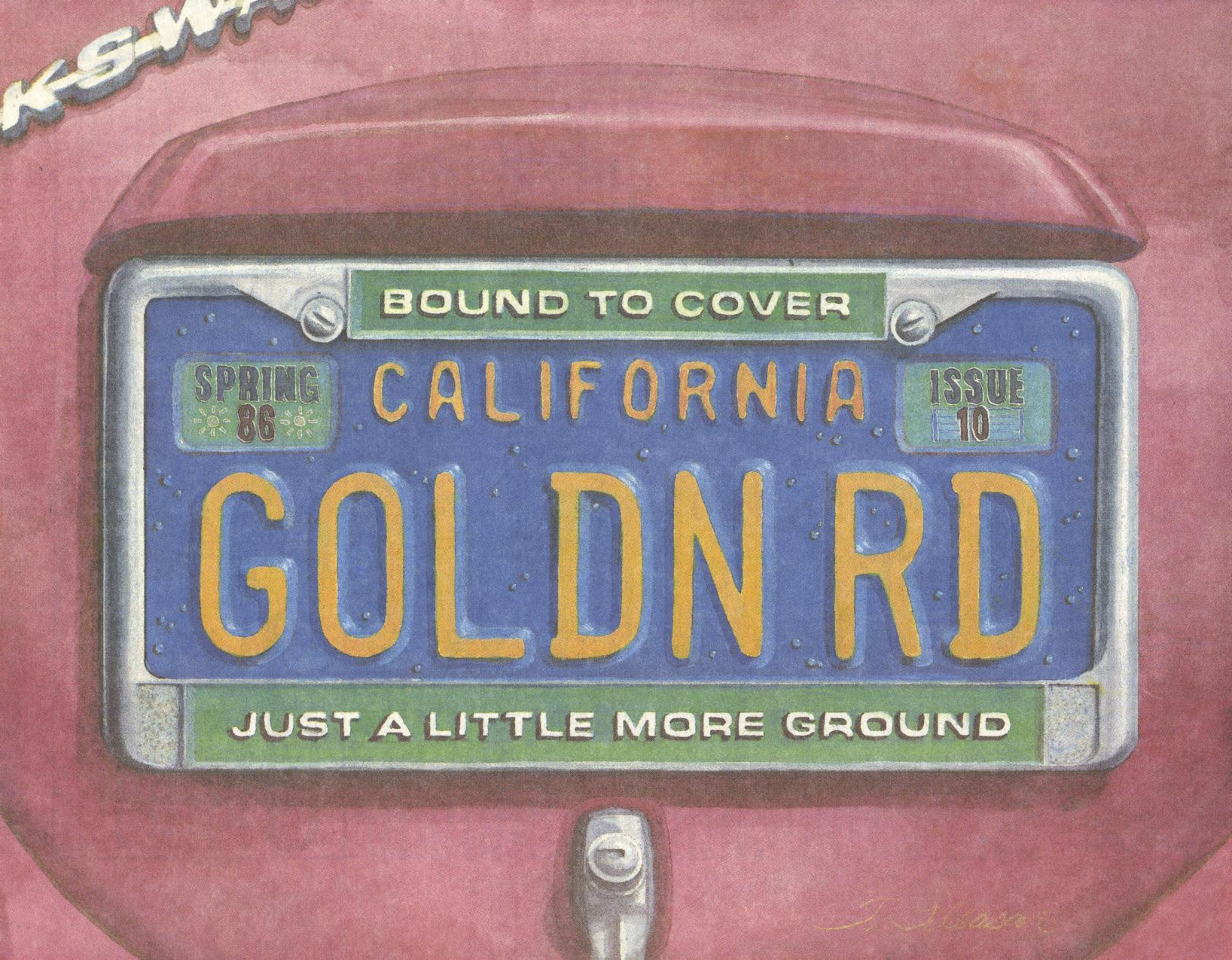
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86
CALIFORNIA
ISSUE
10
GOLDN RD
JUST A LITTLE MORE GROUND

You plant ice, You're gonna harvest wind

Like many Deadheads who are unable to travel to far-away shows, we rely on reports from friends on tour — late night calls from hotels, truck stops, train stations and pay phones on the road between Nowhere and the Next City. And you know what? It really is the next best thing to being there (at least until the tapes arrive a few days, weeks or even months later). Our hearts soared when we heard the news that "Visions of Johanna" and "Desolation Row" had been introduced; that "Box of Rain" was *finally* back in rotation; that this "Terrapin" or that "Playin' in the Band" was particularly stirring. We've been to enough shows to vicariously experience the concert as we jot down the list and get a few colorful details. We share the exhilaration of the great moments, and groan (with a smile) when we find out that Garcia forgot the words to "Crazy Fingers" *again*.

But for the past two East Coast tours (fall '85 and spring '86), The Show Report, as we call it, has been peppered with a troubling amount of bad news and bad vibes. Last autumn, rampant gate crashing in three cities spoiled things for many Deadheads. This spring, there were several disturbing incidents: in Providence, someone threw a beer bottle at the stage and almost hit Billy; a near-riot erupted in that city when a violent mob provoked city police to the point where they *had* to react; professional East Coast bootleggers threatened and harassed the legitimate craftspeople who have acted responsibly in their trades through the years. While these problems may have been caused by a few bad eggs, widespread trouble has surfaced as well.

Some of the things that are rotten in Grateful Dead-land clearly are controllable from within. People from the Dead organization have time and again complained about the ludicrous heights that tapers place microphones, only to be ignored or verbally abused by rude and inconsiderate people who think taping is sacrosanct. Perhaps those people should be reminded that the tapers' section was created because tapers had demonstrated a lack of consideration for others in the crowd, and that taping is a privilege, not a right. Videotaping continues unabated despite the band's strenuous objections (see story on page 24). We Deadheads like to believe we can police ourselves, but there is scant evidence of that right now, and we can't help but fear that the repercussions of irresponsibility and flagrant disobedience are more rules and less freedom.

Finally, we were shocked to learn there are Deadheads out there who have become so jaded from constant touring that they actually complained that "Box of Rain" was played too much on the recent tour. (We heard this from several different people.) Have the few hundred hardcore fans who hit every stop on a tour become so myopic that they would deny thousands of fans in a given city the thrill of hearing a song that hasn't been performed in 13 years because *they'd* rather hear something different? Remember, the band plays to first-timers and non-tourheads as much as to the 300-show vets.

Our purpose here is not just to rag on everybody — hell, we're *all* guilty of one offense or another from time to time — but simply to point up the fact that problems that are attitudinal in nature tend to snowball if they're not checked. Where love and respect prevail, love and respect grow. Where hostility and self-centeredness rule, there is no cohesion of spirit. Lest we forget: "Ain't no time to hate/barely time to wait." The real question is: are we going to flunk the Acid Test?

On a much brighter note, our cover is by Tim Gleason, who used a combination of media — watercolor, dyes, pencils and markers — to create this stunning VW tourmobile. A native of Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, Tim spent his formative years in Georgia and Germany before moving to the Bay Area about ten years ago. He's held several top level art and graphics jobs through the years; for the past several he's been art director at *Mix, The Recording Industry Magazine*. This is Tim's third *Golden Road* cover — the others were Spring '84 (the samurai skeletons) and Winter '85 (Joe Deadhead).

And finally, what would this page be without our friendly quarterly plea for those of you who are renewing your subscriptions to do so well before our next mailing? It really complicates matters for us when renewals arrive so late. If you received a renewal slip this time, please try to have your checks in by June 15. Thanks a lot!

— *BJ & RM*

The Golden Road

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FEEDBACK

Zapped!

This is a letter from a newly anointed fan. After two years of resisting a friend's gentle incantations, I finally took the bait and attended the extravaganza at the Henry J. Kaiser Convention Center. What a blissful, affirmative experience.

See, I previously harbored some pretty typical biases about the Dead and Deadhead culture. I saw the band at El Monte Legion Stadium in December 1970, and for one reason or another, didn't enjoy myself. Over the years, the lingering (and growing) Deadhead phenomenon struck me as kind of weird. I thought Deadheads were basically unreconstructed hippies, holding on to vanished dreams from the '60s. But when I became friends with a Deadhead at work, I decided to look at the Dead scene with an open mind. I didn't have to embrace it, but I owed it to my friend to learn something before I judged.

I began to soften as I saw her boundless enthusiasm for the Dead way of life. It all started to seem warm and quaint — a big, harmless communal caravan. Nice, but not my cup of tea. After all, I was getting older (ahem, ahem) and felt I ought to be copping a more sober and dignified lifestyle, commensurate with my job status. (Where do we get these ideas?)

So, anyhow, I got zapped at the Mardi Gras show. The lights, the decorations, the music, and especially the amazing feeling of collective acceptance and generosity among the crowd just knocked me out. And the parade! It was magic. And the Neville Brothers and the Wild Tchoupitoulas were great.

It was so wonderful that I went back Friday for the Valentine's Day show. Most of the same people were sitting around me, smiling like happy fools. My friend always said that Deadheads are the coolest. And now I know it's true.

Edward Guthmann
Oakland, CA

Her Job Is To Shed Light

Thanks for the fascinating Candace Brightman interview last issue. It was interesting to read about someone who can add so much to a show. And it was a great interview to go with your previous ones with Dan Healy and Dan English.

I'm at present in college and hopefully will be going into theater lighting and sound. If my career ever ends up like Candace's, I'll be well pleased. Theater lighting is generally pretty limited, but if I ever get the chance, I'll be trying out some of Candace's ideas.

Look forward to future issues. Keep up the good work. You're an invaluable source to us foreigners.

Richard Lee
North Yorkshire, England

We Were Havin' a High Time

Living here in the flatlands, I only get to see the Dead when they play Alpine Valley, Chicago or Indy. So, although the New Year's show may have been lacking for those in attendance, for us in the heartland who never get to see a New Year's show, it was fine indeed. My congratulations to the USA network and to the Dead for taking a chance.

John Miller
Nappannee, IN

"Space." Illustration by Rich Kenny

RSVP

It was neither presumptuous nor obnoxious when, one night during a three-night series at London's Alexandra Palace in September 1974, a member of the audience spontaneously began clapping the beat of "Not Fade Away." Onstage, the Grateful Dead were taking a then-usual lengthy break between songs. The clapping rapidly spread throughout the crowd, and soon the barn-like hall resounded with the "Not Fade Away" beat. The Dead enthusiastically accepted the invitation and played a rafter-shaking rendition of the song. This incident, as well as a stellar "Dark Star" from the same series, are two of my fondest Dead memories.

The audience's similar greeting of the band last New Year's Eve made for another special memory. Unlike the London show, the New Year's invitation was contrived, but nevertheless done out of love as a show of appreciation. I found it illustrative of the communication that exists between the Dead and their audience.

Furthermore, the "Not Fade Away" that ended the second set seemed to be the Dead's acknowledgment that the love will definitely not fade away.

George Lloyd
San Francisco, CA

When Push Comes to Shove

Thought I might comment on the recent gripes about the shows. I was at Richmond this year and had no problems and enjoyed the shows. Last year, however, we were caught up in a gate-crashing debacle there, and I think the management is partly at fault. They were letting folks in through one set of doors. We arrived late (with tickets) and got in the middle of a crowd that wasn't moving. Most of the folks around us had tickets, but soon a huge push ensued and the gates were crashed, ticketholders and all. We had no choice, we were caught in a crowd. If more gates had been open, it might not have happened. That still doesn't excuse the crashers. As Garcia and Hunter say in "Cats Under the Stars," "You ain't nowhere till you can pay your own way back," or *in*, in this case.

As a backpacker, I'm also appalled by the litter, as we always carry out what we bring in. The earth isn't our garbage can. A few years back the Rainbow People staged a gathering at the Three Forks of the Williams River here in WV. Since the authorities considered them "dirty hippies" there was much protest. However, after the gathering they left a cleanup crew that picked up garbage that had been there way before the Rainbows came. The editorial pages of local papers sang their praises after that. We

FEEDBACK

Heads need to take a lesson from them and sow some good karma. We certainly need it after all the recent negative things that have been said.

Jim Kirk
Winfield, WV

Come Together

A couple of things prompt me to write this letter. The first is the growing amount of bitching among Deadheads about the Dead in general and the New Year's Eve show in particular. Complaints run the gamut from song selection and transitions to the level of musicianship to criticism of the television broadcast. The venom spewed seems proportional to the number of shows attended; the rationale seems to be the more you're into the band, the more you're entitled to bitch about what they did or didn't play. Hey now — let's lighten up, people! All too soon the day will come when all you'll have is your tapes to listen to and whine about, as our band will have come and gone. A bird song in the hand . . .

My second point: As a former L.A. Deadhead, I resent your continual abuse of Heads who aren't bitchin' enough to live north of Bakersfield. Loud, drunk and unruly behavior is *not* endemic to Southern Californians, despite your verbiage to the contrary. How many Bay Area fans were at Irvine or Long Beach? How many New Yorkers puked on their neighbors' shoes at Boreal Ridge? The point is, this geographic elitism runs totally contrary to the unifying spirit of the Dead's music. This unique band brings people together from all over the country and all walks of life. Your petty provincialism in an otherwise outstanding publication is, to borrow a phrase, presumptuous at best and obnoxious at worst.

Now let's all get back on the Bus and behave ourselves. Cowboy Neal has a schedule to keep, and we're only along for the ride.

Ron Dickson
Seattle, WA

Editors' note: We are reporters, and we have observed great differences in crowd behavior between Bay Area shows and some Southern California shows. We see 20 or so local shows a year, and we have never *seen the kinds of unpleasant displays we've run into at shows elsewhere. Nor have we witnessed the professional scalping and gate crashing that occurs on the East Coast. The contrast is striking. Ask anyone who's been to the Greek or Frost or Kaiser how great the feeling in the crowd is, as most people seem to just relax and respect one another's space. We don't mean to put anybody down because of where they live; we're just trying to encourage considerate behavior.*

And for the record, Blair is from New York (where he attended shows for years), and Regan is from the L.A. area (Pasadena).

Passing the Flame

I've always felt that the Grateful Dead scene is special not only because the music is so psychedelic and magical, but because it draws a special kind of crowd. A crowd that cares. A crowd with an amazing percentage of people who are, by society's standards, abnormally honest, caring and giving. People like this don't just appear out of nowhere because the Dead are in town. They start out fairly normal (which can be pretty bad in this day and age) and then *become* special by expanding their awareness of themselves and the world around them, and then trying to improve both.

Unfortunately, some people get turned on to the Dead's music without getting turned on to the roots of it all. The roots of

Illustration by Kifer Releaf/Lovelight Graphics

the Grateful Dead scene are in the hippie movement of the 1960s, when words of peace, love and a changing world were sung loud and clear, and expanding one's awareness was beginning to be recognized as important.

We must realize that the younger rockers who are new to the scene are used to a different kind of crowd with different standards of what is, and is not, cool to do. The Deadheads we met at first, when we were younger "partiers," set an example for us. They didn't just turn us on to the music, they turned us on to the whole scene. They were mellow and polite to us, they shared things with us and showed us more sociable ways to act. Without their example, we wouldn't have become as mellow and caring as Deadheads are reputed to be.

So if you've been around the Dead scene long enough to be bothered by rudeness at a show ("You know all the rules by now, and the fire from the ice"), then it's your turn to be the example. That way, the goodness will spread, not the negativity. Turn new Deadheads on to the positive ethics of the culture.

Turn on your lovelight!

Gregg Hammond
Portland, OR

Mississippi Half-Price

I am confronted by a dilemma faced by many other families who enjoy the Dead's music. I have a daughter who will be 4 years old soon. My wife and I would like us all to go to a concert together; the problem is the price of tickets. Couldn't there be a cheaper price for kids — say, half-price for kids under 12?

There must be a lot of parents who feel as I do, for whom the Dead is also a family band.

Alan Praskin
Los Gatos, CA

A Long Way From Wichita

It isn't often that I get to do double duty and employ my doctorate in the service of the Grateful Dead, but I ran across a citation I thought you might enjoy.

In 1381, a revolt broke out in England, led by a priest named John Ball. The depressed peasantry, provoked by the long and bloody war with France, outraged at meager wages and fare, taxed beyond despair, rose up in anger. Class resentment fueled the rebellion. They sang, "When Adam dug and Eve span/ Who was then the gentleman?"

The English king, Richard II, seeking to restore order throughout his realm, managed to find one man who confessed, under torture, that the rebels had planned to overthrow the state. The rebel was beheaded and his head adorned London Bridge till it rotted (not the bridge!). His name was Jack Straw!

My account is taken from Will Durant, *The Reformation* (NY: 1957), 44-45. Thanks for *The Golden Road!*

C. Stuart McGehee
Assistant Professor of History
Bluefield College
Bluefield, VA

Old and Out of the Way

I recently ran across a copy of the November 1965 issue of *Sing Out!* magazine (Vol. 15, No. 5). Lots of interesting stuff in there: coverage of Dylan's electric debut at the Newport Folk Festival (at least three or four contradictory opinions); a beautifully snide review of *Joan Baez 5* ("Young sopranos all over town have a dozen new songs to learn"), and a complimentary mention of Hamza El-Din's oud playing on Vanguard Records' *Evening Concerts at Newport* series.

Most interesting of all was the following note from Israel G. Young's "Frets and Frails" column on page 89: "Dave Grisman found The Warlocks to be the best rock and roll group he heard in California. He especially liked a song written by their lead guitarist, Jerry Garcia, titled 'Bending Your Mind.'"

Was this the first reference to our boys to appear in a national publication? If not, what was?

And what about the Garcia song? Did it evolve into something we've heard before under a different title, or was it one of those first efforts that is better forgotten? Anybody got a tape?

Sing Out! by the way, is alive and well at Box 1071, Easton, PA 18042, and is highly recommended for anyone interested in folk

FEEDBACK

music of the traditional/acoustic/eclectic variety. They might even cover the Dead if the Dead were to play acoustic more often. Hint, hint.

Lee Agnew
Norman, OK

Editor's note: This may indeed have been the first reference. The song appears on a Warlocks demo tape as "Mindbender."

The List Goes On

I found one more to add to the Sessions list [records by other artists on which Dead band members played]. Chris and Lorin Rowan's "Livin' the Life" (Appaloosa Records) features Jerry Garcia on pedal steel, and Billy Kreutzmann.

Gary Bush
North Bergen, NJ

Jerry Garcia, Honorary Hoodoo

Speaking of sessions, how about Mickey Hart's contribution to one of Lee Oskar's albums?

Also, my favorite Bay Area bar band, the Hoo Doo Rhythm Devils, lists on the back of their first album (1971): "Special thanks to Jerry Garcia." It turns out Garcia had nothing to do with the album, but since he was playing on so many other records at the time, the Hoodoos decided to list his name. This story was told to me by Glenn Walters, Head Hoodoo.

Greg Brown
Chico, CA

Sound Familiar?

Recently the Boston Celtics played a game at the Hartford Civic Center. The fanatical radio announcer Johnny Most had this to say about the people who work there: "They are the most belligerent, angry people I've ever met . . . They push, shove and bully the fans around so you can't even have a good time . . . . [Each one] has a chip on his shoulder the size of a boulder."

As every GD concertgoer knows, this is the reason the Hartford Civic is one of the worst places in the country to see the band. But as you can see, it's not just *us* they hassle.

At the end of the radio broadcast, Johnny's sidekick asked him if he'd like any souvenirs from his trip to Hartford. The unflappable Mr. Most replied, "I'd like some stuffed Hartford Civic Center people for my den." I second that emotion.

Steve Kurtzman
Manchester, CT

May the Four Winds Blow You Safely Home

I somehow managed to get accepted to a study-abroad program and am spending the academic year in Canterbury, England. Leaving the Dead after my last show in Kansas City was about the hardest thing I've had to do in my entire life. Right before they finished "Baby Blue," my friend took a hold of my hand and made me stare at the stage to take a "last look" through my bleary red eyes. That last look is engraved on my memory. Now that I have started to get my subscription to *The Golden Road* over here, I am able to incorporate my last look, your words, the songlists and my tapes into a wonderful, joyous feeling. Of course there's nothing like being there, but that's the best I can do—right now.

I was ecstatic to see the summer tour scene sketched out on paper. The anticipation of going home to a summer of touring is about the only thing that gets me through this year! Thanks for the great work.

Kitty Russell
Canterbury, England

Conversation Optional

I find your magazine excellent and certainly without peer. My favorite endorsement of the thorough nature of your work comes from my friend Big Steve in Denver, who said: "If you read *The Golden Road*, you don't have to talk to anyone."

Charlie Schueler
Boston, MA

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DEADLINE

Dylan and Tom Petty at Farm Aid. Photo: Robert Matheu

Well, for once the rumors were true. In late June and early July, the Grateful Dead will play four stadium shows with Bob Dylan and Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers. The two acts have been playing together since Farm Aid last autumn and already have an Australia-New Zealand tour under their belts. The word on those shows has been overwhelmingly favorable: most agree that the Heartbreakers are Dylan's most sympathetic back-up band since the Rolling Thunder Revue in the mid-'70s. We at *The Golden Road* have been faithful Petty fans since his first tour in '76; ten years later, TP & the Heartbreakers still seem to be getting better. If you've only heard their hits, we suggest you investigate further. The power and intelligence of the music may su prise you.

At press time, the format of the Dead-Dylan-Petty shows was unclear, though we understand that Dylan has asked to headline. Whether the Dead and Dylan will actually play *together* is also up in the air, though we've heard that for their part, the Dead would love to join Mr. D at some point. The abundance of Dylan covers in the Dead's current repertoire clearly indicates how much they admire his music. Dylan's shows are famous for their unpredictability (he's even been known to change the key he plays a song in from night to night — *without* telling the band!), so anything could happen.

Alas, only the four shows in Minneapolis, Akron, Buffalo and Washington, D.C. could be worked out logistically between the Dead and Dylan, although the Dylan-Petty combo will make stops at other cities on an upcoming national tour. Naturally we share Deadheads' dismay about having to see this special concert in a stadium setting, but we're trying to keep an open mind about it. We were pleasantly surprised by the intimacy Bruce Springsteen was able to convey last summer during his stadium tour. If people relax a little and give each other enough space, the Dylan-Dead alliance, too, has a shot at being sheer magic.

Here's how the next few months of the Dead's schedule look according to our best information. Obviously, everything is subject to change:

June 20, 21, 22—Greek Theater, Berkeley

June 26—Hubert Humphrey Dome, Minneapolis (with Dylan)

June 28, 29—Alpine Valley, Wisconsin

June 30—Riverbend Amphitheater, Cincinnati

July 2—The Rubber Bowl, Akron, Ohio (with Dylan)

July 4—Rich Stadium, Buffalo, NY (with Dylan)

July 6—RFK Stadium, Washington, D.C. (with Dylan)

July 11, 12, 13—County Fairgrounds, Ventura, California

August 9—Sandstone Amphitheater, Kansas City

August 11, 12, 13—Red Rocks, Morrison, Colorado

August 15—Park West, Utah

August 17—Boreal Ridge, California

There's also a possibility of shows at Bill Graham's new amphitheater in Mountain View (south of San Francisco) in July and perhaps in the Pacific Northwest — though you beleaguered fans up there have heard that one before.

As it stands now, the fall tour, beginning at the Omni in Atlanta on September 5, will hit Hampton, Greensboro, Columbia (South Carolina), Gainesville, Tampa, Houston and Austin; then move up to the Northeast for gigs in Worcester, New Haven or Hartford, and Madison Square Garden. Possible dates for these are floating around, but we'll wait until next issue, to be as accurate as possible.

The rumor mill is abuzz with talk that the Dead might shut down the tapers' section. We heard from several sources that Dan Healy and others were very dissatisfied with the behavior of tapers on the recent East Coast tour (poles inconsiderately high, etc.) and that the topic will come up at a band meeting soon. Regardless of whether the section continues or is modified in some way, one thing is absolutely certain: taping will be forbidden at the Dead-Dylan shows. Dylan is notoriously paranoid about bootlegging, and two sources we spoke with told us they wouldn't be surprised if Dylan's people actually hired special security specifically to root out tapers. (In fairness to Dylan, we should point out that he has been bootlegged more than any other artist.)

Deadheads with computers will be interested to know there's now a Grateful Dead conference running on The WELL (Whole Earth 'Lectronic Link), a network established by Stewart Brand and his Whole Earth compatriots. It's hosted by *Playing in the Band* author David Gans and *Golden Road* computer czars Bennett Falk and Mary Eisenhart, who hope it will serve as an ongoing forum and archive. Current topics include songlists (all of 1986 to date, plus new ones posted within hours of each show), tape traders, feedback to the band, a Deadhead musicians' network, and much philosophical discussion. Participants are encouraged to join the discussions and post new topics as the mood strikes.

"We think that computers hold enormous possibilities for strengthening

the ties that already bind the Deadhead community," Mary explains. "They offer, among other things, massive data storage capabilities and fast, effective communication. In some ways, they're the next best thing to Dead shows for communicating on the level of pure thought. We'd like to see how far this can go."

The WELL is a low-cost Bay Area-based network ($3 per hour connect time, $8 per month); people across the country can access it through Uninet, a telecommunication network. For information on The WELL, call (415) 332-4335, or write to The WELL, 27 Gate Five Road, Sausalito, CA 94965. For more information about the conference, write Mary Eisenhart, 5951 Canning St., Oakland, CA 94609. (By the way, Mary, David and Bennett receive no revenue from this venture.)

Jerry with Franken (R) and Davis at Jor-Dan Studios in Wheaton, IL

A few issues ago we mentioned that Jerry Garcia had traveled to Chicago to produce the soundtrack for a film called *Date Night*, written by and starring Al Franken and Tom Davis (of *Saturday Night Live* fame) as members of a bar band called Badmouth. At that point, no release date had been set by Columbia Pictures, but we got a call from Al himself the other day telling us the film is now set to open in June nationwide, under a different title: *One More Saturday Night*!

"When Columbia first said they wanted to change the title to that we were a little nervous for a couple of reasons," Al told us. "One was we didn't want it to look like we were exploiting Tom's and my association with *Saturday Night Live*. Then also, there was the Grateful Dead connection because of the song ["One More Saturday Night."] When I told Weir about the name change, he smiled and said, 'I'll sue.' When we told Columbia it was the title of a Grateful Dead song they said, 'Good!' But they didn't want it for the movie because they thought it was the wrong style for the movie and it would make people think about the '60s, or something. Also, they said they wanted a new song so they could make

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a video for MTV. So Motown, who have the soundtrack rights, had all these people write songs with that title and then they chose their favorite.

"Now, I know that a lot of Deadheads know about Jerry's connection with the film and they might come because of that," he continued with a nervous chuckle. "Well, I just hope nobody walks out when they hear the title song, which I can pretty much guarantee Deadheads will hate! It's sort of Pat Benatarish in a way. The point is, the movie does pick up. I actually think it turned out pretty well. People will like it if they make it through that first song."

As for working with Garcia, Franken said, "He was a real taskmaster in the studio. He worked us real hard. As you know, he's an exercise nut, but even we were surprised that he brought his exercise bicycle into the studio. He'd be up there all day yelling out orders at us while we recorded."

Franken also revealed that Garcia ended up having a guitar solo in the movie: "The band that was Badmouth was the core of Tom's band, The Tom Davis Experience, and so Tom was actually the guitarist on the tracks. At one point there's this close-up of Tom doing a solo, and Tom really couldn't quite pull it off, so Jerry redid it based on what Tom was *trying* to do. We fall over laughing every time we see it. It starts off *almost* sounding like one of Tom's solos, but it becomes so identifiably Jerry."

Parting words from Al: "A lot of how the film does commercially depends on the first weekend, so everyone go see it right away!" We'll *be there!*

Some of you may have heard of Joseph Campbell, the distinguished mythologist/cultural historian whose book *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* is widely regarded as one of the most lucid treatises on human spirituality ever written. At 80, Campbell continues to explore the world's seemingly infinite belief systems. And in February he also found time to attend his first rock concert: the Dead at Kaiser Center in Oakland! (Just a year ago, he and his wife saw the first films they'd seen in 30 years when George Lucas screened his *Star Wars* trilogy for them; Lucas has said that Campbell's work greatly influenced the *Star Wars* story.)

The Dead originally connected with Campbell in a curious way. While jogging near his home one day, Bob Weir ran into a woman who is one of Campbell's associates. Both Weir and Mickey Hart are devotees of Campbell's work, and so Weir asked if they could meet the author. He also learned that a film based on Campbell's writings is in the planning stages. The week before the Oakland shows, Mickey Hart hosted a gathering in Campbell's honor at his home. Weir and Hart have now offered to contribute soundtrack music for the proposed film. Campbell's reaction to his celebrity among rock and rollers and film greats? "To think that my work has been influential to people like Lucas and the Grateful Dead — I'm absolutely delighted!"

Congratulations to Grateful Dead road crew member Steve Parish and his wife, Marilyn, on the birth of a baby girl, Lauren Amanda Parish, on February 23! The cigars (or spliffs) are on us!

