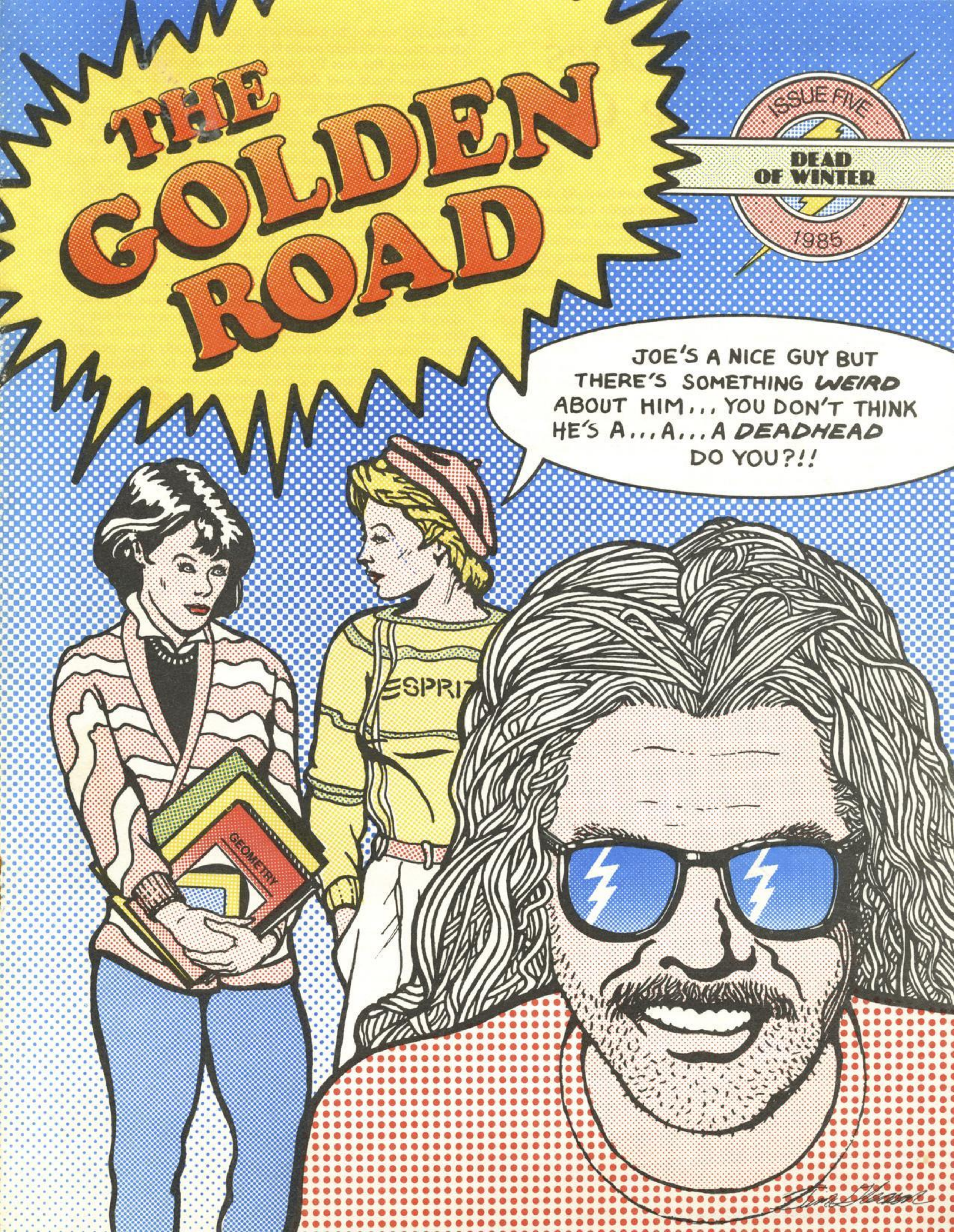
THE GOLDEN ROAD

ISSUE FIVE

DEAD OF WINTER

1985



Where Does the Time Go?

Welcome to Year Two of *The Golden Road*. As you might have noticed, we have once again increased the number of pages, a trend we hope will continue. We've started to get some solid support from advertisers, our subscription rolls continue to grow with each passing day, and we're happy to report that most of those whose subscriptions were due to expire with this issue chose to renew. (For those of you who are wondering if you'll be notified about your subscription's expiration: yes, with a little slip of paper tucked into the last issue on your subscription. And please renew early!)

In this issue we're pleased to begin our year-long celebration of the Grateful Dead's 20th Anniversary. Each issue, "20 Years Dead" will focus on a different period of the Dead's history ('65–'70, '71–'75, etc.) with a selection of rare and, in most cases, previously unpublished photos from the era, plus various tidbits and interviews we hope will illuminate some of the corners of the Dead's odd past. Although the band's own official celebration doesn't begin until early June (the date tossed around within the Dead as *the* 20th anniversary is June 7, 20 years from the day Phil moved to Palo Alto to join The Warlocks), we feel the *whole year* is special. (We're very curious about how the straight media is going to cover this milestone. Considering the fuss TV and various newspapers and magazines made over the band at the 15th Anniversary, this could get pretty outrageous.)

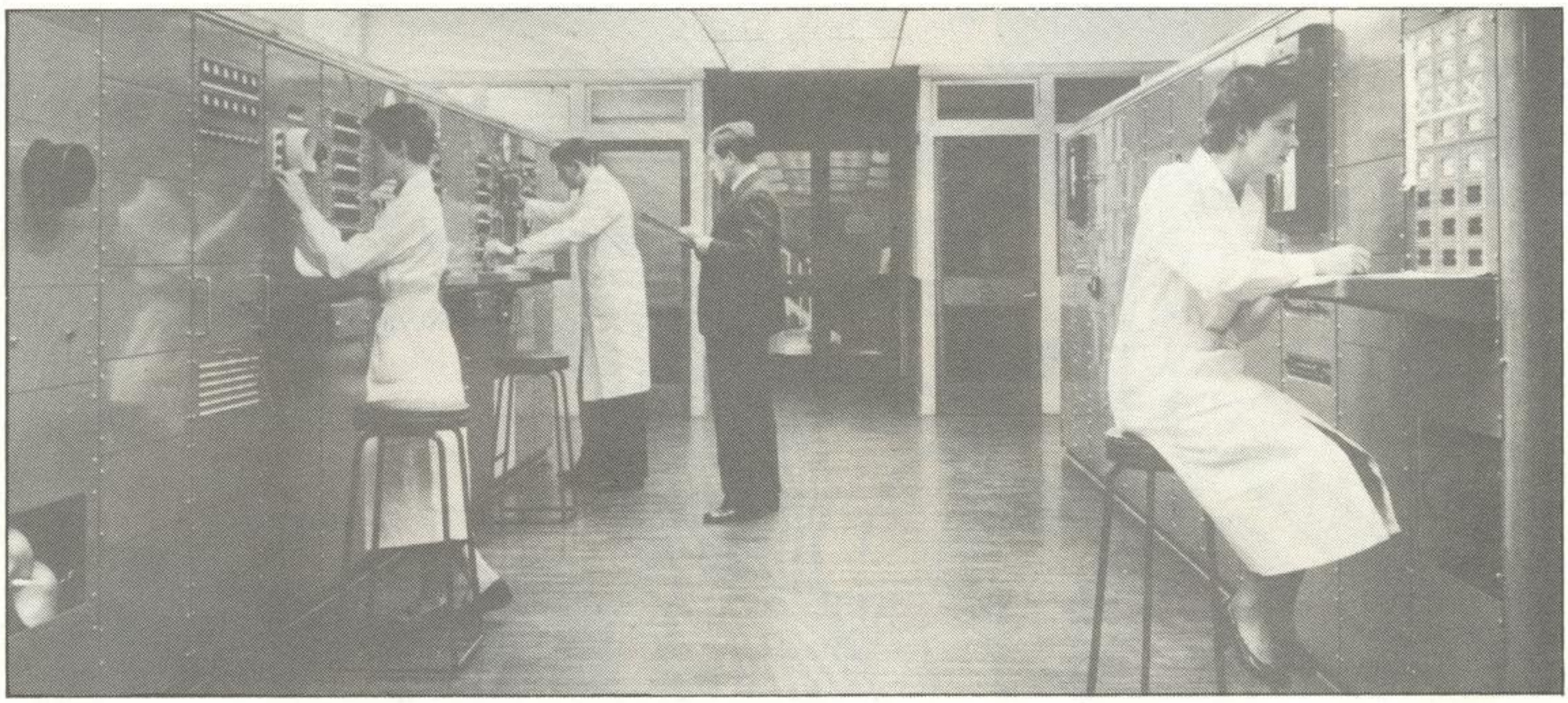
We want to thank all the people who have helped us spread the word by passing out *Golden Road* leaflets on tour and at Garcia Band shows. If anyone would like to help in this effort, please drop us a line and tell us what shows you're headed for, and we'll mail you some leaflets.

You may have noticed that this issue arrived First Class, despite our notice that we'd be moving to Second Class in '85. Well, we still plan to, but the good news is that since the first of the year, Second Class mail now goes through the First Class mail system; it's just a bargain rate for periodicals. This should assuage the fears of readers who imagined their issues would be carried by arthritic pigeons via the polar route.

And lastly, a note from our circulation department: If you've moved, please do your best to let us know *before* we send out our quarterly issues. Sending issues to no one is costly and time consuming. Have mercy on what is basically a two-person operation! Our January issue may come late in the month because of the holidays and the Dead run, but for most issues we get our mailing together the month prior to publication. So if you know you won't be at the address we have on our computer rolls for the April issue, let us know by early March. At the very least, when you move arrange with the Post Office to have your mail forwarded.

We hope you have a happy and healthy 1985, and we thank you for all your support. Happy Anniversary!

— *BJ & RM*



Our crack circulation squad enters the day's changes of address into the computer

THE GOLDEN ROAD

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FEEDBACK

All the News That's Fit to Print

Great mag — keep up the good work. It's obvious you understand that there are far too few Dead shows, and between shows we fans anxiously slurp up any and all tidbits we can while we trade tapes and attempt to re-create "that feeling." Your magazine is a welcome void-filler, and here's hoping that you succeed to the point where you can go full time (make it your day job!) and produce monthly, weekly or even daily news — things like "Yesterday Otis farted Kal Kan" and "Jerry did nine renditions of 'Morning Dew.'"

Rick Lane
Mineola, NY

Marksist Manifesto

The price of your European subscription — $16 — is (and will be as long as Mr. Ray-Gun is doin' his missile blues) quite a heck of German marks. It's three marks to the dollar now. To give you an idea what this is here, below is a list of what else you could get for the same amount:

— about 4 beers, which would give you 3.5 percent more than a buzz
— 1 gram of best Moroccan hash
— 3 gallons of milk
— a *Playboy* magazine
— a good meal *not* at a fast-food place
— enough gas to go 60 miles (and gas over here is twice the U.S. price)
— 2 Maxell UDXLS tapes

And this doesn't include the postage — another $2 worth — getting the $16 on its way. But I know your mag is worth it from page to page.

Uli Teute
Denzlingen, West Germany

More Singles Trivia

I've got some info on the 45 version of "The Music Never Stopped." I have a promo pressing that is a little over three minutes long. The last two lines of the third verse (beginning with "C'mon children ...") and the fourth verse are omitted and replaced by a vocal bridge by Donna that's not on the album version; and the end instrumental is faded out early. An interesting variation.

Mark Nymeyer
Santa Barbara, CA

(Thanks for the tip. And, silly us, in last issue's feature, "Singles — A Look at the Dead's 'Forgotten' Records," we omitted the Dead's very first single (1967) "The Golden Road (to Unlimited Devotion)," which of course is the source of our mag's name.)

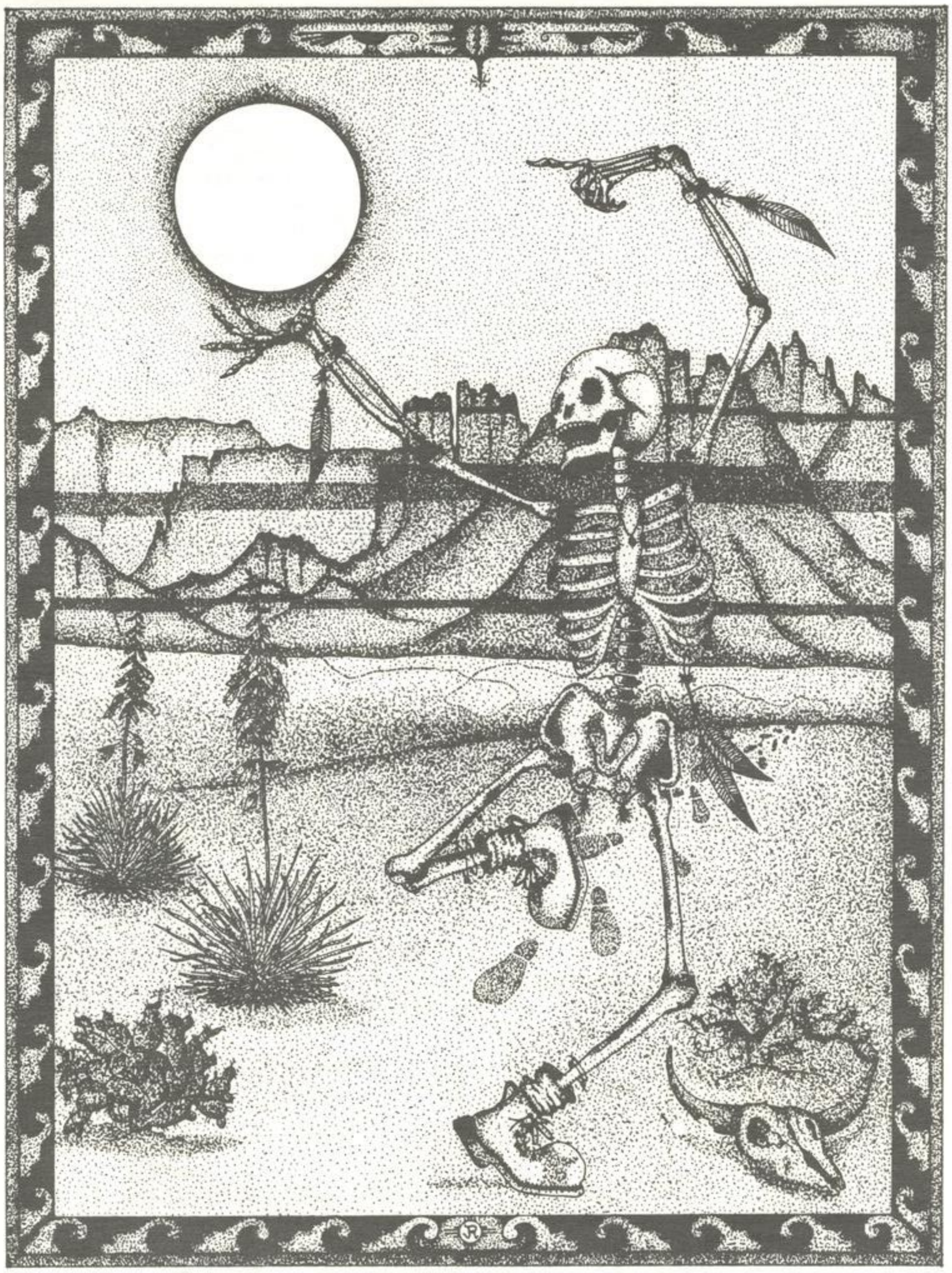
All Noisy on the Eastern Front

Now that the Dead have found it necessary to chide a portion of their audience for its behavior at shows (I'm referring to the autumn leaflets regarding taper etiquette), perhaps the time has come for a dialogue on appropriate behavior during a show:

Is it really necessary to stand on the chairs? When everyone is standing on a chair, their respective heights stay the same and no one can really see any better than if everyone stood on the floor. All it does is force a lot of us to spend energy maintaining our balance, energy which could be better spent dancing or otherwise enjoying the show. Is it really necessary to come to the show so tanked up on cheap wine that one vomits during the second song of the first set? This makes the rest of the show quite unpleasant for those nearby. Do people really think that other people do not mind when they push their way into a row on the floor and attempt to squeeze into space already occupied by the rightful ticketholders? Folks should not attempt to share a person's space unless invited. Do people really think that whatever stories they give ushers and security personnel are going to convince them to allow them to stand in the aisles during a show? It's their job to keep the aisles clear to satisfy the requirements of the local fire marshals.

And last, but not least, is it really necessary to have incredibly loud discussions of why "Tennessee Jed" is such a cosmic song, or on how to get to Syracuse the next day, or to loudly remind Jerry what his name is, during an exquisite Garcia-Weir guitar duet, or an amazing drum segment, or a beautifully sung version of "Morning Dew" or "Stella Blue"? If one doesn't appreciate the more subtle parts of the show, perhaps one should retire to the corridors to talk. Most of us go to a lot of trouble, and spend a lot of money, to see the Dead because we love their music, and we want to hear all the notes, not just the power chords.

Marc Posner
Somerville, MA



Artist unknown; from the '84 Greek shows

Feelin' Guruvy

On October 13 I watched a half-hour show on Seattle TV station 2 (on the Christian Cable Network) called *Real Videos*. The program featured four "Christian" videos, probably a response to pagan MTV. One video in particular disturbed me — a group called The 77s performing a song titled "A Different Kind of Light." During the video, various faces were flashed in the background; the general implication seemed to be that these people were imitators or opponents of Jesus. Most of the people pictured were gurus, cult leaders, prophets, criminals, maniacs, religi-

ous leaders or fanatics. The Christian producer seemed to imply that there was something evil or un-Christian about all the pictured people. The reason I am writing, as you may have guessed, is that there, along with all those bad guys, was a full-bodied photo of our hero, Jerry Garcia, with one of those black rectangles over his eyes to try to make him unrecognizable. Well, they couldn't fool me, because none of the other cult figures wears a black T-shirt.

I guess what really bothers me is that I can't believe any well-meaning Christian has anything against Jerry Garcia.

Mark Peltier
Seattle, WA

What About Separation of Church and Dead?

I am an Orthodox Jew. The spirituality and strength I receive from a Dead show is only surpassed (equalled?) by that gotten from my religious beliefs and practices. Unfortunately, however, the two almost always seem to conflict, and this is why I must state my objection.

Boys, I can understand you turning down an invitation to my sister's bas mitzvah (you had a gig in my hometown the very same day). I can even understand you doing shows on Friday nights, the Jewish Sabbath, when I cannot attend. But must you schedule shows on major religious holidays? It seems like every time you come to Rochester it's either the Jewish New Year, Yom Kippur or Passover. How can I start an Ortho fan club if I can never bring my observant buddies to shows? Please consult a Jewish calendar before routing your tour schedule — or better yet, give me a buzz and I'll be glad to sit down with you for a few minutes to work things out.

By the way, I haven't heard you guys do "Hava Nagilah" in years. Let's get with it, huh?

Ken Gruber
Rochester, NY

Vicious Rumor

We've been in constant discussion with members of the medical profession, and the general consensus is that Jerry's growing midriff is physical evidence of that which has been considered only rumor up to this date: the impending birth of twin baby terrapins by our favorite lead guitarist.

The Virginia Deadheads
Williamsburg, VA

A Call for Action

I thought you and your readers should be aware of "the Hartford Incident" of the fall tour. Lots of happy people were singled out by the Hartford cops for no apparent reason other than the fact that they were smilin' on a cloudy day — which to my knowledge doesn't signify "probable cause." Many people were dragged away, harassed and/or beaten, or held in police cars for for hours without being told why.

I think it's time to kick Hartford where it hurts — the back pocket. I'm talking law suit — police harassment and brutality at least. If a suit were successful, those injured would receive monetary compensation, offending officers could be suspended and the town of Hartford would think twice before taking its frustrations out on Deadheads.

If there is anyone out there who got unjustly hassled or beaten by the Hartford police October 14 or 15, 1984, or if you can help us with witnesses, lawyers or donations for legal fees, please contact Beth and Brad as soon as possible at (718) 680-0343 (this is our parents' phone, so please, no tricks). Or write to us at 116 72nd St., Brooklyn, NY. Isn't it time for truth and justice instead of a gun and a billy club?

Beth and Brad MacRae
Brooklyn, NY

(We didn't make it to the Hartford shows so we can't comment, but we have gotten a lot of concerned negative mail from those who did!)

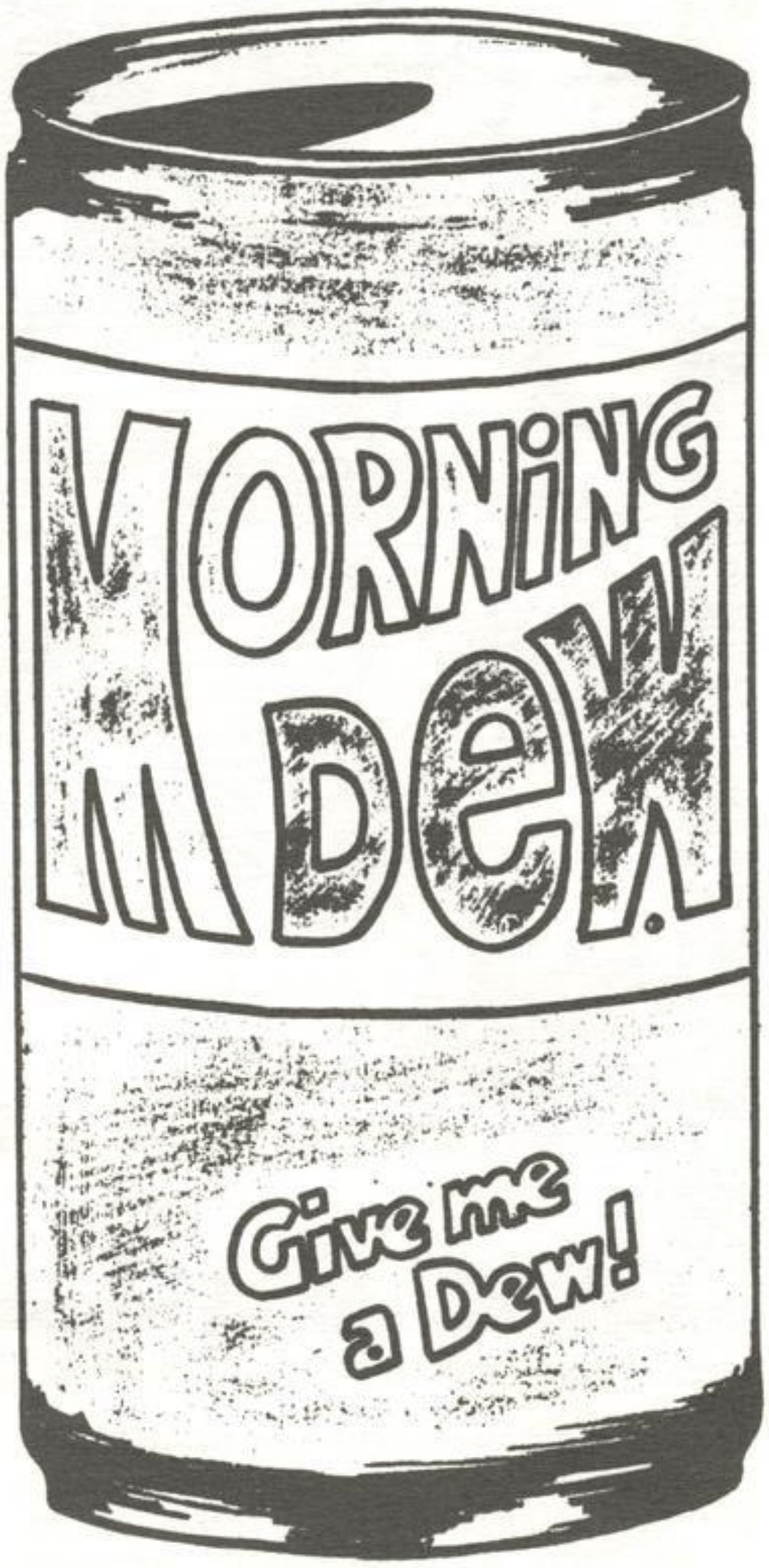


Illustration: Tracy "T-Bone" Korby, Pittsburgh, PA

Ain't Gonna Be Treated This-a-Way

After hearing so much about the reception that Deadheads have received in Hartford, we thought we'd write and share the experience we had when we were there for the fall shows. The Hartford Holiday Inn treated us (and other Deadheads) so rudely we were forced to check out.

Upon our return from a wonderful evening at the Civic Center we were greeted at the door by hotel manager Steve Innman, who informed us that if we were to bring our two friends up to our room to socialize, they would be arrested for trespassing. We explained that they were just going to visit for a while before driving to their motel, and even offered to allow him to come up to the room later on that evening to see that they had left and that we had not demolished the room. But Innman told us no way, because last year the "same group" had been in town and the Holiday Inn had lost $4000. We informed him that this was our first time in Hartford and he had no right to discriminate against us. We had never encountered a hotel policy that would not allow paying guests (we had paid our $75 in advance) to entertain in their rooms. We couldn't even socialize in the lounge because it had been closed before the show let out as a "security measure."

We were opposed to the policy and the fact that we were not told about it when we checked in (or made our reservations). If we had known how they were going to treat Deadheads, we would have taken our business elsewhere from the start. We were deprived of our rights as paying guests just because Innman didn't approve of the "group" we're associated with. The only reason we chose the Holiday Inn in the first place was because they allow dogs. Well, welcoming dogs but not Deadheads isn't good enough! We (along with our dog, Kazak) checked out that evening and stayed with friends.

Nancy and Pearce Wagner and Kazak
Plymouth, NH

P.S. Our second night in Hartford we checked into the Sheraton, which also allows dogs, and they welcomed us and our visitors.

Never Say Never

Friend of mine head a Muzak version of "Must've Been the Roses" on a radio station out of Rhinelander, WI. Never thought I'd hear it; glad I didn't.

Michael Tarachow
Markesan, WI

Count Your Lucky Stars

To those tapers who are inclined to arrogance, I would just like to say that for us Europeans, tapes are all we have to keep us going, unless we can get over to you. And over here we get high on a 25th generation recorded in a bucket! Quality's nice, but remember, a concert is only a moment in time, and a tape is a guide, a doorway to where the Dead can take you, not a form of currency or status symbol like a rare coin or stamp.

Nick Mosby
London, England

Keep On Dribblin'

I was intrigued by your article on Deadheads who are professional people. I teach elementary physical education in two Catholic schools as my day job, but most of my time centers around Dead shows and collecting tapes. Talk about a double life! The first day I pulled into the parking lot with my car covered with Dead decals, the sisters just shook their heads and wondered what they were letting themselves in for!

I also coach basketball and have played "Franklin's Tower," "Shakedown," etc. for warmups during practices. The players really like it, until they find out who it is — then they ask for Ratt or some other heavy metal group.

Mike Merrill
Syracuse, NY

Nancy Yeoman, Yucaipa, CA

They Say It's a Living . . .

Although I'm not a professional yet, I am going to school to be an animal trainer. The above photo is of me wearing my Skull & Roses shirt while working with a cougar. Our tiger actually hates tie-dyes — every time I wear one he tries to attack!

Nancy Yeoman
Yucaipa, CA

Tune In, Turn On, Drop Out

Professional Deadheads, huh? I used to be one. First heard the Dead at Picnic Day in Davis in April 1967. The music never stopped. Spent 13 years in commercial data processing, culminating in two years as an independent bank consultant. Finished building my home a couple of years ago and dropped out of a promising career to take up Volkswagon repair. It does indeed take time to pick a place to go.

Richard Dunk
Lotus, CA

Electric Blues

I am a programmer/analyst working for big old Pacific Gas & Electric (boo, hiss), and I am a Deadhead. How do I resolve this? By putting a suit on in the morning and some tapes on at night. I don't like nuclear power any more than the next Deadhead, but then again, I do like to cook my food on the gas stove with the stereo on. There is good and bad in everything. "But when you talk about destruction, don't you know that you can count me out." However, "If I had my way, I would tear [that] old building down."

Eric Zirbel
Berkeley, CA

Whatever It Takes . . .

It all started one July when a friend and I were in a shopping mall. We saw this real cool patch (skull & roses) that you iron onto your shirt. I bought it and brought it home and my sister saw it. She mentioned to me that it was a logo of the Grateful Dead. I said I knew that (which of course I didn't, because I was only 13). So she thought I liked the Dead, and three months later brought me to a Dead concert. I had to go; either that or be embarrassed and tell her that I only bought the patch to look cool. The show was incredible (4-17-82)! I left that show with my mind blown! I had gotten on the Bus.

Sure, I am one of the youngest generation of Deadheads, but I love the Dead just as much as any other older Deadhead.

Peter Hanson
Easton, CT

Stairway to Heaven?

I would like to express my thanks to all the Deadheads who have been kind enough to take the time to help someone in need, as I myself have been from time to time — like at the San Francisco Civic last year. I was standing on an escalator, taking it up to the top floor, when a girl came up to me and kindly told me it was not working! I could have been there all evening and never seen the Dead play.

M. Kennedy
Ventura, CA

Zank Hayvun, for Leetle Dead!

I'm an expatriated Kansas Head who now lives in the City of Lights, and I enjoy everything here except the lack of Dead tours and culture. I miss all the Cosmic Charlies and Charlenes who appreciate something because it's good, not because it's new or avant-garde. So if anybody's heading Paris-way, please get in touch — tel. (1) 245-56-18. And if you can get the boys over here, we can definitely share my wine.

Jeffrye Seligson
Paris, France

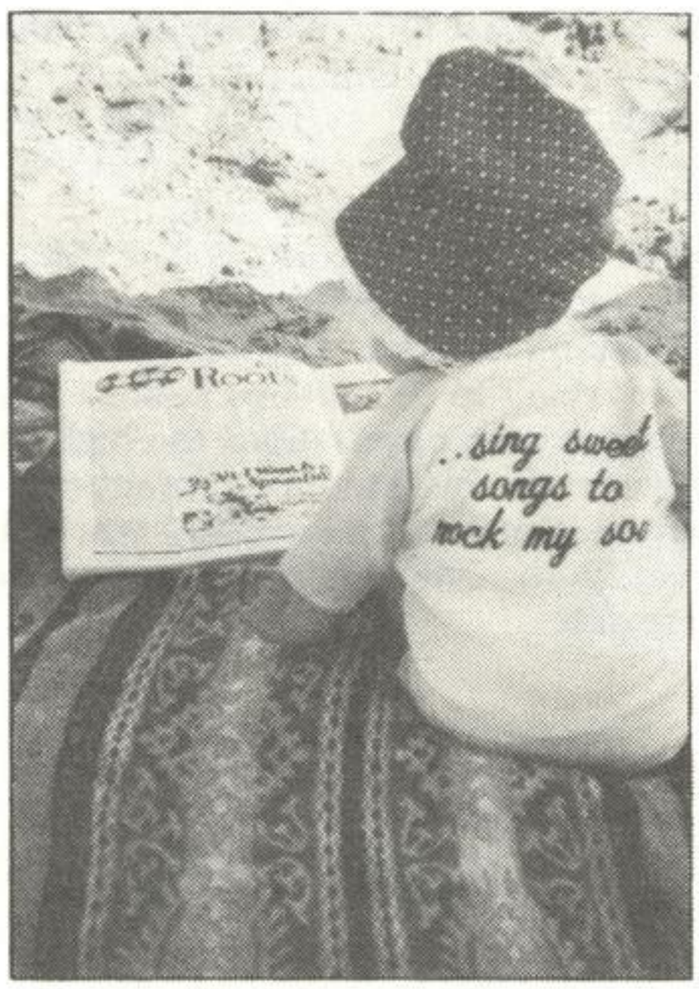
BORN TO READ

Jenna is only 8 months old and she already has the wisdom and good taste to be a *Golden Road* subscriber. More satisfying than mother's milk, more informative than Mr. Rogers, more entertaining than the Muppets, *The Golden Road* is a pacifier for all ages.

So don't be left out in the sandbox. Subscribe today!

