember, lots of Heads couldn't get Albany tickets because of disorganization and confusion at many ticket outlets, combined with slow lines and even slower service.

In Middlebury, we avoided these problems by working with the ticket outlet's staff and with the local Deadheads. Our goal was simple — how to get 200 Heads with wristbands, plus the seventy people with alternate vouchers, tickets as quickly as possible, so as to not bum out people if TicketMaster should tell us the show was sold out. To achieve this goal, we decided to strongly request that everyone bring exact change for their tickets, and that we would organize the wristband line as early as possible, so when the number for first in line was announced, it was a simple matter of just shifting a few people. Also, the outlet agreed to set up three cash registers, so multiple sales could happen.

On Friday morning, wristband day, Prem Prakash and I spent two hours telling the Heads in line about exact change and early lineup. The response to our efforts was fantastic — easily 95% showed up on Saturday with exact change (we also made change in line for those who didn't remember) and the line was formed and ready to go 30 minutes before the on-sale time. The fruits of our efforts were garnered quickly — in the first 25 minutes, all 270 people in line had bought close to 1,600 tickets!!! By having exact change and three cashiers, Middlebury serviced over 10 Heads a minute with no confusion or

quandary. Since everyone got tickets, smiles were everywhere, and everyone could shift their focus to the real fun — July 13 in Highgate.

The lessons that I learned from this two-day drill in Middlebury were positive and, I think, should serve as a positive example to all Deadheads. The press, of late, has not been kind to us — we tend to litter heavily, and don't always treat our hosts with respect, and the news media likes to report this. However, when concerned Heads open themselves to being part of our larger community, and treat business owners and police officials as partners as opposed to adversaries, we only reap positive results. Even more importantly, we got a large group of Deadheads united to pursue a common goal, like ours in Middlebury, and was truly special to me to see so many beautiful people working together to help not just themselves, but also their neighbors.

A little bit of care and planning, organized toward a common goal, can bring people together and create a more positive result for all. As we march toward the 21st century, I only hope that we can take these lessons and apply them to issues much more important than Dead tickets. There might not be many easy answers in our world, but it is only by working within our communities and with our neighbors that positive results might start to happen. Those two days in Middlebury gave me hope that with work and foresight, we can try to solve the greater problems that face us in both our Dead world, and in the larger one as well. ♦

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## GREEN MOUNTAIN GROOVE

By John Dwork

Against great odds the Grateful Dead pulled off a show in Vermont this summer. For those who planned properly, it was a truly magnificent quest, the sort of Grateful Dead adventure we all strive for. If the event promoters had their act more together and if the Dead were just a little bit more inspired...well, let's just say that if things fall into place next year, Vermont could be hosting a Dead concert of cosmic proportions. Here's how we circumnavigated the hassles and enjoyed the Dead's first East Coast field trip in 12 years.

This past winter the Dead began negotiating with Highgate, a town several miles south of the Canadian border, to hold a field trip concert this summer (a la Lewiston, Maine 1990, or Eugene 1982). Amazingly, the go-ahead was given even after a representative of the town flew down to Orlando to see what Dead shows are really like and was greeted by a cancelled show and then, on the next night, a riot! All we knew when tickets went on sale was that after months of rumors, the Dead were actually going to play in a field in the middle of nowhere.

With the whole state of Vermont abuzz with talk about what would surely be the largest gathering in its entire history, we set off north along Interstate 91. While most Deadheads got off at the intersection of Route 89, we kept heading north. Our plan was to avoid the much-predicted traffic by cutting west across back road mountain notches.

Much to our amazement, this route was both breathtaking and devoid of cars. A mile from the site we finally ran into traffic, which was far better than most other people's luck (one person reported it took him three hours to drive the three miles from Route 89 to the site!). Once there we were very, very lucky to find a parking spot close to the exit. Others less lucky would later wish they had parked roadside in one of the \$20 spots being proffered by local home owners. The main parking lot was a COMPLETE mess: haphazard rows, only two exits, over-flowing porta-johns, no street lamps, no location signs posted. It was obvious the Dead would have to play something really heavy to get us to stay for the encore. Much to my amazement the promoter did get the entrance gates right. First, there were plenty of them. Second, the guards were very polite, efficient, and mellow.

Things inside the gates were equally copacetic. Lining the somewhat dusty farm field (which they should have wet down that morning to cut the dust) was a wide variety of food vendors — falafel, chicken fajita, apples, watermelon, tempura, etc. It was a far cry from the hot dog hell of most concert arenas. There were even plenty of porta-potties. Two big water tankers were in place (although there weren't enough spigots at each one — maybe next year they'll try 16 instead of 8). The security was polite and laid-back.

Phil Lesh surprised everyone as he excitedly introduced the opening act: Yossou N'Dour and his 11-piece Senegalese rock ensemble. While some might prefer a group like Traffic to open for the Dead, N'Dour and his group immediately established a highly danceable groove that didn't let up for more than an hour.



# TOUR '94



Artwork by Mike Demaine and John Dwork

As the sun slowly began to set on a perfect weather day, the Dead took the stage. Jerry opened with a tight but uneventful *Let the Good Times Roll*. Bobby then launched the band into a positively staggering *Jack Straw*. The rest of the set was fairly routine until the *Let It Grow* closer, which was more than solid; it was deep.

Much to our total delight, John Cutler had the whole field wired perfectly for sound. Unlike spring tour, the band was satisfactorily loud, especially Phil — just as a Grateful Dead concert should be. And the delay towers sounded amazing. What a treat to be far enough back from the stage to be able to dance wildly without bumping into anyone, and still have the band sound like you're in the 15th row. After a very unpopular spring tour, this was a complete turnaround. Kudos to Cutler for a job well done!

The second set started with a small bang, as all of a sudden the perimeter lights went off everywhere and we were left with nothing more than the glow of the moon, the Milky Way spread out majestically above us, and Candace's giant stage lighting. Her latest visual statement is, in a word, immense. From way back on the field, this year's summer tour stage looked like the futuristic skyline in the movie *Bladerunner* or the spaceship in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. As the moon began to set at the side of the stage, the band led into a fun *Truckin'* > *New Speedway Boogie*. Several average songs later the Rhythm Devils were loose on the prowl, and both they and the light show took off. Candace not only has videowalls (which still leave a lot to be desired), she also has video projected into the sea of imagery thrown upon the giant scrims that cover the PA. The result is that the video imagery becomes, at times, truly visionary. She also has decided to allow the projec-

tion of fractal imagery and other related melting, evolving abstract animations, and during *Drums*, the collective impact of these sights and sounds was both heavenly and deliciously sinister at the same time (if only the rest of the show was this heavy). After a very long *Space*, the band segued into the Beatles' *I Want To Tell You* > *Miracle* > *Standing On the Moon* > *Sugar Mags*, all of which were played decently or better. And, boy, was it wild getting to see Jerry's face 20 feet tall on a video screen as he sang *Standing on the Moon* as the real moon set blood red into the pines. Yes, the Dead only played an average show, but it was better than the stinkers I saw on spring tour.

Unlike most folks, we split upon hearing the opening notes to the *U.S. Blues* encore. We started our ignition as the song ended. Friends of ours waited to leave until the encore ended and as a result didn't get out of the parking lot for FIVE HOURS!!! Had the promoter provided more energy to the parking lot (aisles painted on the ground, parking lot lights — God knows how many people couldn't find their cars for hours! — 20 more traffic controllers, at least one more exit (or how about free express buses to a parking lot right off the highway?), they would have deserved and gotten a ringing endorsement. But there's simply no excuse for a situation in which tens of thousands of people are trapped at a concert site all night long. While many facets of the event were handled well (the food, the number of entrances, the number of bathrooms inside the gates), there is no excuse for having an unlit parking lot and not enough bathrooms outside the concert. Then again, this concert at its worst was a smooth sail compared to Woodstock '94. When all is said and done, this venue holds tremendous potential for next year. Here's hoping it all comes together better in '95! ♦



# REACHING FOR THE GOLD RING

By Nick Newlin

Going to a Grateful Dead Concert is like throwing a coin into a wishing well; you know you want something but you can't really put your finger on what it is: "Never could reach it, just slips away, but I try..." Unlike a wishing well, however, the Dead can give us the gold ring directly, which keeps us believing and coming back for more. That's on their best nights, and ours. But anyone who has been to more than a few shows knows that sometimes instead of the gold ring, we get a necktie from our Aunt Marge (and not a Jerry necktie either!).

The weekend shows at RFK, the shows were like a good tape badly recorded. Most people thought they were pretty hot shows, but the sound was so muddy that the legendary GD clarity was as elusive as the gold ring. Strangely, while sound was generally muffled on the field, reports from the stands were better. This was one of soundman John Cutler's first really large stadium gigs since replacing Dan Healy in the spring.

Jerry's guitar was absent at various times throughout the weekend, either due to his own hesitancy or Cutler's low mixing, but the rest of the band kept the energy from faltering, standing beside him like loyal family members. First set Saturday's *Ramble On Rose* and *Masterpiece* were strong and well received, and *Loose Lucy* and especially *Promised Land* rocked powerfully and closed the set with a humid all-out dance party.

The second set featured some interesting interplay on *China > Rider*, which lacked high-intensity Jerry solos, but offered some nice space. The pre-*Drums* high point was clearly *Crazy Fingers*, for which Garcia not only remembered all the words (and in order!) but concluded with a beautifully sparkling instrumental jam that floated us smoothly into *Drums*. Out of *Space*, *The Last Time* was solid and cookin', leading into a lovely *Stella Blue*. Jerry flubbed the first verse, but he totally nailed the lead; the overall effect was powerful and the sound was clean. *One More Saturday Night* got the whole place sweating again. The energy was up.

Sunday afternoon it rained intermittently, but when I arrived at the stadium at 5:30 p.m. the shakedown was in full swing; security was lax, and the atmosphere was loose. There was also trash everywhere.

The place filled up early and many enjoyed Traffic, who played quite nicely both nights. Stevie Winwood's voice was strong and in perfect tune, his lead guitar playing was surprisingly inspired, and the group wisely stuck to their greatest hits rather than focusing on new material.

The Dead's first set Sunday was much stronger than the previous night's: *Hell in a Bucket* and *Bertha* were both brimming with energy and fun. Despite the muddy quality,



Photo by Greg LaPlaca

the sound was still an improvement over Saturday's, partly due to my being situated near one of the rear speaker towers (Saturday I was in front of the soundboard). Jerry's vocals on *So Many Roads* were powerful and emotional, and Phil had fun with *Tom Thumb's Blues*. Bobby's acoustic *Black-Throated Wind* was also sweet, and *Don't Ease Me In* closed out a satisfying first set.

An average *Victim or the Crime* and a below-average *Eyes* opened the second set. Jerry simply lacked inspiration and ideas, and his guitar was too low in the mix. Once again it was unclear whether this was due to Garcia's hesitancy, but Cutler should turn him up regardless. As the rain gained intensity during *Samson*, the band dug in harder, and the crowd cheered them on until they were locked into a smokin' groove. *He's Gone* had terrific vocal interplay and lovely split-screen video effects showing all four vocalists side by side. *He's Gone* is a good example of a tune that has flowered nicely since the group began using ear-monitors.

*Drums* and *Space* were the highlight of the evening. Billy and Mickey took us to some exotic places and *Space* was long and fun, and it went somewhere; they brought out the toys in the funhouse and to these ears it was sheer delight. The transition into *Way to Go Home* was smooth and the song was tight and energetic. Following a meandering instrumental that hinted both at *Days Between* and *China Doll*, *Standing on the Moon* was another clear highlight, with Jerry singing his heart out while the video screens framed his face, transposed with the moon and stars. Vocally, it was a strong evening. It's a pleasure to hear the band members taking strong solo turns and hitting the harmonies together.

*Lovelight* was solid but short, as was *Brokedown Palace*. I realize that thousands of Deadheads needed to get to the Metro, but I still think it's ridiculous that the boys have to rush back for their encore, clock-watching all the while after working all evening to create a timeless space. Ah, the irony. ♦



# THEY'RE SETTING US ON FIRE...

By Josh Cable

Our first welcome to the heart of the Midwest, Deer Creek, IN, was the sweet, unmistakable smell of manure — not exactly the proverbial red carpet we had envisioned. Yet, by the end of our three-day stay, we looked upon this odor as our passport

to pleasure, a natural extension of the arms of America's heartland, gathering us up and swooping us into paradise. Rising up from the desolate cornfields of central Indiana stands Deer Creek Amphitheatre, appearing majestically out of place in its rural setting. The venue has gained a well-deserved reputation as a favorite stop for many music fans due to its superior sound, top-notch facilities and staff, along with the hospitality of the area's hotels and merchants. Indeed, such a warm embrace to the Dead's loyal fans is a rare sight these days.



Photo by J. V. Edwards

Judging from the quality of the music onstage, the annual three-night stand at Deer Creek is cherished by the Dead as well. Tuesday night's outing was enthusiastic, even though it turned out to be the weakest of the three nights (keep this in perspective, folks — the other two nights were phenomenal). Night one began with a shotgun start: a long, funky, and very well-jammed *Shakedown Street*. The euphoria continued on for a while, climaxing with a hot, steaming rendition of *Big River*, featuring Bobby on acoustic, which was clearly audible in the mix, and Phil

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was verry prominent during *Maggie's Farm*. It was a real treat to hear each instrument clearly, a departure from the Jerry Garcia showcase of sound (no offense to you-know-who) that Dan Healy created.

The rest of the show was well-played, and the second set featured another tight version of *I Want To Tell You* and an outstanding *Wharf Rat*, with some gorgeous vocal harmony. Jerry really got in the groove on *Not Fade Away*, and as we would later find out, the *Rain* encore was foreshadowing of things to come.

Midday Wednesday, threatening weather moved into the area. Well aware that we were in the middle of the country's "tornado belt," many of us had our eyes on the sky at one point or another. Luckily, the most volatile weather held off until early Thursday morning, although Mother Nature kept things interesting right up until showtime. Set one was pretty standard, with a few shining exceptions; a fairly uncommon *Beat It On Down The Line* made way for a spine-chilling, goose-bump inducing version of *High Time*. Another surprise was the debut of *Childhood's End*, a ballad written and sung by our favorite bassist. This one I need to hear again! I think it could be a winner.

A fat, nearly full moon, peeking out from behind the rain clouds, provided the backdrop for set two. Phil kicked things off with a nice version of *Box of Rain*. Bobby donned his acoustic guitar once again for a divine *Looks Like Rain*, continuing with the inclement weather theme. *Samba in the Rain* followed. I know opinions vary for this one, but I must say, I love it. It has a colorful, psychedelic lounge feel, with plenty of room for improvisation, along with some great vocal harmony. And Jerry really nails the part of the sax player. *Samba's* diminutive jam erupted into the night's big surprise: a joyous *Here Comes Sunshine*. At this point, the set list was looking a lot like the band members had gotten ahold of one of those *DDN* April Fool's parody handouts. Anyway, with musicians and audience having a good time, Jerry led the band south of the Equator with a few verses of Harry Belafonte's *Matilda*. Despite the threat of rain, a tropical spirit of serenity had

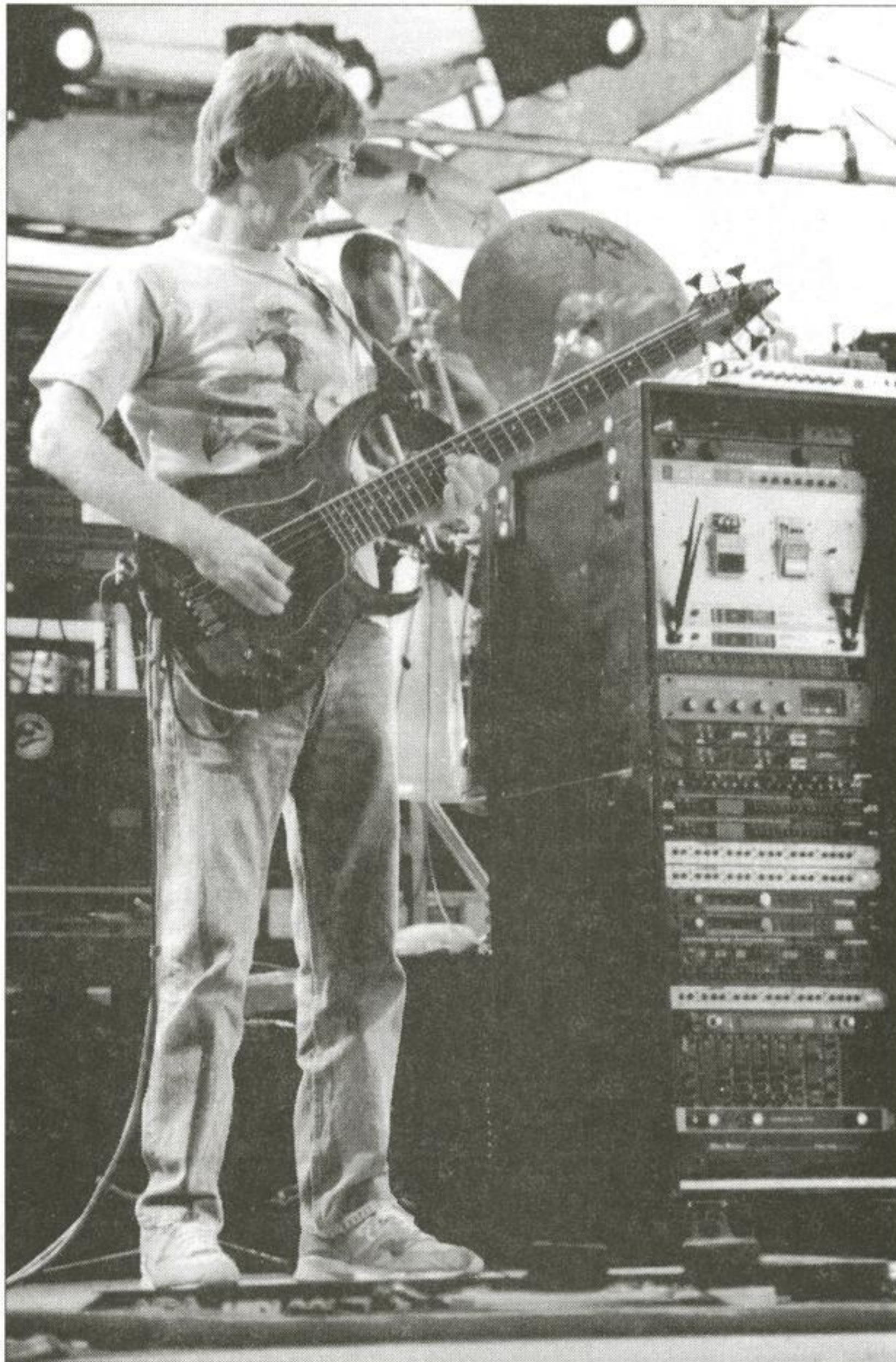


Photo by Bart Stephens

prevailed. All was well in paradise, and after six songs, the Rhythm Devils finally took the stage. Just top that off with a beautiful *Uncle John's Band* and a climactic *Morning Dew*, and you've got the makings of a fine night of music. However, the best was yet to come...

Overcast skies and a muddy parking lot failed to diminish fans' spirits or the tremendous vending scene outside the arena entrance on the third night of the run. Shortly before going in, we saw a crystal clear rainbow from heaven, which shone our way and left the raindrops all but forgotten. This held true for the band, too. Set one was an absolute gem. *Touch of Grey* was a very lively opener, and the musicians really seemed to be enjoying themselves. Weir and Garcia swapped folktales for the rest of the set, dipping into their vast collective repertoire of tunes. *Jack-A-Roe* was reincarnated from two nights prior, and so was Jerry. *The Same Thing* was raunchy and bluesy, with Bobby improvising lyrics like a

true storied bluesman. Go down the list, folks; you really can't complain about any of the nine songs from the first set. They were all good. A monstrous *Music Never Stopped* closed it.

Second set was smokin'. The calypso theme continued with a lush *Women Are Smarter*, which led into another new Phil song, *If The Shoe Fits*, which was pretty cool. And it seems *Way to Go Home* has found its niche before *Help/Slip/Frank*. Just kidding. Although that pairing might boost the popularity of the former tune, the latter was a true highlight from the three-day extravaganza. The bridge portion of that trilogy was particularly stimulating. Once again, Mickey and Billy took center stage to keep the groove going during *Drums > Space*, which flowed into a spacey *Watchtower*. Get the tape, and be sure to listen for Garcia's haunting solo early on in that tune. The *Days Between* that followed was nothing short of a masterpiece, a dark and sensual roller coaster ride that led weary fans to the *Good Lovin'* finale. Weir's rendition of the garage classic absolutely brought down the house. Outside, spirits were high, carnival was in the air for one more night, and the band was triumphantly on their way to Chicago. ♦



# GD IN THE WINDY CITY

By Paul Epstein

It was with guarded optimism that I watched the Grateful Dead march onto the stage at Soldier Field on Saturday night. I was hypersensitive to the mixed reviews of the band's — particularly Jerry's — recent performances. Although it's true that Jerry no longer dominates the musical direction of the band as he once did, the group dynamics have shifted, allowing individual performances and ensemble playing to compensate. My optimism was more than rewarded, however, as the Dead delivered two rock-solid, highly inspirational shows. The first night burst forth with a high-powered *Picasso Moon*, followed by a long, well-jammed *Sugaree*. The ensuing *Minglewood* boasted a spirited solo by Vince. *Lazy River Road*, an immediate classic, adds to the Grateful Dead atlas another dream destination perfectly exemplifying the Dead's modern ensemble sound with its melody and detail. It's not a rocker; in fact, its lilting tempo suggests a waltz, but it is undeniably Grateful Dead. In this night's *Masterpiece*, Jerry picked like a psychedelic metronome, and during *Brown-Eyed Women*, he sang with conviction and affection for the lyrics. An exuberant *Cassidy* ended the set as footage of Neal Cassady flashed across the screens. The Dead's light show has blossomed over the past few summers; gone are repetitive montages of the band members' faces, and in their place are swirls of an ever-changing canvas of color and image.

Set two opened with a great surprise as Jerry, grinning ear to ear, plucked the opening notes to *Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds*. No other song so encapsulates an entire historical milieu, and this musically and vocally tight performance in itself was worth the price of admission. Say what you will about Vince, but I don't think the band would attempt a song this highly arranged without his influence. The day-glow bossanova *Samba in the Rain* followed, and although lacking a center, it still compels and leaves lots of room for jamming. *Terrapin Station* is still the deepest and most complex Dead song of the post-'75 era, and on a good night like this, it can justify the Dead's weighty reputation, as it snakes its way through changes and jams and winds up with the powerful closing that comes as close to symphony as anything else in rock. A gentle post-song jam gave way to *Drums* and *Space*. This section of the show has gotten better and better over the years. In the strictest sense, it is the closest the Dead come to recreating the wild abandon of their '60s and early '70s work. This night was no exception; I saw more than a few people holding their ears in horror — always a good sign!

Day two brought an even higher energy show. A boisterous *Mississippi Half-Step* opened, followed by *It's All Over Now*. The arrangement showcased the renewed interest in vocal and instrumental detail, especially noticeable in the recent onslaught of Beatles and Stones covers. The intro to *It's All Over Now* alluded to the Rolling Stones' original version. Next came Phil's new song *If The Shoe Fits*, a very clean little pop song with good lyrics and a strong melodic hook that has been sticking in my head all summer. The vocals have an almost Beach Boys quality to them.



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After a one-two punch of *Samson and Delilah* and *Way to go Home*, this set seamlessly melded songs into a unified whole. A smooth and beautiful *Eyes* drifted effortlessly into a spacey *Eternity*, which in turn melted into a nearly flawless reading of *He's Gone*. *Eternity* fit in perfectly: working new songs neatly into second set jams lends them the status of older classics. With Willie Dixon's elegantly simple lyrics and that irresistible riff, this song is an absolute natural. Another "force of nature" was *Days Between*. Jerry's voice wrapped itself around this beautiful set of Hunter lyrics with an intensity usually reserved for *China Doll* or *Morning Dew*. Textbook renditions of *Throwing Stones* and *Not Fade Away* left the crowd on its feet, and a well-sung *Liberty* paved the way for the Chicago Parks Authority's annual fireworks fest. With Hendrix's *Star-Spangled Banner* blaring from the loudspeakers and an immense palate of colors splashing above the crowd, the continued vitality and relevance of the Grateful Dead Experience were literally written across the sky. ♦

Most fans expected the birthday boy to whip out *Scarlet > Fire*, and he did!



## HAPPY BIRTHDAY, JERRY!

By Josh Cable and Dave Judy

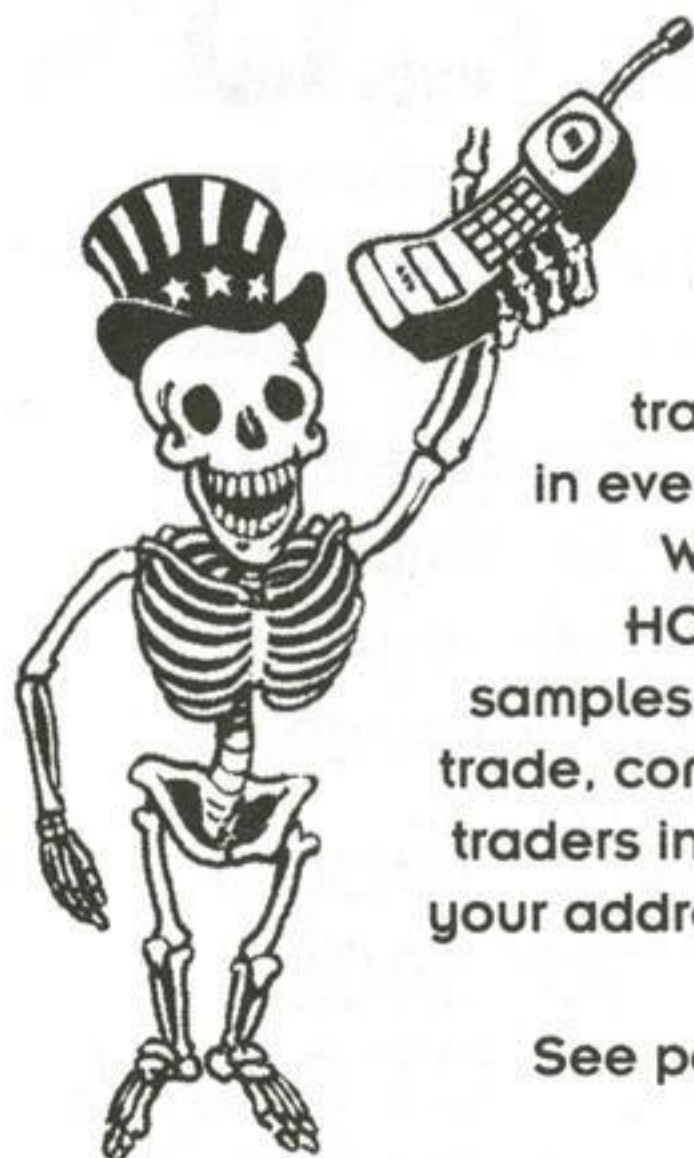
On Sunday, July 31, the Midwestern swing went indoors, for a two-night excursion at the Palace in Auburn Hills. Considering the summer's erratic weather patterns in the Midwest, it was a welcome stop for many. The parking lot scene was minimal. Inside, fans were treated to a pristine version of *Row Jimmy*, followed by a gritty *Spoonful* that seemed to capture the essence of Motown blues. A blistering version of *Me and My Uncle > Big River* contained a clever *Mexicali* tease in the middle. *Loose Lucy* was great fun, and a rousing *Midnight Hour* closed the set with both the band and the crowd wailing, "I'm gonna wait/wait till the midnight hour."

Set two featured a hot *Samson and Delilah*, a number that has been rather blasé of late. *Truckin'* made a now-rare appearance, and its ensuing jam was pretty ferocious. *Last Time* out of *Space* was quite delicious, and *Black Peter* was soulful. As always, *The Weight* was the perfect choice as an encore.

August 1, 1994 was the highly anticipated birthday show. Expectations were pretty high, and yes, Jerry was serenaded before the show. *Picasso Moon* was a lively opener. Fans were also treated to a classic version of *Stagger Lee*, with Garcia appearing to be in high spirits. *Music Never Stopped* was an adventure in interstellar MIDI travel, coming back full circle to close the set.

Set two was the set that everyone was waiting for. Most fans in attendance expected the birthday boy to whip out *Scarlet > Fire*, and he did, but only after a surprising *Victim* opening. As for the *Scarlet > Fire*, it was played well. Not the most colossal version ever, but nonetheless a treat. As the song stretched out, Garcia's guitar work became quite intricate and spacey. *Samba* had a tough act to follow, but it was well received. And a classic *Estimated* led into *Drums > Space*. Once again, Garcia was all over the place during *Watchtower*. And the *Satisfaction* finale, featuring Weir in full rock-star persona, brought the crowd to a feverish pitch. After two solid performances, fans left the Palace feeling, well, satisfied. ♦

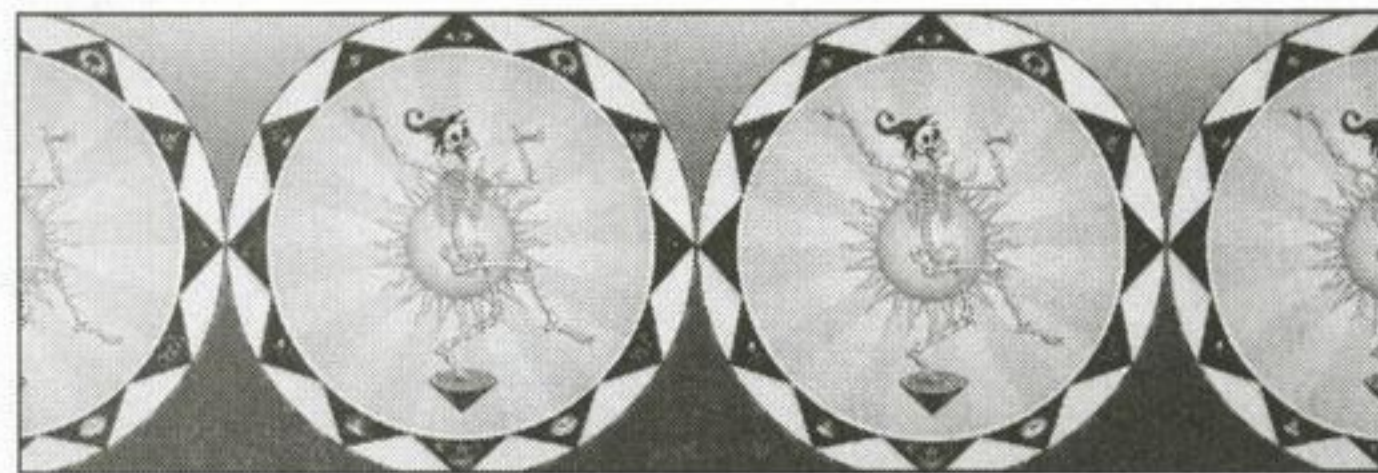
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# GIMME SOME JAMMIN'

By Cherie Clark King

The Giants Stadium shows, coming at the tail end of the Dead's summer tour, yielded mellow treatment by the venue's staff as compared to previous years, liberal sampling of some of the newer tunes in the Dead's repertoire, and solid sets by Traffic.

The parking lot scene was colorful and folks seemed to be upbeat and looking forward to a good time ahead. A lot of vending was taking place, with few hassles, and the only apparent problems were the severe shortage of portable toilet facilities and the disgusting lack of garbage receptacles, much less recycling bins. After so many years, one would think management would have realized by now that they need to provide more facilities for our annual visit. In all the years I've been going to shows, I've NEVER seen so much garbage and mess in the parking lot as at these shows. It is, in the end, up to us to keep our community clean, and each of us should do our part. So, a big thank-you goes to all the Heads I saw helping with the enormous trash situation.

Without question, the high points of both shows were Traffic's thoroughly inspired, impeccable performances. They are undoubtedly the best reunion band making the rounds this year. Like the Allman Brothers, they play all their classics. Of particular note were *Medicated Goo*, *Rainmaker*, *Low Spark*, and the acoustic *John Barleycorn*, as well as the encores on both nights of *Dear Mr. Fantasy* with Garcia joining in. On the second night Billy and Mickey also joined in for a too-good-to-be-believed version of *Gimme Some Lovin'*! It was one hot number! As the band sequed out of a five-percussionist drum solo back into *Gimme Some Lovin'*, I realized this might very well be one of the best "Dead and friends" jams since the Allmans joined in for an immense *Not Fade > Goin' Down the Road > Not Fade > Johnny B. Goode* in 1973 at RFK. Truly a mind-blowing moment!

As far as the Dead sets were concerned, they were just that, dead sets. A poor replica of what passes for fairly routine these days. First set opener was *Mississippi Half-Step*, and it was solid. Other highlights were an *El Paso* with Bobby on acoustic guitar, Phil's inspired new tune, *If the Shoe Fits*, and what was easily the high point of the evening: *Bird Song* with a huge jam and a very psychedelic light show to boot.

I found the second set somewhat lacking. Like so many other folks, I consider *Easy Answers* trite, and *Samba In the Rain* is atonal and as of yet undeveloped. *Attics* was a welcome, soulful relief, but a bit sloppy. As usual these days, *Drums > Space* was the strongest part of the set, powerful, with varied cadences, and massive interplay between Billy, Mickey, and Candace's massive lightshow. *Sugar Magnolia*, the set closer, was luckily very hot, with complete crowd rowdiness, wild dancing, and general tension release. I left during *Liberty*, hoping the next show would hold more promise.