Continued on page 33

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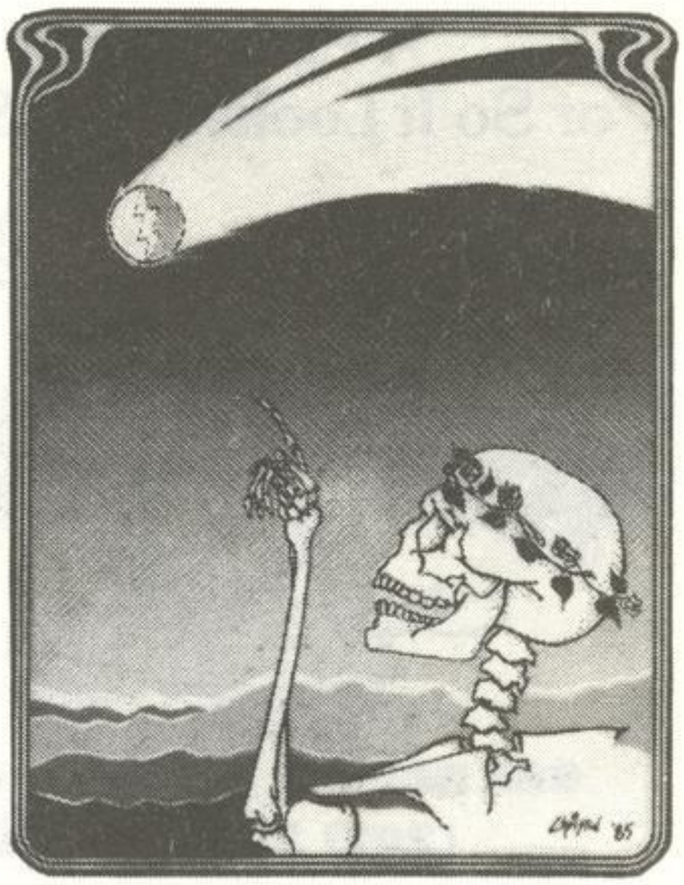

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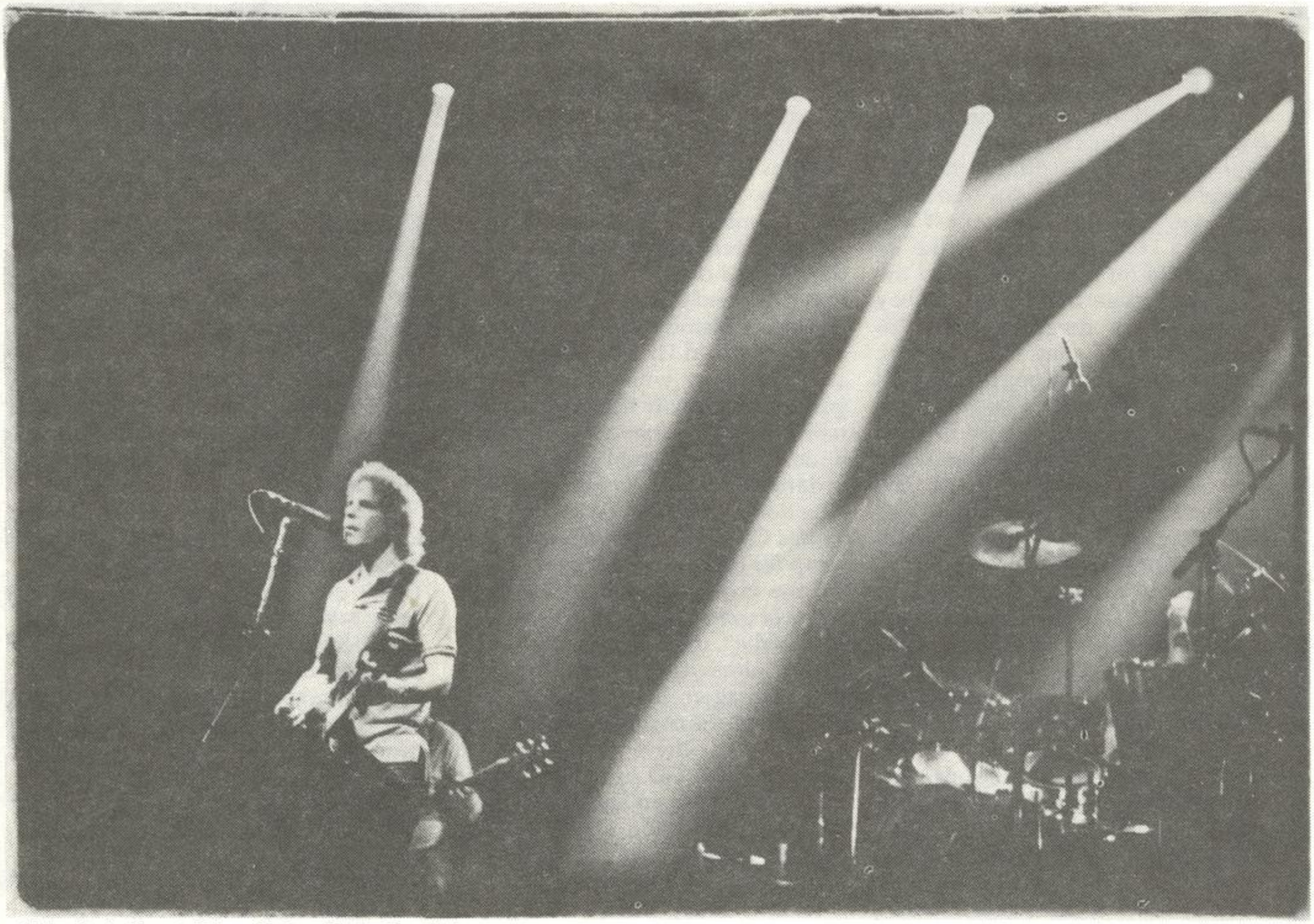


Valentine's Day at Kaiser Center. Photo: Ron Delany

It used to be that February was break time for the Grateful Dead. After a hard year of touring they'd take the first three months of the year off and then hit the road again in late March or early April. But lucky us — the Dead had such a good time playing Chinese New Year's last year that they decided to do it again in '86, and throw in a Mardi Gras celebration and Valentine's Day dance, too. The Henry J. Kaiser Convention Center has become the Winterland of the '80s, a truly special place with a warmth of its own, and these first shows of 1986 were perhaps the most exciting run the Dead have played there.

Once again, Bill Graham's troops had festooned the hall exquisitely for Chinese New Year's. Giant paper fans, dragonflies and Oriental lanterns dangled from the rafters, and a beautiful circular painting of a tiger (this is *his* year in the Chinese calendar) hung above the stage. Red, green and yellow streamers were draped on the front of the balcony, giving a bright sparkle to the utilitarian facility.

The first show was a real barn burner, maybe the best played, and easily the spaciest, of the five-night extravaganza. In a repeat of last year, it kicked off with a bouncy "Iko," Garcia and the others as "up" as they had been for the New Year's shows. A slam-bang set finale of "Bertha"-"Saturday Night" offered proof that the band was still on a tear, but the clincher was the "Mississippi Half-Step-Franklin's Tower" that opened the second set — one of those fast "Franklin's" that seems to accelerate as it goes on. "Playin' in the Band" featured a powerfully melodic jam at its finish and the "China Doll" was titanic, almost "Morning Dew"-like. An intense "Gimme Some Lovin'" provided the show's most rocking moments.

The second show — the actual Chinese New Year's celebration — started with a fine set by the Chinese Orchestra of San Francisco, which plays traditional Chinese folk music (a lot of it sounding like Asian bluegrass!) on traditional string instruments and percussion. The Dead turned in another good first set — it was particularly nice hearing "Man Smart Woman Smarter" outside of the second set — and the second set opened jubilantly with "Quinn the Eskimo." During the Rhythm Devils portion of the show, a spectacular Chinese dragon snaked its way from the back of the hall to the stage. As Billy banged a huge gong at the front of the stage and Mickey let loose with unearthly noises from the bowels of The Beast, the dragon danced through the crowd with power and grace. It was quite a dragon, too. Unlike last year's, which was rented for the occasion, this dragon was commissioned by the Dead and constructed by the Hog Farm commune (see box). Its eyes were bright lights and its body consisted of gleaming fabric scales, red on one side, blue

Continued on page 11

Enter the Dragon!

Photo: Ron Delany

Most Deadheads who saw the dragon procession at Chinese New Year's in February were probably unaware that preparations for that dramatic event began a year earlier. It was during the 1985 Chinese New Year's show that Dead manager Danny Rifkin first approached Dorje (her name is the Tibetan word for thunderbolt) and the Hog Farm collective to ask if they could make a dragon for the '86 shows. Shortly after the concerts, Dorje went to Hong Kong on a buying trip for the silk import business she runs with a woman named Marsha (last names don't seem to come up in this crowd), and while there she purchased an elaborate dragon head constructed of bamboo, paper, rabbit fur and Tibetan lamb's wool.

Back at the Hog Farm's land in Laytonville, California (about three hours north of San Francisco), work began on the body of the dragon a few months later. The scales were made from shiny red and blue material purchased from a theater supply house in New Jersey. While one crew worked on that aspect of the dragon, another group customized the head, adding lights to its eyes and giving it its own personality. One of its giant teeth was even painted gold in honor of Pigpen. Dorje says that during the time the dragon was being built, "people who knew we were working on it would send in pictures of their favorite dragons, things from books and magazines. I'd go home and turn on my answering machine and find that friends had read poems about dragons into it, or they'd make suggestions. It was great having that kind of energy surrounding us."

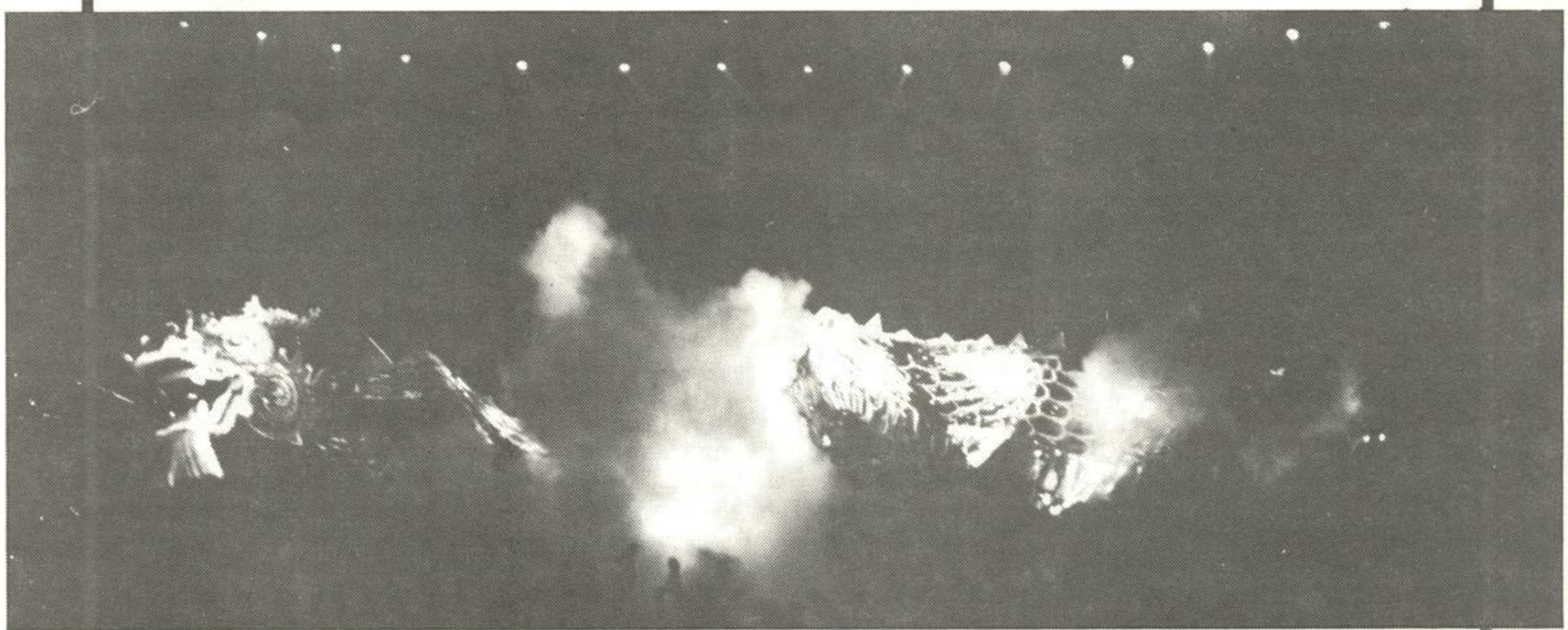
Two weeks before the big show, the finished dragon was put in a pickup truck and driven through a horrendous rainstorm down to San Francisco's Warfield Theater. There, Dorje and the other workers who were going to actually *be* the dragon spent ten straight days rehearsing intensely under the direction of Nirtin Limm, a dance and movement specialist who'd worked in the past at the Hog Farm's Camp Winnarainbow summer camp for kids. Dorje says that Limm led the group through an elaborate series of pre-*tai chi* and Chinese "animal frolic" movements, in which they'd mimic the motions of a tiger, then a dragon, then a gecko, and other symbolic creatures. During this period, too, they conferred with Danny Rifkin, GD lighting designer Candace Brightman and Bill Graham Presents production chief Bob Barsotti, to work out the logistics of the dragon's grand entrance.

A few hours before the actual Chinese New Year's show, the dragon was "awakened" in a ceremony backstage, in which a shaman dabbed black paint on the dragon's eyes and other facial orifices, and incense was lit at a makeshift altar. By the time the Rhythm Devils' portion of the show signaled the true birth of the dragon, the adrenaline was running high indeed. And as it moved through the crowd in its graceful dance, "it wasn't like *we* were the dragon," Dorje says. "It took on a life of its own."

Next year's dragon should prove to be even more spectacular, Dorje says. 'It can go much, much longer. This is just the beginning." One idea being seriously considered is to allow Deadheads to send in "scales" they designed themselves and add those to the dragon's length. We'll keep you posted on that one, so everyone, near and far, can join in the fun of *next* Chinese New Year's!

(Other people who should take a bow on this project include Jack, John Norris, Frank, Cindy, Susie, Nancy, Buff, John Xworthy, Marsha, and Connie Rifkin, Danny's wife, who was the tiger dancer at the end of the dragon.)

— *BJ*



The dragon onstage. Photo: Ken Friedman/BGP Archives

Continued from page 9

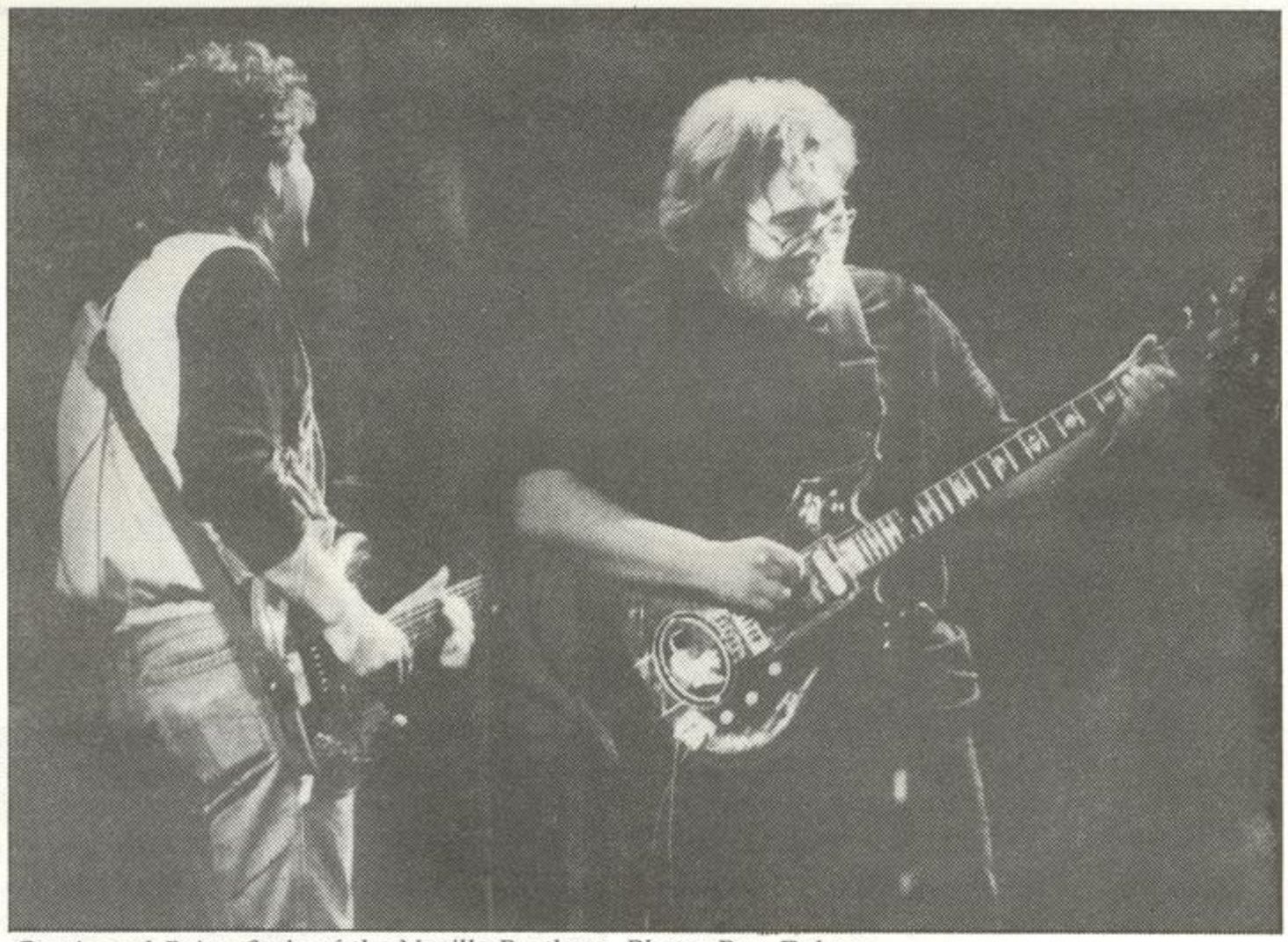
on the other, with a silver lightning bolt running the length of its back. Fire extinguishers bellowed the dragon's "smoke," and a strobe light made its dance that much more eerie. Out of the "space" came an "Other One" that built to a furious crescendo, and then a pair of rockers closed out *this* New Year's.

For the next two days, the Bay Area was devastated by the worst rains in many years, and as people convened for the first of two Mardi Gras shows, there was much talk of the thousands of unlucky folks who'd been flooded out of their homes. Road closures kept some Deadheads away altogether, but they were with us in spirit, I'm sure. In the day between shows, the hall was transformed. In addition to the Chinese decorations, huge cut-out silhouettes of harlequins were suspended, and the balloons on the ceiling and the streamers lining the balcony were in the purple, green and gold of Mardi Gras. Where the tiger had once looked down from above the stage was the Grateful Dead jester giving us the "OK" sign from on high.

Two thousand miles away, the streets of New Orleans were filled with revelers celebrating Mardi Gras, but *Oakland* — not New Orleans — had the Neville Brothers, the undisputed Kings of Mardi Gras Funk! Their opening set had the crowd dancing madly, and by the time the Wild Tchoupitoulas hit the stage, headdresses flying in flashing bursts of color, New Orleans had a serious rival on its hands for sheer Mardi Gras madness.

Obviously inspired by the Nevilles' blistering performance, the Dead came out and absolutely kicked ass on "China Cat-Rider." The nine-song set also featured a long, spiraling "Bird Song" and "The Music Never Stopped" before it shifted into overdrive with "Might As Well."

As the lights went down for the Dead's second set, the thundering sound of syncopated drums filled the hall, and a Mardi Gras parade materialized from the rear of the auditorium. Harlequins waving streamers and brightly costumed partiers danced to the insistent beat, which slowly built into the ultimate "Iko Iko," featuring the Nevilles playing *with* the Dead. A small float with a beautiful Indian maiden and a Wild Tchoupitoulas Indian rolled through the crowd, followed by — are we hallucinating? No — the giant heads that had adorned the New Year's float, completely altered for Mardi Gras. (Actually, they were Mardi Gras-style to begin with.) Leading was "Brent," now sporting a crown and fish in his beard *à la* King Neptune; then



Garcia and Brian Stolz of the Neville Brothers. Photo: Ron Delany

"Jerry" as a New Orleans pirate, with a scarf on his head, a patch over one eye and a bloody dagger between his teeth; and so on. By the time the procession reached the stage, the bands had shifted keys and one of the Nevilles had taken over the lead vocal. The giant heads formed a dancing line in front of the stage and everyone else from the parade got to try their fancy dance moves *onstage*. The 30 or so dancers were a blur of color and feathers that completely obscured the band.

Once the jubilee had passed on, the "Iko" faded and was replaced by another, faster beat laid down by the multitude of drummers and percussionists. Then Garcia came in with a series of quick strums to begin a juggernaut "Eyes of the World" that one wag in my group accurately described as "the 12-inch dance mix 'Eyes.'" By the end of the Rhythm Devils, the stage once again belonged to the Dead, who blasted through great versions of "Truckin'," "Stella Blue" and "Not Fade Away." The crowd once again continued the "Not Fade Away" chant after the band left the stage, and after a few minutes Weir returned without his guitar and picked up the chant.

Meanwhile, various members of the Nevilles came out onstage — guitarist Brian Stolz strapped on Weir's guitar, bassist Darryl Johnson took Phil's bass (Phil was offstage watching), Art Neville sat back-to-back with Brent at the keyboards, and a pack of percussionists slammed out the Bo Diddley beat with Mickey and Billy. The jam stayed on that beat for a minute or so, and then Garcia sang a verse of "Hey Bo Diddley" before charging into a lengthy jam in which he and Stolz traded guitar licks. Garcia had an ear-to-ear grin as he played; after all, when's the last time he really *interacted* with a player outside the Dead onstage? The jam was sloppy but inspired and it definitely had that hint of danger that the best jams have. You could hear Garcia trying to lead the others into "Goin' Down the Road" long before he succeeded, and it was exciting to see him finally just force the others in that direction. As the encore came to a noisy, clanging, chaotic end, and the hall was drenched in a bright, cheerful yellow, I really felt a bit like I'd gone back in time to the Fillmore East; it was *that* hot. (A brief aside — I recommend searching for an audience tape of this show; the soundboard tape is flat and shows the flaws more than they were audible to the crowd.)

The next night the Nevilles played a longer and spacier opening set, but the Dead came out rocking again with "Hell in a Bucket" into "Sugaree." There were a few miscues later in the set, and the mistakes carried over into the second set, which opened with the worst "Scarlet Begonias" I've ever seen live. (It isn't pretty, but it happens.) The show was completely redeemed for me, though, when the Nevilles joined the band during "Space." Charles Neville, playing the best soprano sax licks this side of Weather Report's Wayne Shorter, perfectly meshed with Garcia, and eventually the jam metamorphosed into "Willie & the Hand Jive," the Johnny Otis classic (see "Roots") that is a regular part of the Nevilles' repertoire. The Nevilles retreated briefly while the Dead played "The Wheel," but they were back and cooking for the rave-up finale — "Midnight Hour" into "Johnny B. Goode." It's only rock and roll but I like it, like it, yes I do!!

Continued on page 13

"I Was the Head of Jerry Garcia!"

By BJ

Me and my big mouth, or should I say typewriter. You may recall that I was less than charitable in my description of the New Year's cake float and the huge *papier maché* representations of the band. As I remember, I bandied about words like "hideous," "horrific" and "nightmarish." So I was a bit nervous when, a couple of hours before the first Mardi Gras show, one of Bill Graham's production chiefs, Peter Barsotti, came over to my seat. He'd already harangued me for my review earlier in the week, so I couldn't imagine what he wanted with me now. He put his arm around me and uttered a sentence that still haunts me to this day: "I want *you* to be one of the heads in the Mardi Gras parade!" Of course I thought he was kidding, but he continued. "OK, you've criticized them; now you should see what they're like from the inside," and he handed me a diagram of the procession. "You're Bobby." I hemmed and hawed for a minute but finally gave in when he reminded me it was the journalistic opportunity of a lifetime. What's a little eating of crow and humiliation in the cause of a good story?

Naturally, all my friends were very excited when they heard the news, though I confess my nervousness put a damper on my experience of both the Nevilles and the Dead's dynamite first set. When that set was over, I made my way through the backstage area and into the lobby of the small auditorium that adjoins the Convention Center. There, lying on the floor like the oversized pods in *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, were the heads, each masterfully disguised by a Mardi Gras "costume."

In a small hallway off the lobby, "Cecil B." Barsotti was gathering the troops, cheerfully barking out instructions to the collection of Bill Graham employees and friends who were busy having their faces made up. He called the head carriers together — a group that included two friends of mine, David Gans and Paul Grushkin (you loved their books) — and I was suddenly informed that there had been a change of plans. Another guy was going to be "Bobby"; I was now "Jerry." In the couple of minutes I had before the parade was set to begin, I raced

Photo: Ron Delany

back to my seat to tell my pals of the change so they'd watch the right head. A few minutes later, Barsotti marshaled the throng for the line-up.

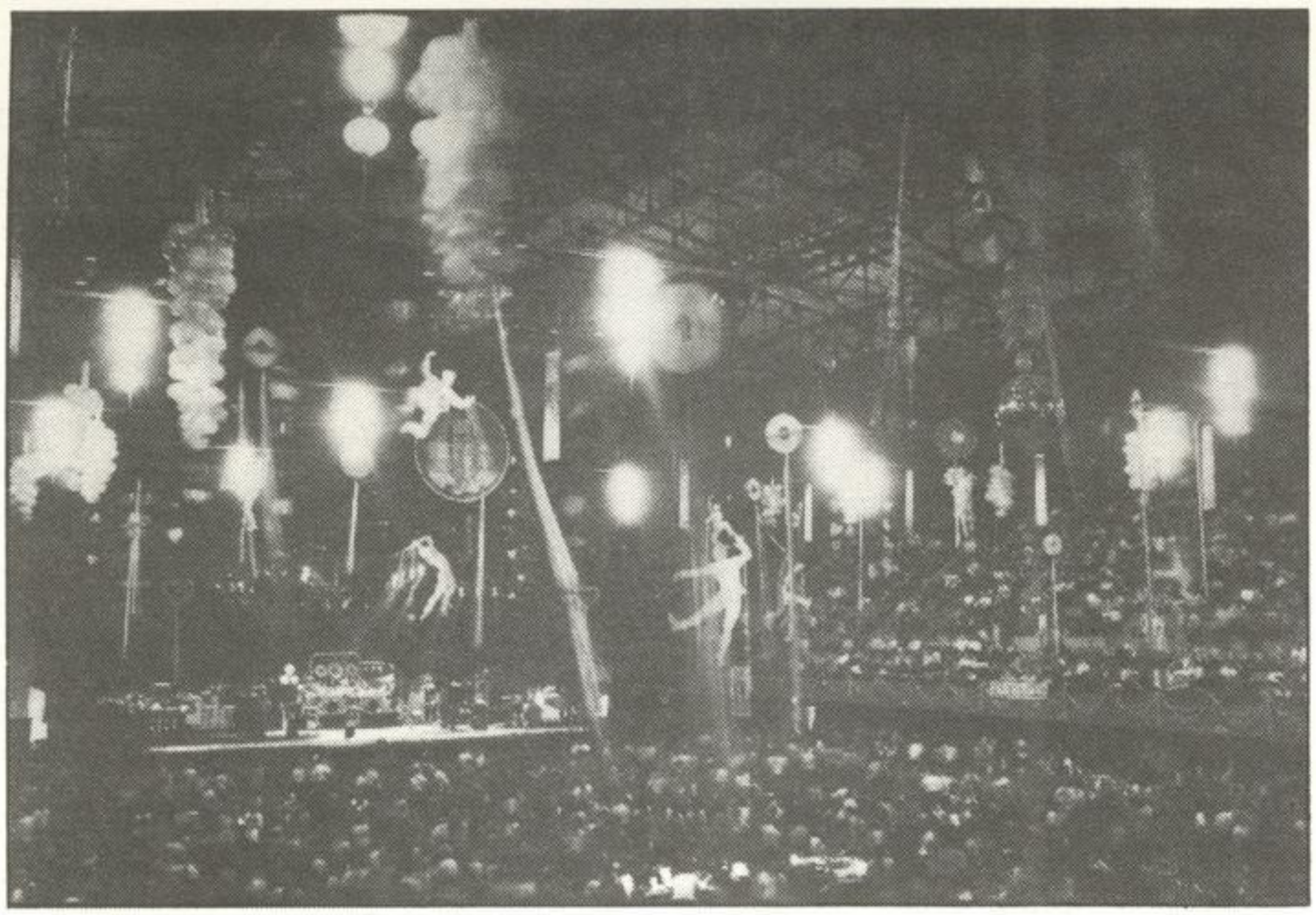
The "Jerry" head, which stood well over 6 feet tall, was lifted over my shoulders, and I put the wooden pole that ran through its core into the little leather holder each of us wore on our belts. That is when this lark turned ugly. The head was amazingly heavy — 45 pounds — and terribly unwieldy. As I stood there, I could barely hold it straight. A swaying move in any direction nearly knocked me off my feet. And nobody'd told me that I wouldn't be able to see anything. My only line of sight was through the "neck" opening below my waist level. A pretty girl was assigned to help guide me, but even that wasn't enough to give me peace of mind.

