Issue 4 Fall 1984

The Golden Road

The First Days Are the Hardest Days

You know what they say — "Time flies when you're buried under a pile of 'change of address' notices." No, that's not it. But it is hard to believe that with this issue we've finished our first year of putting out *The Golden Road*. It's been an immensely rewarding and satisfying experience for us, and also a lot more work than we ever dreamed of when the first crude leaflets went out during the Fall '83 tour. Not that we're complaining about the work, mind you. *The Golden Road* helps keep us sane in a world that really seems to be off its rocker (and, of course, it keeps us off the streets). Without getting *too* sentimental, we want you to know how much we appreciate all the kind words and encouragement you've given us over the past year. Our main frustration is that we don't have the time to sit down and personally answer every great letter, every query we receive. Since we are still essentially a two-person operation (with lots of side helpers) it just isn't possible right now.

The magazine is on fairly sturdy financial footing, though we are still running in the red. One change that we are going to have to make, unfortunately, is the way we send our issues. As our subscription rolls continue to grow and our issues expand, first-class mailing is becoming prohibitively expensive. The first issues of '85 will most likely be mailed either second or third class. We know that's bound to disappoint many of you, but we're committed to keeping the subscription rate low enough for everyone to be able to afford it, and we're trying to schedule our *Golden Road* workload so that you'll still get your issue by mid-month. (January will be a little later because of the Christmas holidays and because we want to put the New Year's song lists and photos in.) We beg your patience as we wade through the jungle of U.S. Postal Service regulations. We're still new at this. (Back issues will continue to go out First Class, and our Foreign subscribers will still get Air Mail Service.)

One other clerical matter: we've truly been inundated by address changes. Obviously we'll do everything we can to accommodate the many changes, but please try to get the changes to us *before* our quarterly mailings. We have a depressingly large stack of summer issues sitting here that were returned because we never received an address change notice. That means there are a lot of people who didn't get their issues, and it cost us a small bundle in wasted postage. If some of you students would consider getting the issues mailed to a parent's address instead of forcing us to keep up with three and four address shifts in a year, that would be most helpful.



Illustration by 19th-century graphic artist José Guadalupe Posada

In answer to a number of unrelated inquiries we've received:

1) No, we do not plan on going to a slick photographic cover format any time soon. We're very consciously striving to make a distinctive artistic statement with each cover.

2) Yes, we would like to begin running some color photos. We don't know when that'll happen. But it will, and probably sooner than the Dead put out their album.

3) No, we don't know how you can get copies of *Grateful Dead: The Music Never Stopped*. Though it sold out its initial printing in just a few months, Delilah Books has evidently made the profit it wants to make from it and has shown no inclination to reprint it. What we'd like to do is purchase the book from them outright, revise it, change a few things, and put it out ourselves. In the meantime, if you own it already, you've got yourself a collector's item.

We're really looking forward to the next year. We hope to expand the number of pages per issue, and our brains are crammed with story ideas we just know you'll enjoy. Thanks again for your support. We've made so many friends in the past year — mainly through the mails, alas — that we have no question that all of us truly are traveling on a Golden Road. Happy Holidays, and keep on dancin'!

— BJ & RM

THE GOLDEN ROAD

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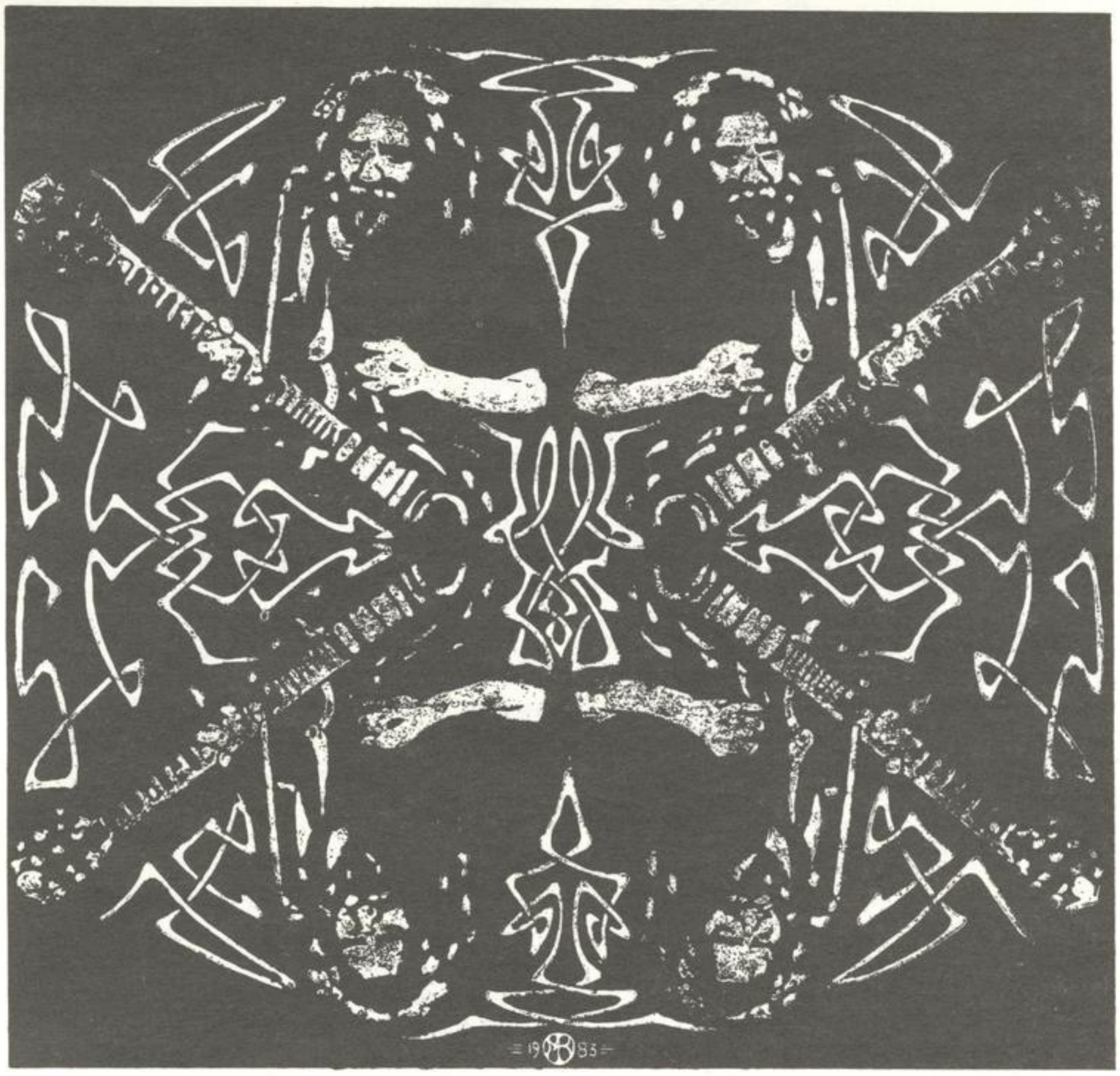
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FEEDBACK



Linoleum cut by Manfred Boess, Beudestorf, West Germany

Samurai Deadhead

Like the people in Wyoming, Ohio (chronicled on page 5 of Issue #3), we here in Fukui, Japan are livin' on mail. Fukui (no jokes, please) is proud to boast seven certified Heads, which proportionally means we make up 25 percent of the English-speaking population in this prefecture (state) of 800,000 people. Next year we hope to have enough like-minded souls to field a softball team. Now, remembering that Reagan was elected by only 27 percent of the eligible voters in 1980, if we could boost the number of Deadheads in the States to approximately the same level as we have here, an incredible alternative would be a reality.

Some people are of the opinion that the Japanese countryside is boring, but when good friends like Armilla, who bought me a subscription to *The Golden Road*, favor us with insightful mail and song lists we don't feel so far away. Anyway, with enough tapes, any place is bearable.

Incidentally, if anyone plans to visit Japan in the next year, I have a rather large house and can accommodate visitors. Just write in advance.

Scotty North
T910 Fukui-Shi
Kagetsu 5-Chome 617
Japan

P.S. Dead logos are not so cool here. Death is a huge bummer to the Japanese. Also, the name Grateful Dead translates as *Anrakushi* (taken from the "Tokyo Deadheads" banner at the Oakland New Year's run a few years back), meaning "mercy killing" or "euthanasia." So it's better to leave the more symbolic T-shirts at home.

The Saddest Story Ever Told

Thanks for all the great lists, stories, reviews ... Great reading material when you feel so all alone down here, where the Dead played twice and won't again. Where I can't find any others in love with them. At least now I can sit back with my friends.

Laura Anschel
Lexington, KY

A Taper's Compliment

You guys are the best thing to happen to Deadheads since the Sony WMD5 and Nakamichi shotguns!

Don D'Agostino
Downers Grove, IL

Police Brutality!

I'd like to tell you a story that is the ultimate proof of the ridiculous security measures in New Haven. For the night of the April 24 show we had second row center seats, which I thoroughly enjoyed for the first set. During intermission I went out to visit some friends seated off the floor. When I turned around to go back to my seat a security guard asked to see my ticket stub, which I gave to him. He put it in his pocket and announced that this was not my stub and that I had been "trading tickets." Upon my disagreement another guard came from nowhere and grabbed me, threw me down the aisle and pushed me out the door, where I was grabbed by the police, handcuffed and thrown into a paddy wagon. I was taken to jail, where I was fingerprinted, photographed and thrown into a cell, where I spent the next four hours.

Of course that strange, unexplainable Dead mysticism was working its magic once again, because written on my cell wall was "Test me, test me. Why don't you arrest me? Throw me in the jailhouse, till the sun go down," which was even stranger because they had opened the show with "Bertha." The second set brought a "He's Gone," which my friends all knew had to do with me because I was no longer there to hear it. (Do you think Bob noticed I was missing from the second row during the second set so they ... NAH!) To top it off, the band did a hot "Other One," while I was busted for smiling on a cloudy day.

I had to return to New Haven the day after the tour ended in New York to have the matter cleared up. All charges (of disorderly conduct) were dropped, of course. The moral of the story: Ask the Dead to stay out of New Haven — nothing but trouble there.

Stuart Kaplan
Arlington, VA

Unite and Conquer

I used to believe that the Grateful Dead was God, but now I realize that God just likes to listen to the Dead as much as I do.

Who cares about age or hair? If someone gets into the Grateful Dead they're all right with me. This country is famous for dividing and providing everyone with his or her own cage to pace in. The heck with that; we've got to learn how to get together to accomplish the things that still need to be done. The group taught me to realize it takes all kinds! I hope that the rest of their lovers catch on to that truth someday.

Why not try something similar to the English Rock Against Racism thing? Perhaps: Grateful Dead Against Stupidity and Various Interesting Concepts Held by Their Fans!

Jon P. Frederickson
Vashon, WA

A Love Story

Back in the spring of '83, while driving between shows on the East Coast tour, I picked up a group of Heads who had the misfortune of a broken clutch. This worked out well for all of us, because my friend needed a ticket for the next show, which they were happy to supply. We ended up traveling with two of those people, Brenda and Dave, to the next couple of shows, and I saw them again on the fall tour of that year.

About a year later, I moved to sunny California from Maryland. I was staying with my father and decided to take him to the third Greek show with me. (It was terrific, and my father loved his first Dead show.) On the way out, who do I run into but Brenda and Dave! It turns out they had the same idea about moving to California as I did. So we piled into their friend's van (whom they had met at Red Rocks, and who was also moving to California from the East Coast) and headed down to

Ventura. We all became good friends and ended up getting an apartment together.

Bob Abrams
Redwood City, CA

I Second That Emotion

I have no problem with your editorial on voting. It is a necessary commentary, and it was very conscious of you to print something that affects all of us and may motivate a few people who would otherwise be listening to tapes! This Reagan machine must be stopped. Their walls are built of cannonballs . . .

John Allegretti
Vail, CO

Change of Heart

I have always been very taken by the sentiments in "Throwing Stones" and "Morning Dew," but until recently I wasn't going to vote. Although I am extremely concerned about and against the nuclear arms game our country has been playing, I thought that voting was a waste of time. But I saw the light and realized that if people with loving hearts remain apathetic, we are just not going to survive. What Yeats said is true: "The best lack all conviction while the worst are full of passionate intensity."

It is true that we don't have Mr. Fantasy running for president, but we do have a choice.

Naomi
Flushing, NY

The Spirit Awakened

I thought your comments under "Will We Leave This Place an Empty Stone?" were very appropriate. I am 36 years old, and for the first time in my life I will vote. The last time I watched or took any active interest in a political convention was back in '68. At that time I was already in the service of the corporate powers, as a Navy corpsman, undergoing Marine combat training during the summer of '68. Being homegrown, middle class, Midwest, I was still under the illusion I was in service to my country. When I saw via TV all that was going down in Chicago, that's when the spirit of youth and hope started to die within me. October of '68 I departed for Vietnam, my job that of a combat medic with the Marines. By the time I came back, that spirit was dead.

My life took many turns, but finding the Golden Road was a quest finally fulfilled four years ago. I was aware of the Dead since my return from Vietnam in '69, and had their albums along with many other S.F. bands, but it took until 7-11-81 to make my first show. My first reaction was one of shock. I was seeing *hippies,* which for me was like seeing living dinosaurs, living relics of days gone by, and the spirit of my youth was awakened. Since my wife and I both work, we have only been able to make 14 shows since '81, but that's OK; we can't recapture everything we missed. And besides, that's what tapes are for.

Anyway, back to politics. This year I was watching the Democratic Convention the night Jesse Jackson delivered his message, and the hope that died in 1968 was awakened in me. As I listened to him I cried a few tears and felt emotions long since desensitized. I realized Fritz isn't everything and that utopia won't happen if he's elected, but that doesn't matter. What matters is *Ronnie Ray-Guns is dangerous to all living things!* A vote against him is a vote for hope.

Larry Hoffmann
Appleton, WI

John Wayne for President

Your political editorial was the worst — urging Deadheads to vote for Mondale. Opinions like this have no place in a magazine about the Grateful Dead. However, there is another side to this election than meets the unthinking eye. Mondale/Ferraro represent the feminist cult of abortion, which is probably the most destructive force in our land today. Also, Ronald Reagan, for all his faults, and he has many, just might be keeping all the insane dictators and terrorists at bay because of his John Wayne personality. Remember that Khomeini released the hostages on the day Reagan was inaugurated. What do you think Khomeini (and others) would do if a wimp like Mondale was president?

Jim Group
Union Lake, MI

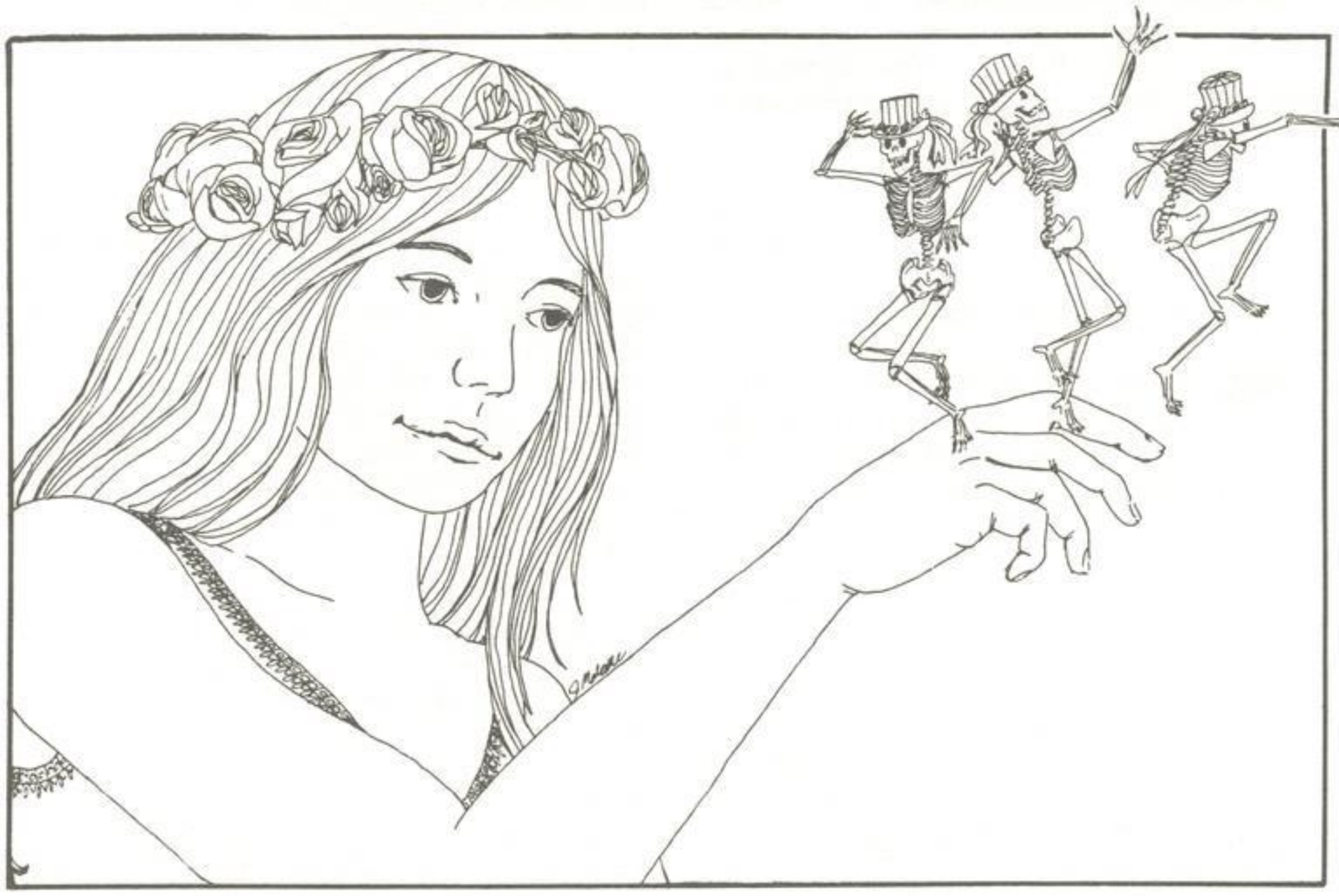


Illustration by Jennifer Malake, Chicago, IL

The Golden Road: Threat or Menace?

One important aspect of life that the Grateful Dead has taught me is that you only say enough to make people think. you don't tell them what to think. I thought that with your magazine you wanted to share the wonderfulness of the Dead. They are very careful not to be political, however you are blatantly political.

You are using people's love of the Dead to exploit your political views. I do not feel you have the right to do this with the young people of America.

Sue Lyddan
King William, VA

No Shirt, No Shoes, No Service

No big deal, but I swear Jerry was barefoot at a Lakeland, Florida show in September of '82. No one I've talked to has been able to confirm this for me.

Daniel Koloski
Sarasota, FL

Astronomy Lesson

From my brief exposure to true Deadheads, I have observed that the vast majority are laboring under the misapprehension that the world revolves around the Grateful Dead. I should like to set them straight. The world revolves around the sun. The Grateful Dead is only the brightest light close at hand.

Pat Carpenter
Santa Clara, CA

P.S. "Throwing Stones" and "Not Fade Away" are both first-class Dead tunes. Maybe they would be better placed at the end of the first set: not anti-climactic, but shades of good tunes to come.

This Job I've Got Is a Little Too Hard

I work in a restaurant and it gets really boring working when I'm not able to bring a tape deck to listen to shows on. One night we were forced to listen to the local trendy hard rock station, and at midnight a new DJ came on and, miracle of miracles, played all of Skull & Roses with very little interruption. Needless to say, my partner and I were blissed out and jammed at our duties all the way till "Goin' Down the Road" (and we were feelin' oh so bad!). On another occasion we were listening to a non-commercial station and the DJ announced he was going to finish his show with some vintage Grateful Dead to take us to midnight. He then proceeded to play the hottest "Midnight Hour" (1965) for the next half-hour.

To make two long stories short, work is *so* much easier when you've got the Dead to sing your blues away. I guess that's why they call it Workingman's Dead.

Jonathan Sherman
Aptos, CA

P.S. I quit my job to go on tour.

The Voice of Experience

In regards to last issue's article by New York lawyer Daniel Huppert, "Search & Seizure: Know Your Rights," I have some warnings and advice I'd like to share with Heads that might someday find themselves in the same kind of predicament I was in. Upon my return from the New Year's show they picked me up, searched me and found that they had

their bust. The best advice in the article is: do not give or sign any statements until you have talked with a lawyer. The investigators will try a lot of head games while you're scared and before you have a lawyer, so beware.

One thing they'll do is tell you you're looking at a lot of time, and if you give them the information they want they'll give you less time. In my case, they threatened me with life and said they would give me three to nine if I gave them information. As it turns out, my lawyer might be able to get me a sentence less than three to nine without me giving any information, because I never have been found guilty of any crime. They'll also tell you that the people you love don't care about you and are just using you, so you'll turn on your friends. The investigators even offered me immunity if I would set up my friends. But why should I get other people put in jail for something I did? That's what happened to me. One of my so-called friends got busted and instead of getting no more than a year of county time, he set me up.

The only thing I have to say to these people who can't do their own time is: we've reached their stop and it's about time they got off the Bus.

Marc Levy
Livingston County Jail
Geneseo, NY

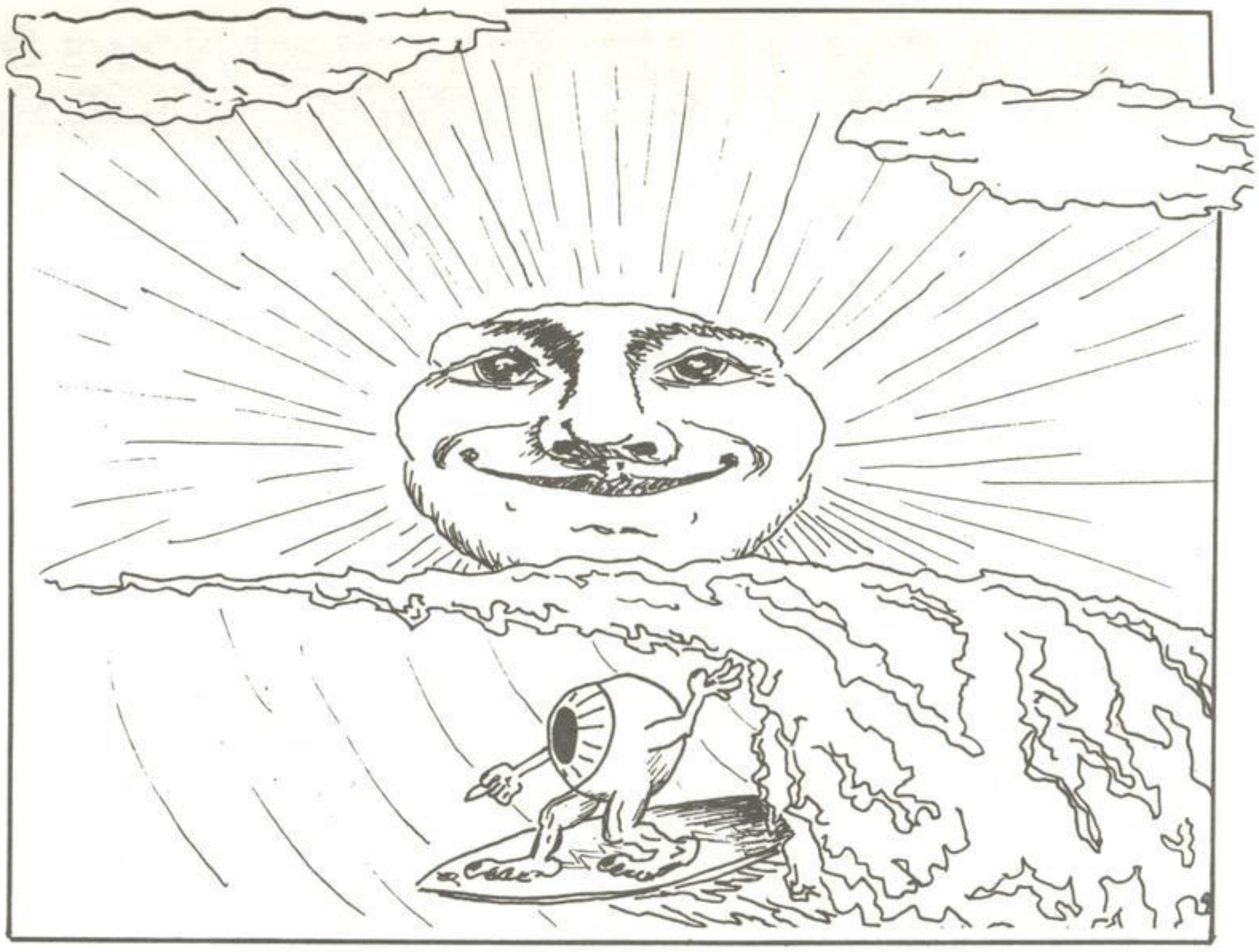


Illustration by Scott Robertson, Williamsburg, VA

How I Spent My Summer Vacation

Summer vacation — what a mighty time it was! For the past four years or so I've spent my vacations with the Dead, and this year was no exception, although somewhat more of a challenge due to the distance. But was it ever worth it. Always is.

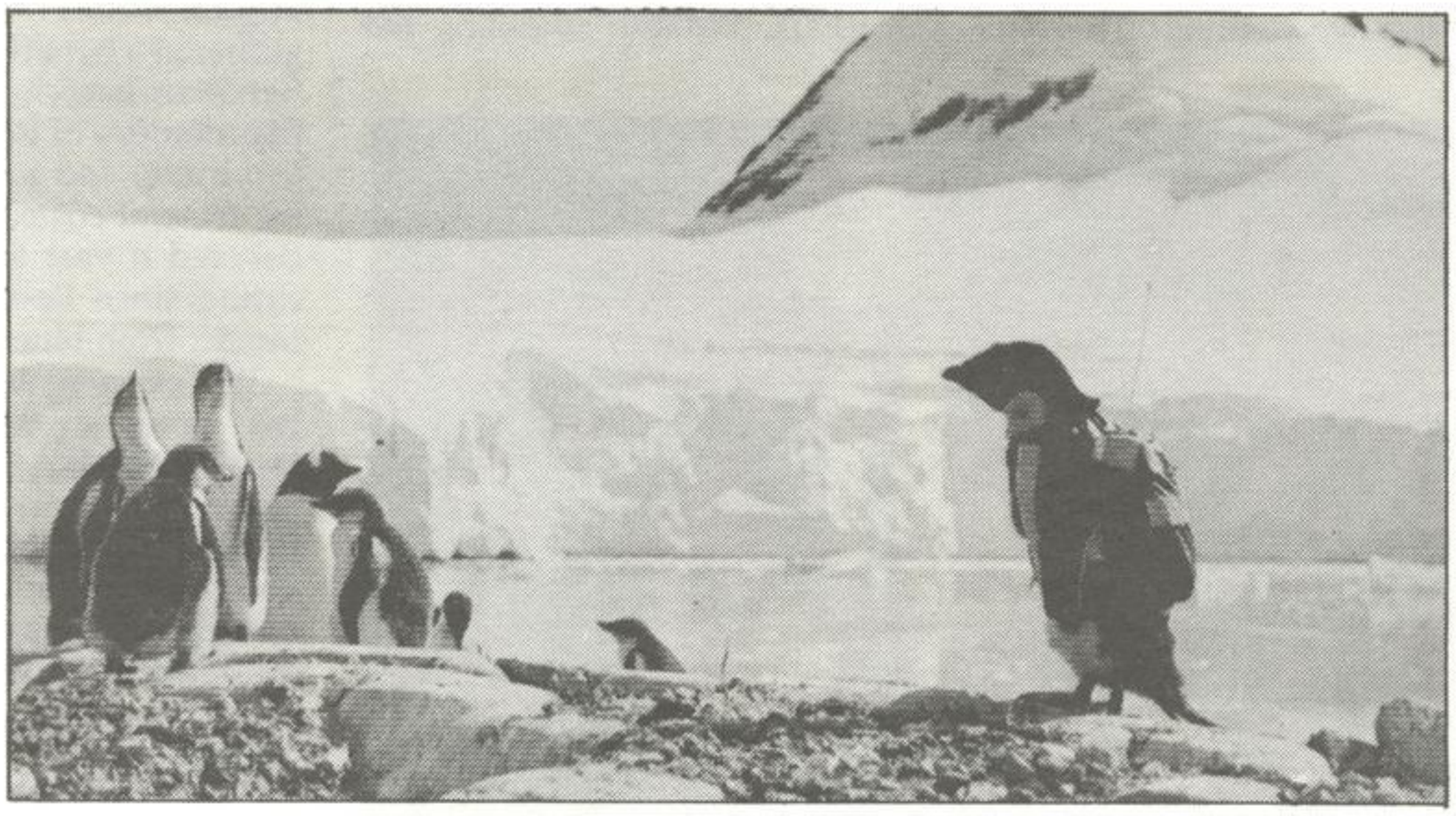
I had contemplated skipping the Friday the 13th show because of time limitations, but decided if I could sneak out of work early enough on Thursday, I could make it to Marvie Marin in time for a little nap before the show. So I just hit the high spots and only stopped for gas, and 20 hours later I was at Rick's house. That was a tremendous decision, because I would have been very angry with myself had I missed "Dark Star." I also caught the falling star. Who put in the order for that one?