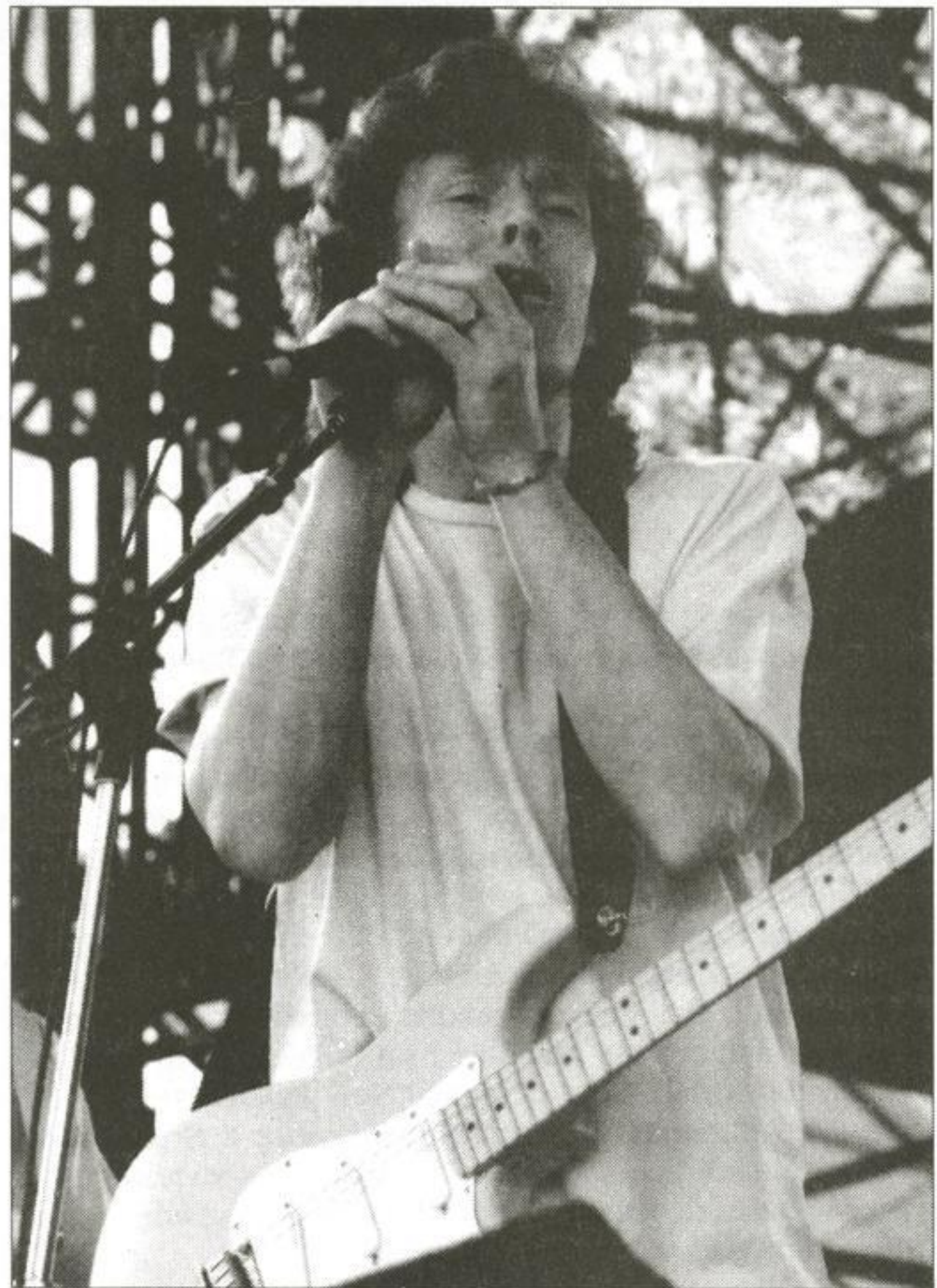


Photo by Brad Nedermen

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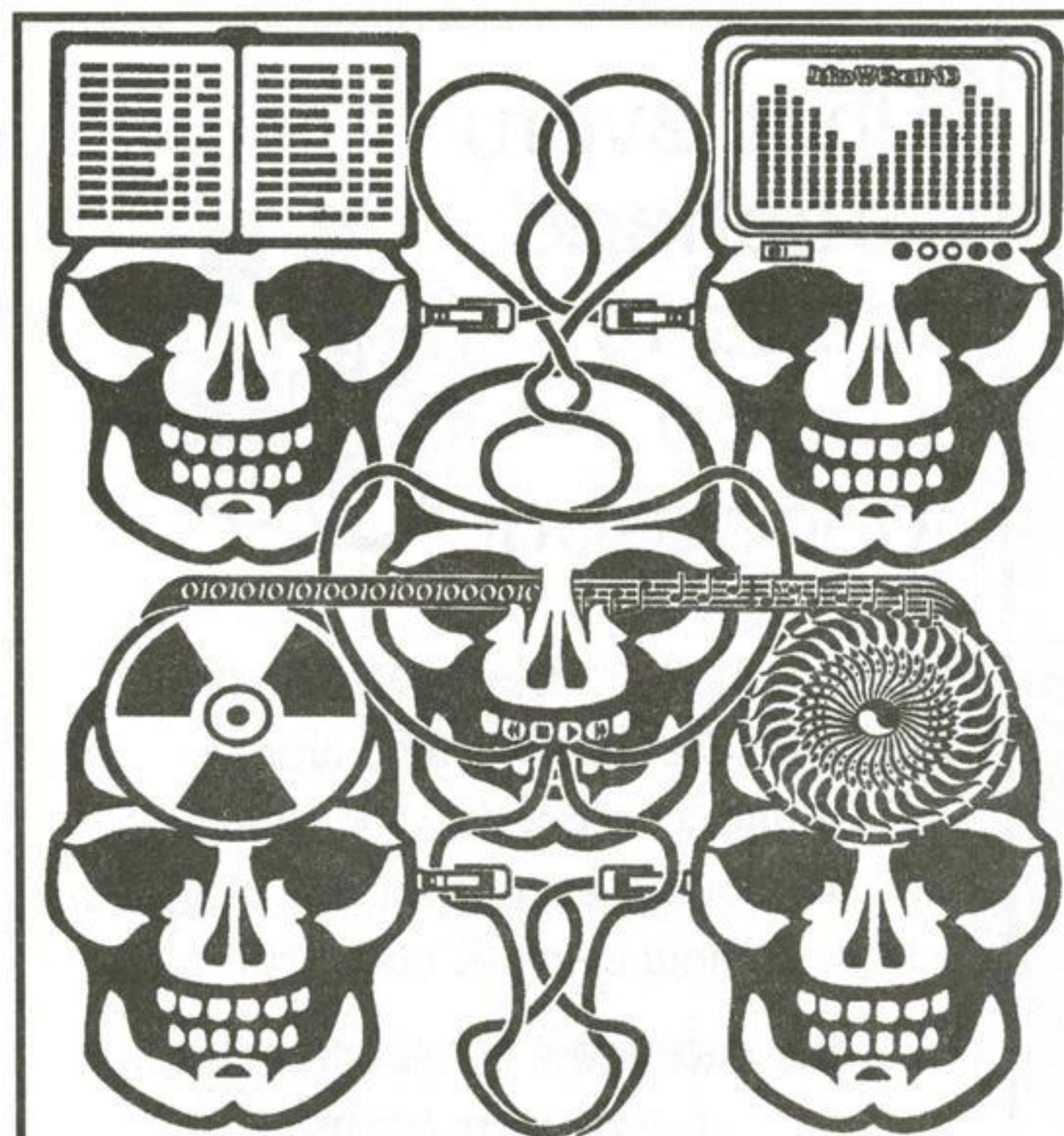
A lot of people thought the second night had better energy than the first, although Bobby was plagued throughout with technical problems. Also, I think I speak for the masses when I say that perhaps Jerry needs a teleprompter. (Hey, Mick Jagger's using one!) *Box of Rain* is always a welcome set opener, and this one was no exception. The rest of the set yielded no surprises, though I thought at least *Eternity* went somewhere, which despite its lyrics, is what it's supposed to do. Phil's other new composition, *Childhood's End*, is er... interesting, and it seemed to have expanded a tad since it was first played at Deer Creek. The set closer was *Deal*, and by that time the crowd was dancing furiously. It was a rocker, if a bit abbreviated.

*Picasso Moon* opened the second set on a positive note. The obligatory *Way to Go Home*, no matter how well played, is rote at this point. Thankfully, *Playing In the Band* gave us an acceptably out-there jam. This segued easily into *Uncle John's Band*, which in turn gave way to yet another amazing *Drums > Space* segment. I kept wanting *Days Between* to be stellar, but unfortunately, it fell short. For one thing, Jerry sounded way tired; it's a long song to play toward the end of the set. I still feel like they're practicing this one onstage. I have hopes for the future that they'll get comfortable enough with this song, so it can achieve the potential I still think is lying just below the surface. The perennial New Jersey crowd-pleaser, *Not Fade Away*, was capped off by a *Brokedown Palace* encore that was about the worst this reviewer has ever witnessed. "Oh, oh what I want to know, where did the words go?" ♦

## SUMMER TOUR OVERVIEW

- The lightshow gets better with every passing year. With video now being projected onto the large cloth screens in front of the PA, the whole stage looks like it's about to take off. Way cool!
- The sound was much improved over spring tour. The band was louder and the delay towers at the big summer shows sounded fantastic.
- Billy and Mickey are playing the best music of their Rhythm Devil careers. The drum solos each night are exactly what the Grateful Dead is about at its best — exploration of uncharted space.
- Phil, Phil, Phil! Now that soundman John Cutler has him turned up, we can hear how awesome he's playing these days. Now if only he'd give us *Unbroken Chain*.
- Bobby, as usual, forgets words (but not as many as Jerry), makes boring song choices, and has technical problems, but always gives 100%. When he's on, he's the best.
- Jerry is in a real slump these days. He's forgetting words all over the place — teleprompter time! His jamming isn't taking off and he's in his own little world. It would be nice if he'd start playing with the rest of the band again. If Jerry can get it together, this band can make very, very beautiful magic again. Until he does, it's going to be frustrating for us, and perhaps his bandmates as well.

Peak moments: Deer Creek and the Traffic sets at Giants Stadium — get the tapes!!!! ♦



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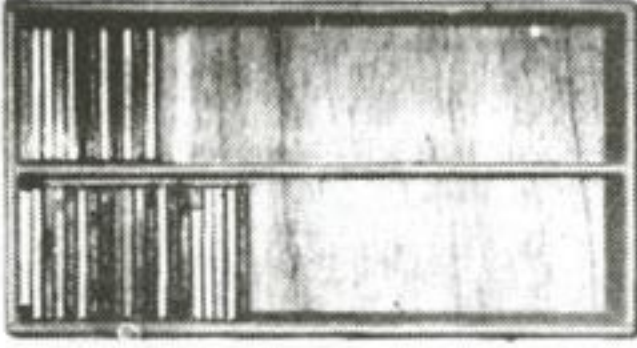
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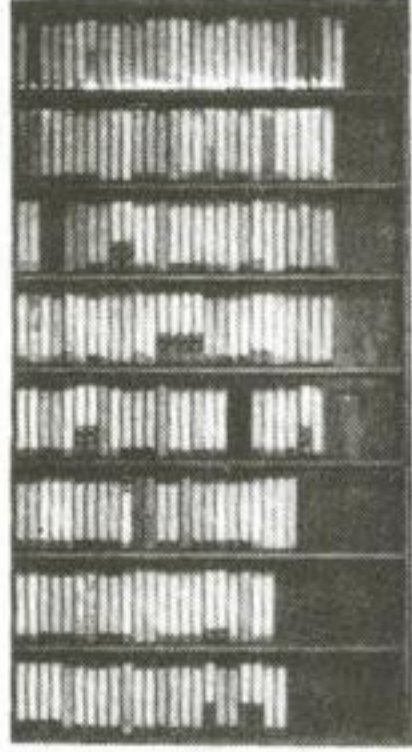
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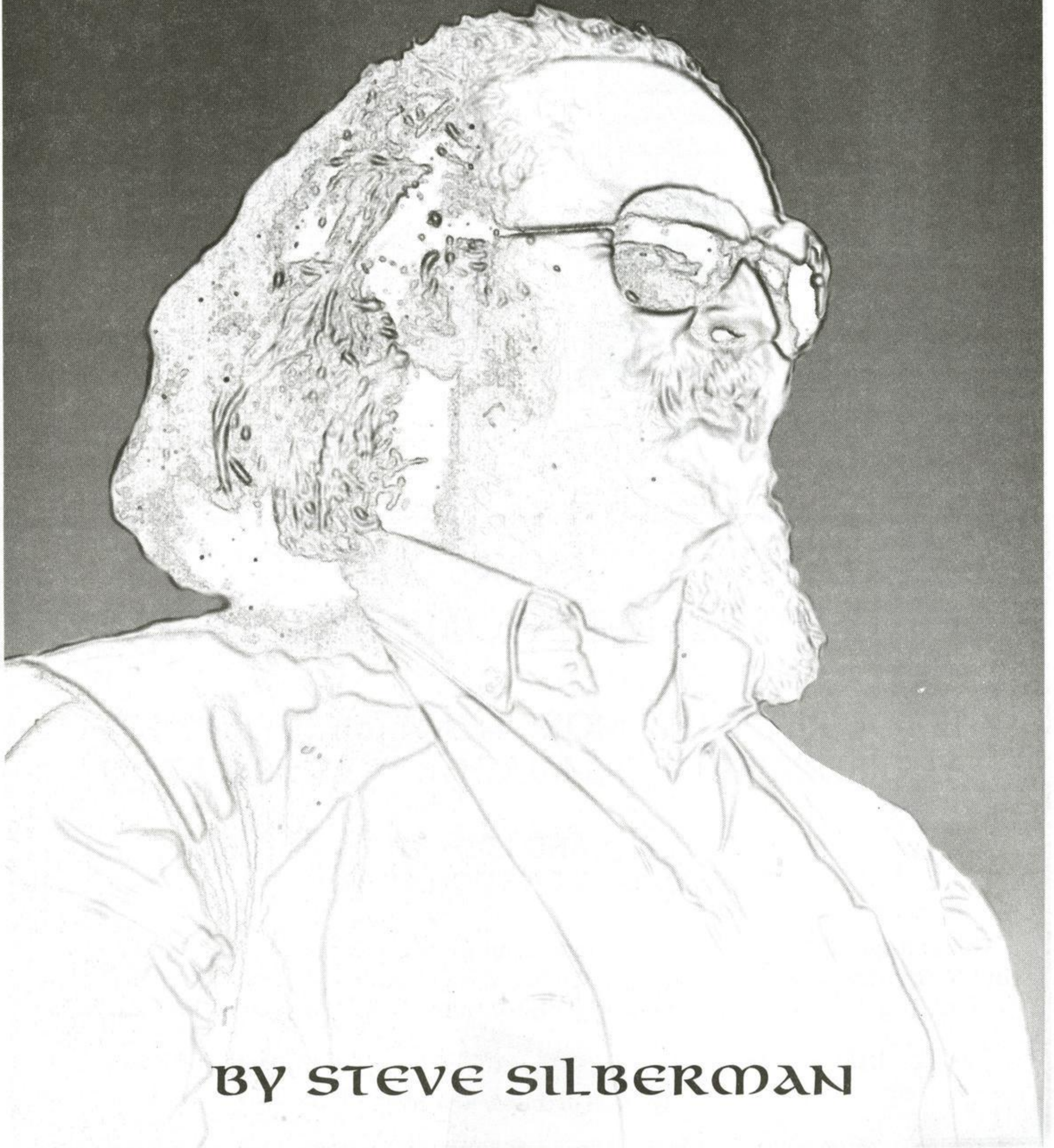
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# RUNNING WITH the wolves



BY STEVE SILBERMAN



The first time I heard David Crosby's *Guinnevere* I was in Provincetown, a fishing village and haven for artists at the end of Cape Cod with a reputation for hell-raising. I was 11 or 12. Provincetown in 1969 was like Haight-Ashbury East — on summer nights, the dunes outside of town were an open-air youth hostel for longhairs. I walked into a sandal shop and heard new music that was unlike the strident day-glo pop of the era. Two guitars climbed and descended a spiral stair of notes, hinting that mysteries would be gradually revealed in each unexpected turn of melody. The lyrics spoke of love so profound that the lovers saw in each other figures of Arthurian legend, a seagoing knight and his lady, drawing occult signs on the walls of her garden.

David Crosby has enjoyed and suffered fame as the first initial in the three-initial supergroup for whom the word "supergroup" was coined — CSN — and recorded a series of albums, alone and with Graham Nash, distinguished by incisive lyrics and sleek, jazz-inspired melodies that flow like water. But like his lady's pentagrams, many of Crosby's individual contributions to the evolution of American music are still hidden.

One of these is a body of music Crosby played with various members of the Dead and Jefferson Airplane in the early '70s. Calling themselves the "Planet Earth Rock and Roll Orchestra," this jamming collective — Crosby, Graham Nash, Jerry Garcia, Phil Lesh, Mickey Hart, Bob Weir, Jorma Kaukonen, Jack Casady, Paul Kantner, Grace Slick, and more — recorded several albums under various names. ("Blows Against the Empire," for instance, was released as the first "Jefferson Starship" album.) Garcia, Crosby, Lesh, and Hart played Bay Area club dates as David and the Dorks (or Jerry and the Jerks), and the whole P.E.R.R.O. crew jammed on songs like *Loser*, *EEP Hour*, *The Wall Song*, and *The Mountain Song* at Wally Heider's studio in San Francisco in January of 1971.

The Planet Earth Rock and Roll Orchestra's greatest achievement is Crosby's 1971 album "If I Could Only Remember My Name." The adventurous music of these sessions was made possible by a lack of commercial constraints. The first CSN album had been a wild suc-

cess, and Crosby had the clout to rent Heider's for three months of casual hang-out jams. Joni Mitchell showed up to crest a wave of harmony singers on *Laughing*, Garcia dropped in for a few nights of improvisation on *Tamalpais High*, and Neil Young and Garcia melted down an unreleased take of *Cowboy Movie*, while "American Beauty" producer Stephen Barncard ran the tape. (It was Crosby and Stills who had coached crystalline harmonies out of the Dead on "American Beauty.")



More than anything Crosby has recorded before or since, "If I Could Only Remember My Name" is a flowing together of two tributaries of American music that had captured Crosby's imagination: modal jazz and harmonized folk. The jams on *Tamalpais High* and *Song With*

*No Words* surf crests of discovery in a tidal pulse, like Miles Davis' "In A Silent Way" combined with the eerie harmonies of Bulgarian choral music and the Renaissance balladeers.

My favorite track from that era is the still unreleased melody, as natural as breath, called *Kids and Dogs*, played by Crosby and Garcia on acoustic guitars, with an overdubbed acoustic lead and Stratocaster lead by Garcia, with Crosby scattering layers of harmony.

The spirit of the time also rings clear on a

tape recorded in Mickey Hart's barn studio in Novato on 9/20/71. Garcia plucks *Ghost Riders from the Sky* while Weir croons *Whinin' Boy Blues*, a jam roars into the chords that would become — four years later — *Fire On The Mountain*, and Crosby's distinctively choppy "outside" chords guide the tiller toward deep water during *The Wall Song*.

I spoke with Crosby on the phone ten days before CSN's return to Woodstock, from midnight until just before dawn. When Crosby was smoking freebase a decade ago, he had a reputation for being a contentious, hidden man. The sober Crosby is warm, forthcoming, receptive, and utterly down-to-earth. He laughs easily, with a coyote's wit, and has the humility of a man who has had to face his private demons in public, and accept each as part of the soul.

After the storms of fame, that's what Crosby's music is: the honest logs of one soul's sea-journey on a course toward wholeness.

# AN INTERVIEW with DAVID CROSBY



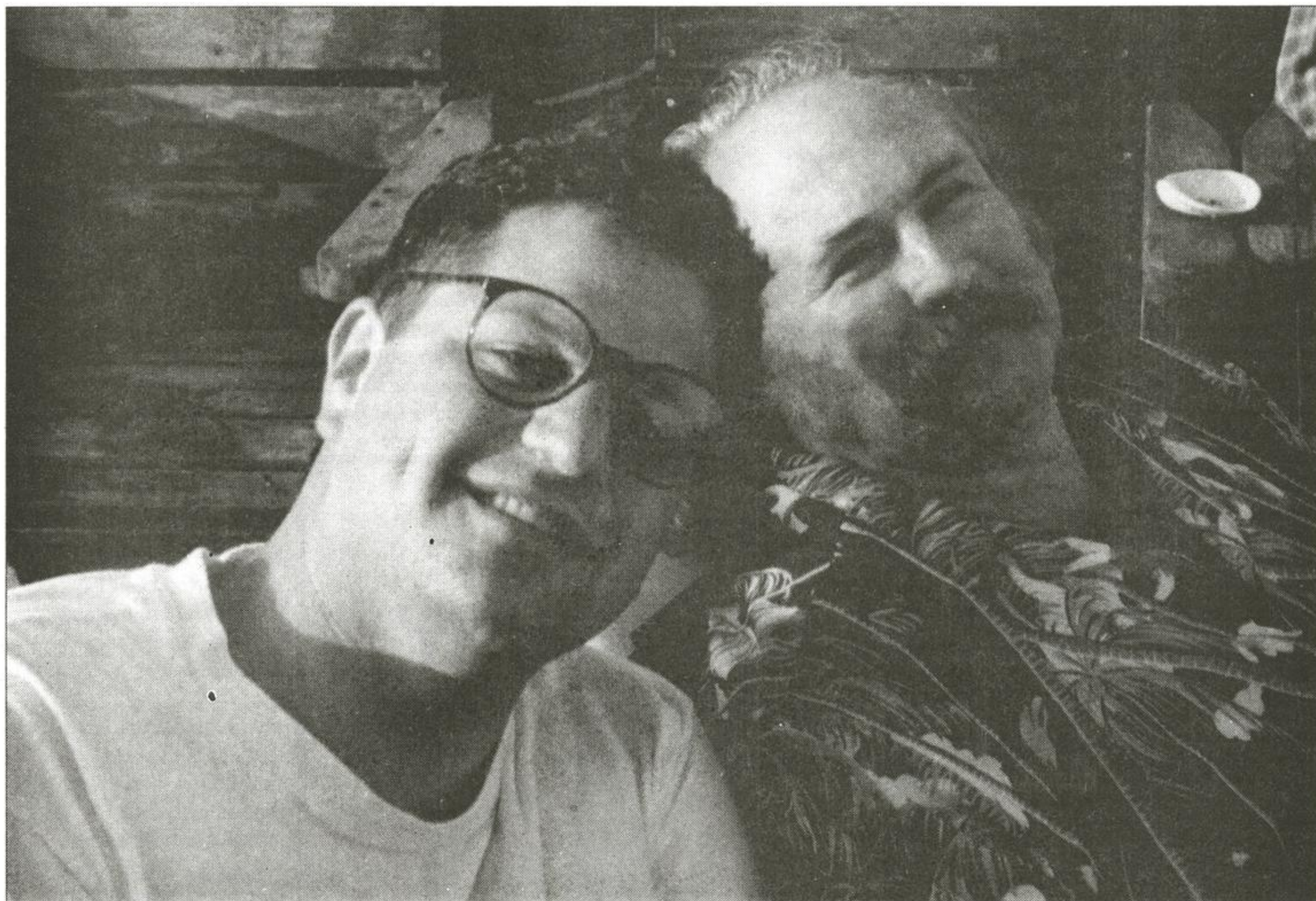


Photo by Oliver Ray

Steve Silberman and David

***How old were you when started getting high?***

I was your high school drinker, trying to be like a grown-up guy, and getting looped. Alcoholism and drug addiction came as naturally to me as putting on a well-worn boot.

***What made you prone to...?***

To open that door? An inability to deal with feelings. No good role models on how to deal with emotions. I *felt* things very strongly; I just hadn't been given the vaguest clue how to do that successfully. That leaves you wide open for "I can't deal with this — I'll just get wacko." Boy, is that not a good solution. And that's what happened.

***At the beginning, when you were a young folkie, getting high was a part of the new world coming, a new set of perceptions.***

Yeah, there was a whole other ball game going on — we thought getting high would increase our understanding of ourselves and of the universe. And to some extent, it did. I took psychedelics as a sacrament. I didn't get blitzed on acid every day, or take a massive quantity of mescaline and go watch the traffic. I took them with gentle people that I loved, in places that were beautiful, once or twice or three times in a year. I don't regret my experiences with psychedelics *at all*. I know that I'm not supposed to say that in some communities, but that's the truth. I don't regret having smoked weed. I think weed is a far more innocuous drug than alcohol. I don't see that it does much harm to people, other than sapping some of their get-up-

and-go. You tend to sit around and do an impression of a rutabaga, but if that doesn't bother you, I don't think there's much wrong with it.

I heard about Tim Leary and Richard Alpert [Leary's colleague at Harvard, later known as Ram Dass] when they first happened. I took Sandoz lysergic acid diethylamide-25 when it was in a medicinal bottle — I was an *early* boy on that shit. I started my experiences in L.A., and very shortly thereafter, ran into Augustus — let's call him that — and he gave me some of the early batches of Blue Cheer. Then, when he got the really good double-dome tabbing machine, there was White Lightning, Purple Haze. I was given each batch.

Some of them were a little bit *too strong*. STP was maybe a hair too far down the road. That's when they found me in Mama Cass's pool, clamped to the hot water outlet like a clam, watching the lovely red clouds go by very fast. Clear Light, Windowpane. Orange Sunshine was another batch that I was into. The lady singer of one of our favorite bands — the one with the intense eyes and intense manner and dark hair — she and Baron Von Tollbooth turned me onto the trick of keeping Orange Sunshine in a metal can, and shaking it, so I would get Orange Sunshine dust, which I would then lick, snort, rub, and ingest.

***This was in the communal house in Venice Beach?***

Yes. We all needed a place to live, and Kantner and



Freiberg and I were good pals from San Francisco. It was just a natural thing. We had all read *Stranger In A Strange Land*, and there was a bowl on the mantelpiece — when you had some money, you'd put it in there, and when you needed some money, you'd take it out. This was pre-Byrds, when we were still folkin' it up, but folk music was already bursting at the seams. We had already heard handmade songs that people were coming out with, that didn't come from the Ozark Mountains or the Great Smokies. They were good, and we knew it.

**Did you run into Garcia or Hunter in their folk days? You guys must have been playing the Tangent in Palo Alto on different nights.**

I had heard rumors about them down on the Peninsula — that they were pretty damn good, and crazy, and into it, and good. And crazy. And good.

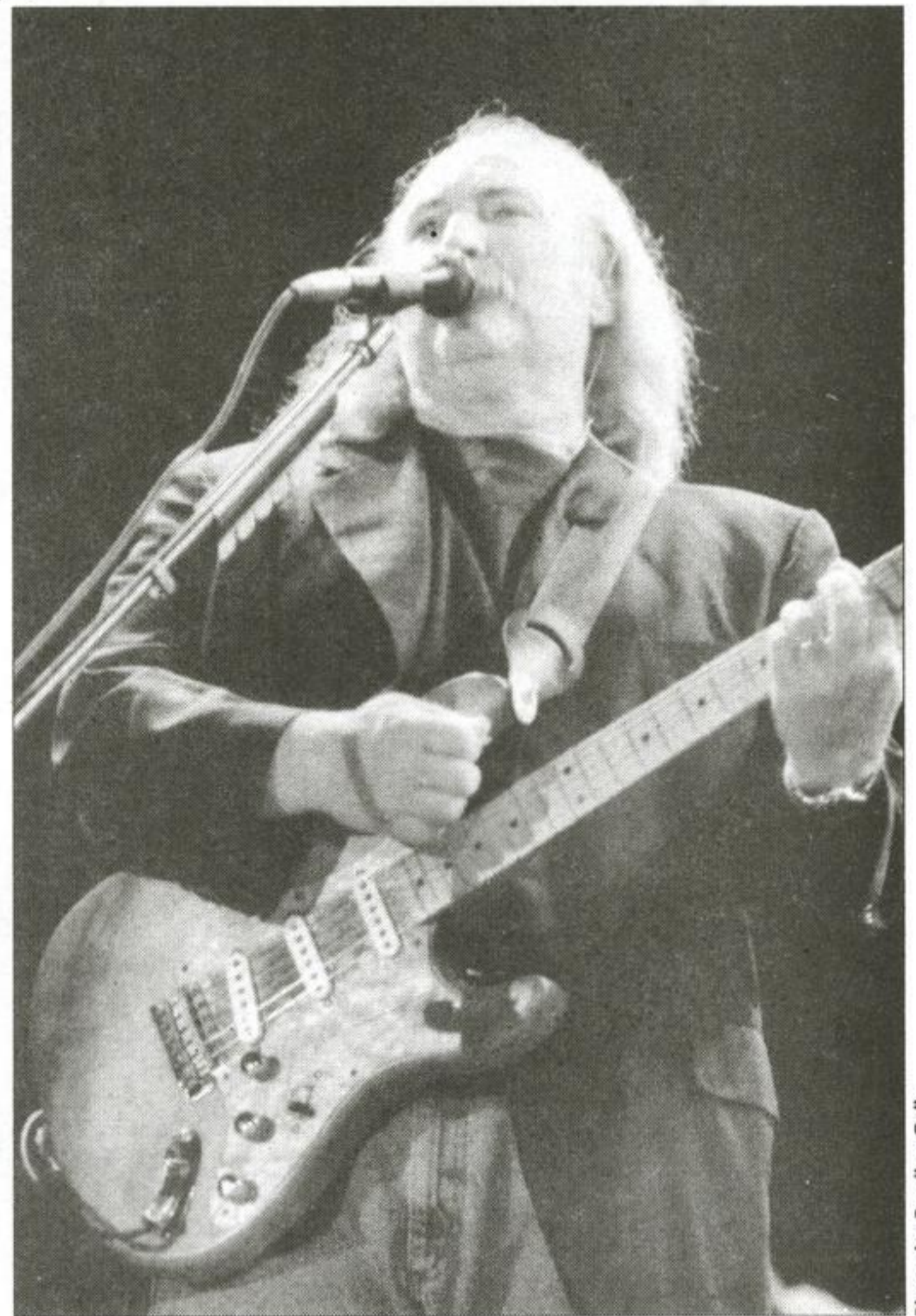
The first time I heard the Dead play, I just went, "Oh, man!" Loose, wonderful, out-there, crazoid stuff. I was still in the Byrds. Kantner gave me their first record and I thought, "These guys are gonna screw up a lot of peoples' minds." Even though I was living in L.A., I loved the whole San Francisco music scene, and I immediately had to go up there and be friends with them.

I went to 710 and hung out. I was very drawn to them, because it was completely my kind of shit: anti-Establishment, outside the corporate mentality, full-blown How-Quickly-Can-We-Turn-Left-Here. Yet Garcia, and Phil — with whom I've always had a really strong contact — were so articulate, so bright. And they were not from the normal neighborhood. Either one of those guys can still engage you in a mental journey, and you can't predict where it will go. They gave the impression that they had recently graduated from the University of Mars.

**Do you remember the first time you played with them?**

It just happened. I can remember a couple times when I played with them when it was a *disaster*. One time I had my Alembic 12-string — this was when they had the Wall of Sound — and somebody had turned the speaker behind me on Phil's side way down, and the one behind Garcia way up. I couldn't hear myself, but I blew Garcia's head off completely. Garcia had to tell them to unplug that speaker *immediately*.

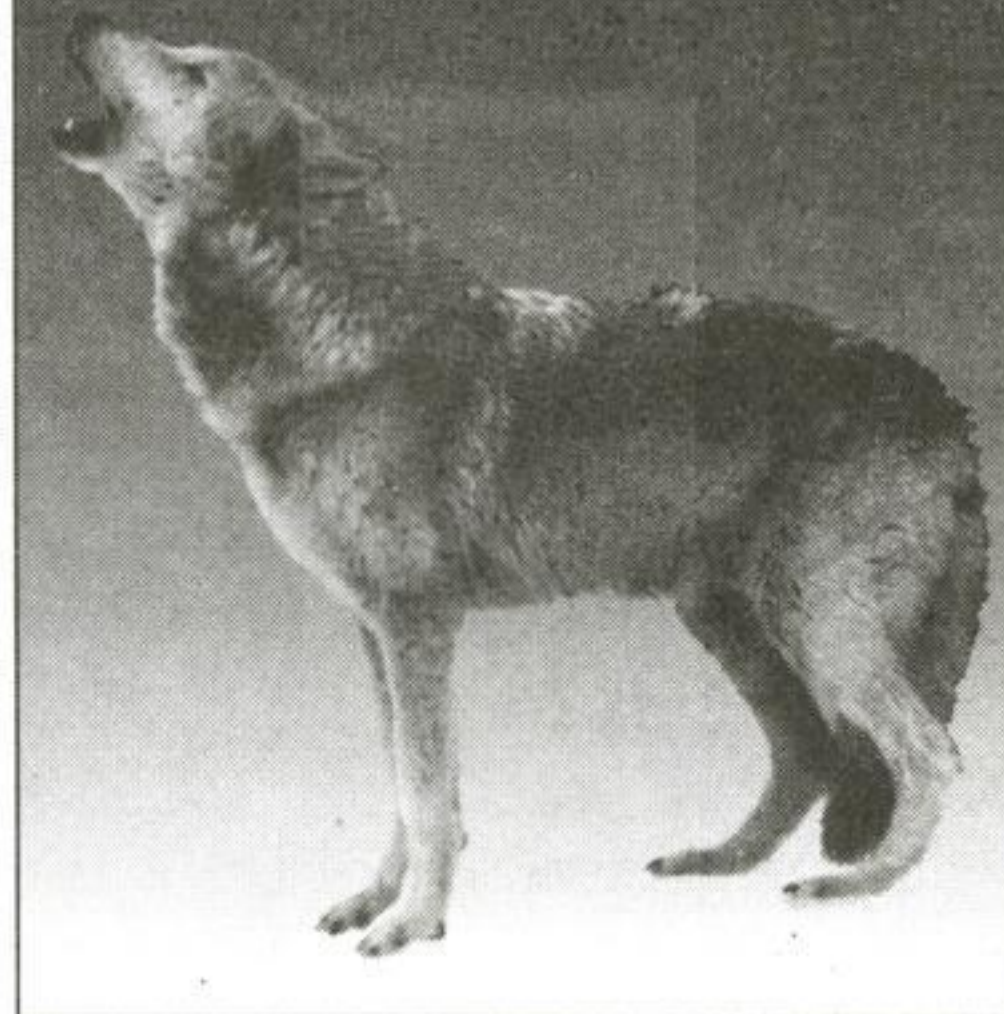
My best musical experiences with the Dead were up at Bobby Weir's in Mill Valley. They were rehearsing and playing and screwing around, and I would go over and just wander in with my Strat and my Mesa, and when they weren't doing something real important, I would start playing pieces of songs that I had, like the thing that became *Low Down Payment* for me and *The Eleven* for them. And we would go cruisin' off into the ether.



David, Montage Performing Arts Center, Scranton, PA, 8/5/94

Photo by Bradley Gelb

I'VE ALWAYS FOUND IF YOU'RE TRYING TO TALK ABOUT SOMETHING AS BIG AS SPACE, THE WAY TO DO IT IS TO PERSONALIZE IT.



These were guys who couldn't *spell* the word "rules." They were the first ones to tell me that I was even playing eleven. I couldn't count it — Kreutzmann or Mickey counted it for me. My life in music has been as organic as a thing could be. I've always gone where my heart and my soul drew me. That's worked for me really well, because it kept me aimed at musical life, and musical ferment, and musical innovation.

**By then — 1970 — you were living up there in Novato, right next to Mickey's ranch.**

Yeah. Of all the people I knew who I wanted to hang out with more, I wanted to hang out with the Dead more, so I moved right near Mickey's ranch. I felt real close with everybody in that band, all of them.

