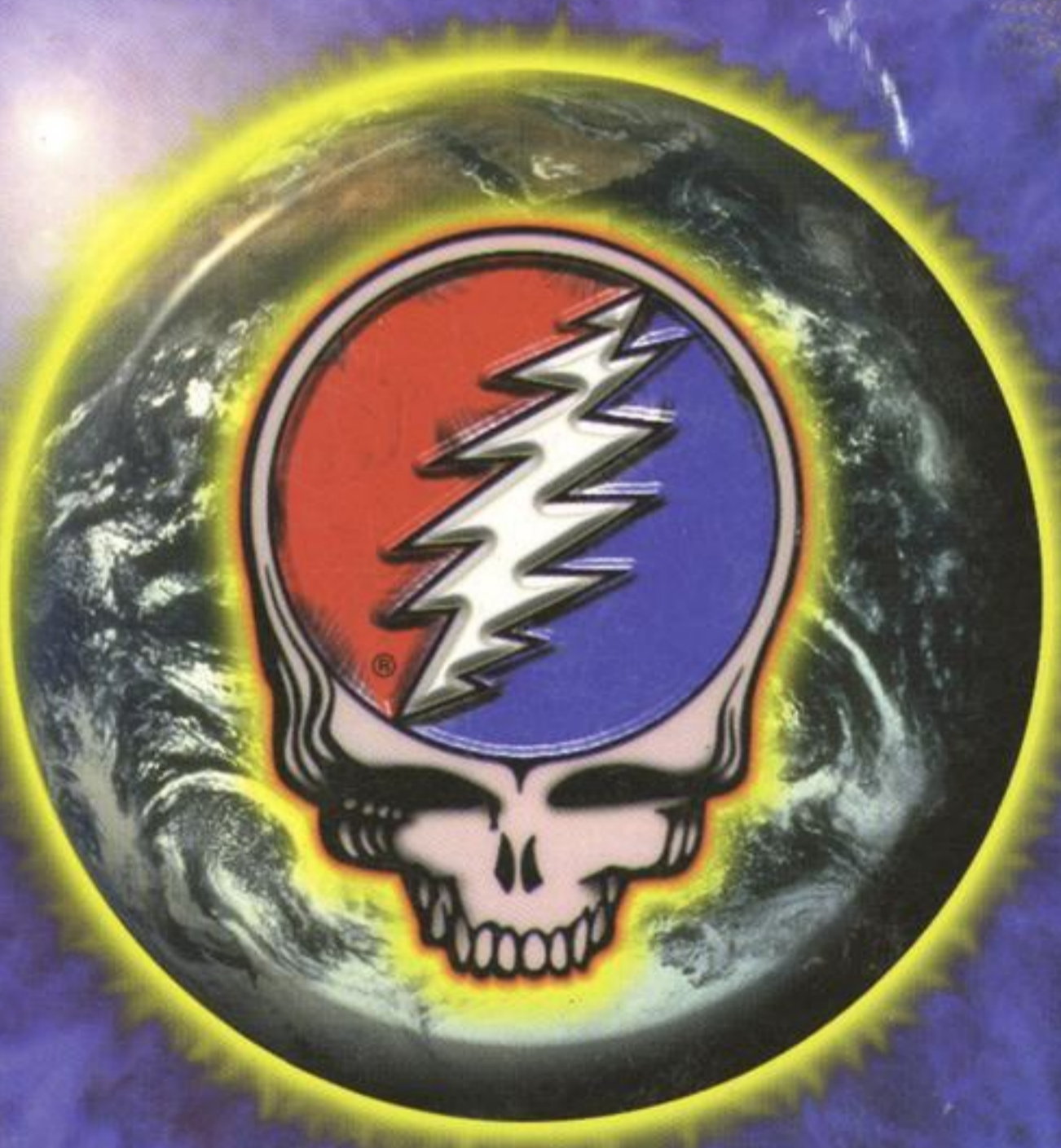


Inside: **The Grateful Dead Experience** **Lives On!**

DEEPTREE'S

DIAMOND NEWS

Furthuring The Deadhead Experience



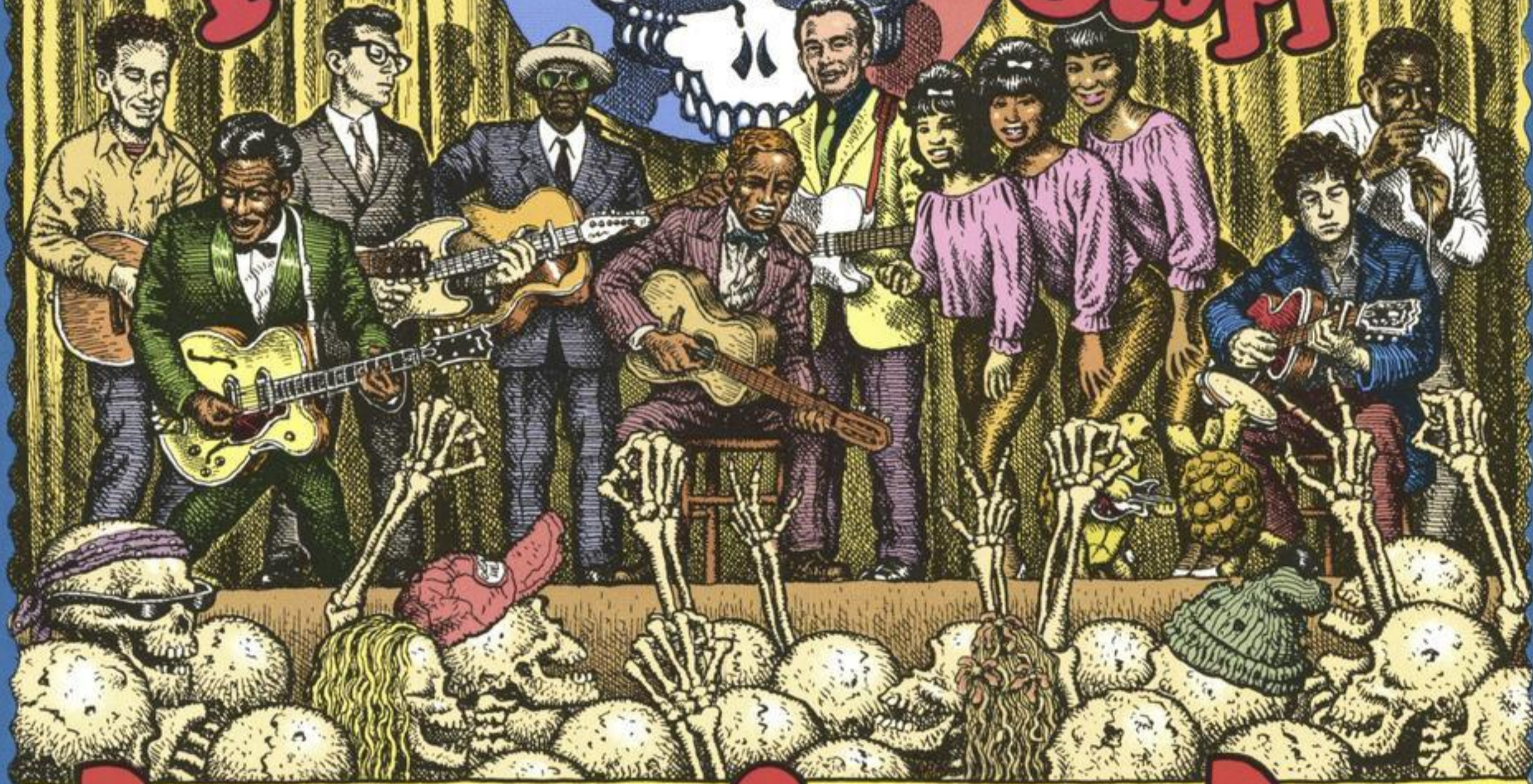
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The Music Never Stopped



ROOTS of the GRATEFUL DEAD

with OBRAY RAMSEY · MERLE HAGGARD · DIXIE CUPS · CANNON'S JUG STOMPERS · BOB DYLAN
CHUCK BERRY · MARTY ROBBINS · CHARLEY PATTON · HOWLING WOLF · BOBBY BLUE BLAND
HENRY THOMAS · BUDDY HOLLY · BONNIE DOBSON · WOODY GUTHRIE · JOSEPH SPENCE · JIMMIE REED
REV. GARY DAVIS

R. CRUMB '95

A special Grateful Dead project, in the works since last year, *The Music Never Stopped: Roots of the Grateful Dead* is a unique compilation of original versions of classic Grateful Dead cover tunes and features artists including Chuck Berry, Charlie Patton, Buddy Holly, Bob Dylan, Woody Guthrie, Howlin' Wolf and many more. This compilation (track listing below) introduces Dead fans to the group's seminal influences. In their 30-year career, the Grateful Dead has taken inspiration and material from a stunning variety of American musical artists and traditions as displayed in this compilation. This collection has been lovingly compiled by a group of Dead insiders including David Gans producer of *Grateful Dead Radio Hour*, Blair Jackson author of *Goin' Down the Road: A Grateful Dead Traveling Companion* (who has written a 24 page booklet for this album), Henry Kaiser and others, all with the enthusiastic support of the Dead itself.

Tracks Include

1. OBRAY RAMSEY *Rain and Snow*
2. MERLE HAGGARD *Mama Tried*
3. DIXIE CUPS *Iko Iko*
4. REV. GARY DAVIS *Samson & Delilah*
5. CANNON'S JUG STOMPERS *Big Railroad Blues*
6. MARTY ROBBINS *El Paso*
7. BOB DYLAN *It's All Over Now, Baby Blue*
8. CHARLEY PATTON *Spoonful*
9. HOWLIN' WOLF *The Red Rooster*
10. CHUCK BERRY *The Promised Land*
11. HENRY THOMAS *Don't Ease Me In*
12. JIMMY REED *Big Boss Man*
13. BOBBY "BLUE" BLAND *Turn On Your Love Light*
14. BONNIE DOBSON *Morning Dew*
15. BUDDY HOLLY *Not Fade Away*
16. WOODY GUTHRIE *Goin' Down This Road Feelin' Bad*
17. THE PINDAR FAMILY w/JOSEPH SPENCE *I Bid You Good Night*

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A note from the producer:

"Last month I spoke at length with my friend Jerry Garcia about the recordings presented on this CD. Garcia's tremendous enthusiasm for this music and his detailed knowledge and perceptive comments were both astonishing and delightful. I had just received the poster of R. Crumb's cover art and was about to send it over to Jerry last week when I heard of his death. Co-producer David Gans and I consider this project to be a fitting tribute to Jerry's love of and dedication to music. I will always remember words that Jerry often said when asked about his role in The Grateful Dead and in life in general, 'I serve the music.' We hope that this release will help to continue that service to music and people, and that truly the music will never stop."

—Henry Kaiser

DUPREE'S

DIAMOND NEWS

ISSUE NO. 33 • SPRING 1996

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Eye: Courtesy of Dr. and Mrs. Dwork
This issue is dedicated to Gemma. The most gentlest dog we've ever known.

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 as well as keeping the Deadhead family together.

All correspondence relating to previously published material should be addressed to the editor. Include your name and address.

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The opinions expressed here are not necessarily those of DDN, GDP, or the members of the Grateful Dead. In case you were wondering, we do not advocate the use of illegal drugs. ♦

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Deadapalooza

It's 1996 and the big question on virtually every Deadhead's mind is: "WHAT NOW?"

I pose this question after we Deadheads have been through what definitely qualifies as a hellacious year. First, we suffered through multiple disasters on summer tour — an all-too-real catharsis that threatened to destroy what genuine peace and love was left in our scene. *Then Jerry died.* And *then* the surviving members of the Grateful Dead laid their great collective musical beast to rest. It was as though the Pope died and the Vatican announced that Catholicism was ending!

The result is that much of the Deadhead community is in a state of limbo. Do I fault the Dead for calling it quits? No. Never mind the daunting, no, *impossible* task of filling Jerry's shoes; upon its return the band would have had to put up with our ENORMOUS sense of expectation and inevitably rampant criticisms.

Let's also keep in mind that last summer the GD concert scene was experiencing severe entropy — it was literally tearing apart rapidly as wild chaos swirled throughout. (I'm talking about the violence and destruction on summer tour, as well as Jerry's obvious, rapid musical and health decline.) Just one year ago I'd never have thought I would feel as I do now; that it's better the Dead ended when it did. Never again do I want to be subjected to anything as uncool as last year's Highgate, Vermont show. That intense degree of weird, wild, negative energy is antithetical to what our scene is supposed to be about.

Of course, the current turn of events presents us with the great challenge of finding new ways to get what the Grateful

Dead concert experience once gave us. As difficult as this challenge may be, however, change often brings with it a new perspective and, almost always, opportunities for growth. So, I for one welcome change.

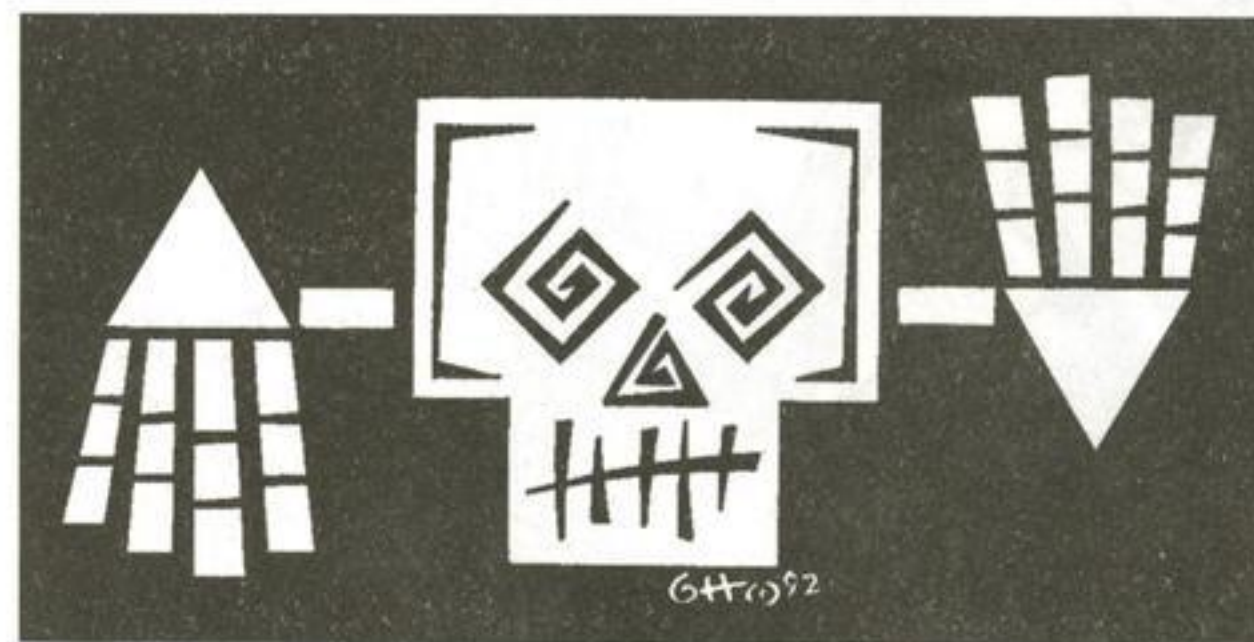
As you all know by now, Bobby, Mickey, and friends have chosen to tour this summer with their own individual bands appearing under the same roof each night — a

"Deadapalooza" of sorts. Will this new festival format satisfy our community's need for tribalism, ritual, community, bliss, adventure, *magic*, oh, yes...and great music, too? Many have vocalized a belief that as fun as this format may be, it simply cannot be the same as what we had going with the Grateful Dead. Will it attract the same weirdness we saw on last summer's tour? Will Mickey's

new band blow our minds? Only time will answer these ponderous questions.

What you can count on is that there are plenty of us who want the scene to continue — both inside and outside the organization. Between the many Deadhead-related businesses who enjoy making a living in our not-so-small corner of the culture, and the very large number of human beings who need an *Experience* like the Grateful Dead in their lives for balance, we will certainly see some sort of similar group gestalt take its place. Remember, nature abhors a vacuum. What remains to be seen is just exactly what compromises we'll have to settle for as that need gets filled.

Since Jerry's death, we've talked to many Deadheads who are in what might be best described as a slump or a funk. Many of you can't imagine what to do next, what other music to go see, or where and how to make new friends or meet old



ones. This is truly perplexing to me, for while Jerry's death hit me as hard as just about anyone else, I know my last year was filled with more exciting new musical and social experiences than any other in previous memory. I've just recently seen a dozen different groups that delivered more musical inspiration than the Dead gave me during their last two tours. And I consider myself very hard to impress. I don't like gimmicks or hype. What I look for is spectacular technique, intelligent songwriting, an honest vibe, direct connection with the audience, and the ability to summon *El Duende* — the great creative spirit. Believe me when I tell you magic is afoot. You just gotta poke around.

A lot of Deadheads have been complaining that with the death of the Dead we are now, finally, undeniably, the nostalgists we've always been accused of being. Well excuse me, but I don't hear anyone calling classical music fans nostalgic. People of all ages flock to hear concert performances of composers dead a lot longer than Garcia, so why should we feel guilty about honoring the music we love by continuing to experience it together? There are dozens of really talented musicians touring these days who emulate the energy, style, and groove of the Dead.

As for Grateful Dead music per se, there are plenty of bands out there keeping it very much alive. New York's Zen Tricksters, for example, are so hot they actually — dare I say — play some of the Dead's tunes *better* than the Dead! I swear it! (Dick Latvala tells the story of when Mickey Hart actually mistook a tape of the Tricksters playing *The Eleven* for the Dead.) No, it's not quite the same thing as seeing Jerry crooning away at the mic, but when I close my eyes and start to dance, I honestly forget I'm not at a Dead show. And when the Tricksters are ripping through a fiery version of *St. Stephen*, *Unbroken Chain*, or *Viola Lee Blues*, the ear-to-ear grin that breaks out across my face is all I need to know that I'm as home as I ever was at a Dead show. It is, after all, the music that makes my heart sing.

Phish is a big subject of debate these days. Many Heads, particularly older ones, just can't seem to resonate with this band. While their song repertoire may not have the obvious spiritual and lyrical weight the Dead's did, *these boys sure can jam*. As a focal point for the counterculture they share several crucial qualities with the Dead — not the least of which is their adherence to the sacred perspective of Crazy Wisdom. It's important that Phish thrives for the benefit of those of us who need (and deserve) the same basic rite of

passage which the Dead once gave us. Embarking on the "hero's journey" in search of bliss, communion, wisdom, and adventure is a path which should be everyone's birthright. For this I say, "Long live Phish!"

Phish isn't the only hyper-eclectic electric music ensemble turning heads these days. moe., an up-and-coming groove-rock band from upstate New York, plays jazz, rock, bluegrass, pop, madrigal, and mondo-bizarro boogie music, often all in the very same song. Wow! moe. is one of the most amazing new bands I've seen. Flock to see them while their scene is still very comfy.

If Phish and moe. just don't do anything for you, that's okay, too — there are plenty more inspirational improvisationalists out there.



The Allman Brothers Band still manages to kick ass most nights they play, as does Carlos Santana, whose music has always been deeply spiritual and highly danceable. Don't miss Page and Plant, if they come around again. Now that Robert Plant has his chops back, this band, complete with Egyptian and symphonic orchestras sitting in at every show, is a mind-bending rock and roll *tour de force*. King Crimson, albeit a harder-edged sounding band, hasn't lost one bit of incendiary technique and passion over the years. Their guitar, bass, and drum work is as intense as any other band currently touring on the planet right now.

The H.O.R.D.E. festival, while still rough around the edges, is arguably the most potent breeding ground for future hippies and counterculturalists, with a powerful balance of high-quality, eclectic music and political/environmental education. Take the kids, buy a hemp hat, sign a petition, convulse ecstatically to the always high-energy music of Blues Traveler and all their friends. The H.O.R.D.E. will surely continue to be a vibrant happening for years to come.

I haven't rung your bell yet? How about the Dave Matthews Band, Rusted Root, The Radiators, God Street Wine, Widespread Panic, From Good Homes, Aquarium Rescue Unit, Merle Saunders, Max Creek, Strangefolk, Higher Ground, Big Head Todd, Purple Schoolbus, Percy Hill, Acoustic Junction, Box Set, or The Freddy Jones Band? Looking for something more traditional? In the bluegrass/Cajun/calypso realm I've been transported to unspeakably delicious places while grooving to the music of David Grisman, Tony Rice, and the

always effervescent Leftover Salmon. For Reggae fans, the all-women troupe Pele Juju is a guaranteed remedy for the blues. Every time I attend one of their concerts the whole audience dances till it's soaking wet.

If you REALLY want to boogie, try a dose of funk! Don't stop when you get to the Meters or the Neville Brothers, but keep going on to Graham Central Station or George Clinton and his 35-person P-Funk orchestra — the latter regularly plays three-hour-plus long shows of sweat-inducing dance jams!

Feel like some variety? Go check out this country's incredible music festivals: the New Orleans Jazz Fest, the High Sierra Music Festival, The Hog Farm Picnic, Oregon Country Fair, Homegrown Music Festivals in North Carolina, and the never-ending variety of bluegrass and folk festivals all up and down the Eastern seaboard. The fine vibe of people having FUN together is alive and well at all of the above gatherings.

As if this isn't enough, we here at *Dupree's* are going to be bringing you a host of concerts and Deadhead gatherings across the nation. For a good number of years now, we've

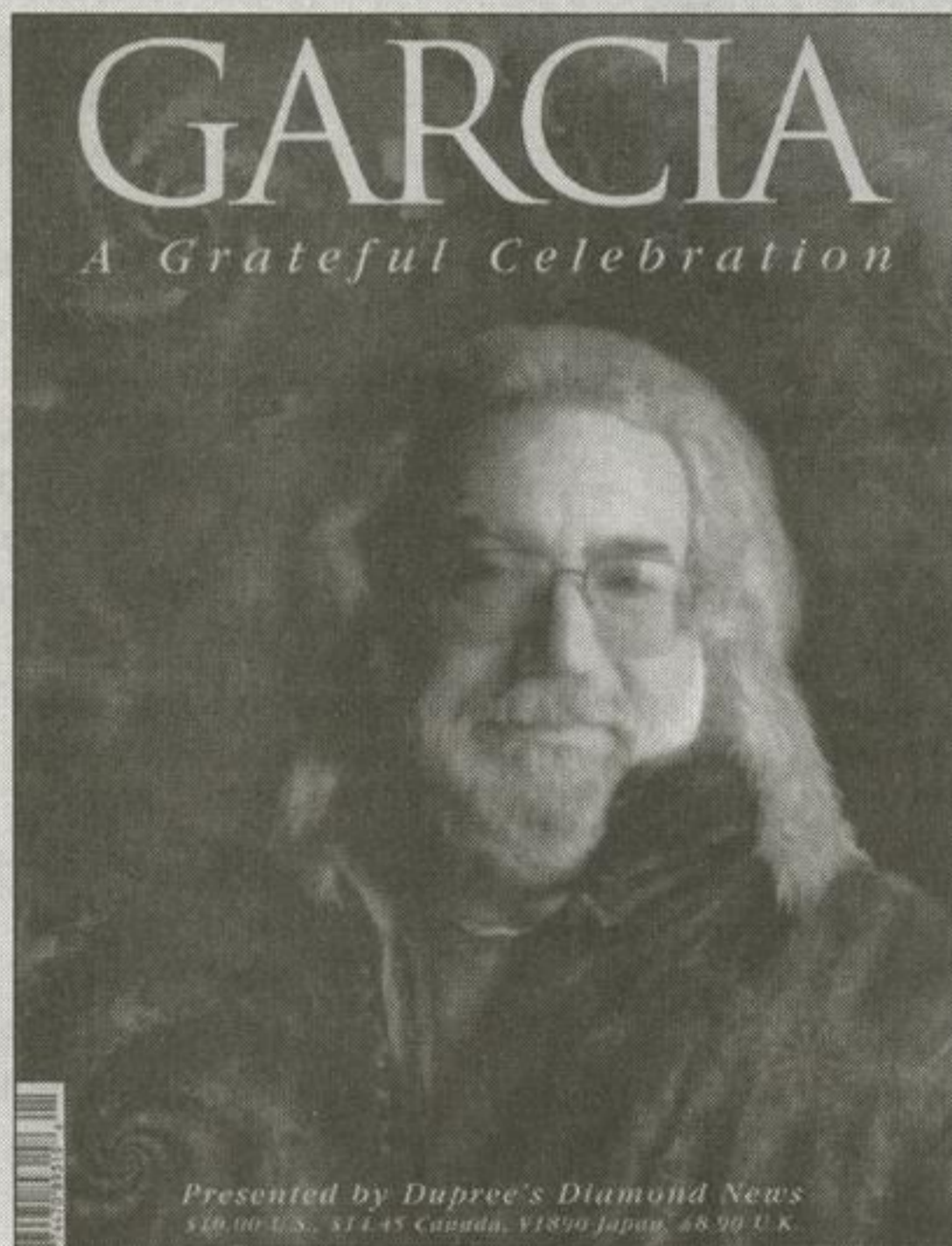
been quietly hosting the best Deadhead boogies around. Well, I'm here to tell you we've just gone public.



On May 25-26 (Memorial Day weekend) we're bringing you **Deadhead Heaven**® — *A Gathering of the Tribe*. This two-day music festival, complete with camping, will be held at the absolutely stunning SUNY Purchase Fine Arts Center in Purchase, New York (40 minutes north of New York City). We promise to deliver the finest Deadhead boogie possible, featuring some of the amazing bands I've talked about here, along with light shows, great vending, fascinating lectures, a tape traders conference, a very heavy GD "listening session," and all the other elements necessary for a truly magical gathering. The emphasis will be put on great music and plenty of opportunities to connect with each other, all in a safe environment. For more info check out page 2.

Also, on August 16 - 18, 1996 we're going to host **Light the Song — A Contemplative Retreat For Deadheads** at the Northfield Mount Herman School in Northfield, MA. At this intimate retreat you'll have the opportunity to reflect on the magic of the Grateful Dead Experience with GD lyricist John Perry Barlow,

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Mountain Girl, Steve Silberman, Blair Jackson, David Gans, Rebecca Adams, and more very special guests. We are going to delve deeply into the magic of the Grateful Dead Experience — what it was, what we can do now to keep it alive, and how we can pass the magic on to future generations. For more info see page 22.

As for this magazine, we'll continue to publish as long as you support us (this is your cue to subscribe!). We'll cover the many interesting projects that the individual members of the Dead embark on, as well as provide more in-depth interviews. We'll do our part to keep the community in contact with one another — *especially* tape traders. Don't hesitate to let us know how we can continue to serve you best — we're all ears!

With no more Dead shows for the foreseeable future, we'll finally get to do more reviews of must-have tapes, as well as more guides to live concert and home stereo equipment and recording techniques. We'll continue reporting on GD spirituality, progressive politics, and consciousness expansion, just as we've always done.

Now we'll finally get to discuss more mind-expanding and heartwarming music we love: Jazz (Miles Davis, John McLaughlin), Reggae (Bob Marley), Classic Rock (Hendrix, Clapton, Allmans, Airplane, Beatles, Stones, Zeppelin, Zappa, Dylan), the hip parts of the new music scene, plus blues, bluegrass, folk...the list goes on and on. But don't worry; we have no intention of leaving the Dead behind. Our priorities are still the same as yours — keeping the scene alive and healthy.

And you should keep an eye out for the *Dupree's* flyer at local concerts of your favorite groove-rock bands later this spring.

In closing, I'd like to point out that the Grateful Dead tore open a giant hole in the fabric of our collective consciousness, an opening through which we can see greater and different perspectives and opportunities for learning, loving, dancing, and exploring. The Experience got so large that there is little chance of this hole closing up anytime soon. We think this is a good thing, since the Experience and the new perspectives it offers bring an important sense of balance to our society. Besides, once you've seen the light in the strangest of places when you look at it right, is there really any going back?

While the challenge at hand is to find and gather around new, smaller sources of light, we have the opportunity to regain some of the intimacy lost in the hugeness that our scene has become. We here at *Dupree's* know in our heart of hearts, that the adventure is far from over. So, as long as enough of you are interested in our perspective, we will be here, pointing at the joys and dangers which come with the territory. Shall we go? You and I while we can...?

In Light,
Johnny Dwork ◊

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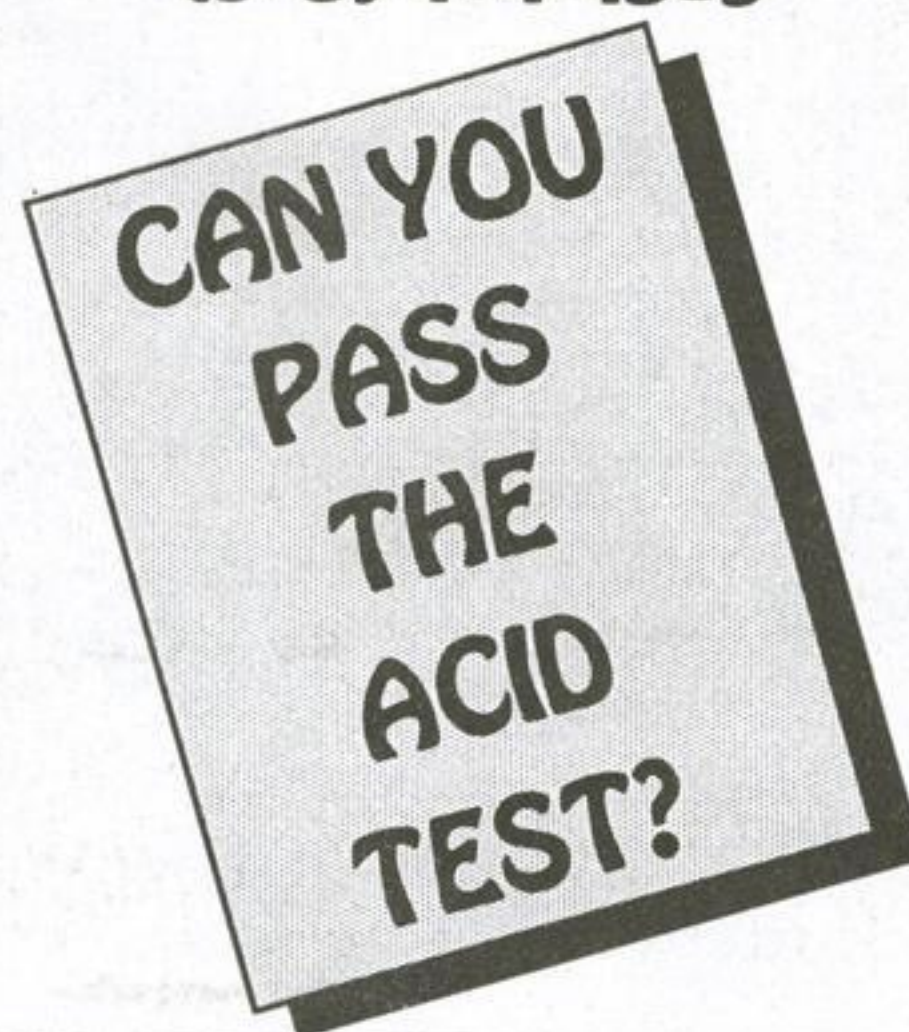
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LETTERS TO THE DEADITOR

Deaditor's Note: I just want to express my thanks to all of you who sent your beautiful, kind words and remembrances to us. There were more letters than we could ever print. I read each and every one of them, alternately crying and smiling all the while (and I wept all over again when I edited them). Now, how will we fill the gaping hole in our collective heart? I put this question to you all because the answer lies within each of us. In the coming days and months we will need to keep the faith and be strong, gather in smaller groups, and let the music, which has been such a huge part of our lives, remind us of who we are, and what we are here to do, and keep that light shining. We will survive! ♡

Dear DDN,

When I first got the news last Wednesday, my initial emotion was one of anger. Therapists say that's a valid emotion, for a junkie dying a junkie's death is, after all, a selfish act. However, that quickly gave way to a feeling of being one of the luckiest people in the universe. I was one of those blessed with the gift of the "ears to hear," and, because of that, was able to participate in a process, which for the last 20 years or so, was often instructional and always joyful.

Reminiscing tends to be the order of the day at a time like this. Years ago I remember reading about a particularly incendiary *Fire On the Mountain* that came out ironically on the night that Mount St. Helens erupted. I remember the account of someone at the gig, who told a tale of being literally buried in a veritable dust bowl of volcanic ash while driving to the next show. I found the story quite inspirational.

My own story, while not as harrowing, is still heartwarming enough for me to tell. It happened at Hershey Park, 6/28/85. Hershey Park, for

those unfamiliar, is an amusement park located in south central Pennsylvania. Sort of a poor man's Disney World with a decidedly Pennsylvania Dutch flavor. A nice place to bring the family.

Anyway, we were all descending on this idyllic little scene from Saratoga the night before. The inevitable clash of cultures was non-confrontational, and actually quite humorous. The weather had been threatening all day and, late in the afternoon, the heavens did open.

The show was in an old high school football field adjacent to the park. This was just before the advent of the huge stadium era. Security was so loose and nobody bothered to take our tickets as we walked in. We immediately scurried into the bleachers in an attempt to locate our friends outside who were ticketless, and throw ours overboard. As I recall, our efforts were unsuccessful.

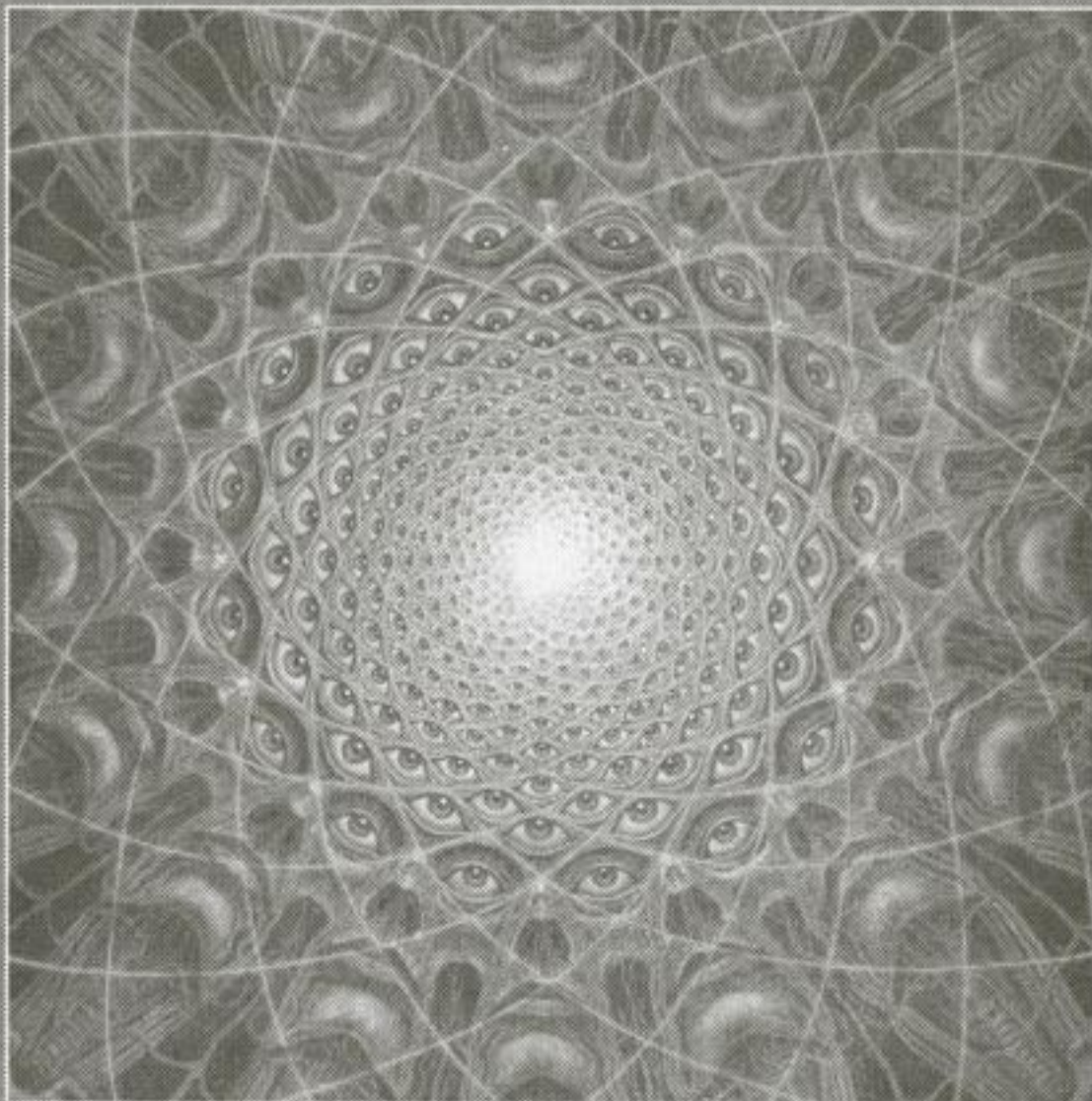
By the time the band had begun to meander onto the stage in the early evening dusk, I had situated myself in front of the soundboard, and I found myself totally enthralled by the symmetry in the sea of heads between me and the stage. Mushroom logic. Remarkable what can catch and hold your attention at any given moment.

As the first few notes of *Cold Rain and Snow* (an obvious call, given the weather) rolled over us, the sea of heads dropped, as if the floor of the perfectly manicured natural grass field we were standing on had been lowered six inches. A six-foot tall person becomes five-foot-six when they start dancing. When a bunch of them do it in unison, it creates a fascinating effect.

It was at this moment that this powerful primal message came up and whacked me right in the solar plexus. It just said, "Relax, you're home." I did, and I was. Suddenly, I didn't even notice that I was soaking wet and sloggin' around in the muck. Nobody else seemed to notice either.

However, about midway through the set I did notice that I had neglected a very crucial piece of equipment. I'm standing there totally annoyed with myself, because I'm immersed in the moment, and yet I'm going to have to address this thirst issue. Suddenly, a voice asks, "Is that yours?" I looked down, and right at my feet is an unopened, ice-cold beer. I scooped it up and said, "It is now." I cracked it open, took a long slug, and handed it to its discoverer. He partook likewise,

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handed it back, and offered thanks. "We can share what we got of yours, 'cause we done shared all of mine."

Obviously, the rain had to stop at that moment, and the playing, which had been sloppy to that point, snapped into place as the band started listening to each other. Granted, this wasn't a cure for cancer, but it did make for a nice moment, one that I reflect fondly on ten years later.

Deepak Chopra said, "You cannot measure the subjective." Maybe not, but you sure can feel it. My point is that there are millions of moments like this one out there. Hopefully, each one of us can take the time to reflect on our own, enjoy it, and treasure the memory, secure in the knowledge that anytime two or more of us speak of Jerry, his spirit will live on.

So will we, in a variety of forms. Every ending is a new beginning. To that end, if any of you happen to see me at a Max Creek show, don't hesitate to say hello. I'm the middle-aged, button-down blond guy who looks like he might be more at home selling vitamins to strangers. Happy trails.

Rik Longenecker, Baldwin, NY ♦

Dear DDN,

Where do I begin? How do I begin? How can I express the sense of loss, the vacuum inside of me, the total lack of any hope for the future...?

When Jerry Garcia died, it wasn't just another musician or politician, or some other celebrity. No, it was more like a member of the family, maybe an older brother or a cool uncle who really understood you. It was someone who knew what you wanted and needed and could touch your very soul because he knew. It was a spiritual and emotional loss I will never recover from. "I will survive," but the world will be just a little colder, certainly a little more poor. Life goes on, and so will I. He would be the first to say that.

Jerry Garcia was part of my life for nearly 30 years. He never knew me, never even met me, other than me giving him a cigar once in D.C. and then walking away, but he and the Grateful Dead helped me through some of the worst periods of my life and helped me celebrate some of the best times.

The first time I "met" Jerry Garcia and the Grateful Dead, I was 15 years old. The Haight-Ashbury and "San Francisco Sound" were just starting to make news around the country. I was intrigued, and even a little

scared by the band's name. I don't know where I heard it first, but I do remember the first picture I saw of them.

It was in a *Newsweek* spread about San Francisco sometime in late 1966 or early 1967. They were part of a pictorial about the "New Thing" that was happening in the Haight, and really all over the country. Their long, greasy hair and defiant expressions really threw my parents for a loop, especially since we had found out we were relocating to the Bay Area in just a few months. I figured that anyone who could upset my parents that much just by their pictures was probably pretty cool.

Soon after, amid the stories about flowers in their hair, and on the heels of the Monterey Pop Festival, we left our home in Virginia and moved West. Within a week of arriving in California, the Dead were busted for dope, underage girls, and whatever else they were charged with in September of '67. Even as my parents and other adults talked about how terrible it was, secretly, I thought, "Wow, how cool!"

I heard their first album on the radio a few times, and I heard the other kids at school talking about seeing them in Golden Gate Park or at other local gatherings. People spoke about them like a big group of friends, not the normal musician/audience type of relationship. So as far as I was concerned, ever since then the Dead have always been just regular people.

After my parents finally got over the initial culture shock of California, I was allowed to go out with friends and do things at night. One of the things I liked to do was go to a local teen center and hang out. It was set up like a coffeehouse and a lot of local bands would come in and play; some even went on to minor fame, or notoriety, as the case was.

One of my clearest memories was listening to the first Grateful Dead album in the coffeehouse. It seemed like it was always on, and I got to love every single note of that album by heart. Even today, 28 years later, the first organ note of *The Golden Road* takes me back to 1967/68 and that coffeehouse.

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In late summer 1968, my Dad's project in California ended and we returned to Virginia. This time the culture shock was reversed, and I truly felt like a fish out of water. I was kicked out of school the first day of my senior year for wearing a plain green T-shirt, jeans, and no socks. Standard dress for California high school seniors, but totally unacceptable in Virginia. I was beat up a couple of times for the way I looked. I finally managed to keep the jocks off my back, and even earn a little respect. At least they left me alone.

At the same time, "Anthem of the Sun" was released, and it quickly became my favorite album. It was the first time music really transported me to a totally other dimension just by its own power. I never realized how powerful music could be up to that point.

After a bad accident, I was unable to walk or basically do anything but read and listen to music for several months. A friend introduced me to Kerouac's *On The Road*, my creative writing teacher gave me a copy of *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*, and the only albums I would listen to were "Beggar's Banquet," The Beatles' "White Album," and "Anthem of the Sun." And I believe that each of these had a major impact on the direction my life took from then on.

In the spring of 1969, I was able to walk again. On weekends, I would go to D.C. to be with people that were more like me. And I began to hear *St. Stephen* from "Aoxomoxoa." Garcia's guitar sent chills through my spine. It seemed to touch something inside me that was strange yet familiar. The notes he played triggered so many synapses it was like the guy was inside of my head reading an instruction manual. If I push this button, then what will happen? How the hell did he do it?

That summer, for the first time, I saw the Grateful Dead at Woodstock. I don't really remember a lot about their set. I know that in later years the Dead always said it was one of their worst performances, but all I remember was they seemed to have hundreds of people onstage with them, including lots of kids running around. I vaguely remember a lot of announcements about the different acid going around.

"Live Dead" came out a few months after that, and Garcia broke through all the barriers. *Dark Star* melted into my brain, and I could

never listen to music the same way again. The images it produced, the places it took me, the magic... Over the years I have used *Dark Star* as my vehicle to travel the universes, known and unknown. Mr. Garcia took me on astral voyages few mortals have ever taken.

In 1971, my friends decided we were going to drive to New York to see the Dead. We didn't have tickets, but we figured we could get them at the door. I could write a book on the adventures we had on that trip. Suffice to say that we got in, and the Dead didn't disappoint. Garcia was doing double duty in those days, opening as the pedal steel player for the New Riders Of the Purple Sage, and then playing for another four or five hours with the Dead. That night, Garcia took me to Mars. It was the Dead at their spaciest. The entire theater turned into a Martian landscape, red desert and alien plants, and still the band played on.

The music of the Grateful Dead helped me to survive four years in the Air Force. Just thinking the chorus "I will survive" helped me kick a serious alcohol addiction. It gave me the strength to say no and to move on with my life. After I lost my job in 1992, and the world began to cave in, I got a wild idea and went with a friend to see the Dead in Charlotte. And things didn't seem so bad.

The Dead's music is magical. It will live on for many of us, to give us courage, to inspire us, and to remind us that we're not alone in this world. Jerry Garcia was the spiritual glue that held it all together. Now we have to take up where he left off, and take care of one another, take care of the planet, and make sure we don't let ourselves be taken over.

Jerry is no longer with us in person, but he will always be here in spirit. He will always be there for me, that smile letting me know that things are going to be alright.

God, I'm going to miss him.

Charles Smith, Smyrna, GA ♦

Dear DDN,

When Jerry died, I and many others in our community felt lost, empty, devastated. I cried for days at the thought of all I would never experience again, but when I went to a vigil in his memory at the Liberty Bell here in Philadelphia, I remembered why I got on this bus. We Dead-heads sure know how to throw a rite of passage, both solemn and celebratory. All the elements of mythic rite were there, as they always were in the parking lots and hallways of the shows: the candles and incense, the ever-intense drum circles, even an other-worldly fire juggler. And we were doing it all without the Dead present. This time we got to be the psychopomps, guiding Jerry to the other side.

We are masters of spontaneous ritual, and that's what has made the scene so special for so many years. As many DDN readers are aware, the late Joseph Campbell, world-renowned expert on mythology, ritual, and world religions, declared the Grateful Dead scene to be the modern equivalent of the Dionysian festivals of ancient Greece, a blissful, ecstatic celebration of life, hard to attain in the modern, alienated, techno-world in which we now live. We have long known that we are

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not just followers of a rock band — that was just the surface appearance; we are a wonderfully disorganized, transcendent religion. Now the congregation feels it has no place to go.

However, we need to remember that it is we who hold the power to keep this spirit alive. At the vigil, I was reminded that all this time it was us, the Deadheads, who put on the real show, who created this sacred space. The Dead gave us a place to go, and played us music to transform our souls and our lives when we got there. Frontier music, from the frontier of our nation to the frontier of our minds; it took us as close as we'll get to an archetypical Paradise.

It is being said that Jerry's death signals the "end of an era." This is a tired cliché and quite simply untrue. The sixties "era" ended long ago, however, the archaic revival that it signaled, the reawakening of ancient, Earth-honoring rituals and communal, cooperative values, has only just begun, and is growing rapidly, not diminishing. Therefore, if we follow our bliss, we Deadheads can again find a niche for ourselves, in such groups as the Rainbow Family, the burgeoning eco-spirituality movement, environmental organizations, etc., all of which are related to the values of the Dead scene.

All the while we will keep in our hearts the memory of the man who resembled an old pagan god, and whose music has been described as crystalline, fluid, and floating, soaring and sparkling and silvery. His corporeal self now rides the waves of the mighty Pacific. It's been mighty righteous to have known you, Jerry. We will still mourn for quite awhile, but I have hope for the future — for I have seen the Grateful Dead, and they are us.

In Peace and Light,
Tara Swartz, Philadelphia, PA ◊

Dear DDN,

When my brother called to ask me if the news was true, I thought it was someone's idea of a bad joke. But it was true; Jerry was dead! He's only been gone for a few hours, but I already miss him. Jerry died, and our lives changed forever. But that's only because he made such a difference for us while he was alive.

My non-Head friends used to make fun of me because of the way I got excited over seeing a hot *Scarlet > Fire* or a crispy *Stella Blue*. I just wish they could have understood. Now, they'll never get the chance. For most of us, Dead shows weren't concerts; Dead shows were a unique experience. No two shows were ever the same! Shows were a chance to get loose. The Dead wasn't about getting stoned and breaking the rules. It was about exploration and contemplating new ideas. Dead shows were about opening your mind through music, accepting people for who they were, regardless of appearances, and dancing until your body collapsed from exhaustion. I wish there was something to fill the void that Jerry left behind.

It's amazing, the list of things that I'll never do again is almost endless. I'll never spend my days trying to get through to the hotline again, or racing to the post office to get my number ten envelope postmarked in

time, or running all over the country to see something that most of my friends and family will never get the chance to understand. What's worse is that I'll never see him do another smokin' *China > Rider* or a *Morning Dew* that changes my whole perspective on life.

It might sound corny, but Jerry made a difference in my life. My friends and I used to love to joke about the way he always forgot the words to our favorite tunes, but we only joked about it because we loved it.

Jerry once said that it's the journey to get to your destination that's interesting, not actually being there. Well, today, my trip ended, and interesting is an understatement. Tomorrow begins the arrival. I hope that Jerry would have enjoyed whatever it is that we find.

Steven L. Goldstein, New York, NY ◊

Dear DDN,

Even though the song *The Music Never Stopped* just ended on my radio and Garcia is dead doesn't mean the music will stop. Still, I'm really hurting on the inside because the Dead will never be the same.

My friends tell me, "We were lucky to have Garcia for 30 years," but I could have taken another 30 and begged for more.

It's kind of symbolic the band's name: The Grateful Dead. What it means to me is that by living life gratefully you are preparing to die happy. I think Jerry knew that and was ready for it. So checking into the rehab clinic, he was just waiting and he also wanted to go in a good way — clean.

At least this is how I'm trying to handle things.

But I was wondering if you could help me figure a few things out. Everyone is saying, "Now it's time to move on." But my question is: Move on to what?

Going to shows, going on tour, and the whole scene became a way of life. I feel as if there's nothing left.

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Jerry, I hope you've gone to where the water tastes like wine.

Brian Barber, High Bridge, NJ ◊

Dear DDN,

Did you hear? At 4:24 a.m. on August 9, 1995, Jerry Garcia hooked up with Duane Allman, Berry Oakley, Keith Moon, John Bonham, Pigpen, Brent, and Keith — they're God's house band!

Scott Jones, San Antonio, TX ◊

Deaditor's Note: And what about Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, and Bob Marley, with Bill Graham producing? ◊

Dear DDN:

I was at work and it was 11:57 a.m. My friend got a call from his wife. When he told me, I thought he was joking. Over the years, and going from one life-threatening crisis to the next, I guess I should have expected it. But, I still didn't want to believe it.

The music of the Grateful Dead inundated the airwaves as I stumbled around like a zombie. I was overtaken with melancholy. I thought about our worries that they'd be unable to perform since they'd been banned from so many venues. Those worries were gone now! I thought about the poor bastards who live for the experience of a Grateful Dead show. What would they live for now? I kept wondering why I was having such strong feelings? After all, didn't we expect this to happen?

At home I had a message on my machine. I pressed the button and a voice from the past said, "Well, dude, that door is shut now...it's not even open a crack anymore." I phoned my friend for an explanation of this comment. I think he has an excellent perspective on the matter.

Since the Grateful Dead were such an intimate part of our younger days, we associate it with our youth. Despite our obligations to job and family, the possibility existed that we could "get back on the bus." The door was open (maybe a crack in some cases, maybe a little wider for the more impulsive among us). We had the option to "drop out" of our lives and tour. This represented a return to our youth. Despite the fact that we may have only caught an occasional show, the possibility of blowing off obligations and touring existed until the news shut the door. The end of this chapter of our lives might be considered the end of our youth. This helped me to understand my melancholy.

We *knew* Jerry Garcia. Not in the one-on-one way that we know our relatives, our neighbors, or even the mailman. But, we knew him. His life touched our lives. My life, for one, would be much different without him. Because of him, I have friends across this great country of ours. Without Jerry Garcia and the Grateful Dead I would never have known these fine people. Thankfully, I still have a lot of Garcia's music to discover.

Thinking back to my last Grateful Dead shows in March '95 at the Spectrum, I recalled that I hadn't had more fun at a series of shows in years! It was an auspicious ending to my long, strange trip which began at the same venue on April 22, 1977.

Jerry Garcia, I'll always remember you. Thank you for everything! Rest in peace, Jerry. Let perpetual light shine on you!

Nick Trobovic AKA
Nikolai Mokrynczuk ◊

Dear DDN,

Jerry's gone. Words can't begin to summarize the loss, but let's turn our sadness into action. Let's begin the campaign to have Jerry remembered forever on a U.S. postage stamp. It's the least they can do. After all, we've spent millions on postage for mail order.

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Sincerely,
Michael Peter, Rochester, NY ◊

Dear DDN,


We all knew this day had to come. The passing of Jerry Garcia on a personal level is a loss — by everyone's account he was a kind and gentle man — but it is the passing of the Grateful Dead show experience which is a profound loss to humanity.

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Over the years I had the good fortune of attending 30 Grateful Dead shows, and for 30 brief moments in my life everything was perfect. A show was the only place where humanity was experienced on a mass level. Your first impulse was to trust the stranger next to you, rather than be suspect of him. How rare.

I left a show with a calmness and heightened sense of perspective on life. They were the last tangible experience of the idealism which was made manifest in the 1960s. All the hokey, hackneyed bromides of "Peace and Love" were truly believed and lived.

It is the passing of this great experience with the passing of Jerry Garcia which is the greatest loss. In a world of fragmented humanity where people are becoming more like computers every day, where concerts are choreographed and lip-synched, where rules are piled on top of rules on top of rules, a Dead show was the last bastion of permissible freedom, spontaneity, and group joy.

As Joseph Campbell stated, "The Grateful Dead are the antidote to the atom bomb." The fact that Jerry died on the fiftieth anniversary of the dropping of the second atomic bomb makes for poetic irony. No bomb was ever dropped while the Dead were around. Let's hope the spirit of their shows can dictate the same for the future. As Thoreau said, "On the death of a friend, we should consider that the fates through confidence have devolved on us the task of a double living, that we have henceforth to fulfill that promise of our friend's life also, in our own, to the world."

Todd Bauer, Chicago, IL ♦

Dear DDN,

Just wanted to express my gratitude for your Jerry memorial at UMASS on 8/13/95. A lot of people, yours truly included, needed something like that to confirm that the scene is not dead. I fully agree with the sentiments expressed on that day — each one of us who witnessed the Grateful Dead's magic in action must bring that magic into the mundane world of our everyday lives. All that energy we invested into tours must be focused through some personal, world-healing goal. Enclosed, you will find the copy of the rune I drew when I asked what was going to happen to the scene in the post-Jerry years. I think it says it all.

With Love and Light,
Joe Hacking, Allston, MA ♦

Deaditor's Note: The rune was Strength, the rune of terminations and new beginnings. "Honor your passage into darkness. Honor the dying. The new life holds promises unimagined by the old." ♦

Dear DDN,

In the wake of the flood of emotions that have stunned our Deadhead community since Jerry's premature departure, we have all been putting thought behind the question, "What will become of the Grateful Dead?" We've all mulled it over, discussed it among friends and fellow Heads. It's been said by many, from the closest to the Dead and those



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most removed, that the Grateful Dead cannot continue. Though this may prove to be a moot point by the time this issue of DDN is published, I too was of that belief prior to the Friday following Jerry's death. The "memorial" held in San Diego's Balboa Park, only a few thousand feet from where Jerry last played locally — the Starlight Bowl — changed my mind.

As always, I came to the "event" that Friday with a positive attitude and ready to share. I had made roughly 100 copies of a poem I had written on the subject of Jerry's passing and handed them out during the ceremonies, which included drumming, dancing, laughing, crying, and, of course, sharing. The poems were gobbled up within minutes by, without my knowing any of these particular individuals, the greatest community of people I have ever known. The Grateful Dead, as much as it's been about some of the most incredible music ever made, has been about a community of peaceful, friendly, spiritual, open-minded, similarly valued, generously humane human beings. Sharing with each other has been equally as important as the sharing of the music. It hasn't been about idolatry, it's been about community.


Gratefully,
Randall Beren, San Diego, CA ♦

Dear DDN,

I'd like to propose a simple idea that could help turn our grief to something good and give Jerry a fitting memorial at the same time. What if all of us donated \$30 from that next ticket we will never buy, to any number of organizations or charities that are special to us?

There's FARM, Greenpeace, chicken soup brigades, homeless projects, rape crisis centers, shelters for battered women and children, food banks, meals for seniors, Little League baseball, and lots of struggling community orchestras and theater groups.

The Dead have always helped people in need and this is something each of us can do, privately, between you and a group that's close to



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In Love and Grief,
Tom Brown, Marysville, WA ◊

Dear DDN,

I'd be amiss if I didn't send my sympathies and wishes for a complete recovery to you all. Hell, to all of us everywhere.

For years I've been able to look to you for a responsible, clear-headed, intelligent perspective on damned close to everything — and I thank you. And for all the effort it's taken to spread that around, to educate so many and be a reality check for even more. Please don't even consider ending it. There are too many that need you, perhaps even more than ever before. Thank you for all you've been and done.