And if you didn't camp out with the rest of us dirt-lovers in Ventura, you missed one hellacious romp-stomp of a good time. Three live bands doing an admirable job at night, and the return of the cold shower and foot bath in the morning. Not to mention a campfire that would make Smokey the Bear drop his shovel and run, and the Pacific Ocean in your back yard. And you missed Breakfast Pool: "I've got eggs, she's got onions and peppers, you've got mushrooms, he's got bacon — mix 'em up together in a cast iron frying pan!"

All in all, it was quite the vacation.

Doug Wakeman
Wheat Ridge, CO

SUBSCRIBE! SUBSCRIBE! SUBSCRIBE! SUBSCRIBE!



'C'mon, guys — If we start hitching now we can make the New Year's shows!'

And there'll be plenty of good reading along the way, because tucked in that backpack are issues of *The Golden Road*. Even penguins know a good deal when they see one, so they didn't hesitate to subscribe. You shouldn't either! It's just $10 for a year's subscription (published quarterly, in January, April, July and October) in the U.S. and Canada; $16 for airmail to Europe. Back issues are $3 each. (Winter, Spring and Summer '84 issues are back issues.) Mail orders to: The Golden Road, 484 Lake Park Ave. #82, Oakland, CA 94610. Prove you're as smart as a flightless Arctic bird and send away today!

DEADLINE The Latest News & Rumor Control

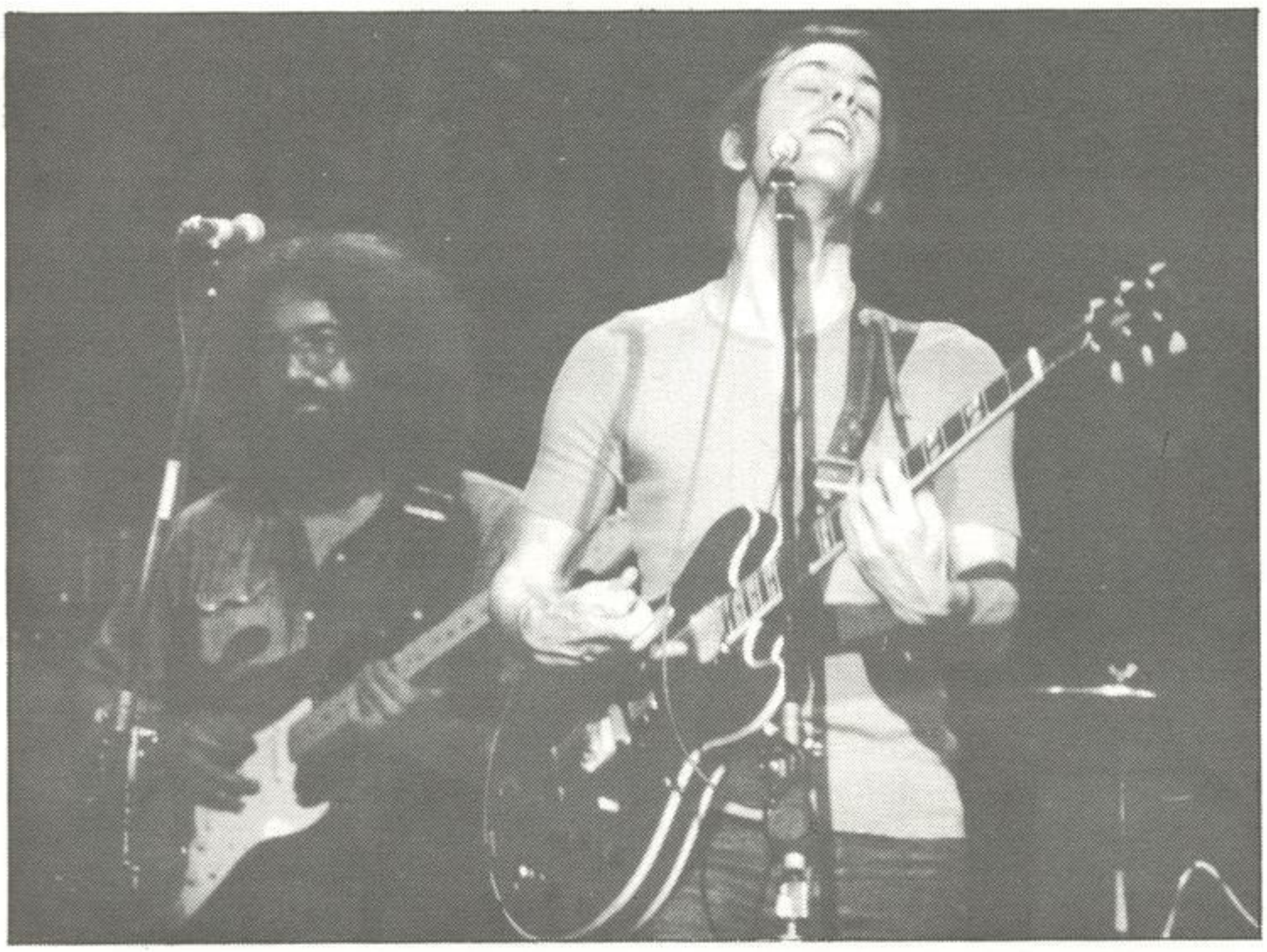
By now, you've probably heard about the shows scheduled for the intimate (3,500 seats) Berkeley Community Theatre for late October and early November. For those who haven't, though, the information is as follows: the Dead are playing six shows there — Oct. 27, 28, 30, 31 (Halloween) and November 2 and 3. Tickets are $16 and are being sold by mail order through one of the Dead's ticket P.O. boxes. We suggest you call the Hot Line — (415) 457-6388 in the West; (201) 777-8653 in the East — A.S.A.P. for more details. Depending on when you read this, it may not be too late.

The Community Theatre's a pretty neat place — a little trebly perhaps, and the sight lines in the front (strangely enough) and far sides aren't the greatest, but I've yet to see a hall that the Dead can't conquer in terms of sound and a decent view for almost everybody. There's a nice park right across the street from the theatre (which is on the Berkeley High School campus), and the facility itself is clean, if a little sterile. I've never seen any sort of food or beverages sold there, so it'll be interesting to see if things are any different for this extended run. Parking in the neighborhood can be tough; I'd recommend spending a couple of bucks and parking in one of the large parking garages up a block or two towards Shattuck Ave. (the main drag in downtown Berkeley).

It's been more than 12 years since the Dead played the BCT. Those '72 concerts were reportedly hot shows. Coming off a big East Coast tour, chances are the band will be rarin' to go. Let's hope so.

Contrary to any rumors you might have heard, the Dead will be playing in San Francisco this New Year's. Currently, the plan is for just three shows, either the 29, 30, and 31, or 28, 29, and New Year's Eve.

The Dead are experimenting with a new concept at the Berkeley shows, namely a taper's section, located behind the soundboard. This is something the band thought of doing a while ago, but has only now gotten around to implementing. It comes in the wake of what the Dead and many fans see as some pretty serious breaches of taper etiquette over the past few months. To wit: microphone poles that block people's views of the stage (as well as Dan Healy's) and a couple of isolated episodes in which tapers actually forced people with legitimate tickets out of their seats. At the Berkeley concerts, if you are caught with taping equipment outside the taping section, you will be ejected from the show. (We at *The Golden Road* have definitely noticed an occasional smug arrogance from tapers along the lines of "Lower my poles? Hey, man, I'm providing a valuable *service*." True, but let's not infringe on others' rights to enjoy the show.) The Dead would like to hear from you — tapers and non-tapers — on this issue. You can write to them at Grateful Dead — Taper Issue, P.O. Box 1073, San Rafael, CA 94901. Without sounding too dire, we'll add that it is our understanding that the Dead are going to be watching the behavior of tapers very closely for a while, and if things don't improve, they may take the radical step of banning taping altogether.



At Berkeley Community Theatre, 1972. Photo by Bob Marks

Those of you who live in the Northeast or who will be following the Dead's October tour will finally have a chance to see ex-Dead keyboardist Tom Constanten in action. T.C. will be playing a series of solo piano dates at small clubs. We can't recommend the shows highly enough — he plays a wide variety of compositions including ragtime, boogie-woogie, abstract originals and, of course, his wonderful "Dark Star Fantasia." He's warm and witty between songs and you're certain to come away from a T.C. show with your musical horizons expanded considerably. Be there or be square.

Here are the dates: Oct. 19 — My Father's Place, Roslyn, NY; Oct. 20 — The Jabberwocky, Syracuse, NY; Oct. 23 — Fore 'N Aft, White Plains, NY; Oct 24 — The Bitter End, N.Y.C.; Oct. 25 — Lupo's, Providence, RI; Oct. 26 — SUNY Buffalo (Slee Hall?); Oct. 27 — Mad Murphy's Cafe, Hartford, CT; Oct. 28 — The Rusty Nail, Sunderland (Amherst), MA; Oct. 30 — Hunt's, Burlington, VT.

It was a party and a wake, a raucous celebration of life and a meditation on mortality. On August 28, some of the biggest names in Bay Area music got together at a benefit show at Bill Graham's San Francisco club, Wolfgang's, to honor the memory of Rodney Albin (eulogized last issue) and to raise money to defray his funeral costs. The six-hour program covered a vast array of musical styles, fitting since Rodney loved all kinds of music, from bluegrass to classical.

The evening started with some spirited acoustic country and bluegrass music, courtesy of former New Rider David Nelson and a trio of fine players — fiddler Ed Neff, banjo player Tom Stern and bassist Beth Weil. Local comic favorites Rick & Ruby followed with a series of frequently hilarious impressions of everyone from Johnny Cash to Cyndi Lauper. Then, the act that many in the crowd had undoubtedly come to see, Jerry Garcia and John Kahn playing acoustic, turned in a solid seven-song set, which, for all you list freaks, went as follows: "Deep Elem Blues," "Been All Around This World," "Friend of the Devil," "Little Sadie," "Oh, Babe It Ain't No Lie," "Goodnight Irene," "Ripple." Garcia was in fine form, as he had been throughout his recent band tour in the East and three Bay Area club shows the

weekend before the Albin memorial. (Garcia band fans will want to know that at *all three* local JGB shows, he ended the second set with long, wild versions of "Don't Let Go" into "Midnight Moonlight.")

Bill Graham gave a moving reading of Rodney's last letter to his friends (printed here last issue), and then there was a beautiful slide tribute to Rodney, accompanied by a tape of him singing "The Battle of New Orleans" with a hot group. Following that was a little classical interlude — Pachebel's famous "Canon in D" played on piano and violin. Next up, Country Joe and his band (including original Fish members Chicken Hirsch on drums and David Cohen on piano and rhythm guitar) tore down the house with a potent set of old Fish tunes, including such classics as "Sweet Lorraine," "Flying High," "The Masked Marauder," "Rock & Soul," "Fixin-to-Die Rag," "Janis" and even the band's notorious old LSD commercial. It was the slickest I've seen Country Joe, but it was undeniably powerful and the choice of material perfect for the occasion. (Time to dust off those copies of *Electric Music for the Mind and Body*, folks!)

After a break, Rodney's widow, Marleen, sang a few songs, including The Beatles' "In My Life," which she'd sung to Rodney at their wedding, and a tune written by Rodney. She poured her soul out on these numbers and one couldn't help but admire the courage it must have taken to perform at an event like this. The evening closed with one of the strongest Dinosaurs sets I've seen. This was Robert Hunter's final gig with the band — he's pursuing other avenues, but The Dinosaurs are a loose enough aggregation that he could no doubt show up at a gig any time and sit in. He played like a man possessed, ripping through "Better Bad Luck" and "Promontory Rider," and lending more instrumental support than usual, with fine contributions on rhythm guitar and harmonica. Joining the Dinos' regular line-up — Barry Melton, John Cipollina, Spencer Dryden, Merle Saunders, Peter Albin (Rodney's brother, who also acted as host for the evening along with Family Dog chief Chet Helms) — was former It's a Beautiful Day leader David LaFlamme. His searing violin lines meshed perfectly with the other instruments to create one of the densest sounding bands I've ever heard.

All in all it was a great evening. Good vibes prevailed, everything was casual but efficient, and the musicianship outstanding from beginning to end. Rodney Albin would have loved it.



Hunter, Albin and Cipollina. Photo by Ron Delany

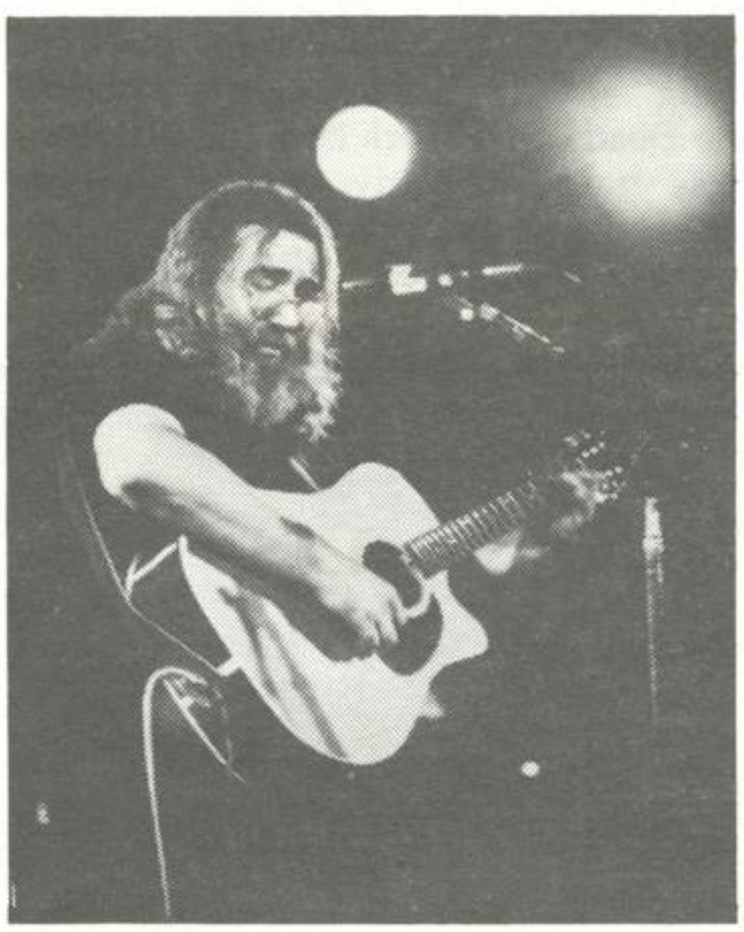


Photo by Ron Delany

The Rodney Albin Benefit



Country Joe. Photo by Ron Delany

A number of readers wrote in asking for more information on the cancellation of the September Red Rocks shows, not satisfied by the "technical difficulties" explanation offered by the Dead last issue. Many wonder if the real reason behind the mess is bad blood between the Dead and Denver promoter Barry Fey. One person even claimed to have witnessed a scuffle between a member of the band and Fey backstage. It is fairly well known that there isn't much love lost between the Dead and Fey, but a spokesperson for the Dead flatly denied that personal problems with Fey had anything to do with the cancellations and repeated that there is a very specific technical problem with Red Rocks' stage as it is currently set up: "The structure of the covering of the stage — the roof — and the folares, which are sound-baffling panels, make the sound onstage really bad. It has nothing to do with Barry Fey."

Speaking of venues, we strolled into the Oakland Auditorium the other day to check out how the long and expensive renovation is proceeding. The good news is that the $15 million that has been spent fixing up this favorite haunt of the Dead's has been put to good use — the halls and ramp areas have been completely redone, the exterior has been fixed up beautifully with very contemporary gray and mauve accents, and a new stage area is about to be put in. The bad news is that the original November completion date was overly optimistic; it looks to be at least a few months shy of being completed. So if the Dead should return there (and we hope they do be-

Continued on page 37

EILEEN LAW

The Dead's Link with the Heads

As many a Deadhead can testify, the Grateful Dead organization is very difficult to communicate with effectively. The fan in search of information or eager to get a message to the group encounters an interesting paradox: the band establishes an uncommonly close bond with its followers onstage, yet they are all but unapproachable once the final notes of "Day Job" have echoed through the hall and the show is over. There is that post office box in San Rafael, of course, and the Hot Line to disperse the vital facts about tours, but beyond that, most Deadheads have little idea of whether their letters are read, their ideas listened to, the sincerity of their devotion to the group appreciated.

To their credit, the Dead have tried to bridge the performer-audience gap in various ways through the years, and at the heart of that quest for better communication has been Eileen Law, who for the past 12 years has ostensibly been in charge of Dead Heads, the loose "fan club" the Dead formed following the release of the 1971 "Skull & Roses" album. In addition, for the past year, Eileen has been heavily involved in the Dead's song publishing company, Ice Nine Music, as well as worried endlessly about guest lists and keeping the Western U.S. Hotline up to date. (On the East Coast Monarch Entertainment handles the Hotline tapes.)

In the abstract, most Deadheads probably think of the Dead organization as a rambling hippie collective that stumbles from project to project with little planning and less efficiency. Nothing could be further from the truth. This isn't IBM with a punch-clock and a dress code, but neither is it an anarchic "do your own thing" setting. Eileen and the others in the Dead office work fairly normal business hours at fairly normal business tasks. There is a lot of drudgery and paperwork involved, and no, they don't hang out and rap with Jerry all day. (In fact, Garcia rarely appears at the office.)

Eileen's office, on the second floor of the San Rafael headquarters of the Dead (the location of which is not publicized for obvious reasons), is piled high with boxes containing correspondence from Deadheads, thick binders stuffed with 20 years of newspaper and magazine clippings about the Dead, computer printouts of the huge Deadhead mailing list (which currently contains about 90,000 names), the code-a-phones that ceaselessly spit out the Hotline information, and sundry items mailed to her from Deadheads all over the world. (On the day I formally interviewed her, one table in her office held a beautiful antique mirror that someone sent her to give to Garcia.) It looks like a lot to keep track of, and it is — as we sit down to chat in a porch adjoining manager Danny Rifkin's office, she laments that she's just getting to her 1983 letters from Europe, and that she has several boxes of domestic mail to answer. It's been four years since the last Dead Heads newsletter went out, and there are a lot of people out there who write wondering when they'll hear anything from the organization again.

"I really miss the newsletters," she says in her warm California accent of the mailings that went to Deadheads in the mid- and late '70s. "People really liked them and I loved sending them out. We're just getting our lists organized for



Eileen in her office with code-a-phones. Photo by Blair Jackson

the computer, so maybe sometime soon we can get back to doing some regular mailings. Phil came in here last week and said, 'Since we're getting our computer thing together, we can put our 10,000 names on it!' Ten thousand?" she laughs. "That's how many we had in 1972! I said, 'Where have you been?!'

"I feel a little guilty about it because I think people assume that we do put something out on a regular basis. The last thing that went out was the Dead Art catalog, but that caused some problems because we couldn't send one to everyone so a lot of people thought they'd missed out on something. Plus, it was a little weird for the first thing to go out in a few years to be something asking people to spend money. We probably could have done something differently on that one."

The Dead also found that when they did the last newsletter mailout at a cost of nearly $18,000 they had more than 10,000 address changes. "If we mailed things more regularly," she comments, "we could keep up with everyone better."

I tell her that on that very morning someone supporting Walter Mondale asked me if I thought the Dead would let them use their list for a mailing. "That doesn't surprise me," she says. "We get a lot of that. Someone from the Gary Hart campaign called up and wondered if they could use names from New Jersey awhile back. But we don't let the list out. We've had friends ask us to use it because they're starting a business or something, but we don't even let them use it. I'm really against letting those names out because I respect the privacy of these people who have joined Dead Heads. They didn't join it to get mail from politicians."

That sort of integrity runs deep in the Dead organization and is unquestionably a by-product of the era in which the Dead scene was spawned. The group was wary of exploitation by profit mongers in the '60s, and today they carry their hip business ethic into every aspect of the operation that they can, maintaining a distance from the straight business world philosophically while attempting to use their business savvy to meet their own ends.

Eileen has been involved with the Dead on some level — personal or professional — since the group's beginnings. She grew up in Guerneville, a rustic old resort community on the Russian River a couple of hours north of San Francisco. "I've always loved music," she says. "I have a brother five years old than me, and he had what must have been one of the only stereos in town. He was also the type who would sit down and try to build a guitar. I used to play air guitar for *hours*, listening to Little Richard and Chuck Berry and all those others." Guerneville wasn't exactly a hotbed of activity in the late '50s and early '60s (though it was frequently visited by Hell's Angels), but Eileen kept up with both rock and folk trends and was an active partier.

"Like a lot of girls, I spent a lot of time dancing with the door frame in my bedroom," she says with a laugh, "but as I got older I'd go with friends to Rio Nido and hang out there at the dances. A lot of times they had a band called Dick Crest & His Orchestra — Phil actually took lessons from him or something — and we'd go there or just hang out in the parking lot outside. To move from that to San Francisco was like being at a continuous party."

She moved south into the City after graduating from high school in 1964, and took a secretarial job at AAA insurance, where her uncle worked. "On weekends we'd just party like crazy," she remembers. "This was before the Fillmore and the Avalon and all, so what my friends and I would do is store up the addresses of parties we heard about all week and then just crash them all. Eventually there was a garage party where I smelled something a bit odd, and that was my first joint. That experience sort of changed the type of people I wanted to hang out with. I was living with a family at the time, and I noticed I wanted my own place, my own phone.

'I deal with a lot of people in the outside world and I find that we're really not so bad after all. They space out, too.'

"Then, all of a sudden, The Warlocks and the Jefferson Airplane and all these other groups started playing all these neat places like the Matrix and the Longshoremen's Hall, and the whole scene started to grow really fast. After a couple of years at AAA, it got very hard to stay interested in work, and my party life sort of took over."

Needless to say, this was happening to a lot of people in San Francisco, and Eileen found the community very supportive. "People really would help each other, and everyone seemed very open then. When the dances started happening, *everyone* danced. It was so easy to meet people. A band like Quicksilver or the Airplane might play a set, and then you'd see all the players out on the dance floor mingling with everyone else. Eventually, after meeting a lot of people, I started hanging out in the back area more. By the time Winterland got going, it seemed like everyone I knew was hanging out backstage."

Eileen got to know various members of the Dead scene, particularly Danny Rifkin, Pigpen's girlfriend, Veronica, and various members of the road crew. She got to know the band after they moved into Haight-Ashbury in the fall of 1966, and in 1969 she lived briefly at Mickey Hart's Marin ranch.

"I don't know *how many* people were living there," she says. "People were in every room and out in the barn. You had to have seniority to reach bedroom. I'd sleep in haystacks sometimes, with the horses and all these other animals."

Eventually, Mickey decided he wanted his ranch back and asked most of those living there to leave, so Eileen moved in with Bob Weir and his lady friend, Frankie, in a small house in the tiny West Marin town of Nicasio.

"That's where Cassidy was born," she says of her daughter, whose father was Rex Jackson, a Grateful Dead crew member until his death in a car crash in 1977. "Weir wrote the song at the house during that period. I lived in a tent behind Weir's and I'd go out there and practice my breathing exercises. I'd hear Weir playing these beautiful riffs in the house. Later I think he asked Hunter to write some words for the tune, and he was going to write something about a card game, and I said, 'No, no, that's not what that tune is about.' Around that time, John Barlow came out here on his motorcycle, and the next thing I knew, he and Weir had this song, which was about my daughter, Cassidy, and had parts about Neal Cassady, too." Ironically, Cassidy wasn't named after Cowboy Neal at all, but after the character in the popular film of that year, *Butch Cassidy & the Sundance Kid*. "I decided on it before Cassidy was even born because I thought it sounded good for either a boy or a girl. I don't think she's ever really liked the name, though."

Cassidy, who is now 14, began going to Dead shows from birth. "I took her as a newborn," Eileen says. "Like the other kids, she sometimes would sleep wrapped in blankets in equipment crates during the shows. Other times I'd hold her all night and then not be able to move my arms the next day."

Eileen first started working for the Dead in early 1972, shortly after the Dead Heads organization was formed. At that point, it was headed by Mary Ann Mayer

The Best of the Dead Heads Newsletters— Hypnocracy 1-A

"When asked the meaning of life, St. Dilbert replied, 'Ask rather the meaning of Hypnocracy.' When asked the meaning of Hypnocracy, St. Dilbert replied, 'Is not Hypnocracy no other than the quest to discover the meaning of Hypnocracy? Say ... have you heard the one about the yellow dog yet?'"

— *Summer '72*



"St. Dilbert was walking in the market one day when up staggered a Bozo to ask his opinion of whether the king, who had been caught with his hand in the exchequer, ought to abdicate, be deposed, have his hand cut off, or be given a medal. With very little pondering, the Dilbert is said to have replied: 'You Bozos slay me. You pick a king who best represents the sum of your individual lamenesses to rule you, and then compalin because he has a *big red nose.*'

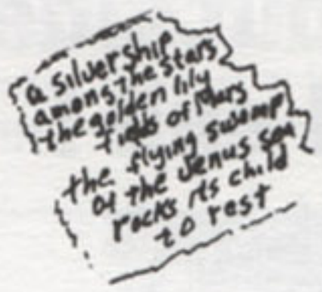
"While considering this reply, the Bozo smelled smoke, and looking down realized that the Dilbert had, once again, placed a lighted match between his toes."

— *Summer '73*

"Hypnocracy is not a movement nor a religion nor even a way of life — it offers nothing, asks nothing, is nothing. All hypnocratical assertions, this included, are in questionable taste.

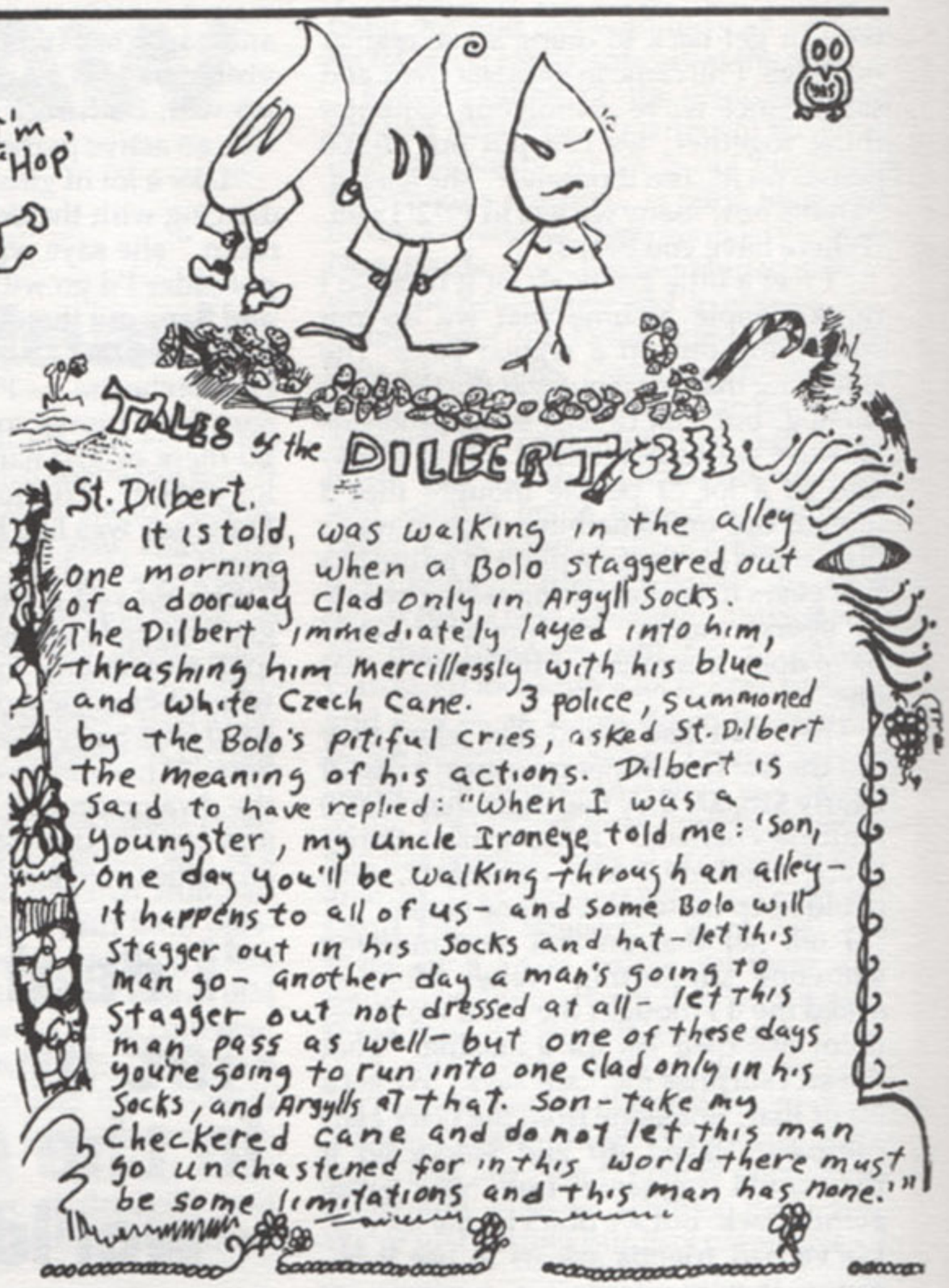
"Poor taste is a Hypnocratic ideal, of sorts, or better yet: no taste at all."

— *Winter '73*



© Ice Nine Publishing





"In the ocean of Hypnocracy, the shore is just another wave." — St. D

— *Fall '73*

and staffed by various women in the office who spent their time taking down the names of people who wrote in and sending off the first of what became a long series of entertaining and scintillating newsletters. These mailings, for those who have never seen one, contained tour information, little pieces on the band, their equipment, the organization, poetry, artwork and the now famous "Hypnocracy Papers," post-psychedelic doodles by Robert Hunter that teased readers with the improbable adventures of a Zen prankster named St. Dilbert. Garcia, too, was heavily involved with the newsletters, which continued for several years at unpredictable intervals. Eileen and Mary Ann were in charge of the newsletter for most of its existence, with Mary Ann also contributing some splendid art work.

