Issue Seven

Summer 1985



THE GOLDEN ROAD

Paradise waits on the crest of a wave . . .

It's gettin' crazy out there. We had anticipated a lot of excitement over the Dead's 20th anniversary celebration, but we hadn't expected quite the media blitz that's occurred, with magazines and television programs practically lining up to do stories about the Dead and Deadheads. Tickets for shows have been scarce all year, with demand for Greek ducats the most intense we can remember since the closing of Winterland. Maybe after the summer anniversary hoopla has passed things will settle down again.

When the going gets tough . . . wimps go to Hawaii, which is where we headed for two weeks in mid-May in an attempt to escape the insanity for a little while. Much as we love working on *The Golden Road*, we were happy to get a chance to sit back and listen to Dead tapes without having to worry about whether we were addressing envelopes quickly enough or whether this or that interview was imminent, postponed, canceled or whatever.

Lying on beautiful deserted beaches and driving around the uncrowded roads of Kauai and Molokai listening to the Dead, Weather Report and King Sunny Ade (as well as old Hawaiian music), we were both struck again by how powerful music can be in a pleasant natural surrounding. Certainly there's much to be said for seeing the Dead indoors at night, but to hear a great "Playing in the Band" jam wafting across a beachhead as clouds of every shape and size rush across the Hawaiian sky, or crawl over the green jagged volcano peaks, is sublime indeed. The jams seem more organic in these settings, more in tune with the rhythms of nature. Say, we know this beach in Kauai that would be just *perfect* for a Dead show . . . Oh well, we're allowed to be dreamers, too.

Our apologies for the relative lateness of this issue. Between our little vacation, the Greek and Ventura shows and the general madness of summer, we fell a little behind schedule. Our thanks for your patience. If the gods are with us, our fall issue will come out closer to mid-month in October.

The cover this time is by Lisa Shaftel, a New York City-based freelance scenic and lighting designer and theater craftsperson we had the good fortune of meeting around the last New Year's shows. As you might be able to tell from her intriguing watercolor of a stegosaurus hitching down The Golden Road, Lisa has a particular interest in reptiles and dinosaurs; in fact she has been an avid herpetologist ever since she fell in love with the mechanical dinosaurs at the Sinclair Gasoline pavilion at the 1964 New York World's Fair. She is the proud owner of a pair of terrapins (of course) who have even been known to go on tour with her.



During the second set-opening "Scarlet Begonias" at the Sunday Greek show, three large silk "balloons" were launched backstage and wafted gracefully over the amazed crowd. Pictured here is the last of these as it floats above and beyond the top rows of the amphitheatre. Photo: Ron Delany

Once again, we are looking for a few souls to hand out *Golden Road* leaflets during the fall Southeast and Northeast tours. Drop us a postcard if you can help us out. We haven't been able to get leaflets to everyone who has volunteered in the past, but we certainly do appreciate the offers and the continued support. It's really helped us a lot, to the point where our subscription rolls swelled by about a thousand names in just the last few months.

— *BJ & RM*

THE GOLDEN ROAD

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FEEDBACK

Seeing Is Belonging

I am writing as a follow-up to the letter last issue titled "Mama Tried," because I did too. I am the mother of a Deadhead (MOD) and a future mother-in-law of a Deadhead, too. My two children spend most of their time, energy and money following the group. I couldn't understand it, so one day the kids took the bull by the horn (I'm a Taurus) and invited me to be their guest at the Nassau Coliseum. I did not know what to expect, but to my pleasant surprise I was surrounded by beautiful young people just mellowed out and having a great time. I enjoyed the music, drum solo and space jam. I felt my mind and body wander right off with each note and beat played.

The energy and intensity of the music totally controls the crowd, while in return the crowd is controlling the band by their feedback. You can see and feel the band, and Deadheads reach highs and lows together. It was quite exciting. I even borrowed my son-in-law's Dead T-shirt so I would feel as if I belonged. I did belong, and now I can see why my children do what they do, and why they follow the Dead.

Audrey Karmel
New York, NY

Friend of the Little Devils

As a mother of eight children (six boys, ages 18 - 27, and two girls, ages 10 and 14), I am very aware of the Grateful Dead. I first became interested in the Dead in 1974, when my second oldest son started to buy their albums. I have enjoyed them ever since. My favorite member of the group is Billy Kreutzmann. I have been to seven concerts (Madison Square Garden and Nassau Coliseum). The boys travel all over the States, but I cannot, much as I would like to.

When the boys were younger and started to follow the Dead around, I couldn't understand it. I would tell them, "If you've seen one show, you've seen them all." Now I know how false that statement is. My second show couldn't come fast enough! I learned that no two shows are ever the same, and that the Deadheads are a great bunch of kids. My daughters have seen two shows each, and they loved them. My sons took me to the Calderone Theatre in Hempstead, New York, to see Bobby & the Midnites, and we had a ball.

In this day and age it is nice to have such a good rapport with one's children. I enjoy their music and their friends, and I hope they continue to see me as both their mother and their friend. Long live the Dead.

Ann Jackson
Island Park, NY

Mama, Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Deadheads

Hey now! Here is a word from a MOD five times over, since all five of our kids are into the Dead one way or another. I not only tolerate and understand the complete Deadhead scene, I happen to enjoy it! The '83 and '84 hometown concerts on the Island in Harrisburg were attended by our entire family (I wore a scarf on my head to cover the touch of gray), and the DOD (Dad of the Deadheads) also attended shows in Baltimore.

The two concerts in the Burg, we housed about 40 Deadheads, and it was truly an event. Meeting people I had spoken to on the phone was a great experience. I wanted the band to come over for a home-cooked dinner after the show 'cause I really admire them. Since that wasn't possible, I was glad the folks from across the country could partake of the goodies we had on hand.

I don't know what I did 20 years ago when I was carrying the twins (they were born two months after the Dead's first shows) to make them such avid Heads. All I know is I must have done something right!

Joan Leopold
Harrisburg, PA

P.S. My one request of the band that would make me eternally grateful is: Could you please play "The Eleven" before the year is out?

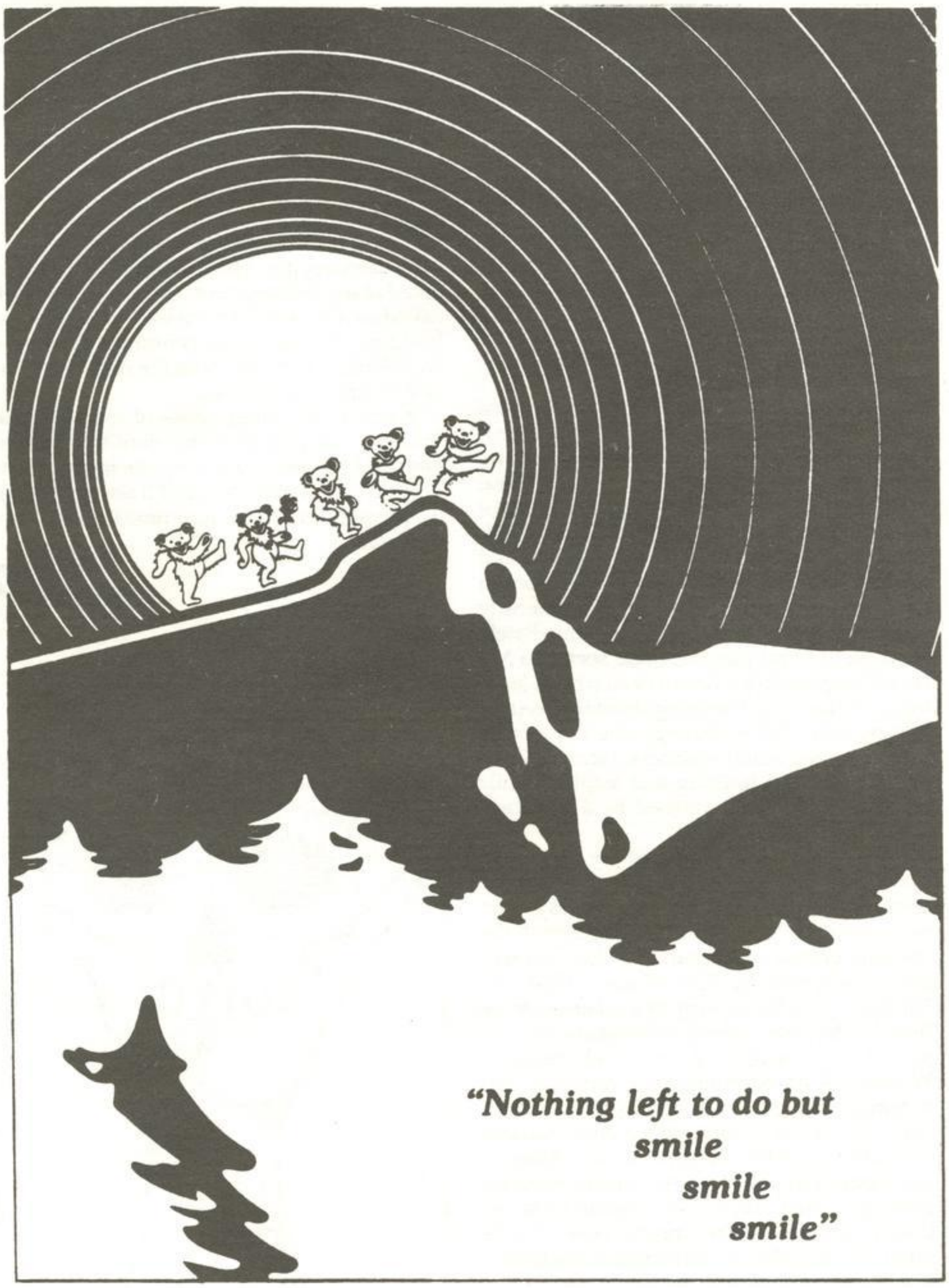


Illustration: Jon Marks, Newark, DE

Like Father, Like Son

As your letter-writer from St. Louis said last issue, it does take special parents to understand Deadhead children. Because I celebrated Father's Day at the Greek shows (after all, I am one of Jerry's Kids), my family had to get together the next day. Both my folks are heavily into music, especially Dixieland jazz (hey, it swings, man!) and probably see it live as much as I see the Dead. They go to weekend-long mega-Dixie festivals in other cities, just like we go on tour. My dad even *tapes* sometimes!

A friend tells me that the Dead and Dixieland are similar in that "collective improvisa-

FEEDBACK

tion" often develops during a song, although Dixieland is much more predictable. And you sure can dance to both.

So my dad the Dixiehead understands why I go to so many concerts by the same band when I put it this way: "What if there were only one Dixieland band in the whole world?"

John Larmer
San Francisco, CA

A Whale of a Show

Having read several dire stories of overenthusiastic crowd control in your "Letters," I thought I might share my experience to help balance things out.

While enjoying the first Augusta show last October, Phil caused me to become deranged. During a nice, but not extraordinary, "Playin' in the Band," he suddenly started playing real hard, stepping out and challenging the rest of the band to follow suit; they did. All three guitarists got to broiling and wrangling, Billy and Mickey lept out of their seats and attacked every drum in sight, and the overall intensity zoomed upward fantastically. It immediately brought to mind pictures I had seen in a *National Geographic* of a dozen or so whales leaping and diving and frothing about in a feeding frenzy, while being photographed by a boatful of stunned whale watchers. Here the Dead were, musically frothing and leaping, while being recorded and watched by a civic-center-full of Deadheads

These two images melded in my overmaxed brain, and as the show progressed to intense space, followed by "Dear Mr. Fantasy," my brain synthesized it all and came out with the obvious gestalt understanding that this was being fomented by *Blue Whales!* "Dear Mr. Fantasy" was Jerry's way of explaining to us that this had been going on for years and was sort of tough on him, but groovy all the same. Whales, being so much more complex, and communicating on a higher spiritual level, can only really communicate with humans when there are thousands of us, all vibing on one open channel. And they need a medium through which they can communicate, so they've been using the Grateful Dead. That is what "it" is at shows: whale vibrations tuning into human vibrations through music.

After the show, when I was really confused, and nobody else seemed to be tuned into this "obvious" reality, it occured to me that this was my big opportunity to transfer my consciousness into a baby whale while it was being born — reincarnated, as it were — but it could only happen inside the civic center, which was already empty and closed, except for the back door.

I raced back in, and security people came up to me and told me to leave. But I knew that most of what I was seeing wasn't real; they were merely metaphorical obstacles in between me and my new life as a baby whale. Eventually there were six or eight security fellows trying to gently persuade me to leave, while I shouted out, "I'm ready!" over and over. They surrounded me and pushed and tugged me towards the door, until I decided that I should try leaving this dimension more passively; so I promptly shut my eyes and went totally limp. They all thought that I had passed out, and ever so gently they lifted me up by all my limbs, supporting me comfortably from all sides, and carried me out the door and down two flights of stairs.

My wife (this was our honeymoon tour!) happened to be at the bottom of the stairs, and seeing a squadron of security guards carrying her apparently unconscious husband, called out my name. I opened my eyes and stood on my feet, to the great surprise of the men carrying me. They stepped back, astonished at my instantaneous recovery, and then asked us if we would be so kind as to leave the building. We did, and continued to have a wonderful trip throughout the night, eventually laughing about it all.

It was with a huge sense of relief that we thought, "Thank God this didn't happen in Hartford." I owe a great thanks to those tender security guards. Maybe I'll see them again (in my right mind) the next time the boys play Augusta.

Jeffrey Harter
Cambridge, MA

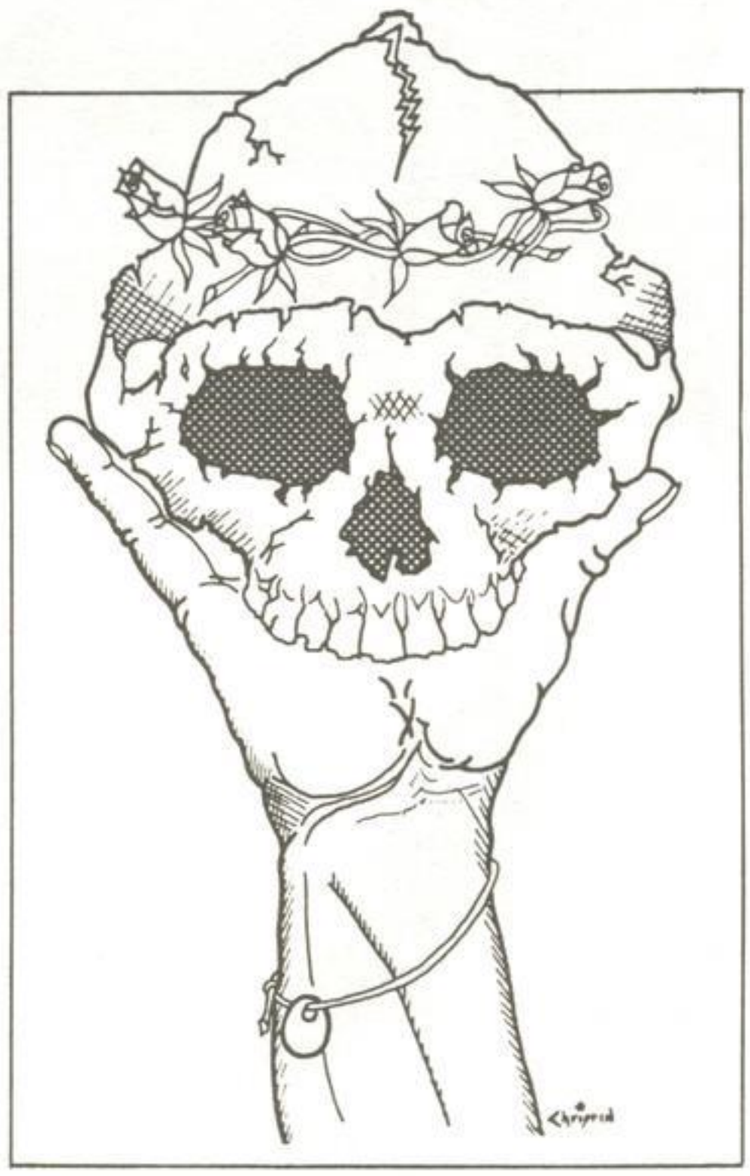


Illustration: Christin Adams

Bop Till You Drop

During the recent shows at the Greek Theatre, it was a real treat to watch Dan Healy. Long considered to be the "seventh member of the band," Healy certainly filled his role by providing his usual outstanding mix.

When Sunday came, Healy looked like a kid cruising Main Street in his convertible while bopping to the music. With the canopy top removed from over the soundboard, Healy danced, sang, laughed, mixed, conducted, played "air guitar" and seemed to have a great time just hanging out and playing with the band.

We should be grateful for Dan.

Robert Spiegelman
Londonderry, NH

Mike Envy

Help! My ladyfriend makes me feel very inadequate and inferior when we are in the tapers' section at shows. Every other guy's apparatus is almost twice the length of mine (both retracted and extended).

I feel that what's important is how one uses his equipment, not the length and size. She still thinks that there is a direct relationship between size and enjoyment. Please help me!

Robert Kleinman
White Plains, NY

The GR replies: Ask Dr. Ruth.

My Love's Bigger Than a Cadillac

I read your "Funstuff' in Issue #5 [January 1985], and I have to say that my interpretation of the "saw a Deadhead sticker on a Cadillac" reference in Don Henley's song "The Boys of Summer" is a bit different from yours. As for the line, "A little voice inside my head said don't look back, you can never look back," I take it to mean that the Dead represent everything youthful in life, and that sooner or later when you move on to a new plane or "grow up" you should keep going forward and not back. I am a Deadhead of some 14 years who has moved on to a new plane, but I still think that the Dead are the greatest rock and roll band in the world.

One of the tunes I just heard about the Dead that I liked was the "Moondogs" or "Moondoggies" or something like that that went: "I want to kick off my shoes, light up a number and listen to the Grateful Dead." Who says they don't write songs like they used to!

Lazy Lightnin'
Wainscott, NY

Sneers for Peers

I must say I interpreted "The Boys of Summer" differently than you. Instead of seeing it as an insult to Deadheads, I think he's making a point about hypocrisy and how all of the humanistic ideals of the '60s are being killed by our money-grubbing attitudes. I felt disgusted on the last East Coast tour when I saw *several* cars with Dead stickers next to Reagan stickers. It was like my last haven of peace and love had been infiltrated. I'm not saying that "those people" can't see the Dead, but to me it's a contradiction.

I thought Don Henley was pointing out the same thing — how my peers (I'm 24) have no social conscience and have forsaken the lessons of the recent past just to make bucks. Then to ease their guilt they put Dead stickers on their Cadillacs in hopes that people will assume they're cool and tuned in, when in fact they have no idea of, or respect for, the atmosphere and history that the Dead were born in and have perpetuated.

Sorry to preach, but when Henley says "You can never look back," I think he's just bumming on how things have changed. Now, if it was a psychedelic Caddy with fins, it would be different!

Cindy Ratner
New Castle, DE

Not My Kind of Zoo

I have enjoyed your features quite a bit, with the possible exception of the "Deadhead Professionals" article [Issue #4, 1984]. As a grad student, and in the time since leaving school with two years of chemistry past my master's degree, I have come to realize that so-called objective knowledge is far from value-free, and that all that propaganda is a higher level of hooking creative minds on the program, the system, or whatever.

Knowledge as achievement and as a scarce commodity has done little to alleviate world suffering and solve real problems. To me, being a Deadhead is outside that scene, and reading some of the testimonials made me wince. When and if science really goes after truth, then we can all look at ourselves in the mirror in the morning and feel good about what we are doing to this Earth.

Gary Nolan
Monroe, OR

. . . See How It Smells in the Air

The wheel keeps turning: I just celebrated my 12th year as a Deadhead at the spring Nassau Coliseum shows. I was a pimply 15-year-old in 1973 the week Pig Pen died, when they first played there. I'm still on the Bus. I thought I'd tell you about my profession, since it's a bit unusual and you've shown an interest in Deadhead professionals.

I am the manager of the Odor Quality Control Lab for a Dutch company named Naarden International. We manufacture fragrances. That's not just perfume; it's also the fragrance oils that go into anything from floor wax to shampoo to new cars to unscented things that need fragrances to mask the bad odor of the base product. I smell for a living! (My father was a fabric dyer; he "died" for a living. Family pun.) I have developed an odor memory of thousands of chemicals and natural fragrance materials. It is my goal to one day become a perfumer — the person who creates the fragrances.

You cannot learn perfuming in college, but only in an apprentice-type situation. So if there are any Deadhead perfumers out there who want a like-minded person to take on as a trainee, I'm available. We could create Scarlet Begonias Soap, Sugar Magnolia Shampoo, Essence of Jerry (maybe not), or whatever.

Craig Tenenbaum
Mineola, NY

Oral Vex

I noticed in your "Roots" section a discussion of the title of "Peggy-O." Well, as any player of traditional music will tell you, titles don't matter much. One of my favorite fiddle tunes is "The Red Haired Boy," which I've heard called "The Little Beggar Man," "Down in the Coal Mines" and "The Soldier With the Wooden Leg." When you're dealing with an oral tradition, nothing is etched in stone; a song or tune exists in many variations with different names. So a discussion of whether the song *should* be called "Peggy-O," "Pretty Peggy-O," "Fennario," etc., seems a little absurd to me.

David Cohen
Piscataway, NJ

It's Not Cool to Sell Tapes

I read your critical commentary last issue about Dead concert tapes being sold. I recently attended a record convention in Oregon City, Oregon, and was shocked to discover a vendor selling live concert tapes. None of the tapes for sale were Dead, but still . . .

What's the situation with the Harrison Archives? They sell single cassettes for $15 a pop (granted, they're soundboards). They send back cassettes with a typewritten label they probably picked up at K-Mart for 99¢. Just who is benefiting from this?

There are many other notorious tape sellers I could list, but the thought of them is making me sick.

Gil Matthews
Fairview, OR

One Man Gathers . . .

I agree with the recent letter concerning "Reaganite Deadhead" values. I once had 12 extra tickets to Red Rocks that could have paid for my whole trip had I scalped them, but it means so much more to help the other Heads out. I sold the three show sets at cost to four people who had driven from New York with the faith that they would get in somehow.

You get out of the Grateful Dead experience what you contribute, in sharing and opening yourself up to others, and those who are not sufficiently "aware" to understand this will hopefully grow in totality of the Dead experience.

Jim Lyle
Atlanta, GA

SUBSCRIBE!



"Gee, Harvey, I haven't had this much fun on tour since Red Rocks '78!"

You Might As Well

Even when you're on tour, you still need good reading. And *The Golden Road* is the number one choice of Heads who travel the elegant way (and any other way, for that matter) from coast to coast. A one-year subscription is just $10 in the U.S. and Canada; $16 for airmail to Europe. (All issues published prior to Summer '85 must be ordered as back issues for $3 each; $4 to Europe.)

Don't leave home without it.

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

DEADLINE The Latest News & Rumor Control



Phil and Bobby meet famed Wagnerian baritone Thomas Stewart backstage following a performance of Siegfried *(third of the four "Ring" operas). Stewart, it turns out, is a fan of the Dead. Photo: John O'Hara/San Francisco* Chronicle

A lot of Deadheads were understandably upset when the band canceled a pair of Sacramento, California, shows —scheduled for June 8 and 9—just a few days after tickets went on sale. The reason given over the Hotline: "scheduling conflicts." That was true, but as people subsequently learned after some enterprising newshounds did some digging, the real reason the shows were nixed was that Phil, Bobby and Jerry had tickets for the opera one of those two nights. Now before you guffaw too loudly, we should tell you that this wasn't just any opera, but part of Richard Wagner's famous "Ring of the Nibelung," which is rarely performed in its entirety. (The "Ring" cycle consists of four operas, performed on different days.)

According to one article we read, hardcore Wagnerites sound a little like Deadheads. They'll go to great lengths to see "The Ring" performed. See if any of these quotes, all from Wagnerheads, sound like anything you've heard: "It's almost like a spell—a magic spell, if you like—when the music starts, that draws everybody together like a religion"; "The allure of 'The Ring' was what got me off my butt to travel. Wagner is the ticket"; "The thing that everyone has in common, which makes you sort of mad to go all over the world for this, is a love of Wagner. Otherwise you wouldn't spend the time and money."

Not only did the Dead cancel the Sacramento shows, Garcia scratched a scheduled San Francisco show with his band so he could attend the best-known of the four "Ring" operas, *Die Walküre.* There is no truth to the rumor that he was stopped at the door for carrying in taping equipment.

San Francisco was jammed with Deadheads the weekend of June 7 and 8, as rumors of a free concert by the Dead flew across the country following the cancellation of the Sacramento shows scheduled for that weekend. June 7 found hundreds chasing down rumors of free shows in Golden Gate Park, to no avail. (I know how it feels. I spent all of July 4th, 1975 — during the Dead's "retirement"—looking for a Dead show my friends and I were positive was going to happen.)

When the park show didn't materialize, attention turned to the big Haight Street Fair the next day, for which a performance by Merl Saunders "and friends" was advertised. By early Sunday afternoon, the middle of Haight Street (which was blocked off for the day) was crowded with microphone stands and several thousand Deadheads. And though there was no "free Dead show," most Heads went home happy, because joining Merl and his regular bassist and drummer were Bob Weir and Brent Mydland, John Cipollina, singer Pam Rose (something of a local phenom) and, making his first big public appearance in several years, ex-Kingfish guitarist Robbie Hoddinott. The crowd witnessed some wicked guitar interplay during the approximately hour-long set, and there were smiles all around as this instant "supergroup" rocked out on the Dead's old stomping grounds.

Among the tunes played were "Wang Dang Doodle," "Bright Lights Big City," "Baby What You Want Me to Do," "Man Smart Woman Smarter," "Mona," "High-Heel Sneakers" and "Johnny B. Goode." Kudos to Brent and Bobby for leading the jam session with gusto. We heard a few people grumbling about how the Dead "owed" them a free concert, but that's patently ludicrous, of course, and the Dead went to great lengths to deny the free-concert rumors, including putting an advisory on the hot line.

As for the others rumors about a free Dead show in Golden Gate Park sometime this fall, perhaps in September, we would suggest extreme caution at this point. The Parks & Recreation Department of San Francisco could fight a Dead show vigorously, as they have contested rock concerts in the past. If the concert does happen, don't look for it to be widely announced in advance. As I recall, when the Dead and the Starship played together in the Park in 1975, most

of us learned about it less than a week beforehand. (But then we didn't have as developed an information — and misinformation — network as we have today.)

It's hard to believe, but there really is such a thing as a secret in the world of the Grateful Dead. How else can you explain the fact that when the Dead recorded three full days of video sessions at the Marin Civic Auditorium April 19, 20 and 21 the grounds weren't crawling with curious Deadheads? These weren't concerts per se, but rather long, occasionally tedious afternoons and evenings of the Dead running through various songs several times each for a battery of video cameras onstage and in the auditorium's orchestra pit. Though the hall seats 2000, there was no crowd on hand for any of the shoots — just working crew and a few members of the extended Dead family. Because there was no audience, no p.a. system was used. The band worked with just a stage mix, and engineer John Cutler, working in the famous Le Mobile remote recording truck parked outside, captured it all on tape. Len Dell'Amico, who directed the 1980 videos of the Dead's Radio City Music Hall shows (for Showtime and a commercial videocassette, *Dead Ahead*), supervised the shoot from One Pass Video's Mobile One truck.