Ramrod, and a guy who used to work for them named Slade, and Kidd, helped me move in a stake-bed truck that they had, out of L.A. and into Marin County. Christine found my first house in West Marin, but that one was



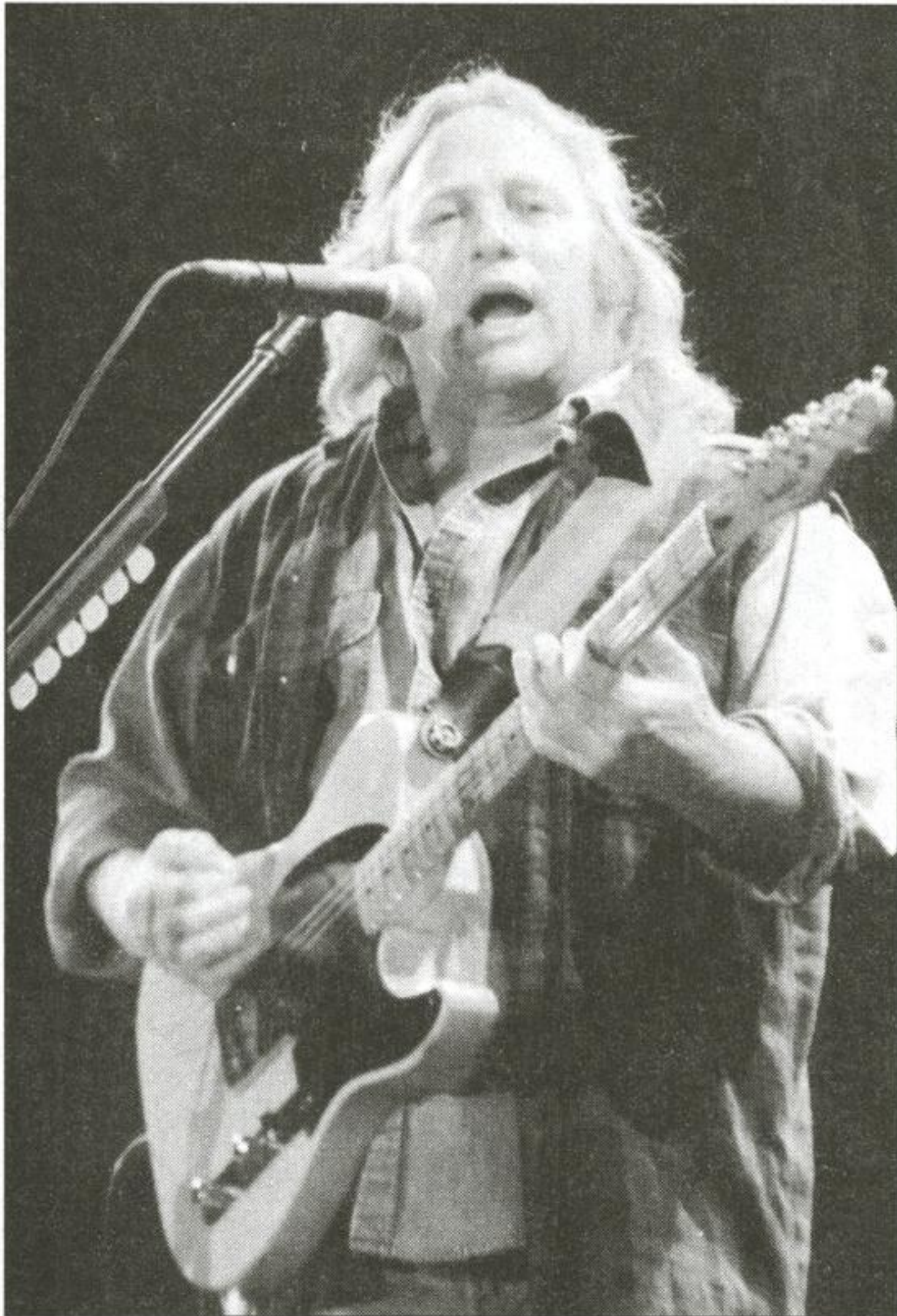


Photo by Bradley Gelb

Steven Stills, Montage Perf. Arts Center, Scranton, PA, 8/5/94

too isolated for her while I was gone, so we looked around and looked around, and one of the ladies in the Dead family helped Christine find the place in Novato. It was good, until the disaster. [Christine was killed in a head-on car crash in September of 1970.]

As a matter of fact, it was Slade who drove me to the hospital when Christine was killed, and it was the Dead that came over first and helped me not lose my mind. They're good human beings, they cared about me. I've always felt part of the family.

After that, me and Nash went to England — we call it our "blue period," 'cause we were drinking a lot of Martell Blue cognac. I was getting really loaded, doing a lot of hard drugs, and drinking real hard. I didn't know what to do.

We took a sailing trip, and then I came back to record "Déjà Vu" and "If I Could Only Remember My Name." I got into living on my boat in Sausalito and hanging out at Wally Heider's

studio, and there was all this immensely wonderful chemistry going on. Jerry must have come every night for a long time, and he was so helpful, and so good, and so bright, and so inventive. He was having so much *fun* with music, and so much fun with life. As much as we've had a fantastic time other times, that particular time that we were doing "If I Could Only Remember My Name" — those guys would come around and give music into the mindmeld that was amazing.

I'd play a song like *Song With No Words* for them — I'd play it to Jorma, I'd play it to Jack, I'd play it to Paul, I'd play it to Phil, I'd play it to Jerry, I'd play it to Grace, I'd play it to Mickey, I'd play it to Billy, I'd play it to Neil — that was the close-in group. On any given night, we might try any given song. Then on some night we would hit critical mass, and the thing would go nuclear, and we'd have it on tape. *Song With No Words* — boy, did Jorma and Jerry play good together! And Gregg Rolie [the keyboardist of Santana and Journey]. Completely haphazard organic process.

***I have the alternate take of Cowboy Movie, with Jerry and Neil jamming together.***

Yeah, it's interesting as hell, too. Man, did they ever push each other into some wonderful stuff. *That* chemistry should've happened more — those guys should have gotten in a room together and played together more. Because the very thing that makes Neil so explosively musical — the very freedom and lack of restraint — mixes with Jerry's whole trip wonderfully. You want to think of an interesting album? Jerry Garcia and Neil Young. It would be a flat-out gas. Of course, if they ever do it and leave me out, I'll kill them both. [Laughs]

WE THOUGHT GETTING  
HIGH WOULD INCREASE  
OUR UNDERSTANDING  
OF OURSELVES AND OF  
THE UNIVERSE. AND TO  
SOME EXTENT, IT DID.



*What Are Their Names* was just a jam. You hear me walk in the room, and I go [sings the theme]. Then you hear Jerry walk in the room and play some lick, then you hear Phil walk in the room, and he starts playing, then you hear Mickey walk in the room, and he starts playing. And we just go. Then there's a gap where there's no lead guitar, where Jerry settles down and leaves a hole. I don't know why he did it, but it's a hole that's exactly the length of some lyrics I had written on an airplane. I tried singing them there, and they were perfect. So I asked everybody I knew to all come one particular night — including Joni — and we all gang-sang it.

***Can you talk about Laughing? I think both Phil and Jerry did some of their best playing on that track, and that soaring, beautiful arc that Joni sings in the final build-up...***

It was magical, man. It was very early on in Jerry's career as a pedal steel player, so he did the same kind of unorthodox stuff he did on *Teach Your Children*. There was a place in there



where you couldn't even tell what instrument it was — was it a bagpipe or a violin? You just know it's *talking* to you. I think it was a particularly good piece of Phil's work, because it was particularly organized. He was not trying to play the electric psychedelic Dixieland that the Dead plays. He was actually playing *bass*, which he is fully capable of doing — you just have to ask him. To this day, *Laughing* is one of my favorite things that I ever did. I played acoustic guitar on that album probably the best I've ever done. The stuff on *Traction in the Rain*, and the harmonics and stuff on *Tam High* and *Song With No Words*. It's all me on *Orléans*. Kantner taught me that song. It's the names of cathedrals — a French children's song.

When other people heard that record, and saw that this organic process could happen, that suited that gang of us in CSN and the Dead and the Airplane to a T. We all said, "Oh, *yeah!*" We'd go in with no plan, and come out with *Have You Seen the Stars Tonite* [a Crosby-Kantner composition from "Blows Against the Empire" that features Garcia and Hart].

Paul and Grace were huge musical talents, and *open*. I have to say this about Paul Kantner: that guy has never, ever copped out. To this day, he holds absolutely true to the things he believes in, and he doesn't give the straight world, or the normal, or the expected, or the commercial, or the ordinary, even a look. He's out there, talking about human values, bravely, every time I hear him.

**How did *Have You Seen the Stars Tonite* happen?**

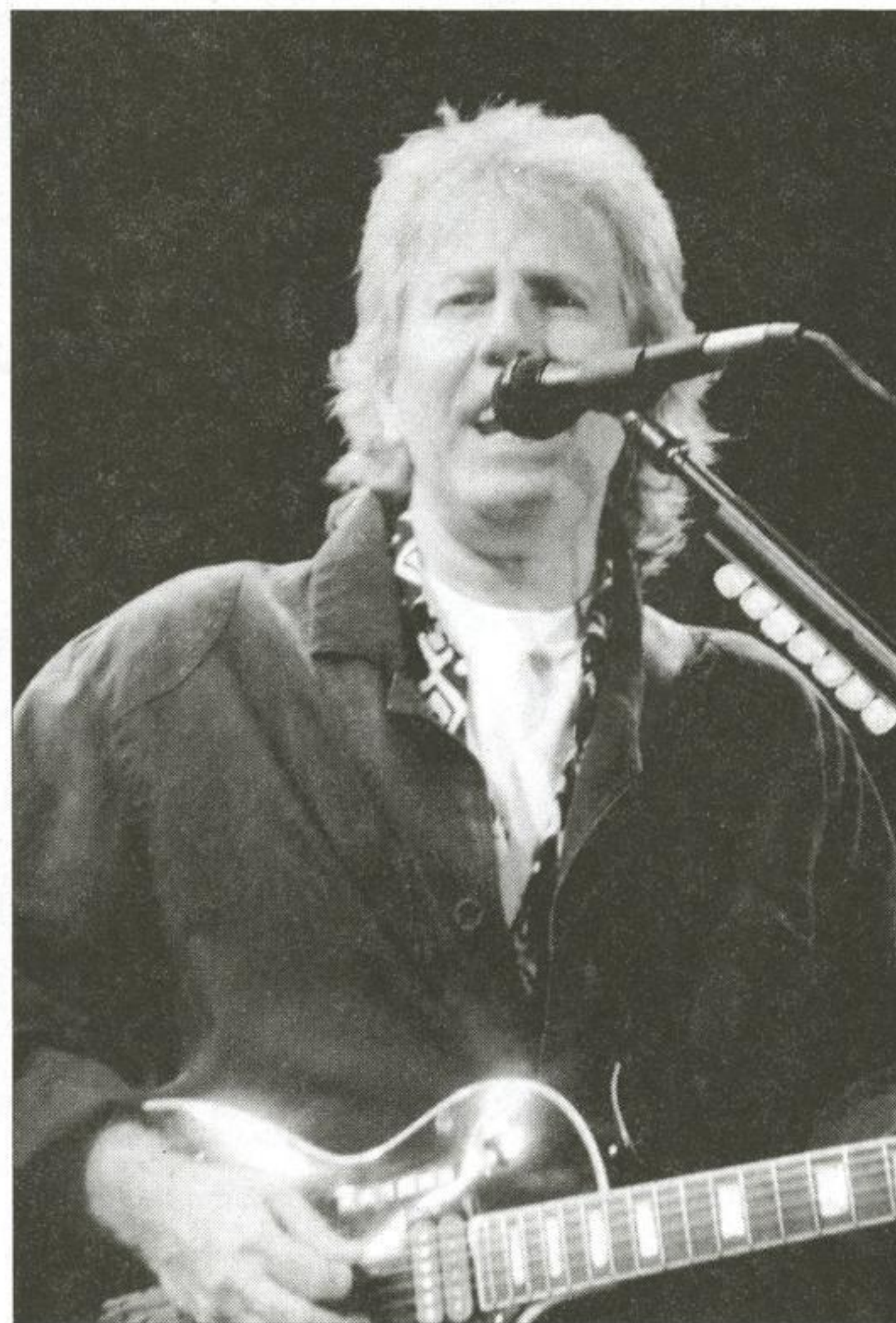
I've always found that if you're trying to talk about something as big as space, the way to do it is to personalize it — take a particular person, and talk about their human-sized experience with it. Paul sang me some of the stuff, and that's what I did.

**I heard you guys were tripping during some of the "Blows Against the Empire" sessions.**

I don't remember. We could have been. But it's very difficult to do that in the studio. The guitar turns into a three-foot-thick wad of rubber, and your hand goes through the strings, and everybody is playing a different song. It's much better for laying on a beach and thinking big thoughts... or little teeny thoughts... or no thoughts at all... than it is for something like trying to get music on tape. If you talk to the guys from the Dead, they'll tell you the same thing.

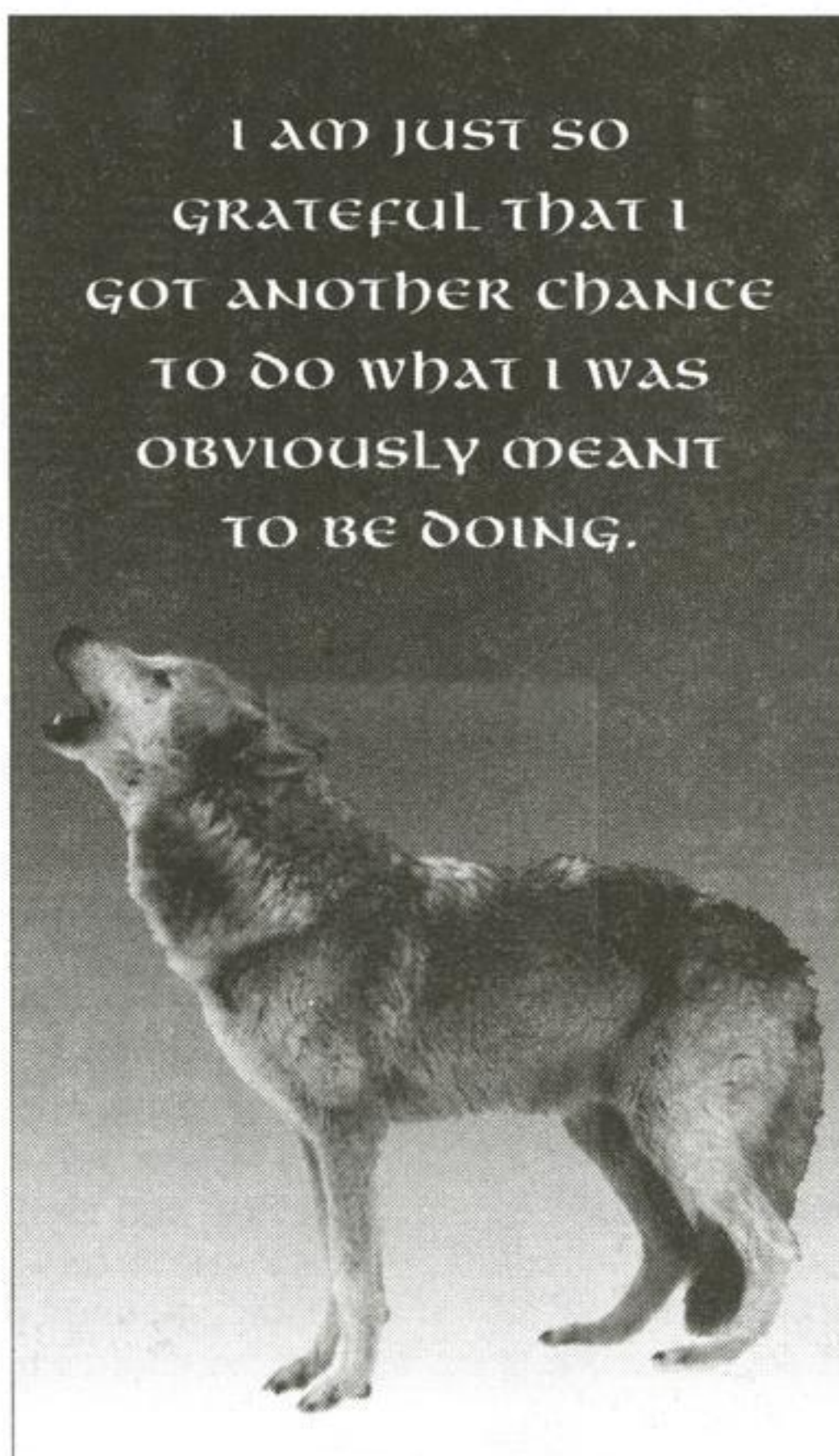
**Do you remember any trips that were particularly profound for you?**

Several. They're difficult to put into words. I remember one of my earliest trips was from eating morning glory seeds. This was when I was a kid, way early on. I remember standing naked in front of a mirror, seeing my skin, then seeing my musculature, then



Graham Nash, Montage Perf. Arts Center, Scranton, PA, 8/5/94

Photo by Bradley Celib



I AM JUST SO  
GRATEFUL THAT I  
GOT ANOTHER CHANCE  
TO DO WHAT I WAS  
OBVIOUSLY MEANT  
TO BE DOING.

seeing my bone structure, and seeing my internal organs, seeing my heart beating — I could see it all. And I wasn't afraid, and I must have stood there for an hour. *I could see it!* Who knows where this was all coming from — it could have been me remembering a medical chart on the wall at school. Or maybe I could see it. But there was a sense of how a human body worked, and me as a physical being, that was truly astounding.

It's so hard to put into words, the connection you have with the rest of the universe on a cellular level. Looking at the night sky, when the air is intensely clear, when you're able to go, out there — cast your mind right up and out. If you're not afraid to, you can go. The times of being on the beach, and laying there in the sand, feeling the grains, until it got hot, and crawling into the water, and letting the ocean batter you and play with you like a puppy plays with another puppy, in the little waves, until you were wet enough, and then crawling back up on the sand. Just doing that





Photo by Susana Millman

Jack Casady, David, and Jorma Kaukonen, The Seva Benefit, Masonic Auditorium, SF, 2/13/94

where I met Wavy Gravy when he was still Hugh Romney. Dino Valenti and I were in this hotel, and we were tripping, and as it came on, I had a hallucination that I've tried to write about a couple of times. You know the line from *Naked in the Rain*, "fluttering pages of faces, no two alike?" That's about that. His face went *snap*, to another face, and then it went *snap* to another face, and then it went *snap* to another face, *snap, snap, snap, snap snapsnapsnapsnap...* At the end, they went by as fast as you could do one of those flip-books, and every single one of them was another face. The feeling was that he had been *all* of those people.

for a day, and not really thinking about a damn thing. Purely sensual.

The times of making love, and getting just *lost* in another human being's textures and senses. Going past sexual excitement into something — I really don't know what to call it. We were still making love, but it was... other stuff.

***Water has had such a healing presence in your work and your life.***

The ocean doesn't know who you are. Couldn't care less. Although this is a mixed metaphor, it really helps you keep your feet on the ground. It's so easy to get lost in thinking that you're the center of the universe. The star trip. And the ocean's *really* never fucking heard of you. That's a very wonderful thing. It's had a hugely good effect on me, because I'm equipped with this rampant ego, and the ocean has been a wonderful tamer of that ego. A wonderful balance for it. A good teacher.

Something else too, that rings a bell in me very deeply. When I wrote *Déjà Vu*, I wasn't kidding. I knew how to sail a boat the first time I stepped in one. Some people never get it — why the wind and the water and the boat do that trick. I couldn't have told you why it did it, but I knew how to do it, immediately. I always felt that I must have done it before. It's like singing music — I knew how to do that when I was six.

***Do you have the same feeling about certain people? Some deep recognition?***

There was a particular hallucination that happened to me when I was in San Francisco, in a little hotel on Columbus, when I was working in North Beach in the Coffee Gallery,

***At some point, you were a very visible public spokesperson for grass and psychedelics.***

Well, I thought they would blow us loose from the Fifties — you know, Pat Boone, white bucks? I thought that that was kind of a good idea. [Laughing]

***Since you guys hadn't invented hippies yet then, the Beats were the most visible rebels on the scene. Were you touched by the Beat writers at all? Did you read Kerouac's On The Road?***

Oh yeah. And Ginsberg — "Howl." Ginsberg's stuff tore my mind up into little confetti. His poetry changed this country and was a massive influence on all of us. A brilliant man, and fearless. Ginsberg, Kerouac, Ferlinghetti, Corso, the Beat world, and the people who were involved in the early jazz world, were the cracks in the pavement, and we were these little sprouts of grass that came up through there.

***You got into trouble with hard drugs later, which you talk about in Long Time Gone at great length. When you eventually came to sobriety, and the spirituality of the sober community, what was that like?***

A huge uplifting. Because I thought I had maybe killed it in me. I hadn't written anything for years. And then, when it started to come... When I wrote *Compass*, I thought, this is me! My kind of stuff. It's still alive in me. I didn't die! I felt a lot like a guy coming back from Vietnam who wakes up slowly, and realizes that he isn't dead, and is shocked at first, and then elated. And then a little bit frightened and at a loss as to what to do with himself, because he really hadn't planned on being around. I am just so grateful that I got another chance to do what I was obviously meant to be doing. You know the old saw about how you have to



have almost lost it to appreciate it? It's an old saw because it's true. My delight in music, and my fascination with what it is I do, came back *tenfold*.

I'm curious what would have happened if I had only done the initial drugs, the ones that I don't regret so much, and had never done the hard drugs. I think I would have written an awful lot of music.

***That's what I did, because I never liked cocaine or heroin. But I still got fat.***

[Laughing]

There is that one problem about the herb: it does give you the blind raving munchies. We all have our crosses to bear.



Photo by Susana Millman

David, Phil Lesh, Graham Nash, The Seva Benefit a/k/a Wavy's Woodstock, Masonic Auditorium, SF, 2/13/94

***As far as I know, the last time you really collaborated with the Dead was in those jams at Weir's in March and April of '75, on Homeward Through the Haze and some of the "Blues for Allab" tunes.***

Yes, that was the last time I got the opportunity. Then this very weird thing happened, which was that the Dead got enormous, and were forced by circumstance to isolate and become much less accessible. I have trouble getting to see Jerry now, because it's difficult for him to be able to just hang out with people. That's sad. Fortunately, I still manage to spend time with Phil. We're able to carve out some time and be friends.

The SEVA benefit was so much fun [2/13/94 at Masonic Auditorium in San Francisco — see *DDN* #28]. *Box of Rain* — what a delight! That got me *off*. I would really love to mix music with Jerry some more. I'd like to mix music with Grisman. I kid about forming a group with me and Grisman and Jerry, called Rotunda. [Laughing] I would very much like to make more music with Phil — I think he's a completely innovative, front-of-the-curve guy, and the same goes for Mickey, and Billy, and Bob.

They invented their own music. I've described it as amazing electric Dixieland, because there is no solid everybody-starts-each-bar-on-the-root-and-the-one-beat feel to it. There's never been a rhythm guitar player in there. There have been various keyboard players who tried to do that. But what there really are, are three or four running melody lines coursing through a musical area like three or four wolves running through pine trees, laughing and scratching and jumping off of snowdrifts, and burrowing and leaping, completely free.

They invented that. Nobody had ever done it before, and nobody's done it since. Most people don't even understand that that's what's being done. But they do it, and Billy and Mickey know how to make it swing. And they are still breaking ground.

***Deadheads have a keen appreciation that a sacred intelligence can express itself in music. Could you talk about what it feels like to be on the inside of music that feels like it has spiritual intelligence coming through it?***

It's elevating. Just playing music by yourself in an empty room is an astounding piece of magic. But when two people do it with each other, then there's this telepathic union that can take place, this synergy. When a band does it, there's a multiplication of energy that takes place if the other players are willing to submit themselves to the whole. Then this bigger thing happens, up above the band, that they all become part of, and contribute to, but it's *way* more powerful than five or six guys. It's as powerful as five or six hundred guys, in terms of psychic energy. Or five or six thousand guys.

The Dead have understood that from the get go, and they're willing to submit themselves to it, and give freely into it. And because they understand what it is, and know how to give to it, it very frequently flickers into existence. And when it does, all these people — who others call Deadheads — go, "There it is. This is why I came to the party. See it? Feel that?" ♦

Steve Silberman wrote *Who Was Cowboy Neal* in Blair Jackson's *Goin' Down The Road*. Aside from having both this and the Hornsby interviews in this issue, Steve recently co-authored the new book *Skeleton Key, A Dictionary For Deadheads*, from Doubleday (see ad pg. 21).



# A MIDDLE PATH SOLUTION TO THE DRUG CRISIS

BY JOHNNY DWORK

**W**ake up America. It's time to realize that the war on drugs will never be won. In the enormously expensive effort to impose "law and order," we have made criminals out of our very own sons and daughters. And to what end? Our fear and hysteria have polarized the drug issue so much that we have lost sight of the fundamental reason why people take drugs: to alter consciousness — whether to seek new levels of being or to escape pain. This is an inherent and inescapable facet of the basic human experience — it is instinctual, and no law can suppress this predisposition.

Once we come to terms with the hard fact that no set of laws or hardships will prevent large groups of people from ingesting drugs as a means to alter consciousness, only then can we begin to find solutions to the drug crisis. When large groups within society are so far apart on an issue, the solution is not for one to criminalize and persecute another, but to take what Buddhists call "the middle path," a course of action that falls directly between all extremes. Neither tyranny nor anarchy is the answer, and those who embrace either will find the middle path extreme at first consideration. In terms of the drug issue, the middle path is one that will allow adults to use any drug as long as they don't inflict harm on others. And it requires those who use drugs to develop a level of awareness, sensitivity, and respect for themselves and others that will effectively minimize harm.

An important facet of the middle path solution will be our ability to provide non-drug alternatives for altering consciousness. People use drugs to escape pain, reduce stress, achieve pleasure, view themselves from outside their daily perspectives, dissolve barriers between themselves and everything else, and to commune with the Earth, other people, and the divine. Drugs are fast, easy vehicles to achieve these needs but they can have a downside. By providing alternate means for achieving these ends, we will help minimize the spectre of drug dependency and addiction.

One such vehicle for achieving these means, which Western culture sorely lacks, is transcendent ritual. Great thinkers like the late Joseph Campbell have talked about the importance of archaic, initiatory rituals that heighten and alter consciousness. We Deadheads have a thing or two to lend to this discussion. At the age of 83, while at his first Grateful Dead show, Campbell remarked, "The

Grateful Dead is the antidote to the nuclear bomb." What he meant was that transcendent ritual connects participants to each other and the divine, and in achieving this communion, we are given the opportunity to realize that when we do harm to others, we do harm to ourselves. We can no more nuke our problems away than we can prosecute, incarcerate, or wish them away. Learning this lesson is one of the keys to the survival of the human species.

Another essential part of the middle path solution to the drug dilemma is realistic drug education. Western society teaches its children that all illegal drugs are bad, when in many cases, it isn't the drugs, but their inappropriate use that is bad. When we teach children that a drug like marijuana is very bad, and they try it and find out what we've been telling them is inaccurate, they start asking themselves what else they've been told isn't true.

A realistic drug education would first teach children that they have an obligation to their parents to avoid drugs so long as they are children, but as they become adults, the rules change, and they begin to assume a responsibility to themselves to make appropriate life choices. A realistic drug education would present an accurate picture of why humans alter consciousness. Such a curriculum would explain in great detail options for how to safely and productively escape from pain, reduce negative stress, achieve pleasure, dissolve the barriers between ourselves and everything else, and commune with the Earth and the divine. It would also explain the real risks involved with each drug. Perhaps most importantly, such a program would strive to instill in children a deep sense of respect for the welfare of others. We need to teach children (and adults) how to cultivate for themselves a sense of respect for life so great that it will transcend the letter of the law and will empower them to engage in life in ways that are not *destructive*, but *constructive*. The self-awareness we need to foster concerns not only illegal drugs, but also cigarettes, alcohol, sexuality, reproduction, hygiene, diet, violence, gambling, etc. Our current national drug education program concerns *none* of these.

Realistic drug education would eventually teach that some drugs can be used as tools for healing and even enlightenment, and that this is largely dependent upon the set and setting in which these tools are used. It's a great moral crime that anyone should have an injurious experience



when using psychedelics because they were not taught the when, where, and how to use (and not to use) them, when those same substances have been used for thousands of years in other cultures as sacred, safe, empowering agents.

Unfortunately, the way we (mis)inform our children about drugs today is with inaccurate, ineffective programs like DARE (Drug Abuse Resistance Education), which send police officers into schools to “teach” about drugs. These programs propagandize instead of educate and are therefore largely counter-productive. They use scare tactics backed by misleading information, and encourage children, early in life, to stigmatize and ostracize certain members of society who do no harm to them or others. All told, our current national drug education program may be doing more harm than good. In fact, three independent studies commissioned by the government found that DARE has had an “essentially non-existent effect on drug use.”<sup>1</sup>

Another facet of the middle path solution is to stop spending huge sums of our country’s money, 20 billion dollars annually,<sup>2</sup> on fighting a war we cannot win, when that money could be better spent elsewhere. Sadly, this war has focused in part on Deadheads, who are arrested, imprisoned on mandatory sentences, then stripped of their jobs, drivers licenses, and even their children. This is largely because we are an easier target than gun-toting crack dealers and pharmaceutical or tobacco company executives. The ironic thing is, we do less harm and, in fact, often create quite a lot that is good.

The war on drugs saps our economy and our safety in an even more dramatic way: it creates an illegal, underground market that enriches violent criminals and creates an economic incentive for young people to deal the most dangerous and addictive drugs. And speaking of our economy, don’t you think it’s odd that our debt-ridden government doesn’t see a penny of tax from its country’s largest cash crop (cannabis)?

Most of the problems often blamed on drugs are in fact caused by their prohibition. The formation of street gangs, the proliferation of guns, and drive-by-shootings began, in the 1920s, during alcohol prohibition. We have repeated that mistake today. The so-called “drug overdose” more often than not is caused by the lack of quality control, labeling, and regulations that prohibition brings.

There is, however, a far more fundamental concept that our society has to acknowledge before it will be able to effectively solve this dilemma. The drug war, like the nuclear race, is a result of a failing ideology. Marijuana and psychedelics are feared precisely because the responsible use of these substances is a threat to those failing ideologies. We cannot afford any longer to deny, ignore, or resist the power these drugs offer us — the power to profoundly change our worldview. Society’s initial violent reaction to

these drugs and plants came, in large part, because many people who used them no longer wanted to fight wars, persecute their neighbors, pollute their earth, or remain mired in any number of destructive traditions. Yet, in the past quarter century, a large segment of our society has adopted many of these earlier heresies; the abhorrence of violence, respect for the environment, an understanding of the interconnectedness of everything and everyone. What remains is the vestige of the original reaction of fear. We now need to cut that fear away, to study and harness these drugs and plants as tools in our own evolution. This is a tough realization for fearful people to accept. If we are to survive, much less thrive, this realization is unavoidable.

### A “Middle Path” Drug Policy

The real answer to the drug problem is one that first recognizes the inevitability of drug use. A realistic drug policy will not be based on the idea of controlling the masses through imposing law. The only way to bring about lasting, positive change is to educate people according to an honest, compassionate, self-empowering worldview — we need to fight a war against ignorance, not against drugs.

The following model recognizes that dramatic change needs to happen in stages — overnight legalization would be a drastic mistake for many reasons. Any major shift in the fundamental ethics and behavior of society requires time and proper planning.

**Step One: Create a new National Drug Policy Commission.** We need a drug policy commission that strives to carry out a middle path of action, not the agendas of politicians looking to improve their poll ratings. It should be comprised of representatives from both the government and the private

sector, including members of the judiciary, law enforcement, mental and physical health fields (including those with experience in the use of some currently illegal drugs), taxation, education, agriculture, etc. Emphasis should be put on limiting the involvement of special interest and partisan political groups.

The commission’s first task should be to determine the potential risks and benefits that each drug presents to society. Current drug policy, education, and laws consider drugs like cannabis to be as dangerous as heroin, whereas tobacco, a proven killer, is permitted so widely that it kills even those who don’t smoke it. Serious comparative studies need to be made on the true risks inherent in each substance — the health risks/benefits and the economic costs associated with use and abuse. The commission should then use this hierarchical information to assign tax formulas and restrictions to each drug based on its relative social costs/benefits.

The commission will also need to see that law enforcement is provided with realistic drug impairment tests. With drugs

**“The drug war, like the nuclear race, is a result of a failing ideology. Marijuana and psychedelics are feared precisely because the responsible use of these substances is a threat to those failing ideologies.”**



like cannabis, presence in the bloodstream does not guarantee debilitating intoxication. Therefore, impairment-based testing needs to be established. Such tests are already being used. At least one trucking company in California requires its drivers to pass a video game-style coordination test before taking vehicles out on the road. The question isn't whether drivers have traces of drugs in their systems, it's whether or not they can perform their jobs safely.

The commission would also need to determine who is going to get rich from decriminalization. Are we going to adopt the tobacco model, in which the private sector reaps the bulk of the profits, or will the government itself get into production and distribution and reap the lion's share of the profit?

**Step Two: Legalize medicinal use of cannabis.** It is horribly inhumane that we prohibit doctors from prescribing cannabis for those with cancer and glaucoma — a safe treatment that is often the only one capable of alleviating unbearable suffering. Any politician who is aware of this fact and is still opposed to medicinal use of cannabis probably isn't worthy of holding office.

**Step Three: Repeal immediately all mandatory minimum sentencing laws for drug-law offenders.** Harsh sentences for first-time, nonviolent drug offenders is Draconian. Even judges agree that these sentencing requirements are wrong and overburden the penal system unnecessarily. Sentences handed down under these guidelines should be revised immediately and retroactively.

**Step Four: Ban public tobacco use.** It's bad enough that we prevent sick people from using marijuana as medicine. It's a far greater injustice to allow tobacco, whose toxicity is well-established, to be used in a manner that kills more than 50,000 non-smokers every year through exposure to secondhand smoke.<sup>3</sup> In terms of America's current drug policy and the good Christian values our leaders claim to abide by, this is the height of hypocrisy! Banning public use of tobacco will be a bold first step in demonstrating that we are beginning to treat drugs according to their individual harm/benefits, not their financial value to American business.