We publish four times a year — Winter, Spring, Summer and Fall. Start your subscription anytime and get the next four issues for just $10 in the U.S. and Canada; $16 for air mail to Europe. (All issues published prior to Winter '85 must be ordered as back issues for $3 each.)

Baby yourself and get a little Dead all year long.



Jenna Hover, born 5-16-84 in Cerritos, CA, has been to "nine pre-birth and four post-birth Dead shows," according to her parents, Mark and Jeri

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

Send check or money order to: The Golden Road,
485 Lake Park Ave. #82-W, Oakland, CA 94610

DEADLINE The Latest News & Rumor Control

Alas, the Dead's upcoming touring schedule was still tentative as we went to press in mid-January, so we're not at liberty to give you specific dates. However, we can give you a glimpse of what the first half of the year will *probably* look like, for those of you who want to plan your vacations. Always, always, *always* check the Hotline for the real scoop on tours, tour booklets, etc. Those numbers, once again, are (201) 777-8653 in the East, and (415) 457-6388 in the West.

Once again, the performing year will begin in the Bay Area. There have been rumors of a possible show or two around Chinese New Year in mid-February, but that is still very tentative. There will likely be a series of benefits at the Berkeley Community Theatre in mid-March, with an East Coast swing starting around the third week of March. Possible sites for that tour, which will run through the first week of April, include Hampton, VA; Springfield, MA; Nassau, NY; Portland, ME; Providence, RI; and Philadelphia, PA. There's a chance a couple of Southern California dates might follow that tour. May looks like it will be devoid of Dead dates, but then the band will begin officially marking its 20th anniversary in the first half of June with dates at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley, followed by a probable Midwest and East Coast tour, possibly involving shows in Illinois, Ohio, mid-New York, Maryland and Pennsylvania. That takes the band through mid-July, when they will return to the West Coast for the now-traditional shows in Ventura. The rest of '85 is a complete mystery.

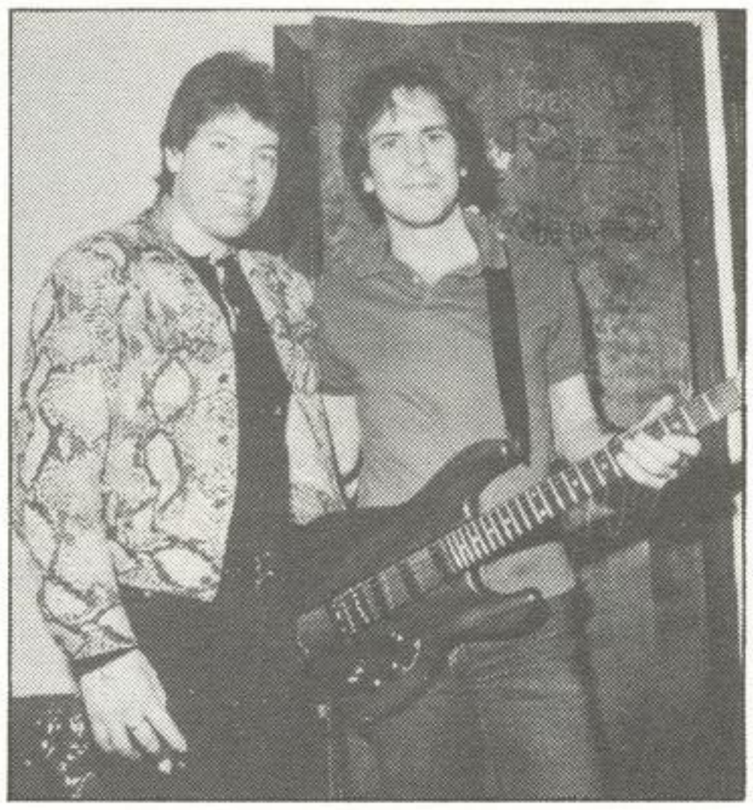
But don't take our word for any of this. We're trying to be cautious here so you don't get your expectations too high. If all goes well, this info should be substantially accurate, but then again, you just never know. The Hotline will keep you up to date.

Jerry and John Kahn at the "Tribute to Bill Graham." Photo: Richard McCaffrey

Jerry Garcia and John Kahn were among those on hand to honor Bill Graham at a big bash at the Marin Civic September 29. The "Tribute to Bill Graham," presented by the Mill Valley Film Festival and Marin Video Archives, included a mix of excellent film and video footage of Graham's career; videotaped testimonials to Graham from the likes of Mick Jagger and Keith Richards, members of the Dead, Airplane and other bands; and live performances by Garcia & Kahn (a bit lackluster), Carlos Santana and, most impressive of all, the Butterfield Blues Band with Elvin Bishop (who jammed ferociously on "East-West"). It was a wonderful evening and a well-deserved tribute to a man who has done so much for the business of live music.

A couple of weeks later, Garcia and Kahn hit the road for a short East Coast tour which, from the reports we've gotten, was very uneven. All the shows sold out in advance, and when the tour reached New York's prestigious Avery Fischer Hall there was a near-riot outside as some 60 idiotic Deadheads rushed the doors. Don't expect to see another Garcia show there any time soon.

Fans of Kingfish will be delighted to hear that the group is playing around again after an absence of several years. Bob Weir isn't a regular member anymore, but he did sit in with the band for parts of several shows in Northern California clubs in late December, rocking out on such tunes as "Wang Dang Doodle," "I Ain't Superstitious," "Spoonful" and even "Day Tripper" (which he played with Kingfish a few days before the Dead debuted it). Other members of the Dead have gotten in the act with the band, too. Billy Kreutzmann is their drummer, and it's said that Brent Mydland may have a tune or two on their next album and might play a few dates with them on an upcoming East Coast tour. (Weir will likely also be on that LP with a new song or two, we hear.) Matthew Kelly remains the head Kingfisher.



Backstage at a Kingfish gig, George Thorogood (who jammed with the band) poses with Weir. Photo: Randy Bachman

If, like me, you enjoyed Kingfish's original incarnation in the mid-'70s, you'll definitely want to pick up the latest release on Relix Records, a half-live, half-studio LP of previously unreleased Kingfish tapes. The band really smokes throughout, with lead guitarist Robbie Hoddinott (where is *he* today?) showing why he was so well regarded during his brief tenure in the spotlight. Particularly noteworthy are the pre-Weir "Mess Around," with one of Dave Torbert's better vocals; "Put Your Hand on Me Baby," featuring the legendary John Lee Hooker on lead vocals and Michael Bloomfield on guitar; hot live cuts of "School Days," "Young Blood" and "Promised Land"; and a *great* version of "Key to the Highway," led by guitarist/singer Michael O'Neill. All in all, the album is a winner, and it gives the current edition of Kingfish something to live up to.

As a look at the ad on the facing page will tell you, Mickey Hart has put out two new records. No, this isn't *his* music, rather music he recorded of Indian and Egyptian musicians. "This is music I like to listen to goin' down the road or at home," Hart told us recently. "I lived with this music. If I was in a certain mood, I'd go up to the barn and pull out one of these tapes, like you'd go into

your wine cellar and pull out a Napa Valley red."

Music of Upper & Lower Egypt was recorded by Mickey and John Cutler following the Dead's Egypt shows in 1978. For the vocal music on one side, Hart and Cutler sailed the Nile in a small boat recording the songs of Egyptians singing in another boat. The other side features two groups of players recorded in a town setting. "We came in to find the old music, the ancient music," Hart says. "I played for them, and they played for me. We got high with them, roasted a pig and had an all-night party."

The tapes for *Sarangi: Music of India* date back to 1974, when some members of Ravi Shankar's group (then on tour with George Harrison) played all night at a special gathering at the Stone House (formerly the Henry Botham Youth Camp) in Marin. "I really love this music," Hart comments, "and all my friends do too. They're the ones who really convinced me this music should be put out. Sarangi is irresistible to me. It's *love* music. L-O-V-E. It's passion. It's ecstasy." The Stone House sessions were recorded on a 16-track remote unit by Dan Healy.

Healy and Hart have collaborated on other live recordings, as well, capturing such performers as Fatha Hines, Turk Murphy, the Demon Drummers of Japan and Ali Akbar Khan over the years. Hart says he doesn't know if any of those performances will eventually see the light of day or not. He insists he doesn't want to run a record company and that even overseeing the release of the *India* and *Egypt* albums was "a hassle." However, he says, "I'd like to share this music with more people than just my close friends. It's very special music to me." Ordering information for these mail-order albums appears in the ad. (Incidentally, the cover art by Alton Kelley was not ready when the ad was made, so those are just rough sketches of the covers.)

The Dead have put together a 30-minute assemblage of live footage (primarily from the 1980 Radio City shows) that they are distributing to news and entertainment programs (such as *Entertainment Tonight*) so that there will be some authorized Dead video on file for possible use.

Don't be surprised if the Dead put out some sort of 20th Anniversary video later this year. Garcia himself is said to be scouring the vaults for prime stuff, as is Len Dell' Amico, who directed *Dead Ahead* and the Showtime special a couple of years ago. Also, Steve Brown, who was a key figure in the Dead's record company and a member of the Dead organization for much of the '70s, was shooting footage of Deadheads at the San Francisco Civic shows for a future documentary.

A whopping 51 radio stations nationwide carried the Dead's New Year's Eve show from the San Francisco Civic. California led the field with seven stations carrying it, but guess what unlikely state tied with New York for the second highest number? Alaska!

And while we're on the subject of the Civic shows, let us break your heart by revealing the two songs the Dead rehearsed the previous week but failed to play at any of the three shows: "Crazy Fingers" and Dylan's classic from *Highway 61 Revisited*, "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues" (with Phil singing no less!)

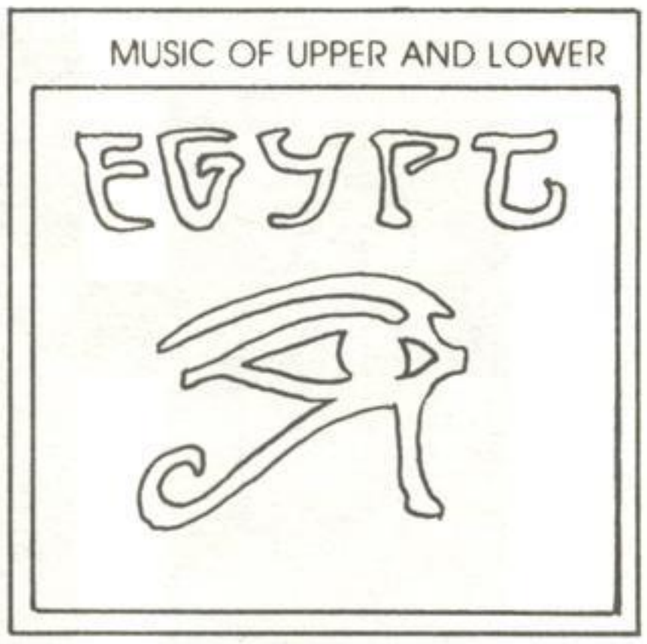
Look for the David Gans-Peter Simon opus on the Dead, *Playing in the Band* to hit the stores around the first of June. We've read it and seen the pictures (all 200-plus!) and can assure you all that you've got a real treat in store. It features literally hundreds of never before published quotes from the Dead, the crew and friends, as well as many previously unpublished black and white and color photos. Incidentally, the cover photo is from the same session (backstage at the Greek, '84) that yielded that unbelievably great shot in *Life* magazine's December issue. We'll have more on the book next issue.

We know you're all excited about dbx, Dolby B & C and a number of other technological advances, but the future of audio is clearly the Compact Disc. If you haven't heard one yet, try to check one out. And within a few years, *you'll* be able to record digitally onto CD, so your tapes can be transferred eventually. Right now, though, if you own a CD player you can play *Terrapin Station*, recently released by Arista in that format.

Out of the Vault!

360° RECORDS presents world music recorded by Mickey Hart, Dan Healy, and John Cutler

Music of Upper and Lower Egypt
360°-101
Egyptian folk music by the Aswan boat people and desert nomads of the Alexandria region. "The Nile Tapes," the music of Upper and Lower Egypt, are Nagra field recordings made by Mickey Hart and John Cutler following the Grateful Dead's performances at the Great Pyramid in 1978. They are expressions and interpretations of the lives of the Egyptian people which reflect the rich ethnic heritages of the Upper and Lower Nile.



Sarangi: Music of India
360°-102
A rare recording of one of India's most talented *sarangi* players USTAD SULTAN KHAN. Recorded in 1974 by Mickey Hart and Dan Healy in a large granite room called the Stone House, this romantic raga also features Sri Rij Ram on *tabla*. During the performance the sound of the *sarangi* and *tabla* are enhanced by the acoustic properties of the Stone House room.

Send $9.00 in cashier's check or money order to
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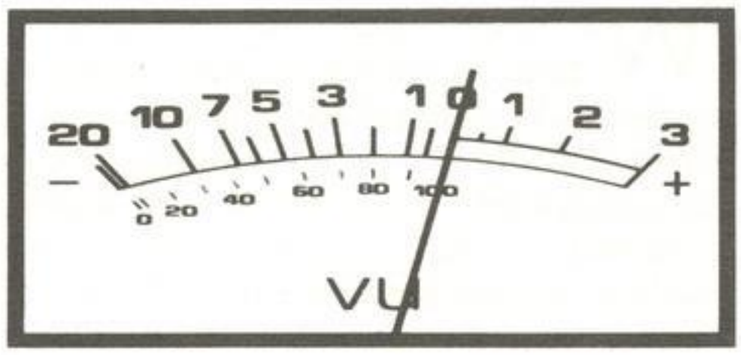


The Sound Ideas Of Dan HEA

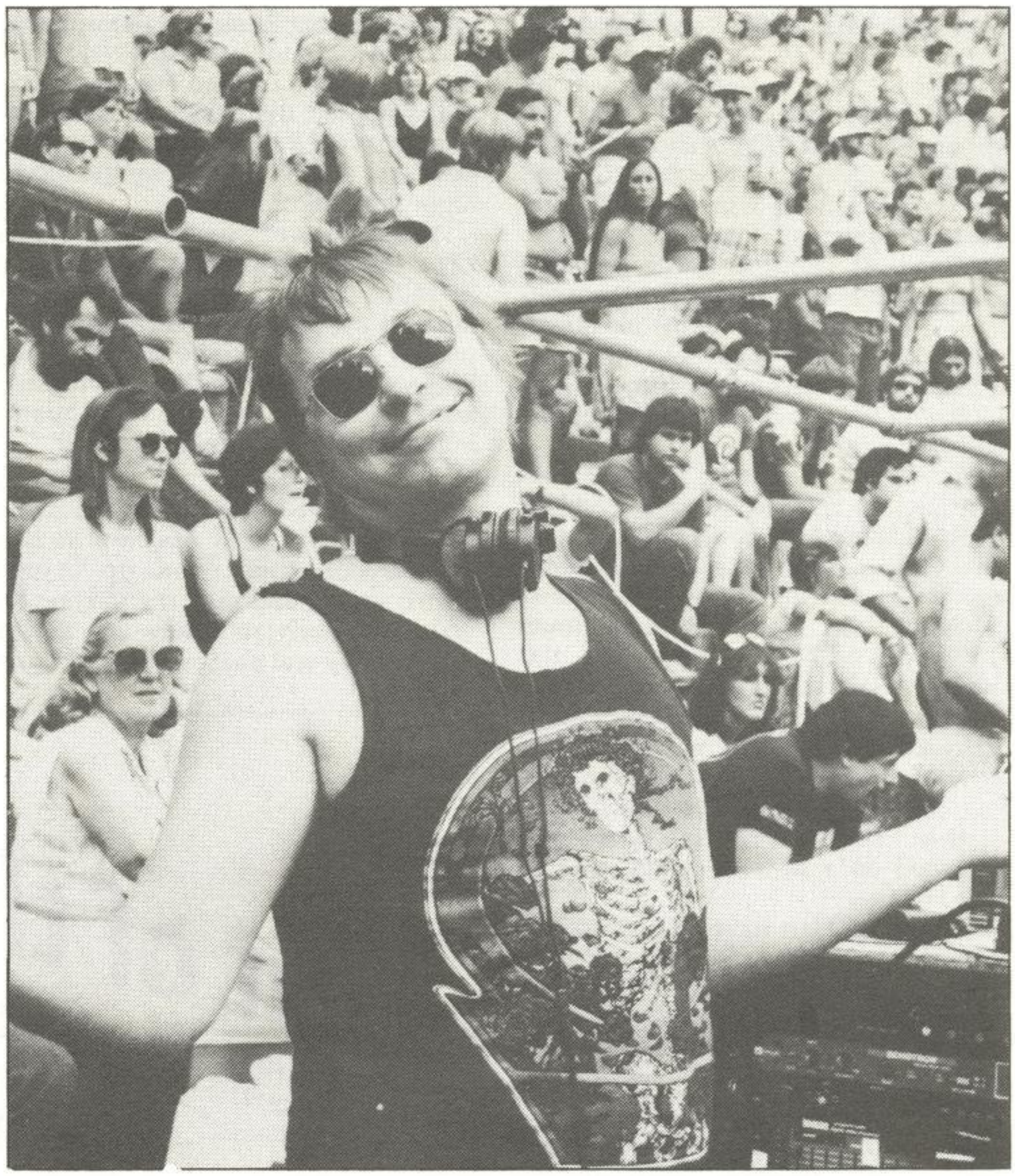


Photo: David Gans

The small town of Garberville, California sits nestled among towering redwoods 200 miles north of San Francisco. In the summer, it's a popular camping area, but from October through May it is usually gray and rainy, not too surprising given its proximity to the Oregon border. The clouds hover low on the densely forested hills, giving the landscape the look of some ethereal Japanese woodblock print. In "downtown" Garberville, really just one brief strip of shops, one sees an interesting mix of cultures. Historically, this part of California has been dominated by the logging industry, so there are a lot of rugged outdoor types wandering about, strait-laced looking men and women with pioneer faces. That's the old Garberville. The new Garberville is characterized by the somewhat scraggly hippies in Grateful Dead T-shirts who can be seen in every shop and restaurant. These are people who have escaped the city rat race for a more bucolic existence or, as often as not, become involved with the area's new industry — marijuana cultivation. Garberville sits in the heart of Humboldt County's fertile growing region, and every day as the sun goes down you can see the "farmers," their high rubber boots caked with soil, come into town for a much needed bite to eat or a couple of beers at one of the local watering holes.

Two miles away, in the even tinier town of Redway, a Deadhead sits placidly outside the liquor store in the cold and drizzle selling tie-dye shirts laid out on a blanket, a tape of "Casey Jones" blaring from a small cassette player. Around the corner and down the street, in an unassuming little house in the middle of a residential neighborhood, KERG is on the air. It's freeform radio in the best '60s tradition — a mix of rock, blues, bluegrass, reggae, folk music; whatever seems *right* to the DJ at the moment. For the past three years, KERG has provided a lot of great music for the isolated souls in Redwood Country. And when it moves up to 100,000 watts in the very near future, little KERG will be heard all over the north woods instead of just the few communities in virtual shouting distance of Garberville-Redway.

For Dan Healy, the Grateful Dead's ace soundman, live mixer and techno-futurist, the radio station's big step up represents the fulfillment of a lifelong dream. He and his

wife, Patty, own KERG, and Dan, who grew up in the area, recalls a time when "we had no radio, no TV, no *nothin'*." Well, almost nothin'. When he was in 6th grade, Healy, who'd already been tearing apart radios for five years, hooked up a couple of turntables and a crude transmitter and managed to have his own little station that broadcast around his neighborhood. "I was always a tinkerer," he says. "While other kids were playing cowboys and Indians, I was learning how to use a soldering iron."

Healy's family had been established in the Northwest for many years. His grandfather, who was a professional musician — a 12-string guitarist and folk singer — had settled in Oregon. Healy's parents then moved south to the California redwoods, where his father worked "as a racketeer," according to Healy. "He owned nightclubs and jukeboxes, gambling machines and vending machines." His mother was a pianist in her own big-band that would play her husband's clubs and other nightspots scattered across the north country. Though Dan is obviously enough in love with the area to have moved back as an adult, as a child he felt somewhat isolated in this rural environment.

"I was one of those kids who was always annoyed that the outside world seemed so far away," he remembers. "There, you grew up, you got married when you got out of high school and you worked in the saw mill or in the forests — and that was it. I was different, always something of a freak, the ugly duckling. It wasn't until I was 19 or 20 that I realized it was OK to be different."

He quit high school early in his senior year, packed up his guitar and stereo and headed

down to the Bay Area to make a new life for himself. There, he managed to get a job doing part-time maintenance work for San Francisco radio station KSFO; then through a connection at the station, he landed a janitorial/maintenance position at one of the top recording studios in the area, Commercial Recorders. In classic fashion, one day young Dan replaced an engineer who had fallen ill, and then his great technical skill, coupled with his enthusiasm, led to his getting an engineering position at the studio.

His involvement with the straight recording world didn't last too long, though. He met John Cipollina of Quicksilver Messenger Service, and through him, the Grateful Dead. He has been working with the Dead for the better part of two decades now and has evolved into such an integral part of their scene he is practically regarded as a member of the band. Through the years, he has been responsible for many of the technical innovations that have always kept the Dead a few steps ahead of just about everyone in terms of the quality of their concert sound. Along with great technical minds like Owsley Stanley, Rick Turner, former Ampex engineer Ron Wickersham and a handful of others, he has always been part of the music-tech vanguard. The Grateful Dead have been his living workshop, the willing guinea pigs for his often grandiose ideas about sound and music. (Who can forget the infamous Wall of Sound — the three-story, 641-speaker sound system the Dead carried on the road in 1974?)

Healy continues to break new ground in audio, and his role in the group's music is probably greater now than it's ever been. It is Healy that you should praise or curse when that massive echo starts flying around on the choruses at the end of "Fire on the Mountain"; Healy who should take much of the credit when the coda of "He's Gone" moves from a crystalline chorus of voices to a cacophony of *Twlight Zone* effects. And, of course, it is Healy's affection for and cooperation with the underground taping scene that has allowed it to develop into a high art in itself. As often as not, before a show you'll find him rapping with tapers about the latest technology, or maybe just about last night's show.

Healy's loyalty to the Dead runs very deep, and he doesn't hesitate to cast things in "them" and "us" terms. He is a mile-a-minute talker with a sharp sense of humor and 1000 watts of strong opinions on virtually everything.

How did you first hook up with the Dead?

I originally met the Grateful Dead via John Cipollina at a Quicksilver gig at the Fillmore, where the Dead were opening. I lived on a houseboat over in Larkspur [in Southern Marin County], and Cipollina lived in the houseboat right next door to mine. Quicksilver used to practice on the houseboat pretty often. We became friends, and he was always saying, "Hey, you gotta come see one of our shows," 'cause he knew I was into music and sound.

So finally I went to that Fillmore show. It was during the Dead's set that we showed up, and the music had just *stopped*. There was no such thing as "spare equipment" for the bands in those days. Oftentimes, if an amp died, it could stop the whole show. I think in this case it was Phil's amp that died, and it became one of those, "Is there a doctor in the house?" things. So Cipollina basically shoved me up there, and I fiddled a little with Phil's amp, and it started to work. At the end of the show, Phil and Garcia walked up to me and said, "Hey, thanks, man" and all that, and we introduced ourselves.

From working in a studio, I was used to pretty good sound. It wasn't great compared to what we have now, but for that time it was state-of-the-art. The p.a. for rock 'n' roll shows, though, was almost nonexistent; it was just terrible. On each side of the stage there'd be a little teeny box about 1 foot by 2 feet, and when the bands played you could barely tell the system was on. You could never really hear or understand the vocals, so singing was just kind of a joke. And so I remember making some crack to Phil and Garcia about how the sound system really sucked, and Garcia sort of challenged me, like, "Put your sound where your mouth is," or something. I said, "All right, you're on."

The next time they were going to play was about two weeks later, also at the Fillmore, so before that I went around to the three major places in the area that rented sound equipment and I got all this stuff from them, and I took it to the Fillmore a couple of days before the show. It was equipment from a few different companies, so I wanted to go in and make sure that it was all hooked up so that things were compatible. It was a horrible looking monstrosity, but when the gig came — *BAM!* — you could hear the singing, and that sort of launched it for me.

Back in the late '60s, Owsley was doing a lot of sound work and equipment development for the Dead. How did you mesh with him in terms of your roles?

Well, he was sort of in and out of it. The Bear always had other irons on the fire. He had other things going on. He didn't really have that solid of a role on a continuous basis.

Did psychedelics change the way you looked at sound at all?

No, but they changed the way I looked at life. They changed my philosophies. For me, psychedelics were an affirmation of everything I'd always suspected. At that point, I really just disconnected myself from everything and spent every waking minute designing things, thinking about sound or being at gigs and mixing. Psychedelics made me realize that it was OK to just dive on into this thing. That's what psychedelics offered me — as well as fried brain cells. [Laughs]

Which you're still trying to reclaim . . .

Oh, I don't know. I'm pretty happy with the three brain cells I have left. At least I've gotten to know them.

Wasn't there a period of time when you didn't work for the Dead for a while?

I worked with the Dead up until late '69, I think it was, and then I took a sabbatical until about February of '71. I had all these record companies hitting on me to produce albums for them and wanting me to sign contracts

with them, but I didn't want to get too involved, so ultimately I signed a one-year contract with Mercury Records. It was during that time that I produced some Sir Douglas Quintet records, Tracy Nelson & Mother Earth, The Charlatans, Harvey Mandel's first two albums, Dr. John's second record. During that sabbatical I also went to Hawaii and produced a couple of Quicksilver Messenger Service albums. We took this portable recording studio over there and rented a huge old plantation. It was a marvelous time. So during that period, the Bear and Bob Matthews did the Dead's stuff.

Then, after I came back, this woman named Darlene Di Domenico and I did a little tour together, a folkie duo thing. While we were in New York playing at the Other End or one of those little clubs, the Grateful Dead came to play at the Felt Forum, which is a smaller room off Madison Square Garden, an annex to the Garden. I went to the show and what I heard was an atrocity. I thought, "Hey, this isn't *my band*." I couldn't believe how bad the sound was! So I just dropped what I was doing and told Ram Rod, Jerry and Phil, "I'll see you on the Coast when this tour is up. I'm re-staking my old turf." It just drove me nuts that this was someone's idea of what good sound was for the Grateful Dead. I always felt, from minute one to this minute, that the Grateful Dead is absolutely rare and special, and it just boiled my blood to see it treated in a mediocre fashion.

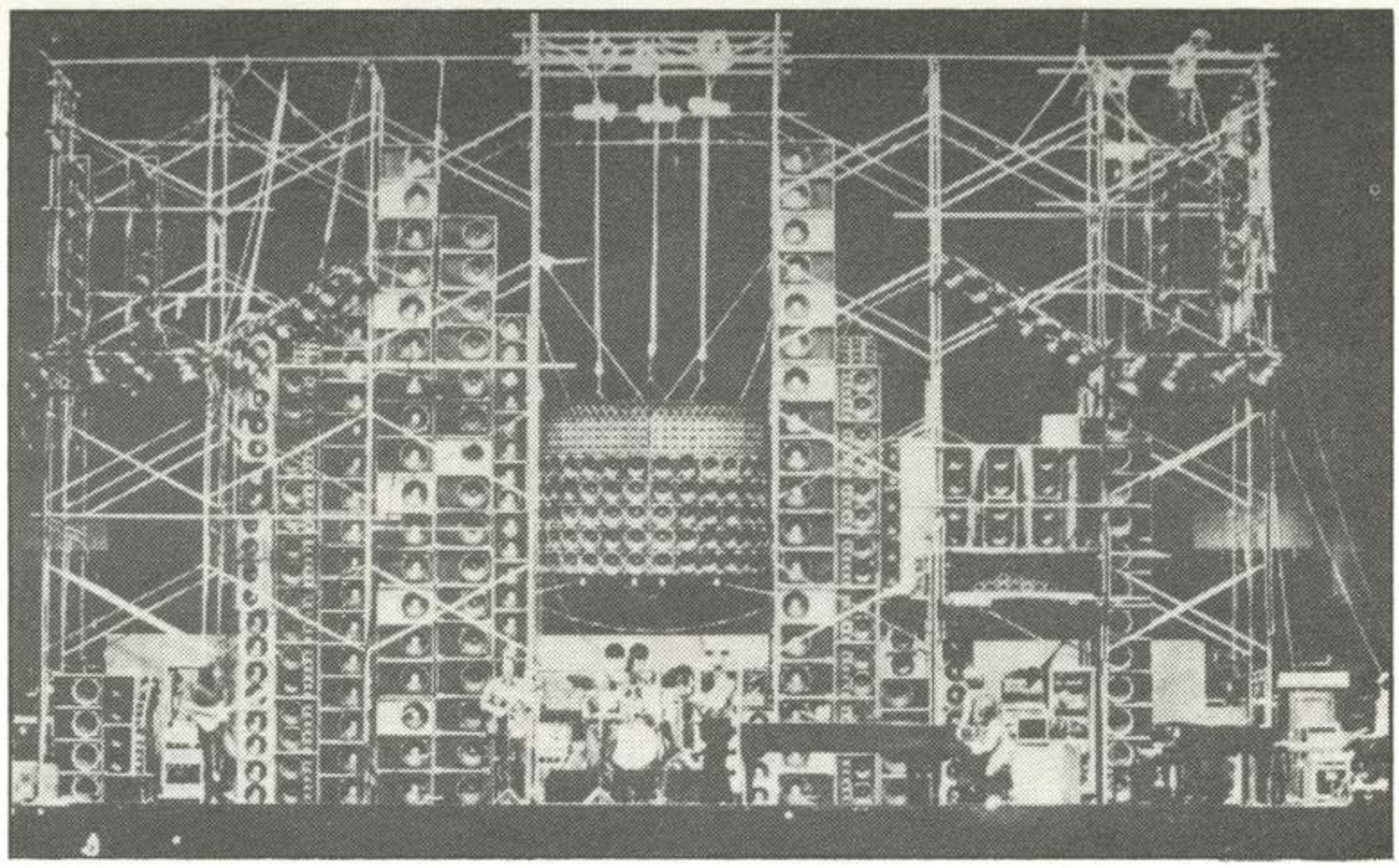
When we all got back we talked about it, and they said, "Do it!" So that's when we started working on the '72 system, which was the predecessor to the Wall of Sound of '74.

The band must have had a lot of faith in you to let you get so much into development. Those sound systems cost a fortune.

The Grateful Dead has always been really supportive of the various things I've wanted to do. There have been many times I've gone to them — in fact I just got done doing it — and said, "Hey, you guys, I need . . ." and it involves huge sums of money. "I've just found out that *this* may be possible and we might be able to do *this* . . ." And a lot of times when it's been an absolute risk and there really wasn't very much proof that the suggestion was going to be viable, they've gone out on a limb with me. The band has never said no to me, and I've had my share of *faux pas* in the past.

What's an example of something that didn't work?

In the early Wall of Sound days, when it was still in a real experimental stage — maybe '73 — we played at Stanford [2-9-73] and we were going to unveil one of the facets of the Wall of Sound. Hometown gigs are where you experiment a lot because you're near the shop and so on, and you want to iron things out before you go on the road. On tour, typically, you take notes and notice "Well, this sucks," and "That didn't work," and then when you come back you whip it together more. I had gone to the band in late '72 and gotten $10,000 or $12,000 to work on this idea I had. Now in '72 that was a lot of money,



The Dead rehearse with The Wall of Sound, 1974

especially for the Grateful Dead. So I went out and got these special super low distortion tweeters and all this other stuff. Just prior to that the band had bought me this other piece of equipment that reads out the amplitudes of all the different musical notes called a real-time analyzer. The upshot was that I equalized out the system and got it real flat, and then about three seconds into this Stanford show the tweeters were so out of balance that it just blew them all out. I smoked out $12,000 worth of speakers just like that! I thought, "Oh *God*," but I think the most that was said was, "Nice going, asshole."