At last, the parade began to move down one of the side hallways heading toward the back of the auditorium. I could see Deadheads sitting on either side of me still enjoying the food and drink they'd bought during the break. I nearly lost my "head" twice on this leg of the journey as I failed to negotiate two dips in the ceiling and bonked "Jerry's" noggin.

Even encased in my *papier maché* tomb I could hear the "Iko" beat building in the hall, and before I knew it, I was inside dancing and spinning like a madman, whirling through the place like I was born with a Mardi Gras head! I could hear the crowd around me cheering and whistling, and to their credit they gave us plenty of room to move. I would have, too, if a giant head had rumbled in my direction! The trip across the floor went quickly and smoothly. I nearly lost my balance when I tried to wave to my friends on the upper left (it takes *two* hands to handle a whopper head), but otherwise I just tried to keep dancing to "Iko," with one eye on the legs of the "Brent" head in front of me and an ear peeled for instructions from my lovely and compassionate helpmate.

When we reached the front of the stage on the right, I was instructed to move into the space between the stage and the crowd barrier. It was here, smack dab in front of the *real* Phil Lesh — I had no idea if Grushkin had survived his journey in the "Phil" head — that I danced the rest of the song, which, the truth be known, seemed endless to me. Once I'd stopped moving forward, the weight started to get to me and dancing became more difficult. I turned my "face" around once and waved in Jerry's general direction onstage; I hope he appreciated this greeting from his more handsome twin. Finally the song ended, but not before a Deadhead at the barrier had put his head inside of mine and screamed "Awwwwwright!" The noise reverberated through the head for a minute, and as I reached the backstage area I seemed to lose the strength in my arms. As I valiantly tried to upright the quickly falling head, the support pole cracked in two pieces and "Jerry" crashed to the floor. I pulled myself out of the wreckage and sucked in as much air as I could. I was free! I walked around the backstage for a minute trying to catch my breath, like some tuckered-out marathoner, and finally went up to one of the Wild Tchoupitoulas, also heaving and panting from his ordeal. We both smiled big, triumphant smiles and gave each other the most meaningful high-five slap I've ever experienced.

My debt to Graham's people paid, my sin atoned for, I bounded back to my seat and, charged by the thrill of it all, danced like a crazy man for the rest of the night. □



The Kaiser Center is decked out for Mardi Gras. Photo: Ron Delany

Continued from page 11

A week after the shows, I chatted by phone with Art Neville, who was as thrilled by his experience of playing with the Dead as the crowd was watching it. Amazingly, before New Year's the Nevilles were not aware that so many Deadheads liked them. "I sure know it now," he said with a laugh. "In fact, now that I've played with them, instead of just opening for them, I can really see why people are so faithful to them. Playing with the Dead was a *serious* experience for me, man. It was very rewarding for all of us."

Neville instantly saw that the Dead and his band have a very similar approach to improvisation. "They're doing what they want to do without compromise," he said. "We did a couple of jams that were something. I mean, did you see the grins on everybody's faces? There was nobody looking down at the floor. Everybody was looking at each other, keying on each other, watchin' to see where it was goin'. It was great seein' that grin on Jerry Garcia's face. Not just a smile, man, a *grin!* Like 'Wow, this is happenin'!' We had a great mutual respect, and that's why it was such magic. The chemistry between these bands is real!"

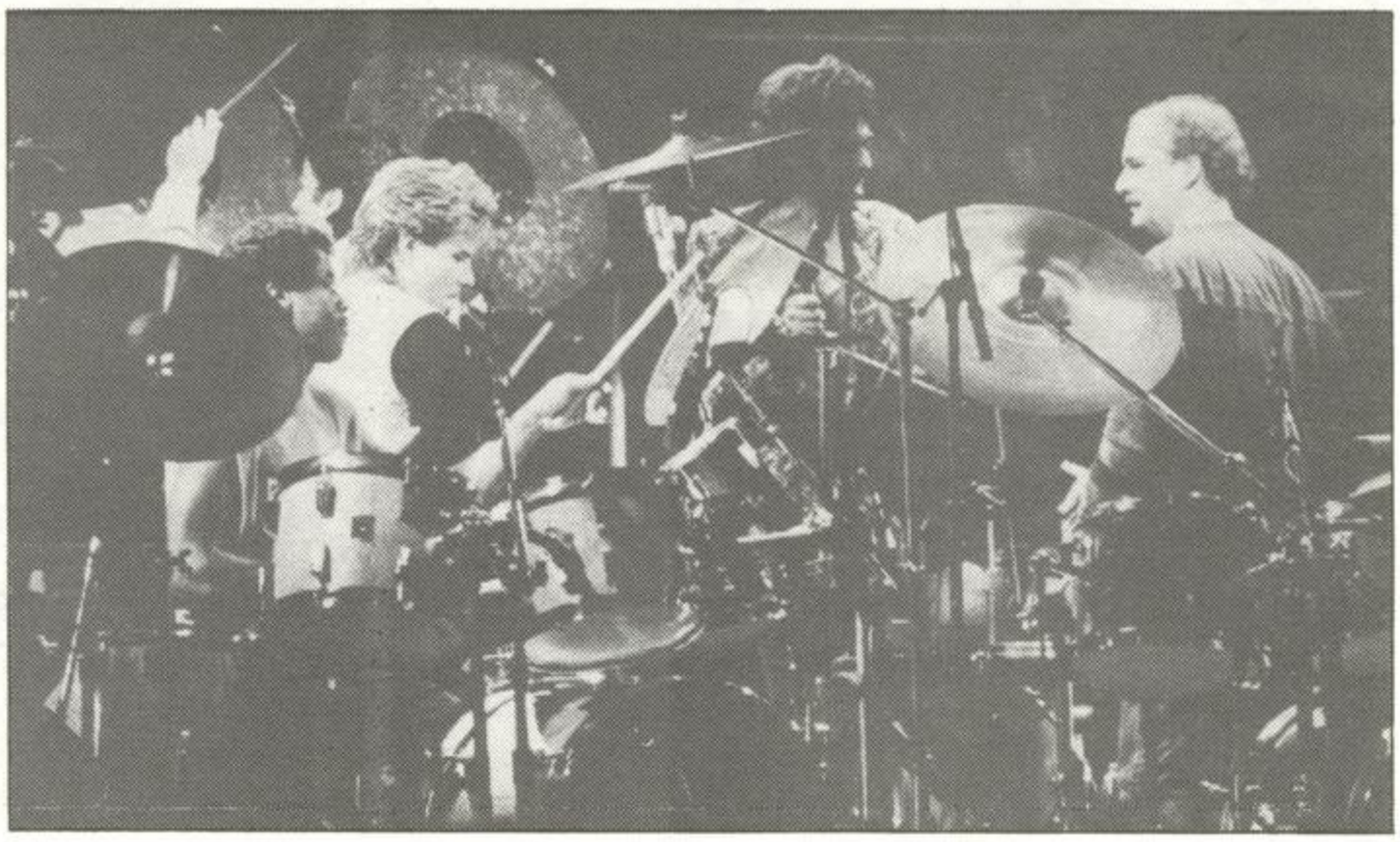
By all rights, the final show, on Valentines Day, should have seemed anticlimactic, but with the hall decorated completely in red, white and pink, how could it be anything but a happy love fest? The Dead came through once again with a tight, powerful show. The ending of the second set? "Lovelight," of course!

Occasionally in the past, the first couple of dates of a tour have served as *de facto* rehearsals for the band, but three practices the week before the beginning of the Dead's East Coast swing honed their chops to the point where they were able to come out smokin' the very first night in Hampton, Virginia. Hampton has developed into one of the most festive places the Dead play. The crowds are boisterous and enthusiastic, and the local authorities seem to appreciate that the Dead are a boon to the local economy. In fact, some businesses and hotels around town even sported signs saying "WELCOME DEADHEADS!" That's a far cry from some cities, where the hoteliers and restaurateurs treat Deadheads like plague carriers. One has to wonder why the Dead bother playing hostile towns like Richmond at all when Hampton seems so accommodating.

The Dead definitely put their following in the area to the test by playing three nights instead of two, and on week nights to boot. Tickets were easy to come by — no doubt helped by the cool drizzle that fell the first two nights — but the shows were still essentially sold-out, so the Dead's gamble paid off. Tour '86 kicked off with a rocking "Hell in a Bucket" (for the past year the band really has looked like it's "enjoying the ride") and then barely came up for air during a very generous ten-song first set that included "Cold Rain & Snow," "The Music Never Stopped" and, most excitingly, the debut of Dylan's "Visions of Johanna," from *Blonde on Blonde*, one of their most ambitious forays into the Dylan canon to date. This first version was sung with passion and considerable assurance by Garcia; if he succeeds in keeping the many verses straight in future versions, it could become a very special part of the Dead's repertoire. It's great that a new generation of listeners is being exposed to prime Dylan.

The second set continued the generally uptempo mood of the show, highlighted by a blistering "China Cat," a meaty "Playin'" jam and capped by the first "Quinn the Eskimo" outside of the Bay Area. Now there's an encore that leaves you singing!

For sheer exhilaration at a Dead show, nothing beats the rush of hearing a new song, or one that hasn't been performed in years. So you can imagine that Hampton Coliseum nearly exploded the second night when Phil Lesh stepped up to the mike near the close of another strong, nine-song first set and started singing "Box of Rain" for the first time since 1973. Rumors of the song's imminent return have been floating around literally for years, but the band didn't seriously work it up in rehearsal until just before the East Coast tour. With Phil and the band singing and playing so well, the song is more moving than it's ever been, and with the fine-tuning that comes from performing a song somewhat regularly, it should become a cherished corner-



The Nevilles join the Dead for a monster percussion jam on Mardi Gras. Photo: Ron Delany

stone, like "Uncle John's Band," "Morning Dew" and a few others.

The Dead had another surprise the next night: Weir opened the show with Junior Walker's "Road Runner" (a first for the Dead, though both the Garcia Band and Kingfish played it in the mid-'70s). That set also featured a wild "Supplication" jam, which, after one false start, eventually went into a stellar "Let It Grow." "Uncle John's Band" was the unexpected second-set kick-off, followed by two more unpredictable moves, "Terrapin" and the reprise of "Playin' in the Band," which seldom appears before drums. During the closing "Sugar Magnolia," Weir once again tempted fate by climbing the amplifier stacks (I wonder if a white arm sling would match his grey alligator shirt?) during the guitar break. When he came down, he casually tied his shoe before breaking into "Sunshine Daydream."

It was sardine city on the floor of the jam-packed Spectrum when the Dead brought Circus '86 into the City of Brotherly Love (not to mention cheese steaks), but the mood was definitely *up*. Philadelphia pandemonium doesn't faze Phil Lesh, though; he came out swinging, assaulting the crowd with a version of "Gimme Some Lovin'" that seemed more like a show closer than an opener. Garcia continued the manic pace with "Deal," and then Weir shook things up with the Dead's first version (*sans* Nevilles) of "Willie & the Hand Jive." A rare appearance of "Candyman" was yet another highlight of the set. While offering no surprises (for a change) the second set was uniformly strong as well.

The next night's first set saw a second version of "Box of Rain," and just like in Hampton, it practically leveled the place and served as a perfect set ender. The second set had several bright spots — and also raised a few eyebrows. The pre-drums was very strong, with "High Time" and "Lost Sailor-Saint" particular standouts, and then, out of "space," Garcia played a staggering rendition of "Morning Dew." It was the first "Dew" of the year, and particularly apropos on the day the United States and Libya engaged in battle in the Mediterranean. Unexpectedly, however, that was also the *end* of the second set, short by any standards. The Dead came back with an encore of "Midnight Hour," appeasing the crowd with a rocker. But we didn't hear any real complaints, because everything the band did that night was played beautifully, and how often do you get "Box of Rain," "High Time" and "Morning Dew" in the same show?

It was Homage to Dylan Night at the third and final Spectrum show. This time, though, it was Weir, not Garcia, who introduced another classic to the Dead's repertoire: "Desolation Row." (This was his first Dylan cover, to my knowledge. Anyone know of any others Weir has sung, either with the Dead or his solo bands?) The song, another from *Highway 61*, is one of Dylan's longest, and it's packed with imagery (check out the lyrics on page 15). To his credit, Weir managed it amazingly well. Garcia, too, seemed inspired and ripped through some dazzling leads. Maybe it's not too early to start a betting pool on the *next* ten Dylan songs the Dead'll cover before the year is out!

"Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues," sung with typically robust intensity and humor by Phil (this time he "started out on Mother's milk," not "Heineken"), popped up after "space" in the second set. The show also included a peppy "Scarlet"-"Touch of Gray" and a solid "Throwing Stones"-"Lovelight" close. The fans in Philly came ready to rock, and the Dead gave them what they wanted — and more.

We'll pick up the rest of the tour next issue. □

Charles Neville jamming on soprano sax. Photo: Ron Delany

2-8-86 Henry J. Kaiser Convention Center, Oakland, CA
Iko Iko, Little Red Rooster, Peggy-O, Beat It On Down the Line, Stagger Lee, It's All Over Now, Bertha ➧ Saturday Night Mississippi Half-Step ➧ Franklin's Tower ➧ Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ China Doll ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ Black Peter ➧ Sugar Magnolia/ Day Job

2-9-86 Henry J. (Gung Hay Fat Choy!)
Jack Straw, They Love Each Other, C.C. Rider, Loser, Man Smart Woman Smarter, Deal

Quinn the Eskimo ➧ Samson & Delilah, He's Gone ➧ Smokestack Lightning ➧ Comes a Time ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Around & Around ➧ Good Lovin'/ Baby Blue

2-11-86 Henry J. (Mardi Gras!)
China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, New Minglewood Blues, Dupree's Diamond Blues, Me & My Uncle ➧ Mexicali Blues, Bird Song, Music Never Stopped, Might As Well

Iko Iko* ➧ Eyes of the World* ➧ rhythm devils* ➧ space ➧ Truckin' ➧ Stella Blue, Not Fade Away . . ./ . . .Not Fade Away* ➧ Hey Bo Diddley* ➧ jam* ➧ Goin' Down the Road*
**with members of the Neville Brothers*

2-12-86 Henry J.
Hell in a Bucket ➧ Sugaree, Tons of Steel, Tennessee Jed, Cassidy, Don't Ease Me In

Scarlet Begonias ➧ Fire on the Mountain, Estimated Prophet ➧ space ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Willie & the Hand Jive* ➧ The Wheel ➧ Midnight Hour* ➧ Johnny B. Goode*/ U.S. Blues
**with members of the Neville Brothers*

2-14-86 Henry J. (Valentine's Day!)
Feel Like a Stranger, Cold Rain & Snow, Mama Tried ➧ Big River, West L.A. Fadeaway, Looks Like Rain, Brown-Eyed Women, Let It Grow

Keep On Growin' ➧ Lost Sailor ➧ Saint of Circumstance, Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Lovelight/Brokedown Palace

3-19-86 Coliseum, Hampton, VA
Hell in a Bucket, Stagger Lee, C.C. Rider, Cold Rain & Snow, Beat It On Down the Line, Big Railroad Blues, Looks Like Rain, Visions of Johanna, Music Never Stopped ➧ Don't Ease Me In

China Cat Sunflower ♦ I Know You Rider ♦ Playin' in the Band ♦ jam ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Wheel ♦ Truckin' ♦ Black Peter ♦ Around & Around ♦ Johnny B. Goode/ Quinn the Eskimo

3-20-86 Hampton Coliseum
Touch of Gray, Little Red Rooster, Friend of the Devil, It's All Over Now, Row Jimmy, Me & My Uncle ♦ Mexicali Blues, Althea, Box of Rain

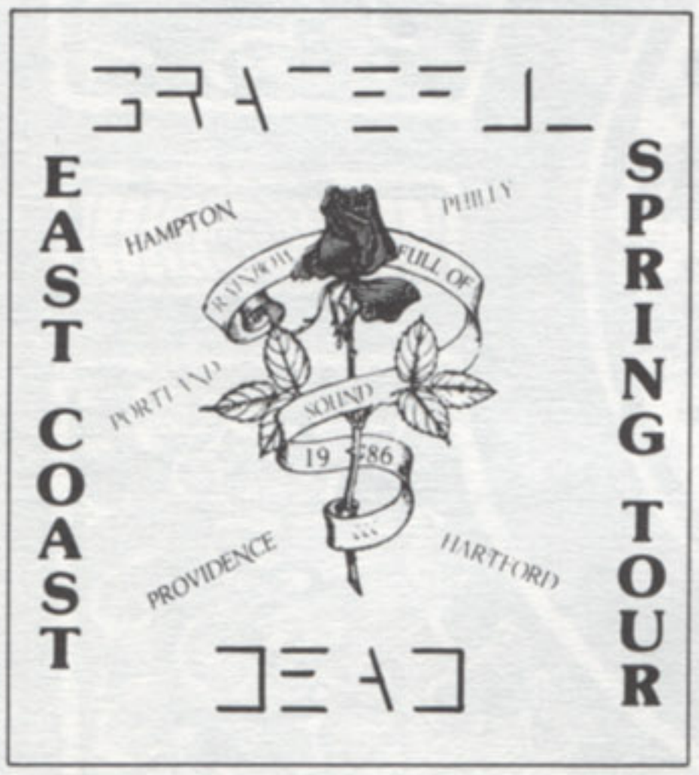
Iko Iko, Estimated Prophet ♦ Eyes of the World ♦ jam ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Wharf Rat ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Not Fade Away/ U.S. Blues

3-21-86 Hampton Coliseum
Road Runner ♦ Dupree's Diamond Blues, New Minglewood Blues, Bird Song, Tons of Steel, Supplication jam ♦ Let It Grow

Uncle John's Band ♦ Terrapin ♦ Playin' in the Band reprise ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ I Need a Miracle ♦ Stella Blue ♦ Sugar Magnolia/Baby Blue

3-23-86 The Spectrum, Philadelphia, PA
Gimme Some Lovin' ♦ Deal, Willie & the Hand Jive, Candyman, Cassidy, West L.A. Fadeaway, Mama Tried ♦ Big River, Might As Well

Shakedown Street, Samson & Delilah, He's Gone ♦ jam ♦ Spoonful ♦ jam ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Other One ♦ Comes a Time ♦ Good Lovin'/Day Job



3-24-86 The Spectrum
Alabama Getaway ♦ Greatest Story Ever Told, Dire Wolf, Little Red Rooster, Brown-Eyed Women, My Brother Esau, Ramble On Rose, El Paso, Box of Rain

Mississippi Half-Step ♦ Man Smart Woman Smarter, High Time, Lost Sailor ♦ Saint of Circumstance ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Morning Dew/Midnight Hour

3-25-86 The Spectrum
Feel Like a Stranger, Tennessee Jed, C.C. Rider, Tons of Steel, Must've Been the Roses, Desolation Row, Don't Ease Me In

Scarlet Begonias ♦ Touch of Gray ♦ Looks Like Rain ♦ Goin' Down the Road ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues ♦ Black Peter ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Lovelight/Brokedown Palace

Visions of Johanna

Ain't it just like the night to play tricks
when you're tryin' to be so quiet?
We sit here stranded, though we're all doin'
our best to deny it
And Louise holds a handful of rain,
temptin' you to defy it
Lights flicker from the opposite loft
In this room the heat pipes just cough
The country music station plays soft
But there's nothing, really nothing to turn
off
Just Louise and her lover so entwined
And these visions of Johanna that conquer
my mind

In the empty lot where the ladies play blind-
man's bluff with the key chain
And the all-night girls they whisper of esca-
pades out on the "D" train
We can hear the night watchman click his
flashlight
Ask himself if it's him or them that's really
insane
Louise, she's all right, she's just near
She's delicate and seems like the mirror
But she just makes it all too concise and too
clear
That Johanna's not here
The ghost of 'lectricity howls in the bones of
her face
Where these visions of Johanna have now
taken my place

Now, little boy lost, he takes himself so
seriously
He brags of his misery, he likes to live
dangerously
And when bringing her name up
He speaks of a farewell kiss to me
He's sure got a lotta gall to be so useless and
all
Muttering small talk at the wall while I'm
in the hall
How can I explain?
Oh, it's so hard to get on
And these visions of Johanna, they kept me
up past the dawn

Inside the museums, Infinity goes up on
trial
Voices echo this is what salvation must be
like after a while
But Mona Lisa musta had the highway
blues
You can tell by the way she smiles
See the primitive wallflower freeze
When the jelly-faced women all sneeze
Hear the one with the mustache say, "Jeeze
I can't find my knees"
Oh, jewels and binoculars hang from the
head of the mule
But these visions of Johanna, they make it
all seem so cruel

Photo: Jim Marshall © 1986

The peddler now speaks to the countess
who's pretending to care for him
Sayin', "Name me someone that's not a
parasite and I'll go out and say a prayer
for him"
But like Louise always says
"Ya can't look at much, can ya man?"
As she, herself, prepares for him
And Madonna, she still has not showed
We see this empty cage now corrode
Where her cape of the stage once had flowed
The fiddler, he now steps to the road
He writes ev'rything's been returned which
was owed
On the back of the fish truck that loads
While my conscience explodes
The harmonicas play the skeleton keys and
the rain
And these visions of Johanna are now all
that remain

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John Barlow

A View from Outside the Inside

By David Gans

John Barlow is best known to Deadheads as Bob Weir's lyricist, the word-man behind a long string of classic Dead tunes: "Cassidy," "The Music Never Stopped," "Feel Like a Stranger," "Lost Sailor-Saint of Circumstance," "Let It Grow," "Throwing Stones," "Hell in a Bucket," "My Brother Esau," to name a few. A lifelong friend of Weir's, he has never really been a part of the Dead's immediate scene (except for a stint as road manager in 1980), preferring to live as a cattle rancher and political activist in his beloved Wyoming—an insider living on the outside.

Barlow made one of his occasional visits to the Bay Area in late December to see the Dead's New Year's shows and to touch base with Grateful Dead Central. Shortly after the shows, he sat down with writer David Gans, author of *Playing in the Band*, for a series of interviews that were recorded for the weekly radio show Gans hosts, *The KFOG Deadhead Hour*. What follows are a few nuggets from those interviews. Rather than constructing a conventional narrative story about Barlow — those are available elsewhere — we thought it would be interesting to let his thoughts stand on their own.

— *BJ*

Room With a View

I'm one of a very few people who is really a pretty integral part of that whole scene but has never at any time had to live within it. That makes it a lot easier for me, and also gives me some perspective on it. It's a pleasant way to relate to it. Lord knows I've been around it a lot, but I always had another address.

Barbary Coast

The other night I was analyzing the development of things over the long, strange trip, and one of the things that I've gotta say has happened is that people are much more gentlemanly and evolved in the Dead scene than they were 20 years ago, when it was one of the most barbaric havens of vicious sexism I've ever seen. I'm from Wyoming, you know, so I don't think about sexism very much, and I certainly didn't worry much about it 20 years ago, but when I ran into that scene I thought, "My God, these people are simply troglodytes!" They used to run in packs, and some of the stuff they'd do was totally without conscience.

I don't see that at all now. Most of the barbarians have died or departed. Most of the people who would have fallen into that quite easily and did — I watched 'em — have a better sense of propriety now. They've become much more civil. Just like civilization in general, it's natural process that takes its own course.

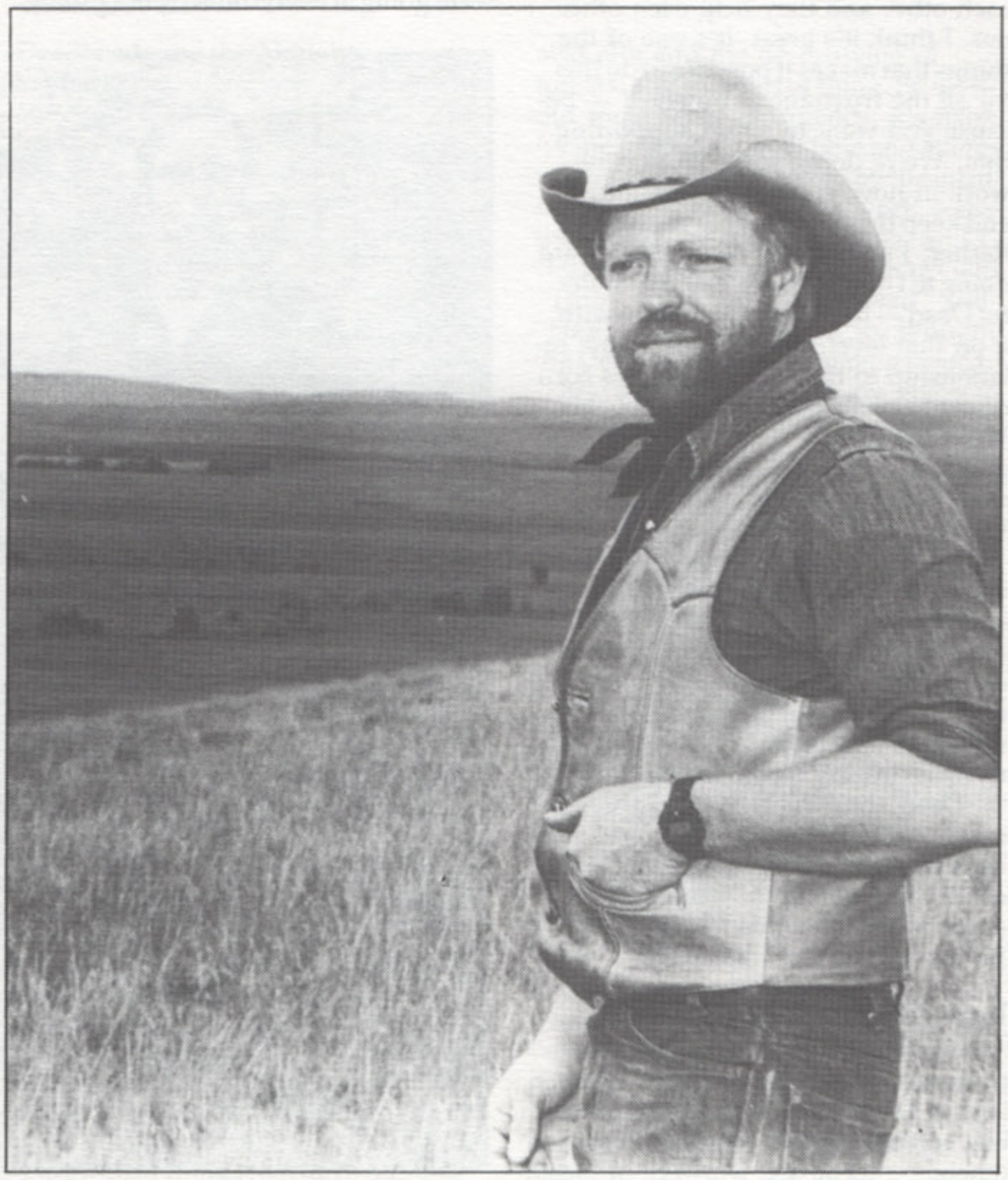
It's a Lesson to Me

I'd gotten very sanctimonious about what I felt to be the failings of the Grateful Dead scene to live up to the proper expectations of the Deadheads. I felt like there was a great disparity between what they represented and what actually went on. And so I dispatched a few sermons from the mountains — actually I called them "The Memos to the Californians" — and in many cases, they were accurate criticisms. But I wasn't taking into account that sometimes you get yourself into situations where you just can't help it. You have to act a certain way in order to adapt to the situation.

They thought the best way to have me understand that very clearly was to have me road manage their 15th Anniversary tour [in 1980]. So I found myself in the thick of it, doing the very things that I'd been so sanctimonious about from afar. It was a humbling experience. A *good* lesson.

Two Lives

I lead two lives. At *least* two. And it's nice—everybody should have the opportunity to lead a bunch of different lives. One of them can get to be tedious as hell. I've been the chairman of the



Home on the range. Photo: Allen Messick

Republican Central Committee in the county I come from — which is a pretty conservative place; they don't have a moderate brand of Republicanism — and I've been working for the Grateful Dead all the time. It's like polar opposites, at least superficially. Inside, where it all works, it seems like a seamless continuation, one into the other.

Conceptual Blockbusting

Community is something really important to me, if for no other reason than because I come from a very small town in an isolated place. I come from a place where even my enemies would help me out if I were in a certain kind of trouble, because there's a bond we all share. But America, for whatever reason — and I think corporate policy has a lot to do with it — is erasing the idea of community, and people need that desperately.

So the Deadheads have done something wonderful. They've done a little conceptual blockbusting and realized that you don't have to do it one place. It doesn't have to be out in the middle of a cornfield somewhere. It can be anywhere in America, and they just take it on the road. People get to know each other and they help each other out. I think it's great. It's one of the things that makes it possible to do this for all the frustrations involved — because you want to go on supporting that. We're doing some pioneering work in how to create communities and keep them together in the future. Rather, I should say *the Deadheads* are doing it; I don't think we — the Grateful Dead — have that much to do with it on that level. We have the same relationship to their community as corn does to a small town in Iowa probably. We're the focus and that's it. And *those* guys play the guitars. I just stand backstage and watch, or spend my time in Wyoming not even thinking about it.

But I don't think that anybody anywhere has a thought that is thought in isolation. I'm a strong believer in the idea that there's some kind of cumulative effect of everybody's inner workings, and you can focus it, too. In my case, I may be off in Wyoming and not even in direct communication with the Dead, thinking about the cattle business and Wyoming politics, and still have thoughts I believe are communicated to this scene in some form or another. That sounds like a very raw, hippie notion, but I believe it.

