The Golden Road

issue 11 summer 1986

Roll On Up, Gonna Roll Back Down

The first call came at about 9:45 on the night of July 10. We were packing the car for our trip to the Ventura Dead shows when a member of the Dead organization called to tell us the shows were canceled. There was no explanation — just the dire pronouncement that it was "serious" and that we should pray. Details would be forthcoming on a Grateful Dead Hotline message in the morning. A few calls to well-connected types revealed nothing — just a lot of other frustrated, anxious people looking for information. Within an hour, though, a friend who had gotten a call from someone working at Marin General Hospital called us with the disturbing truth — Garcia had been admitted to the hospital with a perilously high fever apparently brought on by an infected tooth and complicated by a previously undetected diabetic condition. This was indeed serious, possibly life-threatening.

There had been other rumors of illnesses and even deaths in the band over the years — less than two months ago we spent an evening tracking down a supposedly reliable report that Garcia had suffered a heart attack. But this one was real, and it brought to the fore all the fears that most Deadheads have occasionally felt but rarely articulated — what if suddenly there were no band?

The information flew from coast to coast with lightning speed, as concerned Heads called each other to share the grim news, everyone hoping out loud that the crisis would pass and that Garcia would be well again. In the dozens of calls we made and received that night, no one expressed deep disappointment over the prospect of canceled shows — we all just wanted Garcia to pull through. This unity of spirit — truly an outpouring of love on a grand scale — was awesome to behold and made us realize what a special network we've all tapped into. It's easier to deal with bad news when you're with your friends, as we were that night, if only through phone lines. When we went to bed later, still shaken and apprehensive, we were strangely optimistic. Having shared feelings with friends and spoken prayers privately, we had done what we could with the love we all had to give. It was out of our hands.

By Friday afternoon word came down that Garcia was going to pull through! We breathed a collective sigh of relief that must have spun the world a little faster for a millisecond, and then vowed to keep the energy focused and positive for the possibly long recovery road ahead. That Saturday, when we would have been in Ventura, we got together with a large group of friends and took a quiet hike around a peaceful country lake. And in the midst of our sorrow and concern, we found comfort in the fact that we'd all been brought together originally by the Grateful Dead.

As we write this the third week of July, there are still more questions than answers about the future, but we can't help but be upbeat, just like we are in those magical moments before a show begins. We always believe it's going to be great, and you know what — when you really think about it, it always is.

Don't tell me this *world* ain't got no heart, 'cause I can hear it beat out loud!

Moving on to other matters (as we must)...Our Tape Traders section has gotten out of hand. The only way we can hope to keep it free and still have enough space in the magazine to run all the ads we get is to insist on brevity. Since everyone wants hi-qual, lo-gen tapes and to exchange lists with serious traders, there's no real need to say that in each ad, right? From now on, we'll strictly enforce our ten-word minimum, plus address. We'll edit 'em down if you don't! Thanks for your cooperation.

Also, we'd like to remind you to renew your subscription as early as possible, so you won't risk missing an issue. You can note when your subscription ends by looking at the expiration date on your mailing label. (For example, if your sub expires this issue, the date 7/31/86 will appear below your address.) But you'll also receive a renewal notice with the last issue of your subscription. If you want to make our circulation mavens jump for joy, include your mailing label with your renewal check. At the very least, print your name and address legibly, so we won't have to call in the cryptographer.

And, finally, we'd like to mention that most of this issue was completed before Jerry fell ill, and we did not re-edit our articles in light of this news.

See ya next time!

— *BJ & RM*

The Golden Road

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FEEDBACK

School Daze

Your article on John Barlow last issue rekindled memories of my undergraduate days at Wesleyan University, in Connecticut. When I entered as a freshman in the fall of 1968, Barlow was a senior, legendary on campus both for his literary talent and his mythic persona. He also was chairman of the College Body Committee (the student government), and as such was due to speak at our freshman class' matriculation ceremony in September. Such ceremonies usually combine formality and banality in a most excruciating manner, and ours was no exception. The chapel was gloomy, the heat stifling, the speakers monotonous. Was this the free, creative university we all had chosen? We had been promised Barlow, but Barlow was nowhere to be seen, to the considerable embarrassment of the organizers. More heat, more speeches, no Barlow.

Finally, just when all seemed lost, there came from the sidewalk outside the chapel the thunder of a motorcycle engine, followed by silence. In strode John Barlow, in leather jacket and jeans, straight from a nonstop run from Wyoming. He went to the front and began to speak extemporaneously about Wesleyan as he perceived it: as a sort of super-organism, a multifarious process that changed as its members chose, and gave and received energy in a continuous feedback loop. It was strange and utterly wonderful. *That* was what a university ought to be!

At the time of this speech, I was barely conscious of the Grateful Dead, let alone aware of Barlow's connection with them. In retrospect, however, I can see that the metaphors Barlow applied to Wesleyan could just as easily have been applied to the Dead, both as an organization and as a concert experience; indeed, Barlow may have drawn from his Dead experience for the imagery. More importantly, Barlow was *right:* life *is* a process, complex and elusive, empty and marvelous. Most of us spend most of our lives trying to fight or ignore the fact, but it's the way things are, and we're lucky to have groups like the Dead and individuals like John Barlow to remind us of it now and again.

Roger Jackson
Stratford, CT

"Terrapin Station" by Karla Lund, Richmond, CA

Such a Short Time to Be There

On the East Coast, the coming of the spring tour parallels the arrival of spring . . . warmth, light, color, joy. And this year, as fate and/or fortunate planning would have it, the vernal equinox and the Dead arrived together. So we celebrated passionately till the stars faded, thankful we could mark the beginning of spring with the Dead in cold, rainy Hampton, March 20, 5 p.m.

It didn't look much like spring that day; it was gray and wet. But there seemed to be something special in the air. It was, as most of you know by now, just a "Box of Rain."

When the first notes of that song sounded, the energy in the place was simply astounding. If we could measure the intensity of the spring, when the plants push through the wet earth, and the leaves and flowers unfurl to the sun, well then the power of that Hampton "Box of Rain" would certainly be equivalent.

Evidently, the word leaked that "Box of Rain" was coming. Rumor has it the boys played it at the soundcheck. I'm kinda glad I didn't hear the story. I don't want to know which tunes are going to be played, anymore than I want to know when the dogwoods are going to bloom. I like cosmic surprises. For me, spring began with that "Box of Rain." Joyfully.

So, for bringing spring (however literally), thanks to the band, the crew, the ladies in the office — especially the sweet one who stuffed the tickets into my self-addressed, stamped envelope — the ticket-taker who cheerfully took my tickets, the police, who were fairly cool, the sun, the earth, the rain, mysterious boxes, and Robert Hunter. Daffodils to all.

Valerie Shrader
Fairview, NC

Fiyo on the Bayou

A friend just showed me a few of your issues and I enjoyed them immensely. Being from the Bayou State, I especially enjoyed last issue's well-written piece on the Neville Brothers and the roots of New Orleans music. Louisiana has lots of fine roots/folk music, some of it played with a touch of the Dead's influence. It is nice to see Congo Square get a little closer to the Golden Gate, and vice versa.

Philip Gould
Lafayette, LA

Strangers Stopping Strangers

Because of your killer magazine a wonderful thing happened. My good friend Jeff put a tape ad in a year or two ago, then one group of Deadheads — us — met some other Deadheads — them. Now we have strong, awesome friendships, and we all go to shows together. Thank you, thank you, thank you.

John C. Weisel
Walnut Creek, CA

Mom, Apple Pie & Jerry

I have a little comment on your observation that the Dead's 20th Anniversary logo was a bit too Charlie Daniels for you. At first I agreed with you, but then I got to thinking.

The Dead were not just riding along on this country's new nationalism kick; they were making another statement. The flag was there, sure, but this is an American band. Real America. Not the America of Ronald Reagan's daydreams of hard-working stupid white folks. No, the Dead's

FEEDBACK

America is a true America. The America of freedom. Freedom of speech, freedom of thought, freedom of music! Yes, it was a militaristic pose, but that was not a gun but a guitar. Let's fight with music! Not music to hurt but music to open our souls. If we're open to the true note of musical love, we will no longer be tied to guns and funny five-sided buildings.

It is in real America that the Dead thrive. America is cool — it is just that narrow-minded apple-pie segregationist public relations America that makes us ashamed to be called together under the flag. So sit back, give your neighbor a hug and enjoy the tunes.

Pat Carpenter
Santa Clara, CA

But the Cards Were All the Same

I wonder how many of us keep a heavy stash of 3×5 cards and #10 envelopes in our desk drawer for one specific purpose — "List how many tickets you want in order of preference . . . 'C' as in cigar, 'S' as in Sam . . ." We all know it by heart.

Anyway, keep up the good work!

Mark Karmelich
Lawndale, CA

Bad Vibes Burgers

We were delighted to receive our Irvine Meadows tickets in the mail, but were appalled to discover the enclosed information sheet advised us to camp at O'Neill Park and to eat at Carl's Jr. O'Neill Park is a pretty and close location, but there is no alcohol allowed in the park and the rangers patrol heavily for all sorts of things. My friends and I have been hassled there enough to not want to visit the park again. Alternative camping locations are abundant.

I find the recommendation of Carl's Jr. utterly repulsive. That chain is owned by Carl Karcher, who is ultra-right wing and donates tons of money to promote his causes. I have boycotted his establishments for years and will continue to do so until death!

I have been to Dead shows for 15 years now and hope to continue going for at least another 15, but I wish the organization would research its recommendations before printing them with the tickets.

Ruth Caudell
Capistrano Beach, CA

Editor's note: If any of you folks have tips for Heads coming to your town to see the Dead, maybe you should drop a note to the Dead office. We're sure they'd like to hear from you.

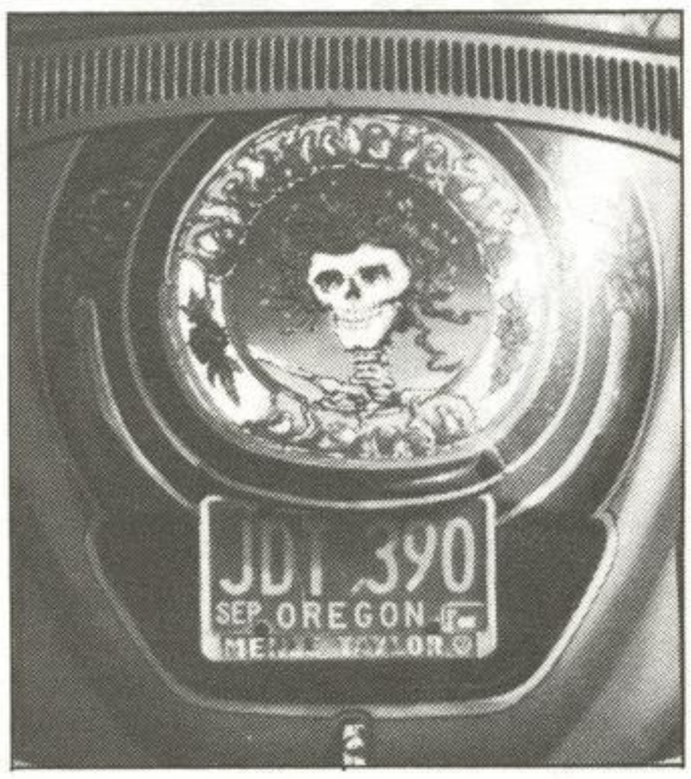
Gimme Some Lovin'

I (and most of my friends here in Seattle) was caught short for the Greeks for the second year in a row, even though I sent in an order on the first day both years. It would be more equitable if the Dead organization kept track of who had been turned down the previous year and gave those people top priority the following year. *Especially* for those of us up in the Northwest who have had to travel a minimum of 800 miles to see a show for the last three years. We put in a lot of time, energy and money to help support the band; I think it's time they reciprocated.

Bill Hanot
Seattle, WA

Not Fade Away

I really got a charge out of your Spring '86 cover. At one time I drove a '67 faded red VW bug. In 1972 I got sick of the pale blush and had it painted bright-ugly green. After several Dead bumperstickers gave their all in the tough Oregon rain, I decided to apply a more permanent Deadication to my confirmed Headness. I commissioned an artist friend to reproduce an album size skull & roses on my engine lid. He said that he wanted people to be able to see his work, and that I should give the lid to him for a



Version two of reader Rick Arenz's infamous VW tourmobile, painted by his buddy Bruce

couple of days. Bruce painted it in '76 to much head-shaking from parents and non-Deadheads, and lots of grins and thumbs-up from those who know.

Alas, acrylic paint doesn't stand up to Northwest weather, so in '80 Bruce redid the entire job from scratch, using enamel colors. Of course this rendition is bigger and better, and for free — in true "proud artist" fashion. The car still runs like a top (although I don't drive it much, as it's no longer my only vehicle), and after six years the enamel still does not fade away.

On another topic, how about giving up a couple of your many Bay Area dates so the starved Northwest can have a few shows? The last time the boys didn't play here I had tickets in hand and settled for a refund. That's like getting a killer tape only to have "Sugar Magnolia" cut off just before we all climax. It hurts!

Rick Arenz
Seattle, WA

Tea and Sympathy

I'm sitting here on a Saturday a.m. eating a croissant, drinking coffee and listening to *Wake of the Flood*. Feeling particularly peaceful and introspective, it dawned on me that this is indeed a Grateful Dead *studio* album I'm listening to. And I said to myself, "What's all this bad-talking about how the Dead don't make good studio albums?" Sure, it's not live Dead; but you know what — sometimes I'm not in the mood for live Dead (for one, I can't listen to it without dancing around the house like a madwoman!). Sometimes I want a private, meditative experience rather than a collective consciousness in all its overwhelming, wonderful glory.

Granted, studio Dead is not the same as a Dead show; and, granted, the Dead really shine under live conditions when we're all "playing in the band." But so what? There is still a gap that can be filled with studio.

I think that our boys have been a tad bit (ahem) stubborn in their reticence to give Arista an album. Seems to me Arista is still in control if the Dead don't make an album just to spite them. Come on, guys — how 'bout one for afternoon tea?!

Pam Delaney
Berkeley, CA

A Friend in Need

I recently heard the sad news that Kate Wolf has leukemia. Kate is a wonderful musician, but above that, a warm and caring human being who has done more benefits (many involving members of the Dead) for various causes than I can remember. This world would be a much better place if we had more people like Kate.

Where could I send a donation to help defer any medical costs Kate might incur? Maybe organizations that Kate has helped could reach out their hands and help her at this tough time in her life.