Eileen was laid off by the Dead during the year they retired from performing to concentrate on solo projects and launch their ill-fated record label. "To be honest, I never understood why they let some of us go," she admits, "because it all seemed to be peaking then. The mail got really voluminous around the time of *Mars Hotel* and *Wake of the Flood*. I could understand why *the band* wanted time off, but we were swamped." She didn't have to go far to get a job, however — she started working at the nearby offices of the New Riders of the Purple Sage.

She came back to work for the Dead when they returned to performing in mid-1976, and has been a steady employee ever since. She has served in a number of different capacities, primarily as a link with the Deadheads and also on the publishing end of things.

"I find that aspect of my work very complicated," she says. "There's unfinished business that dates all the way back to the record company days, though we're getting caught up. We've even copyrighted the new songs finally. Now that we've got the computer [a Hewlett-Packard 9121] things will get even more efficient, though I'm not good at machines *at all*. Back when the band played in Egypt, there was this emergency where all their equipment was sent to Pakistan by mistake after the gigs and I was supposed to send messages over there on the Telex. I just couldn't work it and had to call up someone in the middle of the night to help me with it!"

Eileen says that between ten and 40 letters come to the band every day, with the mail ranging from inquiries about tour dates and merchandising information to personal letters for the band. "I make sure they get their mail," she says, "though I do look at most of it. Some people will write to Weir or somebody for tour information, so I intercept those. Then there are the ones like, 'Hey Jerry, I really want to jam with you sometime.' We get a lot of those. One guy sent us his whole life history, all his scrapbooks and everything; they arrived in these boxes one day. I got a letter a couple of days later saying, 'Hey, I'm sorry, but I flipped out and didn't mean to send all that stuff. Can I have it back?' People have sent backpacks and clothing through UPS thinking they want to travel light and that we'll hold it for them until they get to California. It gets pretty strange now and then, but most of them are real nice letters about the band or suggestions of places to play or not to play. The band gets those, and I know they try to read them."

Though the Dead office number is technically a secret, Eileen still gets a lot of calls from Deadheads in search of information. "It's funny," she says, "I can

sometimes hear people taping the conversation on the other end. I guess they want to get it right for their friends." It's doubtful that there are many tapers who count the "Eileen Law, 12-18-83 Conversation Tape" among their collections, but there is no question that she is well respected and liked by Deadheads, most of whom have never met her. Deadheads regularly send her set lists, photos and memorabilia, all of which she keeps.

"I've collected some great stuff over the years, especially since the *Book of the Deadheads* came out. Lots of beautiful artwork has come in because of that. Someday I'd love to have a Grateful Dead museum," she says, sounding almost a little embarrassed at the revelation of her private ambition. "I don't know if I've ever even talked to a band member about it, but I think it would be a lot of fun to put some of this stuff on display in a place that would be open all year 'round for the Deadheads who come through town. I was really blown away by the big King Tut exhibit that came through San Francisco a few years ago. We had our own night there — with our own guest list and everything — and I was so impressed with how simple and beautiful it was. I thought, 'This is what I'd love to do with the Dead.'"

That dream is still a long way off, though. There are more immediate concerns on this late summer afternoon, like recording the Hotline tape that will give information about the fall East Coast tour. In the absence of regular newsletters, the Hotline has become the primary means of disseminating information. "These machines are running every second, 24 hours a day," she says of the code-a-phones. "I come in at the end of a weekend and the tapes are just covered with black soot from playing so much."

With the addition of a part-time worker to help her out, Eileen feels like she's close to finally catching up with her work. "I feel bad that I'm not quicker responding to people," she says, "but I try not to let it get me down. I deal with a lot of people in the outside world and I find that we're not really so bad after all. They space out, too. They don't follow through on things. We're getting better."

One example of the trend towards genuine organization has been the inception of regular meetings involving the band, roadies and office workers. "Frankly, I'd rather stay here and work because I've got so much to do, but the meetings have been a good way to get everyone together to talk about whatever needs to be talked about."

She says that the best part of her job is still Deadheads. "I really love Deadheads, and I only wish I could give them the attention I'd like to. That's the one thing I'm working on the most. They need to know that there really is someone here." □



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BACK ISSUES

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

Deadline for the Winter issue:
December 1



Our Winter 1984 issue featured an interview with Mickey Hart, a complete set list of 1983 and much more. The Spring issue had an interview with Phil Lesh, a compendium of Dead videos currently being collected and traded, plus an article on the Dead's inventive lighting among many other delights. The Summer issue caught us up to date with artist Alton Kelley (of Kelley & Mouse fame), who created many memorable Dead posters and album covers; and former Dead keyboardist Tom Constanten. And of course each issue included regular features like the latest set lists and research into the roots of the Dead's cover tunes. If you've missed any of these, they can be ordered as Back Issues — while they last.

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Robert Hunter
Songs of Innocence, Songs of Experience

By Mary Eisenhart

If you were there, you probably haven't forgotten. But get a good audience tape of New Year's '81 – '82 and listen to "Terrapin." Picture, if you will, 8000 people, many still soaking wet (it rained a lot that day, and took a long time to get in), jammed into the Oakland Auditorium. Listen to the band blazing, Garcia belting out the lyrics with exceptional fervor — and the rumble. By the time he gets to the "Counting stars by candlelight" line, 8000 people are roaring along, matching him syllable for syllable through the crickets and cicadas, the end and the beginning, the train putting its brakes on and the whistle screaming TERRAPIN! Not one of us has ever laid eyes on Terrapin Station, and we'd be hard pressed to define exactly what it was, but for that moment there was not the slightest doubt that if we listened hard enough, sang loud enough, and just hung in there, we could collectively lift that decrepit hall off its foundations and *get there*.

Chances are, if you're reading this magazine, Robert Hunter's lyrics have had a profound effect on your life. Whether you're the scholarly type who pores over words and songlists with cabalistic intensity, or a more carefree soul who (as Hunter himself notes with a certain chagrin) hears "We can share the women, we can share the wine" and never notices that that attitude culminates in treachery and death, his songs have influenced your perception of the world and indeed shaped that world itself. (Consider, if nothing else, "What a long strange trip it's been.") Hence it is more than a little interesting to check out *his* perceptions of the world from a non-lyrical standpoint.

This interview took place on May 23, 1984. Hunter was in a cheerful frame of mind, having completed his new album, *Amagamalin Street*, to his own satisfaction and being about to embark on a host of new projects. He willingly discussed not only *Amagamalin* (a gritty urban tale that represents a considerable departure from, say, "Terrapin," and is a tour de force of thematic and character development), but his life and work in general. The discussion was much punctuated with trips to the bookshelf to demonstrate this or that point (to convince me that *Jack O' Roses* contains "the wrong 'Terrapin,'" Hunter pulled out the recently completed suite), and he made many a foray into esoteric tangents (while reluctantly submitting to having his picture taken, he read excerpts from his "Sister Joseph of Arimathea," a wildly surreal work loosely based on the dubious joys of pre-Vatican II Catholic education). Since Hunter's lyrics are supremely literate and his solo performances feature everything from quotations of John Donne to full-blown renditions of the Gettysburg Address, it seemed only reasonable to ask, "What do you read?"

There's my collection over there [he points to a shelf filled with most of the great works of Western literature], and I hope to have most of that read before I kick off. I was raised around books. My father was in the book business with McGraw-Hill, and so we had a splendid library around the house, and I've grown up reading. I'm just about through Proust finally — I've been digging at Proust for about six years, and I'm *finally* on *Time Regained*.

I'm impressed.

(Laughs) Well you should be. I'm impressed myself. I'm going to finish it this year.

Proust and Spenser, *The Faerie Queene*, those are the two biggies. I've wanted to be one of the people who have read *The Faerie Queene*. I have a beautiful edition of it up here, but I'm afraid that a certain amount of Spenser is about all I can take, and then —

Being an 18-year-old brat at the time, I had a pretty bad introduction to Spenser.

Even a worse introduction than reading Spenser himself? It's *so* hard. There was this long poetry piece I was writing [gets up, pulls a book off the shelf and starts flipping pages] a couple of years ago called "Idiot's Delight." I wrote about 100 verses in this short scan here, and then for the next 200 I was going to write them all in Spenserian stanzas. First I had to figure out the Spenserian stanza by reading it, then away I went. And these are all Spenserian stanzas, properly rhymed. I don't know how many I went through until I realized that it was limited.

I've got a giant book there that I'm deathly pleased about and want to publish. These are all real long poems, "Idiot's Delight": then I've got another long poem called "The Brass Axis," in which I just wanted to work with a certain form called a constricting quadrangle, each stanza is one less. What I'm writing about in this is the state of mind you have to be in to do this.

Metapoetics.

Yeah, precisely. And then the R-rated Brer Rabbit, "Raggedy Remus," is completely in this form, and rhymed as well. After doing this, I feel that it was a waste of time, but what it did do was force me to use poetic devices that just wouldn't occur to me normally, uses of metaphor.

Anyway, I finally threw the whole idea away and went into this thing here, which is my *masterpiece*, "Evald and Fanteon."

What's it about?

It's about the fall of the perfect proud spirit into matter, more or less.

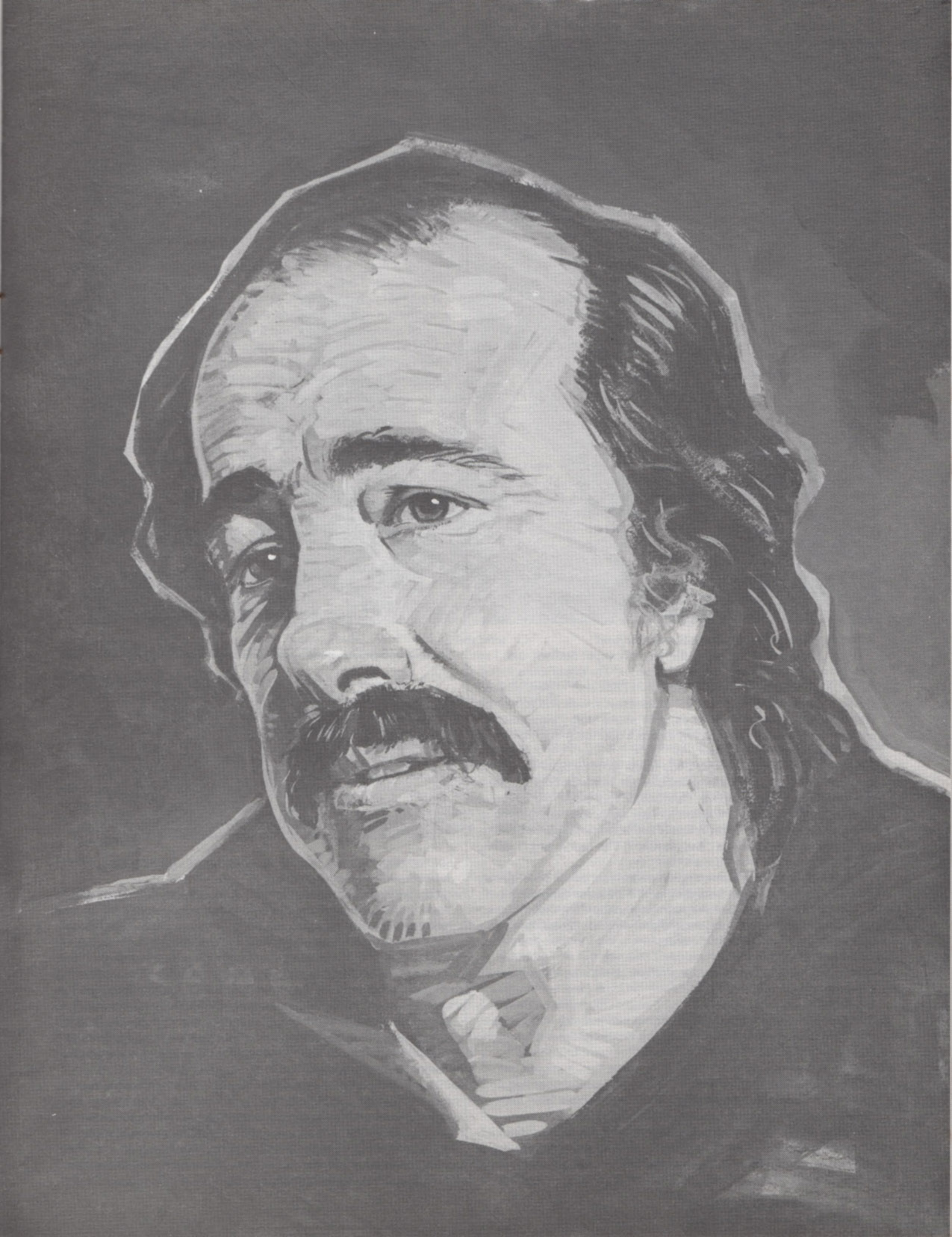
Blakean?

Well, unfortunately it is a bit Blakean in places. There is certainly one scene in it that's Blakean to the extreme. It's a description of Boston —

What does Boston have to do with the basically mythic character of all this?

Well, this mythic character comes to Boston and tips his hat to some ladies and is immediately busted for being insane, and thrown into an asylum, although he's come to save the world. And in the asylum he meets his match. The godlike powers in him are destroyed one by one — his vision, everything is destroyed, until finally he's considered cured and ejected, like almost a paraplegic, onto the street. But then what he's done is become true humanity, so now he can understand what's going on, which, as a god, he could not. So what seems to be a

Illustration by William Cone



tragic ending in it, I hope is allegorically a rebirth into the human condition.

When do those of us in the outside world get to read this?

Soon as I get this tour done — the album's done now — and do some work with Jerry, then get a month or two by myself, I'm going to go through this and correct it for taste basically. And I think I will go through those other things and take that stupid squareness out of it, and if they stand on their own without it, I'll use 'em. And if they don't, I'll just consider them a very curious exercise in writing.

Is all the old stuff you read English?

I've been trying to brush up on my French because I'm getting interested in the French Symbolist poets again, and I want to read them in French. I've done a little bit of translation, some Mallarmé and Verlaine.

I was trying to learn a little Italian, because I wanted to read Dante in the original. I have got through the first canto in Italian.

I have eyes to do at least one Wagner translation. I would *love* to. I think I would do something simple like *Flying Dutchman*, or something to get my teeth into. I've got a good feeling for Wagner, I'd like to bring some of it properly in English. The sounds of the German in Wagner are too hard for the American ear.

This is one of those projects that you dream about doing and probably never get around to. Especially since it involves getting the German to do it, though it's possible to use comparative translations and one's own ear, I suppose.

Did you take Latin in school? Because German is a piece of cake after Latin.

No, I just have the church Latin. *Introibo ad altare Dei.* My Latin is extremely weak, it's a shame. I wish I'd had that Greek and Latin background right now. It's just a pain not to have it if you're trying to read widely. There's so much to read in Greek, and the translations are so miserable.

But everything just dropped for the making of this record. When I have time, with nothing to do, then I do this kind of weird stuff. I'm looking forward to getting back to my poetry, because there's something it fulfills in me that nothing else does.

Where does the name Amagamalin Street *come from?*

It just came out of my head, the way "Terrapin Station" did. I sit down, I write *something* on a piece of paper — "The title of this is — la di dah. OK — what's *that* about?" And then I just start exploring it and find out what it's about. I'm one who feels that vowels and consonant combinations have power sounds, they evoke stuff. "Amagamalin" evokes something. It's got a flavor, a spice, a taste to it — it will then sort of let you know what it's about.

In this case, it's a place where boy meets girl, boy beats crap out of girl, boy leaves girl, boy picks up another girl, boy beats crap out of this girl, best friend takes girl away from boy, is very nice to her, she goes back to boy A who beats the crap out of her again, and then splits on all of them. Boy A dies and girl A meets Boy B. Just a simple boy-meets-girl scene strained through "Amagamalin." The first record is all one guy talking, and the second is another guy.

What a piece of work that was, getting it all synched up. Those people were inhabiting my brain for some time. I feel I know them really well, and by the time I got into the recording studio with them, the appropriate voices were singing out of those two guys. Record Two's got a different voice than Record One does.

On the song "Amagamalin Street," isn't that a third-person narrator and not the character?

That is the only third person in it. I thought I might put on the album that the first record is Chet's story with an interjection by the narrator, and then the second record is all Murphy. But then I figured, why give 'em any clues at all?

Well, they'd probably appreciate it . . . And besides, sometime in the last 18 years you must have heard some exotic interpretations of your lyrics that have nothing to do with anything you ever thought about.

That is one reason I don't print the lyrics. You know, very definitely people hear their own songs, and if you can kind of cue them into their own thought processes that way, then later when they find out what the words really were, they hopefully realize that was their own song they were listening to, or their own interpretation. I like that. That's why I don't print the lyrics.

But I believe the lyrics on *Amagamalin Street* can be heard; there's no reason to print them.

How many attentive listeners do you think you have?

If they're not attentive, I hope they'll just like the songs. 'Cause I hope most of them stand just as a collection of songs, and that the fact that there's a thread in it is secondary. It's a structure to build around, and the songs really must stand by themselves.

I hope there's some value in *Amagamalin Street*, because doing a solo thing is such an ego trip, frankly, and to justify this ego trip — I was talking to Jerry about it the other day, and he says, "Well, you don't have to justify yourself, man." And I said, "Whaddya mean? I'm a double-Cancer Roman Catholic, I *have* to justify myself." [Laughs] "Oh," he said, "in that case, right . . ."

What I'm hoping to achieve in this, from my 40-plus point of view, is to say the run of these things, of these disastrous relationships of a certain sort involving violence and a very laissez-faire attitude . . . what sort of characters have these things, and what comes of it in the way of human degradation and eventual unhappiness. Just to paint a picture of this whole hell, how it works, the interactions in it, what it comes to, just give an older man's point of view. And maybe some kid can flash on this and be spared the kind of hell that this all leads to.

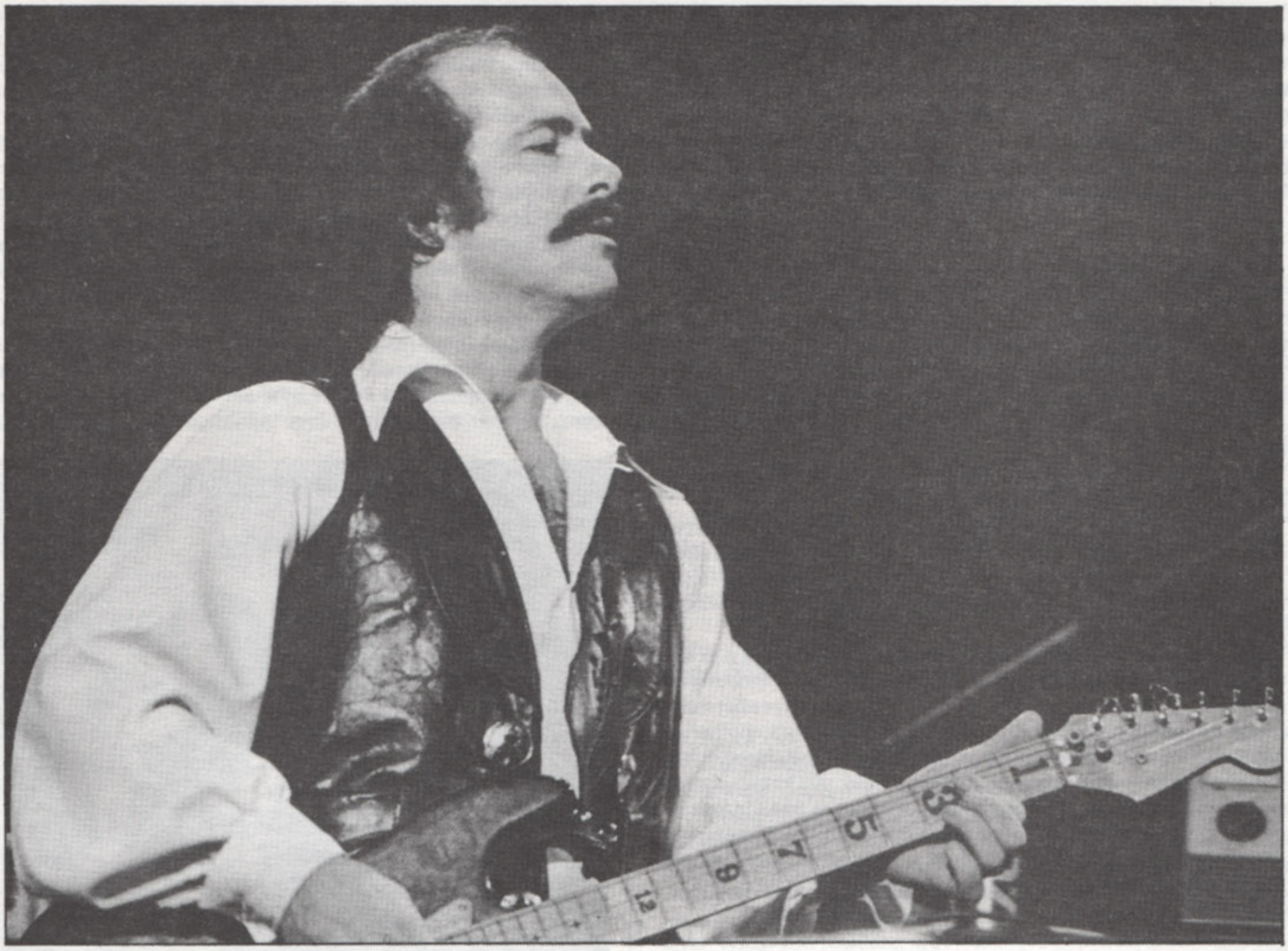
'I consider my poetry writing every bit as important — to me anyway — as my lyrical work'

And hopefully that's the good that *Amagamalin Street*'s going to do, to justify almost the terrible egocentricity of just putting my voice forward rather than giving it to the Dead so it's part of a group thing. I feel scot-free in group things; I feel no need to justify — there's a great thing happening just in that a group of people is working together. More justification is needed for soloing in the manner that I'm doing. It's got to amount to something. Somebody has got to get some more good out of it, other than saying, "Oh, Hunter sure strings words together nice."

But nowadays the music business seems much more oriented toward cranking out product than to saying something.

Oh, we know this out front, that content doesn't sell. And I've just made the decision somewhere along the line — this music business is so tacky that I don't think you can really have any gentlemanly pretensions and partake of it unless you can turn it to some sort of use. And so I just say a big no to any kind of commercial thing, that way, and I feel *very* comfortable. And that allows me to perceive myself as a poet, and to continue on with my poetry writing, which I consider every bit as important — to me anyway — as my lyrical work. I'm able to arrive at this advanced age and not feel like a sellout. I couldn't live with myself if I was doing that other thing. I would've burned out a long time ago. I think the Dead would've too. All of us partake of this to some degree. It's our ethic.

I look at it as a wide-open field. Nobody is much interested in what doesn't directly lead to fortune or overwhelming fame. If you have what it takes and want to try to *say* something, you don't have any competition. Of course, you may have trouble finding a record company — in my case, I'm just using an independent distributor. And of course I've got a good foundation in the Dead aficionados, so that I assume I



Playing with Comfort at The Capitol Theatre, Passaic, NJ. Photo by James Shive

can sell a couple of copies of it. Hopefully it'll pay for itself.

It's a wide-open field. Everybody's busy trying to express what the market would like them to express. And they're going to lose themselves somewhere along the way. You know that. Just follow it year after year. It's the same old story over and over and over again — Duran Duran will take the dive next. You know, it's — Get all the way to the dizzying top of that thing and then try and dive into a wet washrag. And while you're diving there's lots of applause and everything, and then you hit the washrag. Well, I want to take a dive from a smaller tower in a *great big* bathtub, at least, you know. [Laughs] I want to come out alive.

Do you have any sense of a non-Deadhead audience? Other than my mother, who gets your stuff quoted to her all the time.

I don't have much sense of that. There's *my* mother. [Laughs] I would like to move beyond a strict cult following, which is certainly what the Deadheads are. They're wonderful, but it's always been a bit miffing, that you have to identify yourself as part of this group in order to appreciate this thing, and if you're not one you don't even listen to it or even consider it. That doesn't seem exactly fair. But I do have that stamp on my head, for a fact.

It'd be very nice to expand into a more varied listening public. I would like to speak to people my own age, many of whom have just turned their Grateful Dead thing off. They don't come to concerts 'cause they don't want to go for the crowds, and perhaps the records have not been so great in the last bunch of years. Yeah, I would like to address people my own age as well as younger people. I don't have pretensions to addressing anyone older.

Why not?

I'm just a kid to them, they've had more experience. I just know what a 42-year-old knows. I don't know what a 45-year-old knows, necessarily.

Do you think it's entirely a function of age?

Not entirely. I'm just speaking in the broadest category, giving everybody the benefit of the doubt. Pretending that people really do mature. I'm certainly not sold on that proposition.

I think basically maturity is just being able to step outside yourself and judge or look at your actions and their effects as though you were somebody else, rather than always from the inside, all arrows coming in.

Where did the story come from for Amagamalin Street?

In the original, the version I had done with The Dinosaurs, there was no Chet and Murphy. And I was just walking down Fifth Avenue and all of a sudden the idea struck me, and I just leaned up against a building and watched the crowd go by and got into it and realized who the characters on Amagamalin Street were. They gave the focus to it. From there it was a short step to doing the whole cycle. These characters were alive to me then, and I wanted to tell their story.

Were all the songs written specifically for the album, or had some of them been around for a while, and just fit in?

"Where Did You Go?" was a song that I'd had for some years, the changes for it, and some of the lines for it, but I rewrote it to go in. It happened to be exactly right — as things that come from my head do tend to be exactly right for other things that come out of my head. I couldn't *not* write a Grateful Dead song if I tried. [Laughs]

I don't have to sit down and try. I expect damn near everything I've ever written interconnects, and I'm starting to see what the grand patterns are in it all now. I don't want to do any overt interconnections. I don't want to do like Lennon did and say, "I told you about the walrus."

It's too pat. There are connections in one's own head about this, but you make those connections in your own head and you just present the tunes, and if people see the connections, that's fine. But what have I written? — 200 or 300 songs — and they're all coming from the same body of experience in me, so they're going to connect. That's just the way it is if you remain fairly true to your own experience and don't try to assume someone else's, something that happens to be popular, or try to be the sort of person that you aren't or don't know.

From that standpoint, did you have any problem with the characters of Chet and Murphy? Was either of them harder to do than the other?

Well, Chet and Murphy are both aspects of myself, these are all attitudes that I have had. There's nowhere else to go for such experiences. If you want to make them believable and real, you've got to get in the way Freud did when he wrote his books. He went to his own experience and — I think rather fearlessly — presented it in order to give his things credibility.

I did a lot of thinking about the characters. I wanted to be sure everybody was being true to his own weaknesses.

It's a simple plot. I think that people can piece it together. That was another thing: If you're going to do it, don't get it too complex. I always thought maybe Roseanne goes to Italy and has an illegitimate child by the Pope and the last album'll take place on a space station. I was digging, I wasn't quite sure.

Then I thought to myself, Well, what *would* really happen to these characters? What *would* happen to somebody like Chet? Obviously he'd drop in the gutter at some point, and Murphy is able to predict this because he couldn't really end any other way. Murphy's another case himself. He's much more complex a character than Chet. I kind of hated to have Maggie walk out on him, but she would, you know, given the situation. 'Cause he's her rescuer, he's not her lover. She's in love with this guy, Chet, who's got *something* to talk a girl like Roseanne into what's he's talked her into. He's got a persuasive charm, whereas Murphy is more or less just a good, righteous street cat.

And protective and honorable.

All the things that a girl like Maggie eventually can't hack. I mean, here he is saying, "We'll move out to the Catskills, away from the city life" and everything. I mean, she's just lived 20-some years in Ithaca, for Chrissakes, she doesn't want to move to the Catskills. [Laughs] But she wants to get away from Chet before he kills her, or at least Murphy convinces her that she does. For a while.

I hope that anybody who can identify with this story will just fill in pieces of their own lives to the parts I didn't put in. That's one reason for leaving little gaps in between, putting results rather than exactly what happened, thing after thing.

I hope I'm getting into an area that everyone has had some experience in. A lot of people have had experience with violence in their upbringing. I think in this day and age a lot of that stuff is covered very frankly in television and movies. *Streetcar Named Desire* was a big flash when it first came out, that this sort of material should be presented. Now I would say that it's damn near passé — oh, not that Tennessee Williams' writing would ever be passé, but that once he opened it up for inspection, a lot of people followed suit. Those themes have been explored now, and people do know about them. Perhaps 20 years ago it was not such common knowledge.

When I was in high school, Catcher in the Rye *was considered real racy stuff, and now I keep running into high school students who bitch and moan, "Oh God, we* have *to read* Catcher in the Rye."

[Laughs] They'd be bored with Erica Jong, I suppose.

They're bored with reading. The average American kid doesn't seem to be into reading at all.

Well, let's give 'em their literature through the ears, then, with a rock beat. See if that happens. There is a great joy in good literature, but if you're not getting that great joy out of it, there's no point in pushing your nose in it.

Dylan opened up pop music as a literary form, I think, and then Lennon was very influenced by him and followed suit. Robbie Robertson was trying to do things that way, and several of the people in San Francisco. It went its way, and now it seems to be a very dated form. I refuse to think that it's dated. I want to keep it moving. I think we can get our literature and our rock and roll and make it like one massive assault on the sheer idiocy of the '80s. I hope.