**Step Five: Begin to change the fundamental way people think and talk about drugs.** Western culture is so hypersensitized by the drug issue that we have stopped thinking and talking rationally and clearly about it. In our society it is considered the norm to regularly consume a wide variety of legal drugs. Yet we tell our children to "just say no to drugs" and live "drug-free." Clearly these are conflicting messages. Anti-drug propaganda compounds the problem by freely interchanging the terms "drug use" and "drug abuse." We need to start saying what we mean, namely that a) drug *abuse* at any age is inappropriate,

b) children should not engage in any potentially dangerous activities without parental consent and supervision, and c) certain substances have much greater risks than others and should be used or avoided accordingly. When we mean "illicit drug use" or "misuse of *any* substance" we should say so. A good place to start is by adopting a more accurate term for those drugs of foremost concern. **TAOS** (Tobacco, Alcohol and Other Substances) is one such term already being used by some schools.<sup>4</sup>

**Step Six: Revolutionize drug education.** Our current misguided drug education shares equal blame with our nation's drug laws for the problems we're having with drugs. The DARE officer needs to be the shaman, not the propagandizer. He/she needs to empower children, not propagate doctrine. We need to teach cross-the-board survival skills and convey accurate information on the relative risks associated with all potentially dangerous substances. We need to teach respect and responsibility, not instill uneducated fear.

**Step Seven: Severely limit all advertising of TAOS.** With a long history of alcohol and tobacco advertising as a reference, we can see how the marketing of drugs greatly increases the harm they do. The last thing we need is giant corporations conditioning kids to chain-smoke cannabis. People who want to use drugs will find them without the help of advertising (as they already do). Also, as with cigarettes and alcohol, all packaged drugs should be required to have warning and ingredient labels as determined by the national drug commission.

**Step Eight: Reduce enforcement of drug laws for adult possession of small amounts of illicit drugs:** The idea here is to reduce enforcement at the state and local levels as opposed to changing the laws. Responsibility for enforcement would largely shift

from the state authorities to the federal authorities thereby enabling state and local authorities to concentrate on controlling predatory crimes. It will however, *always* make sense to strictly enforce laws regarding distribution of drugs to minors, forcing drugs on others, commerce (including importation) that avoids taxation, and intoxication while operating vehicles/heavy machinery. It may be prudent to prohibit use of controlled substances while in the company of minors.

Decriminalizing drug possession will create a much-needed reduction of strain on the legal system — in 1992 alone there were more than 535,000 people arrested for possession, sale, or manufacture of cannabis.<sup>5</sup> All those serving time on nonviolent, simple cannabis possession charges should be released immediately.

**Step Nine: Fully address the suffering of addicts:** As long as there are people and drugs, there will be addicts. A comprehensive middle path drug policy will a) treat

**"When we teach children that a drug like marijuana is very bad, and they try it and find out what we've been telling them is inaccurate, they start asking themselves what else they've been told isn't true."**



addicts with great compassion, b) make clean syringes available on demand everywhere, c) offer widespread in-patient treatment for those who need it, and d) allow doctors to prescribe addictive drugs in clean, regulated dosages. This sort of approach has already been implemented in Europe with great success. In England, some heroin addicts are being given maintenance doses on an out-patient basis with strict medical supervision. This keeps them from stealing to pay for their habits, and it keeps them from overdosing and getting sick from impurities normally found in street drugs. Many are able to hold down jobs and lead otherwise normal lives. We need to nurture and heal this country's 2.7 million addicts, not ostracize them.

**Step Ten: Support alternative hemp and medical psychotropic research:** Most people don't realize that cannabis prohibition came about as the result of its competitiveness as a source of inexpensive paper pulp. In the 1930s, the Hearst newspaper chain owned most of the wood pulp interests in the country. When a machine was developed that made cannabis cost-competitive with wood, the Hearst conglomerate launched a smear campaign on cannabis to protect its financial interests in wood. The newspaper chain started printing articles about how Mexicans were bringing it into the country as a drug, and cannabis (and hemp products in some states) was quickly made illegal.

Cannabis is one of the best sources on the planet for fiber, the sort used for paper, textiles, clothing, and building supplies. It is also a great alternative fuel and protein source. All told, it's renewable, affordable, and easy to grow. Now that there are low-THC strains of cannabis available for fiber production, we should devote serious attention to this alternative natural resource.

Also, a substantial body of clinical evidence exists supporting medical use of several psychotropic drugs for alcohol abuse treatment, terminal illnesses, and relationship counseling. Medical research licenses should be granted to those conducting legitimate work in this area.

**Step Eleven: Find a new scapegoat.** America seems to always need an enemy. First it was the British, then the Indians, later the Communists, and now it's drug users. If we're going to fight a war, it should be against greed, sloth, ignorance, sickness, waste, hatred, and violence (and even homelessness). It's time we started fighting the seven deadly sins instead of people.

**Step Twelve: Regulate and tax almost all drugs:** Eventually, when middle path drug education curricula and addict treatment plans become a reality, there will come a time to allow controlled legal consumption and commerce. The benefits to be gained by responsibly regulating and taxing most currently illicit drugs will far

outweigh the negative effects (it may never make sense to legalize some drugs, i.e., PCP). The government will generate HUGE tax proceeds, which could be put toward education, drug treatment programs, FDA quality control, and even the deficit.

Cannabis should be the first illicit drug to be "officially tolerated." Well thought out models for this path of action already exist.<sup>6</sup>

There are several models for regulation worth examining, perhaps the most logical of which is the "medicalization" of illicit drugs.<sup>7</sup> This model would shift primary responsibility for drug consumption control from the criminal justice system to the medical system. Adults who have passed written tests and medical exams would gain access to drugs through "pharmacy-based drug-users' cooperatives." Under one proposal, having the government, rather than private corporations, distribute drugs to pharmacies may effectively limit the sort of "pushing" we now see with alcohol, tobacco, and sugar.

**What you can do now:** Since humans fear change, all of what has been discussed here will only happen gradually, at best. If this model seems sound to you, here's what you can do to help make it a reality. First, become a dues-paying member of the Drug Policy Foundation (see *Dead Relatives*, pg. 64), FAMM, and NORML (see article/ad, pg. 46). In exchange you will be supporting professional lobbying efforts, and you'll receive these organizations' highly informative newsletters. Read them cover to cover. It's very important that you become articulate about the subject so when the time is right, you can eloquently debate and convert others. If you want to know even more on the subject, check out our recommended reading list in *Dead Relatives*, pg. 64.

When a machine was developed that made cannabis cost-competitive with wood, the Hearst conglomerate launched a smear campaign on cannabis to protect its financial interests.

One of the most important actions you can take to help bring about a more sane drug policy is to become a good role model by practicing responsible consumption. This means learning to use drugs as tools for healing and enlightenment. For many of us it means turning inward and confronting our own addictions. And recreational drugs must be kept out of the reach of children just as alcohol, guns, and household chemicals are. By engaging in responsible consumption, you avoid giving anti-drug forces more justification to keep you from doing with your body and mind what you choose. In doing so, you also make life's magical trip infinitely more hip. ♦

FOOTNOTES:

1. *USA Today*, October 11, 1993, pg. 1.
2. *Rolling Stone*, May 5, 1994, pg. 24.
3. *Boston Globe*, April 11, 1994, pg. 10.
4. Sanderson Academy TAOS curriculum review committee, June 6, 1994.
5. *Rolling Stone*, May, 5, 1994, pg. 24.
6. Cannabis Revenue Act, October 22, 1988.
7. *California Physician*, December, 1989.



# SENTENCING NEWS YOU CAN USE

A MESSAGE FROM   
Families Against Mandatory Minimums

BY JULIE STEWART, PRESIDENT

**T**he United States is at war and the battlefields are Grateful Dead concerts, isolated rural farms, and urban street corners. The prisoners of this war are the thousands of Americans who use illegal drugs and are sentenced to hard time in state and federal prisons.

In 1986, Congress passed laws that restricted judges from offering any leniency to drug offenders. These "mandatory minimum sentencing" laws force judges to sentence non-violent, first-time drug offenders to five, ten, and more years in prison without parole. The sentence is based solely on the weight of the drugs involved. The result is that American prisons are overflowing with drug offenders.

**Families Against Mandatory Minimums (FAMM)** is fighting to change these outrageously punitive sentencing laws. In 1993 FAMM was instrumental in convincing the

U.S. Sentencing Commission to change the way LSD weight is computed for sentencing purposes. That change resulted in the early release of a number of federal inmates and sentence reductions for many more.

This year, FAMM lobbied hard for a provision in the recently signed crime bill that will allow judges to ignore the mandatory minimum sentences for low-level drug offenders. Instead, judges will be able to use the U.S. Sentencing Guideline scale and craft a sentence that more appropriately reflects the culpability of the offender. The provision, known as the "safety-valve," will apply to defendants who meet the following criteria: first-time offender, non-violent, no weapons involved, not a leader, organizer, or manager, and the defendant has given the government all the information he has about the offense.

The LSD change and the safety-valve are important victories that move us closer to restoring sentencing justice. However, there is still much more to be done. Federally, there are two arenas in which sentencing changes can be made — the U.S. Congress and the U.S. Sentencing Commission. Congress has control over the mandatory minimum sentences, and the Sentencing Commission has control over the Sentencing Guidelines.

In Congress, FAMM is working to make the new safety-valve retroactive. There are 5,000 people currently in prison who meet the safety-valve criteria and would have benefitted from it, had it been in effect at the time of their sentencing. FAMM is also looking for a congressional sponsor to introduce legislation that would eliminate the "carrier weight" in LSD cases. Currently, the judge must include the weight of the paper, sugar cube, or other carrier in determining the total weight of the LSD. If the total weight is more than one gram, the defendant will receive at least five years in prison. FAMM wants Congress to change the LSD weight calculation to match the Sentencing Guidelines standard dosage weight of .4 mg.

In both Congress and the Sentencing Commission, FAMM is working to change the weight of marijuana plants for sentencing purposes. Currently, marijuana plants are considered to weigh one kilo per plant, regardless of their size. FAMM wants to change that to 100 grams per plant.

If *Dupree's Diamond News* readers want to get involved in the fight for sentencing sanity, they can call FAMM and receive the FAMM newsletter. FAMM survives off contributions from inmates and their families, so all donations are welcome. Also, FAMM operates a 900 # that provides the most current updates on what's happening with sentencing issues in Congress, at the Sentencing Commission, and within the states. People can also make a contribution to FAMM's fight for sentencing justice.

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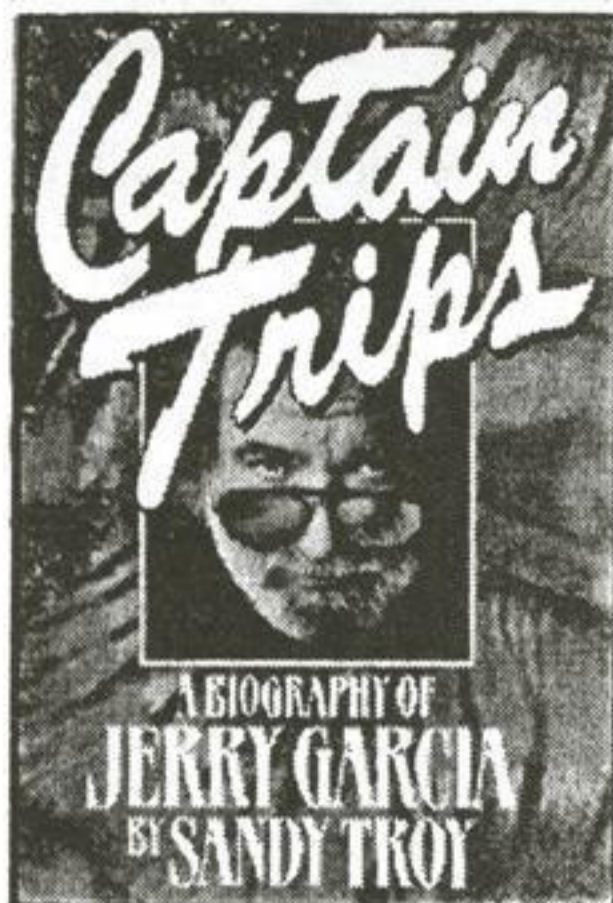
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SANDY TROY

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Today is the Fourth of July, and I just put out my family's flag in front of our house. It is supposed to mean that America stands for freedom, including freedom of religion.

But I can't practice my religion openly in America, and although I am legally allowed to advocate it, if I do so openly, I may find myself less respected in my town. My opportunities at work may be limited. My family and I could have trouble receiving government services or aid if we needed them.

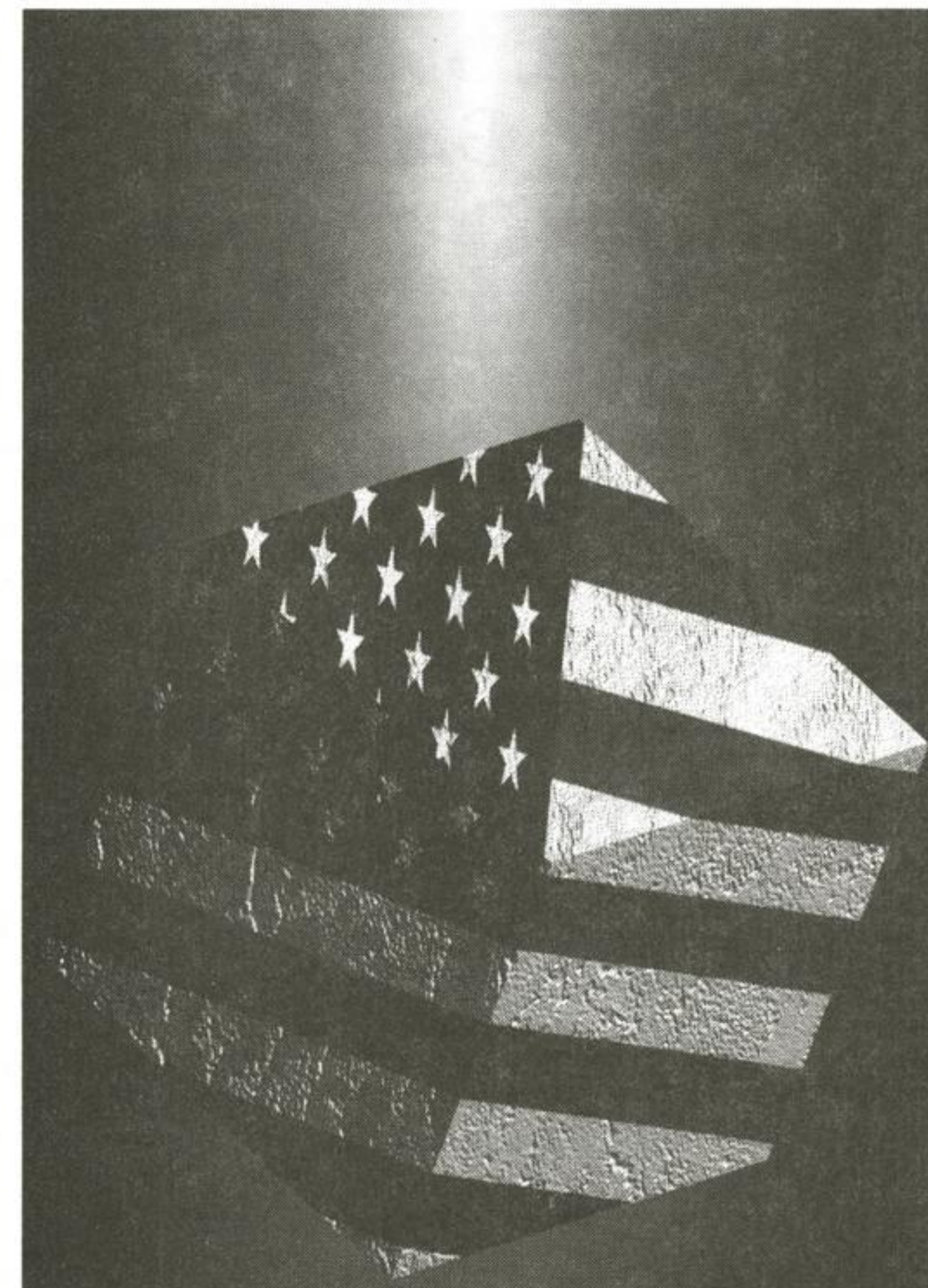
In the opening line of *The Reformation*, historian Will Durant writes, "Religion is the last subject that the intellect begins to understand."<sup>1</sup> At least part of the difficulty that Durant points to is due to the fact that the foundation of religion is not thought, not belief, but experience. Currently this situation is often reversed, and the error of putting the wagon of belief before the horse of experience has produced the sorry state of religion today. Durant's wish to understand religion misses the point that religion is primarily experiential, not conceptual.

Experience is the mother of thought, and religious experience is the mother of religious thought. Church, book, and dogma are byproducts of experience. To ask someone who has never had a deep spiritual experience to grasp such an event intellectually is akin to asking someone who has never tasted salt to understand saltiness intellectually. I don't mean that we shouldn't use the intellect to examine spiritual experiences, but such knowledge will be shallow and incomplete.

Sacred texts such as the Bible, the Talmud, or the Qur'an provide us with some knowledge; they do give us some inkling of the divine. Words can help guide us toward the light, but sometimes psychedelics unbind us so we can turn around and face the light. Psychologist Frances Vaughan mentions some of the ways in which her psychedelic experiences changed her thinking:

The perennial philosophy and the esoteric teachings of all time suddenly made sense. I understood why spiritual seekers were instructed to look within, and the unconscious was revealed to be not just a useful concept, but an infinite reservoir of creative potential. I felt I had been afforded a glimpse into the nature of reality and the human potential within that reality, together with a direct experience of being myself, free of illusory identifications and constrictions of consciousness. My understanding of mystical teachings, both Eastern and Western, Hindu, Buddhist, Christian, and Sufi alike, took a quantum leap. I became aware of the transcendent unity at the core of all the great religions, and understood for the first time the meaning of ecstatic states.<sup>2</sup>

It is important to note that Vaughan describes what is both an exploration of her mind and a religious experience. Most Psychedelists believe that the human mind includes a spiritual dimension, and that if one goes far enough into one's mind, one can reach this level. Thus mind exploration is not merely psychology or psychotherapy: it is also



# Psychedelics: A First-Amendment Right

*If certain chemicals open  
one up to religious  
experience, should they be  
protected by the  
Constitution?*

*by a Psychedelicit*

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spiritual development. Because LSD and other entheogens ("entheogen" is derived from Greek roots meaning "that which engenders God within") assist one in mind exploration, they are sacraments.

I hesitate to use the word "God" in this article because it comes loaded with so much doctrinal meaning. I will use the word "god," however, as it most accurately expresses my sensation of holiness. I do not mean a personal deity; to me it is best thought of as a force or energy such as gravity, magnetism, or light.

What religious experiences can be produced by LSD, peyote, or similar entheogens? For me, they include a sense that holiness permeates everything even though we are usually not aware of it; a feeling of life, blessedness, and adoration, a feeling that I am being blessed without being particularly deserving and am returning this love toward god; and what I will call a sense of mystical oneness, in which any sense of separation between myself and god disappears. This is not to say that I as my usual ego am the same as god, but rather that I temporarily leave that ego behind and realize that separateness as we normally experience it is an illusion.

There are many books about the experience of mystical oneness. I will not add further to what others have said, except to point out that mysticism can be seen as the belief in an ultimate unity of the universe that can be directly experienced. Because of psychedelics, I too find these ideas credible. They are the core of my belief system. Without my psychedelic experiences I doubt that I would have even considered them at all. In a very real sense LSD helped me find god — the god within — and I feel that I am a better person for it. I am eternally grateful for the blessings and spiritual richness psychedelics have brought into my life. Without them I would be without god. I know many of my co-religionists feel the same. I hope my descendants will also be able to engage with these ideas through psychedelic experiences.

How does a Psychedelicit view other current religious practices? Within their limitations, church and word can be useful spiritual guides if they are understood as being guideposts to the divine parts of our minds. To Psychedelicitists, however, the current overemphasis on church and Bible verges on idolatry. These worldly, secondhand manifestations of god are located in time and space, while god is timeless and spaceless. In a sense church and word are like a two-dimensional, black-and-white photograph of a three-dimensional object. They are better than nothing. But they also miss the color, movement, development, and most importantly the fragrance of the sacred. They are also distorted, filtered, and polluted by history, culture, and language. They are largely (though thanks to a few mystics not entirely) artifacts of our ordinary state of consciousness, with its limited experiences, perceptions, thoughts, beliefs, and feelings.

What do established religions offer to psychedelic religions? First, through their belief systems, they may prepare a person's mind and heart for these experiences, pointing to the door, perhaps, though not opening it. In this way they provide an expectation of the divine and a way of recognizing, accepting and thinking about these experiences when they do occur. On the other hand, I have found that organized religion often fails at this task, so that its followers are completely unprepared for deep mystical experience. No doubt psychedelic training, or something similar, would provide excellent professional education for the clergy of all faiths.

Second, religion may prepare one for sacred experience by "cleansing one's heart and mind" through service, prayer, meditation, or other ego-relaxing exercises. Current spiritual disciplines are probably good "readiness" exercises.

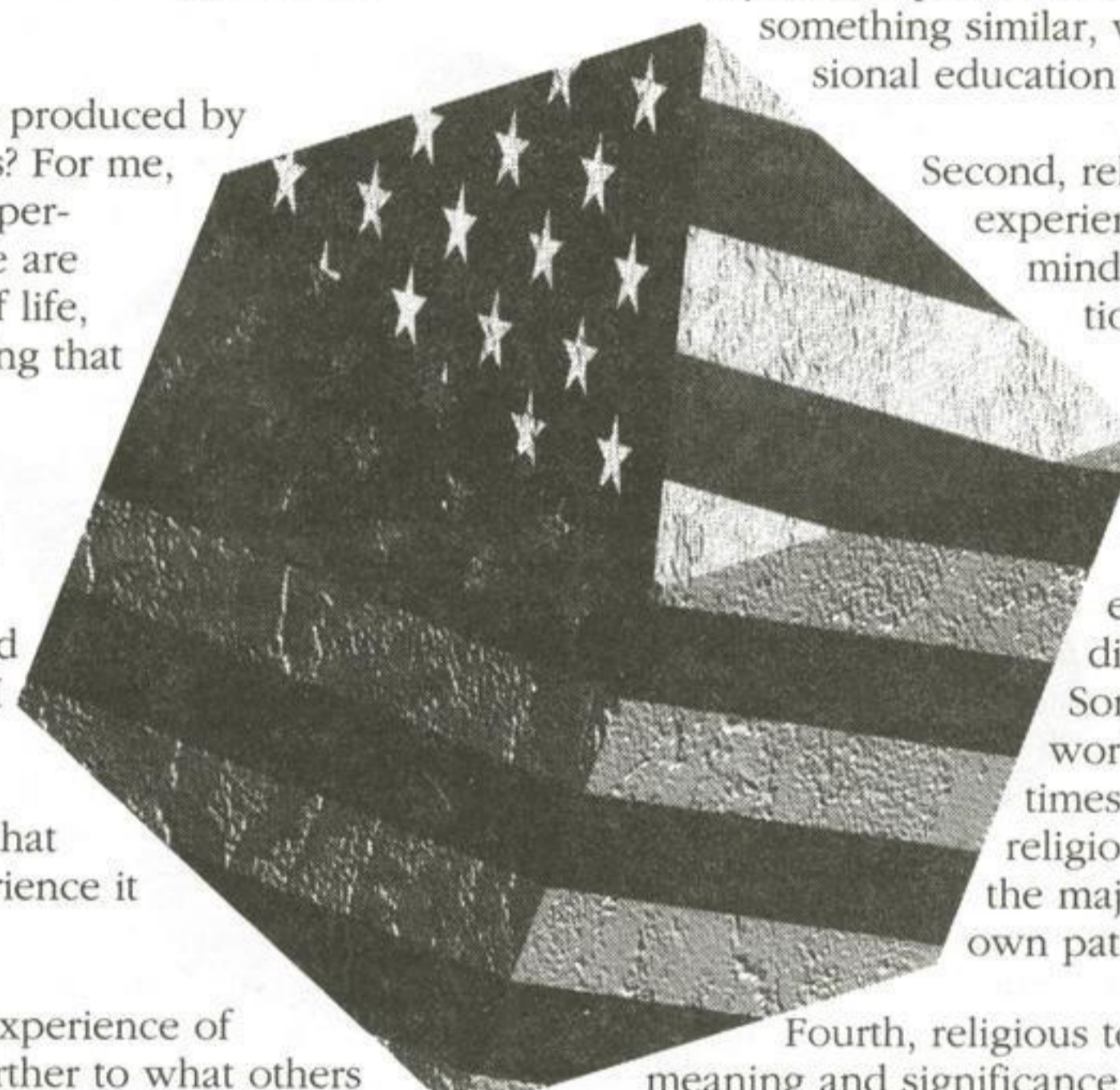
Third, through sacred rituals, established religions may facilitate direct experience of the divine. Some find that ecclesiastical ritual works for them, and they do sometimes experience the divine through religious practice. But they often make the major error of presuming that their own paths are the only path to God.

Fourth, religious texts and rituals take on deeper meaning and significance when viewed from a sacred state of consciousness. Among the two-dimensional words that suddenly become three-dimensional in meaning through psychedelics are such statements as "The kingdom of God is within you"; "We are all children of God"; "Be still and know that I am God"; "You must die and be born again to enter the kingdom of heaven." As a Christian Psychedelicitist, most of my experience is with the Bible, but I understand from friends of other religious backgrounds that their texts also become more meaningful.

Thanks to LSD, I now see church, religious practice, and dogma as derived from spiritual experience, though not as the real thing. I am not saying that beliefs, organized religion, and church-centered activities are useless or unimportant. Many people find these things to be adequate spiritual foundations. I'm glad they have found them, but their religions do not work for me. As Psychedelicitists, my co-religionists and I depend on direct, intense spiritual experience.

Although the Bill of Rights says that the government shall not establish any religion, those religions which are based on church, book, or dogma are legally established in the sense that they and their members alone receive constitutional protection for their practices, persons, and property. Followers of these religions are not persecuted. Psychedelicitists are. LSD and other sacraments are illegal, and those who use them are subject to legal sanctions.

Psychedelic sacraments are the sine qua non of our religion. Depriving a Psychedelicitist of LSD, sacred





mushrooms, peyote, or other sacraments is akin to depriving a fundamentalist of his Bible or a Catholic of her church. Psychedelic experience is the foundation of my practice.

During the Reformation, many clergymen feared that the printing press would make the Bible available to the common person. They feared that the untutored and unwashed might criticize the church and clergy or even set up their own churches. This is exactly what happened, and the reformers came to be known as Protestants. From about 1300 to 1600, "heretics" like John Wycliffe, Jan Hus, John Calvin, and Martin Luther claimed that the Bible, as the word of God, was the most direct expression of God. They held that church, dogma, and clergy could be judged by the standards of the Bible.

Today psychedelics enable us to take Protestantism a step further. Following in the tradition of William James, this century's "heretics," including Aldous Huxley, Alan Watts, Huston Smith, Walter Clark, Walter Pahnke, William Richards, and other Psychedelicists, claim that the direct experience of god, undistorted by church, belief, or revealed word, gives the purest sense of the divine. Today's Psychedelic Reformation carried religious democracy a step further — to experience. No longer is the experience of god limited to a few saints and holy people; each person can and should have his or her own experience of god. Just as common access to the Bible was at one time suppressed by church and state, so are psychedelics suppressed now. Just as Protestantism, reformers, and Puritans were seen as the heretics and traitors of their times, Psychedelicists are misperceived as the religious heretics and political traitors of our own times.

Without doubt the most successful special-interest group in Washington today is the drug prohibition lobby. My child is taught in school that my spouse and I are criminals because our path to god used psychedelics. When I was in school, we were taught that one of the worst things about Nazi Germany and the communist countries was that children were taught to spy on their families, neighbors, and friends. "Aren't we glad we live in America," my teachers said, "where we don't do such things?" Yet my child's school partakes in the DARE anti-drug program, which teaches children to spy on their parents.<sup>3</sup>

How and why does the government persecute my co-religionists and me?

By extending their fiefdoms beyond their original borders, the Food and Drug Administration, the National Institutes of Health, and the Public Health Service exercise control over the non-medical uses of psychedelics. It makes sense to me that they should have some control over medical uses, but it does not make sense that they also exercise control over religious, scholarly, artistic, and scientific uses of drugs.

By ignorantly promulgating the malicious idea that the only proper use of drugs is medical, the DEA and other agencies, along with self-serving politicians, have produced a destructive War on Drugs which kills more people than drug abuse itself.<sup>4</sup> They do not realize that drugs have both medical and non-medical uses and have been used beneficially for tens of thousands of years.

By interpreting religion as being an organization or a set of beliefs and by outlawing the use of psychedelics as sacraments, the government establishes a preference for church- and word-based religions. It handicaps all experience-based religions, psychedelic and non-psychedelic. It persecutes my psychedelic religion.

What is a realistic way for psychedelics to become part of American religious life? Existing religious organizations, churches, seminaries, orders, etc. should bring legal suit before the Supreme Court to establish their right to use psychedelics sacramentally. Centers similar to retreat centers might be established with specially trained clergy to screen out participants for medical psychological problems. The participants' psychological and spiritual set should be readied. The setting should be a beautiful location, with music and architecture conducive to mystical experiences or other experiences of sacredness. Perhaps psychedelics as sacraments will eventually expand beyond this first institutional use, but that is best left to be decided after our culture has more experience.

Today I changed to a new month on my Girl Scout calendar. As is appropriate for July, it has a picture of a group of Girl Scouts — a black, a blond, a Latina, and several generic whites — folding the American flag. I wonder if these children are being taught that the essence of America's freedoms is protecting the rights of minorities.

Almost 400 years ago, some of my ancestors left their native land to seek religious asylum in Holland. Later they crossed the North Atlantic in a small boat to come to what is now America. A portrait of them hangs in the Capitol rotunda. Today I look at my flag and wonder: Will I too have to leave my native country to seek asylum because of religious persecution?

The author has requested anonymity. ◇

#### FOOTNOTES

1. Will Durant. *The Story of Civilization*, part 6; *The Reformation* (Springfield, Ill.: Simon & Schuster, 1957), p. 3.
2. Frances Vaughan. "Perception and Knowledge: Reflections on Psychological and Spiritual Learning in the Psychedelic Experience." in Lester Grinspoon and James Bakalar, eds. *Psychedelic Reflections* (New York: Human Sciences Press, 1983), p. 109.
3. Joseph Pereira. "The Informants in a Drug Program: Some Kids Turn In Their Own Parents." *The Wall Street Journal*, April 20, 1992, pp. 1, A4.
4. Religious Coalition for a Moral Drug Policy. *Reason, Compassion, and the Drug War* (Washington, D.C. 1990), p. 29.





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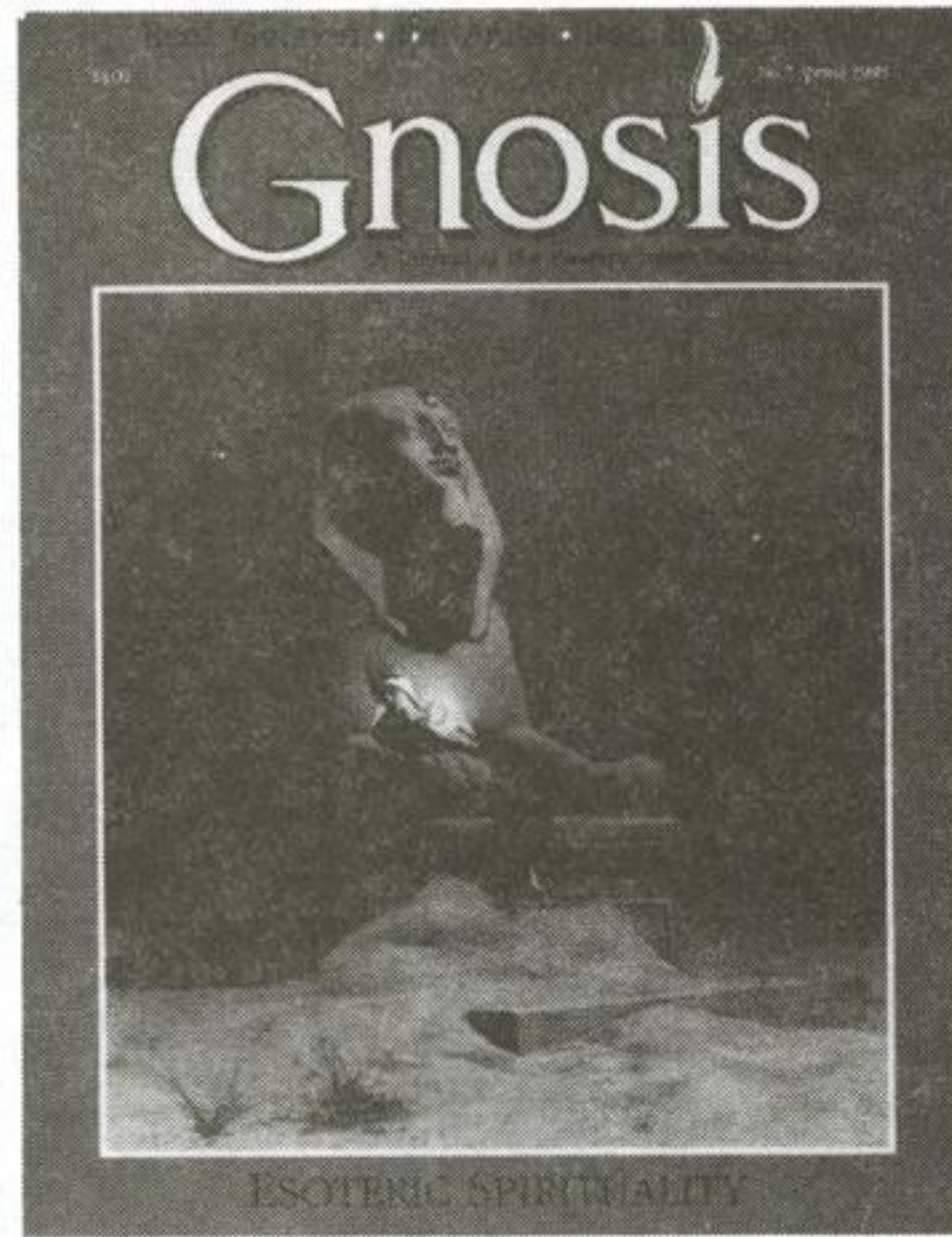
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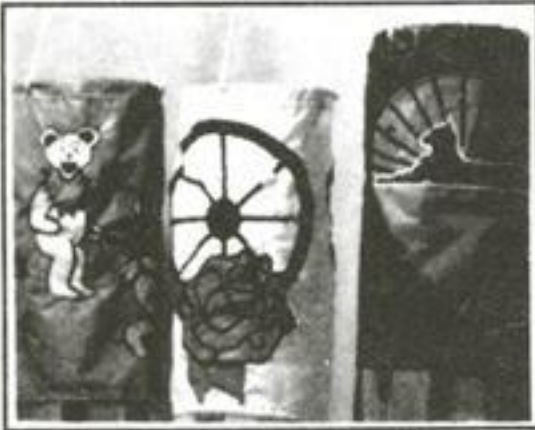
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AWHILE back at the Kesey farm in Pleasant Hill, Oregon, my husband, Zane (Ken's son)

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

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



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

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

Zane &  
Stephanie  
Kesey





# You Don't Need Dope To Dance

By "A Friend of August W."

