

Issue Eight *Fall 1985*

Never Had Such A Good Time!

We know it's not just us. When we go to Dead shows these days it seems as though we see more smiling, happy faces than in years past. Certainly the high quality of the shows in 1985 has a lot to do with the euphoric mist that envelops us, but beyond that, we've observed an increasing interconnectedness within the audience: "Strangers stoppin' strangers, just to shake their hand." We've met a lot of people through our work on *The Golden Road,* but our circle of friends has expanded primarily from seeing the same faces at shows month after month, dancing side by side with people who, even before names are exchanged, are linked with us through our mutual appreciation of the Grateful Dead. New acquaintances have introduced us to their friends, and now they, too, are part of our network, as we are part of theirs. When we traveled to Red Rocks this summer, we ran into someone we knew at nearly every turn—1000 miles from home! Perhaps the encounter was a mere exchange of pleasantries or just a smile, but it added significantly to the total experience.

The number of people driving, flying and hitching long distances for Dead shows has never been greater. In years past, it has been mostly self-supporting artisans, students and drifters who have followed the band for entire tours. Today, as more of us in our 20s and 30s (OK, *and* 40s and more) become established in our careers, we working stiffs are figuring out new ways to juggle our 9-to-5 lives and financial responsibilities to squeeze in a week or two on tour. What better way is there to meet new friends who share a common interest while seeing the world and *living* a party?!

What all this adds up to is that as the Deadhead scene grows in number, it also becomes more intimate, more familial. Increasingly, it is a community whose ties extend beyond the confines of the Dead concert space, which is encouraging. Deadheads are living proof that, to paraphrase a song we all know, "with love in the dream it *will* come true."

All right, the mushy part is over. Put away your hankie (or barf bag) and we'll get on with a couple of announcements. First, apologies to our many subscribers in Maryland and Delaware who didn't receive their summer issues because of a foul-up somewhere in a central mail routing station in Baltimore. We have no idea what happened to those issues—maybe they're being enjoyed in Yugoslavia right now. We hope



Give us five, we're still alive. Model created for the Dead Movie by Gary Gutierrez

it doesn't happen again . . . Please, please, please try to be mindful of our deadlines for classified ads and renewals, and let us know well before publication if you've changed your address. We're up to our armpits in issues returned by the P.O. and letters from you saying "Why haven't I gotten mine?" . . . Hey, all you East Coast and Southern shutterbugs! We'll be looking for good pix of the Dead from the fall tour, so if you have any nice shots (b&w preferred, but we can also accommodate color prints, but not slides) by all means send them along by November 20. And if you do submit photos, please let us know if you want them back.

Finally, a tip of the chapeau to Dave Marrs, who slaved for untold hours to create this issue's dynamite cover. Dave works as a designer and layout artist at *Mix, The Recording Industry Magazine,* in addition to freelancing for numerous clients. This is his third *Golden Road* cover; his other two were the fishing skeleton, Issue Three, and the Alaskan totem, Issue Four. Now *that's* versatility!

— BJ & RM

The Golden Road

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FEEDBACK

The More the Hairier

Thanks a billion for *The Golden Road*. Delightful reading, and it's just dandy for smacking mosquitoes. Just the right heft.

When are the Dead coming to Columbia? I'll do the advance work, but visas will be a hassle. Colombia isn't allowing any more Garcias into the country. Already too many.

Al Lieberman
Cali, Colombia

Small Wheel Turn by the Fire and Rod

Paying for Grateful Dead tickets and paraphernalia is like paying the electric bill. Need that juice. Sometimes the mountains will do it. Sometimes the boys are the only cure. Your magazine is definitely worth it, a couple thousand kilowatts anyway. These things keep you going when there's no Dead. Magazines like yours have the added feature of letting the readers understand more and have greater enjoyment during the shows, and that's where it's at.

Thank God for tapes, too. Saturdays I usually put on my Grateful Dead bandana, touring shorts and a fresh double-A battery. Then I get my bicycle, Sony Walkman WM10 and a few choice tapes. Then I head for the foothills of the Santa Cruz Mountains. The tapes actually help: I can go further and faster listening to Dead music. And I get in shape for the next Dead show.

Getting up this monster hill listening to London '72, there's this great bass riff where Phil does a job on the VU meters. It keeps you going. Get to the top during the prelude to "The Other One" and see this spectacular view. Coming into Stanford around SLAC (Stanford Linear Accelerator Complex), listening to Starlight Theater '83. There's this slight grade that's tough when you've already given it your all, but "Stella Blue" turns into "Around and Around," and suddenly the peak of the beat matches the RPM on the crank. You be jamming.

Get down into civilization, sometimes I just can't relate. I want to be back up there. The tape ends, the show ends and my energy ends. Sometimes maybe I'll rest in the Stanford Mall. Go window shopping and have lunch. With those headphones on it's all I can do to stop from dancing. Cracking a grin during "Sugar Magnolia." The cadence determines the rhythm of my walk. I hope I don't end up dancing like Snoopy next to a water fountain in a shopping mall while they take me away to Camp Jerry, the Dead rest home. It's a fine line.

Marty Lefkowitz
Sunnyvale, CA

Coming Up: The Love Boat

After reading the letter entitled "Whale of a Show" in your last issue, I sat back and reflected on what it is like to *know* something is going on while also noticing that, for some odd and unimaginable reason, others are not seeing what is so obvious to you. My wife, for instance, is still baffled at being, apparently, the only one to see the aliens land their spaceship over the west wall of the Greek at the Friday night show of the 20th Anniversary

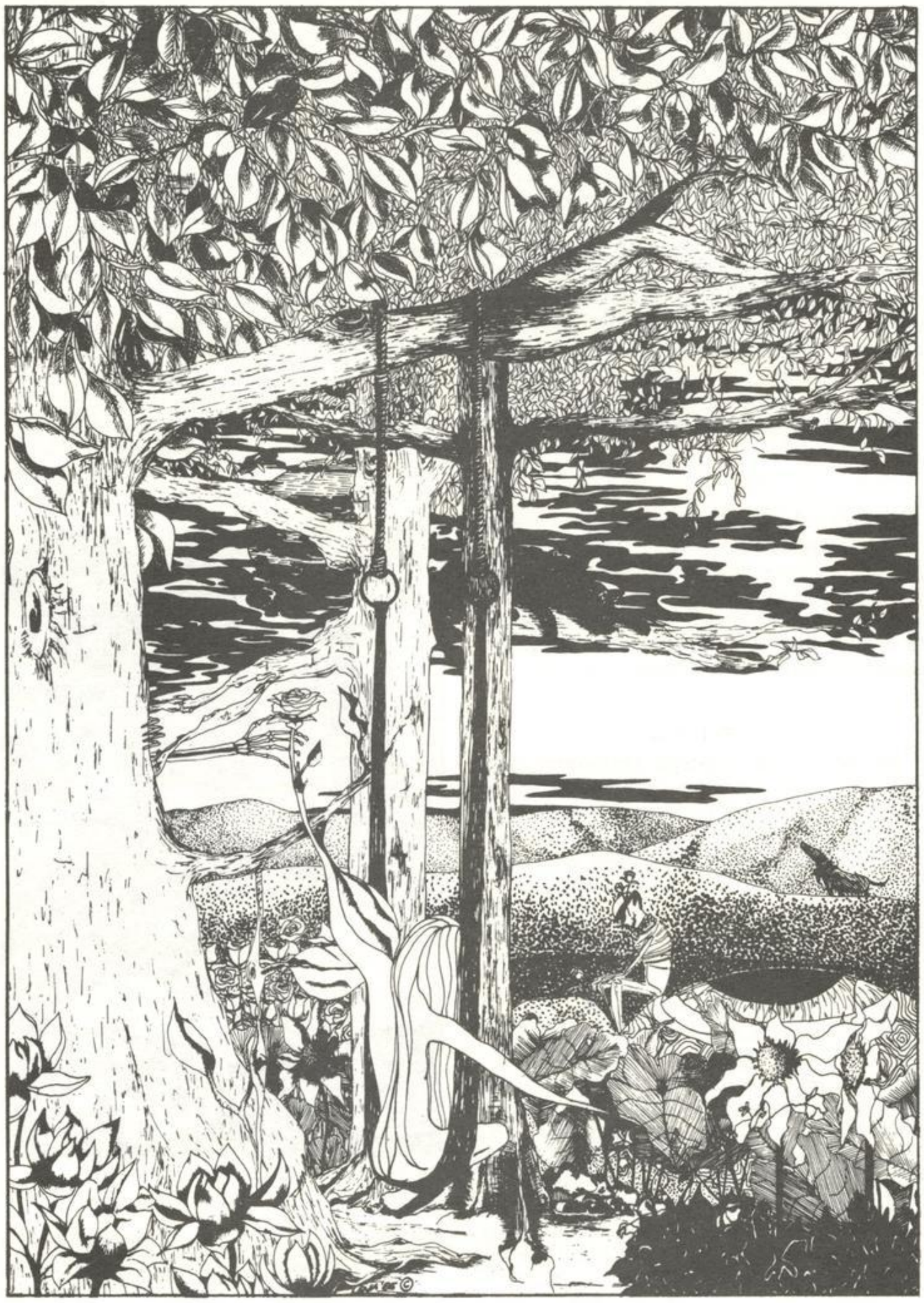


Illustration: Lena Gonzales

series. Having been in that same head-space myself once or twice, I am the last one to pass judgement on her experience.

Anyway, the whale letter got me to thinking. How about organizing a cruise—a Grateful Dead cruise? We could all charter a ship, head out to where the whales (or dolphins) are known to hang out, and show our slippery sea-brothers and -sisters what we have learned about life. I figure we could cruise around for a week or so, indulge in the famous cuisine available on the better boats and see a Dead show every three days or so. What do you think? I would have my leave of absence papers into the Personnel office at work within minutes of an official announcement from the band.

David N. Hafter
Berkeley, CA

Why Wasn't the First One Free?

I am writing to voice a complaint about the Dead's East Coast Summer Tour. Since when do 12-week-old infants get charged for outdoor shows? My husband and I had eagerly planned to attend the June 27 show in Saratoga Springs with our new daughter, but we were halted at the turnstile and told we had to pay for the baby! If that wasn't bad enough, they would accept exact change *only* ($10), and of course all we had were fives and twenties. There then ensued a really ugly scene with the staff, during which Emily screamed her head off, and a lot of people caught behind us weren't too pleased, either.

We finally made it into the park, and once we were settled on our blanket, we proceeded to totally enjoy the show and the evening. Saratoga was John's 63rd Dead show and my

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32nd, but it was Emily's first, and I am still angry that she was charged for attending.

After years of faithfully picking up and taking off to follow the band, our lives have changed to the point where we are lucky to get to two or three shows a year. Outdoor shows are the only chance people like us now have to see the band. I can understand charging anyone, no matter how small, for attending an indoor show, since even a toddler can take up seat space. But at 12 weeks, and strapped to my stomach, Emily hardly took up any more room than she did in the womb at 6 months! And with all the great info the Dead sent out with the tickets, it was never mentioned that infants would be charged. Was it the decision of the promoter or the Grateful Dead?

Deborah Le Brun
Henniker, NH

Editor's note: We called the Dead office, and the folks there assured us that it was not the Dead's policy to charge infants. (However, kids old enough to walk need to have a paid ticket in order to be covered by insurance at the show.) They made it clear that they like kids and have always encouraged bringing them to shows.

Day Ripper

In the line at Saratoga Performing Arts Center, I overheard one ticket-taker say to another: "For such a messy audience, they sure want their tickets torn neatly."

Why doesn't someone tell them about their funny uniforms?

Darryl Goss
Framingham, MA

That's It for the Set List

I'm not sure "Cryptical Envelopment" is a good title for "That's It for the Other One." I'm sure you know that the "subtitles" on *Anthem of the Sun* were made up by the Dead to make more in royalties, and that they don't really correspond to anything. In the official songbook, *The Grateful Dead Anthology*, "Cryptical Envelopment" is mostly what we have always called "The Other One." Why not use the entire name, "That's It for the Other One," when the beginning is played?

Rob Bertrando
Reno, NV

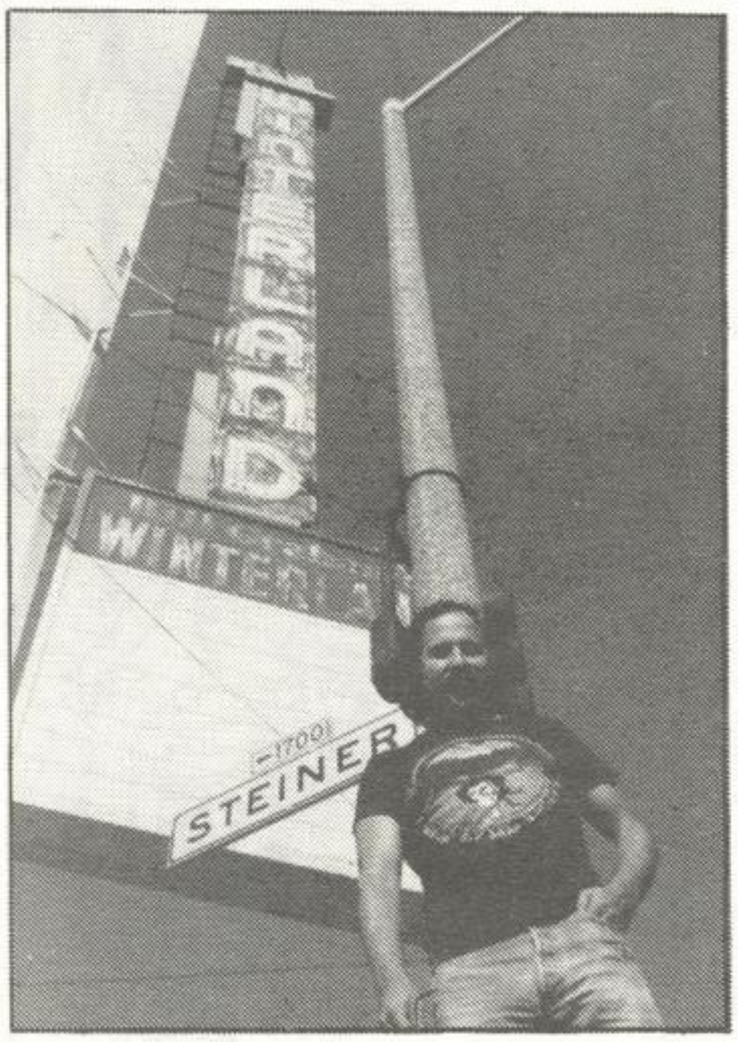
Editor's note: Sounds good to us. In our Set Lists, we'll continue to indicate when "The Other One" appears separately.

Brokedown Palace

As the sunset's golden rays pour through my window and light up the lovely cover of your last issue, I'm inspired to write and let you know how much I enjoy your swell mag!

It was fun to be able to share the photo of Jerry walking up Haight Street to play that Sunday in March of '68 ("High ho, high ho, it's off to play we go"). I was able to record some songs that day on my portable Uher reel to reel recorder before the batteries wore out. The night before I had recorded Cream at Winterland.

Speaking of Winterland, this week they started the sad but fateful demolition of that hallowed hall of happy and high rock and roll memories — sigh. But not before fellow Deadhead John Leopold and myself were able to scramble inside through an opening pointed out to us by another Winterland alumnus. He had hitched down from Oregon to try to score a couple of those blue inner-lobby doors through which so many of us had excitedly passed. I led John in and up through the darkness to the balcony of a hall he had known only as a legend. We went to the area in the front left center of the balcony, where for all those years the hardcore regulars of Section 101 shared the good times. As Deadluck would have it, an intact remnant of that favorite gallery area had been broken free, and now a bona fide armrest with side panel from Section 101, Row C is a piece of Winterland come home. With the roof already partially pulled down, John scored a big plaster



Steve Brown outside Winterland. Photo: Bill Brown

relief flower that was part of the ceiling decor — it would be wonderful to be able to play back all the great music that sucker has absorbed.

Since this is supposed to be a quick note and not a column, I would just like to say how much I enjoyed being high in the Sierras for the "Donner Party" [Boreal Ridge]; my compliments to the band for an incredibly fine second show at Oakland; and the joy of hearing the tape of the second set of the last show at Red Rocks — unfuckingbelievable, YEEOW!

Steve Brown
Pacifica, CA

You Are the Eyes of the World

A personal ad in last issue's *Golden Road* said, "Thank you, Grateful Dead, for your incredibly permissive and tolerant attitude towards unofficial vendors." As an occasional seller of stickers and T-shirts, I know how those extra bucks come in handy.

But we can do more than just say thank you to the Dead; we can put our money where our mouth is, so to speak. After the show or tour is over, why not donate a portion of the profits to one of the Dead's favorite charities? SEVA (519 Castro St., SF 94114) immediately comes to mind, as does the Rex Foundation (P.O. Box 2204, San Anselmo, CA 94960).

The Grateful Dead share an abundance of positive energy with us; we can pass along a tangible portion of this energy — a bit of the money we make at shows — with groups that will further share this energy in efforts to make this world a little better place to live.

Larry Slavens
Fontanelle, IA

Arkansas Half-Step

I am a 7-year-old Deadhead. I'm from Arkansas. I have a problem. The Dead never play here. I can understand this, because there's nothing happening in Arkansas. I had to go all the way to Berkeley to see them. My mom, my friend, two sisters and me in a Subaru — it was fun! I'd like Jerry to visit me. Maybe he will someday.

Courtney Skinner
Van Buren, AR

Please Don't Dominate the Rap, Jack

In a letter last issue ["Not My Kind of Zoo"], reader Gary Nolan said he "winced" when he read "testimonials" in the Deadhead Professionals article [Issue #4] by scientists like me. He wrote: "When and if science really goes after the 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."

What is "the truth"? The goal of science is to unmask and describe the natural wonders and amazing order in our universe. Sometimes this knowledge does alleviate suffering — for instance, through the prevention and treatment of disease, or by increasing world food production. I am using my science education to contribute to the making of various pharmaceuticals that help hormone-deficient children grow and develop naturally, increase the chances of heart disease patients' surviving heart attacks, and kill cancer cells.

As a Deadhead professional and a scientist, I *can* look in the mirror and feel good about what I am doing. Try to use your own knowledge in a way that makes *you* feel good, and please don't generalize about the rest of us.

Robin Nixon
San Francisco, CA

Best of Both Worlds

I can appreciate that some people felt the martial arts demonstration at the Chinese New Year shows was inappropriate for a peaceful gathering, but my experience is that martial arts and the Grateful Dead go together quite well.

I am a t'ai chi chuan player, and have found t'ai chi and Grateful Dead to be complimentary obsessions. Although there was no t'ai chi demonstrated at the show, I really liked the demonstration and felt that the energy exchange between martial artists was

a nice parallel to the flow of the drum "conversation."

The practice of martial arts is a healthy way to honor the warrior aspect of the universe. The Chinese teach us that wholeness requires paradox, and so a peaceful world requires acceptance of aggression. Since aggression can take many forms and nothing that is repressed will ever disappear, a positive expression of aggression is the most we can hope for.

Even though the world is pretty nasty, the Grateful Dead have taught me ways to find my own joy. And in the midst of that joy, I know the cops and other purveyors of nastiness are never far away. It doesn't do much good to pretend that Grateful Dead is a bubble that is impervious to the world's anger.

Dancing to the Dead is a good way for me to practice t'ai chi movements, which are a prescription for moving with the flow of life, regardless of where that flow goes. T'ai chi also teaches me how to interact with my surroundings, and to define my space without infringing on others. I have found the lessons of t'ai chi to be very useful at shows, especially on some of those altered-states nights.

Practitioners of martial arts vary in their motives and philosophies, but for me, t'ai chi chuan and Grateful Dead embody much the same message about how to live my life. Celebrating the Chinese New Year with the Grateful Dead was a fine blend of the best of both worlds.

Beth Rosenfeld
Boulder, CO

Give a Hoot

I support your stand on last November's elections. Now how about dealing with the litterbug habits of some Deadheads? I don't know about the rest of the country, but parking lots, concert halls and campsites on the East Coast are getting really trashed out, and it's giving us all a bad reputation. (Not to mention what it does to the environment.) Since the Dead don't provide trash bags, can't people learn to bring their own?

Colleen Willmer
Roslindale, MA

If I Had My Way . . .

I hear through the grapevine that the GD's New Year's run this year will be at the 14000-seat Oakland Coliseum. You make a few thousand people happy by letting them into the New Year's Eve show, but disappoint the other 8000 people who are used to more reasonable-size halls. I can't believe that the band would rather play a huge coliseum on this, *our* holy night.

Make sure you tell Jerry and the others about the giant roaches and rats that live year after year in the backstage dressing rooms!

Intimacy and good sound over making money, please, guys!

Betty Beetson
Berkeley, CA

I Want My New Year's Dead

For several years now, the New Year's show has not been broadcast by any Boston station. WBCN is the "progressive" station, and WGBH is the PBS station. Deadheads in the Boston area should call or write letters to the program directors of both stations to convince them that there is a strong interest in the New Year's broadcast. Contact: Oedipus, P.D., WBCN, 1265 Boylston St., Boston, MA 02115, (617) 266-1111; and Ellen Kraft, P.D., WGBH, 125 Western Ave., Boston, MA 02134, (617) 492-2303.

Steve Garrison
Cambridge, MA

Fact Check

The *National Enquirer* headline linking Bobby and Liz Taylor that you ran last issue contained an error: Should they tie the knot, it would be Liz's *eighth* marriage, not her ninth.

Tina Bryant
Chicago, IL

Editor's note: We were including her secret marriage to Wavy Gravy.

GD on CD

Regarding your fine interview, "The Sound Ideas of Dan Healy": Dan, I knew you were in there somewhere. It's nice to finally "meet" you via *The Golden Road*. I agree that the Dead seldom come across on LPs as well as we would like them to. Have you considered a live digital recording for compact disc?

Todd Hargis
San Francisco, CA

Lick the Christmas Rush

Order the gift that keeps on giving: a year's subscription to *The Golden Road.* Easier than knitting a muffler, more personal than a pair of socks, it's the perfect present for the Head who has everything. (Everything but the hottest Dead mag, that is.)

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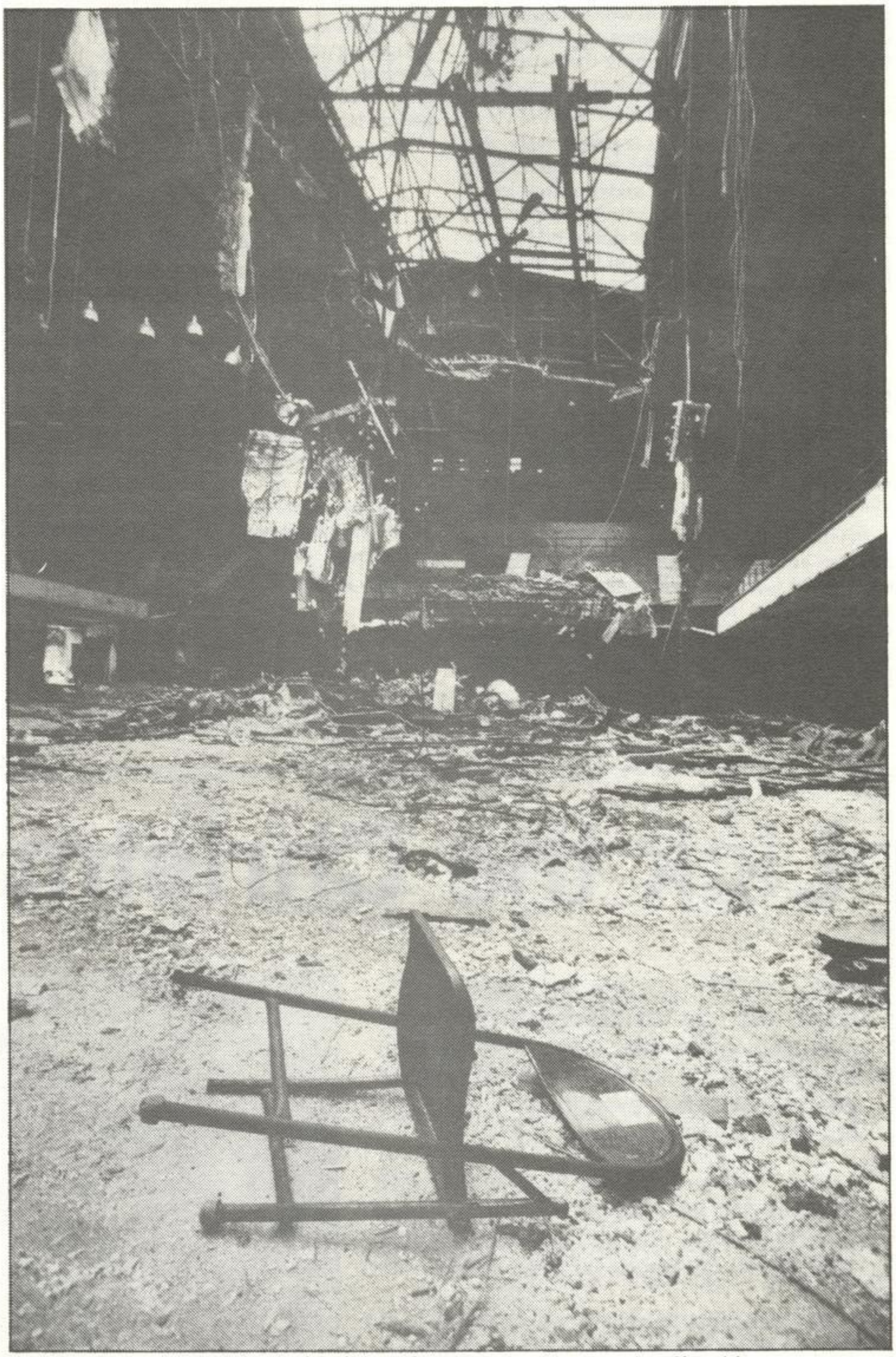
The Latest News & Rumor Control

It was sad news for the Dead's many Northwest fans when announced fall dates in Portland, Oregon and Tacoma, WA, were abruptly canceled. There was a good reason, though: Mickey Hart underwent surgery for a long-festering back problem. The Dead want to assure all of you disappointed Northwest Heads that they'll try to get up your way real soon, though realistically, it looks like it won't happen before next spring.

Also affected by Mickey's malady were more audio-video shoots at the Marin Civic, scheduled for late October. Apparently the band was considering trying to record their next album onstage at Marin (with no audience, however), but that project is once again on indefinite hold. We're sure you all join us in wishing Mickey a speedy and complete recovery.

The end of year is always quiet in Grateful Dead-land, so there aren't many shows to report. Confirmed dates include the Long Beach Arena November 16 and 17; the Henry Kaiser Center in Oakland November 20, 21 and 22; and Oakland Coliseum December 29, 30 and 31. We've heard a number of complaints about the New Year's shows being held in such a large venue (14,000 seats, versus 9500 at the SF Civic or 7000 at Kaiser), but let's face it — demand has far exceeded supply at recent New Year's shows, and this might be a good way to get more people into this always-special event. We're confident the Dead and Bill Graham will try doubly hard to make the shows memorable. Hey — we're not going to celebrate any less!

As always, stay tuned to the Hotline: (415) 457-6388 in the West; (201) 777-8653 in the East.



Inside Winterland, days before its demolition. Photo: Tom Levy/San Francisco Chronicle

Almost seven years after the Dead, the New Riders and the Blues Brothers played the final concert at Winterland (12-31-78), the one-time ice rink-turned-dance hall has fallen to the wrecking ball. In its place will rise a huge housing project, certainly good news for the once-depressed neighborhood, which has improved steadily over the past few years. Still, we can't help but feel a little sadness over the destruction of the place, which the Dead played about 50 times, beginning in June of '66. Some of the best shows I've seen (Dead and non-Dead) were held there, and though I, like many, griped about the decaying old hall's acoustics, lack of ventilation and lousy neighborhood, only a fool would fail to recognize that Winterland had a special feeling that will never be recaptured in another venue.

And while we're bidding fond farewells, we'd like to make note of the demise of *Over the Border*, the excellent Canadian Dead newsletter. For more than a year, a handful of deadicated Heads put out this well-written and graphically pleasing mini-mag, concentrating for the most part on the Dead's appearances in Canada over the years. We know *OTB* went a long way in making the Dead's many Canadian fans feel a little more connected with the scene. In the end, shaky financial footing and the publishers' decision to travel for a while forced *Over the Border*'s untimely end. We wish everyone involved the best of luck.

Remember Ron Rakow? The co-founder and president of the Dead's independent label ventures of the mid-'70s, he was the charismatic dreamer

who helped steer the Dead through the perilous waters of record business autonomy. He also left the Dead organization in 1976 amid charges of financial impropriety. (He countered that he was owed large sums of money by the Dead.) We'll probably never know all that went down in that case ("It'd burn off both your little ears!"), but you'll be interested to learn that Rakow is in very hot water right now as a result of some of his post-Dead activities.

The 47-year-old Rakow, who lives in Los Angeles, was among 12 people indicted in mid-September on mail fraud and conspiracy charges stemming from their alleged involvement in an $80 million culture-growing investment operation that attracted about 27,000 investors nationwide. The 76-page indictment alleges that the suspects diverted more than $10 million in investors' money for their personal use, with many more millions still untraced. The suspects' operation sold kits for growing "lactic cultures" that were to be used for a line of women's cosmetics. But the cosmetics never went to market. The operation turned out to be akin to a pyramid scheme, with a few early investors turning a modest profit, and thousands losing whatever they put in. Rakow and the others agreed to surrender to federal officials in Kansas, where the indictment was handed down. All 12 were cited on 63 counts of mail fraud and one count of conspiracy. Conviction on all the counts would mean a maximum fine of $73,000 and up to 320 years in prison (as each count carries a five-year maximum penalty). We'll let you know what happens. Thanks to ace L.A. *Times* reporter Jane Applegate for this scoop.

It's been a number of years since the Dead's *Mars Hotel* has been available in the United States, but this month (October) Mobile Fidelity, the California-based company famous for its superior pressings of newly re-mastered albums, is coming out with an audiophile version of the long-out-of-print Dead classic. That should definitely be worth picking up.

On the Compact Disc front, Arista Records recently released *Shakedown Street* and *Go To Heaven* in that format. (*Terrapin Station* came out earlier.) We hear rumblings about Warner Bros. possibly releasing CDs of some of the Dead's output for that label, but we haven't heard any specifics.

Also on the record beat, the word is that the Dead are trying to secure the rights to a number of out-of-print records in their catalog. If all goes well, *Garcia, Ace* and *Rolling Thunder* (the first solo LPs by Jerry, Bob and Mickey, respectively) will become available through the Grateful Dead sometime soon. And the hope is to eventually get albums like *Wake of the Flood, Blues for Allah, Diga* and *Seastones* back in circulation. (Maybe they should let *Steal Your Face* remain a "collector's item"!) We'll have more on this story as it develops.