Since the only real audience was the cameras, there was no reason to have the players in a traditional stage formation. If you saw the brief snippet of the band playing "Not Fade Away" in an *NBC Nightly News* segment on the Dead aired in mid-June, you might have noticed that Weir was facing the drummers as he sang, and Phil and Jerry were turned in towards Weir, so the singers looked at each other as they sang. That clip was from the video sessions.

The eventual destination of all this video and music is still up in the air, but chances are the band will eventually release a long-form video that will include parts of the Marin sessions, some historic footage from the band's vaults, modern visual effects and, yes, perhaps even some "conceptual" video.

Because the end product is still nebulous, the Dead have asked us not to reveal the full song list for the three days, but we can say that it was a nice mixture of old and recent tunes with one or two surprises thrown in. Contrary to popular rumor, they did *not* play either "Box of Rain" or "Attics of My Life." Ninety-five percent of the tunes came from their regular repertoire. When and if the video materializes, we hope to publish a more detailed look at both the Marin sessions (we caught one entire day) and the people behind it.

The Dead donated a number of items to San Francisco's PBS affiliate, KQED, for the station's spring fund-raising auction, and managed to bring in an impressive $2620. The items and the final bids: a signed *Rolling Thunder* poster and album ($301); a signed *Mars Hotel* album ($262); a Chinese New Year's shirt autographed by the band ($351); a *Reflections* LP, signed by Garcia ($151); a pair of tickets for the June 14 Greek show, plus an autographed band photo ($221); June 15 tickets plus signed photo ($301); June 16 tickets and signed photo ($301); December 30 tickets plus signed photo ($281); New Year's Eve tickets and signed photo ($450). Insane? Perhaps, but it was all for a good cause.

Thanks to Mickey Hart, Northern California Deadheads (and others) were able to see an extraordinary performance in late May by a group of Tibetan monks known the world over for their magical tantric chanting. The monks were brought to America by the Dalai Lama, and their Berkeley Community Theatre appearance (one of only a few U.S. dates) was arranged by Hart, who first heard recordings of the chanting some 15 years ago. Numerous Deadheads turned out for the show (which sold out completely), and everyone we spoke with who attended (we were on vacation) was



Onstage at the Marin Civic Center, April '85, for a secret video shoot. Photo: Rosie McGee Ende

awed by the spirituality of the evening. As Jesse Hamlin of the San Francisco *Chronicle* observed: "It was impossible not to be moved by the otherworldly sounds vibrating through the 12 little men in red and orange robes sitting on the floor. They were praying, not performing. Their strange and beautiful chants — partially heard, partially felt — filled the air and the body with the 'breath of Buddha.'"

Congratulations are in order for new Grateful Dad Brent Mydland, whose wife, Lisa, gave birth to a beautiful baby girl, Jessica, in early April. Also on the maternity front, Janet Soto-Knudsen, one of the Dead's accounting wizards, recently had a baby boy, Jeremiah by name. The cigars are on us!

Robert Hunter has released his second album in less than a year, a live LP called *Live '85*. The disc contains Hunter's interpretations of Dead tunes he wrote or co-wrote, such as "Jack Straw," "It Must've Been the Roses," "Franklin's Tower" and "Easy Wind"; songs he's cut on his solo albums ("Promontory Rider," "Amagamalin Street," "Boys in the Barroom"); and a pair of previously unrecorded tunes, "Red Car" and "Sweet Little Wheels." While it's a generally strong collection in my view — the recording crisp, the performances good — it strikes me as rather conservative by Hunter standards. There is none of the arcana that make his solo shows so riveting (no "Mason's Children," "Box of Rain" or other such obscure tunes), and his two "car songs" are far from his best recent work. I would also quarrel with including several tunes that use the same flanger sweep effect on his guitar; it distracts after a while. If we can't have a great recording of Hunter live with The Dinosaurs, however, this will do nicely for now.

Hunter's record can be found in many record stores, but if it isn't available near you, pick it up by mail from Relix Records, P.O. Box 92, Brooklyn, NY 11229. It's $10 for album or cassette, postage included.

We have only a lukewarm recommendation for the new book, *San Francisco Nights: The Psychedelic Music Trip*, by L.A. writers Davin Seay and Gene Sculatti. On the one hand, it offers occasionally illuminating detail about the very early days of the San Francisco music scene, but the authors show little feel for the period they're talking about, and the writing is cutesy to the point of being cloying. It is also riddled with inaccuracies (e.g., they tell the story of the "Skullfuck" controversy as being about *Live Dead*) and dwells on unimportant figures in SF music history (the Mystery Trend) and groups that have little or no link with the Haight scene (Strawberry Alarm Clock, etc.). There are a few good photos and posters reproduced (though the overall design is horrid), several nice anecdotes from George Hunter and others, but the bottom line is that the treatment of the period is ultimately cynical — not surprising coming from a professed born-again Christian who once told me he hates rock and roll, and a one-time record company publicist who wrote in another book that the Dead stopped being "cool" in 1967. And hey, guys, nobody calls it "Frisco" anymore! How *very* L.A.

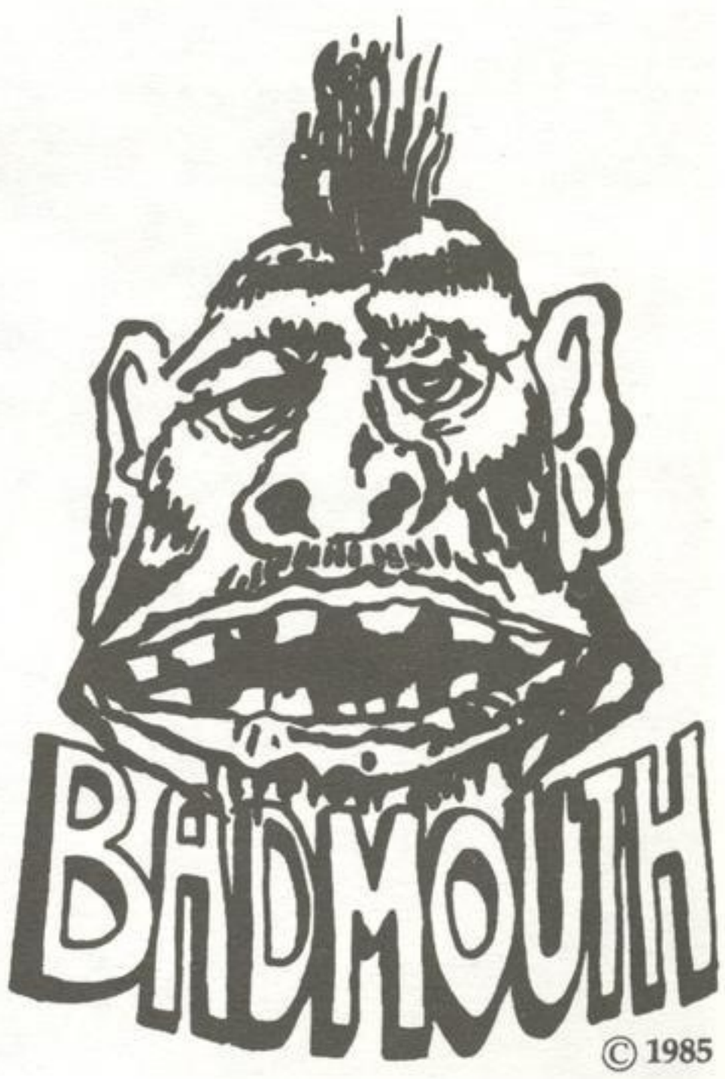


Bob sings "Ripple" during the finale of the Berkeley SEVA benefit show. Helping him are (L-R) Jonathan Richman, Danny Kalb, Wavy Gravy and Kate Wolf. Photo: Mariah Healy

Bob Weir made what was, to our knowledge, his first solo appearance ever at a benefit concert for SEVA held in early May at the 400-seat Julia Morgan Theatre in Berkeley. Playing an Ovation guitar, Weir moved with surprising assurance through a solid ten-song set of original and cover tunes. After opening with a rendition of Paul McCartney's "Blackbird," he then offered "City Girls," "Bright Lights Big City" into "Baby What You Want Me to Do?", "Little Red Rooster" (the latter three featured former Blues Project lead guitarist Danny Kalb, who also played an opening set), "Slipaway" into "Shade of Gray" into "Heaven Help the Fool," "Victim or the Crime" and finally, best of all, "Throwing Stones." For his encore, Weir invited the other people who had performed — Kalb, folksinger Kate Wolf, eccentric Jonathan Richman and M.C. Wavy Gravy — to join him on a song by "a good friend of all of ours." The tune was "Ripple," and it made for a very moving finale, as Weir sang lead on the Hunter-Garcia classic for the first time.

(You may also be interested to know that when Garcia played a recent solo acoustic show in Los Angeles, he included "She Belongs to Me" in his set.)

Ever hear of a band called Badmouth? Neither had we until we learned that Garcia traveled to Wheaton, Illinois, for five days to produce sessions with the group at Jor-Dan Studios. Well, it turns out that the band was being fronted by comedians Al Franken and Tom Davis (both well-known Deadheads and hosts of the Dead's Radio City broadcast on Halloween in 1980), and the sessions were for a film the two are involved with called *Datenight*. According to Jor-Dan's



Artwork by Jerry Garcia



Jerry with Jor-Dan Studios' Melinda Schmidt.

Dan Zimbelman, the music Al, Tom and Badmouth cut was primarily for the film's bar scenes. "It was pretty rough stuff," he told us. "If you've heard the duo play before, you know why they are comedians and not musicians." Franken & Davis wrote and co-star in the movie, which is scheduled for release by Columbia Pictures some time next year. Sounds like a winner.

Bill Graham has been in the limelight a lot of late for his Herculean achievement in putting on the recent Live Aid extravaganza, and for that he is to be congratulated. But just two months ago things were considerably darker in his world. On April 26, Graham sponsored a rally in San Francisco's Union Square protesting President Reagan's highly controversial trip to Bitburg Cemetery in Germany, where a number of Nazi SS troops are buired. Graham, a Jewish refugee whose mother perished in a Nazi concentration camp, and who fled Europe for the U.S. as an 11-year-old orphan, understandably was quite vocal on the issue both at the rally and in full-page newspaper advertisements publicizing the event. Just a week later, when Graham was on a plane to Europe, someone torched the offices of Bill Graham Presents, burning the building to the ground and destroying years' worth of valuable rock and roll memorabilia, much of it irreplaceable. (Even more tragic on a purely personal level was the loss of the only picture Graham had of his parents.) Though no person or group ever claimed responsibility for the cruel and cowardly deed, both police investigators and Graham suspect it was an anti-Semitic act of retaliation for Graham's Bitburg protest. Asked if the fire could have been set by an irate rock fan, Graham replied: "I can't see someone who couldn't get into the Dead on New Year's ever doing something like that." The day after the fire, someone painted a crude version of Alton Kelley's phoenix design (from *Go to Heaven*) on one of the few standing walls of the building — a symbol of rebirth. Indeed, Graham's organization has carried on with admirable spirit and determination.

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At a pair of Bay Area Garcia Band shows in early June, Jerry unveiled a new guitar, made by Modulus Graphite (which built Phil's six-string bass and two of Bobby's axes). The graphite neck, developed by Geoff Gould, supposedly offers better sustain and won't warp because of climatic changes. The new guitar has some custom wiring, of course, allowing Garcia to send out a stereo signal, but is otherwise a standard Modulus. It's a little smaller than his current Doug Irwin custom model, and our unscientific poll of friends who saw and heard it still prefer the Irwin. Garcia did not experiment with the new instrument at the Greek shows ten days later.

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Clowning in the Band:

The GD Meet the Press



Photos by Mary Eisenhart

One thing I've learned from more than a decade in the music business is that rock and roll and press conferences don't mix. From a band's standpoint, it is a chance to kill several birds with one stone; i.e., talk to a number of writers without giving each one a personal interview. But, unfortunately, these mass affairs tend to be dominated by writers who don't know much about the subjects they're interviewing. This is particularly true of the straight media — wire services, newspapers and most of all TV. Television reporters have the added curse of constantly being on the lookout for the good sensational quote they can snip to three seconds for the evening news, and of course, they travel with camera and sound crews. So it was with some trepidation that Regan and I attended a press conference two hours before the Friday Greek show (June 14). Most of our fears were, alas, realized.

In the outdoor area backstage at the Greek, a table with five microphones was set up before a battery of metal folding chairs. A wall of Ikegami and Sony news cameras were set up hastily by local and national television networks, and Bay Area and international reporters filled the folding chairs. The Grateful Dead was prepared to meet the press. When the band finally arrived and settled uneasily in their seats, they were shy a member — Brent, who was still in his dressing room. What followed was about half an hour (the same length of the President's press conferences) of mostly frivolous discussion and joking that shed little light on the Dead but did offer a nice slice of personality. Below is a largely verbatim transcript of what went down. We tried to get in a few good questions but were matched inanity for insight by two chowder-headed reporters from the local straight press. We pick up the madness right when the band sits down.

Mickey: My name is Bill Graham. I'm the greatest promoter in the whole world.
Jerry: *My* name is Bill Graham.
Billy & Phil (in unison): No, *my* name is Bill Graham.
Phil: Will the real Bill Graham please disappear. (Laughter)
Billy (impatiently):C'mon, Brentsky!
Phil: Where's Brent?
Publicist: He's washing his hands.
Jerry: I've heard that before.
Billy: It's very important to wash your hands before these events.
Phil: What *is* this event? Is this what they call a "photo opportunity"? If no one has any questions, we can all go home.
(Brent arrives to the band's applause)
Jerry: Who's formulating the most complex question?
Phil: You all know how we got our name, right? (Laughs)
Billy: OK, skip that one.
Golden Road: You didn't show much excitement at the 15th anniversary; in fact, it seemed like it was foisted upon you. One sort of gets the idea the same thing is going on here today. Is that accurate?
Bobby: How incredibly perceptive!
Phil: Very good observation! (Laughter)
Bobby: It's no big deal to us. We don't even know if this is the date anyway. I don't think the date really matters to anyone, does it really? We've been around for 20 years more or less.
Jerry: I personally don't believe it! You know, it's a matter of indifference. It's arbitrary.
Bobby: I think this is more or less the anniversary of the date Phil moved down to Palo Alto —
Phil: —a week ago 20 years ago—
Jerry: — to join the band. I showed him how to tune the bass and where to put his fingers for a couple of songs, and then two weeks later he played the first gig. Fast learner. He's a good boy. (Laughs)
Reporter: Does he get the job?
Jerry: We'll see—
Billy: In another 20 years we'll know.
Bobby: He's still on probation. He's still a pledge.
Reporter: Are you working on another Grateful Dead movie?
Jerry: No, not a movie.
Reporter: A video?
Jerry: Something. It's a little hard to talk about because it doesn't exist.
Bobby: We've been grinding some cameras and recording some sounds, and what becomes of that we'll see when we get done with it.



Jerry: We hope it'll be done later in the year, maybe November.
Reporter: Mr. Garcia, you were part of all the international types at the Ring Festival [see "Deadline"] at the Opera House. I saw you there. You want to draw any parallel between Wagnerites and Deadheads?
Phil: They both have very good taste! (Laughter)
Jerry: That's it! Phil turned me on to Wagner, and he's turned me on to lots of other music, as well. *He's* the guy, really.
Bobby: I got turned on to it fiercely—
Jerry: It's great music. It's hearing something really intelligent, and that's a great get-off.

Reporter: How has your music changed in the last 20 years? [The question is greeted with grumbles and mutterings of "Jesus!" from the incredulous band members.]
Jerry: We're involved in something that's in progress, so we don't know. I know *I* don't know—not as a matter of *fact*.
Bobby: It'd be hard to describe a change in the music over 20 years. You might be able to hear it or appreciate it by playing a record or tape we made years ago and then one we made recently. They might sound different, but it's amazing to me how similar they sound.
Jerry: We hope it's better.
Brent: It's still growing.
Reporter: Do you ever wish your audience booed you on your off nights?
Billy: We get booed a little bit.

Jerry: It's a tribute to *something* that our off nights are at least respectable now. It used to be that our off nights would drive 'em out of the place.
Billy: Empty a place in *no* time!
Phil: Now it's almost tolerable.
Reporter: Blind devotion doesn't scare you at all?
Jerry: I don't know, I'm too blind to tell! (Laughter) My bias is *way* over here, man.

> "It's a tribute to something that our off nights are at least respectable now. It used to be we'd drive 'em out."

Mickey: It's not blind devotion. The Deadheads know what they like. We couldn't *make* them come. They come for a reason . . .
Bobby: There's no one driving them in here with whips.

Reporter: I understand that; but it seems that no matter what you do, you're always loved. Do you wish your audience were more critical, more demanding?
Bobby: It's not as great a challenge as it might be.
Phil: Well, no audience could be as critical or demanding of us as we are of ourselves.
Jerry: Right, but Deadheads are awfully sensitive—
Phil: "Our band right or wrong!" (Laughter)
Jerry: They're a good audience. They pay attention. They can get very quiet. We take them a lot of places. They're no slouches. They're not just being there. They're *into it*, and that's nice.
Phil: They're almost willing us to make it good, helping us make it good. "Almost" nothing, in fact—they *are*.
Golden Road: It's been the consistent line of the band that the music's always getting better. Is there anything you could do musically, say, 15 years ago, that you can't do now? Has age diminished anything?
Phil: It's not age, it's experience. Only time can give you mayonnaise. (Laughter)
Mickey: When you're a good dinosaur, you know it.
Jerry: There's some give and take there. You might lose something in energy, but you gain something in subtlety.
Golden Road: Any chance there'll be a trend towards longer shows again, like years ago?
Phil: You mean, *"Play all night you guys!!"*?
Jerry: We always run into a weird problem with halls, like the price goes up 900 percent at 11 o'clock, that kind of stuff—regular reality stuff. Plus, we'd rather play good than long.
Bobby: Also, we've been noticing that if we keep things fairly succinct, we don't drag our stuff out quite so long and we pack a little more music in a little less time. That's kind of neat. I kind of like that myself, rather than dragging it out.
Phil: It's easier to keep it fresh for ourselves, too.
Bobby: We're not going to turn in any 45 minute sets right away.
Golden Road: We're going to hold you to that.
Reporter: Any idea why your music doesn't come off as well on record as it does live?
Jerry: A million theories, but nothing you'd wanna hear about. (Laughs)
Phil: Mostly sour grapes.
Reporter: Do you ever crave a hit record? [The band breaks into laughter and cries of "All the time!" "Never!" "Every minute, every day!"]
Reporter: Some people say you're nostalgia mongers.
Jerry: We're just the slowest growing rock and roll band in the world.

Phil: We're late bloomers.
Reporter: To some people, psychedelics and the Grateful Dead are synonymous. Do psychedelics still have a large role in the appreciation of your music?
Jerry (pretending not to hear the question): What? What?
Phil: Psyche-*what?*
Jerry: Well, we have to go now. (Laughter)
Bobby (at the reporter): His lips are moving, but nothing's coming out.
Reporter: Do drugs still play a part in the enjoyment of Grateful Dead music?
Mickey: I can't hear a word he's saying.
Jerry: Do you mean does *the mind* have anything to do with it?
Reporter (getting flustered): With the appreciation of the music?
Phil: We play it; we can't appreciate it.
Reporter: You're about the only band that tolerates, even encourages taping.
Jerry: There's no way to stop it—
Billy: —and it doesn't seem to have hurt us.
Jerry: They mostly trade them around. They don't sell them.
Bobby: At least we think not.
Reporter: Mickey, you recently presented some Tibetan monks here in Berkeley [see "Deadline"], and I understand there may be a recording of that available.
Mickey: It's a digital recording. Dan Healy and I ran some tape on it.
Bobby (to Mickey): What *are* you going to do with that, out of curiosity?
Mickey: I don't know. I just wanted to record it.
Jerry: That stuff sounds *good,* too. It sounds amazing. Those people can do some remarkable things with their voices.
Mickey: It'll see the light of day someday.
Bobby: If you keep needling him about it, it'll happen sooner than not.
Jerry: Let the air out of his tires!
Bobby: *All* that kind of stuff. Nasty mail. It all gets to him. (Laughter)
Reporter: Phil, how come you don't sing that much?
Phil: It hurts!
Bobby: He's lazy!
Billy: He can't find his microphone.
Bobby: It's amazing — the kids are out there saying, "Let Phil sing!" Meanwhile, *we're* all saying, "Yeah, c'mon Phil!"
Phil: His lips are moving, but nothing's coming out! (Laughter)
Golden Road: There's a lot of interest in so-called neo-psychedelic music. How would you react if people who'd never heard you got into your music through these bands and, God forbid, you had a hit?
Bobby: I'd probably put an electric fence around my house!
Golden Road: Have you heard any of the L.A. psychedelic bands?



Billy shows off his daughter Stacy in response to a question about the Dead's children

Bobby: We would have to dwell for a while on the definition of "psychedelic." Just what exactly is psychedelic? Does it stretch my head? I've heard all that stuff before, so it doesn't really stretch *my* head a lot. It's not consciousness-expanding to me. But it might have been, when I was first learning how to play music

> "This '20 Years' thing is very funny. It sounds like a long time, but it doesn't feel like it...It's like ZIP, ZIP! What happened?!"

and play in a band and taking drugs and learning how to see things in a new way. Maybe *then* it would've been consciousness-expanding. It's hard to say.
Jerry: A certain amount of it is just the exterior.
Golden Road: Dressing up in paisley doesn't make music psychedelic.
Jerry: Right, it's just the exterior—
Phil: —the trappings of it.
Bobby: It's fashion.
Mickey: They're playing the trend part of it. It doesn't seem like they're doing the *real deed.*
Jerry: We'll be misunderstood by them just like we were in the '60s. (Laughter)
Reporter: After 20 years, do you guys ever get tired?
Jerry: No! (He drops his head on the table, feigning exhaustion)
Reporter: Do you exercise? (Jerry laughs hysterically)
Billy: All the time, every day!
Phil: A hundred push-ups a day!
Mickey: Easily. (Pointing to Jerry) He's up to 650 a day.
Bobby: Some of us exercise, and some of us don't.
Jerry: Do we have to stand up and show you? Hey, whaddaya *want?!*
Bobby: Fifteen laps, Garcia!
Phil: Give me 20 push-ups!
Jerry: Oh, not *again,* you guys! (Laughter)
Reporter: Will you describe for local television the Grateful Dead experience?
Jerry: We haven't finished with it yet; we can't describe it.
Reporter: Why is that thousands of people from all over the country, if not the world, came to this concert?
Phil: Cheap thrills.
Jerry: Because we know something very special—
Mickey: —and they don't. (He and Jerry chuckle demonically.)
Billy: They're waiting for us to mess up.
Jerry: I don't know. I don't know why they didn't leave the first time we played. Maybe they *did* leave the first time we played.
Bobby: We convened here tonight to answer this very question. What *are* we doing here?
Golden Road: Bobby, you played the

Haight Street Fair last weekend [see "Deadline"]. Did you feel any pangs of nostalgia?

Bobby: A little bit, yeah; looking out into the sea of faces just like way back when, and it looked pretty much the same. It was fun.

Jerry: That stuff is fun. In my memory, that stuff is still pretty fresh. I don't have to go back very far in terms of personal experience. This "20 years" thing is very funny. It sounds like a long time, but it doesn't feel like it.

Billy: It's just a blink.

Jerry: Yeah. It's like ZIP, ZIP! What . . . what happened? (Laughs)

Phil: What happened to our lives, man?

Jerry: I don't know. I don't know. A minute ago—

Phil: —it was 1965! It's been very fast, so it's hard to relate to all this.

Reporter: Do you guys see yourselves doing this at 60?

Jerry: Maybe so. It seems like we might get there before we know it. It's comin' on pretty fast. Zip, zip, zip!

Reporter: Are any of you applying for places on the space shuttle?

Jerry: A couple of us are, yeah. (Laughs)

Bobby: We have our own flying saucer. This is transportation music. It takes you someplace else. At least it takes *me* someplace else.

Jerry: Me too.

Reporter: Where does it take you?

Bobby: Take a ride and see. Hop on and see.

Jerry: The space shuttle is a little . . . I mean, a heavy glider falling through the atmosphere doesn't exactly inspire confidence. What happens if you get a flat tire?

Phil: It won't matter until it hits.

Golden Road: What are your observations about the children who have grown up around the Grateful Dead scene? Two of you have teenage children . . .

Jerry: They're their own people, I can tell you that.

Billy: I want to answer that question. Here's my daughter, Stacy Kreutzmann. [He gives a hug to his attractive, relatively clean-cut blonde daughter.] How does she look?

Phil: Looks like a healthy kid, huh?

Billy: She's getting a business degree, too. She chose not to be a musician.

Mickey: No chromosome damage there! (Laughter)

Golden Road: There's been no outward rebellion in the ranks?

Phil: They all want to play drums. I can't figure it out!

Jerry: Yeah, that's the terrible part!

Bobby: That's a product of past tiffs and little animosities. If someone's having a tiff with someone else, what's the worst thing you can do to your worst enemy? Give the kid a drumset.

Billy: Hey, it's hard to play drums. You have to use four things—five if you include your mind.

Jerry: The kids are OK. They're real smart.

Reporter: Where would you like to play that you haven't played yet?

Bobby: Bali.

Jerry: Mars.

Brent: The space shuttle.

Reporter: What have the last 20 years taught you? What's come of all that?

Phil: It's a good life.

Mickey: Never take your eyes off the guy to your right [he looks at Jerry] or your left [he looks at Phil].

Jerry: Keep your ammunition dry.

Billy: Don't swim with piranhas.

Bobby: It's taught us a lot about music and living and having a good time while we're at it.

Billy: Doin' it ourselves; keeping it in-house.

Jerry: It's nice to be doin' *something*.

