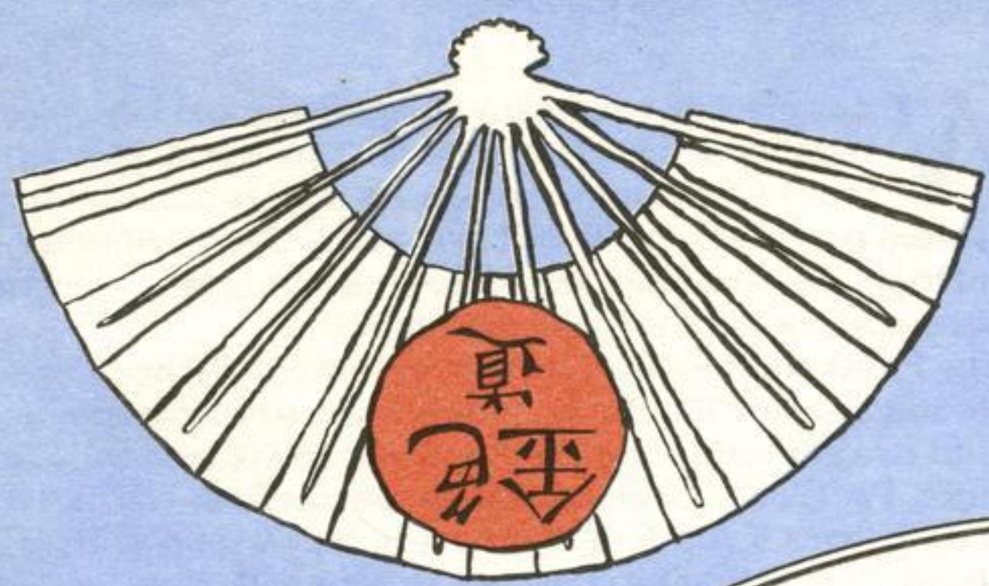
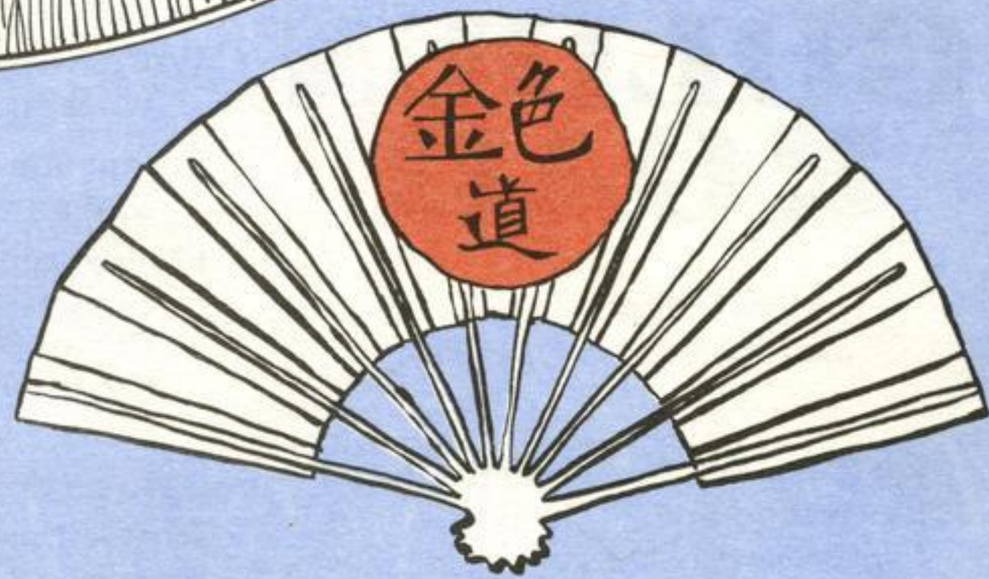


THE GOLDEN ROAD



ISSUE TWO/SPRING 1984

Goin' Down the Road

The response to our first issue has been overwhelming. We thank you all for your support, your letters and your enthusiasm for *The Golden Road*. If we've learned one thing from this experience so far, it's that Deadheads inhabit many corners of this world, certainly not just California, Colorado, New York, New Jersey and New England, as is commonly believed. In fact, there's not a state in the Union that doesn't have at least one *Golden Road* subscriber — including Alaska and Hawaii, and the American protectorate of Saipan. It was a surprise to us to get a raft of subscribers from Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana, Virginia and Arkansas. And our heart goes out to those in out of the way places like North Dakota who are so isolated from other Deadheads, not to mention Dead concerts. The Deadhead family extends to Europe, as well. Copies of *The Golden Road* are winging their way to Norway, Sweden, Holland, West Germany, Austria, Scotland and England. And many friends to the north, in Canada, are on the subscription rolls.

Deadheads come in all shapes, sizes, colors and professions, we've found. If our subscribers are any indication, maybe Ted Kennedy should turn to Deadheads to help him iron out his long-in-the-works plan for comprehensive national health care — the number of Deadhead doctors and dentists is astounding. And if they ever screw up, the legions of Deadhead lawyers can get 'em out of trouble! Perhaps the most unexpected Deadhead line of work is soldiering. But it's true, we've gotten subscriptions from American military personnel from around the world — even in war-torn Lebanon. (Note: If there are any Heads who are or were in the service who'd like to write and tell us how you are/were able to reconcile the two worlds, we'd love to hear from you.)

Some of you have amazing addresses, too. We've mailed issues to Terrapin Court, Magnolia Avenue and Sunshine Terrace.

No small wonder, Deadheads are a generous lot. We've been pleased by the number of gift subscriptions there've been from people who got their first issue and wanted to turn a friend or loved one on to a year's worth. And there must be a lot of cool parents out there, since we've had scads of checks come in from moms purchasing subs for kids away from home. Some whole families are on The Bus! You know what they say: "The family that tapes together stays together."

We appreciate your many suggestions, and have filed a number of them (sorry we can't answer all your letters!). One common request is that we publish song lists from past years. We're still trying to decide whether we want to get into that time- and space-consuming task. There are other sources to turn to in the meantime.

The Printknot Printers, for example, have published complete songlists for '83 and '82, which you can order by sending $1 and two 20¢ stamps to: The Printknot, 3600 Green St., Harrisburg, PA 17110. For an individual songlist from 1980 or 1981, just drop 'em a S.A.S.E. If they have it, they'll send it. Their motto is, "Let the list be yours, we're done with ours."

Another strong desire voiced by our readers is that we publish lyrics to the new songs. We'd love to, but it so happens many of them are "works in progress"; Bobby debuted a new verse in "Throwin' Stones" at the Marin shows, and a verse from "West L.A. Fadeaway" Garcia did a year ago is noticeably absent from current versions. The Grateful Dead has told us they'd prefer if we'd hold off until the album they're working on is done, and we intend to respect their wishes.

Once again we'd like to thank everyone who has helped us get this far on *The Golden Road*. In addition to thanking the many friends we've never met who have forwarded words of encouragement, stickers, artwork, photos and psycho-optically decorated letters and envelopes (which surely baffle and amuse the graveyard shift at the Post Office), we'd like to express our particular gratitude to those individuals who've helped spread the word: For leafleting, Sandy Rosen, Lou Tambakos, Sam Lewit, Dave and John Leopold, Mark and Beth Terry. For his computer, which brings our circulation department out of the Dark Ages, Bennett Falk. For her endless hours of computerizing the subscriptions, Mary Eisenhart. For their invaluable help in various capacities (now aren't you curious?), Barbara Lewit and John Larmer.

Our special contributors this issue are: David Gans, a longtime chronicler of the Dead, whose exclusive interview with Phil Lesh is a rare treat; and photographer Gene Anthony, a veteran of the Haight-Ashbury scene whose photos appear in our "Flashback" feature on the Acid Tests. Gene published the excellent (out of print) book *The Summer of Love* in 1980 (Celestial Arts), filled with his photos and remembrances. Record collector *extraordinaire* Glenn Howard provided the rare Acid Test poster we've reprinted.

Keep those cards and letters coming. See you on the Road.

— *RM & BJ*

THE GOLDEN ROAD

The Official Dead Magazine of the 1984 Summer Olympics

Cover: "The Triumph of the Rose" Illustration by Tim Gleason
Concept by Blair Jackson

Publishers: Blair Jackson and Regan McMahon

Written by: Blair Jackson, except where noted

Production by: Blair, Regan, Richard McCaffrey, Pat Jones

Photographers in this issue: Gene Anthony, Dave Patrick, Clayton Call, Mark Currie & Gretchen Rymes, Bob Marks, David Gans

Help on the Way: Mary Eisenhart

Typesetting: image factory, Oakland

Printing: Anto Offset, Berkeley

The Golden Road is published quarterly (January, April, July, October) by Blair Jackson and Regan McMahon, 484 Lake Park Ave. #82, Oakland, CA 94610. The publishers are entirely responsible for its contents. This is Issue Number Two, Spring, 1984.

The Golden Road is in no way affiliated with or endorsed by the Grateful Dead or their organization.

The contents of this magazine are copyrighted by *The Golden Road*. Any sort of reproduction of articles, photos and artwork without permission is prohibited. The photographers whose work appears in these pages own their own photographs, so please don't sell reproductions of their work.

FEEDBACK

Why Do You Think They Call It Dope?

Thanks for *The Golden Road*. It was the best thing in our mailbox in ages (although it's no substitute for tapes). Sorry to say we found some mistakes in the set lists, but "all good things in all good time." Here are the corrections:

Compton Terrace, 3/25/83 — You transposed "Big Railroad Blues" and "Dire Wolf." Brendan Byrne Arena, 4/16 — Steve Stills also played on "Black Peter" and "Saturday Night." New Haven, 4/22 you left out a "Fennario" after "Supplication." Greek 5/13 — You have "My Brother Esau" after "West L.A. Fadeaway," when it should be the *first* "Hell in a Bucket." Greek 5/15 — There should be a "He's Gone" after "Samson." Madison, 6/24 — You have "Cassidy" instead of the "Candyman" that they played. Poplar Creek, 6/27 — You forgot a "Truckin'" after "Estimated." Ventura, 7/31 — They played "C.C. Rider," not "Little Red Rooster." Hult, 8/30 — You transposed "Esau" and "Red Rooster." Lake Placid, 10/17 — There was an incredible "Terrapin" after "Man Smart." S.F. Civic, 12/27 — You forgot the "Might As Well" that closed the first set. S.F. Civic, 12/31 — You transposed "Candyman" and "Tennessee Jed."

John and Dave Leopold
Pittsburgh, PA

(Sorry for the screw-ups, everybody. It won't happen again. We throw ourselves on the mercy of the court!)

Mag of the Living Dead

I opened my post office box today and found a still-lifeless form nestled in the cubicle behind door #202. Once home, I cautiously set it on the dining room table, knowing all too well of the beast that lay within.

I studied it for a moment. Maybe just to savor those last few moments of anticipation. Then like a man possessed I ripped open the envelope and let loose a literary lion! It grabbed me with a hold stronger than I had experienced in quite some time, refusing to let go its grip till I had absorbed every word and picture from cover to cover.

Congratulations on publishing the finest piece of literature of its kind since *Dead Relix*. A truly inspiring array of Deadicated info and pictures.

Phil Davidson
Natick, MA

Tofu or Not Tofu?

I sat in lunch one afternoon drooling from the looks of a tofu sandwich I was about to bite into when all of a sudden a friend nearly ran me down with excitement. After ten minutes of non-stop babbling, she finally calmed down and I understood what her clamoring was all about: she had received the first issue of *The Golden Road*. After I skimmed through it with about five people looking over my shoulder, we decided to go celebrate this contribution to the Dead world. I was so enthralled with the first issue, I am subscribing.

Maria Campola
Boston, MA

A Hard Run

I just read the first issue of *The Golden Road* and my head is reeling from all the points you brought up. Of course, the more questions that you answer, the more come to mind, but I thought you did a terrific job of addressing the Grateful Dead experience.

Your thoughts about the Western tour hit home to many people in your audience. I found that the trip from the Deadhead point of view was indeed exhilirating and liberating, no matter what point you joined the tour. I was speeding my way to Park West, Utah for the 9-4-83 show when I ran into foul weather, flat tires and a generally rocky road. When I finally parked my car (illegally) and ran up the long Park West hill to the concert site, I was pretty exhausted from dashing to make the show. I settled into my seat at the base of the mountain where the Dead were to play. Shortly thereafter, they punctured the peaceful moment by playing "Bertha," which amazingly seemed just this once to echo the memories of the past 24 hours. "I had a hard run, running from your window/I was all night running"; then "Ran into a rainstorm/ Ducked back into a bar door/It was all night pouring, but not a drop on me/I had to move, really had to move."

It's that quality that the Grateful Dead have to make each song sound timely every time they play it. They did it again at Santa Fe, which for many people could have felt like a letdown after the Red Rocks shows. But as though they were taking that into account, the Dead played "The Music Never Stopped" as the first song, as though to underline the idea that no, we're beginning it all over again. And they did.

Bruce Immerman
Venice, CA

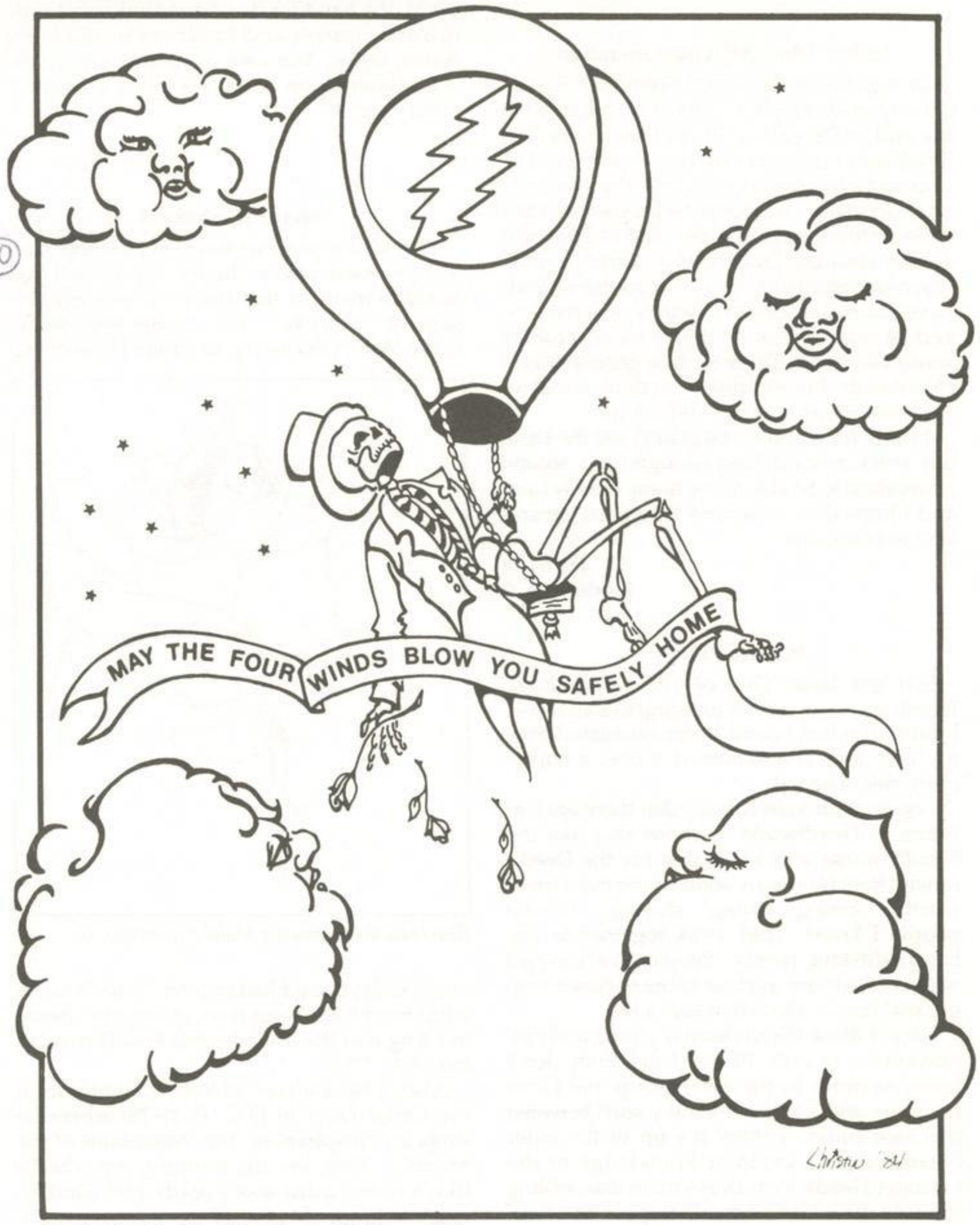


Illustration by Christin Adams, Waltham, MA

Go To Heaven

Here is another Gratefully Deadicated one writing to thank you for filling a need with your magazine. I am an almost-middle-aged Deadhead now, with children, a house and unending work, so I can't keep track of the Dead or see them very often anymore, I regret to have to say. Your magazine helps me keep an eye on these prophets of our time. To me,

the Dead are trying to call down Heaven on this earth, and they get as close to it as anyone possibly could.

Mary Aldrich
San Bruno, CA

Talkin' 'Bout My G-g-generation

In regards to the letter from Matt Roman ("Generation Gap?"): I first saw the Dead at the end of December '82, so I am a very new Deadhead (and a young one — I'm 18). I've changed a lot over the course of the year and I now do "carry the ideals expressed by their music into my personal life," and so do almost all the younger Deadheads I know. I think that Matt might just see a lot of younger Heads have short hair or new clothes or whatever, and because of that he thinks we don't think about the Dead. There *are* two generations of Deadheads, but the important thing is that we are Deadheads, not how old we are.

I think Matt should be glad to see the Dead has stuck around long enough for a second generation to be able to see them. I know I am, and I hope they're around for a third generation to enjoy, too.

Jeff Barth
Modesto, CA

We Are Family

Just got Issue One of *The Golden Road*. Thank you so much for bringing this all to me. I found it when I came home exhausted from my Day Job, and skimmed it over a cup of camomile. I love it.

I agree with Matt Roman that there are two types of Deadheads — those that like the Dead's music and those that *live* the Dead's music. Real Heads are some of the most trustworthy, loving, caring, sharing, cheerful people I know. They work together as one big, tight-knit family. People I've traveled with on tours are as close to me or closer than my real family. Now that says a lot.

I don't think the division is young and old, however. I'm only 19 and I definitely don't know as much as the older group, but I love the jams and a lot of the folky stuff between the rock tunes. I think it's up to the older Heads to pass on their knowledge to the younger Heads. I'm always more than willing to listen. The Head family can pass on "heirlooms" like any family does.

Beth Kadin
Staten Island, NY

Watch Out, Tom Selleck!

There are lots of things I'd like to see in *The Golden Road*, but none so much as a centerfold of Jerry in nothing but a black T-shirt. (Ha ha!)

Margaret Mitchell
Pittsburgh, PA

Thanks for the Memories

I am a native of Lost Angeles and have escaped the rot there to live a simple, slower, loving life here in what most would consider another planet. True, Arkansas has its oddities, but then again, so does every place. It's just what we make of our lives, wherever we may be.

I'm a Deadhead of seven and a half years, as it took me a while to catch on after my first show, San Bernardino, CA, 2-26-77. Though I've seen but a scant 53 shows, mainly due to lack of funds, the tapes I've collected of all years have turned me into an irrefutable Deadhead.

Tapes are incredibly appreciated, loved and sought after by those Heads that see a nominal amount of shows. I'd like to personally thank the band for its understanding attitude towards tapers and kindness in releasing board tapes. We love y'all so very much. We're waiting for you to set foot in Arkansas, and I mean it!

Jeff
Van Buren, AR

Shake It, Shake It

I noticed in your writings on Elizabeth Cotten [in Issue One's "Roots" piece] that you failed to mention that she wrote an early version of "Sugaree." The chorus goes something like, "Oh Lawdy me, don't I shake Sugaree?/Everything I had is gone." I don't know what record she sings it on, if any, but I heard her sing it at the Philadelphia Folk Festival in the early '70s.

Illustration by Jennifer Malake, Chicago, IL

Also, I have a tape of Robert Hunter from the Cellar Door in D.C. (5-15-78) where he sings an "inspiration" for "Mountains of the Moon": "Eyes like the morning sun, cheeks like a rose/Laura was a ready girl, God almighty knows/Weep all ye little rains (?), wail, winds, wail/All along the, all along the Colorado Trail."

Finally, the Casey Jones wreck was in 1900, not 1908.

Larry Pryluck
Falls Church, VA

(BJ replies: Thanks for reminding me about "Shake Sugaree." When I interviewed Cotten for the article we discussed it some. She told me she wrote it with her grandchildren, each of them making up verses as they'd sit around before bed at night. Her version appears on an album called Shake Sugaree. *She was vague on what meaning the word has, but her manager suggested it probably derives from "shivery," sometimes used to describe an ecstatic or intense emotion, such usage growing out of a noisy mock seranade to newlyweds called a charivari, also spelled chivaree. Also, you're right about the date on the Casey Jones wreck.)*

Trip Trap

I would like to get off my chest the thing that most bothers me about the Deadhead scene and Blair's for-the-most-part excellent book, *The Music Never Stopped*. I get upset when I see these kids on tour who feel they *must* drop acid, or whatever, every night in order to enjoy the show. This bias about drug use is perpetuated by the first chapter of the book.

Like most Deadheads, I went through a period like that when I first started seeing a lot of shows ('78–'79), but it took its toll on me quickly, and since then I've seen the shows "straight" because I've found I get highest on the music when I'm most alert. I think there is a higher percentage of Deadheads who rarely trip at shows than is commonly perceived. I'm laying this gripe on you because I think this point of view is under-represented.

Also, I would mention the poor example set by Jerry and others in their own lives. It's a shame, and the only really negative aspect of being a Deadhead.

Sam Kozarsky
Annandale, VA

Over There

The news in *Rolling Stone* about a new quarterly about my all-time favorite group almost made me go A.W.O.L. But since I am here to protect our country so that Deadheads can be free, I figure I better just tune into a subscription.

Private Gary Vasquez
US Army Infantry, Germany

Theology 101

Please pass this little story along to Jack Romanski, who detailed in the last issue how he was "saved" from a massive car wreck:

Once upon a time a man was driving down a mountain road, and suddenly lost control of his car. The automobile plunged down the side of a cliff, rolled over eight or nine times and burst into flames, but not before the driver was thrown clear. He landed on a rock overhanging a gorge and didn't have a scratch on him. "Thank you, God, for saving me!" he cried. "You must be watching over me." But the heavens parted and God's voice boomed out — "You stupid fool, who do you think made you lose control of the car in the first place?!"

Mark Leviton
Claremont, CA

Theology 102, or
Mom Always Liked You Best

Harrumph. OK, OK, it's the Kali Yuga and, to boot, 1984, when war is peace, freedom slavery and the Dead living. Nevertheless, Yamantaka (whence the title of Mickey Hart's album) is *not* the Tibetan god of the dead and the underworld. Quite the contrary, in fact. *Yama* (an Indian name) is the Hindu and Buddhist god of the dead and the underworld. "Yamantaka" is Sanskrit for "he who puts an end to Yama." Thus, Yamantaka is a symbol of the transcendence of death, and is seen by Tibetans as a wrathful manifestation of the Buddha's enlightened wisdom (he's quite fearsome to behold). Wisdom, of course, is necessary for liberation from samsara, and liberation from samsara is transcendence of uncontrolled birth and death, hence of Yama's realm (where*in*, of course, death don't have no mercy). So Yamantaka's a good guy after all, you see.

Roger Jackson
Assistant Professor of Religion
Carleton College, MN

(BJ replies: The writer is my wise-guy brother who always has to have the last word. He also

turned me on to the Dead back in '69.)

He's Right

If you play the *Dead Set* version of "Friend of the Devil" at 45 rpm, Jerry Garcia sounds like Dolly Parton. Thought you would like to know.

Brad Stanback
Berkeley, CA

Sure Beats "Have a Nice Day"

The lady that sits near me at my place of employment has a first name with at least a jillion letters, only one of which is a vowel, so she goes by the name "Du." And without fail, the first time I see her each day, I come out with, "Mornin', Du!" Puts me in a good mood for the whole day.

Thanks a lot for the magazine, and Long Live Dead People!

Dave Kent
Rochester, NY

Mama Tried

I am an old-time Deadhead. I once saw The Warlocks and didn't think much of them. Then the ballroom scene started and the Dead became my ideal. I didn't go to shows for a long time because I was pissed off at the whole Bill Graham scene, but my wife and I started going again in '79 after Brent came along, and we've hit shows all over the West since then. Very few things in life are as fulfilling as the Grateful Dead.

I have a friend in Seattle who is also my wife's mother, and 64 years old. We took her to the last two Seattle shows and she fell in love with it all. She is very hip to classical music, and the fact that she digs the Dead so much says a lot.

Gary Stensen
Berkeley, CA

(While we really appreciate Gary's support — he subscribed and also bought his mother-in-law a subscription — we'd like to comment on one aspect of his letter: We think it's time Deadheads dropped their hostility towards Bill Graham. He's the best, most consumer-oriented promoter in the business, and he has consistently gone out of his way over the years to make sure we have a good time at his shows — especially Dead shows. Have you forgotten the extras — like Christmas lights, making a cold, impersonal auditorium homey *and free breakfast snacks at the New Years shows? Ticket giveaways for pre-show volleyball games?*

It's not fair to begrudge Bill his wealth, which he earned by doing his job well, not by gouging us and cutting corners at our expense. He has also done more benefits over the years than most businessmen, let alone slimy promoters. Plus he's a true Deadhead who freely proclaims the Dead are his favorite band. How many millionaires do you know who have a giant Dead skull in their front yard?)

Somewhere Over the Rainbow

Our great leader Reagan has put his puppets on station in the eastern Mediterranean. Sorry to say I happen to be one. I am serving a three-year sentence in the defense of our country, seven months of which have been off the coast of Lebanon. I would like to express my appreciation to the Dead, for they have seen me through many long, lonely hours away from home and loved ones. Like Dorothy said in *The Wizard of Oz*, "There's no place like home," and you better believe that, baby.

B.C.B.
USS J.F.K. CV67

Better Late Than Never

It was a delight to read your well-written, informative first issue, and to have a supplement to tapes to keep us going between shows. I'm an old, straight biology teacher; my students and sons turned me on to the Dead in 1979.

Phyllis H. Hatch
Fairfax, CA

Instant Karma

On the morning of the third New Year's show ('83–'84), I noticed I'd lost my ticket. I was pretty bummed, but I wasn't going to let it ruin my day. I spent all that morning trying to find a ticket, but none were around. Then an hour before the show, this guy who wasn't a Deadhead walked up to me and asked me if I had a ticket. I said no, and then he said he was pretty upset with himself because he just sold a ticket for $40. He handed me a ticket and $5 and said, "Enjoy the show."

Marc Levy
Livingston County Jail
Geneseo, NY

(Marc had the misfortune to get busted after he got home from the New Year's shows, and we're sure he could use a friendly word, if you'd like to write him.)