**F**or hundreds of thousands of us, the Dead offer an environment where we can come together to harmonize, with all of us lending our unique histories and inner spirits to the essence that is the Grateful Dead

Experience. Deadheads make beautiful music together. It is an environment for which I have found no parallel, one that resonates with the morals, values, feelings, and experiences I look for in all areas of my life. The lifestyle offered to one who follows the Dead is one of new experiences and continuous exploration of the self.

I was introduced to the Dead at quite an early age. I came to believe then, and still believe today, that the message carried by those of us who choose to be among the *Grateful*, is one of living life to its fullest, being loving to others, and reaching for our highest selves...to be the most we can be as human beings.

As a spiritual warrior on my own quest, I have done my share of traveling and experimenting with altered states of consciousness. Through those experiences I have come to know myself and others in ways that I am certain I would not have otherwise. *Inspiration moves me brightly*, and I would not change or trade any of my past. I believe that every minute of my history, both the good and not so good, was necessary to bring me to where I am today.

Striving to reach our highest selves is not an easy task. As seekers of the light we must live honestly with others, and especially with ourselves. Letting go of people, places, or things that are not healthy for us can be a difficult and painful process. We all have inner battles to fight. A lifelong struggle for one of us may not be an issue for another (*sometimes we live no particular way but our own*).

Fear of change and the unknown has often held me from letting go of things that I knew were keeping me from my highest self. Without question, the most difficult struggle I



have had with letting go has concerned my relationship with alcohol and other drugs. At different times in my life it has caused me weeks, months, and years of agonizing. I believe that for some of us it may be possible for alcohol and other drugs to remain resources for relaxation and spiritual growth, while for others, they are not. I have come to know that I am one of those for whom they are not. Gratefully, I am here to report, with ever-growing joy and amazement, that it is more possible now than ever before to live life in search of the eternal buzz, and that you absolutely don't need dope to dance! As long as the Dead will sing for me, I will be there to listen.

My childhood home was always filled with music, art, and all the adventures and personalities that accompany that lifestyle, including alcohol, and, occasionally, other mind-altering substances brought by guests or students hoping for an evening of philosophizing over a Brahms symphony or the writing of Dylan Thomas. My parents were both alcoholics. I have only vague memories of times when they were healthy, and I spent most of my youth trying to figure out what it was that made them cash in their lives for alcohol. It is not known exactly how much the diseases of alcoholism and addiction have to do with genetics, and how much is learned behavior. What is clear is that these diseases are blinding and all-consuming to those who are affected, family and friends included.

For most of my adult life, I thought that my drinking began in my late teens. Only recently have I become aware of memories of scouring the house after my parents' gatherings for glasses that still had alcohol in them, and loving the burning sensation as I drank, and the warm feeling it gave me inside. This began somewhere around the age of four, and went on for quite a few years.

I was a child with a mind of my own. My friends were free spirits. We were going to change the world, and we were going to begin by changing ourselves. We promised each other that we would remain friends, that we would not let the negative things in life drag us down, and that we would not repeat the mistakes that our parents had made.



We *counted stars by candlelight* and followed the Dead both spiritually and physically. We loved, and lived life to the best of our abilities.

Part of our exploration and “travel” included the use of mind-altering substances. I did not drink during my teenage years because I had made up my mind that I was not going to become an alcoholic. I did not, however, believe that I should keep myself from the experiences that other drugs had to offer. So, at the age of 12, I began my relationship with drugs other than alcohol. For six or seven years I regularly used marijuana and a variety of hallucinogenics. I had some wonderful experiences, and as Captain Kirk would say, my friends and I “explored strange new worlds and boldly went where no man [*woman, or child*] had been before.”

What I could not see clearly then was the evolution of a very private and secretive relationship with drugs that was developing within me. Although I continued to use drugs in social settings, the experiences became increasingly less shared, and more internalized. Smoking marijuana became a daily occurrence, and for a good portion of my high school career I smoked each night to put myself to sleep. For periods of time I smoked alone, and denied that I was smoking at all.

I often thought about my compulsiveness, the lying to my friends about my use or whether I had marijuana or not, the fact that I often used alone, and that I felt dependent upon a drug to get to sleep at night. It was during those years that I first heard a voice from within saying something like, “This doesn’t feel healthy. Maybe you should stop.” I know today that these are well-known symptoms of a problem with alcohol or other drugs, but because my parents were so dysfunctional, I was almost certain that I couldn’t have a problem. My life looked nothing like theirs.

Suspecting that I had the potential to develop a problem with drugs, I decided that college might be a good time for me to give myself a break from using. *College?* You laugh? Looking back I can hardly believe it myself, but I actually did it. I immersed myself in sports and study. Drugs and alcohol were strictly forbidden during training seasons, so I chose a sport with year-round competition. I traded in my overalls and Birkenstocks for athletic greys and cut myself off from old friends. I was always drawn to socialize with the Deadheads in my dormitory, but I rarely allowed myself to. I had packed my tapes away before I left for school, and I remember stopping everything to listen whenever a little *Sunshine Daydream* came streaming in from somewhere down the hall. One of the most painful memories I have from my college days was when the Dead came to play for our spring concert. I spent the entire day in the library. The sense of loss was overwhelming. I remember hearing the crowd roaring, and trying to keep the focus on my books. I never asked anyone what they played. I told myself the Dead were a part of my past. I had to let go. For four years I was “safe” — drug and alcohol free, but cut off from my spiritual self.

During my senior year in college I started dating a social drinker, who was convinced that I was “too hard on

myself” and that I should “lighten up and have a drink once in awhile like everyone else.” I thought about this for months. I had made it for four years without a drink or a drug.

I started with wine. I would limit myself to one glass with dinner. I don’t remember how often I allowed myself to drink at first. It was not often. What I do know is that from the moment I gave myself permission to drink, I thought of little else. I quickly graduated from one or two glasses of wine, to one or two glasses of bourbon.

From day one drinking was a struggle, a battle of two voices within me, one saying, “I don’t think you should be doing this. You’re not enjoying *this* drink, you’re thinking about the *next* one,” and the other voice saying, “Relax, you’re no drunk. Lighten up. What’s wrong with you anyway?”

About two years into my controlled drinking nightmare, I decided to attend a get-together with some old high school friends. It had been almost ten years. I knew that they were all still drinking, and that there would be a potpourri of other chemicals to choose from.

The weekend was being hosted by a couple I had never met. I was immediately offered a drink, and I accepted. About half an hour later the first of my old friends arrived. He did not look healthy. He had clearly been drinking. I don’t think I will ever forget the look that came over his face when he saw the glass in my hand. “You’re drinking?” he said, even before a hello. “You gave her a drink?” he asked the couple. “She doesn’t drink. She can’t!” By that point he was shouting. I told him that I had been drinking for some time, and that I was doing fine. “Pour it out, please,” he said quietly. *There comes a time when the blind man takes your hand.* I don’t know what happened inside of me then, but I knew he was right. At that moment I had more clarity about who I was than I had ever had, or have ever had since. If this man, who was clearly an alcoholic, struggling with his life, his wife, and his children, could know that I should not be drinking, then I should also know.

It’s hard to describe the feeling of peace that came over me. I knew that the inner voice that had tried to tell me that something was wrong had been right. I knew that I couldn’t drink like a “normal” person, and that I really shouldn’t be drinking at all. I had the awareness that I didn’t have to look like an alcoholic or an addict, to be one. I walked to the sink and poured the remainder of my drink down the drain. That was quite a few 24 hours ago. I have not had a drink since.

Today I am amazed by the number of people I have met along the way who are sick or dying of the diseases of alcoholism or addiction and are able to so clearly see the sickness and suffering of others, *but not their own*. I have seen countless numbers of people lose their jobs, homes, and loved ones due to alcohol or drug-related problems. I wondered if any of them had inner voices that tried to talk them out of what they were doing or if maybe they had heard them somewhere in their pasts, but had lost touch.



I knew where to start. I had attended several Al-Anon meetings over the years in an attempt to deal with my parents' alcoholism. (Al-Anon is a 12 step program for friends and families of problem drinkers.)

Although I attend A.A. more regularly today, alcohol had not been the only drug that I had struggled with, so I decided to try an N.A. meeting first. The words that I heard at that first meeting have changed the course of my life, and ultimately brought me to where I am today: alive, at peace with life, clean, sober, free to continue moving toward my highest self, and back *where the chilly winds don't blow...* with all of you. What I heard and held onto that day, were parts of a passage that is read at the beginning of most N.A. meetings:

"You are a member when you say you are. There is only one requirement for membership, the desire to stop using. We are not interested in how much you used or who your connections were, what you have done in the past, how much or how little you have, but only in what you want to do about your problem and how we can help. If you are here today, you never have to use again."

They told me that the best help for an addict is the experience, strength, and hope of another who is clean. They told me to "take what I liked and to leave the rest" (*Believe it if you need it, if you don't, just pass it on*), that it was a program of "progress not perfection," and that the program was about living in *today*, not yesterday or tomorrow. They told me that it was a spiritual program and that there was a power *within all of us* that had brought us to seek recovery. Some people called it God, some a Higher Power

or Great Spirit, and some their true inner selves...whatever grace they thought had brought them to the rooms of 12 step programs. Most of all they told me that the program worked for those who kept coming back, and that I didn't have to do, or believe anything else. They were right.

Although you won't find bells jingling and hipsters dancing at *all* 12 step meetings, you will be welcomed with the same love and acceptance that we all feel at shows. If you look and listen carefully, you will be surprised at how many of us (Deadheads) there are in other 12 step programs, and even more so, at how many of us have experienced our most intense highs without drugs.

If you're interested in sampling the ultimate in fellowship, love, bells, singing, dancing, *and recovery*, try a Wharf Rat meeting between sets at your next show! Who are the Wharf Rats? Clean and sober Deadheads, of course. Wharf Rats are the reason I am able to continue feeling stable going to shows in an otherwise slippery environment for recovering addicts. The Wharf Rats can be found under the yellow balloons in the concourse area at shows, if possible to the rear of the left-hand side of the stage, behind Phil.

**If you're interested in receiving information, a list of resources immediately follows this article, pg. 55.**

Anonymity is the spiritual foundation of the traditions of 12 step programs. It reminds us to "place principles before personalities." When you walk into your first 12 step or Wharf Rat meeting you won't know who I am. Simply trust that as the spirit of the Dead travels in all Deadheads, a spirit of acceptance and love travels in all recovering addicts, and you will be welcomed.

It was not long ago that I went to my first show clean, and it was shortly after my first Wharf Rat meeting that I found myself on my knees in the middle of thousands of Deadheads, thanking my Higher Power for my life, my sobriety, and the music and magic that surrounded me. For some time the only voices that I heard were within myself, and then slowly Jerry's words began to filter in: *Wake up to find out that you are the eyes of the world.* ♦

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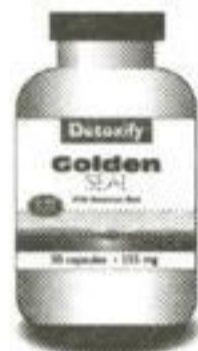
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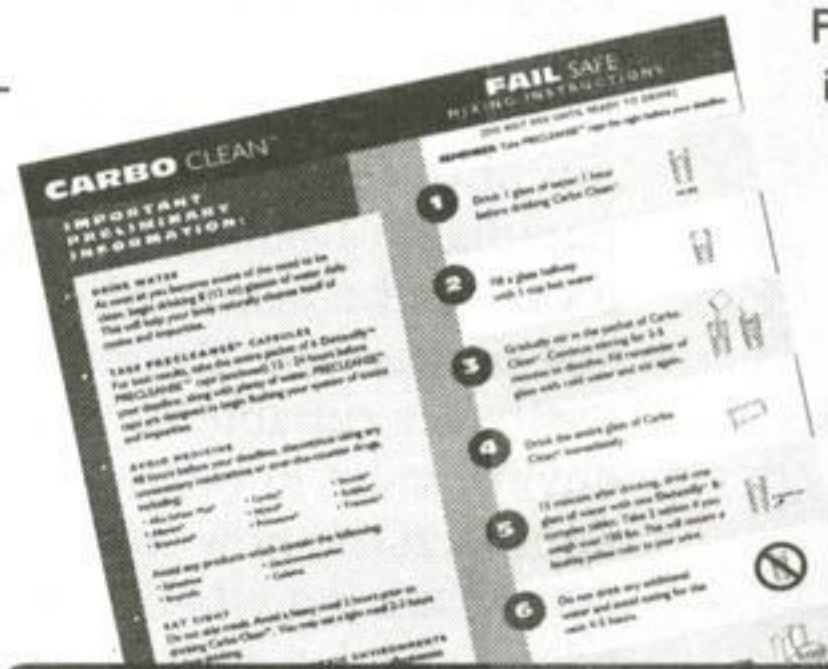
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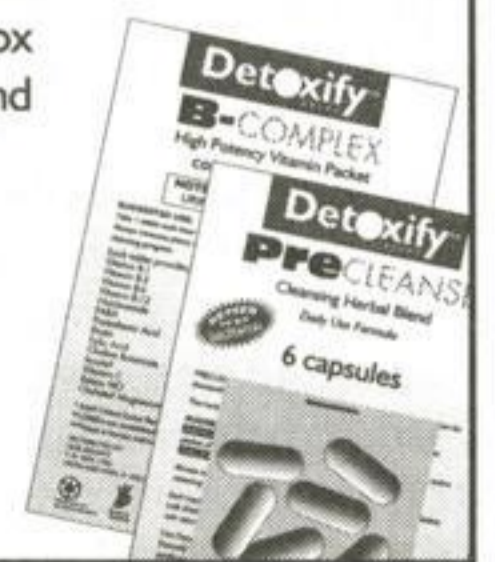
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# TRUCKKIN TO A HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS

BY PREM PRAKASH

**T**here exists a myth about a time when the chief of all the gods, Indra, came to Earth in the form of a pig. The story does not reveal why Indra chose to be a pig; we can only surmise he figured it might be fun. Anyway, Indra becomes a pig and gets totally into the pig scene; he wallows in slop, eats anything he can get between his jaws, and likes nothing better than to lie in the sun all stinky and covered with caked mud. He even meets a nice-looking lady pig and has a couple of cute piglets. Life looks like easy street.

While Indra was doing well on Earth, things in the heavenly realm were falling apart. Without Indra to run the show, the gods and goddesses were having a tough time keeping the scene together. So a few gods went down to see Indra to let him know he was needed back home.

The gods told Indra how important it was that he return to heaven and help keep the cosmos harmonious. But Indra had forgotten who he really was. He now found it impossible to believe that gods were actually visiting him and telling him that he was one of them. After all, any fool with two good eyes could see he was just a pig who liked doing pig stuff. He told them to leave him alone, so he could continue to wallow in slop and be happy.

Fortunately for the good of the universe, the gods figured out a way to reveal to Indra who he really was. And once he remembered, he felt really stupid for getting caught up in a pig trip. Can you imagine a god settling for being a pig in a poke when he could reside in the joy of heavenly consciousness? After all, no matter how good pig life gets, you're never really far from becoming a pork chop.

Some 50 years ago, on April 19, 1943, something happened, the effects of which are still being felt: Dr. Albert Hoffman, a chemist with Sandoz Pharmaceuticals in Basel, Switzerland, synthesized Lysergic Acid Diethylamide. Whatever else one can say about LSD, there is no denying it changes the consciousness of those who take it. For better or worse, then, young people have been taking LSD and other hallucinogens and dramatically altering their lives and social expectations as a result of their experiences.

What would inspire millions of healthy, responsible people to engage in such an activity, especially one they have been told is dangerous and harmful? And why would they continue to engage in this under threat of harassment, even lengthy imprisonment? A superficial observer would probably find a superficial reason. I would like to offer a more profound suggestion.

In many cultures throughout history, psychotropics have been recognized for the immense power they hold to alter human consciousness. These substances have been respected, and the insights gained under proper usage have served as the fountainhead of healthy civilizations and religious traditions. Those who shared in the partaking were honored and held in esteem.

In our contemporary society, however, we do not have a living tradition to instruct us on how to benefit from psychotropics. We are bereft of wise elders, of age-old ceremonies, of instruction manuals, of cultural support. We exist in a hostile landscape of ignorance and denial, drug wars and prison sentences. We really are "on our own," and it behooves us to be cautious, safe, and to take care of ourselves and each other by treating these substances with the respect, and even the awe, that they deserve.

Certainly, psychotropics are not the ultimate answer, the end-all to the process of human growth, but the potential they have to assist with this process deserves to be acknowledged and treated in a mature fashion. Psychedelics can be medicine of immense magic, but they are by no means toys. When used in a befitting manner — in the right amount, in a suitable environment, and with supportive people — they can provide some tremendously cathartic and vitalizing experiences. Improper use will result in negative or superficial experiences that fail to convey anything of value.

To use psychedelics is to play with fire, an encounter worthy of the most sincere of souls. To have a psychedelic fire blazing in one's nervous system is an alchemical opportunity to burn out dross and ignite realizations. Or the fire can simply produce another burnout (and anyone who has been around the Dead scene for a while has seen the burnouts of which I speak). Having a spacious consciousness is enlightening and joyous; being severely fried or spaced-out is just plain dumb.

Psychedelics can serve as spiritual alarm clocks, waking us out of our materialistic, pig-like stupors into a new paradigm of ourselves as divine beings. Or these potent tools can be just another avenue for petty indulgence and self-destruction. Twentieth century America has shown itself very capable of laying to waste the physical environment in order to satisfy its selfish desires. As we approach the new millennium, psychedelics may end up demonstrating whether we can live in the next century as wise, sensitive people, or if we will continue our foolishness and wind up with our psyches also laid to waste. ♦



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# PLANNING A TRIP...

BY PARR MITCHELL

**H**istory has proven that the responsible use of psychedelics can, for some people, result in consciousness expansion and spiritual growth. Without debating the moral or legal aspects, this article will address basic guidelines for the responsible use of such tools. Following such guidelines can maximize the benefits and greatly minimize the potential drawbacks inherent in their use.

Because psychedelics are illegal in this culture, each new generation of intrepid travelers is left to discover the immense power of these agents on its own, often through trial and error, resulting in numerous negative experiences. Furthermore, many people, because of chemical imbalances or other physical conditions, and prior life traumas (rape, molestation, etc.) that would be too overwhelming to deal with during such heightened states without first coming to terms through traditional therapeutic counseling, should not, under any circumstances, ingest psychedelics. Yet, with no guidance and support from our society, many of these "fragile" folks end up taking psychedelic catalysts, the results of which are seriously disturbing, even harmful. However, in cultures where psychedelics are held sacred (of which there are still many), guidelines for responsible use are well established and passed down through the generations. In such cultures negative psychedelic experiences are rare.

## **How Psychedelics Affect Consciousness**

**H** Psychedelics function as nonspecific amplifiers of consciousness. This means they do not determine your thoughts, but instead amplify whatever is already present in your consciousness. Simultaneously, they interfere with the ability to evaluate the relative importance of both inner and outer events. The result of these effects is that everything in one's awareness is powerfully exaggerated, seems profoundly important, and is often intensely emotional (for example, an often-heard song such as *Morning Dew* might, while under the influence, bring forth a remembrance of profound sadness from one's childhood, causing one to burst out in tears). For the unprepared, these effects can be unsettling, even frightening. A bad trip can take years to get over.

Since psychedelics tend to amplify, alter, and intensify one's perspective, it becomes extremely important to recognize how inner mind state and outer surroundings can greatly influence the nature and course of a psychedelic experience. Psychedelic travelers need to understand that the quality of the voyage will be determined largely by two basic factors: the mental state that one brings to the experience ("the Set") and the physical environment in which one takes the trip ("the

Setting"). By putting effort into controlling these factors, one can greatly accentuate the positive aspects and minimize the negative. Because of this, Set and Setting have been widely acknowledged as the two most influential factors in the undertaking of an expansive psychedelic experience.

## **Responsible Preparation**

**R** Unfortunately, in our culture more forethought and preparation is usually given to a weekend vacation than is given to the preparation for a psychedelic voyage (which is potentially life-changing). Such lack of preparation and lack of understanding about the importance of Set and Setting are primarily responsible for most negative trips.

When the doors of perception are opened, the wide spectrum of issues that confront us are usually a direct reflection of Set and Setting. **Set** is comprised of two main aspects: long-range elements and immediate elements.

**L**ong-Range Set: Refers to pre-existing elements of your personal history and personality. These include your values, attitudes, aspirations, fears, and the contents of your personal unconscious. Significant events from your past, like disappointments, unresolved conflicts, losses, etc., as well as positive memories, are all components of Long-Range Set. A key issue to remember is we are often not consciously aware of both types of elements in our ordinary state of being. They are often unconscious but emerge during a psychedelic experience.

**I**mmEDIATE Set: Refers to your expectations and present life situations. If you enter the experience with an intention of exploring creativity, personal growth, spirituality, or entertainment, that intention will color the nature of your experience. Your current life circumstances are probably the major component of Immediate Set — current problematic relationships, conflicts, stress, confusions, etc., as well as current satisfaction and contentment with one's life will all be "grist for the mill" of amplification.

**S**etting: Refers to where, when, and with whom your experience takes place. This includes environment, events, and interpersonal situations. Issues concerning day or night, city or nature, friends or strangers, being alone or with a group, and music or silence are examples of Setting issues. Each choice will have an influence on the course of one's journey. Another important Setting issue concerns the use of a "guide." A guide is a trusted person who can provide support and clarity during one's experience. A guide's own level of awareness and experience can significantly influence the tone and direction of the trip.



Recognizing how psychedelics function and how important Set and Setting are ideally puts the prospective journeyer in a better position to maximize the benefits of such exploration. With an increased sensitivity to these issues, wise choices about time, place, and people can be made. A healthy respect for Set and Setting allows us to recognize that our personal history, current life situation, environment, and social network will all have a profound influence on the outcome of our experience. If one takes a psychedelic voyage during a time of stress, in the company of strangers, in a chaotic surrounding (in other words, at a Dead show with 50,000 other fans as well as plenty of cops, security guards, and barbed wire fences), the outcome will be significantly different than if we feel calm, are with close friends, and are in a supportive environment.

It can be helpful to remember that psychedelics are tools for self-exploration; understanding how they function will determine how effective the results of their use will be. Since psychedelics are powerful enough to cause long-term damage, intrepid travelers should take great care to plan carefully. It is not uncommon for experienced trippers to spend a few minutes every day for several days or even several weeks before the intended voyage contemplating their long-range and immediate mindset, their fears and hopes, and planning the Setting in which the voyage will take place. Keeping a journal of such thoughts can be a great way to reinforce this practice. Sharing such thoughts with a good friend or guide can also objectify and clarify your fears, hopes, and intentions. In general, being more

mindful of one's life in this way already provides the sort of insight that one hopes for in the psychedelic experience.

And remember, one of the greatest strengths we can display in our culture today is knowing when *not* to trip when one's friends are (and not letting your friends trip when they might be putting themselves in danger, if you have anything to say about it). Learn to know yourself well enough to recognize the appropriate time and place to open such doors — after all, a poorly timed trip can be a ghastly experience, and a well-timed, well-placed, well-thought out trip can be a profound spiritual epiphany.

*"There is a road,  
no simple highway  
between the dawn  
and the dark of night  
And if you go  
no one may follow  
That path is for  
your steps alone —  
You who choose  
to lead must follow,  
but if you fall  
you will fall alone,  
If you should stand  
then who's to guide you?  
If I knew the way  
I would take you home."*

*Excerpted from Ripple, © Robert Hunter ◊*

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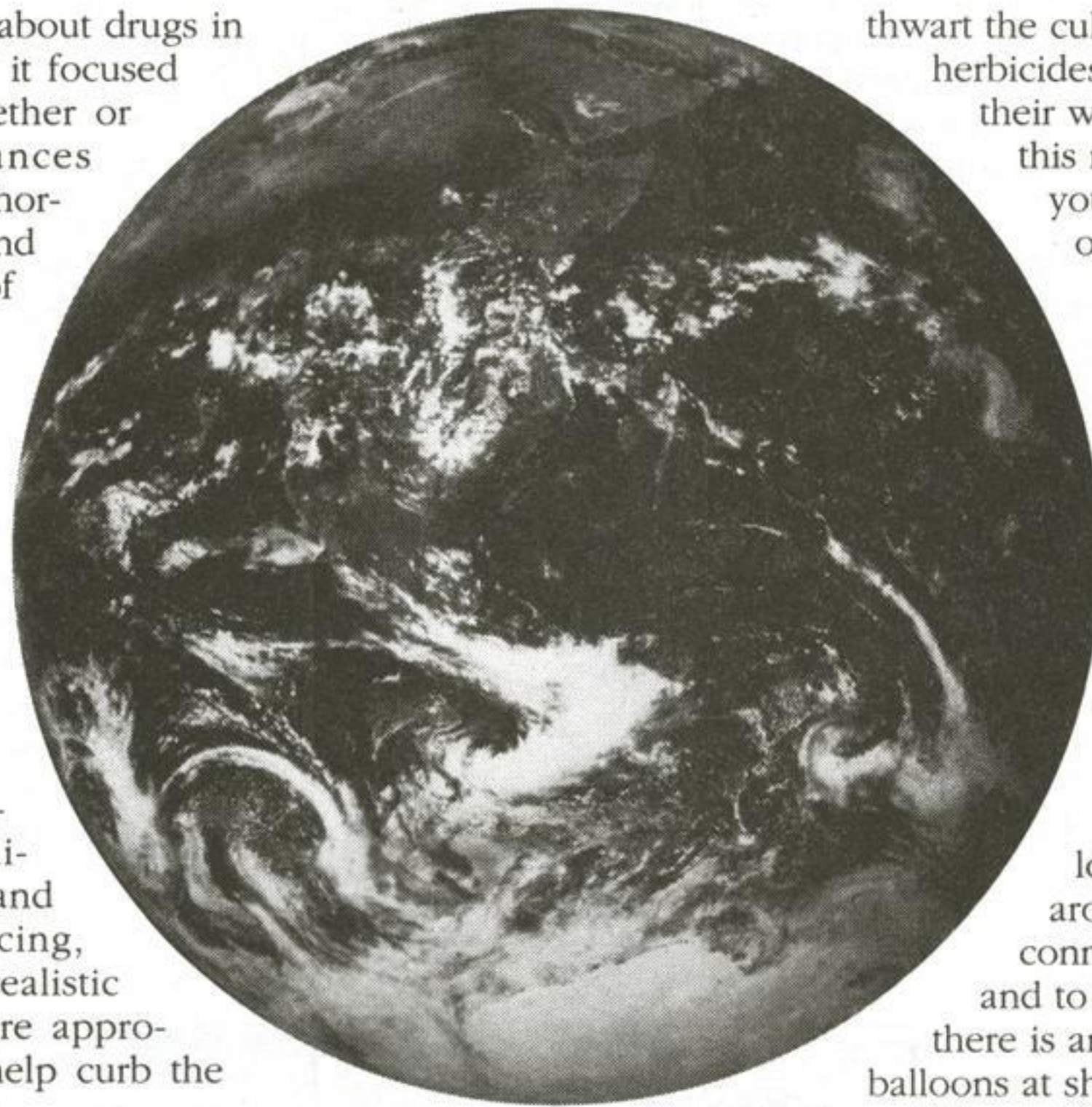


From The Promised Land To Desolation Row:

# How Drug Use Can Harm The Earth

(and why we can't just say I didn't know) By Russ Weis

There has been a lot of talk about drugs in the last few years, most of it focused upon the question of whether or not the use of substances deemed "illegal" by the authorities is harmful to individuals and to society in general. Some of this discussion has been heartening; it seems the time might finally have arrived when previously taboo subjects, such as the legalization question, are ready to be debated in an open-minded way. All caring freethinkers and freedom-lovers can only hope that this seemingly new atmosphere of sincere inquiry leads to the repeal of misguided law enforcement policies, such as zero tolerance and mandatory minimum sentencing, and substitution of these unrealistic and unfair measures with more appropriate and effective ways to help curb the abuse of drugs.



Regardless of where all this talk might lead us, however, one element that is missing from most of the dialogue is how the use of drugs can also abuse the planet. The purpose of this article, therefore, is not to focus upon whether or not drugs should be taken at all, but rather upon how the production and/or consumption of certain drugs contributes to the long list of environmental maladies already afflicting our beleaguered Earth. [Next issue we'll take a look at one substance, presently outlawed, that might hold the key to solving many of those very same environmental problems.]

## Trouble ahead, trouble behind...

There's an engine of greed driving like a train through the forests of South America at this very moment, wreaking eco-havoc on an awesome scale. It seems there is tremendous incentive to convert these vital areas of our planet from "rain" into "cocaine" forests. Due to intense demand for the drug, coca growers have little regard for the fragile rainforest environment and are clear-cutting vast expanses of irreplaceable ecosystems.

As if this isn't bad enough, these cocaine cultivators use large amounts of harmful chemicals and unfortunately do not refrain from dumping toxins *down the drain* (i.e., into rainforest rivers and streams). Worse still, official efforts to

thwart the cultivation consist of the use of herbicides, which also eventually find their way into rainforest waterways. All this means that, from whatever angle you look at it, the use of cocaine on any day spells trouble for the planet in a big way. Thus, now that we are aware of the forests' pain, our new mission in the rain must be to *stop that train*.

## Would you like to ride in my beautiful balloon...?

Grateful Dead shows are unique in so many beautiful ways — for instance, how many concerts have you been to lately where there are balloons and beach balls bouncing around the audience, colorfully connecting showgoers to each other and to the rhythms of the music? Yet, there is another dimension to the use of balloons at shows, especially around the edges of the parking lot. Either there are a lot of budding dentists practicing their nitrous oxide administration techniques in the dark cavities surrounding the parking areas, or there are folks cutting their entrepreneurial teeth trying to make some bucks peddling laughing gasses to the masses.

In either case, what these enterprising souls might not know is that escaped nitrous oxide hurts the Earth in two ways — not only is it a greenhouse gas that contributes to global warming, but it also contributes to the breakdown of the atmospheric ozone that helps protect the planet from harmful ultraviolet radiation. So perhaps next time you find yourself around the parking lot amateur dentists, you could respectfully drill them on their techniques and debate the wisdom of their actions. And, as far as your own actions are concerned, know that you *can* have a gas without the gas — why not try and see how high you can fly when you jump up to tap a bouncing balloon along on its merry way during the show? This suggestion is not meant to puncture your own good-time balloon, it's just that if we all don't do what we can to help the Earth continue spinning along the way it's supposed to go, eventually it'll be everybody's final floss — er — loss.

Equally as simplistic as the phrase "just say no" is the excuse "I didn't know." Yes, when it comes to the question of what to do about drug abuse, there really are no easy



answers. But if we all remember that drugs — both the “illegal” and the “legal” kinds — are best when used responsibly to expand our consciousness and not merely for recreation or mindless escape **or for altering the Earth in a negative way**, we can begin to access the full extent of the promises inherent in such magical substances to open our hearts and minds to the lovelight that abounds in this universe of ours.

So every time you take a drug of any kind from now on, why not give some thought as to how you can help make the Earth a better place. For instance, if you're gonna do some drinkin', also do some thinkin', and of course, be sure to recycle your bottles and cans all you beer-guzzlin' fans! Or if you're gonna do some smokin' and tokin', why not try to figure out some new way to help fix what's broken. [Hey — all those cigarette butts and plastic pack wrappers on the ground amounts to Mother Earth chokin'!]

So just start by saying at each venue “No spliffs, cans, or butts about it!” and then help others to do their own bit. Be a responsible and aware planetary citizen and make your motto **just say know** and that way you'll be doing your part to help us all avoid desolation row!

#### TOP FIVE ECO-SUGGESTIONS FOR FALL TOUR

Send in your ideas as to how we can make the Earth a better place. We'll print the best ideas, which will each win one of the following CDs: Turn It Upside Down, *Spin Doctors* (Epic); Hoist, *Phish* (Elektra); Far From Home, *Traffic* (Virgin); or Voodoo Lounge, *Rolling Stones* (Virgin). Send to Clean Team Ideas, PO Box 148, Purdys, NY 10578

**1. “Bag the bag”** — Refuse a bag when you go shopping for anything. Instead, bring along your own — preferably a string bag.

**2. Re-usable mug** — Take your own mug or cup with you wherever you go. [Kudos to *DDN* publisher Johnny Dwork in this regard. He's *still* using several giant plastic soft drink mugs he picked up (and washed out) after the 1987 Foxboro Dead/Dylan show!]

**3. Garbage bags** — Travel with extra garbage bags and get in the habit of picking up trash not only after shows but also wherever you see it. Keep an extra bag or two in your pocket for others who might be inspired by you and offer to help out.

**4. No disposable lighters** — Refillable lighters are the order of the day — hey, you *know* this is the better way!

**5. Call or write your legislators** — Don't have the address? You can easily find it and here's how: look in your phone book or call information right now! Do it today and here's what you can say: You are in favor of much, much, *much* less jail time for drug offenders and much, much, *much* more drug education for society in general as an answer to drug abuse. Challenge your legislator to find humane, creative solutions that will work, like sentencing those who break the law to help clean up the environment rather than to jail. If we all do all we can to communicate and implement enlightened thoughts along these lines you *know* we won't fail! ♦

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## PARTICIPATE AGAIN OR FOR THE FIRST TIME!