Tough Times on the Ranch

At this point only a miracle of massive proportions would save the Bar Cross Land & Livestock Company. We are in big, serious trouble just like most ranches, except that we were in big, serious trouble ten years ago when most ranches weren't. We've been living kind of like a cancer patient for some time. But I figured it was a dead-ass certainty we were going to be off the Bar Cross by the end of 1980, but we're still there, so who knows? I'm realistic enough to know that I'd better be going out to find other ways to earn a living. Acting is something I can do that they pay you for. I'm going to try to stay diverse.

The reason I like acting is because I don't perform musically, and I like having the immediacy of a performance creation. You don't know when you're writing whether it's any good or not; you'll probably never know. You can't feel it. You try not to pay any attention to what anybody else says. With acting or playing, you know right then and there. You can feel it when it's good and that's why I like acting. And it's something that I used to be good enough at that I thought it was what I'd do for my life's work, before life came in with its own plans.

Ace

This was the first of our collaborations. [Weir and I] hadn't set up any ideas about ourselves as collaborators. We were going at everything from a purely fresh standpoint. It was also written in the middle of nowhere in the middle of winter. I was just getting back to the idea of being back in Wyoming, and Weir was getting used to the idea of being the kind of guy who could go out and make a record all by himself. It had that nice freshness of a beginning. That record has aged very well. I don't look back at those songs — except one of them ["Walk in the Sunshine"] — with the usual degree of remorse.

Bigger Than Both of Us

I don't think we've ever done anything that's as good as we can do. There are songs that have become on their own something that's as good as we can do, but that "we" is a much larger we than just Weir and me.

Feel Like a Stranger

Weir and I got in a fist fight over this one. I can't even remember what... well, it was *everything* about it. I didn't want to write the song. I thought the whole thing was dumb. I thought what he was trying to say was stupid. I thought the way he was trying to say it was dumb. I thought the music was brutish. I've moderated all these opinions, but under the prevailing cir-

Weir, Frankie and Barlow in '72. Photo: Andy Leonard

cumstances I just had a...a pig in my head.

What I was thinking the song was about was fucking nymphets, which doesn't appeal to me that much. It sounds like it would be fun for about a week and a half, but to make a life out of it didn't appeal to me. It seemed like an attempt on his part to glorify that. But I was wrong. And part of the reason it's *not* about that is that in fighting with Weir I came up with another way of doing it. I'm pretty convinced that's what it started out being about.

Throwing Stones

We're not real polemical, but every once in a while I'll get on a crank — get a *deep nut* — and have to say something about it. But given the nature of the band, you can't say it too blatantly. You should have seen some of the orations I wrote before "Throwing Stones." There was some pretty bald stuff. When I decided I was going to ask the Grateful Dead to do a political song — which I'd never done before and had never had any desire to do, since what the Grateful Dead do is work on consciousness, which is the best way to approach politics anyway — we had to make sure it had the right tone.

My Brother Esau

The reason we have poetry is to say the oblique things. Anybody can sit down and say that a terrible thing happened because of the War in Vietnam and two halves of one generation were split because some of them went and some of them stayed, and that we've had a difficult time re-approaching one another and being brethren again. But the point is to get into the inner realities and use myths and to go back to something that's old and deep in human experience, like Jacob and Esau. The literal references may elude you, but you've been brought up in a culture where those references are kicking around and they still resonate in the back of your head whether you know them or not. There's also the possibility that somebody might go out and *read* the story of Jacob and Esau, which is fine with me. The point is to say it and use the symbols that come to you and then let the meaning take care of itself. I know what it meant. I know what it was about. People may have their own meanings for it. I wasn't trying to be difficult or obscure. That's just how it came to me.

Let the Words Be Yours

There's something about a song that makes me want to erase it from memory as soon as it's completed on my end. If there's nothing further that I can do, and the song is set free to be turned into whatever the band and the Deadheads and the Almighty are going to turn it into, then I kind of put it away and don't think about anymore — and I certainly don't remember the lyrics.

Photo: Andy Leonard

I don't like to talk about my lyrics on the meaning level because then you've denied listeners the opportunity to write their own song, because they get locked into what *I* was thinking about.

Art Without Deadlines

Just about everything we've ever done got done with some kind of time urgency laid on it because a record was being made. We always waited until the last minute, when a record was about to be made, and then we'd write some songs for it. Well, since records aren't happening, we don't have that kind of deadline anymore so we have to start acting like grown-up people and do it for its own sake, not because we feel compelled by external circumstances, and that's kind of a hard transition to make.

We're trying to write — I've been working on some lyrics — but both of us are being distracted by other things in our lives. He's got *The Twilight Zone* and other things, and I've got a big ranch in catastrophic condition, and I'm very involved in Wyoming politics. I'm head of the biggest and oldest environmental group in Wyoming, which is a pretty powerful group. So I'm doing a lot of things that have nothing to do with the Dead — trying to stop acid rain and the desertifying of forests, and that sort of thing. So without some sense of urgency, it's hard for me to spend a lot of time and energy writing, unless I'm graced by the intrusion of some good piece of work, something that just comes into me, and I start working on it. We came up with "Throwing Stones" and "Esau" and "Hell in a Bucket" when we thought the Dead were going to make a record.

Maybe the Deadheads are going to have to rise up in revolt and say, "If you guys don't make some new material, we're going to go away." I don't know what it's going to take. The creative impulse is there, the ability is there. Some motivating force is missing. You need that goad.

In writing a rock and roll song, the first 90 percent of it is pretty simple. Usually what happens to me is the basic reality of it comes to me in a flash, but it's crystallizing that into something like a finished product that takes a lot of perspiration and agony, and you don't really want to go through that unless you feel like you're under some obligation.

Studio Blues

Remember in college there were guys who had to write one paper to graduate — just *one* paper — and you could've put a .357 magnum to their temple and they wouldn't have been able to punch one typewriter key? They're 45 years old now and they still lack that single credit that would get them a college

diploma. There's an element of that involved with the Dead. There's *one* record left to do for Arista. But there's also the fact that it really is such a symbiosis between the audience and the band, and the intensity of the involvement between the band and the audience has become such a major part of it, that I don't think they can really do it in the studio anymore. Whatever it is that the Grateful Dead "does" is not something that can be done under glass. It's gotta be done out where things are visceral and human. The audience isn't there in the studio, so half of "the band" is gone.

A Rare Breed

I don't really know or understand Deadheads very well, but I've always liked them a lot. Deadheads mean no harm, which is a lot to be said these days. [To the radio audience] You folks are keeping alive something that needs to be kept alive. You're *not* an artifact, you're *not* archaic and you *aren't* taking refuge in the past. You're pursuing the revolution, and I really appreciate that about you. Thanks, Deadheads!

Tribal Stomp

I've never seen anything that tried to sell unconditional love on such a grand scale. There probably hasn't been anything lately of any sort like it. It's a good model for the moment. *Anything* that makes you think about unconditional love is a good thing to have around. The human race needs a fair amount of it just to survive under these conditions.

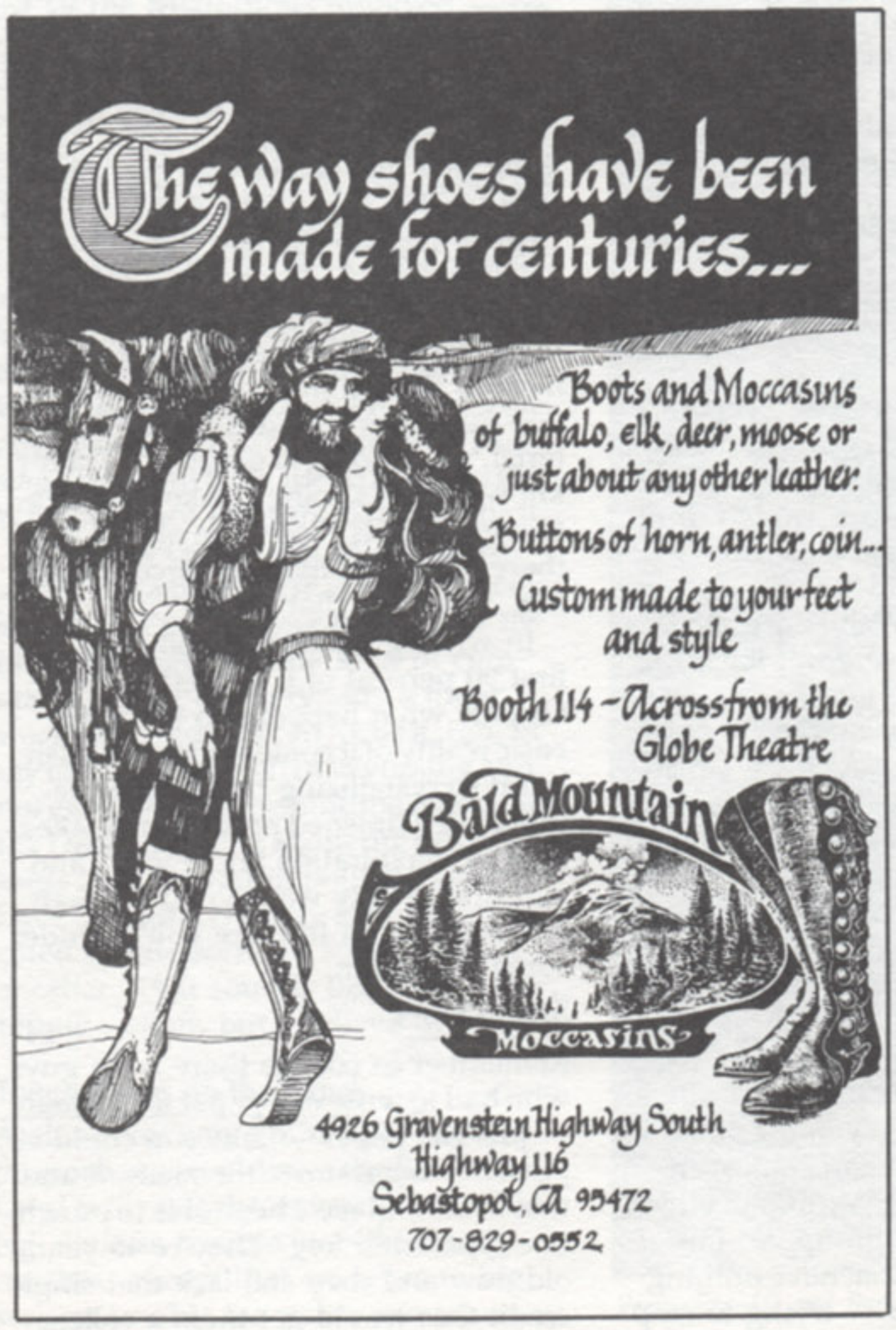
"I lead two lives. Inside, it seems like a seamless continuation, one into the other."

I was watching the New Year's Eve gig — and I've had this feeling many times before — and it was a lot more clear to me how *tribal* it felt. Good communities are tribes. They have rituals and myths and those kinds of deeper realities that light up everyday reality and give it some substance. I felt like I was looking at a tribe in the middle of a tribal ceremony, and I liked that.

The Courage To Be

Most people don't feel very good about themselves. Almost nobody does. Everybody kind of hates himself. Low self-esteem is universal, unfortunately. If everyone realized that, it would be much easier to bear. They'd realize that everybody is just as afraid as they are. The thing is, people don't have enough faith in themselves to strike out and try to make their own internal revolution because they don't know what the consequences will be and they think they'll blow it, and society doesn't give them a large support group in general. That's one of the functions that the Deadhead whatchamacallit serves: to let people feel like there are going to be a bunch of people who will support and help them even if they go way outside and try something altogether different rather than get into the groove and then wake up one day to find out they've lived their life and are going to die, which happens to a lot of Americans — you just settle into the drone, you do what you do and that's that.

Deadheads go out on the road and make memories. That's a much better way of leading your life. This is not to say that everybody should quit their job and go out on the road with the Grateful Dead, *man*. Hardly. Because the other thing is you have to render unto Caesar. You have to keep enough order so that you're taking care of yourself and the people around you without



becoming parasitic. You have to have a job and do all that stuff, and some of that involves falling into a routine, like going to work in the morning — but there are all kinds of ways of going to work in the morning. One is without a single conscious thought in your mind, and the other is to try to keep yourself alive to what's going on while you're getting there.

Dog Food and Diggers

At the point everything started to go down back in about 1964, as a member of my generation I was out there on the edge. That was true of everyone in this scene, wherever they were. But it wasn't all that great at points. Hell, I ate *dog food* while I was trying to deny society. I did a lot of things that were just plain unpleasant. It wasn't one grand epiphany after another.

The idea was, "Hey, I can go out and just *be* and do just fine, and on so little that I can nearly subsist on what society throws out." Which the Diggers actually turned into an organized force. The Diggers were a culturally radical SF group who gave away free food that had been cast off by restaurants and stores, etc. In retrospect, that was something that needed to be said, but maybe it was going too far.

I remember Weir back in 710 [the Dead's communal house on Ashbury Street]. His entire home was this beat-up couch on the second floor of 710, and all his possessions were in a paper bag at the end of a couch in the middle of a room that was very public. Cassady would be in there all night when he was in the house listening to bebop and juggling his hammer, and Weir's trying to sleep. Interesting to live around, but a little bit minimal way to live.

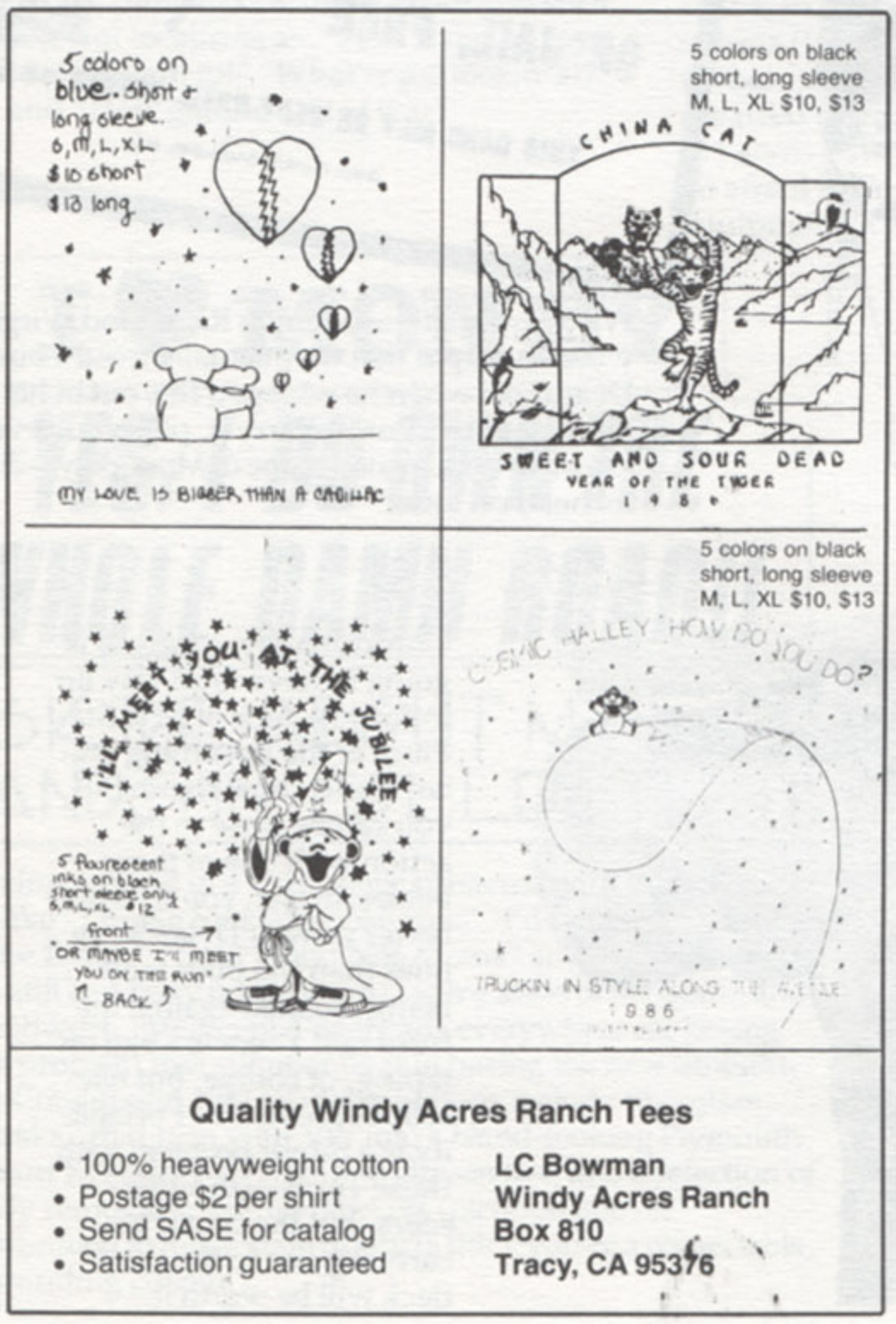
> **"The point is to use symbols that come to you and let the meaning take care of itself."**

But this absolute mania about having to have every cool thing a person can get his hands on now is obviously no good either.

Something Stirring

I feel like the current generation — the college-to-just-out-of-college generation at the moment — is a very interesting group. They are more like us than anything that's come between us and them, in terms of the generational mind-set. The kids who came of age in the '70s are really quite different from us, and also quite different from these folks I'm starting to see in their late teens and early 20s who have some sense of The Quest. This could be wishful thinking, but that's kind of what it looks like to me. It feels like a reverberation of some sort that we could turn into a real sound if everybody would get together and try to make it reverberate. It's easier to make a real sound when you've got all these immense cultural things going on, like a big crazy war that any sensible person hates — you know, unifying factors.

Of course there are always fellow travelers. I didn't know that many people who were deep, serious, committed professional hippies, who knew how rigorous it was to be a hippie in the truest sense of the word. It wasn't just low personal hygiene and a lot of drug use. It meant living for a set of values that were not easy to live with in contemporary society. You don't have anyone committed to a revolution like that these days, but maybe you don't need it. That's already happened. The revolution needs to evolve, or continue to evolve. □



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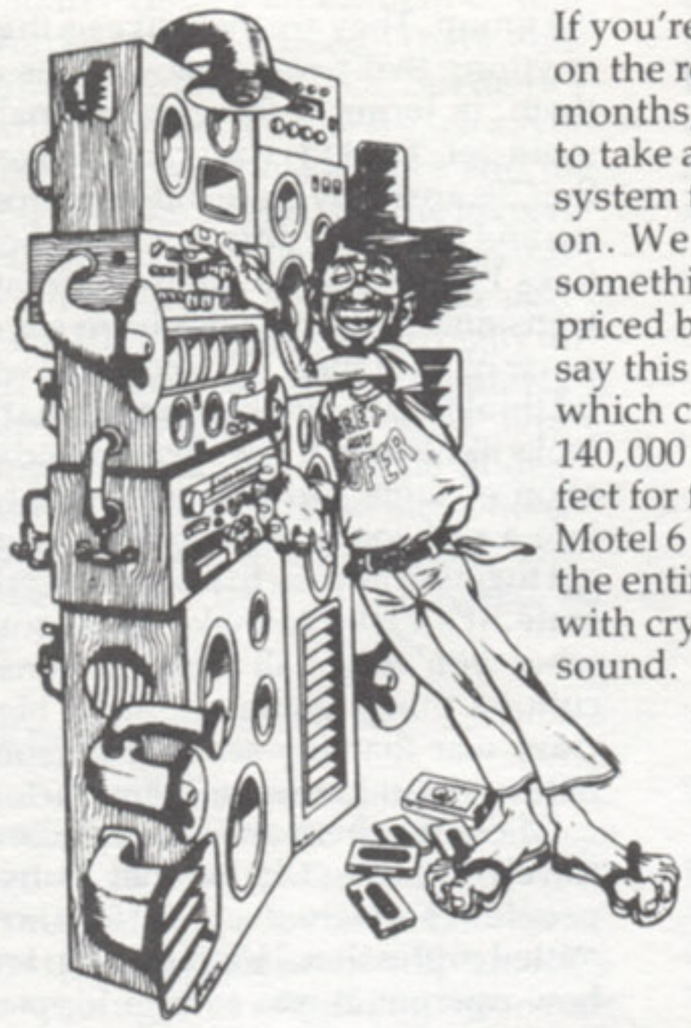
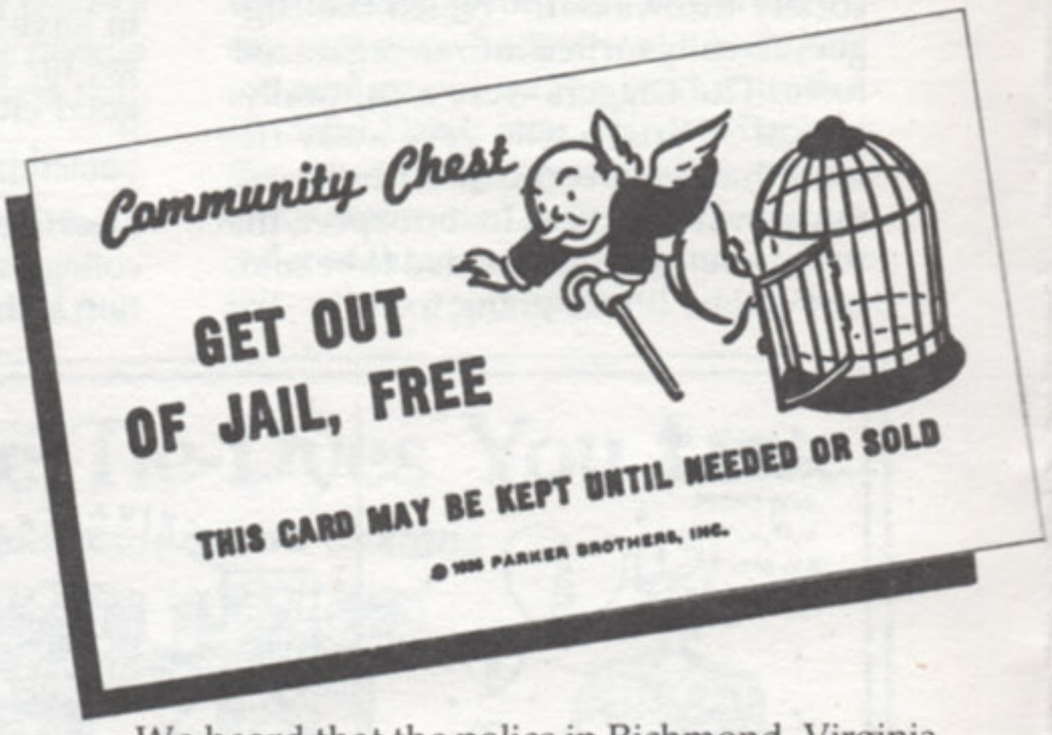
The Golden Road's Tour '86 Survival Guide

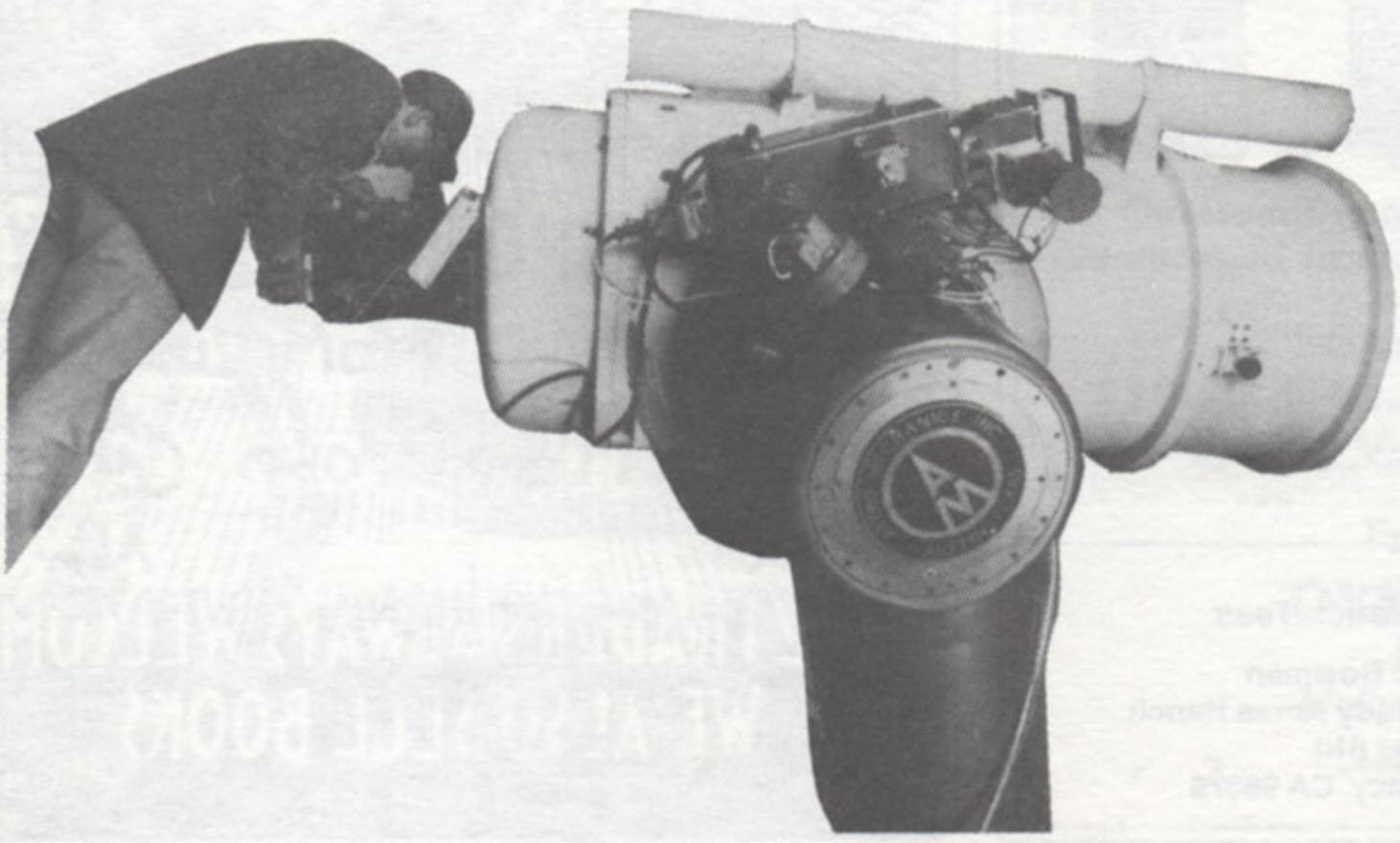


If you're going to be on the road for a few months, you'll want to take a good stereo system to play tapes on. We suggest something modestly priced but efficient, say this unit here, which cranks up to 140,000 watts, perfect for filling your Motel 6 room (and the entire county) with crystal-clear sound.

For God's sake, call your mother once in a while! One illegible postcard written in glitter paint between sets at Alpine Valley does not constitute "keeping in touch." Mom just wants to know a) that you're safe, b) that you're eating right, and c) that you'll come to your senses and give up this gypsy lifestyle and go into business with your father. Tell her whatever she wants to hear and work out the details later.



We heard that the police in Richmond, Virginia, were so stupid that they actually freed a busted Deadhead when he whipped this out of his wallet. It couldn't hurt to carry it, plus you never know when a heated game of Monopoly will rear its head on tour.



Unfortunately, *somebody* is going to have to sit way up in the top deck of RFK Stadium at the upcoming Dylan-Dead show there. But you can be close to the action with one of these babies; in fact, you'll have a better view of Dylan's eye liner than the poor fools being crushed against the front rail! There is a ban on taping, of course, but telescopes are A-OK! Portability is a minor problem with these Texas-size superseers, but the hassle of carrying one to the third deck will be worth it.

Remember how last time the Dead played Madison Square Garden you parked your van at 32nd and Lex overnight and had all four tires stolen? Well, don't let that happen again in October. This book, written by Deadheads for Deadheads, hips you to the best spots in Midtown Manhattan to camp. Included in this lavishly illustrated guide are the primo abandoned buildings, bus terminals, subway stations and other choice locations where survival rates are as high as 45 percent. Also in these pages is a handy phrase book that teaches you such colorful localisms as: "I can stand on my seat if I want to!" "What're *you* lookin' at?" and "Hey, gimme a hit of that!"

DEAD DYLAN '86

There's nothing cheap about touring with the Dead, and since you'll probably lose your job or flunk out of school trying to see every show, alternative sources of income are a must. Well, here's one on *The Golden Road:* at right is a foolproof money-making T-shirt design that the Dead and Dylan certainly would have officially endorsed and licensed had it been offered to them. In fact, someone who owns two of Dylan's albums tells us, "From listening to Dylan's music, I can tell it's the kind of shirt Bob himself would love to own." What better recommendation is there? Steal away!

More than a few Deadheads have had to end their touring year in the lower parking lots at Red Rocks when they were unable to make the rigorous trek a quarter-mile up to the amphitheater. The combination of thin air and steep stairs is simply too much, especially for older, out-of-shape tourheads. There is a solution, however: Heads in the know simply rent a Nepalese sherpa (for just 25 cents) to carry them up to their seats. These sturdy mountain men are used to lugging tons of equipment up the snowy slopes of Mt. Everest, so don't be afraid to bring plenty of taping equipment!

