THE GOLDEN ROAD

ISSUE THREE SUMMER 1984

It Bein' Summer, I Took off My Shirt

Ah, summer's here and all across the country Deadheads have left home and hearth and ventured into the land of Denny's cuisine, motel beds and campground showers; with where you've been shining in a rear view mirror and where you're going just a few tape sides ahead. That's right, it's touring season, the time of year that separates those of us with Day Jobs from the lucky devils who are free to roam the Earth. Whether you've been able to catch a number of shows along the tour, enjoyed just the local dates or have had to rely on tapes alone to beat the heat, we hope your summer is going well.

We're happy to report our subscription rolls are growing steadily, thanks primarily to word of mouth and leafletting at shows. But there are still a lot of Heads out there who don't know about *The Golden Road,* and we need help spreading the word. If you'd like to help by passing out leaflets, drop us a card and we'll try to send you some before the next show in your area.

We mentioned last issue that we have a great many professionals among our subscribers. We're currently working on an article about professional Deadheads and are looking for your input. So, all you doctors, lawyers, engineers, scientists and other pillars of society, if you've got the time, we'd really appreciate it if you'd drop a note commenting on how your professional life interfaces with being a Deadhead. If you'd rather, send us a card with your phone number and maybe we'll give you a call. Thanks in advance for your help.

Will We Leave This Place an Empty Stone?

The last thing we want to do in this magazine is preach at you or impose our on views you, but we would like to take a minute to urge you all to register to vote for the upcoming presidential election, which could have critical implications for the entire world. Deadheads have a reputation of being apolitical, and there's no question that many of you have taken your cue on this issue from members of the band who have professed their utter contempt for the political process through the years. And they're right, of course. Politics is morally corrupt and philosophically bankrupt. The people who run for office are often power-hungry and borderline megalomaniacal types. It's hard to blame someone for either ignoring the election altogether or casting votes for "Nobody" or even Jerry Garcia (as *must* happen every four years).

What we'd like to impress on you, though, is that Ronald Reagan is *dangerous* and that his policies have the two great superpowers clawing at each other as they never have before. Besides having a Stone Age approach to international relations, with his fondness for American military interventionism and his love of nuclear weaponry, he has time and again demonstrated his utter disregard for the poor of this country, for the environment and for women. And should he be re-elected this November for another four years, it is almost certain that he will be able to appoint one, and perhaps more, new members of the Supreme Court, tilting the bench even further to the right (and away from strict protection of the Bill of Rights). That will have catastrophic implications we'll feel for years.

So next time you're hearing "Morning Dew" or "Throwing Stones," or wondering whether you or a friend might be shipped off to fight in a foreign land, keep in mind that there truly is a choice in this year's election. For all of his faults, not the least of which is that he's a politician with a capital "P," Democratic candidate Walter Mondale is committed to a nuclear freeze, is a longtime friend of the environment, a supporter of the Equal Rights Amendment, and basically a compassionate man who has always fought for the underdog. Voting doesn't make you any less cool, nor does it mean you are endorsing a political system you think is completely out of touch with the people. What is does represent is your belief in the *possibility* of change in this country. Think for a second how Reagan has changed America already. This could well be the most important election of your lifetime.

(Our apologies if our brief political rap offends your sensibilities. We'll be happy to print other brief, well-articulated viewpoints on the issue in the October *Golden Road.*)

— *BJ & RM*

THE GOLDEN ROAD

ALWAYS DEAD

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FEEDBACK

Hair Apparent

The only difference between now and when I first saw the Dead (Boston Music Hall 6-10-76) is that now I have to look at my damn ears when I shave in the morning. To be sure, Deadheads are a minority in the military, but that only serves to heighten the enthusiasm prior to a show and the chance to mix again with our contemporaries.

I don't feel any need to justify my presence here, although reaction from Deadheads has ranged from suspicion to bewilderment due to the haircut. To me, this is just another stop on the Bus, on a ride that has included, since graduating from college in '76, playing drums for stints in the Magic Music Band (Amherst, MA area) and Freedom Riders (Sussex, NJ), working various manual-labor jobs, and spending a year at an ashram (yoga, of course) on the East Coast. The music of the Grateful Dead has somehow woven its way into my life and times and is even more prominent and alive today than ever.

So at the next show, when you see the fellow (or bozo, as the case may be) with the ears showing, the Cheshire smile and the twinkle in his eyes, swaying in the crowd near you, remember that it's been a long, strange trip for him too.

R.J. Raub
McLellan AFB
Sacramento, CA

Join the Air Force, See the World

I'm one of those guys who you mentioned as being in the service ("a soldier by the looks of him"), and I feel no reconciling of the two worlds is needed. I'm in the Air Force, and to me it's just a job I happened to pick so I could travel and get an education. And to my best friends who just saw me when I went home for the first time since joining in October, I'm still the same old Head they knew before (just shorter hair!).

I've been able to see quite a few shows since entering the service. I caught the Marin April Fools shows, six East Coast shows, also New Year's for the first time! I'll be joining the tribes at the Rocks again this year, and I'm setting my sights on the Greek shows. So for me the service has been advantageous.

John Skiotis
Tucson, AZ

Anchors Away

While stationed in San Diego in 1966 on the USS Guston Hall (LSD-5) I heard about a trip going down in L.A. called an Acid Test. Well, being the type of person I am, I dropped in. But my trip was cut short for a while, as I had a trip down in Southeast Asia to do. But good things happen; a year later I'm back and it's the spring of '67, and every weekend I'm off to Topanga Canyon in L.A. or down to Mexico. And then I go to Monterey for the show and there's this band from the Acid Test, the Good Ol' Grateful Dead, and I take a transfer of duty from the Gunston Hall (LSD-5) to the Grateful Dead (LSD-25) and go AWOL and follow the party back up to San Francisco. A month and a half later I turn myself back into the Navy.

But what happens is, the Navy sits me down and wants to know why I went AWOL. After rapping to them about my trip, and being in anti-war demonstrations, and them breaking into my foot locker and finding it full of drugs, it seems the Navy does not want me, calls me undesirable and gives me a discharge so I'm out and ready for more adventures on the Golden Road.

Harry
Rogue River, OR

Christin Adams, Waltham, MA

A Beer Saved Is a Penny Earned . . . or Something Like That

That's it. Everybody has been saying "Get *The Golden Road*, it's great"—Phil from *Dead Head Directory*, Larry from Iowa, Dennis from Minnesota, Rick from Illinois, Michael from Wisconsin. When Michael brought over the first two issues for me to read, I thought, "OK, I'll see what all the fuss is about." We went to get some beers and when I offered to pay for some of the St. Pauli Girl Dark he said, "Save your money for the *Golden Road* subscription." That sold me. When Michael wouldn't let me buy beer because this magazine is so good, I knew there was something behind it. Well, I read it. Sign me up.

Christopher Ristow
Fond Du Lac, WI

P.S. For the Deadlympics [Spring issue], in the "Yelling at Jerry" category, a subsequent entry must be made for some wild guys at the Jerry Garcia Band show at the Arie Crown Theatre, Chicago 1983 early show, for yelling before Jerry started, "Boogie down, Jerry baby," as the usher tried to extinguish their smoking materials.

The Wheel Is Turning

Partially in response to the letter titled "Generation Gap" in the Winter issue:

I think a lot of people my age (28, going on 29) have rejected the Dead along with the soft politics of their hippie youth; they felt they had to grow up and get serious. And I think it's true that a lot of the younger people who are into the Dead appear superficial. They want to relive the '60s, but only adopt the trappings — tie-die clothes, drugs, a laid-

back attitude. They listen only to the Dead and don't know much about other music. They go to concerts for the scene. And I admit it's hard for me sometimes, considering myself an intelligent Deadhead, and also a person who's living in the '80s.

However, I think this is one of the great things about the Dead — there's room for everyone — people like me who just go for the music, people like them who go for the scene, and all shades in between. Besides, who are we to put these kids down?

It's always been a source of encouragement to me that the Dead have pretty much kept on doing the same thing and gotten better at it. It's made me feel that I could do that, too — I don't really have to change, just progress. I kept my hippie youth and grew up, too. Maybe I don't think that love is all you need any more, and work for a living, but I think I've kept my idealism. Your writings reassure me that there are indeed others like myself out there.

Deb Shapiro
Seattle, WA

The Bus Stops Here

I have to strongly disagree with the "generation gap" theory. Each of us, as individuals, relates to the Dead on a personal level based upon respective life experiences *and* on a purely cosmic level that has absolutely nothing to do with age or how long you've been on the Bus. To suggest that a 45-year-old Deadhead who's been going to concerts since the '60s is more qualified than somebody who just went to his first show last night to "receive," interpret and translate the music back into his individual lifestyle, is a remnant of the elitist B.S. we rebelled against back in the late '50s and '60s. It's also a barrier, and it sure isn't what the Dead are about.

I happen to be 42, and I was only *really* turned on to the Dead four years ago by my then-14-year-old daughter. It was her turn to teach me, you see. And now one of life's greatest gifts is going to the Dead and dancing with my child.

Last month I took my young (20) friend Richard to his first Dead concert, and the Bus got another passenger. When he returned your book to me I saw this underlined on page 233: "Deadheads mean well. They have been sincerely touched by something, seen the light, and they want others to share in the joy the Dead have given them." In the margin next to those words, Richard wrote to me, "Thank God you did."

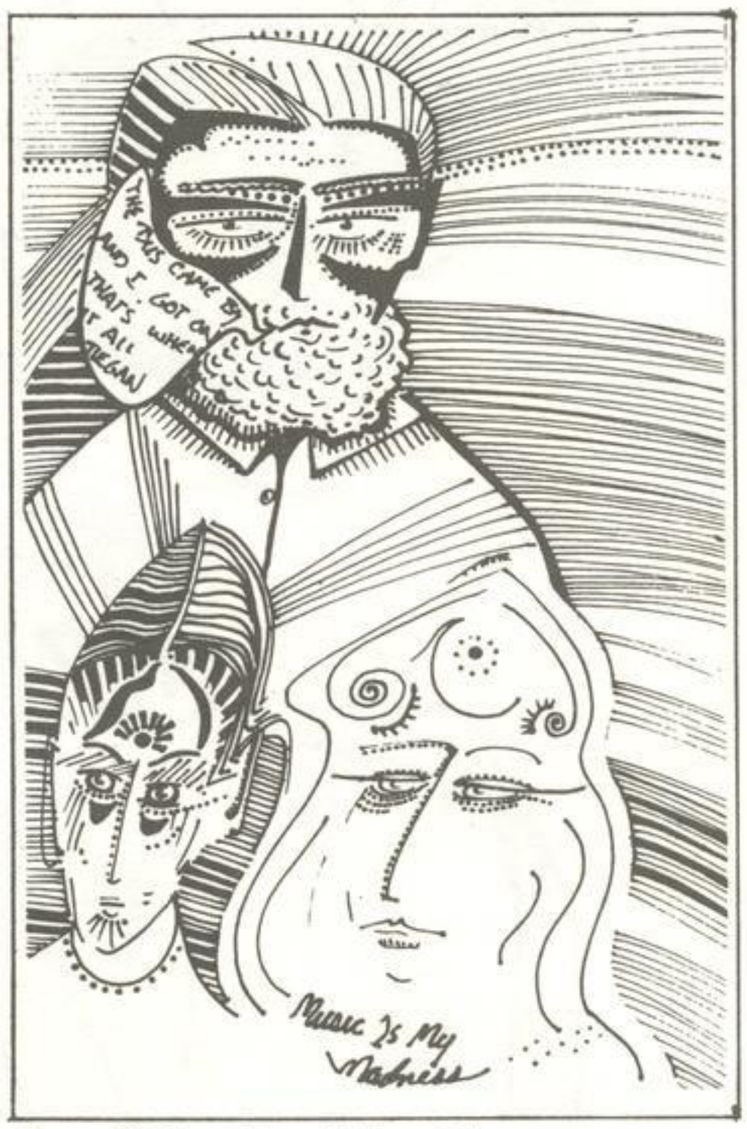
Last night at the Jerry show in Irvine, we noticed an older gray-haired couple across the aisle. Richard went over and gave the lady a red rose. You should have seen her face! Maybe someday, in another ten or 15 years, I, too, will be at a Dead show somewhere — Jerry will be singing about old "Catfish John" just like he was last night, and some young, new Deadhead will dance over and put in my hands a red rose. You can be sure of this: I won't care one bit whether he prefers "Truckin' " to "Terrapin," tie-dye to Lacoste, and would rather bop than space dance. At least I hope I won't — 'cause if I do then *I* won't be on the Bus anymore.

Yvonne Taylor
Joshua Tree, CA

A Roman Reply

Unfortunately, both Jeff and Beth [whose letters appeared in the Spring issue] misinterpreted the point of my letter titled "Generation Gap." I never meant to imply that the younger Deadheads are not the true Deadheads, and that older ones are. In fact, it has been my observation that generally (please, not absolutely) the opposite is true.

What I was saying about younger Deadheads (some, not all) is that many of them haven't shaken the heavy rock and roll radio



Barry Haden, Grass Valley, CA

roots they grew up with, and haven't learned to appreciate some of the more eclectic sides of the Dead. Besides, I'm not a first generation Deadhead. I'm from the second generation (I'm 28), and I am very happy that the Dead have reached a third and will go on to reach more.

As for the question you asked last issue about military Deadheads ... I was in the Army a number of years ago and was never able to reconcile that life with being a Deadhead. To me, and to many of the people in the services today, it was an unpleasant job (economic conscription: Reagan's draft). For the most part, I didn't think about what I was doing; I just did it and counted the days until my two years were up. I'm not trying to say my time in the Army was all bad or all wasted. I learned a lot about myself and human nature, and it did contribute toward my becoming a "true Deadhead" in later years. I am now a committed pacifist and will never contribute to the military-industrial-complex.

Matt Roman
Binghamton, NY

It Don't Mean a Thing
If It Ain't Got That Zing

The closing of Winterland — my first show. It was great, but I didn't really know what I was listening to. I grew up in the '50s listening to Negro bop (Charlie "Bird" Parker) and I liked everything from Albert King to Z.Z. Top.

The next time I went was the second night of the 15 at the Warfield. It was the era of the monster microdot — big as baby brother's button. I was eating a Cadbury chocolate bar when Jerry's guitar chords rendered me immobile. A large bluish ball of "energy" appeared to one side and in front of the stage. I began to cry. I was on the inside out of a huge ocean shell . . . time stopped . . . the Cadbury bar melted in my hand. Mortal has mind blown by the Dead — Warfield Theater, September 27, 1980.

The Warfield experience opened the door, and the nether spaces of the Oakland Auditorium kept it open until the spring tour of '83, when . . . The Bus came by and I got on. That's when it all began. There was Crazy Tom at the wheel to Tempe Tempe land — the rest is a blur. But I got the tapes, which brings me at long last to the business at hand:

Long have I read that Dead fans are nondiscerning and would scream and moan over anything the band played. The only one, true way to gauge how hard the band is boppin' is the vibratory rate and spontaneous exclamations of the Deadheads themselves. What we're feelin' in our brains is expressed in the jingle of our jangle. The band communicates to the crowd through its music; the crowd communicates to the band through its shouts and the rhythm of its clap clap. A critique that the show was a bummer may not have anything to do with the band — e.g., 1) I got busted; 2) My car broke down on the way; 3) I lost my dog, my mind, my wallet, my girlfriend.

One thing is clear: The Dead are reaching new heights. Isn't it a wonder when the band hits its stride and the sound enlarges until it's just one piece — huge — moving with an urgency and purpose that are unbelievable? Who knows what "it" is? I just want to be there when they make it happen. One of these days the whole place will pick up and flash off at warp speed into the cosmos. All we have to do is concentrate enough to bridge the gap.

Barry Haden
Grass Valley, CA

Thanks for the Memories

Your interesting article on Dead videos brought back a memory about "The Hippie Temptation," which you mentioned. I was in my senior year high school sociology class one day after a bunch of us budding Deadheads had gone out to smoke a quick joint before class. We'd been studying countercultures for the past week, and on this day the teacher said we were going to see a film exposing the hippies for the drug-addled frauds that they were. You guessed it. It was "The Hippie Temptation." Needless to say, the uptight teacher couldn't quite understand why half his class went nuts when Jerry came on the screen.

Mike Seidel
Portland, OR

Take It From a Pro

I enjoyed the Spring issue, especially the article on video. However, I have to disagree with your comment that the best copies of

The Grateful Dead Movie would come from direct taping of the commercially available videodisc.

I work in videotape. The process involves transferring the film to a master videotape from which the discs are made. The film-to-tape transfer on the Dead movie is piss poor! I saw a brand new disc played on a brand new machine, and it was obviously a poor print or a dirty negative was used in the transfer. The cleanest copies of the Movie floating around have to be video taken off a clean theater print. As a friend of mine who worked in a theater once commented, "If a film has been commercially released, someone, somewhere, has it on video."

Ron Orenstein
Reseda, CA

We assumed (incorrectly) that the videodisc would have been made from the film master. We have also learned that 20 minutes of the Movie was deleted for the videodisc.

Raining "Rats" and "Dogs"

You said in the Spring issue that The Dead did "Walking the Dog" for the first time at the Marin Civic 3-29-84 show. I have a tape from the Capitol Theatre, Rochester, NY 3-21-70 show where they play it.

Chris Morello
Bayside, NY

Thanks for setting us straight. Also, on the set lists, add "Wharf Rat" before "Throwing Stones" for the 4-1-84 show.

Troopleader Garcia Is Wanted at the Campfire

In reply to Sam Kozarsky's letter in the Spring issue . . . I can understand that you feel the straight point of view is underrepresented among Deadheads, and I agree that dropping acid should not be considered *de rigeur* at concerts. We all have our preferences — myself, I consider the consumption of vast quantities of vodka-spiked Kool-Aid perfectly repulsive. But if that's your pleasure, baby, go for it — as long as you don't puke on my feet.

But what is this holier-than-thou shit about members of the band setting a "poor example"? Have you confused the Dead with the Boy Scouts? Or Presbyterian church elders? They play for us because they get off on it, not because they have undertaken responsibility for our moral education. Sometimes the music has an ethical message, but it's up to you to listen or not.

I doubt very much that you have any actual concrete knowledge of the band's offstage behavior. And if you have overheard some juicy factual gossip, it's still none of your bloody business to make judgements.

Elizabeth A. Geer
East Palo Alto, CA

Conspiracy Theory

The day the earthquake shook the San Francisco area — April 24, 1984 — when the Dead were on tour in the East, by chance did anything unusual happen to any of them that day? Like a simultaneous cause-and-effect kind of thing ... thousands of miles away?

Zap
Highland, IN

Yes. Bobby woke up with a headache. Phil ate too much pizza. But we think Mickey and Billy caused it.

Set Up, Like a Bowling Pin

Your mag is the best thing since the Dead! I am sitting in jail right now and I must say I'm having so much fun reading it I almost forgot I was locked up! It's almost as fun as being at a show! Since I can't make it to the next show near my hometown (Columbia, MD), *The Golden Road* will help me pass the time until the Dead are back out West, which will also be about the same time I get paroled. I'm looking forward to the fall shows very much!

In regards to the "We Are Family" letter in issue #2, I agree very much about the "real Heads" knowing who they are. I would not have gotten an issue of *The Golden Road* if it wasn't for a "real Head" that Xeroxed the whole thing and sent it to me, along with the "Mikel" and "Terrapin Flyer" handouts from the spring tours!

I very much regret to say that I thought the person who set me up with the Virginia undercover police was a "real Head." Apparently he got busted himself and set me up to get himself off. Well, "the judge decreed it, the clerk he wrote it down" and then "the witness box began to rock and rise," and before I knew it I was spending "half my life doin' time for some other fucker's crime." Luckily, I got a fairly short sentence for my crime (distribution) and will only miss the spring and summer tours of '84.

I just hope that these people out there who support their habits through "real Head" connections think twice next time some cop tells them they will let them off if they set somebody else up. Since I've been in jail a few other "real Heads" who are friends of mine have been set up too, and I'm just plain bummed. This shit has to stop! "Real Heads" unite!

Bob Blair
Louisa County Jail
Louisa, VA

Strangers Stopping Strangers

Having been forced to leave my home in Humboldt County in search of gainful employment, I find myself exiled (temporarily) in Southern California. This area, being socially and culturally stagnant, doesn't exactly provide the ideal environment for a Deadicated individual like myself, and I soon became aware that it was going to be a chore finding other "misfits" with whom I could share my passion for the Grateful Dead. So when I learned from my partner in Eureka that a "for Deadheads only" publication was soon in the making, I jumped at a subscription.

Upon receiving the first issue I immediately turned to the Tapers' section and quickly wrote to the one person advertising who lived down here. To my delight, I received a prompt and enthusiastic reply. This was about four months ago, and Tom the bearded taper has become not only a person with whom I trade tapes, but a great traveling companion and, more importantly, a very good friend as well. Thanks to *The Golden Road* I've met many terrific people and my stay here in the land of the sun and smog has been made almost bearable. Keep up the good work.

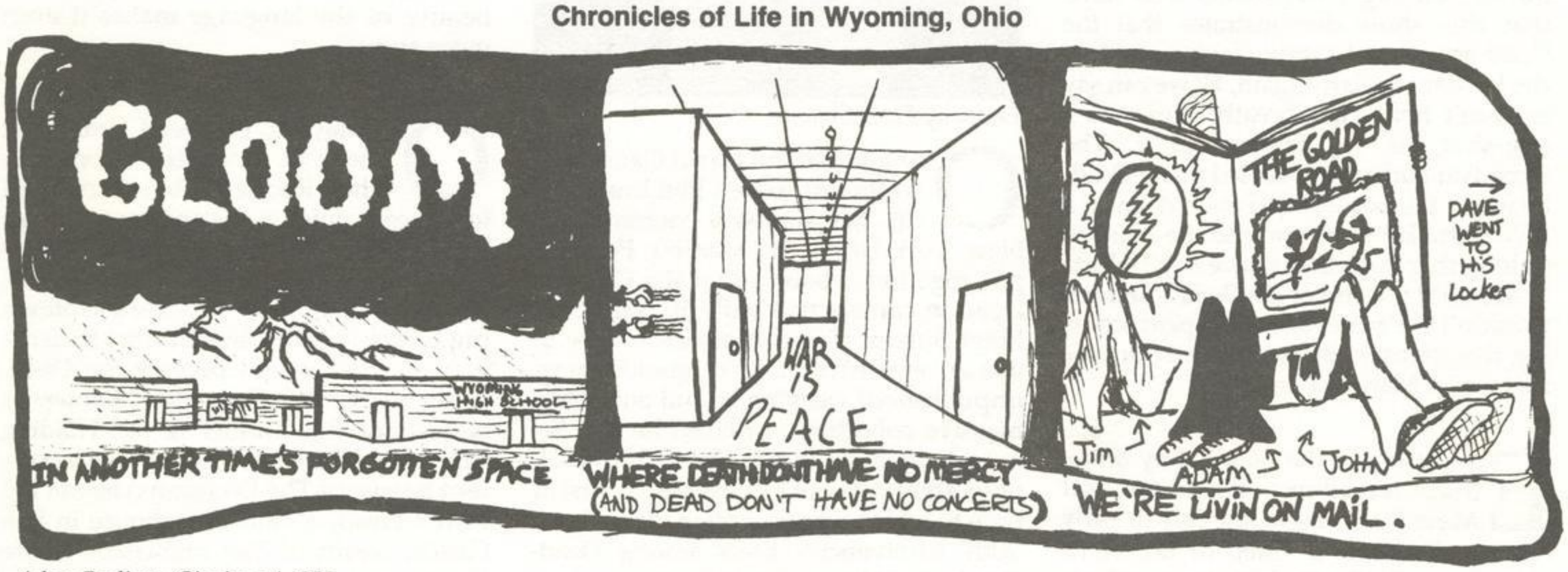
Brian Kelly
Brea, CA

The Old College Try

I attend a small college here in Georgia. In a psychology class we read about a study that yielded results which were called the Garcia Effect, named after psychologist John Garcia. When someone asked the professor to please explain the Garcia Effect, I quickly told him he needed to go to a Grateful Dead concert and find out for himself. Maybe two people got my joke. I guess it would have gotten more response up in Jersey.

Matt Rachels
Kennesa, GA

Chronicles of Life in Wyoming, Ohio



Adam Berliant, Cincinnati, OH

DEADLINE The Latest News & Rumor Control

We wish we could give you all some tour information, but the fact is that as we were going to press, the Dead's September tour (they're taking August off to allow members to do work with solo outfits) was completely up in the air. At one time, as many of you know, there were plans to play Red Rocks a second time in early September and then move on to Texas and across the South. But now the Red Rocks shows have been cancelled due to what one Dead organization spokesperson calls "technical difficulties" with the facility. With those dates scratched, the rest of the tour has been thrown into jeopardy. We suggest you call the Hotline periodically (415) 457-6388 in the West, and (201) 777-8653 in the East.

Again, no dates have been confirmed for October, but we've heard reliable whispers about shows in the Brendan Byrne Arena and various New England locales.

The Dead's recent SEVA benefit in Toronto with The Band marked the second time in six months the Dead have given their fans a national radio simulcast. Once again, various public radio and scattered commercial stations across the nation carried the show, though there were huge gaps where the concert was not carried — like Southern California, which continues to be a relatively backward area, Deadwise. The show sounded good to us, for the most part, and if you didn't get a chance to hear the hilarious interview Paul Krassner did with Garcia that was aired during the break (it was done in Euguene a few weeks earlier) try to track down a tape of it.