Instead of buying yachts and Riviera condos and that sort of shit, the Dead have always poured money back into the scene in the form of sound and lights and musical instruments — musical quality and audience quality; *show* quality. You know, we're always playing shows with all these outside promoters, and they're notoriously sleazy about quality. Their attitude is "Fuck the audience." They're always saying, "Why do you have to spend another $3000 to put this scaffolding here? Why don't you just put up any old thing? Why are you always making trouble, Healy?" Well, the original deal was, I was challenged to do this job as I saw it. And when I did, it coincided with what the band was doing. That was my model. Fuck the rest of the promoters. My allegiance is to myself and my brothers in this band. They're the only people I even consider, let alone answer to. Because outside of that, it's totally unreliable. People's opinions are predicated on personal motivations and personal economics, so how can I possibly take that seriously?

I really think that one of the things that cuts us apart from other bands is that we *do* have that honest concept that we're doing it for the audience and for ourselves and *for the music*. It's pure, it's legitimate, it's never been trashed out. To this day, of all the things that we've done — and Lord knows we're probably guilty of everything known — we've never been unloyal to our music and our audience. Even in our deepest, darkest moments, when there was probably an easier way out, we didn't take that easy way out. We can sleep at night. We can live with ourselves.

The situation is completely self-policing. Nobody looks over your shoulder. Nobody's checking to see if you're cool or not. You're on your own. It's like, if you're going to be around here and sleaze off, you better cut yourself loose because that's not the spirit. We're here to *do it*.

Was the Wall of Sound just a by-product of the Dead starting to play larger gigs?

It was two-fold: it was larger gigs, so we had to increase the size of the sound system; and we also became used to a quality of sound that was just not attainable via rental systems. We realized that if we didn't do it ourselves, it wouldn't sound good. We thought, "For the prices we're paying to rent equipment that sounds shitty, we could develop our own stuff," so that's what we did.

Didn't you ever look at this behemoth and say, "This is way out of hand"?

Oh, every day. It was only out of hand, though, in the sense that it was highly impractical to try to move it around — set it up, tear it down and move to the next city. We had two complete stages, and they were *extremely* complicated; it cost close to $200,000 for the two stages. So when we went on tour, the stages would leap-frog. We'd set one up in this city while the other one went to the next city. You talk about out of hand . . .

But the bottom line was it sounded *great*. I think it proved to the world that you can't sell garbage and claim that it's great. I think it raised the consciousness of the industry and set new standards and exemplified the direction it really should be going in. I think it changed the entire face of the audio world. I know for a fact that a lot of the major sound companies changed their designs and changed their array theories after we did that.

It was an experiment. But it was magnificent in its glory, and I loved every second of it — though at the same time I'm so damn glad it's gone! But if I had it to do over again, I'd do

We're doing it for the audience, and for ourselves and for the music. It's pure, it's legitimate, it's never been trashed out.

every bit of it again — I'd probably even work harder on it.

Wasn't the Dead's "retirement" at the end of '74 at least in part brought on by the economics and practical considerations of touring with the Wall of Sound?

By the end of the Wall of Sound, the gas crisis was coming on and interest rates were starting to rise and everything was practically doubling in price. We were literally working ten and 11 months a year touring, and we were becoming slaves to it. It got to the point where we couldn't even stand to look at each other. So finally we got to that point where the Grateful Dead "broke up." Well, we never broke up, really. I did more stuff with the Dead the year we were "broken up" than I'd ever done. Jerry and I worked on the movie and everybody had little projects going on.

It seems as though when you went back on the road in '76 you were forced to abandon a lot of the ideas you'd come up with in the Wall of Sound — the rear monitoring and that sort of thing.

That's because we went back to renting equipment. We'd retired our system. The way that system of ours was, it changed a little almost every gig. And that's one reason it was so good. If you set it down for a month and then came back to it, forget it. It required constant work. We ended up giving most of it away. There are probably 25 little bands running around that got outfitted by that system.

So when we went back on the road we decided no more albatrosses. We had a year to get to miss touring, and we had time to reflect on what a truly valuable, precious thing we had. And we wanted to keep it economical so that it'd survive. After we all came back together, at first nobody got any salaries, and the consciousness was, "Let's separate them that is from them that ain't." And, by God, some people did leave our scene, but the core nucleus stayed. We cut off the dead wood. Hell, if I had to retire my dream baby, which is what the Wall of Sound was, I sure wasn't going to let any freeloaders . . . If I was going to cut off one arm, I would've cut off both arms to stay alive. So we had this nucleus, and we all knew who we were — it was the same people who were there originally, no more, no less.

We went through a number of different systems when we came back. There was a fellow named Jeff Cook, who had an incredibly interesting and obscure sound system that was sort of like the Wall of Sound; it was sort of styled after it, in fact. Then later we put two little systems together, put the voices through one, the instruments through the other. I tried a lot of experiments using all this rental equipment. I spent a lot of '77 working out how to have good sound using equipment you haven't really seen before. You can do it. You just have to learn not to expect too much. At the same time, though, equipment did get a lot better throughout the industry, so there wasn't as much risk involved.

For a while we used the Clair Brothers sound system, which was really the most reliable, the most cogent sound system going. It used similar concepts to ones that we'd been applying. The people were real craftspeople, too. They had their shit together. They could deliver the goods on time and all that, and that became very important because by then union salaries had almost doubled, so an extra hour at a hall here or there could cost thousands of dollars. The gravy days had ended and it was time to become efficient. It was time to streamline and get more out of less.

The last few years we've used a lot of John Meyer's stuff. He's managed to sort of pick it all up where we'd left it off and then carry it further forward. Now it's about where I think the sound would've been had we stayed in there and done it ourselves. We all played a part in it, of course. I did some consulting on it. Meyer would call me up and ask me what I thought about this or that. We still don't own the system, though. Ultra Sound owns it. Anybody who can afford it can rent it. But a lot of it is customized for the Grateful Dead. Meyer and I would have these *long* conversations where we'd talk about the nature of what we were looking for, trying to nail down all these ethereal things. Trying to describe things that science hasn't reached a way to measure in hardcore black and white data — feelings and ideas — is very tough.

What's an example of something in the realm of the theoretical that would come?

I'd say things to John like, "It's too brittle around 1000 cycles." Well, what does *that* mean? [Laughs] You can't measure "brittle." I'd say, "It's not *wooden* enough in certain places." I can talk with him on dB's and cycles-per-second, but you have to go beyond that if you're thinking beyond that. He's infinitely more mathematically inclined than I am, but I think I'm more musically inclined and tuned into listening than he is. I can hear things in his system that he can't. The upshot is that we have a great working rapport. Over the years I've had the help of all these people — John Cutler, Ron Wickersham, a handful of really good friends — who all sort of see it from a different place and all represent a different way of looking at it, but have also spent enough years and sweat to be able to define what it is they're looking at. So it's neat to be able to get together and compare notes. That's where all the progress has come from.

You seem to have a lot of creative control in mixing the band live, being able to put on effects when you see fit, altering the sound and all. Again, it seems like there's a deep implicit trust at work.

The concept is mutual agreement. I don't tell you what to do, you don't tell me what to do. You're playing what you're playing and I'm playing what I'm playing, and I won't ask you to change, you won't ask me to change. In fact, we won't even look into that because we've discovered that by not addressing it on that level and just jumping into it, we've always done really well. By and large, after everything is said and done, it's been as good a way to go about as any other idea. So that's another one of the unique things about the Grateful Dead. It's a fine little point, but it's one of the things that keeps it fresh, keeps you from getting burned out on it.

For the past year or so, on the weirdness after the Rhythm Devils' part, I've been able to play a lot. I have synthesizers in my booth, and we sort of play together. A lot of the equipment is home-brew stuff. Again, it's an experimental process for me. It's a huge "breadboard," which is an electronics terms for a temporary circuit that you put together to verify an idea. We've been doing stuff for quite a long time, but now it's gone further and the band is pushing me more: "Hey Dan, do more of *that!* I heard the tapes of the other night — what was that thing you did?" It's gotten to be a lot of fun, and I've realized that there's a lot more dimension to what I can do.

What sorts of devices do you have at your disposal?

Well, for example, I have about six different kinds of delay systems that are basically all the popular varieties you find in recording studios. I also have three or four pieces of equipment that we have the only ones of, because John Cutler and I designed them. There's a thing I've got now that allows the sound to be controllable by a computer. The sound can move around the room, and as it moves it turns inside out and upside down. Have you seen those computer graphics on TV where they can turn things all around and show you the inside and outside of things all in one motion? Well, I can now do the aural equivalent of that.

I think I heard some of that on a Hartford tape (10-14-84). Some of it was kind of horrifying, I thought.

Some of it is real hair-raising shit.

But I thought it was maybe a little excessive, because the band got lost in it.

We all get lost. I get lost all the time! Everybody does. But that's not *it*. We show up and we're game to take a shot at it.

When you say you have a synthesizer at your disposal, what do you mean? Not an actual keyboard or anything, I'd think.

"Synthesizer" is really one of those blanket terms that doesn't really mean anything. It's like saying "computer." What it amounts to is

that I have the equivalent of the elements found in most synthesizers, like a ring modulator, envelope generators, envelope followers, burst generators, sine wave and square wave and triangle wave generators and all that stuff. Those are kind of the raw components of a synthesizer. But I have it as separate components rather than built into one device, because I completely restructure the uses of these things so radically that it would be impractical to turn it into a synthesizer unit without limiting myself. Then I have a matrix system that enables me to connect them together in every configuration.

On the drawing board right now I have a microprocessor-assisted matrixing system so that I'll be able to take any one of the microphones and assign them to any one of the effects devices, and then assign any of the effects devices back into the system in any way that you can imagine. It's really out there.

When we start the spring tour, we're gonna have a whole new trip. There'll be that system, plus we've also recently acquired this marvelous piece of very complicated audio analysis equipment that uses three computers. In addition to measuring the amplitude of the various musical notes, it measures the notes' arrival time, the reverberance in the hall, all sorts of things. I think where it's all leading is that in a couple of years we should be able to go into a hall and completely eliminate the echo. We can do that now on a good night — the room will just go away and it's you and the music.

Does the Rhythm Devils section give you particular leeway in terms of using your devices?

Oh yeah, but I can do stuff any time I want, all through the show.

But you're not going to go wild on "Brown-Eyed Women."

Well, no, of course not. The thing about Rhythm Devils and the weirdness after it is that it's an experimental area, so it's legitimate to try out your most outside stuff — things that don't have to make sense, or don't have to ring true. Like you said, you wouldn't want to mess around with something like "Stella Blue," but you do need a place to try out stuff. Let's say that out of ten attempts, two of them produce some really beautiful effects. Then I can take those and move them back into the rest of the set, sometimes in more subtle ways.

When Mickey's playing his baliaphone (the wooden African xylophone that's been prominent in recent Rhythm Devils jams) is that you or him controlling the echo and delay?

It can be either of us. He has pedals, and I have this digital device that allows me to store up to three and a half minutes of music or sound. So he can play a riff or something, I'll store it, and then turn it into cats meowing or any kind of weird thing. So I'll try things sometimes, and other times he'll be trying something and I let it come through straight.

Jer and I have this thing that we've been doing after the Rhythm Devils where he comes back out and starts noodling. He and I have been trading ideas, where he'll try an idea and I'll do something to the sound, or I'll try something and he'll play with it. We have sort of a musical dialogue going on.

Do you ever verbalize any of this after a show?

Not too often, but occasionally he'll come up to me or I'll go up to him and say, "Hey man, what was that thing you . . . blah, blah, blah." Sometimes he'll do things and I just wonder, "How did he do *that?*" Recently on the tours we've been leaving after the show and flying to the next city, which has two good effects: one, you don't stay up and party all night and be fucked up the next day; and two, we get a chance to talk to each other in a confined area while the show is still fresh in our heads.

How much do you change the mix during a given show?

Not very much, really. Most of those changes are left up to the band. See, what I really do, philosophically, is work to eliminate the room and the acoustics and try to plug the band and the audience together. I don't look at it like I'm manipulating something or determining something. I'm removing the sound system and the room, making those *vanish*.

So you're not determining how loud Phil is going to be . . .

When he's loud he's loud, when he's not he's not, and that's Phil doing it.

Why does Weir have so much trouble with his equipment? Is it the wireless setup?

I don't know. Why does water only run downhill? [Laughs] I just don't know. Obviously, he's had access to what I know for nearly 20 years, but you can lead a horse to water . . .

I think Bobby has a tendency to hideously overcomplicate his electrical situation. He has dozens and dozens of devices; he's well past the point of diminishing returns. All I know is that when I'm playing and singing I know what works for me. I use a straight guitar and a straight amp. I tried a lot of different things over the years, but eventually I realized that it was me, not my equipment, that made the difference.

It seems that with Weir, whenever he snaps on what it is he wants to sound like, he'll be able to go right through it and sweep all that other stuff aside. I really sympathize with him, though. The guy plays and sings just great. He's a great artist, a great musician and a great songwriter. If I were to be critical with him anywhere, it would be in the actual sound of his guitar, not what he's playing or how he's playing.

I've had people tell me that they think Phil hasn't sounded as prominent since he stopped playing the Alembic bass before the retirement.

The Alembic bass was a piece of shit, I thought. It sounded like dog meat and never worked for more than 20 minutes at a time. It was a dog.

I think Phil's sound right now is the most exciting it's ever been. I think he's gone past anything anyone's ever done with an electrical instrument. He now stands at the head of the field. The last two years he's sounded fantastic. I think he went through a number of years, though, when his sound was too thick and had no definition — just "Bleeuuuuhh!" That's the way the Alembic bass sounded to me.

I think everyone is sounding great. Weir's sound might need a little work, as we said. Brent is a magnificent player! He's just a killer little player. He doesn't murk it up. He's clean, real tasty. He probably understands the Hammond organ better than anyone I've ever known, as far as how to use the tone stops and how to bring out the right harmonics. He has a great sense of color, of implementation, and of complement.

Jer is Jerry; he's been the same ever since I've known him. He's a great pure player. He doesn't rely on his effects. You could take away his effects and you might not even notice it. He's learned that it's *him* and not *it*. He uses his effects for some solos; he uses them for *effect*. Weir runs his guitar through stuff continuously and that's the problem.

Are there nights when you just never can quite get it together?

Oh sure. There are nights when every one of us falls flat on his face. There are nights when between all of us, you couldn't come up with one good musician, but there are other nights when we really shine. Nights when we're horrible don't hang us up anymore. We've learned to not let it affect us too much. It's like, "Oh, it's gonna be one of *those* nights, eh?" We all snicker a little bit, and now we're able to convert that into a hot night next time out more often than not. You have to have a sense of humor about it.

Are the new halls you play around the country — the Centrum, Brendan Byrne, places like that — being built better from your standpoint?

They are getting better in general, but it will still be a long time before civic organizations have the kinds of funds needed to put towards any sort of real acoustical preparation of those big places. I sort of feel like I've perfected mega-halls. I sort of look forward to them sometimes. It's a good challenge and very rewarding when the band does sound good in those places. It used to scare the hell out of me.

Is there an ideal-size hall?

I think a place that seats about 6000 and doesn't have too horrible acoustics is about right.

Well, the second part of that eliminates Winterland . . .

Winterland was *awful* acoustically. I'm glad it was like that in a way, though, 'cause that's where we cut our teeth. I was raised in the worst tub going, so by the time I had to venture into bigger halls around the country I'd lived for so many years with that, the rest of it was a piece of cake.

You have a unique relationship with Deadheads. For one thing, there isn't another soundman alive

Healy and some of the folks in the tapers' section at the Berkeley Community Theatre shows. Photo: David Gans

who is so well known to the fans of the group. But also, you're very open with them, not cut-off like others are.

They're my pals, my buddies. See, I've always been out there right in the middle of 'em. God, over the years, so many people have been so nice to me. People bring me cookies and stickers and shirts, just *everything*. There's one guy who brings a new joke to me every gig. He writes it down, and when I step up to the console there's the joke of the day. There's a girl who keeps fresh flowers on my board every show. I don't ask for it; they just do it.

In a way, I guess I'm their representative. They make suggestions, tell me things. I only require that you not hurt anybody and not destroy any of the equipment. I show people the soundboard and they can't believe that I'll do that, because at other shows they've been to it's like this elitist trip — "*You* can't come up here!" How could I say I'm doing sound for the audience if I isolate myself from the audience? To be *with* them I have to be one of them. Obviously we can't let it get too crowded, but we try to let people check it out if they want to. There are a lot of young audio freaks out there, and it would be a shame if I weren't willing to share what I know with them. These people are the future of audio!

Is the state-of-the-art of audience taping pretty good right now?

Oh yeah. Shit, some of those tapes sound *gooood!*

I understand you make an audience tape of each show. What do you use?

I use an AKG stereo microphone — one of those two-mikes-in-one that was developed in Europe for recording classical concerts, a matrix box that I built for the figure-eight thing — MS — and then I have a Beta hi-fi PCM video deck that gets the board mix onto the video band, and then on the beta hi-fi track I put the audience MS mike. Then I can take that back to the studio and take this new analyzer we've got and it will compare the notes and the impulses of the music and regulate the delay so I can play back and mix the room mikes and the board mix. It's beautiful to hear.

Were you happy with the taping section at Berkeley?

I thought it was great, a real wise idea. In some of the places we play around the country, portions of the audience are very impolite and rude with their recording, and somehow these people have developed this self-importance and they tend to push people around and shove kids out of their seats. Well, there are a lot of people who buy tickets who just want to see the show, who don't give a damn about the recording part of it, and it's unfair for them to be abused by the recording people. So that's why we created the recording section. What we've really done by this is actually give these tapers real rights that they never formally had before. And as long as people don't abuse it, it can go on forever as far as I'm concerned.

You haven't worked much with the band in the studio the last few years . . .

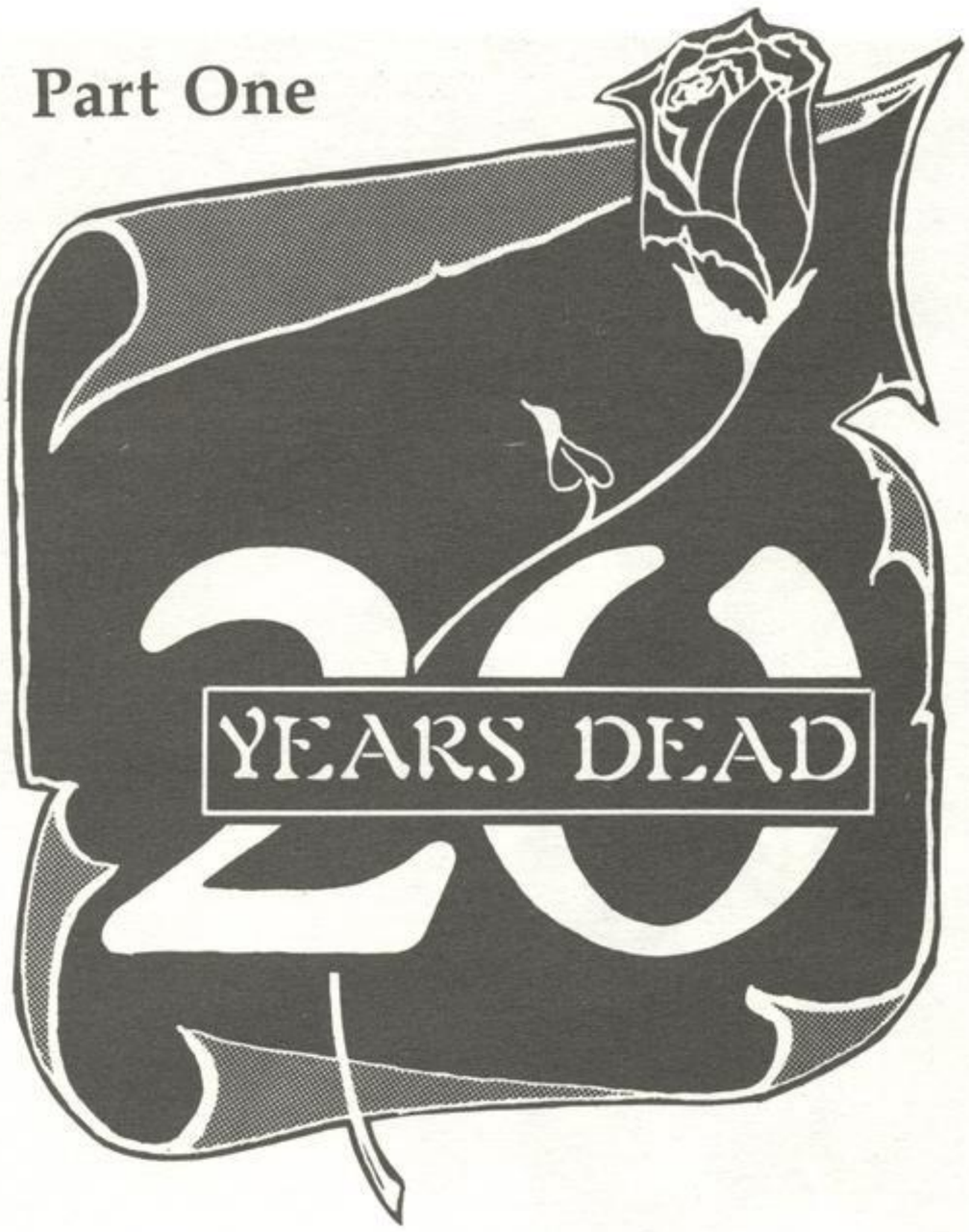
I don't dig it anymore. The Grateful Dead kill a record in the studio. I can't stand it.

What could you do to prevent that?

Slap 'em! [Laughs] I don't know. I refuse to go in the studio with those guys. In the case of working in the studio, Weir is one of those guys who thinks that fame is predicated on fashion. His notion of how to make a record that's a million-seller is to hire some fashionable producer or something. And none of those fashionable slick producers have the energy to put up with those guys. You have no idea the energy it takes to keep up with all those creeps in a session! [Laughs] The producers try to use drum machines and stuff because Mickey and Billy won't perform Pavlovian stuff for them. Then Weir is so concerned with sucking up to those industry people that he winds up turning against his musician brothers and pulling out the drum machine. To me, it's just a convoluted can of worms.

I think the Dead should either concentrate on making good live albums, or at least try to play as live in the studio as they can. But having a hit record isn't important to me. Different things are important to different people. I don't give a fuck if we ever record again. Playing live is what's important to me, because that's where it all comes together. That's the real thing. *That's* the Grateful Dead. □

Part One



Logo Design: Christin Adams

Tall Tales

Plus A Gallery of Photos, 1965 – 70

Rather than launching into yet another history of the band's early days for the first part of our 20th Anniversary salute to the Dead, we thought it might be fun to talk to a number of the musicians who lived through the late '60s with them to get some sense of the time, *rather than key events. What follows is a series of vignettes of life with the Dead as seen by their contemporaries. As I was gathering these, I was struck by the relative innocence of the era, not to mention the openness of the whole S.F. rock scene. My thanks to all of these people for clearing away the cobwebs for one more trip down memory lane.*

— BJ

First, Some Pre-History

Peter Albin, *one-time bassist with Big Brother & the Holding Company, now in The Dinosaurs*

My brother [the late Rodney Albin] and I knew Jerry and Pigpen real early on. We ran a place called the Boar's Head [in San Carlos, near Palo Alto], which was basically a bookstore that was operated sort of as a folk club on weekends. In the summer of '62, Jerry and some of the other people who played in the area didn't really have many other places to play, so it was a good outlet. Another place he played, Kepler's, was also a bookstore, with maybe five or six tables in the back and a serve-yourself coffee set-up where you'd throw a dime in the cup. It had a small, postage-stamp-sized stage. Garcia already had something of a following. There was a handful of people that sort of adulated him and followed him around from place to place.

I was more friendly with Ron [McKernan, Pigpen]. We were about the same age, while Garcia was a couple of years older and hung out more with older people. Ron and I both loved the blues. He was pretty streetwise, pretty wild and extremely integrated. He had a lot of friends in East Palo Alto [a mainly black area] and was totally into black music. I learned a lot about the blues from Ron. He used to come over to my house, and my parents would make disparaging remarks about him after he left. "Why doesn't he take a *bath* or something?" His real problem, of course, was that he was always swigging a brown paper bag, and he'd drink just the rottenest crap — stuff like Hombre and Silver Satin. You know, it's said that he's the guy who later turned Janis on to Southern Comfort.

Ron and I would play music occasionally; always the blues. I remember one time we went over to KPFA [the non-commercial Pacifica station in Berkeley] to play on *Wally's Midnight Special*. I can't remember who was driving, but we were in this funky, funky car that had broken windows, and the glass shards would fly on you as you rode. A great guy named David X was there. His thing was that he'd sit around and squeeze this tennis ball real hard and sing the blues. Ron would play harp and Jerry might play guitar behind him. I was just 18 or 19, a white boy going to college trying to learn how to play like John Lee Hooker.

Garcia had a real way with women. He'd sort of put the whammy on them with his guitar and singing. He did it often enough that people would kind of murmur, "Oh-oh, he's doin' it again!" He'd take the girls off in the corner and kind of look in their eyes and sing some old folk song. I watched him do it. He was very self-assured; he always knew what he wanted. He was Mr. Cool. He and Laird Grant, who became one of the Dead's first roadies.

They both lived at The Chateau, which was this neat, big old house in Menlo Park. It was a little run down, with weeds all around and these giant overgrown hedges. Garcia was more or less living in a car there for a while, this beat up old thing with the windows whited out. There were about six or eight people living inside, including Laird, Bob [Hunter], this guy named Mad John, who always wore bermuda shorts and had sort of a Hitler mustache, and a few others. An artist named Frank, who was older and quite successful, sort of supported the group.

The funniest thing about The Chateau was the refrigerator. You'd open it up and there were all these little compartments with grates over them and locks. I said, "Gee, can't you guys even learn to live together?" They said they'd tried that but someone was stealing food. It

In Golden Gate Park, late '67. Photo: Jim Marshall © 1985

turns out it was Garcia. He was the Great Refrigerator Monster!

They had some great parties at The Chateau. They called them The Groovy Conclaves, and they drew a really interesting crowd. They were real organized. Laird even had tickets printed for some of them. The house would be just packed with people. There would always be a lot of black folk. Most people would be drinking white port and lemon juice out of these big punch bowls, and there was always plenty of music. One room would be the folk room. Another would be guys with congas, bongos and maybe an alto sax player. Everyone would bring instruments and just blow. It was a very free, very exciting time, and also, I might add, a bit of a taste of what was to come for all of us.

Classin' Up the Joint

Peter Albin

I went to see the band play one of their very first gigs as the Grateful Dead. They were still living on the Peninsula [south of San Francisco], and they came up and played a strip club called Pierre's, on Broadway in The City [November 1965]. It must have been one of their first shows in San Francisco. There weren't many places to play then, so it wasn't that bad a gig. But they actually played behind strippers!

After they'd played a couple of numbers, this girl stepped up and started wiggling her body around while the Dead played. There were these weird airholes on the floor that would blow up at the girls and blow their tassels around when customers would step on these pressurized air things. It was just the funniest thing to see the Grateful Dead playing behind strippers! The place was filled with sailors, like most of the strip clubs, and I think they didn't know quite what to make of this band that played all these long, weird songs. Even then they were strange. I noted after a while, though, that even the sailors eventually stopped staring at the girls' mammary glands and started watching Jerry's fingers instead.

The Endless Party

George Hunter, *former leader of The Charlatans (the original San Francisco psychedelic band), now a furniture designer.*

The Dead used to have some pretty good parties out at their place in the country, in Olompali. [This was where the Dead lived in western Marin County for a brief period in mid-'66 before they moved into the Haight.] Two- or three hundred people would come, and of course, most of them probably took LSD. This was around the time that a lot of new ground was being broken socially, and it seemed like a third to a half of the people at these parties would be naked, hanging out around the pool. It was a great place. It was sort of a ranch estate that had a nice big house that looked kind of like Tara in *Gone With the Wind.* Then there was a lot of land around it — hills, a creek in the back, a big lawn and the pool. It was maybe 1000 feet off the highway, so it was fairly secluded.

In between the house and the pool the Dead would set up their equipment and play from time to time during the day. Usually there'd be members of other bands there, too, like the Airplane and Quicksilver, and there'd be little jams with people who wanted to play. I remember that the Dead would be playing

and Neal Cassady would be doing this strange little dance — it was almost like breakdancing; very fluid. Out on the lawn there was this very far-out configuration of plumbing that was once part of a sprinkler system or something. It stuck out of the ground and stood maybe 5 feet high. I couldn't figure out what the hell it was for. It was just a mess of pipes with faucets coming out of it that had been modified over the years. Very strange. So the Dead would be playing, and Neal would be dancing on the lawn with this *bizarre* metal partner. He'd dance around it, *with it,* really. He had some pretty good moves, too. Neal was always in the thick of things.

Those parties — I'm not sure how many of them there were — were always on a nice afternoon. Everybody would play all day in the sunshine — just doing *everything* — and then when the sun would start to go down and it got cold, people would pack it in. By the time it was dark, most people were gone, but there were always enough people who were either around to begin with or who wanted to stay, so the party would continue inside. In fact, with the number of people hanging out there all the time, it was pretty much a party all the time anyway. I don't know if it was 24 hours a day, but every time I was there it was going.

Home, Home On the Road

Spencer Dryden, *former Airplane and NRPS drummer (and later manager), now skinsman for The Dinosaurs*

One of my favorite memories of the Dead was on this trip to Toronto [in early August 1967] engineered by Bill Graham for the Dead and the Airplane. The Airplane actually went up about a week early and played free concerts in Toronto and Montreal; it was one of Bill's machinations to do that and then come back and do paying gigs. Anyway, in Toronto, we all stayed for about a week at a very old, staid place called the Royal York. A really attractive, elegant place that drew an older, very sophisticated clientele. I don't think the poor Canadians knew what they were getting into when they gave us these rooms, all on one floor. They weren't really ready for these freaks from America, especially during that period. It was really just beginning there, with weirdness beginning to creep into the Midwest and over the border. And then *we* showed up!

Now the Dead and the Airplane were really two different sides of what was happening in San Francisco. The Dead were much freer; they had that family thing. There were always children around, there were always dogs everywhere, and people tended to not wear shoes. This is only a slight exaggeration. They really looked the part — if you wanted the definition of the word "hippie" you'd point to them. Well, some of the Grateful Dead feeling must've rubbed off on our band, because when we found ourselves on the same floor with them and all in connecting rooms, we decided to basically just open up the whole floor. You could start in Jack Casady's room and open the door connecting to Jerry and Mountain Girl's room, connecting to Kantner's, connecting to Phil's, connecting to Jorma's, connecting to Kreutzmann's and on down to the crew's rooms. It was completely wild, and what was even wilder is that, to a room, each was a completely different environment. One kind of incense would be in one room, another in the next. The Dead would put up tapestries on the walls, Persian carpets on the floors, posters were brought out, hookahs. The Dead traveled with literally *trunks* filled with all this stuff — candles, you name it.

Graham got it all into the country for us. The borders were a little looser then, but the real thing of it was that traveling with this absolute circus completely con-

At an inter-band softball game in San Rafael, 1970, Jerry and Airplane members (L-R) Joey Covington, Paul Kantner and Grace Slick hang out. Photo: Ken Greenberg © 1985

Top: Jamming at the Newport (CA) Pop Festival, 1968. Photo: Jim Marshall © 1985. Right: Jerry and Billy are seen over Pigpen's hand at New York's Cafe A Go-Go, 1967. Photo: Ken Greenberg © 1985

founded the customs people. This was a *large* group of people with *tons* of boxes of all sizes and shapes. People dressed like you couldn't believe — day-glo, strange make-up. The Dead took trunks everywhere, and we all got really into decorating the rooms as differently as we could. We simply carried our home with us.