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YES, I DO OWN THE WHOLE DAMN ROAD!!

ASK ME ABOUT MY HANDGUN COLLECTION!

Driving around in a tourmobile plastered with bumperstickers like "I Brake for Hallucinations," "I'd Rather Be Dancing to the Dead," "Split Wood Not Atoms" and "Jerry Saves" can still be a risky proposition in some areas of the South and Southwest. Intelligent Deadheads everywhere are licking that problem this summer by purchasing the new Straight-Car Conversion Kit. Available options include fiberglass "masks" that turn your VW into a bland-looking Plymouth Reliant K; short-hair wigs and clip-on ties; and a selection of easily removable bumperstickers (pictured above) guaranteed to make state troopers think you're a respectable, upstanding citizen.

Ever since sand was brought into the Ventura County Fairgrounds for so-called "location" shots for the 1962 film *Lawrence of Arabia,* the venue has been a barren dustbowl. Not surprisingly, the dust claims more than its share of victims during the Dead's annual shows there; "Ventura Lung" patients clog hospitals up and down California following the concerts. Through the years, though, smart Deadheads have learned to combat the sudden sandstorms that whip up in the late afternoon by adopting techniques (left) borrowed from Berber tribesmen of the Sudan.

Shhh!

(It's another article about video collecting)

There are a lot people out there who don't think this article should exist. The Grateful Dead organization is strongly opposed to audience videotaping of shows and is understandably concerned that publicity about the phenomenon might encourage others to get into the videotaping game. The videomakers, too, are wary of having too much attention paid to their still illegal pursuit. If the Dead knew that more than two dozen shows last year were shot by carefully concealed cameras, the thinking goes, they might redouble their efforts to track down the culprits. It's definitely a thorny issue, but it needs to be addressed since video collecting seems to be growing exponentially. Let's look at both sides for a minute.

Photo: Ron Delany

The videoheads believe that capturing the Dead visually is simply a natural evolution from audio taping. As video equipment has improved and become more portable, and ways have been discovered to accurately sync audio and videotapes, the quality of audience-made videos has increased dramatically. The visual element makes a videotape potentially the most exciting and multidimensional representation of the Dead concert experience. And since the band knows that audio trading is almost universally honest and nonprofit, why shouldn't the Heads be allowed to own visual documents of shows?

My understanding of the Dead's position on this (based on a couple of conversations with people in the Dead organization) is that they view video as a different animal than audio. Increasingly, video has become an important source of revenue for bands. Cable television is paying handsomely for music programming these days, and sales of music videotapes are at an all-time high. It might be argued that the common availability of audience-generated Dead videos could hurt the band's earning power — after all, why would HBO or some other cable carrier bid on a Dead "special" if the market were already saturated with Dead videos? That is the sort of thing that programmers worry about. Remember, the world at large does not understand about the cooperative, even altruistic nature of Deadhead trading; it sees audio and video taping as bootlegging, pure and simple. (If this financial line of reasoning seems slightly crass, keep in mind that the Grateful Dead is also a *business* with an enormous network of people to support — both now and after the band is no more.)

Bootlegging is already epidemic in the video industry, and there is little doubt that scam artists could exploit the Dead's popularity by selling Dead videos. As the band has gotten more popular the past few years, the quick-buck slime has begun to seep into our midst. (Note the recent increase in professional ticket scalpers outside East Coast shows — the same low-life scum who prey on people at non-Dead shows.) The audio tape network is well developed to the point where there is relatively little selling of tapes going on (Hank Harrison and a few shady types who advertise in the classifieds of *Relix* notwithstanding), but video collecting is still fairly new, video trading is considerably more difficult and involved than audio trading, and the temptation for young collectors to buy is thus much greater.

A final point: the Dead must be allowed to retain creative control of every aspect of their operation. Though they are not as prolific as some groups in terms of cranking out "product" (as they say in the record/video biz), every film and video project they've been involved with — from the *Dead Movie* to the 1980 Radio City tapes to the '85 New Year's telecast — has been executed with integrity and infused with the Dead's Pranksterish world-view. Shouldn't they maintain the right to decide exactly what statements they want to make public through their videos? If Dead videos are no longer special because they are so common, what will motivate the group to make their own?

Obviously, there are many arguments on each side, but ultimately I think the Dead's position must be respected. The band gives their fans more latitude than any other group in the world — they allow us to tape their shows, they have set up a network so we can buy tickets before the masses get a crack at them, and they let us sell Dead-related crafts and T-shirts outside shows with little interference. For better or worse, the Dead currently disapprove of videotaping at shows, so it

would be unconscionable for us to condone the activity. Yes, it *is* fun to see a tape of that hot Philly show from last year, but what is the karmic cost of supporting something explicitly frowned upon by the Dead?

(We'd love to hear your views on the whole videotaping issue. Perhaps we can get a little dialogue going between videoheads and the Dead organization to better articulate these positions.)

— *BJ*

By Franklin Flocks

Back in issue Number Two in the spring of 1984, we reported on Dead videotaping, collecting's New Frontier. A lot has happened since then. There are many more collectors and new videotapes to trade, and new equipment on the market capable of much better sound.

Although I enjoy watching the Dead on videotape, I've always felt that it is the music that is the most important thing, and that a picture merely makes good sound more enjoyable. Unfortunately, until recently the sound produced by video recorders was mediocre at best. Dolby stereo video recorders have been around since the late '70s, but the sound produced by these machines is not much better than the earliest monaural video recorders.

In 1983 and 1984, things began to change with the release of Beta and VHS Hi-Fi video recorders. These machines are capable of producing almost digital quality stereo sound along with a picture. In 1984, Sony released its new Super Beta Hi-Fi recorder, which not only has the ability to produce good stereo sound, but also copies videotapes better than earlier recorders. The problem, of course, is what to play on these machines. Any videotape made before 1983 has poor quality sound built in, and the fanciest new video recorder does nothing to change it. Even the more recent videotapes often have sound that is barely passable. True, there are good quality stereo audio tapes for every show the Dead have done on television, but the question is how to get sound and picture back together. Even if you start audio and video recorders together, they won't stay together for very long because the speeds of the machines will always be slightly different. Recently some enterprising videotape collectors figured out how to resynchronize sound and picture, and as a result there are now a fair number of videotapes in circulation with superb Hi-Fi stereo sound. We will describe some of them below and, for the ambitious collector who wants to try the technique himself, we will explain in detail how it's done. (See sidebar.) What follows is a representative sample of the tapes that have found their way into circulation in the last two years.

Franklin Flocks is an attorney who lives in Menlo Park, CA.

Closing of Winterland 12-31-78 (7 hrs.) — This show was simulcast live on San Francisco's KQED and KSAN. Unfortunately, Hi-Fi stereo video recorders were not yet available in 1978, so this show became an obvious first choice for the resynchronizing of sound and picture. The sync on the copy we saw was so close to perfect that most of the time we could not tell that the sound and picture had ever been apart. Both the opening set by the Blues Brothers and the Dead's three sets had the benefit of new stereo sound. (The New Riders were also on the bill, but their set was not broadcast on either television or radio. For a further description of this classic, see the Spring 1984 issue of *The Golden Road*.)

Oakland Auditorium 12-31-82 (3 hrs.) — This is a professional multi-camera tape. The video was not broadcast and it has never been released commercially. Nevertheless, complete copies are in fairly wide circulation, although low-generation copies are hard to find. What makes this tape so special is the third set in which Etta James, a sort of female Pigpen, and the Tower of Power horn section join the Dead for "Lovelight," "Tell Mama," "Baby What You Want Me To Do," "Hard to Handle" and "Midnight Hour." The copy we saw had excellent stereo audio dubbed in from the radio broadcast on San Francisco's KFOG.

Oakland Coliseum 12-31-85 (3 hrs.) — As most of you probably know, the second set of this show was broadcast nationally on the USA network and locally on KQED, with fine camera work directed by Len Dell'Amico. An audience-made tape of the first set also exists, but it was shot at a great distance from the stage and does not make for very interesting viewing.

20th Anniversary Clips (various lengths) — In 1985, the Dead appeared frequently on local and national television in honor of their 20th Anniversary. Among the footage in circulation are segments from *Entertainment Tonight* (May 2 and 3); *Prime Time People* (May

How to Add Hi-Fi Stereo to Video

If you have a lot of patience and are lucky enough to have a master or low-generation copy of the "Closing of Winterland," or any other videotape for which a separate stereo soundtrack is available, here's how you can dub in a new soundtrack with almost perfect synchronization. In order to bring sound and picture back together, you first have to copy your original videotape onto a new tape. You need two video recorders, one of which must be a Beta or VHS Hi-Fi Stereo. You also need a stereo audio tape, and an audio deck with a sensitive pitch control to play it on. Finally, you need a set of headphones; an additional audio deck to use as a headphone amplifier; several patch bays or splitter cables; and a standard tuner-amplifier with an auxiliary input, inputs for two tape recorders, and a tape monitor switch.

To begin, connect the playback video deck, the audio deck with the new stereo sound source, and the Hi-Fi video deck to the tuner-amplifier in such a way that you can feed either the original monaural sound source or the new stereo soundtrack through to the Hi-Fi deck, using the tape monitor switch. Then, using the patch bays or splitter cables and the second audio deck, hook up the headphones so that the original monaural sound source comes in the right headphone, and one channel of the new stereo sound source comes in the left headphone. Adjust the sound levels on the headphones so that they are equal. Start with the tape monitor button in the position that allows the original monaural sound source to feed through to the Hi-Fi video deck. When you are sure the sound sources are synchronized, push the tape monitor button to feed in the new sound source. To keep the sound sources synchronized, listen through the headphones and use the pitch control. Small adjustments will be necessary on the average of every 15 to 20 seconds.

Operating this equipment is difficult, but not as difficult as one might imagine. The reason that near-perfect synchronization is possible is that when one machine starts to get ahead of the other, a "phase shift" will make the sound from the faster machine start to sound louder — long before an echo-like delay is apparent between the two sound sources. Use the pitch control like a balance control. Simply turn the pitch control toward the louder channel to keep the sound sources synchronized. Don't wait until you hear an apparent echo between the two headphones. If you wait that long, you will be lost and will probably have to start over.

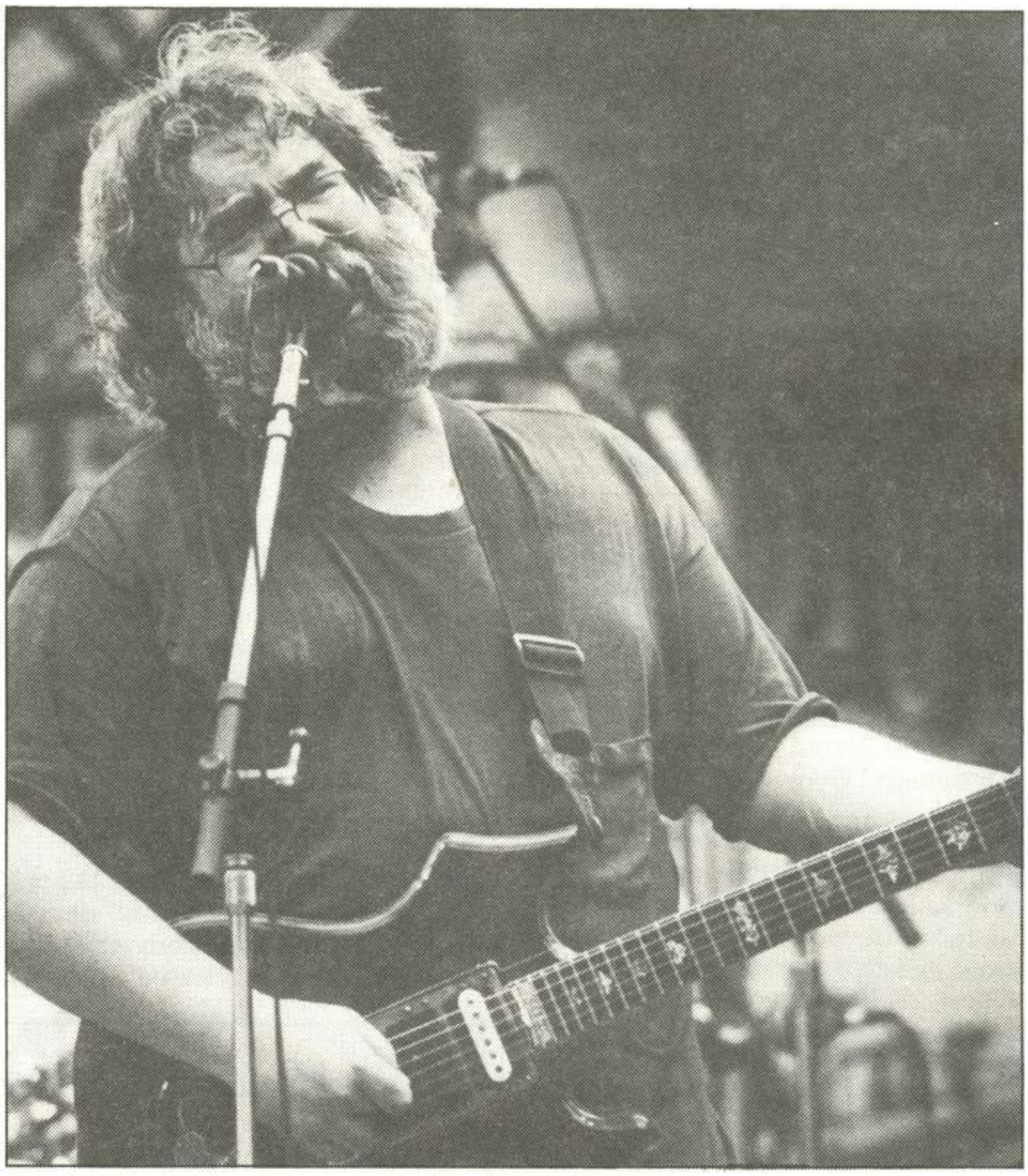
— *F.F.*

4); *Pacific Currents* (May 11); San Francisco's KGO News (April 28 and June 12, 13 and 14); and *West 57th Street* (September 3). Two of these are particularly worth mentioning: The *Prime Time People* segment brings together vintage footage from *The Hippie Temptation* (1967) and the Robert Nelson short (1967) with shots of the Dead at Stanford University's Frost Amphitheater, the 1984–85 balloon drop, parts of the cartoon from the *Dead Movie* and brief interviews with Garcia, Hart and a number of Deadheads. The *West 57th Street* segment begins with a shot of Live Aid in Philadelphia and then switches to Ventura, California, for a story on what Deadheads were doing the same day. In addition to some footage from the July 13, 1985 Ventura show, snippets of the band's press conference backstage at the Greek Theater in June are included, as well as short interviews with Dan Healy and a wide variety of Deadheads. The segment ends with a shot of a caravan of cars and buses leaving the Ventura parking lot and the voice of the Hotline announcing the next show at Boreal Ridge.

Philadelphia Spectrum 4-7-85 (approx. 2½ hrs.)—This is a single-camera audience video, with both long shots and moderately close-up zooms. The picture is sharp and clear, and unlike some audience tapes, the faces are not washed out by the lights. The show itself was superb, with versions of "Why Don't We Do It in the Road," "Mississippi Half-Step," "She Belongs to Me," "Gimme Some Lovin'," "Smokestack Lightning" and "Morning Dew." The copy we saw had a new stereo soundtrack dubbed in from a good quality audience tape. It is definitely one of the better audience videos.

SF Civic Auditorium 12-28, 29, 31-84 (approx. 6 hrs.) — A tripod was used, and all of the band members are visible; however, the tapes were shot a considerable distance from the stage, so they are somewhat static. On New Year's Eve, the camera operator didn't get his equipment started until about four minutes into the show opener, "Shakedown Street," but otherwise the tape is complete. On the copy we saw, the taper filled this visual gap by inserting (to hilarious effect) parts of old Walt Disney cartoons at the beginning of "Shakedown." The New Year's tape has stereo sound dubbed in from the FM radio broadcast. On the tapes of the 28th and 29th, good quality stereo audience tapes were used for the soundtrack. We've only seen tapes of the second sets of the 28th and 29th. The first sets were apparently not recorded.

Greek Theater 7-13-84 (approx. 2½ hrs.) — This single-camera audience video looks like a bad home movie. The picture is frequently out of focus, and the camera moves around wildly for no apparent reason. There is no sound at all during a ten-minute period near the end of the first set. To top it all off, the taper's batteries went dead just before the start of "Dark Star." On the positive side, the tape does give the viewer an idea of what a show is like at the Greek Theatre, particularly since the first set is in the daytime and the second set is at night. The camera is steady and in focus during the unusual second set opener ("Scarlet Begonias"-"Touch of Gray"-"Fire on the Mountain"), and it's almost possible to *see* the electricity in the audience.



Bits of the '85 Greek shows turned up in 20th Anniversary TV news clips. Photo: Ron Delany

Merriweather Post Pavilion 6-27-84 (approx. 1½ hrs.) — This audience tape, shot with a tripod-mounted camera, was recorded in better than average Dolby stereo originally. The camera gets closer than many audience videos for this show that included fine versions of "Jack Straw," "Let It Grow" and "Cumberland," among others. The tape cuts off abruptly in "Franklin's Tower," when the tapers were apparently caught.

Santa Fe 9-10, 11-83 — There is more than one audience video tape of each of these shows, thanks to the lax Sikh security guards. The tape we saw most recently was of September 10th, and it is *not* the same tape described in the Spring 1984 issue of *The Golden Road*, which is actually of September 11th. This tape was shot on a tripod, and the picture is sharp and clear; however, most of the time the camera was too far back to really see the band. Nevertheless, the tape does have its good moments—the blue Santa Fe sky at the beginning of the first set is spectacular. As the show progresses the sky darkens, and by the time the band goes into "China Doll," a rainbow is clearly visible behind the stage. The camera operator finally zooms in for a band close-up shot during the drums.

Haight Street Fair: Merl Saunders & Friends 6-7-85 — Last year Merl Saunders and his regular bassist and drummer joined Bob Weir, Brent Mydland, John Cipollina and singer Pam Rose for a free concert at the foot of Haight Street. Among the tunes played were "Wang Dang Doodle," "Bright Lights Big City," "Baby What You Want Me To Do," "Man Smart Woman Smarter," "Mona," "High-Heeled

Sneakers" and "Johnny B. Goode." Because this show was held on a public street, there were no restrictions on videotaping, and as a result, at least three audience videos were made, two of which we've seen. One is complete (about 1 hour and 15 minutes) and was shot on a rigid tripod, about 40 feet from the stage, and includes both long shots and close-ups, but no footage of the crowd or surrounding scene. The sound was recorded in fairly good Dolby stereo originally, but it is not true Hi-Fi. The other tape covers only about the first half of the show, and the sound is not as good as the first tape's. However, the second tape was shot hand-held about four feet from the stage and includes some very tight close-ups, as well as some good shots of the audience.

US Festival 9-5-82 (approx. 5 min.) — This short, professionally made clip of the US Festival shows most of "Man Smart Woman Smarter." The camera pans the audience and gives a good idea of the size of the crowd.

Ventura, California 7-13-85 (approx. 2 hrs.) — This is another audience tape. The picture is not very steady because it was shot without a tripod, but the camera gets closer than most audience videos. Included are the interesting show opener ("Saturday Night" into "Fire on the Mountain") as well as versions of "The Music Never Stopped" and "Terrapin," among others. The copy we saw cuts off at the drums.

Capitol Theater 4-26-77 (approx. 1 hr.) — This in-house multi-camera, black and white tape includes versions of "Deal," "Good Lovin'," "Dancing in the Streets" (disco style), "Mississippi Half-Step" and part of "Terrapin."

Duke University, Durham, NC 4-12-78 — Yet another in-house multi-camera, black and white tape. The copy we saw cuts off at the drums. The show is excellent and the band plays with great energy. Garcia even waves his arms wildly, Pete Townshend style, during "Truckin'." The tape includes "Row Jimmy," "Mama Tried," "Beat It On Down the Line" and "Good Lovin'," among others.

Egypt 9-15-78 (approx. 55 min.) — Almost an hour of Egypt footage has found its way into circulation. This is a two- or three-camera in-house shoot. Unfortunately, it has so many confusing cuts that it looks like a collection of scraps from a cutting room floor (which it may well be!). The tape begins with shots of Bill Walton and an Egyptian taper, with the sound of Hamza El Din in the background. It then switches abruptly to the band playing "Promised Land." Nearly every song is cut at least once. The footage of "Terrapin Station" looks like any of a number of ordinary nighttime shows, when suddenly the camera zooms in for shots of the Sphinx and Great Pyramid behind the stage. This alone makes the tape a must for any serious collector.

For those particularly interested in Egypt, there is a two-minute clip from ABC News that appears on some videotape lists. We have also heard from a reliable source that there is a complete audience tape (from a hand-held camera) of one of the Egypt shows, although it has yet to appear on the lists of any of the videotape collectors we know.

Beat Club 1972—This five-minute segment from Germany in 1972 features the band doing "One More Saturday Night" in front of a colorful background. Pigpen is briefly visible.

Rock Palast, Essen, Germany 3-28-82 — This show, which the Dead opened for The Who, was broadcast live throughout Western Europe. The copy of this tape that we saw had a bad flicker, washed-out color and noisy sound. Because of the differences between European and American televi-

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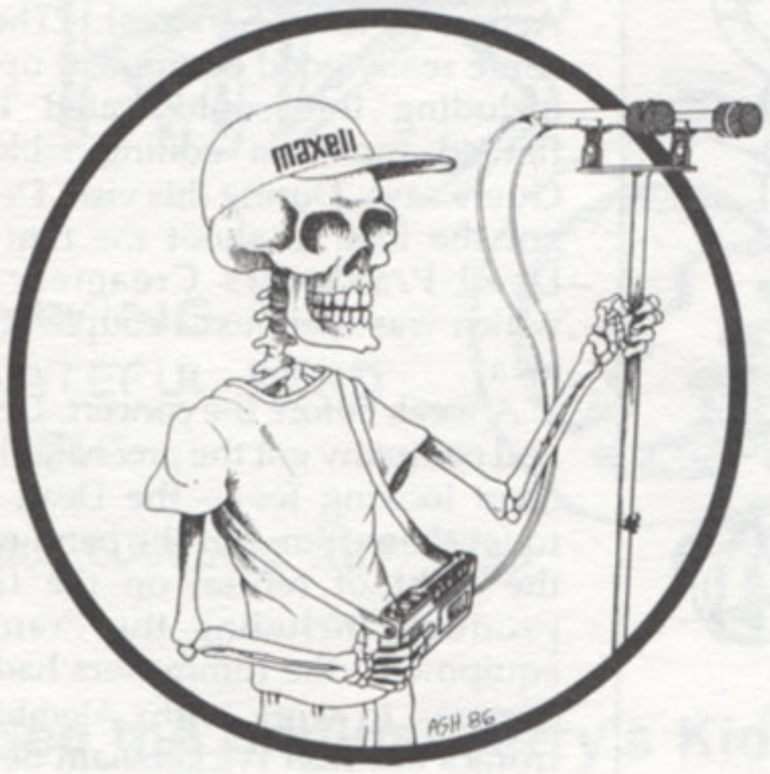

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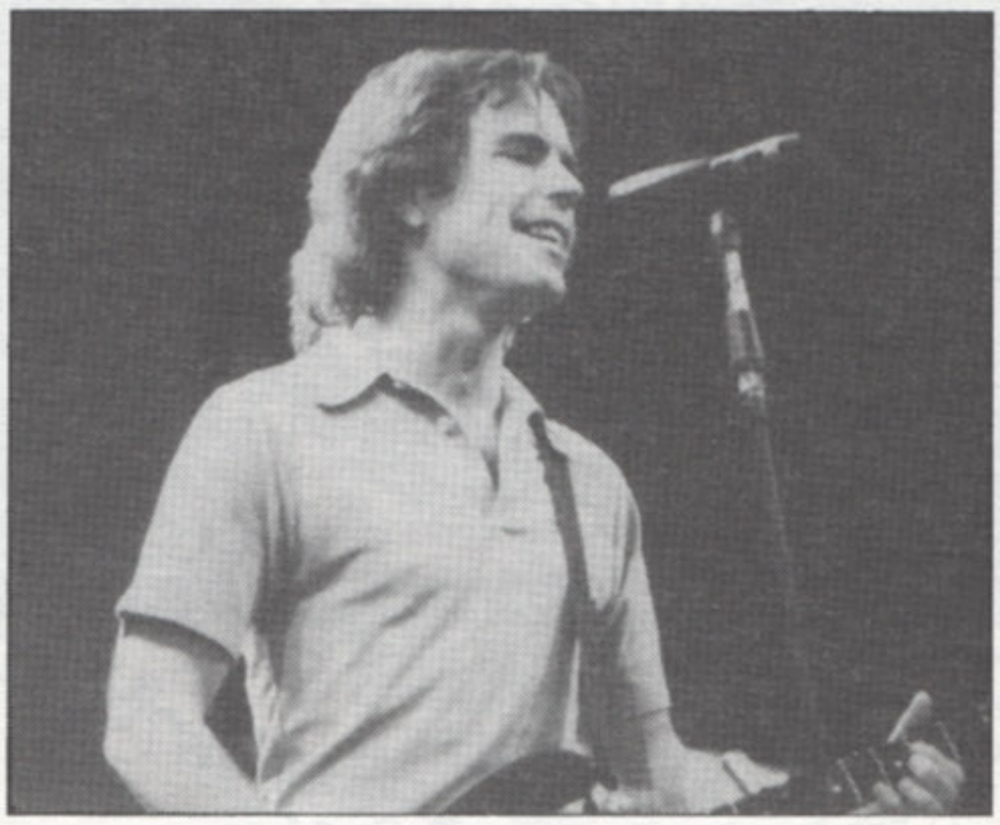

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sion formats, good copies of this tape that are playable on standard American VCRs are probably impossible to come by. It's a shame too, because the photography is excellent with many tight close-ups, and Pete Townshend joins the band onstage near the end of the second set. The tape includes some short interviews and commentary in English and German, as well as the complete sets by the Dead and The Who. For those collectors seriously interested in European-format videotapes, a company called Instant Replay (2951 Bayshore Dr., Miami, FL 33133) makes a number of video recorders capable of playing both European- and American-format videotapes on American-style television sets.

Winterland 12-31-77 (3 hrs.) — This tape, in black and white, is a two-camera in-house shoot (most Winterland shows were videotaped) with one camera behind the stage and the other at the board. The show is better than average as New Year's shows go, with versions of "The Music Never Stopped," "Lazy Lightning" and "Casey Jones." On the copy we saw, a stereo board tape was dubbed in on about the first half of the tape, but the quality of the stereo audio and the video were apparently not good enough to justify trying to put a new soundtrack on the whole tape.

Other tapes we have heard about, but have not yet seen, include Veneta, Oregon 8-28-82; Red Rocks 9-6-85; and Anchorage, Alaska 6-19-80. □

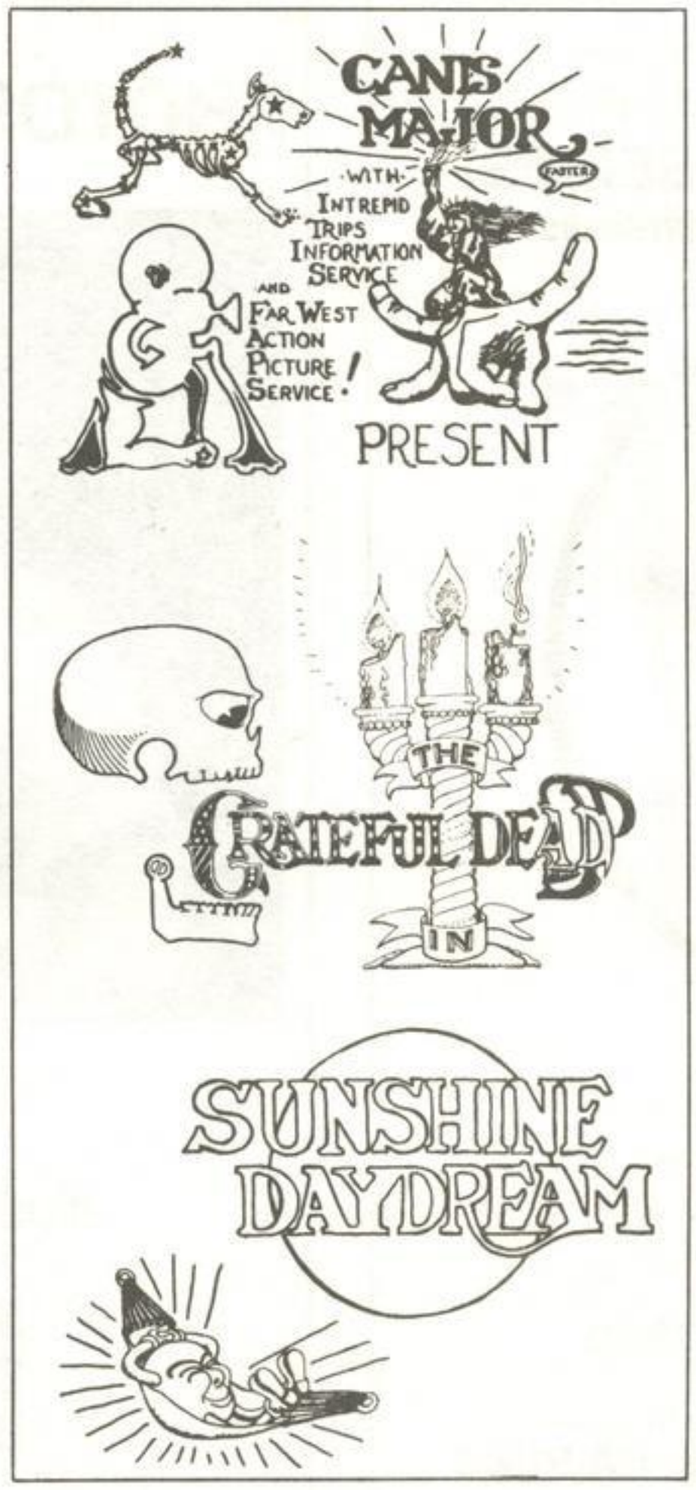
The 'Lost' Dead Movie

By BJ

Often discussed but only recently in circulation among video traders (usually in cut and high-generation copies), *Sunshine Daydream* is a remarkable 90-minute movie of the Dead's famous Veneta, Oregon, concert of August 27, 1972, put on by Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters as a benefit for the Springfield Creamery, run by Chuck Kesey. The legendary three-set show, played in 103-degree heat, was the biggest Dead-Pranksters reunion since their days together in the mid-'60s. (Exactly ten years later the band returned to Veneta to commemorate the show.) *Sunshine Daydream* is more than just a movie of the concert; rather, it is a full-blown film that, in true post-*Woodstock* (the movie) fashion, takes us behind the scenes almost as much as it takes us onstage to see and hear the Dead playing nuggets like "Jack Straw," "Promised Land," "China Cat-Rider," "Dark Star" and others. It is by far the best document of the early '70s version of the Grateful Dead, and if there is any justice in the world, perhaps it will someday be commercially available. This is the story of how it was made and why it has been suppressed until now.