Bill Jacobs
Cupertino, CA

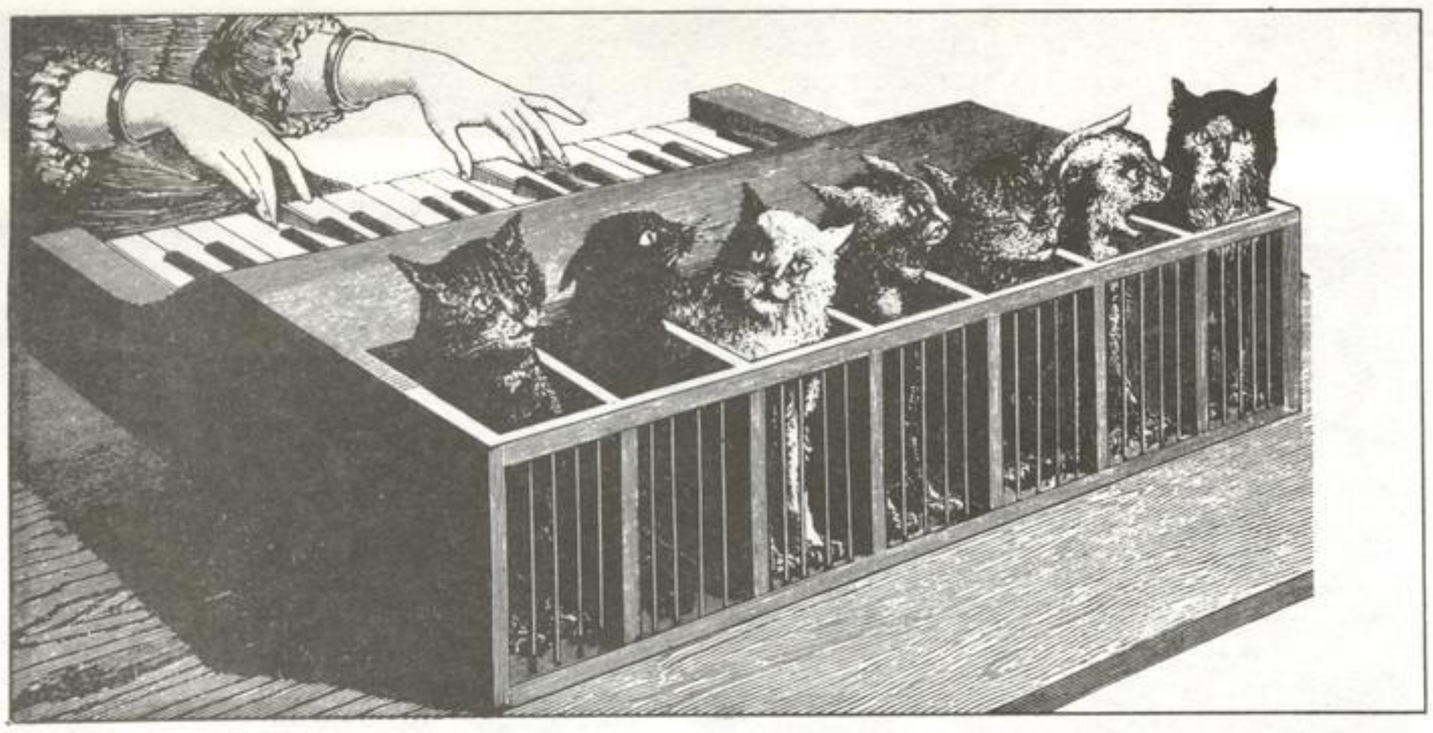
Editor's note: Send donations to Kate Wolf, P.O. Box 198, Forest Knolls, CA 94933.

Stranger Than Fiction

In a past issue you had a humorous bit about concertgoers wearing headsets hooked to the soundboard. This concept was actually brought to the Dead office more than a year ago. They are called Concert-Ears, and are presently in production. They consist of a transmitter on an assigned frequency from the soundboard, and headphones with their own EQ, volume and control box (about the size of a walkman with a small wire antenna dangling). The transmitter is built and operational. The headphones are built (around 50 of them) and are currently in mass production in the Far East (20,000 planned).

The concept is to have a concert at a major venue (and eventually venues) around the country with no live sound, *only headphones*. The headphones either would be be bought outright or rented through record and video stores.

So far the manufacturers have not heard



back from the Dead office, and have started negotiations with other bands.

Robert A. Kleinman
White Plains, NY

La Triviata

I really enjoyed the article on the Dead as sidemen ["Sessions," Issue #8]. I can't think of anything to add except that enigmatic credit on *Thirty Seconds Over Winterland* by the Airplane: "Toasters appeared courtesy of the GD 'quippies, by way of Garcia, Parrish, J.A. and Steinberg."

I also have an item for your Dead on Film collection: the documentary feature *Hell's Angels Forever,* which was co-produced by Garcia. It includes a live version by the Garcia Band of "That's Alright Mama" (featuring Kreutzmann), a few brief comments on the Angels by Jerry, and what sounds like a studio version of ". . . It Takes a Train to Cry" (the Dylan tune) by the JGB. This film is out on videocassette.

Craig Pearson
Arcadia, CA

A Board With Byte

In "Deadline" last issue, you ran information on The WELL, a computer on-line service for Deadheads on the West Coast. In Issue #6, you noted that we run a similar computer service on the East Coast called The Dead Board. (The phone number is now 717-334-8680.) We're still going strong, with over 120 users from all over the U.S. Our system has five topic areas plus tour information and the latest songlists. Our service is free except for the phone call.

Klaus and Gretchen Bender
Operators of the Dead Board
Gettysburg, PA

What's Become of the Baby?

Yesterday my dear ol' mom called while I was listening to "Morning Dew" (Winterland 6-7-77), which was playing low in the back room. After a minute or so, she asked me if I had company. I said, "No, why?" She said, "Oh, I thought I heard a baby crying." Wow—!

She wouldn't have understood why I busted up laughing, so I just smiled, smiled, smiled!

Sharon Wollerschied
National City, CA

How We Stack Up

I don't know if you all have noticed this, but if you hold (vertically) all the issues of *The Golden Road* on a flat surface, none of them are the same height. It just goes to show that, like the Grateful Dead, no two shows are the same.

Dan Potter
Calistoga, CA

Gee, Barb, do you think they'll ever play 'The Eleven' again?

I don't know, Deb. I just don't know...

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DEADLINE

We assume that by now just about all of you have heard about the debilitating illness that landed Garcia in the hospital on Thursday, July 10 (and which we referred to on page 2). For the benefit of those who might not have had access to good information, however, we'd like to calmly restate the facts as we know them.

Early that evening, Garcia collapsed in his Marin County home and was rushed unconscious to Marin General Hospital in Greenbrae. There he received emergency treatment for (in the words of the Dead's official release on the matter) "the sudden onset of diabetes and a general systemic infection as a result of an abcessed tooth and exhaustion following a road tour." Contrary to the usual lurid rumors, there were absolutely *no* drugs involved. Although the Dead declined to make a public statement on Garcia's illness until the following afternoon, word leaked out to the media within hours of Garcia's admission to Marin General. Not surprisingly, the story got big play in Bay Area newspapers and on television — all of it very sympathetic, we should add.

By midday Friday, there was a message on the Grateful Dead Hotline about Thursday's events, along with the official announcement that the shows scheduled for Ventura that weekend and at Bill Graham's new Shoreline Amphitheater in Mountain View (an hour south of SF) had been canceled. Garcia's condition during his first 24 hours in intensive care was extremely critical as he reportedly slipped in and out of a diabetic coma. But by the end of Friday, he was showing marked improvement, though his condition wasn't upgraded from "critical" to "serious" until the following Wednesday.

That first weekend, the Dead Hotline received more than 10,000 calls from concerned Heads. Over the next few days, health updates on the Hotline from Mickey, Phil and Eileen kept everyone up to date on Garcia's progress. Predictably, the crisis elicited an avalanche of get well cards. By Thursday, July 18, Garcia was said to be progressing well, in excellent spirits and "listening to Bach."

It's still too early to tell what effect Jerry's convalescence will have on the band's touring plans for the rest of the year. More than ever, it'll pay to keep an ear to the Hotline. Those numbers, once again, are (415) 457-6388 in the West and (201) 777-8653 in the East.

We know that we speak for *everyone* out there when we say: GET WELL, JERRY! WE LOVE YOU!

Mickey (seated at drum, left) presides over "Shaman Three" at Wavy Gravy's 50th birthday. Photo: Mariah Healy

Unfortunately a lot of people who were on the road to Ventura from different parts of the country didn't hear about Garcia's illness and the cancellation of the concerts until they arrived in Ventura. Sources estimate that upwards of 1000 people converged on the County Fairgrounds on Friday evening and Saturday morning. People who had planned to stay in the campground adjoining the facility were allowed to stay that Friday, but were turned away the next morning, and then the area was closed down to all traffic. This was very bad news for hundreds of campers who suddenly found themselves with nowhere to stay and not even any prospects, since nearly all of California's campgrounds have been full all summer long. Many were directed to the mountains above Santa Barbara, only to be told when they arrived that there was no room for them. Eventually the California Highway Patrol even closed off the road to that area to keep Deadheads away.

From there, many drifted down to Isla Vista, where the University of California at Santa Barbara is located. The Deadheads weren't exactly met with open arms there, but camping was allowed on a nearby beach, and a park in the town became one giant party, as people danced to a couple of Dead cover bands and food was distributed by some generous Southern California Heads who'd planned to sell it at the shows, but, lacking permits, could not sell it on the city streets. There were, alas, busts at nearly every stop of this odyssey, but as one participant told us, "At least some good came out of it. We all stuck together through it all."

Needless to say, a lot of people took a financial bath because of the show cancellations — craftspeople, Ventura merchants and every hotel in town; it's no secret that this is Ventura's busiest weekend every year. (And to the always piggish Holiday Inn on the boardwalk, which treats Deadheads like animals and which refused to refund many of the reservation deposits: Instant Karma's gonna get you!)

One of the good vibes events of the year was Wavy Gravy's 50th birthday bash at the Berkeley Community Theater May 15. Billed "a benefit for just about everything," it turned out to be a show that *had* just about everything. It opened on a moving note: local folksinger Kate Wolf, who plays nearly all of Wavy's benefits, couldn't make this one because she was in the hospital with leukemia. But that didn't keep her down. She sent along a tape of a beautiful song recorded in her hospital room(!), which was played over the P.A. to kick things off. This was followed by the first surprise of the evening, a set by Jorma Kaukonen (using

Weir's Ovation guitar), who was in turn joined by Jack Casady for an impressive mini-Hot Tuna reunion.

With no break, Jerry Garcia and John Kahn came out for a few songs (including "Jackaroe" and "The Ballad of Casey Jones"), followed by hip comedian Paul Krassner. Next up was Weir, who first performed solo (highlight: "Throwing Stones," with nearly Dead-like intensity), then with a country singer named Cat McLean, and finally, in another surprise, with Brent, who played a grand piano for a change. They dueted on a stirring version of "Hey Jude," trading verses until the big coda, which had *everyone* in the hall singing along joyfully. It was definitely one of the finest moments I've seen Brent have — Weir thoughtfully brought him to the center of the stage after the song to take a special bow. Is a Dead version of the song the logical next step? Let's keep our fingers crossed.

The first half of the show (!) ended with a spellbinding theater piece by Mickey Hart and friends called "Shaman Three." Talk about multimedia spectaculars, this one had it all! The work was essentially a presentation of shamanic healing rituals from different cultures synthesized into a seamless whole by Hart, who originally conceived it for Wavy Gravy's Camp Winnarainbow a few months ago. (It was performed there once, using pros *and* kids at the camp.)

Bobby duets with Cat McLean at Wavy's wingding. Photo: Mariah Healy

The piece began with a procession of percussionists and others — most dressed in primitive-looking animal skins — through the audience up to the stage, which was dominated by a huge tree, representing the tree of life. A young woman, obviously deathly ill, was placed on an elevated pallet, as percussionists and her "family" (played by members of the Hog Farm commune) surrounded her. For the next half hour or so, the stage became a battleground between the tribe's shaman and the dark forces (disease) trying to claim the young woman. It was a fanciful mixture of percussion styles, acrobatic dance/martial arts movements, taped music (Tibetan monks, etc.), visual effects (smoke, strange lighting), magic (the woman was levitated for several minutes) and mind-blowing theatrical elements. During the climactic final battle, stiltwalkers in ghostly white flowing costumes (representing the spirit world between heaven and earth) traversed the stage, and angels dropped from the ceiling on trapezes! Needless to say, the medicine man was victorious in the struggle. Whew!

"Basically, the piece is a re-creation of the way I picture a shamanic performance occurring," Mickey told us a few days after the show. "I've re-

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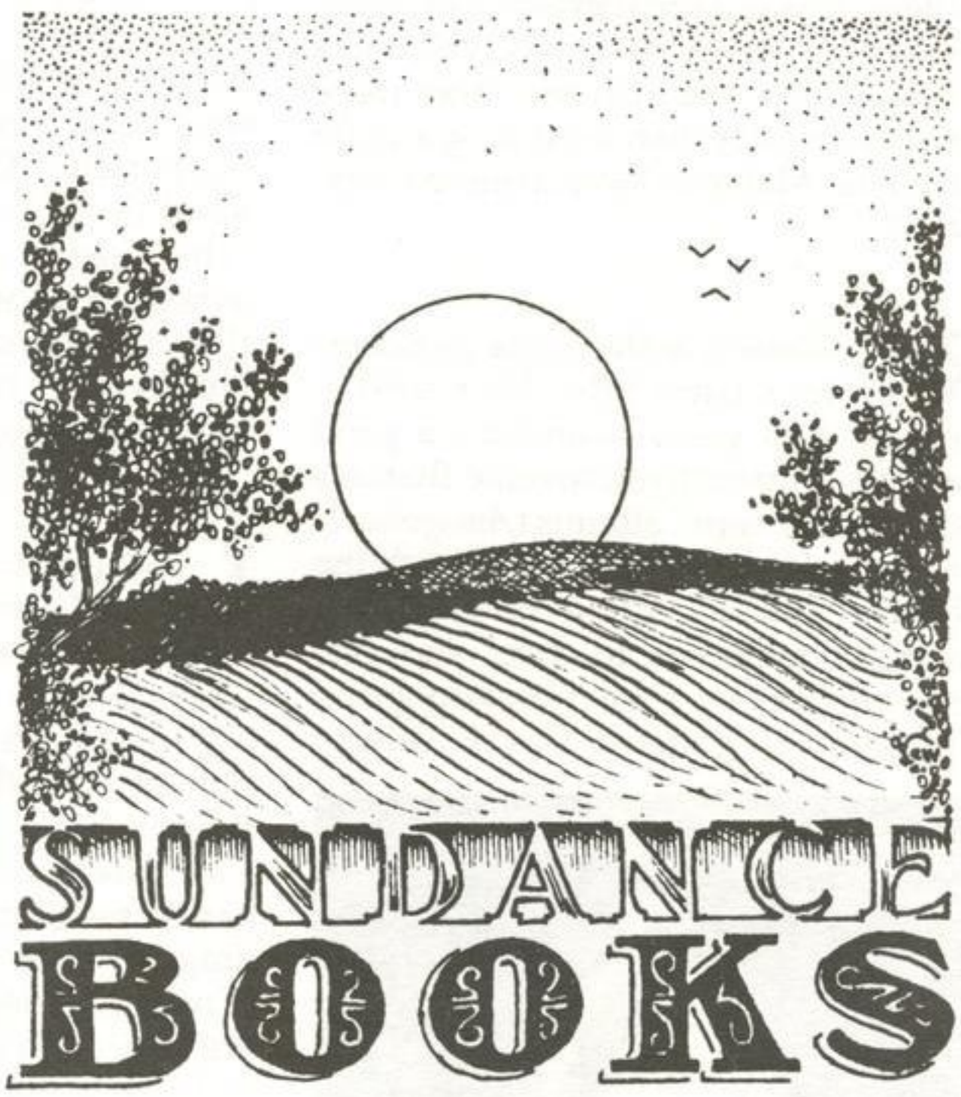


When you're in Western N.Y.,
come share the energy
MAIN STREET, GENESEO
Tape traders always welcome

searched it extensively because of the connection between shamanism and the drum. It's a Siberic phenomenon primarily, but you find cultures all over the world where shamans use percussion to induce the altered state. And it works," he adds with a laugh. "By the end of that performance I was starting to drift, if you know what I mean."

