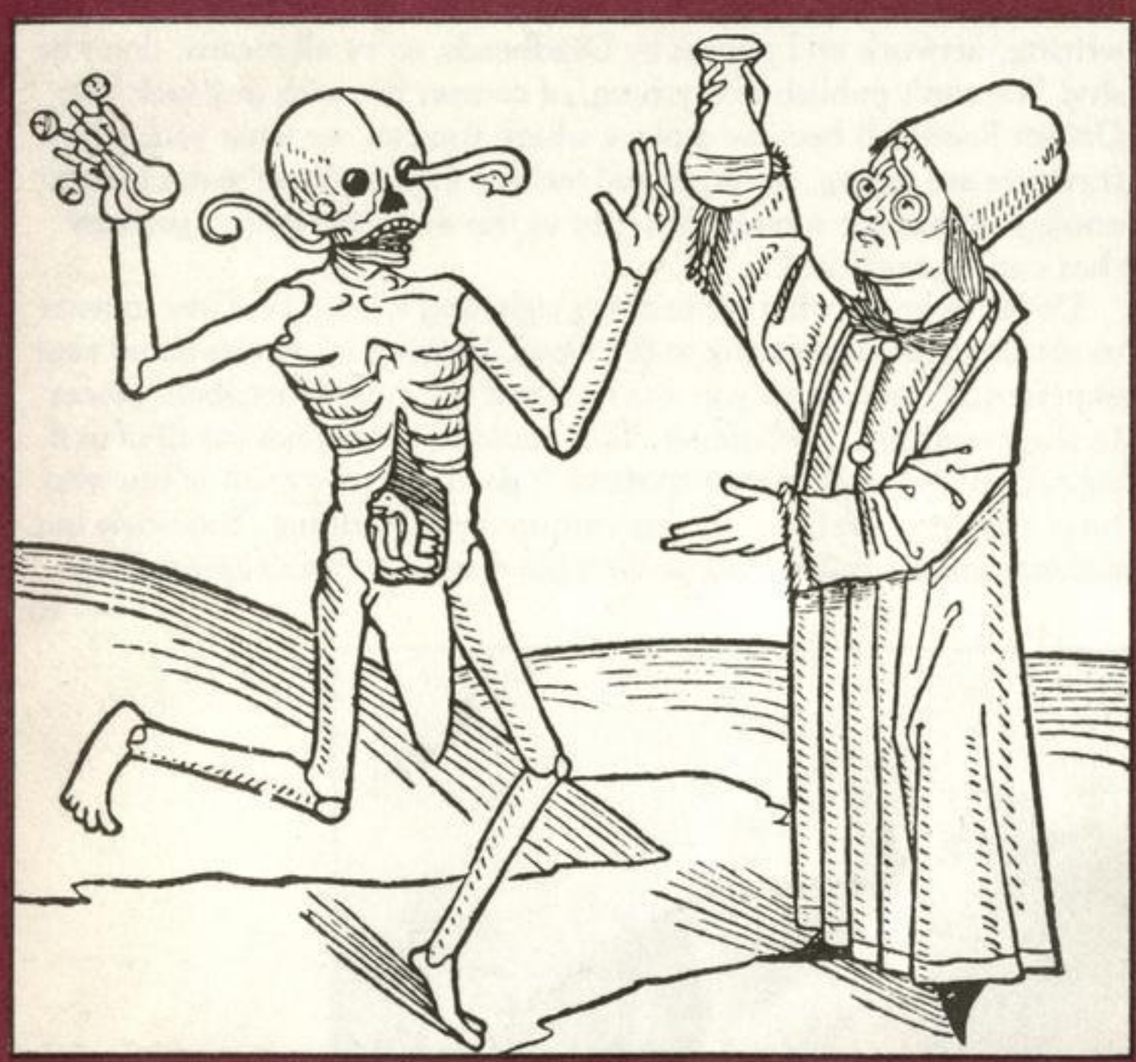
THE GOLDEN ROAD



ISSUE ONE/WINTER 1984

Come Join the Party Every Day!

It was about an hour after the finish of the first of two phenomenal Dead shows at the Downs in Santa Fe, and Regan and I were wandering in a haze through the halls of the Santa Fe Motel looking for some friends. A tape of "Me & My Uncle" wafted into the corridor from behind a closed door, and we bopped briefly in the empty, neon-lit hallway, smiling as Weir arrived at the fateful line, "We stopped over in Santa Fe . . ." As we continued our search, our attention was caught by a small piece of paper tacked unobtrusively below one of the door numbers. In a barely legible longhand scrawl was a lyric from one of our favorite songs, "Crazy Fingers": "Gone are the days we stopped to decide where we should go/We just ride." And it struck us that those words pretty much summed up the life we'd been living on the road with the Dead the past couple of weeks as we tracked the band from Ventura to Eugene to Boise and on down to Santa Fe. These were days of carefree spontaneity and freedom unlike anything we'd ever experienced. We felt a wonderful exhilaration, which grew even more the following day when the band played another spectacular show beneath the vast Santa Fe sky, with its rolling grey and white clouds and seemingly endless expanses of azure that contrast so magnificently with the red mesas and squat adobes. That was the weekend that the idea for a new Dead magazine metamorphosed from an idle dream to a genuine commitment.

The notion first crossed my mind shortly after I began work on *The Music Never Stopped*, a critical history of the Dead I wrote in the fall of '82. I had a fairly severe word limit from my publisher (Delilah Books) and I found that there was a great deal of material I was unable to use for the book, including the seeds for this issue's piece on the Dead's cover songs. My first inclination was to put together a second volume on the band, but then something changed my mind — I got so much provocative, unsolicited feedback from Deadheads who'd read my book that I decided it would be fun and interesting to create an outlet for the dissemination of info about the Dead and for communications from Deadheads.

Obviously, we are not the first people to do this. The original quality Dead magazine, *Relix* is still going strong after nearly a decade of publishing, and it continues to be a reliable source for Dead news and reviews. There have been numerous other smaller newsletters, from *Deadbeat* to Mikel's always welcome handouts at the shows (talk about self-less Deadication!), but I felt there was still room for a different kind of Dead magazine, and so *The Golden Road* was born.

There have been a few people, including some in the Dead organization, who have raised eyebrows because of the magazine's name; after all it was the name of the original Grateful Dead fan club in the late '60s, so in a sense the name has been "done." But to me, that title, with its optimism and faint echoes of Oz, speaks to the hopeful journey Deadheads are embarked on. The destination is unknown, but the road, potholes and all, surely gleams with the gold of sunshine. And so, we use the name with deep respect for its poetic resonance *and* its history. After all, it was the song "The Golden Road (To Unlimited Devotion)" that offered all of us this appealing invitation in 1967: "Hey, hey, come right away/Come join the party every day."

There are more fanatical and committed Deadheads than us — we attended about 25 shows this year; there are many who caught *every* one, no doubt — but hopefully what we possess that is of value is the ability to write coherently about the Dead, Deadheads and the whole wild ball of wax. We are both professional journalists. After spending several years as the editors of *BAM*, the largest regional music magazine in the country (it's based, as we are, in Oakland, CA) we've branched out to different publications. My day gig is working as managing editor for *Mix*, a recording industry magazine, while Regan is currently an editor of *California Living*, the magazine of the Sunday San Francisco *Examiner/Chronicle*. This is our night job, and so far it's been a total labor of love.

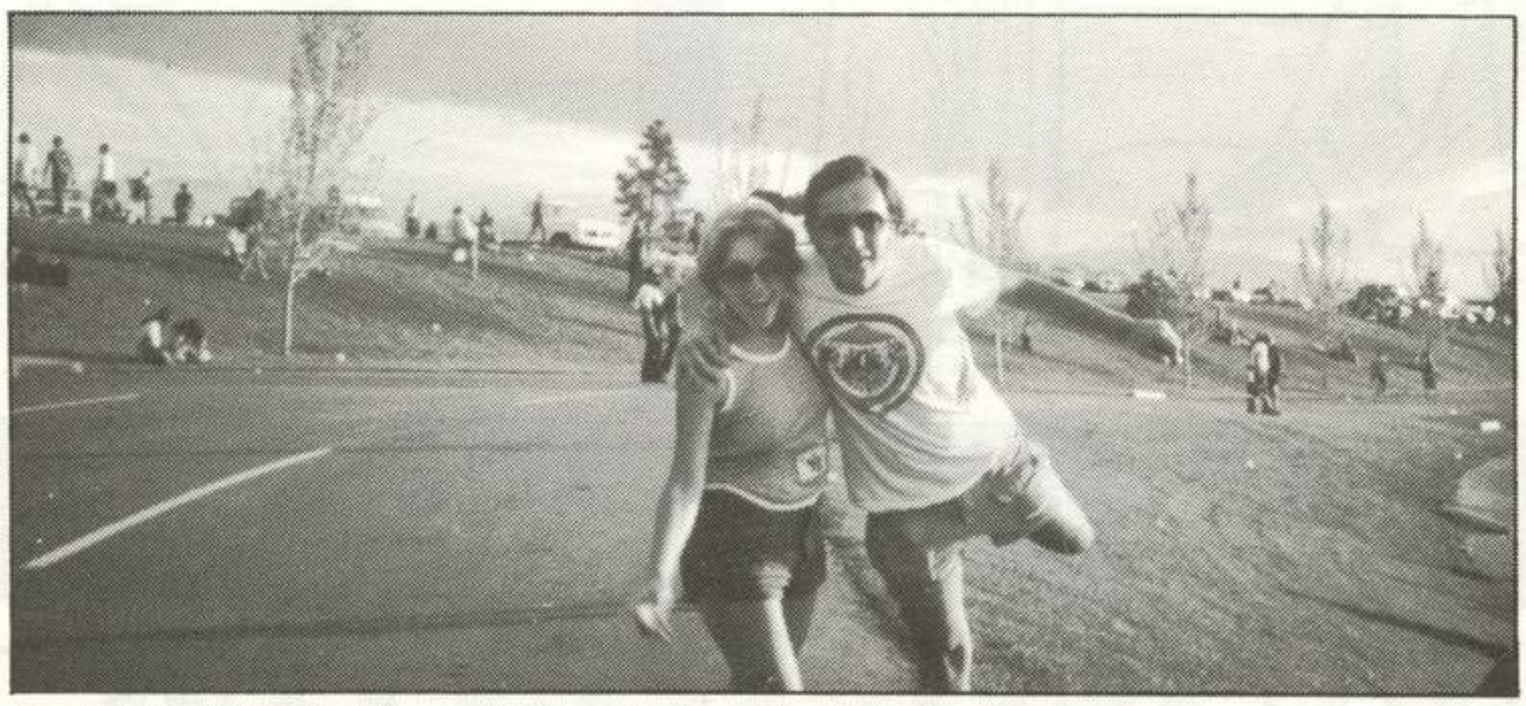
I got on this Bus in March of '70 at the Capitol Theatre in Portchester, NY. After seeing a dozen shows at the Capitol and Fillmore in the very early '70s, I moved to California. Regan is a relative newcomer — her first shows were during the '80 Warfield run — but her insights are keen and she's had an enormous impact on my own understanding and appreciation of the band.

As we got the magazine rolling, we received invaluable help from a number of friends who passed out leaflets for us at shows, offered encouragement and spread the word far and wide. Particularly helpful in this regard were John and Dave Leopold of Pennsylvania, Sandy Rosen of New York, and a bunch of our Bay Area buddies, including Lou Tambakos, Sam Lewit, Barbara Lewit, Mark and Beth Terry, David Gans and Mary Eisenhart. Neither Regan nor I are natural promoters, and it is largely through the help of these good people that we snagged enough subscribers to make this thing a reality.

Our subscription rolls are growing but still small in the grand scheme of things. We hope that if you like *The Golden Road* you'll tell your friends; perhaps we can then become totally self-supporting. For this magazine to be everything it can be, we need your help and we need your input. The first couple of issues will be dominated by our own writing, as we attempt to set a tone for it, but we hope to publish writing, artwork and photos by Deadheads, so by all means, don't be shy! We can't publish everything, of course, but with any luck *The Golden Road* will become a place where you can see what your fellow travelers are seeing, thinking and feeling. Currently we're not solvent enough to pay for submissions, but as the magazine grows, perhaps that can be remedied.

Do let us know what we're doing right and wrong. Feel free to write us about anything relating to the Dead, whether it's stories about your experiences, questions you want cleared up, comments about pieces in the magazine, or whatever. This could be a lot of fun for all of us if we take it seriously enough to make it good. Thanks to all of you who have shown confidence in this venture by subscribing. You made our autumn unforgettable, and we'll try our damndest not to let you down.

— *BJ*



Regan (L) and Blair after the second '83 Santa Fe show. Photo by Barbara Lewit

THE GOLDEN ROAD

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Finally, don't be put off by all this official-sounding language. We have to lay all this down someplace. But we trust ya! Honest.

Cover: The Grateful Seduction; European woodcuts.

FEEDBACK

Illustration by Johnnie Walker, Narragansett, RI

He Already "Got" Us

I trust this is not a scam. But if it is, Jerry will get you!

Jim Sprout
Cincinatti, OH

Come All Ye Cynics

It's hard to get my attention outside Dead or Garcia shows, but your flyer found its way into my pockets, and your magazine sounds interesting enough. (I'm an avidly uncommercialized Deadhead from way back, so you should be proud.) I'm pretty cynical these days, but I'm still pretty jazzed over the Halloween shows, so I'll try your mag and reserve the money-back guarantee. Besides, *The Golden Road* is about what a major part of my teenage and adult life has been about, no denying it.

Jay Sherrerd
Berkeley, CA

Steal Your Check

You say in your flyer your mag costs "less than you paid for *Steal Your Face,* which you didn't even like." Well, I wouldn't know because I never bought that album, but I am buying *The Golden Road.* It sounds like a hot item.

Lawrence Nicholls
North Haven, CT

I Need A Miracle

Being intrigued by your hand-out at the recent Palo Alto Dinosaurs show, and always seeking more insight into the Grateful Dead phenomenon, we hereby do subscribe. Here's a request for information:

In "Turn on Your Love Light," Pigpen talks about his rider and that special thing she's got that makes him feel all right. Then, as he describes it, the band crescendos and I can never quite make it out. It sounds sort of like: "She's got box backin' middy/Grapes big on the vine/Workin' under cover/With a bo-ho-nine!" If you don't know, please put the question to your readers.

As far as other things I'd like to see in the magazine, any and all discussion of the philosophical or mystical basis for all this. The Dead have introduced me to a higher consciousness that seems to manifest itself sometimes as unusual coincidences (the rain trip at San Jose, March, '79; the Mount St. Helens coincidence; the Egypt shows-Camp David Accords, etc.), which have affected me as an individual. I wonder who else this is happening to, and what sorts of things. If anyone has had a highly unusual or mystical experience they want to bring to light, I'd like to hear about it. Most Deadheads aren't real articulate about mystical-type experiences, but most experience something they believe to be quite real.

What's happened to me personally has led me to consider the reality of things well outside "normal" frames of reference or physical existence or cause-and-effect. And weird as this stuff sounds, I feel it's *real important* because it relates to things like the nature of the creative process, the meaning of our lives, and what it's all about. Here's one small example:

I'm headin' up the Harbor Freeway in L.A. to Pauley Pavilion for the great 12-30-'78 show, and all of a sudden from 60 m.p.h. the traffic stops dead. I stop and notice a whole bunch of cars tumbling end over end and crashing into each other just behind me in my rear view mirror. There is violence in the shock wave that's heading right for me. It's an eye-blink away and nothing I can do would help me get away — cars literally flying 30 then 20 then 10 feet behind me. I gulp and brace myself, then they fly *past me* on both sides without touching my car! I'm surrounded by totalled cars — some 20 or more — and not scratch one on me! (I was in the left lane and a car, crushed to half-width, had even stopped between me and the concrete highway divider!)

Just a coincidence? I can't shake the feeling that something wanted me at the show and was prepared to stage a miracle to let me get there. What is it? What can it do? What is it doing?

Where is it taking us? Why? That's what I'd like to see discussed in your periodical. I'll let you know if there's anything else I'd like to see — other than me in my Halloween nitrous oxide tank costume on the cover!

Jack Romanski
Oakland, CA

Fixin' a Hole Where the Rain Gets In

I saw your flyer at the Hartford show in October, but unfortunately I used it to stop up a hole in my boot. When I finally unfolded the leftovers and read it, I thought your magazine was a great idea.

Cindy Campbell
Syracuse, NY

Ours Is Not to Reason Why

What I would like to see in your magazine is an explanation of why Jerry Garcia played for only an hour at both shows in Binghamton, New York on November 26, 1983. I traveled from Albany and paid $12.50 to see him for one hour. I was, to say the least, disappointed, especially when I paid $12.50 to see the Dead and The Band play for six hours in Syracuse. Now that was a hell of a show!

If you can, do me and my fellow Deadheads in Albany a favor and tell Jerry to come back to the Albany Palace. He has always put on an excellent show there.

Ruth DeGennaro
Delmar, NY

The Saints Come Marching In

I have been informed of your new magazine via a flyer I picked up at the Hartford show. It was very nice to finally hear the "Saint." Being a young Deadhead of only four years, I had never had the pleasure.

I am curious as to why they finally played this forbidden treat. Could it mean the band is thinking of breaking up — a few more "Saints" for old times' sake? It doesn't seem as if they waited for the perfect ambience — Madison Square Garden and then Hartford. Do you know why?

Guy Fasco
Lincoln, MA

(Because it's there?)

A Boon to the Boonies

Folklore, lies and true tales of the Grateful Dead are scarce here in the Ozarks. Your magazine is a real boon to Heads in the mid-South.

Jim Skinner
Van Buren, AK

A Dream Come True

I don't know how close you are to the band, but if you find an opportunity, please relay to them the following story. I'm sure they'll get a kick out of it.

My friends and I had spent the whole afternoon in the Greensboro, NC Holiday Inn drinking White Russians in preparation for the show that night. We eventually rolled into the Coliseum parking lot around 6 p.m. My friend John suggested one of us should go to the box office and find out where our seats were. I happily volunteered. I asked a security guard for directions, and he sent me down what seemed to be some type of service road. To my surprise, four limos rolled by me (the passengers obviously the group), and I waved cheerfully. I followed the limos right down to the backstage door. I said to myself, "What the hell, Jimbo, GO FOR IT!" I still can't believe it, I just walked in! No hassles, no questions, just me — *backstage* — for the first and only time to date.

The people there thought I was one of the security people for the show. My assignment: work the barrier in front of the stage. The rest is history. I was absolutely blown away.

I was repeatedly told by my "boss" to stop dancing. Eventually they figured out I wasn't a security guard and that they'd assigned a Deadhead to work security. But, hell, I made it all the way to "Sugar Mag." Incidentally, if you do mention this to anyone in the band, I was wearing a green T-shirt with "I Love Vermont" on the front.

Jim Mandes
Hershey, PA

Generation Gap?

There seem to be two "generations" of Deadheads — the people who have been seeing the Dead for many years and the people in their late teens and early 20s who have only been into the Dead for the last year or so. (I know quite a few people who never saw the Dead until the Carrier Dome show September 28 and they are now rabid Deadheads.) Most of the neophyte Deadheads are abysmally ignorant of the Dead's history and their musical styles. They also seem displeased whenever the Dead move from the framework of rock into the jazz area, while I love the jams.

And there are two types of Deadheads — those who like the Dead's music and do not carry any of the ideals expressed by the music into their personal lives, and Deadheads like myself to whom "Deadhead" is a permanent state of mind. It could be interesting to have a profile of a typical (or composite) Deadhead of the latter type.

Matt Roman
Binghamton, NY

(Well, readers, what do you think? Do these observations ring true to you?)

Sprechen Sie Dead?

Deadication got me as early as '71–'72, but at that time "little Uli" was not to see Europe '72 tour, since Mom had decided against it. He was barely 15 years . . . and grew up in a small village. But '74 those parents' forces had loosened: I had been in Munich. That night I encountered the bus stop and I'll guess somewhere along that line I got on . . . That's me . . . so far.

Uli Teute
Hindenburg, Germany

Further

I'm 28 years old and I got on this crazy Bus ride at 14. There is no way I want off now.

Tim Vallee
Eureka, CA

". . . In the Strangest of Places . . ."

Let it be known that Macronesia knows the path to *The Golden Road.* "Some folks look for answers . . ."

To tell you a little bit about ourselves: We are Catholic lay missionaries assigned by the Archdiocese of Los Angeles to work on this beautiful tropical island in the Western Pacific. Our island is called Saipan. We have been here for over a year and we like it here a lot. We are working at a Catholic school where I am an accountant and my wife Jenny is a first grade teacher. Last July our first child, Valerie Christine, was born to us.

My first contact with the Dead came about in Egypt in September '78, where I had gone to study for a year in the American University. Our planeload of twelve students landed on one day, and the next night the Dead began their three-night stint. Unfortunately my head was not awakened enough to attend all three shows, although I did manage to have my socks rocked off the third night. My first Dead show and I was just amazed at how well they played. They were so tight, I knew this band was special. As it turned out, I spent that year living with Deadhead Dave from Rochester, New York, and he took me deep into my Deaducation. Good for him!

I couldn't wait to get to my next show (11-25-79, UCLA Pauley Pavilion), and since that time it has been a continual growth into the family. Our first road trip, co-ordinated with some friends, was in February '82, and then our vacation culminating in Ventura's celebration was a fantastic family experience. Then just as we were evolving as knowing members of the group, the Holy Spirit sets us upon this tropical island where we are quite distant and isolated from the source of the people's excitement. Now we are trying to find out what kind of support the Dead have in our local area and pursue a visit by the Dead here.

Benny, Jenny, Valerie Naginis
Saipan, CM

(If any of you readers would like to communicate with these gone-but-not-forgotten Heads, their address is P.O. Box 592, Saipan, CM 96950.

And if you'd like to write us and tell us exactly how you got on the Bus, we'd love to hear your stories.)

Confessions of a Roadie

The Golden Road is the road less traveled, but a road beneficial to mind and body. The Golden Road is filled with riches and poverty. He who travels must be aware of the road's highs and lows, and must be able to roll with the changes. To those who only travel the Road once, the Road may not be so joyous. Those who learn to live hand in hand with the Golden Road will discover what life really is about and how the Golden Road will help us. We will survive, but where do we go from here?

Jeff Stewart
Victor, NY

Funny, You Don't Look Dead

I grew up 40 miles from Boise, Idaho. My sister lives there and I took her to the Dead show September 2 at Boise Pavilion. As she and I were walking in, I heard someone say my name. I looked up and saw my junior high speech teacher and wrestling coach. He is the assistant manager of the Pavilion. I couldn't say who was more shocked, him or me. He said I didn't look like a typical Deadhead. I wonder, was that a compliment or an insult?

Matthew Kora
San Francisco, CA

A Message to the Tape God

1) Thanks for being Deadheads!

2) Thanks for caring about us fellow Deadheads.

3) Thanks for Phil Lesh (although you are not directly responsible).

4) Thanks for *The Golden Road.* You are to be commended for this valuable service.

Also, who, if anyone, has the killer 1972 tapes? All the traders seem to have pretty much the "same thing," as the song goes. Everyone has great '71 and '73, but '72 seems to have come and gone fairly undertaped. Maybe some day the '72 Tape God will let them rain down on us.

Anyway, best of luck on your new project, and thanks for *The Music Never Stopped.* It will never stop for me!

Dan Liff
Nashville, TN

We want to hear from you! Write to The Golden Road, *484 Lakepark #82, Oakland, CA 94610.*

DEADLINE

The Latest News & Rumor Control

In answer to a question that about a hundred people have asked us in the past few months, *yes* the Grateful Dead are going to be touring in 1984. On the count of three everyone breathe a sigh of relief. "Not playing in 1984 was never discussed," a spokesperson for the band told us in late December. "In fact we're working on booking dates right now and we'll hopefully have an East Coast tour in April." No word yet on whether that would be preceded by a few dates in the West before that Eastern swing. It really isn't unusual for the Dead to take off the beginning of the year. Last year, you'll recall, the first gigs were in late March, and it looks like that might be the case again this year.

The other rampant rumor, particularly on the East Coast, was that the Dead would be playing Europe in '84. "I seriously doubt it," our source in the organization said. "It's probably not economically feasible right now." Touring Europe is an expensive proposition, and since the band doesn't have a current record to promote, hitting exotic locales isn't likely to happen for a while.

* * * *

Speaking of the "new album," that project is still up in the air apparently. Mickey Hart told us he hoped the band would begin recording in February or March, but our official source was more vague. Don't hold your breath. Just enjoy the new material as it comes. Most of you are probably more into tapes than records anyway.

* * * *

The Grateful Dead Movie has been pulled from circulation for an indefinite period. "It's sort of run its course," said the group spokesperson. "We're sort of reining in the old stuff right now." There's been some talk about perhaps releasing the movie, currently available only as a videodisc, as a videocassette, but we couldn't get a confirmation on that. We're wondering if perhaps some sort of video project is being planned to coincide with the upcoming 20th Anniversary of the band. That sure would be a saleable item if it was executed with the Dead's usual care in videos.

* * * *

Keep your eyes and ears open for the possible release of a two-song 12-inch breakdancing record by an aggregation calling itself Kodo, which means "heartbeat" in Japanese. Kodo is a quartet consisting of Mickey Hart, Airto, bassist Bobby Vega, and keyboardist/synthesist Tim Gorman (who worked with The Who on their farewell tour). Mickey played us the two tracks the group has recorded and both are stunningly original dance songs. As you might expect from a marriage of synthesizers and Airto/Hart percussion, the songs juxtapose the primitive with the futuristic to interesting effect.

The first song he played us, "Walkie Talkie," is hypnotic without falling into the sort of same-sounding tedium that afflicts so many dance tracks. The percussion dominates, not surprisingly, though there is a brief vocal refrain ("Walk, talk . . . walkie talkie") that crops up at a couple of points and serves as a ground for the fabulous percussion flights. Hart revealed that the song marks his vocal debut, though you'd never guess it — his voice is channelled through a high-pitched vocoder. (Some of you no doubt also have tapes of Mickey's own original sung-spoken version of "Fire on the Mountain," recorded well before the Dead started playing it. That will probably never be released commercially, though.)

The second tune, tentatively titled "Groove 2," was even more intriguing. It features an absolutely furious drum assault beneath a relatively simple but pleasing synth progression by Gorman. Mickey gets to really show his talking drum chops on this one, and for the last minute or so of the song he came up with some interesting accompanists: a group of saimang apes (Malaysian gibbons) that he recorded on his trusty Neumann one afternoon at the San Francisco Zoo. The hooting apes "sound like old ladies laughing," Hart jokes, and he's right. A bizarre effect.

Though Hart has yet to line up a deal for the release of this new music, he says there has been interest from a couple of record biz types. It seems like it should be saleable; it's easy to picture a disco filled with ecstatic dancers convulsing to the mad percussion bursts and howling along with the saimangs.

* * * *

A few days after the Dead's New Year's Eve show, Bob Weir headed down to Los Angeles to begin work on the second Bobby & the Midnites album, the first under his new contract with Columbia Records. Producing the record is none other than Jeff Baxter, the fine guitarist of Steely Dan and Doobie Brothers fame. Baxter has done some excellent production work over the years, so it will be interesting to see what he does with the Midnites, whose first album didn't really capture the group's live power. (So what else is new?) We hear that the record will feature a couple of covers amidst new group originals, but Weir is being tight-lipped so we don't have any specifics for you now.

The Midnites hosted what turned out to be something of a "super session" January 12 at the LA studio where the new album is being recorded. Dropping in to play on a Bobby Cochran-penned tune called "Rock of the '80s" were legendary session guitarist Steve Cropper (who played on so many great '60s soul records) and two members of the Stray Cats, guitarist Brian Setzer and drummer Slim Jim Phantom. The Cats are also working with Baxter currently. According to our source on the scene the song is very hot, almost in a rockabilly style, and potentially very commercial. Obviously, though, it's too early to tell if that track, or the star-studded version of it, will make the finished album. The evening was captured on video, however, and it will likely turn up as one segment in a program pilot produced by *Mix* magazine.

Baxter is heading up to the Bay Area in February to do more work on the album with Weir at Bobby's studio, so the release would seem to be at least a couple of months off.