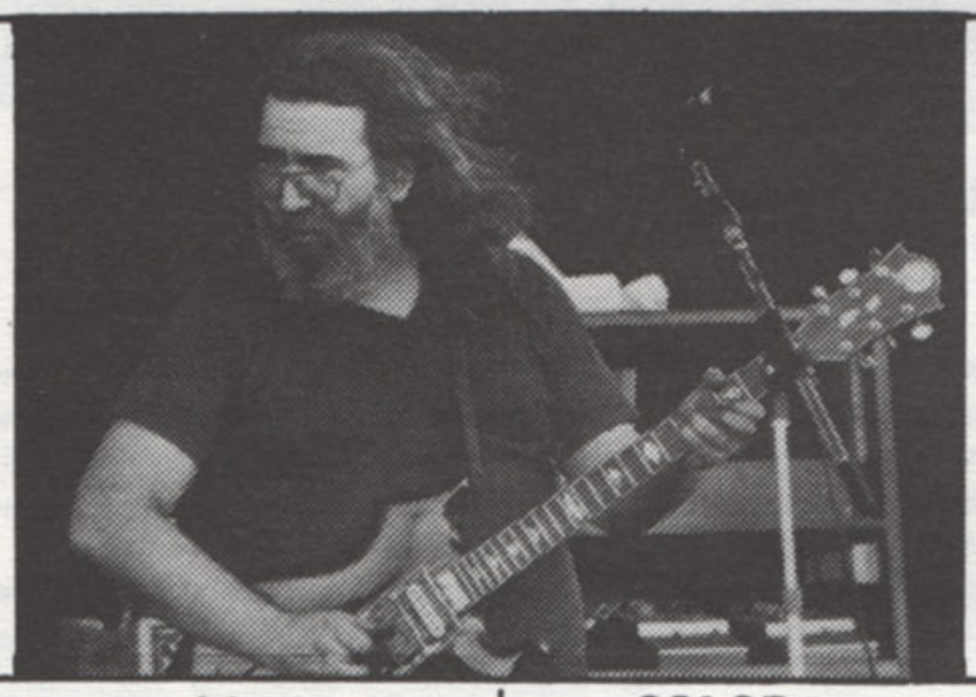
Reporter: Are you still having fun?

Bobby: On a good night.

Jerry: So far, maybe.

Phil: Not *now*. (Laughter)

Jerry: Soon. In about an hour: showtime. □



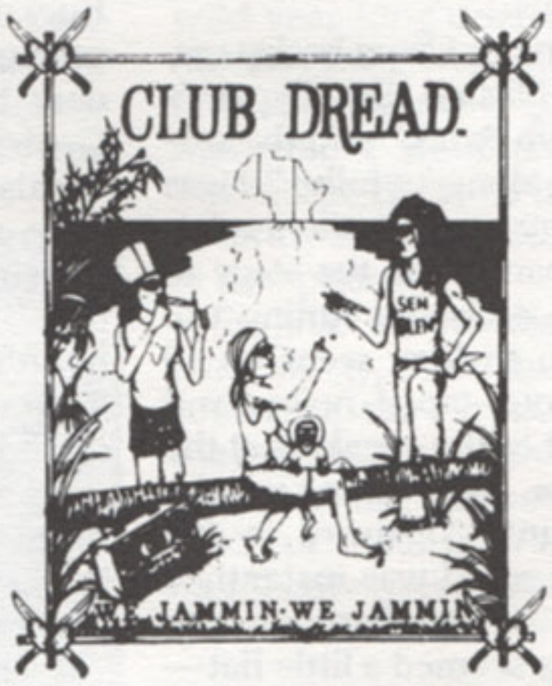
COLOR	COLOR
GREEK '84 Jerry (Dark Star) Bobby (howling wolves shirt) Phil (NASA shirt)	**STANFORD '85** Phil singing (volcano shirt) **SACRAMENTO '84** Bobby (w/cutoffs) & Kreutzmann
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SET LISTS: PORTLAND THROUGH PITTSBURGH

It was quite a birthday bash, as anyone who was there can tell you. Deadheads started descending on Berkeley for what were billed as the first of the group's 20th Anniversary shows a full two weeks before the mid-June dates. The concerts sold out very quickly, and finding spare tickets became a difficult and ultimately frustrating task for hundreds of hopefuls who traveled from far and wide to join the celebration. By the time the thousands of expectant Deadheads actually showed up at the Greek on a warm and sunny Friday afternoon, the atmosphere was crackling with energy.

Inside, the stage was dominated by a huge backdrop, designed by Rick Griffin, depicting a skeleton dressed in Revolutionary War garb, holding a guitar instead of a gun, standing in front of an American flag (a take-off on the classic Minuteman art). Below him, in typically Griffin-esque lettering, was "Grateful Dead," and below that, "Twenty Years So Far." (The design also adorned official T-shirts.) It was a little too traditionally patriotic for my tastes (a friend pegged it as "too Charlie Daniels"), but it was bold and colorful. Above the lighting truss hung a number of flags—two Dead banners, a pair of early American flags with the motto "Don't Tread on Me," and one of planet Earth.

As the band came out from backstage, the sound system blasted "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Heart's Club Band," and the surprised crowd sang along joyfully: "It was 20 years ago today ..." A silence followed, then the band took the stage to the sounds of an orchestra tuning up. This sort of audio trickery went on all weekend, as various taped noises and voices popped out of the speakers at the strangest moments. After tuning up, the group launched into "Dancin' in the Streets," and the crowd was instantly a swirl of motion in the late afternoon sun. The first few tunes seemed a little flat—as if the band wasn't completely loose yet—and by the end of "Peggy-O" an annoying buzz emanated from the left p.a. stack. The problem all but ruined the well-played "Hell in a Bucket" that followed, and after a few minutes of unsuccessfully trying to solve the problem after that tune, the band left the stage. How ironic that technical gremlins would rob the Dead's big day of some of its drama!

When the band came back about 20 minutes later (many had feared that the first set ended with the "Hell in a Bucket") the players looked much more relaxed and they charged right into a new tune — Eric Clapton's "Keep On Growing" (off *Layla*), with shared lead vocals by Phil and Brent, and a wonderfully melodic solo by Garcia. Without pausing, Garcia went into a tight, emotive "Stagger Lee," which the Dead hadn't played since August 1982. Rockin' versions of "Let It Grow" and "Deal" closed the set.

As night fell and the second set drew nigh, the anticipation grew. Would there be more surprises? Indeed there would. They opened with a long, majestic "Morning Dew" (a first since 5-11-72?) and revived "Comes a Time" following "space," "Truckin'" and a very hard-edged "Smokestack Lightning." Only a typically wimpoid "Day Job" encore dulled the lustre of the show.

Saturday's show may not have offered much in the way of surprises, but all the same I felt it was the best of three shows, probably the best I've seen all year. The second set gave us nearly flawless versions of "China Cat-Rider," "Lost Sailor-Saint" and "Terrapin" before drums, and the post-"space" segue from "The Wheel" into "Gimme Some Lovin'" was nothing short of miraculous — it was truly pulled out of thin air. The closing "Throwing Stones-Not Fade Away" was as powerful as any I've witnessed recently, and then the ecstatic crowd was treated to two encores: a brooding and intense "She Belongs to Me," and a "U.S. Blues" that was as good as that song gets. I've *never* seen a Dead crowd seem more unified that at that show. What a party!

Sunday featured more of the unexpected (including the Bay Area's notorious summer fog, during the second set). After opening with "Midnight Hour" into "Bertha," Weir barked out a stunning version of "Walking Blues," a tune last played by the band three years ago—with Boz Scaggs on lead vocals—at a San Francisco Vietnam Veterans benefit. The set-closing "Mississippi Half-Step" into "Promised Land" augured a rollicking second set, and the Dead didn't disappoint.

After astoundingly hot versions of "Scarlet-Fire" and "Samson," Garcia went into the familiar opening riff of "That's It for the Other One," a song that the group hadn't performed in its



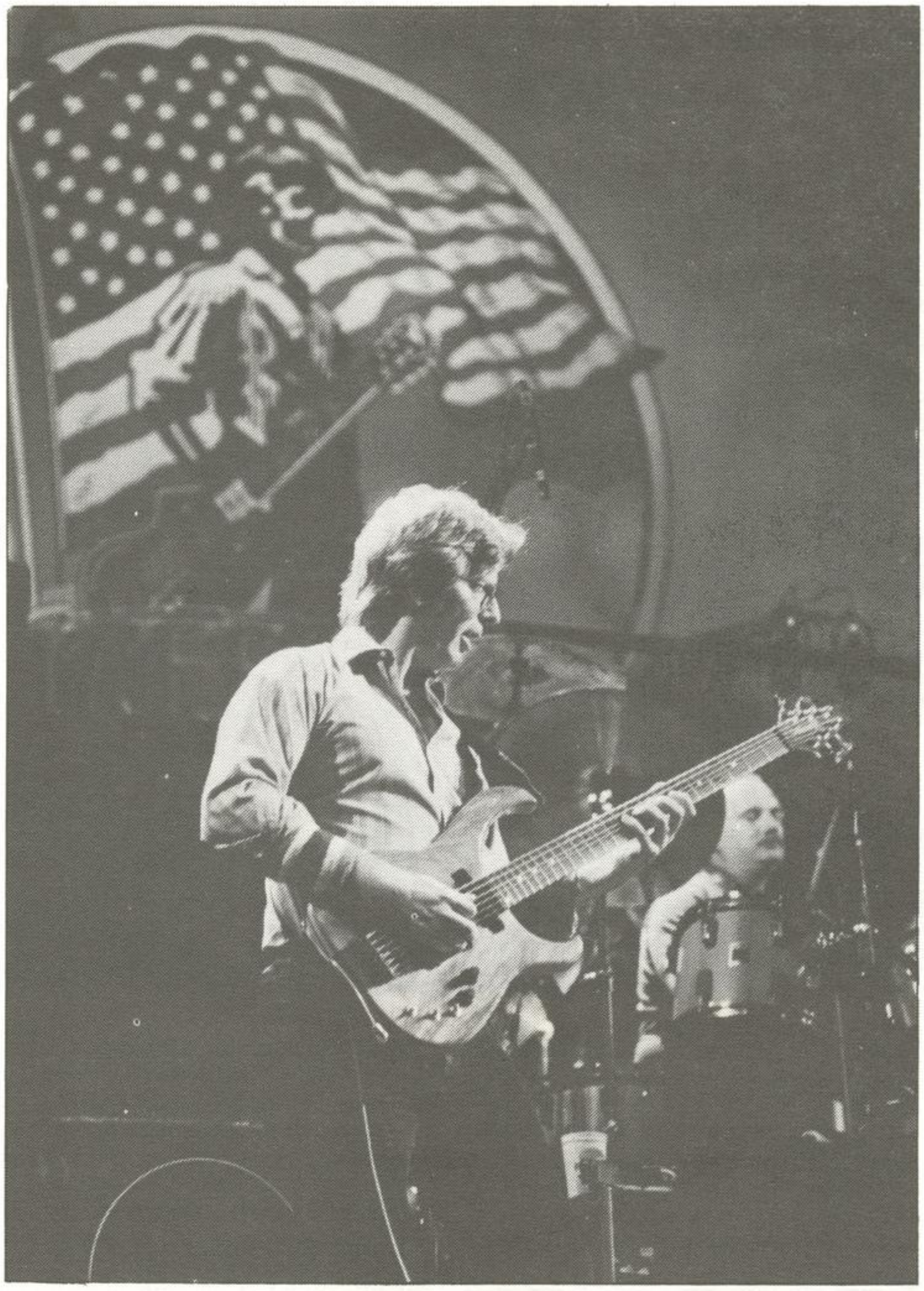
Greek Theatre Photos By Ron Delany



We now pick up where we left off last issue. Following the incredible Nassau Coliseum shows in last March, the band headed north for a pair of dates in Portland, Maine. The first concert there featured a very unusual — and unfortunately disjointed — close: the *reprise* of "Playin' in the Band" into a short "Playin' in the Band" into "Day Tripper." The second show was unspectacular but well played. The band was in top form again at the second Providence show (April 4), with

entirety for 15 years. "The Other One" section of the piece took on new power in its old context, and by the time the guitarists surrendered the stage for the drum solo, the audience looked positively wiped out from the excitement. If the show seemed to wind down slightly after the drums (save for a great "I Need a Miracle"), it was only because a pinnacle of some sort had been reached. All in all, it was a blazing three days of shows, a great kick-off for what is certain to be a wild year-long celebration. If you'd told me last June that the Dead's 20th Anniversary year was going to be this phenomenal, I wouldn't have believed it. The fact is, the band has played well consistently since last fall, with only a couple of exceptions.

Forgive me for dispensing with tour chronology, but the fever pitch surrounding the Greek shows demanded that we lead off with it. (We should also note that the shows generated the best batch of T-shirts in many a moon. The merchants were psyched too!)



the first-set debut of Dylan's "She Belongs to Me" (an instant Dead classic, in my opinion) and a smokin' pre-drums second set that saw the re-introduction of "Crazy Fingers" after a long absence.

From listening to tapes and getting reports from friends, it sounds like the tour-closing trio of shows at the Philadelphia Spectrum matched the exceptional quality of the Nassau concerts. The first set of the second show (April 7) finished with "Bird Song," "Dancin' in the Streets" and "Deal," and the second set had a sparkling "She Belongs to Me" and both "Gimme Some Lovin'" and "Morning Dew" (the first of '85) after drums. The final night's opening looks like a set list from the late '60s: "Midnight Hour" into "Walking the Dog" into "Big Boss Man." They played a mid-set "Supplication" jam for the second time, paired "Me & My Uncle" with "Cumberland Blues," and opened the second set with "Revolution." During that set an exuberant Bob Weir literally fell on his ass in the middle of "Estimated Prophet." Take it easy, guy.

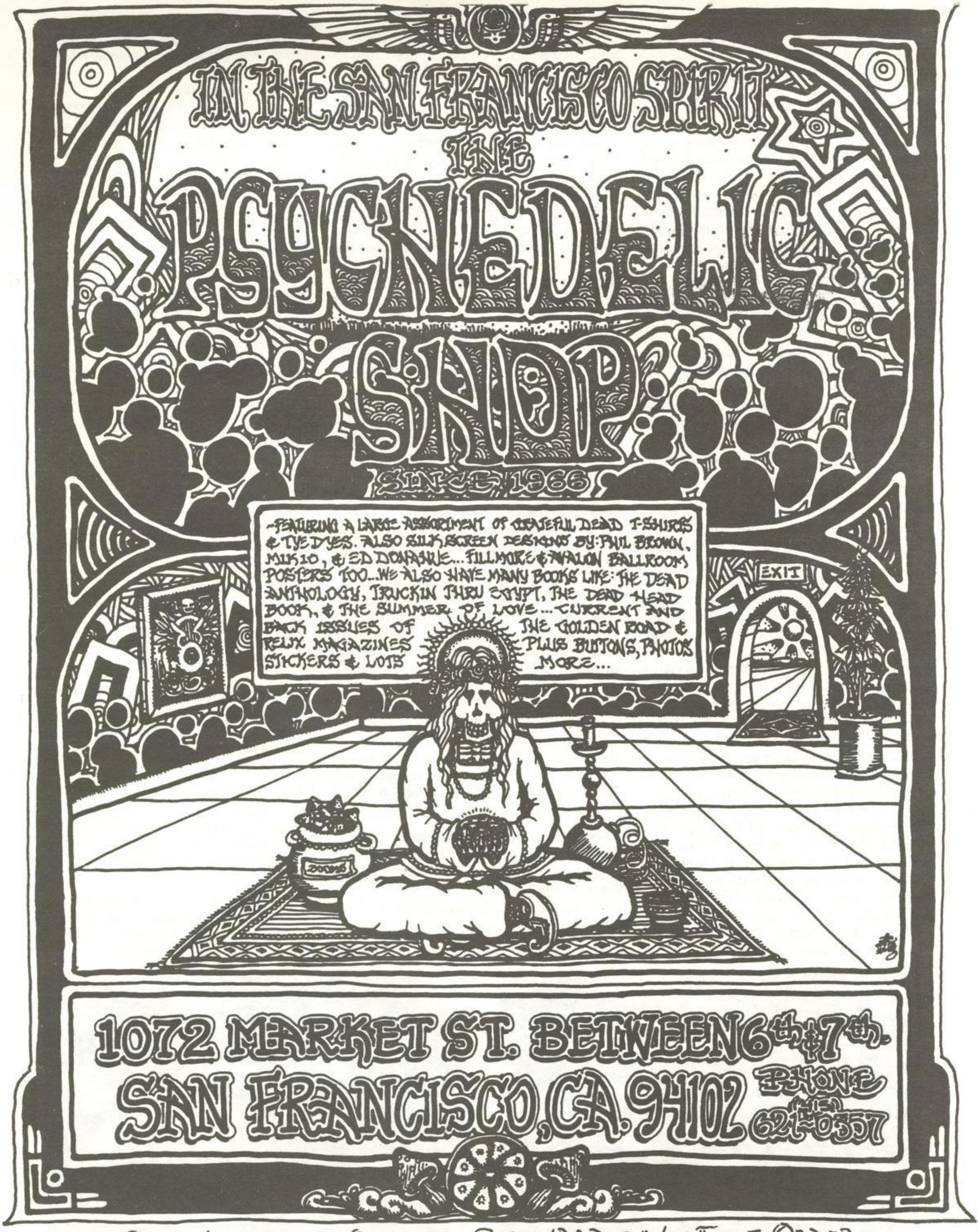
A week later the band played two shows at Irvine Meadows in Orange County, south of Los Angeles. The first show was marred only by a typically boorish Saturday night L.A. crowd that was noisy and inattentive; the band played fine, however (pearls before swine), with an exceptional pre-drums second set consisting of "Terrapin" into "Playin'" into "Crazy Fingers" into "Truckin'." The Sunday concert had none of Saturday's rowdy behavior, and was certainly its musical equal. Particularly noteworthy were the *three* openers ("Touch of Gray" into "Hell in a Bucket" into "Sugaree"), the start of the second set ("I Need A Miracle" into "China Cat-Rider") and a soulful "Dear Mr. Fantasy" featuring Brent alone on lead vocals while Jerry wailed on guitar. The encore was thrashing garage rock at its best: a rousing "Gloria."

At the end of April the Dead returned to my favorite venue, Frost Amphitheatre on the Stanford University campus in Palo Alto, California. The band always plays well there; perhaps the natural beauty of the grassy bowl brings something out in them. The Saturday show began festively with "Dancin' in the Streets" into "Bertha," and picked up even more steam at mid-set: When a cymbal with "Let Phil Sing" was passed up onto the stage and displayed by Billy Kreutzmann, the crowd howled its approval and chanted "We want Phil!" Garcia stepped to the mike and joked, "I think we'll keep him for a while. He's ours!" Phil obliged with "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues," which was followed by powerful renditions of "Cold Rain & Snow" and "The Music Never Stopped." In the second set Garcia segued effortlessly from "Scarlet" into "Eyes of the World" (another first) into "Goin' Down the Road."

The Sunday show was even hotter, opening with "Gimme Some Lovin'" into "Mississippi Half-Step," and featuring outstanding versions of "Crazy Fingers," "Playin' in the Band," China Doll" (followed by one of the most beautiful jams I've ever heard), "Wharf Rat" and "Throwing Stones." The second encore of "She Belongs to Me" was breathtaking; it'll be a tough one to top.

Following the Greek shows, the Dead's 20th Anniversary circus moved east, backdrop in tow, to Alpine Valley in Wisconsin (the site of great shows in '82 and '84). The band kept up its momentum, though the first concert offered no new twists, save the second-set-opening combo of "Man Smart" into "Goin' Down the Road." The second show reportedly *smoked* with a dynamic, up-tempo first set (ending with "Saturday Night," a nice touch) and an imaginative second set that opened with "Keep On Growing" into "Mississippi Half-Step" and included a version of "Dear Mr. Fantasy" with Brent and Jerry trading verses. There was some controversy the first night when rain started falling on the tapers' section, located on the lawn. The tapers were told they could come under the cover of the pavilion, but then the decision was abruptly reversed, sending the disgruntled techies out into the storm again.

Playing at Cincinnati's new outdoor venue, the Riverbend Music Center, the band delivered a phenomenal second set, with the first part of "That's It for the Other One" coming right before drums. Then, following space, the band played


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"Comes a Time" into "The Other One," back into "Cryptical Envelopment," and then "Wharf Rat"-"Around & Around"-"Good Lovin'" to close. At this show, the backdrop wasn't unfurled until the "U.S. Blues" encore.

The band's return to beautiful Blossom Music Center near Cleveland marked another hot show, with an 11-song first set that opened with "Day Tripper" and included the rarely performed "Row Jimmy," and a second set that was alternately rockin' and spacey. Consisting of just four shows, the Dead's Midwest tour was a little on the skimpy side, but for the second year in a row the Dead gave their many Midwest fans plenty to cheer about.

From Ohio it was on to Saratoga, usually the biggest and, some say, the wildest place the band plays. Last year they blew everyone away by opening with "Dancin' in the Streets" (in its late-'60s arrangement), and this year, before a packed house of more than 40,000 people, they pulled out all the stops again. After opening with "Midnight Hour" into "Bertha" and plowing through a few other tunes, Garcia went into "Crazy Fingers" (not performed in the first set since September 1982), which segued into a "Supplication" jam, into "High Time." Blistering versions of "Hell in a Bucket" and "Don't Ease Me In" closed the set. The only bad moments at Saratoga were non-musical. Three songs into the concert, Bobby asked a group of Deadheads who were hanging over the balcony railing to please move. When they didn't budge, Phil scolded them. Still they didn't move. And wouldn't you know that later in the show one of the bozos fell to the main floor, where he was pounded by brutish security types.

A steady rain was falling at Hershey Park when the Dead hit the stage and played "Cold Rain & Snow," but that wasn't enough to dampen the spirits of the sell-out crowd, who witnessed one of the most inspiring shows of the tour. The end of the first set was a Garcia freak's dream: "Bird Song" into "Comes a Time" into "Deal." The second set had its share of transcendent moments, as well. After drums, they spaced into "I Need a Miracle" into "Morning Dew" into "Throwing Stones/Not Fade Away." More than 1000 Heads who had come with hopes of scoring tickets before the show were shut out (despite the fact there was actually plenty of room inside), but many stayed and danced in the rain outside the gates. That's "deadication"!

The tradition of great Merriweather shows was upheld. Some we spoke with thought the second concert there was the best of the whole tour, a winner from the opening "Dancin' in the Streets" through a spellbinding spacey second set and a double-encore of "Satisfaction" into "Baby Blue." At both Merriweather and Saratoga there were scattered complaints of overcrowding, a problem maybe the Dead should look into.

The tour ended on a rainy night in Pittsburgh before a less-than-capacity crowd at the Civic Arena. If the band didn't quite capture the peak of the second Merriweather show, it was nonetheless satisfying on most levels, with a short but energetic first set and a powerful and varied second set that closed with "Throwing Stones" into "Lovelight," an imaginative combo. The encore was a little strange, though. Garcia sang "Revolution" for the first time since Philly, but had a lot of trouble with the lyrics. He then went into "Brokedown Palace" and sang the wrong first line there, too. He stopped, and then apologized — saying something to the effect of "Sorry. That sounded good, didn't it?" — and took it from the top again. (Dead crowds always forgive and forget.) It was a slightly stumbling end to what was, from all reports, one of the most consistent Dead tours in recent memory — probably since their 1984 Midwest/Mid-East tour.

3-6-85, The Spectrum, Philadelphia, PA
Feel Like a Stranger, They Love Each Other, New Minglewood Blues, Dupree's Diamond Blues, Mama Tried ➧ Big River, Big Railroad Blues, Looks Like Rain ➧ Don't Ease Me In

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ Uncle John's Band ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away/Saturday Night

3-7-85, The Spectrum
Why Don't We Do It in the Road? ➧ Mississippi Half-Step ➧ C.C. Rider, Bird Song, Dancin' in the Streets, Deal

Shakedown Street ➧ Samson & Delilah, She Belongs to Me, Man Smart Women Smarter ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ Truckin ➧ Smokestack Lightning ➧ Morning Dew ➧ Sugar Magnolia/Day Job

3-8-85, The Spectrum
Midnight Hour ➧ Walkin' the Dog ➧ Big Boss Man, Me & My Uncle ➧ Cumberland Blues, Down in the Bottom, Althea, Tons of Steel ➧ Supplication jam ➧ Might As Well

Revolution, Hell in a Bucket ➧ Touch of Gray, Estimated Prophet ➧ jam ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Goin' Down the Road ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Around & Around ➧ Lovelight/ Brokedown Palace

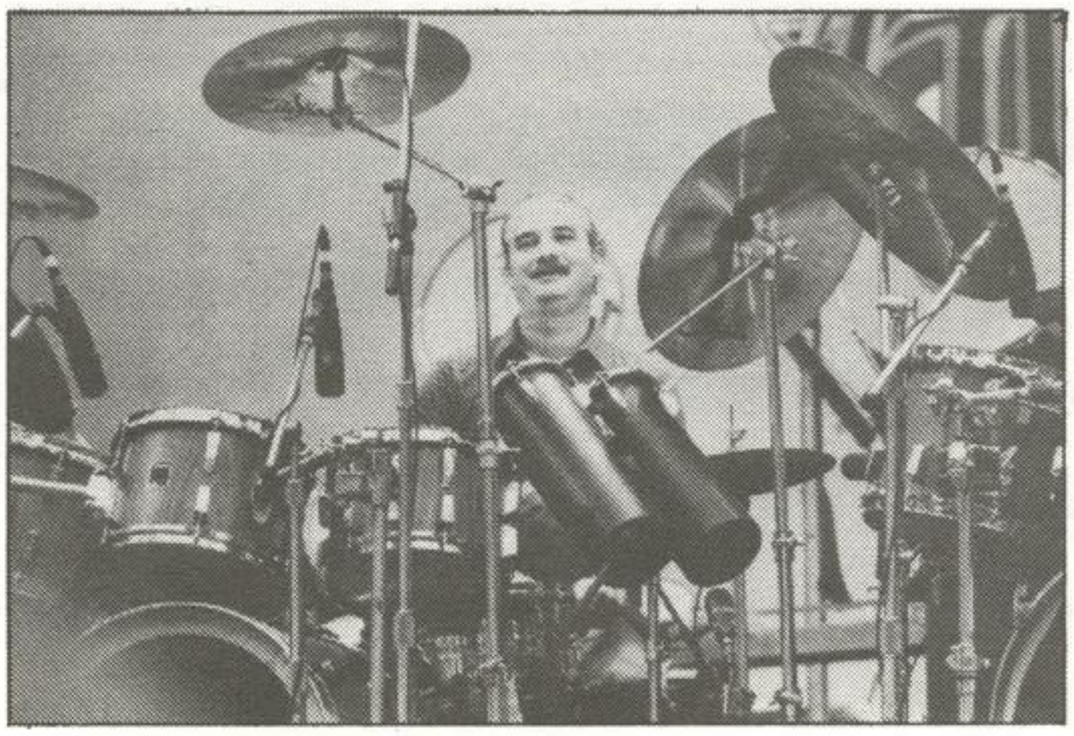
3-31-85, Cumberland Co. Civic, Portland, ME
Music Never Stopped ➧ Candyman, C.C. Rider, Loser, Beat It On Down the Line, Dupree's Diamond Blues, It's All Over Now, Don't Ease Me In