Kudos to Hart and the others involved in the production, especially the principal dancers and musicians: Reggie Turner, Nirtan Lim, George Marsh, Jose Lorenzo and Fred Wapepah. Hopefully there will be other performances of this remarkable theater piece; it's truly a one-of-a-kind experience. "I've even gotten some hits from Hollywood on it," Hart says. "It'll definitely happen again sometime."

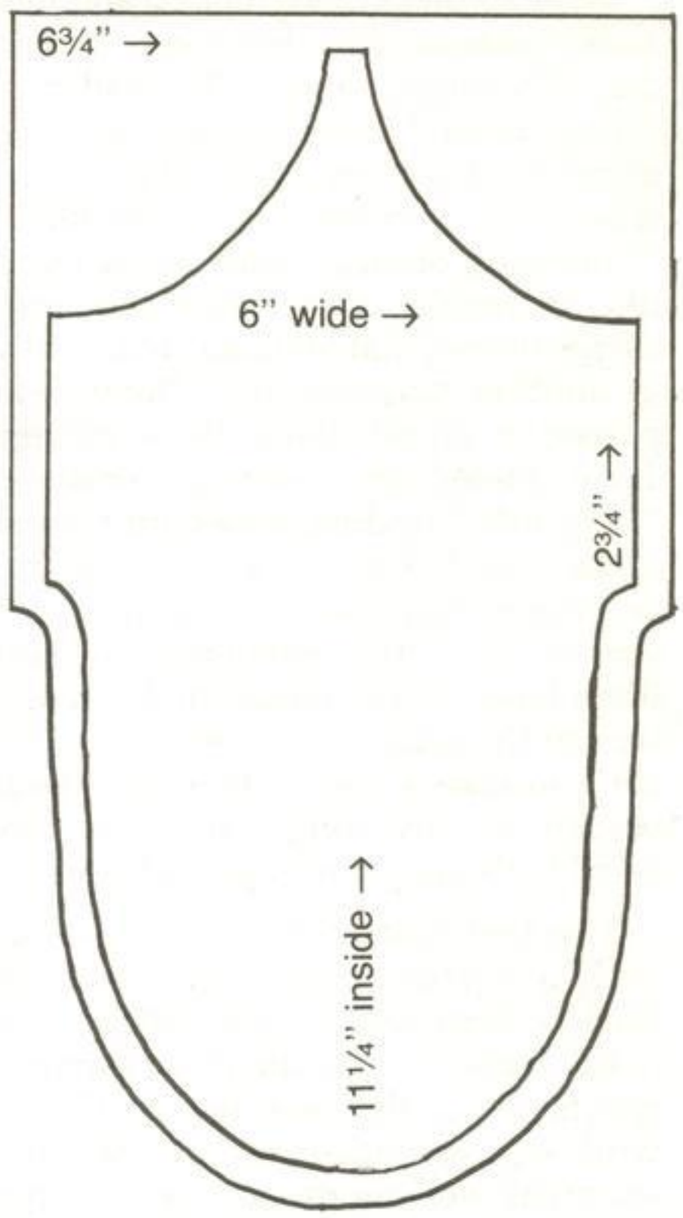
The second half of the Wavy B-Day blowout featured a wonderful reading of a children's story by Ken Kesey, accompanied by the Thunder Machine Band (sort of a latter-day beatnik music aggregation); a set by the Kantner-Balin-Casady Band (highlighted by Jorma's appearance on "Plastic Fantastic Lover," reuniting two-thirds of the Airplane); and some charming music from Wavy and a trio of backup singers. It was a great evening of music and stories (many told by Wavy), and a fitting tribute to a man who does more good every year than most people do in a lifetime. May you have 50 more years, Wavy!

Rock Columbia is the name of Robert Hunter's latest LP — his fourth in the past two years — and it's a good one. More instantly accessible than his last two "concept" albums (*Amagamalin Street* and *Flight of the Marie Helena*), the album contains some of Hunter's strongest melodies to date, and fine performances by a solid backup group consisting of guitarist David Nelson, bassist Michael White, drummer Johnny d'Fonseca, keyboardist Rick Meyers and vocalists Jeanette Sartain, Joan Cashel and Annie Stocking. Though the record was released just before presstime, we already have some early favorite tunes: "End of the Road," a vaguely Dylanesque narrative; side one's two affecting ballads, "I Never See You" and "Aim at the Heart" (a beautiful work in the same tradition as "If I Had the World to Give"); and the bouncy "What'll You Raise," which is another foray into Hunter's bag of gambling metaphors. We hope you'll check it out. The record should be available at your local record store, but if it isn't you can send $10 to Relix Records, P.O. Box 92, Brooklyn, NY 11229 and they'll rush you a copy along with a catalog of their other releases.

There was quite a stir at the Sunday Greek show when none other than Talking Heads leader David Byrne coolly sat down in the soundboard area for the Dead's second set. Byrne, who is in San Francisco these days finishing up work on his *True Stories* film at Russian Hill Recorders, reportedly enjoyed himself quite a bit, and singled out "Stella Blue" as a particular favorite. After the show he joined Bob Weir for a short interview on Berkeley's listener-supported FM station, KPFA, which aired the show live. When David Gans, who was anchoring the broadcast, asked them what they thought about the oft-spoken notion that the Talking Heads are "the Grateful Dead of the '80s," Weir quipped, "God help them!"

Last issue we mentioned that the Hog Farm, the good people who made the dragon for February's Chinese New Year's show, were hoping to get Deadheads more directly involved with the design for the longer dragon body for next winter's Year of the Hare celebration. Well, your time has come! Shown here is the shape of a dragon "scale" at one-third actual size. (Correct dimensions are shown.) You are invited to design a scale and send it to Dorje at the Hog Farm. Her suggestions are as follows:

1. Make sure scale is mostly red, blue *or* silver.
2. Make it bright, shiny and sparkly.
3. It can be painted, jeweled or embroidered, but only within the inner line.
4. Cloth should, however, be cut to outer line.



Note actual dimensions of dragon scale or enlarge drawing by 300 percent

5. It can contain your special thought for the New Year.
6. It should weigh no more than one ounce—remember, it has to be carried!
7. Mail to: In Tents, Box 1096, Laytonville, CA 95454 before October 1.

For more information, write to the above address.

We hope you were among the lucky cable TV subscribers who got to see a nice 25-minute chunk of the Dead's July 4th show at Rich Stadium in Buffalo on VH-1, the usually bland sister-station of MTV. That live broadcast was the Dead's contribution to Willie Nelson's Farm Aid II extravaganza, which went on all day at Manor Downs in Austin, Texas. At about 3 p.m. (EST) the program switched from Austin to Buffalo, where the Dead were completing "Samson & Delilah." Then, after Phil told the crowd that they were joining the telecast, Garcia eased into "The Wheel," which then segued into a very hot version of "I Need a Miracle" and then, sweetest of all, "Uncle John's Band." A couple of minutes into the Rhythm Devils' solo the segment ended, but what a great hit of music for those of us who couldn't be in Buffalo. A few hours later the telecast showed a half-hour section of Tom Petty and then Bob Dylan from the same Buffalo show.

SET LISTS: PORTLAND THROUGH THE GREEK

Dancers on the back rim of the Greek swirl to the music. Photo: Ron Delany

Deadline demands forced us to abandon our description of the spring East Coast tour prematurely last issue, so come back with us now to a chilly night in late March as our imaginary *Golden Road* tour bus speeds through New England up to Portland, Maine, usually one of the saner stops on the always crazed East Coast touring schedule. There's an easy explanation for this phenomenon: geographically and culturally, Maine is far removed from the smothering tentacles of the urban Eastern Seaboard, plus since the late '60s, it has been a magnet for counter-culture types attracted by its natural beauty and rusticity. Perhaps because of the relative mellowness of the region, shows have been spotty through the years; the band can relax there in a way they can't in, say, Philadelphia, where a low-key show might be met by an angry mob wielding hoagies with extra peppers.

This year's shows were both high-energy affairs, however. The first set on 3/27 featured the debut, and still lone performance, of the Lesh-Peterson-Mydland tune "Revolutionary Hamstrung Blues," and a slam-bang close of "Bertha," "Wang Dang Doodle," "Big Railroad Blues," "Supplication" and "Promised Land," all played at breakneck pace.

The second set the next night may have been the strongest set of the entire tour — certainly it was the spaciest. It opened with a long, simmering "Playin' in the Band," evolved into a hot "Franklin's Tower," then rolled into an exciting "I Need a Miracle" before returning to another lengthy exposition on the "Playin'" theme preceding drums. There was more hot jamming surrounding "The Wheel," "Dear Mr. Fantasy" (which, alas, remains a true rarity) and the "Playin'" reprise, with all the connections between songs beautifully developed and masterfully executed.

If there is one complaint we're hearing again and again about the Dead in '86, it is that they aren't jamming as much as in past years and are not taking the time to make effective transitions between songs. Increasingly, it is argued, the band simply plays a song and then either switches to a new tune abruptly or falls back on tried and true combinations, whether it's the "Estimated Prophet-Eyes of the World" combo (which the band can play in its sleep), or the annoyingly abrupt clang of "Around & Around" erupting clumsily out of one of Garcia's post-drums ballads. With "Scarlet-Fire" nearly a thing of the past, "Playin' in the Band" has become the last refuge of the free-form, unpredictable jam — and that tune is unfortunately much less likely to surface these days than "Man Smart Woman Smarter," which virtually never goes anywhere. The addition of the "Supplication" jam at some of the spring shows was encouraging to fans

of open-ended playing, but in general the trend seems to be away from longer pieces, and in my view that's a shame.

The three Providence shows certainly had their share of great moments: the appearance of "Cumberland Blues" and "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues" in the first set on Easter Sunday (how appropriate for the latter!); a great "Gimme Some Lovin'" fakeout that night that became a rollicking "Why Don't We Do It in the Road"; a bouncy second set "Willie & the Hand Jive" the next night (April Fool's Day); and the rock-solid, if short, second set the final night. The crowd problems both in and outside the hall need no more discussion in these pages. Let's see if the city and the fans have it a little more together this fall when the Dead return there.

The Dead stopped playing Hartford for a while because of the virtual police-state atmosphere that had prevailed at shows there, but from most accounts the situation was improved this time around. For its part, the Dead organization reported being delighted with the security — it was even suggested that security in Providence could take a lesson from Hartford's approach — but we still received several complaints about insensitive treatment of Heads, who continue to refer to the place as "Harshford." Is *a little* improvement really enough to justify playing there? The reports we got on the shows from readers (we still haven't heard the tapes) is that they were workmanlike, unspectacular, and that the band sounded tired. Still, we heard great things about the final night's "Looks Like Rain," "Stella Blue," and the tour-ending "Box of Rain."

Following a week's rest back home, the Dead headed down to Southern California's Irvine Meadows Amphitheater for a pair of exuberantly played concerts. Bob Weir, in particular, seems to relish playing Irvine; it brings out the ham in him, for better and worse. Almost all of his tunes both nights were standouts: a first set-ending "Jack Straw"; a snaky "Supplication"; a "Let It Grow" with stunning dynamic shifts between growling power-chord passages and delicate musical spirals; a texturally complex "Desolation Row"; a "Looks Like Rain" in which Weir dueted with himself on vocals with a lot of help from Healy's delay units; and a hilarious "Lovelight" featuring a rap about crazy dictators abroad and "right here at home" that had the crowd howling. For his part, Garcia was just a shade more subdued — he even inexplicably walked offstage in the middle of "Terrapin" the second night, after the "Lady With a Fan" section — but his versions of "Quinn" (the encore first night), "Cold Rain & Snow" and "Wharf Rat" were all notable, and his playing really shined on "The Other One" and "Estimated Prophet."

With a successful road trip behind them, the band returned to the Bay Area in mid-April for the annual Rex Foundation benefit shows at Berkeley Community Theater. As you might expect, there was much anticipation among the local Heads who'd heard reports about the revival of "Box of Rain," the new Dylan covers and some of the other treats the band pulled out on the East Coast. The atmosphere at all the BCT shows was positively electric — particularly by West Coast standards — and I think it's safe to say that most people did not go away disappointed. The playing was sharp and the band's high spirits a joy to behold. There were also some interesting moments of tension onstage during the shows that provided an unusual counterpoint to the generally "up" feeling radiating from the band.

The Greek backdrop. Photo: Ron Delany

The first of the four shows (4/18) provided the sole surprise of the series, a tight, confident reading of "That's Alright Mama" near the end of the first set. To my knowledge, the Dead hadn't performed the song since their 1973 RFK Stadium gig with the Allman Brothers; perhaps it's no coincidence that by mid-April word was already out that the Dead were set to play that venue again in early July with Bob Dylan. The 4/18 show also featured a particularly muscular "Wheel" and one of those incredible versions of "Smokestack Lightning" that rips through the air like shards of hot metal.

The next evening's show seems to be the consensus favorite of the four. The spacey "Feel Like a Stranger" opener was the tip-off of things to come. In an unprecedented move, the second set opened with a nearly perfect "Crazy Fingers" (what a nice way to ease into a set!) and then glided into a "Playin' in the Band" that was so convoluted and just plain *out there,* I felt like I was at a '74 show. The jam shifted textures and tempos relentlessly, always surging forward along a slender melodic thread that made it all unmistakably "Playin'" (and not just "space"). There were hints at "China Doll" and "The Other One," and sure enough, both of those tunes appeared after the Rhythm Devils' remarkable segment. (More than ever before, labeling Mickey and Billy's interludes as "drums" is woefully inadequate. This night, the Rhythm Devils' music was an enchanting blend of rhythms and synthesized melodies that recalled nothing so much as the warm keyboard timbres of Weather Report's Josef Zawinul.) If ever a "Playin'" begged to be "finished" later in the show, this was one, so its reprise after "China Doll" was particularly satisfying to me. Then, a kick-ass "Sugar Magnolia" was the finger-lickin'-good frosting on the cake. But wait, there's more — a loping, soulful "Quinn" that, as usual, had everybody singing and grinning as the show ended and the crowd spilled out onto the streets of Berkeley.

Night Three has attained a certain amount of notoriety as "the show with no drums or space," for reasons I'll explain in a minute. That should not obfuscate the fact that it was a uniformly great show, with an amazing blend of songs in the first set, including "Row Jimmy," "Cumberland Blues," "Desolation Row" and "Mississippi Half-Step," and an expertly executed second set. Here's where the controversy comes in: Following a fine "Eyes of the World," Brent remained onstage with Mickey and Billy for a riveting jazz-inflected romp. When the jam finally started to disintegrate into dissonance, however, Brent remained onstage noodling until he finally launched into a strange but passionate rendition of "Maybe You Know," a jilted lover's lament that he played with the Dead a couple of times in 1983. Brent sounded frighteningly tormented as he sang, shouted and groaned the lyrics at varying tempos. This was true blues — raw and filled with pain — but almost *too* emotionally revealing. As the tune

stretched on, it seemed like Brent would never surrender the stage, so it was something of a relief when Garcia returned, helped Brent finish the tune with a little guitar flourish, and then, looking his troubled bandmate in the eye and smiling, rolled into — what else — "Goin' Down the Road Feelin' Bad." It was a great moment, filled with real-life drama, and, for me, that alone made it worth "missing" the Rhythm Devils and "space." Then, to have "Goin' Down the Road" fall into one of the most heart-felt versions of "Morning Dew" I've witnessed in many moons, elevated the show that much more in my estimation.