* * * *

Were you among the thousands of lucky folks nationwide who got to hear the Dead's New Year's Eve show on the National Public Radio Network? About 35 stations carried the broadcast (which began at 1:30 a.m. on the East Coast!) and most of the Heads we've talked to enjoyed it and thought the

Continued on page 10

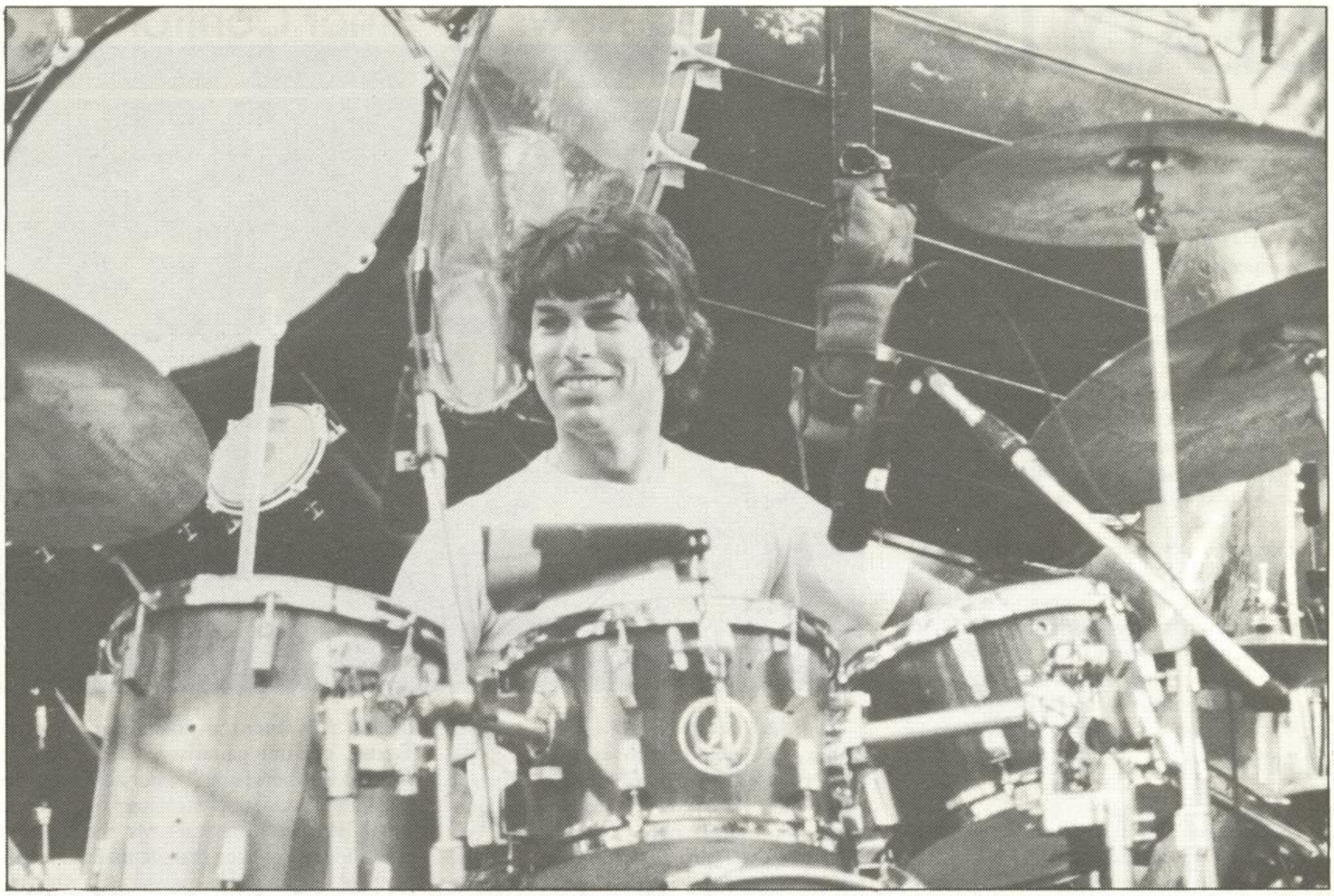


Photo by Clayton Call

Mickey Hart in Two Worlds

As we enter Mickey Hart's studio on a rainy fall afternoon, our ears are instantly greeted by a cacophony of percussion, some natural, some manmade. A driving rain pounds the tin roof over the rooms that adjoin the sound-proofed studio, and for a moment it's easy to imagine that we're in a hut during monsoon season. A blazing fire cackles and hisses from another part of the room. The piercing whine of an electric power drill fills the air for an instant, then subsides, replaced by the dull thudding of a drum kit in the studio itself, a corridor and control room away.

Mickey greets us dressed in a gray hooded sweatshirt with "GRATEFUL DEAD" emblazoned on the front. Dead relics are everywhere — posters, a neon skull-with-lightning bolt logo, a drum head with that familiar "face." He leads us into the studio's main room which is filled, floor to ceiling, with literally hundreds of percussion instruments. There are standard traps, electronic drums, an African baliaphone, marimbas, gongs of every size, a mind-boggling collection of rattles, shakers and hand drums, and instruments that don't even have names. This is Mickey Hart's heaven — a universe of percussion, of rhythm, of *motion.*

Mickey is nothing if not supremely energetic. Onstage, he and Billy Kreutzmann are in constant motion as they lay down the rhythmic underpinnings upon which the Grateful Dead's music is constructed. Offstage, he is just as active, always moving, even as we turn on our tape recorder to begin the interview. First, he is absorbed in showing us one of his newest instruments, a special wooden rack that Doug Irwin, designer of Garcia's last couple of guitars, built to hold nine of Mickey's beloved Tibetan bowls. "The Bear came back from one of his missions in India and brought these back for me," he says of world traveler and alchemist Owsley Stanley. "These are all Tibetan temple instruments that are used in religious services to call a a deity, or just in prayer. The first time I played them I knew there was something special about these." He strikes one gently and a bright, bell-like tone fills the room. He draws it close to him and modulates the sound by opening his mouth and putting his lips near the rim of the bowl.

"With the bowls set up this way," he continues, "you can actually compose for them and work with the range of pitches." He's used the bowls individually during Rhythm Devils jams at Dead shows, but this is a new animal for him. Before we become too absorbed in the bowls, however, Mickey charges across the room to demonstrate "The Beam," which looks a little like a 12-foot steel guitar with no pedals. He turns it on, runs his hand over its piano wire strings, and deep, ominous tones blare from a nearby speaker. "Does that sound familiar!" he asks devilishly as he pulls a metal bar across the strings, creating an unearthly, almost violent noise that seems to shake the building to the rafters. "The lovely strains of napalm," he says. It *does* sound familiar, because, in fact, Hart used The Beam prominently on the soundtrack of *Apocalypse Now.* "You can get physical with The Beam and do things you can't do with other instruments," he explains, and to prove it he madly attacks the strings with the bar until deafening feedback is the only clear sound in the room. That accomplished, he picks up some shakers and rattles them rhythmically like some shaman. As we move into another room of the studio, he continues to explore different instruments he has on hand. He bows a *birimbau* one moment; the next he is trying out one of his latest finds, a wooden hand device that makes the noise of a quail.

An afternoon with Mickey Hart is as entertaining and unpredictable as one might expect from hearing the Rhythm Devils, the percussion jam that can be thundering or beautifully quiet, whimsical or dark, melodious or jagged. Hart is perhaps the busiest member of the Grateful Dead when the band isn't on the road; he always seems to be involved in a slew of fascinating projects.

Over the years he's made several albums with different groupings of musicians: *Rolling Thunder,* his solo debut, was a San Francisco all-stars affair dominated by fairly conven-

tional rock song styles. In 1976 he made *Diga*, a brilliant all-percussion album featuring players who were then fellow students at the Ali Akbar College of Music in Marin. He cut a record with Egyptian master musician Hamza el-Din for Pacific Arts Records, and in the late '70s he worked on the score for *Apocalypse Now*, constructing a literal jungle of percussion instruments to create the primeval textures he needed to put across the horror of war and the mystery of the Southeast Asian landscape. Those sessions also yielded a Rhythm Devils album, executed by Hart, Kreutzmann, his perennial partners-in-percussion Flora Purim and Airto, and several other players.

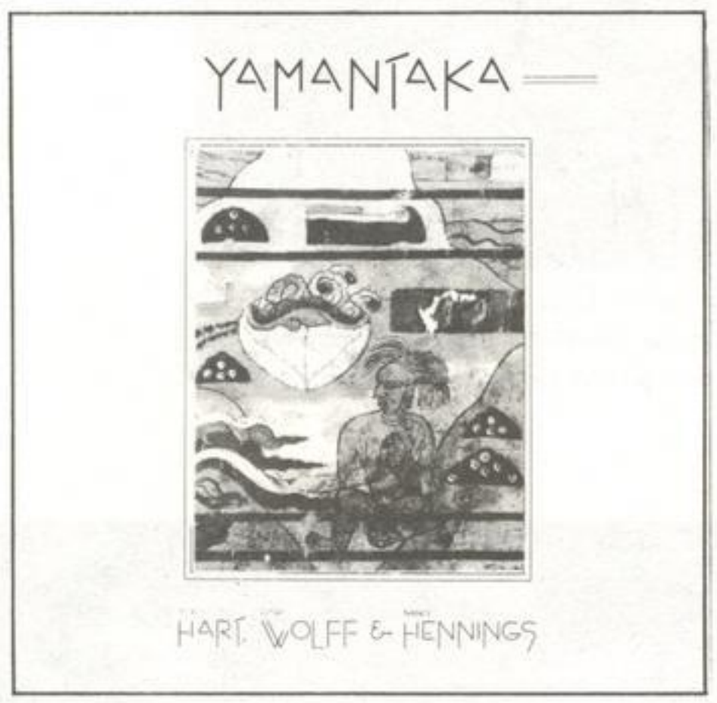
The makers of the recently aired, thirteen-week *Vietnam* documentary series were impressed enough with Hart's *Apocalypse* work that they asked him to score that show's opening and closing; once again, Hart, Kreutzmann, bassist Bobby Vega and others came through with appropriately moody music. That isn't available on a record so far, but two other records featuring Hart's work did come out in the fall of 1983: *Dafos*, a collection of percussion jams with Flora, Airto, Bobby Vega, members of the Brazilian percussion/dance troupe Batucaje, and others was released on the audiophile label Reference Recordings; and *Yamantaka*, made with Tibetan bells specialists Henry Wolff and Nancy Hennings, finds Hart in a soft, meditational setting that is light years from *Dafos'* polyrhythmic attack.

Of these two projects, *Dafos* is probably the more accessible to Deadheads, since it is an extension of the sort of approach Hart used on the *Apocalypse Now Sessions:* improvisations using different musicians interacting with varied groupings of percussion instruments. "Dry Sands of the Desert," for instance, features the sonorous saxophone of Steve Douglas in a sensual sea of eight *tars*, Egyptian hand drums that resemble oversized tambourines, but which make a warm deeply resonant tone when tapped with fingertips or the heel of the hand. "Ice of the North" finds Hart and Jody Diamond playing gamelans, Indonesian instruments somewhat akin to xylophones or marimbas, except more metallic and percussive sounding. "The Gates of Dafos" is a Hart improvisation on "Beast," and so on. It's a colorful journey through a number of different moods and feelings, as Hart and his colleagues once again demonstrate the immense range and the surprising melodicism of percussion instruments.

Hart is initially coy when asked about the meaning of the word "Dafos," but then relents, revealing, "It isn't really any 'thing.' It's a place that Airto and I conjured in our minds. It's a fantasy-land that we went through, like The Gates of Dafos, and all."

The album was recorded at two separate sessions at the Kabuki Nightclub, a cavernous theatre in San Francisco's Japantown, in the fall of '82 and the spring of '83. For the most part, the music on the record appears exactly as it was played — it was recorded live (though without an audience), direct to 2-track, by engineer Keith Johnson, using no overdubs. With the exception of Bobby Vega's excellent electric bass work on "Reunion" (which somewhat resembles Hart's theme for the *Vietnam* TV series) it is wholly acoustic music. "The Kabuki's a wonderful room for acoustic music because it was essentially designed with the spoken word — kabuki performance — in mind," comments Bob Hodas, Hart's main technical assistant on the project. "For rock and roll you occasionally get some slap off the back wall, but with the exception of The Beast, that wasn't a problem because it was quieter music." Hodas describes *Dafos* as primarily an "ambient recording," and to capture the feel of the music filling the large room, one of the mikes was actually placed in the back of the balcony.

For a "live" record, Dafos was surprisingly



time-consuming. The first session lasted 27 hours, the second 22 hours. Hodas explains that the main reason the sessions lasted so long is that since it was being mixed as it was happening, a number of run-throughs in each instrumental configuration were required to get the optimum miking placements and levels. An interesting side note is that "the theater was cold as hell," Hodas says. "The lighting and heating systems were too noisy so we had to completely shut off the heat. All the players had to constantly rub their hands to keep warm." That didn't prevent some sparks from being generated in the music, however.

"The record is a good, true representation of what happened in the room," Hodas says. "It was very spontaneous, very exciting." And because the record is an audiophile pressing, the sound is almost master quality, with virtually no surface noise. "They're a real small company," Mickey says of San Francisco-based Reference Recordings, "but they're really into quality. The sound is right there. The quality of the pressings is superb."

Yamantaka (the name comes from the Tibetan god of the dead and the underworld) also benefits from the use of outstanding vinyl, this time of German origin. The music is radically different from *Dafos*, reflecting Hart's more introspective side. *Yamantaka* is essentially meditation music; quiet, ethereal and extremely subtle. Henry Wolff and Nancy Hennings, who brought Hart into the project, are revered throughout the "new age" and meditation music communities for their important and influential *Tibetan Bells* records, and this LP has a somewhat similar feeling, with much of the music's power coming as much from the air around the music and from what's *not* played, as what's on the record. It is an album of tones and vibrations more than notes, and for that reason it has an even, almost trance-like quality.

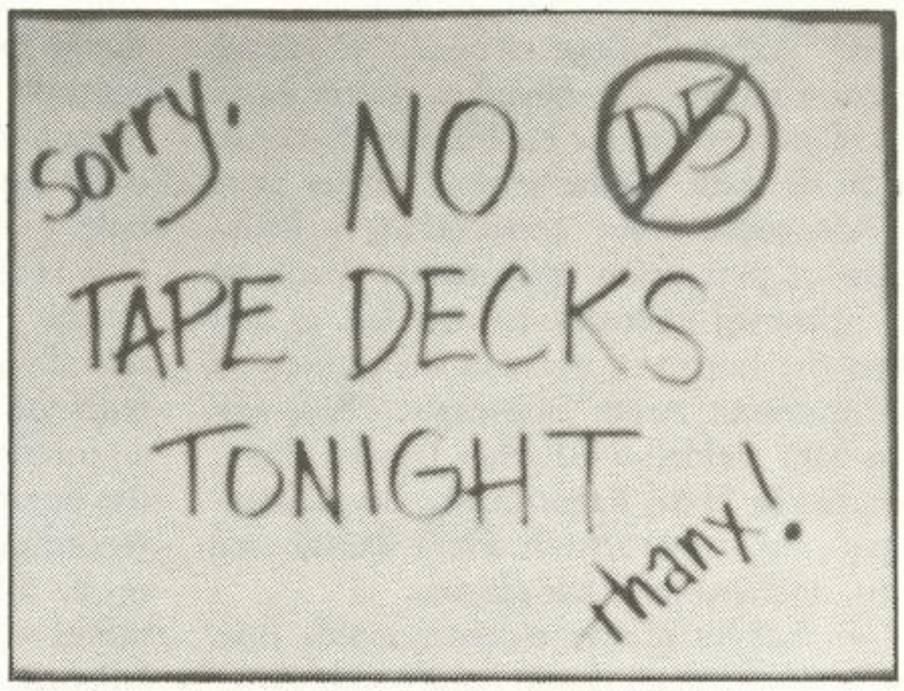
For Hart, *Yamantaka* provided an interesting challenge because it is such a supremely textural work. "I didn't use any membranes on it," he says. "It's a percussion record with no drums on it. It's bells, gong, Beam, but I never struck a membrane because it sometimes takes away from that space of drifting, because it draws your attention to it.

"It's interesting music. We're used to more things 'happening' in music. With this, you have to really just sit back and listen. This music doesn't have anything to do with anything else. We're so inundated by Western music and our own sounds that sometimes we can't hear the purity of other music."

That Hart could be involved with such different projects at the same time as his nearly non-stop touring with the Grateful Dead is testimony to his diversity as an artist. For Mickey, though, being involved in *everything* seems normal, not exceptional. "I like a lot of different things," he says. "I like to sit and play calm, soothing music. I also like to be able to get out and dance, and do everything in between that feels good. It's like a normal progression for me. It can be done, and I feel great about it. You should be able to be slow and be able to be fast." Then, waxing metaphoric, he adds, "It's a challenge to eat a full meal." ☆

(*Dafos* and *Yamantaka* may not be available at your local record store since they are both fairly esoteric. For information about getting the records, write to the following addresses: for *Dafos* — Reference Recordings, Ltd., Box 77225X, San Francisco, CA; for *Yamantaka* — Celestial Harmonies, P.O. Box 673, Wilton, CT 06897. In a future issue we'll have a more extensive interview with Hart, talking about his work with the Dead, etc., so stay tuned!)

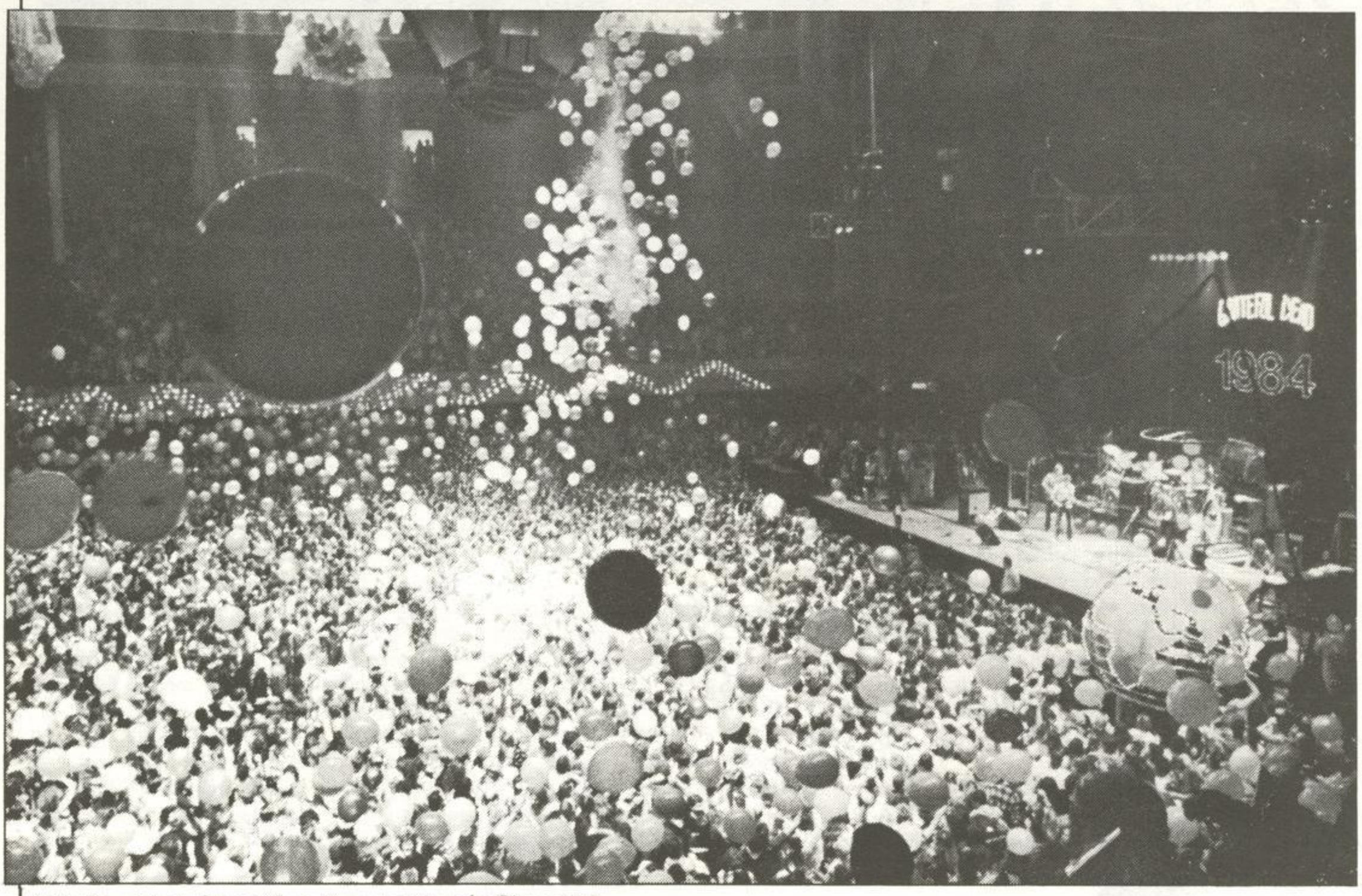
Bill Graham, dressed as Father Time, appeared at midnight atop a globe, tossing roses into the crowd and establishing with his flag that the Grateful Dead are the true rulers of Planet Earth. Photo by Richard McCaffrey



Most ignored sign of the night. Photo by Blair Jackson

New Year's Eve 1983-84

The Band, old friends of the Dead's, opened the show. Photo by Clayton Call



Midnight and the traditional "Sugar Magnolia." Photo by Clayton Call

Bear's choice that night was "St. Stephen" but he didn't get it. Photo by Regan McMahon

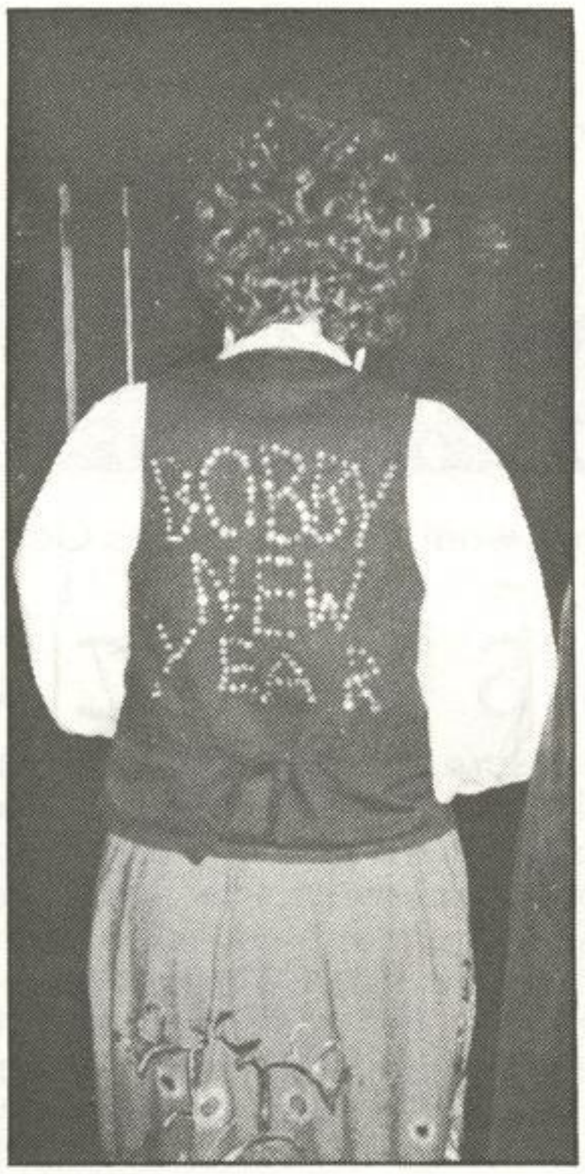


Photo by Regan McMahon

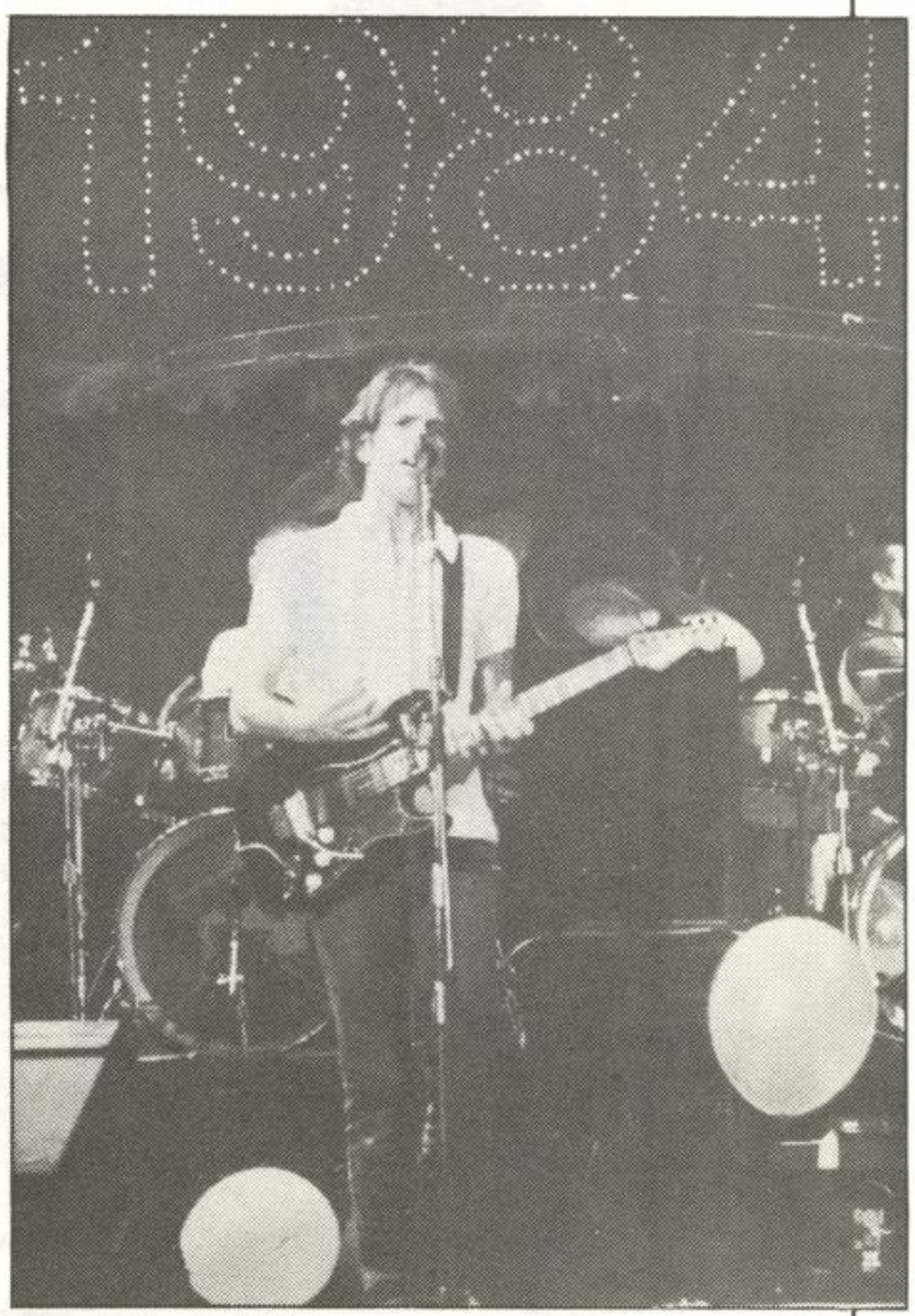


Photo by Currie & Rymes

DEADLINE

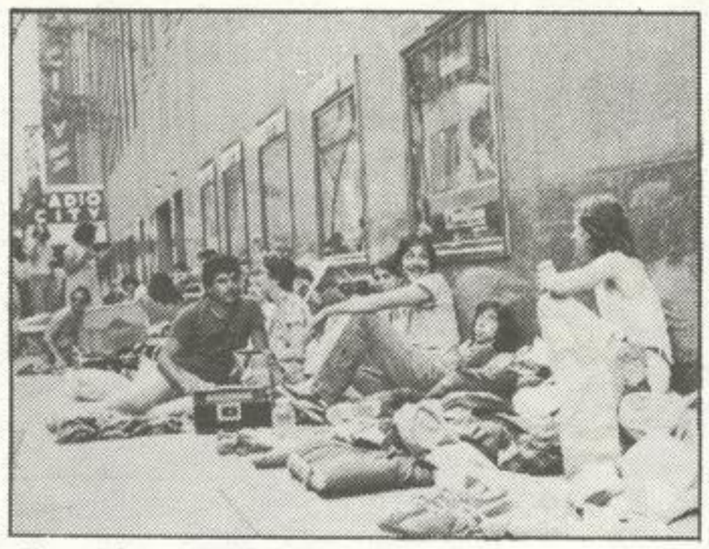
Continued from page 5

sound was generally excellent. By the way, because the Dead began their set at 10:15 West Coast time instead of 10:30, the first two songs didn't go out over the airwaves — "Jack Straw" and "Peggy-O." One would think that the experiment was a success from NPR's end — how else could they draw a large, youthful audience on New Year's Eve?