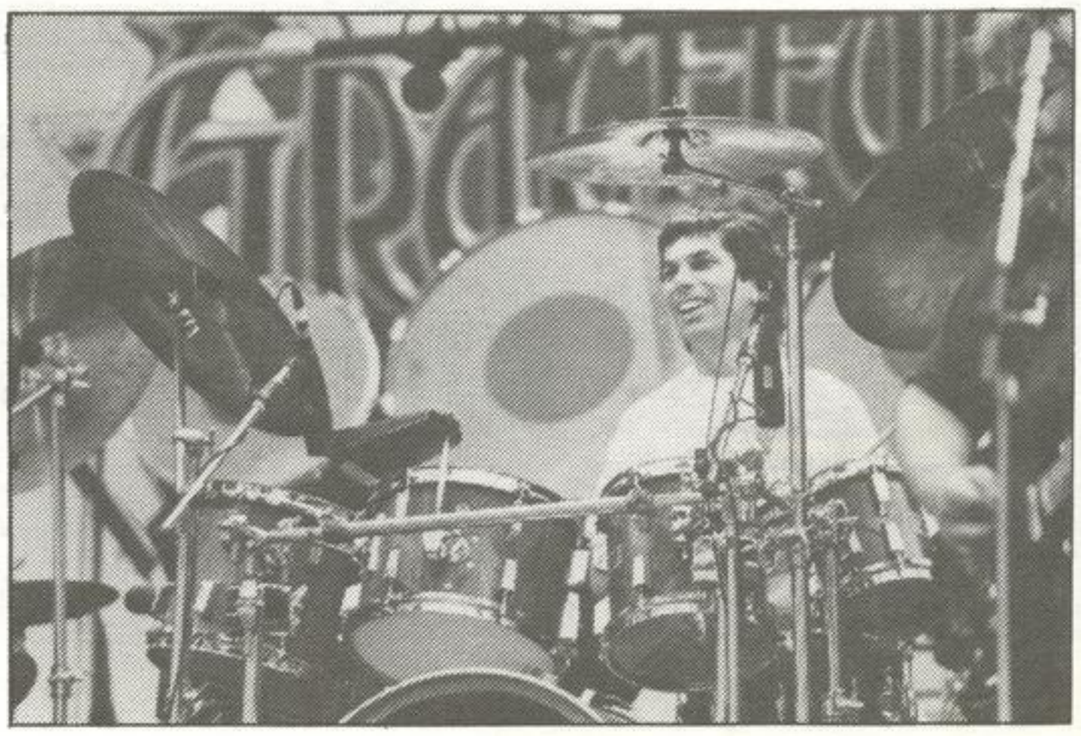
Iko-Iko ➧ Samson & Delilah, He's Gone ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ China Doll ➧ Jerry jam w/ drummers ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ Playin' reprise ➧ Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ Day Tripper/U.S. Blues

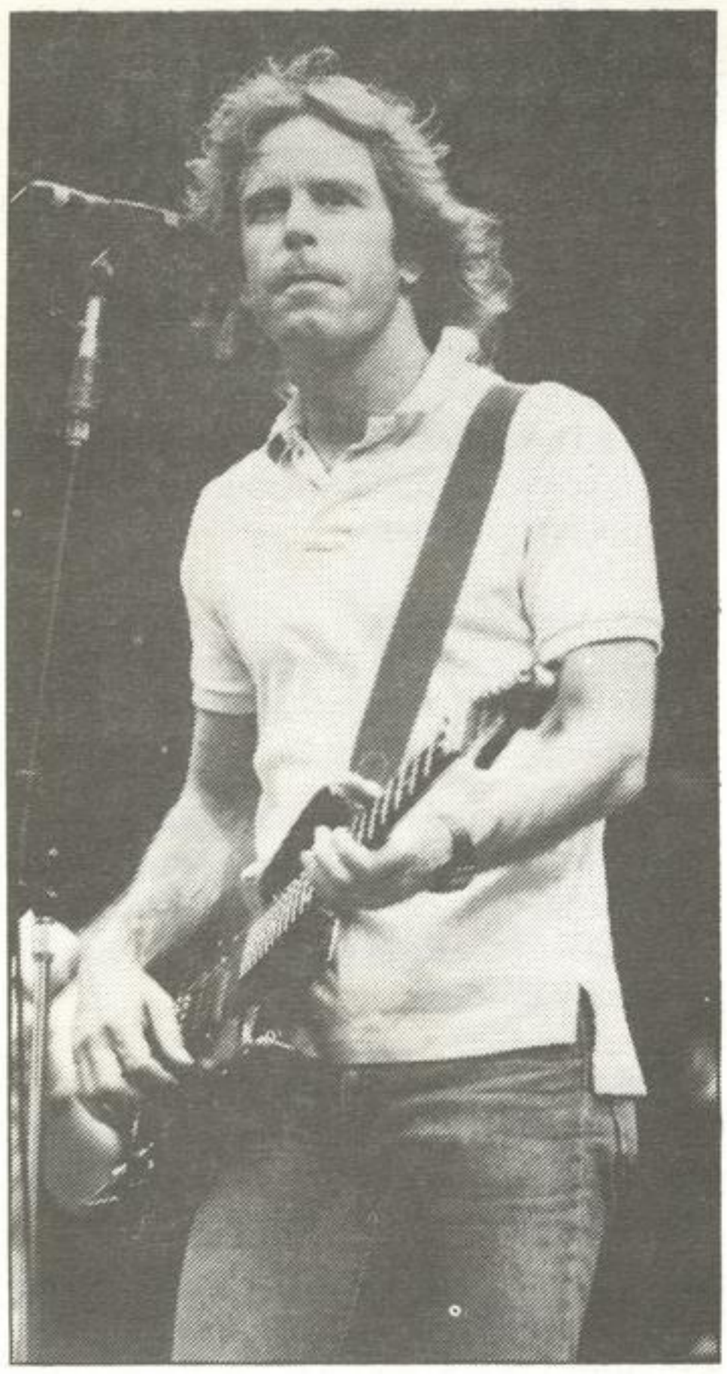
4-1-85, Cumberland Co. Civic
Bertha ➧ Greatest Story Ever Told, West L.A. Fadeaway, Red Rooster, Bird Song, Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues, Looks Like Rain ➧ Might As Well

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Estimated Prophet ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Around & Around ➧ Not Fade Away/It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

4-3-85, Civic Center, Providence, RI
Hell in a Bucket ➧ Sugaree, Me & My Uncle ➧ Mexicali Blues, Ramble On Rose, Down in the Bottom, Row Jimmy, Let It Grow







Terrapin ⧫ Man Smart Women Smarter, Ship of Fools, Truckin' ⧫ Spoonful ⧫ jam ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ Wharf Rat ⧫ Throwing Stones ⧫ Sugar Magnolia/Day Job

4-4-85, Providence Civic
Alabama Getaway ⧫ Jack Straw, Dire Wolf, El Paso, She Belongs to Me, My Brother Esau, Friend of the Devil, Lost Sailor ⧫ Saint of Circumstance ⧫ Deal

I Need a Miracle ⧫ Crazy Fingers ⧫ Samson & Delilah ⧫ He's Gone ⧫ Goin' Down the Road ⧫ jam ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ The Wheel ⧫ Black Peter ⧫ Lovelight/U.S. Blues

4-13-85, Irvine Meadows Amphitheatre, Irvine, CA
Why Don't We Do It in the Road? ⧫ Bertha ⧫ Jack Straw, West L.A. Fadeaway, Little Red Rooster ⧫ Peggy-O, Cassidy, Deal

Terrapin ⧫ Playin' in the Band ⧫ jam ⧫ Crazy Fingers ⧫ Truckin' ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ The Wheel ⧫ Throwing Stones ⧫ One More Saturday Night/It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

4-14-85, Irvine Meadows
Touch of Gray ⧫ Hell in a Bucket ⧫ Sugaree, Down in the Bottom, Brown-Eyed Women, Tons of Steel, Big Railroad Blues, Looks Like Rain ⧫ Don't Ease Me In

I Need a Miracle ⧫ China Cat Sunflower ⧫ I Know You Rider, Man Smart Woman Smarter, He's Gone ⧫ jam ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ Dear Mr. Fantasy ⧫ The Other One ⧫ Wharf Rat ⧫ Sugar Magnolia/Gloria

4-27-85, Frost Amphitheatre, Stanford, CA
Dancin' in the Streets ⧫ Bertha, Little Red Rooster, Brown-Eyed Women, My Brother Esau, Ramble On Rose, Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues, Cold Rain & Snow ⧫ Music Never Stopped

Scarlet Begonias ⧫ Eyes of the World ⧫ Goin' Down the Road ⧫ Man Smart Woman Smarter ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ The Wheel ⧫ Truckin' ⧫ The Other One ⧫ Black Peter ⧫ Around & Around ⧫ Saturday Night/Day Job

4-28-85, Frost Amphitheatre
Gimme Some Lovin' ⧫ Mississippi Half-Step, New Minglewood Blues, Bird Song, Tons of Steel, China Cat Sunflower ⧫ I Know You Rider

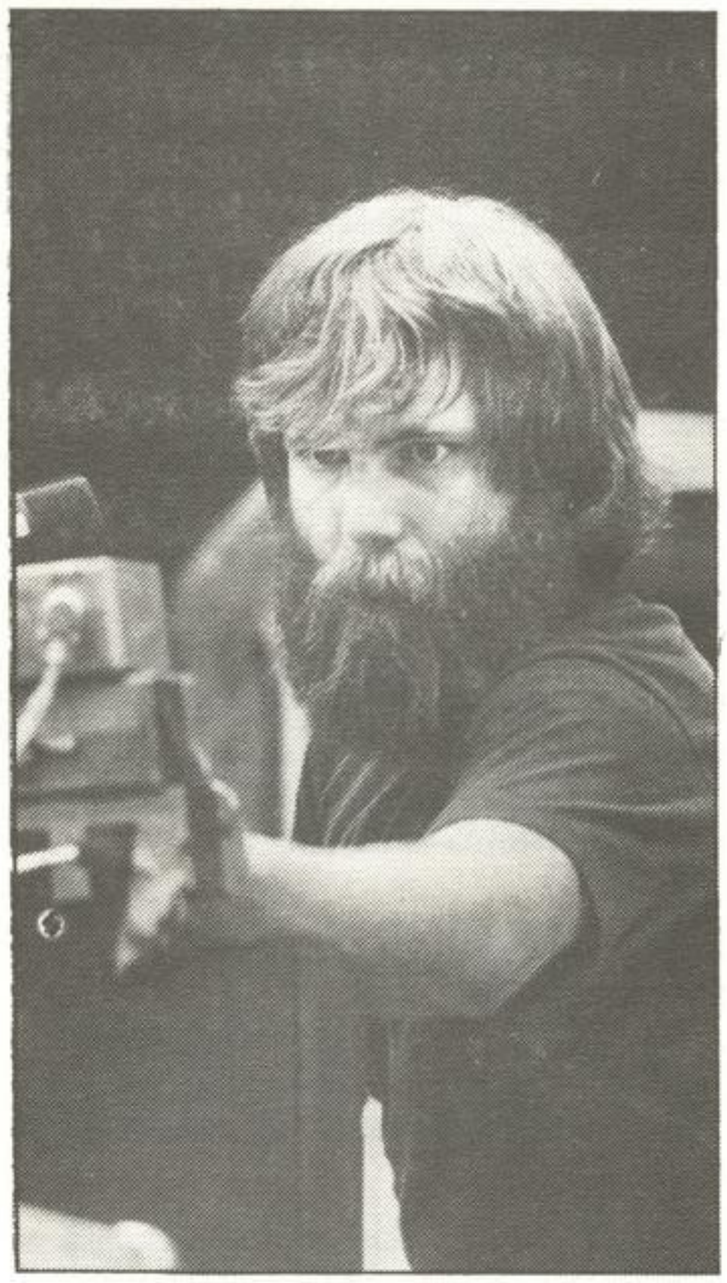
Hell in a Bucket ⧫ Crazy Fingers ⧫ Playin' in the Band ⧫ jam ⧫ China Doll ⧫ jam ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ Playin' reprise ⧫ Wharf Rat ⧫ Throwing Stones ⧫ Not Fade Away/U.S. Blues/She Belongs to Me

6-14-85, Greek Theatre, Berkeley, CA
Dancin' in the Streets, West L.A. Fadeaway, C.C. Rider, Peggy-O, Hell in a Bucket (equipment break) Keep On Growing ⧫ Stagger Lee ⧫ Let It Grow ⧫ Deal

(wild taped voices) Morning Dew ⧫ Playin' in the Band ⧫ jam ⧫ China Doll ⧫ jam ⧫ Brent and drummers jam ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ Truckin' ⧫ Smokestack Lightning ⧫ Comes a Time ⧫ Sugar Magnolia/Day Job

6-15-85, Greek Theatre
Touch of Gray, New Minglewood Blues, Friend of the Devil, Cassidy ⧫ Dupree's Diamond Blues, Me & My Uncle ⧫ Big River, Might As Well

China Cat Sunflower ⧫ I Know You Rider ⧫ Lost Sailor ⧫ Saint of Circumstance ⧫ Terrapin ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ The Wheel ⧫ Gimme Some Lovin' ⧫ Throwing Stones ⧫ Not Fade



Away/She Belongs to Me/U.S. Blues

6-16-85, Greek Theatre
Midnight Hour ⧫ Bertha, Walking Blues, Tennessee Jed, My Brother Esau, Big Railroad Blues, Looks Like Rain ⧫ Mississippi Half-Step ⧫ Promised Land

Scarlet Begonias ⧫ Fire on the Mountain ⧫ Samson & Delilah ⧫ Cryptical Envelopment ⧫ The Other One ⧫ Cryptical reprise ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ Goin' Down the Road ⧫ I Need a Miracle ⧫ Wharf Rat ⧫ Lovelight/Brokedown Palace

6-21-85, Alpine Valley, East Troy, WI
Cold Rain & Snow, Down in the Bottom,

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Stagger Lee, Mama Tried ⧫ Mexicali Blues, Bird Song, Looks Like Rain ⧫ Day Job

Man Smart Woman Smarter ⧫ Goin' Down the Road ⧫ Estimated Prophet ⧫ Eyes of the World ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ Truckin' ⧫ Black Peter ⧫ Around & Around ⧫ Sugar Magnolia/It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

6-22-85, Alpine Valley
Hell in a Bucket ⧫ Sugaree, Walking Blues, Candyman, It's All Over Now, Althea, Cassidy ⧫ Brown-Eyed Women, Saturday Night

Keep On Growing ⧫ Mississippi Half-Step ⧫ Lost Sailor ⧫ Saint of Circumstance ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ Dear Mr. Fantasy ⧫ I Need a Miracle ⧫ Stella Blue ⧫ Throwing Stones ⧫ Not Fade Away/Brokedown Palace

6-24-85, Riverbend Music Center, Cincinnati, OH
Alabama Getaway ⧫ Greatest Story Ever Told, They Love Each Other, New Minglewood Blues, Tennessee Jed, My Brother Esau, Loser, Let It Grow

Iko-Iko ⧫ Samson & Delilah ⧫ He's Gone ⧫ Smokestack Lightning ⧫ Cryptical Envelopment ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ Comes a Time ⧫ The Other One ⧫ Cryptical reprise ⧫ Wharf Rat ⧫ Around & Around ⧫ Good Lovin'/U.S. Blues

6-25-85, Blossom Music Center, Cuyahoga Falls, OH
Day Tripper, West L.A. Fadeaway, C.C. Rider, Dire Wolf, Beat It On Down the Line, Row Jimmy, Me & My Uncle ⧫ Big River, Big Railroad Blues, Jack Straw ⧫ Might As Well

Gimme Some Lovin' ⧫ China Cat Sunflower ⧫ I Know You Rider ⧫ Playin' in the Band ⧫ jam ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ The Wheel ⧫ Playin' reprise ⧫ China Doll ⧫ Sugar Magnolia/Touch of Gray

6-27-85, Performing Arts Center, Saratoga Springs, NY
Midnight Hour ⧫ Bertha, Little Red Rooster, Stagger Lee, El Paso, Crazy Fingers ⧫ Supplication ⧫ High Time, Hell in a Bucket, Don't Ease Me In

Feel Like a Stranger ⧫ Eyes of the World ⧫ Goin' Down the Road ⧫ Man Smart Woman Smarter ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ Truckin ⧫ Spoonful ⧫ Black Peter ⧫ Lovelight/Johnny B. Goode ⧫ It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

6-28-85, Hershey Park, Hershey, PA
Cold Rain & Snow, Promised Land, Ramble On Rose, Down in the Bottom, Bird Song ⧫ Comes a Time ⧫ Deal

Music Never Stopped, Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues, Estimated Prophet ⧫ Terrapin ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ I Need a Miracle ⧫ Morning Dew ⧫ Throwing Stones ⧫ Not Fade Away/Day Job

6-30-85, Merriweather Post Pavilion, Columbia, MD
Mississippi Half-Step ⧫ C.C. Rider, Brown-Eyed Women, Mama Tried ⧫ Mexicali Blues, Keep On Growing, Big Railroad Blues, Looks Like Rain ⧫ Don't Ease Me In

(Taped voices, burps, etc.) Shakedown Street ⧫ Samson & Delilah, He's Gone ⧫ blues jam ⧫ Cryptical Envelopment ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ The Other One ⧫ Stella Blue ⧫ (Sugar Mag fake-out) Around & Around ⧫ Sugar Magnolia/U.S. Blues

7-1-85, Merriweather
Dancin' in the Streets ⧫ Dupree's Diamond Blues, Walking Blues, Jackaroe, My Brother Esau, Stagger Lee, Let It Grow, Day Job

Scarlet Begonias ⧫ Fire on the Mountain ⧫ Playin in the Band ⧫ jam ⧫ Uncle John's Band ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ Dear Mr. Fantasy ⧫ Goin' Down the Road ⧫ Good Lovin'/Satisfaction ⧫ Baby Blue

7-2-85, Civic Arena, Pittsburgh, PA
Jack Straw ⧫ Must've Been the Roses, New Minglewood Blues, Friend of the Devil, Cassidy, Big Railroad Blues, Promised Land

Man Smart Woman Smarter ⧫ Crazy Fingers ⧫ Lost Sailor ⧫ Saint of Circumstance ⧫ Terrapin ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ Wharf Rat ⧫ Throwing Stones ⧫ Lovelight/Revolution ⧫ Brokedown Palace



Frost Amphitheatre (Stanford, CA) April 27. The skull & lightning bolt logo was made of oxidized sheet metal. Photo: Ron Delany

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The World Salutes The Grateful Dead!!

On the occasion ot the Grateful Dead's 20th Anniversary, a special Party Congress meeting was held in Moscow, at which Soviet leader Gorbachev unveiled a portrait of the latest hero of the Eastern Bloc, none other than Pigpen. His visage joins those of Red ideologues Lenin, Marx and Stalin. Official Soviet newspaper *Pravda* writer Dimitri Stolichnaya cited Pigpen as "the embodiment of the world's working class" and "a victim of Yankee oppression by the running dogs of Wall Street and cadres of jackals and hyenas who drove him to an early grave." Stolichnaya also gave a rave review to one of the Dead's recent Greek Theatre shows: "Their songs resonate with the glorious voice of the proletariat rising to crush the capitalist boss system. When comrade Garcia sang 'Ain't gonna be treated this way,' the rhythms I heard were not drums; no, they were nails being driven into the coffin of the corrupt American bourgeoisie."

Коммунистическая парт

ПРО

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ЕСЛИ ВЗ ПО-ХОЗ

Во



Reuters News Service (June 7) —The bipartisan gethering in the Rose Garden of the White House started out as a speech about the MX Missile, but famed author and "Merry Prankster" Ken Kesey managed to turn the event into a salute to the rock band the Grateful Dead. A look of puzzlement crossed President Reagan's face when Kesey shouted from the back of the press gallery, "Why don't you subsidize the Grateful Dead instead of more missile programs?" Then, without waiting for a reply, Kesey bounded up to the podium and unveiled a custom-made Grateful Dead 20th Anniversary tour jacket, which he presented to the startled Chief Executive. "Blue *is* my favorite color," Mr. Reagan said with a smile, adding, "It's funny this should happen today, because just this morning Nancy was saying she was planning to volunteer to be honorary chairperson for Cosmic Charlie Campaign '86," apparently a reference to a song by the venerable San Francisco music group. Over punch later, the President was overheard asking Kesey, "Have you ever noticed that the colors of these roses explode from the core like a million mandalas? Why are there all these snakes around here? Ken, will you refill my glass, please?" A planned "photo opportunity" for the press scheduled for later that afternoon was cancelled when the President said he had to "go inside, way inside, beyond the infinite blackness within." White House spokesman Larry Speakes refused to comment on Mr. Reagan's cryptic remark.



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١٦ صفحة

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خط جديد للصرف بمنطقة « الرأس السوداء »

اتصال مباشر بين

One normally doesn't think of Iran's Ayatollah Khomeini as being "fun-loving," so longtime observers of the dour despot were shocked when the Bearded One told a rally of Islamic zealots that he had booked the Grateful Dead for six shows at Tehran's huge soccer stadium in late November. Though Dead manager Danny Rifkin characterized the announcement as "news to me" and "about as likely as us playing a DEA office party," the Ayatollah nonetheless put tickets on sale immediately, leading to joyful demonstrations outside what used to be the American Embassy. Experts were further confounded by the ruler's edict that all women must now wear tie-dye exclusively "or be subjected to 179 beatings of the cane." One U.S. State Department official speculated that the Ayatollah was turned on to Dead tapes by one of the American hostages held at the embassy in 1980. "It's my understanding he has one of the best collections of pre-'72 tapes east of Long Island," the official said. "Personally, though, I think the guy is a flip case."

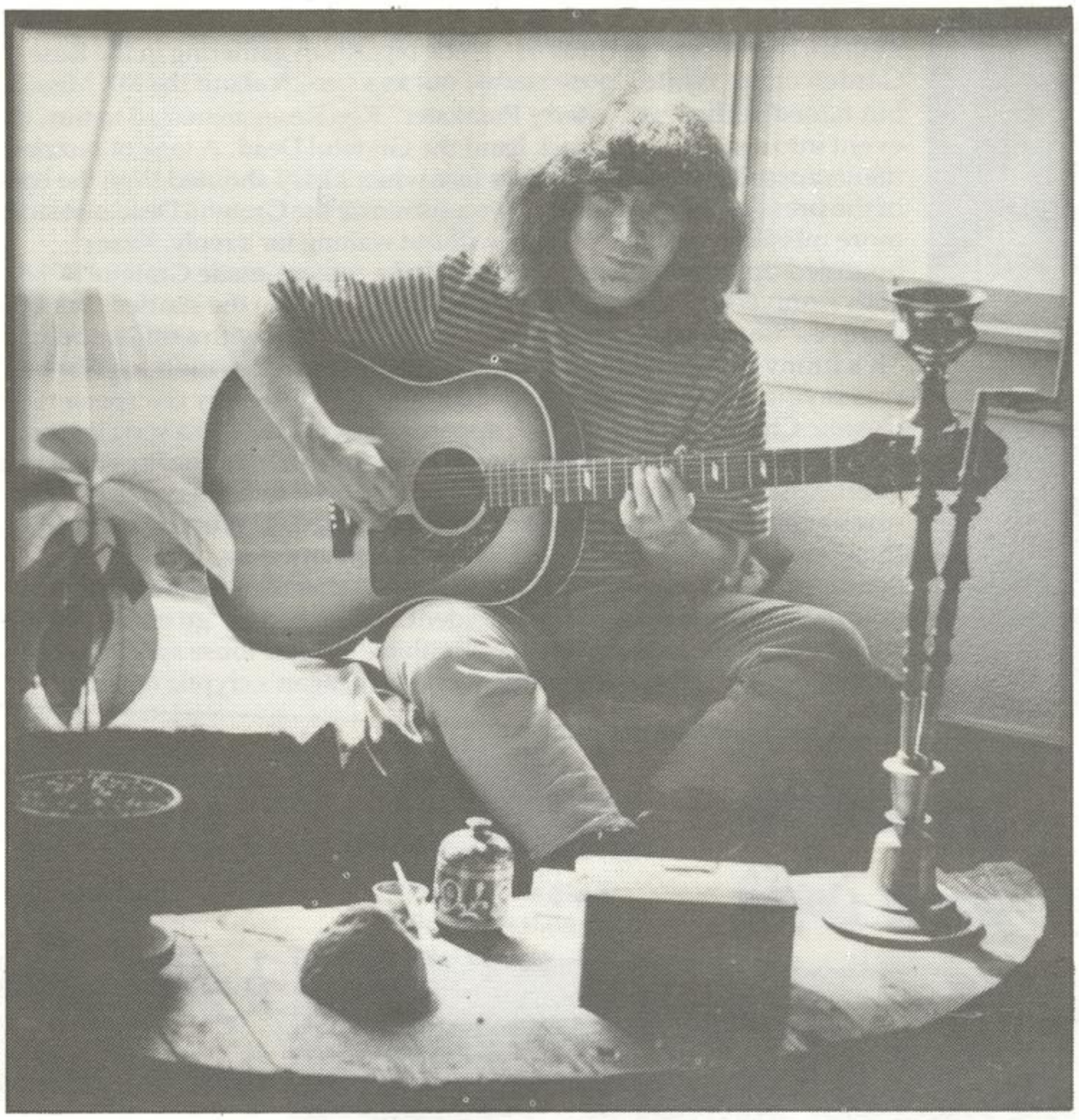


Photo: Herb Greene

One Afternoon Long Ago . . .

A Previously Unpublished Interview With Jerry Garcia, 1967

By Randy Groenke & Mike Cramer

There are surprisingly few Grateful Dead interviews available that took place before 1969. Of course, the rock press was just beginning in 1967, and the straight press all but ignored rock and roll. The most commonly circulated interview that deals with the Dead's Haight-Ashbury days is the Charles Reich-Jann Wenner *Rolling Stone* interview from late '71, several years down the line from the Haight's peak. So when Santa Cruz record collector/archivist Glenn Howard told me that he knew of a never-before-published tape interview with Garcia from early '67, my curiosity was piqued. Getting the tape proved to be a difficult task, however; it was ultimately dug out of storage several months later and many states away.

This interview was done at 710 Ashbury in February or March of 1967, just before the release of the Dead's first album. Randy Groenke, the principal interviewer, had been a banjo student of Garcia's in the early '60s when they both lived in the South Bay. He and his friend Mike Cramer simply called Jerry up and arranged to do the interview, friend to friend. The tape then sat unused until now.

Why run parts of a nearly 20-year-old interview? Because when we listened to the tape it struck us how little Garcia's ideas have changed during the interim. Plus it is a revealing look at him and the band at a very early point, before the Haight Street scene began its decline. It's a snapshot in time, as it were.

To set the scene: Garcia, Randy and Mike are talking in an upstairs room at 710. The band's equipment truck had been stolen the night before, so there is considerable commotion in the background about that. Weir drops by at one point, as does Mountain Girl, bearing a plate of Oreos. The conversation starts on the subject that first brought Randy and Jerry together—bluegrass.

— *BJ*

So you've left the bluegrass world completely, eh?

No, I'm re-entering it by way of the electric banjo. My banjo is in the process of being electrified.

Oh no! I never thought Garcia would go electric banjo! How does it sound, anyway? I'm really not familiar with it.

