

# 1989

## Part Two

A densely packed, eventful fall semester. Amazing concerts. The Loma Prieta earthquake. Drumming. Friends. Ethyl Ketone, The Cacophony Society. The world spins. and Tough news ending the 80s.

August ends with a surprise early birthday treat from Brian — **The Who!** Oakland Stadium, performing *Tommy*. We went with my great roommates Jim and Joe! Ended up on the side seats up high. I don't remember much about it other than it rocked, a huge stadium event, and the good company I was in.

### September 1st — Ringo!

The month begins on a high note, seeing lifelong hero **Ringo Starr!** His first tour and with his first **All Starr Band!** I scored decent seats at Shoreline, never a preferred venue, but ok. I went with Brian, chowing at the retro diner **Saint Francis Soda Fountain** around the corner from the Mission flat I lived at. Shoreline is very inconveniently located but we managed a fine time. This was my first Beatle to see live — I'd been a total Beatles freak since before turning 1. Not that I can possibly remember that far back, but reports have it, and as far as I can think, **The Beatles** were everything. I grew up on Beatles culture, playing those albums became a strong part of my identity. I became a drummer thanks to Ringo — this goes for brother Craig especially, who acquired the drum kit in the first place, resembling the Ludwig drums that Ringo popularized! So this concert was essential. My drumming essay is posted here :

<https://dean-gustafson.com/autobiographical/DRUMS%20oby%20Dean.pdf>

The band members were great too. **Levon Helm, Rick Danko, Billy Preston, Jim Keltner, Nils Lofgren, Joe Walsh, Dr John!** Some familiar songs well performed. I ended up seeing several All Starr lineups for decades following, with changing personnel. viva Ringo!!

### Artwork progress, 26th birthday

Starting my personal new year off right meant having a big canvas stretcher made in advance and spending the whole day laboring on the painting. A fairly strong piece but in retrospect I had started a dark, claustrophobic series that ultimately I was not all that fond of. I wrote about that series of work here :

<https://dean-gustafson.com/artwork-essays/Wall At Externsteine-plus.pdf>

### **Drumming again!**

Sister Jill did a road trip from Minneapolis, and kindly brought the drum kit from being stored at Craig and Karens! Great to return to practicing again, setting up in the living room of the Bryant st pad, with Jim and Joe's blessings. I also asked neighbors in the building if it's okay, permitting only played between 1-2pm. Score! It's okay. So I became a drummer again, after a few years away. My chops quickly returned, driven by sheer enthusiasm.

### **Ocean Beach cliff, jamming with crashing waves!**

Joe goes surfing regularly, and after talking about how awesome it would be to drum with the waves, he encouraged me out there on a sunny warm September day, driving me and drumset to a cliff on the south end of **Ocean Beach**. Perfect! We hauled the drums on a perfect spot, a few dozen yards off the road, where immediately I got to playing my heart out while smilin' surfer Joe hit the water with board in wetsuit. A true highlight of my oceanside experiences, and I've had many! [returning with drums a few more times over following years, but still not like this first time. Weather conditions were most perfect on this day!] I jammed with the crashing waves — what a sound source! Cymbal crashes, floor tom rolls, bass drum *b'booms*, and waves rolling, splashing, crashing and booming. I was in tune with a massive natural rhythm section! A Wonderful experience for a drummer, that was a divine afternoon. Joe took this picture...



**That autumn** had an extra electricity to it. Bicycling all over San Francisco, making art at the Academy, the Mission district apartment living, baking dense "death bread" (Joe named this, yes it was *that* good!), and concerts!

### **September 15 and 16. Elvis Costello, *Spike* tour**

**Greek Theater, Berkeley** a birthday treat from Karlin! Excellent show, seated in the same area as the Dead in August. Wonderful! It had been a few years since last seeing Elvis, and I got more interested in his catalog after that concert.