We're happy to announce that the concert earned some big bucks for SEVA, so it was successful in that respect, too. As for all you eager Canadians who hope that this show demonstrates that the Dead are ready to stary playing north of the border regularly again, all we can say is, don't hold your breath. This was a one-shot, as we understand it. The Canadian authorities hassled many Deadheads at the border, and even delayed a SEVA truck's entrance into the country so long that they didn't have any T-shirts to sell until the end of the Dead's first set! Couldn't their time be better spent scouring the countryside for fugitives or new suitors for Margaret Trudeau?

Expect to see the new Bobby & the Midnites album, *Where the Beat Meets the Street*, in late July or early August. We saw a video of the band playing one Bobby Cochran tune, "Rock in the '80s" (which includes a line in the chorus that salutes his uncle, rockabilly great Eddie Cochran), which would seem to indicate the band is attempting a more commercial direction. Could a hit single be in the offing? The Midnites will probably be playing scattered dates in August, so check the Hotline for details as they become available.

Bay Area Heads got a treat in late May when Jerry Garcia played his first acoustic show in ages at the Kabuki Theatre, an 1100-seat nightclub in San Francisco's Japantown booked by Bill Graham. Backed only by John Kahn on stand-up bass, Garcia played two sets of Dead, JGB and traditional material, including "Friend of the Devil," "Bird Song," "To Lay Me Down," "Deep Elem Blues," "Oh Babe It Ain't No Lie," "Run for the Roses," "Valerie," "It Takes a Lot to Laugh, It Takes a Train to Cry" and "Goodnight Irene." Garcia had slight problems projecting his vocals, and Kahn seemed utterly lost on the Dead material, but the show had several lovely moments, particularly during "Bird Song."

Photo by Peter Simon

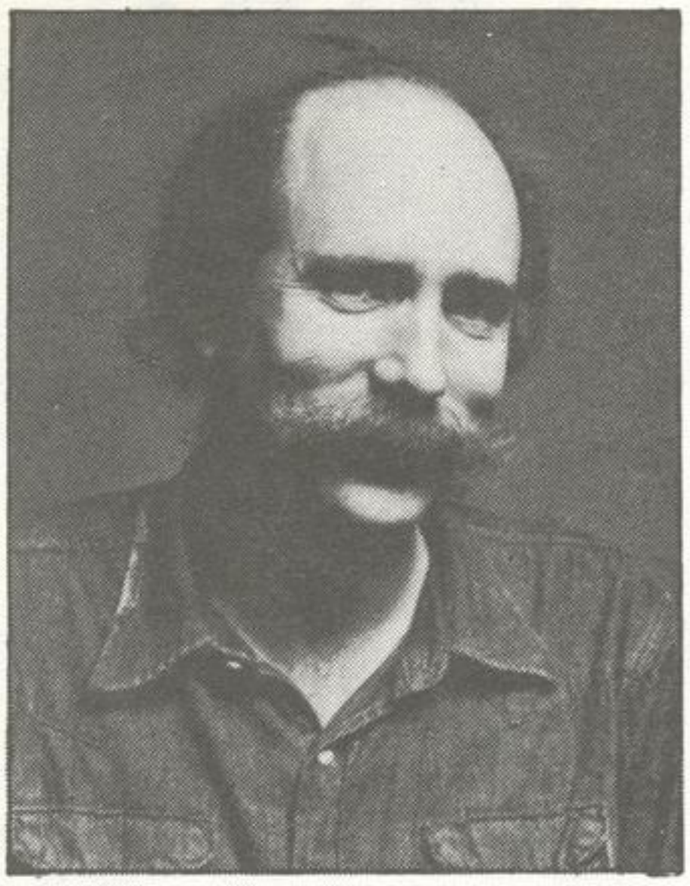
Our good friend David Gans, who wrote last issue's Phil Lesh article, has signed a contract with New York-based St. Martin's Press to put together a book about the Grateful Dead in conjunction with photographer Peter Simon. Gans' approach will be to use an extensive array of quotes (most unpublished) weaving in and out of the massive collection of photos he and Simon have assembled. The still untitled opus should be out by next March, just in time to add to what is certain to be a lot of 20th Anniversary fever among Deadheads. That book should be great!

The perennially busy Mickey Hart has a couple of interesting solo projects on the fire, as usual. He's finishing up an album called *Music of Upper and Lower Egypt* with his longtime colleague Hamza El-Din. In addition, he is deeply into research for a book he is writing called *The Art of Percussion*. Mickey has been traveling around to museums studying collections of percussion instruments and has been working closely with Betsy Cohen of Stanford. We hear his approach is going to be fairly scholarly — maybe he can write the definitive text on the subject!

Two members of the Dead — party animals Mickey Hart and Bob Weir — were among the Bay Area rock celebrities on hand for a June MTV-RCA boat party celebrating the release of the Jefferson Starship's latest LP, *Nuclear Furniture*. The Starship played a sizzling set of old and new songs as 400 revelers listened on the boat's three decks. Besides Hart and Weir, the guest list included Huey Lewis, Eddie Money, The Residents (who each wore a tuxedo topped with a giant eyeball), members of The Tubes, Night Ranger and a slew of other groups.

We strongly recommend you pick up a copy of the most recent *Co-Evolution Quarterly* magazine, which features a deeply moving article by Ken Kesey about how he came to grips with the death of his son Jed who was killed a few months ago in a car crash. Ken talks at length about how he and his friends tried to turn what is arguably the hardest thing a parent ever has to do — bury a child — into a meaningful event for everyone. The article is filled with Kesey's supreme humanity, and the beauty of the language makes it even more special.

On May 30, the Dead family lost one of its most beloved brothers when Rodney Albin succumbed to cancer, quietly passing away in his San Francisco home. Albin's connections with members go back to the early '60s, long before Mother McCree's Uptown Jug Champions became the first incarnation of what would become the Dead. With his brother Peter (best known as bassist for Big Brother & the Holding Company in the late '60s, as well as current bassist of The Dinosaurs) he ran the Boar's Head, a club/coffeehouse in San Carlos, south of San Francisco, where Garcia and Robert Hunter played and



Rodney Albin

which showcased a number of talents on the then-emerging folk and bluegrass scene. Later, Rodney and Peter ran 1090 Page Street in the Haight, sort of a freak boarding house/crash pad that was the site of numerous jam sessions. Always a musician, he also played in two mid-'70s bands ostensibly led by Robert Hunter — Roadhog and Comfort — playing fiddle, banjo and bass. As recently as six months ago, he worked on Hunter's *Amagamalin Street* LP, pitching in from his sick room at home. His wife Marleen read this touching eulogy written by Rodney himself at the funeral:

Dear Family and Friends,

At this moment you probably all know where you are, most of you anyway, but you're not too sure about where I am. Since for the time being it's unlikely that we'll meet face to face, I'll tell you where to look for me.

Look for me in a well-made guitar, in a well-played violin. Find me wherever good rock and roll is being played or at any performance of a Wagner opera. I'll be anywhere a kind word is being spoken or a kind act performed. I'll be there whenever someone speaks out against dogmatic foolishness or stands up in defense of science against superstition. When you open your heart, broaden your mind, lift your spirit to embrace life, I'll be there.

If you wish to remember me, join the Academy of Science, spare the life of an insect or put one under a microscope, stay out of the sun. Remember me by giving money to a street musician, unless he's no good, in which case tell him to get off the street. Pick up a derelict and treat him to the opera, read an Uncle Scrooge comic.

Finally, in remembrance of me, wear the same clothes for two weeks running and be kind to ducks.

Cheers and farewell
now and eternally,
Rodney Kent Albin

Robert Hunter wrote a poem that he read for the occasion. Called "Rodney's Farwell Lecture," it closed with this moving verse:

I hear guitar, now
and voices from a far scene
in easy harmony
Good pickers, picking clean
A sky-blue fiddle
with a ten-mile bow
swings Lou'siana man
into Cotton Eyed Joe.

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"It's not as hot as the 4-28-71 'Dark Star,' but keep practicing"

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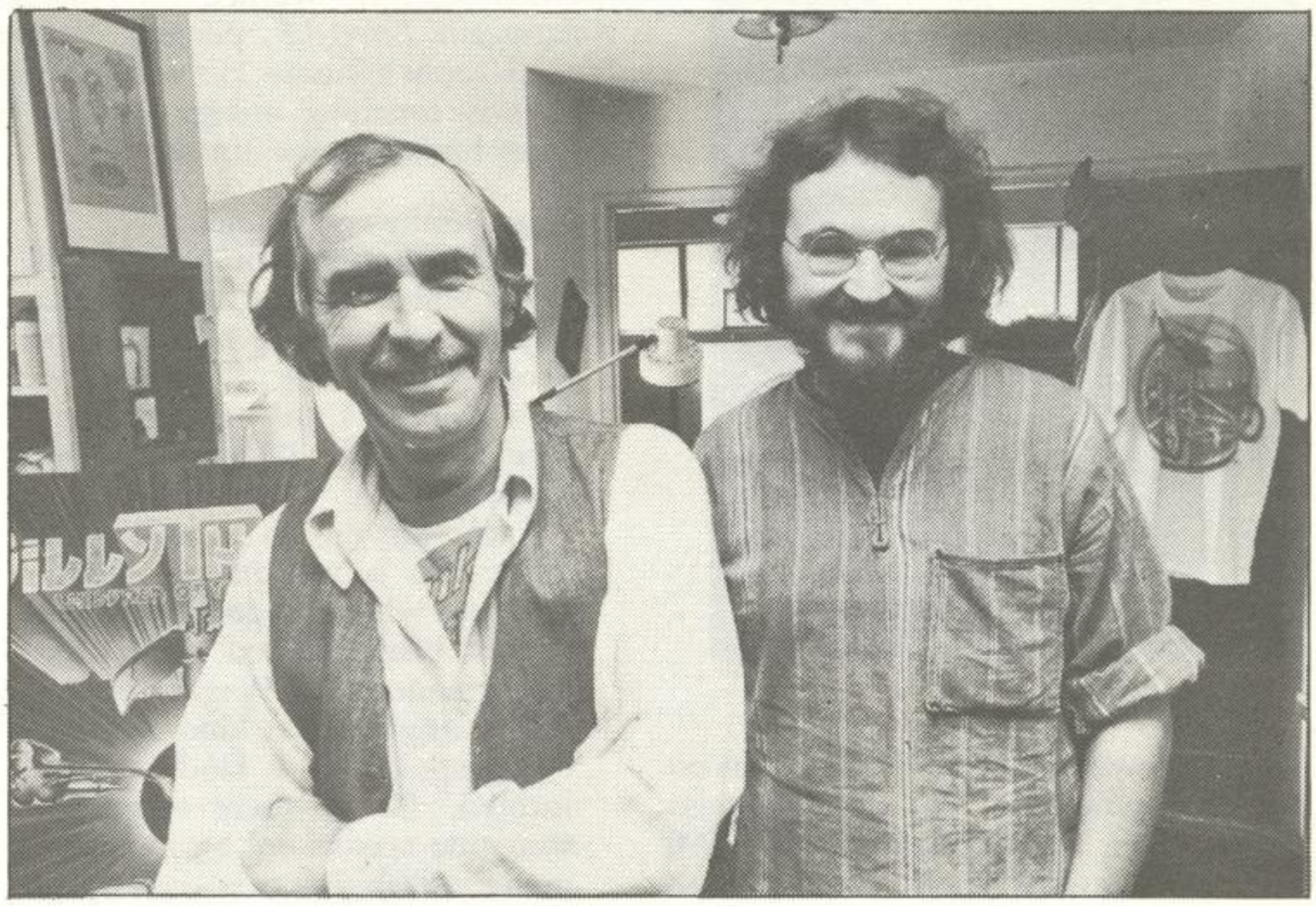
Art For Fun's Sake

Through the years, the Grateful Dead scene has inspired what is certainly the most interesting and elaborate iconography of any rock band. The combination of developing concurrently with the San Francisco poster movement and having a paradoxical name that leant itself to fantastic imagery led to hundreds of fanciful creations long before anyone thought of marketing posters or T-shirts to cash in on the art. No, it was pure, born out of the camaraderie of that special time and place. You were an artist simply if you created — and the same can be said for the countless artisans who still follow the band, peddling a thousand different designs. They vary tremendously in quality, of course, but they all spring from a similar enthusiasm, which is why a crude pen drawing on tie-dye is often as endearing as an elaborate silkscreen executed by someone with art training.

When Alton Kelly first started drawing posters in the mid-'60s to advertise rock concerts by The Charlatans and the other emerging bands in San Francisco, he was not a professional artist. He'd attended the Philadelphia Museum's College of Art but was kicked out because they thought he wasn't interested in his studies. They were right. He was more interested in fast cars, girls and having a good time.

Raised in Connecticut, Kelley was a car nut in his teens, and cars and motorcycles were his first "canvasses." After dropping out of art school, he worked as a plane mechanic for Sikorsky Aircraft in Connecticut before moving to the West Coast in the late '50s. He has remained here ever since, except for brief periods in the mid-'60s, when he lived in Mexico, and between 1968 and '71, when he fled the crumbling Haight scene for Oregon and then Boston, where he worked for Intermedia Systems Corporation, a company run by former associates of Timothy Leary.

Kelley, with his longtime partner Stanley Mouse (they went their separate ways a few years ago but remain close and work together occasionally), created many of the best-known art pieces in the history of the Grateful Dead. Among his Dead-related works are countless show posters; a slew of album covers — the first LP, *Workingman's Dead*, *American Beauty*, "Skull & Roses," *Europe '72*, *Mars Hotel* and *Terrapin Station*; a number of Dead solo album covers, including Robert Hunter's *Tiger Rose*, Mickey Hart's *Rolling Thunder*, Garcia's *Cats Under the Stars* (primarily Mouse's work), and Bob Weir's *Ace*; two Dead songbooks; dozens of T-shirts, from the round "Skull & Roses" logo to last year's New York "Big Apple" and Halloween pumpkin shirts; the cover for Paul Grushkin's *Official Book of the Deadheads*; and even a series of three beautifully colored bumperstickers that Kelley had just gotten from the printers when Regan and I went to interview him at his Marin County home.



Kelley (L) with former partner Stanley Mouse, 1978. Photo by Richard McCaffrey

Kelley's artwork covers the walls of his house — framed originals of posters for The Charlatans and the Dead, covers for Journey and others, and private pieces, like his stained-glass sculpture made out of car taillights and his mounted butterflies which, one finds, upon close examination, are made out of joint roaches, the fanned, burnt-edged cigarette papers serving as wings. He is passionate about many things — his art, the Dead, his family (a wife and three children) and hot rods. Yes, a chopped '47 Merc is as exciting to Kelley as a great Dead show is to us. He laughs easily, as befits a man who has enjoyed life and done it *his* way, to paraphrase Frank Sinatra.

In our three-hour interview with Kelley, he offered very detailed descriptions about how various covers were done. So to really enjoy it, you might want to pull out the albums for easy reference.

What were you doing the couple of years before the Haight poster scene came together?

My father had died in early '64, so I went to Connecticut to be with my mother for a while. After about nine months, which was about all I could handle, I went to Mexico and stayed there until early '65, when I came back up here. I'd been in the Bay Area since '59 or '60.

Through a few friends I became friends with Mike Wilhelm and George Hunter of The Charlatans, and I went with them to Virginia City [Nevada] in the summer of '65. We spent that summer building the Red Dog Saloon. At the end of the summer we got kicked out of Virginia City.

Why'd you get kicked out?

We were too wild for them. They found out we were all druggies and they — the sheriff — quietly asked us to leave town. [Laughs]

Then we came back down here and Luria Castell, Jack Tolls, Ellen Harmon and I started the Family Dog, because we knew the bands. At this time the Dead were still The Warlocks ...

What did you think of them?

They were OK — like a good blues band. They'd changed their name by the time we hired them.

So we started throwing dances. The first one was in '66 with The Charlatans.

Was the Western style The Charlatans had in Virginia City a product of the fact that they were in this old Western town?

The Magical World of Alton Kelley

Oh no. They had it long before they went to Virginia City. Those guys were a class act. They had more style than any band going. They dressed really well, and they designed everything; it was really well thought out. Michael Fergusen was really the guy who introduced the clothes. The Goodwill stores were just full of that kind of stuff, and it was free, practically — 15 cents for a vest. Also at the same time, one of the big costume houses in San Francisco was selling out and we went in there and got just mounds of all this great stuff.

The Charlatans took all that to Virginia City and it fit right in there. They actually carried loaded guns around Virginia City! There was no law against it there as long as the gun was showing. They were learning quick draw. Oh, it was wild and wooly. Everyone would go out and shoot tin cans and bottles.

Who came up with the name "Family Dog"?

We were sitting around the kitchen table trying to come up with a name, because everyone had cutesy names. Well, all of us had dogs and we had this little dog, a Rhodesian ridgeback named Animal, who lasted about six weeks before being hit by a car, poor guy. That's where the name came from, because Animal was like the family dog. There was another "family dog" right after that named Sancho that was really unusual. He would just go around from house to house and bark at the door and people would let him in.

Anyway, we threw the first five or six dances, and then the police started to get on us for not having the right permits. We thought, "Permits?!!!" [Laughs] We didn't know you had to have permits. There hadn't been any dances for God knows how long in San Francisco.

Were you doing posters for The Charlatans?

Yeah, and then when the Family Dog started to throw shows, I was the only person who'd had any experience with art at all, so I did the posters from day one. It turned into a pretty good thing.

What sorts of things motivated your thinking in terms of what you did artistically?

We had no real direction. It was wild and wide open and anything went. We just wanted them to be real visual and real noticeable. There really hadn't been any posters since World War II — those were the last real visual posters that anyone had put out, and they were all war propaganda — so there were no rules. We went to libraries just looking for *everything*, and we got books on posters. There was so much wonderful stuff! So we just started doing it on our own, trying to make each one different.

Could you see at the time how appropriate it was to borrow from art nouveau, with the curving lines and the bohemian lifestyle that went with that original movement?

It had that organic, flowing look and it worked beautifully. It was very adaptable to what we were doing, with all the different alphabets and the lettering. A lot of what we did came out of that period. So we just mixed up whatever we could. Again, there were no rules or regulations. I always felt that really helped us in our art, because ... well, it didn't *matter*. You could do anything you wanted to because you were only drawing pictures. So go bananas!

I can still clearly remember printing them up and then going out and standing on the corner at the University of San Francisco, passing out the handbills personally, and then going over to Berkeley. We'd stick them up and ask shop owners to put them in their windows, and they'd all do it, 'cause they liked them. People noticed them pretty quickly because it was so new.

There were just a few of us doing it — me and Stanley [Mouse], Wes Wilson, Victor Moscoso and Rick Griffin. We all knew each other and we'd always watch for the other guy's poster to come out. "Let's see what Victor has done!" Victor was *fantastic;* all that stuff he did for the Matrix, were just killer. Everyone had his own style, too. Victor was heavy on the color, Wes had that zig-zaggy weird lettering, Rick had the weird imagery, and Stanley and I had these bold images. There were all these distinct styles that were all connected in a way.

At what point did you hook up with Mouse?

Stanley came out from Detroit in early '66. He was friends with Jim Gurley [guitarist with Big Brother] from Detroit, and I was living in the same house as Jim was. By the time Stanley got here, we had closed down *our* Family Dog and Chet Helms was using the name, and everyone else in the Dog had split for Mexico. I stayed, though, and kept doing the posters, and eventually started working with Stanley. We just hit it off. I'd come up with these ideas and he'd do the lettering, or he'd come up with it and I'd do it. It went back and forth and eventually it got so we'd both work on more complicated pieces at once. We worked together for years and years, and still do, on and off now.

Can you remember that first Grateful Dead poster you did?

Sure, the one with Frankenstein on it. I spelled "Grateful Dead" wrong. [Laughs] It says "Greatful." What a fantastic name that was! It was the name of names. You can say that name in any language and people will say, "Grateful *who*?" A lot of names would be obscure in other languages, the Jefferson Airplane and so forth, but *Grateful Dead ...!*

Was the famous Avalon poster with the skeleton and roses the first time you used that sort of imagery with the band?

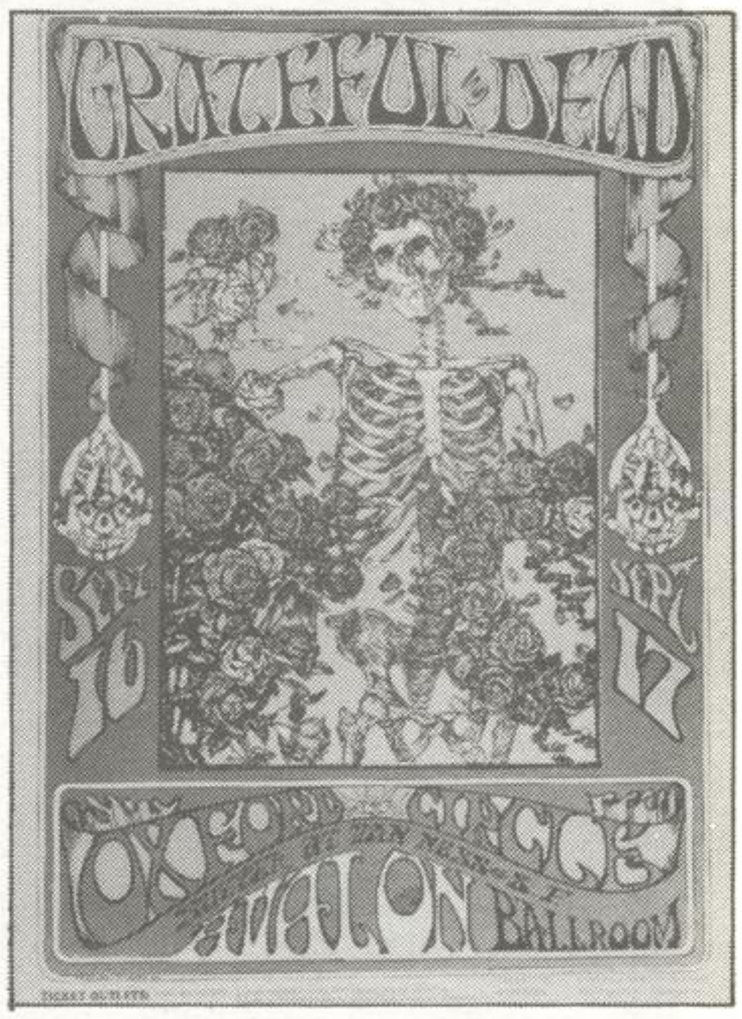
It might have been. We had been looking for some kind of image for the Grateful Dead because we had a poster coming up. I was just thumbing through some books, and I had the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam* with the illustrations by E. J. Sullivan and I came to that picture. I said, "Look at this, Stanley. Is that the Grateful Dead or is that the Grateful Dead?!" So we did a bigger drawing, and worked up the lettering and the ribbon and made the overlays. We didn't really know what it was going to look like, but when it came out it just floored us. I remember putting it on the side of our truck and driving around town and stopping out at a gas station on Geary Blvd. and the guy who worked there looked at it and said, "Wow! What's *happening?* Who's the Grateful Dead? Where's the Avalon?" It was like, "I'll *be there!*" [Laughs]

What was the original print run of that poster?

A thousand. We'd put them up in windows and on telephone poles, but they didn't stay on the poles long. People would tear them down right away. But that was OK.

Was there any sort of remuneration early on?

The original thing was we got $75 a poster, $37.50 apiece. Then it went all the way up to



E.J. Sullivan's famous print, transformed by Kelley for a 1966 Avalon poster

A 1967 poster for "The Golden Road," the Dead fan club

Kelley in 1968. Photo by Jim Marshall © 1984

$100! That's where it stayed until we started doing posters for Bill Graham for people like Rolling Stones and Paul McCartney and bigger gigs.

What are some of your general impressions of the Haight back then?

It was like the longest party I ever went to. It went on for a couple of years. It was literally every weekend — Friday, Saturday and Sunday you would party *down*. Man, it was dance your *ass* off. The music was real fresh, everyone was young and fresh. Everything seemed brand spanking new. It was really *the* happening thing. Rock and roll, The Beatles, the whole thing was just this wild time. What went on in the dancehalls was *outrageous*. It was all very unself-conscious, completely on the natch, loose and out there. There was no consciousness of *any* kind. When the Haight went to hell is when consciousness arrived, with the religions and philosophies, and then the junkies. Before that it was nice and clean.

How did your first Dead cover come about?

I was commissioned by their managers, Danny Rifkin and Rock Scully, who went around as Shady Management as I recall [Laughs], which was perfect for those names — Rifkin and Scully! We knew the band, too.

I put together the collage for the cover. The photos were by Herb Greene. I cut up the pictures. The tubas came out of *Life* magazine, the Hindu god out of *Life* or *Look*, the sun explosion was also from one of those magazines. The broken glass behind Bobby was out of the photo magazine.

Right across the top there's a poem that says "In the land of the dark the ship of the sun is drawn by the Grateful Dead," but the group decided that was too much, so we just sort of obscured the lettering. If you look at it closely you can still sort of read it.

Did Warner Bros. have any problem with the cover?

They were super pleased, because their in-house art department had been doing covers for Frank Sinatra and had no idea what to do with the Grateful Dead! They were thrilled. The cover worked real well, I thought. It was fairly avant-garde for its time.

So, your next cover was Workingman's Dead ...

