

The Golden Road

Issue Six/Spring 1985

The Seeds That Were Silent All Burst Into Bloom...

Aaah, spring has sprung, the sun smiles, and working a 9 to 5 job and being cooped up at night working on *The Golden Road* suddenly doesn't look quite as appealing as going on tour. But, alas, 'tis not to be — this year anyway — and so we rely on the reports of friends, who never fail to tell us that we've missed *the* show of the year. Fortunately, living in California, we never have to wait too long before the Dead come back. Pity instead our poor readers in Alaska or Arkansas or Saipan or Austria.

We're excited about this issue for a number of reasons. First of all, you may have noticed that the cover illustration (our first four-color photo separation) is by the veteran San Francisco artist Stanley Mouse, currently living in beautiful Santa Fe, New Mexico. Mouse probably needs no introduction to most of you — with his former partner Alton Kelley (profiled in our second issue) he contributed to many of the Dead's best known images, plus he is singularly responsible for dozens of other works of rock art. We'll feature an interview with Stanley in a future issue, but for now, just feast your eyes on the many subtleties of his cover design. And be advised, too, that Mouse is selling high-quality T-shirts of the cover (though naturally without the words "The Golden Road" junking the thing up). Check out his ad in this issue for details.

Many people have asked us if we ever plan to market any *Golden Road* shirts, perhaps featuring some of the designs we've run on our cover. In fact, we've been meaning to do that since our second issue, but we're notoriously lame, lazy and unambitious, so basically we just haven't gotten around to it. Plus, to be honest, we're a little put off by other magazines that seem to devote more space to merchandising their own products than to the subjects they write about, and so we don't want to appear crass. Besides, the last thing we need in this still-rapidly growing operation is yet another area of clerical clutter.

Speaking of merchandising, we were shocked to learn that at the recent Rockages Rock and Roll Memorabilia Show in New York City's Roosevelt Hotel, a couple of different people were selling Dead tapes for up to $7 a shot. As we've said from the beginning, we are inexorably opposed to the sale of Dead tapes, and we urge you not to support the greedy people who are taking advantage of the Dead's benevolence regarding the free taping of shows by making a profit from tapes. There are plenty of tapers out there who have what you need and are willing to *trade* tapes, so you shouldn't have to resort to buying from venal bootleggers, however tempting their wares might be. The unselfishness of tape trading is what keeps it pure and why the Dead have embraced the concept. Let's not blow it or let others blow it for the rest of us.

Back to business. This issue's main feature is an in-depth interview with Donna MacKay, formerly Godchaux, who lays out her amazing saga for the first time. We hope that the story will answer a lot of the questions you might have about her, and we're sure you'll be as enchanted by her as we were. You'll also find Part Two of our year-long celebration of the Dead's 20th Anniversary, with more "Tall Tales" from friends of the Dead and another healthy selection of rare and previously unpublished photos, this time highlighting the years 1970 – 1975. (A word to those of you who wrote requesting information on Ken Greenberg's photos after last issue: Ken has been swamped recently and hasn't had a chance to respond to your letters yet, but he will soon. Sorry for the delay.)

A couple of notes from our circulation department: Please include both your renewal notice and your mailing label if you can when you renew. This is especially crucial if the name on the subscription has changed — remember, we've got to find you on the computer. Also, to be sure of receiving our next issue, when you renew, try to get your checks in a month before our publication date. In other words, those of you who are renewing after this issue should do so by early June to receive the July issue.

Miscellaneous Ramblings: A number of you have written to ask if we are going to run complete set lists from previous years. No, we aren't. There are many folks out there who are much more into lists than we are, and it's our understanding that several different people are trying to compile extensive lists that they will then sell, hopefully at a moderate price. More power to 'em. We'd rather devote our limited pages to interviews and fun features. Obviously we'll continue to run current lists and as much description of the shows as space allows. We'll let you know when we see a compilation worthy of endorsement ... As always, we are looking for a few hearty souls to help us distribute *Golden Road* leaflets on upcoming tours. If you'd like to lend a hand, drop us a line telling us what shows you're hitting, and we'll try to get some leaflets out to you. We especially need help in the Midwest, where our profile is still virtually non-existent. With any luck, you'll meet some nice Heads along the way. At least that's been *our* experience ... If any of you took pictures at the Dead's Egypt shows in 1978, we'd love to see them and possibly run one or two in Part Three of "20 Years Dead" next issue ... Finally, remember that great pen and ink illustration by the "unknown artist" that we ran in our "Feedback" section last issue? Well, the skillful penman is Jack Rajca of Middlesex, New Jersey. Good job, Jack!

Happy trails!

— BJ & RM

THE GOLDEN ROAD

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FEEDBACK

Australia '86!

I have an idea I want to get into the Gratevine: Most people know by now that 1986 will be a very significant year in that our planet will be visited by a celestial friend, Halley! My astronomer friend and I have already made plans to view Halley's Comet at an optimum location during prime viewing, which will be the end of March/early April 1986. Best viewing will be in the southern hemisphere, so we're planning to visit the Australian outback during this time. The weather is very reliable and the air especially clear. I realize it would take a major effort to get the Dead there, but wouldn't it be cosmically orgasmic to hear a "Dark Star" under Halley's reign?! Halley won't rise until around 2 a.m., so shows would need to be scheduled for early morning, and many other details need to be worked out. Is this totally out of bounds? Let's try!

Keith Rabine
Menlo Park, CA

Mama Tried

The subject was brought up one night by my mother while she and I were driving together listening to a hot tape of the good ol' Grateful Dead. (She truly appreciates the Dead, but she'd probably rather listen to Little Feat.) The subject was being the mother of a Deadhead. She mused and wondered how other mothers of Deadheads handle it — dealing with all the energy put forth for the next road trip or the constant borrowing of the VISA card. Do other mothers just tolerate it or do they understand?

She concluded that it took special mothers to understand Deadhead children, and she feels that it's time for them to be recognized. Let's hear it for MOD (Mothers of Deadheads)!

Lon Hoover
St. Louis, MO

(And let's hear from you, *MODs!)*

Tapers Blues

I would like to comment on the tapers' section policy as it was applied at last New Year's shows at the S.F. Civic. After spending the night braving the weather, the SFPD and assorted park winos in order to guarantee myself a primo seat in the balcony, I was dismayed to find, upon entering the hall, that the entire middle of the balcony — the best seats in the house — had been reserved for the tapers, and was being strictly patrolled by bouncers who would not let you sit there unless you had taping gear.

For the next show, I resorted to sleuth and secured seats by bringing in taping gear, which I did not use. This brought a lot of bad vibes upon me from the tapers nearby, and the revelation that come New Year's Eve, if I wanted to whoop it up any, there would be no way to do it in the midst of the tapers. And so for the final show I sat elsewhere.

The tapers' section only exists because of conflict that has arisen between those who tape and those who don't (i.e., the problem is with the tapers, not the audience). Given this, I don't think it's fair to solve all the problems by sacrificing the audience for the tapes.

Dennis Simms
Napa, CA

(The Dead received many similar complaints following the New Year's run. Now seats in the tapers' section are reserved by mail order. At the Oakland shows, the first rows of the balcony were open, and the tapers were relegated to the very rear of the balcony. This caused grumbling among the tapers. Then at Berkeley, the tapers returned to the back-of-the-orchestra seats they had enjoyed at the Halloween shows, but the sound booth was moved into the balcony. The tapers were happy and it left more orchestra seats for non-tapers. At the open-seating Hampton shows, tapers were on the floor behind and to the right of the board. As you see, the Dead are experimenting with different solutions to the problem and are trying to accommodate various interest groups.)

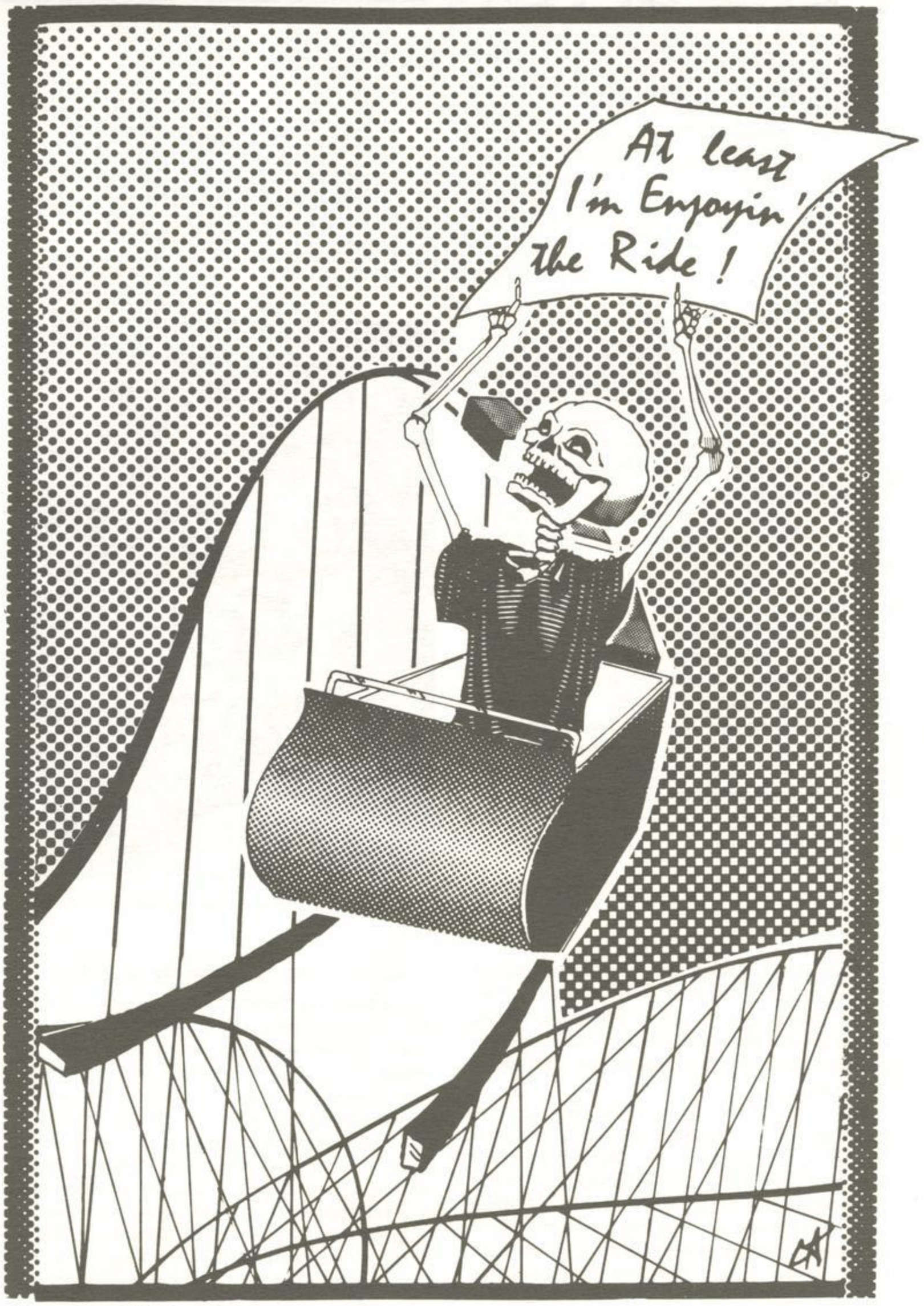


Illustration: Christin Adams

Where's Miss Manners When You Need Her?

I would like to relate something that happened to me in the tapers' section at the Chinese New Year's shows in Oakland. I arrived for the second show at 6:30 and began to set up my equipment when I noticed a friend and went to say hello. I was not gone for more than five minutes, and when I returned some guy was preparing to chuck $500

FEEDBACK

worth of taping equipment one row back. After questioning his behavior, he explained he had brought 15 friends (the exact number of seats in a row) and needed an entire row. This seemed to be an acceptable excuse, so I conceded and moved. Needless to say, *five* people sat in that row all night; the only reason he needed the row was to set up mike stands at both ends.

David Grover
Suisun, CA

You Can Trust Us

I have heard that the Dead frown upon the idea of people trading Dead video tapes. But video trading is exactly the same as audio trading, only with pictures. And no one is out to make any money off the band by marketing bootleg video; there is no market for it, and 90 percent of the tapes currently being traded on the circuit are not up to broadcast-level quality. Garcia said in 1982: "When we're done with a concert, they [the tapers] can have it" (a paraphrase). Doesn't this apply to video tapers too?

Also, it is too widespread for the Dead to take any measures against it. One in five homes in America have VCRs. Video is the staple of the future; it cannot be stopped.

And finally, the Dead should realize after 20 years of people honestly trading audio tapes with each other that Deadheads are capable of trading and collecting this new frontier of the band's music.

V.T.
New Jersey

Dead Tired

I have always tried my very hardest not to pay attention to what the GD tell me: I never throw stones, go to hell in buckets or make friends with the devil, rarely dance in the streets, drink Ripple, and almost *never* do it in the road.

However, as one approaches 34, one realizes that yes, the woman *is* smarter and yes, Jerry, I *have* kept my same day job for more than five years now...Which brings us to the following point: If you guys at the GD office have the choice of booking weekend night shows versus weeknight shows, can you ple-e-e-e-ase book them on the weekend nights so that us suckers with d-a-a-a-ay-y-y-y jobs can show up at work on time and not get f-i-i-i-i-i-red??

Barbara Lewit
Berkeley, CA

Too Bad They Didn't Play "Havah Nagilah"

My wife, Mary, and I have been Deadheads for years — 18, to be exact. We got married five years ago, and our dream was to have the Dead play at our wedding. Since that didn't happen then, when our fifth anniversary coincided with the Dead shows at Red Rocks last June we got remarried "at the Rocks" with the Dead. We even sent invitations that announced: "Entertainment and supreme energy provided by the Grateful Dead." We brought 15 people with us, most of whom had never seen the Dead. (Now they all want to see them again, no surprise to me!) We gave each of these people a rose and told them to go out into the crowd and trade it for a wedding gift. Our goal was to get our friends to meet other Deadheads. It worked. They had great stories and brought back stickers, glitter, joints and kisses. A good time was had by all, and the Dead put on a great show.

Dennis Liebert
Fort Collins, CO



The Tibetan Citipati represent death in its dancing form

Spent a Little Time on the Mountain

I've been on the road through Europe and Asia for the past eight months, and the Dead's music seems to be alive and well in Nepal. We've gotten several bus drivers to play tapes as we rock along in those psychedelic Asian vehicles. Our hotel manager plays our collection tape over and over, though breakfast with "Lost Sailor" while rickshaws and beggars float by outside can be a bit disorienting. And every embroidery shop in town has a "Steal Your Face" logo on the display wall along with dragons, mandalas and mountains. One Nepali we met had even seen a show in Boston sometime in '83.

What I want to know now is when will the Dead get an Asian tour going? Australians need to be turned on, and the Bangkok Civic Center is just dying for an appearance. Anyway, if you can't get here yourself, your presence through SEVA is truly commendable.

Mac McCoy (& Trigg Talley)
Kathmandu, Nepal

Holy (Rock and) Roller

I, too, am an orthodox Jew, and I'm presently studying at a Yeshiva in Israel. I do not find any conflict in being an observant Jew and a Deadhead. In fact, it's my outlook on life, which I learned from the Dead, that led me to become interested in my religion.

In response to Ken Gruber, an orthodox Jew who wrote last issue complaining about the Dead playing on Friday nights and Holy Days: The Dead have no control over the scheduling of their fall and spring shows at large arenas because they can only take open dates that are not filled by basketball and hockey games. And as for not attending shows on Friday nights, I have been taught there are two levels of observing the Sabbath. The first level is simply not creating anything or working on the Sabbath. As far as I see it, if you purchase your ticket in advance, there is no transgression committed in attending the show. The second level is celebrating the *shabbat*. In your letter you speak of the spirituality and strength you receive from a Dead show. What more beautiful way to continue the festivity of the Sabbath meal than dancing your heart out with all the other sparkling people in a sea of love. This is my favorite way to show God how thankful I am for the life he gave me. Remember Psalm 150: "Praise Him with lyre and harp/Praise Him with drum and dance..."

Louis Scott Meadvin
Jerusalem, Israel

Cold Rain and Snow

I can't tell you how much we enjoy *The Golden Road* here in Hollister, which is very removed from the real world. I'm the winemaker at a small winery here, and there are quite a few retired hippies in the wilds of San Benito County, but absolutely zero current Deadheads. In fact, I was speaking with a woman about music at a Hollister social gathering when she said, "Oh, my relationship with my husband improved when he agreed to stop torturing me with his music." You guessed it, he was into the Dead. "Well, I married me a wife, she's been trouble all my life."

Susan Marks
Hollister, CA

Go West, Young Man

In regards to Blair's comment in the intro to the Set Lists last issue, "The [East Coast] crowds weren't nearly as obnoxious as we'd been told." Well, I wasn't offended, but you West Coast people are so very lucky to have all the shows you want to go to. We East Coasters never get any special treats such as paper boards on which to scrawl our opinions about what songs we'd like to hear the band play, messages to the band, etc. We'd like something special too!

Gary Max
Pennsauken, NJ

(Not to rub it in, but they had the message boards again at BCT. It may have something to do with the difference in promoters and the types of halls the Dead play outside the Bay Area.)

"...Singin' 'I Got Mine and You Got Yours'"

The person who wrote the letter published in the Fall issue accusing you of subverting the youth of America [by encouraging readers to vote against Ronald Reagan] is out to lunch. She stated that the Dead open up your mind, but don't tell you what to think. Yet

opening minds is itself a political act, especially in our Land of the Dark, where numbed mindlessness is the standard fare in schools, movies, TV shows and song lyrics.

This person, like (unfortunately too many) other Deadheads, has her head in the sand. What do people like her think "Throwing Stones," "Fire on the Mountain," "Lost Sailor," "Passenger," "Morning Dew," "The Other One" and other (more subtle) songs are about? Are people that ignorant about the lyrics, or about the whole history of the band and the culture it came out of? Many if not most Dead songs are attacks on social apathy, conformity and authoritarian values. And the band members can be very explicit in person. Take for example the '72 *Rolling Stone* interview with Garcia, in which he voiced his worries about the future after noting that styrofoam cups can be found floating in the middle of the Pacific.

This perspective, however, is not just a matter of opinion, or of "correctly" interpreting lyrics. Some basic *values* are in question. Last summer at the Greek shows, I overheard a young preppie couple bragging about the extra tickets they scored and scalped for lots of bucks. An example of Reaganite Deadheads? Rich people in summer homes, saying let's leave well-enough alone. I cannot see a reconciliation between the values of communion-like sharing of pleasure, thought, mind-altering substances and food on one hand, and the "Look out for Number One," "I've got mine, the hell with you" ethic symbolized by Reagan, but taken up by the entire yuppie mainstream.

Jeffrey G. Strahl
Berkeley, CA

Another Time's Forgotten Place

The shows in Connecticut have of late been very hot, and even though the security can spoil a High Time, I would still like to see the Dead play in the state. I have heard stories about when the Dead played the Yale Bowl, and it would be great to see them play an outdoor concert in New Haven again, or even somewhere in the northern woods of Connecticut. The change in location may be just what is needed to cure the security problem.

Robert Glassman
New Haven, CT

(BJ replies: I saw them play the Yale Bowl in '71. The security was atrocious, and it remains the only Dead show where I was ever tear gassed.)

Heads Across the Water

In 1981 I graduated college and took a job working for a small electronics firm in Tokyo. The first couple of months over there were very depressing. I couldn't speak the language yet, work was a bitch, and I was lonely as hell. Then, just when I thought I couldn't handle it anymore, a miracle happened.

After a Japanese lesson, I wandered into a used record store in Shibuya. There I found a woman looking at the cover of the first Garcia solo album. I felt a compelling need to encourage her and spread the Dead's music around the world, so in my best Japanese I said, "That's a great album — you should buy it." She turned to me and answered in English, "Yeah, I saw the Dead at their New Year's show when they closed down Winterland." Well, I just about freaked out.

A little later, she introduced me to another friend who'd lived in Santa Cruz and was into the Dead. They invited me to a street festival in Kichijoji, where I found a band named "China Cat" playing on the back of a flatbed truck! Later that night I went to a party where everyone (all Japanese but myself) smoked Hokkaido homegrown out of a bamboo bong while listening to *Dead Set* for the first time! There are Deadheads in Japan, but so *few* that I consider myself lucky to have found some — cosmic condolence in my hour of need. After that I began to cheer up and really dig Japan.

Bev Hollin
Cambridge, MA

Sober Thoughts

The "Dead of Winter" issue of *The Golden Road* finds me in a treatment center for the chemically dependent. A bout with dilaudid (drugstore heroin) addiction is what brought me here.

I've talked to other Heads at Narcotics Anonymous meetings and the general feeling is that you may need to listen to your tapes, but one should be wary of experiencing live Dead. Well, I think I can have my sobriety and my live Jerry too. I get more positive energy out of the Dead than from anything else in life, so I know this is possible, but I need to talk to others. There are several other Heads at this center who share my feelings and with whom I will share any response. Please write to:

Cary Vernon
c/o Ben T. Vernon
Rt. 2, Box 15-L
Denver, NC 28037



Promise her anything, but give her *The Golden Road*

Batteries will peter out, tours will end, diamonds will lose their sparkle; but The Golden Road *will never let her down. Four times a year — Winter, Spring, Summer and Fall — it will greet her like an old friend.*

A one-year subscription is just $10 in the U.S. and Canada; $16 for airmail to Europe. (All issues published prior to Spring '85 must be ordered as Back Issues for $3 each.)

SUBSCRIBE!

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

DEADLINE The Latest News & Rumor Control

Once again we find ourselves in the semi-awkward position of not being able to confirm upcoming tour dates. There are a lot of dates floating around the rumor mill, and no doubt some will turn out to be accurate, but we don't want to mislead anyone by printing incorrect info, because there have been a few snags lately.

However, we are able to offer some generalities that may help you plan your year. After (confirmed) shows at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley June 14, 15 and 16, the Dead will head to the Midwest, with likely dates at Alpine Valley, WI; in Ohio; and at the end of June, Maryland's Merriweather Post Pavilion (most likely for two, rather than the rumored three, shows). After a couple more shows (probably including July 4th), they'll head back to California in mid-July for the traditional Ventura weekend.

As usual, the band will take August off, but at month's end the Dead will hit the road again, with possible sites including Manor Downs in Austin, Red Rocks (yes, they *are* trying to work it out) and perhaps Park West, UT, and/or Santa Fe. There are whisperings of a second run at the Oakland Auditorium in mid-September, followed by dates in the Pacific Northwest—though probably *not* at the Hult. In late October, the band just might hit the long-neglected Deep South, with another Northeast swing the first week of November (later than usual for that tour). Dates in Southern California and maybe Las Vegas will bring the touring year to a close, save for the New Year's run, which we assume will be in the Bay Area once again.

Of course, we urge you to check the Hotline periodically to get the real facts, and be careful of rumors. (If we believed all the "sure bets" we hear, we'd be packing for six shows at the Hult right now.) Those Hotline numbers are: (201) 777-8653 in the East, and (415) 457-6399 in the West.

The Dead have suddenly become a hot item in the media—not because it's their 20th Anniversary, but because they were hired to write the theme for the new *Twilight Zone* series, which is returning to television this fall after an absence of exactly 20 years. The band and keyboardist Merl Saunders spent several days before the March Berkeley shows recording the theme and some incidental music at their Front Street studio in San Rafael.

"I got involved in it indirectly about a year and a half ago," Merl told us recently. "I was working with Universal Studios doing a straight acting role in *Whiz Kids* on CBS. I was also involved in a movie project [*Armageddon Rag*] that I got [Robert] Hunter involved in. Anyway, the producer on those was a man named Phil De Guere, and he's the one who told me that *The Twilight Zone* was coming back. So I told the Dead that there was something I would love them to work on with me—that they'd be perfect for. First I approached Mickey, because we'd worked on a few different things together. Then I talked to Garcia and he liked the idea, so then I thought, 'Well, let's get *everyone* involved.' About six months ago I had written something of a *Twilight Zone* theme that was sort of a strange variation on the original theme, and since then we've rewritten it together. I think it's turned out pretty well so far."



Merl says that the night he sat in during the "space" jam at one of the recent Berkeley shows, "we did a bit of the *Zone*, without the theme. It was kind of loose. We'd been in the studio working on things about a week, and then all of a sudden I was just up there onstage!"

For more on *The Twilight Zone* story, see our interview with Garcia in this issue.

Dead music also figures prominently in *Mask*, the new Peter Bogdanovich film about the courage of a physically deformed youngster. Although we haven't had a chance yet to check out this critically acclaimed film, we understand that "Ripple" is used very effectively during the dramatic climax. Originally, Bogdanovich had planned to use "Sugar Magnolia" in the movie, too, but eventually decided against it. Further, we hear that before any music was chosen, Garcia was shown a cut of the film with an eye towards perhaps having the Dead do the score. Although Garcia reportedly liked the film, the scoring idea never materialized.

After our "Set Lists" section was completed and laid out for this issue, there were two songs played at the second Providence show that deserve mention. The band revived "Crazy Fingers, " after an absense of more than a year, and Jerry introduced a great new cover tune: Dylan's "She Belongs to Me," from *Subterranean Homesick Blues*. And check out the beginning of the April 8 Philadelphia Spectrum show, a concert several people we know think was the hottest show of the whole East Coast tour: "Midnight Hour" into "Walking the Dog" (with Jerry singing lead this time) into "Big Boss Man." The same show also saw "Me & My Uncle" segue into "Cumberland Blues" and the second set open with "Revolution"! We'll have the rest of the set lists from that tour (in addition to Irvine, Stanford, the Greek and more) next issue.

Klaus and Gretchen Bender of Gettysburg, PA, want it known that they are putting together an electronic bulletin board for Deadheads to disseminate info about the band and Dead-re-

lated things. The bulletin board allows Deadheads with computers to leave messages in an electronic mail system. The system runs from 11:30 p.m. until about 6 a.m. EST at (717) 334-5933. The system uses a 300 baud modem, and after some more work it will be compatible with most home computers.