Though I'm still reeling in the fog of grief, there is one beacon of thought that keeps coming through. The music cannot stop. What may have started as a band playing music has grown beyond anyone's wildest dreams. The need for these tribal gatherings, where so much positive, healing energy is released has become apparent. We need it; the planet needs it. Most of us didn't even know anything about it when we started. So many lessons have been presented to us over the past 30 years — they must not be ignored. No lesson is too costly if it is truly learned, and now is our time to confirm that we did indeed learn. Let the music never stop. We cannot forget all we've been given, shown, taught, whatever!

Jerry's guitar echoes everywhere I go. He is with us still — it is true — NOT FADE AWAY!

Walk In Light Always ◊


Deaditor's Note: We were unable to read the signature on this letter, but the sentiments it expresses are simpatico to our own. ◊

Dear DDN,

We have all lost a true friend and kindred spirit with the passing of Jerry Garcia. Personally, I have spent the days since his death mourning this great loss as if a member of my own family had died — a grief that I always tried to prepare myself for, yet I never realized how great the magnitude of such a loss would be when it finally came. Now I realize how selfish I have been in my sorrow. My only loss is the death of a fine guitarist, whom I neither met nor had any particular connection with, other than being a fan of his wonderfully inspirational playing. Elsewhere, there are four daughters out there without a father, a wife without a husband, and lifelong friends without a brother. Hell, there were whole families destroyed in the Oklahoma City bombing. And on a grander scale, there are human beings suffering right now through persecution, murder, and rape in various corners of the "civilized" world from China to Rwanda and Bosnia. My loss pales in comparison to other individual's real losses and suffering.

I have a good life, for I have been blessed... I am healthy, married, and have my own business. The Grateful Dead have provided me with ten years of joy and happiness which I am so fortunate to have experienced, and I will always cherish those memories and the associated friendships they created. I know that I have many brothers and sisters out there who must now make some kind of life for themselves outside the Grateful Dead Experience, and my thoughts are with them as they attempt to deal with a world unfamiliar with their ways. My thoughts are also with the band members, family, friends, and employees of our beloved band as each of us tries to answer [the question] for ourselves: "What's next?"

Can the Grateful Dead continue? It appears to me that the Grateful Dead was never about the individual; it's about the collective — it's about a set of ideals and beliefs — it's about experimentation, transformation, rejuvenation, rebirth, and renewal, a phoenix rising from the ashes. The message of the music and of our community is still just as vital, important, and necessary as it was 20 or 30 years ago. From my understanding of Jerry, he would have wanted it to go on without him. Can Jerry ever be replaced? Of course not, and no one should try. [It] could just continue as a collective of bands: Ratdog Revue, The Valentines, Vortex, or Phil Lesh and Friends...and play together on a single billing. How about BGP putting together a touring party of Dead cover bands, complete with vending and all the other trappings of life on the road with the Dead? Or have Deadheads unite and put together a series of annual or even quarterly Grateful Dead Festivals...Dead Fest or Grateful Festival...a celebration of the Dead's music, complete with video and light shows, an opportunity for friends to see friends and reminisce, trade tapes, or cop a veggie burrito? There can indeed be life after Jerry. The question is what form it will take.



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The online world remembers
JERRY GARCIA

Edited and with introductions by
David Gans
Foreword by Steve Silberman
Photo research and editing by
F-Stop Fitzgerald

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It doesn't have to be an end to this wonderful, enriching experience we have all come to love and rejoice in, but rather a new beginning. There are too many of us who still believe in the spirit of the Grateful Dead, the magic it possesses, and the social values it encourages. It is now time for the next thing, and personally I'm ready to do whatever is necessary to help keep it alive and thriving, and I really believe Jerry would have wanted it that way — to keep on keepin' on.

Jerry, we will all miss you greatly. May the heavens be filled with your sweet sounds for all eternity. For the band members, a well-deserved rest is certainly in order, a time to reflect and evaluate our current situation. Our thoughts are with each one of you. In spite of our recent loss I remain...

Unbroken,
Dennis Norton, Covington, GA ◊

Dear DDN:

On the day Jerry Garcia died, I wasn't looking forward to anything anyways. I had to work, I had errands to run, and it was just plain hot and awful out. I, of course, had overslept, but fortunately I was awakened by the phone ringing. It was my friend Dan, who had taken me to my first Dead show during the fall '94 tour in Boston. Lately, he had become a raver and wasn't really into the Dead scene much anymore. The first words out of his mouth were, "Tom, Jerry's dead." And I said, "Stop screwing with my head." He said, "I'm not joking." This was not a good wake-up call.

At first I was angry because I figured that the world was totally against me and my friends. I promptly tuned in to the radio and listened as they played Dead tune after Dead tune. I was happy that a station was finally playing the Grateful Dead during prime time, but so angry that it took an event like this for them to do it.

After taping an hour or so off the radio and making what felt like a couple of thousand phone calls, I called out of work and went to a diner in my town. The radio station in the background was [playing the Dead]. I lost it during *New Speedway Boogie*. I recounted how those fingers moved on Jerry's guitar in Philadelphia. I had been all primed to see fall tour shows in Boston, to see friends I hadn't seen in awhile on tour. Everyone was treating me very nicely, like I was a bomb ready to explode. But what did they know? They had never been to a show, done the parking lot scene, or even listened to the Dead for that matter.

When I saw the band for my second and last time in Highgate, VT in June, I complained about the song selection for that show, saying it

resembled the show in Philly, but the day Jerry died all I could think of was the sweet music pouring out of the amps. Later, when nightfall came, I went up to Bushnell Park in Hartford for one of the hundreds of candlelight vigils going on that night around the country. About a thousand people were there, mourning very solemnly around candles or dancing to drums. All those friendly faces I remembered from tour (that I would have seen in Boston) were there. It was very happening, but a real shame that it was due to such a tragic and painful loss. Just because I had only followed them for a year doesn't mean it doesn't hurt just as much as for those who had followed them for decades. I loved the Grateful Dead and still do, but the people from one end of this nation to the other following them are the ones who really made it special.

So now Jerry is with Pigpen, Keith, and Brent. May they jam forever and ever, so when I get to where they are now I'll have a slammin' time in the afterlife.

Tom Perry, Colchester, CT ◊

Dear DDN,

I was at work the day Jerry died. I had been listening to the radio when I heard the DJ say, "Jerry Garcia was found dead this morning..." At that moment my heart started beating really hard. I asked one of the ladies I worked with if the DJ had just said Jerry Garcia. When she confirmed it I just started to shake. I wanted to cry so bad but I knew no one would understand. I held my grief in until lunch where I was alone. I watched the news in the hopes they would say it was not true. Then I saw his smiling face on the news and I knew he was gone. I have never felt such an emptiness in my life. I never felt so alone. I cried uncontrollably the whole way home.

I had to pick up my daughter, Danica, (who was three and a half at the time) from swimming practice. I tried to walk into the place where they were swimming very calmly. I tried to hide my tears. My dad came up to me and asked if I had heard the news. I just broke down and started to cry once again. Everyone was looking at me and, for the first time all

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day, I did not care. My daughter's swim instructor was a Deadhead and he came to see if I was alright. Finally, someone who understood the loss I had just experienced. I told him that I just wanted and needed to be with my friends.

On the way to the car, my daughter asked me why I was crying. (My dad told me he had not told her what happened because he wanted me to.) I told her Mommy was sad because Jerry had died. She told me in the car that I did not need to cry because I had Jerry right "here." "Here" was the tape of Jerry Garcia Band playing in the tape deck (Warner Theater, Washington, D.C. 3/18/78). She had been going to shows since she was one. She loved going to see Jerry. It took my daughter to point out that we will always have the music; we will always have Jerry.

It has been almost three months, and not a day goes by when I don't think about how much he made my life all the more beautiful. I miss him tremendously. He was my sunshine, always there to brighten my days, no matter how dark they seemed to be. My sunshine might be gone, but his energy will stay with me forever. Thank you, Jerry!

Until we meet again...
Mariella Ponce, Berkeley, CA ♦

Dear DDN:

Music At the Heart

Jerry seemed to love the scene he'd helped create. He was in awe of its power. "When I recovered from my coma, it was so fast it blew



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the doctors' minds, maaan. It was miraculous. I could feel the vibes being sent to me by the Deadheads... I really could. I never would have recovered so fast without that energy." Spoken like a true believer.

At the heart of the scene was his music. Jerry had the ability to help transport us to a place where we could feel clearly connected with the most sacred and spiritual — that here and now some call God. When Jerry was alive, it was something we never said out loud. But today we can.

At the bottom of it was Jerry's blend of compassion and commitment. A mixing of soul (transformative feelings) and mind (constant practice of music technique) and, um, body (alas, the department that he seemed often to shortchange).

Above all else Jerry was a good guy. He made everyone around him feel at home. I was by no means a close friend of his, but whenever our paths crossed, he treated me like one. In 1994, shortly after he and Deborah were married, Deborah invited her mother and brother to "a Dead show" for the first time. Between sets Jerry came over to check on his new mother-in-law. She is pretty, a spunky older woman with platinum hair. You could see she was trying to blend in, wearing all black, including a T-shirt with a large, gold Jerry face on the front, to go with her gold high heels. But she seemed a little uncomfortable.

She was confused by what she'd just experienced out there in the hall during the first set. "All these people are jumping around out there, so very happy. You guys hardly move, and you're all really dressed so normal, while the kids look so wild. It's not what I expected."

Jerry graciously said, "They're part of the show...we're part of the show...you're part of the show. It's no one thing."

Then she paused, looked Jerry in the eye, and announced, "I love your music." Jerry absolutely beamed. "But it's not really rock and roll. I don't know what it is?" she continued.

Jerry offered to help her out of her quandary. "It's American music, from folk and country." He paused. He eyed Owsley across the room opening a soda and then cackled, "It's really American Electric Music... that's it, American Electric Music." Jerry beamed again and hugged Deborah, seeming satisfied with the description.

God, I miss his beams. And the places that his electric music sent me.

Eric Taylor, NY ♦

Dear DDN,

It brings a sense of comfort to know your magazine will continue to be a part of our lives. A bit of the void left by Jerry's death will be filled by your reminders that the "Deadhead spirit," once caught, stays within us.

we still have spiral stickers, see our ad in DDN no. 28, \$2.00 ea.



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Similarly, the Wharf Rat group will also continue, but by more individual efforts. Just as there will be Deadheads at any given musical event, there will be Wharf Rats. It will be up to each of us to bring that yellow balloon to find each other, since we won't have our info table as a base to congregate. We will continue with the Newsletter, quarterly, available by S.A.S.E. only.

For correspondence/info write: P.O. Box 248, Manahawkin, NJ 08050. For Newsletter/stickers write: P.O. Box 357, Haddon Heights, NJ 08035.

Sharing in our grief & growth,
Caroline T. ("Mom"),
Wharf Rats ◊

Dear DDN,

The first semester of a first year freshman student is probably the longest couple of months in his or her life. The only events that get them through the year are vacations. Well, Rosh Hashanah break came and went, and no one seemed to recognize the significance. I don't mean the significance of the holiday, I mean what their plans "were" for the break. I don't know about you Heads out there, but my plans had been to catch the Madison Square Garden shows, then swing home the following weekend to catch the shows at the Spectrum. But at a school with a supposed tremendous amount of Heads, no word of the shows was uttered. The only buzz among the Heads up here was their struggle to attain Phish tickets. This makes me rather infuriated and I hope you all see why.

Although Phish might be an excellent band, I am flabbergasted over the quick conversion. When I say conversion, I speak of the conversion from Deadhead to Phishhead. It was as if the Dead never existed, and that being a Phishhead is the new FAD! Well, I don't believe in fads, and I don't believe in conversions. I thought that Deadheads were a stronger, tighter group than that. I guess I was wrong. After all, the Dead might be down, but behind Weir, Welch, and Lesh, they are certainly not out. It seems as if no one even cares about the rumors.

I was overwhelmed by the outpouring of grief over Jerry's passing, and this new-found avalanche of Phishheads crashing down on me has put me in a somber mood. Maybe one day I will catch a Phish concert, and realize I was making a big mistake by not giving them a chance, but I just can't help wanting to hear those words. You know them, and they go something like, "I wish I was a headlight on a north-bound train!" The only problem I see is that the train is now being conducted by a bunch of forgetful Phishheads, and they are trying to ride me off the tracks. Although I seem to be alone, I'm not going to be pushed around that easily, and I certainly won't forget the glory days! (I love you, Ash, Shane, Mush, Bintarb, Stevie, T, and Bear. A true bunch of Deadheads!)

Sincerely,
Joel Schulnick, Syracuse, NY ◊

Dear DDN,

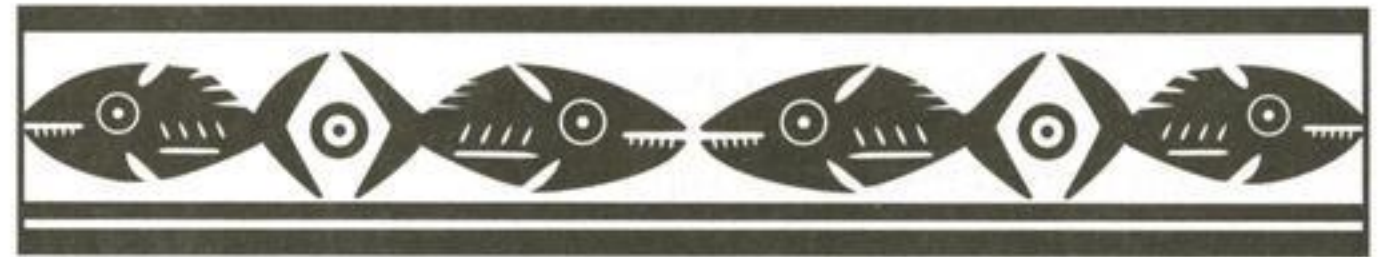
My husband and I recently saw our first Phish show (Deer Creek). We're 44 and 42 years old. To anyone concerned about being "alienated" by the younger audience, we want to say, forget it — just GO! And have PHUN!

We felt completely welcome. It's beautifully refreshing to see a young crowd sharing a sense of connectedness that's brought about by a shared experience — that of great music! Dead-style icons and beautiful clothing were everywhere. GD music floated from cars as they pulled into the lot. This is no coincidence, and I don't think it's just a game. These young folks are too intelligent and creative to be merely emulating an older generation.

Phish music is not GD music — nothing is. Phish music is beautiful, crazy, transportational, and amazing. The appreciation for it and the creativity emerging in the young audience is genuine. The music we heard flowed through soulful, open, awesomely talented young musicians and into the hearts and bones of all the audience. Phish seems to conduct the audience, as they go together through a fantastic experience. The audience returns energy and a buoyant love to keep it all afloat. Sound familiar?

Age didn't matter at all. We wish Phish and all the Phans a bubbly future, and hope we can all "Pheel good" together again on tour this summer.

Gratefully Yours,
Debbie and Pat Burns, Crawfordsville, IN ◊



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IN THE REALM OF THE WIZARD GARCIA
A Parable For Deadhead Children Of All Ages

Once upon a space of time,
On a bright ball spinning free,
There lived a race of humankind,
Not unlike you and me.
But these folks were having a terrible time
Finding the way to be free,
And the notes that they sang in the cosmic chord
Curdled the heavenly harmony.

They'd built bombs to kill everybody several times over,
But they couldn't make sure everybody could eat;
They'd poisoned the air, their own food, land, and water,
They'd rarely cooperate, but they'd always compete.
Their world had become a planet divided
By hard hearts, closed minds, and hate,
And since they'd never learned to blend together in love,
Self-destruction shadowed their fate.

But in the realm of the Wizard Garcia,
And his bands of merry fools,
They were striving to find some gentler ways
By stretching all those rules
That were stopping joy and kindness
From glowing from within,
And blocking hearts from beating
With the pulsing life rhythm.

You see, the sickness that afflicted that world
Was not that hard to fix,
It came from keeping things locked up
And protecting them with sticks,

Or knives or guns (or words) or bombs,
Or other means to scare,
'Til all the time 'twas meant for play
Got trapped inside of fear.

And it became easier to keep others away
Than to learn to let them near,
And it became easier to fret about a future of days
Than enjoy the one that was here.
Their minds had locked out everything,
But having and getting more.
They were so afraid to lose what they had,
They were scared to go out their own door.

But in the realm of the Wizard Garcia,
At the edge of this Land of Afraid,
They were dedicated to going further than this,
To dance in, not watch, life's parade,
For they'd found a musical magic
Where the boundaries could stretch everywhere,
And they all could let go together,
And not fear that others were near.

They followed that magic right out of their cages,
And escaped from the dungeon of feeling alone,
Their spirits would shimmer (and heal) and mingle;
Fear could no longer freeze them like stone.
Their minds would all meld and spark with connection,
Their bodies would ripple together like waves,
Their souls merged in oneness; they stopped dreading dying;
They could see, from those peaks, they might dance beyond graves.

In their bliss they knew life is transcendent,
It's more immense than just you or we,
And whenever we try to box it or lock it,
We just jail ourselves with no key.
They celebrated the joys of coming together,
In a free-zone where each one could be
Wherever their fantasies happened to take them
And still blend with the whole harmony.

Now sadly, most who most needed their magic
Only saw them as weirdoes and freaks,
And made fun of their smiles and their twinkling eyeballs,
And then returned to that world that was bleak.
But the realm of the Wizard Garcia
Is always near for those who will dare
To soar o'er the limits and bondage of boundaries,
To find the freedom that rings beyond fear.

— A Mandala ♦



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FARE YE WELL

At times like these, theres nothing clever to say or do. Jerry's death simply is. Suddenly uncentered, a pall of helpless claustrophobia comes and goes. Our internal tour clocks go off, and there are no shows. You can't sum up a person in any time less than their whole life, but I feel to share some immediate feelings. All the folks in the Grateful Dead family, immediate & extended should know that our positive love thoughts are with each other. I love you all. We will make it, and continue to shine on & bloom. Thankyou Jerry for the 68 shows I made it to. Thanks for all your heart & integrity, and living what it truly means to be American. "Liberty" is my national anthem. Thanks for filling our cups, and taking us with you down so many roads. We will miss Mickey's consciousness rooting primal percussion, Phils thunderous subharmonic waves, Vinces gutsy vocals, Bobs angst, and Bills steadiness. The lyrics of Robert Hunter that breathe & speak in tongues of fundamental heart. The deeper you get, the deeper his lyrics get. Each weathered, heart-seasoned line, reflecting so many miles of passionate blood life. A fine tapestry of songs, together understood, yet unexplainable.

It was never what the Dead played, but how they played it. Ultimately, a Dead songs key function was to be a vehicle for the consciousness expanding effects of Jerrys meandering guitar solos. The songs themselves were less important. The uncommon essence of his venturing was less a technical prowess, & more an intuitive eastern blossoming. Sometimes it was as much what he didnt play, sporadically dropping in and out of melody lines. The joy to open ones heart to immersion in the music and crowd energy, to dance your face off with wild abandon, intuitively letting the music move you, carry you, fully consumed. Jerry's improvisations escalating in intensity, and then you reach that point of becoming lost in the music, forgetting yourself, disappearing in the dance, becoming ethereal cosmic vapors. I will miss these meditations. Guess we never will get that Ripple or St Stephen now. How sweet it was to hear Unbroken Chain in Philly. Its sad that there are so many who will never understand these songs of flesh & blood, the live reality of blissing to an Iko or a Scarlet Fire. They'll hear the tapes, not knowing what they mean. Records & heartfelt explanations can never impart these things, or who the Dead were. Its like discussing love with someone whos never been in a relationship, or LSD with someone whos never tripped. Inevitably, we will still try. In the attics of our lives, our love will not forsake the days that lie between.

The Dead were a refuge from Babylon, & comfortable like a favorite old padded chair. Through their lyrics, music, & political stance, the Dead articulated a set of positive homespun humanitarian values and sensibilities that we dearly live by, that we've passed down thru generations. Each show was a joyous spiritual gathering of family, a reuniting of brothers and sisters to bask in shared values of love, living now, & putting life first. We have an uncommon sense of community, that doesnt end when the shows end. We watch out for each other, share homemade crafts & food, meet at other like events. Not reliving the 60's, but living with intention by some of the 60's timelessly positive principles, in todays terms. Regretfully, our deepest understandings remain largely transparent to outsiders & the media eye, who usually assess our surface. Atheists shouldn't write bibles. Also, as in most cultures a minority of less mature fans often drew the most attention, & misrepresented the beautiful whole. Like the violent gate crashers, or the recent unwelcome proliferation of Nitrous vendors who know not one Dead song, dont go into the shows, yet, corrupt newcomers, hurt kind longtime family vendors, and disturb the drum circles & general peace with their serpentine hissing tanks.

Jerry's heart was pure. He was a lovable character all his own. A river that ran uphill with grace to his own rhythm. He played his whole life cause he loved it. And when the crowd put enough heart in it to spur him on, the results were simply spiritual magic. Jerry spoke more with his guitar than some people speak altogether. He spoke to our souls. Ive only talked with Jerry once for a few seconds, but still, as people have come & gone in my life, Jerry has always been one of my closest friends, and the epicenter of the Dead. But anyone who sings a tune so sweet is passing by. Theres nothing you can hold for very long. In Jerry, we have lost a brother, a kindred spirit. Phil would sing Box of Rain to us. If I knew the way, I would take you home. Jerry's soul is a bright star. I know he'd want our sorrow to be brief. We are living & its up to us to carry Jerry's love and example into the world. We are the song that the morning brings. We will get by. We will find our own way home. We all knew the party would end one of these tours. Its hard to accept that Hes gone & nothings gonna bring him back. Just like it was with John Lennons death, this is going to be a long hard process. I will miss you Jerry. Thanks for everything. Fare ye well. I love you more than words can tell. So in the end theres just the songs, crying like the wind. At least the music never stopped. I just wish there was one more encore.

Positive Peace, Love & Understanding,

WHOLE WORLD



31 OXFORD LANE
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Greg Kline
Don Alameda

Glen E. Minami

The world, as we Deadheads have known it for the past 30 years, came to an end on December 8, 1995, when the Dead office issued word that the remaining members of the band had decided to call it quits. To quote the official memo, "...the 'long, strange trip' of the uniquely wonderful beast known as the 'Grateful Dead' is over. Although individually and in various combinations they will undoubtedly continue to make music, whatever the future holds will be something different in name and structure."

According to **Bob Weir**, the decision to disband wasn't just because they thought nobody could replace Garcia or they were in dire need of a well-deserved rest. "There's more to it. There's Pigpen, there's Brent, there's Keith. We just lost too many people to call ourselves the Grateful Dead anymore."

The decision to disband was met with intense sadness throughout the Deadhead community. Most employees of **Grateful Dead Productions** had been laid off prior to this, and Phil had been overseeing most of the day-to-day business affairs, downsizing the organization. Sales at **Grateful Dead Merchandising** have continued to be swift (since Jerry's death), with the continuing "Vault" releases and "Dick's Picks" CDs.



Coincidentally, the superstructure of the building that once housed the legendary **Fillmore East** was demolished the same week the Dead disbanded. A friend of ours commented, "You could hear the pages of time fluttering in the wind." A few Deadheads were lucky enough to retrieve a few bricks before the rubble was carted off.

Back in May '95 **Jerry Garcia** had signed an 18-page will. Jerry's wishes included providing 1/3 of his estate for his four daughters, in addition to leaving his wife, Deborah Koons Garcia, the remaining 2/3. Jerry did little to shelter his estate from taxes, and because he never got around to completing his living trust, his will has to go through probate.



The International Astronomical Union has made it official: an asteroid has been named in memory of **Jerry Garcia**! Three Arizona scientists, Gehrels, Radford, and Olszewski made the proposal, and the asteroid, discovered on September 14, 1985, now carries Jerry's moniker.

Since mid-December, we are happy to report that several upcoming projects featuring former GD members have been announced. In June, **Phil Lesh**, **Mickey Hart**, and **Bob Weir** will perform jointly with the San Francisco Symphony under the direction of Michael Tilson

ddn notes

Thomas in *An Afternoon With America's Musical Visionaries* at Davies Symphony Hall. This performance will feature two John Cage pieces, *Renga* and *Apartment House 1776*. Lesh is also currently at work on a classical piece for the Berkeley Symphony.

Watch for "**Deadapalooza**" this summer, June 20 - August 4. This 32-city festival tour will feature **Bob Weir's** current band, **Ratdog**, **Mickey's** new R&B band, **Bruce Hornsby**, and more. Expect approximately seven-hour shows!

We are awaiting the release of Mickey's new R&B-tinged CD, **Mickey Hart's Mystery Box** (Rykodisc), which features the **Mint Juleps**, a female a cappella group from London, as well as contributions from **Bobby**, **Bruce**, **Baba Olatunji**, and **Airto**. The tentative release date is June 11. We hear this CD is going to be Mickey's best release yet.



Bob Weir continues to tour with **Ratdog**, with **Rob Wasserman**, **Matthew Kelly**, and **Jay Lane**.

Vince Welnick is no longer in the band, since he and Bobby had a difference of opinion concerning the band's musical direction; Vince wanted more GD and Beatles' covers, and Bobby wanted to focus on the blues. Vince is currently performing with **Second Sight**. At the Mardi Gras show, **Johnnie Johnson** (former Chuck Berry pianist) sat in the Ratdog keyboard slot (and he's still there). Ratdog was joined by the **Neville Brothers**, who flew in from New Orleans to perform. After the show, they flew back to participate in the more traditional Louisiana celebration. Ratdog was also joined by **Taj Mahal** and **David Murray**, making for some strong improvisatory moments. A CD from the group is planned for release later this year.

In addition, **Phil Lesh** is currently trying to salvage work already done before Jerry's death on what would have been the next GD CD. The material may wind up as part of a humongous GD box set, which would contain old material, as well as unreleased music from recent live shows.



And by the way, **Billy Kreutzmann** is still on, in, or under the ocean!

Since Jerry's passing, the most visible sightings of the Deadhead community on prime-time television were the **Roseanne** Halloween episode and PBS' **Bruce Hornsby and Friends**. Roseanne's original script called for her to give birth at a Dead concert. Saddened by Jerry's

death, Roseanne, a longtime Deadhead, decided to dedicate this episode in his memory. "Jerry" visits Roseanne in the hospital where she is in labor, delivering a message of spiritual connection for all of us in the future. The doctors and nurses are all decked out

in terrapin and bear costumes. Deadheads dressed in tie-dyes dance around the room to *Sisters & Brothers*. After a hard delivery, Roseanne decides to name her new baby Jerry Garcia Conner. At the end of the show they flashed a photo of Roseanne and her real family all dressed in tie-dye T-shirts. Roses, skeletons, and bears, oh my, indeed!



PBS' **Bruce Hornsby and Friends**, aired nationally in December '95, was taped at the Manhattan Center on October 27, 1995. The show featured Bruce in concert with many guests, among them **Bob Weir**, **Bonnie Raitt**, **Pat Metheny**, **Gregory Hines**, and **Don Henley**. Bruce did several of his more well-known tunes, including *Talk of the Town*, *The Way It Is*, *Stander On the Mountain*, and *Valley Road*, and covers including *Jack Straw*, an abbreviated *Brokedown Palace*, and an explosive *Not Fade Away*. At this performance, the mostly Deadhead audience tearfully danced in the aisles, as Bruce dedicated the evening to Jerry.

East Coast Heads were given a treat on January 12, 13, and 14 at the Knitting Factory in New York City, when **Joe Gallant**, **Illuminati**, and **Friends** performed **The Blues for Allah Suite**. The shows opened with piano duets by **Dose Hermanos** — **Tom Constanten** and **Bob Bralove**, also sometimes joined by Joe Gallant on bass. Their compositions featured wonderful dissonant jazz passages, with very interesting tonal depth. Bralove has really developed into a strong keyboard player! The second part of the evening featured a presentation of the "Blues for Allah Suite," performed by over 20 musicians, including the **Dead Hour's David Gans** on guitar and vocals, the Berkeley Symphony's **Robin Bonnell** on cello, and (ex-Todd Rundgren) soprano sax player **Bobby Strickland**. Joe Gallant's arrangements were tasteful and sophisticated. If you were a jazz aficionado, these performances probably blew you away, and if you were someone who just likes listening to the Dead, then it felt good to be among "family," listening to the music you love being performed live again. Quite a few folks in the crowd experienced that bittersweet, you-can't-go-home-again feeling. On Friday night, *Help > Slip!* > *Frank* stands out; it just cooked and had a real funky feel, too. The final part of the night was a set of Dead tunes performed by the entire band. *Days Between* was particularly poignant, with heartfelt vocals handled by Tony Mamma. Saturday's high points included a totally smokin' *Music Never Stopped*, *Crazy Fingers*, featuring Jenna Mamma's powerful vocals, and an even-better *Days*

Between (a real tribute to Jerry), a brilliant, fun *Cosmic Charlie*, and a soaring *Fire On the Mountain*, with scorching vocals from Mr. Gans. The music was creative, inspired, and sounded fresh, even though these are songs we've heard over and over throughout the years. How wonderful to be able to experience them live again! For New Yorkers, who were denied an official memorial service honoring Jerry last year, these concerts were in some way a fitting tribute.

On January 17, **Phil Lesh** and **Mickey Hart** helped induct the **Jefferson Airplane** into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame at New York's Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. The Airplane performed *Volunteers* with a light show, and Phil described Kantner, Balin, and co. as "... Six people hell-bent on the ride of their lives and resonating in perfect rhythm."



The first America Online Music Awards were held February 5 at the House of Blues in Los Angeles. **The Grateful Dead** was among bands winning for best cybersites.

Legendary saxophonist **David Murray's** new CD (Profile Records) will feature jazz-inspired versions of *China Doll*, *Shakedown Street*, *Samson & Delilah*, *Dark Star*, *Estimated Prophet*, and *One More Saturday Night*. The release is tentatively slated for late spring.

Blues Traveler has been in the studio working on their live two-CD set due out this June. They decided to make it a double since they had so much great material recorded from last summer's **H.O.R.D.E.** festival and fall tour to use. Available right now is a H.O.R.D.E. CD-ROM, a virtual representation of the tour, complete with performances, a family tree, activist's booth, and a site where you can order tour schwag. Also included in the package is a CD/video disc containing unreleased tracks from Blues Traveler, Sheryl Crow, Ziggy Marley, and Dave Matthews Band. Blues Traveler, who was recently awarded a Grammy for Best Rock Duo or Group, is anxious to get back on the road, with a scheduled July 4 date at Red Rocks. This year's eight-week **H.O.R.D.E.** festival kicks off on July 6, and headliners include Blues Traveler, Lenny Kravitz, and Rusted Root. Look out for some serious musical partyin' this summer!



Neil Young's new record label is Vapor, and its first release is a CD of ambient guitar improvisations by Mr. Young himself. These tunes will be showcased in the film, *Dead Man*. We look forward to many inspired releases in the coming months.

Longtime Deadhead and WELLpern Damian Strahl passed away on February 13. He had colon cancer. People can plant any tree anywhere in his memory. Fare thee well, brother.

New Old Music From The Grateful Dead

1995 was the best year yet for Deadheads when it comes to official "Vault" releases on CD. We got three, count 'em, *three!* There was "Dick's Picks #2," from 10/31/71, which we enthusiastically reviewed in *DDN* #30. For those of you who haven't picked up the second two releases, please consider the following glowing endorsement as incentive to shell out the bucks. Trust us...you can't go wrong!

In September, the Dead released a two-CD set, entitled **Hundred Year Hall**, from their 4/26/72 concert in Frankfurt, Germany. Different from previous GD "Vault" releases, this CD is available in your local music store courtesy of Arista Records.

For years, Deadheads far and wide have been calling out for the release of more concerts from the Dead's '72 European tour. And with good reason, since virtually every single moment of that tour was amazing. This concert, recorded on multi-track, has all the magic we've been praying for in a GD release — it captures the Dead at their very best. What's better is that it *wasn't* in circulation among tape traders before its release, so it was a fresh experience for all. Of particular note is an *immense Jam* between *Lovelight* and *Goin' Down the Road*, one of the most amazing we've ever heard! Also quite incredible is a 68-minute long *Truckin' > Other One > Comes A Time > Sugar Mags*. Damn, that band sure was hot!

Dick's Picks #3, released in late November, and available at this time *only* through GD Merchandising (800-CAL-DEAD), is from 5/22/77, **Pembroke Pines, Florida**. This is a

classic late-seventies show. The songs that made it onto the two-CD set are *Funiculi Funicula*, *Music Never Stopped*, *Sugaree*, *Lazy Lightning > Supplication*, *Dancin'*, *Help > Slipknot! > Franklin's Tower*, *Samson*, *Sunrise*, *Estimated > Eyes > Wharf Rat > Terrapin Reprise > Morning Dew*. Some song list! While there's not a mediocre cut on either CD — the band was very, very tight at this performance — our favorite here is a majestic *Sugaree*, definitely one of the highest-soaring versions ever.

Finally, **Dick's Picks #4** was released on March 1, 1996. Featuring songs from shows on 2/13-14/70 at the **Fillmore East**, this three-CD set contains all the tasty morsels that weren't included on "Bear's Choice." Disc one has *Casey Jones*, *Dancin'*, *China > Rider > High Time*, and *Dire Wolf* from 2/14/70, as well as the *amazing* 2/13/70 *Dark Star*.

Disc two's setlist is as follows: *Cryptical > Drums > Other One > Cryptical > Lovelight*, all from 2/13. The tunes on disc three are from 2/14: *Alligator > Drums > Me & My Uncle > Not Fade Away > Mason's Children > Caution > Feedback > We Bid You Goodnight*. This marks the first time we've been able to hear *The Other One* from 2/13, as well as the complete *Alligator* from 2/14. There were actually two decks rolling that night, and Dick was able to track down a low-gen reel of each part. He then spliced them together to make it complete.



Many Deadheads agree this run of shows was among the Dead's very best ever. No Deadhead's music collection could possibly be complete without this three-CD set. ♦



Photo by Amalie Rothschild



DUPREE'S DIAMOND NEWS CORDIALLY INVITES YOU TO ATTEND:

LIGHT THE SONG

A CONTEMPLATIVE RETREAT FOR DEADHEADS

AT WHICH WE EXPLORE THE MAGIC OF THE GRATEFUL DEAD EXPERIENCE

FEATURING:

JOHN PERRY BARLOW — Grateful Dead Lyricist

CAROLYN GARCIA (MOUNTAIN GIRL) — Merry Prankster, Jerry Garcia's second wife

STEVE SILBERMAN — Author of *Skeleton Key — A Dictionary for Deadheads*

DAVID GANS — Host of the Dead Hour

REBECCA ADAMS — Deadhead Sociologist

JOHN DWORK — Publisher of *Dupree's Diamond News*

(Other very special guests will be joining us)

LIVE MUSIC BY:

THE ZEN TRICKSTERS

VISUALS BY:

THE SPEED OF LIGHT SHOW

Please join us for a very, very special interactive retreat at which our scene's brightest luminaries will discuss and experience with you the magic of the Grateful Dead's music, the unique character of our community, and the challenge we have to keep this magic alive in our lives. This retreat is limited to 200 participants to maintain an intimate setting. Don't delay, since we expect this special program to fill up very quickly.

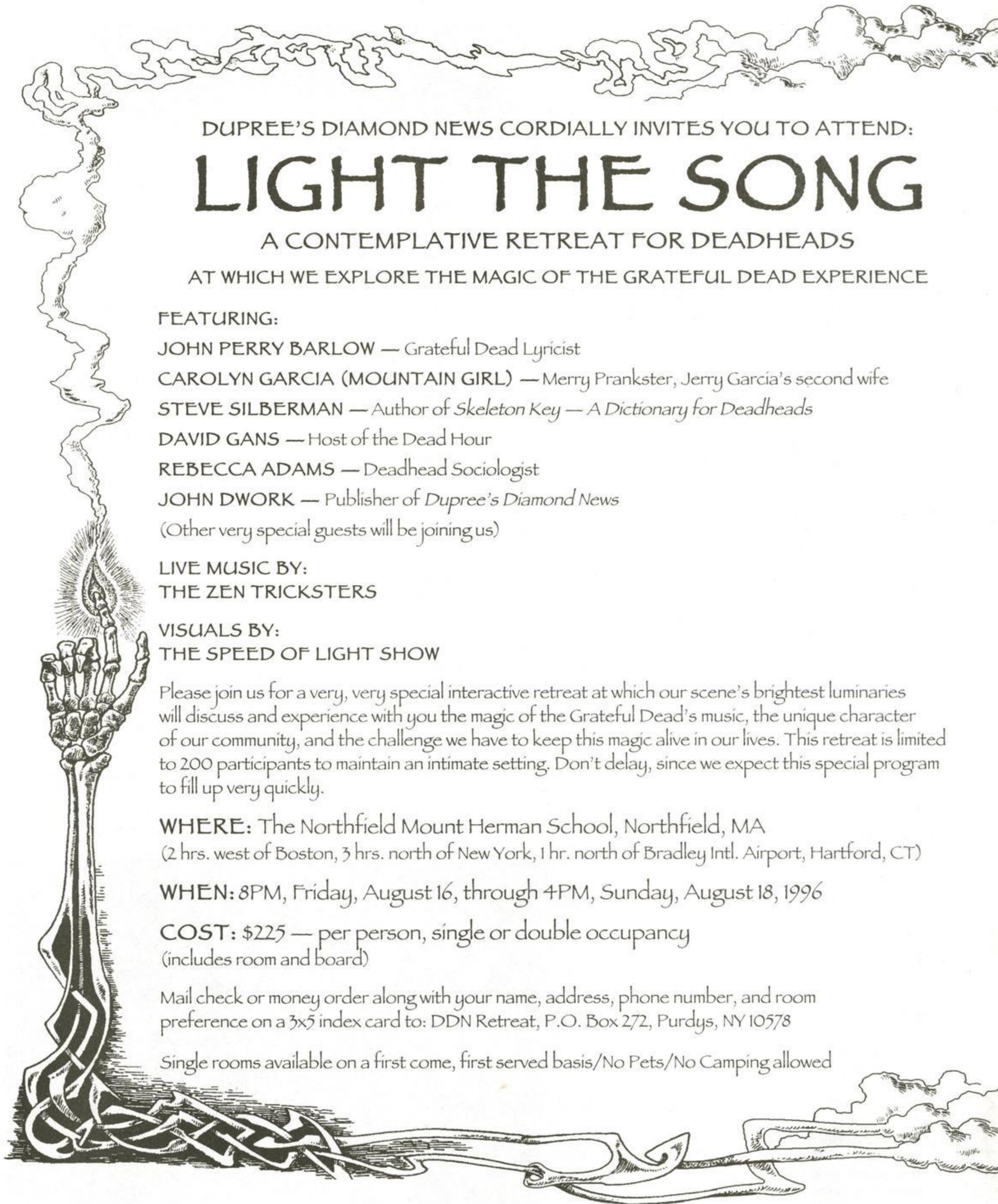
WHERE: The Northfield Mount Herman School, Northfield, MA
(2 hrs. west of Boston, 3 hrs. north of New York, 1 hr. north of Bradley Intl. Airport, Hartford, CT)

WHEN: 8PM, Friday, August 16, through 4PM, Sunday, August 18, 1996

COST: \$225 — per person, single or double occupancy
(includes room and board)

Mail check or money order along with your name, address, phone number, and room preference on a 3x5 index card to: DDN Retreat, P.O. Box 272, Purdys, NY 10578

Single rooms available on a first come, first served basis/No Pets/No Camping allowed





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1995: The Year The Music Died

By Blair Jackson

I have to admit, it feels strange and just a little bit silly to be writing a year-end review of 1995, what with August 9 looming large in our collective memory banks. Let's see, do I have to be extra polite because Jerry's dead? Will I be pilloried if I criticize something? Okay, we'll pretend as though nothing happened....

But how can I? How can I start with the grand summations I like so much: "During the best shows of 1995, the Dead seemed to rebound, sometimes in spectacular fashion, from some of the lethargy and aimlessness that crept into so many shows in 1994"... Because lurking in the shadows of every sentence is this unwritten parenthetical ending — "But then Jerry died." Okay, this time I mean it. Drum roll, please. Without further ado, I humbly present, 1995 In Review, from January 1 to August 8! (Denial 101!)

For those of us who had been concerned about Garcia's memory/health/guitar chops at the end of 1994 (see last year's diatribe in this space), the first shows of 1995 — three shows in Salt Lake City, highlighted by the return of *Alabama Getaway* and Dylan's *Visions of Jobanna*, and three hill-and-dale affairs in Oakland for Mardi Gras — did little to assuage our fears. Certainly there were many fine moments at all six shows, but generally speaking, the band had difficulty sustaining a high-energy level for more than a couple of songs at a time. The culprit, once again, was Garcia, whose playing was often unfocused and who turned himself down to the point of being nearly inaudible for long stretches. Troubling indeed.

But then something fairly remarkable happened: the band put together a tour which was almost universally strong. Now, they'd pulled off this feat before, in the fall of '94, when they almost made us think that everything was hunky-dory and Garcia was fine (even though we still heard bad stories and there were still a lot of, er, lapses). But there was a remarkably fresh wind blowing through the Dead's spring tour that gave rise to some genuine optimism even among the most skeptical (and I certainly don't count myself in that category; I was an optimist up till the end — hell, I'm holding out for the descent from On-High, if you'll pardon the pun).

The great event of spring tour, of course, was the unveiling at the Spectrum on 3/19 of Phil's never-before-performed *Unbroken Chain*. There hadn't been delirium in a hall to match this for many a year — indeed, you might have to go all the way back to the return of *Box of Rain* at Hampton back in '86 to find something comparable. (Okay, some will cite

the '89 double-shot of the return of *Help On the Way* one night and *Dark Star* the next, but I still say the *Box* was in a league of its own in terms of audience response.) Anyway, though there was, understandably, some tentativeness on the band's part as they moved through the complex chord and rhythm changes of *Unbroken Chain*, every version they played on the tour — and they played it at every stop except Birmingham — was rapturously received by the Deadhead faithful, many of whom had been waiting more than 20 years to hear the song played live. A rousing "THANK YOU PHIL" chant erupted semi-spontaneously from the crowd shortly after the tune's debut in Philly (actually before the second set), and that's a sentiment we all share and happily reiterate: Thanks, Phil!

The spring tour held many other delights, too, with set lists generally showing plenty of variety, occasional surprises (a couple of *Mathilda* jams in there), and a great deal of energy, even at shows where the playing was not always top-notch. At Charlotte there was a great second set that featured *Unbroken Chain* followed by *Scarlet > Fire*, and in Atlanta it was *Unbroken Chain* followed by *Help On the Way*. Yowza! The last part of the tour brought the Dead into some new venues for a change. The band's first shows in Memphis since 1970 were, by everyone's account, the party of the year. The band responded with a pair of very strong shows that even included a few homages to the city and its riverside locale: Weir's GD debut of *Take Me To the River*, *Lazy River Road*, *Candyman*, *Promised Land*, and, of course, *Memphis Blues Again*. The shows at the Jefferson Civic Center in Birmingham were a bit of a comedown after Memphis, but everyone I talked to raved about the venue. The few folks I spoke to who attended the Tampa Stadium tour closer, with The Black Crowes on the bill, complained about the crowd and the Crowes' ponderous set, but the tape I heard of the Dead's sets reveal a pretty darn good show from the old GD (love that *Visions of Jobanna* in the first set!).

The late spring West Coast mini-tour got good reviews from most Heads, as well. Coming at the very beginning of the tour, after a six-week layoff and no rehearsals (as usual), Vegas didn't get quite the incendiary shows it's used to from the Boys, but by the third night the band was back on track and playing well. Dave Matthews Band opened those shows and acquitted themselves well, I'm told (though frankly I have yet to understand their appeal beyond their obvious good vibes). Seattle was once again treated to an excellent set of shows (with night three among the best of the year), and at Portland Meadows, which was either a great scene or

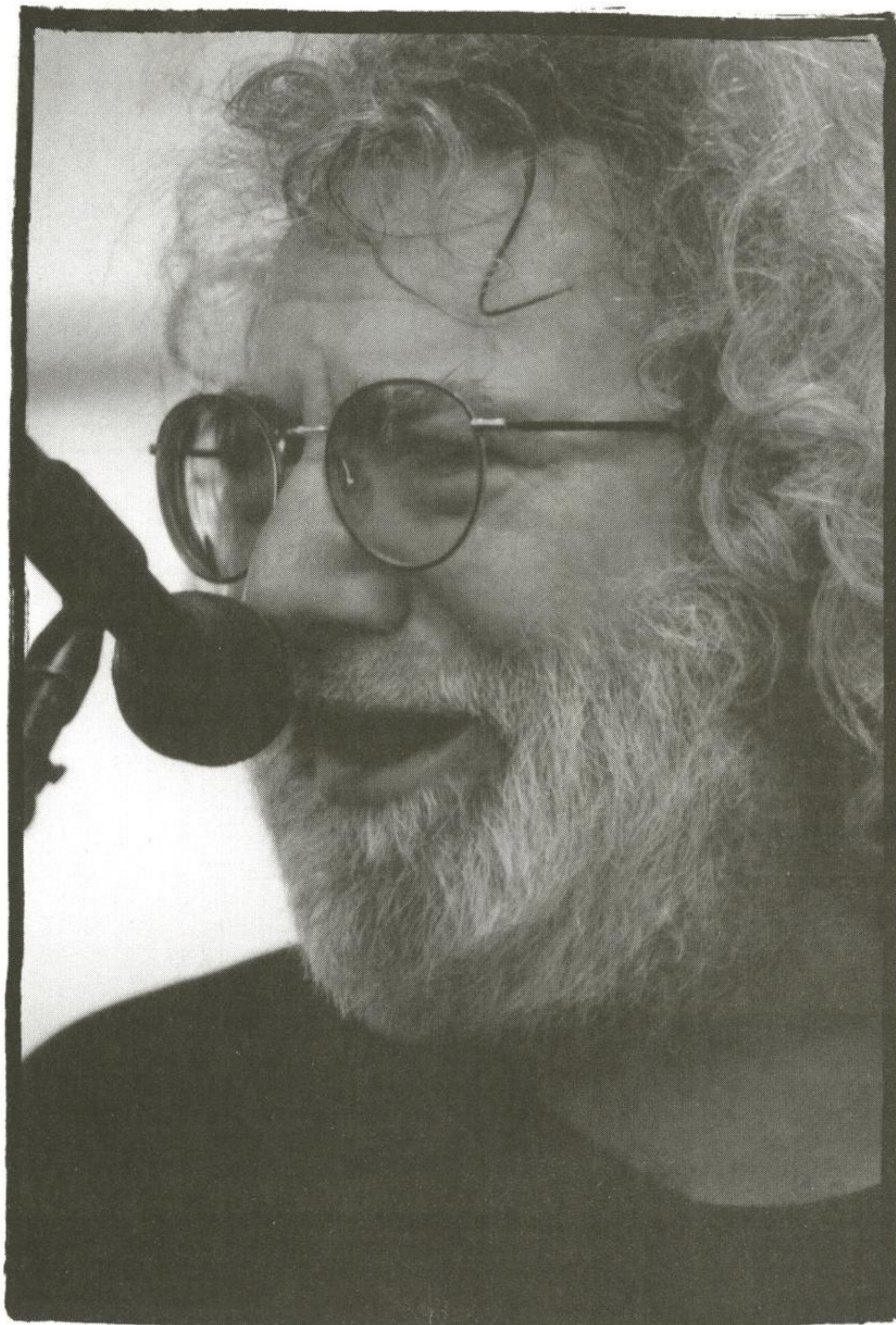


Photo by Bradley S. Gelb

So what happened between the last Shoreline show June 4 and the Highgate debacle just two weeks later? Garcia was not in good shape at this show (opened by Bob Dylan, who's been on a roll of his own for a good year or two now). Everything surrounding the show seemed a little off: Security was unable to cope with a nearly Biblical onslaught of party-hungry rock 'n' rollers who crashed the gates and swarmed over the area, and the band was clearly out-of-sync. Even the surprising addition of a fragmentary *Rollin' and Tumblin'* breakout was not enough to elevate this show from seeming downright troubling at times.

The litany of problems surrounding the rest of summer tour have been recounted here and elsewhere, so I won't go into any of the gory details about lightning strikes, the death threat to Jerry, the Missouri campground calamity, and all that other bad stuff that earned summer tour the nickname Death Tour '95. Some shows were pretty good. Some shows were pretty bad. Generally speaking, they played better indoors (Knickerbocker, Auburn Hills), than in the stadiums. Surrounding nearly every show, though, was an air of nervousness about Garcia's evident poor health and woefully inconsistent playing. I don't know how many

an overcrowded mess depending on where you were inside and who was around you (lots of inattentive first-timers apparently), Chuck Berry opened the show both days and got the juices flowing. By the time the band scooted home for a trio of shows at Shoreline, they were in excellent form, with Garcia looking and sounding the best I'd heard him in ages (well, the first two nights anyway).

people actually feared for his life, but between the tour's natural and fan-made disasters and concerns about Garcia, there was definitely an ominous cloud hanging over the scene by the time the band wrapped things up in Chicago on July 9. One very well-traveled friend of mine called it "the worst Dead tour ever." I don't know about that — there's a bit of competition in recent years for that ignominious

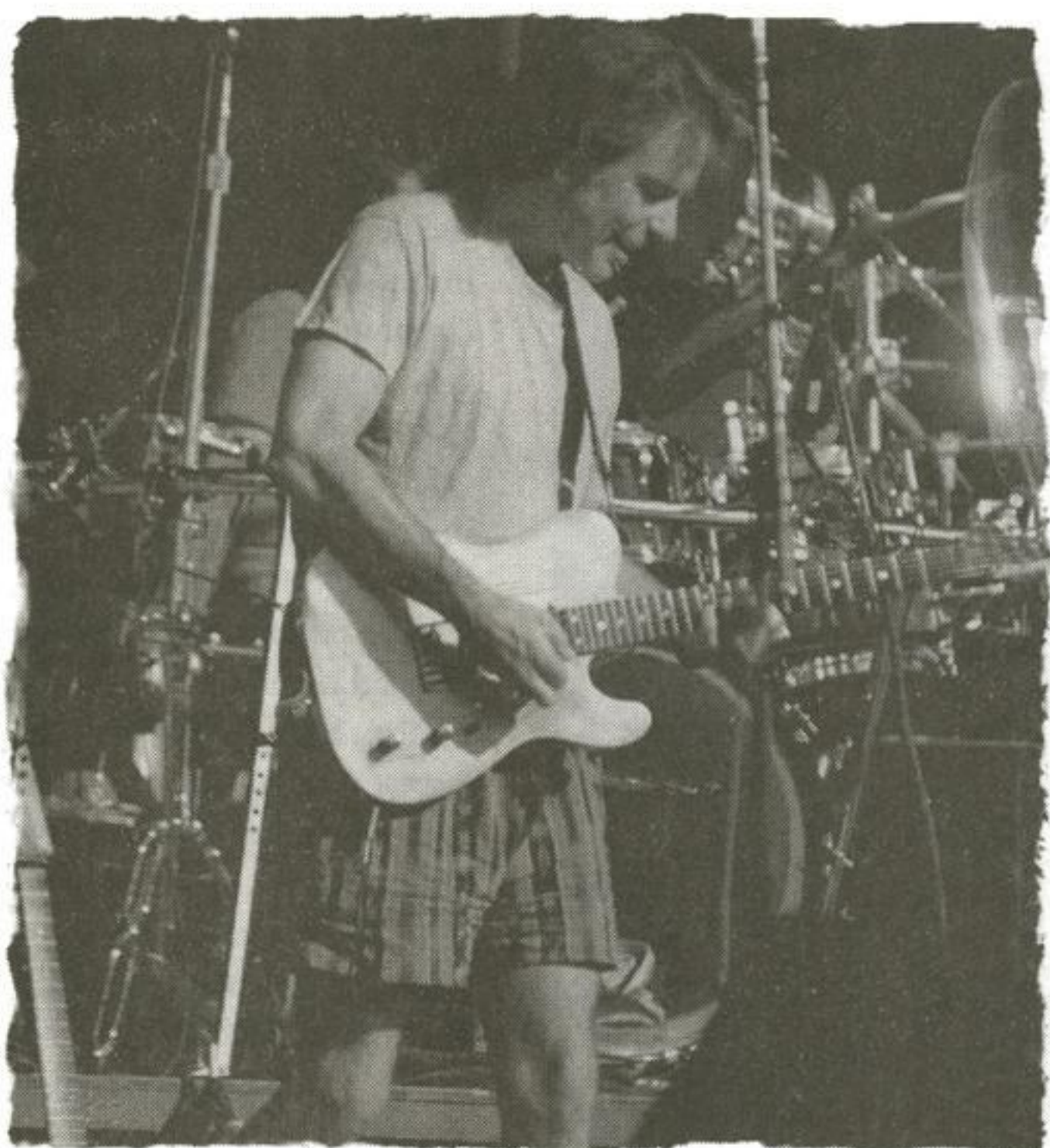


Photo by Rob Cohn

title — but there was certainly at the very least a major disturbance in The Force that did not bode well if changes didn't come down.

When word started to spread that Garcia had gone into rehab (to Betty Ford, no less; a strange development I thought) following the tour, it was greeted with sighs of relief and hopeful predictions of new life for our tattered collective freak flag. I remember thinking that fall tour might be a great one, what with the burst of creativity and good vibes that surrounded past Garcia health renaissances.

And then Jerry died.

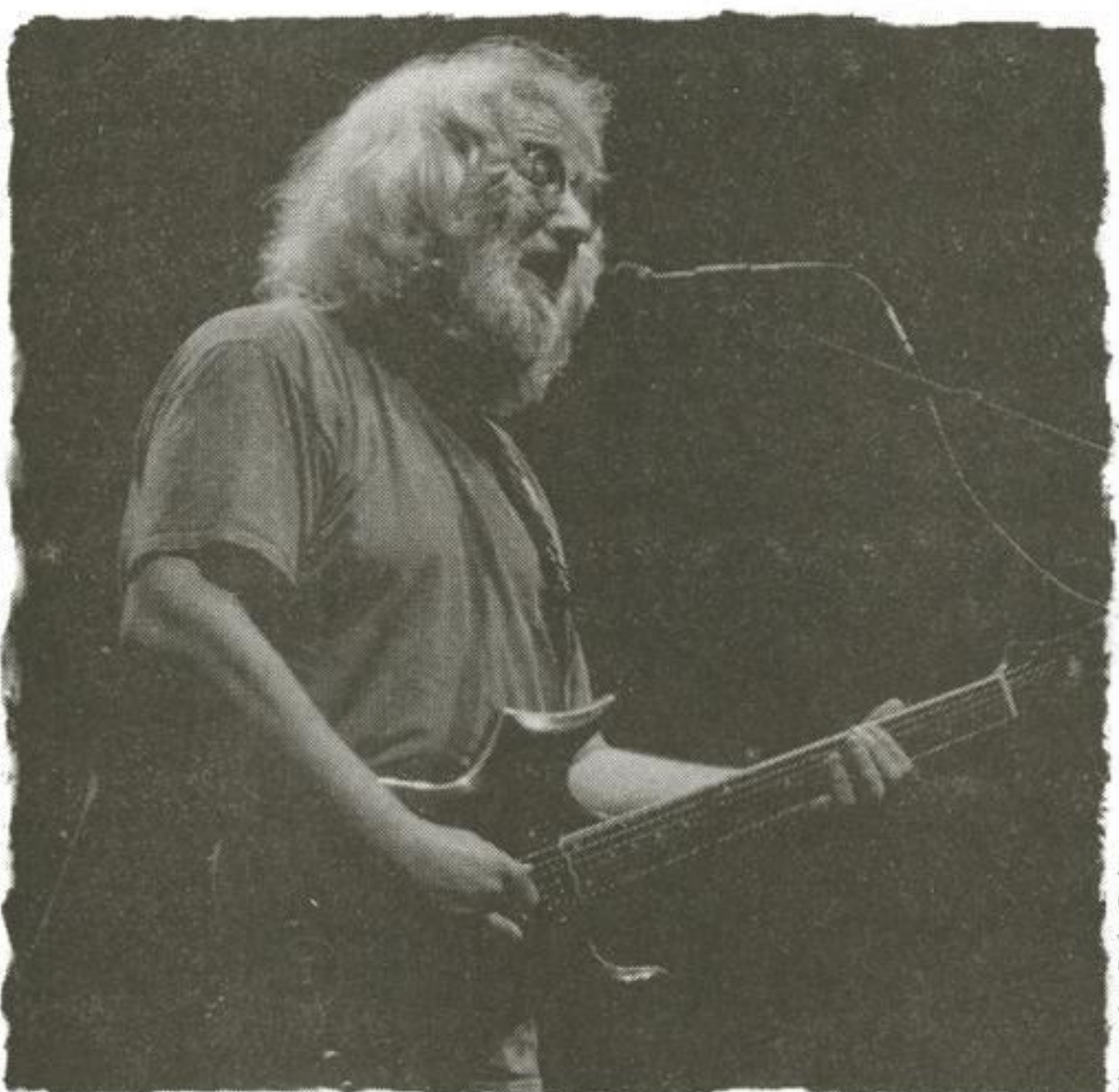


Photo by Rob Cohn



Photo by Rob Cohn

Mixed Nuts: More Opinions, Ramblings & Pointless Observations

Song of the Year: For sentimental reasons the choice has to be *Unbroken Chain*, though it never quite ascended to the heights I hoped it might. In a couple of years it probably would've really turned into something, but...well, you know.