The next day I got a call from fellow Academy artist, Adam, who had an extra free ticket for me for Elvis again! At **Concord Pavillion!** So we were to meet at Concord BART (back then it was the end of the line). I was reading on the ride there, and in an amusing moment, upon the train station announcement "*Concord station, end of the line.*" Closed my book, looking ahead, Adam was doing the exact same thing, recognizing each other simultaneously. We had a laugh over this! Bri picked us up and drove us to the venue, only it was raining. We ended up enjoying the performance from the dry spaces stage right, back when lawn ticket holders could access the up-close aisles that curved around the seating. [long since redesigned] A lot of fun! And free for me again! [I've long since had good Elvis karma, have only paid for one out of a dozen of his performances!] Again the songs of *Spike* really shone.

Bro Brian picked us up again, what a great brother! We ended up crashing at my conveniently located nearby family house. I heard in the morning my mom saw Adams black long hair when he was sleeping on the sofa, and I think had a shock thinking it was me with dyed hair! A nice breakfast with family, and we get to BART, again courtesy of Bri.

### **Jefferson Airplane reunion in Golden Gate Park, September 30, 1989**

The concert event of the year..with the best weather /setting /free concert /company, a top favorite for sure, I mean wow, **THE Jefferson Airplane!** I've experienced **Grace Slick** and **Paul Kantner**, but not that group before! It was a reunion, except for **Spencer Dryden**, the original 1967 lineup. I was stoked! Went with Jim, Joe, and Karlin, finding a sweet spot on the **Polo Fields in Golden Gate Park**. This was pure **San Francisco**. The hippy fest extraordinaire in warm autumn sun. Perfect!

**Bob Weir** and **Rob Wasserman** warmed up with a pleasant acoustic set. Nice for us deadheads, and the style contrasting the Airplane.

The Airplane hit the ground running with high energy "*3/5ths of a mile in 10*

*seconds*", and it was dancing time for the rest of the show — with Karlin, Joe and Jim dancing circles in the sun — an idyllic hippie concert day and one of the best! I think that was when I took my one hit of pot of the year, appropriately! They played the favorites. I won't do a concert review, that's been done. I will say that "*Won't You Try/Saturday Afternoon*" always reminds me of that perfect day, in the park it was originally written about, by the band who once lived on the park at Fulton Street. Oh that afternoon — among the very best!

### **Carrie Galbraith, and the San Francisco Cacophony Society**

We met at the Academy of Art in the late 80's while we were both students there. At the time she was an illustration/fine arts dual major, really into printmaking and keeping good sketchbooks. There was some overlap between the departments with classes that brought illustration majors to the Sutter Street building, where I spent most of my waking hours in the painting studios.

Meeting her as a casual acquaintance in the hallways and a few art openings and parties thrown by mutual friends, I took an instant liking to her. With an intelligent air of enthusiasm for interesting things, this was a way cool individual! I didn't really get to know her until Fall semester of 1989, when she set up studio space next to mine on the 3rd floor.

I had been staking out the corner wall by the window for the past 3 semesters, where I spent most of my time, working on large experimental paintings. Sharing laughs, ideas, and tapes on the community boombox with other painters. Carrie set up tables between the two windows, and quickly became one of the few who was there late at night, like I was. She wasn't a painter, and invested most of her energy printmaking, particularly enthused by Howard Munson's fine book arts class held on the same floor. She'd be constructing paper based works, while I pushed oil on canvas.

The building closed at midnight by then, and we took advantage of it, and bonded over the experience while becoming acquainted.

A first big influence was her bringing **Robyn Hitchcock** tapes in. And while I had heard him before, I never paid much attention, until her tapes of *I Often Dream of Trains*, and *Invisible Hitchcock* turned me into a lifelong fan! He quickly became my favorite songwriter, flavoring my SF days with his albums as foreground music.

One thing we discovered was that we both liked the occasional Guinness Extra Stout! So one of us would fetch a couple of bottles from the convenience store next door. It became a ritual. An observation of the signature of Arthur Guinness from

the label on the back of the bottle looks like it says “*Arth Guimef*”, which we called “*Guim*” for short. This catchy in-joke reference lasted between us for years. Occasionally we’d meet for a Guim at the darkly ornate Scottish pub **Edinburgh Castle**, located nearby in the **Tenderloin** district. The place reflected her Scottish heritage and sense of eccentricity...with its jukebox of genuine old Irish and Scottish jigs on 45’s, jousting poles, foley mugs, old Scottish military illustrations, live bagpipes, fish ’n chips, and more Scottish memorabilia. ...and a parrot named Winston! I had enjoyed going there before, but she was one to visit there with who helped bring out the elements. [a year or so later, she influenced the monthly Cacophony meetings to be held there]

### **Okay,...on the San Francisco Cacophony Society.**

My story, to begin with, begins during my first semester at the Academy in September of 1987.