Time Waits for No One

Barry Melton, *former lead guitarist of Country Joe & the Fish, now a member of The Dinosaurs and a lawyer*

The first time the Dead played the Fillmore East [December 1967] we were top-billed, probably because we were one of the first San Francisco bands to play the East Coast; us and the Airplane. I remember talking to [Country] Joe backstage and saying, "We really should let the Dead go on last 'cause they like to play so long." Joe says, "No, no, no. We're top-billed, we have to go on last. There's no question about it. It's our audience." So the first show that night went by — the Dead played an hour or so, we played an hour, and then they turned the house. I went to Joe again and said, "Look, Joe, we really should let them go on last because you know they like to play a long second set." Joe said, "Don't be ridiculous. They're not gonna do that to us. Besides, you know Bill Graham — he'll keep the place open as long as we play. I grumbled and went off on my way. Well, to make a long story short, at 4:30 in the morning when we finally got on stage, there were about 50 people in the audience and 25 of them were sleeping! I didn't have to say to Joe, "I told you so!"

The flip side of that occurred later. This time, the Dead were top-billed for a gig in Dallas. We got to the hall the afternoon of the show and the Dead's roadies start hitting on us, saying, "Hey, we know you guys should really be top-billed. You guys should play last. We'll play and clear out and then you can *really* play!" Knowing them as we did, this seemed *awfully* suspicious, especially after the Fillmore East show, but reluctantly we agreed. They said it was really pressing.

We show up for the gig that night about 15 minutes before we were scheduled to go on, and we find the promoter pacing nervously. "Where have you *been?*" He tells us that the Dead played

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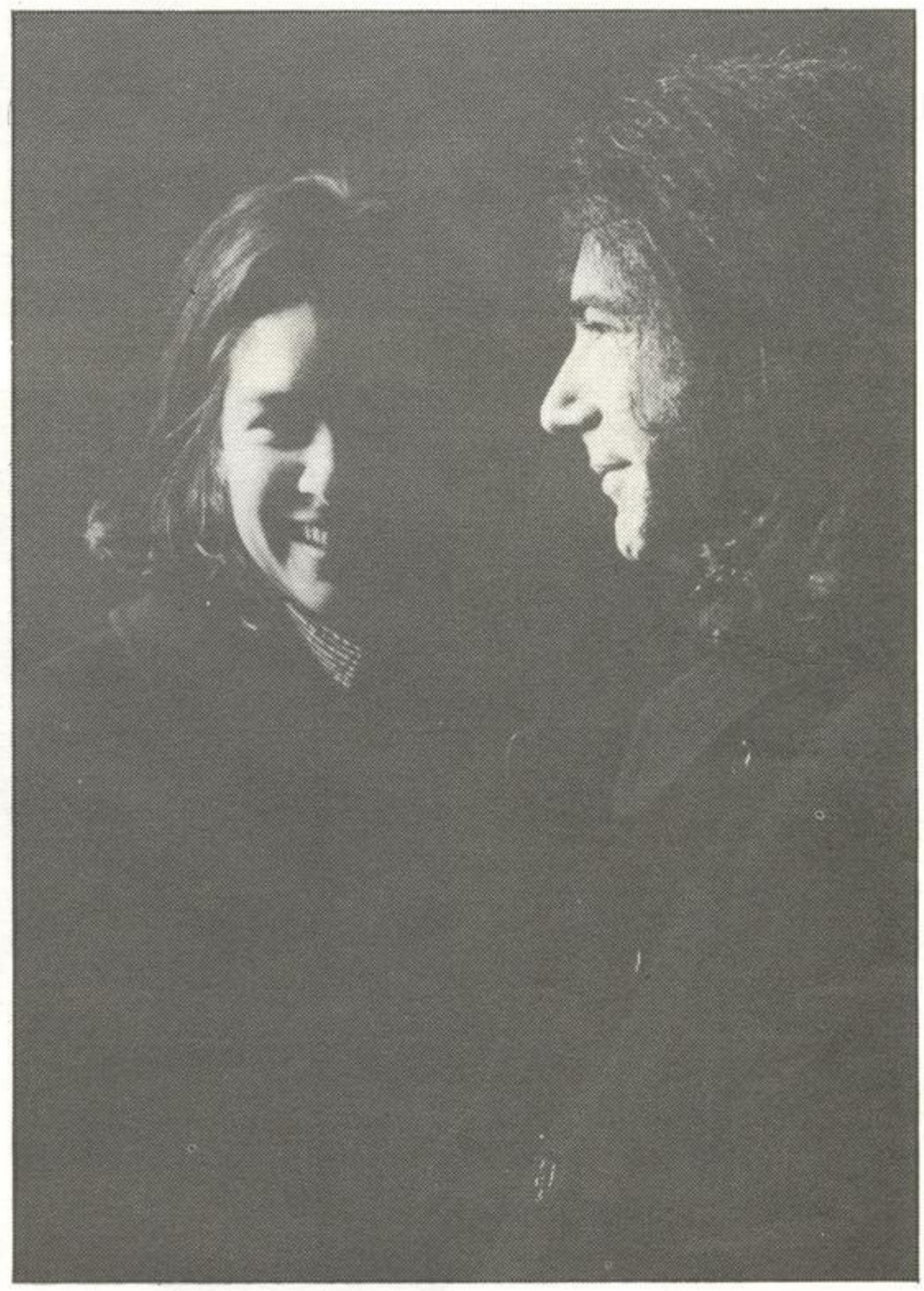
Above: Phil at free Central Park gig, 1968. Photo: Ken Greenberg © 1985; Below: A free show in Golden Gate Park's Panhandle, 1967. Photo: Jim Marshall © 1985



Jerry and Mountain Girl at 710 Ashbury, 1967. Photo: Jim Marshall © 1985

High Anxiety

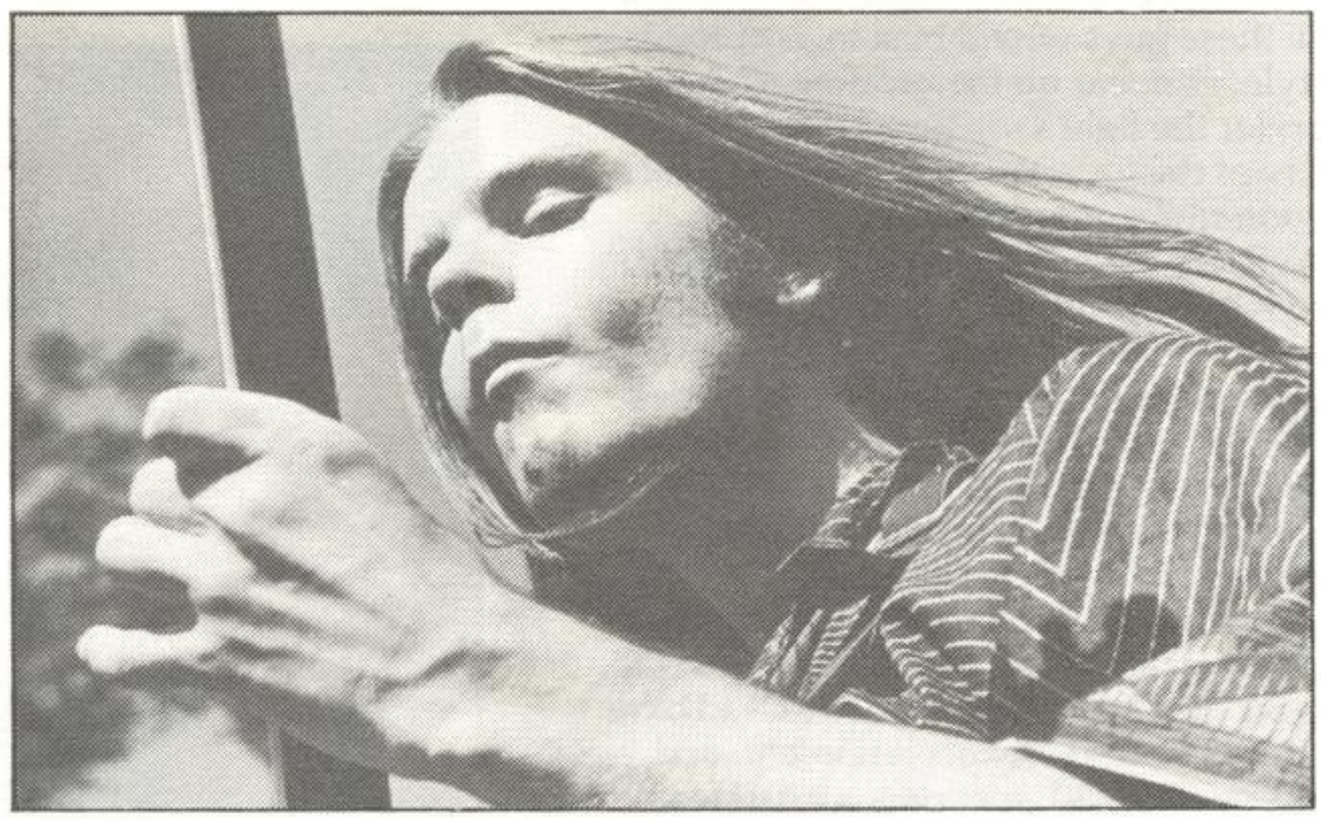
Country Joe McDonald, *former leader of Country Joe & the Fish, now a solo performer*

We played a gig with the Dead in Mississippi in 1968, I think it was. And it was *hell* there. Before we went on stage, the captain of police came into our dressing room and said to us, "If those people get up out of their chairs, we're gonna beat you up and throw you in jail." He even smiled as he said it. I thought, "Oh my *God*. What are we gonna do?" So I went and told Garcia, and he says, "Oh *shit!*" He was really freaked out, too. So we went out and deliberately played the worst laid-back, lethargic set we could come up with, but somehow we got called back for an encore. We were scared shitless. Garcia and the other guys in the Dead were on the side of the stage looking into the crowd, and they were real anxious, too. We went out for our encore and played the slowest, limpest version of "Rockin' Around the World" we'd ever done. It was *so* bad, just the weakest. But as bad as it was, we noticed some idiot near the front start to get up on his feet! Barry and I looked at each other and just said, "Oh *nooooooo!*" and we slooooooowed it down until it finally just stopped. We ran off-stage, piled into our cars, said "Goodbye, Grateful Dead!" and got the hell out of there. I don't know how the Dead survived it. Maybe they played even slower and limper than we did. But then they also always had that magic act where they'd always miraculously escape unscathed.

about 35 minutes and then split! He's saying, "You gotta go on! Who did this, anyway? You guys were supposed to go on first!" I'm sitting in the dressing room, about to go on, and Ramrod runs in and says, "Yeah, we played somewhere else last night and the narcs have been chasing us across Texas and we want to get the fuck out of here as fast as possible! Sorry to do this to you, but if you have any drugs on you, you better get rid of 'em. Bye!" And he races out with two guitar cases, literally.

We went onstage with that warning about 15 minutes later, and while we were onstage the Texas State Police and federal drug agents came in, searched our entire dressing room, ripped all the stuffing out of the couches. But they couldn't nail us. And of course they didn't get the Dead, either.

Clockwise: Pig and Janis, 1967; Weir at San Jose festival, 1967. Photos: Jim Marshall © 1985; Garcia and Weir play acoustic at Winterland, 1970. Photo: Ken Greenberg © 1985



Have Gun, Will Hassle

John Cipollina, *former lead guitarist for Quicksilver, now in The Dinosaurs, Zero, Nicksilver and virtually every other saloon band in the Bay Area.*

We had some pretty wild times on the Northwest Trek [a tour the Dead and Quicksilver played in the Pacific Northwest in January and February of 1968]. There was no heat on us because with Pigpen around it was like "Ooooh — look at *that* guy!" We all looked like businessmen in comparison with Pigpen!

Anyway, I remember when we first got to Portland, Dan Healy, who was working for us then (and who modified the SG I'm playing now), and I went into a pawn shop. Dan bought a '56 Les Paul Special, and I bought guns and a bunch of blanks to continue the little cowboys and Indians game that we'd been playing with the Dead for quite a while. [An oft-told anecdote from the early summer of '66 has the Dead dressing up like Indians and raiding Quicksilver's Marin ranch in the dead of night.] It was snowing in Portland, and here I am with all these guns and hundreds of blanks. I was taking "shots" at everyone in our group. And we had this rule that went along with the game we played, which was if you "died" you had to "stay dead" for a couple of minutes. If someone even shot you with their finger you had to roll over and play dead. We're all too stiff to do that now, I guess.

One of the guns I bought was this little .22 caliber blank pistol that was easy to carry around. I remember seeing Pigpen, [Dead managers] Rock Scully and Danny Rifkin, and I think maybe one other guy from the group, driving down the street. So I went running out into the street making some kind of deranged weird noise — some anguished cry — and I emptied the gun into the car. The car came screeching to a stop, the doors flew open and Pigpen and everybody just rolled out of the car into the snow. They really looked dead! Out of the corner of my eye I saw this old lady with a shopping cart racing around the corner. I stood there and surveyed "the kill." Then they got up, we all had a good laugh, and we got in the car. About a

minute later, of course, the place was crawling with police, looking for the "bodies"! The whole tour went that way. I got a callous on my trigger finger from blowing people away.

Bustbusters!

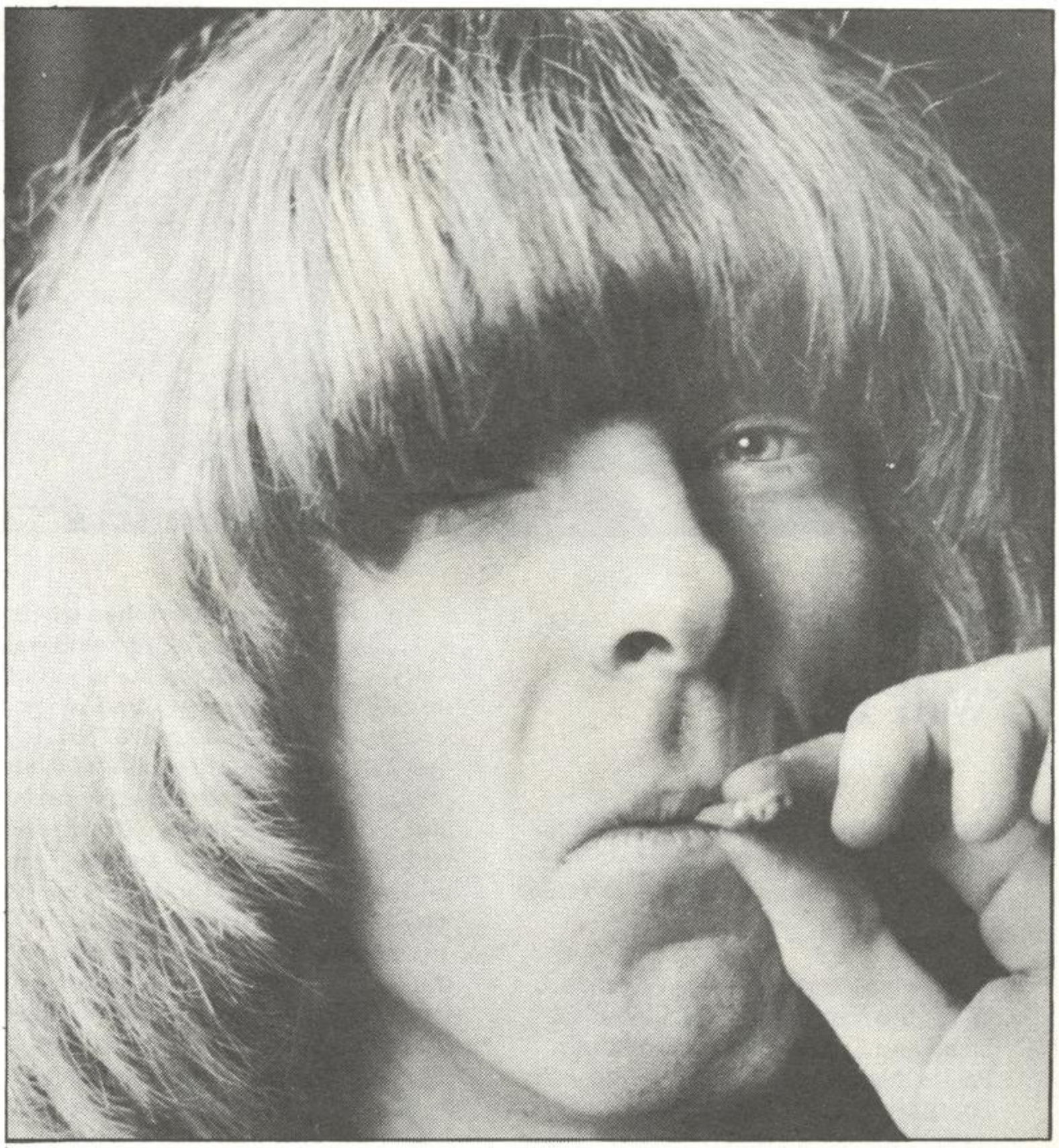
John Cipollina *again, still on the great Northwest tour.*

The funniest thing about the tour was the narcotics chase. The cops chased us from one end of California, all the way through Oregon and Washington. The first show we played on that tour, the authorities found a couple of roaches in the building after the show, and that led to a big scandal in the local papers. They called the dance a "pot orgy"! The Oregon authorities were informed and they really dogged us everywhere. It was a real Keystone Cops caper. They were always one step behind us until Pendleton, Oregon. There they were a step ahead. They raided the hotel an hour and a half before we got there, and then left!

We had no idea what was going on. As soon as we'd leave a place it seemed like all these guys would bust in, McCloud-style, and tear up the bedding, check under the light switches. Finally, the last day of the tour, we were all booked for a noon flight out of Medford, Oregon. Well, we ended up taking a 10:30 flight, so when they tried their last big raid, there was no one there again, except for the equipment guys, who never carried anything on them. The cops' warrant didn't cover the equipment truck anyway, so they just drove away, leaving these poor guys cursing again.

Eventually, though, they got the correct search warrant and they stopped the truck out on the highway. The Dead have always carried *a lot* of equipment, and Quicksilver did, too, plus we had Jerry Abrams' light show equipment in there, too. So the cops took every single piece of equipment out of the truck and spread it out next to the highway. It must have looked awesome to people driving by. The roadies didn't care. They were going to get paid whether they were a day late or not, so they just sat there and made the cops do everything. After the search had failed to turn up anything, the roadies insisted the cops put everything back. The equipment guys wouldn't lift a finger! Now, when you go on tour for a few weeks with a big truck, you really learn how to pack it, but these highway patrolmen had *no idea* how to put all the stuff back in. They'd fill the truck completely and a third of the equipment would still be on the roadside, so they'd start again. It took them *hours* to do it. The Dead and Quicksilver came out smelling like a rose in the end. I'll bet some people got chewed out for *that* one!

A pensive Pigpen and young friend at 710 Ashbury, 1967. Photo: Jim Marshall © 1985



Phil burns a huge one, 1967. Photo: Herb Greene © 1985

Lotta Poor Men Got the Copyright Blues

By Daniel Hupert

Copyright laws were designed to encourage and protect the free flow of ideas and the individual act of creation. The copyright laws aim to ensure that, with certain exceptions, those who create (or those who employ those who create) will reap the benefits of their creations. To that end the law grants to the owner of a work's copyright the virtually exclusive right to reproduce, publish, market or otherwise commercially exploit that work for a period of 20 years (renewable for additional periods of time). It is copyright law that protects the Grateful Dead from the release by unscrupulous operators of unauthorized recordings of their material, and that ensures that the Dead (or their Ice Nine Publishing Company) will realize a share of the profits from their authorized releases. It was their rights pursuant to copyright law that enabled Kelley-Mouse Studios and the Grateful Dead to enjoin a New Jersey operation from mass-producing and marketing unlicensed Kelley-Mouse-designed Dead shirts. (This was taken a step too far recently, in my opinion, when the Dead organization made an effort to eliminate the sale of T-shirts that incorporate some Dead arcana in the design.) It is also copyright law that protects Blair and Regan from the unauthorized duplication and distribution of this magazine.

It's probably not something many of us (including me) think about too often, but copyright law is relevant to many Dead Heads' lives. All those who create — be it T-shirts or poetry — should be sure to copyright their work. In its simplest form this involves no more than placing the copyright symbol (©), the date of creation and the copyright owner's name somewhere apparent on the work itself. Assuming no dispute regarding the date of the work's creation, this simple procedure serves to vest copyrights. To enforce copyrights, however, the law requires registration of the copyright material with the federal government. Registration involves completing a form (obtainable from the Library of Congress) and submitting it, together with a copy of the work being registered (in accordance with simple directions set forth on the form) and a nominal registration fee (presently $10), to the Library of Congress. There are two means of enforcing registered copyrights: an action to enjoin a copyright violation (which results in the issuance of something roughly akin to a cease-and-desist order to the violator) and an action for damages to recover the losses incurred by the copyright owner as a result of a violation of that copyright. These remedies are not mutually exclusive.

Copyright law affects us in other ways, as well. It is, at least in part, due to the enforcement of copyrights that we often encounter difficulties in recording the live performances of many artists. Similarly, it is the copyright laws that make the legality of trading or distributing tapes among ourselves an open question. As new technologies develop, copyright protection expands to works created in and for the new technologies. Thus, computer software and their programs can, if all the requirements are met, be entitled to the protections afforded by the copyright laws.

Strict enforcement of the copyright laws, however, would tend to inhibit the very free flow of ideas those laws are intended to foster. Therefore, Congress and the federal courts have carved certain exceptions — known as "fair use" — out of the copyright laws. Certain uses of copyright material, although technical violations of copyright law, are deemed to be permissible "fair use" of that material. For example, use, and even reproduction, of portions of a published work strictly for educational purposes in a classroom context is considered fair use of that material, as is the inclusion in a book review of quotations from the text being reviewed. Similarly, a specific statutory provision deems the recording of material broadcast over the radio for private, non-commercial use to be fair use of that broadcast material. (Thus, recording a song from the radio for your personal use does not violate copyrights, while recording that same song from your friend's record might.) Thus, at the very least, the tapes we have of radio broadcasts are entirely legal and permissible.

Recently, there has been a great deal of controversy regarding the applicability of copyright protections to works recorded on videotape. The Screen Actor's Guild and the Director's Guild have been lobbying for the imposition of a royalty tax on the rental of films contained on videocassettes. (As the law presently stands, a royalty is assessed on the first sale of the videocassette only. The owner then retains the profits from the subsequent rentals of that item.) Universal Studios and Disney Productions sought to have the non-commercial, private recording of material broadcast on television declared a violation of copyrights. The companies' intent was either to ban the sale of video recording machinery or, more realistically, to have a royalty taxed on the sale of video recording equipment and blank tapes.

This case was decided by the United States Supreme Court only last year. In one of the few "good" opinions of the year (i.e. one of the few with which I agree), the court held that the recording of material broadcast on television for viewing at a later, more convenient, time was a fair use of that material and did not violate copyright laws. But while the court upheld the common practice of time-shifting televised material, it did not rule on the legality of recording a television program for repeated later viewings, nor did it rule on the practice of trading or duplicating for others such videotapes. If such activities are found to infringe upon copyrights — as they very well may be — it is possible that a royalty tax will be added to the cost of a VCR and to the cost of blank tapes, to be distributed to the copyright owners of broadcast material in accordance with some legislatively determined formulae.

For a number of years the record companies, through the Recording Industry Association of America (RIAA), their public relations vehicle, have been lobbying Congress for the imposition of just such a royalty tax upon the sale of audio recording equipment and blank tapes. Since the introduction of the Walkman, the companies argue, a great many people have taken to making tapes of albums (understandable when two entire

Continued on page 38

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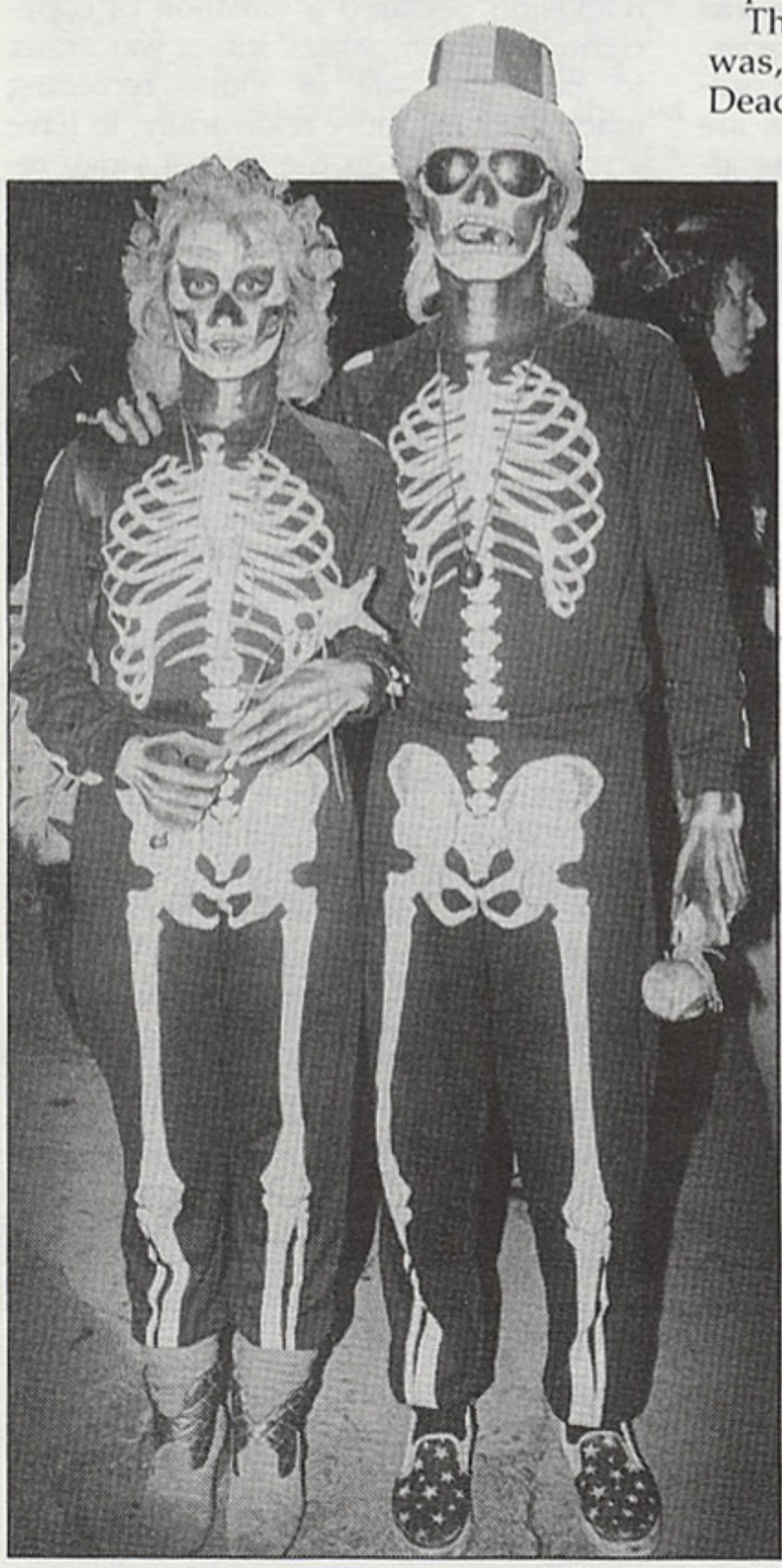
SET LISTS: CHARLOTTE THROUGH BERKELEY

Wow! How about those fall shows? By now, most of you have probably heard all the exciting news about the East Coast tour and the six-night run in the intimate Berkeley Community Theatre. There were some very hot shows along the way — people are still buzzing about the second Augusta show (with a great version of "Uncle John's Band" split by the drums and space, and one of the better "Morning Dews" of recent years), the two Hartford shows and Syracuse, which continues to be blessed with sizzling shows in the cavernous Carrier Dome.

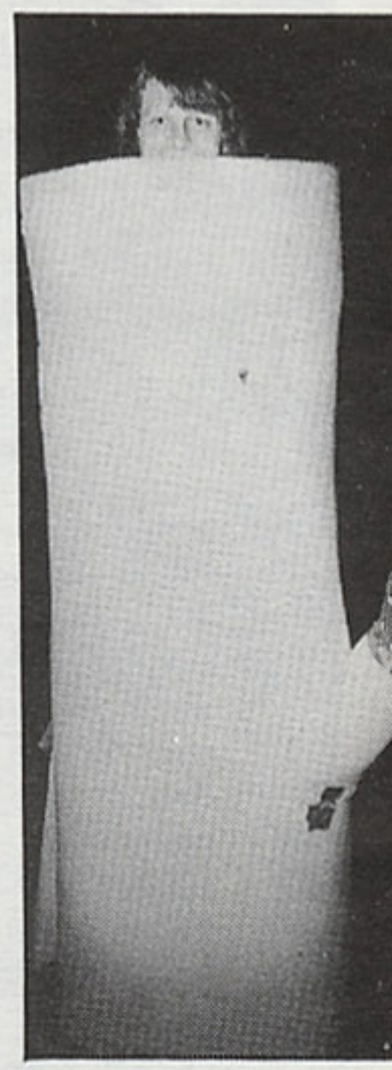
Regan and I made it back East for the Brendan Byrne shows, both of which had some great high points. These were Regan's first East Coast shows and my first since 1973 (when I moved to California), and we hope no one will be offended if we remark that the crowds weren't nearly as obnoxious as we'd been told. We've become awfully spoiled in the Bay Area, though, since the Dead almost never play a facility that seats more than 10,000 people, the halls and amphitheatres are so nice, and we have Bill Graham lovingly producing most of the shows. So the sterile Brendan Byrne, which is big enough to hold a fleet of dirigibles, was a little lacking in ambience, but there's certainly no denying the fabled East Coast *energy*. What the music loses in delicacy in this sort of environment, it makes up for in sheer brute force. Check out the Brendan Byrne "Terrapin" and compare it with the Berkeley Community Theatre "Terrapin" to hear what I'm talking about. Personally, I'll take the dynamic shifts of the West to the *dynamism* of the East, but isn't it wonderful that the music and the experience have so much range?

The Berkeley Community Theatre run was, to use that hopelessly overworked Deadhead adjective, "magical." Once again, Bill Graham and his staff succeeded in transforming a theater into a special place. The normally bright hall lights gave way to pastel reds, blues and greens; harvest stalks and pumpkins greeted the Heads in the lobby; skeleton cutouts danced across the front of the balcony. In the hallways to each side of the main entrance, large sheets of white butcher paper were hung on the walls, bearing headlines such as "Your Message to Phil Lesh," "Your Message to Jerry Garcia," "Your Message to the Grateful Dead Ticket Office." Felt pens were provided for Heads to scrawl whatever craziness struck them. As the week went on, the old sheets were hung up backstage (presumably for band and crew to read) and new ones put up in the halls each night, asking such questions as "Who Would You Like to See Open for the Dead on New Year's?" "What Non-Dead Songs Would You Like the Band to Play?" "Where Would You Like to See the Dead Play?" and "What Are Your



Mr. & Mrs. Bones

A Halloween blessing is bestowed



The bong man

HALLOWEEN!

Photos by Ron Delany

Favorite and Least Favorite Dead Songs?" The range of responses was incredible — funny, serious, spacey, non-sensical. Our favorite "Message to Jerry": "Do you sleep with your beard over or under the covers?"

The shows, as a perusal of the set lists indicates, got progressively wilder, with off-the-wall song choices becoming the norm. On Halloween we were treated to a bit of costumed tomfoolery from the band during the "Shakedown" opener: Mickey came out wearing a caveman mask, Bobby a set of white kitten ears (and during the evening he wore a total of four different shirts — his standard polo model, a tie-dyed polo shirt that would make Phil green with envy, a sleeveless black T-shirt and a gorgeous white, gold-embroidered cowboy shirt); Billy wore some sort of rogue's mask for the first five seconds of the first song; Phil briefly modeled some droopy dog ears, and Brent looked positively smashing singing harmonies wearing an elephant nose and ears. The band debuted Willie Dixon's "I Ain't Superstitious" during the second set. The last two shows featured the first combo of "Smokestack Lightning" and "Spoonful" (in the first set no less); a pre-drums "Wharf Rat"; and a pair of songs that got the most intense response I've seen at a show in many moons — Spencer Davis' "Gimme Some Lovin'," with Phil and Brent sharing the lead vocal (what a perfect song, musically and lyrically, for the band!); and "Gloria," done in a roaring, almost heavy metal arrangement. Sure, there were sloppy moments galore, but what a treat to see the band so loose and funky! Truly a series for the record books.