Runner-up: *New Speedway Boogie*, which played a pivotal role in many shows in '95.

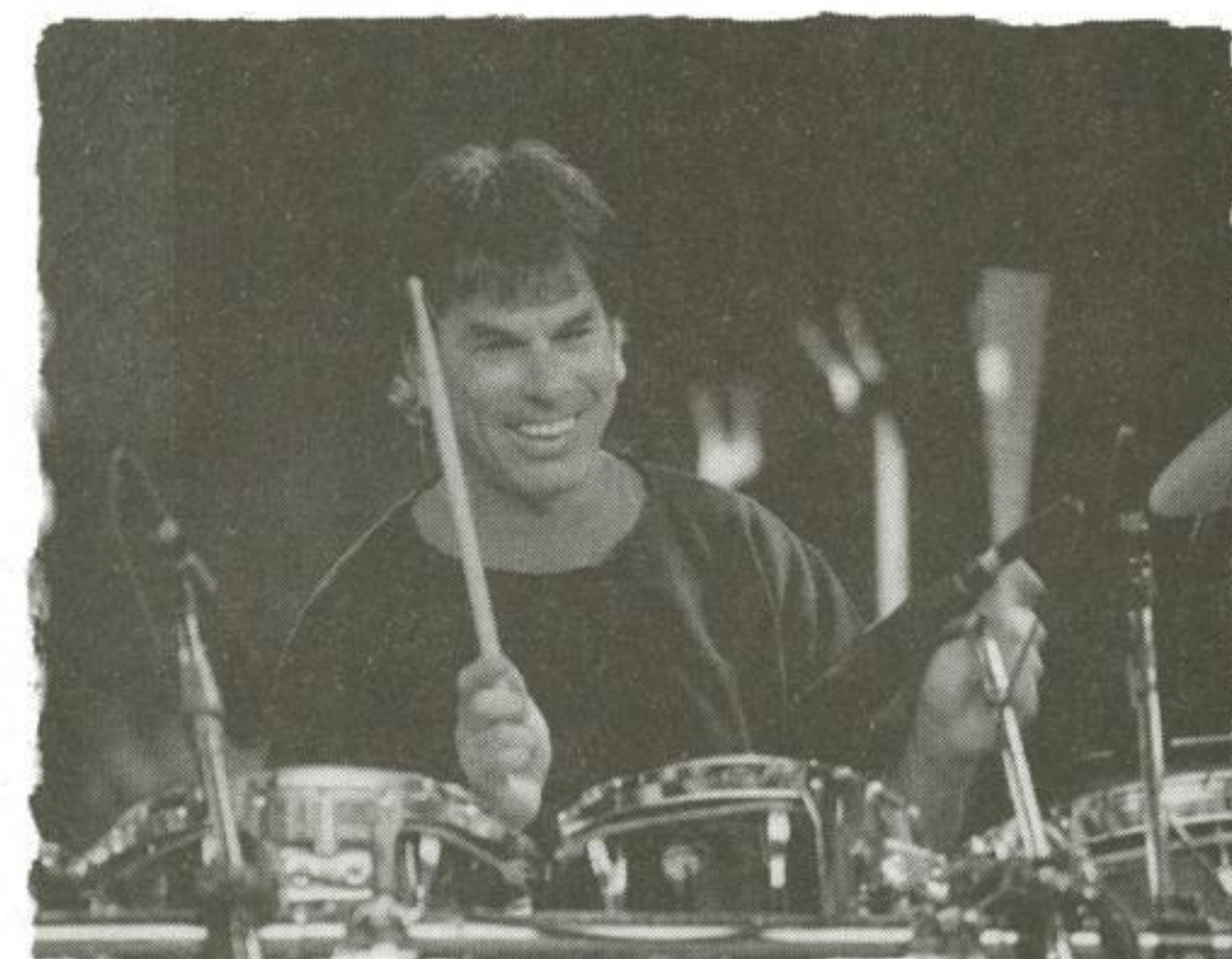


Photo by John LaFortune

Revival of the Year: *Visions of Jobanna*. Aided by the lyric monitors, Garcia really sank his teeth into this Dylan nugget. Every version was great!

Most Improved: For the second year in a row, it's got to be *Easy Answers*. That said, one of the worst ideas of '95 was *Easy Answers* coming out of *Space*.

Cool Surprises: *Salt Lake City* in Salt Lake City, 2/21; *I Just Want To Make Love To You* (or some of it anyway) at the same SLC show; *It's All Too Much* opening the second set at the Spectrum, 3/18; and the new arrangement of *Good Morning Little Schoolgirl*.

So Glad I Saw It: The Gyuto Monks onstage during the Rhythm Devils part of the show at Shoreline 6/2 — talk about a natural high!

So Sorry I Missed It: The Dead in Memphis, by all accounts the party of the year.



Photo by John LaFortune

Chicago, New York, Birmingham — It's All on the Same Street: During spring tour, the Dead played their first shows in Alabama since 1980, yet, incredibly, they didn't play *Alabama Getaway*, a tune that had come back into the repertoire at the beginning of the year!



Photo by John LaFortune

Neatest Almost-Grateful Dead Experience: The Valentines at The Fillmore in SF 2/14. The band, featuring Weir, Welnick, Henry Kaiser, Prairie Prince, and Bobby Vega whipped out an amazing *Cream Puff War*, plus an astounding array of other tunes from the Stones' *Play With Fire* to *Playing In the Band*. There's the band Weir should be playing with!

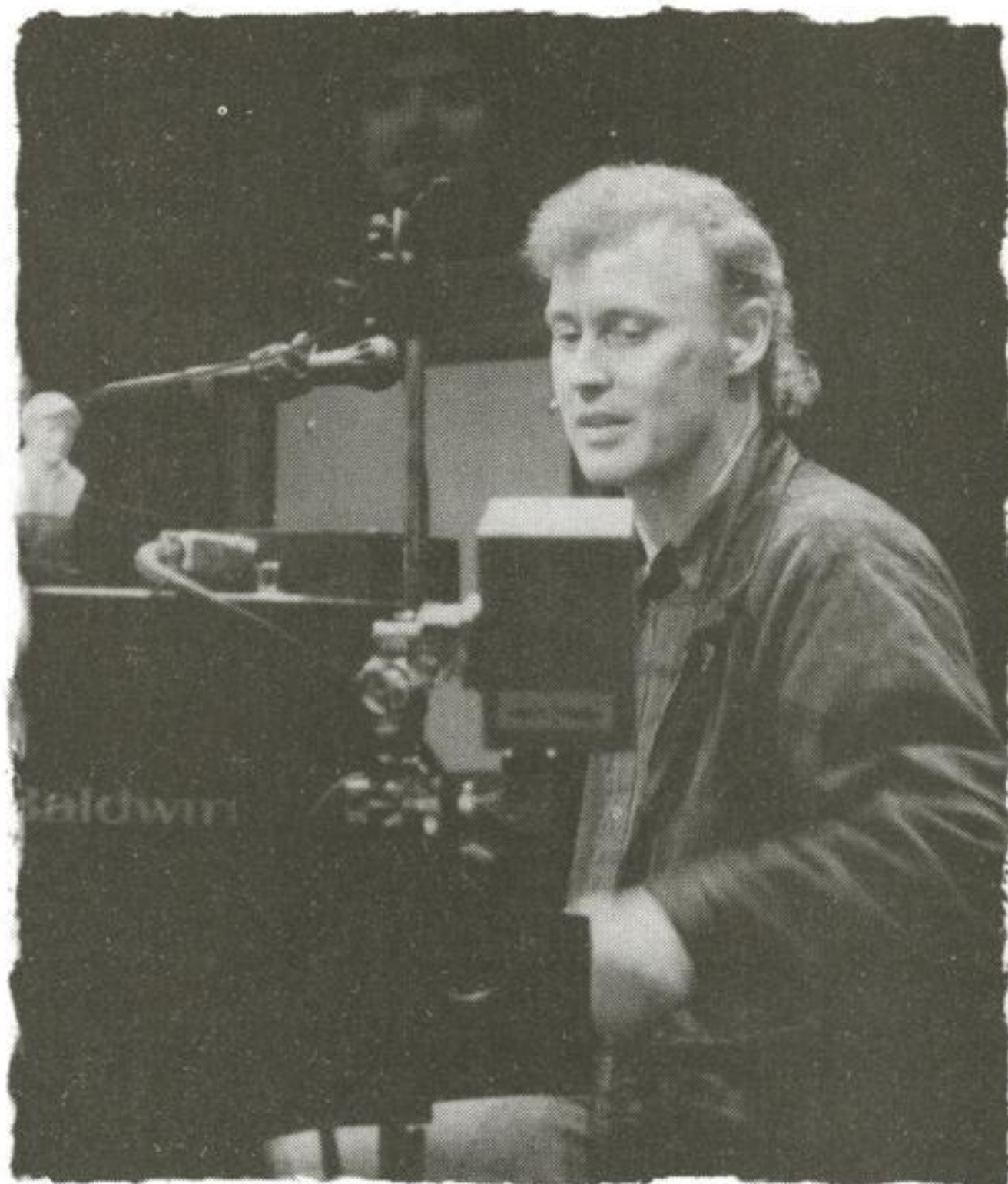


Photo by Michael Sheehan

Unsung Hero of the Year: Bruce Hornsby. What a guy — he regularly plays very cool versions of a wide assortment of Dead tunes at his shows. Every time the Dead were within driving distance of his Virginia home he'd be there, ready to play, and he always lifted the band up with his presence. His little musical tribute to Garcia at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame concert was class all the way.



Photo by John LaFortune



Photo by Bradley S. Gelb

BJ's Ten Favorite Shows of '95

You know the rap — these are “favorites,” not the “best” necessarily. I saw a scant six shows in 1995, my lowest total since — gasp! — 1978. The others I heard on tapes of varying quality. They're listed in chronological order.

1. **3/18, Spectrum:** High-energy first set and second set with *It's All Too Much*, *Iko*, *Playing* > *Uncle John's*, *Visions of Jobanna*, and *Rain* encore.
2. **3/23, Charlotte:** What a Garcia night — *Half-Step*, *Cold Rain*, *Loser*, and *So Many Roads* in the first set; *Scarlet* > *Fire*, *Mathilda*, and *Days Between* in the second. Wow! All that, plus *Unbroken Chain* and Bruce Hornsby sittin' in!
3. **4/1, Memphis:** First GD *Take Me To the River*, *Masterpiece*, and *Deal* in the first set; *Foolish Heart*, *Saint of Circumstance*, *Eyes*, and *SOTM* in the second.
4. **4/7, Tampa:** *Jobanna* in the first set; excellent *Eyes* > *Saint*, *Unbroken Chain* in the second. An underrated show all the way around.
5. **5/21, Las Vegas:** Strong second set with *Unbroken Chain*, *Eyes*, *Spanish Jam* > *The Other One*, *Days Between*, and *Sugar Mag*.
6. **5/26, Seattle:** *Help* > *Slip* > *Frank* opener; second set with *Scarlet* > *Fire*, *Playing* > *Uncle John's*, *Stella Blue*, and *Good Lovin'*. Need we say more?
7. **6/2, Shoreline:** Fine *Bird Song*; *New Speedway* > *That Would Be Something* to open the second set. Gyuto Monks during *Drumz*; strong *SOTM*.
8. **6/21, Knickerbocker:** Excellent *Scarlet* > *Fire*, *It's All Too Much*, long *Playing*, and epic (final) *Morning Dew*.
9. **6/28, The Palace at Auburn Hills:** Fab first set with *Half-Step*, *Black-Throated Wind*, *Tom Thumb*, *Big Railroad Blues*. Second set has *China* > *Rider*, *Estimated* > *UJB*, *Attics* > *Good Lovin'*.
10. **7/2, Deer Creek:** Through near-riots and a death threat the boys deliver a powerful (if strange) show. Only one verse of *Fire*, but it's still “out there” in a good way; *It's All Too Much* > *New Speedway* before *Drumz*; *Attics* > *Sugar Mag* closer. Intense. ♦

1995 Song Statistics

By Warren J. Bograd & Tom Perry

Song	# of Times Perf.	Song	# of Times Perf.	Song	# of Times Perf.
Alabama Getaway	4	Here Comes Sunshine	8	Rollin' And Tumblin'	2
All Along The Watchtower	4	He's Gone	6	Row Jimmy	5
Althea	6	High Time	1	Saint Of Circumstance	8
Around 'N' Around	7	I Just Want To Make Love To You	1	Salt Lake City	1
Attics Of My Life	4	I Fought The Law	2	Samba In The Rain	16
Bertha	6	I Know You Rider	8	Samson & Delilah	9
Big Boss Man	1	I Need A Miracle	9	Scarlet Begonias	5
Big Railroad Blues	1	I Want To Tell You	2	Shakedown Street	4
Big River	5	If The Shoe Fits	2	Ship Of Fools	2
Bird Song	4	Iko Iko	8	Slipknot!	4
Black Muddy River	3	It's All Over Now	3	So Many Roads	8
Black Peter	3	It's All Over Now, Baby Blue	1	Spanish Jam	2
Black-Throated Wind	6	It's All Too Much	6	Stagger Lee	4
Box Of Rain	8	Jack-A-Roe	4	Standing On The Moon	8
Brokedown Palace	4	Jack Straw	8	Stella Blue	7
Broken Arrow	5	Johnny B. Goode	3	Stuck Inside Of Mobile	1
Brown-Eyed Woman	4	Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues	5	Sugar Magnolia	9
Candyman	3	Lazy River Road	12	Sugaree	4
Cassidy	5	Let It Grow	4	Supplication Jam	1
Childhood's End	3	Let The Good Times Roll	2	Take Me To The River	4
China Cat Sunflower	8	Liberty	9	Tennessee Jed	8
Cold Rain And Snow	3	Little Red Rooster	7	Terrapin Station	7
Corrina	12	Looks Like Rain	4	That Would Be Something	7
Crazy Fingers	5	Loose Lucy	9	The Music Never Stopped	6
Cumberland Blues	1	Loser	4	The Other One	5
Days Between	8	Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds	7	The Race Is On	1
Deal	4	Maggie's Farm	1	The Same Thing	6
Desolation Row	1	Mama Tried	4	The Weight	1
Dire Wolf	2	Man Smart, Woman Smarter	3	The Wheel	2
Don't Ease Me In	10	Mathilda	5	This Could Be The Last Time	8
Easy Answers	11	Me & My Uncle	6	Throwing Stones	6
El Paso	8	Mexicali Blues	4	Touch Of Grey	6
Estimated Prophet	7	Mississippi Half-Step	4	Truckin'	7
Eternity	9	Morning Dew	4	Turn On Your Lovelight	5
Eyes Of The World	9	Must've Been The Roses	1	Unbroken Chain	10
Feel Like A Stranger	6	New Minglewood Blues	5	Uncle John's Band	8
Fire On The Mountain	5	New Speedway Boogie	6	U.S. Blues	6
Foolish Heart	5	Not Fade Away	11	Victim Or The Crime	7
Franklin's Tower	4	One More Saturday Night	7	Visions Of Johanna	6
Friend Of The Devil	4	Peggy-O	8	Walkin' Blues	6
Gloria	1	Picasso Moon	3	Wang Dang Doodle	10
GDTRFB	1	Playing In The Band	8	Way To Go Home	12
Good Lovin'	3	Promised Land	11	West LA Fade Away	4
Greatest Story Ever Told	3	Queen Jane Approximately	7	Wharf Rat	5
Good Morning Little Schoolgirl	5	Quinn The Eskimo	4	When I Paint My Masterpiece	9
Hell In A Bucket	5	Rain	4	Total # Different Songs Played	139
Help On The Way	4	Ramble On Rose	9	Total # Songs Played	742

Second Set Openers

China Cat Sunflower	8
Here Comes Sunshine	6
Iko Iko	6
Samson & Delilah	4
Scarlet Begonias	4
Victim Or The Crime	4
Foolish Heart	3
Box Of Rain	2
Eyes Of The World	2
Shakedown Street	2
Unbroken Chain	2
Help On The Way	1
It's All Too Much	1
New Speedway Boogie	1
Rain	1

Songs Just Before *Drumz*

Corrina	7
Terrapin Station	7
Uncle John's Band	7
Eyes Of The World	5
He's Gone	5
Mathilda	5
Estimated Prophet	3
That Would Be Something	3
New Speedway Boogie	2
Samba In The Rain	1
Supplication Jam	1
Truckin'	1

First Set Openers

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

Days Played

Sunday	12
Friday	8
Wednesday	7
Saturday	7
Thursday	6
Monday	4
Tuesday	3

Of Songs Sung
By Each Musician

Jerry	360
Bobby	303
Vince	34
Phil	33
Everybody	12

First Set Closers

Promised Land	11
Don't Ease Me In	9
Music Never Stopped	6
Cassidy	5
Deal	4
Let It Grow	4
Eternity	2
Alabama Getaway	1
Bird Song	1
Loose Lucy	1
Picasso Moon	1
So Many Roads	1
Unbroken Chain	1

Months Played

January	0
February	6
March	10
April	5
May	8
June	13
July	5
August	0
September	0
October	0
November	0
December	0

Total of 47 Shows in 1995

Feb. 19, 20, 21	Delta Center, Salt Lake City, UT
Feb. 24, 25, 26	Oakland Coliseum Arena, Oakland, CA
Mar. 17, 18, 19	The Spectrum, Philadelphia, PA
Mar. 22, 23, 24	Charlotte Coliseum, Charlotte, NC
Mar. 26-27, 29-30	The Omni, Atlanta, GA
Apr. 1, 2	The Pyramid Arena, Memphis, TN
Apr. 4, 5	Jefferson Coliseum, Birmingham, AL
Apr. 7	Tampa Stadium, Tampa, FL
May 19, 20, 21	Sam Boyd Silver Bowl, Henderson, NV
May 24, 25, 26	Memorial Stadium, Seattle, WA
May 28, 29	Portland Meadows, Portland, OR
June 2, 3, 4	Shoreline Amphitheatre, Mountain View, CA
June 15	Franklin County Airport, Highgate, VT
June 18, 19	Giants Stadium, East Rutherford, NJ
June 21, 22	Knickerbocker Arena, Albany, NY
June 24, 25	RFK Stadium, Washington, DC
June 27, 28	The Palace, Auburn Hills, MI
June 30	Three Rivers Stadium, Pittsburgh, PA
July 2	Deer Creek Music Center, Noblesville, IN
July 5, 6	Riverport Music Theater, Maryland Hts, MO
July 8, 9	Soldier Field, Chicago, IL

Songs Just After *Space*

This Could Be The Last Time	8
I Need A Miracle	8
Easy Answers	7
The Other One	4
Days Between	3
Visions Of Johanna	3
The Wheel	3
All Along The Watchtower	2
Box Of Rain	2
Spanish Jam	2
Attics Of My Life	1
GDTRFB	1
I Want To Tell You	1
Unbroken Chain	1
Wharf Rat	1

Second Set Closers

Not Fade Away	11
Sugar Magnolia	9
Around 'N' Around	7
Turn On Your Lovelight	5
One More Saturday Night	5
Morning Dew	4
Good Lovin'	3
Standing On The Moon	2
Johnny B. Goode	1

Encores

Liberty	9
Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds	7
U.S. Blues	6
Brokedown Palace	4
Quinn The Eskimo	4
Black Muddy River	3
Box Of Rain	3
I Fought The Law	2
Johnny B. Goode	2
Rain	2
One More Saturday Night	2
It's All Over Now, Baby Blue	1
Gloria	1
Unbroken Chain	1
The Weight	1

First Time Breakouts

Salt Lake City	2/21/95
It's All Too Much	3/18/95
Unbroken Chain	3/19/95
Take Me To The River	4/1/95
Rollin' And Tumblin'	6/15/95

States Played In

California	6
Georgia	4
Pennsylvania	4
Nevada	3
North Carolina	3
Utah	3
Washington	3
Alabama	2
Washington, DC	2
Illinois	2
Michigan	2
Missouri	2
New Jersey	2
New York	2
Oregon	2
Tennessee	2
Florida	1
Indiana	1
Vermont	1

Miscellaneous Info

- Avg. # of Songs Per Show 15.79
- Avg. # of Songs in First Set 7.11
- Avg. # of Songs in Second Set 7.66
- Avg. # of Songs in Encore 1.02
- Shortest First Set was 5 songs
- Shortest Second Set was 6 songs
- Shortest Show was 12 songs
- Longest First Set was 9 songs
- Longest Second Set was 10 songs
- Longest Show was 18 songs
- Longest Encore was 2 songs

Songs Brought Back

	Last Perf.	'95 Perf.
Alabama Getaway	6/18/89	2/19/95
I Just Want To Make Love To You	10/8/84	2/21/95
Visions Of Johanna	4/22/86	2/21/95
Good Morning Little Schoolgirl	8/21/93	3/30/95
The Race Is On	9/20/93	5/20/95
Supplication Jam	8/14/91	6/21/95
Black Muddy River	8/13/91	6/24/95
Gloria	9/18/93	6/30/95
Big Boss Man	6/16/90	7/6/95
(Two Encores)	9/20/93	7/9/95

The Year in Review

Tape Trading 1995

By Michael & Robert Goetz, with assistance from Dario Wolfish, Hugh Barroll, Chris Mow, John Dwork, Rich Petlock, & Cherie Clark King

1995 was another interesting year for newly circulated Grateful Dead tapes. The main focus here is on older, pre-'75 tapes and on soundboards from '95 shows. A quick glance reveals an unfortunate fact: other than upgrades to shows already in circulation, no new tapes surfaced from the two golden years of 1973 and 1974. Alas, our quest continues.

10-31-67 Winterland, S.F., CA

Source: SBD, Sound: B-, Time: 45 minutes

A) *Alligator* > *Caution*/(cut) *Cryptical* > *Other One* > *Cryptical*

Halloween + Winterland + 1967 = Tribal Stomp! The game ball goes to the drummers who weave thunderous rhythms akin to the spirit of Olatunji or King Sunny Ade's band. "Alligator!" becomes the battle cry, chanted fervently, until Garcia shreds it all with some Townshend-like power strums. Lesh responds with the rolling bass lines to *Caution* and off they march. Pigpen tosses up some street-corner sounding harmonica only to be immediately smothered by Garcia. Undaunted, Pig hits the mic for his "Gypsy woman" rap; Weir arrives to belt out his "all you need" rap. Behind all of this, the band provides spooky, eerie Halloween treats. Coming together, they reach a fine peak — but the tape cuts. Damn.

The Other One has that early horseback-riding feel to it along with some different lyrics. No jam has evolved yet, so they head quickly back to the *Cryptical* reprise. But what a version it is. Garcia wisely hangs back and allows the band (especially those fired-up drummers) to get alongside of him versus trailing him (which, in our opinion, is too often the case). The result is simply a ten-minute gush of glorious musical energy. What's unique here is how Garcia takes the helm at the final peak, finds the melody that usually follows verse two of *The Other One* "in a circle..." and closes the song firmly with it. Wow!

1-20-68 Eureka, CA

Source: SBD and Dead Hour #343, Sound: A-, Time: 50 minutes

A) ...*Clementine* > *New Potato Caboose* > *Born Cross-Eyed* > *Feedback*...

B) ...*Feedback* > *Spanish Jam* > *Caution Jam* > *Dark Star*/(cut)

Here is a classic example of the Dead's young, go-for-anything adventurous attitude in song distribution. In particular, Pigpen's keyboard playing is unusually impressive. Each tune flows into one another and is intensely asymmetric. Pig's keyboard playing on the fade into *Clementine* is simply beautiful, and the result is a pleasant jam that drips effortlessly into a serene *New Potato Caboose*. A raucous *Born Cross-Eyed* leads to a screeching halt followed by a slight cut into a *Space* segue into a *Spanish Jam*. Garcia and Weir provide a blistering theme along with Pigpen's keyboard. At the conclusion Billy changes the pace, and Lesh begins the grumbling theme of *Caution* which quickly drops into the opening of *Dark Star* where the tape fades out. This was the first show of their infamous Great Northwest Tour where the live performances were used in conjunction with studio work to produce "Anthem of the Sun."

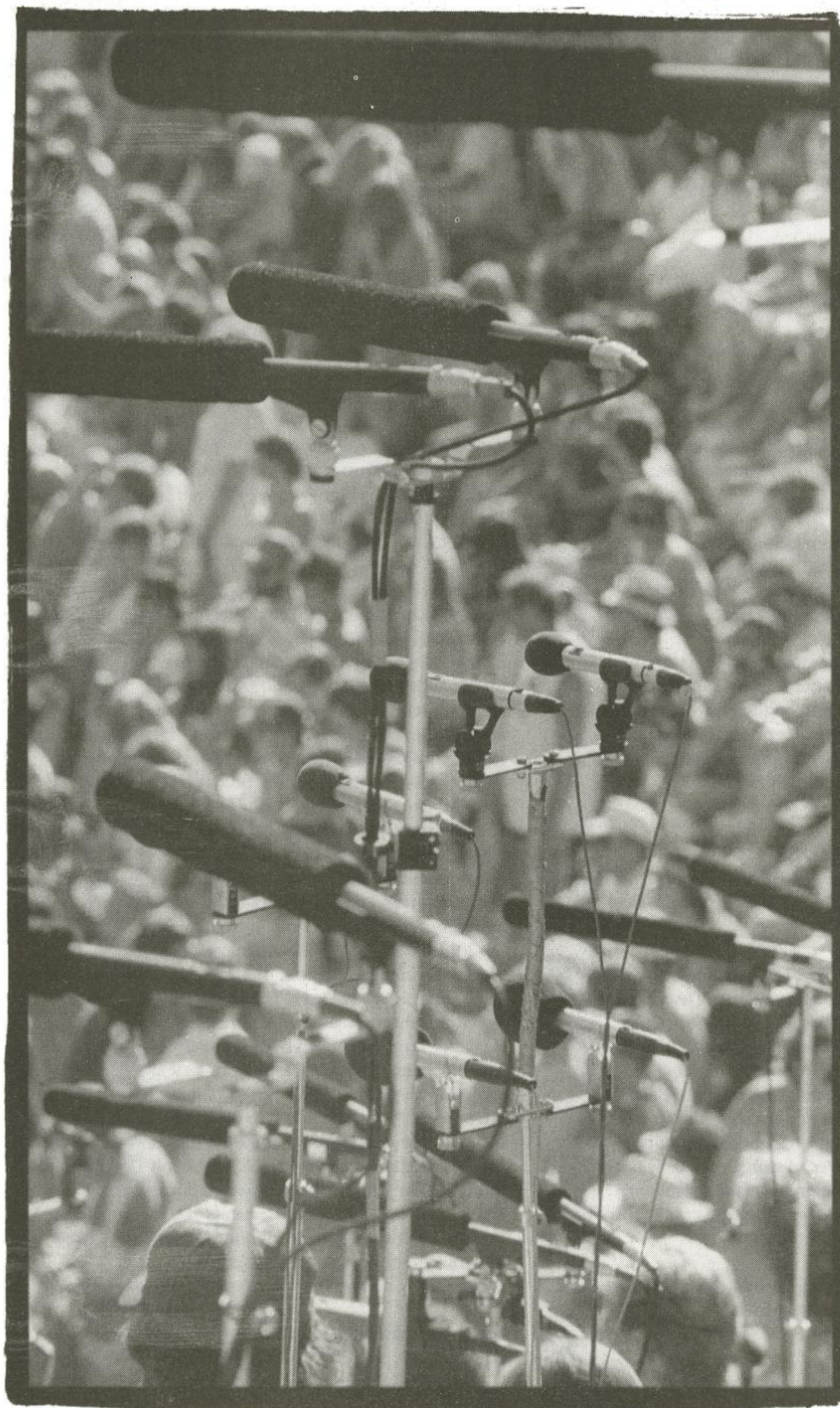
1-22-68 Eagle's Auditorium, Seattle, WA

Source: SBD, Sound: A-, Time: 50 minutes

A) *Alligator* ...*Feedback* > *Spanish Jam* > *Dark Star* > *China Cat* > *The Eleven Jam*...

B) ...*The Eleven Jam* > *Caution*/(cut)

Continuing on with the Great Northwest Tour, this tape begins with a tight and inspired version of *Alligator*. A young Pigpen clearly and slowly sings the lyrics, with Garcia, Weir, and Lesh screaming in a frolicsome manner. A major jam is induced with Garcia providing the lead before returning to the conclusion. Next is a faded-in *Feedback* space which enters a Bobby-led *Spanish Jam*. This flows into the relatively new-at-the-time *Dark Star*. Garcia sings the first verse quickly and in between are a few meandering jams before the second verse. It is a treat to hear such an early performance; one can hear in the in-between-verses jams how this "tune" was meant to emerge into one of their most significant launch pads. This goes into *China Cat* — another very early perfor-



mance — which in turn transfers perfectly into an impressive *Eleven Jam* which evolves into a *Caution Jam* which cuts after only about two minutes.

3-16-68 Carousel Ballroom, S.F., CA
Source: SBD, Sound: A-, Time: 90 minutes
A) *Dark Star* > *China Cat* > *The Eleven* > *Jam* > *Good Morning Little Schoolgirl*
B) *It Hurts Me Too*, *Cryptical* > *Other One* > *Cryptical*, ... *Alligator* > *Caution* /(cut) ... *Feedback* > *We Bid You Goodnight*

The ten-minute *Dark Star* here is soft and seductive — though still prepubescent. In only a few months it will mature dramatically. *China Cat* — although also quite young — is surprisingly developed. *The Eleven* is very jazzy, hinting towards its summation at *Caution*. A must-hear, this jam drops right in on a *Little Schoolgirl* that showcases the Dead's superb blues improvisations. The second set opens with stage banter, a silly ditty, and then another Pigpen blues number, *It Hurts Me Too*. Efficient but short. A resolute *Other One* follows that borders on belligerence. The *Cryptical* reprise is quickly cut. *Alligator* is missing the first verse but contains a keenly focused jam that slowly rises and rises before exploding into *Caution*. Pigpen delivers a nice harmonica solo and the band plays in a raucous fashion before the music

Photo by Harold Adler

cuts. A dark, dreadful *Feedback* cuts in for a few minutes before melting into a eerily somber *We Bid You Goodnight* to close the show. Very worth obtaining.

The following three dates all come from the same audience recording source and fit nicely on a 100-minute tape. I would guess the mics were suspended from the balcony; the sound is very good, especially considering the year was 1968.

3-26-68 Carousel Ballroom, S.F., CA

Source: AUD, Sound: B+, Time: 30 minutes

...*Good Morning Little Schoolgirl, Death Don't Have No Mercy, Sittin' On Top Of the World, Dark Star*

Schoolgirl cuts in at the end of the first jam but is clearly revved up, as the second jam confirms. Garcia handles the vocals well on *Death Don't* to go with the solid playing. *SOTOTW* rocks out. The embryonic *Dark Star*, just beginning to open its eyes, stretches carefully for about ten minutes before ending without segueing into another song — very unusual indeed!

3-29-68 Carousel Ballroom, S.F., CA

Source: AUD, Sound: B+, Time: 35 minutes

...*Morning Dew ... Lovelight > Cryptical > Other One > Cryptical > New Potato Caboose > Born Cross-Eyed/(cut)*

Dew cuts in at the first verse but is inspired and worth some ear. *Lovelight* starts near the end but features superb vocals by Pigpen and Weir (who sings lead on the last verse). *Other One* is short but energetic. *Cryptical* reprises, spins round and round, carefully woven by Garcia, until he gently lays it down into a meticulous *New Potato*. *Born Cross-Eyed* cuts as it begins.

3-30-68 Carousel Ballroom, S.F., CA

Source: AUD, Sound: B+, Time: 35 minutes

...*Morning Dew, Cryptical > Other One > Cryptical > Dark Star > China Cat > The Eleven/(cut)*

Dew starts in at the fourth verse, but Garcia's solo at the end smokes. Between songs, Weir and Pigpen briefly tease an instrumental *Good Lovin'* — the Rascals' version. *The Other One* has a very confident gait, due mainly to Lesh's unwavering groove. The *Cryptical* reprise features an onslaught of ensemble punches before Garcia and Lesh steer the band into a ten-minute *Dark Star*. This one stretches out slowly and confidently, like a lion during a nap, before erupting into a fired-up *China Cat*. *The Eleven* struggles initially but soon goes from snowball to boulder in a matter of minutes. Like so many other tapes from this era, the tape cuts shortly after *The Eleven* begins.

5-18-68 Santa Clara County Fairgrounds, San Jose, CA

Source: AUD, Sound: C-, Time: 40 minutes

Alligator > Caution

This audience tape (reportedly recorded by Jorma Kaukonen using mics on the stage; good thing he stuck to guitar play-

ing) has a vacant sound, swims a bit, and has a few drops. So why bother to hear it? Well, because it has a ripsnortin' *Alligator*, that's why! Billy sounds like he's kicking boxes around in a dark, damp basement à la Elvin Jones (about whom we lifted that line). After Pigpen serves up the first verses, Garcia comes out of nowhere to screech some notes; Lesh responds by blanketing everyone and starting up *Caution*. But wait. Instead, the band turns it up a notch and go off into hyper-jam. Garcia nails every note and chord that comes to mind, playing them as fast as possible. Someone yells, "*Alligator!*" and the band goes back into *Caution*. Pig tries to slow it down and do his "all you need" rap, but Garcia and Lesh just blow right by him. Pig tries it again later, and again he's ignored, but the swelling groove that's been released has a mind of its own. What it wants is *Feedback*. And it has its way. Monstrous. Brutal. Right up until the end. Pigpen doesn't even get to say good night.

9-2-68 Betty Nelson's Organic Raspberry Farm, Sultan, WA

Source: SBD, Sound: B, Time: 70 minutes

A) *Dark Star > St. Stephen > The Eleven..., ...That's It For the Other One, Alligator...*

B) *...Alligator > Caution Jam > Feedback*

This tape displays an early example of the Dead evolving into the "Live Dead"-style form. Several of the jams obtain the magical essence which makes that "Live Dead" era so memorable. After an introduction, the band opens with a traditionally formed *Dark Star*. Although somewhat short, about ten minutes, the in-between verse jams are quite intricate. Several meandering themes arise with Garcia lending the lead like a leaf flowing down a stream. *St. Stephen* soars in like a thunder bolt. It is up-tempo and rousing. *The Eleven Jam* is really long and impressive. Kreutzmann and Hart, in particular, provide a manic rhythm with Weir and Lesh. Garcia somehow keeps the pace, resulting in several blistering jams. It eventually winds down and probably goes into *Death Don't Have No Mercy*, but the tape fades out just before it begins. August 20, 1968 was the first documented time the band played the omnipotent nexus of *Dark Star > St. Stephen > The Eleven > Death Don't*. This connection must have developed through some type of natural selection, very similar to how the human body naturally evolved an intricate biochemical cellular respiratory system — perfection through selection. *That's It For the Other One* is faded into the opening lyrics of "He had to die." It is a short version but the jams just soar. Once again the rhythm is impressive. The *Alligator > Caution > Feedback* is probably the zenith of this tape. The jams are deeply spaced out and just simply maniacal! The *Caution* finale sounds like a volcano erupting. During the final "all you need" chorus, Pigpen and Weir scream in unison while Lesh sings in a haunting bass — it is completely deranged!

1968 (Probably Fall) Location: Unknown

Source: SBD, Sound: A, Time: 45 minutes

...*Jam > Cryptical > Other One > Cryptical > New Potato, Alligator > Caution/(cut)*

This tape starts with a short, pleasant jam out of (probably) *He Was A Friend of Mine*. During a very laid-back but bouncy *Other One*, Garcia uncharacteristically allows T.C. to strut a bit, even playing off him a tad. The *Cryptical* reprise perks the band up before blending perfectly into an inspired and even well-sung *New Potato*. The portion of *Alligator* that follows is sleek, almost scaleless. Garcia's leads are way, way out there, though he seems a bit isolated from the rest of the band. The cut occurs during the middle of the second jam, so only those who were there know how it turned out.

4-13-69 Boulder, CO

Source: SBD, Sound: B, Time: 45 minutes

...*Dark Star* > *St. Stephen* > *The Eleven Jam* > *Death Don't Have No Mercy*

A classic "Live Dead" set. A highly energized *Dark Star* fades in during the jam before verse number two. Several themes are touched on and Garcia puts forth 110% effort. At times it is slow and drippy, at others furtively weird, at still others, like a beast atop a tower, screaming for a love of life. The *Stephen* is average, but *The Eleven* is highly exceptional. Garcia rips through the themes with a frenzied rage — listening to it makes you stop and open your mouth in awe. Ultimately it drops into a morbid *Death*. This tape leads you in and out of several different emotional realms: tranquillity, psychosis, passion, mania, and melancholia.

4-15-69 The Music Box, Omaha, NE

Source: SBD, Sound: B-, Time: 35 minutes

Morning Dew, It Hurts Me Too, China Cat > Doin' That Rag

Garcia's over-enunciating on this early *Morning Dew* make his vocals sound hysterically unconvincing. Drugs? Dunno. Musically, this version is sloppy. Emotionally though, it's explosive. Lesh drops depth charges. Weir, on the other hand, plays little and sits in the corner like a scolded puppy. *It Hurts Me Too*, vocally, is a painful contrast: Pigpen sings naturally and from his heart. Solid version. *China Cat* opens with some deliriously carnivalesque keyboards by T.C. Garcia sounds much more comfortable away from the ballad and into the psychedelic. Weir plays on this one. The transitional jam is pure raunch 'n' roll. They settle into a *Doin' That Rag* that is surprisingly sparse and nimble. Garcia almost cracks up at one point, urged on by his mates. The climax is perfectly played, with the band stopping the speeding, runaway train precisely a quarter of an inch from the mother and her baby carriage. Nice brakes, fellas.

11-7-69 Old Fillmore, S.F., CA

Source: SBD, Sound: A-, Time: 100 minutes

A) *Morning Dew, Mama Tried, Next Time You See Me, Good Lovin', China Cat > I Know You Rider, Dark Star...*
 B) ...*Dark Star > Heaven Help Jam > Uncle John's Jam > Dark Star > Cryptical > Drums > Other One > Lovelight/(cut)*

Though this tape has a light but audible flutter, the sound is clear, strong, and rich. Overshadowed, perhaps justifiably, by

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the following night, this show is still outstanding. The band is on a performing roll and every song here is worth a listen. Highlights? Garcia's chilling final vocals on *Morning Dew* (and who but the Dead would follow an apocalyptic dirge with a chirpy *Mama Tried?*). After this, someone plays the *Star Spangled Banner* on a slide whistle, much to the merriment of all. The Dead respond with a slew of ditties themselves. *Good Lovin'* is short but pumped up.

The Big Stuff begins with a quietly strolling, introspective *Dark Star*. Garcia delicately needlepoints his way on the guitar slowly and suddenly intensifying his notes — just to get a rise out of Phil — and then drops back down again, rung by rung, carefully, into his darkened corner. He sneaks out to sing the first verse, sounding like he's looking out of the "Blues For Allah" cover into the Great Void. Afterwards, the band feels tense, poised for attack — like a cobra. The mood is thick with possibilities. Ceremonial gong rolls fade away leaving a staring silence onstage, save for the pulse of a high hat. Some feedback takes form, growing like those magic rocks you'd beg your parents for at any gas station in the South. The sounds are strange, eerie, and somehow comforting. Lesh rumbles chillingly. T.C. sounds like he's scoring a Bela Lugosi flick. Ooze covers the Fillmore. Garcia grabs a handful and flings it at Phil's face. Phil grins as it drips down his chin. Suddenly the band takes off from this place, perhaps gratefully. Lesh steers into a brief *Heaven Help Jam* before they all dissolve into a lyrical but lyric-less *Uncle John's* jam, complete with Garcia playing the vocals instrumentally. However, the playing is messy and will continue this way through the *Dark Star* reprise. At this point, someone needed to step up. Phil Lesh does, striking hard and early in *The Other One*, never letting up, manhandling every nuance, intimidating all comers, and generally having himself one whopper of a monkey spank. Garcia tries to claw his way in, but Lesh merely swats him away. The following *Lovelight* features Pigpen at the top of his game, rapping easily to the crowd and having a ball. Behind him the band juggles one musical idea after another, in a constant flux, restlessly creative, in peak form. The cut is harsh but comes after a solid 15 minutes' worth.

4-9-70 Fillmore West, S.F., CA

Source: AUD, Sound: A-, Time: 45 minutes

Good Morning Little Schoolgirl, Mama Tried, China Cat > I Know You Rider, Viola Lee Blues

This is not a new tape, but it is an amazing upgrade for a must-hear set. This is the first night Miles Davis opened for the Dead. Phil has said they all felt intimidated to go on after his set. That's certainly understandable: Miles' band at the time was so ahead of its time, so hot, so OUT there, it defied fair description in 1970. But, judging from this first electric set, the Dead seemed more inspired than nervous. The show starts off with the longest and hottest *Schoolgirl* I've yet to hear. During *China Cat*, Garcia gets lost after two-thirds of the song and, knowing so, he spits out a sizzling flurry of "what the hell, folks!" notes and just burns off toward *Rider*. On the way he even jokingly teases *GDTRFB*. *Rider* features more high-powered licks. The whole band is on fire but Garcia (with Lesh a close second) is simply possessed. He

snaps, crackles, and pops his notes until they sound like rim shots. *Viola Lee Blues* is beaten savagely, till it reaches a shuddering orgasm. Not a dry eye in the house.

1-22-71 Lane Community College, Eugene, OR

Source: SBD, Sound: B-, Time: 70 minutes

A) *Casey Jones, BIODTL, It Hurts Me Too, Me & My Uncle, Cold Rain and Snow, Hard To Handle*

B) *Brokedown Palace, Johnny B. Goode, China Cat > I Know You Rider*

This tape has no extraordinary moments or jams. After an introduction by Ken Babbs, the band enters a very sloppy first set. Each song is either a barely average or horrible version. Maybe they were simply inebriated? Early 1971 is considered by many to be one of the poorer Dead runs. This performance is no exception.

12-15-71 Hill Auditorium, Ann Arbor, MI

Source: SBD, Sound: A, Time: 70 minutes

A) *Dark Star > Deal, Sugar Magnolia*

B) *Lovelight > King Bee > Mannish Boy > Lovelight/(cut) One More Saturday Night*

The majority of 1971 is considered by many to be a relatively average year with the exception of the fall. The acquisition of Keith Godchaux required the Dead to change its sound dramatically and the result was the beginning of one of their finest eras: fall 1971 through 1974. This tape is exquisite in performance and the transitional sound is indeed apparent. Pigpen missed their October and November shows and returned on December 1. His absence allowed Godchaux time to melt into the band, and his playing on December 15 sounds as though he'd been with the band since the early days. This tape picks up in the second set with *Dark Star*. It begins with Garcia playing tight rhythm. The jams meander a bit until Lesh finds a groove. Once the band follows, Garcia is finally free to begin picking outer space notes. As the rhythm begins to cease Garcia dives beneath it, pulling them farther and farther down. The sound gets really mean until Garcia soars upward, leaving the band scrambling to catch him. He ultimately descends to the lyrics of the *Star* — so beautiful it could be the Garden of Eden. After the lyrics Lesh attacks the auditorium with massive bombs leading into several atonal-type jams. Finally they give the crowd a chance to catch their breath as Garcia transforms into *Deal*. This *Dark Star* really provides an example of how the band was changing. The jam format is markedly different from their 1968 through summer 1971 versions. It is slower, drippier, and more effortless at times; simply stellar. The *Deal* and *Sugar Magnolia* are totally flawless; the band is 100% on. The *Lovelight* that follows displays one of the finer Pigpen performances. On four different occasions he stops the band in the middle of their jam to sing. The second time Weir calls out, "This story better be good!" Pig follows by going off on pocket pool. The third time he sings about meeting a woman, telling her he has no money in his pocket but if she wants to see what he does have, she better come with him. The band jams on into a bluesy strut and Pigpen begins singing *King Bee* which

quickly goes into the classic *Mannish Boy*. The band provides their trademark bluesy psychotic rhythm before falling back into the *Lovelight*. The finale is spectacular. Pigpen starts singing about how no "jockstrap" is gonna take his woman away from him — remember this was at the University of Michigan. He ends it with his stellar screams of, "Baaaaybay." The final three seconds are cut, but nonetheless one of the best *Lovelights* had transpired. They end the show with a stomping version of *Saturday Night*. The first set of this show has been available for years and is also highly recommended.

10-18-72 Fox Theatre, St. Louis, MO

Source: Dead Hour, Sound: A, Time: 30 minutes

Dark Star

Along with 10-28-72, this was chosen and introduced by Dick Latvala on Gans' radio show this past year. The Dead sound like a polished jazz quintet: light, nimble, prone to sudden mood swings. Quickly dispensing with the song's intro, the Dead head straight into the unknown. For maybe five minutes or so they play little games of tag, drawing each other in, making sure everyone's all ears. Garcia then hangs a quick left: nobody's fooled. Good. A short, very controlled melt ensues before they rise up into the first (and only) verse. This is sung with the plain cosmic conviction of one who's been "there" — and is there now. More exploring follows. Patiently and thoughtfully, the band moves with one mind. Garcia begins the "pre-Tiger" hiccup chops. Will Phil solo? Not yet. Instead, the band

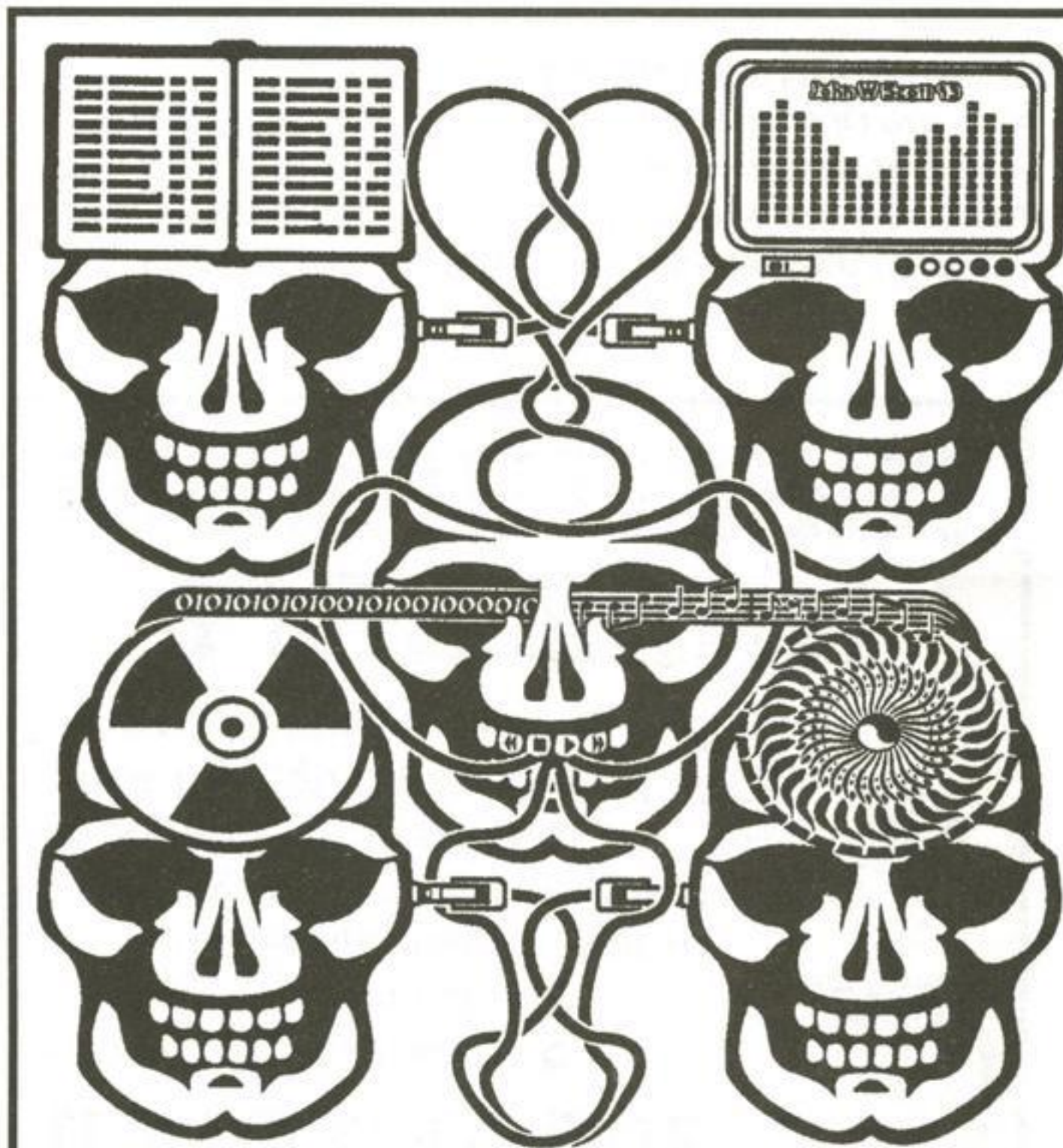
drops off the map into ground zero. Chunks of earth are scraped and flung to and fro. Phil tries to penetrate the core: BA-OO, BA-OO. Then: AH-OO, AH-OO. Then: UH-H-H-H-H. Sleigh sounds from Billy ring behind a phenomenal Phil solo (which Latvala and Gans have named "the Philo Stomp"). Crunching chords. Melodic, but coarse. Billy plays more. Jerry comes in with some sweet licks. The whole band comes in to play off of Phil's towering riffs. Phil, of course, counters it by blasting the whole thing to smithereens. Enjoying their stunned expressions he marches them into a gorgeous *Heaven Help* jam. Weir raises his singed eyebrows in disbelief, but gets right into it. A few minutes later the notes to *Morning Dew* can be heard, but Dick fades it quickly out. When does the CD come out?

10-28-72 Public Hall, Cleveland, OH

Source: AUD, Sound: A-, Time: 22 minutes

Dark Star/(cut)

Deep into the relatively untapped October 1972 shows, this incredible *Dark Star* surfaced. Garcia immediately sets the pace at a calm level developing a surreal aura. The pre-verse jams are deeply meditative and require constant attention to follow the intricacies. The band follows Garcia as he flows theme to theme bringing them up and down. Several exceptional jams occur resulting from Garcia's effortless deep improvisational skill before beautifully blending into the lyrics. Before the lyrics a placidly sedative pace had been set, but after, as if a huge thunderstorm cloud surfaced, the theme turns grim. The band gets into a deep drift with Lesh



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dropping bombs. A calm sets before the storm and Lesh, joined only by Billy on drums, spontaneously begins yet another strutting "Philo Stomp" bass solo. It is a groovy "something great just went my way" jam. Unfortunately, Lesh did this jam only a couple of times in the band's history. Garcia picks up the theme and twists it back into the forecasted storm. A sinister, explosive jam results, with Garcia melting into an electrocuted state. This jam is one for the record books. The band cools down and settles in for the remainder of the storm. The band moans a bit with Kreutzmann setting a chaotic pace. Ultimately Garcia falls into a highly exceptional, and perhaps the longest melt-down jam ever. Afterwards the tape drifts out and leaves the listener shivering. As with several of the omnipotent 1972 *Dark Stars*, the Dead bring you through a palace of gardens only to turn the tables and drive you to unfathomable and mind-blistering heights.

Recent Soundboards

The last six shows of the September '91 Madison Square Garden run popped up in 1995 to complete the entire series. They are all "A" quality soundboards and feature Bruce Hornsby each night. This is an especially noteworthy period of modern live Dead as Garcia seemed clearly re-energized by Hornsby's presence. Here are some recommendations and highlights.

9-12-91 Madison Square Garden, New York, NY

Source: SBD, Sound: A, Time: 150 minutes

Special Guest: Bruce Hornsby

Set 1 A) *Hell In A Bucket* > *Bertha*, *Walkin' Blues*, *Ramble On Rose*, *BIODTL* > *Big Railroad Blues*

Set 1 B) *Tom Thumb's Blues* > *Let It Grow*

Set 2 A) *Sugar Magnolia* > *Foolish Heart* > *Playing In the Band* > *Terrapin Station* > *Playing In the Band* > *Drums...*

Set 2 B) *...Drums* > *Space* > *The Wheel* > *Black Peter* > *Around 'n' Around* > *Sunshine Daydream* E= *Box Of Rain*

As with many Grateful Dead concerts, this tape provides several high points and a few low ones. The first set as a whole is quite solid. In particular, *Ramble On Rose*, *Big Railroad Blues*, and *Let It Grow* stand out. The second set starts with a rousing version of *Sugar Magnolia*, complete with Weir screaming the lyrics. Before going into the *Sunshine Daydream* jam, Garcia darts into *Foolish Heart*. The second jam on this version is extended and displays Garcia's ability to still cook. This blends quite nicely into a well-improvised *Playing In the Band*. The jams resulting from this are long and well thought out. Garcia, the great table turner, slowly transforms the jam into *Terrapin Station*. The finale to this is extended, with Lesh providing impressive rhythm. At the conclusion, the band returns to *Playing* for another ten minutes of spacey jamming. *Drums*, *Space*, and *The Wheel* are not exceptional, and neither is *Black Peter*, until the final jam where Garcia simmers. *Around 'n' Around* is average and the return to *Sunshine Daydream* fails to achieve even average status. The encore, *Box Of Rain*, sounds quite flat.

9-13-91 MSG, New York, NY

A) *Touch Of Grey* > *Wang Dang Doodle*, *Peggy-O*, *Big River* > *Cumberland Blues*, *Althea*

B) *Masterpiece*, *Bird Song*

A) *Victim* > *Scarlet Begonias* > *Fire On the Mountain* > *Drums*



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B) *Space* > (no "jam") *The Other One* > *Stella Blue* > *Throwing Stones* > *NFA E= Knockin'*

The most patient surfers in the world catch the wave right at *Althea*. Garcia's careful enunciation exudes warmth and wisdom while delivering Hunter's cautionary sermon. His guitar suddenly clicks on and the whole show takes off. *Masterpiece* sizzles. *Bird Song* is dense and spacey, yet focused. Set two opens with a clean *Victim* but has unusually quiet crescendos. *Scarlet*, however, is joyfully frantic. The segue into *Fire* is simply gorgeous as Garcia plays a stream of steady, even notes versus rushing ahead of the band into the next song. *Fire* itself is firm and relentless. Lesh and the drummers provide a sinewy groove that wraps around you like iron. During the drum segment, Mickey goes nuts on the beam, slashing away any bad vibes left in the Garden (one cop was holding out). *Space* is mellow, almost haunting, breezing lazily into a pre-*Other One* stroll. *The Other One* arrives finding Vince sparkling, and Weir's raspy, choking vocals sound like he's auditioning to get the lead for "In the Realm Of the Senses." *Stella* is a sweet bouquet, though Hornsby annoyingly drops the vase during the quiet parts. *Throwing Stones* > *NFA* is crisp and professional.

9-14-91 MSG, New York, NY

Highlights: The whole show cooks, but zoom in on *Jack Straw*, *FOTD*, *Rooster*, *Jed*, *China* > *Rider*, post-*Truckin'* jam, and *China Doll*.

9-16-91 MSG, New York, NY

Highlights: Again, this show smokes, especially the second set. *Saint* > *Jam* > *Comes A Time* > *Uncle John's* > *Jam*

9-17-91 MSG, New York, NY

Highlights: Hornsby's jam after *Eyes*, *Space* > *Last Time* (during which Weir forgets the next line and finds no help from his pals until Garcia cracks up and helps him out) > *Black Peter*.

9-18-91 MSG, New York, NY

Highlights: First set opener: *Midnight Hour* and closer: *Jack Straw*; *Crazy Fingers*, *Terrapin*, *Sugar Magnolia*

Soundboards of the July '94 Shoreline shows came out in '95. All three are worth hearing and are "A" quality, but here are a few tips for you.

7-1-94

Features a killer *Playing In the Band* jam.

7-2-94

First set opener: *Music Never Stopped* > *Sugaree* > *Music Never Stopped*, and closer: *Eternity*. *Help On the Way* > *Slipknot!* > *Franklin's Tower*, *Space* > *Stella Blue*

7-3-94

Bird Song, *Eyes* > *Fire On the Mountain* > *Box Of Rain*, *Terrapin* > *Jam*

New Soundboards of 1995 Shows: Both Sets Are Available

2-26-95 Coliseum, Oakland, CA, Mardi Gras, Sound: A Guest: David Murray

No highlights unless you videotaped the parade.