That was a big scene. We took the picture with a little Brownie. You couldn't get that funky a photograph with a good camera. We went out intentionally with an old camera to do it. They stood on that old street corner somewhere in [S.F.'s] Mission District. And they were bitching and griping about having to stand out in the street looking like that, getting their picture taken. That's why it came out so well! [Laughs] Billy got so pissed off he just went back and sat in that doorway. We were at a bus stop and he was actually going to get on the next bus!

Was it your concept?

Yes. I had the title already. I wanted to make it look real utilitarian. Stanley airbrushed the back cover portraits, which came out great.

Later that year you did American Beauty ...

They called me up and said that they had an album coming out and they were going to call it *American Beauty*, and immediately the rose came to me. At that time I was experimenting with some techniques, and that rose is actually etched into a mirror. I etched it into the glass from behind with a sandblaster, so I had to do it all backwards. I had to put in the shadows and highlights first and work it inside out. The frame is an actual piece of mahogany that has the mirror laid into it. Then we photographed the whole thing, which was kind of hard because it reflected so much. Finally we ended up putting up a gray sheet and standing the camera a little off angle so you couldn't see the camera in it.

Had you worked in that medium before?

No. Wes Wilson was working with glass and had a sandblaster, so I went out to his place and used his sandblaster and then set up my airbrush and painted it, in a chair in his kitchen.

Was the double reading of the word "BEAUTY" (it also says "REALITY") intended all along?

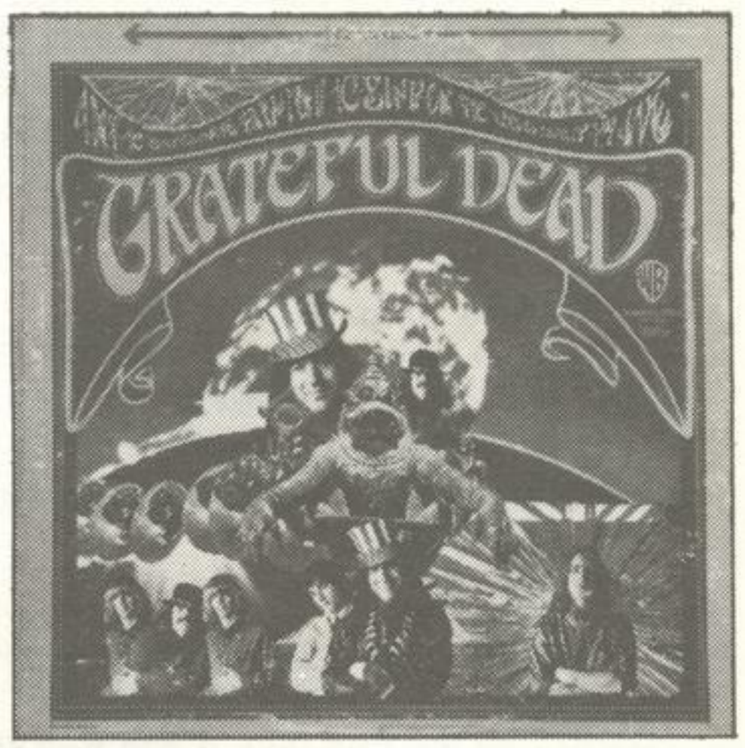
Yeah. As I was doing it, it just sort of appeared, as kind of a freak accident. When I did the "U," I had dropped the side off and made a dot like an "I" and then it just read that way, "REALITY." It was just perfect.

What was that photo on the back cover?

That was a shot of my bedroom table. I just put a lot of stuff on the table and Mary Ann Mayer took the photo. [The bust still stands in Kelley's living room.]

The "Skull & Roses" cover seemed glossy, almost commercial, compared to others you'd done ...

That was intentional. When they told me they wanted to do another record, I said, "Let's go ahead and use *the* Grateful Dead image — the one from the old days that



Covers of the first Dead album and *American Beauty*

everyone knows so well." Actually, though, by that point, most people hadn't seen it because it had been used on the Avalon poster, but that's about it. So I did the more elaborate painting of it; actually, it's a pen-and-ink drawing that I then airbrushed. I did it all in one night; my hand was all swollen up the next day. I was living in Forest Knolls [in Northern Marin] at the time. That's also when we first did some T-shirts as "Dirty T-shirts, F.K., California." [Laughs]

Around that time I also designed the round Skull & Roses logo, using just the head of the skeleton. Warner Bros. sent out something like 5000 shirts as promo. The cover was also used as a tour poster, with the bottom section taken out so you could put concert information in it.

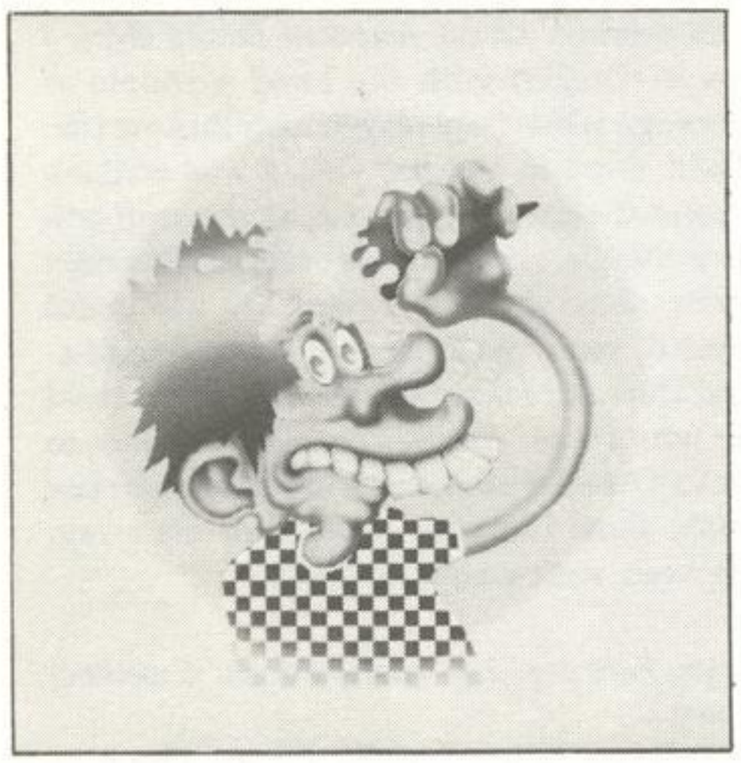
When I originally did the lettering for the cover I spelled Grateful Dead wrong again! The incorrect version is still under the paint on the original. I've done that so many times! It's one of my horrors. I concentrate so much on the letters, trying to make them perfect, that I don't pay attention to the word.

Grateful Dead folk art. Kelley's cover for "Skull & Roses" becomes a needlepoint. Photo by Dave Patrick

It's fairly well known that the Dead wanted to call that album Skullfuck *originally. Did you work out designs around that name?*

No, because we knew it couldn't happen. It's one of those things. They never could have gotten it in legit stores. Warner Bros. said, "We'll let you do some things, but you can't just go nuts." So we just did it straight.

Actually, a few years later — I can't remember which album it was, maybe *Terrapin Station* — I worked up this great design based around the title *Phuckin' Music*. We thought it was funny because everyone was always saying stuff like, "What *great* fucking music." [Laughs] So I did this picture of these intertwined music notes with the title above it, and then we were going to have a ribbon across the corner hiding the word "Phucking" until you opened it up and took it off.



Europe '72: The Ice Cream Kid

Where did the Ice Cream Kid idea for Europe '72 *come from?*

This is funny. There was this big costume party in the City and a few of us went together. I went as a Nazi in full regalia and my old lady at the time went as a hooker. Stanley went as a priest, holding a bible in one hand and a bottle in the other. His old lady went as a Girl Scout. We all got *really* high, like on MDA or something, and we were just lying in a pile on the floor because we were too stoned to stand up. Anyway, I thought of this old joke, this sick joke I'd heard as a kid: You know that song that goes, [he sings] "The stars at night, are big and bright" — clap, clap — "Deep in the heart of Texas"? Well, there was this spastic kid and there was a contest to sing the song and he did it and did it just perfectly, with all the claps and everything. The judges said, "Wow, that's fantastic that this spastic kid can do that," so they gave him a prize, which was an ice cream cone. And the kid said "Oh, *thank you*" and smacked the cone right into his forehead! [Laughs] Well, that night that joke seemed hysterical and later I did a drawing of it and showed it to the band, and they loved it.

The Rainbow Foot we'd already done for Out of Town Travel [a short-lived travel agency run by Dead family].

The Ice Cream Kid wasn't the original idea we had for that album, though. We had a cover for it that was like an exact copy of a *National Geographic* cover, with the border and everything and a photograph of the band getting off a plane. Even though we didn't use their logo, we decided that we should check it out with *National Geographic*'s lawyers, and they didn't care for the idea. [Laughs]

We also had another one called *Over There*, which was going to look like a giant khaki military patch, except with a lightning bolt and some other stuff on it.

Wasn't it around this time that you started the Monster Company?

Yeah. The Dead wanted T-shirts of the Ice Cream Kid and Rainbow Foot. Those were the first ones, I believe. What happened was we went around and none of the silkscreen places could do that kind of four-color work. So we went over to Rip-Off Press [San Francisco publishers of Zap and other underground comics] and worked on it there. We had the Monster for a couple of years, but to be competitive in the T-shirt market you have to work on a massive scale, so eventually we sold our stuff to Winterland and let them do it. The Dead were the catalyst for Monster, but we did non-Dead stuff, too.

The Dead were really the first major band to market its own T-shirts.

Right. Actually we had done a Dead shirt years earlier that was sold on a real limited basis. That was the Pigpen shirt. We used to sell it out of our Haight Street Store, the Pacific Ocean Trading Company — POTCO! [Laughs]

The Monster Company had some financial woes, didn't it?

We had a pretty good mail-order business, but the costs were phenomenal and none of us were really into business. We had a couple of different business managers who took us. One of them took us for $65,000.

Was it your concept to do the Mars Hotel *cover with the picture of the hotel?*

Actually it was the band's idea. They used to drive by it every day when they were recording in San Francisco. [The Mars hotel used to stand on 4th Street in S.F., on the current site of the Moscone Convention Center, where, ironically, the Dead played in 1982.] "Mars Hotel" was a pretty strange name. They liked that.

The lettering under the title [which reads "UGLY RUMOURS" upside down and backwards] was supposed to be spelled "ROOMERS" so that it would be a double-pun, but the band got paranoid and spoiled the joke for us. They were afraid that the people in the hotel would be offended; at the time it was being used as an AA rehabilitation center. But the change took some of the fun

The "Ugly Roomers" on the back of *Mars Hotel*

out of it. It was *really* hard to read; I don't think the people who lived there would've seen it or been able to read it. See, it was supposed to read "UGLY ROOMERS FROM THE MARS HOTEL" which fit with the picture of the band on the back cover — the "ugly roomers"!

Did you make the lettering so unreadable just to tease the people?

Sure. We know that people like things to be obscure and weird. You know — "What the fuck does *that* say?" [Laughs]

How was the photo done?

Andy Leonard, a photographer who's still around here, took that very early one morning. We took an architectural camera with a special lens that gives you those great angles. We went down there at about 6 in the morning and caught it at sunrise. In real life, the "Mars Hotel" sign was very small. If you look closely at the picture, you can see a little shadow on the building. That was the actual size of the sign, but we took pictures of the sign and then blew it up. Also, the photo was just of the front of the hotel. We added the side and then put the whole thing on the background painting, which was acrylic.

What about the shot of the band on the back?

That was taken in the lobby of the Cadillac Hotel on Mission Street [in S.F.]. It was just a regular picture of the band except that Phil stuck his feet out like they were on a stool, which they weren't. Then I painted over it.

Do you usually hear the albums before you do the covers?

We'd try to hear something, but they'd never have the music done before we had to do the cover. We'd hear roughs and the band would sometimes try to explain things to us, but really I prefer to try to get something from the title rather than the music itself. Music doesn't really give me that many images.

Sometimes, though, it's tough even working from the title, like *Terrapin Station*. When the band called me and told me that was the title I said, "You're going to name it after a *fish*?" I guess I was thinking of "tarpin." They said, "No, no, a terrapin is a turtle," and I thought, "Oh no, a turtle's even *worse* than a fish!" [Laughs]

Weren't the turtles originally part of an old Fillmore poster?

Yes, they were originally on a poster done by Wes Wilson for a Turtles show there. Actually, though, they come from a turn-of-the-century German artist named Heinrich Klee, who was really great. He only did sketches, and usually they were fairly political, but he also did these little turtles. He did some phenomenal work.

When I heard the title of the album, I dug out Wes' poster and then did a painting of it, since his was a relatively simple drawing. The railroad station was a painting of a model [for a train set] I bought at a hobby shop. I went through all these catalogs until I came across this *little* model and thought, "Is this Terrapin Station or what?!" So then I put the turtles on the platform and put in a few other things, a trunk with Grateful Dead stickers on it.

Kelley in his kitchen wearing intricate Skull & Roses mask. Photo by BJ

The cyclops skull on the back cover of Terrapin *would've made a nice cover, too.*

That was interesting, because originally the band had told me they didn't want to have any skulls or roses or any of that stuff this time. I said, "Fine." One night I was sitting on my couch at home and I sketched this cyclops skull. I'd seen a sculpture that was similar done by Robert Williams for Big Daddy Ed Roth, this big hot rod guy from LA. Ed had it on his desk. I used a real skull as a model and after I was done I thought, "Why didn't I think of this ten years ago?" I went ahead and did a little painting of it, took it to the band, and they flipped over it. After we did that lettering, we told everyone that if you put your hand over one eye you could read it better! [Laughs] *Everyone* would try it.

Since you've freely appropriated from other artists over the years, are you sympathetic to the hundreds of Deadhead artists who take your designs and transform them into new pieces?

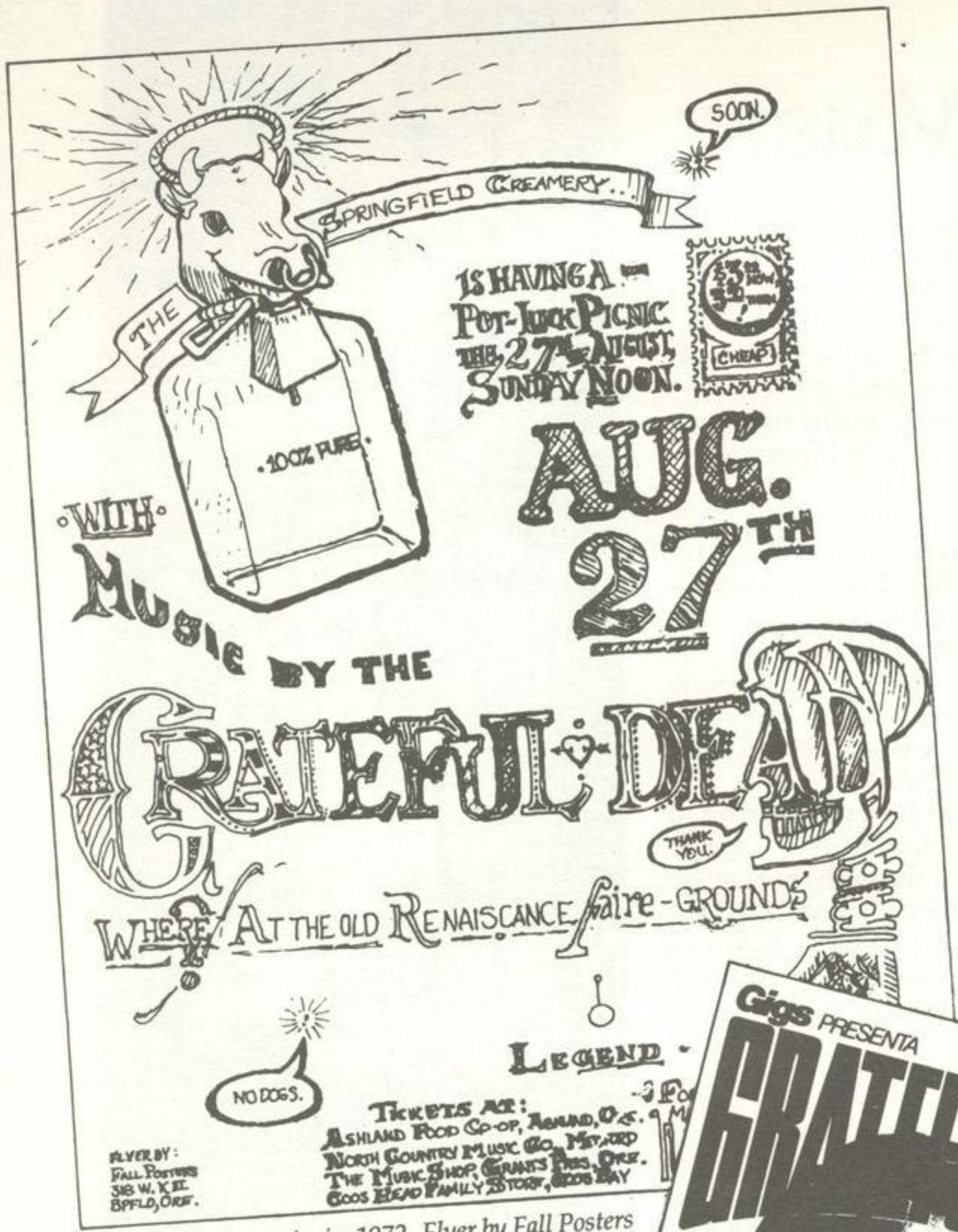
That's fine, sure. In fact, originally, I hadn't even worked on an *American Beauty* shirt. I was in Oregon with the band a couple of years ago when they played near Eugene [the "Field Trip" in Veneta, OR]. I was walking around the crowd looking at all the stuff and I saw this girl who had this beautiful *American Beauty* shirt she was selling. It was hand painted, really well done. It was a one-of-a-kind shirt and I bought it for $15. After, I told her who I was. Anyway, when I got back to the Bay Area, we decided to make an *American Beauty* shirt. Her shirt really blew me away. I've seen such elaborate stuff.

Do you have any Dead-related art you're working on now?

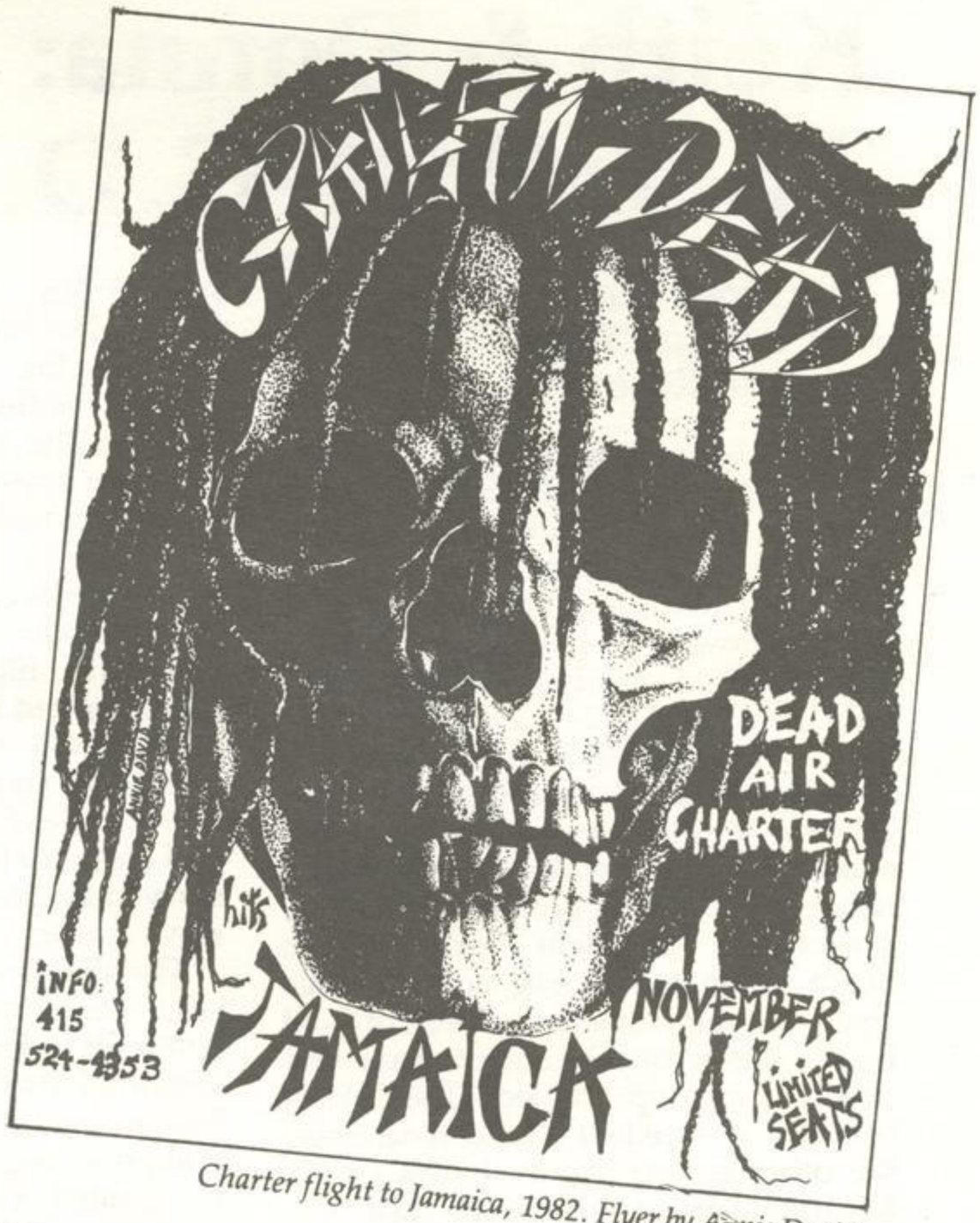
I've been doing a thing for an album of Egyptian music that Mickey is putting out, using the Eye of Horus. [That's the "Iko" eye.] There are a couple of other things I'm working on, but I can't describe them.

That's probably for the best, because you'd see them on homemade shirts by late July!

You're probably right. [Laughs] □



Kesey's Creamery picnic, 1972. Flyer by Fall Posters



Charter flight to Jamaica, 1982. Flyer by Annie David

Dead in Barcelona, Spain, 1981. Handbill by J.R. Bursi

Help Out with the GREAT POSTER HUNT

Paul Grushkin, author of *The Official Book of the Dead Heads,* is looking for a few good posters. Not just good, but old and rare, too. Paul has already begun work on his next book, titled *The American Rock Poster,* which will trace the artform from the earliest days to the present. His book will offer hundreds of examples of poster art — like the rarities here from his personal collection and the Bay Area Music Archives, of which he is curator and general manager.

After years of collecting, Paul has all the well-known posters from the Fillmore, Avalon, Winterland, etc. But he's still looking for rarer posters and handbills, both Dead and non-Dead. If you can assist in this noble quest, contact Paul at The Bay Area Music Archives, 14 Tapia Dr., San Francisco, CA 94132. Help make this book as good as the *Book of the Deadheads*!

Record release party for the Dead's first album, at Fugazi Hall, S.F., 1967. Handbill by Kelley & Mouse

Keith & Donna: Their Post-G.D. Music

The Ghosts Playing in the Heart of Gold Band
Whirled Records

What an unexpected surprise this record is! The Ghosts, for those of you who may not recognize the name, were a Northern California bar band that Keith and Donna Godchaux joined following their departure from the Grateful Dead in early 1979. They played only rarely, amassing a small but enthusiastic following during their year or so together. The personnel shifted once or twice (with the core of the Godchauxs and drummer Greg Anton, who spearheaded this record project, as the only constants), and right before Keith's death in an automobile accident they changed their name to the Heart of Gold Band. This record documents three versions of the group. One side (The Ghosts) consists of excellent studio recordings; the other is four live tracks (two post-Keith) that aren't very good from a technical standpoint, but which show the group's fire quite convincingly.

The songs on the first side center around the songwriting and vocals of guitarist Don Gaynor. The performances are smooth but relaxed and for the most part in an uptempo rock and roll vein with blues and country touches and a nod to gospel in some of the vocals. Though there isn't too much in the way of jamming here, the music has a slightly Dead-like feel in places, mainly because the instruments interlock so neatly. "Ride Out," written by Anton and I. Rosenberg, is propulsive and electrifying, and Gaynor's two closing songs, "Ready For Love" and "Creatures in the Night," show a much more mature band than I would have expected from a group that had spent relatively little time together. Side One is great party music all the way.

Side two, by the Heart of Gold Band, finds Gaynor departed and a greater role for Keith, Donna and new guitarist Steve Kimock, who just *burns* up the whole side. The Donna-led version of Dylan's "Solid Rock" unfolds majestically, building to a close that blends a bit of "Don't Let Go" into a buoyant gospel-flavored celebration. "Knockin' on Heaven's Door" is given a workout that recalls the Garcia Band's version, but kudos to Kimock for such an inspired solo! The record closes with a wonderfully uplifting version of "Scarlet Begonias," sung by Keith. His vocals here and on "Knockin' " are unpolished, to put it kindly, but his piano work sparkles as much as his best work with the Dead. "Scarlet" is marred by some seriously flawed harmonies, but the jam during the solo and after the "Strangers stoppin' strangers" verse shows a band with great sensitivity. The most Dead-like moments come on these jams, and they're good enough to make me wish this band had been able to develop even more along these improvisational lines.