An exciting new turn for this young Minnesota transplant — in a new college, new people, new classes, in the urban buzz of downtown San Francisco with all of its craziness of diverse people with the constant sound of scraping, humming ring and dings of the **Powell Street** cable cars.

On my way to class, paging through the free papers on the rack by the gallery, I pick up one with an irresistibly eye-catching psychedelic illustration on pink paper. [September 1987 issue] of *Rough Draft* — The newsletter of **The San Francisco Cacophony Society**. [I have this discovery in my 1987 PDF], [https://dean-gustafson.com/autobiographical/1987\\_v2.pdf](https://dean-gustafson.com/autobiographical/1987_v2.pdf)

I thought, now this is an *interesting sounding* group, and wanted to attend one of their events. Being a shy introvert in my early 20s, I never got the nerve to go. Usually with my nose to the artmaking student grindstone instead. In hindsight I was far too serious back then, and later benefited by the Cacophony irreverence! A buried part of my psyche from being a major **Marx bros/Monty Python** devotee.

### **Meet the one and only Ethyl Ketone!**

Forward to fall of ’89, after I had collected a number of *Rough Drafts*. Late September in the studio one night, I began telling Carrie about it, and of this cool looking event called “*The Atomic Café*” was coming up, thrown by characters named **Ethyl Ketone, Jeffrey Spaulding** and **Zymbot**,..

While speaking, Carrie is laughing and flustered...eventually able to gasp out the unexpected claim that “*I am Ethyl Ketone! and that's my event!*”

**HA !!!!!!!** Now that was a memorable “**Aha!**” moment, and now I knew that I’d

finally attend my first Cacophony event.

### **Atomic Café, October 7, 1989**

Karlin stopped by the apartment, also interested in going, so she drove us there. There, being the baseball field in Golden Gate park at 7th near Lincoln.

I'll let my first attempt at a comic strip tell the story of the event:

[http://dean-gustafson.com/ATOMIC\\_CAFE.html](http://dean-gustafson.com/ATOMIC_CAFE.html)

### **Ethyl Ketone's Cacophony spirit**

One of the memorable moments with Ethyl (Carrie) was when we were all sneaking out from the atomic café after it was over, through the brush [a few at a time to not appear as a conspicuous group] was of her turning to me in the dim light, whispering enthusiastically, saying “*Dean, isn't this great?! This is Life!*”

It was life changing to become involved from then on! A big new set of unique activities, lifelong friends, and new connections that affected my 90s for the better. I thank Ethyl K for this influence!



**with Ethyl Ketone. 1990. Musee Mechanique, Cliff House.  
(yes, I'm holding cassettes of Robyn Hitchcock)**

## **October 8th**

The day after the Atomic Café, my good friend from Minneapolis, Matt visited San Francisco, and we went to the Ocean, enjoying the Sutro Baths ruins on another spectacular clear day. I went to the Camera Obscura, the small camera shaped structure in back of the Cliff House and overlooking the Pacific. I had befriended the curator David Warren over the past few years of going there. He let me in for free after seeing me sketching near the Camera. That afternoon when I got to the entry window, he asks " *Did you attend the event?*". Which surprised me since I didn't tell anyone about it, I didn't seem him there (or was he in costume? and it wasn't a big event) and up until that point I had no idea he was affiliated with Cacophony. Turns out he goes back to its origins!

A mysterious underground society indeed, I thought (until it later became more renowned for high profile media pranks).

## **"I dub thee Svensk Runestone"**

Back to the weekdays at the Academy, we mused on the dreamlike extraordinariness of it all. One evening she gave me a Cacophony *nom de plume* of **Svensk Runestone**. Based on my interest in Viking art, and the fact that I write my sketchbook journal using a runic alphabet. She impressed with her backwards writing! And she appreciated my equally obsessed rune writing. An influential friend for decades following! [tragically, Carrie passed away far too early in 2018. I will include these paragraphs in a separate tribute I plan to post.]