Look out, Bob Weir. *GR* subscriber Seabrook Leaf tells us that at Kingfish's show at the Rainbow Theatre in Denver in early February, none other than Billy Kreutzman helped out on vocals during a rousing version of "Got My Mojo Workin'."

The *Deadhead Directory*, that noble listing of Deadheads published by Philip Davidson of Natick, MA, is going through a metamorphosis. Due to financial difficulties regular publication has ceased, but Phil tells us, "We intend to keep taking people's names and addresses and putting them on our records. We hope to set up a phone system soon, by which Deadheads can call in their location and we will mail out a listing of Deadheads in their area or the area they're going to." For more information write to DHD at Box 202, Natick, MA 01760.

You might also be interested to know that there is now a "Song List Hotline," for those of you who just can't wait to know what the band played last night or two nights ago. This *is* a toll call, but we're sure that won't stop a lot of you: (703) 476-8738.

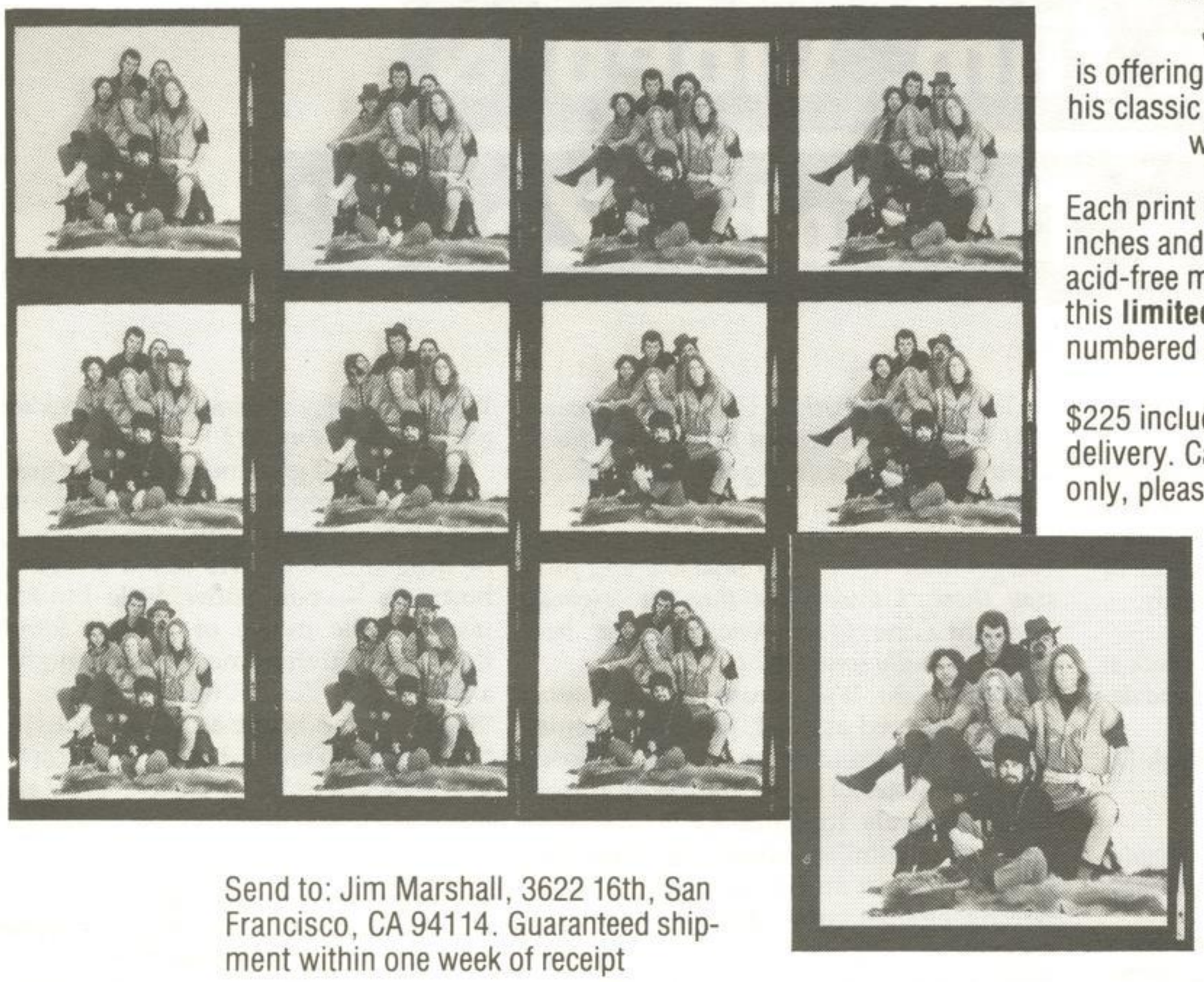
By now, we're sure most of you have heard something about Jerry Garcia's drug arrest in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park January 18. Frankly, we weren't going to mention it, perhaps to spare Garcia any more scrutiny of his personal life, which is none of our business to begin with. But there's been so much *mis*information passed around about the bust, we feel that at least an objective reading of the facts is in order.

In the early afternoon of the 18th, a policeman patrolling Golden Gate Park stopped in the parking lot adjoining the Polo Fields (at the extreme west end of the park) to check the registration of a BMW parked there with someone sitting inside. Upon finding the car's registration was not current, the officer approached the car. He says he smelled something burning inside, and as he reached the vehicle, he noticed a piece of tin-foil between the seats. The officer surmised that the occupant — Garcia — was perhaps freebasing cocaine. A search of a briefcase on the seat next to Garcia yielded some suspicious powders — what turned out to be about a gram each of cocaine and heroin. Garcia was arrested and booked in a San Francisco jail. A few hours later, his $7300 bail was paid and he was released on his own recognizance.

When he was arraigned in mid-February, Garcia requested permission to participate in a drug diversion program rather than face the charges, and on March 19, S.F. Municipal Court Judge Raymond Reynolds granted the request and ordered Garcia back to court in six months for a progress report on his treatment. To satisfy the court, Garcia will have to complete a month-long educational program at a Marin County facility. "I feel good about it," Garcia was quoted as saying.

In addition, he said he plans to do a benefit concert for the Haight-Ashbury Food Project. "I want to do something for the community. I'm from here and the town has always been good to me." When Garcia's treatment has been completed and he appears before the judge again, the charges will likely be dropped altogether and the arrest will not even appear on his record. □

VINTAGE DEAD



Noted S.F. photographer
JIM MARSHALL
is offering museum quality blow-ups of his classic "pass the hat" photo session with the Dead in 1967

Each print measures an enormous 16 × 20 inches and is mounted on 20 × 24 inch, acid-free museum board. Every piece in this **limited edition of 50** is signed and numbered by Jim Marshall

$225 includes shipping and insured delivery. Cashier's check or money order only, please

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It was clear from the moment we arrived at Jerry Garcia's Marin County home the Friday night before the first of the Rex Foundation benefit shows that our long-anticipated interview was not going to go as planned. Though he was in a cheerful mood, his voice was raspy and cracking, and clearly it worried him. "Talking really wears out my voice," he explained, "much more than singing does." A telephone interview that he had done earlier that day with *Rolling Stone* had gone on longer than planned, adding to what already sounded like creeping laryngitis. Well, *The Golden Road* was not about to take the blame for Garcia having no voice at the Berkeley Community Theatre the next night, so we agreed that we would come back and do "The Interview" sometime after the band's tour. "If it's not around a show, I don't *care* if I lose my voice talking," Garcia said with a hoarse chuckle. And so, for the next hour or so, we just chatted informally — about the Dead's contribution to the new *Twilight Zone* television series, and jumping off from there into a discussion about his involvement with film and video. Sitting in an overstuffed armchair, Garcia sipped Tang (the choice of spacemen for 20 years) for his ravaged throat and worked intently on a very interesting semi-abstract paint-and-ink drawing that had the look of some sort of science fiction city in the clouds.

Garcia has always been a serious student of film. Even before he directed the Grateful Dead Movie in the mid-'70s, he had worked with two of the best directors of the post-War period. For British director Richard Lester (*Hard Day's Night, Help*) the Dead appeared briefly in, and supplied some of the music for, the film *Petulia*. And Michelangelo Antonioni, the visionary director of *The Red Desert, L'Avventura* and *Blow-Up*, enlisted Garcia to provide some original soundtrack music for the strange but arty "youth film" of 1970, *Zabriskie Point*, and used a chunk of "Dark Star" in that film, as well. The Dead movie showed that Garcia was more than just some dilettante rock and roller dabbling in film. It remains a superb, timeless film that is satisfying on nearly every level, and even on repeat viewings. He has also been actively involved in the Dead's various video projects, from the Showtime special to *Dead Ahead* and the Halloween '80 broadcast (all directed by New York-based Len dell' Amico). So it was not surprising to learn a couple of years ago that Garcia had purchased the film rights to a science fiction novel by Kurt Vonnegut (*Cat's Cradle, Slaughterhouse-Five*) called *The Sirens of Titan*. This past fall, Garcia and comedy writer Tom Davis spent many an hour working on a first draft of a script for the film, which is still in the planning stages. Understandably, he was reluctant to talk much about the still-germinating project.

Next issue we hope to have an in-depth interview with Jerry about music, but for now, savor this rare glimpse of Garcia on a few subjects we seldom get to hear him discuss.

GARCIA

On film, video & "The Twilight Zone"

By Blair & Regan

Was it Merl who wanted the Dead for the Twilight Zone *project?*

Phil De Guere is the guy who originally wanted us apparently, and it was Merl that brought us in. I guess De Guere is the music coordinator or producer or some such. He wanted us specifically.

So the producer of the show wouldn't balk at something as weird as the Grateful Dead doing it?

I guess not. I don't know. I think De Guere is into the band.

That little Twilight Zone *theme is so fundamental. Everyone knows it. Do you remember in 1978 at MacArthur Court [in Eugene, OR] when you integrated the basic riff from* Close Encounters *during the space jam?*

Sure, sure.

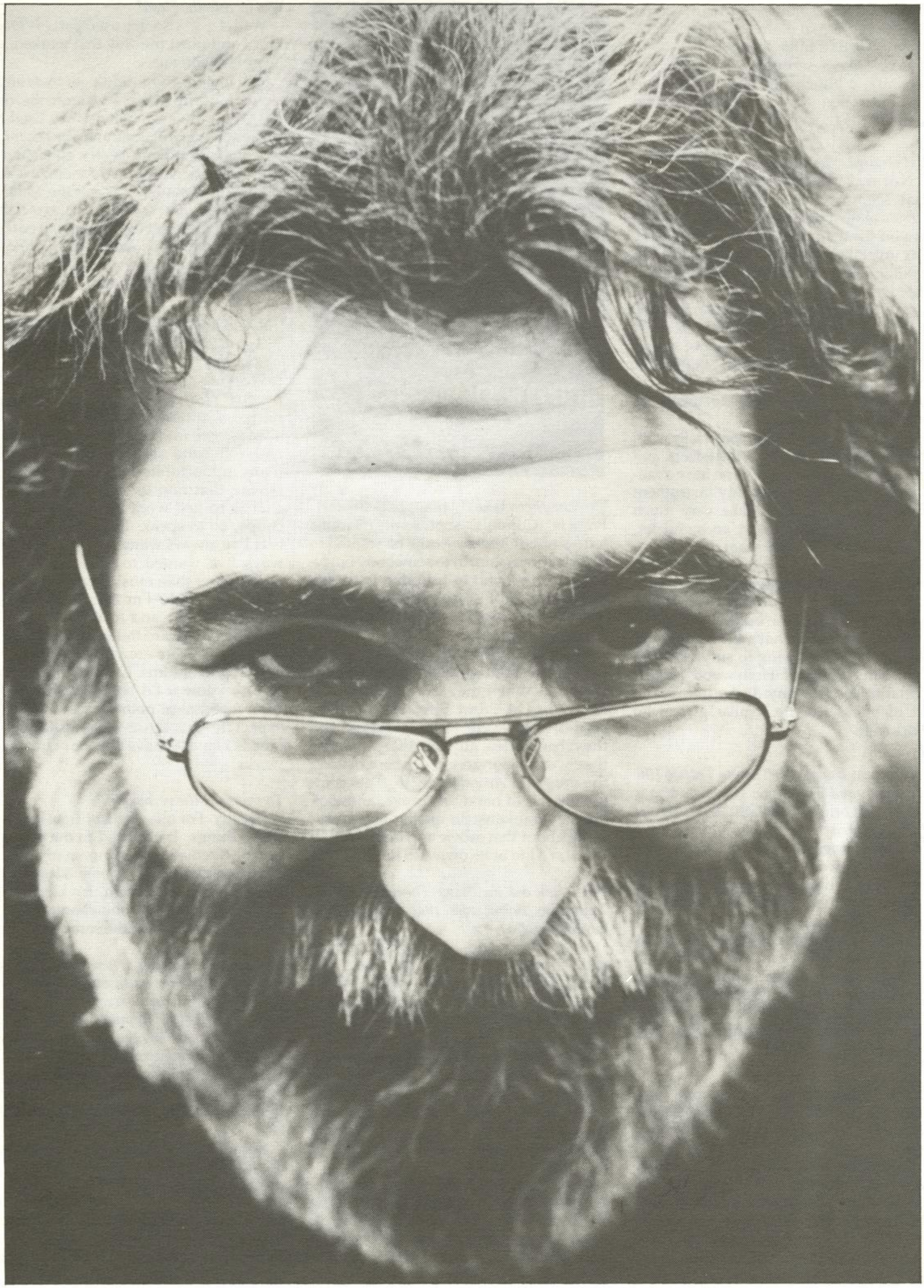
You get those riffs in your head and they just stay there. I understand that the original Twilight Zone *riff was done on a guitar, but it doesn't really sound like it.*

That's right. It's because of the clusters that it's played against, the instruments that it's surrounded by. It's in a close musical cluster of notes that are all at real close intervals together so it makes it kind of unfamiliar sounding, plus the fact that it's an atonal lick, and it's happening against these dissonant harmonies there, like an interval of a flatted fifth or a minor second — all these dissonant harmonies.

What kind of guidelines did the producers give you for the music?

They didn't give me any kind of guidelines. They might have given Merl some, but what we got [to do] was a collection of little music inserts called stings and bumpers — you know, little hunks of non-specific music of various lengths that have different moods. One might be a mood like, "Don't open that door," or "Don't go up in the attic." [Laughs] Or, "I'm going to work, honey. Are you sure you'll be OK at home *alone?*" They go all the way from a sort of noncommittal [he

Photo opposite: f. Stop Fitzgerald. This photo is available in color from the photographer. For info write: f. Stop Fitzgerald c/o The Golden Road, 484 Lake Park #82, Oakland, CA 94610



makes light, almost playful guitar sounds] to a real ominous "*Braaaaugh!*" They gave us a huge menu of those—40 that are like 5 seconds, 20 that are 6½ seconds, a bunch that they can fade in and out. Then it's the music editor who actually fits them into the show.

Is it strange to work that specifically?

Not at all. As soon as you've seen a few that seem to work successfully, it becomes almost difficult to fail at it, as long as you hit the notes cleanly, don't make any mistakes in a technical sense. You usually don't want more than two or three instruments at a time if you're doing it in combo style; more than that and it gets to sound totally random. Between one and three is enough. A nice way to do it is to have one guy put something down as a basic shape and then two other guys overdub on it, enhancing the feeling that's there.

It's pretty easy to do, especially with the state-of-the-art in synthesizers and the vocabulary of sounds you have available to you with almost any instrument these days. It doesn't take very much time, and it doesn't cost an awful lot. Usually they don't offer that much for incidental music in a series, or even in the movies. So what happens is the more inexpensively you can produce it and bring it off, the more of the budget you get to keep for yourself. That's the strategy for the local players trying to survive doing this. The world of Hollywood professional music is funny. It doesn't yield a lot of bucks for the regular guys who work in it.

I once spent a day with Tommy Tedesco [the noted film and TV session guitarist, who is also on the original Twilight Zone *theme] and he cranked out about four shows—*Love Boat*-type things—practically in real time.*

That's typical. If you can't pull that off they don't hire you a second time. You've got to be there and be able to knock it off. They don't do run-throughs anymore, they don't rehearse, and that's part of the "art" of it. The guy who's writing it has to make it simple enough so that even an idiot can execute it the first time through. The rest of it is real safe, real stock. Generic music that they use over and over again.

When Mickey did the Apocalypse Now *music he just did jams that the sound designers cut up and put in different sections, right?*

Not really, no. He designed it. Mickey *over*works things, rather than underworks them. He works on them until they're *dead*. [Laughs] Mickey is usually more the driving spirit than the actual head of those sorts of things. He keeps a tight rein on the buggy whip: "C'mon.

> "Making a film is a hassle. You have to live with an idea for a long time, which means the idea has to have great power."

Do *another* take!" [Laughs] In fact, Francis [Coppola] sent some hilarious letters about Mickey—like he wanted to be able to turn him in to somebody but he didn't know who to turn him in to: the music police or somebody. You know, "I'd like to complain about Mr. Hart." [Laughs]

But they got along together pretty well. They both go whole hog over everything. When they were doing *Apocalypse Now* at Front Street [the Dead's studio] they were all in *uniforms*, and they had video guys in there because they were making a movie about making the music for *Apocalypse Now*. It got completely out of hand, of course, and took on this Frankenstein quality like everything about that movie apparently did. It took on a life of its own and took off.

When you did the "Love Theme" music for Zabriskie Point, *was that anything you wrote specially for it?*

I sat down and just played, and he said, [formally] "Oh, I like that very much. That's very, very good." And I said, "Hey, wait a minute. C'mon, give me a chance!" And he said, "Oh no, no. That's exactly what I want!" I wanted so badly to do something good because, well, it was Antonioni. *Antonioni*, for chrissakes! He was satisfied so quickly I didn't know what to think. I was unhappy about it. I was just getting warmed up and, boom, that was it. [Laughs]

He did discuss it with me for an awful long time, but when it got down to doing it, he was just beside himself with happiness. I was terribly disappointed. But he was a really nice guy. I liked working with him.

Was he into the Dead?

Well, I guess so. He used part of "Dark Star" and liked the way that worked, so he got to liking us.

[Chuckling] But I didn't get to *do* anything. I mean, there I was on the old MGM scoring stage where they used to do Gene Kelly musicals and *The Wizard of Oz*—just me and my electric guitar and a little amplifier. And Antonioni's back there with one engineer, and the scene is playing on a *huge* screen, and I'm picking along, trying to get my ideas. That part of it was a flash. I like Antonioni's work so much. It's so modern — his sense of space and time and all that.

Did working on the Dead movie in the mid-'70s push your interest in film in any particular direction?

Working on the Dead movie was a product of my interest in film. It's something I found myself doing because I've always been into film. But being in a rock and roll band doesn't allow you that many opportunities to make films, so having that film to work on gave me a chance to just work on my filmmaking chops, so to speak. I've had other projects I've always wanted to do, and other ways I've wanted to relate to the film world other than music, but they require hands-on work. I'm a student of film, you might say, and a film buff and all that. But there are things I've wanted to do because there are certain ideas I have in the form of films. Lacking those ideas, I don't know if I'd be interested in film from a technical point of view. If I ever expect to see those ideas executed, it means I have to have a sense of how film works.

To translate the vocabulary?

Exactly. For me, *Sirens of Titan* is one of those things. It occurred to me as a real cogent cinematic experience in my mind's eye. Strangely, my movie ideas don't have any music to them. It's kind of like my mind works in one channel or the other but not both at the same time.

I remember thinking it was very odd that Bowie didn't do the music for The Man Who Fell to Earth, *when it seemed to be a perfect vehicle for his kind of music. He always said that acting and doing the music for a film was too much to think about.*

I understand that perfectly. Especially with acting. That's a very intimate thing to do. I don't think I could handle that *at all*.

So what the Grateful Dead Movie was about for me, in part, was to have a movie behind me.

That was independent enough that you could call the shots with regards to the pacing of the project and all. Did you really have any exposure to the film bureaucracy?

Not really, because it was my film. But then, it was never my intention to deal with that world anyway. That is to say, if I'm going to make movies, I'm going to make them on my terms. I'm not going to become a filmmaker as a career. I'll do it like Jean Cocteau [*Orpheus, Beauty & the Beast*] — do a couple of tasty movies and that's it. I don't know if I could do somebody else's ideas, for one thing. I don't know if I'd want to. And making a film is a hassle. You have to live with an idea for an awful long time, which means the idea has to have great power. You have to love it a lot or else you have to be really tolerant.

For me, ideas lose their sheen, lose their exterior, real fast; and it's only the power and longevity of some ideas that have made me want to stick it out to that extent. *Sirens* is one of those long-lived ideas that has stayed good no matter how much I've thought about it, and how much time has passed. That kind of freshness, that kind of real love for a piece, is the only thing that would make me want to make a film of a piece.

You said that you don't think in terms of music for the piece, but do you think that the way you think about music or the way you play certain phrases translates to film?

I think of my music as more cinematic than musical a lot of times. Sometimes I see pictures that accompany my music, more than I hear music that accompanies my pictures, if you know what I mean. [Laughs]

How specific is it?

Not real specific. Not so specific that I could call it. I couldn't sit down and tell you what I'm seeing, but there's a certain visual flow. Music can move faster than pictures can, as far as the mind is concerned. Film is sort of a slow, clunky medium, in spite of what you might think about it. It flickers — the eye can actually see the flicker.

When you've spent a little time editing film you realize that one frame—1/24 of a second—is really a big old hunk of time. And when you edit movies of musicians playing, what you sometimes see is a blur, because what's really happening sometimes are musical figures that take less than 1/24 of a second to execute, so in that one frame exposure, it blurs. You'd be surprised how much you notice it if one frame is taken out of sequence. You can see it.

It seems as though the current trend, at least in music video editing, is to try to edit right on the beat, to appear in sync. They all look like commercials . . .

Well, they borrow a lot of technique from commercials, and in fact a lot of the guys that make them are the same guys that make commercials. The look sort of



Photo: Richard Burgos

depends, I guess, on whether somebody in there is furiously concerned with having the thing sync up tight to musical figures. In reality, as soon as you get past a certain pace, as far as the images are concerned, your mind will make the connections. You can take any piece of music and any movie and play them together, and you'll see some connection. They'll speak to each other. Your mind will fill the empty space and build a bridge between the two.

In videos you can really take advantage of that. Once you've built some kind of premise—*or not* [Laughs] . . . just the context of MTV means that the person who's watching is prepared to believe anything that you show them. And that means you can stick anything anywhere and it'll find its way to the audience. It looks to me like the people who are making these videos are actually fairly cynical. That is to say things that look like they might have required a lot of work, in reality didn't, but somebody who had some blind faith had a lot of nerve to pull something off. That's what I think when I watch them, which is one reason I don't watch them very often. They don't hold up very well on a lot of levels. The filmmakers don't seem to think that the people who are watching them are very bright. It's too bad.

Is it difficult to think of working with directors, whether for Sirens *or a music video?*

Well, it would depend. Most of the things that occur to me, I feel I would have some success directing them. That would be my role. Lacking that, I think there are a lot of good directors around. Directing is really dog work on a certain level. It's really hard.

Gee, you get to wear a beret, sit in the canvas chair . . .

[Laughs] Yeah, but to seriously direct takes a lot of work and is not that much fun. That's why I'd only do it with something I seriously cared about. But there *are* people I think I could trust. Yeah. It's really just like anything else. It depends on who you get along with and where the chemistry is. Finding someone who cares about the piece, the work, as much as I do would be the main thing, and once you've got that, the rest is just opinions.

The nice thing about movies, like the nice thing about playing in a band, is that a lot of times people will have opinions that are better than yours. Then you get surprised. "Hey, that's a *great* way to do that!" Movies and bands have some of the same kind of energy because they're both collaborative. It's good that they are, because you get the best of everything, providing the chemistry is right. If it isn't then you blow it, you miss it. When a movie or music really works, it's because everyone sees the thing and loves it enough that they'll let enough of

themselves into it as possible, sort of free themselves into it.

On a film there's so much to coordinate compared with a band of six people. If any link in the chain is weak, it can really bog it down.

That's true. But in reality, who actually is making the film? It's a small group. The rest of the people are there to make sure nothing comes in and screws it up. They're like security — security on the level of "Let's make sure the electricity stays on," that sort of thing. Really, the interior of the movie is a fairly small group: the cameraman, the recordist and whoever's assisting him, the director, the actors, the lighting designer and so forth. Basically, it's still pictures in a camera, and it doesn't take a whole lot to do that. But Hollywood insists you use a lot of people because of the unionization and those kinds of considerations.

Hitchcock had so much control that he'd block out every camera shot way in advance, so shooting the movie became just photographing what he'd already seen.

You've got to do it that way! Hitchcock frequently didn't even look through the camera. *That's* nervy. But you have to have that, because if you don't have an exact idea of what you want, nobody'll know what the fuck they're supposed to do! You can waste your time making a movie and do every scene over and over again from a million different angles, or you can have a little discipline and have a shooting script with numbers for each shot. My approach is to have a shooting script and a story board and have every camera angle down in advance. That's what I see.

Have you ever thought of any of your recent songs in video terms?

Yeah, but I don't like to idle away time fantasizing like that. I like for someone to come up and say, "OK, we're going to do videos of the following tunes next week." *Then* it makes sense for me to go to work on it. Because an idea wears out fast for me. All that's part of the balance of doing work. Part of it is the thing of tricking myself into keeping an idea interesting if it doesn't have huge weight going for it. So although I have those kinds of ideas involuntarily, I don't think about them until it's time to do them. When it's time to do them the idea becomes valuable, and it's also fresh, which is as important to me as anything. And when they're not fresh, man, fuck 'em, I don't want to do them anymore, and nothing's worse than doing work you don't want to do.

For me, life's problems have worked themselves to that level. It's not a question of "Do I have stuff to do?" or "Am I doing what I want to do?" Yeah, I have stuff to do, yeah I'm doing what I want to do. The whole thing is, are the ideas fresh? Am I still excited by the ideas? And that's largely a matter of tricking yourself into not looking at ideas too soon.