* * * *

A lot of Deadheads we've talked to are still fuming over the way the distribution of New Year's Eve tickets was handled, i.e. a random drawing. What the Dead were thinking, of course, was that the lottery system gives everyone who wants to go an equal chance of getting tickets. That's true, but it also shut-out a lot of hard core Deadheads who have devoted untold money and time to see the Dead month after month, year after year, while it rewarded casual fans who might have seen the ad in a San Francisco paper and thought a night of the Dead might be an amusing diversion. Clearly, the Dead have to figure out a way to prevent some of their staunchest fans from being left out in the cold next year.

According to the Dead organization, they will probably continue to do some of their ticketing by mail-order, but chances are



Fun in line: Radio City, 1980

they'll opt for the time-honored first-come, first-served method, which generally works out well, especially for Heads astute enough to call the Dead's hotline numbers with some regularity. (Those numbers are, in the West (415) 457-6388 and in the East (201) 777-8653.)

Of course the complaint among a lot of Deadheads is that mail-order deprives them of one of their greatest social pleasures — waiting in line with their friends and meeting new Deadheads there. Still, it is obviously unfair to the majority of Deadheads (particularly those who work regular jobs, have children and are settled) for all the best tickets at reserved seat shows to go to people who are able or have the inclination to camp out to buy tickets.

What do *you* think? Is the way the Dead are handling all this fair or unfair? What are your experiences?

* * * *

If you've seen the "Official" shirts for the recent New Year's shows, you might have noticed that it is one of the four designs featured on the cover of the Dead calendar (see back cover; it's the fiddler in the boat). Well, we hear from a good source that the other three designs may pop up as official shirts this year, too, one for each season.

* * * *

Owsley-watchers will be interested in knowing that Bear has packed up and moved to Australia in anticipation of what he believes is an impending ice age that will devastate the northern hemisphere. We talked to him a couple of months ago, and he was in good spirits and optimistic about adjusting to his new life Down Under. An Owsley-designed belt buckle is among the items on sale through the Dead's new catalog of merchandise (again, see back cover) and Owsley says that he is continuing with his jewelry work. Do you suppose he'll surface eventually as a soundman for some hit Australian band, say the Grateful Wombats?

If you want to travel on *this* Golden Road, there's only one way to do it:

SUBSCRIBE!!!

Sure, sure, *you* already have subscribed, and for that we thank you! But our research indicates that there are still a few Deadheads out there (the estimates range from just 15 to almost 3 million) who have not yet subscribed to *The Golden Road*. These individuals are to be pitied, of course, but YOU can help them. Spread the word!!! We don't have the resources to publicize our magazine — hell, we barely have the resources to print it! — so we're counting on the infamous Deadhead network to get the word around. If you like what we're doing, share it with a friend, and tell them how they can subscribe: Send a check for $10, payable to "The Golden Road" to The Golden Road, 484 LakePark Ave. #82, Oakland, CA 94610. And if you or your friends do subscribe, please indicate if you'd like your subscription to begin with this, Issue #1, or with our April issue. Come join the party!

Roots

Under The Dead's Covers

People seeing the Grateful Dead for the first time are invariably confused by the incredibly broad range of song styles the band attempts during a given show. Most fans of conventional rock and roll are accustomed to hearing bands stay within certain musical parameters — a band may show hints of blues or country roots, for example, but most groups work hard to develop a distinctive sound that doesn't really show those roots. (And now, of course, there are bands whose roots are the bands who tried to escape their roots. No wonder so many new groups are bland.)

Needless to say, the Grateful Dead are an exception to the above. A country tune like "Big River" might be followed by an obviously blues-inspired original like Garcia's "West L.A. Fade Away." New Orleans R&B sits side by side with songs that have complicated jazz voicings. Old folk songs are juxtaposed with vintage rock and roll tunes and Dead songs that defy genre classification. For instance, what style is "Playin' in the Band"? Certainly there are heavy country shadings — Garcia's guitar fills sometimes sound like pedal steel — but is it truly a "country song"? And what of songs like "St. Stephen," "Help on the Way," "Let it Grow"? Somewhere along the line, the Dead decided, unlike virtually all of their contemporaries, that almost any musical tradition that moved them was worth incorporating in the ever-expanding group gestalt. Nothing was rejected because "we don't play that kind of music." Instead, the dynamic of the band was shaped around and by the interaction that developed from the stylistically divergent players tackling different kinds of songs. They were un-self-conscious eclectics whose music reflected the openness of the late '60s youth aesthetic, which was molded by an unending bombardment of old and new ideas. In many ways, the Dead were analagous to the original San Francisco poster artists, who fashioned a startlingly original style by drawing from myriad art traditions — American Indian, oriental, Tantric, European engravings, art nouveau, etc. — and mixing them in a madcap reverie of art and life itself.

The Dead's eclecticism came naturally, given the players' backgrounds in country, blues, jazz and rock and roll. That they managed to take their disparate influences and forge a style of music that was both cohesive *and* a rich amalgamation of different approaches, is truly miraculous and undoubtedly a major reason why the Dead have not become stale. They are still open to new influences as they continue to reexamine and reinterpret their old ones.

The group's choice of cover songs through the years says a great deal about where their music came from and about the concerns of the individual members. Far from being a motley collection of completely unrelated tunes, the bulk of the Dead's covers have an underlying thematic thrust that is also underscored by the lyrics of many group originals. Over and over again we encounter characters on the run — from the law, bad romantic entanglements, mean bossmen, simple poverty — and looking for a better life in a world that seems to be conspiring against them. What was the San Francisco scene but an attempt to enjoy a carefree existence in a society dominated by petty rules and regulations, greed and insanity? The Dead's covers are frequently songs of defiance, but almost as often, of humbling realizations. None of the characters in this cornucopia of old blues, folk and country songs has any grand answers — only the hopeful knowledge that *somewhere* the grass is greener, the sun is shining and there's fun to be had. (No doubt many of you occasionally feel, as I do, that Dead shows are that place in today's world.)

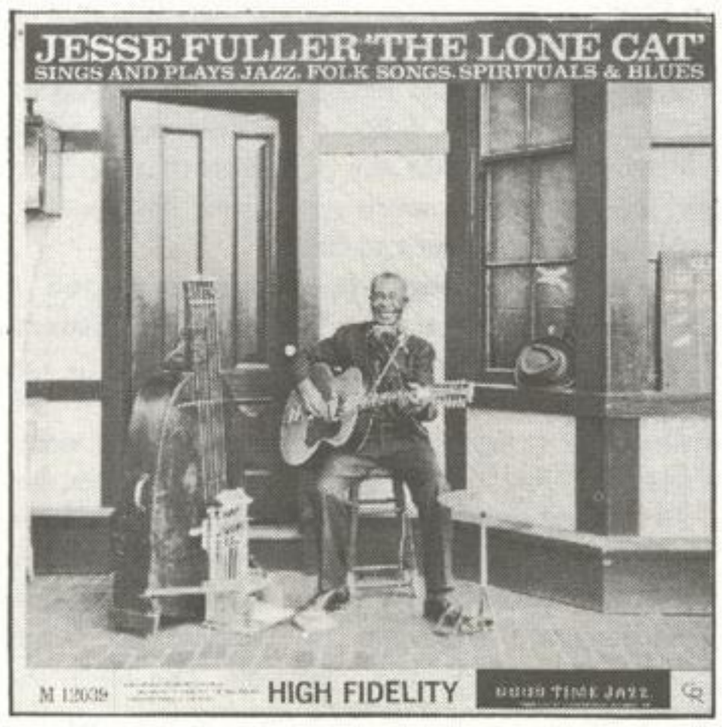
The Grateful Dead have exposed me to countless kinds of music I probably would not have encountered had I not been curious about the origins of this or that song. And so, for the benefit of those who hunger to know more about the Dead's roots — and perhaps hear some great, great music in the process — I've put together the following compendium of obscuriana. Since the Dead evolved out of the highly social world of folk singers and jug bands, there's no way of pinpointing which of the songs that follow were learned from records and which from interaction with other players (who'd *perhaps* heard old recordings, but just as likely learned the songs from other players, too).

This is by no means complete, but with any luck it will offer some insight into some of the artists and traditions that helped shape the Dead's music. I've limited my discussion to cover songs that appear on the Dead's records; perhaps in future issues we can go into unrecorded covers and ones on solo albums. If you have any more info on songs where my research is obviously incomplete (such as "Dark Hollow" and "Been All Around This World") do share your knowledge with us all. Remember, *The Golden Road* is a catalyst, not an end-product.

THE GRATEFUL DEAD (FIRST ALBUM)

"Beat it on Down the Line" — Alas, the original recording of this one appears on a nearly impossible to find out-of-print album from 1961 called *The Lone Cat* by the song's author, Jesse Fuller. Fuller was a fixture on the Bay Area blues scene for many years, and the Dead were both familiar with his records and local live performances.

Born into extreme poverty in Jonesboro, Georgia in 1896, Fuller never really knew his natural parents, but was instead brought up by a couple who treated him "worse than a dog" until he managed to get out of the house at age 9 and work as a cow grazer outside of Atlanta. Throughout his teens he worked for next to nothing in a lumber camp. He went west in the early '20s, taking odd jobs and singing along the way. After a stay of several years in Los Angeles (he ran a hot dog stand inside the United Artists film lot and even appeared as an extra in two films) he moved to Oakland, where he lived until he died a few years ago. During those decades, he worked variously as



a laborer for Southern-Pacific Railroad (hence the train imagery that fills so many of his songs), a shipbuilder and farm laborer. He was "discovered" in the mid-'50s playing in Bay Area clubs and bars, and recorded his first record in 1958 for the Good Time Jazz label (who put out *The Lone Cat*). Never particularly well-known, Fuller was none-the-less a fine songwriter and interpreter whose songs vividly spoke of a life of hard times and hard work while still exhibiting great spirit and even humor.

An interesting aspect of his talent (and Weir even alludes to this before the 5-15-'70 version of Fuller's "The Monkey & the Engineer") was that he made some of his own musical instruments, including a huge stand-up bass called a fotdella, which he would play with his right foot in solo performances.

"Viola Lee Blues" — A classic prison blues by Noah Lewis of Cannon's Jug Stompers, it most likely filtered down to the Dead through the Jim Kweskin Jug Band's version on their *See Reverse Side for Title* album on Vanguard in the early '60s. (Garcia and Weir have often acknowledged that unit's influence on their own jug band.) Kweskin band member Geoff Muldaur was familiar with the tune from rare 78s. Two fairly different takes

of the song, done in a style similar to the Dead's appear on a Herwin Records collection of Cannon's Jug Stompers' complete works, which I strongly recommend to blues enthusiasts. Apparently the song was purloined many times after the Stompers recorded it, popping up in '36 as "Prison Blues" by George Clarke, and as "Texas Tommy" in Yank Rachel's 1938 recording. Accept no substitutes.

"Good Morning Little School Girl" — This one was popularized by John Lee "Sonny Boy" Williamson (1914–1968, not to be confused with the "second" and better-known "Sonny Boy Williamson," Rice Miller) in the '40s. He grew up in Tennessee, where he worked for a time with Sleepy John Estes, but moved to Chicago in 1937. There, he spearheaded the electric Chicago blues scene, basically pioneering the Chicago blues harp sound. He recorded a number of 78 sides for giant RCA Records, "Good Morning Little School Girl" among them. He was eclipsed in popularity by the Chess blues artists — chiefly Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf — but the late '60s saw a considerable revival of interest in this great, emotive player.

"Cold Rain & Snow" — This tune comes from the Eastern mountain music tradition, most likely the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina or Virginia. Rarely recorded, this white blues has long been popular among old timey music groups. Pegging an "original" version is impossible since it dates back (at least) to the 19th Century and is "folk" music in the truest since. Perhaps the best known recording of the tune among country aficionados is one by Obray Ramsey on his long-out-of-print album from the late 1950s, *Obray Ramsey Sings Folksongs from Three Laurels.* Ramsey's version is much more akin to the way the Dead currently perform the song than the frenetic reading on the first Dead LP. A Bay Area old timey group called the Arkansas Sheiks recorded the song on their fine *Whiskey Before Breakfast* album in 1976.

"Sittin' on Top of the World" — According to a 1967 interview, Garcia was inspired to play this song by Carl Perkins' rockin' version, which appears on his out-of-print 1958 debut album for Columbia, *Whole Lot of Shakin'.* (This, of course, was after his stint with Sam Phillips' Sun label). His uptempo version likely owes much to Texas Swing king Bob Wills' take of the tune. The song was first a hit, though, in 1930, when the Mississippi Sheiks recorded it in a slow, bluesy vein for the Okeh label. That then became the inspiration for what remains the best-known version, Howlin' Wolf's early '60s Chess recording of the song. And taking it one more step, Cream's 1969 version was adapted from Wolf's (which is available on any number of compilations of Wolf's early Chess work, as well as his excellent 1972 LP, *Live & Cookin' at Alice's Revisited*).

"New New Minglewood Blues" — Here's a great example of a song that has been passed from player to player through the years and changed so much that it bears almost no relation to its original antecedent, a song called "Minglewood Blues" that was recorded back in January of 1928 by a black group called Cannon's Jug Stompers. Consisting of banjo and jug player Gus Cannon, guitarist Ashley Thompson and harmonica player Noah Lewis, the Jug Stompers were one of a number of popular black jug bands that sprang up in the mid-South (particularly Memphis) between about 1915 and the beginning of the Depression. "Minglewood Blues" was written primarily by Lewis, who is also credited as the primary writer of "Viola Lee Blues," which was recorded about nine months after the session that yielded both "Minglewood Blues" and another staple of the Dead's,

"Big Railroad Blues."

Strangely enough, though, "Minglewood Blues" is not at all similar to the Dead's "Minglewood." For the germ of the Dead's song we have to jump forward two years to 1930 and a song by the Noah Lewis Jug Band (yes, Noah went solo!) called "*New* Minglewood Blues" (which can be found on an Origin Jazz LP called *The Great Jug Bands*). The first verse is virtually identical to the one Weir sings, but after that the song is largely dissimilar lyrically. Clearly the doubling of the word "New" in the Dead's version is a clever joke on Lewis' own updating of his tune. Weir, who rearranged it (twice) for the Dead, has taken substantial liberties with the song, which, though seldom recorded, was popular among jug bands during their early '60s revival. And what exactly is Minglewood? Well, according to noted Memphis blues authority Bengt Olsson, who interviewed old timers from the early Memphis jug and blues scene, Minglewood was a sawmill/box factory in Ashport, North of Memphis, that was torn down early in the '50s. Noah Lewis and Eddie Green (who played guitar with Lewis for a brief period) were both employees at Minglewood, which also became the name for the small region near the factory.

"Morning Dew" — Long before Weir and Barlow wrote their powerful condemnation of the arms race, "Throwin' Stones," the Dead were regularly performing one of the most moving songs about nuclear madness ever written, "Morning Dew." There is an interesting story behind this song, which was written by Canadian singer-songwriter Bonnie Dobson in the very early '60s. On the two Dead albums where it appears, the song is credited to Dobson and Tim Rose, but in fact Rose had no hand in writing the song. After months of searching, I finally tracked Dobson down at an address in London. What follows are comments about "Morning Dew" that she put down in a thoughtful, hand-written, seven-page letter she wrote in reply to a query I sent to her.

"I wrote 'Morning Dew' during my second or third engagement at the Ash Grove [the famous L.A. folk club] in 1961. When I'd go to Los Angeles I'd usually stay with my friend Joyce Naftulin, and it was in her apartment that I wrote 'Morning Dew.' I can't give you specific dates, but I do remember the circumstances. There had been a gathering of friends, and towards the end of the evening a discussion had ensued about the possibilities and the outcome of a nuclear war. It was all very depressing and upsetting. The following day I sat down and started putting together the song. I had never written or even attempted to write a song before.

"It took the form of a conversation between the last man and woman — post-apocalypse — one trying to comfort the other while knowing there's absolutely nothing left. When I'd finished, I recall phoning another friend and singing it to her over the phone. She said it was good, but maybe that's just ancient fancy at work. I think I sang it in public for the first time at the first Mariposa Folk Festival in Ontario. Anyway, I recall that the critic from the Toronto *Globe & Mail* described it as a 'mournful dirge.' I have that clipping, amongst others, stored away in a large trunk in Toronto.

"In February of 1962 I recorded an album at Gerde's Folk City in New York [*Bonnie Dobson at Folk City* on Prestige International] and 'Morning Dew' was the last track on side B. [The two songs that preceded it on the record were also anti-nuke tunes, grouped together as "Two Carols for a Nuclear Age."]

"In 1964 I was contacted by Jac Holzman of Elektra Records, who told me that Fred Neil wanted to record 'Morning Dew' and that as I'd not published it, would I like to do so with his company, Nina music. I signed a contract and Neil recorded the song. His is the original cover, on *Tear Down the Walls* by Vince Martin & Fred Neil. His singing of it differed from mine in that he altered the lyric slightly, changing 'Take me for a walk in the morning dew' to 'Walk me out in the morning dew.' He was also the first person to rock it. [Dobson's versions are definitely folk.]

"Among others who have recorded it are Jeff Beck, Lee Hazelwood, Lulu, Tim Rose, Nova, The Highwaymen and most recently, Nazareth. I'm probably leaving out a good many. I recorded it again on an album [*Bonnie Dobson*] for RCA in 1969.

"Now I must tell you about my involvement with Tim Rose. In 1967 while I was living in Toronto (from '60–'65 I lived in the States), I had a call from Manny Greenhill, my agent, saying that Tim Rose wanted to record 'Morning Dew,' but that he wanted to change the lyric. I duly signed a new contract and Rose was written in as co-lyricist on the basis of his new lyric. Unfortunately, it wasn't till after the signing that I heard his 'changed' version. You can imagine that I was somewhat dismayed to discover that his new lyric was precisely the one that Fred Neil had recorded in 1964. So if anyone is entitled to be the co-lyricist, it is Neil and not Rose. You may be wondering why I signed the contract in the first place — some mistakes are only made once, and I guess I was pretty naive.

"In 1968, when Lulu released her single of 'Morning Dew,' a full-page ad was placed in *Billboard* referring to it as 'Tim Rose's Great Hit' — no mention of Ms. Dobson at all. From that time till now — particularly here in England — people have never believed that I had anything to do with the writing of 'Morning Dew.' Rose never gave me any credit. Even Nazareth's single from 1981 has only him listed as composer. It has caused me a lot of aggravation and unhappiness. Even though I have and still do receive substantial royalties (75% as opposed to his 25%), it doesn't make up for the man's behaviour."

And lest you believe that Dobson sits around in the English rain being bitter about this, I should add that she is happily married to an architect and has two children, ages 12 and 8. She lives in London but also has a small farm in Somerset where she escapes from city life. She still sings — mainly for the BBC, but also in concerts and occasional small tours of Europe.

She closed her letter with this:

"I always liked the Dead's version of 'Morning Dew.' My one regret is that when they first appeared in Toronto — was it '67 or '68 at the O'Keefe Centre? — they didn't sing 'Morning Dew' in the concert I attended. I also regret that I was too shy to go backstage and meet them."

LIVE DEAD

"Turn on Your Love Light" — One of the most popular of the Dead's late '60s R&B rave-ups, "Love Light" was originally recorded by blues singer Bobby "Blue" Bland, who certainly must be considered among the most popular and influential singers of the '50s and early '60s. Bland first came to prominence as part of the Memphis blues scene of the early '50s. He recorded a few sides for Sam Phillips' Sun label, and appeared on Howlin' Wolf's radio program before the latter went on to greater fame in Chicago. His biggest successes, though, were in the early '60s, when he recorded for the Texas-based Duke label. With that company he had a number of R&B hits including "Cry, Cry, Cry," "I Pity the Fool," "Stormy Monday Blues," "That's the Way Love Is" and "Turn on Your Love Light," which hit Number 2 on the *Billboard* R&B charts in 1961. Besides influencing Pigpen, Bland was a definite influence on other rock singers, too, such as Van Morrison, who cut "Love Light" with his group, Them. Bland's version of the Scott-Malone tune appears on an anthology of his hits put out by MCA a few years back.

"Death Don't Have No Mercy" — Reverend Gary Davis' influence on the Dead goes beyond simple song choices. Weir actually studied with this deeply religious singer and guitarist/teacher. He didn't write "Death Don't Have No Mercy" — it's a traditional blues — but his version is certainly the best known. Always a devout Baptist, Davis began recording in 1935. Though he is thought of as a blues singer, he actually rejected conventional blues to a degree, instead singing blues-based spirituals, like "Samson & Delilah" and others. In the '40s he moved to New York, where he played the streets of the South Bronx and gave guitar lessons. Like many bluesmen, he was "discovered" in the early '60s. His version of "Death Don't Have No Mercy" (as well as "Samson & Delilah") can be found on an excellent Fantasy double-LP re-issue called *When I Die I'll Live Again.* Hot Tuna recorded the song on its first album.

"And We Bid You Goodnight" — I first heard this song on the Incredible String Band's wonderful LP, *The Hangman's Beautiful Daughter.* (It was tucked into their epic composition, "A Very Cellular Song.") Simultaneously, the Dead were using the song, sung *a capella,* to close many of their late '60s shows. According to the String Band's Robin Williamson, who has been a successful solo performer since his ISB days, the song likely has its roots in English religious music. He and Heron, though, became interested in the song after hearing it performed by the Pindar family on a 1965 Nonesuch album called *The Real Bahamas,* which was popular in folk circles. Jenny Pindar was the sister of the Bahamas' greatest arranger and interpreter of religious songs, guitarist Joseph Spence. This might explain the slightly Caribbean lilt to the longer Dead versions of the song (the LP version has only a fraction of it), with its arching vocals and internal rhythms.

THE GRATEFUL DEAD (SKULL & ROSES)

"Big Boss Man" — A relatively contemporary blues, this song was a rhythm & blues hit for the great Jimmy Reed (1895–1976) in 1961. The song was co-written by Reed and his manager/producer Al Smith (who was also famous for is work with Memphis Minnie and Tampa Red) and appears on several Reed albums, including *Big Boss Man, The New Jimmy Reed Album,* and *Jimmy Reed at Carnegie Hall.* Mance Lipscomb also cut the song in 1964 for Arhoolie Records (*Mance Lipscomb, Vol. 3*).

"Me & My Uncle" — According to Bob Weir, he learned this John Phillips-penned tune from "a hippie named Curly Jim," who I can only assume is Curly Jim Cook, one-time member of the Bay Area band A.B. Skhy. Phillips is best known as the leader and chief songwriter for the L.A.-based Mamas & Papas, but I can find no evidence that he ever recorded the song. According to a 1970 *Rolling Stone* item unearthed by one of our subscribers, the Dead were planning at the time to record a Phillips song called "Me & Ben." Could this have been the germ of the song? At least two other artists have recorded the song — Mike Wilhelm (formerly of The Charlatans) and Judy Collins, of all people.

"Mama Tried" — This one comes straight out of the life of the song's author, Merle Haggard. Haggard is a native of Bakersfield and has been one of the most popular singers in country music since the '60s (though his roots go back even earlier). Like the character in the song, Haggard had troubles with the law when he was young, though obviously he never served "life without parole." For a few years, Garcia sang another of Haggard's prison songs, "Sing Me Back Home." Most of Haggard's best early sides were recorded for Capitol, and that label's hits anthology, *The Best of the Best of Merle Haggard,* contains "Mama Tried" and a slew of his other classics. Haggard still performs the song live from time to time.

"Me & Bobby McGee" — By now, this song is virtually a "standard," quite a feat for a song that is less than ffiteen years old. When Texas-born, Yale-educated songwriter Kris Kristofferson moved to Nashville in 1965, he initially worked as a janitor for Columbia Records. He held several jobs as he pursued his songwriting, and he got his big break in 1969 when Roger Miller had a hit with "Me & Bobby McGee." Kristofferson's own version of the tune appeared on his debut LP, *Kristofferson,* recorded for Monument Records in 1970. The following year, Columbia picked up the album and released it as *Me & Bobby McGee.* The song was a posthumous smash for Janis Joplin in 1971 (it's on *Pearl*), the year *Skull & Roses* was recorded and released. Since then, numerous artists have covered the song, from Waylon Jennings (*Lonesome*) to Willie Nelson, who recorded a great album of Kristofferson songs in 1979.

"Goin' Down the Road Feeling Bad" — This is one of those songs that has been a popular part of both black and white musical traditions for many decades. According to noted folk and blues authority Dave Evans of Memphis State, the tune is of Negro origin, but it surfaced as an Appalachian Mountain tune in the '20s. It became a popular song among Okies during the dustbowl era (for obvious reasons) and as impoverished farmers fled the Southwest, they took the song with them to California's blossoming fruit orchards, the beet farms of Michigan, Oregon's cherry orchards and a hundred other points scattered around the land. As the song traveled, the verses changed frequently, so that the Dead's version is a hodge-podge of lyric ideas from all over, most likely. For instance, a couple of the verses in the first Okie versions contained such sentiments as "Ain't got but one old lousy dime (three times)/ But I'll find me a new dollar some day," and "A two dollar shoe won't fit my feet, (three times)/ Ain't gonna be treated this way."

"Big Railroad Blues" — Another classic tale of a loser who didn't listen to good ol' mom's advice (like "Mama Tried"), this was recorded originally as a 78 by Cannon's Jug Stompers (see "New New Minglewood Blues") in 1928 for the Victor label. It appears on the Herwin double LP of the Stompers' complete works. It was cut the same day as "Minglewood Blues."

Buddy Holly: N-n-n-not fade away

"Not Fade Away" — A true rock classic, this was co-written by Buddy Holly and his producer/manager Norman Petty in 1957 as the flip side of "Oh Boy" for the Coral label. Holly died in a plane crash less than two years later, but his songs continue to be covered by countless rock artists. "Not Fade Away" was the Stones' first American chart hit in 1964, and it appeared on two Stones albums during that era. (I've always been partial to the hyped-up version on *Got Live If You Want It.*) The original appears on any number of Holly "hits" packages. A list of everyone who has cut the song would probably fill this entire magazine.

"Johnny B. Goode" — Chuck Berry is unquestionably one of the most important figures in the history of rock, and "Johnny B. Goode" is perhaps the first great song *about* rock and roll stardom.

Born in St. Louis in 1926, Berry formed his first group in the early '50s, and was signed to Chicago-based Chess Records on the recommendation of Muddy Waters (who used him as a musician) in 1955. His first single, "Maybelline," sold close to a million copies, a phenomenal number for a record by a black singer, and Berry was on his way to mass stardom that was to evaporate a few years later when he was busted and jailed for violating a puritanical sex law known as The Mann Act. While he made a fortune from having his numerous hits ("Rock and Roll Music," "Sweet Little Sixteen," "Roll Over Beethoven," *et al*) covered by white rockers in the '60s and '70s, he never recaptured his early popularity.

"Johnny B. Goode" became a hit for Berry (reaching Number 8 in *Billboard*) in 1958. There must be a dozen Berry compilations albums, and most contain the song. Like "Not Fade Away," it has been covered by everyone. Two versions that stand out in my mind are Johnny Winter's breakneck version on *Johnny Winter And Live,* and this year's dynamic reggae version by Peter Tosh (on *Mama Africa*). This fall saw several amazing Dead versions of the song, notably Eugene 8-29.

EUROPE '72

"You Win Again" — Though he is often considered the "father of modern country music," Hank Williams' roots were as much in black blues as white mountain music. Born King Hiram Williams in 1923 on a tenant farm in Mount Olive, Alabama, he grew up poor and worked at a succes-

sion of menial jobs (selling peanuts and newspapers, shining shoes) as a youth. He listened to rural black blues and was also influenced by the gospel music he heard in his local Baptist church. At 14, he hit the road with his guitar and tried to crack the hillbilly music circuit. He was only a minor success until the late '40s when he started recording for the Sterling label. (Later he switched to MGM.) His first hit came in 1949 with "Lovesick Blues," and from 1950 until his death in 1952 (of a heart attack brought on by his conscientious misuse of pills and alcohol) he had a number of hits, including "You Win Again."

