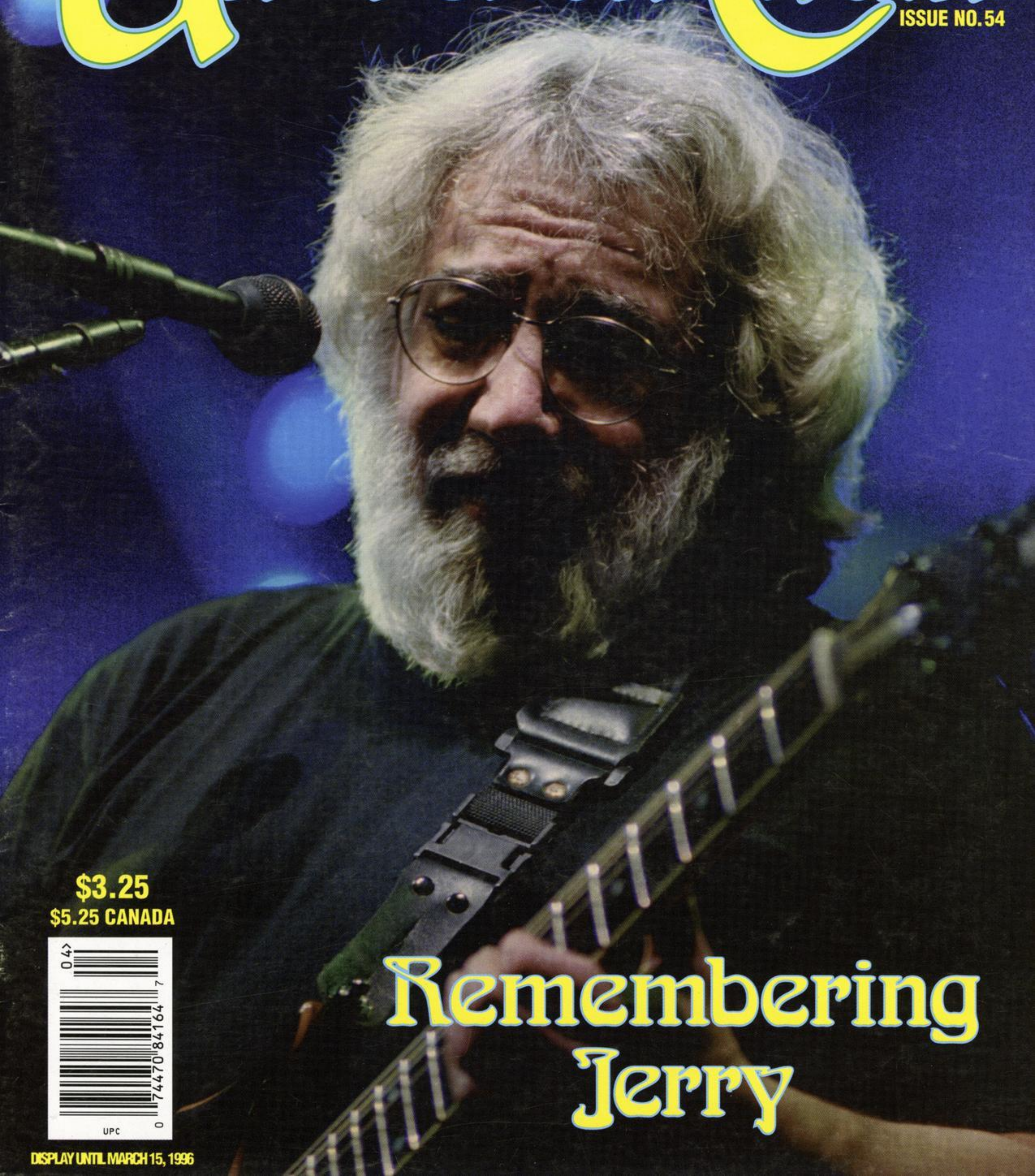


Unbroken Chain

ISSUE NO. 54



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Remembering Jerry

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Dave Serrins

Art Director

Lewis Newmark

Associate Editor

Frank Hanwell

Editorial Staff

Christine Kremer, Mike Maynard,
Lewis Newmark, Donna Starling

Contributing Writers

Michael Bell, Deane Scott Beman,
Wildman Steve Bronson, Eric Clark,
Stephen Cripe, Mike Maynard,
Griffin Nicholson, Scott Pegg,
Ross L. Warner, Geoff Weed

Photographers

Tim Ashbridge, Jill Calhoun,
Richard Chrichton, Greg Doggett,
John Fulbright, Gary Gerloff,
Ken Kazerski, Greg LaPlaca,
Jay Novack, Suzan Pafford,
James Reininger, Joe Ryan,
Allen Sklar, Richard Synchef,
James Dean Young

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CHAIN REACTION

Dear Dave,

I thought maybe some of your long-term subscribers would enjoy hearing how the old staff of *Unbroken Chain* mourned Jerry's passing. Last year, when you took over the magazine, my local staff kept after me about throwing a "farewell to the *Chain*" party. I never quite got around to having it last summer, then yet another summer had almost passed when the news of Jerry's death was heard 'round the world.

At that point, I knew that I wanted to get my closest Deadhead friends together to not only mourn the loss of Jerry, but also as a chance to put a closure to our time as *UC* staffers. Most of us had been working on *UC* together for nine years, and these are the folks who came over and collated, stapled and helped mail the magazine from its birth on up to the time I passed it on to you. Present were Fry & I, August West, Bill Melton, Tim & Dani Ashbridge, Steve Deems, Jennifer Norvell, Una Toibin, Elaine Smith, Paul & Terri Fad, Angela Thurston and David Oakley.

We gathered at about 4 p.m. on Saturday, September 2, 1995 by the waterside on Gwynn's Island, Virginia. Everyone had arrived just prior to sunset, so as the sun began to fade we began the tree planting ceremony. With *Brokedown Palace* playing in the background, everyone formed a small circle around the hole where we planted a small weeping willow tree. As each of us threw a couple of fistfuls of dirt into the hole, the end of the song drew near. During the last verse of the song, we all sang along, "Fare you well, fare you well, I love you more than words can tell, listen to the river sing sweet songs to rock my soul." I felt, at that moment as the song ended, that a chapter of my life was coming to a close.

After it got dark, the party continued on into the night with a cookout and then a campfire out by the water. We all sat around the fire, made s'mores and listened as Fry and Dave played some classic acoustic Dead. It was a perfect autumn night, just right for a fire but not cold enough to have to bundle up. Jerry would have loved it.

Peace, and keep up the wonderful work.

Love,

Laura

P.S. In case anyone is wondering, Sarah

and Taylor are doing just fine. Sarah just started kindergarten this year and will be turning six in November. Taylor is three now and he's a healthy, rambunctious, blond haired, blue-eyed cutie pie. I'm really enjoying being able to spend more of my free time with them since giving up the mag.



Dear Chain Reaction,

At time like these, where do you start? There's nothing clever that can be said or done. Jerry's death simply is. I long for options, but none exist. You can't sum up a person in any time less than their whole life, but I do have some immediate feelings. The primal percussion of Mickey Hart has been a rooting re-connection to my consciousness. The whole band has played well. The lyrics of Robert Hunter speak in tongues of fundamental heart. The deeper you get, the deeper his lyrics are, with each line reflecting miles and miles of passionate life. Yet, after being at some sixty-eight shows, the epicenter of the Dead was clearly Jerry.

For me, a Dead song's function was to be a vehicle for the consciousness expanding effects of Jerry Garcia's meandering guitar solos. The song structure and lyrics were less important. I would open my heart to immersion in the music and crowd energy by dancing with wild abandon. Not formulated dance steps, but intuitively letting the music move me in whatever manner felt right. Jerry's improvisations would escalate in intensity, and I would reach a point where I became lost in the music. I would forget myself and disappear in the dance. The feeling afterward was pure bliss. This is known to many as dynamic meditation, and there's no mistaking it when it happens. This is why so many people would dance so wildly at the shows and half the reason why I love the Dead.

Then there's the other reason. The Grateful Dead were more than a band. They were a refuge from Madison Avenue culture. Through their lyrics, music, and political stance, the Dead articulated a set of positive homespun humanitarian values and sensibilities that I dearly live by. Each show has been a joyous spiritual gathering of family that reaffirmed people's beliefs and hopes for humanity. It was a reuniting of brothers and sisters to bask in the values we share. The Dead were a comfortable band, like a favorite old padded chair. And we are not reliving the '60s; we are living with intention by some of the '60s timelessly positive principles in today's terms.

I feel so bad that there are so many who will never understand the reality of blissful meditation to songs like *Fire on the Mountain*. Records, tapes, and heartfelt explanations can never impart who the Dead were. The Dead defy deconstruction.

Jerry's heart was pure. He was a lovable character all his own. A river that ran uphill with grace to his own rhythms. He played his whole life because 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 most people speak altogether. He spoke to my soul. I only talked with Jerry once for a few seconds, but still, as people come and go in my life, Jerry has always been one of my closest friends. In Jerry, I have lost a brother; a kindred spirit. Jerry's soul is a bright star. I know he'd want our sorrow to be brief. We are living and it is up to us to carry Jerry's love and example into the world. We will get by. We will find our own way home. We all knew the party would end one of these tours. It's hard to accept that he's gone and nothing's gonna bring him back. Just like it was with John Lennon's death, this is going to be a long, hard process. I will miss you, Jerry. Fare you well. I love you more than words can tell. At least the music never stopped. I just wish there was one more encore.

I had a moment with Jerry at the second Giants Stadium show this past summer. That is my warmest memory. Grateful Dead mail order, to my surprise, had sent me a front row center ticket for

the show. Normally, that wouldn't be pleasant, as the stage area usually gets jammed, and I go to the shows to dance. Miraculously, security kept the aisle clear. As a result, I danced my face off into ethereal cosmic vapors. I looked up occasionally, and a few times, found Jerry looking at me in wondrous amusement. When it came time for the encore, Bob and Jerry were talking to each other on stage. Not one tell-tale guitar note had been played yet to give away what the song would be. While there was a relative lull in the crowd, I shouted to them, "Brokedown." Bob and Jerry both darted their heads around and stared at me for a second in surprise. Jerry looked down at the stage, shook his head laughing, and mouthed back at me, "How?" And *Brokedown Palace* is the song they played. I sang to Jerry, and I swear, Jerry even sang a few lines to me. Ironically, I later said to the person next to me, "If I go to fifty more shows, I won't have another moment like that."

Positive Love,
Greg Kline

Dear *Unbroken Chain*,

Thank you for keeping the spirit going by continuing publication!! It's awesome to know other brothers and sisters want to keep the spirit and soul alive!

Even though it is still unbelievable to deal with the devastation of Jerry's death, it's fully right-on that family like you will still let the light shine on our lives and keep our "family" together! Thanks for your dedication. You guys are great!

Love & kindness

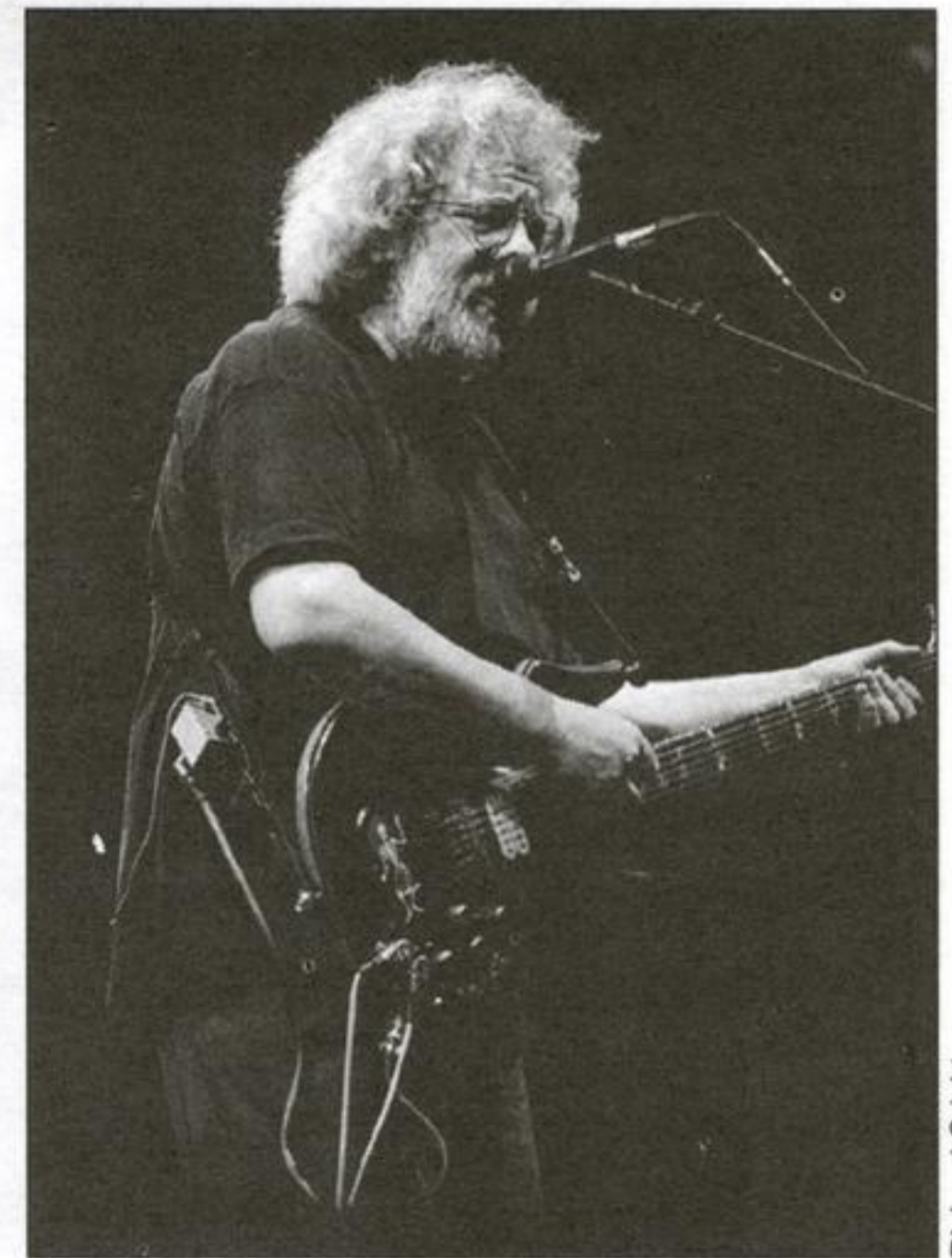
Chrys Lane

P.S. Issue #52 had the most killer cover, photos, articles, and information I've ever seen in a Dead mag!

Dear *UC*,

This is such a blue, blue time for us. I don't know how others are dealing with Jerry being gone, but I'm still struggling. Here I am, at forty-six years old, trying to accept the loss of a true hero, when most people past puberty won't admit they have a hero. People grow old too fast. It's not a bad thing to retain the exuberance of youth, tempered with reason. Our enthusiasm is dampened, but the fire still burns.

I'm often asked, "What's the attraction that compels us to drop everything each spring and fall, and chase this band of gypsies down the road?" I usually answer with a query of my own. Is there anything or anybody you can truly say instills you with pure joy, gives you goose bumps, makes your hair bristle, and motivates you to be a better person? Is there




Richard Crichton

3-31-94 Atlanta

anywhere you can go and put all your cares and woes completely behind (however briefly)? That sort of sounds like the goal of every major religion, but without the guilt, doesn't it?

With Jerry's passing, a good many have lost that thrilling sanctuary. His appearance was common and he disdained pedestals, but we all know his



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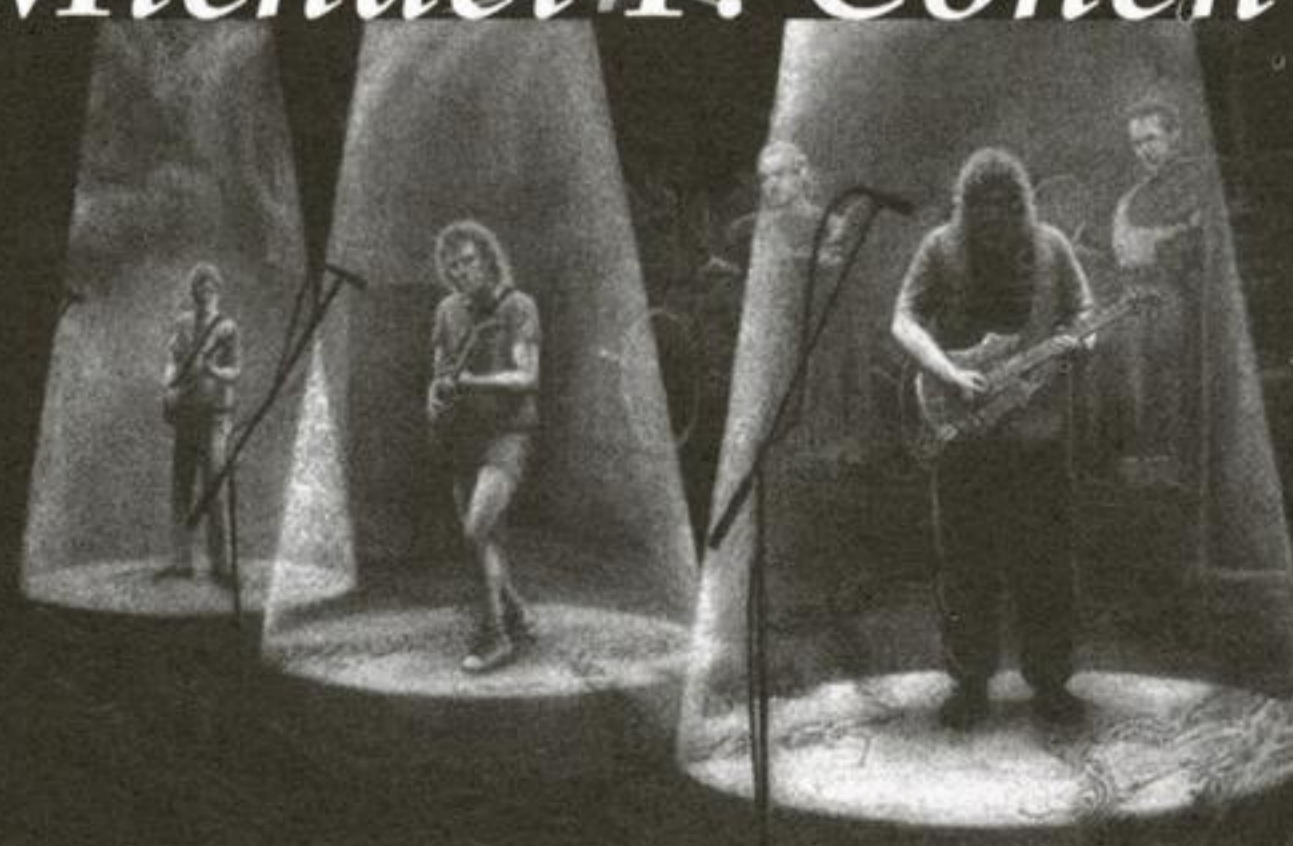
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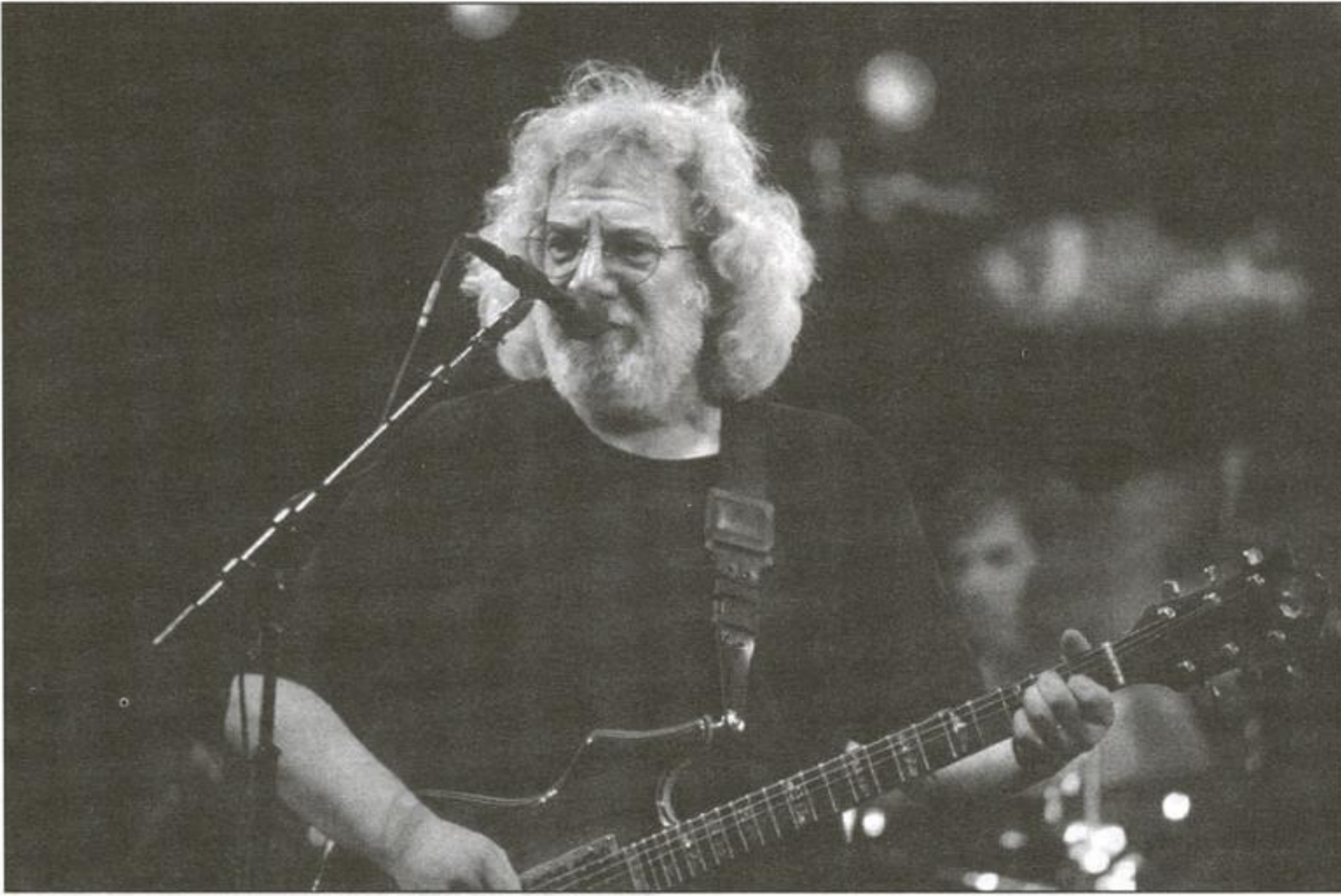
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8-4-94 Giants Stadium, East Rutherford, NJ

work, his deeds, and the example he set enriched our lives and made us all better for it. I'm sorry for the people who will never get to see Jerry Garcia, but I, my wife, Cindy, and our children are so very GRATEFUL that he touched our lives. He's gone, yes, but not forgotten.
R. Daniel Brown

Dear UC,

What a year! March 19, 1995 in

Philly, they broke out *Unbroken Chain*. This was my last show and I will never forget it! It really was one of the best moments of my life and I'm very grateful. In a way, I can't help to take this song as a message. I plan on doing my part to keep the chain unbroken at any cost! Teach your children. Teach your parents. Keep the spirit going!

I know many of us are hurting a lot now. We lost so much, but let's keep in

mind just how much we were given.

So now this brings me to you, Dave. What will happen to UC? Well, I can give you a promise: You print them and I'll buy them. There are many things you can write about: tape reviews, Phish, Widespread Panic, lots of other bands, and of course, Bob and Wasserman, Phil, Billy, Mickey, and Vince. Nobody is ready for this to end, even if July 9, 1995 was the last Grateful Dead show. Jerry left so much behind. What are we going to do with it?

Joyce Crocker
Drexel Hill, PA

Dear *Unbroken Chain*,

I'd finally found something in a Dead resource that made me jump up and down — every time I saw your magazine in the mailbox. Now, with our dear friend (and I can honestly call him that) Jerry's passing, what will become of *Unbroken Chain*? What will happen to Phil, Bobby, Mickey, Bill, and Vince? Although any continuation of touring as a band is inconceivable, is there any news of future plans? I just saw Bob with Rob Wasserman, (great, but was Bobby really into it?) but still would give anything in this world to see Phil perform the magazine's namesake live.

I've only been a Head for a couple of years, seeing as I'm only sixteen years old, but I feel Jerry's death just as much

Joe Ryan

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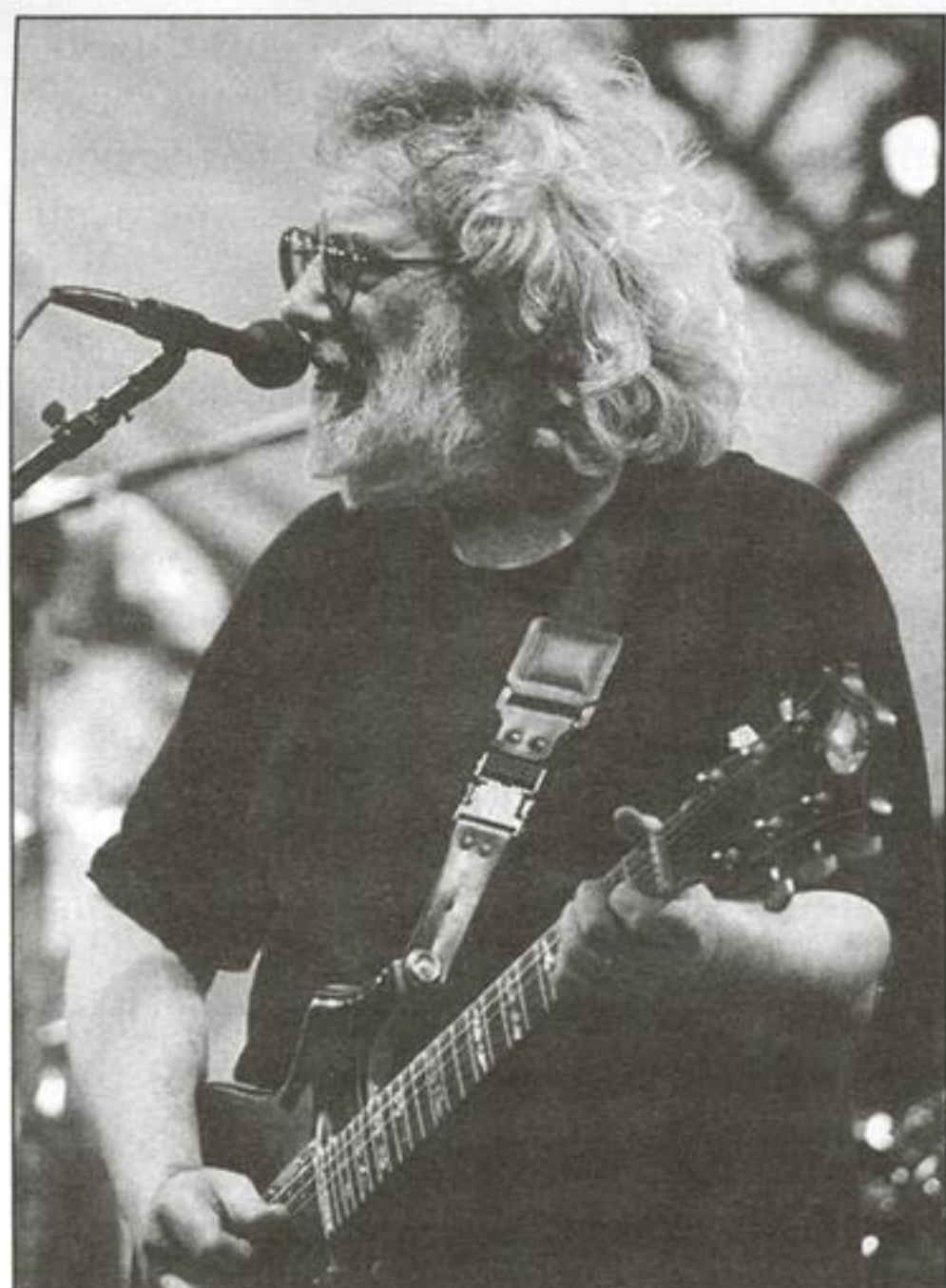


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Gary Gerloff

7-13-94 Highgate

as a Head who's been around the scene for all thirty years. He was the grandpa; the friend I never had. After such a rough year I spent in and out of hospitals, I was looking to fall tour to bring me the happiness I've experienced in the mere three shows I've seen this year. It might be selfish, but why did he have to go? It's a question thousands of us must ask each other every day. What will people do with their lives without Captain? People joke about him. And those people just don't understand that, just as they would pray to God, we'd sit there and be grateful for Jerry and the band and everything they've done for all of us; for what they've made us. Church or Synagogue for some people was a show for us, whether the band was smokin' or Jerry was so exhausted he needed a TelePrompTer to make it through the show.

In closing, I just want to thank *Unbroken Chain* for everything, for every great issue, and especially thanks to our own Jerry. We'll always love him. Thanks and peace.

Sincerely,
Jennifer L. Cabrelli

Unbroken Chain,

It has been a month now and it is all starting to sink in. My first show was in Pittsburgh, PA in 1971. It didn't really sink in until July 1973 at Watkins Glen. Over the years, I have managed to catch a show or two or three each season. I was fortunate to see them in theaters, semi-empty ice rinks, cornfields and ballparks. I saw Pig, Keith, Donna, Brent, and even had a chance to meet Phil this spring in Charlotte.

I have watched the scene change over the course of time and always knew it was off-center and threatening to others

but never out of control.

I didn't see a summer show and now get the lowdown from Issue 53. I'm glad I wasn't there. These were not the shows of my past, even spring '95.

Since '92, it was clear Jerry was tired. I'm 40 and I was getting tired of it, but ever the Head, selfish for one more show. Clearly reviewing 1995 summer shows, it was time for an ending. Certainly not the one that happened but something had to give.

I don't feel sorry for Jerry. Having lost loved ones over the years, I know they are at peace and we are suffering. I do feel sorry for those who may not be able to live with this ending. I surely hope it has ended and doesn't drag on as a shell of its former self. This whole experience has not been about parking lots and selling beer.

This has been about music. Jerry at the pedal steel, Bob smoking *Lazy Lightning* closing the first set, Happy Birthday to the drummers, Bob and Phil telling bad jokes at Saratoga, Bill Graham making it happen and tearing your ticket stub and telling you to have a good show, regretting not going to Egypt but then listening to every detail.

In between all of this I managed to find a mate, move around, raise a family and enjoy the music more and more. My six year-old saw my tears and assured me that I would always have my tapes. And you know he is right. We have kept it, stored it, and can relive it, the good and the bad, but such is life.

Rick Quinn
Matthews, NC

To all my dear Dead friends,

I was at work when I heard the news. I got it in the strangest way. There had been a sewer back-up into the building, and they had shut down the water and air conditioning to avoid spreading contaminants. Because of the high temperature that day (90+ degrees), they shut the building down at about 11:30 a.m. and told us all to go home. I was late leaving because I had a few details to take care of. There were only a few people left when I came out of my office. One woman was leaving the agency at the end of the week, so I stopped to say good-bye to her. She asked me rather intently, "Are you okay?" I was puzzled and said, "Sure, why?" She looked at the other person who had been part of our conversation and said, "He doesn't know?" Then, they both stood there, obviously distressed, not wanting to be the one who told me, while I, thinking NOTHING they could tell me was THAT bad, said, "What?! What?!" She said, "Jerry Garcia died this morning." I immediately went on autopilot. I said, "That's really terrible," in kind

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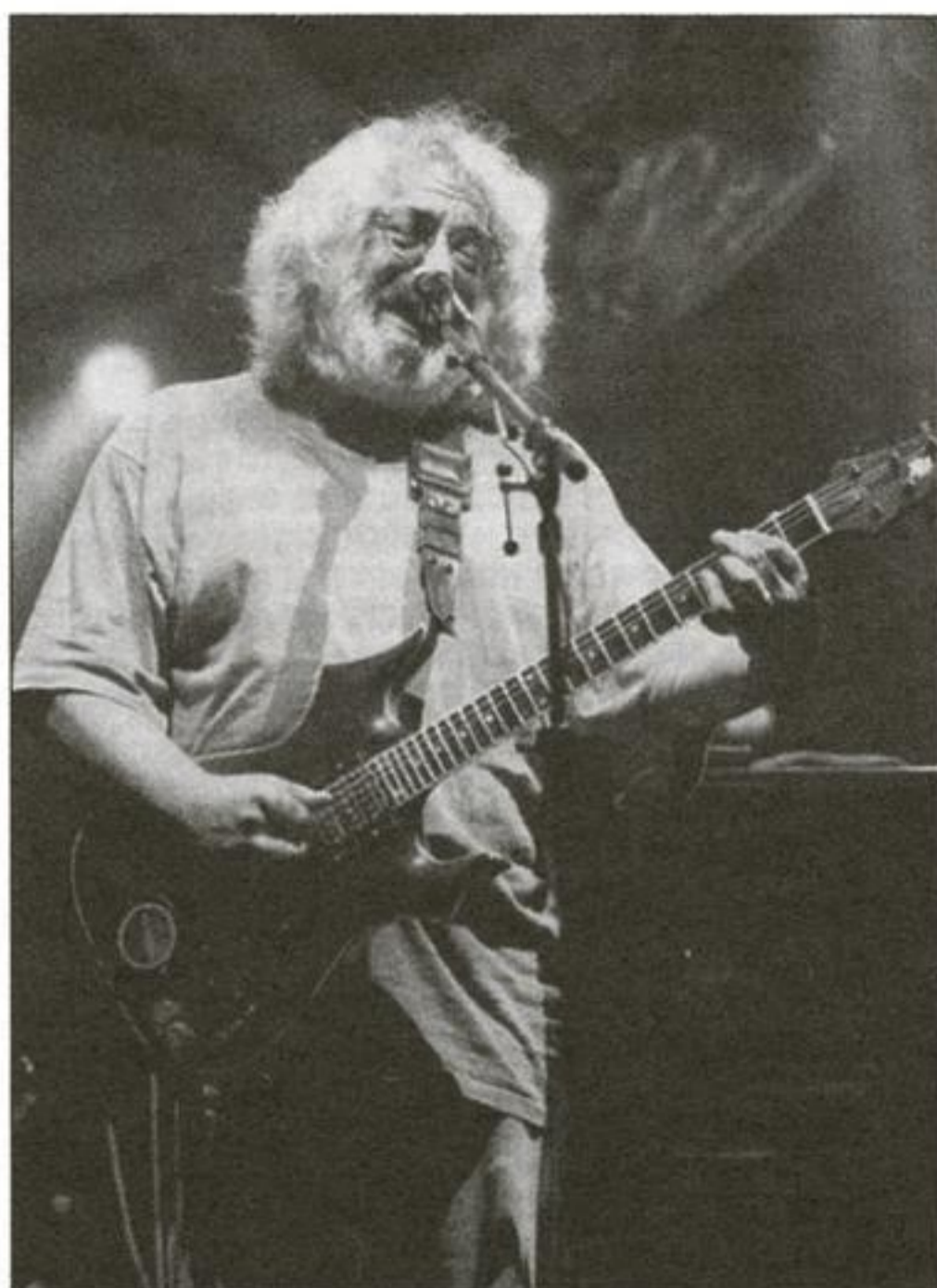
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Greg LaPlaca

3-18-95 *The Spectrum*

you knew about Jerry..." It was then that I knew this was the awful truth.

I walked out of the building and got on my bike. I was numb - just as if my soul had been given a humongous shot of Novocain. My normal bike route home is twenty-three miles. I did shorten it considerably to about twelve miles (it's six by car and main road), because I was just not capable of paying the kind of attention you have to pay to survive on a motorcycle. Everything seemed so unreal. It was like the sunlight and blue sky were artificial. This was suddenly a world without Jerry.

I got home and walked around the house in kind of a daze. It didn't seem quite real to me, even though intellectually I knew it had to be true. Karen was on vacation, so she was home, but she hadn't had the radio or TV on, so she hadn't heard. Though not a Deadhead, Karen understands and supports my commitment, so she was immediately sympathetic. She suggested that I turn on the radio (since I almost never listen to the radio, it had not occurred to me). The local FM station, which had been around since the underground FM days, canceled all other programming to play nothing but Dead (including tapes) and to take calls about Jerry. A part of my mind saw this as crass commercialism, especially since the DJs regularly displayed their vast ignorance of things Dead. But I was also

strangely comforted by this aural backdrop, and it helped to gently break down my denial by regularly repeating the news and adding details as they became available. He'd been in drug rehab... died in his sleep... heart attack...