Seva Foundation

Seva is a Sanskrit word that means service to mankind. To us, it means using the intellect in service to the heart, using technology with compassion. The Seva Foundation's guiding principle is to reduce human suffering in the world by the best possible use of sound medical and public health skills. Seva initiated and now supports the Nepal Blindness Program, an ambitious project to reduce the incidence of preventable and curable blindness in Nepal by 90% and to leave that country self-sufficient in eye care. In addition, we are providing support to the Aravind Eye Hospital in India, which provides free cataract surgery to thousands of people each year. In the United States we are helping to provide health education and emergency treatment skills to Native Americans in South Dakota through WARN (Women of All Red Nations). We have also given aid to Guatemalan refugees by supplying food and medical care, and fostering crafts co-operatives in the refugee camps in southern Mexico. And we are currently doing research to identify a project in reforestation which we can assist. Seva is non-profit public health organization trying to lift a little of the weight pressing upon those in need. Thank you for your support!

Dharma
A Seva/Grateful Dead collaboration to benefit Seva.
adult short sleeve $9
s, m, l, xl
ivory with six-color printing

Dharma

Seva Eyes

Seva Eyes (3 kinds)
adult short sleeve $9
s, m, l, xl
black, red, gold, light blue

adult long sleeve $12
s, m, l, xl
navy, red, black, white

kids $7
xs (2-4), s (6-8), m (10-12), l (14-16)
navy and red

Grateful Dead Logo
Available on back of adult Seva Eyes shirts. Please specify.

SEVA
1301 Henry Street
Berkeley, CA 94709

Quantity	Color	Type	Size	Long or short sleeve (adult Seva Eyes only)	w/Grateful Dead Logo (adult Seva Eyes only)	Price

Sales Tax (CA residents only) $7 shirt-50¢; $9 shirt-60¢; $12 shirt-80¢ = _____

Postage-$1.25 per shirt = _____

total = _____

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

DEADLINE The Latest News & Rumor Control

As we were going to press in mid-April, the following Grateful Dead tour dates were fairly firm. Please don't just take our word for it, though. Call the Grateful Dead Hotline numbers — (415) 457-6388 in the West, and (201) 777-8653 in the East.

May 6,7,8 — Eugene, OR; Hult Center
June 9 and 10 — Sacramento, CA; Cal Expo Amphitheatre
June 12,13,14 — Morrison, CO; Red Rocks
June 21 — Toronto; Kingswood Theatre (SEVA benefit w/The Band)
June 23 — Harrisburg, PA — City Island
June 24 — Saratoga, NY — Performing Arts Center
June 23,27 — Columbia, MD — Merriweather Post Pavillion
June 29 — Mansfield, OH; Songbird Center
June 30—Indianapolis, Sports Center
July 1—Detroit, Pine Knob Theater
July 3—Kansas City, MO; Starlight Theatre
July 4—Cedar Rapids, IA; Five Seasons Center
July 6—Peoria, IL; Civic Center
July 7,8 — Alpine Meadows, Wisconsin
July 13,14,15 — Berkeley, CA; Greek Theatre
July 21,22 — Ventura, CA; County Fairgrounds

Once again, the Dead will be offering special summer tour ticket packages, guaranteeing good seats to those who buy the multiple-show deal. (About 625 Deadheads bought the spring East Coast package at about $170 for all the shows on the tour, and most Heads we've heard from were quite happy with the seats they got.) This time around, there will be two different tour legs offered. The first one covers the shows in Toronto, Harrisburg, Saratoga, and the two at Merriweather; and the second includes the dates from Mansfield through Alpine Meadows. No word yet on whether the Greek and Ventura shows might be combined.

Apparently there was considerable confusion about how to buy the East Coast package, what with all the unusual requirements that, unfortunately, were not too clearly spelled out on the hotline tape. Just for review, here's what you do: Take the number of letters in your last name, divide by the year the Magna Carta was signed, write that number in digits at least seven inches tall, Xerox it in triplicate, have it autographed by at least two members of the 1969 New York Mets World Series Championship team and send it off to San Rafael with six Wheaties box-tops and a picture of your father wearing a regulation black Garcia T-shirt — and the Dead will rush your tickets to you! It's that simple!

But seriously, folks, it's easy to send away and you *will* get good tix, so call the Hotline numbers and pay attention. And if you have ticket problems, call the problem line at (415) 457-8034 and a human being might even answer!

Under the current schedule, there will likely be *no* Dead shows at all the month of August (though chances are either the Garcia Band or the Midnites or both will hit the road), so why not use that time to relax, get reacquainted with family and friends you've abandoned while you were out on the road, and then "get back truckin' on" in September when the band starts another tour. None of those dates are firm yet, but look for *possible* September shows in Utah, Colorado, Texas, Louisiana, Georgia, Alabama and just perhaps in the S.F. Bay Area. October will likely bring more East Coast dates, and November may find the band hitting Southern California again. We've heard no whispers this year about either the Northwest (except for Eugene) or Santa Fe, which will disappoint many people. But again, check the Hotline from time to time for positive information. Our lead time doesn't allow us to be right on top of the dates.

Extra! Extra! New Dead Album May Be Out By Decade's End! It's true, the Dead spent all of February and the first week of March recording in Berkeley's Fantasy Studios working on their long-delayed, much-anticipated new album. And while the group did make some progress, don't look for it to be out any time soon. Some basic tracks were recorded for (in order) "West L.A. Fadeaway," "Throwing Stones," "My Brother Esau" and "Day Job," with minimal work being done on "Hell in a Bucket," and nothing laid down on "A Touch of Gray," as far as we know. There's still a long way to go, but the band will likely devote some more time to it in late spring during their few weeks off.

Phil and Bobby cutting tracks at Fantasy Studios. Photo by David Gans

Last issue we mentioned that Mickey Hart and three colleagues (Airto, synthesist Tim Gorman and bassist Bobby Vega) had cut a pair of electrifying dance tracks as Kodo (Japanese for "heartbeat"). Well, the group is now calling itself Code-O, since they recently inked a deal with an Islands Records subsidiary, 4th & Broadway Records, and "Kodo" is the name of a Japanese Taiko drumming troupe Hart is friendly with. We didn't have an official release date before presstime.

The perennially busy percussionist has also been involved with an interesting film project recently, scoring a Canadian drama called *Walls*, which powerfully deals with the inhumanity of prisons and the injustice of solitary confinement.

Mickey also found time in early March to jam a little with his old friend Stephen Stills who brought his band through San Francisco to play at Wolfgang's, Bill Graham's nightclub. Hart played timbales on an encore medley consisting of "Old Man Trouble," "Hoochie Coochie Man" and Joe Walsh's "Rocky Mountain Way." After the show, Hart, Stills and Bill Graham were overheard backstage clowning and exchanging favorite Owsley stories.

Surviving the Dead-less winter months was a little easier for Bay Area Deadheads, thanks to a slew of performances at local clubs by the Jerry Garcia Band (who have really been hammering the *Cats Under the Stars* material, along with the usual staples) and the surprise arrival on the scene of an aggregation calling itself Billy Kreutzmann's All-Stars. Billy's band drew enthusiastic crowds for a handful of performances during February and early March. The band consists of Kreutzmann on drums, former New Riders axe slinger David Nelson on lead guitar, Larry Murphy, Sr. on fiddle and guitar (his licks occasionally have a real pedal steel quality to them) and Larry's son, Larry, Jr. on bass.

Much of the material is country-flavored with rock and blues overtones. Nelson handles the bulk of the lead vocals, with Larry, Sr. also taking the mike from time to time. This partial song list

Continued on Page 11

Tripping the LIGHTS FANTASTIC with M·O·R·P·H·E·U·S

As the music builds slowly — the guitars intertwining smoothly in an electric mating dance, the bass sturdy and insistent, keyboards splashing rhythmic blocks into the fray, the drummers building the rumble to a crash — the band is metamorphosing visually onstage, changing from blinding magenta forms surrounded by halos of bright blue to brilliant green forms backed by a wash of bright orange light. The spotlights that had been encasing the sides of the stage in a bath of crimson begin to move, in perfect time with the music, until, as the music reaches a crescendo, they zero in on the singer and the entire scene shifts colors and textures once again.

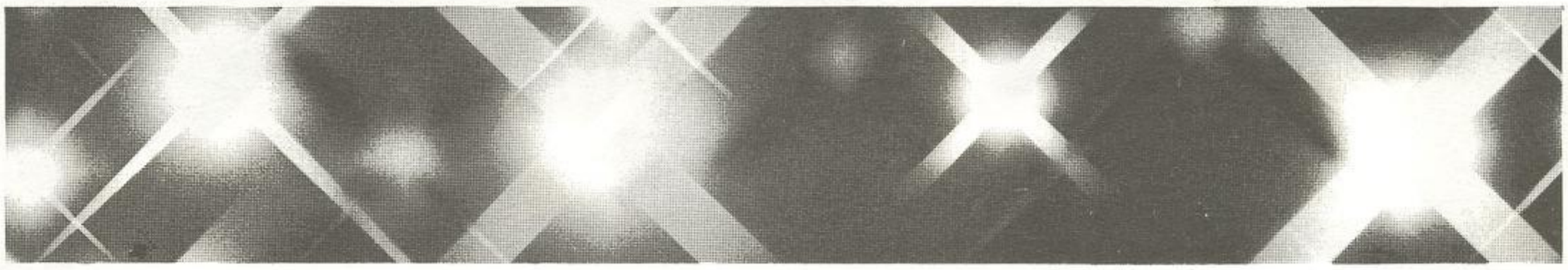
It doesn't take much to appreciate that the Grateful Dead's lighting is an integral part of the concert experience. It is often one of the first things novice Deadheads notice that is markedly different from other bands: the choices of color combinations, the intensity of the lighting — how it moves from soft tones to brightness that virtually obliterates the forms it illuminates, the angles the lights hit the band, the ingenious use of lighting to draw the crowd into the totality of the concert.

Like the Dead's music, the group's lighting has evolved tremendously over the years, becoming more refined as new technology has opened up new possibilities. Also like the Dead's music, it is different every night. The standard approach to lighting taken by most bands is to devise a design at the beginning of a tour and then adhere to that design for every show. In other words, the lighting you see during "Breakdown" in a Tom Petty show in Pittsburgh will be identical to what you'd see in Cleveland and New York. But the unpredictability of the Dead's music from night to night makes that approach impossible, and the exploratory ethos that permeates every aspect of the Grateful Dead organization also makes that approach undesirable.

And so we're witness to experiments in lighting that fully match the creativity of the music being played. Visually, the Grateful Dead is a relatively static band, but the combination of the movement in the music and the changes in the lights combine to give the show an excitement you'd never find in a hundred bands that run around stage like beheaded chickens. The summer outdoor day shows have their merits and their own special qualities, but our feeling is that a significant dimension of the experience is lost when the lights aren't there. The lights create kinetic visual sculptures that shape the mood of the show — sometimes subtly, sometimes obviously.

The Grateful Dead's lighting designer

By Regan & Blair



is a publicity-shy woman named Candace Brightman, who has been working on and off with the band since the early '70s. She got her first major lighting experience working the East Coast for promoter Howard Stein, and Candace thinks the first Dead shows she worked were probably at Stein's intimate Capitol Theatre in Portchester, NY. Her first prolonged experience with the Dead came on the group's 1972 European tour. That fall she began doing their lights fairly steadily, though she continued working with others as well for a few years.

As exceptional as her different lighting designs have been through the years — she likes to change the configuration of the lighting truss often to keep things interesting — a real turning point in the Dead's lighting came about two years ago when Candace brought in Morpheus Lights of San Jose to work the Dead's tours. Started by John Richardson, a former lighting person for Tower of Power and Pablo Cruise, Morpheus has grown into one of the most successful lighting companies in the country, regularly working tours for everyone from Huey Lewis to Santana to the Dead, in addition to *Solid Gold* and the Grammy telecast.

One thing that separates Morpheus from other lighting groups is their Panaspot moving lights. These are the lights which, since their introduction at the Dead's Greek Theatre shows in 1982, have added a palpable motion and excitement to Candace's already visionary designs. Out of nearly 200 lights, the Dead use just 13 Panaspots, yet their importance is enormous.

The operation of the lights has become so complicated that Morpheus sends its own employee, Dan English, on tour with the band to operate the Panaspots. Sitting at a Kliegl Performer II computer right beside Candace, Dan controls the motion of the Panaspots. In addition to the Kliegl, he also uses a huge console that has 12 channels for each light — seven for color frames within each of the super-sophisticated lights, one for the pattern of the light, one that opens and closes the shutter, and the others for movement.

Recently we went down to Morpheus' headquarters (in the shadow of San Jose's Spartan Stadium, site of Brent Mydland's first show five years ago) and talked with Dan about his work with the Dead. As we arrived, he was chatting on the phone with Candace about the Dead's spring tour, for which Candace has yet another new truss design. Though he grew up in the Bay Area, the 28-year-old English had never seen the Dead before he started working with them. Now, he readily confesses, "they're my favorite group to work with, by far." Another convert to the cause.

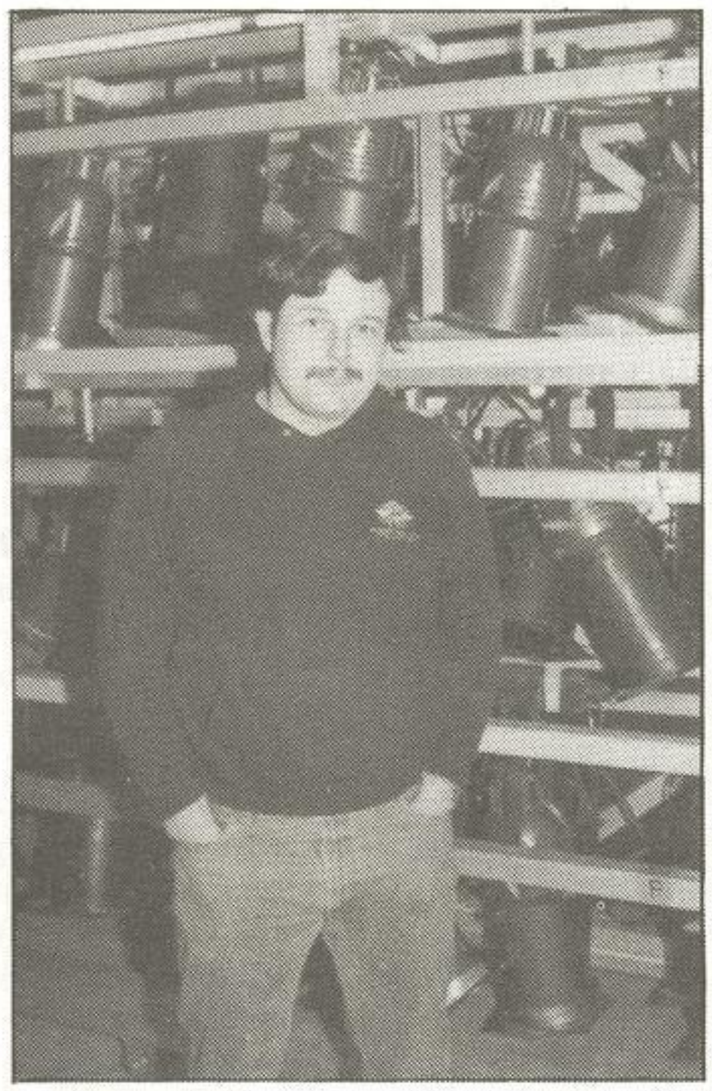
* * * *

What sort of input does Morpheus have in putting together the Dead's lighting scheme? Candace designs the plot, right?

Yes, she'll send us a plot that has the design specs — where each light is and so on, and then we put it together to make that happen.

What happens from the moment you get to a gig until the start of the show?

Basically, the master electrician is in charge of getting the lights up and working. We usually use union people in each city to actually set it up, but our system is actually very easy, so we don't have much trouble. We have the kind of equipment that sets up and tears down easily, usually in less than two hours. It's



Dan English. Photo by Blair Jackson

set up for traveling night after night. After it's up, Candace comes in and has the lights focused the way she wants them.

Does that vary from show to show much?

It can. It does with the Dead more than some others because they play so many different kinds of halls you can't always hang the truss the same way. Plus, every tour Candace comes up with a different basic design. For most of '83 we had a similar plan, but now we're trying a new one again.

Is there an ideal hall from your perspective?

Not really, but I liked working the Meadowlands [in NJ] a lot. The big halls are nice for a lot of things the Panaspots can do — I like to be able to shoot the lights over the top of the truss into the crowd, and you can only do that in a big place.

How much collaboration is there between you and Candace? For instance, would she ask you to implement an idea, and you then have to figure out if it's technically possible?

Well, Candace has worked with so many lighting companies over the years that she really knows what the hardware can do. There have been a few things with the Panaspots where's she's wanted to try something and we've really had to work on it.

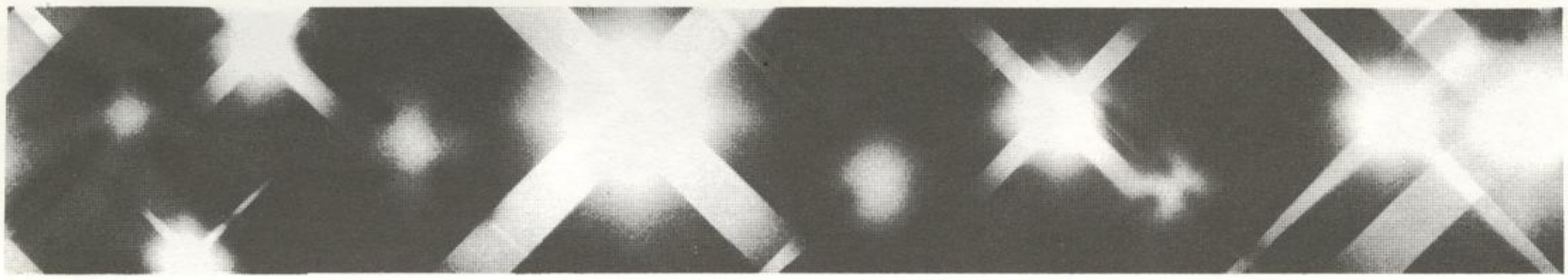
You see, a lot of the Dead's lighting involves lights coming in at very strange angles and different color combinations than you would see with any other band, so we had to really work on how to make the Panaspots do that off the computer. That was our first stumbling block. To have the Panaspots doing things symmetrically with solid colors is pretty easy. That's accepted. But to have these three lights coming in on the vocalist all from one side and these two on the drummers and then reversing it completely on the next song can be a problem. So we worked out various ways to accomplish that.

The other thing is that, of course, you never know what the Dead are going to play so you can't really *plan* what you're going to do too much. You have to stay loose.

Most bands use identical lighting from show to show, with the same combinations in the same places every night. Is that programmed into a computer or is it just a matter of reading specific cues?

It can be done either way, or in combination. A good example is when you go into Vegas and do a show at a casino. They use computers and pre-program them completely, do the same show two shows a night and just punch a few buttons to go from one song to the next. It's quite easy.

We try to keep it open with the Dead, obviously, although there are a few "stock" answers we have when some song comes up. If all of a sudden a song ends and they jump into "Not Fade Away," we have something prepared



roughly and we can punch it in quickly.

You must have to keep in mind the flow of a show so that you have the right ideas for the right mood of the songs. You wouldn't want to use all your best effects in the first five songs.

We definitely have a sense of the flow of the show and plan accordingly. But still, there are so many possibilities. You could probably very attentively watch a Dead show for the lighting, and if we used something twice or three times, you might not even notice it. We can throw the lights out over the audience, for instance, in different colors or at different speeds. The thing with the Panaspots is that they're so versatile. The beam can be wide open or a pin spot. You can put a pattern into it so it throws out sprays of light. If the Dead play 10 rockers in a row, which sounds pretty far-fetched — although some nights they come out *blazing* — we can still make it look pretty interesting.

Panaspot illumination adds to this trippy Marin '84 scene. Photo by Currie & Rymes

Another thing we realize is that a lot of the audience is the same from night to night. Two-thirds of the audience is going to be the same people on an East Coast tour. We know that so we change things from time to time.

What goes on during the actual show?

Candace and I sit next to each other. For the new tour there are two computers — one controls the stage lights and the other the Panaspots. I usually do the Panaspots, but we've switched before. It takes a lot of concentration, to say the least. Generally, she runs the stage lights and calls the follow-spot cues, which is the lighting people around the hall. That's usually for the vocalists and guitar solos. It gives you good front lighting.

What happens during a given song? You've just had the slam-bang opening, and now Jerry's going into "Friend of the Devil" . . .

Whoever figures out what song it's going to be — and that's usually Candace; she's really good at it — will announce it over the headset, and that will usually bring to mind something we've done in the past, unless she has a particular idea for that night. So I'll prepare something standard — a lot of times with "Friend of the Devil" we'll start with a red wash, and then she might suggest, "Let's bring the Panaspots in from the sides, and we'll do it. Then, I know how the song progresses — the timing of the music — so I'll set up the movement of the lights on the computer. I punch in the time before each change — in other words, four seconds, three seconds, two seconds. Candace might be telling the follow spots, "Stand by, Jerry's going to do a guitar solo," and I'll set up the Panaspots to hit Jerry. Then Candace might say, "Let's see Jerry in yellow" and I'll get the set-up in the right place, punch in the time and then when she calls the follow-spot cue, I'll hit a button and make the Panaspots go to Jerry in yellow at the same time.

What does the computer allow you to do besides time your moves?

It lets us pre-set the movement of the Panaspots completely. I record the positions I want the lights to go to, the various combinations, and then punch them through to the computer's memory. For the Panaspots we have a total of about 100 pre-sets for a Grateful Dead show, so we have a lot of variations to work with. You could program *more,* but you probably wouldn't be able to tell much of a difference between the first hundred and the second hundred.

What exactly do you mean when you talk about "100 variations"?

It means there are about 100 different configurations. So if I have all the lights on the band in one way, that's one pre-set. If I have half on the band and half on the audience, that's another. Every single move is a pre-set. We have it set up in a numbered sequence so it makes sense. For instance, when the lights look like they're all going into the corners, and all the variations on that move, that's in the computer as the 770 series — 771, 772, etc.

The Dead as a band have "on" shows and "off" shows. Does the same thing apply to the lighting?

Yeah. I'd like to think that there are very few "off" shows, but it happens. You're not always feeling creative.

Does it relate at all to how the band plays?

Not necessarily. See, we're tuned into the show on a different wavelength than most of the audience. We're immersed in our headsets and listening to timing. We don't really hear the show the same way the crowd does, although we're certainly listening to the music.

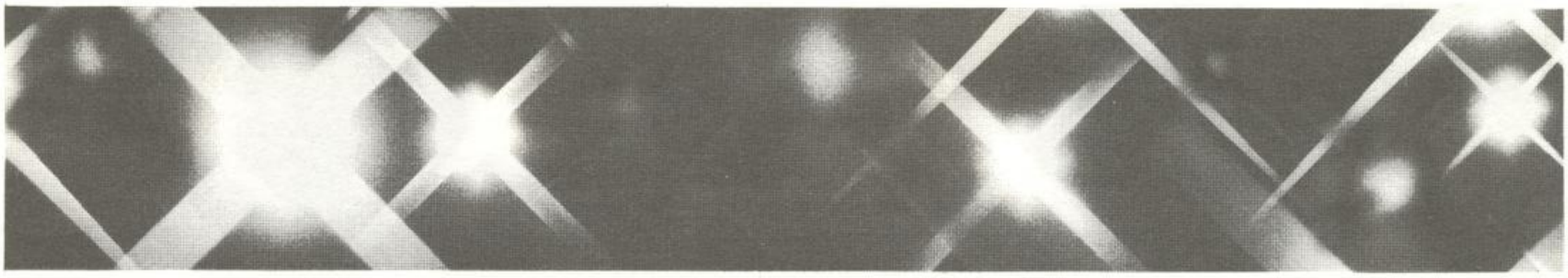
Some of those color combinations you use are pretty wild — purple and green, orange surrounded by green . . .

We try to keep it interesting. We try not to have the colors clash too much.

How many colors is each light capable of?

There are seven gel frames in each light, and you can mix them any way you want so there are many, many possibilities. I'd say we don't actually use that many variations, but we *can* get virtually any color out of any light at any time. It's really the combinations of different-colored lights in different situations that makes it look so varied, more than the actually different color choices.

Do you get any feedback from the band about the lights?



Occasionally you'll get a suggestion, but they pretty much leave it up to Candace.

They probably don't have that good a perspective on it from their vantage point anyway . . .

They can see the stuff that goes out into the crowd pretty well, and I've heard they like that. It's an interesting perspective. When, in the audience, you see beams moving from the crowd onto the band, they see it as circles of light traveling across the top of the crowd. You see beams, and they see pools of light.

How conscious are you of the fact that a good portion of the crowd is probably on some sort of mind-altering substance?

Well, if I put down a drink, I won't pick it up again if I lose sight of it. [Laughs] We like to create different moods. To be honest, we don't have that much of a sense of how the crowd is reacting to what we do.

Does the drum solo present any particular challenge?

Actually, it's one of our easier moments, whereas for the sound guys it's more difficult. You have to be on your toes, though, because it's very hard to tell where it's going. You don't know whether it's going to be sort of laid back or really wild. There's not too much we can do other than little mood things.

Then, for the music that follows the drums, Candace likes to give the band a lot of space, so we keep it simple and usually pretty dark, and let the musicians do what they want. Sometimes we'll try an effect, like "The Wall," which is that curtain of light across the stage we sometimes do.

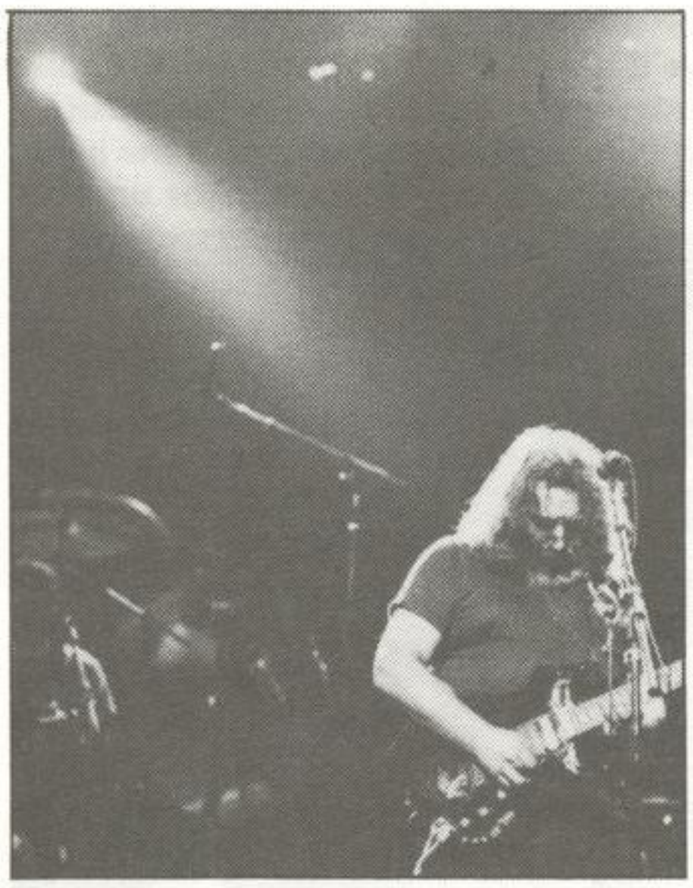
Do you have names for other effects?