By the time you read this, Robert Hunter's new LP, *The Flight of the Marie Helena,* should be available. This one marks a radical departure from the driving rock of his last studio effort, *Amagamalin Street*. Rather than dealing in traditional song forms, Hunter recites the seven-part story he described to us as "an adventure. The largest raft the world has ever seen takes off, and then the events of the story are more or less psychic events. It's an allegory about birth, death and re-birth." The little portion of the record we were able to hear before presstime was interesting, indeed —beautifully crafted verse spoken over a pleasantly melodic instrumental backing (entirely by Hunter). It has a wonderful dreamy quality that is sure to transport listeners.

Hunter says he wrote the piece during February and March of this year "to



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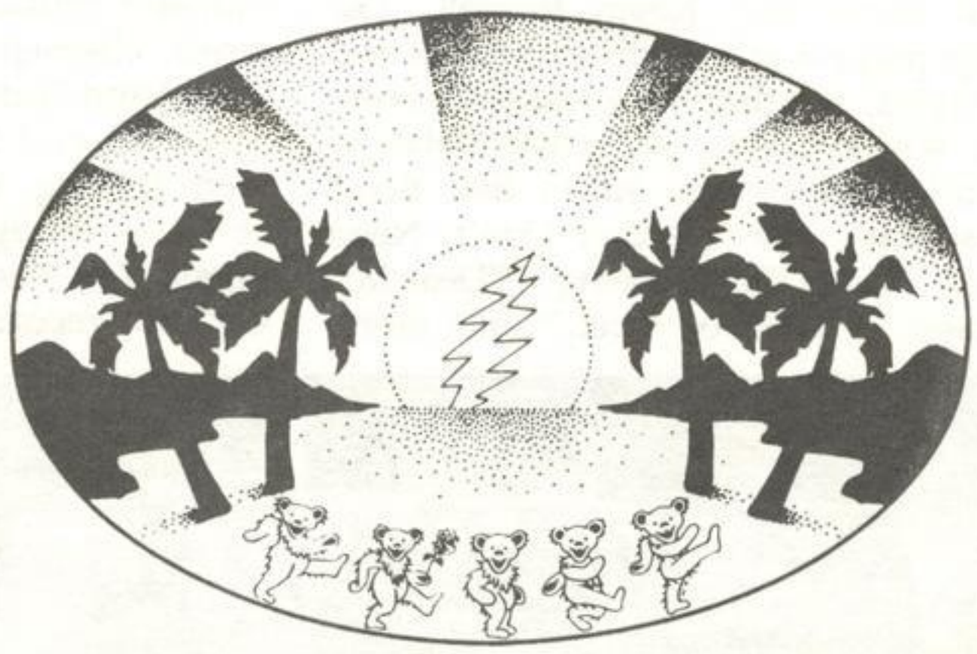
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satisfy that need of mine for self-expression. I'm always working on something. Sometimes it takes the form of a song, sometimes it's a poem or something else."

Like his last several records, *Marie Helena* was released by Brooklyn-based Relix Records. "What I'm doing with this record," Hunter says, "is using the power of a small, independent record company, where I know my sales are going to be phenomenally low, that promotion will be zero, distribution next to nothing. Therefore, why try putting out high-power rock and roll records to try to catch the public attention instead of really putting out what I *want?*"

The LP, which includes a 16-page booklet designed by Hunter's wife, Maureen, is available for $10 from Relix Records, P.O. Box 92, Brooklyn, NY 11229. Check it out.

No doubt by now you've heard of Kokomo, the latest band featuring members of the Dead, in this case Bill Kreutzmann and Brent Mydland. They're joined in the foursome by former Santana bassist David Margen, and former guitarist for the defunct L.A. pop-metal band 707, Kevin Russell. The group plays a mix of different rock and roll styles, ranging from Russell's originals, which border on heavy metal, to rockin' R&B covers, tunes that Brent plays with the Dead ("Don't Need Love," "Keep On Growing," "Dear Mr. Fantasy," "Tons of Steel," and more) and a couple of jazz-tinged songs written by the band. Kokomo (the name comes from an old blues tune) played its first dates at Bay Area clubs in mid-summer and then made a swing of the East Coast, where they drew several large crowds.

The reaction so far has been decidedly mixed. Some report that the band's arrangements of several Dead tunes (including "Dark Star" and "Casey Jones"!) are refreshing and energetic, and that Billy and Brent seem to be enjoying their moment in the limelight. But others have complained that the band is so eclectic that it lacks any kind of focus. And Russell's songs and overwrought guitar playing have come under serious attack from Heads who went expecting to hear melodic guitar runs *à la* Garcia. Kokomo apparently wants to have it both ways: to keep the Dead connection upfront, while striving to break new ground.

"I played the Kingfish tour in January and the best thing to come out of it was I met Margen [who played bass on the tour]," Kreutzmann told *The Golden Road* when we asked him about Kokomo's genesis. "In music, you've got to get along with other people, besides being a good player. You can go to L.A. and hire monster musicians, but that over-used word 'chemistry' is awfully important. David and I just got along really well. He came up and stayed at my house. We went fishing. We didn't play any music at all — though we'd play each other tapes. You know: 'Have you heard this Coltrane record, man?' We both like jazz a lot. He played with Tony Williams on an album; he's really accomplished. In fact, he's probably the most fully trained of all of us.

"Then, of course, Brent has wanted to do his original stuff, so this was a good chance for that," he continued. "Margen knew Kevin, and so he auditioned for the guitar spot. In fact, he was the only one we auditioned."

Once the band was set, they immediately began rehearsing intensely at the Dead's Marin County studio, learning each other's songs and feeling each other out as players. "We've rehearsed a lot," Billy says. "The Dead comes from a much looser space. But this group still has flexibility. Last night we did a real soulful ¾-time song of Kevin's. I think of songs as not just tonality or tempo but *mood*, and this particular song reminded us of 'Dark Star,' so we segued into 'Dark Star.' Brent had to remember it and Kevin had never played it, but he got into it right away."

Although it is unlikely that Kokomo will ever be more than a sidelight for Brent and Billy, they do hope to keep touring on the Dead's off months and make an album if they generate record company interest. "I'd love to have a hit single, or two, or three . . ." Billy says with a laugh. "I think 'Top 40' and 'commercial' have gotten a bad name. I like a lot of commercial music — I really like The Police, for example. You just have to listen to the good stuff."

Whatever the ultimate fate of the band, for now it is an exciting diversion for all involved. "We're having a good time with it," Billy says. "Everyone has a good sense of humor and people aren't trying to outplay or trash each other. The music is what's important; playing music is the name of the game. Seeing people smile out in the audience — that's what *I* do it for. Then the icing on the cake is you can make money doing it. But if you think about that first, you're in trouble."



In early October, most of the famous San Francisco poster artists reunited at the grand opening of Ben Friedman's Poster Mat Annex in S.F.'s North Beach. (L-R) Rick Griffin, David Singer, Levon Moscovian (publisher of Tea Lautrec, the lithographic firm that printed most of the posters in the '60s), Alton Kelley, Randy Tuten and Victor Moscoso. Photo: Roger Wyan/San Francisco Chronicle

You can tape over that scratchy videotape of *The Grateful Dead Movie* that you got from a friend, who had a friend, who had a friend whose cousin claims he bootlegged it off the master. Yes, at long last the movie has been released as a commercial videocassette (Monterey Home Video, $39.95) with crystal-clear picture and phenomenal sound. If you've never seen it, *run* down to your video store and pick up a copy (or rent it). It's as perfect an evocation of the breadth of the Grateful Dead concert experience as we're likely to get. It was lovingly directed by Garcia from footage shot at

Winterland in October of 1974—right before the band stopped touring for more than a year. (The videocassette package says that the film is footage from the Dead's "1976 Steal Your Face Tour"; not so, though the live *Steal Your Face* album, which came out in 76, was culled from the same set of shows.) Even though the music is more than a decade old and it's a different band (with Keith & Donna, and without Mickey, except on one song), the interaction among the players, and both the look and feeling of the crowd sequences, make it as familiar as an '85 West Coast show. Great stuff from beginning to end.

On both coasts, citizens' groups in cities the Dead played this summer are trying to garner support for proposals to ban the Dead from future concerts in their towns. The most serious threat is in Columbia, MD, where locals complained that Deadheads attending the Merriweather Post Pavilion shows June 30 and July 1 camped illegally all over the area, clogged traffic, shot off fireworks and openly drank alcohol and used drugs. The Combined Board, comprised of representatives of Columbia's nine village boards, recommended that the Grateful Dead be denied a permit next time they want to play Merriweather. The good news for Deadheads, though is that both the local police and the Pavilion management have come to their defense. Columbia police chief Paul Rappaport lauded the cooperativeness of the Heads ("If you asked them to do something, they did it. It was 'Yes, sir' and 'No, sir.'"), and Merriweather manager Mike Smith went so far as to say, "I would work with the crowd of people at that show over just about any other attraction at the theater." Without police support, it seems unlikely the Combined Board will get its wish.

On a more grassroots level, citizens in Ventura, CA, bombarded the local paper with negative letters about Deadheads, and are threatening to organize against future Dead shows at the County Fairgrounds. The same sorts of complaints leveled by the Maryland group were cited by the Ventura residents. Once again, though, it's doubtful that Head-haters will be able to actually ban the group. There have been virtually no acute problems during Dead shows there the past four years, and local merchants and hoteliers would probably lose a great deal of money if the Deadhead invasion was stopped. In a resort town, money talks.

Finally, officials at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center in upstate New York are seriously considering putting a cap on the attendance at future Dead shows there. In late June, the Dead drew 40,231 people to SPAC, breaking the previous record of 37,751 the Dead established last year. SPAC had cut off ticket sales for a Phil Collins show at 30,000, but no such limit was put on the Dead, who sold 23,000 advance tickets and then had a phenomenal walk-up business of 17,000 fans. The result was a dangerously overcrowded facility — and, of course, a fat payday for both the Dead and the promoters at the expense of the fans. No decision has been made on what the proper ceiling for a Dead show at SPAC should be.

We hope you've had a chance to see the new *Twilight Zone* series (Friday nights at 8 p.m. on CBS), for which the Dead composed the title theme and most of the incidental, or "spot," music so far. The scripts are intelligent, the production values a hundred times better than the old *Twilight Zone*'s. And, obvious prejudices aside, the music really adds to the eerieness of the show, sometimes sounding like a Dead "space" jam with dialogue. What follows are a few quotes from some of the principals involved with the show, taken from a story

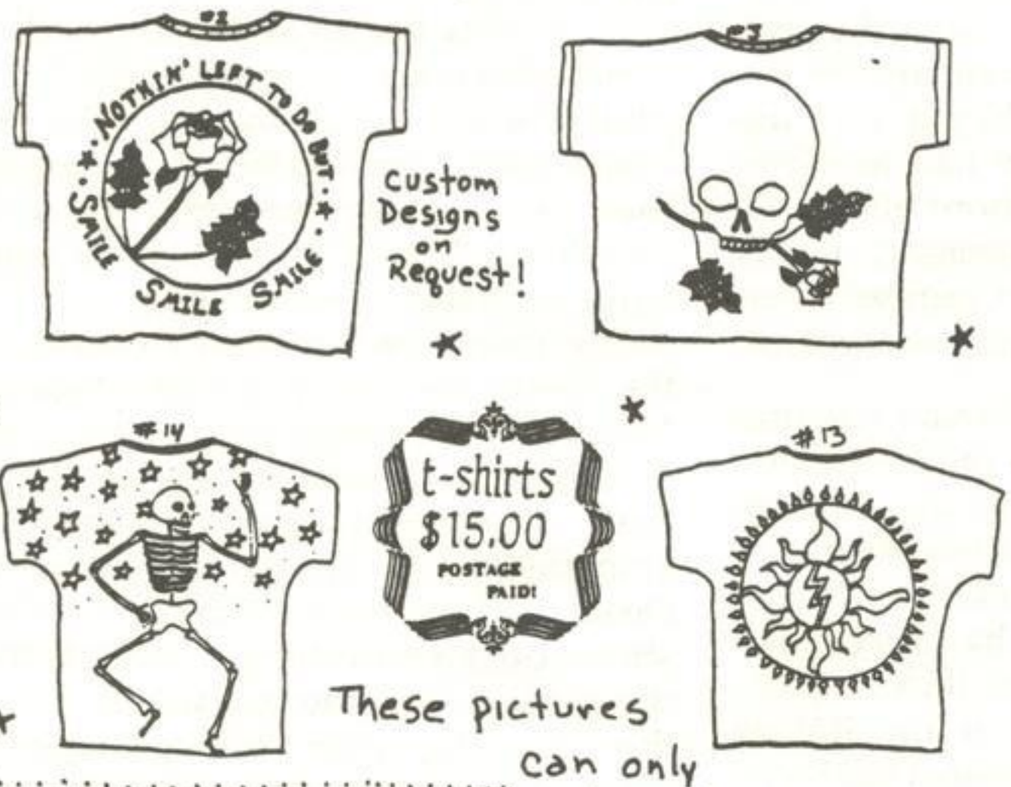
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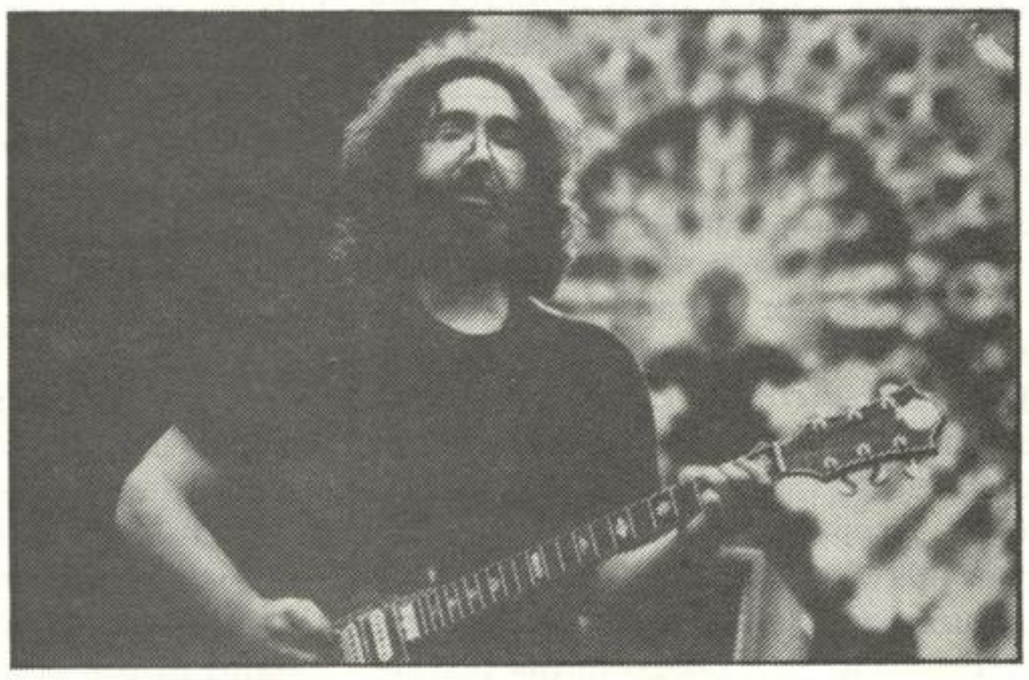
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Time Out With BILL GRAHAM



Rock's top impresario talks about his favorite band

By Blair & Regan

There are many reasons why promoter Bill Graham should be distracted on this sunny September morning. The biggest show to hit the Bay Area this year, Bruce Springsteen's two-night stand at Oakland Stadium, starts tomorrow night, and Graham's organization still has much to do. *Time* magazine called him earlier asking his opinion on congressional moves to devise a rating system for records. Yet as he wipes the sleep from his eyes and downs his first cup of coffee, Graham appears eager to leave his cares behind to talk about one of his favorite subjects: The Grateful Dead. How much of a Deadhead is Bill Graham? Well, the previous day, completely on a whim, he decided to fly down to San Diego in his private plane with a couple of friends to see the Dead close their summer tour at Chula Vista, a concert he co-produced with a Southern California promoter. Although he'd planned to leave after the first half, he ended up staying for the whole show, barely making it back to Sacramento that night to catch another favorite of his, Dire Straits.

Graham has been putting on Dead shows for 20 years, which makes him one of the few people in the music business to have known and worked with the band for their entire history. It has not always been a smooth relationship, by any means. In the early days, the Dead were suspicious of Graham because he was such a successful capitalist; in fact, one of the reasons the Dead purchased the Carousel Ballroom in 1968 was to provide an alternative to the concerts put on by Graham's then-burgeoning company. To the band, he was that straight guy with the clipboard. But even they had to admit that he put on shows more efficiently than anyone else, and, ironically, it was Graham who bought the Carousel when it floundered because of mismanagement.

Through the years, Graham has produced literally hundreds of Dead shows throughout California, at the Fillmore East in New York and at a few other venues scattered across the country. Though he has put on concerts by every major band of the past 20 years, including entire tours by the likes of the Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan and George Harrison, he unashamedly admits that the Grateful Dead is his favorite band year-in and year-out. He has always believed that both the Dead and Deadheads are special, which is the main reason his Dead shows are special. He seeks out interesting, attractive settings and decorates them appropriately, provides decent (non-stadium concession) food and drink, and employs a staff that understands how Deadheads behave at shows.

The Dead and Graham are occasionally at odds over one issue or another, but the bond between them is strong—it's been a long, strange trip for both of them, and the Dead obviously appreciate that Graham has been there—and usually supportive—every step of the way. And he now has an added link with the band, as a board member of the Dead's philanthropic organization, the Rex Foundation. Graham has always insisted that "I'm in the business of turning people on," and the Dead surely would agree with that *raison d'etre*.

The following interview took place in the living room of Graham's beautiful Marin County home, which stands atop a hillside overlooking the entire Bay Area. Over nearly three hours, he spoke animatedly and affectionately about the Dead and Deadheads. He says that Dead shows offer a refreshing "time out" from the pressures of the real world, and on this morning, even *talking* about the band seems to give him that needed escape. After all, there's a Bruce Springsteen show to put on in 36 hours.

We noticed the other night at the Kaiser Center in Oakland that you seem very relaxed at Dead shows. You never look like you're working. There's

Two old pals flip each other the bird at the Bay Area Music Awards, 1981. Photo: Richard McCaffrey

a spring to your walk, a way you move through the crowd that's much different than how you seem at other shows.

That's a good observation, though I don't have footage of me walking through the crowd, so I can't know for sure. I would imagine that it's true for a number of reasons. One is the group. People ask me, "Who's your favorite band?" On a given night there are so many great ones, but for the overall picture, the whole event, more people that work in our company are fans of the Grateful Dead than of any other group. People who have been in the company for years and years love the Dead's music. Others may only *like* the Dead's music, but *love* what it is that the Dead do. There are so many of us in the company who've worked with the Dead for so long that we really want to put out because of who's coming. We all love the feeling of who's coming. We all know that there are no hawks here. We all know we're doves.

When this element comes into a show, *our* element says, "We've got a new dish for you tonight!" And if all the cooks and all the busboys and all the waiters are really into serving you, and are really good at it, then the real pleasurable aspect of being a producer at a show is maximized even more; the maitre 'd has nothing to do but have a good time. And that's exemplified more at a Dead show than any other show.

If I had to describe an evening of the Dead —if they were going to go on a world tour and you had to label them — I'd say it's "time out."

It's also live theater. Yes, the Dead are the attraction, but the period before the show, at intermission, and after the show are all so much more part of the evening than at any other show — by far. We're pretty well aware by now of how people feel when they come there, and why they come there. Obviously people come to have a good time, but there's something added. People come to see their relatives, but there are no bloodlines.

I don't know most of these people. I've seen a lot of the faces over the years, but I don't know them. Yet as I walk through the crowd it's "Hi, Bill," or "Thanks, Bill," or there's that Uncle Bobo thing that used to make me angry (I still don't like it, but just because I don't like the name; it connotes a clownish person). Over the years more and more people at Dead shows just say "Hi." What they're really saying is, "Oh, you decided to come to our club tonight? Oh, you knew it was Tuesday night bowling? Why are you here?" "Well, because I like to bowl, and I like the space." It's not the band alone that brings that out; it's everything that's here, which is why there's a volleyball game going on, or a tug of war, or why I rack my brain about New Year's Eve, or Chinese New Year. It is different. For any other show, any other production, the only piece of theater is what happens on the stage. I'm not saying the volleyball game is the end all. But I love what it stands for. It's saying, "Oregon, meet New York. Chicago, meet New Guinea." And then in the end, we're the black suits that play the nice kids. When we lost 16 – 14 the other night to Oregon, I felt like we'd lost the Super Bowl. But that all exemplifies who it is, what it is. It's still very special 20 years later, and how many things are still special 20 years later?

The Dead show is like an umbilical cord between the people who come. They connect at the gig, then they take their plug out and leave. One may live in Taiwan, one might live in Vermont, but they connect at the show. On a regular basis, you get all these people coming, and they're like a big family. I like to go into the middle of the crowd right when the band comes out and just listen to what people say in that couple of minutes while the band is tuning up. Now the majority of Deadheads have not met the Grateful Dead, yet they talk about them the way you'd talk about people you know intimately: "Oh, Phil looks good these days — I think marriage agrees with him." "Jerry's wearing that — how can he wear that same shirt all the time?" I've heard these things. That's out of love, affection and concern over a long period of time.

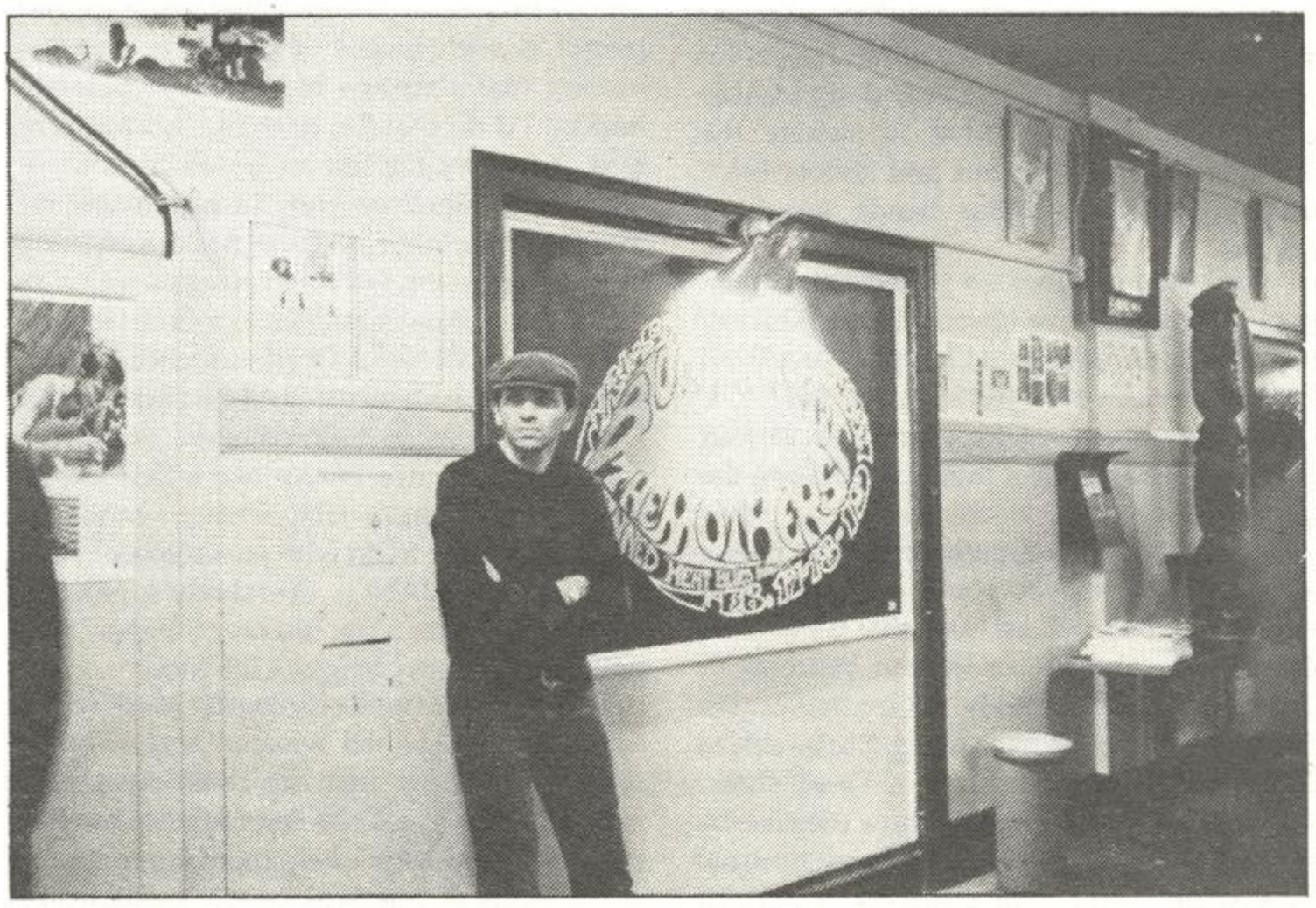
The bottom line is that anything that gives you true pleasure is very meaningful; and, therefore, these events are deeply meaningful to these people, and none of them, for as far back as I can remember, really wants to mess up. The majority of the people who take drugs, for instance, are smart enough not to get so messed up that they miss the gig. Over the years, it's gotten saner. You don't have as many things like the madman who took off his robe, thought he was God, and that he was going to find the FBI in the toilet. So that's another reason I look relaxed at a Dead show.

This past weekend a couple of us flew down to the Chula Vista show and had a marvelous time. There was one moment when I'd just come back from the refreshment stand, and I was sitting in the stands with my friends, and everyone was just having such a great time everywhere you looked. Here we were, out in the sun, a mile from the Mexican border, basking in this great scene. And Jan [Simmons, Bill's secretary], who's a great lady, a great secretary and a big Deadhead, turned to me, pointed out to the field and said, "Club Dead." And that's a great description of the event.

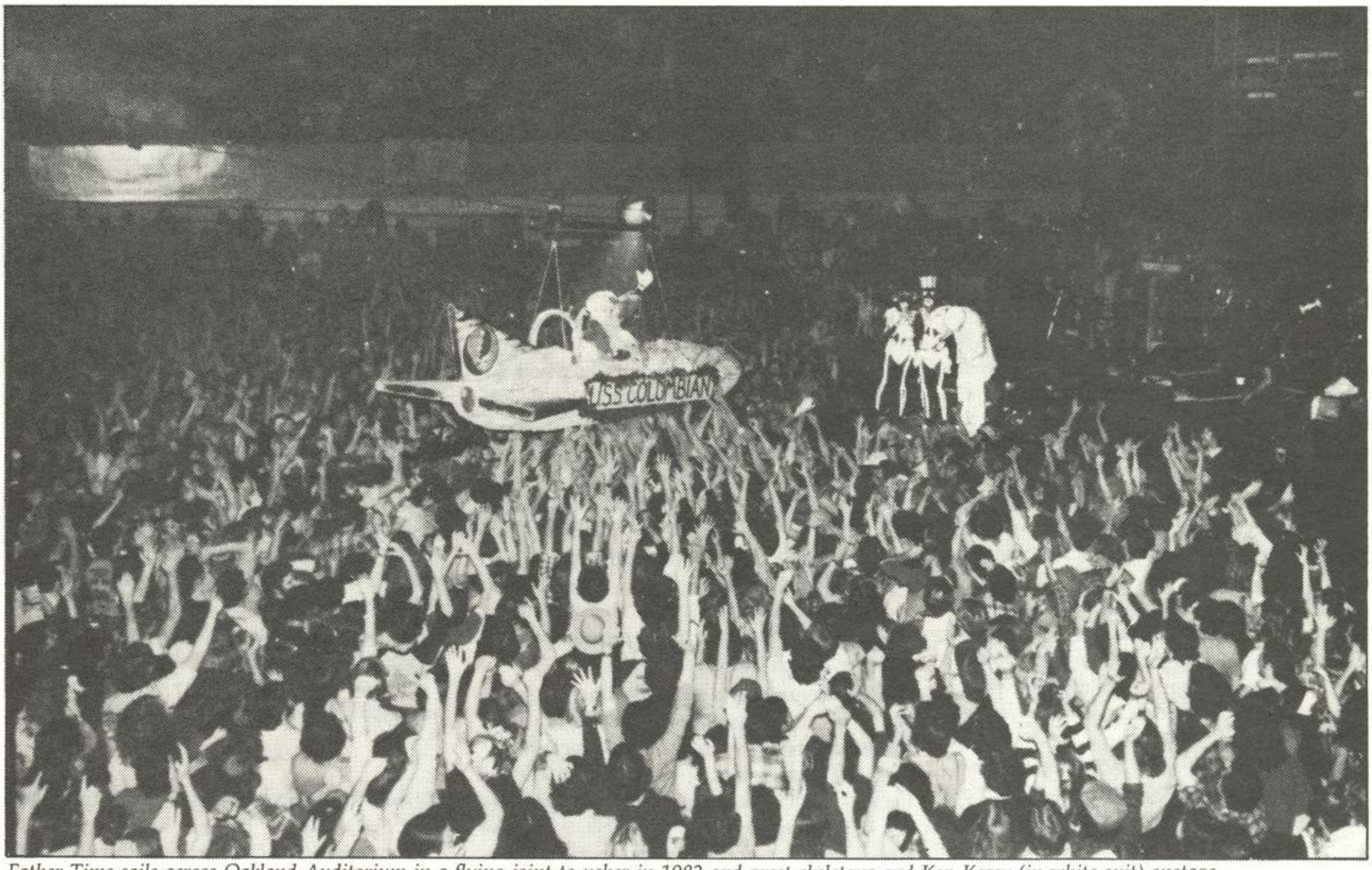
At events we put on, I always carry around 3 × 5 file cards to write down little notes to myself about things we can do differently. Normally, at a Bay Area Dead show, I won't even fill a whole card, yet at Chula Vista I filled three. It was the first time we'd worked there and I was concerned about the height of the stage, the security, and there were a couple of problems with the concessions. I'll do that sort of thing at any gig, but even more so at a Dead show because I don't want any flaws. The amazing thing is that it's very rare at a non-Dead show for fans to come up to me with a problem — "there's no toilet paper in the john," or whatever. At a Dead show it's, "Say, listen, Bill, just a piece of advice. I don't mean to bum you out or anything, but there's a little too much ice in the orange juice." It's not bitching. It's completely friendly.

All the reports about the Dead's 20th Anniversary inevitably talk about "time warps." Does that seem accurate to you? Is a Dead concert frozen in time, or do you see a progression through the years?