Like most singers whose work was popular in rural markets, he was recorded almost exclusively on 78s, but a number of LP compilations of his work exist. His impact on Nashville is incalculable, and many of his songs remain in the repertoires of currently popular country artists, much as rock bands pay tribute to Chuck Berry by playing his songs.

"It Hurts Me Too" — Elmore James, author of this song, was perhaps the first great electric blues slide guitarist, and his style influenced everyone from Al Wilson to Lowell George to George Thorogood. He was born in Mississippi in 1918 and played in one of Sonny Boy Williamson's bands early on. His first record didn't come until 1952, but it was a smash that has become a *bona fide* blues classic — "Dust My Broom." Like Williams, he didn't make albums per se, cutting 78s instead. "It Hurts Me, Too" appears on most of the posthumous James collections (he died in 1963), including *The Great Elmore James* and *History of Elmore James* (both on Phoenix), and *One Way Out* (on the English Charly label). His blues is highly accessible to most rock fans, and he's another I'd recommend checking out.

"I Know You Rider" — This traditional black song has been passed around in different versions (with different verses added and subtracted) for over a century, though it has been recorded relatively few times. The term "rider" comes up often in early blues, usually to talk about a woman, but here is a case where the song has been popular sung from each gender's perspective. One example of a verse from a woman's point of view: "Lovin' you baby, just as easy as rollin off a log/But if I can't be your woman/I sure ain't gonna be your dog." The Dead used to sing a verse (pre-'71) that included a few of the key words from the above — "I'd rather drink muddy water, sleep in a hollow log (twice)/ Than stay here in Frisco, be treated like a dog."

One more note on the term "rider": According to Bruce Jackson, author of *Wake Up Dead Man*, a book about early Texas prison songs, "rider" was also slang for the guards who would supervise pris on laborers on horseback. The term found its way into some prison blues almost as a code word that the guards wouldn't understand. (If this were applied to the song in question, it lends the tune an interesting possible meaning — an inmate escaping prison and taking a guard's girl with him on the run!)

BEAR'S CHOICE

"Katie Mae" — This tune was written in the mid-'40s by Texas bluesman Sam "Lightnin'" Hopkins, one of many great blues singers who were rediscovered in the late '50s and early '60s, and whose influence was more far-reaching than his fame. It appears on several different Hopkins collections, including a fine French re-issue called *Lightnin' Hopkins Strums the Blues.*

"Dark Hollow" — The origins of this tune have, quite frankly, stumped me so far. On *Reckoning*, the songwriter's credit says "Recorded by Bill Browning," but I have been unable to track it down. It sounds like an old white country tune. The New Lost City Ramblers recorded it as "Dark Holler Blues" on their *20 Years of Concert Performances* LP on Flying Fish.

"Wake Up Little Susie" — Popularized by the Everly Brothers, who had a Number 1 hit with it on the Cadence label in 1957, the song was written by the immensely talented husband and wife writing team of Felice and Boudleaux Bryant, who also wrote "Bye Bye Love," "All I have to Do is Dream" (by Boudleaux alone) and "Poor Jenny," all smashes for the Everlys, perhaps *the* most popular duo of the '50s. (The Beatles cited the Everlys as one of their major influences.) A good starter collection of Everly hits is *The Very Best of the Everly Brothers* on Warner Bros. The song has been recorded by many groups over the years, including the Flying Burrito Brothers (on *Close Up the Honky Tonks*) and Simon & Garfunkel, whose version on their *Concert in Central Park* is one of the few that does the song justice. The Dead's certainly does not.

"Smokestack Lightning" — Another song from the repertoire of Howlin' Wolf, though like much of his material, it is a traditional blues tune of unknown origin. It was a hit for Wolf in the early '60s and appears on his first album for the Chess label, *Moanin' at Midnight* (out-of-print). It is available on several anthologies, including a comprehensive package of his best-known material released last year on Chess/Sugar Hill.

Howlin' Wolf

"Hard to Handle" —Much to his credit, Pigpen derived his material from the best — in this case the late Otis Redding, who co-wrote "Hard to Handle" with Allen Jones and Alvertis Isabell in the mid-'60s. Born in Macon, Georgia in 1941, Redding was heavily influenced by fellow Maconite Little Richard and soul master Sam Cooke early in his singing career. He soon developed a distinctive style which in turn was a major influence on numerous black and white singers of the '60s and '70s. His hits included "Respect," "I've Been Loving You Too Long," "Try a Little Tenderness," "I Can't Turn You Loose," and "Sittin' On the Dock of the Bay," most of which he had a hand in writing. Arguably the greatest soul singer ever, Redding was killed in a plane crash in Wisconsin in December of 1967, just a few months after his triumphant appearance at the Monterey Pop Festival. No record library should be without a good Otis Redding collection, and fortunately there are many to choose from. "Hard to Handle" appears on several, including *The Immortal Otis Redding*, *Otis — Ten Years Gone*, and *Amen*, all on Atlantic or its affiliate labels. My favorite Redding album is *History of Otis Redding* (on Atco), but it does not include "Hard to Handle."

"Been All Around This World" — I failed to find any recorded antecedents for this tune, which has all the earmarks of a white mountain song. Stylistically it bears a close resemblance to Elizabeth Cotten's work, but I know of no version by her. A group called the Pacific Rim Dulcimer Project recorded the song on a self-titled LP on Flying Fish Records in 1977. Any clues out there?

STEAL YOUR FACE

"The Promised Land" — One of Chuck Berry's great strengths as a writer was that he was able to transcend the regionalism that kept most R&B artists from mass popularity, by devising a sound that couldn't be identified with a certain area. Beyond that, though, he literally brought cities from all over America into his lyrics, effectively unifying different regions under his new rock and roll banner. "The Promised Land" is a good example of his expansive American consciousness — a portrait of a restless soul discovering the U.S. of A. while trying to find some (mythical) promised land. Obviously Berry's tale struck a chord with

the American public, because the song was a minor hit for him in 1964, the year he ended his stint in prison. Berry had two other hits that year, "Nadine" and "No Particular Place to Go," his last high-charting songs until his early '70s fluke hit, "My Ding-a-Ling." Elvis Presley had a hit with "Promised Land" in 1974.

"El Paso" — This was one of the biggest country hits all time and it firmly established its author, Marty Robbins, as a mega-star shortly after it came out in 1959. Story-songs were all the rage in country music in the late '50s, as the success of musical sagas such as "The Battle of New Orleans," "Long Black Veil," "Ten Thousand Drums," and Robbins' "Hangin' Tree" attest. With its strong Mexican flavor and linear storyline, "El Paso" is reminiscent of the great *corridos* that were sung in old Mexico. The original appears on a still-in-print LP called *Gunfighter Ballads,* as well as a two-record memorial to Robbins released this past year by Columbia. That disc contains "Big Iron" (a staple of Kingfish and Bobby & the Midnights), as well.

"Big River" — Johnny Cash became such a popular country music figure in the late '60s, thanks to a few hits and a popular TV show, that many people forget his best recordings were his work for Sun Records in the middle and late '50s, when he was regularly hanging out and playing with labelmates Jerry Lee Lewis, Elvis Presley and Carl Perkins. "Big River" was one of his early classics, and it appears in its most interesting form on a double-LP compendium of his Sun work, *Johnny Cash: The Legend.* Later, when he moved to Columbia, the song turned up on the *Johnny Cash* LP (out-of-print), as well as *I Walk the Line.* (The title song of that one was his first Sun single and also available on Sun reissues).

"Around and Around" — Not to be confused with the better known "Reelin' & Rockin'," this was one of the lesser songs from Chuck Berry's peak years. It became popular in the mid-'60s because the Rolling Stones covered it on their 1964 smash, *12x5.* Berry's version is easily found on any number of hits collections — the definitive LP is probably *Chuck Berry's Golden Decade Vols. 1 & 2.*

TERRAPIN STATION

"Dancin' in the Streets" — The slightly discoized version of this Motown chestnut that appears on this record is inferior to the way the Dead performed the song in the '60s, which was more faithful to the original. It was a Number 2 hit for Martha & the Vandellas in August of 1964 on the Gordy label. A '66 Dead version appears on the Sunflower disc, *Vintage Dead.* The definitive collection of Martha & the Vandellas' work is the two-record *Anthology* on Motown.

"Samson & Delilah" — This was a popular Negro spiritual, usually sung *a capella* until it was put on record in the late '20s by Texas bluesman Blind Willie Johnson. His version (titled "If I Had My Way I'd Tear the Building Down") appears on *Let Your Light Shine On Me,* an Earl Records compilation of Johnson's 78s. That version inspired Reverend Gary Davis to work out his own arrangement, and it is his recording of the tune that prompted people like Peter, Paul & Mary, Dave Van Ronk, and later the Dead to record it. The song, of course, derives from the Bible story in the book of Judges (chapters 13–16). A sample verse from a Negro spiritual transcription shows that it has changed little over the years: "They bound him with ropes and while walking along/He looked on the ground, he saw an old jawbone/He moved his arms, the rope popped like threads/ When he got through killin', 3,000 was dead." Davis' version appears on an excellent double-record set called *When I Die I'll Live Again.* The out-of-print album on which it appeared originally is *Pure Religion,* on the Prestige label.

SHAKEDOWN STREET

"Good Lovin'" — The only musician to come from my hometown of Pelham, New York who ever amounted to much in the pop world was Felix Cavaliere, leader of the Young Rascals. It was the bucks he made from recording Arthur Resnick and Rudy Clark's "Good Lovin'" on the Rascals' Atlantic debut album of 1966 (*The Young Rascals*), as well as several hits he co-wrote, that financed the sports cars we'd see Felix drive around town in. The song has had a couple of very different incarnations in the Dead, from Pigpen's driving soul version (always a great jamming song) to Weir's current reading, which has an almost calypso feel in places.

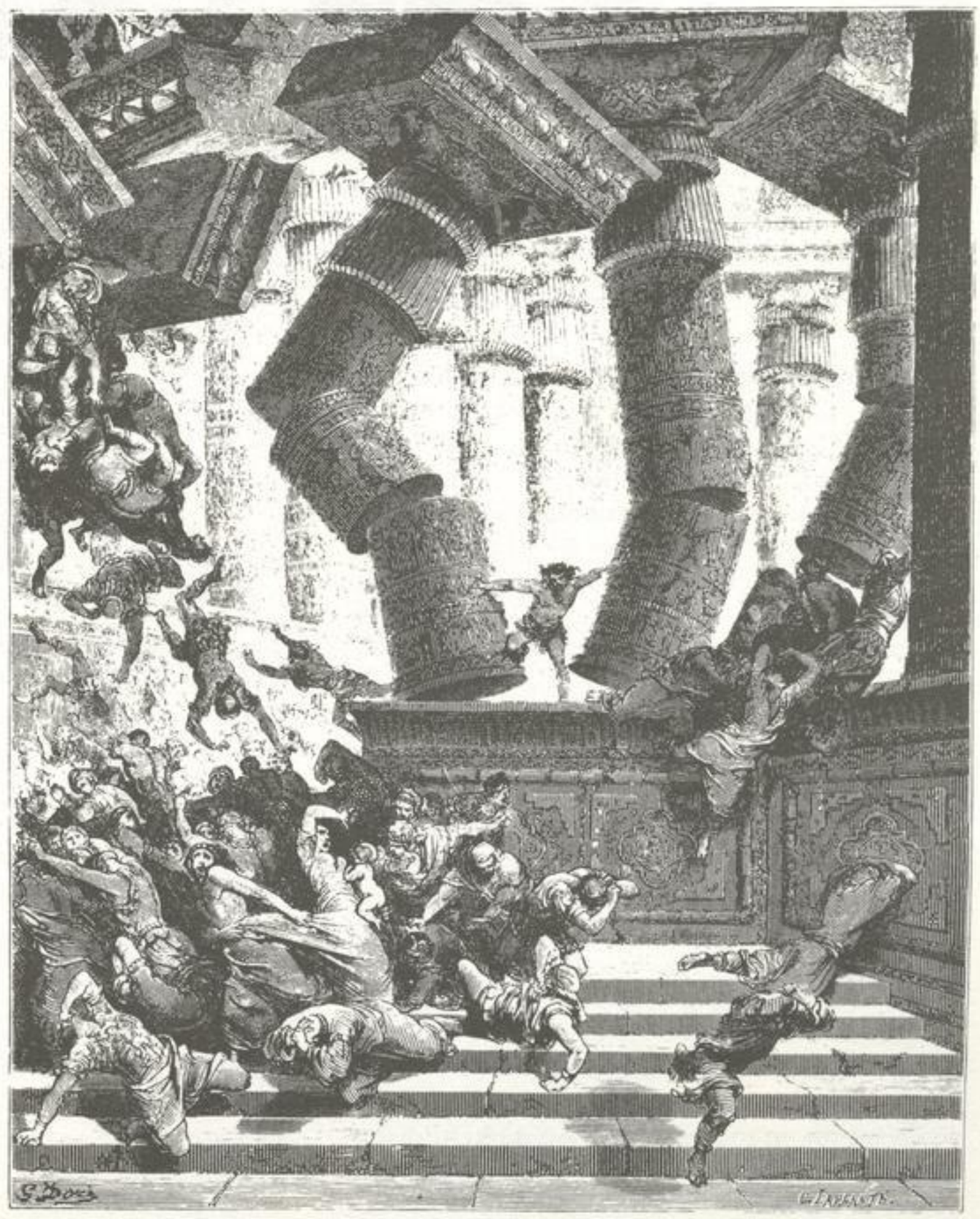
GO TO HEAVEN

"Don't Ease Me In" — Yet another popular folk and jug band number in the late '50s and early '60s, "Don't Ease Me In" was originally recorded in the late '20s by Henry Thomas, who generally traveled under his hobo moniker, Ragtime Texas. The child of slaves, Thomas lived in East Texas and worked on the Texas-Pacific Railroad. He was middle-aged when he made his only recordings, which are compiled in a double-album called *Ragtime Texas* on the Herwin label.

The Dead's version is fairly similar to Thomas', although Thomas' vocal is more plaintive, almost sounding like Hank Williams (whom he predated, of course). One lyric difference that's worth noting arose, no doubt, from the song being passed down through the years by players who either didn't understand the original lyrics, or chose to make them less specific. On *Go to Heaven,* the chorus is "Don't ease, don't ease/Don't ease me in/I've been all night long coming home/Don't

"And he ripped that beast, Lord, killed it dead . . ."

"If I had my way, I would tear this old building down."



ease me in." But on Thomas' original, he sings: "Don't ease, don't you ease/Ah, don't ease me in/It's a long night, *Cunningham*, don't ease me in." The Cunningham in the song was a well-known Texas businessman of the era who would lease convicts to work his sugar cane fields along the Brazos River. According to Mack McCormick's biography of Thomas on the Herwin album, "Don't Ease Me In" was often heard along the Brazos in various local prison farms. I confess to mild bafflement on what the actual phrase "don't ease me in" means in the context of the song, but a 1929 song called "Easin' In" by Texas blues singer Bobby Cadillac clearly has some sort of sexual implication.

RECKONING

"The Race is On" — This song is well known to most hardcore country fans, as it was a big hit for George Jones early in his career. The Don Rollins song appeared on Jones' *I Get Lonely in a Hurry* album for Liberty, recently re-issued in its original cover (love the crew-cut, George) by Capitol Records. "The Race is On" can also be found on Jones' *All Time Greatest Hits* LP on Epic, a great anthology of this distinctive stylist's work. British rocker Dave Edmunds has a nifty version of the song, too, on his *Twangin'* album (on Swan Song Records).

"Jackaroe" — This is clearly in the tradition of British story-songs, through it translates well to the folksy treatment the Dead give it. There were two well-known versions of the tune in the Dead's jug band days — by the popular duo of Peggy Seeger & Ewan MacColl (*Two Way Trip*, on Folkways, 1961); and Joan Baez (*In Concert, Vol. 2* on Vanguard, 1962). Although I can't vouch for this personally, I understand the song appeared on one of the early Library of Congress recordings of American folk music, which were a source of material and inspiration for many folkies in the '50s.

"On the Road Again" — We go back to the original jug band scene for the first recording of this tune. Will Shade and his Memphis Jug Band cut the song as a 78 in 1928, and it has been recorded several times since. The Memphis Jug Band also was one of the first groups to record "Stealin'," which was the B-side of the Dead's first single on Scorpio Records. (The other side was "Don't Ease Me In." Both were credited to "J. Garcia," no doubt for his arranging work.) An interesting feature of the Memphis jug band version — which is actually remarkably similar to the Dead's, down to the jive talk in the background — is the use of the word "nigger" in two instances (e.g. "big black nigger in my foldin' bed"). The late '20s were not far removed from the age of what were called "coon songs," so evidently vestiges of that sort of entertainment were still influential then.

"Oh, Babe It Ain't No Lie" — When I tracked down this song's author, Elizabeth Cotten, she was in the midst of helping prepare dinner for some of her children, grandchildren, great grandchildren and great, *great* grandchildren in her home in Syracuse, NY. "Young man," she said, "I hope that someday you're blessed with as good a family as mine." Heartwarming words from a woman who's led a long, good life after a childhood spent in relative poverty in North Carolina. She's been playing music most of her life, and she wrote "Oh Babe It Ain't No Lie" when she was a little girl living in Chapel Hill, NC.

"We had this woman named Miss Mary who used to take care of us kids, and once I got punished for something she said I did that I didn't do. The song came to me when I was laying in bed one night. The words did, then I made up the tune. I'd sit out on the porch and sing it so she could hear it. She'd say, 'I sure do like that song, Little Sis.' That's what she'd call me. I wouldn't tell her it was about her, because I might get another punch!" She cackled at the reminiscence.

Elizabeth Cotten. Photo by Richard McCaffrey

Cotten didn't record until she was middle-aged, but she made several albums that were well received in folk circles. "Oh Babe It Ain't No Lie" appears on a 1958 Folkways album (as does her version of "Goin' Down the Road Feeling Bad") called *Folksongs and Instrumentals With Guitar*. (Cotten was an excellent guitarist in her time.) She is best known as the composer of the classic tune "Freight Train."

"Rosalie McFall" — This was originally recorded in the late '30s by the Monroe Brothers, who are generally credited with popularizing bluegrass. Charlie and Bill Monroe only played together for a few years, but both went on to great fame leading their own groups; in fact Bill, by far the better known of the two, continues to tour. "Rosalie McFall" appeared on an early '60s album culled from vintage Monroe Brothers 78s called *Early Bluegrass Music* on the RCA/Camden label.

"Deep Elem Blues" —The word "Elem" (also spelled "Ellem") is a corruption of "Elm," referring to a street in Dallas that was the center of a lively (and dangerous) red light district that was a hotbed of sin and music until the '30s. There were hookers, musicians and singers all over the streets, and a number of fine singers, including Blind Lemon Jefferson, played there. The oldest version I could find of the song was by the Lone Star Cowboys, who cut it as a 78 in the late '20s. It appears on an anthology called *Old Time Southern Dance Music* on the Old Timey label. No doubt, though, the song is older and of Negro origin. "Elem" is also mentioned in Henry Thomas' original "Don't Ease Me In."

"The Monkey & the Engineer" — This whimsical song came from the fanciful pen of Jesse Fuller (see "Beat It on Down the Line") and appears on the out-of-print LP, *The Lone Cat*. It was a staple of the Dead's acoustic shows both in '70 and '80.

DEAD SET

"Little Red Rooster" — One of the most frequently covered tunes to come out of the Chicago blues scene, "Little Red Rooster" was penned by perhaps the greatest living blues writer, Willie Dixon, who is also responsible for such tunes as "Spoonful," "The Same Thing" (both of which the Dead have played live, "Spoonful" a couple of times this year, even), "Back Door Man," "Hoochie Coochie Man" and others. Before migrating to Chicago, Dixon lived in Mississippi, growing up in rural Vicksburg. It was farm life, he says, that inspired him to write "Little Red Rooster."

"On farms," he told me recently, "there always seems to be an animal that has the spotlight on it — it makes trouble, chases everything, messes around, but also in a way keeps life going. In this particular instance, it was a rooster that kept everything upset. One day, the red rooster comes up missing, nobody can find him, and they learn that the barnyard is too quiet without him. I wrote it as a barnyard song really, and some people even take it that way!" He laughs heartily, knowing full well that every version ever made of his song has had lusty overtones. "People try to pretend that the blues have a lot of sexual things involved, and they say that's bad. I say the blues is about the facts of life. If there are things about sex, well, everything that fly, crawl, walk or swim is involved in sex one way or another. But with a lot of songs, it's just the way people think that makes 'em see sex in everything."

The original recording of "Little Red Rooster" was by that consummate interpreter of Dixon's work, Howlin' Wolf. (Fellow Mississippian Muddy Waters also frequently covered Dixon's material.) "The Red Rooster" (as it was called) appears on an out-of-print Chess LP simply called

Howlin' Wolf, but any good anthology of the Wolf's work will include the tune. Other good versions of the tune were recorded by the Rolling Stones, and a personal favorite is the one by The Doors on their most recent album, *Alive She Cried*.

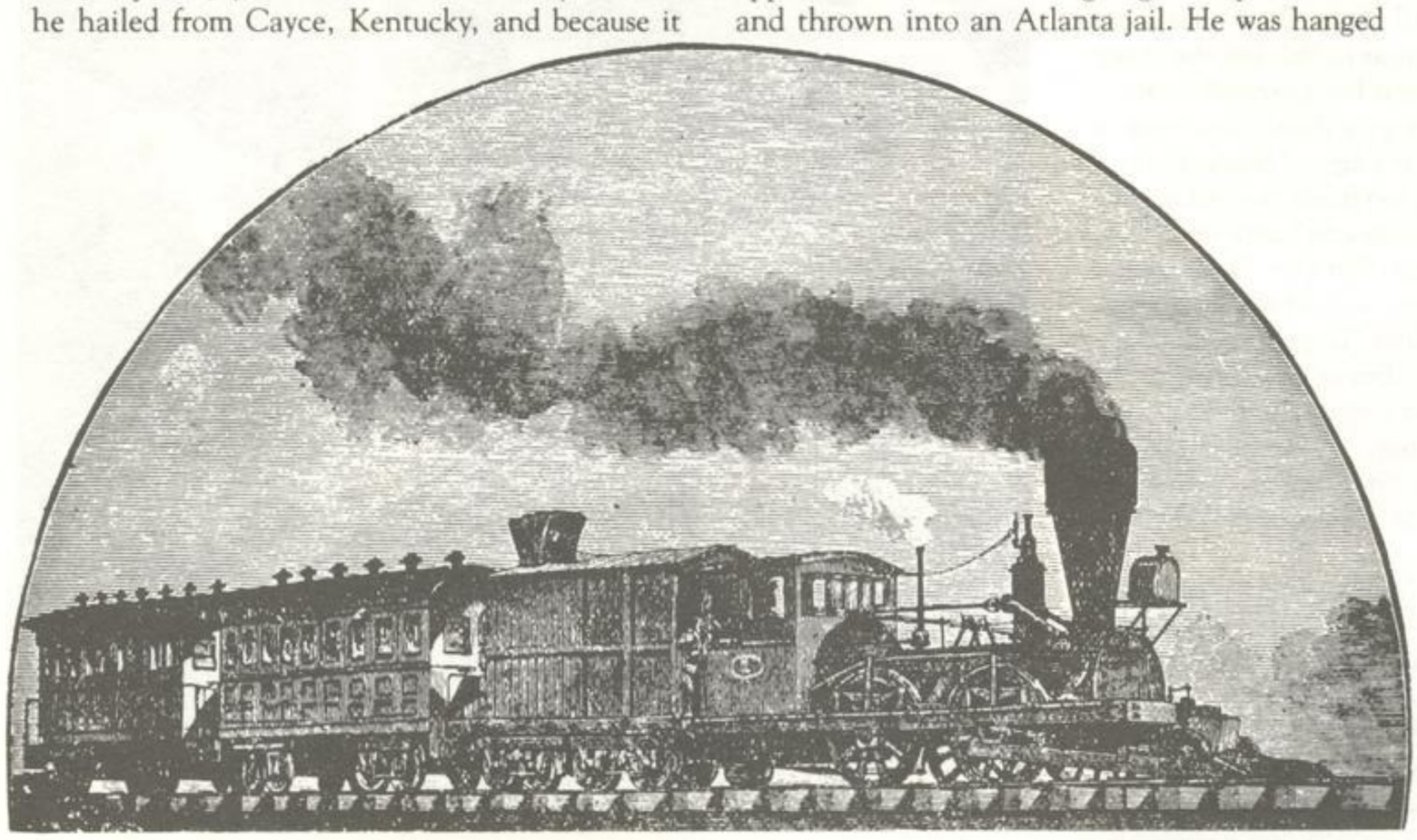
Incidentally, Dixon still tours periodically, even though he is in his 60s. He has always been primarily a writer, but he did record a couple of

strong albums with Memphis Slim in the '50s, and he also made a generally excellent album of his own greatest hits called *I Am the Blues* for Columbia, after various late '60s bands like Cream, The Doors and the Stones recorded his songs.

Beyond the Covers

The importance of all these songs and music styles goes beyond the choice to cover them. Many songs the Dead themselves have written show traces of music from the various eras represented, and Robert Hunter's lyrics and song themes were heavily influenced by older styles. I try to be very cautious when I write about Hunter's lyrics, because I believe they should be left open-ended as he intended, but there are things I've noticed in his writing that reflect some of *his* obvious influences, and so I mention a few of them, pretty much at random, below.

"Casey Jones" is, of course, an old story, through the Dead's song is obviously their own. It is based on a real train wreck that occurred on the Illinois Central Railroad's Chicago-New Orleans line April 30, 1908. The engine, driven by a John Luther Jones, (known as K.C. or Casey because he hailed from Cayce, Kentucky, and because it



differentiated him from other Joneses), did in fact leave Memphis' station at quarter to nine and, after falling behind schedule, tried to make up time by speeding. There was a switching problem at one junction and Jones apparently ignored a signal to stop before he plowed into a stationary freight train's caboose. Jones was killed (he had one arm ripped off and his skull crushed), but his fireman (who probably *did* scream) jumped and saved his own life.

The incident almost instantly became fodder for songwriters of the day, and by 1909, T. Lawrence Siebert & Eddie Newton had written a pop hit about it. Over the years, various people have said that the Casey Jones saga occurred in *their* state (writers in Montana and Oregon claimed the wreck happened in their backyard) and Jones became heavily mythologized. The story crops up in black and white song traditions. A popular black version was recorded by Furry Lewis in 1928 as "Kassie Jones." His version, incidentally, included a verse from "On the Road Again."

Another popular character in early 20th Century black music is the "Candyman," though most of the rural Southern tales about him are considerably more lascivious than Hunter's more involved story (e.g. "He's got a stick of candy nine inches long," etc.). It is also interesting to note that Hunter's opening line, "Come all you pretty women . . ." mirrors the narrative form of numerous older songs that essentially invite the listener to hear the tale. That sort of opening was very popular in early logging songs, such as "Blue Mountain Lake" and "The Jam on Jenny's Rocks."

"Stagger Lee," who pops on the *Shakedown* album is a fabled character who some suggest dates back to the Civil War. Variously called "Stag-O-Lee," "Stack-O-Lee," and other names, the song is about a scoundrel who killed Billy Lyons because he stole Stag's Stetson hat. Stag-O-Lee was upset about the death, though—because he failed to shoot Billy right between the eyes. Songwriters over the years have elaborated on the story, bringing in the bad man's deals with the devil, etc. It's been recorded often, by everyone from Mississippi John Hurt (his 1928 version is one of the first on record) to Professor Longhair and Doc & Merle Watson.

"Dupree's Diamond Blues" has its roots in a song variously called "Betty & Dupree" or just "Dupree." Unlike "Stagger Lee," which is basically American mythology by now, it is based on a well-documented incident: A white man from Abbeville, South Carolina robbed an Atlanta jewelry store in December of 1921, and killed a policeman while fleeing from the scene. He was apprehended later while going to a post office, and thrown into an Atlanta jail. He was hanged September 1, 1922. Even before he was executed, songs about Dupree sprang up in both white and black circles. The white versions tended to be somewhat flowery, but the black ones were more like Hunter's—in the form of conversations, and unromanticized. In Josh White's 1963 "Betty & Dupree," Dupree's mother blames Betty, his girlfriend, for turning her son bad. (After all, "jelly roll will drive you so mad.")