One of the reasons I would like to see *Amagamalin Street* successful, other than egotistical or monetary reasons, is that if it were successful, then people would do it: try and put some meaning and some thought in what they're doing, maybe on a larger than one-song level. I'd like to revivify this whole song-cycle idea — Townshend did it with *Tommy*, a thematic idea. With "Terrapin" I was trying to develop a thematic idea, and unfortunately only a certain amount of it got onto the record. It's a much longer thematic piece.

I think some of the frustration of not really getting "Terrapin" properly done has been lessened by getting *Amagamalin Street* done. Finally, one whole coherent idea that I had is out. This is the form I want to pursue. I mean, I still want to write individual songs, songs by themselves, but I think for the time being I'm very much on the idea of — I'm a novelist. I've got novels tucked away up here that I've been writing. I don't think I'm a very *good* novelist. I think I've got a lyric gift more than I have a prose gift. But I have a novelist mentality. I like plot and whatnot. I think this may be how I do my novels, rock and roll.



At S.F. airport with wife Maureen. Photo by Jessica Leopard

I was really crushed at a show awhile back when you said you didn't like Jack O' Roses, *because I think it's a tremendous album.*

The only reason is that I didn't feel I did the right "Terrapin." The "Terrapin" that is on there, all the additional material, is not the *right* material. What I had done was lost my original drafts of it, and then I just rediscovered them in my trunks last year. And my original inspiration for it was something entirely different than the "Terrapin" I ended up with on *Jack O' Roses*. And so I've subsequently finished it up, and have it all written and corrected and presentable as a complete piece, and it's better. I never felt that my "Terrapin" [on *Jack O' Roses*] worked.

But it fit really well with everything else on the album.

I'll have to listen to it one day and see if it's good. Les [Kippel, whose Relix Records distributes Hunter's recent solo albums] tells me it is. He wants to keep it in release. I was saying I thought I'd like to just let it sleep. In fact, I've got the idea that all my albums are not so good up to *Amagamalin Street*, and why don't we just let it sleep and kind of start all over? But he assures me that a couple of them are decent.

I tend to find Rum Runners *a little inaccessible.*

I didn't have any idea what I was doing when I was producing that. It was my first crack at the studio, and the rhythms are all off and it's rough and ready. As one critic said, it sounds like it was recorded in a bathroom.

And *Tiger Rose* has those terrible vocals on it. One, because I couldn't

sing very well there; and two, because [his son] Leroy was being born in England and I had to hop on a plane and dash over there and leave the album with these kind of make-do vocals on it, which all go out of range. They're not really well done. I couldn't stay around to finish it, and we had a production schedule, so it just went out with the vocals I had on it.

I've been thinking of taking *Tiger Rose* back in the studio and redoing the vocals on it, 'cause I think I have some good songs on it, they're just *pitifully* sung. I like Garcia's arrangements and production on it, and I like the songs. The only thing I can't stand is the vocals on it. I played it for the first time in years the other day and I was just *horrified*.

Don't change a note of "Yellow Moon."

That would be a hard one to change, because Garcia and I sat down in the studio one morning and just *played* it. There's no tracks on that; it's just a live thing with a microphone set up, so it couldn't be changed. I just played it through for him a couple of times. "Here's how it goes," I said. "OK, now you play lead on it." We turned on the microphones and that's what we came out with. I think it was the first take. I'd just written the song the night before. I needed another song for the album.

'I considered myself a folksinger, and then we all became bluegrass musicians. When it turned rock and roll I turned to my typewriter'

You lived in England for a while?

Yeah, for a couple of years. On the West Coast, near Bristol. Then I just decided I was letting my Grateful Dead duties slip too much, so I winged it on back. But that was at a point where I felt that life being the Grateful Dead lyricist and all that was getting to be too much of a bag and I was missing *life* outside of that closed circle. So I just moved off to England and — then I came back. [Laughs]

Have you ever found the Grateful Dead lyricist thing claustrophobic?

Very. Very. It put me through years of more or less retreat. I was a little frightened about what had been wrought there, and I wasn't sure how soon it might turn nasty. And I very much kept myself out of the public eye. I didn't want photos out or anything like that. I had some idea that I might get shot or something. And I wanted to keep my own identity. I just knew, I had a feeling, an intuition, that you lose your identity from too much public exposure.

I think at my age now I can take that sort of thing. I think I was right in what I did back then, in keeping my profile very low and trying to concentrate on my work, rather than on my persona. And now I feel in a way that I've got my chops together as a writer, and the persona and stuff *has* to be put out. I'm still a bit reluctant to do it because I do feel safe. I can walk down the street and nobody recognizes me, whereas Jerry certainly can't do that. And he's pretty much confined to quarters, 'cause anyplace he goes — "Heeyyy! There's Jerry Garcia!" *And he's mobbed by crazy people.*

If not mobbed, at least *noticed hard*. And it makes you damn self-conscious. And most people tend to retreat under those conditions. Whereas it wasn't necessary so much for me to retreat, although in a way I did anyway. I don't know why. It was such an overwhelming experience when the Dead first started hitting the charts and happening. It was deeply frightening to me in a way. I don't know if it was a failure wish or whatever it was, but I just kept myself back from it. I guess it scared me a bit.

What was going on that was scary?

Those were the radical days, the political radicalism days, and the Grateful Dead was not a political band. And a lot of people would take exception to such a thing. And I just had a feeling that if you got prominent enough, somebody was likely to pop you anyway, just for the hell of it. And I know that we attracted an odder-than-usual audience because of the heavy drug use. I just wasn't — it made me nervous.

I'm not nervous about it anymore. I'm not crazy about the idea of putting my picture out, but I've confronted it, realized that it's a necessity. OK, I'm onstage now, people are taking pictures, I might as well accept it. Although I'm starting to get recognized down at the local store and things like that because of Dinosaurs posters.

I don't get the feeling that everywhere I go I'm being watched. I'm a walker, too. I like to get out and walk all around for hours, and, oh, I'd *hate* to have that taken away from me. I don't like the idea of losing my personal identity into a mass consumption somehow, but I'm not scared either.

Do you feel a big difference between your private self and your public self? Are you aware of becoming a different person onstage?

Oh, Lord. Boy is that a complex question.

I think that anybody who gets onstage becomes somebody different to a degree. There are things — like the way I'm talking right now, back and forth, I can make some kind of coherent sense. When I get onstage and open my mouth it falters, because there's no one person I'm talking to, who I have some suss on their intellectual level, or their acceptance level. When you're talking to a crowd . . . I'll open my mouth as though I'm going to address — you, for example — and I'm not. I'm addressing this monster-ous being, which is a crowd. And what you have to remember is that there is no such thing as a crowd, they are just a collection of individuals. But there won't be any feedback from what I say, or any — "Oh yeah, we understand what you mean, and how about this point of view?" All you get is either a "Yea!" or a "Hey, he's spaced!" or something like that. And so I tend to have learned to more or less keep my mouth shut onstage, unless I really feel moved to make a statement about something, which is rare enough.

I wish it were otherwise. I wish I had the gift of patter onstage. I did have it about 15 to 20 years ago. When Garcia and Nelson and I were playing in the Wildwood Boys, I did the stagemanship. But back in those days, that's what was done. You had to have a line of patter when you were onstage. Nobody was *allowed* to just stand up there and be silent, so I used to drink a lot of beer and rave away.

Are your musical roots basically folk?

I considered myself a folksinger, and then we all became bluegrass musicians, which was a logical extension of that. When it turned rock and roll, I turned to my typewriter. I wasn't really interested in rock and roll, and it still strikes me as odd that I really even did get into it. I thought of myself as a Serious Novelist before I first started writing for the Dead. But, you know, Jerry said, "Look, you're the writer, you write." And . . . OK!

So you never just sat down and decided to be a lyricist.

[Negative noises]

But you did sit down and decide to be a writer.

[Affirmative noises]

What brought that on?

Oh, I've been writing since I was a tad. Always have written.

Did it run in your family?

'I think I have a lyric gift more than I have a prose gift. But I have a novelist mentality'

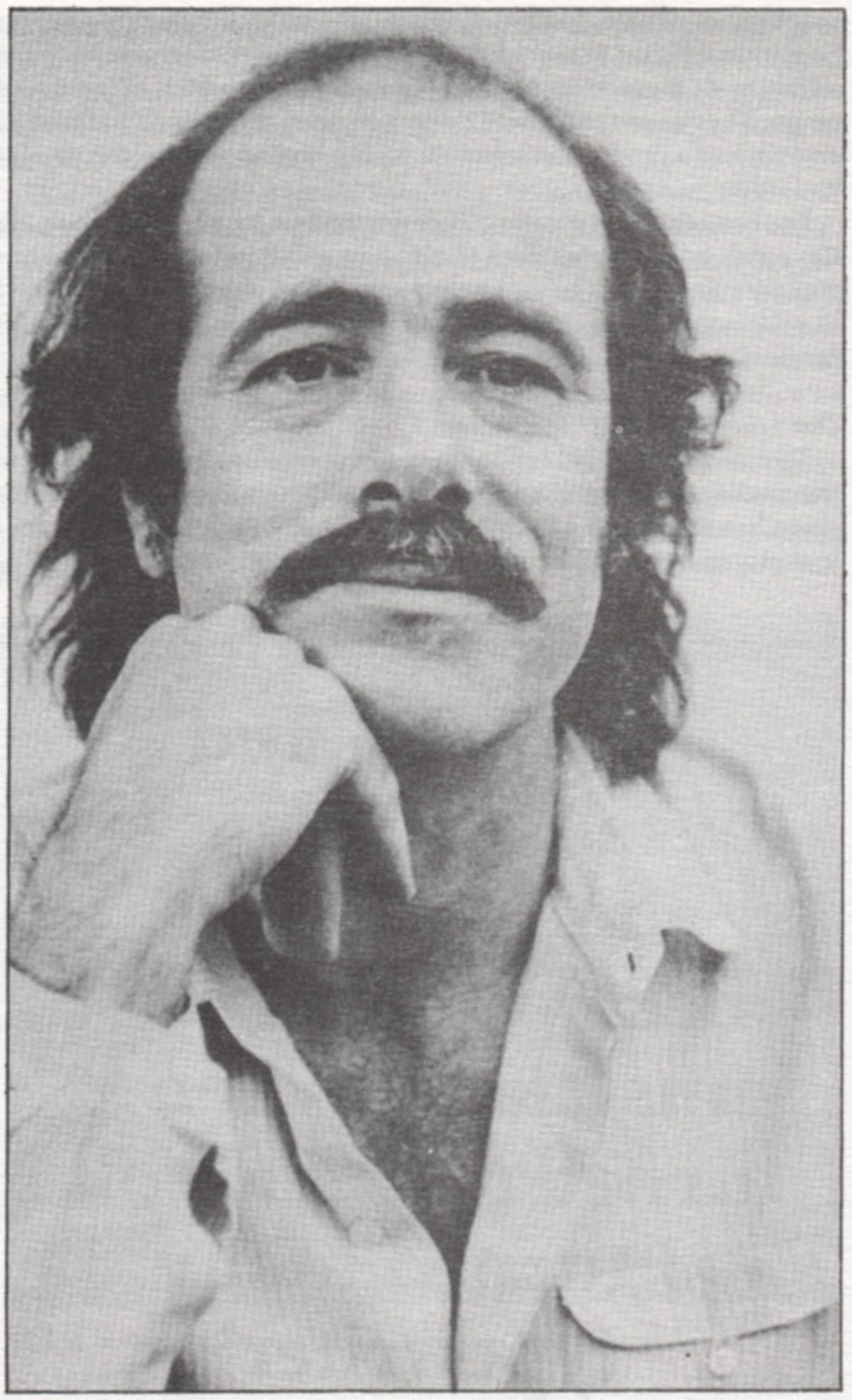


Photo by Jessica Leopard

No, but my father certainly didn't discourage it, being in the book business and everything. Although he told me there was no money to be made in that profession, I wasn't as discouraged from that as I was from my trumpet and violin. [Laughs] Which, after a hard day at work, he would tolerate but not encourage.

Are you from around here?

I'm from up and down the West Coast. I've lived in Portland, Seattle, San Francisco, Palo Alto, Los Angeles, Long Beach, all that, a couple of years in Connecticut, in my growing-up period. Never in one place too long. I think Palo Alto about the longest of all — I spent between 8th and 11th grade there. Up till then I think I went to a different school every year, which certainly helped to develop my outsider feelings, always the new kid in school stuff. I grew up defensive that way, I think.

Is that what made you take up music?

It made me take up books more than anything else. I always had my nose in a book. I was getting away from it.

Did you mostly think that people were bozos when you were that age?

No, I don't think I did. I thought that a lot of them were just better than me. I didn't feel that I was particularly smart, and I felt that they didn't like me for some reason. I think the reason that they didn't like me was that I was too defensive and I would strike first. But I'd just forget it all and bury my nose in *Robin Hood* or something like that, you know. I think my real life was books, in my growing up. So it was only natural that I started writing. I started my first novel when I was 11.

Did you ever get to the point of realizing that people don't act like they do in books?

[Laughs] They don't? Maybe I haven't realized that yet. It depends on which books. A lot of them act like Madame Bovary. Of course, Flaubert has human nature down. And a lot of the great writers do write the way people are, like Thomas Mann in *The Magic Mountain*. This is the way people really *are*. So it depends on the book you're talking about. *Robin Hood*, no.

I became terribly disillusioned through my early 30s about people. And then I think I came to the realization that what I was disappointed in was the way they treated *me*, that they didn't give me what I wanted, the appreciation or whatever that I wanted. And then I began wondering just how much of it I wasn't giving *them*. And there was this sort of turnaround point where I realized that the world is not oriented around me. And then things got easier from that point on.

I haven't fully realized this yet. I can sit down and think it real hard and then go out and direct myself to realize this, but then you get sloppy, and once again it becomes, "They're not very nice to *me*." And it's a totally reactive world that way.

Or else you get to the point where you're really on a roll, and everything is falling into place, and you think it's going to go on like that forever, and then, POW!

Yeah. Pride rideth before a fall. It's a fact. Right now, with all these projects I have going — I'm working on a movie too, *Armageddon Rag*, by George R. R. Martin, a very good science fiction book, which I recommend; I'm doing some soundtrack work for it and making some comments on the scriptwriting process — and opening shows for Garcia, having my album out, having a bunch of my books finished, and things like that — I really have this sitting-on-top-of-the-world feeling. I'm trying to remember, in this flush-of-success feeling I'm having right now, to keep things in proportion, 'cause boy, that fall is bad. That balloon gets deflated as surely as you blow it up.

But right now I feel so positive. It's almost frightening. Things seem to be going my way this week, after about 42 years of preparatory work. We shall see.

Are you still Catholic?

Oh, that's just my upbringing. I think that there's a bit of the Catholic that remains in anybody with the upbringing. It is a certain way of looking at the world — lots of guilt. [Laughs] It doesn't leave you just because you understand it; it's conditioning, and it just behooves you to know that you have it, I think, and to not make too many of your decisions based on known nun-inflicted guilt. The words that'll ring in my head forever: "We don't wear engineer boots at St. Ignatius, Robert." [Laughs]

There just came a point when it no longer was right and I stopped subscribing to it. And then not until 20 years later did I realize that I had the conditioning, because I read some books, like James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. I understand Stephen Daedalus.

Do you feel much sense of being part of a particular literary tradition?

Nothing pops into my mind. I used to say to that question, Robert Burns and Sir Walter Scott, but I don't say that anymore.

Not Beat stuff like Kerouac and Ginsberg?

I don't think my stuff has much resonance with that, does it? It might, I don't know.

Your idiom is completely different.

That's all I meant. I'm certainly simpatico with Kerouac. I think he's one of the finest American writers. Still undiscovered, as far as I'm concerned. Undiscovered for good reasons — I mean, amongst the jewels that Kerouac has come up with you have to go through wheelbarrows of slop. But they're there. *Visions of Cody,* it's there.

But I can understand not liking Kerouac. As a writer, there are things in him that just turn my stomach. How can a guy just slop over a page like this? The urge to reach for the blue pencil is almost irresistible at times. Oh, with Proust too, I've blue-pencilled Proust — I said, "Wait a minute. Dangling subjunctive clauses [Laughs], just whip those things out, and get this in order . . ." Oh yes, I'm an editor, I love to edit. Adjectives, passive voice. Slice, cut.

The best teacher I ever had — At the end of my senior year my English teacher said, "You've got a real gift for the language, Hunter. Trouble is, you never *say* anything." I've got her voice still ringing in my ears. And over the years, that critique applies when I'm writing something. Like, OK, sure, these words are fancy and everything like that. Have you *said* anything? Oh, all right. Say something, huh? Skip the adverbs and the adjectives. They don't *make* color of themselves. Substance makes color.

What are you going to do next?

What I want to do next is work on some material with Garcia. I kind of would like to interest him in doing a song cycle too. And if he goes for it, I'd love to do some collaboration with him on it. He is *so* much fun to collaborate with.

How does it work?

Well, today, for example, I went over with a song I'd written for him. Of course, we have worked a hundred different ways, but this is a pretty good example of how it works. Today I brought a song over, and then he looked at it and said, "How does this go?" And so I reached for his guitar to show him some chords, and he said, "That's a little bit out of tune, there's an acoustic over there." And I was going for that, and he said, "Wait, wait, wait, on second thought, don't play it for me, because when you do it takes a couple of weeks for your changes to get out of my mind so I can get to business with it."

He generally prefers to be just given the lyrics. I generally write a *song*. And with something like "Touch of Gray," which is a bit difficult, he may say, "Well, how do you do this?" to get an idea of how it rolls as a song. But as he says, then it might take him months to get my musical impressions out of his head, because he doesn't use my impressions. He's a creator, and he wants to create his own thing around that. And that's kind of how it works.

And then what he doesn't like in the lyrics, or if he wants more, or less, or different, or something like that, then he expresses his objections about it. And I'll rewrite to specifications. Or argue.

Does he have a deep understanding of the lyrics?

Yeah. Yeah. That's why I can work with him. He does understand what he sings. There's no two ways about that. When I write for him — It's like I told him today. I said, "Your muse visited me last night and said, 'Here's a song for Garcia. Now if he doesn't appreciate it or do something with it, then you can have it, but you've got to give him first choice on it.'" It kind of works that way.

I write differently for Garcia than I write for myself. I write it with the intention of him singing it, and I write things other than I would write with the intention of me singing it. I know the kind of — in a way, through long experience — the sorts of things that he doesn't like to sing about, the sorts of things that don't express *him*. And, like there are attitudes in *Amagamalin Street,* songs that Jerry wouldn't express, and so I skirt those.

Like what?

Oh, just the "Taking Maggie home/She don't wanna stay/We're walking out of here peaceful/Don't stand in our way" — That doesn't fit Garcia's persona, it's not *him*. And I just have to get a suss on — which

'I write differently for Garcia than for myself. You just have to know the cat to some degree to feel what he would express'

we do conversationally — what he likes, what he doesn't like. There's a whole kind of revolutionary rhetoric, sort of things like that, that he just finds *distasteful*. And I've tried on revolutionary songs, everything else, and he says, "Oh, that's great," puts it away, and totally forgets about it.

I see what it is that he does, and what it is that he doesn't do of what I've given him over the years, and I get a bit of a suss of what he feels that he can speak comfortably. There's a range of emotions he doesn't like to talk about, and certain ways of relating, whatever, that aren't *his* ways. And you just have to know the cat to some degree to feel what he would express and what he feels comfortable doing.

So in a way it's like writing a different character?

I couldn't write for Garcia: "I'm comin' to getcha, honey, I'm gonna getcha, I'm gonna getcha, yeah, yeah, yeah!" I wouldn't write that for Garcia, right? I wouldn't do that. You can't imagine him singing that, can you?

Whereas if I were tunesmithing for somebody who I respected who would sing such a thing . . . For the *Armageddon Rag* I'm writing some stuff that I wouldn't write for myself *or* for Garcia, but the character in the movie who's going to be singing this stuff, this is the kind of stuff he'd sing. Some of it's pretty down and dirty, heavy revolutionary punky sort of stuff, some of it. Which is interesting to take a hand at. Plus some '60s-type songs that I'm enjoying writing, knowing what I know now. It's a kind of chance to return.

Right now I think we [the GD] are starting to blossom again. I think there's going to be interesting tidbits flowing out in the next year. The record'll be getting done. It may be the first real high in three years. It's been a slump.

There are people who basically maintain that the Grateful Dead ceased to exist in 1974 and never came back.

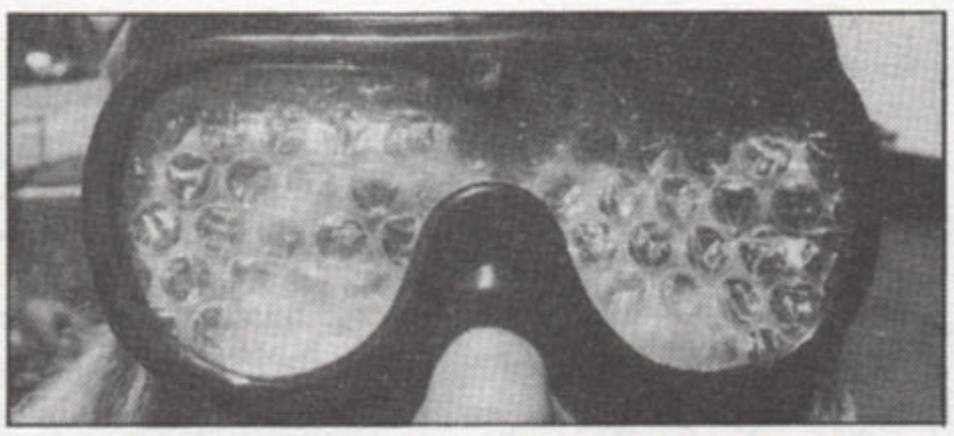
[Pugnacious] We'll see about that. We'll just *see,* huh? See about that. People put expectations on us, they want us to remain what we were, and no human being can do that without becoming totally crystallized. Maybe we're bad, maybe we're not giving them what they expected, but . . .

But that's not what you're for.

No, we're for ourselves, more than anything else, for our own musical development. If it goes through a slump, it goes through a slump. But I think we've made a bit of a career of meeting different expectations than are had of us, starting with *Workingman's Dead,* which was *just a joy* [big grin] to drop on them after the psychedelia, and to see how their heads would explode on that one. And maybe we'll do it again.

The only explanation for all of this, and the length of time it's taking to make the album, and all the years like that is just *phenomenal* untogetherness. We've been in a slump, we haven't been together, except onstage, I suppose. I think it's a natural change, and I believe that with enough good will among the members that it *is* coming together again. I get the feeling it is. I do hope so. We shall see. □

The Golden Road's HOLIDAY GIFT IDEAS!



WONDA-SPEX — How many times have you had your Grateful Dead concert experience ruined by a blinding flash from one of Phil Lesh's tie-dye shirts? Last year at Santa Fe alone, three people stumbled into the medical tent claiming temporary sight loss. Well, now there's an answer for those of you who still insist on being up close on the left-hand side of the stage. New Wonda-Spex, with the miracle polarizing agent Phil-Ban™, effectively cut down glare to nearly safe levels. Tested extensively in the late '60s by National Guard troops tired of being routed by tie-dye-clad hippies at demonstrations, Wonda-Spex will have you saying "*Which* guy with the black T-shirt?" Priced to sell at $44.50 per pair (anti-black light poster lenses optional).



KAFTAN OVERSTOCK! — The Dead have had marketing failures galore over the years, but nothing to match the Egypt '78 fiasco. In an effort to market Dead apparel to the native Egyptians, the Dead made a line of specially designed kaftans that they sold cheaply at the Giza shows. Unfortunately, Rock Scully of the Dead organization did faulty research when looking into how to write "Grateful Dead in Egypt" in Arabic, and instead they printed up 600 kaftans that said, "He who sleeps with the camels," a high insult in Egypt. Three were sold to Westerners who didn't know any better, but the rest remain, ready to be sold at the rock-bottom price of $21.50.



TI AMO, **BY ROBERTO** — You probably know him as Bob Weir, but the truth is that for the past three years Bobby has become an international superstar and sex symbol under the simple moniker "Roberto." This is the actual Italian pressing of his acclaimed first album which, besides containing such smashes as "It's Amore," "Finiculi Finicula" and "Lara's Theme" from *Dr. Zhivago* in Flemish, also features "Looks Like Rain" in perfect Sicilian. And if you've ever wondered why the Dead haven't played Europe for so long, it's because "Roberto" doesn't want his lucrative career jeopardized by having his true identity known. A great album for the ladies, and just $9.98. Also available on cassette.



THE JERRY GLOVE — An authentic replica of the glove Jerry wore on his right hand during the entire fall '82 tour! This isn't a cheap polyester Taiwanese replica like the kind you see advertised in other so-called Dead magazines, but a genuine copy of Jerry's own jute burlap-with-sequins-and-glitter original. A veritable steal at a mere $17.75. Hurry, because the Jacksons' "Victory" tour has already bought most of our overstock!



HOW TO GET BACKSTAGE — A book so packed with valuable information, if you *don't* get backstage after reading it, we'll pay the hospital bills. *How to Get Backstage* features a foreward by Dead roadie Steve Parish and covers such invaluable topics as: when to offer the unlimited use of your American Express Gold Card to the road crew member manning the door; how to marry a band member; the illicit bribe — how much is too much (and too little); how to hang-glide into the backstage area of outdoor shows without landing in the barbeque pit. Over 50 methods tested by *The Golden Road* staff over the years. A giveaway at $5.50.



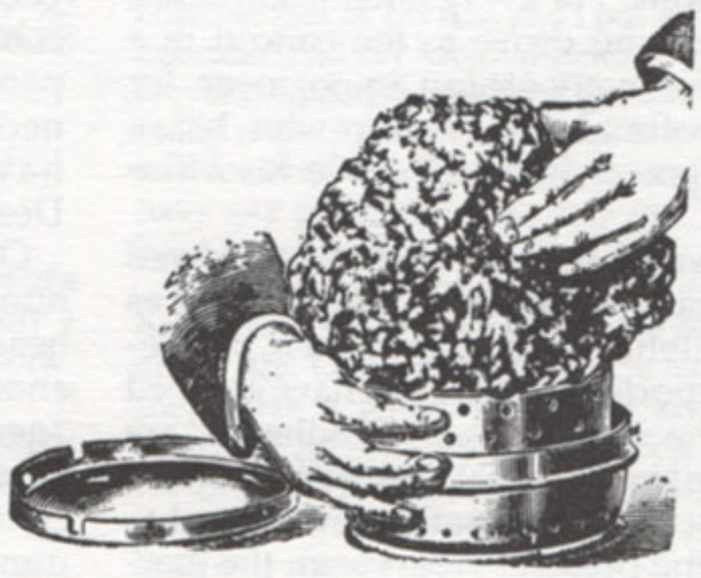
THE HITCHHIKER'S TOUR KIT — Put an end to anxious minutes spent scrounging for materials to make signs out of. This kit has everything you need: pre-made, hand-ripped cardboard signs with messages pre-scrawled in felt tip pen, including: "I Need A Ticket," "Red Rocks," "'Shrooms?" "Oregon," the ever-popular "Spare Change?" and many more suitable for nearly every Dead occasion. Not $15, not $10, but only $8.50.



TIE-DYE MINK — For the Deadhead who has everything, the ultimate in winter Dead show wear. Not merely conventional white mink that has been tie-dyed, these pelts come from minks raised on a steady diet of hallucinogens, so the colors are 100 percent natural. They're not for everyone, of course, especially at the prohibitive price of $18,300 for a full-length coat.



THE LOST DEAD CONCERT — In August of 1967, the Grateful Dead were booked to play a show at a tiny civic auditorium in the Northern California community of Pleasant Acre. The promoter hired a locally based surrealist artist named Vincent de Fromage to create a poster advertising the show. Unfortunately, in his eagerness to ape the style of the blossoming S.F. poster movement, de Fromage came up with a design which was literally *unreadable*. Though displayed throughout Northern California, not one person realized that it advertised a gig. The result? The Dead played a concert before five people — three friends of the band, the red-faced promoter and de Fromage, who was killed later that year when he jumped off the Golden Gate Bridge as part of a conceptual art project. Only 2000 of these posters remain. A team of experts on psychedelia believe they are close to deciphering it after more than 15 years of intense study. A real bargain at just $12.50.



THE BRAIN BOX — Our best seller! The perfect tool for true relaxation on the road or during a grueling run of shows. Simply place your frazzled brain in this box filled with a solution of salt water and Tang, let it sit overnight and you're ready for more abuse the next morning. Yes, this *is* the same brain box the Dead themselves have used for nearly seven years. $107.50 (does not include Tang).

Deadhead Professionals

White Collar Workers with Tie-dye Hearts

By Regan McMahon

The scene outside a Grateful Dead show is a familiar one. Familiar not only to the concert-going cognoscenti, but to denizens of a Moroccan open-air market as well. Faint strains of acoustic music waft through the trees — or parking lot — as teeming humanity wanders among craftspeople selling their wares. Unleashed animals sniff around and through impromptu "shops," for which a blanket is the only overhead, and barter is as common as currency. Leather goods, jewelry, rubber stamps, tie-dyed and silk-screened shirts, photographs and sandwiches are offered by friendly folk who pour out of beat-up vans, wildly painted old schoolbuses, or who made it there by thumb-power. It's a colorful and lively scene for the buyers, a way to support a tour habit for the sellers.