Sometimes we name effects after places. Like there's an effect where all the lights cross each other in an almost interlocking way — we call that "The Greek," because we first did that at the Greek Theatre. Then there's "The Rainbow Position" which we named because the first time we tried it, we had the colors in a rainbow position, across the spectrum, over the crowd. So when Candace says, "Hit The Rainbow!" we know what that means, and it's a numbered pre-set.

Do you find that when your company does Solid Gold *or The Grammys or whatever, that you have to be more conservative than you are with the Dead?*

I don't personally work those shows, but if anything I'd think you'd be *less* conservative because you have to keep coming up with sensational ideas. On TV, particularly, you have to be *spectacular* to make the lights seen at all. The Dead's lights are more creative and a lot more subtle. The subtlety is a lot of their power, I think. I've learned a lot about subtlety from Candace. That's a quality you don't see a lot of in rock and roll.

"A lot of the Dead's lighting involves lights coming in at very strange angles and different color combinations than you would see with any other band."



A Panaspot ray blasts Jerry at one of the Marin shows, 1984. Photo Currie & Rymes

It seems as though often what you're manipulating is dark shades of colors, whereas most bands have this constant wash that's created by the follow spots — there's usually more white with other bands.

The first Grateful Dead tour I did, the color selections really boggled me. I couldn't figure out, for example, why at one point all the blue lights would be pouring in from one direction. Now, of course, it makes total sense to me. [Laughs] That's so much more interesting than the standard red, blue, green coming in symmetrically all the time. Actually, though, if you looked at Candace's plot, you'd see she uses the same color amber, the same red, as everyone else, but she's found new ways to use them. There are a few differences. We use a green color we call "Candace green" that's a combination of two colors that gives you a very interesting bright green.

It sometimes seems as though in the lighting designs there's the same kind of attitude towards experimentation that you find in the music — the notion of "What if we tried this?"

Oh yeah, we always try to keep it interesting. As stagnant as the whole operation may look to someone walking in cold — "Oh this is the same stuff they were playing 15 years ago" — I think there's always been a lot of change, and that's good. There's a lot of progress. The sound gets better, and personally I think the lighting continues to get better. I can really only talk about the production crew — the sound and lights — and I can tell you that every tour it gets a little easier as we learn more and more to work together. Our equipment meshes a little better and we're more comfortable.

When you go to a town and use union people for the follow-spots, they must think what you're doing is bizarre!

Oh yeah, they grumble. "Lady, I'm not gonna argue, but I don't wanna make that guy *green!*" [Laughs] A lot of people think the lighting's strange. The weirdest thing I ever saw, though, was a review in New Haven that said "Somebody turned on some lights at the beginning of the show and didn't change them throughout." [Laughs] Can you believe that?

Maybe someone dosed him and he was in the hallway the whole time!

Yeah, he was looking at a building across the street. "This show sure is *boring.*" [Laughs]

Do you find that there are still surprises, new challenges?

Oh sure. There are a lot of songs I've only heard a couple of times because they don't do them often, so you have to think a little more and sometimes act fast. Like when they played "St. Stephen" at the Garden last year for the first time in a few years, we were pretty disoriented. For one thing, the crowd was so loud that we couldn't hear the headsets. And of course Candace hadn't heard the song in years.

But that's part of the fun for us, too. It's *always* fun. □

DEADLINE

Continued from Page 6

drawn from two of their sets gives you an indication of the range of material the band has been playing: Don Reno's "Freight Train Boogie," Bill Monroe's "Sitting Alone in a Blue Light," "Deep Elem Blues," the *original* "Minglewood Blues," the Rolling Stones' "Dead Flowers," Chuck Berry's "You Never Can Tell," Willie Nelson's "Nightlife," Merle Haggard's "I'm Bringing Good News," "Close Up the Honky Tonks" (which the Burritos used to play), such NRPS selections as "Truck Drivin' Man," "Ashes of Love" and "Panama Red" (none of which they wrote, of course), the classic rocker "Sea Cruise," and the old bluegrass favorite "The Orange Blossom Special." Most of the reports we've gotten say the band is hot, hot, hot — a real good-time, kick-ass band — and that they've gotten better with every gig. Let's hope they can work more during the Dead's off periods.

Those collectors who feel they simply *must* have a copy of every record the Dead appear on should run to their nearest discount chain store and pick up one of the latest K-Tel packages, *Rock Southern Style*. Yes, fans, on the same record as such Dixie rockers as the Allman Brothers, Lynyrd Skynyrd, Rossington Collins, Molly Hatchett and the Atlanta Rhythm Section, sandwiched in between songs by Wet Willie and the Marshall Tucker Band, is a cut by that noted *south* Marin band, the Grateful Dead, who offer "Alabama Getaway" (licensed by Arista from *Go to Heaven*). OK, so K-Tel is stretching things a bit. The Dead *did* influence the original wave of Southern rock and rollers, and "Alabama" has more of a Southern feel than most of Lynryd Skynyrd's output. Who knows — maybe they'll even make a couple of bucks from it.

Robert Hunter certainly keeps himself busy these days. Aside from working with The Dinosaurs (with Barry Melton, John Cipollina, Spencer Dryden, and Peter Albin), he has been touring solo and has completed work on a new album to be released imminently on the Relix label. Titled *Amagamalin Street*, the disc features a 16-minute song as side one, and some shorter pieces on side two. John Cipollina is among the featured players on the record. Les Kippel (of Relix Records and *Relix* magazine), tells us the LP is just the first of a three-part work; the other two parts may come out as a double album in the fall, if all goes well. Kippel hopes the record will be in the stores by May. Relix Records can be contacted by writing to P.O. Box 92, Brooklyn, NY 11229.

Speaking of The Dinosaurs, you might be interested to know that the group now plays a very strong version of "Fire on the Mountain" as part of its regular repertoire. Mssrs. Cipollina and Melton handle the lead parts very well, indeed. "Franklin's Tower" also gets the Dino treatment fairly regularly, and at a recent show, we saw Hunter sing "New Speedway Boogie" during a little solo portion between Dinosaurs sets.

SUBSCRIBE!

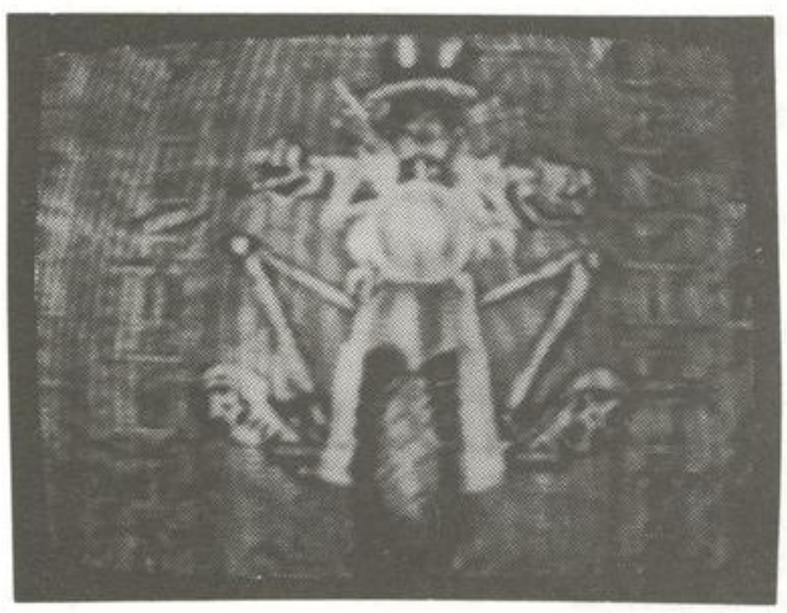
Friday and Gannon wouldn't be on such a bummer if they had *The Golden Road* to tide them over between shows. And it's so easy — for a year's subscription, just send along $10 to: *The Golden Road,* 484 Lake Park #82, Oakland, CA 94610 ($16 for Europe). And please, print your name and address clearly; we've had considerable trouble deciphering some of the penmanship — or was there an earthquake we didn't hear about? Your subscription entitles you to four issues, so please indicate if you'd like to begin with this, the spring issue, or the summer/July issue.

A note from our Circulation Department: Deadheads move around a lot, apparently, and we've gotten a few issues returned that we'd like to get to their rightful owners. If you know the whereabouts of Deb Coleman of San Francisco, Alan Pappalardo of Levittown, PA, or Dennis Alden of Johnson City, NY, let us know!

"Hate to break this to you guys, but the tapes just came in and you missed a killer 'Scarlet-Fire' in Marin"

THE DEAD ON VIDEO

Collecting's New Frontier



Mr. Bones takes a ride in The Dead Movie

The low-generation copy of Paris, 5-3-72 just arrived. You've replaced your '76 Orpheum audience tapes with soundboards routed to you from a reliable source who lives in Pakistan, of all places. That 12th generation copy of Capitol Theatre 11-8-70 doesn't sound too great, but it took you six months to track down, so just getting it is cause for celebration. Your tape connections are good these days — getting recent shows is no problem; in fact, it's barely even a challenge. Yes, you're feeling pretty good about your tape collection for the first time. Now then, how are you doing on collecting Dead *videos?*

Just when you thought it was safe to take a breather from the often fever-pitched pace of collecting audio tapes, the video boom has arrived and the videoheads are crawling out of the woodwork all over the country. Video collectors are still relatively few in number, but their ranks swell with each passing month and, as exciting, the number of Dead-related videos being swapped on the trading blocks continues to grow almost exponentially. Whereas amassing a first-rate collection of Dead audio tapes is very difficult for Dead-heads just getting into that area, the number of video collectables is still small enough that a person with decent connections could build a strong Dead video archive in a relatively short time.

What You Need

The video collector's primary tool, of course, is a VCR (videocassette recorder). These range in price from about $400 for a stripped-down model with few features (do you really want to watch a tape of "They Love Each Other" in slow motion anyway?) to more than $1,000 for a top-of-the-line VCR. The picture quality really won't vary too much from model to model, though the new generation VCRs with multiple heads decrease tape wear, just as a great audio cassette deck preserves the tapes you play more than a $79 car stereo does. On the Beta versus VHS format question, all I can say is that virtually every video collector I know of uses VHS (and if you're looking to rent regular movies for your recorder, more are available in VHS than Beta). You cannot play Beta tapes on VHS machines (and vice versa), but you can hook them up to each other to copy tapes.

Blank videotapes cost anywhere from

about $7.50 (on sale) to $15 for the highest quality metal T-120 tapes. A T-120 tape can generally record from two hours (at a VHS machine's fastest speed) to six hours (at the slowest). The new T-750 tapes record up to 8 hours, but I have yet to try one so I can't vouch for quality. It's a fact that recording at the fastest speed results in a better quality picture and audio; but others say that the difference is so minimal that it's not worth sacrificing the longer playing time. (It can mean the difference between getting two three-hour Dead shows on one tape, or two on *three* tapes. Obviously, people have their own opinions in the fast vs. slow debate.)

Just as there are preferred audio tapes used by the serious audio collector (the Maxell XL-II and IIS is standard by now in taper circles, with some also accepting the TDK SA-90 as a possible substitute) there seem to be a couple of favorites among the videoheads. I see a lot of Maxell videotapes out there, and several people I know swear by Fuji. I can't really tell the difference between them, but I do know that I've had bad luck with TDK tapes.

Problems

Finding high-quality copies of videotapes is much more difficult than finding good audio tapes. A seventh or eighth generation soundboard audio tape will have some hiss on it, which might be annoying on softer passages, but it can still basically sound good. A seventh or eighth generation videotape can be downright horrible because the deterioration from generation to generation hits not only the video but the audio (which is usually nothing to write home about to begin with). On the video front, high-generation videocassettes become virtually unwatchable, with dozens of multicolored horizontal lines obliterating the image, a dramatic decrease in the picture resolution (some tapes look like they were made with a primitive computer, they are so indistinct) and, often, an annoying shaking as if your TV picture tube were on its last legs. Again, everyone will have his or her own tolerance level. Just be prepared, if you watch a lot of shaky video, to donate each year to your local Guide Dogs for the Blind chapter — you may need one later in life.

Sound deterioration is also common, and considering the generally poor sound on TV to begin with, it can be a real annoyance, particularly for those of you who are audio tape freaks. As the audio goes from generation to generation, it tends to break up and fuzz to the point where on a bad tape, Weir at his most exciting will sound like a 10-year-old "playing" a comb through tissue paper. I've always wanted to try synching an audio tape with a video tape, but my guess is that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to match, given the differences in recording media.

A problem most video collectors will encounter is finding people to trade with conveniently. Unlike the audio realm, which has thousands of people who own multiple high-quality cassette decks perfectly suited for trading by mail, few Deadheads own two videocassette recorders. So you're faced with the sometimes grueling task of lugging your monster VCR to a friend's house and then spending as many hours as it takes to get your copies (that is unless you're willing to part with it for a few days/weeks). I find the unhooking of my VCR from the TV and cable unit to be a drag of the highest order, but then I'm naturally lazy and a technical moron to boot! (I once tried to make a videocassette copy using a toaster and a waffle iron.)

I hope that this article will help solve another problem you will encounter in collecting — knowing what's out there to be collected. Pick a show, any Dead show, and chances are you can find an audio cassette of it out there *somewhere* (particularly from '71 on, though there are a few gaps). This is not the case in video, however. You'll notice that at all those shows where you have that sea of microphones in front of the soundboard capturing it all for posterity (and, alas, blocking a lot of people's views), you don't usually see a bunch of Deadheads with videocameras. Not many own them, and getting them into shows is very, very difficult. (As you read this, some Deadhead is no doubt working on a system for disassembling an entire camera apparatus for easy smuggling in a prosthetic device, wheelchair or goose-down jacket.) Therefore, relatively few audience-generated videotapes exist. The bulk of what video collectors trade are official Dead telecasts, TV segments and specials on which the Dead have appeared, and that sort of thing.

Increasingly, I see videocams *outside* of shows, recording the Deadhead circus, but I've yet to see any of the tapes. They'd probably be a lot of fun. And a type of video that is still probably financially impossible right now, because it requires expensive editing equipment, but which will certainly surface someday, is the homemade conceptual video — imagine a skilled cameraperson's visualization of a hot version of "The Wheel" or "Dark Star." It'll happen, and some of them will be very good.

What follows, then, is a beginner's guide to some of the video that's out there, ready for taping. It is by no means complete — I have no way of knowing who has what, who got this secret in-house tape from that person, etc. Hopefully, though, it will give you some indication of the wide range of video available. At the very least, you'll come away with an understanding of why video collecting is the next frontier in Deadhead circles.

Above: Jerry and Phil in The Hippie Temptation. *Below: Phil in Night at* the Family Dog

The Hippie Temptation (1967) — Harry Reasoner visits the Haight for a CBS News special on the horrors of LSD and comes away with a completely biased, at times laughable indictment of hippiedom. The bulk of the one-hour show deals with acid (complete with lame attempts to show what a bad trip "looks like"), but there is an interesting interview segment with Garcia (who looks a little like Boy George here), Lesh, Weir and managers Rock Scully and Danny Rifkin. The program ends with some excellent footage of the Dead playing "Dancin' in the Streets" on a flatbed truck in Golden Gate Park's panhandle (interrupted, alas, by Reasoner's obnoxious pontifications on the bankrupt state of the youth culture).

Petulia (1967) — Some people feel this Richard Lester film was a hip and insightful film about contemporary relationships. I found it to be a muddled mess. At any rate, the Dead appear in a couple of scenes—as observers on the street after a woman is beaten up by her boyfriend, and playing a version of "Viola Lee Blues" at a party. The film's on TV fairly often, so keep an eye out for it.

A Night at the Family Dog (1969) — A one-hour special prepared by PBS, it features four segments videotaped at the famed SF ballroom — mini-sets by Santana, the Dead (who perform excellent versions of "Hard to Handle" and "China Cat/I Know You Rider"), the Airplane, and then a "super-jam" featuring members of all three bands, with Garcia and Jack Casady dominant. Both audio and video are superb, though one might complain that there are too many needless slow-motion shots, not to mention superfluous footage of

various female dancers' breasts bobbing to the music. Still, it's a classic.

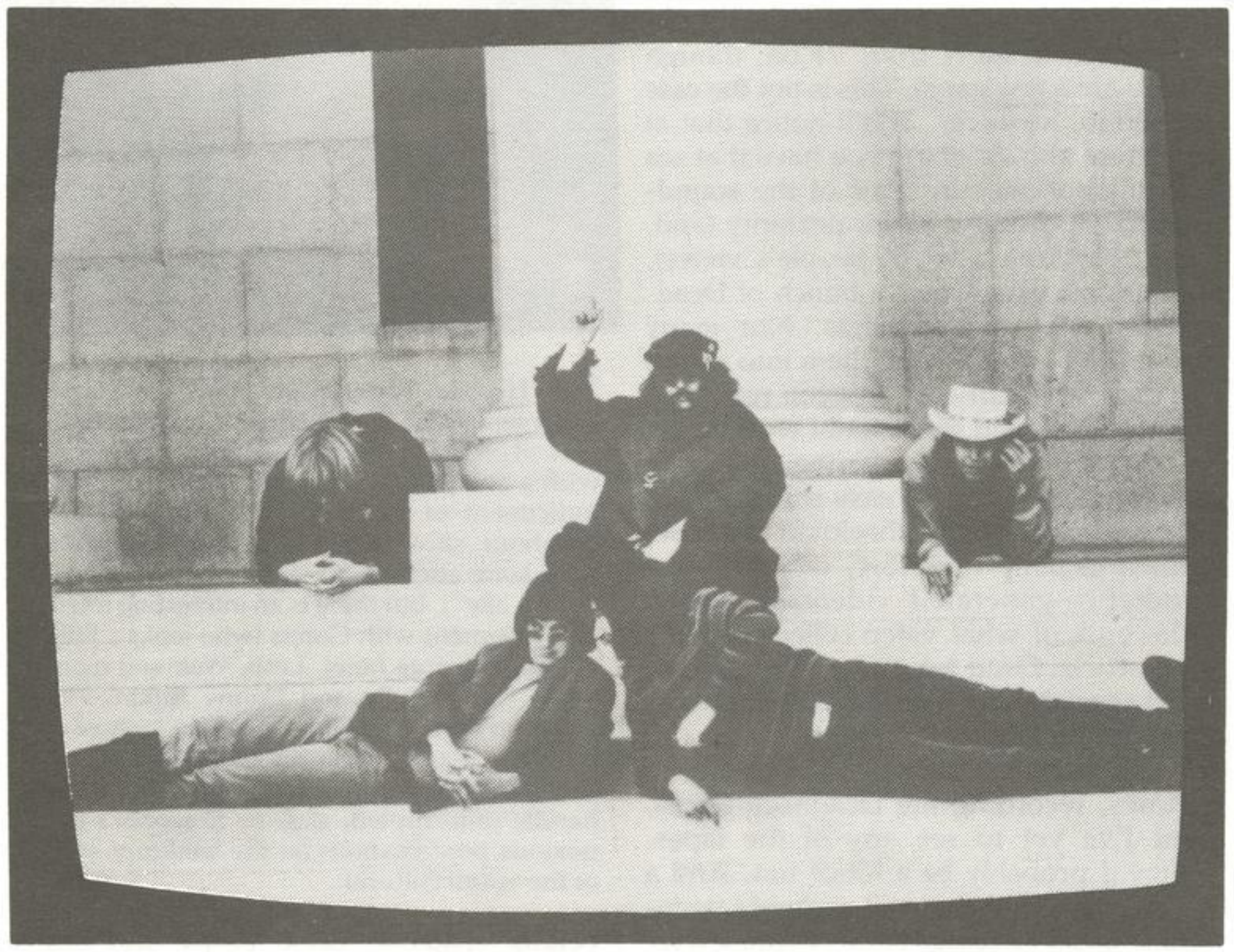
Playboy After Dark (1969) — The boys visit Hef's television variety show and offer versions of "St. Stephen" and "Mountains of the Moon." I've only seen a portion of this, but from that bit it's easy to tell that both audio and video are strong. It's worth having just to see Garcia in a *serape* (and of course, because of its exciting songs).

Fillmore (1971) — The Dead perform "Casey Jones" and "Johnny B. Goode" in their badly filmed, poorly edited sequence from the feature film on the last days of the Fillmore West. The focus is almost entirely on the *faces* of Weir and Garcia — the other members appear only in unclear long shots. What a shame, because the band plays well. Garcia also appears in a rehearsal segment of the New Riders, noodling on pedal steel. Disappointing, but essential. My question is, where's the *rest* of the footage that was shot at this show?

"Kesey's Farm" (Veneta, OR, 8-28-72) — I haven't seen this one yet, but it is renowned and there are a few copies around, I gather. It was apparently filmed by Kesey's people and therefore it includes good footage of both the band and "the family." The show was a strong one, with versions of "Dark Star," "Playing in the Band," "Bird Song" and others. The Pranksters also shot the Dead back in '66, but little of that is in circulation as far as I know. Who knows what else Kesey and Co. have in their private vaults?

The Grateful Dead Movie (1974, released 1977) — This is the definitive musical look at the Dead, culled from a series of shows in October of 1974, the last before the group's "retirement" from the stage. Since it was essentially directed and co-edited by Garcia, it offers his perspective of both the music and Deadheads. The photography is often breathtaking, the sound generally quite good and the song selection outstanding, including versions of everything from "Eyes of the World" and "Morning Dew" to "Goin' Down the Road" and "Sugar Magnolia." The animation at the beginning is legendary, and with good reason — it's a mind-blower. The movie is everything the Dead's music and the whole Dead experience can be — exciting, lyrical, funny, sensuous, unfocused, cathartic and magical. The best copies of this will come from direct taping of the commercially available videodisc. A must for any video collection, the movie is an affectionate snapshot of "another time's forgotten space." Running time is about two hours and 20 minutes.

The Orpheum Practice Session (7-13-76) — I've yet to see a great copy of this, but it's intriguing in any case: a multi-camera shoot of the Dead rehearsing at San Francisco's Orpheum Theatre following their return to performing. The footage that seems to be around is "Dancing in the Streets," "They Love Each Other," "The Music Never Stopped," "Stella Blue" and "Eyes of the World." It's fascinating to see the Dead this loose — they stop songs, rework things, talk amongst each other and generally seem to enjoy themselves. The audio is fine and the video offbeat but very crisp. They seem to be under bright white lights, so the picture is very distinct and the video director has a great time superimposing images, dropping out backgrounds, playing with effects, etc. A



Above: A scene from Grateful Dead. *Below: filmmaker Robert Nelson*
Photo courtesy of Canyon Cinema, Inc.

The Robert Nelson Short (1967) — Perhaps the most intriguing film document of the Dead's early days is Robert Nelson's 7½-minute experimental 16mm film, *Grateful Dead*, made in early 1967 on a shoestring budget. It is a seemingly jumbled mass of images that captures some of the humor, mystery and disorientation of the psychedelic experience through quick cuts, undecipherable images, color inversions, negative images, etc. It actually looks more like a light show assemblage (it even contains some light show images) than a standard film. The soundtrack consists entirely of instrumental portions of recordings made for the first Dead album, though they are not from the record per se.

Nelson is fairly well known in avant-garde film circles, and the Dead movie is really one of his minor works. "I first encountered the Dead — actually they were The Warlocks then — through some film work I did with the San Francisco Mime Troupe in the mid-'60s," Nelson said recently from his Milwaukee home. "I made a couple of films with Ron Davis, the head of the Mime Troupe, and Steve Reich, who did some music for them. Reich was a good friend of Phil Lesh's, and he'd come down to see the Mime Troupe from time to time. Then, through Phil I met Jerry Garcia."

Nelson remembers that "there was a lot of energy surrounding the group. The electric thing was just starting to happen. To non-musicians like me it was just starting to scream out. Then I went to the Mime Troupe Benefit put on by Bill Graham [in November 1965. It was one of the first rock dances of the new scene, featuring the **Jefferson Airplane**, among others], and it was unlike anything I'd ever seen in my life."

In 1966, Nelson received a grant from the Belgium Film Archive and he decided to approach the Dead about using them in a film. "It was all very low key. They were just starting to happen, so I called them up and said, 'Look I have to make this film. Can I come over to the practice studio?' They said 'sure' and that was it. Things were much simpler then," he adds with a laugh.

Nelson used a number of different locations for his film. He shot them in their practice studio, which was then located in a warehouse behind a heliport in Sausalito; up at the Russian River resort area a couple of hours north of San Francisco (the group is seen in a canoe and clowning in the water, *Hard Days Night*-style); at a couple of local dance concerts; and literally on television — he filmed what he believes was their first TV appearance, off the screen itself.

For their trouble, the Dead got a print of the film, which they screened at a couple of concerts in that era. The Belgium Film Archive was pleased with the work, too — *Grateful Dead* won an award at a Belgian film fest that year. It virtually disappeared after that, but it has been unearthed by a number of collectors, and is definitely out there on the video circuit.

Nelson actually sells prints of the film, made from the original negative, for $400. If you're interested in purchasing a print of this classic, write to Nelson at 2710 East Kenwood, Milwaukee, WI 53211. □

great view of the Dead during this era.

Saturday Night Live (11-11-78)— The Dead were really up for this appearance, which, I'd be willing to wager, probably reached more people in this country than anything the Dead have done. They play their hearts out, and Garcia is almost a ham, if you can believe that, as they rip through slightly shortened versions of "Casey Jones" (before NBC banned drug references from its programming), "I Need A Miracle" and "Good Lovin'." See Bob Weir in knickers! Highly recommended.

Capitol Theatre, Passaic, NJ (11-24-78) — This show was an official telecast in a few theaters (and a stereo simulcast coast to coast), so the quality of both picture and sound is superb. The performance, too, is good, at least until the problems Garcia was having with his voice (he was later hospitalized) put a crimp in his night. There are several odd combinations of songs and unusual song choices that help make the show special, including a second-set combo of "Estimated Prophet" and "Shakedown Street," a Rhythm Devils segment that includes tar player Hamza El Din, which segues magnificently into "Fire on the Mountain," and a second-set opener of "I Need A Miracle" into "Good Lovin'." Also included are the rarely performed "Stagger Lee" and "From the Heart of Me." This is relatively easy to find and certainly worth owning. A sound check earlier that day also exists.

The Closing of Winterland (12-31-78) — If you could own only one video of the Dead besides the Movie, it'd be tough not to choose this fabulous three-set affair. Because tickets went so fast for the Dead's final Winterland concert, and because Bill Graham has always had a good sense of history, this show was telecast live over San Francisco's PBS outlet, KQED, and simulcast in stereo over the now-defunct FM giant, KSAN. In fact, that is how I experienced the show at the time, and it was thrilling indeed. It was a multi-camera shoot, splendidly edited to incorporate the magnitude of the event—the band, the hall and the trippy light show the Dead used that night. Though I still feel that many of the band's arrangements were slightly leaden by late '78 (before Brent's entry into the group pepped things up), the performances here are generally outstanding (though the harmonies are sometimes weak), and the song selection a dream come true.