Some titles and phrases in old songs that pop up in Hunter's writing: "Don't Let Your Deal Go Down" was an oft-covered gambling song that was popular with both card and craps players); "Buck-dancer's Choice" (mentioned in "Uncle John's Band") is an old white mountain tune; "Truckin'" was a popular dance step, and the word is immortalized in a number of '20s and '30s songs, including the blues "Keep on Truckin'" and Blind Boy Fuller's "Truckin' My Blues Away." Sleepy John Estes recorded a song that was regionally popular called "Easin' Back to Tennessee"; "Mojo Hand" (mentioned in "Ramble On Rose") was a common term among rural blacks for a person with extraordinary or seemingly magical abilities, and was the name of a song recorded by Lightnin' Hopkins. Hopkins also recorded a song called "Mr. Charlie" years before Hunter and Pigpen wrote theirs.

And finally, there is "Terrapin," which is a reworked version of an old English ballad called "Lady of Carlisle" (which Hunter has recorded, even.) That song begins with a line Hunter uses in his first verse for "Lady With a Fan"—"Down in Carlisle there lived a lady . . ." That story, for those who might be confused by Hunter's poetic telling, goes as follows:

A fair lady is approached by two men, a brave lieutenant and a courageous sea captain. The lady doesn't know how to choose between them so she sets up a test of sorts. She leads them to a lion's den and throws her fan into the beast's domain, saying, "Which of you to gain a lady will return her fan again?" The soldier replies, "I will not give my life for love," but the sailor says, "I will return her fan or die." And so the sailor does take the risk . . . "And when she saw her true lover coming/Seeing no harm had been done to him/ She threw herself against his bosom/Saying, 'Here is the prize that you have won.'"

It is typical of Hunter's genius that he takes that relatively simple story and turns it into an epic tale, and typical of the Dead that they could transform a story from a culture seemingly far removed from their own into an allegory about love, courage, resolve and much more.

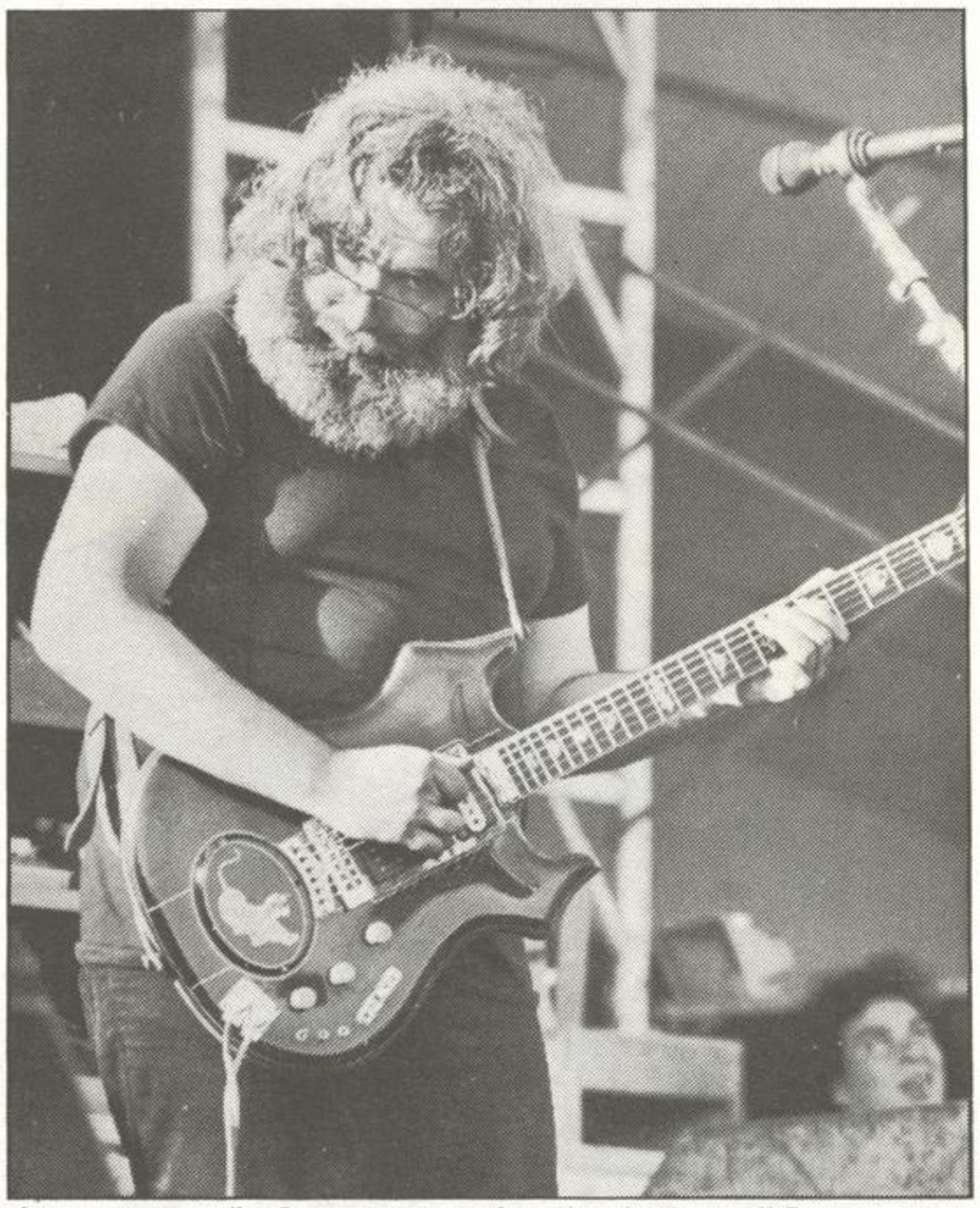
Special Bonus New Year's Cover!

"Iko Iko"—You've seen the stickers everywhere, I'm sure. But where some Deadhead ever got the idea that "Iko" is spelled "Aiko" is beyond me. This tune has an interesting and complicated origin. It definitely derives from African call-and-response chants and it probably came over to the Americas with the first slaves. In Africa, people would, of course, put on ceremonial leaves for big celebrations, but initially, white plantation owners who used slaves in the 18th and 19th centuries prohibited that kind of behavior. Then, in the late 18th century, whites evidently became fascinated with the black tribal chants and music and decided to allow the slaves Saturdays to strut their stuff and whoop it up in New Orleans' Congo Square while the gentry watched. Over the years, different groups of blacks formed Mardi Gras "tribes," and the leaves gave way to feathers, most likely because of the influence of the Seminoles and other native Indian tribes (some of whom even owned slaves). The Mardi Gras tribes would use their celebration days to fight each other as well as to get crazy, but the white powers that ruled put an end to the fighting in the 1890s and the "wars" evolved into battles of *style* and dressing up. "Iko" was one of the ritual chants throughout that period, and though the words derive from West African tongues, they've become so garbled and distorted over the years that pinpointing their exact meaning is impossible. My source in New Orleans, though, tells me that the thrust of the chorus is, to put it bluntly, a mocking "fuck you." In some versions, for instance, you find a line like "If you don't like what the big chief say, jokomo feena ne," which loosely translates as "shove it." It's a playfully agressive tune, in short.

The first popular recorded version was Sugarboy Crawford's 1954 take for Checker Records. That was a minor hit, particularly in New Orleans. Much better known is the version by the New Orleans girl group the Dixie Cups, which appeared on their 1965 album *Chapel of Love* on Red Bird Records. That group was recording their album in N.Y. when just on a whim, they broke into the old New Orleans chant accompanying themselves only on spoons. An engineer caught it and it ended up on the record. It has been recorded often since then, by everyone from Professor Longhair to the Neville Brothers (who are Mardi Gras Indians themselves). Hey now! □

1983

Complete Show & Set Lists



Jerry at Watsonville, CA concert September. Photo by Currie & Rymes

Obviously, experiencing a Dead show is a highly personal thing and people will always have different views on a given show or series of shows ("No, man, Saturday was the best show. Friday sucked!"). But there seems to be fairly broad agreement that 1983 was a consistently hot year for the Dead. From my own standpoint, I can't remember a year since 1971 that had so many shows that I thought were truly special and well-played. The shows at Eugene and Santa Fe weren't just the best shows I saw all year; they were among the best Dead shows I've *ever* seen, dating back to early 1970. True, there were scant radical changes in the band's repertoire or presentation in '83, but the sheer playing seemed considerably more inspired than it was last year and, as importantly, the band looked like they were really enjoying themselves most of the time. Hell, Garcia was *dancing* all three nights at Eugene! Since work commitments prevent Regan and me from traveling too much (we did manage to hit non-California shows in Eugene, Boise, Las Vegas and Santa Fe), I have a West Coast perspective on the whole phenomenon. But East Coast tapes I've heard, particularly from the fall tour, are sizzling, too, which makes me think that, well, this band just may be on to something. To paraphrase a commercial we all hate, "the Dead aren't getting older, they're getting better."

Nineteen eighty-three saw the return of a few old songs missing in recent years, most notably "Help on the Way" and "Slipknot," dynamite as second set openers with their mate "Franklin's Tower"; and "St. Stephen," which appeared like manna from heaven this fall at the Garden, in Hartford and Halloween night in the Dead's native Marin County.

Two Weir-Barlow songs were introduced — "My Brother Esau," a poignant story of two brothers which speaks to the division that was created in the '60s between those who went to war and those who did not, reared its head for the first time in Tempe. And "Hell in a Bucket," a great put-down song laced with humor, was first played at Berkeley's Greek Theater in May. The latter has developed into a forceful rocker, but "Esau" has been problematic for reasons I can't quite pin down, except to say that Weir himself doesn't always seem sure of how to put the song across. (My favorite version to it is probably Meadowlands 4-16-83.) Brent introduced a song, "Baby You Know How I Feel," at the spring shows in the East, but it hasn't surfaced since that tour and we haven't heard it in the West at all. Garcia didn't come up with any new songs of his own, but at the Garden this fall he and the band unveiled a bopping version of John Lennon's "Revolution" that could really develop into a showstopper with a little more work.

The still-unrecorded new songs from '82 continue to develop — Garcia has *finally* learned the words to his punchy "Touch of Gray"; "West L. A. Fade Away" is almost always a potent number; and "Day Job" has come out of mothballs to be really quite a catchy and invigorating little ditty (and in our case here at *The Golden Road,* words to live by). "Throwin' Stones" continually amazes me with its power, though I think most would agree that the "Throwin' Stones"-"Not Fade Away"-end-of-show scenario is old and anticlimactic by now.

For me, the real joys of the '83 shows came from the "little" songs, the ones that kill you when you don't expect it. I mean, *everyone* expects to love "Scarlet/Fire" and "Playin' in the Band," etc., but I can't count the number of times in the past year I've been slain by a particularly good "Tennessee Jed" (Garcia's singing has been sensational), "Big Railroad Blues" or "Might As Well."

Over the next several pages are the complete song lists for 1983's Dead shows. Alas, typesetting doesn't allow us to put in arrows where songs connected, but the lists should be substantially accurate. If you see any problems, let us know. Also, I've been pretty unspecific about the nature of the "Rhythm Devils" and "Space" jams. It is worth noting that for most of the year, the freeform music after the drums was not very spacey at all, but instead often beautiful duets between Garcia and Weir. Nice to see them interacting so thoughtfully. Old habits die hard, though, so I call 'em "Space" anyway. As pages allow, we'll try to get lists from other years printed in toto in *The Golden Road.* Plus, we'll get the tour lists in here quarterly as they happen. Finally, thanks to the different Heads who offered me their lists so we could get this info out to all of you — especially Rick Montague!

3/25/83 Compton Terrace, Tempe, AZ
Cold Rain & Snow
New Minglewood Blues
Big Railroad Blues
*My Brother Esau
Dire Wolf
Me & My Uncle
Big River
Tennessee Jed
Let It Grow

Help On The Way
Slipknot
Franklin's Tower
Playin' In The Band
  rhythm devils
  space
Throwin' Stones
Not Fade Away
Black Peter
Sugar Magnolia

Don't Ease Me In
*first one

3/26/83 Aladdin Theater, Las Vegas
Jack Straw
Friend Of The Devil
Red Rooster
Brown Eyed Women
Mama Tried
Mexicali Blues
Althea
My Brother Esau
Deal
Promised Land

Scarlet Begonias
Fire On The Mountain
Estimated Prophet
Eyes Of The World
The Other One
  rhythm devils
  space
The Other One
Stella Blue
Around & Around
One More Saturday Night

Touch Of Gray

3/27/83 Irvine Meadows, CA
Shakedown Street
New Minglewood Blues
They Love Each Other
Cassidy
Loser
My Brother Esau
Deal

China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider
Samson & Delilah
He's Gone
Truckin'

rhythm devils
space
Throwin' Stones
Wharf Rat
Good Lovin'

U.S. Blues

3/29/83 Warfield Theatre, S.F.
Jack Straw
Bird Song
Red Rooster
Ramble On Rose
It's All Over Now
Candyman
My Brother Esau
Big Railroad Blues
Greatest Story Ever Told

Help On The Way
Slipknot
Franklin's Tower
Estimated Prophet
rhythm devils
space
The Wheel
Throwin' Stones
Not Fade Away
Goin' Down The Road
Johnny B. Goode

It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

3/30/83 Warfield, S.F.
Bertha
Promised Land
Dire Wolf
Cassidy
Peggy-O
Mama Tried
Mexicali Blues
Must Have Been The Roses
New Minglewood Blues
China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider

Touch Of Gray
My Brother Esau
Might As Well
Playin' In The Band
rhythm devils
space
Man Smart, Woman Smarter
China Doll
Playin' In The Band
Sugar Magnolia

U.S. Blues

3/31/83 Warfield, S.F.
Feel Like A Stranger
Friend Of The Devil
Red Rooster
Dupree's Diamond Blues
Me & My Uncle
Big River
West L.A. Fade Away
My Brother Esau
Don't Ease Me In

Lost Sailor
Saint Of Circumstance
Far From Me
Terrapin
rhythm devils
space
The Other One
Throwin' Stones
Wharf Rat
Around & Around
Good Lovin'

Brokedown Palace

4/9/83 Hampton Roads Coliseum, Hampton, VA
Bertha
Promised Land
West L.A. Fade Away
My Brother Esau
Candyman
New Minglewood Blues
Brown Eyed Women
Looks Like Rain
China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider

Help On The Way
Slipknot
Franklin's Tower
Truckin'
rhythm devils
space
Throwin' Stones
Black Peter
Goin' Down The Road
One More Saturday Night

Satisfaction

4/10/83 Morgantown, WV
Samson & Delilah
Friend Of The Devil
Me & My Uncle
Mexicali Blues
Althea
Red Rooster
Tennessee Jed
My Brother Esau
Might As Well

Touch Of Gray
Man Smart, Woman Smarter
Uncle John's Band
Playin' In The Band
rhythm devils
space
The Wheel
Playin' In The Band
China Doll
Sugar Magnolia

U.S. Blues

4/12/83 Broome Co. Arena, Binghamton, NY
Alabama Getaway
Greatest Story Ever Told
Bird Song
New Minglewood Blues
Peggy-O
Cassidy
Loser
It's All Over Now
Dupree's Diamond Blues
Let It Grow

Help On The Way
Slipknot
Franklin's Tower
Lost Sailor
Saint Of Circumstance
Terrapin
rhythm devils
space
The Other One
Wharf Rat
Not Fade Away
It's All Over Now Baby Blue

4/13/83 U. of Vermont, Burlington, VT
Jack Straw
They Love Each Other
Beat It On Down The Line
West L.A. Fade Away
Mama Tried
Cumberland Blues
Ramble On Rose
Far From Me
My Brother Esau
Might As Well

Scarlet Begonias
Fire On The Mountain
Estimated Prophet
Eyes Of The World
*Baby You Know How I Feel
rhythm devils
space
Morning Dew
Throwin' Stones
Good Lovin'

Touch Of Gray
*first ever

4/15/83 War Memorial, Rochester, NY
Shakedown Street
My Brother Esau
Brown Eyed Women
Red Rooster
Dire Wolf
Lazy Lightnin'
Supplication
Deal

Feel Like A Stranger
Samson & Delilah
Ship Of Fools
Baby You Know How I Feel
He's Gone

rhythm devils
space
Throwin' Stones
Not Fade Away
Goin' Down The Road
Around & Around

It's All Over Now Baby Blue

4/16/83 Brendan Byrne Arena, NJ
New Minglewood Blues
Tennessee Jed
Me & My Uncle
Mexicali Blues
Bird Song
My Brother Esau
West L.A. Fade Away
Baby You Know How I Feel
Looks Like Rain
Touch Of Gray

China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider
Uncle John's Band
Truckin'
rhythm devils
space
*Black Queen
*Iko Iko
The Other One
Black Peter
One More Saturday Night

*Johnny B. Goode
*with Stephen Stills

4/17/83 Brendan Byrne Arena, NJ
Touch Of Gray
Red Rooster
Dupree's Diamond Blues
Beat It On Down The Line
Must Have Been The Roses
Cassidy
Big Railroad Blues

Phil and Billy during the Santa Fe "Morning Dew," September. Photo by Currie & Rymes

My Brother Esau
Peggy-O
Let It Grow
Might As Well

Help On The Way
Slipknot
Franklin's Tower
Man Smart, Woman Smarter
Playin' In The Band
rhythm devils
space
*Love The One You're With
The Wheel
Playin' In The Band
Throwin' Stones
*Not Fade Away

Brokedown Palace
*with Stephen Stills

4/19/83 U. of Maine, Orono
Jack Straw
Friend Of The Devil
It's All Over Now
Dire Wolf
Big River
Dupree's Diamond Blues
On The Road Again
West L. A. Fade Away
Lazy Lightnin'
Supplication
Might As Well

Sugaree
Samson & Delilah
He's Gone
rhythm devils
space
Truckin'
Wharf Rat
Around & Around
Good Lovin'

U.S. Blues

4/20/83 Civic Center, Providence, RI
Touch Of Gray
Promised Land
Loser
New Minglewood Blues
Ramble On Rose
Me & My Uncle
Cumberland Blues
Looks Like Rain
China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider

My Brother Esau
Baby You Know How I Feel
Bertha
Estimated Prophet
Eyes Of The World
rhythm devils
space
Throwin' Stones
Morning Dew
Sugar Magnolia

Don't Ease Me In

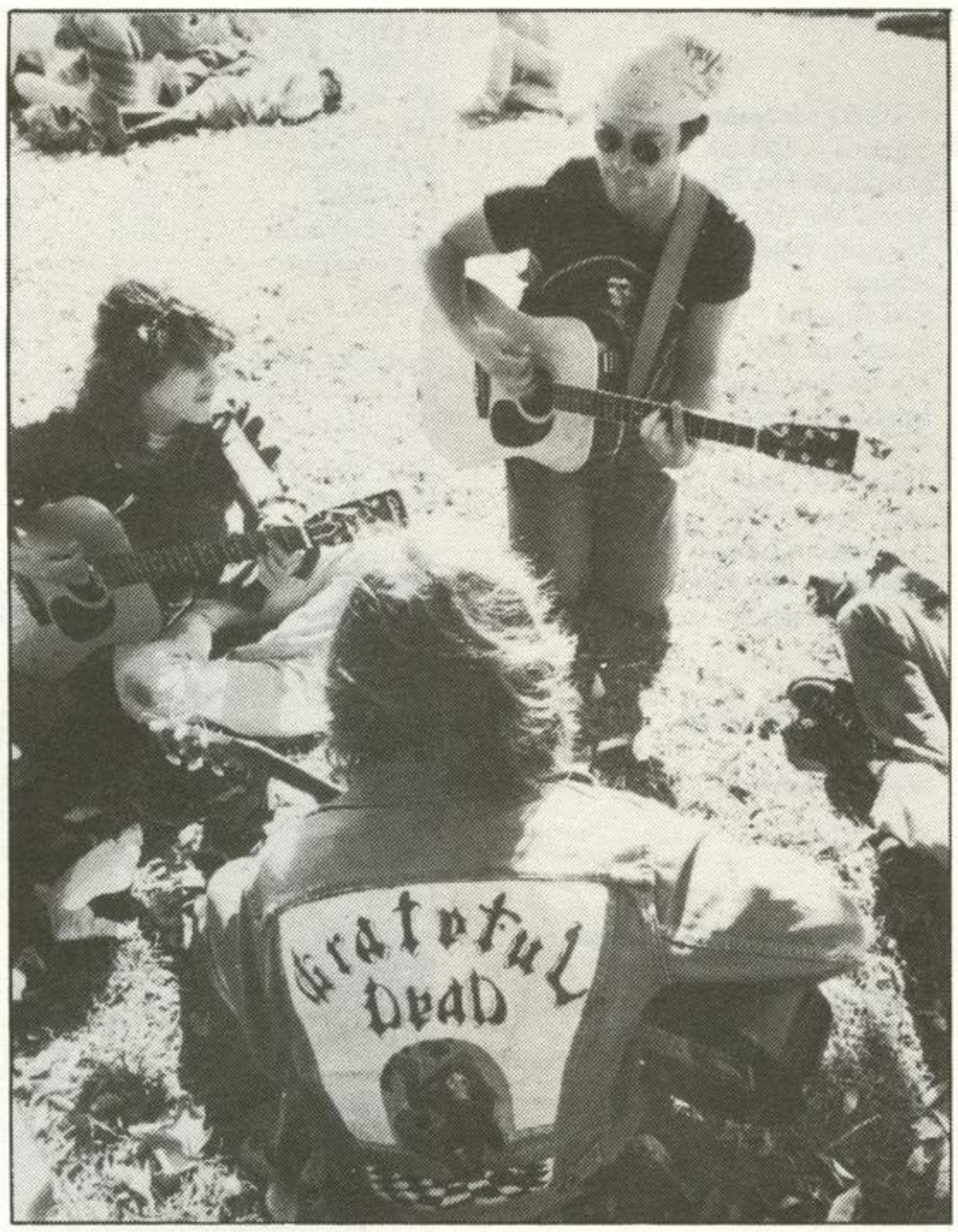
4/22/83 Coliseum, New Haven, CT
Feel Like A Stranger
Bird Song
C.C. Rider
Row Jimmy
Mama Tried
Mexicali Blues
Cold Rain & Snow

My Brother Esau
Deal

Help On The Way
Slipknot
Franklin's Tower
Samson & Delilah
Man Smart, Woman Smarter
rhythm devils
space
Truckin'
Spoonful
Stella Blue
Around & Around
Good Lovin'

It's All Over Now Baby Blue

4/23/83 Coliseum, New Haven, CT
Alabama Getaway
Greatest Story Ever Told
Candyman
New Minglewood Blues
Tennessee Jed
Lazy Lightnin'
Supplication
Far From Me
The Music Never Stopped



Deadheads outside the show at Hartford, October. Photo by Currie & Rymes

Scarlet Begonias
Fire On The Mountain
Lost Sailor
Saint Of Circumstance
rhythm devils
space
The Other One
Wharf Rat
Throwin' Stones
Not Fade Away

One More Saturday Night
Brokedown Palace

4/25/83 The Spectrum, Philadelphia
Jack Straw
Friend Of The Devil
Red Rooster
Brown Eyed Women
Cassidy
Loser
My Brother Esau
China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider

Touch Of Gray
Playin' In The Band
Terrapin
rhythm devils
space
The Wheel
Playin' In The Band
Goin' Down The Road
Sugar Magnolia
Satisfaction

4/26/83 The Spectrum, Philadephia
Shakedown Street
New Minglewood Blues
They Love Each Other
Me & My Uncle

Mexicali Blues
Baby You Know How I Feel
West L. A. Fade Away
My Brother Esau
Must Have Been The Roses
Let It Grow

Help On The Way
Slipknot
Franklin's Tower
Man Smart, Woman Smarter
rhythm devils
space
Truckin'
Morning Dew
Throwin' Stones
Not Fade Away

U.S. Blues

5/13/83 Greek Theater, Berkeley, CA
Cold Rain & Snow
Greatest Story Ever Told
West L. A. Fade Away
My Brother Esau
Loser
Red Rooster
Bird Song
Let It Grow

China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider
Estimated Prophet
Eyes Of The World
rhythm devils
space
Throwin' Stones
The Other One
Wharf Rat
Around & Around
Good Lovin'

5/14/83 Greek Theater, Berkeley
Feel Like A Stranger
Friend Of The Devil
Me & My Uncle
Mexicali Blues
Tennessee Jed
My Brother Esau
Bertha

Shakedown Street
Playin' In The Band
China Doll
rhythm devils
space
The Wheel
Playin' In The Band
Morning Dew
Sugar Magnolia

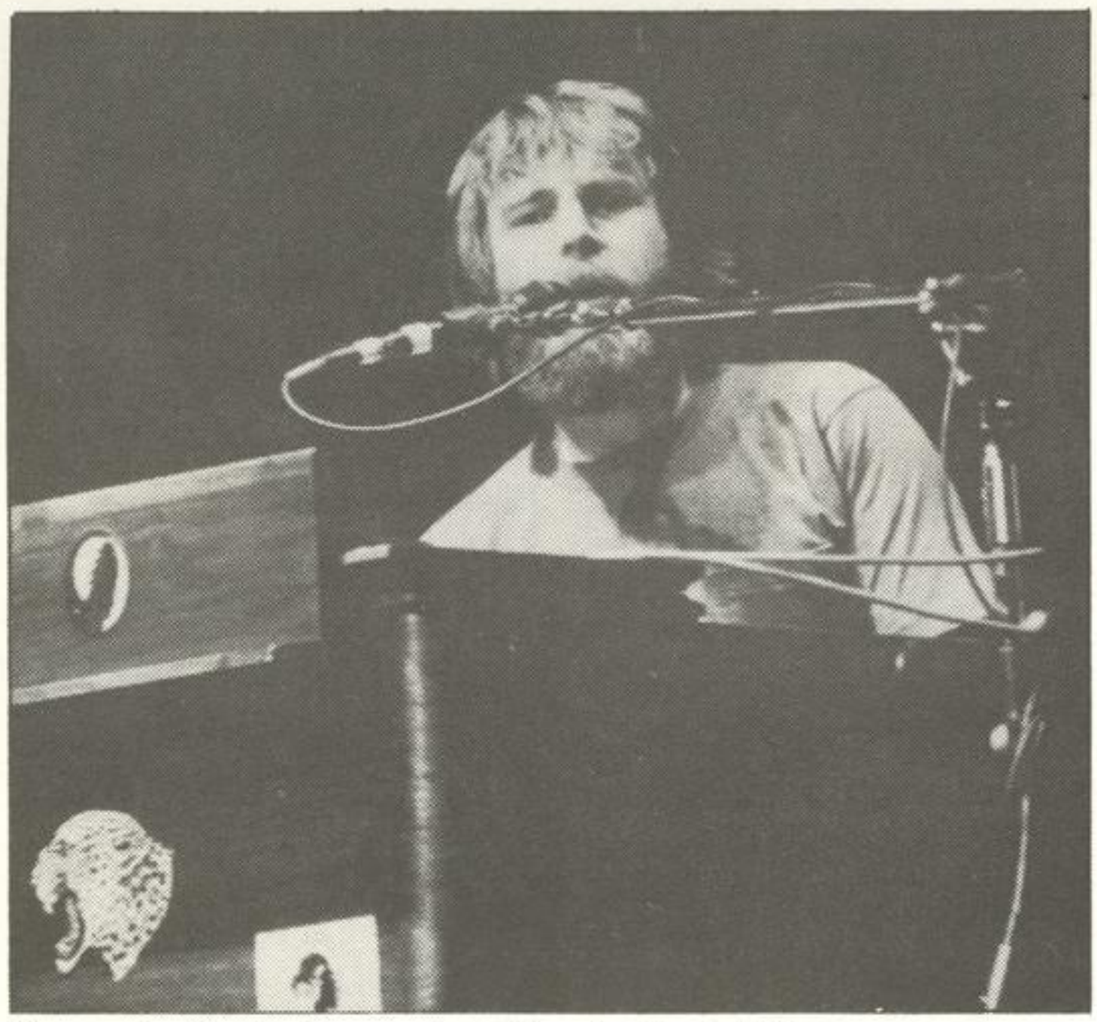
One More Saturday Night

5/15/83 Greek Theater, Berkeley
Touch Of Gray
New Minglewood Blues
Ramble On Rose
Cassidy
Brown Eyed Women
*Hell in a Bucket
Althea
Looks Like Rain
Deal

Help On The Way
Slipknot
Franklin's Tower
Samson & Delilah
rhythm devils
space
Truckin'
Stella Blue
Throwin' Stones
Not Fade Away