10-5-84 Coliseum, Charlotte, NC
Bertha ➧ Promised Land, West L.A. Fadeaway, Little Red Rooster, Dupree's Diamond Blues, Brother Esau, Brown-Eyed Women, Feel Like A Stranger, Might As Well

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Estimated Prophet, Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Black Peter ➧ Sugar Magnolia, Johnny B. Goode/It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

10-6-84 Coliseum, Richmond, VA
Hell in a Bucket, Dire Wolf, Cassidy, They Love Each Other, New Minglewood Blues, Tennessee Jed, Looks Like Rain, Don't Ease Me In

Scarlet Begonias ➧ Fire on the Mountain ➧ Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ China Doll ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Goin' Down the Road ➧ Saturday Night/Day Job

10-8-84 The Centrum, Worcester, MA
Iko Iko, Beat It on Down the Line, Candyman, C.C. Rider, Bird Song, Lazy Lightnin' ➧ Supplication ➧ Deal

Terrapin, Samson & Delilah ➧ I Just Want to Make Love to You ➧ I Need A Miracle ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Truckin' ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Not Fade Away/U.S. Blues

10-9 Centrum
Dancin' in the Streets, Friend of the Devil, Me & My Uncle ➧ Mexicali Blues, Althea, My Brother Esau ➧ Big Railroad Blues, Let It Grow

Help on the Way ➧ Slipknot ➧ Franklin's Tower ➧ Jack Straw, He's Gone ➧ Smokestack Lightning ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Around & Around ➧ Good Lovin'/Revolution (John Lennon's Birthday)

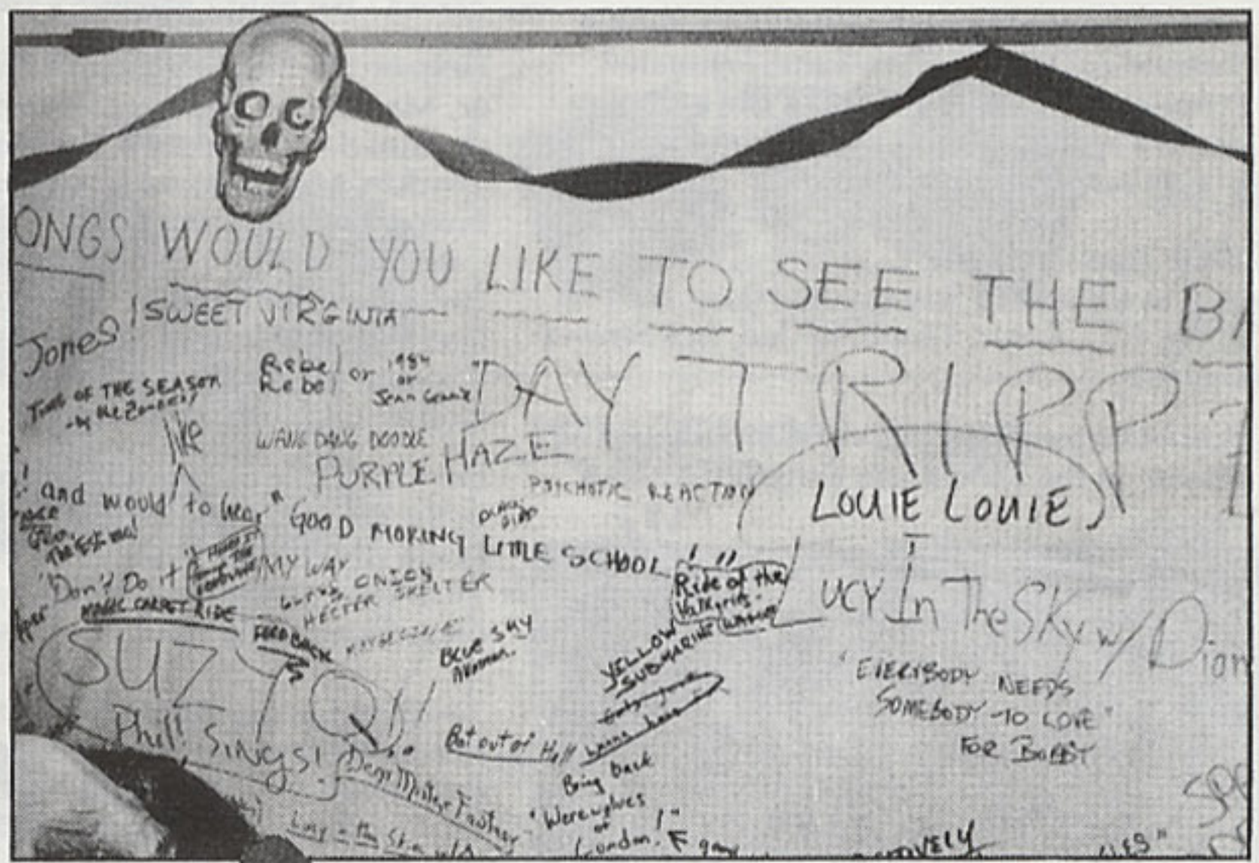
10-11-84 Civic Center, Augusta, ME
Shakedown Street, Greatest Story Ever Told, Fennario, Mama Tried ➧ Big River, Ramble on Rose, Looks Like Rain ➧ Might As Well

Hell in a Bucket ➧ Touch of Gray ➧ Man Smart, Woman Smarter, Ship of Fools, Playin' in the Band ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Dear Mr. Fantasy ➧ Black Peter ➧ Sugar Magnolia/ Day Job

10-12 Augusta Civic
Feel Like A Stranger, Must've Been the Roses, On the Road Again, Jackaroe, All Over Now, Cumberland Blues, Music Never Stopped

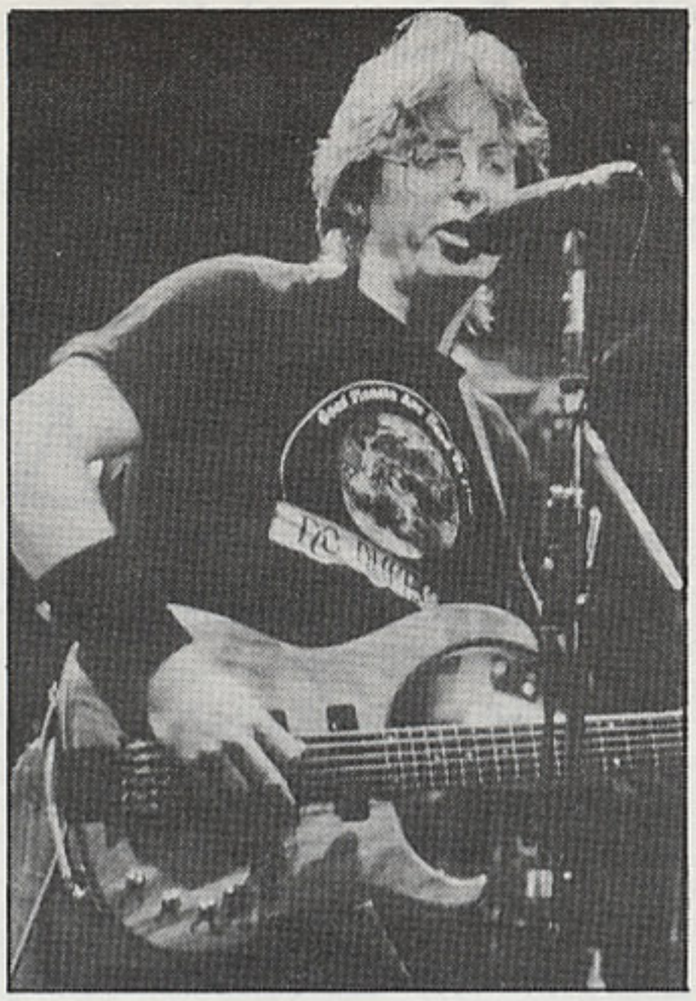
Cold Rain & Snow, Lost Sailor ➧ Saint of Circumstance ➧ Don't Need Love ➧ Uncle John's Band ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Playin'

Golden Road *publishers arrive in Mexican masks*

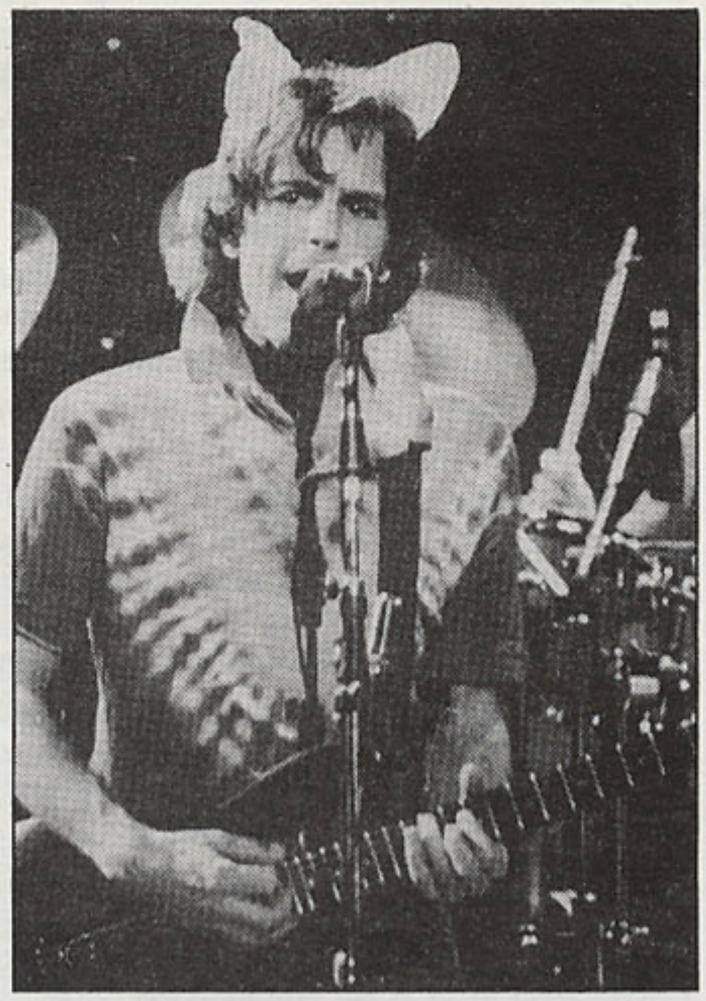


One of the suggestion walls

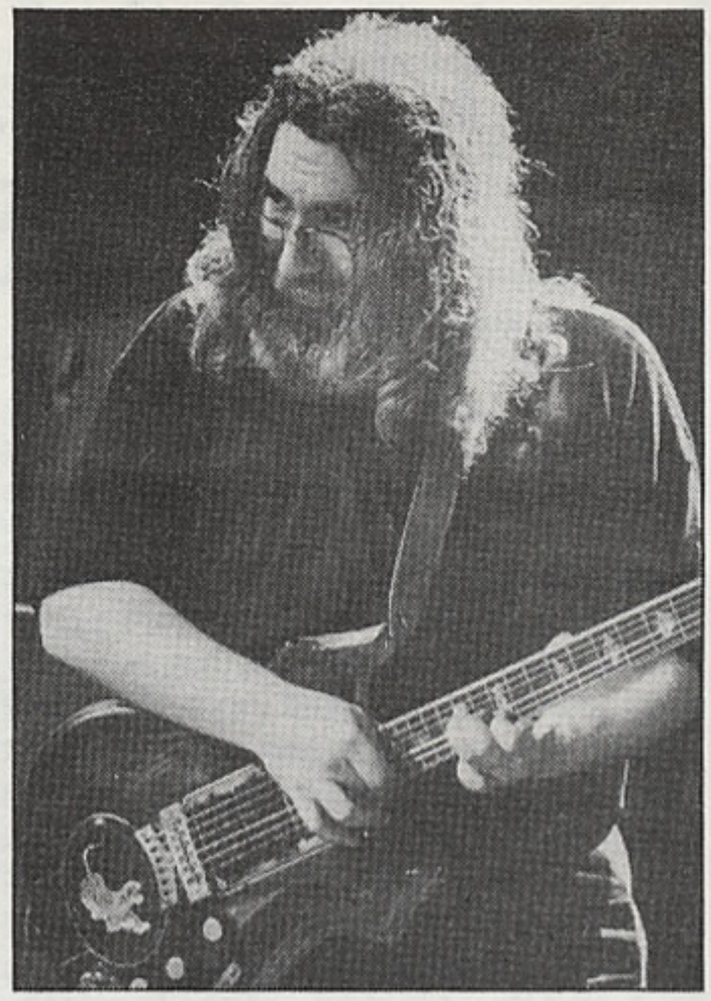
Yet another odd couple



Berkeley, 11-2. Photo: Currie & Rymes



Halloween. Photo: Currie & Rymes



Berkeley, 11-3. Photo: Currie & Rymes

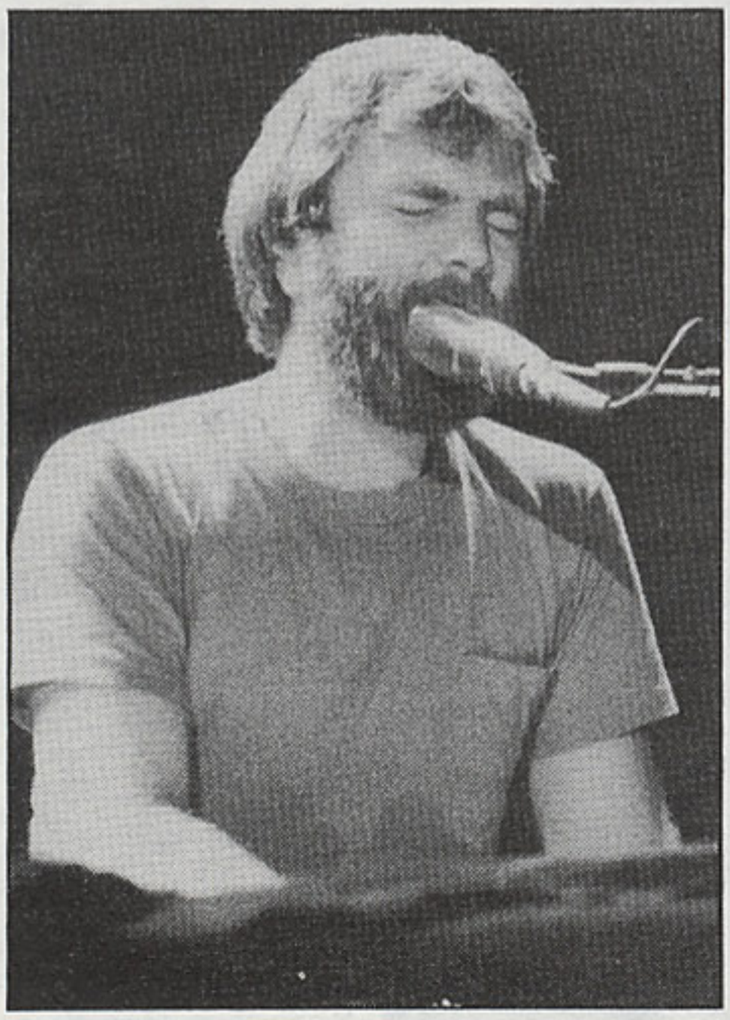
reprise ♦ Uncle John's reprise ♦ Morning Dew/Good Lovin'

10-14-84 Civic Center, Hartford, CT
Alabama Getaway ♦ Greatest Story Ever Told, Dire Wolf, Little Red Rooster, Dupree's Diamond Blues, My Brother Esau, Loser, New Minglewood Blues, Row Jimmy, I Need A Miracle ♦ Might As Well

China Cat Sunflower ♦ I Know You Rider ♦ Samson & Delilah, High Time, Estimated Prophet ♦ Eyes of the World ♦ jam ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ China Doll ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Not Fade Away/Love Light

10-15 Hartford Civic
Hell in a Bucket ♦ Sugaree ♦ El Paso, Bird Song, C.C. Rider, Tennessee Jed, Jack Straw ♦ Day Job

Scarlet Begonias ♦ Fire on the Mountain ♦ Playin' in the Band ♦ jam ♦ rhythm devils ♦



Berkeley, 10-30. Photo: Currie & Rymes

space ♦ The Wheel ♦ Wharf Rat ♦ Playin' reprise ♦ Sugar Magnolia/It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

10-17-84 Brendan Byrne Arena, East Rutherford, NJ
Iko Iko ♦ Promised Land, West L.A. Fadeaway, My Brother Esau, Brown-Eyed Women, New Minglewood Blues, Row Jimmy ♦ Looks Like Rain ♦ Might As Well

Help on the Way ♦ Slipknot ♦ Franklin's Tower, Man Smart, Woman Smarter, Terrapin ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Other One ♦ Truckin' ♦ Stella Blue ♦ Goin' Down the Road/ Brokedown Palace

10-18 Brendan Byrne
Feel Like A Stranger, Candyman, Little Red Rooster, Big Railroad Blues, Cassidy ♦ Althea, Hell in a Bucket

Dancin' in the Streets ♦ Touch of Gray, Playin' in the Band ♦ jam ♦ Uncle John's Band ♦ China Doll ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Playin' reprise ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Not Fade Away/It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

10-20-84 Carrier Dome, Syracuse, NY
Bertha ♦ Greatest Story Ever Told, West L.A. Fadeaway, C.C. Rider, Ramble on Rose, My Brother Esau, Bird Song, Jack Straw

Shakedown Street ♦ Samson & Delilah, He's Gone ♦ Smokestack Lightning ♦ jam ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Wheel ♦ The Other One ♦ Black Peter ♦ Love Light/Revolution

10-27-84 Berkeley Community Theatre
Hell in a Bucket, Sugaree, It's All Over Now, Candyman, Me & My Uncle ♦ Mexicali Blues, Dupree's Diamond Blues, Beat It On Down the Line, Might As Well

China Cat Sunflower ♦ I Know You Rider, Man Smart Woman Smarter, He's Gone ♦ Wang Dang Doodle ♦ Don't Need Love ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Truckin' ♦ Goin' Down the Road ♦ Black Peter ♦ Saturday Night/Day Job

10-28 BCT
Cold Rain & Snow, My Brother Esau, Althea, C.C. Rider, Bird Song, Looks Like Rain, Deal

Terrapin ♦ Playin' in the Band ♦ jam ♦ China Doll ♦ jam ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Wheel ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Not Fade Away/ It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

10-30 BCT
Dancin' in the Streets, Dire Wolf, Little Red Rooster, Brown-Eyed Women, Cassidy, Tennessee Jed, Let It Grow

Scarlet Begonias ♦ Fire on the Mountain, Far From Me, Estimated Prophet ♦ Eyes of the World ♦ jam ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Other One ♦ Stella Blue ♦ Sugar Magnolia/ U.S. Blues

Halloween BCT
Shakedown Street, Mama Tried ♦ Big River, Ramble on Rose, New Minglewood Blues ♦ Big Railroad Blues, Lazy Lightning ♦ Supplication, Don't Ease Me In

Touch of Gray, Samson & Delilah, Ship of Fools, I Need A Miracle ♦ I Ain't Superstitious ♦ He's Gone ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Morning Dew ♦ Around & Around ♦ One More Halloween Night/Satisfaction

11-2 BCT
Jack Straw ♦ Fennario, El Paso, Loser, Smokestack Lightning ♦ Spoonful, Iko Iko

Help on the Way ♦ Slipknot ♦ Franklin's Tower ♦ Lost Sailor ♦ Saint of Circumstance ♦ Wharf Rat ♦ Gimme Some Lovin' ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Playin' reprise ♦ Bertha ♦ Good Lovin'/Casey Jones

11-3 BCT
Alabama Getaway ♦ Promised Land, Friend of the Devil, Down in the Bottom, Must've Been the Roses, Music Never Stopped, Deal

Feel Like a Stranger ♦ Cumberland Blues, Gloria ♦ Why Don't We Do It in the Road ♦ Music Never Stopped jam ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Uncle John's Band ♦ Dear Mr. Fantasy ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Love Light/Brokedown Palace

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NEW YEAR'S '84-'85

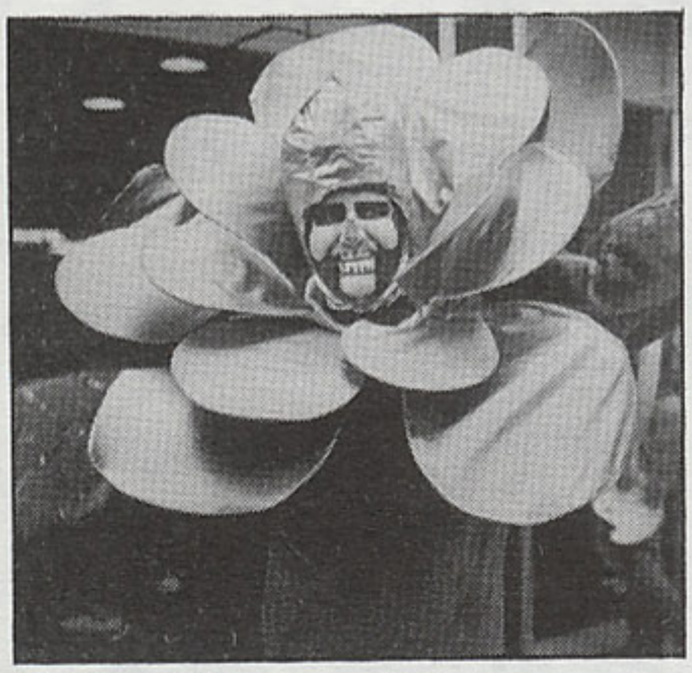
The Dead rang out the old year in style with three dynamic shows at San Francisco Civic Auditorium. In many past years, having four or five year-end shows has seemed to burn the boys out by New Year's Eve, but this year the band was crisp and energetic throughout.

There was a note of real sadness surrounding the second and third shows, however. On the morning of the 29th it was revealed that Steve Parish's pregnant wife, Lorraine, and 1-year-old girl, Jennifer, were killed in an automobile accident the previous night. There was a definite pall hanging over the backstage scene for that second show, and the band played soberly but very intensely. The versions of "Stella Blue" and "Brokedown Palace" in particular were gut-wrenching for the many Heads who had heard about the deaths, and New Year's Eve's "Bird Song" took on the air of a beautiful memorial to the departed. And the floral hearts on either side of the stage that night, left over from that morning's funeral, were a silent but poignant reminder of the tragedy.

Bill Graham's traditional New Year's entrance was typically flashy. As midnight approached, Graham, dressed as Father Time, descended from the ceiling of the Civic in a giant illuminated lightning bolt, throwing flowers into the peaking crowd below him. The band played space noise as Graham slowly "flew" to the stage and fireworks exploded over the cheering throngs. Then, confetti and thousands of balloons and giant beach balls fell onto the crowd, bouncing over the revelers' heads like Contac time capsules, and the band charged into "Sugar Magnolia."

The first night of the run saw the premiere of two songs — Brent's driving "Tons of Steel" and (following about two years of rumors about it), The Beatles' "Day Tripper," with lead vocal by Bobby. (Phil sang back-ups on both.) There weren't any new songs New Year's, but the second-ever "Gimme Some Lovin'" proved to be every bit as incendiary as the Berkeley Community Theatre version, and what a joy it was to hear "Uncle John's Band" following it in that third mini-set! The "Baby Blue" that closed the show was as moving a version as I've ever heard.

All in all, I felt it was the best New Year's run since 1981 and definitely up to the level of the fall Berkeley shows. The momentum continues as The Bus hurtles inexorably toward the 20th anniversary.



The Grateful Dead rose puts in an appearance. Photo: Ron Delany

12-18-84, San Francisco Civic
Touch of Gray ♦ Greatest Story Ever Told, Dire Wolf, Tons of Steel, I Ain't Superstitious/ Down in the Bottom, Dupree's Diamond Blues, Me & My Uncle ♦ Mexicali Blues, West L.A. Fadeaway ♦ Might As Well

China Cat Sunflower ♦ I Know Your Rider, Looks Like Rain ♦ He's Gone ♦ Spoonful ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Other One ♦ Wharf Rat ♦ Sugar Magnolia/Day Tripper

12-29-84, S.F. Civic
One More Saturday Night, Friend of the Devil, My Brother Esau, Big Railroad Blues, Cassidy, Althea, Let It Grow

Samson & Delilah ♦ Terrapin ♦ Playin' in the Band ♦ jam ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Truckin' ♦ Stella Blue, Not Fade Away/Not Fade chant ♦ Brokedown Palace

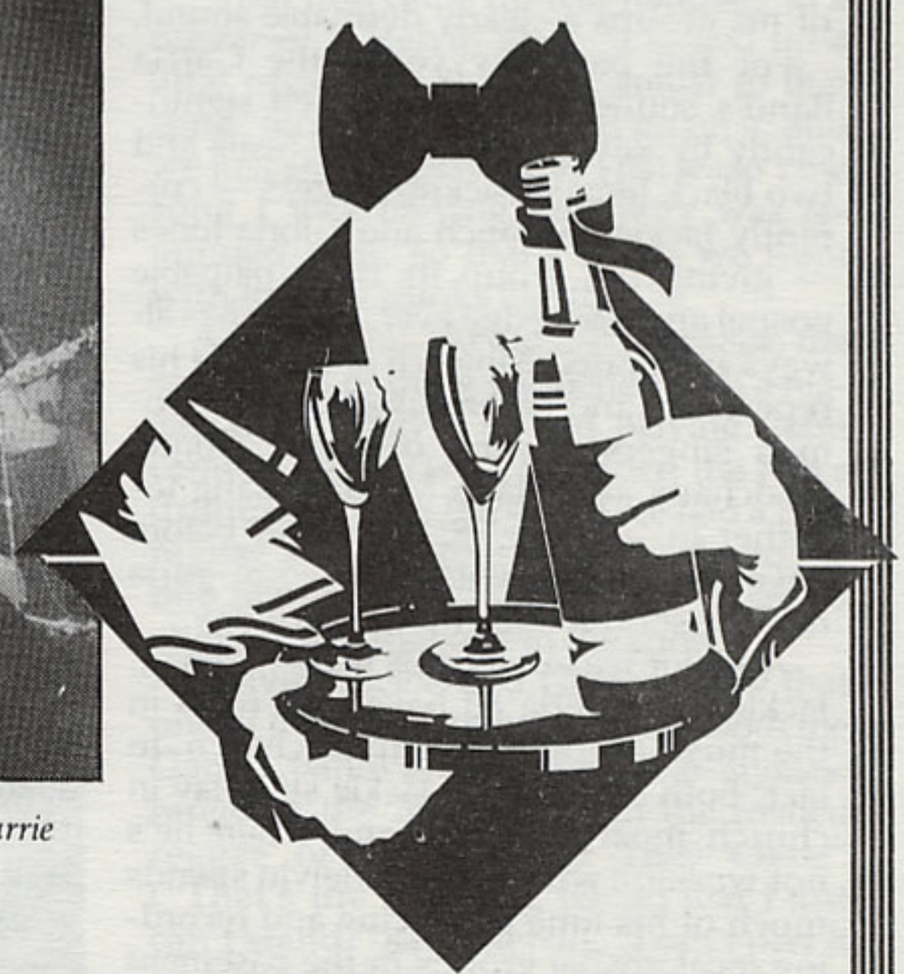
New Year's Eve, S.F. Civic
Shakedown Street, New Minglewood Blues, Fennario, Jack Straw ♦ Bird Song, Hell in a Bucket ♦ Don't Ease Me In

Sugar Magnolia (no Sunshine Daydream) ♦ Scarlet Begonias ♦ Fire on the Mountain ♦ Man Smart Woman Smarter ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Wheel ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Love Light

Gimme Some Lovin' ♦ Uncle John's Band ♦ Around & Around ♦ It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

Bill Graham brings in the New Year riding a lightning bolt. Photo: Ron Delany

Plastic monsters attack the band during "Sugar Magnolia." (Note Phil's headphones.) Photo: Currie & Rymes



Melvin, Jackie & Gloria

Soul of the JGB

Jackie LaBranch and Melvin Seals. Photo: BJ

Jerry Garcia's various solo bands over the years have been chameleon-like outfits, changing in character as the players have changed; bassist John Kahn has been the only constant through the numerous incarnations (not counting a brief substitution by Phil Lesh). Since Garcia's approach to playing has not shifted radically over the years, it is the work of his bandmates that has brought new colors and nuances to the group's songs, some of which date back to Garcia's first solo band with keyboardist Merl Saunders. It is to Garcia's credit that he has constantly sought to alter the arrangements of his songs, giving each of his groups a clearly definable sound.

For the past few years, the Garcia Band's sound has been shaped significantly by keyboardist Melvin Seals and two black female backup singers — currently Jackie LaBranch and Gloria Jones — giving the group its most palpable gospel and R&B edge ever. Garcia has always integrated Motown songs into his repertoire, and he has used pairs of women singers on and off since Donna Godchaux and Maria Muldaur sang together in '77 and '78, but never before have the instrumental and vocal parts had the soulful edge they have today.

A major reason for this is that Melvin, Jackie and Gloria all have firm roots in the music of the black Baptist church. In fact, both Melvin and Jackie still play in church most Sundays, and when he's not working with Garcia, Melvin spends much of his time producing and recording local gospel groups in the basement studio of his San Francisco home. It was there that Regan and I spoke with Melvin and Jackie recently. We caught up with Gloria at her Oakland home a week later. Their backgrounds and approaches to the Garcia Band's music reveal much about the group's current gospel emphasis.

Melvin is a Bay Area native who has been involved with gospel his entire life. Though he has played in rock bands and done sessions in styles other than gospel, he finds that the music of the church is really the foundation of his music, his primary inspiration and the source of his inner strength. He freely admits that he loves the traditionalism of gospel, and laments what he sees as an increasing reluctance of young blacks to embrace the old songs.

"I think a lot of young black people coming up now are missing the spirit and feeling that comes from traditional songs," he comments. "It's all about that backbeat and handclapping and the unique tempos. I've played on programs where there are contemporary singers who are very polished and very good, no question. But then up come the old gospel singers who can barely sing, and they do 'Amazing Grace' and tear the house up. There's a spirit in those old songs, but a lot of young people don't want to hear about that. A lot of young players *can't play* a lot of old gospel tunes. They grew up listening to Herbie Hancock and the jazz players and they then write like that, even though they're in the church. They don't learn to play simply. Playing simple gospel seems boring unless you understand the *power* of simplicity."

Melvin's original connection with the Garcia Band came in 1979 when he played keyboards for a pair of gospel shows that Maria Muldaur did in Sacramento for the Christian organization, Warehouse Ministries. Maria introduced him to John Kahn (her one-time boyfriend), and it was Kahn who suggested to Garcia that Melvin join the group. For a brief time, the Garcia Band had two keyboardists, but pianist Jimmy Warren eventually left, leaving Melvin as Garcia's main foil and rhythm player. He was already quite adept at playing rock and roll, having been a member of the Elvin Bishop Band during their peak period in the mid- and late '70s. And working in Jon Hendricks' long-running musical, *Evolution of the Blues*, which was essentially about the development of black music from the fields to the cities, gave Melvin great depth as a player. In addition, he cites Billy Preston, a great rock and gospel keyboardist, as his major influence.

It's not surprising that working with two consecutive jamming bands, Elvin's and Garcia's, changed Melvin's approach to music considerably and, he admits, mellowed him out.

"There was a time I set out to be the

greatest musician in the world," he says with a laugh. "I'd go anywhere, play up against anybody. I really thought I was tough. I must've been OK to get the positions I got, but I started seeing musicians who worked mainly in the studios get in a rut and stop growing. Playing with Jerry and Elvin totally turned my head around about what's important in playing. Now, I don't think I could play with a regular band that just plays excellent music but doesn't have that *soul*. That's what it's all about to me — soul. There are so many people out there who are worried about technical precision — I used to be one of them — but they don't *feel* anything."