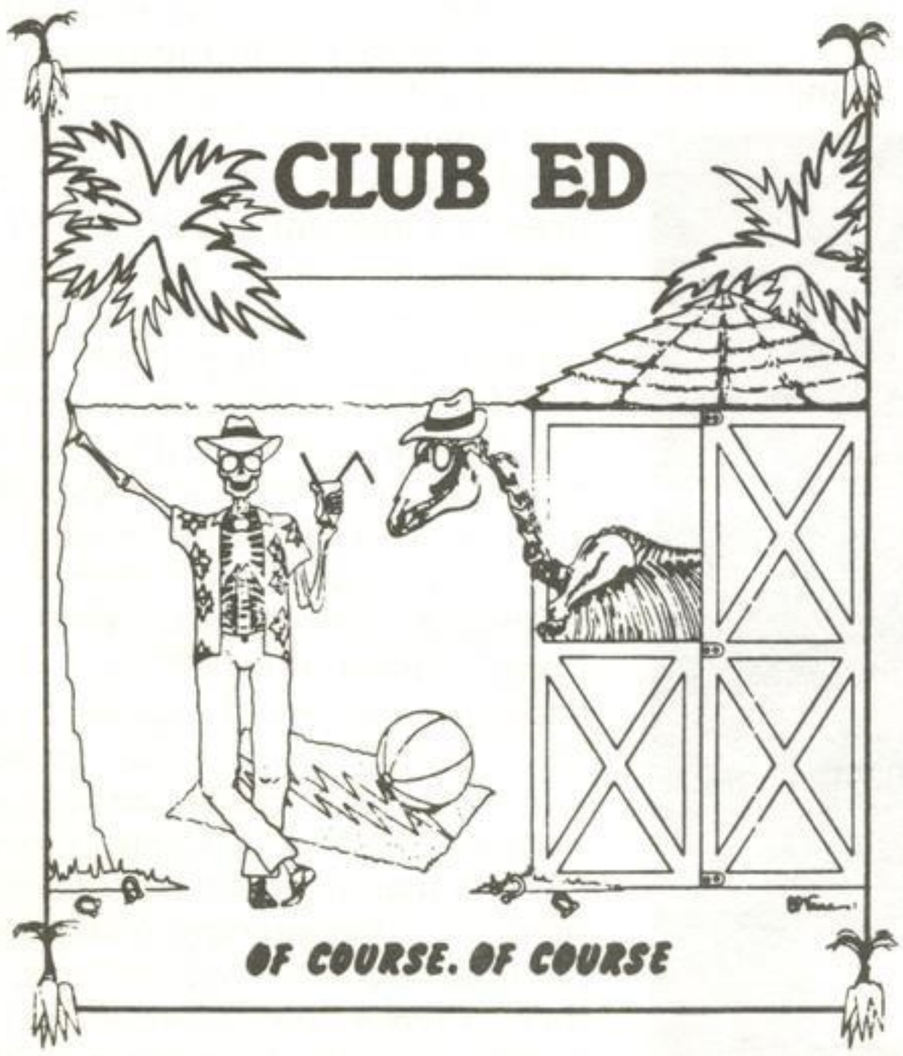
Everyone at the fourth BCT show knew that "Box of Rain" was lurking around some corner waiting to meet us, but few probably predicted that it would actually open the show, a wonderful tension-relieving move. And before the crowd had recovered from that, Garcia was into a driving version of "Visions of Johanna," another one of the songs introduced on the East Coast tour. Other high points of the BCT finale included a powerful, rhythmic "Bird Song" and "Terrapin."

Since the BCT shows were so expensive ($25 a ticket) and the always popular Frost Amphitheater concerts were scheduled for just a few weeks later, many Bay Area Heads chose to skip the two gigs at Cal Expo Amphitheater in nearby Sacramento the weekend before Frost. The band played a pair of fun but unremarkable shows in stifling Sacramento Valley heat there in June of '84, so the word on Cal Expo wasn't very good. As a result, this year's shows drew well short of the 12,000-seat capacity. This turned out to be great news for those of us who did go — there was plenty of dancing room for everyone on the soft grass. The weather was uncharacteristically comfortable, too, with cool afternoon breezes blowing from dramatic cloud-filled skies that looked more like Santa Fe than Sacramento. But best of all, the band turned in the best shows I've seen so far this year, and the warm bond between crowd and band seemed as special as the Greek or Frost. "Once in a while you can get shown the light . . ." You know the rest, and it's true.

These were the first outdoor daylight shows of the year, and the band clearly reveled in being able to really eyeball the audience. As those of you who have seen the Dead live this year know, something very exciting is happening onstage these days: the guys in the band look like they're having as much fun as the crowd! The most obvious transformation has been in Garcia, who is looking, singing and playing the best he has in years. He's interacting with the band and audience more than he has since the Dead's '74 retirement, appearing utterly relaxed and confident. It is probably not coincidental that Phil's emergence as a third viable frontman in the band has evolved as Garcia has steadily come out of his shell. They appear to be connecting both musically and personally these days, and their interaction is one of the main reasons this year's shows have been so much fun. Basically, if the band's having a great time, it's hard for the audience not to, regardless of what is played.

Both Cal Expo shows were outstanding, with interesting songlists and generally inspired performances. The first show's opening set had two rarities — "High Time" and "The Race Is On," the latter played for the first time since 1982 (though you'd never have guessed it, it was played so well). The second set opened with a great "Scarlet-Fire" (only the second of '86, sad to say) and included a devastating "Comes a Time" and a bopping "Sugar Magnolia" close that reduced the crowd to a shaking blob of rainbow-hued Jell-O (or was that just me?). Equipment

'WILLLBURRRRH!'



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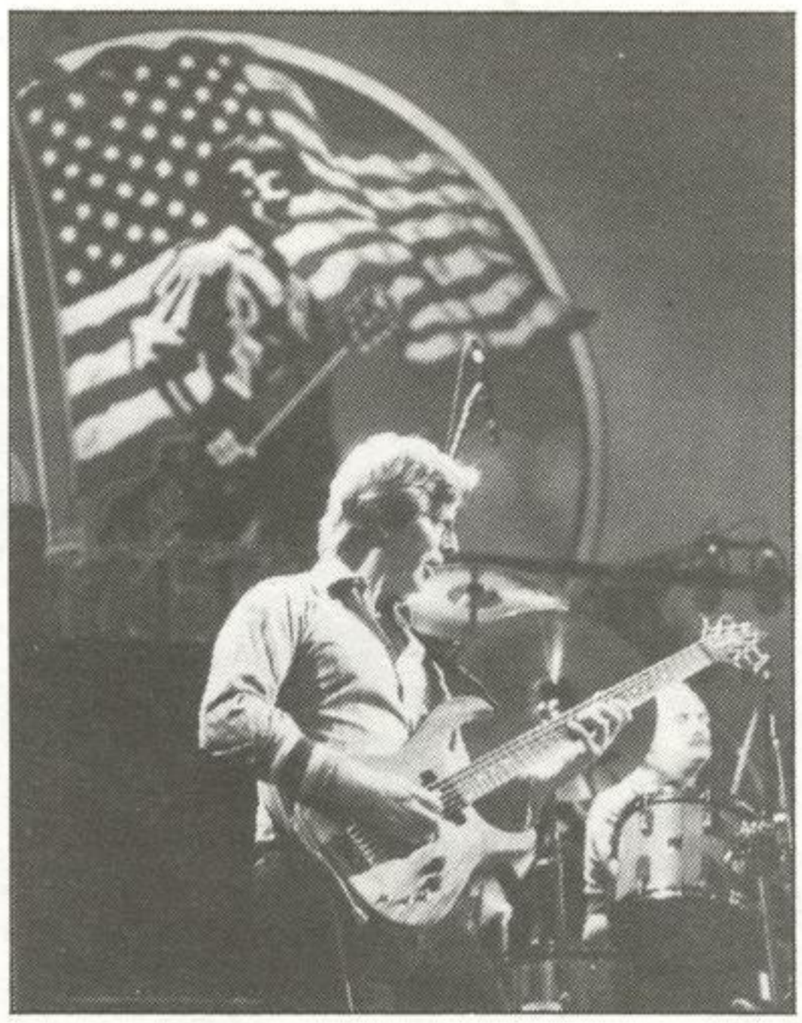

PHOTOS BY RON DELANY

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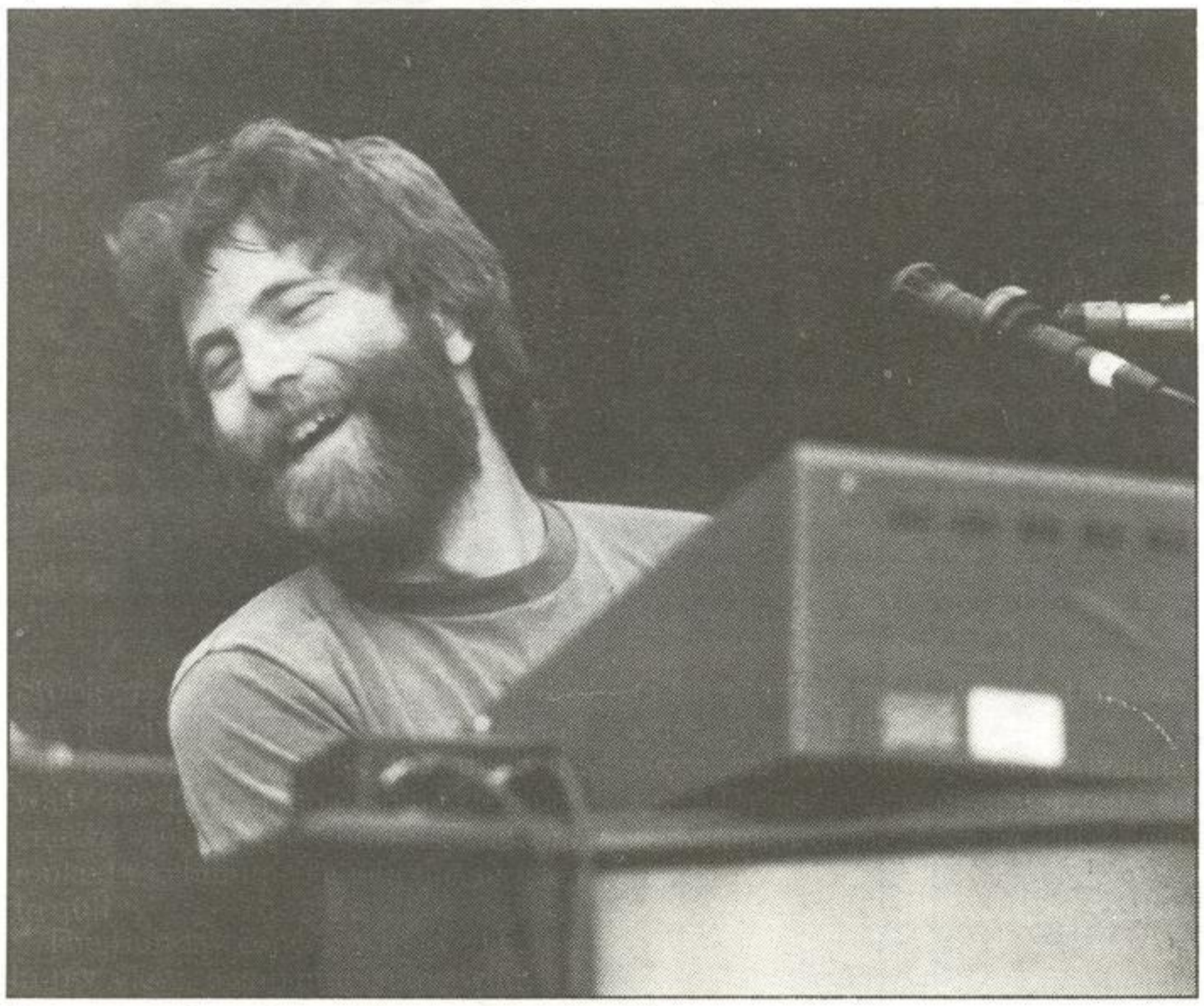
Ron Delany
223 Uplands
Berkeley, CA 94705

problems prevented the band from doing an encore that day, but a smiling Phil also told the crowd that the band was "fried" after unleashing so much energy during the show, so no one looked too bummed about the decision to quit.

The Sunday concert was even better in my view, combining some wild but still focused jamming with *my* kind of songlist: a first-set "China Cat," "Gimme Some Lovin'" to open the second set, a long "Playin'" jam, a giddy "Uncle John's Band," one of the best versions of "Wharf Rat" I've heard, "Good Lovin'," and the capper to the weekend, a "Box of Rain" for the ages. Funniest moment of the show: when a small hot air balloon adorned with Mr. Potato Head was launched from backstage during "Gimme Some Lovin'." Most jarring moment: a transition from "Wharf Rat" into "Around & Around" that was so clumsy a friend and I were literally knocked to the ground by it. They pull that stunt a few more times and I'll sue!

Perhaps because the Sacramento shows were such a delightful surprise, I was a tad let down by the Frost shows the next weekend. Which is not to say they weren't a blast — I always have a great time there, and it was doubly fun to be reunited with friends who had missed Cal Expo, as well as a stream of visitors who'd flown in from points east for the occasion. Because Frost is such a scenic marvel — it's truly the prototypical "California" venue — and most of the shows there have been so special, expectations always run high. I fall into that trap as much as the next guy, so when this year's song choices were, shall we say, less than adventurous, I was mildly disappointed. But how unfair of me, because once again, the band was loose and happy—Garcia was downright chatty, trading jibes with Phil and the crowd — and the playing was generally great. The first show had superior versions of "The Wheel," "China Doll" and "Throwing Stones" following the Rhythm Devils' segment, and the double-barreled opening the next day of "Gimme Some Lovin'" into "Dancin' in the Streets" blew me away. There were a few rough spots both days, but there was so much spunk and fire in evidence it's ridiculous to complain about it. For me, the ups and downs of the weekend were typified by the encore the second day: they shocked everyone by playing "I Need a Miracle," then executed a "miraculous" transition into "U.S. Blues," which completely fell apart into a chaotic mess. But what a party!

As high as expectations are for Frost each year, they are nothing compared with the way the faithful view The Greek. Let's look at the record for a moment: the Dead have never played a bad show at the Greek ('82 was the weakest run and was still excellent), and one or two shows there each year are usually hot enough to make most people's year-end Top 20. (I'd put all three '84 shows on my list.) The Greek has it all — a hometown, family feeling, natural beauty and acoustics that bring out the beast (and best) in the band. You haven't lived until you've experienced "Not Fade Away" in this intimate bowl. This year's shows fell short of the "historic" proportions most were probably expecting, but that's good in a way — maybe we can be surprised again next year. (And now the heavy, nail-biting anticipation can shift to you folks back East who are salivating over the prospect of seeing the band in Madison Square Garden again this fall. Good luck and Godspeed!)



Brent enjoys the revelry at the Sunday Greek show. Photo: Ron Delany

The Friday night Greek was easily the worst of three, yet it contained one of my favorite moments *ever* at a Dead concert. (Oh-oh, I can see the people who were there snickering already.) The first set was a true dog in my view — the sound was bad and the band stumbled through half the songs as rhythms were blown and cues were missed. For its part, the crowd was noisy and inattentive; the settling-in process just took longer for everyone this year. The tenuous playing continued through the opening of the second set — "Uncle John's" into "Playin'" — but the band finally shut up the crowd and coalesced behind a haunting "Comes a Time" that was as good as any I've heard since Ventura last year (the all-time champ in my book). From there it was smooth sailing, with the band cooking on rockers and ballads alike, culminating in a version of "Good Lovin'" that had to be seen to be believed.