It's All Over Now, Baby Blue
*First ever

6/18/83 Performing Arts Center, Saratoga Springs, NY
Bertha



Brent at the October Syracuse show. Photo by Currie & Rymes

Jack Straw
Bird Song
Mexicali Blues
Big River
Althea
Hell in a Bucket
Deal

Scarlet Begonias
Fire On The Mountain
Playin' In The Band
rhythm devils
space
The Wheel
Playin' In The Band
Morning Dew
Throwin' Stones
Not Fade Away
Touch Of Gray

Don't Ease Me In
One More Saturday Night

6/20/83 Merriweather Post Pavilion Columbia, MD
New Minglewood Blues
They Love Each Other
Red Rooster
Peggy-O
My Brother Esau
Tennessee Jed
Hell in a Bucket
West L.A. Fade Away
The Music Never Stopped

China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider
Samson & Delilah
He's Gone
Truckin'
rhythm devils
space
The Other One
Wharf Rat
Sugar Magnolia

It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

6/20/83 Merriweather Post Pavilion, Columbia, MD
Alabama Getaway
Greatest Story Ever Told
Dire Wolf
Me & My Uncle
Cumberland Blues
Cassidy
Big Railroad Blues
It's All Over Now
Loser
Looks Like Rain
Might As Well

Touch Of Gray
Man Smart, Woman Smarter
Terrapin
Estimated Prophet
Eyes Of The World
rhythm devils
space
Throwin' Stones
Black Peter
Around & Around
Good Lovin'

U.S. Blues

6/22/83 City Island, Harrisburg, PA
Feel Like A Stranger
Friend Of The Devil
C.C. Rider
Ramble On Rose
My Brother Esau
Deal

Hell in a Bucket
China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider
Playin' In The Band
rhythm devils
space
I Need A Miracle
Stella Blue
Going Down The Road
Not Fade Away

Brokedown Palace

6/24/83 Dane County Arena, Madison, WI

Shakedown Street
Far From Me
Cassidy
Red Rooster
Brown Eyed Women
Mama Tried
Mexicali Blues
Althea
Hell in a Bucket
Deal

Help On The Way
Slipknot
Franklin's Tower
Lost Sailor
Saint of Circumstance
rhythm devils
space
Truckin'
Morning Dew
Around & Around
Johnny B. Goode

Don't Ease Me In

6/25/83 Civic Center, St. Paul, MN
Jack Straw
They Love Each Other
Cassidy
West L.A. Fade Away
My Brother Esau
Big Railroad Blues
Lazy Lightnin'
Supplication
Might As Well

Touch Of Gray
Samson & Delilah
Ship Of Fools
Man Smart, Woman Smarter
Uncle John's Band
rhythm devils
space
Throwin' Stones
Black Peter
Going Down The Road
One More Saturday Night

It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

6/27/83 Poplar Creek Pavilion, Poplar Creek, IL
Bertha
Promised Land
Dupree's Diamond Blues
New Minglewood Blues
Bird Song
Me & My Uncle
Mexicali Blues
Cold Rain & Snow
Hell in a Bucket
Sugaree

Scarlet Begonias
Fire On The Mountain
Estimated Prophet
rhythm devils
space
The Other One
The Wheel
Good Lovin'

U.S. Blues

6/28/83 Poplar Creek Pavilion, Poplar Creek, IL
Feel Like A Stranger
Dire Wolf
It's All Over Now
Brown Eyed Women
Red Rooster
Tennessee Jed
Looks Like Rain
Deal
Help On The Way
Slipknot
Franklin's Tower
Man Smart, Woman Smarter
He's Gone
rhythm devils
space
Throwin' Stones
Not Fade Away
Stella Blue
Sugar Magnolia

Iko Iko

7/30/83 County Fairgrounds, Ventura, CA
China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider
It's All Over Now
Brown Eyed Women
My Brother Esau
Big Railroad Blues
Cassidy
Loser
The Music Never Stopped

Sugaree
Playin' In The Band
China Doll
rhythm devils
space
Truckin'
Black Peter
Sugar Magnolia

U.S. Blues

7/31/83 County Fairgrounds, Ventura, CA
Jack Straw
Friend Of The Devil
Me & My Uncle
Mexicali Blues
West L.A. Fade Away
C.C. Rider
Tennessee Jed
Looks Like Rain
Deal

Hell in a Bucket
Scarlet Begonias
Fire On The Mountain
rhythm devils
space
The Other One
Wharf Rat
Throwin' Stones
Not Fade Away

Touch Of Gray
One More Saturday Night

8/20/83 Frost Amphitheater, Stanford U., Palo Alto, CA
Alabama Getaway
Greatest Story Ever Told
They Love Each Other
New Minglewood Blues
Bird Song
Looks Like Rain
Tennessee Jed
My Brother Esau
Deal

Shakedown Street
Man Smart, Woman Smarter
Ship Of Fools
Estimated Prophet
Eyes Of The World
rhythm devils
space
The Other One

A Deadhead displays his Garcia Birthday T. Photos by Regan McMahon

Black Peter
Good Lovin'

One More Saturday Night

8/21/83 Frost Amphitheater, Palo Alto, CA
Cassidy
Dire Wolf
Me & My Uncle
Big River
Althea
Red Rooster
Big Railroad Blues
Let It Grow

Samson & Delilah
China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider
Playin' In The Band
  rhythm devils
  space
The Wheel
Throwin' Stones
Not Fade Away

It's All Over Now, Baby Blue
Johnny B. Goode

8/26/83 Coliseum, Portland, OR
Bertha
Promised Land
Peggy-O
Me & My Uncle
Big River
West L. A. Fade Away
New Minglewood Blues
Loser
Let It Grow

Scarlet Begonias
Fire On The Mountain
Man Smart, Woman Smarter
He's Gone
  rhythm devils
  space
Truckin'
*Wang Dang Doodle
Stella Blue
Sugar Magnolia

U.S. Blues
*first one

8/27/83 Center Coliseum, Seattle, WA
Jack Straw
Deep Elem Blues
My Brother Esau
Brown Eyed Women
Red Rooster
Ramble On Rose
Looks Like Rain
Deal

Touch Of Gray
Playin' In The Band
Uncle John's Band
  rhythm devils
  space
Throwin' Stones
Black Peter
One More Saturday Night

It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

8/29/83 Hult Center, Eugene, OR
Shakedown Street
New Minglewood Blues
Friend Of The Devil
Hell in a Bucket
Bird Song
It's All Over Now
Might As Well

China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider
Estimated Prophet
Eyes Of The World
  rhythm devils
  space
The Wheel
The Other One
Goin' Down The Road
Johnny B. Goode

U.S. Blues

8/30/83 Hult Center, Eugene, OR
Feel Like A Stranger
Candyman
Red Rooster
Dire Wolf
My Brother Esau
Tennessee Jed
Lazy Lightnin'
Supplication
Deal

Touch Of Gray
Samson & Delilah
Terrapin
  rhythm devils
  space
Throwin' Stones
Not Fade Away
Wharf Rat
Sugar Magnolia

Brokedown Palace

8/31/83 Hult Center, Eugene, OR
Alabama Getaway
Greatest Story Ever Told
Dupree's Diamond Blues
Me & My Uncle
Mexicali Blues
West L. A. Fade Away
Hell in a Bucket
Althea
Cassidy
Don't Ease Me In

Cold Rain & Snow
Playin' In The Band
China Doll
  rhythm devils
  space
Truckin'
Stella Blue
Around & Around
Good Lovin'

U.S. Blues
Satisfaction

9/2/83 Boise Pavillion, Boise, ID
Wang Dang Doodle
Jack Straw
They Love Each Other
Mama Tried
Big River
Brown Eyed Women
New Minglewood Blues
Big Railroad Blues

Looks Like Rain
Deal

Help On The Way
Slipknot
Franklin's Tower
Estimated Prophet
Eyes Of The World
  rhythm devils
  space
Throwin' Stones
Going Down The Road
Black Peter
Sugar Magnolia

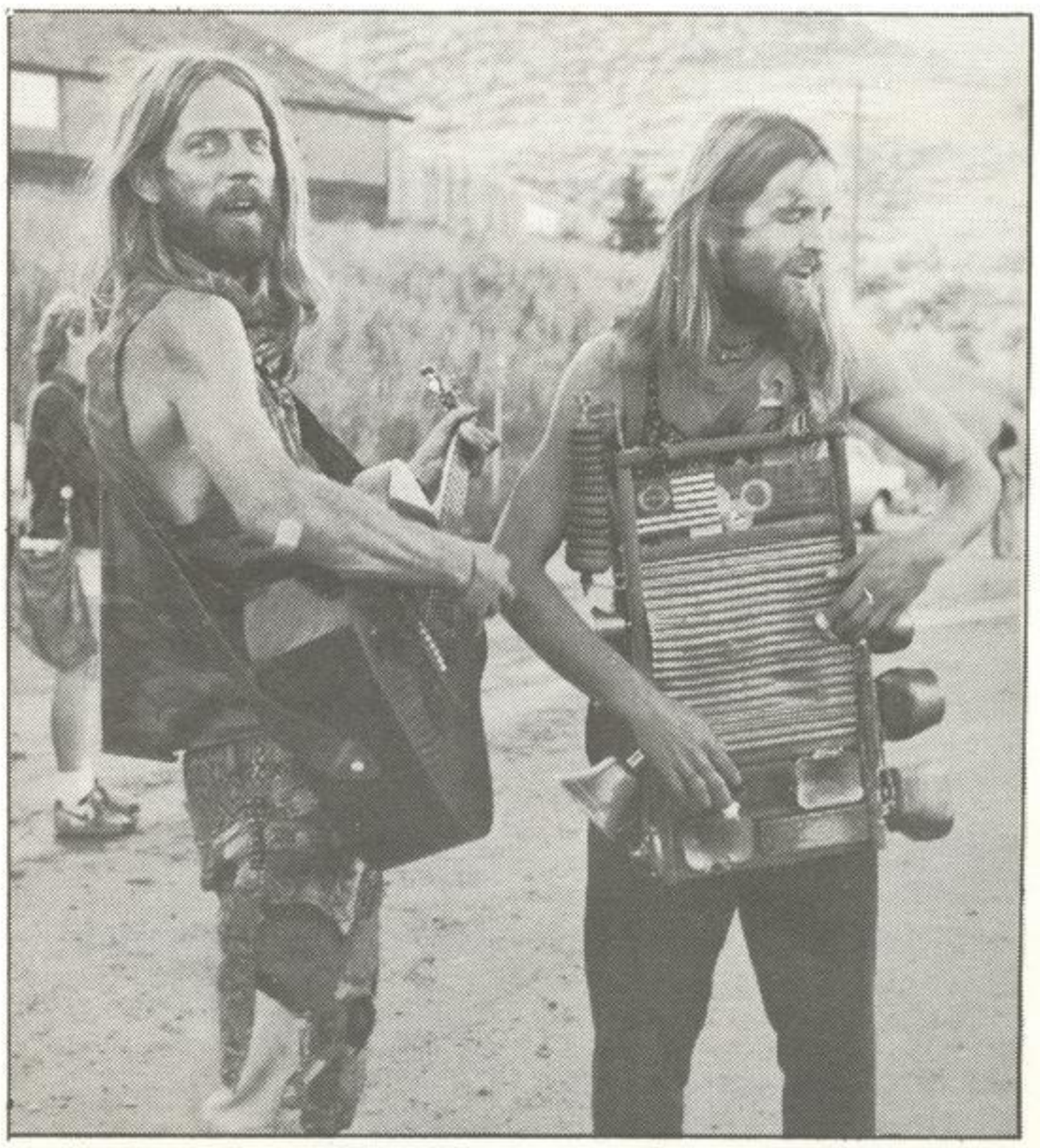
It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

9/4/83 Park West, Salt Lake City, UT
Bertha
Promised Land
Friend Of The Devil
Red Rooster
Tennessee Jed
My Brother Esau
Althea
Hell in a Bucket
China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider

Scarlet Begonias
Fire On The Mountain
Man Smart, Woman Smarter
  rhythm devils
  spanish jam
The Wheel
The Other One
Wharf Rat
Around & Around
One More Labor Day Night

U.S. Blues

9/6/83 Red Rocks Amphitheater, Morrison, CO
Alabama Getaway
Greatest Story Ever Told
Peggy-O



Deadheads outside Park West, Utah, September. Photo by Currie & Rymes.

Hell in a Bucket
Dupree's Diamond Blues
New Minglewood Blues
Bird Song
Lazy Lightnin'
Supplication
Might As Well

Help On The Way
Slipknot
Franklin's Tower
Playin' In The Band
rhythm devils
space
Uncle John's Band
Playin' In The Band
Throwin' Stones
Not Fade Away

Brokedown Palace

9/7/83 Red Rocks Amphitheater, Morrison, CO
Jack Straw
Candyman
Red Rooster
Loser
My Brother Esau
West LA Fade Away
Cassidy
China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider

I Need A Miracle
Bertha
Samson & Delilah
He's Gone
rhythm devils
space
Truckin'
Stella Blue
Sugar Magnolia

U.S. Blues

9/8/83 Red Rocks Amphitheater, Morrison, CO
Shakedown Street
Mama Tried
Big River
Ramble On Rose
Hell in a Bucket
Brown Eyed Women
Looks Like Rain
Deal

Scarlet Begonias
Fire On The Mountain
Estimated Prophet
Terrapin
rhythm devils
space
Throwin' Stones
Black Peter
Around & Around
Good Lovin'

It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

9/10/83 The Downs, Santa Fe, NM
The Music Never Stopped
They Love Each Other
My Brother Esau
Big Railroad Blues
Beat It On Down The Line
Tennessee Jed
New Minglewood Blues
China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider

Man Smart, Woman Smarter
Cumberland Blues
Playin' In The Band
China Doll
jam
rhythm devils
space
The Other One
Going Down The Road
One More Saturday Night

Cold Rain & Snow

9/11/83 The Downs, Santa Fe, NM
Alabama Getaway
Greatest Story Ever Told
Dire Wolf
Hell in a Bucket
West LA Fade Away
Me & My Uncle
Mexicali Blues
Althea
C.C. Rider
Might As Well

Help On The Way
Slipknot
Franklin's Tower
Let It Grow
He's Gone
rhythm devils
space
Truckin'
Wang Dang Doodle
Morning Dew
Around & Around
Sugar Magnolia

U.S. Blues

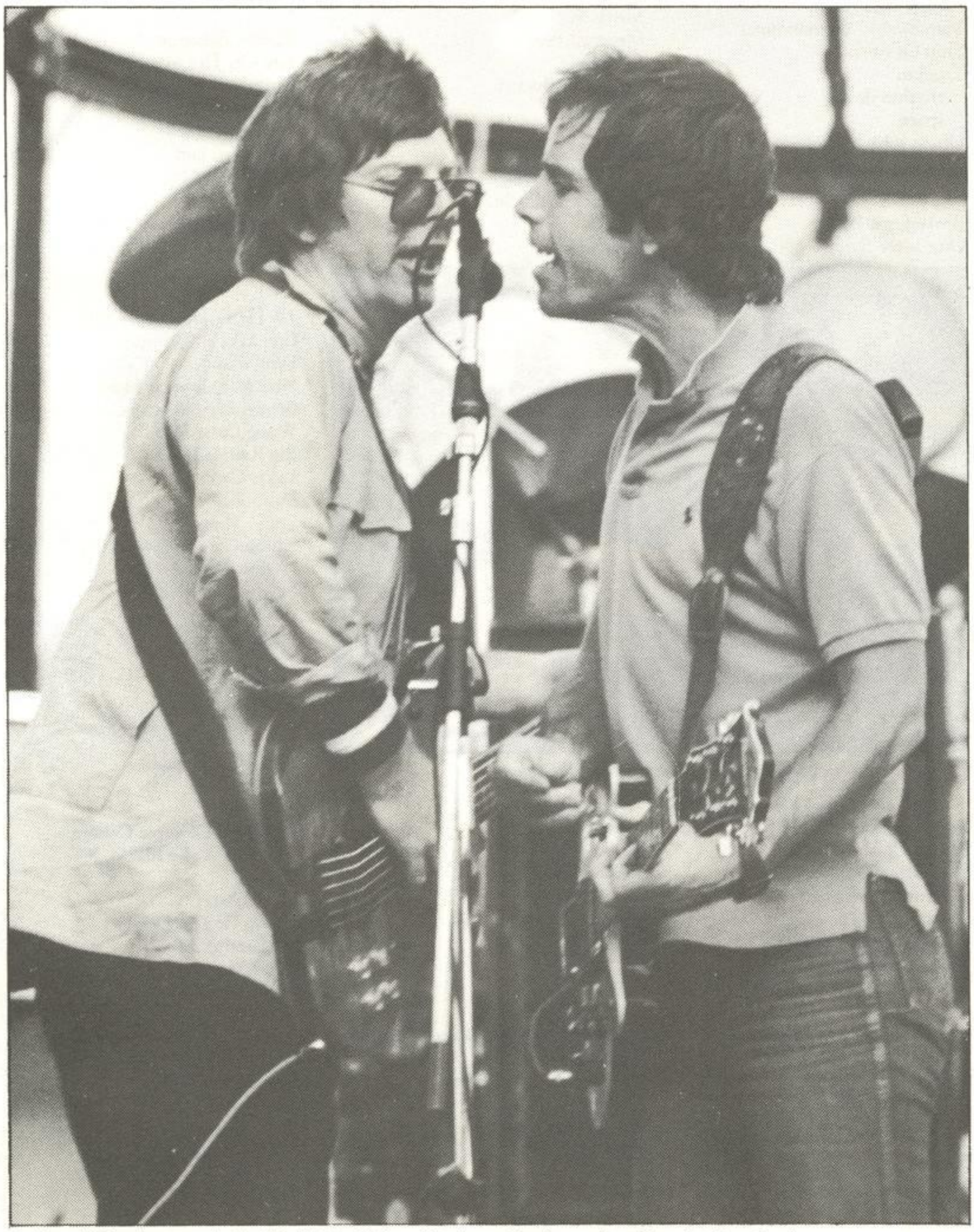
9/13/83 Manor Downs, Austin, TX
Bertha
Red Rooster
Loser
Cassidy
Don't Ease Me In
My Brother Esau
Brown Eyed Women
The Music Never Stopped
Might As Well

Scarlet Begonias
Fire On The Mountain
Truckin'
rhythm devils
spanish jam
space
The Wheel
Throwin' Stones
Not Fade Away

Brokedown Palace

9/18/83 Nevada County Fairgrounds, Grass Valley, CA
Jack Straw
They Love Each Other
New Minglewood Blues
Friend Of The Devil
Hell in a Bucket
Ramble On Rose
Let It Grow

Touch Of Gray



Lesh and Weir share a mike for "Cold Rain & Snow" in Santa Fe, September. Photo by Yoav Getzler.

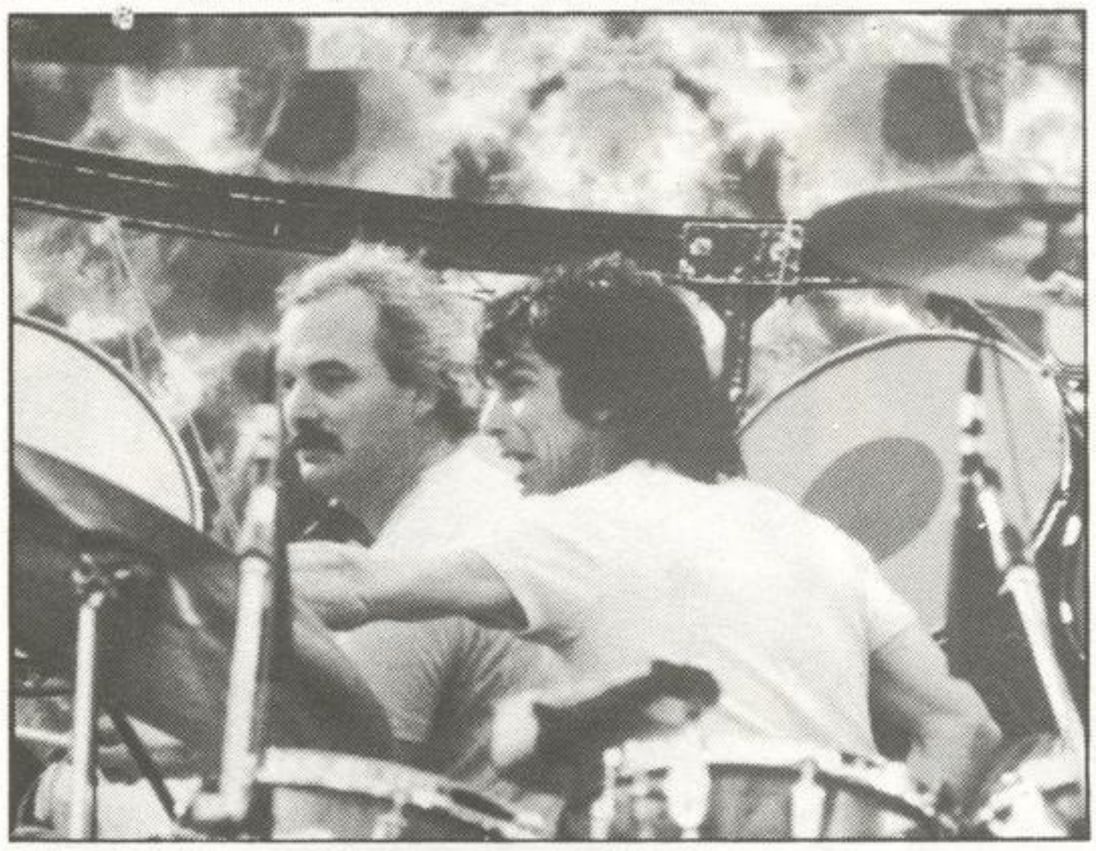
Samson & Delilah
Terrapin
rhythm devils
space
The Other One
Wharf Rat
Around & Around
Sugar Magnolia

It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

9/24/83 County Fairgrounds, Watsonville, CA
Alabama Getaway
Promised Land
They Love Each Other
Me & My Uncle
Mexicali Blues
Bird Song
Hell in a Bucket
Deep Elem Blues
Looks Like Rain
Day Job

China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider
Man Smart, Woman Smarter
Ship Of Fools
Truckin'
rhythm devils
space
Uncle John's Band
Throwin' Stones
Not Fade Away

Brokedown Palace
One More Saturday Night


Billy & Mickey in Berkeley, May. Photo by Mary Eisenhart

10/8/83 Coliseum, Richmond, VA
Feel Like A Stranger
Friend Of The Devil
New Minglewood Blues
Brown Eyed Women
Cassidy
West LA Fade Away
Hell in a Bucket
Deal

Day Job
Playin' In The Band
Crazy Fingers
rhythm devils
space
Truckin'
Spoonful
Wharf Rat
Good Lovin

U.S. Blues

10/9/83 Coliseum, Greensboro, NC
Shakedown Street
Samson & Delilah
Peggy-O
Red Rooster
Candyman
My Brother Esau
Big Railroad Blues
Let It Grow

Touch Of Gray
Estimated Prophet
Eyes Of The World
Man Smart, Woman Smarter
rhythm devils
space
Not Fade Away
Sugar Magnolia

It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

10/11/83 Madison Square Garden
Wang Dang Doodle
Jack Straw
Loser
Me & My Uncle
Mexicali Blues
Bird Song
Hell In A Bucket
Day Job

China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider
I Need A Miracle
Bertha
China Doll
rhythm devils
space
St. Stephen
Throwin' Stones
Touch Of Gray

Johnny B. Goode

10/12/83 Madison Square Garden
Cold Rain & Snow
New Minglewood Blues
Ramble On Rose
My Brother Esau
Must Have Been The Roses
Cassidy
Cumberland Blues
Looks Like Rain
Might As Well

Help On The Way
Slipknot
Franklin's Tower
Man Smart, Woman Smarter
He's Gone
rhythm devils
space
Truckin'
Black Peter
Not Fade Away

Revolution*

*first ever

10/14/83 Civic Center, Hartford, CT
Alabama Getaway
Greatest Story Ever Told
They Love Each Other
Mama Tried
Big River
Althea
C.C. Rider
Tennessee Jed
Hell in a Bucket
Day Job

Scarlet Begonias
Fire On The Mountain
Estimated Prophet
Eyes Of The World
rhythm devils
spanish jam
The Other One
Stella Blue
Sugar Magnolia

U.S. Blues

10/15/83 Hartford Civic
Feel Like A Stranger
Dire Wolf
New Minglewood Blues
Brown Eyed Women
Wang Dang Doodle
Big Railroad Blues
Let It Grow
Day Job

China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider
Playin' In The Band
China Doll
rhythm devils
space
St. Stephen
Throwin' Stones
One More Saturday Night

Brokedown Palace

10/17/83 Olympic Center, Lake Placid, NY
Sugaree
Red Rooster
Friend Of The Devil
My Brother Esau
Bird Song
Hell in a Bucket
Deal

Touch Of Gray
Samson & Delilah
To Lay Me Down
Man Smart, Woman Smarter
rhythm devils
space
The Wheel
I Need A Miracle
Going Down The Road

Good Lovin'

Revolution

10/18/83 Civic Center, Portland, ME
Jack Straw
They Love Each Other
Me & My Uncle
Mexicali Blues
Dupree's Diamond Blues
C.C. Rider
Althea
Lazy Lightnin'
Supplication
Might As Well

China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider
Estimated Prophet
He's Gone
rhythm devils
space
Not Fade Away
Black Peter
Around & Around
Sugar Magnolia

U.S. Blues

10/20/83 The Centrum, Worcester, MA
Bertha
Greatest Story Ever Told
West L. A. Fade Away
New Minglewood Blues
Tennessee Jed
Hell in a Bucket
Row Jimmy
Looks Like Rain
Deal

Help On The Way
Slipknot
Franklin's Tower
Samson & Delilah
Eyes Of The World
rhythm devils
space
The Other One
Stella Blue
Around & Around
Good Lovin'

Day Job

10/21/83 The Centrum, Worcester, MA
The Music Never Stopped
Loser
C.C. Rider
Cumberland Blues
Cassidy
Ramble On Rose
My Brother Esau
Big Railroad Blues
Promised Land

Scarlet Begonias
Fire On The Mountain
Uncle John's Band
Playin' In The Band
rhythm devils
space
Truckin'
Wharf Rat
I Need A Miracle
Touch Of Gray

Johnny B. Goode

10/22/83 Carrier Dome, Syracuse, NY

Shakedown Street
Wang Dang Doodle
Candyman
New Minglewood Blues
Bird Song
Hell in a Bucket
Day Job

China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider
Man Smart, Woman Smarter
Terrapin
  rhythm devils
  space
The Wheel
Throwin' Stones
Not Fade Away
One More Saturday Night

Revolution

10/30/83 Marin Civic Center, San Rafael, CA

Alabama Getaway
Greatest Story Ever Told
Friend Of The Devil
New Minglewood Blues
Tennessee Jed
Cassidy
West L.A. Fade Away
Hell in a Bucket
Might As Well

Bertha
Samson & Delilah
Ship Of Fools
Playin' In The Band
  jam
  rhythm devils
  space
Truckin'
Spoonful
Black Peter
Sugar Magnolia

Day Job

10/31/83 Marin Civic Center, San Rafael, CA*

Wang Dang Doodle
My Brother Esau
Peggy-O
Red Rooster
Brown Eyed Women
Lost Sailor
Saint Of Circumstance
Deal

Help On The Way
Slipknot
Franklin's Tower
Estimated Prophet
Eyes Of The World
  rhythm devils
  space
St. Stephen
Throwin' Stones
Not Fade Away

Revolution

*W/Airto

12/27/83 San Francisco Civic

Cold Rain & Snow
C.C. Rider
They Love Each Other
Beat It On Down The Line
Althea
Cassidy
West L.A. Fade Away
Hell In A Bucket

'Scarlet Begonias
Fire On The Mountain
Samson & Delilah
He's Gone
  rhythm devils
  space
Throwin' Stones
Black Peter
Sugar Magnolia

U.S Blues

12/28/83 S.F. Civic

Feel Like A Stranger
Dire Wolf
Mama Tried
Mexicali Blues
Loser
New Minglewood Blues
Bird Song

China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider
Playin' In The Band
  rhythm devils
  space
The Wheel
The Other One
Stella Blue
Around And Around
Johnny B. Goode