Melvin fit into the Garcia Band easily and instantly brought a certain spunk to the arrangements of the songs, with his punchy rhythmic organ work and liquid soloing. He came into the band cold, and learned the songs from Garcia and Kahn. "I hadn't even heard the originals of most of the cover songs. I still haven't, in fact. I kind of like that, though, 'cause I didn't have any preconceived way of playing them. If I knew the songs, I might want to play the part more like the original." That's one reason why songs like "Tangled Up in Blue" and "Dear Prudence" depart so much from the Dylan and Beatles versions while retaining the emotional essence their authors intended. With the Garcia Band, they become new songs.

The JGB went through several backup singers before Melvin brought in Jackie La Branch and, later, Gloria Jones. Jackie, too, is a Bay Area native, though her parents came to San Francisco from the heart of Mississippi. She had little experience singing outside the church before she joined the Garcia Band, but she says she got a healthy dose of rock and roll growing up in the Haight during the '60s.

"I might have even seen the Grateful Dead without knowing it," she says. "I was always going down and seeing bands in the Panhandle and the Park. I really had a blast in the Haight. We moved there in '64, so we saw it go from a nice little community with the five and dime, the local drug store and the Haight Theater, where they showed movies, to this big, big thing. When the people started coming in, we thought they were beatniks. Then all of a sudden it was like *whoosh!* It was completely wild. The streets were jammed. We'd leave church, run home and change our clothes and go down to the Panhandle and watch all the bands. People would pass joints by me and I wouldn't even know what they were. I was like 13 or 14. Boy, what I missed!" she jokes.

Gloria was born in Texas, the daughter of a Baptist minister who had built his own church in Dallas. The family moved to the Bay Area when she was just 3, and she grew up singing first in church choirs, then in larger gospel groups, including a locally popular late '60s aggregation called the LCL's. She stopped singing gospel about eight years ago and joined a series of R&B bands, the most successful of which was called Unity. For several years before joining the JGB she worked as a solo artist in local clubs. In the fall of 1983 she went over to Melvin's studio, M.S. Productions, to sing with some friends who were cutting tracks there. She so impressed Melvin that just two weeks later he asked her to join the Garcia Band, replacing Dee Dee Dickerson. She rehearsed with Melvin and Jackie for two weeks before meeting Garcia and then performing with the group.

Gloria, too, was no stranger to rock and roll. She used to go to shows at the Fillmore West, and she'd always heard rock and soul on the radio. "Even though my parents were into religious music," she recalls, "they couldn't keep me away from the radio. I loved it all — rock, R&B, country."

In the Garcia Band, Gloria handles the soprano, Jackie the alto parts, with Garcia "either on the top, the bottom or in between," Jackie says with a chuckle. "Sometimes he'll change the part on us and we have to adjust, but that just makes it more interesting." Most of the arrangements are worked out at the group's infrequent rehearsals, with everyone pitching in. These rehearsals are also the spawning ground for new tunes, such as the recently introduced Motown nugget, "Get Out of My Life Woman."

"That one came up real naturally in a rehearsal," Melvin says. "I kicked up a little organ jam that was similar to that song. Jerry knew it, picked up on it, and we just started playing it. That wasn't the song I was playing, but Jerry was reminded of it, so that's where we went with it. Jerry thinks like that."

Adds Jackie, "At our last rehearsal, the same kind of thing happened with a reggae thing Melvin started playing. John came in, then David [Kemper, the JGB's drummer], then Jerry, and we had a little reggae jam session that evolved into the Bob Marley song 'Matilda.' We've talked about doing that one in the show."

Melvin, Jackie and Gloria all say that one of the things they like most about the Garcia band is the incredible stylistic range of the material, from the rushed reggae of "The Harder They Come" ("That's the one song we do that I just can't stand," says Melvin. "I can't play it and I've never captured it right") to the country lilt of "Midnight Moonlight," to songs like "Mission in the Rain" and "Run for the Roses," which defy simple genre classification. "I like being ver-

Gloria Jones. Photo: BJ

satile and singing different styles," says Gloria. "It's very relaxed for me. Everyone's very comfortable; they're individuals who don't hassle each other."

They all have their personal favorites within the repertoire — Jackie and Gloria love their vocal part on "Catfish John," for example — but there is unanimity on at least three tunes — "Like A Road," "Dear Prudence" and "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down" (which the group almost never plays). "I also love all his uptempo material," Melvin says. "Jerry could really wipe out his audiences if he put two or three of those together some time, but a lot of times he'll drop in one of those *real* slow ones and it brings people down a little."

The mention of a particular favorite of most Deadheads, the ultra-spacey "Don't Let Go," has Melvin and Jackie smiling, almost quizzically. "That one really goes way out there sometimes," Melvin laughs. "I'm used to some structure, some sort of guidelines, but when we go into that jam, we can do the whole jam in major or minor and I'm constantly trying to figure out which way it's going to go. I listen to Jerry and John for clues. I'm the only one playing chords, while Jerry is going all over the place on that solo, so I just have to work to figure out what mode to be in."

The gospel feel Melvin and the singers bring to the music comes naturally, of course, but Jackie elaborates on this point by noting that she sees a religious edge to both the music and the relationship between Deadheads and the band. "It's like Jerry's the minister and they're the congregation," she smiles. "His singing and playing is the sermon. It's hard to explain, but a lot of times it almost gets to be like church."

"It's easy for me to play a lot of those songs gospel," Melvin adds. "The chords, the progressions in 'Like A Road' are just like a gospel song to me. They're not gospel words, but musically I interpret it that way." According to Melvin, "Jerry and John really know their gospel, too. I know Jerry's heard a lot of it over the years and he knows the groups and all. Last tour I brought a couple of videotapes of movies — *Say Amen Somebody* and *Gospel* [both acclaimed documentaries about gospel]. One Sunday morning I played them for Jerry and he just *loved* them. He came out of his room sayin' 'Wow, I *gotta* have that.' I'd never seen him that hyped about anything."

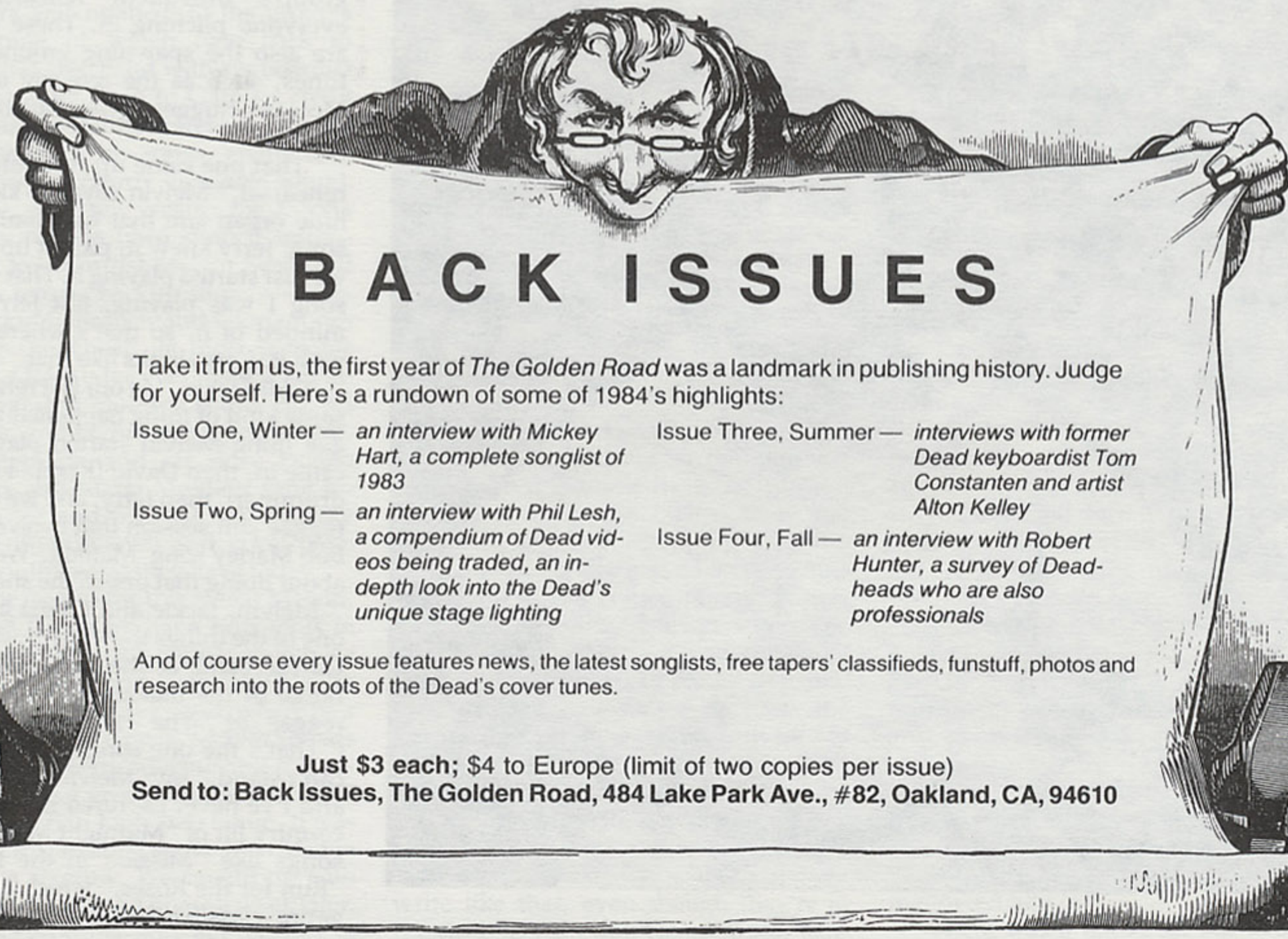
In talking about Jerry, deep feelings of admiration and respect come to the surface often ("He's a really beautiful person," Melvin says flatly). And the three are likewise enamored of Deadheads, though they admit they felt a bit of culture shock at first. "I thought the hippies were all gone," confesses Jackie. "The first night I played with Jerry I saw

"It's like Jerry's the minister and they're the congregation. His singing and playing are the sermon"

'em out there and I thought, 'Wow, they're *still* around.' I thought they'd all become businessmen."

"They're all really nice," says Gloria. "And it's great they love to dance so much. When friends of mine have gone to shows, I try to get them ready for it: 'Look, when the music starts, everyone's jumpin' and movin' around all *over*.' And they love it. I see my friends in the crowd and they're smilin' and giving me the 'thumbs up.'"

"They seem to really understand the music very well," Melvin says. "In fact, they feel things in the audience that I sometimes can't feel onstage. Many times I've had people tell me that a wave



BACK ISSUES

Take it from us, the first year of *The Golden Road* was a landmark in publishing history. Judge for yourself. Here's a rundown of some of 1984's highlights:

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Issue Two, Spring — *an interview with Phil Lesh, a compendium of Dead videos being traded, an in-depth look into the Dead's unique stage lighting*

Issue Three, Summer — *interviews with former Dead keyboardist Tom Constanten and artist Alton Kelley*

Issue Four, Fall — *an interview with Robert Hunter, a survey of Deadheads who are also professionals*

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Melvin in his basement studio. Photo: BJ

of energy has gone through the audience at a certain time, but I can't sense it that much. They can feel the music and sense things so much in part, I think, because they move so much and interpret the music that way."

Because the Garcia Band doesn't play very often, all three are living double lives in a sense. In the cases of Jackie and Gloria, they are definitely in the position of having to "keep your day job until your night job pays" — Jackie works doing accounting and accounts-payable work for a large firm, and Gloria has her own business as a hairdresser and beautician. They've managed to maintain flexible jobs so they can go on the road periodically, but Jackie, in particular, is occasionally in the same awful position as many Deadheads — having to work the morning after a local Garcia Band show. Melvin, meanwhile, seems happy to have plenty of time for his numerous musical projects. He's been a full-time musician for years, and now he has his recording studio business, his production company and his own gospel label, Secret Records.

All three understand that the Garcia Band will likely never be Jerry's number one priority, yet they take their roles in the group very seriously and quietly dream of playing more, learning more new material, making records and basically just developing as a unit.

"I wish everyone, Jerry included would look at it more as a band," Melvin says. "Obviously it's not like the Grateful Dead. But the way it works now, it seems we usually just throw a few gigs together, do 'em, and don't really talk to each other. I'd like to see us really make this band *happen*. I *know* Jerry loves the band. We should really stay on it, 'cause it could be *great*." □

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ALL GOOD THINGS IN ALL GOOD TIME

SONSHINE ROSES CARTOON SPECIAL

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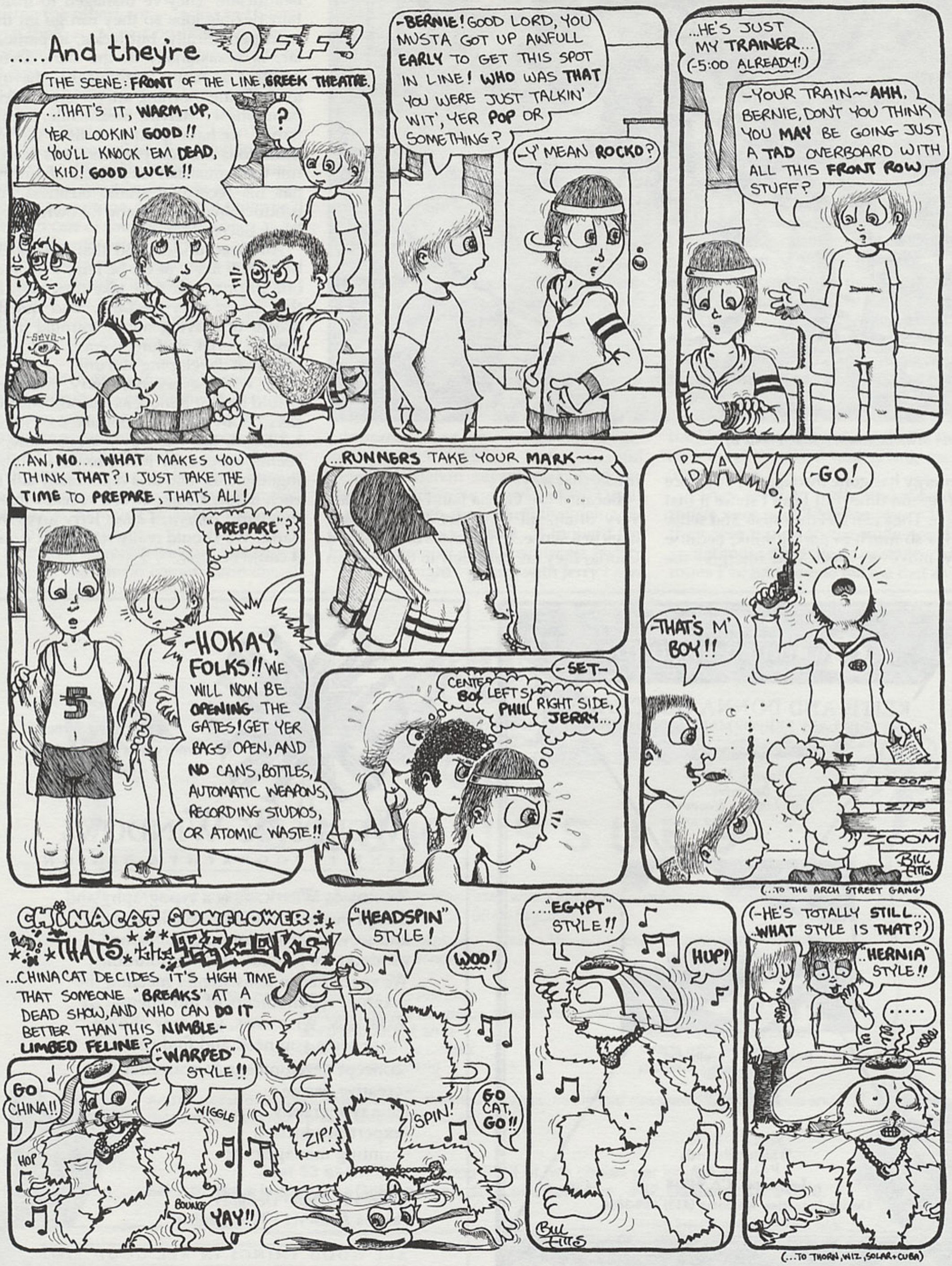
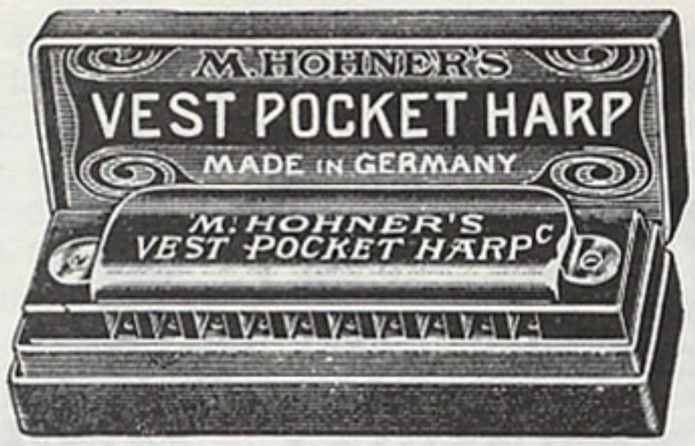




Roots Part 5

"Nobody's Fault But Mine" — Although the Dead played this song only a few times in the early '70s, Garcia still integrates the tune's melody into jams, frequently following "Truckin'." With its similarity to "Spoonful," many listeners no doubt have confused the two jams. The original version of "Nobody's Fault" was recorded in Dallas on Dec. 3, 1927 by a Texas street singer known as Blind Willie Johnson. Johnson only recorded 30 songs in his career, almost all of them (like "Nobody's Fault") spirituals from the Baptist church. His output included "If I Had My Way I'd Tear That Building Down," which Rev. Gary Davis heard and re-arranged as "Samson & Delilah"; and "Keep Your Lamps Trimmed and Burning," recorded by Hot Tuna in the early '70s.

Though several of Johnson's records for Columbia sold well, he never saw a penny for his efforts, and he remained a street singer until his death of pneumonia in 1949 (at the age of 49). Blind Willie's soulful version of "Nobody's Fault But Mine" can be found on an excellent Folkways album simply called *Blind Willie Johnson* that was put together by Sam Charters in the late '50s. Besides containing tracks by Johnson, Blind Lemon Jefferson and Blind Boy Fuller, it features a side-long audio documentary tracing Charters' search for Blind Willie, with the singer's friends and, ultimately, his widow, filling in some of the sketchy details about his life and music. Interesting stuff. Yazoo Records put out a more comprehensive, all-music anthology of his songs, as well.

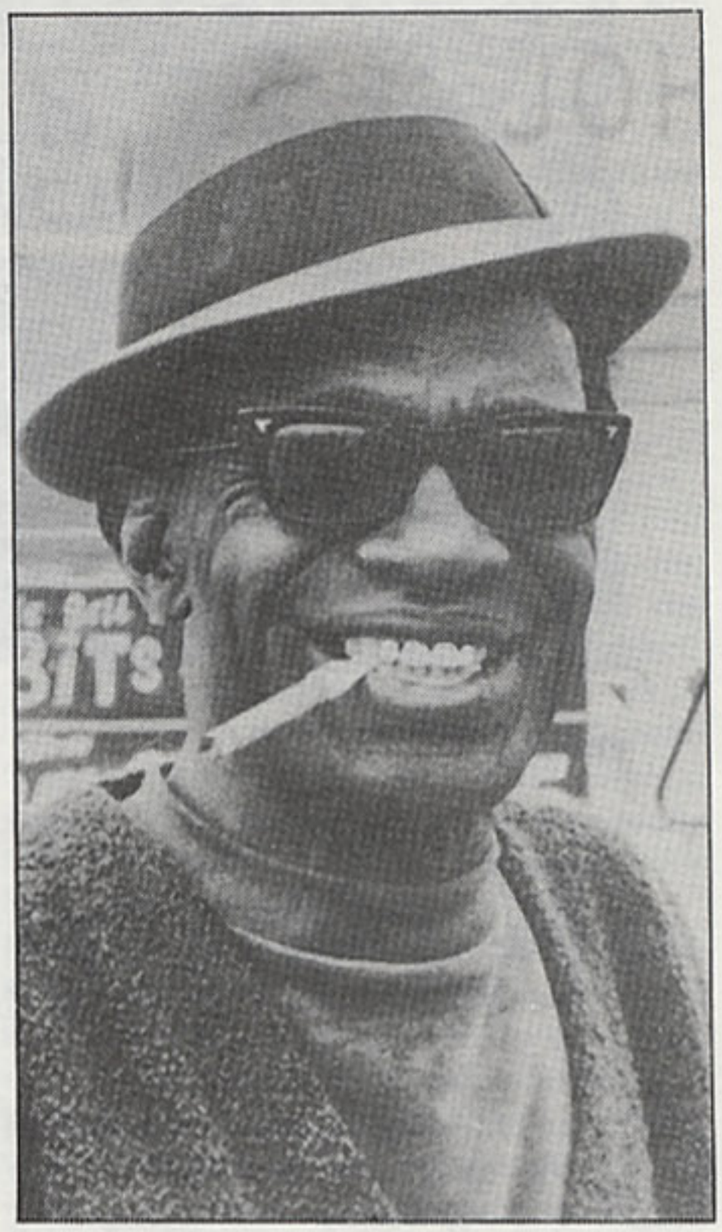
"Gloria" — A staple of every garage band of the late '60s (I once saw a 30-minute version by a Connecticut band called The Other Half that was so dirty it would have made The Fugs blush), "Gloria" was written by Van Morrison when he was still lead singer for Them, the great Belfast-based rock and R&B band. They had a hit in England with the song in 1965, and it was a minor hit in the U.S. The Shadows of Knight had the big U.S. hit with the song shortly after that, though their version is clearly inferior. Van has performed the song on and off over the years. Before the November 3 show in Berkeley, the only other version by the Dead I'd heard was the infamous 10-16-81 Amsterdam show that also included "Love Light" and "Hully Gully."

"Down in the Bottom" — Not to be confused with a better-known blues tune called "Meet Me at the Bottom," which has been covered by the likes of Big Joe Williams, Lightnin' Hopkins and Brownie McGhee, "Down in the Bottom" is yet another Willie Dixon song originally covered by Chester Burnett, better known as Howlin' Wolf. The original version appeared on *Howlin' Wolf* (also known as "The Rocking Chair Album" because of the cover photo), which was released in 1961 by Chess Records. That LP also contains the originals of "Spoonful," "Wang Dang Doodle" and "Little Red Rooster." Fronting a band that featured Dixon himself on bass, guitarist Jimmy Rogers, drummer Sam Lewis and pianist Johnny Jones, Wolf recorded what must be considered some of the most powerful urban blues ever during the late '50s and early '60s. (I saw him a couple of times in the early '70s in Chicago and he was still an overpowering presence.)

Wolf's "Down in the Bottom" doesn't quite echo "Minglewood" the way the Dead's lone version (11-3-84) did, but Weir and Co. did capture its spirit effectively. Nick Gravenites, a fixture on the Bay Area rock and blues scene (and a frequent musical partner of John Cipollina's) has long included the song in his repertoire, too.

"Ain't It Crazy" — This is one of the few tunes that was played both by Mother McCree's Uptown Jug Champions and later the Dead (though it has been performed infrequently). It was a humorous Pigpen vehicle, with its raunchy, suggestive lyrics. The authorship of the song was claimed by Sam "Lightnin'" Hopkins, the Texas blues and folk singer, and it can be found on an early '60s live album on the Prestige label called *Hootin' the Blues*.

Hopkins' career was long and colorful, spanning some 60 years. He quit school early to bum around playing music in the streets of Houston. There he met and learned from the great Blind Lemon Jefferson. He worked as a laborer and served a couple of short prison stretches in the '30s, and it wasn't until the mid-'40s that he began recording. In 1947 he had two hits, "Short Haired Woman" and "Baby Please Don't Go," the latter an oft-covered nugget (Muddy Waters had great success with the tune, too). His career faded in the early '50s, but he enjoyed a second wave of popularity beginning in '59, thanks to his "rediscovery" by blues historian Sam Charters prior to the folk and blues boom. He died in 1982.


Lightnin' Hopkins. Photo courtesy of Down Home Records, El Cerrito, CA

Incidentally, "Ain't It Crazy" is the song that frequently turns up on Dead tapes identified as "The Rub."

"I Ain't Superstitious" — You probably won't be surprised to hear that this tune, too, is from the pen of Willie Dixon and was originally recorded by Howlin' Wolf. This is the sort of song that was perfectly suited to Wolf's growl. His version is most easily found on the Wolf reissue *Chess Masters Vol. III*. For my money, though, the definitive "I Ain't Superstitious" is found on Jeff Beck's *Truth* album, with Rod Stewart on gritty lead vocals and Beck on howlin' *cat* guitar. (That album also includes a version of "Morning Dew.") Dixon's version of the song appears on his Columbia LP, *I Am the Blues*, a title that would seem boastful coming from anyone else *but* Dixon.

Keepers of the Flame

Given the phenomenal success of the Grateful Dead and their continuing ability to draw young fans to their shows, it's always mystified me that there aren't more bands playing improvisational rock and roll. When I asked Garcia about this a couple of years ago, he commented, "One of the reasons is that all the pop music trends have been for songs and, you know, catchy shit. You can't say that improvisational rock and roll is a leading trend. It isn't exactly in the forefront of what's going on in music." At the same time, he noted, "If there are young players who enjoy playing that kind of music, and their playing is interesting enough that their audience enjoys it as well, then they will be encouraged to do that the way we've been encouraged to do it. We do it because it's our basic drive, an inescapable part of what we do musically. We even did it when we were playing in bars, five sets a night — and they *hated* us for it!"

The good news for fans of the Dead, and of improvisational music in general, is that there are more and more bands across the country that are successfully playing Dead-inspired music — as well as actual Dead tunes — in bars, dance halls, and even on small concert stages. Club owners have discovered that there is definitely a market for this kind of music; indeed, our research tells us that there are probably more bands taking the Dead's improvisatory approach now than at any time since psychedelia's original heyday. Some bands have Dead-ish names like Uncle John's Band, the Shotgun Ragtime Band, Skeleton Crew, Oroboros (a mythical snake that devoured itself, which the Dead used as a symbol of their spiraling growth in the early '70s), and Bear's Choice. Others are a little more mysterious-sounding — Living Earth, Max Creek, Jake's Leg, Sandoz, the Unreal Band, to name just a few.

Don't expect to see these bands on MTV any time soon; the chances that any of them will land a recording contract with a major label are decidedly slim — after all, the Dead are viewed as a pariah by the music industry at large. Their success, the moguls believe, is a fluke; the band a true cult phenomenon. That may or may not be true, but it's unquestionably still a *growing* cult, and the fact is that many of the small bands that play some Grateful Dead music are drawing non-Deadheads to their shows. That is because more than just borrowing a repertoire from the much-maligned Dead, they have assimilated the Dead's approach to playing — the loose spontaneity — and then applied it to songs by other artists, as well as their own compositions.

"Whatever the stuff is that makes the Dead's sound special, that makes the experience special, is what we try to capture every time we play," comments Bob Stirner, guitarist for the Philadelphia-based Living Earth, a group that plays astonishingly good versions of some of the Dead's most difficult material. The band has played at the Empire Club in Philadelphia for the past nine months and has also gained quite a following on local college campuses. "We play at U of P [University of Pennsylvania], which is a real Ivy League kind of place with a lot of stereotypical prep types, but we do great. Last night we drew 700 people at a place there called Doc Watson's; almost all college kids. And they get into it. They dance, and I'd bet a lot of them aren't Deadheads."

Named after a defunct upstate New York commune, Living Earth was formed out of the ashes of two other bands that played Dead music, Family Dog and Slipknot. "I'm a hardcore San Francisco music fanatic," Stirner says, "so I've

The other ones who play Grateful Dead music

tried to go beyond just the Dead. I've introduced some Quicksilver into it. I'd like to get into some Charlatans, Mad River, Daily Flash. There were hundreds of bands in S.F. doing similar things. As far as I'm concerned, Quicksilver really captured the San Francisco sound better than anybody, but that's just my opinion. I respect it all greatly. I think it's timeless."

The approach of Living Earth, and all the bands that play Dead music, is to keep the music changing always. Like the Dead, these bands try to mix up their sets as much as possible and never play a song the same way twice. Stirner says that Living Earth specializes in older Dead tunes — "St. Stephen," "The Eleven," "Viola Lee Blues," "Alligator" — "because it's something that people can't hear anymore except on tapes. We try to capture the essence, the aura of those songs, while adding some of ourselves to it." The band's instrumentation varies slightly from the Dead's — instead of two drummers, Living Earth has two keyboardists, both of whom share leads with the guitarists.

Stirner acknowledges that while Deadheads are a fun-loving audience to play for, "they are also pretty critical, because they really know the Dead's music. They take what we do with a grain of salt. They know we're not the Grateful Dead, and we're not trying to be the Grateful Dead. But we're starting to be respected as interpreters of the Grateful Dead. I'm sure some people are making a direct comparison, but I can't worry about that. What we've established is a happening, a scene. The Grateful Dead is more than music; it's a phenomenon of a sort where people feel like they can belong to something, have friends of a loving nature. Hopefully, the scene that surrounds us has something of that feeling, too."

Of course there have been bands that have played Dead tunes almost as long as the Dead have been around. I remember seeing bar bands in the Chicago area playing "Truckin'" and "Casey Jones" back in '71, but it is really only fairly recently that so many bands have sprouted who are dedicated to jamming and developing as musicians in directions similar to the Dead's.

Brian Delaney, bassist for the popular New Jersey band Bear's Choice, offers this bit of historical analysis: "A few years ago this band called Crystal Ship, which played all Doors music, got very popular and more or less started a craze of 'tribute' groups, and then all the talent agencies came in and signed them. That helped develop the club scene, and it became, like, whoever jumped in first and took a group got them. There was a band around here called Timberwolf that was like a tribute to the Dead, but most of the Deadheads I know didn't like them because they were too commercial. Everything they did sounded exactly like the records. I talked to them, and they basically told me they were only doing it for the money. They sort of misjudged what Deadheads wanted to hear, I think. Plus, something new would happen with the Dead and they wouldn't even try to keep up with it.

"So we started playing around, and we played mainly old Dead — 'Dark Star,' the old 'Cold Rain & Snow,' 'The Golden Road,' 'Cream Puff War.' The older the better. We'd do 'New Orleans' into 'Searchin'' like that old Capitol Theatre tape [11-8-70]. We tried to be obscure to attract people who were hardcore, tour people. Timberwolf had fans who only liked the songs. I saw them do a 'space' jam once that was pretty good, but almost everybody left! Our fans really know the Dead. We still get people shouting for 'Confusion's Prince' [a truly obscure song on The Warlocks' demo]."

Bear's Choice has been in existence about three and a half years now, and Delaney feels that the band has managed to go past the "Dead Cover Band" tag by keeping their repertoire varied and their arrangements fresh. "For one thing, we have a sax player, and that makes us a little different-sounding. Of our guitar players, one was really more influenced by Jorma than by Jerry; the other has Jerry's style down but he was also influenced by people like Eric Clapton and Jimmy Page, so it's not like he's a Jerry clone."

Like many of these loose jamming bands, Bear's Choice plays a healthy dose of reggae, some Motown, CSN and other bands whose music is adaptable to the free-flowing approach. "We'll do UB40's 'Keep on Moving' into 'Dupree' with sax," Delaney says. "When we do 'Comes A Time,' we also have a sax break in that, which changes the feel of it, but not the approach. Also," he says, breaking into a laugh, "we play a verse the Dead only did a few times."