To a passerby or one of the inevitable media representatives jotting down "time warp" for the lead of a Grateful Dead concert review or readying the mini-cam to catch footage for a TV special on "Hippies — Where Are They Now?" the assumption is that all Deadheads make their living like the ragged bunch hawking handmade goods outside the show. But as we know, Deadheads come in all shapes, sizes and professions. For every hitchhiker there's a doctor who drove to the concert in a BMW, for every artisan an engineer, for every beltmaker a lawyer who has a Garcia poster hanging above his office desk.

The world at large has long considered Deadheads as much a phenomenon as the Grateful Dead, but in their puzzlement reporters and the like have grabbed onto the notion that Deadheads are mired in the '60s, that they suffer from an aberrant social stagnation and refusal to live in the present. Apart from the inaccuracy of that view, they have missed one of the most fascinating aspects of the Deadhead audience: that it includes many professionals, people with stable, interesting and fulfilling careers — the kind of people that society normally puts its stamp of approval on.

So the question arises, why would a so-called pillar of the community, a presumably serious individual who had to go through a lot of school and a lot of trouble to obtain whatever credentials were required in his or her field, why would such a person become or, in the case of a longtime fan, remain a Deadhead? While their up-and-coming colleagues dip their toes at the country club pool, Deadhead professionals spend their leisure time trading tapes and having fun in the casual environment of a Dead show. What is it about them, or perhaps more to the point, what is it about the Dead and their music that accounts for this intriguing juxtaposition of lifestyles? And what kind of overlap is there from one world into the other?

We put the question to our subscribers last issue and got a tremendous response. There were those who were fairly isolated in their love of the Dead — even those who confessed that at work they were "in the closet" about being a Deadhead, and those who said they lead a "double life" — but the vast majority boasted knowing many other Deadhead professionals in their own field as well as in others. Many said they enjoyed a kind of networking that came from meeting people at shows who were involved in the same career area, or conversely, encountering people in the course of their work who, once they found they had an interest in the Dead in common, became good friends. Over and over I heard the comment: "I've met so many interesting people, and I've made professional connections with people that I wouldn't have met had we not both been Deadheads."

One demographic explanation for the number of professionals among Deadheads, of course, is that the Dead audience spans three decades and even more "generations" of fans. It's virtually unheard of in rock for a group to maintain a concert-going crowd that has significant numbers of people who are into their 30s and beyond. So, given the fact that as people get older they tend to settle into careers, it's understandable that fans of a band that is innovative, experimental, lyrically provocative and musically challenging would be drawn to fields that also offer a great deal of challenge and intellectual stimulation. But those careers are also filled with stress and materialistic peer pressure. Consequently, many of our subscribers described their life in the Dead scene as a way to "get away from the yuppies," a place to escape from the straight professional world, a retreat where they can relax with people who share values more similar to their own.

In commenting on whether the Dead actually affect their work, some replied that their career choice was based on the need for a schedule and income that would allow for following the band around on tours. Others told of how the apparent values that seep through the Dead's somewhat morally ambivalent lyrics had influenced their own value system and affected how they dealt with employees and clients. And a large number saw the style of the Dead's music as a metaphor, almost a model for practicing whatever one's craft is: to never settle for doing things by rote, to try to do your work in a new, different and better way each time out, always striving to push the boundaries of what you're capable of. And many took inspiration from the way the Dead have handled their own career: choosing to do what was satisfying to them with utter disregard for what their industry thought of them — and succeeding.

Rather than continue to summarize and paraphrase professionals' insights and reflections, let the words be theirs, I am done with mine. What follows is a combination of letters from and transcriptions of conversations I had with Deadhead professionals who were kind enough to take the time to respond to our inquiry. (Apologies to those I was unable to reach by telephone due to time constraints.)

■■■

Sean Carlsen, Registered Nurse
Antioch, California

While in the park across from the San Francisco Civic Auditorium before one of the New Year's '83-84 shows, I watched a reporter from KGO radio [the local ABC affiliate] interviewing what most people consider the given at a Dead show — a guy with his hair down to mid-back, wearing a tie-dye T-shirt from Red Rocks, a borrowed pair of surgery pants and no shoes. I used to be just like that guy, and I started wondering how many other people used to be like that, have changed their attire considerably and still follow the Dead as

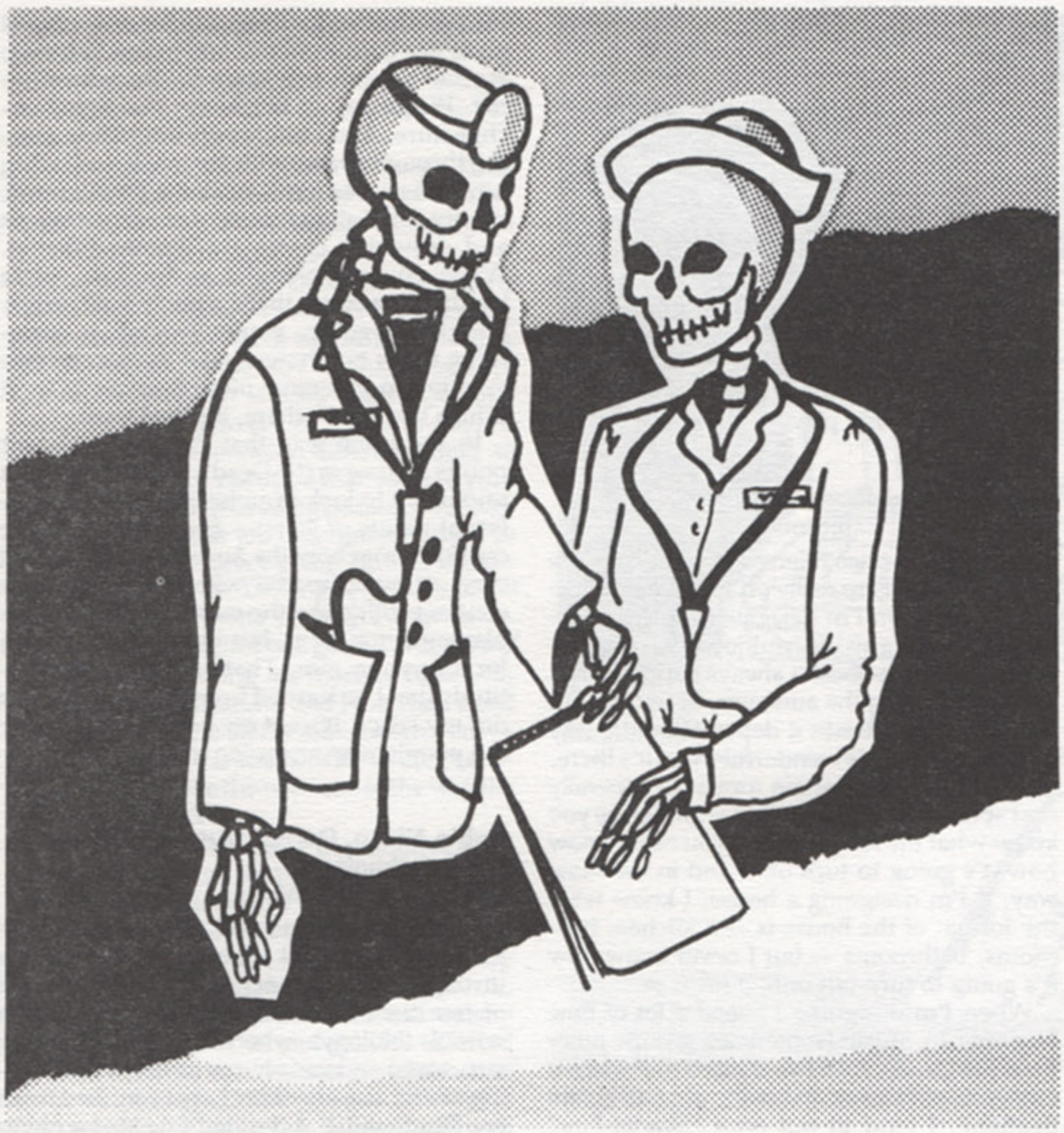


Illustration by Christin Adams, Waltham, MA

closely as their lives and income will allow.

So while KGO was out there interviewing the "old hippies," I started talking to other "old hippies" that *didn't* look the part. It was fascinating. I found out that I wasn't the only person there making $30,000 a year and who hadn't compromised my value system along the way. I met two physicians — one Emergency M.D. from Oakland, CA, and one internist from Caldwell, Idaho; a systems analyst for IBM from L.A. and his girlfriend, a real estate agent; a 49-year-old lady who is a supervisor for Ma Bell; an entymologist from Stanislaus County, CA who was in charge of the entire Central San Joaquin Valley war against the Medfly; four lawyers from New York City; three bankers from San Francisco; and the list goes on and on.

I myself am a registered nurse who works in Emergency Medicine. At age 33, I was beginning to feel like maybe I should start putting some of the Dead stuff behind me, because maybe my co-workers are right — I can't be a Deadhead all my life. Bullshit! Blair's book [*Grateful Dead, The Music Never Stopped,* Delilah Books, 1983] has helped me to see that what I am today has a lot to do with everything I've done since January 14, 1967 (my first Dead concert), and although we're from two different camps, we can still coexist.

Steven R. Gayle, Deputy State Public Defender
Golden, Colorado

Having grown up in Palo Alto and Berkeley, I've been a Deadhead for some 17 years and have Deadhead friends around the world engaged in various endeavors. I have an Argentine compadre who tramps the jungles of Central America with Eden Pastora s revolutionary army, listening to live Dead on his walkman; another Deadhead friend is a West German attorney active in the European "Green" movement; still others are Colorado public defenders, doctors and dentists here on the Front Range and beyond. Each is unique in his own right, yet shares that "advanced sense of adventure" that links them to each other and to the Grateful Dead in ways that are difficult to define yet are powerful life influences.

Beth Malks, Consulting Environmental Engineer
Cheshire, Connecticut

Much to my surprise, I've become more of a Deadhead as I've moved up — probably a reaction to the "home, T-bills, cars and work" emphasis around me; sort of a life raft. It keeps me sane but creates a schizoid situation: mild-mannered engineer by day, Deadhead by night!

Mark Schwartz, Research Chemist
Newark, Delaware

I am a Ph.D. research chemist for Du Pont, working on a blood analyzer for hospital labs. I am hopefully making medical care cheaper and better. More importantly, maybe I am influencing Du Pont to my way of life, my way of thinking, more than they are influencing me. Sure I cut my hair, wear a suit and even removed my two earrings (something I swore I would never do), but that's all surface phenomena. Like the Trojan horse, my looks are deceiving — once they accept me inside the walls, I will show my true colors and prevail. Spreading some of the karma, ideals, good will and higher consciousness among people whose whole vision stops at their paycheck and promotions will hopefully make Du Pont and the world a little more peaceful, honest and easier for everybody to live in. After all, being a Deadhead is more than simply getting stoned and going to shows. That's why we are a culture and not just groupies.

I've tried explaining the Dead, their music, Deadheadism to some of the more enlightened corporates. Though they smile and nod, it's no substitute for the actual experience, which they will never experience. I keep hoping that maybe someday the boardroom gossip might be, "Did ya catch that great 'China-Rider' jam last night at the Greek? Jerry was *hot!*" How could they then discuss the sale of radioactive plutonium to the U.S. government for nuclear bombs in the next breath?

Although I consider myself pretty mellow compared to most people, I attempt to subscribe to the Neal Cassady philosophy of life. When things at work get tough, especially the politics, I grit my teeth and jump in and jam, as Neal drove his bus — blind energy, balls out, always forward. The Dead have done the same — they have survived with flying colors by taking the chance, following the improvisation to higher ground and being very good at their craft, caring about their music and us, performing, working hard (contrary to popular belief, touring is hard work), succeeding in and in spite of society. I believe I am better at what I do because of this attitude. While it occasionally gets me in trouble or isolates me, I have the edge on the basic corporate planar personality. Many of my corporate associates don't understand, but they respect the "crazy chemist down the hall."

Last but not least — the toughest part — is when friends come over, pick up the bong (not knowing what it is) and turn it upside down. Every try to explain old bong water to someone who thinks Barry Manilow is cool?

Laurie Farrow, Attorney
Berkeley, California

The first year I was with the firm I tried to keep the fact that I was a Deadhead quiet. But I was uncomfortable about that and finally decided to just be myself, and I put up my Dead calendar and my Golden Road to Unlimited Devotion poster, and they thought that was really neat. And now I think I'm a recruiting tool for the firm. They used to say "We even have gay partners," now they say "We even have a Deadhead."

Being involved in the whole Dead scene helps me keep perspective on the other parts of my life. One problem lawyers have is that they have a tendency to only know other lawyers. So they become boring and too focused on their work. And I don't think people who get that way do as good a job as lawyers — quite apart from the job they do as human beings. By spending as much time as I do in the Dead scene I keep exposing myself to other people who have a completely different set of aspirations and ideas about what's important in life than the people I spend my working hours with. And that really helps me. The best vacation I ever had in my life was the Summer Tour '83 — just getting away from all the yuppies.

I think the reason there are a lot of professional Deadheads is that the Grateful Dead is a band for thinking people. They're a band

that can really appeal to imaginative, creative, smart people because of the spirit of the lyrics, and how the lyrics can paint word pictures that can speak volumes to you every time you hear them; it's unique every time. And the newness of the jamming and improvisation, never being satisfied that they've created the perfect entity and now we'll go on playing it like this forever — that constant striving for something new and better is something that can really appeal to people who live their lives that way.

My parents aren't too happy that I'm still seeing the Dead, though. I stopped going to shows when I was in law school (U.C. Berkeley's Boalt Hall) because I thought I needed to concentrate, but then I started seeing them again and do so more now than I ever did in college (Pomona College). My father is a lawyer back in Wisconsin, where I grew up, and he once sued the Dead! He was representing a concert promoter who sued to get back an advance when the Dead refused do go on at a festival when it was pouring rain and the stage wasn't fully covered. The suit was settled out of court while I was in law school.

Tom Malloy, Professor of Psychology, Statistics, Writing
Christine Mitchell, Research Consultant, State Department of Corrections
Salt Lake City, Utah

We are a professional couple and both Deadheads. We see as many Dead shows as resources allow (15 shows in '82, 16 shows in '83). Tom is a professor of psychology at the University of Utah and teaches psychology, statistics and writing. Christine has a Ph.D. and is a research consultant (program evaluator) for the Department of Corrections of the State of Utah. We live together along with Tom's three children, all of whom are in college and are Deadheads. The oldest child, Beth, is nearing completion of a degree in electrical engineering and will carry on the professional Deadhead tradition into the next generation.

Speaking for myself — Tom — much of my teaching is done through what I call "improvisational metaphors," broad metaphors that I have developed but that I change and re-create on the spot as I teach a particular group of students about a particular subject. I find what the Dead do onstage to be similar enough to what I'm doing to gain some inspiration and courage to go on risking standing up in public and doing everything different each time I do it.

Jen Levin, Psychotherapist
Petersborough, New Hampshire

I have no trouble being a Deadhead and a therapist. And working in the health services, I have met lots and lots of Deadheads. Maybe that's because we health services types know that if you get confused, all you gotta do is listen to the music play.

Andrew Wernick, Architect
San Francisco, California

Jerry Garcia once referred to what happens when the Dead are really on as "escape velocity." And when I'm designing a piece of architecture it's a wonderful joy to achieve escape velocity. It doesn't always happen. A lot of it depends on the audience, or in this case the client; sometimes it depends on the way I'm feeling. But it's wonderful when it's there.

The Dead use a certain format — generally first set, second set — and as an audience you know what the format is, but you never know how it's going to turn out. And in the same way, if I'm designing a house, I know what the format of the house is — a kitchen, bedrooms, bathrooms — but I never know how it's going to turn out until it turns out.

When I'm designing I spend a lot of time listening to music (sometimes groups other than the Dead). And I've noticed that when it comes to an hour or an hour and a half before deadline, I tend to put on a "Scarlet-Fire" because the type of energy and attitude is great for a deadline . . . for truckin' through space. When I'm working on a difficult problem and I need clarity, a piece like "Morning Dew" or "Stella Blue" would be better. When I'm just starting out on a design, sometimes I'll put on "Dark Star" to loosen up. Because starting a project is like leaping into the unknown, and it's always helpful to listen to music in which the musicians are leaping into the unknown.

When I experience architectural spaces or landscape architecture, a lot of times I apply musical themes to the space. For example, if I go to the Palace of Fine Arts in San Francisco around sunset and listen to "Dark Star" on my Walkman, it heightens the actual architecture. And I find it very interesting moving through spaces with the music and seeing how the spaces feel. I think the Dead's music is very three-dimensional. Looking at spaces and designing spaces are slightly different. When you're looking at architecture you're looking at a space that's already built. When you're designing, you're looking at something that's not there. And if there's one musical group that more often than not looks at things that aren't there, it's the Dead.

In the same way that there are different points of view in the Dead's music, I think it's important to look at architecture from all different points of view — from the inside, the outside, from how the husband and wife will view it, as compared with the kids, or the contractor. It's like the music — the Dead are playing it for them, but they're also playing for everyone else. That's an important attitude that I've learned from the Dead: that it's not my space, it's not my architecture, it's for the people who are going to use it.

Robin Nixon, Documentation Specialist (Biotechnology)
San Francisco, California

Being a Deadhead has *grately* affected my professional life, all along the way. I've gone through being a student with a large amount of free time but no money to teaching high school (biology) where the vacations are structured and you always have to start working on the Tuesday after Labor Day (bad news for Deadheads!). I decided I needed a career with the right combination of freedom, flexibility and salary to be compatible with my life with the Grateful Dead.

I grew up and went to college in Boston, did graduate work in Syracuse and taught in New Hampshire. I was always dreaming of San Francisco because I had worked there during summers in college and felt my spirit was always there. I also wished there was a Deadhead city where we all lived and where the band played a lot. While on the Northwest/Southwest tour of '81 I decided I could not wait until Christmastime to spend a few



weeks in the Bay Area, only to leave again. I gave my school district two weeks' notice and never went back. I found the closest thing to the Deadhead city of my dreams was the Bay Area.

Fate was at work, I guess, because within five months I was working as a research assistant at the top biotechnology company in the country, Genentech, Inc.

The biggest effect the Dead has had on my career since being at Genentech is influencing my decision to get out of the lab into the desk job I have now. In the lab I was handling all of this hazardous shit labeled "poison," "biohazard," "radioactive," etc., and it freaked me out. It's an entirely different thing to choose to ingest a chemical than to have your employer tell you that using hazardous chemicals is part of your job description! I used to have a terrible conflict going back to the lab after being with the Dead and Deadheads at places like the Veneta County Fairgrounds. It got to where I didn't feel good about myself at shows. They bring me more in tune with the universe and nature, and I then had a real hard time with the sterile lab environment — the white walls, the stainless steel, the chemicals. It seemed like the opposite of the way the Dead make me feel.

For me, the Dead make the difference between existing and *living*. My career is important in my life, and I feel I am using my education in a beneficial and stimulating way. However, the Dead are my inspiration. They have ignited in me a spark that affects all I do. It's too easy to get sentimental and mushy when talking about it, and I'd like to avoid that. Let it suffice to say that a profession that fits in with being a Deadhead was essential to me. I would give up any job if it ever infringed too deeply on what is the most joyous aspect of my life, celebrating and sharing with the Dead and Deadheads.

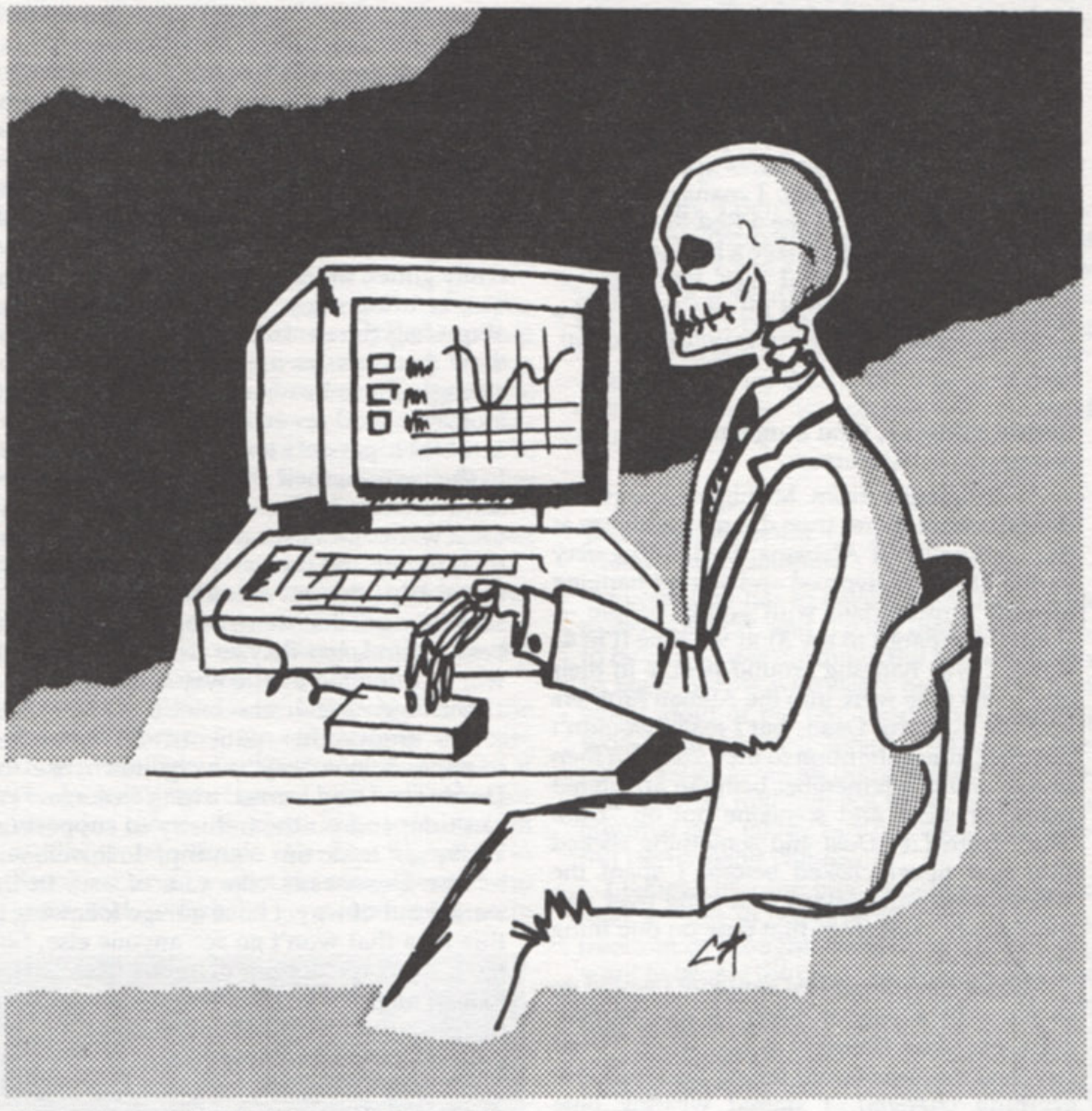


Illustration by Christin Adams, Waltham, MA

Stuart Nixon, Clinical Data Services Manager (Biotechnology)
San Francisco, California

My background is in both biology and computers, and what I do now is manage a department of 16 people at Genentech that is involved in the analysis of medical research. The guys in the lab clone stuff, then take the clone and ferment it, then make unique drugs from the clone — such as insulin for diabetics, gamma interferon for cancer, a human growth hormone for hypopituitary dwarfism, a new drug for dissolving blood clots, especially in heart patients. We handle the computer data on testing drugs, data that is used by the company when it tries to get a drug approved by the Food and Drug Administration.

In science, you can get way out there where it becomes art. It's only at that point that I can relate my work in science to the Dead. Because I think they are pure art. At a Dead show, I become my other ego — from the complete scientist to being completely non-analytical. I become completely open. I take the trip. It's my relief. If I were analytical all the time, I'd go crazy.

Going to Dead shows has also taught me patience, because there's a lot of waiting — waiting in line, at the break. And so I have more patience with people on the job, more of a mellowness when faced with the hecticness of everyday life.

Rob Savoye, Computer Specialist
Shepherdstown, West Virginia

I run my own computer company from my house in the mountains of West Virginia. Most of my work is in the Baltimore-Washington D.C. area, with a little in the small town near my house. I hire out my skills as a computer expert (ha!) to anyone. After doing this for several years, my work is in demand. Since I'm pretty good at what I do, my clients understand my need for more vacations than the average person — to go on East Coast tours.

My long hair and funny-looking T-shirts actually help me get work: good programmers are known to be eccentric, and being a Deadhead is definitely different.

The Deadhead family helps me out a lot, keeping in touch between tours, keeping me informed of dates. They help me in and out of touring with such good energy that the transition back and forth is smooth.

Tim Wachtel, Attorney
Santa Ana, California

I'm with an ultra-conservative Orange County firm, where it wouldn't be unusual to walk into an office and find a picture of Ronald Reagan on the wall. And I'm a very liberal Democrat. But my personal experience is that they just grade me on my work (I specialize in personal injury cases). The fact that I'm a Deadhead is just a joking matter. If, say, there's an article on the Dead in *People* magazine, when I go to work I'll find two or three copies of *People* on my desk — anytime anything at all comes up about the Grateful Dead, 40-, 50- and 60-year-old partners will call me and tell me, even at home. They regard it as a hobby, even though for the last five years all my vacation time has been spent going to see the Grateful Dead.

I'm 35, and my wife and I have been married 16 years. We have two sons, — Lincoln, 15 and Dylan, 14 — and they've been to 20 or 30 shows. They saw their first show in '77. Sometimes they like the Dead and sometimes they don't. They're also really into The Clash. We go on vacation just like any other tourist family: we go and see the local sites in the daytime, and instead of watching TV in a motel room at night, we go to a Dead show. Just your standard middle-American tourists — with a bumper sticker that says "Jerry Saves"!

Jonathan Hoffman, Petroleum Geologist
Los Angeles, California

I never really thought I'd be doing something like working for an oil company. I've been with Texaco five years, but I've been with the Dead 15! I went to school at U.C. Santa Barbara and was always very heavily environmentally inclined. And then in graduate school at the University of Montana I was studying environmental geology; I was interested in geology primarily because I loved the Earth. And I think if I hadn't been a Deadhead — this whole background of gathering experience, no matter what that experience is — I think I might have been a little bit narrower and might have felt like "Well, I can't even experience what it would be like to work at one of these companies because I'm an environmentalist." Instead of looking at the broader spectrum and realizing: "Well, I'm an environmentalist, but I'm also some-

body who's trying to find out as much about everything as I can."

To me, the Grateful Dead sort of represent the epitome, in a musical expression, of just going for it with life in all its aspects. I can't hit the road and travel to a lot of concerts now, but every now and then I manage to work things in, like I got to see a Red Rocks show because I happened to have a business meeting in Denver the next day. Being an oil geologist can't be all bad if I can check out a Grateful Dead show on an expense account!

Bernie Bildman, Oral Surgeon
Birmingham, Alabama

I'm originally from Michigan. I went to dental school there, then did my residency at the University of Alabama. Back in the very early '70s I got divorced and started hanging around Birmingham with young people — young compared to my 31 at the time (I'm 43 now). I was hanging around people in their late teens who were into the Allman Brothers and the Grateful Dead, but I really wouldn't pay that much attention to the Dead. But then one evening, I remember being in an altered frame of mind and someone put on "Dark Star" from *Live Dead* and something clicked that had never clicked before. I spent the whole weekend playing that song over and over again. And from that time on one thing led to another.

I was a traditional oral surgeon: I would go to work in a pair of slacks, a nice-looking shirt, etc. And needless to say, when I went psychedelic and started seeing the Dead, everything changed. I started wearing blue jeans, and all my values just flip-flopped. I just decided what was important and what wasn't. I grew a beard, I totally changed my office, which had been the traditional yellow walls and Muzak — I had this friend of mine who was an artist come in and paint the entire waiting room from floor to ceiling with huge psychedelic murals, the most bizarre thing you've ever seen, and I started playing live Grateful Dead tapes. Needless to say, I lost about 80 percent of my referral practice. You see, as an oral surgeon, I depend on dentists and orthodontists to send me patients who need surgery that they can't or won't do. But I was intent on sticking it out because I felt real strong that quality made the difference. And I retained a number of people that believed in me. None of the dentists really know what happened; they just think I flipped. And the ones that stuck by me never asked any questions, they just knew that although I was different, every patient they sent to me was satisfied.

I got a lot from the Dead, listening to their lyrics — not them telling me the way it ought to be, but understanding that their trip was very similar to what I was getting into. I just kind of resonated with their space, which is that it's more important to offer quality and a good service and do a people-to-people contact than it is to make a lot of bucks. So over the years, since '71, I've established a real high-quality, low-cost practice. I decided I would never raise my fees unless I had to. So I still have the same fee level that I had 12 years ago. For example, I charge $15 to pull a tooth; the oral surgeons up the street charge $35. I charge $250, including putting someone to sleep, to surgically remove wisdom teeth; the other dentists are charging between $500 and $600. But I'm single and I still manage to make a very nice living. So I figure, why ask people to pay for something that I have no need for?

So have they affected my practice? I'd say yes, not *because* of them but *along* with them. I've re-muralized my office; it's still the craziest, weirdest place you've ever seen, real bright and different. I still wear shorts and flip-flops when it's hot in the summertime to pull teeth. And I've gotten a pretty good following. The thing that's interesting that I've really gotten off on is that all the dentists who quit sending me patients — and even today about half the dentists in the area won't send their patients to me because it's just too strange; these heavy-duty Southern Baptists look at me and see evil — these dentists won't send their patients to me, but when it comes to their wives, their children, guess who they send them to? When it gets down to it and they want the best oral surgeon, they send their family and themselves to my office. And it just trips me out when they do it. What it says to me is that these people think I am the best around, but they're afraid their patients will be offended by the way that I am.