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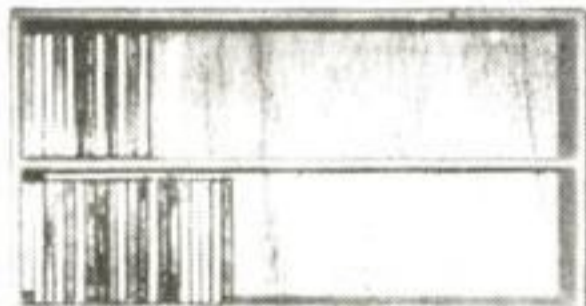
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3-23-95 Coliseum, Charlotte, NC, Sound: A
Guest: Bruce Hornsby (on grand piano instead of the accordion he usually played when sitting in after his full-time departure!)

Highlights: Entire second set, especially pre-*Drums*.
Unbroken Chain, *Scarlet* > *Fire* > *Corrina* > *Jam* > *Mathilda* > Hornsby/Weir/Drummers' Jam

3-26-95 Omni, Atlanta, GA, Sound: A
Cold Rain opener, *Eternity*, *Samson(!)*, *Terrapin* > *Jam*,
Other One > a bizarre *Morning Dew*

4-1-95 Pyramid Arena, Memphis (home of Elvis), TN, Sound: A-
First *Take Me To the River*, plus *Saint* > *Eyes Of the World*

4-2-95 Pyramid Arena, Memphis, TN, Sound: A-
Yawn...

4-7-95 Tampa Stadium, Tampa, FL, Sound: A-
Can we go home now?

6-2-95 Shoreline Amphitheatre, Mountain View, CA, Sound: A, Guests: Gyuto Monks
Bird Song. Entire second set is special: The Gyuto Monks must be heard to be believed. They are living jewels. Too bad Bobby segued from the Monks into *Easy Answers* though!

1995 Audience Tape Highlights

While many fine audience recordings of every show in 1995 are available from many different recording setups, the following are our favorite musical performances:

2-19-95 Delta Center, Salt Lake City, UT
Return of *Alabama Getaway*.

2-21-95 Delta Center, Salt Lake City, UT
The whole show smokes. First set opener: *Salt Lake City* return, *Truckin'* > *Jam* > *I Just Wanna Make Love To You*, *Space* > *Visions Of Johanna*

2-25-95 Coliseum, Oakland, CA
Terrapin > *Jam* > *Drums* > *Space* > *Other One* > *Wharf Rat* > *Saturday Night*

3-19-95 Spectrum, Philly, PA
First ever *Unbroken Chain* ended the first set.

5-21-95 Sam Boyd Silver Bowl, Las Vegas, NV
Entire show recommended: *So Many Roads*, *Unbroken Chain*, *Eyes* > *Corrina* > *Jam*, *Space* > *Spanish Jam* > *Other One*

5-25-95 Memorial Stadium, Seattle, WA
Entire show worth it. *Stranger*, *Cassidy* (first set closer), *Victim*, *He's Gone*, *Space*, *NFA*

5-26-95 Memorial Stadium, Seattle, WA
Set One: *Help On the Way* > *Slipknot!* > *Franklin's Tower*, *Same Thing*, *Loose Lucy*, *Eternity* > *Don't Ease Me In*
Set Two: *Scarlet* > *Fire* > *Playing In the Band* > *Uncle John's Band* > *Drums* > *Space* > *Easy Answers* > *Stella Blue* > *Good Lovin'* E= *Liberty*

This is probably the BIG ONE of the year. This is how good the 1995 Grateful Dead can sound when everything and everyone is together. *Help* > *Slip* > *Frank* is filled with passion and power. *Eternity* spaces out beautifully with a fine lead from Vince. It's the *Scarlet* > *Fire* that makes this show one for the ages. Jerry is completely on top of this one, singing with authority and playing his finest. The leads in *Scarlet* are filled with interesting twists. The transition jam shows perfect communication within the band. The jamming in *Fire* pulls out all the stops. Each instrumental break pushes the intensity higher and higher. Finally, at the climax, Jerry pulls a truly otherworldly tone from his guitar to send the jam over the top. The rest of the show is very well played, *Space* and *Stella Blue* in particular. The tapes sound excellent, too.

6-3-95 Shoreline Amphitheatre, Mountain View, CA
Entire show, especially *Brown-Eyed Woman (!)*, *Eternity*, *Playing* > *Uncle John's Band*, *Space* > *Box Of Rain* > *Stella Blue*

6-21-95 Knickerbocker Arena, Albany, NY
Another entire show worth hearing, especially the *Dew*.
Loser, *Row Jimmy* (15 min.), *Playing* > *Supplication Jam(s)*, *Morning Dew*

6-22-95 Knickerbocker Arena, Albany, NY
The entire second set cooks.

6-25-95 RFK Stadium, Washington, DC
Guest: Bruce Hornsby
Bob Dylan opened. Dead highlights: 17-minute *Shakedown*, *Wharf Rat* > *NFA*. Jerry played with Dylan on *It Takes A Lot To Laugh* and *Rainy Day Women*.

6-27-95 The Palace, Auburn Hills, MI
Victim > *Jam* > *Foolish Heart* (30 minutes)

6-30-95 Three Rivers Stadium, Pittsburgh, PA
Set Two in the rain. *Rain*, *Box Of Rain*, *Samba In the Rain*, *Looks Like Rain*

7-2-95 Deer Creek, Noblesville, IN
Jerry receives death threat and then — amazingly — plays *Dire Wolf*.

7-9-95 Soldier Field, Chicago, IL
Last Grateful Dead show ever. In retrospect the set list couldn't be better. Garcia goes nuts on *So Many Roads*, *Space* > *Unbroken Chain*

The Dead Hour

This was an odd year for Señor Gans. About halfway through the year, the Deads' management temporarily restricted his access to the vault — the result of which was that for a good portion of the year he largely played music we already have. From our perspective it was the only less-than-totally-amazing year he's ever produced. Fortunately, he's told us his contract has been renewed and he will soon be pulling out new old treats for us to enjoy again. Party on, David!

#331, January 23, 95

9/20/90, Madison Square Garden, New York, NY

Dark Star > *Playing In the Band* > *Dark Star*

Killer post-Drums *Dark Star* with Hornsby. The whole pre-Drums was broadcast in show #330.

333, February 6, 1995

7/29/88 Laguna Seca Raceway, Monterey, CA

Althea, *Blow Away*, *Cassidy* > *Deal*, *China Cat Sunflower* > *Crazy Fingers* > *I Know You Rider*

#334, February 13, 1995

7/29/88 Laguna Seca Raceway, Monterey, CA

Playing In the Band > *Drums...*, *Jam* > *The Wheel* > *Gimme Some Lovin'* > *Believe It Or Not* > *Sugar Magnolia*

Noteworthy for the one-time-only segue between *China Cat* > *Crazy Fingers* > *Rider*. Also, this *Playing In the Band*

is widely regarded as being the heaviest version played by the Dead after 1974.

#336, February 27, 1995

10/9/76 Oakland Stadium, Oakland, CA

Promised Land, *They Love Each Other*, *Minglewood Blues*, *Scarlet Begonias*, *Lazy Lightning* > *Supplication*, *Sugaree*

#337, March 6, 1995

10/9/76 Oakland Stadium, Oakland, CA

St. Stephen > *Not Fade Away* > *St. Stephen* > *Help On the Way* > *Slipknot!*

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Sugar Magnolia

1/22/68 Eagle's Auditorium, Seattle, WA

Alligator

All of the Oakland '76 listed above and below is must-have material, especially the *Scarlet Begonias*, which features superb playing by Bob Weir. Check out the triumphant transition between *St. Stephen* and *Help On the Way*. The marching band's *Sugar Mags* is kickass — God bless America! The *Alligator* from '68 is your typically mind-blowing brain-melt exercise from that period.

#338, March 13, 1995

10/9/76 Oakland Stadium, Oakland, CA

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#340, March 27, 1995

2/21/95 Delta Center, Salt Lake City, UT
Salt Lake City, Truckin' Jam, I Just Want To Make Love To You, Jam > Visions Of Jobanna

Only version of *Salt Lake City*. First version of *I Just Want To Make Love To You* by Jerry (both Pigpen and Brent had previously sung this with the Dead), and the triumphant return of Bob Dylan's *Visions Of Jobanna* (last played on 4/22/86). A soundboard of this show has recently surfaced in its entirety.

#341, April 3, 1995

1974 Studio recording
Unbroken Chain

While this has been around before, we've never had it without tons of hiss.

#343, April 17, 1995

1/22/68 Eagle's Auditorium, Seattle, WA
Alligator
1/20/68 Municipal Auditorium, Eureka, CA
Clementine > New Potato Caboose > Born Cross-Eyed > Spanish Jam > Caution Jam > Dark Star

See the second review in this article.

#344, April 24, 1995

5/7/75 In the studio with David Crosby
King Solomon's Marbles

#345, May 1, 1995

5/7/80 Barton Hall, Ithaca, NY
Shakedown Street > Bertha > Playing In the Band > Terrapin, Alabama Getaway

There aren't a lot of nice tapes like this around from the spring of 1980. The *Shakedown > Bertha* combo is nice (check out the version from 11/25/79).

#349, May 29, 1995

3/18/95 Spectrum, Philadelphia, PA
Percussion > Jam > The Last Time > Visions Of Jobanna > One More Saturday Night, Rain

#352, June 19, 1995

5/14/70 Merramec Comm. College, Kirkwood, MO
Casey Jones, Mama Tried, High Time, Good Morning Little Schoolgirl, Me & My Uncle, Cold Rain and Snow, Attics Of My Life, Cumberland Blues

#353, June 26, 1995

1970 (Date and venue unknown)
The Race Is On, Wake Up Little Susie, Uncle John's Band

5/14/70 Merramec Comm. College, Kirkwood, MO
New Speedway Boogie, St. Stephen > Not Fade Away > Lovelight

The Merramec College show has, until this broadcast, long been a source of debate amongst tapers. For years many have had a tape labeled Merramec that had a very different list than what is presented here. Now we know what really went down. This show came right around the time during which the Dead recorded "Workingman's Dead," so singing and harmonies are the main focus. Quite a difference from the shows reviewed in this column so far. The jams come near the end. Also, Mickey is absent for unknown reasons. The singing is quite good, with *Rider* and *High Time* standing out. *Attics*, though, is almost comical. There's oddly no jam at all between *China* and *Rider* and *Good Lovin'* features only a short, aimless one. Things heat up with a very intense *New Speedway*, made possible by Garcia's hot slide solo during the *Nobody's Fault Jam* sandwiched in. Garcia's vocals are so emphatic; he sounds like a Hillbilly preacher mixing business with a twang. *St. Stephen* rocks and *NFA* contains the first long and inspired instrumental of the show. After one verse, Lesh bolts the band into a swift, richly textured *Lovelight*. Inventiveness glows in every nook, as the Boys end this show on a high note.

#361, August 21, 1995

3/18/95 Spectrum, Philadelphia, PA
It's All Too Much > Iko Iko

The debut of *It's All Too Much*.

#363, September 4, 1995

1968 (Unknown Location)
St. Stephen
9/21/72 Spectrum, Philadelphia, PA
Dark Star Jam

These two cuts were first played by Dick Latvala at the Golden Gate Park memorial service for Garcia. The *St. Stephen* is perhaps the earliest version we have — it's raw and undeveloped. The *Dark Star Jam* (already circulated widely, but a much hissier copy) is a prototypical example of the Dead stretching open a gaping psychedelic chasm to what is nearly its widest possible point. It's so scary it's beautiful! A finger-pickin' meltdown by Garcia leads into a stunningly mournful melody that literally cries with sadness. This in turn evolves into another improvised passage which is utterly joyous. Ah, an entire world of emotions explored in under 20 minutes!

#364, September 11, 1995

2/24/73 U of I Field House, Iowa City
Bass Solo > Feelin' Groovy Jam

Another Latvala selection played at the Garcia Memorial. This one introduces us to an unusually *fluid* bass solo which segues directly into a full *Feelin' Groovy Jam*.

Two Miscellaneous Tapes to Take Note of

2-14-95 The Valentines, Fillmore Auditorium, S.F., CA
Source: Dead Hour (KPFA), Sound: A+, Time: 75 min.

A) *Love Makes A Fool Of You, Greatest Story Ever Told, Queen Jane, It's A Man's World, Ain't That Peculiar, Cream Puff War, Good Morning Little Schoolgirl, Playing In the Band*

B) *Play With Fire > Spoonful > Play With Fire, Take Me To the River, It's All Too Much*

Musicians: Bob Weir, Vince Welnick, Henry Kaiser: Guitar, Bobby Vega: Bass, Prairie Prince: Drums, Danny Carnahan and Robin Petrie: Backing Vocals

These guys put on a slick, high-energy show. There's not lots of magic, but there is lots of foot-stomping, boogie-down tunes to dance your butt off to. *Playing In the Band* has a nice Kaiser-led jam in it. Vince goes nuts vocally and instrumentally on *Play With Fire* (which is played in the same fashion as the French, Frith, Kaiser, Thompson Band does it). Other highlights include the old Dead nuggets *It's A Man's World* and *Cream Puff War*, both sung well by Vince.

6-3-94 Garcia, Grisman, and Tony Rice, Acoustic Rehearsal, Marin Source: SBD, Sound: A, Time: 90 min.

A) *Man Of Constant Sorrow (2x), Angels Lay Him Away (2x), Shady Grove (3x)* — with an extended jam intro

B) *Rosalie McFall, Driftin' Too Far, Long Black Veil, Amazing Grace, Little Sadie, Knockin' On Heaven's Door, So What, House Of the Rising Sun/(cut)*

It's fitting that the last tape reviewed here should be a wonderful, down-home practice session showing Jerry at his best: warm, funny, charming, acid-tongued, and, of course, in pursuit of the Tasty Lick. Everyone seems to have a path whereby they experience their own unique Flow. It might be building ships in a bottle, praising Jesus in the financial district, or spouting philosophical musings off the top of your head, at the top of your lungs. Garcia belonged on a cozy couch, with an acoustic guitar and a large ashtray. And a friend or two....

Musically, these guys are as equal and unselfish as any three players I've ever heard. The interactions between them are exquisite. *So What* is a marvel. It's also interesting to hear Jerry joke one minute and then drop down deeply into a feeling of sadness and pain, i.e. *Amazing Grace*. Even more revealing is *House Of the Rising Sun*. This song was originally written about drug addiction and prostitution at a bordello in Storyville, a seedy area of New Orleans. Incidentally, it's also here that the word "jazz" originated — meaning "to fornicate." Though cut, *House Of the Rising Sun* is still two-thirds complete and quite powerful.

When I listen to Garcia's voice between tracks, I am immediately reminded of a young boy exploring a brand-new Lincoln Logs or Lego toy. It's that thrill of the chase, of possibilities. Just listen for yourself...listen to his joyous, flowing cackles that bust out after a nice rendition of a tune. Here's a guy being where he belongs. It's that simple, really. Besides being full of splendid music, I can't think of a better tape to put on when you're missing him, either. ♦

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WHO IS RATDOG

AND WHY IS EVERYONE TALKING ABOUT THEM?

BY VESPER LYND

The Grateful Dead family is a large, extended one, with many offshoots, cousins, and uncles. Certain characters have entered the Dead's clan for a brief period, while others seem to pop up continually in the strangest of places. One musician who has had his share of activity with the Dead is celebrated harmonica player Matthew Kelly. His tenure includes contributions on "Wake of the Flood" and "Shakedown Street." He formed Kingfish and was a part of the studio version of Bobby & the Midnites.

The majority of Kelly's involvement with the Dead comes via Bob Weir. Their relationship, which started during childhood, continues to thrive with Ratdog, the latest of Weir's solo projects. The band includes bassist Rob Wasserman, drummer Jay Lane, and until recently, GD keyboardist Vince Welnick.

Growing up together in Atherton, CA, Kelly and Weir's parents were friends, and they attended the same private school. Eventually they went their separate ways and didn't run into each other again until the New Riders days.

During the spring of '95 both Kelly and Weir found themselves vacationing in Thailand. A short time later they were at Welnick's house in Acapulco, Yucatan, Mexico where the three did a benefit for the local ecological society. These two informal gigs led to a short run of shows at Sweetwater, a nightclub in Mill Valley, CA. "Then we just decided to do a tour," Matthew Kelly explained during a recent Ratdog stop in Denver. "It wasn't planned out or anything, it just kind of happened."

Ratdog is the latest gig in a long list for Matthew Kelly. A Bay Area music fixture for the better part of 30 years, Kelly honed his chops playing with black blues players during the late '60s. Kelly's proclivity as a harp player increased in direct proportion to his knowledge of blues music. Soon he was copying black harp players and going to blues concerts. His first job was with Bobby "Blue" Bland's guitar player, Mel Brown, whose show Kelly had gone to see. "I went to an all-black nightclub with a buddy of mine, and we were the only white guys there. Mel Brown was doing a blues song," said Kelly. "It was a crazy thing to do in retrospect but...I just jumped up onstage, uninvited, in the middle of the song and started playing along with him. [Then] Mel Brown invited me down to L.A. the next week to play on his new album, 'I'd Rather Suck My Thumb.'"

Later on, Kelly started to get interested in rock and roll. Dave Torbert was integral in assisting with Kelly's ascent in this

area. Torbert is best known as the bassist who propelled both New Riders of the Purple Sage and Kingfish to critical acclaim.

Torbert had established himself in the Bay Area with NRPS, and through Garcia he got the nod to play bass on the Dead's *Box of Rain*, and on Weir's *Greatest Story Ever Told*. Kelly started sitting in with NRPS, who, in 1970-71, were touring with the Grateful Dead. It was here Kelly reconnected with Weir.

In 1973 the Dead were working on a new studio LP. Weir had used up most of his new material the year before on his first solo album, "Ace," and



Photo by Brad Niederman

when it came time to record "Wake of the Flood," the Dead's first record in three years, Weir's contribution was *Weather Report Suite*, which included *Let It Grow*. Weir asked Kelly to add his signature harmonica sound to the cut.

At about the same time, Kelly, with Torbert's help, started work on his "Wing and A Prayer" project. Although the album would go through years of refinements before being released, the two were working so well together Torbert decided he would rather work with Kelly. He was no longer happy in NRPS, so they decided to form a new band.

With the recruitment of guitarist Robbie Hoddinott, former Shongo drummer Chris Herold, and keyboardist Mick Ward, Kingfish came into being. Ward was only in the band a short time, when he died in a car accident. Kingfish spent the summer of '74, as a quartet, in Alaska. "We played every night, six nights a week, and we really honed down our material as a four-piece," said Kelly. With the summer over, Kingfish went back to San Francisco and acquired a nice-sized following playing local clubs in the Bay Area.

During the Dead's hiatus in '75, Weir started touring with Kingfish and was soon a full-time member of the band. Toward the end of the year, Kingfish went into the studio to record the material they had recently been performing. They released their self-titled debut, "Kingfish," in March '76. Regarded by many as one of the best solo Dead projects, it included the soon to be Dead concert staple,



Photo by Brad Niederman

Lazy Lightning/Supplication as well as many other favorites.

As the '70s wore on, Kingfish continued to tour and record. In '78 Kelly was again asked to record with the Dead on "Shakedown Street," on *I Need A Miracle* and *All New Minglewood Blues*. In addition, Kelly occasionally appeared live with the Dead between '75-'85, playing at the Golden Gate Park show (9/28/75), the closing of Winterland on New Year's Eve '78, and several shows in the '80s, the last of which were at the Nassau Coliseum (3/28-29/85).

Besides the Dead, Kingfish performed with headliners such as the Eagles, the Doobie Brothers, Jefferson Starship, Elton John, Lynyrd Skynyrd, and Eric Clapton. During a series of shows in L.A., both Hoddinott and Torbert started to fall victim to substance abuse and missed gigs. "We were booked at the Golden Bear (Huntington Beach, CA,

6/30/80) under the name Kingfish, and Torbert was incapable or incapacitated and could not do the gig," said Kelly. "I didn't want to call it Kingfish without Torbert, so stretching for a name, we called it Bobby & the Midnites." In October, 1981 Bobby & the Midnites, with Grateful Dead keyboardist Brent Mydland, released their first LP. Torbert, Kelly's partner for the last 12 years died on 12/7/82. His substance abuse combined with his weak heart did him in, and Kelly was left to his own devices.

Since then Kelly has remained busy with various projects. In 1994 Kelly was contacted by



Photo by Brad Niederman

the people who purchased the King Biscuit Flower Hour radio show to see if he would be interested in assisting with the release of a Kingfish show. They flew him to Germany, and with "Go To Heaven" and "Bobby & the Midnites" producer Gary Lyons, he oversaw the release of King Biscuit's "Kingfish," culled from a show on 4/3/76 at the Beacon Theatre. Kingfish tore through their repertoire, which included a few songs Weir had brought over from the Dead.

Besides performing with Ratdog, Kelly, who had been quiet for most of the early '90s, recently emerged on the scene with Chautauqua, a group of poets and musicians started by Dead/Garcia biographer Sandy Troy. Chautauqua exists in the spirit of Emerson and Thoreau and provides a forum of information, talent, and ideas between artists, poets, musicians, philosophers, and writers. Traveling around putting on shows combining both film and music, Chautauqua features Kingfish, the New Riders, and Tom Constanten.

Live, Ratdog keeps the energy level near the top. Weir switches from electric to acoustic guitar, and on some songs various members of the band leave the stage. Just when they seemed to peak with *Take Me To the River*, Weir would mellow it out with a solo reading of Paul McCartney's *Blackbird*, or Kelly adding colorful flourishes to a laid back *Twilight Time*. Weir has always been an eccentric guitar player. For 30 years his rare phrasing and off the wall licks provided Garcia the background against which he could best create. With Ratdog, most of the songs come from Weir's

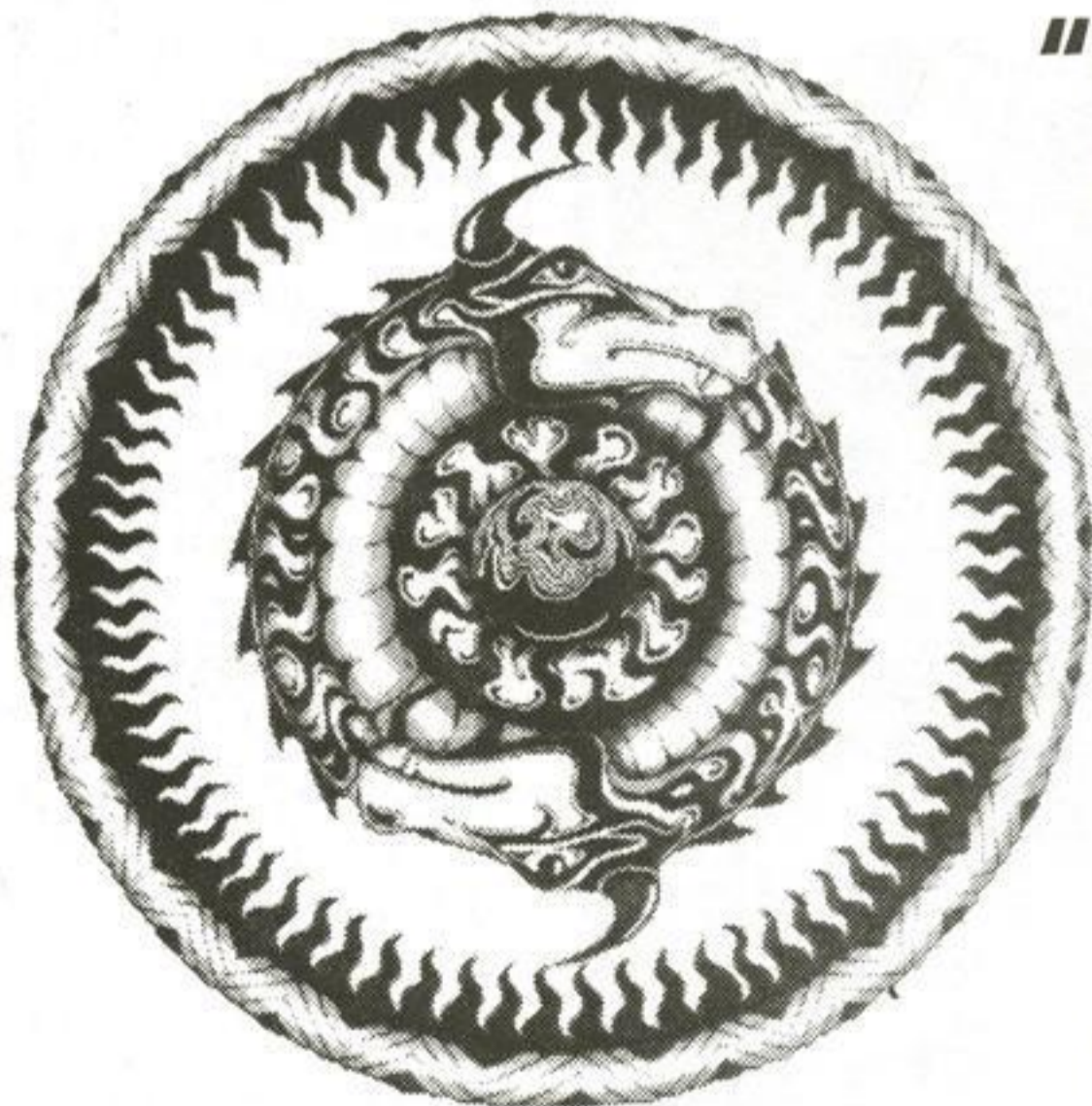
extensive repertoire of well-known Dead tunes and covers including *Cassidy*, *Minglewood*, *Masterpiece*, *Eternity*, *Easy Answers*, *Wang Dang Doodle*, *Victim Or the Crime*, *Throwing Stones*, and a variety of Dylan covers, to songs from his solo releases, "Ace," "Heaven Help the Fool," and "Bobby & the Midnites." In addition, Kelly performs *Every Little Light*, and the Kingfish harmonica jam, *Juke*.

This summer Ratdog will headline a six-week, 30-city festival tour. This so-called "Deadapalooza" will showcase the band and expose their musicianship to a much larger audience. Bob Weir wants to take Ratdog in a more blues-oriented direction, so get set for lots of blues covers as well as the usual Bobby tunes they have performed in the past.

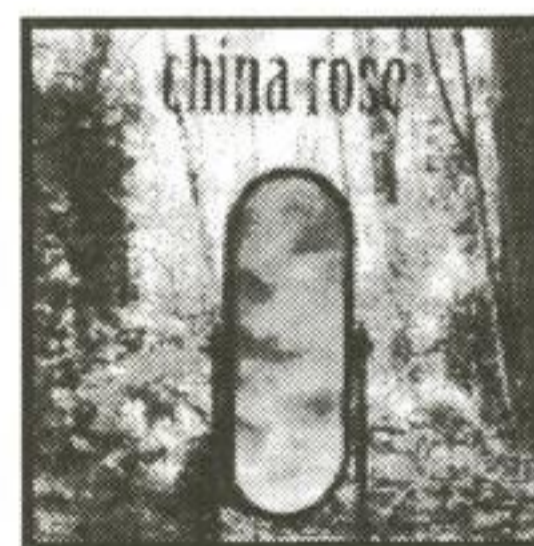
Ratdog is scheduled to go into the studio later this year, and one of the songs they will record will be Kelly's tribute to Garcia, *Every Little Light*. "I started doing it the night Garcia died. It was a very fitting song as a tribute to Jerry."

Of Ratdog Kelly says, "Everybody seems to be enjoying themselves and having a really good time with it. As long as the band is growing musically and we're enjoying ourselves, I think it's safe to say we'll continue to play."

Vesper Lynd is a freelance journalist and has written about such artists as Howie Epstein, Bruce Cockburn, Widespread Panic, Gregg Allman, and Toenut. Vesper can be reached via e-mail: vlynd@aol.com. ♦



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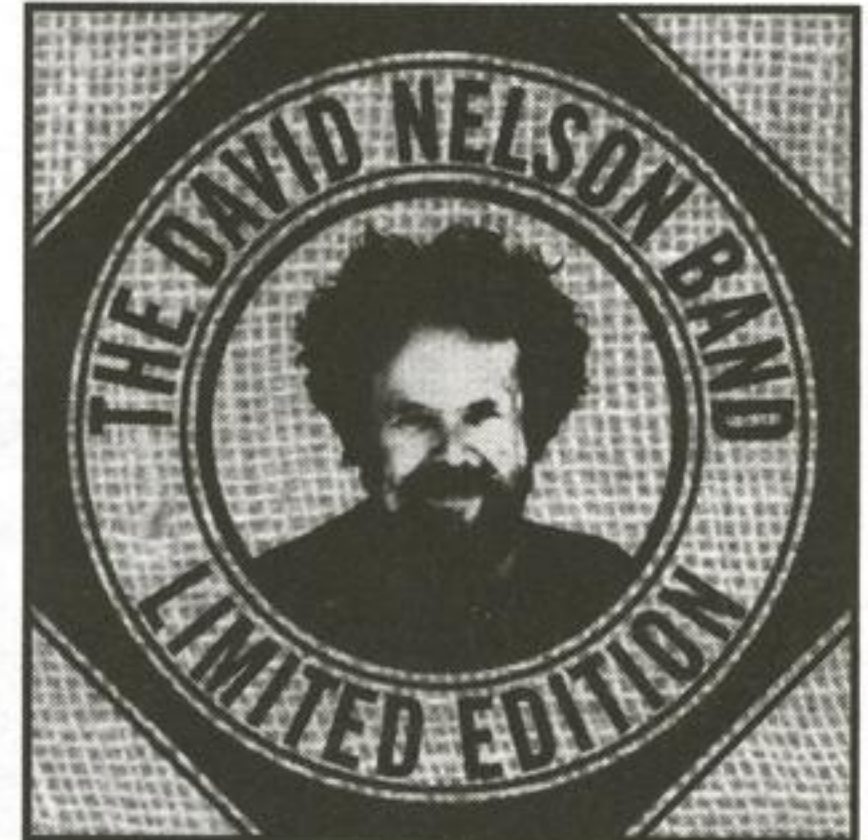
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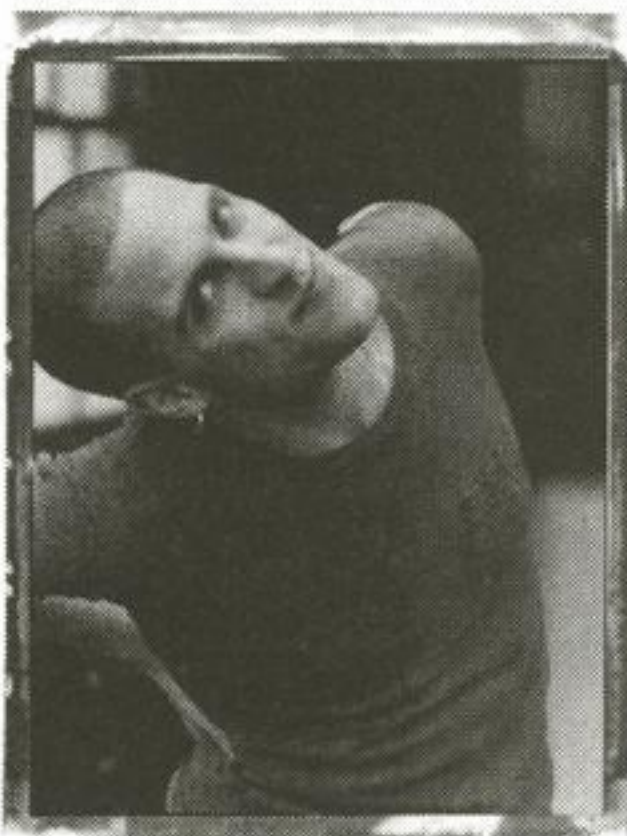
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dog's eye view



dog's eye view is a band and it's frontman
 Peter Stuart's musical take on the world:

Q: What does the band name, dog's eye view, mean?

A: I lived in a basement apartment in Chicago and all I could see were fire hydrants and feet walking by...so I decided that I had a dog's eye view of the world.

Q: What is "happy nowhere," the title of your debut album, about?

A: It's a dual meaning. I've spent a lot of the last two years on the road & on one hand I've been happy to be nowhere at all, and on the other hand you can be miserable anywhere.

Q: Peter, tell us about recording "happy nowhere."

A: The band tried to make it indicative of the solo thing I'd been doing for the last two years (supporting Counting Crows, Cracker & Tori Amos). We rented a house & recorded live.

Q: What is in the immediate future for dog's eye view?

A: The album is in stores now and it looks like we'll be on tour forever.



<http://www.music.sony.com/Music/ArtistInfo/DogsEyeView/index.html>
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COLUMBIA

DEALING WITH JERRY'S DEATH

BY ALEX THOMSON, L.C.S.W.

"We are having some good grief here today."

— *Wavy Gravy*

When Jerry Garcia died on August 9, 1995, he completed one leg of his personal journey and started the Grateful Dead community on our own trek down an uncharted path called grief. I say uncharted path because grieving may be the most misunderstood and neglected *growth* process we can experience. The process of moving through the emotional pain of loss is so rarely discussed, most of us have limited knowledge about it or how to cope with it.

Our lack of knowledge has impeded our ability to realize the importance of contacting and expressing the full range of emotion that is stimulated by a significant loss, which is what "good grief" means. Our opportunity to experience "good grief" can be hindered by various factors that need to be recognized and addressed, if we are to overcome them.

Unfortunately, our society has lost touch with traditional rites of passage and tends to distance itself from death and loss. This situation results in our society being ill-equipped to provide support and guidance to griever as they attempt to work through their feelings, accept their loss, heal their pain, and resume their lives, incorporating this into their day-to-day realities.

Our society also maintains myths about bereavement that can further hinder our opportunity to learn healthy ways of grieving. Some common myths include:

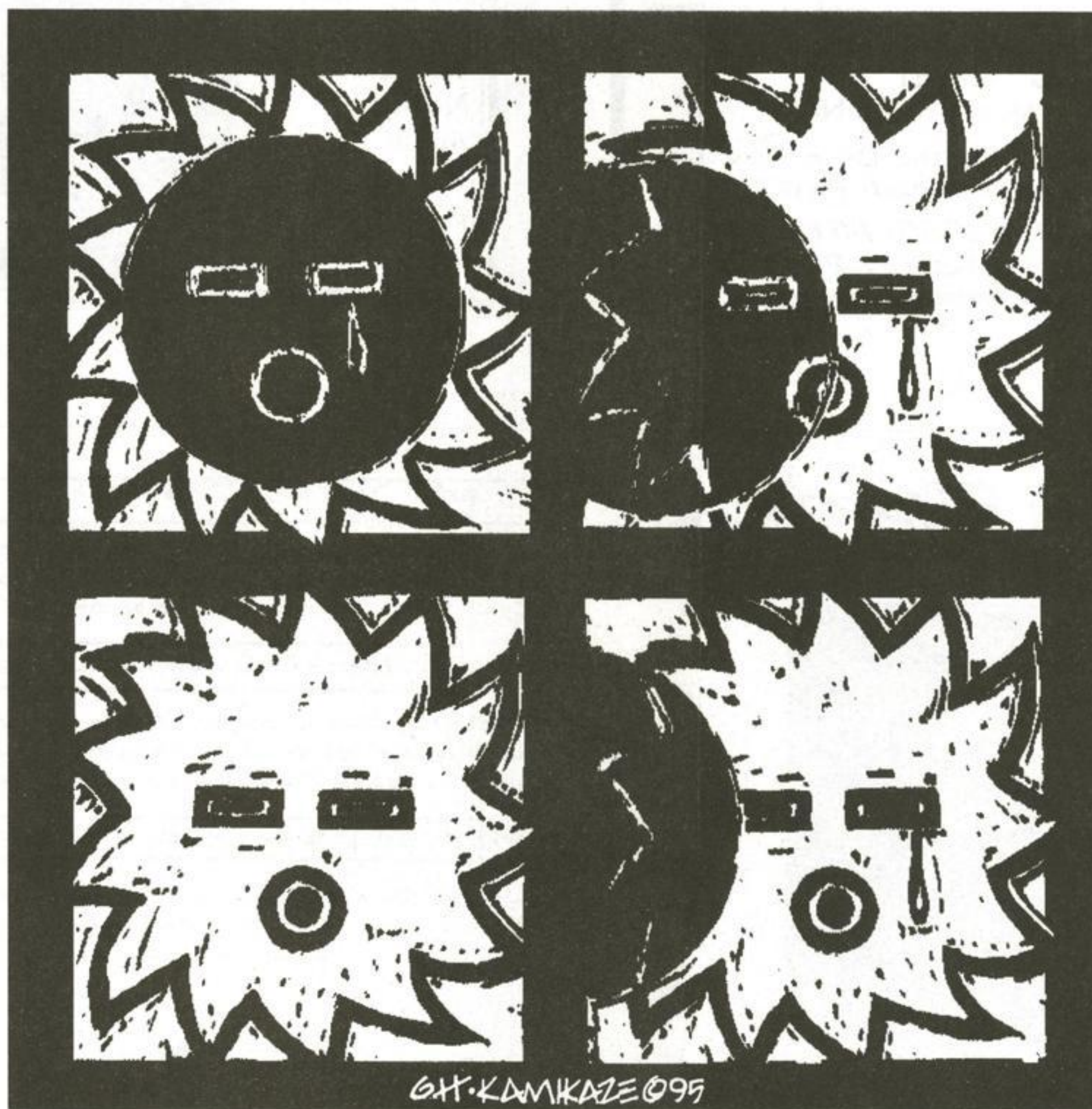
- It is better not to talk about painful things.
- Expressing sadness is a sign of weakness.
- It only takes a few months to get over grief.
- Everyone grieves the same way.

Human nature also works against us because we learn very early to avoid pain and discomfort. Most griever automatically attempt to bury their pain or replace their loss with some other activity or person.

Deadheads may also struggle with an additional issue: How do you mourn the death of someone you didn't know personally? To answer this question, we must recognize the profound impact Jerry had on the lives of Deadheads. The loss of our sense of community, friendships, celebration, freedom of

expression, subcultural connection, and good times generated by the Grateful Dead Experience are all valid losses. Additionally, each of us developed a symbolic relationship or connection to Jerry that must be acknowledged.

While the above factors may combine to hinder our ability to engage in "good grief," we can counteract their influence by



learning about the normal stages of grief and by practicing some time-proven ways of expressing our emotions. Counteracting their influences is particularly important, since unresolved grief can cause depression, strain relationships, impair school performance, disrupt concentration, and increase reliance on drugs or alcohol. Even the most together person can spiral downward if grief goes unaddressed.

While the stages of grief tend to shift and overlap, knowledge about them can provide a map that can assist you to navigate through them. Stages of grief are:

- **Numbness:** Initially the loss feels so unreal, you simply can't believe it. This is nature's way of softening the overwhelming impact of the loss.
- **Disorganization:** As the numbness wears off, you begin to slowly feel the impact of the loss. Feelings like confusion, anger, sadness, emptiness, and hopelessness are common. Impulsive or potentially self-destructive behaviors can sometimes be exhibited.
- **Reorganization:** If you allow yourself to feel the full range of your emotions, their intensity will diminish and be resolved. The loss will find a special place in your heart, where it can be remembered but not prevent you from moving forward.

Despite societal hindrances, we need to define strength as the ability to express our feelings and not avoid them. Crying and other expressions of grief need to be viewed as signs of

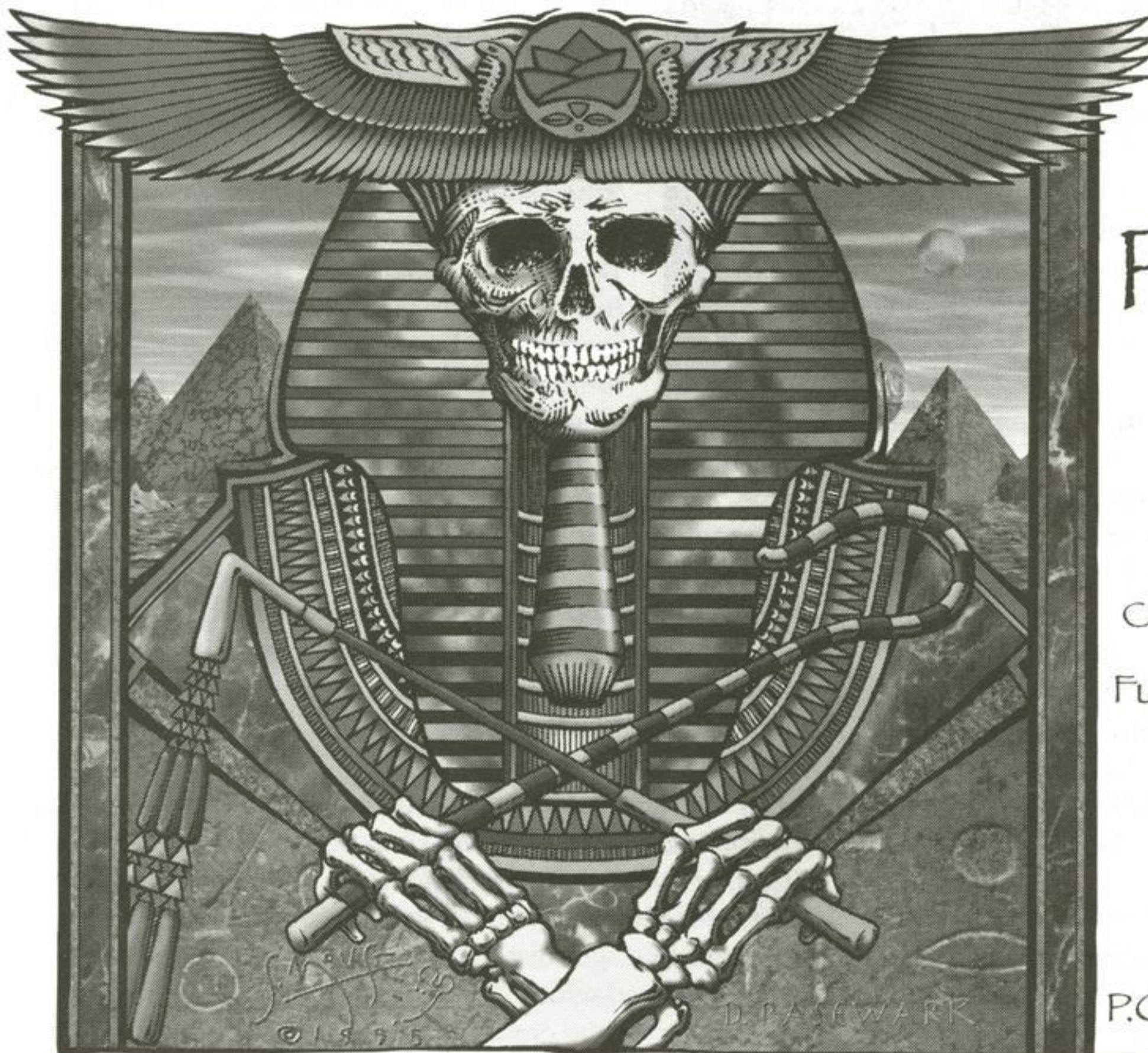
health, not as indications that we are falling apart. To move through the stages of grief we need to give ourselves permission to contact and express our feelings in our own way.

The following examples can give you some approaches you can practice to assist you in developing ideas about your own healing ritual.

- Talking to others who can listen in a nonjudgmental way; reminiscing, telling our stories, sharing our emotions.
- Writing in a journal about your thoughts, feelings, and memories — even writing a letter to the deceased.
- Drawing pictures or expressing emotions in some other creative way.
- Having a musical celebration or creating your own memorial service.
- Putting together a “memory box” filled with pictures and other meaningful memorabilia.

In conclusion, it doesn't really matter how you grieve, what is most important is that you give expression to your feelings and don't allow the roadblocks to prevent you from attaining “good grief.”

Alex Thomson is a practicing psychotherapist and bereavement counselor. His practice is in Rutherford, New Jersey. He can be reached at 201-935-7712. ♦



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WE ARE ON OUR OWN TOGETHER

BY REBECCA G. ADAMS

More than half a year has passed since Jerry died. Every single day during this period, I have received letters and e-mail messages filled with love for him and expressions of feelings of loss. It has been a privilege to be on the receiving end of these communications. Hearing about how other Deadheads have coped with this loss and about their plans for the future has been a tremendous comfort to me personally, and has helped me understand our subculture better. Thank you.

Sally Mulvey recently contacted me and asked me to do a follow-up to the piece I wrote in *DDN's* memorial issue, *Garcia: A Grateful Celebration*. She wrote that *DDN* was swamped with pleas for help from desperately depressed Deadheads. I knew she was not exaggerating, because I had been receiving the same type of mail. I immediately agreed to write this article. It went without saying that I would try to put something back into the subculture that had welcomed me as a researcher and made me one of its own. After all, we all know that "what goes around, comes around." Because I knew that hearing about what other Deadheads were experiencing and doing was helping me, I thought that passing on some of those experiences to *DDN* readers might help them as well.

I was, however, filled with misgivings. What qualified me to help Deadheads through the mourning process? Even though I tell my students that a sociological perspective is useful in understanding problems and solving them, I had a gut-level feeling that we needed a psychological perspective as well as a sociological one this time. I contacted two friends, Gary Greenberg and Jane Rosen-Grandon, and they agreed to help me sort out what to write. As old Deadheads who both have clinical practices, they are eminently qualified to give advice on this topic. While working on his doctorate at Saybrook Institute, Gary studied some with Stan Krippner, so it would be fair to call him a second-generation Deadhead psychologist. Jane is a Licensed Marriage and Family Therapist and a Licensed Professional Counselor. Both Gary and Jane have counseled Deadheads as part of their mainstream lives.

Another qualm I had about writing this article was insecurity about my own grip on this whole thing. Since Jerry died, I have not been able to listen to Dead tapes, and I have avoided reading most of the mass media coverage of his death, though

my husband and other Deadheads have copiously collected it for me. Although I have worked around the edges of my book manuscript, collecting and organizing information, I have not put fingers to keyboard for the purpose of writing it since August 9, 1995. When Jerry died, I was in the middle of a chapter about why Deadheads keep coming back to shows. To change the operative words to kept going, to put my chapter in the past tense, would be an admission that IT is over. As one of my Deadhead friends put it, IT would become "a memory," rather than an ongoing experience. I am not yet psychologically capable of making this concession. I keep hoping for that miracle. Many of the Deadheads who have written to me are much further along in resolving their grief than I am.

From my gerontological studies, I knew that mourning is a process and that has provided some solace for me. Elisabeth Kubler-Ross (*On Death and Dying*, Macmillan, 1969) discussed the stages that terminally ill people go through as part of the dying process. Jane mentioned to me that this framework is not only useful in understanding one's own impending death, but can also be used to understand adjustment to someone else's.

When someone dies, initially our mind protects us emotionally from shock with denial. A 15-year-old Deadhead wrote me that when she heard Jerry had died, she thought he was merely in hiding and would eventually reveal himself to us. An older Deadhead friend convinced her that Jerry would never hurt all of us by hiding, so she was finally able to admit he's

gone. According to Jane, each of us admits Jerry is gone when we are ready to do so.

Anger comes next. If you haven't experienced this yourself, reread Sally Mulvey's piece in *Celebration*. No one would question her Deedication, yet she admitted to having been pretty angry at Jerry.

Once we have dealt with our anger constructively, we begin bargaining. We bargain with God, with ourselves, with the band, or with our futures. After the band made the announcement that the Grateful Dead were no more, I received a rash of e-mail messages that illustrate how we Deadheads bargain. One Deadhead wrote: "Optimistically, perhaps the band wants to savor the option of 'not playing together' for a

SINCE JERRY
DIED, I HAVE
NOT BEEN
ABLE TO
LISTEN TO
DEAD TAPES

period of time, so the 'official breakup' announcement is merely a temporary but needed expedient." Another wrote: "I saw this happen 20 years ago, in '75, so I don't think that people should panic just yet."

When bargaining doesn't ease the pain of our loss and we recognize that we are powerless to change what happened, depression prevails. Gary asked me to remind everyone that "it is probably impossible to overstate the significance of the Grateful Dead in our lives, which means that we should expect the grief to be substantial and at times unbearable. People have a tendency to say, 'I shouldn't be so upset,' and this gets reinforced by outsiders who agree." We should be as upset as we are.

Herb Greene told me that he spent six months "in another place" after Jerry died. At many times he was very depressed. We can't move beyond depression until we have accepted what has happened and have made a new plan. Herb is now working on a proposal for a new book featuring his photographs and some by Susana Millman and Lloyd Wolf. He has a plan.

Jane notes that acceptance is difficult to achieve, because we often feel a bit disloyal when we begin to recover. She suggests using a line from a song as a guiding light. By using that guiding light, we not only honor Jerry, but allow his words and music to continue affecting us. "After all," she concludes, "for most of us, his music and memory will live on in our hearts and lives forever. When we realize this, we will have achieved acceptance." She suggests that each of us summarize what Jerry meant to us and what we have learned from his life and contributions. This will help us reach closure.

Not all Deadheads have gone or will go through all of these stages, and not everyone will go through them in an orderly fashion. We can take heart though, that most of us will eventually move from one stage to another, and those of us who are stuck will probably not be stuck forever. Knowing that diverse reactions to death are normal and constructive can help us avoid being judgmental about people who are responding differently than we are or who are in a different stage of the process.

Misery does love company. For those of us in constant contact with other Deadheads, knowing we are not alone is a relatively easy task. For our more isolated family members, the challenge is greater. For example, one young woman wrote to me from Wheaton, Illinois, a bastion of fundamentalism. Although I certainly don't see any inherent conflict between being a Deadhead and a Christian, I didn't need her to tell me that there weren't many Deadheads in her town. Fortunately, she and her brother went on a pilgrimage to Haight-Ashbury and found comfort by talking to the Deadheads there.

Some people are isolated by their own lifestyles. A lawyer wrote me that though he lives in a geographic area heavily

populated with Deadheads, the mourning process has been "necessarily relatively private" for him. When asked how things were shortly after Jerry's death, he could not communicate to most the fact that the death of a 'rock star' meant he had lost a loved one.

Perhaps the most touching story I have heard was from a "locked down bro" who had spent many of his countless hours in prison thinking about his next show. After hearing the news, he went "walking out in the pouring rain in the rec yard." He came upon a show buddy from his hometown. He gave him a hug. They both had tears in their eyes. He wrote: "This was very heavy." I cannot imagine.

Being with other Deadheads is not the only way to be reassured. Deadheads have been working through their grief in a variety of ways. Some Deadheads have been relying on their own religious subcultures to help guide them through the mourning process. I have been struck with the burst of creative activity among Deadheads. To help ease the pain, many of our brothers and sisters have been writing, playing music, developing home pages, and engaging in countless other artistic activities. Other Deadheads have resolved their grief by making plans for the future of our subculture. John Dwork and *DDN* are making arrangements for a conference where Deadheads will come together to reflect on our collective future. In addition, *DDN* and Terrapin Tapes are planning a big Deadhead convention on Memorial Day weekend at SUNY Purchase. I have heard from Deadheads organizing concerts, a network of prisoners, and local gatherings. Apparently many spinners have been gathering together, continuing to create a New Whirled Order.

Gary, sounding more like a sociologist than a psychologist, wrote to me: "The Dead, whether out of ineptitude or principle, never made a real institution out of themselves, the kind that could carry on after the founders died. So the whole thing just melts into a dream (was it ever here at all?). So, like everything else about the scene, we just have to make it up as we go along."

Recently, John Barlow visited our area. He told me he votes for continuity. So do I. As one Deadhead wrote on the back of the envelope he mailed me: "We are on our own, but definitely on our own together." I hope he is right that we will continue to be a community. Only we can make it so.

The author would like to hear about your life After Jerry's Death, how you are staying connected with other Deadheads, and your future plans for keeping IT going. All responses will be kept strictly confidential. If you would like to respond to a questionnaire about Deadhead friendship, mention it in your letter or message. Write to her at: Department of Sociology, University of North Carolina at Greensboro, Greensboro, NC 27412-5001 or via her e-mail address Adams@Iris.UNCG.edu. To those of you who have already volunteered to respond to the questionnaire, thank you. The questionnaire will be on its way to you shortly.

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NOT FADDED AWAY

DEADHEADS BRING IN THE NEW YEAR WITH THE ZEN TRICKSTERS

BY DAMIAN CHASE

New Year's Eve was always one of the most magical Grateful Dead traditions. Deadheads flocked from near and far to the Bay Area for those once extra-special shows. Where else would a true Deadhead want to be at midnight on December 31?

Since the death of Bill Graham a few years back, which ended the New Year's tradition, and then Jerry's death this summer, ending the Dead as a touring unit, there's been a void of familiar ritual in the Deadhead community. We need new ways to continue in the spirit of the gathering.

This year, guests packed Portland, Oregon's Tiffany Center, an intimate 1200-person capacity ballroom, making instant déjà vu. The magic returned with a special recreation of Grateful Dead-style New Year's past — complete with Father Time floating toward the stage, *Sugar Mags* at midnight, and even Baby New Year in a tie-dyed diaper!

The gathering was a collaboration between *Dupree's Diamond News*, and Think Good Thoughts, Portland's local Deadhead store/community leader. The

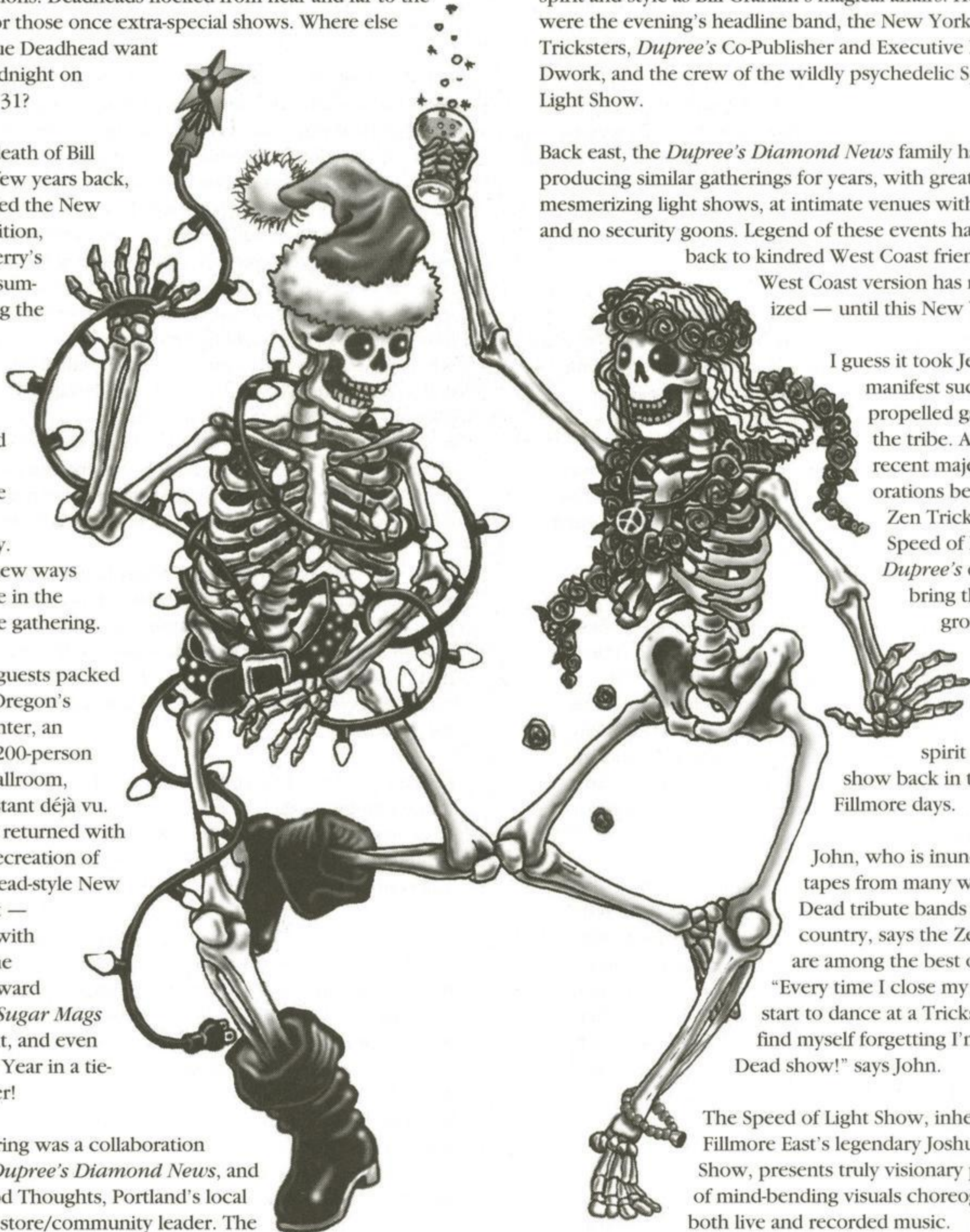
plan was to do a New Year's Eve celebration in the same spirit and style as Bill Graham's magical affairs. Heading west were the evening's headline band, the New York-based Zen Tricksters, *Dupree's* Co-Publisher and Executive Editor, John Dwork, and the crew of the wildly psychedelic Speed of Light Show.