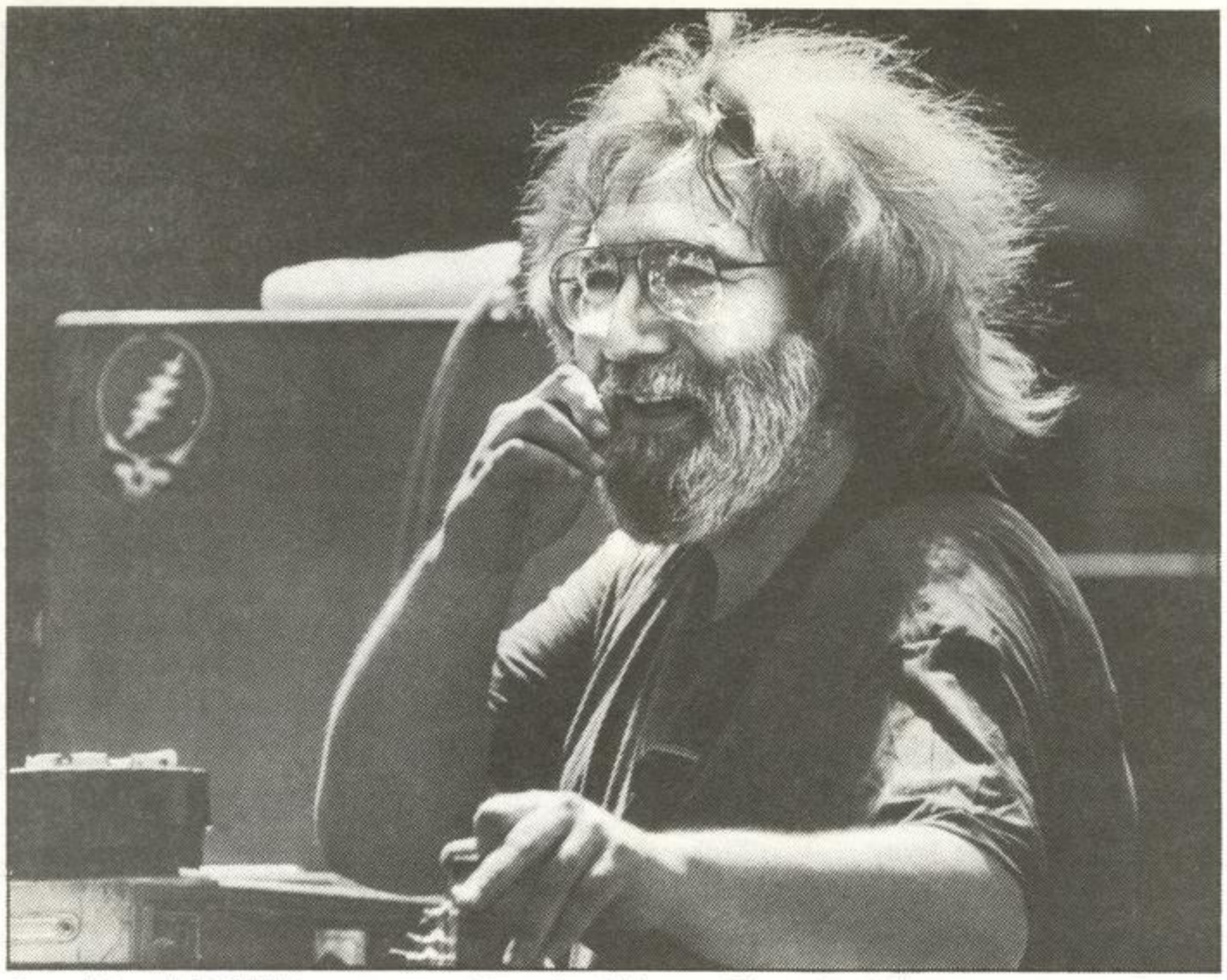
When Weir is cocky and totally in control, as he was by the time the group hit "Good Lovin'," he's one of the best showmen in rock. With the rest of the band egging him on with smiles and even out-and-out laughter, Weir really stepped out on a limb during this "Good Lovin'" when he hit the "rap" section. Often in the past he's asked *the crowd*, "Who needs good lovin?" (the correct response is "I do! I do!"), but this time he turned the tables and went around the whole band, asking, "How 'bout our drummers?" then "... our keyboard player?" (at which point Brent blasted through part of "Hey Baby" as the crowd roared), "... our bass player?" With the excitement building every second, heightened by exquisite lighting by Candace and Dan English that made the crowd and band seem like one swirling mass, Weir finally turned to his left and said, "And then there's old Garcia!" At that Garcia, already beaming a grin that would do the Cheshire Cat proud, lifted his hands over his head and shook them triumphantly like he was Rocky victorious! Holy shit! The crowd went predictably berserk, and somehow in all the pandemonium the band managed to finish the song. Actually,

"finish" is too mild a word. The final crescendo was absolutely atomic, and Garcia hit his last crunching chord so hard he literally almost fell over! Having seen this Herculean outpouring of love and high energy, I can now die a happy man.

Saturday's show was much more consistent than Friday's, and thus more satisfying all the way around. Once again, the best songs were nearly transcendent, they had so much vigor and personality: "Gimme Some Lovin'" (its first appearance at the Greek); a very peppy "He's Gone," dedicated by Phil to college basketball star Len Bias, who'd died the day before; "Wharf Rat"; and a killer "Throwing Stones-Not Fade Away" ending. This show's wildest moment came during "Not Fade Away" when, obviously aping Bobby, Jerry threw his hands over his head and sang "MY LOVE'S BIGGER THAN A CADILLAC!" I don't know if tapes from the shows this year sound markedly better or even different than other recent years, but I do know the experience of watching the band in its current "up" state is new and different, almost disorienting in fact. Also worth mentioning about this show was the interesting second set opener: "Saint of Circumstance," picked up perfectly at its usual breakpoint from "Lost Sailor." What an imaginative move.

The Sunday Greek show is traditionally a wonderful sun fest (when it isn't microwave hot, that is), and this year was no exception. Adding to the celebratory tone of the show was the fact that it was being broadcast locally on radio station KPFA, Berkeley's listener-supported FM station. (As many of you may know, Phil and Jerry originally met when Phil was working as an engineer for the station in the early '60s and Garcia was a banjo picker of some repute. The day they met, Phil recorded Jerry playing a few tunes for KPFA's *Midnight Special* show.) Over the course of 14 hours on Sunday, KPFA also broadcast reel after reel of great Dead tapes, interviewed all the members of the band backstage, and managed to raise a record $25,000 in their ongoing fundraising drive.

Like so many shows this year, this one boasted a long, varied first set. Set two kicked off with an unexpected tune — "Fire on the Mountain," sans "Scarlet," played at a loping, sensual pace that seemed perfect for a warm afternoon. Strangely enough, a highlight of the set for me was hearing "Truckin'" — not just because I like the song a lot, but because I'd watched Garcia and Lesh unsuccessfully try to get Weir to play it (fooling with the opening riff during space, during transitional passages, etc.) at virtually *every* show since



Jerry jokes with Phil between songs at Frost Amphitheater. Photo: Ron Delany

the third BCT concert. Each time, Weir would scowl, turn to his guitar amp, and then try to lead the band into a different tune. Even this time it looked like Weir had to be dragged into playing it, but once he got into it, it was a tremendous version. The unmistakable highlight of the set, though, was "Stella Blue," played and sung with nearly overflowing passion. At the risk of sounding hyperbolic, I really do believe that Garcia is singing the best he ever has — with age his voice has become a richer, more expressive instrument, filled with character.

Though I'm generally not a fan of the revived "Lovelight" (too white and wimpy), this show-ender was a good one. The jam in the middle was speedy, like a late '60s version, and Weir's interminable rap and sing-along ("Sweet, sweet summertime/ All, all, all the time") were so earnest and, well, *spaced*, that everyone in the place, including the band, was in stitches. What a guy. ("Earth to Bobby! Earth to Bobby! Come in, please!") If you can handle just one more superlative, the "U.S. Blues" was the best I've ever seen—I'm just glad I wasn't the guy the exuberant Garcia pointed at when he sang "I'll *share your wealth*," 'cause he meant every line in the song. The crowd cheered deliriously for several minutes after "U.S. Blues," but alas, the quippies went to work dismantling everything in sight. Just when it looked like everyone was ready to accept that the show was over, there was a mad scramble onstage and Harry, Parish, Ramrod and the others hurriedly put all the microphones back up. The band returned to a deafening roar, and the crowd got what it wanted — "Box of Rain," lovingly (if roughly) delivered by Phil and the boys. Love is real . . . not fade away.

3-27-86, Cumberland County Community Center, Portland, ME
Jack Straw ➧ Peggy-O, New Minglewood Blues, Revolutionary Hamstrung Blues ➧ Bertha ➧ Wang Dang Doodle ➧ Big Railroad Blues, Supplication jam ➧ Promised Land

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Estimated Prophet ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Truckin' ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Sugar Magnolia/Day Job

3-28-86, Portland
Iko Iko ➧ Beat It On Down the Line, Loser, Never Trust a Woman, Me & My Uncle ➧ Mexicali Blues, Althea, Box of Rain

Playin' in the Band ➧ Franklin's Tower ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Playin' jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ Dear Mr. Fantasy ➧ Playin' reprise ➧ Around & Around ➧ Good Lovin'/Baby Blue

3-30-86, Civic Center, Providence, RI
Hell in a Bucket ➧ Sugaree, El Paso ➧ Cumberland Blues, Tons of Steel, C.C. Rider, Dupree's Diamond Blues, Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues ➧ Deal

Touch of Gray ➧ Samson & Delilah, Terrapin ➧ Man Smart Woman Smarter ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Why Don't We Do It in the Road? ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away . . . / . . . Not Fade Away ➧ Quinn the Eskimo

3-31-86, Providence
Mississippi Half-Step ➧ Roadrunner ➧ West L.A. Fadeaway, My Brother Esau, Ramble On Rose, Desolation Row, Might As Well

Feel Like a Stranger ➧ Ship of Fools, Willie &

the Hand Jive ➧ Goin' Down the Road ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Comes a Time ➧ Truckin' ➧ Johnny B. Goode (no encore)

4-1-86, Providence
Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ Little Red Rooster, Stagger Lee, Cassidy, Tennessee Jed, Looks Like Rain, Big Railroad Blues, The Music Never Stopped

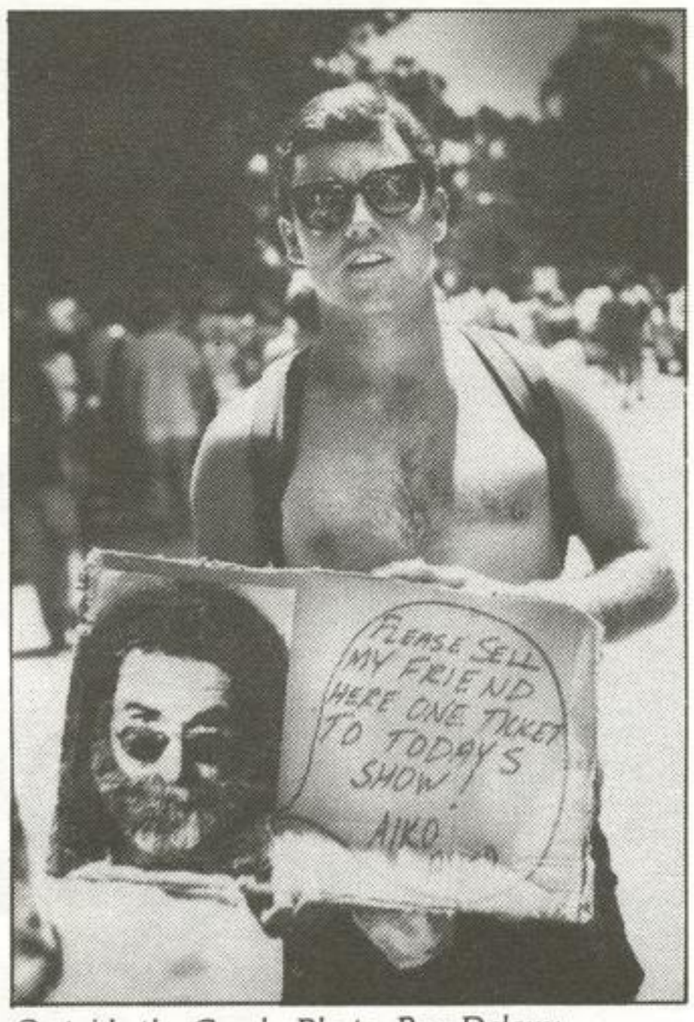
Shakedown Street, Estimated Prophet ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Black Peter ➧ Sugar Magnolia/Box of Rain

4-3-86, Civic Center, Hartford, CT
Iko Iko, New Minglewood Blues, Peggy-O, Me & My Uncle ➧ Mexicali Blues, Bird Song, Supplication jam ➧ Let It Grow ➧ Don't Ease Me In

Uncle John's Band ➧ Playin' in the Band ➧ Don't Need Love ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Around & Around ➧ Not Fade Away . . . / . . . Brokedown Palace

4-4-86, Hartford
Jack Straw, Dire Wolf, C.C. Rider, Candyman, It's All Over Now, Crazy Fingers ➧ Greatest Story Ever Told, Day Job

Touch of Gray ➧ Looks Like Rain ➧ He's Gone ➧ jam ➧ Smokestack Lightning ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Lovelight/Box of Rain



Outside the Greek. Photo: Ron Delany

4-12-86, Irvine Meadows Amphitheater, Laguna Hills, CA
Hell in a Bucket ➧ Bertha, Little Red Rooster, Loser, Beat It On Down the Line, Althea, Willie & the Hand Jive, Row Jimmy, Jack Straw

Cold Rain & Snow, Estimated Prophet ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Truckin' ➧ The Other One ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ One More Saturday Night/Quinn the Eskimo

4-12-86, Irvine Meadows Amphitheater, Laguna Hills, CA
Hell in a Bucket ➧ Bertha, Little Red Rooster, Loser, Beat It On Down the Line, Althea, Willie & the Hand Jive, Row Jimmy, Jack Straw

Cold Rain & Snow, Estimated Prophet ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Truckin' ➧ The Other One ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ One More Saturday Night/Quinn the Eskimo

4-13-86, Irvine Meadows
Iko Iko, New Minglewood Blues, Peggy-O, Desolation Row, Mississippi Half-Step, Supplication jam ➧ Let It Grow

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider ➧ Looks Like Rain, Terrapin ➧ Don't Need Love ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Black Peter ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Lovelight/Box of Rain

4-18-86, Berkeley Community Theater, Berkeley, CA
Alabama Getaway ➧ Greatest Story Ever Told, West L.A. Fadeaway, C.C. Rider, Brown-Eyed Women, Me & My Uncle ➧ Mexicali Blues, Tons of Steel, That's Alright Mama, The Music Never Stopped

Shakedown Street, Man Smart Women Smarter ➧ He's Gone ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ Smokestack Lightning ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Around & Around ➧ Johnny B. Goode/U.S. Blues

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4-19-86, Berkeley Community Theater
Feel Like a Stranger, Stagger Lee, New Minglewood Blues, Friend of the Devil, Cassidy, Big Railroad Blues, One More Saturday Night

Crazy Fingers ➧ Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ China Doll ➧ Playin' reprise ➧ Sugar Magnolia/Quinn the Eskimo

4-21-86, Berkeley Community Theater
Mississippi Half-Step ➧ El Paso, Row Jimmy, My Brother Esau, Cumberland Blues, Desolation Row, Ramble On Rose, Let It Grow