The biggest referral service that I have now comes from other patients. So what has happened in a way is very much like the Dead. The Dead learned a long time ago, "We can't depend on the industry to support us. We've got to do our own trip, do it well, and let the Deadheads take care of us." In the same kind of way, I have a huge following in this area that won't go see anyone else. So I have so to speak been divorced from having to lean on the dental community, because the people support me. About 90 percent of my patients now are simply patient referral, so I don't have to kiss ass, because I don't have to depend on those people.

Ken Schwartz, Ph.D., Earth and Space Sciences, doing post-doctoral work in mineral physics and mineral chemistry at Lawrence Livermore Laboratory
Pleasant Hill, California

As a geology major at M.I.T., I learned how to put my life in a much larger frame of reality, because you are constantly dealing with things in terms of millions and billions of years. You put yourself in perspective, but in a way that doesn't discount or minimize what you are, because you're a part of the same process. So it keeps you from being too egocentered, while at the same time it keeps you from feeling insignificant because even though it's an immensely long process that went on long before there was any life or any people, and will continue to go on long after everything is dissipated on this planet, you're still part of the process, part of what's going on.

In an analogous way, a Grateful Dead concert gives you a different view of that same whole process of it being a different reality — but it's a huge expanse of imagination instead of time that you can use to put yourself into the perspective of a larger reality, but again without minimizing your individual contribution to that reality.

I know a whole brood of Deadheads who are geologists at the Geological Survey in Menlo Park, and all of M.I.T. was steeped in the Dead, including the geology department. And there were lots of Deadheads in geology at Stonybrook, where I did my graduate work. Every place I've ever been with geologists I've run into other Deadheads.

Jim Huycke, MSW, Drug Abuse Prevention Coordinator
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

I'm 26 and have worked for several years in alcohol and drug abuse treatment jobs. But the agency I work for now is not a treatment agency — it's for information and referral. The most common thing is that someone will come through the door and say, "Hey, I found this on the street (translation: Someone sold this to me) and I want to know what it is." And we'll identify it for him. We're there to get information out on the street — not to lay a yes or no trip — so people can make informed choices by themselves.

What the Dead have given me in terms of a philosophy of working with people in therapy is always being willing to die, to let go of what you call your own boundaries. It's that paradoxical thing in the name Grateful Dead — the idea that you have to let go of what you're holding on to now to be able to get more life. I think that pain comes from holding on to a negative thought or feeling. "You're afraid to let go because you're afraid to fall, but the day may come when you don't feel at all" — I find myself quoting Dead lyrics to my clients all the time.

Jo Yaffe, MSW, Professor, School of Social Welfare
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

I'm 36 and I've been seeing the Dead since the Boston Tea Party in '67. The Dead have helped me keep a real positive perspective on life. Working in social welfare, I always try to look for the positive in every problem I face. And as a professor (at the University of Wisconsin), I try to instill in my students that they should strive to maintain a sense of joy and look for the connections rather than look at the separateness.

I look at the Dead as a kind of recharging. I get really drained during the fall and spring, and then by touring in the summer I get rejuvenated — I feel like I'm with my people again. That makes me a lot more positive when I come back to school.

Jeff Jacobs, Attorney
Rochester, New York

I am an attorney working for the Public Defender's Office in Monroe County.

When I see someone in court wearing a Dead shirt, or button, or tattoo, I generally go out of my way to help them out. Most often they are charged with petty drug offenses that can be quickly disposed of with the right words. I focus on: 1) getting the person out of jail; 2) getting the charges resolved (either through dismissal or plea bargain involving no jail); and 3) getting the person on his/her way — this is particularly important when the Dead play in Rochester and and the Deadhead/defendant wants to catch the rest of the tour.

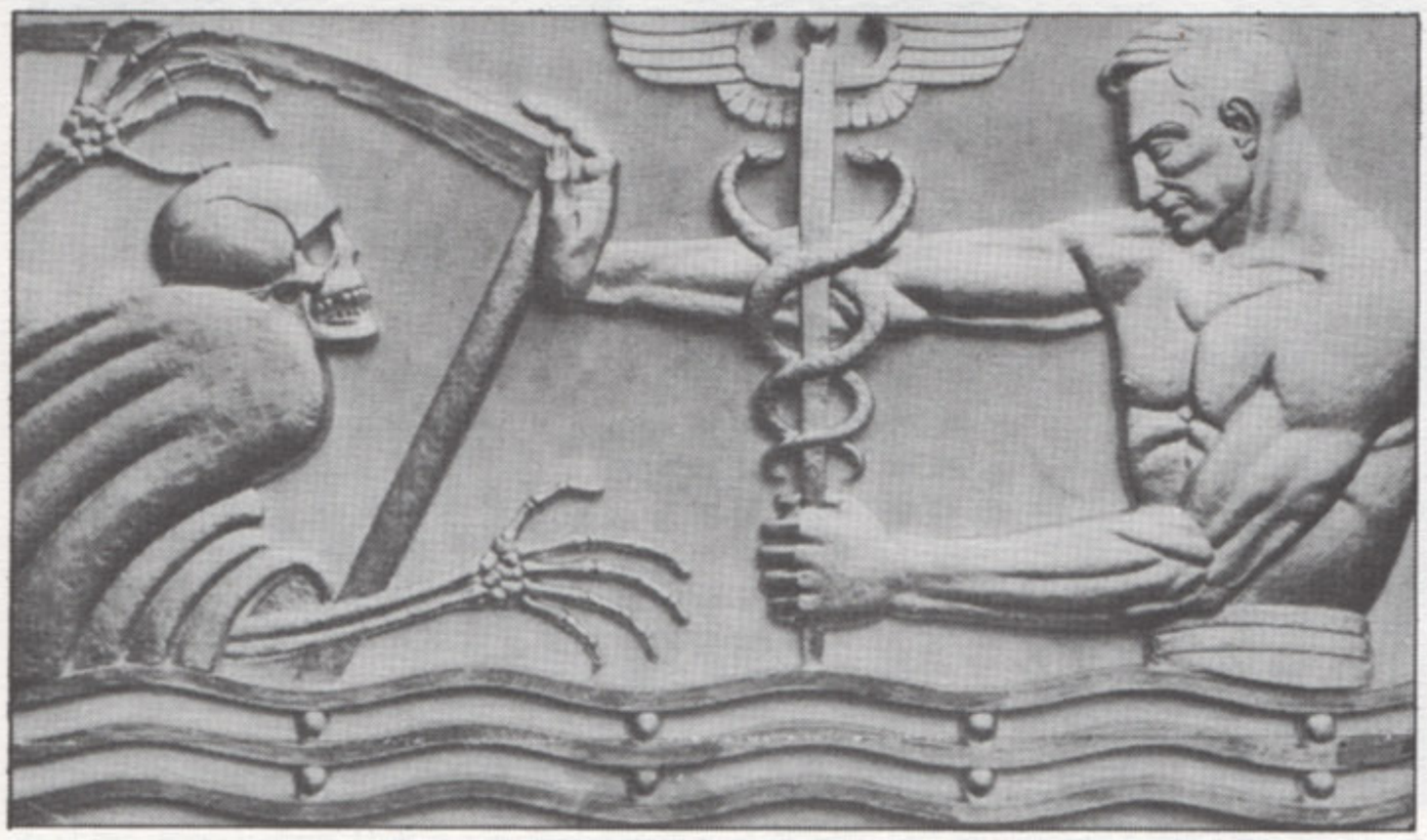
Being a Deadhead and an attorney seem to interface quite well. The laid-back approach to law is often quite effective.

Bob Messina, Civil Engineer
Rocky Hill, Connecticut

I am a civil engineer working for the Connecticut Department of Transportation (it's my first year out of school). I can relate real well to the older engineers (35 to 50), most of

whom had a liberal education. All the management people are hardcore conservatives, as is expected. The thing that appalls me is the attitude of the engineers my age (mid- and late 20s). They are totally into the yuppie scene, all have brand new sportscars, buy whatever is in style — skis, sail boards, car stereos — just to impress each other: "Need that cash to feed that jones." They criticize me for living in a cheap house and driving an old beat-up Jeep, while they struggle to make payments on their materialistic gains! They try oh-so-hard to force me to conform, and they just cannot deal with the fact that I can totally ignore them and live my own alternative lifestyle.

Another problem I face is that these same young engineers are fiercely competitive and will stop at nothing for personal gain. I refuse to play their game, and they cannot deal with that either. Amazingly, the older engineers like me better and treat me with respect. Going to Dead shows keeps me open-minded with the creative juices flowing. They help me to touch unused portions of my brain. All this helps me do a good job playing with computers. Writing a good program is kind of a high in itself. The contrast between the two keeps me sane. It's tempting to stay on tour constantly, but since my work is informal and lots of fun, I really don't mind putting in my hours. Whenever work gets to be a drag, there is always a Dead show somewhere.



Ross Ziegler, M.D., General Practitioner
Palo Alto, California

I've been following since '70, when I was a freshman in college, and my inspirational breaks from college, medical school and residency were with the Grateful Dead. And they still are. My professional life is very serious — people *die*, and people get real sick and people pour all their problems on you, and the phone rings at any time. But when I'm at a Dead show the phone doesn't ring, and I'm free; I can shut my brain off entirely. When you're a medical person, your brain belongs to other people; they can tap into it. If someone says "It hurts right here" I can't say "I'm not interested right now." Whereas the Dead have been a great break from all that stuff.

The Dead also epitomize something I studied as a psychology major, before I went into medicine, and that's the left side of the brain, the non-dominant hemisphere. They do like a mental message during the jams: you can just tune into the music; you don't need the words.

A lot of my patients know I'm into the Dead. I often ask my patients what kind of music they listen to, not so I can tell them I'm a Deadhead, but because I find you get a lot of insight into someone if they tell you what their music is. Many of my colleagues know. My associate, who's a 48-year-old conservative Republican, knows when the Dead are touring I take time off and see them. And I've turned several of my colleagues on to the Dead. One of the most surprising things that happened was once I was at a Greek Theatre show and who walked in but the director of the hospital where I trained as a resident. He's a nationally known cardiologist! I know a lot of prominent people in medicine who are into the Dead. See, you can't know when you cruise the crowd, because we all look like Deadheads!

I'm a little radical as an M.D. I have a professorship at a chiropractic college, and that's more radical to my colleagues than saying that I go to Dead concerts.

I think the Dead have definitely affected the kind of doctor I am. Sometimes you get shown the light in the strangest of places if you look at it right. I mean, you have to be that way in terms of medicine. I trained in medicine at King's County Hospital in Brooklyn, and I was taking care of people who were real scuzzballs — people who were shackled to the bed because they were murderers or dealt coke in junior high schools — and I was taking care of the Wharf Rat, basically, people who came in out of the gutter with their bottle of Ripple. I know more Wharf Rats than the Dead does! And the idea of being able to think of someone like a Wharf Rat and think that he's got a story to tell ... I'm a little Jewish prince; I've never been out in the gutter. So that's been enlightening. There's a kind of humanity, a universality that the Dead push.

Another thing is that you feel akin to Deadheads, and going to shows all over the place, you realize Deadheads are from age 2 up to 60, 70 years old. So I never write anybody off. Once a patient came to see me who was about 45 years old, and her husband was about 50, and they came to me because she had a bad back. And she said, "Doc, I'm going to a rock and roll concert and I wonder if you could give me a note so I could get in early with the wheelchairs. I don't know if you ever heard of the group, they're called the Grateful Dead." So I got them in early and they thought I was the best doctor in the world!

Janet Lloyd-Baker, Postmaster
Healdsburg, California

Basically, I don't find any conflict with my life as a Postmaster and a Deadhead. But some of my Dead attitudes toward life and my respect for people enhance my ability to manage people. I can meet my goals by treating my employees as human beings and appreciating what they do. I don't take life too seriously — except in "scheduling" my next Dead show.

Jim Tyler, Attorney
Montezuma, Colorado

Everybody has to have a job to exist in the material world, and the job that I picked was to be able to use my mind and sense of justice to keep people who don't hurt people from being afoul of the law. And there's nothing worse than seeing a person who doesn't hurt someone go to jail for doing something someone else has told him not to do. So I practice criminal law, taking care of people who commit non-violent crimes.

I believe that the only people in the world who are left to preserve freedom of speech, freedom of thought, freedom to be who you want to be, are the ones that Shakespeare said to kill — all the lawyers. The reason he said that is that he knew that when people get power — and absolute power corrupts — it's the lawyers who will rebel against those who are trying to tell the other people what to do. It's not my favorite job, but doing it the way that I do it allows me to tell myself every night that this is a free country.

One thing I remember the best about being a young kid away from home in the twilight of the Haight, was when the Dead got busted at their house. I was out on the street when they came out, and a guy [Michael Stepanian] made a statement about freedom and individuals and people being picked out. And that's one of the things I'll always remember — that guy had the intestinal fortitude to stand out there and tell the establishment the way it was. I think that was an inspiration for choosing the career I chose: just watching people standing up for themselves.

I was on the [Merry Pranksters'] Bus just one time. But I knew the people around it. The reason I didn't go more times than that was because I was afraid it would get stopped and we'd have to show I.D.s — and I was a runaway. I came to California in '66 for a debating contest and never went back to Oklahoma. My father's an influential Republican there. He was one of Nixon's advisers.

Anyway, I remember sitting around one night and one of the people said to me, "The way you can bring things out of the air and talk, you ought to be a lawyer and come back and help us all." That's the one thing I learned from the Bus: that all of us have to do what we do best. So I'm a lawyer. I live on top of the Continental Divide, at 10,363 feet, 65 minutes from Red Rocks. If they hadn't cancelled, the Dead would have played on my 34th birthday last month. There's nothing like seeing people you haven't seen for a year when they come into Colorado to see the Dead, 'cause we're all brothers and sisters .. but there's no sibling rivalry. □

SET LISTS: BLOSSOM MUSIC CENTER THROUGH VENTURA

No doubt about it, the band is on a roll — at least they were until their unfortunate layoff after the Ventura shows. June and July saw the Dead play a series of incredibly hot concerts in the Midwest (where they continue to experience some difficulty in drawing full houses) and in California. Virtually every show had some sort of distinctive highlight as the band continued to vary their second sets somewhat. The Blossom Music Center show had a great "Scarlet-Touch of Gray-Dear Mr. Fantasy"; Pine Knob had a rockin' close of "I Need A Miracle-Bertha-Sugar Magnolia"; K.C. had the first "Scarlet-Touch of Gray-Fire on the Mountain"; and the second night at Alpine Valley the band threw "Love Light" into the middle of "Not Fade Away."

Those ot us who see West Coast shows primarily have grown accustomed to hearing about phenomenal set lists from the East and Midwest, while the group's California shows rarely seem to have surprises, no matter how well played they are. But in July we got great playing *and* surprises, most notably an "encore" of "Dark Star" at the Friday the 13th show at Berkeley's Greek Theatre. And what a "Dark Star" it was! Not only did it run more than 15 minutes, but it was accompanied by surreal slides of outer space fantasy paintings and actual space photos taken by satellites. (Phil wore a NASA T-shirt for the occasion.) A full moon shone through the eucalyptus trees that surround the Greek, and many in the crowd spotted a shooting star whizzing across the heavens. The song itself was light-years better than the last "Dark Star" (12-31-81), and I'd go so far as to say it ranks with some of the very best the band has done — closer in spirit and execution to the '69 – '70 versions than the rambling, ultra-spacey early-'70s ones. By the time the band played it, most in the expectant crowd had heard what was in store, but not Regan and I — miraculously, we managed to insulate ourselves from the information and went into the encore expecting something like "Cosmic Charlie." How nice to have been wrong!

Amazingly, though, the Friday show might have been the weakest of the three Greek dates (it also featured one of the best versions of "Stella Blue" I've ever seen). Saturday featured no surprises but was exceptionally tight. The magic act that night was a light rain that fell during "Franklin's Tower" ("Roll away the dew" indeed!), a strange occurrence in an area where it literally does not rain from May through October. (Of course the rain stopped when the song ended.) The Sunday show boasted the strongest version of "Dancin' in the Streets" since they brought that nugget back, segueing beautifully into a long "Bird Song." The second set opened with a raucous "Why Don't We Do It in the Road?" with Phil hamming it up to the crowd's delight, even ending with his own inspired verse: "Why don't we do it on the *drums* . . ." That charged into a spirited "China Cat" and the band was off and running. Also notable at both that show and the second Ventura show were the jams during "Throwing Stones," with new cascades of major chords ascending to a bursting point. And three cheers for Bobby for playing "Midnight Hour" as an encore the second day at Ventura! Brent also surprised the crowd by singing the old blues song "I Just Wanna Make Love to You" at the same show. (See the "Roots" section for that tune's origin.)

Let's hope that the band can recapture the momentum this fall.



Friday the 13th "Dark Star" with slides. Photo by Ron Delany

6-29-84, Blossom Music Center, Cuyahoga Falls, OH

Bertha ➧ Greatest Story Ever Told, They Love Each Other, C.C. Rider, Bird Song, Hell in a Bucket, West L.A. Fadeaway, The Music Never Stopped, Don't Ease Me In

Scarlet Begonias ➧ Touch of Gray ➧ Dear Mr. Fantasy ➧ Man Smart Woman Smarter ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ The

Other One ⧫ Black Peter ⧫ Around & Around ⧫ Johnny B. Goode

U.S. Blues

6-30-84, Sports & Music Center, Indianapolis, IN
Jack Straw, Dire Wolf, New Minglewood Blues, Dupree's Diamond Blues, Far From Me, My Brother Esau, Ramble On Rose, Lost Sailor ⧫ Saint of Circumstance, Deal

Shakedown Street ⧫ Playin' in the Band ⧫ Terrapin ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ Playin' reprise ⧫ Truckin' ⧫ Spoonful ⧫ Stella Blue ⧫ Goin' Down the Road ⧫ Saturday Night

Day Job

7-1-84, Pine Knob Music Theatre, Clarkston, MI
Iko Iko, Little Red Rooster, Brown-Eyed Women, Mama Tried ⧫ Big River, Tennessee Jed, Hell in a Bucket, Might As Well

China Cat Sunflower ⧫ I Know You Rider, Samson & Delilah, He's Gone ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ China Doll ⧫ I Need a Miracle ⧫ Bertha, Sugar Magnolia

It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

7-3-84, Starlight Theatre, Kansas City, MO
Alabama Getaway ⧫ Promised Land, Candyman, Cassidy, West L.A. Fadeaway, My Brother Esau, Loser, Looks Like Rain, Deal

Scarlet Begonias ⧫ Touch of Gray ⧫ Fire on the Mountain ⧫ jam ⧫ Don't Need Love ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ The Wheel ⧫ Throwing Stones ⧫ Not Fade Away

Day Job



7-4-84, Five Seasons Center, Cedar Rapids, IA
Feel Like A Stranger, Friend of the Devil, C.C. Rider, Cumberland Blues, Beat It On Down the Line, Row Jimmy, Hell in a Bucket, Don't Ease Me In

Help on the Way ⧫ Slipknot ⧫ Franklin's Tower, Far From Me, Estimated Prophet ⧫ He's Gone ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ Truckin' ⧫ Wharf Rat ⧫ Around & Around ⧫ Good Lovin'

U.S. Blues



7-6-84, Alpine Valley Music Theatre, East Troy, WI
Iko Iko, Jack Straw, Big Railroad Blues, Little Red Rooster, Candyman, Me & My Uncle ⧫ Mexicali Blues, Bird Song, Let It Grow

China Cat Sunflower ⧫ I Know You Rider, Ship of Fools, Man Smart Woman Smarter ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ Dear Mr. Fantasy ⧫ The Other One ⧫ Black Peter ⧫ Why Don't We Do It in the Road? ⧫ Sugar Magnolia

Touch of Gray

7-7-84, Alpine Valley
Hell in a Bucket, Dire Wolf, New Minglewood Blues, Dupree's Diamond Blues, My Brother Esau, Brown-Eyed Women, Looks Like Rain, Might As Well

Samson & Delilah, Cold Rain & Snow, Playin' in the Band ⧫ jam ⧫ China Doll ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ Terrapin ⧫ Throwing Stones ⧫ Not Fade Away ⧫ Love Light ⧫ Not Fade Away

Brokedown Palace

7-13-84, Greek Theatre, Berkeley
Bertha ⧫ Greatest Story Ever Told, Dire Wolf, C.C. Rider, Loser, Cassidy, Dupree's Diamond Blues, Hell in a Bucket, Might As Well

Scarlet Begonias ⧫ Touch of Gray ⧫ Fire on the Mountain ⧫ Man Smart Woman Smarter ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ The Wheel ⧫ I Need a Miracle ⧫ Stella Blue ⧫ Sugar Magnolia

Dark Star

7-14-84, Greek Theatre
Jack Straw, West L.A. Fadeaway, Little Red Rooster, Tennessee Jed, Beat It on Down the Line, Big Railroad Blues, Looks Like Rain ⧫ Don't Ease Me In

Help on the Way ⧫ Slipknot ⧫ Franklin's Tower ⧫ Estimated Prophet ⧫ Eyes of the World ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ Truckin' ⧫ Wharf Rat ⧫ Goin' Down the Road ⧫ Saturday Night

Day Job

7-15-84, Greek Theatre
Dancing in the Streets ⧫ Bird Song, New Minglewood Blues, Cumberland Blues, My Brother Esau, Ramble on Rose, Hell in a Bucket

Why Don't We Do It in the Road? ⧫ China Cat Sunflower ⧫ I Know You Rider, Playin' in the Band ⧫ Uncle John's Band ⧫ Don't Need Love ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ China Doll ⧫ Throwing Stones ⧫ Not Fade Away

Brokedown Palace, Johnny B. Goode

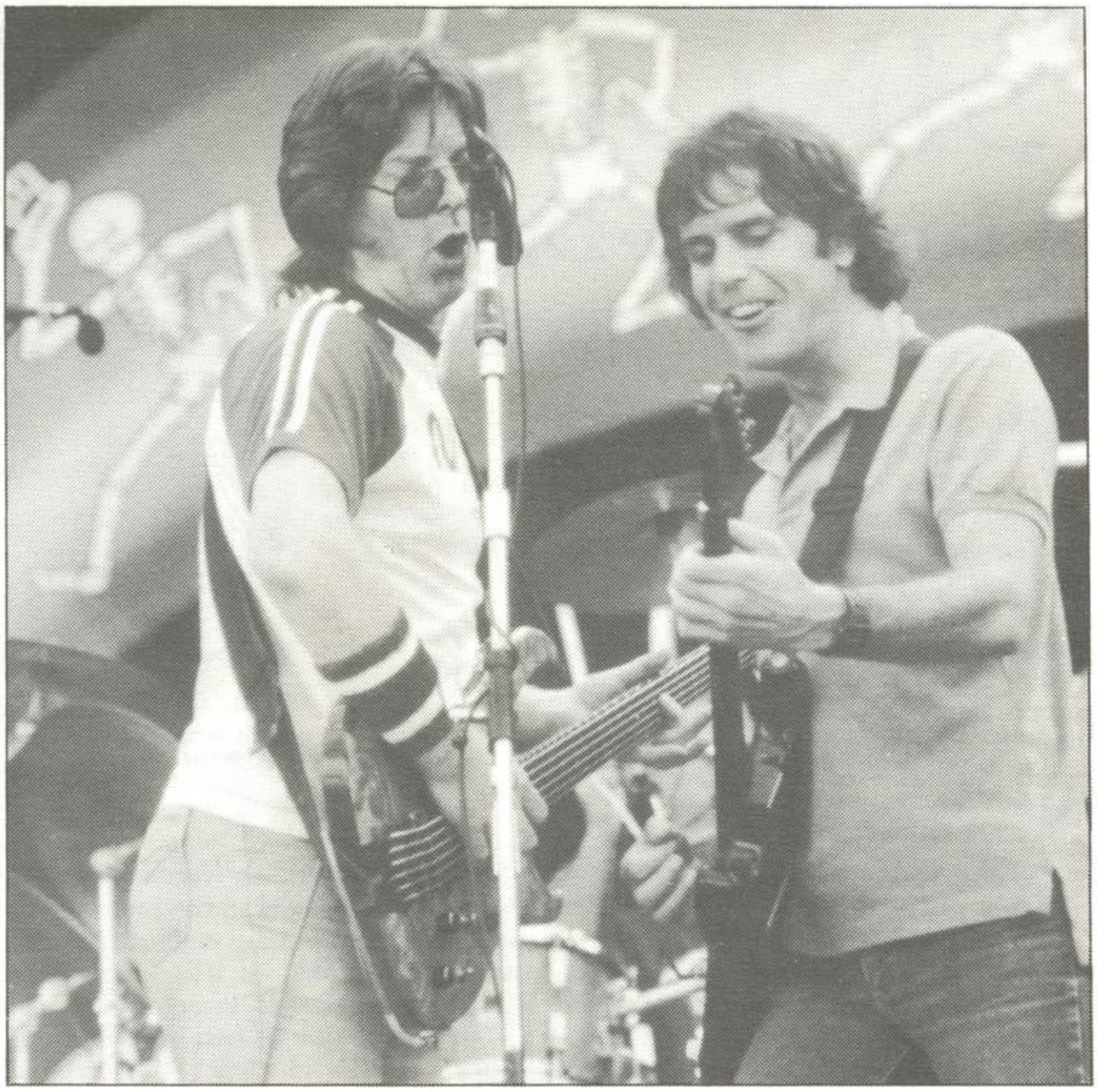
7-21-84, Ventura County Fairgrounds
Shakedown Street, Little Red Rooster, Althea, Me & My Uncle ⧫ Mexicali Blues, China Cat Sunflower ⧫ I Know You Rider, Looks Like Rain ⧫ Might As Well

Cold Rain & Snow, Far From Me, Truckin' ⧫ Eyes of the World ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ The Other One ⧫ Stella Blue ⧫ Around & Around ⧫ Saturday Night

Touch of Gray

7-22-84, Ventura County Fairgrounds
Dancing in the Streets ⧫ Bertha, My Brother Esau, Loser, Cassidy, Ramble On Rose, Hell in a Bucket ⧫ Day Job

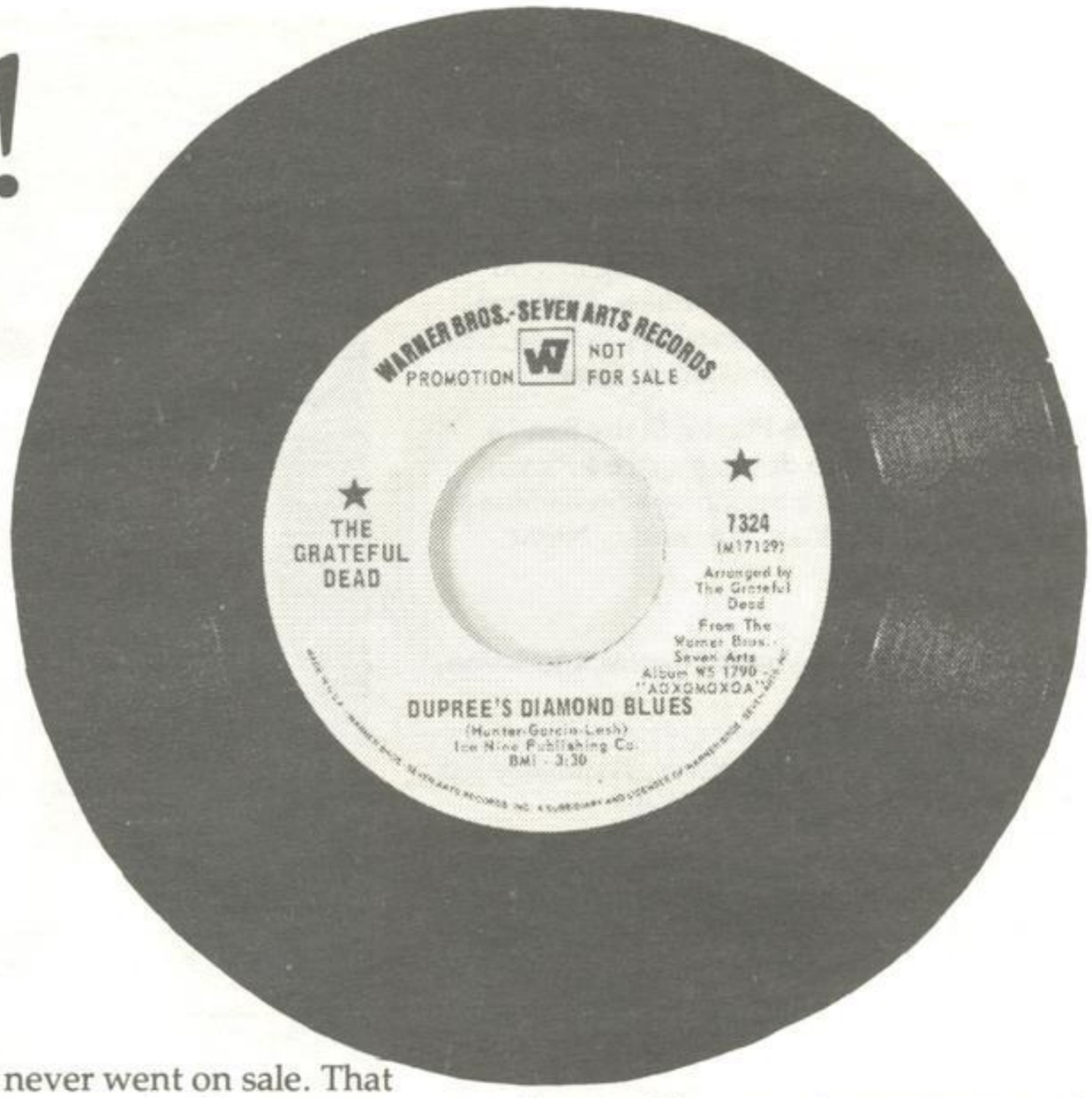
Samson & Delilah, Ship of Fools, I Just Want to Make Love to You ⧫ Man Smart Woman Smarter ⧫ Terrapin ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ Morning Dew ⧫ Throwing Stones ⧫ Not Fade Away ⧫ Midnight Hour ⧫ Brokedown Palace



"Why don't we do it on the drums?" *Photo by Bob Marks*

SINGLES!