It's progressive and rather amazing that the end result is like Dorian Gray to me. It doesn't age. What happens is healthy. If you're healthy at the age of 20 and you're healthy at the age of 40, do you see any progression? Yeah, the guy's still healthy. Sometimes he might get ill, or the set isn't as good as the previous time, but if you look at the overall picture at a Bay Area gig — I can't speak for what happens when the Dead play in Buffalo or play a reserved-seat gig somewhere else— it's very, very healthy. And that's because the



In the hallway of Fillmore West, 1967. Photo: Jim Marshall © 1985



Father Time sails across Oakland Auditorium in a flying joint to usher in 1982 and greet skeletons and Ken Kesey (in white suit) onstage. Photo: Richard McCaffrey

audience is healthier.

The Dead are still playing "Sugar Magnolia," they're still playing "Truckin'" . . . On Sunday they played "Fire on the Mountain" —one of my favorites—and you see what the rhythm of a song like that does to whitey, to a predominantly white audience. They've played that song for ten years, and some others for 15 or 20 years. Is there progress? If progress is remaining healthy or getting healthier, that's progress. The fact that this band hasn't put out an album in five years and still has those fans . . . they're not fans of hit singles or tight pants, and they don't want to see strobe lights or "that lift where the Godzilla thing comes out and shoots fire!" People go to see other bands for those reasons.

I think you can make a positive statement by making a negative observation: Isn't it sad that you can't bottle what happens at a Dead show? You can't even put it on a record.

I've had arguments for years with various people about the effect that music has on the body. The Grateful Dead affect your pelvic muscles. If they don't, then I think you have a problem. Now maybe you're an introvert or something, but I would hope that if you were alone in the shower, or in your bedroom or wherever, and somebody put on that music, you would move. What a rare gift to be able to affect people that way! At a Dead show, people are not afraid to show how they feel by moving with the music. That's very unusual for a white band with primarily non-Third World fans.

That's the ultimate asset of the Grateful Dead. There aren't that many new songs that you go to see and hear, and you almost don't mind what they play, because the basic ingredient is that they make you feel something that affects your system in a certain way. The end result of it is that it feels good. There's something that happens to you, and that hasn't changed in 20 years, for the musicians or the audience.

If I do my job, I should be reimbursed, and one of the ways you get reimbursed on our planet is with pieces of paper, or coins — money, that's barter—but to prove a point if I had to, I'd do that for nothing. It's just rare, rare. You give me ten audiences at outdoor shows and film them and, through magic, remove all the logos and the hair, everything but the body, and put them up against a scrim — an Eric Clapton audience, a Jimi Hendrix audience, a Grateful Dead audience, a Rollings Stones audience — and I'll pick out the Dead audience in four seconds. Why? Because no audience moves like a Dead audience. And if that's fact, what a wonderful thing to be able to do with an audience. They plug in and BANG, everybody's moving! Isn't that better than therapy? Better than pills? Better than going to Club Med?

It has gotten better primarily because the audience has gained wisdom and common sense. And now that the Dead have been around so long, a lot of the audience has had teachers, in effect, to help them not make the same kinds of mistakes people made in the late '60s and early '70s. I'm one of the very few who for years and years never really took anything at shows. I very seldom take any drugs at work. Very seldom. On rare occasions, only when I'm covered, and only at home—never on the road. Most of the time I feel like I don't need it, because the basic ingredient is already there — the group, the audience, the whole thing. More so in the Bay Area than anywhere else. That doesn't mean I haven't enjoyed the Dead in other places. I'l go to New York and see them at the Garden and sit behind Jery's amps or next to the drums and I have a great time. But my friend is sitting in seat ZZ19, and when he gets up to dance, he gets a flashlight in his face.

As time passes, there are fewer and fewer diamonds to be mined.

Did the Dead always seem special? In 1965 or '66, were they already on a different path from everyone else, like the Airplane or Quicksilver?

Oh yeah. I always thought they were different. The effect was very sensual. Even The Warlocks were sensual, and to me the music isn't that different. What do the Dead do? They make my body move and feel good. They did that from Day One. There are very few white bands that make me feel that way. Usually it's Latin or black musicians. That must be true for most Deadheads, too, or why else would they still be Deadheads? Certainly there's something going on in the lyrics and all, but the foundation is that the experience gives you something we all need—time out. That's what it all gets down to. What an inexpensive occasional escape it is.

"Isn't it sad that you can't bottle what happens at a Dead show? You can't even put it on a record"

In the late '60s it seemed as though there were several bands following a stream similar to the Dead's — the Allman Brothers, Quicksilver, a few others. If it is so inescapably appealing, why do you think more musicians didn't go in that direction? Was it musical? Was it economic pressures? Did the Dead just have the right chemistry?

That's a good question. I'd have to make a guess, because I've never talked to musicans about it directly. Musically, I think other groups had to find paths on which they could make careers — sell records and make personal appearances. What the Dead play takes the shape of songs sometimes — maybe it's five minutes or 15 minutes — and they differ from each other in lyrics and sounds. The artistry is not always danceable music, but it's always *moveable* music. I don't think the Dead ever said, "We don't want a hit single." But I don't think they ever said, "We need to write a song that many people can hum so they will remember us," either. Others, somewhere down the line, began to do that, obviously writing for commercial gain. There's nothing wrong with that. I think if the Dead had that innate talent they'd do it. But it never became the backbone of their existence.

From the late '60s on, everyone in the music business kept saying, "More airplay will make you bigger." The Grateful Dead, knowingly or unknowingly, achieved more popularity through their personal appearances than through radio airplay. I have to believe that from the beginning, they knew that playing live is really what they do. It's never been, "Well, our last record didn't sell. What should I change?" They don't rise and fall on the success of a song or two. It's the grooves.

Garcia's quote is, "What we do is play for people, for warm human bodies. We don't play so good for machines."

That's a good line. He said in one sentence what I've been trying to say for an hour. [Laughs] Obviously he has a lot to do with it, too. Not to single him out, but his lyrical lines, the way he plays, are a big reason the music moves like it does and why you then move with it.

But the other early groups, on certain songs, had some of that thing that the Dead has. I remember being at the Fillmore late at night and Quicksilver would go into "Mona," with that great beat [he claps it out], and it was just wonderful. But the group didn't maintain their popularity the way the Dead did, so they had to search for songs that became more popular. That was true of the Airplane and It's a Beautiful Day and most of the others. It was obvious to *me* early on what the Dead had. I don't know if it was obvious to *them*. It should have been.

I don't know whether the Dead have to tour for income, or whether they want to tour because they love to play. Who knows after 20 years? What I do know is that the people in those towns that buy tickets are buying them to see and hear and be part of an evening with the Grateful Dead, not because, "Oh, honey, look who's coming to town!" "I don't wanna go." "But, honey, he does 'Sammy's Tune.'" "Oh, that's different! I want to see them, too!"

When I was younger I liked Sinatra a lot. I still do, actually, but then I was nuts about him, and I took Joyce Fliegler to see him at the Copacabana after my high school prom. After a few numbers, people started calling out requests, and that went on the rest of the night. Twenty years later, nobody calls out songs. What they're saying is, "We don't care what you sing, Frank, just sing something. You're Frank Sinatra." With the Grateful Dead, the first ten years, you'd go to a concert and after almost every song people would yell out songs: "'St. Stephen'! 'Dark Star'! 'Casey Jones'!" You don't hear that much anymore. Now everyone says, "Just play." [Laughs] That doesn't mean we don't have favorite songs and tunes we want to hear. I have favorites—

Such as?

I never say because—

—you know then Garcia won't play them!

Exactly. [Laughs]

C'mon Bill, we know you called the "Iko" at New Year's in '81.

Yeah, well . . . We play these games. I had a rut there for a few years where whatever way I was coming in on New Year's, if it wasn't "Sugar Magnolia," it wasn't right. It had to be "Sugar Magnolia." I love the tune, and I especially love that break in the middle. I just love it.

I learned my lesson once, when I wanted them to play a second encore. It's always an amazing ritual to get that out of them — how to approach them and time it just right. It's always a struggle [Laughs] — "Oh, Graham wants us to play this shit song for him" — and they grumble. "What is this, Bill, slave labor?" There was one time we were all backstage and I was trying to get them to play, and they were complaining and grumbling and saying among themselves, "Well, what are we gonna play," and I blurted out, "How about 'Good Lovin'?" and everyone in the band turned to me at once and shouted: "WE DON'T WANT TO PLAY THAT SONG!" And I was like, [sheepishly] "Me neither. Who wants to hear *that* song? I *hate* that song!" [Laughs]

It's not just me that wants that second encore on certain nights. I'm just trying to transmit information from the crowd. You can feel it. The crowd isn't finished. So there I am, chasing them through the backstage, and I say, "Listen, before you step into that car —" [Impatiently] "Yeah, WHAT IS IT, BILL?!!" It's a game, and we all know it's a game, but behind it is the transmission of a message from the audience.

I remember the second day at the Frost this year, it was a very special afternoon and I really felt strongly about the second encore. One of the musicians was halfway up the hill near his trailer, and I ran up the hill after him. The first thing he said was, "What the hell did you make me walk up that hill for?" Well, I knew that he knew that he'd have to come



"The guy with the clipboard" outside Winterland, 1972. Photo: Jim Marshall © 1985



Bill and Steve Parish share a laugh onstage at Oakland Stadium, 1976. Photo: Richard McCaffrey

back. [The second encore that day was a stunning "She Belongs to Me."] Part of what we're saying with these games, though, is that if we ever become automatic, it's the beginning of the end. They're not machines. They're emotional. They're human.

There's something to be said about honest loyalty, loyalty to the basic ingredient that's been there all these years. The space at Frost, or the space at Winterland, or the space at a free show on a Sunday in the park in 1967, whatever ... there's something that happened there, and when it's over, you go back to the world and your TVs, and you punch the clock, and it's no longer "time out." When the people want that second encore, a lot of times I think they're just saying, "It's nice being here." The attempt on our part is never to forget that.

Your growth as a promoter and the Dead's growth as a band parallel each other pretty well. In the early '70s, when they began to grow into bigger shows in stadiums and large arenas, you were doing big tours like the Rolling Stones'. Did you ever wonder if taking the music — the Dead's and others' — out of the ballrooms and dance halls and into stadiums would jeopardize the magic of the concert space?

I thought about it, and in some cases it did. And if I felt that by my saying no a group wouldn't go into a bigger facility, I would say no. I did that for many years, and eventually I lost out. One of the reasons I made some changes in my business in the early '70s, closing the Fillmores and all, is that the business changed. One of the things we always loved doing was putting together bills like Miles Davis and the Dead, Woody Herman and The Who, those kinds of things. But then when bands started getting popular it became: "Bill, we want to play Madison Square Garden." I'd say, "No, play three nights at the Fillmore." But there were finances involved, and we're all human — who doesn't want to have a nicer car or a new house? Economics came into play and I got caught up in that, and then the groups priced themselves out of the smaller places.

Does it take away from the positive impact of the artist when you make the distance between the microphone and the last person in the audience longer and longer? Yes. Very few groups can retain that communication. Bruce [Springsteen] can, the Dead can, I thought Lynyrd Skynyrd could. The Allman Brothers on an outdoor date when Duane and Gregg were both "on" transcended all that. Hey, I'd love to see the Grateful Dead playing out here on my lawn. A 3000 seater? OK. A 10,000 seater? I'll see 'em there. Shit, I'll see them anywhere, because I like the Grateful Dead.

What happened to the Dead in that era [early '70s] was not based on my whims. It was based on the popularity of the music combined with the sociological significance of that time and what the young world made of the musicians. They were primarily involuntary leaders.

It was interesting that they were tuned into all that. When they "retired" in '74, they were partly saying, "Hey, this is getting too big. We want to sit back and see what we can do about it." That took guts.

Through the years I can only think of two individuals who at their absolute prime said, "I've made my statement. I'm going to stop." Jim Brown, the greatest football player of all time, quit at 29. Just stopped. And John Madden [the former Oakland Raiders coach] just quit. Do you know how difficult that must be? To quit in your prime? Well, the Dead sort of did that in 1974. I'm certain that there was no premeditation involved. You know, some people quit so they can come *out* of retirement. They're not that calculating. They're as far removed from that word, "calculating," as any unit I know. And therefore, when I'm asked, "Didn't you think they'd come back?" I say I don't think *they* knew. They went back

"It's still very special 20 years later, and how many things are still special 20 years later?"

into their private lives, and eventually it evolved back in a certain direction.

I think a lot of their decisions are made in that sort of loose fashion. Of course there is structure to their organization, and they have meetings just like any other group. I know I've attended meetings of the Rex Foundation about certain causes to support, or sometimes I'll call Danny [Rifkin, the Dead's manager] about a gig and he'll say, "Let me take your idea to the band." And when he he takes it to the band it's like a flip of a coin. It's discussed and voted on. "Well, Bill, sorry, that's how the coin landed." But it's not "Well, we're going to put it through our computers and call in a research analyst." They just don't work that way. And if they did, would they be more successful? I don't know. It won't happen. Everyone, from Healy to Candace to Ram Rod, is busy trying to make their part of it as good as it possibly can be.

That's one of the things that isn't discussed much: the extension of the democratic spirit. A drummer says: "I hear this sound in my head that can be made by this kind of drum. To build this kind of a drum I need this erector set." And that costs money. But the group literally has to say, "You really need that to express yourself? Go ahead." The rest of the group says, "He is part of this entity and he wants to do this." Short of wanting to play with a pink elephant onstage every night, he'll probably get it.

That system of theirs, and that freedom of expression that's allowed within the structure, from musicians out — not *down* or *up* — that whole circle of their organization is as responsible for some of the more positive aspects of the way I run my business as anything I know.

You mean it's a model?

It's more of an example. I don't know how I would have acted if I'd had a company before I got into this business. I was 35 when I got into this business, but I was born-again — not religiously, of course — in 1965, just like the Grateful Dead and the Jefferson Airplane and Quicksilver. We were all born then, and the business grew, and my business grew and we took on more people. Having watched the

way the Dead operate — even though there are many things I do differently; I've had to be a little more realistic because I've had different responsibilities — I've been amazed that they've never, *never* deviated from that basic principle of complete democracy. It's completely non-dictatorial.

The Dead organization has achieved that on a higher level than anybody I know. And that is the other half of what I was trying to express earlier, about how I love what they do to an audience. As a unit they allow expression from within from the band all the way to the guys who put stuff on the trucks. That's the non-music side of what makes them special. You stick that together with the music and . . . [he whispers] there's only one — the Grateful Dead.

While we're talking about the organization, as opposed to the music, I'd like to mention something that's been on my mind. A couple of days ago there was this big satellite benefit for the Mexican earthquake victims, and Carlos [Santana], who is Mexican, took part. He filmed something for it and then he and I flew to New York and got something together with Tito Puente and Jose Luis Rodriguez and some others. Flying to New York I got to thinking about the Dead. It hit me that all these years, very quietly, the Dead have probably done more benefits for more varied causes than anyone. There are artists like Graham Nash and Jackson Browne, Harry Chapin, who've helped different causes over the years. But when you get down to the basic simplicity of humanistic tendencies, going way back — whether it was voter registration, or a nursery school, a recreation center in Mill Valley, or when kids were getting busted in the Haight in the late '60s and the Dead helped raise money for Halo, the Haight-Ashbury Legal Organization — nobody has done more than the Dead. And now there's the Rex Foundation, which has done so much.

It gets down to: What do you do with the power you have? What do you do that you don't *have* to do? And that's an area that so few people outside the Dead network know about the Dead. It's ironic how much they've done, beyond just playing, and beyond the effect they have on their fans. Save the river, or the Indian school, or the library or the recreation center — they're there. And they're probably the only musical organization around that has a foundation of this type. This is not the Getty Oil Company or Xerox!

It gets down to: What do you do with what you have, and what do you do to make things better? It's hard to explain that side of it to people who don't appreciate their music or don't go to Dead shows. They're not goody-two-shoes guys by any means; they can bust your chops as well as anybody. But compared with so many others who are involved for a day . . . The Dead handle their involvement with that which they don't have to do but do anyway better than anybody I know. They're not going to make a lot of noise about it. That's not their style.

Bruce Springsteen has remained humble about his philanthropy while still getting a lot of publicity for the causes he supports.

There's no question Bruce has done a tremendous amount of good. But — and this is not to discredit Bruce in any way — we don't know what he might have done in his early days. But I do know that the Dead did benefits when they *didn't* have the bread. That's a very significant point. If you asked me for a $500 donation in 1968 when I was close to bankruptcy, it would've been, "Wait a minute, I have to look after my ass. I don't know if I can do it." I know very well how tough things were for the Dead in the early days, yet they shared when they didn't have that much to share. I just wish there was some way for them to be acknowledged in society at large. Just so the record was set straight.

Do you ever feel the desire to turn other musicians on to the Dead? Wouldn't you love to take Mick Jagger to a show, for example? How about engineering a Dead-Dylan tour? They'd be the perfect backup band for him.

As a matter of fact, we came close to doing that a couple of times, but it just didn't materialize. The Dead, of course, have great respect for Bob, and vice versa. I've talked to both sides about it, and I still think that somewhere along the line that could happen.

There aren't too many musicians that I've met more than once socially or at a gig with whom the Dead didn't come up. Because it eventually gets to "What do you eat? What do you read? What do you listen to?" Many times they're very surprised that I enjoy the Dead. But Pete Townshend is a big fan of the Dead. So is Stevie Winwood. And Carlos loves the Dead.

Did you ever want to manage the Dead? Or would you ever want to? And if you did, what might you do differently?

Not manage. Would I like to advise? Yes. The Dead, in that context, are very much like a great artist who came to see me about management one time, and who I ended up managing for a short period. I tried to explain to that artist about how I felt about his music and his lyrics and his importance, and how I'd like to help him maintain his career so he'd be with us longer, so he could share what he is. I don't feel that way about many artists — that they're good *and* important. I didn't *need* to manage him, but I *wanted* to help him.

That's how I feel about the Dead. I'd like to help them any way I can. And over the years they've asked my opinion on certain things, and I've given it. I think it's worked out very well, generally speaking, for who we all are. Because what I could never do is be full time for them, and they need that. I think that Danny being back these last couple of years has led to a very positive growth pattern in the way they conduct their business.

Given your intimate knowledge of the mainstream music business and your intimate knowledge of the Dead, and how they differ from that mainstream, do you think they could ever be widely popular? Or is it intrinsic to who they are that they'll always be a little bit underground?

I think the latter is more likely, unless a song they happen to write happens to be what lots of people want to hum. It could happen. They play "Good Lovin'," for example. If they'd put that out before the Young Rascals did, they might have had a hit. But that's not the way they're geared. They'll continue to be who they are. But what you can't do is underestimate who they are. They drew 40,000 people at Saratoga. They sell out the Garden. People outside our business don't know how big they are. And even people *in* the business who don't promote them don't know how big they are.

But who's to say what they could or should do? I'd love to see the Grateful Dead play in Israel, because so much of their music has a Middle Eastern inflection. Also, in Africa, because they make people move so beautifully.

I'd also love to see them play on some bills with other bands, because there might be a Dire Straits fan who is 22 years old and has just never heard the Dead on the radio, but he very well might love them. It goes back to what we did in the '60s, which was, "Hey, you want to see the Dead? Well, you're going to see this guy named Miles Davis first." "You want to see Moby Grape? You're also going to see Chuck Berry." I'd like to see the Dead play with Talking Heads. Or Ry Cooder. To have Bobby McFerrin join the percussionists in the second half would be mind-blower!

Some of this is just stuff *I'd* like to see, but other ideas come from wanting to expose them to people who might like them. People

"If the Dead gave me the highest experience of my life [in Egypt], they also gave me the 7th, 19th, 26th . . . So many separate experiences with the Dead are among my top 50 or 100 experiences."

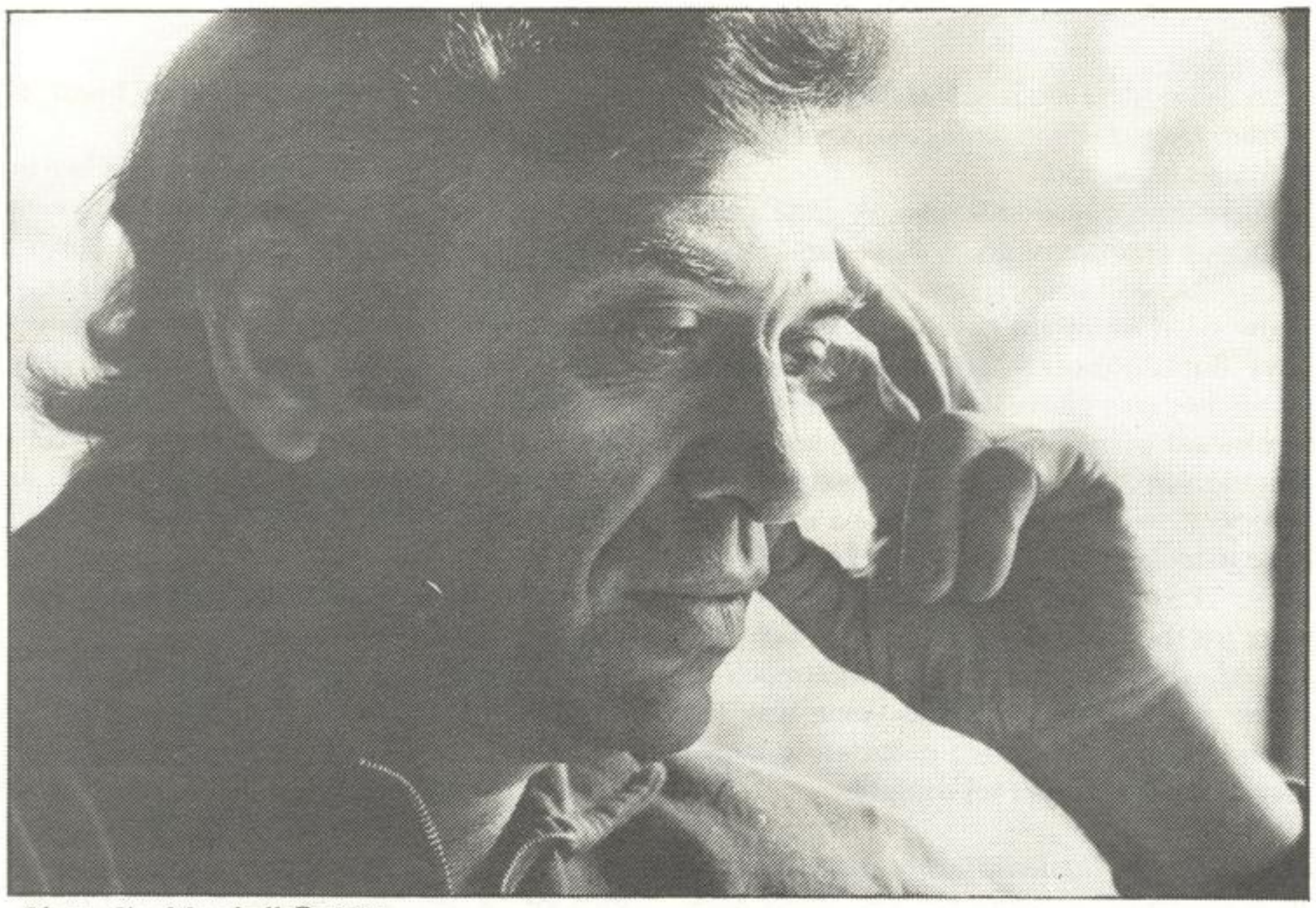


Photo: Jim Marshall © 1985

who right now think, "Oh, the Grateful Dead — they're that band from the '60s and their fans look like this." Well, how do you dip that person into Dead sauce? Put together a bill that makes sense. I'd like to see the Dead introduce their fans to new things, too — King Sunny Ade, for example. But then you get into economics and the logistics of such an undertaking. I'd love to see these things happen, and I believe the Dead would too, but it really takes a lot of hard, hard work, almost a mania.

Look at Egypt. All of a sudden there we were at the pyramids. Everyone had said, "You can't do that. Are you crazy?" Well, they did it.

You were there primarily as a spectator, right?

Yes. There was talk between us about me doing it, but it was one of the few times, I must admit, I didn't think it could happen. I didn't take the time to try to make it happen because I didn't think I had the time. Eventually, they took it on themselves and were able to do it.

Even though I didn't do this thing they had asked me to do, they still said, "You're coming, of course?" And I did. If we had nine hours, perhaps we could tap into what it was all about for me. And you know, I've never really taken the time to say, "Thanks. You've given me one of the most special experiences of my life." The music and the place and that ride across the desert after the last show [see "Tall Tales," Issue #7] ... I mean, seeing Kesey and Bill Walton having a camel race is not exactly an everyday occurrence! [Laughs]

They didn't think they played well enough to put the tape out, but for me, it was the most moving musical event — and there've been New Year's Eves where they've played great, and jams at the Fillmores and Winterland where they were great and jammed with all these people—I can rattle off maybe 20 different great gigs — but the first night's show in Egypt ... Mickey had met this Nubian tribe. They started to play, and I was on the side of the stage feeling no pain — there were goodies all around — and then very gently came these notes [he sings softly], and it was Jerry's picking, like this bird that was flying over the stage, amongst the tar playing. Then there was a bass line! And one by one the guys picked up their instruments and they just tapped into what the Nubians were doing. And they were as one for 20 minutes, and then the Nubians left the stage and the Dead played. That 20 minutes can't ever be equaled for me. It has nothing even to do with musical content. It was everything. Here's the Sphinx, and here's the pyramid. And here I am. I can't begin to describe it. If you said to me, "Based on the experiences you've had in life and what you can imagine would be pleasurable, and you're going to the electric chair the day after tomorrow — what do you want to do tomorrow?" I'd want to be on that stage with those players in that situation, to feel that way again.

But if the Dead gave me the highest experience of my life, they also gave me the 7th, 19th, 26th ... so many separate experiences with the Dead are part of my top 50 or 100 experiences.

"As time passes, there are fewer and fewer diamonds to be mined."

New Year's is coming up in a couple of months, and we know you're already thinking about your midnight entrance. Can you talk a little about what those shows mean to you?

In the early days there were other people who did the thing at midnight. It's something that's evolved. I didn't feel about New Year's Eve then the way I feel about it now. It was a celebration, but what evolved was an approach: I didn't want it to be a constant thing all night long, where it was "Happy New Year! Happy New Year! Happy New Year!" I wanted to give them one minute of puree rather than a soup that was watered down, so we stressed the actual New Year's moment — that last minute where you count down from 60, and then from 30. Through the years it changed and became more elaborate. As Father Time I'd come in on a joint, or a motorcycle, or a mushroom.

That moment is really my only relative understanding of what it's like to be a member of the Dead or of the Stones, but in the guise of Father Time. And for a good 30 seconds—the rest of the time I'm busy throwing flowers, or trying to see where I am, or pushing some button that's going to do something—I get to see that absolute joy on the faces of the audience. I get to experience for just a few seconds what performers experience year round. It's pure joy. It's an awesome experience.

One year ['77 – '78] I was stuck — Santana was playing the Cow Palace and the Dead were playing Winterland. And Carlos asked me to do an entrance at his show, so it became, "Well, I can do one or the other, so what should I do? Or, I can do both, but how can I explain to a Santana-Journey audience what my problem is?" And finally I decided I could explain it to the Dead audience and make a late entrance there. Only because I knew Deadheads would say "OK. Why not?" [Laughs]

So when people came into Winterland that night they got a little slip of paper with a Dead logo on it that said: "Due to circumstances within my control, New Year's will be at 12:30. Thank you. Cheers, Bill." So I did my entrance at the Cow Palace, left there at two minutes after 12, and while I was being driven to Winterland I got into my Dead skeleton suit. I got to Winterland at 26 after 12, raced up the side and went up in the balcony, got on this Harley Davidson, and then at 12:29 went across the audience on a wire.

But I realized as I was sitting there for a good ten or 15 seconds before I did it, that what these Dead fans were saying was: "Hey, the cat says New Year's is 12:30, it's 12:30." How much more respect for a situation could I ask for?

Deadheads are flexible.

No person said, "Why did you do that?" And that has a lot to do with who the Deadheads are. That night was one of those nights that makes all the other stuff very easy to do. In these people, we have the most open-minded fans. I'm not saying that Stones fans aren't groovy and Van Morrison's fans aren't really great. But as a large unit of people, they literally have said with life: "I'll try it. I don't know what you've got, but I'll try it." □

SET LISTS: VENTURA THROUGH CHULA VISTA

Coming off the sizzlingly hot summer Midwest tour (see last issue), there was some concern that it would be difficult for the band to get up for the annual "Weekend at the Beach" in Ventura, an hour north of Los Angeles. Would the layoff between shows cause them to lose the momentum they'd been building since the mid-June Greek shows? Would the relatively laid-back sun 'n' surf ambience of Ventura dull the music's edge? Would this be the year that the dust kicked up by whirling dancers in the old rodeo stadium would finally overcome us? These are the kinds of fears that brutalize the psyches of even the best-intentioned and most optimistic Deadheads. The true paranoiacs in our ranks harbor more specific terrors—fretting whether this song or that will or won't be played; and, "If they do play these lousy songs, does that mean the band has lost it completely? Is this my last Dead show? Am I going to have to go visit my *parents* next vacation, or what?" Relax. Calm down. Nurse—some tranquilizers, please!

Predictably, the shows were fine. The weather always seems to be beautiful in Ventura—sunny, a nice breeze blowing off the ocean, no humidity. The first show coincided with the Live Aid concerts in London and Philadelphia, and apparently to show some solidarity with the millions who were listening and watching around the world, the radio feed of Live Aid was blaring out of the p.a. as Deadheads (many sporting "DEAD AID" stickers) arrived at the concert site. This was good and bad. On the one hand, it gave everyone a chance to participate to a degree in this history-making musical extravaganza. But unfortunately for those of us listening on the Dead's giant p.a. stacks, much of the music was screaming heavy metal—hardly what most Deadheads want to hear before a show—and an unending stream of obnoxious commercials effectively destroyed the social aspect of the pre-show experience. It was even worse at the break, when most people *really* didn't want to hear blaring ads for Close-up toothpaste and AT&T. As they say, the road to ruin is sometimes paved with good intentions.

Once the radio was clicked off, and the band turned *on*, the crowd was treated to quite a show. It opened with a rousing "Saturday Night," and as that ended in a wash of clanging chords and distortion, the familiar opening riff of—Could it be? Yes, it is! — "Fire on the Mountain" wafted from the stage like the smoke from a genie's bottle. The appropriateness of Garcia's surprise selection was lost on no one: Much of central California, and Ventura County in particular, had been ravaged the previous week by a series of brush fires that consumed literally millions of acres of bone-dry land. Driving down the coast to Ventura from San Francisco, Deadheads passed mile after mile of charred hills and valleys, and in some areas the sky took on a strange reddish-brown hue from all the smoke in the air. Indeed, as the band played "Fire on the Mountain" that afternoon, plumes of grey-black smoke still rose up from the distant hills in formless dark curls. It was definitely one of THOSE moments — the kind that only circumstance and synchronicity allow.