Back east, the *Dupree's Diamond News* family had been producing similar gatherings for years, with great bands and mesmerizing light shows, at intimate venues with kind food and no security goons. Legend of these events had filtered back to kindred West Coast friends, but no West Coast version has materialized — until this New Year's Eve.

I guess it took Jerry dying to manifest such a self-propelled gathering of the tribe. After many recent majestic collaborations between the Zen Tricksters and the Speed of Light Show, *Dupree's* decided to bring these two groups out west because many feel they embody the spirit of a Dead show back in the old Fillmore days.

John, who is inundated with tapes from many wonderful Dead tribute bands around the country, says the Zen Tricksters are among the best of the best. "Every time I close my eyes and start to dance at a Trickster show I find myself forgetting I'm not at a Dead show!" says John.

The Speed of Light Show, inheritor of the Fillmore East's legendary Joshua Light Show, presents truly visionary panoramas of mind-bending visuals choreographed to both live and recorded music.



In the Bill Graham tradition, the event producers provided a children's playroom — so parents could make the event — and an infirmary, in case anyone needed a hand to hold or medical assistance (the event was problem-free). For eats and spirits, there was fine microbrewed beer, a chai tea parlor, fresh, hot pretzels, gourmet pizza, cookies, fruit, and more kind munchies.

Higher Ground, Portland's very own favorite Deadhead band, opened the show. They ended their high-energy, 70-minute set with a blistering ten-minute *Cumberland Blues*. The crowd screamed in sheer delight.

Then the Zen Tricksters took the stage, their first set opening with a strong medley of *China Cat Sunflower* > *Hey Pocky Way* > *I Know You Rider*. *Eyes Of the World* fol-

lowed, which then led seamlessly into a perfect version of *The Seven*, the complex and highly jazzy groove jam the Dead used to play during *Eyes* in 1973-74. This in turn led sweetly into *Bird Song*, accompanied by Speed of Light's perfectly choreographed images of birds and hang gliders soaring through mountain passes. Gasps came from the audience. The Tricksters closed the final set of 1995 with a roaring *Scarlet Begonias* (à la 1977).

After a short break, the lights went out at ten minutes before midnight, and the Tricksters took the stage under cover of darkness. They started playing an ominous, ascending space jam. Then a spotlight appeared near the back of the ballroom, shining down upon a ten-foot tall, tie-dyed float moving toward the stage. Father Time rode atop the float flanked by velvet-clad women throwing thornless roses. As the audience showed its approval with hearty cheers, an actor wearing a giant papier mâché head of Jerry Garcia and carrying an exact replica of Jerry's Tiger Rose guitar stood up on the float. As the float got to the stage Father Time screamed, "Happy New Year!" and thousands of balloons fell from the ceiling. The tie-dyed diaper-clad Baby New Year, a fixture at Bill Graham's Kaiser shows, ran out and hugged Father Time, just as the band broke into *Sugar Mags*.

Seeing the giant caricature of Garcia bopping onstage just like the real Jerry was pure surrealism. With the Tricksters tearing through *Sugar Mags* and balloons flying, it was very easy to forget this wasn't the Kaiser Auditorium.



The Zen Tricksters: L-R: Dave Diamond, Klyph Black, Rob Barraeo, Jeff Mattson

After *Sunshine Daydream*, the Tricksters tore through a fully developed *Franklin's Tower*, which in turn sailed off into a long, spacey *Dark Star*. On the 20-foot tall by 35-foot wide screen behind the band, a combination of thousands of slides, films, videos, and liquid light show projections ran simultaneously, meshing with each other in synergy with the music. Images of galactic dancers spun among evolving vistas of galaxies and exploding supernovas. After a heavenly jam, *Dark Star* gave way to *Unbroken Chain* (dare I say the Tricksters play this better than the Dead ever did live!?), which in turn surrendered effortlessly back into *Dark Star*. Not yet done with exploring melodic musical spaces, the band quickly gave birth to a long, fully articulated *Mind Left Body Jam* (reminiscent of 1973). They finished the

set with an orgasmic *St. Stephen* > *Viola Lee Blues*. The Tricksters played so ferociously, the audience went completely nuts! Just like in the old days — a thousand writhing bodies were shaking in ecstatic musical rapture.

Drenched to the bone, we were amazed to hear the Tricksters announce they'd be back for a third set! Where would they get the energy?

Twenty minutes later they came back strong with a mighty *Samson & Delilah*. This led right into the Airplane's *White Rabbit*, into which the band folded a super-tight *Spanish Jam*. As if this wasn't hot enough, they jumped right into a lysergic version of *The Eleven*. Observing the traditional Jerry spot the band settled into *Morning Dew* (including Phil-type bombs so deep the room rattled!). *Goin' Down the Road* brought this magical set to a close.

For an encore, the Zen Tricksters delivered a gospel-soaked *Sisters & Brothers* > *We Bid You Goodnight* combo. Everyone in the house sang along with closed eyes and sweet smiles. What a moment!

When all is said and done, it seems as though we really can continue to get together and make that sacred space we once made with the Dead. With the success of this gig, let's hope all the forces that put it together can make more happen. I, for one, surely need such magic in my life. We all do. ♦

B⊕B DYLAN REINVENTS HIMSELF AGAIN

BY VICTOR BRADLEY

For over 30 years the music industry has constantly been searching for the *new Dylan*. There's a band called The Dylans. There is even a band called The New Dylans. I remember the first time I read about Bruce Springsteen. At the time *Rolling Stone* was touting Elliot Murphy and Bruce as "The New Dylans." The list goes on: Phil Ochs, Donovan, Barry McGuire, Roger McGuinn, and John Prine....

A lot of young people say they "just don't get it. What's the big deal? The guy can't sing. He's no John Popper on harp. The songs are really long, aren't they?" I won't delve into his cultural and musical significance here. There have been tens of thousands of pages written on that and, who knows, maybe for today's generation the issues are different than they were when Dylan sounded the clarion call and asked young people, "How does it feel?"

Why is Dylan's message still important today? Maybe the freedom inherent in his style of expression is just as big an issue. Granted, the folksy, homespun, life-is-easy take on the '50s and early '60s doesn't apply much to the kids of the '90s, but now, more than ever, the times are indeed changin' and there are new, even bigger problems on the horizon.

The argument is that Dylan's muse was always more important than his message. Dylan has always been about self-definition and individual interpretation. What the message means to him is not as important as the meaning you cull from his words. He's long claimed that he just "writes songs so he'll have something to sing."

The attraction is in the power of the ambiguity of his words. His visual imagery and inventive language have at times been startlingly complex, only to reveal the simplest of truths and vice versa. The influence of this imagery was psychedelic realms of the mid-'60s that changed the world's opinion of what depths of meaning pop music could hold. Without *Mr. Tambourine Man*, would Lennon have given us *I Am the*

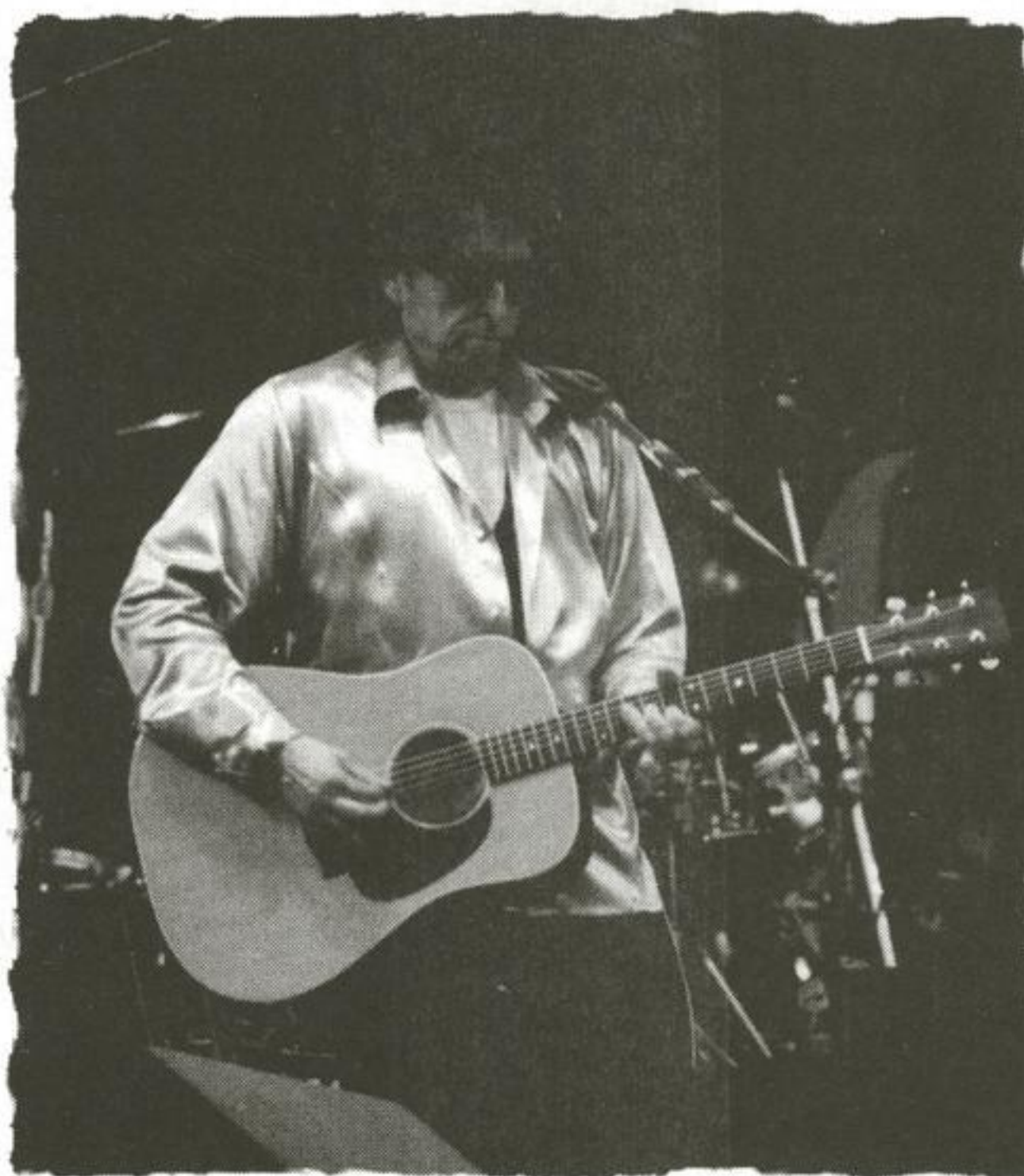


Photo by Janet Gaffner

Walrus and *Strawberry Fields Forever*; or Robert Hunter, *China Cat Sunflower* and *Dark Star*? Even in his later compositions Dylan's manipulation of time and scene, i.e., *All Along the Watchtower* or *Tangled Up in Blue*, frees both the artistic community and the listening public from the staid, linear pop drivel we've been fed so long. Though one may go back to lines in songs you've memorized long ago and find new degrees of resonance and profundity, fans and critics alike have often wondered if there was more to come from the Bard.

Then, every so often, after years of tenuous stabs at creativity and spark, he himself arrives again, somehow rejuvenated, redefined. Keith Richards used blood

transfusions to get back on his feet. Dylan just uses the element of surprise. We are lucky to be living in the time of another *new Dylan*.

He's baaaack.... Of course, as any tie-dyed-in-the-wool Dylan fan can tell ya, he's never been gone, he's just been a bit groggy. We all cringed/giggled at his shaky *Live Aid* appearance, his dispassionate rare TV shots with Willie Nelson, his stiff Letterman anniversary show slot, and his slurred (though ballsy) and unrecognizable (though poignant) version of *Masters of War* at the Grammy Awards during the height of the Gulf War. We watched him croak his way through the finale of the impressive star-studded tribute to his 30 years of exceptional music. Still, we kept going to see him, hoping we'd catch that one out of every four shows that found Bob at full strength.

We watched him get his rock edge back with the G.E. Smith-led band — watched him pull out the obscure traditional covers he grew up loving, instead of his own classics that we were all dying to hear again. Things were building for Dylan fans.

The first signs were exhibited to me at the Bob Carpenter Center in October of 1992, with Bob playing lots of acoustic

leads, as the band (with two drummers in tow at that point) were still just learning the songs and, more importantly, learning how to read Jimmy. There was something about the show that sort of rekindled my faith in Bob's dedication to not only his craft but to his audience.

The turning point seemed to be the four free shows he did at New York's Supper Club in November of 1993. These stellar shows featured Bob's band after about a year together and a ton of gigs under their collective belts. They played with confidence and experience, and the sheer will of his personality is invested full force into the performance of this timeless material.

After touring incessantly, this band (Winston Watson on powerhouse drums, John Jackson on lead electric and acoustic rhythm guitar, Bucky Baxter on pedal steel, lap steel guitar, and mandolin, and Tony Garnier holding down the bass guitar and upright bass chair), is tight as a frog's ass, spunky, and just plain good.

Most importantly, Bob's singing fiercely and has finally popped for a decent sound system and mix man (obviously using the Dead's state-of-the-art sound system on the dates he opened for them didn't hurt either), which allows you to hear every little nuance and twist in his delivery. These songs were made for this voice to sing and the execution of these powerful images has truly been extraordinary. According to fans' and critics' reviews throughout the last eight months, the quantity of great shows is on an upswing. It seems almost unanimous that the superlatives will be flowing whenever Bob hits town, and it's not just a legend getting his due; this is vital stuff.

Last year, Dylan released the second of two highly touted solo acoustic albums of cover tunes that seemed to precede his new lease on his music and career, the haunting "World Gone Wrong." It was more passionate and cohesive of tone than his previous release, "Good As I Been To You." He has been touring almost constantly since his stint with the Dead in 1987, with typically sporadic brilliance and glimmers of transcendence.



Photo by Kurt Mahoney

As good as the past months have been to Dylan fans, the seven shows in mid-June of '94 ranked among his strongest set of gigs. This tour was just overwhelming by all accounts. I can't believe how well he's playing, how good the band is, how passionate Bob's vocals are, how receptive the audiences, and how much Dylan is interacting with the band/audience/songs. It's as if he's turned some kind of corner and has found the joy of performing to be what his life is all about again. I guess it pays to have a band playing together for almost three years. (Something of a record for Bob, this band has played more shows as a unit than any other Dylan backing band ever!)

Bob looks great, thinner and clear-eyed. You can just tell that he means it — no more just running through the motions —

genuine passion and technique abound, not just self-parody. This is a performer at the top of his game.

When Dylan opened for the Dead last summer, he played the crowd, performing many tunes familiar to even the most tunnel-visioned of Deadheads, including 13 tunes that have at one time or another been covered by the Dead or Jerry Garcia Band. He played one of his newer showcase tunes, *Silvio* (co-written with Dead lyricist Robert Hunter), every night of the run, more so than any other song except *Watchtower*. Oddly enough, the soundcheck Dylan's band played at the T.L.A. in Philly was *St. Stephen*. Word has it that Dylan's road manager told the band that the Dead never play this tune. They decided to surprise the Dead with a soundcheck of it at RFK. At the T.L.A. they even did the scream at the end! Dylan supposedly did not participate in the fun.

On hearing of Garcia's passing, Dylan was quoted as saying, "He taught me more than he'll ever know. There's a lot of spaces and advances between the Carter Family, Buddy Holly, and say, Ornette Coleman, a lot of universes, but he filled them all without being a member of any school."

Dylan was among the family and few close friends at the funeral service. Since then, Dylan has been including



Photo by Janet Gaffner

numerous Dead covers on his recent dates such as *Alabama Getaway*, *Friend of the Devil*, *West L.A. Fade Away*, and a handful of others. He has played these songs in sets past, but now he has them in regular rotation. Another delightful touch to Dylan's exemplary shows of late seems to be the inclusion of a few tunes associated with either JGB or the Dead in each show he performs. Songs like *Lucky Old Sun*, *It's Too Late*, or his recorded version of *Jack-A-Roe* are all songs associated with Jerry. Dylan's delicate, lilting version of *Friend of the Devil* at The Edge in Ft. Lauderdale last September owed more to the Dead's buoyant studio version than the graceful, lulling versions the Dead came to perform in later years.

On the East Coast last December, Dylan treated the crowds to soaring, expansive versions of both *Alabama Getaway* and *West L.A. Fade Away*, both featuring lengthy guitar workouts and intuitive interaction between instruments that can only be described as "Dead-esque." Every performance was filled with these gems, the band stretching with innovation and improvisation in opened-up jams.

Currently included in Dylan's ever-shifting repertoire are a tremendous number of his own songs that the Dead/JGB have covered for years. In Philly alone we heard *Maggie's Farm*, *It's All Over Now*, *Baby Blue*, *Desolation Row*, *Tangled Up In Blue*, *Señor*, *It Takes A Lot To Laugh, She*

Belongs To Me, *Knockin' On Heaven's Door*, *All Along the Watchtower*, and *Silvio*.

In addition, punk poetess Patti Smith (who opened with remarkable sets, also joined Dylan later for the rare concert treat, *Dark Eyes*) performed either *Black Peter* or a rockin' version of *Not Fade Away* in Jerry's memory at each show.

Dylan's ability to transform his long, fruitful catalog of songs over and over again can be understood perhaps in his tendency (again, like his friends the Grateful Dead) to approach them as he does the numerous cover songs he so often enjoys performing. He brings the joy of stepping into another character, transforming time and place, and singing from a perspective often not his own, but that of the composer's (in fact, that of the person Dylan may have been when he first wrote and/or heard the song), to each song, and pulls from it what riches he needs at that moment. This is what endears so many of us to the music we love — the fact that in some not-so-remote sketch of time they sing out to us in our own voices.

If you've never given Dylan much of a chance or you've seen him in worse times and decided not to return, please do yourself a favor and check him out the next time he's passing through your town. You'll see for yourself what the fuss is all about. ◇



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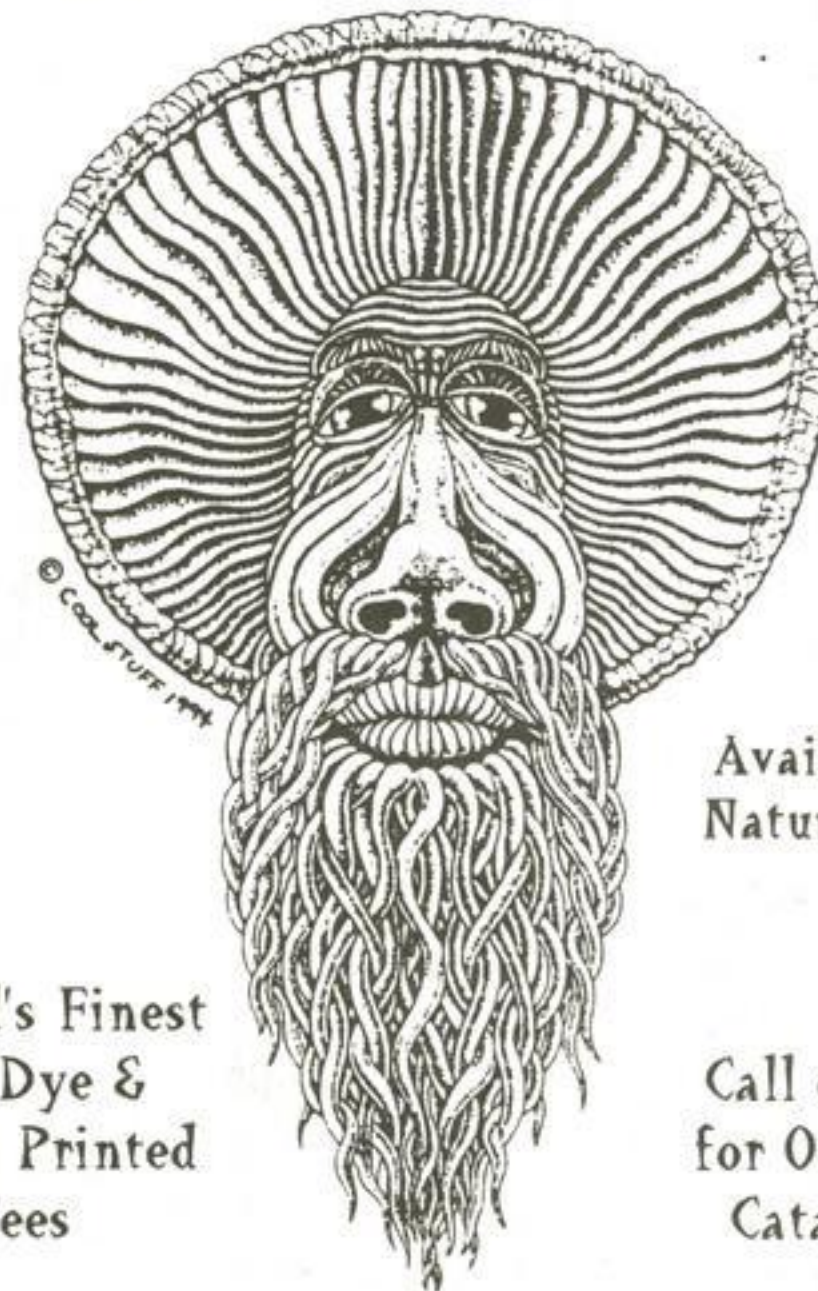
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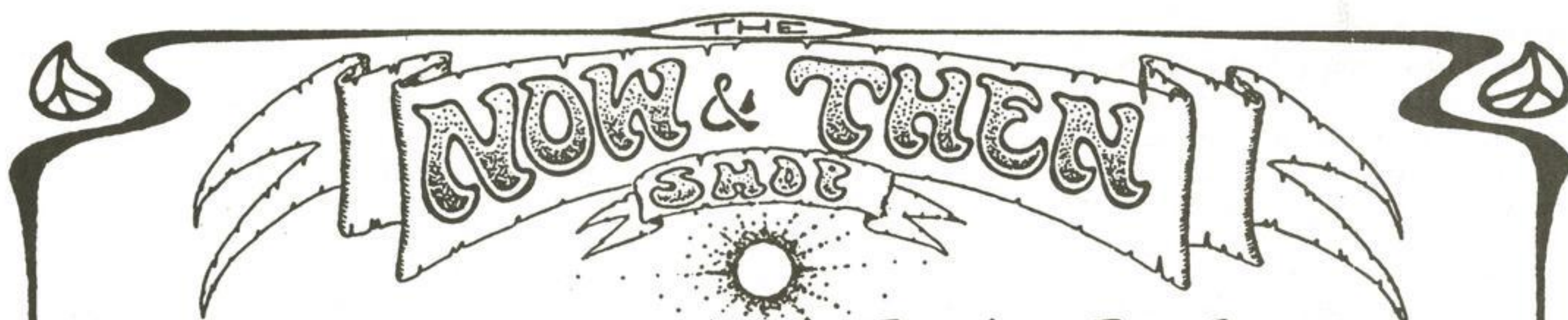


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TRUCKN

TO A HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS

BY PREM PRAKASH

For every one of us the news was a seminal event that will mark our lives. Decades from now we will still recall where we were and how we felt when we heard about Jerry's death. I have begun to contemplate the nature of our grief and how to best access the blessings that may lay inside its pain.

On August 9, I was about two weeks into an intensive search for a friend of mine who had disappeared. Lloyd was a good buddy, and his mental retardation was a likely factor in his being missing. Along with the state and local police, as well as the Civil Air Patrol and numerous volunteers, I was spending 14 hours a day in the summer humidity, searching the woods and swamps of Vermont's Green Mountains looking for Lloyd. By the time August 9 rolled around, some of us were just looking for his body.

I was exhausted, dehydrated, and terribly frustrated when the phone call came; Jerry had left this world. Perhaps I was already so deep in the realm of the tragic that I wasn't overwhelmed. Perhaps I was so tired that I didn't have the energy to weep. Perhaps I was already grieving the potential loss of Lloyd, so Jerry's death could not shatter me.

Regardless of how I felt about Jerry, I had work to do on behalf of my hope that Lloyd was still alive. I finished my drink, laced up my boots, and headed back into the woods until night fell. That day, like all the others, ended fruitlessly. It wasn't until autumn that Lloyd's body was eventually found, badly decomposed.

Garcia was truly a magnificent artist and, according to those who knew him well, he was also a warm, loving, and very down-to-earth individual. He seemed to fulfill the purpose of his life as an artist, communicating the depths of his heart through the medium of his music. He was also very human, fighting and losing some major battles to his personal demons.

Many of us found ourselves learning various lessons while listening to Jerry play. In that sense, he was a teacher. But my feeling is that those who see Jerry as some sort of saint or enlightened guru are absorbed in a romantic illusion which doesn't take into account the complexity of the whole man. Like the rest of us, he had his light and he had his shadow.

Now we are without Garcia and that collective entity we knew as the Grateful Dead. This is the hand we have been

dealt, and how we play it will reflect how deeply we have absorbed the insights about love, peace, creativity, community, and fun we claim to have experienced at shows. We are faced with the dissolution of something we have held very close, and now we're going to have to let it go, like it or not. If we have truly garnered freedom from our being Deadheads, we will move on with a positive vibration.

With the Dead laid to rest, we may be forced, like the baby eagle, to take to the wind on our own wings. The first time the mama eagle pushes her baby to the tip of the highly perched nest must be pretty tense. After all, the young one has grown so comfortable and at-home in the nest. Yet if that young one does not jump from the known into the unknown, she will never fulfill her destiny. Surely we Deadheads, of all people, appreciate the value of going from the known into the unknown.

Our loss of Jerry may end up revealing that much of what we went to shows to experience is already to be found in our hearts, waiting to be actualized in other spheres. I contemplate the grief we feel may be but the seed of something greater than we have thus far experienced. My sense is, as Mountain Girl put it in the *DDN* Garcia Tribute, that our circles will become smaller. We will probably not be meeting on the scale of tens of thousands, as we have been in stadiums over the past several years; we may be connecting intimately in smaller clan units. We will become less dependent on tour schedules and more connected to the dream-times of our own neighborhoods and brother/sisterhoods.

When Lloyd died I was closely involved in an investigation about the circumstances of his death, the arrangement for his funeral, and the celebration of what his life had brought to those of us who were close to him. I felt intimately involved, empowered, and able to bring my personal energies into play in a manner which had impact in a very solid fashion.

This was not the case with Jerry's death. The fact of the matter was that Grateful Dead Productions was not seeking input from Prem Prakash or any of the people I hang out with. We were forced into pondering Internet rumors and waiting for statements to be issued from San Rafael. The distance from stage to audience, between Dead and Deadheads, was very apparent to me.

I question the priorities of those who hold an undying loyalty to musicians they have never met, while not sharing the same sense of loyalty to those with whom they live and work. I, too, experience a certain sense of relationship with Jerry, but this exists on a very subtle level and is no substitute for those friends, family, and neighbors with whom I am intimately involved. I hold firmly the truth that in those magic musical moments, the tune was "anybody's choice" and, in a telepathic sense, he could "hear your voice." But those special moments are meaningless threads of time if they are not used to weave a tapestry of love and respect in the greater world.

Will we evermore obsess over Garcia's passing and the decision made by the musicians to disband? Will we wind up depressed Dead addicts without a connection? Will we sit by the ashes of a fire that once was and complain about the cold — old-timers boring the youth with our worn tales?

Or will our phoenix rise again, inspiring us to be spiritual heroes, working and playing to ease suffering, heal the planet, and bring joy to a world that isn't having much fun? Now is the time for each of us to become the center of our own constellation of creative energy; swirling and spinning through relationships, careers, economics, politics, gardens, children, and spirituality. The wheel is turning, bringing forth the future. May our yesterdays with Jerry empower our tomorrows with each other.

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WETLANDS PRESERVE

Persevering For Seven Years While Preserving
The Earth For The Next Seven Generations and Beyond...

By Russ Weis

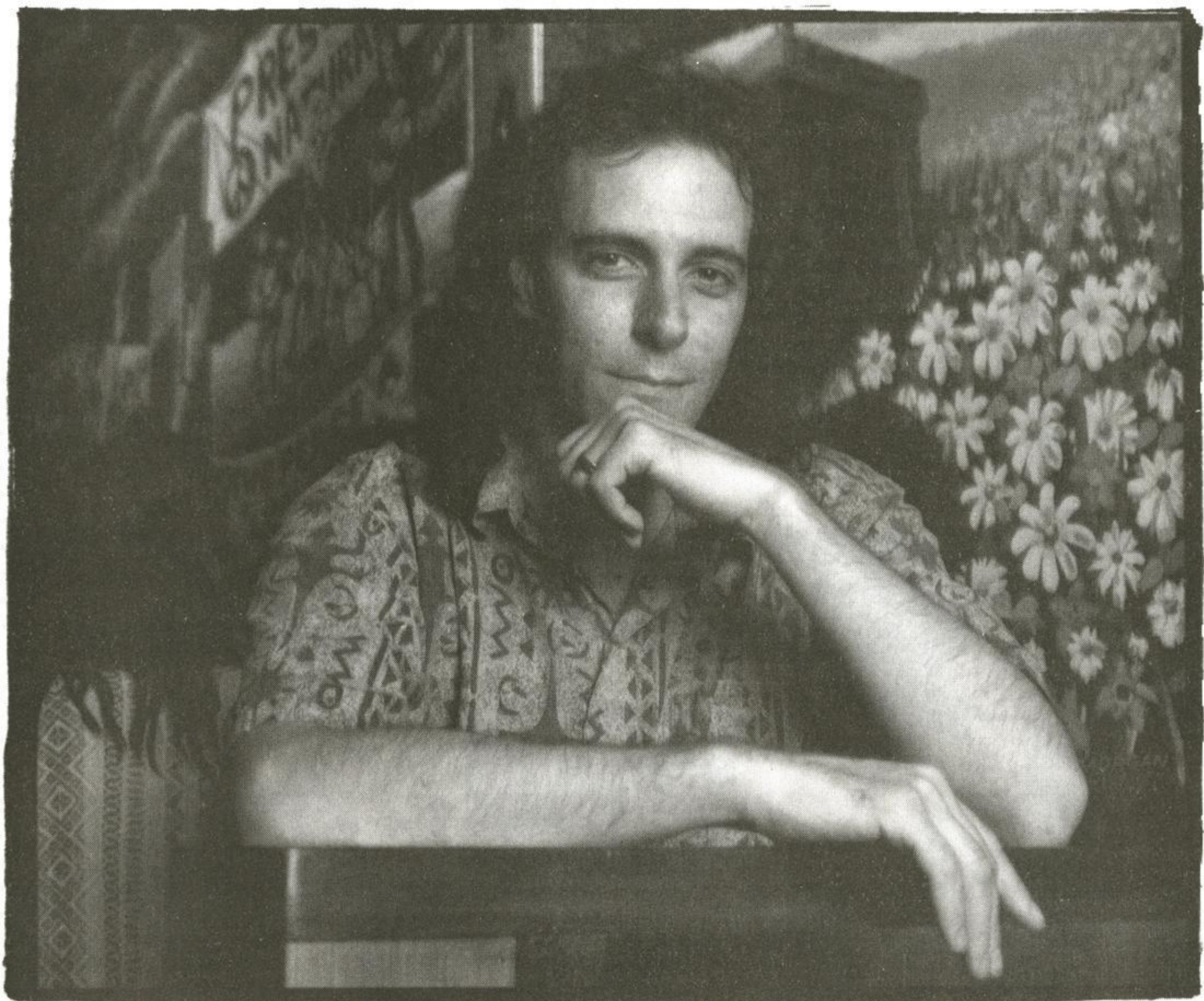


Photo by Elana Seibert

"We labor to birth our dance with the earth."

So reads the cryptic yet poetic inscription above the entrance to Wetlands Preserve, the one-of-a-kind environmental nightclub located in the Tribeca district of New York City. This saying is telling, not so much for what it might mean when taken as a whole, but rather for the individual words it is composed of. Wetlands has certainly been a *labor* of the finest kind. A true labor of *love* — for music, dancing, community, and the planet upon which it all takes place.

"Without love in the dream it'll never come true."

It's hard to believe that this legendary bastion of peace, love, and music has only been around for seven years. What's even harder to believe and accept, is that this unique eco-nightclub's days in the sun — and under the moon — are numbered. For Wetlands owner, founder, and guiding light, Larry Bloch, confirmed idealist, environmentalist, and Deadhead, intends to move on this summer to another place on the planet, so that he may raise his son and develop new

eco-pursuits. Given Bloch's understandable and commendable intent not to sell Wetlands "to anyone less ethical than Ralph Nader" (one of Bloch's heroes), it is looking more and more likely that Wetlands might actually become a fond memory for all those lucky enough to have passed through its wooden portals and danced their hearts out in blissful togetherness well into the sweaty wee hours of a New York City night.

"In our every deliberation, we must consider the impact of our decision on the next seven generations."

— From the Great Law of the Iroquois Confederacy

Were Wetlands only known for its entertainment, its legacy as a nightclub would be assured amongst aficionados of live music far and wide. Many bands, such as Blues Traveler, launched their careers from its stage. Yet Wetlands has been much more than just a place to catch the hottest bands around. It has been nothing less than seventh heaven to a host of earth activists of all stripes who have come to view the club as a unique gathering point from which to launch numerous campaigns to save our faltering Spaceship Earth.

Wetlands was originally conceived of as a place where anyone, no matter what their musical preference or personal style, could hook into the rekindled environmental movement of the late '80s, a time when the public consciousness was focused upon the impending twentieth anniversary of the original Earth Day of 1970 (which spawned an array of earth-preserving legislation as well as a new generation of eco-activists and organizations). The nightclub, incorporating a comprehensive eco-networking/resource area, as well as a full environmental program, was a hopeful experiment, stemming from the belief that environmental activism, while a serious enterprise, did not have to be a somber one. Designed more along the lines of a circa-1960s Greenwich Village power-to-the-people-style coffeehouse, Wetlands was meant to be a shining alternative to the many exclusive, alienating, and status-conscious nightclubs that sprang up like fungi in the decaying ethical atmosphere of the materialistic, Reaganite 1980s.

Yet, as Bloch asserts with earnestness and sincerity, "Somewhere at their base, most everyone is an environmentalist, liberals *and* conservatives alike." In discussions with Wetlands' energetic founder, grand Vietnam War-era notions like "leading with love" and "rediscovering our commonalties" are translated to present-day realities regarding the war on pollution and over-consumption that ultimately dooms us all. Thus, on any given night, Wetlands emanates an all-are-embraced atmosphere common to that found at Grateful Dead shows — one of nonjudgmental, "do-your-own-thing" inclusiveness, with music being the catalyst for interaction and imagination. Such a tolerant, easygoing vibe enables patrons to ponder a spectrum of tantalizing possibilities among themselves, ranging from how one might best record that evening's show in a way that will last through seven generations of taped copies,

to how one might devise a project to assure the earth's survival for the proverbial seven generations and beyond.

"Live simply that others may simply live."

— Mahatma Gandhi

Wetlands encourages such eco-endeavors in a number of ways. Firstly, it serves as a model of an environmentally conscious business. This means, among other things, that it recycles as much of its waste as possible, doesn't use plastic or Styrofoam products, uses earth-friendly cleaning products and recycled paper products, and finds alternatives to products made by companies with indisputably bad records on environmental and social justice issues (does your business do that?). As Bloch explains, "We try to live lightly on the earth, use products having as little impact on the environment as possible... This means we have to pay as much attention to the 'not doing' as to the 'doing'."

Secondly, there is the Earth Station resource center, built right into the club, which supports a host of other environmental and social justice organizations by displaying their brochures, handouts, and petitions. This enables patrons, from ardent activists who barely care about the entertainment to the vast hordes of showgoers who might stumble across the eco-info by accident, to access information according to their level of interest and experience. The Earth Station also features a huge, centrally displayed "Calendar of Events," which is periodically updated in order to keep patrons informed of upcoming environmental activities and actions planned for the New York City area and beyond. And of course, there is the famous multicolored VW bus — a 1966 split-windshield model — from which yours truly once sold a variety of buttons, bumper stickers, and T-shirts festooned with sayings like the one attributed to Gandhi above.

"Never doubt that a small group of concerned citizens can make a big difference; in fact, it's the only thing that ever has."

— Margaret Mead

Finally, there are the many benefits that Wetlands hosts, as well as the weekly programs, called Eco-Saloons, that Wetlands' full-time environmental director implements with the help of the rest of the staff and numerous volunteers. It is this education-leading-to-action component of Wetlands' eco-program that distinguishes it from any other for-profit business on the face of the globe, Ben & Jerry's being perhaps the closest comparison. As Bloch sees it, private enterprise provides an extremely efficient mechanism for environmental activism, due to the built-in nature of its funding. "There's not a lot of wasted energy — fundraising and the like — in our approach."

This efficiency has enabled Wetlands to respond quickly and form working groups on a number of issues as the needs have arisen, including rainforest preservation, native forests, drift net fishing elimination, and incinerator abolishment, to name just a few. The club has also spearheaded a number of unique

campaigns, including last fall's "Buy Nothing Day," a call for an entire day's moratorium on purchasing, which captivated imaginations worldwide. Wetlands has thus experienced an evolution in a short amount of time, growing from being the site of mostly educationally oriented Eco-Saloons, including films, slide shows, and the like, toward being an effective grass roots agent of change, based upon the "direct action" model favored by deep ecologists and Earth-First!-type activists the world over.

One area that Bloch would like to see more change in is, predictably, the music business. While it is possible to point to significant positive developments, undeniably due in no small part to Wetlands' influence (the earth-conscious H.O.R.D.E. Tour, brainchild of Blues Traveler front man John Popper, springs immediately to mind), there remains much to be done. "The big promoters," sighs Bloch, "want just a show. No vibe, no consciousness. I always thought rock 'n' roll meant treating the customer with respect, including fair ticket prices, at least two sets, letting in those under 21, even though they can't drink — things like this. Wetlands was initially conceived of as a hang-out place, not at all reminiscent of a concert hall, which is what many clubs are becoming like these days. The vision included an intimate rapport, no video screens, but instead lots of opportunity for direct experience, for taking the time to develop bands, for interaction among patrons and between the band and patrons — in short, for a total sharing of the magic."

"A foolish heart will call on you to toss your dreams away..."

Such a revolutionary vision is at the heart of what makes Wetlands special as a live music venue, just as it takes a special sort of person to attempt to spread the dream from deep within the heart of New York City's darkness. Yet, even though Bloch has been disappointed by Wetlands' relative ineffectiveness in serving as a catalyst for the greening and reforming of the music industry, he still calls his experience a "hopeful and heartening one. It has been a continual learning experience from the very beginning," he continues optimistically, "and we've been more successful in the last two years — in every way — than we've ever been."

Now that Wetlands' probable demise approaches, the inevitable question arises: Just what can we learn from this shining example of integrity and commitment to the fan, the music, and the earth that is unrivaled in the annals of clubdom? Wetlands is not only the site admirable earth activism, but also of enchanting Grateful Dead nights, scintillating Speed of Light Shows, phantastic Phurst Church of Phuns, colorful street fairs reminiscent of the parking lot scene at Dead shows, special programs with Ken Kesey, Wavy Gravy, and Timothy Leary, benefits with Mickey Hart, Allen Ginsberg, and William Kuntzler, and, of course, multitudes of transcendent musical moments with the likes of Blues Traveler, Phish, the Spin Doctors, Joan Osborne, Baba Olatunji, Pearl Jam, Counting Crows, Oasis, Dave Matthews, Hootie and the Blowfish, members of the Allman Brothers... the list goes on and on and on.

The answer remains to be seen, of course, but at least we all have a few more months before Wetlands closes its doors. Thus, we still have the opportunity to visit and perhaps learn some valuable lessons and gain some greater insights into the values Wetlands represents, as well as, perhaps, a greater sense of its preciousness now that we know it will probably not go on much longer. (Hope springs eternal, of course; Bloch says he is open to an offer from the Grateful Dead organization to pick up where he will be leaving off!)

Ultimately, of course, it is up to all of us who have been lucky enough to experience Wetlands firsthand to use its special brand of magic as an unending source of inspiration that can help us carry its legacy on into the future. For, just as we learned from the loss of Jerry, death need not be an ending but merely a transformation from one form and focal point of energy to another. Let us all, then, carry the idealistic energy and green spirit of the world's only environmental nightclub forward and, in this way, no matter what happens, we can at least carry on our dance with the earth with smiles on our faces and love in our hearts.

Larry Bloch intends to continue concert promotions throughout the Northeast, as well as set up the Wetlands Action Web site. This will help keep people informed about nonviolent eco-actions occurring worldwide. Those interested should write him at Wetlands, 161 Hudson St., New York, NY 10013. ♦

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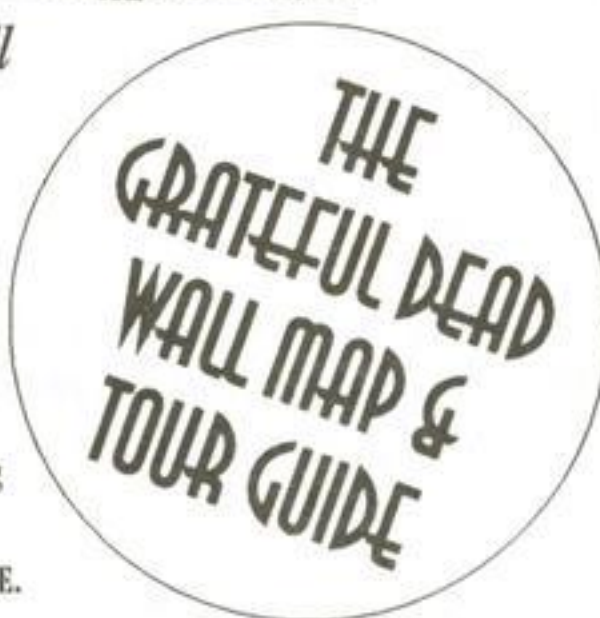
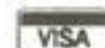
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DDN and the Nature Conservancy have created a series of DEADHEAD-Funded Rainforest Preserves. We call them **THE GARDENS OF THE GRATEFULLY DEADICATED!!!** We are now putting one together for Jerry. What could be a more fitting tribute than to purchase and protect rainforest land in his name? So far, Deadheads have raised over \$50,000!!! We've been so successful, we are on our fifth location.

Every \$35 we raise will permanently protect one acre of endangered rainforest land in **BRAZIL'S LAGAMAR REGION.** Your contribution, no matter how small, will show the world that we Deadheads *can* and *are* doing our share in helping to save our planet from destruction.

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Any donation will help! Those who donate \$35 or more will receive an honorary land deed from the Nature Conservancy and regular "reports from the field" about management activities affecting our **GARDENS.** Those who make smaller donations will be kept informed through *DDN.*

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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); 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 Int.; Spring 1988 Reviews; 1976—The Year in Review; Best of '66-'75 On Tape—First Ed.
- #8: "It's All Too Clear We're On Our Own!"; Deadhead Dreams; Summer 1988 Reviews
- #9: Tune In, Turn On, Take Charge!; Gyuto 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; Castaneda 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!—Part 1; Home Taping Techniques; Concert Taping Techniques; New Year's '89; 1989 Year-End Review and Stats
- #16: Getting High On Life; Interviews with Bob Weir; Bill Walton; 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; Interviews with Ken Babbs; Bob Bralove; The Phurst Church of Phun; Excerpt from *Drumming at the Edge of Magic*
- #20: Into the Future with the Grateful Dead; Interviews with 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 Rev. and Stats; 1993 Tape Trading Rev.
- #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; Ken Kesey; SCUBA Diving with Garcia—Part 2; The Most Important GD Concert of All Time!; *Sunshine Daydream*—The Lost Dead Movie
- #24: The Politics of Consciousness Expansion; Interviews with Timothy Leary; Ram Dass; 1992 Year-End Review and Stats; 1992 Tape Trading Review; The Injustice of Mandatory Minimum Drug Sentencing
- #25: Interviews with Mickey Hart; Owsley—Part I; Blues Traveler; Best of the Dead On Tape '65-'74; Spring Tour '93 Reviews; Deadhead Dreams
- #26: Interviews with Vince Welnick; Owsley—Part 2; Harry Popick; Phish; Best of the Dead On Tape '75-'93; 1993 Fall Tour; Tape Traders Etiquette
- #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
- #28: Interviews with Phil Lesh; David Murray; The Allman Brothers; Guide to Chicagoland; Dead Dreams; Spring Tour East '94
- #29: Interviews with David Crosby; Bruce Hornsby; Spring West Coast & Summer Tour '94; The highs and lows of the drug issue
- #30: Interviews with Billy Kreutzmann; Blues Traveler; Blair Jackson's 1994 Year-End Review; 1994 Concert Stats and Tape Trading Review
- #31: SOLD OUT!!!
- #32: Papa's Gone, We Are On Our Own; 30 Years Upon Our Heads, A Roundtable Discussion; Summer Tour '95

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Announcing the grand return of THE GRATEFUL DEAD TRIVIA CONTEST

Fifteen years ago, when I was in college, my buddies and I produced a series of rip-roaring Deadhead dances. We cranked up our favorite live Dead tapes on a huge sound system and projected a light show on every inch of white wall space in the room. Needless to say, everybody had a *grand* time! Somewhere along the way we started hosting hilarious Grateful Dead trivia contests as entertainment during the intermissions at these boogies. The way we designed it allowed for the emphasis to be on fun, not competition, and everyone in the audience loved playing along with the contestants. So, when we started planning our upcoming Deadhead gatherings (see pages 2 and 22) it seemed the perfect time to revisit this exciting activity.

We cordially invite all of you who will be attending our larger gatherings (the first of which will be the Purchase, New York event) to try and qualify for a chance to compete in this contest. Remember, the emphasis should be on good-spirited, healthy competition. There's nothing bad about demonstrating one's keen knowledge and quick wit.

As long as the vibe remains positive, we'll keep running the contests. Since we're offering some very hip prizes, we'll try and make it so every contestant feels like a winner!

Here's the deal: If you think you're going to attend the event and want a chance to participate, clearly write down your answers to the following questions and send them along with your name, address, and phone number to: **DDN — Trivia Qualification, P.O. Box 272, Purdys, NY 10578.**

Those of you who answer all the questions correctly will be entered into a raffle from which we'll randomly pick contestants. We'll contact qualifiers before the event (so, please include a phone number!).

Good luck, and remember, it's only a game!

Name the songs which contain the following groups of words:

- 1) Square, winter, illusion, blues?
- 2) Choice, ice, violin, silver?
- 3) Discover, violet, morning, empty?
- 4) What is the name of the Dead's own music publishing company, and from which book did it get its name?
- 5) What was the primary motivating factor behind Dan Healy's decision to start a special concert seating section for deaf Deadheads?
- 6) What was the first song Robert Hunter wrote with the Dead?
- 7) What non-human creatures did the Dead record for inclusion on "Blues For Allah?"
- 8) Who is Larry Shurtliff?
- 9) What was the only show at which Robert Hunter played on the same stage as the Dead?
- 10) What was the Dead's own travel agency called? ◇

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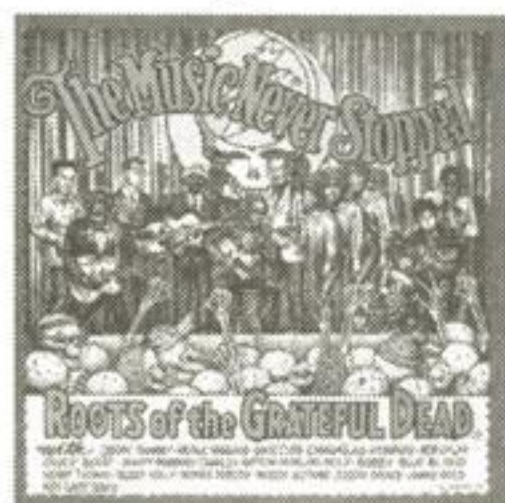
GET TO KNOW YOUR DEAD RELATIVES



A GUIDE TO MUSIC, BOOKS, AND HAPPENINGS EVERY DEADHEAD SHOULD KNOW ABOUT

DEAD ECHOES

Most folks, even many Deadheads, forget that the Grateful Dead was arguably one of the very best *cover* bands in rock and



roll. **The Music Never Stopped — Roots of the Dead** (Shanachie 6014) is a superlative collection of songs covered by the Dead as performed by

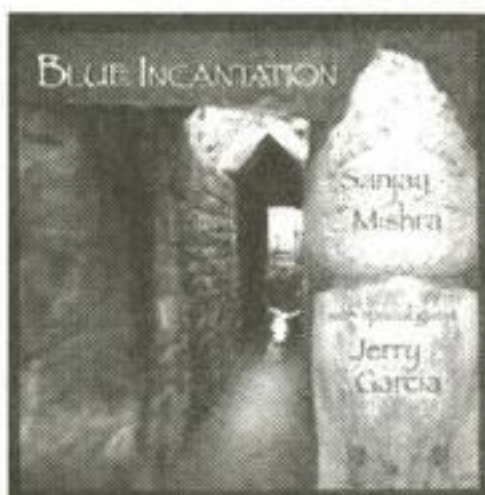
the songs' original artists. *Cold Rain and Snow* by Obay Ramsay, *Mama Tried* by Merle Haggard, *Iko Iko* by the Dixie Cups, *Samson & Delilah* by Reverend Gary Davis, *Big Railroad Blues* by Cannon's Jug Stompers, *El Paso* by Marty Robbins, as well as *Baby Blue*, *Big Boss Man*, *Lovelight*, *Morning Dew*, *Not Fade Away* — 17 in all are included here in perfect quality. Blair Jackson's highly informative and entertaining liner notes tell both each song's origin and how the Dead played them. Superbly produced by Henry Kaiser and David Gans, this is a must-have CD for all Deadheads.



Hot diggity dawg, there's a *brand-new Old And In The Way* CD out! **That High Lonesome Sound** (ACD 19), featuring

Jerry Garcia on banjo, Vassar Clements on fiddle, David Grisman on mandolin, and Peter Rowan on guitar, is one of the finest bluegrass albums ever released from one of the finest bluegrass bands of all time! Recorded by Owsley Stanley in October of 1973, this pristine recording presents 14 previously unreleased tunes. Produced by David Grisman's Acoustic Disc label in conjunction with Owsley, this new release also features fantastic liner notes and photos. This is, without question, a must-have CD for Deadheads and bluegrass fans alike.

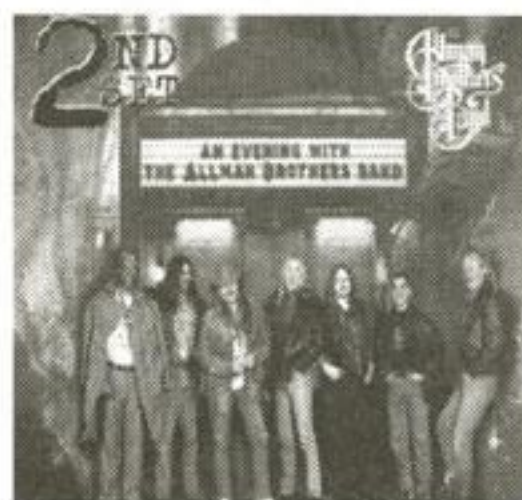
Sanjay Mishra's **Blue Incantation** (Akar/Raindog Records #098) is a hypnotic blend of Eastern and Western instrumental music, performed with modern sensibility. **Jerry Garcia** adds his signature electric guitar sound on three cuts. As the story goes, Jerry met Sanjay, who works for Greenpeace, while helping his wife, Deborah, do research for a movie she was working on. Sanjay handed Garcia a tape of his music as an afterthought. Garcia liked it so much he offered to help Sanjay get it recorded. Sanjay's guitar-based recordings combine Indian, Western classical, and jazz influences on a CD that reminds us of the exotic jam that



follows the Dead's *Crazy Fingers* — it is mysterious, heavenly, and gorgeously mellow. Of particular note is the bass playing

on this album, which sounds just like Phil Lesh's stunning bottom-end work on David Crosby's "If I Could Only Remember My Name." Surprisingly, Garcia's guitar work is the only playing on this CD that falls short of brilliant. Still, it's a delicious project well worth picking up.

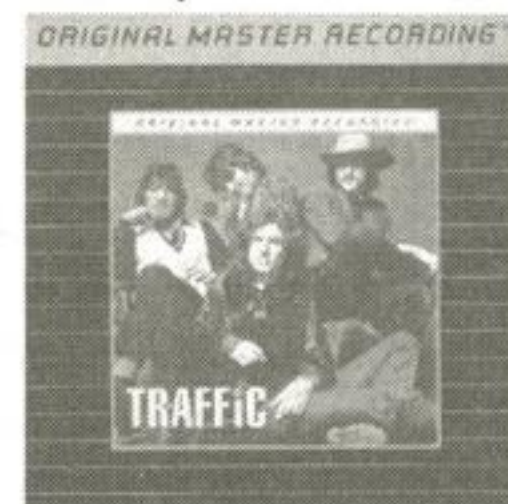
CLASSIC ROCK



How do the **Allman Brothers** do it? Night after night, drawing from a much smaller repertoire than the Dead, these grizzled survivors of 25 years on the road somehow manage to deliver a peak musical experience for thousands of spellbound concertgoers. Strong proof of this feat exists on their latest release, **2nd Set** (EK66795). This live concert recording, the sequel to "An Evening With The Allman Brothers Band" boasts

three amazing cuts well worth the cost alone: Dickey Betts' *Where It All Begins*, *Jessica*, and a one-time-only *acoustic* performance of **In Memory of Elizabeth Reed** (the latter may be the best cut they've put out on disc since the early seventies!).

Once again **Mobile Fidelity Lab** has recently released a slew of spectacularly



recorded classic rock CDs on their Ultra-Disc label. The quality on every one of these remastered half-speed releases is superb, better

than anything you've heard before. Of particular note this time around are Traffic's early albums: **Traffic** (UDCD 629), **Mr. Fantasy** (UDCD 572), and **The Low Spark of High Heeled Boys** (UDCD 609). Obviously "Low Spark," featuring the immortal *Low Spark*, *Many A Mile To Freedom*, *Light Up Or Leave Me Alone*, and *Rainmaker*, is a must-have rock classic that no collection should be without. "Traffic," featuring Dave Mason, is our second favorite of these three, with *Pearly Queen*, *Forty Thousand Headmen*, and the stick-in-your-head ditty, *You Can All Join In*. Years later, we *still* feel "Mr. Fantasy" is the weakest of the three.

In From the Storm — The Music Of Jimi Hendrix (RCA Victor) is an



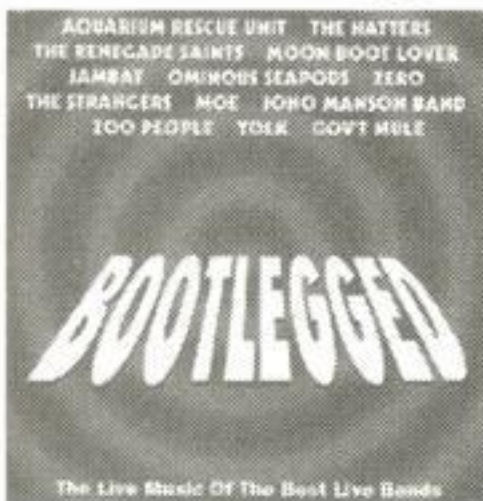
unusual collection of musical interpretations of Hendrix's music by those major rock stars who were moved by him the most. Sting,

John McLaughlin, Carlos Santana, Stanley Clarke, Taj Mahal, Steve Vai, ex-Spin Doctor Eric Schenkman, and Queen's Brian May are joined by Hendrix's ex-bandmates Noel Redding, Buddy Miles,

and Billy Cox, as well as a full orchestra and gospel choir which all join forces to visit Jimi's music in a new light. We find the results ranging from simply delightful to very overproduced, although it is apparent that this project was very important to those who appear on it.

NEW GROOVES

Colorwater Records has just released a CD whose thematic concept is long overdue: **Bootlegged — The Live**



Music of the Best Live Bands (CWCD02).