It is this combination of being obscure and always current — they've already learned "Gimme Some Lovin'" from tapes of the Dead's lone version at the fall Berkeley shows — that has gained them a loyal following among Deadheads. But Delaney is also trying to move beyond that core. "It used to be that if the Dead were around nobody would come to see us because they'd all be on tour. Now we have enough other fans that that's not a problem. Still," he adds, "we try not to play much when the Dead are around because *we* want to check them out, too!"

The sad truth about almost all of these bands is that at best it's just a weekend gig. Most seem to play eight to ten shows a month; some more, some fewer. Their fans know their shows are a rollicking good time, but because most of the bands have not gone far beyond their primary inspiration — the Dead — they have failed to develop what would make seeing them *compelling:* a truly original vision. What many of these groups really become — and no slight is intended — is hip equivalents of Top 40 bands.

Sandoz, for example, is a hard-working and very competent Pittsburgh-based band that plays about one-third to one-half Dead material (mostly shorter and punchier tunes rather than jamming songs) as well as songs by bands like the Allman Brothers, Little Feat, Steely Dan, Traffic, CSN and Dylan — about 120 tunes in all, including a handful of originals. According to Dave Dorwart, lead vocalist and lead guitarist for Sandoz

Living Earth

(the name derives from the pharmaceutical company that originally manufactured LSD), "We try to play things that are open-ended and have that loose kind of feel. 'I Heard It Through the Grapevine' is an example of a song that's perfect for this kind of band because the ending is very open and it can lead almost anywhere. It's hard to find players who will go for that kind of approach, and it's also fairly hard to find listeners, so we play a lot of schools, where people are more likely to give new things a try."

A sextet with a vocalist/harmonicist instead of two drummers, Sandoz was formed in February of '82 when Dave, a

Sandoz. Photo: Ed Rieker

pharmacy student (hence the name), met some of the other players at an open stage in Pittsburgh. He says two of the members are attorneys, so it's unlikely the band will ever be more than just a weekend diversion. "We're just really into having a good time," he says, "and giving the people we play for a good time. We're doing that."

Sandoz tends to play songs very close to the originals, and Dorwart admits that he was "very heavily influenced by Jerry." It seems, though, that what will be needed for this type of improvisatory rock and roll to move beyond its Dead connection is for players to develop their own guitar sounds, their own approaches to playing and, of course, original material that will stand up on its own merits.

Are there bands in *your* town that play Grateful Dead music?

Send us the names of groups that you know play Dead-style music and a couple of the places they play regularly, and we'll try to run the info next issue in a mini-directory. Let's support these bands!

It is interesting to note that there is relatively little re-arranging of Dead tunes going on — bands aren't changing "China Cat" the way the Dead took traditional songs and made them their own. Perhaps that would be too boldly sacrilegious for the groups' Deadhead followers to tolerate.

Also, just as there will never be the right combination of history and individuals to create the "next Beatles," we have to acknowledge that the Dead evolved in a unique fashion, from a specific combination of roots in a particular historical epoch. Garcia could develop his utterly original rock style because he was essentially part of the first generation of rock lead players — the people who took their cue from rock and roll's raw folk, country and blues antecedents, rather than from other rock musicians. The same is true of the other members of the Dead. So players learning from records of Garcia, or Clapton, or Peter Frampton, for that matter, are at least a generation or two down the line from the point where rock's various forms were solidifying, and it's going to be that much harder for new players to develop a truly original voice.

Over the years I've heard a number of bands that could write original material who had some of that Grateful Dead spark. A prime example is a group out of Los Angeles called the Ghost Riders, who put out an excellent and very Deadish-sounding album a few years ago on their own Anthem record label. Produced by Barry Melton and recorded at Mickey Hart's ranch studio, the album has tracks that somewhat echo Dead tunes like "Help on the Way" and "Eyes of the World," and the lyric thrust leans toward the cosmic/mystical. Not surprising for a band who, their lead guitarist told me in 1981, "were out of our minds on acid for every gig we played last year." The band had money behind them, the added coup of being able to play gigs occasionally with Laserium's light show, and they attracted Deadheads to their gigs up and down the West Coast. Eventually, though, they began to feel the nagging tug of an identity crisis as it became clear that their connection with the Dead and the nature of their material was leaving them stranded on a plateau. These were players with some ambition, and with sales of more than 25,000 on their debut album and a successful Northwest tour behind them, they had tasted the fruits of genuine celebrity more than most of the bands we've been talking about here.

They were more or less in limbo for a couple of years, playing more modern rock under a different name, but now the Ghost Riders have returned to the wars under the original moniker, but with a decidedly less Dead-like sound. Where lead player Dan Stickler once had heavy echoes of Garcia in his playing, he now has sought out new tones and a different (I'd say more conventional) attack. No doubt the band members are still rabid Deadheads, and Stickler isn't about to forget that Dead show in '77 when "a bright arc shot between my third eye and Jerry Garcia's third eye and it was like I could hear him telling me, 'Dan, you've got to carry on this tradition. Don't let me down.'" But the group has realized that to move beyond their Dead roots they need to try something new. And so, they're currently shopping a new tape to the major labels. Once they have a foot in the door, their natural spaciness and looseness may return.

There are a number of other bands who are integrating more original material into their Dead-laced sets. (By definition, you can't play improvisatory music *exactly* like someone else.) In Cleveland, a band called Oroboros recently finished cutting an independently produced album of their own tunes with an eye towards further establishing their identity as an original band. "People now react to our originals as much as our covers, and that's really satisfying," says Jim Miller, one of two guitarists in the group. "We take what we do fairly seri-

ously and we're trying hard to write strong original material. Our lyrics stress the positive side of life, and we've taken some things from other cultures — particularly Native American culture."

Oroboros has been together four years now, though Miller feels they've hit their stride just in the past year and a half. "We hardly got paid at all in the beginning," he says, echoing a problem many of these bands have, "but we've kept at it, even hired our own halls, and it's been a steady build for us." Though they still play a lot of Dead material — "mainly the uptempo, danceable stuff because we play in bars primarily" — he says that the group was equally influenced by other bands of the late '60s and

early '70s such as the Allman Brothers and Little Feat. "What the Dead did for me," Miller says, "was get me into my roots. I've been influenced a lot by Garcia, especially in his approach to melodic lines, and by Duane Allman, too. But I've gone back and tried to find out who was influencing them. I wanted to know where 'Hard to Handle' came from, or 'I Know You Rider,' so I found Woody Guthrie doing 'Rider' and studied his approach. And then you find out Woody Guthrie heard it from black field workers. It's let me draw from more influences than *just* Garcia. Really, the Dead's main influence on us was teaching us to jam and explore. Outside of jazz groups, there aren't many people doing that."

Playing before increasingly diverse crowds ("they're even inter-generational") and working intensely on their originals has "helped us really start to come into our own," Miller says. "In the face of what are — believe me — very adverse conditions in Cleveland, we've managed to survive, and now our tentacles are reaching out farther and farther. We've played in West Virginia, New York, Ann Arbor . . . we're still growing musically and spiritually."

Another player who has managed to transcend his Dead connections is Minneapolis-based guitarist-singer-songwriter Paul Metsa, for nine years the leader of a very popular outfit called Cats Under the Stars. Metsa started the group in 1975 as an acoustic band that played traditional American music — bluegrass, acoustic, blues, even ragtime. (Interestingly enough, he named the band a full two years before the Garcia album of the same name came out, adopting it from an article by Robert Hunter in *Crawdaddy*.) Once the Cats started getting bar gigs, they decided to add a drummer and bassist and play the same sort of material electric — not at all unlike the Dead's transformation from Mother McCree's to The Warlocks.

By '77 they were playing a lot of rock roots music, as well as acoustic music for certain gigs. They developed such a wide following that by 1981 they were playing nearly every night — no day jobs needed here. But playing as a five-piece electric band and also a three-piece acoustic unit did have its drawbacks. "It was confusing to a lot of people," Metsa says. "People would come wanting to hear '30s and '40s jazz, which we'd play acoustic, and we'd be in the middle of really wild, spaced-out electric jam. Or people would turn up at an acoustic show and say, 'I thought you played psychedelic music! How come you're playing Benny Goodman?' But I wanted it that way. We'd play a jazz club on Mondays, a blues club on Tuesdays, a folk club on Wednesdays, and rock and roll on weekends. Actually, we did *very* well. We played about 300 gigs in '83."

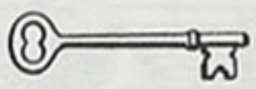
Despite the connection with the Dead through the name, the Cats did relatively little Dead material. They did some of the traditional tunes the Dead play ("Goin' Down the Road," "I Know You Rider") and they shared the Dead's affection for New Orleans R&B, but beyond an occasional "Fire on the Mountain" and "Franklin's Tower," they basically ignored the Dead's own songs.

"What we got from them was more in the approach," says Metsa, "but then even the approach isn't theirs alone. You get some bluegrass bands who really go on with their solos; same with some blues players. As a player, I've copped rhythmic things from Garcia. I look at him like I look at Charlie Christian. I was really attracted to both for their rhythmic drive. I studied his style and tried to borrow things that I thought were unique, but now if I catch myself sounding too much like him, I try to play something else. That was a big step for me."

Though the group had a natural following among Deadheads, Metsa says the local press blew the connection out of proportion "to the point where that's all some people would see. I always felt we were much more."

The Cats disbanded in the fall of '84, with a couple of players leaving the area altogether, and others becoming the core

Oh, come with old Khayyám, and leave the Wise
To talk; one thing is certain, that Life flies;
One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.



SINCE 1966

THE PSYCHEDELIC SHOP

"... in the San Francisco Spirit"

• ROCK POSTERS (INCLUDING FILLMORE AND AVALON PRINTS)
• T-SHIRTS • BUTTONS

1072 MARKET ST. (BETWEEN 6TH & 7TH)
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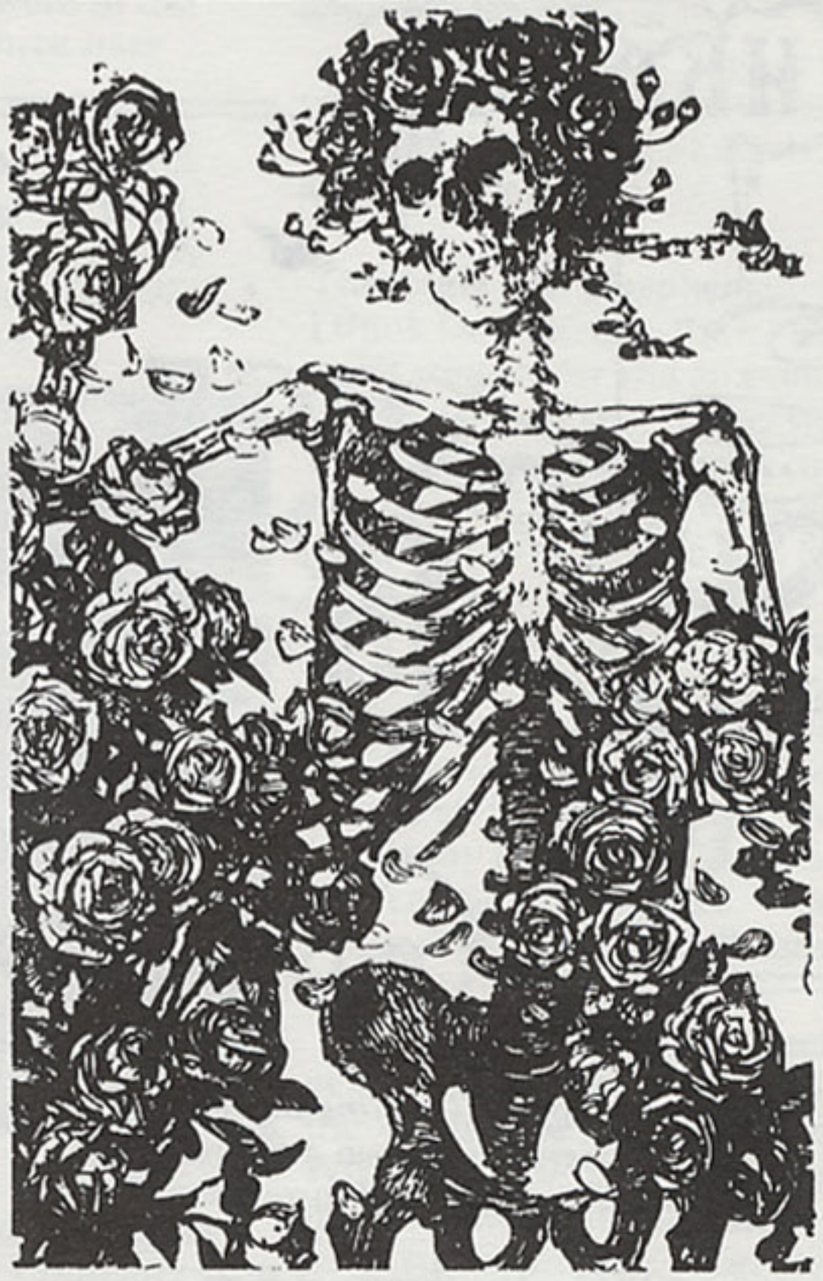


of the new Paul Metsa Group. It is that band that recently cut an album of Metsa's original tunes. "I looked at the Cats as a way to learn as much as we could and to play and make money doing all these wonderful styles of music while getting our chops down and setting ourselves up for when we would have our original songs."

That time is now for Metsa. He currently plays mainly originals, "with some of the New Orleans stuff to tie it together," but he may have finally escaped the "Dead-band" tag he and the other Cats ultimately found to be somewhat limiting. "Still, I love to jam and the music still gets as whacked out as it used to."

And that's why Dead songs or no Dead songs, Deadheads are still flocking to hear Metsa play. He is an obvious success story here — a player who has been able to make his living playing music, move beyond a largely Deadhead following and get to the point where his originals are drawing the crowd. Time will tell how many other bands around the country, currently delighting bopping Deadheads with spiraling versions of "The Other One" and "Playin' in the Band," are also able to make that next step. Then again, I, for one, hope that when the Dead aren't around to play their songs, there will be groups like these keeping the flame alive. □

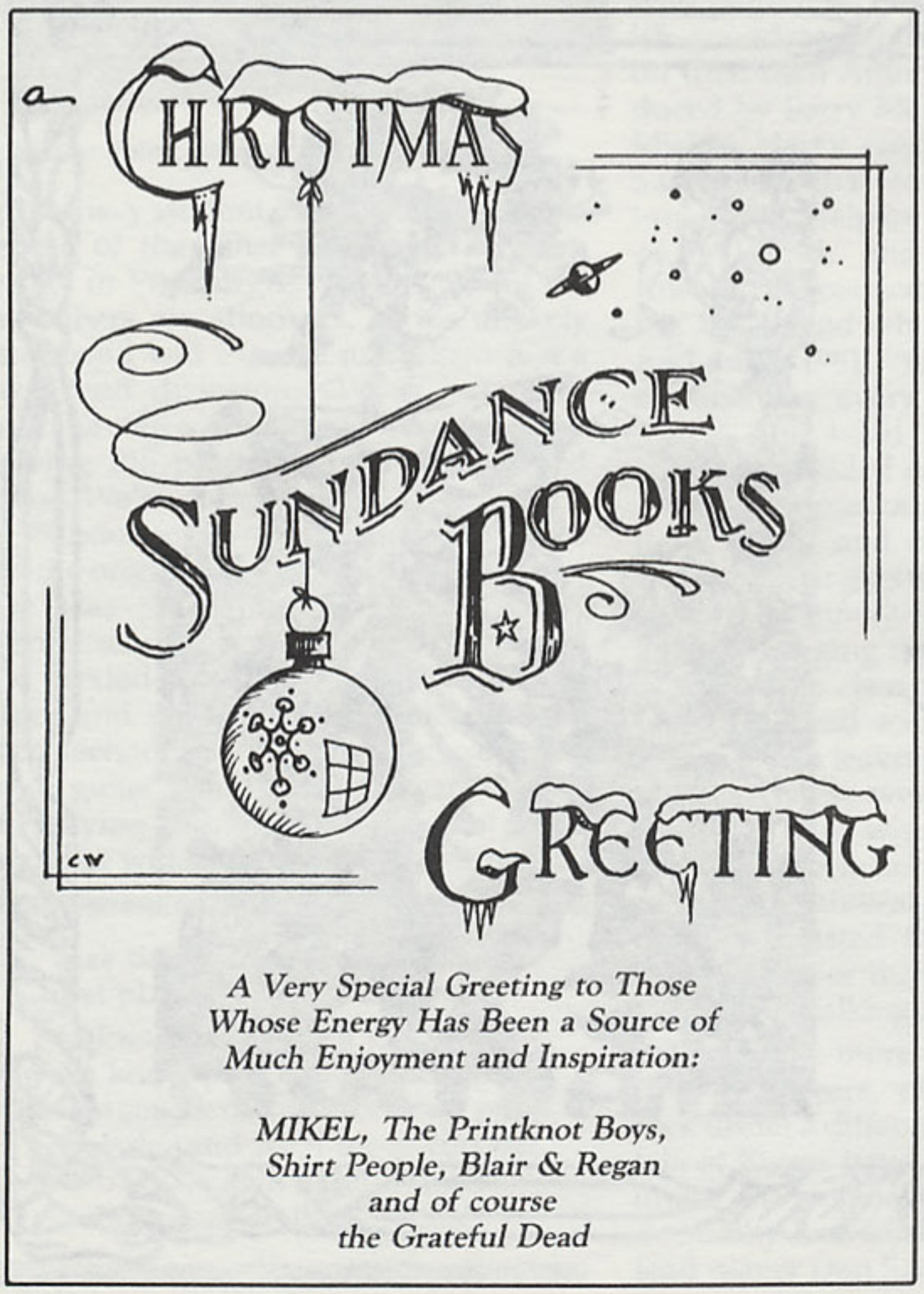
Copyright

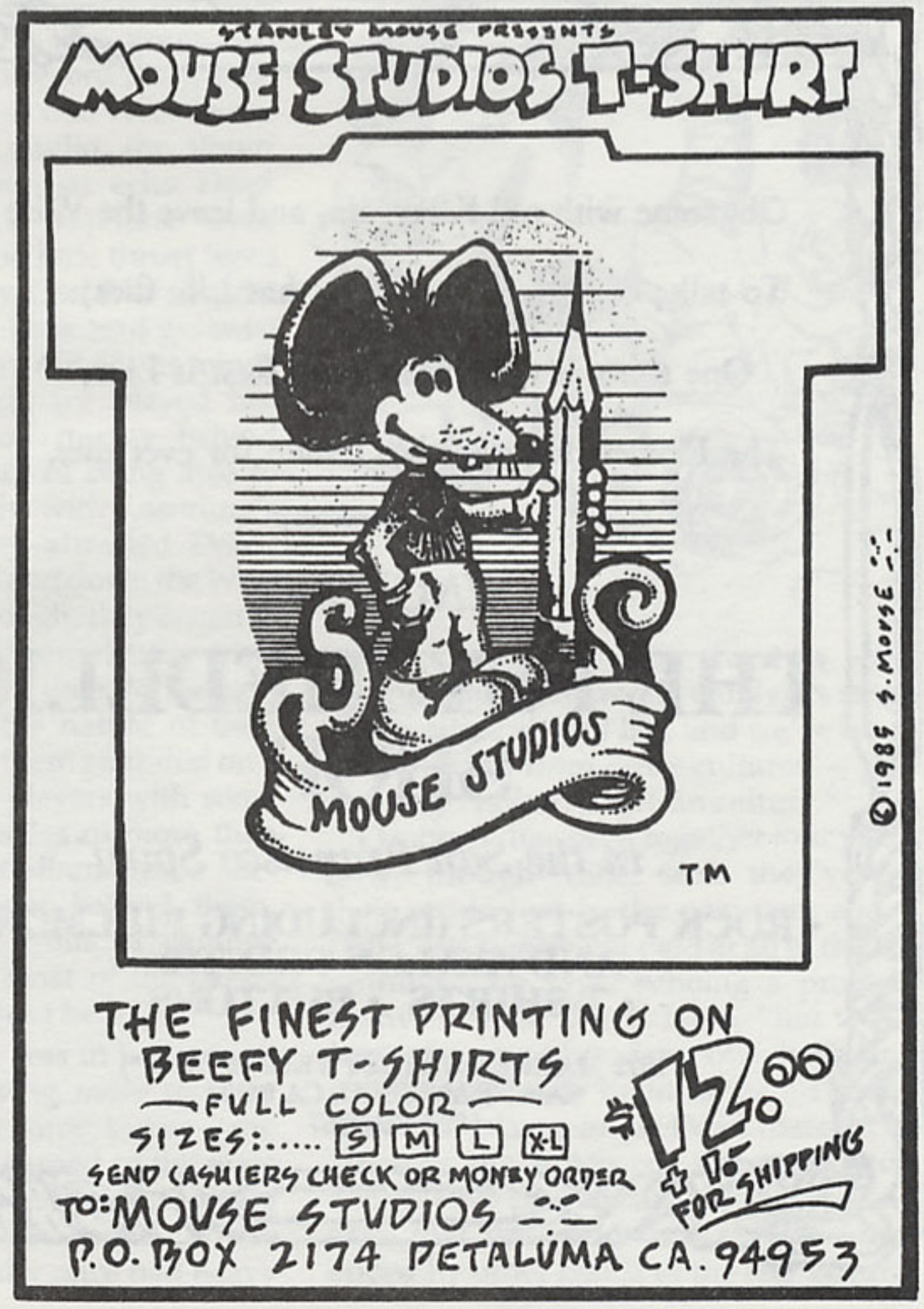
Continued from page 21

albums can be recorded onto one 90-minute cassette and when quality cassette tapes such as Maxell XLS-II c-90s can be purchased for less than $2.50), with the resultant loss of record and prerecorded cassette (which are usually of abysmal quality) sales. A bill to this effect was introduced in Congress by Senator Mathias of Maryland, and such a bill will, no doubt, be introduced again. The record industry's lobbying strength is not insignificant and, without substantial public opposition, will eventually be enacted into law. The proposed measure would add a royalty tax to the sale price of all tape recorders and blank tapes. The money thus collected would be distributed to the record companies according to a formula based, in part, upon the relative earnings of the companies and the relative sizes of their catalogs. The system is modeled upon that of BMI or ASCAP (which monitor songwriting and performance royalties), except that the money would be collected and distributed by a government agency.

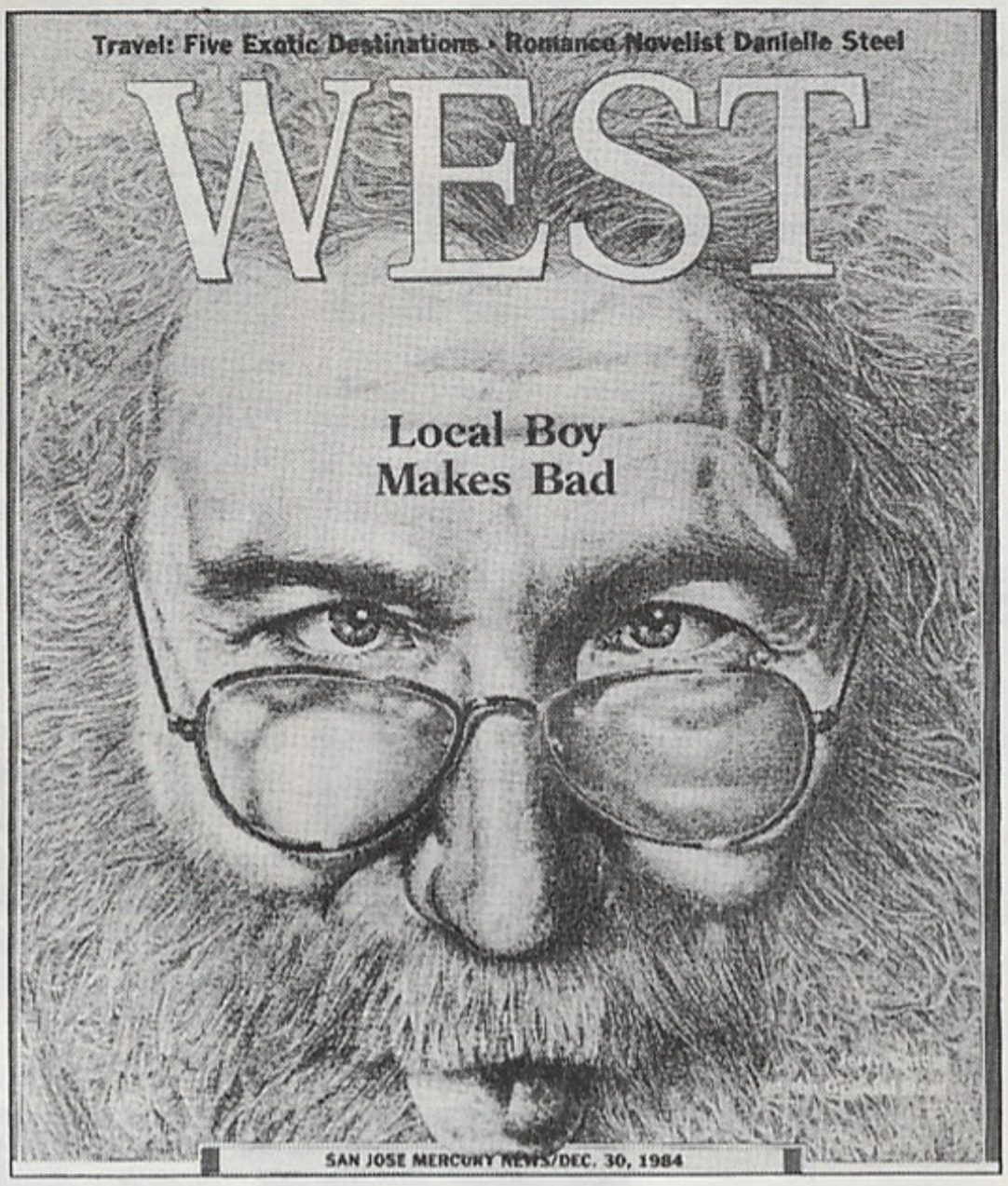
This is a bad law. It would penalize a competing industry for the record companies' collective failures: poor planning, costly and inefficient marketing and inferior product. The proposed law would have Maxell and Nakamichi compensate the record industry — through the royalty tax imposed upon their sales — for the losses it has suffered as a result of its own failure and the increased competition for the consumer's discretionary income. This seems unreasonable to me. The proposed law would also penalize the consumer by increasing the cost of tape decks and blank tapes. Recording a record you already own so you can listen to it on your Walkman or in your car should be considered fair use of that material.

Furthermore, the proposed law is unfair to the consumer in another way: it penalizes those who purchase blank tapes and tape recorders without ever recording an album simply because others purchase and use those same items to make such recordings. Like many of the readers of *Golden Road*, I have a fairly large collection of recorded tapes. Of the approximately 1000 tapes I have, not one is a recording of an album. Like many of this magazine's readers, my collection is comprised exclusively of recordings of live performances. Why should any of us, then, have to pay, directly or otherwise, a royalty to any record company (except, maybe, Arista and/or Ice Nine Publishing) when we buy blank tapes and grab our D-5s and record a Dead show? □





Why is Jerry sticking his tongue out at us? Ask the San Jose *Mercury*, which ran this cover on its Sunday magazine section. Inside, Jerry has this to say about the straight world: "We could drop out and they wouldn't miss us, or they could drop out and we wouldn't miss them. It's just too bad we all have to live on the same planet."



The Count: Here's an alert to all you anal retentives out there who care about the little things. The *real* little things. What we want to know is, what is the most number of beats the Dead have played at the beginning of "Beat It On Down the Line"? At the 4-29-71 Fillmore East show it was 25; usually it's somewhere around nine to 13. Surely, though, in a playful mood they've put it above 30. Scour your tapes! Nothing that you have to do in your life is more important than this task.

WEDNESDAY
October 31, 1984
Phil Leaves Band Behind For Computers
7:30 p.m. 5 **Dreams** Phil alters his life and unsettles the band members when he walks out on them to enroll in a computer school just before a big gig.

An ugly rumor submitted by Dan Liff of Nashville

Reason No. 517 to Live in California: In 1984, The Dead played 21 shows in the Golden State before approximately 137,000 people. Eighteen were in the San Francisco Bay Area, three near Los Angeles.

Dead Headline of the Year: From the June 22nd Toronto *Star*, a banner headline across the top of the paper's review of the SEVA benefit: "Far Out! That Was Some Concert, Man."

Yes, now you, too, can own one of these boss, howl-at-the-moon shirts. They are available from The Nature Company of Berkeley. T-shirts are $9, sweatshirts $18. To order one, dial this toll-free number: (800) 227-1114. Photo: Ron Delany.

Turning Japanese: Steve Glenn sent us a Xerox of the lyric sheet that accompanies the Japanese pressings of the *Skull & Roses* album, and it makes for hilarious reading in places. Since the American version of the LP didn't include a lyric sheet (Dead albums almost never do — quick, name the two exceptions!) the people who put out the record evidently took a stab at it themselves. No racism is intended here, but do check out a couple of notable examples, printed verbatim:

From "The Other One": "Escaping to the lily pills/ I came across in to an empty space/ It trembled and exploded like a bus stop in his place/ The bus come by it might at home/ It went in off again/ There was a cahoney who left/ But whole'll you bustin' in the land."

From "Wharf Rat": "My name is obviously wasted/ I'm not a money maker, just holdin' my wine . . . Everyone is saying/ I got no girl, I'm in my wharf, really need him/ Care for my life, I spent two in time/ For some other's thought this kind/ The other have found, is stolen around/ From a burgundy wine."

From "My & My Uncle": "Went taxi's cowboys, there's all around/ We lived in money, have they loaded down/ So soon at the pay day, no exceeding has changed/ You know I'll go, please talked at lil a gain/ Then my heart go jack/ And I wouldn't take him in."

That's all cute stuff, but we wanna see what they did with *Aoxomoxoa!*

(Answer to spot quiz above: *Live Dead* and *Blues for Allah*.)

The Eagle Has Blasphemed: Personally, I think Don Henley, the ex-Eagle, is a great songwriter and an even better singer. When I spent a day with him while working on a story a couple of years ago I thought he was a great guy — articulate, witty, sharp. But like many Heads, I'm a bit miffed at the anti-Deadhead line in his recent hit (which I love, otherwise) "The Boys of Summer." The offending line appears in the third verse: "Out on the road today, I saw a DEADHEAD sticker on a Cadillac/ A little voice inside my head said 'Don't look back. You can never look back.'" Yep, same old garbage about Deadheads being locked in the past.

You think that's bad? Check out this verse from the song "All Rocked Up" by the Virginia-based punk band God's Will: "Help me please it hurts my head/ I just saw the Grateful Dead/ I don't want to go to the concert/ I don't want to go to the arena/ I don't want to go to the coliseum/The big rock bands all suck my wiener." Who says they don't write songs like they used to?

FUNSTUFF

Quotations from Chairman Jerry: Laine Gerritsen of Boulder forwards a newspaper clipping with a recent Garcia interview that contains a few gems:

On "Touch of Gray": "Hey, I've had a lot of gray hair since I was 17, but now I finally feel like I've earned it."

On why the Dead rarely play on TV: "Let's face it, we don't want to sell soap. We don't want to be part of that world. I mean, I've been offered guest spots on the *Merv Griffin Show* and stuff like that, but I don't want to do that . . . That world is like Mars to me."

On the fabled new record: "This is our last album for Arista. We have to deliver this album, but you know how it is when you've got material you like and a record company you don't like. We don't want to consciously make a bad album, but at the same time it's hard to put your heart into it, then give it to a completely indifferent record company. It sort of poisons the whole experience. So I don't know when the record will come out."

On the "space" jams: "That's the part of the night where I start from anywhere. Sometimes it's from the combination of sounds I hear from the drums and percussion. If I hear any interesting sounds or tonalities I'll try to imitate them, and that may suggest weird tonalities or modalities that are way out of the do-re-mi-fa-so of regular Western music. It's like architecture. We're dealing with other kinds of space and time."