These days, Phil De Guere works in a big office at CBS Television studios in Los Angeles, where he is executive producer of *The Twilight Zone* TV series. (It is De Guere who sanctioned the Dead's involvement with that show, as outlined in past issues of *The Golden Road*.) Fifteen years ago, however, De Guere was a young filmmaker in Palo Alto working with his friend John Norris on a pair of drug education movies financed by Stanford University's Business School. De Guere and Norris were also fans of the Grateful Dead, and with a third film-minded (and well-financed) friend, Sam Field, they decided they wanted to make a film about the band.

The Dead organization was considerably more rambling and anarchic than it is today, and the trio immediately ran into difficulty trying to find the appropriate party to discuss the project with. In those days, the buck usually didn't stop anywhere, but instead floated from person to person haphazardly. The filmmakers' break came in February of '72, when De Guere went to see Jerry Garcia and Merl Saunders play a club in San Francisco. "I was hanging out there before the doors opened, and Jerry came by, so I just sort of started talking to him," De Guere remembers. "I told him what we'd been going through, and I guess I sort of ended up proposing it to him there. He seemed sort of bemused by the idea that anyone would want to make a movie about a bunch of musicians who stand onstage and stare at their guitar strings. It's weird, though, by the end of the conversation, I felt as if we had his tacit approval to pursue things."



The title credits for Sunshine Daydream

Evidently, favorable word spread through the organization, because Field and Norris were allowed to accompany the band on their European jaunt that spring. Shortly after that, the Dead were approached by more filmmakers interested in making a Dead movie—the Maysle Brothers, of *Gimme Shelter* fame. "It's funny," De Guere says with a laugh, "by that time the Dead seemed to view us as their 'Film Division,' so they referred the Maysles to us! None of us was thrilled with the thought of them getting involved," and eventually the idea died.

Meanwhile, De Guere traveled to Oregon, where he met the Pranksters and their film wing, FWAPS (Far West Action Pictures Services). "They had some really good equipment up there, including this sophisticated 16 mm flatbed movieola editing table," De Guere says. During this visit, De Guere got the idea to shoot the film at the Dead-Pranksters Creamery bash, which was then just a couple of weeks away.

A week before the concert, De Guere and company got the green light they'd been looking for — the Dead agreed to let them film, but the band retained the right of refusal on the finished product. Including the Pranksters' equipment, the filmmakers had seven cameras to work with; Alembic electronics ace Ron Wickersham devised a system to sync the cameras to the music. Even before De Guere arrived, FWAPS filmed the entire process of setting up the stage, footage that ultimately formed the opening scenes of the movie, under a very spacey "Playin' in the Band" jam.

Despite the 100-degree temperature, the filming basically went smoothly. "One unexpected development in the course of shooting," De Guere says, "was that acid seemed to get into al-

most every drop of liquid, cool or warm, anywhere in the place. That accounts for some of the strangely unsteady camera work. The heat was more a problem for the musicians than for us.

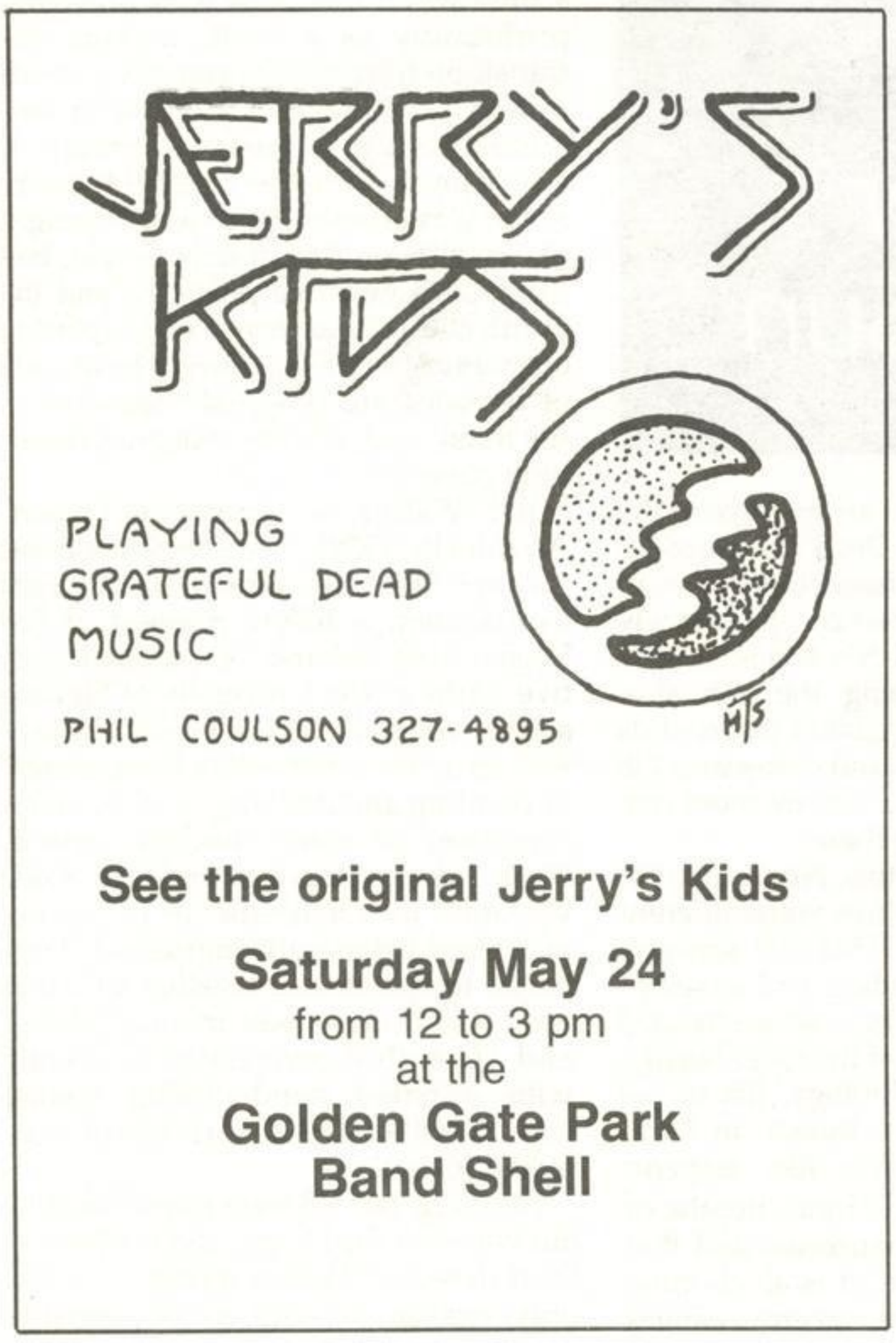
"A fair amount of money — about $15,000 [mostly Fields' money] — had been sunk into this thing," De Guere continues, "and we went back to Marin to concentrate on cutting it. You've got to remember that this was really one of the first attempts of its kind, not counting big, multi-artist events like *Woodstock* and *Monterey Pop*. This was trying to capture *one* band's performance, so we were treading in some new areas. It took us three months to get the film and the 2-track, 30 ips master, in complete sync, and then another six months to get it cut. Then we put together a very rough version of what we'd shot."

The filmmakers decided that one way to keep the band interested in the project — their attention does tend to, er, *wander* fairly easily — was to show them the rough footage and explain how they wanted to proceed. "We made arrangements to show it to the band and a couple of the business people," De Guere remembers, "but it turned out to be a screening for 70 or 80 people — wives, girlfriends, friends — all of whom expected to see *a movie*, which it definitely was *not* at that point. This was the raw stuff accompanied by a basically unmixed 2-track. We hadn't even touched the 16-track tapes yet. Well, not surprisingly, the general impression was very negative. We heard a lot of grumbling along the lines of 'Oh, this was a mistake, we never should have done it.' And the band complained that the heat that day had made their guitars go out of tune. So basically we were discouraged from working on it more."

In the winter of '73, De Guere took the film back up to Eugene, where he and the Pranksters tried to assemble the pieces into a real film. De Guere also spent his time there looking through the thousands of hours of unedited Merry Pranksters footage from the mid-'60s. He found some amazing sequences of a Palo Alto Acid Test and of Neal Cassady driving The Bus, which he inserted in the final cut. But the negative impression the band had formed about the movie remained, and by early '74 they were investigating the possibility of making their own film. (Their October Winterland shows did, in fact, become the core of *The Grateful Dead Movie*.)

De Guere and the others screened *Sunshine Daydream* a total of three times in the Bay Area in hopes of generating some grassroots interest in the film, but a threatening letter from Bob Weir eventually forced De Guere and Fields to shelve it permanently. "The last thing we ever intended to do was rip off the Dead," De Guere says, "so we went down quietly. I'm still fond of it, personally," he adds. "I've never seen anything else that captures the squirrely craziness of that period. Perhaps someday the antipathy will go away and it will be released. I'd love to see it happen."

So would we. Besides being a film record of a scorching show (in every respect), *Sunshine Daydream* also captures California-Oregon hippiedom at an absolute peak. The "China Cat" became, through careful editing, an ode to hippie women (with more bare breasts than *Woodstock*), while "I Know You Rider" intercuts the band with wonderfully evocative shots of Cowboy Neal At The Wheel. The continuum from the Acid Tests to the Creamery show thus established, the film takes on an even more special tone. Yes, the guitars are out of tune and everyone on- and off-stage looks high as a kite, but that's *what happened*. *Sunshine Daydream* is a loving portrait of a long-gone era — an era the Dead could proudly preserve by releasing the film on videocassette. □



Into the Fire with Bill Walker's "Anthem of the Sun"

It's never been easier to look at the late '60s through rose-colored glasses, to see the era cast in a bright glow of yellows and oranges, a blur of paisley prints and rich velvets. The images are indelible — ecstatic dancers spinning and dipping amid the emerald green grass and cool eucalyptus trees in Golden Gate Park's Panhandle; smiling hippies sitting cross-legged on Haight Street playing carved wooden flutes and beat-up acoustic guitars; crowded head shops blasting Beatles music as curious out-of-towners gawk at the freak parade.

"Catch the '60s scene!" a sign on the table selling colorful tie-dye sweatshirts at Nordstrom's, a trendy and expensive West Coast department store, screams at the '80s shopper. Magazines are filled with so-called "psychedelic" fashions, and the next granny glasses phase is undoubtedly just an entrepreneur's brainstorm away. Even the Good Ol' Grateful Dead are enjoying something of a renaissance as the once-maligned '60s are stacked up favorably against the '70s and '80s and memories mellow. We're seeing the '60s shot through a concealing gauze that rounds out the rough edges and obfuscates the unpleasant. Yes, the '60s are more chic now than they were then.

But take a look at this. No, come a little closer. I want to show you a different picture of the '60s. This one shows a ring of fire surrounding and enveloping what seems to be a seven-headed demon straight out of the more horrific tales of Hindu mythology. Six of the heads appear almost human in form, though they emanate like serpents from the labyrinthine inner depths of the fire-breathing man/beast/god that dominates the scene. It is all clashing and contrasting blues, greens, oranges and deep violets that seem animated in themselves, apart from their application in the picture. On the surface everything appears to be in constant motion, moving wildly like the all-consuming fires that seem to lap at the edges of every form. But take the time to go a little deeper, away from the surface, into the heart of it all, and something else is revealed: a strange tranquility, an underlying peace and a beauty that belies the terrifying phantasmagoria. This is the '60s, Grateful Dead-style, and the painting says more about the era and culture from which it exploded than any fond photo retrospective of Haight-Ashbury ever could. It is Bill Walker's extraordinary cover for the Dead's second album, *Anthem of the Sun*.

I've always felt that *Anthem* is the Dead's "darkest" album, a work comprised primarily of shadows and mysterious cul-de-sacs rather than bright, well-formed spaces. It shows Garcia and Weir testing their wings as songwriters, and the band as a whole trying to decipher the mysteries of recording studio technology. The record's audacious aural experiments — mixing live and studio tracks and the various bits of studio trickery on "Caution" — give the record a murky, dense sound that is slightly off-putting. It was recorded at a time when the Dead were changing profoundly as a band, making the transition from being primarily a good-time dance band to a group with serious and complex musical intentions. It also came when the Haight-Ashbury scene was crumbling under the weight of a massive influx of new people, bad drugs and negative publicity; and the youth culture was increasingly splitting on political/apolitical lines. These sorts of tensions are reflected somewhat in the music and, to a lesser degree, the album cover art.

Bill Walker, a native of Tucson, Arizona [b. 1938], connects to the Dead through Phil Lesh, via keyboardist Tom Constanten, a fellow resident of Las Vegas. Both Bill and TC pursued creative paths at the University of Nevada at Las Vegas in the early '60s. Walker was an active artist with a keen interest in painting and drawing, and TC was a composer of some renown; indeed, Walker remembers hearing TC's "Conversation for Orchestra" in the spring of '61 and being quite impressed. They began to spend time together later that year and became best friends. Walker and TC both experimented frequently with different mind-altering agents, and in Walker's case, particularly, it affected his art.

"Most of '66–'68 were spent hanging out between the Haight and the Southwest deserts," Walker recalls. "I could only handle the city for six months

max. During this time I did a lot of ink drawings, painting and listening to music. In a sense, the drug experience made it art. It helped free me from the trip of 'being an artist' and helped me forget all the crap I'd learned in art classes, and showed me new ways to see the inner and outer worlds.

"Different drugs did different things," he continues. "Smoking pot, for example, the drawings were still contrived, but with a much more honest emotional quality. Peyote taught me to live right — the Natural World became alive again and I became a primitive — to see color and understand the ways color affects people. Then LSD brought it to the point where I was just following the lines I saw on the surface of whatever I looked at. So I spent about a year just tracing out the mind-rot on paper, canvas, stones, walls of the houses I lived in — in fact anything that would hold still."

Las Vegas was (and still is) a relatively conservative area, culturally speaking, even more so for a pair of semi-eccentric intellectuals. The mid-'60s youth revolution all but passed Las Vegas by, but TC and Walker were part of what underground scene there was.

While studying at the University of California at Berkeley in the early '60s, TC had become friends with Phil Lesh, and together they returned to the desert to find jobs and eventually go to Europe to study with avant garde composers. "Phil stayed in Las Vegas and shared a house with me," Walker says. "During this time Phil wrote *Foci*, a composition for four orchestras with four conductors. When TC returned from Europe, the three of us moved to San Francisco. During that time I met Garcia at the Chateau in Palo Alto. In '66, when I was in Hawaii, I got a postcard from Phil saying that he'd 'signed aboard a psychedelic sailing ship as flunky or supercargo, and joined a rock and roll band to make a million laughs.' I had to go back to see what he was talking about. My first Dead concert was at the LeMar benefit at the California Ballroom [in San Francisco] in the spring of '66. I also met Owsley there! LSD was legal then."

Bill Walker at home in Hawaii

By the fall of '67, TC was nearing the end of a stint in the Air Force, and through Phil he began to sit in with the band on recording sessions for their second album, then in its early stages. It was understood that upon his exit from the military, he would join the band to give the music added keyboard color. That Christmas, TC went back to Nevada and he and Walker had a number of profound psychedelic experiences, ones that would plant the seed for the painting that eventually became the cover of the Dead's album.

"New Year's Eve, '67, we went to this beautiful desert area known as the Valley of Fire and took a combination of LSD and Yage [a powerful South American hallucinogen]," Walker remembers. "That balanced and aligned my nervous system and gave me the mental calm and clarity so that I could do this [pointing to the intricate flames on the *Anthem* painting]. I would start on the right side using the right hand and do maybe ten or 12 inches and then, without looking back at it, I could shift the paintbrush to the left hand and do a mirror image. It had a lot of the feel of Tibetan art, but the weird thing is that I didn't really see Tibetan art until a year or so later. I just began to see the inner and outer world in mandalas. It was one of the steps in the painting, long before there were any faces.

"A little later I went to San Francisco and the Dead were there working on their album," he continues. "I did the painting over a period of several months, working with acrylics on a window shade that I'd glued onto a round board that was about three feet

"The Voyage of Captain Peanut and His Flying Tit," 1967

in diameter. Phil and Mickey saw some of the pencil drawing I'd done for it and liked it, but it wasn't a commissioned piece or anything. It was more just something I was working on that became more specific as it went along and brought in the faces."

There were stumbling blocks along the way, however, and for a while it seemed like the painting might never be finished. There was no lack of desire on Walker's part, certainly, but at the time he was working most intently on it, the band was going through one of its periodic unstable periods.

"I remember going to a band rehearsal at an old theater near Potrero Hill right when I was ready to start painting on it," Walker says. "In the middle of rehearsal they got in a big hassle over something to do with management or money problems. Everyone was really pissed off, and Phil came over to me and said, 'Well, I guess that's it.' They'd decided to break up! Eventually, of course, it all cooled out and they started playing again, so I kept going."

Through his frequent contact with the band during the period from January through March of 1968, Walker got to know the players and make observations about them that he channeled into his developing work. "The way the faces came about," he continues, "was by going to a concert and getting psychedelicized and focusing on a band member and relating to the imagery like an energy field. It was at a time when I could listen to the music and actually see the music sort of roll through the room, to the point where I'd have to actually step over it, or grab it, or get knocked over by it," he says with a laugh.

For the faces of the six band members [TC was still in the Air Force], "I tried to perceive each person's subtle energy patterns," he says. "I didn't contrive it. I painted what I saw. [For those who may be confused, moving clockwise from the right of the "beast's" head, the faces belong to Phil, Pigpen, Mickey, Billy, Bobby and Jerry.] Billy is pretty much straight up and down without much distortion. Same with Mickey. The biggest problem was separating Mickey and Billy as performers. With Bobby I felt a block in the throat; energy didn't move well through there then. Later, Bobby said, 'Do I really look like that to you?' 'Well, not with *these* eyes!' It was interesting with Pigpen, because I kept seeing him with closed eyes — his energy appeared to be going down and he seemed to be moving away at that time. Phil was the most openly energetic. Jerry was a little more cryptic and profound. Sometimes I've been asked who is the 'beast' in the center — that's my left eye.

"I recently tried to relate it back to then and, quite frankly, what a long, strange trip it had been. At the time, though, it was real clear," he says. "It came from a very amazing place. If you've been there you know what it's about."

Once the painting was completed and enthusiastically approved by the band, Walker took the painting down to L.A. to show it to Ed Thrasher, Warner Bros. Records' open-minded art director. "Of course he'd never seen anything quite like it," Walker says with a chuckle, "but he said OK. We went through a couple of trips with the background color. I said OK to a color that was sort of purple, but lighter than what they eventually used. I think a light color would have highlighted some of the details more, but I wasn't disappointed when I saw the finished cover." (Walker had originally painted it on a white background, and after Lesh re-mixed the album in 1972 — along with *Aoxomoxoa* — it was released briefly with the design on white. Not surprisingly, those are now collector's items.)

Walker sees the painting as imbued with life and energy, though he says he understands why some people find it frightening. "Some people are afraid of the fire and/or primary colors," he comments, "but I think it's probably because they haven't confronted some of their more basic fears, and the wrathful aspect of the painting causes this fear to surface. I've heard all sorts of interesting reactions to it over the years. Right after the painting was done I took it to a birthday party for Jerry and someone had a color wheel. We turned out the lights except for the color wheel. It was really amazing because it took on all this movement so it became three dimensional and looked like it was coming off the wall and out into the room. That was one to deal with!

"The more you look into a mandala," he continues, "the more it forces you to organize your thought processes into patterns of equilibrium, balance and detachment. It becomes a meditative process that can help guide you through various levels of consciousness. Every couple of years I look at it and it seems almost new. There's a lot in there."

Walker never painted another album cover — it took him several years to even get Warner Bros. to pay for that one — and moved back to Hawaii in '69, where he lives and works as an artist now. He remains close friends with TC and Phil and makes a point to visit when he comes to the mainland.

"I try to go to a Dead concert at least every couple of years," he says. "They're still my favorite rock and roll band. They just keep getting better." He looks back on his brief association with the band with fondness and still regards the painting as a highpoint of his artistic life.

"It really has something special," he enthuses. "I wish you could see the original. It's really powerful." How does it compare with the printed version? "It's like the difference between the Dead's records and a live concert."

The septet in 1968. Photo: Herbie Greene

Thanks to Jan Walker for help in the preparation of this article.

DEADLINE

Continued from page 8

The *Twilight Zone* TV series has been removed from CBS' regular schedule indefinitely, though it still could reappear next fall if the network brass decide it has accumulated enough of a following. The *Zone* never fared spectacularly in the ratings, and since it is an anthology series, its production expenses are considerably higher than those for shows like *Too Close for Comfort*. If the axe does fall, we'll be among the bummed; even though the stories varied drastically in quality from week to week, it was always interesting and the production values were far superior to standard TV fare. At least it took some chances.

We hope you caught the episode called "The Devil's Alphabet," about a strange pact among college chums in Victorian England to meet once a year — whether they're living or dead! That story (and teleplay) came from none other than Robert Hunter (who also wrote some of the series' brief narrative segments earlier in the season). As might be expected, his dialogue was as carefully crafted as his song lyrics. (But if anyone has a good explanation of the ending we'd love to hear it!)

The Grateful Dead were honored for their many benefit concerts over the years at the 9th Annual Bay Area Music Awards, held in San Francisco in early March. Bob Weir and Mickey Hart were on hand to accept the prestigious Board of Governors Award, presented to them by their old pal Wavy Gravy, who lauded the Dead for their generosity and service to the community, from the Haight days through the creation of the Rex Foundation.

Upon picking up the trophy, Hart dedicated it to the memory of Pigpen, for starting the band, and Weir made an eloquent little speech in which he thanked the fans for supporting the band through the years, and noted that simply playing music is a form of pubic service. Later in the evening, Weir and Hart joined the Neville Brothers, Huey Lewis and a slew of other Bay Area music celebs for a show-closing rendition of "Iko Iko." Hot stuff!

The Dead premiered a new song at the 3-27-86 show in Portland, Maine. Titled "Revolutionary Hamstrung Blues," it's a collaboration of Phil, Brent and poet Bobby Peterson (who also penned the lyrics for "Unbroken Chain" and "Pride of Cucamonga"). According to Peterson, he and Lesh first worked on the song a few years ago, but turned it over to Brent when they hit a creative logjam. Judging from its debut performance (which we heard on tape), it sounds as though the song is still in a fairly unfinished state, but filled with potential. We had a rough time making out lyrics, and Peterson would only allow that the song is "sort of a period piece about people fighting amongst themselves, instead of fighting who they should be fighting." Incidentally, Peterson may have more poetry out soon if a planned publishing venture with Alan Trist (for years part of the Dead's brain trust) and Mountain Girl works out. If you've read Peterson's eloquent elegy for Pigpen, "He Was a Friend of Mine," you know he's a writer of amazing sensitivity and compassion.

Weir, Hart and Wavy backstage at the Bay Area Music Awards. Photo: Roger Ressmeyer

In early March, Bob Weir played a few dates in the East with Kingfish and also took time to appear on Paul Shaffer's swingin' radio show, *Live from the Hard Rock Cafe*. Shaffer's interview with Weir revealed nothing of substance, but sparks flew when our boy joined Paul's regular David Letterman show band and The Iceman himself — Albert Collins — for a version of the classic "T-Bone Shuffle."

Roots Part 10

Once again, a few notes before we get to the nit and the grit:

Louie Bluie, the excellent Terry Zwigoff documentary about black string bands that I recommended so highly last issue, is now available on videocassette from Pacific Arts Video, Michael Nesmith's ultraprogressive company. List price is $39.95, and it's definitely worth every cent. If you can't find it, contact Pacific Arts at 50 North La Cienega Blvd. Suite 210, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

A couple of our readers have alerted me that there is, in fact, a precedent for tying together "Dear Mr. Fantasy" and "Hey Jude," as the Dead did at Red Rocks last year. A similar, if stranger, version appeared on a 1969 album called *The Live Adventures of Mike Bloomfield and Al Kooper.*

Lastly, I want to mention that Allen Toussaint, the extraordinary New Orleans-based songwriter/producer/singer, has a musical called *Stagger Lee* playing weekends at a small theater in New Orleans. The play, which Toussaint describes as a "Mardi Gras musical fable," offers a tale considerably more convoluted than any of the "Stagger Lee" songs I've heard, and Toussaint says that Stag is even exonerated at the end: "Yeah, in this one, it turns out he didn't do the shooting," Toussaint told me by phone from his Sea-Saint Recording Studio in New Orleans. "A character named Pepper did it. Stagger Lee even ends up with the girl!" The musical contains a number of old and new Toussaint songs, as well as an interpretation of Professor Longhair's version of "Stagger Lee." "We've been having a good time with it so far," Toussaint said. "I've even been playing piano in the house band every night. It's been doing pretty well, and we hope that eventually people *outside* of New Orleans will get a chance to see it."

"Willie & the Hand Jive"—This song, which was played by the Dead and the Neville Brothers at this year's second Mardi Gras show (2-12-86), is one of the true classics of rock's first golden era, with its infectious "Bo Diddley beat" and colorful characters. It was written and first recorded by one of rock's most interesting and influential early practitioners, Johnny Otis, who scored a Number One hit with it in June of 1958.

Though he is hardly a household name, Otis' impact on the history of rock should not be underestimated. Born Johnny Veliotes to Greek-American parents in the San Francisco Bay Area town of Vallejo in 1921, he grew up among working class and poor blacks in Berkeley. He played music with blacks from a very early age, and by the time he was in his early 20s, he fronted his own big band.

After World War II he moved to Los Angeles, where he continued his work fronting bands and operated a nightclub in the predominantly black Watts area. He had a number of R&B hits as a bandleader, but he is better known for putting others in the spotlight through his R&B revues, The Johnny Otis Show and the Johnny Otis Rhythm & Blues Caravan. He was instrumental in the careers of such greats as Hank Ballard, Little Willie John, Big Mama Thornton, Etta James and Gladys Knight & the Pips, for whom he wrote "Every Beat of My Heart," their first hit.

At 65, he continues to play music and tour occasionally with a revamped Johnny Otis Show, which includes his son Shuggie, an exceptional guitarist who was highly touted in the late '60s. "What I do is play music. It's what I've always done," Johnny said cheerfully when we tracked him down at his home in Altadena, California (ten miles east of L.A.). "I'm havin' as much fun with it now as I ever did."

When we asked about the origins of "Willie & the Hand Jive," Otis unravelled quite a tale:

"My partner Hal Zeiger and I had a hit in England in 1957 called 'Ma, He's Making Eyes at Me.' It was a rock and roll version of an old standard, and it became Number One in Britain. I couldn't figure out why until I learned that it had been a morale-boosting song for the British during the War. When people went into the bomb shelters, they used to sing that tune.

"Anyway, Hal went over that year to set up a tour for us, and when he came back he said, 'You know, I saw kids sitting in these theaters where they weren't allowed to dance, and they were doing this thing that you guys in the black bands in the old days used to do—the hand jive. You see, when the trumpets would be doing a solo in the old black jazz bands, the saxophonists would be waving their hands in time to the music—that was the hand jive. So Hal said, 'Why don't you write a song called "Hand Jive"? It'll probably be a hit in England.' So I put a little ditty together, and my partner hated it! But the guy at Capitol Records loved it and so did my 4-year-old, and I always listen to the 4-year-old!"