Friends, even non-Deadheads, called to offer their condolences. Some talked about getting together. I couldn't drive, and said so. Periodically, I would begin to cry so hard that I couldn't see. I couldn't focus on anything. Fortunately, my best friend, Giant, and some others came to my house. They persuaded me to go to a candlelight vigil in Monument Square in Portland. I happened to have just enough black candles for all of us.

We arrived at Monument Square after a quick turnpike run with WBLM giving us sonic support. Lots of folks were standing around in small clumps, talking quietly. Tons of candles were set on the bricks of the square, despite a light breeze. It was warm under the full moon. We burned our candles down, not saying much. Later, we joined another group of people and our conversations meandered, as they will with Deadheads. Talk about Jerry. Some of the people were not Deadheads, but were just drawn by the need to say good-bye to someone who'd been special. I found it hard to talk. I didn't yet have my voice about this. I just shut up and listened to the music. I danced twice when the spirit moved me.

of a conversational tone, walked away, and took care of other business. Several people who saw me during this time said later that I didn't seem too upset. My first internal reaction was to say that it was just a very sick joke, except that these two people were the last people likely to think of any kind of sick joke. Moments later, a completely different person, with no connection to the other two, came up to me and said, "Deana wanted me to be sure

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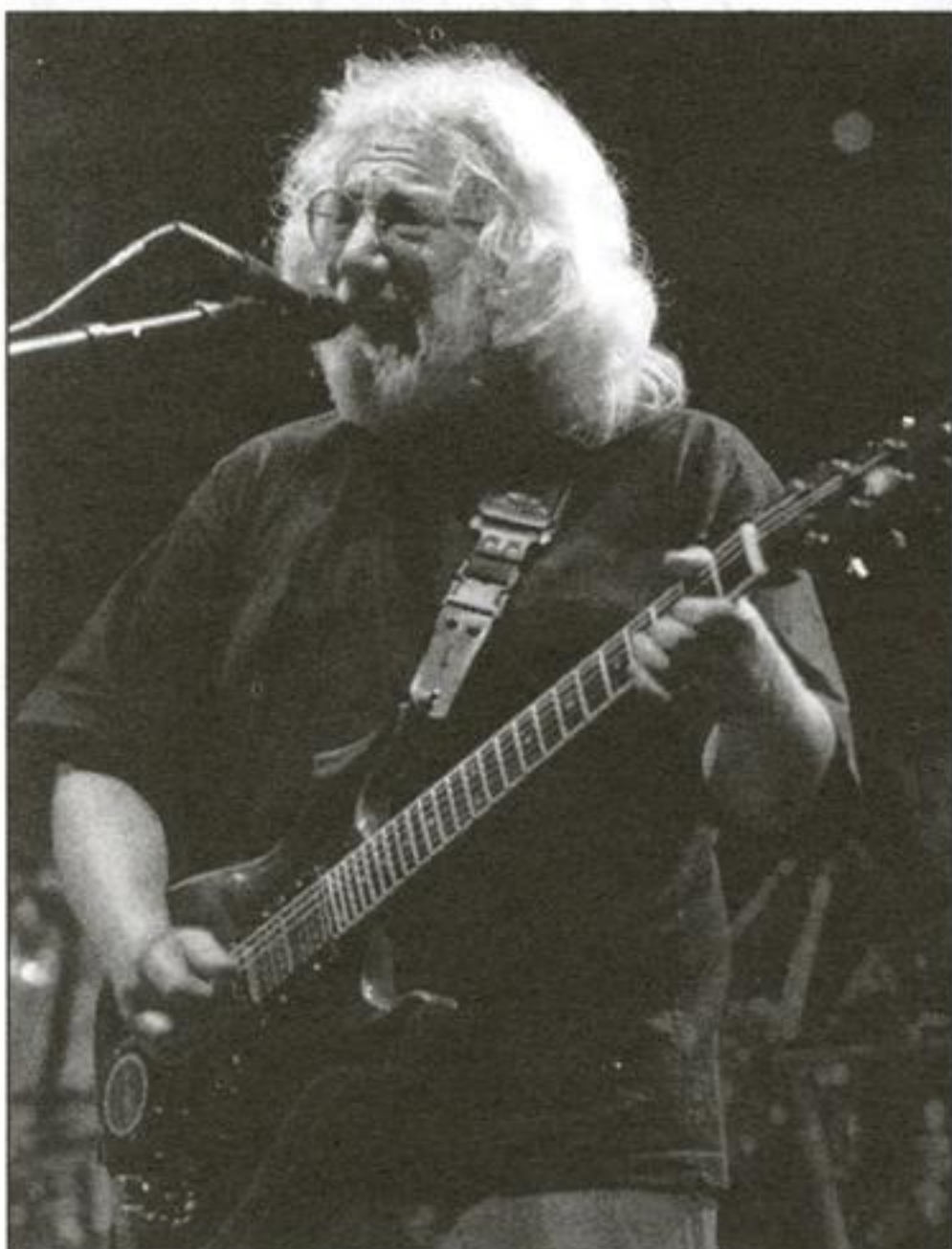


Once I know was *Scarlet*, the other time was either *Eyes* or *Miracle*, I don't remember which. I hope I helped to dance Jerry's soul across the river to Paradise.

The bus has lost a drivin' wheel. Part of the foundation on which I've built my life is gone. All those tapes and photos and moments have become part of a history of something that once was, but doesn't exist any longer. Nothing will ever be the same again.

With Jerry's passing, I lost a brother; a contemporary who did what most of us can only imagine doing; a mentor; a friend. I imagine all of you have a similar riff. Jerry was sometimes my voice when I could not speak, and sometimes he spoke so clearly to me that I wondered how he *knew*... He spoke to me with his voice, in the words of the songs he sang, but he spoke even more eloquently with his guitar. When the Dead were cookin', weaving the intricate tapestry of sound that is a Dead jam, I would dance to Jerry's guitar, out there skipping along on top of the churning mix of percussion, drums, bass, and rhythm. The guitar sang to me of joy and celebration and connection with the universe. Sometimes, as in Jerry's great ballads, his guitar wept with the sorrow of great loss. And whatever else was going on, Jerry was always about transcendence.

Every lyric now has a new twist: "I know you rider, gonna miss me when I'm gone," "When they bring that wagon 'round," "Nothin's gonna bring him back," "Fare you well, fare you well, I love you more than words can tell," "I will walk alone, by the black muddy river, and sing me a song of my own" (Jerry's last song). Even after Brent died, I didn't realize how many of the Dead's songs were about loss and sorrow.



3-24-95 Charlotte

Hunter's elegy for Jerry is enormously moving. "Now that the singer is gone, Where shall I go for the song?" Tears well up when I think of those lines, and I quote them often. Where shall all of us go? What stars shall we set course by?

The Grateful Dead were about music. I was tempted to add, "but they were about so much more," as if to be about music were somehow insignificant. Music is sacred. It's the vehicle by which our souls touch God, the Universe, whatever name you might call it. Every religion uses music in ceremonies for that reason. Music opens the doors for magic and transformation. The Dead's music was, and is, about all of that. Thank God for the tapes and CDs — the thousands and thousands of hours of celebration and joy and sorrow and, ultimately, transcendence. The music brought us together and we learned about community, about respect and

caring, about tolerance for those whose paths diverged from ours. We learned to approach the world with open hearts and open minds, exploring the Universe with love in our hearts and smiles on our faces. We learned to take care of those who were less fortunate than we were, and we learned to trust that we'd be cared for when we were down on our luck. Along the way, we got burned a few times, ripped off here and there, and we learned to just let it go because the magic worked most of the time - enough to keep us coming back for more. We learned that the world is a bigger place than our own back yards; that there is a whole Universe out there. And with that knowledge came responsibility, because we also learned how fragile it all is; how interconnected and interdependent. We learned all this in an atmosphere of joy, celebration, affirmation, and adventure. Dancing all the while, we absorbed the lines, "Wake up to find out that you are the eyes of the world," "Once in a while, you get shown the light/ In the strangest of places if you look at it right," "One man gathers what another man spills," "Such a long long time to be gone and a short time to be there."

Nobody in the band sat down and explained all this to me, and others have different words for what I'm trying to say. I can't tell anyone exactly how I learned what I know. But I know that I can go to

any city in America, and probably in the world, and find a Deadhead who knows exactly what I mean - whose life has been transformed in some similar way by his or her connection to this music, made by these people: The Grateful Dead.

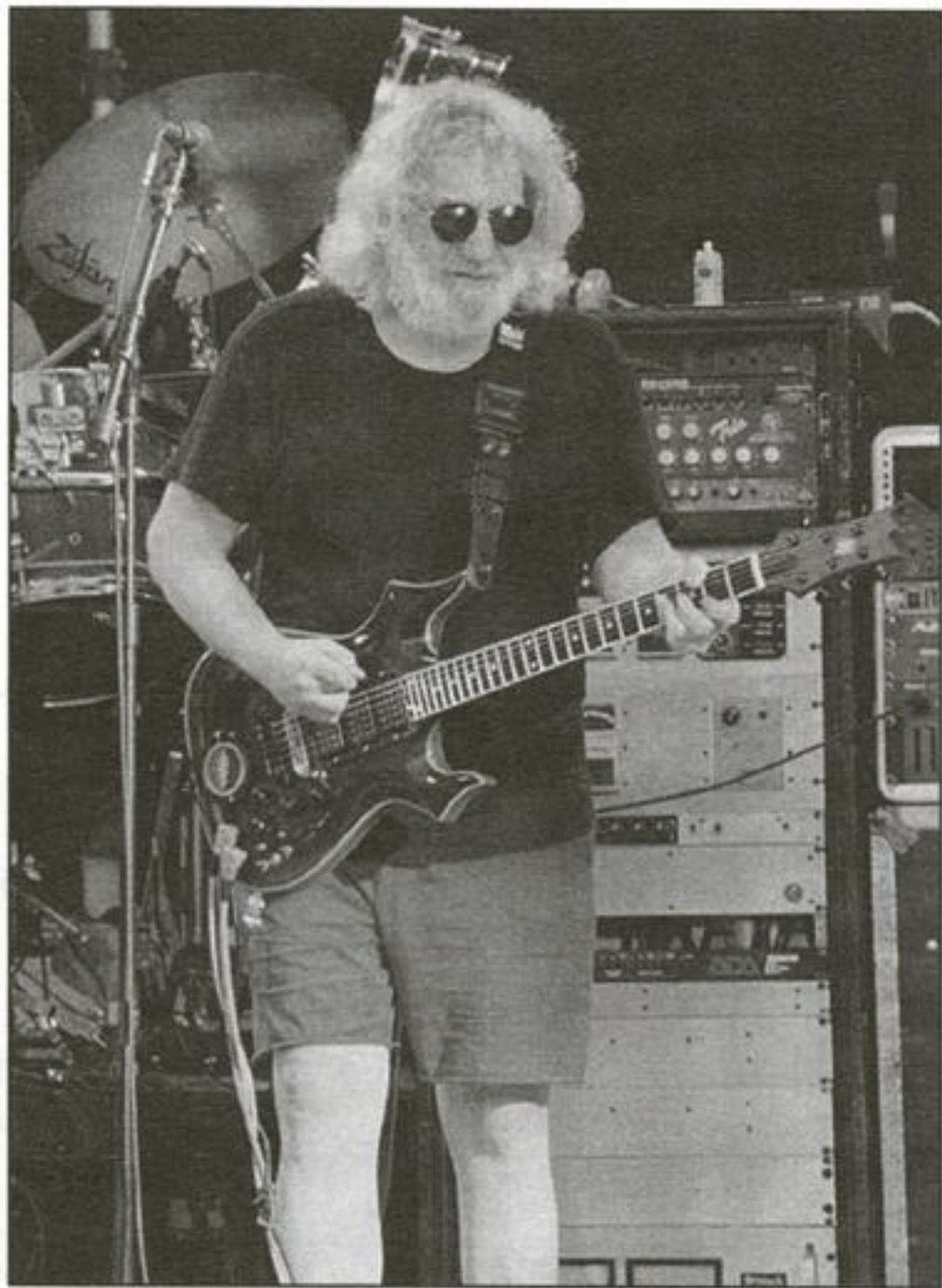
And now what? What next? What will happen to the band without Jerry? "Now that the singer is gone, Where shall I go for the song?" These guys have been playing music together for thirty years now. Should they stop playing together?



10-18-94 Madison Square Garden

There are still enormous well-springs of creativity left in Bobby, Phil, Vince, Mickey, and Billy. I sure don't want to miss out on where they might go next. Still, the thought of "replacing" Jerry is, well, unthinkable.

I'm worried about the Family and the various cottage industries around the Dead which have allowed hundreds (maybe thousands, maybe more) to survive on the fringes of this rigid uncompromising society: the t-shirt folks, the Fatty Egg Roll people, the Grateful Dead stores in nearly every city, the Tourheads who have no other life to fall back on. The Dead have been a daily part of my life forever, it seems. I trade and listen to tapes, share rumor and fantasy with other Deadheads, try to open the minds of those who might get on the bus, wave at other sticker-loaded cars, collect Dead stories from newspapers, and on and on. And by comparison with the folks I just described, I barely skim the surface of the Dead life. What will become of them? Our community has relied on the periodic tour schedule for opportunities to come together in celebration and communion. How can we keep the spirit alive? What will bring us together in that way, for those purposes? The straight world's tolerance of our gathering has been based largely on their ability to make money from us in big chunks, beginning with the promoter's arrangements for the use of the venue and



Allen Sklar

9-18-94 Shoreline Amphitheatre

else happens, we Deadheads need to stick together. What we have, this community, these transformational, transcendent values, are too important to let die with Jerry. I don't know where we go from here, or how, but I do, ultimately, believe this: We must get by, we must survive, because what we've built is far too important and valuable to let slip away.

Jerry enriched my life beyond my wildest expectations. I've never been to a bad show, and I've never come away from a show disappointed. Sometimes I only rode the Ferris wheel, and sometimes I went for a UFO ride, but I always got more than I expected. And through the Dead, I've connected with you, and you've enriched my life as well. Life may be sweeter for this, I don't know. See how it feels in the end.

Not Fade Away,
Wigleymon

8/9/95

Dear *Unbroken Chain*,

I realize that after this day you will be flooded with mail from bleeding fans, but I just felt the need to write a letter. It may help my feelings out a little. Myself, being 14 and living in Oklahoma City, I have not had an opportunity to see a show, which would mean the world to me. Now, with Jerry gone, I hope the remainder of

the band will continue to play. This is all just too weird for me.

My friend and I have been discussing for so long about the chance to go on tour with the Dead, and the thought of it would excite me so much it would make my legs tingle. I pray that the remainder of the band can stick together without Capt. Trips.

I also hope that you keep up with your magazine. Although I have only read one issue, I loved it and read every last word. Let's keep the family and spirit alive. We will survive.

Elizabeth Lisle
Oklahoma City, OK

To Everybody Who Loves the Dead & Jerry,

I find myself sitting here, the reality of it setting in, my thoughts are racing... but how do I express them? Before August 9, I had feared that the shows might be over because of what can be best described as "negative energy" Deadheads. But I was not fearing *this*. Well, it might have been in the back of my mind, as well as every other Head - Oh God, what can you say? Nothing can prepare you for the end of the most beautiful American institution of this century, the Grateful Dead. Nothing can prepare you for the loss of an amazing tapestry in the form of human life: our brother Jerry.

continuing down to the local guy who rents his backyard to campers.

I don't have any answers to anything yet. Nothing to propose (except, maybe it's time to start all over again with the Acid Tests and see what mutates out of that strange brew a second time), only questions. It's all too new. And I'm still mourning.

Whatever the band does, whatever

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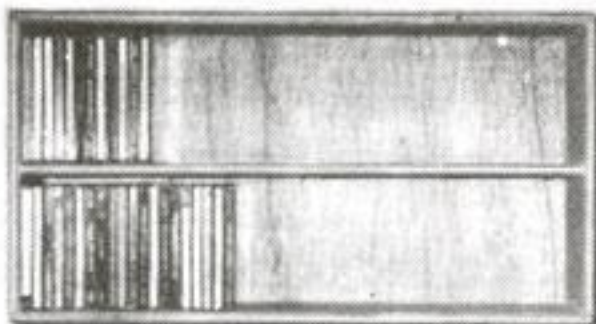
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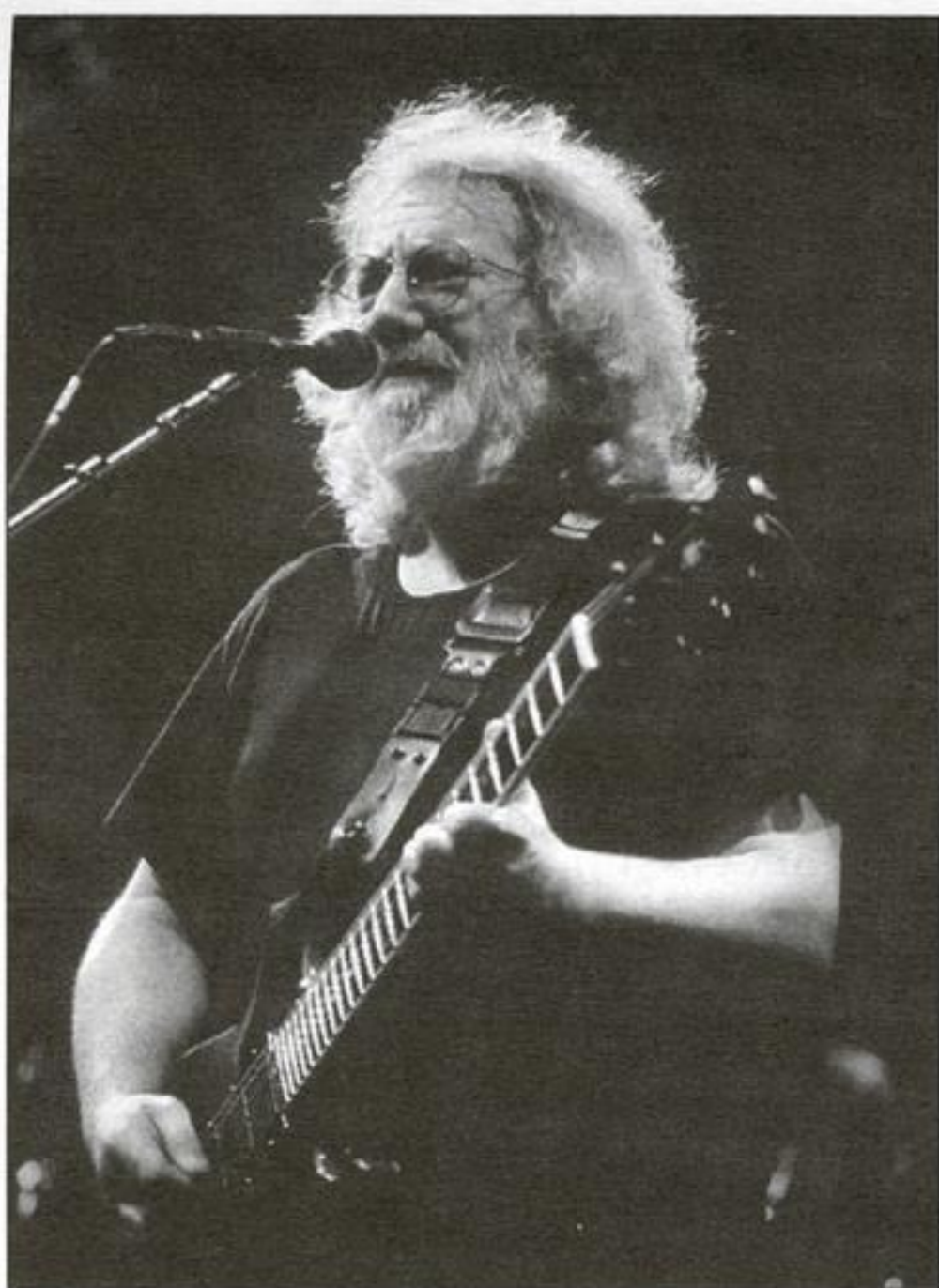
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Joe Ryan

10-1-94 Boston Garden

Here is a portrait of a man who devoted all of his adult life to showering love, happiness, magic and music over countless gatherings of humanity.

It feels like one of the most wonderful rainbows in our lives has disintegrated into the air. For thirty years, these gurus called the Grateful Dead have inspired us all. They have laid down the signature music that has brought the hippies and other peacemakers of the earth together. The sheer delight and uninhibited fun that precedes, happens during, and takes place after every Dead concert can never be reproduced. There is nothing like a Grateful Dead concert. Amen.

Well, what happens now? Only time will tell. The idea of never being blissed out at a Dead or Jerry show is becoming an utter reality. It is the worst feeling. Living in a world of urban sprawl everyday, I often feel that going to a Dead show is the only break from the smog and pavement. But there are beautiful experiences still left. And whether it is in nature or a musical gathering of some sort, we will find ways to feel alive and surrounded by peace. Well, this is a reminder to myself and all of you: There is beauty out there, in the strangest of places if you look at it right.

Lay down my dear brother, lay down and take your rest...
Peace, Love & the Grateful Dead,
Stephanie Christopher
Covina, CA

Dear folks at UC,

I'm sure you've been flooded with letters expressing the pain and sense of loss that we, the tie-dyed masses, feel as a result of the loss of our beloved Jerry. But I'm really hoping that you can find room to print this one, because what I

have to say is for all my brothers and sisters - from the road-weary tour vets to those who just got on the bus - to hear.

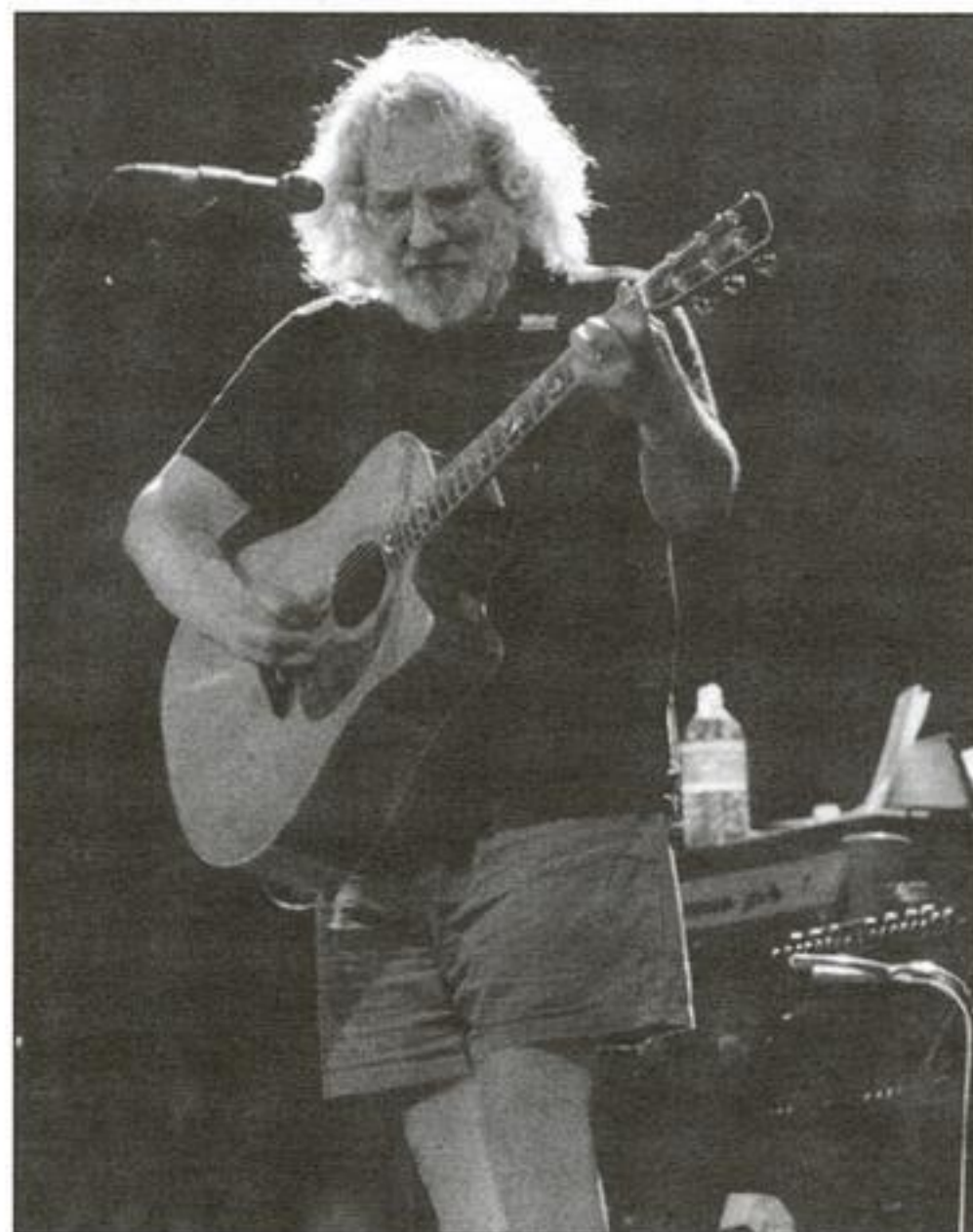
It goes without saying that we love him and all he gave us, but the story Jerry began and the beauty he showed us is far from over. Sure, we all know what he did, but did you ever stop to consider just what it is that he made possible? More than an artist, he was a catalyst, for he enabled us to be who and what we are.

For thirty years, we have traveled everywhere and gathered together to celebrate the joy in life that most of us wouldn't have discovered otherwise, and for this, we are truly Grateful. Throughout this long, strange trip, we've met friends, lovers, soul mates - things dearer than all the money in the world - and a fitting tribute to the man who is our inspiration.

The point of all this is that it would be a genuine sin to let it all fade away just because Jerry's trip has taken him elsewhere. Jerry may be gone, but we will always be Deadheads, right? So let's act like it. Make the effort to stay in touch with old friends, and make new ones too. Let your light shine when- and wherever you can. Be the kind, beautiful people Jerry would be proud of. This brand of love is a gift. Please, please, PLEASE don't forget.

And if we must grieve (and we will), let it not be just for ourselves alone, but for those who have never been touched by the magic that happened every time the lights went down. These people never knew the jubilation and the rightness that being a part of our family brings. We are fortunate; not everyone was.

I close by saying thank you to the band, the families that put up with thirty years of weirdness, and the people behind the scenes, without whom none of this would have been possible. And most of all, thanks to Jerry, an all-too-mortal



Allen Sklar

9-24-94 Berkeley Community Theater

An Elegy for Jerry

*Jerry, my friend,
you've done it again,
even in your silence
the familiar pressure
comes to bear, demanding
I pull words from the air
with only this morning
and part of the afternoon
to compose an ode worthy
of one so particular
about every turn of phrase,
demanding it hit home
in a thousand ways
before making it his own,
and this I can't do alone.
Now that the singer is gone,
where shall I go for the song?*

*Without your melody and taste
to lend an attitude of grace
a lyric is an orphan thing,
a hive with neither honey's taste
nor power to truly sting.*

*What choice have I but to dare and
call your muse who thought to rest
out of the thin blue air,
that out of the field of shared time,
a line or two might chance to shine—*

*As ever when we called,
in hope if not in words,
the muse descends.*

*How should she desert us now?
Scars of battle on her brow,
bedraggled feathers on her wings,
and yet she sings, she sings!*

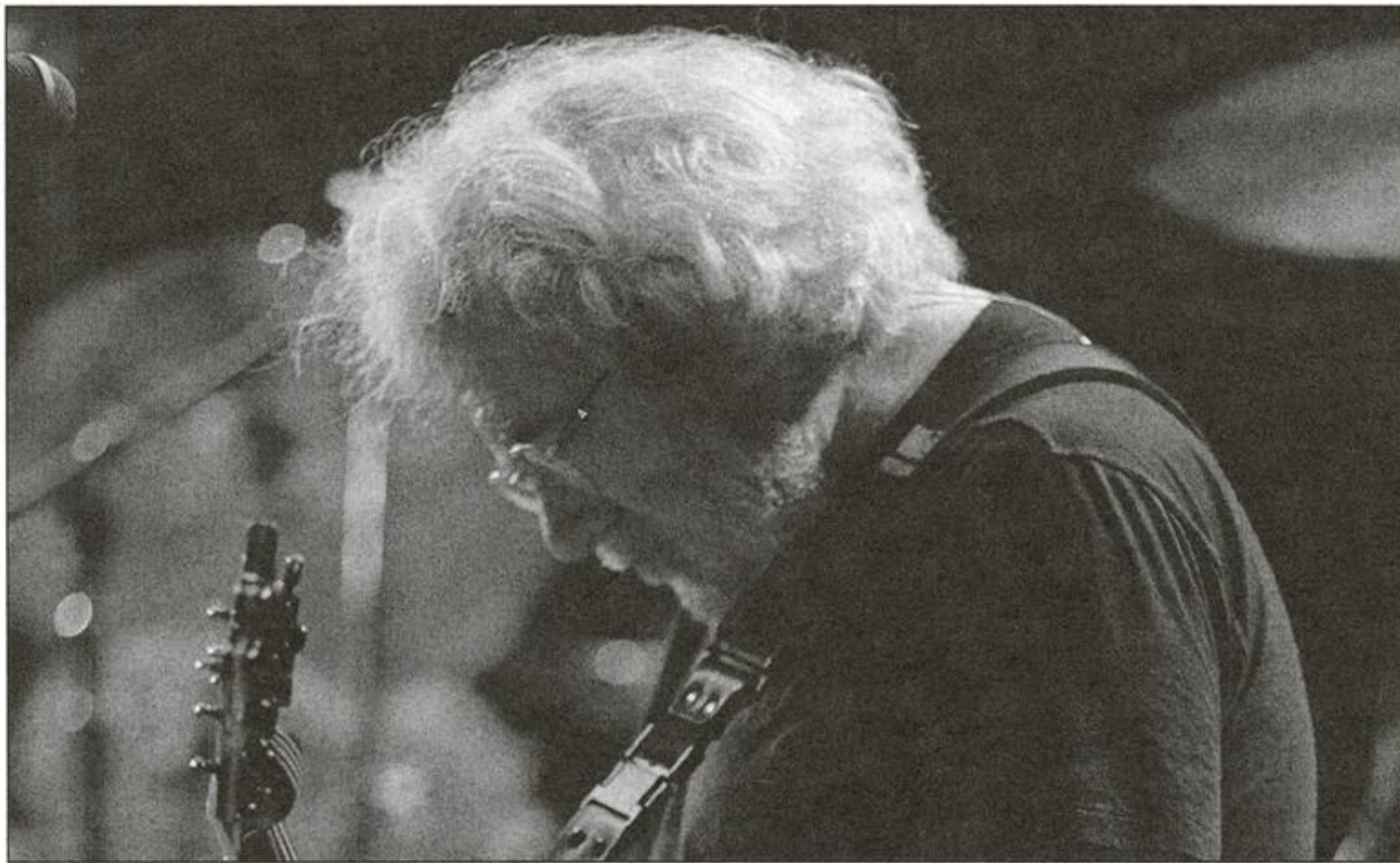
*May she bear thee to thy rest,
the ancient bower of flowers
beyond the solitude of days,
the tyranny of hours—
the wreath of shining laurel lie
upon your shaggy head,
bestowing power to play the lyre
to legions of the dead.*

*If some part of that music
is heard in deepest dream,
or on some breeze of Summer
a snatch of golden theme,
we'll know you live inside us
with love that never parts
our good old Jack O'Diamonds
become the King of Hearts.*

*I feel your silent laughter
at sentiments so bold
that dare to step across the line
to tell what must be told,
so I'll just say I love you
which I never said before
and let it go at that old friend,
the rest you may ignore.*

Robert Hunter 8/11/95

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Allen Sklar

12-16-94 L.A. Sports Arena

man who gave us a lot, how much we'll never know, and did it with a kind of style and humor that will never be matched. Hey, we miss ya man. God bless.
Gratefully yours,
Marc E. Hopkins

Broken Chain people,

What about fat Jerry? The Grateful Dead are one of my solar systems and old Jer' was my sun. "One way or another, this darkness got to give." And I'm sure that it will. However, the painful truth is that one more junkie is dead and buried. How sad. He was my favorite junkie. I guess all the 'underwear people' and the pitiful pimply-faced pubescent white rastafarian *In The Dark* Heads will have to get jobs, or at very least, an education. The '60s are officially over.

I hope you don't print endless banter from all those who will claim to know what the Grateful Dead should do now. If all those folks know so much, then why have I never paid \$\$\$ to see them live on stage? I, for one, have trusted the Grateful Dead for twenty-eight years and I trust them now. What they do is none of my business. It is theirs.

Too much has been said already by too many.

Jeffrey Knudsen
Homosassa Springs, FL

Dear UC,

Though Jerry's death was a tragic event for all of us who hold our special community so dear, I hope you guys will continue to publish your stellar magazine. Through your publication, I have met wonderful people and have kept up with the Dead, even through the three years I was stationed in Hawaii with the Army and was unable to make it to shows. Luckily, I left the Army this past spring and was able to catch nine shows across

the country this summer, culminating in two super shows in Auburn Hills.

I'm sure that many readers would agree that your magazine will become more important now instead of less important. It is a glue that will help hold this community together. I hope you will consider covering more Dead-style bands and Dead members' solo endeavors.

Thanks for all the super coverage in the past. I look forward to the same quality coverage, with a new direction, in the future.

Peace,
Jason P. Johnson

Dear *Unbroken Chain*,

After reading the reviews of the summer tour in the latest UC, it is obvious to me that things have changed since I stopped seeing the Dead. My last show was June 20, 1988, two days before I was arrested by DEA agents and federal marshals, but that's another story.

I have to admit it, I used to vend. I would go to shows with no ticket, and even snuck into a few shows. But I never rushed a gate, fence, or door. Back in '83, someone kicked a door open (from inside) and about 75 people ran in. I think it was at Boise (yes, they played Boise!). This girl I barely knew - she was just another parking lot drifter - was knocked down, and either broke or sprained her wrist, got bruised a bit, and was emotionally distraught. The message wasn't lost on me. If you are willing to risk the safety of your fellow man (or woman) for your own gratification, you have somehow missed the point of the Deadhead scene. I've listened to quite a few shows from the parking lot, and even if it is cliché, I always tried to project how grateful I was to be allowed to stay in the parking lot, or to be a guest in a motel, or a customer at a restaurant. So I always tried to not be confrontational,

whether it was a policeman, waitress, or bell captain.

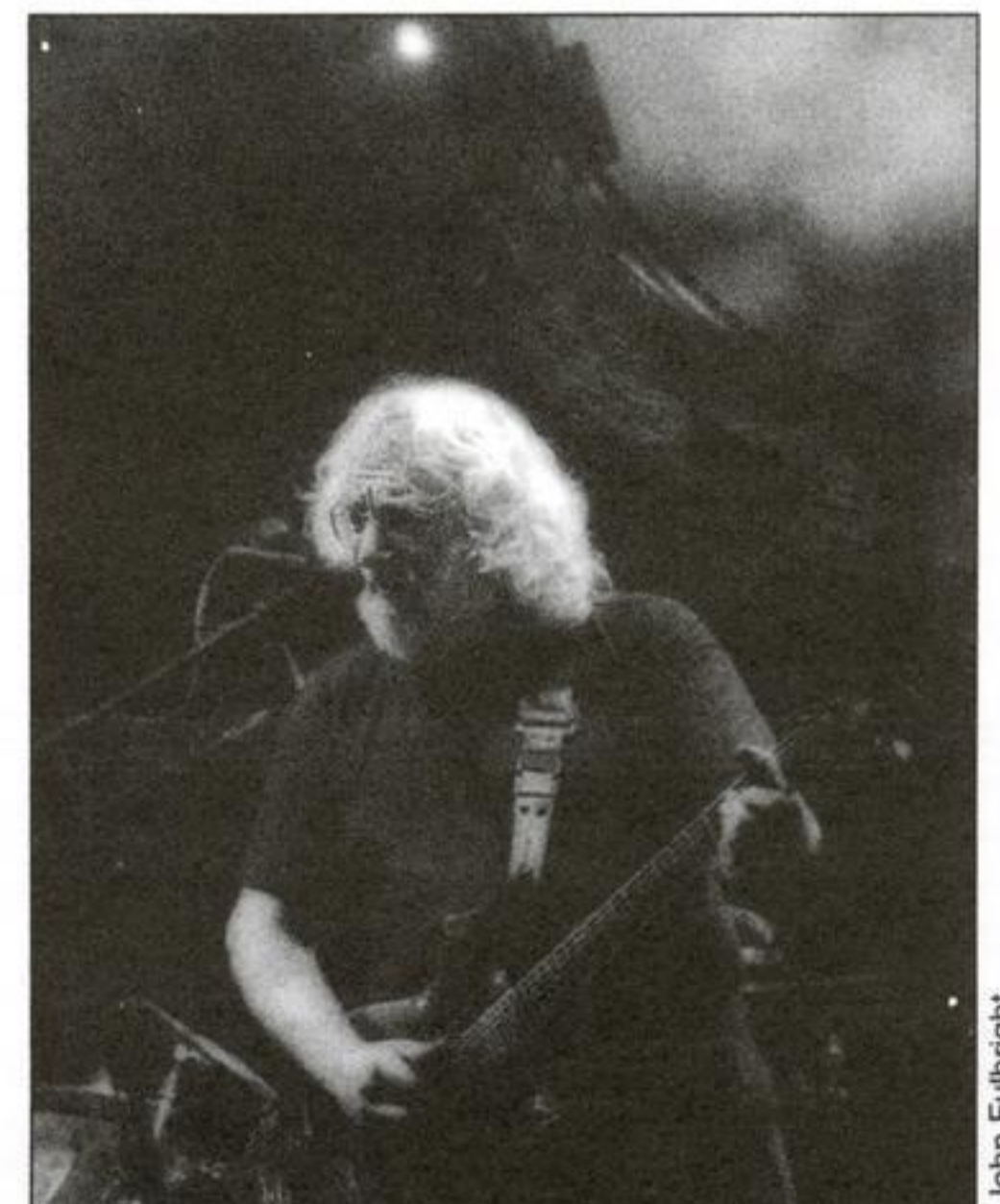
Now, with respect to Torrey Peacock, whose letter appeared in UC 53, and who happens to be an old friend of mine (Hey, Torrey): I think there is a difference between the hippies of the '60s who rebelled against the social norm but created a peaceful alternative and those who are now so bent on destruction that they tear down the solution. Anarchy is not about chaos and destruction. Anarchy is about self-regulation without authority. The Deadhead scene is one of history's most successful anarchic experiments. Now, the barbarians are obviously at the gates.