## **Academy life.**

I was busy painting daily, enjoying occasional socializing, especially when the teachers led by fine arts department leader Ralph Reed would meet Wednesdays and drink beer at the nearby White Horse. [I had been invited the previous year 1988, in an ongoing tradition then.] I was still kind of a loner, still single, free with my lack of pursuing any trapping relationship. I was aware of the setbacks and I lived to create better more compelling artwork, not be stuck with obligations like a few others had around me. I did pursue in '87 the cute blonde who went born again Christian, so that turned me off. So far so good, I was used to single life and with little money, so I didn't bother. I definitely had crushes, yet I didn't let them crush me. I passed this super cute, stylin' hottie in the hallway that fall, a new Academy student. But *drat*, she's smoking! (I don't accept cigarette smokers. A well known peeve of mine) This was Carrie R. who I soon befriended, she was taken



then, with a relationship, yet turned into one of my longest lasting crushes for years. Meanwhile, other women seemed flirtatious with me, but I didn't know how to react. I was suspicious of some of them just trying to get me to shift focus or something. I don't know. Just was better off alone back then. A wise tendency? Probably. Hey, I was a student.

Samantha was a super cute sweetheart of a beauty at the Academy, who was in a few of my liberal arts classes since the start in 1987 (a photography major?) On a sunny afternoon I remember she walked into the studio, dolled up in a beautiful dress, while I was starting a new experimental painting, but not too absorbed yet. We had fun tossing loaded paint brushes on the mostly blank canvas, goofing off like kids! Instincts would dictate I throw the brush down, take her hand, and move my arms around her to kiss! But no, my shy, guarded, gentleman nature took over, and I got back to work. Smart? Dumb? Both? Anyway, I got more done back then, as independent as possible. I was unattached and okay. Attachments came years later. But, *whew!*

### **10/17/89, Tuesday**

I was working with Brian that morning and we got in a fierce row, bad enough that I left the work site early, storming off to BART on foot by noon. I usually work until about 3:30, then off to the Academy. This time I arrived a few hours early, determined to paint my anger away. So far so good.

Painting away on my "*Future Look At The Past*" painting, I thought was developing interestingly. [written about in with the series it launched here :

<https://dean-gustafson.com/artwork-essays/Gravitortional%20Equanimetry%20+%202020.pdf> ]

By around 4:30 I hear that familiar sound from behind of my fellow Academy student friend Mike DeMeyer's heavy boots clomping in slow-mo, like a Frankenstein monster. Ha, it's time for ale on the roof! A short lived tradition we started on nice weather days, and that was a perfectly balmy Bay area October day. So we grab a couple of Anchor Porters from the store next door, and settled on the rooftop on the chairs conveniently there by 5pm, Anchor Porters open and in hand, in our customary good conversation style.

### **5: 04pm on the roof of the Academy of Art, San Francisco.**

Then the building suddenly shook, we stood up but couldn't stand straight [and barely had a chance to the ales yet] we were yelping like coyotes while the shaking downtown was noisy unlike anything I've ever heard. Sheer chaos. I saw the adjacent buildings buckling against this one, spitting dust, as everything swayed



with motion. It seemed to go on for an awful long time [15 seconds I later read] When it stopped we had no idea what the extent was below, but the sound of every building alarm downtown was ringing, loudly! I didn't know if this was a big earthquake or localized tremblor. Mike descended while I decided to linger up there for another 10 minutes, and was moved Somehow by my artist instinct to complete the labyrinth maze of accumulated rooftop trash, rapidly, before descending to clean my brushes and be evacuated from the ringing building. Ach, there goes my progress for the evening.

### **Sidewalk party, people in shock**

Unforgettable hours that followed; most everyone who was inside gathered on the sidewalk out front. Those who were inside reported traumatized experiences, crawling under tables with things falling all around. Faculty and students alike. A party formed with faculty and students on the sidewalk with 25 cent beers from the **White Horse** pub. (no power, no refrigeration = need for clearance sales) while every downtown alarm was continuously ringing, that week I had the big recent birthday painting on display in the one of the front Academy windows where we congregated for the few hours following. I see Samantha from Australia there. An adorable sweetheart of a young lady who I had a crush on — I just didn't realize it yet. I asked her if she wants to go up on the roof before the building is closed, but too late. (rather forward of me to ask!)