The first set (which began at midnight; the New Riders and the Blues Brothers opened) includes "Sugar Magnolia" into "Scarlet/Fire," "Stagger Lee" and others. Set two has what must be among the most spirited versions of "Ramble on Rose" ever, as well as a jam linking "I Need A Miracle," "Terrapin" and "Playin' in the Band" before launching into a lengthy and *strange* Rhythm Devils segment that includes Ken Kesey and harmonica wizard Lee Oskar. The set closes with an endless "Not Fade Away" into "Around and Around." If that's not enough, they come back and play a third set: "Dark Star-The Other One-Wharf Rat-St. Stephen-Good Lovin'" and a couple of encores. Garcia and Lesh are on fire the entire show. All in all, it was one of those special shows that lived up to its build-up. Unfortunately, low-generation copies are hard to find. Why don't the Dead do us all a favor and release it commercially? A classic.

Seattle (6-13-80) — A one-camera audience-made video, this features fairly good audio and video, complete with zooms and long shots. The second set is great, with versions of "Let it Grow," "China Cat/Rider," "Terrapin" and "The Other One." Definitely one of the better audience videos.

PM Magazine (October '80)—Made a couple of days before Halloween at Radio City, this is a brief interview with Garcia and Weir, who are both upbeat and informative in the face of some pretty lame questioning by the show's host.

The Showtime Special (shot 10-80) — A pleasing and very accessible 90-minute special culled from Dead performances at Radio City Music Hall in the fall of '80. There are humorous segments courtesy of the comedy team of Franken & Davis (have you forgotten that we're still in "The Al Franken Decade"?) that poke good natured fun at the Dead. (Weir can't introduce the duo to the Radio City crowd because he has to fix up his hair; eventually they reluctantly settle on Brent, who's "been in the band five minutes," Franken complains.) And the music is a good mix of generally upbeat acoustic and electric songs, including "On the Road Again," "Ripple," "Truckin'," "The Other One" and "Good Lovin'." The sensational Rhythm Devils segment features Billy Cobham sitting in with Hart and Kreutzmann. Technically, the show is flawless.

Dead Ahead (shot 10-80) — This was assembled from the same series of shows that yielded the Showtime special, but for my money it's infinitely superior. Perhaps because it was put together to be a commercial videocassette aimed at Deadheads and not as a special that hoped to appeal to a wide audience, the song choices are more esoteric (and interesting). Instead of a parade of hits, we get things like "Bird Song" and "To Lay Me Down" in the acoustic segment, and the likes of "Lost Sailor/Saint of Circumstance," "Fire on the Mountain" and "Good Lovin'" in the superb electric set. The Rhythm Devils/Space sections contain some fine neo-psychedelic special effects, and the performance in general is inspired. It should be available at better video centers.

Warfield Theater, SF (10-13-80) — This is not in wide circulation. It is a crisp, clear one-camera shoot with very good soundboard audio. Only a few songs were captured: most of "Saint of Circumstance," a painfully slow "He's Gone" into a good "Other One," "Around and Around" into "Johnny B. Goode" and the encore, "Casey Jones."

Oakland Auditorium (12-31-80) — This footage isn't in general circulation, but it's worth noting because the quality is excellent. It's a multi-camera in-house shoot that includes parts of "China Cat/Rider," a couple of tunes from the acoustic set, the midnight extravaganza with Bill Graham's entrance in a giant skull, "Sugar Magnolia," "Around & Around" and "Sunshine Daydream." The sound quality varies. The tape I saw also included footage of Deadheads outside the show, preparations for New Year's Eve inside, etc.

Garcia on The Today Show (3-12-81)—Gene Shalit: "Did you go to sleep last night?" Garcia: "No." Shalit: "When's the last time you were sleeping?" Garcia: "What year is this?" And so it goes for about five minutes. Shalit (who may have been coached by his son, who's a Deadhead) asks Jerry questions faster than Garcia can answer them, and little information is imparted. It's kind of fun, though.

Comedian Tom Davis interviews roadie Steve Parish in the Showtime Special. Below: Garcia at the Warfield, 10-13-80

The Tomorrow Show (5-7-81)—Tom Snyder at his absolute worst as an interviewer as he tackles, in three segments, Garcia and Ken Kesey (who is *very* sharp), Garcia and Weir, and finally, Garcia, Weir, Hart and Kreutzmann. This last segment is wonderfully chaotic, with three and four members often talking at once, leaving Snyder befuddled. The whole band performs "Dire Wolf," "Deep Elem Blues" and "Cassidy." Video quality is excellent but the sound only fair; Lesh's bass is virtually missing from the mix.

Dane County Coliseum, Madison, WI (12-3-81) — An audience-made video using one stationary camera to the right and above the stage, this offers no close-up zooms at all, but does show the whole band for the entire show. The copy I saw was a little dark, and the faces were basically indistinct; seeing it is a little like being halfway back in a small hall. The sound is fair. This one has a 12-song first set (including "Cassidy," "Deep Elem Blues," "I Need A Miracle," and "Bertha") and the second set boasts a good "Scarlet/Fire," "He's Gone," "Truckin'" and others. The lack of variety in the shooting makes for rather bland viewing, but the show is good.

Manor Downs, Austin, TX (7-31-82) — This audience-made, one-camera video has its moments, though it suffers from generally poor sound due to excessive audience noise.

Faces are fairly indistinct, though it preserves the show's best moments fairly well. Includes "Scarlet/Fire," "Estimated/Eyes," "Uncle John's Band" and "Morning Dew."

Backstage Pass (1982) — A segment on the Dead in this syndicated show offers an interview with Garcia and the obligatory Deadhead comments as well as a bit of 1980 footage.

Portrait of A Legend (1982) — Despite the hokey title, this is actually quite a good half-hour on the Dead. Not only does it include clips from *Family Dog, Dead Ahead,* the movie, *The Hippie Temptation* and other sources mentioned here, it offers some mouth-watering morsels of two videos obviously in the Dead's control that have not made it into circulation: Egypt '78 and the Rock Palast videocast from Essen, Germany, 3-28-81. (Apparently collectors have seen copies of the latter, but translating it from German TV format to American format has been difficult.) In addition, Weir and Garcia are in good storytelling form during their interview segments, and the narrative history of the band that weaves through the program is respectable, if predictable. Considering that *Portrait of a Legend* was a fairly mainstream syndicated series (it's hosted by early '60s teen idol James Darren!), it's remarkable the Dead were covered at all.

Late Night with David Letterman (1982) — Weir and Garcia in what is frequently hilarious interview, thanks in part to Letterman's naiveté. They perform two songs acoustic: "Deep Elem Blues" and "The Monkey & the Engineer." Video and audio quality are fine, not exceptional.

Bill and Bobby in a Merriweather 6-21-83 audience video

Santa Fe Downs (10-19-82) — This single-camera shoot (evidently from the upper deck at the Downs race track) has a double whammy of bad sound — surrounding conversations are louder than the band most of the time — and poor visuals. The band, playing under a canopy, is in such heavy shade that usually it is difficult to tell that anyone is onstage at all. This one is probably just for collectors who want to have everything, regardless of quality. I found it unwatchable.

Garcia on Nightline (9-3-82) — Two nights before their appearance at the first US Festival, Garcia appeared live on the ABC news program *Nightline,* which devoted an entire half hour to the Fest. Garcia talks about Woodstock and the mysterious appeal of the Dead with host Sam Donaldson. Also interviewed on the show is Sting, who seems a little surly. (I've seen some footage of the Dead playing "Man Smart, Woman Smarter" at the US Festival. I don't know how much of the performance exists on tape, though — the Dead declined to allow festival organizers to videotape their segment.)

The Last Word (12-30-82) — Telecast live from the Oakland Auditorium, this segment on the now defunct late night ABC news and features show included an interview with Garcia (who was ill that night and quite hoarse) and two-thirds of a hot version of "Touch of Gray." The cameras remained on for the next number, "Throwing Stones," but it was not telecast so we probably won't see it unless a Deadhead at ABC sneaks it out.

Merriweather Post Pavilion, Columbia, MD, (6-21-83) — Here's a tape that captures both the joys and frustrations of an audience-generated video. The picture is bright and sharp, the sound fairly good, but the guy standing in front of our intrepid cameraperson keeps blocking the view, so that, for instance, while Garcia is ripping through a scorching solo in "Big Railroad Blues," the camera must focus on other band members because Garcia is completely blocked. That sort of thing plagues this particular video, though it is still worth seeking out because there are some great shots and the show itself is excellent, with an *11*-song first set, and both "Terrapin" and an "Estimated Prophet/Eyes of the World" in the second set.

Santa Fe Downs (9-10-83) — This is better than the '82 Downs video — the camera is closer and you can actually see the band—but it is badly shot. The camera moves almost constantly, and half the time it isn't even focused on the band, but instead is shooting the sky, the canopy over the stage, everything but the band. Audio is weak. Like its '82 Downs mate, it's very difficult to watch. Sad, too, since the second set boasts a "Help on the Way," "Let it Grow," "Truckin'" "Morning Dew" and others.

Manor Downs, Austin TX (9-13-83) — This audience-made video has better sound than most I've seen, but, alas, it's a little dark throughout, making it difficult to watch at points. The camera operator had a tripod (unlike the Merriweather person) so the shots are steady, and in places the video is really quite exciting. Again, it's a solid show, with a fine second set "Scarlet/Fire" "Truckin'" "The Wheel," "Throwing Stones" and "Not Fade Away."

NBC Overnight (also **The Today Show**) (Oct., 1983) — A good, solid segment on the Dead prepared by *Overnight*'s Linda Ellerbee. It mixes some good vintage footage (from *Night at the Family Dog* and *Playboy After Dark*) with tape shot at Watsonville, CA last September. Garcia, Hart and a number of Deadheads are interviewed in this brief but thoughtfully put together piece. When Ellerbee asks Jerry how long the Dead will keep playing, he offers the now immortal line, "until they drag us away."

The Sounds of San Francisco (1983) — Nominated for a Bay Area Emmy award, this one hour program was produced by Videowest, who also made the Backstage Pass segment on the Dead, as well as a short feature on Deadheads that was co-produced by yours truly a few years ago. (That included some footage of the '79–'80 New Year's run, as I recall.) Hosted by Greg Kihn, *The Sounds of San Francisco* includes a healthy chunk on the Dead, with interview and concert footage, as well as segments on Journey, The Residents, the Jefferson Starship and others. Actually, the Airplane/Starship segment is better than the Dead's, but there is much of interest here, including a great version of "Embryonic Journey," played live by Jorma Kaukonen over the closing credits.

Front Row Video: Haight-Ashbury Revisited (1983) — This reasonably cogent examination of life in Haight-Ashbury in the mid-'60s and the present offers some choice footage of late '60s San Francisco, snippets of interviews with Garcia and Mickey Hart, and some Dead music — bits of the *Family Dog* special, a flash of the Moscone Center Benefit for Vietnam Veterans in '82, and some tantalizing peeks of the Dead at Stanford's Frost Amphitheatre (playing "Althea"). One of the amusing aspects of the show is that in the portion talking about the late '60s, much of the footage that is shown is Deadheads dancing at Frost last year in their tie-dye shirts! A lot of the program is reminiscences of people involved with the Haight scene and a look at what's become of them.

* * *

There are numerous other videos that I haven't seen that should at least be noted in passing, and we'll continue to offer reports on videos as they turn up. Among the shows that are apparently out there that I was unable to review before deadline are Providence '81 and '82, Portland (Maine) '82, Boston '82, St. Paul '82 and *someone* must have sneaked a copy of 12-31-83 off the live video feed, no? Stay tuned, and to all you videocamera operators out there, keep plugging away! It's always going to be tough for the pioneers.

(Incidentally, please don't deluge us with requests to copy videos. We don't even own a lot of these — though we've seen most of them — and we're not equipped to handle video trading. Try the free classifieds!) □

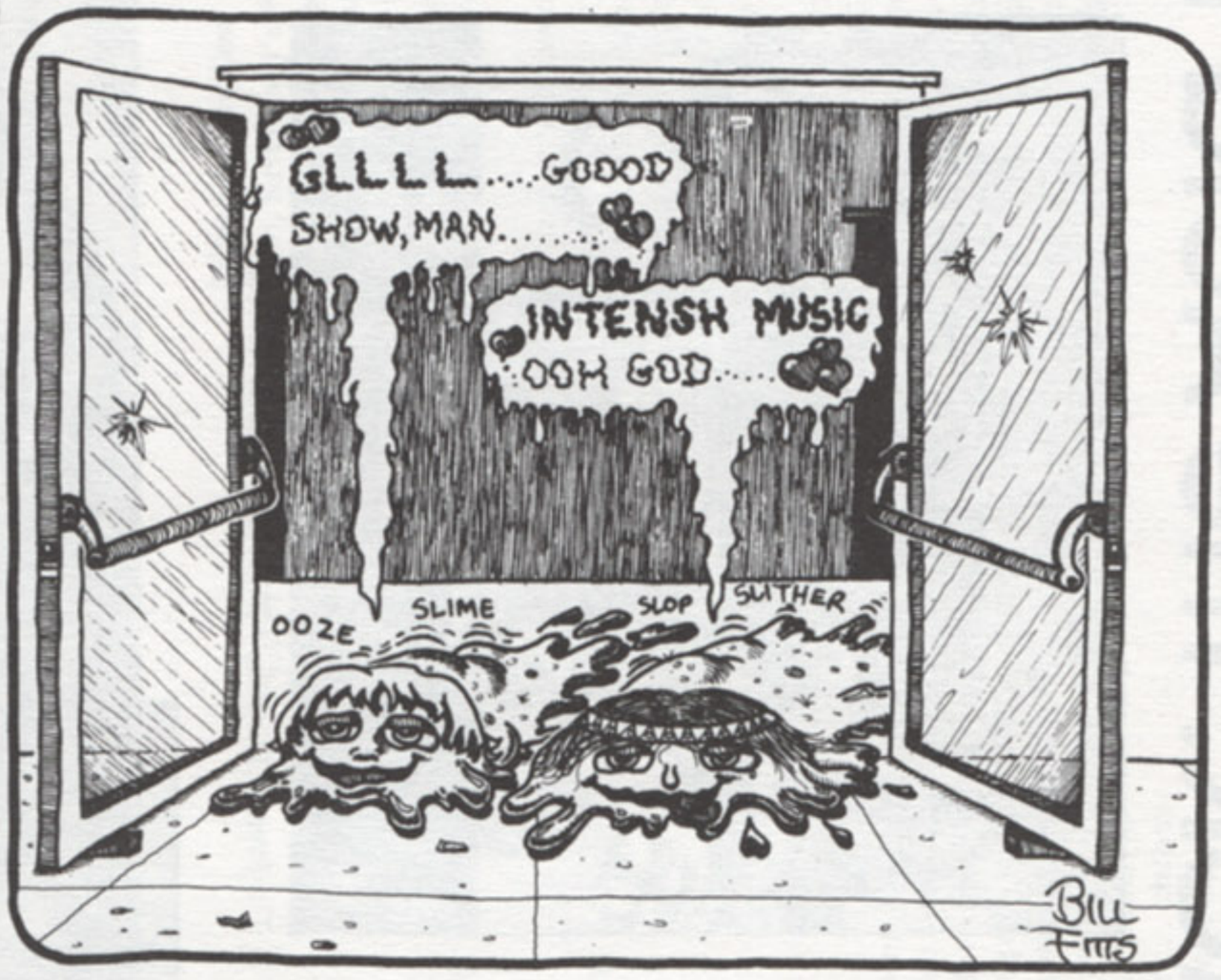
SUNSHINE ROSES CARTOON SPECIAL

BY BILL FITTS ©1984

THE SKEPTICS

...HOW ABOUT THOSE SKEPTICS? FROM THE OCCASIONAL "DOUBTING THOMAS", TO THE OUTRIGHT NON-BELIEVER, IT SEEMS THAT SOME FOLKS JUST HAVE TO LEARN THE HARD WAY. TAKE A LOOK AT THESE TWO: A NASTY PAIR WHEN THEY GO IN.....

..BUT THEY ALWAYS COME OUT IN LIQUID FORM!!



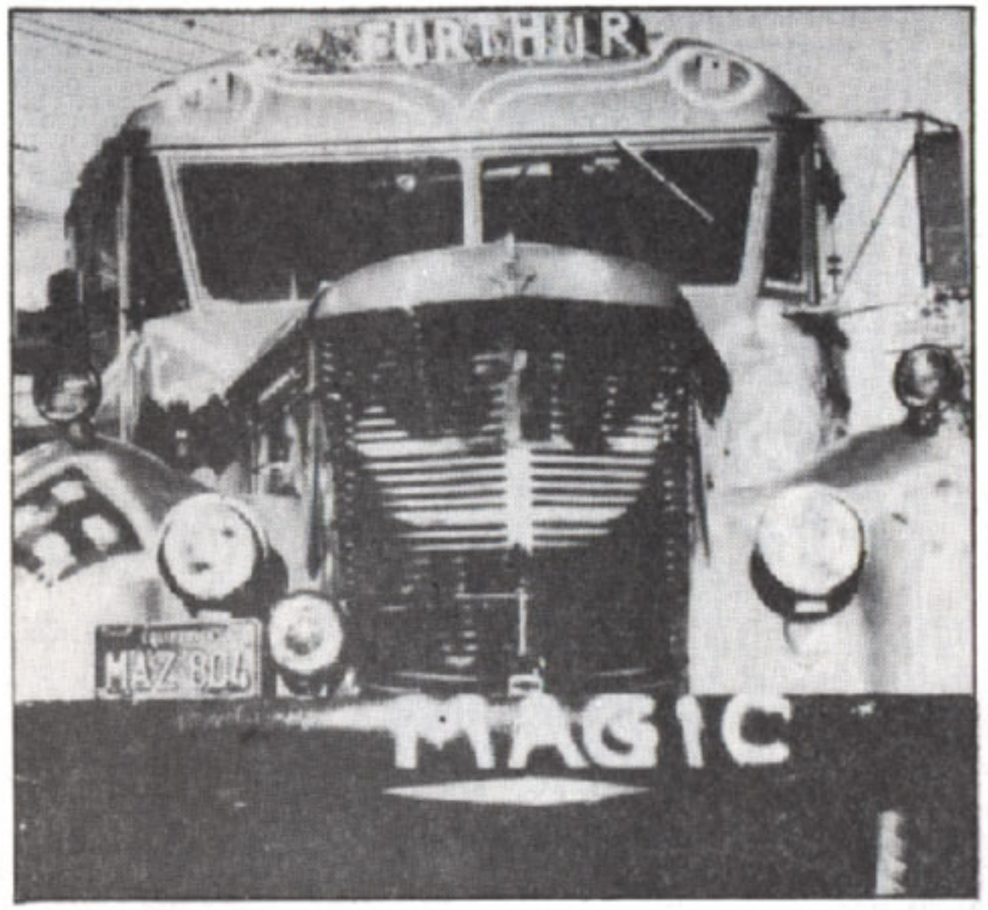
CHINACAT GIVES DIRE WOLF A HARD TIME!

BY BILLY FITTS

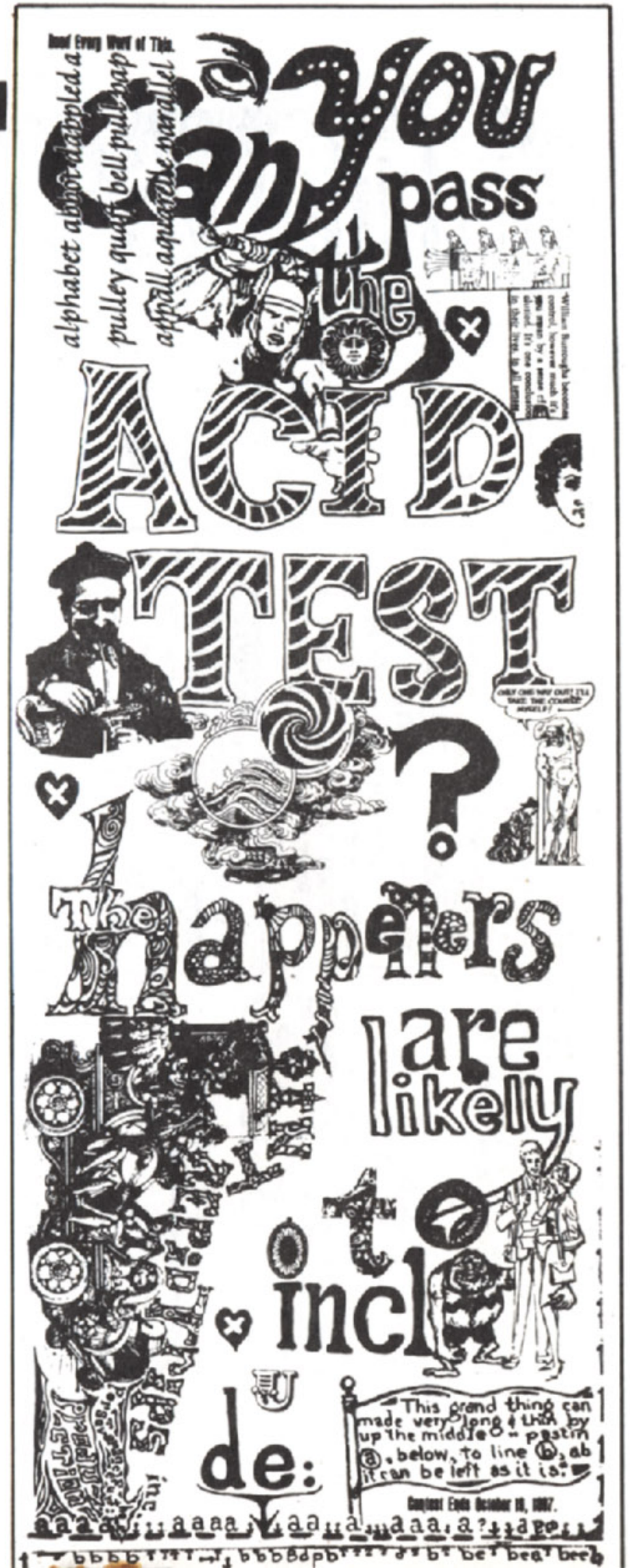
FLASHBACK: The Acid Tests

"The Acid Test was the prototype for our whole basic trip. But nothing has come up to the level of the way the Acid Test was. It's just never been equalled, really, or the basic hit of it never developed out . . . It was something more incredible than just rock and roll and a light show; it was just a million times more incredible. It was incredible because of the formlessness, because of the thing of people wandering around wondering what was going on . . . and stuff happening spontaneously and people being prepared to accept any kind of thing that was happening, and to add to it . . . Everybody was creating. Everybody was doing everything. That's about the simplest explanation."

— *Garcia, 1972*

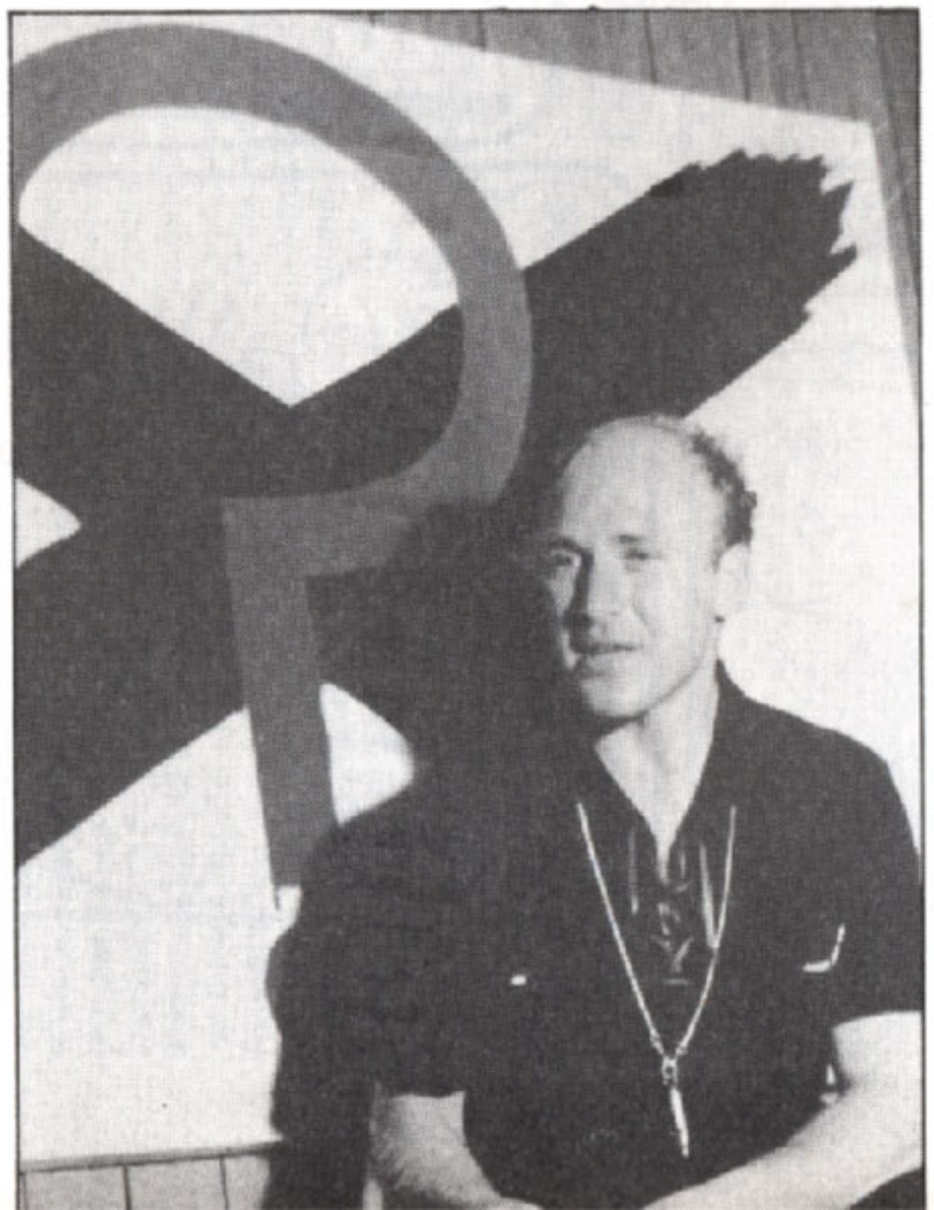


The front of The Bus, a 1939 International Harvester



An extremely rare poster from one of the Acid Tests, unearthed by collector Glenn Howard in late '65 or early '66; the exact date is unknown. Courtesy of Glenn Howard's Musician's Reference Library, Santa Cruz.

Neal Cassady (in the gorilla suit) makes mischief with girlfriend Ann Murphy at the Trips Festival in San Francisco. The Dead played two of the three nights at this mammoth gathering that brought together the Acid Test scene with local poets, the top bands of the time and various consciousness-raising and grassroots cultural groups.



Chief Prankster Ken Kesey, photographed in the apartment of noted S.F. hooker/activist Margo Saint-James.

The Dead in 710 Ashbury, Summer of '66.