Touch of Gray ➧ Estimated Prophet ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ percussion jam with Brent ➧ Maybe You Know ➧ Goin' Down the Road ➧ Morning Dew ➧ Around & Around ➧ Not Fade Away . . . / Not Fade Away ➧ Don't Ease Me In

4-22-86, Berkeley Community Theater
Box of Rain, Visions of Johanna, Mama Tried ➧ Big River, Bird Song, Little Red Rooster, Deal

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Looks Like Rain, Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Spoonful ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Black Peter ➧ Lovelight/Brokedown Palace

5-3-86, Cal Expo, Sacramento, CA
Cold Rain & Snow, The Race Is On, They Love Each Other, C.C. Rider, High Time, Beat It On Down the Line ➧ Promised Land ➧ Deal

Scarlet Begonias ➧ Fire on the Mountain, Man Smart Women Smarter ➧ Goin' Down the Road ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Comes a Time ➧ Sugar Magnolia (no encore)

5-4-86, Cal Expo
Saturday Night ➧ Mississippi Half-Step ➧ Little Red Rooster, Candyman, Me & My Uncle ➧ Mexicali Blues, China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider

Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Uncle John's Band ➧ Playin' reprise ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Around & Around ➧ Good Lovin'/Box of Rain

5-10-86, Frost Amphitheater, Stanford, CA
Bertha ➧ Greatest Story Ever Told, West L.A. Fadeaway, Desolation Row, Tennessee Jed, New Minglewood Blues, Big Railroad Blues, Let It Grow

Hell in a Bucket ➧ Sugaree, Estimated Prophet ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ China Doll ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Lovelight/Quinn the Eskimo

5-11-86, Frost Amphitheater
Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ Dancin' in the Streets, Good Times, Iko Iko, Cassidy ➧ Might As Well

Samson & Delilah ➧ Crazy Fingers ➧ He's Gone ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Comes a Time ➧ Around & Around ➧ Not Fade Away . . . / I Need a Miracle ➧ U.S. Blues

6-20-86 Greek Theater, Berkeley, CA
Midnight Hour, Mississippi Half-Step, El Paso, West L.A. Fadeaway, Me & My Uncle ➧ Mexicali Blues, Candyman, Let It Grow

Uncle John's Band ➧ Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ Comes a Time ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Black Peter ➧ Around & Around ➧ Good Lovin'/Quinn the Eskimo

6-21-86 Greek Theater
Alabama Getaway ➧ Promised Land, Friend of the Devil, Loser, Desolation Row, China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider

Saint of Circumstance ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ He's Gone ➧ Smokestack Lightning ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away . . . / . . . Not Fade Away ➧ Brokedown Palace

6-22-86 Greek Theater
Jack Straw, Must've Been the Roses, Cassidy, Row Jimmy, New Minglewood Blues, Big Railroad Blues, Mama Tried ➧ Big River, Stagger Lee, Hell in a Bucket, Might As Well

Fire on the Mountain ➧ Samson & Delilah, Ship of Fools ➧ Man Smart Woman Smarter ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Truckin' ➧ Goin' Down the Road ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Lovelight/U.S. Blues/Box of Rain

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THE DYLAN/DEAD TOUR
A Photo Journal

Well, the stadium tour with Bob Dylan and Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers has come and gone (my, oh my), and Deadheads everywhere can breathe a sigh of relief knowing there won't be any more of these bloated spectacles *at least* until next year. To be fair, nearly all of the Heads who contacted us from the road had a good time on the tour and agreed that things went much more smoothly than they had predicted. The crowds were friendly by and large, and the sound surprisingly good (except at the Metrodome in Minneapolis, where it was abysmal—"The worst sound I've ever heard at a Dead show," according to one member of the Dead's entourage). But best of all, the Dead played sensationally. From *all* accounts we heard, the Dead blew Petty and Dylan off the stage at every show, no small feat given the tremendous advance word on the Dylan-Petty alliance. Certainly the crowds who went to the show got more than their money's worth—two and a half hours of Dylan and Petty (basically the same show every night, with a couple of minor variations) and almost a full normal Dead show (except in Minneapolis, where they played one two hour-plus set).

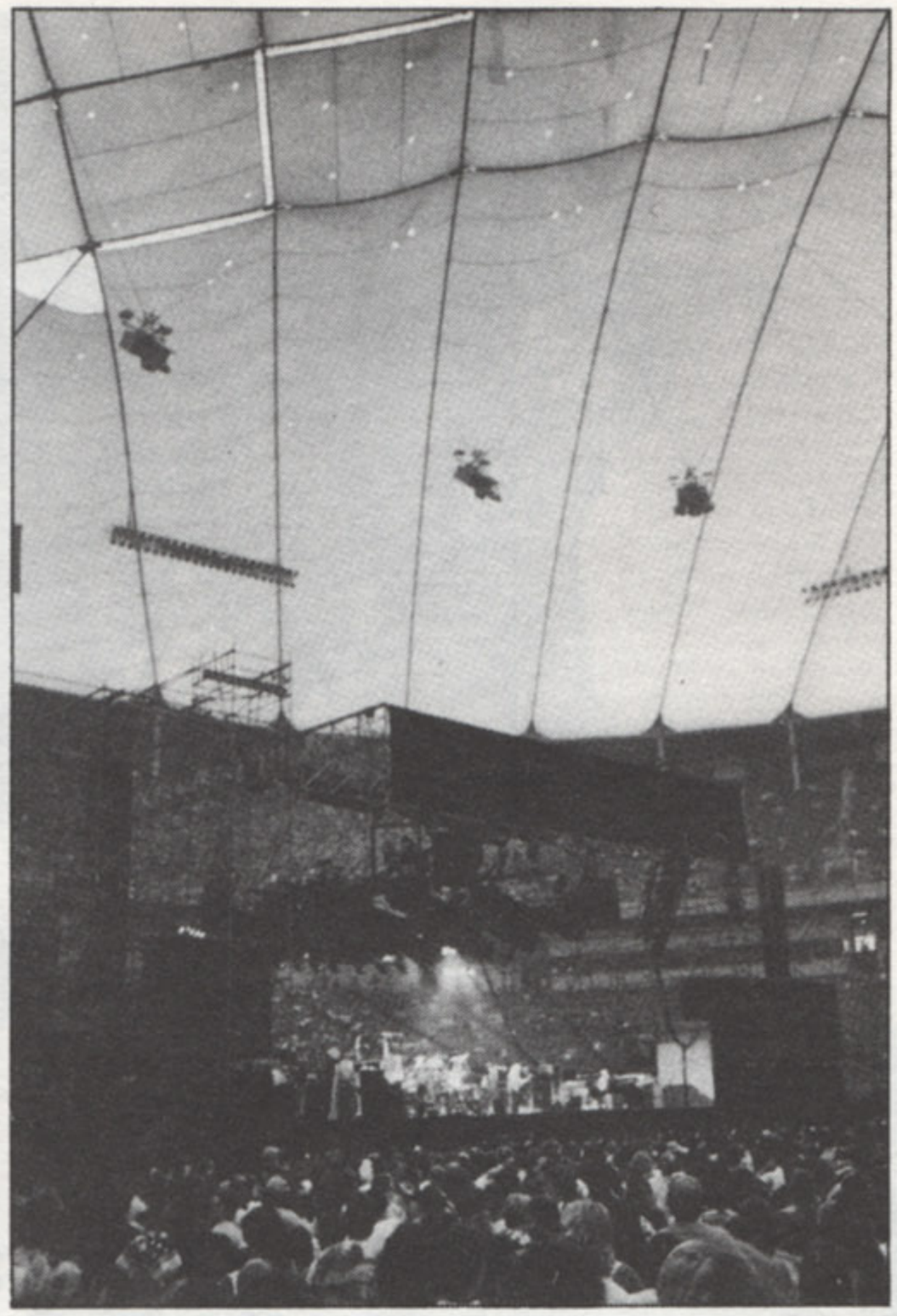
A tale of two Bobs at Akron's Rubber Bowl, July 2. Dylan joined the Dead for three tunes there and two at RFK. (See lists)

Despite the generally high quality of the music and the undeniable fact that 60,000 people rocking outdoors in a stadium can be more overwhelming than a quarter that number in a darkened civic center, we'd like to go on record as decrying the Dead's playing facilities like these. The primary reason bands play stadiums is to make a carload of money in a short time; what other explanation could there be, since even at their best, stadiums provide an inferior environment for the fans? Generally, only a small portion of the audience can see or hear well—many suffer the indignity of having to sit behind delay towers with *no* view of the band—and that inevitably leads to disinterest among a good-sized segment of the crowd. Though I was not on this tour, I do speak from experience; I've seen Dead stadium shows in the past, as well as stadium gigs by everyone from CSNY to the Rolling Stones to Bowie and Bruce. Yes, more people can share in the experience in mammoth places, but it's my contention that the surroundings cheapen that experience to the point where almost no one gets the full hit of a regular show. And I think that's an unfair price to pay, even though stadium concerts usually allow you to see more than one top band in a day. Bigger is rarely better. And it's *considerably* worse when it's 97 degrees with oppressive humidity. (As always, we'd love to hear your opinions on this issue.)

Though Dylan did join the Dead for a couple of magical numbers in Akron and at the final show at RFK, the two bands never really seemed to mesh, and by the end of the tour many hardcore Heads were complaining about having to sit through the essentially unchanging Dylan-Petty show to get to the Dead's set. I could tell when I saw Dylan play the Greek Theater in Berkeley, the week before the Dead's series there, that this wasn't going to be the heavenly match we'd all hoped for. Dylan's music, while unquestionably powerful, was peculiarly undanceable and sorely lacking in dynamics. And though Dylan is a compelling personality, he was unable to really connect with the crowd on a human level—he seemed to be singing *at* the crowd instead of trying to draw us into his songs. In the end, I felt as if I'd heard some of the most passionate songs ever written delivered in a strangely detached fashion. Frankly, I was more *moved* by his controversial "Christian" tour in 1980. (I'm probably in the minority with this view, and don't mean to imply that most people didn't like Dylan's sets.)

Rather than expound at length about the shows, we thought it might be a nice change to let pictures tell most of the story. And so, we sent our intrepid ace photographer Ron Delany on the road to bring 'em back alive. His courage in the face of adversity—drunks everywhere but Buffalo, camera-hating security guards, more time spent in traffic jams than at shows, the incredible heat and humidity during much of the trip—just shows what some guys will do to make a buck. Oh, sorry. I mean it shows what a dedicated professional will endure to get a good story!

PHOTOS BY RON DELANY



Clockwise from top left: Mickey in action at Cincinnati; under the infamous "Teflon Tent," the Minneapolis Metrodome, where the sound was atrocious; Phil in starburst tie-dye at Alpine Valley

6-26-86, Hubert Humphrey Metrodome, Minneapolis, MN
Gimme Some Lovin' ♦ Sugaree, Little Red Rooster, Iko Iko, My Brother Esau, Tennessee Jed, Me & My Uncle ♦ Mexicali Blues, Terrapin ♦ Estimated Prophet ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Wheel ♦ Truckin' ♦ Black Peter ♦ Around & Around ♦ Sugar Magnolia/Brokedown Palace

6-28-86, Alpine Valley Music Center, East Troy, WI
Hell in a Bucket, Ramble On Rose, C.C. Rider, Row Jimmy, Beat It On Down the Line ♦ Touch of Gray, Looks Like Rain, Don't Ease Me In

Playin' in the Band ♦ jam ♦ Uncle John's Band ♦ jam ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ China Doll ♦ Playin' reprise ♦ Goin' Down the Road ♦ Lovelight/Saturday Night

6-29-86, Alpine Valley
Mississippi Half-Step ♦ Franklin's Tower ♦ Dancin' in the Streets, Brown-Eyed Women, New Minglewood Blues, Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues, Stagger Lee, Samson & Delilah

Shakedown Street, Estimated Prophet ♦ Eyes of the World ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Other One ♦ Wharf Rat ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Not Fade Away . . . /NFA ♦ U.S.Blues

6-30-86, Riverbend Amphitheater, Cincinnati, OH
Feel Like a Stranger, Friend of the Devil, Mama Tried ♦ Big River, Loser, Cassidy, West L.A. Fadeaway, Let It Grow

Bertha ♦ Man Smart Woman Smarter, Ship of Fools, Smokestack Lightning ♦ He's Gone ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ I Need a Miracle ♦ Stella Blue ♦ Good Lovin'/The Mighty Quinn

7-2-86, The Rubber Bowl, Akron, OH
Alabama Getaway ♦ Greatest Story Ever Told ♦ They Love Each Other, Little Red Rooster (with Dylan), Don't Think Twice It's Alright (with Dylan), Baby Blue (with Dylan), Candyman, Me & My Uncle ♦ Mexicali Blues, Don't Ease Me In

China Cat Sunflower ♦ I Know You Rider, Playin' in the Band ♦ jam ♦ Desolation Row ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Truckin' ♦ Black Peter ♦ Sugar Magnolia/Box of Rain

7-4-86, Rich Stadium, Buffalo, NY
Jack Straw, Dupree's Diamond Blues, C.C. Rider, Tennessee Jed, My Brother Esau, Touch of Gray

Cold Rain & Snow ♦ Fire on the Mountain, Samson & Delilah, The Wheel ♦ I Need a Miracle ♦ Uncle John's Band ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Gimme Some Lovin' ♦ Goin' Down the Road ♦ Lovelight/U.S. Blues

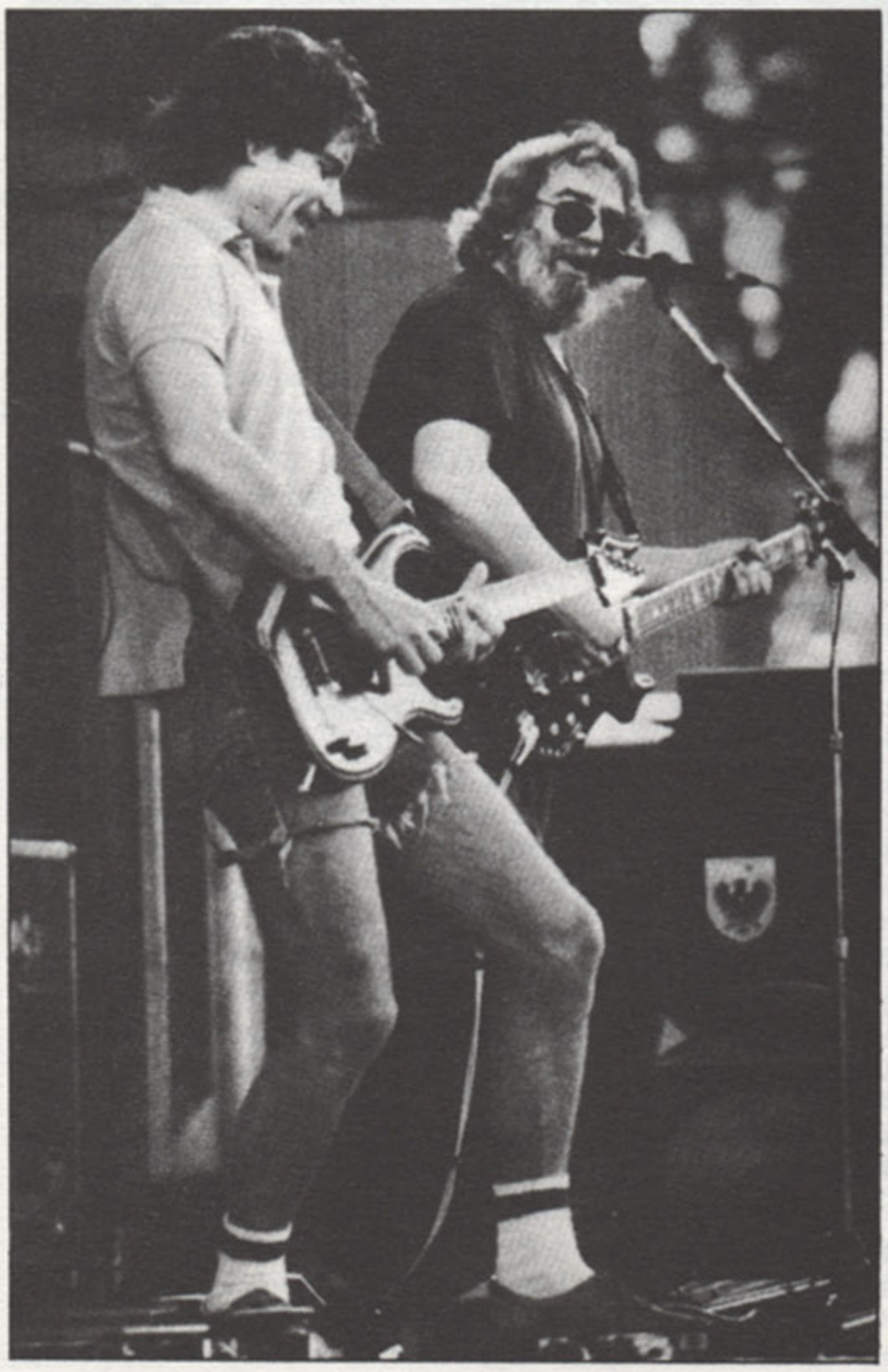
7-6-86, RFK Stadium, Washington D.C.
Hell in a Bucket ♦ Sugaree, Me & My Uncle ♦ Big River, Row Jimmy, Cassidy, Althea, Let It Grow