I haven't used it yet 'cause it's not finished. I played a friend of mine's who did it by means of a very simple operation involving a ceramic cartridge from a stereo taped underneath the bridge of the banjo. It sounds really good, better than a contact microphone or a magnetic pick-up microphone. It still sounds like a banjo, but an *electric* banjo. I don't know how I'm going to use it, but I'm going to use it. I also have another instrument, pedal steel guitar. I've been working on it about a month, and I should be using it with the band within about six weeks. [In fact he didn't play it publicly for nearly three years.] This is just an effort to broaden the scope a little, experiment a little. We're ready to experiment.

What do you like better, rock and roll or bluegrass?

I'm not saying what I like in terms of what I like to listen to. What I like to play is the music that we play. I don't want to call it rock and roll because it isn't exactly. It is, but it isn't. It's *our* music. We've developed it. We've developed our own sound, and it's our own music. That's what I'm into. I still listen to bluegrass. I don't listen to that much rock and roll. I listen to almost everything but rock and roll.

What do you think of the Airplane's stuff?

Well, their most recent album [*Surrealistic Pillow*] I'm kind of prejudiced in favor of because I'm on it. [Laughs]

You played flat-top on "My Best Friend" and "How Do You Feel?"

I played flat-top on "My Best Friend." Skip Spence played on the other one. He wrote that song. I played the high guitar line on "Today," and I played flat-top on "Plastic Fantastic Lover." And I played on "Coming Back to Me."

That and "Today" I think are about the best tunes on the album. What do you think?

I'm kind of fond of the songs that Gracie sings. I like "White Rabbit" a lot. I like "Somebody to Love." The arrangement on the album is more or less my arrangement; I kind of rewrote it. I always liked the song as she used to do it with the Great Society, but the chord changes weren't really very interesting.

How do you think the sound of the Grateful Dead fits in with what people are now calling the "San Francisco Sound"?

I'm not sure what they mean when they say the "San Francisco Sound." I'd say we're a perfect example of the "San Francisco Sound," since we're from San Francisco. [Laughs] That term is somebody's idea besides mine. There's a similarity in the sound of San Francisco groups because they tend to do things kind of long, and they tend to have a certain kind of sound because you hear them in the same halls all the time. But there really isn't that much similarity in the musics of the bands. The Quicksilver Messenger Service sound a little more like us than, say, Big Brother & the Holding Company. But neither of them sound very much like us. We don't sound anything like the Jefferson Airplane. It's a matter of fine points. Superficially it might all sound similar, but actually, if you listen to the stuff, it's not very similar.

OK, let's take these San Francisco groups you just mentioned and compare them with The Byrds or The Animals and the English groups.

It's different. It's a different sound. But each of the San Francisco bands sounds as different from each other as they do from everyone else. I think the San Francisco music *scene* is healthier, and there's more stuff going on in it than there is anywhere else. The musicians are all young, and we steal freely from each other because we all play together and we're all friends. We all listen to each other and we've all gotten good together. We've all improved over the past year or so, playing the same gigs the same weekends, getting together and jamming and so forth.

What's your definition of a hippie? You hear so much about it and people write it up . . .

I'm not sure I have a definition. I'd say it's someone that's turned-on. And they can be turned-on any way; like someone who's in forward motion. They might have been called "progressive" at one time. But it's motion, and creative energy at its best. It's just a better way for people who are in a creative community to look at things.

Do you like the term "psychedelic" to apply to all of this?

It *could,* but any of those kinds of terms could apply, because I don't think the scene excludes anything. I think it's more *in*clusive than *ex*clusive. Everyone has his own particular way of going about things and getting things done. Our way of doing things has to do with integrity and how we feel about what we're doing. We've been together for almost two years and we're only just now making a record. And the reason we've done it that way is in the past we've had all kinds of offers but we were never in a position to be able to control what we were doing. But because we held out, because we thought we were worth something, now we can do anything we want. We have control over our product. It's not going to be chopped or changed. It's our stuff, and because it's our stuff, we'll take full responsibility for it. Record companies don't want you to do that.

The point is, we're not trying to be famous or rich. We're just trying to make our music as well as we can and get it out, because we've created a demand for it to some extent. It's a matter of artistic pride with us, because it's the only thing we do — make music. So we devote a lot of time and energy and thought and actual work to it. We practice every day.

Do you think the Airplane have the same view, or do you think they're going more commercial?

I think they have the same view. If their stuff has a commercial thing it's because they've been victimized by the record company to a certain extent, in that they don't have a say . . . their producer decides what their sound will be like sometimes. Hopefully, that won't happen on their next album, though this last album was more a product of them than their producer [Dave Hassinger]. But it was his idea to have a lot of echo and reverb, and they're really not too satisfied with it. But the Airplane *is* concerned about being musically good. They are really a talented organization. All the people in the Jefferson Airplane are professionals and good musicians, and they work well and have good ideas.

These kids who come down to Fillmore Auditorium —are they phonies or really in with the music?

Who knows? The point is that they're really people. Anything else that they are doesn't alter the fact they are really people. They're human beings. Like I was saying, I don't want to exclude anybody, or include anybody. Whether or not they're all musicians or music critics I don't know. It doesn't matter to me. Because on the level of the musical part of it, there are musicians there who will recognize when something musically groovy happens. If they don't, *I* will. But for some reason with the music we're playing, when something groovy does happen, everyone knows about it. Nobody has to tell anybody, because it's obvious music. It's loud and there's excitement about it. But it's like reciprocal excitement. We pick it up from the audience, we feed it back to them; it works back and forth. For any kind of music you play, it's always groovy to play for an audience that's responsive, and I find the audiences at the Fillmore Auditorium and the Avalon Ballroom to be pretty responsive. When something groovy gets going we can always depend on a little support. If that wasn't happening, the music wouldn't be as much fun to play.

If you were to go to New York right now, what do you think your reception would be like?

I don't know. We're going to New York pretty soon, so we'll find out. What we've heard from the people that we know from New York who've been here is that we'd really kill 'em in New York. Whether or not that's so is something I don't know, because I don't know about New York and what it's like to play there.

Well, I guess it's a fact that this San Francisco music scene isn't anywhere else. Why is that? Why did it happen in San Francisco?

I don't know. Here's the thing: there really aren't that many musicians in San Francisco, but there is a fantastically good *scene* going on



Outside 710 Ashbury are (clockwise from upper left) Pigpen, Jerry, Phil, Rosie, Barney, Billy, Bobby, Danny Rifkin, Rock Scully, Tangerine. Photo: Herb Greene



Walking down Haight Street following the famous March '68 free show. Photo: Steve Brown

in San Francisco. San Francisco is a good place to live, and then, incidentally, a good place to play. But *first* it's a good place to live, and having that place — where you can do what you want and feel the way you want — has something to do with your outlook on things.

The San Francisco music scene is unique in some aspects, socially. For example, there isn't any competition going on; the bands don't compete with each other. The bands do things to help each other. The managers don't do things the old cigar-chewing-manager way. When our managers [Danny Rifkin and Rock Scully] go someplace, they go just the way they are around the house. They have long hair, wear outlandish clothes and beads, and they talk like people on Haight Street do. Because that's the way they are. That's the way we *all* are, and we're not sacrificing any part of ourselves to do business. When we go into the business parts of things — when we talk to lawyers, the vice presidents of Warner Bros. — we talk to them the way we talk to our friends. We're being out front. We're trying to change the whole atmosphere of music, the business part of it as well as just the way it is, just by dealing with it on a more humanistic level because it's a valuable commodity — it's an art.

What did you think of that article in Newsweek, *"Dropouts with a Mission"?*

It surprised me that it was in *Newsweek*, but it didn't surprise me too much because they'd taken the pictures here and everything. But if we hadn't known in advance that the article was going to be favorable, we wouldn't have consented to appear in pictures. But because it was favorable they got a good reception.

How about that title, "Dropouts with a Mission"?

I *am* a dropout. When I was teaching music, I was doing it because it was a way to exist without having to do a work thing — put on a collar and go do eight hours a day and all that stuff. I'm not interested in doing that. What I was interested in doing was making music, and I've been willing to put down everything else for that at one time or another. So in that case, socially I'm a dropout. But the result has been that because I was willing to take a chance and say "I want to play music and I don't care what anybody else thinks about it," it put me in the position of where I'm starting to be successful at it, which I never *dreamed* I'd be. I was willing to work at it like I might have worked at a job, but I worked at it out of love, and not because I had to eat or make car payments or any of that stuff.

If you'd had enough money to exist, would you have not taught and spent all your time with your music?

I might have. The teaching was valuable, though, because it made me think about what I was doing —

It was valuable to me!

— and it might have been valuable to a few others, like you or any of my students. But it's not really my thing to be a teacher. My thing is to play.

What really made you quit pounding on the banjo and start playing guitar?

It was a gradual changeover. The main thing is, when I was playing the banjo there was nobody to play with and no place to play, no way for anyone to *hear* me. There wasn't enough popular interest in bluegrass music for it to ever be worthwhile in this area. That's what happens when you take up something that's pretty esoteric. You have to sort of accept that. I didn't want to do it.

I got into rock and roll music through the jug band. When I *first* started playing, I played rock and roll. My first guitar was electric, and I played Chuck Berry, stuff like that.

I remember when you were The Warlocks and at Magoo's [a South Bay pizza parlor] you were doing stuff like "The Last Time" —

Right, popular stuff.

Did you have your sights on what you're doing now?

We didn't know what we were doing! We were just screwing around. We were just trying something.

Did the music of The Beatles and Rolling Stones help you get into this?

For sure. Because The Beatles' music was interesting music. The Rolling Stones' music was not that much of a surprise, because I'd listened to a lot of rhythm & blues, and early Rolling Stones was similar to that music, although not as well done. But The Beatles were doing something new and they had great musical ideas and a great thing going. Plus, seeing the movie, *Hard Day's Night*, was a turn-on. It was very "up," and I've always preferred things that are a little on the "up" side.

If it comes along that you become successful and fairly wealthy —

— then we'll see if there's a better way to become successful and wealthy! A way that's more rewarding to us. A way to spend our money so that it brings about more enjoyment for more people, or more *something* for people. More food certainly. A lot of what we make now is just money to live on for us and our friends and anybody around who doesn't have anything. There are always people who need something. *I* don't need anything. I don't really want anything. I've got instruments, I know I can eat, so there's nothing to worry about.

How is this war in Vietnam hitting you?

Well, not directly at all so far, except that it's getting hard to buy things like cymbals and guitar strings because they're making bullets out of them.

There's something going on in the world that nobody knows about. It's like a big

mystery. But it's not *really* a mystery. The war is an effort on the part of the establishment to keep the economic situation in the United States comparatively stable.

If you had not already been in the service—

—would I go? I would not go. I am totally against war. I could never kill anybody. Killing might be the only "sin" that there is. It's anti-life. I don't see how *anybody* could do it. I don't feel like any kind of subversive force. I feel like an American, and I'm really ashamed of it lately.

Do you think your music is talking about those kinds of things?

We're trying to make music in such a way that it doesn't have a message for anybody. We don't have anything to tell anybody. We don't want to change anybody. We want people to have the chance to feel a little better. That's the absolute most we want to do with our music. The music that we make is an act of love, an act of joy. We really like it a lot. If it says something, it says it in its own terms at the moment we're playing it, and it doesn't have anything to do with . . . we're not telling people to go get stoned, or drop out. We're just playing, and they can take it any way they want.

In short phrases, name some "in" things and some "out" things, some things you like and don't like.

I can only tell you about things I like. There isn't that much that I don't like. I don't have any complaints.

What do you think of Buffalo Springfield?

I like them a lot. Have you heard Moby Grape? They're really good.

What do you think of The Monkees?

What am I *supposed* to think of them? [Laughs] I mean, what do you *want* me to say?

Well, I mean, why should they get to be Number One?

I don't know. Maybe because their records are really pretty good. They *should* be good, because they have the best L.A. studio musicians and the best arrangers . . .

You've heard your own [first] album by now. What do you think?

Well, I think our album is honest. It sounds just like us. It even has mistakes on it. But it also has a certain amount of excitement on it. It sounds like we felt good when we were making it. We made it in a short period—four days—and it's the material we've been doing onstage for quite a long time. It sounds like one of our good sets.

What do you think is going to happen to the San Francisco scene?

I don't know. I'm not even sure why there's so much commotion, let alone what's going to happen to it.

All things come to an end, and things go "out"—like the English sound is sort of going out. What will you do if this goes out — switch back to bluegrass?

Who knows? I'll know that when I get there. It doesn't bother me now because the thing I'm most interested in is the thing that's going on around me now, not what might happen tomorrow or yesterday.



Backstage at West Park, Ann Arbor, Michigan, August 1967. Photo: Tom Copi

In that respect, you don't seem very concerned about the stuff [the band's equipment truck] that was taken.

Well, it's pointless to worry about it. I could work myself into a frenzy about it, but somebody stole it; it's gone. I hope they can have a good time with it. [Laughs] I hope we can get it back without having to put somebody in jail. It's not that big a thing, because we can afford to get more. And maybe that's some sort of spiritual dues that we paid for being successful: that means that now somebody can steal our equipment and not feel too guilty about it because we're making more money than they are.

As far as creativity goes, it seems like outside of music there really hasn't been that much going on.

There never is. But there is a small, heavily concentrated area of a lot of activity. There is a lot of creativity, but it's not always on levels you can observe because there are different trends happening in what we used to call "the arts." For example, six or seven years ago, if you were a painter in San Francisco, you never sold anything, because nobody in San Francisco buys paintings and there's no place to sell them. But a guy with a light show can make money. The guys who run the light shows are the guys who were painters a few years ago, and they're finding out something new about color, and the eye, and about spontaneity. Those are all aspects the plastic arts have never had before.

Poster design and printing, all those things, are skills. These posters here are a product of a lot of people's working at something, and they're getting a return for it. The people who run the dance halls are doing a thing. The people who are being managers are doing something. There's a lot going on. People are opening stores. Not everybody is an artist or a creative person, but not everyone has to be a bookkeeper or a businessman to make it. They can get into something that turns them on a little. With our scene here, we've managed to employ just about everyone we know in some capacity, because everybody has something they can do.

How do the Hell's Angels strike you?

I like 'em. They're honest and they're out front and they don't lie to you. They're good people. They're *brutal*, but their brutality is really only honesty. You have to know a few of

them. They're kind of like the cops in a way. They have very heavy standards of what they do and what's right.

But by what you were saying before, you're not into that.

That's their scene, not my scene. They're also capable of *not* being brutal. They can be depended on in a funny way. When there was the Be-In up here [Jan. 14, 1967] I'd never seen so many people in my life. It was really fantastic. I almost didn't believe it. It was a totally underground movement. It was all the people into dope of any sort, and like 20,000 people came out in the park and everyone had a good time. There was no violence, no hassling. But one of the things that happened was that somebody came along and cut the lines of the p.a. and the electricity. Some guys got together to repair it, and then the Hell's Angeles guarded the wire. They took care of lost kids, they baby sat! You can hit on 'em to do that kind of thing. Like we're hiring a couple to guard our warehouse, now that the equipment's been stolen.

I know that they're making a big change, that they're different than they used to be. They're hanging out in the scene and getting out of their brutal bags and just taking it easy a little.

Do you think they see what you guys are doing and then—

Well, they know that we're all doing the same thing. What we're saying is, "We don't want the world the way you've got it"—the establishment. We don't want to be successful or super-rich or businessmen. We don't want to do any of that shit. We want to have a nice quiet life and a few good times.

[Bob Weir comes in the room and announces that the Dead's equipment van has been found. There's much rejoicing.]

Here's another similar scene. We once played a ski shop, a very plush ski shop for this super-rich ski crowd. It was jet setters and what have you. Joan Baez was there. And the guy who owned the ski shop hired two Hell's Angels to guard the door to make sure nobody got in without an invitation. And they did it *fine*. And then the guy took us all out to dinner—us and the Hell's Angels. So we walked into this restaurant and lots of tourists split in horror, and this juiced San Francisco attorney came over and slapped us on the back and said [he slurs the words] "Glad you folks are here," and he bought us all wine. [Laughs]

Would you like to do a movie?

Well, as a matter of fact, when we were in L.A. making our record, we got a movie offer from ABC-Paramount. We got an offer to be in a James Coburn movie in which he plays the psychiatrist for the President, who runs off from his job for a series of misadventures, one of which is to spend a certain amount of time with us, with a rock and roll band that is traveling around in a nomadic fashion. We're written into the script, with speaking parts and everything. We've agreed to do it, provided we have control over the section we're in. So we might not do it because they might not give us control. We don't want to be in a movie unless it's good, and it won't be good unless we do it ourselves. [The film is *The President's Analyst*. Ultimately, the Dead were not in it.]

What do you get out of smoking dope? Do you play better under it?

No, but I might *feel* better. I feel like if you want to have something that makes you feel a little better and maybe gives you a slightly different outlook than your normal one, it's nobody's business but yours. Grass is so much like an everyday thing. You don't get *wasted* on it.

How about LSD and the whole "Captain Trips" thing?

That's a whole 'nother matter. We've played on acid and that does do things to your time sense, and it does other things. It produces an unimaginably wider scope of ideas. More consciousness means you have more of an understanding of what you're doing, and that means you can do it better because you're doing it with that much more of your mind.

But you don't go down to the Fillmore or Avalon on acid . . .

Not anymore. We used to. I wouldn't do it anymore because we're in a different position than we were a year ago. At this point, the experimentation we're doing now isn't a matter of drug experimentation; we're experimenting with *music*. □



"So you lent Jimmy the Weasel my Spring '84 issue of The Golden Road *and he got bumped off before he could return it. Well, you'll just have to order another copy as a Back Issue...unless you want to end up like Jimmy..."*

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Tall Tales

Egypt '78

Open Mouth, Insert Foot

Mountain Girl, *one of the original Merry Pranksters, mother of two of Garcia's children, and a longtime member of the Dead family.*

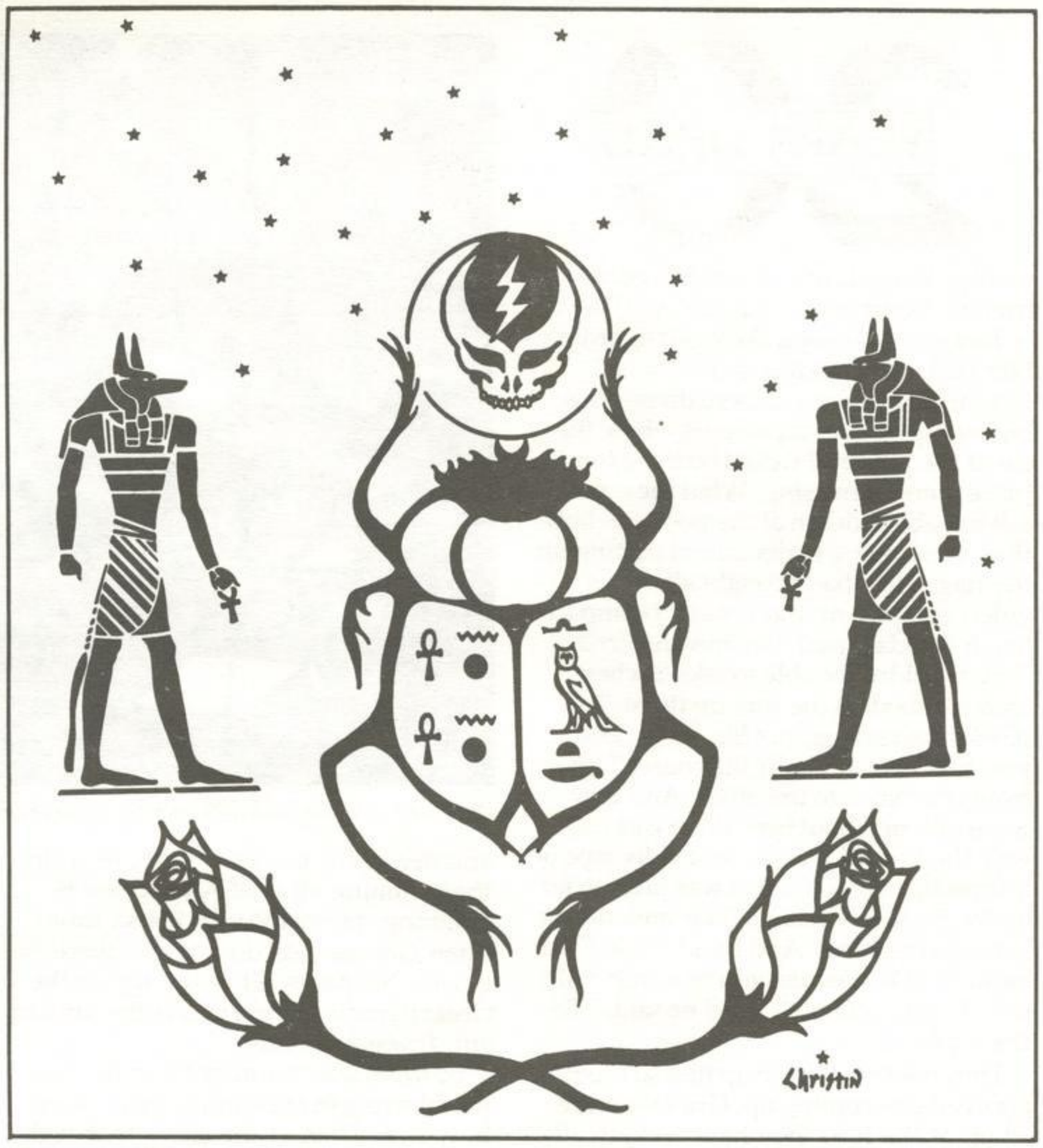


Illustration: Christin Adams

It was pretty intense culture shock going from Marin County to Egypt. And no one was ready for the weather. I mean, you know a desert is going to be hot, but nothing quite prepares you for the way it really is. When we left Marin it was a foggy afternoon, probably about 60°. When we stepped off the plane in Cairo, it was at least 110°. We'd hit Cairo in the middle of a heat wave, if you can believe that.

The charter flight over there was just wonderful, really crazy! We just had the greatest time, but the stewardesses were about ready to quit by the time we'd flown from San Francisco to New York. They were so freaked out at how we were behaving that when they reached New York they took all the alcohol off the plane. That was the great blow. We're taking off from New York ready to resume the party and the Pakistani stewardess suddenly announces, "So sorry, but due to the rowdy element on the plane we have removed all the alcohol. That's our prerogative as an airline. Goodnight." Boy, after that you could cut the gloom on board with a knife — New York to Paris with no booze! Fortunately, on the leg from Paris to Cairo there was alcohol on the plane, so everyone was happy again.

Getting off the plane was weird. You taxi through this desert and every 100 feet or so on the runway there'd be a small brown man in a ragged, torn uniform with bare feet and a rusty machine gun. This was during the Camp David talks, and Egypt and Israel were still worried they were going to bomb each other or something.

The cover for the whole thing, of course, was this very respectable thing: we were doing benefit gigs for Madame Sadat's favorite orphanage. We were into it, but we were definitely looking to have some good times, too. The first night we were in Cairo, a bunch of us were just milling around telling stories about what we'd been doing that day and evening. What I didn't realize at the time is that in the group there was an infiltration of a couple of journalists from the wire services. Unfortunately, I shot my mouth off, as usual. Earlier I had been down in the deep, dirty part of Cairo going after hash and having all these terrific adventures along the way. So I was telling someone about it that night in my typically loud voice and I said, "Cairo is so great! It's like Disneyland for dopesters!" And it really was, too, 'cause there we were with the Sphinx, the pyramids, all this golden desert, the colored lights and the Grateful Dead! Anyway, a reporter overheard this and the very next day an article appeared in a San Francisco paper headlined "Disneyland of Dope." It was pretty embarrassing a few days later when a copy arrived in the mail. We were scared the Egyptian government people would see it and get scared. Then it was like, "Look at this, M.G. Keep your mouth shut from now on." I was a *little* better about it from then on.

20 YEARS DEAD

Wave That Flag

Bernie Bildman, *Birmingham, Alabama, dentist and friend of the band*

We were down at the pool at the Mena House hotel one day — Billy and Mickey and Kesey were there, and

20 YEARS DEAD



Phil, Keith, Mickey and Billy rock out under the Sphinx. Photo: Mark Mumper

George Walker, one of Kesey's good friends. Someone—I heard it was Garcia—had given Kesey a skull and lightning bolt flag to put on top of the Great Pyramid of Cheops, where there's this big long pole that represents where the tip of the pyramid would be if the top piece weren't missing. What they were talking about down at the pool was how they were going to document putting up the flag. They had brought all sort of video equipment, but it wasn't compact like it is today, and they now realized they wouldn't be able to take it when they climbed all the way up there. The blocks are real big, not like steps, and you have to physically lift yourself up from one block to the other. And they were talking about how there was no way they could get a decent videotape of it from below, because it was just too far away. So Kesey asked, "Has anyone got a movie camera?" And I said, "I do." So he said, "OK. Bernie, you're comin' with us!" I said, "Where?" And he said, "To the top!"

They made me climb up first so I could get everyone coming up. Once we were all up at the top, they had to climb all the way up to the tippy-top of this pole — a piece of wood with two or three struts, the thing was probably 10 or 12 feet high. But how were they were going to do it? Kesey was the director, telling everybody what to do and where to go, and finally this guy Kim stood at the bottom of the thing and George Walker climbed up on top of him and shinnied up the rest of the pole to tie the huge flag on. And we got the whole thing down on film. The funny part was, shinnying up there, George Walker got a splinter in his privates. An' I'm sittin' there filming all this! And Kesey is laughing, he just thinks it's so funny. Then George gets down, and there he is with his pants off at the top of the Great Pyramid trying to take this splinter out. It was hilarious.

So there was this huge Grateful Dead flag blowing in the wind. And it was so beautiful. Then at the show that night they had a big spotlight on it. It was just absolutely cosmic kind of stuff. And the next day we picked up newspapers from overseas and they all had reports on how the Grateful Dead planted their flag on top of the Great Pyramid. It was the same weekend as the Camp David Accords [negotiated by President Jimmy Carter, Israel's Prime Minister Menachem Begin and Egypt's President Anwar Sadat].

The band didn't know about the eclipse when they arranged the concerts, I understand. They scheduled the dates and then found out there would be a total eclipse of the moon the third night. One of the first two nights, Donna was walking around backstage with the lyrics to "Dark Star," trying to learn it. And Jerry took his guitar and went in a back room with her to teach it to her. And I was thinking, "All right!" Everyone thought they'd play it because of the eclipse. Needless to say, it never happened. So she learned the lyrics for nothing.

The third night we were dosed on crazy acid, and the band was into mushrooms I think, because of the naturalness of it. Billy had fractured his arm two weeks before the shows and had played one-handed the first two nights. But on the third he couldn't stand it anymore and, despite what the doctor had told him, he just got into it with both hands. And Bill Walton was on the side of the



Onstage with Egyptian players the third night. Photo: Bernie Bildman



Photo: Adrian Boot © 1985

stage playing tar.