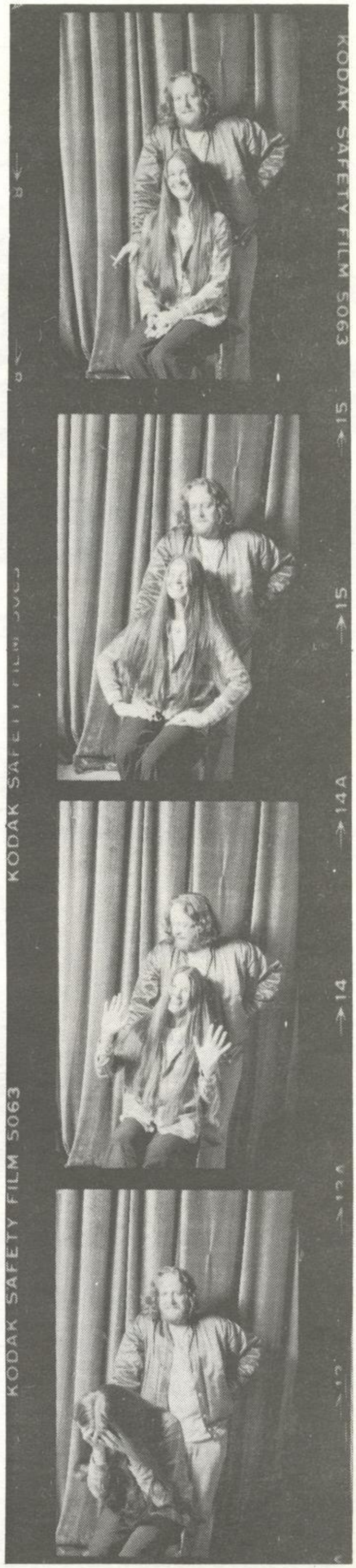
This album is a nice memorial to Keith Godchaux, filled as it is with some of his most spirited playing. I can't guarantee you'll like it, obviously, but I can't imagine that you could listen to it and not be struck, as I was, by how much spunk and, yes, *soul* this music has. It makes me sorry I never took the time to take a short drive and see the band.

The album should start popping up in select stores in late July, but you might be better off ordering it through the mail by sending $10 to Whirled Records. Box 299, Lagunitas, CA 94938. Hey — how can you go wrong with an album that has a song called "Golden Road"?

— *BJ*

Is There a Brent LP on Tap?

People who heard the Toronto broadcast were treated to a snippet of a solo album that Brent Mydland has been working on when his song "Tons of Steel" was premiered during the band's set break. A driving rocker about locomotives, the tune is one of eight we heard on a tape not too long ago. The other songs we caught were "Inlay it in Your Heart," "Dreams," "Maybe You Know" (which the Dead played a few times on the East Coast last year), "Nobody's," "Long Way to Go" and two others we don't have titles on. The songs sounded like they were in relatively finished form. Pegging a style is difficult — it didn't stray too far from his Dead material, but we heard echoes of other groups in a few songs, particularly The Eagles. We have no idea what Brent plans to do with these tracks (whether he'll shop them as a demo to record labels or put out some sort of independent record), but it struck us as solid, commercial-sounding music with some hit potential. Isn't it time for the Dead to give a couple of Brent's songs more than just token readings before the drums at a show?



Keith and Donna at Front Street, 1977. Photo by Jim Marshall © 1984

SET LISTS: HAMPTON THROUGH MERRIWEATHER

Now that the first few tours of the year are behind us, it's clear that the Dead are making a few welcome attempts to vary their sets a bit more than they did last year. Most noticeable is what appears to be a slight rethinking of what songs come out of the second set space jam, and less of a slavish adherence to the fairly strict rotation of songs, i.e. a Garcia song after a Weir song, etc. So there've been some new combinations, like "The Wheel" and "Wharf Rat" and, most interestingly, "China Doll" and "High Time," both combos coming at Providence 4-27. Another dramatic move was segueing from "Scarlet Begonias" to "Touch of Gray" at a couple of shows.

Three new songs were introduced. Brent's "Only a Fool," like "Don't Need Love," has yet to get a polished full-band treatment, but shows some potential. "Dear Mr. Fantasy," the old Traffic nugget (see this issue's "Roots" section) caused bedlam to break out when Brent and Jerry sang it for the first time at Red Rocks. And with Jerry offstage at Merriweather, Brent, Phil and Bobby sang a spirited version of the raunchy Paul McCartney song "Why Don't We Do It in the Road." There were also two notable revivals: "Dancin' in the Streets," with an arrangement more akin to the Dead's late-'60s approach than the mid-'70s "disco" version, opened the red-hot Saratoga show (which drew 37,000 people, a record for the facility); and "Casey Jones" proved to be a nice opener for the first Merriweather concert.

Perception of shows is, of course, a very subjective matter, but our tape recommendations, based on our own listening and reports from sources we deem to be trustworthy, push the following shows: Both nights at Hampton, all three nights at Philly, New Haven 4-24 (for an "Other One" that will kill you), Sacramento 6-9, Providence 4-27, Nassau 4-30, Hult Center 5-8, Red Rocks 6-13 and 14, Harrisburg, Saratoga, and both nights of Merriweather. (Certainly there were many great moments in other shows, from the "He's Gone" and "Other One" jams at Rochester to parts of the second set at the first Hult show, to the maxi-encore in Toronto.)

Our main complaint is one that has been mentioned to us by *many* people: the "Throwing Stones" - "Not Fade Away" showcloser. We've noted this before, but it has now become so common as to warrant more comment. It's become so predictable that many people have come to dread it. It's completely robbed "Not Fade Away" of much of its power — think of the great versions of the past that rose slowly out of the "space" and which would ramble beautifully into other tunes. By leaving the stage while perhaps only a third of the crowd is clapping in time or singing anemically cuts the show short of its cathartic potential. Then, pair that ending with the oh-so-predictable encores (do they think we can't handle hearing "U.S. Blues" as a set opener sometimes, or a "Baby Blue" third song in the first set?) and you've got some pretty unsatisfying finishes.

But in general, the playing has been consistently quite good with occasional flashes of genuis, and the band seems to be in good spirits and healthier looking than they've been in some time. See you on the road this summer!

4-13-84 Coliseum, Hampton, VA
Day Job, New Minglewood Blues, Dire Wolf, Beat It on Down the Line, West L.A. Fadeaway, It's All Over Now, Bird Song, Hell in a Bucket, Don't Ease Me In

Scarlet Begonias ➧ Fire on the Mountain, Estimated Prophet ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ Truckin' ➧ Goin' Down the Road ➧ Around & Around ➧ Good Lovin'

U.S. Blues

4-14-84 Coliseum, Hampton, VA
Feel Like a Stranger, They Love Each Other, C.C. Rider, Brown-Eyed Women, My Brother Esau, Tennessee Jed, Let It Grow

Touch of Gray, Playin' in the Band ➧ Terrapin ➧ Don't Need Love ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Morning Dew ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Saturday Night

It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

4-16-84 Rochester War Memorial
Shakedown Street, Little Red Rooster, Fennario, Me & My Uncle ➧ Mexicali Blues, Dupree's Diamond Blues, Cassidy, West L.A. Fadeaway ➧ Might As Well

Hell in a Bucket, Ship of Fools, Far From Me, He's Gone ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Around & Around ➧ Johnny B. Goode

Day Job

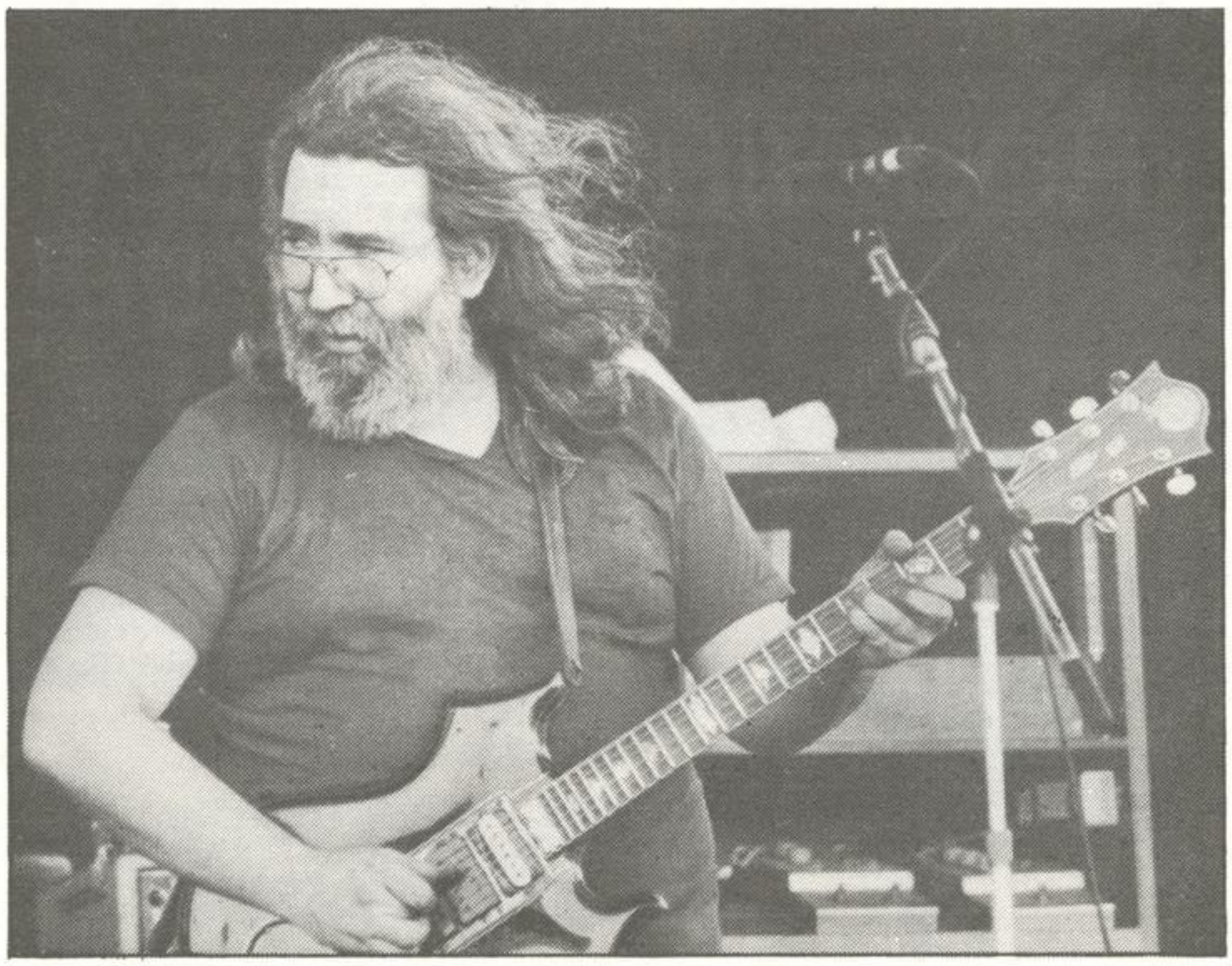
4-17-84 Niagara Falls Convention Center
Jack Straw, Dire Wolf, New Minglewood Blues, Row Jimmy, My Brother Esau, Ramble On Rose, Looks Like Rain ➧ Deal Help on the Way ➧ Slipknot ➧ Franklin's Tower ➧ Man Smart Woman Smarter ➧ jam ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Black Peter ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away

Touch of Gray

4-19-84 Philadelphia Civic Center
Bertha ➧ Greatest Story Ever Told, Loser, C.C. Rider, Bird Song, Hell in a Bucket, Big Railroad Blues, The Music Never Stopped ➧ Don't Ease Me In

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Estimated Prophet ➧ jam ➧ Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Sugar Magnolia

It's All Over Now, Baby Blue



Jerry onstage at the Cal Expo, Sacramento show. Photo by Ron Delany

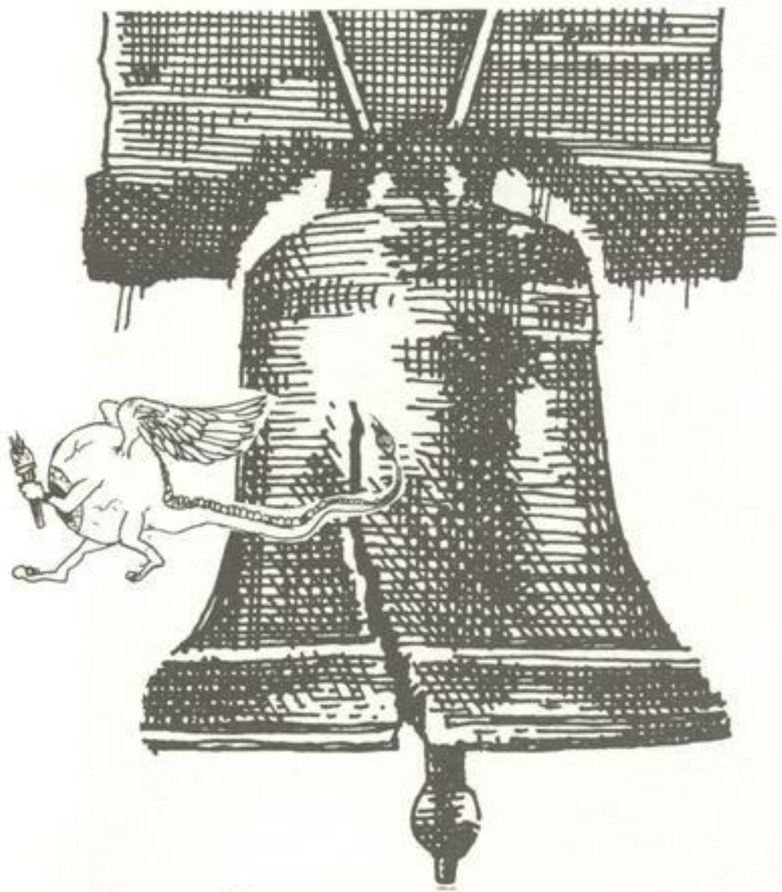
Phil, Billy and Bobby during one of the Sacramento jams. (Not shown: Bobby's cut-offs.) Photo by Ron Delany

4-20-84 Philadelphia Civic Center
Feel Like a Stranger, Cold Rain & Snow, Beat It on Down the Line, Cumberland Blues, Little Red Rooster, Brown-Eyed Women, My Brother Esau, It Must Have Been the Roses, Let It Grow

Scarlet Begonias ➧ Fire on the Mountain ➧ Samson & Delilah ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Morning Dew ➧ Around & Around ➧ Johnny B. Goode

Day Job

4-21-84 Philadelphia Civic Center
Alabama Getaway ➧ Promised Land, Friend of the Devil, Me & My Uncle ➧ Mexicali Blues, West L.A. Fadeaway, New Minglewood Blues, Tennessee Jed, Looks Like Rain ➧ Deal



The Deadlympics torch is carried through Philly. Eyeball by Jeff Flint, Troy, MI

Help on the Way ➧ Slipknot ➧ Franklin's Tower ➧ Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ China Doll ➧ Don't Need Love ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away

Brokedown Palace

4-23-84 Coliseum, New Haven
Jack Straw, Sugaree, Cassidy, Dupree's Diamond Blues, Hell in a Bucket, Might As Well

Iko Iko, Lost Sailor ➧ Saint of Circumstance ➧ Uncle John's Band ➧ Only a Fool ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Spanish jam ➧ Truckin' ➧ Black Peter ➧ Around & Around ➧ Good Lovin'

Day Job

4-24-84 Coliseum, New Haven
Bertha ➧ Greatest Story Ever Told, Candyman, Little Red Rooster, Bird Song, My Brother Esau, Ramble on Rose, It's All Over Now, Don't Ease Me In

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Man Smart Woman Smarter, He's Gone ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Sugar Magnolia

U.S. Blues

4-26-84 Providence Civic Center
Shakedown Street, C.C. Rider, Loser, Hell in a Bucket, Brown-Eyed Women, Lazy Lightnin' ➧ Supplication ➧ Deal

Scarlet Begonias ➧ Fire on the Mountain ➧ Estimated Prophet ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ Never Trust a Woman ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Morning Dew ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away

It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

4-27-84 Providence Civic Center
Alabama Getaway ➧ Promised Land, Dire Wolf, New Minglewood Blues, Row Jimmy, Me & My Uncle, Big River, Althea, My Brother Esau, Big Railroad Blues, The Music Never Stopped

Playin' in the Band ➧ China Doll ➧ High Time ➧ Man Smart Woman Smarter ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Around & Around ➧ Johnny B. Goode

Touch of Gray

4-29-84 Nassau Coliseum
Feel Like a Stranger, Friend of the Devil, C.C. Rider, Bird Song, Hell in a Bucket, West L.A. Fadeaway, Cassidy, Ramble on Rose, Let It Grow

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider ➧ Samson & Delilah ➧ Terrapin ➧ jam ➧ Don't Need Love ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Truckin' ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Sugar Magnolia

Day Job

4-30-84 Nassau Coliseum
Iko Iko, Greatest Story Ever Told, Althea, New Minglewood Blues, Row Jimmy, My Brother Esau, Deal

I Need A Miracle ➧ Bertha ➧ Looks Like Rain, He's Gone ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ China Doll ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away

Brokedown Palace

5-6-84 Hult Center, Eugene, OR
Hell in a Bucket, Dire Wolf, Little Red Rooster, Dupree's Diamond Blues, Cassidy, West L.A. Fadeaway, Beat It on Down the Line, Touch of Gray

Uncle John's Band ➧ Samson & Delilah ➧ Ship of Fools, Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ China Doll ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Truckin' ➧ Spoonful ➧ Black Peter ➧ Around & Around ➧ Playin' in the Band

Day Job

5-7-84 Hult Center, Eugene
Iko Iko, C.C. Rider, Loser, Mama Tried ➧ Big River, Bird Song, My Brother Esau, Deal

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider Estimated Prophet ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away

It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

5-8-84 Hult Center, Eugene
Jack Straw, Cold Rain & Snow, New Minglewood Blues, Candyman, Me & My Uncle ➧ Mexicali Blues, Tennessee Jed, Looks Like Rain ➧ Might As Well

Scarlet Begonias ➧ Touch of Gray, Man Smart Woman Smarter, Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Morning Dew

Sugar Magnolia (no Sunshine Daydream), Brokedown Palace

Mickey and Billy in a drum duel at New Haven. Photo by Mark Currie

6-9-84 Cal Expo Amphitheatre, Sacramento, CA
Iko Iko, Hell in a Bucket, Loser, Cassidy, Dupree's Diamond Blues, C.C. Rider, Deal

I Need a Miracle ➧ Bertha, Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ China Doll ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Playin' in the Band ➧ Black Peter ➧ Sugar Magnolia (no Sunshine Daydream) ➧ Saturday Night

Day Job

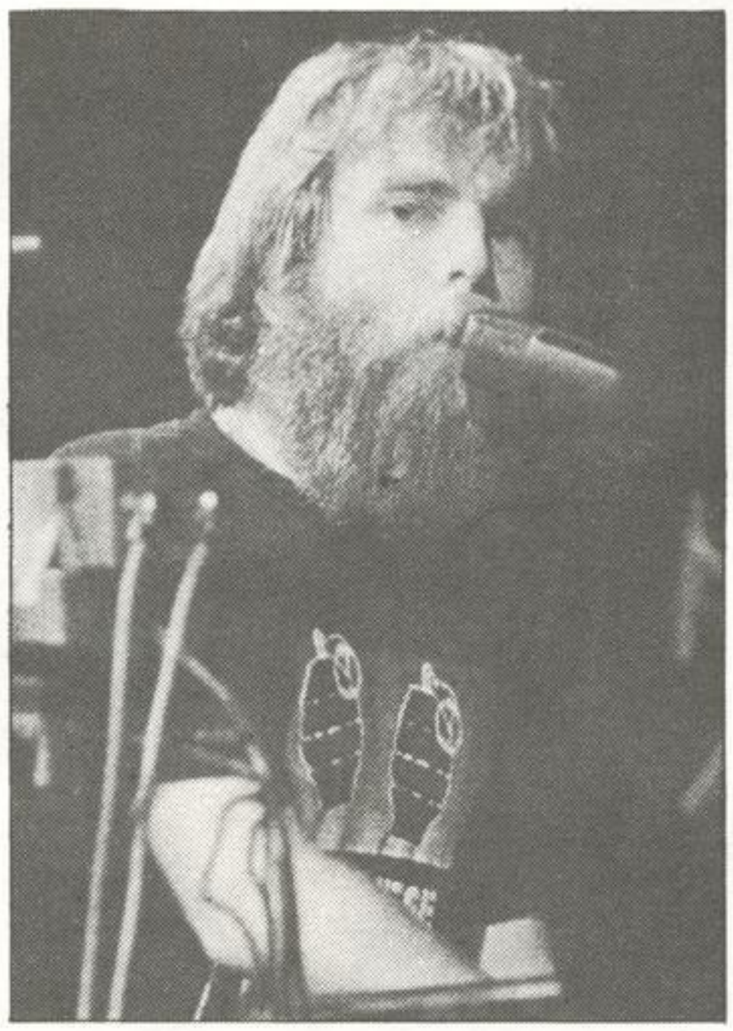
6-10-84 Cal Expo
Feel Like a Stranger, They Love Each Other, My Brother Esau, Dire Wolf, Beat It on Down the Line, Bird Song, New Minglewood Blues, Might As Well

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Samson & Delilah, He's Gone ➧ jam ➧ Don't Need Love ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Truckin' ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away

Brokedown Palace

6-12-84 Red Rocks, Morrison, CO
Alabama Getaway ➧ Greatest Story Ever Told, Friend of the Devil, Little Red Rooster, Big Railroad Blues, Me & My Uncle ➧ Mexicali Blues, Althea, Looks Like Rain, Might As Well

Scarlet Begonias ➧ Touch of Gray ➧ Estimated Prophet ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧



Brent sings one of his own tunes at the New Haven show. Photo by Mark Currie

space ➧ The Other One ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Around & Around ➧ Johnny B. Goode

U.S. Blues

6-13-84 Red Rocks
Hell in a Bucket, Candyman, C.C. Rider, Ramble on Rose, My Brother Esau, Cold Rain & Snow (with Phil singing back-up vocals), Don't Ease Me In

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Man Smart Woman Smarter, Ship of Fools ➧ Let It Grow ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Sugar Magnolia

It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

6-14-84 Red Rocks
Iko Iko, Cassidy, It Must've Been the Roses, New Minglewood Blues, Brown-Eyed Women, Jack Straw ➧ Day Job

Shakedown Street ➧ Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ Dear Mr. Fantasy ➧ drums ➧ space ➧ Playin' in the Band ➧ Black Peter ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away

U.S. Blues

6-21-84 Kingswood Theatre, Toronto, Canada
(SEVA Benefit with The Band)
Hell in a Bucket, They Love Each Other, C.C. Rider, Bird Song, Beat It on Down the Line, Dupree's Diamond Blues, Looks Like Rain ➧ Might As Well

Scarlet Begonias ➧ Fire on the Mountain, Never Trust a Woman, Samson & Delilah, Terrapin Station ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away

New Orleans, Big Boss Man, Iko Iko (all with members of The Band joining in)

6-23-84 City Island, Harrisburg, PA
Alabama Getaway ➧ Promised Land, Fennario, Little Red Rooster, Brown-Eyed Women, My Brother Esau, Big Railroad Blues, The Music Never Stopped ➧ Don't Ease Me In

Touch of Gray, Estimated Prophet ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Truckin' ➧ jam ➧ Black Peter ➧ Around & Around, Goin' Down the Road ➧ Saturday Night

Day Job

6-24-84 Performing Arts Center, Saratoga, NY
Dancing in the Streets (with Phil singing), Dire Wolf, New Minglewood Blues, Candyman, Me & My Uncle ➧ Mexicali Blues, Ramble on Rose, Hell in a Bucket, Deal

I Need a Miracle ➧ Bertha, Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ China Doll ➧ jam ➧ Samson & Delilah ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Sugar Magnolia

Satisfaction ➧ It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

6-26-84 Merriweather Post Pavillion, Columbia, MD
Casey Jones, Feel Like a Stranger, Althea, Cassidy, Tennessee Jed, Looks Like Rain, Might As Well

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Man Smart Woman Smarter ➧ He's Gone ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Don't Need Love ➧ Truckin' ➧ Wang Dang Doodle ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Around and Around ➧ Good Lovin'

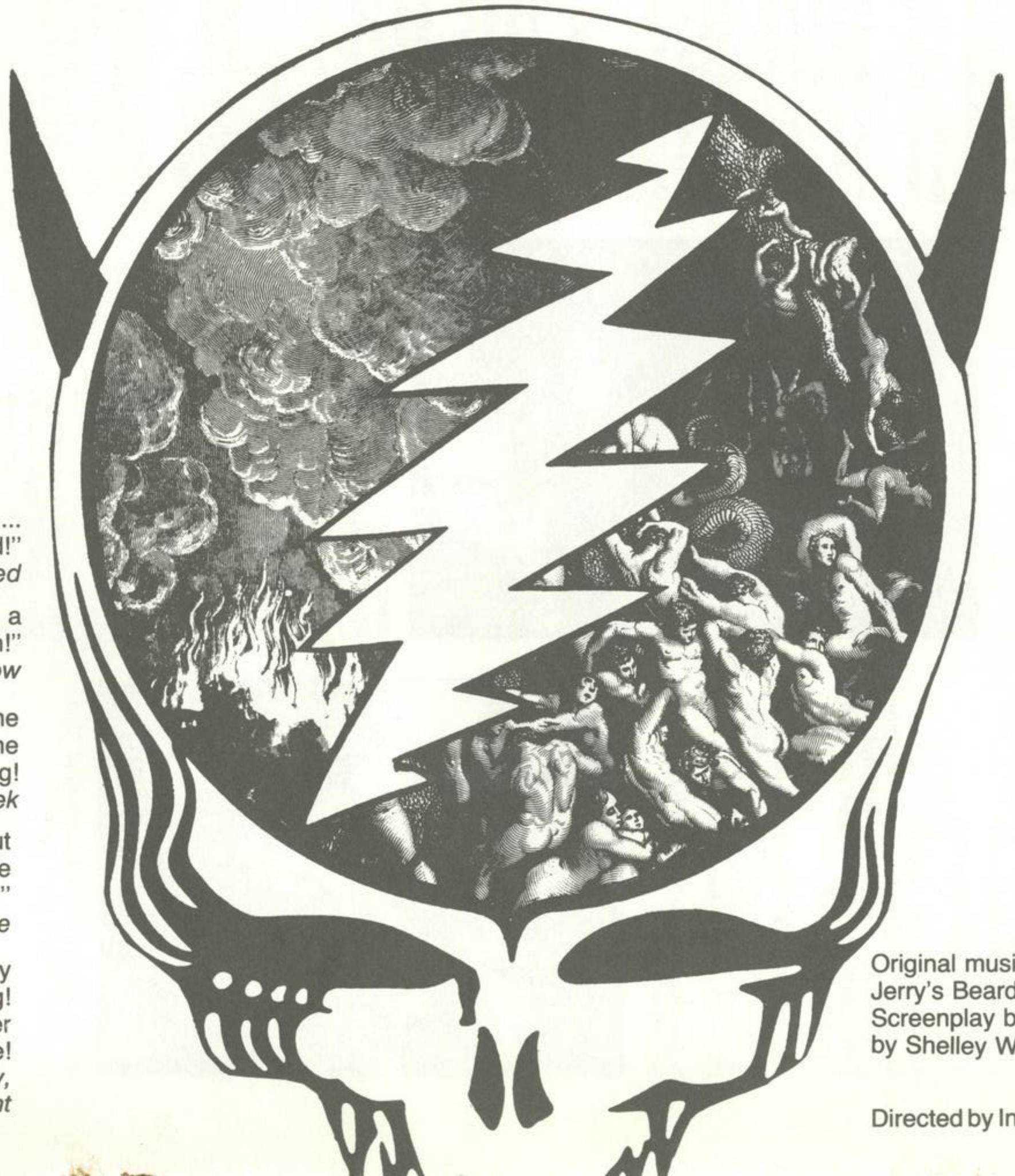
Day Job

6-27-84 Merriweather Post Pavillion, Columbia, MD
Jack Straw, Friend of the Devil, Little Red Rooster, Cumberland Blues, My Brother Esau, Loser, Let It Grow

Help on the Way ➧ Slipknot ➧ Franklin's Tower, Estimated Prophet ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ Why Don't We Do It in the Road ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Morning Dew ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away

Brokedown Palace

President and Mrs. Reagan and the Council for Clean Living urge you to see the most important cinema event of all time ...