The skies darkened as a few dozen of us are taking advantage of the cheapest beer prices ever in our lifetime! a sidewalk street party formed, swapping our earthquake accounts. *"Where were you when it hit?"* etc. Meanwhile I found myself gravitating towards Samantha, holding hands from behind as we spoke to others. Magnetized without thinking about it. Then she turns to me saying she has to go, back to her apartment on Potrero Hill and I can join if I want. She was going with teacher Jack Scott and more students. Suddenly leaning towards each other, we're kissing passionately for a few minutes! Wow, I'm totally immersed in this attraction very realized! She then says *"I've been waiting for that for a long time."* followed by *"haven't you too?"*

I'm backing off in a stagger, tipsy, but I couldn't seem to respond, shell-shocked? She asked again more forcefully *"well, you too??"*

Silent, I couldn't seem to speak! I just kiss her more, then departure time. She seems a bit annoyed by my lack of response. Then they depart. That was it, but what an Earth shattering time, when my world *really* did spin!

### **Bad news arrives**

A few hours and too many beers, sitting on the sidewalk with a few remaining students, with the cute, fun Carrie R, and her quiet bf, and a few students, singing Beatles songs, buzzed on ales and the excitement of this weird earthquake experience with power outage and alarm systems and sirens blazing for hours. By around 9:30 the bad news of deaths and damage that happened across town and Oakland rolled in our circles. The party was over and now dread sombered everyone. Time to get home.

### **Dark skies bike ride, to the Mission flat**

Now to ride my bicycle home in darkness as it was a citywide power outage. I bicycled to the Mission with no city lights and no bike light (I wasn't being bright back then, stupidly). Firemen on the road warning me to be careful. Very surreal. The stars were countryside visible, the Milky Way visible in downtown San Francisco only that night. Such a unique experience. It's too bad I was buzzed from too many inexpensive ales. The experience would have been richer by far sober. The waning recently full moon stood out above the darkened streets with no lights as I arrived to my flat on 25th & Bryant, neighbors were out front on their stoops. I enter the dark apartment, stumbling, crossing over fallen artworks. Roommates Jim and Joe were not there. I find a flashlight and candles to find fallen books, dishes, drumset, broken plaster, setting me to clean up work. The phone line was dead. Then suddenly the power went on! Looking out the window, it appeared to be only this block.

### **Damages**

I see more damage, the drumset punctured some paintings. there were more dishes destroyed in the pantry. It would have been horrific to have been inside as the temblor shook! I was luckily howling and whooping it up back on the Academy rooftop, safely nothing from the taller buildings overhead fell on us. I thought of Samantha and that interlude. My shy nature made any choice a negative, especially after I seemed disappointing to her. Anyway I turned my stereo on, unharmed! I had a **Yardbirds** cassette in, so I crank it up and clean the messes. It seemed that the other flats in the building were vacant that night. I finally crashed late wondering if roommates are okay.

### **The aftermath**

Early the following morning, Jim arrives! Whew, he's okay! Staying overnight in the Marina district with friends Tim and Kristy Nelson, after experiencing the shake at

SF State when picking up Kristy for a get together. But where is Joe? Not sure when the phone lines opened, but we found out he's stranded in the east bay after work, safely at a friends place I think? .

Meanwhile, Jim and I discovered the hallway carpet is soaked, and the people below us thought we were flooding their apartment! It was the flat above. The water heater tipped on its side and dripping! So before the landlords crew could arrive, we help the upstairs neighbor (who was a woman from Central America), to prop it back up.

Next we find out the unused chimney crumbled apart, sending bricks over the playgrounds of the neighbor kids, and the roof next door! So Jim and I (stupidly but helpful) climbed up to move enormous clay chimney pipes out of harms way so they don't tumble off and down causing more damage. Bricks were piled on the neighbors roof. They were worried it might collapse their roof. Not our responsibility that was the landlord. We didn't spend much time up there, but did appreciate the vantage points, there was a unique calm over the city from up. Relatively quiet. Eventually the landlord crew show up and gets to work.