# IN THE LAND OF KOKOPELLI

A FLASHBACK BY CHARLES SMITH

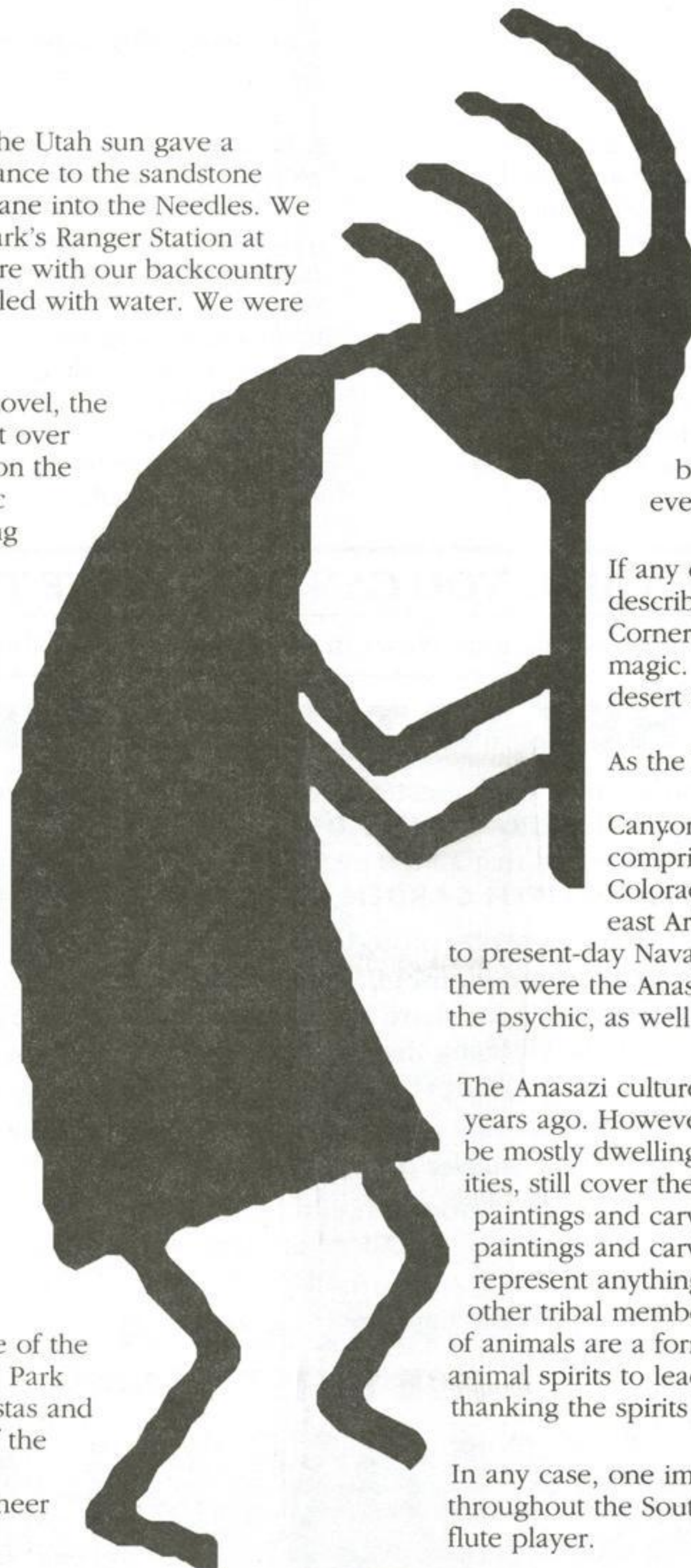


The last rays of the Utah sun gave a lysergic red resonance to the sandstone walls along the two-lane into the Needles. We had left Canyonlands National Park's Ranger Station at Island In the Sky two hours before with our backcountry permit and several plastic jugs filled with water. We were headed for the wilderness.

Straight out of a Louis L'Amour novel, the evening sun was beginning to set over the sage, and the music playing on the tape deck seemed in perfect sync with the passing scenery. We sang along with Peter Rowan's "Free Mexican Airforce" at the top of our lungs, as Flaco Jimenez's accordion echoed off the canyon walls. Things got even more in sync with Wendy Waldman's "Gringo in Mexico," a sound bite of Bogey and the Bandit Leader from "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre," and Peter Rowan's version of "Midnight Moonlight." I was almost as if I had had this whole scene in mind when I made this "road tape" over two years before.

Even though it was going to be dark in another hour, the scenery was too magnificent for us to speed through it. The Needles district had been there millions of years... another few minutes wouldn't matter.

Canyonlands National Park is one of the least visited parks in the National Park System. Yet with its incredible vistas and rugged terrain, it provides one of the most overwhelming, humbling experiences one can have. The sheer expanse is just mind-boggling.



Whoever coined the phrase "wide open spaces" must certainly have been to Utah.

The Needles District of Canyonlands is an astounding maze of multi-colored rock spires that change colors as the sun moves through the sky. Early in the morning, they are bright red, slowly transforming to brown, yellow, and finally gray by the evening.

If any experience on this plane can be described as spiritual, it's a trip to the Four Corners area. The atmosphere is rampant with magic. The rock formations and canyons and desert are mystical in their tortured beauty.

As the I-Ching says, "The Southwest Furthers!"

Canyon Country, the Four Corners Area, is comprised of Southeast Utah, Southwest Colorado, Northwest New Mexico and Northeast Arizona. This rugged moonscape is home to present-day Navajo, Hopi, Zuni, and Utes. But before them were the Anasazi, The Old Ones. The area still bears the psychic, as well as physical, evidence of their stay.

The Anasazi culture disappeared mysteriously about 1,000 years ago. However, their various structures, believed to be mostly dwellings and granaries or other storage facilities, still cover the Southwest, along with numerous paintings and carvings. The meaning of most of these paintings and carvings remains a mystery. They could represent anything from a local history to news left for other tribal members. Some even believe that the pictures of animals are a form of sympathetic magic, beseeching the animal spirits to lead game to the people, or maybe thanking the spirits for bringing the game.

In any case, one image that appears over and over again throughout the Southwest is Kokopelli, the hump-backed flute player.



Kokopelli is believed to be the spirit of fertility, rain, and commerce. We were in Kokopelli's land — the Land of the Navajo.

By the time we got to the Needles District entrance, the ranger station had closed and the dusk was settling into darkness. We pulled into the parking lot at the trailhead just as Linda Ronstadt was wailing about love having no pride. How true, but that's another story.

After repacking our gear and checking our load again and again, we were ready to go. We hit the trail at dark on a moonless night. But the millions of western stars were so bright that the desert trail was clearly visible well into the night. It didn't take long for the spirits of the place to let us know that they were watching us, and at the first sign of disrespectful behavior we would be dealt with.

Not quite 500 feet into our journey, my head began to fill with *Dark Star*. It just came up spontaneously and was my inner soundtrack as long as we hiked. As *Dark Star* got more intense inside my head, my feet seemed to leave the ground, and I began to walk among the stars. No more rocks ahead, no turns in the trail, just me and *Dark Star*.

Occasionally, Charlie or Robert would turn and smile, but no one said a word. Although it was dark, we became aware of night vision developed to a degree we never knew we had. And *Dark Star* continued, as if it were a guardian spirit.

Hiking in the desert at night is a transcendental experience. The stars provided enough light for us to see the shadows of wild rock formations and small groves of cottonwoods. But the mystery of not knowing what was out there with us was exciting in itself. And I still heard *Dark Star*.

After about two hours, we found a bluff about forty feet high, nestled behind some box elders and cottonwoods. A side trail appeared out of the darkness, through the trees and headed for the bluff. It looked like a good place to spend the night, and being careful not to disturb the cryptogamic (living) soil, we followed the trail to the base of the bluff.

It was not a difficult climb, even with full packs, and within a few minutes, we had set up a campsite on a wide rock ledge. Our campsite was really nothing more than lighting a candle lantern and rolling out the sleeping bags, but it felt good to get the packs off of our backs.

We sat on the edge of the ledge and watched the desert stars, aware of the fact that we were probably the only living humans for miles in any direction. I say living because we were quite aware of the Anasazi spirits that found the place too beautiful to leave.

With our legs dangling off the cliff, our talk of wives and jobs soon faded. This was definitely not the time or place for that stuff. We sat and watched the stars play games as the heat rising from the desert made it seem like they were flying all over the place. We could only imagine what the Ancient Ones must have thought, as the night sky was a natural light show.

And then I saw it. Just for a flash, but I saw it just the same. In the western sky, in an area where there seemed to be no stars at all, I saw the image of Kokopelli! Blacker than the night sky, blacker than black, I saw him against the sky, so dark that midnight was a lighter backdrop.

Even though it lasted just a fraction of a second, it was so unmistakable that it seemed to last for an eternity. And as I tried to understand what was happening, *Dark Star* kicked in again.

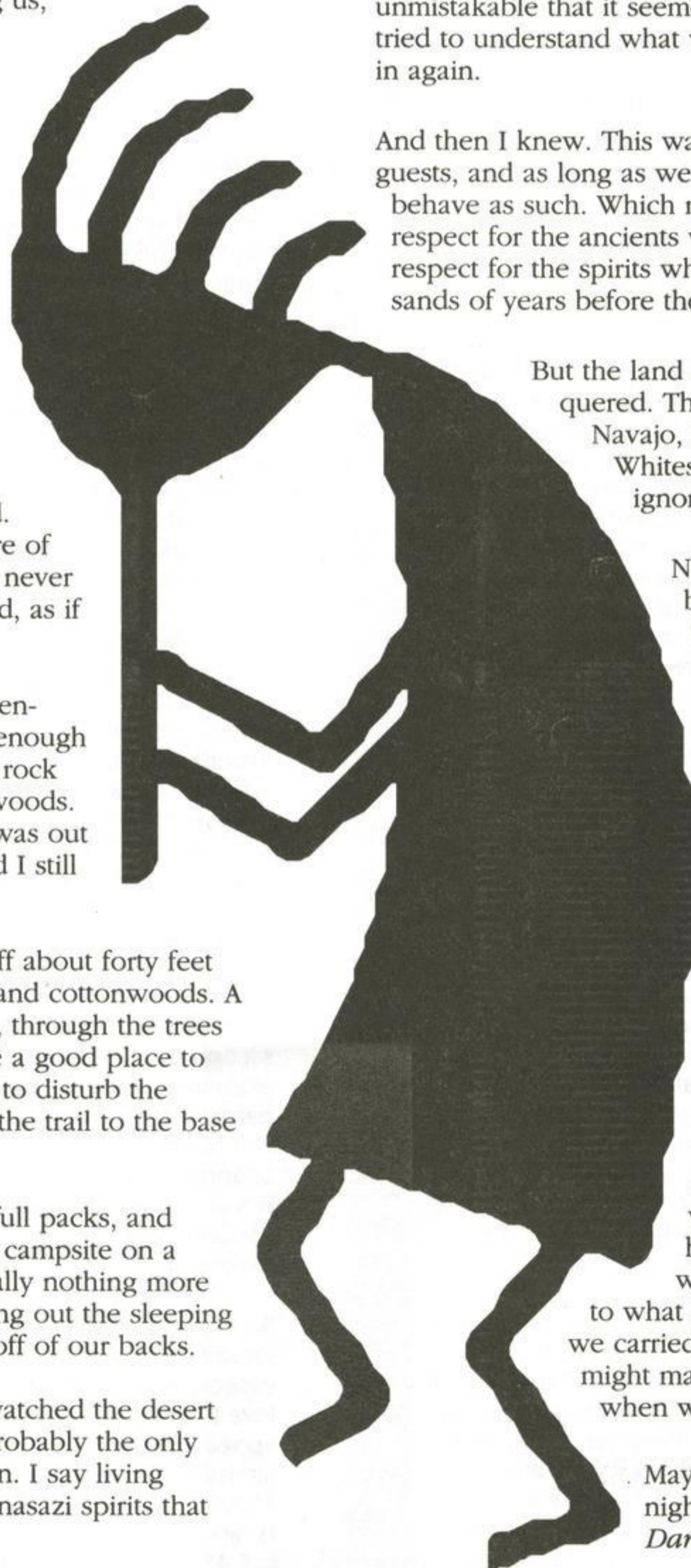
And then I knew. This was Kokopelli's land. We were guests, and as long as we were here, we were expected to behave as such. Which meant respect for the land, respect for the ancients who were here before us, and respect for the spirits who watched over the land thousands of years before the White Man tried to conquer it.

But the land cannot and will not be conquered. The Old Ones knew this. The Navajo, Hopi, and Zuni know this. A few Whites know this. But most choose to ignore it.

Native Americans have always believed that the Earth does not belong to us, but rather that we belong to the Earth. Sometimes we have to get away from our insulated cocoons, our homes, our cars, our VCRs, and our CD players, and just listen to what the Earth is trying to tell us. Instead of trying to subjugate the Earth, maybe we should try to live with it.

Over the years, we've lost the magic. We're out of touch with what's really important. Maybe it's not practical today for us to go back to the way the Ancient Ones lived, but maybe if we spent a little time trying to learn what they learned about living in harmony with the Earth, maybe if we spent some time trying to listen to what the Earth is telling us, maybe if we carried a little bit of that with us, we might make things just a little better than when we got here.

Maybe that's the lesson I learned that night. Maybe that's the magic of *Dark Star*. ♦







# GET TO KNOW YOUR DEAD RELATIVES



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

## MUSIC

**Blues Traveler's** fourth album, *four* (A&M Records), is a genuine tour de force. Although we like the tunes on their first album more, this newest release is arguably their best effort yet, certainly a huge improvement over their previous two. This one contains an even mix of both the hard-driving blues rock they're best known for as well as a softer-edged, partially acoustic sound (much like *100 Years* on their first album). Could this be a sign that Blues Traveler is maturing? We think so. Yeah, Chan still has a tinge of metal in his flaming guitar runs, but this album has tunes that old-time Traveler fans can sink their teeth into. Definitely music meant to be listened to at loud volume in your car! Now if they'd only pen a few more tunes as danceable as *But Anyway*.

Imagine if someone got access to the Dead's tape vault, recorded 100 versions of *Dark Star*, and then mixed 51 of them all together to make one 60-minute long, weirdly mutated *Dark Star*. Well, someone did just that. It's called **Transitive Axis** and it's the first of a two-disc series entitled **Gray Folded** from producer/artist John Oswald. (To order call 1-800-263-4020.) Personally, we had mixed feelings about this first CD. It was put together very differently than we would have done it. The piece seems to wander aimlessly through a myriad of 1969-ish guitar leads for quite awhile before cohering (after listening to **Gray Folded** we're even more impressed by the superlative editing of Bob Bralove's **Infrared Roses**). But one must remember this is one artist's interpretation of GD music and it is, after all, still *Dark Star*. It has some stellar moments, including several jams we've never heard before. If you're a *Dark Star* freak you'll definitely want to get a hold of it. What we're really looking forward to is **Mirror Ashes**, part two of this series, which Oswald says will contain more of the Dead's jazzier music from '73-'74. Can't wait!

When it comes to the **Spin Doctors**, Deadheads seem to be divided down the middle — either you like 'em or you don't. **Turn It Upside Down** (Epic), their new CD takes us back to their roots, to older tunes they used to play in the bars. If you're an old Spinhead, you'll love it for that. And if you're a recent fan, you'll love it because it's got funky, stick-in-yer-head rock and roll hits. It's simple to see why: they've got the formula wired — witty lyrics spiced with a tinge of hippie prankster spirit, hot lead guitar lines (although the recent departure of their guitarist leaves things uncertain in this area), tight percussion, and a toe-tappin', hip-shakin' bass line. (And they jam in concert, too). Ignore the comparisons to the Grateful Dead, and certainly ignore the Spin Doctors' consistently mediocre MTV videos. Just enjoy the music — it's honest, clean, fun, and energetic.

Multi-ethnic acoustic trance rock. That's the term we'd use to best describe the music of **Rusted Root**, an enormously talented and deeply spiritual musical tribe from Pittsburgh, PA. Rusted Root's debut album, **When I Woke** (Mercury), is filled with hauntingly beautiful lyrics, lush harmonies, thoroughly slammin' drum circle percussion, flamenco style guitar runs, and a touch of sitar and country twang here and there. The album starts with an all-out drum jam that segues right into a hypnotizing song called *Ecstasy*. One envisions these musicians

trance-dancing around a big bonfire at night. Lead vocalist/songwriter Mike Glabicki's powerfully evocative voice does full justice to his lyrics about shaman women and Mother Earth. It's rather amazing to hear this energy coming from what appears to be an all-acoustic band. I can't wait to see them in concert! Now, if they'd only get an agent who's wise enough to book them into Wetlands Preserve again.

**IF YOU LIKE TO BOOGIE, READ THIS REVIEW!!!** The most kick-ass dance band we've seen in years is a Nigerian-style Afro pop band from San Francisco that goes by the name **Kotoja**. We recently saw this band *electrify* all 400 people at one of their concerts. We danced till we were completely soaked to the bone, and they just kept on playing! This eleven-piece monster groove unit features a great ju-ju style rhythm guitarist, the obligatory killer percussion section, and one of the funkiest bunch of horn players we've ever heard. With each song they put our heads in a frenzy by out solo-ing each other with righteous jazz/funk riffs while the unrelenting bass and percussion forced our pelvises to gyrate in unspeakably delicious motions. See this band in a club where you can get up and dance, and it'll be the closest you come to having sex in public! Totally tribal. Their album, **The Kotoja Super-Sawale' Collection**, is out on the extremely hip Putumayo Worldbeat Music label. Putumayo, a manufacturer/importer/retailer of gorgeous women's ethnic-style clothing, has several other hip music releases including **The Best of Reggae** (including Black Uhuru). With so much crappy rap-style reggae ("dancehall") being released these days, it's a pleasure to see someone releasing genuine roots-style reggae.

And while we're on the subject of thoroughly danceable Worldbeat music, you should check out **Pele Juju**, an all-woman reggae band from Santa Cruz. Pele Juju, which we've only seen perform on the West Coast, consistently impresses audiences with their all-out effort and great vibes. Catch 'em live. To get on their mailing list call 408-458-1811.

Take several really great up-and-coming bands who haven't been signed to major labels yet and put really good examples of their music onto a sampler CD and what do you get? Madaket Record's **AWARE II** compilation. This sampler, the second in a series, is now out, and it's a winner. This release alternates between heartfelt acoustic folk and a rock groove harder edged than was featured on the also very impressive first release. On **AWARE II** you'll find: Better Than Ezra, Shannen Worrell, The Verve Pipe, Mother Hips, Vertical Horizon, Hootie & The Blowfish, From Good Homes, Edwin McCain Band, Soul Food Cafe, The Reejers, The Eptys, Catfish Jenkins, and EMB. PHEW! To order call 800-333-1245.

**Acoustic Junction** is a fantastic young band we'll be seeing a lot more of over the next few years. AC's concerts have been especially popular with those of you twenty-somethings who love the H.O.R.D.E., although frankly, their music will also appeal greatly to older Heads looking for an evening of softer jamming, smooth vocal harmonies, and acoustic intricacies. They've got two good albums out so far: **Love It For What It Is**, and **Surrounded By Change**. For tour and ordering info call 413-664-6314. And if you find Acoustic Junction to your



liking, you should proceed next to **Box Set**, another young, quasi-acoustic band with impassioned lyrics, this one from the West Coast. For tour and ordering info call 415-751-2859.

Bluegrass and acoustic string band music fans take note: Acoustic Disc has just released two CDs definitely worth checking out. **Tone Poems** (ACD10), the reunion album of **David Grisman and Tony Rice** (founding members of the David Grisman Quintet), is a fascinating concept album celebrating the sounds of vintage mandolins and guitars. With so many antique instruments being sold for high prices and locked away as investments, Grisman felt it was time to refocus attention on the beautiful tones these instruments make. To that end they paired some of the greatest sounding old guitars and mandolins on 16 sublime tunes that evoke the era of each instrument used. The CD comes with a 40-page booklet detailing the history of each instrument along with close-up photos of the fine craftsmanship evident in these antiques.

Also from Acoustic Disc is the enjoyable **Kitchen Tapes** (ACD11), a rare recording of legendary bluegrass geniuses **Red Allen and Frank Wakefield** recorded on 4/11/63 by David Grisman when he was just 18 years old. The session, recorded in Wakefield's Baltimore kitchen, turned out to be a watershed event in Grisman's life. The tunes are classic folk/bluegrass — smokin' hot, purebred American music. The recording is also amazingly listenable given the nature of its informal origin. (Acoustic Disc, 800-221-3472.)

**Purple School Bus.** It came unexpectedly in the mail one day. So we put it on the CD player. We loved it. This group hails from Greenville, NC, and they've got all the makings of a killer southern hippie rock band. Great guitar work, snappy keyboards, even some soulful flute playing. And lyrics that are both catchy and spiritual. To order, call 919-758-9259.

Did you know that psychedelic music is much more popular in Europe? In fact, bands referred to here in the good ol' U.S. of A. as psychedelic (Spin Doctors, etc.) aren't remotely as "out there" as the many psychedelic bands performing at music festivals throughout Europe these days. If early Grateful Dead, Jimi Hendrix, or Pink Floyd are your cup of brain food, you should send for the **Delirium Records** catalogue (send \$1 bill to P.O. Box 1288, Gerrard Cross Bucks, Great Britain SL99YB). These folks offer hundreds of way-out-there records/tapes/cds for those intent on space truckin'. Make sure to request "Freak Emporium," a 12-page review of their recent releases. You'll be amazed at how much psychedelic music is out there that you didn't even have a clue existed! It's mind-blowing! For starters you may want to turn out the lights and put on the headphones for **Porcupine Tree's Up The Down Stair**. This group sounds a good deal like Meddle-period Pink Floyd with touches of mid-period Gong thrown in for spice. Definitely a lights-out CD.

## BOOKS

When we were first approached by GD journalist/author Steve Silberman about his proposed book, **Skeleton Key, a Dictionary for Deadheads** (Doubleday, 391 pages) We weren't all that excited. After all, don't most Deadheads already know every Grateful Dead-related term and its origin?

Well, we were wrong, *dead wrong*. Silberman and co-author David Shenk have written a thoroughly entertaining, enlightening, and comprehensive compendium that no Deadhead should be without. Even the most jaded Head will learn something from this



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

book. Furthermore, it creates a legacy by setting into print proof of just how deep our subculture really is. Fifty years from now, this will be required reading in "History of The Grateful Dead 101" college courses everywhere! (See ad, pg. 21.)

A friend of ours gives a big thumb's up to **Merry Prankster Ken Kesey's** new novel, **Last Go Round, a Real Western** (Viking Press, 238 pages). Written with fellow prankster **Ken Babbs**, it's a story based on three very special real-life buckaroos — one white, one African American, and one Native American, who go to the original Pendleton Round Up in 1911 for the first World Championship Broncbusting Rodeo. The book even includes real photos from the 1911 event. Wild, wooly, and full of fleas. Let 'er buck!

**JUST SAY KNOW: MUST-READ BOOKS ON THE DRUG WAR**  
**Ceremonial Chemistry: The Ritual Persecution of Drugs, Addicts, and Pushers** by Thomas Szasz (revised edition, Learning Publications, 1985) offers the best explanation of why, despite all the evidence of the failure of drug prohibition, society continues to persecute users of some drugs, while promoting the use of other equally harmful drugs.

**Repealing National Prohibition** by David E. Kyvig (University of Chicago Press, 1979) tells the story of the political movement that repealed alcohol Prohibition in the 1920's and 30's. The parallels with modern times are uncanny. This exhaustively researched book serves as a road map for how to achieve the same kind of repeal of today's drug prohibition.

**Food of the Gods** by Terence McKenna (Bantam, 1992) contains the author's fascinating theory that psychedelic drugs were the catalyst of human evolution, as well as forward-thinking solutions to the problems posed by modern technology and addictive drugs. A masterpiece. A good companion read is **The Chalice and the Blade** by Rhiane Eisler (Harper and Row, 1987) an important feminist revision of world history that is not about drugs, but is adopted by McKenna, in his book, as the basis for some of his theories.

**The Emperor Wears No Clothes** by Jack Herer (Hemp Publishing, 1990) is the bible of the hemp movement. Countercultural in message and medium, this book launched the movement that made marijuana an environmental issue.

## ZINES

The **Drug Policy Foundation** is the leading independent forum for alternatives to the failed drug war. By becoming a member you'll help support their legal actions and public information campaigns. Membership (\$25 in the U.S. — tax deductible) includes a one-year subscription to the foundation's highly informative newsletter. The Drug Policy Foundation, 4455 Connecticut Ave. NW, Suite B-500, Washington, DC 20008-2302. Phone 202-537-5005.

**Psychedelic Illuminations** keenly focuses on the phenomenology of psychedelics and shamanic voyaging. Besides reporting on scientific conferences and studies, it covers legal issues, history, art, ethnobotany, and the rainforest and its indigenous cultures planet-wide. It's a young magazine, but anyone interested in deeper pursuit of the issues surrounding psychedelics and "plants as teachers" should definitely pick up a subscription. The networking section in the back of the mag is in-depth and contains a wealth of info pertaining directly to Deadheads. Subscriptions: \$27 for 4 issues (Canada/Mexico add \$3, other countries add \$5), P.O. Box 3186, Fullerton, CA 92634. ♦



## WHAT'S GOIN' ON...

•**Bob Bralove and Candace** are working together connecting the MIDI effects to the lights. As was apparent in Boston, this is just the beginning!

...•**Hunter/Lesh** recently wrote a new song together called *The Phoenix*. ...•**Jerry** did overdubs on Bralove's new Vortex CD due out this spring. ...•**Bobby** and his sister Wendy are still working on their second children's book, *Bayu Bay*. The story takes place in Australia, and the book is due out this spring from Disney/Hyperion Books.

...•**Bobby and Vince** went to Fukowaka, Southern Japan, where they joined Henry Kaiser on lead guitar, Prairie Prince (Tubes) on drums, and Bobby Vega (Zero) on bass, and played a one-shot gig on August 27 for 30,000 people. They did mostly Bobby tunes: *Greatest Story*, *Let The Good Times Roll*, *Throwing Stones*, *Walkin' Blues*, some Dylan songs, and more. Bill Murray even joined in on *One More Sat. Night*.

...•**Mickey** has a new release from Rykodisc's Endangered Music Project. It is called **Music For The Gods** and contains selections from Bali, Madura, Java, Arjasa, and the Kangean Islands, dating back to 1941.

...•**Billy** just finished a scuba diving film with renowned underwater photog Wes Skiles. The film is an hour long. They took a boat from SF 200 miles SW off the coast of Cabo San Lucas. There are scenes featuring Billy riding a manta ray, a magical segment with 20 giant whales, and one with Billy playing the talking drum while a group of dolphins are swimming along. The soundtrack is shared by Bob Bralove and Billy. The release date is open, but word is *Entertainment Tonight* will carry a segment. This video should be beautiful and carry a strong eco message.

...•**The Grateful Dead** are going into the studio late this fall to start work on their next album. Some contenders are *Lazy River Road*, *Days Between*, *Eternity*, *Easy Answers*, *Corrina*, *If The Shoe Fits*, *Childhood's End*, *Samba In The Rain*, and *Way To Go Home*. ...•**Dick's Picks 2 vs. The Vault 3** — Both camps are working very hard on their projects, but since Dick Latvala's selection from '77 got shot down, it looks like the Lesh/

# DDN NOTES

Cutler Vault release is winning. We've heard it's possibly a Europe '72 show. ...•**There's a J. Garcia Suite** at the (expensive) Triton Hotel in downtown SF. The room is decorated with paintings and prints by Garcia and even features furnishings with Jer's designs on them. For info, call 415-394-0500.

...•**Rob Wasserman** fell and broke his arm at Woodstock '94 after he and **Bob Weir** fronted **The Band**. Up to that point, though, everyone was having a *really* good time. Rob's tour had to be cancelled, but he's recovering well. ...•**Nikki Hopkins** died on September 12. He was best known for his work with the Rolling Stones, The Beatles, The Who, Airplane's *Volunteers*, Quicksilver, and of course JGB. ...•For over 20 years **Eric Clapton** has been known as God. Listening to him play the blues on **From the Cradle** (Reprise/Warner) underlines that truth. ...•**Neal Young** has a new CD out — **Sleeps With Angels** (Reprise/Warner). It's a remarkable performance, a reaction to Kurt Cobain's suicide, with echoes of "Tonight's The Night."

...•Some news on the **Spin Doctors** front: Eric Schenkman, guitarist, has left the band. Word is they have narrowed it down to three choices for replacement. Long-time SD fans are seriously bumming about this, but everyone's hopeful it will breathe new life into the band. On a lighter note, bassist Mark White just got married — Congrats! (Nearing presstime we were planning to run an interview with the Doctors, but it didn't seem right in light of these recent events. We will be running a more up-to-date interview in the near future.)

## I HEARD IT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE...

•The grapevine has people whispering that the tour schedule will be truncated next year. However, official sources say the schedule seems the same. ...•An ugly rumor states that the GD reneged on giving Mouse the highly publicized

\$175K toward his liver transplant. Here's what we uncovered: Mouse's fans came to his rescue, and later the Dead joined in and offered to pick up the cost of the liver (\$175K). Mouse then qualified for Sonoma County's MediCal insurance, and MediCal came up with \$350,000 to cover most of the expenses. When the Dead learned that the cost of the liver was covered, they withdrew. However, when MediCal found out about the Dead's offer, they also withdrew that portion of the coverage. At the moment, it looks like confusion reigns, and the hospital is holding the basket. As for Mouse, he's said, "I'm feelin' better than I have in years, and am packing my bags and leaving the country before the bill finds me or they try to take the liver back! Only kidding."

## SUMMER VIEWS AND REVIEWS...

•**The Rolling Stones** were definitely one of the best shows of the season. Excellent stage design, with fireworks, shooting fire, and inflatable Voodoo Lounge people. Mick was at his finest (he worked out with a trainer for six months to prepare), Keith was coherent and smiling, Ron did not stop smoking the entire show, Darryl Jones on bass melted right in, and of course, Charlie. The success of the Stones' tour is due in large part to Mick's managing. They spent weeks rehearsing in Toronto (for tax reasons), and went out of their way to create audience-satisfying set lists. They played their hearts out on many of their all-time hits, which they intermingled with a few new ones. ...•**Pink Floyd** — another best of the summer. Also had an awe-inspiring stage set (complete with crashing plane, that was later cut due to safety factors), fireworks, and their usual laser light show. They performed at the top of their game.

...•**Traffic** — welcome home, you've been missed! Winwood was right on the money as usual, Capaldi was so intense,

you could see the steam rising from his body, and the band they've pulled together is a monster. The keyboardists both play guitars, and one plays wind instruments, too. The bass player, Rosco Gee is a human metronome, and never missed a beat. The sound rivaled any band on tour this summer.

Though they stayed away from much of their new release, **Far From Home**, the older stuff was great, with many tunes sounding better than ever. If you missed this band, you made a mistake. ...•**H.O.R.D.E.** provided a much more enjoyable environment this year with fewer hassles (kudos to the staff). The **Allman Bros.** were strong, playing mainly classics from the band's earlier periods, including a great segue from *Jessica > Mountain Jam > Jessica* — WOW!

...•**Blues Traveler** was a powerhouse of four smiling faces doing what they do best and hosting a constant flow of "guests," including a presentation by the world hackey sac champ and a group of Native Americans chanting around a large drum with BT laying a groove down underneath them — very hip! Popper looked good and seems finally healed from his motorcycle injury. Look for their new CD, **four**, just released. Other bands varied from venue to venue: Big Head Todd, Sheryl Crow, and Dave Matthews Band were some headliners. Every time the main stage gigs ended, the side stage started with four smaller bands each show. Good vending, too. ...•**Cracker** — solid R&R, strong backbone, good sound, and danceable! Watch for these guys. ...•**Bonnie Raitt** and **Bruce Hornsby** toured together. Bonnie gave a solid performance of many of her recent hits, playing hard and singing sweetly. Bruce was boogying — definitely into that spacey/free-style jamming. He did a wide variety of songs, and took requests! A highlight was *Scarlet Begonias* with Bonnie. Bruce even has a tapers section at his shows. However, both sets were short for catering to the "baby-sitter crowd."

...•**Phish** — always a dancin' party with a younger crowd of very devoted fans, similar to the GD following of '87-'88.

...•**The Grateful Dead** need teleprompters! ♠



# WE WANT YOU

## GET INVOLVED

Join the CLEAN TEAM if you'd like to really make a difference on tour, and do things like collect recyclables to donate the resulting money to soup kitchens in each town on tour. Send us your name, address, and phone number, with a list of what cities you might be visiting, any suggestions for expanding this idea, and a S.A.S.E., and we'll try to make a difference together!

## GRATEFUL DEAD DREAMS

If you've had any wild, weird, or woolly dreams involving the Grateful Dead, please write them down in great detail and send them to DDN, Dr. Don's Deadhead 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 weird circumstances, listening to their music while having a profound experience (giving birth, hang gliding, etc.). Share your high times with our readers.

## ARTWORK

Beautify the pages of DDN! We are looking for Grateful Dead-oriented/psychedelic drawings in black & white. Send them to us at the address listed below.

## GD/DEADHEAD JOKES

Heard any funny GD ones lately? If so, send them in to us. Help tickle our bones.

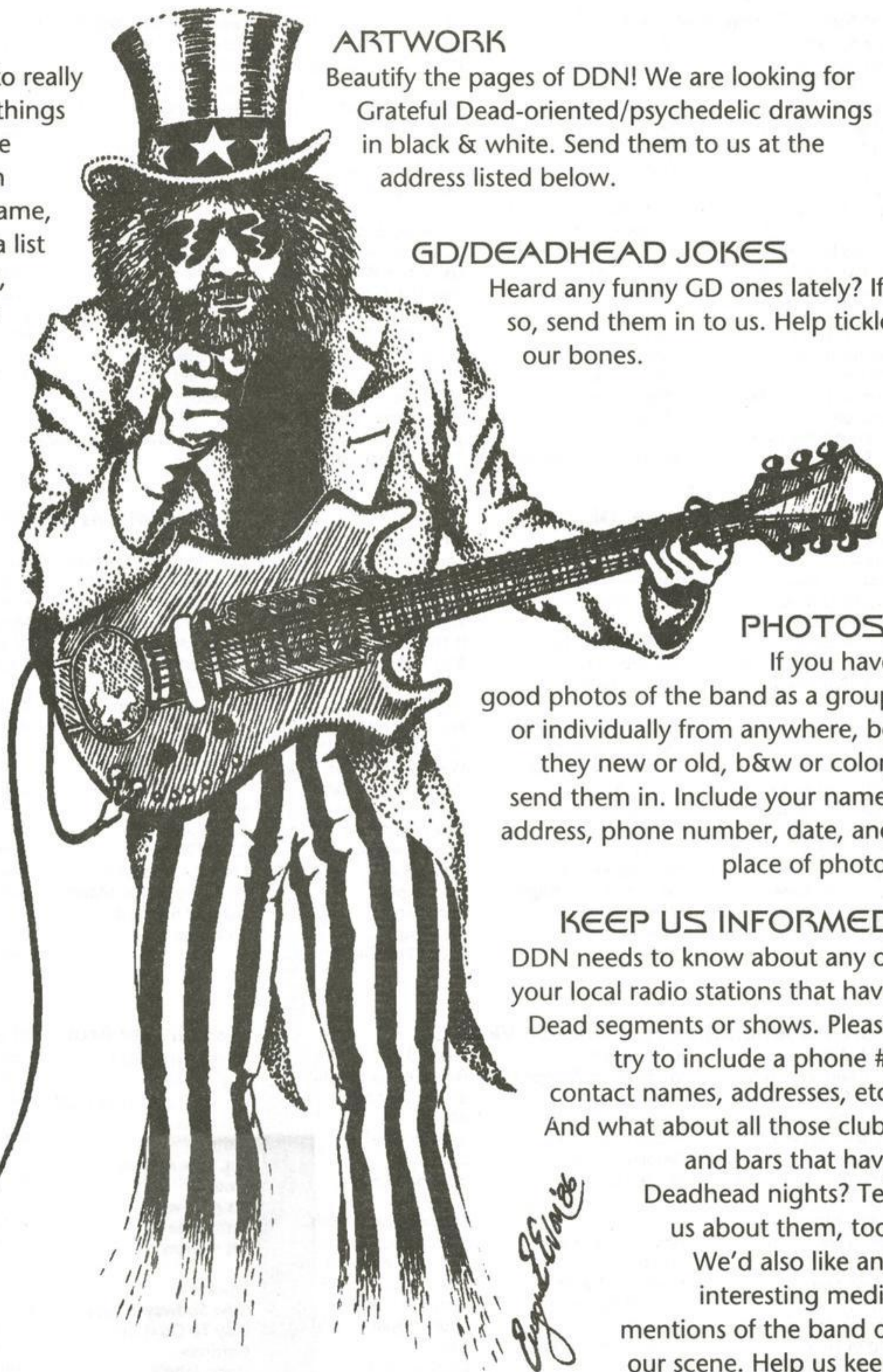
## PHOTOS

If you have good photos of the band as a group or individually from anywhere, be they new or old, b&w or color, send them in. Include your name, address, phone number, date, and place of photo.