Here's What the Critics Are Saying:

"I cried for nearly two hours ... and then the movie started!"
— *Rex Reed, Syndicated*

"Va-va-va-voom! Charo is a dynamo as Janis Joplin!"
— *Gene Shalit, The Today Show*

"Gripping! Terrifying! The Burger King freak-out scene left me reeling!
— *David Ansen, Newsweek*

"The most accurate film about the drug culture since 'Reefer Madness'!"
— *Andrew Sarris, Village Voice*

"The private opening night party was a star-studded happening! The skull-shaped finger sandwiches were divine!
— *Dixie Watley, Entertainment Tonight*

A film with the epic grandeur of "Herbie the Love Bug Rides Again," the adventure and romance of "Robot Monster," and the poignant drama of "How to Stuff a Wild Bikini." A film with a truth so shocking it had to be left out entirely.

Original music by Henry Mancini. "Love Song to Jerry's Beard" written and sung by Paul Anka. Screenplay by Neil Simon from an original story by Shelley Winters. Produced by Jim Nabors for GOMERFILMS.

Directed by Ingmar Bergman and Jerry Lewis.

J. EDGAR HOOVER FILMS PRESENTS

GRATEFUL DEAD
THE BAND FROM HELL

The producers have spared no expense to bring you the brightest stars in the show business firmament.

Francis Coppola as **Jerry Garcia**
He was a Friend of the Devil ... Maybe he was too friendly

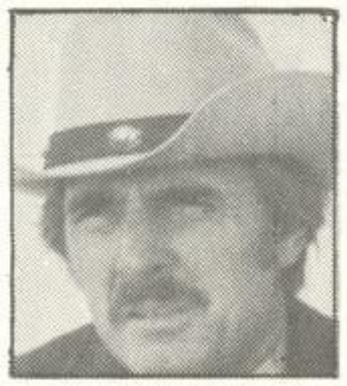
Robert Redford as **Bob Weir**
They always said he'd go to Hell in a Bucket

Gavin McLeod as **Ken Kesey**
The skipper of the Love Boat drives a Love Bus straight to Hades

Phil Donahue as **Phil Lesh**
The brains of the outfit, he spoke with a forked tongue (and had a forked tail)

Leonard Nimoy as **Mickey Hart**
His bongo voodoo led children into the Fire

Mr. T as **Bill Graham**
The tough promoter with a key to Satan's dressing room... He was nobody's fooo



Dennis Weaver as **Billy Kreutzmann**
He held the awful secret of the Rhythm Devils

Merlin Olsen as **Brent Mydland**
Father Murphy never had to face terror like this!

Charo as **Janis Joplin**
The coochie-coochie girl takes another little piece of your heart

T.C.

Out in the Wild Blue Yonder with Tom Constanten

Photo by Richard McCaffrey

Of all the musicians who have played in the Grateful Dead through the years, keyboardist Tom Constanten is probably the least understood and appreciated by Deadheads, perhaps because he has, by choice, pursued a course far removed from mainstream rock and roll since he left the Dead at the beginning of 1970. He has rarely been interviewed during the intervening years, and has generally preferred not to discuss his tenure with the Dead in significant detail. He has moved on — as the Dead have — and he is understandably reluctant to go through life merely as an "ex-member of the Dead." After all, this is an artist who is deeply respected in contemporary music circles both in the United States and Europe for his work *since* leaving the Dead.

Yet Constanten, or T.C. as he is usually called by his friends, played an important role in the Dead during a period when their music was developing the most. In 1968 and '69, the two years Constanten worked with the Dead, the group was writing and performing its most adventurous and ambitious music as they made the transition from what was essentially a jamming blues-rock band to a sophisticated, polyrhythmic, jazz-inflected aggregation with its own identifiable, highly idiosyncratic style. T.C.'s observations about this era are astute and often fascinating. He is far from a dispassionate outside eye, yet at this point he is distant enough from the scene to offer some fairly objective views of what life was like in the group during that pivotal era. And beyond his involvement with the Dead, the Tom Constanten story is an interesting portrait of an artist who, like the Dead, has always followed a singular path.

T.C. is one of the most overtly intellectual people I've ever known, yet he has a razor-sharp wit that is dulled only by the relative ignorance of whomever he's joking with — how many among us can fully appreciate puns that depend on a working knowledge of obscure composers, incomprehensible music jargon or, worst of all, German phrases? Spending an evening with T.C. can be a dizzying exercise, to say the least, but beneath his slightly professorial, even pedantic, demeanor is a warm-hearted soul whose love of music is as infectious as it is all-consuming. And for every allusion to Schoenberg and 12-tone scales, there is a quick remark about TV or the Oakland A's baseball team. Eccentric? Most definitely, but then we *are* talking about one of the brightest satellites in the strange universe of the Grateful Dead.

T.C. was born in New Jersey in 1944, but spent most of his formative years in Las Vegas, where his step-father worked as a captain of waiters at the Sands Hotel. Las Vegas in the early '50s was just beginning to develop its glitzy facade; even today T.C. is fond of the place, saying, "It's a nice place to live, but I wouldn't want to visit there. There's natural beauty everywhere, and that's remained even as the city has changed through the years."

A brilliant student and something of a musical prodigy, he began taking courses at the University of Nevada while still in high school, and was al-

On the invitation to join the Dead: "It was like a magic carpet that was there for me to step on"

ready writing complex pieces for orchestra before he was out of his teens. Strangely enough, though, when he went to the University of California at Berkeley in the summer of 1961, he enrolled not as a music major but an astrophysics student. He had been an amateur astronomer in his youth, spending hour after hour searching the heavens for celestial streaks that had been uncovered originally by an 18th Century "comet hunter" named Messier. "But after a semester of that, and the continued company of one Phil Lesh," he says with a glint in his eye, "I realized that my musical propensities were far more interesting, if not in accordance with my parents' wishes."

Constanten and Lesh had met at UC Berkeley during that summer and become fast friends who shared a love for the emerging giants of "serious" contemporary music — Stockhausen, Boulez, Cage, Berio and others — and who were both immersed in their own compositions. Living together near campus in Berkeley, they spent endless hours studying and writing music, but also took the time to get crazy and explore the world around them. The Bay Area at this time was still a center of Beat literary activity, and T.C. remembers going down to City Lights bookstore in San Francisco frequently to devour the latest volumes by Ginsberg, Ferlinghetti and the other great thinkers of the day. Pot was popular in their circle of friends, as was speed, often purchased at a burger restaurant across the street from City Lights that had been dubbed "the Meth Palace." It wasn't until later that LSD presented itself: "Phil and I had our first LSD from the same batch in early '63, when it still came on sugar cubes."

Most of 1962 and '63 found T.C. deeply involved in studying and writing music. He and Lesh both took a class with Luciano Berio for a semester at Oakland's Mills College, and later T.C. went to Europe, studying with Berio two consecutive years in Darmstadt, as well as working with Henri Posseur at a studio in Brussels, and in Milan and Dartington, England.

Back in the States in 1964, T.C. continued his musical explorations and also got into pop, really for the first time, thanks to The Beatles and Bob Dylan. "What made '60s rock interesting to me," he says, "is that the mind-stretching propensities of the experimental composers were brought to bear on the basic structure of rock and roll so that it was sort of electrified — *conceptually* even before it was done in reality. Even Bob Dylan doing a blues song did something extra to it."

And the same could certainly be said about a bizarre jug band that had sprung up south of San Francisco called Mother McCree's Uptown Jug Champions. T.C. had met Jerry Garcia and Bob Weir through Lesh's connections with the folk scene, although they weren't part of his circle of friends by any means. When Mother McCree's plugged in and became The Warlocks, enlisting Phil as bassist (a rather odd move, T.C. thought, given what he knew of Phil's "serious" music interests), T.C. caught one of their first gigs: "Jerry still looked a little like Prince Valiant," he says with a laugh, "and I remember they did a version of 'Wooly Bully.' "

As Phil and The Warlocks kept developing through 1965, T.C.'s life took a very different turn: he enlisted in the Air Force and landed an assignment in his old home town. "I had already received a draft notice, and it seemed like a natural thing that I'd rather program a computer in Las Vegas than an M-16 in Vietnam," which is where Army and Marine draftees of that era were routinely being shipped. "So I lived at home, put on this crazy suit. I made Squadron Member of the Month three times, Base Airman of the Month once, and my base commander put me up for Airman of the Year."

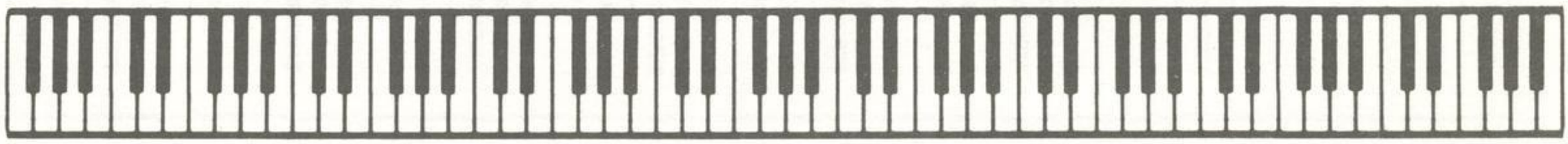
Not bad for a guy who was spending much of his time using the computers to compose music and his furloughs importing LSD to Las Vegas from his friends in San Francisco. "Sometimes I would bring peyote from Texas, which I'd then trade for weed, which I'd trade for acid, which I'd bring back to Vegas." With its sprawling desert landscapes and varied arid terrain, Nevada was something of a tripper's paradise for the few creative types who were into that sort of thing. "There's a place near Las Vegas called the Valley of Fire that looks in the bright sunlight like burning coals," T.C. marvels. "The trippy thing about it is that it's like a walk in a Rorschach blot — anything that's in your head you'll see in the rocks — lizards, spacemen . . ."

Not surprisingly, T.C. had more than his share of problems juggling the straight life of a military man with the carefree and adventurous existence he lived in his civilian clothes. He visited San Francisco about twice a year, and on those trips he renewed his friendships with the players who were now the Grateful Dead and generally tried to absorb the incredible sights, sounds and feelings that were exploding in day-glo and paisley all over the Bay Area. "Then," he remembers, "they started to ship a lot of Air Force people to Vietnam, so I let it slip to the right or wrong ears that I used to be a communist, which effectively killed any chance of my getting a security clearance, which I would have had to have to go to Vietnam."

Constanten's first work with the Grateful Dead came well before his release from the Air Force in 1968, however. In late 1967, when the Dead were working on their second album, *Anthem of the Sun*, T.C. was recruited to help out on a couple of tracks, most notably on the electronic collage at the close of the epic "That's It for the Other One." "It was like a magic carpet that was there for me to step on, and I would have been a fool not to step on it," he says of his decision to work with the Dead. "It was basically an invitation from Jerry. He said something like, 'I think we can use you.' It was at Columbus Recorders in San Francisco, which is now owned by Francis Coppola."

The mind-bending sound T.C. achieved on the track involved a number of techniques he'd learned in avant-garde music circles, including "prepared piano," in which foreign objects are placed inside the piano to alter the instrument's sound, usually to percussive effect. John Cage had been writing prepared piano pieces since the '40s, and both T.C. and Phil had dabbled in it in their pre-Dead days, but it was still a rad-

On "Dark Star":
"I viewed the piece not so much as something written out, but as a galaxy that would be entered at any of several places"



ical move for a rock and roll band.

Of his piano preparations for *Anthem*, T.C. says, "The most striking was when I took a gyroscope, gave it a strong pull, and put it against the amplified sounding board. It's kind of a chainsaw sound. One of my other favorite effects was obtained by using coins. At that time I used dimes. Since then I've been to Holland and picked up Dutch dimes, which are even better. Then there's a sound like woodblocks that comes from combs stuck on the piano's higher strings. Another I liked was clothespins on the lowest strings, played either with the keys or on a string directly." T.C.'s section of the piece also utilized an electronic tape that he had made at Henri Posseur's electronic music studio in Brussels during the summer of 1962. The primary instrument he used for that was a ring modulator. The tape was assembled from dozens of little fragments of sound cut and spliced together.

"The idea was that this chaos would ensue from 'The Other One,' " T.C. explains. "The final part was an overlay of several live performances, whence it gets that incredible depth; it's a remarkable effect. So they wanted to take that up and swirl it into an explosion, and out of the ashes of that would stealthily enter the warm, misty waves of 'New Potato Caboose.' " T.C. also played the rippling piano on side two's "Alligator," which was cut at Columbus Recorders.

Constanten was discharged from the Air Force on November 22, 1968, and as he puts it, "After I was thrown out of the nest of the Wild Blue Yonder, there was a parachute waiting for me, so to speak." That parachute was an invitation to actually tour with the Dead, and so he got on an airplane the next day and joined the band for a show at Legion Hall in Athens, Ohio. He didn't have time for any real rehearsal with the group, "but I'd heard the albums, I knew the changes, and knew I could land on my feet in improvisatory situations."

T.C. admits that at first he was rather tentative in his playing, as he attempted to find his niche in the Dead's incredibly dense sound. And although after Constanten's arrival Pigpen played keyboards on only a couple of songs, "on the tunes he did play on, he played more than I usually played. The band at that time had established themselves a lot more, and I was impressed with them and wanted to make sure I put in things that were workable from the context I could work from."

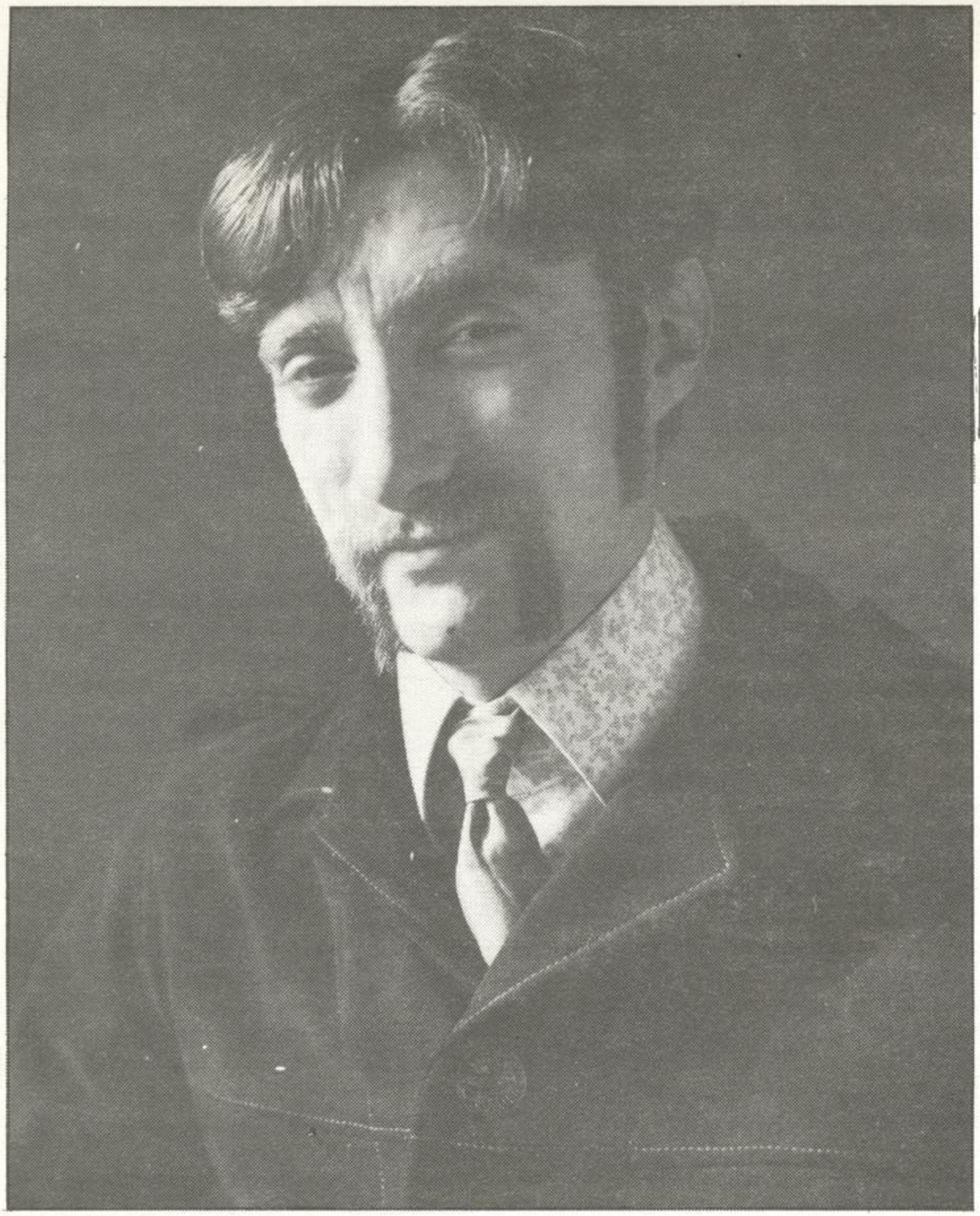
Though much has been made over the years about the supposed equality of the instruments in the Dead in terms of their prominence in the group's overall sound, T.C. perceived Garcia as the clear leader of the band: "At that time, the songs were predominantly his, and the texture of it, with his amplification — I could never really wrest the lead away from him. Which is not to say I wanted to make it a competitive thing, but just that I never felt I had a secure platform to work from." (In an interview I did with T.C. last year he joked, "Weir and I really got a chance to shine every time Jerry broke a string.") He says that onstage he would listen primarily to Garcia and Weir and try to wedge his organ runs in between Jerry's melodic leads and what he calls Weir's "atonalist" rhythm guitar, with its odd accents and emphasis on the offbeats. "I wanted to be able to say something and stay out of their way," he says. You can have all kinds of musical activity side by side as long as it's in certain prescribed areas of the audible spectrum. Mahler was a genius at that — he'd have six, seven, eight things going on that you could hear clearly."

Not surprisingly for someone with a background in the avant-garde and a great working knowledge of musical forms other than rock and roll, T.C. was at his best when the Dead played their spaciest material. If you listen to tapes from the period, you can clearly hear his organ weaving intricate patterns amid the whirlpool of guitars and thick percussion. There is a distant quality to some of his playing, as if his instrument were some sort of strange inter-stellar bird airborne on wings of amorphous sound. It's no coincidence that many of the best versions of "Dark Star" the Dead ever performed had T.C. as a critical element — of the four keyboardists the Dead have had, he was clearly the most comfortable with the Dead's freeform and sometimes dissonant music.

"Dark Star," for example was never really formalized in any way, although, as T.C. points out, "certain motifs were integrated over time, almost like an 'aural tradition.' I viewed the piece not so much as something written out, but as a galaxy that would be entered at any of several places. That appealed to me from my aleatoric '60s days — John Cage and all. And naturally, in the same sense that every performance would be unique, would be different, it would be representative of a trip to the same sort of place — you know, you'd show certain things with the music: 'Oh, there's a green sponge . . .' On the best 'Dark Stars' there were a lot of one-of-a-kind moments that were completely spontaneous. We were just exploring the map, the dimensional, capillarious intestine . . . of . . ." — he breaks into a laugh at his own ornate description — "cosmic goop!"

On the road he roomed with Pigpen, a combination that sounds like it must have been odd — the earthy bluesman and the erudite, classically trained scholar — but T.C. says they became great friends, playing chess often and generally sharing each other's souls. "He was wonderful," T.C. says. "There was an incredible dichotomy between the person and the image, and sometimes the person would play off the image."

Aside from the *Live Dead* "Dark Star," the best examples of T.C.'s style can be found on *Aoxomoxoa*, which the Dead recorded from September of 1968 until May of 1969. The keyboard colors he adds throughout the album are bold and distinctive — the haunting harpsichord on "Mountains of the Moon," the calliope-like organ on "Dupree's Diamond Blues," the florid, almost out of control piano on "St. Stephen" (he says he could never use an acoustic piano live because Garcia played so loud that "the guitar would come through the piano's contact mikes louder than the piano"), the high-pitched rhythmic singing of the organ on "China



T.C. in '68. Photo by Herb Greene

Cat Sunflower." The peculiar sound experiment "What's Become of the Baby" utilized still more fragments of T.C.'s electronic work from Brussels. Only "Rosemary" has no input from T.C., since Garcia brought that song to the band as a completed 4-track tape. The rest of the album was recorded on an 8-track machine, which meant that T.C. had "a better chance to express myself than I sometimes did in concert, because, having my own track, I could ensure not getting mixed out."

In the case of *Aoxomoxoa*, T.C. was given a fairly free hand in coming up with his own keyboard arrangements, though at the same time, "everything was essentially subject to Jerry's approval, and he would make recommendations, or ideas would be presented to him and he'd sound it out. Sometimes things would be tried just to try them so we weren't doing the same thing all the time."

As 1969 wore on, T.C. found himself drifting from the Dead on several fronts. The music he was working on in his spare time was radically different from what he was playing with the band — orchestral pieces mainly. He had also become involved in the Church of Scientology and that became a friction point between T.C. and the others, in part because his Scientology discipline demanded that he abstain from any sort of drug use. "It made me a non-participant in the chemical sacraments of the time," he says, "and that offended Owsley greatly." It was fortunate that he roomed with Pigpen on the road, for he, too, was a non-drug user, though for different reasons. Along the way T.C. was dosed both intentionally and accidentally at various gigs (one night at the Carousel Ballroom in S.F. when "four or five different people dosed the apple juice, unbeknownst to each other" stands out particularly in his mind), so he wasn't completely drug-free.

The scuttlebutt on the streets around the time of T.C.'s departure from the Dead at the very beginning of 1970 centered on his involvement with Scientology and what some said were his attempts to get others — particularly Bob Weir — interested in it. T.C. downplays Scientology's importance in his split from the band, noting that he had become deeply involved in a music/theater project called *Tarot* that gave him a more satisfying outlet for his music than his essentially supportive role in the Dead. "I wanted to be a bigger fish in a smaller pond, and *Tarot* was more edifying," he says.