I have some video ideas. Do *you?* [Laughs]

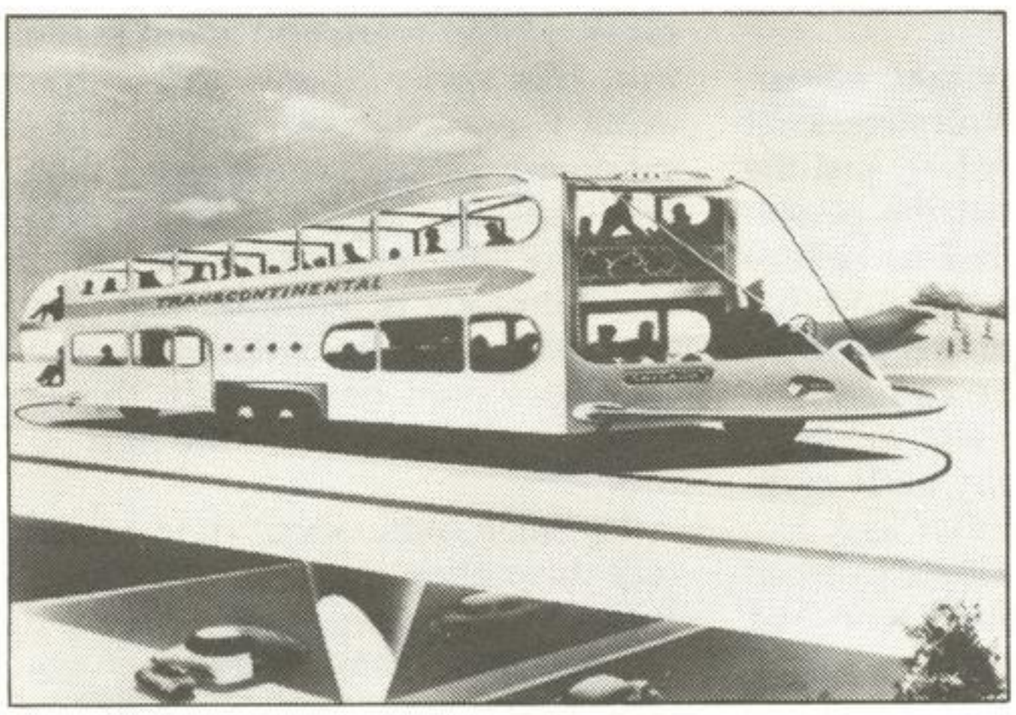
We've probably spent more time thinking about it than you have. For instance, we've always envisioned "Tennessee Jed" as a sort of R. Crumb cartoon. [Jerry laughs] The danger with Dead songs—any songs, really—is being too literal with the lyrics.

You always have to look out for that. The idea that's real obvious, that comes to you right away, is usually the one you get tired of fastest.

You can always tell when you see an artist on MTV who isn't comfortable with video. Dylan, for example, looks like he's trying so hard not to "show anything."

He doesn't have anything "to show." He's not thinking along those lines. He doesn't want to do something that's fucked up. And I can understand that *totally.* □

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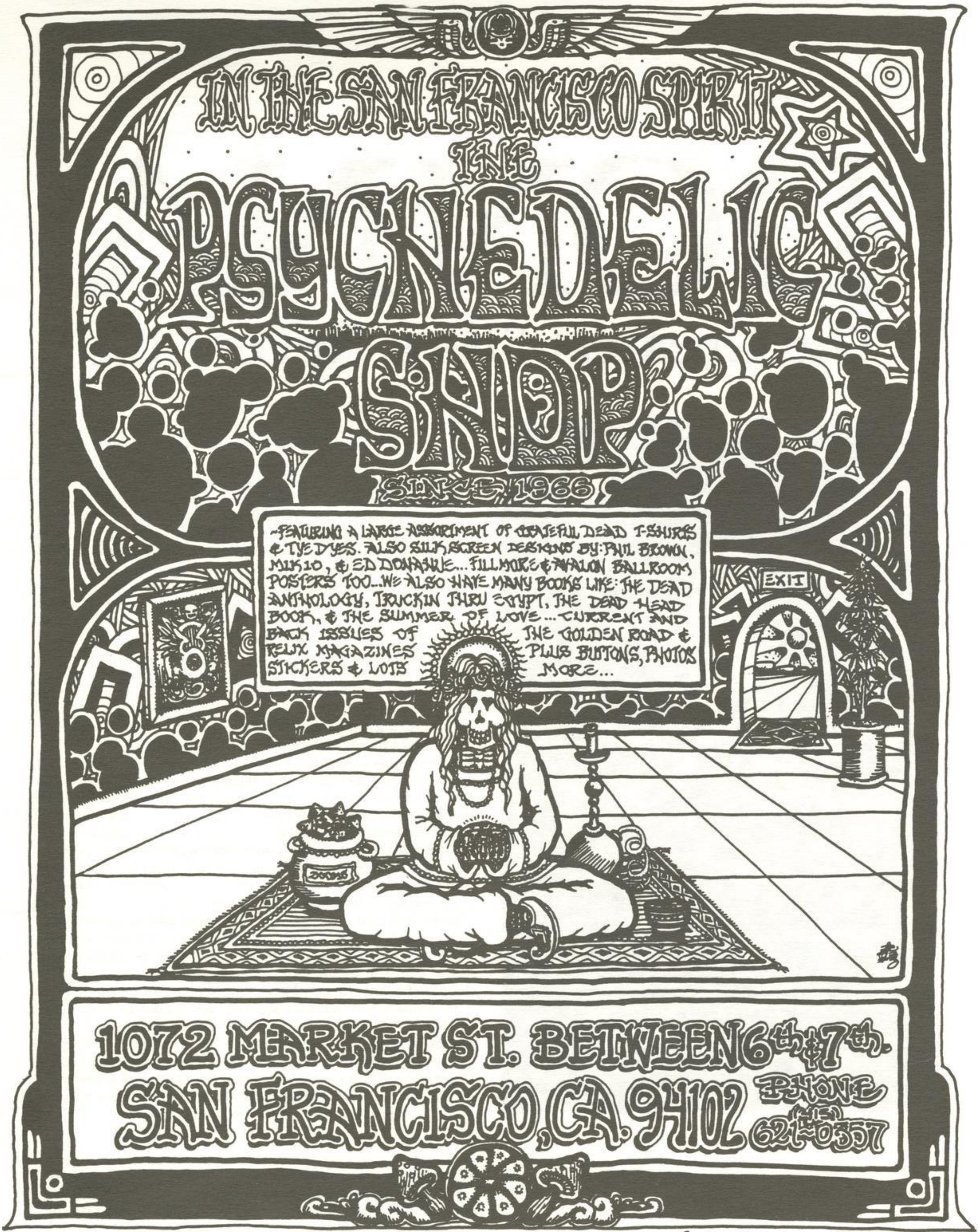
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DONNA

The Greatest Story Never Told



At home in Petaluma, 1985. Photo: BJ

The long hair that once cascaded in a waterfall of brown down past her waist has been largely shorn now, and the name is different, too. Now it's Donna *MacKay,* and the trappings of what was once a hippie-ish rock and roll life have been replaced by what appears to be a very comfortable middle-class existence in a modern housing development in Petaluma, California (about an hour north of San Francisco). She hasn't sung rock and roll for quite a while now, preferring to sing the praises of the Lord in a trio called Zoe, which includes her husband, bassist David MacKay. Her afternoons no longer consist of sitting in some anonymous hotel room drinking and taking drugs, waiting to go onstage; no, there's her 2-year-old, Kinsman, to care for, and Zion, her 11-year-old by Keith Godchaux, finally gets the attention Donna wishes she could have given him during his infancy.

Donna MacKay is happy, happier than she's ever been, living a "normal" life out of the limelight after a long career in music — first as a background vocalist in Muscle Shoals, Alabama, where she grew up, and then with the Grateful Dead for nearly a decade. But she has no regrets. An intensely devoted Christian—her husband is even a pastor — her world is very different from the strange universe that the Dead and Deadheads inhabit. She looks back on her years with the Dead with some fondness, though certainly there was also much pain along the way. When she was at her best in the Dead, she was an electrifying presence who easily commanded center stage in a band of musical giants. Sometimes, though, her vocals seemed shrill, even off-key, and she detracted from the band's power. She's well aware of the problems she had in the group and is not defensive about it in the slightest. What many Deadheads don't realize is that before she moved to California in 1970, married Keith Godchaux and went on to join the band, Donna *Thatcher* had been a successful session singer, backing up the likes of Aretha Franklin, Joe Tex, Boz Scaggs, Elvis Presley and scores of others.

Her odyssey from high school cheerleader to singer in the Dead to serene Christian mother-of-two has never really been adequately chronicled before. In early March I drove up to Petaluma and talked with Donna for several hours about the ups and downs of her career. She is still a strikingly attractive woman, with a warm smile and a real sparkle in her eyes. She shows traces of an Alabama drawl, though 15 years in California has taken much of the edge away. For many younger Deadheads, Donna Godchaux is just a voice on the tape; they really don't know much else about her. For them, and for the rest of us who *thought* we knew her (but didn't), here is her story.

Were either of your parents musical?

My dad and his sister played guitar and sang on a couple of radio stations in Texas, but I don't know of anyone in my family who was a professional musician. But I always knew I wanted to sing, and one of my mother's friends' cousins was running a recording studio in Muscle Shoals called Fame Recording, so when I was 12, mother took me down

to get his autograph. His name was Rick Hall, and he went on to produce a lot of hit records for people like Bobbie Gentry, Otis Redding, Aretha Franklin and others. That was my first exposure to a recording studio.

Basically, I grew up in a situation where a new sound was originating. In the early '60s, the whole Muscle Shoals scene was just beginning to get big. My first recording session was with Ray Stevens, right after he had a big hit with "Ahab the Arab." Felton Jarvis was producing, and one day one of the background singers couldn't make the session. I was 15, a cheerleader at Sheffield High and the whole bit. I remember I'd had cheerleader practice so I ran down to the studio in my little uniform, and that was the beginning. I still have the cancelled check for $67.50.

Were you on call at the studio or something?

No, but I'd been down at the studio a lot by that point and I'd made little demos there. That's where I liked to hang out, which was considered a little weird. I guess I was a bit of a rebel in Muscle Shoals.

What kind of music did you like when you were growing up—country?

No, rhythm and blues. People like Otis Redding, Solomon Burke, Sam Cooke, Joe Tex. Amazingly, I ended up recording backgrounds with all of those except for Otis, because Muscle Shoals became such a popular place to record R&B. It had really started with Percy Sledge, who was an intern at the local hospital. He had a little band on the side, and my best friend, who sang with me in a vocal group called Southern Comfort, had a husband who produced Percy's first big hit, "When a Man Loves a Woman." Us girls were the background singers for his first records. I still remember the day it hit Number One on the charts. Percy was in the hospital with a kidney problem, and one of the other girls and I took him the copy of *Billboard* to show him.

Was there any sort of stigma attached to being a young white girl into R&B in the deep South?

Oh yeah. Absolutely. After Percy's record, we were on other black records. The black artists who would hear us didn't know we weren't black. Most of them, when they got down to the studio, would see four white girls aged 18 to 23, and they'd flat out lose it! [Laughs] There were a few who refused to use us when they found out we were white, but most of them were excited that there were white girls who sang like them.

It must have been very exciting to be in on the ground floor of the whole Muscle Shoals scene. So many of those artists were just beginning to take off in the early and mid-'60s.

It was incredible. People like Otis Redding already were starting to become popular, but I remember seeing Aretha Franklin's name on the calendar of people coming into the studio, and we all wondered who this "*Ar*itha" person was! [Laughs] Plus all the studio players were all so good. It was the same crowd as today—Barry Beckett, Roger Hawkins, Johnny Sandlin, David Hood, Jimmy Johnson. I grew up with them. They all played the local hops.

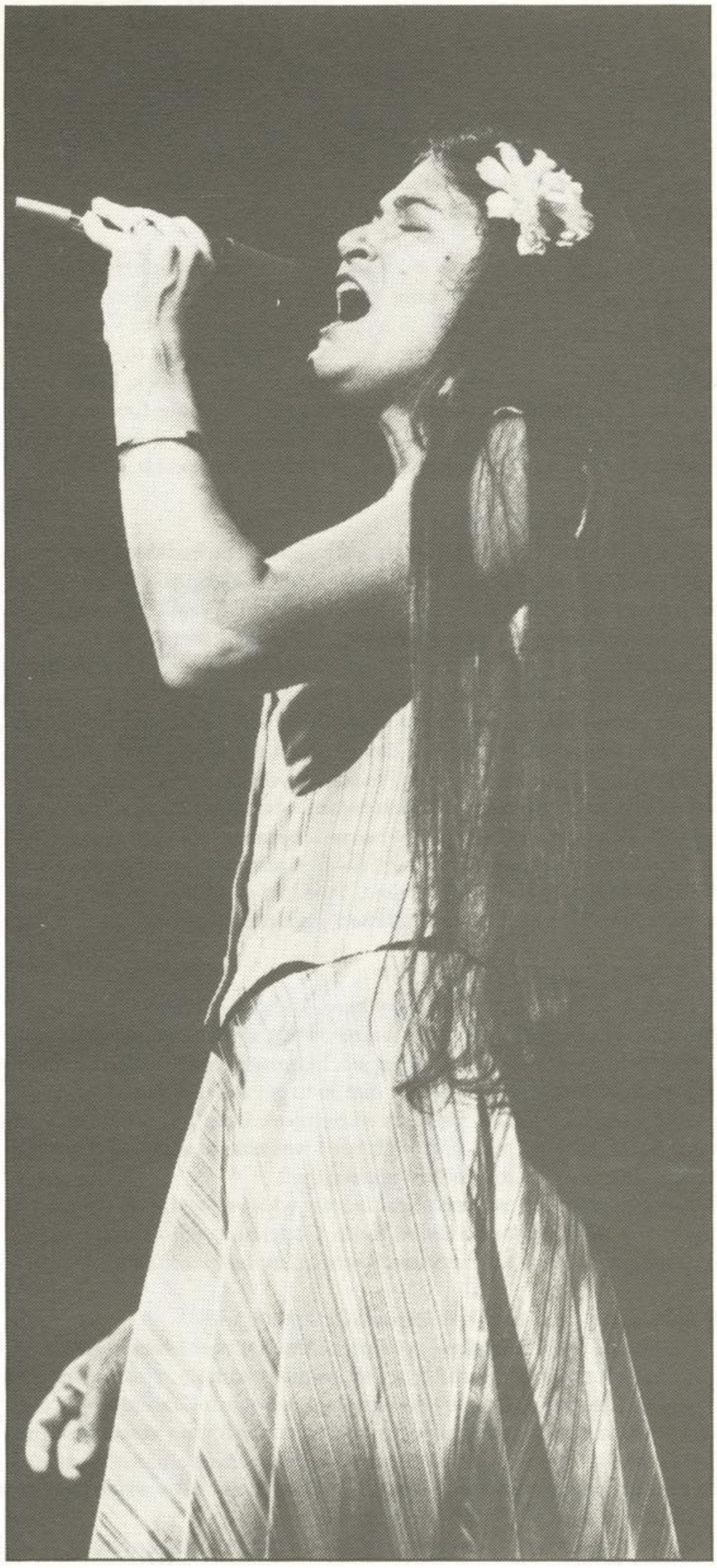
When you were singing in your teens, did you have any aspirations of being a soloist someday, or were you happy singing back-ups with all those great singers?

That's a good question. I was content to a certain extent in that I was learning a lot. But you're around people who are successful when you work in the studios. You're around people you adore or look up to and read about. And after a while you begin to cop their attitude, for better and worse. So I'd be lying if I said I didn't want to be a star.

After "When a Man Loves a Woman" became a big hit, that's when the work really started to come for our group. It was really exciting.

How did you juggle studio work with being in high school?

Not very well. [Laughs] I was head cheerleader, and people would walk around the corner where I couldn't see them and yell "STAR!!" and stuff like that. It was real hard because people were very jealous and didn't understand it all. Also, it was all so new, people didn't know what to make of it. Socially, I started dropping out, and I didn't care if I



Wailing in the band, 1977, and not a split-end in sight. Photo: Lisa Papa

was head cheerleader anymore. In fact, after me, they voted to have two head cheerleaders in case one of them flaked out. [Laughs] If we had a game on Friday night and I was scheduled to go into the studio the next day, I'd mouth my cheers so I wouldn't lose my voice. I was definitely going through a lot of trauma for a 16-year-old.

It seems as though in the very late '60s there was a change in the sort of artists who went to Muscle Shoals, with black music somewhat giving way to white rock and rollers like Boz Scaggs and others.

It did change a little, but there was still a lot of great black music being made there. I remember when I saw the name "Boz Scaggs" on the calendar, I wondered, "Who *is* that turkey with the weird name?" That same era I met Duane Allman, who worked with Wilson Pickett and some other people there. I remember going to the studio and seeing Duane, lying next to the bathroom door, on the floor, playing his

guitar. I thought it was very weird. I had never seen the California attitude — sort of laid back, and the long hair. He totally blew me away. I couldn't really relate to his music until I moved out here, but I knew that he was really, really good. The whole hippie, trippy thing he represented was completely foreign to me. I was really innocent. I had never even seen anyone smoke pot.

Were there sessions in the late '60s that were particularly memorable?

Well, my greatest dream came true. Elvis was recording in Memphis, and he heard a song called "Suspicious Minds" that our vocal group had done the demo of. He loved it, and he brought us in to sing on that and "In the Ghetto," which were part of his big comeback. It was a real big thrill. I remember being 13 years old and watching *Love Me Tender* when it first came out in the movies. If I'd known I'd meet him and make records with him some day, I couldn't have stood it. [Laughs]

It must have been intimidating.

It was. Elvis would be in the control room and he had them cue up our vocal parts one at a time—that was really intimidating. But he loved us, and that was so flattering. He was always really, really nice as far as I could tell. Working with him is one of my fondest memories.

A funny thing is that later, when Keith and I were in Jerry's band, Elvis' drummer, Ron Tutt, was in the band too. I recall that we were all working on a record one night — maybe it was *Cats Under the Stars* — and Ron had to leave the next day to go on the road with Elvis. And I said to him, "I don't know why I'm asking you this—because I've never asked you to say anything to Elvis before—but would you tell him I said hello?" The next day I was in the hospital because I had to have an operation. I woke up from surgery and the first telephone call I got was from Tutt, telling me that Elvis had died. Tutt told me, "Elvis says hello and he hopes to see you again sometime." That really tore me up.

Why did you come out to California?

I'd just always wanted to come here. The only thing that kept me in Muscle Shoals, Alabama, was the recording scene, but after a while it got to be like just working another job, like anything does. So I decided I was willing to give up music if I had to to get out of there. A couple of months before I left, a friend of mine moved out here and got a job working at Union Oil, so through her I was able to get a job there too, processing credit cards and things like that.

A friend of mine named Carol Burns, who worked in the same department, had a friend named Keith Godchaux, who I met one day when a group of us took acid and went up in the mountains.

It sounds as though California corrupted you pretty fast!

[Laughs] It did. I smoked pot during the last year I was in Alabama, but I hadn't taken acid until that day on the mountain. Toward the end of the day, someone suggested we all go down to a Grateful Dead concert at Winterland—they all were really anxious for me to see the Dead. But I was the type who always needed to get a certain amount of sleep to be able to function at work, so I said, "I don't want to go when I have to work the next day." But they made me.

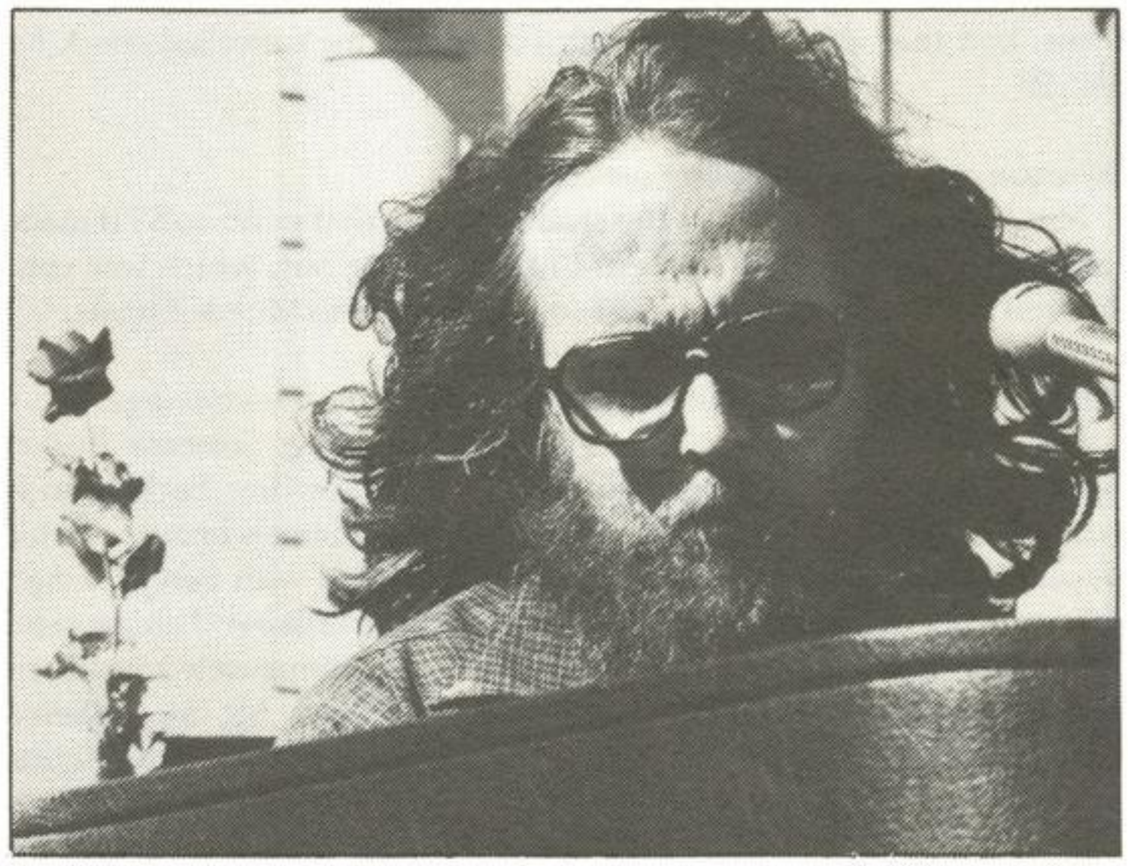
So they all took acid or mushrooms and I didn't take anything at all, so I'd be OK the next day. We were in the very back of the balcony of Winterland. The New Riders came on and I went, "Hmm—this is interesting." Then Quicksilver came on and I went, "HMMM!" Then the Jefferson Airplane came on and I said, "HMMMM!!" Then the Grateful Dead came on and I said, "What *is this?!* [Laughs] Whatever it is, this is where I'm at!" This is on no drugs in the balcony at Winterland. Well, as it turned out, I couldn't sleep that night anyway because I was so excited. I kept thinking, "What did they do? How did they do that?" They weave a spell. There's this whole mystical energy that happens when you see the Grateful Dead and you're ready to receive it. I was ready to receive it and I *got* it.

So every opportunity . . . every rumor that we heard that they might be playing, there we were.

I had no idea you were a Deadhead.

It was very short term, but very intense. As the weeks went on, we'd all go see the Dead together, or at the very least get together and listen to Dead records.

By this time I'd fallen in love with Keith, but I'd literally never spoken to him. We'd be places together in a group but we'd never actually talk to each other. I had said hi, but that was it. I didn't know it, but he was going through the same thing with me. Then one night my friend Carol invited me to spend the night at her house in Walnut Creek and ride with her in her carpool. We got to Carol's house and she called up Keith, who lived near her, and invited him over. So the four of us — Carol's old man Pete was there too — sat around and listened to the Grateful Dead. Keith and I still didn't talk to each other.



Keith Godchaux, mid-'70s. Photo: Bruce Polonsky

At the end of the night, Carol and Pete went to bed and Keith went to put on his coat to leave. I was standing on the other side of the room looking at him. Then, instead of leaving we started walking toward each other — it was just like you'd see on TV [Laughs] — and then we hugged. He said, "I love you!" I said, "I love you, too." And we sat down on the couch and decided when we were going to get married. It was really heavy. It was so heavy I wouldn't talk to the guy until I knew I wanted to marry him! I didn't even know that he played the piano, and he didn't know I sang, so it had nothing to do with music. I didn't really care about singing that much at that point. It was more like, "If I can't be in the Grateful Dead, why play music at all?" [Laughs]

The next Friday I went out to Walnut Creek to hear Keith play, and it completely blew me away. I couldn't believe that I was in love with this guy and he could play like that. He was a jazz player who was just starting to play rock and roll, and he was just incredible. At the break, we sat down and I told him that I sang. It was funny, because like every song that came on the jukebox during the break was something I'd sung on. And I remember Keith turned around to no one in particular after hearing a few of these records and saying, "She's a hauling ass singer!"

Pretty soon after that we got married and we lived in Walnut Creek. Keith would practice his rock and roll piano at home, and I was basically supporting the two of us. One day I came home from work and we went over to Pete's and he said, "Let's listen to some Grateful Dead." And Keith said, "I don't want to listen to it. I want to play it." And it was like, "YEAHHH! That's it!" We were just so high and in love! We said to Pete and Carol, "Hey, guys, we're going to play with the Grateful Dead," and we really believed it. We had no doubt.

We went home, looked in the paper and saw that Garcia's band was playing at the Keystone [Berkeley], so we went down, of course. At the break Garcia walked by going backstage, so I grabbed him and said, "Jerry, my husband and I have something very important to talk about." And he said, "Sure."

That couldn't happen today . . .

Are you kidding?! Definitely not. [Laughs] I was totally ignorant about that sort of thing; I didn't realize that *everyone* does that to him.