The band was relaxed and obviously in good spirits both afternoons. If the set lists fail to reveal any spectacular combinations of songs, rest assured it was all extremely well-played — state-of-the-art Grateful Dead with few lapses in concentration among the players. At this point, we all expect versions of "Comes a Time," "Terrapin," "Throwing Stones," etc. to knock us out. The joy of the Ventura shows — really *most* of the shows this summer — was how wonderfully tight everything was, from first note to last. After four years, the Dead seem completely comfortable with the venue; they almost play it like a hometown show.

Following the Ventura dates, the band took a month off, then came back to play their biggest West Coast concert since the US Festival — an afternoon at the Boreal Ridge ski area, 7500 feet up in California's beautiful Sierra Nevada. The stage was set up at the foot of the ski slope, and the crowd of more than 20,000 spread their blankets on the steep incline of grass and weeds that is the slope in summer. A chair lift took the more courageous Heads to the top of the mountain for perilous rides down the slope in small plastic sleds-with-wheels that careened through a narrow, twisting cement course. Also on the concert site was a mini-bazaar, with craftspeople galore and lots of different food booths.

It sounds like an idyllic setting, yet there were problems. The temperature was close to 90° a full two hours before showtime, and the hillside offered virtually no shade. Some of the slope was so overgrown with tall weeds that it was all but unusable. Traffic congestion was absurd: many concertgoers had to park miles away and then take shuttle buses. The main parking lot was so chaotic that it took some people up to four hours to get their cars out after the show. So, take



Ventura '85. Photo: Ron Delany

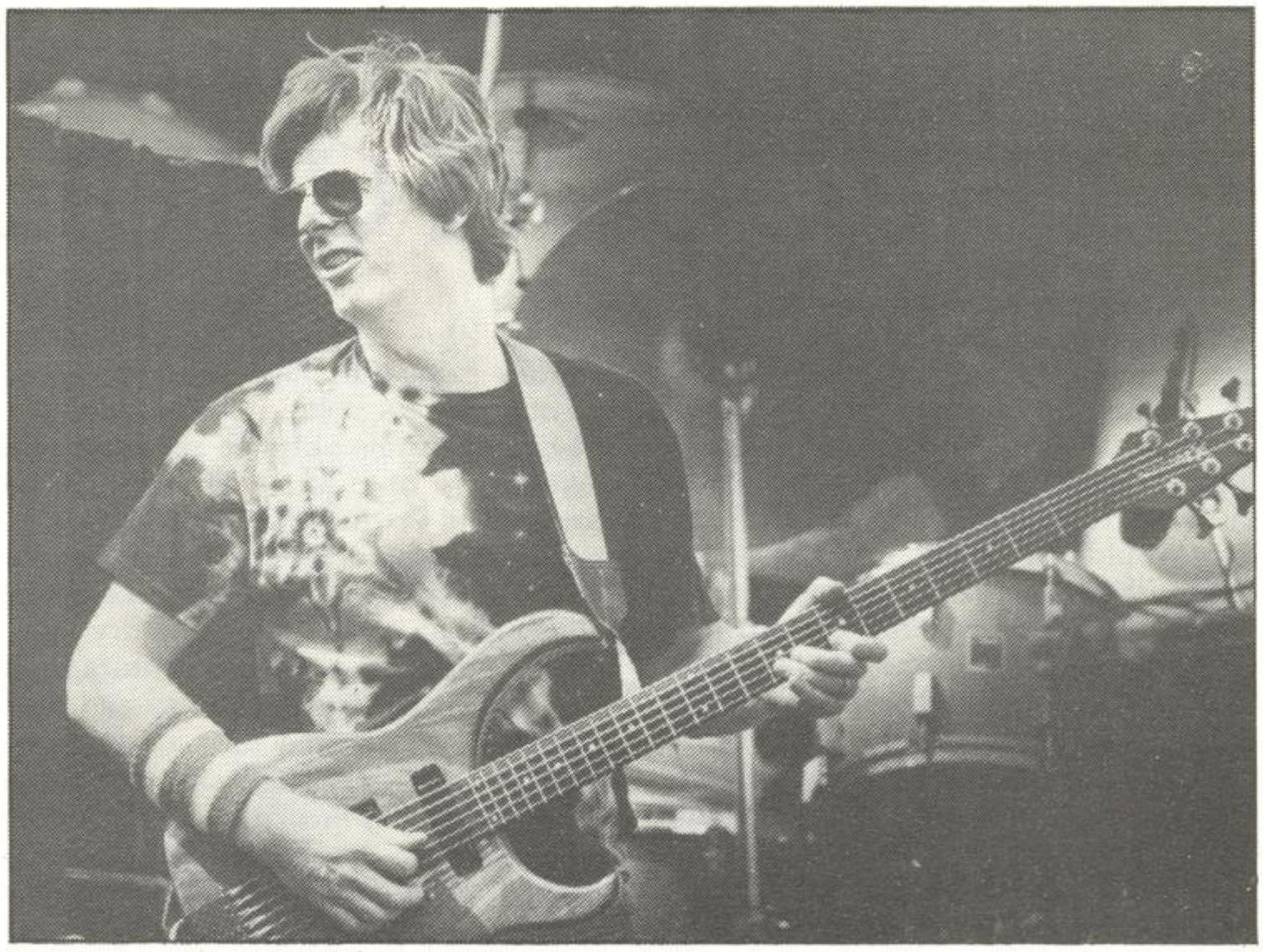
that kind of heat, the hassles of getting and being there, then sell buckets of beer, and you have a blueprint for disaster.

Alas, the band didn't help matters at all. Boreal was the worst Dead show I've seen in several years. Except for decent versions of "Feel Like a Stranger" and "China Cat-Rider" at the beginning of the second set, the show sorely lacked cohesion. The band never really clicked, and basically seemed to be just going through the motions. How bad was it? Well, when Weir went into "Lovelight" to close the show, Garcia flashed a scowl that could've stopped a grizzly bear at 50 feet. He turned to his amplifier and essentially didn't play on the song. Then, when Weir (who looked to be having a great time, actually) tried to bring the song down with the familiar "Now wait a minute!" Garcia looked at him over his glasses, shook his head "no" and ended the song.

I should note that almost everyone I know who drove the three hours from the Bay Area to the show had a great time that weekend. We all had fun hanging out in the mountains, staying at cozy lodges nestled on alpine lakes and partying with each other. Too bad about the show, though. *El Stinko!*

(Parenthetically, I'd like to hop on my soapbox for a second to say that I'm getting very tired of having to fend off drunks at Dead shows. Every time I go to a show where tubs of beer are sold — I'm thinking now of Irvine, Ventura and Boreal—I and most of my friends usually spend a good part of the second set dealing with rude and abusive drunk boys who act like they'd be much more at home at an Aerosmith concert than a Dead show. On a hot day it is all but unbearable. Aside from the occasional over-amped soul who needs some guidance to the medical tent, most people seem to have their intake of drugs under control. Such is not the case with beer, however, where the more people drink, the farther it seems to drive them from the music. No doubt I am in the minority here, but I'd love to see the sale of beer banned at Dead shows. As always, we'd like to hear your views on this issue.)

A few days later, the group's Southwest tour began, appropriately enough, with "Jack Straw" at a new venue for the band, the Center Star Amphitheatre in Houston. Even though the show had a 9 p.m. starting time, the temperature was actually hotter than it was at Boreal — about 90° with 95 percent humidity. (No wonder armadillos commit suicide on Texas highways!) But the band's rustiness the previous week vanished as soon as they started playing, and the Texas Deadheads, who only see the band on their home turf every couple of years, got a strong show that included a set-closing



Ventura '85. Photo: Ron Delany

"Morning Dew" and an explosive "Sugar Magnolia" encore.

From Houston it was on to Willie Nelson Country, and the Dead's fourth appearance at Manor Downs racetrack. Austinites can party with the best of them, and any reasonably hip cowboy within pickup truck distance of the Downs would be a fool to miss this Saturday night stomp. This year, the Dead drew the largest crowd of any stop on their Western tour, and the band delivered with a show that seemed positively customized for the region, with versions of "Mississippi Half-Step" ("Acroosssss the Rio Gran-di-o"), "El Paso," "Mexicali Blues" and "Let It Grow." A spacey second-set opening of "Terrapin" into "Estimated Prophet" gave the Lone Star Beer crowd something to meditate on, before the Dead wrapped it up later with another strong "Throwing Stones-Not Fade Away" combination. A double encore of "She Belongs to Me" into "Saturday Night" capped this energetic show with a delicious combination of edge and abandon.

A mere 6000 people showed up at the beautiful Zoo Amphitheatre in Oklahoma City two nights later, but the Oklahomans' loss was the Tourheads' gain. There was ample room to dance on the abundant grass, and feet were flying to a rockin' ten-song first set that included a mid-set "Iko Iko." The second set blended the Dead's party side with more subtle and spacey tunes like "Playin' in the Band" and "China Doll."

For reasons unknown, Kansas City is one of those cities where the Dead always play well, and this year was no exception. In a move that surprised and delighted everyone, the band opened the second set with a dynamic, full version of "That's It for the Other One," seamlessly tying together the song's disparate elements into a satisfying whole. Following "space," the crowd at the acoustically wondrous Starlight Amphitheatre got another treat when Garcia sang Blind Willie Johnson's "Nobody's Fault But Mine" (you'll recall that he plays the song instrumentally after "Truckin'" once in a while). That segued into "Truckin'," which stormed into a gritty "Smokestack Lightning," and then it was "Comes a Time - Lovelight" to end the set. By the time the Dead reached Red Rocks two days later, they were rolling with the same kind of intensity they built on the now-fabled summer Midwest tour.

There's no question that Red Rocks is what Carlos Castaneda referred to in his Don Juan books as a "power spot" — a place that is imbued with a mystical energy of its own, that is spiritually "alive." It is easy to see why Colorado Indians gravitated to Red Rocks and held it as a holy place; it is also easy to understand why the white man would seek to control it, and later legislate to protect it. That the Dead never played Red Rocks until 1978 is strange indeed. What other group could so readily tap into the Rocks' lifeforce?

Fate had conspired to keep Regan and me from Red Rocks until this year; after having our hopes dashed last year (when the Dead's September shows there were canceled because of a still-cloudy dispute with Denver promoter Barry Fey) there was no way we were going to miss these shows, particularly in light of how well the Dead have been playing. Many eye-

brows were raised when the concerts were switched from night to afternoon: who among us has not heard stories about The Rocks At Night — the glow of the Dead's lighting casting eerie colors on the majestic slabs of rock that surround the amphitheatre. With the right combination of music, lights and mind expanding agents, the Rocks took on new forms, and Denver, glittering like diamonds in the distance, beckoning like Oz.

The one drawback of nighttime shows there was the weather: it almost always rained. It was, ironically, the idea of lighting director Candace Brightman to make this year's shows afternoon affairs; she'd observed that frequently the rain hit the Rocks around 6 or 7 p.m. As fate would have it, it didn't rain at the Rocks day or night this year, but the shows were so good that even people who had initially grumbled about missing the lights came to appreciate the Rocks by day.

The view, of course, is magnificent — green and red as far as the eye can see; Denver a gleaming white eruption in the distance. Inside, the rocks that form the amphitheatre are a deep clay-red against the blue sky. After five minutes inside the place, I knew I'd have to go every time the Dead plays there. Certainly there is a power and beauty unique to places like the Greek and Stanford, but Red Rocks' geological and anthropological history make it much more than simply a place to see a show. When you walk out of the show as the sun is splashing gold highlights on the red rocks and the shadows are turning from grey to deep purple, you step into pre-history.

With the temperature in the low 80s for the start of the first show, there was mild concern that it would be too hot for Garcia, a notorious night dweller who bakes easily. Bobby was dressed for the weather in a sleeveless T-shirt and cut-offs, and throughout the day Garcia showed no apparent discomfort. Periodic breezes and cloud masses offered relief from the afternoon sun.

As they had in Austin, the band seemed to tailor the first set to the place, with a potent "outdoor" set of songs with a Western feeling, from "Candyman" to "Me & My Uncle-Big River" to "Stagger Lee" and "Let It Grow." The second set may read like a typical '81–'83 show, but it was all brilliantly played, so you'll get no complaint out of me.

Day two started with a wonderfully played (but disappointingly short) first set, and the second set was exceptionally strong. (To be even-handed here, I heard some griping about the second-set selection being too tame; that "Iko" and "Looks Like Rain" are "first-set songs." Maybe, but the "Iko" had the place rocking, and the "Looks Like Rain" was as exquisite as any version I've seen recently.) "Black Peter" was sung with undeniable passion by Garcia, and the "Throwing Stones - Not Fade Away" ending seemed to take on new meaning in this overpowering setting. It's hard to describe the magic that washed over the Rocks at the close of "Not Fade Away." When only the drummers remained onstage, pounding out that primal beat as the crowd chanted, Mickey and Billy became completely lost in the moment and eventually were left just standing in front of their drums, grinning the most out-of-control psychedelic smiles I've ever seen, bonding with the audience. They appeared unable to play, and unwilling to leave, consumed by the power of it all.



Billy, Brent and Mickey aid Bobby on "The Logger Song" at Red Rocks. Photo: Larry Slavens

But it was the final show that left Red Rocks in a molten heap of rubble. Before the first set began, Weir came out onstage alone and regaled the crowd with a hilariously inept version of "The Logger Song," an old traditional tune the Dead performed a couple of times in 1970. As Bobby struggled to remember the song's many verses — laughing all the way — the drummers, Brent and Phil came up to Lesh's and Garcia's vocal mikes and added some of the strangest percussion this side of an April Fool's Day Rhythm Devils jam. A few minutes later, the band returned, still all smiles, and dived into another root'n-toot'n set of Western-oriented tunes, including "Mississippi Half-Step," "Loser," and "Brown-Eyed Women."

Between sets, a fierce wind started blowing between the rocks, and for a while it looked like a traditional Colorado downpour was imminent. The stage covering was hastily put on and plastic sheets soon covered the p.a. stacks, but by the time the Dead came back with a fat-and-funky "Shakedown Street," the sun shone once more and the clouds were again etched with a blazing gold light. The canopy was banished and the skies never threatened again. The band was in absolute peak form all set, as they rolled out one gem after another. "Shakedown" eased into a lilting and joyous "Crazy Fingers" ("Life may be sweeter for this, I don't know/ See how it feels in the air"!). Following a titanic "Samson," Garcia began "Uncle John's Band"; predictably, the crowd went wild. The warm feeling of this "Uncle John's" was palpable; in a lot of ways it's THE SONG, if you know what I mean — the anthem, and all the more so this day. From there, I assumed that the Rhythm Devils segment would follow, but instead the group smoothly sailed into a generously long "Playing in the Band."

After a mesmerizing space jam, the Dead gently flowed into "Dear Mr. Fantasy," which debuted at the Rocks in '84. Brent handled the first verse alone, then was joined by Garcia on the second. But something remarkable happened before the final vocal reprise. As Brent played a soft organ interlude, he toyed with the melodic line of "Hey Jude," as he has a couple of times since this year's second Irvine show. Instead of just teasing with the riff though, Brent quietly sang along: "Na na na, na na na, na na na, hey Jude." Then, miraculously it seemed, Garcia joined in on the next pass at the refrain, followed by Weir and then Lesh. By the third time through, everyone there was singing with gusto. Once again it was a magical bonding of band and crowd, united in song on a simple passage of music that is practically part of the



The band is dwarfed by the light show at Henry J. Kaiser. Photo: Ron Delany

genetic makeup of anyone who was ever moved by The Beatles. I saw people who almost never show their excitement going completely berserk, and more than a few were driven to tears of happiness. It was truly one of the most uplifting experiences of my life, and my only sadness about it stems from thoughts about those who missed it, for mere descriptions and even tapes will never capture the spontaneous exultation of that moment.

Amazingly, Brent found a clean segue back into "Dear Mr. Fantasy." That rolled into one of the zippiest versions of "Truckin'" I've heard. A raw, emotional "Comes a Time" was Garcia's next *tour de force,* and a flawed but spunky "Lovelight" wrapped up the set. A double-encore followed: "Johnny B. Goode" and a haunting "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue." All things considered—the place, the crowd, the weather, the music — this third Red Rocks show was as close to a "perfect" Dead show as I've seen in many a moon; it instantly jumps into my all-time Top Ten of shows I've attended.

In a normal universe, the three Dead shows at the Henry J. Kaiser Center the following week should have seemed like a let-down, but when has "normal" been an adjective used to describe the Dead? The Kaiser Center has become a sort of Winterland for the '80s, the Dead's real "home" hall. These shows were special for another reason, too. In addition to the Dead's always-trippy lights, there was a full-blown light show on a huge screen behind the stage. Photos of the band and old Fillmore and Avalon posters dwarfed the players one moment; the next, liquid blobs danced amorphously to the beat of the music. Though the first concert of the run was technically quite good, the final two nights had the spark. The third night marked the welcome return of "Help on the Way," played only one other time this year. All three nights had the glow of a hometown show — it seemed like friends playing for friends.

The Dead closed the summer touring season 500 miles south, in Chula Vista (south of San Diego, just a couple of miles from the Mexican border). Devore Field turned out to be a lovely place for the end-of-summer ritual, and the Dead gave the SoCal sun freaks and exhausted Tourheads plenty to smile about. A rare, first-set "Smokestack Lightning" augured interesting things to come, but who could've predicted such an oddly structured second set? The band rolled through *six* songs before Weir jumped into "Around & Around," a traditional show-closer. Had they forgotten to lead into the Rhythm Devils jam? Or did they just refuse to surrender the stage to the drummers when they were playing so well? Whatever the case, the space jam led into a crazed "U.S. Blues" ("Summertime done come and gone, my oh my!"), and then "Satisfaction" closed the set with style. There was a final "Brokedown Palace," and Summer '85 was history.

7-13-85 County Fairgrounds, Ventura, CA (Dead Aid)

Saturday Night ♦ Fire on the Mountain, Walkin' Blues, Dupree's Diamond Blues,

Mama Tried ♦ Big River, Birdsong, Music Never Stopped

Touch of Gray, Man Smart Woman Smarter, Terrapin ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Wheel ♦ That's It for the Other One ♦ Comes a Time ♦ Around & Around ♦ Sugar Magnolia/U.S. Blues

7-14-85 Ventura
Hell in a Bucket, They Love Each Other, My Brother Esau, Althea, Cassidy, Big Railroad Blues, Looks Like Rain ♦ Might As Well

China Cat Sunflower ♦ I Know You Rider ♦ Samson & Delilah, Ship of Fools, Estimated Prophet ♦ Eyes of the World ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Truckin' ♦ Smokestack Lightning ♦ Black Peter ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Not Fade Away/Day Job

8-24-85 Boreal Ridge, Donner Summit, CA
Alabama Getaway ♦ Greatest Story Ever Told, West L.A. Fadeaway, New Minglewood Blues, (equipment break), Friend of the Devil, Hell in a Bucket, Don't Ease Me In

Feel Like a Stranger, China Cat Sunflower ♦ I Know You Rider, He's Gone ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Truckin' ♦ Black Peter ♦ Around & Around ♦ Lovelight/Day Tripper

8-30-85 Center Star Amphitheatre, Houston, TX
Jack Straw, Row Jimmy, C.C. Rider, Birdsong, Looks Like Rain ♦ Deal

Scarlet Begonias ♦ Touch of Gray, Samson & Delilah ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Gimme Some Lovin' ♦ The Wheel ♦ The Other One ♦ Morning Dew/Sugar Magnolia

8-31-85 Manor Downs, Austin, TX
Mississippi Half-Step, El Paso, Dupree's Diamond Blues, Mexicali Blues ♦ Big River, Althea, My Brother Esau, Jackaroe, Let It Grow

Terrapin ♦ Estimated Prophet ♦ jam ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Goin' Down the Road ♦ Stella Blue ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Not Fade Away/She Belongs to Me

9-2-85 Zoo Amphitheatre, Oklahoma City, OK
Bertha ♦ Greatest Story Ever Told, West L.A. Fadeaway, Mama Tried ♦ Me & My Uncle, Stagger Lee, Iko Iko, New Minglewood Blues, Ramble On Rose, Hell in a Bucket

China Cat Sunflower ♦ I Know You Rider, Man Smart Woman Smarter, Ship of Fools ♦ Playin' in the Band ♦ jam ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ I Need a Miracle ♦ China Doll ♦ Around & Around ♦ Good Lovin'/Day Job

9-3-85 Starlight Theatre, Kansas City, MO
Feel Like a Stranger, They Love Each Other, Little Red Rooster, Dire Wolf, Cassidy, Big Railroad Blues, The Music Never Stopped ♦ Don't Ease Me In

That's It for the Other One ♦ Eyes of the World ♦ Don't Need Love (w/o Jerry) ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Nobody's Fault But Mine ♦ Truckin' ♦ Smokestack Lightning ♦ Comes a Time ♦ Lovelight/Baby Blue

9-5-85 Red Rocks Amphitheatre, Morrison, CO
Cold Rain & Snow, C.C. Rider, Candyman, Me & My Uncle ♦ Big River, Stagger Lee, Beat It On Down the Line, Peggy-O, Let It Grow

Scarlet Begonias ♦ Fire on the Mountain, Estimated Prophet ♦ Eyes of the World ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Gimme Some Lovin' ♦ Wharf Rat ♦ Sugar Magnolia/Brokedown Palace

9-6-85 Red Rocks
Hell in a Bucket ♦ Sugaree, It's All Over Now, Birdsong, El Paso, Don't Ease Me In

Iko Iko, Looks Like Rain, He's Gone ♦ jam ♦ Spoonful (w/o Jerry) ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Wheel ♦ Black Peter ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Not Fade Away/U.S. Blues

9-7-85 Red Rocks
The Logger Song, Mississippi Half-Step, New Minglewood Blues, Brown-Eyed Women, My Brother Esau, Dupree's Diamond Blues, Saturday Night

Shakedown Street ♦ Crazy Fingers ♦ Samson & Delilah, Uncle John's Band ♦ Playin' in the Band ♦ jam ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Dear Mr. Fantasy ♦ Hey Jude coda ♦ Mr. Fantasy ♦ Truckin' ♦ Comes a Time ♦ Lovelight/Johnny B. Goode ♦ Baby Blue

9-10-85 Henry J. Kaiser Convention Center, Oakland, CA
Jack Straw, Peggy-O, Little Red Rooster, Stagger Lee, Me & My Uncle ♦ Mexicali Blues, Ramble On Rose, Cassidy ♦ Don't Ease Me In

China Cat Sunflower ♦ I Know You Rider ♦ Estimated Prophet ♦ Eyes of the World ♦ Good Time Blues (a.k.a. Never Trust a Woman; with Weir, Brent and Billy only) ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ China Doll ♦ Goin' Down the Road ♦ Around & Around ♦ Sugar Magnolia/Day Job

9-11-85 Kaiser Center
Mississippi Half-Step, New Minglewood Blues, Friend of the Devil, Beat It On Down the Line (with 42 "beats," for Mickey's birthday) ♦ Promised Land, Tennessee Jed, Let It Grow

Touch of Gray, Hell in a Bucket, Terrapin ♦ Man Smart Woman Smarter ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Gimme Some Lovin' ♦ Stella Blue ♦ Good Lovin'/U.S. Blues

9-12-85 Kaiser Center
Greatest Story Every Told ♦ Bertha, Row Jimmy, My Brother Esau ♦ Big Railroad Blues ♦ Looks Like Rain ♦ Might As Well

Help on the Way ♦ Slipknot ♦ Franklin's Tower, Playin' in the Band ♦ jam ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Other One ♦ Black Peter ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Not Fade Away/Brokedown Palace

9-15-85 Devore Stadium, Chula Vista, CA
Alabama Getaway ♦ Promised Land, West L.A. Fadeaway, Mama Tried ♦ Big River, Dupree's Diamond Blues, Smokestack Lightning ♦ Deal

Scarlet Begonias ♦ Fire on the Mountain, Samson & Delilah, She Belongs to Me ♦ Truckin' ♦ Comes a Time ♦ Around & Around ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ U.S. Blues ♦ Satisfaction/Brokedown Palace

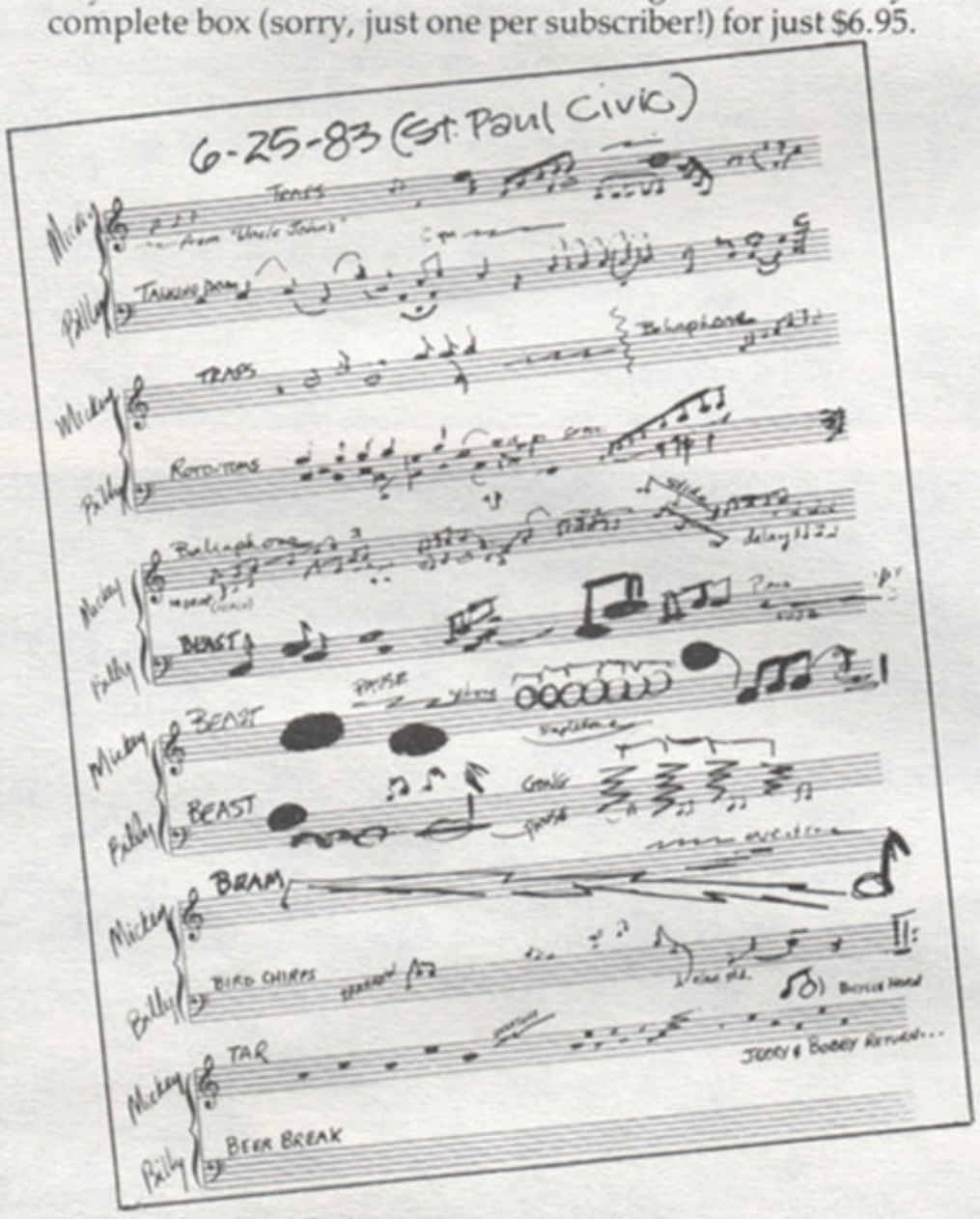


At Henry J. Kaiser. Photo: Ron Delany

The Golden Road's HOLIDAY GIFT IDEAS!



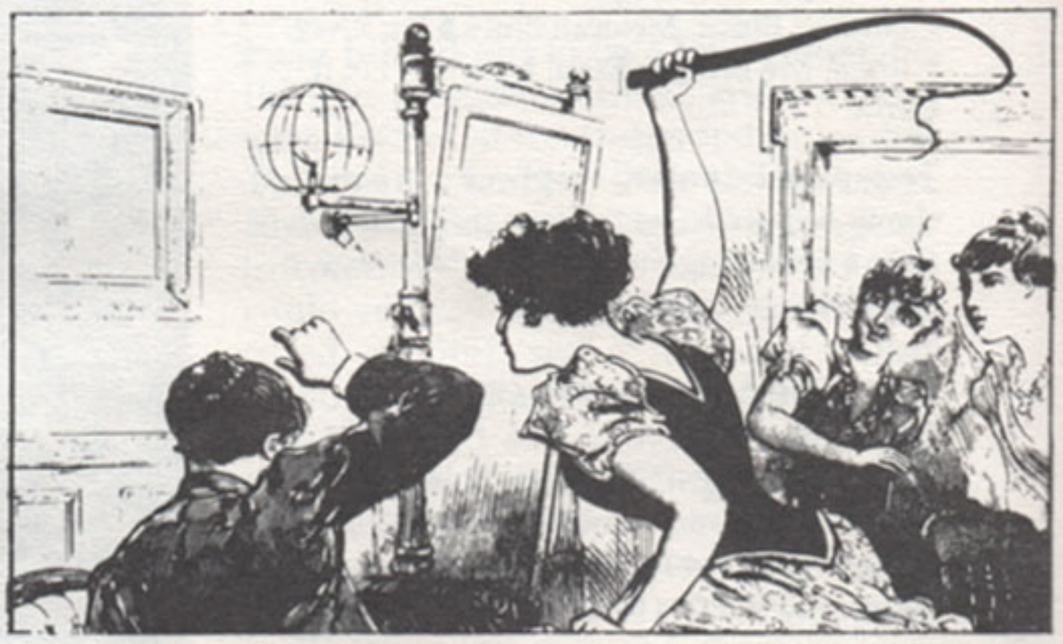
"Life of Pigpen" Glasses—In 1971, Virgil Kroc, the teenaged son of McDonald's founder Ray Kroc, went to see the Grateful Dead for the first time at the Community Concourse in San Diego. Young Virgil was so impressed with Pigpen's version of "Hard to Handle" that he went to his father's office the next day and proposed that McDonald's put out a series of six glasses depicting different scenes from the life of Pigpen, to be sold for just 49 cents with the purchase of a Big Mac. Virgil was certain that Pigpen's visage would attract the youth culture that had heretofore rejected junk food. To appease his rebellious son, the elder Kroc reluctantly ordered the "Life of Pigpen" glasses into production that fall. More than 20,000 were produced, but before they could be shipped to McDonald's outlets, Ray and Virgil had a serious falling out. As a result, Virgil was written out of the old man's will, and the lad's beloved Pigpen glasses were put in storage, never to see the light of day. After Ray Kroc's death a couple of years ago, however, we were allowed to buy several hundred sets of this historic glassware. Now you can get a complete box (sorry, just one per subscriber!) for just $6.95.