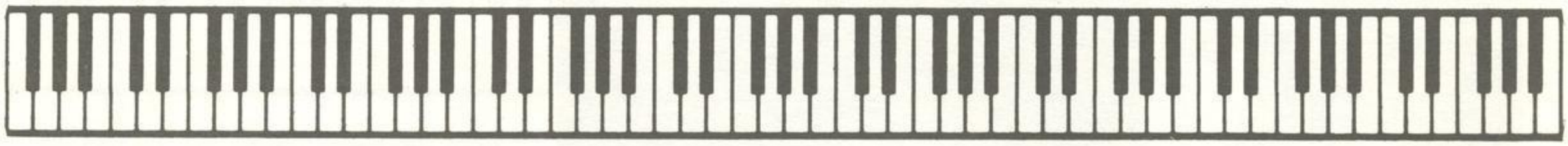
He does acknowledge, however, that his involvement with Scientology "didn't help any. I tried not to proselytize, but I'm sure there's a certain amount you can't resist, and *that* I regret. It probably must have rubbed some people the wrong way.

"Actually, I got into Scientology through drugs, and got out of it the same way. With some of the more powerful psychedelics, there were places you could hope to remain and have that position to work from, and Scientology represented, by means of clearing out a lot of unnecessary garbage — or so they portrayed it — from your head, you could arrive at a state like that. What I found out, especially from the times I got dosed on the road, was that yes, Scientology really worked wonders with my head — I wouldn't have stayed as long with them, otherwise — except it really enhanced the drug experience, so there I was, stoned-er than ever!"

T.C.'s final shows with the Dead were in Oregon and Hawaii in late January of 1970, although he traveled with them to New Orleans "and played on a few songs at one show" at The Warehouse there. He was still rooming with Pigpen when the Dead's famous New Orleans bust occurred, but neither he nor Pigpen was arrested. "If they'd come to our room first there would've been no bust," he says with a chuckle. "I got to talking with one of the sergeants about the Air Force and we got along fine. We would've talked them out of it!"

After leaving the Dead T.C. worked briefly on an ambitious project with the Incredible String Band (who were also Scientologists) called *U* — "Queen of Love" features his orchestral arrangement and piano work — and then plunged into *Tarot*, a delightful blend of myth and mysticism, rock and various other music forms that ran suc-

On being true to his art:
"I just play it as it lays. There's always that dilemma of satisfying one's artistic ideals while being commercially viable"



cessfully off-off-Broadway (in Brooklyn and Greenwich Village) for several weeks in 1971. I had the good fortune to see *Tarot* performed twice at the Circle-in-the-Square Theatre (both nights before Dead shows at Manhattan Center), and can attest to the magical spell it cast on audiences with its eclectic music — played by T.C., former Country Joe & the Fish drummer Chicken Hirsch, multi-instrumentalist Paul Dresher (now a big name in avant-garde circles), violinist Art Fayer and guitarist Jim Byers — and enchanting, dreamlike flow. A fine album of the music for *Tarot* was released the next year, under the adopted group name of Touchstone, by United Artists Records. Alas, it is long out-of-print.

The middle '70s found T.C. renewing his ties in avant-garde circles, concentrating on his writing, and also taking part in a series of performances while an artist-in-residence at the State University of New York at Buffalo. Among them was a piece called "Vexations," by Erik Satie, which, T.C. explains, is "a single page of music; it consists of a line and two lines that you alternate it with, and it says 'repeat 840 times.' I was part of a shift of 20 pianists. My shift was 3 to 3:30 and 4 to 4:30 a.m."

By far the strangest performance he was involved in, though, was a theater piece by his friend, pianist Joe Kubera called "When You Get to the Asterisk," subtitled "an arcane theatrical ritual with incidental music." As T.C. describes it, the piece consisted of "16 pages of score that were shuffled before the concert and dealt among the four musicians. And when you'd get to the asterisk (*) on the score there would be an instruction, like 'exchange music with someone else,' or 'exchange places with someone else.' There was a chase scene in it. There was an instruction that said, 'You're through — leave.' One person cooked popcorn onstage and passed it out. Kubera and I had a magnifying glass war. There were arguments in the piece about how we should be doing the music." This bit of perverse absurdity was broadcast locally in Buffalo, including a play-by-play describing the action. It only was performed twice ever, which is probably *our* loss.

For the past decade, T.C. has managed to keep his foothold in musical esoterica largely by supporting himself as a music teacher and college instructor at various institutions around the Bay Area. He has had several of his compositions performed by the Kronos String Quartet, one of the most popular contemporary chamber groups in the country (if they come to your town, by all means check them out — they are successfully bridging the classical, rock and avant-garde worlds). A piece of his called "Dejavalse" was included in The Waltz Project, a massive undertaking that assembled 25 composers who had written contemporary waltzes, "Dejavalse" also appeared on a 1980 record of The Waltz Project. He has had compositions performed in places as diverse as Chicago, Las Vegas, San Luis Obispo and Bavaria. He wrote a piece for prepared piano and electronic collage for a 1979 production of Harold Pinter's *The Collector*, and has also written a number of contemporary ragtime pieces.

Over the years he has remained good friends with Phil Lesh, although he has attended few Dead shows since he last sat in with the band as a guest player in April of 1971 at the Fillmore East. He reconnected with Deadheads last year when he played a solo piano concert titled "From Ragtime to Dark Star" at San Francisco's now-defunct Old Waldorf nightclub.

In front of an audience consisting almost entirely of Deadheads (leafletting at Dead shows paid off for the promoters), T.C. took the crowd on a very interesting odyssey. Opening with a simple arrangement of "Cold Rain & Snow" (he has since developed it more and even recorded it), the show moved from Scott Joplin to contemporary rag writers, and included a few of his own complex compositions — rags and otherwise — before peaking with a wonderfully graceful and dextrously performed arrangement of "Dark Star" that he wrote for the occasion. (Since that performance, he has added to his "Dark Star Fantasia," as he calls it, and is interested in someday orchestrating the piece.) A few more selections followed, all well received — as was his unending barrage of puns, jokes and odd stories between songs — but it was the "Fantasia" that truly connected with the crowd, that made people think, "Yeah — he can still *do it* with the Dead's music."

There have been rumblings about perhaps putting out a record of the "Dark Star Fantasia" and a few of his other pieces — a European record label has shown some real interest — and T.C. is determined to play other shows if there is an audience for them. In the meantime, he continues to write and to teach, living humbly, as underappreciated artists often do. "I just play it as it lays," he says. "There's always that dilemma of satisfying one's artistic ideals while being commercially viable. I feel like I've been holding on to both ends, like in a cliffhanger movie, taxing both to the limits. But if I come out of it all right, it might be like a zipper that held together.

"I like the momentum of just taking one step at a time. 'What a long strange trip it's been,' " he says, shaking his head. "It's not the kind of trip you'd see a travel agent to go on." □

I recommend that readers who want to know more about T.C. look for the excellent British magazine Swing 51, *which has run a number of great Dead-family interviews over the past couple of years. Issue #6 featured a meticulously detailed two-part interview with T.C. that covers the subject of his non-Dead work in greater detail than our space and my limited knowledge affords. If you can't find the magazine wherever esoteric music publications are sold, write to: Swing 51, 41 Bushey Rd., Sutton, Surrey, SM1 1QR, England.)*

Search & Seizure: Know Your Rights

Daniel Hupert

A Grateful Dead tour (not to mention daily life) involves many encounters with police and other law enforcement personnel. Knowing your rights — knowing the rules of the game — is essential during such encounters. Whenever a potentially hazardous encounter with law enforcement personnel occurs, it is important to keep the possible future court battle in mind and to avoid doing anything that could jeopardize your position in that trial. If a policeman wants to search or arrest someone, nothing — certainly nothing so ephemeral as the constitutional rights of the accused — is going to stop him/her. However, the circumstances surrounding that search or arrest could have a significant impact upon the later court proceedings. If a search is conducted in violation of the defendant's constitutional rights, anything recovered or discovered as a result of that search (including anything uncovered by means of leads acquired during the illegal search) cannot be used as evidence of contraband obtained as a result of an illegal arrest. To demonstrate the importance of this: once contraband is suppressed and ruled inadmissible into evidence, it becomes extremely difficult, to say the least, to make a charge of possession of such contraband stick.

The general rule of law is that no search may be conducted or arrest executed without a warrant, based upon probable cause and issued by a neutral and impartial judge or magistrate. However, in exigent circumstances — when the police haven't the time to obtain a warrant because doing so would permit a crime to be committed or a suspect to abscond, or would place the officer or the community in danger — the officer may conduct a search or make an arrest based upon probable cause, without a warrant. This probable cause requirement is the underpinning of this entire area of law and one of the distinguishing characteristics of American jurisprudence.

"Probable cause" is defined as an objective and articulable reason to believe that a crime is being, has been or is about to be committed. It requires more than a hunch or an ill-defined suspicion. In fact, even a reasonable suspicion (which is all the police need to stop and question you) will not supply the requisite probable cause for a search or an arrest. The officer is, of course, allowed to rely on his/her professional experience and expertise in making a probable cause determination but must, nonetheless, have an objective and articulable basis to suspect the person to be searched or arrested. This means that you cannot be searched simply because you are a male with shoulder-length hair, wearing a tie-dye and going to a Dead show. It is not enough that the police might be able to show, statistically, that a large quantity of illegal combustibles are consumed at the average Dead show. The officer must be able to articulate a reasonable and objective belief that the person to be searched or arrested is in possession of contraband or is, at that time, embarked upon some other criminal enterprise.

The automobile presents a special problem. Because of its inherent mobility and the ease with which it can be removed from the officer's jurisdiction, an automobile on the highway is, in and of itself, an exigent circumstance justifying a warrantless search based upon probable cause. (A car parked in a garage does not necessarily present the same considerations, and the warrant requirement will, in certain circumstances, still apply.) When an officer has probable cause to search an automobile he/she may either search it on the spot or impound it and get a search warrant. As a practical matter, on-the-spot searches are almost always conducted. And once probable cause to search a car exists, the entire car, including a locked trunk or glove compartment, can be searched.

There are also instances when both the warrant requirement and the probable cause requirement are dispensed with. A customs search upon entering the country is one example. More common is the consent search. This occurs when the person to be searched consents to the officer's request to conduct a search. (This is generally not advisable.) Such consent is also sometimes inferred. For example, you are deemed to have consented to be searched when you pass through the metal detector at an airport. You are also deemed to have consented to the search conducted by BGP's bluecoats or John Sher's goons when you enter the auditorium. Your choice is simple. You can consent to the search or you can be refused entry. In the latter event, you have the right to have your ticket price refunded.

Christin Adams, Waltham, MA

It is important to remember that only in the courts will your constitutional rights be protected (if at all — given the construction of the present Supreme Court, these invaluable rights may not be around much longer). The officer on the beat is not in the least bit interested in constitutional niceties. That is why it is important to keep the future trial in mind during all encounters with law enforcement personnel. Unless you exercise caution and discretion during such encounters, you may find that you have waived some of your constitutional protections. For example, upon consenting to be searched one waives all rights he/she may have had to contest the constitutionality of that search.

Similarly, it is important that you volunteer no statements. Once you start talking to the police you may end up waiving your precious right to remain silent. If arrested, give no more than your name, address, age, etc. outside of the presence of an attorney. If the police persist in questioning you, simply refuse to make any statements without an attorney being present. You have an absolute right to have an attorney represent you during all critical stages of a criminal proceeding — including during questioning. Your request for an attorney cannot be denied. If you cannot afford to retain private counsel, a public defender or other attorney must be assigned to represent you. It is, however, possible that you will have to wait until you appear in court and are arraigned to have an attorney appointed. Once you request an attorney, however, questioning must, in most cases, cease until one is supplied. In the interim, make no statements! There is no way to talk yourself out of a bust. There is, however, plenty that you could say that could severely jeopardize your position when the case comes to trial.

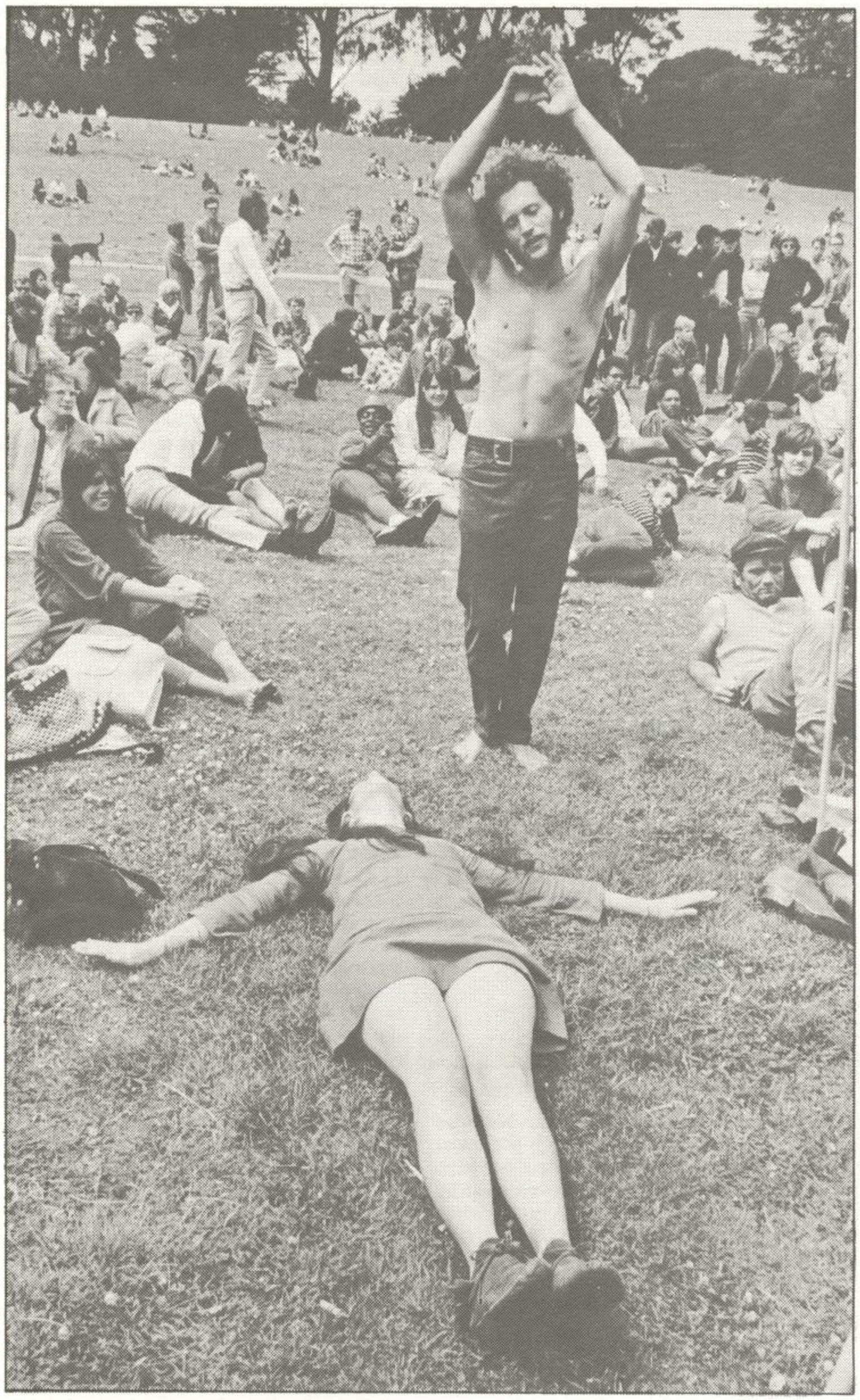
The single most important advice I can give any one of you is: *Don't be stupid. Think!* Driving 85 mph on the New Jersey Turnpike, smoking a joint, with three pounds in the trunk, is not a good idea. Or, to give another example: I was wandering around the parking lot during the afternoon of April 27, before the recent show in Providence, R.I. There were at least three groups of undercover officers (being none too subtle, incidentally), an unmarked police van, an unmarked police car and a number of radio cars cruising the lot. The number of arrests they were able to make was frightening, especially because almost all of them were the result of stupidity or indiscretion on the part of the people getting busted. The undercovers and other officers were not even trying to be discreet. They executed searches and arrests in the middle of the lot in full view of other people, and word of what was going on went around quickly.

Still, the number of people taken from their cars or picked up in the lot for ingesting or possessing contraband was incredible. After the first couple of busts, and after word of what the police were doing got around, how could these people continue to engage in blatantly illegal behavior in their cars and in that lot? The asininity of this behavior becomes even more apparent when one considers that this was in Providence — where the police have a history of this sort of behavior. (And Providence isn't half as bad as Hartford — where there are fully armed riot cops in the arena and the security guards carry guns — which is the worst place in America to see the Grateful Dead, or anything else.) For people to subject themselves to these kinds of risks is simply ridiculous.

The lifestyle of many Deadheads makes them particularly vulnerable to begin with. There is absolutely no reason to compound that risk with careless and unthinking behavior. □

Daniel Hupert is a practicing attorney in New York City, where he is a partner in the firm of Orzick & Hupert.

Love & Haight



Golden Gate Park, 1967. Photo by Jim Marshall © 1984

B O O K R E V I E W

The Haight-Ashbury: A History
By Charles Perry
Random House/ Rolling Stone

When one considers how much TV and print exposure was given to the Haight-Ashbury scene in the late '60s, it's remarkable that it has taken more than 15 years for a good, coherent account of the phenomenon to materialize. In *Haight-Ashbury: A History* (which should be in bookstores in July) writer Charles Perry, best known for his work in *Rolling Stone* over the years, eloquently traces the myriad cultural and political events that transformed a quietly decaying San Francisco neighborhood into a bustling, internationally famous experiment in bohemianism.

Although he was often given to slightly gonzo-esque flights of fancy in his *Rolling Stone* pieces, Perry plays it straight for the most part here, and that's a wise decision — with personalities and happenings this colorful, no egotistical embellishments by the writer are really needed. The book is essentially a chronological narrative that intertwines the developments in the Haight with world political and social history. If you saw Perry's Haight chronology in *Rolling Stone's* Summer of Love retrospective in the late '70s, then you have a good picture of the form of the book; he tackles events as they happen, sometimes in brief, almost newspaper digest form, rather than telling the tale from a knowing, outside perspective years down the line. The advantage of this approach is that it allows the reader to get caught up in the dizzying hurricane without intrusive analysis or 20/20 hindsight. When he is through with the detailed history, *then* Perry tries to sort it all out, retracing his steps a bit to try to make some sense of the wild story.

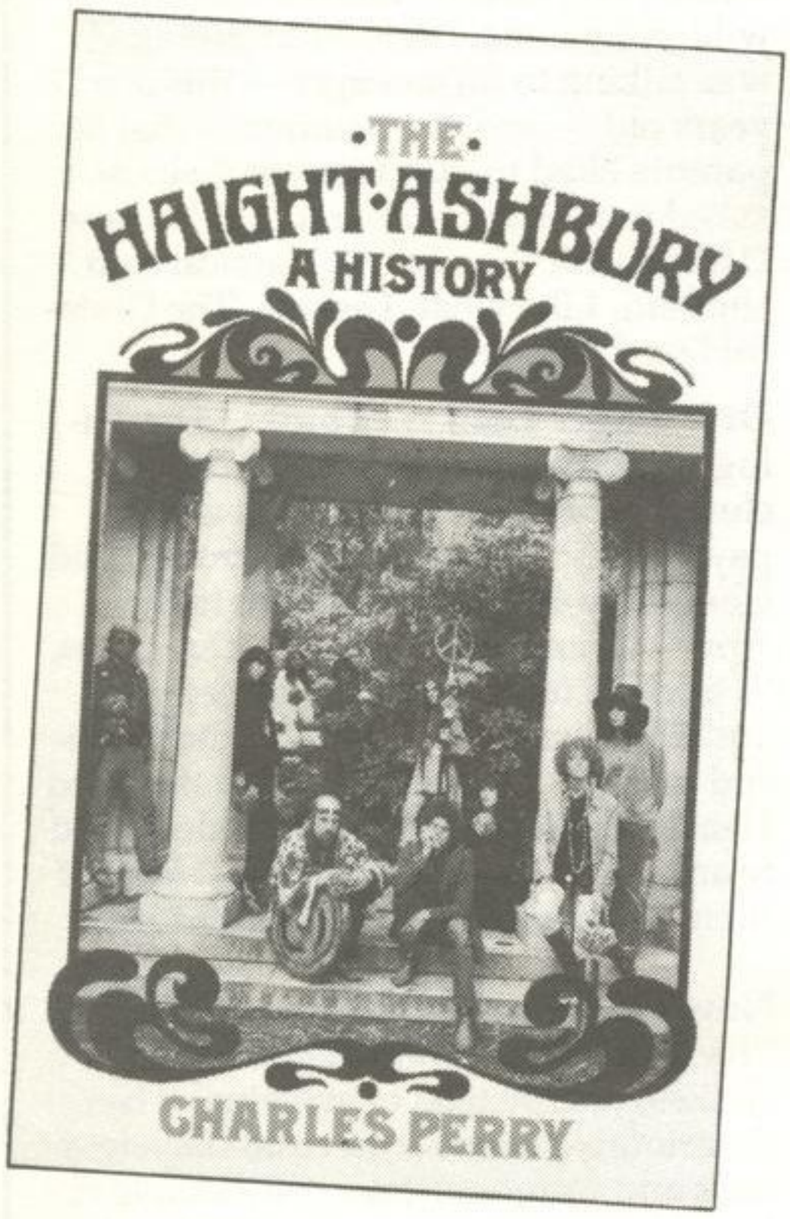
Perry was a logical candidate to write this book. He lived in the Bay Area during the period and, indeed, the Haight scene turned him into a writer. "I wasn't a journalist until I offered to work for free at *Rolling Stone* in 1967," he told *The Golden Road* recently. "Before that, I was a student, an unpublished poet and dope dealer." As a student at the University of California at Berkeley in the early '60s, he had been heavily involved in the political issues of the day, "but then I started taking LSD and peyote and became more interested in other things," he says with a laugh. Having Owsley Stanley as a housemate no doubt helped psychedelicize him.

Originally, it was Hunter Thompson who suggested, in the early '70s, that *Rolling Stone* put out a book on the Haight. (We sometimes forget that Thompson was an early scenemaker, hanging out with Kesey even before the Dead did and remaining in the Bay Area for most of the Haight years.) After Thompson proposed the book, *Stone* editor Jann Wenner asked Perry to write it, a process that took nearly four years, from about 1975 to '79. In fact, the book's major flaw is that the Haight postmortem is terribly dated, ending in the mid-'70s (he has the Dead as "semi-retired," a ludicrous misstatement) and there is no discussion of the Haight's resurgence in the late '70s and early '80s, which has attracted hordes of the young upwardly mobile. Another complaint many will have with the book is that it seemingly downplays the role of the

bands in the Haight's development, concentrating instead on socio-political groups such as the Diggers and *The Oracle* newspaper.

"The music has been covered a lot in *Rolling Stone* and a number of books," Perry says. "I really wanted to concentrate on the community. Originally, I did have a lot more anecdotes from musicians, but I just couldn't fit them all in. Certainly, though, the music was a magnet, and I think the book gets that across.

"I wanted to cover a lot of the intellectual history of the Haight-Ashbury, and that's one reason I wrote so much about the Diggers. They were really the most interesting and distinctive intellectual group on the scene. Perhaps I exaggerated their prominence a little — since they were just one of many cliques — but they were also important in that they took participatory theater and various things that had been done by artists and tried to turn it into a political movement."



Perry meticulously traces the Haight's links with earlier intellectual movements as well, most notably the Beats who, he very convincingly argues, made hippiedom possible in many ways. (Originally, he says, he wanted to write a history of bohemian San Francisco dating back to the 19th century. Hopefully, that is a tale that will be told someday by someone.)

Perry remains essentially non-judgemental about people and drugs, preferring instead to let the reader decide for him- or herself whether this or that action was foolish, heroic, bold, whatever. "I tried to portray things as objectively as possible — especially psychedelics, which are such an incredibly subjective experience," Perry says. "My approach was to try to simply describe things as they came out, trying to recreate the state of mind of things as it built up from this tiny thing to this whirlwind that encompassed thousands of people."

Also, Perry is careful to avoid pontificating about why the Haight "failed," in part because though the much-publicized scene has long since evaporated, the repercussions have been widely felt since 1970. So, in a sense, Haight-Ashbury succeeded on several levels.

"Really, the returns just aren't in yet," he says. "The people who are just hitting their mid-30s and their 40s are just hitting their most productive years. Also, it's difficult to gauge the impact of Haight-Ashbury because a lot of the things that came from it don't wave that banner.

"One of the things, in particular, that was neglected by the press was Haight-Ashbury's interest in new technology — the nature and direction of technology. Stewart Brand [*The Whole Earth Catalog* founder] came out of it, of course. The waterbed was also invented by a guy who lived in Haight-Ashbury. And the whole ecology movement developed from the sorts of ideas the people in Haight-Ashbury believed. I remember very distinctly that the early ecology movement was made up of the same people you'd see in the dance halls. People were *very* concerned about what technology was doing to the world and what it could and *should* be doing."

Obviously the Haight was not without its serious problems, including an influx of unproductive thrill-seekers, bona fide wackos, religious fanatics and ambitious politicos; an unsympathetic local police force; and the eventual arrival of heroin on the scene. But Perry thinks the main reason so many people became shatteringly disillusioned was "people overestimated how much unity there was. They were always fantasizing about what it could turn into instead of seeing what it really was. Everyone had his or her own vision; it was so open. That was one of the things that originally drew people into it, but it was also an achilles heel, both because the unity wasn't completely real and because so *many* people were drawn to it."