I wish I knew the answer. The shows were always about creativity, sharing, and compassion in beautiful rainbow colors. Perhaps all we can do is to give love to those who don't have the spark of creativity inside. Maybe the point is moot now. Sometimes the army ants drag down the elephant.

Forever grateful,
Stanley Marshall

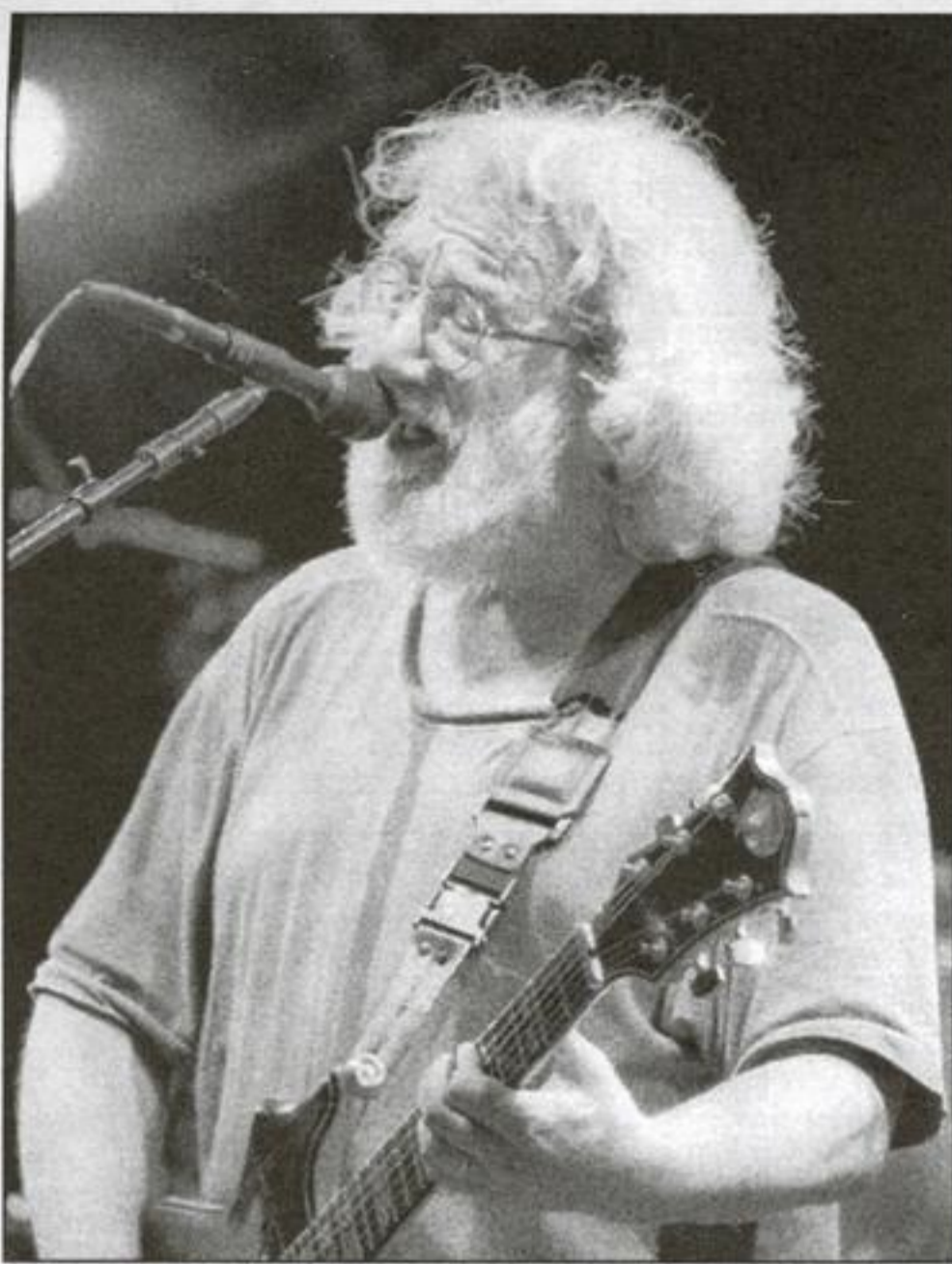
Hey Dave!

I am submitting a poem that I hope you will consider for publication in the memorial issue. This letter comes to you from the La Rue County Jail where yesterday the esteemed [sic] honorable [sic-sic] Judge Raikes took it upon himself to consecutively stack three six-month sentences for (1) possession of marijuana [to wit: less than three grams], (2) possession of drug paraphernalia [to wit: a pack of Top rolling papers and a tiny clip], and (3) driving on a suspended license. I was sentenced to one year in the county jail, the maximum (thank God) allowed for misdemeanor violations. The judge (and I use that term loosely) stated that my personal belief that marijuana should be legalized



John Fulbright

4-2-95 Memphis



Greg LaPlaca

6-19-95 Giants Stadium

was a major factor in his determination (oops, excuse me for being an *evolved* human!). During closing arguments, the judge allowed the prosecution to infer that whatever sentences they gave would run concurrently (he asked for the maximum twelve months on each). So, there is no doubt that the jury thought I would receive no more than six months (a steep sentence to begin with). Thank heaven that the same jury acquitted me of a felony charge for driving under the influence of a controlled substance or I would be writing you from the penitentiary with a five-year sentence.

In the two years and seven odd months since my arrest (pulled over for Grateful Dead stickers on the rear window and bumper of my Dodge pickup), I never asked for a continuance. I filed a motion for suppression of the evidence on due process grounds (no probable cause) and had three hearings at which the police officer never appeared. The good judge continued the hearings and then notified me by mail that he was denying the motion solely based on the grand jury testimony, the most damning part of which was recanted at the trial. No matter, because this judge was obviously after justice [sic]; more like just-us!

My trial bond for the felony and all the misdemeanors was \$1,000 cash. The inquisitor, oooops, I mean judge, set my appeal bond on the misdemeanors (remember, I was acquitted of that) at \$100,000 full cash, ensuring that I will remain in jail while my appeal is processed and reviewed.

I guess the judge took personal offense to my answer, when I was asked by an overly-zealous prosecutor during the trial, whether I thought pot should be legalized. I responded that if all the distilleries (I was in the heart of whiskey coun-

try) were shut down and people started producing hemp instead of hard liquor, the land values would double (if not triple) and a lot of people would live longer and be healthier. Oh my! I was under oath, for heaven's sake!

Anyhow, the point I wish to make to my brothers and sisters, nieces and nephews, and anyone else within earshot is: In this day and age, taking in consideration the shift in government's attitude of allowing law enforcement a much wider latitude of violating an individual's constitutional rights, BEWARE of decorating your vehicle with stickers. If you must (for the principle of the matter), I beseech you to consider the static decals which can be applied or peeled off whenever. For sure, take them off when traveling through La Rue County, Kentucky.

If anyone would care to correspond, my address is:

Patrick T. Cannon
c/o LaRue County Jail
110 West High Street
Hodgenville, KY 42748

May all your days be kind,
Terry

P.S. Pictures are cool.

skippin' stones

i long to walk
along the path
that cuts through the woods
to reach Dead Creek
thoughtfully wandering
by the dirt
softly stepping...
barefoot feet

a symbolism
of the simpler life
when button-pushing
never was
and art
was whittling
with a knife

oh, take me back
i long to live
with all the joys
of being free

society is
going to ruin
and when i leave
i'll go
without its burden
on my back

-Patrick Terence Cannon

Ed. - Terry Cannon a.k.a. Uncle Country has been a friend and frequent contributor to Unbroken Chain. If you have time, please drop him a note.



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A long long time to be gone

by Dave Serrins

Certain events are so significant that we will forever remember hearing the news for the first time. I had just returned from my morning bike ride to the post office and was answering UC's mail when the phone rang. It was Tim Ashbridge, long-time UC staffer and photographer, calling to say that one teletype machine at his office had just printed, "Grateful Dead's Jerry Garcia Dead At 53." He said that it could possibly be a hoax if it only appeared on one machine, but these things were rarely, if ever, hoaxes. He said he would call me immediately if anything else came across the wire. He called back almost immediately to say that all the teletype machines in his office were reporting that Jerry Garcia had indeed died.

Within minutes and for the next day, the phone at UC did not stop ringing for more than five minutes at a time. It was a very hectic and weird moment, to suddenly be thrust into the spotlight, with reporters and national media calling to get quotes, sound bites, telephone numbers of band members (which I do not have), or whatever. The reality of Jerry's death didn't hit me until two days later, when the phone stopped ringing and I finally had time to think. After Jerry's illnesses over the years - diabetes, exhaustion, heart disease - it wasn't surprising, just shocking and VERY real.

Jerry Garcia was found dead at 4:23 a.m. on Wednesday, August 9 by a staffer at Serenity Knolls, a drug and alcohol treatment center in Forest Knolls, California, twenty miles north of San Francisco. He died in his sleep. The staffer attempted CPR, but failed. Garcia was trying to kick a long-term heroin habit when he checked into the Serenity Knolls center.

In July, Garcia spent two weeks at the Betty Ford Center in Rancho Mirage (near Palm Springs), California. He detoxed at the Ford Center, but supposedly checked out so he could spend August 1, his 53rd birthday, with family and friends. He then checked into Serenity Knolls, a small private clinic, to continue his post-detox treatment.

When the news of Jerry's death spread, many Deadheads took the rest of the day off work to go home, call friends, and be with their families. Radio stations in every city, including those that had never played a Grateful Dead song other than *Touch of Grey* or *Truckin'*, played Grateful Dead and Jerry Garcia Band tunes all day in tribute.

Fans created makeshift shrines at the Ben & Jerry's store at the corner of Haight and Ashbury streets and nearly every shop, boutique, and record store in the neighborhood.



San Francisco Mayor Frank Jordan ordered all flags in the city to fly at half-mast and a tie-dyed flag flew over City Hall in Jerry's honor.

Network news programs did a largely respectable job reporting on Garcia's death, life and work, calling him a "cultural icon." Their ability to craft well-produced segments in only a few hours was impressive. In an attempt to describe Garcia's importance in our culture, they mentioned that doctors, lawyers, teachers, senators, congressmen, governors, and even the Vice President of the United States are fans of the Grateful Dead. They said his music has touched two generations of Americans. Of course, they talked

about the anomaly of Deadheads more than Garcia himself.

Ted Koppel's *Nightline* hosted a discussion with David Crosby, a pop music critic from the *New York Times*, and Senator Patrick Leahy of Vermont, an admitted fan of the Dead. Koppel was admittedly lost in the discussion of Garcia and the Dead, but he did a respectable job nonetheless. Koppel was to have an exclusive on-air interview with Bob Weir at the conclusion of his show with RAT-DOG in New Hampshire, but Weir played later than ABC had anticipated and was unable to appear on the program.

Most Deadheads who saw the *Nightline* broadcast watched on videotape because vigils and gatherings sprang up in parks and bars in nearly every city in the nation.

Fans gathered in Strawberry Fields in New York's Central Park, the Polo Field in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park, Griffith Park in Los Angeles, Lee Park in Dallas, Pease Park in Austin, and hundreds of other places to mourn, grieve, light candles, support one another, and above all, remember Jerry.

A private funeral was held Friday afternoon, August 11 in St. Stephen's Episcopal Church in the Marin County town of Belvedere. The decision to hold the service at St. Stephen's had nothing to do with the name, said Dead publicist Dennis McNally. The casket was open and Garcia was clad in his signature black T-shirt and black sweat pants.

Bob Dylan, David Grisman, Ken Kesey, Bruce Hornsby, Robert Hunter, basketball great Bill Walton, and all surviving Grateful Dead members were among the 250 mourners. Kesey and Hunter spoke at the ninety-minute service. As the service closed, the Rev. Matthew Fox, who conducted Garcia's wedding on Valentine's Day in 1994, asked the audience to give Garcia one last standing ovation. McNally said the roar could be heard outside.

On Saturday afternoon, August 12, the City of San Francisco, Bill Graham Presents, and the Grateful Dead jointly announced a gathering in the memory of

5-17-77 Tuscaloosa Photo: Richard Crichton

Jerry Garcia to be held from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m., August 13, at the Polo Field in Golden Gate Park.

The press release, which was simultaneously posted on the Internet, stated that there would be no specific ceremony, no live music, and no appearances or performance by the Grateful Dead or any other musicians. Instead, a large altar would be erected at the Polo Field and fans were invited to leave a poem, light a candle, or say a prayer to Garcia's memory. Cameron Sears, manager for the Dead said, "...it is our wish that all Deadheads have an equal opportunity to share their grief and experience the mourning process together."

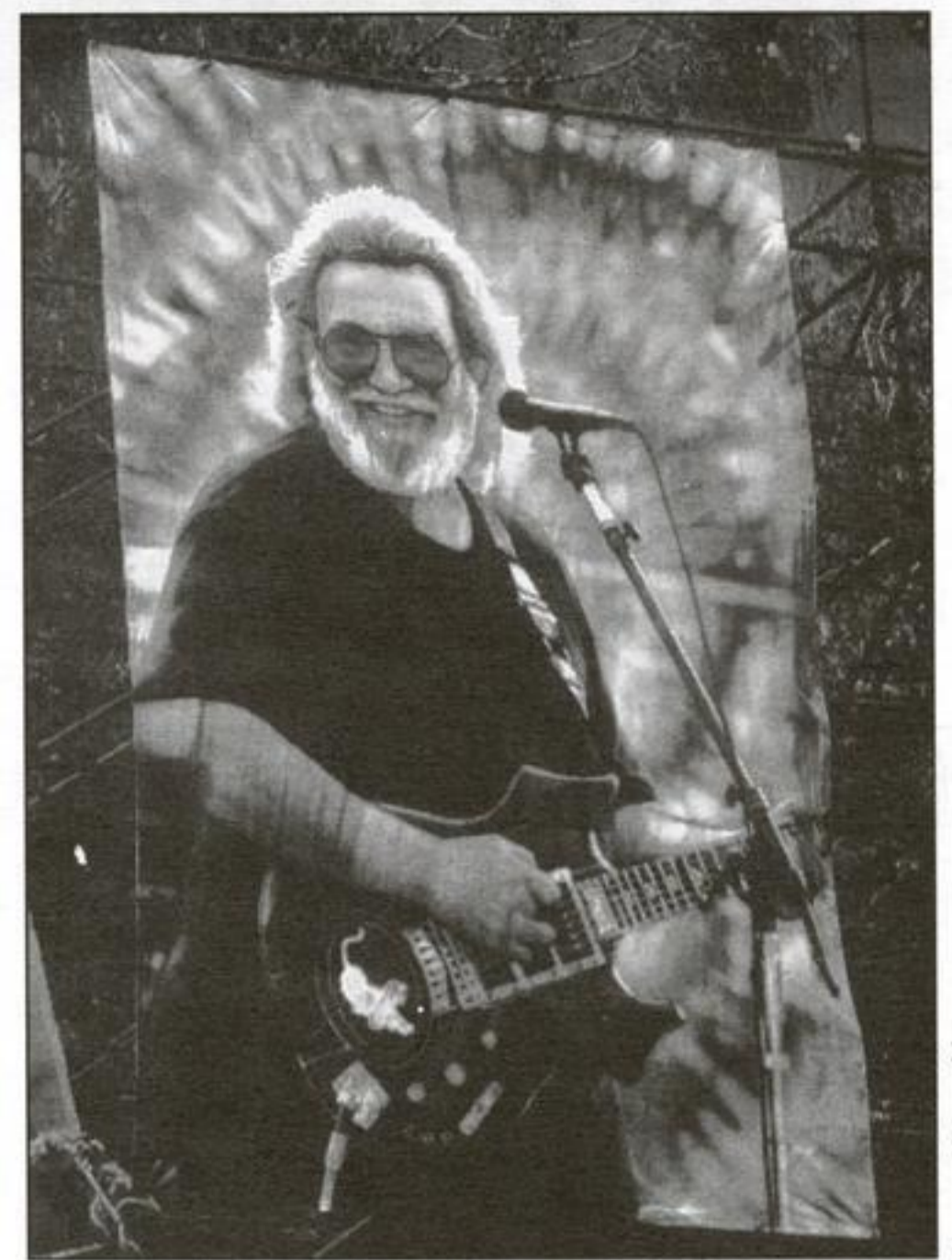
The press release went on to say that Golden Gate Park would be closed overnight, overnight parking and camping would be prohibited, and walking, biking, or using public transportation was suggested. The press release closed with, "We all loved him. Tomorrow will be yet another opportunity for Deadheads in general and we of the City of San Francisco in particular to show our respect and reverence for Jerry Garcia's memory. San Franciscans know how to do things right. We look forward to showing the nation and the world a joyful and peaceful gathering that honors Jerry and us all."

Sunday proved to be a gorgeous, sunny day for a memorial to Jerry Garcia.

The focal point of the site was a shrine for Jerry, above which stood a small stage with a podium back-dropped by a huge airbrushed tapestry of Jerry smiling and playing guitar. Offerings from the crowd were meticulously added to the shrine throughout the day. The offerings included a large baked lightning bolt, cigarette lighters, photos, candles, books, flowers, poems, notes, skulls, t-shirts, tie-dyes, and a variety of other items.

With an estimated 20,000 in attendance, the memorial began with a compilation of music selected by *Grateful Dead Hour* producer David Gans and Grateful Dead vault archivist Dick Latvala: Mississippi Half Step (*Wake of the Flood*), Dark Star (4/27/69), Sugaree (*Garcia*), Dark Star > Spanish Jam (2/11/70), Dire Wolf (*Reckoning*), Lovelight (2/28/69), Days Between (Spring tour 1994 composite), St. Stephen (unknown 1968), Terrapin (9/3/77), Doin' That Rag (3/2/69), Mason's Children (12/28/69), I've Been All Around This World (*Bear's Choice*), Good Lovin' (4/10/71), and Jam [in Dark Star] (9/19/70).

The parade that followed featured drummers in a New Orleans-style funeral procession, Chinese dragons, and a Dixieland band playing on a flatbed truck. Baba Olatunji led the drum procession, followed by Mickey Hart, Phil Lesh, Bob Weir, Bill Kreutzmann, and Vince




James Dean Young

Golden Gate Park Memorial

Welnick, along with Paul Kantner, and Zakir Hussein, among others. The procession concluded at the podium for approximately twenty-five minutes worth of speeches, even though the previous day's press release stated that there would be "no live music and no appearances or performance by the Grateful Dead or any other musicians."

Olatunji spoke first, giving an African



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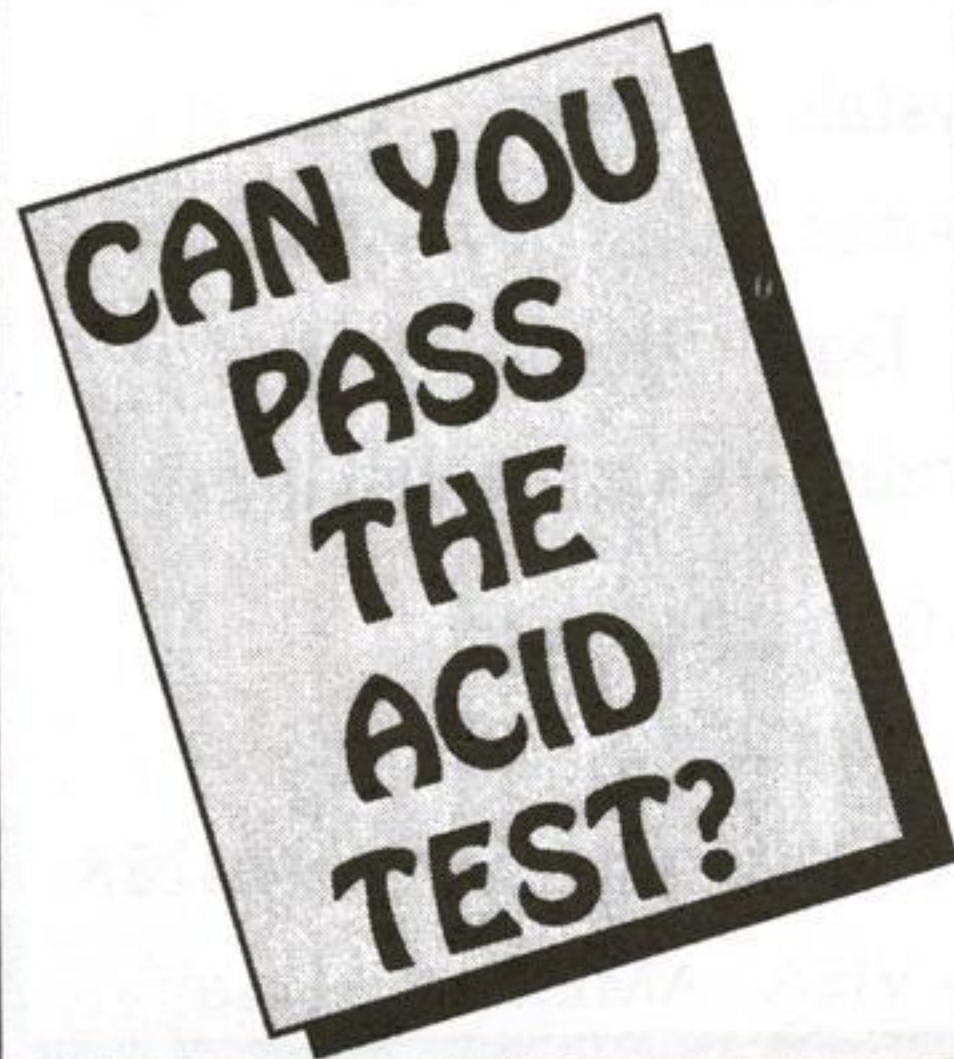
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Golden Gate Park Memorial

invocation that included a chant and repeating response from the crowd. He closed his part with, "We are celebrating ourselves. We are celebrating the great spirit of our brother and our friend. Yes, please remember that he has played his role, his part. The rest is left to you and I. Remember his contribution to make our lives much richer, happier, and beautiful."

Olatunji introduced Deborah Koons Garcia, Jerry's widow, who said, "...I want everyone to know that he died in his sleep with a smile on his face. He was working hard to purify himself and we thought it was gonna be for a good long life, but it was for another journey. But he loved his life, he loved all of you. And what I learned from Jerry was to open my heart and live fully in the moment."

Wavy Gravy said, "Two words I got from Charles Schulz and *Peanuts*: Good Grief! We are havin' some good grief today," which was met by applause and howling laughter from the crowd. He then recited Robert Hunter's *An Elegy for Jerry* that Hunter had read at the funeral. By the end of the reading, he was emotionally affected and his voice creaked, but he persevered and added his own haiku,

The fat man rocks out
Hinges fall off Heaven's door
"Come on in," says Bill

Bob Weir, whose voice was so filled with sorrow that he was often difficult to understand, said, "I want to ask you all to join me, not just now, but daily. Take your heart, take your faith, and reflect back some of the joy that he gave you. He filled this world full of clouds of joy. Just take a little bit of that and reflect it back up to him, or wherever he is, just shine it back to him."

Longtime road crew member and Garcia's equipment technician Steve

Parish thanked the crowd and Deadheads in general saying, "I wanna tell you we did it because we loved you, too, all of you. You were great. You're the best people there are."

Mickey Hart invited the crowd to take the power, insight, and wisdom that the Grateful Dead had released over the years and use it in their everyday lives.

Phil Lesh, audibly choked-up, said, "Jerry was a friend of mine. He was my brother. He was a wounded warrior. And now he's done with becoming. Now he is being. Jerry, God bless you. Go with God. I love you. And he loved you, too. And we love you. Keep it coming."

Bill Kreutzmann spoke briefly of the experience of playing in the Grateful



James Dean Young

Jerry marionette at Golden Gate Park

*Your joy is your sorrow unmasked.
And the selfsame well from which your laughter rises was
oftentimes filled with your tears.*

And how else can it be?

*The deeper that sorrow carves into your being,
the more joy you can contain.*

*Is not the cup that holds your wine the very cup that
was burned in the potter's oven?*

*And is not the lute that soothes your spirit,
the very wood that was hollowed with knives?
When you are joyous, look deep into your heart
and you shall find it is only that which has given
you sorrow that is giving you joy.*

*When you are sorrowful look in your heart,
and you shall see that in truth you are weeping
for that which has been your delight.*

*Some of you say, "Joy is greater than sorrow,"
and others say, "Nay, sorrow is the greater."*

But they are inseparable.

*Together they come, and when one sits alone
with you at your board, remember that the other is
asleep upon your bed.*

*Verily you are suspended like scales
between your sorrow and your joy.*

*Only when you are empty are
you at standstill and balanced.*

*When the treasure-keeper lifts you
to weigh his gold and his silver needs,
must your joy or your sorrow rise or fall.*

-Kahlil Gibran -



Thanks for the joy and the sorrow.

We'll miss you Jerry.



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Dead and thanked the crowd. Jefferson Airplane and Starship singer Paul Kantner recited a poem entitled, "For the Good of All," which he wrote for and read at Bill Graham's memorial in 1991. Vince Welnick said he never met a kinder man than Jerry. John Barlow closed the spoken portion of the memorial with, "They asked me to come up here and speak a word, and rarely in my life have I had so few of them. And so I'll just speak one: Love."

The drummers then began the *Not Fade Away* beat, leading the crowd through the chant, "You know our love will not fade away," over and over, while the speakers filed off the stage.

Following the speakers, the remainder of Gans and Latvala's choices chimed through the P.A.: *It's All Too Much*> *Iko Iko* (3/18/95), *Beautiful Jam*> *Dark Star* (2/18/71), *Scary Jam* (10/25/73), *Alligator*> *Caution* (8/23/68), *Drums*> *Space* (3/18/95), *That's It for The Other One*> *New Potato Caboose*> *Born Cross-Eyed*> *Spanish Jam* (2/14/68), *Death Don't Have No Mercy* (9/29/89), *Scarlet Begonias*> *Fire on the Mountain*> *Corinna*> *Matilda* (3/23/95), *Believe It or Not* (7/17/88), *Jam*> *Bass Solo* (2/24/73), *Ramble On Rose* (*Europe '72*), *Sugar Magnolia* (9/7/73), *Jam* (9/21/72), *Morning Dew* (*Europe '72*), *The Wheel* (*Garcia*), *St. Stephen* (*Live Dead*), *Box of Rain* (*American Beauty*), *Bid You Good Night* (unknown 1968), *Greensleeves*.

Negotiations for another large memorial gathering, to be held on Saturday, August 19 in the Great Meadow in New York's Central Park, failed because the city wanted Grateful Dead Productions to pay more than it could afford. Grateful Dead publicist Dennis McNally said that

the Grateful Dead were initially invited by the City of New York to hold a memorial gathering in the park, but the city requested event fees that were excessive and unreasonable.

At least one New York radio broadcast reported that Mayor Rudolph Giuliani had actually canned the Central Park gathering because of expected drug use. When news of the canceled Central Park gathering spread (with help from the ever-influential and -powerful Internet), Deadheads voiced their disgust by faxing and calling the mayor's office.

Ever the protagonists, several New York area Deadheads decided to organize a grassroots gathering in Central Park. Word of the grassroots effort spread via rec.music.gdead, the Internet newsgroup devoted to the Grateful Dead, and the usual channels. The gathering actually became two gatherings in the park, both of which were enjoyed by thousands. Those who attended read poems, played music, lit candles, held drum circles, and shared in the spirit of friendship, community, and Jerry Garcia.

On Monday night, August 14, the Grateful Dead officially canceled its fall tour. Dennis McNally said, "It's the only decision we've made. Everything else is still up in the air. We appreciate that Deadheads and the public have many questions, but we ask for their patience."

Shortly thereafter, the band began downsizing tour production staff and Grateful Dead Ticket Sales. About twenty full-time salaried employees (one-third of the entire staff) were laid-off less than two weeks after Garcia's death, and many who were not let go were put on half-salary. Many GDTS employees remained at work until refunds for the canceled fall tour were complete. Grateful Dead Mercantile, on the other hand, was working overtime to satisfy the overwhelming demand for Dead merchandise.

Garcia's body was cremated and his ashes were scattered over the Pacific Ocean in a private ceremony. The Pacific Ocean was chosen to commemorate Garcia's love for SCUBA diving.

In late August, the coroner's report for Garcia was made public. The report stated that Garcia died of a heart attack. Two of three arteries leading from his heart had been reduced to "a pinpoint" with 85 percent blockage while the third artery had thirty percent blockage.

Marin County coroner's investigator Gary Erickson said that tests showed Garcia had used heroin within days of his death, but that didn't contribute directly to his heart attack. Test results indicated that Garcia's most recent use of heroin was "likely from before the time" he entered the rehabilitation facility. "He was a 53-year-old man with hardening of the



Richard Syncher

Golden Gate Park Memorial

arteries," Erickson said. "This was a mechanical process."

On August 23, the National Weather Service detected Tropical Storm Jerry in the Atlantic Ocean. Though some Deadheads thought this was the NWS's way of paying tribute to Jerry, the names for tropical storms and hurricanes are chosen before the storm season begins. The fact that a storm named "Jerry" developed only weeks after Garcia's death was purely coincidence.

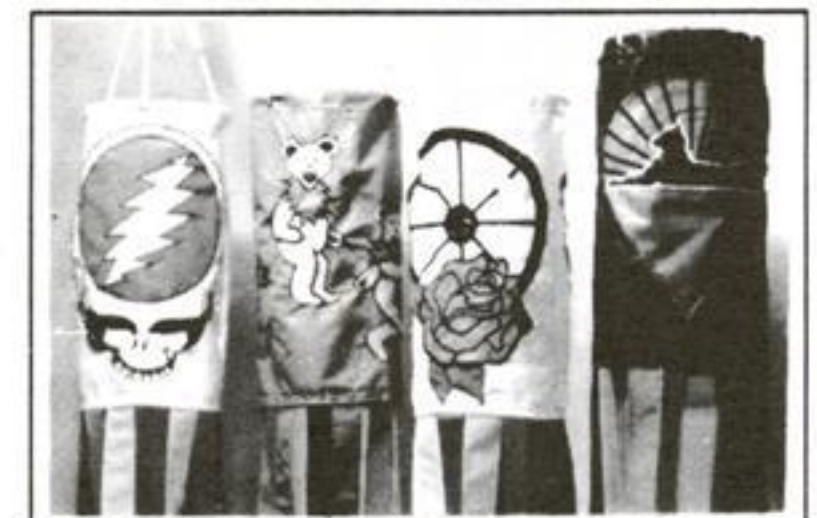
In late August, Garcia's will was filed in Marin County Superior Court and thereby released to the press. In May of 1994, three months after he married Deborah Koons, Garcia signed a new eighteen-page will. At the same time that he drafted the will, Garcia drew up sepa-



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rate papers providing child support for his seven-year-old daughter, Keelin, and an agreement with her mother, Manasha Matheson, regarding a house she would own jointly with the daughter.

Under California law, Deborah Koons Garcia automatically receives half the assets acquired during their marriage. In addition, Garcia gave his widow one-third of his half of the community property from the marriage, plus one third of the rest of his estate, which includes, "...my jewelry, clothing, household furniture, furnishings, personal automobiles, books, pictures, objects of art and other tangible articles of a personal nature." Garcia also specified that his guitars be returned to their builders. The remaining assets are divided among his daughters and his brother, Clifford.

Because Garcia decided against burdening beneficiaries with all of the estate taxes, and because he did not have a living trust, his estate will go through probate to pay the estate taxes before anyone, including Mrs. Garcia, receives any inheritance.

On September 7, Kurt Loder interviewed Bob Weir on the MTV Music Awards pre-game show. When Loder asked about the fate of the band's unfinished album, Weir said, "We're gonna have a look-see at what we've got and I tend to think we have more there than the rest of the guys [think we do]. I think we

can play around with it, and add and subtract and stuff like that, and fluff it up and maybe have something there that might be somewhat presentable."

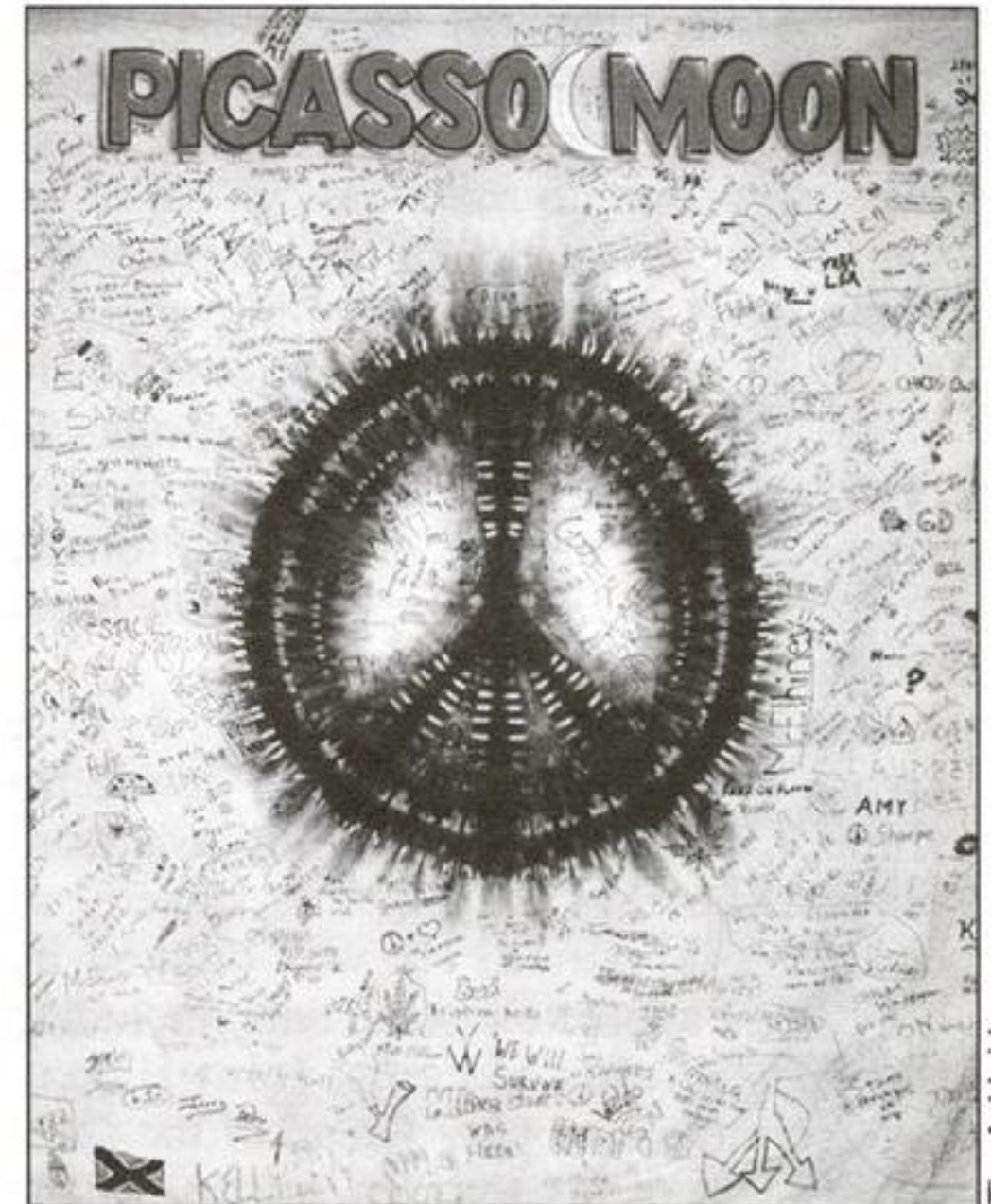
Of course, Loder also inquired about the future of the Grateful Dead. Weir said, "We got all kinds of options. We're gonna get together in a little bit and sort it out. I can give you absolutely no definitive answer, except that we'll get together and kick it around. And as for what Jerry did, that real special thing - It's still there. I'm quite sure that if we get together and start kicking stuff around - if we listen, in our hearts and inside somewhere - that we'll hear that thread that we've always heard."