It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

12/30/83 S.F. Civic

Bertha
Greatest Story Ever Told
Friend Of The Devil
Me & My Uncle
Big River
Ramble On Rose
Little Red Rooster
Brown Eyed Women
Looks Like Rain
Deal
Shakedown Street
Man Smart, Woman Smarter
Terrapin
  rhythm devils
  space
Truckin'
Wharf Rat
Good Lovin'

Day Job

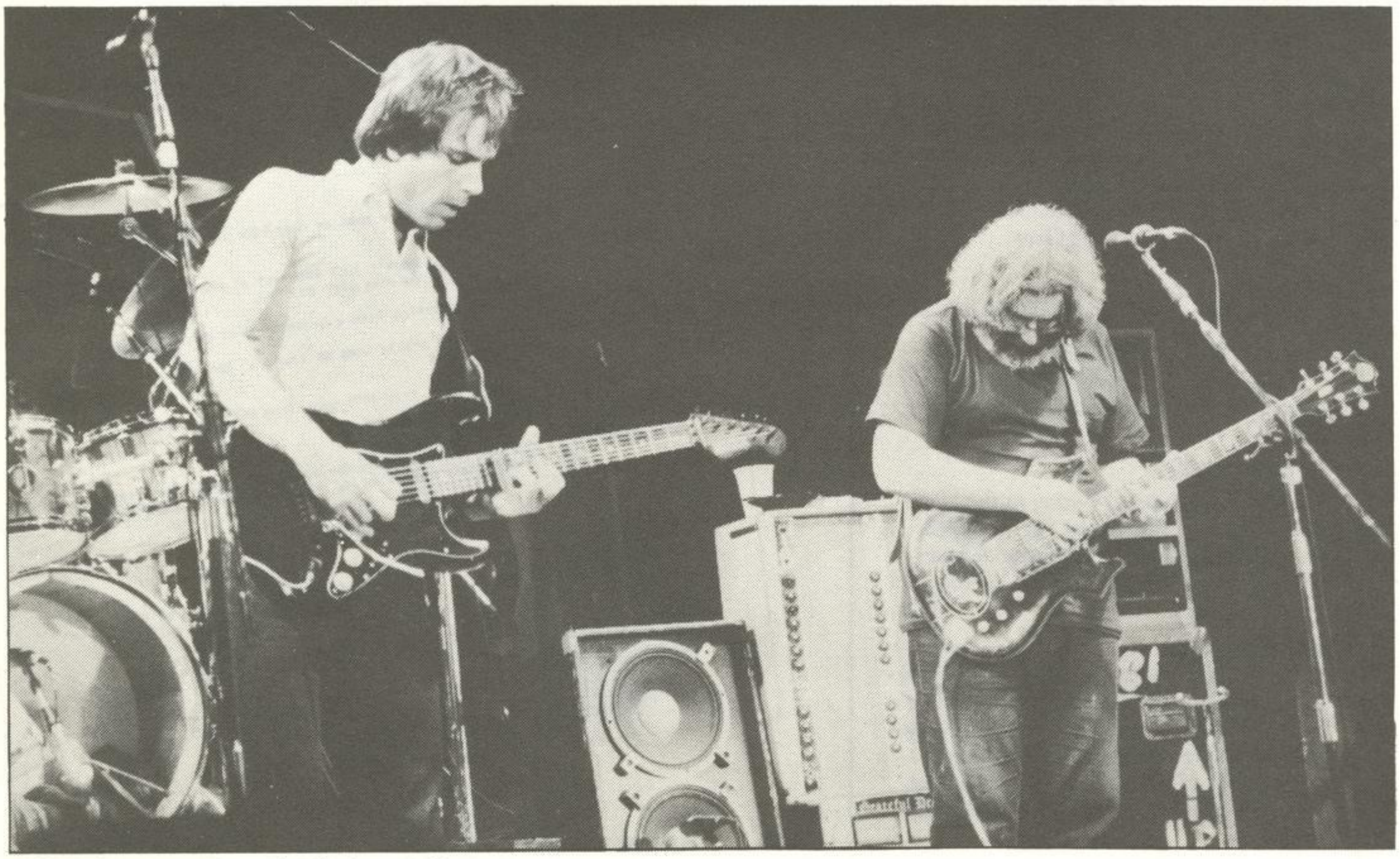
12/31/83, S.F. Civic

Jack Straw
Peggy-O
New Minglewood Blues
Tennessee Jed
My Brother Esau
Candyman
Hell In A Bucket
Don't Ease Me In

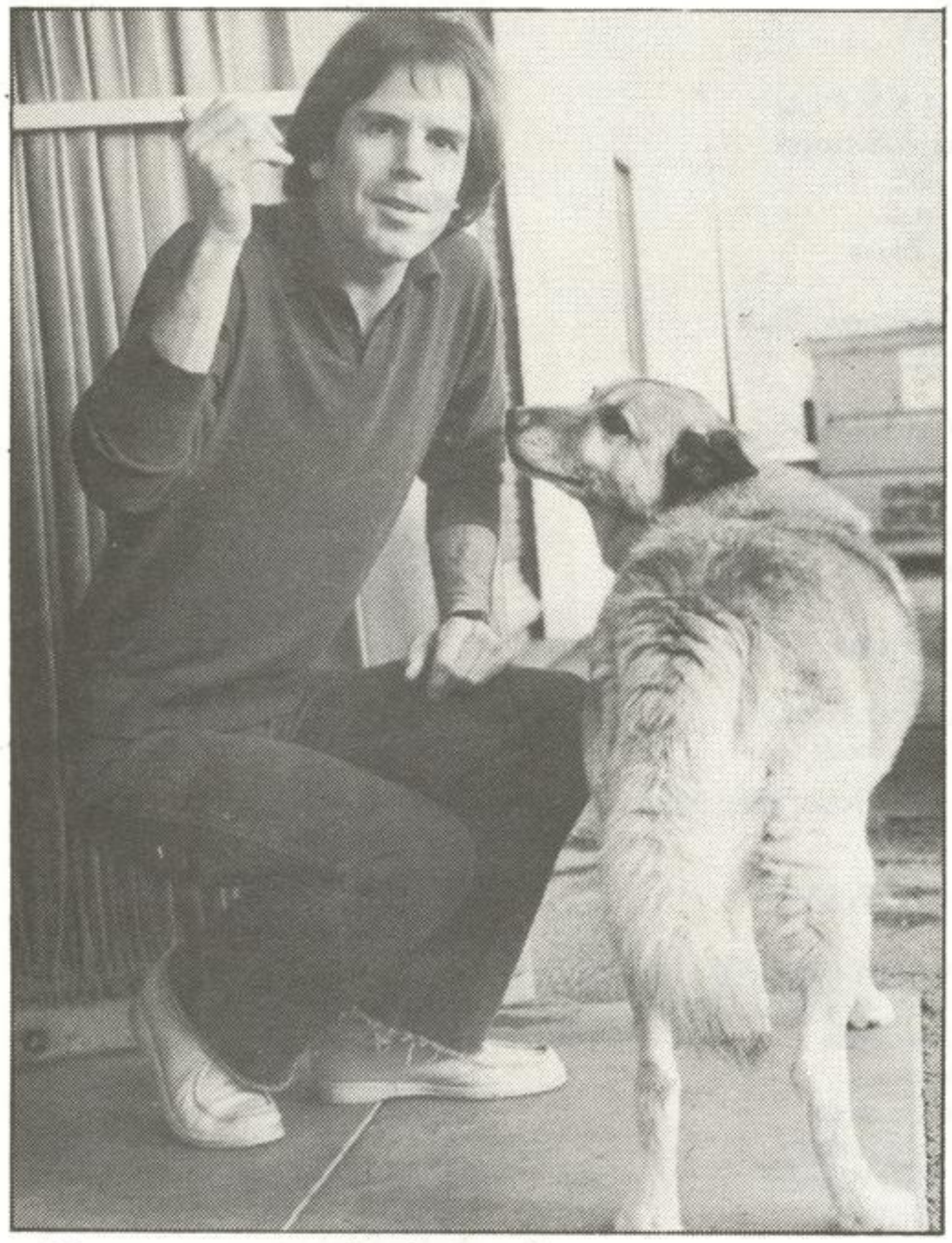
Sugar Magnolia
Touch Of Gray
Estimated Prophet
Eyes Of The World
  rhythm devils
  space
Throwin' Stones
Not Fade Away

Brokedown Palace

Big Boss Man
Iko Iko
Midnight Hour
Goodnight Irene



Bobby and Jerry at Portland. Photo by Currie & Rymes



If you own a copy of *Reckoning,* chances are you've noticed that on "Ripple," Garcia says into the mike at one point, "That's Otis," and the crowd roars its approval. Otis is familiar to most Bay Area Deadheads, but he remains a mystery to many others. And so, above, we present Bob Weir and his friendly dog Otis. Garcia mentions him on the record because the pooch wandered out onstage at the Warfield Theater one night during the Dead's 15 show run in the fall of 1980. Now you know. Photo by David Gans

Family corner: Backstage at the Greek Theater in Berkeley last May, Phil Lesh and his mom (Barbara) shared some good times. Believe it or not, that Greek concert was the first Dead show Mrs. L had seen since the late '60s, evidence that proves you're never too old to get On the Bus. Photo by David Gans

Dead Headline of the Year

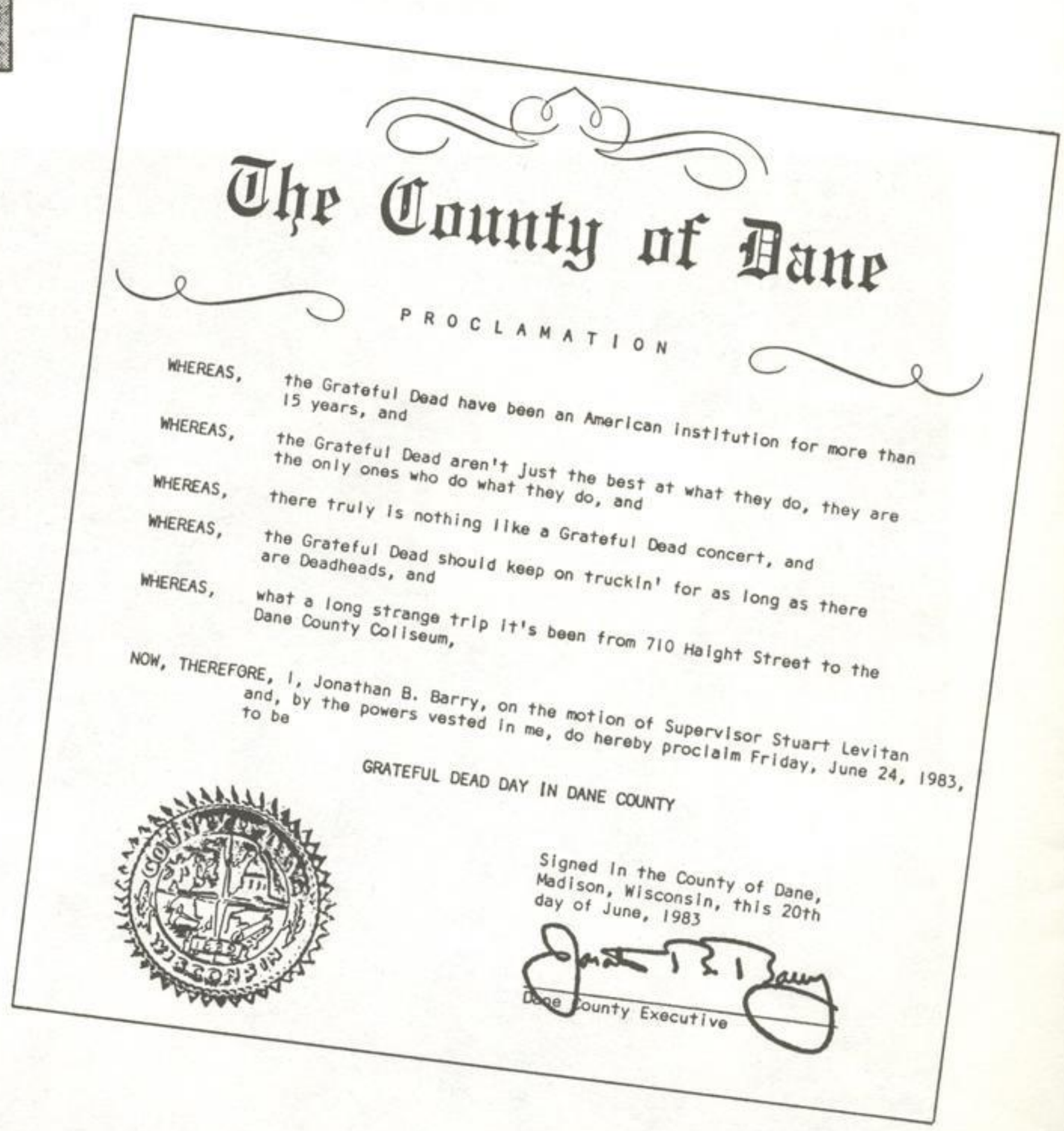
From the New Haven *Journal/Courier:* "Sixties Rock Gurus Still Attract a Crazy Crowd."

A Bored Critic

Patrick Hennessey, writing in the Hartford *Courant:* "Where else but at a Dead show does the length of an extended jam rival the time expended tuning instruments between songs?"

Bad Vibes Dept.

At the University of Vermont in Burlington, the Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity hung a huge banner across the front of their house the day before the Dead show reading "DEAD HEADS GO HOME!" Proof positive that the frat system is alive and dumber than ever.



The County of Dane

PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS, the Grateful Dead have been an American institution for more than 15 years, and

WHEREAS, the Grateful Dead aren't just the best at what they do, they are the only ones who do what they do, and

WHEREAS, there truly is nothing like a Grateful Dead concert, and

WHEREAS, the Grateful Dead should keep on truckin' for as long as there are Deadheads, and

WHEREAS, what a long strange trip it's been from 710 Haight Street to the Dane County Coliseum,

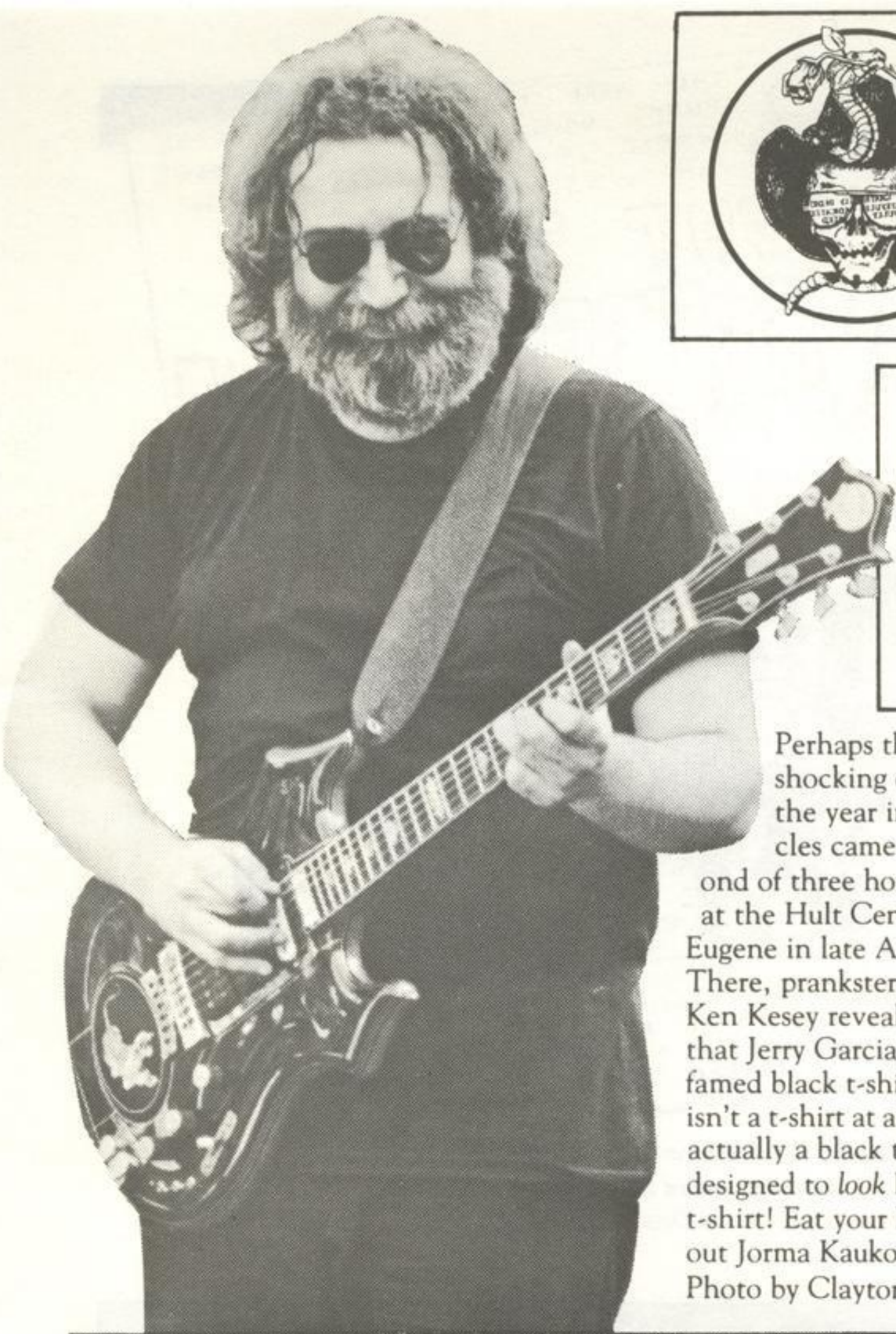
NOW, THEREFORE, I, Jonathan B. Barry, on the motion of Supervisor Stuart Levitan and, by the powers vested in me, do hereby proclaim Friday, June 24, 1983, to be

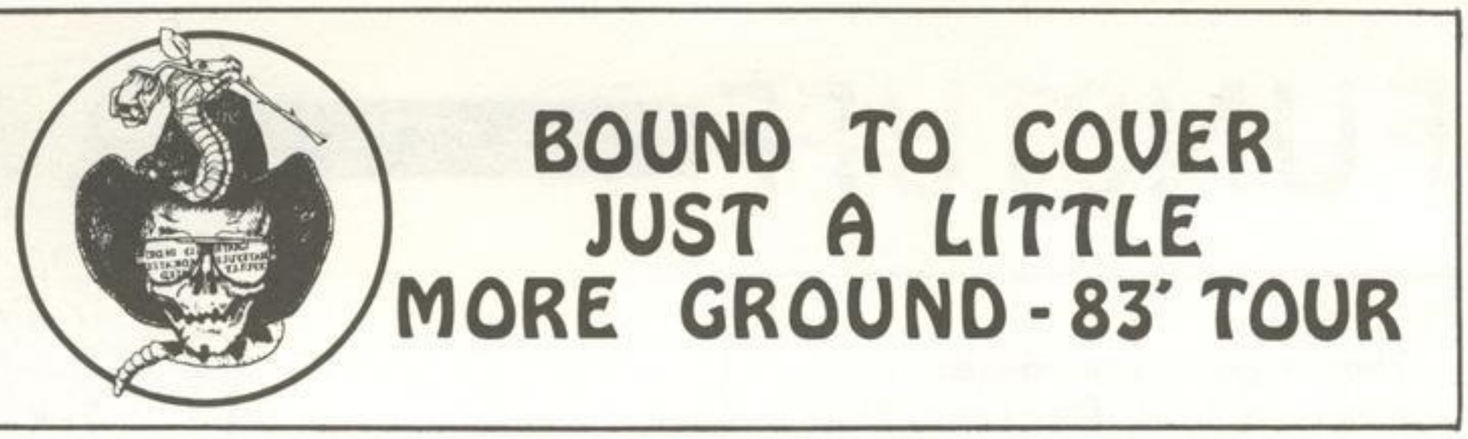
GRATEFUL DEAD DAY IN DANE COUNTY

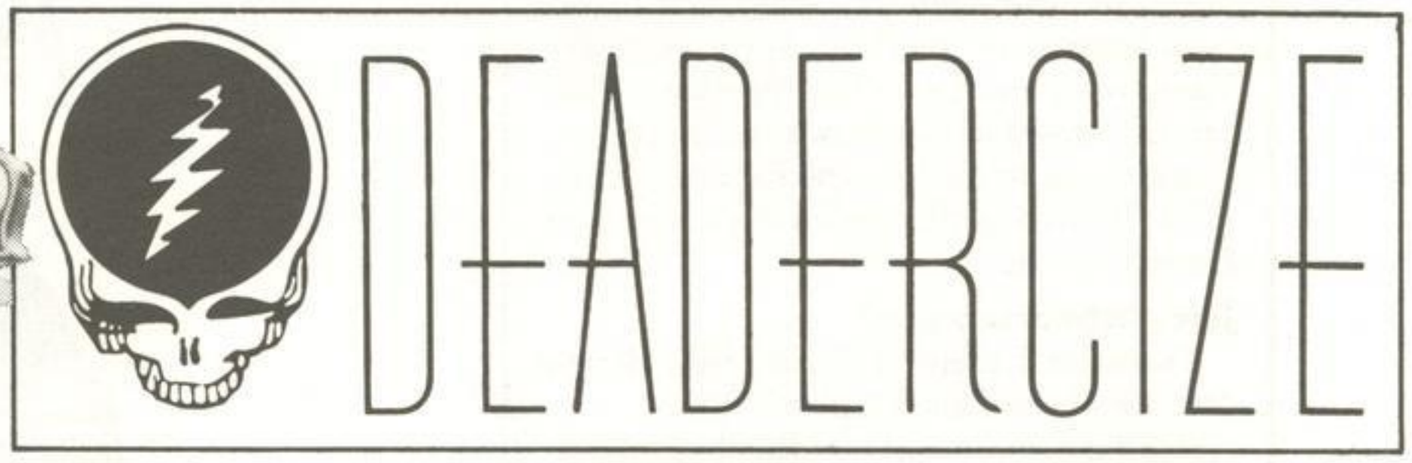
Signed in the County of Dane, Madison, Wisconsin, this 20th day of June, 1983

Dane County Executive

Let's face it, some cities are hipper than others. Providence sends its police force out to the Dead show and Madison, Wisconsin declares the day of the Dead show there "Grateful Dead Day." That's their proclamation above. We'll forgive them their error on the Dead's early S.F. address.

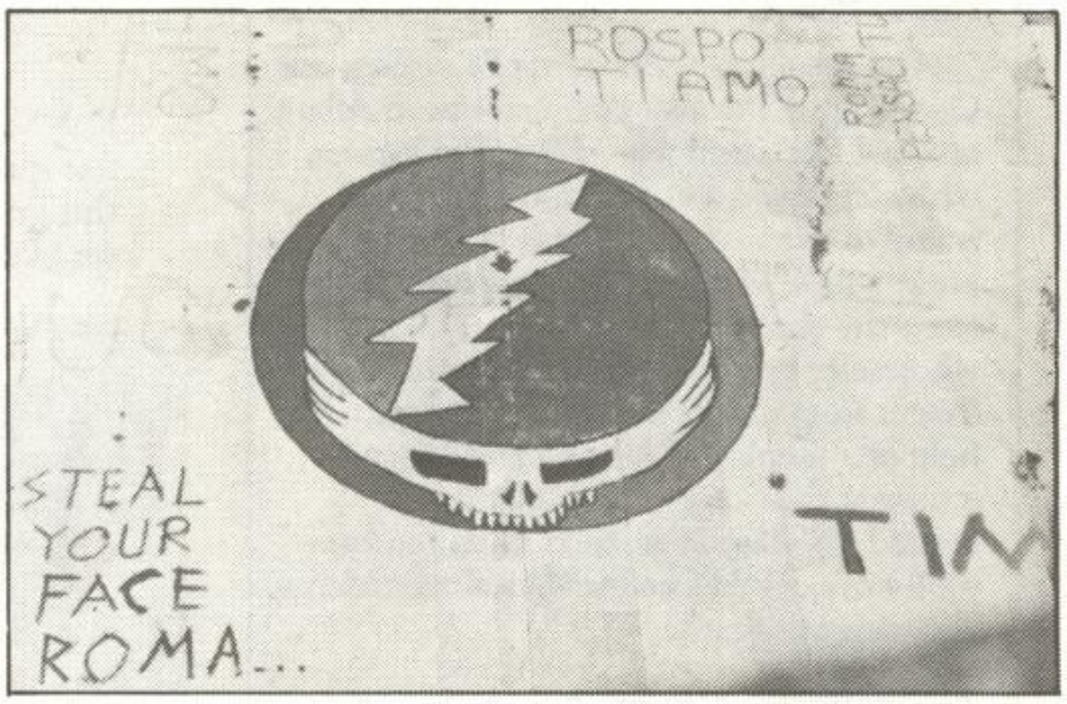






Perhaps the most shocking disclosure of the year in Dead circles came at the second of three hot shows at the Hult Center in Eugene in late August. There, prankster/host Ken Kesey revealed that Jerry Garcia's famed black t-shirt isn't a t-shirt at all, but actually a black tattoo designed to *look* like a t-shirt! Eat your heart out Jorma Kaukonen! Photo by Clayton Call.

1983 offered a bumper crop of bumper stickers. Two of our favorites are above. The last, executed by Lindsey Bowman, has to be considered a "classic." Isn't it time for a Deadercize videotape to come out?



One doesn't think of Italy as a big stronghold for the Dead — after all the group's never even played there. But subscriber Laura Zeller of Englewood, NJ captured this sight on a wall in Rome. It is believed that the Pope might have had a hand in the spray painting.

We were watching one of our favorite late night shows, *Dragnet,* the other night and they showed the infamous "Blue Boy" episode about LSD. We were shocked to learn that the Grateful Dead, very indirectly, made it into that program. At one point, Sgt. Friday (Jack Webb) moans that there isn't much that can be done about the LSD problem because the drug is still legal. Then he mentions people passing out cards that say "Can You Pass the Acid Test?" and complains about the brightly painted bus down on Sunset Blvd. Bingo! The Dead and the Merry Pranksters staged Acid Tests in L.A. in the early part of 1966. Lucky for them, Sgt. Friday never could get a warrant for them; otherwise, the Dead probably would have been bored to death by one of those long-winded moralizing speeches that Friday and partner Bill Gannon (Harry Morgan) were so good at. "You may think you have it all figured out," he'd say to Lesh, a finger jabbing his chest, "but let me tell you about an eight-year-old who who ripped out his eyes. . . ." Watch for it when and if the reruns hit your town!

Official t-shirt design of the year: Santa Fe, designed by Dennis Larkins. c. 1983 Grateful Dead Productions. Runners-up: the New York "Big Apple" Dead shirt and the Halloween "Pumpkin" shirt.

FUNSTUFF

Oink Oink

Thirteen people were arrested on drug charges at the Dead's Providence Rhode Island show in April. According to Lt. Bernard Gannon of the Police Special Operations Group, quoted in the Providence *Bulletin*, the crowd at the show consisted of "hippies out of the '60s and freaked out on LSD." Obviously Bernie has been watching *Dragnet* reruns.

Jerry Schwarzenegger?

From the September 9, 1983 *New Mexican* preview of the Dead's Santa Fe shows: "[Weir] is conscious of how his physical condition affects performances. He runs every day while touring. 'I run a really good clip. I'm not really a jogger. Oh, at half an hour a clip I go about four miles.'

"The Dead's two drummers also run. Weir described the other band members as 'more sedentary sorts.' Garcia is among the non-runners and is definitely 'not into pumping iron, either,' Weir said."