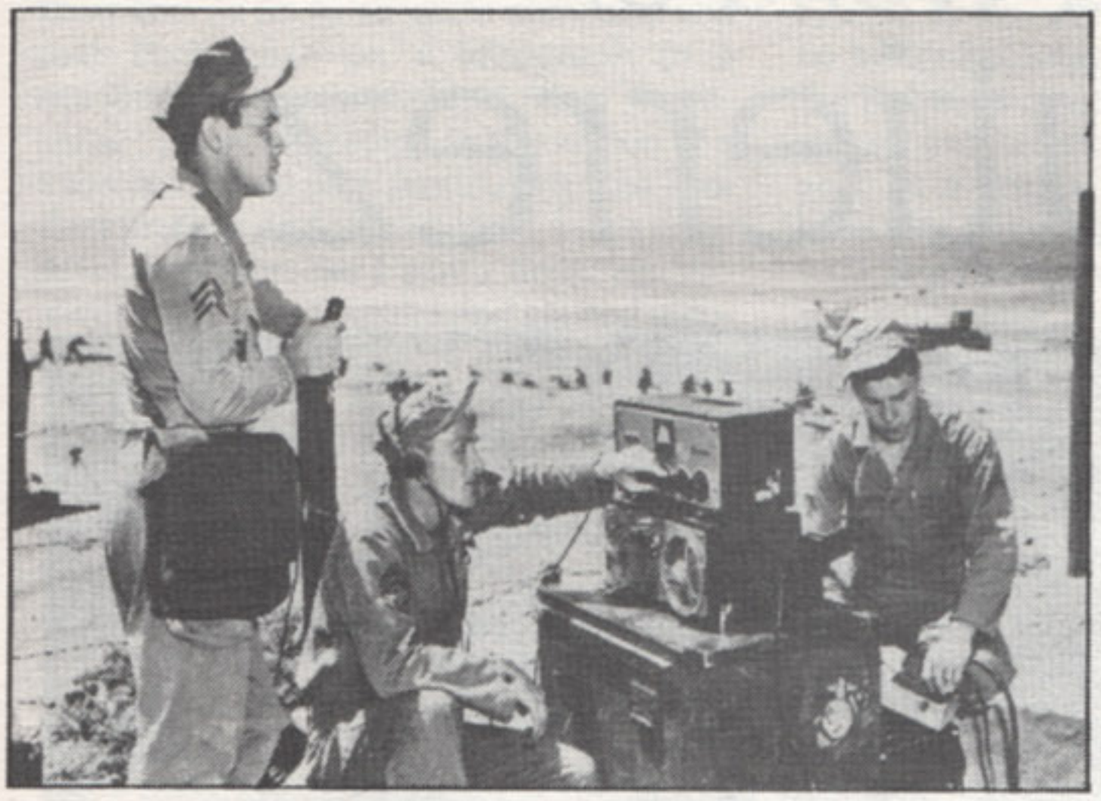
The Rhythm Devils Songbook—Over five years in the making, this is the first songbook of its kind! Want to reproduce the drum solo from the 4-29-77 show at New York's Palladium in the privacy of your own home? This is the book for you. The songbook's unique, newly developed system of notation lets you effortlessly move from traps to your big drums to "The Beam" to baliaphone and talking drum just like Mickey and Billy. You'll find over 150 shows to choose from, plus the drummers' secrets on how they speed up a too-slow "Looks Like Rain," or throw Bobby off the beat on "Sugar Magnolia" just to goof on him, and tips on driving your neighbors away. It's a lifetime of ear damage for just $14.95.



Asbestos Tape Gloves—"Honey, come quickly! My hands are on fire!" Who hasn't heard that cry a hundred times after a friend or mate opened a package containing the tape of a particularly scorching Dead show? Short of carrying a fire extinguisher, there is little you can do about handling those hot tapes, right? Wrong! Now you, too, can own the same kind of special asbestos tape gloves worn by the Dead's own vaultkeeper, Willy LeGate (shown here looking in the room where tapes from 1968–69 are stored.) Made from the miracle synthetic fiber Jerricool™, these fireproof mitts can be used in the snow or for baseball, too. At $49.95 they're not cheap, but then neither is a week's stay in your local hospital's burn unit.



***Love Stinks*, by Brent Mydland**—We know you've been feeling pretty good about that relationship you have with that special someone. But Brent Mydland would like to remind you that there are two sides to every story—particularly if it's a *love* story. Now, for the first time, all of Brent's major songs about the horrors of romance are collected on one disc. Aside from bummers near and dear to every Deadhead such as "Don't Need Love," "Far From Me" and "Never Trust a Woman," you'll feed your depression with Brent's passion-filled covers of songs like "You're No Good," "Mean Mistreater," "You Can't Lose What You Never Had," "Evil Woman" and the neglected Howlin' Wolf classic, "I've Been Abused." Though this collection might make you blue, you'll feel great about the price: just $5 for record or tape.



The Army Tapes—You've heard *about* them for years; now you can actually hear them! In 1965 and '66, long before Deadheads began taping shows on cheap, portable mono recorders, the U.S. Army, under direct orders from President Lyndon Johnson, surreptitiously recorded some 64 Grateful Dead shows in hopes of obtaining evidence that could help convict the band of one offense or another. Johnson viewed the Dead as *that much* of a threat. LBJ and the Army never could get the goods on the Dead, but they did make some outstanding recordings using the latest Magnecord recorders, usually hidden in trucks or vans outside of the halls where the Dead played. (In the 1967 photo above, Army sound recordists man a desert outpost 60 miles east of Los Angeles, capturing a Dead concert at Danish Hall in L.A.) If you order today, we'll send you two 90-minute tapes per month for the next three years. The price? A mere $20 a month—cheap, considering the expense of obtaining these from the government through the Freedom of Information Act.



Avalon Mystery Liquid—Yup, this is the real stuff: the actual "punch" that was handed out from the stage in Dixie Cups at the Grateful Dead's final gig at San Francisco's Avalon Ballroom April 6, 1969. Because the drink was prepared in 20 gallon vats, there was still plenty left over after the last concertgoer had staggered home. Rather than letting the surplus go to waste, one of the drink's enterprising creators had it bottled and hermetically sealed to lock in freshness, flavor and strength. We recently managed to secure three cases of this potent potable, and we're offering it to our readers at the ridiculously low price of just $40 per bottle, less than you'd pay for a nice bottle of Dom Perignon! What does it taste like? How strong is it? Will it kill you? Who knows, but we're predicting you'll have an interesting time finding out.



The Headblaster—Let's face it: if you sit in the 733rd row of Brendan Byrne Arena, the sound isn't going to be as good as it is for the lucky stiffs who bought scalper seats in the first 20 rows. At least that's the way it *used* to be. But now, through the miracle of electronic miniaturization, you can enjoy perfect stereo sound wherever you're sitting. Want to get a hot dog but don't want to miss "Help on the Way"? No problem. Take the concert with you! The mix comes straight from Dan Healy's console to your face, thanks to a complex network of electronics you couldn't possibly understand. Someday, *everyone* will own a Microtech Headblaster. But you can be among the first if you order one today for just $79.95. (Caution: use only as directed; may pick up CB signals and Spanish language radio stations if improperly worn.)

The Ultimate VU Meter: How many times have you gotten home from taping a Dead show only to find that you'd set your levels wrong? Few things are more annoying than hearing Phil's bass rattling and Weir's guitar so shrill that even your dog has to leave the room when you play the tape. Well, now *Golden Road* readers can make the best tapes around, thanks to these new VU-VALU meters developed for us by top techno-nerds. Smaller than a television and lighter than an anvil, these nifty-looking meters (available in pink, brown or avocado) are the perfect match for your Sony D-5. And listen to this: each of these beauts runs on just eight "D" batteries! At a mere $75, this marvel of high-tech engineering belongs on any serious taper's holiday gift list!



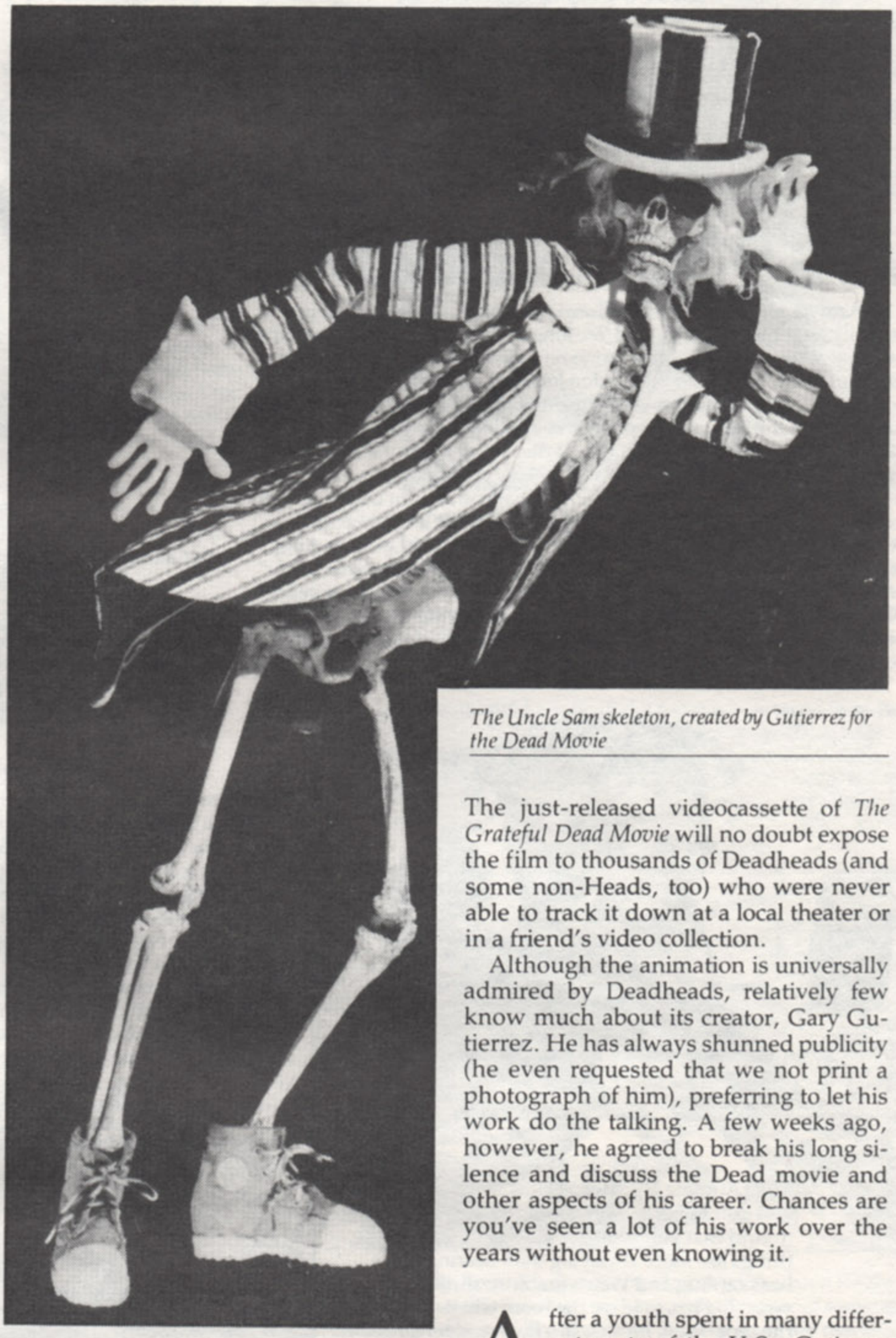
The Animated World of Gary Gutierrez

From 'The Dead Movie' to 'Sirens of Titan'

A gleaming steel ball rockets across the heavens at warp speed, flies through unending expanses of black space, caroms uncontrollably from one end of the nebula to the other before it obliterates conventional dimensionality and shatters the time-space continuum . . . An American flag magically metamorphoses, its ordered stars and stripes melting into serpentine curves and twists before finally erupting in a throbbing burst of crimson . . . A bony apparition, in colorful tails and top hat, does a merry half-step in the firmament — with his feather-light steps and spins, he's an astral Astaire who splits into copies of himself like planaria in a petri dish . . . A solitary chopper carries its rider through an arid landscape where the "foothills" keep perfect time with a silent, rhythmic tapping, and the sky is filled with spheres that change color as they dance in ever-shifting mandala patterns, the symmetry of their movement broken only by the occasional flash of disconnected images on the horizon . . . The hapless prisoner eyes his porcine captor, longing to escape the squalor of his unjust incarceration. A sidelong glance reveals help on the way, there's a mighty crash, a blinding flash of a sparkling, spinning orb — and he's *free!*

If you haven't guessed already, the peculiar vignettes above are sequential snippets from the spectacular eight-minute animation segment that kicks off *The Grateful Dead Movie*. It is that colorful phantasmagoria that sets the tone for the entire movie and serves as almost an abstract visualization of some spaces the Grateful Dead's music inhabits. As it rushes by — in some places literally faster than the mind can absorb it — the viewer is bombarded by images that are alternately beautiful, hideous, funny, scary, choppy, sensually smooth, confusing and cosmically clear. It's no accident that all those adjectives apply to the Dead's music, too.

When the film was originally released in 1977, it was the mindbending animation, as much as anything else, that excited critics (more than two hours of Dead music tried the patience of many). That opening sequence, along with the live version of "U.S. Blues" that follows to complete the "story" in the animation, has enjoyed a life apart from the movie, appearing during the intervening years on several TV programs, and even on MTV and the USA Network's *Nightflight*. (The film, meanwhile, has had only scattered distribution at colleges and in repertory cinemas since it opened.)



The Uncle Sam skeleton, created by Gutierrez for the Dead Movie

The just-released videocassette of *The Grateful Dead Movie* will no doubt expose the film to thousands of Deadheads (and some non-Heads, too) who were never able to track it down at a local theater or in a friend's video collection.

Although the animation is universally admired by Deadheads, relatively few know much about its creator, Gary Gutierrez. He has always shunned publicity (he even requested that we not print a photograph of him), preferring to let his work do the talking. A few weeks ago, however, he agreed to break his long silence and discuss the Dead movie and other aspects of his career. Chances are you've seen a lot of his work over the years without even knowing it.

After a youth spent in many different parts of the U.S., Gutierrez moved to the Bay Area in the late '60s to attend the San Francisco Art Institute, where he majored in printmaking and also studied graphics and lithography. He fell in with the nascent underground film scene in the City and found himself increasingly attracted to that world.

"I got excited about the possibilities of

putting pictures and music together and having people watch something for more than the 10 to 45 seconds someone will cast their gaze on a lithograph in a museum or a corporation lobby," he recalls. "I was interested in the notion of a *mass* medium, and particularly the idea that images and music could be so powerful together. So I put a Bolex on layaway at Brooks Camera and started moving in that direction."

Once out of school, he landed an apprenticeship with director John Korty (who won an Emmy for *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pitman* and a Best Documentary Oscar for his film about a couple who have adopted numerous handicapped children, titled *Who Are the De-Bolts?*). At first, Gutierrez worked primarily as an animator on such PBS children's programs as *Sesame Street* and *The Electric Company*. Eventually Korty delegated more responsibility, and Gutierrez found himself doing design and even some direction. The work he is most proud of from his four years with Korty is a documentary on nuclear disarmament that was hailed in its time for the clarity with which it dealt with the complex issues. "[Korty] was an ideal role model for a young filmmaker," Gutierrez comments. "He was very patient and always encouraged me to use my own ideas. I really couldn't have asked for more than that."

When Korty discovered he had too many projects going at once, he suggested that Gutierrez and Drew Takahashi, who worked as a team under Korty, handle the animation on one television show (*Vegetable Soup*, which taught children about race and ethnicity) independently. And so, in Takahashi's basement a new company was formed, the ironically named Colossal Pictures. Around the same time, Gutierrez got a call from one of the editors he'd worked with on *The Electric Company*, Susan Crutcher. She told him she was the principal editor on a film the Grateful Dead were making, and that she had suggested to Jerry Garcia that Gutierrez do some animation for the film.

"The idea at the time was to have a couple of short bits that would be sort of like animated album covers and posters using the psychedelic-art look of what was in their visual iconography from their graphics," Gutierrez remembers. "Originally, they had almost no money to work with, but I sort of talked them into more," he says with a laugh. "We ended up doing it for about $25,000, which was still unbelievably low. But it was one of those things where the money didn't really matter. The point was to show what I could do, and do it as well as I could."

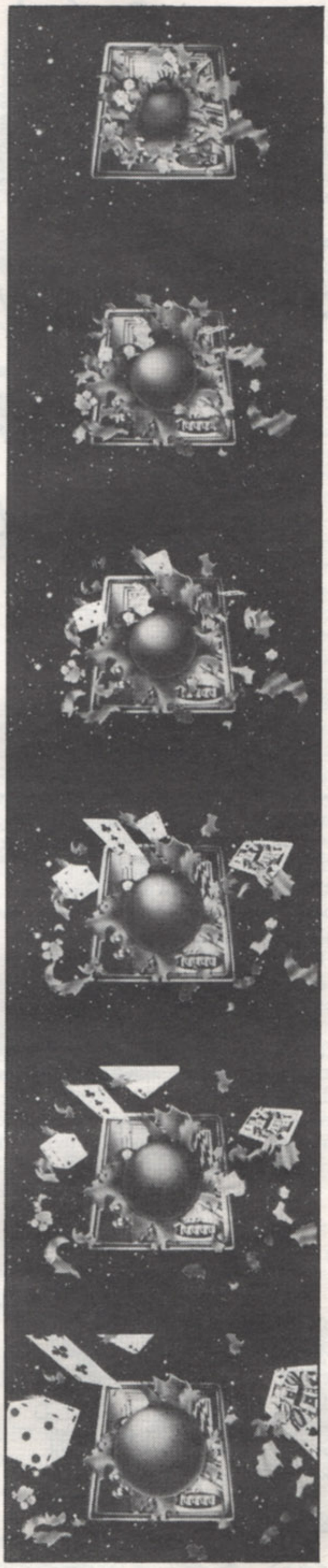
From the outset, Gutierrez's conception for the animation was more grandiose than what Garcia (who directed the film) had envisioned. But he found Garcia to be very receptive to his ideas, so he let his imagination run wild. With the help of a small group of equally committed animators, he worked for about a year in a studio he sublet from Korty, who was busy working on feature films.

"I storyboarded a lot of my ideas for the animation, but a lot of it was done straight under the [animation] camera. There was a lot of manipulation of cutouts mixed with some cell [traditional] animation elements and odd combinations of styles. There were also a lot of things that I'd inadvertently learned over the years that I'd wanted to try, but that didn't have applications in the work I did with Korty."

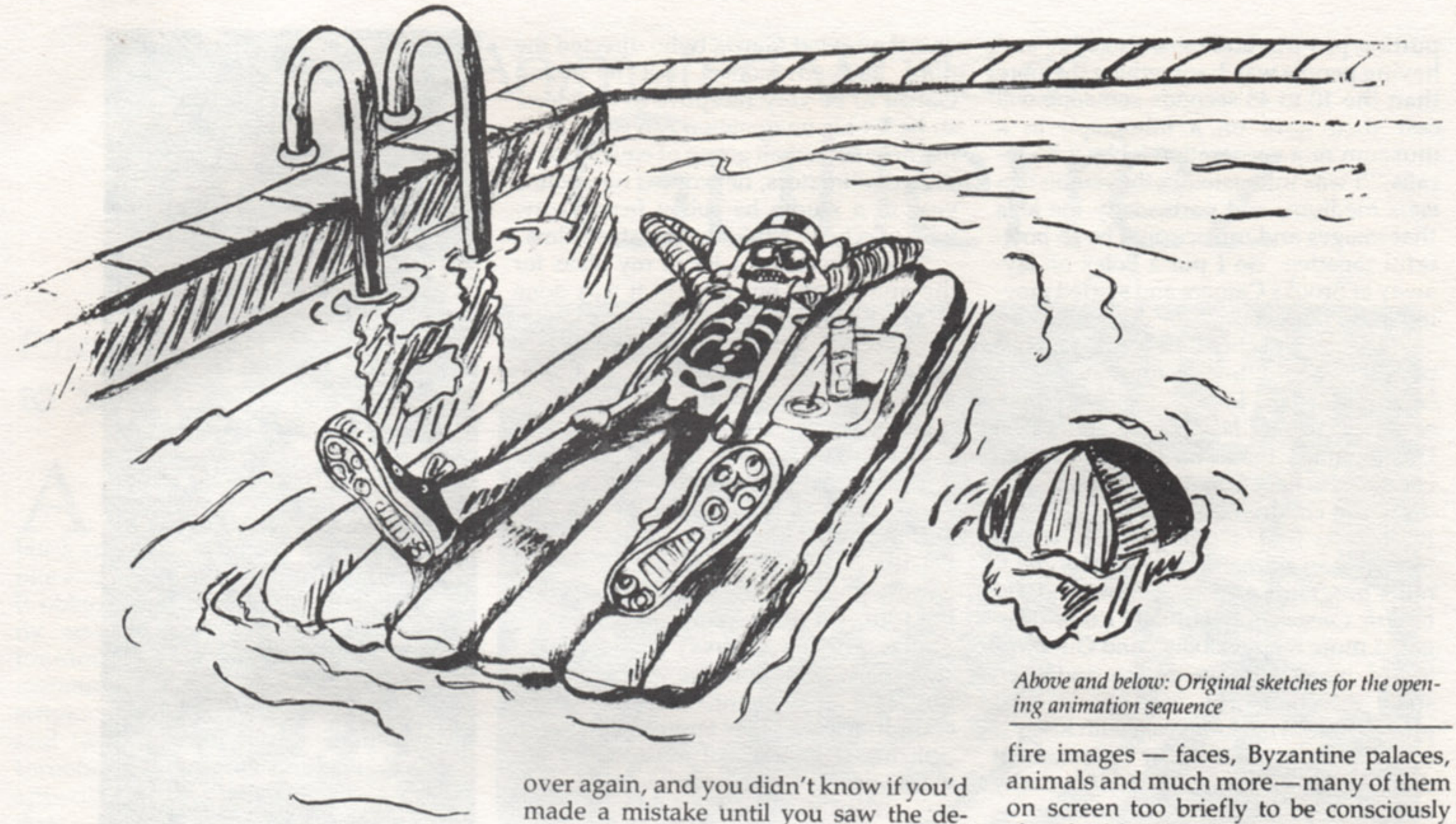
Gutierrez was unfamiliar with the Dead's music before he got involved in the film, yet by the time animation was underway, he was savvy enough to design the flow of both the visuals *and* the music for his segment. "I created a rough soundtrack that was approved by Jerry, utilizing the pieces of music I thought were appropriate," he says. "Very early on, when I first knew I had the job, I was driving from Los Angeles to San Francisco one night and I kept listening to *Mars Hotel* over and over, and 'U.S. Blues' struck me as exactly the right focus for what I was going to be doing, because the movie was going to be released during the Bicentennial — which it didn't quite make. But it struck me that a Grateful Dead skeleton as Uncle Sam would be a fun image to work with, and that then became sort of the core of the whole thing. From there we worked with some of the iconography the Dead already had and tried to sort of free-associate a storyline through the thing — the weird adventures of Uncle Sam.

"Even though I didn't know their music too well at first," he continues, "it became my *job* to listen to it and absorb it, and then to take their art and their look — psychedelic art wasn't something I was even particularly fond of — and be creative with it. As it turned out, I got really turned on by the music and I enjoyed it all immensely, especially the collaboration with Jerry. He really did give me free rein, and we had a very trusting relationship. He allowed me to do what I needed to do, which was let the work grow on itself like a painting. You have a blank canvas, you make a stroke and then some more strokes, and that suggests other things. Then it's half-done and it's starting to have its own feeling, and that suggests where it should go from there. It's a *process*, not a thing that's going to burst full-blown in your imagination. And Garcia allowed me to create that way, which was a lot of the fun of it."

Because Gutierrez did most of the un-



Sequential frames of the Dead Movie's cosmic pinball game



Above and below: Original sketches for the opening animation sequence

der-the-camera animation (arranging various elements under the camera, shooting a frame, then changing the elements minutely for the next frame), the work was time-consuming and occasionally tedious. "If we were to do the same thing today, the current technology would cut the time dramatically," he notes. "Every time there was a pan, a tilt, a dissolve and a zoom going at the same time I was manipulating stuff under the camera, I had to rely on my memory, a dope sheet and an assistant to keep me from moving the wrong lever at the wrong moment. It was literally, 'Turn this crank a quarter notch, this one an increment, move the dissolve-in-camera mechanism one level.' And I had to remember that [sequence] 80 times in a row to create 80 frames, or about three seconds of film. If you made a mistake, you had to start all over again, and you didn't know if you'd made a mistake until you saw the developed film the next day. Now, with computer motion control, you have a little 'robot,' in effect, that remembers all that sort of stuff, and remembers it in sequence. Plus, it's all recorded on videotape as it's done on film, so as soon as you're done you can play it back and make any changes you need. It's done what computers have always done — taken the drone work and automated it."



One of the most technically demanding parts of the animation was the long sequence set to "The Wheel," in which Uncle Sam's motorcycle glides toward a horizon of shifting mandala patterns and quick surrealistic images. "To create the throbbing mandalas," Gutierrez explains, "I thought maybe a cost-effective way of doing it would be to use boxes and boxes of adhesive Dennison dots [formatted dots used in commercial art]. I gave different art assistants the assignment to create mandalas out of those dots, which we turned into balls by painting highlights on them, and then we animated the mandalas. On some, we used the colors of the dots, but we also airbrushed all of them with little highlights — thousands and thousands of them. The assistants were instructed to make their mandalas move in cycles, so they folded into themselves. Then I took all the different ones, laid them out on tables and decided what would be an interesting order of transformation. I took the best of them and put them together, but the whole thing was to a great extent composed under the camera, and it kind of grew on itself."

Gutierrez chose to break the organic flow of the animation by inserting rapid-fire images — faces, Byzantine palaces, animals and much more—many of them on screen too briefly to be consciously absorbed by the viewer. Gutierrez may not have been a Deadhead or liked psychedelic art, but in just a few snatches of animation, he came closer to evoking the disconnectedness of the psychedelic experience than most artists who actually worked in the idiom.

"I was very interested in subliminal imagery," he says, "stuff that would only be on screen for a frame or two. You might not see it the first time through, but you might the next, and that changed the way you saw the entire piece because it added information." Whether that information ultimately connected with the other imagery was left up to the viewer.

"I like that it doesn't really have a specific storyline," Gutierrez says of the animation. "It's something that invites your imagination to participate with the weird changes and kind of inhabit your interpretation of it. The best poetry, art and music does that. You *don't* spell it out."

Gutierrez hoped that the exposure he got through the Dead movie would give a boost to his career, and it did just that. "I put everything I had into it; certainly all the money I had and then some," he says with a chuckle. "It took about a year to do eight minutes, and that was with a staff of people. Needless to say, it was a disastrous year financially."

Shortly after the film's release, he started getting offers to do animation for a number of different clients, including San Francisco's progressive FM rock station, KSAN. Colossal Pictures grew under Gutierrez and Takahashi, building a strong list of corporate clients, for whom

they created commercial animation (including a series of innovative spots for Levi's), and gradually established ties with several of the Bay Area's influential feature filmmakers. Gutierrez helped design several pivotal scenes in Carol Ballard's *The Black Stallion;* that led to an introduction to Francis Coppola, who hired Colossal to come up with the imaginative title sequences for two of his films, *One from the Heart* and *The Cotton Club.*

Colossal's biggest project to date, though, came from another Bay Area-based filmmaker, Philip Kaufman. Gutierrez and his associate Tim Boxell helped design and storyboard Kaufman's underrated epic, *The Right Stuff,* and then Colossal handled that film's demanding special effects.

For the past couple of years, Colossal has broadened its scope even more, entering the field of rock videos. Their animation appears in Prince's "Raspberry Beret," Power Station's risque video debut, and Gutierrez has even directed a couple of videos himself. The company also created 90 percent of MTV's animated station I.D.s.

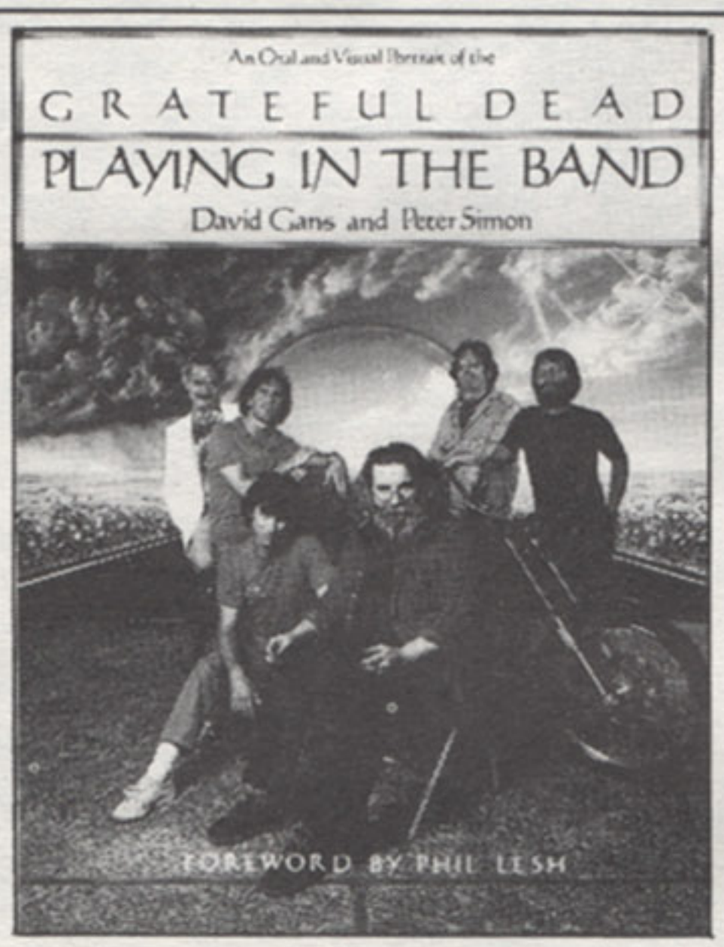
Gutierrez and the Dead had an opportunity to work together again earlier this year when Colossal was hired to create the opening for the new *Twilight Zone* series on CBS. Says Gutierrez, "[*Twilight Zone* producer] Phil DeGuere apparently got wind of me from two different sources. Bruno George, who worked with us on the effects for *The Right Stuff,* is the special effects supervisor for the show and recommended us. And Mickey Hart had been asked to work on the music for the opening."