On September 26, Grateful Dead Merchandising and Arista Records distributing released a new live recording from the Dead's tape vaults. *Hundred Year Hall*, recorded live at Jahrhundert Halle, Frankfurt, West Germany, is the third multi-track release from the vault.

In late October, the New York Times reported that Phil Lesh has even been in the studio working on a tribute to Jerry. "I'm looking for a live tape that we can release from the band that just came to a close, the last incarnation of the Grateful Dead," he said, then corrected himself. "Not the final incarnation, but the last up to now. I've got about five years of performances to look through to find a representative concert."

When asked about the future of the Grateful Dead, Lesh said, "There's all kinds of stuff, but nothing that's more than a proposal on paper now. This is a period of transition. Everything has changed, but you'll see us again." ❀

Special thanks to David Gans for contributing information to this article.



One of five tie-dyed sheets signed by thousands of mourners. Richmond Dead shop Picasso Moon organized the signing and presented the sheets to Bob Weir after the Richmond RATDOG show.

Tim Ashbridge

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They Loved Him Madly

Musicians pay tribute to Jerry Garcia

by Michael Bell

With the passing of Jerry Garcia on August 9, the overflowing of grief and memorials from the fans were to be expected. Commentary from the mainstream media was, for the most part, positive - surprising to the more cynical of us. One of the most moving aspects was the tremendous outpouring from musicians of all walks in the form of dedicated concerts, tributes, loving performances of Jerry's tunes, or just sweet kind words. These are the highest of praises, for the praises of one's peers carry the most weight.

On the evening of August 9, Lyle Lovett came out at Red Rocks before his show was to begin, and without a word played *Friend of the Devil* as sweetly as could be imagined. He was backed by only a few acoustic instruments, including the silky strains of cellist John Hagen. Lyle continued to play *Friend of the Devil* on the rest of his tour. In Austin, as the sky flashed with distant lightning, Lovett's mesmerizing performance probably would have brought me to tears even under better circumstances. One of the classiest people in the music business, Lovett's version of *Friend of the Devil* is a highlight of *Deadicated*.

The Allman Brothers Band dedicated their show on the 9th to Jerry and performed what was reported to be one of their finest shows in recent times. A few days later, riffs from *St. Stephen* started showing up in their live repertoire. After a few weeks, a full-fledged *St. Stephen jam* (no lyrics) evolved out of their traditional drum feature.

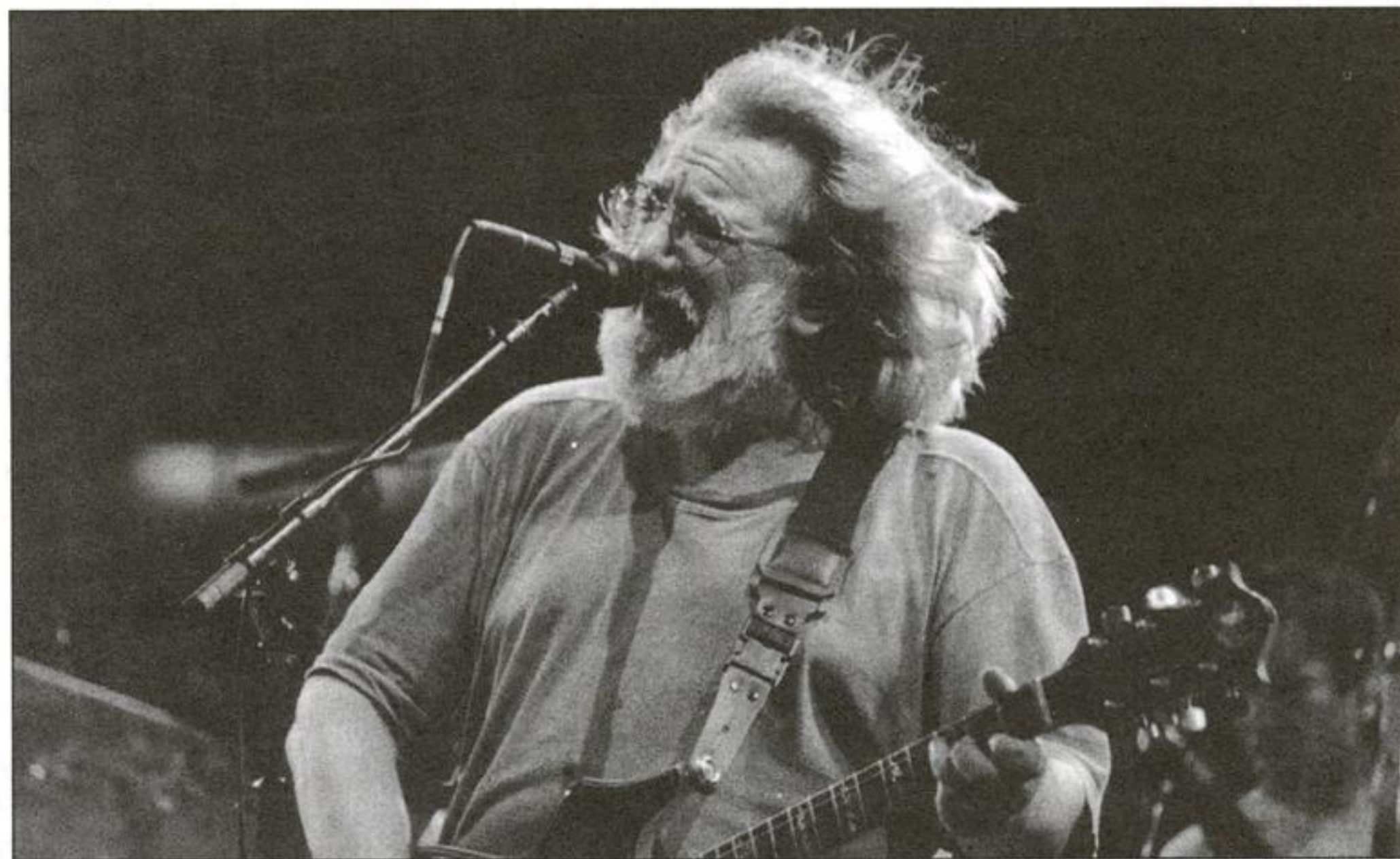
Throughout the remainder of his tour, Jimmy Buffet returned to the stage for his encore clad in a tie-dyed tank top and performed *Uncle John's Band*. On August 27, Bill Kreutzmann, noticeably choked up, joined Buffett's band on drums for an emotional performance of the song.

At the Edmonton Folk Festival, Elvis Costello performed *Ship of Fools* (also on *Deadicated*) and dedicated it to the "big one." He spoke well of Jerry's songwriting ability and how that it is often overlooked in the face of his other qualities.

The Neville Brothers, who often shared the stage with and opened for the Dead, dedicated many of their shows to Jerry. At one concert, they played *Knockin' on Heaven's Door* for him. At another, they performed *Fire on the Mountain*, which brought a wail from the audience. In early October, Bob Weir joined the

Neville Brothers for another performance of *Fire on the Mountain*. They also regularly performed *Amazing Grace* as an encore for Jerry.

At Lollapalooza in Austin on August 9, a few of the bands mentioned Jerry and dedicated songs to him. The following day, Sonic Youth guitarist Lee Ranaldo posted a piece of his tour diary to the Internet newsgroup alt.music.sonic-youth, as he often did throughout the Lollapalooza tour. He wrote, "I have



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Suzan Patford

always maintained that SY [Sonic Youth] shared the common ground of true interest in musical extrapolation with them, and that is one of the facets of their trip that I admired most - the willingness to get into 'unexplored' territory of the music/sound realm on a nightly basis. Jerry was a key instigator of this, of course, for the Dead, and I think it is one of the factors that most endeared him to legions of fans- his relishing the chance to get real, real gone into pure soundscapes at the shows, each member playing off the others, to see where it could take them."

At a folk/bluegrass festival in Ohio, Joan Baez and David Grisman dedicated several songs to Jerry. As she had done at several other shows, she performed an a capella version of *Amazing Grace* for Jerry dedicating it, "...for a good friend who is now free of drugs and poor health." Grisman's band was clad in tie-dyes given to them by one of the craftsmen at the festival. He played *Amazing Grace*, a song that he said he played in a "small church

in Tiburon, California," one of the hardest things he has had to do.

Carlos Santana dedicated his concerts to Jerry and eulogized throughout the shows. On stage, he had little shrines consisting of pictures of Jerry, flowers and such, much of which were brought by fans. His solos were peppered with references to Jerry's and the Dead's styles. Santana's words about Jerry were delivered as only he could, with references to the light, dreams, love, compassion, and the insights and visions that Jerry showed us. Santana also offered his hope that the Grateful Dead would continue. He submitted his services and felt that others would also be willing to help keep the flame alive.

Grateful Dead cover bands played very important parts of the vigils that

spontaneously sprung up all over the country in the hours and days following Jerry's passing. One very special performance dedicated to Jerry was given by Solar Circus at the Metro Lounge in Long Branch, New Jersey. They were joined by New Jersey's favorite son, the boss himself, Bruce Springsteen, for a set of mostly blues tunes. They closed the show with *All Along the Watchtower* followed by a ripping *Not Fade Away*.

Since playing with the Grateful Dead, Bruce Hornsby often incorporated Dead songs into his shows. This recently played a more significant role. Full versions of *Scarlet Begonias*, *Sugaree*, and *I Know You Rider* became show-stopping highlights. Fragments of *Dark Star*, *Brokedown Palace*, *Terrapin*, and others wove in and out of his sets.

One of Hornsby's greatest tributes came at the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame opening concert in Cleveland. After he walked on stage, he requested a moment of silence while the video screens flashed

images of Jerry. He then strode resolutely to his piano and began with an elaborate solo piano version of *Terrapin* which segued into *I Know You Rider* as the rest of his current touring band joined and accompanied with great spirit. He closed his short set with a joyous Caribbean-flavored *Scarlet Begonias*, nicely punctuated by sax and trumpet.

Dave Matthews Band performed an impressive version of *Eyes of the World* at the Greek Theater in Berkeley. Hot Tuna did an intense *Death Don't Have No Mercy*. Other musicians and groups who made on-stage tributes and dedications include Arlo Guthrie, James Brown, Blues Traveler, Vince Gil, Fairport Convention, Johnny Cash, Merl Saunders, Melanie, Phish, The Doobie Brothers, Steve Miller, and Ramblin' Jack Elliot among others.

Of course, the most loving tributes came from those who are closest. In an effort of remarkable strength, Bob Weir chose to go on with the RATDOG show on August 9 in Hampton Beach, New Hampshire. He knew that was what Jerry would have wanted. Before the set started he commented, "Well, if there's anything our friend taught us, it's that music can be used to ease us through the sad times."

During his usual bass solo, Rob Wasserman worked in a passionate *Amazing Grace* while tears streamed down his face. The show ended with a *Throwing Stones* in which Weir shouted over and

over, "Papa's gone, we are on our own!"

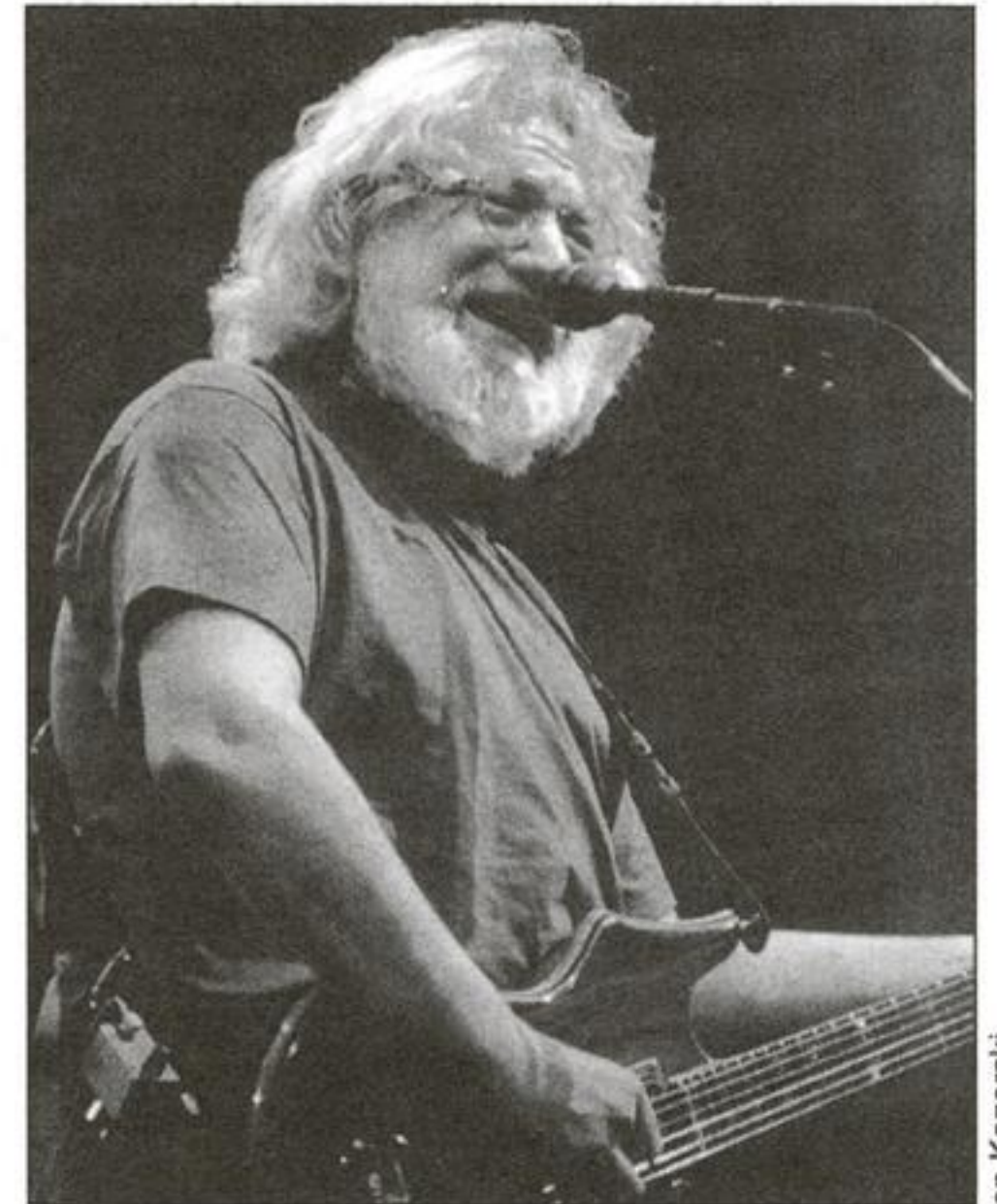
The first encore, *Every Light Shines On Me*, was a new song which Matt Kelly wrote for Jerry during the day. The second encore was a very emotional *Knockin' On Heaven's Door*, after which Weir threw down his guitar and quickly left the stage while the crowd repeated the chorus over and over.

Many musicians, just as eloquent with words as they are music, spoke very well of Jerry. Branford Marsalis remarked, "There is not one sentence in the world that could respectfully do justice to the life and music of Jerry Garcia." On VH-1's *4 on the Floor*, he said, "He was a marvelously gifted melody maker... his solos were very musical, particularly on the slower things. It was a joy to play with him. It was actually more of a joy to listen to him."

One of the great masters of words, Bob Dylan, probably said it best, "There's no way to measure his greatness or magnitude as a person or as a player. I don't think any eulogizing will do him justice. He was that great, much more than a superb musician with an uncanny ear and dexterity. He is the very spirit personified of whatever is Muddy River Country at its core and screams up into the spheres. He really had no equal. To me, he wasn't only a musician and friend, he was more like a big brother who taught and showed me more than he'll ever know. There's a


lot of spaces and advances between the Carter family and say, Ornette Coleman - a lot of universes - but he filled them all without being a member of any school. His playing was moody, awesome, sophisticated, hypnotic, and subtle. There's no way to convey the loss. It just digs down really deep."

Fare you well, fare you well, I love you more than words can tell. Listen to the river sing sweet songs, to rock my soul. ☸




Ken Kazerski

6-28-95 The Palace



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(Back)

The Legacy of Jerry Garcia

by Wildman Steve Bronson

On August 9, 1995, life became less bearable. The blue in the sky seemed pale, the sun appeared less bright, the colors of the earth drab. When Jerry Garcia died, a part of myself, along with millions of other folks, died with him. Jerry brought joy and inspiration to all of us who knew him musically. His loss will be felt forever. Not since the death of John Lennon has such a large segment of American society mourned the death of an entertainer, and the media christened Jerry's "the biggest celebrity death since Elvis." But history hasn't been written yet, and we are the ones who must make certain it is written correctly.

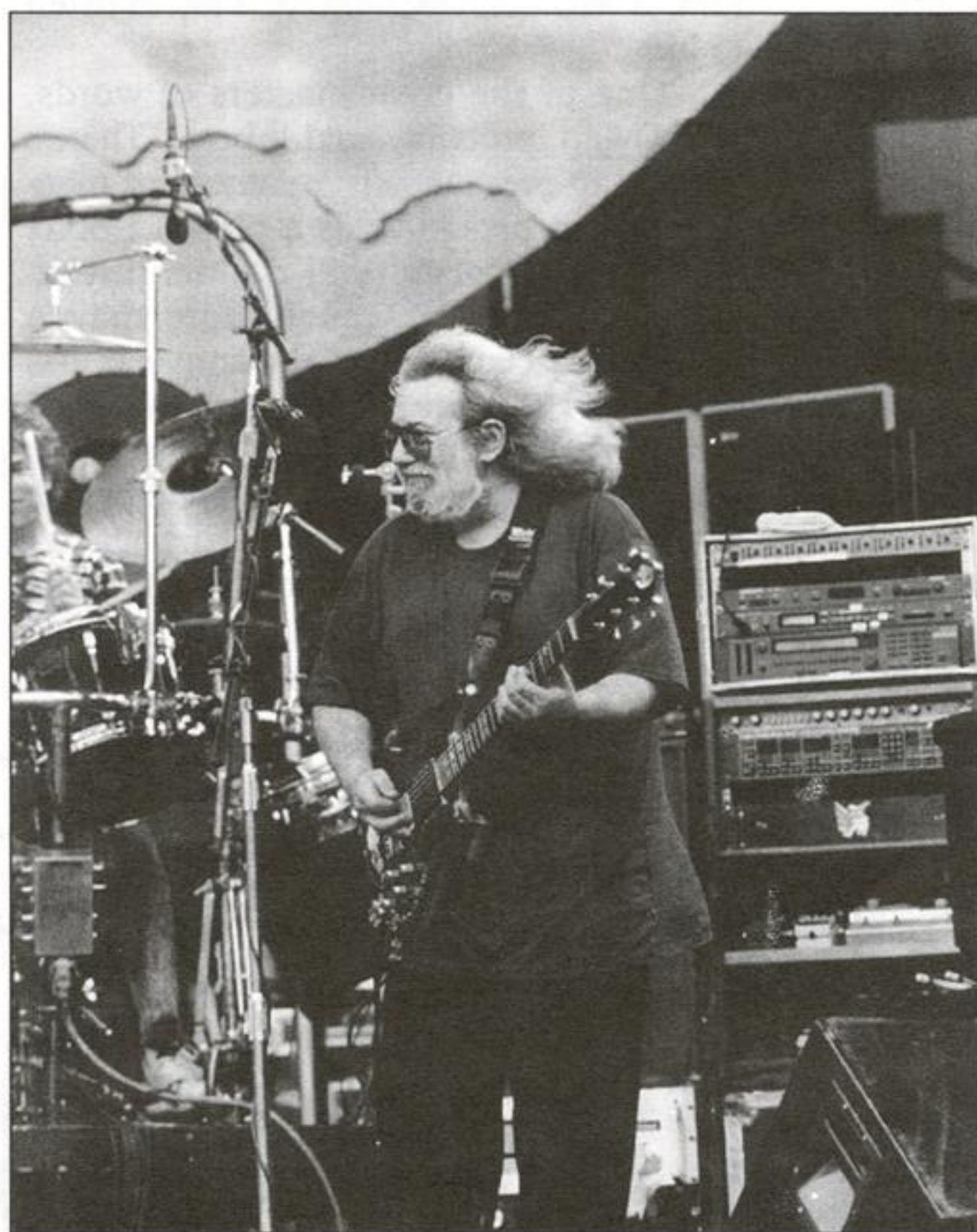
Jerry was one hell of a musician, but his legacy goes far beyond that. Over the thirty year span of the Grateful Dead's career, Garcia unwittingly became the icon for a counterculture which has flourished despite America's swing to the right and history's lighthearted, often comical view of the sixties.

Millions identified closely not only with Jerry's music, but with his philosophies of life and his kind, gentle, easy-going nature. He was an open book with his feelings and emotions. They came through clearly in every note he played and every interview he gave. His openness was easy to feel close to, like a kind father-figure whom you trust implicitly. His philosophies encapsulated those which he helped develop in the counterculture of the sixties, and those of us who have rejected the political and social trends in the decades since found Garcia to be an easy figure to respect, love, and admire. The attitudes of tolerance and sharing, love and family that surrounded him and the entire Grateful Dead organization attracted all of us to the family. Over the years, Jerry became the Granddaddy of it all.

It wasn't always like that though. Back in the earliest years, Pigpen was the man. As the lead singer and frontman, he was the central focus of the band right up through the early seventies, when he became increasingly ill and started missing shows due to poor health. When Pigpen died, many felt the band was finished and wouldn't last without the charismatic singer.

During that first period of upheaval, the style of the band changed drastically from the spacey blues of Pigpen's band to the

cowboy-song period. Enter Keith and Donna, ushering in another drastic change during the mid-seventies to a jazzier, more progressive sound. Keith and Donna became an integral part of the band, and we identified closely with them. Donna had a sweetness about her. She intensified the family feeling of the band as she twirled and wailed on stage. When



6-14-91 RFK Stadium

the band let them go in 1979, many, including myself, thought the band was finished.

Brent was a big change: electric piano, gravelly voice. Large portions of the family were dissatisfied with the choice for years. The music went to more of a pop feel with Brent's addition, but Brent became as much a part of the Dead as anyone. By the time he died in 1990, they were playing several of Brent's songs in each show.

Yet another big change came when Vince Welnick was added to fill Brent's shoes. The period was marked by more cover songs, new songs by all members, and some welcome returns and firsts from the old catalog. The band evolved many times through the years, and it seems integral in its ability to continue.

Whatever happens, the Grateful Dead seem to manage to keep on truckin'.

Jerry Garcia was the lead guitarist, vocalist, songwriter and a founding member of the band. His loss is grave; nothing will ever be the same. We will all miss him terribly, forever. It is for this reason we must take the initiative to preserve and protect his legacy, and insure that history gives him the recognition he deserves.

Jerry was more than a great musician. He was a great man. He gave a whole society of misfits a focal point. In the '60s, we had the war. In the '70s, '80s, and '90s, we had Jerry and the Dead. That society, OUR society, is Jerry's real legacy. His music, thank God, is the most well-documented in history. We will be getting

Dick's Picks releases for eternity.

The society, however, is fragile. We are not a society of leaders these days. We are the peaceful; the passive. We do not have a real centralizing cause for which to fight. We gather for joy and merriment, for communing and sharing. We are everywhere and nowhere.

At this writing, no announcement has been made on the future of the Dead. Many of us cannot begin to imagine a Grateful Dead without Jerry, and some don't want to. Many of us cannot begin to imagine life without the Grateful Dead. Without a focal point, a society begins to disperse and eventually disintegrates. Whatever Bob, Phil, Mickey, Bill, and Vince decide, we must not let this happen. Personally, I hope the boys continue in

the grand tradition. What better way to insure Jerry's legacy than to celebrate his life and music in performance?

We must find a way within ourselves, whether it be conventional means of communication or otherwise, to keep our family together and preserve what has risen around Jerry and his music. As it stands, history will look back on Jerry Garcia as a great musician and an icon of a society that spanned a thirty year moment in time. We have the power to rewrite history as it should be: Jerry Garcia, a great man and musician so well loved by so many that he unwittingly united a vast counterculture which has become a permanent part of American culture.

The future is here... we are it... we are on our own... ❁



Grateful Dead Hour



Produced and hosted by David Gans, author of *Playing in the Band* and *Conversations with the Dead*

Heard weekly on these stations

11/19/95

KYUK-AM	580	Bethel AK		KMNR-FM	89.7	Rolla MO	Sat midnight
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WQPR-FM	88.7	Mslcl Shls AL	Fri 11pm	WMSV-FM	91.1	Miss. State MS	Sat 11pm
WUAL-FM	91.5	Tusc/Bham AL	Fri 11pm	WNCW-FM	95.5	Beech Mtn NC	Wed 10pm
KLPX-FM	96.1	Tucson AZ	Sun 7pm	WNCW-FM	92.9	Boone NC	Wed 10pm
KHSU-FM	90.5	Arcata CA	Tue 9:30pm	WNCW-FM	100.7	Charlotte NC	Wed 10pm
KPFA-FM	94.1	Berkeley CA	Wed 8 pm	WNCW-FM	88.7	Spindale NC	Wed 10pm
KFCF-FM	88.1	Fresno CA	Wed 8pm	KZUM-FM	89.3	Lincoln NE	Wed 10pm
KSCA-FM	101.9	Los AnglsCA	Sun midnight	WNHI-FM	93.3	Concord NH	Tue 9pm
KNSQ-FM	88.1	Mt.Shasta CA	Sat 8pm	WDHA-FM	105.5	Dover NJ	Sun 7pm
KNCA-FM	89.7	Redding CA	Sat 8pm	KLSK-FM	104.1	Albq NM	Wed 9pm
KSEG-FM	96.9	SactoCA	Sat midnight	KGLP-FM	91.7	Gallup NM	Sat 9pm
KRCB-FM	91.1	Santa Rosa CA	Thu 7pm	KTHX-FM	94.7	Reno NV	Sun 8pm
KGNU-FM	88.5	Boulder CO	Sat 8pm	WGR-FM	96.9	Buffalo NY	Sun 11pm
KSUT-FM	91.3	Ignacio CO	Sat 9pm	WHCL-FM	88.7	Clinton NY	Sat 7pm
WHCN-FM	105.9	Hartford CT	Sunday 10pm	WMAX-FM	106.7	Rochester NY	Sun 10pm
WEFX-FM	95.9	Norwalk CT	Sun 9pm	WRPI-FM	91.5	Troy NY	Thu 6pm
WRXK-FM	96.1	Estero FL	Wed 11pm	WNCX-FM	98.5	Cleveland OH	Sun 10pm
WJCT-FM	89.9	Jacksonville FL	Fri 11pm	KSMF-FM	89.1	Ashland OR	Sat 8pm
WOZN-FM	98.7	Key West FL	Sun 3pm	KSBA-FM	88.5	Coos Bay OR	Sat 8pm
WZTA-FM	94.9	Miami FL	Sun 11pm	KRVM-FM	91.9	Eugene OR	Sun 3pm
WGLF-FM	104.1	Tallahassee FL	Sun 6:30	KSKF-FM	90.9	Kmth Falls OR	Sat 8pm
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KUOI-FM	89.3	Moscow ID	Thu 9pm	WQSU-FM	88.9	Selinsgrove PA	Sun 7pm
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WXRT-FM	93.1	Chicago IL	Sun 9pm	WEKL-FM	102.3	N Augusta SC	Sun 9pm
WYMG-FM	100.5	Springfield IL	Sun midnight	WNCW-FM	96.7	Knoxville TN	Wed 10pm
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KUMD-FM	103.3	Duluth MN	Sat 4pm	KISM-FM	92.9	Bellingham WA	Sun 8am
KTCZ-FM	97.1	Mpls MN	Sun 10pm	KBCS-FM	91.3	Seattle WA	Tue 10pm
KOPN-FM	89.5	Columbia MO	Fri 8pm	KHSS-FM	100.9	WallaWalla WA	Sun 8pm
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Garcia Fan Lucks Out

by Stephen Cripe

I had built several guitars (mainly to learn to play, but I liked building them instead), however, I could not get any real constructive criticism. After listening to a great version of *Morning Dew*, I decided to build and deliver a guitar to Jerry. I figured that the building of the instrument would be easy, but getting it to him would be a challenge. Once the guitar was finished, I contacted numerous music magazines requesting an address to which to send the guitar. No such luck.

At this time, a friend worked for a CD/tape distributor and a coworker was acquainted with Harriet Rose. Harriet works with David Grisman. After my friend convinced Harriet that I was not a lunatic (that's not completely true), she agreed to accept the guitar and give it to Jerry when she saw him. That part was painless. During this time, the guitar sat around the shop for four or five weeks and I did not take a single photo of it! Dumb!

About five or six weeks after I sent the guitar, Grateful Dead publicist Dennis McNally called and left a message on my answering machine. He said that Jerry was fiddling around with the guitar and was intrigued by it. He also mentioned that this was a good sign. The next day, Harriet called my friend at the CD/tape place and said that Jerry loved the guitar. Needless to say, I was excited.

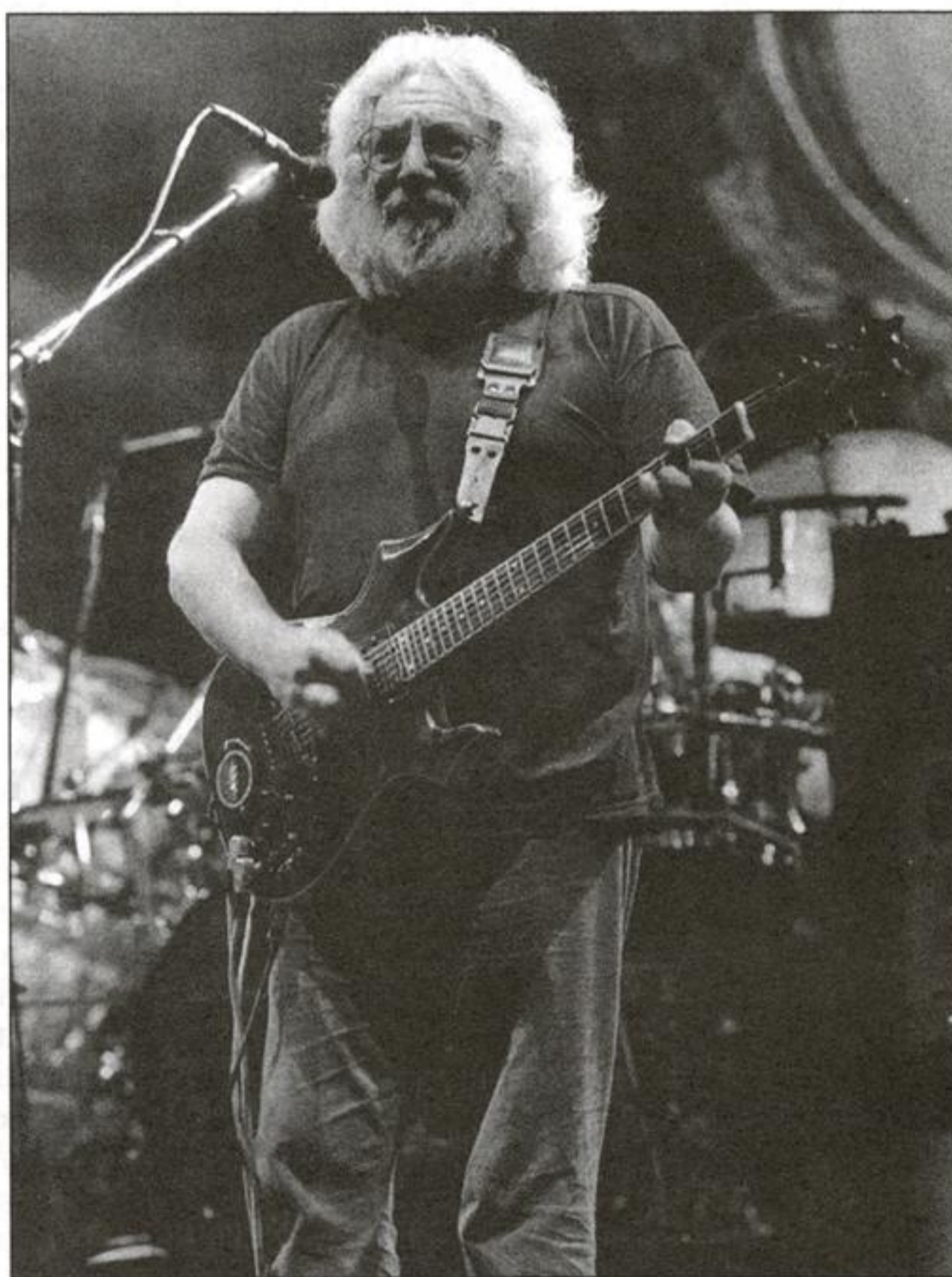
About a month later, in August of 1993, Steve Parish, Jerry's guitar tech and right-hand man, called and asked a lot of questions about the instrument. That's when we officially named it "Lightning Bolt."

During the same conversation, Steve asked me to build another guitar for Jerry. At first, I was puzzled and asked what Jerry was doing with "Lightning Bolt." I almost fell over when Steve said that Jerry was playing it on stage during the first set of Dead shows and with Jerry Garcia Band. It was a stroke of luck since he - my hero - was my first customer and I had no idea of the characteristics of his instruments.

During the first month or so, "Lightning Bolt" was not used full-time because the MIDI electronics had not yet been

installed. Gary Brawer of Stringed Instrument Repair, who has worked on Jerry's guitars for years, installed the MIDI.

I then went to work on "Top Hat," Jerry's second instrument. Gary Brawer was very helpful with the layout of the MIDI controls as well as other advice. When I was about to shape the neck of "Top Hat," I called Steve Parish at Madison Square Garden two hours before



Richard Crichton

4-5-95 Birmingham - Playing "Lightning Bolt"

show time. I asked if he could take measurements or templates of the neck of "Lightning Bolt." I wanted these measurements so I could create the same neck as "Lightning Bolt." He didn't understand and asked me how I had shaped the neck on "Lightning Bolt." I told him that I had winged it; I just kept cutting until it felt good. He told me to wing it again. Then Jerry spoke into the phone, "Just do it. If I don't like it, I'll send it back." As I mentioned earlier, I had no photos or specifications of "Lightning Bolt."

"Top Hat" was delivered in November. They were very generous and grateful

about the guitars. "Top Hat" was never returned.

In the spring of 1994, my lady friend, Theresa, and I were given backstage passes and tickets for all three Miami shows. I met Jerry backstage at one of the shows. We spent about forty-five minutes talking about guitars. He said that both instruments looked like museum pieces. Unfortunately, the last days of a tour are the worst for any kind of mingling with the band.

During the second set of the first show, Theresa and I were invited to stand next to the drums, about eight or nine feet behind Jerry. We also listened to some of the set through the soundboard via headphones. That was incredible.

Things settled down after that. In early April of this year, the band played Tampa Stadium. Since I now live in the Tampa area, I called the Dead office and they set me up with passes and tickets. I didn't get to see Jerry, but talked with Steve. He told me that "Lightning Bolt" held up better than any other guitar Jerry has owned, and that Jerry was playing "Top Hat" at home.

Life went on as usual until August 1. The local Tampa rock 'n roll station played Garcia music for his birthday. I was working in my shop with a leftover piece of wood from "Lightning Bolt" when I received strong feelings about Jerry. I'm not into astrology or related beliefs, but my birthday is August 6. During that week, Jerry kept entering my mind. I even had several dreams about him and the band. The came the bad news.

Although 98% of Jerry's fans think that "Lightning Bolt" is a Doug Irwin guitar, I have received numerous calls about the experience. It's a shame that the tragedy is what is connecting me to other fans and media. One of the frequently asked questions is, "What will happen to the guitars? Will you get them back?" I don't know

and really don't care. It would be nice to have "Lightning Bolt" back so I could take pictures of it.