A Look at the Dead's "Forgotten" Records



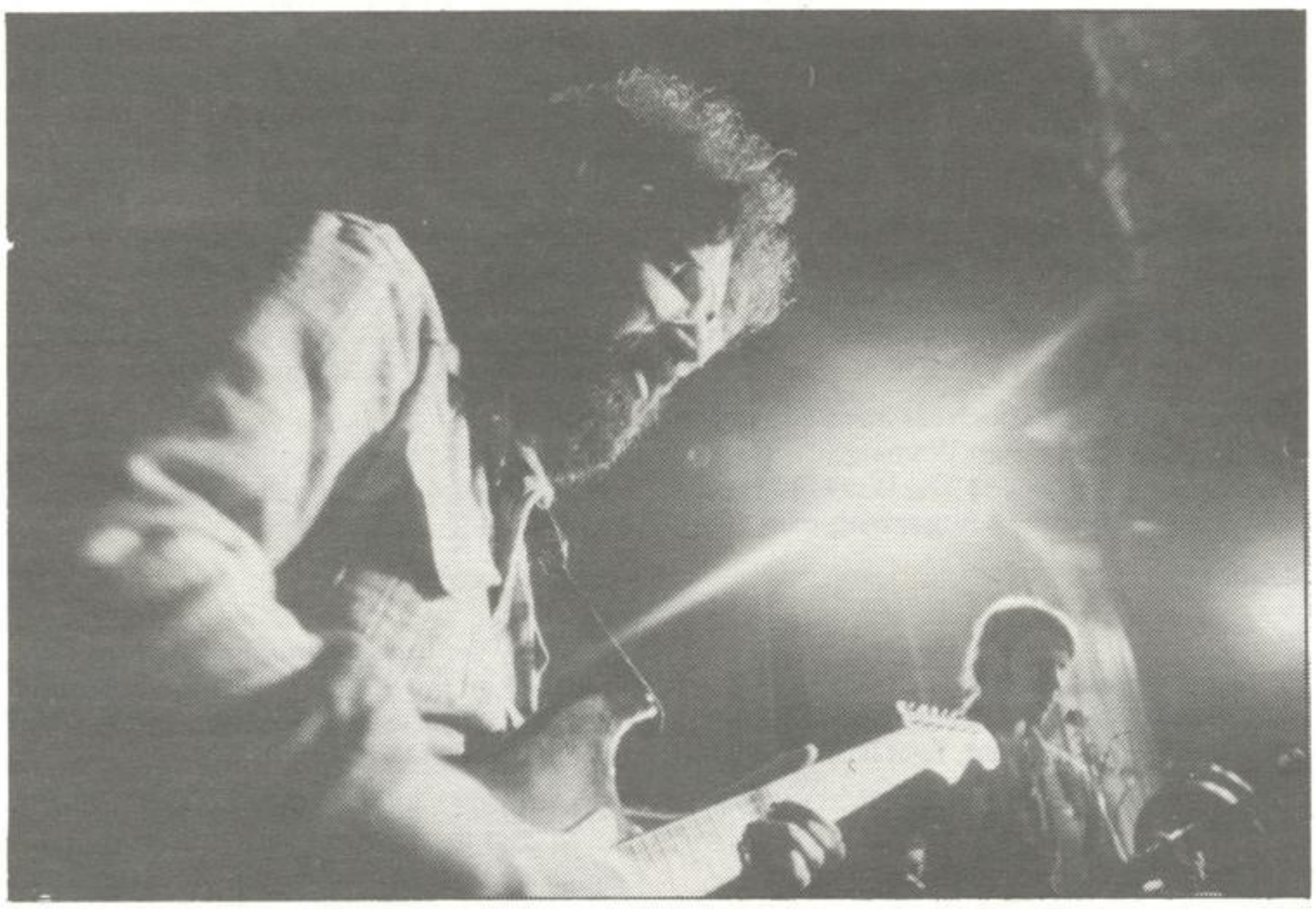
The Grateful Dead are definitely not what you'd call a "singles band." They've never had a real hit, yet through the years they've nobly released one single after another in the odd hope that perhaps that elusive Top Ten single is out there waiting to be bought by the millions. "Every time we've made a record," Garcia said in 1977, "I've pretty much thought, 'This thing is going to *make it*.' But I don't really know what a good single is — I don't even care at this point." They've edited songs and rearranged them, all with an eye toward radio and, ultimately, public acceptance. As Weir put it last year, "We tried selling out but nobody was buying."

There isn't much call in collector's circles for Dead singles, yet many of the group's 45s are interesting artifacts because they differ from album versions and they show the various ways the Dead and their record labels have tried to mold their music for the masses. Herewith, a look at the Dead's singles through the years.

"Don't Ease Me In"/"Stealin'" (Scorpio 201; 1966) — One respected record collector's guide I've seen values a mint copy of this single at $40, but that is actually ridiculously low because only 150 copies were printed and probably fewer than 50 remain. According to Garcia, "Those records never went on sale. That was a guy who was starting his own record company but he really didn't have any connections, so it's not as if that single was released to any stores apart from maybe one or two in Haight-Ashbury. The Psychedelic Shop probably had 20 or 30 of them." The record has since been bootlegged a couple of times, and telling the bogus copies from the original can be very difficult, perhaps even requiring a study of the actual grooves. The performances are good and punchy.

"Dark Star"/"Born Cross-Eyed" (Warner Bros. 7186; 1968) — Since *Anthem of the Sun* didn't have anything remotely singles-oriented (including the B-side here) the Dead put out this crude, early "Dark Star," which, predictably, went nowhere. It's an interesting track though, with its atmospheric echo, strange electronics and, most of all, the frenetic banjo break at the fade. It was included on the mid-'70s Warners anthology, *What a Long Strange Trip It's Been*. The single, especially with its mildly psychedelic picture sleeve is very rare.

"Dupree's Diamond Blues"/"Cosmic Charlie" (Warner Bros. 7324; 1969) — Oh sure, a weird rock-folk-ragtime-blues story-song is going to become a hit single! Actually, if there was ever an era when that might have happened, the late '60s was it. "Dupree" was the only song on the album short enough to be a single without major editing. Oh well, a nice try.

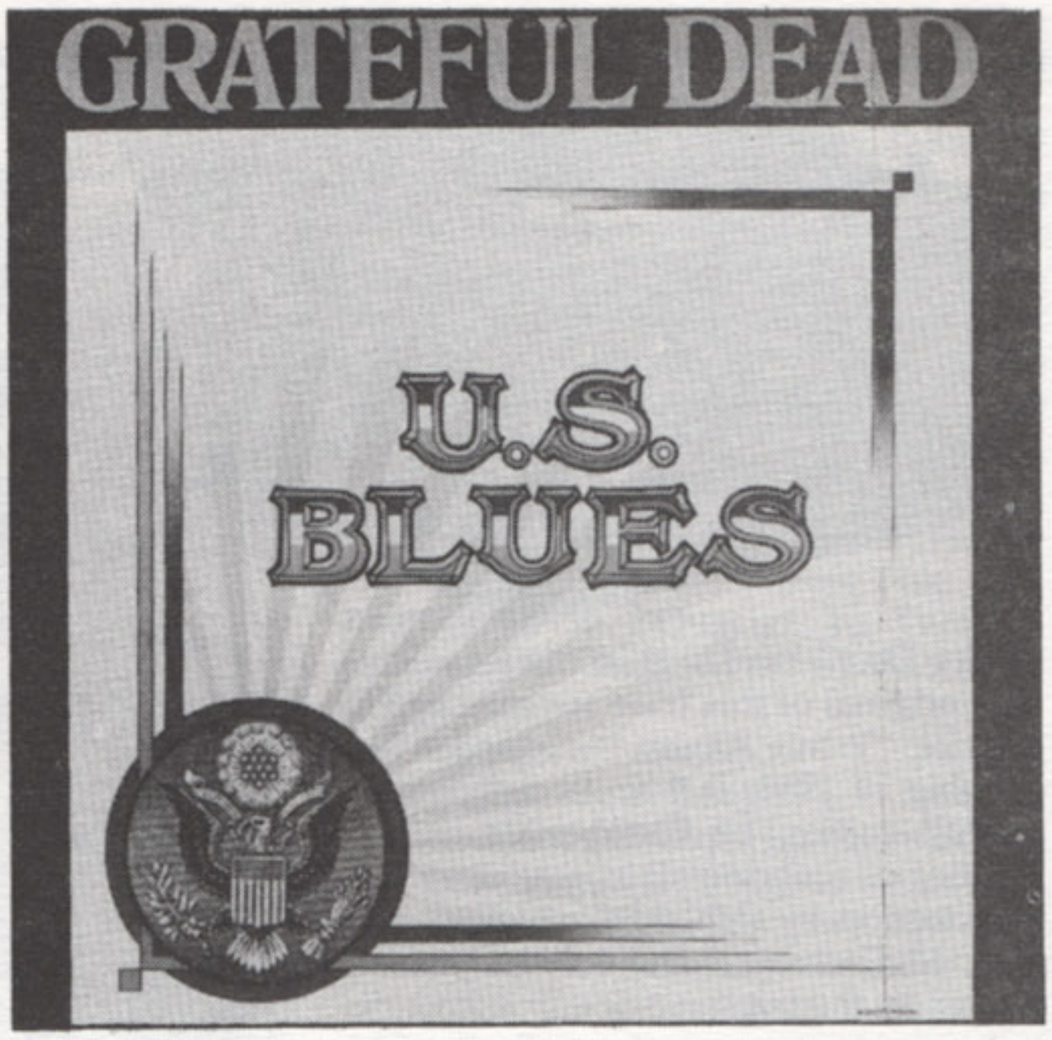


At the Family Dog, 1969, the "Cosmic Charlie" era. Photo by Jim Marshall © 1984

"Uncle John's Band"/"New Speedway Boogie" (Warner Bros. 7410, 1970) — It was the FM popularity of this song that helped increase the Dead's popularity during this period; the single was not a success. This was the first case of wholesale cutting of a Dead song at the record company's hands. "God damn well I declare" was excised from the third verse in hopes of making it more suitable for radio; instead there's just an awkward gap with instruments and no vocals. In addition, one chorus was completely eliminated, and another truncated.

"Truckin'"/"Ripple" (Warner Bros. 7464; 1971) — Of all the hatchet jobs done on Dead tunes over the years, this one is probably the worst, since both are songs most Deadheads hold dear and could sing backwards in their sleep. To get "Truckin'" down from 5:09 to 3:13, the second verse ("Most of the cats you meet on the street ...") and first bridge ("Sometimes the light's all shinin' on me





. . .") were chucked. Then, later, the whole verse about the bust in New Orleans is missing, yet the verse with "Livin' on reds, vitamin C and cocaine" was left in. You figure it. "Ripple," too, felt the axe blade, with the second verse ("It's a hand me down . . .") and first chorus ending up on the cutting room floor. There is no justice in the crass pursuit of a hit.

"Sugar Magnolia"/"Mr. Charlie" (Warner Bros. 7667; 1973) — Another butchery in an attempt to make a Dead song the perfect length of a single. In this case, the *Europe '72* "Sugar Magnolia" completely loses the hot guitar solo after the verses so that the song goes directly from "I take me out and I wander around" right into the "Sunshine Daydream" close. In all, about three minutes were guillotined.

"Let Me Sing Your Blues Away"/"Here Comes Sunshine" (Grateful Dead 01; 1973) — The first single on the Dead's own label comes from *Wake of the Flood*. Perhaps the Dead thought they could fool the world by releasing a song sung by Keith Godchaux. At 3:13 it was the most suitable for AM play, requiring no editing.

"Eyes of the World"/"Weather Report" (Grateful Dead 02; 1974) — "Eyes" loses 1:50 by the elimination of the third verse ("Sometimes we live no particular way but our own . . ." and by speeding the fade at the end, thus eliminating some of Phil's best playing on the track. "Weather Report" has its instrumental prelude chopped off.

"U.S. Blues"/"Loose Lucy" (Grateful Dead 03) — The Dead have no one but themselves to blame for this edit job. To get the song down from 4:37 to 3:12, they cut out the second verse ("Check my pulse . . .") and the entire guitar solo. "Loose Lucy" sounds essentially the same, though I swear they muffle the word "ball" in the first verse on the single. The unedited "U.S. Blues" received heavy FM play and little on AM.

"The Music Never Stopped"/"Franklin's Tower" (Grateful Dead 718; 1975) — The A-side of this single *almost* broke through on AM, and received heavy FM play. It is the one single in this collection I was unable to find anywhere, so I don't know about edits. (Any help out there?) After "The Music Never Stopped" dropped from radio playlists, the Dead re-released the single pushing "Help on the Way" as the A-side, but to no avail.

"Franklin's Tower"/"Help on the Way" (Grateful Dead 762; 1975) — "Help on the Way" is intact at its already brief length, but "Franklin's Tower" is trimmed of verse five ("In Franklin's Tower the four winds sleep . . ."); and the fade is more abrupt, as well.

"Dancin' in the Streets"/Terrapin" (Arista 0276, 1977) — This one is a real oddity. The A-side includes a pretty spiffy horn section that doesn't appear on the album version and which I think actually improves the track. "Terrapin" is just a 3:17 slice of the side-long album suite, fading *in* at "Inspiration, move me brightly . . ." and fading out during the instrumental fanfare before the "At a Siding" section.

"Passenger"/"Terrapin" (Arista 0291; 1977) — This song *should* have been a hit single since it has a great hook, a stronger guitar line and a blend of male-female vocals that was right in tune with what was popular in 1977, namely Fleetwood Mac. Alas, it was not to be.

"Good Lovin'"/"Stagger Lee" (Arista 0383; 1978) — Because the Dead's own tunes are frequently idiosyncratic by commercial standards, Arista thought that this remake of an already proven hit might be just the number to make non-Deadheads notice the band. As usual, Arista guessed wrong, much to the frustration of label boss Clive Davis, who always belived he could get hit singles out of the Dead.

"Alabama Getaway"/"Far From Me" (Arista 0519; 1980) — This is probably the Dead's most successful single to date, actually creeping a little way up the charts before fading away. The album track is 3:36, the single labeled 3:29, though I clocked it at 3:23. What's missing? Just part of Garcia's first guitar solo, between the first and second verses. It's fairly well done.

"Don't Ease Me In"/"Far From Me" (Arista 0546; 1980) — Fifteen years after the Scorpio single, "Don't Ease Me In" makes its second assault on the singles market. No dice this time, either. And here's one for Grateful Dead Foul-Ups Bleeps and Blunders — Producer Gary Lyons' name is misspelled on both sides as "Lyond."

(Not included in this survey were promo-only singles, including a version of "Johnny B. Goode" from the *Fillmore* movie, backed with an Elvin Bishop song, and a couple of 7-inch, 33 rpm discs sent out by the Dead to members of Dead Heads to push records on Grateful Dead and Round Records.)

Thanks for your help on this piece — Chris Zingg, David Gans, Glenn Howard, Paul Grushkin. □



Part 4 Roots

"Why Don't We Do It in the Road?" — The original of this tune appears on The Beatles' "White Album," released in November of 1968. It was recorded just a month earlier, on October 10, at EMI studios in London. It began as an improvisation by Paul McCartney and, in fact, McCartney is the only player and singer on the track.

"That's All Right" — I know of only one version of this song by the Dead (RFK Stadium, 6-10-73), though I wouldn't be surprised if there are others. That version is outstanding, too. Sung by Garcia, it is mainly a vehicle for some inspired jamming by Garcia and Dicky Betts of the Allman Brothers, who shared the bill with the Dead that weekend. The song is one of the best-known numbers of the early rock and roll era, as it was the A-side of Elvis Presley's first single on Sam Phillips' Sun label. Cut in early July of 1954, the song was an instant success in the South and helped put Presley on the map. "That's All Right" was written by a Mississippi bluesman named Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup, who was one of Presley's acknowledged influences. (Crudup's own versions of the song don't have nearly the zip that Elvis' did.) It's one of those tunes that every rock band coming up in the mid-'60s could play in its sleep, though now, with the passage of time, it has become somewhat obscure.

"It's All Over Now, Baby Blue" — This has been a significant part of the Dead's repertoire during two different periods: in the mid-'60s (you can hear it on the Sunflower LP, *Vintage Dead*, recorded at the Avalon in '66; and for the past four years, during which time it's been used exclusively as an encore. The song is one of Bob Dylan's best — and best-known — compositions, a masterful opus that has been variously interpreted as being about mortality, the death of innocence, the end of a relationship and, no doubt, hundreds of other things. Dylan's original version appeared on his half-electric, half-acoustic 1965 LP, *Bringing It All Back Home*, the bridge between Dylan's folk days and the inspired rock and blues of *Highway 61 Revisited*.



Muddy Waters, 1977. Photo by Blair Jackson

"I Just Want to Make Love to You" — Yet another classic blues by Willie Dixon, this song (premiered by Brent at the Sunday Ventura '84 show) was originally recorded by Muddy Waters (1915 – 1983) for the Chess label in 1954. Dixon wrote numerous songs for Muddy and labelmate Howlin' Wolf, and also worked as both a staff producer and a bassist on many of the '50s Chess sessions. Muddy Waters' version of the tune is considerably slower and possesses a smoldering sensuality compared to the Dead's uptempo reading, but it has been covered often and in numerous different styles over the years by the likes of the Stones, Van Morrison, Foghat and others. Muddy's version can be found on any number of Chess anthologies. I'd recommend checking out the Muddy Waters *Chess Masters* double-album, which includes such blues standards as "Long Distance Call," "Mannish Boy," "Hoochie Coochie Man" and "Rollin' Stone." It also contains the early '50s original of another song the Dead covered:

"The Same Thing" — One of Willie Dixon's major strengths as a blues writer is his uncanny ability to say a lot while being purposely vague. This slow blues is a perfect example: "What makes you feel so good, when your baby get an evenin' gown? (repeat)/ Must be the same old thing that made the preacher lay his Bible down/ That old same thing (repeat)/ Tell me who's to blame, the whole world's fightin' 'bout that same thing." My favorite Muddy Waters version of this appears on his live/studio *Father & Sons* LP, recorded in Chicago in the late '60s with a band including Duck Dunn, Michael Bloomfield, Otis Spann and others. The song was part of the Dead's repertoire in the mid-'60s only. Sung by Pigpen, it was performed in a style not too far removed from the original. A version of the song is found on the Sunflower *Historic Dead* LP.

"New Orleans" — You loved it at the Toronto SEVA benefit, and you may have a tape of it from the Capitol Theatre, Portchester, NY (11-8-70, my sixth or seventh Dead show). It's amazing that the Dead have done this song so infrequently, because it's a natural for Weir. It was written in 1960 by writer/producer/manager Frank Guida and his friend Joe Royster for a little-known Norfolk, Virginia singer named Gary Anderson. When Guida put out the record on his

own Legrand Records label, though, he changed Anderson's name to U.S. Bonds and scored a major national hit with it. The following year, another Bonds hit, "Quarter to Three" (co-written by Guida, Royster and Bonds) hit Number One, and the Bonds-Guida team earned its niche in rock history.

Guida still lives in Norfolk and had this to say about the song when I tracked him down: "Believe me, it wasn't easy writing 'New Orleans'! To begin with, I had totally different chord progressions originally. Black musicians, as well as my vocalist, Gary Anderson, all thought this white cat was off his rocker! None of them had faith the song would make it. This was understandable, because it was in no way similar to the R&B sounds that abounded through the South at that time.

"I was greatly influenced by West Indian music and, in particular, its *rhythms*. Joe Royster, my co-writer, who wrote part of the lyrics, was a country & western aficionado. Thank God Joe always tried to do what I asked of him. Other people were always fighting me tooth and nail, but I suppose that's the price you pay to be in charge."

Guida went on to claim that "'New Orleans' was and still is the bedrock of most rock music. I think most music people who are honest, such as Bruce

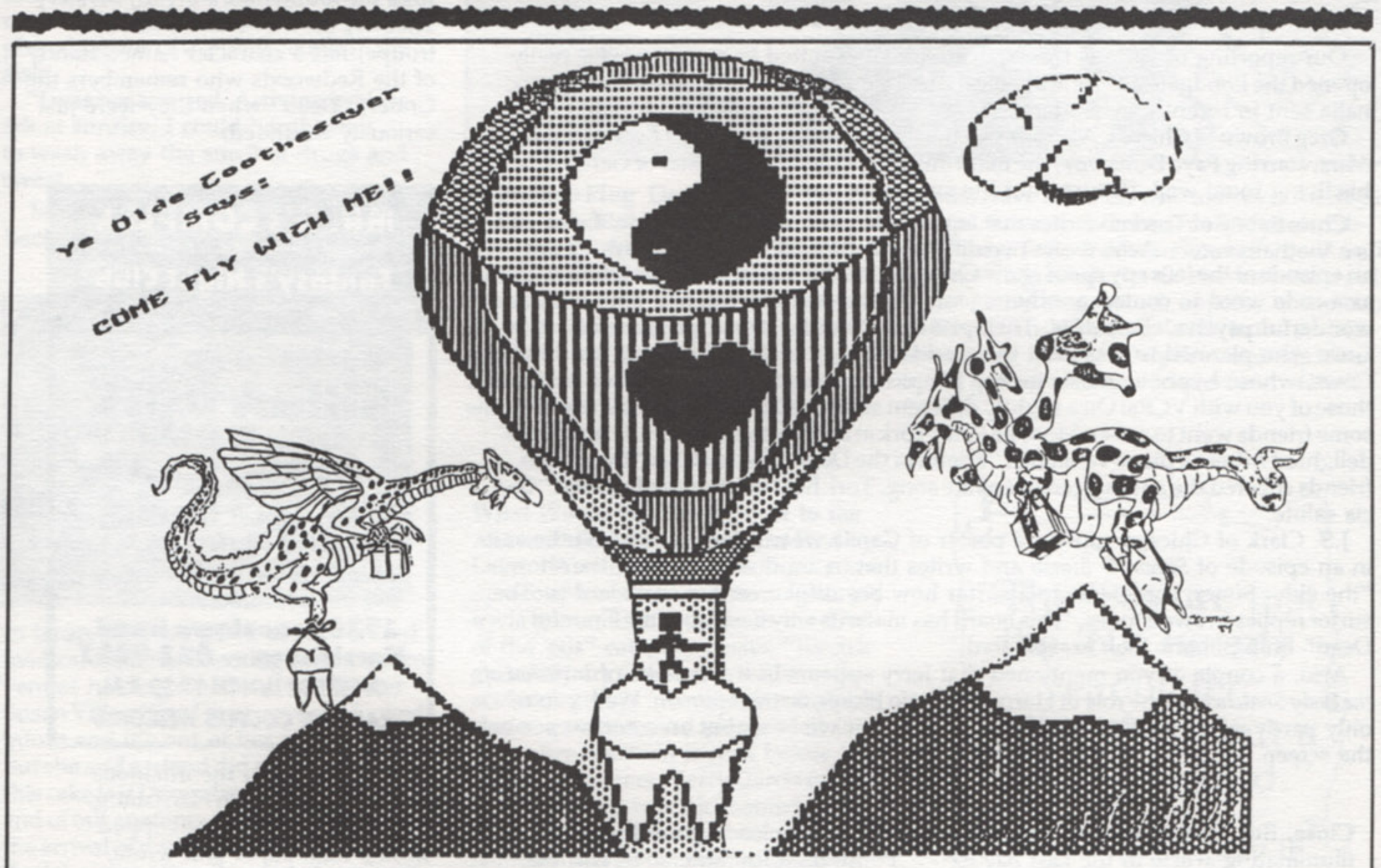


Springsteen, Isaac Hayes and the whole British conglomerate, if truly pressed, would attest to that fact."

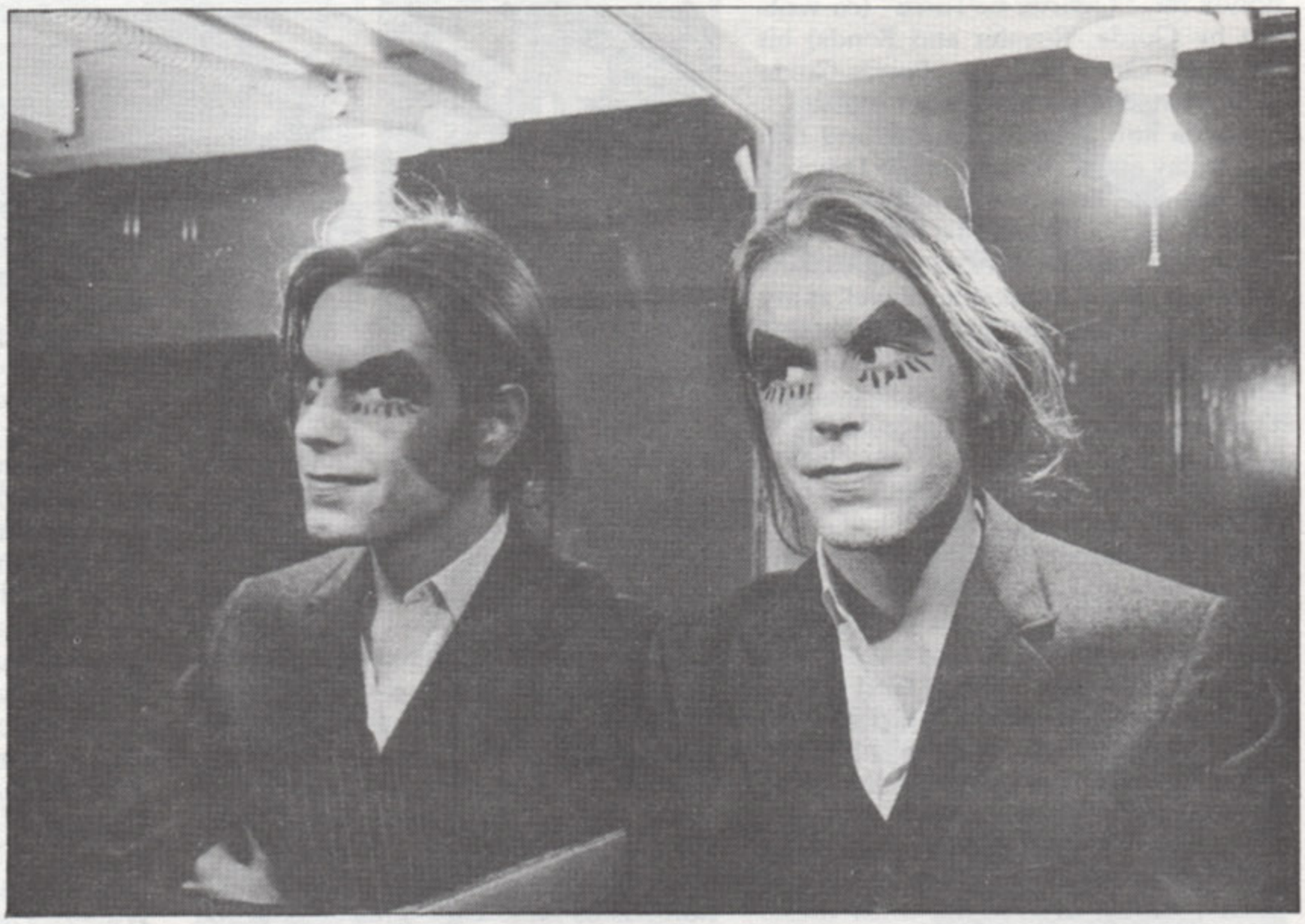
There's no question that "New Orleans" was, indeed, a very influential record both here and in England. It was the first rock record to feature the booming two bass drum attack and, according to Guida, "the first to feature over modulated sound, now known as 'hot recording.'" George Martin and The Beatles expressed their admiration for Guida's revolutionary production techniques, and engineers in such early '60s musical hotbeds as New York, Philadelphia and Memphis borrowed elements of what was all-too-briefly known as "The Norfolk Sound."

Bonds' first Legrand album, *Dance Till Quarter to Three with U.S. Bonds* (which contains "New Orleans" and the title track) was rereleased by a German label a few years ago and should be available at better record stores. In addition, Guida put out an album about five years ago called *Rock's Revolution: The Roots* that contains several Bonds hits, as well as tracks by other artists in the Guida stable such as the Church Street Five (immortalized in "Quarter To Three"), Jimmy Soul, Tommy Facenda and Lenis Guess.