So Garcia told us to come backstage, but we were both too scared, so we didn't. A few minutes later, Garcia came up and sat next to Keith,

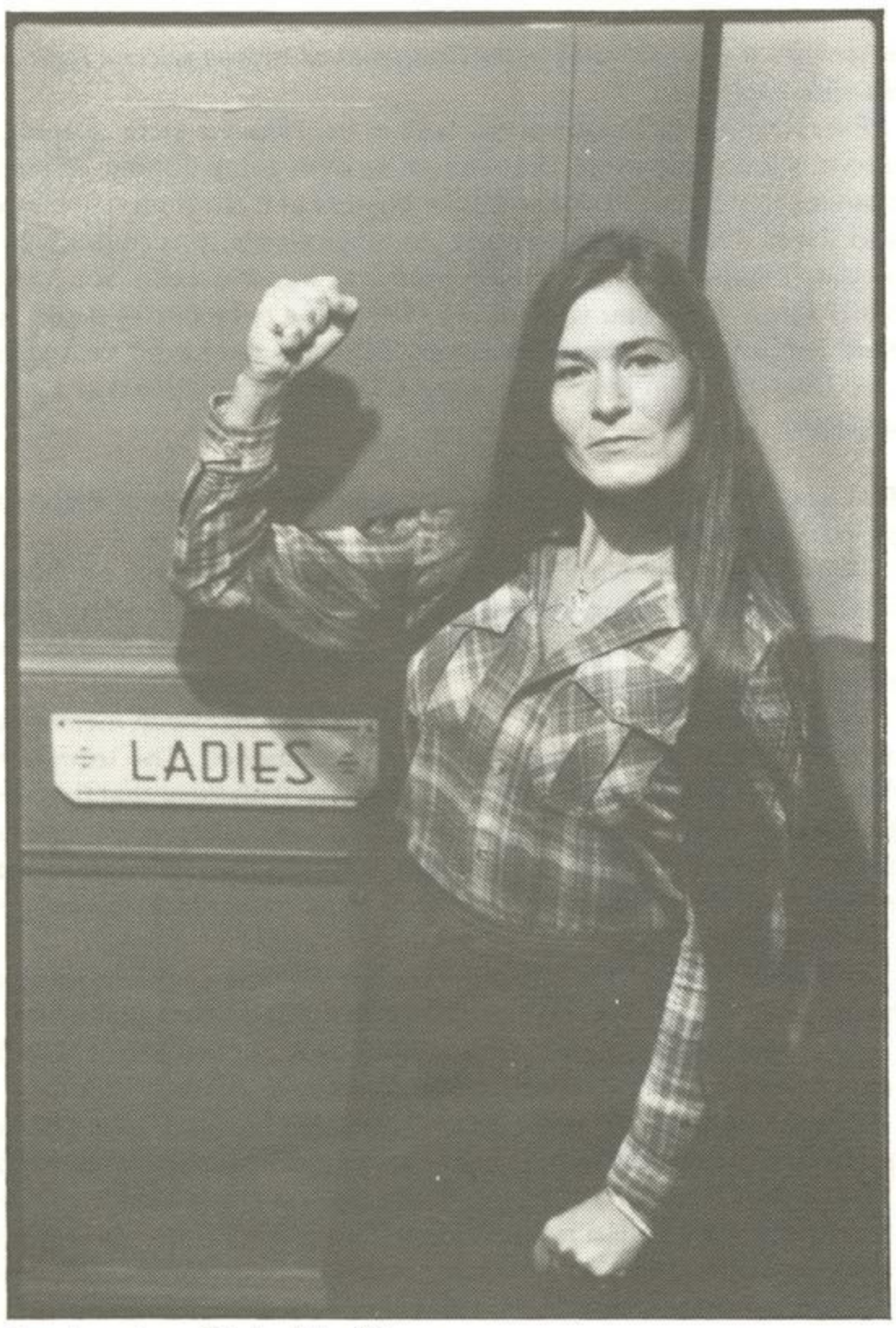
and I said, "Honey, I think Garcia's hinting that he wants to talk to you. He's sitting right next to you." [Laughs] He looked over at Jerry and looked back at me and he dropped his head on the table and said, "You're going to have to talk to my wife. I can't talk to you right now." He was just too shy. He was very strong, but he couldn't handle that sort of thing. So I said to Jerry, "Well, Keith's your piano player, so I want your home telephone number so I can call you up and come to the next Grateful Dead practice." And he believed me! He gave me his number.

The coming Sunday the Dead were having a rehearsal and Jerry told us to come on down, so we did. But the band had forgotten to tell Jerry that the rehearsal had been called off, so Jerry was down there by himself. So Keith and Jerry played, and we played him some tapes of songs that I had written and was singing on. Then Jerry called Kreutzmann and got him to come down, and the three of them played some. Then the next day the Dead practiced, and by the end of that day Keith was on the payroll.

Where did you fit in to all this?

Well, they asked me to sing right away, but somewhere in my ignorant wisdom I said I wanted Keith to do it first, so he did two tours and I stayed home. I really wanted him to get to do it first. So Keith and I went into it as green and innocent as we could be. I'd never sung before an audience before, really, and Keith had only done very small gigs. We had no idea what joining a band of the magnitude of the Grateful Dead would mean. And the Dead is more than just a regular band, too. It's this whole . . . extended reality. It's not just a band, but a way of life. We were young and in love and just having the time of our lives, and we were really still in our own world at the beginning.

When Keith and I first got together, we wrote some music that we wanted to be meaningful and spiritual. We wanted to write music to the Lord, because it didn't seem like there was much out there that was spiritual. But when we heard the Grateful Dead we tied that in because it seemed to have such spiritual ties. It had a quality that was magical, ethereal and spiritual, and that's part of what was so attractive about it.



Tough on tour. Photo: Peter Simon

The first time most of us heard you was on Ace *[released in early 1972], Weir's solo album. Did you already know before you made that record that you'd be in the band?*

Yes, it was pretty much just a question of when I decided it was time for me to do it.

The Grateful Dead has always seemed very male-oriented in some way to me. It's a very masculine scene, particularly with the roadies and all. Did being married to Keith make it easier to deal with that?

It *is* a masculine scene, but people were wonderful to me. Everybody always treated me like a queen. There was a lot of respect, a lot of love between us all. I never had any problem along those lines at all.

It must have been strange to tour when you basically had not been a live performer up until then.

It was strange, and I was kind of bashful about it. At that point I was in love and married and I wasn't particularly interested in looking nice or drawing attention to myself or having men look at me or anything. I didn't care about that. That was kind of a hang-up I had, in a way. Before I met Keith, when I was still in Alabama, I was the opposite—very flamboyant and loud. But by the time I'd joined the Dead I'd become more subdued. I was into the music, and into the scene, but as far as relating to the audience and relating to the band and myself as performers, I wasn't that into it.

Do you remember your first show?

My first show was at the Academy of Music in New York City [3-22-72], for a Hell's Angels party. The first song I sang with them was "How Sweet It Is," which they quit singing right after that. It was so much fun, and it turned out it wasn't intimidating at all.

I remember at some of those early shows you'd come out onstage and there would be this huge roar from the crowd . . .

It was the long hair. [Laughs] Nobody had hair down to their thighs that didn't have one split end! [Laughs]

Who determined the vocal arrangements?

It would depend on whose song it was and whether that person had any specific ideas about it. If they didn't, whoever had an idea would pitch in. There was no set thing. It was pretty democratic, actually. People were always open to the best idea.

Was it difficult being a very good technical singer in a group of people with quirky voices? I don't think of Weir or Garcia as having great voices, though certainly Jerry is an excellent singer and interpreter.

Garcia's a really good singer, especially since he doesn't have a voice at all. He's nasally, his voice is thin. But he has this great sense of phrasing and he sings emotionally.

On a couple of occasions I read interviews with the band after I'd left and someone would ask, "Why isn't Donna singing with the band anymore?" and either Phil or Bobby would say something like, "Well, she sang off-key." And you know, I *would* be off-key pretty often. We used to go into a room after a concert and listen to tapes, and I would be singing flat. I'd say, "*What?* How is that possible?" Because I knew I could sing. I'd had Elvis Presley listening down my throat and had worked with great singers for years, but I *was* singing off-key.

The thing was, I don't have a real strong natural voice. Where you hear me singing strongly, it's because I'm pushing and it's not my natural voice. Onstage, I had to push my voice at all times because the sound onstage was so loud. So I couldn't really use my natural voice, and it would produce unnatural effects—screaming, off-key. I tried to compensate every way I could think of for the fact that I was singing with the loudest band on earth.

Or certainly the busiest . . .

The most *musical* band. Everybody's doing their own trip as hard as they can! [Laughs]



On the road with Zion, 1974. Photo: Peter Simon

When you listen to a tape back and you're noticeably off-key, what do you do about it? What do you think of yourself as a singer? You're not a background singer in Memphis, Muscle Shoals, Nashville and New York for seven years because you sing off-key, so what's going on here? It was horrible for me.

Was it something that you then became conscious of when you were onstage singing?

It took every bit of intuition, every bit of ability and concentration just to know what they were going to do next musically—when they were going into a new tune, how quickly. You had to know them individually and collectively and know their music to know when they were going to put it all together and go into a new song. So there was already so much to think about all the time. It's like all of my consciousness was needed all the time just to keep it together out there, plus I was moving to every beat. If I moved one of my hips wrong it could throw one of the drummers off, or something. It was really important that we all try to be conscious of the music on every level at all times. It's very subtle music, and it relies on the smooth interaction of everyone for it to really work, which meant we all had to be sensitive about what the others were doing. But if Bob's guitar was too loud, I couldn't hear myself, so I'd tend to shout above him, which is unnatural for me.

On the records, I never sang off-key, because that was my scene—that's where I'd come from. I had control of my audio environment to where I could hear everything.

From the audience's standpoint, we would see you come out for, say, "Playing in the Band," you'd sing it, do your little wailing section, and then we might not see you again for 20 or 30 minutes. What would you do during that period?

I was listening to every microscopic beat to determine where the music was going. And it wasn't easy.

When you had your first real solo passage on a Dead record, on those two verses of "The Music Never Stopped," a lot of people assumed you had a heavy gospel background, since it had that flavor.

When I tried to sing in my Baptist church when I was young I'd get out in front with a sextet and just totally crack up. I would laugh so hard that I had to quit. [Laughs] So I never really got much of a chance to sing in church.

Did that solo passage come from your wanting to finally step out and sing a solo?

Not really, no. As I recall, originally Bobby and I were going to sing it as a duet on that part, and then I think he suggested I sing it alone.

Did you ever get dosed onstage?

I dosed myself a couple of times. I remember when we played the Olympia Theatre in Paris, I took a lot of acid and found myself at one point during the concert lying under Keith's piano, and I was just digging on the Grateful Dead. Then I had a revelation: "Hey, I sing in this band! How am I going to get up and sing?!" [Laughs]

Also, let me tell you this for all those people who saw the Grateful Dead Movie. The reason that Keith and I don't have a little interview segment in there like everyone else is that our interview took place on the last night of the Winterland shows [Oct. '74, before the "retirement"] and we were absolutely flying on acid. I was not in this world. I was out in the zone! The camera crew came with us back home to Stinson Beach and they were all loaded on acid, too. So none of the interview really turned out. All I remember was there was a lot of staring at the table. [Laughs] I went into the film editing room later and saw some of it and just said, "Oh *no!*" Nobody could relate to it, because we weren't on the planet. Later, they wanted to shoot some new stuff but we weren't into it. Keith was a very low-profile kind of guy. That wasn't his scene, and I wasn't into it either.

What kind of effect did being in the Grateful Dead have on you and Keith as a married couple?

Everything was so intense for both of us. Here we were catapulted into this immense world, and both of us were going through so many changes just trying to deal with the bigness of it all. It was awesome, and there was so much pressure. In other words, you couldn't be a mediocre musician and just blow your way into the scene. You had to really know what you were doing all the time to be one of them. For Keith, appearing in front of thousands of people and having your piano amplified a million times more than you'd ever imagined was a lot of pressure.

Plus you had the disadvantage of jumping into the middle of a work-in-progress, so to speak.

Right. It was the old thing of you're either "on the bus" or "off the bus," and it was going to keep going forward no matter what. There was never really an opportunity to "learn the part"—you had to *know* the part when you jumped in.

To digress for one second, I've seen it written that Keith memorized all the Grateful Dead's songs before he auditioned. The truth is he didn't know any of them. When he rehearsed with them that first time he had never played one of their songs. *Never*. He'd listened to them but never sat down and tried to play them, learn the chord changes. Bobby will tell you they tried every way they could to trip him up, but they couldn't do it.

The other part of the pressure we felt was the standard thing of having to suddenly spend your life in airports and hotels all the time.

What happened was that we started to take out our personal problems in dealing with all this pressure on each other. We were in love—we were newlyweds—and it became really hard on us. By the time we got to be making enough money to afford the drug of our choice, we *did* the drugs of our choice, and that made matters worse, and it was like everything we'd gotten married for and loved each other for was getting ripped off. There's no blame. It's just what happened. In a way, though, we did pretty well: ten years later we were still in love and still married.



A bright moment in a dark time. Photo: Snooky Flowers

I have to say, I got egotistical and selfish for a while there. There's a word the kids use in school today: "radical." Well, I was radical. I'm not saying that Keith was an angel—he wasn't—but I really acted badly quite a lot. There was one night we had Grateful Dead practice [1977], and it was during a time we were trying to stay separate from each other a little. And he just wouldn't leave me alone this night and let us be separated, so I took my new BMW and backed up and rammed into his new BMW; I backed up and rammed into it again, and then I did it *again*. I hit his car as hard as I could three times and completely totalled his car. Then I took mine and totalled it into a pole and took a taxi home.

Along the same lines, if the hotel we were staying at didn't get my silk blouses back in time so I could wear the one I wanted onstage, I would simply demolish the hotel room.

I don't think anyone would suspect that of you . . .

[Laughs] Ask Jerry. Ask Phil. I remember one time I did a spectacular job on a hotel room in Detroit, and Phil and Billy and the road manager came up because they'd heard it was the worst they'd ever seen. [Laughs] I was notorious for it.

Was there a certain point where the whole thing—being in the Grateful Dead—became more negative than positive?

Yeah, sure. It creeps in. Again, it's not the Grateful Dead. It's what success does to your self-image, what it does to the human spirit. It's destructive, and some people can handle it and some people can't. The point is, you're out there so long before people who adore you and start to believe their image of you—or, you realize you can't live up to that image, so you're in a very strange position. And, of course, I'm not even Jerry. I mean everywhere we'd go—especially on the East Coast, it was "Jerrr-y!! Jerrr-y!!" And I know the effect it had on him. For instance, I saw in your magazine that someone wrote in and said they have a "JERRY SAVES" bumpersticker. That would make him sick. The Dead fans put them up a lot higher than they want to be. They're just a band. They don't claim to be any more than that. They don't *want* to be any more than that.

Why didn't you just bow out?

Well, we did. But in a thing that intense, the inertia behind it is so strong that it's very difficult. I remember that two tours [fall 1978] before we finally left, Keith's and my personal life was so horrible, and in the band as a whole the feeling was that "the music stinks. Every concert stinks." It just got progressively worse. Things got to a point where on every conceivable level things were so bad that I went to the road manager and said, "I've gotta go home." And I did. I left and missed the last couple of dates. Then Keith and I did one more tour, discussing all along the way how we could get out of it. It was horrible, because we weren't quitters.

A question I've got to ask: I've seen it reported in some places that you quit, in others that you were fired. Which was it?

It was both, really. What happened was, after I left that tour then Keith and I decided we wanted to get out and start our own group or do something else—*anything* else. So we played that benefit concert at the Oakland Coliseum [2-17-79], and then a few days later there was a meeting at our house and it was brought up whether we should stay in the band anymore. So we discussed it, as a band, and we mutually decided we'd leave. I'll tell you, I instantly felt like about a billion pounds had been lifted off me.

After that, we went to Alabama and stayed out at a place on the lake in Muscle Shoals for six months and water skiied every day. It was the first time Zion, Keith and I had really been together as a family since Zion was born in 1974. Keith got healthy from being an absolute wreck, and then we came back here and joined The Ghosts, who were already in existence. They had already made a record and they asked us to be on it, which we did, and then they asked us to go up to Oregon and play a couple of concerts, so we did, just as a lark. That wasn't our idea of what the "Keith & Donna band" was going to be, but it was a lot of fun. There was nothing heavy about it, no trips.

As we played more we got more of an idea of the kind of music we eventually wanted to do, and as the personnel in The Ghosts started to change, we brought in new people, grouped around Greg Anton, Keith and me, and it did become more our band. That's when the Heart of Gold Band began. We brought Steve Kimock in, who is just an amazing guitar player. And we had a couple of different bass players. And that's right when Keith died. [Keith was in an automobile accident in Marin County July 21, 1980 and died two days later.]

I handled Keith's death by throwing myself into that band. I didn't really face up to the fact that he was dead for about three months, and then I totally lost it for about a week and totally crumbled. For about three months I didn't eat any food. I drank beer for breakfast, wine for lunch and Stolichnaya vodka for dinner. And I was smoking a lot of pot, of course.

Then one day I was sitting in my room. I wasn't drunk or stoned for the first time in I don't know how long and . . . well . . . the spirit of God came in my room. I had been in all kinds of spiritual energies through the years, but this was really different. I knew it was the Lord and he let me know that I'd be serving Him from then on. It wasn't like I was having "an experience" or was seeing "a vision." It was reality, so I said "All right, I'm ready." And it wasn't like it was some vague "I-am-everything" kind of god. It was Jesus Christ. It was real specific.

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Donna with sons Zion (L) and Kinsman. Photo: BJ

And he's led me every step of the way. I prayed that he would send some Christians into my life, some real ones, because I didn't know any. Three days later my piano player called me up and said, "There's this guy from L.A. who's a bass player, and he's going to audition tonight. I thought I ought to call you to let you know before you come down that he's a born-again Christian." Now, my band had no idea that my life had changed this way; I hadn't told them. I thought, "WOW!!!"

So I went down and it was David MacKay, who's now my husband. He was a great bass player and I liked him right away. After one gig at the Sleeping Lady [a small club in the Marin County town of Fairfax] he tole me he was going to church, and I said, "What? You're going to church?" I thought it was strange. I didn't connect what had happened to me with church in any way up to that point, but it sounded interesting, so I went. And I walked in and encountered the Holy Spirit again. It was wonderful. I wept and wept and all this bottled-up junk that had been inside of me came flowing out. I really became a different person. I had been in so many intellectually hip scenes over the years that if I went into a place and someone said [mockingly], "Oh Jesus loves you!" I would have said, "Who are you kidding?" But the pastor at this church, who had been a heavy Hindu for years before he became a Christian, was an intelligent man who had gone the spiritual gamut. He presented things about Christianity I'd never thought of before, so things really started to connect, not only in my mind, but in my spirit.

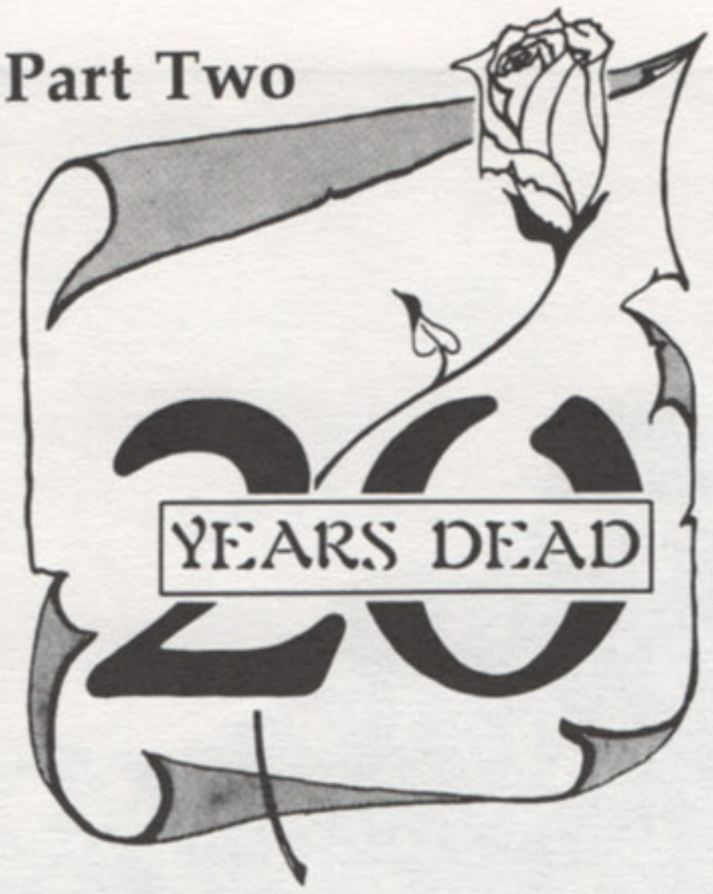
How did your experience change your music? The first two tracks on the Heart of Gold band album, both post-Keith, definitely have heavily religious overtones.

Immediately I started changing my whole direction and attitude. I knew I couldn't sing a certain kind of song. When I started singing this new music I realized that this was the kind of music I'd wanted to sing all along, which is actually praise and worship unto God. It was the direction that Keith and I were trying to get a hold of before we joined the Grateful Dead. I don't like all Christian music just because it has Christian lyrics. If it's not born of the spirit of God, it doesn't do much for me. What I want to be doing in music now is proclaiming what God is doing today.

This is the most incredible thing that's ever happened to me. I'm the most excited now than I've ever been about anything. I was never this excited about rock and roll. Or this committed. And the thing is it's not "Good today, not so good tomorrow, mediocre the next day." Your God is the same every day, and you're going to still have your ups and downs, but they won't be as extreme because you know who your God is and who you're serving. This is what I was looking for all along in my spiritual quest. □

(If you'd like to correspond with Donna write to her c/o Zoe, 100 Iolanthus Ave., Novato, CA 94947.)

Part Two



Tall Tales

Plus a Gallery of Photos 1970–75

All photos © 1985 by the photographers

Sherman, set the Way-Back machine for the year 1970. Once again, we offer a selection of anecdotes and strange stories from friends of the Dead. This isn't intended to be a history of the group, just glimpses from a Time Machine.

Road Warriors

John Dawson, *alias Marmaduke, leader of the New Riders from their inception to the present day; and* **David Nelson,** *former NRPS guitarist, now in a country band called Thunder Road.*

Nelson: Originally, Sam Cutler [the Dead's road manager for a brief period in the late '60s and early '70s, following his stint as the Stones' tour manager] was telling us that he was setting up this big tour of Europe. It was going to be the Dead, the New Riders, the Jefferson Airplane, any good San Francisco bands he could get, and we were all going to go over on a big ocean liner. It would be a big party boat. There were all these meetings, like a big one at Jerry's house in Larkspur where we all talked about getting our passport photos taken and all. There were all sorts of changes, though, and it ended up being all these bands going across Canada on a train. [Dubbed "The Festival Express," the 1970 trip featured the Dead, NRPS, Janis Joplin, The Band and others, and is immortalized in the song "Might As Well."] We were disappointed that we didn't get to go to Europe then, but the train was just fabulous. It couldn't have been any better.

Dawson: Traveling with the Dead was always pretty wild, of course, and in the first couple of years of the Riders we were with 'em a lot. The train ride across Canada was just like one long crazy party. I remember the times on the train a lot more than I remember the shows. It was just crazy. I remember that the only time I ever saw Garcia smashed on tequila was on that trip. It was a rare occasion indeed. We all got completely smashed on Cuervo Gold, and then he and Janis Joplin and me and Rick Danko [of The Band] and a couple of other people broke out our guitars and sang "No More Cane on This Brazos" [a venerable Texas country blues tune/work song] until 3 or 4 in the morning as this train sped across Canada. Danko kept making up verse after verse. He just couldn't be stopped. Garcia and I were falling all over the place laughing. You wouldn't have believed it unless you'd seen it.

Nelson: There were two band cars with equipment set up so you could play, and of course everyone would go down there and jam. Everybody had his own room with a window and a little bed that folded down. Traveling through Canada and then pulling into these little stops that seemed like they were in the middle of nowhere with the band playing, it really seemed like a circus. All the townspeople would come around and see what was going on; they'd look at the band playing through the windows and be totally amazed.

On the way to Saskatoon [in the center of Saskatchawan province in Central Canada], we made a stop and we were running out of liquor, so we sent maybe half a dozen taxi cabs out to liquor stores and they each came back just loaded to the gills with stuff. I think someone counted 400 bottles of booze. I remember at one point I had two quarts of tequila, one in each hand, because there was plenty more to go around. Buddy Cage [the New Riders' pedal steel player then] latched onto one of those giant bottles of Grand Marnier—the kind that comes on a tilt stand. I was out of it. Left to my own devices, I just took my two bottles, went into my compartment and played my mandolin until I couldn't see anymore.

Skullbleep!

Spencer Dryden, *former drummer with the Airplane and New Riders, now in The Dinosaurs.*

The Dead always had a very big scene. Everything was always done in large groups, and it always seemed that whoever was around at any time could be involved in the decision making. We were pretty democratic in the Airplane, but the Dead really took it to extremes. Roadies, girlfriends, *everyone* got involved.

I was one of the people at the famous meeting in Hollywood when the Dead met with the heads of Warner Bros. to tell them that they wanted to call their new album *Skullfuck*. There must have been about 35 or 40 people from the Dead, or who were just part of the scene, in this conference room in a big hotel [the Continental Hyatt House on Sunset, nicknamed the "Riot House" by rock bands that trashed it over the years]. People were sitting around this giant table, and then there were a whole bunch of people on the floor, standing against the wall, just everywhere. This was very typical of Dead meetings. They looked unwieldy, and they *were*, I guess, but things would get done. I saw meetings where things got real emotional, like when somebody got let go or something, and there would be tears and everything—very heavy. But this one was funny because everyone sounded very rational. It was like almost everyone in the room took a turn in trying to explain to these straight guys from Warners why it made *perfect sense* for the



record to be called *Skullfuck*. People had these *long* explanations, explaining the word on all sorts of different levels, totally serious. And the Warners guys were very polite. They listened to what everyone said and then tried to explain why they just couldn't call it *Skullfuck*, 'cause how were they going to sell the records in Korvettes and places like that? Somebody would say, "Well, we don't want to be in those kind of stores," and the Warners guys would just kind of smile.

Anyway, this went on for hours, it seemed, and the thing was, I knew going in that there was *no way* they were going to let them put it out as *Skullfuck*. You might be able to do that now, but we're talking about 1971! It just wasn't going to happen. I think a lot of people in the room believed it would happen, though, because, like I said, everyone had their reasons, and they all sounded like good ones. But that's the Grateful Dead. They were never exactly in tune with the real world. Of course, that's one reason they're great, too.