"The nice thing about the Acid Test was that we could play or *not*. And a lot of times we'd really be too high to play, and we'd play for maybe a *minute* and then we'd lose it and have to leave — 'This is too weird for me!' On the other hand, sometimes we'd play, and there was no pressure on us because people didn't come to see the Grateful Dead, they came for the Acid Test; it was the whole event that counted. Therefore we weren't in the spotlight, so when we did play, we played with a certain kind of freedom you rarely get as a musician. Not only did we not have to fulfill expectations about us, we didn't have to fulfill expectations about *music*, either. So in terms of being able to experiment freely with music, it was amazing."

— *Garcia, 1981*

Acid Tests Involving the Dead

Dec. 4, 1965 — Big Nig's House, San Jose
Dec. 11 — Muir Beach Lodge
Dec. 18 — The Big Beat Club, San Jose
January, 1966 — Portland, OR
January 8 — Fillmore Auditorium, S.F.
January 22 and 23 — Trips Festival, Longshoreman's Hall, S.F.
January 29—Sound City Studios, S.F.
February 11 — Youth Opportunities Center, Compton (Watts Acid Test)
February — L.A. (Sunset Acid Test)
April 5 — L.A. (Pico Acid Test)
October 2 — S.F. State University Cafeteria

Muir Beach Acid Test

"One of the highlights of that one was, was — dare I, shall I breathe his name? Owsley pushing a chair along this wooden floor, this old wooden chair, running it along the floor making this noise, the most horrible screeching and scraping. It went on for hours, I'm not exaggerating, it just drove everybody completely up the wall. That was an incredible exhibition of making yourself . . . uncomfortable . . . making other people uncomfortable. He was scraping the chair and listening to the noise and lovin' it. I guess that's what was happening."

— *Mountain Girl, 1972*

Fillmore Acid Test

"Up at the Fillmore Auditorium, Ken Kesey's Acid Test event was in action when I got there around the middle of the evening. The people were like the backstage crowd at the California Hall dance [that the Airplane played the same night]. The costumes were, wow! A strobe light was flickering at a very high frequency in one corner of the hall and a group of people were bouncing a golden balloon up and down in it. It was a most perturbing frequency. It hurt to look at them.

"In one corner there was a piece of metal, tubular sculpture, a thumping machine. If you hit it, you got different sounds if you hit it different places. There was a lot of electronic equipment which sent out a low reverberation that resonated throughout the hall. And the whole place was filled with streamers and balloons. There were TV cameras and a TV screen, and you could see yourself in it. Onstage there was a rock group; anybody could play with them. It was a kind of social jam session.

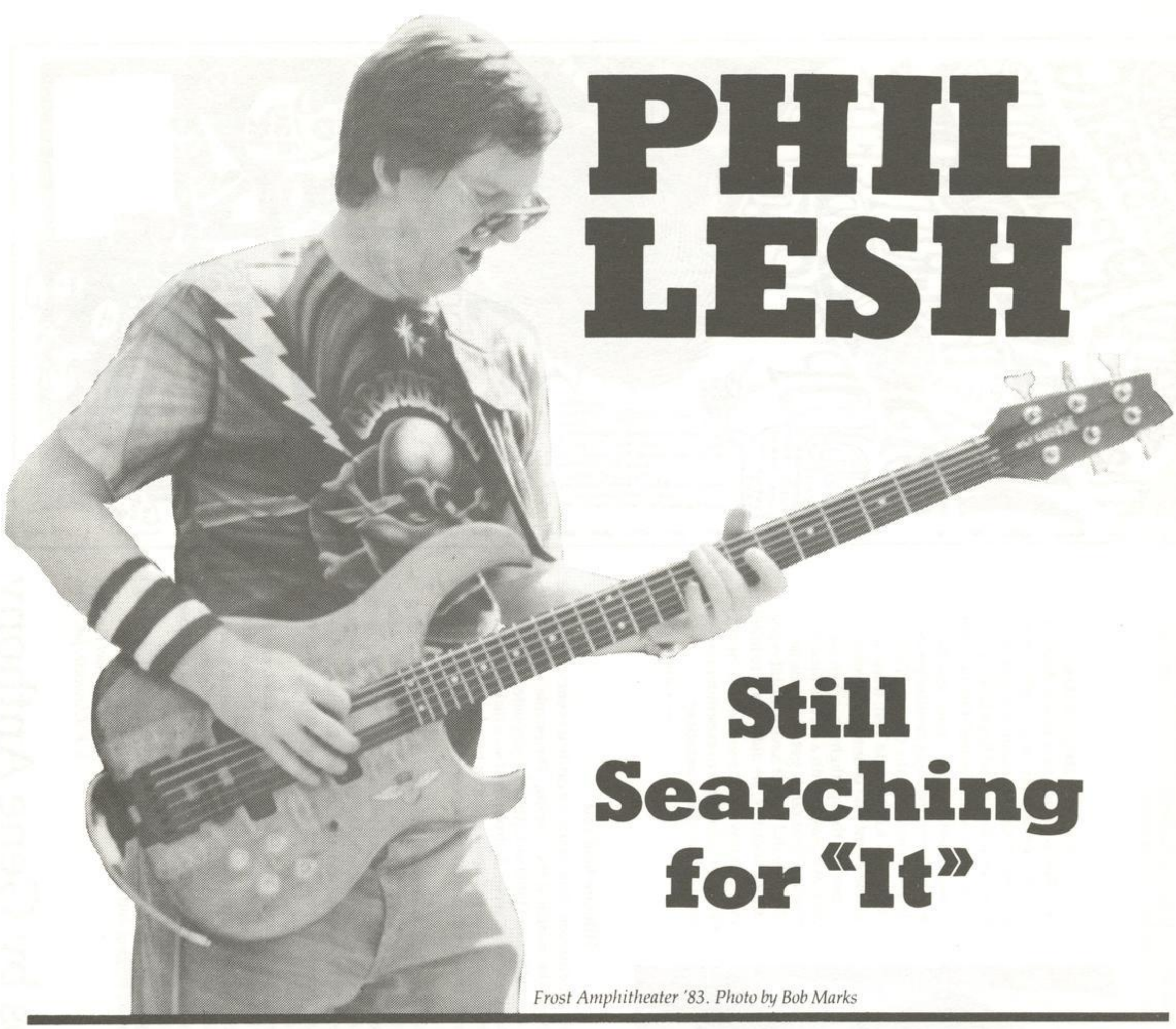
"A guy in a white mechanic's suit with a black cross on the front, and on the back a sign saying 'Please Don't Believe in Magic,' ran up and down all night. Oh wow! Periodically the lights went out and everybody cheered. Giant Frisbees, balloons like basketballs, acrobats, girls in felt eyelashes four inches long, people with eyes painted on their foreheads, glasses low on the nose with eyes painted on them, men with foxes on their shoulders! Wow!

"And then the cops came and said the entertainment had to stop, defining entertainment as music, singing and the strobe light! Quite a night!"

— *Michael Rossman*
S.F. Chronicle, Jan. 1966

Photos by Gene Anthony

PHIL LESH



Still Searching for "It"

Frost Amphitheater '83. Photo by Bob Marks

My first interview with Phil Lesh came as a surprise, because I'd been told he didn't *do* interviews. But I'd been asked by a music magazine to pursue it, so I went through the motions of requesting an audience. To my surprise, the answer was yes — and on July 30, 1981, we met at the Dead office and proceeded to Le Club Front for a lengthy session in front of the tape recorder.

What Phil gave me that day was a journalist's dream: a detailed, colorful, complete and more or less perfectly chronological history of his musical consciousness — a condensed version of which is presented herewith. Circumstances — well, let's be honest here: the magazine went out of business, so the interview wasn't published. When *Musician* expressed interest in a Lesh piece a few months later, I asked for and was granted a followup interview. That session, which took place June 30, 1982, at the office and then at his house, yielded the question-answer portion of this article. Our talk that day had to do with the phenomenon of Grateful Dead music and with Phil's interests in 20th century classical music, jazz, and Beethoven. This conversation was punctuated with remarks like, "To hear concrete examples of this music we're talking about, you really ought to come up to the house some time." I did, on July 4, and Lesh played selections by Varese (whose influence on Phil's music is evident in the *musique concrete* passages on side one of *Anthem of the Sun*), Schoenberg, Beethoven, Coltrane — and the Grateful Dead. It was a glorious opportunity to ask detailed musical questions and affirm some notions I'd had about the nature of the Dead's collaboration. Lesh is a strong-willed, opinionated sumbitch, but on the whole good-natured and outgoing. His enthusiasm for music — and for the Grateful Dead — is catching, and he's proved to be a good teacher.

By David Gans

Aside from an occasional audition of a Grateful Dead live tape — usually to resolve an argument or illustrate a point — there's only one recording of rock music I've ever heard among the Miles Davis, Wagner and Berio in my visits to Phil's: *Layla*.

One of the things that is so wonderful about the Grateful Dead is all the different musics that came to work there. Aside from the lucky combination of people and minds, the different influences — it seems like you guys have always kept each other challenged, through a lot of changes.

It can almost be said that everybody learned their axes in the band.

This is absolutely true: we all learned how to play together, and that's why we play well together.

Now we each know how to play well enough that we can play with other people, but for a long time it wasn't true — except for Jerry, who had a head start on all of us, and Pigpen, who was The

King. It just came runnin' out — couldn't stop it.

It seems to have changed constantly.

Yeah. That seems to be the nature of the beast. I prefer it that way, 'cause otherwise it wouldn't exist any more. You have to change . . . some times the change is not necessarily positive; sometimes it's not necessarily growth. Whatever occurs gives one certain person, or some people, or everyone, a different perception — which leads, then, to something positive. Sooner or later; some times it takes a while. It's still challenging enough. Sometimes it's challenging in a negative way — "Okay, I'll show these fuckers" — or a positive way, like "Wow, did we really play that?" or "Let's try and do *that* again," or "Let's try and get *there* again."

It seems like when you try really hard, you don't get there.

That's also the nature of the beast. That's Murphy's Law. This is Murphy's world. Who knows whether that's good or bad? Any one particular direction, it would eventually narrow down. Or if anyone was *really* in charge — if Jerry was really the leader of the Grateful Dead, let's say, which he isn't, because it doesn't go his way. The GD doesn't go his way, it doesn't go Bob's way, it doesn't my way — it goes its own way, as long as it's running, performing as a unit.

Seems like an awesome responsibility to each of you as individuals.

After this many years, man, there's nothing awesome about it all, except the moments. Those moments, when you're not even human any more — you're not a musician, you're not even a person — you're just *there.*

When the GD hit it, there's nothing like it.

The only two things I've found that are like the GD were Formula I Grand Prix racing—

Being in the car?

Are you kidding? There's only room for one guy. Watching it as a spectator.

The other one was the launch of a spaceship. I went to the last Apollo launch, in Florida. I bugged out on a *Blues for Allah* mix and went to the launch.

That explains everything.

Those are the three things that have impressed me the most in my entire life, with the possible exception of the Brahms First when I was four years old.

It seems like a real privilege as a human being to be able to be in this kind of creative situation.

I think so. You sort of take it for granted, like maybe a long-term relationship with a woman, until something starts going wrong. Then you ask what's going wrong? But those moments — they're a state of grace, in a sense. I'm sure that Willy, who's somewhat of a theologian, would disagree, just because of the terminology. But it feels something like I imagine that might feel. It's a figure of speech, I guess.

When "the music plays the band"?

Yeah, that's it.

It's something that every musician should have an opportunity to experience, and so few do. If you guys were 19 and getting together now, it wouldn't happen; this kind of music could not happen, economically, in this system. It's a testament to the magic of the times and the characters that you guys have made it happen.

Yes, and it's even a testament to Bill Graham. He gave us the gigs, an awful lot of gigs. For a while we played one weekend for Chet Helms [of the Family Dog] and one weekend for Bill [back and forth].

An awful lot of bad music got played in those days.

Yeah, but at the same time, if you look at the programs for some of those gigs . . . How would you feel having to follow Miles Davis? And that was one of Miles' hottest bands, too.

There were some amazing bills, man, and the good shit did come to town: Count Basie played the Fillmore Auditorium, Bill Graham Presents.

Anyway, that was then.

The SNACK benefit, 1975. Photo by Dave Patrick

Among Deadheads there is usually some agreement about which of the Dead's shows are great and which aren't. Are there ever times when you come off stage feeling great and somebody else in the band comes off kickin' stuff?

Yeah. It's not always mutual.

It's possible for you to have that happen to you all by yourself, and come off feeling real good, and you still know . . . all you know is that you played well. You can even notice other people not playing as well, but it doesn't bring you down as much as it would if *you* weren't playing well.

When "it" plays—

Yeah, when "it" plays instead of me. As Karl Wallenda said, "The wire is life; all the rest is just waiting around."

You did not come to the bass as a guitarist, and as far as I know have never been influenced much by guitar players except the ones you've been playing with. That makes it unique, and even when I didn't have the knowledge to articulate it, I always sort of thought of you as a cello section in the GD: you do a lot more melodic business than most bass players.

What I did was come to the bass as a musician. Period. It was obvious that there were certain fundamentals that had to be observed — deal with the bass drum, play the root of certain chords — but after six months of that it was obvious to me as a musician that a whole bunch of that could be disposed of. In other words, I could play offbeat to the bass drum, put the seventh or the ninth in the bass, and it would still make sense.

You felt no obligation to the bass guitar role in a rock and roll band?

Absolutely not. Except when it's absolutely necessary.

It depends on the context, and the context can include everything from the astrological lineup to what I ate before the gig, or what so-and-so ate before the gig, or whether Mickey, for instance, overexercised that day. There are so many variables.

Garcia has said, "When Phil's happening, the band's happening."

He's always said that. He's never deviated from that.

I don't think I've ever seen it where you were totally into it and the band wasn't, but there

Photo by David Gans

have been times when you were not riding on it but the rest of the band would be —

Would have been if I'd been there?

Well, if you had been it would have kicked it up to the next level.

What can I say? I've felt for a long time that there is a particular link between me and Jerry, and that sort of was borne out when I played with the Garcia Band.

How did you like that?

I had a great time. I couldn't believe how much fun I had, because I got a chance to see Jerry in a context that was completely different.

But in terms of that responsibility you're describing, I feel that I've come back a long way from where I was at the worst. I was only capable of knowing that I wasn't playing well, and that it was my own problems that were causing that. For me, it's a long, slow, and painful process. I don't know about that for anybody else. But I don't think that I've abdicated my responsibility in the slightest. What I said about "it" still stands, but I don't feel that I've slacked off — since that point, let's say — I don't feel like I've slacked off trying to make "it" happen to the best of my personal ability, although I do get easily depressed when it seems to be obvious . . . let me put it this way: there are ways to make it *easier* for "it" to happen — things like playing dynamically, like listening to each other play. Sometimes we don't do that.

For instance, sometimes we can come out on the stage and the first note — [mimes a rocket] — and it's like straight out from there. No problems — away we go! That's rare, more rare these days, but it still can happen. And there's the more common experience where we have to start from just about nowhere, and sometimes by the end of the first set or the middle of the second set we can get it up to a place where something can happen.

Or there's the one where nothing you can do makes any difference. I don't even know whether the other guys in the band are trying as many different kinds of tricks as I am. I'll try to play more, I'll try to play less, I'll try to spread out my registers, I'll try playing one note ... It's like a test pilot when his aircraft is out of control and screaming towards the desert floor at 1000 MPH: "I've tried A! I've tried B! I've tried C! I've tried D! What do I do now?"

Your commitment is to working at it—

Yeah! What else is there to do? You're on the stage — you've got to do something. We've got to play the show. If my outward demeanor . . . what I'm really trying doing when I don't seem to be enjoying myself is, I'm concentrating so hard on trying to make it happen that it's not working. You can concentrate *too* hard.

I should know better, because when it *does* happen, it's always . . . spontaneous, in a sense.

When "it" is happening, I don't have to think about what I'm playing. I can't put a finger in the wrong place — *can't* do it. Of course, I could try, but I won't. Sometimes the tapes tell a different story; sometimes it'll feel really good and the tapes won't sound so good. Usually that's a function of the mix, I've found — on a statistical level.

More likely, I'll think it's bad and it'll turn out to be amazing.

Is that 'cause you're such a harsh critic of yourself and the band?

Myself, mostly — that's a key point I'd like to make.

You don't venture to criticize the other guys so much.

Not so much — not out loud, heh heh. But in my mind . . . I reserve my greatest criticism for myself. I'm always kickin' myself 'cause I can't make it happen. That's the dichotomy of the whole thing, that I'm dealing with.

How much of it is a function of being the bassist?

Being the bass player, it's a little difficult to communicate the ideas that would cause the music to go in any particular direction, because in the Grateful Dead there's a lot of — *playing ahead:* the drummers get locked into a rhythm; Jerry or Bob (less so Bob, I think, than Jerry), will get locked into a mode — a scale — and he'll play on this scale until you don't think there's anything else can be done with it, and sometimes he manages to go farther with the same scale, but sometimes it starts piling up and becomes static. That's the point where if I was playing any other instrument — like keyboards or guitar, I guess not drums — depends—

To throw some kind of bolt into it—

Yeah. Either that or just *turn* it a bit.

You can't do that?

I find it really difficult. Not so much because I can't play what I want to play — there's so much going on . . . when I say that everyone is playin' ahead, I mean that they're not listening.

Sonically, you can't wedge yourself in?

No, it's psychically, psychoacoustically. If you're playing along, all of a sudden you find yourself thinking about what you're doing, thinking the notes as you play them. In my experience . . . when *I* do that, it means I'm not listening.

The thing to do is to get on the beam and "let the music play the band."

Yeah, and let the notes sort of come out.

It shouldn't be work.

No, and that's the kind of attitude that works best for the Grateful Dead, in my opinion. It works best for me when the Grateful Dead is happening. In fact, when everybody in the band is happening, that's how it is — there's no time to think about what's going on, no time to be thinking the notes that you're playing.

So the real thing to do is wait for "it" to find you—

Let it go. There's a really fine line about that, because you have to keep it going somehow, because you're still on the stage performing. Although — and this gets people really crazy — I will stop playing when I don't have anything to say or I know that what I do is not going to matter.

Nobody said it would be easy . . .

Well the way we approach music is a different road than almost anybody else, that improvisational attitude. It's the one thing that we all agreed on at the beginning — subconsciously, because we didn't really talk about it until much later — once we had the experience that we

could do it, then we started trying to rationalize formal connections so we could extend even further. That's where it's sort of fallen down.

You mean as soon as you started really trying to quantify it, it slipped from your grasp—

Essentially.

A lot of Deadheads complain that the shows have gotten more structured. I loved those three-set nights back in '73 and '74, when things would get weird in the first set, weirder in the second set, and weird six times in the third set.

Yeah. That's the kind of shit that I love, too. I think every song we play, everything we do should be able to open up at *any moment.*

I don't know. I'd just as soon just *get outside!* That's what we're all about! The rigidity of the set and the show that we do is a direct outgrowth of the decision to do the *Workingman's Dead/American Beauty* style material, so that goes back a long way. In fact, this particular show that we're doing now, in 1982, has been ossifying since 1970.

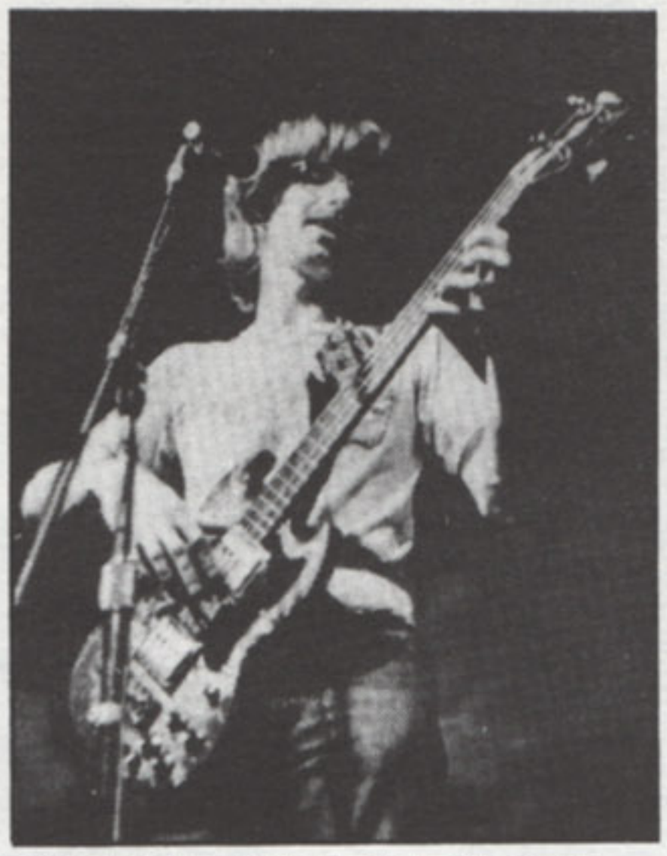
The singers have the most power to decide the shape of the sets. They have to sing the songs. We have to plan the program around that.

You've played a couple of small local theaters from time to time — the Warfield and the Marin Civic. They must be a nice change of pace from hockey arenas . . .

I love it! My dream is never to have to tour again. My dream is to play in a small hall in a situation where you can play quietly and not have somebody whistle a piercing whistle in the most tender and intimate part of the music.

The bottom line is how loud the crowd is.

Part of the GD ethos is that nobody tells anybody else what to do. So you get the most bizarre behavior, and the etiquette — the protocol — is such that you do not say, "Shut the fuck up!"



Fillmore West, 1970. Photo by Bob Marks.

There's a woman I'd heard about for years and finally encountered. She hollers orgasmically at the top of her lungs, constantly — all the way through it

What can I say? That's part of the Acid Test heritage. We carry that as baggage, or should I say a handicap like in Vonnegut. [Laughs]

So many people are turned off by the audience, people who would ordinarily be able to dig the music if they could. They're turned off — some guy's puking over the seat next to him. One guy sued Radio City Music Hall because he was so stoned he jumped off the balcony.

And then there's the inevitable "time-warp" comments about the fans. They do bear the trappings . . .

The surface of things is always going to be real obvious to anybody who's looking only at the surface. So it's okay — I understand why people say "time warp." I also understand why the young kids who come to our shows, the younger siblings — or children — of the original Deadheads, feel like . . . this is one way to get into it, probably *the* way to get into it without feeling weird. It's a normal thing, when you're going to get into the mode of whatever consciousness everybody is into. And I'll bet that the kids, when they *first* come to a Grateful Dead show — like they get dragged in and somebody shoves some acid down their throat — they don't come in their tie-dyed T-shirts, necessarily. I see a lot of kids in the audience with button-down shirts.

I don't think it matters, really . . . I think that some people will come to the Grateful Dead show and if they dig it, they'll be high enough to understand that they don't necessarily *have* to wear tie-dyed T-shirts and act like hippies.

Even the young ones seem to appreciate that Dead shows are more than just concerts. They "understand" on a real fundamental level . . .

I've always felt, from the very beginning — even before the Acid Tests — that we could do something that was, not necessarily extra-musical, but something where music would be only the first step.

We used to believe that every place we played was church. But the core of followers is not the reason it feels like church; it's that other thing, "it."

There's two sides of it, for me. There's the communion level, the psychic level, and then there's the "medium is the message" level, in the sense that people out here in the audience watching these guys perform together can, if they're so inclined, realize that that's all they have to do: work together with some other people, and it'll get better for them. It'll be like music. That's not a very literate way of phrasing it, I suppose . . .

It's true. It would be much more widely implemented were society more receptive to such things.

At the same time, it's what society needs more than anything. That's only one of the reasons we're all committed to it. □

The Pre-Dead Days

In Phil's Own Words

My dad played the piano a little bit, when he felt like it. Popular songs, just by ear. His dad played the clarinet in one of those Sunday-go-to-meetin' bands back in Ohio, and he played baritone horn in his own school days. So he had some natural musical ability, but he never made anything out of it.

My grandmother had always been into the opera and classical music; she'd taken my mom to the concerts and operas that came to Kansas City when my mom was a child. Sometimes on Saturday it'd be the opera, but every Sunday for sure would be the Philharmonic on the radio. Anyway, I was in my room one Sunday and the Philharmonic was playing on the radio. My grandmother discovered me sitting on the floor with my ear to the wall, listening to the music. Being the kind of person she was, she didn't say a word at the time — she just went about her business.

Come next Sunday, a few minutes before the broadcast she came into my room and asked me if I'd like to come and listen to the radio with her. I said yes, because I *adored* her. Wonderful person. The program was Brahms' First, conducted by Bruno Walter. The introduction comes on like the wrath of God, man. It knocked me against the wall, figuratively

speaking. I've never been the same since. As soon as I heard that, I knew — I just knew.

All I did for the next four years was listen, until I was old enough to get an instrument. When I was in the third grade, my parents decided I was old enough, so I brought home a violin. You know how it is when you're learning the violin: it's worse than 17 cats howling in unison.

My parents were patient enough to let me persist with that, but it really wasn't my instrument — although I was able to play in symphony orchestras, second violin, for quite a while. At 14 I took up the trumpet . . . but the point of this is that until I was about 16 or 17, my entire musical input was classical music.

When I started playing the trumpet at age 14, I was in the marching bands at first but the concert band was the real trip. For some reason, I was somewhat a prodigy on the trumpet. Within a year I was able to play concert band lead parts and stuff. This was around age 15. I was at El Cerrito High School — that was dogshit. Even though the music director there was basically a good guy, he was kind of a combination of musical director and football coach: he believed in a certain kind of discipline, which he only enforced selectively. By the time I finished my sophomore year I was in the 2nd chair, and the system at that time was to challenge the person ahead of you.

I wanted that solo chair, by God, because I knew I could cut it. The director wouldn't let me. He thought it'd be bad for my ego — which just made my ego even bigger. I knew I could.