I don't remember when, but someone was driving to the east bay after the bay bridge opened up. This took some days. I got a ride, possibly Brian took a long way around on a separate bridge? Some of that week was a strange fearful blur. The quake caused such apprehensive trauma, especially regarding after shocks, that jolt suddenly in a short bursts.

### **Strangers stopping strangers**

The news of damage was disturbing. Some dead from hailed bricks **on Townsend Street, South of Market**. The news warning of objects up above ready to fall at any given time was frightening to go out. The biggest tragedy hit **Oakland** when the **Cypress freeway bridge** collapsed, killing nearly 70 people, and injured more. Buildings in the Marina collapsed and some on fire. For that week of citywide discombobulation, strangers were friendly to each other, asking each other "*where were you?*", everywhere, in stores, on the street, bus,.. Bay area residents bonded unlike anything I'd ever seen.

What a strange week that was.

**Family was okay!** Not sure if Contra Costa County had much damage? They certainly felt it!

The Academy was shut down for a week, and it was fortunate that the building

inspectors didn't declare it legally off limits. Like several other structures.

### **Back to life as usual, but unusual**

Returning to school, my displayed painting in the window was still up, getting nearly another week, but not lit. I had to take it down anyway for the next exhibitor. The first day back, a gallery owner wandered in asking those of us around if we wanted to make some instant cash for moving artworks and books, office supplies etc out of his gallery which had to be evacuated by the end of that day! Sure! A few of us dropped everything to do this. Smart move. We were young, fit, and importantly had respect for art. We made (I think?) around \$200 apiece for around 4 hours of labor. A fine deal for us "starving art students"! This was Don Soker owner of **Don Soker Gallery**, it was just south of Market Street on Howard. He is still active, a nice guy, and he moved the gallery to the Mission around 10 years ago.

Everyone had earthquake stories. It was unavoidable. Mostly of fearful experiences, but not me ; rooftop howling was a fun, if ignorant, activity! Specifically Carrie Galbraith reported walking around the city with other Cacophony Society members, like **Sebastian Melmoth, Spaulding** and **Lance**. Reports of completely quiet streets in usually busy North Beach, walking in the center of Columbus & Broadway to no traffic is unheard of! While moonlight was the only light. I think they enjoyed lying down in the intersection, a very Cacophony Society activity! Now that sounds like the best way to appreciate that ultra-rare setting, unique to that night exclusively. During that week, they climbed to the top of the first **Bay Bridge** tower while closed for repairs! I remember Carrie's sketch from up there, a quiet bridge with *zero* traffic. I was envious! [2 years later, J. Spaulding guided a few of us up there! ]

### **At the Academy**

Seeing Samantha, she was coy, not really talking to me. I almost went up to her and answered her personal question to me on the earthquake evening, by answering "Yes!" as a good romantic gesture. But I didn't, letting the passivity reign. Why? I don't know if that would be honest as an answer, other than I didn't know how to deal with that. I got on with my work.

A good return to painting, woodprinting, experimental drawing and a liberal arts class: Mythology. Nice and interesting. I went out on the town with a beautiful Swedish designer woman in that class, fabulous but short lived. Still I wasn't pursuing relationships other than with myself back then.

## **Halloween!**

### **Jerry Garcia Band, Concord Pavillion**

I had a great time at this outdoor Halloween show, it was a lovely set and setting... cats down under the stars, indeed! Going with Joe, Jim, and Karlin. Taking *shrooms*! An electric night, clear skies and excellent starry scenery above!

The first local show by Jerry after the quake. The **Grateful Dead** were on the east coast that month, performing epic shows — before and after the 17th. This Halloween was **Jerry Garcia electric band**, and they sounded wonderful as always! We were dancing with good space in the aisle around the stage where the sound quality and view ruled. Great fun with costumed deadheads around!

Recalling the costumes onstage during the set break, the one I remember the most was a cleverly constructed one of the costumer appearing to be within a cage held by a large gorilla. This was the costume contest winner, on stage between sets!

(I was donning one of the many pointed wizard hats of the evening.)

Glad to have had this fine Jerry show to help us through the shaky season!