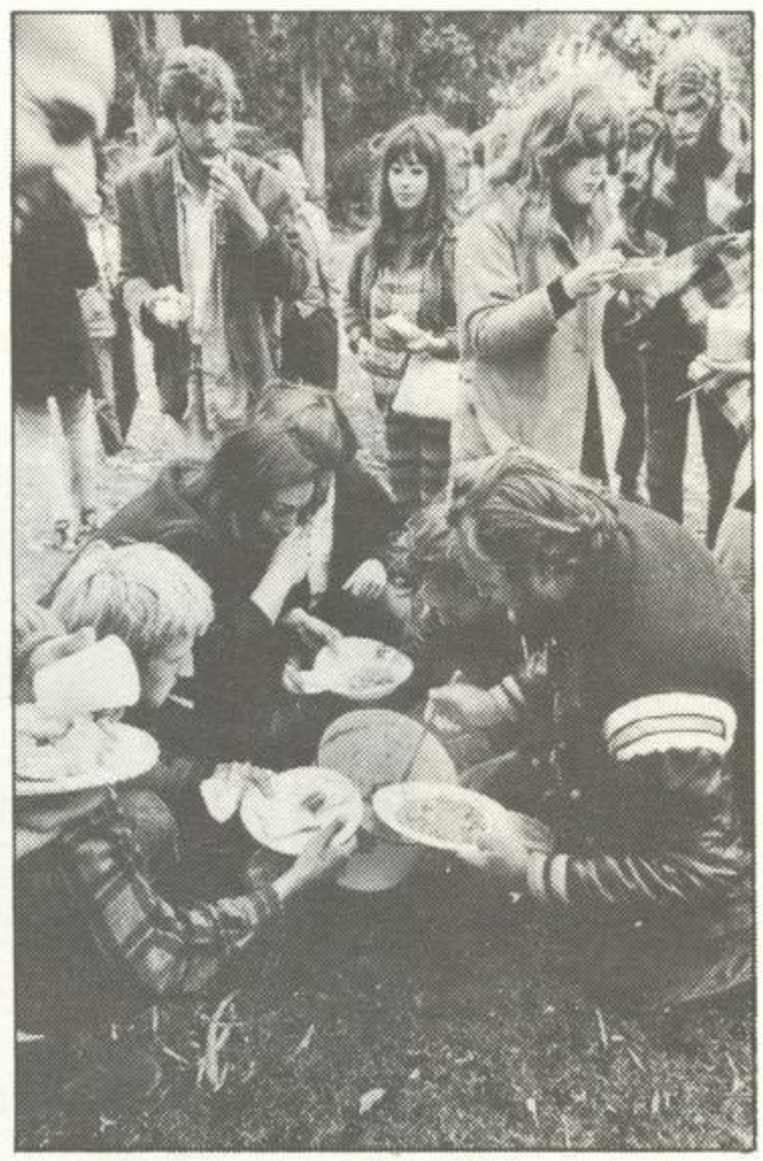
Perry points out, too, that in its unconscious excitement and naivete, the Haight drew too much attention to itself. "It was a very public scene, when you think about it," he says. "There were *advertised* LSD parties — the Acid Tests — and part of it was that no one thought what they were doing was wrong and should be hidden; quite the contrary,

Author Charles Perry wearing one of his nearly 300 neckties

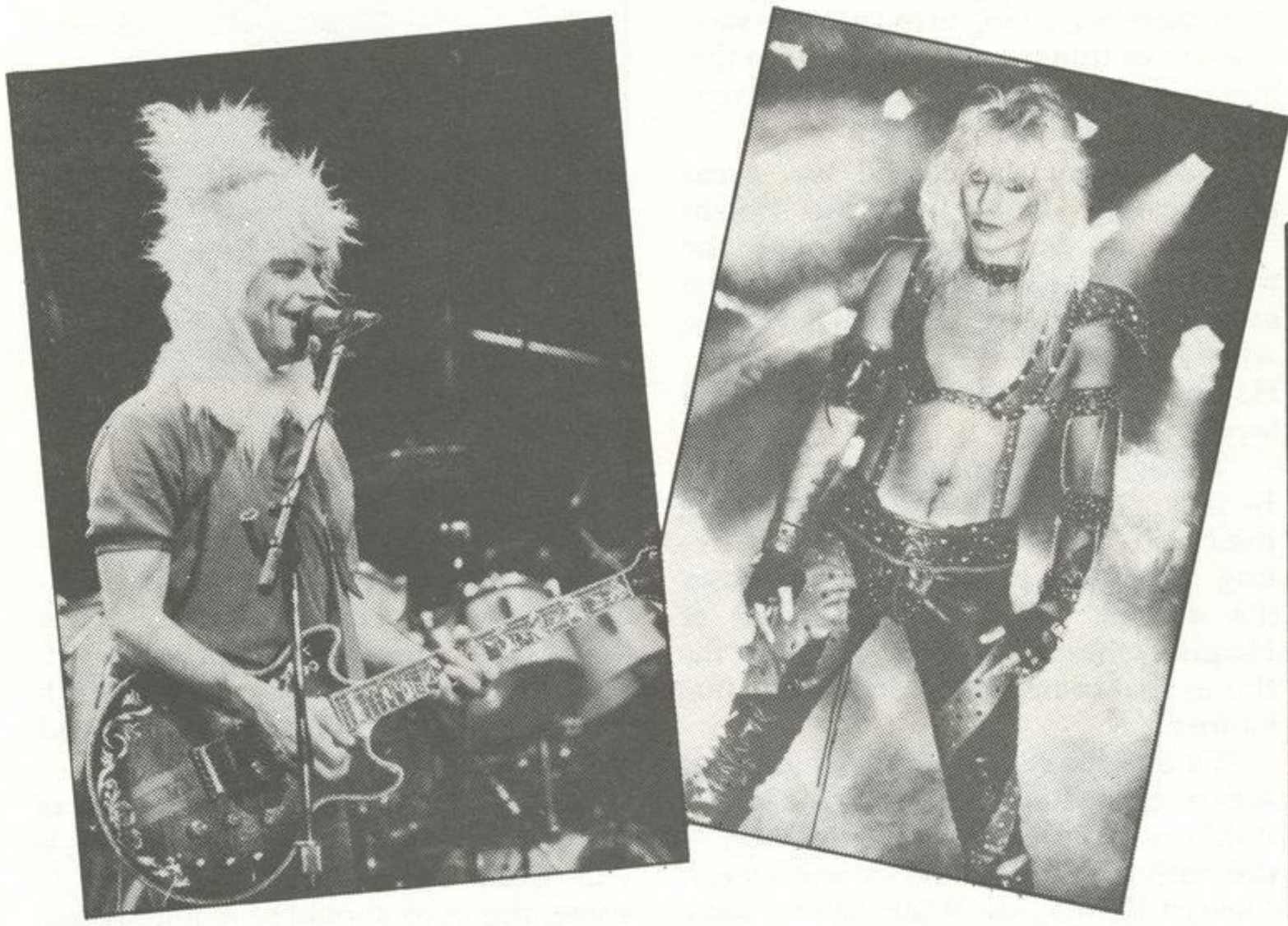
actually. As time went on, too, the community got more confident as they realized they weren't this little cabal, but that there were thousands of people in it. That openness led to press, which brought in all the reporters and sociologists."

Though there are scant mentions of the Dead in Perry's book and the style will likely seem slightly academic to some, this book should be required reading for those with an interest in this period. The story has never been told with such an eye for detail and such a sense of the spectrum of people who helped make the Haight so extraordinary. And now that we've got the *facts* from Perry, perhaps he'll write the wild, totally subjective gonzo story of the Haight that *must* be lurking within him.

— *BJ*

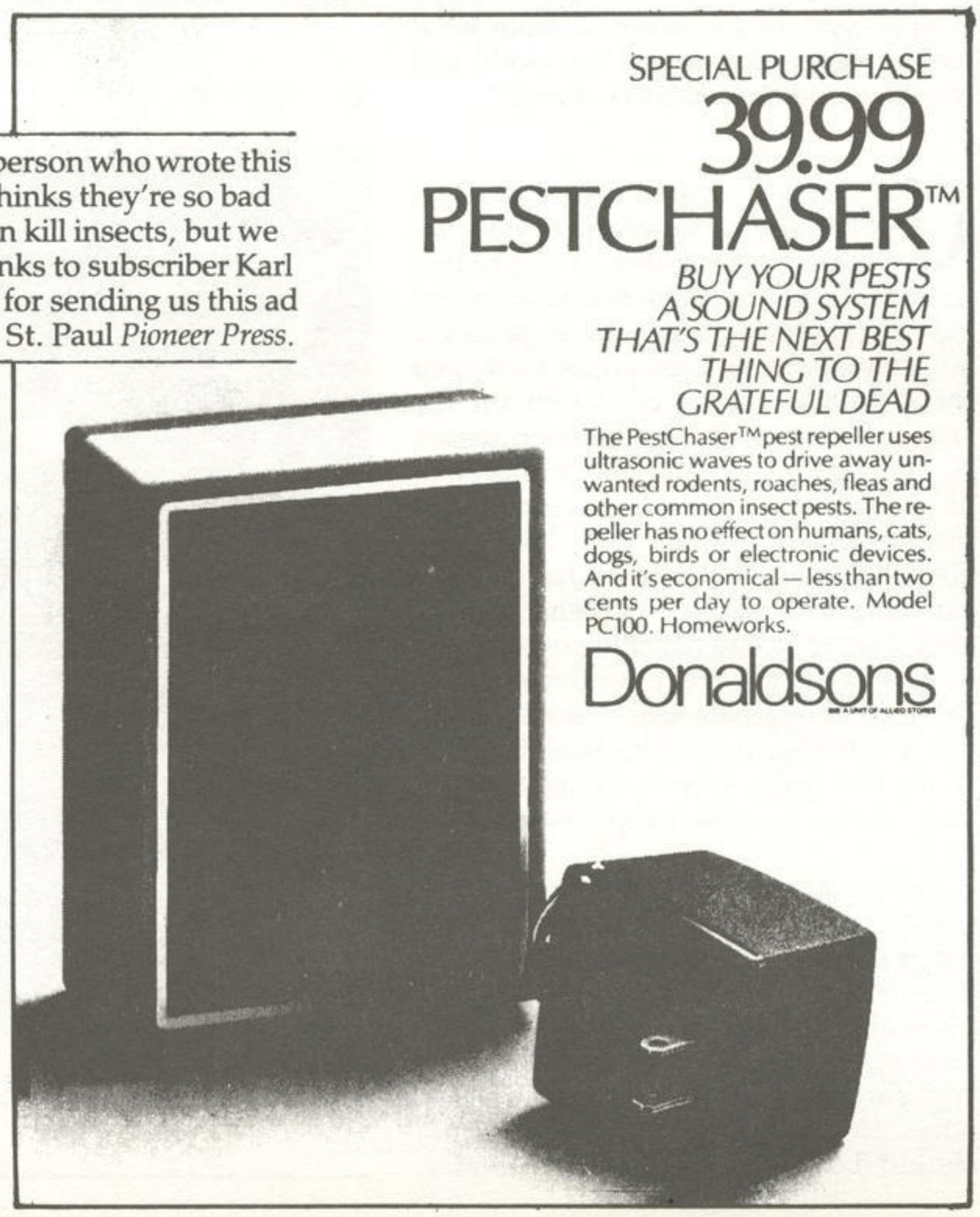


In Golden Gate Park's Panhandle hippies feast on a free Digger's feed, 1967. Photo by Jim Marshall © 1984



Who among us has not engaged in vociferous debate with heavy metal-loving headbangers who would rather drink goat's blood and listen to Ozzy Osbourne than bop and groove to the Dead? That's their prerogative, but it's up to us as Defenders of the Faith to show them this actual, unretouched photo taken a couple of years ago, of Bob Weir sporting the exact hairstyle that would be in vogue with metalloids just months after this concert. To trendsetter Bob's right is one of the goons from Motley Crue. Photo by Linda Matlow/Pix International. (If you have to know, those are rabbit ears Weir donned during a birthday show a while back.)

We can't tell if the person who wrote this likes the Dead or thinks they're so bad that their music can kill insects, but we like the spirit. Thanks to subscriber Karl Bremer of St. Paul for sending us this ad from the March 30 St. Paul *Pioneer Press*.



Bits and Pieces from the Recent Press

Stupidest Understatement of All Time: "With his paunchy mid-section, scraggly beard and graying shoulder-length hair, Grateful Dead guitarist and singer Jerry Garcia may not seem likely to replace Duran Duran as the next teen heartthrob." — from Randy Lewis' review of the Irvine show in the April 9 Los Angeles *Times*.

You're Older Than You Think: In a recent column on the new generation gap, the respected nationally syndicated columnist Bob Greene relayed this bewildering scene: "A few months ago I was talking to [a] teenager — this one 17 years old — and she mentioned that her parents liked to play tapes in their car. I asked her what kind of music Mom and Dad played. 'You know, classical stuff,' she said. Like what, I asked. 'The Grateful Dead,' she said."

Or Younger Than We Think: "The dialogue, dress and roses the women clutched between their hands are the psychedelic '60s revisited," wrote David Chernicky and Robert Graves in the April 14 Hampton Roads, VA *Daily Press*. "Tie-dyed tops, flowers, painted faces and a laid-back, mellow spirit characterized many of the fans. They are the Dead Heads, a cult of young people dedicated to an ageless band and its music. Most of them appear in the late teens and 20s."

Now This Guy *Really* Hates the Dead: "Its music was never really any great shakes, and instead of evolving, it has deteriorated even further into shapelessness and formlessness . . . By simple virtue of hanging in there, steadfastly refusing to try anything new while many of their contemporaries have either grown or had the good sense to call it quits these guys are now seen as Grand Old Men, a last link with the hippie era . . . If the people had paid more attention to the music, they may well have noticed how tedious it really was. Songs were endless and lacked so much as a single interesting passage . . . With a lot of rock bands, if you've seen one show, you've seen a thousand. But with the Dead you've seen a thousand shows in the first five minutes." — Tony Lioce, Providence *Journal-Bulletin*, April 27.

We hope you've warmed up your voice for the day, because this next submission will put it to the test. What follows is to be sung to the tune of the Marine Corps Hymn ("The Caissons Keep Rolling Along"). It was penned in a car en route to Red Rocks in July of '82 by subscriber Peter Gershon of Brooklyn and his buddy Phil McGaw.

The Deadheads Keep Rolling Along

Over hill, Over dale
We will hit the concert trail
As the Deadheads Keep Rolling Along
Grab a tape, smoke some dope
You'll stay high if you just hope
As the Deadheads Keep Rolling Along

For it's one more show, several hundred in a row
Who can remember last night's songs?
If there's one thing we all know
It's that the band will surely go
Where the Deadheads Keep Rolling along

Hit the road, hit the sack
With your sleeping bag and pack
As the Deadheads Keep Rolling Along
Stand in line, scalp your tix,
That's how you get your kicks
As the Deadheads Keep Rolling Along

•You can dance in place, or just drift into space
Go front and join the mighty throng!
If there's one thing we all know
It's that we *must* go with the flow
As the Deadheads Keep Rolling Along

From the Snake to the Allagash, it can take a lot of cash
To keep Deadheads A-Rolling Along
From New York to Red Rocks
Can be rough on your car's shocks
As the Deadheads Keep Rolling Along

From Des Moines to Santa Fe
From Long Island to L.A.
From Egypt to sunny Hong Kong
If there's one thing we all know
It's that you need a lot of dough
To be a Deadhead A-Rolling Along

From "Minglewood" to "Shakedown Street"
The Dead will give you happy feet
As the Deadheads Keep Rolling Along
From "Sugaree" to "Let It Grow,"
These are tunes that we all know
As the Deadheads Keep Rolling Along

Jerry sings "China Cat," and later tries "Wharf Rat"
The Boys will back him loud and strong!
If there's one thing we all know
It's that *we* are half the show,
And we're Deadheads A-Rolling Along!

If you look real closely, you might notice a familiar face in the middle-right of this photo. Yep, that cheery looking corpse sitting in the cockpit of what once was an airplane is (or was) a Deadhead. How do we know? Well, moments after this scene from the popular film *Romancing the Stone* occurs, stars Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner go into the plane and we get a glorious close-up of the corpse wearing a Grateful Dead T-shirt. The plane was apparently carrying kilos of pot (Douglas uses a few to build a fire) when it crashed in the jungle. We think this is typecasting and that Deadheads should be shown in a more favorable light — or at the very least alive. Thanks to 20th Century Fox for printing this photo specially for *The Golden Road!*

And while we're on the subject of film, we see that, according to a report in *Over the Border*, a nifty little Canadian Dead newsletter (5- 3118 Alberta St., Vancouver, B.C. V5Y 3M2; $2 per year), references to the Dead sneaked into another pair of recent Hollywood flicks: in *Friday the 13th — Part III* a bunch of people get butchered in a van that has a large skull & roses sticker on the back of the driver's seat; and in *Footloose*, a redneck hippie type drives a pickup that has a skull & roses decal on the back window. Think the Dead could sue for defamation of character? If you spot others or know of references in older movies, let us know.

...cure Jewish male
50 who ... be marriage-minded. Pho..., phone, bio. NYM [redacted]

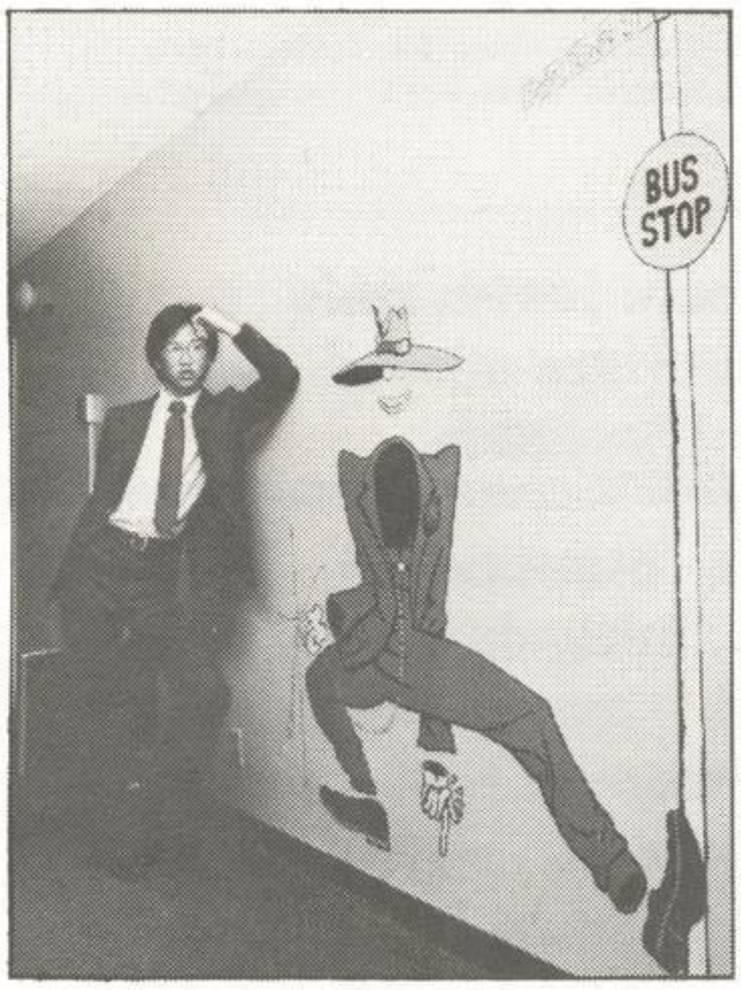
Sensitive, Slender, Stunner—24, Jewish female, intelligent, intriguing, 5'7", seeks single, successful, nonsmoker, 26-32, must have a good sense of humor and enjoy life. No deadheads please. Photo, phone, bio. NYM [redacted]

Low Key Extrovert—Mid 30's, warm

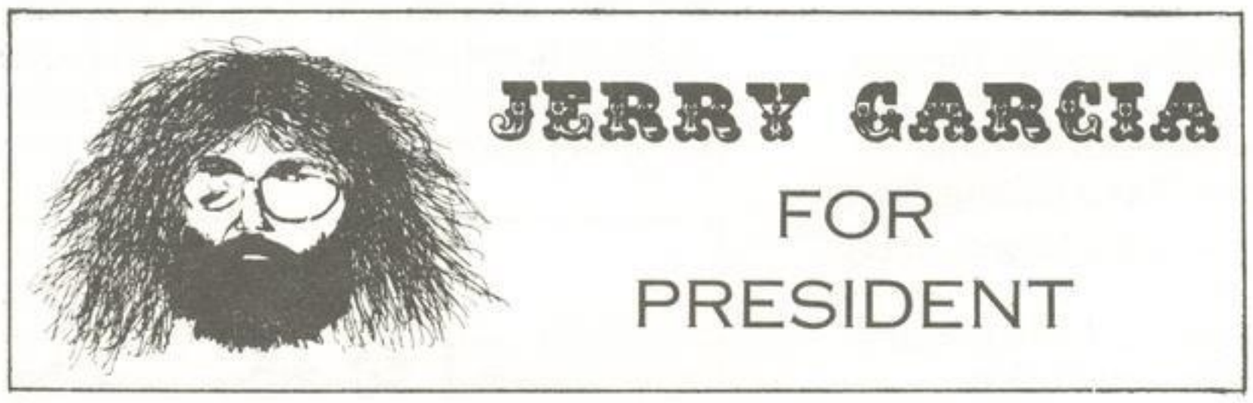
Yvonne Taylor of Joshua Tree, CA sent along this snippet from the April 30 "Strictly Personals" section of *New York* magazine. We suppose in New York you can't be too careful about these things.

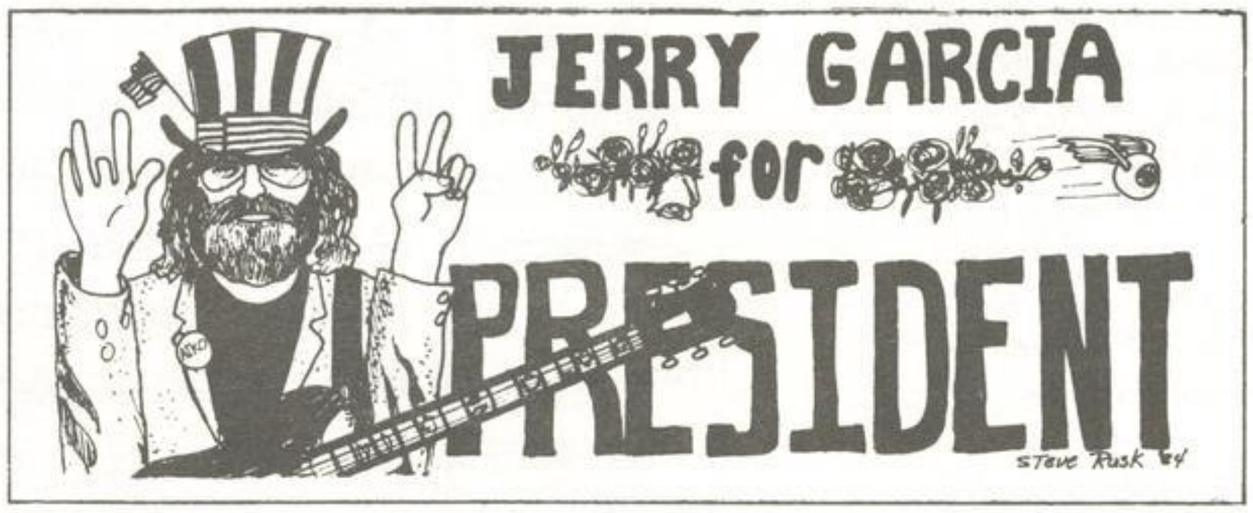
FUNSTUFF

We'll bet you didn't know Lois Lane almost went to a Dead concert once. Yep, it was in the December 1973 issue of *Superman* comics that a Metropolis DJ tried to blow Lois' mind. She declined, however, so instead of dancing to the now-legendary Metropolis Dead Marathon, which reportedly saw Superman nemeses Mr. Mxyzptlk and Lex Luthor dancing arm-in-arm on a sizzling "Eyes of the World" jam, Lois hung out with Superman, who was battling a Norse titan named Valdemar of the Flame. (Superman is a registered trademark of DC Comics Inc. and is used with permission. Copyright 1973, DC Comics Inc. Thanx to Barbara Lewit for uncovering this gem.)



It's not like we're into defacing property, but we got a kick out of this shot, sent in by Glenn Mar of L.A., of a hallway mural in Occidental College's Stewart-Cleland Residence Hall. That's Glenn with his creation. As he wrote, "Don't tell me this pad ain't got no heart!"





Three timely bumper stickers we picked up at a recent show. Not pictured here is another election-oriented sticker seen on the East Coast. It reads: "Gary Who? Mickey Hart for President."

DAILY NEWS

NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER®

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Althea's No.1

Filly on Derby rail; Swale 15

By RUSS HARRIS

Louisville — "Ohhh," said Laffit Pincay Jr., "Well, that's the way it goes."

Pincay, regarded by many observers as the best rider in the world, has been unlucky in one major race, the Kentucky Derby. The 37-year-old Panamanian, elected to the Hall of Fame at Saratoga nine years ago, is 0-for-10 in the Run for the Roses.

The California-based jockey was unlucky again yesterday. His mount, Claiborne Farm's Swale, early favorite for tomorrow's record $712,400 Derby.