Thank God for Writer's Cramp: Subscriber David Parker of Springfield, VA informs us that following the Charlotte, NC Dead show this fall, the local chief of police, after bragging about the 78 arrests that night, said: "There would have been more if we could have written faster." You suppose he did his training in New Haven and Hartford?

Instant Karma: In October, a Deadhead named William Perry was awarded $350,000 in damages from the city of New York, stemming from a beating by New York cops outside Madison Square Garden during the band's September '79 shows there. (Thanks to Paul Zablow of Ogdensburg, NJ for forwarding this item from that paragon of journalistic class, the *New York Post*.)

Smokey the Drummer: Bernie Bildman, our tooth-pulling buddy down Birmingham way, tells us he heard an ad on the radio for the National Forest Service that used "Fire on the Mountain" in the background. In other radio news, Bob Weir did a series of get-out-the-vote radio spots the day before the election.

Everybody for President: Speaking of the election, reader Frank Dotzler of Barrington, IL sent us a clip from the Nov. 15 *Chicago Tribune* that talks about some of the weirder vote-getters in the presidential election. Sure enough, joining such illustrious company as Fred Flintstone, Bozo the Clown, Mickey Mouse, Bill the Cat (our choice), Walter Payton, Bruce Springsteen and Walter Cronkite was Jerry Garcia, who, the paper indicated, actually got *several* votes. "Some people just throw their votes away," said Tom Leach of the Chicago Board of Elections. "Some are pretty wacky." No doubt he was referring to votes cast for the incumbent.

GD: Film & TV Superstars, Part III

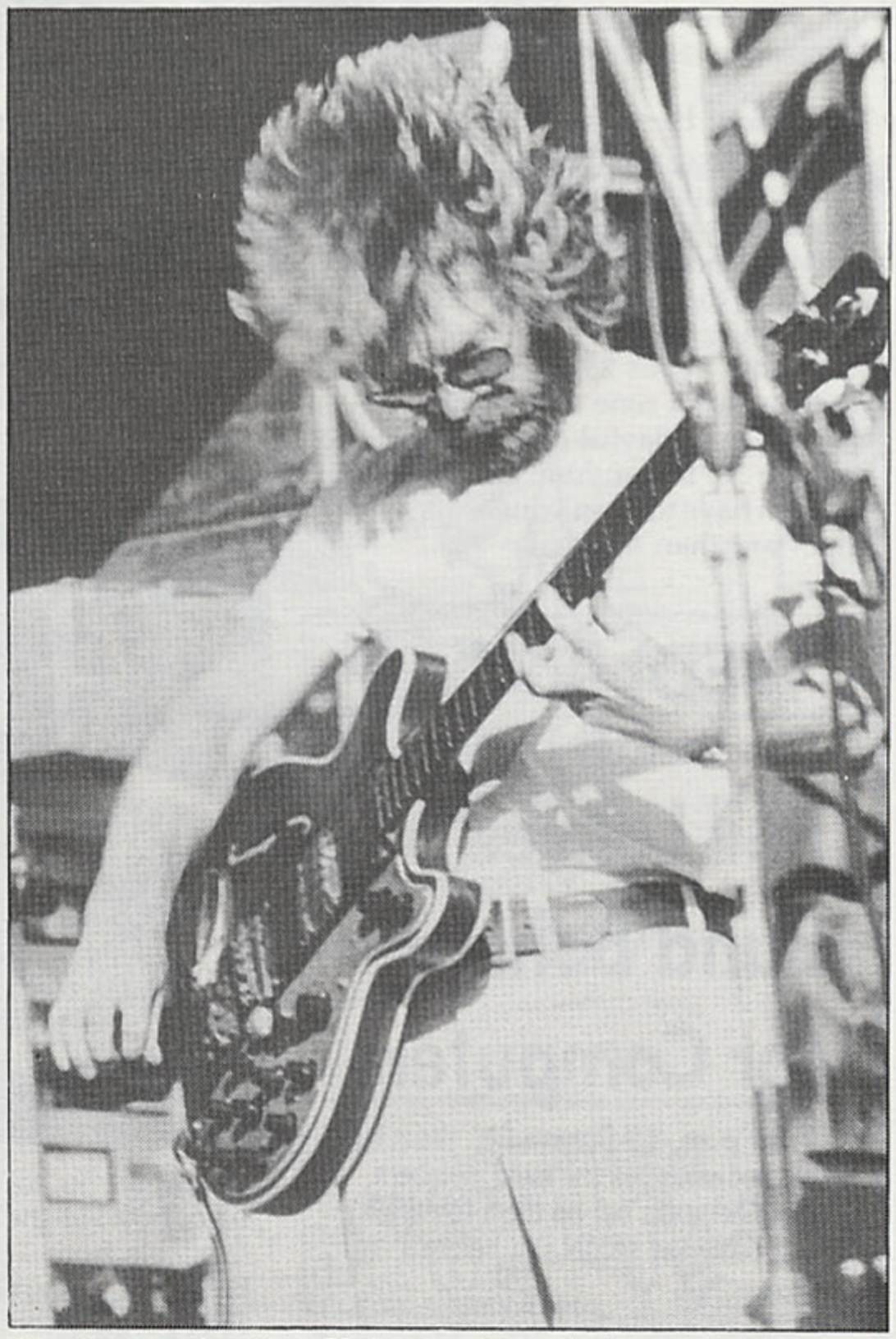
The mail continues to pour in about sightings of Dead paraphernalia and mentions of the band on TV and in films. Kirk Rattenne of Modesto, CA caught DJ Johnny Fever playing the first few bars of "Shakedown Street" on an episode of *WKRP in Cincinnati*, and on another episode of the same show a copy of *Steal Your Face* was plainly visible. Mark Gagnon of Manchester, NH tells us about yet another *WKRP* program in which one of the women at the station complains to Johnny Fever (who is working as a dance show DJ), "Hey, I like the Grateful Dead, but you can't dance to it!"

Dave Nakaki reminds us that on *Saturday Night Live*, Laraine Newman's Connie Conehead character was usually attired in a black and white skull & roses shirt. (He also notes there was one show in which John Belushi, dressed as a bee, sang "King Bee." "It was considerably different than the Dead's 4-28-71 Fillmore East version." No doubt.)

Vic Conti of San Francisco writes that in the film *C.H.U.D.* (say what?) "The guy who played Shrevie in *Diner* says to the detective, 'It's a buckdancer's choice, my friend.' The rest of the film was downhill after that."

Milwaukee reader Scott Salin bitterly complains that on an episode of *Quincy* a coke dealer/murderer has a Dead shirt hanging on his bedroom wall in one scene. Perhaps he doesn't know that posters stay up better.

Matt Roman of Johnson City, NY spotted a *Reckoning* poster on another juvenile delinquent's wall on *Simon & Simon* and also recalls that during one show of the '76 – '77 season of *All in the Family*, Meathead says he and Gloria are going to a friend's house to listen to some new records, among them a clearly showing copy of *Blues for Allah*. That LP would be right up Archie Bunker's alley, no? Keep 'em coming, folks. Dare to be obscure!



It's time to give it to Phil now. Here is the original Mad Professor of Rock in 1974. Photo: Bob Marks

Weirspeak: Alan Sherman of Brookline, MA sends along a Bob Weir interview from the 10-7-84 *Portland* (Maine) *Telegram* that included these nuggets:

On Deadheads: "Our fans are like snowflakes. They're all individuals. Some of them are interesting, some are not."

On drugs: "Personally, I want to live to be old. I think that I might get good at whatever it is that I do if I put some years in on it. And I think that drugs will serve to shorten my life and limit my powers of concentration . . . When I'm onstage I'm stone cold sober. After a few years of experimentation, I found that's the way I play best."

On his favorite Dead album, *Workingman's Dead:* "It just seemed to be more integral. The whole thing all fit together well. The songs were good. It was just a good record. It wasn't forced. It happened in its own time. I think our next record will be something like that. We have good songs. There's no need to force them."

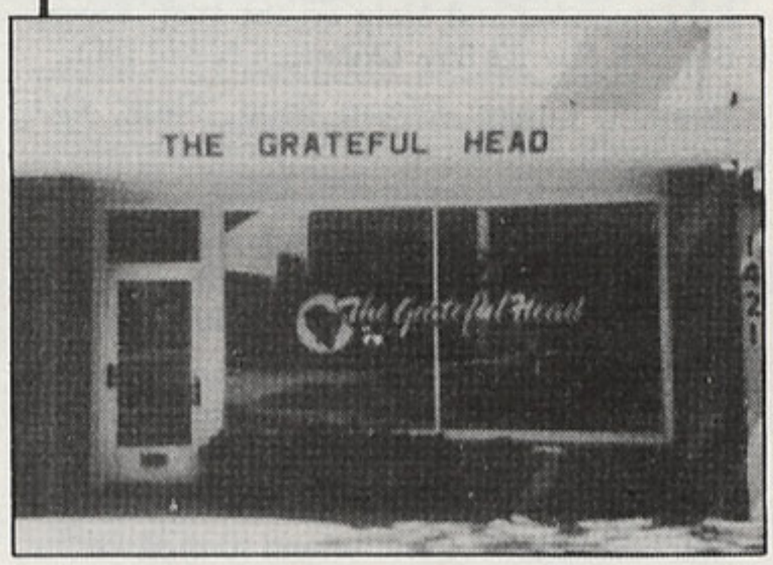
SPOT QUIZ

OK, OK, we know that you're really up on your Dead trivia, that you would have no trouble at all telling us Phil's middle name, the two shows that consisted of all-Bobby songs, and the address of the Fireside Club where The Warlocks played in '65. We'd like to offer a different sort of quiz. You might know a few of these off the top of your head, but you will have to research the others. Simply fill in the Grateful Dead song title that matches each clue. Don't send 'em to us. There are no prizes involved, just the satisfaction of conquering the truly obscure. Good luck, and keep your eyes on your own paper. (Answers will be printed next issue.)

1. Milos Forman's first feature-length film _____
2. Jacob's sibling _____
3. Mia Farrow character that bore the Devil's progeny _____
4. Mascot of the University of Maryland _____
5. Lily Tomlin's Ernestine _____
6. A warning _____
7. Under the Romans, it was Gaul _____
8. In the '49 film, Victor Mature's and Jean Simmons' roles _____
9. Unusual Floridian wrestling partner _____
10. He died from being stoned _____
11. George Stevens' mid-'60s Bible epic _____
12. Post-nocturnal condensation _____
13. Extinct migratory pigeon _____
14. In water, a small wave or undulation _____
15. A shrub, also known as "The Rose of Sharon" _____

In the Strangest of Places . . . Part II

Steve Glenn of Walnut Creek, CA spotted this in a Tokyo subway.

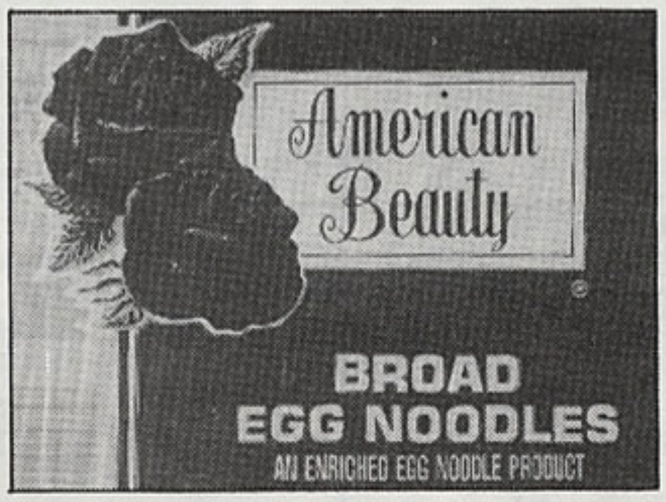


Hair salon in Las Vegas. Submitted by Tom Constanten, Oakland, CA

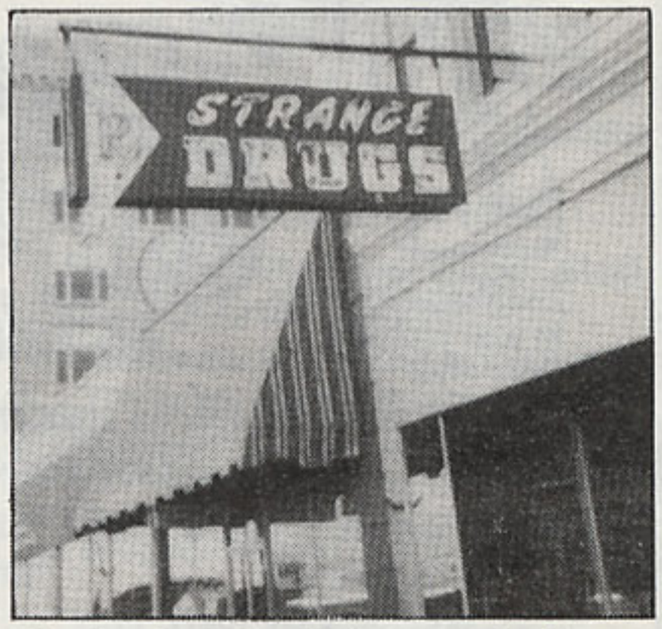
Stella Blue Cheese? Aw c'mon! Submitted by Larry Pryluck

Here's where you eat when you stay next door at The Golden Road motel in Reno, NV. Submitted by Spike Todd, Mammoth Lakes, CA

Bill (pictured) and Nancy Eichert of Santa Cruz, CA report there was no vacancy at this hotel in Amsterdam when they were there not long ago.



Acoustic egg noodles. Submitted by Phil Bender, Bismark, ND



OK, there is no Dead lyric connection, but we couldn't resist! Submitted by Matt Rachels, Kennesaw, GA

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 (April) issue is March 1. Note:* **The Golden Road** *is staunchly opposed to the sale of tapes.*

Wanted: M.S.G. 10-10-83. Many GD to trade. Mark Timlin, 20-28 Carlton Pl., Fair Lawn, NJ 07410.

Wanted: Cornell 5-8-77; Landover MD 11-23-78. Lots to trade. B. Walsh, 897 Middle St., Bath, ME 04530.

Dead Video: Have 60 hrs to trade. Send lists. D. Ferguson, 11 Woodfall Rd., Medfield, MA 02052.

Qual GD to trade. Want Philly Civic 84, others. John Mongold, RD Box 248, Hummlestown, PA 17036.

Have many lo-gen hi-qual killer tapes. Do you? Let's trade. George Cope, 527 Elm St., Tamaqua, PA 18252.

Looking to expand musical horizons — blues, jazz, reggae, etc. Lots of GD & related, others. B. Messina, 17-D Colonial Dr., Rocky Hill, CT 06067.

Wanted: Ex. qual. (Bds.) 12-28, 29, 31-84, Halloween run. Thanks, Richard Kratt, 1832 Edgewood Dr., Palo Alto, CA 94303.

Want to trade qual GD tapes. Have 300 hrs. Let's exchange lists. R. Martin, 1575A Auati Ln., Aurora, IL 60505.

Wanted: Jerry solo acoustic, Kingfish, Keith & Donna band tapes, Legion of Mary. Tons to trade. Ontario Dead, c/o Paul, Box 383 Station W, Toronto, Canada M6M-5C1.

HELP! Have no tapes! Want hi qual GD 64-85 (esp. 12-28-69, 2-11/13/14-70, 3-71, 10-20-74, 8-13-75, 10-10-76, 3-28-81, 12-31-84). Grateful thanks! Michael Ostlund, Vintervagen 18A, S-352 37 Vaxjo, Sweden.

Have a few for trade but desperately lacking. Esp. looking for 9-26-81 Buffalo, 6-21-84 Kingswood. Send Help on the Way. Steve, Box 794, Barry's Bay, Ontario, CN KoJ 1BO.

Wanted: Gregg Allman Band, NRB!, GD Cincinatti Riverfront 10-76. Dean Reynolds, P.O. 15665, Cincinnati, OH 45215.

Tapes traded, Lists managed. Wanted: Airplane, QMS, Beautiful Day, etc. Plus old GD, hi-qual only please. John Scott, Box 474, R.R. 2, Cornish, NH 03745.

600 hrs GD, 250 hrs other. Trade only. Lists with "other" preferred. Steve Dinzes, 7240 Newton St. #102, Westminster, CO 80030.

Wanted: Videos of Winterland 10-4-70, 12-31-70; Veneta OR 8-28-71. Audio of Upton, Chicago 5-16-78. Qual SBD's 67-74 plus Marley & Little Feat. Send lists. Gary Cameron, 3437 N. Paulina, Chicago, IL 60657.

Trade? Have over 250 hrs. Esp want 79-84. All lists welcome. Bob Scalcione, 20 Glamford Rd., Great Neck, NY 11023.

Have/want: Superb qual 1st & 2nd gen. recordings. Band to Zappa. Send lists to: Power King Systems, P.O. Box 522, Stratford, CT 06497.

GD Videos to trade wanted. Have complete Rockpalast 3-28-81. Clive Jones, 10 Brook Dr., Corsham, Wiltshire, SN13 9AU, England.

I will abstain from sex & drugs until I get hi-qual Set 2, Syracuse 84. D. Oettinger, 4 Laurel Ct., Verona, NJ 07044.

GD to trade: 150 plus hrs. Send list. Brother Esau, 6 Benedict Pl., Huntington, NY 11743.

Wanted: lists/tapes of: (My 1st 3!) 8-31-79 Glen Falls; 11-19-79 Buffalo Aud.; 12-26-79 Oak. Aud. Have tapes to trade. C. Loveys, 1 Arizona Ter. #6, Arlington, MA 02174.

Wanted: taped KFAT Fat Frys. Have some to trade. Also Ghosts or Heart of Gold Band. Dan Somers, 120 Azalea, Ben Lomond, CA 95005.

Beginner wants low-gen/hi-qual GD & JGB tapes. Send along with how to return the favor to Chuck Montrose, 326 Temple Ave., Long Beach, CA 90814.

Want to trade lists? Have 200 hrs. Esp. want 9-15-82. Eric Ellisen, 1320 Spruce St., Berkeley, CA 94709.

Have over 400 hrs. GD. Need more, hi-qual only. Let's trade. Greg Thompson, 97 Waverley Rd., Bradford, West Yorks, England BD7 3AJ.

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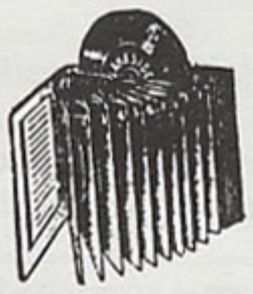

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TAPE TRADERS

Want pre-74; 84, esp Alpine 7-6, 7, Greek 7-13, Ventura 7-22; 5-12-80 Boston; Toronto SEVA ben. Also want Dinosaurs, All-Stars, Midnites, old SF bands. Have 40 hrs. good qual. Darryl Goss, 9 Cunningham Dr., Framingham, MA 01701.

Please help! Looking for Nassau Col. 3-73 (my 1st show). Have tapes to trade. Also want Syracuse 10-20-84. D. Greenberg, RD #3, Box 355, Pine Bush, NY 12566.

Have recent W. Coast SBDs. Want Midwest E. Coast. Send lists. Larry E. Royal, Box 5361, Bend, OR 97708.

Gone digital; looking for other digital Heads & serious tapers. Cliff Mathews, 4744 Trumbull S.E., Albuquerque, NM 87108.

Tapes to trade. Hi-qual only. Fast & efficient; send list. Tim, P.O. Box 401, No. Myrtle Beach, SC 29497.

GD & others. Please only hi-qual. Let's swap lists. Stephen Sandler, 929 Morrison, UNC, Chapel Hill, Chapel Hill, NC 27514.

Lots of qual. SBD to trade only for same, esp. 5-21-74 Seattle & 3-7-81 MD. Champlin, 1807 Washington Ave. S. #211, Minneapolis, MN 55454.

Wanted: Nassau 5-14-80, JGB 2-14-81, Syracuse 9-28-76, Legion of Mary esp. Masonic Temple, Scranton, PA 4-75. Send lists for trade. Paul Fronstin, One Benita Bd., Vestal, NY 13850.

Have/want good GD tapes. Esp. Prov. 4-27-84; Poplar Creek 6-27, 28-83; others fine. Matt Flesher, 102 Waterford Ct., Peachtree City, GA 30269.

Have Berk. Comm. & Greek '84 shows & many others. Want 83 & 84 tour, esp. E. Coast. Swap lists? Brian Bothun, 29 DeBell Dr., Atherton, CA 94025.

Shenandoah Valley A/V Exchange — P.O. Box 654, Winchester, VA 22601-0654.

Wanted: GD Grass Valley 83, Greek 7-14-84. Sharyn Knudson, 407 Gamble Dr., Sparks, NV 98431.

Want Allman Bros. NYE Cow Pal. 73/74 with Garcia on "Mountain Jam." Have over 200 hrs. GD, Tuna, NRPS to trade. Bill Graney, 4525 Terrace Ave., Oxnard, CA 93033.

Wanted: Rare GD, Allmans, Neil Young & Dylan. Many hrs to trade. David Dulaney, 1318 Barrow Ct., Winston-Salem, NC 27103.

Would like correspondence & tape trading! Roel Toering, v. Opdorpstr. 19. 4105 BS Culemborg, Holland.

Wanted: New Riders Europe 72, Bad Dog 84 live: Have GD/JGB some NR to trade. H. Hiser, P.O. Box 724, E. Dennis, MA 02641.

Need: C. Joe & Fish; Moby Grape, B. Springfield & GD. Have ex. pre-73 GD & hours of San Fran groups (JA, QMS, Big Bro.). Uli Teute, Hindenburg 103, 7809 Denzlingem, W. Germany.

Wanted: Pre-73 GD. Lots to trade. Also want Creedence & Reggae. C. Theisen, RD #2, Box 143-8A, New Hope, PA 18938.

Want Berk. Comm. '84 & pre-75. Qual. only. Have over 600 hrs. Also, trade audio for video (please help me start). S. Thomas, 700 Morreene Rd., #F16, Durham, NC 27705.

Wanted: Any CSN or Steely Dan unreleased live or studio. Also 3-28-84 GD Marin Civic. Have over 300 hrs. to trade. B. Weisberg, 4 Faircliff Ct., Glendale, CA 91206.

CLASSIFIEDS

Phil wore my shirt! If you have a good color photo of Phil and his shirt on 5-12-81 (New Haven) please drop me a line. John W. Scott, Box 474, R.R.2, Cornish, NH 03745.

Alice & Otis: You're furniture, but we love you anyway — The J-2.

Blind Deadheads wishing to receive the GR and other Dead books on cassette, and sighted Deadheads wishing to help with reading/taping, contact Al Hall, c/o The Connecter, 515 Broderick #2, San Francisco, CA 94117. (415) 346-6277.

Wanted: Drummer for East Bay R&R band-country, jazz, originals, Dead, blues. Vocalist &/or 2nd lead instrument sought also. Call John (415) 471-8999.

HEY NOW! Highly qualified individual seeks gainful permanent employment. Will relocate. Available Oct. 85. For details call or write: 0S2 R.W. Judy, OI Division, USS Sampson (DDG-10), FPO Miami, FL 34093, (904) 246-246-5852 or 126 13th Ave. S. #5, Jacksonville Beach, FL 32250, (904) 241-2826.

Randy — Have a happy birthday! I'm counting the days until we are together again. I'm ready for you to give me hugs! Keep on smiling! I love you — Beth.

NY Greek 7-14-84: Looked East at midnight 12-31-84 & blew a kiss. Feel it?

Sonda: When you get confused, listen to the music play. Love, Phil.

Bass player/vocalist in San Jose with nothing to offer but talent wants to form a JGB-type band. Let's jam, have fun & see what happens. Curious? Call Geoff — eves (408) 268-0116.

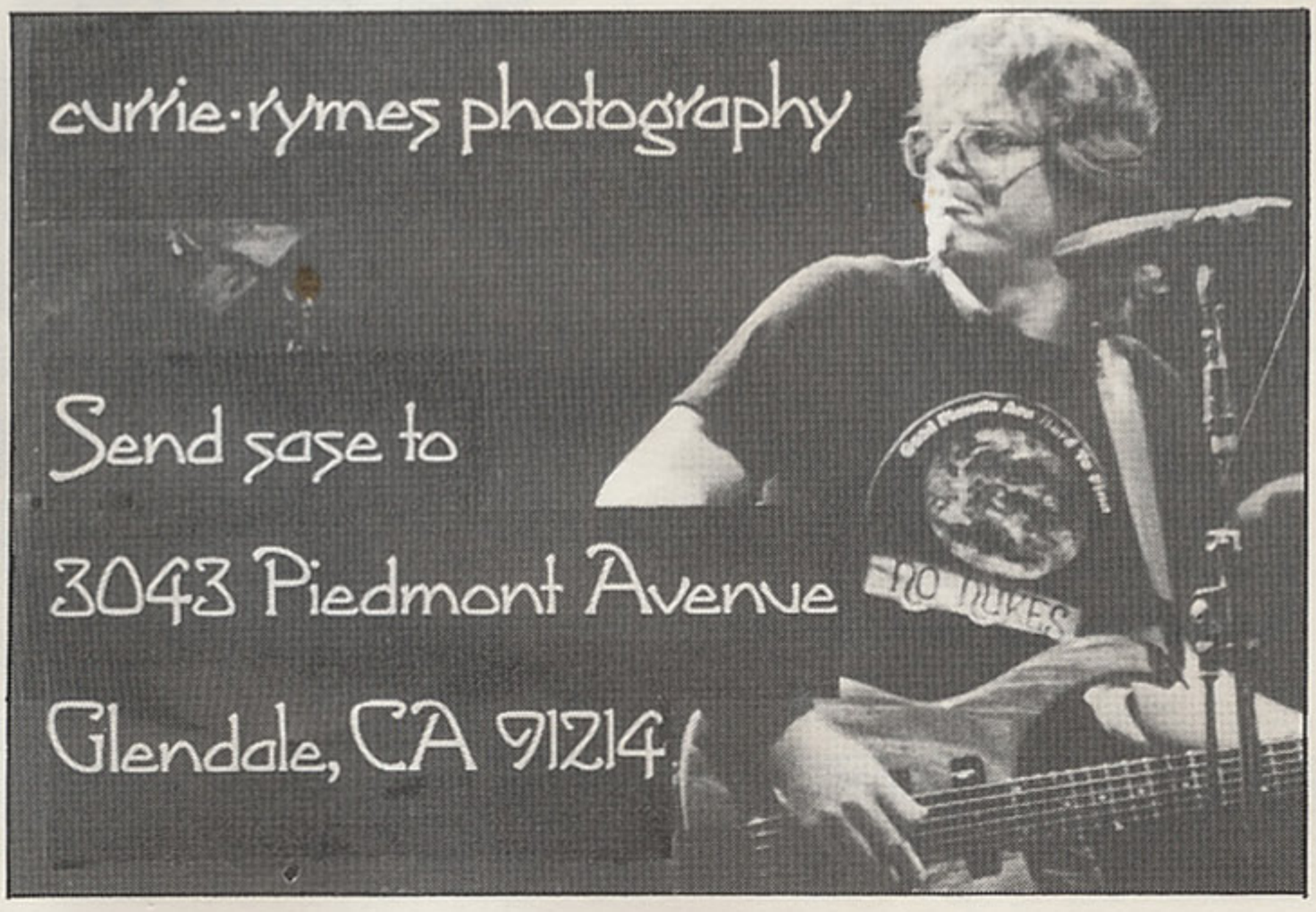
Join the celebration. Please answer the question "What is your most memorable experience at a Dead show?" Responses to be compiled into book commemorating 20th Anniversary. Must include name, address, phone, age & # of shows. Photos optional. Long Strange Trip, 3175 S. Hoover St., Suite 521, Los Angeles, CA 90007.

Deadheads In Jail (& out) — let's correspond! Marc Levy, Livingston Co. Jail, Geneseo, NY 14454.

BEAUTIFUL HAND-PRINTED DEAD PHOTOS: Winterland, Red Rocks, Europe '81 and lots more from 1976 until present! Many other SF bands available too. Send $1 for complete list and sample photo to: Robert Minkin, P.O. Box 77, Brooklyn, NY 11236.

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

Wanted Dead, JGB, Midnites & Hunter. Performance song lists any years, have abundant lists need more, also very interested in female correspondents. Ontario Dead, Box 383 Station W, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M6M-5C1.



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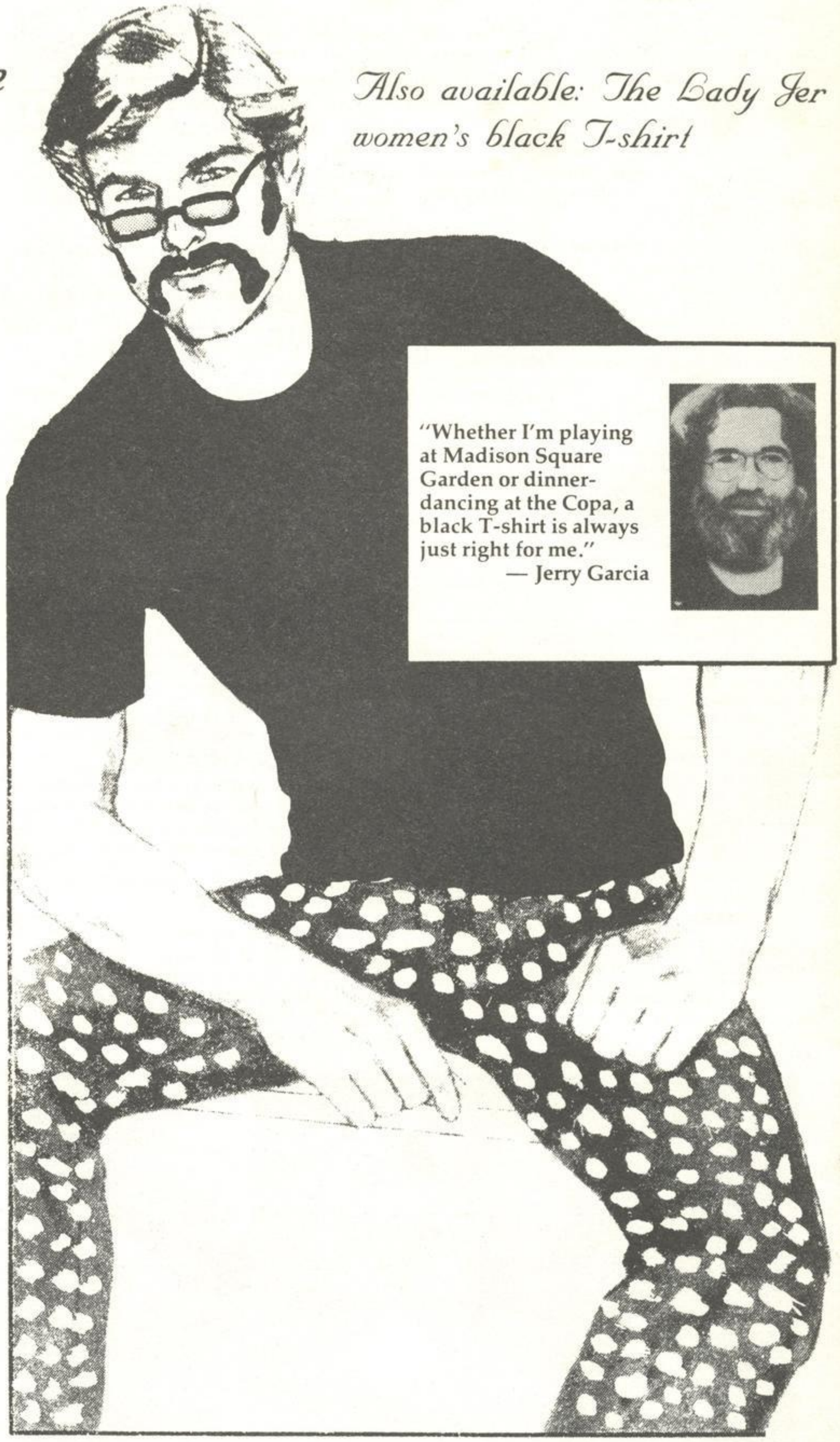

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