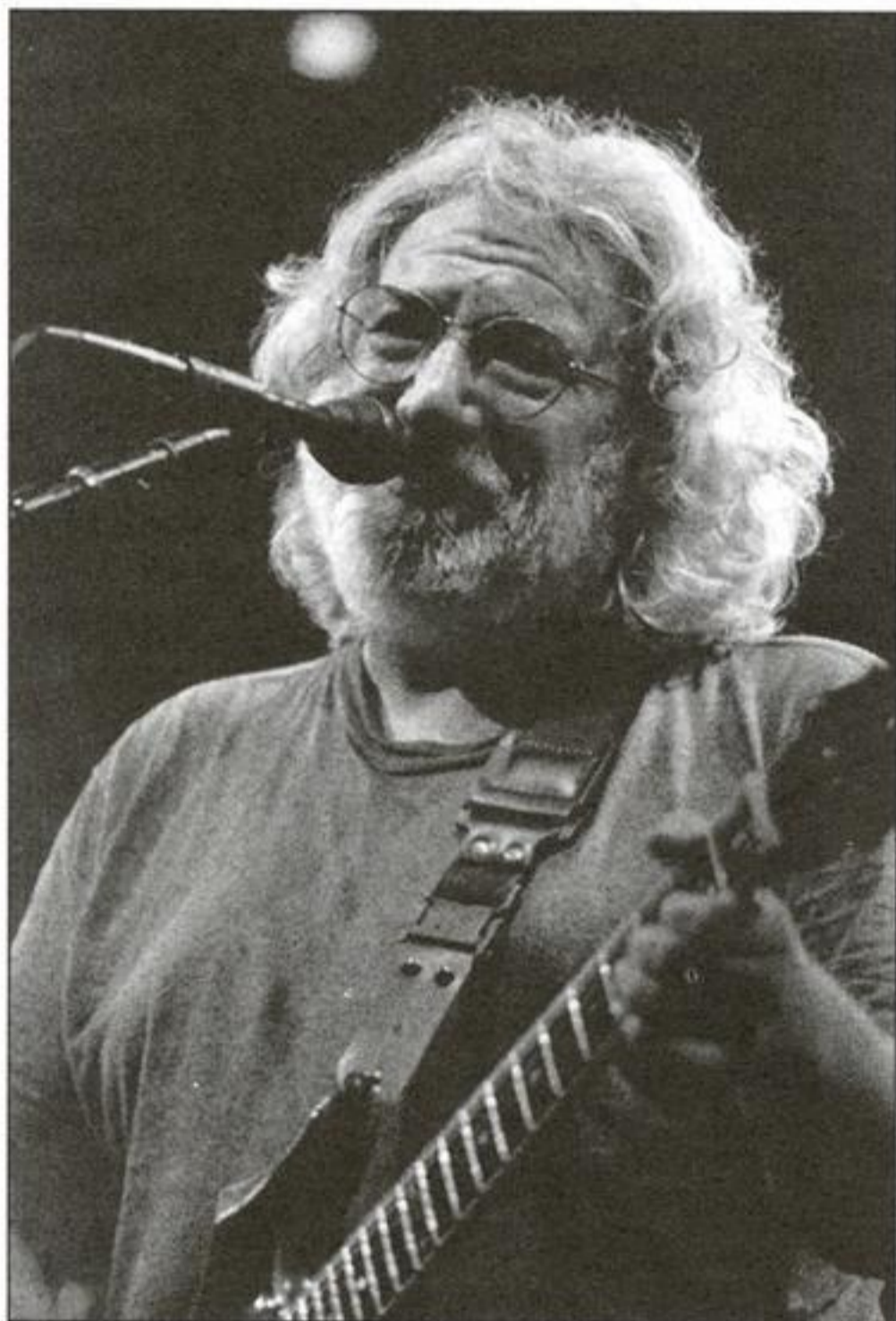
The important part is that I had a whim, followed it through, and connected with my hero. It was an honor and privilege to be associated with Jerry and Steve. My only regret is that I didn't have the experience sooner.

At least we have the tapes. ☸

For more information about "Lightning Bolt," see "Jerry's New Guitar" by Stephen Cripe in UC #47. Serious inquiries about Stephen Cripe's work, call (904) 583-4680.

A Million Stories In A Million Hearts

by Eric Clark



2-24-95 Oakland

Jill Calhoun

This is a love letter to the extended family of Deadheads. He's not gone, he's taken the next step.

Jerry Garcia is loved by millions of people. His passing marks a moment of transition. It is the end of the Grateful Dead as we knew them. It is not the end of an era, as some would say, because the community is changing, not ending. Deadheads know about adversity, and we will survive. "We are everywhere," shouts a popular bumper sticker, and there are more signs than ever that this is true.

In the Deadhead family, there are many kind souls who live ordinary lives and contribute to the world in innumerable positive ways. I know artists, doctors, and lawyers who live and work in our communities, and each time the Dead came to town, they went to the shows to refresh and recharge themselves. This is a spiritual process in spite of how it might appear on the surface. This passion for bliss and the search for self knowledge, in a community that supports that search, is strong and will prevail. This is the "Great Work," taught in every spiritual tradition. It is embraced very deeply among Deadheads, and will continue to be so. This constantly transforming community is an enlightened model of how things *could be* in America's future: A culture based on love,

compassion, and bliss, rather than on material possessions.

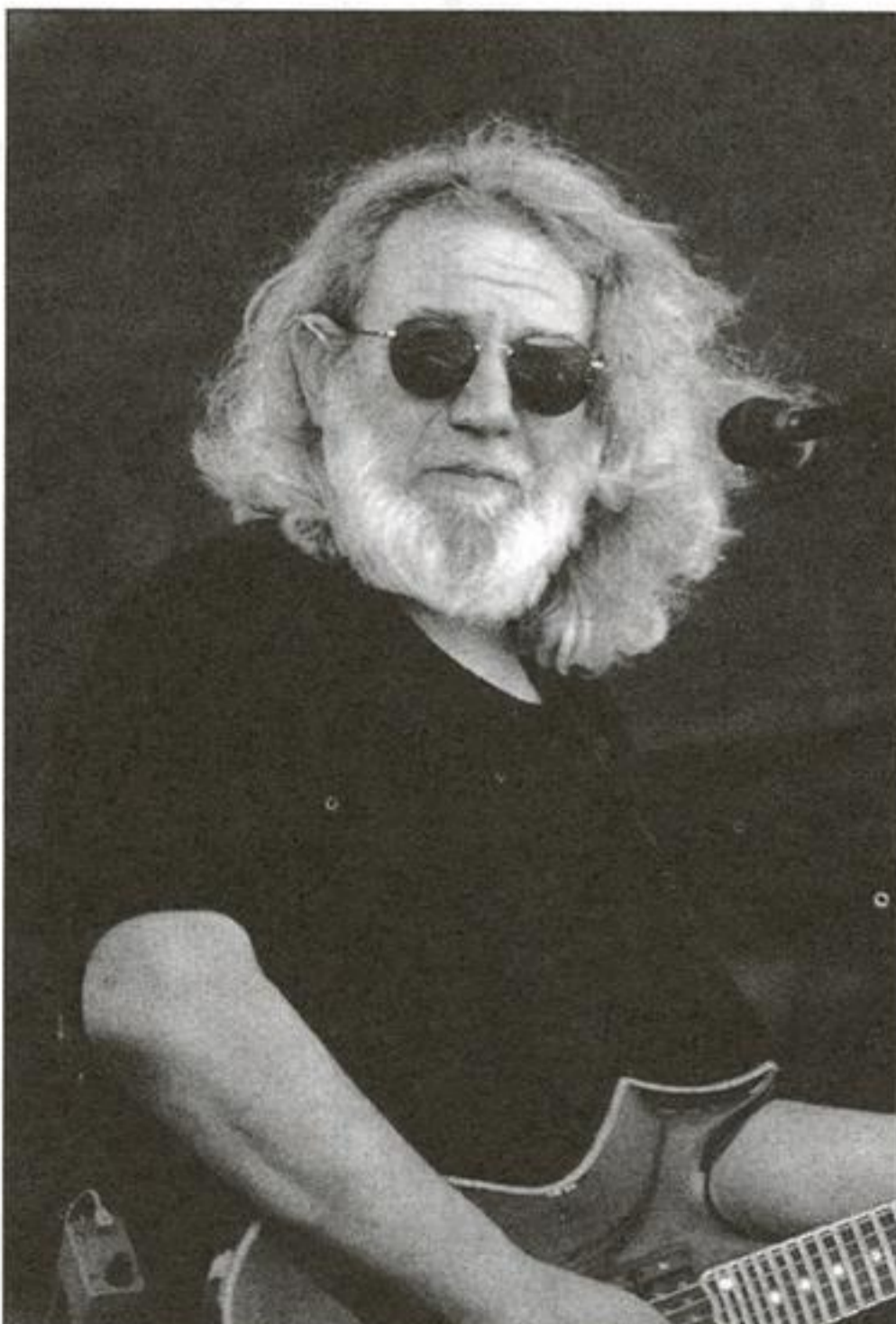
The practice of doing the right thing even when it is not rewarded or recognized is one legacy of the Grateful Dead and of Deadheads. It is, in fact, the ethos which our society desperately needs in order to lift itself up and proceed in a genuinely positive direction.

John Lennon gave us a great gift when he said, "You say you want a revolution? You better free your mind instead."

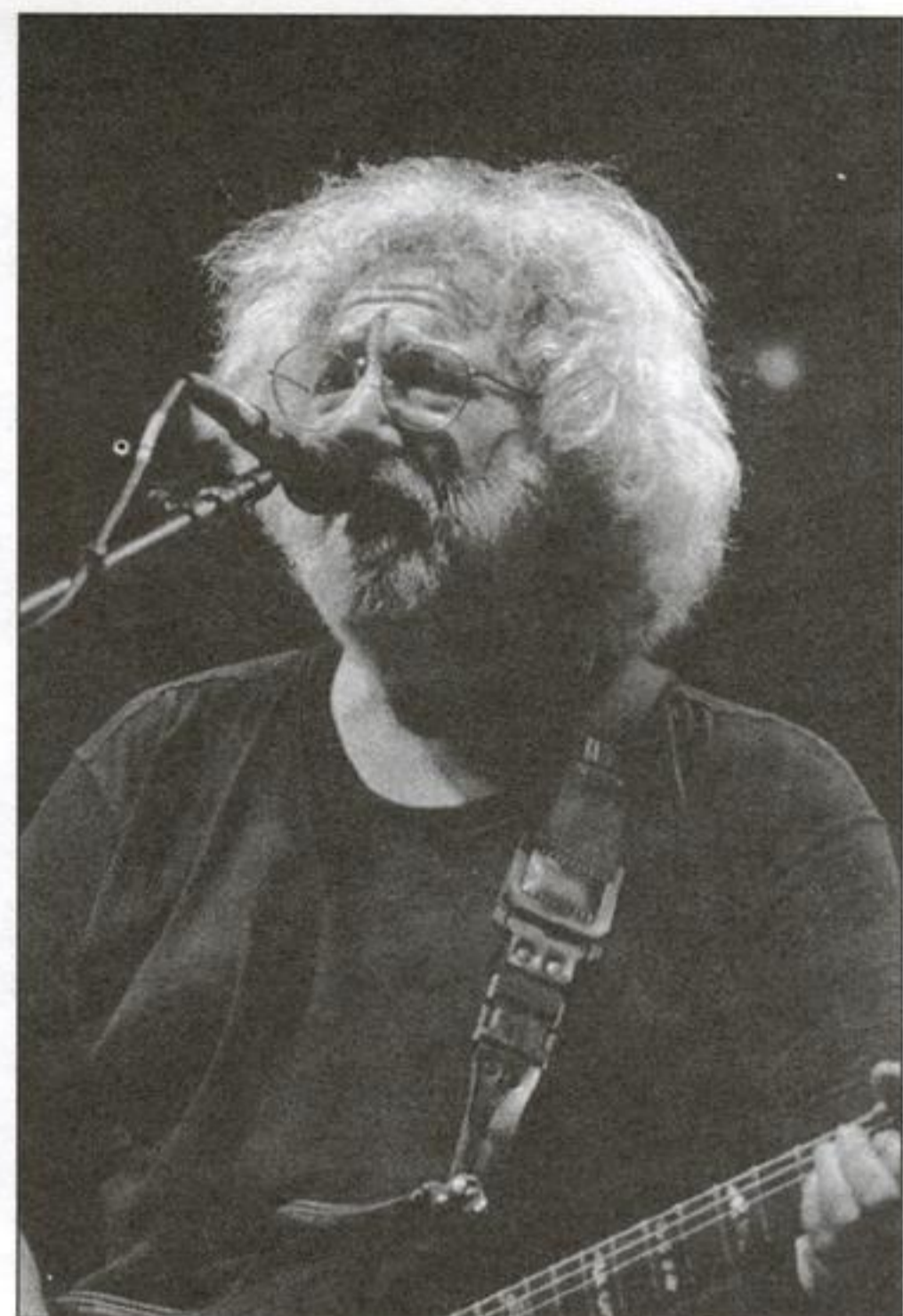
Jerry Garcia spoke the truth in many ways. Right now, I'm remembering his smile and the way he'd move on stage when he was really on. I'm remembering my smile and the way I'd move when he was really on.

This seems like a good place to remember that this is also about happiness. The joy and delight that comes from participating in this way is why we return again and again as much as for the deeper lessons we learned. It is true, Jerry Garcia was a great teacher in many ways. He could make you look in the mirror in the most sobering way imaginable, and in the next instant make you shake your bones and forget your sorrows like there was no tomorrow!

It is now the time for us to lift up our heads and be proud that we are part of



5-20-95 Las Vegas



Greg Doggett

3-31-94 Atlanta

such a loving and enlightened group. If we pay attention, this might be a useful wake up call for us all. The loss to the music is immeasurable. The loss to Jerry Garcia's friends and family is unimaginable. For those of us who are part of the extended family, Jerry Garcia's passing signals the time for our stories to be told.

Count me among those who loved this man deeply. I first saw him in the Grateful Dead in 1970 at Middlesex County College Gym in Edison, New Jersey. This concert featured the Dead and New Riders of the Purple Sage. My first ticket was a gift. It was printed with rainbow-colored ink, and it changed my life.

It wasn't just the music that had this effect. It was the large group of smiling people who seemed to materialize from thin air to dance and be together.

My friends and I went to the college early to have a picnic. This, they said, was the way they always enjoyed the afternoon before a Dead show. The food, which everyone brought, was healthy, fresh, and abundant. I relaxed under a big tree on the great lawn as thirty laughing friends played Frisbee and did yoga stretches in the grass.

There was a single truck parked alongside the building, and crew members came and went preparing the stage. Around three o'clock, approximately twenty Harley choppers, driven by New Jersey's breed, came flying across the lawn near our party. Right in their wake were two old (maybe 1958) white Cadillac limos. These were bouncing wildly as they flew across the lawn, and as they turned to avoid crashing into us or the bikers, they skidded sideways about twenty feet before coming to rest in a huge cloud of



Gary Gerloff

Las Vegas 1992

It's hard to explain how profound it is to be treated with such kindness by complete strangers. Hungry? Food, homemade, vegetarian, appeared. Thirsty? Water, wine, here friend. No money changed hands where these things were concerned. Tickets appeared and were given away as well. I later learned the privilege of giving these things myself. It's like throwing things into a pool. It would be there when you really needed it.

What was the show like? That's another story for another day, friend.

All of these kindnesses continue today, all across the country. It is my sincere wish that, whatever the Grateful Dead decides to do next, we may again come together in love and in strength.

Because we are Deadheads.

We are everywhere.

We carry a million stories in our million hearts.

And our message is love. ☸

dust. In unison, as though it had been done a hundred times before, all the doors of the limo opened at the same time. After a pause like the long, tense pauses in vintage western flicks, these guys dressed like cowboys, with hats, vests, boots, and spurs, climbed out, hitting the legs of their jeans with their cowboy hats, beating the dust off them as if they had just ridden horses into town

after a day of running cattle. They were the Grateful Dead and, their friends and opening band, the New Riders of the Purple Sage.

I was younger than many who were there, but was treated like I had always been a part of the family. This was in every way a real family, including babies and puppies running all over the place. This was not at all what I had expected.



Most sincere and heartfelt thanks to Maggie Snaidas for her invaluable support and assistance. Maggie is a close personal friend of Jerry Garcia and his family. She is the godmother of Jerry's youngest surviving daughter, Keelin Garcia.

Good karma, and good food!

In loving memory of Jerry,
a special edition of the world's first
Deadhead tour cookbook...

Kind Veggie Burritos

Self-published as a home-grown labor of love by 24-year veteran Deadhead, Beth Livingston, the cookbook features recipes perfect for touring, tailgating, camping, and home.

Includes everything from Kozmik Quiche to Dark Star Cherry (Cherrrr-eee!) Stout. LOTS of photos! And loads of veggie burrito recipes!

NOTE: This is a not-for-profit gift back to the Deadhead community. All proceeds will be given to SEVA, a charity that works to relieve human suffering around the world, and the Rex Foundation.

Questions? Write to the address below, or send email to: darkstar@vnet.net.

Yes! I want to cook up some yummy food and do good for those less fortunate, too!

Name: _____

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Number of copes: _____ @ \$8.00 ea. Total: _____

Mail check or M.O. to: Beth Livingston, Walkabout
909 Sussex Lane, Cary, NC 27511

Jerry,

For your magical gift of music,
the expansion of our minds,
the opening of our hearts,
the inspiration in our lives,
we are grateful.

The Parking Lot, Inc. Family

May The Four Winds Blow You Safely Home

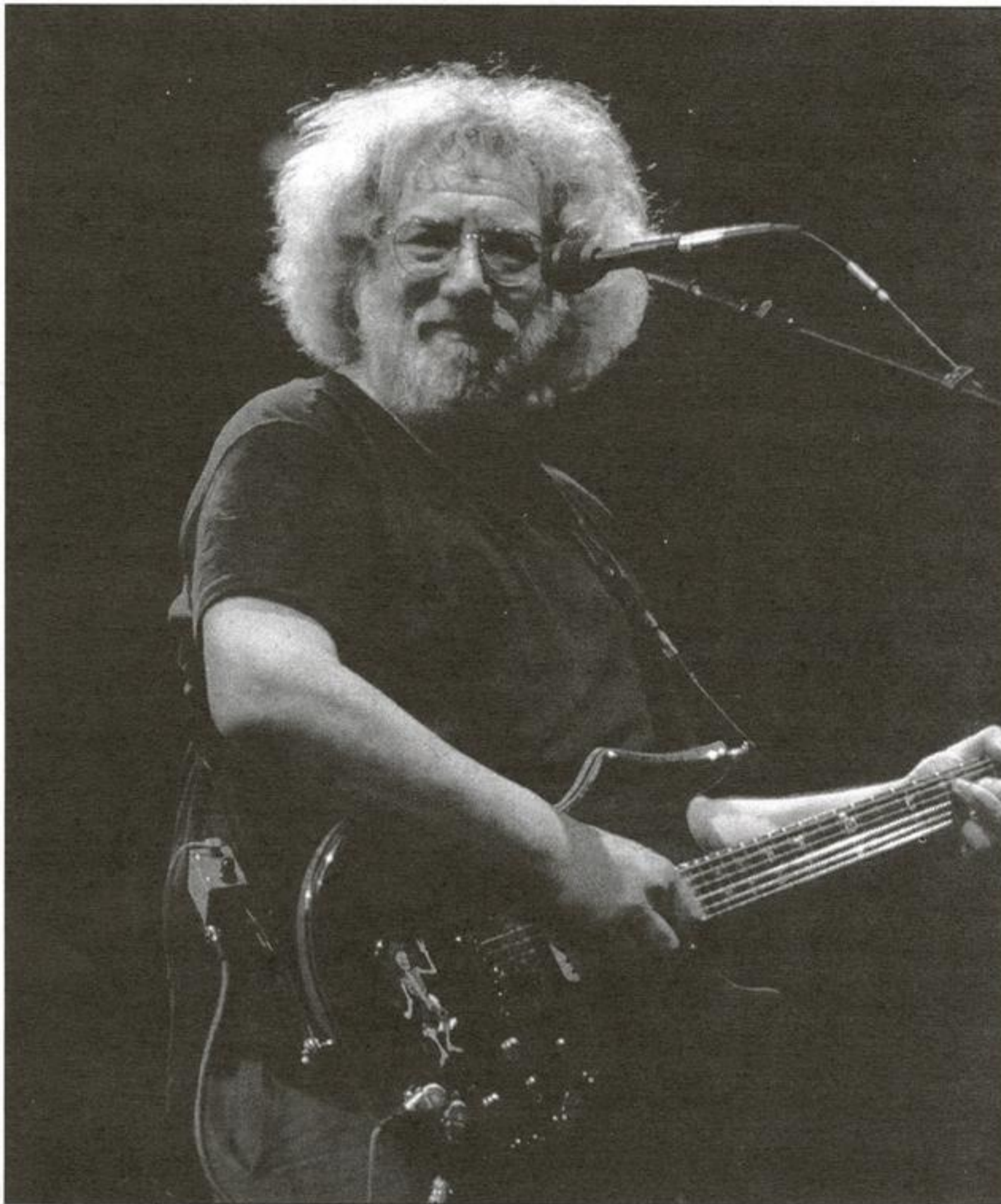
by Frank Hanwell

Over the past six years, I have compromised and sacrificed income, family, relationships, school, safety and health to "make it just one more day." Since really getting hooked at the Spectrum in the fall of 1989, I never failed to get the same chill up and down my spine when I saw Jerry just WALK ON STAGE! As the venues and seasons became a blur, there was always comfort in seeing that one small event, for however many thousand of us were there that night knew that for the next few hours, everything was going to be all right.

Anyone with even marginal interest in the Grateful Dead was exposed to increased concern for Jerry's health and the watchdog-like scrutiny of his performances in the last few years. Just prior to summer 1992, the last time he went to the edge and returned, I was already having scary flashes that I might someday witness his demise right there on stage. Most of the time, the flashes occurred while Jerry was having considerable difficulty with lyrics. This aspect was not some new dilemma; listen to any early '80s *Shakedown Street* and you may catch yourself chuckling. However, in parts of late '93 and mid-'94, its continued frequency had many of us wondering, speculating and above all, worrying. Indeed, on the Internet, the hot topic at this time last year was an unforgiving, frustrated, dissatisfied, and dismal view of Garcia's "batting average."

Amidst the debate, I witnessed such an erratic effort from Jerry that it left the harshest critics with an easy victory. But the next night proved to be the kind of show that made us want to stay on tour all the time. And Jerry was very much involved in what made it that way from beginning to end. Twenty-four hours earlier, I briefly feared that he was becoming the tired, washed-up old drug addict that mainstream music and media portrayed him as. One *Days Between* was enough to forget all of that.

I strongly believe that, no matter how the shows came out in the end, Jerry Garcia was always trying his best. When things appeared more bleak than ever, the joy of a winning effort was that much more satisfy-



3-31-94 Atlanta

Jill Calhoun

ing. The sad irony is that in his eleventh hour, he was producing more consecutive winning efforts than people gave credit for or even noticed.

The music wasn't the focus of either of his last two eastern tours. Spring tour's biggest topic was how lame the chosen venues were, and more unfortunately, summer tour's was the positively eerie events that dogged us everywhere. Reading between the lines reveals a more than competent level of play for a man in the last five months of his life.

The harsh wake-up on that second Wednesday in August turned out to be the easiest part to swallow: "Jerry's dead." The way the day unfolded after those two simple words were delivered was one of the most surreal experiences of my life. A close friend barreled into the driveway at an

ungodly speed to verify the news for herself. My employers were genuinely shocked to see me coming to work. "Whinin' boy, got no place to go." As the day wore on, the sad truth sank in further with each passing news report.

To this day I feel like I'm in denial, though I get hit with tidal waves of emotion every time I peruse one of the umpteen tribute issues or special editions of the participating print media. The feeding frenzy of that arm of modern communication was especially disheartening, though the initial

bloodthirst was impossible to ignore. The worst offenders were the fly-by-night operations who published half-assed scrapbooks with incorrect captions, unknown musicians, and flat-out wrong information. In close second were the "reputable," though no less offensive, right-wing styled editorials by well and not-so-well-known journalists. Often given a full page to promote their agenda by bashing Jerry and what they thought he stood for, they often left me confused as to exactly what their point was. Some mainstream magazines managed to put forth noble good-byes, though subliminal sarcasm pervaded each and every one, as if thirty years of non-stop touring and satisfied customers didn't really mean that much. Or maybe it's the vision I have of so many editors raving mad about finally having no way around acknowledging Jerry's importance.

The minister at the funeral had the right idea by initiating the standing ovation. We shouldn't mourn his death, but celebrate his life. There's certainly enough of his music at our disposal to do so. At this point, contrary to whatever spin whatever magazine or news program put on his last days, music and love should be all that matter regarding Jerry Garcia.

No editorial these days can be complete without a spin, and mine regards what many of us perceive as "the real world;" those out there who were never affected by Jerry. It's the final words of Ken Kesey's onstage eulogy for Bill Graham four years ago: "We ain't many. In any given situation there is always going to be more dumb people than smart people. We ain't many." We're one less.

Thank you for everything and good-bye, Jerry Garcia. Say hi to Elvis and the Space Aliens for me. ☘

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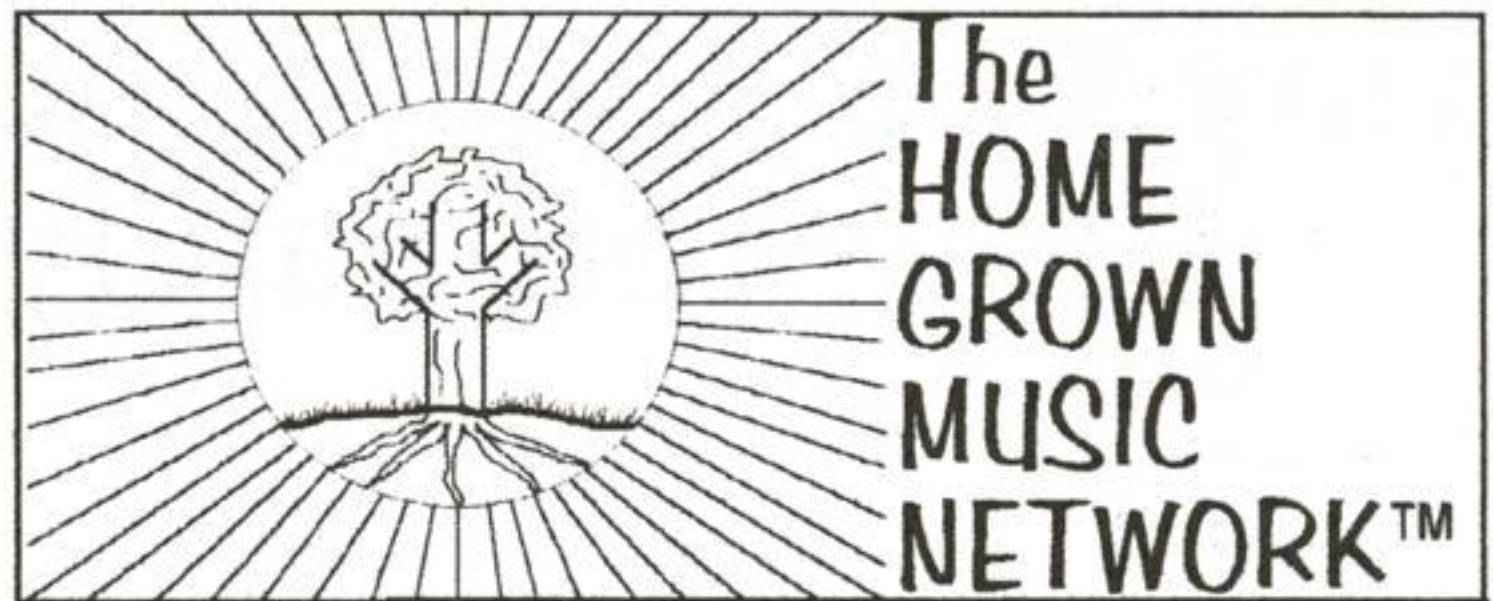
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We were having a high time...
well you know... Love, Deborah

One In Ten Thousand

by Geoff Weed

My first show was in a sticky Washington, D.C. summer in 1986, and I must confess I wanted to see Dylan and Tom Petty much more than I did the Dead. That the Dead were there was mostly incidental. Seeing them was a freebie, but I loved it, of course. Upon returning home two days later, I learned that Jerry had lapsed into a coma. I still remember that selfish fear that I'd not get to another concert mixed with wonder about what all those hardcore Deadheads would do. When he came back around, the doctors were in wonder at the speed of his recovery. We were all happy to hear the band so strong and see Garcia smile.

At the next show I attended, in the spring of '87, we found special, timely meaning in songs like *Brown-Eyed Women*, *Touch of Grey*, and *Black Peter*. I fell in love with the music of the Grateful Dead at a time when the fragility of Jerry Garcia's health was becoming apparent. The shadow that it could all end in a hurry never left over the next nine years and made the end, when it came on August 9, more sad than depressing, more surprising than shocking.

I've realized that there is no one way to remember Garcia. When the end was confirmed, I remembered some of the most happy moments of my young adult life as well as some of the strangest. Here are a few:



3-31-94 Atlanta

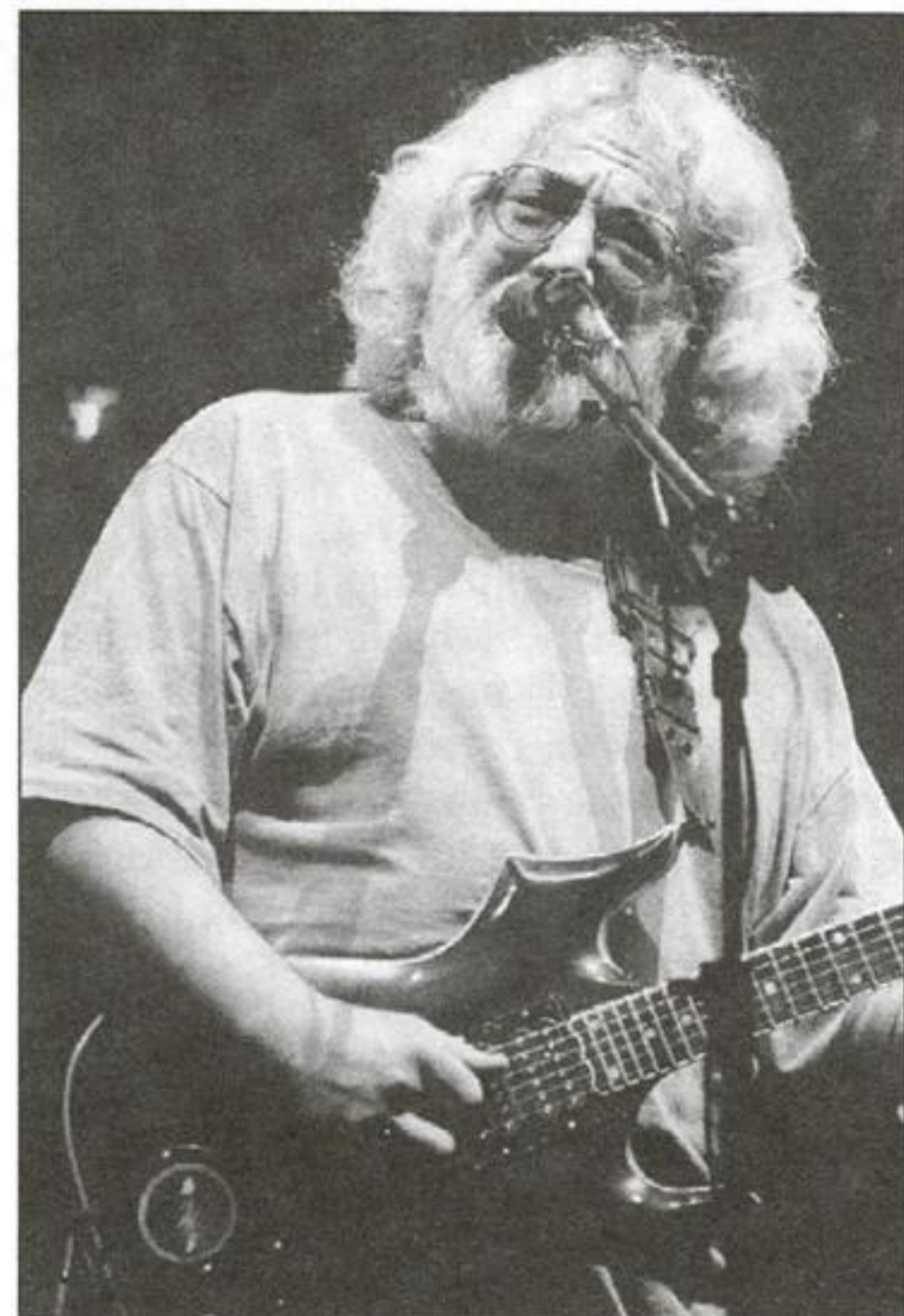
☉ I remembered hearing my first *Peggy-O* on my birthday in 1989. Most of my family and some friends in California chipped in and paid for plane fare and tickets for all three nights at Irvine Meadows. Few birthday presents have rivaled that one!

☉ I remembered a dream where the band played in my house at a party I was giving. At the end, after all had left, Jerry and Robert Hunter stayed behind. We did not talk or jam. Those two simply picked up a few pails and we went to work scrubbing the bathroom clean. It was, in its own dreamlike way, the most touching gesture I could imagine.

☉ I remembered seeing - and I mean actually SEEING - a green bolt of light shoot from the fretboard of Garcia's guitar and enter my friends forehead at the exact moment he began dancing to the first chord of *Alabama Getaway* on St. Patrick's Day in 1988. I didn't bother to mention it to him, but just shook my head and got on with the business at hand. Only at a Dead show would that sort of thing be within the realm of possibility.

☉ I remembered seeing Jerry lead JGB through a set at the Warfield Theater in the summer of 1990 between Dead shows at Cal Expo and Shoreline. We were a few feet from the stage. As the band began the second song, a sweet *They Love Each Other*, Clarence Clemons appeared stage right and a stage hand set up a mike for him right behind Garcia. Garcia wasn't expecting him and as soon as the verse was finished, he went over to Clemons and gave him a huge high-five. They went on to rock that song. Garcia, as has been said again and again, loved to play with everyone, from Edie to Beausoliel, from Branford to Grisman, from Ornette to Janis, from Aaron to Bonnie. I felt so lucky to see this warmth up close.

There are more and more stories about this man who, in an age that lacks heroes, appealed to so many different kinds of people. He left his mark not through the smoke and mirrors of an active PR department, but through the sweat and work of constantly touring, recording, playing, and forgoing any celebration of himself. For someone who was simultaneously the target of such intense adulation and such intense scorn from



Greg LaPlaca

3-18-95 The Spectrum

people who misunderstood him, he kept a level head and low key perspective. For this he was heroic to me.

August 9 marks many endings, some personal, some communal, some musical, some magical. For those of us who took something away from the music, from the experience and from the strength of the man, August 9 may be less of an ending than a beginning. Garcia once said something like, "If all you have is the Grateful Dead then you don't have anything." He was being characteristically humble, but he has a point. There is still much joy to be had and so many new places to go. Although the storyteller has taken his exit, the stories remain and fortify us as we choose which of the (so) many roads we will now take. ☉

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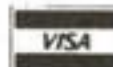
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Personal Responsibility, Social Responsibility & Jerry Garcia's Legacy for Us

by Scott Pegg

In the aftermath of Jerry Garcia's untimely death, I have heard many Deadheads asking each other such questions as: What will the rest of the band do now? or What happens to our scene now? This essay tackles a different question on a more personal level. Borrowing from V. I. Lenin, the question can be stated quite simply as: What is to be done? The answer can be found in two aspects of Jerry Garcia's life: his fragility and the amount of love he gave us all.

My own father died unexpectedly on his 54th birthday in 1989, so the inherent fragility of human life as shown by sudden death was not a new experience for me. Just a few months before Jerry's death, a twenty-seven year old Deadhead friend of mine was tragically killed in a freak car accident in Mexico.