Otherwise known as the "Wiggly Compilation — Part Two," this fine, fine sampler

is packed full of solid concert performances by some of the very best, up-and-coming groove-rock bands in the country. The common thread running through these bands is their emphasis on great songwriting and inspired improvisation and jamming. Gov't Mule, moe., The Hatters, Aquarium Rescue Unit, Zero, Moonboot Lover, Ominous Seapods, Jono Manson, Jambay, Zoo People, The Strangers, and Yolk all grace this fine release. This CD is the new edge of music riding the wake created by the Dead's musical heritage. To order call 800-626-3364.

The hottest just-signed band in the country, **moe.**, has released a self-published live CD called **Loaf**. It's an extremely accurate example of what this band is like live in concert: raw and brimming with electric energy, just like the Grateful Dead were in 1969. Except the eight songs featured here are a lot tighter and more eclectic than anything the Dead could muster way back then. Just think of a perfect meld between Frank Zappa on speed, They Might Be Giants, the Mahavishnu Orchestra, Jimi Hendrix, and The Ramones. Positively gazointin'! Recorded at New York's Wetlands Preserve nightclub, this CD features over 60 minutes of high-energy jamming that twists and turns like a psychedelic roller coaster. To purchase the CD, see the ad on page 17.

So maybe you haven't joined **NORML**, the National Organization For Reform of Marijuana Laws, because you've been afraid that some narc would get ahold of their mailing list and come around to your house for a visit. Well, now, in the 58th year of marijuana prohibition (!),

you can support the fight against this Draconian situation *without* getting on a mailing list. A slew of hot musicians have contributed tracks on **Hempilation** (Capricorn 42047-2). Blues Traveler offers one of the hottest cuts they've ever released — a seriously jammed-out interpretation of Sly Stone's *I Want To Take You Higher*. The Black Crowes romp through Dylan's *Rainy Day Women #12 & 35*. Ziggy Marley offers *In The Flow*. Widespread Panic does Van Morrison's *And It Stoned Me*, and Gov't Mule added *Don't Step On the Grass, Sam*. True, there are a few bands on this sampler that Deadheads might not care for, but it couldn't be for a better cause. If you want to make a difference, put your money where it's still dangerous to put your mouth and pick up a copy in support of the good struggle for freedom. The liner notes also contain one of the most elegant and succinct arguments in favor of legalization of hemp as a valuable natural resource we've ever read.

Bruce Hornsby's latest, **Hot House** (RCA 07863), is pretty typical for him;



his band is stop-on-a-dime tight, he's joined by several prominent guests — Jerry Garcia, Pat Metheny, and Bela Fleck, and it's filled with lyrics that speak of life on the road and life in

his hometown. All this makes it quintessential Bruce Hornsby — in other words, it's great "American" rock music. The tunes on this CD may be more *middle-of-the-road* sounding than what you've heard him play with the Dead — after all, it's designed to get major airplay and sell in large volumes — but it is the best damn music you'll hear these days on middle-of-the-dial radio stations. We honestly like it. The greatest reward for Deadheads however comes in experiencing Bruce live in concert, where he plays *lots* of Dead tunes and even takes requests. Waaay cool!

Following in the hallowed footsteps of hard-touring, mega-talented Blues Traveler is a four-piece acoustic-flavored rock band called **Strangefolk** that you will definitely want to watch out for. From their home base in Burlington, VT, Strangefolk is taking significant parts of the eastern seaboard by storm — and

they will surely blow you away if you catch them live! Strangefolk plays extremely well-crafted, catchy folk-rock songs — marked by extraordinary vocals and laced with killer jams — that already have the feel of classics. In short, they are *guaranteed* to have you forgetting your troubles and dancing all night long! Their new CD, **Lore**, is selling extremely well and can be ordered by calling 802-244-5153 or by sending a \$12 check to: Strangefolk, P.O. Box 4177, Burlington, VT 05406. (Say *Dupree's* sent ya and Strangefolk will take care of the shipping and handling costs — and even throw in a free bumper sticker!)

A lot of young, up-and-coming bands in the "groove-rock" scene get good at jamming out live in concert long before they are able to put out a strong studio album. **Percy Hill** has managed to do both on their self-published debut CD, **Straight On Till Morning**. While their vocals have yet to mature, they soar the universe fearlessly when it comes to instrumental jamming. Sounding something like a cross between Steely Dan and the Allman Brothers, with a healthy dose of funk, jazz, and Latin beats, it's not just one strong musician who leads the way, but the whole unit which grooves heavily in sync. Look for this New Hampshire band as they tour the Northeast. We hear rumor they even make live concert recordings available directly to their fans. Call 603-335-0281 to get on board their scene.

Deadheads in the great Northwest have been grooving out for the past few years to the joyous music of Portland's very own **Higher Ground**. While they advertise themselves as acoustic-fired back-roots rock, they can get pretty darn electric in concert. Their self-titled, self-



published CD is a smooth blend of acoustic and electric guitars, banjo, dobro, mandolin, bass, and drums, along with strong vocal harmonies. Catch this band when they come around. When

we saw them they had 1200 Deadheads dancing with great big smiles on their faces. For info call 503-238-6660.

Also, Deadheads in the great Northwest will definitely hear a familiar ring in the music of Seattle-based **China Rose**. Their new CD, **Silver Mirror**, features the guitar work of Randy Leach, who,

for all intents and purposes, sounds amazingly like Mr. Garcia. Listening to this CD we kept hearing echoes of Jerry taking a lead during *Althea* at some concert carved out somewhere in the recesses of our minds. Groovy. To order, call 206-322-2154 ext. 11. The China Rose web page resides at <http://www.rockweb.com/bands/chinarose>.

Ghosts In The Garden is an exciting first release from some Deadhead friends of ours in a New York area group named **Phantom Redemption**. While the group's solid rhythm section and psychedelic guitar leads have obviously been influenced by the Dead, its overall *flavor* is more akin to what you'll hear on the new music scene these days. While the relaxed nature of Phantom Redemption's intelligent jams draw the listener in, their vocals are surprisingly strong, reminding us of Peter Gabriel, Live, and David Bowie. Altogether, it's an interesting mix of old and new styles. To order, call 212-726-3450.

WORLD MUSIC

Sooner or later, in a world *without* live Dead, the true Intrepid Traveler starts to look around for new musical landscapes to explore. The vast continent of Africa offers those in search of good grooves a limitless wealth of intelligent, feel-good music. Exploring the infectious rhythms and remarkable singing styles of Africa could occupy *all* of your free time. Where to start? **Africa — Never Stand Still** (Elipsis CD3300) a three-CD set, is the best African music compilation we've heard yet. It features both well-known stars such as Ladysmith Black Mambazo, Youssou N'Dour, Kanda Bongo Man, and Ali Farka Toure, as well as a wide range of more obscure artists from all over the continent. Much of what you'll hear on this sampler is sublime dance music of the finest kind. After all, Africa is the Motherland of dancing. Elipsis has also included a well-produced booklet explaining where each group is from.

While you're checking out African music, why not pick up a copy of **Only The Poor Men Feel It** (Hemisphere). This strong sampler features 13 cuts of music from the country of South Africa. Of great prominence on this album is the *Mbaqanga* style of South African music, which is particularly accessible to the Western ear because much of it employs the guitar, bass, organ, and drum of American R&B music. Also

featured is the *a cappella* style of African choral singing, a form that became popular with the Zulu working class who lived in hostels far from their families and homes.



Still more Intrepid Travelers busy exploring the planet for new grooves to grouch may want to peruse another Elipsis sampler, **Planet Soup** (Elipsis 3450). This three-CD set offers a definitely quirky melange of cross-cultural collaborations and musical hybrids. You'll find Moroccan rockers mixing Reggae dubs with oud-like melodies played on electric guitars, Indian ragas played on the banjo, Spanish flamenco played on the 21-stringed African Kora harp, and blues guitar as a backup for Tuvan throat singing. Welcome to a world in which distinct musical styles are freely mixed to create beautifully mutated creative synergies. If you want cross-cultural, if you want weird, if you want to listen to the same stuff Mickey Hart and Peter Gabriel listen to, then this sampler is for you.

GARCIA WEAR

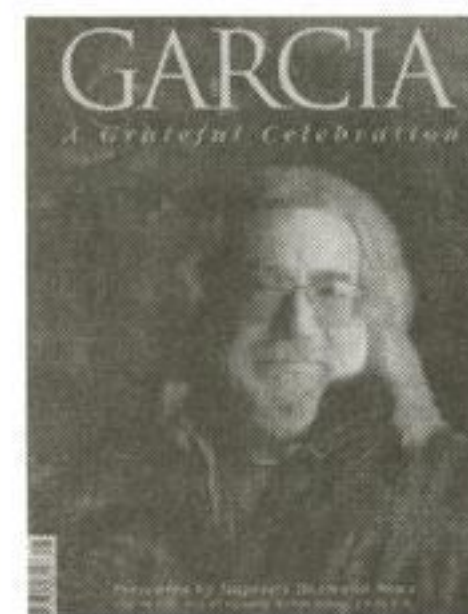
Jerry's artwork is popping up everywhere! The Art Peddler (503-382-0881) now offers golf balls imprinted with cute little animal sketches by Jerry (\$39 for six). They also offer 3' X 6" Tibetan rugs with Jerry's designs (\$750), beautiful ladies' silk scarves (\$19-\$30), note cards with a sketch by Garcia of a mandolin player (12 for \$15), 28 different signed, limited edition Garcia lithographs, and lots more (I hear polar fleece jackets and pants are available, too!). Also of note, Henderson Aquatics now features a full line of Garcia designer dive wear (609-825-4771). What I really want, though, is Garcia design silk pajamas!

BOOKS FOR HEADS

By now every Deadhead has probably heard about or read **Living With The Dead**, the autobiography of the Dead's original manager, Rock Skully (with David Dalton), (Little, Brown, \$24.95, 381 pgs.). There's been a lot of heated discussion about how many of his recollections are incorrectly dated and how he seems to confuse modern and old perspectives. This tawdry, tell-all biography is just what you'd expect if

Geraldo Rivera rewrote *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*. Skully tells a fast-paced tale of every wicked excess that we expect to be *de regueur* in the life of big rock stars — sex with underage girls, massive amounts of drug consumption, wads of money being spent left and right, and all the other hard, fast times of a life forever spent on the road (juicy enough to earn Skully, so we hear, a six-figure advance). But it *is* a fascinating read — sometimes funny, sometimes completely shocking. It starts out hip enough, with a warm telling of the early history of the band — a happy-go-lucky gaggle of naive hippies, beats, and folkies thrown together serendipitously in the right time and place by lady luck — working hard at making good art. Unfortunately, by the time Skully gets around to Woodstock, every third word is "fuck" and every second paragraph is a disquieting rant on how much heroin and cocaine Garcia smoked. We'd be amazed to find a *single* Deadhead who, upon finishing this book, still considers Garcia to be a human of immortal stature (he may have been the most human of us all). Oddly enough, it left us thinking if Garcia could be the catalyst for so many people's joy while he himself was such a self-destructive misfit, then just imagine how much good each of us everyday folk could accomplish in our own lives. Ultimately, it is a sad tale, a story of loneliness, delusion, and addiction. But if only half this book were true it would *still* be the most amazing dope tale of all time, and for that it is, unfortunately, a must-read for all Deadheads. Let's just hope this isn't the last telling of the history of the Grateful Dead.

If you haven't seen a copy of our very own **Garcia: A Grateful Celebration**



(DDN, \$10, 104 pgs.; to order, see page 6 in this issue), then you're missing out on what many are calling the finest tribute to Garcia published yet. Yes, this is indeed a shame-

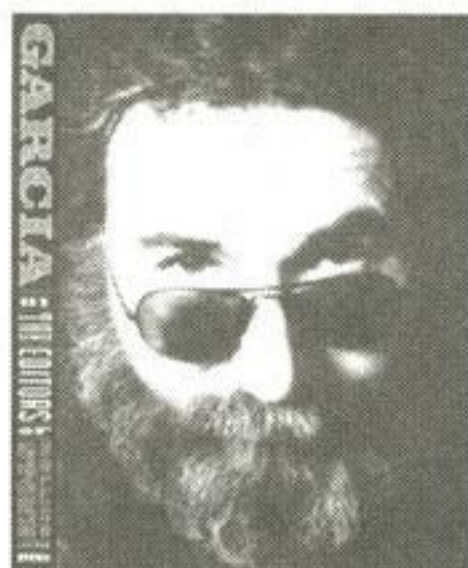
less self-promotion, but it really is the greatest thing we've ever published, and just about everyone who reads it agrees. It features fond remembrances of Jerry by Robert Hunter, John Barlow, Owsley, Bruce Hornsby, David Crosby, David Grisman, Ken Kesey, Ken Babbs, Carolyn Garcia, Ram Dass, Bob Bralove,

Dennis McNally, Steve Marcus, Steve Silberman, Blair Jackson, David Gans, and Johnny Dwork, to mention a few, along with incredible artwork and photos by all the best — Stanley Mouse, Jim Marshall, Herb Greene, Baron Wolman, Jay Blakesberg, Gene Anthony, Rob Cohn, Bradley Gelb, Mikio, Gary Houston, Jim Anderson — the list goes on and on. If you like what we do here at *Dupree's*, you won't want to miss out on this book. It will blow your mind! We promise.

Not Fade Away, The On-Line World Remembers Jerry Garcia (Thunder's Mouth Press, \$14.95, 128 pgs.), is the perfect accompaniment to *Dupree's Garcia: A Grateful Celebration*. As most of you know, the virtual community of Deadheads who have gathered on-line for years to discuss the GD Experience is vast. When Jerry died, so many members of this community logged on to commiserate that several computer bulletin boards were literally overloaded and shut down. Contained within this book are the heartfelt thoughts and observations of many "Netheads" trying to process Jerry's death. Fond remembrances abound, reminding us all just how special our scene has been. We highly recommend this book for any of you who are still trying to deal with Jerry's passing and could use the musings of fellow Deadheads for perspective. Appropriately, David Gans edited this book and Steve Silberman wrote the forward. There are several amazing, never-before-seen photos of the Dead from 1968 in this book as well.

The **Wisdom of Garcia** (Wolf Valley Books, \$8.95, 90 pgs.), which unwillingly bears David Gans' name, is a little ditty of a book published right after Garcia's demise. The text was taken from Gans' much larger and much better book, *Conversations With The Dead*, without his knowledge or permission! Buyer beware; this book is amateurish at best and features only one *very, very* brief Garcia quote on each page. These quotes are taken out of context and most offer little or no insight into what the music or the man was really about. Don't waste your money!

For the past 25 years *Rolling Stone* magazine publisher, Jan Wenner, has stated that Jerry Garcia is one of his favorite rock musicians — and for good reason, noting

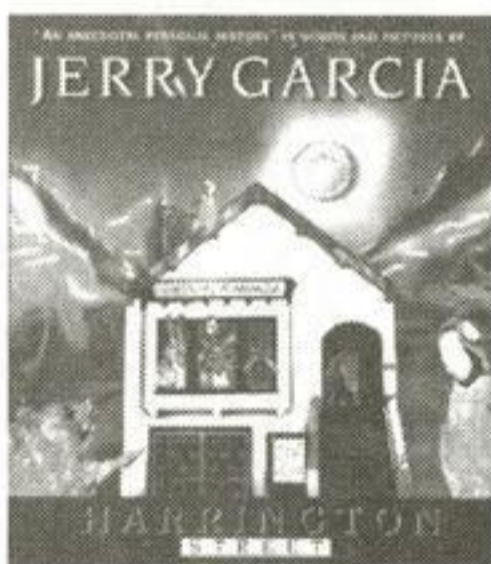


Garcia's humility, intelligence, wit, creativity, and humor. As a result, Wenner's magazine almost always reviewed the Dead in a favorable light. It comes as no surprise

that the editors of *Rolling Stone* released **Garcia** (Little, Brown, \$29.95, 238 pgs.) just in time for this past Christmas shopping season. This large coffee-table book features all of *Rolling Stone's* old articles and interviews with Garcia and the Dead, along with a few new pieces. The writing, while strong, almost always comes from the "outsiders" perspective. The interviews range from good to excellent. The photos are all fantastic, although many didn't reproduce well (the book's extra-thick paper sucked up the ink!). If you haven't read or collected all of these pieces as they've appeared in *Rolling Stone* over the years, you'll definitely want to pick up a copy — it's entirely enlightening.

Delacorte Press has just released **Harrington Street, "An Anecdotal Personal History" In Words And Pictures by Jerry Garcia** (\$22.95).

Finished by his wife after his death, this very short book is a recounting, in scribbled notes, sketches, and paintings, of Garcia's childhood. The notes are hard to read (Jerry's handwriting is so bad he could've been a doctor!) and the stories are unrevealing in the form presented, but the paintings are typical for Garcia — perfectly weird and oddly stunning. Unfortunately, this is one idea that falls short as a book (too short, too expensive, too much clash between Garcia's style and that of the book's slick layout team).



Merry Prankster Paul Foster has just written **The Answer Is Always Yes** (Hulogosi Press, 199 pgs.), and it's just as perfectly weird, spacey, and *crazed* as one might expect from a survivor of the Electric Kool-Aid Acid Tests. One page into this book it becomes apparent that Foster is one of those Holy Fools whose

brain is stuck in overdrive with the shift stick broken off. He sees life as only a maniacal, tripping, shamanistic Holy Fool would — can there be any doubt this man is a true Prankster? Also included are many humorous drawings by Paul, as well as a few rare posters he did for the Dead's 1972 show in Veneta, Oregon, and sketches for the credits of the related unreleased movie, *Sunshine Daydream*. If your coddles jingle to the flibberty jibb of Neal Cassady, Wavy Gravy, Ken Kesey, or Ken Babbs, pick up this meditation in psychedelic perspective for an entertaining mental meat-kabob of crazy wisdom wordz.

Sooner or later, lovers of Robert Hunter's lyrics eventually end up exploring the words of other poets — oftentimes those of Hunter's peers — The Beats. Ginsberg's *Howl* and Kerouac's *Mexico City Blues* are two marvelous examples of how the written word took on new form in the second half of this century. **Jack Kerouac's Book of Blues** is now out in paperback (Penguin, \$12.95, 270 pgs.), and it's almost as good a read as *Mexico City Blues*, his largely unheralded classic of postmodern literature. *Book of Blues* is an exuberant foray into language and consciousness, rich with imagery, propelled by rhythm, and based in a reverent attentiveness to the moment.

The Essential Psychedelic Guide (Panther Press, \$14.95, 111 pgs.) is one of the very best publications of its kind (along with Peter Stafford's *Psychedelic Encyclopedia* — now in its third edition). Its small size is deceiving, for it is solidly packed with articulate information regarding LSD, psilocybin, mescaline, ecstasy, 2-cb, DMT, and ketamine. It covers their origin, basic chemistry, and use, as well as a good deal of delving into psychedelic philosophy. The author, who goes under the pseudonym D. M. Turner, explains in great detail his experiences taking each drug, including combinations which he himself cautions the reader against. He discusses psychedelic safety — a topic sorely missing from our Western education — as well as the subject of psychedelics as spiritual catalysts. By no means is this a medical reference, but it's a well-intentioned, underground guide to the productive (or at least not harmful) use of psychedelics. No tripper should be without this book. ◇



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

WE WANT YOU

TO GET INVOLVED!

IN LOVING MEMORY

DDN is looking for well-written (and legible) thoughts on what Jerry Garcia and the Grateful Dead have meant to you, how this experience has changed your life, and how you have dealt with Jerry's untimely death.

DEAD DREAMS

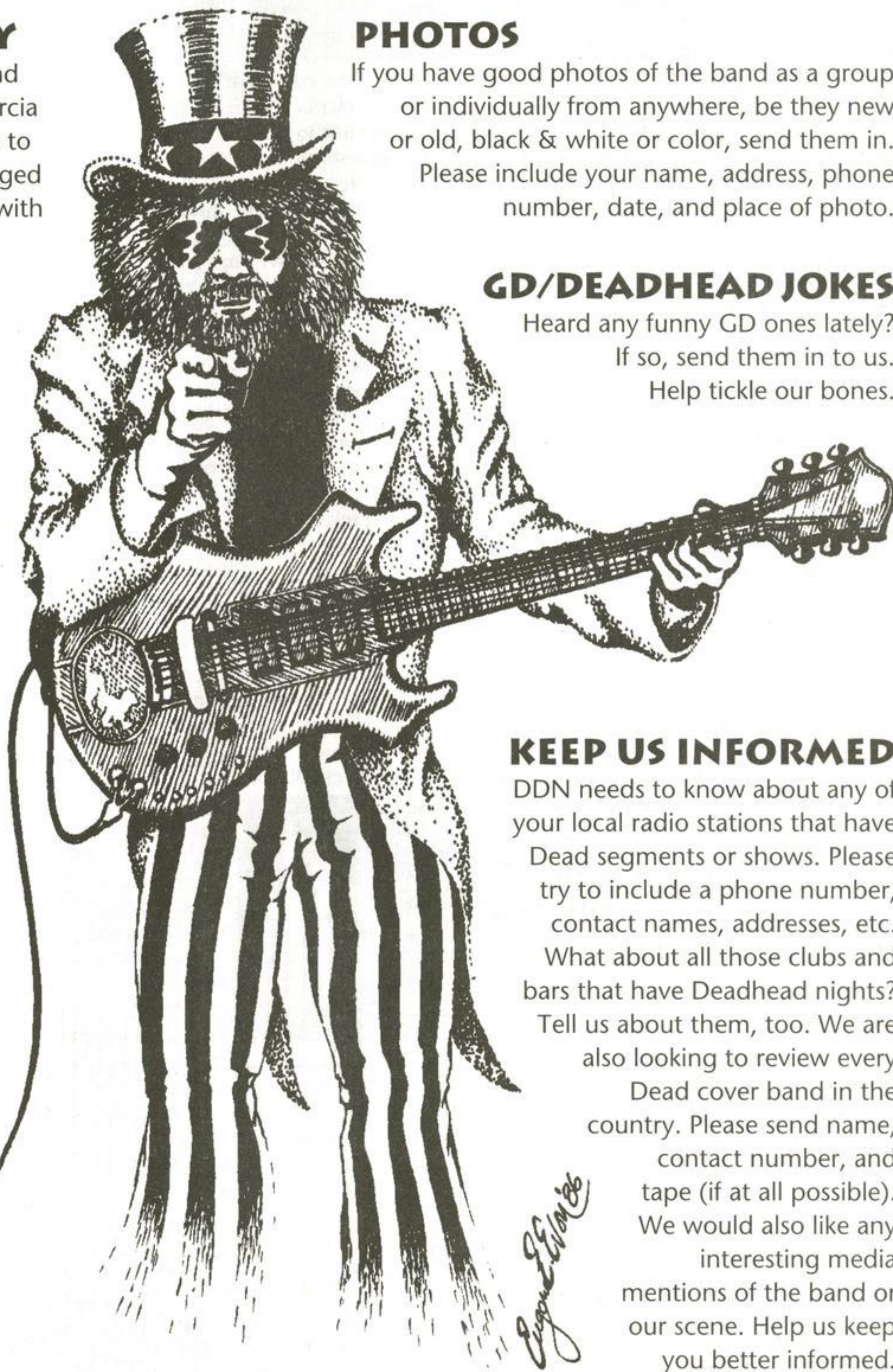
If you've had any wild, weird, or woolly dreams involving the Grateful Dead, please write them down in great detail and send them to DDN, Dr. Don's Deadhead Dreams, at the address listed below.

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

Help us beautify the pages of DDN! We are always looking for Grateful Dead-oriented psychedelic drawings in B&W.



PHOTOS

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

GD/DEADHEAD JOKES

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

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 number, contact names, addresses, etc. What about all those clubs and bars that have Deadhead nights? Tell us about them, too. We are also looking to review every Dead cover band in the country. Please send name, contact number, and tape (if at all possible). We would 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

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To Respond To PERSONAL Ads:

You can call 1-900-370-DEAD and follow the simple instructions. You will be able to hear more about the people whose ads interest you or you can browse ads by category. With one call you can leave as many messages as you like. You may call anytime, 24 hours a day. You must be 18 years or older; calls cost \$1.98 per minute. *Please note: DDN strongly encourages all ad placers to record a voice greeting.* However, we can't be responsible for those who do not. You may still leave a message on the active box of an advertiser who only places a written ad.

Or you can send written responses to particular ads by enclosing them each in separate stamped envelopes with the mailbox number on the outside of each envelope (located at the end of the ad you are responding to: i.e., 1005 or 1236). Then enclose those envelopes, with \$1 per response, in a larger envelope 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.)

New DDN Policy: ***FREE personal ads are only for ads whose underlying purpose is to connect the placer with other folks in Deadlandia, not simply general messages to the universe, God, Jerry, or all of the above. To place a **Message Ad**, the charge is \$5/up to 25 words and \$1/each additional word. Effective for any ads received after June 1, 1995, ads submitted prior to that date will be printed at no

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DDN is looking for a responsible intern in the Westchester, NY area. Use of MacIntosh, MS Word, typing, and good phone/organizational abilities required. Send resume ASAP to: DDN-Intern, POB 272, Purdys, NY 10578.

ONE-IN-A-MILLION 36 yr old WM, 6', curly blond, blue "tie-dyed" eyes. Always creating the space in my life for joyous celebration and learning. 2X World Flying Disc Freestyle champ, successful journalist, visionary artist, harmonic overtone singer, gardener, world traveller. Spiritual, athletic, adventurous, well-educated, good sense of humor, natural foods gourmet (no red meat), no tobacco! LOVE communing with nature, powerful music (Dead, Dylan, Miles, Marley, African, classic rock, funk, jazz, +lots more) and great films. Are you also a wise soul w/heart of gold? 26-34 SF. Full of life? Attractive, trim, smart, outdoors-oriented, lover of art, adventurous, no tobacco. Race/color doesn't matter, just that you embrace life fully and desire a nurturing, honest, constantly evolving, fun relationship. Can we make magic together?! Western MA area: Hartford->Northampton<-Brattleboro. ☎ 📧 Box 2336.

If you like kick-ass instrumental music in the style of the dixie dregs, then you'll love *Quin Quinna*. The CD is shut-up-and-listen. PO Box 398763, Miami Beach, FL 33239. \$10.00. ☎ 📧 Box 2337.

RUDY, RUDY, RUDY!! We met you and friends in Highgate at Campbell's Bay. Please anybody who knows Rudy, please call us we need to hang, we have not stopped laughing. We think he's from Pittsburgh. Kathy & Joanie. ☎ 📧 Box 2338.

Popular culture moves me brightly! Locked up in a dusty old cell, but my mind remains free as breathing. 4 pure enjoyment & ridiculousity write: Stuiie McAllister c/o Packit, 16932 Detroit Road, Apt. 3, Lakewood, OH 44107. ☎ 📧 Box 2357.

With so many roads, help me find my way home! Let's share the ride, Darryl, 2248 School-house Road, Middletown, PA 17057. 📧 Box 2346.

Disabled deadhead looking for email friends. Email me at mmagnani@ix.netcom.com. ☎ 📧 Box 2339.

Nashville Heads-where are you? Kind late-30's, DH in search of grateful friends young and old to party, trade and jam with. All answered. M. Hill, PO Box 594, Madison, TN 37115. ☎ 📧 Box 2347.

Hey sisters & brothers. I'm locked up, but my lovelight still shines! Please write: Scott Gilmer, PO Box 500, Tall City, IN 47586. ☎ 📧 Box 2340.

Feel like a stranger-DH couple with child seek kynd folks to share letters, tapes, and thoughts. Tracy, 730 7th Street, Apt. Main, Spearfish, SD 57783. ☎ 📧 Box 2341.

18-year-old Sugar Magnolia not like other girls seeking any individuals interested in sharing love for GD. Tiffany, 290 East Gunn, Rochester, MI 48306. ☎ 📧 Box 2342.

Personal of the Issue:

Philly DH into Earth-based spirituality, myth, ritual, and transcendence, seeks local kindred spirits. Tara, 1512 Spruce Street, Apt. 10-D, Phila., PA 19102. ☎ 📧 Box 2352.

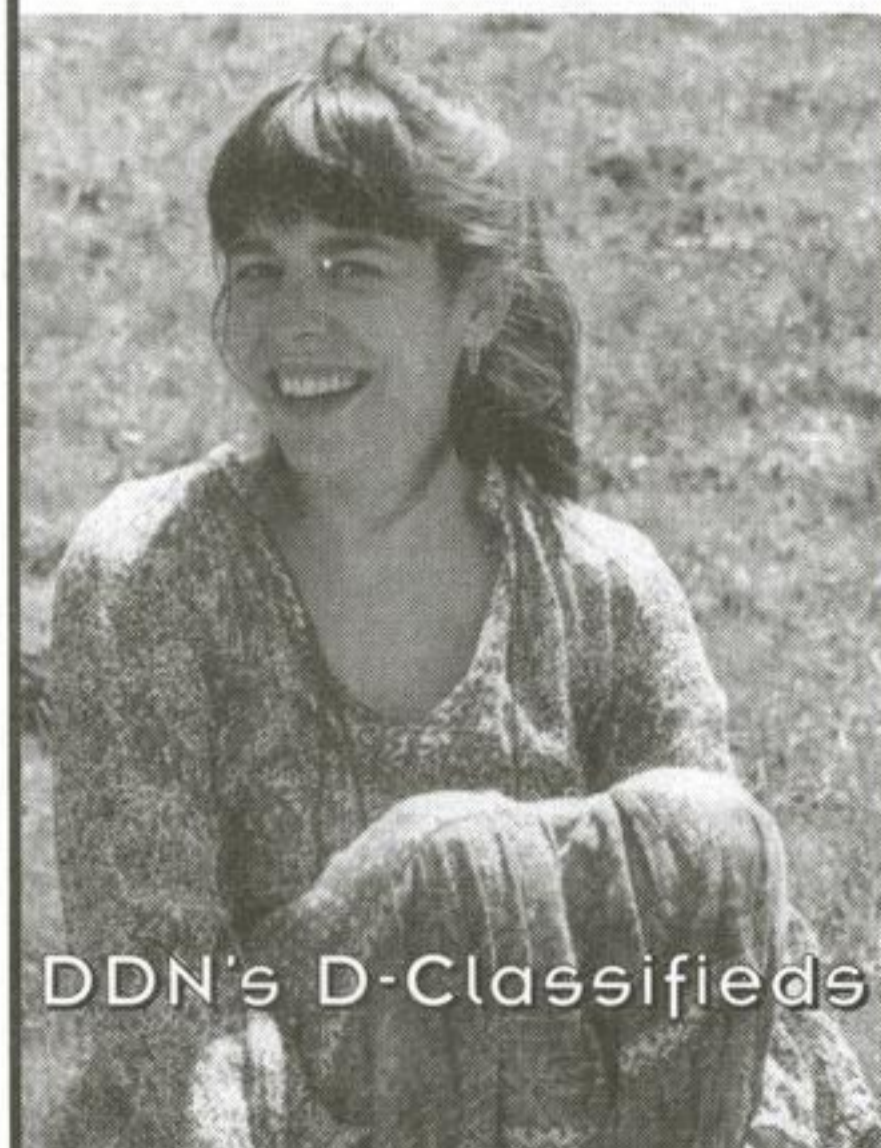
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White male free-spirited type seeking companionship with kind, intelligent, attractive (in the spiritual sense) sister to share & enjoy some life with. Bruce Brewer, RRI Box 198, Ramsey, IL 62080. ☎ 📧 Box 2344.

DC Deadhead seeks family members for fabulous times. M. Miruski, 3100 Commonwealth Ave. #203, Alexandria, VA 22305. ☎ 📧 Box 2345.

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DDN's D-Classifieds

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great connections.**

SWM, 21 Seeking Sugar Magnolia to help mend my poor heart. I enjoy Vermont weekends, touring, musk. Live in CT, at school in Providence. Jason, 163 Morse Ave. #1, Warwick, RI, 02886. ☎ 📧 Box 2348.

Tie-Dye Shirts, Bears, Skulls, Peace, etc. Wholesale/retail, MC/Visa, DeGennaro Designs, 192 Groesbeck Rd, Fevra Bush, NY 12067. ☎ 📧 Box 2350.

GWM 24. I'm a Dead fan from Long Island. Seeks other DH of similar orientation for friendship or more. I'm kind, friendly, and discreet. B. Smith, 25 Rexbury Ave., Plainview, NY 11803 (discretion a must). ☎ 📧 Box 2351.

Brothers and sisters. Please help me find a clear picture of Rosebud for kind tattoo. I love you Jerry. Peace, love and roses. ☎ 📧 Box 2354.

Vanessa from NC-met you in St. Louis, Summer tour. I was in VW bus brokedown. Please call me to stay in touch, Matthew. ☎ 📧 Box 2355.

GWM 29 Midwest Head. Discreet and reliable. Seeks young gay males 18+ to correspond with. Interests include touring, JGB, X-Files, Star Trek isn't Wesley so cute-and guys in tie-dyes. Being oneself and gay in the Dead Scene can be hard. Don't let any inexperience or distance stop you. I can handle the roommate or parental scene. Discretion is kindly offered and requested. Brian Scanlon, 88 W. Schiller #1807, Chicago, IL 60610. ☎ 📧 Box 2356.

Lost at Deer Creek, Black Chow-Lab dog, female, 50 Lbs., long hair, fluffy tail, spotted tongue, "Shiloh." Greatly missing my best friend. Reward. Kathy May, 4501 Lauraland Dr. E, Columbus, OH 43214. ☎ 📧 Box 2358.

DWM, 37, hippie dude. Very long hair & beard. Seeking SF to take me from these blues. 53 Cranberry Ave., Carbondale, PA 18407. Peace and light. ☎ 📧 Box 2359.

Illinois Marijuana Initiative needs your help. Write IMI, PO Box 2242, Darien, IL 60559. ☎ 📧 Box 2360.

Know where I can find that Green on White Portland Jerry Frisbee? Geir/Orca, 3528 S. Ferdinand, Seattle, WA 98118. ☎ 📧 Box 2361.

Truth-seeker, 22, looking for playmates to look through the Eyes of the World and hang with. Just moved to Boston. Miss Jerry, GD Scene. Ellen Kirkendall, 206 Cliff Road, Wellesley, MA, 02181. ☎ 📧 Box 2362.

Come dance in the rain with me. Jerry's free! The music NEVER stopped. SM21. Smiley. Kevin Miles, Howick Hall, Box 126, Muncie, IN, 47306. ☎ 📧 Box 2363.

"Ain't it just like the night to play tricks when you're tryin' to be so quiet." God bless Jerry. Forever Grateful. Wharf Rat. Don Byrant, 1555 Chesham Circle, Colorado Springs, CO 80907. ☎ 📧 Box 2364.

Software, who has? Wanted: plug in all my shows and get stats (were T. Stones and Miracle really seen more than others??) B. Newman, 5321 Willard Ave, Chevy Chase, MD 20815. Thanks. ☎ 📧 Box 2365.

Everyone-all Deadheads are invited to the Gathering of Nations, April 26 & 27, 1995-Albq. NM. North America's biggest Native American event. ☎ 📧 Box 2367.

Kind SWF, n/s, Western MA area. Prof by day, DH by night. Seeks fun SM, 29-35 who enjoys concerts, the outdoors, and peaceful times. Patricia Stankiewicz, 9 West School Street, Westfield, MA 01085. ☎ 📧 Box 2368.

Hey Now! ASM of NYC looking for locals to trade tapes and ideas and to go to shows. Tommy Chin, 63-11 Queens Blvd. #C14, Woodside, NY 11377. ☎ 📧 Box 2369.

NEED FIMO LAMP. Vended inside Shoreline 7/94 & 6/95 with incredible incense holders & candles. Info, names-Jennifer Lake, 2101 W. Warm Springs #3921, Henderson, NV 89014. ☎ 📧 Box 2370.

I Need a Miracle-SWF, 19, needs correspondence & other East Coast Heads (Phish too) to travel & share High Times w/for Fall & Spring tours. D. O'Connell, 5311 Argall Ave., Norfolk, VA 23508. ☎ 📧 Box 2371.

FDH looking for the 4 MDH's from the June 25 RFK show. Older white VW bus with colorful curtains, blue CA plates. All had long brown hair and big brown eyes. Vendors set up behind you. Call Corey. ☎ 📧 Box 2372.

DH seeking re-election. Need your help. When the people lead, the leaders will follow. Bill, 591 Prairie Home, St. Peters, MO 63376. ☎ 📧 Box 2373.

Looking for new kind friends who are heads and hippies brother/sisters etc. I enjoy music, dancing under nature's sky, conversations of any sorts Please respond. Peace. Love to all-Kim Brucato, PO Box 535, Oceanside, NY 11572. ☎ 📧 Box 2374.

To Kiersten from California, we met at Deer Creek '94. Still thinking about you. Call me! Eric from Chicago-giver of set lists and roses. ☎ 📧 Box 2375.

Young deadhead (17) wants to make new friends in NJ. Steve, 22 Sandra Lane, Bloomingdale, NJ 07403. ☎ 📧 Box 2376.

GWM Deadhead in Washington, DC area with varied interests seeks same for concerts, friendship, maybe more. N/S, N/D, D/F. E. Putze, 1601 Argonne Pl. NW #322, Washington, DC 20009. ☎ 📧 Box 2377.

SWF looking for other deadheads who just want to chat. Remember Jerry. Amanda Dill, 613 S. Main St., North East, MD 21901. ☎ 📧 Box 2378.

DWM seeking female dead heads to correspond with. I live in Fla. Michael Paul, 317 Guy Dr., Seminole, FL 34642. ☎ 📧 Box 2379.

Comes a time in a man's life where he needs a smile from a friendly face. WM seeking correspondence with bright, fun loving sugar mag. Lawrence Dygert #95B1169, Rt. 12E, PO Box 739, Cape Vincent, NY 13618. ☎ 📧 Box 2392.

Would like to meet any Sugar Mags around town. Write to Armin, 5225 KS Harvard, Tulsa, OK 74135. Box ☎ 📧 Box 2394.

Looking to get in touch with the NJ girl originally from Flagstaff, AZ I met at Giant's 6-19 GD show. Greg in NYC. ☎ 📧 Box 2380.

Earnestly seeking rides to Summer '96 events and pen pals. Will share whatever needs to be shared; food, driving, gas money, etc. David Linscott ☎ 📧 Box 2381

Philly head college girl musician needs fun times. Please send some groovy input. "Oh, oh, what I want to know..." Nicole McMurtrie, 1057 Seneca Street, Bethlehem, PA 18015. ☎ 📧 Box 2382.

Brown-eyed Sugar Mag, landscape has been empty since my love was called to a higher place two years ago. Can it be filled? Nicole Hutchins, 110 E. Daugherty Ave., Bardstown, KY 40004. ☎ 📧 Box 2383.

Searching for a beautiful woman named Drea from New York. I met you and a few friends Memorial weekend at a Chinese restaurant in Amherst, MA. Then we pulled tubs in Hatfield where you folks were staying. Would like to correspond and/or go to a show or two with you. David, 13 Dewey Street, East Hampton, MA 01027. ☎ 📧 Box 2384.

Dead union forming. Help promote and preserve our lifestyle. Send \$1 and SASE to Crazy Tony, Box 60-3 RD#1, Oxford, NY 13831. ☎ 📧 Box 2397.

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YOUR GREETINGS
AS SOON AS POSSIBLE**

Beautiful Bohemian SWF, 33, 5'5", Rubenesque, looks like singer Naomi Judd, herpes, child, seeks SWM, 28-35, for loving forever. Spiritual, with many varied interests. Peace. Carol Dawn Lohn, 3103 SE Stark St., Portland, OR 97214. ☎ 📧 Box 2385.

West LA DH, SBM, 27, seeks kind SF, into fun, good music, outdoors, art. Searchlight casting for high time, friendship, romance. Send pic or letter. Miguel Decoste, 447 9th St., Santa Monica, CA 90402. ☎ 📧 Box 2386.

Steve Brown-Round Records-it's been 22 years since we debuted Wake of the Flood in St. Louis. I'd love to chat. Tony Dwyer, 23 Academy La., Bellport, NY 11713. ☎ 📧 Box 2387.

Joe from Oregon, met you at Deer Creek '95. Saw you again in Chicago, you were with Rain & Arty. WANT to see you. Emily from KY, 78 West Vernon, Ft. Thomas, KY 41075. ☎ 📧 Box 2388.

Need FIMO lamp! Vended inside Shoreline 7/94 & 6/95 with incredible incense holders, candles. Info, names. Jennifer Lake, 2101 W. Warm Springs #3921, Henderson, NV 89014. ☎ 📧 Box 2389.

16, SWM, smart and mature, entering Deadlandia rapidly. Go to St. Paul's-alumni out there? Looking for correspondence and sincere friendship with young people. Andrew Gustin, 127 Harrison Ave., Newport, RI 02840. ☎ 📧 Box 2390.

Looking for that NJ girl, 7/9 Soldier Field lot, green jeep. We shared my orange balloon. I'm the NJ guy in the tan VW Golf. Brian Donegan, 10 Brownstone Place, Flanders, NJ 07836. ☎ 📧 Box 2391.

Baba's beautiful psychedelic collages available wholesale to DDN readers. 1-800-449-5521. Money back guarantee! ☎ 📧 Box 2402.

Janet Bresleau, Journey's End workers or anyone who knows where she is please contact EP at 129 Canton Ave., Milton, MA 02186. ☎ 📧 Box 2393.

Sugar Magnolias in need: have extra apt. space. Head, night-owl, into CD's. Write with photo. Stefan, 110-64 Queens Blvd., #284, Forest Hills, NY 11375. ☎ 📧 Box 2395.

Love to chat with Sisters on a positive plain. Goo thoughts. Good vibes. Good Dees. Dustin, 4107 Pacesferry Rd, Chester, VA 23831. ☎ 📧 Box 2396.

We are doing one final co-op for the last 25 Dead shows. If interested, write to: CCDJ Co-op, 405 W. Adams Park Dr., Covina, CA 91723-1803. ☎ 📧 Box 2398.

Chinacat with young sons has 40 acres w/cabin needing completion. Carpenter/hardworker wanted in xchange for lodging/Beautiful mesa vista Dead connection. Family okay. ☎ 📧 Box 2399.

DH musicians needed. To start a hippie band. NE area a plus. Love ya—La Verne Hart, 25 Messinger St., Boston, MA02126. ☎ 📧 Box 2400.

Super Blue Green Algae: 100% organic, nutrient rich super food. Seeking health-conscious individuals interested in earning extra income. For info. Tom W., 507-Passaic Ave, Spring Lake, NJ 078762. ☎ 📧 Box 2401.

My sisters and brothers: Let's take the advice of Mountain Girl and celebrate Jerry's life—August 1, 1996, 5:00PM, Strawberry Fields, NYC. Peace, Donna V. ☎ 📧 Box 2403.

DH BEHIND BARS

Support the Adopt-a-Hippie program. No money needed, just your kind correspondence. Downed DH needs mail! Seeking word from all especially Sweet Sugar Magnolias! Paul Moreau #E-33248, CSP-SOL-3-123, PO Box 4000, Vacaville, CA 95696.

Have not seen a show in almost 36 months! Would like to hear from friendly people. Please write Matt Rosen 24165-013, CS-4500, North Las Vegas, NV, 89036-4500.

SWM 27 California Head seeking Sugar Mag SF 20-30 to shine some light on these days between. My freedom and return to Golden State in late 1996. Billy Lion, 954417, 10-Dorm, IDOC, Westville Correctional Center, PO Box 473, Westville, IN 46391-0473.

Incarcerated DH's WHO's Daydreams Have No Sunshine Seek kind female penpals. Write Paul Barkett, 06684-067 or Dave Weinstein, 97762-012, POB 1000, White Deer, PA 17887.

"Prison is where you promise yourself the right to live"—Jack Kerouac. Todd Davidson, #13660-018, PO Box 8000, Bradford, PA 16701. Peace!

My life has become one eternal dark & rainy day. Sugar Mag urgently needed to bring sunshine, share thoughts, hope and love. Ramblin Robert Carmen 95A2240, PO Box 247, Ogdensburg, NY 13669.

Lost, lonely WM needs some sweet sugar pen-friends. Share some sunshine with one who cares. Harry Eldridge H-06424, PO Box 290066, Represa, CA 95671.

Desperately seeking DH SWM 32 prisoner seeking friendship with females for penpal that has interest in SF movies, books, and shows. An outdoors person. No games please. Mark Adaszweski D61737, PO Box 29, FAI-121, Represa, CA 95671.

Extremely lonely DH prisoner seeking help from all brothers and sisters to help keep my sanity: Pleez write to: Kelly Israel, #127354, DCI, PO Box 788, Dorm 3, Unit 2, Jackson, LA 70748.

Spencer, get on the bus while it's still rolling further. Katie, welcome to the world. We all love both of you. Dad (Robert).

Jerry, you will be missed greatly. Not fade away.

I am 1/2 way across the world. The bad news traveled fast. I am having a hard time adjusting. God Bless Jerry. We all loved him.

I want to say to my sisters and my brothers: KEEP THE FAITH... Let's take our fellow man by the hand, try to help him understand.

I'll miss the rejuvenation of souls among like-hearted and like-minded friends at shows. The bus doesn't want to stop and let me off yet! Michelle.

Jerry, you've given us more than you could ever know. Thanks from the bottom of our hearts. Bob and Betsy.

Jerry, thanks for everything. I wish I could've added to your life years from my own. You'll always be alive in my heart. Love, Jay.

Jerry Garcia RIP. You will be sorely missed.

In memory of Jerry: Peace, and love one another.

Iko Iko lets go back to New Orleans. The Saenger Theater needs us. See you in Vermont!

To the Dead: Thanks for the great time! Anxious to see where the (gusty, gusty) winds blow us next. See ya'll soon-Gimpy.

Jerry, we love you in Austin. Thank you for a real good time. Eric, Gram, and Dan.

"There comes a redeemer and he slowly too fades away" — Thank You Jerry.

To Brian in Spokane. Thank you for two wonderful years together. May the four winds blow safely blow you home. I love you always, Karfie.

Our captain is gone and we'll dearly miss him & our great times together. Lets bond together for support and may the music never stop. Chatsworth, CA.

The music never stopped!! Brothers & Sisters it can and will if we don't clean up our act. You alone are responsible for your actions. Act accordingly, Roger Powell.

Once in a while you can get shown the light, in the strangest of places if you look at it right!

Hidden in the Contract With America is an attack on the environment. Write your legislators-Protect our Environmental Laws!

Climb mountains not fences.

I think that we must make "Fields of Dream" in own place fore Jerry and US. Not live on bread alone! Because our Grateful Dead is near from here.

Trisha-you are my sunshine daydream and my shining star Bobby doesn't stand a chance-let's stay together through eternity. Love & XXX Mike.

Get on the bus and direct your own movie-it will change your life forever! knowurider@aol.com.

Thanks for "always" being there for me!! Love ya "always," Barry.

Dawn in Florida, I lost your address. Please write, honey.-Keroac.

Dennis & Danita-thank you for Atlanta '95. Great to have friends down so many roads. How was that apple wine? Love Roy Helgerson.

Say Hey Block Island Deadheads, Has anyone seen Chief Sunrise? I think he's at the Point. Yeah, he's at the Point!

God bless you, Jerry. Thank you for your time. Love Michael. Peace.

Why can't we hear Garcia playing? Is it him or Parrish or Harry or Cutler? Somebody please do something!

Let's keep together everyone! Spread what we've learned. Keep the faith. Good bye Jerry. Love to all, Trae.

1-900-370-DEAD FOR PERSONALS

The Garden was sealed when the flowers decayed. See you in Heaven Jerry! Ohio loves you!

Don't have tickets? Don't go to the show! Come on folks, don't ruin it for the rest of us Deadicated heads. Pass it around. Love, Arrow.

Those who cheered on the gate crashers are equally at fault. If you're not part of the solution, you are part of the problem. G.D. Friends.

Re: Summer incidents-violent. Let's lose those Deadbeat Deadheads. Let's make the scene private again. Any suggestions.

Hey now! Peace and smiles to all my brothers and sisters. Happy 30th Anniv. to the whole Grateful Dead family. NC-Steve.

God bless you Jerry. You will live in our hearts forever! Phil, Bob, Mickey, Bill & Family: our thoughts & prayers are with you.

SOS! (Save our scene!) Please don't come to shows without tickets. And please respect the communities around the venues.

Hey, UK Slim: You know, sometimes I actually miss those bloody aardvarks ...but not as much as I miss "Wave to the Wind"! Reggae Burrito.

Gate crashers suck! If you don't have a ticket, don't come to the show!

Just want to thank the Dead, Barney, and all my brothers and sisters for making Soldier Field unforgettable. Peace, love & happiness, Rosey.

Thank-you DH friends for listening and singing with me at the last few shows. I've got to get down!

MUSH-be my Roomy forever!-Vic.

Let your Love Light shine on Jerry. Rest in peace, brother. Keep on picking. D.E.L., Louisville.

If there is no encore, relax and let it be, the song goes on, that I know, the rest I must believe.

Thanks GD for opening my eyes to a world of love and kindness. May we never forget to share these gifts with one another.

Well the first days are the hardest days don't you worry anymore-cause when life looks like easy street there is danger at your door.-Katy.

Jerry-our love will not fade away. You will live in our hearts and minds forever. Thanks. Peace, MM.

Fare you well Jerry. We love you more than words can tell. The tapes, memories, and each other are all that is left. The Hiliadis Family.

Jerry, I'll miss you. You have had a big hand in my self actualization. Thanks for so much. Love MB, Forestville, CA.

Though the brilliance of Jerry is gone... We will get by.

Thank you to Dick, for Dick's Picks. Please don't stop!! Jerry must live on. (Hi Walt & Stef.) Jim, CT.

Anyone else sick and tired of the tour litter and excessive drinking? Pass it on... Keep it clean. Appreciate the opportunity to see them live.

Tom: It wasn't a short set. Here's to more shows! Looking forward to Chelsea's first one. In Jerry we trust. Reed.

JoLine, you're something like a dream come true-Love, Mike.

Labels are to be manipulated, not capitulated to.-Bob Dylan.

With his music, Jerry Garcia entertained his fans; with his vision of life, he enlightened the world. Few have touched the world as Jerry Garcia did!

Let's remember Jerry by keeping his spirit, and the music alive! Peace.

Fillmore East show programs wanted. Let me know what you have. (Interested in all programs).

Mr. Cutler, please turn up Jerry, I miss hearing him! Scott Emery.

Happy 30th to the Band! Please open up the vault and let some sun shine in!

Thanks to the Boys in the Band for 30 years of fun and strangeness, Music and Love! Peace, Bob & Beth.

Ted: Love is real, not fade away. Always, Kelly.

School in New Mexico this year, hope it's groovin. West Coast, here I come! John Stein.

Jerry if you don't like the bridge, change it!! Play St. Stephen. Thank you and come back soon. Thank you. John Melbourne, Florida.

To Brother Kevin, Dave Skyler, Sponge and all Tour Hounds. Jerry's music lives so turn it up loud now! Peace and love. Big T.

Spend a little time on the Mountain (L1), Spend a little time on the Hill. I enjoyed both West & East Coast tours. "Troll".

Michael, my favorite head: We Love Each Other.
Your Jessica.

Pine Cone: Highgate was a hoot. Keep that
stinkin' Lincoln ready, I am.

Please smoke less tobacco at shows-It's killing you,
me, and Jerry.

Hello Janna-Congratulations on our 1 year
anniversary. It's been heaven-Lots of love, Rikk.

Life is not a free ride, pay your own way.-KFD.

Thanks to the "Deaf Zone" for making Seattle
Shows my mellowest ever. Nice to feel included
for a change. Support FAMM.-Trace.

"No one ever knows the heart of anyone else." We
love you Mary! Love, Uncle John and Aunt Rene.

Look out of any window, any morning, any
evening, any day. Jerry's music lives forever. Not
Fade Away. Sadly missed by Lou and Karen.

We love you and we miss you Jerry. Thankyou for
a Real Good Time! Keep the faith, everyone.
Peace, Sue W.

SLU-ATO-Omicron is Dead. But the spirit lives on.
So says Whitey.

Alan Topal-was that a traffic tribute I just heard?
Thanks for great tapes & shows. HPE.

From the coalmines of Kentucky to the Cazadero
sun, Seaview Ranch ice cream is the best! Love will
see us through"-lan.

It is true: This Darkness Got to Give.

Thanks to all my kind brothers and sisters who saw
me through Giants 6/19/95, hallway 111,
especially Julie. Kindly Robin-Sugar Mag in pink
dress.

Uncle John's Band, '95 Vegas first show, really
saved my mind! Let's all put our minds together &
will the Dead to Tucson sometime.

Ex EBNJ now FL DH wants to say peace to old
friends & good times to all. Debbie-Antone's sis.

Dear AT hikers, write your senators now. Urge
them to support FY '96 Land & Water
Conservation Fund & AT land acquisition funds.
"88 Aiko.

Ben, Have a grateful trip to New Zealand. Don't
forget your Sugar Magnolia at home. I love you!
Marian.

Hey, thanks for the Drum Circle in Las Vegas. See
ya in the Fall. Happy 30th guys.

Hey Now! Let's all join together to stop these
supposed Heads from spoiling the scene. It ain't
about crashing the shows, it's about peace!

Sam, our love is real not fade away. Sept.16,
1995. Love you forever & ever. Amen. Sally. We
love you Jerry!

To my Sedona Friends: If your cup is full, may it be
again! Peace to you all! The Keez.

Thanks to all my brothers and sisters for keeping
Dead Head land the happiest place on Earth!

Hi friends! Keep smilin', it's catchy. Jane, Jerry &
Cassidy.

Jerry, why did you leave after five songs on May
20, 1994 Desert Sky Phoenix show when I had
front row centerstage seat? Why?

Stephen prosper in his time... Well he may and he
may decline... Did it matter? Does it now?
Stephen would answer if he only knew how.

Over 30 years of a long strange trip! The man will
be missed by many people. Good luck to the rest
of the boys.-Jerry lives.

Dear Jerry-Thank you for giving us family,
freedom, bliss, and unbelievably beautiful music.
You set me free-sleep in the stars. Not Fade Away.

We are on our own. Love each other and take care
of your brothers and sisters. Love and Grape Jelly,
Crittter.

Thanks for sharing it with us, Jerry. We miss you so
peace. Love and happiness always. We will keep it
beautiful.

Lazlo and the Lady-thanks for all the great tapes
and shirts. We'll do a show together soon I hope!
Love you!! Chuck and Karen.

Gate crashers suck. Deer Creek, 96? Or ever?
N2O+driving=death, ODs? Exploding kabob
stands? Ticketless overpopulating scum.

**REMEMBER, YOUR VOICE
IS WHAT PEOPLE
ARE WAITING FOR!**

Hey now Dana, Lynn, Alan, Dennis, Lisa, Frank,
Richard, Doug, Laurie, Tennessee Bill, Belinda,
Alan, Kim, Dave, Chuck, Bob, Chris, Willy, Kent,
Elliott, Jeff, Monroe, NC.

RIP. Troy Lovin killed by gunman day before
leaving for Deer Creek. See you on tour in the sky.
Love, your brother Clarke.

Kendra-I love you. I miss you. 1-2-3, Nels.

Michael M, You are my sunshine daydream, our
love will not fade away for all of eternity!
Gratefully yours, Daniel C.

Thanks for the Unbroken Chain Boys, but Jo and I
need the St. Stephen from your bad asses.

Jerry and the band will live on forever in our
hearts! Now, there's nothing left to do but smile,
smile, smile. Cindy.

Jerry, thanks for everything. You have moved me
and my life in profound and wonderful ways. I
gratefully wish you a peaceful loving journey.
Namaste, Joe Van De Veere.

Grace, the serpentine pavers have been placed...
now on to Devore for our anniversary.-Drew.

Pumpkin, I hope you enjoyed our first show. I'm
Grateful you're mine. Love ya, JD.

Everyone: As heirs to the planet, we must
maintain, honor, and enjoy the gift of freedom.
Count your blessings and forever TBH. Love, PEK.

Thanks Scott and Chris for being at the post office
with everything I needed to mail order for Giants
Stadium tickets. Both shows were great.

Shannon, you are my summer love every spring,
fall and winter. Happy Birthday, baby.

Jerry-"Sleep in the stars." We will be forever
grateful for all the joy and beauty you gave us.
Cheryl, Patrick, Barry and Matthew Cavanagh.

Hey now, I missed DDN #31. Can you spare your
copy? Stanley Marshall 07832-026 T Unit, PO Box
5000-T, Florence, CO 81226.

Jerry-may the music never stop. Thank you for
showing us the light. Marty & Lori Katz & Group
Therapy (San Diego's garage Band) 538-8524.

Jerry, you're gone but the music lives on. Thank
you for the long beautiful ride. May we keep on
truckin-DH's in Africa. Samuela Bell, PO Box 6592,
Addis Ababa, Ethiopia.