American Invasion

Dawson: When everyone went to Europe in '72 we really didn't spend that much time together. We went to Europe independently. They'd been in England for a couple of days when we were still touring on the East Coast. Then we jumped on a plane and went to London, where we caught a bus that took us up to the Bickershaw Festival, where we played with them. It was really rainy and horrible—typical English weather—and the *New Musical Express* called it "Bicker*swim*."

Nelson: There was a report right before we got there that some English guy had been electrocuted somewhere near there when he touched a wet microphone, so we were totally scared. Even though there was a canopy over the stage, the wind was blowing really hard and the rain was all over us. I don't know how people in the audience stood it. But we'd look out and see people sitting in the mud under little pieces of plastic.

Dawson: From there, we went our separate ways around Europe and then hooked up with them again at the Lyceum in London. That was kind of funny because both of us had new records out in that part of the world [the first

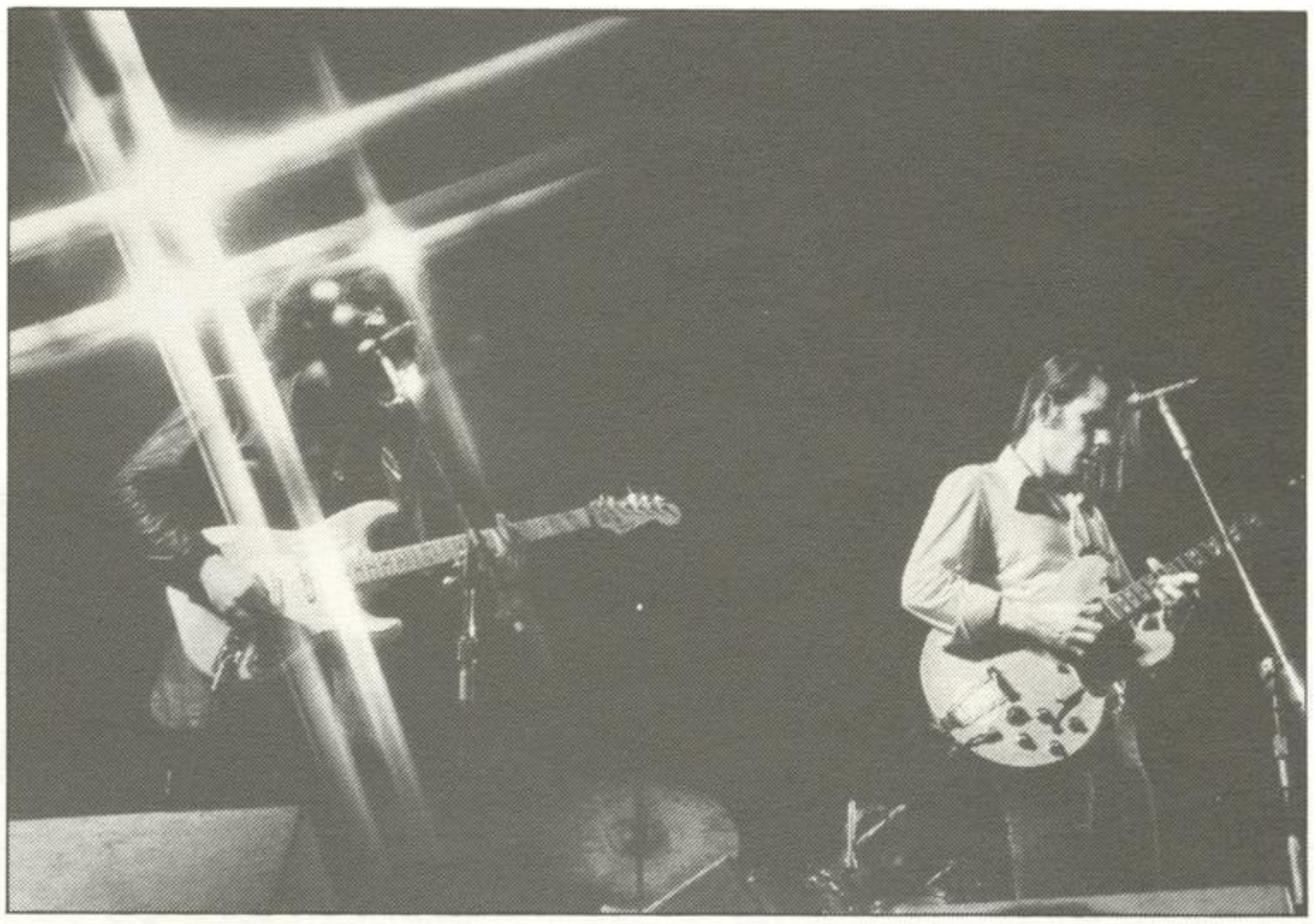




The Dead and the Starship played for 25,000 people in Golden Gate Park's Lindley Meadow Sept. 28, 1975 — their fourth concert during their "retirement" year. Photo: Jim Marshall

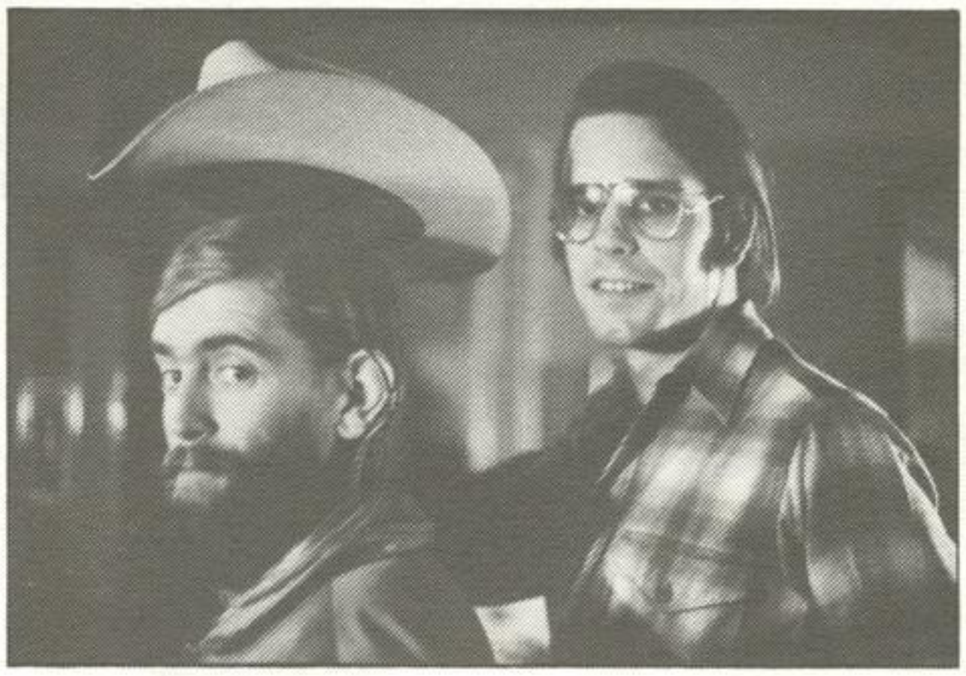


Backstage, closing of the Fillmore West, July '72. Photo: Jim Marshall



Denmark, 1972. Photo: Mary Ann Mayer

At right: Marmaduke and Weir, fall '71. Photo: Mary Ann Mayer



New Riders album and "Skull & Roses"] and we were on different record labels: they were on Warners and we were on CBS. Anyway, both labels went all out to compete with each other to give out freebies to this crowd. The CBS people had made up a bunch of New Riders logos into spinners—you put two little holes in the cardboard, put a string through it, and then spin it. The Warners people had all this Dead promo stuff, too, and they were just showering the crowd with all this junk that they were throwing down from these private boxes. Each company had one on a different side of the theater. It was a wild scene.

The crowd was good, too, which wasn't always the case over there. They really varied for us, and I know the Dead found that to be true, too. Sometimes you'd play at universities and people would be real quiet—they couldn't let go. I remember we played a college in Southampton and it took a whole Volkswagen full of crazed hippies who'd driven all the way from *Spain* to get the place shakin'. They were from New York, of course, and what New York people do in an audience is run to the very front of the place jumping up and down and screaming. The English kids didn't know what to make of it. Eventually, though, some of them got the idea that it was OK to get a little looser, maybe have a good time.

The most fun thing I remember from being in England with the Dead was this big softball game we had at Tom Saulter's country house in Kent, about 20 miles south of London. He promoted a lot of the gigs around there and he had bought this giant place called St. John's Jerusalem. It was this ancient chapel that the Crusaders would stop at on their way to Canterbury before they'd go off to the Middle East to fight. They'd pray there. There was a mansion surrounding the chapel, and then there were these great lawns and fields. That's where the big game was, which was mainly the equipment guys and just a few band members. Like I think Weir played for the Dead.

Nelson: Mountain Girl was out there saying all this baseball stuff—"C'mon, pitcher, hum it in there! No stick no stick! Ducks in a pond!" She really had the terminology down.

Dawson: But the best part was when Garcia, Weir and I took our guitars and jammed in this amazing 10th century chapel. It was really, really great sounding. It was kind of eerie, especially thinking about all the people who'd been through there over the centuries. The Crusaders—and then us!

J. Edgar Hoover Saves!

Steve Brown *was one of the principal movers and shakers of Grateful Dead Records in the early and mid-'70s, offering many areas of expertise—production, distribution, merchandising and promotion. He worked on everything from handling the business end of record production to promoting the Dead's records on the road. He's been involved with*



The band nails Pigpen, fall '71. Photo: Mary Ann Mayer



Mickey with GD Records prez Ron Rakow, 1975. Photo: Jim Marshall



Mighty Bobby at the bat, St. John's Jerusalem, England, '72. Photo: Mary Ann Mayer

documentary film work for a number of years and is currently at work on two projects: one on Deadheads, and another called Song of Vietnam, *based on some of the 160-odd songs written by soldiers in Vietnam during the war.*

The first production we did with the new label was *Wake of the Flood,* which was a real family production all the way, like most of the previous records. Bob Matthews and Betty Cantor and the usual array of production people were involved, although we did it at the Record Plant in Sausalito. For the artwork, we got Rick Griffin to do the cover and he came up with that nice image, which was real different for him and different for the Dead. We went out of our way to come up with the best materials we could find and tried to get virgin vinyl, which was the best material available for the actual pressing. So we put all this time and effort into making the whole thing as good as we could make it and then—BANG!—about a week after it came out, bootlegs started to show up. Goddamn bootlegs!

If you really knew the record you could tell the difference. The color tones were a little different, and the sticker on the back, instead of having rounded corners, had square corners. And, of course, the bootleggers didn't use virgin vinyl, so a lot of those copies didn't sound that good. But they really did go to great lengths to duplicate it, and the casual record buyer didn't know the difference.

We didn't really have any idea of how to deal with it, so we did what most regular companies would do. We called in the FBI! I'm sure when the FBI called up the Grateful Dead file up at headquarters they must've been saying, "What??! These guys want help from *us?!*" Well, the FBI found out that it was the mob working out of New Jersey and so a cease-and-desist order was put out, and that pressure—the pressure that the FBI was actually on the case—seemed to stop it. But we have no idea how many counterfeits got out there or were sold. For years they turned up in used record stores all over the country, so I imagine a lot of them were sold.

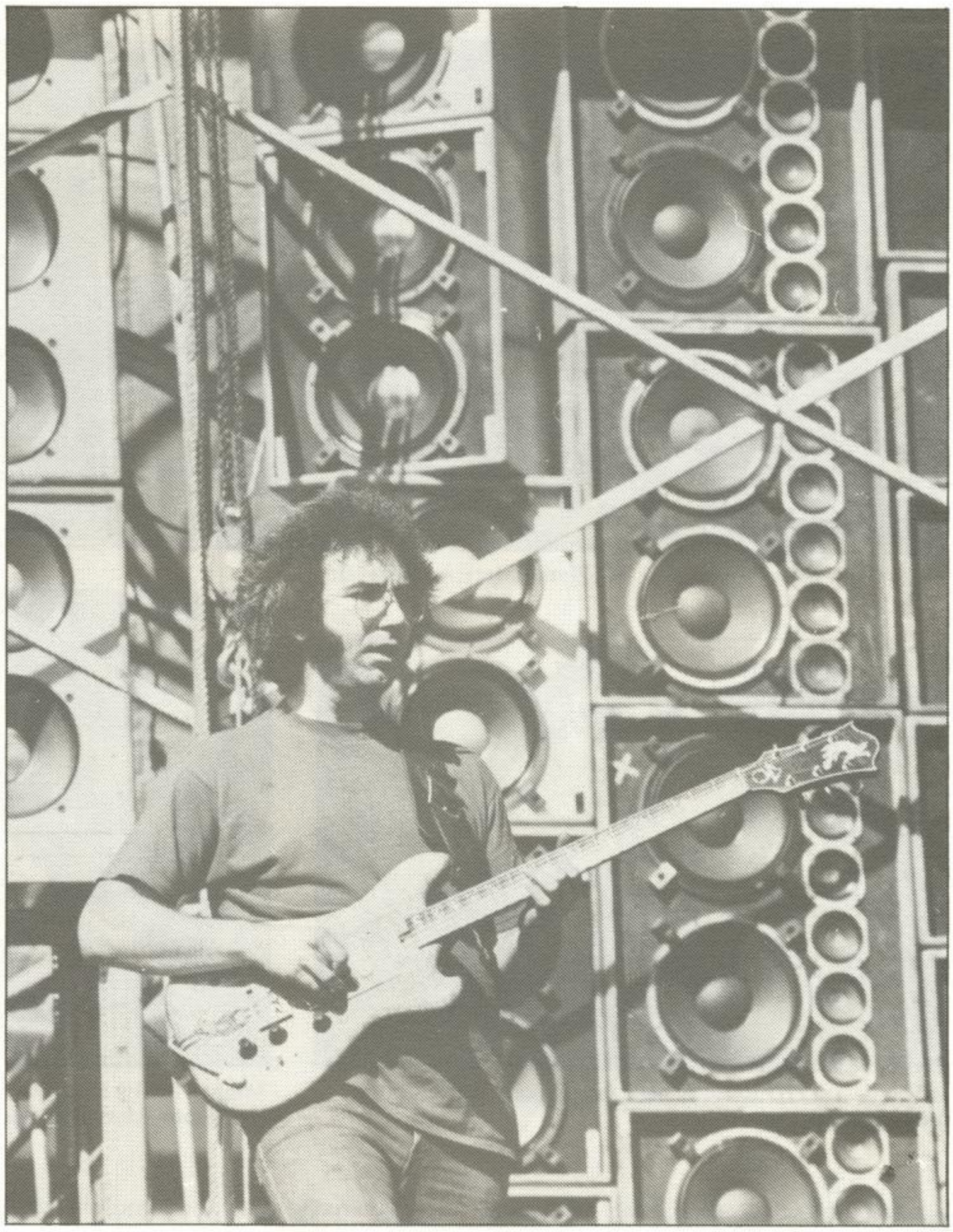
The shock to us was that no sooner had we gone independent than we became highly vulnerable, and we didn't have the sort of protections that big record companies have—armies of lawyers who you just don't fuck with. We were, unfortunately, little and very fuck-withable. But the FBI came to the rescue, and we never had any subsequent problems. Having the FBI working for us helped, but also I think the bootleggers probably realized that we had a pretty limited market and that they weren't going to be reaping the rewards of an *Abbey Road* with *Wake of the Flood.*

Fake Out!

Steve Brown

When the Dead went to Europe in 1974, we rented a Mercedes, and Phil, Healy, Ned Lagin and I were driving from Switzerland into France when we came upon the border checkpoint. Now, because we liked to have some fun on the road, we had some of the herb with us, and as we reached the border we

realized that we had this big, juicy bagful of Hawaii's best with us. We knew we'd have to at least do some cursory thing like go check in at the station before going through, but in fact, they saw our looks and the long hair or whatever and they weren't going to just send us through. They were ready to take apart the whole car! So the whole thing became probably the greatest sleight of hand trick I've ever been involved with. Somehow that one or two ounces of weed managed to pass through four people—underneath seats, underneath the trunk compartment, in and out of pockets! They'd take us in one at a time and do a search, and somehow we kept managing to pass it back and forth around and around and they never managed to catch us. They were sure we had something somewhere. I took movies of them searching the car and us all standing around nervously. It's great stuff. Then, later on up the road, we opened the trunk and displayed our prize for the camera. We outwitted 'em.



Jerry and the Wall of Sound, June '74. Photo: Bob Marks

Insect Fear

Steve Brown, *again.*

When Phil Garris, who was from San Diego, came up with the artwork for what became *Blues For Allah,* he originally had the skeleton figure pretty much the way you see it on the album, except that it had green sunglasses. And what having those glasses be green did was make the entire figure look very insectoid. When I showed it to the band initially up at Weir's studio where they were working on the album, they rejected it for exactly that reason: it looked too insectoid and weird. So I took the original artwork home, because I was responsible for it, and I didn't want anything to happen to it, and I hung it in my bedroom, right at the foot of my bed. For a couple of days I just stared at the thing, until I got the idea that if Phil changed the color of the glasses to match the robe on the figure, it might be a little easier to take and seem a little warmer. So Garris actually made a red overlay, and after a few weeks of not being able to come up with anything better, I decided to show it to the band again, and this time they loved it! It turns out, too, that Garris won a national illustrator's award for that piece.



"Bozo" Weir, Frankie and Parish "On the Bus," spring '72.
Photo: Mary Ann Mayer



At right: Pig and Bob in Munich, spring '72. Photo: Mary Ann Mayer. Below: (L-R) Ram Rod, Pigpen and road manager Sam Cutler, July '72. Photo: Jim Marshall



Farewell to Pigpen

Of all the tumultuous events that happened in the Dead's world between 1970 and 1975 —from their first commercial successes to the mammoth concert at Watkins Glen (still the largest rock concert in history) to the so-called "retirement" in the fall of 1974—nothing had more of an impact than the death of Pigpen. Though not entirely unexpected, his demise on March 8, 1973 signaled the death of a vital part of the Dead's original spirit. It pushed Weir more into the forefront and necessarily changed the structure of the Dead's shows. What follows are the lyrics for a song Pigpen wrote and recorded very shortly before his death. On the song, a slow, open-ended blues with heavy gospel overtones, Pigpen accompanies himself on piano.

Look over yonder, tell me what do you see?
10,000 people looking after me
I may be famous, or I may be no one
But in the end all the races I've run
Don't make my race run in vain
Seem like there's no tomorrow
Seem like all my yesterdays were filled with pain
There's nothing but darkness tomorrow
If you gonna do like you say you do
If you gonna change your mind and walk away
It don't seem to matter much anymore
Don't even ask me the time of day
'Cause I don't know

Don't make me live in this pain no longer
You know I'm gettin' weaker, not stronger
My poor heart can't stand much more
So why don't you just start talkin'
If you're gonna walk out that door, start walkin'
I'll get by somehow
Maybe not tomorrow, but somehow
I know someday I will find someone
Who can ease my pain, like you once done
Yes I know, we had a good thing going
Seem like a long time
Seem like a long time
Like a long time
Like a long time

"If I could have one wish in the world, it would be that Pigpen was still with us. I think it's safe to say we *all* miss Pigpen."
— *Phil Lesh*

SET LISTS: OAKLAND THROUGH NASSAU

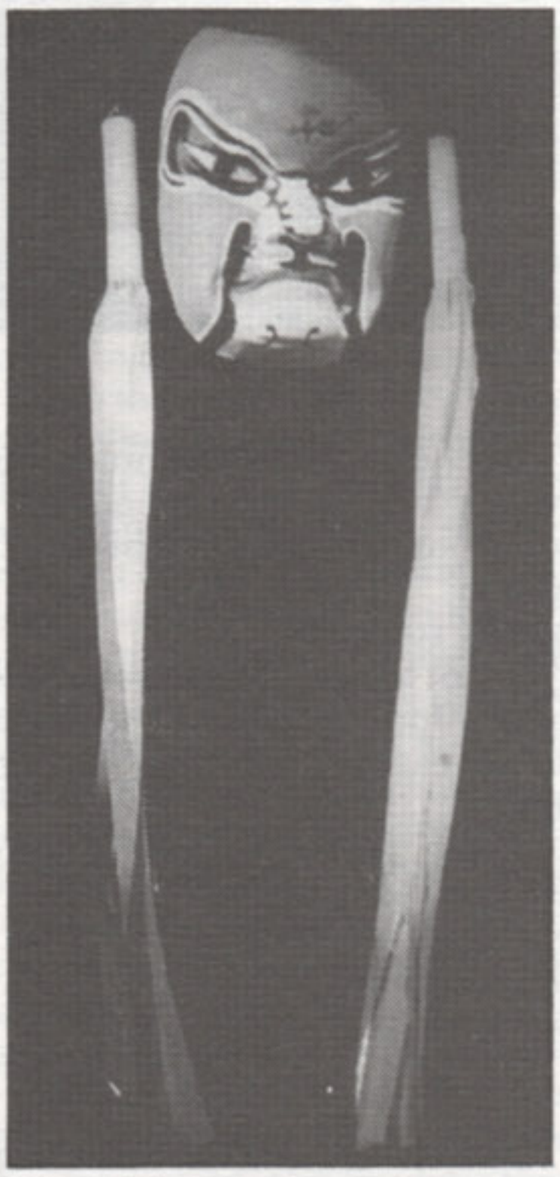
How fortunate those of us in the Bay Area are. From late October through mid-March we had 15 Dead shows: nine in the 3500-seat Berkeley Community Theatre; three at the San Francisco Civic; and three at the Henry J. Kaiser Convention Center, formerly the Oakland Auditorium. The Auditorium has long been one of my favorite venues to see the Dead, and now that it's been spruced up it's an even better place — much warmer than the San Francisco Civic (not to mention a few thousand seats smaller), more like what Winterland was like before it really fell apart. Indeed, some of the old Winterland spirit was in evidence when the Dead played their first shows of the year at the Kaiser Center to celebrate the Chinese New Year.

It was obvious just from looking at the hall that these shows were going to be special. The arena and corridors were festooned with dozens of Chinese lanterns, streamers, kites and paper fans, all courtesy of Bill Graham's organization. There was a food concession that sold egg rolls, fried won-tons and other Chinese delicacies. Above the stage hung a giant circular painting of an ox (this being the Year of the Ox, according to the Chinese lunar calendar) branded with the skull & lightning bolt logo. Outside the hall, Dead T-shirt merchants had outdone themselves, offering a number of great Chinese-inspired designs.

When the band took the stage the first night, the crowd went wild, predictably. What people could not have predicted is that Garcia would come out onstage apparently about 10 pounds lighter and wearing—brace yourselves—a reddish-maroon T-shirt. All three nights he bopped around more than he had recently, and he even broke into grins from time to time. Of the three shows, the consensus seems to be that the third show was the hottest. The second set, though offering nothing particularly unexpected in terms of the song selection, was truly the Dead playing at their most energetic. Not only was the "Scarlet-Fire-Playin'" smokin', but the group finally pulled out a "Love Light" almost worthy of the good old days. Bobby will never be comfortable rapping on the song *a la* Pigpen, but the playing on this version was truly inspired. And though he flubbed the words to the second verse of "U.S. Blues," Garcia & Co. showed just how dynamic that song can be. If you don't believe me, check the tapes. The first night saw a couple of nice variations on the traditional Dead show structure, with "Goin' Down the Road" coming before the drums and Brent offering "Baby What You Want Me To Do" near the end of the show.

The second night was considerably more sloppy, though not without its high points. Particularly strong was the version of "Truckin'" that opened the second set. There had been some tension surrounding the shows as a result of Garcia's early January bust, and this song gave everyone the catharsis they needed when the band came to the "Busted, down on Bourbon Street . . ." line. Garcia smiled ever so slightly as the crowd roared during that chorus and then he backpedalled to his amp after "They just won't let you be . . . oh no," shaking his head and grinning. It was a great moment that lifted everyone's spirits.

As "Man Smart" rolled into the drum solo, the spotlight shifted over to a small



Giant Chinese masks were hung on either side of the stage

Chinese New Year's!



Photos by Ron Delany



A local tradition: the pre-show volleyball round robin. Note the Chinese decorations dangling from the rafters of the Kaiser Center

Gung Hay Fat Choy !!!



In the middle of "Man Smart Woman Smarter" Weir inserted, "Gung Hay now, Fat Choy now, iko-iko on-deh"



Chinese martial artists clash during Rhythm Devils



stage to one side of the main stage, and there, a number of kung fu fighters demonstrated their steps as a group of Chinese percussionists and Mickey and Billy set down a furious Asian dance beat. Some mentioned that the violence (though simulated) of the kung fu dancers seemed out of place at a Dead show, but certainly there were moments of grace in the moves they demonstrated during their segment. (Particularly thrilling was a duel between a warrior wielding two broad swords and one carrying a long wooden staff.) Next, a pair of dragons — the traditional parade favorites at San Francisco's annual Chinese New Year's celebration — entered from the rear of the hall, snaked through the crowd and then offered a menacing dance during the abbreviated "space." Alas, from that point the show disintegrated, ending abruptly with a fair "Throwing Stones" and the worst, most mistake-filled "Touch of Gray" I've ever heard. Perhaps the festivities in some way derailed the show's momentum.

The following night's show opened with a wonderful set of traditional Chinese music by the Chinese Orchestra of San Francisco and once again saw the dragons entering during the Rhythm Devils, this time to the booming of the big drums on the Beast. The effect was much more powerful this time, and the "space" took on the feeling of dance of death for the dragons, whose wild ballet eventually faded into total darkness on the side stage.

All in all, it was a fine series of shows in a venue I hope they play more often. Incidentally, for the second series in a row, Phil had a microphone at his disposal, but he never used it for this run. When the crowd chanted for him to sing before the final encore the last night, Bobby came to his defense telling the crowd that "Phil has taken a vow of silence." Even Jerry, normally silent, got into the act, chiding, "*Sing* Phil!" Alas, it was not to be.