And on the next day, 'Built to Last' was released, with its house of cards. (hmm, SF seemed as stable as a house of cards that week.)

I recall someone was spreading the cryptic phrase of "*The deck is stacked*" around at that show. It dawned on me later that he was referring to the new album cover. I bought it first thing that following day on cassette so I could play it in the painting studio. I didn't really like it much at first, vastly preferring the live versions of the songs. This studio album sounded canned in comparison.

**November** was a month of continued recovery from the big quake. Paranoia about objects falling on my head caused neuroses. The structures affected around town were a few. The **Embarcadero** freeway overpass was shut down, a few buildings, but the Academy was okay. I finished a few good paintings, some experimental trash paintings were reworked into acceptable pieces, and I had unique sculptural ideas for the experimental drawing class, that were influenced by the quake.

A good thanksgiving with family in Concord, and on with the holiday season. At the Bryant Street flat, Jim made julekage, I made "death bread".

Around this time, Joe found a real keeper, bringing Jane over! Excellent pair, and good lifelong friends! (I believe Jethro Tull at SF Civic was their first date)

**December** was mostly good, wrapping up the semester.

**December 3rd** I went with Joe to one of the very best electric guitar concerts I ever attended — **Jeff Beck**! What a performance. We were wowed. On a double

bill with **Stevie Ray Vaughan** who followed, but we didn't want to hear anyone follow Jeff Beck, so SRV's set didn't inspire as much, even though his set was good. The next day in the **Chronicle** was a lopsided review by the biased, sensationalist reviewer Joel Selvin. We mostly agreed with his verbose raves about Jeff Beck's untouchable virtuosity. Stevie wasn't treated as kindly, referred to as playing "*low brow, get down slop that fills the trough at feeding time.*"

Ha! Joe and I had great laughs over that description. I cut the review out of the newspaper to place on the fridge that month. [Ha! I recently found that very clipping in a folder, yellowed with time. I couldn't resist mailing to Joe! We've been quoting it occasionally ever since printed. A great sentimental laugh! Of course I scanned it first.:]

### **worried shock**

I had a small "Glugg Gathering" at the Bryant Street pad. (I have photos Joe took of me pouring the booze in the pot, grinning away like a possessed swede! ) However, later that was the same day of getting the shocking news that Mom has cancer. Lymphoma. Ugh. Blood drained from face kind of numbed reaction, seeming not real, a science fiction horror story. It became a somber little party That evening, me, Joe, Carrie G. She brought Lance ; a Cacophony Society original and with such a unique intellectual personality, regaling with extremely esoteric knowledge in a droll, ascerbic wit one can't help but be impressed with. And the amazing Winston Smith — famed collage artist, responsible for the Dead Kennedy's logo and album art, and much more. A totally sweet fellow. They made for a thoughtful evening, enjoying my grandfather's glugg recipe, with good conversations.

The **Christmas /New Years** holidays with family was good that month. Everyone dreadfully concerned for Mom, who had to start chemotherapy so soon. Siblings visiting, appreciating our family traditions with glugg, lutefisk, dup e grytta, gift exchanges, cookies and decor all made for a warm feeling in the family home, and making mom happy. It was a tough diagnosis to stomach. Early 1990 it was conquered! To great expense.

### **Thus ends the eighties**

For me personally it was an excellent year. Full of everything I wrote about in here in this Part Two, and Part One.

[https://dean-gustafson.com/autobiographical/1989\\_Part-One.pdf](https://dean-gustafson.com/autobiographical/1989_Part-One.pdf)

## **Albums**

*Oranges and Lemons*

*The Trinity Sessions*

*Nearly Human*

*Spike*

*Jeff Beck's Guitar Shop*

*New York*

*Heart Shaped World*

*Don't Tell A Soul*

and past releases by Robyn Hitchcock, especially *I Often Dream Of Trains*, and *Invisible Hitchcock*, that fall.

Music has a strong memory pull for me, flavoring the times associated. That year was with such essential highlights, and a pleasure to revisit, flashing me right back to all of these memories, vividly.

Obtw, I took a pint glass from the sidewalk on Sutter Street, that was my earthquake souvenir, lasting several years.

**- Skol, '89!**

**Dean Gustafson, June 2024**