Young CA dh wants to send letters to a female
teenaged Sugar Mag. Please write Mike C., 1717
A Bath St., Santa Barbara, CA 93101.

Let us be unafraid of life, unafraid of death, unafraid
to be happy. To enjoy the beautiful, to believe the
best. RIP Grandma & Jerry—Brandon.

Hello Annie & Faila my favorite Tar Heals—SJU.

Check out the Gibb Droll band from VA Beach!!
The waitresses at Nickels in Montreal are the
coolest.-Chris.

He's gone and is still alive. Love is free. I've found
love, a woman. She's gone, but it's still here. The
doctor called. I may have missed it. Buddy.

Adam Brooks where are you? I would love to
know. Please write Jaime Beltz at 5878 Windward
Ct., Clarkston, MI 48346. Loving you.

Welcome to the next incarnation of the Grateful
Dead! Past is prologue. Thanks for getting us here,
Jer. —Old Mike.

May we continue to grow and unfold together,
and may our lifes dance be a dance of love. Thank
you everyone. Dave & Mona Kettles.

Hey Bobby, Phil, Billy, Mickey, Vince...keep the
music going. The love for you is strong. Phil,
Painesville, OH.

We join together as many diverse expressions of
one loving mystery: for the healing of earth and
the renewal of life. Love still rings true.

Jerry—Thank you for a real good time—Scott,
Allison, Dylan.

Suzanne this feeling is killing me, I wouldn't stop
for a million bucks, I love you so—Hold me tight,
"Don't Let Go." Love Scott.

My sweet one Juli: I'm always happy to be tripping
down life's Golden Road with you. Your hubbo,
David.

Greetings to all Deadheads from Hunter and
Laszlo in Highgate!

He's gone, and nothing's gonna bring him back,
but you know our love will not fade away—RIP
Jerry, we love you.

Dearest Hooper, May the many roads of life take
you where you want to go. Fare thee well, my
friend.—Your first Sunshine Daydream.

Attention Tampa area Deadheads: Join your
friends on Thursday nights at Skipper's
Smokehouse with Estimated Band! The music
never stopped...Alan Gilman.

Jerome, I love and miss you. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." Love always, Mardee.

We are everywhere! Even Istanbul. The Joyful spirit will live on within and without you. By the Grace of God we will survive!

Mike, you opened my heart to the music and magic of the GD. 12/11/94 first show. Finally found what I'd been looking for! Always, Me.

We want Phil. We want Billy. We want Vince. We want Bobby. We want Mickey. Long live the Grateful Dead!

Love is real, not fade away. In loving memory of Michael Wade Jones & Jerome John Garcia. Shine on. Flower child in California.

It was blissful while we had it—let us always be grateful. Brenda.

With an angel I have truly been blessed. Jennifer—I love you more than words can tell—Love, Rob.

Thank you to the band and all Deadheads for 30 treasured and incomparable years of joy. Naom & Nancy Saunders.

Hey Michael, its Dee. See you at Denny's on 2nd St. Peace & Love from your tour buddies Holly & Paul.

The Dead & Garcia confounded reality by surviving far longer and deeper than humans thought possible.

1-900-370-DEAD FOR PERSONALS

The sun will shine on my back door someday...
Stellabloo@aol.com.

To my brothers and sisters in Boyertown/
Pottstown. I miss you all—From the valley of the
sun, Matt Varady—Peace and love.

Jerry—we still have the faith—Peace & happiness
in 96—RD&RD.

"Sleep in the Stars." We will be forever Grateful for
all the joy and beauty you gave us. Cheryl, Patrick,
Barry, and Matthew Cavanagh.

He's gone, but there are so many roads... Looking
forward to more shows. Peace. Scott Newark, DE.

Emma Rose: I'm sorry we'll never get to dance
together at a Grateful Dead show. We'll always
have my tapes though! Love always—Dad.

Wildflower seed in the sand and wind, may the
four winds blow you home again—We will miss
you.

To all my friends known and unknown. Take care!
Steve, Brunswick, GA.

DH family through the years—Red Rocks, Greeks,
New Year's to Vegas. I'll always love you. Eileen
Cook, Jerry Garcia, Cassidy Dinzes; Golden, CO.

If there's a rock-n-roll heaven, it's really rockin
now! We love you Jerry. See ya.

Rainbow preacher Jeffrey with beaded white dove.
Can't stop thinking of you stranded in Idaho.
Stonehedge is everywhere! Contact me,
foundation awaits you. Forgiveness?

People are not what they appear to be. "Don't let
that deal go down." Stay free.

Jerry will be missed by all of us: Barry, Steve, Ricky,
Johnny, Alan, Lush, & David! Rest in Peace.

Julie, I love you more than words can tell. Jerry
sang of love and happiness. Let us now live it.
Always, Mike.

Debbie King. I love you JRS, Sag Harbor, Wayne.
Jerry—Love ya. GEO-SMC

Very grateful to those who sent me the tapes of
the 1972 Utica shows. SLG.

The world often forgets to smile on simple plea-
sures. Jerry made us all feel that pleasure for a brief
moment. Love the Dead!

Jerry gave us all he had and kept the vibe through
lyrics and his fine guitar. Keep it going. Let love
cascade through you, friends!!

Jerry was not an icon. It is up to us now. Put your
energy where it helps and matters!

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

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John and Sally

HQ=high quality

LG=low generation

YLG=Your list gets mine.

SBD=soundboard

DDN is looking for a responsible intern in the Westchester, NY area. Use of Macintosh, MS Word, typing, and good phone/organizational abilities required. Send resume ASAP to: DDN-Intern, POB 272, Purdys, NY 10578.

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In search of '95 RFK! Concerned with qlty, not qnty. YLGM. Beginners welcome. Wick, 1022-B Spring St., Signal Mountain, TN 37377. ☎ 📧 Box 3571.

Seek GD Euro '72, Phish 7/2-3/95, Buff '94, Jane's Addiction, GSW. YLGM. TJ, Box 183, Stanton, NJ 08885. ☎ 📧 Box 3572.

Beginning trader looking for HQ SBD of LV 6/26/94, Landover, MD 10/10/94, and closing night, Philly, Fall '93. YLGM. Jake. 5040 Loughboro Road, NW, Washington, DC 20016. ☎ 📧 Box 3573.

Please trade with me. I am a very *kind* person. No schwag on this end of the deal. Trey Bowen, 3430 Old Lost Mtn. Rd., Pdr. Sprgs., GA 30073. ☎ 📧 Box 3574.

Kind sister ready to start trading. About 130 hrs, need more. Very reliable. 40911 John Mosby Hwy #101, Aldie, VA 22001. ☎ 📧 Box 3575.

Searching for 3/3/94, 7/16-7/17/94, 7/19/94, 6/24-25/95 SBD's. Help me out, plenty to trade with. Serious traders only. Carey, 9627 Todd Mill, Huntsville, AL 35803. ☎ 📧 Box 3576.

Walk me out—New trader—Jerry me. Please, will send tapes and pstg. Todd Lewis, Morning Dew Acres, 23044 East Hwy. 12, Rogers, AR 72756. ☎ 📧 Box 3577.

Just starting to collect tapes! Need help—I would like HQ tapes. John S., 1389 Meriweather St. SE, Salem, OR 97306. ☎ 📧 Box 3578.

Have 1500 hrs HQ GD, JGB (65-95), Tuna, Jorma, Floyd, reggae, YLGM. Joe Hynes, 85 Calle Lane Fiesta, Camarilla, CA 93010. ☎ 📧 Box 3579.

Searching for friends and tapes in Memphis area. Stephen Wallace, 3493 Blackberry Bush #1, Memphis, TN 38115. ☎ 📧 Box 3580.

Grateful for any and all replies! Trade tapes, stories and friendship. Carol, 2257 Cottage Grove, Cleveland Hts, OH 44118. ☎ 📧 Box 3581.

Brother needs help on building tape collection. Will send blanks and pstg. 909-980-5678. 5539 Valinda, Alta Loma, CA 91737. ☎ 📧 Box 3591.

400 hrs. Esp. looking for West Coast Traders. Stephanie, 1112 W. Glentana St., Covina, CA 91722-3519. Love you Jerry! You'll NEVER be Gone in Our Hearts! ☎ 📧 Box 3582.

Would appreciate 1st show 6/24/83 Madison & last shows July 5&6 St. Louis. Will send blanks/pstg & gratitude. Kathy Kerner, 5037 N. 56th St., Milwaukee, WI 53223. ☎ 📧 Box 3583.

Are you kind? Please help build my collection. Have only 20 hrs. Will be grateful. JL, 130 Madison St., So. Bound Brook, NJ 08880. ☎ 📧 Box 3594.

Looking for sweet sounding groovy tapes for a beginner. 60 hrs, plus some fabulous Jerry tapes. Miracle me a show, I promise to get one right back to you. Kathy Meyer, 153 B. 124th, Belle Harbor, NY 11694. ☎ 📧 Box 3588.

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IS WHAT PEOPLE
ARE WAITING FOR!**

Seeking HQ SBDs of 3/18/95 Philly Spectrum (our son Zane's only show) & 7/12/90 RFK. Have trade material. Roger, 3903 Jefferson St., Hyattsville, MD 20781. ☎ 📧 Box 3585.

Hey now! Have 150+ looking for kind Dead, Dylan, Airplane. All lists answered. Ben, 315 Harvard Ave., Terrace Park, OH 45174. We miss you Jerry. ☎ 📧 Box 3586.

We will get by, we will survive. Our love is real not fade away. YLGM. David, 19700 Hickory Twig #1905, Spring, TX 77388. ☎ 📧 Box 3587.

Beginner needs Phish: 6/7-10/95 & 10/21/94. Also Airplane, JGB, Zappa, Beatles, Zeppelin, Allmans, and any Dead (pref. early). HQSB only. 1036 Tourmaline St. Apt. B, San Diego, CA 92109. ☎ 📧 Box 3589.

I'm a veteran of shows, but have very few tapes—help me start a collection! Rob Mulloy, 10934 Huston St. #210, N. Hollywood, CA 91601. ☎ 📧 Box 3590.

Looking for HQ Sbds: Blues Traveler, Doors, Dead & Jerry. DAT also. 200 hrs. YLGM. Mark, 151 Calderon #345, Mountain View, CA 94041. ☎ 📧 Box 3592.

Looking for Deer Creek 93/94. Lots to trade. mrbills@io.org. We miss you Jerry. ☎ 📧 Box 3584.

Have 200+ Hrs HQ Dead, 100+ HQ Phish. Looking for HQ LG Same & Widespread, Jambay, SRV, and anything else you might have. ☎ 📧 Box 3593

Back from Dead, hungry for lives: hq, analog, esp from 60's & 70's. YLGM. 500 hrs. Miko Burwell, 26 Greentree Lane #35, Weymouth, MA 02190-2007. ☎ 📧 Box 3595.

Fast reliable trader: have hq lg sbds and always looking for more. Rads and Nevilles too. YLGM—Gunnman, 20 Dryden Ave., Pawtucket, RI 02860. ☎ 📧 Box 3596.

1000 HQ DATs. DAT only. Patient. 2 new DAT decks. 4 AKG mix. Live & Sbds. Bob Aronson, PO Box 2644, Carmel, CA 93921. Baronson@miis.edu. ☎ 📧 Box 3597.

Help my collection grow. Have 200 hrs of GD. Love to trade with all. YLGM. Jade Sill, 6104 Paseo Rio Verde, Anaheim, CA 92807. ☎ 📧 Box 3598.

Beginner—Frank Fischon, 3940 Taussig Rd, Bridgeton, MO 63044. Will send tapes and pstg. ☎ 📧 Box 3599.

Brent highlights wanted—videos, Dead Hour, print, etc. 'Gimme just a little minute of your time!! Deaf—relay to 001 800515152 & then 01179 730614. ☎ 📧 Box 3600.

Looking for a few good tapes. Dead, Ramones, Zappa, Springsteen—any cool music! YLGM. K. Jevsevar, 68 High St., Etna, PA 15223. ☎ 📧 Box 3601.

Need MSG '94. Lots to trade. Call 212-984-6371. ☎ 📧 Box 3602.

Looking for Boston 9/13-15/95. Help. 804-481-9080. Fax 804-491-5380. Ask for Mike. ☎ 📧 Box 3603.

Please help. 100+ hrs GD lost onboard nuclear submarine. Need to rebuild. YLGM. Darl, 1021 74th St. E. Apt C, Tacoma, WA 98404. ☎ 📧 Box 3604.

Trader help! Tapes stolen, need to rebuild. Will send blanks/pstg. Gretchen, 5463 Tulip, Portage, IN 46368. ☎ 📧 Box 3606.

Jerry fanatic seeks '90-95 HQ only. Many shows on CD to trade. Deadhead Bill, 187 Bittersweet, Mundelein, IL 60060. ☎ 📧 Box 3607.

Floyd and Zappa Head wants to trade tapes. Access to many Dead shows on CD. Randy Roland, 509 Morningside Dr., Round Lake Beach, IL 60073. ☎ 📧 Box 3608.

850+ hrs Analog SB, 70+ hrs DATSB. No list. Seek low, know Gen SBD. Panic, Radiators & Dead. Patient. Beginners helped. Old friends get in touch. Roy Helgerson, 1018-A Main St., Union Grove, WI 53182. ☎ 📠 Box 3605.

Have high qlty Dead, Phish, Creek. Need the same. Send list to P. Andersen, 164 Bartlett Ave. #4, Pittsfield, MA 01201. ☎ 📠 Box 3609.

Zero tapes to trade for Jerry, Dead. 503-770-9419, PO Box 511, Medford OR. Word of caution, Do Not Use Prozac w/Psychedelics (Prozac survivor). ☎ 📠 Box 3610.

Are you kind? 100+ hrs Dead, Zappa. YLGM. Desperately need more: GD, JGB & Zappa. Brian Haesche, 33 Summer Is. Rd., Branford, CT 06405. ☎ 📠 Box 3611.

New tape collector looking for HQ Dead, Phish, WSP, Dave Matthews. Please send list. Michael Macander, 8525 Candlelight Drive W., Willow Springs, IL 60480. ☎ 📠 Box 3612.

Looking for any Summer '93 and low gen. sbd Charlotte and Atlanta. YLGM. I have 300+ hrs, incl. '94-95. MM, 124B W. 4th St., Winston-Salem, NC 27101. ☎ 📠 Box 3613.

Reliable trader w/450+ HQ hrs seeks more of the same. Spud, 2507 S. 25th St., Apt. F, Terre Haute, IN 47802. ☎ 📠 Box 3614.

Looking for Boston 9/13-14-15/95. Help 804-481-9080, Fax 804-491-5380. Ask for Mike. ☎ 📠 Box 3615.

Please help keep my lovelite alive. I love you Gerry. Send lists: R. Silhanek, 3 Bryant St., Hartsdale, NY 10530. ☎ 📠 Box 3616.

300+ hrs Dead, 200+ hrs Non-Dead, YLGM. Dave, 152 Santa Clara Ave., Alameda, CA 94501. ☎ 📠 Box 3617.

HQ DAT CLONES only. Want Zappa, Crimson. Have Phish, Dead, Bluegrass, Jazz, Blues, Reggae. YLGM. Rick, 352 Gilmore Road, Chapel Hill, NC 27516. ☎ 📠 Box 3618.

Hey Now. Have 150 hrs of HQ Dead. Looking for 9/21/72, 8/27/72, 2/9/73, 10/7/94, 7/5/95. Ian, 119 Meriden Dr., Hockessin, DE 19707. ☎ 📠 Box 3619.

Please help! Need tapes of my first and last GD shows: Olympia Theater, Paris, 5/3/72; UNLV 5/16/93. Don't have tapes but will trade custom t-shirt (Europe '72) or blanks & pstg. B. Welle, 2179 Berkeley, St. Paul, MN 55105. ☎ 📠 Box 3620.

Are you kind? Married in H/A 2-24, need any/all Oakland '95 shows for anniversary. Thanks/blanks. Pete, POB 11181, Indianapolis, IN 46201. ☎ 📠 Box 3621.

Seeking '90's Richfield shows, Mississauga (somewhere early '90's), 5/20/95, 5/21/95, plus others. Will send tapes, pay xpenses. Have a few HQ & SBD. Scott, 1280 E. Archwood Ave., Akron, OH 44306. ☎ 📠 Box 3622.

Crisp, Clean, Hq, Low Gen Sb's. 1500 Hrs Analog, 200 Hrs DAT. Looking for same. John, 4 Marina Road, Chelmsford, MA 01824. ☎ 📠 Box 3623.

Jerry was special to our lives! Need JGB 4/20/94 and 4/27/94, Warfield. 1000 Hrs to trade. Jim & Dixie, 7048 Beech Ave., Orangevale, CA 95662. ☎ 📠 Box 3639.

Jonesing for tapes of Jerry's previous-life performances. YLGM! DOC, 301-203-8551. ☎ 📠 Box 3624.

Who has top-qual recordings of: GD 9/10-11/73, 9/26/81, JGB 8/12/84? Many gems to trade: Tom Van Sant, 1723 Clearview Rd., Santa Barbara, CA 93101. ☎ 📠 Box 3625.

Kind man with 1000+ GD, Neil, Tuna, Solar Circus. Seeks HQ Indigo Girls. Kind Steve, 47 S. Main St., Edison, NJ 08837. ☎ 📠 Box 3626.

Big DH 500 Hrs Dead, Led, Eric & Jimi. Wants to trade good qlty. YLGM. James, 2043 Tropic Bay Ct., Orlando, FL 32807. ☎ 📠 Box 3627.

Seeking San Francisco sounds! 1965/75 Plane, Grape, Fish, Quick, Big Bro, Dead. Lots to trade! Ben-522 Ave. G #4, Redondo Beach, CA 90277. ☎ 📠 Box 3628.

Can trade for 2/2/68—2/3/68 Crystal Ballroom, 5/30/69 & 1/6/70 Springers Inn, Portland, OR. Dale Buscho, 3116 SE 18, Portland, OR 97202. Peace & Love! ☎ 📠 Box 3629.

Interested in 70's Sbds. Any Dead Hrs. Have 800+ Hrs. YLGM. Beginners welcome. ELMZ, 115 Mockingbird, East Taunton, MA 02718. ☎ 📠 Box 3630.

Reliable trader, 300+ Hrs, looking for same. YLGM. Be kind, don't ever forget our lost friend. Mark, 1722 Weeping Willow Lane, Dover, PA 17315. ☎ 📠 Box 3633.

1-900-740-DEAD

Qlty tapes to trade. YLGM. Dead, 1608 N. Cahuenga Bl. #232, LA, CA 90028. ☎ 📠 Box 3631.

I'll Take a Melody, or JGB & '95 Dead shows. Have 250 hrs. Dan Pater, 506 Cole Ranch Rd., Encinitas, CA 92024. ☎ 📠 Box 3632.

RU Kind? Need help building HQ collection. YLGM. Jerry, we miss you deeply. Thanks for the music and good times. 3666 Pinetree Ct., Rochester, MN 55906. ☎ 📠 Box 3634.

Hi Qual only. 1st-3rd Gen. SBD's. Have 1000+ hrs. Dead/others on Analog & video. MM, PO Box 1752, Carmel, CA 93921. ☎ 📠 Box 3635.

I share your sorrow my friends. Fare you well, Jerry... My storyteller, my guidance, and my friend. Sleep in the stars. 400 Hrs+. Don, 185 Treasure St. #201, Merritt Island, FL 32952. ☎ 📠 Box 3636.

Hey now! Have 180 hrs, always looking for more. YLGM. Beginners welcome. Heather, 75 S. Pershing Ave., Akron, OH 44313. ☎ 📠 Box 3637.

Big Sky Country Head needs hq Summer Tour '95, others as well. YLGM. Jeremy Anderson, 835 Milwaukee, Deer Lodge, MT 59722. Spread the Dead. ☎ 📠 Box 3638.

900+ hours of Grateful Dead. YLGM. Andy Sato, 847 N. Central, Wooddale, IL 60191. ☎ 📠 Box 3640.

My fourth DDN ad so please help! Alfred, NY 1970 show—need set list and/or tape. Terry, Box 261, Princeton, NJ 08540. ☎ 📠 Box 3652.

Wanted: Dead HQ lo-gen SBD's (esp. 5/15/81, 5/16/81, 6/18/83) JGB '80-'82. Also HQ Non-Dead trades. Hansen, 902 Maple Ave., Glen Rock, NJ 07452. ☎ 📠 Box 3641.

Island Deadhead, need tapes and pen pals (esp. females). Nick, PSC 1012, FFO-AA, 34058. Come visit the Bahamas. ☎ 📠 Box 3642.

Looking 4 live Cracker, CUB, Rusted Root or DMB. B. Dunn, 2 Wedgewood Drive, Newport News, VA 23601. ☎ 📠 Box 3643.

Middle aged Midwesterner sends undying love and affection to all who've helped but now I'm hooked so YLGM. Rita Moessmer, 650 Henry Ave., Manchester, MO 63011. ☎ 📠 Box 3644.

Desperately seeking 6/26/94 (Sunday Las Vegas)—have great Hunter tape to trade, or lots of others. LG, 1062 Love Court, Boulder, CO 80303. ☎ 📠 Box 3645.

Wanted: '95 Giants Stadium, lots to trade. Tom Whiteford, 48 Franklin St., Brentwood, NY 11717. ☎ 📠 Box 3646.

Have Summer '95, need Spring '95. Also Fall '94. Also looking for 4/6/94. Looking to start video collection please help. Jerry lives in us all! Todd, 4115 Manor House Drive, Marietta, GA 30062. ☎ 📠 Box 3647.

Legally Dead II, beginning attorney and trader needs kind friends to begin collection. Will send tapes and pstg. Scott, 7033 Widgeon Drive, Midland, GA 31820. ☎ 📠 Box 3648.

Have lots of HQ to trade, would like same in return. Send lists to Joe- 14 Ferris St., South River, NJ 08882. ☎ 📠 Box 3649.

Hey Now! Back from trading hiatus. Let's trade. YLGM. Thanks. Grateful Greg, 18 Farwell Ave., Cumberland, ME 04021. ☎ 📠 Box 3650.

Who has Summer '95 tapes? 200 hrs to trade. Dave DuBoia, RD#3, Box 24T, Canastota, NY 13032. ☎ 📠 Box 3651.

Have/want: Jorma/Tuna 1000 hrs., JGB 1000 hrs, Allman Bros. 100 hrs, Jeff Starship 200 hrs, Dead 4500 hrs. Henry Gross, 6 Rebel Lane, Norwalk, CT 06850. ☎ 📠 Box 3653.

Want HQ SBD '73-'77, Have 900+ hrs Phish, Dead, Shockra, GSW, Hatters, LOS, ARU, Panic, Meters. Michael Capolino, 218 Hillair Circle, White Plains, NY 10605. ☎ 📠 Box 3654.

Help on the Way, DAT only—Boston '94, Giants Stad. '92-'94. Have Boston '93 DAT to trade. Mike, 109 Marlboro St., Quincy, MA 02170. ☎ 📠 Box 3655.

Weir on our own: fast reliable taper with 500+ hrs looking for more '95 shows or anything good. Write Eric, 245 Pinecrest Drive, Rochester, NY 14617. ☎ 📠 Box 3656.

Beginner trader w/100+ hrs. Dead/Phish needs more! Also looking for Heads in Cleveland/Columbus area. Dave Plavac, 26802 Huckleberry Drive, Richmond Hts., OH 44143. Be kind. ☎ 📠 Box 3657.

Beginner needs lists. Will send blanks and sm. donation. WANTED: Egypt '78 (any/all), 2/24,25,26/92, 5/28,29/95. Stephen Madsen, 19080 Rock Creek Road, Sheridan, OK 97378. ☎ 📠 Box 3670.

250+ Hrs. to trade. YLGM. Looking for 9/16/87. Fast & reliable. Greg D., 150 E. 84th St. #3N, NY, NY 10028 or GregD90089@aol.com. ☎ 📧 Box 3664.

Looking for Rusted Root only. Have other bands to trade. Chuck: 12206 McMullen Hwy., Cumberland, MD 21502. ☎ 📧 Box 3658.

Trader always looking for more. 100+ hrs. Send lists. Darrin, 679 Meadow Road, Smithtown, NY 11787. ☎ 📧 Box 3659.

Want to trade? Send lists to: 97jcv@wheaton.MA.edu. ☎ 📧 Box 3660.

Have 1500+ Hrs. YLGM. Seek same. Len Duarte, 65 Manton St., Sayville, NY 11782. ☎ 📧 Box 3661.

Looking for Solar Circus, Dead, and Phish. Have 300+ Hrs. to trade. Scott, 42 Kitchell Rd., Denville, NJ 07834. ☎ 📧 Box 3662.

Looking for 6/2/95 Set I Shoreline, 1st Alabama, 1st Schoolgirl, Ed Hatch, 1-704-933-8108. Missed them! ☎ 📧 Box 3663.

Beginning taper badly needs more GD, JGB, Phish and Blues Traveler. Will send blanks and pstg. Peace. SW, 2211 Point West Drive #3D, Fort Wayne, IN 46808. ☎ 📧 Box 3665.

"Don't Tread On Me"—freedom lovin' Deadhead looking for COMPLETE first show 6/24/70 Portchester NY. Bob Stein, PO Box 6329, Bozeman, MT 59771. ☎ 📧 Box 3666.

Canned Heat trader seeks shows, magazine articles, etc. from all phases of their career. Randy Bowles, 1015 W. Nickerson #335, Seattle, WA 98119. ☎ 📧 Box 3667.

YLGM, Please write: Jill. 1204 S. 19th Ave., Hollywood, FL 33020. ☎ 📧 Box 3668.

I need JGB: Shoreline 8/14/93, Warfield 2/26/93, and 1/29/93, SJ Event Center 4/25/93. Phish: Fox Theater 11/23/94. YLGM. Andy, 35 Picardy Lane, St. Louis, MO 63124. ☎ 📧 Box 3669.

Kind beginner looking to start large collections. Will send extra blanks and pstg—list & info. appreciated. Mike Bock, 26881 Mallard Ave., Euclid, OH 44132. ☎ 📧 Box 3671.

Have 1200 GD, 600+ Jazz/rock. Seek HQ tapes (SBD/FM), esp. Boston/NY 93/94. Bill Jenison, PO Box 525, Mansfield, MA 02048. ☎ 📧 Box 3672.

HELP! Beginner looking to start collection—esp. 1st show 3/19/95. Will send pstg, blanks and thanks. Send lists. Bob, 6346 Edmunt St., Philadelphia, PA 19135. ☎ 📧 Box 3673.

Need more Dead. Bob Weir tribute show. Black Crows & H.O.R.D.E.. Lots to trade. YLGM. J. Kimball, 535 South St., Fitchburg, MA 01420. ☎ 📧 Box 3674.

DAT only—Dead, Phish, Blues, Jazz, MMW, R. Thompson, etc. Gene, Box 124 Collingswood, NJ 08108. ☎ 📧 Box 3675.

Will trade blanks in exchange for HQ '77 shows. Also looking for all HQ CT shows. YLGM. Joseph Munno, Safety Dept. USS Enterprise (CUN 65), FPO-EA 09543-2810. ☎ 📧 Box 3676.

Looking for Charlotte or RFK tapes to trade. Live in Charlotte. Call Mike, 366-5605. ☎ 📧 Box 3700.

Complete list looking for everything before 1975. Have 1200 hrs but need more rare AUD and SBDs. Eric Doherty, 2110 S. Rosewood Lane, Roseville, MN 55113. ☎ 📧 Box 3677.

DAT '93-'95 AUD Masters and HQ Clones. Varied List. Trading now w/same or sbd. All welcome, all answered. MPH Musix, POB 304, Syracuse, NY 13215-0804. ☎ 📧 Box 3678.

Estimated Prof. with small representative collections. Want more from trippy early '70s and more Hornsby playing in the band. Kim, 4030 Tholozan, St. Louis, MO 63116. ☎ 📧 Box 3679.

CA Deadhead stuck in Houston—900+ Hrs.—YLGM. John, 301 Wilcrest #6836, Houston, TX 77042. ☎ 📧 Box 3680.

Any 3 Rivers Stadium tapes of High Qual? BZ, 2202 Homer Ave., Erie, PA 16506. ☎ 📧 Box 3681.

Beginner has 100 hrs of Dead Boards. Mostly '90-'93. YLGM. Mike C. 6565 Bridge Lane, Cutchogue, NY 11935. ☎ 📧 Box 3682.

Always craving low gen pre-75 SBD's. Also Dylan, Young, bluegrass, others. 2000 hrs., mostly sbds. SS, 820 Ashbury St. #6, San Francisco, CA 94117. ☎ 📧 Box 3683.

I need '94-'95 SBD's. Lots to trade. Zack, Box 3415—Sunrise Lake, Milford, PA 18337. ☎ 📧 Box 3702.

**EVERY TAPE TRADE AD
COMES WITH A FREE VOICE
AD — DON'T FORGET TO
RECORD YOURS NOW!**

Jerry's gone, but the music never stops! 1500 HQ Hrs. to share with serious traders. YLGM. KH, 7205 Flower Tuft Ct., Springfield, VA 22153. ☎ 📧 Box 3684.

Seeking 1st or 2nd Gen. FM 9/03/77 (First Show). 600 lucid hrs. to trade. "...Searching for the sound." Robert K., 541 Avondale Road, Wallingford, PA 19086. ☎ 📧 Box 3685.

Looking for JGB 2/16/80 New Haven, my 1st Dead-related show! YLGM. George Gura III, 2917 Bambi Ct. SW, Rochester, MN 55902. ☎ 📧 Box 3686.

Looking to trade non-Dead. Pearl Jam, Dave Matthews, etc. Quick, reliable. YLGM. David, 340 E. 64th St. Apt.#8F, New York, NY 10021. ☎ 📧 Box 3687.

HQ SBD's only—1000+ hrs. If interested send your list to T.Geham, 2229 Denn Ave., West Lawn, PA 19609. ☎ 📧 Box 3688.

Looking for 7/6/90 sbd and all '90 & '91 crisp sbd. Have 2500 hrs to trade. Deadhead Dave, 9705 Burning Tree, Grand Blanc, MI 48439. ☎ 📧 Box 3689.

8000 hrs digital sbds Dead & non-Dead. Looking exclusively for more digital boards. Esp. sbds of Dave Matthews. BB, 600 Airport Rd., #107, Chapel Hill, NC 27514. ☎ 📧 Box 3690.

Beginner has 100 hours of Dead boards. Mostly '90-'93. YLGM. Micke C., 6565 Bridge Lane, Cuttogue, NY 11935. ☎ 📧 Box 3706.

Wanted: HQ any GD with Horns (esp. 12/93) & Phish with horns. Lots to offer. John Suter, 87 Thomas St., Brentwood, NY 11717. ☎ 📧 Box 3691.

Pot luck. Send me 1 (one) HQ Dead or JGB; I'll do same. Go for it. It's fun, fast and simple. Michael, 282 Mulberry St., Rochester, NY 14620. ☎ 📧 Box 3692.

FL Deadhead dying for first West Coast show: Shoreline 10-1-89. Will pay pstg and send extra blanks. Lorie Hollar, 1753 Asturias, St. Augustine, FL 32084. ☎ 📧 Box 3693.

Please help this beginner. Fan for years, new collector. Will pay for blank tapes. Dire Wolf, 551 Brittany Drive, State College, PA 16803. ☎ 📧 Box 3694.

Have/want Silos, Spirit, Michael Hurley, Moby Grape, Michael Hall, Vulgar Boatmen. P. Zisook, 1351 Eastwood, Highland Park, IL 60035. ☎ 📧 Box 3695.

Send help on the way? Need JGB 8/1/92 Irvine, CA, our first JGB. Tome Amy Green, 4917 Orange Blossom Dr., Hazlewood, MO 63042. ☎ 📧 Box 3696.

Must have 4/3/87 Worcester, MA, and Brent singing "I can see clearly now" Alpine '88 I think. Roll on 4-Eva my friends. SM, 137 Brook St., Dracut, MA 01826. ☎ 📧 Box 3697.

Have 400+ hrs Dead, JGB, Phish & others. Looking for more HQ of the same. Rob Hood, 1407 Summitt Drive, Charleston, WV 25302. ☎ 📧 Box 3698.

1600 Hrs, need more HQ audio/video Dead, Dylan, REM, Van Morrison, U2, Replacements, Velvets, Coltrane, Miles. Andrew, 565 Lynne Drive, Morris Plains, NJ 07950. ☎ 📧 Box 3699.

Need '66 to '69 to '79 SBDs (LG HQ)—Have 1,000 hrs. GD & Family to trade, plus other artists. C. Carlino, 138 Arbor, Branchburg, NJ 08876. ☎ 📧 Box 3701.

Tell me what to do. No tapes, turn me on Dead, man! J. Rauhoff, 1601 Birch Lane, Republic, MD 65738. ☎ 📧 Box 3703.

Hey now! Slow but reliable trader. Dead, JGB, others. Looking to expand non-Dead list. YLGM. J. Quist, 194 School St., Winchendon, MA 01475. ☎ 📧 Box 3704.

Are U Kind? Looking for Dec 8,9,11,12/94. Willing to trade. Also, JGB & Planet Drum. Sid Pierce, HCR 1, Box 519, Reeds Spring, MO 65737. ☎ 📧 Box 3705.

Always craving longer pre-'75 SBD's. Also Dylan, Young, bluegrass, others. 2000 Hrs, mostly SBD's. SS, 820 Ashbury St. #6, San Francisco, CA 94117. ☎ 📧 Box 3707.

Have AAA+ '93 LA Sports Arena w/Branford from DAT. Prefer recent tours. All returns include 8x10 BW Jerry. 1711 Jackson Ave. Apt. B, New Orleans, LA 70113. ☎ 📧 Box 3708.

Hey Now, want your best Scarlet>Fire, SOTM. Have 150+ Hrs. Dead, Phish. YLGM. Bill Laberis, 20 Kennel Hill Drive, Beverly, MA 01915. ☎ 📧 Box 3709.

Do you have Salt Lake 2/21/95 or Auburn Hills 6/27/95? I need 'em. YLGM. Peter O., Box 487, Forest Knolls, CA 94933. ☎ 📧 Box 3720.

Reliable trader looking to trade Dead along with many other bands. 450+ Hrs. YLGM. Cory, PO Box 3048, Traverse City, MI 49685. ☎ 📧 Box 3710.

The Wheel in Tennessee. Thanx all who responded, no miracles, one was close, check your DB. Anyone got 9/12/82? Love & Peace. BS Miller, Rt. 1 Box 120, Ten Mile, TN 37880. ☎ 📧 Box 3711.

Looking for 1st and last show: KC Starlight Theater 7/3/84, Three Rivers Stadium 6/30/95. Over 150 hrs HQ-Ig. REH, 620 Young Road, Erie, PA 16509. ☎ 📧 Box 3712.

Stuck in Pakistan with no new tapes! Please help me, YLGM. Jeff Wuchenich, Am Embassy—Pol Unit; Unit 62200, Box 3, APO, AE, 09812. ☎ 📧 Box 3713.

Looking for anything. Have 60 Hrs Dead. YLGM. Brian, 1972 Whittier Ave. NW, Atlanta, GA 30318. ☎ 📧 Box 3714.

Serious trader looking for SBDs only. Variety of artists. John Zei, 312-871-0630. 2828 N. Burling #308, Chicago, IL 60657. ☎ 📧 Box 3715.

Beginning collection (better late than never). Grateful for help/advice. Nothing to trade, unfortunately. Blanks/pstg/friendship. Many thanks. Mandi, 6070 143rd Ln., Ramsey, MN 55303. ☎ 📧 Box 3716.

Seek HQ/Lo-gen SBDs. Dead, JGB, Marley. Same to trade. KIND qlty only, please!! Jason, 405 39th Ave. North, Myrtle Beach, SC 29577. ☎ 📧 Box 3717.

1100 hrs. of sbds, fm's, aud.'s. I'm looking for 2/27/77, 3/19/77, 6/30/76, other gems. Andy Lemieux, PO Box 66, Westmoreland, NH 03467-0066. ☎ 📧 Box 3718.

Have decent copies of 9/2/78, 3/31/89, 10/18/89, 7/12/90—would love great one!. Lots to trade. JL, 3685 Nott Road, Mount Joy, PA 17552. ☎ 📧 Box 3719.

Old Maine hippie needs more tapes for dancing nekkid in the moonlight. Love letters, advice, and cosmic questions also welcome. Wigleymon, PO Box 92, Danville Junction, ME 04223. ☎ 📧 Box 3721.

Need help with '93 & '94. Have over 500 hrs. to trade. Mark M., 1252 So. 35 St., Milwaukee, WI 53215. ☎ 📧 Box 3722.

400+ hrs to trade. Looking for Dead, JGB. Steve, 7826 Highpoint Road, Baltimore, MD 21234. ☎ 📧 Box 3723.

Need Vermont shows, '94 & '95. Ian Horseman, 21 Hersey St., Bedford, NH 03110-6431. ☎ 📧 Box 3724.

Trader with 600 hrs of Dead and non Dead. Recently moved to DC. YLGM. Jon, American University. Hughes Hall #207, 4400 Massachusetts Ave., Washington, DC 20016-8105. ☎ 📧 Box 3725.

Only one Earth, show it kindness and mercy. Honest mature dependable trader. Three DAT machines, never enough Dead. Tötöpfe, PO Box 20075, Columbus, OH 43220. ☎ 📧 Box 3726.

Crispy SBD's wanted. Have same to trade. Send lists to: Fran, 619 Mountain Ave., Bound Brook, NJ 08805. ☎ 📧 Box 3738.

Have small GD collection, looking for more. Help me—please. YLGM. Steph Richards, 1031 Tarragon Ct., Morganville, NJ 07751. ☎ 📧 Box 3727.

Hey Now! Kind beginner needs Dead, JGB, Phish, Tuna, DMB, Blues Traveler. Will send blanks & pstg. Chris, Rt. 5, Box 162, Taylorsville, NC 28681. ☎ 📧 Box 3728.

Looking for Lg. crisp '95 SBD's & 1st Phish show 10/12/83 MSG. Lots of GD, JGB, ABB, Phish, BT, Tuna to trade. Helmuth, 351 W. Lindo Ave., Chico, CA 95926. ☎ 📧 Box 3729.

Please help! Been out of country for 4 yrs, have almost all of Dead CD's can find. Looking for concert tapes now. Dead Head in NEED. M. Doherty, 21 Prospect St., Charleston, MA 02129. ☎ 📧 Box 3730.

Looking 4A Miracle—my first show, 7/1/73, Universal Amp. About 200 Hrs to trade & talk. YLGM. We love you Jerry. John & Nancy, 3479 Beethoven St., LA, CA 90066. ☎ 📧 Box 3731.

Help! Beginner in search of HQ SBDs & FMs of Phish, Marley, Hendrix, Floyd, Traffic, Rush, etc. Will send pstg, blanks & thanx. Peace. Rich Aronson, 166 Center Ave. #2, Keansburg, NJ 07734. ☎ 📧 Box 3733.

Head, new to Vermont, looking for others into the 60's and 70's for correspondence and trading. Rob, Rt. 132 PO Box 234, S. Strafford, VT 05070. ☎ 📧 Box 3734.

1-900-740-DEAD

Wanted HQ Dead, Allmans, Phish—have 150 hours Dead. Chris, 5425 SW 4th Place, Gainesville, FL 32067. ☎ 📧 Box 3732.

Always looking for HQ,, LG Dead or Garcia. Doug Peters, 10721 Fred's Oak Ct., Burke, VA 22015. ☎ 📧 Box 3735.

Missing Jerry. Beginner w/few qlty hours to trade seeks guidance. Esp. want 6/2-4/95. 206 Cliff Road, Wellesley, MA 02181. ☎ 📧 Box 3736.

Newbie seeks HQ SBDs of ABB, JGB, Kingfish, Tuna, JA, Clapton & Marley. Email: Catspit@aol.com. ☎ 📧 Box 3737.

Beginning trader w/small but good selection. Any help kindly appreciated. Phish, JGB—Some tasty tunes! A. Guy, 23 Rittenhouse Pl. 2nd Fl., Ardmore, PA 19003. ☎ 📧 Box 3739.

He sang a little while then flew off... Jerry's gone but the music never stopped. Have HQ SBD-DAT '95 Atlanta-Charlotte, etc. J. Meyer, 1720 A. N.10, Shebuygan, WI 53081. ☎ 📧 Box 3279.

Please be kind! Beginner needs to build a collection to last. Will send blanks. Send list to: Remy, 50 Nicole Drive, Milford, CT 06460. ☎ 📧 Box 3740.

Have 4-1-95 and 4-2-95 Memphis both sets each night. Would like to trade for May '93 Shoreline. J. Boxdorfer, 150 N. Cooper St. #1, Memphis, TN 38104. ☎ 📧 Box 3741.

Wanted: 6/11/69. Does this exist! And any tapes from '73-'74. Have 500+ hrs. YLGM. Tony Petrey, 9633 Marie Court, Cincinnati, OH 45241. ☎ 📧 Box 3742.

Beginner looking for Summer '90 all dates. Will send blanks and post. Brian McKenrick, 1050 Hobbit St. Apt. E40, Fort Collins, CO 80526. ☎ 📧 Box 3743.

Looking for Phish. Have small but SBD qlty. Will trade or send blanks/pstg. Very reliable. Let's do some Phishing! R. Lewis, 600 Schuyler Ave., Kingston, PA 18704. ☎ 📧 Box 3744.

Beginner in need of help starting up. I will send blanks and pstg. R. Waddell, 37152 Ladywood, Livonia, MI 48184. ☎ 📧 Box 3745.

Looking for Dream Show in the desert: Vegas 5/21/95 Spanish Jam, Unbroken Chain & more. Will send blanks. Chris, 2041 Hanscom Drive, South Pasadena, CA 91030. ☎ 📧 Box 3746.

DAT trader looking to share lists and expand collection. 500 hrs. Sony D-7 to Pan 3700, digital only please. Tom S., Box 4927, Hilton Head, SC 29938. Box 2655. ☎ 📧 Box 3747.

Looking for Hq. Boards '89-'95. Have 350 hrs. No Phish ever. Dead only. Always looking for early '70's SB. YLGM. Rob, 9 Idlewild St., Foxboro, MA 02035. ☎ 📧 Box 3748.

100+ fast, reliable beg. seeks hq list from other kind folks. YLGM. Sean, 753 Cardium St., Sanibel, FL 33957. ☎ 📧 Box 3749.

Have 150 hrs HQ GD, WSP, & Phish. Want same plus Allmans. Brooks, 2864 Bakers Farm, Atlanta, GA 30339. ☎ 📧 Box 3750.

Need First Show 7/16/70, HQ LG SBD, Aud, video. YLGM. 100+ Hrs. GD, 50+ misc. Quick, kind, reliable. Carole, 12506 SW Bank Road, Vashon Island, WA 98070. Peace. ☎ 📧 Box 3751.

Have less than 50 hrs & desperately looking for more. Help a brother out. Bill, 4118 F. Chicot Road, Pascagoula, MS 39581. ☎ 📧 Box 3752.

Interested only in 1st-3rd Gen. Dead, JGB, Phish, and others. Blanks for anyone to do DAT>analog. Jim, 212 Arcadia, Pkwy, Rochester, NY 14612. ☎ 📧 Box 3753.

New to DAT. Looking for trades. YLGM. Have SBD's, audience pre-FM's. Lynn Sommer, 213 Main St. E. #3, Ashland, WI 54806. ☎ 📧 Box 3754.

Need help. ISO early JGB Richard Thompson Henry Kaiser. Any and all correspondence welcome and wanted. Brian Scanlon, 88 W. Schiller #1807, Chicago, IL 60610. ☎ 📧 Box 3755.

Beginner looking to start collection. Please be kind. Will send blanks/pstg. Looking for '94 Buckeye to start. Dwayne, 1324 Fontaine Rd., Lexington, KY 40502. ☎ 📧 Box 3756.

Comes A Time, badly need tapes of all Dead. Glad to trade. Esp. 12/16/92, 3/21/94, 3/22/95, 3/23/95. Jason Moleton, Box 6208, 1501 Lakeside Drive, Lynchburg, VA 24501. ☎ 📧 Box 3757.

Looking to let it grow. have 200 hrs. Dead. Mostly hq (sbd, FM and Aud) All lists answered. Beginners welcomed. Dennis, 424 Pinhurst Dr., Atlanta, GA 30339. ☎ 📧 Box 3758.

DH chiropractor will swap adjustments for HQ Dead or Jerry tapes. 908-892-5775. ☎ 📧 Box 3762.

HQ Low Gen SBDs JGB/Dead 1000 hrs. Trade for tapes, photos, mags, shirts. Michael Langan, 2839 NW Savier St., Portland, OR 97210. ☎ 📠 Box 3759.

Searching for highest qlty analog traders. Have many 1st & 2nd SBD; would also like lg aud. DG, 137 Crescent St. #3, Northampton, MA 01060. ☎ 📠 Box 3761.

Once again big thanks to those who helped while I was/am in Zaire. Esp. at this tough time. Jack Straw. ☎ 📠 Box 3763.

Sadly only able to attend a handful of shows. Seeking hq tapes of 6/19/94, 7/2/94, 7/3/94, 5/28/95, 5/29/95. Be kind. Jeff, 33808 SE Melody Ln. #3, Corvallis, OR 97333. ☎ 📠 Box 3764.

Searchin' for early 70's GD. YLGM. Davis, 1063 Eastwood SE, East Grand Rapids, MI 49506. ☎ 📠 Box 3765.

Have good library—hq lg sbd's. Looking for '82, '83, '85 GD. Also any Legion of Mary, JGB. YLGM. Krissy Cadic, 1023 Darby Dr., Yardley, PA 19067. ☎ 📠 Box 3766.

"Gotta get to Tulsa" 2/6/79. Plenty to trade. Tony Lathrop, 1127 Fenwick, Oklahoma City, OK 73116. ☎ 📠 Box 3767.

Trade HQ SBD & LG audience. Have Memphis & Deer Creek '95 Aud & lots to trade. Seeking Steeley Dan boots. Jarrod, 2227 Bertke Ct., Owensboro, KY 42301. ☎ 📠 Box 3768.

Let's work together to improve the collections. Only want '65-'95. Qlty, reliability key. Lists to Rob, 6462 Sugarloaf, Mesa, AZ 85215. ☎ 📠 Box 3769.

Bonedipperstapes from Rochester, NY. Need tapes any. 800 hrs Dead, 50 others. Won't be disappointed. T. Eliason, 152 Candlewood Lake Road, Brookfield, CT 06804. ☎ 📠 Box 3770.

Nothing left to do but smile smile smile. Beginner taper needs hq 70's. Also seeking 6/6/92, 6/11/93, 7/29/94. YLGM. Bob Desjardins, 21 Stanley St., Wolcott, CT 06716. ☎ 📠 Box 3771.

Have 3rd gen sbd Phish tape from Stowe, VT, 1992, to trade for Dead shows. S. Sprenger, 3800 N. Colorado Ave., Kansas City, MO 64117. ☎ 📠 Box 3772.

High! The more recent the more I am interested. Looking for Aug. tapes and better. Mike, 1120 Presidio Rd., Pebble Beach, CA 93953. ☎ 📠 Box 3773.

Please be kind! Reliable AZ trader 250 hrs seeking Oakland 2/95, Soldier 7/95, MSG 9/91, Boston 9/91, Shoreline 9/94. YLGM. Bill, 7822 N. Ridgeview Dr., Paradise Valley, AZ 85253. ☎ 📠 Box 3775.

Must have! 12/1/69; 6/11/69; 4/17/70. Have HQ '62-'95 to trade. YLGM. Jeff Weinberg, 13045 Blakeslee Ct., Philadelphia, PA 19116, 215-676-5132. E-Mail: onebigjoke@aol.com. ☎ 📠 Box 3776.

Beginner looking for HQ GD, Phish, DMB. Will send blanks and pstg—list info appreciated. J. Jones, 1016 Amherst St. Apt B-3, Buffalo, NY 14216. ☎ 📠 Box 3760.

Beginner looking for any GD. Will send blanks & pstg. Please help. Sunshine, PO Box 632, Stephens City, VA 22655. Love all. ☎ 📠 Box 3777.

Fast reliable trader with 200+ HQ hrs of the good ol' Grateful Dead. YLGM. Ed, 3192 Brown Ave. #1, Manchester, NH 03103. ☎ 📠 Box 3778.

Beginner, please help. Blanks pstg no problem. Be kind. Dead, Phish, JGB. Jessica, I love you. Webster, 261 West Eric St., Manchester, NH 03102. ☎ 📠 Box 3779.

Looking for Jefferson Starship '93-'95 NYC area shows. Will send blanks/pstg. John Kelley, 20 Cobblers Lane, Norwalk, CT 06851. ☎ 📠 Box 3780.

Want/have sbd's only, 300+ hrs. I use 2 decks. Send me your list. JSS, 52 Union NE #1, Grand Rapids, MI 49503-3462. ☎ 📠 Box 3781.

Beginner with aprox. 30 hq hrs of Jerry ad the boys. Please help Let It Grow! YLGM. Peace & love. Tennessee Jed, 944 Brown Rd., Wilmington, OH 45177. ☎ 📠 Box 3782.

GDTRFB Beginner needs help. Send lists to James, 5172 Forest Brook Pkwy., Marietta, GA 30068. Will send blanks and pstg. RFK '95 anyone. ☎ 📠 Box 3783.

Beginner looking for GD, Phish, Tuna. Will send blanks & pstg. Want 7/5/95 & 7/6/95 GD tapes. S. Schachtele, 458 Suzanne Ave., Shoreview, MN 55126. ☎ 📠 Box 3784.

Mardi Gras '95 needed! Searching for Buckeye '88 also. I need a miracle! Donna, 12931 Shaker Blvd. #512, Cleveland, OH 44120. ☎ 📠 Box 3785.

**RECORD YOUR FREE VOICE
AD RIGHT NOW!
YOUR VOICE IS WHAT
PEOPLE WANT TO HEAR!**

Need miracles to start collection! Have blanks/pstg. Want 6/4/95, Shoreline 8/93. Please help. Love you. Taylor, 18 Mark Pl., Greenbrae, CA 94904. ☎ 📠 Box 3786.

Please help. Beginner GD tape collector needs 8/26/88, 6/18/94, 5/26/95. Will send blanks, pstg, and compensation. David Kissinger, 2930 205th Place SW, Lynnwood, WA 98036. ☎ 📠 Box 3787.

Spread the wealth! Have 120 hrs. Trade 2 for 2. Exchange lists, then tapes. I want to share my tapes! M. Harper, 2100 Biljana Dr. #10, Louisville, KY 40206. ☎ 📠 Box 3789.

Really want 5/28/95, 5/29/95 Portland (espec. 2nd set Shakedown!!) and Oakland 2/29/95 II. Loved these shows. Please & thanks! Any Ratdog would be cool, too. Will send blanks, etc or a *potluck* hq tape! S. Elliott, 601 Masonic Ave. #6, San Francisco, CA 94117. ☎ 📠 Box 3774.

I want more. Looking for a kind trader with hq lg sbd. Esp. 9/6/88. YLGM. Christopher, 1616 Piedmont Ave. NE #M9, Atlanta, GA 30324. ☎ 📠 Box 3791.

Hey now friends! We're new collectors looking for GD and Phish. Have plenty of blank tapes. We'll be so Grateful! Love, T & T English, 2345 Del Monte Drive, San Pablo, CA 94806. ☎ 📠 Box 3806.

Oroboros tapes available for trade including rare HORDE jam with John Popper. Send blanks to Abbott, 6615 Forest, Clev., OH 44129. Dig the juicy vibes. ☎ 📠 Box 3792.

Beginning trader looking for early Dylan/GD. Have small Phish collection. Sarah, 15445 Duxbury Way, St. Louis, MO 63017. ☎ 📠 Box 3788.

1400 hrs Dead, 70 JGB, 200 Phish. HQ/LG. Looking for those with experience to trade. LTGTR. Dave, 27 North Central Ave. #27-S, Hartsdale, NY 10530. ☎ 📠 Box 3793.

Small collection of HQ SBD Dead, Phish for casual trades. Beginners welcome. Pstg/blanks. Dale Atwater, RT1A Box 1756, K'Port, ME 04046. ☎ 📠 Box 3794.

Beginner needs help starting HQ collection. Will send blanks/pstg. Also looking for DH penpals. C. Martin, 9 Grand St., Bethel, CT 06801. ☎ 📠 Box 3795.

Looking for HQ copies > 6/18, 8/28/74, 1981's, Spr. 1990's. Also 1970's, 1971's. Only 300 hrs. Let's trade a few! S. Thorton, 5623 Upp St., Richmond, VA 23234. ☎ 📠 Box 3796.

Halloween '86 JGB/Kingfish desperately needed to replace my tape (loaned to a friend, etc.). Also Irvine Meadows 4/13/86. Fare thee well Jerry. BJ Kovach, PO Box 524, Terrance, CA 90508. ☎ 📠 Box 3797.

All the years combined. They melt into a dream. Seeking HQ. Exp '91, '93, Eugene '94, Summer '93, '95. Stephen, Box 3820, Durango, CO 81302. ☎ 📠 Box 3798.

3/23/95 Charlotte (2nd nite!) 2nd set, Widespread 6/30/92 Superjam, 2/18/71 Set 1 Porchester, NY, Looking for anything. YLGM. P. Kaliner, 333 Ebenezer Ave., Rock Hill, SC 29730. ☎ 📠 Box 3799.

Novice from the Northwest needs help starting out. Looking for Portland & Seattle '95 shows or from last days of Winterland. Marco, Box 34, Onalaska, WA 98570. ☎ 📠 Box 3800.

Letters welcome & tapes: will return blanks and thanks. Tim & Jen, 49 Ash St., Rome, GA 30161. Email: TCFeldt@aol.com. ☎ 📠 Box 3801.

Looking for any Allmans and Dead, any year. YLGM. Looking for RI DHs to trade with. Mark Shuman, 1 Annawamscutt Road, Barrington, RI 02806. ☎ 📠 Box 3802.

Very casual trader looking for only Hq Lg Sbd. YLGM. Craig Anderson, PO Box 202, Bethlehem, CT 06751. ☎ 📠 Box 3803.

Have Hq Lg SBD Dead to trade. Serious traders only. Skip, 602 141 St., Ocean City, MD 21842. ☎ 📠 Box 3804.

Looking for Soldier Field '93 & '94 shows. HQ/SBD. Will pay or trade for kind sound, interviews. C. Winkler, 712 9th St. #B, Hermosa, CA 90254. ☎ 📠 Box 3807.

Beginning trader wants to share Jerry's love and joy with new baby. Will send blanks/pstg. YLGM. Kelly O'Donnell, 1267 Fry Ave., Lakewood, OH 44107. ☎ 📠 Box 3821.

Kind young Flagstaff, AZ beginner needs HQ Dead, Phish, Allmans, and JGB to start a growing collection. Let it grow! Buck Allen, 424 E. Butler Ave., Flagstaff, AZ 86001. ☎ 📠 Box 3819.

Let's trade DATs and/or cassettes. 75 hrs sbd Dead on DAT. Mostly prior to '80. H.T. May, PO Box 63, Occidental, CA 95465. ☎ 📠 Box 3790.

Any kind buddy: looking for Dead & Phish tapes—
hq. B. Heinold, 601 Western Hills, Mahomet, IL
61853. Jerry lives! ☎ 📠 Box 3808.

Polinate havens in listening. 300+ hrs of Dead.
YLG. Do you have 11/11/73? J. Wilson, 293
Brandywyne Drive, East Boston, MA 02128. ☎
📠 Box 3809.

Interested in trading tapes of non-GD bands, Zero,
Salmon, Solar Circus, etc. Barry Chertov, 668 N.
Main St., Sebastopol, CA 95472. ☎ 📠
Box 3810.

Hey Now! I have over 800 hrs of Dead and non-
Dead. Andrew, 219 79th St., Virginia Beach, VA
23451. Email: ShakedownS@aol.com. ☎ 📠
Box 3811.

Beginner looking for GD and Phish. HQ or LG is
accepted. Will send blank and pstg. Contact
Michael at 4113 River Mill Dr., Duluth, GA 30155.
☎ 📠 Box 3812.

Have 150+ hrs of HQ Dead & Phish, including
some gems. Looking for same. YLGM. M.
Krystock, 65 Mountain Brook Circle, Cheshire, CT
06410. ☎ 📠 Box 3813.

Hey now. Looking for any and all '95 HQ tapes.
Have 500 hrs to trade. YLGM. E. Orchant, 355
Lexington Ave., NYC, NY 10017. ☎ 📠
Box 3814.

Just Pokin' around for RFK and Soldiers Field '95.
Please help! YLGM. Abe D. 1750 20th Ave. Dr. NE
#65, Hickory, NC 28601. ☎ 📠 Box 3815.