For the surreal, somewhat ominous sequence, Gutierrez says he tried to make "metaphorical visual references to the old opening, hopefully to help the viewers make the transition from the old to the new." One of the most effective moments of the opening is certainly the brief, spectral appearance of *Twilight Zone* creator Rod Serling, who returns from the grave for an instant in a cloud (actually, it's footage of Serling projected into liquid nitrogen, Gutierrez reveals). And the new *Twilight Zone* logo, like the Dead's music for the show, manages to seem new while retaining some of the character of the old.

"The music and the visuals really came together," Gutierrez says. "I was always up on what they were doing, and they basically played to picture. They felt that was the way to do it. There were umpty-ump takes, all a little different. Then Merl [Saunders, supervisor of the music] would bring over cassettes of different versions as the whole thing was growing, while we were still designing the storyboards."

With the *Twilight Zone* finished (for Gutierrez, not for the Dead, who continue to do spot music for upcoming episodes), Colossal has moved on to various new projects, one of which reunites Gutierrez and Garcia. "We just did visual development, storyboarding and conceptual paintings for *Sirens of Titan,*" Gutierrez says as he pulls out a series of richly detailed paintings depicting different scenes from the book. "As you know, Jerry owns the rights, and Tom Davis has written the first draft of a script for Universal. It's basically just in the development stage at this point; it's not 'a movie' yet. But I feel that of all of Kurt Vonnegut's novels, it's the most visual, the most adaptable to a movie. I think it could be very interesting visually, a very trippy movie.

"It's been interesting for Jerry and me to cross paths every now and then, because he's a very interesting person. He's very well read, as a lot of musicians are, actually. Jerry's obviously a very creative guy. He understands visuals as well as music in a very sophisticated way. I have high hopes for this project. It really could turn into something *very* interesting." □



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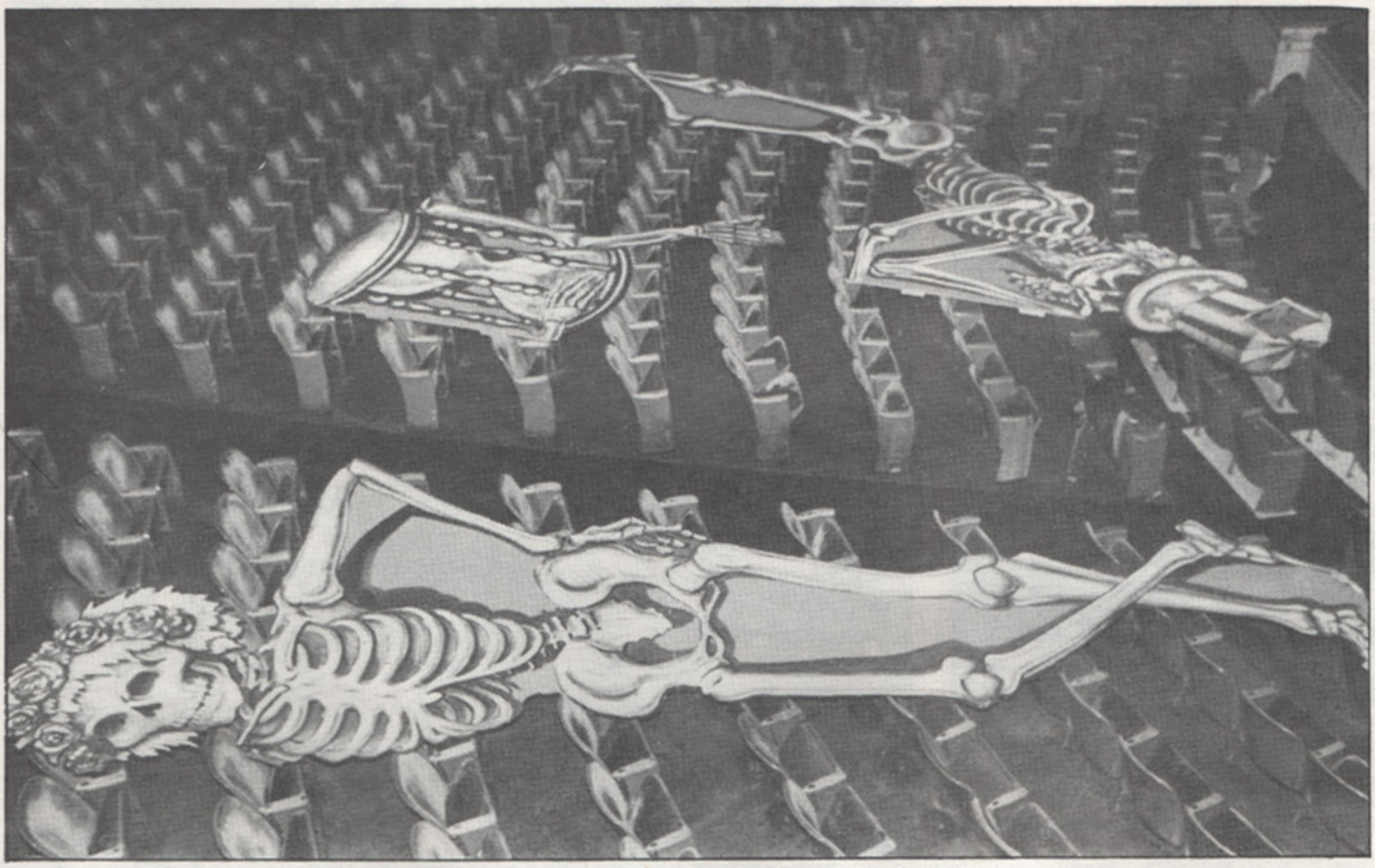
Marquee of the Warfield Theatre, San Francisco, 1980. Photo: Richard McCaffrey



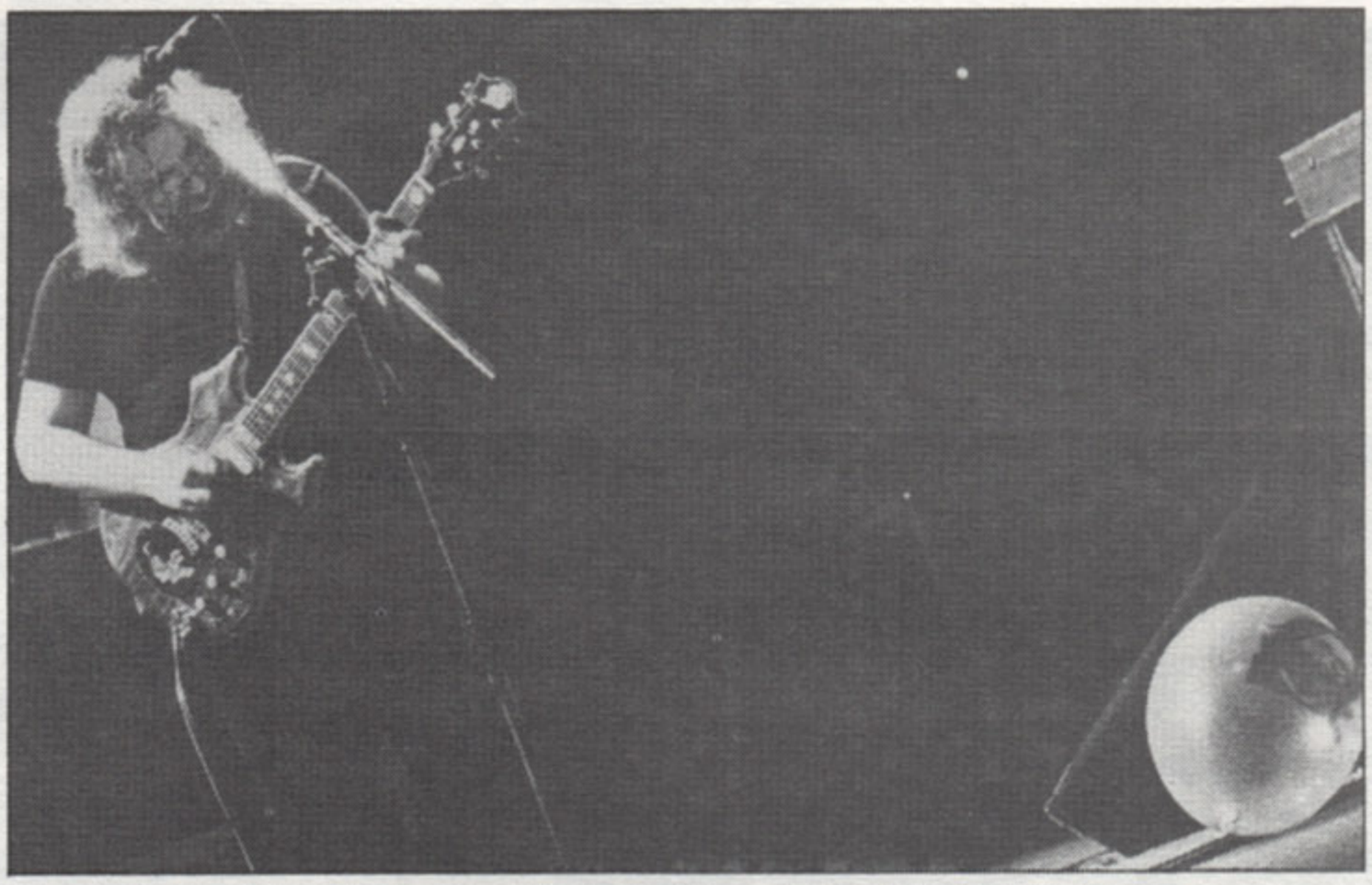
An acoustic rehearsal at the Warfield. Photo: Richard McCaffrey



An electric set during the 1980 Warfield series. Photo: Richard McCaffrey



Giant skeletons lie across the Warfield seats before being mounted on the building's facade. Photo: Richard McCaffrey



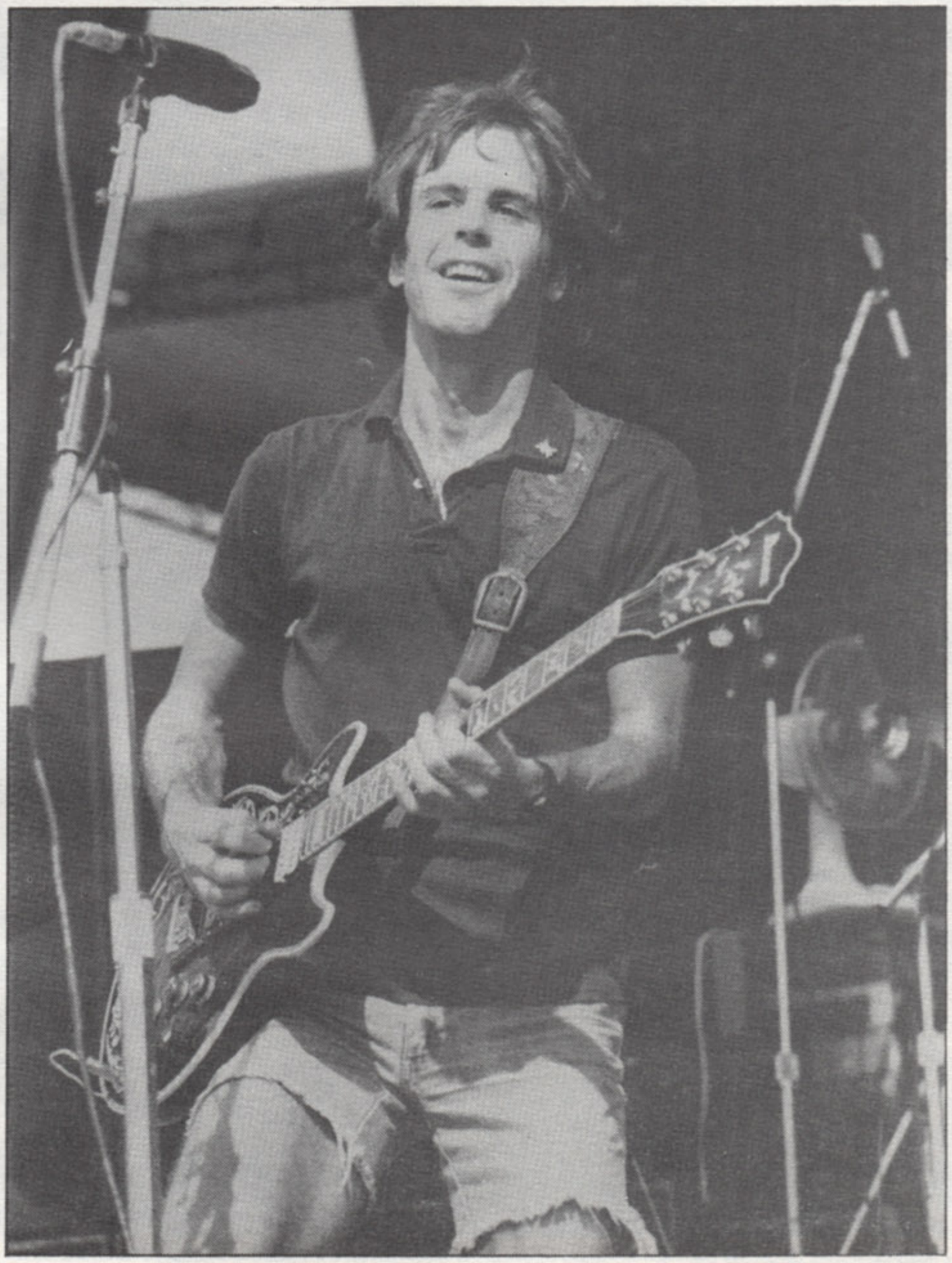
Garcia plays to a balloon bearing his picture, New Haven 1984. Photo: Mark Currie



Mickey, from below his baliaphone, during the Marin video shoot, 1985. Photo: Rosie McGee Ende



Above and right: Two scenes from the US Festival, 1982. Photos: Richard McCaffrey



Part 8 Roots

"It's a Man's, Man's, Man's World" — "Ladies an' gennelmen', it's star time! I want you put yo hanz togetha for the hardest workin' man in show biz-niss, soul brutha numbah one, Mr. Dynamite hisself — James Brown!" With all due respect to Pigpen and the Dead, James Brown's under-three-minute original (which he co-wrote with Burt Jones) has more passion than any of the ten-plus-minute jams the Dead did on the song in 1970. This is not to say the Dead didn't take the song some interesting places, but as recorded by Brown in 1966 (when it was a Top Ten smash), the tune was lean and charged — a blues in soulman's clothing. As Phil Lesh noted in a 1967 radio interview (on which he and Garcia played some of their favorite records), "It's a Man's, Man's, Man's World" was a very influential record in its day, with a string arrangement that helped shape much of the soul that followed it.

The Dead added some vocal flourishes and opened up the arrangement to make it an instrumental showcase, but their readings suffered from strained vocals — a problem J.B. never had, of course. Set lists from the late '60s and early '70s being as incomplete as they are, it's difficult to pinpoint exactly when the Dead started performing the song. The first time it crops up, according to my research, is 4-9-70 at the Fillmore West. Probably the best-known version, though, is the one from the famous 5-2-70 Binghamton, NY, show. It may have been played for the last time at the Fillmore West, 8-18-70.

James Brown versions are available on several albums, including a reissue called *It's a Man's, Man's, Man's World*, and Rhino Records' recent re-release of the legendary *Live at the Apollo, Vol. II*. If you want to put some slip in your hip, by all means investigate the early work of The Godfather of Soul.

"Hey Jude" — The Dead had performed this song at least twice before they unexpectedly went into the famous "na-na-na" coda at this year's third Red Rocks show. With Pigpen singing lead (weakly, I'm told) the band played the tune at the Fillmore East 2-11-69, and the Fillmore West 3-1-69.

The original was written by Paul McCartney, with some help from John Lennon, in July of 1968. According to McCartney, the song came to him as he was driving over to Lennon's house one day. Originally, he conceived it as "Hey Jules," written for Lennon's son Julian, who was despondent over the breakup of his parents' marriage. McCartney played what he had for John, and then the next day, July 26, they got together at Paul's house and finished the song. A couple of days later, they began recording it at EMI Studios in London, where The Beatles frequently worked. On August 1 they moved over to another big local studio, Trident, where they recorded the version that was eventually released. Augmenting The Beatles on the track was a 40-piece orchestra (Paul had originally wanted a full 100-piece orchestra), many of whom were also enlisted to sing on the four-minute fade. At more than seven minutes, "Hey Jude" is the longest single The Beatles ever released; indeed, it is one of the longest hits *anyone* has had. And what a hit it was: It sold close to 8 million copies worldwide between its release, in the summer of '68, and 1972. (Consider that only one or two singles a year manage to sell 1 million copies!) "Hey Jude" remains the best-selling Beatles record ever and, amazingly enough, the album on which it later appeared (a compilation of non-LP singles and B-sides called *Hey Jude*) outsold *Sgt. Pepper* and The White Album.



James Brown

"Werewolves of London" — This certainly has to rank among the strangest songs the Dead have ever covered, yet the tune was a Top Ten hit for its author, Warren Zevon. Also unusual is the fact that the Dead performed it *while* it was a national hit — that's about as close as the Dead ever got to being a Top 40 cover band! Zevon wrote his twisted tale in 1975 but didn't record it until 1978, on his third album, *Excitable Boy*, a record filled with violent imagery and very dark humor.

"I can't disagree that there's a violent quality in my work," Zevon said in 1979, "and it may not be something that's familiar in pop songs. But in any other art form, it's the artist's prerogative to inject the adrenalin. Restraint has never been one of my virtues."

That's an understatement. When the Dead and Zevon were paired on the same bill at U.C. Santa Barbara's stadium 6-4-78, an intoxicated Zevon spent much of his opening set hurling epithets at the thousands of Deadheads on hand. The Dead had played the song seven times (always as an encore) on the Midwest tour before the Santa Barbara concert (the first was in Columbus, 4-19-78), but they never did the song after the Santa Barbara debacle. Oww-oooooo!

"The song that woman sung was 'Look Out, Stagger Lee!'"

It's been quite a year for revivals of vintage Dead material. For many Deadheads, "Comes a Time" and "That's It for the Other One" probably top the list of most welcome returns to the regular rotation, but "Stagger Lee" stands out as a highlight of several first sets since its reintroduction at the first Greek show in June. Though not a cover tune per se, I thought it merited an in-depth treatment in "Roots." After all, the Stagger Lee story is one of the most enduring legends in American song, and the Dead's version represents only the most recent (and, I would argue, most interesting) permutation of the tale. It is another example of the Dead's link with American roots music and their fascination with the same themes that intrigued audiences in earlier times, when songs served not only as entertainment but also as oral history and moral teaching of a sort.

Like most of the popular folk ballads circulated by black and white singers in the decades before the advent of recording, "Stagger Lee" has uncertain origins, and about as many different storylines as it had singers. It is easy to forget that folk music was an oral tradition that relied on the memory and creativity of the singers, and that, particularly in the case of black street singers, it was a largely illiterate tradition; i.e., no one bothered to write songs down. It is not surprising, then, that songs changed radically as different musicians "learned" them. Singers embellished the story to fit their audience (changing locales in the song, for instance, to make it seem more immediate to the listeners) and frequently added parts of other songs to enhance the drama of the tale. That explains why one find hints of such songs as "Frankie & Johnny" and "Frankie & Albert" in some versions of "Stagger Lee," and why certain versions have incoherent storylines — they simply developed without attention to the logic of the story.

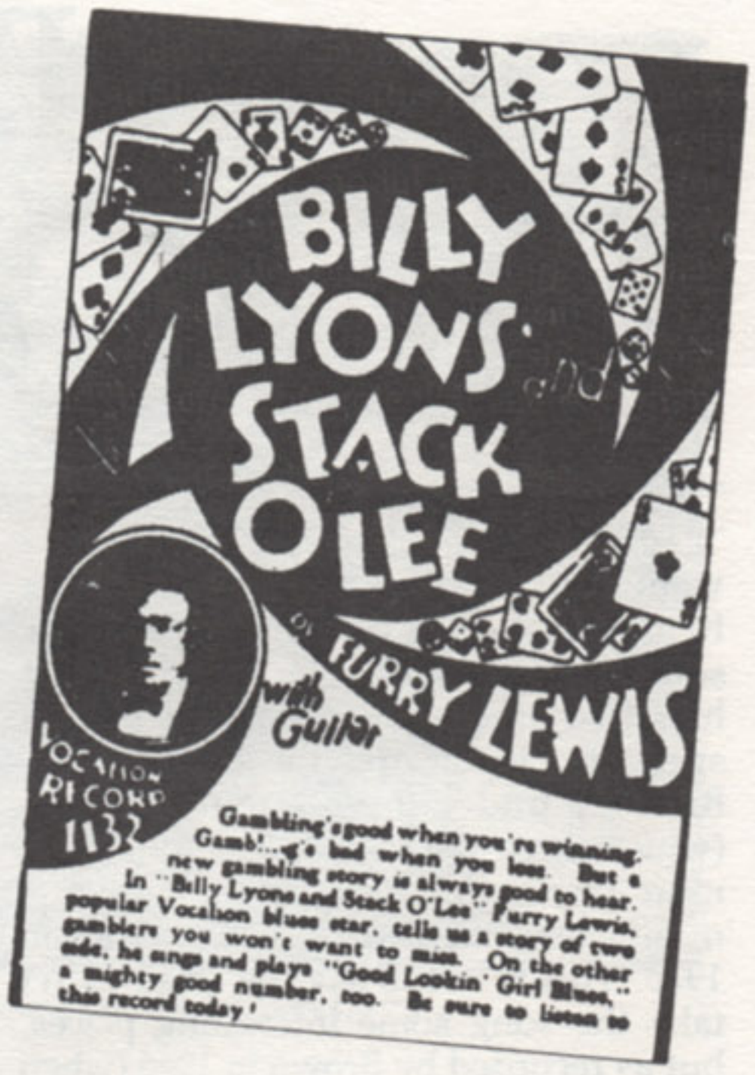
The Stagger Lee character was known by many different names — Stack-O-Lee, Stagolee, Stackalee and several others — but he almost certainly was based on a real person. In the mid-19th century, the (white) Lee family of Memphis ran one of the biggest steamboat lines in the South. One of the sons of the family patriarch was named Stacker Lee, and from an early age he held different jobs at his father's company. Stacker lacked his father's self-discipline, however, and soon fell into a pattern of gambling and carousing with both black and white women. The character of story and song was said to be a black child sired by Stacker Lee. An ugly boy, also named Stacker, he supposedly had a very nasty disposition and one bad eye. "He was one of the niggers what fired up the engines on the Lee boats," a contemporary told song historians John and Alan Lomax in the early '30s.

Embittered by his lowly station in life and possessed with a fiery temper, Stacker Lee reputedly went on several murderous rampages, including the incident in Memphis around the turn of the century, in which he supposedly killed Billy Lyons after losing a bet to him. (Even the Billy Lyons story is pure conjecture; everything else is probably fiction. It's also unclear why and when Billy Lyons became Billy de Lyons in some songs; one theory is that "de" was a corruption of "the," as transcribed from black speech by the Lomaxes and others.)

The earliest confirmed version of "Stagger Lee" dates back to about 1910. It was "sung by Negroes on the Memphis levee while they were loading and unloading the river freighters, the words being composed by the singers," according to a Texas woman who wrote to the Lomaxes. The tune for the song was lost by the time the Lomaxes investigated it, but even at that early point, the story had many of the features that would be passed along through the years.

The first verse went, "'Twas Christmas morning, the hour was about 10/ When Stagalee shot Billy Lyons and landed in the Jefferson pen/O Lordy, po' Stagalee." In this version, Billy's wife is home preparing a holiday feast when she learns of Stag's dastardly deed. He is arrested and put in jail, where he is tormented by Billy's ghost. At his trial, the defense pleads for Stag's freedom because "his poor and aged mammy is lyin' very low," but the prosecution rebutts: "Gentlemen of the jury, wipe away your tears/For Stagalee's aged mammy has been dead these 'leven years!" And with that, the villain's fate is sealed.

Ah, but Stag is not so easily disposed of in most other versions of the song. In some he has positively superhuman powers — he causes the San Francisco



Earthquake in one version, after he gets into a fight with a bartender in that city! In many he goes on to battle with the Devil in the afterlife. One of the most popular early versions paints Stagolee as even more arrogant than the guardian of the underworld: "'Stack he tol' the Devil, 'C'mon, le's have a lil' fun/You stick me with yo' pitchfork and I'll shoot you wid my .41.'" And the final verse reads: "Stagolee took de pitchfork, 'n' he laid it on de shelf/'Stand back, Tom Devil, I'm gonna rule Hell by myself!'"

Early on, Stag's stetson hat plays an important role in the story. Some claim the bone-white hat had magic powers, or mojo, which explains in part his unwillingness to give it up when he loses it to Billy Lyons. Again, the other details of the story — Billy variously has two, three, four or five children; sometimes the police apprehend Stag, sometimes they're afraid to, etc. — change from version to version, with the only constant a tone of both dread and admiration. He's so evil that his badness is held in awe.

When the initial "race recordings" were cut in the mid-'20s, several versions of the song were among the first tunes waxed. Gertrude "Ma" Rainey, probably the greatest early female blues singer, recorded one in 1925. Furry Lewis and Mississippi John Hurt came out with different versions a few years later. Hurt's "Stagolee," in particular, was influential on the next generation of Southern blues players, and it seems to have been a model of some sort for Robert Hunter's telling of the tale many years later. Besides a few lyric similarities (Hurt's opens with "Policin' officer, how could it be/You're arrestin' everyone but cruel Stagolee/He's a bad man,

A Roots Extra

that Stagolee"), Hunter adapted Hurt's original melody as the acoustic version titled "Billy de Lyons and Stagger Lee" on Hunter's *Jack O' Roses* album shows.

Various versions of the song have been covered over the years by a diverse list of artists that includes Neil Diamond, the Fabulous Thunderbirds, Wilson Pickett, Professor Longhair, Dave Van Ronk and even Pat Boone. The best known is New Orleans singer Lloyd Price's tame recording, which became a number-one hit nationwide (!) in 1958. It bears virtually no resemblance to its blues ancestry, and, with its chorus of women singers and heavy-handed string arrangement, it is late '50s pop at its worst.

Hunter wrote his version of "Stagger Lee" in the early to mid-'70s, as best as he can recall. In tone it is somewhat reminiscent of his earlier "Dupree's Diamond Blues," which is, not coincidentally, also derived from early 20th century Negro story-songs. Just as in "Dupree's," in "Stagger Lee" Hunter makes masterful connections between characters (some of his own invention) and often tells the story through conversations between the protagonists. This approach is consistant with both the "Stagger Lee" and "Betty & Dupree" song traditions. I can't help but think that Hunter uses the device both because it connects us with the characters more directly and to emphasize that it is a *story being told*. (One need look no further than "Terrapin" for proof of Hunter's tremendous respect for the oral tradition.)

"I really didn't know very much more than what I'd heard on records and read in Lomax," Hunter told me when I asked him about how he developed his "Stagger Lee." "Of course I added the character of Delia [Billy's wife], who actually has some early songs about her, so I sort of interlaced myths. Basically, I just gave Billy de Lyon's wife a name and gave her some of the tough-mama characteristics of Delia. (Thus Billy's wife is transformed from grieving widow to Rambo-like revenge-seeker. During our brief talk, Hunter quoted a line from the traditional song "Delia": "Tony cursed Delia on one Saturday night/Cursed her such a wicked curse she swore she'd take his life.")

What makes Hunter's "Stagger Lee" a true masterpiece, and the reason it is in some ways the culmination of the entire tradition of the song, is the depth of the characters and its literate details. He has effectively taken it from the oral tradition and made it part of the *written* tradition, as befits a true poet influenced by the classics of literature. The slang he employs belies the cleverness of the song's construction. From the first line he draws us into a story that is already moving at a furious pace, and then he builds his tale from there using almost cinematic images.

But this discussion doesn't end with Hunter's lyrics, for in 1978, when the Dead were recording *Shakedown Street*, Garcia took Hunter's words, dispensed with the traditional blues melody, and placed the story in an utterly new setting. It still bears echoes of its blues heritage, yet the opening sounds like a combination of early American vaudeville music (the rolling piano lead-in) and a Storyville whorehouse romp. In fact, as the story takes place on Christmas Eve 1940 in Hunter's telling, it's easy to imagine the song being played by the Salvation Army-style band prominent in the song! Whatever Garcia's intention, "Stagger Lee" stands as one of his best fusions of Americana and Grateful Dead rock and roll. It all sounds familiar, but at the same time you know that something *very* strange is going on here. As usual. □



Mississippi John Hurt, 1963. Photo: Jim Marshall © 1985

STAGGER LEE

Nineteen Forty X-mas Eve with a full moon over town
Stagger Lee met Billy DeLyon and he blew that poor boy down
Do you know what he shot him for?
What do you make of that?
'Cause Billy DeLyon threw lucky dice, won Stagger Lee's Stetson hat

"Bayou, Bayou, tell me how can this be?
You arrest the girls for turning tricks
But you're scared of Stagger Lee
Stagger Lee is a mad man and he shot my Billy D
Bayou go get him or give the job to me"

"Delia DeLyon, dear sweet Delia D
How the hell can I arrest him
He's twice as big as me?
Well, don't ask me to go downtown
I won't come back alive
Not only is that mother big, he packs a .45"

"Bayou," Delia said, "just give me your gun
He shot my Billy dead, now I'm gonna see him hung"
She waded to DeLyon's Club through Billy DeLyon's blood
Stepped up to Stagger Lee at the bar and said,
"Buy me a Gin Fizz, love"

As Stagger Lee lit a cigarette she shot him in the balls
Blew the smoke off her revolver, had him dragged to city hall
"Bayou, Bayou, see you hang him high
He shot my Billy dead and now he's got to die"

Delia went walking down on Singapore Street
A three-piece band on the corner playing
"Nearer My God To Thee"
Delia whistled a different tune,
What tune could that be?
The song that woman sung was "Look out, Stagger Lee"
The song that Delia sung was,
"Look out, Stagger Lee"

Music: Jerry Garcia
Words: Robert Hunter
© 1978 Ice Nine Publishing Company, Inc.