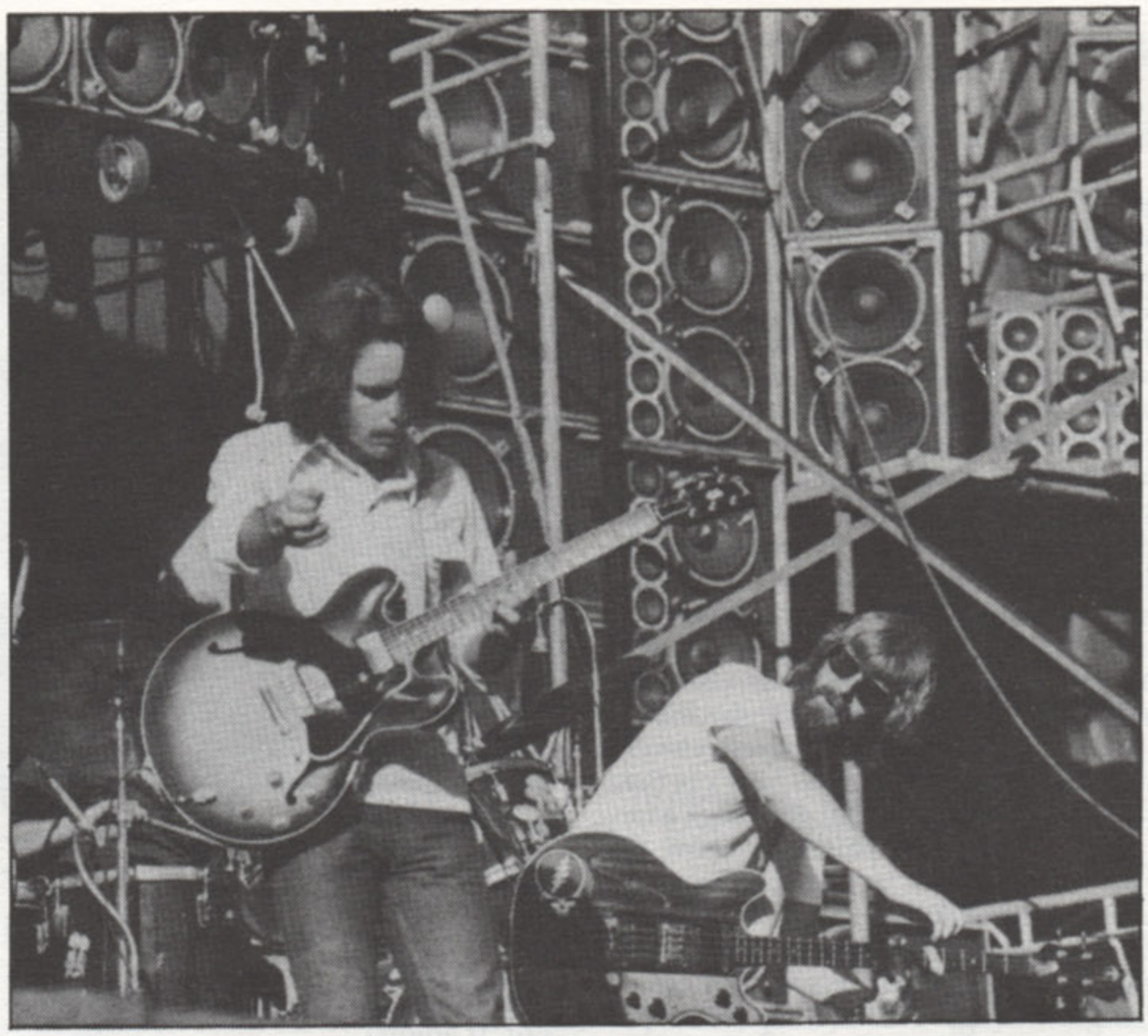
The main event of my high school life was switching schools. My parents were so great, man. They moved from Contra Costa County to Berkeley so I could go to Berkeley High School, where they had harmony courses, theory courses — the shit that I really wanted.

But then I was a new kid in town, and I had to work my way all the way up in the band and the orchestra. But I had the ace trumpet teacher.

I got into popular music backwards: I came from classical through jazz, jazz leading to the blues, the blues leading to rock 'n' roll. I got into jazz because of the big bands — the *later* big bands, late '40s-early '50s. The big, 19-piece bands. I was into Stan Kenton heavy, and from there it was the small groups. I liked West Coast jazz at first, and at 17 I went to a summer music camp and met a guy who was a bass player. He was into *East* Coast jazz. We went 'round and 'round about that. I remember the first time he played me Coltrane. I was incensed — "How dare the guy play like that?" But my friend made me listen again, and finally I got over whatever it was. Maybe it was the tone, 'cause Coltrane's tone in the late '50s was really abrasive. *Really* abrasive.

Then these guys turned me on to Miles Davis and I didn't like Miles at first, either. His playing in the late '50s was lots of air, a breathy tone — not the kind of trumpet tone that I'd been taught was the hip thing. It was hard to accept that there was more than one way to do anything, especially play an instrument.

When I went to junior college in San Mateo, I joined their jazz band. Playing in a unit like that knocks your socks off. You've got five trumpets, five saxophones, five trombones and four rhythm. When they're swinging together, it's really an experience. Not even a symphony orchestra is quite like it. It's just an ass-kickin' experience.



Reno '74 with the monster sound system. Photo by Bob Marks

That was one of the first times I learned to submerge my craving to play the top part. That was a *big* flash, believe me. I don't remember actually saying to myself, "It's just as cool" to do this as to be the soloist or the first chair, but something like that went down in my head. Eventually the only guy ahead of me left school, and I had to take over — and I didn't do as good a job as he did, and that taught me something, too. *So I gave up the trumpet!*

By this time I'd been turned on. You know how it is, your parents give you the scare tactic, and the first people who offered to turn me on were not the kind of people I wanted to get high with. Instinctively, I knew that, so I refused.

Later on, after the right people had turned me on, I did get high with those people and it was suspicions confirmed. They were not the right kind.

The guy who did turn me on was Robert Petersen. I met him in school, but we spent most of our time hanging out and raving, reading Henry Miller aloud to each other. That was really fun. There was no future . . .

Petersen was into [Kerouac and those guys] as a poet more than I was, but I loved Ginsberg. Kerouac was okay, but I expected more, somehow, from *On the Road,* than I got out of it when I first read it. Rereading it, I got more out of it, because I finally met Neal — who is the guy.

I loved *Howl* so much I started to set it to music. I got into it, but my life was falling apart. I had to leave school after the semester was finished. There was no money, and I didn't have a job for that summer. My parents were living in Napa. I persuaded them to let me try a pretty wild thing for a 20-year-old in those days: hitchhiking to Calgary to try and find work in the oilfields. That's what we were trying to do . . . got as far as Spokane. My buddy, whose uncle in Spokane was supposed to have connections in the oilfields — didn't.

That led to one of the great experiences of my life, which was riding the rails. A boxcar, from Spokane back to Seattle. What an experience! That was one of the great experiences of my life. You can't get away with that any more. It only took like 36 hours, maybe less. I remember sneaking on in the early hours of the morning.

That experience was *it*. Then everything went downhill. I got hung up with some friends of my parents in Seattle; they had to loan me the money to get home. I rode the Greyhound to SF, then to Vallejo, and my parents picked me up — and boy, did I catch the shit then! They made me get a job in a bank, and I worked there just long enough for school to be starting again in San Mateo.

My parents wanted me to be a doctor, or a lawyer . . . they wanted me to have a profession. Most importantly, they wanted me to have something to fall back on in case music disappeared from the earth. It was so *uncertain*. They'd all heard about the Gene Krupa story, all that.

It probably is still thought of in some circles as a shady profession, kind of like actors in the middle ages and early Renaissance. They were second-class citizens.

I was still under my parents' control when I was 20. I conned them into allowing me to go back to school, on the condition that I get a job, take the right courses and get the grades to get into UC Berkeley. That's where they'd always wanted me to go. I agreed, and I did it.

So that school year ['60–'61] I got a place to live and a job, and I reconnected with Petersen.

Petersen had lived. He's four years older than me. He actually was a student, but he had been on the streets. Through his experience and his native ability, he was into writing, into literature. He turned me on to so much that you can't encompass it.

I got a job as a board marker at the Dean Witter [stock exchange] office, before they had computerized boards. I had to be there at 5:30 in the morning, and my job was to keep the brokers up to date. I read the tickertape and wrote figures on the blackboard. I did that for the whole school year.

Even before I went to Berkeley, I had become interested in electronic music. One of the first jobs I had at College of San Mateo was in the library, listening to all the new records that came in and making sure there weren't any pops or scratches on them. That was where I first heard of electronic music. I'd never even imagined it.

Finally I get to Berkeley. And guess what? It's dogshit. The music department is for musicologists, people who study *about* music. They have an orchestra, and they have analysis — but they don't have composition.

I enrolled, went through all that bullshit of required courses: one language, one science . . . at that time I was naive enough to expect that I was actually going to get a degree, and then I was going to compose. Ha-ha-ha. I had enough arrogance, or faith in my talent or whatever, to believe that. This was 1961, fall semester.

But lots of good things were happening outside of class. I met Tom Constanten (who later played in our band), when we were registering in the music department.

We had to earn our place in the music department by taking dictation and I was really good at that. The last thing was a Chopin thing, and I wrote it down the way I heard it — not the way it was notated. They wanted everybody to write it down the way Chopin had notated it, not the way the guy had played it.

I said to the lady, "I don't give a damn how Chopin wrote it — I wrote it the way he played it." She said, "Nonetheless, you're going to have to take Ear Training." And I said, "The hell I will."

That was the same day I met TC. I was trying to explain to some girl about serial music — Stockhausen and stuff. This guy came up and said, "blah blah blah," and I said, "blah blah blah," and then I knew that here was somebody I could talk to! He became my roommate, and we spent more time together than either one of us did in classes.

The only class that was really interesting was musical analysis. After half a semester spent on one Bach fugue from "The Well-Tempered Clavichord" — half a semester on *one* fugue and getting a C on it to boot. I became pretty disillusioned.

I quit school after the middle of the semester, the fall semester. I didn't tell my parents for weeks.

TC and I were raving on together, and I was trying to compose. I actually composed a short piece, which I still have the score to, for orchestra. TC was always interested in chamber music, and I was always interested in orchestra. We did have common loves, like Mahler. Usually, though, we were like two sides of a coin — he was into Bach and more of the constructionist kind of thing, and I was more into the expressive area.

I wasn't writing melodic music at that time. In fact, I never actually composed melodic music — I composed serial music. The modern composers of that time whose music seemed *musical* — that had the same sense of flow that older music had — were Stockhausen and [Luciano] Berio. Berio, it turned out, came to Mills College in the spring semester of '62 to teach. TC went right over there with his pieces; I was chicken. This was graduate level, and neither one of us had had a full semester of college. TC took his piano pieces over there, and Berio invited him to join the class. TC asked if he could bring his roommate along, and Berio said okay.

Steve Reich was in this class, and so was John Chowning [now the head of Stanford's Center for Computer Research in Music and Acoustics]. I was accepted — I wasn't surprised as much as absolutely ecstatic.

That 5–6 months was an intense experience. Berio didn't teach — he just did his thing, and it *radiated* from him. Compared to a half a semester spent on one Bach fugue, we went through the second half of the "Rite of Spring" in one day. The guy was — still is — a magician. I love him.

He told us at the beginning of the semester that we were going to create a collective composition and everybody was going to contribute a segment. That period was so exciting. When I told my parents I had jumped from sophomore to graduate school, they didn't know what to think. I think they were pretty convinced by that time that they weren't going to be able to get me to find anything to *fall back on*.

I was living in an apartment with TC and Petersen and my girlfriend. I had a job, doing the same thing I'd done in San Mateo. Apparently the lack of sleep didn't bother me too much. Every day I was up early and down to the stockbroker's office. That left me free from 12:30 on, 'cause that's when the market closes in NY. I was totally free to compose.

I didn't start to compose anything serious while I was in class, because I was too busy soakin' it in. All I did was to compose my little segment for the collective composition. The whole thing turned out pretty well; my part didn't come off well in the performance, but I heard it performed brilliantly in rehearsal, and that's all that mattered to me. I just wanted to hear it played with some kind of similarity to the way I wrote it, and that happened, so I was satisfied. I only needed to hear it once.

After the class was over, I wanted more of that. It was the most stimulating thing I'd ever encountered in my life — until I took acid. Berio was going back to Europe, to do the summer circuit. He invited Tom and myself to come along. How the fuck was I going to get to Europe? I could barely eat.

TC was from Las Vegas, of all places. His dad was captain of waiters at the Sands. The deal was, we'd go to Las Vegas and work as waiters or busboys, to earn enough money to go to Europe in the fall and connect with Berio. But when we got to Vegas, there weren't any jobs.

TC's parents had enough money to send him, and they kicked me out of the house because I was a bad influence, or whatever. So there I was in Las Vegas. Luckily TC had a friend who was just like me and him, a guy named Bill Walker [who later painted the cover of *Anthem of the Sun*]. Walker had some room in his house, so I went over there.

I got a job at the Post Office. I'd even tried to go out to the atomic test center for a job. I stayed in Vegas ten months, working for the Post Office until the last two or three months, when I worked for the Horseshoe Club on Fremont Street as a Keno marker on the graveyard shift. What a scene that was!

They finally laid me off at the Horseshoe, because the management wasn't doing so well. At least that's what they said — maybe I wasn't doing my job well. I don't know to this day; how do you do a bad job as a Keno marker?

Eventually I packed my suitcase and the manuscript of the composition I'd been working on, got on the bus and went to Palo Alto. By that time I'd met Jerry, Pigpen, Willy Legate, and other folks. That was the only place I could figure to go. I knew I'd just go nuts if I stayed in Vegas another month.

I went to Kepler's book store, which had a coffee shop and was the hangout. That's where we had done all our raving in my pre-Las Vegas period. By that time, Jerry was into the banjo, playing bluegrass with David Nelson. I was so astounded by Jerry's playing — I've never *yet* heard anyone play the banjo like that. It was the most inventive, most musical kind of banjo playing you could ever imagine.

I had met Jerry earlier, when I worked briefly for KPFA. I was the engineer for *The Midnight Special*. I went to a party in Palo Alto, and Jerry was there singing and playing his guitar. I just had this flash — "God, this guy sounds really good; he makes the music live." I had always been impressed by somebody that could sing and play, and Joan Baez was big-time. So that quickened my interest in that kind of music, and so I listened to it closer and found that there were things to enjoy in it, things to listen to that were not so much alien to classical music but just part of music as a whole — just like classical is part of music as a whole. I had also had my first exposure to North Indian music, sitar, Ravi Shankar. This was around early '62, I think.

I was at the party and Jerry was playing and singing, and I asked him if I could make a tape of him to play for Gert Chiarito, who was the host of the *Midnight Special*. He said okay, so we got in a car and went to Berkeley to get the tape recorder — this was when we had *all the time in the universe* — and he sang and played five or six songs. I played the tape for Gert and asked her if she thought he was good enough to play on *The Midnight Special* — I didn't know how good he was — I just knew I liked him.

She said, "This guy could have a show all to himself." That was really cool. Petersen and his friend David came down from Sacramento, and there was a big party. Jerry rapped with Gert — he was always a good rapper, of course, but this was the first time I ever saw him — and he played and sang. They did

an hour show of Garcia on KPFA, and after that he was almost a regular. Then he started to bring up his buddies from Palo Alto.

So now Jerry and David were playing, and they went to a folk festival in '63. I also made it to Jerry's wedding, which was a classic — especially the reception. I don't think I made it to the wedding, actually. It was priceless at the reception: all of *her* friends were at the booze; *his* friends were at the food.

I had a beautiful girlfriend, and I had a little room to compose in with a bed and a bathroom, almost in East Palo Alto. Jerry and David came down and we sat around in the parking lot — they picked and sang, and it was *so* loose, really fun.

Then I got in some trouble with a teenage girl; the cops were after me and I had to leave town. I went to San Francisco; TC joined me after he got back from Europe and we got a place together. I got a job at the Post Office.

So at that point I was taking methedrine and driving a Post Office truck up Market Street at rush hour, pickin' up the mail. The local bus drivers *feared* me, man. They had new respect for the Post Office trucks. I was a very aggressive driver.

I was completely divorced from music as a participant, but I was listening to everything I could suck up. By that time I was open enough to accept Dylan. I didn't like his first couple of albums, except for some songs, but *Another Side of Bob Dylan* came out, and I really, really liked that one — the material and his presentation.

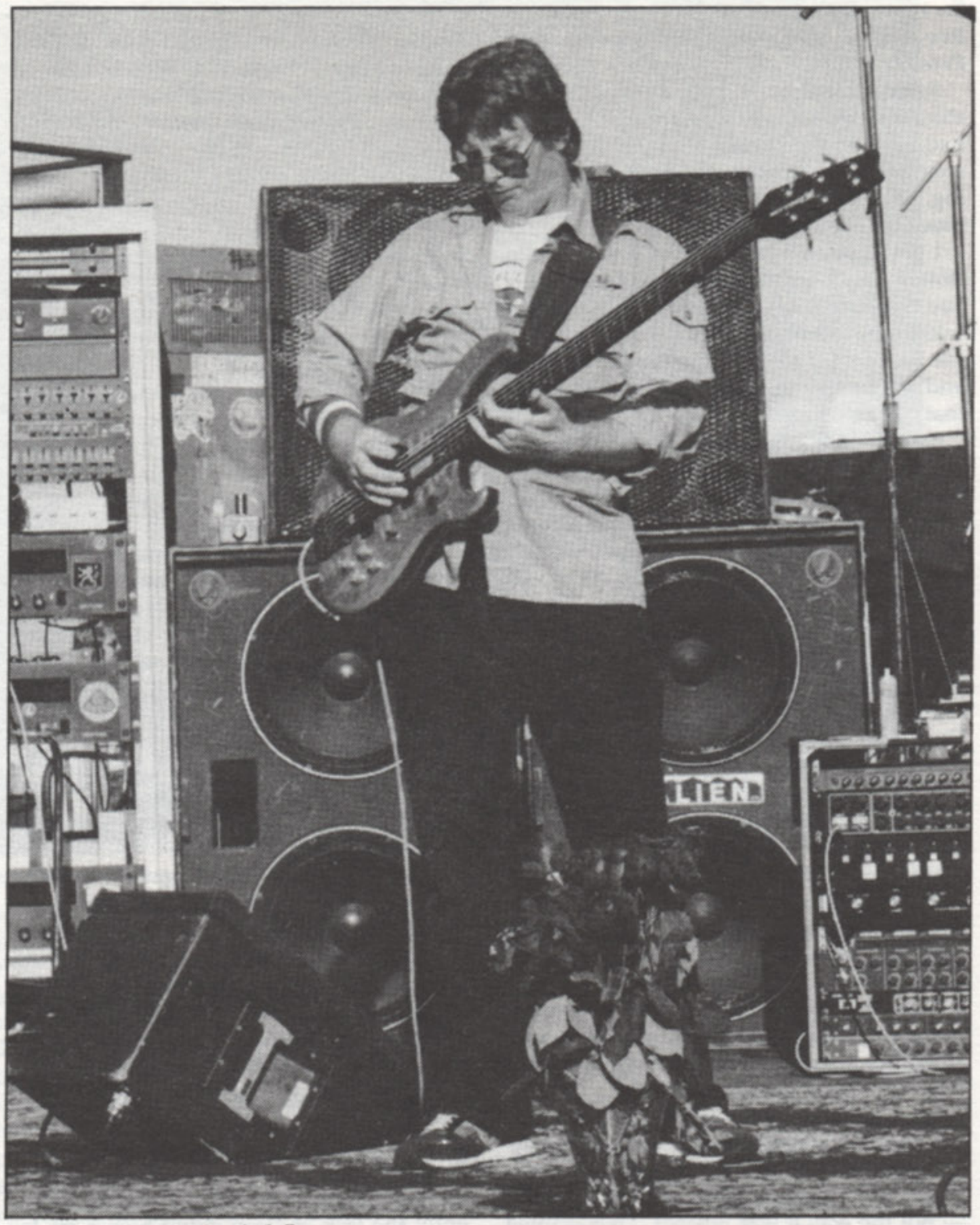
I was still working for the Post Office when *Bringin' It All Back Home* came out. You weren't supposed to do this, but I had a little radio in the truck with me, tuned to KFRC. "Subterranean Homesick Blues" came on, and I said "Fuck me, that's Bob Dylan! On the AM radio — I don't believe it!" I pulled over and stopped, and forgot about the route. I couldn't believe it, and apparently they couldn't believe it at KFRC, either, because they played it about three times an hour that whole day.

This was after The Beatles had come out. I hated The Beatles at first, and then I went to see *Hard Day's Night*. I was the only guy in a theater full of screamin' chicks. I said, "There's got to be something to this!" Then I started to let my hair grow long.

Some old-school businessman in SF wrote a letter to the Postmaster General of the United States about my hair. They called me in to the Postmaster's office in SF and told me to cut my hair. I asked why, and they showed me a copy of the letter. The guy called me an "unkempt monkey," which I'll treasure for the rest of my life. This was also after taking acid for the first time. The combination of all these things was opening me up even wider. For me, acid came at the *perfect* moment: I was old enough to handle it, I'd had enough experience with pot so it wasn't a freakout. I don't know how it is for anyone else; I knew it was okay for me. I remember saying to Petersen, "Shit, any pothead can handle this."

I cut my hair, because I wanted to keep the job for a little while. I went back and they said it wasn't short enough. I quit, and the rest of that spring I spent sitting around letting my hair grow and taking acid, fuckin' off, having fun and being supported by my girlfriend.

At that point I was living at 1130 Haight Street. In those days, the Haight was truly beautiful. This was before anything — it was just a community of people who happened to live there. A whole bunch of the right people lived there. When *Bringin' It All Back Home* came out, you could walk down Haight Street and hear it out of every window.



Utah '83. Photo by Currie & Rymes

Somebody came in with the news that Garcia had gotten himself a rock 'n' roll band! This was after the Rolling Stones and The Beatles had all hit, and it might even have been after the Stones made their first appearance in SF, in '65. That was the one where the kids rushed the stage, the cops were trying to keep them off and Jagger was doing his dance around the cops with his microphone cord and tripping them up! Danny Rifkin [now the Dead's manager] led the entire Haight community dancing in the aisles. This was before any of the flower shit. I met Rifkin when we were both working at the Post Office.

Anyway, somebody came in with the word that Garcia's band was playing such-and-such a night at Magoo's Pizza Parlor. About a week before that, me and my old lady went to a party where Willy was living in Palo Alto. Garcia was there. I'd been listening to the Rolling Stones, The Beatles, and stuff like that.

Bob [Weir] was at this party, and we sat in Garcia's car and smoked pot. At some point during this party I mentioned to Garcia that I might like to get into playing some electric instrument — bass guitar. It was a stoned moment, and I didn't think anything more about it — this is the honest truth!

Then whenever it was that they were playing, we took acid and went down there — [Hank] Harrison, myself, Petersen, Jane and my girlfriend. We came boppin' in there, and it was really happening. Pigpen ate my mind with the harp, singing the blues. They wouldn't let you dance, but I did anyway — we were so stoned!

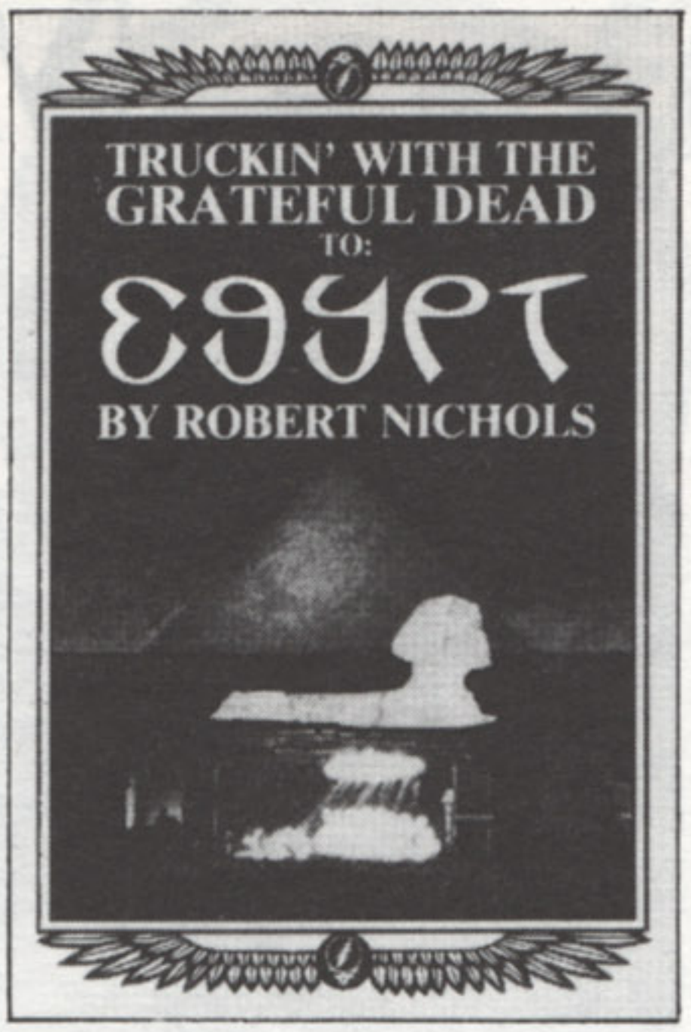
During the set break, Jerry took me off to a table and asked me to play bass in the band. I couldn't think of anything I'd rather do so we moved over to this place called Guitars Unlimited in Menlo Park. The guy there was real neat, and he let me have a loaner to work with.

Later, my girlfriend bought me that bass. I hated the instrument — a single-pickup Gibson with a neck like a telephone pole — but it was the only one I could afford. That's how that got started. It was all just [snaps fingers half a dozen times] one door after another.

I consider myself a very lucky person, and I consider us lucky as a group, to have been in the right place at the right time. □

Caveat Emptor

Truckin' with the Grateful Dead to: Egypt
by Robert Nichols
(Moonbow Books, $10)



This book had possibilities. After all, the Dead's 1978 Egypt trip remains one of the most fascinating chapters in the group's colorful history. It required long and complicated planning and negotiations to happen at all. And the actual concerts had many interesting sidelights, from the involvement of Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters to the journeys of hundreds of U.S. and European Deadheads, who hocked their records and sold their cars to dance with the Dead during a total lunar eclipse.

Unfortunately, what this over-priced, glorified magazine article offers is the most shallow and unilluminating look at the Egypt trip imaginable. Written by Robert Nichols, formerly a part-time roadie for the group, this is a well-intentioned book, I believe. The Egypt experience was a gas for Nichols and others in the Dead organization, and I understand his desire to have some sort of permanent record of the trip. The book is problematic in so many ways, however, that I can't help feeling that most Deadheads will be ultimately disappointed by it. I strongly suggest you read a few pages in the bookstore before you shell out $10 for this.

For starters, Nichols is obviously neither a professional writer or a particularly good storyteller. The prose is often clumsy (e.g.: "Ring, ring, ring went the telephone"), and his retelling of conversations with band and crew members all from memory is suspect at best. While I don't personally know most of the principals involved (though I have interviewed Garcia twice), I just can't believe that everyone is as inarticulate and slavishly polite as Nichols makes them out to be. Nichols clearly doesn't have an ear for language nuances, so everyone in the book seemingly speaks the same way.

That is quibbling about writing, however. The real problem with this book is that in 100 pages, virtually no information is imparted. Aside from one or two short anecdotes, I got no clues about the personalities of the band or crew, and incredibly, I learned *nothing* about the actual Egypt trip I hadn't read in magazine articles run at the time. Nichols doesn't get into the logistics of setting up the trip, the initial involvement of Bill Graham, the problems of freighting the equipment, the endless communiques at different levels of the U.S. and Egyptian governments, or the enormous cost of the undertaking, and he doesn't even mention the fact that the shows were benefit concerts for Madame Sadat's favorite charities.

Because he neither interviewed the band nor had much contact with them in Egypt, we get no sense of their perspective on the whole thing. No attempt is made to describe the shows themselves really, and there is no analysis of — or conjecture about — what the Egypt trip meant in the grand scheme of the Dead's history. Nichols even drops the ball on the one subject he supposedly knows — astrology. As the band's unofficial astrologer, he was asked to make up charts for the days on which the band performed. Throughout the book, he portentiously refers to the lunar eclipse, but then he never offers any insights into what significance that has astrologically, and he devotes little attention to the concert that occurred on that supposedly momentous occasion.