The first two nights, a group of Egyptian singers had opened the show. But the third night the band started the show, and they had the singers come out after the break because they wanted to watch the eclipse. When the eclipse started happening, I walked out on the part of the stage where Jerry and Ram Rod were. Jerry was sitting in a chair, and Ram Rod and his kid and I laid down flat. We just lay there tripping, watching this eclipse come on. And David Freiberg was there taking pictures, documenting the whole thing.

And then as it started coming out of the eclipse, the band took the stage again and opened with "Fire on the Mountain." They started the second set playing with all the Egyptian singers. Unfortunately, by the third night, someone had taken the flag down — probably some Deadhead.

The Curse of Cheops

Dan Healy, *the Dead's principal soundman. (Reprinted from* BAM, *Nov. 3, 1978)*

I had always been intrigued by the acoustical properties of the King's Chamber because of its size and shape, and because it doesn't conform to the physics formulas Western science has developed for determining the sound qualities of a given room. The King's Chamber in the Great Pyramid is essentially just a rectangular box. It's about 50 or 60 feet long, 30 feet wide, and 40 feet high. It's all polished stone, with completely perfect seams and edges. No building could be built that perfectly today. It's in the heart of the Great Pyramid, and its location in this mass of stone gives it a rigidity and resilience that is almost unfathomable. It seems as far away from people as you can get. Notes resonate in ways that defy the laws of physics.

The way we got in there originally was that David Freiberg, Garcia, John Cutler, Mountain Girl and I befriended the guard at the Great Pyramid and told him we were deeply interested in the musical qualities of the sound in the King's Chamber. He saw our sincerity and kindly decided to let us in after it had been closed to the tourists at 5 p.m.

The first night we went in there, we spent the whole evening singing in the room. We made up little choral groups and divided up into different vocal parts and just sang. The sound was incredibly rich and full. Also, the King's Chamber has a giant sarcophagus in it — a rectangular coffin about 7 x 4 x 4 feet — and it, too, had a particular resonance, so each of us took turns lying down inside of it and humming notes. When you found the resonant note, the softest you could hum would reverberate so much in that frequency that it would massage your whole body. And if you hummed at the level of a reasonable talking voice or louder, it actually hurt your ears.

It was about one-quarter mile from the stage to the Great Pyramid, and we had high-quality FM radio transmitters to span that distance. So, we put a transmitter down at the stage with a little antenna and sent the signal from there up to the outside of the Great Pyramid, where we had a receiver. We couldn't put the receiver directly in the King's Chamber because it is deeply imbedded in the stone structure, so from the outside we ran wires from a receiver into the Pyramid, down the Grand Gallery, through the Queen's Chamber and into the King's Chamber, where we hooked the wires to a speaker. We also put a microphone in there, ran the wires back the same way, hooked it up to a transmitter on the side of the pyramid and sent the signal down to a receiver onstage that was plugged into our recording console in the form of an echo return. The object, of course, was to send voices and instruments up through the radio link to the King's Chamber where it would play through the speaker there, be picked up by the microphone, and sent back down to the tape.

Unfortunately, we hadn't brought enough cable with us, so we ended up buying some Italian cable from a local telephone company. But it was inferior cable. Our other problem was that we had to run it through the walkways of the Grand Gallery, and we believed that the cables would be damaged by being stomped on by the tour groups that tramp through during the day.

After our hook-up in the King's Chamber was unsuccessful, some suggested that perhaps, cosmically, it wasn't *meant* to happen and that's why it did not work. I don't buy that. I think it didn't work because from a technical end, we didn't quite have it all together. We were at peace with the gods and the authorities. There was no conflict or friction. None of us felt that we were transgressing any sacred rights or privacy. The Egyptians understood what we were doing and saw what our motives were. They knew this was the dream of our life. They saw the adventure in it, and it was exciting for them, too. It was like the cultural exchanges you read about in books, only this one was *for real*.

Caravan of Crazies

Mountain Girl and
Donna Godchaux MacKay

Mountain Girl: One of the highlights of the trip for me was this great camel ride we took across the desert after the final show. It was real late at night and Bill Graham rented every camel and horse he could find and we went in a huge caravan across the desert to this big tent village a few miles away called Sahara City. I gather it's sort of the Las Vegas of Egypt. It was really fun. It was a full moon and we had just about everyone — at least a hundred people. There were taxis that went the long way, and motorcycles. As I remember, Graham and Mickey led the procession, with Mickey



Photo: Adrian Boot © 1985

20 YEARS DEAD

on his fabulous white horse. It was just huge, and it could dance and prance because it was really a show horse. It was this impossibly macho horse, and Mickey just had the time of his life galloping around on it. He looked like he was in some movie or something.

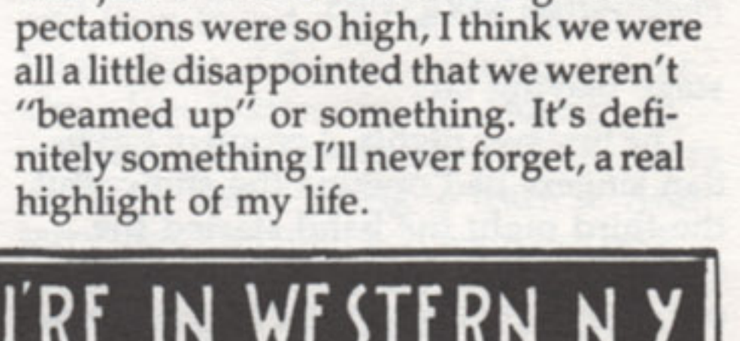
Donna: Most of the people who went to Sahara City got either a camel or an Arabian stallion. I'd ridden a horse earlier in the trip and had the life scared out of me. I'd never done it before, and the second I got on, mine bolted. I was thinking, "My God, after all this I'm going to die in Egypt!" But just as I convinced myself I was going to die, I got into the flow of it and it was just wonderful. Still, I was happy to get a camel for the night trip.

It was funny, because if you're an American woman, the Egyptian men all assume that you're loose. The guy who owned the camel I rode told me he wanted to marry me and he wanted me to have his kids and all that stuff. But the real trouble started when we got to Sahara City around sunrise. This Egyptian guy who was sort of like the caretaker for one of the ladies' rooms there just wouldn't leave me alone. He actually chased me all the way out to where Keith and all the other people from our group were. He was pawing me all over, and everyone was yelling, "Leave her alone! Leave her alone!" He was serious. He was going for it! Finally, the only thing that succeeded in getting him off me was Ken Kesey stepped out of the crowd and poured a bucket of beer on his head.

Everyday People

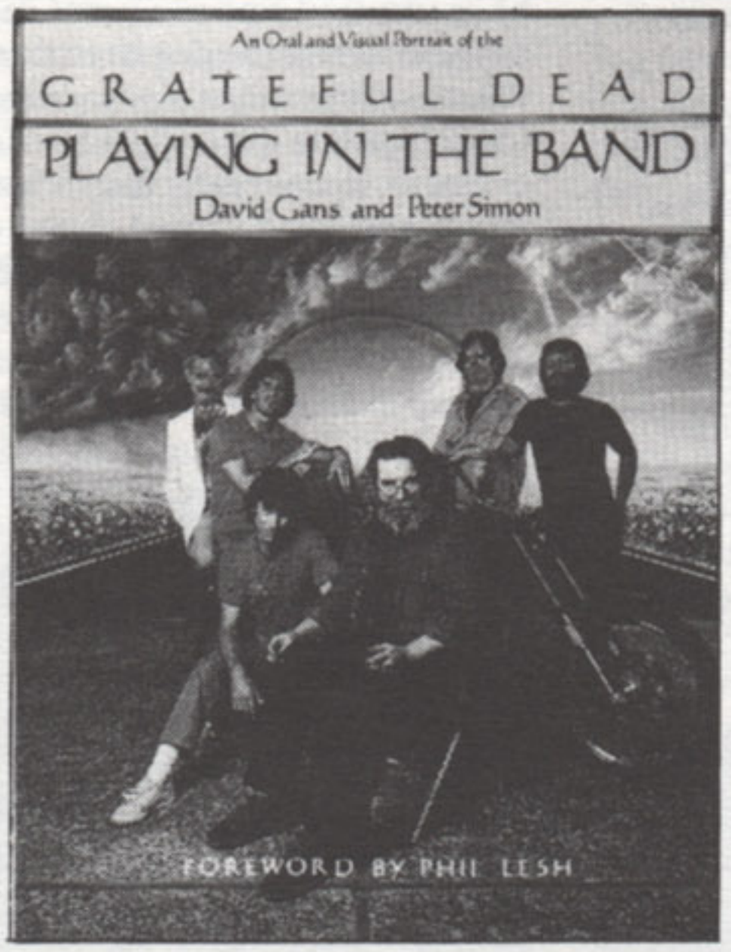
Donna Godchaux MacKay

The most remarkable part of the whole trip for me was, a couple days after the shows a bunch of us went on a three-day, three-night boat trip on the Nile. It was me and Zion [her son] and Keith and Jerry and Bob and a couple of the equipment guys. David Freiberg was there, too. We all ate and slept on the boat, which was owned by this really nice Egyptian named Ati. He was just getting started in the boat business then. We'd stop off at various places along the Nile to see tombs and that sort of thing. We went to the Valley of the Kings, which was just amazing. The best part was that as you cruised down the river, most of the way it wasn't very wide and people would gather on both sides of



the river to watch the boat come through. All these kids and people who lived right on the banks came out and sang and yelled and played their drums and made the *best music* you've ever heard. After all the craziness around the gigs, it was great to get into the nitty-gritty basics of Egyptian life.

The shows themselves didn't seem that spectacular to me. They were a lot of fun and all, but maybe the whole thing was just a little overwhelming. Our expectations were so high, I think we were all a little disappointed that we weren't "beamed up" or something. It's definitely something I'll never forget, a real highlight of my life.



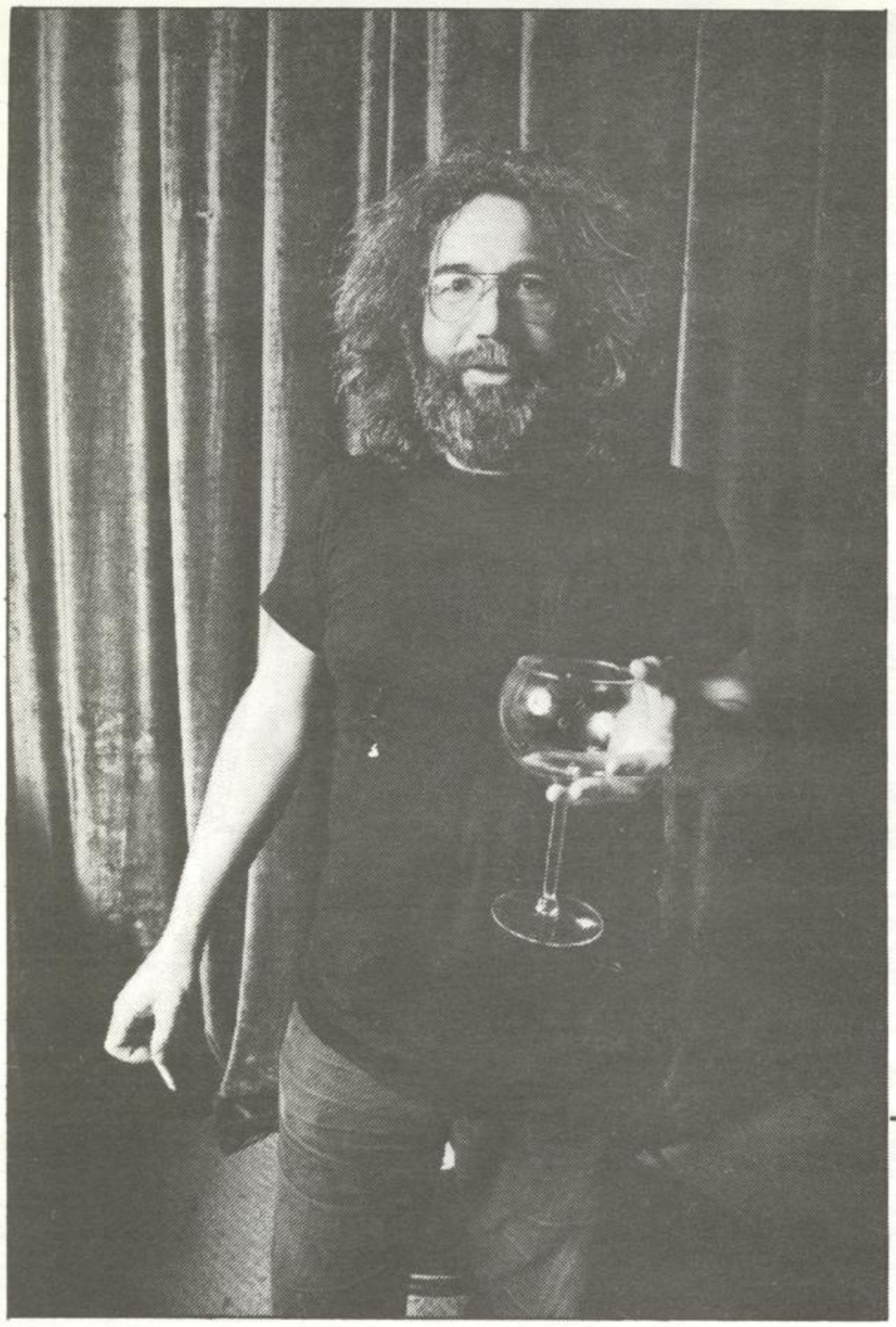
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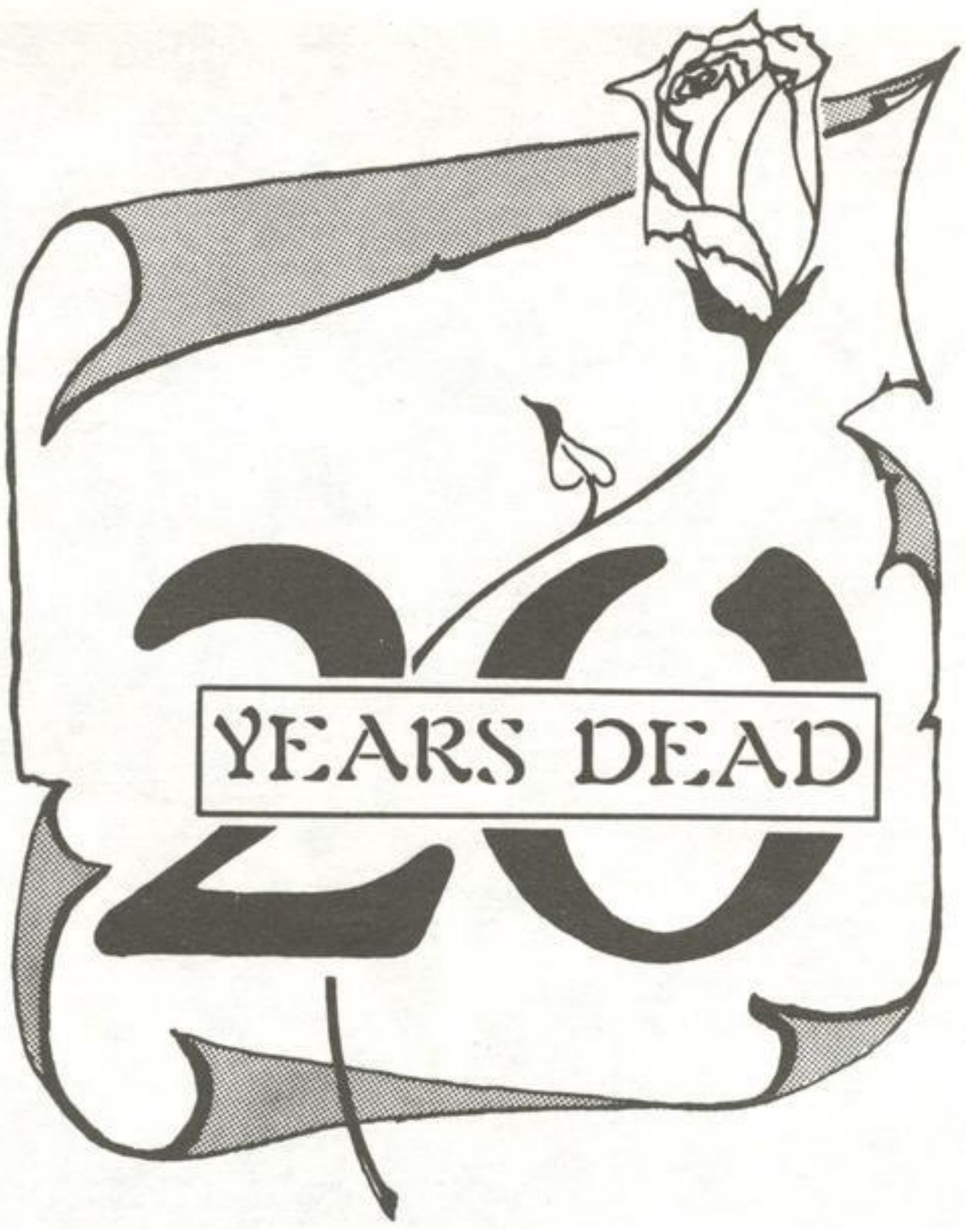
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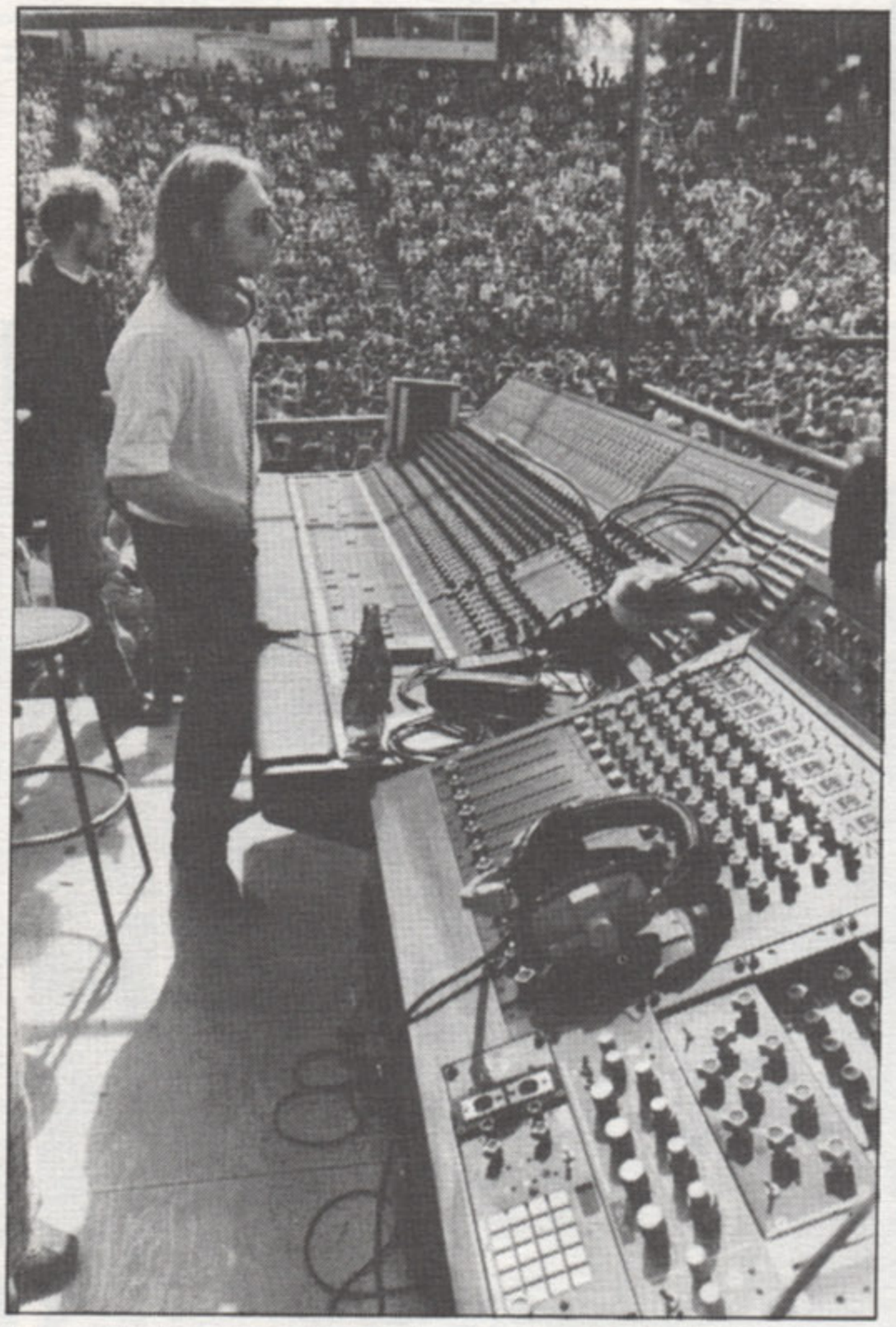
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Left: Garcia at the Dead's Front Street studio (the curtain is a sound baffle) during a photo session for a BAM *magazine cover story. November, 1977. Below: A chipper group shot from mid-'77. Photos: Jim Marshall*

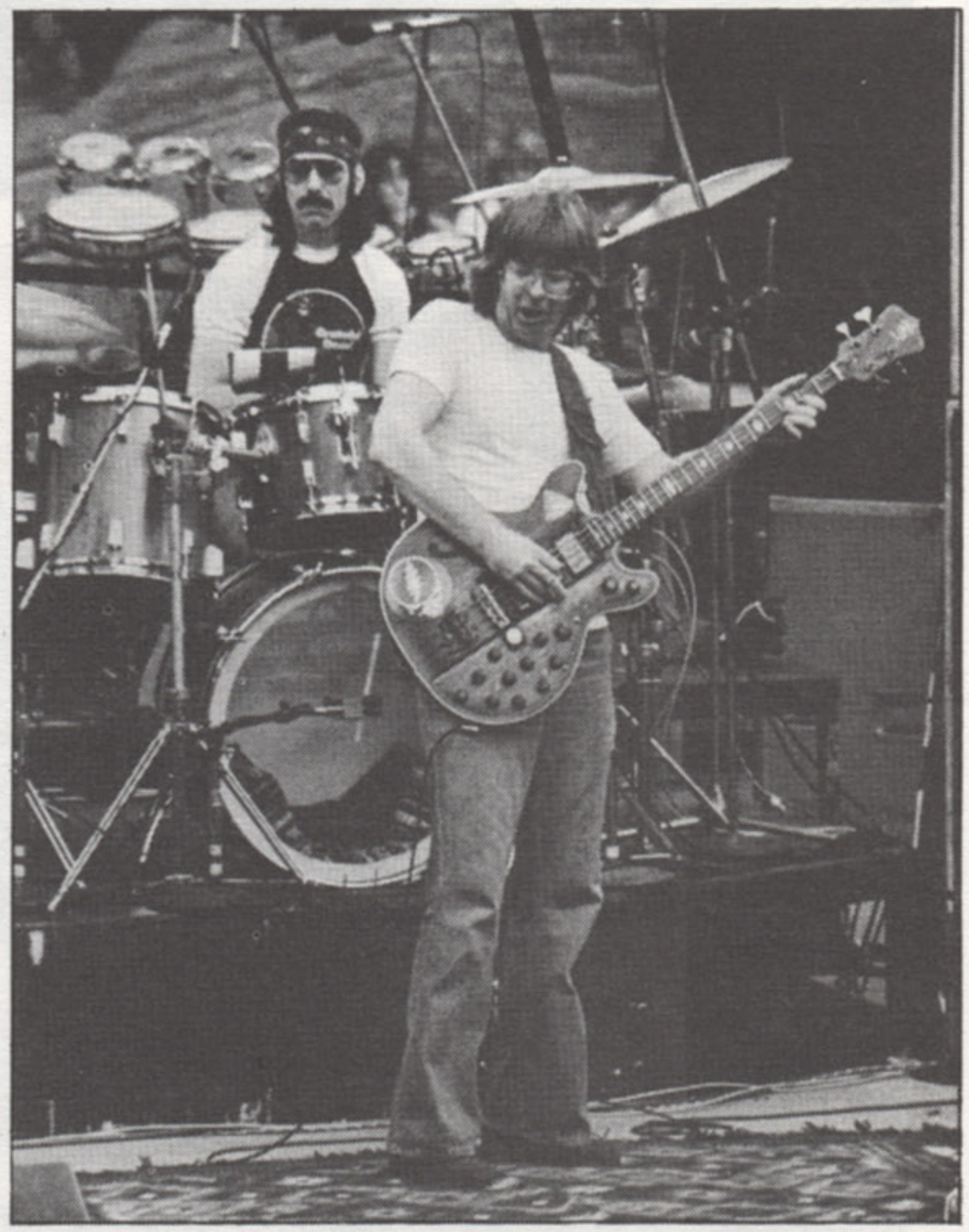




Rehearsing at the Orpheum Theatre in San Francisco before their '76 "comeback" tour. Photo: Steve Marcus



Healy at the board at Spartan Stadium (San Jose, CA) April '79. Photo: Richard McCaffrey