"Hog For You Baby"" — Another humorously raunchy Pigpen vehicle in the mid-'60s (there's a good version on the well-circulated Trooper's Hall tape from March '66), this came from the pens of noted hit-writers Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller, who wrote it for the Los Angeles band The Coasters. They had a medium-sized hit with it in 1959. Though white, Leiber & Stoller wrote scores of hits for numerous R&B sensations, including the aforementioned Coasters ("Searchin'," "Young Blood," "Charlie Brown," "Yakety Yak," "Poison Ivy"), The Drifters ("Fools Fall in Love"), Wilbert Harrison ("Kansas City") and Ben E. King ("Stand By Me").



FUNSTUFF



Boy Bobby? Not quite, but this photo, the latest in a never-ending series of the Lighter Side of Bob Weir, shows our hero during a brief phase he went through when he liked Kabuki make-up. He's captured here in a dressing room at Winterland circa 1971 with eye paint that seems to combine Groucho Marx with *Clockwork Orange*. Photo by Jim Marshall © 1984

The Dead on Film, Part II

Our reporting of various Dead-releated items spotted in recent movies really opened the floodgates. Here are some of the TV and movie sightings of Deadphernalia sent in recently by readers:

Greg Brown of Chico, CA informs us that in the suspense film *The Eyes of Laura Mars*, starring Faye Dunaway, the main murder suspect has a poster of Garcia on his living room wall. (It turns out the suspect is innocent.)

Chris Babey of Toronto writes that in the turkey *D.C. Cab*, starring Mr. T, there is a Vietnam veteran who wears two different Dead shirts. Chris also says, "I saw an episode of the '60s spy spoof show *Get Smart* in which Max used 'Grateful Dead' as a code word to contact another agent. They were both wearing long wigs and wonderful psychedelic outfits. The episode involved a character named Groovy Guru who planned to take over the world with a telecast of his band, the Sacred Cows, whose hypnotic music incited people to violence." Sounds like a must for those of you with VCRs! On a slightly different subject, Chris reports that he and some friends went to see ex-Monkee Peter Tork at a Toronto club recently and were delighted to hear a piano version of "Friend of the Devil." When Chris' Deadhead friends cheered the announcement of the song, Tork held up the four-fingered "Garcia salute."

J.S. Clark of Chicago spotted a poster of Garcia wearing his famous Nudie suit in an episode of *Simon & Simon* and writes that in another episode of the show, "the elder Simon comments to a surfer how beautiful a certain surfboard is. The surfer replies in awed tones, 'This board has made its way back from the Grateful Dead!' Both Simons look exasperated."

Also, a couple of you mentioned that Jerry appears in the remake of *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* in the role of Harry the Banjo Picker, a street person. Well, you're only partly right: It's Garcia's banjo playing that we hear, but an actor we see on the screen.

Close, But No Cigar: In an otherwise illuminating article in the *East Bay Express* (Berkeley, CA) about her first Dead concert, writer Alice Kahn came up with this amusing song title gaffe in describing the Sunday Greek show: "The first part of the show ended with Bobby Weir leading on the rocker 'Police on a Joy Ride.'" In fairness, Alice did write a good piece and even enjoyed her maiden voyage, noting that a Dead show is "stress reduction of the best sense, a hippie aerobics class."

Joke du Jour: Duck's Breath Mystery Theater, the S.F.-based comedy troupe, has a character named Randy of the Redwoods who remembers the Grateful Dead "when they were just seriously wounded."

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Dave Leopold, of the infamous Printknot Printers in Harrisburg, PA sent along this ad he clipped from a local paper and wrote, "Now we know what's really going through Jerry's mind when he sings 'China Doll.'" And of course we now know who owns the club, too.

Culture Shock: Bob Messina of Rocky Hill, CT sent along an article from the usually liberal *Hartford Advocate* (8-4-84) about one person's experience flying the no-frills PEOPLExpress airline. The article concluded with this description of the writer's (Joan Stableford) flight back:

"The people scene [on this flight] changed my view of PEOPLExpress flights. The 'red eye' special, a term used for night flights, took on new meaning. A time warp occurred on this flight. It started during boarding, when a contingent of Haight-Ashbury-of-the-'60s stereotypes straggled on. Where did these backpacking hippies come from? Some long lost commune in Southern California? Worn, dirty sneakers, torn shirts, holey jeans, grungy hair and grizzly beards predominated.

"PE Flight 018 that Monday night became the Grateful Dead Express [following the Ventura shows]. This contingent was the NY-NJ-CT chapter of the 'Heads,' groupies who trek cross-country to see their idols perform. Most were 16 to 18 years of age; their leader was a frizzy-haired fellow in his late 30s ...

"The Heads took over the plane. Many spent the entire flight in the lavatories, which took on the pungent reek of marijuana. They stole extra straws from the bar cart and returned to the bathrooms. They drank. They became verbally abusive and generally obnoxious to everyone else. One youth played a game of tripping people in the aisle.

"I was not amused. Arriving in Newark at sunrise, I could hardly wait to wash away the smell of drugs and sweat ..."

Maybe she should have tried hitching back.



In Issue One, we joked about "crazed medical students donating skeletons" to venues holding Dead shows. Reader Susan Villa of San Diego says she looked into it and it's out of her price range. But she and a friend did manage to make this cake last December "to celebrate the end of our anatomy class and to mourn the arrival of my New Year's Eve ticket denial. Crazed Deadhead med students are alive and well at the UC San Diego Medical School!" Photo by Brian Schoenrock.

Fire, Fire in the Hotel: Larry Slavens of Fontanelle, Iowa forwards this little item from the July 6 Des Moines *Register*. Incidentally, the "Jepsen" referred to is Republican Senator Roger Jepsen, a staunch conservative:

"The Stouffers Five Seasons Hotel in Cedar Rapids had a 1:40 a.m. fire alarm that roused Jepsen from his sleep. The alarm came shortly after the Grateful Dead concert broke up, and Jepsen was spotted in a crowd of hippies banging at a telephone trying to arrange another room. Hotel staff said the alarm was triggered by Grateful Dead concert-goers' burning incense — 'or something.'"

Incidentally, that same paper's rock writer, James Healey, trashed the show, saying, "The 18-year-old hippie-era leftover San Francisco psychedelic sextet has fallen into a pattern as rote-like as the entertainment clichés the band sought to counter." The review was titled "Fans Would be 'Grateful' if 'Dead' Weren't so Dull."



Shameless Plug Dept.: One of our good friends, Dave Zimmer, who took over for Regan and me as editor of *BAM* magazine after our departure, recently had his first book published by St. Martin's Press. Called simply *Crosby, Stills & Nash*, Zimmer's book is the authorized biography of the trio, and it's loaded with great stories and never-before-published photos by Henry Diltz and others. The above shot, which appears in the book, shows Jerry flanked by Paul Kantner (L) and David Crosby (facing Garcia in the striped shirt) during the making of Crosby's 1971 solo album, *If I Could Only Remember My Name*. The book is lively reading all the way and would get our recommendation even if Dave weren't our pal. Photo by Henry Diltz

What Would Be The Answer to the Answer Man? Dave Manley of Findley Lake, NY tells us that the Dead come up a couple of times in *Time* magazine's trivia game. One toughie in the "Arts of the '60s" category posits: "Electric guitarist Jerry Garcia was leader of this acid rock group." Another is a multiple choice question, and please wait until the entire question is read before hitting your buzzers: "Jerry Garcia of the Grateful Dead was nicknamed a) Big Brother b) Pigpen c) Captain Trips." Another somewhat related question asks us to identify a historical figure: "You were either 'on the bus' or off. This refugee from the Beat generation drove the Merry Pranksters' bus." (Correct answer: Don Knotts).

"The '80s are just the '60s twenty years later; old feathers but a brand new bird."

— Wavy Gravy in *People*, July 23, 1984

FUNSTUFF

Reader George Sauer was understandably surprised when he caught this gem in the Cooperstown (NY) *Daily Star*, which usually, George says, "prints hints on getting crayon stains out of clothes."

Editorial page

In our opinion

Drug problem plagues rails

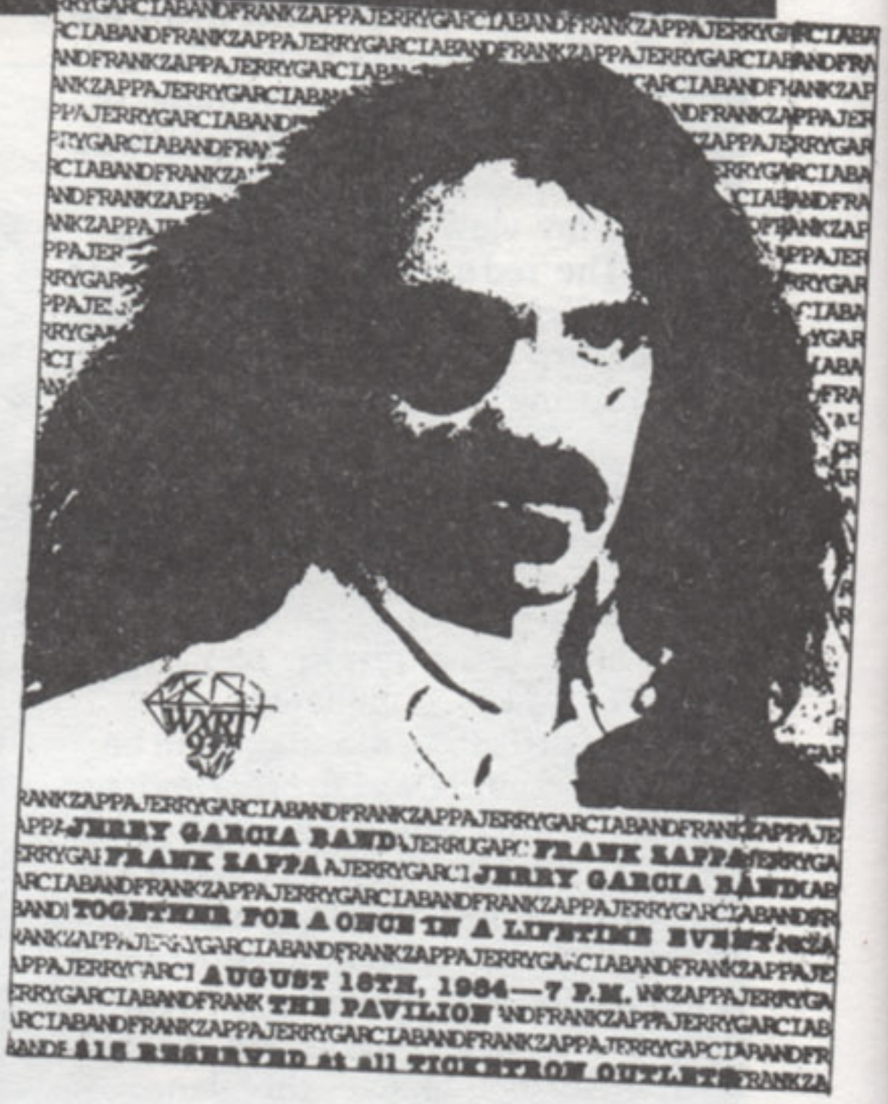
Driving this train
high on cocaine
Casey Jones you better
watch your speed
— Grateful Dead

The lyrics, written long ago by this veteran rock group idolized by the drug cult, weren't intended to have anything to do with trains. As it turns out, though, the words are aptly suited to reflect a growing drug problem in the railroad industry the consequences of which are often fatal.

The number of train wrecks subsequently linked to drug abuse by crew members or signal operators in recent months is a frightening testimonial to the inability of railroad management to police its own ranks.

...st of th... ... have i... ...ght train...

Home is Where the Heart Is: For the past 70 years or so, Washington & Lee University, a beautiful college built on the rolling green hills of Lexington, VA, has sponsored "mock" political conventions, with students acting as delegates representing the 50 states. The convention has drawn interest over the years in part because the gathering has successfully forecast the nominee of the party out of power 12 times in 17 attempts. This year was no exception, as the delegates rallied to Walter Mondale's side. What leads us to mention this at all is that a playful war of words broke out on the convention floor this year during the states' roll call. As the Washington & Lee alumni magazine described it: "North Dakota prided itself on being the home of Lawrence Welk, Angie Dickinson and the MX missile, while two states, California and Oregon, laid claim to being the home of the Grateful Dead (Oregon admitted it was only a summer home for the rock band but insisted that it alone is the country's top breeder of llamas)."



Steve Musielk of Elk Grove, IL mailed in this imaginative ad for the mid-August Garcia-Zappa show in Chicago, published in the local *Illinois Entertainer*.



New Orleans, LA. Submitted by Deb Noble

In the Strangest of Places If You Look At Right

Who among us has not had the glorious experience of driving down the highway in a strange place, Dead tapes blasting at ear-splitting volume, and coming across some place with a name straight out of a Dead song? OK, it's probably *not* cosmically significant, but it is kind of fun. Here are a few examples sent in by readers. If you have any snapshots like this you'd like to share with us, by all means send 'em along. (Since churches named after St. Stephen are fairly common — he was the first Christian martyr after all — let's consider that one covered by the school picture here.)



Hopland, CA. Submitted by John Larmer



Reno, NV. Submitted by Paul Grushkin and Bob Marks

DEADLINE

Continued from page 7

cause it's a warm, vibrant place and just a quarter mile or so from *The Golden Road*'s offices to boot) it won't be for quite a while, most likely. And incidentally, the facility has been renamed the Henry J. Kaiser Convention Center.

On a sadder note, Roosevelt Stadium, in Northern New Jersey, site of some pretty incredible Dead shows in the early '70s, is about to be demolished for condos. I can't get too nostalgic, though. The only Dead shows I ever went to where I feared for my life were at Roosevelt, which even back then was a decaying dump of a stadium. The tapes of those shows provide better memories.

There was tragedy on the June-July Midwest tour when a bus filled with 15 Deadheads who'd been following the tour went off the road the night of the Kansas City show and crashed, killing a passenger named Paul. Apparently, the driver of the Rainbow Bus (one of several that go on tour shuttling Heads from place to place) fell asleep. The others on the bus sustained varying degrees of injury. At the July 4th show, the first after Kansas City, Bob Weir opened the second set by announcing, "This set is dedicated to the memory of Paul." Then, in the middle of the set, as the band eased from "Estimated Prophet" into "He's Gone," Weir once again stepped up to the mike and softly said, "This is for Paul and the Rainbow Bus."

A number of readers in the Southeast and Southwest, concerned because of the September tour date cancellations, have written wondering if the Dead might try to make up dates in those areas soon. Unfortunately, the answer seems to be no. According to a band spokesperson, the group will be taking its usual January-through-March break, possibly doing more work on the new album during that period. Then, in late March, the band will probably play another series of benefits for the Rex Foundation (perhaps at the Marin Civic, though that's not definite). The current thinking is that the band would then swing East for two or three weeks, and then down to Southern California, playing one or two shows at Irvine Meadows. Beyond that, we know nothing. And once again, there is no mention of any European shows, so all you Heads across the sea better start saving your money for a trip over here if you want to see the Dead any time soon.

Due to popular demand, the Dead are currently looking for a distributor to handle the planned videocassette release of *The Grateful Dead Movie*. The film has been out on videodisc for some time, but VCR owners have so far had to settle for less than perfect copies made from the discs or high generation dupes from the film, which is a must for every Dead videocassette library.

The Dead's *Mars Hotel* album is going to be released soon in an audiophile pressing on the Mobile Fidelity label. If you've never heard an audiophile pressing, by all means check it out. The audiophile *American Beauty* released by Mobile Fidelity a few years ago contains textures you simply don't hear on the conventional record. Now then, when are the Dead going to get to the *next* step — compact discs, recorded digitally directly from their two-track masters?

Last, but certainly not least, our warmest congratulations to Phil Lesh and his longtime sweetie, Jill Johnson, who were married in Washington, D.C. September 12, upon their return from a month's vacation in Europe.



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TAPE TRADERS

This is a free service for Golden Road *subscribers only. Please keep your ad to about 15 words (or less!) plus your address. Deadline for the next issue is December 1. Note:* The Golden Road *is staunchly opposed to the sale of tapes.*

Wanted: Grass Valley '83 tapes. Have many to trade. For list contact: M. Bertsche, 1684 Vista Verde Ave., Chico, CA 94926.

Have/want low gen. GD tapes SBD & audience. 500 hrs. to trade; other groups as well. Send lists to: Tony Chipelo, P.O. Box 107, Naugatuck, CT 06770.

Let's trade! GD & others. Want qual. acoustic GD. Your list for mine. Steve Sandler, 929 Morrison, UNC-CH, Chapel Hill, NC 27514.

Have orig. master of '80 interview w/ Garcia & Weir. 90 min. long w/ music; insightful & funny! To trade, send lists. Stacye Mehard, 10934½ Ashton Ave., L.A., CA 90024.

New collector of GD videos wants to trade 300 hrs. of audio tapes for your videos. Pearce Wagner, RFD #1 Box 200, Plymouth, NH 03264.

Wanted: Greek Theatre 7-13-84. Lots to trade. Tom Kurcab, 626 Birchwood Ave., Des Plaines, IL 60018.

Must have Elton John '84 Tour tapes. Cow Palace 8-28-84 a must. GD & others to trade. Kurt & Jenny, 719 12th Ave., Menlo Park, CA 94025.

New collector wants 7-14-84 Berk: Only hi-qual. to trade. Steve Basett, 1183 Aberdeen Ave., Livermore, CA 94550.

Killer tapes wanted from all yrs. Have plenty of goodies to trade. Also interested in videos. Scott Tinter, Park View Rd., Pound Ridge, NY 10576.

Wanted: Pre-75 GD. esp. 6-20-74, 7-25-74, 3-71. Also Dinosaurs. Have 1800 hrs. to trade. Correspondence welcome. Thomas Biedebach, Breslauer Strasse 78, 5880 Luedenscheid, W. Germany.

Wanted: Qual. GD Red Rocks 6-12, 13, 14-84. Have many, will trade. Exchange lists? Greg Hall, 921 Jefferson St., Clifton Forge, VA 24422.

Beginner wants Prov. 4-27-84; Htfd. 10-14, 15-83; Toronto 6-21-84; 5-9-70. Help! Jim Kelley, Fairway Dr., Danielson, CT 06239.

Want: San Bernardino, CA 12-13-69; Pasadena 9-25-70; Hollywood Bowl 6-17-72; Long Beach 12-15-72. Have 500-plus hrs. to trade, ex. qual. Box Dixon, 1615-c Harmon St., Berkeley, CA 94703.

Tapes to trade. Hi-qual. only. Send list. Larry Daniels, 11 Fern St., Norwalk, CT 06854.

Want gd. qual. 6-27-84. Lots to trade. Jay Rorty, 573A Frederick, San Francisco, CA 94112.

Want to trade tapes. Good qual. only. Send lists to: Larry Daniels, 11 Fern St., Norwalk, CT 06854.

Wanted: Excellent qual. 8-23-80 Alpine; The Band 10-22-83. Christopher, 368 W. 9th St., Fond du Lac, WI 54935.

Help please! Stolen from my truck along w/ car stereo was tape of 6-21 Toronto simulcast. I need a friend to make me a copy of his recording! Thanks. Durs "Decay" Koenig, 14225 Lora Dr., #37, Los Gatos, CA 95030.

Have/want qual. GD tapes. Fast & efficient trader. Joe Pinedo, 11625 College Dr., Norwalk, CA 90650.

GD tapes for trade: Mark Timlin, 20-28 Carlton PL, Fair Lawn, NJ 07410.

Wanted: Serious tapers/traders of non-GD & GD music, esp. tapers from NYC, SF, Europe. Have 1000-plus hrs. to trade. Send list to: John Levene, P.O. Box 3656, Vail CO 81658.

Help Basic Bob! All his GD tapes ripped off while doin' time. Send him *your* favorites. Thanks! Basic Bob Levin, Box 44-A Marlin, Montezuma, CO 80435.

Wanted: List w/ live reggae or King Sunny Ade. Have 800-plus hrs. GD. 125 hrs. reggae & Sunny, plus 100 hrs. others. Need help w/ GD videos please! I have none. Kurt Mahoney, 350 Loma Terr., #D, Laguna Beach, CA 92651.



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Wanted: 7-13, 14, 15-84 Greek shows. Must have JGB 8-30-82 Keystone. Jan Moreira, P.O. Box 4833, Santa Fe, NM 87501.

Have/want qual. GD tapes to trade. Want esp. 70-75, summer '84 tour. Jeff Setzekorn, 40232 Santa Teresa, Fremont, CA 94539.

Wanted: Greg Allman Band, NRBQ, D. Betts & Friends. Dean Reynolds, P.O. Box 15665, Cincinatti, OH 45215.

Tapes to trade: Want pre-73 & 84 GD, also Airplane, Hunter, psychedelia, Joplin. Randy Roark, 544 Marine St., Boulder, CO 80302.

Wanted: 83 & 84 Midwest boards; Dead/Baez sessions; over 1000 hrs. to trade. Larry Slavens, Box 248, Fontanelle, IA 50846.

Me & Mike love new tapes. Do you? Send list or write to: Dave Castillo, c/o Manhattanville College, Purchase, NY 10577.

DH needs! Penn State 79 & 80. Will trade, have 700-plus hrs. Craig Van Wagner, 763 Montclair Dr., #8, Claymont, DE 19703.

Have/want superb qual. lo-gen. tapes. Betts to Zappa. Trade on cassettes or reels. Power King Systems, P.O. Box 522, Stratford, CT 06497.

Taping's become a recent obsession. Esp. interested in E. Coast tours. Donna Littlefield, 1310 College, #1267, Boulder, CO 80302.

Have almost no tapes! Let's trade. Esp. want Red Rocks 82, 83, 84 & Alpine Valley 84. Phillip Bender, Box 503, Bismarck, ND 58502.

GD Tape Exchange — Jim Gardner, John Friedman. Send list, we'll send ours. 23601 Hazelmere Rd., Shaker Heights, OH 44122.

Have/want qual. GD (LOW GEN.) at least 200 hrs. please! Send lists: Terrapin Tape Exchange, 230 Primo Ave., Sherrill, NY 13461.

600 hrs. to trade. Looking for Nassau Coliseum '73; other high qual. tapes. Exchange lists. Joe S. Salmieri, 93F Arrowood Rd., Englishtown, NJ 07726.

Help! Starting a tape collection. Interested in Garcia & GD '74 on. Let's work out a deal! Nick Carl, 2500 Knights Rd. #134-6, Bensalem, PA 19020.

Trade: GD Pre-'73 only. 400-plus hrs. available. Wolfgang Schoeller, D-3572 Amoeneburg 2, W. Germany. Serious collectors only!

Need: Jefferson Airplane, NRPS, It's a Beautiful Day, others. Have GD and a lot of blues. Doug Wright, 409 Elm Ridge Dr., Little Rock, AR 72211.

I can't let go and I can't hold on . . . Help me enjoy the ride. I have none to offer in return, but am interested in getting any GD/ JGB/ Weir tapes. "Rock for Life" Oakland, 2-80 and Reno, 3-82 are two personal favorites. Michael McGarr, P.O. Box 8329, Van Nuys, CA 91409.

Wanted: GD 8-21-83 Frost Amphitheatre; Ventura '84; Weir Berkeley 8-83, 84. High qual. Richard Lee, 28 Usher Lane, Haxby York, Y03 8JZ England.

Trade 250-plus hrs. GD. High qual. only. Send lists: Phil Corbin, 8 Indian Point La., Westport, CT 06880.

Need: Oak. Aud. 12-26-82, #2, 12-27-82, #1; Cal State Expo '84; 71-74 Midwest tour tapes; Mother McCree's Uptown Jug Band; Warlocks. Have 350-plus hrs. GD tapes from McCree's through summer '84. Robert Turner, 122 Lowell Rd., Wellesley, MA 02181.

Desperate: Spectrum 4-22-77 where are you? Have 150 hrs. Send lists. Paul Moliken, 12 Tatlow Ln., New Castle, DE 19720.

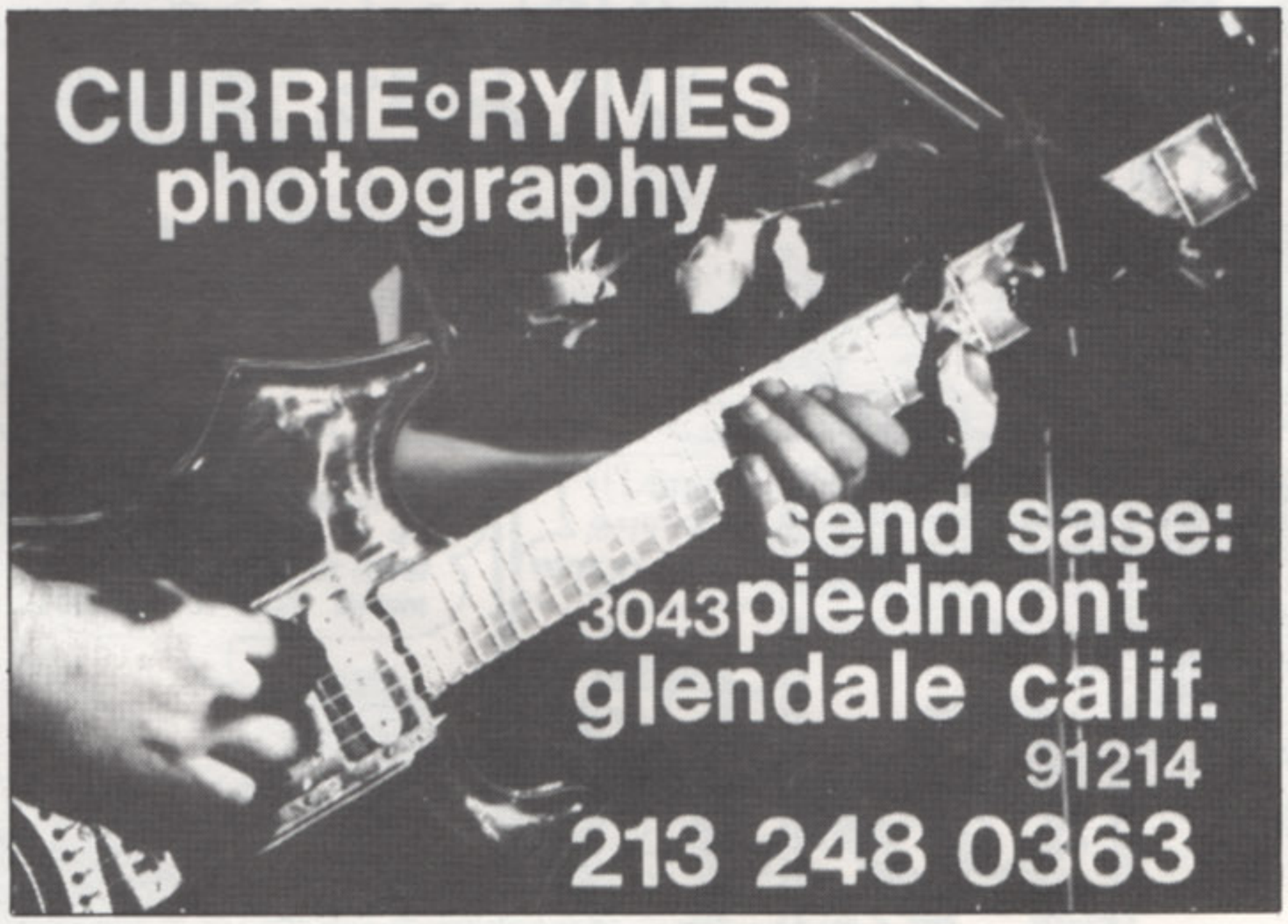
Hey now! Let's trade! Send list to: Doug Donaldson, 110 Grovers Ave., Winthrop, MA 02152.

Video traders: Send your lists, I'll send mine. Also obscure audio. Qual. only, please. Joe Kilcoyne Jr., 925 Springhill Dr., #105, Northbrook, IL 60062.

Beginner w/ 80 hrs. wants to trade. D. Von Dollen, 3519 Wild Flower Way, Concord, CA 94518.

Wanted: Qual. Vancouver '73; London 3-23, 24-81; Edinburgh 9-81; MSG 10-11-83. Lots to trade. Gavin, 1221 25 St., #E, Sacramento, CA 95816.

Have: GD & others 700 plus hrs. S. Bragg, R.D. #6, Kittanning, PA, 16201; (412) 545-2710.



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John & David Leopold: Happy Birthday! Denise Dillon.

Auction: Glastonbury Fayre 3-LP set w/ one side unreleased GD (Dark Star). VG cond. MB $50. Mike Duncanson, Box 99147, Troy, MI 48099.

Jim Ratner: Happy Birthday! As once said in another classified: "I love you more than words can tell." Happy trails . . . Love, Cindy.

Busted for drugs? Legal hassles? Deadhead Defense Attorney (JT) Jim Tyler, Esq., Drawer A, Frisco, CO 80443. (303) 668-5533; (303) 468-8616.

Hey now! 31-yr-old non-traveling Deadhead. Looking for any and all female Deadheads, traveling or not, for correspondence, sharing experiences and memories of electric times, past, present, and future . . . Sincere, honest and secure. Willing to help out in anyway I can! Write to: Michael, P.O. Box 84, Warren, MI 48090.

Kayak & Deadhead enthusiast from Southern Oregon seeks others to share river trips/ white water runs. Harry Hall, P.O. Box 34, Rogue River, OR 97537.

John & Katie of Colo: Kansas City was hot! Cedar Rapids Red Glare. Tapes are crystal clear. Call or write us — Larry & Dar

Lisa I still love you & always have! Please come see me or write. Ryder — Good Love.

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Roni, Bobby & Christopher, here's the Golden Road for you to enjoy. Have fun in Worcester in Oct. See you soon. We miss you — the Mikoloski's.

Hey, John! How's R.P.I.? Boulder's killer! Jim.

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