So what *is* in the book? Limp descriptions of Nichols meeting dozens of people; endless touristy descriptions of the pyramids filled with excruciatingly boring and irrelevant dynastic histories that sound like they were copied verbatim out of the *World Book Encyclopedia;* self-serving anecdotes about how this or that person appreciated Nichols' value to the band; descriptions of Egypt and Egyptians that sound racist, but which are probably just naive; page after page of pre-Egypt ramblings that have nothing to do with the story; and a selection of poorly reproduced photos.

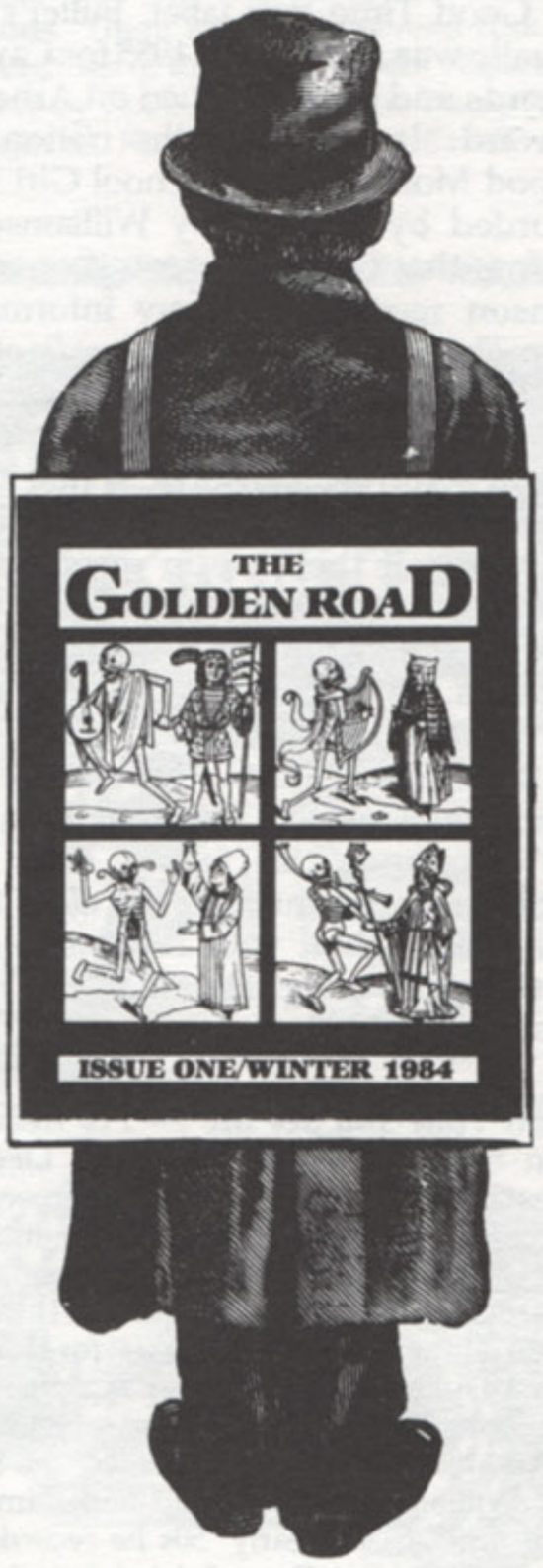
Perhaps most disturbing of all, though, is the promise (threat?) at the end of the book that soon we'll be seeing a second volume from Nichols, *Truckin' with the Grateful Dead: USA.* For $10, readers deserve much more than Nichols can offer. Let the buyer beware.

— *BJ*

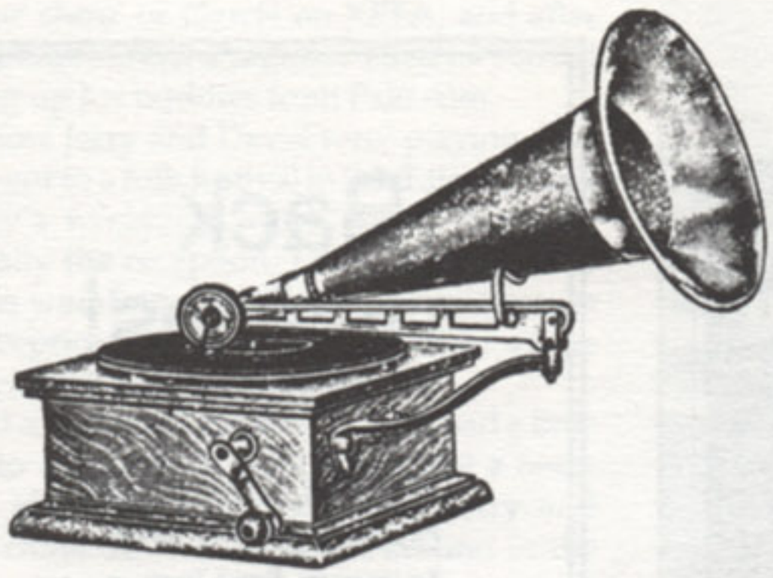
Back Issues!

We still have a few copies of our now-famous first issue, featuring an expansive article on Dead cover tunes, a Mickey Hart interview, the complete 1983 set lists and much more.
Just $3.00
(Limit of four)

Send to **The Golden Road,** 484 Lake Park Ave. #82, Oakland, CA 94610



They're Goin' Fast!!!!



More Roots

First of all, many thanks to all of you who wrote in saying how much you liked the "Roots" article in our last issue. It was an edifying and enjoyable experience putting it together, but I had to wonder in the back of my mind whether others shared my love for historical esoterica. Evidently many of you do.

A couple of notes on that first article, courtesy of Santa Cruz record collector Glenn Howard, who helped me locate some of those old discs from his collection of 120,000 LPs, 45s and 78s. First of all, contrary to what I wrote about Jesse Fuller's first album coming out in 1958 on the Good Time Jazz label, Fuller's first actually was recorded in 1955 for Cavalier Records and later re-issued on Arhoolie. Howard also disputes the notion that "Good Morning Little School Girl" was recorded by Sonny Boy Williamson. I confess that I've never seen it on a Williamson record; I got my information from *The Rolling Stone Encyclopedia of Rock and Roll* and one other source I can't recall. Howard says that many people confuse it with Williamson's "Little Girl," adding that to his knowledge the original recording of the tune in question was a 78 on Modern Records by a Texas blues singer named Smokey Hogg. The plot thickens.

This issue, we'll begin to tackle some of the non-recorded cover songs the Dead have played through the years. We'll continue this feature each issue until we've run through 'em *all* (if that's possible). Again, your feedback — corrections, oversights, etc. — is much appreciated.

"Next Time You See Me" — I've frequently seen this on tape lists as "You Lied and Cheated," which is incorrect. A Pigpen-sung staple of the Dead's live shows in the early '70s, it is a relatively recent blues, originally recorded by Junior Parker (1927-71) in 1957, when it hit #7 on the R&B charts for Houston-based Duke Records. Parker is a frequently overlooked figure in the history of R&B. Born in Arkansas, he was "discovered" by Sonny Boy Williamson and toured with him for a brief time. In the early '50s he recorded for Sam Phillips' Sun Records label, for whom he cut one of his original tunes, "Mystery Train." That song became one of Elvis Presley's first hits shortly after that, but Parker remained in the shadows. He recorded for Duke in the late '50s and had several popular songs, including

Soul man Junior Parker

"Driving Wheel." Penned by William Harvey and Earl Forest, "Next Time You See Me" has been recorded by several different blues and R&B artists, including Jimmy Cotton (who now goes by James Cotton) and Memphis Slim.

"Revolution" — Along with "Satisfaction," this is among the best-known songs the Dead cover. It was written by John Lennon when The Beatles were in India and originally recorded in June of 1968. It first appeared as the flip-side of The Beatles' best-selling single ever, "Hey Jude." A slower version — which is closer to the way the Dead perform it — was included on their next album, *The Beatles* (a.k.a. *The White Album*). Younger fans might be unaware that when the song was originally released it was very controversial, particularly with the radical Left, who thought the politics in the song were soft and the "it's gonna be all right" thrust of the song a cop-out. I've heard from a couple of different sources that we have Phil Lesh to thank for its resurrection by the Dead last autumn at Madison Square Garden and a couple of subsequent shows.

"Fennario" — "Aiko" Connie of Santa Cruz wrote in shortly after the first issue came out to chastise me for what she felt was a veiled insult to the many people who have been putting "Aiko" stickers on things for years, even though the name of the song is "Iko Iko." "We came up with that spelling ["Aiko"] the same way you keep calling 'Fennario' 'Peggy -O,'" she wrote. "So Blair, if we can be good humored about your slight of comedy on 'Fennario,' maybe you can have a lot more fun with 'Aiko Aiko.'" Okay, everyone, sorry if you felt I was attacking the "Aiko" camp. Connie also forwarded some sheet music for the tune "Fennario" as it appeared in the *Joan Baez Song Book*. (Joan recorded it on her 1962 LP, *In Concert Vol. 2*.) According to the songbook, "Cecil Sharp discovered several versions of this ballad in the Southern Appalachians on his collecting trips during the first World War, though it seems to have disappeared from American tradition since that time. It is still extremely popular in Scotland as 'The Bonnie Lass o' Fyvie-O' and was earlier known in England as 'Pretty Peggy of Derby.'"

There *are* precedents for calling the tune "Peggy-O," however: Simon & Garfunkel recorded it under that title; Bob Dylan's first album calls it "Pretty Peggy-O"; and one of the most respected volumes of folk song lyrics, *The Folksinger's Wordbook*, by Irwin and Fred Silber, lists the song as "Peggy-O." However, in honor of "Aiko" Connie and because I saw an interview with Garcia not that long ago in which he referred to "Fennario," this magazine shall henceforth call "Peggy-O," "Fennario."

"Satisfaction" — You know, opinions about so-called "classic" rock and roll tunes vary pretty dramatically from one rock historian to another, but one thing virtually *everyone* agrees on is that "(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction" is one of the most powerful and expressive rock tunes ever written. It's got a great hook, lyrics that deal with sex and alienation, and that attitude of frustrated rebelliousness that the Stones expressed better than anyone.

The original riff for the song was written by Rolling Stone Keith Richards during the band's tour of America in April of 1965. As he and Mick Jagger worked on the song throughout the tour, it metamorphosed from what

Jagger characterized a "folk song" *à la* Bob Dylan to the steamy, fuzzed rocker it became. The group recorded it in May at RCA studios in Hollywood. Shortly after its release, it became the Stones' first American #1 hit. It appeared on their *Out of Our Heads* LP.

"It's All Over Now" — This is another tune commonly associated with the Stones, who had a hit with it in June 1964. Actually, though, the tune was penned and originally recorded by Bobby Womack, a Cleveland native who became part of the Memphis scene in the '60s. Championed by soul singer Sam Cooke, Womack recorded both with his brother and as front man for The Valentinos, with whom he cut the original of "It's All Over Now." The song was the first tune the Stones recorded in America — they cut it at Chess Studios in Chicago, where the likes of Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Bo Diddley and others had worked. Ironically, it became the first Stones song to hit #1 in England. The song has been covered often since then. My favorite version is probably the R&B-gospel-reggae reading by Ry Cooder on his magnificent *Paradise & Lunch* LP.

"C.C. Rider" — This is better known as "See See Rider," as the title refers not to someone's name, but to a mistreated lover's command in the first verse: "See, see, see rider/see what you have done." The authorship of this traditional blues is unknown and it certainly dates back to pre-recording days. The first successful recorded version was a 1925 Paramount 78 by the great Gertrude "Ma" Rainey and

her Georgia Jazz Band. On the record the song is credited to Rainey and Lena Arant, and through the years, others have credited Rainey with the composition. Rainey was one of the most popular blues and jazz singers of the 1920s, and her bands frequently contained players who were either already well known or who would become famous later. Among them: Louis Armstrong, Kid Ory, Don Redman, Coleman Hawkins, Tampa Red and Fletcher Henderson. Among the multitude of artists who have covered the song in the past 60 years are Armstrong, John Lee Hooker, Chuck Berry, Big Bill Broonzy, Champion Jack Dupree, Mississippi John Hurt, B.B. King, Jerry Lee Lewis and even Duke Ellington.

"Man Smart, Woman Smarter" — If you've ever thought this song sounded slightly calypso, you're dead-on — it was popularized by Mr. Carribbean himself, Harry Belafonte, on one of his early RCA albums, *Calypso* (1956). Belafonte was not the first to cut the tune, however, as several recorded antecedents exist, including the Brute Force Steelband of Antigua's peppy instrumental version of the mid-'50s on their Cook Records album, *Music to Awaken the Ballroom Beast*. (Though generally associated with Jamaica, calypso is thought to have been refined on Trinidad before it reached Jamaica; at any rate, it was/is found on most of the Carribbean islands and probably dates back in its crudest form to the late 18th century.) Belafonte's version differs quite a bit from the Dead's musically and, even more, lyrically. He sings it with a thick, almost exaggerated accent, and his includes entire verses not found in most contemporary versions by white artists — particularly the final verse in which the woman in the song has a baby and its eyes are *blue*, meaning it isn't the child of the black singer!

There seems to be some confusion over the authorship of the song. On the Belafonte version, it is credited to Norman Span and King Radio. At least two other versions credit a "D. Klieber," the pseudonym of a writer named David Miller, who does get royalties for some versions. There have been several rock and roll readings of the tune in recent years, most notably by Robert Palmer (who nearly had a hit with it), Rosanne Cash and Carlene Carter. □

FUNSTUFF

But Who's Counting?

All you list freaks will be interested in a few of the findings of Berkeley subscriber Eric Ellisen. The most often played song of 1983 was "My Brother Esau," which found its way into 34 shows, more than once every two shows. Second on the list was another Weir tune, "Throwing Stones," with 32 versions. The band played 105 different songs last year, ten of which were played only once. Eric's research also reveals that the most common show opener was "Jack Straw" (12 times) followed by "Alabama Getaway" (10 times). The most frequently played first set closer was "Deal" (19) with "Might As Well" runner-up at 14 plays. Second set opener: "Help on the Way" (16); runner-up, "Scarlet Begonias" (12). Second set closer: "Sugar Magnolia" (20); runner-up, "Good Lovin'." Encore: "U.S. Blues" (18); runner-up "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue" (15). Among the tunes not played in '83 — "Casey Jones," "Mississippi Half-step," "El Paso," "Jackaroe" and "High Time."

Last issue we ran a rather nasty item about fraternities on the basis of an item we received concerning a U. of Vermont fraternity that put up a "Deadheads Go Home" banner when the band played in Burlington last year. Well, just so you know that *all* frats aren't evil, here's an ad for a frat mixer at the University of Pennsylvania using the Shakedown Dude, forwarded by Denise Dillon. Also, the Teke House at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville just subscribed. And in Ohio, the Fiji House at Miami University in Oxford have "just set the date for our first annual Dead Heads party and tape exchange on campus," writes subscriber Matt Folon. Matt adds that another Ohio Fiji chapter at Denison University is known on that campus as "The House of Jerry."

Sleeping on the job: Instead of brushing up on lyrics, Bob Weir grabs a cat nap backstage, "sleepin' and perchance to dream." Guess he was Dead tired. Nyuk, nyuk.
Photo by David Gans

Gross Facts About the Dead

The success of the Grateful Dead is still a source of bafflement to the rest of the entertainment world. They haven't put out a record in ages, as you know, yet there they were in *Performance* magazine's year-end chart of the top-grossing live attractions, at Number 13 (down from Number 6 the previous year). To give you an idea of the company the Dead are in, here are the 12 who placed above them, based on cumulative concert grosses (in order): Kenny Rogers, David Bowie, Journey, Bob Seger, The Police, Loverboy, Oak Ridge Boys, Neil Diamond, Def Leppard, Diana Ross, Willie Nelson and Rush. Of the Top 50 names on the list, only the Oak Ridge Boys and Kenny Rogers made the weekly top grossers chart more often—the Dead were on it 42 times. As for individual shows, the Dead's Oct. 11–12 Madison Square Garden shows made *Performance*'s Top 40 list (for one-city stands, grossing $514,000). And the Dead's New Year's run at the SF Civic topped *Billboard* magazine's gross chart for the first week of January, with $574,750 for the four sellouts. Let's see, we know they don't spend it all on clothes....

Just Call Him "Tex" Garcia

One of our Connecticut subscribers, Robert Smith II of Stonington, passes along this item from an article on promoter Frank Russo that appeared in the Providence (RI) *Sunday Journal* February 26 of this year:

"Maureen Capracotta, booking agent for the state-owned Veterans Memorial Auditorium, found out what a dog-eat-dog business it was when Russo booked Jerry Garcia for a Nov. 29, 1983, concert. The auditorium had a stated policy against booking rock bands; Mrs. Capracotta says Russo told her that Garcia, lead guitarist for the Grateful Dead, was a "country-western" artist.

"Russo claims he told her Garcia was a 'country-rock' artist, and says he wasn't trying to 'snow-ball my way into there.' The matter went to court after Mrs. Capracotta tried to cancel the concert, and the judge found in Russo's favor because there was nothing in the Vets contract specifically prohibiting rock and roll. The show went on."

At first glance this may look like a conventional *Steal Your Face* logo, but in fact it was generated by computer, according to a program developed by Mike Cowperthwaite. He'll be glad to share the data and info on how to process it with any computer freaks out there; just send a magtape to him at: 97 Marbella Ln., East Hampton, CT 06084.

Some People Will Do Anything for Attention

"Say you'll come back when you can/ Whenever your airplane happens to land" the Dead sing in "Cosmic Charlie." Well, *Golden Road* subscriber Jack Romanski (he wrote the long letter titled "I Need A Miracle" in Issue One) landed his airplane recently and made the front page of the San Francisco *Examiner* because of it. You see, Romanski's two-seat plane developed engine trouble about 15 minutes after taking off from Hayward Airport, (that's south of Oakland, CA), so the resourceful Deadhead simply landed his plane between clumps of traffic on a nearby freeway, merging with the cars at about 80 mph— right near the St. Stephen's Road exit. And what does Jack say he was doing prior to takeoff? You guessed it: listening to a tape of "St. Stephen." Okay, Jack, you've *got* your miracle now.

Lend a Hand

Seen any reviews in your hometown or college newspaper? Or out of town, when you're on the road? Send 'em along. We'd love to see 'em.

Campaign '84 for some folks has nothing to do with Hart, Mondale or Ronnie. It's Cosmic Charlie that's on their minds. The problem is, the Dead haven't played the song in years, so "Cosmic Charlie" campaigners have been busy passing out flyers and "I.D.," cards like the one here to drum up support for the cause.

How the hell do you market a band like the Grateful Dead? Well, in the late '60s, Warner Bros. used humor to market just about all of their records. At right is an ad the company ran for *Aoxomoxoa* in the June, 1969 *Rolling Stone*. To our knowledge there was no "Part One," and the winner remains a mystery to us.

To Commemorate The New Grateful Dead Album, We Present Our

Pigpen Look Alike Contest

(Part Two)

To be downright brutal about it, Part One of our Pigpen Look-Alike Contest that we laid on you a few weeks back is a bust. Not that there haven't been entries. There've been plenty. But so far no one has, via black-and-white or color photograph, captured the panache, the bravado, the insouciance—the true and utter raunch of

MR. PEN

Just to have a moustache doesn't make it.

Just to have long hair doesn't make it.

Blondes don't make it.

Photos with no name and address don't make it.

And the pigmy from Venice (Calif.) who wrote that "contests suck" doesn't make it.

Now, because (1) in our heart of hearts we know there is a Pigpen Look-Alike in this world of ours, (2) The Grateful Dead have a new album, called *Aoxomoxoa*, and deserve an ad, and (3) we need all the diversion we can get here in Burbank, the Box Top and Party Games Dept. has voted to extend the deadline of the Pigpen Look-Alike Contest and make it

EASIER TO ENTER

No longer do you have to send us a reasonable facsimile of any of the Dead's album covers (a stipulation the first time round and a not-too-clever ruse to get you into the record stores). Now all you have to do fill out the form below and send it in with a photograph of your favorite Pigpen Look-Alike. The guy or gal who most resembles and captures the spirit of Mr. Pen is our lucky winner.

Live entries will not be accepted.

All photos become the property of Warner Bros.-Seven Arts Records and cannot be returned.

The decision of the judges is final.

And we reserve the right to make up more rules as we go along.

The Judges. Eagerly awaiting your deluge of entries is a frolicsome panel of Warners secretaries who have, on at least one occasion, brushed shoulders with the real Mr. Pen and are convinced there cannot be a double. Prove them wrong.

The Prizes. As before, First Prize is $200 worth of our grooviest albums (Jimi Hendrix, Jethro Tull, The Mothers, Joni Mitchell, etc.). Second Prize is $100 worth. Third through Tenth Prizes: $50. No winners will receive a copy of *Aoxomoxoa*. That we want you to buy.

THE FORM

Box Top and Party Games Dept. A
Room 208
Warner Bros.-Seven Arts Records
Burbank, California 91503

Dear Jean, Gigi, Shannon, Thelma, Ruth, Cinnamon, etc.:

Here is my Pigpen Look-Alike. The subject is ☐ male ☐ female. On my honor this is an honest-to-gosh unretouched photograph.

The Pigpen Look-Alike's name is _____

_____

If this entry wins, send all those albums directly to:

_____

_____

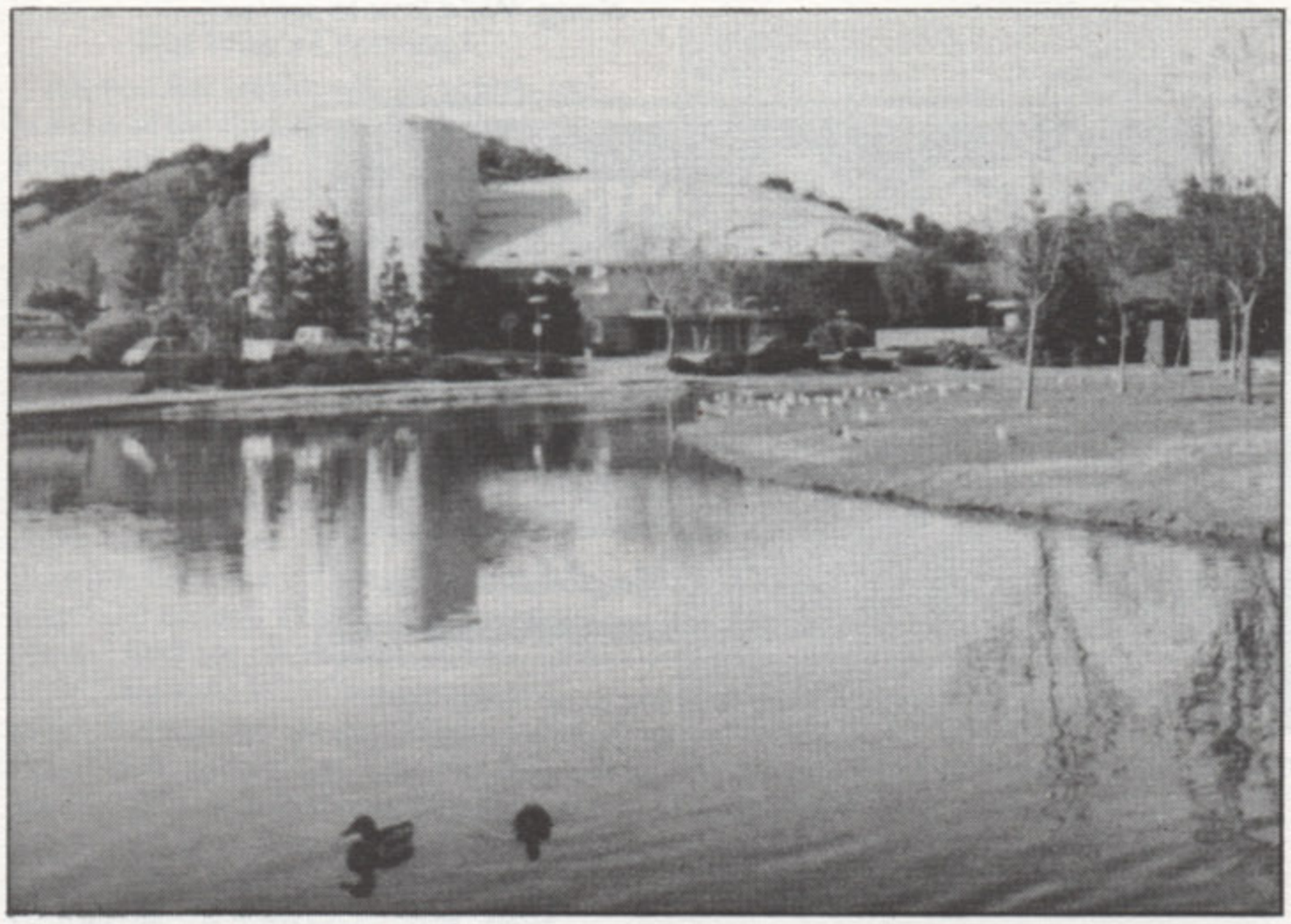
_____

Do hurry. Our judges have given up coffee breaks to work on this—and those albums are ready and waiting to be shipped out.

One final note: Fun Is Fun, but . . . we can't keep cracking out these *divertissements* without some sales. So we nervously suggest you take on *Aoxomoxoa*. For our mutual benefit.

AOXOMOXOA — WS 1790

SET LISTS: WESTERN TOUR '84



Marin Civic Center

3-28-84 Marin Civic, San Rafael, CA
Iko, Iko
C.C. Rider
Loser
El Paso
West L.A. Fadeaway
Beat It On Down the Line
Candyman
Let It Grow

Oh Babe It Ain't No Lie
Hell in a Bucket
China Cat Sunflower ➧
I Know You Rider ➧
Playing in the Band
  jam ➧
Don't Need Love ➧
  rhythm devils ➧
  space ➧
The Wheel ➧
Truckin' ➧
Spoonful ➧
Around & Around ➧
Johnny B. Goode

Touch of Gray

Notes: Counting last New Year's Eve, the Dead did "Iko Iko" twice in a row for the first time . . . "Oh Babe It Ain't No Lie" occurred because Weir's equipment was non-functional when the band came out for the second set. Jerry noodled for a minute or two and then broke into "Oh Babe" with everyone but Weir following . . . "Don't Need Love" is a Brent tune that was played with just Brent, Weir and the drummers. Weir had never heard it before, but played along. Brent did the song because his parents were in the audience.

3-29-84 Marin Civic
Walking the Dog
Bertha ➧
Promised Land
Must Have Been the Roses
Little Red Rooster
Bird Song
My Brother Esau
Might As Well

Shakedown Street
Estimated Prophet ➧
Eyes of the World ➧
  rhythm devils ➧
  space ➧
Spanish Jam ➧
The Other One ➧
Wharf Rat ➧
Sugar Magnolia

Day Job

Notes: This was the first GD version of Rufus Thomas' "Walking the Dog." "My Brother Esau" has been revamped since last year with a new intro and a new instrumental break . . . Both of the "Spanish Jams" the band has played this year have been very well developed, almost to the point that they sound like completed songs.