Nor did he sing at the mid-March Rex Foundation benefits at the Berkeley Community Theatre. But aside from that fact and what some see as a disturbing trend toward shorter shows, the latest round of BCT shows had much going for them. The playing at three of the four shows was sizzling (March 12 was the exception, though that show boasted a great "Playin' in the Band" jam), and the energy level in the hall was very high every night. No new songs were introduced, but there was a pair of radical moves by the band: The first night of the run, the band opened the second set with "China Cat Sunflower" into "Cumberland Blues," the first time "China Cat"-"I Know You Rider" has been split since it was introduced in 1969; and in the final night's second set "Franklin's Tower" returned as an individual song apart from "Help on the Way" and "Slipknot" for the first time since late 1982.

Three of the four shows had special guest appearances. On March 9, Merl Saunders played synthesizer during the truly bizarre "space" jam, apparently inspired by his and the Dead's work on the *Twilight Zone* theme, and then he played electric piano and organ for the remainder of the second set, joining Brent for a double keyboard attack. Matthew Kelly of Kingfish came down to blow some blues harp the last two nights, and the March 13 concerts featured a beautiful segment during the Rhythm Devils with Egyptian master musician Hamza el Din playing tar with Mickey and singing a moving and very sonorous Egyptian song, with Joze Hernandes of the Brazilian troupe Batucaje adding percussion. It was a special evening indeed.

From the reports we've gotten and tapes we've heard, it sounds as though the band kept the momentum they built on the West Coast for their spring East Coast tour. Hampton is always one of the wildest places they play, and this year was no exception. We heard some complaints that the shows were horrendously oversold and that the security was excessively piggish (Mikel tells us that he saw someone busted for wearing an American flag cape—shades of the '60s! — and that he saw narcs dressed in tie-dyes and bandannas), but the band was up and rockin', and the shows were back to their normal length. The only song surprise came at the second show, when the second set opened with "Scarlet Begonias" into "Hell in a Bucket."

People are raving about the Springfield Civic shows. At under 10,000 seats, the facility is one of the smallest the Dead have played on the East Coast in recent years, and the crowds that the shows drew were considerably less drunk and rowdy than those at Hampton. Of note the first night were a blistering "Deal," a burning second set-opening combo of "Samson" and "Cumberland Blues" and the always great but still rare "Dear Mr. Fantasy." The second Springfield show featured the first "Help-Slip-Frank" (sorry for the jargon—can't help it) since the fall Berkeley shows, a long, very spacey "Bird Song" and a great "China Doll." (Wouldn't it be nice if "Franklin's Tower" kept popping up both alone and with its mates from *Blues for Allah?*)

As well played as the first few shows of the tour were, things didn't get truly wild until the band reached Nassau Coliseum, the New York area's original House of Busts & Bad Vibes. This time around the band conquered all by pulling out one surprise after another. The first night's first set had three special treats: the first version of "Mississippi Half-Step" since 1983, the second "Tons of Steel" ever and . . . drum roll please, maestro . . . the premiere of the group's version of Dylan's "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues," with Phil on lead vocals. As you might expect, this was greeted by absolute pandemonium, particularly since up until that song, Phil had been nearly silent this year, despite having his own mike. The second set, too, got off to a roaring start, with "Shakedown Street" segueing into "Uncle John's Band."

Things got even crazier the next night, as the Dead opened the show with what looks on paper like the middle of a second set: "Truckin'" into "Smokestack Lightning" into "High Time" (a song they refuse to play on the West Coast for some reason). The entire show *burned*, according to our eminently trustworthy witness on the scene, John Leopold; which just goes to show you — sometimes you can get shown the light in the strangest of places. And Nassau *is* a strange place. John theorizes that having the Nassau shows (and all the other East Coast shows except for Providence) be general admission dramatically cut down on the normal security hassles, so things were much freer during the shows, the crowds much looser. The band was so taken with the party-like atmosphere at the Coliseum that before the second set of the final Nassau show, Phil came to the microphone and said, "New York, we love you!" To which Bobby added, "I want a bumper sticker that says, 'Phil Loves New York.'" Weir must know that in an interview a few years ago, Phil jokingly said he wanted to machine gun a New York Dead crowd.

2-18-85, Henry J. Kaiser Convention Center, Oakland, CA
Iko-Iko, C.C. Rider, Dire Wolf, Cassidy, Ramble On Rose, Me & My Uncle ♦ Mexicali Blues, China Cat Sunflower ♦ I Know You Rider

Samson & Delilah, He's Gone ♦ scat jam ♦ Spoonful ♦ Eyes of the World ♦ Goin' Down the Road ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ China Doll ♦ Baby What You Want Me To Do ♦ Sugar Magnolia/Day Job

2-19-85 (Chinese New Year's Eve), Kaiser Center
Jack Straw, Dupree's Diamond Blues, New Minglewood Blues, Brown-Eyed Women, My Brother Esau, Bird Song, Hell in a Bucket, Might As Well

Truckin' ♦ Terrapin ♦ Man Smart Woman Smarter ♦ Chinese martial arts rhythm devils (Mickey & Billy plus some Chinese percussionists) ♦ space ♦ Throwin' Stones ♦ Touch of Gray/Johnny B. Goode

2-20-85, Kaiser Center
Cold Rain & Snow, Day Tripper, West L.A. Fadeaway, Mama Tried ♦ Big River, Tennessee Jed, Looks Like Rain ♦ Don't Ease Me In

Scarlet Begonias ♦ Fire on the Mountain ♦ Playin' in the Band ♦ jam ♦ rhythm devils ♦ "dragon space" ♦ The Wheel ♦ Black Peter ♦ Love Light/U.S. Blues



3-9-85, Berkeley Community Theatre
Bertha ♦ Saturday Night ♦ Sugaree, It's All Over Now, Row Jimmy, Let It Grow

China Cat Sunflower ♦ Cumberland Blues ♦ I Need A Miracle ♦ Eyes of the World ♦ jam ♦ rhythm devils ♦ Twilight Zone space (with Merl Saunders) ♦ The Other One ♦ The Wheel ♦ Sugar Magnolia/It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

3-10-85, Berkeley Community Theatre
Feel Like A Stranger, Fennario, C.C. Rider, Bird Song, Hell in a Bucket, Big Railroad Blues

Samson & Delilah ♦ Terrapin ♦ Truckin' ♦ Smokestack Lightning ♦ jam ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Stella Blue ♦ Goin' Down the Road ♦ Around & Around ♦ Johnny B. Goode/ Day Job

3-12-85, Berkeley Community Theatre
Iko-Iko, Little Red Rooster (with Matthew Kelly), Dupree's Diamond Blues, Me & My Uncle ♦ Big River, West L.A. Fadeaway, Looks Like Rain, Don't Ease Me In

Touch of Gray, Playin' in the Band ♦ jam ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ He's Gone ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Not Fade Away ♦ Love Light/ U.S. Blues

3-13-85, Berkeley Community Theatre
Jack Straw ♦ Althea, Mama Tried ♦ Mexicali Blues, Friend of the Devil, New Minglewood Blues, Deal (the last two with Matthew Kelly)

The Music Never Stopped ♦ Franklin's Tower ♦ Estimated Prophet ♦ jam ♦ Spoonful (with Matthew Kelly) ♦ rhythm devils (including Ollin Arageed by Hamza el Din) ♦ space ♦ Man Smart Woman Smarter ♦ Black Peter ♦ Good Lovin'/Brokedown Palace

3-21-85 Hampton Coliseum, Hampton, VA
Alabama Getaway ♦ Greatest Story Ever Told ♦ They Love Each Other, El Paso, Tennessee Jed, I Ain't Superstitious/Down in the Bottom, Dupree's Diamond Blues, Looks Like Rain, Might As Well

China Cat Sunflower ♦ I Know You Rider, Playin' in the Band ♦ jam ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Wheel ♦ The Other One ♦ Wharf Rat ♦ Around & Around ♦ Johnny B. Goode/ Day Job

3-22-85 Hampton Coliseum
Feel Like A Stranger, Cold Rain & Snow, C.C. Rider, Brown-Eyed Women, Cassidy, Big Railroad Blues, My Brother Esau, Don't Ease Me In

Scarlet Begonias ♦ Hell in a Bucket, Ship of Fools, Terrapin ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Spanish jam ♦ Truckin' ♦ Smokestack Lightning ♦ Black Peter ♦ Sugar Magnolia/It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

3-24-85 Civic Center, Springfield, MA
Bertha ♦ Promised Land, Althea, Me & My Uncle ♦ Mexicali Blues, Ramble on Rose, New Minglewood Blues, Deal

Samson & Delilah ♦ Cumberland Blues, Man Smart Woman Smarter, He's Gone ♦ Spoonful ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Dear Mr. Fantasy ♦ Throwing Stone ♦ Not Fade Away/ U.S. Blues

3-23-85 Springfield Civic
Jack Straw ♦ Sugaree ♦ Little Red Rooster, Bird Song, It's All Over Now, Must've Been the Roses ♦ Let It Grow

Help on the Way ♦ Slipknot ♦ Franklin's Tower ♦ Estimated Prophet ♦ Eyes of the World ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ I Need a Miracle ♦ jam ♦ China Doll ♦ Goin' Down the Road ♦ Good Lovin'/Day Job

3-27-85 Nassau Coliseum, Uniondale, NY
Mississippi Half-Step, Hell in a Bucket, West L.A. Fadeaway, Mama Tried ♦ Big River, Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues, Brown-Eyed Women, Tons of Steel, Might As Well

Shakedown Street ♦ Uncle John's Band ♦ Playin' in the Band ♦ jam ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Stella Blue ♦ Love Light/Touch of Gray

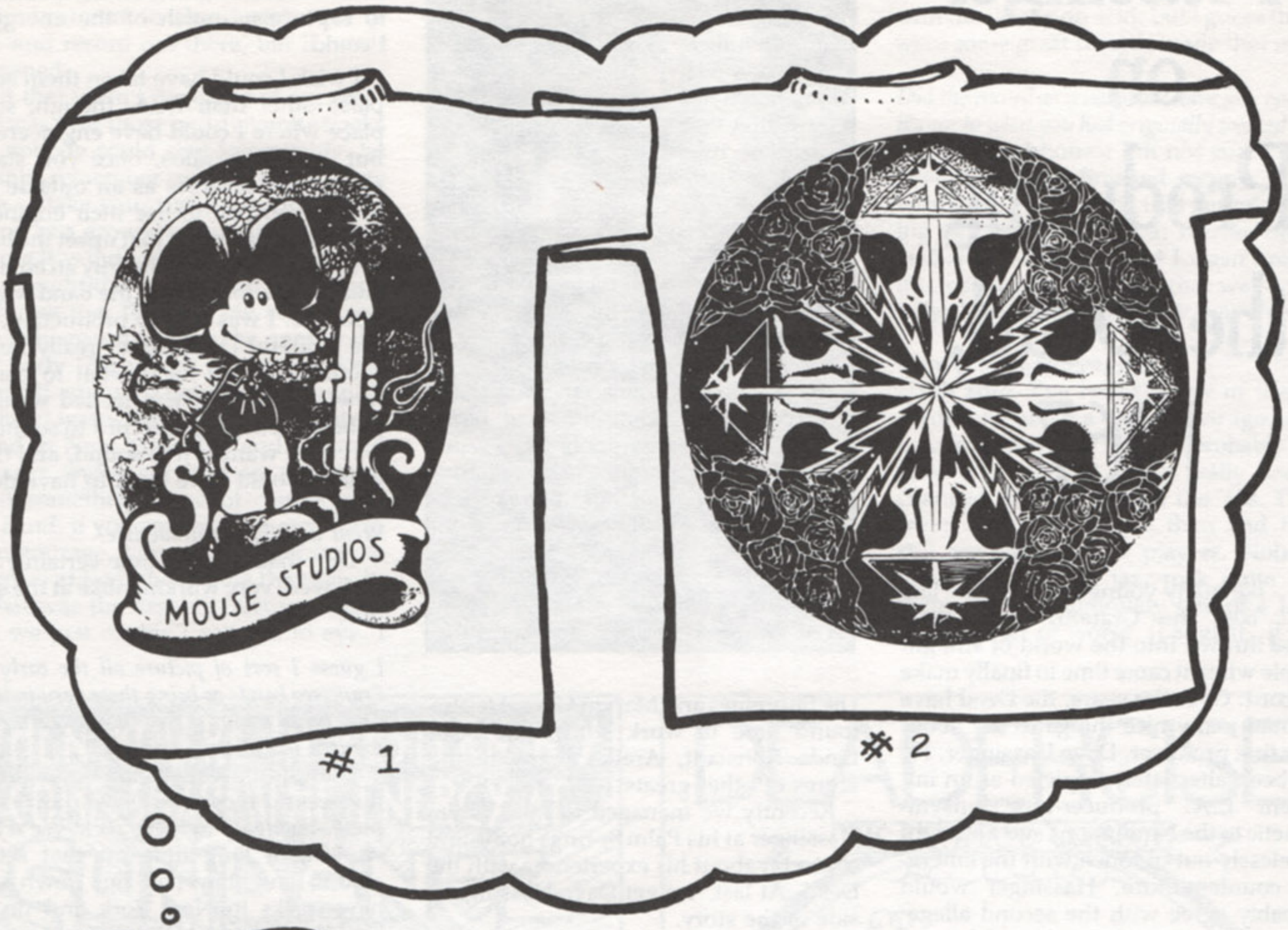
3-28-85 Nassau Coliseum
Truckin' ♦ Smokestack Lightning (with Matthew Kelly) ♦ High Time, El Paso, Fennario, Cassidy, China Cat Sunflower ♦ I Know You Rider

Scarlet Begonias ♦ Fire on the Mountain, Looks Like Rain, jam ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Gimme Some Lovin' ♦ The Other One ♦ Black Peter ♦ Sugar Magnolia/Day Job

3-29-85 Nassau Coliseum
Cold Rain & Snow, I Ain't Superstitious (with Matthew Kelly), Friend of the Devil, Supplication (instrumental, with no "Lazy Lightning") ♦ Brother Esau, Tennessee Jed, New Minglewood Blues, Don't Ease Me In

Terrapin ♦ jam ♦ Man Smart Woman Smarter ♦ Goin' Down the Road ♦ jam ♦ Baby What You Want Me To Do ♦ jam ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Wharf Rat ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Johnny B. Goode/Brokedown Palace

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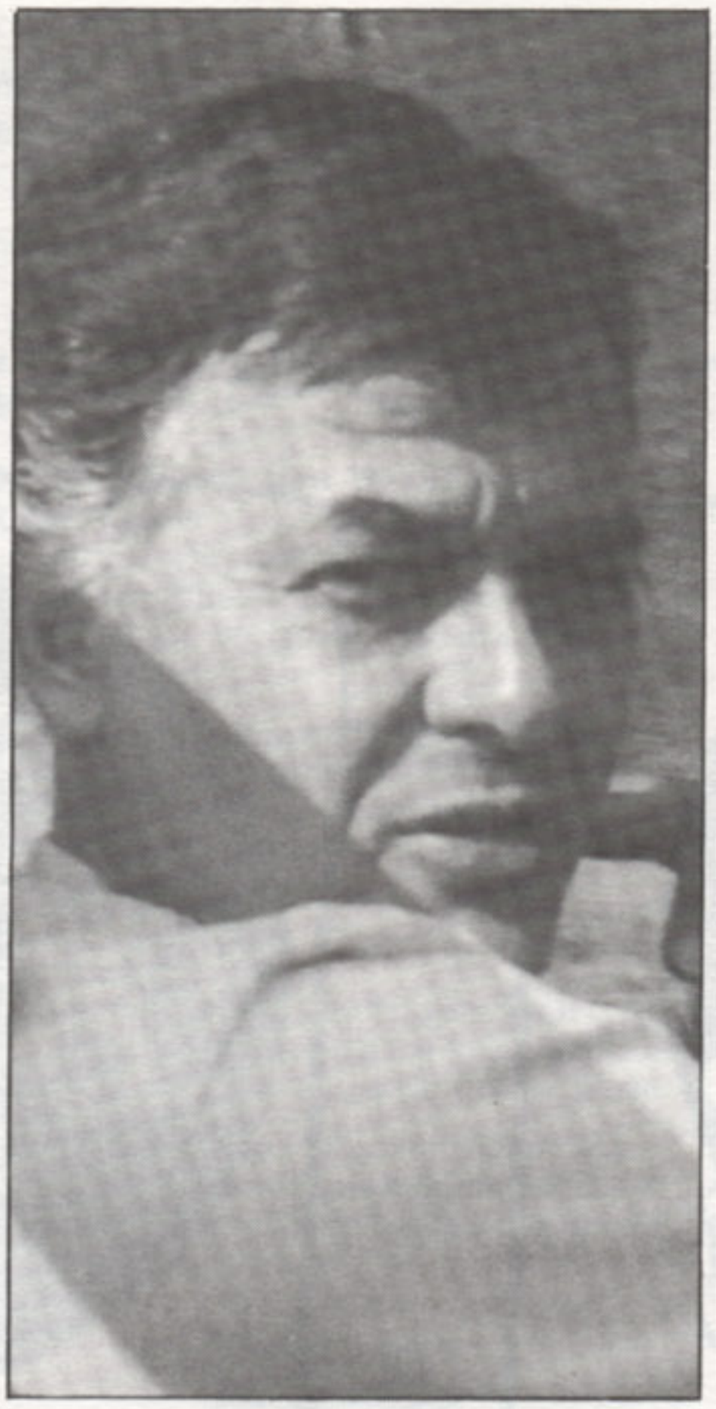
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DEALERS WANTED

Dave Hassinger on Producing the Dead, 1967



Like many young bands in the late '60s, the Grateful Dead were thrown into the world of straight people when it came time to finally make a record. Over the years, the Dead have not had many nice things to say about their first producer, Dave Hassinger. He has been alternately depicted as an impatient L.A. producer-type unsympathetic to the band's aims and a straight hopelessly out of touch with the emerging counterculture. Hassinger would probably agree with the second allegation, but the first is grossly unfair.

The truth is, he was new to production when he was assigned to work on the first Dead album. He had previously worked primarily as an engineer — and what credentials! He engineered all of the classic '64 – '65 Rolling Stones sessions, including such hits as "Satisfaction," "It's All Over Now," "Lady Jane," "Paint It Black"; he'd worked with Sam Cooke, the Lovin' Spoonful, Elvis Presley, The Yardbirds and on the first two Jefferson Airplane albums. In short, he was already recognized as one of the best in the business. That his stint working with the Dead ended badly in the middle of making *Anthem of the Sun* says more about the clash of two divergent cultures and two ways of working than about Hassinger's skills, which really should not be open to challenge.

The *Anthem* episode was really just a minor setback in what has continued to be an illustrious career. After the Dead, Hassinger built his own studio in L.A. where he engineered all the great early '70s Motown sessions with Stevie Wonder, the Four Tops, The Temptations, The Supremes and Marvin Gaye. He also found time to work with Little Feat, Linda Ronstadt, Aretha Franklin and scores of other greats.

Recently we managed to track down Hassinger at his Palm Springs home and chat a bit about his experiences with the Dead. At last, we get Dave Hassinger's side of the story.

I gather you first encountered the Grateful Dead when you met Garcia while you were engineering Surrealistic Pillow *for the Airplane in 1966. On that album, he's listed as "Spiritual Advisor." What was his role as you saw it?*

Well, he played some guitar on it, of course, and he was very good friends with them and just sort of helped them get some of their ideas into focus. Actually, though, he'd been down there quite a while before I even met him. I spent most of my time in the control room working on the sound. Finally, it came to me from Marty Balin, I think, that Garcia wanted me to work with the Grateful Dead. Shortly after this, I joined Warner Bros. full time as a producer and engineer, and that's how I ended up working on their first album.

We went in and did the first album very, very fast — less than a week in RCA's Studio A [in Hollywood]. At that time I didn't know them, and looking back I wish we could have had more time and done some things a little differently. But it was my understanding that these were songs that they'd really played a lot and they wanted to essentially get them down like they played them live. I'd made two or three trips up to the Bay Area and seen them at the Fillmore, and I thought they were dynamite. What I was after on the album was to capture as much of the energy as I could.

I wish I could have taken them someplace other than RCA, though; someplace where I could have engineered it. But at RCA studios, once you started using their facilities as an outside producer, you had to use their engineers. It came out later that that upset the band, because I had been primarily an engineer and that's a lot of what the band wanted from me. I was new to production, and the Grateful Dead didn't really need a producer to tell them what to play or how to play it. They needed someone to help them get the record to sound the way they wanted it to sound, and that's what I would have liked to have done.

What was their attitude like?

They had a good time certainly, but they were very workmanlike at the same time.

I guess I sort of picture all the early San Francisco bands as being these very independent types with a "Hey, don't tell me how to make my record" attitude.

That didn't really come up at all until the second record, which I didn't complete. I gave up in New York. We'd been working a long time on that second album, and they had put down some new tracks in New York and no one could sing them. Nobody could sing the thing, and at that point they were experimenting too much, in my opinion. They didn't know what the hell they were looking for. I think if you experiment you should have at least some sense of what you're ultimately going after, but they were going from one end of the spectrum to the other. I remember one time during the making of the record that I went into American Recording [in Los Angeles] and they had ordered so many instruments and so much equipment from Studio Instrument Rentals and other places that you literally could not get into the studio! The whole album was that way. It was like pulling teeth until finally I couldn't take it anymore. When I came back to L.A. the head of Warner Bros. asked me, "Have you had enough yet?" and I said, "Yeaaah!" [Laughs]

A story I've heard, and perhaps it's just apocryphal, is that the last straw for you came when Bob Weir asked you to get the sound of "heavy air."

That did come up, but that was earlier.

That might have even been in Haight-Ashbury. I just looked at him when he said it. But he said it in such a serious way, I didn't really know how to react. Actually, a little later we did seriously look into trying to get into a certain quality of sound like I suppose he was talking about. We were going to take all the equipment out to the desert east of L.A. and record out there, but it never happened.

But that wasn't the cause of our split. That was over those two dynamite tracks that nobody could sing [regrettably, he doesn't remember which tracks they were — take your pick]. I wanted them to sing as a group because they weren't making it as individual singers, and they just thought that was ridiculous. I think it's funny that the only big selling records they ever had were the ones in the very early '70s where they sang like a group. [Laughs] What really brought it to a head was when we were in Century Sound in New York City and the road manager and I got into an argument about something. And of course with that band, if you argued with anyone in the entourage, you were taking on the group — at least that's how they saw it. So that was the first big fracture. Basically, we just couldn't see eye to eye. I still think they were a fantastic group, and despite the ending, I enjoyed working with them.

How do you get any consistency in sound working in studios in three different cities — L.A., New York and San Francisco?

You don't. We weren't going for a consistency in sound. We were deliberately trying to get a variety of different feelings on the record. That's partly why they wanted to record live tracks for it, too. And that's one reason why we almost did part in the desert — to get a real outdoors sound for part of it.

Do you think Garcia was the clear leader back then?

No, they really didn't have a leader. He was a very forceful personality, and I thought he was just a super guy — I really liked him a lot — but they were all in on the decisions. Personally, I preferred to communicate with Jerry because I got along with him very well. Actually, I got along with them all pretty well except for Phil Lesh. He and I didn't hit it off too well. He's very, very opinionated. He would be worrying about the sound of his bass to the point where it got almost ridiculous, I thought.

But one of the things you have to remember is that I was very straight, and it wasn't too easy for me to deal with people during that era. I knew I was dealing with people who were probably heavy into acid, and I knew that a lot of times our conversations weren't going to make a lot of sense. I always felt that it was hard to do real constructive work with musicians on acid, but I guess there were some great records made that way.

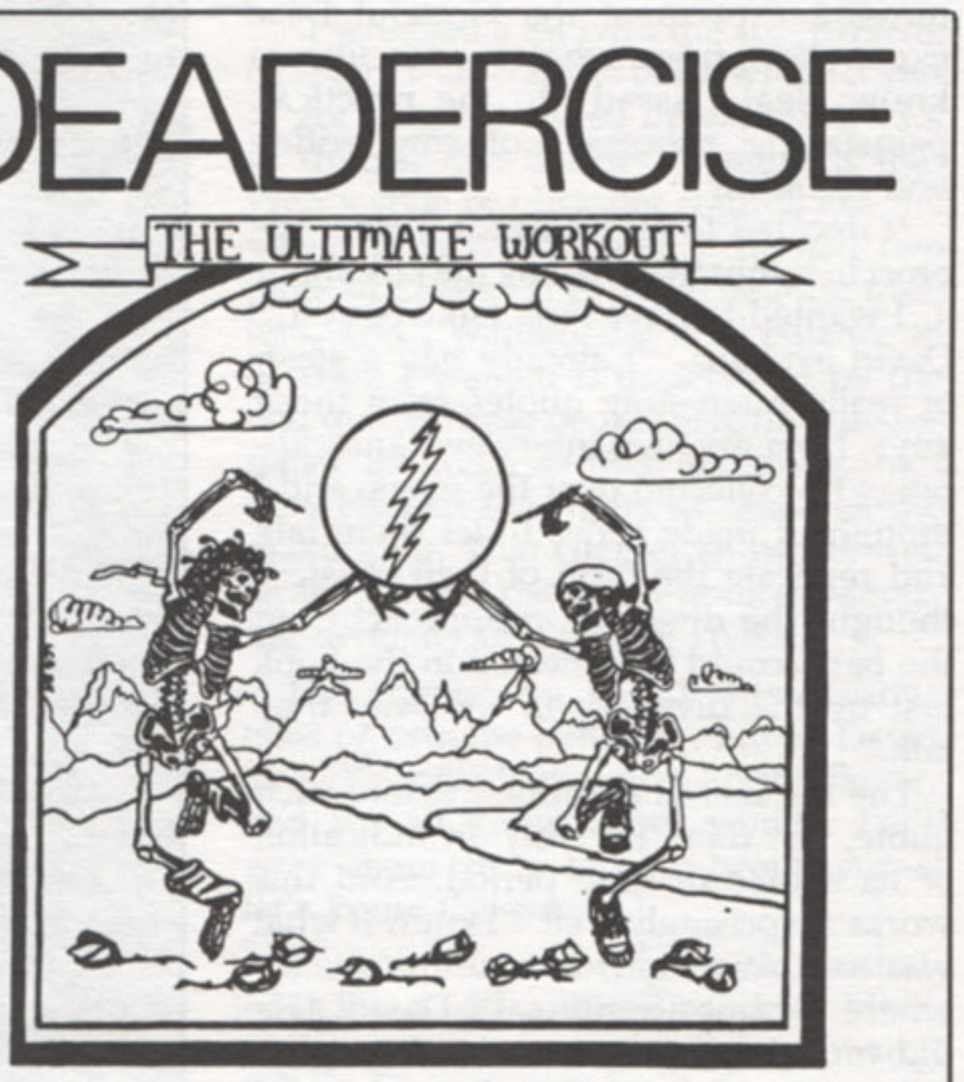
Did the record as it came out have any resemblance to what you had originally worked on?