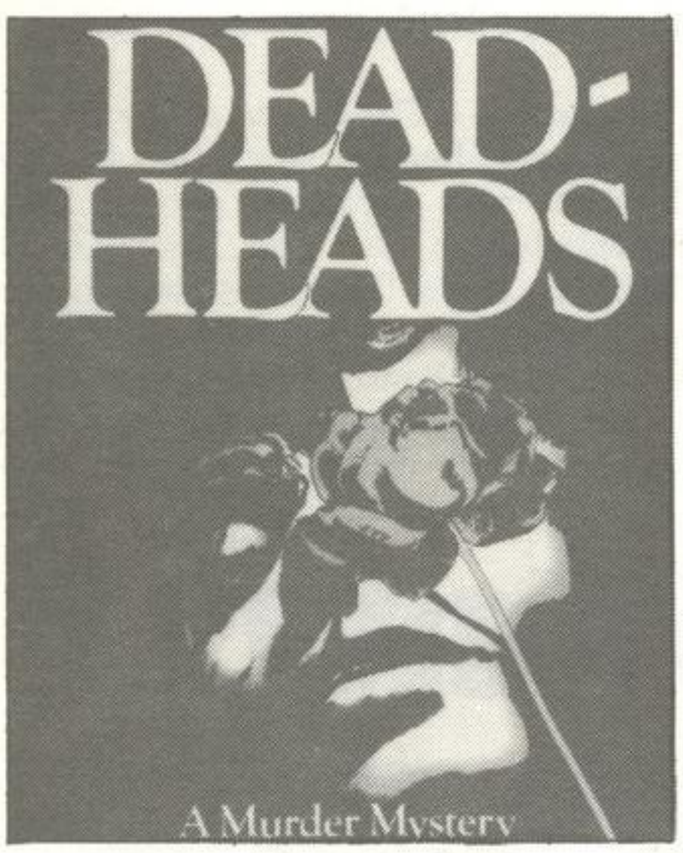
Ladies Day at the Derby?

Phil Pepe — Page 28

Derby betting to set record

Larry Fox — Page 28

Deadheads nationwide found a horse they could believe in when a filly named Althea was entered in the recent Kentucky Derby, also known, of course, as the "Run for the Roses." Alas, the proclamation in the headline of this paper (passed along by reader Jim Mandes of Hershey, PA) refers only to Althea's post position. When the race was run the next day, Althea came in a rather dismal second to last — perhaps because she took a "short break" mid-race.



Murder at a Dead show? No, Watson, even though there is a murder mystery called *Deadheads* with a rose plain as day on the cover, it's got nothing to do with *us*. Nonetheless, a book this eye catching could not go undetected by the Shakedown Street Irregulars. In fact, this 1983 mystery is the latest in a series by English author Reginald Hill featuring Inspectors Dalziel and Pascoe. "Deadhead" in this case is a gardening term referring to a mordant bloom left on a rose bush that must be cut off in order for new flowers to grow. The murderer takes his cue from this practice and proceeds to wipe out individuals at the top of their stations in life so that underlings may prosper. We do not endorse this philosophy.

Trivial Pursuits

Try this historical brain-teaser submitted by the Dead's biographer and publicist, Dennis McNally:

The Dead were busted at 710 Ashbury on October 2, 1967. The next day the band held a press conference at which manager Danny Rifkin read a prepared statement. That statement was in fact written not by Rifkin but by his roommate at the time. For 50 points, who was Danny's roommate?

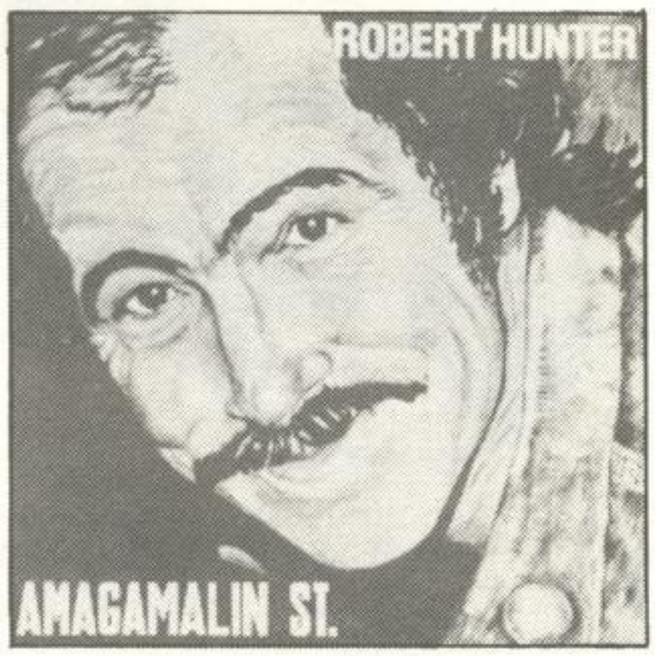
Answer: Harry Shearer, a comedy writer and performer whose credits include the old *Saturday Night Live*, the Credibility Gap, and his most recent triumph as bass player for Spinal Tap.

Here's One for Our Side

"As long as the Dead keep playing, part of me never has to grow up. As far as I can tell, the band remains the most mystical rock unit on earth, and strange and wonderful adventures are still possible at a Dead concert. A Dead concert is more than these guys playing music, it's a conversation, a near primitive celebration, a carnival of the spirit ... If the Dead are over the hill, I want to go with them. It's all got something to do with Peter Pan, and if you don't get it, well, you just don't get it."

— Excerpted from John Coit's June 13 column in Denver's *Rocky Mountain News*, following the first Red Rocks show.

Robert Hunter



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Roots Part 3

We continue our exploration of the folk and blues roots of the Dead's music, examining a few more of the obscure and famous songs that have been part of the Dead's live repertoire over the years. Your comments and input are appreciated.

"Sing Me Back Home" — Though this tune didn't usually translate very well to tape because of ragged harmonies, for many of us, "Sing Me Back Home" was a real highlight of the Dead's early '70s concerts. Sung plaintively by Garcia, it occupied a position in the set somewhat analogous to current late-second-set ballads like "Black Peter" and "Stella Blue." The song was written by Merle Haggard (who also wrote "Mama Tried") in the late '60s, based loosely on an actual incident.

Born in 1937 to a family of poor Oklahomans who lived in a converted boxcar, Haggard quit school at a young age and hopped a train headed to California, where he got into petty crime of various kinds. In 1958, Haggard was sentenced to prison for burglary and shipped to San Quentin ("He turned 21 in prison"), across the bay from San Francisco. There he befriended an inmate named James Hendricks, a.k.a. "Rabbit," who strongly encouraged young Merle to hone his developing skills as a singer and musician. Hendricks also cooked up an escape scheme that Merle wisely decided to ignore. Hendricks did escape for a while, but was eventually cornered by police and captured. Before being nabbed, however, he killed an officer, and for that he was sentenced to die in San Quentin's infamous gas chamber. It is Hendricks' last night before his execution that some years later inspired "Sing Me Back Home."

Haggard wrote in his recent autobiography, *Sing Me Back Home:* " 'You've got talent,' Hendricks had said. 'You can be somebody someday.' Rabbit's words roared through my head. Years later, when I wrote 'Sing Me Back Home,' it was because I believe I know exactly how he felt that night. Even now when I sing that song, it's still for Rabbit and all those like him."

Haggard originally recorded the song in the late '60s on a now-out-of-print Capitol LP called *Sing Me Back Home.* It appears on a few different Haggard hits collections that are available.

"Spoonful" — This tune was written in the '50s by the prolific Mississippi-born Willie Dixon, author of many of the best-known songs in the Chicago blues tradition. (He moved there in the late '30s.) It was originally recorded by the great Howlin' Wolf, who also recorded such Dixon classics as "Back Door Man," "Little Red Rooster" and "Wang Dang Doodle" (the latter two were discussed in the Winter '84 issue of *The Golden Road*). The song got a major revival in the late '60s when Cream made it a centerpiece of their live shows, often extending the tune to "Dark Star" lengths. A vintage performance of the song by Cream appears on their 1968 double-album, *Wheels of Fire.*

As original and interesting as Dixon's somewhat cryptic composition may be, it does have a precedent, thematically. Earlier in the century, a tune called "All I Want is a Spoonful" was a popular part of the black vaudeville tradition. That song, which bears no real musical similarity to Dixon's (it's closer to ragtime than blues) has lyrics that are as mysteriously suggestive and ambiguous. It was first recorded in 1925 by a relatively obscure Louisiana blues and vaudeville singer named Papa Charlie Jackson. Over the years, the tune was cut by the likes of Mance Lipscomb and Charlie Patton.

"I Second That Emotion" — The Dead only performed this song a few times in the early '70s, but it remains a part of the Jerry Garcia Band's repertoire to this day. The song was originally recorded by Smokey Robinson & the Miracles for Motown in 1967. It was an instant smash, reaching #1 on the R&B charts, #4 on the pop charts. Robinson co-wrote the tune with Al Cleveland. It appears on Motown's excellent Miracles *Anthology* LP, an earlier Tamla hits package, and, no doubt, other Motown compilations.

"Stealin' " — The B-side of the Dead's first Scorpio Records single back in 1965, the tune was a regular part of Dead shows during 1965 and 1966. An old Southern blues that dates back to pre-recording days, it was first waxed by the Memphis Jug Band, one of the most successful of the many black jug bands that sprouted in the middle South from about

A mid-'20s record ad from the Chicago Defender

1910 until the Depression. Led by a charismatic singer/guitarist named Will Shade, the Memphis Jug Band recorded dozens of songs between 1927 and 1930, and a few more in 1934. "Stealin' Stealin' " was cut in 1928. One line in the

song, "Put your arms around me like a circle 'round the sun" appears altered in one of the first songs the Dead ever wrote themselves, "The Golden Road (to Unlimited Devotion)," as "Everybody's dancing in a ring around the sun . . ." The Memphis Jug Band version appears on an excellent Yazoo Records double LP that I can't recommend highly enough.

"Dear Mr. Fantasy" — This song was a well-loved staple of '60s rock radio, and the power of the Dead's version attests to its staying power. It was originally recorded by the very popular band Traffic on their debut album, titled *Mr. Fantasy,* and co-written by the three main members of the group, Jim Capaldi, Chris Wood and Steve Winwood, who sang it. *Mr. Fantasy* was recorded in London's Olympic Studios in the fall of 1967 with Jim Miller producing.

"It was quite a weird circumstance that we wrote that song," Capaldi said recently by phone from his London home. "It was the summer of 1967 and we were all living in this cottage in Berkshire [in the English countryside]. We were one of the first English bands to live together like that — we thought we'd try it and see if anything came of it. I know people over there [in San Francisco] were doing it, too.

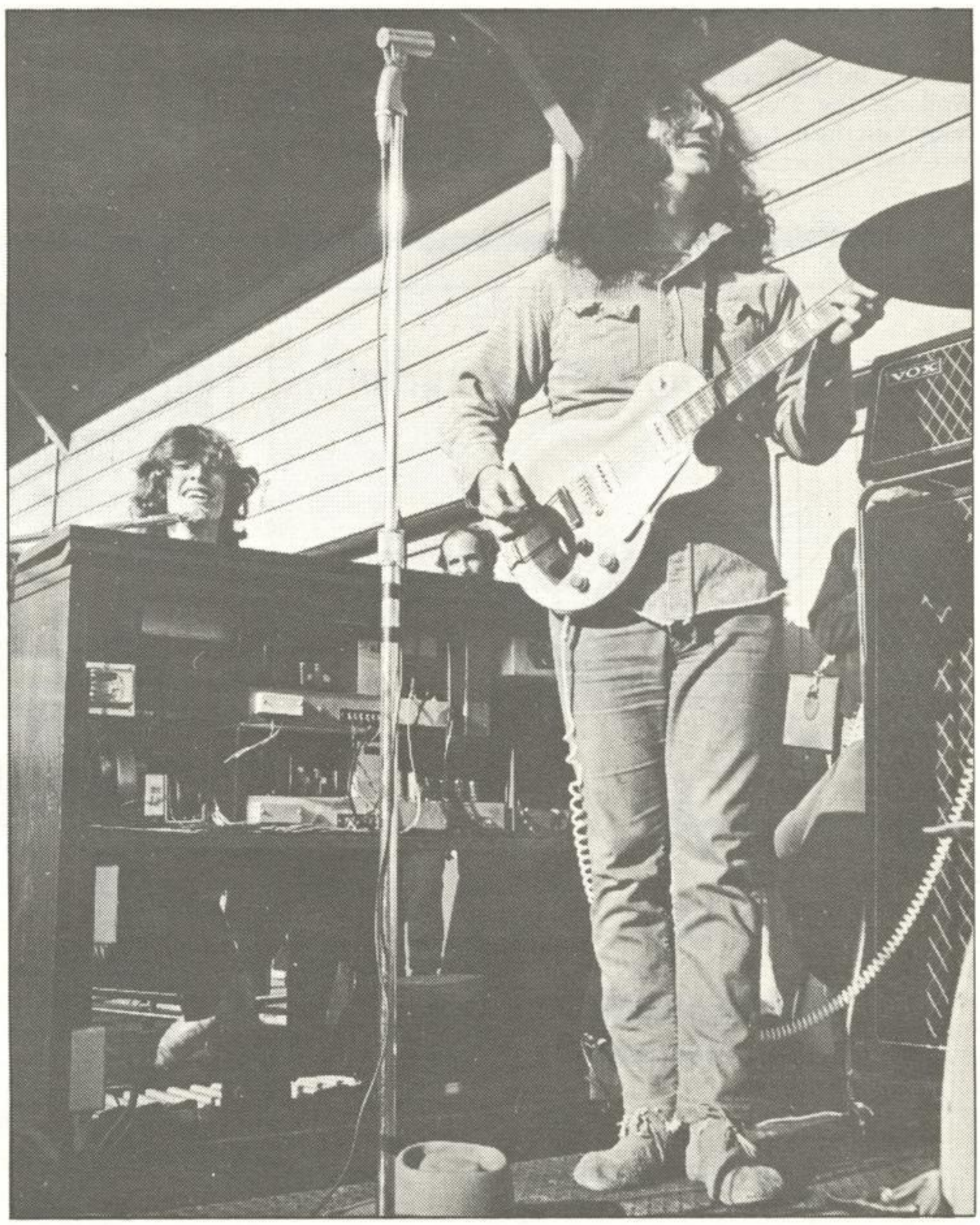
"I remember the day very clearly. A bunch of friends came over early in the day and we had quite a party. It was sunny and the corn was coming up nicely around the cottage and we were *quite* enjoying ourselves," he continues with a knowing chuckle that suggests that various consciousness-altering agents helped make the day memorable. "As things finally wound down in the evening I was sitting around just doodling, as I would often do, drawing this character. It was this little fellow with a spiked sun hat. He was holding some puppeteer's strings, and the puppet hands on the end of the strings were playing a guitar. Under that I just scribbled some words: 'Dear Mr. Fantasy, play us a tune, something to make us all happy' . . . and on a bit. It was nice, but I didn't think much of it. Certainly it wasn't intended to be a song.

"I crashed out eventually, but I remember hearing Steve and Chris playing around after. The next day I woke up and found that they'd written a song around the words and drawing I'd done. I was completely knocked out by it. Chris wrote that great bass line. We added some more words later and worked out a bigger arrangement, too. Those were very happy days for Traffic."

When the group later went into the studio to record "Dear Mr. Fantasy," "We tried originally to record it regularly, with all of us in little booths and all," Capaldi remembers, "but we weren't *feeling* anything. So we got rid of the booths and all played together in this big room. Eddie [Kramer, who engineered the session] was flicking the lights on and off, and Jimmy [Miller] was running around shaking these maracas. It was quite a scene. We ended up cutting the song very live."

Traffic and the Grateful Dead shared several bills together in the late '60s, and Garcia and Hart each jammed with Traffic on several occasions. "I quite liked the Grateful Dead, their approach," Capaldi says. "If you see them, tell them it was fun . . ." and he laughs heartily.

Though the song has been cut at least one other time, by Michael Bloomfield and Al Kooper on their *Live Adventures* LP, Capaldi says his favorite version is one that was never released: "Stephen Stills recorded it — I think it was even before Crosby, Stills & Nash — and did a wonderful job with it. He had a beautiful arrangement and I always loved his guitar playing. I'd love to get my hands on a tape of it!"



Garcia jams with Steve Winwood at a free S.F. Traffic concert sponsored by KSAN, 1968. Photo by Jim Marshall © 1984

More Roots

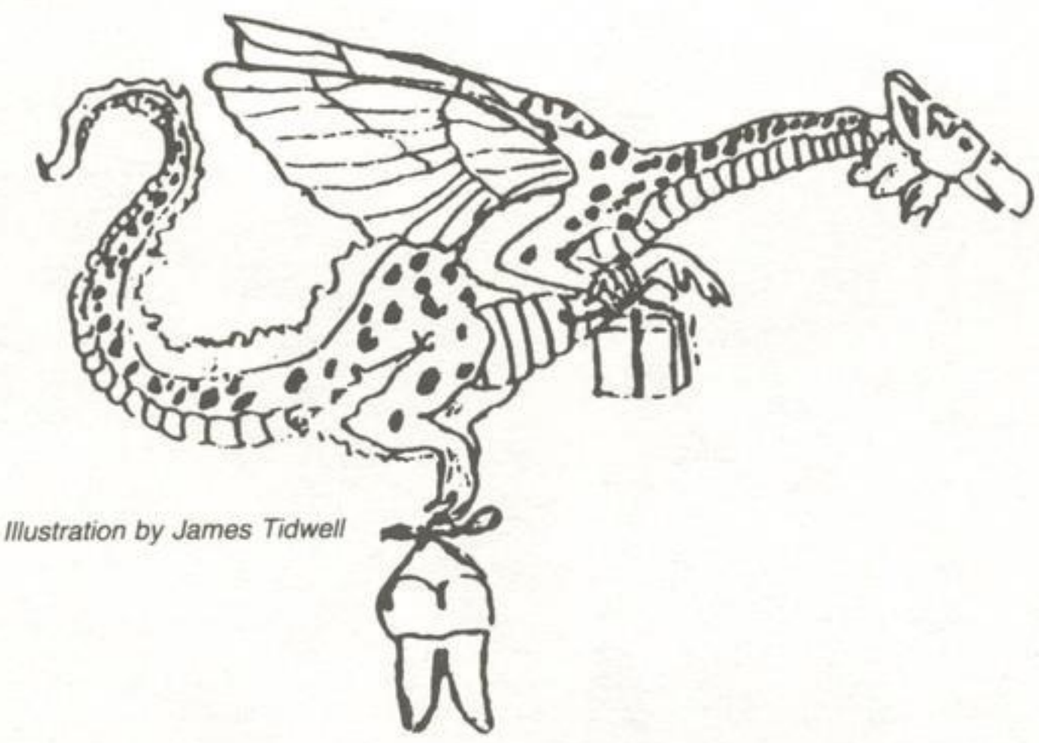
"Walking the Dog" — Few performers have had as many ups and downs as the author of this song, Rufus Thomas. In the late '30s, the Memphis native was a fixture in what would be the last generation of Southern minstrel shows. He performed in tent shows around the South during the '40s, all the while holding a succession of odd jobs, including working as a DJ on Memphis' famous station, WDIA, "Mother Station of the Negroes." (B.B. King was a DJ there at the same time.) In the early '50s he recorded for Sam Phillips' Memphis-based Sun Records, earning a #3 R&B hit in 1953 with "Bear Cat," a rocked-up version of Big Mama Thornton's "Hound Dog" done well before Elvis'. He had another hit with "Ain't Gonna Be Your Dog."

He had faded by 1960, when he hit the charts again with " 'Cause I Love You," sung as a duet with his daughter Carla, who went on to have a string of hits on her own. In 1964, both "The Dog" and "Walking the Dog" became hits for Thomas on the then-new Stax label. Like most Stax performers, Thomas used the label's red-hot studio players, including Steve Cropper and Duck Dunn. Then, after a few more relatively fallow years, he had another string of dance hits with "Do the Funky Chicken," "Do the Push and Pull" and "The Breakdown," all Top Five R&B hits. His career didn't really survive the collapse of Stax Records in the mid-'70s, though he is no doubt anticipating the next great R&B dance trend and will have a song about it when it happens.

"Goodnight Irene" — This has only been performed once by the Dead, as the closing number of their 1983-84 New Year's Eve show. Subsequently, Garcia performed it acoustic with John Kahn in early June. It is generally credited to Huddie Ledbetter (1889-1949), known to millions simply as Leadbelly. Leadbelly's early life in Louisiana and Texas was filled with pain and trouble; most of his post-teen years were spent in prison for a variety of offenses, including murder. He was a singer and guitarist from an early age, learning his craft from Blind Lemon Jefferson and others. It wasn't until the early '30s that he was "discovered" by the famous music historians and archivists John and Alan Lomax, who were the first to record numerous Southern blues greats. He recorded "Goodnight Irene" for the first time in the late '30s, and that song and a few others helped establish him in folk circles.

The song was a big, big hit in 1949 (the year of Leadbelly's death) for a then-fledgling group of folk singers called The Weavers, who seamlessly combined folk Americana and blues into a harmony-filled mix that made them one of the most popular and influential folk groups of all time. Pete Seeger is the group's best-known alumnus. If you want to hear a version of "Goodnight Irene" that will have you in tears, it's so beautiful, check out the 1981 film *Wasn't That a Time*, about a Weavers reunion concert a couple of years ago. Rock fans who were lucky enough to see the star-studded A.R.M.S. concerts last year will also recall that the song was a moving finale that featured all the various rock giants who played on that tour, including Eric Clapton, Jimmy Page, Jeff Beck, Charlie Watts, Bill Wyman and, of course, Ronnie Lane, around whom the concerts were organized as a way to raise money for research into multiple sclerosis — a disease that has crippled Lane, and which, ironically, killed Leadbelly. □

"The Tooth Fairy Rides Again!"



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Wanted: GD tapes to trade. 1400 hrs. is not enough. Ron Cowin, 144 E. 7th St., #C-4, NY, NY 10009; (212) 254-0879.

Have 700 hrs. GD. Also JGB. Werner Schleicher, Nopitschstr. 20, 8500 Nurnberg 70, W. Germany.

Have GD tapes to trade. Want '84 E. Coast. Send list: Tom Ambose, 1022 Hill Crest Rd., Ridgewood, NJ 07450.

Trade hi-qual. tapes: GD & others. Send list: SPS, 2104 Tadley Dr., Chapel Hill, NC 27514.

Wanted: GD pre-72, C.C.R., Canned Heat, The Band, and solo efforts. Got lots to trade: Karl Heinz Volker, Offenbacher Str 74, 6078 Neu-Fsenburg, W. Germany.

Need: GD 9-15-82 Capitol Center. Send lists to: Paul Crooks, Jr., 772 Spring St., Harmony, PA 16037.

Wanted: 2-20-70, 11-20-70, 6-10-73, 1984 JGB shows. Hi-qual. only. Send lists: Richard Kratt, 1832 Edgewood Dr., Palo Alto, CA 94303.

Wanted: Red Rocks tapes from 9-83. Will trade or send blanks. Have many tapes incl. most of '83 E. Coast spring tour. John Begley, 1330 5th St. N.E. #111, Hickory, NC 28601; (704) 324-1645 (leave message).

Dead tapes, 500-plus; prefer '66-'78. Trade lists. B. Jones, 200 Highland Ave. #203, State College, PA 16801.

Have/want: Superb qual. reels. Low gen, 7½ IPS. Betts-Zappa. Send lists to: Power King Systems, PO Box 522, Stratford, CT 06497.

Looking for: J.J. Cale; Zappa tapes. Have recent E. Coast Dead to trade. Jon Frankunas, 695 Stone Rd., Rochester, NY 14616.

Wanted: GD Tampa 4-6-78, 12-13-78; Radio City 10-23-80; Hult 5-6,7 8-84; Dinosaurs 4-28-84. 500 hrs. to trade. Scott Mitchell, 2160 S.W. 198 Ave., Aloha, OR 97006.

Help: Am stationed in W. Germany w/ no access to tapes! Good souls write: Pvt. Gary Vasquez, 479965061 Co. E. 4th BN, 16th Inf., APO NY 09137.

Have 800-plus hrs. qual. audio & video Dead. Let's trade. Send lists to: Mark Rizzo, 23 Peters Dr. #4, Leominster, MA 01453.

Wanted: 4-17-82, set 1; 9-23-82 both sets. Would like to start video tape collection: help! Peter Hanson, 218 Adams Rd., Easton, CT 06612.

Wanted: Qual. Merriwether 6-21-83. Let's trade lists. Mike Maddock, 66 Clearview Dr., Pittsford, NY 14534.

CLASSIFIEDS

Greg T. Wilson: Happy 31st. From Capitol Hill to Rose Hill Walstib. Love you, Misia & Dogz & Katz.

Busted for drugs? Legal hassles? Dead Heat defense attorney (J.T.) Jim Tyler, Esq., Drawer A, Frisco, CO 80443; (303) 668-5533, (303) 468-8616.

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BACK ISSUES

Our Winter 1984 issue featured an interview with Mickey Hart, the roots of all the Dead's recorded cover songs, a complete set list of 1983 and more. The Spring issue included an interview with Phil Lesh, a compendium of Dead videos currently being collected by tapers, an article on the Dead's inventive lighting, and more "Roots," just to name a few of the features.

If you missed either of these, you can order back issues as long as supplies last. We've done a second printing of the Winter issue, so there are quite a few. We don't know when we'll print more of the Spring issue, so act fast if you'd like a copy.

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Deadline for the Fall issue: September 1

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