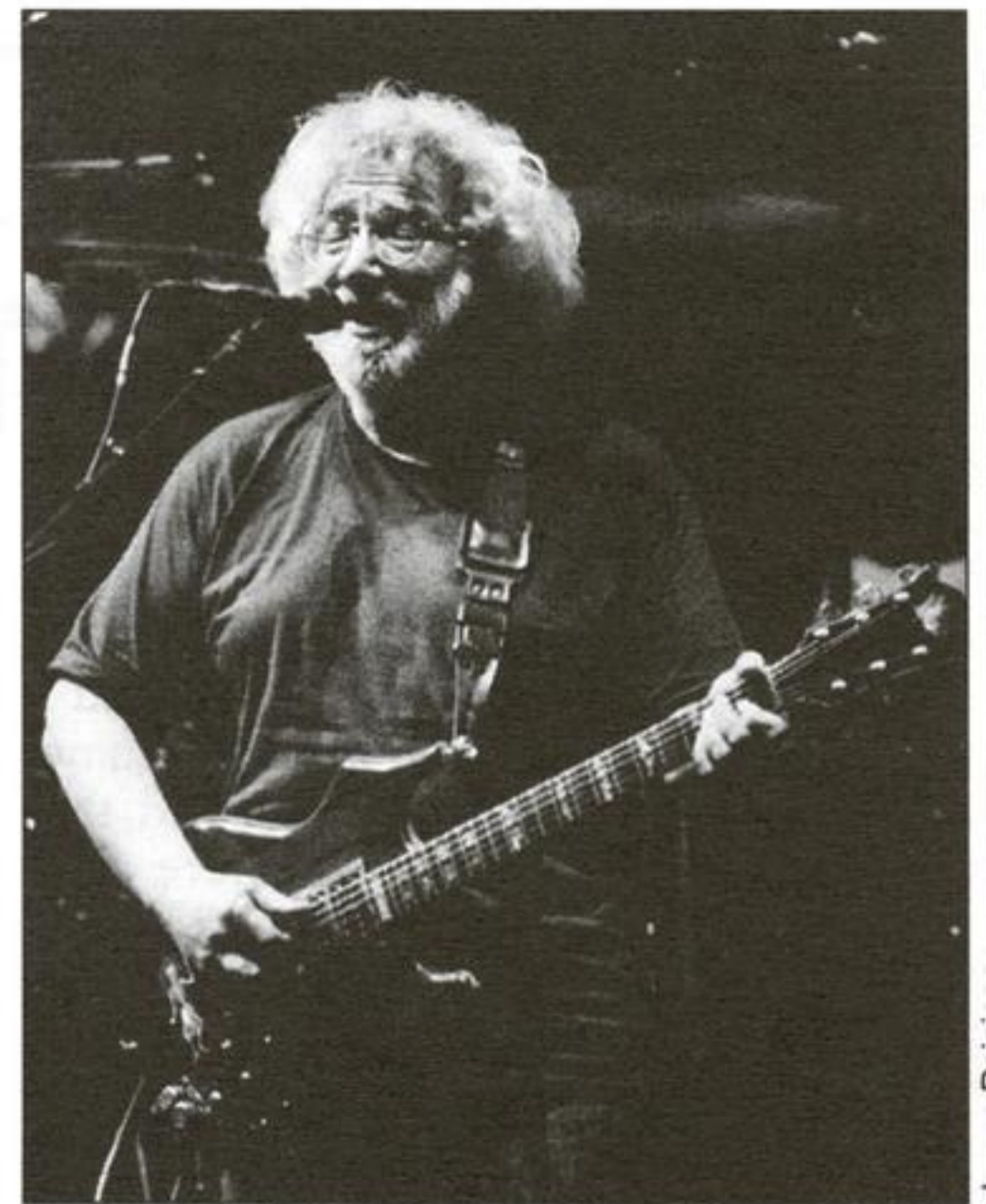
Life is precarious. It is literally here today and gone tomorrow. "Like the morning sun you come and like the wind you go." This inherent fragility was, however, a special part of Jerry's unique charm. Whether he was getting up and flying away in *Wharf Rat*, leaving the *Brokedown Palace* or walking alone by the *Black Muddy River*, this fragility or temporality was one of Jerry's most precious trademarks. Perhaps it was best shown in the epic show-closer *Morning Dew*. There, the song's omnipotence derived from its juxtaposition of a crescendo of instruments reaching heights of power never seen before or since in rock and roll, while

Jerry screamed and his voice gave way on the final "Guess it doesn't matter anyway." Where Mick Jagger and Keith Richards could turn out the exact same perfect rendition of *It's Only Rock and Roll* night after night, Jerry dropped lines, mumbled verses and sometimes seemed lost. That fragility was Jerry. It was his charm and it was a beautiful sign of his own humanity.

Besides Jerry's fragility and temporality, the other facet of his life I wish to consider is the amount of love he gave us. Paul McCartney was right when he wrote, "And in the end, the love you take is equal to the love you make." And, as we all know, this puts planet Earth in a bad way after Jerry's death. No one in (post)modern times ever gave so much love to so many people for so long. I, like you, tried to give this love back to Jerry. Whether it was turning new people on to his music; buying concert tickets, CDs or t-shirts; dancing our faces off; cheering wildly; or just shaking our heads and smiling in stunned amazement, we all tried to shower Jerry with love. We all know that he and the rest of the band couldn't have done it without us. We all know that we did our very best to love him, but we also know that Jerry gave the world way more love than he ever took from it. His departure from these shores leaves the planet facing what I would call "the love deficit." One of the largest and most important sources of love on the planet is no more. We are all weaker for it.

To return to the original question, What is to be done? Jerry's fragility mirrors our own. Just as he died so suddenly and so unexpectedly, so too could any of us. Furthermore, the love deficit caused by Jerry's ascent to a better place is now our responsibility. If you will, the need to erase the love deficit and to fill the world with peace and joy has now become the Deadhead's burden. The limited amount of time we have, combined with the maximum amount of love we need to make, means that we all need to get our own individual and collective acts together as soon as possible.

In this regard, we all need to heed Arlo Guthrie's advice. For years, Arlo has been pointing out that you can't save the world unless you can first save yourself. So while we should all support human rights in Guatemala and El Salvador, we



James Reininger

3-28-94 Nassau Coliseum

also need to increase our consciousness to the problems going on in our own lives and all around us. We can't speak the language of love, oneness, and racial harmony and then respond with the language of hate, anger, and exclusion when our son or daughter brings home an "undesirable" boyfriend or girlfriend. Similarly, the fact that we can all speak out against spousal and child abuse counts for little when we say nothing and do nothing about a boss or colleague who is sexually harassing women in our own workplace. Talking about saving the environment is all fine and good until we have to give up the ultimate convenience associated with our own automobiles and walk, bike, car-pool or, heaven forbid, use public transportation.

It's a mean, nasty and ugly world. Unfortunately, it's also that much meaner, nastier and uglier now that we all have to face it without Jerry. The best way to pay tribute to Jerry and to carry on with his work is for all of us to look deep within ourselves and change what needs to be changed. Do something! Write that letter for Amnesty International, coach that little league baseball team or send a donation to the Rex Foundation (P.O. Box 2204, San Anselmo, CA 94979). But more importantly, change yourself. That old cliché, think globally/act locally, still holds. We all need to start taking less and giving more. "The future's here, we are it, we are on our own." Or, as Jerry himself asked, "Won't you try just a little bit harder? Couldn't you try just a little bit more?" We owe it to ourselves, we owe it to the planet, and we damn sure owe it to Jerry Garcia. Peace and love to all. ✿

Deadicated with love to Capt. Trips, Morgan, my old man, and the Reverend Dr. Odie Davis Brown. Love is real, not fade away.



Tim Ashbridge

6-14-91 RFK Stadium

When I Had No Wings To Fly, You Flew To Me

by Ross L. Warner

Jerry's death affected me in so many ways. While I never had the opportunity to meet him, I feel like we shared countless good times over the years I spent on the bus. Those who knew him best say that he was as unparalleled as a human being as he was a musician. His passing not only represented an end to the Grateful Dead (at least as we know it), but an end to an irreplaceable chapter in my life.

After 138 shows, I consider myself a Grateful Dead minimalist. I never got wrapped up in the drugs. I drank at shows, but that wasn't even necessary. The Grateful Dead were about good times and music. "Good times" mean different things to all of us, but we can all agree on the music. And what music it is. While I agree with the band, that one should not necessarily live one's life through their lyrics, Grateful Dead music served as a musical backdrop for my journey from adolescence to adulthood. I can remember what tape I was listening to when I learned to drive or lost my virginity.

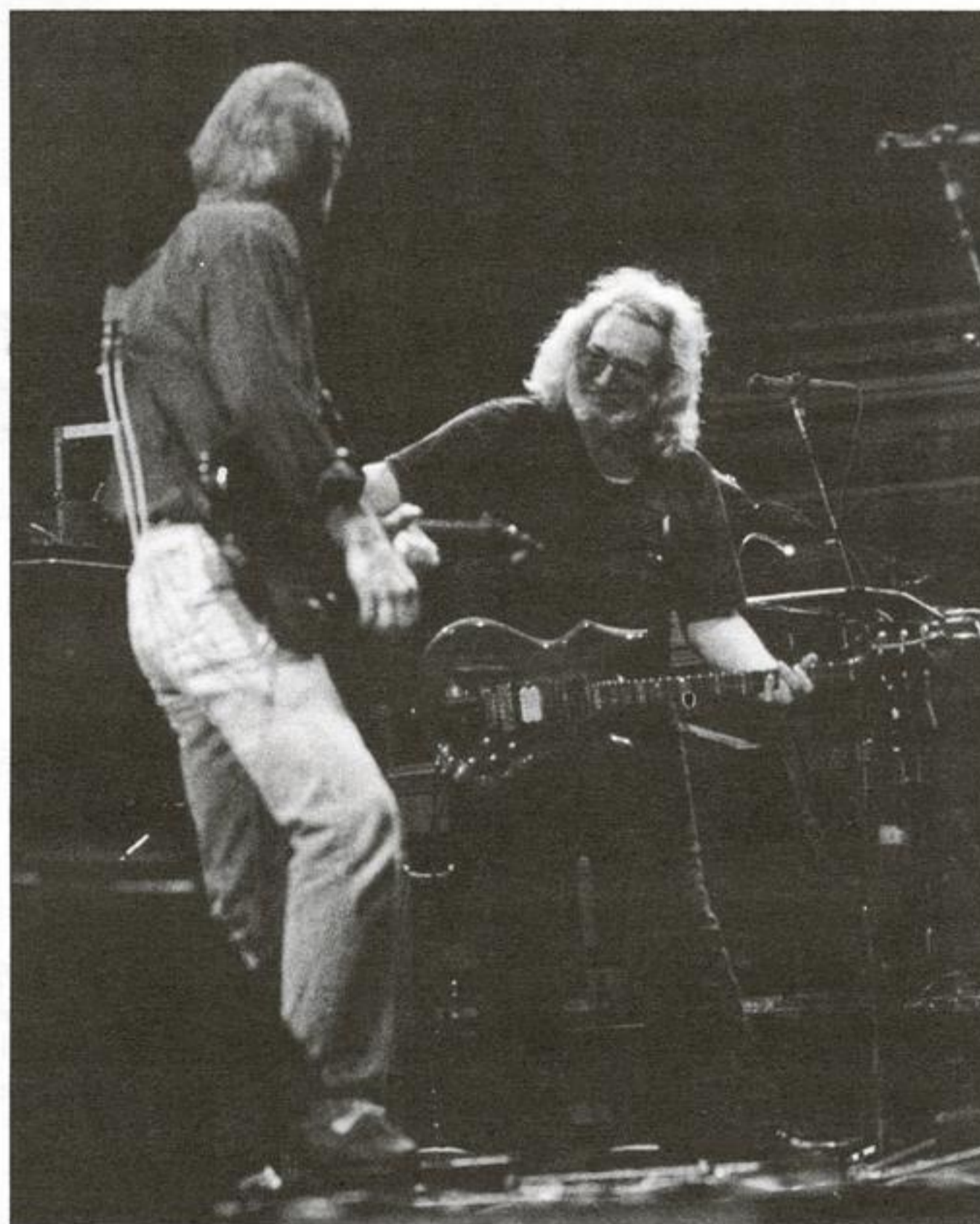
Even the tapes, however, can't capture the experience of being at the show. It's been said before, but there really is NOTHING like a Grateful Dead concert. And *that* is what I will miss the most. Sure, I love a good Allmans show, but there is no substitute. For me, one of the best things about being at a show was that for that one night, the circus actually WAS in town (even if it wasn't your town and you traveled 400 miles to be there). On that night, we didn't have to worry that you might miss a *Dupree's* or have to call in for the set list.

As Phil said, in the foreword to David Gans's *Playing In The Band*, being at a Dead show was a lot like being at a sporting event. And Jerry was a superstar. If the Grateful Dead had positions, Jerry would have been the point guard. Watching him play was like watching Magic Johnson. He had the ability to not only excel, but to make the great players around him play even better. He wasn't in on every great play and made sure that everyone got equal time with the ball. Still, his moves were most astounding, whether in a *Shakedown* filled with a barrage of three-point bombs or a *Let It Grow* with a 180 degree spin move. Every

time the Grateful Dead ran a fast break, you never knew how it would turn out. There were nights when the chemistry was so powerful that Jerry could throw Bobby a no-look pass and know that he would finish strong.

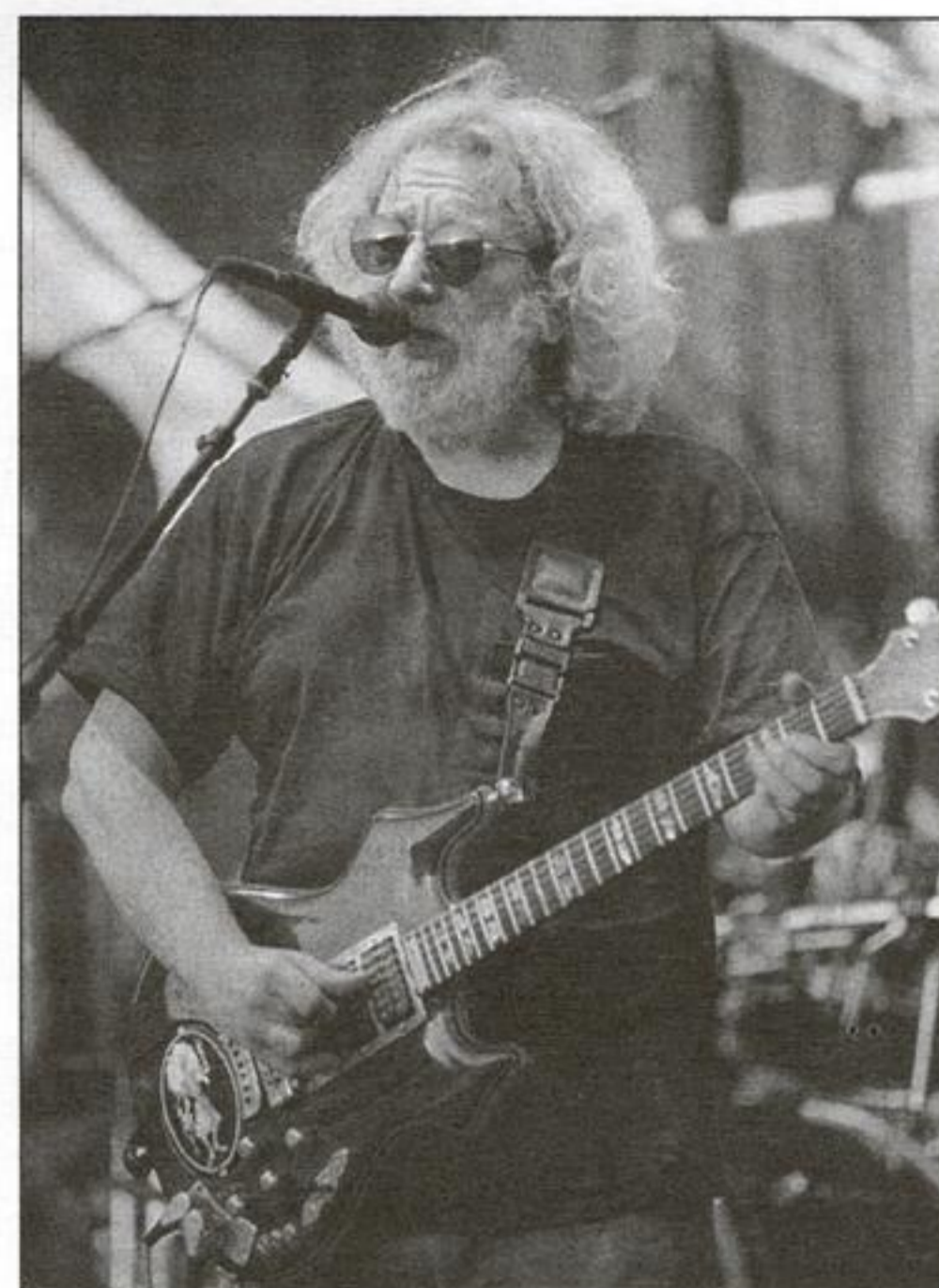
Jerry was what film critics call an auteur. Any piece of music he played had his unmistakable signature stamped all over it. When we heard it, we could detect it within a matter of notes. About how many guitarists can one say that? There were those versions of *Deal*, *China Cat*, *Rider*, or *Morning Dew* where those 9 1/2 fingers lifted us right out of the building. It didn't matter where we were - Oakland, Las Vegas, Saratoga, or New York City - we were *there*, that place that only *that man* and *that band* could take us.

Over thirty years, his voice - be it twangy,



4-3-91 Atlanta

powerful, or thin - always possessed a fragile quality that made one realize that he was as "average" as anyone. Of course all musicians are, but Jerry would actually share it. His voice had such passion and conviction that it felt like he had actually experienced everything he was singing. There were times when I'm sure he had. And there were nights when we had too. And that's when it was really special.



6-10-94 Cal Expo

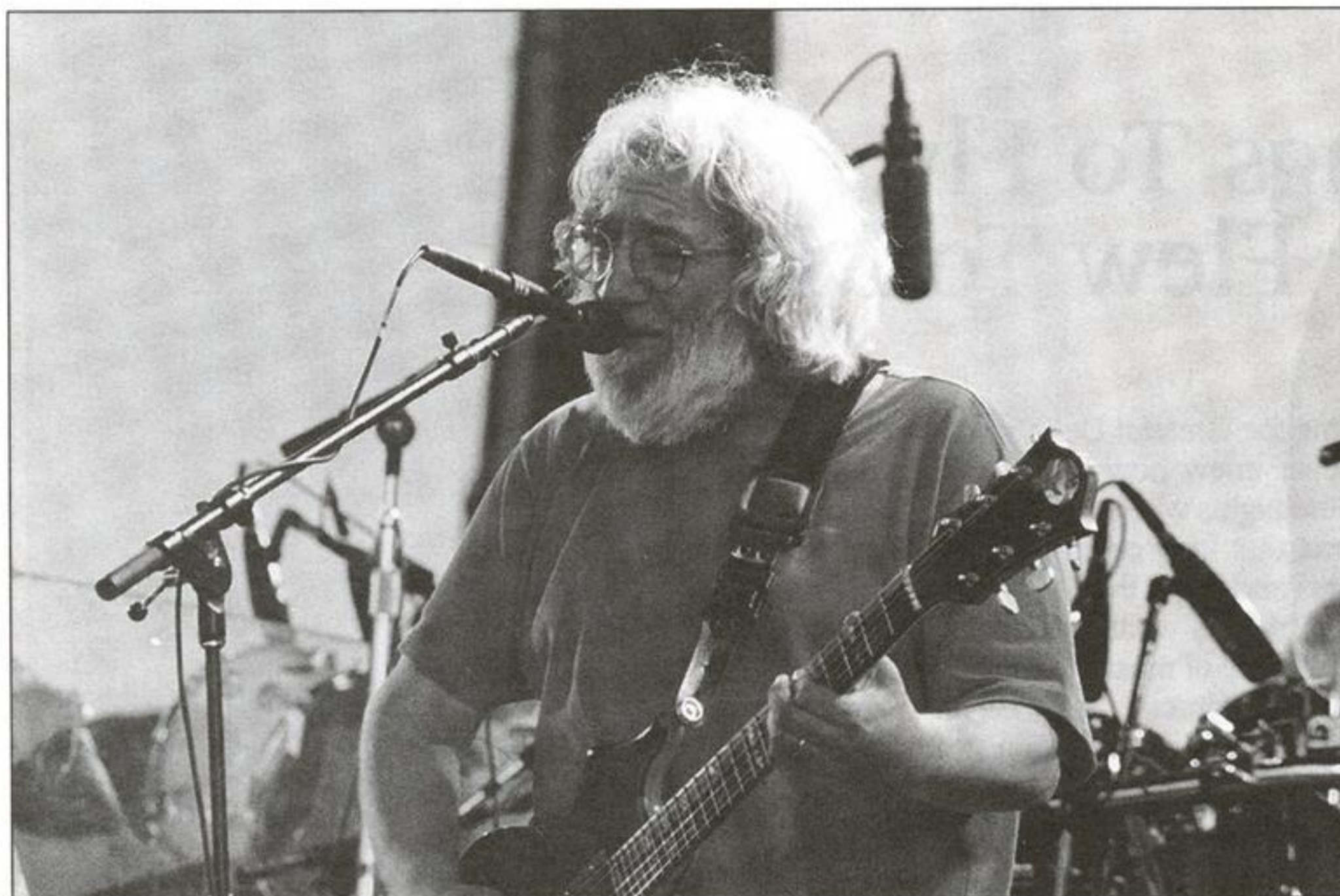
I remember *To Lay Me Down* at Madison Square Garden on September 18, 1990. As Bobby, Vince, and Bruce belted out the final chorus, Jerry went completely over the top. I have never seen him sing so strongly. Bobby looked over at him with a warm smile, first filled with astonishment, then with admiration. Through the years, each of the eleven members of the entity known as the Grateful Dead had moments in which they gave Jerry that same smile. That's what kept them playing and kept us coming back.

There were those times when the songs seemed to flow through the individuals playing them. The music could truly play the band. Never before has a rock band been so based on spontaneity. Anything *could* happen.

The Grateful Dead, despite popular perception, may not have had a "leader," but Jerry was always right up there in the cockpit. Many times he would let his band mates navigate, but he would never be too far from the action. Over the bridge of his glasses, he was keeping close watch. When he wasn't at the helm, he would always be sure to throw in his two cents. Sometimes it wouldn't fit, but so many other times it would

sound just right.

Jerry once said that the Grateful Dead "transformed five dumb guys into one dumb guy." For me and thousands of others, that dumb guy has made the tough times easier and the good times better, as Bobby emphasized on August 9. He said, if Jerry taught us anything it was that music can do that. For so many of us, their music was the only kind that could.



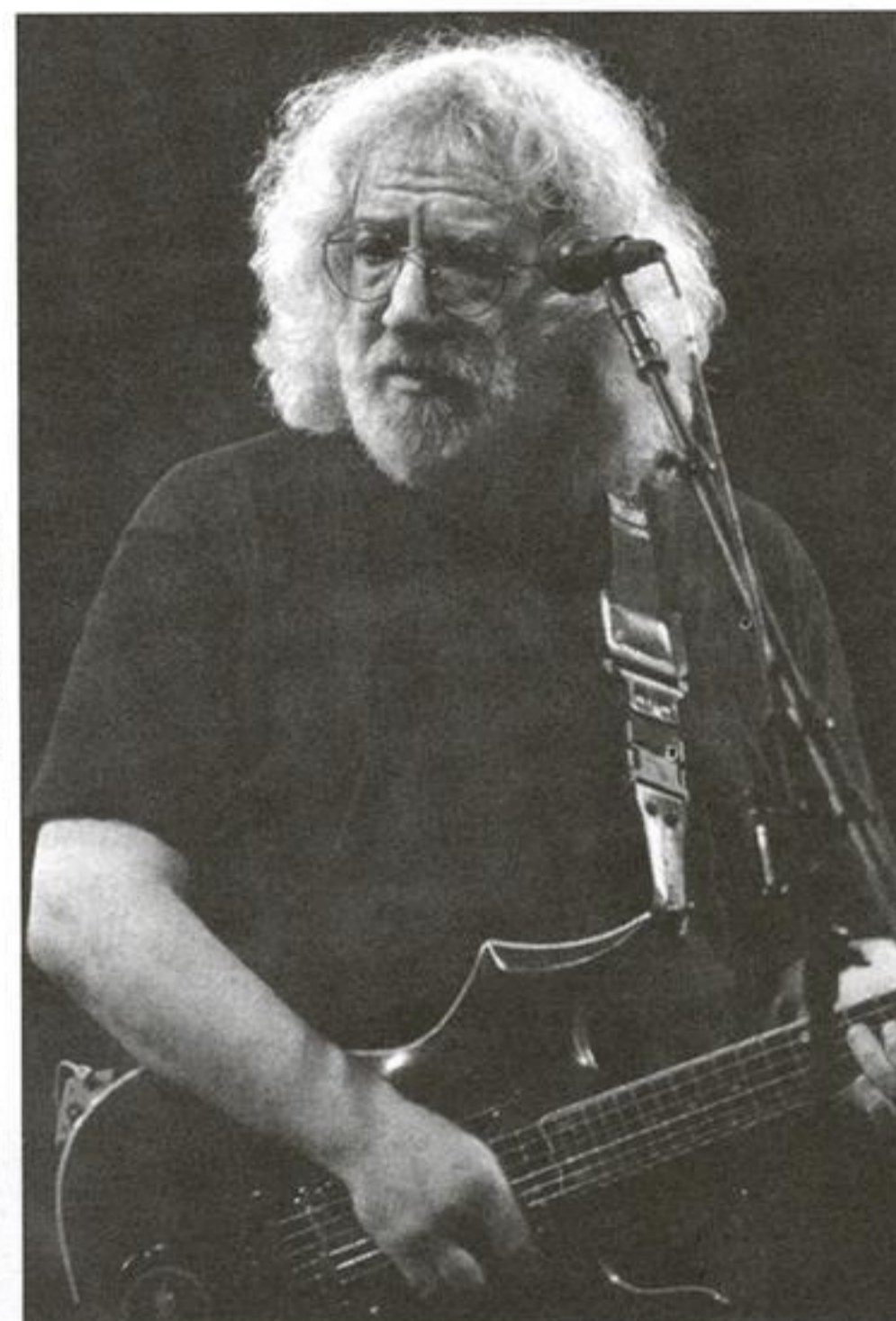
6-15-95 Highgate

In college, there was this girl. After spending nine months running from the possibility that I might be in love with her, I abruptly realized that this was the case. I decided to take her to the RFK '92 show with my friends. At one point during one of Jerry's solos, she looked over and gave me the letter-perfect Bob Weir head-bob and smiled. She had known some Heads before, but it was as if she suddenly understood why I

kept going. "This is definitely the girl for me," I thought. The IT that made the Grateful Dead... well... the Grateful Dead was so powerful that you felt great when you shared it with someone you loved.

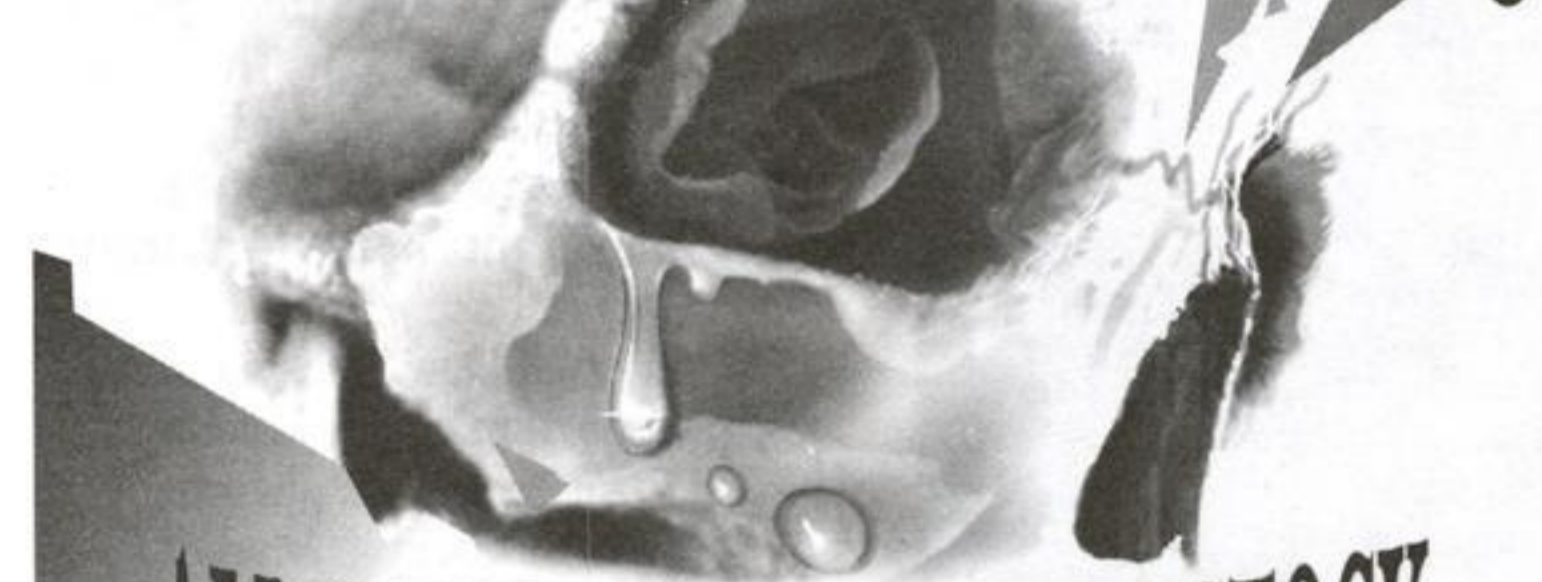
Jerry Garcia and the Grateful Dead found IT and shared it with as many people as they could over thirty years. In some ways, I feel the same way about Jerry's death as I did when my college fraternity lost its charter.

Maybe he had it coming. Maybe he was living on borrowed time. But the fact that the shows aren't there for me and future generations to enjoy is what is so painful. Still, it was fun all the way. And we'll always have IT and all of those great tapes. Rest in peace, Fat Man. You're goin' where those chilly winds don't blow. ☸



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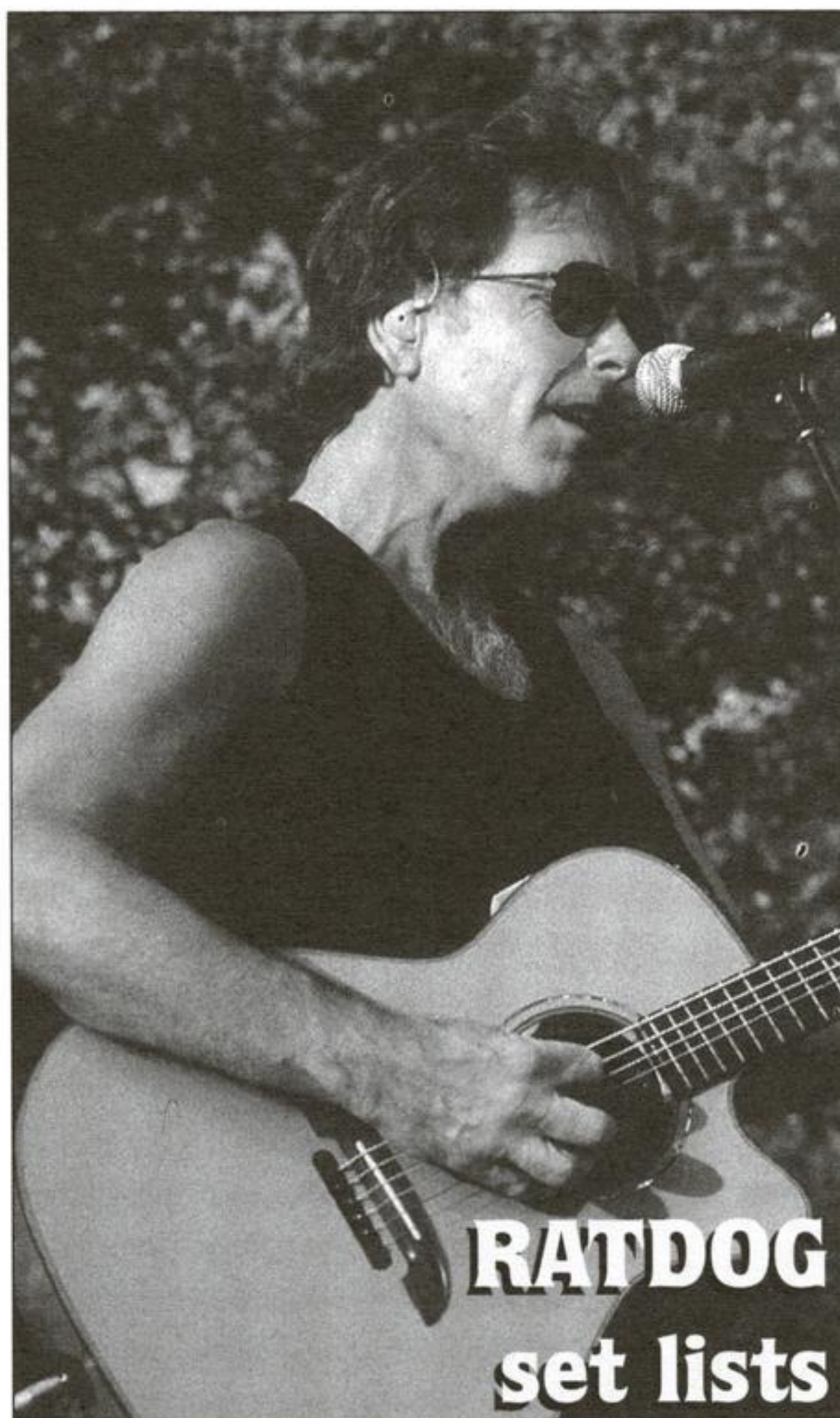
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 SCHOOLGIRL
 THE WINNERS
 THIS TIME FOREVER>
 SHADE OF GRAY
 HEAVEN HELP THE FOOL>
 DRUM SOLO>
 BASS SOLO
 EASY ANSWERS>
 THROWING STONES
 E: EVERY LIGHT SHINES ON ME
 KNOCKIN' ON HEAVEN'S DOOR

RATDOG
8-22-95 STATE THEATER,
PORTLAND, ME
 BOMBS AWAY
 FESTIVAL
 TAKE ME TO THE RIVER
 YOUNGBLOOD>
 FEVER>
 ETERNITY
 TWILIGHT TIME
 K.C. MOAN
 MASTERPIECE
 SCHOOLGIRL
 THIS TIME FOREVER
 HEAVEN HELP THE FOOL
 DRUM SOLO>
 BASS SOLO>
 VICTIM OR THE CRIME
 THROWING STONES
 E: LITTLE RED ROOSTER
 KNOCKIN' ON HEAVEN'S DOOR

RATDOG
9-3-95 HOG FARM PIGNIC,
LAYTONVILLE, CA
 TWILIGHT TIME
 BLACKBIRD
 CITY GIRLS>
 FEVER
 BOMBS AWAY>
 TAKE ME TO THE RIVER
 JUKE
 SCHOOLGIRL
 IT'S A MAN'S WORLD
 LITTLE RED ROOSTER
 ETERNITY
 THIS TIME FOREVER
 THE WINNERS
 SHADE OF GREY
 EASY TO SLIP
 DRUM SOLO>
 BASS SOLO>
 JOSEPHINE
 E: KNOCKIN' ON HEAVEN'S DOOR

RATDOG
8-6-95 SARATOGA
PERFORMING ARTS
CENTER, SARATOGA, NY
 BOMBS AWAY
 WALKIN' BLUES
 CITY GIRLS>
 FEVER>
 ETERNITY
 BLACKBIRD
 K.C. MOAN
 AIN'T THAT PECULIAR
 SCHOOLGIRL
 THIS TIME FOREVER>
 SHADE OF GRAY
 THE WINNERS>
 DRUM SOLO>
 BASS SOLO
 JAM>
 VICTIM OR THE CRIME>
 JOSEPHINE

RATDOG
8-17-95 CONSTITUTION
HALL,
WASHINGTON, DC
 WALKIN' BLUES>
 TAKE ME TO THE RIVER
 YOUNGBLOOD>
 FEVER>
 ETERNITY>
 BLACKBIRD>
 MASTERPIECE
 SCHOOLGIRL
 THIS TIME FOREVER>
 SHADE OF GRAY
 THE WINNERS
 EASY TO SLIP>
 DRUM SOLO>
 BASS SOLO>
 VICTIM OR THE CRIME>
 JOSEPHINE
 E: WANG DANG DOODLE>
 KNOCKIN' ON HEAVEN'S DOOR

RATDOG
8-24-95 COUNT BASIE
THEATER, RED BANK, NJ
 WALKIN' BLUES
 FESTIVAL
 TAKE ME TO THE RIVER
 CITY GIRLS>
 FEVER>
 ETERNITY
 BLACKBIRD
 K.C. MOAN
 MEMPHIS BLUES
 SCHOOLGIRL
 THIS TIME FOREVER
 SHADE OF GRAY>
 THE WINNERS>
 EASY TO SLIP>
 DRUM SOLO>
 BASS SOLO
 VICTIM OR THE CRIME
 JOSEPHINE
 E: EASY ANSWERS
 KNOCKIN' ON HEAVEN'S DOOR

RATDOG
8-8-95 CENTRAL PARK
SUMMER STAGE,
NEW YORK, NY
 WALKIN' BLUES
 TAKE ME TO THE RIVER
 CITY GIRLS>
 FEVER>
 ETERNITY
 BLACKBIRD
 K.C. MOAN
 AIN'T THAT PECULIAR
 MASTERPIECE
 SCHOOLGIRL
 EASY TO SLIP
 DRUM SOLO>
 BASS SOLO>
 VICTIM OR THE CRIME
 THROWING STONES
 E: EASY ANSWERS
 RATDOG OPENED FOR THE BAND