To be real honest I'm not sure I ever even heard the finished record. I was very, very busy during that period working as a staff producer at Warner Bros., and after I left the Dead I wasn't really interested in going back that way mentally. I was pretty happy it was over.

Have you heard them since?

Oh sure. I've heard a few of the records, and about a year or two ago I saw a special they had on TV [probably the Showtime special]. They really hadn't changed that much since the '60s. They were dynamite players then and they still are great groove players. Nobody plays that sort of jazz-rock quite like them. They're definitely one of a kind — for better or worse. [Laughs] □





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"Playing in the Band"
A new book offers an inside look

By Regan McMahon

Just in time for the Dead's 20th Anniversary comes a new book from Bay Area writer David Gans and photographer Peter Simon called *Playing in the Band*, which will be published by St. Martin's Press June 1. Subtitled "An oral and visual portrait of the Grateful Dead," it is both a staggering collection of vintage, recent and for the most part previously unpublished photos — 250 in all, including 32 pages of color — and an articulate answer to the burning question, "Just who are the Grateful Dead and what's so special about them?" — in the band's own words. Though there is occasional narrative by Gans, the text of the 192-page book primarily consists of band members' quotes culled from dozens of interview tapes and hundreds of newspaper and magazine articles, seamlessly interwoven to create thematic "conversations" that shed light on far-ranging aspects of the Grateful Dead experience, from what it was like to know Neal Cassady to the practical, painstaking processes of songwriting and recording.

"I decided to take a Studs Terkel approach: rather than having me talk about it, I wanted to have *them* talk about it," David explains. "I already had a stash of really interesting quotes from those guys, from my own interviews and clippings I'd collected over the years, and I thought it made sense to let them talk and replicate the form of their music: I thought the diversity in approaches in the band could be reflected in the book just by the diversity in the way they talk."

The speaker is identified before each quote, but there is rarely an indication of its source or time period. And this works surprisingly well. "I knew if what was said was right, it wouldn't matter where it came from," says David. [He did include an extensive bibliography, so one can investigate the published source material further.] "I decided that when the date of the statement was critical I'd put it in, but otherwise it would be confusing and unnecessary. Like when they're talking about rehearsing every day, I noted that it was 'Garcia, 1966,' because clearly they don't rehearse every day now.

"But in a sense, those guys are removed from time, and they're completely free of musical trends and fashions and traditions. It's their own physics — everything is Grateful Dead laws there. I felt free to rearrange statements because I knew I wasn't violating the truth of them, I was just making it flow, making quotes relate to what came before and after. I wasn't changing the context, I was just changing the edges so it met the next thing better. I knew my instincts were right, and if I adhered to what I knew would be the essence of it, the substance would not be disputed." (Indeed, David showed the completed manuscript to nearly all the band and crew members and managed to avoid landing in San Francisco Bay with cement shoes.)

Unlike other rock bands that have gone from folk to glitter to punk to rockabilly, redefining their *raison d'etre* as they change tie width, the Dead have maintained a certain consistency of vision; attitudes expressed in their early years about their approach to playing music, making records and existing apart from the recording industry mainstream are largely indistinguishable from statements found in recent interviews. As David sees it, "The common denominators are: no one will take responsibility for steering, and everybody knows where the gas pedal is."

Despite the fact that there exists an abundance of Garcia interviews, a healthy sample of Weir, a bit of Mickey and a dearth of quotes from the others, David achieved a satisfying balance of voices in the book. "I knew it had to be democratic," he says. "It was hard to find Kreutzmann's material and Brent's. But



Bob Weir and his songwriting partner John Barlow, Mill Valley, '72. Photo: Andy Leonard

I knew that everybody had something to say, and that if I'd looked hard enough I'd find it.

"I know that Garcia isn't the Grateful Dead. He's the glib one, but not necessarily the one with the best ideas all the time. It was surprisingly easy to string together the comments — to have one guy state an idea and have another guy mow it down, or affirm it, or complement it perfectly. There was some editorial sweat in making the tenses agree, and I had to preserve each guy's diction while making it hang together. But in a way, that works just like the music works: if you isolate each guy's track he sounds like himself, but all the genetic information for the Grateful Dead is in each guy."

A Deadhead since '72 and a music journalist, David has written about the band since the late '70s, beginning at *BAM* magazine, where he briefly had a "Dead Ahead" column. He is now, at 31, music editor of *Mix*, a recording industry monthly, and West Coast editor of *Record* magazine. His gig as a freelance writer inadvertently led to this book. While on a press junket to see the Dead at the Jamaica World Festival of Music in '82 and collect material for an article on the Dead for *Rolling Stone*, he encountered St. Martin's editor Bob Miller and photographer Peter Simon, of the Simon & Schuster family. Peter has published eight books, including *Reggae Bloodlines*, *On the Vineyard*, about his family home of Martha's Vineyard, and *Carly Simon Complete*, about his famous sister. Simon and Miller had come to negotiate with the Dead about a book that would feature Peter's photographs and a text by former *Rolling Stone* senior editor and veteran San Francisco writer Ben Fong-Torres. As fate, politics and bad vibes would have it, the tables turned in the following months and David did not write the *Rolling Stone* story, Ben Fong-Torres was no longer part of Peter's project, and David was.

The concept of the book then changed from an "on the road with" account to an "in their own words" saga featuring photos from all eras collected by both Gans and Simon from photographers all over the country. Thanks to their skillful detective work, stories in the book are frequently accompanied by photographs that capture the moment being recounted. And there are many more behind-the-scenes pictures than have ever been assembled in one place before.

David brought to the task a musician's perspective. He has written songs and played guitar since his teenage days in San Jose, California; he worked solo and duo gigs on the Bay Area bar circuit in the '70s; and he has played Grateful Dead music with local players for more than a decade.



Several of David Gans' photographs appear in his book; but he plays guitar, not piano. Photo: Jacki Sallow

"I didn't even own an electric guitar until after I'd gotten into the Dead," David recalls. "I got into the Dead because of the *songs;* it was years before I really got into the *interplay*. Eventually I started following along that rope and got into the jam instead of going to get a hot dog, and I began to see that the rest was preliminaries: *this* was where you went to Mars."

Given his understanding of the music from a player's point of view, David approached his subject in a way other writers had not. "Other writers had talked about the 'X Factor' and the spiritual nature of it, but as a musician, I could ask things like, 'What's it like when you're hinting at a minor chord ...'" So *Playing in the Band* has separate chapters on various "nuts and bolts" issues: what it's like to play improvisational music, playing off fellow musicians; how Grateful Dead songs are written, how band members work with lyricists Robert Hunter and John Barlow; and the role of keyboards in the band.

Without taking a strictly chronological approach, David managed to cover the scope of the band's history and personality, highlighting certain elements as needed. Thus there are separate chapters devoted to the Acid Tests, Pigpen, recording, playing live, Deadheads, the Grateful Dead crew and office staff, and even one on "Dark Star."

"I decided 'Dark Star' merited a chapter because a case could be made that it is the quintessential Grateful Dead piece," David explains. "I was swamped with work and hadn't slept in three days when I decided to write it, and I'm sure there were small animals living in my apartment along with the pizza crusts, but I decided I would just blast — fire it off, get some sleep and then put it back together. Amazingly enough, the bulk of it went into the book unchanged. It's the most un-conscious piece of writing in the book, so in a sense it was the easiest chapter, but I was in the most pain when I wrote it.

"I wrestled a lot with the songwriting chapter. That was the place where it sort of got naked. I ended up exposing a lot of things, like Barlow's comment that Weir's style of phrasing sounds like the way a man would walk if he had two pairs of knees. They were delicate matters, and I wanted the final balance to be cool. I wanted it understood by the end that all these people love their dissonance as much as their harmony, that they cherish the fights as much as the making up. That chapter shows as well as anything in the whole book the amazing diversity of personal styles."

The chapter on Deadheads features tales of extreme behavior, but as David says, "Vanilla is the most boring flavor, and we all know about vanilla. Let's write about the ... tobacco-beef flavor — let's know *that* person!

"Here's this amorphous thing that looks like a rock and roll band, and it is a magnet that attracts people for so many different reasons. That all these people can get satisfaction from the same performance when each of them sees something so radically different, says something wonderful about the whole thing."

But in the words of a Bay Area "Rock of the '80s" radio station, "Do you want your Heads Talking or Dead?" Well, David's got that covered, too. His next book, already underway, is on the Talking Heads. It'll be published by Avon Books in the fall. □

Roots Part 6



"Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues" — It's really hard for me to believe that this Dylan song is now 20 years old, because I'm still getting new things from it; indeed, from the entire album on which it appears, *Highway 61 Revisited*. If you don't already own this record, you really owe it to yourself to pick it up: it is Dylan at his peak, in my opinion (before his lyrics went totally "outside" on his 1966 epic, *Blonde on Blonde*), truly one of the great rock albums of all time. In addition to "Tom Thumb's" and the title track, it also contains the classics "Like a Rolling Stone" and "Desolation Row." The songs on *Highway 61 Revisited* paint a bitingly cynical picture of Dylan's world — the bleak urban landscapes are populated by a strange assortment of desperate and lonely figures who, for the most part, are sinking or have sunk into a miasma of angst and hopelessness. In its imagery of a loser on a binge in a sleazy Mexican town, "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues" has an almost cinematic quality: I see it as a scene from Orson Welles' great film *A Touch of Evil*, with dark shadows that still can't hide the inevitable doom facing the main protagonist. The song is more than just a portrait of stoned desolation, however. It is both visual and cryptic, two words that also describe many of Robert Hunter's songs, so it is not surprising that it suits the Dead so well.



Dylan, 1965. Photo: Jim Marshall © 1985

"We recorded that song in New York City," Al Kooper, keyboardist on the session, told me recently. "I played Hohner Pianette, which was like a forerunner of the clavinet that sounded almost like a guitar, and tack piano, which is the dominant instrument there. We all worked on the arrangements on those songs. Dylan brought the song in basically finished and he played it to us on electric guitar and gave a few ideas of what he heard, as far as the arrangement went. From there, we just played along a couple of times, and he recorded them all. We almost never did more than a few takes of any songs, though I remember that on a lot of the songs during that period, we'd record them, and then a few days later we'd record them again in completely different arrangements — different tempos, maybe a different time signature — just to see if anything new came out. He still does that pretty often, I understand. I think on 'Tom Thumb's' we only did the one arrangement, and the one on the album is like a second or third take."

Besides appearing on that landmark album, "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues" was also released in a live version (with The Band backing Dylan at London's Royal Albert Hall) on the B-side of "I Want You" in early 1966. (That entire concert turned into one of the best known of the many Dylan bootlegs that have been released through the years.) It was covered by Judy Collins on her hit 1967 LP, *In My Life*, on Elektra.

"I'm A King Bee" — This is perhaps the best known tune of Louisiana-born blues great Slim Harpo, whose real name was James Moore. Moore was born in rural Louisiana in 1924 and moved to Baton Rouge when he was 18 to help make money to support his younger brothers and sisters. While working various construction and other physical jobs, he began playing Baton Rouge and New Orleans clubs under the name Harmonica Slim, which he later changed to Slim Harpo. Though he never attained the fame of many of his blues contemporaries, for my money he is one of the most compelling singers and songwriters in the genre.

"I'm A King Bee" was the A-side of his first single, recorded in Crawley, Louisiana, in 1957 for Excello Records. According to Harpo's wife, the song was written on the highway when the two of them were driving to Virginia. "We passed a bunch of beehives and he started singin' 'I'm a King Bee, buzzin' around your hive.' I always carried a legal pad with me, and when he'd think of something or I'd think of something, I'd write it down. Then when we got home we'd compile it." "King Bee" was regionally popular, but it wasn't until 1961, with the song "Raining in My Heart," that he had his first real chart success.

In 1964, the Rolling Stones cut "King Bee," which further put Harpo on the map; then in 1966 he had a huge hit with "Baby Scratch My Back" (which is quoted obliquely in the Stones' "Stray Cat Blues"). The Stones also recorded Harpo's "Shake Your Hips" virtually note for note on their 1972 album, *Exile on Main Street*. "I'm A King Bee" was a showcase for Pigpen's blues vocals and harmonica and Garcia's slide guitar, mainly in 1970, the year Harpo died. There are several good Slim Harpo anthologies; the best is probably *The Best of Slim Harpo — The Original King Bee* on Rhino. Check it out.

"Baby What You Want Me To Do" — The Dead had performed this song before Brent's version at the recent Chinese New Year's shows; you may recall that Etta James belted it out during the third set of the 1982 New Year's run. The Jimmy Reed-penned tune is of relatively recent vintage, hitting the Top Ten of the R&B charts in 1960, the same year his "Big Boss Man" came out. Elvis Presley is among the many musicians who have covered "Baby What You Want Me To Do" over the years.

Reed was born and raised in the Mississippi Delta and, like many Southern blacks, traveled north to Chicago after

the Second World War in search of a new life. He didn't begin seriously playing music until he was in his 20s. In one of those classic turns of fate that seem to happen so often, Reed's big break came one day when the singer on a session he was playing guitar on was too ill to play so Reed sang a few of his own songs. The tapes knocked out Vee Jay Records, and a new career was launched for Reed, who'd been making ends meet working in a Gary, Indiana, foundry. Throughout the late '50s and early '60s, Reed scaled the R&B charts with his original blues tunes, which generally retained more of the Delta feeling than most of his Chicago blues contemporaries. Personally, I find his style a little lacking in fire and his arrangements a bit dull, but there is no denying the greatness of his songs. There are any number of good Reed anthologies available; the best may be GNP Crescendo's double LP, *The Best of Jimmy Reed*, which collects the best of his Vee Jay sides. Reed died in Oakland in 1976 at the age of 50.

"Big Boy Pete" — This song, which the Dead played a few times in 1970 (maybe in '69, too?) is about as close to a "novelty" song as the Dead have come. That's not surprising when you consider that it was originally recorded by The Olympics, a Los Angeles-based black quartet who had big hits with tunes such as "Peanut Butter' ("Well it tastes so good but it's so hard to chew . . . peanut, peanut butter"), "Hully Gully" (which the Dead played at least once, in Amsterdam in 1981), "The Bounce" and "Baby, Do the Philly Dog," mainly in the early '60s. "Big Boy Pete" was originally issued in 1960, then again in 1965 as "Big Boy Pete '65." The first time it clicked with record buyers, the second time it did not. It was also covered in the mid-'60s by the Tidal Waves (from Detroit) and The Kingsmen (from Portland, Oregon), who altered the lyrics to it to make their "Jolly Green Giant" hit.

Also, it should be noted that contrary to what was printed in *Golden Road* #1, it was The Olympics, and not The Rascals, who cut the original version of the Rudy Clark-Alan Resnick song "Good Lovin'." All of The Olympics' big hits are included on a fine Rhino album called *The Official Record Album of The Olympics*, released in 1984. This is great party music!

"Gimme Some Lovin'" — This tune was written by Steve Winwood at the age of 16 when he was the *wunderkind* keyboardist and primary singer of England's Spencer Davis Group (which also included Steve's brother Muff on bass). It was a monster hit in both the U.K. and U.S. in late 1966/early '67 and became another garage band standard of the late '60s, with its irresistible beat and famous organ line that, with Procol Harum's "Whiter Shade of Pale," helped put the Hammond B-3 organ on the map. Winwood's version appears on any number of easily obtainable Spencer Davis hits compilations.

"Day Tripper" — People have been crying out for the Dead to cover this song for years (for obvious reasons). The Beatles classic was cut in the fall of '65 and released initially as part of the group's first double-A-side single with "We Can Work It Out." It has been alternately interpreted as being about psychedelics (questionable given the date of its writing) and a clandestine love affair. Paul McCartney recently revealed in *Playboy* that the line that was commonly printed in songbooks as "She's a big teaser/she took me half the way there" is actually "She's a *prick* teaser . . ." Nasty boys, those Beatles. "Day Tripper" appears on the American *Yesterday & Today* LP, the English *A Collection of Beatles Oldies* album, and the *1962 – 67* compilation album. □



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....SOME SAY THESE DIRTY DENIZENS OF THE DEAD ARE RELATED TO THE INDOOR-TYPE "WATERED-DOWN SLIP-SLIDERS". Y'KNOW, SOME WATER GETS SPILLED ON A SMOOTH HALL FLOOR, AND YOU'RE BOUND TO FIND A FEW OF THE BAREFOOTED FOLKS SLURPIN' AND SLARPIN' AROUND....



....TAKE A PLACE LIKE THE FROST AMPHITHEATRE IN CALIFORNIA: ON EITHER SIDE OF THE GRASSY BOWL ARE TWO DUSTY "ROADS" WHICH ARE THE PERFECT TERRAIN FOR COMMITTING A "DUST-DANCE".....



....PROVIDING VISIBILITY IN THE DUSTY AIR IS REASONABLE, ONE CAN FIND SEVERAL VARIETIES OF DUST-DANCERS... THERE ARE "SPINSTERS"....



....THE "KICKAPOOS".....



....AND OF COURSE, THE MAIN CLOUD RAISERS THEMSELVES, THE "STOMPERS"!



.....OF COURSE, THIS DANCE DOES HAVE IT'S DRAWBACKS, JUST NEARING THE DUSTER'S CLOUD CAN BRING ON INSTANT-ASTHMA.....

...IT MAY EVEN COME TO YOU... I'VE PERSONALLY SEEN THE ENTIRE FROST FILL UP WITH A PALL OF DUST THAT HUNG OVER, GIVING IT THE PRETTY CONVINCING APPEARANCE OF LOS ANGELES IN THE SUMMER.....

....ANNOYING TO SOME, GODSEND TO OTHERS, THEM CRAZY DUST DANCERS WILL ALWAYS BE OUT THERE STIRRING IT UP!







FUNSTUFF

The Verdict on Time: Many of you mentioned or sent in copies of the article about Deadheads in the February 11 issue of *Time* magazine. When the writer, John Skow, came out to California for the New Year's show, we had the good fortune to meet him and talk to him about the Dead for a couple of hours, and we found him to be a sensitive and intelligent man — and in general we think his piece reflected that (especially the last paragraph). Curious to know what people wrote to *Time* about the piece? Well, a couple of weeks after the article was published, our source at the magazine sent along a summary of the letters from their weekly report on such matters: "Twenty-three thank-yous from Gratefully Deadicated fans: 'A wonderful review.' 'Dead music will never die.' 'When I die, bury me deep/Place my speakers at my feet/Put my headphones on my head/Always play the Grateful Dead.' Ten disliked the characterization of Deadheads: 'Far from being stuck in the '60s, Deadheads are part of the evolutionary vanguard.' 'We do not appreciate being called a lost battalion of hippies.' Mail to date: 54 letters."

Paul Revere Was a Deadhead: Alan Sherman of Brookline, MA, sends along an editorial from the 3-10-85 Boston *Globe* advocating that free concerts in that city take place at the waterfront instead of at Boston Commons: "The dead of generations past have been misused in rhetoric before, but they make a poor shroud for a commercial argument that would rope off the Common land from its owners for a box office. The grateful dead of the Common should not be disturbed by the Grateful Dead in concert, especially when the Atlantic Ocean is an alternative backdrop."



Family Corner: Mickey watches son Taro ride the range atop his mount named Bonnie. Photo: David Gans

Support Your Local Deadhead Politician: According to a clipping from the January 16 Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* sent along by Harrisburger (hold the onions) John Leopold, Pennsylvania's new Republican state treasurer R. Budd Dwyer takes his inspiration from more than Ronald Reagan: "Dwyer, who said he was speaking extemporaneously [at his inauguration] referred to lyrics from the rock group Grateful Dead to describe the 'long strange trip' he's been on." Now let's see if he uses state funds to catch the Red Rocks shows.

Yes, Still More Dead Sightings on TV and in Movies

This doesn't really count as a Dead sighting, but it's interesting nonetheless: Several readers mentioned that they had seen an episode of the old *Andy Griffith Show* in which the affable Mayberry sheriff takes out the old gi-tar and sings "Goin' Down the Road Feeling Bad"...Denny Horn of Philly notes that in *Cheech & Chong's Nice Dreams*, there's a scene in which a woman mistakes Chong for Jerry Garcia and swarms all over her "idol," ranting about "those days"...Denny also points out a fact many of you may have forgotten. The title song of the musical *Hair* finds the lead character explaining in part why he has long hair: "It's not for lack of bread/Like the Grateful Dead"...Sherry Dudas of Roselle, NJ, mentions that in an episode of *Taxi*, "Jim is reminiscing about how he got turned on to weed and they flash back to his college days of eating hash brownies with his friends, and there's a Dead concert poster in the room"...Sherry also says that in a movie called *Ritchie*, which stars Robby Benson as a teenage drug addict who gets shot by his father, there's a scene that has Benson sitting on the floor holding *Live Dead*, while a funky tune by another band plays on the soundtrack.

In *More American Grafitti*, the song "Cream Puff War" is heard on the soundtrack, Chris Babey of Toronto tells us, and Candy Clark's character, living in San Francisco, tells some rock musicians that her boyfriend is as good a guitarist as Jerry Garcia...Barbara Black of Ventura, CA, says she heard the *General Hospital* character Holly Scorpio turn to her husband and say, in complete seriousness, "What a long, strange trip it's been"...In Mike Nesmith's ultra-hip video *Elephant Parts*, writes Denver's Jeff Matthews, there's a segment called "Rock and Roll Hospital" that is introduced by a voice-over saying, "In last week's episode, Dr. Robert had to tell the Grateful Dead they weren't"...Finally, Lesli Squires of Sacramento informs us of a *Muppet Show* (with Dudley Moore as guest host) that opens with four beetles singing "She Loves You." When they finish the number, Kermit the Frog tells them backstage, "That was great! You guys should think of a name for yourselves." One of the beetles replies, "How about the Grateful Dead?" "Who?" asks Kermit. "Nah, it's been done before," another bug answers...We'll add that on a different episode of *The Muppets* (surely one of the hipper shows ever on TV), a menagerie of animals turn the tables on a pack of hunters while singing "Man Smart Woman Smarter" with lyrics about animal solidarity. The song climaxes with the explosion of a factory that's been puffing toxic fumes, and the Muppet critters shake their heads and repeat, "That's right, the animals are smarter/Smarter than the man in every way."

FUNSTUFF

Heeeeeeeeere's Jerry! Well, it didn't go down quite that way on *The Tonight Show* this January, but Grateful Dead music did make it onto the venerable bastion of straightness. During a "Stump the Band" segment, in which members of the studio audience try to stump Johnny, Ed, Doc and the *Tonight Show* band with obscure, usually joke songs, a young woman from Santa Monica succeeded in baffling everyone with "Cosmic Charlie." When Johnny asked Ed and Doc if they knew it, Ed replied, "We're not going to *touch* that one." The woman managed to sing a passable version as Johnny rolled his eyes in shock. Rumors that Doc was so impressed that he's now working up a big band arrangement of "What's Become of the Baby" are just that: rumors.



Reader Evan Puziss of Culver City, CA, was shocked to come across the prototype for "Cigar Sam" in the Rijks Museum in Amsterdam: Van Gogh's "Skull with a Burning Cigarette," 1885

Answers to Spot Quiz

Stop. Put your pencils down. Without saying a word, pass your paper to your left. Herewith the answers to our odd little quiz in last issue's "Funstuff." 1. Black Peter; 2. Brother Esau; 3. Rosemary; 4. Terrapin; 5. Operator; 6. Caution; 7. France; 8. Samson and Delilah; 9. Alligator; 10. St. Stephen; 11. The Greatest Story Ever Told; 12. Morning Dew; 13. Passenger; 14. Ripple; 15. Althea.

Most of you passed. A few of you will have to go to summer school — a.k.a. on the road — to improve your scores.

Be a Yuppie, Go to Jail: There's nothing particularly funny about Jerry's mid-January narcotics bust, but we were amused by Bay Area writer Alice Kahn's jab at the J-man in the February 8 *East Bay Express:* "Look at poor Jerry Garcia and what happened to him. He was recently arrested in Golden Gate Park while allegedly free-basing in his BMW with an attache case full of white powder. Now this was obviously a failed attempt to go '80s. He knew it had something to do with BMWs and attache cases, but nobody told him what to do with them."

Leave It to the Lampoon: The *National Lampoon*, bless their sick little hearts, can always be counted on to come up with a couple of Dead jokes per year. Doug La Marre of Laconia, NH, sent along this item from a joke dictionary the *Lampoon* ran recently: **dead head** 1. Hitchhiker riding with a trucker on an empty (return) run. From obsolete railroad slang. 2. Jerry Garcia fan. Speed freak. Just wants to rap with you, man. And does, nonstop, through endless replays of *American Beauty* cassette. From obsolete rock slang. 3. First part of hitchhiker's body to be found by authorities.

Further Proof That Gary Larson Is Coolsville: Along with "Bloom County," Gary Larson's bizarre "Far Side" comic panels make a daily newspaper worth picking up. An article about Larson in the February 4 *People* magazine opened this way: "The members of the Grateful Dead have never made a secret of their penchant for hallucinogenic drugs. But when cartoonist Gary Larson went backstage to meet the band after a concert in Seattle, he didn't ask about the latest high. Instead, Larson recalls, Phil Lesh's girlfriend turned to me and said, 'We want to know what *you* take.'"