Saint of Circumstance ♦ Iko Iko, Looks Like Rain ♦ He's Gone ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Stella Blue ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Not Fade Away/Brokedown Palace

7-7-86, RFK Stadium
Ramble On Rose, New Minglewood Blues, Must've Been the Roses, Baby Blue (with Dylan), Desolation Row (with Dylan)

Box of Rain, Playin' in the Band ♦ jam ♦ Terrapin ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Other One ♦ Wharf Rat ♦ Around & Around ♦ Good Lovin'/Satisfaction

Is this any way to see a rock show? Rich Stadium in Buffalo rocks on the 4th of July



Left: Garcia and Weir in the late afternoon sun at Alpine Valley, where the Dead set an attendance record by drawing 28,500 fans. Below: Billy during one of Alpine's more intense moments

One of the plethora of summer tour T-shirts. This one hailed "In-Deadpendence Day 1986."

From top: Jerry and the other *Bob at RFK during "Desolation Row"; Weir in Buffalo, July 4th; Petty, Mike Campbell and Dylan; cooling off at RFK, where the temperature hit 97 degrees.*

Desolation Row

They're selling postcards of the hanging
They're painting the passports brown
The beauty parlor is filled with sailors
The circus is in town
Here comes the blind commissioner
They've got him in a trance
One hand is tied to the tight-rope walker
The other is in his pants
And the riot squad they're restless
They need somewhere to go
As Lady and I look out tonight
From Desolation Row

Cinderella, she seems so easy
"It takes one to know one," she smiles
And puts her hands in her back pockets
Bette Davis style
And in comes Romeo, he's moaning
"You Belong to Me I Believe"
And someone says, "You're in the wrong
place, my friend
You better leave"
And the only sound that's left
After the ambulances go
Is Cinderella sweeping up
On Desolation Row

Now the moon is almost hidden
The stars are beginning to hide
The fortunetelling lady
Has even taken all her things inside
All except for Cain and Able
And the hunchback of Notre Dame
Everybody is making love
Or else expecting rain
And the Good Samaritan, he's dressing
He's getting ready for the show
He's going to the carnival tonight
On Desolation Row

Now Ophelia, she's 'neath the window
For her I feel so afraid
On her twenty-second birthday
She already is an old maid
To her, death is quite romantic
She wears an iron vest
Her profession's her religion
Her sin is her lifelessness
And though her eyes are fixed upon
Noah's great rainbow
She spends her time peeking
Into Desolation Row

Einstein, disguised as Robin Hood
With his memories in a trunk
Passed this way an hour ago
With his friend, a jealous monk
He looked so immaculately frightful
As he bummed a cigarette
Then he went off sniffing drainpipes
And reciting the alphabet
Now you would not think to look at him
But he was famous long ago
For playing the electric violin
On Desolation Row

Dr. Filth, he keeps his world
Inside of a leather cup
But all his sexless patients
They're trying to blow it up
Now his nurse, some local loser
She's in charge of the cyanide hole
And she also keeps the cards that read
"Have Mercy on His Soul"
They all play on penny whistles
You can hear them blow
If you lean your head out far enough
From Desolation Row

Across the street they've nailed the curtains
They're getting ready for the feast
The Phantom of the Opera
A perfect image of a priest
They're spoonfeeding Casanova
To get him to feel more assured
Then they'll kill him with self-confidence
After poisoning him with words
And the Phantom's shouting to skinny girls
"Get Outa Here If You Don't Know
Casanova is just being punished for going
To Desolation Row"

Now at midnight all the agents
And the superhuman crew
Come out and round up everyone
That knows more than they do
Then bring them to the factory
Where the heart-attack machine
Is strapped across their shoulders
And then the kerosene
Is brought down from the castles
By insurance men who go
Check to see that nobody is escaping
To Desolation Row

Praise be to Nero's Neptune
The Titanic sails at dawn
And everybody's shouting
"Which Side Are You On?"
And Ezra Pound and T.S. Eliot
Fighting in the captain's tower
While calypso singers laugh at them
And fishermen hold flowers
Between the windows of the sea
Where lovely mermaids flow
And nobody has to think too much
About Desolation Row

Yes, I received your letter yesterday
(About the time the door knob broke)
When you asked how I was doing
Was that some kind of joke?
All these people that you mention
Yes, I know them, they're quite lame
I had to rearrange their faces
And give them all another name
Right now I can't read too good
Don't send me no more letters no
Not unless you mail them
From Desolation Row

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If I Told You All That Went Down...

A fond look back at Grateful Dead Records

By Steve Brown

In the land of rock, the discs of sound are pushed by the weasels of greed.

— Anton Round

Fire! Fire on the mountain! My office was awash in a hellish umber glow as mountainous clouds of smoke draped across the sky. From our funky Victorian house in San Rafael, the Grateful Dead Record Company crew watched the nearby hills blazing wildly out of control.

It was hot and unseasonably weird on this spring day in 1976. Mickey *still* wasn't done mixing *Diga. Steal Your Face,* even after being rescued from bedlam, continued to suffer from a nasty curse put upon it by some obscure and mean old Pharoah. Grateful Dead Records' president, Ron Rakow, who was in L.A. explaining delays while negotiating deals with United Artists, had become uncharacteristically quiet. Outside the GD Record Company eucalyptus trees were exploding in flames. There were ugly rumors of shitstorms on the horizon. It looked like my journey on this adventurous Grateful Dead trip was about to come to the end of the road.

It was on the road — Highway 1 between the rural West Marin County towns of Bolinas and Olema — in March 1972 that Rakow had flashed on a whole independent record system that could work for the Dead. After six years with Warner Bros., working with guys in suits who never quite understood them, the Dead had been considering declaring independence, and had asked Rakow to explore the possibilities. A slick financial appliance around the Dead's funky household (he had come to the band in the mid-'60s by way of Wall Street, where he'd been a whiz-kid arbitrageur), Rakow proceeded to investigate, researching the financial statements, structure and distribution systems of the major record companies.

On the Fourth of July 1972, Rakow's vision became a 93-page report known as the "So What Papers" (probably derived from that awful cosmic revelation, "So what?"). The Dead didn't go for Rakow's initial proposal as submitted. Maybe some of the more conservative guys in the organization didn't like his idea of the Dead's records being distributed by Good Humor trucks. (Actually, it sounded pretty cool to me — "Here comes Uncle John's van, buy his vinyl sides.")

Some good Deadhead friends in the music scene (Hale Milgram and Paul Nichols) tipped me off that the Dead needed additional input. Ah, my big chance! I contacted the Dead office and was invited by Rakow and the band's management to submit my own "What, How, Why Me" report. Inspired by my enthusiasm for the band, as a "deadvotee" from The Warlocks' Peninsula bar-gig days, I was psyched at the opportunity to communicate and perhaps participate with the Dead on their new venture.

For my report, I pulled deep from my heart and mind to relate my feelings and experiences. During the dozen years I'd spent in the music business up to that point, I had managed a band — The Friendly Stranger — produced concerts, been a music programmer at KSFO in the City, a disc jockey at KPRI in San Diego and KSJO in San Jose. I'd also done record promotion, distribution and wholesale buying in the Bay Area. As head buyer for the original Record Factory stores, it was with a missionary's zeal and joy that I had promoted and turned lots of folks on to

Steve Brown is an independent Bay Area video filmmaker and an instructor at Skyline College in San Bruno, CA. He is working for the Grateful Dead with Len dell' Amico, assisting in the production of their forthcoming video.

Steve sells Jerry the Golden Gate Bridge for five bucks, 1976. Photo: Jim Marshall © 1986

some truly good old Grateful Dead in 1971 and '72 (*American Beauty* through *Garcia* and *Europe '72*—hot stuff!).

In the beginning of 1973, I respectfully delivered to Rakow and the Dead my report outlining marketing, distribution, promotion and advertising ideas for their independent record trip. Because of Pigpen's critical illness at that time, most business decisions were being forestalled. And after I had set a new world's record for breath-holding, I finally got a call from Rakow to come meet with him and the Dead's management. We met, they liked me and stamped my hand OK. When it came up for the band's approval, the real acid test, I got that, too. All right! I was on the Golden Road, and the bus had stopped to let me on. A Deadhead's dream come true.

The Grateful Dead had firmly decided to have their own record label. In April of '73 we put together a record company crew that would be administered by Rakow as president and general manager, with me responsible for recording production coordination and national promotion, Andy Leonard handling manufacturing and advertising, Greg Nelson covering distribution and sales, and Joshua Blardo doing national radio promotion. After taking over the Dead's old office, which looked like it had been transplanted from Haight-Ashbury to San Rafael, the new Grateful Dead Records office staff was rounded out with Jeanne Jones as accountant and Barbara Whitestone and Carol Miller managing the office.

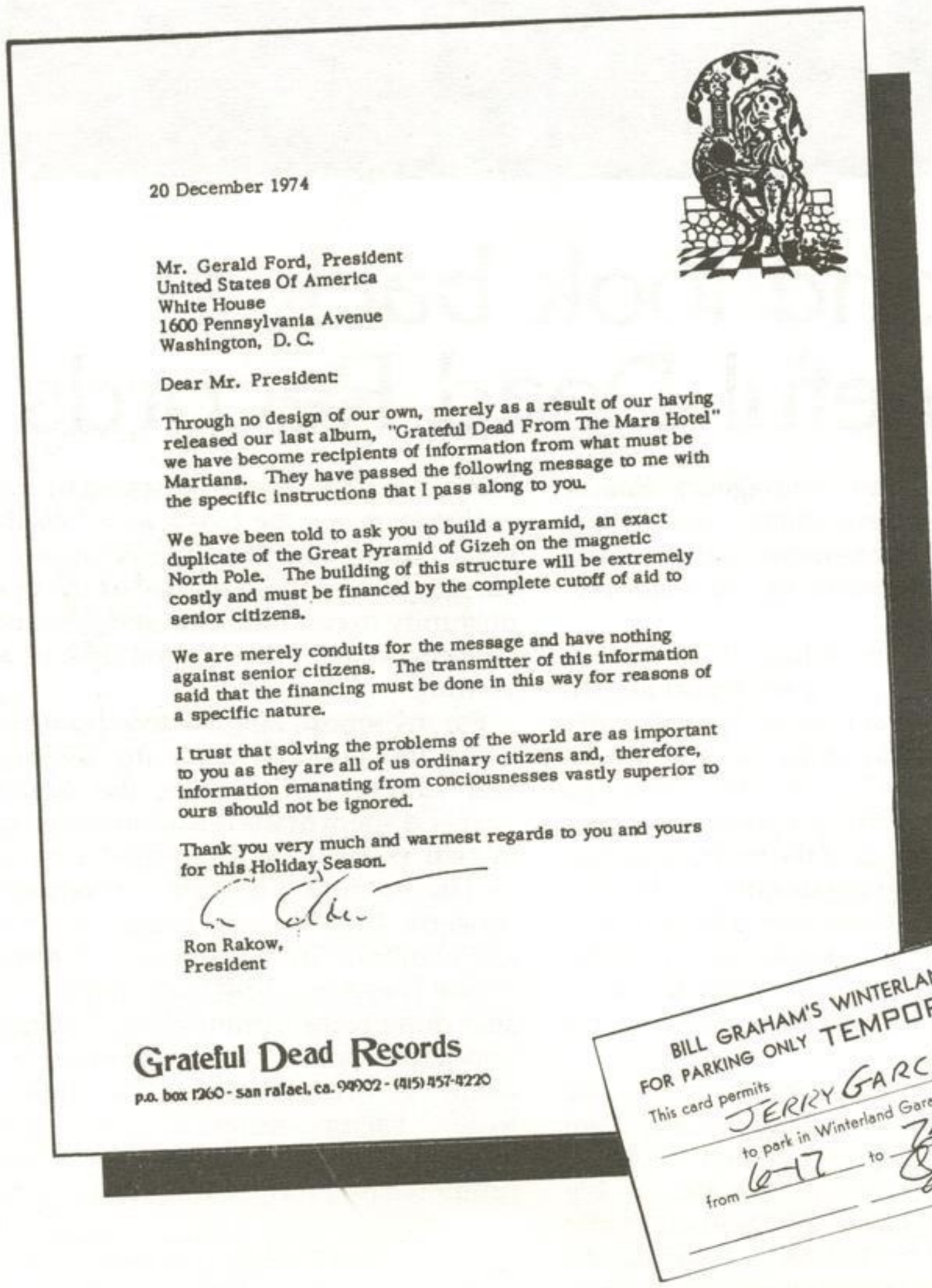
Despite their reputation as a group of guys who liked to take risks, Rakow and the Dead decided that rather than jeopardize Grateful Dead Records, which was co-owned by all the voting members of the organization, they would create a second label to handle the more financially dubious solo projects members of the Dead were interested in pursuing. Thus was born Round Records, owned 50/50 by Garcia and Rakow.

Rakow financed the start-up of Grateful Dead Records and Round Records by selling foreign manufacturing and distribution rights to Atlantic Records for $300,000. He also set up a financial umbrella in which the First National Bank of Boston would approve and underwrite the 18 independent record distributors we had chosen to use throughout the country.

In order to survey the retail and wholesale record scene and generally gauge the "Deadness" of the marketplace, I was sent back East in that summer of '73. While there, I got to experience the awesome gathering at Watkins Glen and was treated to some memorable Dead-Allman Brothers jamming in a rehearsal trailer backstage.

Returning home after a summer of flexing their musical muscles, the Dead had a bunch of juicy new tunes ripe for their first offering on their own new label. And in August of '73 the band, family and crew moved into the Record Plant studios in Sausalito to start work on *Wake of the Flood*. Around this same time Robert Hunter was at Mickey's barn recording tracks on his and our first Round Records release, *Tales of the Great Rum Runners*.