RATDOG
8-18-95 RICHMOND
AMPH.,
RICHMOND, VA
 BOMBS AWAY
 TAKE ME TO THE RIVER
 CITY GIRLS>
 FEVER>
 ETERNITY
 K.C. MOAN
 BLACKBIRD
 LOOKS LIKE RAIN
 DESOLATION ROW
 SCHOOLGIRL
 THE WINNERS
 EASY TO SLIP
 DRUM SOLO>
 BASS SOLO>
 JOSEPHINE
 THROWING STONES
 E: EASY ANSWERS
 KNOCKIN' ON HEAVEN'S DOOR

RATDOG
8-20-95 SHEA'S THEATRE,
BUFFALO, NY
 BOMBS AWAY
 WALKIN' BLUES
 YOUNGBLOOD>
 FEVER>
 ETERNITY
 EVERY LIGHT SHINES ON ME
 TWILIGHT TIME
 BLACKBIRD
 LITTLE RED ROOSTER
 MASTERPIECE
 SCHOOLGIRL
 THIS TIME FOREVER>
 SHADE OF GRAY>
 HEAVEN HELP THE FOOL>
 DRUM SOLO>
 BASS SOLO
 THROWING STONES
 E: KNOCKIN' ON HEAVEN'S DOOR

RATDOG
8-21-95 SYMPHONY HALL,
SPRINGFIELD, MA
 WALKIN' BLUES>
 TAKE ME TO THE RIVER
 CITY GIRLS>
 FEVER>
 ETERNITY
 BLACKBIRD>
 K.C. MOAN
 AIN'T THAT PECULIAR
 MAGGIE'S FARM
 THIS TIME FOREVER>
 SHADE OF GRAY
 THE WINNERS
 EASY TO SLIP>
 DRUM SOLO
 BASS SOLO
 EASY ANSWERS
 JOSEPHINE
 E1: WANG DANG DOODLE
 E2: KNOCKIN' ON HEAVEN'S DOOR

RATDOG
9-2-95 WARFIELD TH.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CA
 WALKIN' BLUES>
 TAKE ME TO THE RIVER
 JUKE
 LITTLE RED ROOSTER
 EVERY LIGHT SHINES ON ME
 TWILIGHT TIME
 K.C. MOAN
 MAGGIE'S FARM
 IT SHOULDA HAD BEEN ME
 FEVER
 YOUNGBLOOD
 ETERNITY>
 THE WINNERS>
 HEAVEN HELP THE FOOL>
 DRUM SOLO>
 BASS SOLO>
 VICTIM OR THE CRIME>
 THROWING STONES
 E: IT'S A MAN'S WORLD#@
 WANG DANG DOODLE#
 KNOCKIN' ON HEAVEN'S DOOR#
 # HENRY KAISER ON LEAD GUITAR
 @ VINCE WELNICK ON LEAD VOCALS

RATDOG
9-1-95 WARFIELD TH.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CA
 BOMBS AWAY>
 TAKE ME TO THE RIVER
 BLACKBIRD
 K.C. MOAN
 CITY GIRLS>
 FEVER
 MASTERPIECE
 SCHOOLGIRL
 THIS TIME FOREVER>
 SHADE OF GRAY>
 THE WINNERS>
 EASY TO SLIP>
 DRUM SOLO>
 BASS SOLO>
 EASY ANSWERS>
 JOSEPHINE
 E: IT'S ALL TOO MUCH#@>
 KNOCKIN' ON HEAVEN'S DOOR#
 # WITH HENRY KAISER ON LEAD GUITAR
 @ VINCE WELNICK ON LEAD VOCALS

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August 9, 1995

RATDOG: Bob Weir, Rob Wasserman, Matthew Kelly & Jay Lane

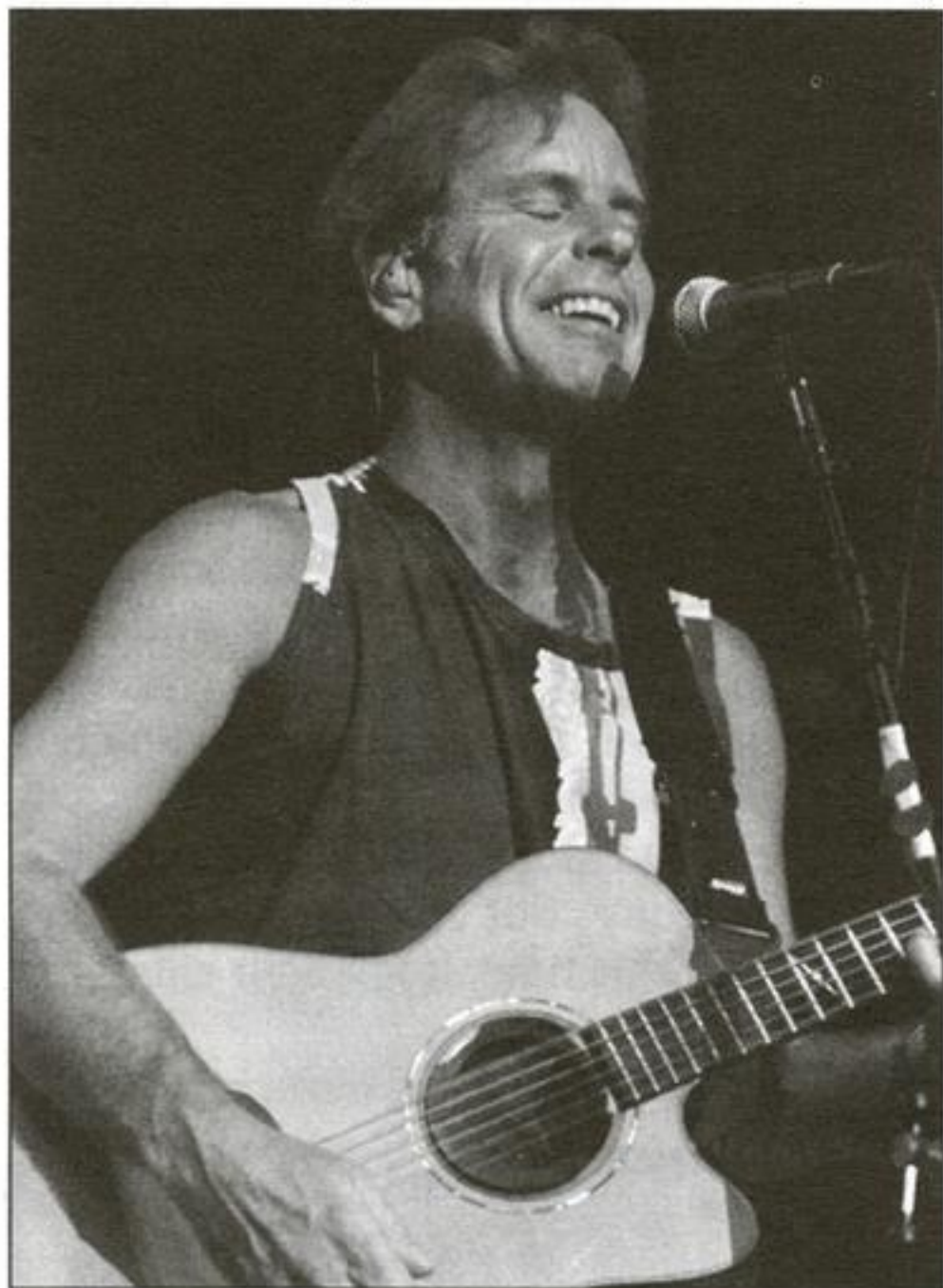
Hampton Beach Casino Ballroom, Hampton, NH

by Deane Scott Beman

It was just before eleven o'clock in the morning when the telephone rang. My good friend Mike asked me if I had heard the bad news. Believe it or not, I knew it had something to do with Jerry. I thought maybe he was in the hospital again, or maybe he was back in rehab. At the very worst, I thought Mike was going to tell me that the fall tour was canceled.

"Jerry died this morning" is what I heard next. Frantically, I turned on the radio. This was just another one of those rumors. As I scanned the stations, this rumor seemed to be fact. Finally, I turned on the television for the noontime news report. There was a picture of Jerry. Underneath the photo was "1942-1995." It was true, Jerry had passed away.

I had bought tickets for the RATDOG show at Hampton Beach the day they



Tim Ashbridge

8-18-95 Richmond

went on sale. It isn't too often any one of the boys comes to my home state of New Hampshire, so I was really psyched to see this show. Little did I know that it would end up being a tribute to the late Jerry Garcia.

Show time wasn't until nine o'clock that evening, but given the circumstances, I arranged to be there at about 4:30. When I arrived, the scene had already begun. Candles were lit, a few people were crying, and a lot of us just started talking to one another. We remembered the good and the not so good shows. We shared our favorite Jerry moments. Mostly, however, we wondered how Bob was doing. His friend of over thirty years



Joe Ryan

Bob Weir & Rob Wasserman 8-25-95 Tower Theater

had passed away that morning on the other side of the country. Quite frankly, we were surprised that the show was going to happen at all.

My hat goes off to the staff and management at the Hampton Beach Casino Ballroom. Realizing the magnitude of the event, the club set up PA speakers in the back parking lot. That way, people who weren't lucky enough to get tickets could still enjoy the music and good vibes.

The opening act for the evening was From Good Homes. Their songs are a unique blend of rock, country, and folk music. They played a very solid and entertaining set. This band comes highly recommended. Their debut album *Open Up The Sky* is available on RCA Records.

After a brief intermission, the lights went down and Bob Weir's voice echoed throughout the club, "So our departed friend, if he proved anything to us, he proved that good music can make sad times better. We've got our work cut out for us this evening so we'll just get started."

Bob and his band opened up the show with an energized *Bombs Away*. Bob's vocals were a little low in the mix to start, but the intensity in his voice and his playing became evident midway through the first verse. A hot *Walkin' Blues* followed, with Rob Wasserman doing things to his stand up bass that are illegal in some states; slapping and popping along to the rhythm of drummer Jay Lane, while Matthew Kelly's strong harmonica playing hovered above the music.

City Girls preceded the pairing of *Fever* into *Eternity*. The latter song took on a whole new meaning given the circumstances. The band really had a lot of fun on *Youngblood*, with Bob, Matt, and Rob trading off lines during the chorus. Weir stole the spotlight during *Blackbird*. One couldn't help but notice how Bob was

staring up toward heaven, as if silently dedicating the song to his friend.

A few cheers of recognition came from the crowd as the band played a fairly standard *K.C. Moan*. Matt Kelly wailed away on the harp during an upbeat arrangement of *Good Morning Little Schoolgirl*. Next came a long stretch of tunes with *The Winners*, *This Time Forever*, *Shade Of Gray*, and *Heaven Help The Fool* all flowing into one another.

After a brief drum solo from Jay Lane, Rob Wasserman stepped up for his bass solo. Maybe it was the stage lighting, but I swear I saw a single tear stream down his face as he played a sweet rendition of *Amazing Grace*.

The rest of the band returned for an animated *Easy Answers*. This may have been the best reading of the song I have heard to date. A very passionate *Throwing Stones* followed, with an extended bridge during which Bobby improvised, "We are on our own... papa's gone" to the intense



Greg LaPlaca

8-8-95 Central Park

GUITAR TABLATURES



GARCIA'S SOLOS:

Note by Note

Play what Garcia plays. Exact tablature transcriptions for 32 classic Captain Trips solos are described and demonstrated in this two cassette package. TAB manual included. NO NEED TO READ MUSIC.

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Each song is presented in both standard and TAB notation. Lyrics are included.

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Garcia's Solos	\$ 25	<input type="checkbox"/>
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TOM TOM PRODUCTIONS



8-8-95 Central Park - Rob Wasserman, Jay Lane, Bob Weir

Greg LaPlaca

cheers of the crowd. In the truest meaning of "interactive," Bobby sang louder and louder to be heard over the screaming crowd until the intensity came to a head as Bobby ripped into the guitar solo. At the end of the song, the band quickly left the stage while the emotionally-drained audience called for an encore.

Minutes later, Matt Kelly and Rob Wasserman returned alone to perform *Every Light Shines On Me*, a beautiful ballad written that afternoon for Jerry. Weir and Lane rejoined their band mates for a heartfelt version of *Knockin' On Heaven's Door*. Weir improvised on the final verse: "Come take these tears from my face/ I can't use them anymore/ Sure seems like such a damn waste/ And it feels like I'm knockin' on heaven's door." As Weir came to the final chorus, he signaled the crowd to join in. He then walked off the stage briskly. The rest of the band looked

a little confused, but as the crowd kept on singing, "Knock knock knockin' on heaven's door..." a capella, they understood what was happening and also left the stage. The house lights came on, but the crowd kept right on singing, slowly at first, but gradually picking up tempo until finally the crowd exploded with one final cheer before being ushered out by the club's security.

As I headed off to my car, I noticed how large of a crowd had assembled to listen to the PA in the back parking lot. There must have been close to a thousand people there, all chanting, "You know our love will not fade away," over and over again. The sound of their voices gradually got quieter as I drove away, until finally I could not hear them anymore.

The world stopped turning for a little while that day, but now it was moving again. Only this time, it felt a bit empty. ☼

THANK YOU JERRY

"MAY THE FOUR WINDS BLOW YOU SAFELY HOME"

PEACE,
THE GANG AT GYPSY ROSE

New releases



Hundred Year Hall

April 26, 1972

Frankfurt, West Germany

Grateful Dead Productions/Arista

Hundred Year Hall, the long-awaited and longer-overdue third multi-track vault project, was released in late September. Perhaps because Dan Healy no longer oversees the project, it is not called _____ from the Vault.

To the dismay of any critic of *Dick's Picks* format, a substantial amount of the show is not included on this two-CD package. However, although Pigpen is criminally under-represented again, one should not despair a nightmarish hack job. The release would probably require four CDs to accommodate the entire show. It's a masterpiece as is.

Europe '72 Revisited might have made a nice subtitle, because those are the easiest three words to describe it. The only difference between this and its original counterpart is that *Hundred Year Hall*, as Phil said of *Steal Your Face*, is "Grateful Dead, zits and all." Dick Latvala said in an interview almost two years ago that he suggested a Europe 1972 show to Phil with the emphasis on releasing "the big jams". There are no studio overdubs, heavy reverb texture, or truncated jams from songs that, at that time, were guaranteed to head for the cosmos. And the one desired professional aspect is in full effect: *Hundred Year Hall* was remixed and mastered from the original Alembic sixteen-track master tapes, keeping with the tradition of the vault releases.

Highlights from the first set/CD include *Me & My Uncle* whose breakneck pace I've not heard exceeded; *Jack Straw*, still in its tender infancy, with Weir singing all the verses; and *Big Railroad Blues*, so hot that it should have been on *Europe '72* in spite of having just

appeared on *Skull Fuck*. *Playing in the Band*, likely the shortest from that tour, squeezes in three times the density in its nine minutes. The disc ends by time-warping past the second CD's material to the closing *Lovelight* > *GDTRFB* > *Saturday Night*, which easily surpasses half an hour. The jamming between *Lovelight* and *GDTRFB* is alone worth the price of admission. Fans of Donna's banshee screams won't be disappointed, either.

One might find the second CD in their stereo more often than the first, as these four segued songs easily justify the exclusion of the rest of the show. *Truckin'* is huge, with the band rushing off to jamland for what seems like an eternity before reprising the final verse and taking off again.

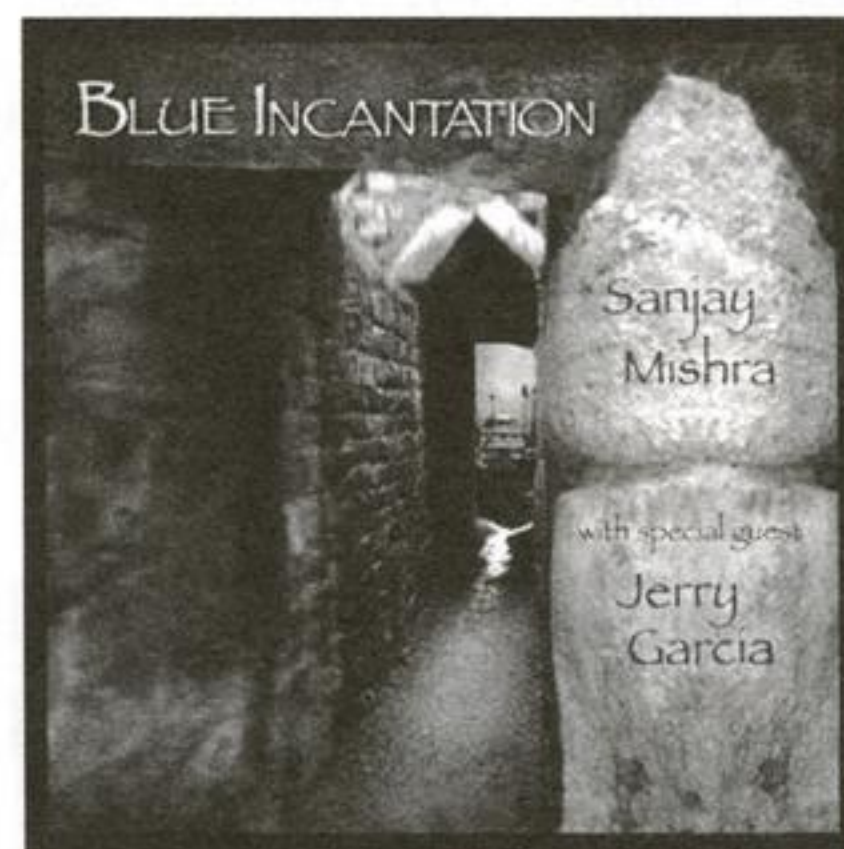
The Other One is over thirty-five minutes. Need I say more? Almost as intriguing, it is listed as *Cryptical*, which does not appear on the disc. Gary Lambert, Editor of the Grateful Dead Almanac, recently explained the situation on the World Wide Web. Apparently, this *Cryptical/ Other One* confusion began with Warner Brothers' release of the GD Anthology songbook, where the words AND credits for *Cryptical* are listed under *The Other One*, and vice versa. *Two From The Vault* may have been affected by this, because the entire suite is listed simply as *The Other One*, thereby shorting Garcia of song writing credit. Since the insertion of *Cryptical* as a title was noticed after the artwork was completed, they decided to let it go as-is to balance out the earlier mistake on *Two From The Vault*.

By the time this version of "Cryptical" has played once on your stereo, you'll forget about every time you cringed when listening to the end of *Truckin'* on *Europe '72*. When the chaos is finally over, Jerry puts forth his best effort on the release, *Comes A Time*. *Hundred Year Hall* closes appropriately, though not chronologically, with *Sugar Magnolia*.

The album is beautifully packaged with artwork by Annie Cutler, wife of co-producer and JGB/GD sound engineer John Cutler and features liner notes by Robert Hunter, who waxes profound and esoteric in a manner which no one else on this planet is capable.

If you like *Europe '72*, you need this album. If you don't, you still need it.

-Frank Hanwell



Sanjay Mishra

with Special Guest Jerry Garcia

Blue Incantation

RainDog Records

Jerry Garcia and his wife met Sanjay Mishra at the Greenpeace offices in Washington, D.C. to discuss environmental issues. As an afterthought, Mishra handed Jerry a copy of his first CD. Jerry became enchanted with the music and offered not only to play on his next recording, but offered the full services of the Club Front studio as well.

The sound of Mishra's music is a mix of traditional Western classical guitar and Eastern Indian music approached with modern sensibilities. He grew up in Calcutta and later studied with world famous guitar teacher Manuel Barrueco at the Peabody Conservatory. As in the Indian musical tradition, there is much greater emphasis on rhythm than harmony in his music. Much of the music has a vital rhythmic snap, while the slower pieces have a floating timeless quality. Sanjay achieves a beautifully pure tone on his nylon string guitar which mixes well with the tabla and other percussion. His playing is nimble and delicate. On selected cuts, Jerry's trademark electric guitar sound provides a fascinating contrast to the otherwise all-acoustic texture.

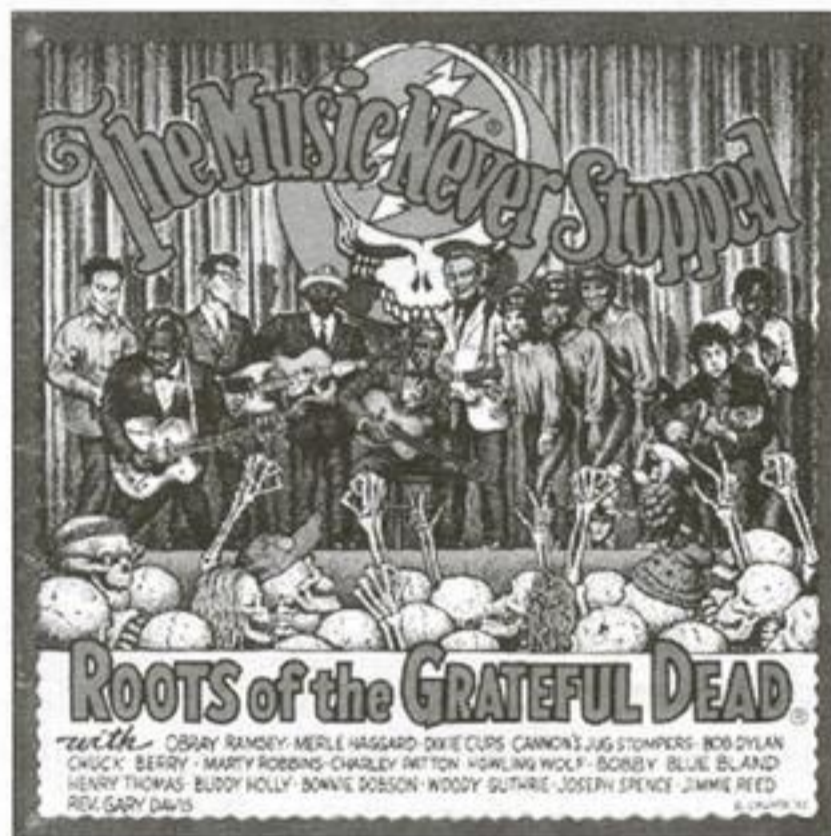
The titles of these all-instrumental works fit well and many reflect earthly elements. *Monsoon* is like a quick storm that builds up and bowls over you. With an interesting hollow sound, Jerry jabs and pokes holes through the middle of the tempest. Clouds wafts slowly and effortlessly by with the aforementioned timeless quality. *Bach in Time* provides a strange juxtaposition of time and place by combining movements of Bach's *Lute Suite No. 3* with traditional Indian tabla.

Fans of New Age and Eastern Indian

music will probably jump all over this if they are exposed to it. Don't think of that in negative terms, though. Even without Jerry's contributions, this album is worth investigation. Everyone reading this magazine will probably want this CD as it represents some of, if not, the last studio material from Jerry Garcia. It also shows still yet another aspect of Jerry's wide ranging musical personality.

Blue Incantation is available at most Tower Records or can be ordered from Grateful Dead Mercantile 800-CAL-DEAD. Some other stores might have it as well.

-Michael Bell



**The Music Never Stopped:
Roots of the Grateful Dead
Various Artists**

Schanachie Entertainment

My friend John has spent years at record conventions, pawn shops, used book stores, and garage sales searching for the original or earliest-known recorded versions of many of the songs that the Dead have covered. It has been an admirable pursuit, and an educational one as well. In the process, he has learned much about the roots of the Grateful Dead and American music - country, blues, jug bands, folk, gospel, and more - in general. John's quest is now over.

Produced by Grateful Dead Hour producer David Gans and producer/guitarist Henry Kaiser, *The Music Never Stopped: Roots of the Grateful Dead* is analogous to a thesis of John's search. Gans calls it "the genetic code of the Grateful Dead." In a nutshell, the disc couldn't be described better.

The disc contains seventeen tracks, of which fifteen were played on the band's summer tour and thirteen have been in the repertoire since the Pigpen days. Every song has made a fundamental contribution to the sound of the Grateful Dead. The tracks within are not only songs that the band has covered, but also songs from which inspiration for original works has come. Needless to say, most Deadheads are bound to be familiar with this material.

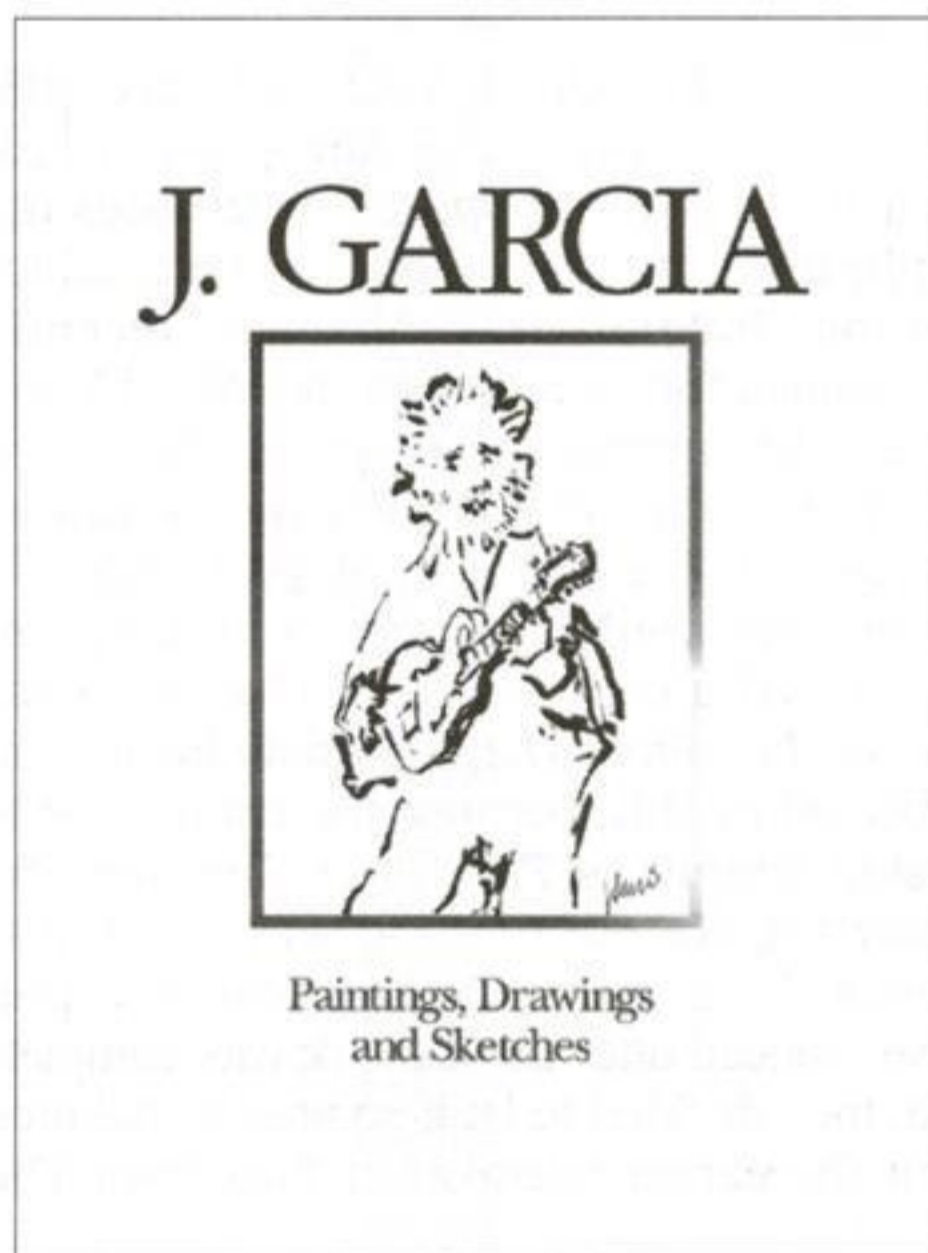
But the whole *raison d'être* of the disc

is that most of us haven't heard *this* material. We know the Dead's versions so well that with each song on the disc, we learn something new about the Grateful Dead, their background, and American music. The variety represented would baffle any listener unaware that there is actually a unifying thread: the Grateful Dead.

The extensive liner notes by Blair Jackson, former publisher of *The Golden Road*, are surely worth as much as the music itself. Jackson describes the "roots" (as the column about cover song histories was entitled in *The Golden Road*) of each tune in well-researched detail, offering the history of the song itself and an explanation of the evolution of the Grateful Dead's versions. Reading along while listening to the disc almost reminds me of elementary school A/V educational books that were accompanied by cassettes.

Available in record stores and from Grateful Dead Mercantile 800-CAL-DEAD.

-Dave Serrins



**J. Garcia: Paintings, Drawings
and Sketches**

96 pages

Very shortly after Jerry's death, the office at *Unbroken Chain* received a review copy of *J. Garcia: Paintings, Drawings and Sketches*. This book was originally published by Celestial Arts in 1992. The publishers are attempting a revival of sorts and want to bring to the attention of Deadheads a book that might well have gone unnoticed the first time around. We had heard of the book, never seen it, and wouldn't have known where to get one if we had wanted to. Our curiosity was indeed piqued though, as we paged through the visual offerings of an artist that we have loved to listen to for so long.

The verdict? Some are good, some are bad, all are simple. Jerry himself once said,

"I hope that nobody takes them too seriously." We are amused with the visuals, but mostly *relieved* that Jerry kept his day job.

As certain as death and taxes, the price of an artist's work goes up when the artist dies. But does the VALUE really jump as well? Arguably not. For those of us in legion who cannot afford even a signed lithograph, much less the \$20,000 or so that it would cost to purchase a Jerry original artwork, this book is valuable indeed. All the reason to be even more thankful that Jerry's truly greatest art is available for the cost of blank tape.

Available in bookstores or call 800-841-2665.

-Mike Maynard



**Kingfish
In Concert**

King Biscuit Records

For Bay Area music fans, Kingfish's first incarnation has always occupied a special place in the pantheon of underrated bands. Though not a Bob Weir solo band (Kingfish existed before and after his tenure), their fortunes have always been intertwined. Now, with Weir's solo work receiving new scrutiny, Kingfish is overdue for reconsideration. This two-CD set, recorded at the Beacon Theater in New York in 1976, provides ample proof of this band's performing prowess.

Originally, Kingfish had nothing to do with Weir. After growing disillusioned with the New Riders of the Purple Sage, bassist Dave Torbert began playing again with his old friend Matthew Kelly, a harmonica player of some renown. Despite the addition of Robbie Hoddinott on lead guitar and Chris Herold on drums, the band had a rocky start, losing keyboardist Mick Ward shortly after cementing the line-up. Returning to San Francisco in 1974, they began gigging at Bay Area clubs, and Bob Weir sat in on a few sets at Kelly's invitation. With the Dead in hibernation, Kingfish found their replacement 'keyboardist.' "Bobby could fit the bill nicely," recalled Kelly. And, as historian Jack McDonough commented, Weir also brought "a brief incandescence to the group's fortunes." It proved to be "a bless-

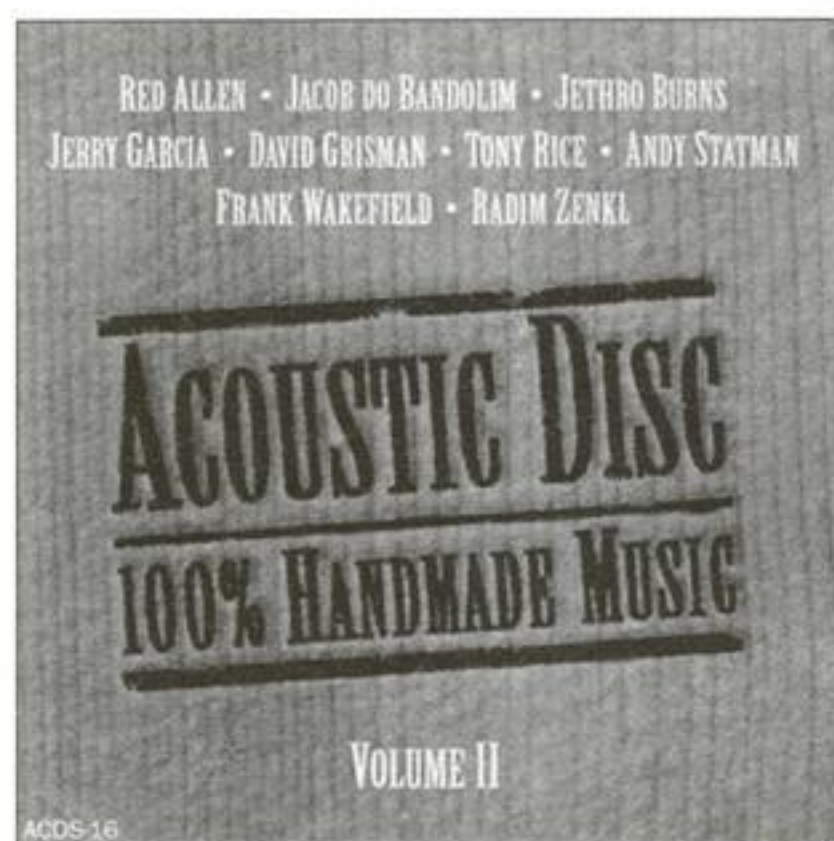
ing and a curse," Kelly said afterwards, since Weir's departure from Kingfish chilled industry interest in the band. But for those months, Kingfish was Weir's full-time job.

This recording comes from one show on a five-city tour of the northeast. For fans with little Kingfish or Weir material, this is an excellent performance and a representative set. Highlights of the first disc include *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*, with classic Weir rhythm flourishes throughout and choruses that stretch into hypnotic jams. The set closer, *Around and Around*, is treated here to a slow tempo that builds nicely. This rendition also goes places that the Dead's usually don't: about four minutes in, it's downright dangerous; all hard edges and manic energy. *Goodbye Yer Honor* makes the case for Kingfish as a classic Bay Area band. In the studio, this tune came off poorly, but here it simply smokes.

Disc two is the better of the two, though. From the first song, they can't play a wrong note. *New Minglewood Blues* riffs on one of the Dead's arrangements, making it funkier and driving, ending with dueling twin rhythm guitars. And *One More Saturday Night* opened my eyes, though I've heard it dozens of times in concert and usually found it bland. Here, stripped to the core and rebuilt in Kingfish's distinctive voice, it is a different creation.

Lazy Lightning, though, is the reason to own this package. The band executes the arcana of its structure with no mistakes or lapses, and Weir is in exceptional form. Overall, this shows a part of him you only see imperfectly with the Dead. The jams that take off from the song's angular chord changes are the band's finest musical statement. All of the jams fit, and Kelly's harmonica solo in the middle is pure essence of Kingfish.

-Griffin Nicholson



100% Handmade Music Vol. II
Acoustic Disc

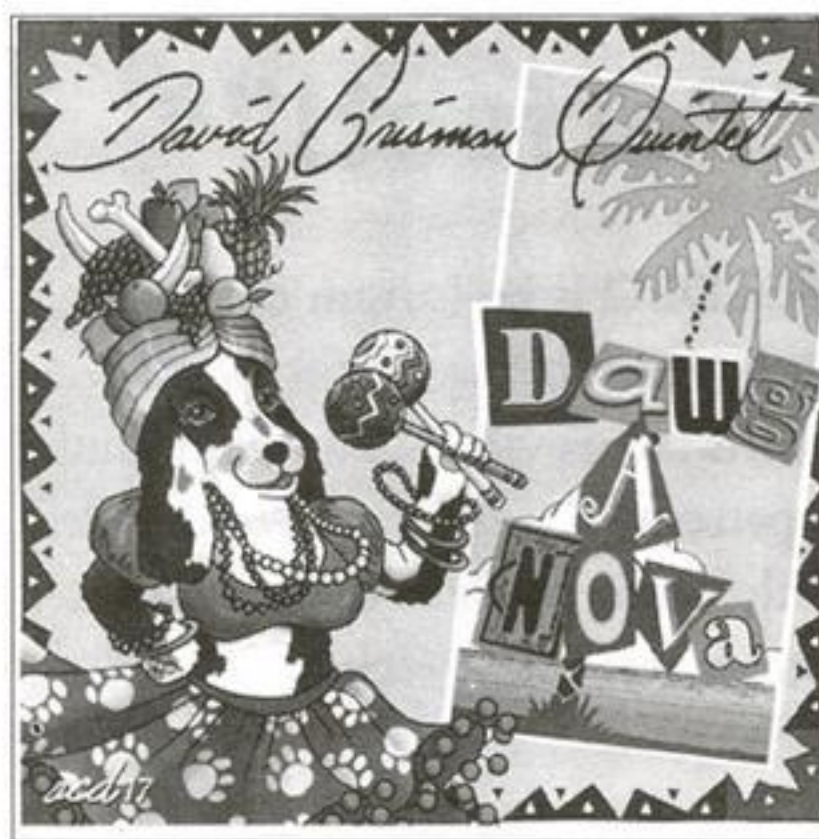
In the liner notes of this compilation David Grisman writes, "I have to laugh at what they're passing off as acoustic music on MTV. The pure unplugged experience is hearing musicians playing on unamplified

instruments." And the pure unplugged experience is what you will always get from David Grisman and friends.