3-31-84 Marin Civic
Alabama Getaway
Feel Like a Stranger
Dupree's Diamond Blues
New Minglewood Blues
Dire Wolf
Hell in a Bucket ➧
Althea
Looks Like Rain ➧
Deal

Scarlet Begonias ➧
Fire on the Mountain
Man Smart, Woman Smarter
He's Gone ➧
  rhythm devils ➧
  space ➧
Throwing Stones ➧
Not Fade Away

It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

Notes: The choral ending of "He's Gone" ("Oo-oo, Nothin's gonna bring him back") was completely psychedelicized thanks to sound wizard Dan Healy, who threw some unearthly echo and bizarre quad effects onto the vocals, making the band sound like Pink Floyd at its weirdest . . . "Throwing Stones" has two new verses and a different guitar break.

Sticker by Bob Onorato, Los Angeles, CA

4-1-84 Marin Civic
Jack Straw
Friend of the Devil
Me & My Uncle ➧
Mexicali Blues
Big Railroad Blues
Cassidy
Tennessee Jed
My Brother Esau ➧
Don't Ease Me In

Help on the Way ➧
Slipknot ➧
Franklin's Tower ➧
Samson & Delilah
Terrapin ➧

rhythm devils ➧
space ➧
Morning Dew ➧
I Need a Miracle ➧
Goin' Down the Road Feelin' Bad ➧
Good Lovin'

Touch of Gray

Notes: There were people in jester suits, false noses and more for the April Fool's show, but the band chose not to acknowledge the occasion, unless you count playing extra well a joke . . . The "Morning Dew" out of the drums is a real rarity (when was the last one, all you list keepers?).

4-6-84 Aladdin Theatre, Las Vegas
Bertha ➧
Greatest Story Ever Told
They Love Each Other
It's All Over Now
Brown-Eyed Women
Hell in a Bucket
Ramble on Rose
The Music Never Stopped ➧
Might As Well

China Cat Sunflower ➧
I Know You Rider
Lost Sailor ➧
Saint of Circumstance ➧
jam ➧
rhythm devils ➧
space ➧
Eyes of the World ➧
Truckin' ➧
Black Peter ➧
Sugar Magnolia

U.S. Blues

Notes: Isn't it time Bobby got a set of cue cards for "The Music Never Stopped"? . . . The "Eyes of the World" out of the space is another extremely rare configuration, and the band didn't seem to know where to go after it — Garcia, not hearing a direction from Weir for the next tune, began "Black Peter," only to have Bobby walk over to him and *then* they launched into "Truckin'."

4-7-84 Irvine Meadows, Irvine, CA
Feel Like a Stranger
West L.A. Fadeaway
Me & My Uncle ➧
Mexicali Blues
Althea
C.C. Rider
Big Railroad Blues
My Brother Esau
Touch of Gray

Iko, Iko
Playing in the Band ➧

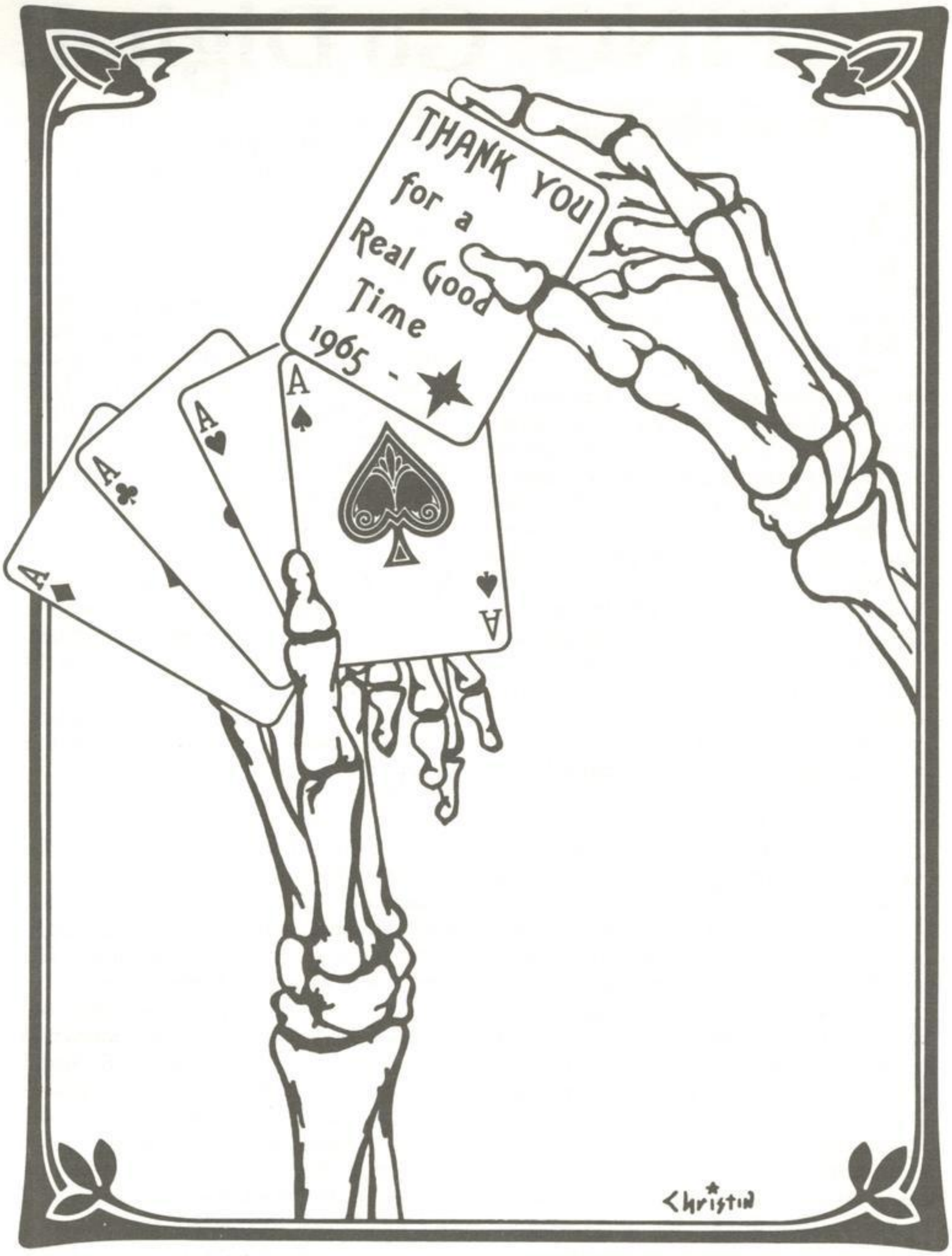
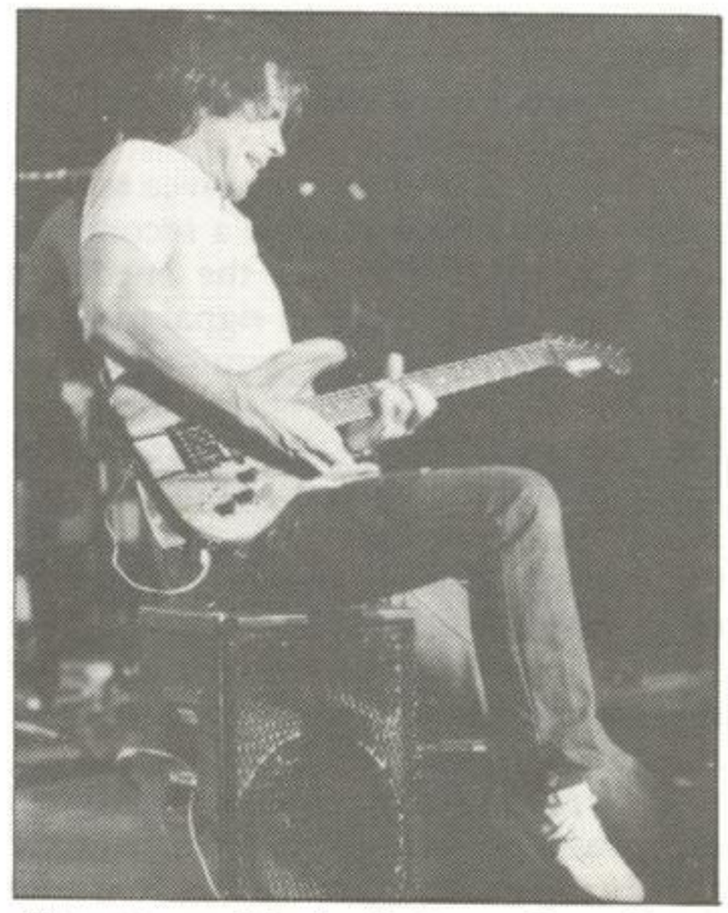


Illustration by Christin Adams, Waltham, MA

Uncle John's Band ➧
drums ➧
space ➧
Spanish Jam ➧
The Other One ➧
Throwing Stones ➧
Not Fade Away

One More Saturday Night

Notes: Two "Iko's" in the first six shows — could this be a trend? . . . After the band finished "Uncle John's Band," they went into a jam that meandered briefly before masterfully returning once again to the main "Uncle John" closing riff . . . After the rest of the band had left after "Not Fade Away,," Mickey remained and the crowd chanted. When the group came out for the encore they briefly toyed with the song's riff again before charging into "One More Saturday Night."


Weir gets casual during the Vegas "Sugar Mag." Photo by Currie & Rymes

TAPING: Go Digital!

By Jeff Silberman

By now, many have heard about digital recording; some may be toying with the idea of getting into digital. Well before you turn your half-baked pipedream into reality, allow me to give you some food for thought.

Before going digital, there are two conditions necessary in order to appreciate your investment in digital equipment: excellent microphones and good microphone placement. Your master recording is limited by the quality of your mikes. If you have Radio Shack mikes, then your master will sound horrendous whether one records with a digital processor or a Walkman. Secondly, if you place your mikes in the last row of Nassau Coliseum, then your master will sound horrible regardless of the quality of your mikes or tape deck. Good mike placement and quality mikes are a taper's first priority; it is pointless to invest in digital without either of these vital ingredients.

From my experience in using the Technics SV-100 Digital Audio Processor, I find three advantages and disadvantages in going digital. First the good news.

1) No tape hiss. This is not to say that digital mastering *records* no hiss. First of all, the PA emits plenty of hiss, especially noticeable during post-drum space. Second, microphones themselves add their share of hiss. Of course, the finer the mike, the less hiss. Third, there is line hiss, and one's amplifier upon playback yields hiss. However, there is no hiss inherent in the recording process which by itself accounts for the majority of hiss in analog recordings. In effect, digital masters are far cleaner than analog recordings — virtually transparent. Moreover, a digital copy of a digital recording is perfectly *identical* to the digital source, even to the 100th generation. Analog copies are unlistenable well before that generation.

2) No cuts. Wouldn't it be nice to start a tape at the beginning of a second set and leave it alone until the encore is finished? Because digital signal must be recorded on VHS tape, you can record up to two continuous hours. (Some of the new digital processors can record up to six continuous hours.) Thus, no cuts during hot jams, and no flipping during the drums. Instead, you can record the entire second set without a break. This feature makes digital masters unique, for reel-to-reels cannot match this feat if run at a quality speed, 7½ to 15 i.p.s.

3) Dynamic Range. Analog recordings onto cassette format yield about 55dB, that is, 55 audible increments from the quietest moments of a show to the very loudest. Digital recordings yield up to 90dB. If you are familiar with reel-to-reels, you will appreciate the wide-open clarity and thump resulting from increased dynamic range. Likewise, digital masters do not compress Phil's thunder bass like cassette recordings do. Digital saves! Although there is nothing quite like being there, listening to a digital master is astonishingly true to life, especially if cranked through a killer sound system. However, do not be misled into thinking that you can appreciate digital sound by making a cassette recording off a digital recording. In order to appreciate digital sound, you must play a digital master through a digital processor.

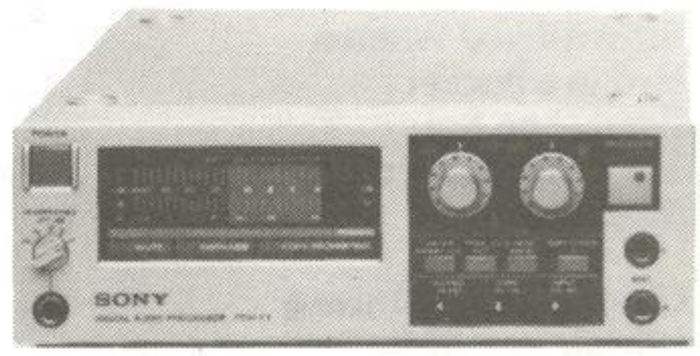
Well, that's the good news, but before you start calling in your loans to your friends and selling your D5, you may want to hear the bad news:

1) Megabucks. Unless you have an in, you will spend serious bucks on digital equipment. The price of digital processors have come down since Sony first introduced the $2000 PCM-FI into the marketplace. The Technics SV-100 lists for $900 (dealer cost is $575), but do not anticipate discounts since digital processors are presently low-volume, high-demand, state-of-the-art machines. The processor, which is simple to use, merely converts the signal from the mikes into binary numbers, affectionately known as "digits." A Video Cassette Recorder (VCR) is needed to record these digits. A good portable VCR costs about $1000. (It's my guess that in several months, a combined digital/VCR portable machine will be on the market.) Naturally, you'll need batteries to operate these babies. Both the VCR and the processor come with one rechargeable internal battery. Because the internal battery lasts no more than one hour, you will need to purchase at least three more for each machine to play it safe. Internal batteries cost about $50 each. One can take a different route and buy external batteries. The longest lasting, lightest, and most reliable external rechargeable battery is the Marathon 10, which costs about $150. All in all, you can expect to spend from $300 to $500 on batteries.

As if all this wasn't bad enough, you must also spend money on VCR tape. Digital recording requires high-grade tape at its fastest speed. The longest VCR tape will record for two continuous hours at the fastest speed (you don't flip VCR tape like a cassette tape). From my experience, you will need a pair of two-hour tapes to record an entire show. At $10 to $12 per tape, you will spend about $20 per show. Recently, however, a digital processor has been introduced that will allow high-grade VCR tape to run at its four or six hour recording speed thereby allowing a taper to record an entire show on one tape. Nonetheless, going digital is expensive.

2) Digital is bulky. The Technics digital processor and the Matshushita-made VCR are the smallest (9" × 9" × 4") and lightest on the market. Still, at approximately seven pounds each, they are considerably more bulky than a D5. Moreover, the batteries weigh two to five pounds apiece depending on kind. The point is that there is no way to stash this stuff — not in books, on babies, under dresses, in packs or what have you. If taping is prohibited, you'll need a backstage pass or a wheelchair.

3) Digital is a real hassle. If you multiply the hassle of taping with a D5 by ten, then you will understand the hassle of digital taping. The internal battery packs require four to six hours to fully recharge. Both the digital processor and the VCR have AC adapters/battery re-



Sony's PCM-F1 processor

chargers. To recharge six batteries, both rechargers must operate for 12 to 18 hours. A high-power recharger, which can be had for $150, will charge internal batteries in one and a half hours. External batteries, like the Marathon 10, have their own chargers. To fully recharge these bad boys takes about 12 hours. If you are driving long distances between shows, e.g., the Midwest tour, you may be out of luck. There are two recourses: 1) Buy plenty of spare batteries; 2) Hang it up.

On paper, it would seem that the costs of getting into digital far outweigh the benefits. I too was skeptical. That is until I listened to my first digital master. Hearing is believing! Listening to digital masters, there is one major thing that sets them apart from cassette recordings — PHIL. Cassette format simply cannot handle Phil's 6-string bass. Digital handles it beautifully! No distortion. None.

If you are a Phil freak (like I am) then there is no decision to be made; you must get into digital. If you have no intention of making the leap into the new frontier, then I suggest that you do not listen to digital masters. Doing so will make you either hopelessly committed to getting a digital processor come what may or painfully unsatisfied with your cassette masters, good though you once thought they were. For my part, I can honestly say that getting into digital mastering was a sound investment. □

TAPE TRADERS

This is a free service for Golden Road *subscribers only. Please keep your ad to about 15 words (or less!) plus your address. Deadline for the next (July) issue is June 15. Note:* The Golden Road *is staunchly opposed to the sale of tapes.*

Wanted: Quality Dead tapes, especially '71-'75 and '83 tour. Garth Foskett, 224 Augusta Pl., Santa Clara, CA 95051.

I like to trade tapes. Your list for mine. Tim Bennett, P.O. Box 401, North Myrtle Beach, SC 29582.

Have/ want high quality Dead tapes. Looking for 12-27-81. Send list. Richard Kratt, 1832 Edgewood Dr., Palo Alto, CA 94303.

Trade 500 hours. Lots low generation. Looking for pre-'74. Exchange lists. Rick Burke, P.O. Box 51, Camden, NY 13316.

I'm looking for Jerry Garcia Band, Springfield Symphony Hall 11-11-81. Will trade. WJK, USCGC Sherman (WHEC-720), FPO S.F., CA 96678.

Looking for Tulsa 2-6-79, K.C. 9-1-78, SBDs of 9/83 shows. Have over 800 hours to trade. Kurt Mahoney, 350 Coma Terrace, Laguna Beach, CA 92651

Tapes for trade: Dead, Allmans, Little Feat, Airplane. Send list for mine. Dean Reynolds, P.O. Box 15665, Cincinnati, OH 45215.

Tapes for trade. Quality only. Paul Fronstin, 1 Benita Blvd., Vestal, NY 13850.

Wanted: Cornell '81, Binghamton '77. Any acoustic stuff from NY, Warfield, New Orleans, Marin '83 (esp. soundcheck). Barry Ritter, 41 Hidden Forest, Painted Post, NY.

Wanted: Good quality Acid Tests and early tapes. 500 hours to trade. Chris Olson, 827 Morningside Rd., Ridgewood, NY 07450.

Have 1000 hrs GD. Also Tuna, QMS, more. Send list for mine. Thomas Donhauser, Mozartstr. 13/ IV. D-8000, Munchen 2, W. Germany.

New Tape Head w/ mostly '80-'84 interested in trading. Want esp. 6-74 Oak. Stadium. Jeff Setzekorn, 40232 Santa Teresa, Fremont, CA 94539.

Let's trade lists: T. Storch, Beckmesserstr. 4, 8 Munchen 81, W. Germany.

Wanted: Europe '72: 4-15, 16, 24, 26, 5-10, 13, 24. Have 700 hrs plus to trade. Larry Slavens, Box 248, Fontanelle, IA 50846.

Trade: E. Coast shows for W. Coast: T.A., Rd 5, Greenfield Ave., Ballston Spa., NY 12020.

Wanted: Garcia Band 1-9-84 The Stone, SF. Help! New in area. Doug Slater, 1507 Garcez #8, Concord, CA 94521.

Have many hi-quality SBD to trade. Need same of whole 5-2-70 show; also 12-31-78 whole show. D. Alden, Box 80, RR #1, Whitney Point, NY 13862.

Wanted: Worcester Tech 5-9-70, Springfield, MA 9-4-72. Herb Hiser, P.O. Box 724, East Dennis, MA 02641.

Have 300-plus hours of GD to trade. Does anyone have 5-12-77 Chicago? Jen Levin, Box 461, Peterborough, NH 03458.

Help! Deadhead exiled in Ozarks! Send tape list and I'll reply. Jim Skinner, 413 S. 41st St., Van Buren, AR 72956.

Wanted: 9-6, 10, 11-83; 10-11, 31-83; 5-13, 14-83. Jeff, 413 S. 41st St., Van Buren, AR 72956.

Wanted: Quality recordings of "Green Grass"; "Mountains of the Moon" Fillmore '69. Lots to trade. Mike Parisi, 4 Universal Bl., Plainview, NY 11803.

Let's trade lists, O.K.? Tod Heysler, 230 Primo Ave., Sherrill, NY 13461

Esp. want: Reconstruction w/ Garcia 8-10-79 Temple Beautiful, S.F. Have 1000 hours to trade, hi-qual only. Sven-H. Simonsen, Finkenweg 8, 2107 Rosengarten, W. Germany.

Wanted: Dead/ Dinosaurs. Have 1350 hrs. qual GD. Corresp. welcome. Thomas Biedebach, Breslauer Str. 78 5880 Luedenscheid, W. Ger.

Trade qual low generation reels. Betts — Zappa. Send lists to: Power King Systems, P.O. Box 522, Stratford, CT 06497.

Wanted: Dead/ Dinosaurs. Have 800-plus hrs. Send lists: Uwe Dehnel, Wandsbeker Chaussee 162, 2000 Hamburg 76, W. Germany.

Wanted: Red Rocks 9-7-83. Good qual only Jay, 461 Noe #3, S.F. 94114, (415) 621-2763.

CLASSIFIEDS

Sealed *Tiger Rose* LP: $10 plus postage: Rob Kravitz, 9662 Huron, St. Louis, MO 63132.

Wanted: Quality, colorful tie-dye. Send name, address, etc. to: S. Erickson, 407 Gamble Dr., Sparks, NV 89431.

Get the Unique MIKEL Calendar. Send $10 postpaid to: P.O. Box 4403, Covina, CA 91723.

Attend the 13th Annual Rainbow Family Gathering of the Tribes in the mountains of Northern California July 1–7. For more info, write: Rainbow Family Tribal Council, P.O. Box 2156, Chico, CA 95917.

ADVERTISE!

Advertising is cheerfully accepted at the following rates:

Full page: $250. **Half-page:** $150.

Quarter-page: $75.

Classifieds: $3 for 25 words or less; 10¢ for each word more.

In keeping with our anti-bootlegging stance, we reserve the right not to accept ads for products that blatantly violate the copyright of logos and designs controlled by the Grateful Dead.

currie•rymes

— Photos —

3043 Piedmont La Crescenta, CA 91214

(213) 248-0363

for another time's forgotten space

Thousands of Duplicates: Dead, SF Bands, EVERYTHING!

GLENN HOWARD'S

MUSICIAN'S REFERENCE LIBRARY

(408) 335-4356
P.O. Box 66550
Santa Cruz, CA 95066
Message: (415) 965-8640

Featuring the recorded histories of Jazz, Rock 'n' Roll, Country, Popular, Folk, Blues, Broadway, Comedy, R&B, Foreign & Ethnic, Soundtracks, Gospel, Ragtime, Songwriters, Personalities, Opera, Historical, Vocalists, Spoken Word, Instrumentalists, Vocal Groups, Big Bands, etc., etc.; from LP's, 78's, 45's, Sheet Music, Books, Magazines, 16mm Film and Video.

For singers, musicians, dancer's schools, filmr., plays, radio & TV productions, high school reunions & just plain anjoyment.

DEADLYMPICS!!

As everyone knows, this summer the eyes of the world will turn to Los Angeles, which is hosting the 1984 Olympics. Less publicized, but certainly as interesting, is the forthcoming Deadhead Olympiad (or Deadlympics), the fifth such convocation since the summer of 1969. This year, as in the past, medals will be awarded in seven events sanctioned by the IDC (International Deadlympics Committee). Here, then, is a run-down of the events, accompanied by the new international designation for each. The Deadlympics will take place at a point on the summer tour to be announced later by IDC officials.

Hacky-Sack: Ever since their stunning upset in the 1981 New Haven Deadlympics, the five-person Eugene, Oregon team has been *the* squad to beat. You'll recall they successfully kept the sack airborne for 613 kicks, all the while singing along to a tape of the 2-14-70 acoustic set. The competition will be fierce this summer, with the Syosset, Long Island team brashly predicting victory: "We've imported a Sacker from India who has been working out to 30- and 40-minute versions of 'Love Light,'" reports one wag.

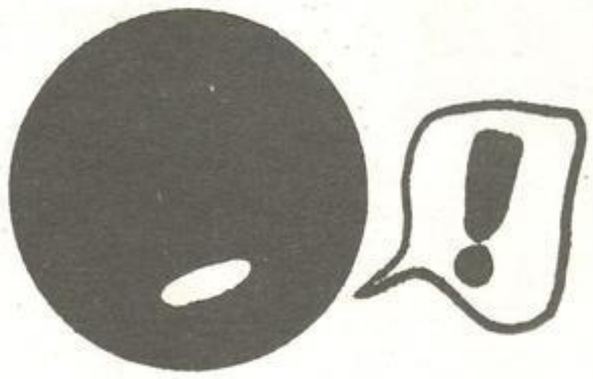
Dog Bandana Tying: The judges are looking for several things in this event: the artfulness of the knot, the degree of fading in the bandana, and the disposition of the pooch. In the past, entrants have lost for such disparate reasons as tying bells around the dog's neck in an effort to impress the judges, using silk bandanas instead of the regulation red or navy with white cotton variety, and bringing purebred hounds. Just remember the mnemonic, S.F.M.: a simple but artful knot, a *f*aded bandana, and *m*utts always win. Also, the more disoriented and aimless the dog appears as he wanders through the crowd, the more points you're likely to accrue.

Juggling: Juggling oranges and small balls is old hat these days; recent winners won medals based on the diversity of materials juggled (the '81 winner, Carol Fluter, juggled a summer squash, a used kleenex and all three discs from *Europe '72* for an entire first set) and the number of illegal and/or consciousness-altering substances ingested during the actual juggling.

Tape Equipment Smuggling: Almost no expert expects a repeat of the now infamous Orono, Maine coup of last year, in which six University of Maine Deadheads successfully smuggled in a fully operational Studer 24-track recorder and a Neve console and made a tape described by Dan Healy as "incredible, better than anything we've done in years." Most likely the field this year will be dominated by the usual range of small Sonys, though increasingly we've been seeing the smugglers bringing in crude baffling and isolation equipment to further cut crowd noise.

Waiting: Entrants are judged not only on the length of time they wait, but in such important categories as the number of friends they can successfully draw to their spot in line, the quantity and quality of partiables consumed, and the imagination put into pre-show activities. Several people from different cities are said to have already lined up for shows that have yet to be announced, but the IDC advises caution in that regard: The governing body recently ruled that Al Rotelli of Bayonne, New Jersey would be disqualified because his lining up outside Madison Square Garden's box office ten minutes after the end of the second autumn '83 Dead show there constituted "actions which make the event appear ridiculous."

Van Repair: People are still talking about the time that Joe Bienvenuto of St. Louis was shuttling eight of his Deadhead friends down to a show at Atlanta's Fox Theatre and his van sputtered, wheezed and died somewhere in northern Georgia. Joe did a major ring and valve job, replaced two of the four tires and invented a makeshift exhaust pipe out of a bong all in about an hour and 20 minutes, in the rain no less. That's a record van owners have been trying to top ever since as they drive their dilapidated VWs and Dodges coast-to-coast waiting for that next crippling calamity to fall. With several 15-year-old VW units in competition this summer, there's certain to be plenty of creative wrench work on the nation's highways. Keep in mind that helping a van in trouble may be the "Deadhead" thing to do, but it may result in a competing van's disqualification.



Yelling at Jerry: As usual, the entire 20-person field in this event consists of New Yorkers, or New Yorkers who have moved to other states. In the exciting World Class preliminary championship held at Syracuse's Carrier Dome last October, Mark Glassman of Long Island City, NY set a modern volume and distance record by having his cry of "Dawwwwwwwwwk Staawwwwwwww, Jerrrrrreeeeeee!" travel from the back row of the stadium all the way to the stage, where soundmixer Harry Popick winced noticeably and a record 53 tapers were unsuccessful in blocking the annoying cacaphony from their recordings. Glassman is a heavy favorite, of course, though he has received kidnap and death threats, should he ever leave New York State.