Math Quiz: Get out that calculator or abacus for this mini-brain-twister. Take the number of verses Jerry's going to sing in ragtime, add the "degrees of solitude," subtract the number of the train on the wrong track, add the Devil's loan, subtract the length of the ride in "He's Gone," subtract the change stolen off a stiff, subtract the number of "degrees in all," add the number of faces the "transitory dream doll" has, add the year "the walls caved in," subtract the year "you stepped to the bar," and subtract the numerical title on *Live Dead*. What's the total? Answer next issue.

Update on "The Count": Last issue we asked you all to come up with the most number of "beats" at the beginning of "Beat It on Down the Line." Scott Hamrick of Davis, CA, is tops so far: 31 at the 5-6-70 show at M.I.T. As some of you pointed out, there's often a correlation between the day of the month and The Count, but that's not always the case.

Listmania: Want to know which songs were played the most in 1984? Or which tunes were the most common first-set openers and second set closers? How about the five most common songs played in the spot of second song after the Rhythm Devils' slot? Well, this is the sort of minutiae that Peter Martin explores in his annual year-end song analysis published in his nifty little Deadsheet, *Terrapin Flyer*. A few of his discoveries:

The Dead played 118 songs in 1984. The ten most-played tunes were, in order: "Hell in a Bucket," "My Brother Esau," "Throwing Stones," "Not Fade Away," "Playing in the Band," "Day Job," "Touch of Gray," "Might As Well," "Sugar Magnolia" and "New Minglewood Blues" (Seven of those ten were in the top ten in 1983, too). The five most common openers were "Iko-Iko," "Alabama Getaway," "Jack Straw," "Feel Like a Stranger" and "Bertha." And the five most common second-set closers were "Not Fade Away," "Sugar Magnolia," "One More Saturday Night," "Johnny B. Goode" and "Good Lovin'."

Want to know more? You can get a copy of the *Terrapin Flyer* with the song analysis in it for just a buck (or you can subscribe for just $5 for 10 issues) by writing to *Terrapin Flyer*, 114 Liberty St., Suite 204, NY, NY 10006.

They Only Come Out at Night (OK, Except in Summer): In the January 25 edition of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, writer Charles Burress interviewed vampire expert Gail Klingman and learned the following: "The San Francisco rock group Grateful Dead, for example, traces its name to a folk ritual still widely observed in Transylvania, she said. If a person dies unwed, the village will hold a 'death wedding,' a ritual in which participants and corpse wear wedding clothes and conduct a symbolic marriage. 'If not wed, the soul of the deceased is unsatisfied and will come back to haunt the living,' she said. 'The theme of the Grateful Dead is that the deceased have to be happily buried,' she said. Some of the rock group's iconography of flower-bedecked skeletons parallels the floral garlands worn by the peasant death brides, she said."

In the Strangest of Places . . .



Fairplay, CO, restaurant. From Tom Stack, Club Dead, the Virgin Islands



From Michael Bender, Sacramento, CA



Restaurant in Stonybrook, NY. From Pat Woods, Hicksville, NY



From Michael Tarachow, Markesan, WI



Station marquee in Big Stone Gap, VA. From Brad Stanback, Blowing Rock, NC

Support Your Local Dead Cover Band!

We certainly got a very encouraging response to our feature on Dead cover bands last issue ("Keepers of the Flame: The Other Ones That Play Grateful Dead Music"), and many of you sent in the names of groups in your area that play Dead material. Here is a list of what we've received so far (not including the bands profiled last issue). Look for them when you're on tour or just traveling around.

In the Albany, NY, area, a band called **Slipknot** (no relation to the group that eventually became Philadelphia's Living Earth) plays regularly, including every other Sunday at Saratoga Winners, five miles south of Clifton Park. They do an assortment of Dead tunes, plus songs by Quicksilver, Hendrix, the Allman Brothers, War and some originals.

In Boulder, CO, and environs, keep an eye out for **Little Women**, who we're told "play really hot reggae and can crank out a wicked reggae version of 'Scarlet-Fire,' as well as 'Shakedown.'"

A band we were really impressed with just from hearing a tape is **Jerry's Kids**, based in Palo Alto, CA. They play mainly on and around the Stanford U. campus, and can whip off amazing versions of everything from "Dark Star" to "Me & My Uncle." Some of the members of that group are also in **Dead Air**, who've been together since 1978. If you're out here for the Greek shows in June, you can catch Jerry's Kids at the bandshell in Golden Gate Park on the 8th, from noon to 3 p.m. (You might check with the S.F. Parks and Rec. Dept. to make sure that's still happening before you run down there.)

If you're in St. Louis, the group to look for is **Jake's Leg**, who play Thursdays and Fridays at a club called Twenty North. They also frequently play a restaurant called Caleco's on Saturdays. We've heard a lot of good things about them, and their reputation goes far beyond St. Loo.

Probably the best known band of this sort in the Northeast is **Max Creek**. (We tried to interview them for last issue but were foiled by some hot-shot manager who didn't seem to want the exposure in a Dead mag.) They play a wide assortment of styles, including, we understand, some of the best Dead-ish originals around. Max Creek hails from Connecticut and plays at venues like the Agora Ballroom and Mad Murphy's in Hartford, Jumpin' Jack's and Jonathan Swift's in Boston, Lupo's in Providence and E.M. Loew's in Worcester, among other places.

San Diego is hardly a bastion of Deadheads, but one band, **Born Crosseyed**, plays the clubs there often, usually at Jerry Herrea's Spirit, Le Chalet, the Intersection House and Chè Cafe at UCSD. They've been together for three years.

White Lightning comes highly recommended to us from their home turf — Wilmington and Newark, DE. They play tons of Dead, as well as the Allmans, Creedence, Little Feat and about 15 originals. In Newark, go see them at the Deer Park Tavern or the Main Street Cabaret. In Wilmington, they play acoustic shows at The Barn Door and Doc's Pub.

In Chicago, two groups we've heard a bit about are **Uncle John's Band** and the **Shotgun Ragtime Band**. Both have solid followings, we're told, though beyond that we know little. Check the listings in the free Chicago *Reader* when you're in town.

Up in Grand Rapids, MI, the group to keep the eagle-eye out for is called **Yow!?** (after Zippy the Pinhead's famous expression). Aside from numerous Dead tunes — some in wild combinations, like their famous "Cassidy - I Know You Rider - Cassidy" jam — they offer a healthy selection of reggae, blues, Little Feat and Mothers material. You can often catch them at Bogie's bar in town, or at any number of local parties, backwoods halls and barns.

Another Connecticut band is **Laughin' Bones**, who play Dead, Garcia Band and reggae at clubs like Hugo's Again Cafe in Norwalk and the Jim Whistle Cafe in Westport.

And finally, for now, **The Road Runners** are a group specializing in Dead and Garcia Band tunes in Rockland County, NY. When we heard from them, they had a regular gig at Mr. Rip's in Valley Cottage.

Keep 'em coming, people! □

TAPE TRADERS

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

Wanted: Ill. State 4/78, Burlington, VT '78, JGB 7/80 Palace Thtre, Albany, NY. Trade for orig. T-shirts, smoked salmon! Bill Chamberlain, Box 232, Clam Gulch, Alaska 99568.

Have & want: Hi qual. GD esp. 7/4/84 and BCT 10/84 run. Let's exchange lists. D. Faucher, 990 Lima St., Aurora, CO 80010.

Wanted: GD Bucknell 4/14/71. Also Springsteen, bluegrass, others. Have qual. L. Royce, 324 Ridge Rd., Sellersville, PA 18960.

Have 200 hrs qual GD to trade. Need more JGB. All lists welcome! John Gaudio, 46 Eddy La., Newington, CT 06111.

Beginner has 50 hrs. to trade. Will also trade blanks. Send list; I'll send mine. Chris Geller, 12725 Byron, Granada Hills, CA 91344.

Lots of hi qual. SBD to trade only for same, esp. 12/70 Matrix JG, Crosby et al. Champlin, 1807 Washington Ave. S, #211, Mpls, MN 55454.

Wanted: JGB 8/8/84 Wash. D.C., 11/6/82 UMD. Need recent GD. Lots to trade. Lists to: Mark Golterman, 9400-B Foxridge, Blacksburg, VA 24060.

Have hi qual lo gen/masters GD. Need Legion of Mary, Kingfish, Old & in the Way tapes. Ontario Dead c/o Paul, Box 383 Station W, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M6M-5C1.

European Deadhead welcomes corresp. & tape lists for trading. Esp want '72 – '74. N. Massouridis, 56 Pont St., London SWI, England.

Wanted: Excellent qual. tapes Fall '84 tour esp. Worcester. Will trade. Pat Guiney, 11-D Clubhouse Cir., Storrs, CT 06268.

Wanted: 11/20/70 Rochester; 9/26/72 Stanley Thtre; 12/13/69 Queens; 6/9/76 Boston; 10/10/76 Oakland. Send lists for my 800 hrs list. Paul Steinberg, 67 Lawson Ave. E., Rockaway, NY 11518.

Wanted: New age Crimson, Rush, Yes. Have many hrs of hi-qual. GD, incl. '83 – '84 SBDs. Chase Williams, 731 Bayview Pl., Laguna Beach, CA 92651.

The Dead Head From Glen Head Tape Exchange has moved. Send lists to: Jeffrey Honig, 49 Remsen Ave., Roslyn, NY 11576.

Wanted: 10/15/77 Dallas. Send list: John Coburn, Jr., 5723 Devonshire, St. Louis, MO 63109.

Wanted: 12/10/71 Fox Thtre; 6/14/70 Honolulu; 10/17/84 Niagra Falls. Have 100 hrs. to trade. Send yr list for mine: B. Keyo, 21 Thompson Ave., Hingham, MA 02043.

Wanted: Low gen '71 – '74 SBDs, and low-gen BCT '84. Have many smokin' tapes. 400 hrs. Candycat, 626 Univ. Pl. #124, Evanston, IL 60201.

GD video to trade—55 hrs plus. Also 800 hrs GD audio & 200 hrs others. Send lists: M. Rizzo, 23 Peters Dr., Leominster, MA 01453.

Have 600 hrs GD; 25 hrs GD video. Need more, hi qual only. Let's trade. St. Stephen, 9737 Mt. Pisgah #1011, S.S., MD 20903.

Wanted: 10/31/84, 11/2 – 3/84, 7/15/84, 7/21/84, others. 300 hrs to trade. Bruce Lehnert, 6 Benedict Pl, Huntington, NY 11743.

Wanted/have GD. Send lists: Gary Max, 2405 45 St., Pennsauken, NJ 08110.

Wanted: All live versions of Mountains of the Moon. Also hi qual. Rotterdam 5/11/72. Mike Boulter, 1093 Bathurst St., Toronto, Ont., M5R 3G8 Canada.

Have/want: Superb qual low gen tapes. Airplane to Zappa. Send lists: Power King Systems, PO Box 522, Stratford, CT 06497.

Wanted: 6/22/76 Tower; 2/6/79 Tulsa. Have many hrs to trade. Doug Lamarre, 79 Valley St., Laconia, NH 03246.

Have/need GD. Let's trade. Howie Donenfeld, 120 Corona Ave., Pelham, NY 10803.

Let's trade East for West shows! Send lists. Quick response. Michael Mitnick, 2920 Chapel Hill Rd #19-D, Durham, NC 27707.

Have 180 plus hrs of hi qual tapes from all eras. Want Warlocks, other early stuff. Also want 11/23/78, Wembley 4/72. Rare things to offer in exchange. Send list: Ben Hollin, 550 Memorial Dr. #19D, Cambridge, MA 02139.

Wanted: Gene Clark w/ Firebyrd or Long Ryders. Many GD, QMS, others to trade. Reinhardt Stiehle, Postfach 29, 7409 Dusslingen, W. Germany.

Wanted: Orpheum Theatre 7/13 – 17/76 (7/16 my 1st!); Greek 5/13/83; any 1973. Have tapes to trade. Elliot Kessler, 3254 Kempton Ave., Oakland, CA 94611.

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TAPE TRADERS

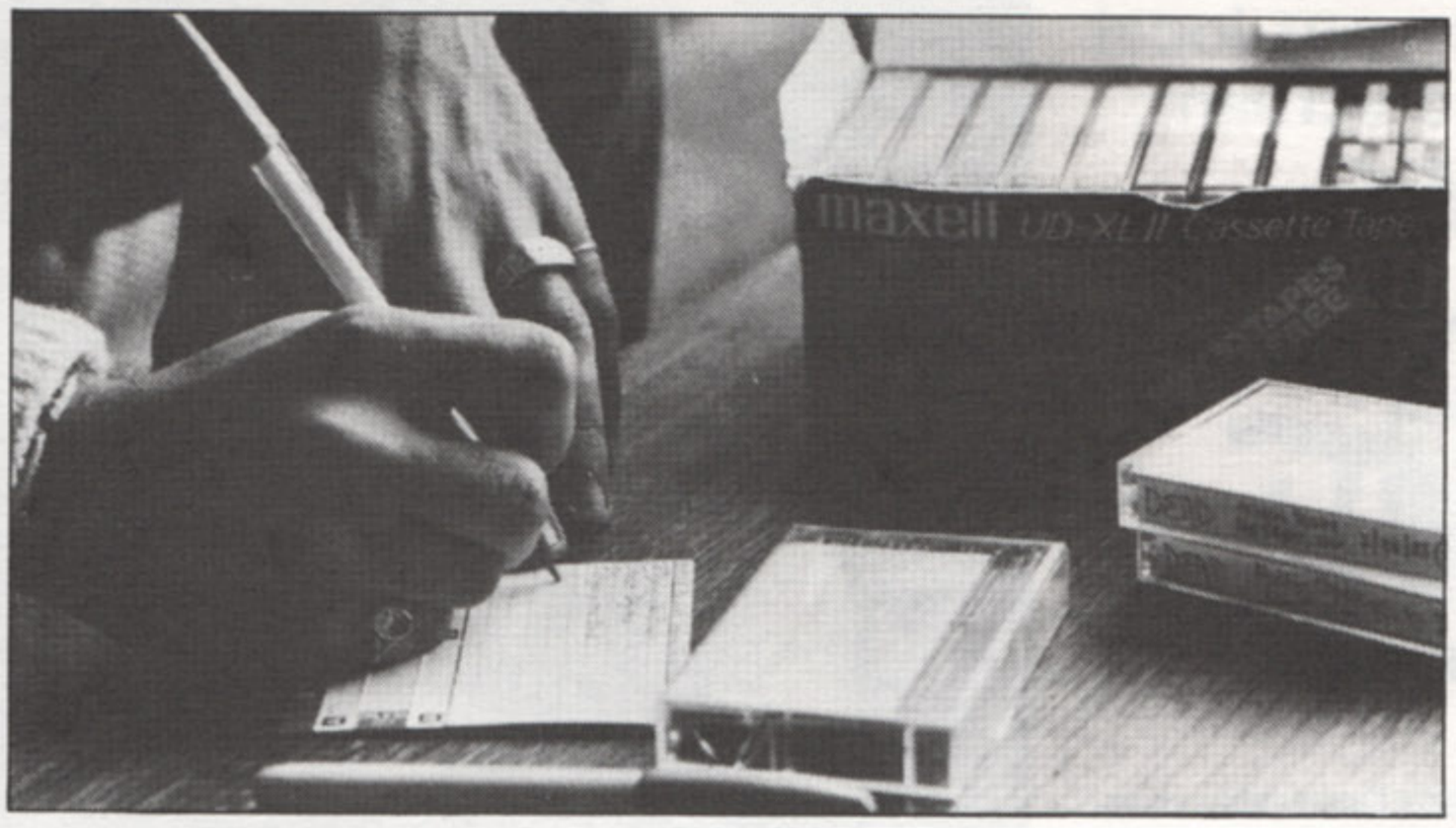


Photo: Missy Bowen, Aspen, CO

Wanted: Qual. GD esp pre-74; JGB; CCR; CSNY; Dylan, other '60s. Have 100-plus hrs to trade. Also want GD, JGB videos. Send lists: Jeff Eisenhard, 123 Norwood St. #22, Radford, VA 24141.

Wanted: 4/5/82 Phila. Have 300-plus hrs. Want more. Send for computer printed list to trade. Matt Richter, P.O. Box 1563, Gambier, OH 43022.

750-plus hrs to trade — have some/want more low gen. boards, '83, '84 esp. Thomas Storch, Beckmesserstr. 4, 8 Munchen 81, W. Germany.

Wanted: GD Tampa 4/6/78, 12/13/78. Allmans all years. Have 800 hrs. Send lists: Scott Mitchell, 5125 S.W. Scholls Ferry Rd #34, Portland, OR 97225.

Wanted: 4/26/84 Second Set; 4/27/84 Providence. Also Greek 7/13/84 incl. encore. Many GD tapes to trade. Alan Bartlett, 385 Main St., Acton, MA 01720.

Wanted: GD tapes '66 – '77. Have 400 plus hrs to trade. Joe Pinedo, 12251 Abingdon St., Norwalk, CA 90650.

Have 170 hrs to trade. Want lists, letters from fellow Ddhds. Bill Kines, 8024 Southside Blvd., #191, Jax, FL 32216.

Wanted: Pre-75 GD esp. 11/21, 23, 25/73. Also Dinosaurs. Have 1000 hrs to trade. Corresp. welcome. Folkert Kakrow, Am Alten Posthaus 22, 2000 Hamburg 70, W. Germany.

Wanted: 2/20/85 Oakland Chinese N.Y. Toddler (415) 821-1449. Collect ok.

Will donate left half of brain for JG acoustic, 11/20/84, D.C. Have hi qual E. Coast '84 et al to trade. Peter Griffin, Box 836, CRH, Wallingford, CT 06492.

Need 12/28/84 SF Civic; 6/11/76 Boston. Have 700 hrs hi qual, low gen for trade. Send tapes and/or lists to D. Dimartino, 1621-½ W. 205 St., Torrance, CA 90501.

Wanted: Hi qual FM b'cast of New Years 84 – 85. John Myers, 1050 Camelia, Berkeley, CA 94710.

My brain won't rewind. This is preventing me from reflecting back on my FIRST show, Nassau Col. 11/2/79. Please help me bring back the euphoria with a cassette. Kellence, 23 Avon Rd., Farmingdale, NY 11735.

Have/want hi qual GD, esp. St. Louis 7/8/81, St. Paul 7/10/81, SF 12/28/84. Have 200 hours. Rich Welch, 328 Lincolnshire Blvd., Belleville, IL 62221.

Hi qual SBDs to trade for same. Want 1968 – 73. Esp. need 7/12, 13/69. Also, pre-75 JGB. Bill Commers, 3212 Manor Dr., Minneapolis, MN 55422.

Wanted: 11/23/84 JG/Hunter show: Chrysler Hall, Norfolk, VA. Have GD to trade. Scott Radcliffe, 11550 Strickland Rd., Roswell, GA 30076.

Wanted: 9/11/81 Greek Thtre. Will trade. Dan Porniak, 722 N Vine, Hazleton, PA 18201.

Need help! Desperate for pre-73 rare GD. Thomas Biedebach, Breslauerstr. 78, 5880 Luedenscheid, W. Germany.

Wanted: Esp. JG Acoustic 11/24/84 late show Passaic, NJ. Trade GD tapes & lists. Bob Anderson, 293 Hillside Ave., Flanders, NJ 07836.

GD tapes for trade. Send yr. list for mine. Rick Galka, 5868 Creekview CT., E-D, Portage, IN 46368.

Wanted: 4/26/77, 4/29/77, 5/21, 22/77. Send lists: J. Rich, 413 S. 41, Van Buren, AR 72956. Have 450 hrs to trade.

Listener-sponsored Sacramento radio station seeks hi qual. GD tapes to play on the air. No tapes to trade, but promise airplay on "Uncle John's Jam." John Wagner, Sacramento Community Radio, P.O. Box 163198, Sacramento, CA 95816.

Have 75 hrs hi qual. GD videos. Send lists: Netta Gilboa, 2520 N. Lincoln #120, Chicago, IL 60614.

Wanted: Oakland 8/5/79; Eugene 8/28/72. Please? I have Toronto '84; SF 12/31/84 & access to Deadhead radio shows. Trade? Bob Henley, 55 Sutter St. 445, SF, CA 94104.

Please! I do need 10/12/84 Augusta, ME. D. Farrell, 2 Dows Ln, Woburn, MA 01801.

Wanted: Tapes of GD-cover bands, Old tunes preferred. Will trade for GD tapes. Uli Teute, Hindenburg 103, 7809 Deuzlingen, W. Germany.

355 GD hrs to trade for Cream, Quicksilver, Cipollina or low gen FM or SBD GD. Michael Brennan, 427 W. Main #105, Madison, WI 53703.

Wanted: *Any* gen qual. 4/23/77 Springfield, MA (my 1st!); 9/2/79 Augusta; 12/28 – 31/84 SF. Many to trade. Geo. Reed, 20105 20th NW, Seattle, WA 98177.

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We're Done Done With Ours.

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"It's great!"
— Mickey Hart

"I have one. Leave me alone!"
— Blair Jackson

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Donna L. in Boulder: You're a true American Beauty Rose. Thanks to you for the very hot shows. Might as Well, Let It Grow, Tape trading is the way to go.

Halloween at Berkeley, '84: Black T-shirt. Ventura Dead Ahead, '84; Dead at the Frost, '83; Dead on the Beach, '83: white T-shirts. Quality screen & orig. artwork. $12. Or send SASE: Stavin's T-shirts, 1268 E. Santa Clara St., Ventura, CA 93001.

Ho-Ho, time for some clever Dead T-shirts! Jerrycise; East Coast Dead; Deadercise; Jerry's Kids. The hit of the Berkeley & NY shows. SASE for catalog. L.C. Bowman, Windy Acres Ranch, Box 810, Tracy, CA 95376.

Wanted: 1985 Grateful Dead Calendar. Prefer band picture type. (916) 447-5787. 2149 Weller Way, Sacramento, CA 95818.

Get high on the Dead without drugs! Licensed psychotherapist; six years substance-abuse counseling experience. Sliding scale, insurance accepted. SF area: Fran Wickner, (415) 221-3333 x441.

Thomas is a Grateful Dad, Heike is a Grateful Mom now. All the best! Karl-Heinz.

Dingus, Norman, Howard, Brothers Barry & Alan: Great friends, family, toons, and country; life is complete. B'Ahava, K.J.

April 18 **** Happy Birthday, my dearest SAM. I love you more than words can tell. Your faithful -M-.

Include your Deadperiences in the *Long Strange Trip!* What is your most memorable experience at a Grateful Dead show? Responses continue to truck in—get on the Bus. Happy trails! Benjie DiPietro, Editor, *Long Strange Trip*, 3175 S. Hoover St., #521, L.A., CA 90007.

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HAL MASONBERG: Where are you?? If anyone knows him or where I can get in touch with him, please contact me: Matt Flesher, 102 Waterford Ct., Peachtree City, GA 30269.

Hale & Annie: Missed you at Oakland and BCT. There was no one to "take care" of us (not to mention no Dom). Maybe this summer at the Greek. Love, your favorite publishers.

Leopold & Loeb: How can we miss you if you won't go away? Love, Jer & China.

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Deadline for Summer Issue:
June 1

DEADHEADS! Call up your local cable TV company and scream:

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GDTV

Yes, GDTV is the only 24-hour-a-day Grateful Dead cable channel, featuring non-stop programming of Dead concerts and the thousands of hours of programs made since the '60s with members of the Dead in starring or supporting roles. Whether it's the 6-24-70 Capitol Theatre concert or Garcia's legendary appearance on *Julia's Kitchen* with Julia Child, you'll get your "Phil" of the Dead on GDTV. And each month we'll send you our detailed program guide:



On *Star Trek,* the crew of the Enterprise beams up Mickey Hart to battle a Klingon master drummer, with the fate of the universe on the line.

June 5, 1985

6 a.m.: The Three Bears (children) — When a magic chemical splits Owsley in three, the boys in the band don't know whether to laugh, cry or move to Australia.

7 a.m.: The US Festival, 1982 (concert) — It's breakfast in bed with the Dead in this famous morning performance. Highlight: "Truckin'" (contains brief nudity and drunk people from L.A.).

10 a.m.: Hollywood Squares (game show) — Celebrity guests include Erik Estrada, Rose Marie, Dick Van Patten, The Puppet "Madame" and Brent Mydland.

10:30 a.m.: What's Your Beef? (phone-in) — Phil Lesh fields complaints from Deadheads and adds a few of his own. Today's topic: Colorado promoter Barry Fey (may contain obscene language).



In this classic episode of *I Love Lucy,* Ethel and Lucy go ga-ga when Ricky brings Jerry home from the Club to make it a foursome on the links.

11 a.m.: Dialing for Downers (movie/contest) — Bob Weir stars in *California Bob & the Temple of 'Shrooms,* in which our hero eats the "wrong kind" of mushroom soup and then has to remember the lyrics to "The Music Never Stopped" to save the life of a beautiful heiress. Pamela: Apollonia. Dr. Doom: Bill Walton.

1 p.m.: New Year's '82 (concert) — Etta James joins what she calls "the baddest blues band around."

4 p.m.: Merv Griffin (talk) — Billy Kreutzmann and Buddy Rich join Merv in "A Salute to Dead Drummers," featuring footage of Gene Krupa, John Bonham and Keith Moon.

6 p.m.: The Andy Griffith Show (comedy) — Barney teaches Opie the error of his ways when the lad is arrested scalping Dead tickets outside the Mayberry Civic Center. Aunt Bee: Frances Bavier. Jerry Garcia as himself.

7 p.m.: Humboldt Calling (crop report)

8 p.m.: RFK Stadium '73 (concert) — Members of the Allman Brothers join the Dead in this three-set extravaganza.

12 midnight: Good Sex with Dr. Ruth Westheimer (talk) — Dr. Ruth and Bob Weir explain the difference between a G-spot and a G-chord.

1 a.m.: The Road to Red Rocks (movie) — Bob Hope and Bing Crosby in their final "Road" picture. Hilarity shifts into high gear when Der Bingle hires the crazy crew from *Taxi* to drive him from Hollywood to Boulder — where they steal his tickets!

3 a.m.: The Twilight Zone (suspense) — 1. Ralph Bergman (Al Pacino) makes a deal with the devil to get the Dead to play "St. Stephen." 2. A speed freak (Morgan Fairchild) is tormented by her household appliances, all of which play "Must've Been the Roses."