SESSIONS

The Grateful Dead on other artists' records



(L-R) Garcia, David Crosby, Phil and Neil Young during the sessions for Crosby's 1971 solo album. Photo: Jim Marshall © 1985

By Corry Arnold

The Grateful Dead are notorious for having an erratic recording history, with a few excellent albums scattered among inconsistent and indifferent ones. However, the Dead appear on more vinyl than many people realize. Besides recording many solo records, the members of the Dead have contributed to numerous albums by other artists. What follows is what we hope is a complete list of every non-Dead record that a member of the Dead has played on, produced or written a new song for. While the performances on these albums are as inconsistent as those on the Dead's own studio efforts, these records provide an opportunity to hear band members making music in atypical settings. When the Dead's session appearances are considered along with the numerous spin-off groups featuring band members, it is clear that Dead members have played with many more musicians than most members of long-standing rock bands. This wealth of diverse experience is one of the factors that has kept the Dead's music fresh over the years.

This list includes only Grateful Dead member session appearances on albums by other artists. Not included are solo albums, albums by groups of which a Dead member was a regular player (the first NRPS, *Live At Keystone*, any Kingfish, Bobby & The Midnites, Touchstone, Silver, The Ghosts and Diga), unreleased sessions, pre-Dead sessions, film soundtracks not made into records (*Heartbeeps*), Garcia's solo on the *Zabriskie Point* soundtrack or covers of Dead songs that were written for Dead albums. Naturally, the opinions expressed about the albums are the author's own.

Surrealistic Pillow, Jefferson Airplane (RCA LSP 3766, produced by Rick Jarrard, February 1967) — Garcia, listed as "Musical and Spiritual Adviser" on the back cover, plays a large role on this Airplane classic (see the Garcia interview in *Golden Road* #7). He plays the high electric lead on "Today," and flat-top acoustic on "Plastic Fantastic Lover," "My Best Friend" and "Coming Back to Me." And you always thought Paul Kantner was such a good rhythm player. Garcia also rearranged "Somebody To Love" from the tepid Great Society version to the powerhouse rocker everyone knows.

One Step Beyond, Chocolate Watch Band (Tower, pr. Ed Cobb, May 1968)—According to the liner notes of the recently released *Best of the Chocolate Watch Band* (AVI/Rhino Records),

producer Ed Cobb got Garcia to play the solos on a song called "Devil's Motorcycle." It seems the lead guitarist of this Bay Area psychedelic band, Mark Loomis, had overindulged in certain substances and was unable to play. I've never even seen *One Step Beyond*, however, much less heard "Devil's Motorcycle," so I can't comment.

Boz Scaggs (Atlantic SD 8239, pr. Scaggs, Jann Wenner, Marlin Greene, August 1969)—The first Boz Scaggs album, featuring Duane Allman, was an FM staple from its release, and included such Boz classics as "Loan Me a Dime" and "I'm Easy." Donna Thatcher (later Donna Godchaux, now Donna MacKay) was a Muscle Shoals studio session vocalist prior to moving to California, and as such was on this and literally hundreds of records, including Elvis Presley's "Suspicious Minds" and "In the Ghetto" (see the Donna interview in *GR* #6). This album is included here not only as a token recognition of her vast session experience, but also because there's a picture of her on the inside cover. Donna and her cohorts sing background vocals on all but one of the LP's songs.

Volunteers, Jefferson Airplane (RCA LSP 4238, pr. J.A., November 1969)—Another Airplane classic. Garcia plays straightforward C&W pedal steel guitar on "The Farm."

Deja Vu, Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young (Atlantic SD 7200, pr. CSNY, March 1970)—Garcia plays pedal steel on Graham Nash's "Teach Your Children." Although the song only got to #16 on the charts, the album reached #1, so Jerry can say that he played on a #1 record.

U., The Incredible String Band (Elektra 7E 2002, pr. Joe Boyd, 1970) — The Incredible String Band was an eclectic Scottish folk-rock band. *U.*, a double album, was written as music for a stage show. Tom Constanten did the string arrangement on "Queen of Love." He also performed with the group on a few occasions.

Blows Against the Empire, Paul Kantner/Jefferson Starship (RCA LSP 4488, pr. Kantner, November 1970) — A good, if dated and messy, album. During this period the Jefferson Airplane's existence was tenuous, their personnel unstable. Various Airplane members would go into the studio with whoever happened to be around—Airplane members or just friends—some of whom then became members. Albums from 1970–74 were credited to a wide variety of people and aggregations, all with tracks from numerous different sessions. On *Empire*, Garcia plays excellent, if undermixed, lead guitar on "Starship." Dead members also appear on "Let's Go Together" (JG — banjo; BK — drums) and "Have You Seen the Stars Tonite" (JG—pedal steel; MH —percussion). The track "XM" is credited to Paul Kantner, Phil Sawyer, Jerry Garcia and Mickey Hart. It's mainly electronic noise, but presumably Garcia and Hart "perform" on it, as they helped "write" it.

Tarkio, Brewer & Shipley (Kama Sutra KSBS 2024, pr. Nick Gravenites, February 1971)—This duo was a second rate Simon & Garfunkel, but still better than Seals & Crofts. Garcia plays pedal steel on "Oh Mommy," and, most likely, the huge hit "One Toke Over the Line." (Oh, *now* you remember Brewer & Shipley.)

If I Could Only Remember My Name ..., David Crosby (Atlantic SD 7203, pr. Crosby, February 1971)—Another good, but dated and unfocused, record, it is also *the* all-time San Francisco guest star album, with contributions from members of the Dead, Airplane,



Second from left: Donna Godchaux (then Thatcher) during sessions for Boz Scaggs' first album. Photo: Stephen Paley

CSNY, Quicksilver, Santana and more. Garcia (lead guitar), Lesh and Kreutzmann back Crosby on the terrific "Cowboy Movie" (the four of them also performed it live once, on 12-22-70). "What Are Their Names" was written by Crosby/Garcia/Lesh/Neil Young/Mike Shrieve (then Santana's drummer), and presumably that's the lineup performing on the track. Garcia plays lead on "Song With No Words" and "Tamalpais High." He may also play some acoustic. "Laughing" features Garcia on pedal steel; in an interview, Garcia said this track captured the pedal steel sound he was happiest with. Hart (and maybe Kreutzmann) likely plays percussion on a song or two, but as there are no track-by-track credits, it's impossible to be exact.

Marrying Maiden, It's A Beautiful Day (Columbia CS 1058, pr. Brent Dangerfield and IABD, 1971)—This LP by the San Francisco band of "White Bird" fame, led by electric violinist David LaFlamme, offers Garcia's banjo on "Hoedown" and pedal steel on "It Comes Right Down to You." A good record, but a far cry from the group's classic first album.

Songs for Beginners, Graham Nash (Atlantic SD 7204, pr. Nash, June 1971)—This was the first solo album by the ex-Hollie. On "I Used To Be a King," Lesh plays bass, and Garcia plays pedal steel guitar and piano (!). On "Man in the Mirror," Garcia plays pedal steel.

Sunfighter, Paul Kantner/Grace Slick (Grunt FTR 1002, pr. Kantner, December 1971) — Usual story: good, dated, messy. Garcia plays wiry lead guitar on "Million," "Holding Together" and "When I Was a Boy I Watched the Wolves." He plays an exceptional lead on "Wolves."

Papa John Creach, (Grunt FTR 1003, pr. Creach, December 1971)—This was the first solo album by the Airplane's ageless violinist, and it features various San Francisco musicians. Garcia trades licks with Papa John on "Soul Fever."

David Crosby/Graham Nash, (Atlantic SD 7220, pr. Crosby, Nash and Bill Halverson, May 1972)—This was the first album by the CSNY "B-team." "Wall Song" features Garcia (guitar), Lesh and Kreutzmann (this song, too, was played live on 12-22-70). Garcia also plays pedal steel on "Southbound Train."

Powerglide, New Riders of the Purple Sage (Columbia KC 31284, pr. Steve Barncard and NRPS, 1972)—The second New Riders album is the first without Garcia as a full-time member; Buddy Cage replaced him as pedal steel guitarist on 11-11-71. Nevertheless, Garcia contributes banjo on "Sweet Lovin' One" and "Duncan and Brady," and piano on "Lochinvar." Bill Kreutzmann adds percussion on "I Don't Need No Doctor" and "Willie and the Hand-Jive." A great album, although Bill and Jerry have little to do with it.

Heavy Turbulence, Merl Saunders (Fantasy 8421, pr. Tom Fogerty, with Saunders and Brian Gardner, 1972)—By 1972, Garcia was gigging at local clubs with Saunders, John Kahn and Bill Vitt, and ex-Creedence rhythm guitarist Tom Fogerty also played in the group fairly regularly. As a result, they all played on one another's records. Garcia's lead guitar is on every track of this album, although it's wise to remember that this is Merl's record, not a showcase for Jerry. Still, Garcia takes a fine solo on "My Problems Got Problems," sings lead on "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down" and, underneath all sorts of vocal vamping, wails on "Man-Child."

The Rowan Brothers (Columbia AL 31297, pr. David Grisman and Bill Wolf, released 1972)—Garcia's neighbors, Chris and Lorin Rowan, younger brothers of Peter Rowan (ex-Earth Opera, Seatrain, Old and In the Way, etc.), got a recording deal with Columbia Records. Columbia president Clive Davis spent $350,000 on their debut album—a hefty sum in 1972—and based a promotional campaign for the record almost entirely on a quote from Jerry Garcia saying "these guys could be the next Beatles." Needless to say, the apparent over-

hype backfired and the record was a flop — one factor that led to Davis' downfall at Columbia. Garcia (pedal steel) and Kreutzmann are listed on the credits, but it's difficult to tell which tracks they play on, as there are two pedal steel players and three drummers listed, and the album is very slickly produced, with layer upon layer of instruments. A trivial note: Producer David Grisman (under the *nom de production* David Diadem) plays more keyboards than mandolin.

David Bromberg (Columbia C 31753, pr. Bromberg, 1973) — Bromberg is a New York folkie guitarist who moved to the Bay Area in the early '70s. Proficient and often spectacular on any instrument with strings — acoustic or amplified — he can play in virtually any style. Garcia, Lesh, Kreutzmann and Keith Godchaux are credited on the back of the album, but there's no track-by-track listing. I believe they back David on "Diamond Lil" and "Demon in Disguise." An excellent record.

Gypsy Cowboy, New Riders of the Purple Sage (Columbia KC 31930, pr. Steve Barncard and NRPS, 1973) — On this third album, Donna Godchaux sings harmonies on "She's No Angel" and "Long Black Veil."

Excalibur, Tom Fogerty (Fantasy 9413, pr. Tom Fogerty, Brian Gardner, 1973) — Tom Fogerty writes, sings and plays rhythm guitar on his second solo album, backed by Merl Saunders on keyboards, John Kahn on bass, Bill Vitt on drums and Jerry Garcia on lead and pedal steel guitar. Fogerty quit Creedence Clearwater Revival because his brother John wouldn't let the band record songs Tom had written. Whether or not you think John Fogerty is a genius, after hearing this album you'll have to admit he was no fool. There's a decent version of the Bartholomew-Kenner rock standard "Sick and Tired," a dull Bill Monroe cover and eight soporific Tom Fogerty originals. Garcia plays well, but it doesn't help.

Fire Up, Merl Saunders (Fantasy 9421, pr. Saunders, 1973) — This album was recorded during the period when Garcia and Kahn were playing with Saunders, but the record is more varied than *Heavy Turbulence*. Although the Garcia/Fogerty/Kahn/Vitt lineup forms the nucleus of the backing group, there are a number of other musicians, and the record is in more of a soul/jazz vein. Garcia sings and plays lead guitar on a laid-back "After Midnight," and also plays lead guitar on "Expressway to Your Heart," "Benedict Rides," "The System" and "Soul Roach." On two songs, Garcia doesn't play at all. The last track is the most interesting: taken from a live radio show at Pacific High Recorders (2-6-72), Garcia sings "Lonely Avenue," backed by Merl on organ, Kahn and Kreutzmann. There is some nice playing on the record, but only "Lonely Avenue" stands out from the laid-back funk.

Panama Red, New Riders of the Purple Sage (Columbia PC 32450, pr. Norbert Putnam, 1973) — The last great Riders album, it includes Robert Hunter's "Kick in the Head" and features harmony vocals by Donna Godchaux on "Important Exportin' Man" and "L.A. Lady."

Baron Von Tollbooth Versus the Chrome Nun, Paul Kantner/Grace Slick/David Freiberg, (Grunt BFL1-0148, pr. Kantner/Slick/Freiberg, May 1973) — Freiberg used to hang out with the Airplane crowd while he was in Quicksilver; then after he left Quicksilver, he ended up "replacing" Marty Balin in the Airplane. This is a fairly good record, in an early-'70s way; it sounds like a laid-back version of the subsequent Starship, and various Slick/Kantner excesses are curbed. Garcia plays on eight of the ten tracks, Hart plays percussion on two, and one of the two songs Garcia doesn't play on is a Freiberg/Hunter tune, "Harp Tree Lament." Be warned, however, that despite some very heavy credits, this is a songwriters' album, not a guitar showcase; so a track featuring, for example, Garcia, Jorma Kaukonen, Jack Casady, John Barbata and Hart ("Your Mind Has Left Your Body") does not turn into a power jam.

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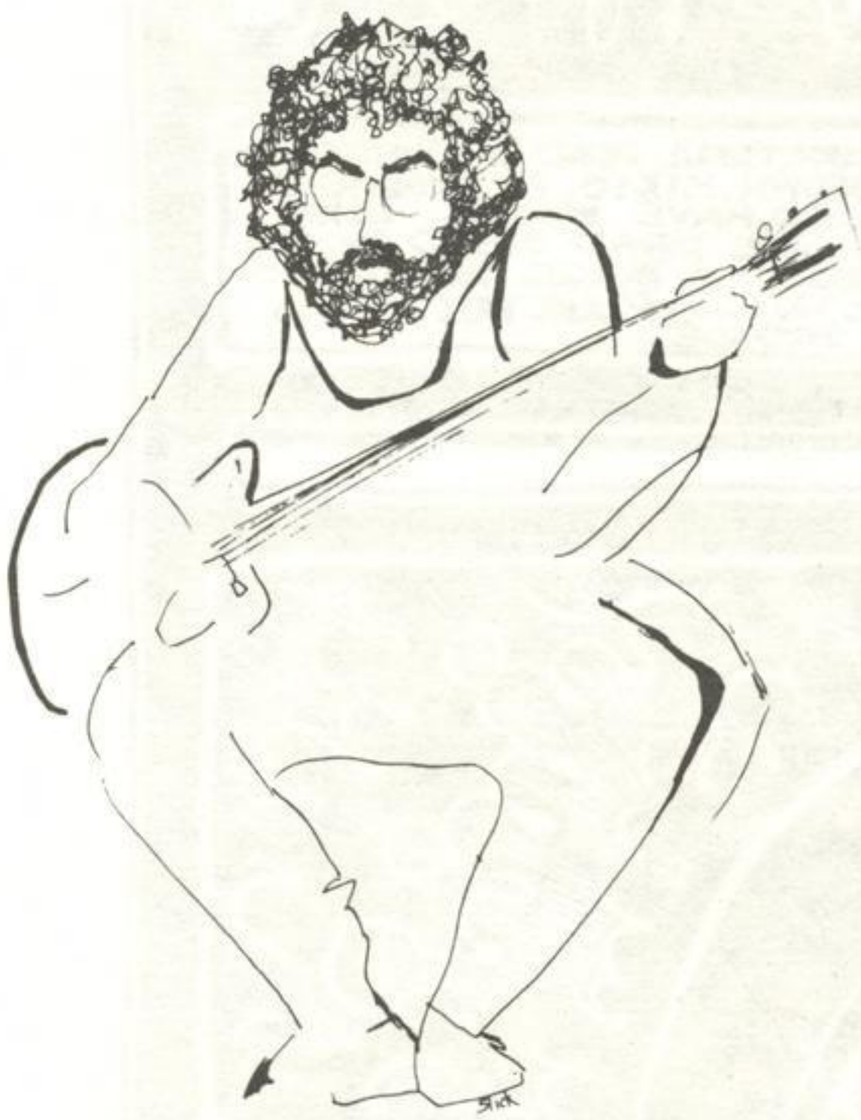
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Be What You Want To, Link Wray (Polydor PD 5047 PD 5047, pr. Thomas Jefferson Kaye, 1973)—Link Wray is a guitar legend from the late '50s. His singles "Rumble" and "Rawhide" were a big influence on many '60s players, Pete Townshend among them. By 1973, however, he was making dull country-rock records. Garcia plays pedal steel on "All Cried Out," "Tucson, Arizona" and "Riverbend," and electric guitar on "Walk Easy, Walk Slow." David Bromberg and members of Commander Cody's band play on this record, too. How dull is it? Buy the Tom Fogerty record instead.



Grace Slick drew this sketch of Garcia during the making of "Blows Against the Empire," 1970

Slewfoot, David Rea (Columbia KC 32485, pr. Bob Weir, 1973)—*Slewfoot* demonstrates the value of this article. If you stumbled onto this album in a record store and read the back cover, as I did, you might be tempted to buy it. Weir produced the record, plays guitar and sings harmonies. Keith and Donna are on it, as are most of the New Riders, Matt Kelly, Richard Greene, John Kahn, as well as jazz saxophonist Charles Lloyd. David Rea was briefly in Fairport Convention, the British folk-rock group, and he co-wrote "Mississippi Queen" with Leslie West for those East Coast heavies, Mountain. But for all its heavy credits, *Slewfoot* is utterly pedestrian country-rock.

Angel Clare, Art Garfunkel (Columbia KC 31474, pr. Garfunkel and Roy Halee, 1973)—This is the best of Garfunkel's few, largely MOR-oriented records, thanks to a *lot* of help from his friends, including Paul Simon, members of Van Morrison's band, Larry Carlton, Jim Gordon and, on an unspecified track, Jerry Garcia on guitar. Garcia commented on the sessions in a previously unreleased portion of a 1981 interview with Blair Jackson and David Gans: "One time I did a session for Art Garfunkel and it turned out every little note, every lick, every moment of what I was doing—which was an overdub in a *sea* of overdubs—[was planned out]. It wasn't like he wanted me to play a part, but he definitely wanted to discuss *everything* in advance. Everything I did, I did four or five times."

Manhole, Grace Slick (Grunt BFL1-0347, pr. Slick, Freiberg, Kantner, January 1974)—The Airplane crowd was rather vague at this point. Grace's "solo" album includes a song that she apparently has nothing to do with. Good thing this isn't an Airplane magazine, because then I'd have to figure out why. The song is "It's Only Music," which David Freiberg sings, and which he co-wrote with Robert Hunter.

Early Flight, Jefferson Airplane (Grunt BFL1-0437, pr. J.A., released April 1974)—The Airplane, really scraping the bottom of the barrel now, release an album of outtakes and 45s. Garcia plays on two outtakes from *Surrealistic Pillow*. He takes a nice closing solo on "In the Morning," a standard psychedelic blues, and plays acoustic guitar on Skip Spence's "J.P.P. McStep B. Blues."

Wanted: Dead or Alive, David Bromberg (Columbia KC 32717, pr. Bromberg, 1974) — A great record. One side was recorded in the studio (8-17-72) with the Dead, and the other side was recorded live with Bromberg's regular group. The Dead side includes three numbers featuring Bromberg on electric and acoustic guitar and vocals, with a rhythm section of Garcia (electric guitar), Keith Godchaux (piano), Lesh and Kreutzmann, supported by various Bromberg cronies on fiddles, horns and whatnot. They perform "The Hold-Up" (co-written by Bromberg and George Harrison), Bromberg's "Danger Man" in the style of the Dead's "Big River" arrangement, and the delightful "Someone Else's Blues" (also by Bromberg). The side closes with Bromberg's "Main Street Moan," featuring Bromberg and Garcia on acoustic guitars, with minimal (non-Dead) backing. Side A of this album is as fine a studio performance by the Dead as they have recorded since *American Beauty*. Side B, the live side, has nothing to do with the Dead, but is even better.

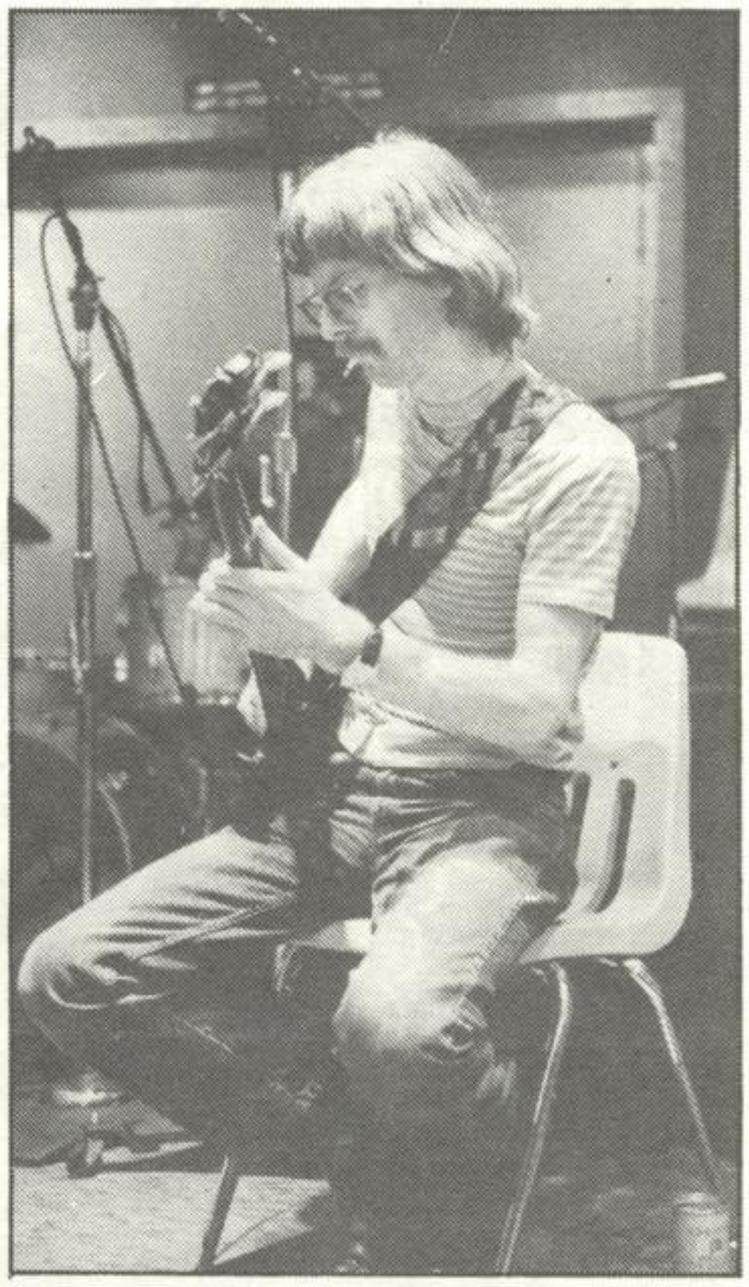
Home, Home on the Road, New Riders of the Purple Sage (Columbia PC 32870, pr. Jerry Garcia, 1974)—Garcia produced this enjoyable, if standard, NRPS live album, the last Riders record with Dave Torbert. The Riders reprise Hunter's "Kick in the Head."

Dragonfly, Jefferson Starship (Grunt BFL1-0271, pr. Starship and Larry Cox, October 1974) — The Starship crowd finally forms a real group with a stable lineup and polishes its tarnished crown. David Freiberg and hornman Stephen Schuster (Keith & Donna Band) co-wrote "Come to Life" with Robert Hunter.

Brujo, New Riders of the Purple Sage (Columbia PC 33145, pr. Ed Freeman, 1974)—After Dave Torbert leaves, the Riders albums decline noticeably. On *Brujo,* NRPS guitarist David Nelson co-wrote "Crooked Judge" with Robert Hunter.

Red Octopus, Jefferson Starship (Grunt BFL1-0999, pr. Starship and Larry Cox, June 1975) — The Starship strikes platinum. Freiberg and Marty Balin co-wrote "Tumblin'" with Hunter. Subsequently, Freiberg and Hunter wrote a song called "Nighthawks," which was supposed to be the title track of a Starship album. However, although the Starship played the song in concert, "Nighthawks" was never released.

Solid Silver, Quicksilver Messenger Service (Capitol SM 11820, pr. John Palladino and Quicksilver, October 1975)—Quicksilver had existed continuously since 1966, but at this point only one original member (Gary Duncan) remained. Capitol decided to attract attention, and maybe make a good record, by reuniting the group's best-known (though not best) lineup: Duncan, Dino Valenti, John Cipollina, David Freiberg, Greg Elmore). The album was better than their later records, but it was no *What About Me,* much less *Happy Trails*. Freiberg did his version of "I Heard You Singing," which he co-wrote with Hunter (Hunter had recorded it on his *Tales of the Great Rum Runners*).



During the Crosby sessions, 1971. Photo: Jim Marshall © 1985

Oh, What a Mighty Time, New Riders of the Purple Sage (Columbia PC 33688, pr. Bob Johnston, 1975) — The New Riders were in

serious decline by this time. Garcia plays guitar on "Oh, What a Mighty Time," "Take a Letter, Maria" (the R.B. Greaves hit), and "Layin' My Old Lady."

Barry Melton: The Fish (United Artists UAS 29908, pr. Melton and Dave Charles, January 1976) — A relatively obscure Barry Melton album, it was only released in England (though sold as an import here), and featured English backup musicians. Mr. Fish does "Jesse James," a fine song he co-wrote with Robert Hunter (Hunter still performs it occasionally), and "Speed Racer," a pleasant if undistinguished rocker Melton co-wrote with Mickey Hart.

Pistol Packin' Mama, The Good Old Boys (Round RX-LA-597-G/RX-109, pr. Jerry Garcia, 1976) — Garcia produced a bluegrass session featuring the New Riders' David Nelson on acoustic guitar, mandolin legend Frank Wakefield ("he split the bluegrass mandolin atom" quoth David Grisman), fiddle great Chubby Wise, banjo master Don Reno and bassist Pat Campbell. The album is a classic, featuring mostly bluegrass and country standards, including "Deep Elem Blues."

Sweet Surprise, Eric Andersen (Arista 4075, pr. Andersen, 1976) — Andersen, who co-wrote "Weather Report Part I" with Bob Weir, made several interesting albums of his own. On this one, fellow Arista band Silver, sort of a lesser Poco that included future Dead keyboardist Brent Mydland, sang backing vocals on one song. I haven't heard this record, nor is it high on my list of things to listen to.

Loving in the Valley of the Moon, Norton Buffalo (Capitol ST 11625, pr. Buffalo, 1977) — The first solo album by the Bay Area harmonica ace (ex-Steve Miller, ex-Commander Cody) is melodic country-rock with a dash of soul, featuring Buffalo's harp and vocals. Mickey Hart is credited as "producer, engineer" on two tracks recorded at Mickey's studio, on which Hart also plays some percussion.

Desert Horizon, Norton Buffalo (Capitol ST 11847, pr. Buffalo, 1978) — Norton's second solo album continues in the same vein as his first. On the title track, Hart is credited as producer, engineer and percussionist. The song was recorded at Mickey's studio (the rest of the album was recorded elsewhere).

Down on the Farm, Little Feat (Warner Bros. HS 3345, pr. Lowell George, November 1979) — The last "new" Little Feat album, released after Feat leader/vocalist/guitarist/genius Lowell George's death, includes a song co-written by Lowell and Keith Godchaux, "Six Feet of Snow." It's a nice, lilting, countryish tune, but very much a Little Feat song. (Presumably they got together when George was producing *Shakedown Street.*) It's an excellent record, but if you don't have any Little Feat albums, be sure to buy *Dixie Chicken.*

Planet Earth Rock and Roll Orchestra, Paul Kantner (RCA AFL1-4320, pr. Scott Mathews and Ron Nagle, 1983) — Kantner's '83 "rock opera" marked a return to the earlier form of Kantner record, a sci-fi epic with a million people playing on it; but with slick production by The Durocs, a.k.a Mathews and Nagle. No Dead members play on the record, but one track, Kantner's "The Mountain Song," is based on a melody line of Garcia's from an unreleased 1970 session, and Garcia gets a writing credit.

Finally, on the retrospective live Kentucky Colonels album, *Livin' in the Past* (Briar BT-7202, 1975), featuring the late, great Clarence White, recorded, among other places, in Palo Alto on 10-15-64, Garcia briefly and reverently introduces the group ("... the best young bluegrass band in America ..."). And just to be complete, on the *Woodstock* album (Cotillion SD3-5000, July 1970), right before Arlo Guthrie's "Coming Into Los Angeles," it's none other than Jerry Garcia himself who says, "Marijuana ... exhibit A."□

Editor's Note: If you know of any other sessions that we've missed involving Dead members, let us know!



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FUNSTUFF

Cruel and Unusual Punishment: After a 17-year-old Virginia Deadhead pleaded guilty to drug possession and assaulting a police vehicle while apparently under the influence of hallucinogens following the Dead's recent concert in Houston, Judge Woody Densen placed the youth on five years' probation, fined him $500 and then added a unique twist to the sentence: he forbade the teen from seeing Dead shows for the length of the probationary period. The judge said, "I hope this sends a message to people who are going to go to rock concerts and use LSD. People use drugs with friends who use drugs. Rock concerts put people together that use drugs, and bring pushers out. Any given rock concert creates an atmosphere of drug use.



"I'd guesstimate that much higher than 75 to 80 percent of the people who go to a concert probably are under the influence of drugs. . . . The Grateful Dead is very connected, as I understand it, with the acid-rock generation." And Texas, as we understand it, has always been very connected with twisted court rulings and hangin' judges.

Coming to Your Local Arena—Jerry G. vs. Hulk Hogan!: Newspapers around the country always get in a rude jab about Garcia's weight when talking about the Grateful Dead, but Kyle Hughes of the Albany *Knickerbocker News* scaled new heights of strangeness in his reporting on the Saratoga show: "Back in the Dead's heyday, Garcia was a Rasputin lookalike, but 15 years later he now looks more like wrestling superstar Capt. Lou Albano. Garcia, whose playing was in fine form last night, redefines portly, although he has yet to wear rubber bands in his beard in the manner Albano made famous in Cyndi Lauper videos."

Incorrect. Wrong. Nope. Uh-uh: Bob Kennedy of Cicero, IL, forwards a story about Bruce Springsteen from the August 9 Chicago *Tribune* that quotes Charles Cross, editor of the Bruce fanzine *Backstreets*, on a subject dear to us all:

"Other bands have hardcore fans. You hear a lot about the Deadheads, but where Bruce and his fans share a mutual faith and a mutual trust, I don't think the Grateful Dead and their fans share much more than a mutual hallucination."

Obviously this so-called Springsteen expert has no idea how many Deadheads are into Bruce partly *because* there's a similar audience-performer vibe.