## KEEP US INFORMED

DDN needs to know about any of your local radio stations that have Dead segments or shows. Please try to include a phone #, 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.



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



# SET LISTS

## Cal Expo, Sacramento, CA

June 8, 1994  
Mississippi Half-Step  
Walkin' Blues  
Peggy-O  
Me & My Uncle>+  
Big River+  
Stagger Lee  
Cassidy  
Don't Ease Me In

Picasso Moon  
Big Railroad Blues  
Playing in the Band>  
Uncle John's Band>  
Drums>Space>  
Samba in the Rain>  
Watchtower>  
Standing on the Mn>  
Lovelight  
\*I Fought The Law  
17 Songs

June 9, 1994  
Jack Straw  
Friend of the Devil  
Wang Dang Doodle  
Ramble On Rose  
If the Shoe Fits^  
Deal

China Cat Sunflower>  
I Know You Rider>  
Estimated Prophet>  
He's Gone>  
Drums>Space>  
The Last Time>  
Stella Blue>  
Throwing Stones>  
Not Fade Away  
\*Box of Rain  
15 Songs  
  
1st Samba In The Rain

June 10, 1994  
Here Comes Sunshine  
The Same Thing  
Lazy River Road  
El Paso+  
Loser  
Easy Answers>  
Don't Ease Me In

Sugar Magnolia>  
Touch of Grey>  
Looks Like Rain  
Way to Go Home>  
Drums>Space>  
The Other One>  
Wharf Rat>  
Around 'n' Around>  
Sunshine Daydream  
\*Brokedown Palace  
16 Songs  
+Weir on acoustic

## Seattle Memorial, Seattle, WA

June 13, 1994  
Hell in a Bucket  
Row Jimmy  
New Minglewood Bls  
Tennessee Jed  
Qn. Jane Approx.  
Bird Song  
Promised Land

Scarlet Begonias>  
Fire on the Mountain  
Corrina>  
Terrapin Station>  
Drums>Space>  
I Need a Miracle>  
Morning Dew  
\*US Blues  
14 Songs

+Weir on acoustic

June 14, 1994  
Shakedown Street  
Little Red Rooster  
Loose Lucy  
Masterpiece+  
Althea  
Eternity

Victim or the Crime>  
Lazy River Road  
Samba in the Rain  
Truckin'>  
That Wld Be Smthing>  
Drums>Space>  
Way to Go Home  
Standing on the Moon>  
Sugar Magnolia  
\*Liberty  
15 Songs

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service provided by  
**DDN 914 232 6719**

## Autzen Stadium, Eugene, OR

June 17, 1994  
Bertha>  
Greatest Story  
Lazy River Road  
Wang Dang Doodle  
Ramble On Rose  
Black-Throated Wind  
Tom Thumb's Blues  
Deal

Rain  
Eyes of the World>  
Samba in the Rain  
St. of Circumstance>  
Drums>Space>  
The Wheel>  
Attics of My Life>  
Throwing Stones>  
Not Fade Away  
\*US Blues  
17 Songs

June 18, 1994  
Jack Straw  
Sugaree  
It's All Over Now  
Tennessee Jed  
Me & My Uncle+  
Maggie's Farm  
Easy Answers

China Cat Sunflower>  
I Know You Rider  
Woman Are Smarter>  
Crazy Fingers>  
Corrina>  
Drums>Space>  
The Last Time  
Days Between>  
One More Sat. Night  
\*I Fought the Law  
16 Songs  
+Weir on acoustic

June 19, 1994  
Touch of Grey  
Walkin' Blues  
Brown-Eyed Women  
El Paso+>  
If the Shoe Fits^>  
Bird Song

Scarlet Begonias>  
Fire on the Mountain  
Samson and Delilah  
Way to Go Home  
Playing in the Band>  
Uncle John's Band>  
Drums>Space>  
The Other One>  
Wharf Rat>  
Good Lovin'  
\*Knockin'  
16 Songs  
^New Phil Tune

## Silver Bowl, Las Vegas, NV

June 24, 1994  
Let The Good Times Roll  
Feel Like a Stranger  
Althea  
The Same Thing  
Broken Arrow  
Cumberland Blues  
Eternity  
Don't Ease Me In

Iko Iko  
Samba in the Rain  
Estimated Prophet>  
He's Gone>  
Drums>Space>  
GDTRFB>  
I Need a Miracle >  
Standing on the Moon  
\*Johnny B. Goode  
16 Songs

June 25, 1994  
Mississippi Half-Step  
Little Red Rooster  
Lazy River Road  
Masterpiece+  
Loose Lucy  
Cassidy

If the Shoe Fits  
Way to Go Home  
Easy Answers>  
Uncle John's Band>  
Corrina>  
Drums>Space>  
The Last Time>  
Stella Blue>  
One More Sat. Night  
\*Liberty  
15 Songs  
+Weir on acoustic

June 26, 1994  
Hell in a Bucket  
Peggy-O  
Minglewood Bls  
Ramble On Rose  
El Paso  
So Many Roads  
Tom Thumb's Blues  
Music Nvr Stopped

Victim or the Crime>  
Eyes of the World>  
Box of Rain  
St. of Circumstance>  
Terrapin Station>  
Drums>Space>  
The Wheel>  
Watchtower>  
Morning Dew  
\*US Blues  
17 Songs

## Shoreline Amphitheatre, Mountain View, CA

July 1, 1994  
Cold Rain and Snow>  
Wang Dang Doodle  
Dire Wolf  
Qn. Jane Approx.  
Stagger Lee  
Black-Throated Wind  
Bertha  
Picasso Moon  
Don't Ease Me In

Foolish Heart>  
I Want to Tell You  
Woman Are Smarter  
Ship of Fools  
Samba in the Rain  
Playing in the Band>  
Drums>Space>  
The Last Time>  
Attics of My Life >  
Sugar Magnolia  
18 Songs

July 2, 1994  
Music Never Stopped>  
Sugaree>  
Music Never Stopped  
Friend of the Devil  
Desolation Row+  
Tennessee Jed  
Eternity

Help on the Way>  
Slipknot!>  
Franklin's Tower  
If the Shoe Fits  
Truckin'>  
Smokestack Lightnin'>  
He's Gone>  
Drums>Space>  
Stella Blue>  
Throwing Stones>  
One More Sat. Night  
16 Songs  
(no encore!)

July 3, 1994  
Here Comes Sunshine  
It's All Over Now  
Althea  
Masterpiece+  
Bird Song  
Promised Land

Samson and Delilah  
Eyes of the World>  
Fire on the Mountain>  
Box of Rain  
Terrapin Station>  
Drums>Space>  
Corrina>  
Days Between  
Good Lovin'  
\*Liberty  
15 Songs

## Franklin Cty Arpt, Highgate, VT

July 13, 1994  
Let The Good Times Roll  
Jack Straw  
Althea  
Qn. Jane Approx.  
Loser  
It's All Over Now  
Tennessee Jed  
Let It Grow

Truckin'>  
New Spdway Boogie>  
Way To Go Home  
Corrina>  
Uncle John's Band>  
Jam>Drums>Space>  
I Want To Tell You>  
I Need A Miracle>  
Standing On The Moon>  
Sugar Magnolia  
\*US Blues  
18 Songs

## RFK, Washington, DC

July 16, 1994  
Cold Rain & Snow>  
Picasso Moon  
Lazy River Road  
El Paso+  
If The Shoe Fits  
Ramble On Rose  
Masterpiece  
Loose Lucy  
Promised Land

China Cat Sunflower>  
I Know You Rider  
Samba In The Rain  
Estimated Prophet>  
Crazy Fingers>  
Jam>Drums>Space>  
The Last Time>  
Stella Blue>  
One More Sat. Night  
\*Liberty  
18 Songs  
+Weir on acoustic

July 17, 1994  
Hell in a Bucket>  
Bertha  
Wang Dang Doodle  
So Many Roads  
Tom Thumb's Blues  
Black-Throated Wind+  
Don't Ease Me In

Victim or the Crime>  
Eyes of the World>  
Samson and Delilah  
He's Gone>  
Drums>Space>  
Way To Go Home>  
Jam>  
Standing On The Moon>  
Lovelight  
\*Brokedown Palace  
15 Songs



# SET LISTS

## Deer Creek, Noblesville, IN

July 19, 1994  
Shakedown Street  
Walkin' Blues  
Jack-A-Roe  
Big River<sup>+</sup>  
Maggie's Farm<sup>+</sup>  
Broken Arrow  
Tennessee Jed  
Easy Answers

Foolish Heart<sup>></sup>  
St. of Circumstance<sup>></sup>  
I Want To Tell You<sup>></sup>  
Playing In The Band<sup>></sup>  
Jam>Drums>Space<sup>></sup>  
Wharf Rat<sup>></sup>  
Throwing Stones<sup>></sup>  
Not Fade Away  
\*Rain  
16 Songs

<sup>+</sup>Weir on acoustic  
<sup>^</sup>New song

July 20, 1994  
Feel Like A Stranger  
Peggy-O  
BIODTL  
High Time  
Memphis Bls Again  
Childhood's End<sup>^</sup>  
Don't Ease Me In

Box of Rain<sup>></sup>  
Samba in the Rain  
Looks Like Rain<sup>+</sup>  
Here Comes Sunshine  
Corrina<sup>></sup>  
Jam>Mathilda<sup>^</sup>  
Drums>Space<sup>></sup>  
Uncle John's Band<sup>></sup>  
I Need A Miracle<sup>></sup>  
Morning Dew  
\*Johnny B. Goode  
17 Songs

July 21, 1994  
Touch of Grey<sup>></sup>  
Greatest Story  
Jack-A-Roe  
The Same Thing  
Stagger Lee  
Me & My Uncle<sup>+</sup>  
Mexicali Blues<sup>+</sup>  
Ramble On Rose  
Music Nvr Stopped

Women Are Smarter  
If The Shoe Fits  
Way To Go Home  
Help on the Way<sup>></sup>  
Slipknot!<sup>></sup>  
Franklin's Tower<sup>></sup>  
Jam>Drums>Space<sup>></sup>  
Watchtower<sup>></sup>  
Days Between<sup>></sup>  
Good Lovin'<sup>></sup>  
\*Liberty  
19 Songs

## Soldier Field, Chicago, IL

July 23, 1994  
Picasso Moon<sup>></sup>  
Sugaree  
New Minglewood Bls  
Lazy River Road  
Masterpiece<sup>+</sup>  
Brown-Eyed Women  
Cassidy

Lucy in Sky w/Diamonds  
Samba in the Rain  
Playing in the Band<sup>></sup>  
Terrapin Station<sup>></sup>  
Jam>Drums>Space<sup>></sup>  
The Other One<sup>></sup>  
Wharf Rat<sup>></sup>  
One More Sat. Night  
\*Knockin'<sup>></sup>  
15 Songs

<sup>+</sup>Weir on acoustic

July 24, 1994  
Mississippi Half-Step  
It's All Over Now  
Must've Been the Roses  
El Paso<sup>+</sup>  
Loose Lucy  
If The Shoe Fits  
Easy Answers  
Don't Ease Me In

Samson and Delilah  
Way to Go Home  
Eyes of the World<sup>></sup>  
Eternity<sup>></sup>  
He's Gone<sup>></sup>  
Drums>Space<sup>></sup>  
Days Between<sup>></sup>  
Throwing Stones<sup>></sup>  
Not Fade Away  
\*Liberty  
17 Songs

## Riverport Theater, St. Louis, MO

July 27, 1994  
Here Comes Sunshine  
Walkin' Blues  
Jack-A-Roe  
Black-Throated Wind  
Tom Thumb's Blues  
Ramble On Rose  
Let It Grow

Box of Rain  
Iko Iko  
Way to Go Home  
Corrina<sup>></sup>  
Jam>Drums>Space<sup>></sup>  
The Last Time<sup>></sup>  
Days Between<sup>></sup>  
Around 'n Around  
\*Liberty  
15 Songs  
<sup>+</sup>Weir on acoustic



## Riverport Theater, St. Louis, MO

July 26, 1994  
Jack Straw  
Friend of the Devil  
Little Red Rooster  
Lazy River Road  
Queen Jane Approx<sup>+</sup>  
Tennessee Jed  
Childhood's End  
Easy Answers<sup>></sup>  
Deal

China Cat Sunflower<sup>></sup>  
I Know You Rider  
Victim or the Crime<sup>></sup>  
Samba in the Rain  
Ship of Fools  
Estimated Prophet<sup>></sup>  
Jam>Drums>Space<sup>></sup>  
The Wheel<sup>></sup>  
Attics of My Life<sup>></sup>  
Sugar Magnolia  
\*I Fought The Law  
19 Songs  
<sup>+</sup>Weir on acoustic

## The Palace, Auburn Hills, MI

August 1, 1994  
Happy Birthday, Jerry!  
Mickey Mouse Theme  
Adams Family Theme  
Picasso Moon  
Peggy-O  
The Same Thing  
Stagger Lee  
Childhood's End  
The Music Never Stopped

Victim or the Crime<sup>></sup>  
Scarlet Begonias<sup>></sup>  
Fire on the Mountain  
Samba in the Rain  
Estimated Prophet<sup>></sup>  
Jam>Drums>Space>Jam<sup>></sup>  
Watchtower<sup>></sup>  
Stella Blue<sup>></sup>  
Satisfaction  
\*Liberty  
15 Songs

## Buckeye Lake, Hebron OH

July 29, 1994  
Rain  
Feel Like a Stranger  
Bertha  
Wang Dang Doodle  
Loser  
El Paso  
Althea  
Eternity  
Deal

Foolish Heart<sup>></sup>  
I Want to Tell You  
Looks Like Rain  
Samba in the Rain  
Uncle John's Band<sup>></sup>  
Saint of Circumstance<sup>></sup>  
Drums>Space<sup>></sup>  
I Need a Miracle<sup>></sup>  
Standing on the Moon<sup>></sup>  
Lovelight  
\*The Mighty Quinn  
19 Songs

## Giants Stadium, E. Rutherford NJ

August 3, 1994  
Mississippi Half-Step  
Little Red Rooster  
Lazy River Road  
El Paso<sup>+</sup>  
If The Shoe Fits  
Bird Song<sup>></sup>  
Promised Land

Foolish Heart  
Easy Answers  
Samba in the Rain  
Crazy Fingers<sup>></sup>  
Corrina<sup>></sup>  
Drums>Space<sup>></sup>  
The Other One<sup>></sup>  
Attics of My Life<sup>></sup>  
Sugar Magnolia  
\*Liberty  
16 Songs

<sup>+</sup>Weir on acoustic

## The Palace, Auburn Hills, MI

July 31, 1994  
Touch of Grey<sup>></sup>  
Greatest Story  
Row Jimmy  
Spoonful  
Lazy River Road  
Me & My Uncle<sup>></sup>  
Big River<sup>+</sup>  
Loose Lucy  
Midnight Hour

Samson and Delilah  
Way to Go Home  
New Speedway Boogie<sup>></sup>  
Truckin'<sup>></sup>  
He's Gone<sup>></sup>  
Drums>Space<sup>></sup>  
Spanish Jam<sup>></sup>  
The Last Time<sup>></sup>  
Black Peter<sup>></sup>  
Good Lovin'<sup>></sup>  
\*The Weight  
18 Songs

## Giants Stadium, E. Rutherford NJ

August 4, 1994  
Box of Rain  
Jack Straw  
Jack-A-Roe  
Walkin' Blues<sup>+</sup>  
So Many Roads  
Eternity<sup>+</sup>  
Childhood's End<sup>+</sup>  
Deal

Picasso Moon  
China Cat Sunflower<sup>></sup>  
I Know You Rider<sup>></sup>  
Way To Go Home<sup>></sup>  
Playing In The Band<sup>></sup>  
Uncle John's Band<sup>></sup>  
Drums>Space<sup>></sup>  
I Need A Miracle<sup>></sup>  
Days Between<sup>></sup>  
Throwing Stones<sup>></sup>  
Not Fade Away  
\*Brokedown Palace  
19 Songs



# BACK ISSUES

CATCH UP ON WHAT YOU MAY HAVE MISSED!

#1: DDN, Our first issue!

#2: Back From The Dead (The Dead return after Jerry's illness); The Betty Cantor Tapes—story and list Part 1; Spring 1987 reviews; Wes Wilson psychedelic art review

#3: "Love Conquers All"; Spring Tour 1987; The Harmonic Convergence; How Can I Help?—Ram Dass; Living Life As Art; Betty Cantor Tapes—Part 2

#4: Summer Tour 1987 with Bob Dylan; History of Music—'50s-'60s; Baba Olatunji Interview—Part 1

#5/6: Rites of Passage; DH Dreams; Baba Olatunji Interview—Part 2; How to pitch a tape; Fall 1987 reviews; 1987 Year-End Analysis

#7: Robert Hunter letter to DHs and DDN reply; Wavy Gravy Interview; Spring 1988 reviews; 1976—The 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 1988 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 End; 102 Things To Do for a Green Future; Ode to MIKEL and His Newsletter

#12: SPACE!; Deadhead Dreams; Abbie Hoffman Remembered; Castenada Book Reviews; Spring 1989 reviews; Footbag Peace Initiative—Part 1

#13: Follow Your Bliss—the Importance of Ritual; Summer 1989 Reviews; Footbag Peace Initiative—Part 2

#14: *Dark Star* Special; Fall 1989 Reviews; Juggling to the Dead; *Dark Star* flashbacks; DARK STAR Trek cartoon

#15: Taping Techniques Special; Scuba Diving with Garcia!; Home Taping Techniques; Concert Taping Techniques; New Year's '89; 1989 Year-End Review and Stats

#16: Getting High On Life; Bob Weir Interview; Bill Walton Interview; Spring Tour 1990; Ram Dass on "getting free"; Should Marijuana be Legalized?

#17: SOLD OUT!!!

#18: Interviews with Hornsby; Hart; Weir; 1990 European Tour Review; 1990 Year-End Review and Stats; 1990 Tape Trading Review

#19: Myth, Ritual, and Transformation; Artwork by Jerry Garcia; Interview with Ken Babbs; The Phurst Church of Phun; Excerpt from Drumming at the Edge of Magic by Mickey Hart; Bob Bralove Interview

#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—the all-time most hilarious GD spoof; Interview with Bob & Wendy Weir; 1991 Year-End Review and Stats; 1993 Tape Trading Review

#22: Interview with GD Monitor Engineer Harry Popick; The Making of Back Stage Pass—the video; DH Dreams; a political essay by Gore Vidal; and Spring/Summer '92 Reviews

#23: Interview with GD Lighting Designer Candace Brightman; Scuba Diving with Garcia—Part II; Interview with Ken Kesey; The Most Important GD Concert of All Time!; Sunshine Daydream—The Lost Dead Movie

#24: The Politics of Consciousness Expansion; Interviews with Timothy Leary and Ram Dass; 1992 Year-End Review and Stats; 1992 Tape Trading Review; The Injustice of Mandatory Minimum Drug Sentencing

#25: Interviews with Mickey Hart and Owsley—Part I; Best of the Dead on Tape '65-'74; Spring Tour '93 Reviews; Deadhead Dreams; Blues Traveler Interview

#26: Interviews with Vince Welnick; Owsley—Part II; and Harry Popick; Best of the Dead on Tape '75-'93; 1993 Fall Tour Reviews; Tape Traders Etiquette; Phish Interview

#27: Interview with GD Tape Archivist Dick Latvala; Blair Jackson's 1993 Year-End Review; 1993 Concert Stats and Tape Trading Review; Fall 1993 Garcia and GD Reviews; Zappa Memorial; and more!

#28: Interviews with Phil Lesh; David Murray; and The Allman Brothers, Guide to Chicagoland; Dead Dreams; Spring Tour East '94; and more!

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[FOR SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION, PLEASE SEE PAGE 1]

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Just fill out the coupon below and send it with a self-addressed, stamped envelope to **DDN-PERSONALS, PO Box 148, Purdys, NY 10578**. You will soon receive instructions in the mail on how to place a voice ad *and* access any messages that are left for your voice and/or written ad, all for free! **If you prefer instead to get online instantly, for a \$1.98 per minute charge, you can place a voice ad right now by calling 1-900-370-DEAD and follow the simple instructions.** Confusing!! You will get your own voice message Box # when you call the 900# to place your ad. Be sure to mail in your written ad anyway, so you can get a better level of response (tens of thousands of people nationwide will read your ad!). **If you place an instant phone ad before a written ad, please include your voice box # on the ad you mail us.**

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Or you can send written responses to particular ads by enclosing them each in separate stamped envelopes with the mailbox number (located at the end of the ad you are responding to: i.e., 1005, 1026, 1035), on the outside of each envelope. Then enclose those envelopes, **along with \$1 per each response**, in *another* larger envelope that is addressed to: **DDN PERSONALS, PO Box 148, Purdys, NY 10578**. Your responses will be forwarded to the ad placers. (Remember to write your name & address on your responses and that it takes time for any ad placers to send their written responses back to you.)

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 Just friends  Other: seeking rides, places to crash

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Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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Phone # Day \_\_\_\_\_ Eve \_\_\_\_\_

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**Getting Married** and *don't* want a dj who'll play Frankie Valley, Snoop Doggie Dog or Billy Joel tunes. Fear not! We can provide a top notch sound system and a dj/host who will play only the most tasteful selections of Grateful Dead, Reggae, classic rock, Motown, funk, jazz, you know... the kind of music you want to hear. We'll even throw in some tunes your parents can dance to. Hey, it's your celebration, why not do it right? We're reasonably priced to boot. Northeast area. For more info, call JD. Box 1036.

Looking for pen pals! 16 and want to share feelings and friendship. Wish to meet people for fun, shows, gatherings, etc. Peace and Love. ☎ Box 1003.

"Just Friends" Female, D/F, N/S, southern IL area. Seeking M/F for going to shows, hanging out and friendship. Deadheads are the best! ☎ Box 1004.

Kind central Florida hippie seeks heads everywhere interested in next summer tour/travel, communal living, love, Beat prose and verse, beatific adventure. Please write Dawn. ☎ Box 1037.

SWM, 23 yrs. old, 6' tall, brown hair, seeking friendship with female in NYC area who loves life and loves Jerry. Let's have fun! ☎ Box 1038.

SWJM, 28, seeking beautiful Deadhead female, 20-35, for conversation, friendship, possible romance. I enjoy all types of music and philosophy. Lubbock, TX. ☎ Box 1039.

Southern California Brown-Eyed Woman in Red searching for my Sunshine Daydream. Shared 6-26-94 Vegas show together. Not Fade Away! ☎ Box 1040.

SWM, non-smoker, 30 yrs. young, "seeking all this is still unsung." Looking for a SSDD who is grounded and ready for a loving relationship or friendship in Metro Boston. ☎ Box 1041.

SWM Maine Farm Boy, 21, seeking some-one to follow the Dead with. ASAP. Fall and winter tours 94, 95! ☎ Box 1042.

SJMNS, NYC, 32, hippie looks (but slim), seeks attr. female, 22-28, who shares some interests: Dead/other music, shows/Wetlands, movies, reading, gym/workouts, love. ☎ Box 1043.

28-year-old SJM, NYC, very athletic, loves biking, skiing, music, culture and life. Attractive, honest, kind. ☎ Box 1044.

Blacksburg, VA. 2 F need rides to Fall shows. Bootleg assistance also appreciated. In dire need of a miracle or two. Incarceration, not recent but come close! ☎ Box 1045.

WL D/F N/D 25 yrs old. You 21-35 open-minded LN/D D/F. Laurie, 65 Orion Walk, Holbrook, NY 11741. ☎ Box 1046.

Friendless DH, Tuna Head, Phish Head, into space-music, circuses, sweet sisters in sundresses, dreds a must to sip wine in the sunshine! When push comes to shove. ☎ Box 1047.

Looking for part time work at home. Any info, please ☎ Box 1050.

SWM 30, New Jersey, seeks SF for dancin', love and adventure. I enjoy the woods am thin in good shape. Have lots of friends, but not that special one. Are you her? ☎ Box 1048.

Aloha from Hawaii: Why do the Dead continue to ignore their many fans in this beautiful state? Look into Kualoa Ranch where Santana recently played. Scott & Mews.

Rock 'n' roll Dreamer is coming.

Happy Birthday Don! Living life "Without a Net" will give you a "Touch of Grey" but you're "Built to Last!" So Keep On Truckin'! Love, Lori.

Poet/man of letters in need of inspiration seeks pen-pal poetess with rings on her fingers and bells on her shoes for enlightened correspondence. Jim Schillat, 649 S. Henderson Rd. D103, King of Prussia, PA 19406.

Drummer with 15 years experience in all rock and jazz. Just graduated college, looking to start rock band in western ski/snowboard town in fall. Write to invite. D. Menchey, 9-A Woodmont Heights, Greentwon, PA 18426.

Are the Kinks ever going to reschedule their twice cancelled tour of the West Coast?

European DH hello! We are organizing an Euro-Head network to make DH meetings, Open Aairs, Touring together. Ralph Metzger, Weissenburgstr.3, 53175 Bonn, Germany.

Welcome to Sara Victoria, born 5/6/94. Stay healthy guys so Sara can catch a show or two. Not Fade Away!

Wharf Rat DC-MD-VA area into Dead Classic Rock seeks attractive ladies for good times and travel to shows into tapes, travel happiness. ☎ Daniel Box 1051.

Attn Lone Star Fillies! Ex-Californian, New-Texan boy looking for a kind soul to share vibes, thoughts, laughter, roadtrips and tapes. "From the heart of me" ☎ Phil Box 1052.

SWM, 44, longhaired hippie type doin' lots of time, Looking for female pen pals to help keep me sane. Smile! Will answer all letters. Peace & love. ☎ Ron Gravelle, E-95713 A-2-121, PO Box 29, Represa, CA 95671.

Jazz isn't dead. It just smells funny. Rest in peace, Frank.

Sincere male prisoner wishes to connect with others (especially of the female persuasion!) who are into the magic of the Dead. Please ☎ Daniel Brady, 259-157, London Correctional Institute, POB 69, London, OH 43140-0069.

"Ahh-shucks, I wouldn't stop for a million bucks!" Deadicated WM seeks correspondence with a bright, fun-loving Sugar Magnolia. Scott M. Coyle, #93A1092, Oneida Correctional Facility, PO Box 4580, Rome, NY 13442-4580.

More ripple, less liberty!

Thanks, Jack & Tom kicking back on Sandy Pont and digging for gold. Looking forward Giant Stadium. See ya soon. Gary—the lost sailor.

"If I had the world to give, I'd give it to you." I love ya, Bob Marquis!! Love, Audra Ann (P.S. Are you ready for Woodstock '94?)

Promote peace—smile.

WM, 42, doing life for beating child molester to death. Sure could use legal help, pen pals, friendship. Please write soon. Steve Morrison, C08740, PO Box 29, Represa, CA 95671.

Please remember Kurt Cobain with love. Peace.

Shake it boy—Rob is Sugaree! Keep on truckin'—Love, the mama.

Yikes! Sometimes I think I had too much toast.

The greatest addition to the shows are the Wharf Rat meetings. Thanks!!!

Looking for Mike "Stew" Stewart. Formerly of Pope AFB. Call Chris 910-323-2999. Also need 5/21/74.

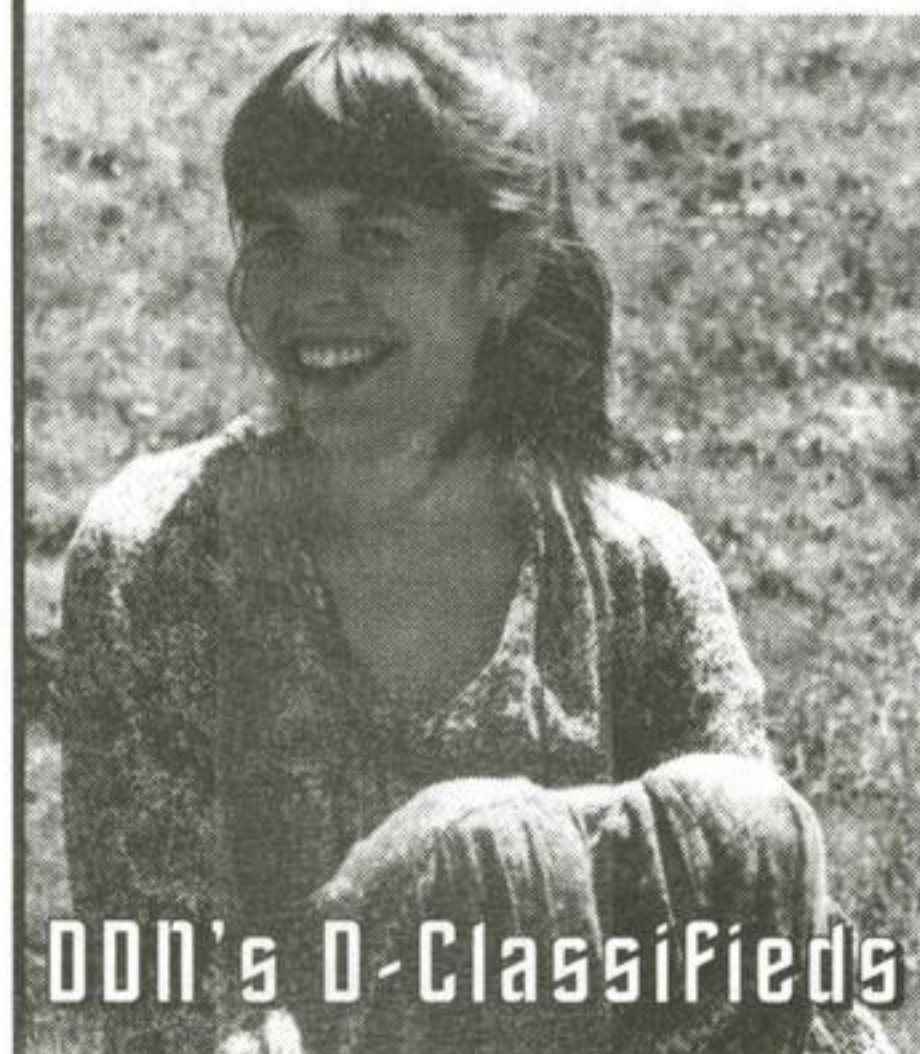
LK—You are my sunshine daydream! Good luck at the dawn of your career! Luv always, Hal's Pal.

Keep on rowin', JH, and you and Jimmy will get there I just know!

Rainbow, you are the light in my dark night of the soul. I love you more than words can tell. Remember, be here now, Sunyata.

Need someone to kindly share the lyrics for all new songs, Lazy River Road, Eternity, etc....Thanks!! ☎ Kate Kerner, 5037 N. 56th St., Milwaukee, WI 53223.

Looking to connect with like-minded Deadheads? This is the place.



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Where Deadheads make great connections.



The Clinton sticker on your car tells me how naive you are. Vote Republican! NJ Devils shu Pirates rule. ☎ to trade, NJ area. Box 1053

Guitarist into Dead, etc. looking for all musicians for the Band Beyond Description (or at least a good jam)! Rob (Long Island): ☎ Box 1054.

Yuppie Atlanta Deadhead guitarist interested in other musicians interested in jamming and Playing in the Band. Russell, 275 Coles Hill Ct., Alpharetta, GA 30202.

Dick, your pick #1 was very good and much appreciated.

Smokestack, if you could see my heart, you would know it's true, there's none for me except for you. Let's just be. Delilah.

To all friends that crowd in at the shows. Remember, in nature, there are more circles than squares.

Hey now Lee & Chris, we miss you on tour. Rocco, 710 Division Ave., NF, NY 14305

Alan Bart Brent Rich—Roger missing you I am ungratefully left Dead Nina.

May the music never stop in 94. Peace and good vibes. Holly.

Sirena from San Fran and Cal Expo shows I love you call Kevin in Idaho.

Pets should go to the show, with their owners locked in the car!

Hey Glen Fro! Where's my tapes man? It's been a few months since I heard from you. Pete Cronin.

DENA—My love for you Not Fade Away—Eric.

In loving memory of our good friend Michael D. Rothstein. Lay down our dear brother, lay down and take your rest. We'll miss you. JBH head.

Hey now, lookin' for Pat Renzi—BG.

From the dream come the vision/ from the vision come the people/ from the people come the power/ and from this power come the change.

Hola, to all the buzz hounds in Lex., KY. Xill.

Remembering WRB—a warrior.

If you're not fighting for legalization, you're accepting the fact you're a criminal. Get active.

...Ringing that bluebell, caught up in sulight. Come on out singing, I'll walk you in the sunshine....GD Thanks and keep on tuning! Howard Vaughan, Lake Geneva, WI.

Paradise Waits... adorable SWM, 32, Auburn/Hazel, 5'11", 150, athletic, schooled, honest, seeks attractive, fit, copatible Sunshine Daydream, 20-32, to make dreams come true... W. LA, CA. Box #1049.

**Burnadette**—where are you? Can't we dance again? Love, your friend from Bethel, Dana.

Let's begin the next 1000 years together in style. Imagine the millennium shows in the best possible setting: outdoors, in Hawaii. If we all do our part, we can make it happen!

Commit a random act of kindness & pay the pkg fee for the car behind you at your next show.

Green products co. liquidating inventory below wholesale. Product line similar to 7th Generation. Call 914-227-5053.

Incarcerated Deadhead feels like a stranger, would like to have kind Deadhead penpals to keep him updated on the Dead scene or to just be a friend. Paul A. Barkett, #06684-067 (BRADY-A), L.S.C.I. Allenwood, P.O. Box 1000, White Deer, PA 17887.

Recognize Earth as our Mother, and all her creatures as sister and brother, the land and sea and sky as friend, ourselves as gardeners whose role is to tend! Love & Peace from San Diego.

Sleepless In-Carcerated, SW Father, 28, Searching Serendipitous Sweet Soul Sister. Paroling Tampa 3-9 mos. Brother will forward, Wm. Rousseau, 118 Church, Valrico, FL 33594.