Have 100 hr + GD. Looking into building
collection of GD, JGB, etc. If interested write me.
Jerry Meggs, Colony West Apt. #37, Barnwell, SC
29812. ☎ 📠 Box 3816.

Reliable beginner wants HQ & Sbd Dead, Phish,
Widespread Panic. Will pay pstg and send blanks.
YLGM. Write Matt, 261 6 Ave., Brooklyn, NY
11215. ☎ 📠 Box 3817.

Dire need of anything on tape by the Doors!! Like
Dead/Phish, too. Will trade! Robby Krieger is the
2nd coming! Z. Linderman, 1503 E. Fleming Dr.
S., Arlington Hts., IL 60004. ☎ 📠 Box 3818.

Keep that wheel turning. YLGM. 300+ hrs. Jeff
James, 709 Timberoaks, Azle, TX 76020.
BigBeat@aol.com. ☎ 📠 Box 3820.

Have 400 hrs Dead/Phish. Want all '95 shows. HQ
only, YLGM. Jason Deziel, 163 Morse Ave. Apt. 1,
Warwick, RI 02886. ☎ 📠 Box 3822.

Kind trader with 100+ hrs to trade. Fast/reliable.
YLGM. Mike, 3071 Lenox Road #39, Atlanta, GA
30324. ☎ 📠 Box 3805.

Beginning trader with some good trades seeks hq
Phish sbd's. Really need 1st Phish show 6/13/95.
Mike Wehling, 1514 Wells Ave. St. Louis, MO
63119. ☎ 📠 Box 3827.

Hey Now! Looking for lg West Coast Summer '95:
have hq East tapes. Also have other '94 sbds. Send
lists to Jon Shank, 600 S. York Rd., Hatboro, PA
19040. ☎ 📠 Box 3828.

Beginner trader ISO experienced trader to teach
the ropes. Willing to trade blank tapes for Phish,
Dead, etc. Will pay pstg. Tamar, 6120 Clearwood
Road, Bethesda, MD 20817. ☎ 📠 Box 3829.

Have 300 hrs Dead, plus others. Looking for HQ of
Landover 10/9/94, McNichols 12/1/94, RFK
6/25/95. Chris Wray, 3617 Edenberry Ct., Va.
Beach, VA 23452. Wray2279@aol.com. ☎ 📠
Box 3830.

Beginner taper/trader looking for kindness and HQ
tapes esp. Soldiers Field '95 and 7-5-95. YLGM.
Aud. DATs is growing. Royce, 5569 Maidstone,
Las Vegas, NV 89122. ☎ 📠 Box 3831.

NC Head looking for Carolina Heads to trade HQ
Dead. Have 100+ hrs. HQ, looking for same. J.
Feifs, 6242 Dello St., Durham, NC 27712. ☎ 📠
Box 3832.

Yahoo! Beginner with 200 hrs. Wanting to trade.
Will supply pstg. Send to: Spanky, 1185 Lawnton
Ave., Woodbury, NJ 08096. ☎ 📠 Box 3833.

Need Boston 9/27/94, RFK 6/24/95. Also, any
Allmans. Lots to trade. Beginners welcome. Jim, 11
Winter St., Reading, MA 01867. ☎ 📠 Box 3834.

Serious beginner trader desperately needing
Summer Pittsburgh, DC '95. Have many hq Dead,
including some sbd's. YLGM. Shelli, 1708 17th St.,
Parkerburg, WV 26101. ☎ 📠 Box 3835.

Please help- beginner needs Dead tapes. Will send
blanks, pstg. Paul Adams, 5113 Whistler, Ft.
Worth, TX 76133. ☎ 📠 Box 3836.

New tape collector seeking Orange County
Head/taper cool with cutting tapes for me. Will
provide tapes and eternal friendship. HQ/SBD.
Thomas Byrne, 7072 Betty Dr., Huntington Beach,
CA 92647. ☎ 📠 Box 3837.

1400 hrs Dead, 70 JGB, 200 Phish. HQ/LQ.
Looking for those with experience to trade.
LTGTR. Dave, 27 North Central Ave. #27-S,
Hartsdale, NY 10530. ☎ 📠 Box 3838.

1-900-740-DEAD

Anybody send blanks and pstg for HQ sbd's Dead.
D. Foxler, PO Box 2461, La Jolla, CA 92038. ☎
📠 Box 3839.

HQ Soldier Field 7/8-9/95—please! Will send
blanks/pstg. Yo, Steve, Roger & Les! Grateful
Deb, 5640 Sleater-Kinney Rd. NE, Olympia, WA
98506. Jeremy, call! ☎ 📠 Box 3840.

I own 0 tapes. Please send name and address and
I'll send blank. KG, 4461 W. Flamingo #131, Las
Vegas, NV 89103. ☎ 📠 Box 3841.

Have/want Sting, Hatters, Buchanan, Gatton,
Santana, Blues, Phish '95, HORDE. 750 hrs non-
GD. SPH, 729B W. Main St., Kent, OH 44240. ☎
📠 Box 3842.

Beginning trader—have HQ GD and Legion '75,
some Phish, JGB. Need—same & whatever else,
esp. HQ Phish and '95 GD. YLGM. Please help!
Aaron, 247 Mill St., Silverton, OR 97381. ☎ 📠
Box 3843.

Wanted: 10-31-72 show. Also 2-10-89 Forum 2nd
Set. Have small collection (approx. 30) will trade.
Call 310-279-2714 before 4pm. Ask for Matt. ☎
📠 Box 3844.

DAT-Man seeks DAT trader friends! HQ Sbd's.
Brad, East Paces Ferry Rd., Atlanta, GA 30305. ☎
📠 Box 3845.

Long time dh ISO others to swap tapes and letters.
Write to Bill at NTP49A@Prodigy.com. ☎ 📠
Box 3859.

Help! Looking for any GD to start collection. Will
pay blanks and pstg. Please be kind. Scot, 418
Lisbon Dr., Tallmadge, OH 44278. ☎ 📠
Box 3846.

Willing to trade Phish tapes, recent or old. Call
802-654-7008. ☎ 📠 Box 3847.

I have a nice start, but do need help. Looking for
HQ Sbd. Mostly interested in GD, but WSP, Phish,
ARU are cool, too. Dave, 3401 Cliff Rd. #K,
Birmingham, AL 35205. ☎ 📠 Box 3848.

30 yr Oregon DH wants tapes of '68-'72 GD
shows. Esp. my first GD experience, Portland
Paramount Theater 3 Feb, 1968. Larry Hurst, PO
Box 82, Warrenton, OR 97146. ☎ 📠 Box 3849.

Hey Now! Lots of recent Low Gen HQ to trade.
Send list to Dean, 2242 Hoffner, Orlando, FL
32809. ☎ 📠 Box 3850.

Nothing left to do but trade, trade, trade.
Relatively new trader needs to expand collection.
YLGM. Nicholas Comminos, PO Box 281,
Woodbury Hts, NJ 08097. ☎ 📠 Box 3851.

Need SB GD 8/27/72, others. YLGM. Also need
unabridged video Dead Ahead. Ed. ☎ 📠 Box
3852.

Want tapes of GD at RFK Stadium, Wash DC,
dates 6/25/95 and Summer 1994. T. Sheppard,
538 Inglewood Rd., Bel Air, MD 21015. ☎ 📠
Box 3853.

Bob 'n Rob, 7/24/92 Meadow Amp, Ratdog 8/8/95
and 8/9/95. S. Eisenhardt, 193 Concord Ct.,
Beacon Falls, CT 06403. ☎ 📠 Box 3854.

Gen X DH looking to start tape collection. I will
send you what you need! Local contacts welcome.
Rick, 15401 Bryant Ave. S, Burnsville, MN 55306.
☎ 📠 Box 3855.

I need a miracle! Beginner looking for GD and
Phish. Will send blanks and pstg. Chris Ceccarelli,
1525 Somerset Way, Upland, CA 91784. High
Cromwell. ☎ 📠 Box 3856.

Have Melon, BT, Dead, Phish, ABB, etc. Want
more, let's trade Aaron, 3079 Haidas Ave., San
Diego, CA 92117. ☎ 📠 Box 3857.

DAT trader looking to share lists and expand
collection. 500 hrs. Sony D-7 to Pan 3700 digital
only please. Tom S., Box 4927, Hilton Head, SC
29938. ☎ 📠 Box 3858.

Longtime GD fan seeks hq tapes for collection for
kids (YLGM). Also seeking first show Portland
6/24/73; Roberta, 3604 SE Oak, Portland, OR
97214. ☎ 📠 Box 3860.

Qty not qnty! I don't need tapes, but I've just got
to have the best. How about you? YLGM. David,
837 E. Langhorne Ave., Bethlehem, PA 18017. ☎
📠 Box 3861.

Looking for Dead, Phish, NRPS, & Solar Circus.
Have 300+ hrs to trade. Scott, 42 Kitchell Rd.,
Denville, NJ 07834. ☎ 📠 Box 3862.

Wanted first show 6/6/69 please. Also Visions of
Johanna. New trader. Will send blanks. Walter Lay,
3404 Rose Island Rd., Prospect, KY 40059. ☎ 📠
Box 3863.

Have 800 hrs HQ Dead, JGB, others. Need HQ
WSP, Phish. Please help. YLGM. Maryann, 57
Hibernia Ave., Rockaway, NJ 07866. ☎ 📠
Box 3864.

West coast shows, mid-'80's to now; new to
trading so help with protocol if required. 206-789-
2864. Thanks. ☎ 📠 Box 3865.

Sbd's, all answered, YLGM. Spanky McGuigan,
6678 W. Kruger Road, Three Oaks, MI 49128. ☎
📠 Box 3866.

Beg. trader . Need '94 & '95 West Coasts. HQ. Will send blanks, pstg. Jennifer Lake, 2101 W. Warm Springs #3921, Henderson, NV 89014. Jerry lives in our hearts! ☎ 📠 Box 3867.

Hart Heads. Need Planet Drum, Rhythm Devils (Feb. '81), Diga, High Noon. Also Dead 9/29/67, 9/20/68, 10/30/80 Electric II. Mike Morin, 102 Taunton Ave., Norton, MA 02766. ☎ 📠 Box 3868.

Always looking for more Dead tapes. YLGM. All are welcome! Jay, 61 Summer St. #1A, Deene, NH 03431. ☎ 📠 Box 3869.

Greetings. I have 625 hrs Dead and about 80 others. Need more Phish, Dylan, Tuna, and the Dead. No beginners. Mike Rozyla, 20 McKeel Dr., Succasunna, NJ 07876. ☎ 📠 Box 3870.

Lookin for trades. YLGM. Have 100+ HQ shows to trade. Gary, 118 Bishop Drive, Westerville, OH 43081. ☎ 📠 Box 3871.

Let's tape at Rich's! 481A Kawaiola Road, Kailua, HI 96734. Will trade airfare, adventure, for HQ. You can't go back and you can't stand still. YLGM. ☎ 📠 Box 3872.

Have 200+ hrs. Looking for JGB and GD to expand collection. Jim F, 515 Plymouth Rd. Apt P-2, Plymouth Meeting, PA 19462. ☎ 📠 Box 3873.

Central Ohio trader looking for neighbors to trade with. YLGM. CJ Perry, 840 Neil, Columbus, OH 43215. chrperry@freenet.columbus.oh.us. ☎ 📠 Box 3874.

Have 750+ hrs Dead. Looking for more. YLGM. All welcome. Reliable and fast. Peace. CJB, 10 Rynda Rd, Maplewood, NJ 07040. ☎ 📠 Box 3875.

Looking for HQ 66 sbds. YLGM. email sambo3@aol.com. ☎ 📠 Box 3876.

YLGM, looking for Dead, Dylan, Phish—hq please. Lee, 10 Kathleen Cir, Lowell, MA 01852. ☎ 📠 Box 3877.

Who has 1980 Warfield & RCMH whole shows? Texas Traders where? 300+ hrs to trade. Jon Campbell, 1404 Old Nolanville, Nolanville, TX 76559. ☎ 📠 Box 3878.

Looking for my first and only shows 6/26/92, 7/23/94, 7/8/95, 7/9/95. Will send tapes. Mecca, 1116 Iowa Ave. Muscatine, IA 52761. ☎ 📠 Box 3879.

Desperately seeking my shining star from a wonderful world :-> JGB HQ; Henry Kaiser Arena 2 sets, 2/7/92. Waiting for a miracle. Thanx, J&M, 2320 Tucumcari Dr, Las Vegas, NV 89108. ☎ 📠 Box 3881.

Need Phish—have hq Dead & Phish for trade. Need Halloween 95—videotrades. Valerie Joy Owens, 6033 N. Sheridan #19K, Chicago, IL 60660. ☎ 📠 Box 3897.

Jerry me forever! Have 500 hrs Dead and the other ones. Looking for Heads in the area. Christina, 1119 Sandringham Rd, Bala Cynwyd, PA 19008. ☎ 📠 Box 3898.

Seeking Summer 95. Have 400+ hrs Dead plus others. YLGM. Trying to keep southeast Heads together. If interested, write Bob, 3833 S. Elm-Eugene St, Greensboro, NC 27406. ☎ 📠 Box 3883.

More tapes than know what to do with! Have same problem? 1500 hrs Dead. Only want your best. Steve, PO Box 82586, Fairbanks, AK 99708. ☎ 📠 Box 3896.

Hey now. Looking for a crisp sbd from 3/23/74. YLGM. Jamie, 338 Tenney Circle, Chapel Hill, NC 27514. Lorax80@aol.com. ☎ 📠 Box 3884.

2000+ hrs. Interested in sbd 1-3 gen only. Need Seattle "95" sbd's. YLGM. peterson, 7320 Winona Ave. n. #101, Seattle, WA 98103. ☎ 📠 Box 3884.

Quality Sante Fe 9/10-11/83. Want 69-77, also Boston, Springfield, Dead hours. Jeff Briggs, RR2 Box 246, St. Johnsbury, VT 05819. ☎ 📠 Box 2514.

DAT to DAT only: need 80's PCM or MC auds. Have 2000 hrs AT to trade. Donald loeffler, 4320 Foeburn Ln, louisville, KY. ☎ 📠 Box 3885.

Looking for RFK, orlando, Atlanta shows in 90s. Please help, will trade. Sean Trigony, 130 North Denereux Ct, Atlanta, GA 30327. ☎ 📠 Box 3886.

This darkness got to give! Looking for traders or just friends. Have 200+ hrs. Beginners welcome. Jenni, 4715 Smallwood Church R, Indian Head, MD 20640. ☎ 📠 Box 3887.

Please help me fin my birthday shgow 11/20/73 and possible further trades hq only. YLGM. Matt, 439 Lynch Ave. NW, Atlanta, GA 30318. ☎ 📠 Box 3890.

Tapes lost during Phish summer tour! Very few left, need replacements. All Phish & JGB hq sbds, pls. I appreciate your help. Jorge, 350 Bleeker St. #LE, NY, NY 10014. ☎ 📠 Box 3892.

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YOUR VOICE IS WHAT
PEOPLE WANT TO HEAR!**

Hey now!!! 1500+ hrs Dead, 500+ hrs others. YLGM. Tommy Chin, 63-11 Queens Blvd #C14, Woodside, NY 11377. ☎ 📠 Box 3888.

Looking for 6/17/91 Giants Stad, NJ. Esp 2nd set Dkstr jam. Tony, 265 Main St, Ridgefield Pk, NJ 07660. ☎ 📠 Box 3889.

Beginner with 100 hrs. seeks more, exp. 1969-70s. YLGM. Scott Schumacher, 48 Groove St. #3, Manchester, CT 06040. ☎ 📠 Box 3891.

Look for HQ tape of JGB, GD, and Phish. Send list to Greg Martin, 110 Harold Dr, Newington, CT 06111. ☎ 📠 Box 3893.

Need traders, YLGM. B. Fuessel Jr., 264 California Ave, Mercerville, NJ 08619. Peace. ☎ 📠 Box 3894.

Looking desperately for 6/18-19/95, 5/28-29/95, 6/2-4/95. A-quality sbds. If you have these, YLGM. Geoff, 20402 Pine Vista Dr, Bend, OR 97702. ☎ 📠 Box 3895.

I need Weir. NH 8/95 show. Much to trade. Doman, 6014 Willow Lake, Hudson, OH 44236. ☎ 📠 Box 3899.

250+ hrs Phish, 100+ hrs other, seeking SBD Phish + helping phriendly book. AJ, 342 Islington St. #3, Portsmouth, NH 03801. ☎ 📠 Box 3882.

Look for tape traders in Northeastern, PA. YLGM. ALK, 118 Willow Ave. #B, Honesdale, PA 18431. ☎ 📠 Box 3880.

Chico Deadhead searching for Shoreline 6/4/95. Will trade. G. Brown, 2661 Rafael, Chico, CA 95973. ☎ 📠 Box 3918.

1300+ hrs GD LofM, JGB, Phish, hi-qual. only (1-3 gen). 2 Naks. A. Morcomb, 96 Sterling Pl. #3D, Brooklyn, NY 11217-3341, cam6674@is.nyu.edu. ☎ 📠 Box 3900.

Looking for Vegas 95 & Chicago 95. YLGM. D. Nelson, 377 Spates Ave, Redwing, MN 55066. ☎ 📠 Box 3901.

Looking for any Jerry/Dead. Have some to trade. Four at a time. Even trade. Please send list. Ken Poe, 2777 Nimitz Blvd #30, San Diego, CA 92106. ☎ 📠 Box 3902.

Kind sister looking for tapes from summer & fall 91 to present. Be kind to all. Kim, 300 W. 60th St. #403C, Westmont, IL 60559. ☎ 📠 Box 3903.

Searchin' for the sound...boards. Trade extra crispy, premium qty sbds only. No hiss when cranked. No Wanna-be's. Pristine only. YLGM. Darso, PO Box 32294, Wash, DC 20007. ☎ 📠 Box 3904.

Does anybody have Juey Lewis on video w/the GD? Please write to Jenny Teague, 22942 Luciana, Mission Vieja, CA 92691. ☎ 📠 Box 3905.

Looking for reliable long-term trading partners. YLGM. Lots of good stuff. Sabes, 4555 MacArthur Blvd. NW #G1, Wash, DC 20007. ☎ 📠 Box 3906.

DAT masters & clones, sbd & aud. Have/want: Dylan, Dead, Brombert 95, Bruce solo; A+ mics/equipment seeks same MPMMusix, PO Box 3045, Syracuse, NY 13215. ☎ 📠 Box 3907.

Oct. 5, 93 Warfield stole my heart & shook my soul. Need a soundcheck—was it me, or Jerry? Lynne, PO Box 6261, Hayward, CA 94540-6261. ☎ 📠 Box 3908.

Anyone have 8/2/76; 1/23/88 Blues for Salvador; Great Am String Band; OAITW; JGB w/David Murray? Lots to trade. David, Box 193, Manchester, VT 05254-0193. ☎ 📠 Box 3909.

1200+ hrs GD to trade. Seeking HQ early Dead. YLGM. Tom, PO Box 454, Chardon, OH 44024. ☎ 📠 Box 3910.

Looking for HQ GD, have 100 hrs of the same. YLGM. W. Compton, 725 Mial St, Raleigh, NC 27608. ☎ 📠 Box 3911.

GDTRFB cause I need hq sbds of: 9/16/87 MSG, Fall 94 Boston, Oxford 88, JGB and Bobby. Fare thee well Jerome John. JD, 60 Wash. St, Portsmouth, NH 03801. ☎ 📠 Box 3912.

Hot sbds only! No beginners or aud recordings. 1500 hrs Dead/JGB/others. HQ video also! John Flannery, 405 61st St. #3, Kenosha, WI 53143. ☎ 📠 Box 3913.

Neophyte looking for 1995 shows (Memphis, Giants, Chicago). Will send blanks, postage. Many thanks!! Paul Spellman, 1725 Dixon St, Redondo Bch, CA 90278. ☎ 📠 Box 3914.

Have 200+ hrs. Need much more! Everybody welcome! Please help it grow. YLGM fast. Dave Goodfriend, 731 Euclid Ct K-1, Middletown, OH 45044. ☎ 📠 Box 3915.

Looking for HQ NJ shows, specifically 8/6/74 or 9/3/77. Will trade or do blanks. Thanks. Bob L, PO Box 65, E. Texas, PA 18046. ☎ 📠 Box 3916.

Hey now, looking 4 94-95 shows GD. Bds or auds. Rocco Muzzillo, 710 Division Ave, Niag Falls, NY 14305. ☎ 📠 Box 3917.

Phish 11-29-95 HQSB needed. You name the price. Bianca, P.O. Box 2838 Station B, Nashville, TN 37235. ☎ 📠 Box 3921.

Longtime taper and trader w/1500+ hrs has/wants Dead, WSP, Phish, Stones. All welcome. Marty, 604 E. Madison, Mt. Pleasant, IA 52641. ☎ 📧 Box 3919.

Looking for T.C./Pigpen tapes. YLGM. Tennessee Jed, 6412 Westminster Rd., Knoxville, TN 37919-8639. Be patient. E-mail, eeast@csl.presby.edu; homepage at <http://csl.presby.edu/~eeast>. ☎ 📧 Box 3920.

Small, but growing DAT collection needs help getting off the ground. GD, JGB, WSP. Kevin Swanson, 1522 34th NW, Rochester, MN 55901. ☎ 📧 Box 3922.

Help! JGB Brooklyn College 1975, waiting 20 yrs to relive. Michael, 415-499-8218. ☎ 📧 Box 3923.

Kind trades. Have 200 hrs GD; 75 hrs Phish, DMB, GSW, N. Young. Looking for Rusted Root, other HQ tapes. Casual but reliable traders. Kim, 428 N. Salisbury, W. Lafayette, IN 47906. ☎ 📧 Box 3924.

Casual trader. Looking for more GD, Phish, Quicksilver. Have many hrs. YLGM. Ed Boldon, 4505 Mandrake Rd., Madison, WI 53704. ☎ 📧 Box 3925.

Please name your terms; 1st gen only of 6/5/93, 6/26/93, 8/3/94, 8/4/94, 6/19/95, & 11/1/93 JGB. Greg Kline, 31 Oxford Ln. Harriman, NY 10926. 914-782-9159. ☎ 📧 Box 3926.

800+ hrs, seeking HQ, LG SBDs. Esp. need 6/11/69, 9/4/83, 7/7/89. My gems for yours. YLGM. J.D., PO Box 396, Treichlers, PA 18086. ☎ 📧 Box 3927.

Seeking summer tour 95. Lots to trade. Tom Hudson, 426 1/2 S. Wayne St., Piqua, OH 45356. ☎ 📧 Box 3928.

Please, need GD at 3 Rivers, Pittsburgh, 6/30/95. SBDs in return. Wayne A. Becker, 519 Wenzell Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15216. ☎ 📧 Box 3929.

Looking for Tuna, the Band, Dylan, Allmans, Doors, etc. YLGM. Pete, 809 Palm Terr., Franklin Sq., NY 11010. ☎ 📧 Box 3930.

Quality SBDs only! 1000+ hrs. Mike Hall, PSC 810, Box 11, FPO AE 09619-3200. ehall@imail.ftsclant.navy.mil. ☎ 📧 Box 3931.

Need my love's 1st show, Atlanta 3/20/93 (my b-day) and more. Your choice, will reply in kind. John Miller, 115 Ocean Front St. S., Jacksonville Beach, FL 32250. ☎ 📧 Box 3932.

Brothers and sisters, keep the faith. 300+ hrs, needs uncut 5/18/72, early 70s, HQ summer 95, and videos. John, 2557 Derbyshire Ct., West Lafayette, IN 47906. ☎ 📧 Box 3933.

AUD taper seeks Eric Anderson, Tull, Stamey, Leonard Cohen. Anderson, 305 W. 86th St. #16, NYC 10024. ☎ 📧 Box 3935.

Help, have 250+ hrs GD, JGB. Looking for much more. YLGM. Dylan, 215 Clinton Pl. #D2, Hackensack, NJ 07601. ☎ 📧 Box 3936.

Seek 93-95 HQ SBDs. Early Allmans. HQ only! Have 1400 hrs. Let's trade! Tony, 934 Van Buren Ave. Franklin Sq., NY 11010. ☎ 📧 Box 3937.

Looking for 7/28/73. Have 500 hrs to trade. Paul, 382 E. Park Ave., Durango, CO 81301. ☎ 📧 Box 3938.

Wanted! JGB 12/31/74, 5/19/94. 2000 hrs to trade. L. Richter, 311 Front St., North Redwood, MN 56283. ☎ 📧 Box 3939.

Still looking for JGB 11/12/93 MSG. HQ only. S.H., P.O. Box 123, Wernersville, PA 19565. ☎ 📧 Box 3940.

Penn State Heads looking for friendly trades. Sam & Jane, 237-5599 or SPP120@PSUVM.PSU.EDU. ☎ 📧 Box 3941.

Need more Phish(esp. 11/14 & 11/16/95). YLGM. Mike Waselus, 41 Virginia Ave., Birdsboro, PA 19508. ☎ 📧 Box 3942.

125+ hrs; all answered! Looking for GD Hr #284; 7/24/75, 11/22/75, 3/4/88 Tuna; 12/11/95 Phish. Matt Sukeforth, 343 Main St., Westbrook, ME 04092. ☎ 📧 Box 3943.

Looking for early Phish. Have Phish and GD to trade. David, Box 296, E. Calais, VT 05650. ☎ 📧 Box 3944.

Looking for HQ JGB & Pigpen. Send lists to John Bergan, 312 W. 73rd St. #4B, NY, NY 10023. ☎ 📧 Box 3945.

Looking for HQ 8/4/94, 9/16/90 I. YLGM. 400+ hrs. Alice Terry, 111-56 76th Dr., D7, Forest Hills, NY 11375. ☎ 📧 Box 3946.

If anyone has the bootleg Jack Straw out there, let me know. John Young, 510 Church St., Wisconsin Dells, WI 53965. ☎ 📧 Box 3948.

Need 70s, all 95. Have 2000+ hrs. YLGM. Doreen, 11318 W. Travelers Way Cir., Houston, TX 77605-4953. ☎ 📧 Box 3949.

DAT-digital-900 hrs. SBDs. Allmans, GD, Panic, SRV, Blues, etc. DAT only. JD, Box 22461, Salt Lake City, UT 84122. ☎ 📧 Box 3950.

1-900-740-DEAD

Looking for HQ SBD of GD 10/21/83, 9/18/90. Have 350+ hrs to trade. Some rare A+ tapes. Mark A., P.O. Box 3132, Nashua, NH 03061. ☎ 📧 Box 3947.

Lots of 70s, JGB, Relics, GYZA, YLGM. Respectful & reliable only. The music will never stop. Ana/Jeff Bacon, 6475 Stagecoach Rd., Santa Barbara, CA 93105. ☎ 📧 Box 3951.

Looking for good old GD tapes. HQ LG SBDs, have 1500+ hrs. Send lists to Paul Steinberg, 67 Lawson Ave, East Rockaway, NY 11518. ☎ 📧 Box 3952.

Wanted: GD Hours, esp. old stuff. Blanks or cash. Sam Gorla, 1769 Roosa Ln., Elk Grove, IL 60007. ☎ 📧 Box 3953.

Always looking for crispy boards. YLGM. BBRISKY@CW-F1.UMD.UMICH.EDU. ☎ 📧 Box 3954.

Have 300+ hrs GD. YLGM. Need 12/31/90, B. Marsalas GD warm-up show! Dave Naslund, 406 Nove Ct., Ventura, CA 93003. ☎ 📧 Box 3955.

Looking fo HQ GD, all years. Have 400 hrs, most SBDs. Send list or call. Benny, 2879 LaSalle Ave., Bronx, NY 10461, 718-822-2829. ☎ 📧 Box 3956.

Fare you well, Jerry. NFA. Kind collection. 500+ HQ hrs (100 non-GD). Send your list. No disappointments guaranteed. C. Wahoo, 4571 Cox Dr., Stow, OH 44224. ☎ 📧 Box 3934.

It's time to get serious about tapes. YLGM. Have 800+ GD, 400+ other live goodies. Need Legion, Allmans, Zero, Feat, and anything crispy. Richard Garvey, 2252 N. Beachwood Dr. Apt. A, Los Angeles, CA 90068. ☎ 📧 Box 3973.

Want Pitt. 7/30/95, Dr. Crk. 7/2/95; Will send tapes, you name it. Mike Burgoon, 1127 Carolyn Ave., Columbus, OH 43224. ☎ 📧 Box 3957.

Wash., D.C. area folks: how about some local trading? Have 1200 hrs. Send lists to Bob, 13812 Grey Colt Dr., North Potomac, MD 20828. ☎ 📧 Box 3958.

Wanted: acoustic Garcia, with Grisman, Old & in the Way, etc. Bill S., P.O. Box 3726, Union, NJ 07083. ☎ 📧 Box 3959.

Looking to trade GD (225 hrs) & Phish (60 hrs) tapes. Steve & Patty Goeke, 414 Assunpink Blvd., Hamilton, NY 08619. E-mail JPMB77A@prodigy.com. ☎ 📧 Box 3960.

Quick & reliable trader welcomes any and all lists! Joe, 134 Vaughn Ave., Warwick, RI 02886. ☎ 📧 Box 3961.

Recent Central OH transplant looking for fellow Heads to trade HQ & LG, 750 hrs. YLGM. Don Liles, 2955 Mounts Rd. NW, Alexandria, OH 43001. ☎ 📧 Box 3962.

Sometimes the tapes ain't worth a dime if you don't kick 'em down. Let's share the music. YLGM. Tom Richards, 1600 Smith #1500, Houston, TX 77002. ☎ 📧 Box 3963.

Seeking all GD, esp. summer 95, BT 10/8/95, WSP, Clapton, DMB, Marley. 300+ hrs. Chris, 421 Seminary St., Pennsburg, PA 18073. ☎ 📧 Box 3965.

Need HQ Phish boots, 7/15/94, 6/28, 6/29, 7/1, 12/1, 12/2/95. Have over 200+ hrs. Let's trade, YLGM. Mike, 156 Woodruff Rd., Milford, CT 06460. ☎ 📧 Box 3966.

Established trader w/ 700 hrs. Looking 2 trade some HQ sizzlers. Esp. looking for 6/11/69. YLGM. GDTRFB. John, 533 3rd St., Carlstadt, NJ 07072. ☎ 📧 Box 3967.

Semi-beginner with 130 hrs. GD and 45 hrs. Phish looking to trade same. YLGM. A. Townsend, 7 Fieldstone Rd., Cape Elizabeth, ME 04107. ☎ 📧 Box 3968.

Mountain View, CA summer 94; can anybody help? Have tons of tapes. YLGM. LRick, 104 Grandview Rd., Ardmore, PA 19003. ☎ 📧 Box 3969.

Beginner seeks 7/8, 7/9/95. Small collection. Most crispy. I wish to expand greatly. Will send blanks, postage. Be kind. 216-871-8001. ☎ 📧 Box 3970.

Let's all link up! 100+ shows, all DAT. GD, Allmans, Crowes. Want same. Michael, Linknet Global Music, 6999, S. Santa Cruz Dr. Apt. E31, Salt Lake City, UT 84121. ☎ 📧 Box 3971.

Let's trade. Need HQ 10/14/80. Chris B., 1621 Balfour Point Dr., WPB, FL 33411. ☎ 📧 Box 3972.

Please help my small collection grow! YLGM. 50 hrs Phish. Seeking Phish, DMB, WSP, JGB. Skiz Cahill, 254 E. 68th St., NY, NY 10021. ☎ 📧 Box 3974.

Let's trade! Looking for GD, JGB, Weir, & Phish. Have 200 HQ hrs to give. Fast & reliable, YLGM. James Santore, 1438 Greenway Rd., Swarthmore, PA 19081. ☎ 📧 Box 3975.

Looking for monumental 2nd sets comparable to Buffalo 5/9/77, Portland 6/12/80, Kaiser 3/16/88, Landover 3/9/92. Any suggestions? Gary Ross, 271 20th Ave., S.F., CA 94121. ☎ 📧 Box 3977.

Passionately deicated quasi-beginner needs any magic love can give. YLGM (tho meager). Will send blanks. China Cat, 3526 S.E. Henry St., Portland, OR 97202. ☎ 📧 Box 3978.

Looking for HQ GD & Phish tapes. YLGM. Will fill blanks for fun. Dan 5550 NW 137th Ave., Portland, OR 97229. ☎ 📧 Box 3976.

Over 150 hrs. YLGM. E-mail asinger@hamilton.edu. ☎ 📧 Box 3964.

Reliable trader looking to share some great music. Have 90+ hrs to trade. YLGM. Chuck, 312 E. River Rd., Guilford, CT 06437. ☎ 📧 Box 3979.

Looking for 94/95 esp. Tiny coll. of 30+ HQ hrs needs more company YLGM. AG12650@conrad.appstate.edu. ☎ 📧 Box 3980.

DAT taper looking for killer Santana/ non-GD. Many masters. Analog welcome. YLGM. Dave S., 76-4 Pennsylvania Ave., Binghamton, NY 13903. ☎ 📧 Box 3981.

Please be kind. Looking for Pittsburgh summer 95. Have lots to trade. How about DAT SBD Sun. nite RFK 95? Terry Milld, 6257 Violet Cir., Mechanicsville, VA 23111. ☎ 📧 Box 3982.

Hey now! Small but sweet HQ list. Looking to expand collection. Let's trade. YLGM. Jim, 55F Groton Dr., Amherst, NY 14228. ☎ 📧 Box 3983.

350 HQ hrs from 7/16/66 to 7/9/95. Kind, reliable trader needs 3/16/90, 7/7/89, others. Answer all with SASE. Peter Sideris, 55 Bakerville Rd., S. Dartmouth, MA 02748. ☎ 📧 Box 3984.

Hey now friends! Have 200 hrs, need more. YLGM. Begs welcome. Todd, 419 Moyer Blvd., West Point, PA 19486. ☎ 📧 Box 3985.

Looking to expand collection of GD & others. Have 200+ hrs. YLGM. Keep the wheel turning. Chris Heller, 219 NE 11th Ave., Hallandale, FL 33009. ☎ 📧 Box 3986.

Looking for 1st & 2nd gen DSBDs. Have 650+ hrs. Kirk Leach, 328 6th Ave., Pelham, NY 10803. Kirkus@pipeline.com. ☎ 📧 Box 3987.

Always looking to meet/trade with D.C. area Heads. Howard Park, 1249 S. Carolina SE, WDC, 20003. Hpark4@aol.com. ☎ 📧 Box 3988.

Got more tapes than I can count. YLGM. A. Mendelson, 5851 Northumberland St., Pittsburgh, PA 15217. ☎ 📧 Box 3989.

Looking to trade HQ GD. Have 100+ hrs, but need many more. YLGM. Aaron Sontag, 9 Laurel Woods Dr., W. Townsend, MA 01474. ☎ 📧 Box 3990.

3000 hrs GD; 200 hrs assorted members. HQ. YLGM. Long-time trader looking for 1st show 9/4/79. E.A., 1006 Main St. Apt. B, Belmar, NJ 07719. ☎ 📧 Box 3991.

700 digital hrs, all yrs & JGB & jazz. Seeking all pre-75; all JGB (inc. AUD tapes); late .70s & 80s gems; full 10/25/73 2nd set. Nathan Wolfson, P.O. Box 448, Arcata, CA 95518. ☎ 📧 Box 3992.

I miss my mushrooms, but trading tapes will dew for now. Kevin LaBrec, 2959 Aspen Woods Entry, Doraville, GA 30360. ☎ 📧 Box 3993.

Madison, OH Deadhead looking for good quality tapes. Call 216-428-2122. Leave message.. ☎ 📧 Box 3994.

Seeking 10/27 10/28/79 Cape Cod shows. Have 150 hrs and want to expand. Help on the way? Virgil Osborn, Box 1022, Nantucket, MA 02554. ☎ 📧 Box 3995.

Beginner trader Deadhead needs help to start out. I have nothing to trade but blanks. Eternally grateful to any who help. We will survive. Ryan Bobel, 132 Woodward, Rochester, MI 48307. ☎ 📧 Box 4008.

Thank you, Jerry for sharing yourself with us. I will miss you gratefully! 500 hrs GD. YLGM. A.S.U., P.O. Box 11646. Peace, Todd. ☎ 📧 Box 3996.

50+ hrs HQ GD WSP, Phish, DMB. Expanding rapidly. Esp. need RFK summer 95, both nites. Patrick, 209B Chancellor St., Charlottesville, VA 22903. ☎ 📧 Box 3997.

Looking for primo 10/19/71, Northrup. Have KQRS air master reels, inc. NRPS set, but w/ ugly flips. Need to fill inside straight. Gregg Mitchell, W7445 Northshore, Onalaska, WI 54650. ☎ 📧 Box 3998.

Searching for the sound. Have 800 hrs. Heed HQ. All yrs wanted esp. 67-73. Will trade blank or any way you desire. All welcomed. All answered. Thanks. Steve, 214 S. Davis Ave., Audubon, NJ 08106. ☎ 📧 Box 3999.

350+ hrs, JGB, GD, HQ SBDs & DATs. Looking for the gems. YLGM. Reliable, fast. Mike Walsh, 4464 Cool Emerald Dr., Tallahassee, FL 32303. ☎ 📧 Box 4000.

Here comes sunshine. Reliable, fast trader has 200+ hrs GD, some Dylan, JGB & others. YLGM. Andrew Ober, 2 Oakland Dr., Spencer, MA 01562. ☎ 📧 Box 4001.

Have 2000 hrs analog and 200 hrs DAT. Looking for good, kind LG BDs. 4 Marina Rd., Chelmsford, MA 01824. ☎ 📧 Box 4002.

Looking for Fox/St. Louis & Chicago shows. Lots to trade YLGM. Roger W. Hunter, 78-D Foxwood Ln., Lake Barrington, IL 60010-3835. ☎ 📧 Box 4003.

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PEOPLE WANT TO HEAR!**

Quick, Grape, Airplane. Will trade for pre-71, HQ LG SBDs. Hud, 4804 W. 77th Pl., P.V., KS 66208. ☎ 📧 Box 4005.

I've asked in DDN before. Someone must know. Even DeadBase doesn't. 5/1/70 Alfred College set list (or better yet) tape. Terry, Bx 261, Princeton, NJ 08540. ☎ 📧 Box 4004.

Hey now! 150+ hrs of GD. Will trade for everything. YLGM. Eric, 1517 Terrace Blvd., Hazleton, PA 18201. ☎ 📧 Box 4006.

Northwest Head looking for HQ tapes to inspire the composition of my thesis. Have 300 hrs. Need Cal Expo 91. King, 122 Rhododendron Dr., Gig Harbor, WA 98335. ☎ 📧 Box 4007.

Hey folks! Need 10/9/94, 10/11/94, 6/25/95 LG SBDs & any GD Hours. Plenty to trade. Badge, 3331 Dudley, Balto., MD 21213. ☎ 📧 Box 4009.

He's gone and our landscape is empty. Please help fill it w/ HQ tapes. Will send blanks & postage. Carl, 3301 Ethan Dr., Marietta, GA. ☎ 📧 Box 4010.

Don't let the music ever stop. Be good for Jerry's sake. YLGM. Sapindopolis, 11522 Newport Dr., Indpls, IN 46236. ☎ 📧 Box 4011.

Reliable beginner in search of GD & Phish. Please help. Have small coll. Paul Baker, 10475 E. Sahuaro Dr., Scottsdale, AZ 85259. ☎ 📧 Box 4012.

Beginner trader needs kind help. 100 hrs, mostly HQ, needs more. YLGM. Fast, reliable. Want Pitts 95, JGB. Joey, 311 Taylor Ave., Rockville, MD 20850. ☎ 📧 Box 4013.

30 years upon our heads. Have 1800+ hrs. Want crisp LG SBDs. Esp. 4/10/83, 10/17/81, 7/29/74, 7/29/88, 7/27/74, 6/17-18/92, 3/72. Jason, 389 Vassar, Morgantown, WV 26505. YLGM. ☎ 📧 Box 4014.

DAT or analog. GD, Phish, ABB, Bluegrass & jazz. JADAM@AQUA.NET. ☎ 📧 Box 4015.

Desperately seeking GD at Scranton, PA 4/13/71 & Bucknell U., Lewisburg, PA 4/14/71. Have 2000+ hrs; GD, JGB, Allmans, Jorma, Bromberg. Bruce Kaufer, Box 3456, Greensburg, PA 15601-7456. ☎ 📧 Box 4016.

Looking for all GD & JGB tapes; been robbed. Also want Phish SBD Halloween 94 & 95. Please help desperate Head! Annie Heckenberger, 182 E. 95th St. Apt.17D, NY, NY 10128. ☎ 📧 Box 4017.

Nothin' left to do but trade, trade, trade. YLGM. 1700+ GD; asst. goodies on 34 pg. list. Paul Fischer Jr., 443 Highcrest Dr., Wilmette, IL 60091. ☎ 📧 Box 4017.

Wanted: HQ photos of GD, Floyd, ABB, WSP, Hendrix, Zeppelin, etc. Will trade DAT or make analog. 800+ GD; 500+ many other bands. Chris, 1829 Edenside Ave. #5, Lou., KY 40204. ☎ 📧 Box 4018.

Meaning of life; JGB 7/26/80 Albany. Anyone have it? Bill, Box 92, Kasilof, AK 99610. ☎ 📧 Box 4019.

Hey now! Have 500+ Qual GD. Looking for JGB, GD, & Phish. Peace, Mike, POB 302, West Groton, MA 01472. ☎ 📧 Box 4020.

Long-time DH new to trading scene. Let's have a big how doo! Chris Pike, 268 Luke Ave., Box 1154, Wash., DC 20332. ☎ 📧 Box 4021.

Hey now! Gotta love it live. 250 hrs GD to trade. Some Phish too. Scott B., P.O. Box 312, Hope Valley, RI 02832. ☎ 📧 Box 4022.

Jerry died for our sins. Praise him by trading his music. I've got many 1st & 2nd gen analog from DAT. 800 hrs. YLGM. Chris Larson, 917 Bryan Ct., Silverton, OR 97381. ☎ 📧 Box 4023.

Perfectionist looking for more 1st thru 3rd gen boards & FM tapes. Dead an other bands. Have large list. Tom 402 Evergreen Rd., Pacific Groove, CA 93950. ☎ 📧 Box 4024.

Hq & sbd—only around 60 hours—willing to trade for hq/sbd tapes J. Heckathorn 4077 Forest Crk Rd. Kentwood, MI 49512. 616-975-7845. ☎ 📧 Box 4025.

Serious trader with 2000 hrs of HQ, LG Boards. Looking for the same. 4 Marina Rd. Chelmsford MA. 01824. ☎ 📧 Box 4026.

Looking for HQ, LG, SBDs only of Dead & others. Have 1000+ hours. Immediate returns. John Zei 2828 N. Burling #308, Chicago, IL 60657. ☎ 📧 Box 4027.

Would like to find HQ Seattle 5-26-95, my last show. I like the old stuff best, also Airplane, Big Brother, Stones. Have 2 Naks. M. Welch, 209 Golden Gate Avenue, SF, CA 94102. ☎ 📧 Box 4028.

Let's trade Dead Tapes—Soundboards only!—Over 1000 hours—send lists to: Bob, 1635 Larkspur Ave., North Merrick, NY 11566. ☎ 📧 Box 4029.

Somewhat of a beginner—Send lists. Any Bob Weir stuff, will love it. Gratefully appreciated! Nan at kruzinkna@sbu.edu. ☎ 📧 Box 4030.

Acoustic Jerry! Seeking HQ SBDs: Old/Way, Great Amer. String, Acoustic band. Dead to trade. sfeff2aol.com, sfeff 382 Central Park West #4P NY, NY 10025. ☎ 📧 Box 4031.

Looking for 4/13/69. Can offer blanks/postage. Scott, 731 south 300 east #B-102, Salt Lake City, UT 84111. ☎ 📠 Box 4032.

Kind sister looking for loads of tasty morsels-including 1st show-Deer Creek '92!!! I love you more than words can tell! PJ, 607 Sunblest Blvd. South, Fishers, IN 46038. ☎ 📠 Box 4033.

Experienced trader-2000+hrs-looking for clones, and SBDs 1st-3rd Gen of Dead, Doors, Phish, ABB, and others. Delano, 820 Aumond Place East, Augusta, GA 30909-3220. ☎ 📠 Box 4034.

Who has 6/23/74 Miami? HQ only. Will trade/send blanks. Stasy McDougall, 220 Grove Ave, Prescott, AZ 86301. ☎ 📠 Box 4035.

350 hours DAT, Dead and others. Help feed the need. Kevin, 3636 Highland Park Place, Memphis, TN 38111. ☎ 📠 Box 4036.

Seattle gal looking to trade tapes with friendly folk. Dead, Phish, DMB, N.Young, Dylan...415 Mercer Hall Box 355600 NW. Seattle, WA 98105 suemarie@u.washington. edu. ☎ 📠 Box 4037.

Hey Now! Beg. w/100 hrs. Mostly 70s SBD. Need 80s to recent. YLGM, Rebecca Bailey, 69 Hungerford Terrace Apt 3, Burlington VT 05401 Let it Grow. ☎ 📠 Box 4038.

Looking for 6/6/75 Phil + Ned Dominican College. Also 1960s couthons and Pigpen. Write Walt Willis, 562 Derousse Ave, Pennsauken, NJ 08110. ☎ 📠 Box 4039.

DAT only Phish, have many masters and clones-want to trade for same. YLGM. Chris Cassino, 259 Emerson St., So. Boston, MA 02127. ☎ 📠 Box 4040.

Have/want HQ LG SBDs. Dead, Phish, JGB Begs welcome. Who has the JGB SBDs? Matt 3334 Berwick field Court, Duluth, GA 30136. ☎ 📠 Box 4041.

Grovel-Looking for High quality soundboard tapes of performances of the Dead with David Marray as special guest. I have limited performances for trade. Jim Barber, 1609 Fox Hill Ct., Anderson, IN 46011. ☎ 📠 Box 4042.

Help-Love HQ SBDs all years! Have 450 hrs+ to trade or write and say hi! Glenn, 3571 S.W. Cobia Way, Stuart, FL 34997, Beginners always welcome! Let it Grow!. ☎ 📠 Box 4043.

Sober, non-smoking "Wharf Rat" looking to trade bootlegs YLGM, Joe Freeman, 51 Main St. commons #808, Danbury, CT 00810. ☎ 📠 Box 4044.

Have 250+hrs GD, seek LG HQ GD, JGB, others. All welcome, YLGM. Will trade for blanks, etc. SLH 2124 Taft, New Holstein, WI 53061. ☎ 📠 Box 4045.

DAT Dead, ABB, More. YLGM. 150+hrs. Email agilbert@aol.com Alan Gilbert, 226A N. Juanita Ave, Redondo Beach, CA 90277. ☎ 📠 Box 4046.

DAT bgnr. with 85 mstrs GD. Seeking most all Dead + JGB, esp. 89-95. Let the HQ clones flow. Mike Brovelli, 626 N.9th, Dekalb, IL 60115. ☎ 📠 Box 4047.

Interested in trading with SF/Bay area tapers in person. Have 1500 hours G.D. + plenty of non-GD...Brian-72 Molimo Dr., S.F., CA 94127. ☎ 📠 Box 4048.

Looking to meet Colorado Heads. Have 350+ Hrs Dead, JGB, Phish, Ekoostik Hookah. YLGM, Pete Kuhn, 507 Park Circle, Basalt, CO 81621. Thank You Jerry!. ☎ 📠 Box 4049.

Want: RFK show tapes for '94 or '95. Email: hanna@pop.uky.edu. ☎ 📠 Box 4050.

Have 1200+ Diverse HQ hrs. Want Phish, Bryan Ferry '95, Primus, Improv. Jazz, Acoustic WSP. YLGM.. EKV 1560-7 Quail Dr., W. Palm Beach, FL 33409. ☎ 📠 Box 4051.

Beg Taper-I've got 50 hours to trade but I'm jonesin' for more, Esp 6/19/95. Please send lists: K.Brant, 436 W. 47 St. NYC 10036. ☎ 📠 Box 4052.

400+hrs. Dead. Want Blues Travler, Widespread Panic, Ratdog, Phish+others. Love to trade local or by mail. Keep the faith. Brandon Dodge, 1966 Rua Branco Dr. Sandy, UT 84093. ☎ 📠 Box 4053.

Digital Dead. Over 3000 hrs DAT. email lists to: pasewark@well.com. ☎ 📠 Box 4054.

FOREIGN TRADERS:

GD & Garcia to trade. Have 100 hrs. SBD HQ only. YLGM. Will send blanks. Need connections; not that many Heads around. Oren Pri-Har, 62b Tshernihovsky St. Jerusalem, Israel

Have 500 hrs. HQ GD. All eras, YLGM, need more plus Zepp and Yes. Jerry's star will always rise first and shine best. Martin, 213 YNYSDDU, Pontyclun, Mid-Glam, UK CF729UE

Kind, quality-conscious trades. 800 hrs analog + DAT. Top decks. Calvin Stengler, 35 Wilkie Rd. Regina, Sask. S4S5Y3 CANADA Tom + Oki write me.

1-900-740-DEAD TAPE TRADING

DAT trader seeking HQ DAT only. GD, Phish, Zero. M. Thunich, RR#1, Limehouse, Ont., Canada L0P 1H0 or BINGO@10.0.org.

Looking for ABB, GD, JGB, BOC, Phish Live tapes. Have 3000shows. YLGM. Paolo Baiotti-Piazza Adriano g 10139, Torino, ITALY

Have/want HQ GD SBDs 1st-5th Gen. only. Esp. sbd's of Hamilton '92 & aud. of Auburn Hills '94-95. Tony Cosoletto, 14 Wanda Road, St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada L2T1S4.

Hi Qlty only. Have/want sbd's 2nd-5th gen. Have oodles of crisp shows esp. want sbd's of 3/20, 21/92, Hi-Qaws 6/27,28/95. AC, 14 Wanda Road, St. Catherines, Ontario, Canada, L2T 1S4.

Need kind Jerry, lots to trade. John, 1492 Litchfield Road, Oakville, Ontario, Canada L6H5P3. May the Dead Live On!

"Fellow Canadian Deadheads; Let's trade! 500 Hrs GD, looking for same. Send your list. John Molinaro, 643 Blue Forest Hill, Burlington, Ontario, Canada L7L 4H4.

Beginner looking for help from kind and seasoned tapers. Will send blanks and pstg. Seek HQ SBDs. G. Paquet, 1210 Ozanam, Quebec, Canada G1L 3S9.

Phish fan, looking for 7/2/95 Sugarbush, VT. Will send blank. Kyla Ramsey, 17 Lismer Cres., Kanata, Ont., Canada K2K 1A3.

Dead starter 100+ only, (3000+ various artists) would be delighte to receive HQ, SBD, GD./ Relations 1970-1995 shows, tape or DAT, will return tapes and postage or trade. YLGM. Jolanda Tucci, Via Mente Nevoso, 86 Rome 00141, Italy.

3000 hrs+ Neil, Bruce, Dylan, A-Z. Have/Want hq lg Analog & DAT. YLGM. Hans-Georg Baumgartner Postfach 650303, Vorstekoppel 39, 22363 Hamburg GERMANY

Looking for excellent aud. or SBD of Cal Expo May/91, Shoreline May/92, Seattle 94/95, Eugene/Portland 94/95 Rick Campbell, 35 West Lynn Ave., T.O., ONT. M4C 3VA

English beginner with 80+, trying to expand with HQ Dead. YLGM. Tony Morrall, 26 Linden Farm Dv., Countesthorpe LE8 5SX, England.

UK Deadhead requires US traders kean to trade. YLGM. Len Harrison, Newbury Cottage, Playhatch Reading, RG49QN England.

English Deadhead. Have 800+hrs logen sbd, all eras. Qlty important. Seek same. Reliable. YLGM. Graham Way, 83 Sutherland Chase, Ascot, Berkshire, SL5 8TE, England.

Dead, Cooder, Feat, Thompson, etc. 1100+ hrs high qlty. RIP Jerry, you live on in your music and our hearts. Dave Lang, 16 Charles Crescent, Port Noarlungs South, South Australia, 5167.

Transworld packages are fun. Have 650 hq GD, must have more. Communicate! Ian Fry, 13 Keith Ave., Norty Plympton, South Australia, 5037.

Want: D. Nelson, D. Kalb, S. Andrew, Them Butterfield, Stoneground, FBB, Bluegrass, Dead—esp. 6/11/69 and 4/18/70. Have: Large, various list. K. Fredell, Mannhems, 10 A, 79132, Falun, Sweden.

SWF Head, looking for friends to trade HQ SBD Dead tapes/DAT, new collection 100+ only. Will return pstg & tapes. Grazie. JT, Via Monte Nevoso 86, Rome, Italy 00141. +39-6-9943040.

Have 800 hrs, looking for recent Dead and all kinds of Dylan. Stefan Kieffer, Lion-Feuchtwanger Str.9, 55129 Main Z, Germany.

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

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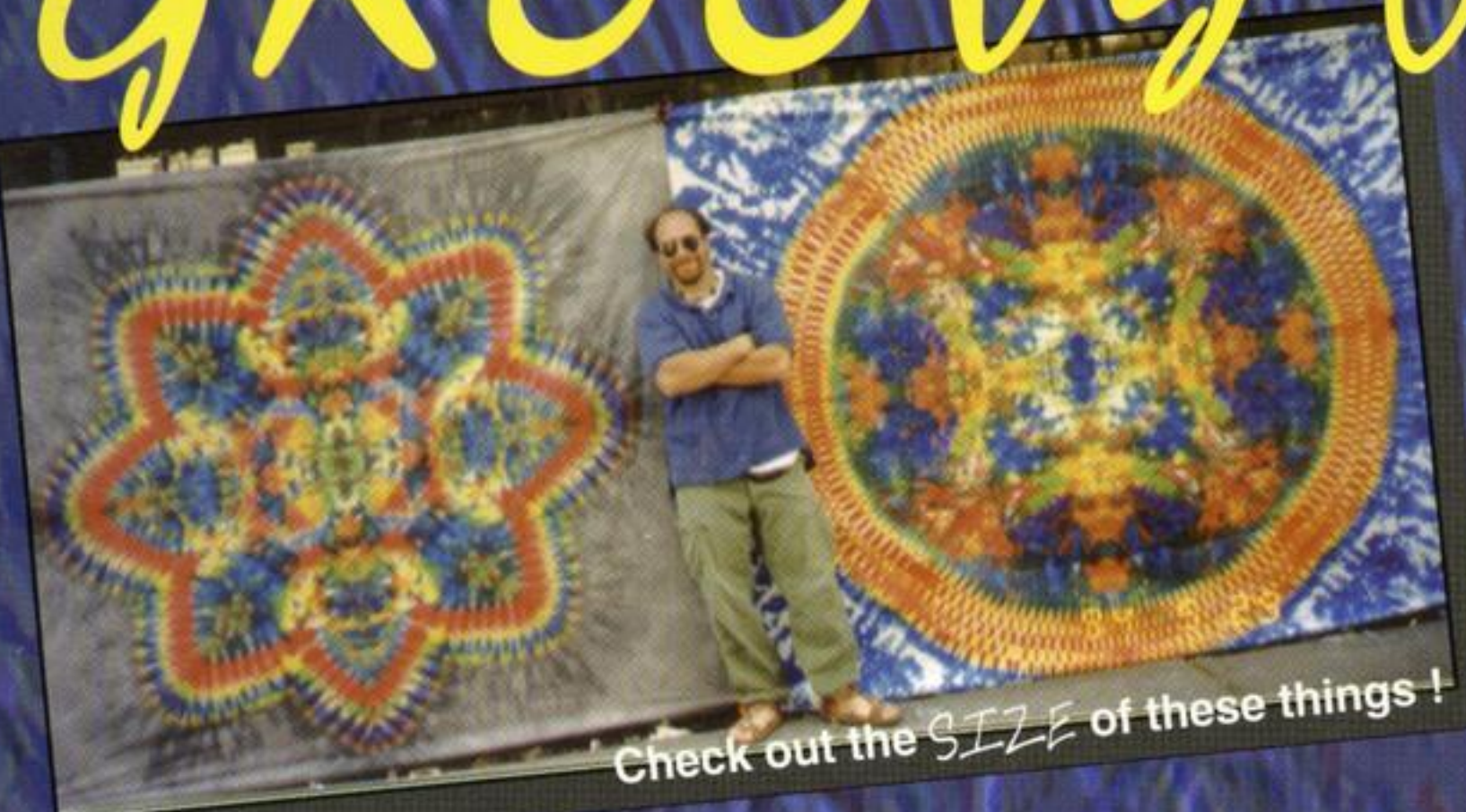
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