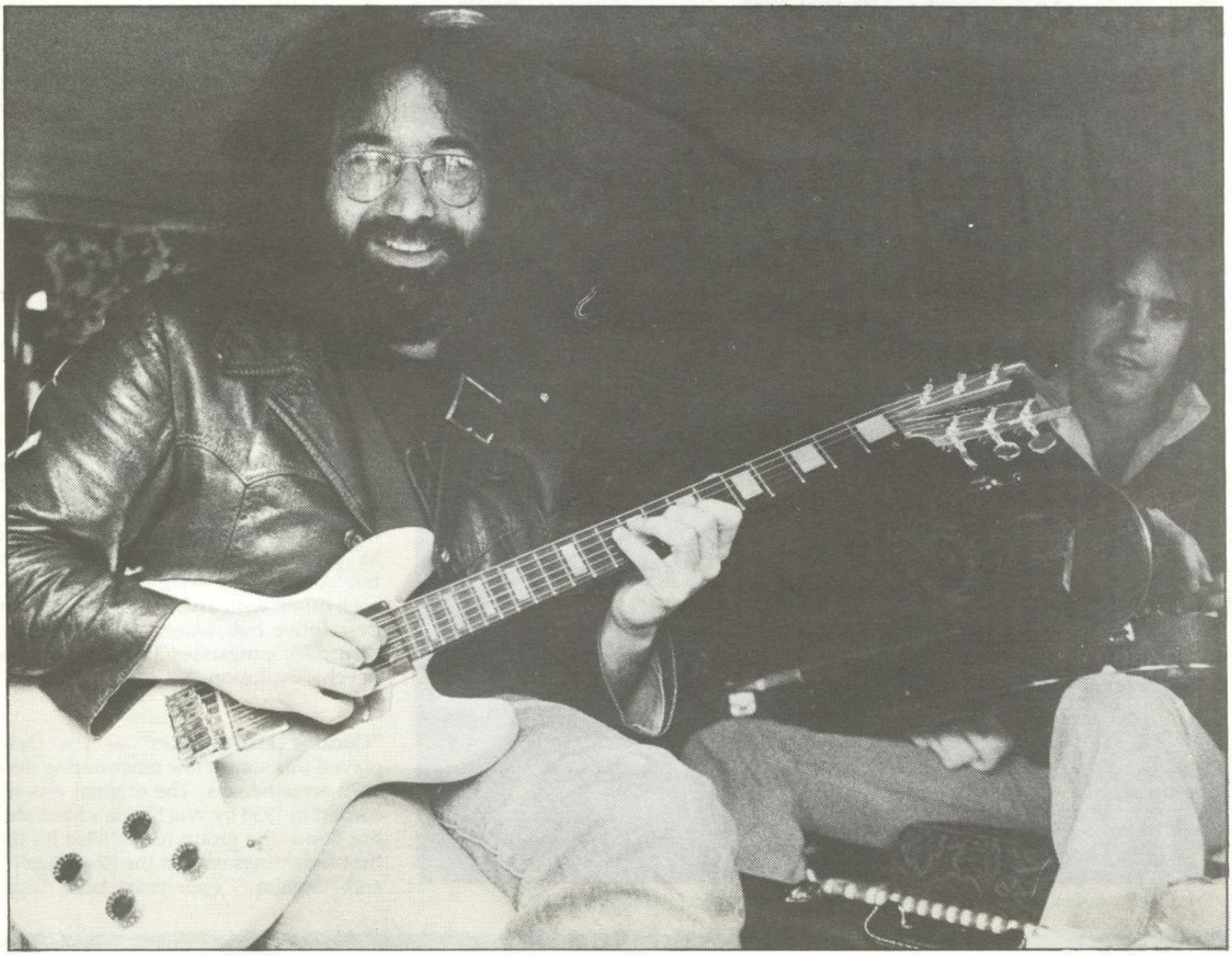
Red Rocks '79. Photo: Bob Minkin



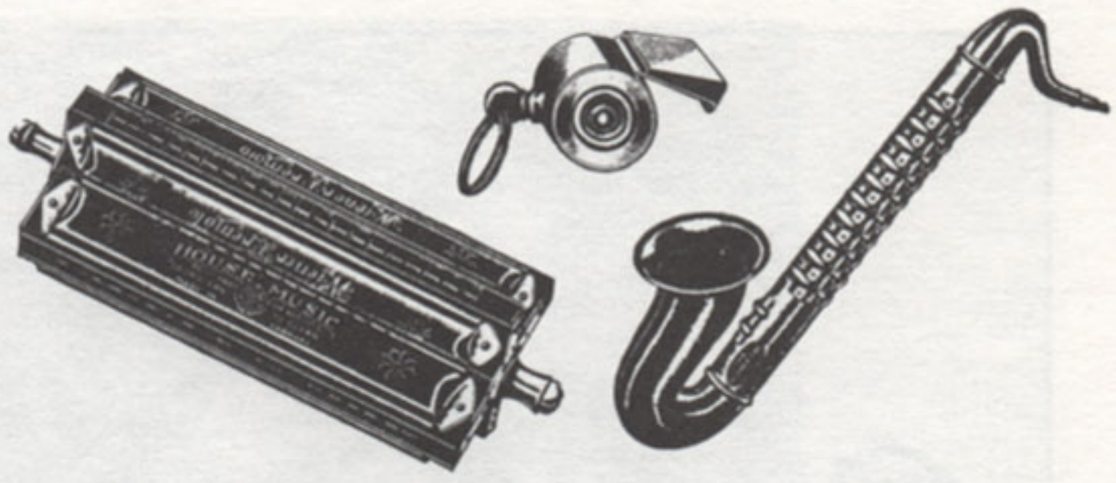




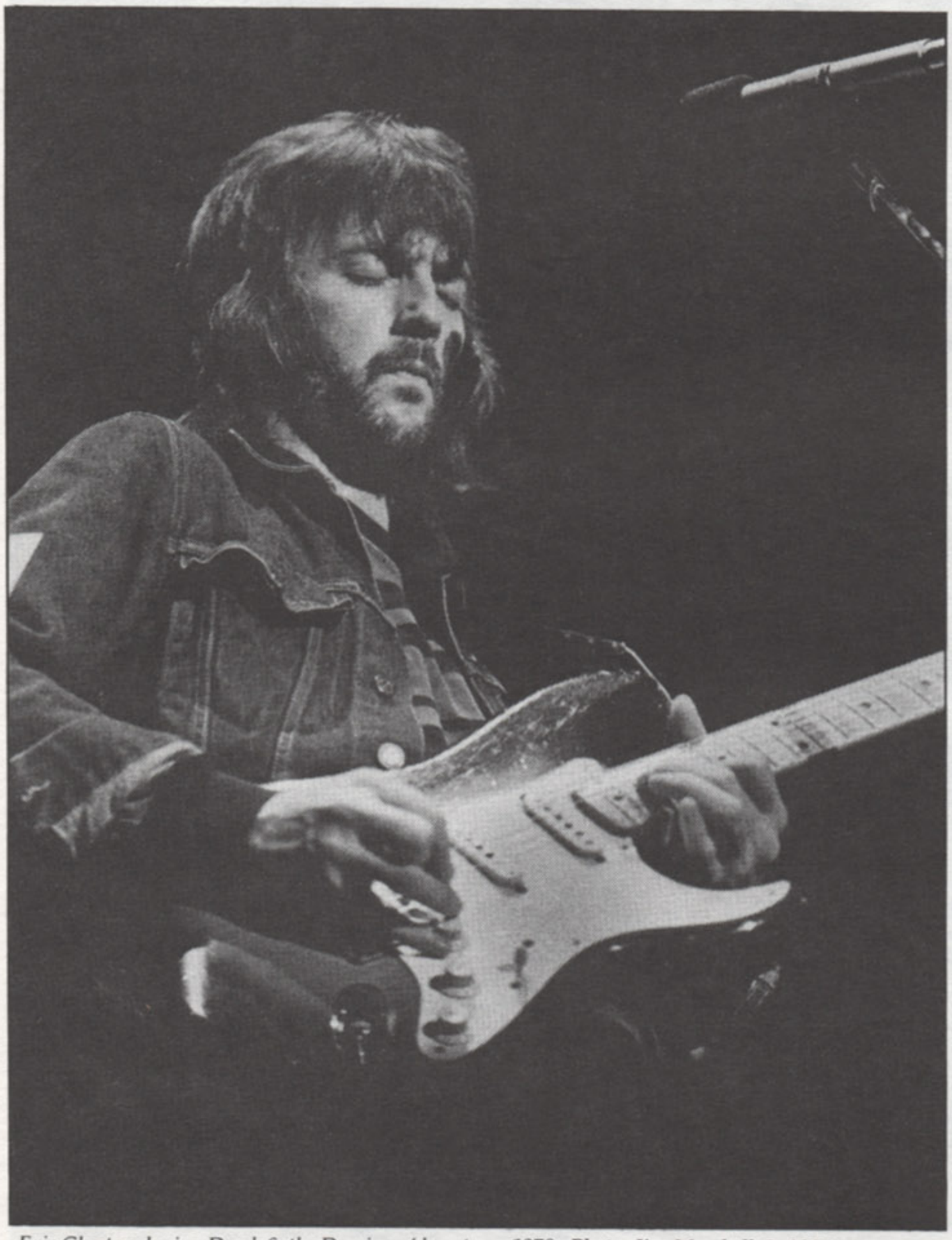
Above: backstage at the Bay Area Music Awards (1978). Photo: Richard McCaffrey. Right: Playing "Johnny B. Goode" at the SNACK Benefit in S.F., 1975. Photo: Dave Patrick. Below: Backstage at the 1975 Golden Gate Park gig. Photo: Jim Marshall



Roots Part 7



"Keep On Growing" — Co-written by Eric Clapton and Bobby Whitlock, this song appears on the *Layla* album, recorded in the fall of 1970 by Derek & the Dominoes — which included Clapton, Whitlock, Carl Radle, Jim Gordon and, on the album, Duane Allman — at Criteria Studios in Miami. This LP was arguably the zenith of Clapton's career, though it was made during one of the lowest periods in his life—when he was addicted to heroin and still reeling from the deification that weighted him down in the late days of Cream and on into his brief involvement with Blind Faith. The songs on the record are brimming with passion, and while most are tinged with sadness — this truly is *the blues,* though expressed in some non-traditional ways — there is a life-affirming optimism that ultimately makes the record uplifting. Clapton asks "Why Does Love Got to Be So Sad?" at the same time his playing and singing speak of love's sheer exhilaration. "Keep On Growing" is among the most upbeat songs on the album, and its introduction to the Dead's repertoire at the beginning of their third decade seems quite apropos. If you don't own *Layla* already, by all means take the plunge.



Eric Clapton during Derek & the Dominoes' lone tour, 1970. Photo: Jim Marshall © 1985

"She Belongs to Me" — Who but Dylan could write a tune about a mysterious, almost diabolical woman who leaves broken men in her wake, and then ironically title it "She Belongs to Me"? The song dates back to what many consider Dylan's peak period — 1965, the year the Dead formed, and well before anyone in the band was an accomplished songwriter. (This far down the line its easy to forget just how influential Dylan and The Beatles were and how advanced their songwriting was compared with the work of other people on the scene.) "She Belongs to Me" is one of many bona fide classics on Dylan's *Bringing It All Back Home,* which contains Dylan's first tentative forays into electric rock and roll. Other songs on the record include "Subterranean Homesick Blues," "Maggie's Farm," "Mr. Tambourine Man," "It's Alright Ma" and "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue." No analysis of "She Belongs to Me" is needed; its moods are easily discerned. I like Dylan's observation about his writing on the album's liner notes: "my poems are written in a rhythm of unpoetic distortion/ divided by pierced ears. false eyelashes/ subtracted by people constantly torturing each other. with a melodic purring line of descriptive hollowness — seen at times thru dark sunglasses an other forms of psychic explosion."

"Cocaine Habit Blues" — The Dead played this song a few times during their 1970 acoustic sets. The original was recorded in 1930 by Will Shade's Memphis Jug Band, the group responsible for the first recordings of "On the Road Again" and "Stealin'." Four years later, Lead-

belly cut the tune under its more popular name, "Take a Whiff on Me." Its whimsical nature pretty much sums up the '20s – '30s attitude toward cocaine among black musicians. Good ol' "wacky dust"! The Memphis Jug Band recording is easily obtained on Yazoo Records' excellent two-record anthology.

"Walking Blues" — Maybe it's finally time to put Willie Dixon on the Dead's payroll, since the band (mainly Weir) seems to introduce a new song by the blues great every year. The Dead's Dixon repertoire now includes "Wang Dang Doodle," "Little Red Rooster," "Down in the Bottom," "I Ain't Superstitious," "The Same Thing," "I Just Want to Make Love to You," "Spoonful" and "Walking Blues." There are a number of different songs called "Walking Blues," but the Dead's most clearly resembles the version Dixon wrote for Muddy Waters in the early '50s. (Dixon produced and played bass on those sessions, too.)

The lineage of "Walking Blues" goes back much further, however, probably to the early years of this century in the Mississippi Delta, where both Waters and Dixon were raised. Robert Johnson, long hailed as King of the Delta Blues Singers, cut "Walking Blues" in the mid-'30s, and there is little doubt that he performed it when he was a street musician in the late 1920s. The song was also performed by one of Johnson's contemporaries (and influences), Son House, among the most popular figures on the late '20s Mississippi Delta party circuit. (Most of the Delta's "race recordings," as they were called, came after 1930.) Musicologist Alan Lomax recorded Son House playing "Walking Blues" on the singer's front porch in 1942 for the Library of Congress, but chances are that version differed considerably from what the revelers at '20s backwoods hoedowns might have heard. In his book *Early Downhome Blues* (1977, U. of Illinois Press), Jeff Titon describes the party blues that was played by small groups this way:

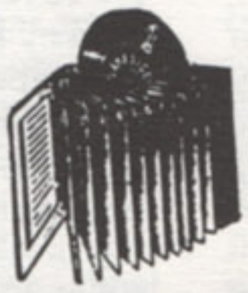
"Because of the continuous, intense activity, it was desirable for the music to keep going and going. House said that he and Charley [Patton, perhaps the most influential Delta singer of the generation that eventually went on to make records: House, Johnson, Skip James and, down the line, Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf] used to play dance pieces that went on for up to half an hour without stopping. . . . As lyrics could be improvised, and songs built of stanzas whose order need not have been memorized beforehand, singers could string together whatever stanzas came in their minds, reaching into their stanza storehouses or creating stanzas spontaneously. Singers were especially prized if they could keep feeding one stanza after the next; but when more than one singer was present, they sometimes took turns, one looking over at the next as a cueing device when he was through with his string."

Alas, there are no recordings capturing these "jams," and when blues records started being made with any sort of regularity, it was the shorter songs of the street tradition that made their way to wax. So we can only speculate what changes a song like "Walking Blues" might have undergone from its probable origin among Negro tenant farmers up through Willie Dixon's oft-covered version. (Interestingly enough, Dixon also played bass on a different "Walking Blues" recorded by Big Joe Williams in 1961.) Muddy Waters' version is available on many reissues, the best of which is probably the Chess *Original Master Recordings* album. □

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FUNSTUFF



All in the family, backstage at Oakland Stadium, 1976. (L-R) John Barlow, Steve Parish, Weir (love the pith helmet) and Kreutzmann talk to Hart and Garcia. Extreme foreground (L) Owlsley Stanley chats with Dead Movie producer Eddie Washington. Photo: David Gans

Food for Thought: The following item appeared at the lead of the Philadelphia *Daily News'* social gossip column, "Buzz," April 12.

"Down the Golden Gullet: Buzz hears that the Grateful Dead, spotted last weekend scarfing down sandwiches from Nick's Roast Beef, also ran up a $5000 tab at Le Bec-Fin. The rockers swooped in last Friday night with 28 in tow—completely ignoring Le Bec-Fin's dress code. 'But their jogging pants were long,' whispered one, 'and their shirts had collars.' Owner-chef Georges Perrier merrily whipped up his *haute cuisine* for the famished gang, who ordered oodles of escargots, angel hair pasta and *beaucoup* bottles of white wine.

"But one beefy bandmember craved a strawberry *frappé* to clear his palate. The waiter, not daring to whisper this gourmet gaffe to the boss, dashed to the kitchen, mixed together two egg yolks, milk and fresh strawberry ice cream, and served the four-star milkshake in a cognac snifter. Buzz hopes he didn't ask for a straw."

Three Little Words: Asked by the Hartford *Advocate*'s Kathy Stoddard about the world situation today, Garcia replied, "It eats it!" (For the record, he did go on to say, "It's terribly depressing, yet I've got to believe it's just a phase. The world is always dragging its feet while dragging itself reluctantly into the future. There's a real perverseness that way in the world, and it can be very annoying; it's so uselessly stupid.")

A Bad Tradition: The Los Angeles *Times*, perhaps the most influential newspaper in the country when it comes to writing about rock music, continued its record of virtually ignoring the Grateful Dead. Robert Hilburn, the paper's main critic, apparently refuses to go see the band, despite the fact that they've drawn close to 50,000 people to four Southern California gigs so far this year. The Dead's April Irvine show merited a one-paragraph review from third-string critic Duncan Strauss who griped, "To paraphrase an old saying, nothing is certain but death, taxes and the length of a Grateful Dead concert." This was his first time seeing the band, and the one song he singled out to compliment was "Little Red Rooster" (not one of the highlights of that show, I can assure you). "It's just too bad," he wrote, "that to reach such inspired—and inspiring—territory, one had to wade through a hefty number of the Bay Area group's busy, bloated jams." Sigh.

Sometimes We Visit Your Motels and Live in Your Homes: Ken Norton of Concord, NH, forwards this story from the April 2 Portland *Press Herald:*

"About 100 Grateful Dead fans who overstayed their welcome at an Exit 8 motel were shown the door Monday by a squadron of police officers from Westbrook and Portland.

"The incident began with an 11:30 a.m. report from managers at the Super 8 Motel, who wanted the guests evicted from 17 rooms, said Cptn. Paul McCarthy . . . The fans were supposed to have checked out at 11 a.m. but were 'dragging their feet,' becoming unruly and damaging two rooms, he said.

"McCarthy said about eight officers . . . went from room to room and advised the guests to leave. 'It went very well,' he said. 'Everyone was pretty well partied out. Everybody had slept late.'

"McCarthy said there were no arrests and no permanent damage to any of the rooms. Said Sgt. Russell Lincoln, one of the Portland policemen on the scene: 'It was the most reasonable unruly crowd I've ever seen. All they wanted to do was dance in circles.'"

We're All Winos: The ever-quotable Mickey Hart, in an Associated Press story about the band's 20th Anniversary: "An ensemble is very delicate, something you can't push and shove. It has to mature like fine wine. If you don't break the bottle you have something wonderful in 20 years. In the Grateful Dead you're looking at a hell of a bottle of wine."



One of the most popular shirts on sale outside the Greek shows



Son of the Return of More GD Film & TV Sightings

Here's a sad commentary on the state of things: reader Judi Spinelli of Connellsville, PA, was watching *Trivia Trap* a while back and caught the question, "What do fans of the rock group the Grateful Dead call themselves?" None of the contestants knew the answer! . . . A number of you have noted that Connie Conehead on the original *Saturday Night Live* show usually wore a black skull & roses shirt, and Bill Leahy of Midland, MI, reminded us of a classic skit: Art Garfunkel and various members of the *SNL* cast are outside what is supposed to be a backstage door. John Belushi, wearing a Kiss T-shirt, plays a roadie checking names to see who can be let in. When a rich, trendy couple (Bill Murray, Jane Curtin) are refused admittance by Belushi, they demand to know his name. His reply: "Steve Parish." . . . Mike Cowperthwaite of Willington, CT, alerts us that in the remake of *Breathless*, Richard Gere hitches a ride from a van painted with a huge *Blues for Allah* fiddler on the side . . . Ken Vostal of Richmond, VA, was the first of several readers to admit they saw the Dead mentioned on *Star Search*, Ed McMahon's abominable "talent" show that should have been banished from the world for inflicting Sam "Sugar Don't Bite" Harris on us last year. (OK, we watched it once or twice.) During the so-called "acting" phase of the competition, the script calls for two brothers to argue. The younger sibling has just had one of his ears pierced, which draws a stiff reprimand: "Do you think it's fashionable to have an earring?" The little brother quickly retorts: "Did you think it was fashionable to grow your hair long and follow the Grateful Dead?" Absolutely!

But They Make Great Tape Decks: A couple of issues ago we printed some of the lyrics from a sheet included with the Japanese pressings of the "Skull & Roses" LP. They were, you may recall . . . er . . . *close*. Well, now Cary Tenenbaum of Flushing, NY, has sent along the lyric sheet for the Japanese version of *Live Dead*. Among the gems the record company's crack translation squad has come up with are:

From the bridge of "St. Stephen"—"Speedy apple, sharp and mellow/ What of lot of speedy matter you have spurned/ Several seasons with that shrinking season/ Wrapped a bale in sordid covies . . ."

From that song's final verse—"Fortune comes a calling/ Relie to an order/ Won't you come a calling/ Then to answer to this I guess/ What will be the answer to the answer man?"

From "The Eleven"—"What time to the house/ This is the season of what/ The time for returning not tonight and leaving/ The time that believing this servel/ Believe servel . . ." ("Servel"?!)

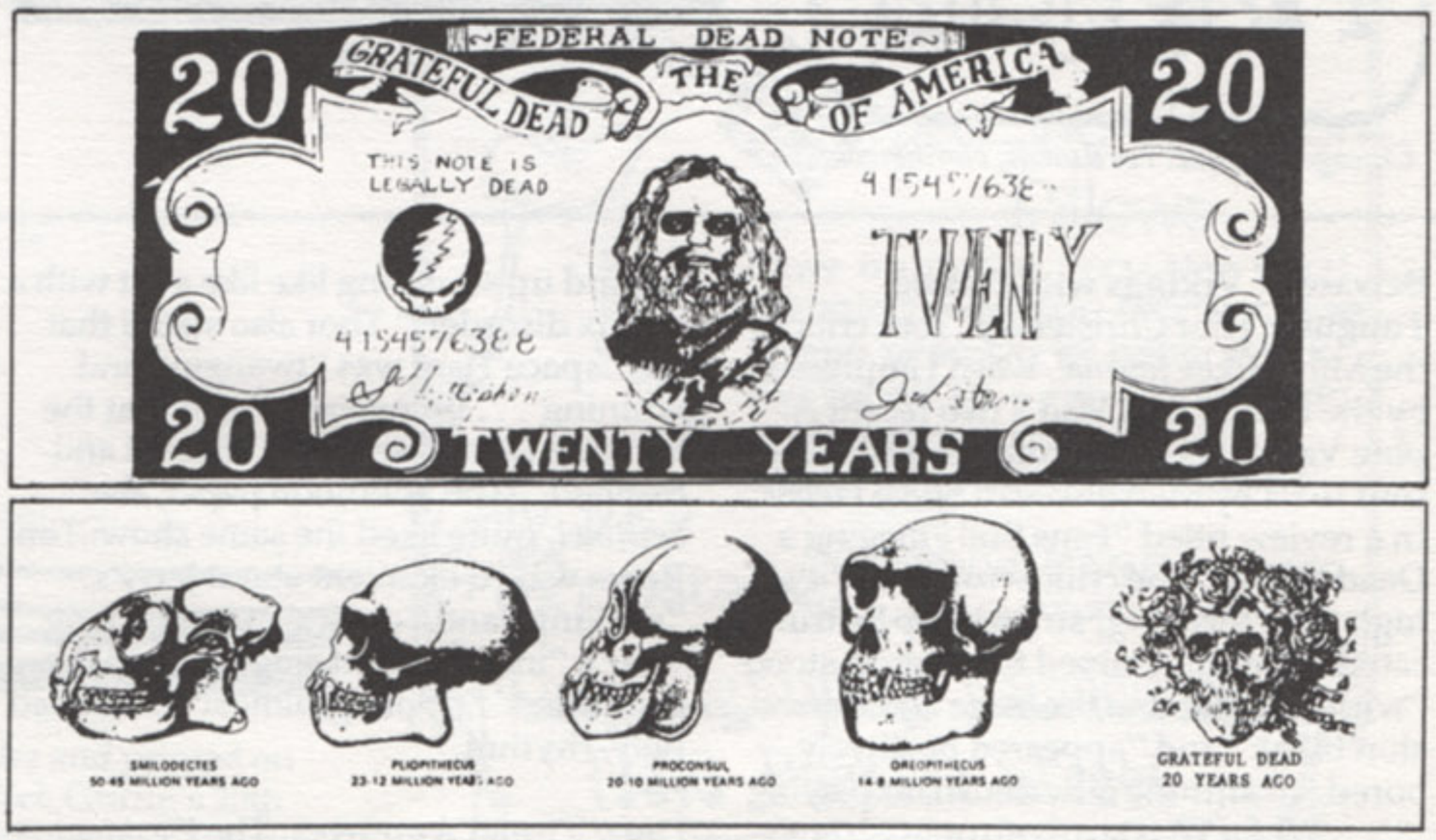
From "Dark Star"—"Dark Star crashes, lowering its light into ashes/ Breeze attaches the ball of foam from the ashes/ Searchlight passing forms in the clouds of delusion/ Shall we go, you and I while we can?/ Through the chance of midnight fall of diamonds "

We should also note that they transcribe (pretty well, actually) Pigpen's *entire* rap from "Lovelight." We're still looking for the *Aoxomoxoa* lyric sheet.

Run for the Roses: A group of six energetic professional Deadheads in Wilkes Barre, PA, have been making waves around that state entering races as a club called "The Dead Runners." We don't know if they're winning any trophies, but we like their name and their motto, which is emblazoned on their official shirts: "Grateful to Finish."

We Only Look at the Pictures: Lena Knoeller of Pungoteague, VA, informs us that Bill Kreutzmann placed among the Top Ten drummers in *Playboy*'s music poll for 1985 (April issue). Nice to hear about some well-deserved national recognition.

Asshole of the Year: Sure it's only summer, but our winner is a shoo-in for this or any year—critic Dave Marsh, who seizes every opportunity to make vitriolic comments about the Dead. If you've seen his ratings for the Dead albums in that sham of a record guide he put out a few years ago, you know what we mean. His latest anti-Dead wank blighted an otherwise passable two-part report on the Dead aired by *Entertainment Tonight* in early May. His most notable quote: "I actually think they're probably the worst famous band ever." Typical bad vibes from the worst famous critic ever.



Bumperstickers sold at the Greek

FUNSTUFF

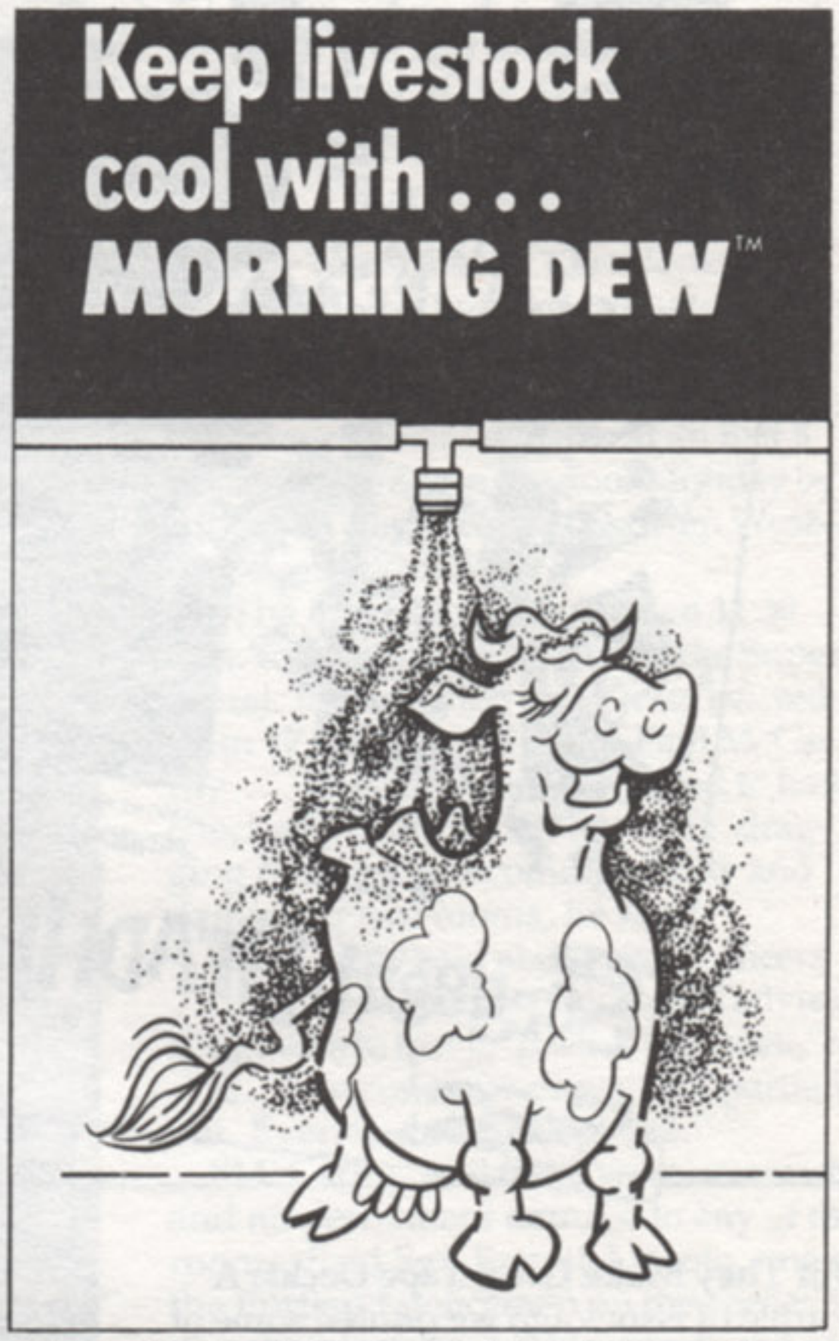
In the Strangest of Places . . .