Flower Power

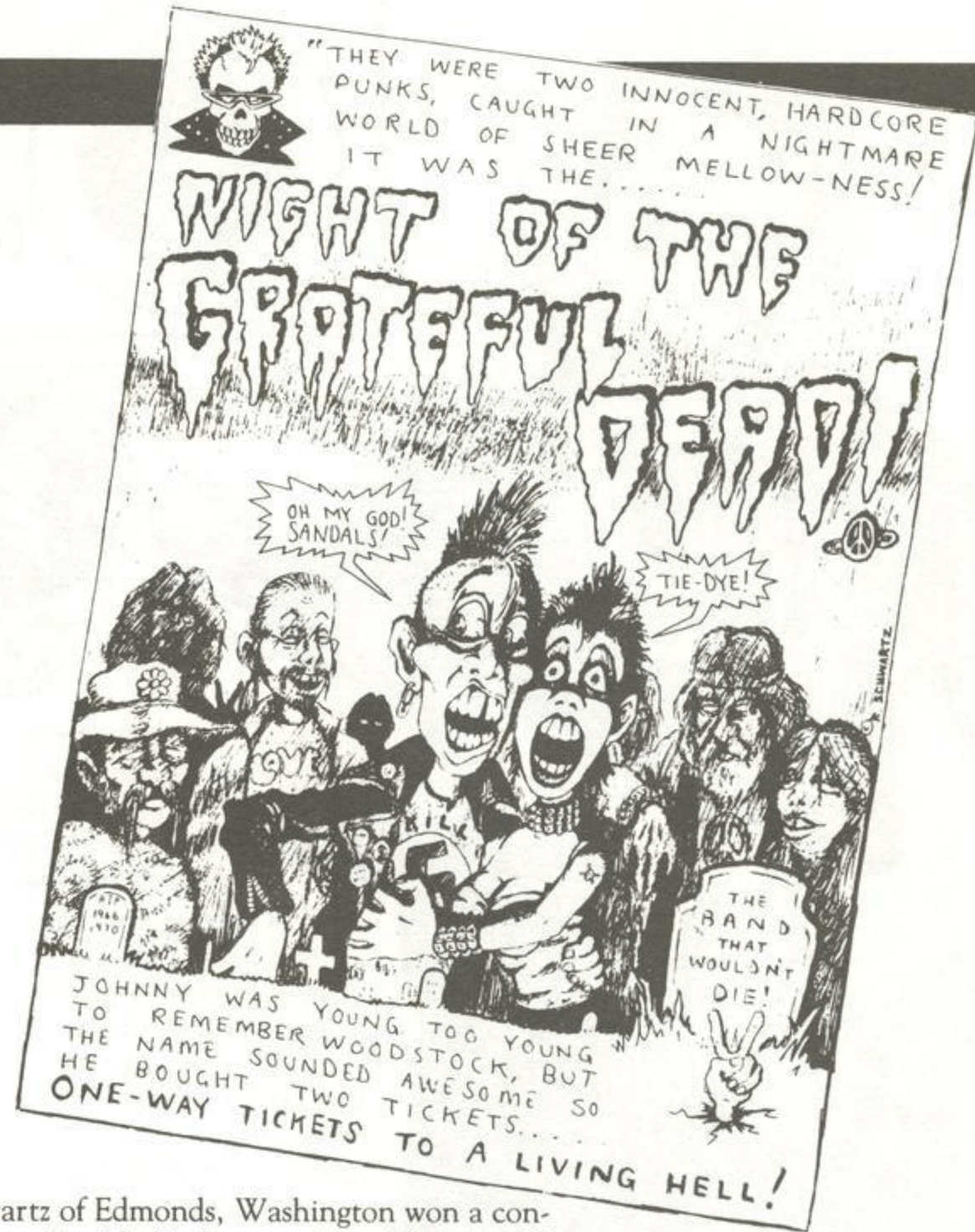
And speaking of the Santa Fe, shows, our Good Guy of the Year award goes to an Albuquerque Deadhead named Bob McCracken, who convinced a California rose grower friend to donate 5,000 freshly cut, long-stem pink, white, yellow and orange roses to festoon the stage at The Downs. A flower wholesaler by trade, McCracken paid the air freight from California himself, and with the help of a number of his Deadhead friends, arranged the flowers for display on and around the stage area. Next thing you know, we'll have crazed Deadhead medical students donating skeletons!

Album Picks

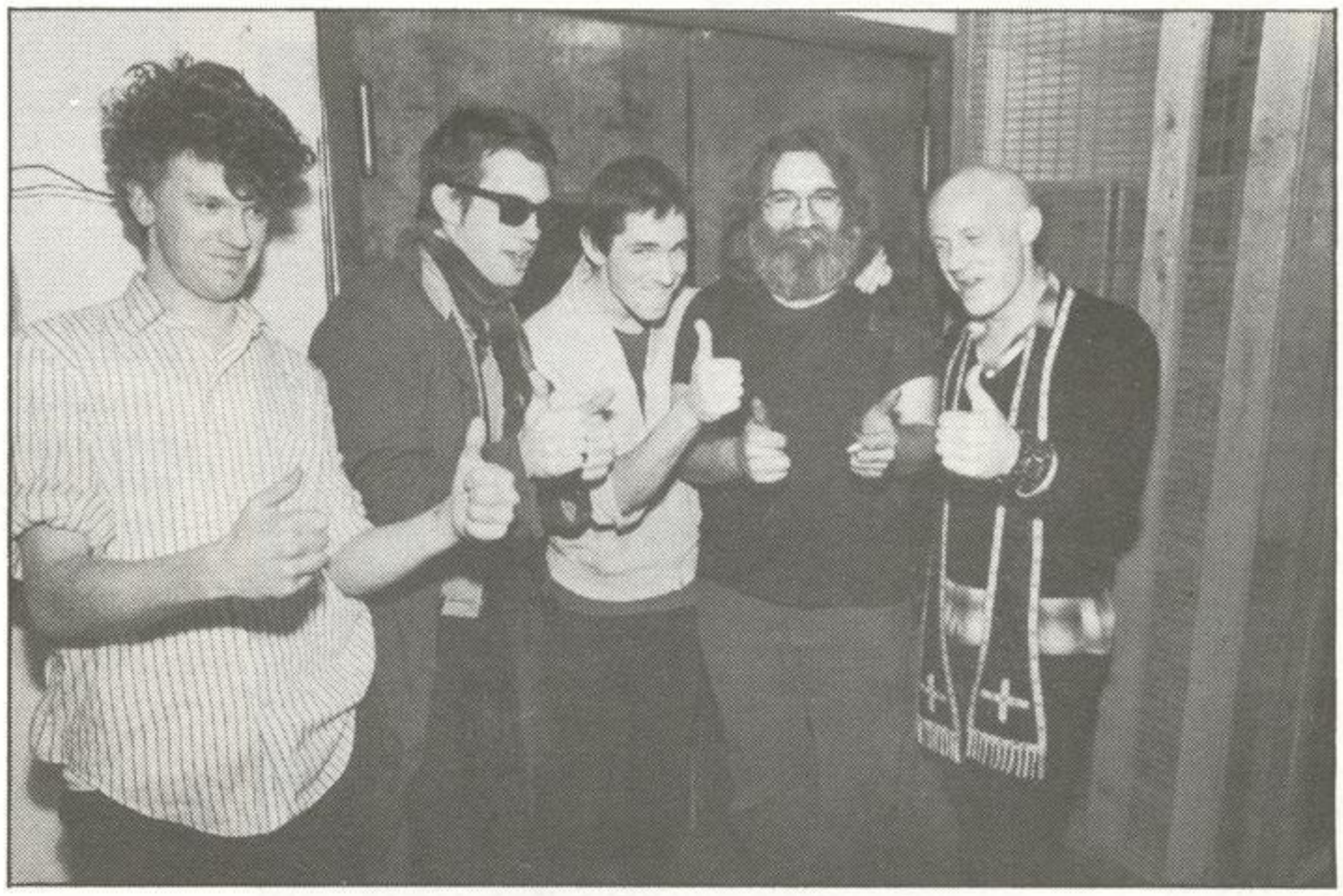
Yeah, yeah, we know you don't want to read about non-Dead stuff in here, but we'd like to mention two records that we think Deadheads might enjoy and which might even remind them of the GD. The first is the new album by the Bay Area's explosive acoustic band, the Tim Ware Group, called *Shelter from the Norm.* Besides containing a slew of great Grisman-ish instrumentals (though Ware may actually be a more imaginative writer) it includes a song called "Bartok's Blues" that features a riff virtually identical to "The Other One." (No kidding!)

The other record we want to plug is Brian Eno's *Apollo.* Side two opens with a long passage reminiscent of the beautiful instrumental opening of "The Wheel" as Garcia currently plays it. The first time we put the record on, the stereo was on 45 instead of 33 and it sounded like Garcia on pedal steel. Uncanny!

And though we're not endorsing it, you might want to know that Chris Hillman's last album, *Morning Sky,* contains a version of "Ripple."



Rob Schwartz of Edmonds, Washington won a contest sponsored by *The Rocket* magazine of Seattle with this imaginative cartoon. Rob isn't a Deadhead, but we like his style anyway!



You may or may not have heard of San Francisco's Pop-O-Pies (above, with Jerry), a punk band originally from New Jersey whose claim to fame is their speedy version of "Truckin'." It's pretty funny and we like the changes they made in the lyrics, too, such as "New York, too close to New Jersey" and "Sometimes the light's all shinin' on me/Other times it's raining out." Anyway, the group's lone EP, called *The White EP,* is hard to find, but available by mail to *Golden Road* readers for a mere $5, and that includes shipping. Besides the punk "Truckin'," the disc contains a few barely listenable punk tracks and another classic — the "rap" version of "Truckin'." It's a must for serious Dead collectors. Amuse and/or piss off your friends! Send check or money order, payable to 415 Records, to 415/Pop-O-Pies, 2940 16th St., S.F., CA 94103. Incidentally, the Pies are threatening to cover "Sugar Magnolia." Photo by Chester Simpson.

We're Gonna Pitch a Wang Dang Doodle All Night Long!

One of our favorite recent additions to the Dead's repertoire is "Wang Dang Doodle," by the talented and prolific blues writer Willie Dixon. It was originally covered by Howlin' Wolf for Chess Records in the early '60s, and it appears on several anthologies of his work in a hot, almost manic version (especially compared to the Dead's often sedate reading of it).

"In the South, everybody knew that when you said you were going to 'pitch a wang dang doodle," that meant you were going to have a ball, have a party,' Dixon said by phone from Chicago recently." 'Wang dang doodle' just means havin' a good time.

"I knew guys who had every name in that song," he continued. "Automatic Slim was a guy who was supposedly great with a pistol. Razor Totin' Jim and a whole lot of people carried razors. You see, years ago in the South, in Mississippi where I grew up, people had nicknames according to what they were involved in. People used nicknames and slang to talk around other people mainly. The blues was able to talk around, sing around, the message they didn't want other folks understandin'. These languages were all to themselves. From the beginning, there were songs they didn't want the boss to know about what was really goin' on. The blues has always given a message to the people who understood the blues, and the people that don't have to make up what they think we meant."

I asked Dixon if *he* had ever attended parties that qualified as "Wang Dang Doodles." "Oh, all the time," he laughed. "There was a place called the Rock House north of Vicksburg [Miss.] in a place called Watersville. All the old timers knew about the Rock House. It was built out of rocks, but that's not how it got its name. People would go out there and have these dances. Tom Jones and a bunch of the guys would be playin', and everybody'd be stompin' their feet, dancin', jumpin' up and down, and this house would actually rock!

"One night we was out there singin' and dancin' and carryin' on — having a *real* wang dang doodle — and BAM! The floor fell in! The front part of the floor collapsed so everybody just went to the back and then *that fell in*! Nobody paid it no mind. Everybody just kept playin' and dancin'."

Willie Dixon.

Tell Automatic Slim
Tell Razor Totin' Jim
Tell Butcher Knife Totin' Annie
Tell Fast Talkin' Fanny
We're gonna pitch a ball
Down to that union hall
Gonna romp and tromp till midnight
We're gonna fuss and fight till daylight
We're gonna pitch a wang dang doodle all night long

Tell Poodle I'll tell him here
Tell Albert I'll see him near
Tell old Pistol Pete
Everybody gonna meet
Tonight we need no rest
We're really gonna throw a mess
We're gonna break out all the windows
Gonna kick down all the doors
We're gonna pitch a wang dang doodle all night long

Tell Fats and Washboard Sam
That everybody's gonna jam
Just shake it Boxcar Joe
We got sawdust on the floor
Tell Chicken Head Till I Die
We're gonna have a time
When the fish head fills the air
Be snuff juice everywhere
We're gonna pitch a wang dang doodle all night long

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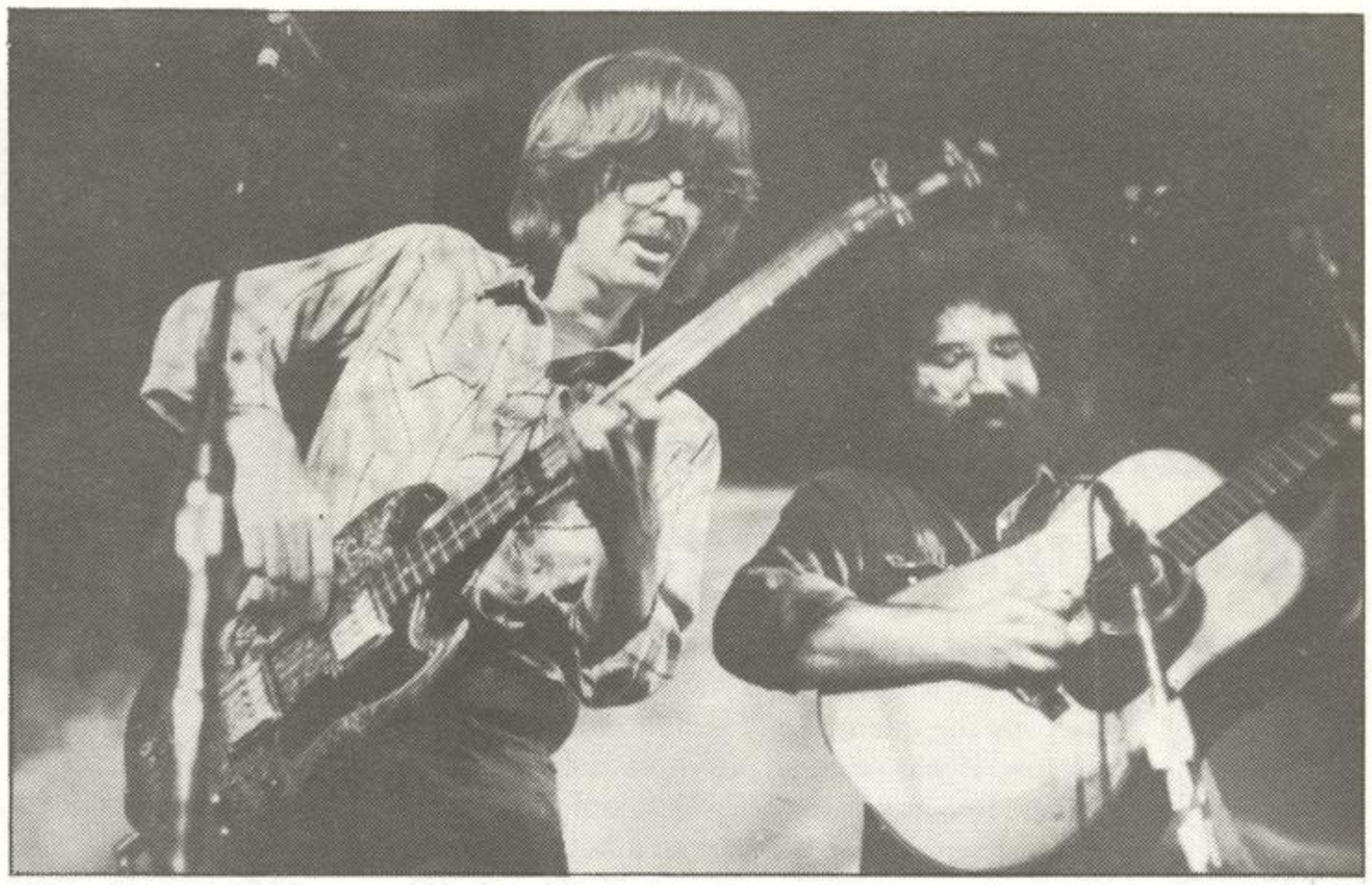
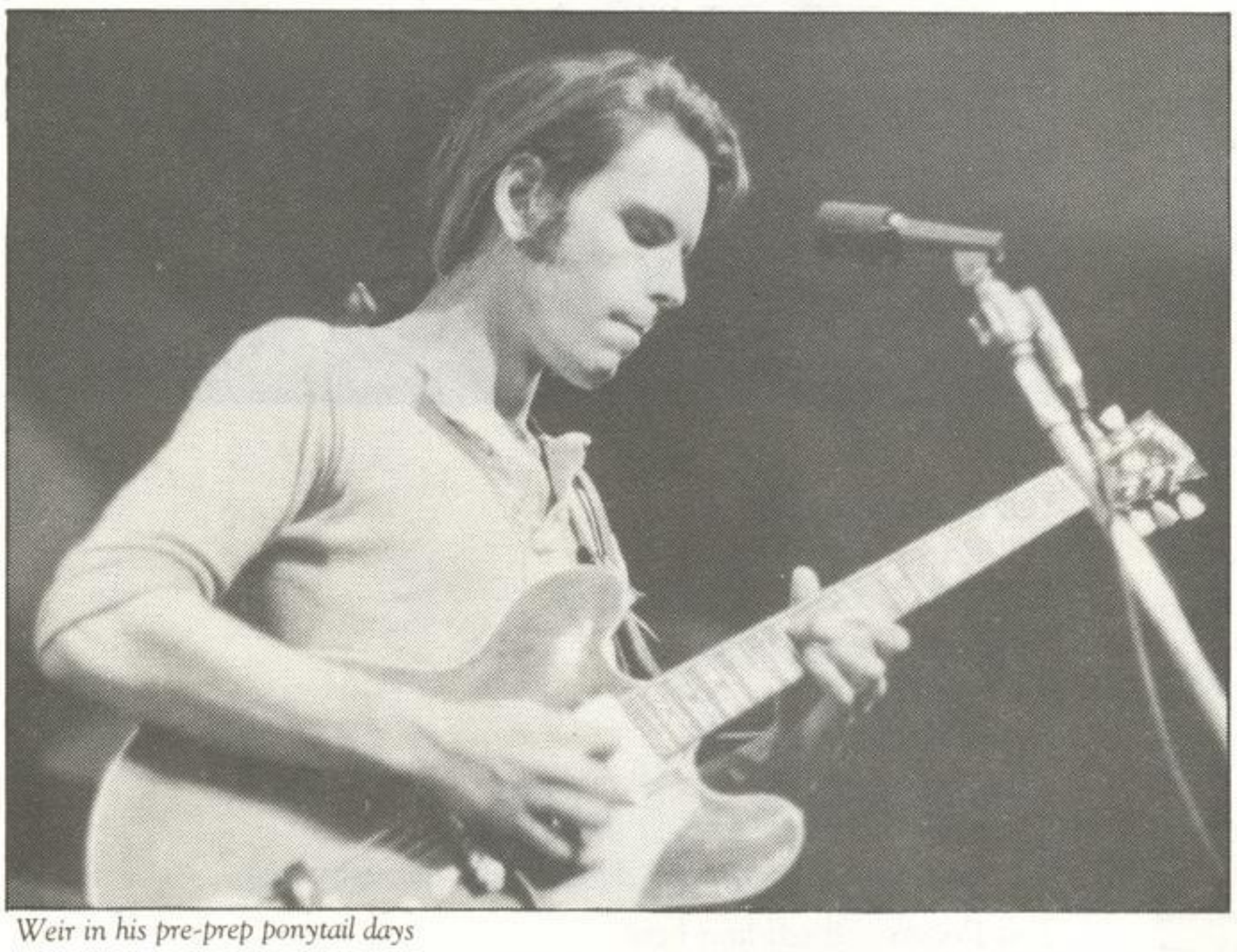
It should be noted that the second two lines are different than they appear on the official lyrics. Those read "Tell Ray's dopey Jim/Tell Bitch and I've told Old Annie . . ." Howlin' Wolf and the Dead, however, don't sing those lines. There may be other corruptions in Weir's version of which I'm not aware, too.

A Night at the Fillmore West, 1970

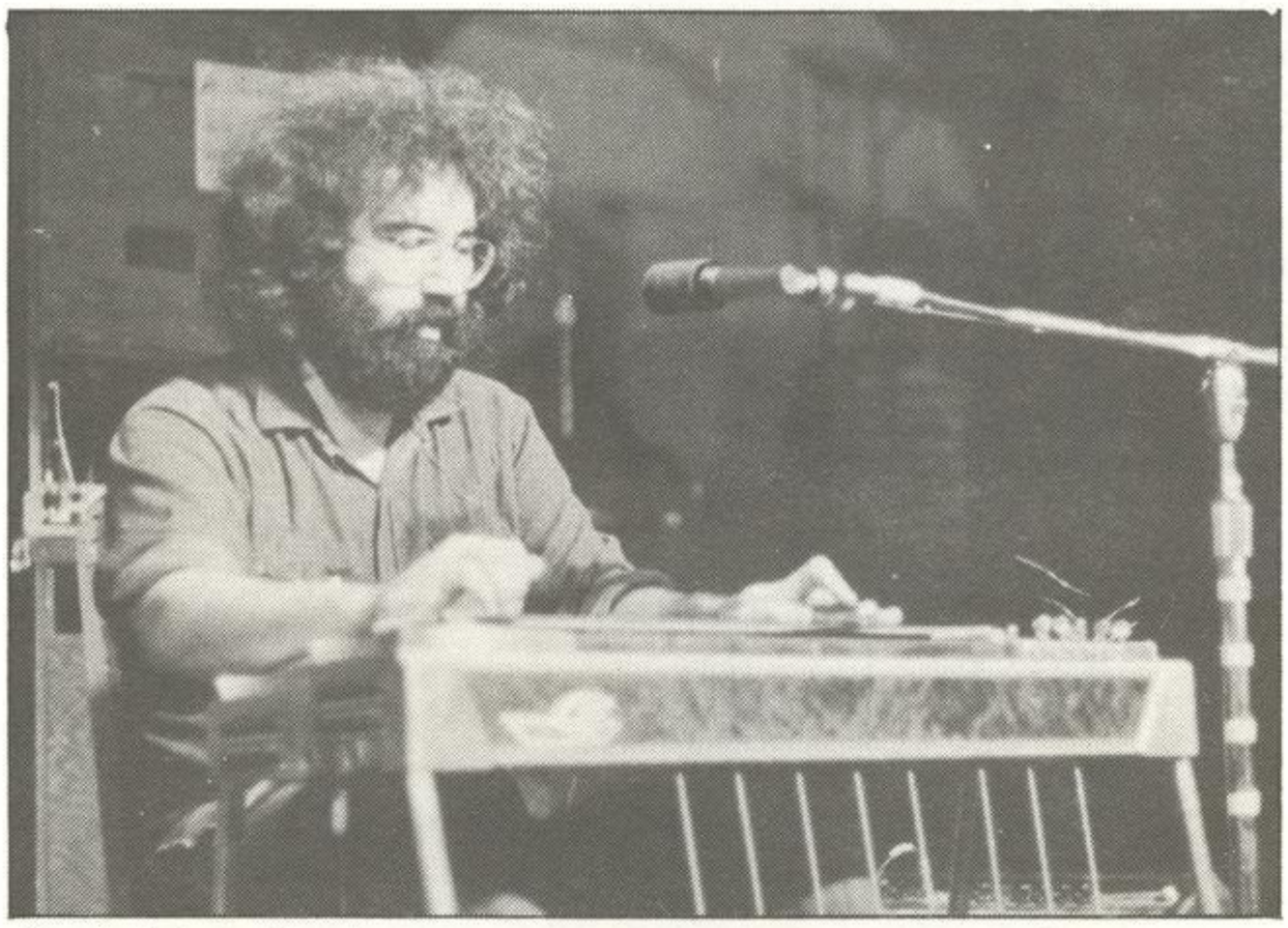


Phil and Jerry during the acoustic portion of the evening



Weir in his pre-prep ponytail days

Pigpen sings a blues



Garcia playing pedal steel

Photos by Bob Marks

TAPE TRADERS

This is a free service for Golden Road *subscribers only.* The Golden Road *is staunchly opposed to the sale of tapes. In the interest of space, in future issues please try to keep your ad to about 15 words (or less!) plus your address.*

Trade 600 hours of Dead. High quality audience and soundboards only. Also want videos. Send lists. M. Rizzo, 23 Peters Dr. #4, Leominster, MA 01453.

Jerry's Kids Tape Exchange, c/o Jeff Silberman, 1 Slade Ave. #705, Pikesville, MD 21208. Digital masters plus 1000 hours. Prefer video and reels.

Tapes to trade. Richard Kratt, 1832 Edgewood Dr., Palo Alto, CA 94303.

Trade 500 hours-plus. Quality only. Send your list and I'll send mine. G. Gardner, 194 East St., Hanover, MA 02339.

Audio and video trader. Gregg Fleishman, 1316 W. Alabama #B, Houston, TX 77006.

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Have 1000 hours; want more, mainly '66–'74. Serious fanatics only, please. Send list to: Ted Dralle, P.O. Box 247, Canton, CT 06019.

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Have 1000-plus hours; love to trade. Will send my list to whomever sends me theirs. Wanted: Manhattan Center 4-4-'71, Wembley Pool (England) '72, Missoula, MT 5-16-'74 with *uncut* "Dark Star." Jack Romanski, 7993 Crest Ave., Oakland, CA 94605.

Wanted: Richmond Coliseum 10-8-'83, Greensboro Coliseum 10-9-'83, Madison Square Garden 10-12-'83. Willing to trade. Bob Abrams, 412 Girard St. #304, Gaithersburg, MD 20877.

Wanted: Garcia Band show, Keystone Berkeley 11-15-'83. Michelle Giles, 525 Bancroft Ave. #6, San Leandro, CA 94577.

Wanted: Soundboards from the early '70s. My collection extends from Warlock demo tapes to the most recent East Coast tour. Bryan D. Gordon, P.O. Box 13, Westbrook, ME 04092.

Wanted: Philadelphia Spectrum 8-29-'80. Lots to trade. David Loehr, P.O. Box 94, Dayton, NJ 08810.

Wanted: Early generation soundboard of Roosevelt Stadium 8-4-'76, Bucknell U. 4-14-'71. Have 500-plus hours to trade. Tom Westervelt, 3968 Green Ave., Los Alamitos, CA 90720.

Wanted: Any New Year's shows and Kansas City 7-7-'81. Will trade. R. Aylward, 42 Seneca Dr., Vernon, CT 06066.

Got 500 hrs. Looking for: pre-'74 stuff; all of Europe '72 (I've got the 20 commonly available tapes). Larry Slavens, Box 248, Fontanelle, IA 50846.

Grateful Dead Tape Exchange, John Dlubac, P.O. Box 141, Simsbury, CT 06070.

The Dead Head's Directory is an extensive listing of names, addresses and phone numbers of Deadheads all over the country. The organizers have put it together to facilitate communication between Heads and as a resource for people when they are on the road with the Dead. For information about getting a copy or being part of the directory, write to the address above and send an SASE. Tell 'em *The Golden Road* sent you!

for another time's forgotten space

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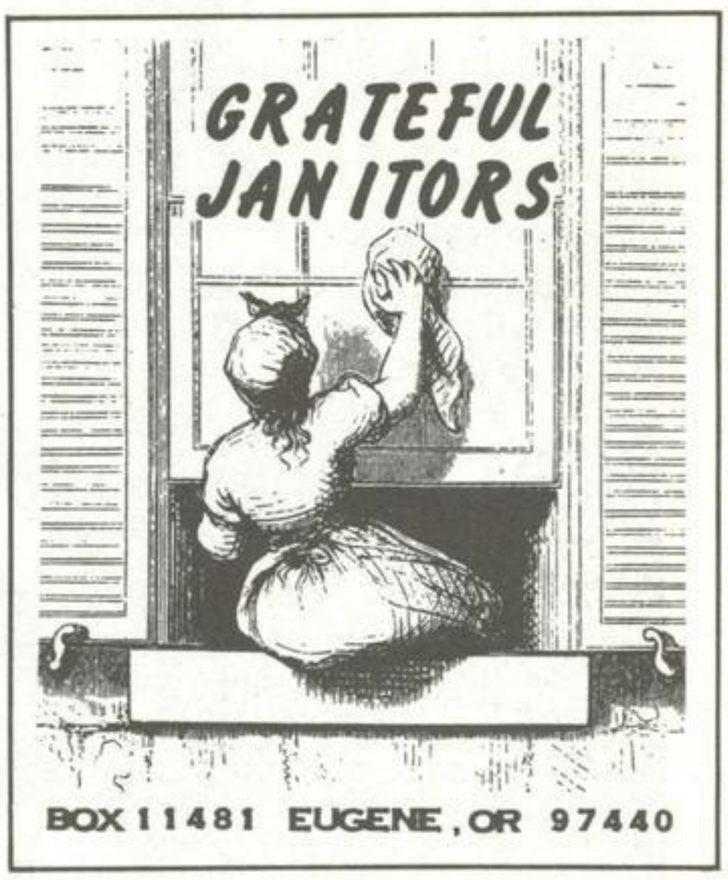

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