Balls of Lightnin' Roll Along: We're a little late on this one, but we did want to share what we learned about the strange glass orb that dazzled crowds during some of the drum solos on the Dead's spring East Coast tour (and at Irvine, CA). The orb, which appears to have lightning bolts pulsing through it like something out of *Frankenstein*, is billed by creator Bill Parker of Vermont as "the world's first contained-plasma art form." What we see are lightning tentacles made of high-temperature ionized gas dancing inside a 12-inch vacuum sphere sculpted of hand-blown Pyrex glass. In the center of each sculpture is a transmitter that converts high-energy electric current into weak electromagnetic waves.

Explains writer Patricia Lowry in an article in the Pittsburg *Press* submitted to us by Randy Malbone of Coraopolis, PA : "When the globe is turned on, the electromagnetic signals, which follow a precise pattern of wave forms, are broadcast into the blend of 15 gases that make up that atmosphere inside the globe. The waves search for a plasma triggering point. When found, electrons peel away from gas atoms creating plasmatic streaks of light. Microprocessors in the base of the sculpture receive their instructions from sliding controls that determine frequency and intensity."

How disappointing—we thought it was *magic*. Prices for the sculptures run between $2000 and $4000.

On the Road and Out of It: Barbara Wunder Black of Ventura came across this nugget while reading *Baby Driver: A Story About Myself*, the autobiography of beat writer Jack Kerouac's daughter Jan:

"A week later, Steve came by to take me to the concert in Albuquerque, which turned out to be the Grateful Dead. He had some smack, which we snorted on the way, and it was probably the one element that enabled me to sit through the



Summer Tour bumperstickers

GD TV & Film Sightings: Chapter 2316A

Phil Bender of Bismarck, ND, tells us that in the film *Spaceship*, one of the crew members of the craft wears a *Steal Your Face* hat . . . Nick Nolte's character in last year's hit film *Teachers* has a *Blues for Allah* poster in his kitchen. Appropriately, Nolte plays a bit of party animal in the flick. (From Marty Takimoto, Oakland, CA) . . . Joel Schneier of West Caldwell, NJ, reminds us that in the film *Columbia Strike '68*, which documents the student rebellion at New York's Columbia University, the Dead play "Cold Rain & Snow" on the Student Center terrace . . . Jeff Bellis of Wayne, PA, is the latest of many to mention that in a *One Day at a Time* episode a few years back, Barbara (Valerie Bertinelli Van Halen) is ready to go off to a Dead show in Indianapolis, but cancels when her tag-along friend kills herself . . . Luke O'Donnell, a 10-year-old Head from Sullivan's Island, SC, wrote to tell us that his 6-year-old bro, Casey, spotted a skull & lightning bolt button on a character in a spring issue of *MAD*. (See, *The Golden Road* is for the whole family!) . . . Jim Morrison of Roselle Park, NJ, says that the Dead are mentioned prominently in the film *T.A.G., The Assassination Game*. Apparently, someone trying to clear a crowded college campus announces over the p.a. that the Dead are giving a concert, but nobody leaves. Then it's announced that the concert is free, and everyone runs off to the show . . .

whole thing, which I remember as being an enormous cavern of orange glowing pot smoke and terrific noise that seemed to drag on for hours."

OK, Who Dosed the Reporter?: Richard DeBois of Ellicott City, MD, sends along a piece from the Columbia (MD) *Flyer* that starts out as a standard Dead-show-as-odd-carnival-of-time-warped-types article, but gets very peculiar indeed when reporter Jeff Lowe actually describes a concert:

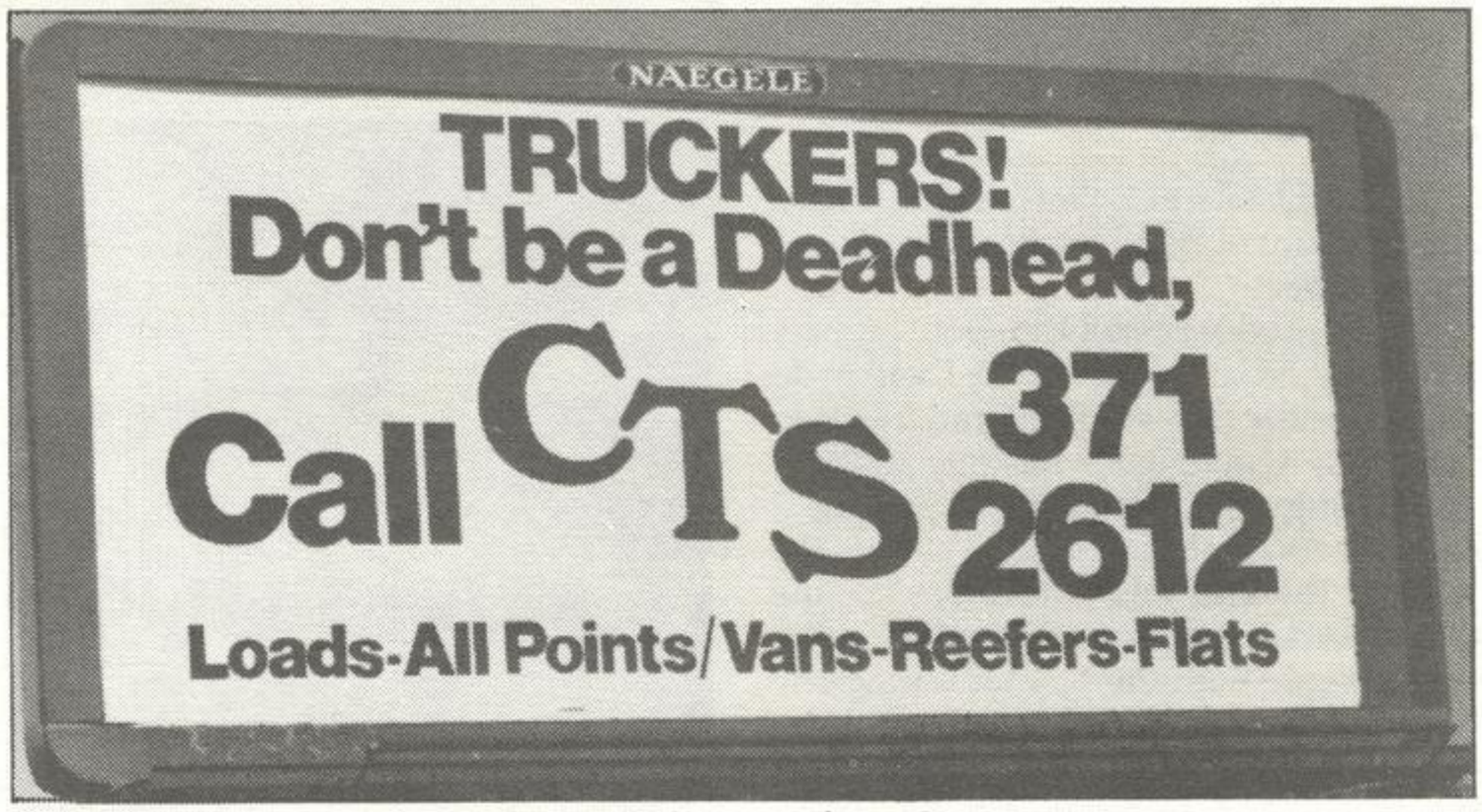
"The Dead, you see, is a single organism composed, chiefly, of two parts: the Grateful Dead and the Deadheads. The Deadheads don't so much 'go to a Grateful Dead concert' as they assemble, from the ether perhaps, to form the body of a living behemoth. Between the times the Deadheads form and disperse, the band is dropped like a pulsing heart into this body for two breaths, long enough to keep it all alive." Yecch.

Spies Are Everywhere: Last time we told you about the Dead's grand post-show banquet in Philadelphia. This issue's gastronomy report is courtesy of Bill Kramer of Harrisonburg, VA, who sent along this item from the Washington *Post*'s "Personalities" column the day after one of the Merriweather shows:

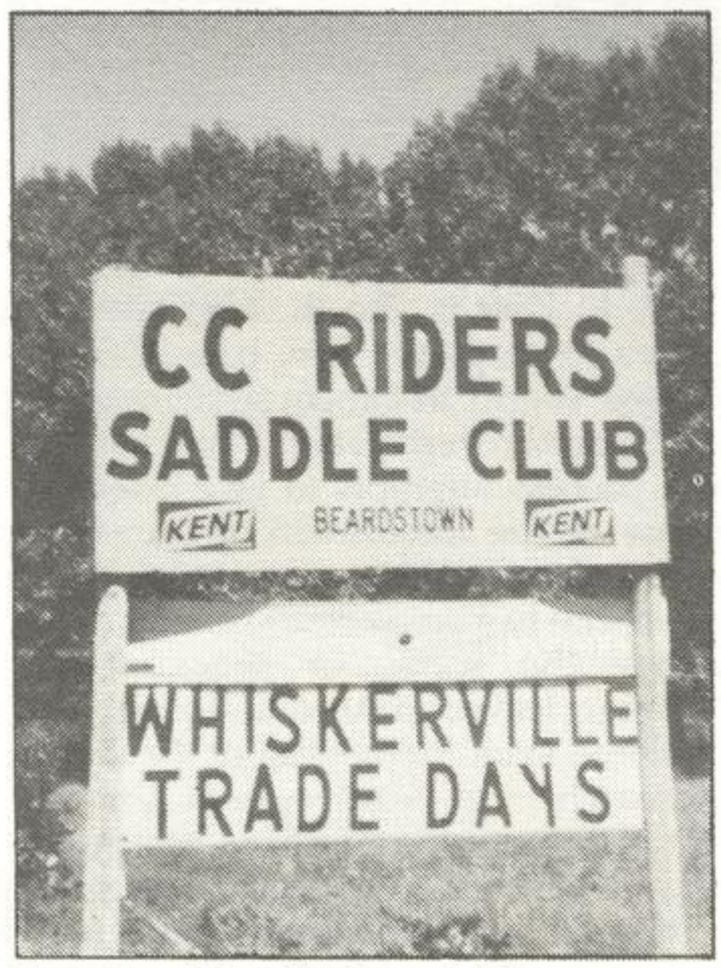
"You may not expect to find the Grateful Dead dining at one of Washington's more expensive restaurants, but Saturday night Fourways restaurant turned over its downstairs Bermuda Lounge to the Dead's party of 22. They were well behaved and drank only the finest of wines. The wine bill alone came to $2000, and no one wanted to talk about the total bill. But one can estimate, considering that dinner for two there can easily reach $150."

They've Got to Get Godzilla Out of That Translator's Job: Volume III of our look at translations of lyrics on Japanese pressings of Dead albums finds only a few liberties taken with the songs on *Anthem of the Sun:* On "That's It for the Other One" they have Weir singing "Pleasure lady come to me/ She lays on me this drug/ The rainbow fly around and 'round/ I get blown away/ But the neatly browned and were smilin' on a cloudy day." And then, later in the same song: "Escapin' through the lilyfields I came across an interstate." (Wasn't it I-70 outside of Salina, KS?) Still, this record has the most accurate transcriptions we've seen on a Japanese Dead LP. (And who are we to be throwing stones? I originally thought there was a line in "Hell in a Bucket" that went, "You imagine me sipping champagne from your boot, and tasting your elegant *pie*"! (Thanks to Rob Bertrando of Reno, NV, and Jack Eastman of Middlefield, CT.)

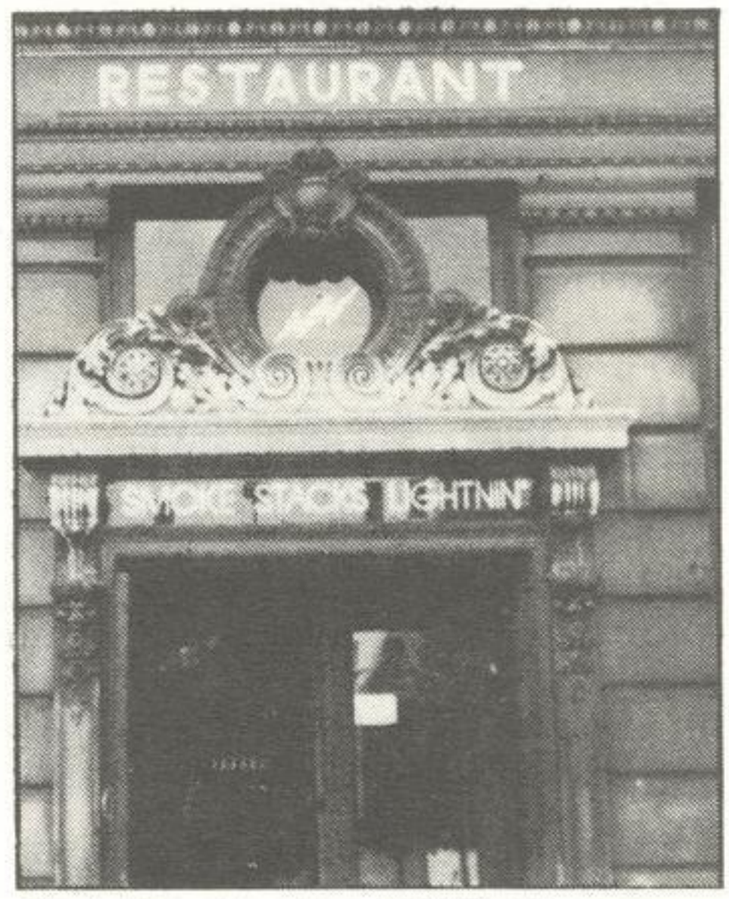
In the Strangest of Places . . .



Billboard in Wilmington, NC. From Steve Kirkman, Durham, NC



From Steve Margolis, Concord, CA



Manhattan eatery. From Matt Troisi, Cranford, NJ



On I-40 in Tennessee. From Patrick Woods, Stonybrook, NY



Restaurant in Perris, CA. From Mark & Jeri Hover, Cerritos, CA

DEADLINE

Continued from page 9

by writer Elizabeth Rollins in the December '85 issue of *Mix, The Recording Industry Magazine*.

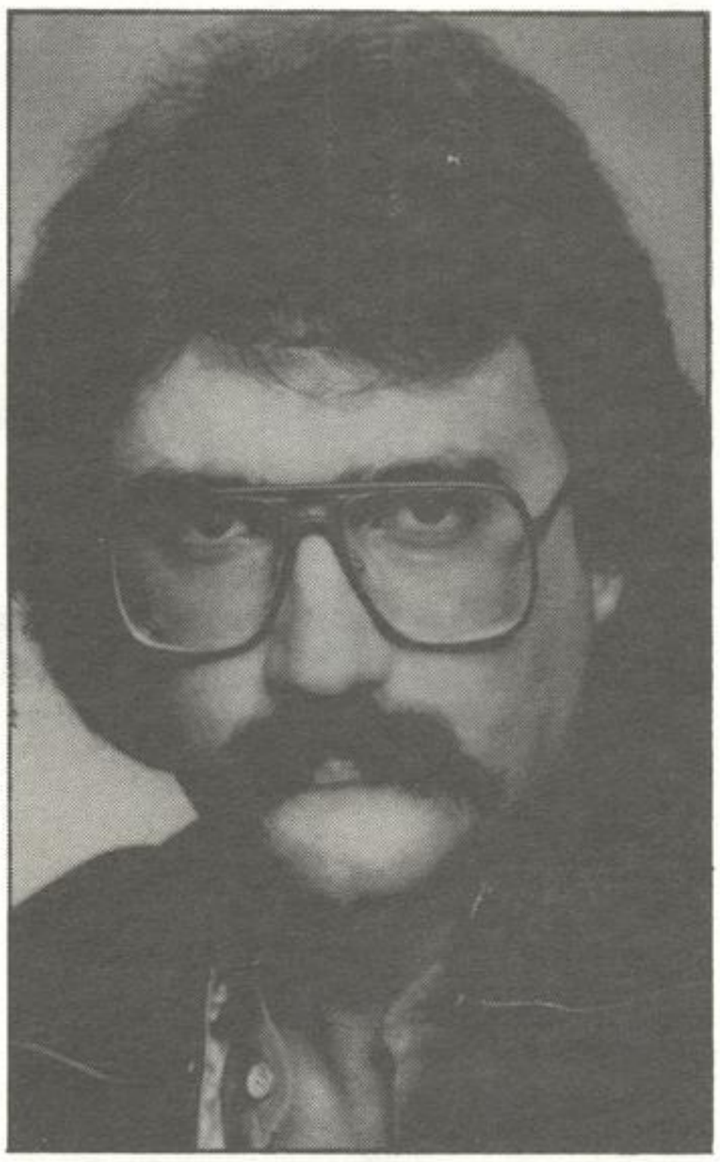
Series producer Phil DeGuere on why he approved the choice of the Dead to do music for the show: "The Grateful Dead has been responsible for my auditory awakening ever since the first time I heard them [in the late '60s]. They are the state-of-the-art when it comes to the amplification of music. Nobody's in the same league with them. That is precisely what the Grateful Dead has always been about — the sound. How to create it, maintain it and propagate it to the largest number of people with the least amount of damage to the ears."

Mickey Hart, the principal sound designer for the series, on his job: "We're using anything that fits: the sound of rain, light bulbs breaking backwards at half-speed, branches falling, car crashes, wood breaking. It's kind of a 21st century orchestra.

"I'm unique because I'm a musician, so I'm composing it, generating it, and mixing it and processing it all. I have total control and I know exactly what I want. I don't know what a sound designer really does. I'm not in the straight mold of a sound designer—I just do what I do, and I know what DeGuere asked me to do. He gave me, I guess you could call it, a mandate to just sound like me. He really didn't give me many restrictions."

Mickey again, on his favorite new instrument that he's used for the show: "One of the most unusual I've used lately is a skull drum from Tibet. It's made of two human skulls joined at the cranium. It's called a *damaru*."

In addition to using the strange music and sound effects generated by Mickey and other members of the Dead, *The Twilight Zone* is also the first television series to employ a new computer-processed sound treatment system known as "spacial reverberation." In a nutshell, the process attempts to give listeners a sense of the localization of sound in a given scene, so that, say, a plane flying overhead in a scene sounds like it's truly above the scene, or shoes scuffing through leaves make sounds that seem to come from the bottom of the screen. Researchers at Northwestern University's Computer Studio have been working on this for a number of years, and everyone involved admits that it is still somewhat an experiment-in-progress. But as DeGuere told Rollins, "All I want to say is, *The Twilight Zone* is back . . . and TURN UP THE VOLUME." Our sentiments exactly.



"Twilight Zone" producer Phil DeGuere

A final note on the opening theme: The heartbeat that is heard when an embryo appears on screen belongs to Mickey's baby boy, Taro. (Mickey, you may recall, recorded Taro's heartbeat when he was still in the womb.) "It's great," beams Dad. "The kid gets publishing royalties from it, along with his mom!"

Yes, that was, in fact, Bob Weir who joined Kokomo at New George's in San Rafael, CA, for the band's encore September 19 (while a lot of Deadheads and folks from the Dead office were watching Bruce Springsteen demolish Oakland Stadium). Ever the rocker, Weir helped the band out on "Johnny B. Goode" and "Casey Jones," the latter a tune the Dead haven't played since November of last year.

We haven't been able to snare a copy of it yet, but the forthcoming issue of the underground comic *Commies from Mars* is advertised as having a foreword by none other than Jerry Garcia. That should be . . . uh . . . different.

And, if you'd like a transcript of that extremely strange (but funny!) conversation between Garcia and Paul Krassner that was aired between sets during last year's Toronto SEVA benefit concert broadcast, pick up a copy of the September-October issue of the recently revived *Realist* magazine. (It was the ever-irreverent Krassner who told the crowd at another SEVA show that he was playing the benefit so that if he ever got busted like Garcia, he could tell the judge he'd *already* played his charity restitution show!)

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

Want: GD 65-72 hi-qual. only. Have 1000 hrs. Send your list for mine. Peter Picard, Wimmelsweg 3, 2000 Hamburg 60, West Germany.

Have 130+ hrs of hot Dead. Looking for the same & CSN. Iko Scott Cibin, 16 Trinity Dr., Enfield, CT 06082.

Have 200+ hrs & want more. 'Ugly Seagull' Berkeley Dead Tape Exchange. Eric Ellisen, 1320 Spruce St., Berkeley, CA 94709.

Have 200 hrs GD old & new. Let's trade lists. Have Kokomo masters from NYC. Mike Rubinowitz, 617 Baldwin Dr., W. Hempstead, NY 11552.

Personal Holy Grail sought: 11/20/70. Plus 8/28/72 & 6/9/76. Have over 100 hrs. D. Habbel, 8827 W. Waterford Sq., N. Greenfield, WI 53228.

Wanted: King Sunny Ade live. Also GD tapes, esp. BCT 3/85, 6/22 & 24/85. Have 250 hrs. Dave Weltman, 1945-14F, Eastchester Rd., Bronx, NY 10461.

Rochester 3/30/73 please. Send your list for mine. Nigel Watson, 70 Woodruff Rd., Clinton, MA 01510.

Need Red Rocks 84, Halloween 84 & Spring East Coast. Have 300 hrs. Send list to: T.R. Box 472, Teton Village, WY 83025.

Wanted: Nassau 85, Saratoga 85, Merriweather 85. Hi-qual only. Have 500 hrs. Send list. Carl Lindahl, 240 Hume Dr., NE, North Canton, OH 44720.

Wanted: Jammin' Dead, Clapton, Feat, Floyd, Traffic, Zappa. Have 250 hrs. Vince Deters, 3033 Holston Lane #D, Raleigh, NC 27610.

Have 900 hrs. Hi-qual & serious traders only. Matt King, 30 Hill Rd., Berkeley, CA 94708.

Wanted: Buff. Springfield, Fprt. Cvn., CSNY, Byrds, Blues, Dead, late '60s SF. Have 1100 hrs. Send lists. F. Hecht, PO Box 1484, Morristown, NJ 07960.

New collector wants GD, JG, Bob & Kingfish. Have several master albums, will make metal tape copy. Send lists. David Witt, 14632 Princeton, Dolton, IL 60419.

Have/need hi-qual GD, esp. 1/22/78 & 11/8/79. H. Carroll, 4417 N. 4th Rd. #4, Arlington, VA 22203.

Beginner w/37 hrs of GD from 67 – 84. Need more. Greg Der Sarkisian, 13291 Chalon Rd., Los Angeles, CA 90049.

200+ hrs, 64 – 85 (mostly 83 – 85). Serious traders send lists. Floyd, 46 Fieldcrest Rd., Arden, NC 28704.

Have 2000 hrs GD. Want more. Serious traders send lists. Thomas Biedebach, Breslaver STR 78, D-5880 Luedenscheid, W. Germany.

Wanted: Summer Tour 85. I'm at a military academy, so I can't tape myself. Please help me out. M/N Tim Stevens 4/c, US Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point, NY 11024-1699.

Hi-qual 85 tapes needed: all Greek; BCT 3/12, 13; Oakland 2/19, 20; New Years 84 – 85 bdcst. John, 1050 Camelia, Berkeley, CA 94710.

Want 12/15/72, 5/20/73, 6/29/73, 6/29/80, 7/1/80. Have 800 hrs Dead & non-Dead to trade. Richard Sheehy, 33 Clubhouse Apts. Storrs, CT 06268.

Have 500 hrs GD; want GD, Dinosaurs, Floyd, QMS, Cipollina, Airplane, Tuna, Who. M. Boran, PO Box 2838, Delray Beach, FL 33447.

Wanted: Hi-qual. GD & 60s videos. 70 hrs to trade. Send lists w/ phone #. Avi Ohring, 30A Garden Dr., Elmwood Park, NJ 07407.

Have Fall 84 hi-qual masters to trade for low-gen Atlanta Fox 77 shows. Row Jimmy, 463 Overbrook Dr. NW, Atlanta, GA 30318.

Have 500+ hrs, looking for 5/22/77 & 5/7/78. Also any hi-qual audio or video. Send lists. Mark Schuler, 108 Monterey Ave., Pelham, NY 10803.

Want hi-qual sbd., FM and aud. of: Dead 62 – 70, Police 77, 78, 82, David Lindley, The Turtles (Flo & Eddie), Steely Dan, Stephen Stills, Zappa 72 – 74, and others. Have a wide selection of tapes (over 200 groups and artists) plus hundreds of hrs of Dead. Serious, quality-conscious traders, please send lists to PO Box 481, Randallstown, MD 21133.

Have 90 hrs qual GD. Love to trade; your list gets mine. Dave Hunkins, 7455 Franconia Terr., Fountain, CO 80817.

Have/want hi-qual GD (800+ hrs), Tuna, Jorma, JGB. Need 7/25/82, 10/12/83. Send list for mine: CECN Joe Hynes, NCBC 31st NCR R30-R, Port Hueneme, CA 93043.

Have much old Allman Bros., want more. Others also. Send lists. Ron Currens, 2800 Osborne Rd., NE, Atlanta, GA 30319.

Aiko-Aiko & let's trade. Send lists: Paul Morrill, 5 Cambridge Rd., Great Neck, NY 11023.

Wanted: pre-77 GD, esp. 72 – 74. Have 200 hrs hi-qual. All lists welcome. Mark Steirer, 79 Charlesfield St., Providence, RI 02906.

Thieves don't have no mercy. Entire collection stolen. Would appreciate any help building one back up. Cliff & Regina, PO Box 13201, Memphis, TN 38113.

Who has 11/29/79? Much hi-qual to trade, Dead & others. G. Greene, 2632 5th Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15213.

Tennessee Jed Head seeks Nashville 12/16/78 #2, Atlanta 11/30/80 #1. David Pahle, 3315 Spanish Wells Dr. #D, Delray Beach, FL 33445.

Have 450 hrs. GD, JGB, others; want same, esp. 3/31/80. Let's trade. Jim Morrison, 115 E. Lincoln Ave., Roselle Park, NJ 07204.

Let's trade Dead & others, 60s – 80s, rock, jazz, reggae. Stephen Sandler, 2104 Tadley Dr., Chapel Hill, NC 27514.

Have spring & summer 85 tours, DBX-Schoeps masters. Like to trade for DBX masters or hi-qual 72 – 74. John Cadwell, 144 Teal Ct., Rosewell, GA 30076.

Trade hi-qual GD tapes. Serious traders send lists. Dan Gale, 333 Bella Vista Ave., Belvedere, CA 94920.

Want 80 Warfield/RCMH and all 82s. Hi-qual only. Have 900 hrs. Paul Steinberg, 67 Lawson Ave., East Rockaway, NY 11518.

Help me find my first shows! 12/18, 19/73, 6/20/74, 5/21/77. Have 500+ hrs. Dr. Stuart McGehee, 2235-C Commonwealth Dr., Charlottesville, VA 22901.

Have 125+ hrs GD video, but still need some common shows. Will trade for audio. Netta Gilboa, 2520 N. Lincoln, Chicago, IL 60614.

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

Grape, Tuna, Feat. Let's trade. P. Zisook, 6820 N. Oakley, Chicago, IL 60645.

Wanted: Hi-qual 70 – 78. Have 400 hrs. Send lists to Chris Blanchard, 1609 Ridge Ave. #L2, Evanston, IL 60201.

Deadhead has plenty of Dead to trade for Bob Marley tapes. Michael Major, 40 Penacoc k St., Penacock, NH 03301.

Have 1000+ hi-qual Dead. Your list gets mine. R. Bugeya, 140-09 Quince Ave., Flushing, NY 11355.

Want GD 10/22/78 (my 1st) and all 79 Calif. shows. Will trade. Naoki Nishi-gori, Nagara-Kita 2-39-2, Minami-ku, Yokohama, 232 JAPAN.

Beginner needs help with collection. Please send lists! Scott Barton, 24B Backwoods MHP, Myrtle Beach, SC 29577.

Ithaca area: I'm new in town. Great older tapes to trade. Dave Champlin, 234 Linden Ave. #3, Ithaca, NY 14850.

Have 350 hrs, many sbds to trade. Want to start video collection, also Bowie bootlegs. Send list to Tracy Delman, Porter Quad Box B580, SUNY Buffalo, Amherst Campus, Buffalo, NY 14261.

Have 75 hrs. All lists welcome. Geoff, 134 Wooleys Ln., Great Neck, NY 11023.

Want 85 Greek shows, also other GD, Radiators. Ex qual only. Karl Bremer, 139 E. Sims, St. Paul, MN 55117.

CLASSIFIEDS

Seeking financial aid for used record store in proven market. Scott Barton, 24B Backwoods MHP, Myrtle Beach, SC 29577. (803) 293-5113.

Musicians: Looking for something unique? Hex Hollow Music specializes in custom-built guitars, basses & mandolins. Electric & acoustic modifications & repairs. (215) 845-2787. Barto, PA 19504.

Jim, Paul & Mat: Thanks for making the Greek a reality for me. Getting those tix & my Flints fix made my road trip — Desert Rat, Palm Springs, CA.

Found at the Sunday Ventura show: Nikon camera. It was left on our blanket. Call to describe (303) 934-0013. P.S. Did you by chance pick up our white Dead T-shirt?

Beginning acoustic guitarist seeks same on Peninsula. Bill, 21047 Gardena Dr., Cupertino, CA 95014. (408) 252-0556.

Silver LP w/Brent Mydland. Used, good condition. Will trade for Keith & Donna LP or something other than cash. Alan Praskin, 17969 Oak Dr., Los Gatos, CA 95030.

Dead photos from 85: Frost, Greek, Ventura & other Bay Area shows. Send $1 for sample photo & list to: Will Kratt, 1832 Edgewood Dr., Palo Alto, CA 94303.

Hey Now! Jan & Lori. Thank you, thank you for my birthday *Golden Road* subscription. Now how do I get GD TV in Seattle? Tell me quick. See you at New Years. Ron & Dawn.

Psychedelic rainbow glasses. Put them on and see beautiful prisms of rainbow colors. $1.25 postpaid. Wunderkind, 403 Ivy St., Ventura, CA 93003. Don't leave home without them.

Great photos. Greek, Alpine, K.C., Rocks, etc. Color & b&w. Send $1 for color sample and list. Slavens, Box 27, Fontanelle, IA 50846.

38-yr.-old Deadhead, vegetarian, carpenter, craftsman, tattooist living in the mountains interested in: dancing, organic gardening, Herbalore, alternative living, cosmic understanding. Seeking 18 – 30-yr.-old long-skirted lady with roses in her hair and like interests for possible companionship and concerts. Write Pat Byars, P.O. Box 404, Hot Springs, NC 28743.

A picture is worth a 1000 words. Who was selling the double-exposure pictures of the Dead at Alpine Valley? Contact me, Phil Bender, Box 503, Bismark, ND 58502.

Congratulations, you two. You know who you are. We wish you a long road of unlimited devotion. — R&B.

Nov. 19: Happy Birthday, Hardware Man. May your Scarlet Begonias survive the snails. Love, Us.



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