Bernie Bildman, Birmingham, AL



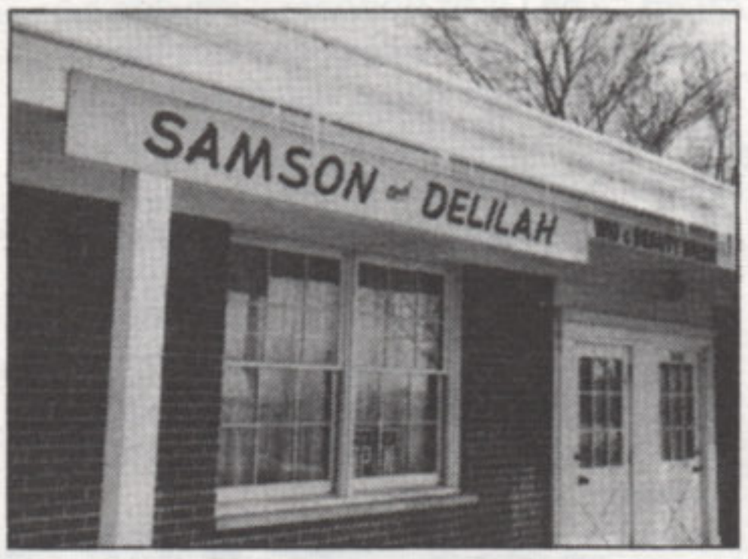
Deadhead hair salon. Neil Macavoy, Palo Alto, CA



Livestock cooler ad. Tan & Pam Pinney, Tempe, AZ



Chicago boutique. Lee Rubins, Northbrook, IL



Tom Kurcab, Des Plaines, IL



Michael Conner, Storrs, CT



Stu Kaplan, Arlington, VA



Exotic eating in Pleasant Hill, CA. Armilla Buresh, Walnut Creek, CA

Beware of Vikings with Forked Tongues: Thor Christensen, rock critic of the Milwaukee *Journal*, wasn't impressed by the first of the Dead's two recent Alpine Valley gigs, according to a clipping sent to us by Milwaukeean Steve Heller. In a review titled "Fans Still Flogging a Dead Horse," the critic wrote that "it's high time this long, strange trip be truncated." He complained that Garcia stood "with feet glued to the stage and expression blank" and "appeared positively bored, an attitude reflected in his playing . . . When Weir strove to unleash emotion in a series of short vocal blasts, he wound up sounding like like a cat with a larynx disorder." Thor also stated that the "space" jam was "twanging and whining . . . uninspired," and that the Rhythm Devils' segment "fizzled and flopped." The afternoon paper, the *Sentinel*, quite liked the same show: Tim Roets waxed eloquent about Jerry's "snaking" and "cyclical guitar picking," Weir's "impassioned singing" and the drummers' "rippling, almost off-handed poly-rhythm."

Deep Throat Approves: The *Washington Post*, the folks who brought Richard Nixon to his knees, praised the Dead on their editorial page following the band's Merriweather gigs: "The Grateful Dead is an organization that takes music seriously. It has never made any silly, pretentious rock videos—which is to say it has not made any videos at all." Obviously they haven't seen the unreleased "Throwing Stones" video featuring Vanessa Williams, Hulk Hogan and New York Mayor Ed Koch.

Answer to Last Issue's Math Quiz: 12 (100 + 20 − 102 + 20 − 10 − 2 − 20 + 7 + 1930 − 1920 − 11.)

20th Anniversary Rag

Just like Grandma Moses
Just like Auld Lang Syne
Play the change, however strange
And get it right this time!

It's been a hard haul
20 as the crow flies,
When your back's to the wall
Got to play it as it lies

Let there be music, dance and the beating of drum
Drop whatever you're doing and come on the run
Twenty years later the groove is just starting to click
It's all variations on some impossible lick

Come hear Uncle John's Band
Playing to the years
Come along or go alone
Like an avalanche or a rolling stone

Wave that flag!
Wave it while you can
Long as you keep coming
You got a band

Thanks for 20 years of being
an audience which is the envy
of every other rock and roll band alive.
Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke!

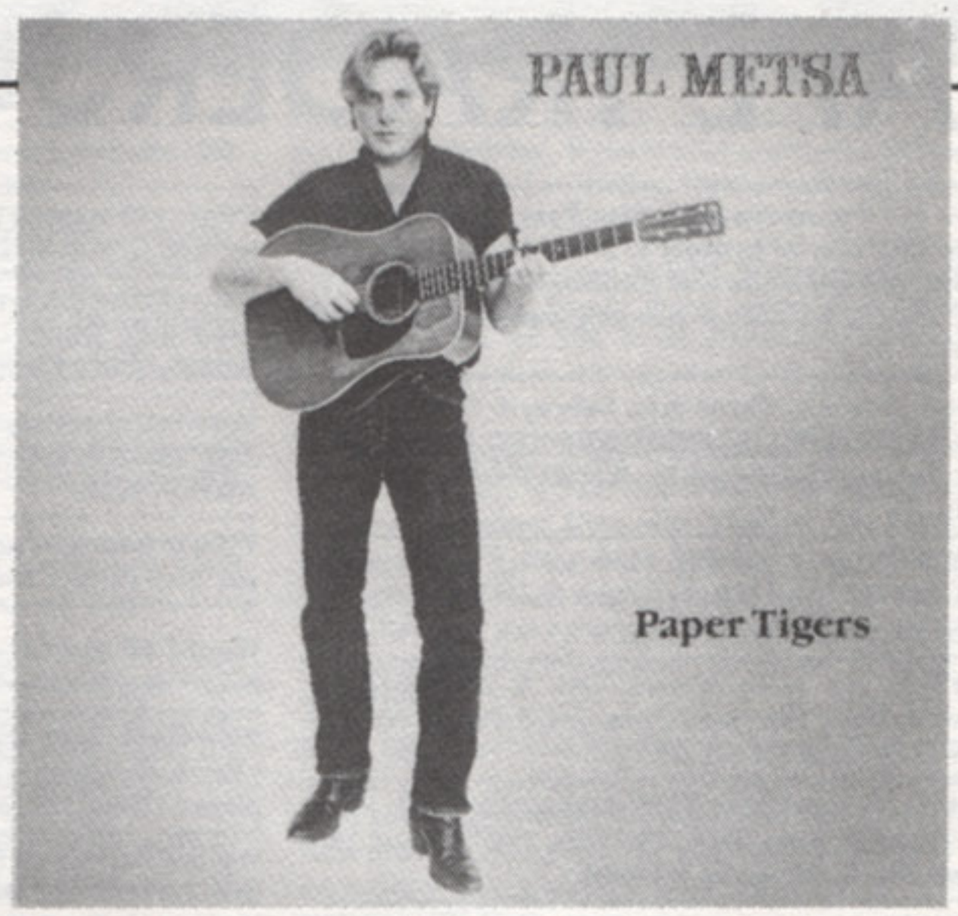
Write if you get work.

Spare change?

Don't touch that plug!

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The above piece was written by Robert Hunter and printed on flyers that featured a color reproduction of Rick Griffin's 20th Anniversary "Minuteman" art on the reverse side. The flyers were given out at all three of the Greek shows



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TAPE TRADERS

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

Wanted: Duane & Allman Bros, Delaney & Bonnie — live, outtakes, interviews, etc. Have much live GD, JGB, Allmans, blues. Jan London, 596-56th St., Box 269, West New York, NJ 07093

Trade hi-qual/low gen only. Have 400 hrs, lots of recent. Send lists. GD Tape Exchange, John Friedman, 23601 Hazelmere Rd, Shaker Hts, OH 44122

Have 100 hrs, many hi-qual. Lists & correspondence welcome. Want 'Unbroken Chain.' Bob & Doreen Wynn, 6 Louis Ave, Saugerties, NY 12477

Wanted: Hi-qual Matrix 10/68 (Mickey/Hartbeats), Milw. 3/21/71, other early SBDs. Exchange lists? Michael Tarachow, Box 379, Markesan, WI 53946

Want video, hi-qual audio only. Little video, much audio to trade. All replies answered. Randy Herr, 100 Chesnut Ridge, Rochester, NY 14624

New collector needs GD tapes & video (VHS), also Bobby, JGB, etc. Send lists. Billie Jean c/o Lauer, Unverhaustr. 9, 4600 Dortmund 1, W. Germany. Also want correspondence.

Wanted: Hi-qual spring tour shows. Have West Coast shows, 500 hrs to trade. Jay Rorty, 573A Frederick, San Francisco, CA 94117

Drummer looking for 3/13/85. Will trade. Send lists. David Shaffer, Star Rt. Box 221, Placitos, NM 87043

There are Dead as well as non-Dead goodies on my list. Let's trade. Pat Woods, 4 Crescent St, Hicksville, NY 11801

Desperately wanted: 1971 Iowa City NRPS/Dead SBD. 1000+ to trade. G. Wilson, 420 44th St, Des Moines, IA 50312

Have 1400 hrs GD to trade. Need more. Serious traders only. Send lists. Jeffrey Greenberg 1B, Mountain Laural Dr, Wethersfield, CT 06109

Have lots of qual tapes to trade for Weir 5/5/85 & JGB 6/1, 3/85. Thank ya kindly. Rich Kratt, 1832 Edgewood Dr, Palo Alto, CA 94303

Want to trade qual tapes. Have many masters of various artists. Matt Rachels, 2848 Appling Way, Kennesaw, GA 30144

Wanted: Hi-qual GD video. Have much to trade. Send lists. Avi Ohring, 30A Garden Dr, Elmwood Park, NJ 07407

Want Garcia Band, esp. 7/20/83 & 5/18/84, Kingfish 10/24/84 - Keystone, Midnites 8/9/83. Can trade Dead tapes or great photos. Glenn, 718 Torreya Ct, Palo Alto, CA 94303

Wanted: Hart/Garcia Palace of Fine Arts, SF 60s; Mickey Hart solo, Pat Metheny, Shadowfax. Richard Lee, 28 Usher Lane, Haxby York, North Yorkshire Y03 8J2, England

Have 450 hrs 65 - 85. Want hi-qual Dead. Quick & reliable. Jerry Bolmarcich Jr, Box 398, Westhampton, NY 11977

Want video: Dead "Prime Time People," "Pacific Currents" w/ Weir. Audio: 12/31/84 "Deadhead Hour" concert brdcst. Trade A/V. Jim McInnis, 320-Cowell Ave, Manteca, CA 95336

Have Hartbeats SBD's, GD 8/28/72, 6/10/73, 10/20/74, 10/10/76, many more qual shows to trade. Interested? Send lists to Paul Landgraf, 286 Iven Ave 3A, St. Davids, PA 19087

Have (mostly 80s) GD & lots of other. Want GD, Feat, CSNY, Kingfish, others. Let's trade lists. Bill Maruca, 444 Chatham Park Drive 1-B, Pittsburgh, PA 15222

Wanted: Kingfish w/ Billy & Brent-Lone Star in NYC 2/5/85. Have 150+ hrs GD old & new. Let's trade lists. Thanks, Doreen and Bob! Mike Rubinowitz, 617 Baldwin Dr, W. Hampstead, NY 11552

Have many tapes. David Pable, 3315 Spanish Wells Dr, Unit D, Delray Beach, FL 33445

Wanted: Dead pre-77 Canuck Dead shows. Not lots to offer but I'll send a list. Steve Murray, Box 794, Barry's Bay, Ontario, KOJ 1BO Canada

400 hrs to trade. Lists, letters welcome. Also want Allman Bros, any qual. Amy Kazura, 384A Great Rd #302, Acton, MA 01720

Beginner w/70 hrs qual GD to trade. Send your lists, I'll send mine. Ken Lobel, 133 Green Manor Rd, Enfield, CT 06082

Wanted: Ex-qual 5/23/83 JGB, Stages Granite City, IL. Send list. John Coburn, 5723 Devonshire, St. Louis, MO 63109

Serious collector of Dylan, pre-73 Dead, Eno, Springsteen, Hendrix, Beatles, SF '60s, etc. Randy Roark, 544 Marine St, Boulder, CO 80302

Dead for Trade: 400 hrs pre 75- looking for more of the same. Send lists. M. Festa 1360 68th St, Brooklyn, NY 11219

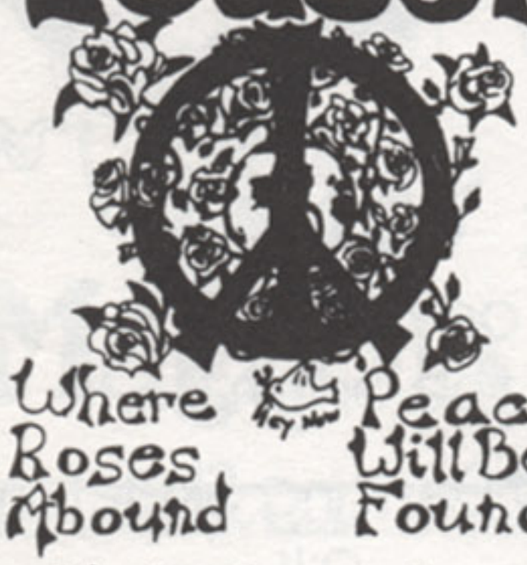
Wanted: Gregg Allman Band, GD Cincinnati Riverfront 10/4/76. Dean Reynolds, PO Box 15665, Cincinnati, OH 45215

Wanted: 3/15, 16, 19/73, 6/14/76 Beacon Theater, NYC; 5/8/79 Binghampton, all Philly 84; Legion of Mary, Scranton 4/75; Allman Bros, L. Feat. Have many hi-qual Dead tapes to trade. Matt Roman, 38-1 Hudson St, Johnson City, NY 13790

Have 400 hrs. Looking for traders, esp Hult 84 & Red Rocks 84. Dennis Holmberg, 625 Forest Perserve Dr, Wooddale, IL 60191

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Have/want hi-qual Dead, Jorma, Tuna, QMS. Have 2000 hrs. Serious traders send list. Thomas Donhauser, Albrecht-Durerstr. 11/I., D-8000 Munchen 90, W. Germany

Need: RCMH 10/26/80 sets 2 & 3, Providence 6/26/74, UVA 9/14/82, JGB 8/8/84, QMS, Airplane & others. Have lots! Bill Huber, 215 McClees Rd, Locust, NJ 07760

Have GD, others. Want hi-qual Stills/Young band, recent GD, others. Benny, 427 E. 2nd St, San Jacinto, CA 92383

Need Airplane & Moby Grape. Have GD, a few others. 1200 hrs. S. Bragg, RD #6, Kittanning, PA 16201. 412-545-2710

Want to trade for master aud or board recordings. Have lots of hi-qual Dead and others, including many masters. Mark, PO Box 27085, Seattle, WA 98125

Wanted: Spectrum 4/6 - 8/85. I attended and am forever Dead. Have tapes to trade. Send lists. Bill Brandt, RR. 5 Box 148, Barrington, IL 60010

Hey Now, let's trade GD, or other. Have 300 hrs. John Cahill, 149 Elderwood Ave, Pelham, NY 10803

Recently relocated from CA. Have good connex for lo-gen SBD & recent West Coast auds. Need same of East Coast shows. Have over 600 hrs, ex-qual. Send lists. Tom Westervelt, PO Box 287, Spring Lake, NJ 07762

Wanted: Spring tour '85, Greek '85. Ex-qual only, will trade same. Pat Guiney, 11-D Clubhouse Cir, Storrs, CT 06268

Serious trader want/have legion of psychedelic music tapes. Swap lists? Richard Faucheraux, 8 Rue de le Gare, 95550 Bessancourt, France

Wanted: Bobby acoustic at 5/85 Berkeley SEVA benefit, 9/28/84 Garcia & Kahn in Guerneville. Traders welcome. Brian Bothun, 29 Debell Dr, Atherton, CA 94025

Want early SF, esp Warlocks, GD, QMS, Airplane, etc. Have '65 Warlocks demo. Bruce Goedde, 450 Post Rd East, Westport, CT 06880

Have/want ex-qual GD (1000+ hrs), Jorma/Tuna, Cipollina. Serious traders only. Send lists. Franz Pabst, Munsingerstr. 38, 8000 Munchen 71, W. Germany

We can share: 325 hrs to trade. Send a list or letter & I'll do the same. Steve Kirkman, 3506 Johnson St, High Point, NC 27260

Wanted: Low gen SBD 5/12/80 Boston, SBD, FM, hi-qual aud tapes of other SF bands, Allman Bros, most 85 shows. Have over 350 hrs hi-qual Dead, other bands. Darryl Goss, 9 Cunningham Dr, Farmingham, MA 01701

Let's trade: Have over 500 hrs GD 65-85, Tuna, Jorma, NRPS, Reggae. Need JGB 6/1/83 Roseland Ballroom, 1983 Stonybrook. Send list for mine. CECN Joe M. Hynes, NCBC 31st NCR R30-R, Port Hueneme, CA 93043

Interested in trading? Let's exchange lists/letters. Over 200 hrs. Mike Loebel, 202 Booth St, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada KIR 7J4

Wanted: Video Dead. Have over 1000 hrs audio to trade (Beta preferred). Steve Thomas, 700 Morreene Rd #F16, Durham, NC 27705

Have 1700 hrs; Looking for Tompkins Square-67, 9/3/72 & anything else I'm missing. Ron Cowin, 144 E. 7th St, #C-4, NY, NY 10009; 212-254-0879

Desperately seeking 8/17/80 K.C., both sets. John Butler 1469 Florida Ave, NW#2, Washington, D.C. 20009

I Need a Miracle! 4/8/85, 3/27/85, 3/21 - 22/85 SB GD. Is Help on the Way? Nelson, 39 Windsor PL, Essex Falls, NJ 07021

Have 250 hrs hi-qual tapes from '63 to 5/85. Desire 5/1/70, 10/28/79. Steve Garrison, 550 Memorial Dr, #19D, Cambridge, MA 02139

Have 1500 hrs GD & JGB to trade. Need more, hi-qual only. All lists welcome, Werner Schleicher, Nopitschstr. 20, 8500 Nurnberg 70, W. Germany

Have/want hi-qual, low gen cassettes — metal tape, Dead and non-Dead. Send lists. Matt Baena, 61 Hughes Ave, Bridgeport, CT 06604

Many tapes to trade. Want many, incl. 6/10/73 & 11/11/73 UCLA. Also trade Van Morrison, Springsteen. Have US address for US trades. All letters answered. Barry Lancet, c/o Horiuchi, 2-8-9 Shibaura, Minato-Ku, Tokyo 108, Japan

Want to trade qual GD tapes. Have 200 hrs. Let's exchange lists and share fun. Wedigo V. Wedal, Ulmenstr. 23, 3500 Kassel, W. Germany

CLASSIFIEDS

Wanted: Accounting position. Experienced as operating accountant and systems accountant (accounting staff/computer staff interface, write function requirement/user manual documentation, review system specs). Currently working with Cullinet IBMS Data Base system. Participated in Schema Design. Steven Dinzes, 7240 Newton St. #102, Westminster, CO 80030

Warmest wishes to the happy couple, Jon & Deb: They Love Each Other. May you have a long and happy marriage and lots of little Deadheads. Don't forget to tape the 9/8/85 show! Love, R&B

QUAD-BEE: A frisbee you can throw with your thumb. For info write: Foster, 190 Norman Rd., Rochester, NY 14623

Sacramento Deadhead rhythm guitarist looking for advanced musicians in the Sacto area to jam and record with. No gigs, just good old Grateful Dead times. Eric (916) 361-7739

Bernie, the Mouth Man from the Southland: You are a national treasure! You and Patsy can sit on our porch any day. See you on the Rocks and at the Fox. Love, The Double-M Gang

The Arizona Zombies, MC and Sue: Congratulations and best wishes for love and peace. Maybe I'll see you at one of those 'Western-style' shows.

TIE-DYE ORIGINALS by Charlotte Gabriel — T-shirts, longsleeves, tanktops, wall hangings and more . . . of high quality in psychedelic colors and designs. For free color flyer send SASE to ORIGINAL DYE WORKS, 13316 Banner Lava Cap, Nevada City, CA 95959

TWENTY YEARS CAMEL PACK T-SHIRT and others: original (1980) tapers (Steal Your Tapes); 20 (years) dollar bill w/ Pigpen. I use only Hanes 100% cotton 'Beefy T' shirts. $11 ($10 plus $1 postage). Also SASE for future designs and other info. Specify size (S, M, L, XL). D. Simms, 1793 Hardman Ave., Napa, CA 94558

Jani, Happy Birthday. 'If you feel like giving me a lifetime of devotion, I second that emotion.' Don't ever forget 'I love you more than words can tell.' — Estimated Prophet

Lost: Silver cigarette case (10/4/80, Warfield); rayon shirt with roses (9/11/81, Greek); brown leather disco bag with mandalas inside (6/10/84, Sacto). Please return! No questions! Lissy Abraham, 221 Hawthorne, #4, Palo Alto, CA 94301

Ponder for a moment, if you will, the melted down madness, the utter insanity, of your most memorable experience at a Grateful Dead show. Then write, sketch or tape it and immediately have it delivered to: Benjie DiPetro, Editor, Long Strange Trip, 3175 S. Hoover St #521, Los Angeles, CA 90007. Not only will a great burden be lifted from your soul, but several rainbow unicorns will shout 'Thanks for contributing!'

Share big house, East Bay Hills (not yuppieland) w/panoramic view, fireplace, laundry, megastorage, basement work space, aging woman Deadhead and two great cats. No more pets, but you can eat, drink and smoke. You need a day job to pay $375 & ½ utilities. I need your last month. Katie—(415) 834-7600 days

MARIJUANA! It's not legal, but could be! Join us at NORML. Send $15 w/T-shirt size to NORML, 2035 P St NW, Suite 401, Washington, DC 20036. Stop crime! Tell 'em JT sent ya!

To Gary in Pioneer Plantation: Rumor sez the boys are coming yer way! Send love to Carol, Rebel and Yossi. See you there.

Free concert: See Jerry's Kids at the Golden Gate Park bandshell on Sat. Aug. 17th from noon to 3 p.m. To hire band call: (415) 327-4895

Dead photos from Chinese New Year and Frost '85. Send $1 for sample and list to: Will Kratt, 1832 Edgewood Dr, Palo Alto, CA 94303

THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU, Grateful Dead, for your incredibly permissive and tolerant attitude towards unofficial vendors. (P.S. Ditto to Bill Graham Presents)

Wash. DC area Deadhead who's a professional just split with straight chick. Seeks female Deadheads for companionship and tape trading. Have 200+ hrs. 301-345-1351, Roy Turn on your LOVELIGHT! Philly 4/8/85

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Two Deadheads want to ADOPT newborn BABY DEADHEAD. Call collect. Amo & Shelly (415) 763-2552.

To Blair & Regan, you two are the most loved Deadheads for sending *The GR* all the way up to Canada. Hope to see you in Saratoga. — Barry and all Canadian Deadheads

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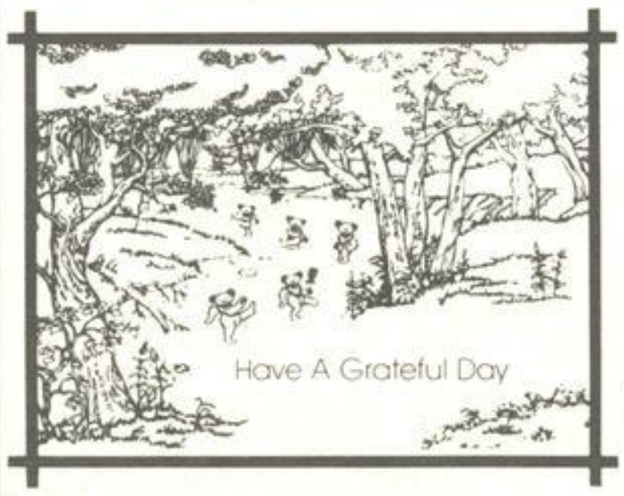
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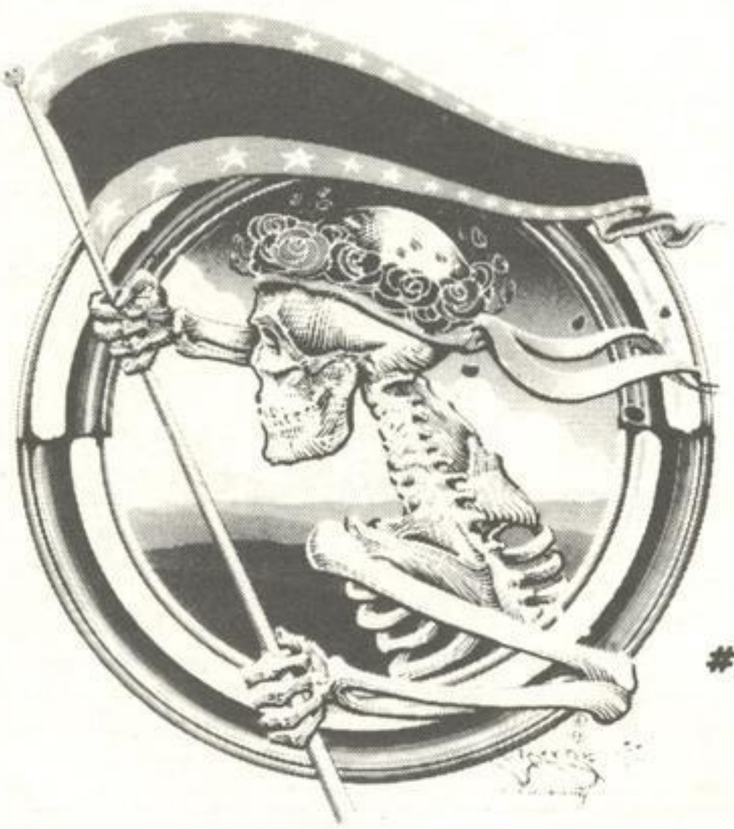
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