In this second compilation from Grisman's Acoustic Disc label we find samples from seven more recordings. The types of music are varied, but all are pure acoustic. Archival music within includes *The Kitchen Tapes*, recordings Grisman made of bluegrass legends Red Allen and Frank Wakefield in 1963. Other archival material includes material from Jethro Burns' *Swing Low, Sweet Mandolin* (reviewed in UC #52) and Brazilian mandolinist Jacob do Bandolim. Grisman and Andy Statman explore their Jewish roots in a cut from *Songs of Our Fathers*. Radim Zenkl provides virtuosic Czech music. Grisman and Tony Rice's exploration of vintage instruments in *Tone Poems* and the delightful *Not for Kids Only* with Jerry Garcia are represented as well. One of the cuts from *Tone Poems* is an alternate take and there is a bonus cut called *Delicado* with guitarist Enrique Coria.

The music is all wonderful. This sampler is a great way of whetting your musical appetite with some of the many and varied projects on which David Grisman has worked in the last couple years.

-Michael Bell



David Grisman Quintet
Dawganova
Acoustic Disc

OLÉ! David Grisman shows us the Latin side of his wide musical palate with this album of music featuring traditional Latin dance forms, mostly bossa novas. Grisman's quintet is tremendously clear, precise and very tight as is required with this type of music. Grisman himself never ceases to amaze me, not only with his sheer virtuosity on the mandolin, but his wonderful phrasing and musicality as well. New to the quintet is Argentine master guitarist, Enrique Coria, whose crystalline notes fly by almost faster than one can follow them. Matt Eakle on flute and Joe Craven on percussion and violin add some nice colors to the acoustic texture. Jim Kerwin provides solid and supple bass.

The album is a mix of Grisman compositions and Latin standards. The fast tunes bristle with energy. The title cut, *Dawganova*, and *Barkley's Bug* feature intricately twisting rhythms. *El Cumbanchero* and *Caliente* really cook. The slow pieces, such as *Brazilian Breeze* and *Nature Boy*, have sensual qualities that make them perfect for a romantic evening's dance.

The recorded sound is wonderfully natural and up front. This album can be appreciated on many levels from its sheer beauty to just plain fun.

Acoustic Disc and Jerry Garcia News

David Grisman had great expectations for future projects with Jerry Garcia that will, sadly, never be realized. Grisman was hoping to get Jerry involved again with bluegrass and was considering pairing Jerry with Ralph Stanley for some duets. A jazz recording and another of the music of Gershwin were also being considered. Fortunately, there is a fair bit of Garcia/Grisman material on tape that has not yet been released. We will hopefully get to see a few more releases of the acoustic side of Jerry Garcia with his good friend David Grisman.

Some possibilities for releases in the near future include a sequel to the first Garcia/Grisman album on Acoustic Disc and some vintage material from *Old and In the Way*.

Acoustic Disc recordings can be purchased in better record stores or by calling 800-221-DISC.

-Michael Bell

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It has often been said that the magic of the Grateful Dead live has never been captured on disc.

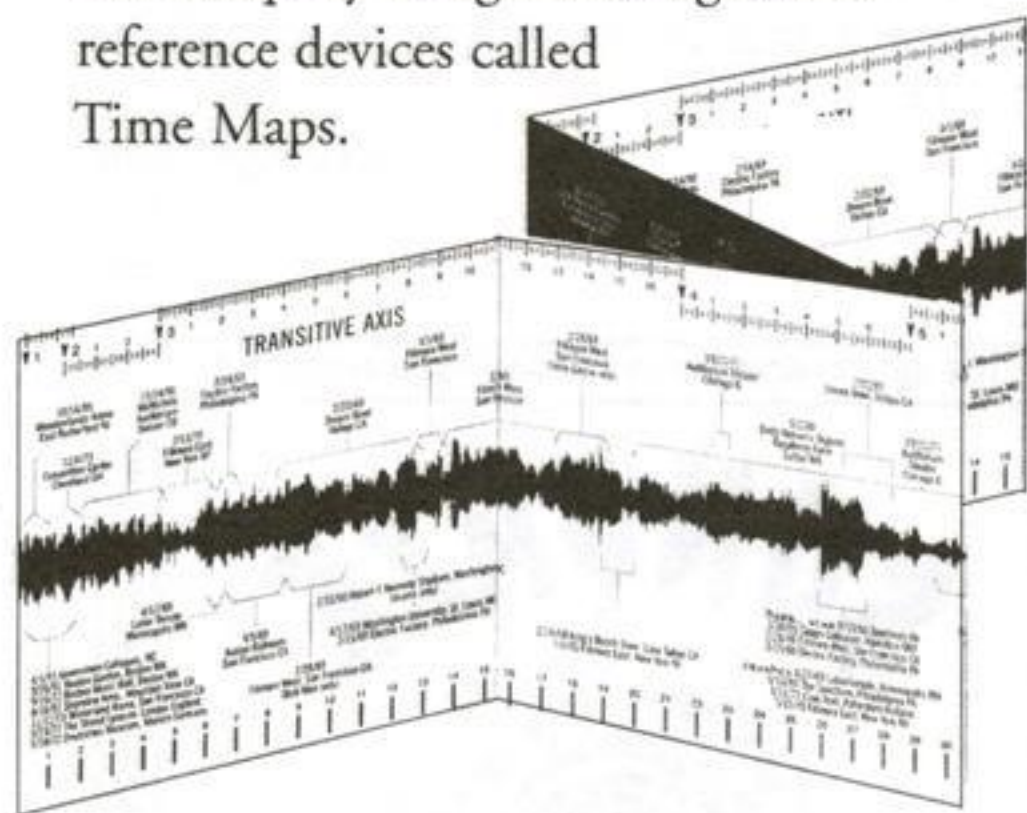
Until now.

When Toronto Sun senior music editor John Sakamoto picked GRAYFOLDED as the #1 release of the decade, he declared it:

"Absolutely brilliant. Even casual Dead fans will be floored by this astonishing new project. Nothing else I heard in 1994 even comes close."

And he had merely heard the first disc of what is now a deluxe double album set, featuring:

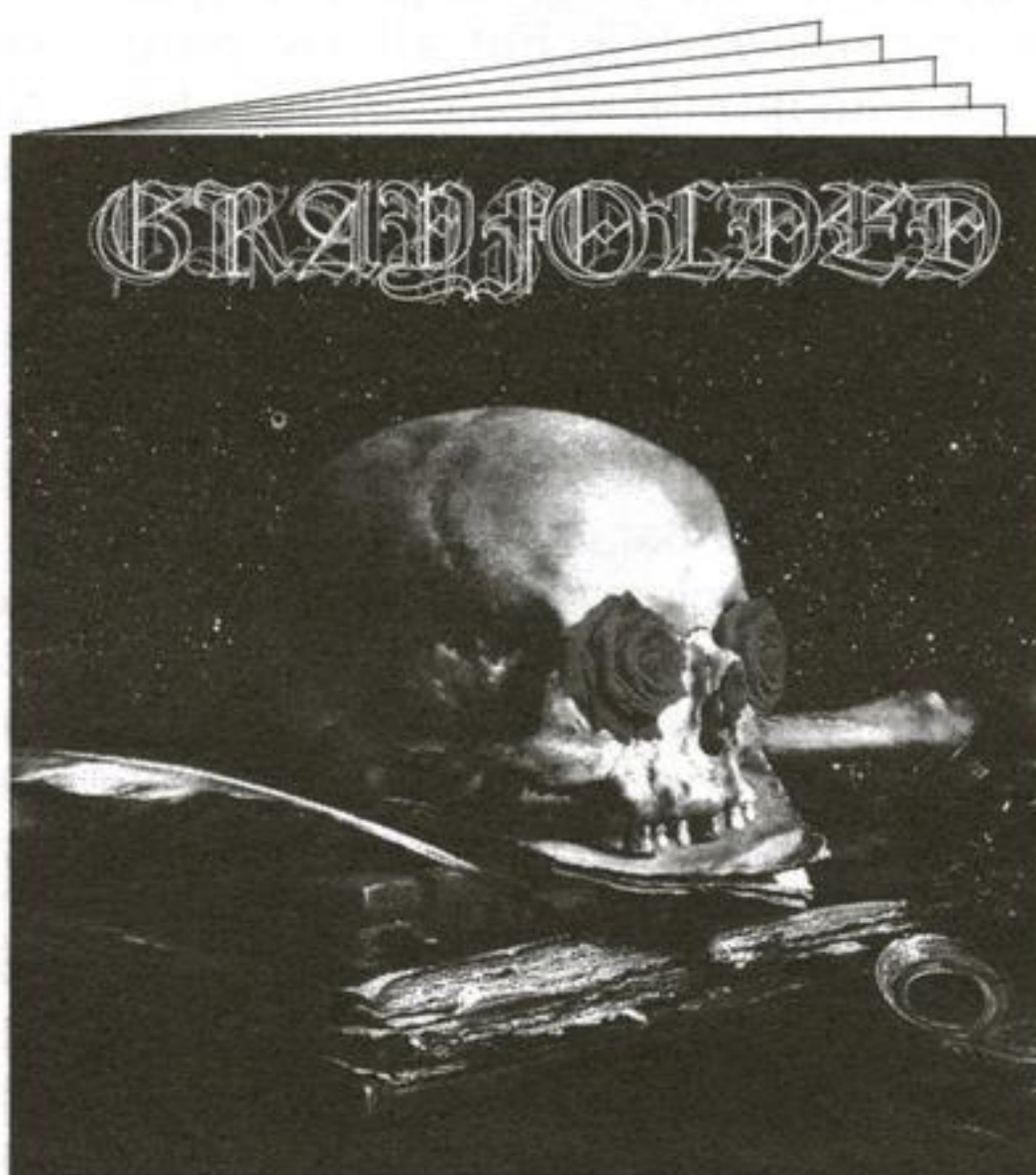
- over 100 minutes of the Grateful Dead's most legendary music.
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Two years ago the Dead invited "musical assassin" John Oswald to apply his notorious **punderphonic** production techniques to create a celebration of a quarter of a century of the Dead's boldest exploration,

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also known as Dark Star. Oswald retrieved from the Grateful Dead Vaults a hundred concert versions of this, most symphonic of songs. They are painstakingly blended into something much more than a live album.

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GRAYFOLDED is built from dozens of Dead performances, from 1968 to 1993. The concerts are woven into a unique and intricate pattern — moments span decades. At times the band swells to orchestra-size. But it sounds real and it rocks!

"It's exquisite!"

- Tom Constanten, ex-Dead keyboards

Since there's never before been a music release like GRAYFOLDED we've included a lot of extra info for the inquisitive listener. The eleven page booklet was written by Grammy award nominee Rob Bowman. It takes you through the entire history of the song. It gives you interviews and technical descriptions of how the project was realized. We also have included an exclusive Time Map for each disc.

An image of the actual sonic wave form of each disc has been included on a multi-panel foldout. Dates and locations for each concert featured on GRAYFOLDED have been placed precisely on these maps to indicate where they occur on the discs. No more wondering what time it is!

"stunningly beautiful"*

GRAYFOLDED is now available in record stores everywhere. If you have trouble finding it, contact us by phone at (416) 531-8761 or by email at swell@passport.ca fax: (416) 530 0877 Ask For GRAYFOLDED (Swell Artifact SA 1969-1996)

"The decade-leaping GRAYFOLDED is an astonishingly accurate evocation of that sublime, hallucinatory 'unstuck in time' feeling one gets at a really good Grateful Dead show."

- Gary Lambert, editor, The Grateful Dead Almanac



"Do get this record"*

* comments on the INTERNET

"This could be **the best Grateful Dead CD ever... it is that good.***

Classifieds

Classified ads are free with a subscription or cost \$5.00 for the first 25 words, 10 cents for each additional word. Please print ads clearly. We are not responsible if we cannot read your writing. Ads submitted before February 1, 1996 will appear in Issue #55. Ads submitted after February 1 will appear in Issue #56. Tape ads are for trading purposes only! The sale of tapes is strictly forbidden. UC retains the right to edit, abbreviate, and correct ads.

Rare Concert Footage. Dead, JGB, Allmans, Phish, Nirvana, Stones & 100's more! Over 2000 titles! Send stamp. DSV 2038 N Clark #120, Chicago, IL 60614

A note for Iain and Dylan: May the music always move you, add wings to the mind, and flight to your imagination. Love, Dad

Quality fanatic seeks HQ Seattle '95, Merriweather '84, Spectrum '90, gems from all years. 1500hrs, most lo-gen SBD, to trade. Send graded, sourced list to: Tony 125 Hill St, Dunmore, PA 18512-3131

Wanted HQ GD w/horns esp 12-93. Also WSP, DMB, FZ. Lots HQ to offer. John Suter 87 Thomas St, Brentwood, NY 11717

Looking for Denver '94, Spring & Summer '95. DAT or analog, SBD or AUD. 1500hrs, good tradin'. Levon 168 Hummingbird Ln, Golden, CO 80403

Looking for 12-9 & 10-93, 2-19-73, and 4-5-95. Lots to trade. Tom POBox 2112, Yellowstone, WY 82190 Think Peace

RFK - What a blast! 'Bout time I got my Shakedown. Corbett, maybe you had too much too fast! Missed you Lew. Peace, Love, happiness - Turner.

"You know MY love will not fade away"! Thank you Jerry, We miss You! Peace, Taryn

Thank you Jerry. I love you. Fare you well. Gary Jacob, Tacoma, WA

New taper. Need GD Buckeye July '94 & Charlotte March 22-24 '95. Lee in Charlotte, get in touch. Trevor Ellis 816 Harding Ave, Jamestown, NY 14701

WE LOVE YOU, JERRY!

I took my teenage nephew to his first Dead concert May 19 in Vegas. Kindly seek HQ tape of same for him. Will send tapes, postage, chips & salsa. Jac Polsgrove 7932-98 E Colette Cir, Tucson, AZ 85710

Thank you Jerry for sharing your life and music. We will keep it beautiful. Peace love and happiness. We will miss you so.

A lovely view of heaven but I'd rather be with... be with you — Jerry Forever!! Seeking Midwest Deadheads to talk. Bub Jackson 204 Dietrich Ave, Galesburg, IL 61401 (309) 343-7362

The GRATEFUL men. Jerry Garcia will never be DEAD in the hearts of the ones who loved his music. We love you Jerry! Rob, Winchester, VA

NEED: Red Rocks '79, Monterey 7-30-88, Inglewood 12-9-89, J.Airplane Golden Gate 9-30-89, Shoreline Jerry 9-1-90, Dead 7-21-94. Let's trade! Ian Yelton 2280 Fowler Ave, Cañon City, CO 81212

Seeking WF Peggy-O to write & meet in area. I'm SWM 42, Deadicated, Love Dead. Fare thee well Jerry. M.Summers 5224 Orcutt Ln, Richmond, VA 23224

Well I got no dime, but I got some time to Phil your tapes. Your list gets mine. Pat Condon 1621 Colleen, Toledo, OH 43614

Have/want 1500hrs HQ GD/JGB ('65-'95), Tuna, Jorma, Floyd, Reggae. YLGM. Joe Hynes 85 Calle La Fiesta, Camarillo, CA 93010

All sorts of tapes: Dead, Springsteen, Stones, N. Young. YLGM. K. Jevsevar 68 High St, Etna, PA 15223

Pig told God that he needed Jerry to jam with Duane, Jimi & Lowell. Pittsburgh 6-30-95 SBD PLEASE! W.Becker 519 Wenzell Ave, Pittsburgh, PA 15216

Pat & Colleen - Florida Burritos. Send pictures of Chicago "streak" to NY brothers

"All the years combine, They melt into a dream..."

"Fare you well, fare you well, I love you more than words can tell." Say HI to Pigpen. Elizabeth Lisle

Do you REALLY care? It is I, your Grateful brother Angel. Save me from this prison thing. Think who we are! My love for you... Write to: John Everhart ADC #103514-8190, Ariz. State Prison Complex, Florence, Picacho Unit, P.O. Box 7, Picacho, AZ 85241

New to collecting. Would like to start. Send lists. Will supply all. Frank Coppola 28 Jeff St, Edison, NJ 08837

Mourning Jerry Garcia. My first Dead shows are now my last. But they say paradise waits and we will survive. -Puzie Roo

Keep that wheel turning. Your list gets mine of 300+hrs. Jeff James 709 Timberoaks, Azle, TX 76020; BigBeat@aol.com

Jerry - Thank you, for a real good time! Jim Guthrie, Jason Guthrie, Chris Byrne, Mark Penner, Dave Bray, Corey Rump, Brendan Barret - Belleville

Newbie seeks HQ SBDs of ABB, JGB, Tuna, Kingfish, JA, Quicksilver, Marley & Clapton. E-mail Catspit@aol.com

Desperately seeking 7-9-95 Chicago, IL. We're the ones who are grateful Jerry. Mary (503) 652-2273

Thanks for all the fun shows Jerry. We all will miss you. -Cat in the Hat

I'm lookin' for those bettyboards! Have 700+hrs to trade. YLGM. Dana Leigh Summit 920 N Linden Apt 17E, Muncie, IN 47303 Roll around heaven Jerry.

We miss you, Jerry — Let's all stick together!!!

Need 6-24-94 Vegas tape. Stay beautiful. All love all you can. Ubba Zay 105 Country Acres #1, Louisville, KY 40218. PEACE

He's gone, but the music and spirit live on. Let's celebrate the life & music of Jerry. Your list gets mine. AJS POBox 4104, E Lansing, MI 48826

Who wants to trade? Have 1000+ Dead & 200+ others. Have most GDHs. Take it slow & Let It Grow. RC 22936 Lakeview Dr, Round Lake, IL 60073

IT'S ALL TOO MUCH! HQ Dead & Phish trades requested. YLGM. Tim 605 Newman St, Knoxville, IL 61448. Rage on Floyd & Wayne!

Dead, Cooder, Feat, Thompson, etc. 1100+hrs high quality. R.I.P. Jerry, you live on in your music and our hearts. Dave Lang 16 Charles Crescent, Port Noalunga South, South Australia 5167

Jerry: Thank you for the dreams, the good times and the memories you've given us over 3 decades. Never be forgotten. Yoshi

Have 300+hrs Phish. Looking for same plus Zappa & moe. Mike, QC Box 766, 275 Mt Carmel Ave, Hamden, CT 06518-1940. SCROD LIVES!

GD, Phish, JGB & more. Your list gets mine. Quick turnaround. Beg welcome. Sean 753 Cardium St, Sanibel, FL 33957

No one can ever take Jerry's place. The music will live forever.

Miss you with all my heart, Jerry. Need Vegas thru Auburn Hills '95 (my last shows). Jason Johnson 705 Baxter St, Johnson City, TN 37601

Help! I need HQ Dead, GLove & Special Sauce, & Phish, especially Halloween '95. Will send blanks & postage. Matt Wasley 19 Dartmouth Dr, Framingham, MA 01701

Seeking HQ, lo-gen, kind SBDs: Grapes, Young, WSP, JGB, Zappa, Joni, Floyd. Jennefer 1301 B Kirkwood Rd, Austin, TX 78722. Wish you were here Jerry!

WANTED: GD Chicago 7-9-95 and Radiators 5-5-95 Tips. Have tons to trade - All years, all artists. Be kind! Mike POBox 684, Dunedin, FL 34697

1000hrs HQ Dead/JGB. Looking for HQ SBDs. Will trade for photos, etc. Michael Langan 2839 NW Savier St, Portland, OR 97210 Begonia314@aol.com

Have Stones, Doors, Beatles, Dead, Dylan, Floyd, Zeppelin, etc... Want JGB, Stoneground, Weir, Zappa, videos! Steve POBox 1777, Porterville, CA 93258 (209) 784-7769

I celebrate the magic experienced like at City Island, Harrisburg, PA 1984 along the banks of the Susquehanna. Peter

Fare thee well Jerry, I will hear your voice come through the music, I will hold it near as it were my own. Love, Jeff B.

Much needed shows: Passaic 4-26-77; Palladium 4-30-77; Englishtown 9-3-77; Norfolk 4-3-92; RFK 6-24-95. Need lots more. Please send show list to help me collect. Thanks. Mark Guzzi 3555 Grove Ave, Richmond, VA 23221 (804) 353-5385. I'll send blanks & postage.

Need Atlanta '90s shows, New Orleans 10-18-88, and Beatles. Would enjoy any Dead info. Whiddon Taylor 1400 Glen Rd, Brewton, AL 36426. All things must pass.

HELP!! Slip a list my way! Beginner (50hrs) needs a miracle finding any kind additions to let collection grow! Will send blanks & grateful thanks! YLGM. Chrys 2318 Maytime Dr, Gambrills, MD 21054 (410) 551-4984

Dear Jerry - Thanks for your great spirit, your music, your love and for being a brother to us all. Peace. Wharf Rat Don Bryant 1555 Chesham Cir, Colo. Springs, CO 80907 (719) 590-9363

Hats off to Captain Trips for the everlasting memories he has given us all. You know our love will Not Fade Away. Dave

OROBOROS - Many live tapes including the pre-HORDE tour jam with Allman & Popper sitting in. Free trades - get yours now! Abbott 6615 Forest, Cleveland, OH 44129

Hey Bears Choice Buddies. Have Shoreline & VT & Boston Garden shows. Free pickles. M.J. Lingley POBox 286, Long Isl, ME 04050

Dream tapes... must be great quality... 9-15-82 Cap Centre & 4-9-83 Hampton. Have 1500+hrs. BZL 1320 Chetworth Ct, Alexandria, VA 22314

Jerry was and still is The Mighty Quinn. Help with '93 & '94. Have over 500hrs to trade. Mark M. 1252 So 35 St, Milwaukee, WI 53215

Kind and reliable Scarlet Begonia needs miracle. Only have 300hrs JGB & GD. Please Let It Grow! Jen 829 Schneider Hall SIU, Carbondale, IL 62901

Would like to start tape collection. If interested in helping out, please contact Lindsay 1 Chattanooga, Irvine, CA 92720

The magic of music will be in my heart forever. Thanks Jerry! "You're the best" So Many Roads S.B. 7/9/95 Soldier Field 1st row Jerry seat, Skip, Westmont, IL

Bumper stickers, "HIKE TIL YOU PEAK" and "NATURE HAPPENS." \$2 each from Georgia POBox 2152, Sunnyvale, CA 94087-0152

To the Lost Sailor, I know that the life I'm living's no good. I'll get a new start and live the life I should.

HEY NOW! Casual but reliable trader looking to expand collection of Dead, JGB & others. YLGM. Write: J.Quist 194 School St, Winchendon, MA 01475

Searching for high quality Rich Stadium 7-16-90. Will send blanks. Call Al (508) 943-0582.

"Listen to the music play" Thanks for all the years. I will miss you "Big Boss Man" Love, Scott Barlow

America is a land of opportunity. Sometimes that means an opportunity to make money. Just as often, it means an opportunity to help other people. -Newt Gingrich

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COMES A TIME to trade DAT. Have 80 mstrs Dead, HQ tapes & decks. (Tns anlg for pro-vids/photos) Friendly traders send lists. Mike Brovelli 626 N 9th, DeKalb, IL 60115

Someone need a friend? Write anytime & let's be friends! or come by The Little Granola Shop! P.O. Box 923, Gardiner, MT 59030

Looking for M - 3rd gen SBDs only. 600hrs to trade. God bless Jerry. Larry M. POBox 588A, Altamont, NY 12009

Dear Canada - My Love - My wife - My friend, Our love lites now and forever!! Love Bob

39 y/o DH (Wharf Rat), professional, transplanted from NY-NJ to Detroit, wants contact with Michigan "Rats" for trading tapes (Dead, Tuna, Airplane). Sparky 12868 Gable St, Detroit, MI 48212 313-892-2539

Thanks to all my brothers & sisters that have helped my list "Keep on Growin'!" Peace & smiles! Steve Mang, Raleigh, NC

Looking to increase my tape collection. I have 65+hrs of HQ Dead (AUD&SBD) to trade. RIP Jerry Garcia. Brian Mays 1474 Society Hill Dr, Bensalem, PA 19020 800-721-1630 ask for Brian

Seeking videos, SBDs, JGB tapes. Have 550hrs HQ SBDs, 1400hrs AUD Dead/other bands. Ken Rudo 106 Bay Colony Ct, Chapel Hill, NC 27514

JGB tapes would be gratefully appreciated. Got a lot of tapes - new & old - willing to trade... wanting to trade... any oldies or good new. Holly Woodrow 2802 Salado, Austin, TX 78705

Seeking HQ SBD Seattle '95 & Portland '95, May 24, 25, 26, 28, 29. Will send blanks, postage, thanks. Joe 101 N Brown St, Gloucester City, NJ 08030

Looking to trade. Have 300+hrs of HQ GD & JGB. Send list to Stev Sciria 224 1/2 State St, Auburn, NY 13021

Hey Now! Kind beg needs Dead, JGB, Phish, Tuna, DMB, Blues Traveler. Will send blanks & postage. Chris Rt 5 Box 162, Taylorsville, NC 28681

Looking 4A miracle. My first show 7-1-73 Universal Amp., LA. About 200hrs to trade & talk. YLGM. We love you Jerry. John & Nancy 3479 Beethoven St, LA, CA 90066

Need more HQ Dead. Also Pearl Jam FM simulcast from Soldier Field '95. Your list gets mine. Doug Cunningham POBox 3235, Florence, SC 29502

The green mts of Vermont thank you for two awesome events ~ Sunshine daydream, never fade away dream. I'll always miss and love you Hugh.

There are no words to describe August 9th, just like there are no words to describe Jerry. God bless you and thank you my sunshine. Sarah B., Tinley Park

Searchin' for the sound - HQ summer '95. Have 400hrs. Thank you Jerry for a real good time! M Strickland 108 W Cameron Ave, Chapel Hill, NC 27514

Seeking HQ SBDs. Have 400+hrs Dead, Phish, DMB, WSP, others. YLGM. Stu O'Neill 280 Catalina Dr, Ashland, OR 97520. onei6253@tao.sosc.osshe.edu Help keep the music alive.

HAVE/WANT: Jorma/Tuna 1000hrs, Starship 100+hrs, Allman Bros 200hrs, GD 4000hrs, Zappa 600hrs, Miles 100+hrs, Van Morrison 600hrs. Henry Gross 6 Rebel Ln, Norwalk, CT 06850

Looking to trade for high quality tapes of State of Maine shows. Jchasedead@aol.com or 207-623-1960

Sugar Magnolias in need: Have extra apt. space. Head, night owl, into CDs. Write with photo: Stefan 110-64 Queens Blvd #284, Forest Hills, NY 11375-6347

Only one earth, show it kindness and mercy. Honest mature dependable trader. 3 DAT machines, never enough Dead. Töt kopfe POBox 20075, Columbus, OH 43220

A big fat hug to Grin-a-lot, Liz, Kenny, John, Elizabeth, Space Dog, Sharona, Kate, & all my other beautiful brothers & sisters! Love, Kristin

Looking for miracle. Need JGB 5-22-89, 5-15-94 Irv, GD 5-29-92 Vegas, 6-23-94 Chi. Truly Grateful. Van W. 401 Atlanta Ave #52, HB, CA 92648

Always looking to meet & trade w/DC area heads. Howard Park (Hpark4@aol.com) 1249 S Carolina SE, Washington, DC 20003 202-543-4105

Looking to trade high quality rare Dead or any Radiators (have same). Ted 15081 Summerhill Dr, Eden Prairie, MN 55346

ARIZONA SCENE: When in Arizona, see the XTRA TICKET BAND (Dead, Allmans, etc.) every Thursday night at Boston's Nightclub, Tempe, Arizona. Brothers, sisters, vendors welcome.

Taper seeks taper for trades. Looking for HQ lo-gen Vegas, Seattle, Portland, Shoreline, Highgate, Giants, Albany, RFK '95. Many to trade. Peace - Chris 8553 Valleyview Dr, Byron, IL 61010 815-234-2939 YLGM

MEAT IS MURDER!

Help! I need any Dead to start collection. Nothing to trade, but will pay blanks & postage. Please be kind! Scott 418 Lisbon Dr, Tallmadge, OH 44278

Looking for Summer Tour '95. Over 800hrs to trade. Send lists to: MH 404 River Ave, Point Pleasant, NJ 08742

Dear Santa: Looking for HQ SBD or AUD of my first Philly GD show 5-13-78 plus 5-4-81, 4-5-82, 4-6-82, 10-18-89 & 10-20-89. Many HQ shows to trade. Guaranteed Help on the Way in return. I believe! I believe! Jeff Hoffner 2701 Costigan Way, Louisville, KY 40220

Help! Need shows I've seen. 3-25-90 I, 9-24-91 I, 9-25-91 I, 6-25-95 II, 6-30-95 I & II HQ SBD or AUD. Jeremy Muller 334 E 11th Ave, Homestead, PA 15120-1631

WANTED - That exceptionally brilliant SBD of 2-17-73 (first show). 500+hrs Dead, 100+hrs others to trade. David D POBox 43311, Mpls, MN 55443 or E-mail DWharfRat@aol.com

"Love that locks and binds must die but when it does a bit of you goes, too." -R. Hunter. Thanks for the beauty my friends! -Katie J.

Looking for kind Dheads for taping, partyin & hangin. MD/DC/NoVA. E-mail Violeebly@aol.com

Brent "Woody" Harris: Last seen as psych. student in Atlanta. Can't find you now. Please contact Paul & Daphne 9020 Totter Creek Rd, Scottsville, VA 24590 804-286-4694

Looking for Vegas '95. Have 400hrs to trade. YLGM. D Nelson 377 Spates Ave, Red Wing, MN 55066

Serious tape trader. Have 800+hrs Mostly hi-qual. Seeking only crispy hi-qual boards & FM, Dead & others. M Wein 6804 N Wolcott #3C, Chicago, IL 60626

SBDs! All answered. YLGM. Spanky McGuigan 6678 W Kruger Rd, Three Oaks, MI 49128

Thank you Jerry for all the memories. We miss you & we love you always! Ken, Jeannie, Jeff & Kim

Keep the music alive. Exp. trader with lots of HQ Dead to trade for rare shows. Mark 2540 Country Hills #142, Brea, CA 92621

I Need A Miracle. So Jersey Head looking for 6-18-95 Giants & a local chick to share great times with (609) 653-9137. Hey Now, give me a call.

Want Bob Dylan at Highgate 6-15-95. I was there when the assholes broke the fences. A great concert, but "Is this really the end?" Will Larsen POBox 181, Franklin, VT 05457

Here's to Tim O'Neill for the best Grateful Dead experience ever next to Jerry Garcia. You're the man! Thanks once again my friend! Ted Shred

Seeking high quality Dead/Non-Dead music for trade. Have approx 3000hrs total. Serious responses only please!! Christian Richart 11057 E 43rd St S #1204, Tulsa, OK 74146

WANTED: HQ GD Rosemont 3-17-94. Sentimental reasons. Sam Gorla 1767 Roosa Ln, Elk Grove, IL 60007

Greetings brothers & sisters. Looking to share thoughts & music. Have 600+hrs and a big heart. Beginners encouraged. Marc 1404 Myrtle Ave, Plainfield, NJ 07063

To John Henry, John C, Mike, Lanae, Chris, Jade - I LOVE YOU ALL! Gets lonely in GA. Peace out. Scooby

RFK '95 You lookin' at me like you know me!

Looking for clear SBDs, especially '90s. Lots to trade. Marty Pawloski 14 Little Philadelphia Rd, Washington, NJ 07882

To everyone... "You know our love will not fade away." Love, Terence, Laura & Stephen

NEEDED: Kind folks for friendship, trades, memories & high times. All answered! BPK 8309 10th Ave, Brooklyn, NY 11228 Thank you Jerry!

Ade, I recommended he call you, sure we woke up. Hope you didn't mind this any. Carol

Whatta long fun trip it was! Sloman, Montague, Jake, Isler, Terafranco, Kaplan, D. Howard, D. Herrling, & D. Andrews. We sure had a real good time! Pete in Florida

SEARCHING for the sound! Have Dead, HQ Phish 90-94. Need more JGB, GD, WSP. Lists all around! Chris @ SUNY Fredonia, 206D Igoe Hall, Fredonia, NY 14063 716-673-4023

Sweet Bear... I love you more than words can tell... Blossom

We'll miss you Jerry. Your music will be with us forever and we will pass along all that you've taught us.

Help!! Trying to upgrade my small collection. Will send blanks-postage paid. If you can help, send list. Rocco 320 Dreama Dr, Davenport, FL 33837

Irish Trish: You'll always be my "cornflake" girl! Black Peter

Searching for lo-gen HQ SBDs to ease my soul. Have 350hrs of only the best SBDs. Send list to Dean 2242 Hoffner, Orlando, FL 32809 All answered

GROOVY UP YOUR ROOM! With a giant 8 foot by 8 foot original handpainted tapestry for only \$30. (Reg. \$75) Makes a great gift! Visualize a vast field of kaleidoscopic, mind-expanding beauty. Now make it your own- with a one-of-a-kind hand-painted tapestry. Each of these oversized artworks is an original, 8 ft x 8 ft study in symmetry, complexity and rhythm. Each will add energy and spur conversation- or contemplation- wherever you place it. As a wall hanging, furniture covering, bed sheet, beach blanket or other decorative artifact, your tapestry will be an ongoing source of pleasure and serenity. "Original. Brilliant, stunningly beautiful. This artist's work is exciting, fresh and powerful." Steven Block *News & Review* "These tapestries rage. They're psychedelic, fun, and very cool! Large affordable art. I love them!" Gary Davis *N.Y. Downtown* AN EASY PURCHASE. These heavyweight cotton tapestries use no dyes of any kind- only environmentally safe, washable nontoxic paint. The colors will remain intense and vibrant for years to come. Each tapestry is signed and numbered by the artist. Best of all you can own one of these exotic canvases for as little as \$30. (regularly \$75). No wonder they've sold out at so many concerts, festivals and college campuses. To receive your free color catalog, call 1-800-887-6811 (24hrs). We're quite sure you'll love your tapestry- as hundreds of others have. So we offer an unconditional 30 day money back guarantee. This is a special limited time offer. Don't miss out! On the World Wide Web <http://www.bway.net/lsd> Wholesale inquiries welcome.

HAVE 1000hrs! Lots more to come with help. Yours for mine. Send to: "Cos" 13 Meadow Dr #3, Colchester, CT 06415

Looking for GD concert posters, passes, photos, Fillmore, Winterland, etc. Older the better. Also CDs. Bruce Gross 105 Kenilworth St, Phila, PA 19147 - PEACE

ANALOG TAPER, fast & reliable, looking to trade. Have 1200hrs GD, 500hrs WSP, 500hrs A to Z. Holly 4263 Ferguson Dr #10, Cincinnati, OH 45245

Seeking: 3-16 & 3-18-94, 3-17-95, 7-5 & 7-6-95, Jerry banjo. Have 140hrs GD, 30hrs Phish, or blanks/postage. Matt 1614 Anthony Apt. F, Columbia, MO 65201

Desperately seeking kind Black Crows. Also need Allmans, '95 Dead, Blues Traveler. Have lots to trade. Alfred Ritter 359 Water St, Framingham, MA 01701

Can't go back and you can't stand still? Tape here! Rich 481A Kawaiola Rd, Kailua, HI 96734. Searching heart will trade airfare, adventure for HQ. YLGM

Dance them bones, trade them jones. Have 1700+ GD, asst goodies in 34pg list. Paul Fischer Jr 443 Highcrest Dr, Wilmette, IL 60091

"And those who are wise - the people of God - shall shine as brightly as the sun's brilliance, and those who turn many to righteousness will glitter like stars forever." Daniel 12:3

DAT DAT DAT - I have all 3 kinds of DAT: Dead, Dead-related, non-Dead. Send lists: J Richardson 1929 Linneman St, Glenview, IL 60025

I am on my bended knees. Just starting and need help. Will supply blanks & postage. Brian 267 Spring Oaks Dr, Ballwin, MO 63011

Looking for '93 MSG SBDs, '71 ABB & any other goodies. Have 1300hrs Fast, reliable. Tony 934 Van Buren Ave, Franklin Sq, NY 11010

Quality conscious friendly fast reliable Head w/1500hrs, audio 150hrs video seekin' the gems & friends. Peace. Rob G 1541 Elbridge St, Phila, PA 19149

Reliable trader looking for other RELIABLE traders. Dead, Phish, WSP, etc. Small, quality collection. Your list gets mine. Heather 107 Stevenson Ave, Louisville, KY 40206

Honey Bear here. Anybody wanna trade? Anybody know Rory Gallagher? Sitting here in limbo. 'Bear' POBox 9712, Richmond, VA 23228





James Dean



ROOTS of the GRATEFUL DEAD®

with OBRAY RAMSEY · MERLE HAGGARD · DIXIE CUPS · CANNON'S JUG STOMPERS · BOB DYLAN
 CHUCK BERRY · MARTY ROBBINS · CHARLEY PATTON · HOWLIN' 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. JIMMIE 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