Otis acknowledges that Bo Diddley was a big influence on the song, but he takes issue with the term "Bo Diddley beat." "That beat predates Bo Diddley by decades," he says. "The first time I heard that thing was when I was a kid in Berkeley. I knew this piano player named Otis Mathews who was transplanted from the Mississippi Delta. He was a rambunctious barrelhouse and boogie-woogie player I sometimes played drums with. This was back in

Johnny Otis (center) with one of his "discoveries," The Penguins

the '30s. He taught me a few little beats, including this one he called 'shave-and-a-haircut, six-bits' — bump-de-bump-de-bump, bump-bump. He would play it over and over again on the tom-tom. In the meantime he brought in these cans that had little rocks in them or something, and we'd shake them like maracas. He'd even call girls up onstage to play the maracas — it was a chance for us to talk to the chicks! And he'd sing to the beat: 'Mama bought a chicken, thought it was a duck/ Put him on the table with his legs stuck up.' He had a million lyrics for that beat.

"The next time I experienced that beat was down south in 1950 or '51. I saw black men in chain gangs working, and to pass the time they'd sing and chant and rattle their chains in different rhythms, including that one. They'd also sing 'Mama bought a chicken . . .' but they added things like, 'If I'd known the captain was blind/ Then I never would've come to work on time.' The 'captain' was the guy who sat on a mule with a shotgun watching them while they worked. He didn't like it at all when they'd sing about him!

"I also saw railroad workers, who were also prisoners, using that beat. They'd clank against the rails with metal bars and it would make this amazingly powerful rhythm. It's really a testimony to the human spirit that these black men in prison down South — what could be worse? — still sang."

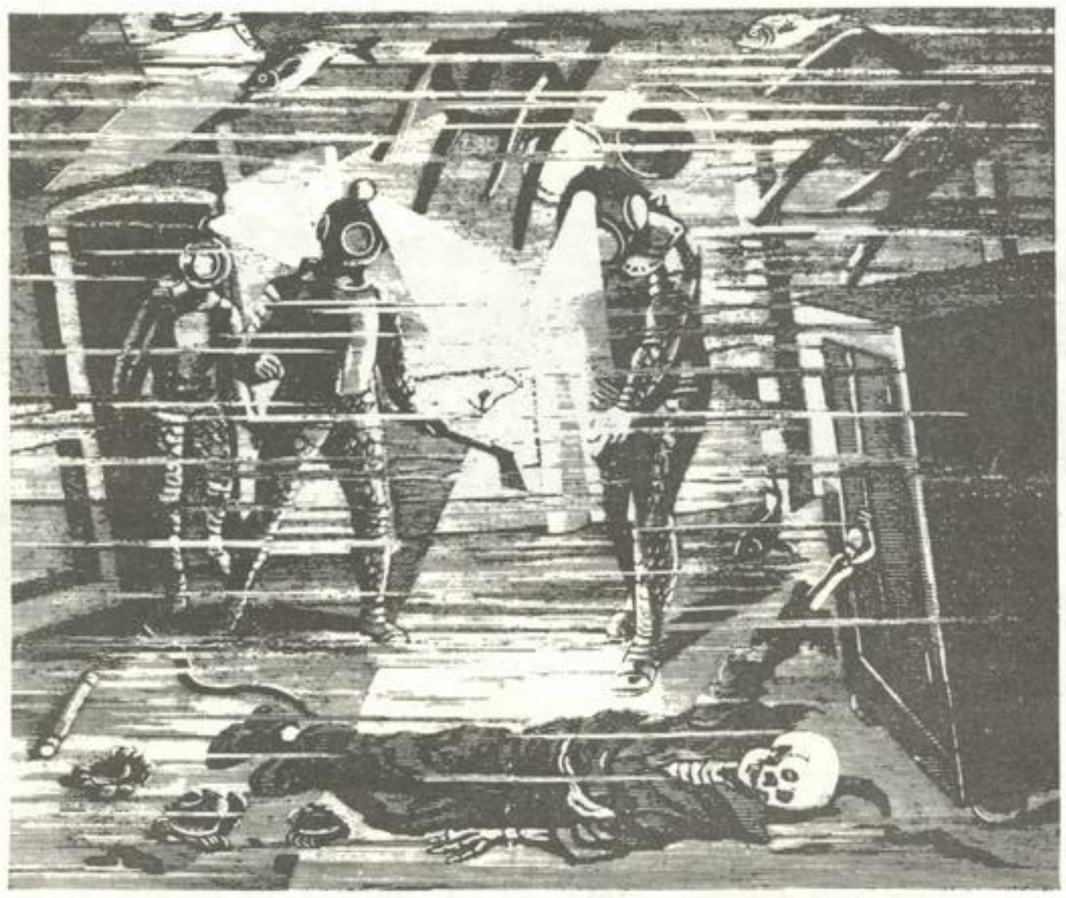
Otis' "Willie & the Hand Jive" was recorded at Bunny Robine's little studio on Fairfax Avenue in Los Angeles. "They wanted me to do it at Capitol at one of the big studios, but it didn't seem right for the kind of music I was doin'," he remembers. "My guys couldn't get relaxed in there. So we went to this funky place and of course we made a hit. Little Richard and Fats Domino used to record at Bunny's, too."

The song was cut live with a three-piece band and Otis' wife and a couple of friends supplying hand claps and backing vocals. It was an instant smash, and Otis says it was also one of the first rock songs to generate a marketing craze: "Capitol put out diagrams of how to do the hand jive, and then there was a wave of products like Hand Jive Shoes, Hand Jive Blouses for women. There was even a hat that was red with the white outline of a hand on it!"

The song has been covered frequently through the years. Eric Clapton's is probably the best known modern version (Otis says he hasn't heard it), and no doubt many Deadheads recall that it was on the New Riders' second album, *Powerglide*, and was a frequent show-stopper for the band in concert.

To what does Otis attribute the song's durability? "I don't have any idea," he says with a laugh, "but let's cover it up so it don't get cold!"

"Hey Bo Diddley," "Bo Diddley," "Who Do You Love" — Since we're on the subject . . . The night before the Dead and the Nevilles played "Willie & the Hand Jive," Garcia sang a few lines of "Hey Bo Diddley" during the encore, which found members of the two bands jamming wildly. That song was a minor R&B hit for Diddley, who is best known for a string of mid-'50s sound-alike rockers such as "Who Do You Love," "I'm a Man" and "Mona." All of those tunes were successfully revived in the late '60s by English and American bands ranging from the Spencer Davis Group and The Yardbirds, to Quicksilver and The Doors. The Dead played parts of "Who Do You Love" twice during the '72 European tour, and at the group's 5-23-72 Lyceum show in London, Garcia unleashed a spirited version of "Bo Diddley" (Diddley's own first hit in 1955, and different from "Hey Bo Diddley") in the middle of a smoking "Not Fade Away."



It was women and children first, and then he went below to get his issues of *The Golden Road*...

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I'm Talkin' 'Bout Hey Now!

Deeper into "Iko Iko," from Congo Square to the Golden Gate or, Who dosed the Big Chief's gumbo?

Way back in Issue One of *The Golden Road*, we offered a cursory look at the origins of the song "Iko Iko," a tune steeped in the colorful history of New Orleans' black Mardi Gras "Indians." When I heard the Dead and the Neville Brothers play in on Mardi Gras at the Kaiser Center this past February, my curiosity was further piqued and I threw myself into books and records in hopes of divining any mystical meaning "Iko Iko" might hold. I came up empty-handed, of course, as any grail quest must, but I found a story as old as rhythm itself and a road that stretches from Bourbon Street to the Avalon Ballroom and beyond.

It all started with the French and English slave traders. Long before Paul Revere and Valley Forge and the colonies shook off *their* chains, the greedy colonial powers sent their ships to Africa and brought back slaves to work the land and build a new empire so white people everywhere could take tea at three and fan themselves on the front porch. The largest concentration of slaves in the New World was in New Orleans, which was part of France's huge Louisiana Territory until the still-young United States forked over the big cash in 1803 and sent the French packing. The Battle of New Orleans in 1815 was the final blow to the recalcitrant French who'd remained to defend their evaporating empire, a breathtaking saga immortalized in Johnny Horton's 1959 hit single.

With the new state of Louisiana firmly part of the union, the British-ancestored Americans quickly learned that the French were culturally entrenched there. That gave the Americans *two* groups to oppress: the French and all their mixed-blood progeny from slaves and Spanish traders; and the slaves, who fared no better under the Americans than they had under the French. The French — who have always enjoyed a nice debauched party — were somewhat amused by their African slaves. Every Sunday, slaves in New Orleans would congregate at a square the in French Quarter nicknamed *Place Congo*, or Congo Square, to sing, dance and chant, as free men and women of color (quadroons and octaroons) and the French watched with a mixture of horror and titillation. Slaves banded with members of their own tribe again for those few hours of celebration — it was common for groups to dance in circles for five or six hours straight as others beat on crude drums and shook rattles made from the jawbones of mules and horses. A strict 9 p.m. curfew was enforced, however, and any slave found on the streets without his master after that would be jailed. The French also expressly forbade slaves from joining in the annual bacchanal — the Mardi Gras — a week-long festival that Europeans for centuries had used as an excuse to justify decadent behavior right before the onset of Lent, the 40-day period of abstinence and piety before Easter.

The Americans tolerated the Mardi Gras at first; later they simply took it over, pushing out the French for the most part and transforming it into their own saturnalia, complete with secret societies and mystical mumbo jumbo worthy of the Freemasons, or at least the Shriners. They were less comfortable with the Congo Square revelries, however, and beginning in the 1820s started to regulate the conclaves more. By 1843, the slave dancing was banned altogether because the sensuality of the blacks was perceived as a threat to the decent folks in the city, many of whom drank and whored when they weren't being sanctimonious. The prohibition on congregating, combined with the crude socialization of slaves by American owners and their French-speaking neighbors in the poor areas of New Orleans, led to the eventual disintegration of most of the African customs brought over by the original slaves. The songs and dances that were passed down were thus corrupted, and eventually the literal meanings of the chants were all but forgotten.

The emancipation of the slaves during the Civil War led to a massive postwar influx of blacks into New Orleans, then the biggest seaport in the South. But the racist white leaders of the city succeeded in keeping blacks in certain areas, well separated from whites, many of whom saw free Negroes as a sickening symbol of the defeat of the Confederacy. Blacks were routinely murdered, and their virtual confinement in their own parts of town (where no self-respecting white dared go) led to the creation of all-black bars and clubs where people naturally sang and danced — a blues here, a faintly remembered chant there, gospel hymns on Sundays. Still banned from Mardi Gras, the blacks took to celebrating New Orleans' big holiday in their own ways, with groups from various neighborhoods taking to the streets *en masse* to sing, drink and carouse. It wasn't long before the different black groups became competitive as each part of town literally tried to out-party the others by being wilder and more colorful every year.

Borrowing from the white Mardi Gras tradition, blacks would also dress up in fanciful garb, and eventually the costumes became the focal point of the competition between neighborhoods. The blacks split into groups along class lines as well as geographic ones, and one of the first big Mardi Gras groups to form was the Indians, who dressed like American Indians and devised their own tribal chants for Mardi Gras. The first Indian "tribes" sprang up around the turn-of-the-century among the black servant class — porters, valets, cooks and shoeshine boys primarily in the beginning, though it broadened later.

Actually, there was a natural connection between the blacks and American Indians. During the days of slavery, blacks frequently escaped their bondage and were taken in by Indians in remote areas of Louisiana and Florida. Many blacks admired the ritualism of Indian culture because of its affinity with their ancestors' African tribal customs (from the percussive chants to the shuffle-step of their dances), so it was not surprising that four decades after the abolition of slavery, semi-secret "tribes," whose "customs" were a jambalaya of African, Indian and American affectations, sprang up in New Orleans.

It wasn't until 1910, when a group of blacks formed the Zulu Social Aid & Pleasure Club, that Mardi Gras became as big an event for blacks as it was for whites. The

Slaves dancing the bamboula *and playing drums in Congo Square, New Orleans, from a magazine published in the mid-1850s*

A Roots Extra

One of the Wild Tchoupitoulas at Kaiser Center, February '86. Photo: Ron Delany

Zulu Parade, with a crowned king and his court, paraded through the black parts of town, picking up groups of revelers as it went, and ended in the giant Zulu Ball at the end of the evening. Here, all the different clubs around — the various Indian tribes, and all-female groups like the Gold Diggers, the Baby Dolls (who were virginally dressed prostitutes for the most part) and the Zigaboos — would party together, when they weren't busy fighting.

"Long before my time, or before I really knew anything about the Mardi Gras, guys would take grudges out on each other during Mardi Gras," says Art Neville, keyboardist for the New Orleans-based band. "It would be tribe against tribe meeting in the streets. There was always a lot of chanting and singing at each other, and sometimes fights would break out. People even got killed."

"Oh yeah, it was much worse when I was a boy," remembers Allen Toussaint, perhaps the single most influential figure on the New Orleans music scene of the past 20 years. (In addition to writing innumerable hits for everyone from Lee Dorsey to Robert Palmer, he has produced scads of great records at his world famous Sea-Saint Recording Studio.) "Back in those days the Indians would really draw blood. They'd get extremely drunk and fight with hatchets and long knives. It was not a place you wanted to be when things started getting rough. They don't do that anymore," he adds with an understatement typical of this warm, gentle man.

"Now they compete with costumes," adds Neville, "to see who can make the prettiest outfit for Mardi Gras. They make some *serious* costumes, too. When I was little, I had the good fortune to see my uncle make his costumes. Him and his friends would just sit around telling stories *for days* while they sewed these elaborate Indian costumes."

Neville's uncle was George Landry, also known as Cheif Jolly, head of one of the oldest black Indian tribes, the Wild Tchoupitoulas. Other tribes included the Golden Blades, the Little Red, White & Blues, the Golden Eagles, the Creole Wild Wests and the Yellow Pochahontas. Each tribe devised its own chants, mixing Indian-sounding gibberish with remnants of African phrases and black street slang. Whatever the literal meaning of these chants, the message was always the same: "Our tribe is the baddest and most colorful, and you others are wastin' *everybody's* time trying to act cool in your ugly old costumes that my *dog*

The Zulu Parade on Mardi Gras sometime in the late '70s.

Professor Longhair

wouldn't chew on!"

"They'd chant 'Jockomo feena nay,' which everyone knew meant 'Better get out of the way, 'cause here we come!'" Neville says. In one song credited to Chief Jolly, "Meet de Boys on the Battlefront," the warriors crow that "The Wild Tchoupitoulas gonna stomp some rump!" Another tune, by the Wild Magnolias, later adapted by the Nevilles, extolls the glories of the Indian masquerade, bragging that "Ev-er-y year around Mardi Gras time, we make a *new suit*."

"A lot of it — 'Jokomo,' 'Iko Iko,' 'Shhaboom' — was obscure, but you always knew what it meant when you heard it," Toussaint says. "If you were black in New Orleans you learned it *all*."

The song we know as "Iko Iko" started out as two separate Mardi Gras chants. Again, there is no real translation, but it adds up to gentle mocking of rival tribes, a thumbed nose as it were. "It was just something you grew up saying in the neighborhood," Toussaint says. "You'd use it like a cocky argument. It has verses like, 'My spy boy saw your spy boy sittin' by the fi-yo./ My spy boy told your spy boy, 'I'm gonna set your flag on fi-yo.'" ("Spy boys" are supposed to alert other tribe members when an "enemy" tribe approaches on Mardi Gras Day.)

Art Neville is more literal in his speculation about the meaning of "Iko": "I think it's a case where the pronunciation changed over the generations. It was 'Iko' by the time it got to Chief Jolly. It may have come from the word 'hike,' because that's what you'd do on Mardi Gras — hike all over the city, trying to see all the masks and the different parades. It was like you'd 'hike-o, hike-o all day.' I heard a couple of other definitions, too," he adds with a knowing, lascivious laugh, "but I don't know how true they are."

The first recorded version of "Iko Iko" was "Jock-O-Mo," cut by a young New Orleans singer named James "Sugar Boy" Crawford for Checker Records in 1954. "I didn't really know much about the Indians and all that," he confessed when I reached him by phone at his New Orleans home recently. "But I'd heard these chants and I liked the sound of them, and so I just put a little tune to them. I can't take credit for the words, obviously, but I guess the tune is mine. I don't know, though. I never got any royalties."

Before we go any further with this, we have to digress for a moment to honor the *true* father of New Orleans Mardi Gras rock and roll, Henry Roeland Byrd, better known as Professor Longhair. A pianist of astounding flexibility and dexterity, he is viewed by many as the link between New Orleans' ragtime, boogie-woogie and stride piano traditions of the first three decades of this century, and the later R&B greats widely credited with putting the "rock" into rhythm & blues. (He also influenced Elvis Presley as a singer, but that's another story.)

It was Fess, as he was affectionately known, who first recorded in the syncopated "second line" style associated with New Orleans R&B. The term "second line" literally refers to the contingent of marchers who follow the brass bands in New Orleans funeral processions, often punctuating the proceedings with claps and shouts. But in music, it is the extra beat thrown into a regular 2/4 cadence that gives it an almost calypso feeling. (This explains why a Caribbean song like "Man Smart Woman Smarter" can sound virtually identical to "Iko Iko" in the hands of the Dead.)

Professor Longhair was the first popular artist to record R&B songs associated with Mardi Gras. His "Mardi Gras in New Orleans" (1949) set the style for most future Mardi Gras anthems, with its loose, rolling piano line, quirky percussion accents and soulful vocals. He described his style as "rhumba, mambo and calypso," but his approach also came from the blues, making his unique fusion a true polyglot of African-derived black music styles. Other Mardi

Mac Rebennack in his Dr. John the Night Tripper finery, early '70s. Photo: Jim Marshall © 1986

Gras tunes associated with Fess include "Big Chief" (a Nevilles staple) and "Go to the Mardi Gras."

Professor Longhair was undoubtedly the main influence on "Jock-O-Mo," which was a big regional hit for Sugar Boy Crawford. "I don't think people outside New Orleans knew what it was all about," Crawford says with a laugh. "But then, to be honest, I didn't, and still don't, have any idea what the words mean."

The next version of "Iko" worth noting was by the Dixie Cups, three New Orleans girls who had a fluke Top 20 national hit with it in 1965. The group hadn't even intended to record the song and were actually just singing it casually in the studio — as any Mardi Gras-loving daughters of New Orleans might — when their producer, Phil Spector, surreptitiously turned on the tape machines. The trio, who still perform around New Orleans, are best remembered for the title tune of the album on which "Iko Iko" appeared, "Chapel of Love."

In the late '60s, an accomplished singer and instrumentalist named Mac Rebennack burst out of New Orleans as Dr. John the Night Tripper and was an immediate hit with fans of psychedelic music. Though his image — complete with feathered gowns and singers and dancers who seemed born of both Mardi Gras and Caribbean voodoo traditions — was somewhat contrived, his music was pure, based in Creole folk and New Orleans R&B. (Indeed, Rebennack did session work for Professor Longhair, Lee Allen and other Crescent City greats in the '50s and early '60s.) As his career went on, he dropped the *gris-gris* trappings and instead helped pioneer modern New Orleans funk along with Allen Toussaint, his sometime collaborator and producer, and musical colleagues such as The Meters, who later evolved into the Neville Brothers. This triumvirate exerted considerable influence on music in the mid-'70s, touching the Rolling Stones (who had The Meters open shows for them on one tour), Paul Simon, Paul McCartney, LaBelle and numerous others. Dr. John's own recording of "Iko Iko," which he says he recorded at the urging of J. Geils' Peter Wolf, strangely enough, appeared on his 1972 album *Gumbo*.

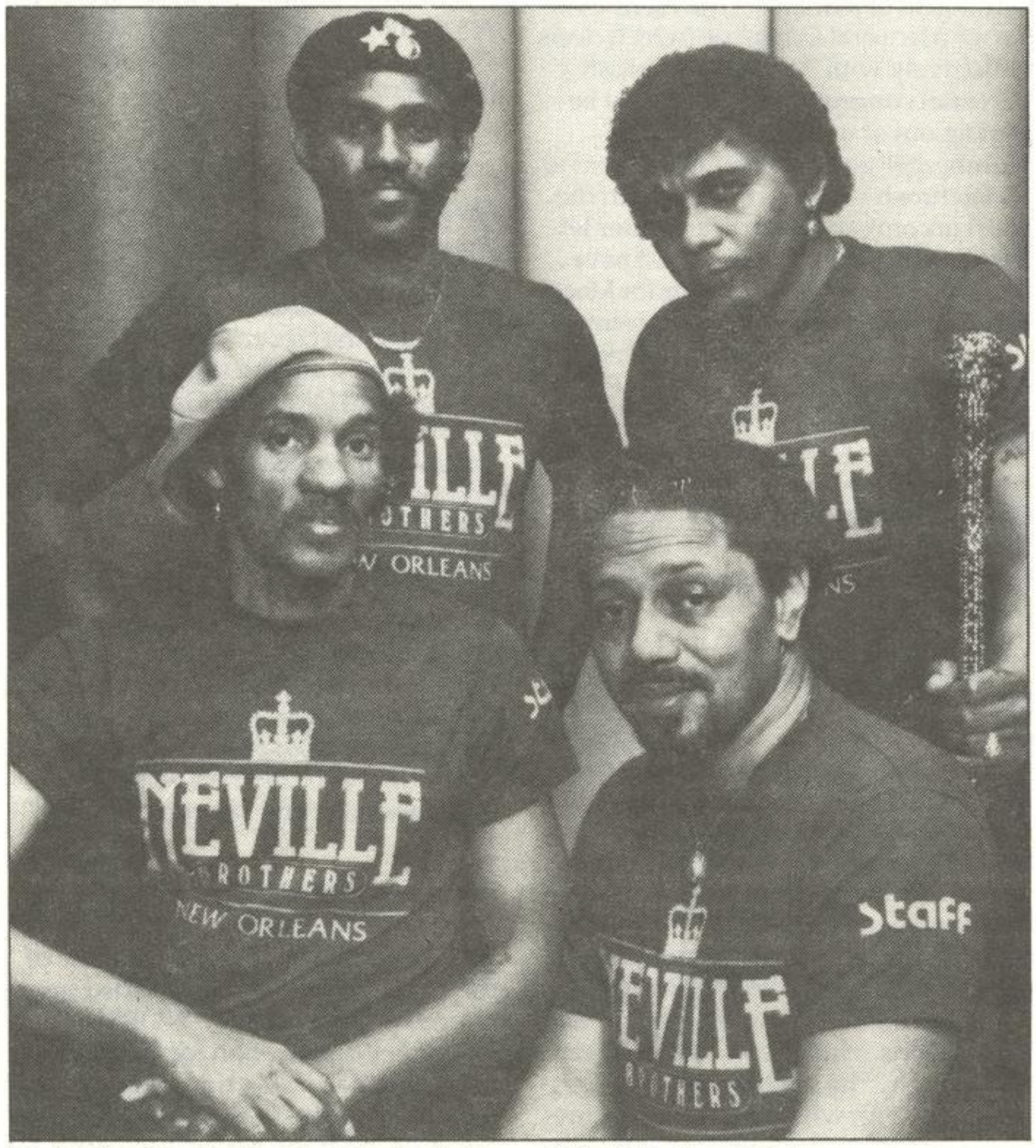
It was up to The Meters, and now the Nevilles, to really bring the Mardi Gras into contemporary pop music. Art Neville had played on local records for more than a decade before he formed The Meters in 1967. (He led a group called The Hawketts, who had a local hit with "Mardi Gras Mambo" in 1954.) In conjunction with the other members of The Meters, including Joseph "Zigaboo" Modeliste, a world-class drummer, Art successfully integrated traditional Mardi Gras tunes and chants into the band's otherwise funk-oriented repertoire. In 1975, The Meters joined forces with Art's uncle Chief Jolly and the Wild Tchoupitoulas to record their one eponymously titled LP for Antilles Records. (It's a classic and still available.) The Meters eventually broke up in an ugly dispute over the ownership of the band's name, and in 1977, Art and three of his brothers formed the Neville Brothers. *Their* version of "Iko Iko" appears on the album *Fiyo on the Bayou* joined with "Brother John," written by Cyril Neville. The Nevilles, more than any group that preceded them, have kept Mardi Gras music alive by playing most of the great Indian songs, from "New Suit" to "Hey Pocky Way."

One thing that links all of these great New Orleans artists is that they have enjoyed only regional success, at least in part because their music is so firmly rooted in cultural traditions that are essentially unknown outside of New Orleans. But that's also one reason the music is so exciting. It is completely *honest* music that has not been changed to appeal to the masses or successfully usurped by outsiders who might unwittingly rob it of its essence. When the Nevilles and Wild Tchoupitoulas dance their peace-pipe dance or sing "Iko Iko," you can see and hear the lineage of the song, all the way back to Congo Square. Is it any wonder, then, that most New Orleans singers and players stay there forever? The music says "home."

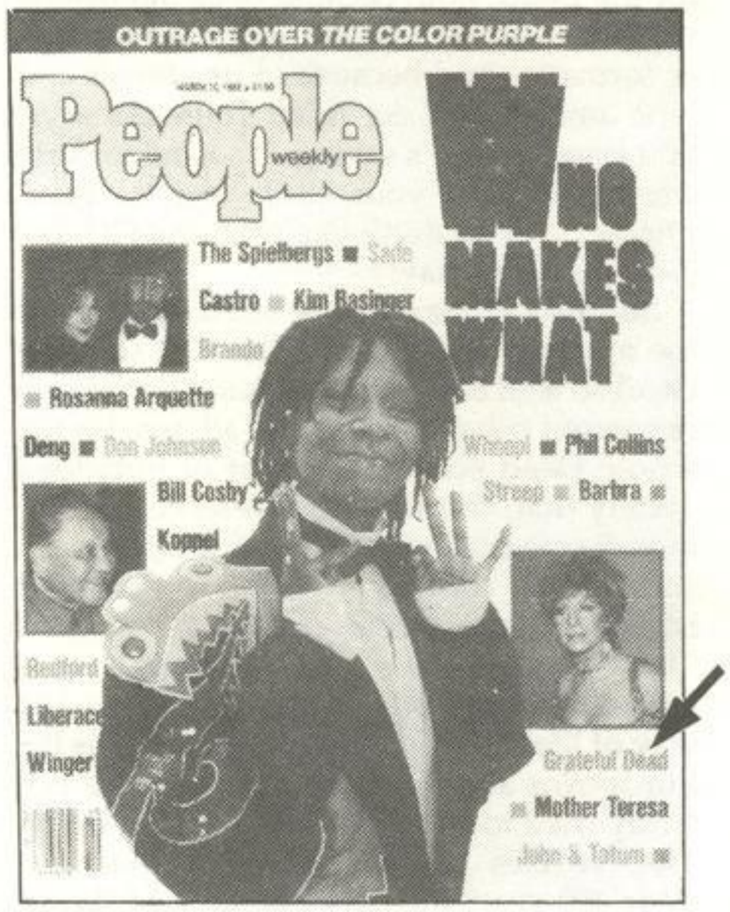
The Nevilles are much more than just a Mardi Gras band at this point, of course. They funk with the best black bands, and they have jazzy moments that recall Weather Report and other fusion artists. Whether they'll eventually go beyond their growing cult following probably depends on whether they can get a hit song on the radio that attracts both black and white listeners. Unfortunately, they don't even have a record contract currently, a situation that may well change now that Bill Graham is managing them.

The Grateful Dead first played "Iko Iko" in St. Louis on 5-15-77, out of "St. Stephen," of all things. The song, which was played only rarely until last year, is a natural for the Dead, both because of its interesting rhythm — so well suited to the two-drummer format — and because of its *attitude* and lyric ambiguity. Like Allen Toussaint says, you *know* what it's saying. It's a call to party *down* and strut your stuff, and, to paraphrase, "If you don't like what the GD say, jockomo feena nay!"

But also, it may not be stretching things too much to suggest that "Iko Iko" suits the Dead so well because of the song's origins in repressed tribal music. After all, what is the whole Dead scene but a sort of forbidden society that, through perseverence and humor, has managed to thrive in the midst of a society that continually seeks to destroy it because it can't comprehend it? And so "Iko" becomes *our* secret anthem, too, a proudly defiant ode to the good times and way of life others would deny us (just as the Europeans and white Americans more violently tried to stifle the Nevilles' ancestors). The Nevilles are still singing it loud and clear 400 years after the clanking of slaves' chains was first heard on this continent, and still spreading the message of love and harmony with nature that was the basis of so many African chants (witness Olatunji!). Surely that is inspiration enough for the rest of us to carry on the good fight. I'm talkin' 'bout *HEY NOW!* □



The brothers Neville: (standing) Cyril and Aaron, (sitting) Charles and Art



The Dead made the cover of People *magazine (well, sort of) recently for a story on how much different celebrities make. According to the story, the Dead grossed $10.8 million in '85. Spare change?*

MacJerry on Macintosh: Talk about the "strangest of places"! In the April '86 issue of *Macworld* magazine (which deals exclusively with Apple's Macintosh personal computers), who should be staring out at us from the pages—Steinberger guitar in hand, and next to a Macintosh—but Jerry Garcia! In the short accompanying article, writer Jeffrey Young notes that the Dead have found numerous applications for Macs: Phil uses one to assist his composing of a multi-part orchestral score; Mickey uses one in conjunction with an Emulator to create sound effects for *The Twilight Zone;* sound wizard John Cutler has written programs to drive amps and combinations of equipment; and the Dead office staff use the versatile Mac for everything from answering Deadhead mail to accounting.