I met you in pkg lot of RFK on July 17, your name is Lynn, it was your first show, you are 24, reddish-brown hair, you were looking for your Honda Civic, you are from Hampton, VA area. I have dark brown hair. Give me a call or write Ed, 48 W. Pond Rd. #2B, Hopelawn, NJ 08861. 908-442-4387.

15 yr old family of creative adventurers looking for artistic/adventurous women to participate in our celebratory rituals (we need to balance group gender). Age/appearance not important. If you're energized/articulate/not shy/live in North-east & interested in creating art/ritual/phun with warm-hearted/humorous Deadheads/artists/pranksters ☎ w/self-description of interests/ skills to DDN-Badillion Family, Box 1055.

Love life and buy your ticket—get organized, make your time count! Love!

Fair thee well. ♡

## *It's here — the perfect way to trade tapes faster and with more people!*

### **HOW TO PLACE YOUR WRITTEN TAPE TRADE AD:**

**DDN subscribers get one free 25-word tape trade ad with each subscription, [go to page one or insert card for subscriber information]. You will also be given a free voice ad and people will be able to respond to both your written and/or voice ad by calling 1-900-740-DEAD and leaving a message in your phone box. ("I've got a board copy of the show you're looking for, check it out...") Also...don't forget that you can play a sample of your primo tapes as part of your tape trading telephone voice message! There's no charge for retrieving messages left for you in your phone box!**

**If you want to place more than one ad per subscription (some traders will want to advertise in each issue), it will cost you \$8 to place each additional written ad until you subscribe again. \*\*SPECIAL DEAL FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS\*\*: \$30 will buy you a subscription plus a total of 4 tape ads, 1 per issue for 4 issues. [Just submit your 4 ads, each on its own separate index card, along with your payment, to: DDN-Tape Trading, PO Box 148, Purdys, NY 10578.] We will print your address if it is included in your tape trade ad, but not your phone number.**

## **Call 1-900-740-DEAD [3323] for Tape Trading**

[\$1.98 per min./Touchtone phones only/18 years and over please.]

**If you prefer to get your ad on the 900# instantly, instead of sending in your written ad and waiting for further instructions, for a \$1.98 per minute charge, you can place your tape trading voice ad now by calling 1-900-740-DEAD and following the instructions. [Be sure to mail in your written ad anyway, so you can get a better level of response. Tens of thousands of people nationwide will read your ad!] If you place an instant ad prior to placing a written ad, please include your voice box # on the ad you mail us.**

### **HOW TO RESPOND TO TAPE ADS**

It's simple. Either call 1-900-740-DEAD and follow the simple instructions, or respond in writing directly to the addresses in the particular tape ads you see in the magazine. If you respond via phone get creative — leave a sample taste of your tapes as part of your message!

### **THE SELLING OF TICKETS OR TAPES IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN!**

DDN retains the right to edit or reject any ad for any reason. Ads may be submitted only by persons 18 yrs. or older — also, no ads will be accepted seeking persons under that age. **DISCLAIMER: DDN assumes no liability for the content of or reply to any ad.** The advertiser assumes complete liability for the content of and all replies to any advertisement or recorded message and for any claims made against DDN as a result thereof. The advertiser agrees to indemnify and hold DDN and its employees harmless from all costs, expenses, (including reasonable attorney fees), liabilities and damages resulting from or caused by the printing or recording placed by the advertiser or any reply to any such ad.

*Every call to the DDN 900#s will help the Earth; DDN is donating a portion of the proceeds to the environment!*





# TAPE TRADING

Dear Readers,

For several years, we at *DDN* central have been looking for ways to meet the rising cost of production with additional services that would benefit all your information needs. You won't find sex lines, ticket scalping, or tape selling here. Just safe, discreet opportunities to connect and trade with other like-minded Deadheads and to find up-to-date concert set list and tour/mail order info. Enjoy!

John and Sally

HQ=high quality

LG=low generation

YLGM=Your list gets mine.

SBD=soundboard

Be kind, beginner needs help starting tape collection, blanks, postage, no problem. All lists appreciated. Ron De Cory, 45 Olive St., Huntington Sta., NY 11746. ☎ Box 1358.

Does some kind soul have 4/1/94, 3/27/94, 3/16/94 or 6/23/94 GD shows? Will send blanks & postage. Peace. D. Burns, Rt. 3 Box 227, Crawfordsville, IN 47933. ☎ Box 1359.

EUROPE '90 TAPES NEEDED PLEASE. EUROPE '90 TAPES NEEDED PLEASE. ☎ Box 1360.

Have 600+ hrs qty Dead & others. Let's trade. YLGM. Peace. Steve Mang, 3301 East Jameson Rd., Raleigh, NC 27604. ☎ Box 1361.

Trade lists. HQDead, Jerry, other stuff. Want 94 shows and all years. Let's trade! Gregg, 11309 Travis Ln., Kennewick, WA 99337. ☎ Box 1362.

Washington DC area mental health professionals—let's network, trade tapes, talk therapy. Bob Shugoll, Ph.D., 13812 Grey Colt Drive, N. Potomac, MD 20878. ☎ Box 1690.

Reliable DAT taper seeks other Dead traders. St. of Circumstance. Dan, 37233 Alexander, Fremont, CA 94536—SASE. ☎ Box 1363.

Atlanta traders—I only trade qty SBDs & FM tapes. Send lists: Kevin LaBrec, 2959 Aspen Woods Entry, Atlanta, GA 30360. ☎ Box 1364.

Fast reliable trader seeking clean crisp sbd dead. YLGM. Mike, 1222 The Pointe Dr., West Palm Beach, FL 33409. ☎ Box 1365.

Don't Tread On Me—freedom lovin' Deadhead looking for complete first show 6/24/70 Portchester, NY. Bob Stein, PO Box 486, NYC, 10159. ☎ Box 1366.

Furnish me with tapes—need more 70's GD and JGB, Phish boards. 800+ HQ to trade. KH, 7205 Flower Tuft Ct., Springfield, VA 22153. ☎ Box 1367.

New to Las Vegas. Have 700 hrs GD and lots non-GD. Looking for kind trades and friends. Call Joe at ☎ Box 1368.

New tape collector, want to trade new blank tapes, for late 80's and up shows. Give me a call, I will call you back. JPM Fiesler, St. Pete, FL. ☎ Box 1369.

1000 hrs mostly hq lo-gen. Seek all years, esp. pre-75 and Legion of Mary. email: nwolfson@nyx.cs.du.edu or snailmail: Nathan Wolfson, PO Box 448, Arcata, CA 95521. ☎ Box 1370.

Hey deadheads! Looking for 4/10/83 at WVU Coliseum. This was my very first show. Will send blank tape. Pam Mattern, 370 A. Brownlee Rd., Eighty Four, PA 15330. ☎ Box 1371.

"Don't take much to get me on the ground." Seeking hq 71-78. 350 reliable hrs. I'll meet you at the jubilee...R. Kressler, 541 Avondale Rd., Wallingford, PA 19086. ☎ Box 1372.

Wanted—good qty live concert tapes or write: Bill Cleveland, 2826 Bayonne Dr., Palm Beach Gardens, FL 33410. ☎ Box 1373.

Big DH 300 hrs of Dead, Led, Eric & Jimi. Wants to trade Good Qty Send List. James, 2043 Tropic Bay, Orlando, FL 32807. ☎ Box 1374.

Have tapes, will trade! Lots of tasty stuff. Have/want: Dead, JGB, Floyd, Phish, Creek. All welcome. Be kind to Mother Earth! Danimal, 2319 A Walnut St., Boulder, CO 80302. ☎ Box 1375.

Left cold rain & snow, took Golden Road to Promised Land, NC. Kind tape traders in area? Jason, 4733 16th St. Dr., NE, Hickory, NC 28601. ☎ Box 1376.

Sometimes they're just songs of our own. Have 200 hrs hq Dead and others (FJB, DMB, etc.). Dominic DeVito, 816 Heather Ln., Staunton, VA 24401. ☎ Box 1377.

**PLEASE RECORD  
YOUR GREETINGS  
AS SOON AS POSSIBLE,  
(INSTRUCTIONS ARRIVING  
IN THE MAIL).  
IT'S FREE, SIMPLE AND FUN.  
REMEMBER, YOUR VOICE  
IS WHAT PEOPLE  
ARE WAITING FOR!**

Want HQ tapes of recent Dead, especially including new songs. Have lots to trade. Kevin Fitzgerald, 33 Green Meadow, Brattleboro, VT 05301. ☎ Box 1378.

The Wheel in Tennessee is looking for 9/12/82. Got good trade. Please be kind. Have fun! BS. Miller, Rt 1 Box 120, Ten Mile, TN 37880. ☎ Box 1379.

On the road again looking for friendly folks to trade with. All welcome. Lists to Melissa, 1598 Wyandotte, Lakewood, OH 44107. ☎ Box 1380.

Wanted: Copy/orig Journal Am. Soc. of Psychosomatic Dentistry and Medicine, Vol 20 #1, 1973. Dead's telepathy experiment. Christopher, PO Box 2161, Fon du Lac, WI 54936-2161. ☎ Box 1389.

Beginning taper looking to trade!!! Have 100+ GD hrs. YLGM. Will trade or send blanks/pstg. Send lists to: DJ Roach, 579 Dean Dr. #6, South Elgin, IL 61761. ☎ Box 1404.

Looking for 1990 sbds esp. 7/6/90, 7/8/90, 12/27/90, 12/28/90. Also 7/1/84, 6/19/88, 6/9/93, 9/10/93. Crisp sbds to trade—2000 hrs. Dave, 9705 Burning Tree, Grand Blanc, MI 48439. ☎ Box 1385.

Let's trade! 1050+ hrs GD and 300+ others. I use only NAKs, guarantee quick trades and request the best. Let's trade lists. Jay B., 7750 Roswell Rd. SE, Atlanta, GA 30350. ☎ Box 1382.

Have GD spring 94 Phoenix, Rosemont, Richfield, Miami, Orlando. Need GD Alpine Valley 6/29/86, 6/27/87, Chapel Hill 3/25. JGB 93 Albany 11/3, Rochester 11/4, Buffalo 11/5. Chris, 1775 Woodland Sylvan Lake, MI 48320. ☎ Box 1383.

Looking for live GO AHEAD tapes or any solo Brent projects. Have trades. Robert Filippone, 38 Oakridge Rd., Waterbury, CT 06706. ☎ Box 1384.

Have 1300 hrs. Need qty recording from qty traders. Jeff Stirling, 2771 West Washington, Bellwood, IL 60104. ☎ Box 1386.

400 hq GD hrs to share with others who have same. Please send lists to: Fran, 619 Mountain Ave., Bound Brook, NJ 08805. ☎ Box 1387.

Dat for dat. All bands. Wide interests. What the hell? Might as well! Gatto, 431 3rd St., Marietta, OH 45750. ☎ Box 1388.

Hey now! Tape traders let's trade lists and shows. Have 1400+ hrs GD. Reliably a must. Daryl, 15702 Quirauk School Rd., Sabillasville, MD 21780. ☎ Box 1390.

Want to buy Dead original memorabilia. P. Simon, c/o Blazer Corp., 114 E. 32nd St. 9th fl., NY NY 10016. ☎ Box 1391.

Z-man in Atlanta is looking for Spring 1994 tapes. It's good to know you've got shoes to wear when you find the floor... ☎ Box 1392.

Have/want hq LG sbds. Have 500+ hrs. Your list for mine. Ben Reiss, 3 Shagbark Ct., New City, NY 10956. ☎ Box 1393.

Looking for any tapes before 1990. Trying to expand collection. Peace. Stevie "D", 25406 State Rd. 2, South Bend, IN 46619. ☎ Box 1394.

Northern Arizona University Deadheads unite! Tapes for trade. Winson, 2700 Woodlands Vlg Blvd. #332, Flagstaff, AZ 86001. ☎ Box 1395.

A forty year old hippie looking for pre-May 1973 Texas shows (any or all). John, Rt. 1 Box 124, St. Joe, AR 72675. ☎ Box 1396.

Looking for Nassau '93 & '94 spring tour, also MSG '93 spring. Have 400 hrs qty shows to trade. C. Joyal, 26 Luceine Dr., Willington, CT 06279. ☎ Box 1397.

Looking to trade Dead and other bands. 500 hours. Fast and reliable. Michael, 282 Mulberry St., Rochester, NY 14620. ☎ Box 1398.

Seeking Giants, MSG, Nassau, HORDE & more. Have much GD/other. Beg. OK. SASE or lists. B. Doty, 756 Greely Ave., Fairview, NJ 07022-1013. ☎ Box 1399.



Let there be songs to fill the air...swap HQ tapes, letters, dreams with sweet old bear. PO Box 92, Danville Jct., ME 04223. ☎ Box 1381.

Please, I need ALL Donna Jean tapes.  
☎ Box 1401.

Need 9/7/89 JGB/Bob & Rob. Have 650+ hrs to trade. JAB3, 109 Bradley Ave., Bergenfield, NJ 07621. ☎ Box 1400.

Is help on the way? Need Pigpen "Cabbage Patch" doll. Will buy/trade. Rob Baygood, 8951 W. Emerson, Des Plaines, IL 60016. ☎ Box 1402.

Still need 4/2/90, 6/11/91. Any wsp, Bls Trav, Jackson Browne. Have 800+ hrs Dead, others. Will help beginners. Brewer, 262nd NP DET(CID), APO AE 09222. ☎ Box 1403.

Have/want Traveler/Zep/Stones/SRV/Allmans/Dead/JGB. All welcome. Trade shows, cover costs, send blanks. Everything answered. David, 340 E. 64th St. #8F, New York, NY 10021. ☎ Box 1405.

Wanted: 10,000 Maniacs 6/15/93, 5/30/93, 4/23/94. Dead 9/8/87, JGB 11/19/93, W/W 7/29/92. Will trade same. Todd Erkel, 7828-3A Bramblewood, Lansing, MI 48917. ☎ Box 1406.

Have 250 hrs. Want hq sbds. Let's trade. Very reliable. Send lists to: Neal Conti, 45 Kenwood Rd., Garden City, NY 11530. ☎ Box 1407.

I got tapes; you got tapes; let's trade! Send your tape list and wish list to Reg., 651 Lincoln Way W. #1, Chambersburg, PA 17201. ☎ Box 1408.

Peace and health. I need 3/1/69—will trade 3 for 1. Doc K., 5550 N. Palm Ave. #103, Fresno, CA 93704. ☎ Box 1409.

Have qty GD. Looking for same. Mostly sbds and FM. All good shows. Tim Taylor, PO Box 181, Rock Point, AZ 86545. ☎ Box 1410.

500+ hrs, many brds. High sound qty essential. Let's trade. Steve Foki, 410 N. Irving, Arlington, VA 22201. ☎ Box 1411.

Thanks trader friends: Ken, Eric, Chris, Dave, Kevin, Alan, John, Tim, Walter, Rich, Matt. 200 to 700 hours. Cris, Box 39, New Vernon, NJ 07976. ☎ Box 1412.

Looking for 3/23-24/91, 6/11/93, 6/13/93, 6/25-26/93, 3/26/88. Have 150 hrs. GD to trade. Dave Dubois, Rd#3, Box 245, Canastota, NY 13032. ☎ Box 1413.

Have excellent qty complete shows....Want to trade and expand own collection. Write: GD BOOTLEGS, 2208 Valley Crk. Dr., Elgin, IL 60123. ☎ Box 1414.

Who loves Jerry? Looking for HQ Dead and JGB. Want to trade? Allie, 2589A S. Delaware Ave., Milwaukee, WI 53207. ☎ Box 1415.

Widespread Panic—looking for HQ tapes. Send your list. Steve Katz, 6222 S. Jamaica Ct., Englewood, CO 80111. ☎ Box 1416.

Free VW help—talk you through anything. Beginner needs help, advice, etc., Have some. ☎ Box 1435.

Reliable trader with 100 hrs. YLGM. Be kind and let's trade. Tom T., 220 McConville Rd., Apt. 27, Lynchburg, VA 24502. ☎ Box 1418.

Need more HQ 1-4 gen sbd's. Looking for Spring '94 and all '93. 450+ hrs to trade. Greg, 13117 Hearthside, Fairfax, VA 22033. ☎ Box 1419.

500+ hrs, many snbds, high sound qty essential. Let's trade. Steve Foki, 410 N. Irving St., Arlington, VA 22201. ☎ Box 1420.

Desperately searching for past six months to find JGB 10/5/93 at Warfield, SF, CA. Please help. Lynne, PO Box 6261, Hayward, CA 94540-6261. ☎ Box 1421.

DAT ONLY! Trading Dylan, REM, Matthew Sweet, Van, Neil, The Janglers and more. Ken Dixon, PO Box 372, Wickliffe, OH 44092-0372. ☎ Box 1422.

Nethead/Trader in Michigan. 750+ HiQ and rapid-obsessed. Too much of everything is... 116 Perrin #1, Ypsilanti, MI 48197. email: jenkinsd@student.msu.edu. ☎ Box 1423.

Help! Does anyone have SBD or qty aud copy of Richfield 9/10/93? Thank you to everyone for a great b-day. 1301 Lamborne Llose, Kennesaw, GA 30144. ☎ Box 1424.

Have 400+ hrs hq GD. You yes you send me your list and I will do the same. Fast & reliable. Jason Matkowski, PO Box 465, Elverson, PA 19520. ☎ Box 1425.

Want qty Cornell 5/8/77 & Gainesville FL 11/29/80. Have 75+ hrs Dead, Phish & misc. Craig, PO Box 1401, Boca Raton FL 33429. or CEUBANKS@VNET.IBM.COM. ☎ Box 1426.

Beginner, 20 shows, looking to grow. Have 10/31/90 Wembley Stadium, 4/27/71 Filmore East w/ Beach Boys, more. Write: Mark Bollinger, 1722 Weeping Willow Ln., Dover, PA 17315. Include list. ☎ Box 1427.

Seeking hq GD 8/27/72, 7/27/73. Also LG GD & Phish sbds. 150+ hrs. My list for yours. Tim Darcangelo, 101 Bailey Crk. Rd., Corning, NY 14830. ☎ Box 1432.

## 1-900-740-DEAD

Seek HQ known gen sbds from 70's. 1000 hrs and 2 deck to let it grow. Eric, PO Box 2455, Mammoth, CA 93546. ☎ Box 1428.

Need tapes! Seeking East coast shows including Boston Garden 9/21/91, Albany 3/27-28/93 and RFK 6/25-26/93. Have 300 hrs to trade. JK, 535 South St., Fitchburg, MA 01420. ☎ Box 1429.

Looking for Rosemont 3/93, Charlotte 6/92, Richfield 6/92 & Ross from Louisville 93. Write POB 72, Montezuma, OH 45388 ☎ Box 1430

Brent freak looking for kind soul to shine a little light. Looking for best qty. Have same to trade. Also JGB. ☎ Box 1431.

Looking for Chicago 6/18-29/93 and 3/16-18/94. Also San Diego 12/12. Can anyone help me? Thanks ! Tom, 212 7th NW, Mason City, IA 50401. ☎ Box 1454.

Have 400 hrs Dead, Garcia, Clapton, others. YLGM. J. Quist, 194 School St., Winchendon, MA 01475. Slow but reliable trader. Beginners welcomed. ☎ Box 1434.

Aloha, Hawaii head desperate for Phish, Dead or anything live. Please! Send lists. Have 125+ hrs to trade: Len, 2085 Alawai Blvd. #4-3, Honolulu, HI 96815. ☎ Box 1436.

Looking for Boston Garden 9/20/91, Giants Stadium 6/14015/92, 6/5-6/93, Highgate, Vermont 7/13/94, Worchester Centrum JGB 11/15/93—will supply blank tapes & postage. Mike. ☎ Box 1452.

Beginning taper need help. Please send reals, DAT or cassettes. Will send blanks. Thanks. Aaron Schneider, 303 Turtle Hatch Rd., Naples, FL 33940. ☎ Box 1437.

Hi! Let's trade. 300 qty hrs Phish, 400 Allmans, bluegrass, reggae, GD, etc....Send lists to Lollie Winans, PO Box 118, Unity, ME 04988-0118. ☎ Box 1438.

Fast and reliable with 500 hours of qty Dead. 100 hours others. Let's exchange lists. Video also. Chris, 1724 Bigelow Ave. NE, Olympia, WA 98506. ☎ Box 1417.

Seeking relaxed reliable trades. Have 800 hrs Dead, Phish, looking for same, especially 70s Dead. Send lists to MH, 61 Clarke Rd., Barrington, RI 02806. ☎ Box 1439.

Have 150 hrs Dead. Need more Dead and others. Want to start collecting Phish. Any help? All answered. All welcome. C. Sprouse, 12411 Campbell Rd., Orange, VA 22960. ☎ Box 1440.

Desperate: son's birthday 12/15/86 Oakland show, Vegas 94, Sacramento 94. Send to Captain Maddog, 2401 Walnut Grove Way, Modesto, CA 95355. I'll send my list. ☎ Box 1441.

Serious hq only. Have 900 hrs of hq Dead and non-Dead audio, 200 hrs of Dead and non-Dead video. Mike, PO Box 1752, Carmel, CA 93921. ☎ Box 1442.

Tasty, tasty boards!! Need I say more...your kindest two & list for the same Grateful trade. Mr. P. Soundboard, PO Box 455, Lampeter, PA 17537. ☎ Box 1443.

Bobs—DYLAN & MARLEY doncha know. Let's trade. RC, 4950 Cherry #19, San Jose, CA 95118. ☎ Box 1444.

1100+ Dead, 425+ jazz/rock. Seeking qty sbds or FMs for trade. Bill Jenison, PO Box 525, Mansfield, MA 02048. ☎ Box 1445.

Have 350 hrs. Need Buckeye 7/29/94, other 1994 shows, 5/9/69, 1/7/78, 1/8/78, 12/28/91, 12/16/92 and especially 7/29/94. Steve Alcorn, PO Box 354, McKee, KY 40447. ☎ Box 1446.

North Sacramento Valley head seeks any and all tapers to trade & talk with. Ron Czoka, 872 Glenn St., Chico, CA 95928. ☎ Box 1447.

Seeking vintage Garcia. Also Hart, Blues Traveler, David Crosby, WSP, Allmans, Phish. Have 750+ hrs, slow but reliable. 527 40th, #2, Des Moines, IA 50312. ☎ Box 1448.

Rocked my babies to and fro for last couple years. Need your list to get back in touch! Eric Marquardt, 3580 Panama Dr., Westerville, OH 43081. ☎ Box 1449.

Wanted: Portland OR, Crystal 2/2-3/68, Springers 5/30/69, 1/16/70, 1/18/70 and Memorial Coliseum 6/24/73. Have blanks. Buscho, 3116 SE 18, Port, OR 97202. ☎ Box 1450.

Fast reliable trader seeks HQ/LG analog soundboards of Dead, Radiators, Phish, Aru. List on request. Tom clendennen@usuhsb.usuhs.mil. ☎ Box 1451.

Have 400+ GD have/want lists. All answered. Pat & Len, 21597 Yellowstone Pk. Dr., Boca Raton, FL 33428. ☎ Box 1433.

Looking for JGB Seattle 93, Dead Seattle/Eugene 94. I have lots to trade. John B., 1215 Humboldt St., Bellingham, WA 98225. ☎ Box 1453.

Do ease me in lookin for hq tapes and vhs. Don't have much to trade. Gordon Hull 23563 Lynn St., Hayward, CA 94541. ☎ Box 1455.

Philly Dh needs Veneto 8/27/72 and correspondence from local heads into earth-based spiritual transformation. Tara, 2338 S. Broad St., 2nd fl., Phila, PA 19145. ☎ Box 1456.



DAT head looking for more Dead, Phish, ARV, WSP, bluegrass, etc. Gene, Box 124, Collingswood, NJ 08108. ☎ Box 1457.

Please help! Need 3/17/93 and 4/1/93. Have 130+ hrs. YLGM. All letters answered! The Huttster, HC-1 Box 60, Jim Thorpe, PA 18229. ☎ Box 1458.

Have 350+ hrs to trade, Dead and others. Reliable traders send lists to: Don. Ferguson, 185 Treasure St., #201, Merritt Island, FL 32952. Thanks. ☎ Box 1459.

Wanted: qty Dead, JGB, Bobby, etc. Tuna, Young. Have 1000+ hrs and use Yamaha KXX-W952 to dub. Darin, PO Box 844, Methuen, MA 01844. Peace! ☎ Box 1460.

Interested in HQ videos, have some, your list for mine. P. Caimbrone, 467 West End Ave., Long Branch, NJ 07740. ☎ Box 1461

Looking for the HQ tapes only. Esp. 11/2-3/84, 9/22/93, 3/18/77. Have 270 hq hrs to trade. J. Wojnowski, 274 Alexander St. #A1, Rochester, NY 14607. ☎ Box 1462.

Desperately need Pittsburgh 11/30/79. Will send blanks and much gratitude. Bob D., 5001 Wm. Flynn Hwy., Gibsonia, PA 15044. ☎ Box 1463.

1000 hrs DAT only, many dsbs, no smcs, 4 mic akg aud mix with caias. No pirates! B. Aronson, PO Box 2644, Carmel, CA 93921-2644. ☎ Box 1464.

10/18/70 needed for spiritual fulfillment. Lots to trade. D. Beman, 15 Woodland Dr. #3, RFD 3, Manchester, NH 03103. ☎ Box 1465.

Looking for Dead, Allmans, Marley and any other interesting tapes. Send lists to: Jon K. 2931 Cedar Knoll Ct., Mtka, MN 55305. ☎ Box 1466.

If you get confused, just listen to the music play. Your list for mine. Mike H., 90 Fawnfield Rd., Stamford, CT 06403. ☎ Box 1467.

Taper lost in Miami. Have good shows/excellent qty. Looking for Buffalo/Rochester/any Cali./SAX. Let's make a deal! S. Hirsch, 4220 Chase Ave., Miami Beach, FL 33140. ☎ Box 1468.

Beginner interested in learning how to tape live shows. Any information helpful. Please write: JB, 40911 John Mosby Hwy. #101, Aldie, VA 22001. ☎ Box 1469.

Have/want Dead, Doors, Airplane, Hendrix, Santana, 450+ hrs to trade. Tim Zogas, 1874 Linden, Des Plaines, IL 60018. ☎ Box 1470.

Have 20+ hrs Dead, love to trade for pre-'76 or good live Phish. Send list to Barton, 514 11th, Galveston, TX 77550. ☎ Box 1471.

Dead, JGB, Phish, etc., 200 hrs. Exchange lists. Steve Flattery, 917 Oxford Rd., Deerfield, IL 60015. ☎ Box 1488.

Faces audio collector seeks help from the DH legions. Anyone? Also, early Clapton, Allmans, Fairport/Thompson, Dead. D. Ropek, 6775 Hess, Mt. Hood, OR 97041. ☎ Box 1472.

1000 hrs DAT. You get copies. Very fast and kind packaging. Share smiles. Rob Fish, 850 University Ave., Palo Alto, CA 94301. ☎ Box 1474.

Beg trader w/ 50 hrs has caught that taping bug. Will trade what I have or send blanks/postage. Todd Tomlinson, 51 Wanner Rd., Reading, PA 19606. ☎ Box 1475.

Beginner needs advice/lists. Would like to start with Omni 3/30/94. Will send blanks/postage. Doug, 1060 Ven Villa Rd., Marietta, GA 30062. ☎ Box 1476.

Looking for reliable hq traders only, 1600+ hrs Dead. Send lists to: P. Rothstein, 15 W. 44th St., NY, NY 10036, 2nd fl. ☎ Box 1477.

Have blank tapes to send to kind person for any east coast shows displaying new material '91 to present. J. McCauley, 2707 W. Main St., Richmond, VA 23220. ☎ Box 1478.

Need RFK and Cap Centre shows '88—present. Have blanks! B. Dillmann, 4818 Grove Pt. Dr., Tampa, FL 33624. ☎ Box 1479.

Want pre-75 HQ/LG crispy sbds. Have 900 qty hrs to trade, all yrs. Jim, 929 Baillio Dr., Va Beach, VA 23454. ☎ Box 1480.

Chicago trader with 500+ hrs would like to trade with others in the Chicago area. Contact Mike Beahan at ☎ Box 1481.

1000+ hrs, all sbd qty. Send your list for mine. Only XL11 or XL115 tapers. JAG, 2229 Penn Ave, Reading, PA 19609. ☎ Box 1482.

Wanted: Tapes from Rosemont IL 3/16/94, Miami FL 4-6 & 7/94, Soldier Field 7/23&24/94. Will trade tapes from other shows too numerous to list. ☎ Box 1483.

Dire need of any Dec. Oak. '92 or '93. Have 500 hrs of hq Dead, Phish, Jerry. Mike, 1102 Cushing St. SW, Olympia, WA 98502. ☎ Box 1484.

HQ boards wanted. Let's swap lists and do some tradin'. Beginners welcome. Kenn Kemp, 615 Piedmont NW, Salem, OR 97304. ☎ Box 1485.

YLGM. All replies answered. Over 300 hrs. Want tapes badly. Mail to: Jeremy Muller, 108 West Drive, Pittsburgh, PA 15215. ☎ Box 1506.

### PLEASE RECORD YOUR GREETING ASAP.

Bound to cover just a little more ground... trading, random thoughts on touring. Share the love in your heart. Brandi, 3620 E. Blanche, Phoenix, AZ 85032. ☎ Box 1486.

ISO 8/4/76, Roosevelt Stadium, Jersey City, 2nd half of 2nd set, from drums on. Flexible, reliable trader. Chris De Iuliis, 1023 Mt. Vernon, Oshkosh, WI 54901. ☎ Box 1487.

Traders/heads near Boise IDAHO? Any recent sbds, hq old acoustic & pre-70's jams. Trade for my 100+ tapes. Dan, HC 76 Box 2260, Garden Valley, ID 83622. ☎ Box 1489.

Reliable trader with 300 hrs, seeking hq LG sbds & fms. Quick response. Beginners welcome. Jorge Lopez, 3762 Lumberjack Way, Jacksonville, FL 32223. ☎ Box 1490.

Wanted: GD tapes! Also: Jorma, Garcia, Weir, Pearl Jam, etc. I have hundreds to trade. Victoria, 129 C2 Fifteenth Street, Garden City, NY 11530. ☎ Box 1491.

Have/want: GD, WSP, ARU, Morley, Phish. YLGM. Eric, 2537 Argonne Ave., Springfield, IL 62704. ☎ Box 1602.

Dylan Tapes 4 trade. LG 10-28-78, 74, etc. Jim, 12085 Stonegate, Garden Grove, CA 92645. ☎ Box 1492.

Beginner looking to start hq collection. Any help greatly appreciated, esp. w/ 6/6/93 & 7/13/94. Will send blanks, etc., Aaron Sontag, 9 Laurel Woods Dr., W. Townsend, MA 01474. ☎ Box 1493.

Seeking only HQ/LG sbds. Have many 1st gens, rads too. Send list to Wally, 351 Bonnabel Blvd., Metairie, LA 70005. ☎ Box 1494.

Wanted (needed?) Boston 9/25 & 28/93, Vermont 7/13/94 and RFK 7/17/94. Also will need Giants Stadium 8/4/94. Thanks! Wende, PO B 72, Newton, NH 03858. ☎ Box 1495.

1500+ Dead, 500+ ABB, Doors, Rads, Van Mo. Want sbds gen 1-3 (esp pre-75, 93, 94) for many of the same. YLGM. Del, 820 Aumond Place East, Augusta, GA 30909-3220. ☎ Box 1496.

Looking for '94 St. Louis and summer tour! Have plenty of gems to trade! You won't be sorry! HQ only! Please send list! Peace! Paul Angelilli, 234 Pembroke Dr., Yonkers, NY 10710. ☎ Box 1497.

Lookin' for some kind shows. Pierre Brennan, 10919 Strathmore Dr., #5, Los Angeles, CA 90024. Nothing left to do but smile, smile, smile. ☎ Box 1498.

Can't talk to you, without talking to me—over 1000 hrs of hi qual Dead. Let's trade. Send lists to Rich Raynes, 1552 Summit Aven., Cardiff, CA 92007. ☎ Box 1499.

Searching for the sound: need hq Dead from all years. Love Phil Zone shows. 700 diverse hours—YLGM. TN, 1958 SE 27th, Portland, OR 97214. ☎ Box 1500.

Nostalgic, need 1st show Scranton PA 4/13/71; honeymoon show Red Rocks 9/3/85; recent b-day show Vegas 9/27/91. Eliot, 5974 S. Florence Ct., Englewood, CO 80111. ☎ Box 1501.

Beginner tape trader looking for hq tapes. Any help appreciated. Not interested in the 2 tapes for 3, too expensive. Gary Good, PO Box 3303, Narragansett, RI 02882. ☎ Box 1502.

SBD only. 450+ hrs. Send lists, Jason, Cinnamon Tree #3913, Jensen Beach, FL 34957. ☎ Box 1503.

Reliable beginner needs hq GD and JGB, especially 7/20/94, 3/21/94 and 9/7/89. Have 100+ hrs, trade lists. Mike, 1312 N. Mason, Bloomington, IL 61701. ☎ Box 1504.

Killer sound only! Have Seattle thru Shoreline 1994 plus plenty more. Seeking mid-80's and others. John Young, 1042 So. 4th Ave. #1, Pocatello, Idaho 83201. ☎ Box 1505.

Seeking live SF 65-69. Quick, Fish, Airplane, etc. Lots to trade. Ben Chaput, 522 Ave. G #4, Redondo Beach, CA 90277. ☎ Box 1507.

Hey you w/ 750,000,000 hrs Dead! Please help me out!! Very little to trade. Will send blanks, etc. Ann, 508 E. 14th., Bloomington, IN 47401. ☎ Box 1600.

400 hrs Dead, Phish, etc. Looking for relaxed, reliable trades, esp. 6/15-16/93. YLGM. Bruce, 909 St. Georges Rd., Baltimore, MD 21210. ☎ Box 1601.

DAT—NO SMSC. 100 hrs analog-1,000+ hrs LG rock/blues/folk. Seeking similar to trade between 10/94-5/95, esp. seek summer '94 & all dat. No blanks. 4736 Onondaga Blvd. #178, Syracuse, NY 13219. ☎ Box 1473.

Please help! Looking for GD 3/23/75, any Vegas shows, have small collection of rare shows. YLGM. Tim Cromwell, 3950 Koual Ln. #2139, Las Vegas, NV 89109. ☎ Box 1603.

Desperately seeking Vegas 92, 93, 94, Shoreline 93, 100 Dead hrs to trade & Floyd, Santana, Zep, Allmans. Rickster, 842 Reed Ave. #7, San Diego, CA 92109. ☎ Box 1604.

Desperately need 4/3/91, 3/3/92, 6/12/91, 6/15-16 + 26/93, 7/16-17/94. Have great pre-79 stuff. Serious only. YLGM. Joshua, 1012 Old Manor Rd. #1011, Columbia, SC 29210. ☎ Box 1605.