Garcia, too, has gotten into the act. "I've had my eye on computers, but the Macintosh was the first one I figured I could use," he says. The computer has even inspired him to write: "I was looking at the 'MusicWorks' grid one day and it reminded me of an Aztec blanket, so I picked up my guitar and wrote a song called 'Aztec Blanket.'" Garcia also reveals that he has created animation for the group's forthcoming video by drawing with MacPaint software and then airbrushing the art. "The Mac is like a whole new doorway I can go through," he gushes. "It's a new language with which I can express myself. The ideas just bubble up. I hadn't done painting since art school—I picked up the guitar and, well, got sidetracked for a while. Now, thanks to the Mac, I'm drawing all the time. And they all influence each other. It's synchronicity, man. Far out!"

Beyond *Seastones:* Ned Lagin, who was Phil Lesh's partner in "electronic cybernetic biomusic" in the mid-'70s (best exemplified by their bizarre electronics album, *Seastones*), also turned up in a recent *Macworld*, forwarded by Larry Fahnoe of Ripon, WI. Computer genius Lagin dropped out of the Dead scene after the band's "retirement" in '74 (you may recall that he and Phil performed some of their music live during breaks at a few Dead shows that year), but he's stayed plenty busy. He and another programmer recently created a Macintosh program—called the MacReader—that gives scientists and lab technicians information regarding vitamin deficiencies, pregnancy, AIDS and cancer. To obtain data for the program, the optical density of fluids is measured with an optical reader and the results are fed into a Mac, where the MacReader produces statistical analyses of the data. And that could be cybernetic biomusic to many ill people's ears!

A "Scarlet" a Day Keeps the Blues Away: Vicki Letto of Des Plaines, IL, passes along an article from the March 9 Chicago *Tribune* that discusses the role of rock music in teen psychiatry. According to the piece, "Rock art therapy, which uses songs by such musicians as the Grateful Dead and Ozzy Osbourne to unravel complex feelings, has achieved measureable improvement among young people with emotional disorders." Or such is the claim of Dr. Levon Tashjian. He found that when asked about their favorite songs, unresponsive teens started to open up and "talk about the feeling that music produces and how images that come from the music express rage, isolation and detachment from reality." *Our* perscription: "A box of rain will ease the pain, and love will see you through."

Remember, Statistics Don't Lie: In a column in the San Francisco *Examiner* a while back, writer Bill Mandel (one of the city's hipper writers) pointed up an interesting discrepancy: NORML (the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws) claims that last year Americans grew $18.6 billion worth of pot, making it the nation's Number One cash crop, while at the same time, the media commonly report that pot use has actually declined in recent years. "If NORML is anywhere near right about the size of the marijuana crop, and media reports are correct about marijuana's firm placement on today's Very Out list," Mandel wrote, "there is only one explanation for that $18.6 billion figure: given the existence of 40 (sic) Grateful Dead concerts a year, the audience smokes $465 million worth of pot at each one."

Deadhead Cabbies—Threat or Menace?: Ted Dralle of Avon, CT, forwards this item from the January 20 Hartford *Courant:*

"New Brunswick, NJ, city councilman Joseph Egan says that if cabbies there don't spruce up, the city might consider a dress code for them. 'In the summertime, we had complaints with T-shirts saying all different things like Grateful Dead, something like that,' he said Friday. 'It hurts us and it hurts the city's image, and it hurts their business, too. It comes down to: would you want your wife to get in a cab with someone who doesn't have a good appearance?'" Only if he had a killer tape blasting.

You've Heard About This Lion . . .: A group of enterprising Oakland Deadheads have put together an interesting little communique called *The Lion's Den,* which was distributed free at the February kaiser shows. It's not strictly Grateful Dead by an means. The four-page premiere issue featured an advice column by a person calling herself Peggy-O (topics: my boyfriend gets drunk at Dead shows and disturbs me; my boyfriend has eyes for other women; I can't get my girlfriend into the Dead; how do I cope in a world filled with evil?); a debate on issues of "both personal and social relevance" (this time it was "Selfishness/Unselfishness"); and "Wild Theories," which were just that: "I am an alien. Some of you are, too"; "The best rehearsal for raising kids is raising cats," etc. Strange stuff, but kind of fun. The success of *The Lion's Den* depends entirely on reader contributions, so it could be a valuable forum for Deadheads and others. If it sounds intriguing, drop them a line at *The Lion's Den,* P.O. Box 12383, Oakland, CA 94604. And if you can, send along a 50-cent donation to help defray printing and postage costs. Let's see where they take this.

It's Not "Old," It's "Vintage": Barbara Wunder Black of Ventura caught this review of the videocassette of the *Dead*

Movie on the TV show *Hollywood Insider:*

"When *The Grateful Dead Movie* first came out, one reviewer said, 'In 50 years, when people want to know what a rock concert was like, they'll refer to this movie.' The film captures the essence of the San Francisco psychedelic rock culture. In some ways, the footage *already* seems 50 years old." That doesn't sound like a compliment, does it?

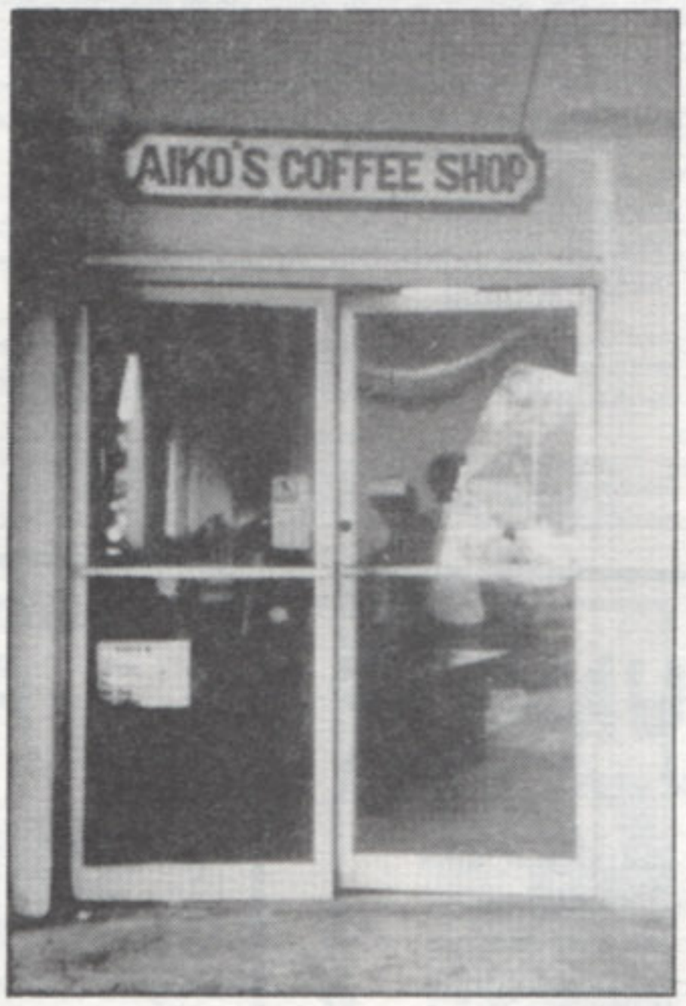
The Ten Commandments Revisited: What with all the recent talk about (mis)behavior at shows, we thought we'd pass along these ten simple rules of concert etiquette printed in the February Carnegie Hall *Playbill:*

Thou Shalt Not Talk, Hum, Sing or Tap Fingers or Feet; Rustle Thy Program; Crack Thy Gum in Thy Neighbors' Ears; Wear Loud Ticking Watches or Jangle Thy Jewelry; Open Cellophane-Wrapped Candies; Snap Open and Close Thy Purse; Sigh With Boredom; Read; Arrive Late or Leave Early." Though they're not specifically mentioned, we assume that juggling in your seat, dancing with scarves and munching from large plastic bags filled with trail mix are also frowned upon at Carnegie. (Thanks to Eric Taylor of Ossining, NY, for this item.)

Oh No, Not More GD Film and TV Sightings!

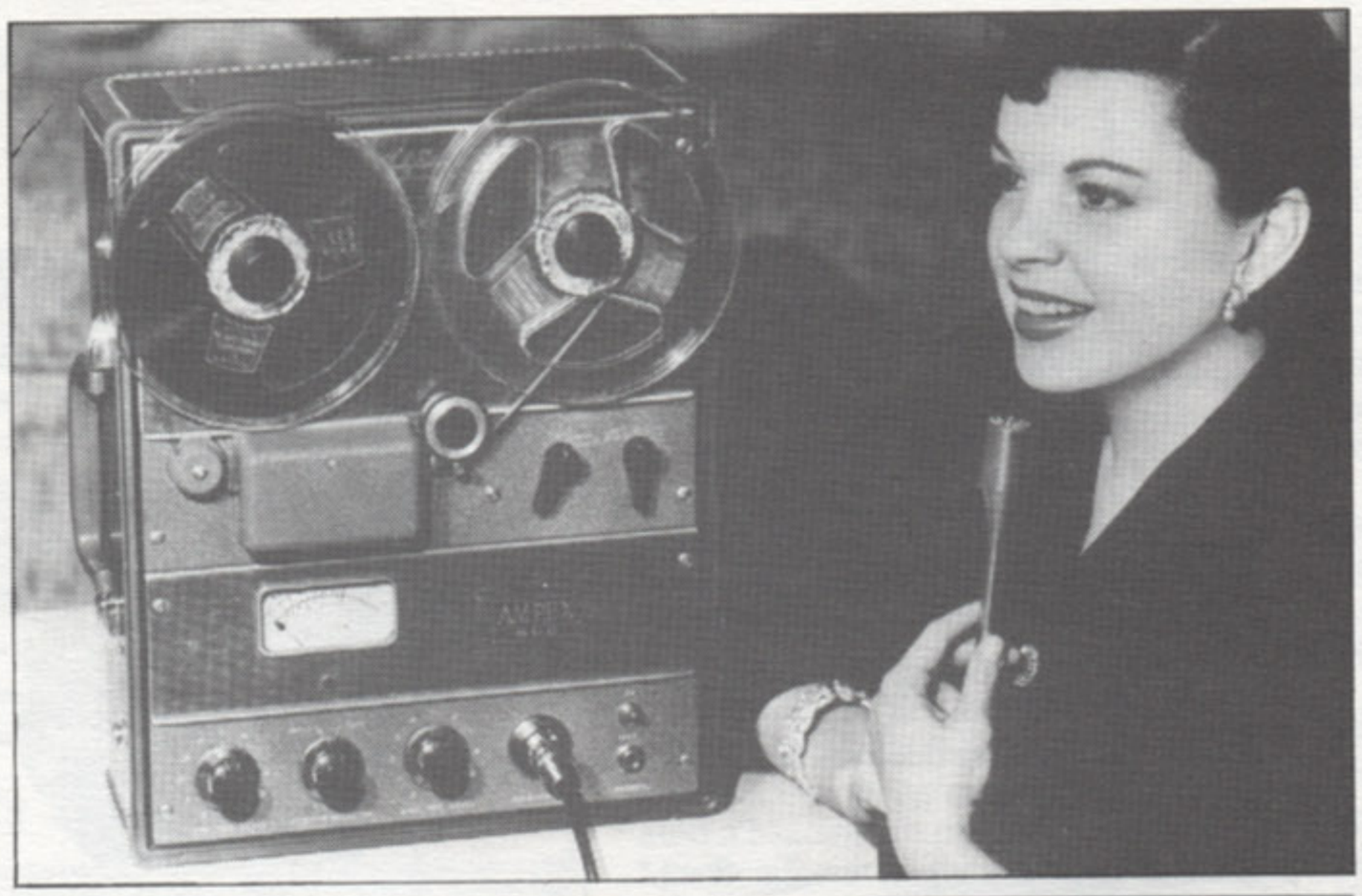
The Dead received the biggest TV exposure they're likely to get this year during the recent Grammys telecast. When co-presenters Billy Crystal and Whoopi Goldberg came out onstage, Crystal drew yucks for wearing a Whoopi-style wig. After a few minutes of schtick, Crystal took off the wig, held it under his chin and quipped: "Look! Jerry Garcia!" . . . *We* even managed to catch a sighting recently (as did many of you). On an episode of *Moonlighting,* the main characters, played by Bruce Willis and Cybill Shepherd, found themselves in a morgue, on the trail of a murderer. Cybill was about to be nailed by the villain when Bruce slid out of a body drawer and saved the day. "What took you?" she asked. "I was having a terrific conversation with a couple of the boys back here," Willis replied, gesturing at the drawers filled with stiffs. "In fact, we're thinking of going to a Dead concert. Wanna come?" Cybill looked disgusted, of course . . . Phil vanWerkoven of Dickerson, MD, says that on a recent *St. Elsewhere,* Howie Mandel's character, Fiscus, reminisced about the pre-AIDS days of free love, saying: "We used to sit around, getting stoned on bad homegrown, listening to the Dead." . . . Several people wrote to tell us that Harry Anderson wore a skeleton T-shirt on *Night Court* a while back. We saw that one, too.

In the Strangest of Places . . .



Clockwise from top: submitted by Stu Kaplan, Arlington, VA; in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, from Buzz Cohen; lodging in Bali, by Paul Nichols, Woodacre, CA; in Allentown, PA, Steve & Jill Haughton, Durham, NC; good eatin' in Saipan, Micronesia, from Benny Naginis, San Jacinto, CA; Drugs R Them in Deal, NJ, by Paul Gallagher, Asbury Park, NJ

TAPE TRADERS



This is a free service for* Golden Road *subscribers only. Please keep your ad to about 10 words (or less!) plus your address. No phone numbers! Deadline for the next (July) issue is June 1. Note:* The Golden Road *is staunchly opposed to the sale of tapes.

Over 300 hrs. Dead plus others. Will trade with anyone. Need It's A Beautiful Day. Matt, 14B Cross St, Suffern, NY 10901.

Wanted: Chicago 2/19/73, my first show. David Kowalski, 4903 N. Wolcott, Chicago, IL 60640. Let's trade.

Have 850 hrs GD, JGB, Thunder & Lightning, others. Serious traders send lists. Daniela Laue, Haingrabenstr. 85, D-6000 Frankfurt 90, W. Germany.

EEP! Have/want 85-86 SBDs. Sneedo, 2525 E 30th, Tulsa, OK 74114.

Let's trade! Have 150 hrs hi-qual Dead old & new. Send list or letter. Nick Heyman, 35 Citrus Ct, Hillsborough, CA 94010.

Middle-aged Deadhead wants complete, hi-qual Fillmore West 4/9/70 & 4/12/70. Cary Wolfson c/o KGNU, PO Box 885, Boulder, CO 80306.

Have 400+ hrs of exc-qual Dead. Send list. Gary Kerper, 225 Martling Ave, Tarrytown, NY 10591.

Let's trade clean tapes of hot shows! Glenn, 718 Torreya Ct, Palo Alto, Ca 94303.

Zappa fanatic w/ large collection desires new connections. Don't buy bootleg records! Trade tapes instead. Den Simms, 1793 Hardman Ave, Napa, CA 94558.

Have/want large collection of Dead esp pre-72, Tuna, QMS and others (Jazz, Allmans, etc). Trade lists. Thomas Donhauser, Albrecht Durerstr. 11/I, D-8000 Muenchen 90, West Germany.

Have 250+ hrs qual GD. Let's exchange lists. Brian Armstrong, 344 Aurora Cres., Burlington, Ontario, Canada, L7NA9.

Have 800 hrs lo-gen SBD, many old gems. Will trade for same. Send lists. Fred, 14899 NE 18th Ave 6D, N. Miami, FL 33181.

Deadhead from Glen Head Tape Exchange 300+ hrs Dead, JGB, others: Jeffrey Honig, 49 Remsen Ave, Roslyn, NY 11576.

Need Dead 3/9/81, 8/30/83, 4/17/83; Zappa 8/13/84. 300 hrs Dead to trade. Dan Rozek, 5 Euclid Ave, Belle Mead, NJ 08502.

Want hi-qual 75, esp Kezar & Set II GAMH, also 70-80 shows. Have 150+ hrs to trade. Jeff Gorlechen, 15 Jennifer Dr, Holmdel, NJ 07733.

Wanted: 8/31/79 & 5/8/80, 9/14, 15/73. Over 300 hrs to trade. Randy Schechter, 469 Massachusetts Ave, Lexington, MA 02173.

1200+ hrs hi-qual, lo-gen Dead, Tuna, Airplane & more. Trade lists. R. Bugaya, 14009 Quince Ave, Flushing, NY 11355.

Wanted: Any qual Oregon Dead, Red Rocks 85 & 12/31/83 & 85. Tim Helzer, PO Box 229, Welches, OR 97067.

Wanted: Volume traders only. Many masters, hi-qual. 500+ hrs. No beginners, pls. Grateful Taper, 356 W Grand Ave #1, Rahway, NJ 07065.

Desperately seeking Bob Marley Santa Barbara 78. Produce & ye shall reap! G. Kincaid, 930-B Camino Del Sur, Goleta, Ca 93117.

Have 2000 hrs qual GD. Your list gets mine. Beginners welcome, letters too! John Paul Jones, Trinity College, Bx 55, Hartford, CT 06106.

Have Dead, Jorma, Creek, Hunter, 1000 hrs. Mark Upton, 14 Daniels Rd, Wenham, MA 01984.

Have lots qual Dead & related. Want more, esp 5/22/77, 8/4/79, 3/21/85 & 8/10/79 Jerry & Merl. Sven -H. Simonsen, Finkenweg 8, 2107 Rosengarten, West Germany.

Trade lo-gen 85-86 SBDs for same. Brian Brellenthin, 903 11th Ave So. #6, Hopkins, MN 55343.

Want/have early & recent psychedelic, SF, other West Coast tapes. Swap lists? Thomas Biedebach, Breslauer Str. 78, D-5880 Luedenscheid, West Germany.

Trade qual Frost 4/27, 28/85 for killer pictures of same. Incl. backdrop please. John Allegretti, 2800 S. Easter #609, Las Vegas, NV 89109.

Wanna trade; videos preferred! Have audios/videos: 1000/70 hrs. Max Robler, Budweiserstr. 41, A-3943 Schrems, Austria.

Wanted: hi-qual, lo-gen, esp 8 & 9/85. Trade lists. Quick response. Adam Burnet, Box 301, Mechanicsburg, PA 17055.

Have/want GD, Dylan, Springsteen esp 75 tour, Kinks, Zappa, Neil Young & more. Jim Pietraszek, 421 Reading St, Fall River, MA 02720.

Wishing for GD tapes to trade. Dave Rones, 11 Bittersweet Ln, Levittown, NY 11756.

Have a few really good boards; want more. Larry & Karen, 139 Louise Dr #F, Newport News, VA 23601.

Looking for exc-qual 9/12/85. Plenty to trade. D.A.J. 3904 E. 34th, Spokane, WA 99223.

Have 400 hrs pre-1976. Want serious traders with same. Send lists. Mike Festa, 1360-68th St, Brooklyn, NY 11219.

Have 100 hrs hi-qual & SBD. Want same, pre-75. Send lists. Ed Ingraffia, 3538 "W" Place, NW, Washington, DC 20007.

Beginner with 120+ hrs Dead to trade, esp. 84-current. Also JGB and acoustic Jerry. Jonathan Mitchell, Rt I, Box 102, Ulmer, SC 29849.

Wanted: Live David Lindley, Nevilles, Sunny Ade, Stevie Ray Vaughn, reggae, etc. have 500+ hrs Dead & other to trade. Ron Dickson, 7012 10th Ave NW, Seattle, WA 98117.

Wanted: 1st set 11/30/80. Have 175 hrs to trade. Tom Haughton, 3320-B Dunway St, Norfolk, VA 23513.

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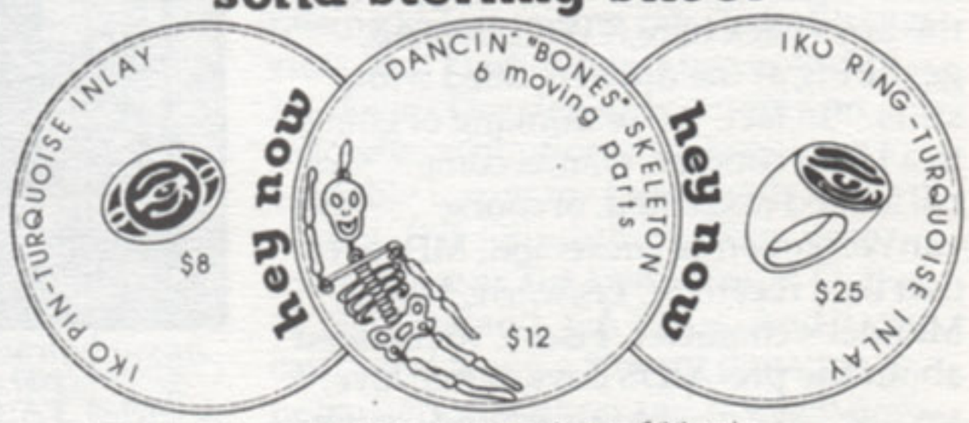

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Need hi-qual Long Beach 11/16/85. Have 300 hrs; many logen SBDs. David Schlaepfer, 1424 Vista Del Mar Dr, Fullerton, CA 92631.

Need hi-qual 85/86 shows, have 600 hrs to trade, all periods. Greg Thompson, 4 Sydenham Pl, Otley Rd, Bradford 3, West Yorks, England.

Help on the way? Entire collection stolen! Must rebuild! Steve Mark, 240 Tappan St, Brookline, MA 02146.

Need Jerry acoustic Capitol 1/31/86 & Winterland closing. Lots to trade; send lists. Steve Martin, 939 Cedar Brook Rd, Plainfield, NJ 07060.

Have many hi-qual older tapes; looking for same. Also hi-qual Radiators. B. Commers, 3212 Manor Dr, Mpls, MN 55422.

Wanted: Hi-qual 65-74, esp 7/11/69, 5/14/74, 7/25/74. 600 hrs to trade. Dave Coey, 1627 Pearl, Eugene, Or 97401.

CLASSIFIEDS

Looking for photos of the Mardi Gras parade dancers onstage. Got any? Write to BL. c/o The Golden Road, 484 Lake Park #82, Oakland, CA 94610.

Hail Hinge House! Keep those good vibes comin' across the lake. We appreciates it.

Happy Birthday, Big Chief Zigaboo. Remember, you're The Guy. Love, Juanita.

What — you didn't get yours on tour? Don't despair. Get the 1985 Year-at-a-Glance songlist by mail. Send $3 to the Printknot Printers, 3600 Green St, Harrisburg, PA 17110.

New newsletter! Send SASE to Unbroken Chain, P.O. Box 8726, Richmond, VA 23226.

Barb T: You are the coolest. Thanks for the party balloons. Love, the Section Monitor.

Congratulations, Miles and Rosemary. The more the marry-er! Take it from us, there is such a thing as connubial bliss. Love, R&B.

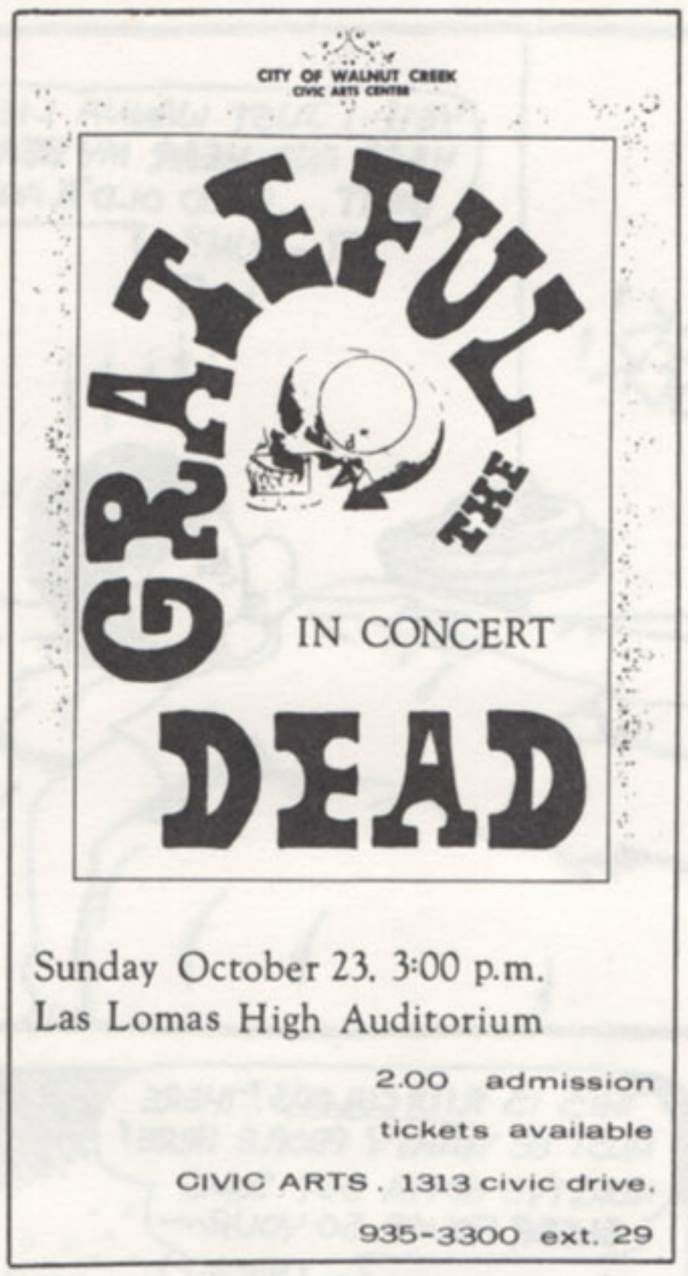
Two Deadheads getting ready to travel through Europe, would like to meet other Deadheads Germany to Israel. Send address and phone # to: J&J c/o Cohn, 3821 Pikeswood Dr, Randallstown, MD 21133.

Susannah S? Was that you at New Years?(!) Keeps getting better so far. Robby.

Well, Jimmy, it won't be long now. Freedom and the summer tour lay ahead. Here's to high times and wonderful memories. Peace and love, Paul.

Relocated Deadhead seeks other Heads for tape trading, etc. in New Mexico, Oklahoma and Texas. I travel these states a lot. Contact John Levene, 9028 Mill Valley Cr. #226, Fort Worth, TX 76112.

May 12: Happy Birthday, Michael. Remember, you're not getting older, you're getting tanner. Love, your GR pals.



1966 poster, from Dennis Gallagher, SF, CA

Happy Birthday, Wavy!!! We wish you much joy in your *next* half-century. Thanks for making the world a better place. Love, Regan and Blair.

W & B thanks Jaf for holiday gift subscription to *The Golden Road*.

We want to re-affirm wedding vows on year of our "11." Looking for right person to perform ceremony. Wayne & Bev, 3631 Fruitvale, Oakland, CA 94602.

Professional photographer lost roll Kokak CF-135-24 in black zipper case on 11/8/85 at Rochester War Memorial. Please find it in your heart to send copies to Michael Lai, c/o Sunrise, Box 451, Watervliet, NY 12180 Reward!

Ken Johnson, Stephen Stein: 8 years is far too long a time. Find me at Berkeley shows in April. Invite to all friends not in touch. Love, Yvonne Caldwell.

Washington Heads: New York Head moving to Olympia in the fall. Would like to get in touch. Clare, 500 Bellwood Ave, N. Tarrytown, NY 10591

Men 30 – 45: Did you or someone you know creatively evade Vietnam draft? Send your story. Sherry, 1853 Lincoln, Santa Monica, CA 90404. (Anonymity protected.)

Pregnant Deadheads: We have Mickey Hart's 'Music To Be Born By.' If you want a copy, just send a 60-min blank with return postage to: Cliff & Regina. Box 13201, Memphis, TN 38113.

Kathy & Eric: Congratulations on your nuptial. Couldn't find your camper Sun. night. Hope to see you in the Northwest this spring. Your Kaiser friends from the wild northlands.

Tapers and traders take note: personalized audio cassette case inserts now available. For free sample and details send SASE to: David Allen Jensen, 3904 E. 34th, Spokane, WA 99223.

Michael: Forever Grateful for Dead intro, "Dead office" help and good friendship. M 'n Moon.

Seeking Sugar Mag in Marin. Dead since '72, how 'bout you? George (and Magic, the cat), 433 Redwood Ave, Corte Madera, CA 94925.

Hi, Jayne and friends! Waiting now for the four winds to blow me safely home so we can go to Terrapin this summer to see Uncle John's band, where there'll be nothing left to do but smile, smile, smile and enjoy the ride. Love and peace, Kitty.

Found Dec. 30 at Oakland Col: Prescription sunglasses (rectangular plastic lenses and frame) in a tan vinyl case. Contact *The Golden Road*, 484 Lake Park #82, Oakland, CA 94606.

Edward: Welcome to the Oasis. I think it's going to be fun! Love, 'Awrence.

CLUB DEAD is on the move! Winter and Summer Club Dead shirts are still available from a new address: Club Dead, 228 Shrader St, SF, CA 94117. Write for info about those and our Club Dread shirts!

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