From the beginning we were determined to make our albums of the highest quality vinyl and apply our own personal quality control in all the phases of record production. Getting artists for album cover art was never a



20 December 1974

Mr. Gerald Ford, President
United States Of America
White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. President:

Through no design of our own, merely as a result of our having released our last album, "Grateful Dead From The Mars Hotel" we have become recipients of information from what must be Martians. They have passed the following message to me with the specific instructions that I pass along to you.

We have been told to ask you to build a pyramid, an exact duplicate of the Great Pyramid of Gizeh on the magnetic North Pole. The building of this structure will be extremely costly and must be financed by the complete cutoff of aid to senior citizens.

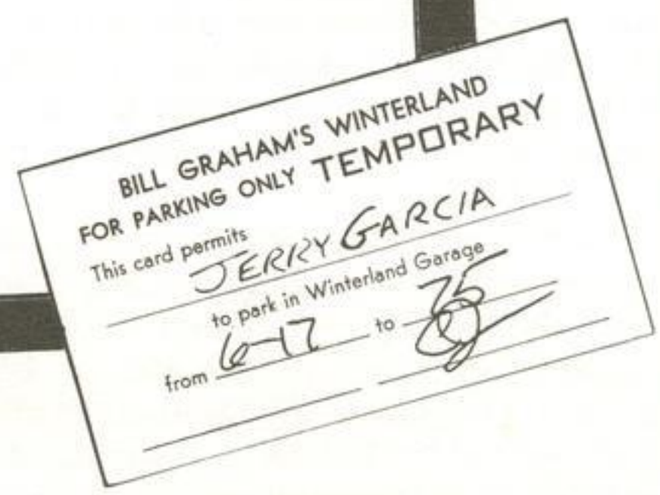
We are merely conduits for the message and have nothing against senior citizens. The transmitter of this information said that the financing must be done in this way for reasons of a specific nature.

I trust that solving the problems of the world are as important to you as they are all of us ordinary citizens and, therefore, information emanating from conciousnesses vastly superior to ours should not be ignored.

Thank you very much and warmest regards to you and yours for this Holiday Season.

Ron Rakow,
President

Grateful Dead Records
p.o. box 1260 - san rafael, ca. 94902 - (415) 457-8220



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keit. Jugendliche unter 15 Jah
—Rauchen im Saal aus feuerpol

problem, as the Dead have been fortunate to have exceptionally talented artists around their scene for years. We commissioned one of my personal favorites, Rick Griffin, to do both initial releases of Grateful Dead and Round Records — *Wake* and *Rum Runners*. Rick knew from the biblical story of The Flood (Genesis, chapter 8, verse 7) that Noah had sent forth a raven. But the raven he rendered on the back cover looked more like a crow to Rakow: He knew that either we'd make a good show of our first independent releases or we'd be eating that silly bird; better the skeptics in the record industry should eat it instead.

The *Wake* sessions went quite smoothly and pleasantly by Dead standards. When we finally had our first *Wake* album cassette copies fresh from mastering at the Lacquer Channel in Sausalito, I really felt that the Dead had recorded the sequel to *Abbey Road*. I loved it.

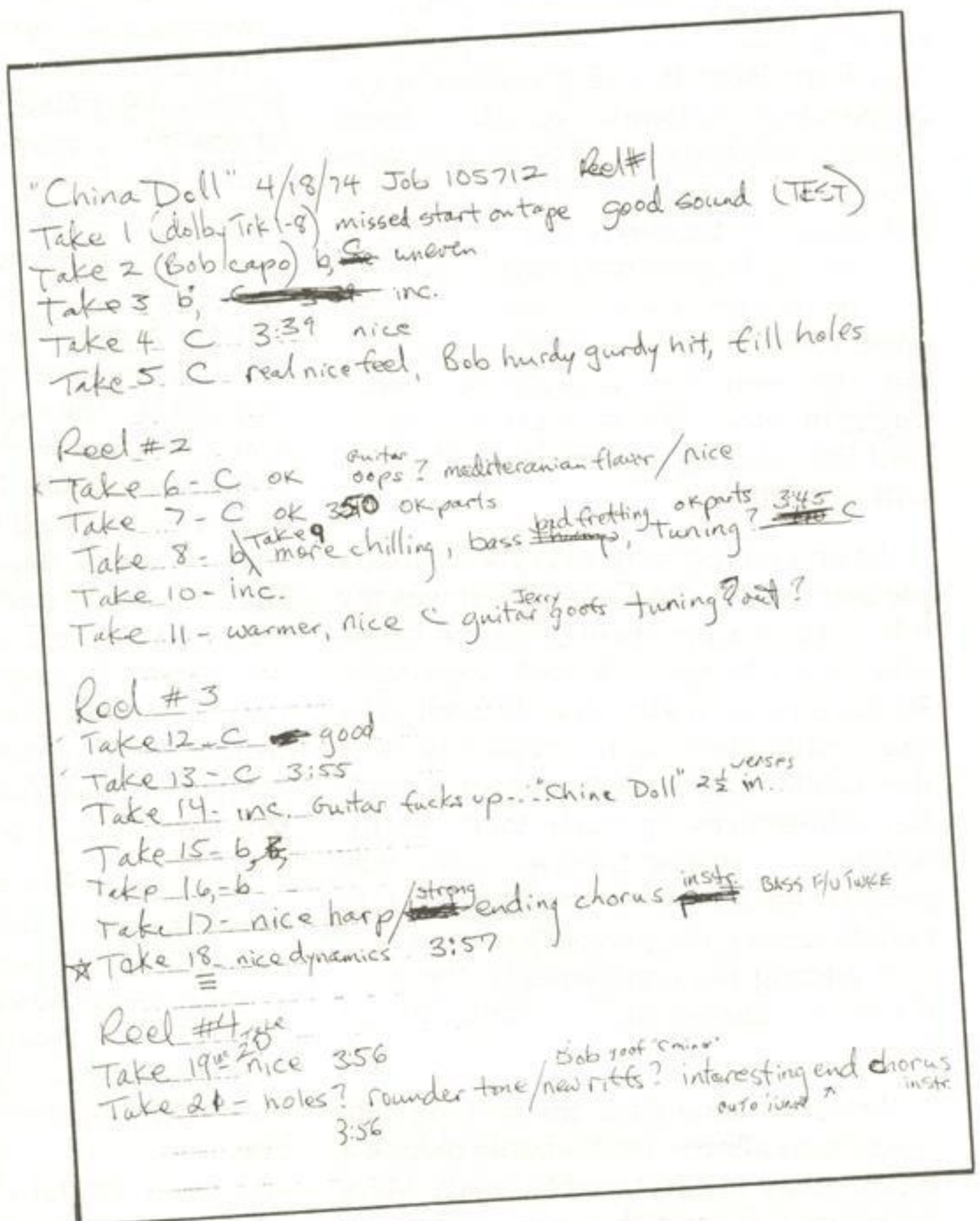
I was excited about making that October's album premiere tour, doing advance work for the band and turning on our distributors, radio stations, record stores and Deadheads everywhere to some really good all-new stuff.

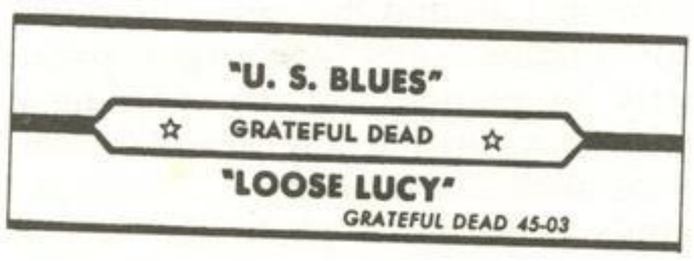
Shortly after our new album was released, after we'd spent lots of overtime assuring product quality control, we discovered, much to our dismay, that sleazy counterfeit copies of *Wake of the Flood* were turning up on the East Coast. We'd been slimed! I had never imagined that the Grateful Dead would end up working with the FBI. By the time the counterfeiting subsided, we had been distracted long enough to lose valuable promotion and sales momentum. Still, despite the "evil twin" album, we were able to sell over 400,000 copies of the real *Wake*, a healthy number in those days.

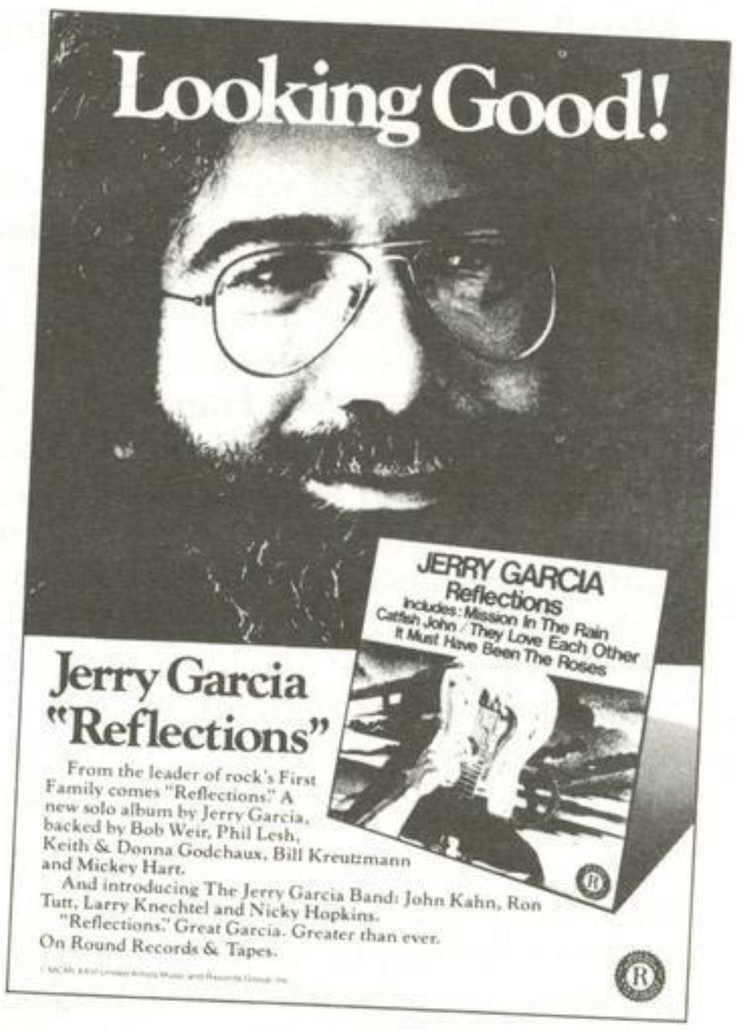
Around this time we decided to plug in more directly to all the Deadheads. The Dead Freaks Unite campaign, introduced inside the "Skull & Roses" LP in '71, had been a tremendous success — we'd built up a mailing list of 30,000 names — and we knew a direct mailing list and newsletter served as an effective communication link with the Deadheads. To reach even more people, we decided after *Wake* to send a Grateful Dead Records promotion booth on tour with the band. Our gambit worked: We signed up another 50,000 on the '74 tours.

The booth was designed by Michael Gaspars of Bolinas and consisted of two pairs of 4 × 8-foot folding plywood panels, each with a custom Courtenay Pollack tie-dye representing one of the four seasons. A 12-foot table in front of the booth was also trimmed in Courtenay dyes. (Many Deadheads know Courtenay's work from the '81, '82 and '83 Greek shows, for which he created the stage backdrops. He also made the Dead's famous early '70s amp covers.) Signs over the booth were made by Kelley & Mouse that read: "FREE STUF" and "GRATEFUL DEAD COMMERCIAL MESSAGE." On the table for people who came to the booth already feeling a little strange, we had a mirrored infinity box containing a lovely two-headed skull-and-roses sculpture by David Best. It was a unique experience, to say the least, manning this kaleidoscopic wonder throughout the '74 tours.

Giving out posters and postcards of all our records, signing up people on our "junk mail" list and getting direct feedback about the Dead and their rec-







A GD Records scrapbook. Clockwise from below: Magazine ad for Reflections; *a GD jukebox label; ticket for 9-14-74 Munich show; parking pass for the Bob Fried benefit; a letter sent to President Ford; Steve (in tie-dye) at GD promo booth; Steve's notes on Jerry's comments on different takes of "China Doll"*

Record biz promo at SF radio station KFRC. L-R: Promo man Dino Barbas, Rock Scully, Joshua Blardo of the Dead, KFRC's Dave Sholin, Weir, unknown KFRC staffer

ords seemed an appropriate and friendly way of doing Grateful Dead business. Most rewarding to me was meeting all the wonderful people at Dead concerts all across North America and Europe. I was never in need of any booth handling help, setting up or taking down. Some Deadheads would follow along and help for a whole regional tour. Local Deadheads would turn me on to their scene and their town. I've often felt that the best "product" that the Dead have produced has been their fans. It was an amazing year of touring and expanding my reality.

Before the Dead went on the road in '74, Garcia got into the studio and started his second solo album, titled *Garcia,* just like his first had been. Some tracks were cut at CBS and Wally Heider's in San Francisco, and others were done at Devonshire Studios in L.A. with session players like Michael Omartian (keyboards), Ron Tutt (drums) and Bobbye Hall (percussion). Backup vocals were added by Clydie King, Merry Clayton and Maria Muldaur. It was a delightfully eclectic musical menu with vibrant cover art by psychedelic poster artist Victor Moscoso.

We had the *Garcia* promotional copies for radio stations, reviewers and in-store playing printed with "Compliments of" over the title *Garcia,* instead of the usual "Promo Copy — Not for Sale" sticker. We thought it would be classier, but the disc jockeys and reviewers thought it was the title. Oh well, just so they spell your name correctly, right?

In March of '74 the Dead started recording *Mars Hotel* at CBS Studios in San Francisco. It was the straight old corporate professional recording studio scene, complete with CBS company engineer — Uncle Roy [Seigel]. The big advantage in Studio A was the capacity to sync-up two 16-track tape machines and record on up to *30* tracks. As the band's sound system seemed to be testing the mid-'70s attitude of "more might be nice," it was not surprising to find them filling up almost all 30 tracks with something.

After making sure everybody had a pleasant supper at Cafe CBS, it was my job to keep a log sheet of all the tracks and each take on each track. Even with 30 tracks that wasn't too difficult. The real challenge was to accurately note the subtle, and sometimes not so subtle, differences in each take. Fortunately, my music tune-in factor was forever enriched by working next to Garcia during the playback of each take and adding his comments to the ones I'd noted during the recording of that take.

When it came time for naming this next Dead album, we had only to look a block away to the horribly seedy Mars Hotel just around the corner from the CBS Studios. Andy Leonard got up real early to photograph the morning's golden rays on that now-legendary and since-demolished landmark. For the album's back cover photo the whole band piled into my old Ford van and cruised over to the Cadillac Hotel in the heart of the City's Tenderloin district. Any hotel that *already* has a stuffed alligator on the wall of their lobby is our kinda zoo. From there, the creative geniuses of Kelley & Mouse were called upon to put these photos into the proper Grateful Dead perspective. While on a bad-pun jag late one night at CBS Studios, the phrase "ugly rumors" (from the Mars Hotel) snickeringly evolved. The line was passed along to Kelley & Mouse, who rendered it in pseudo-Aztec lettering. Holding these strange-looking words above the cover art one day at their studio, I was told by Mouse that I had the words upside down and backwards. Perfect! This Grateful Dead release was going to be a lot of fun.

And fun it was. The free postcards and posters of *Mars Hotel,* the Heads' puzzling over the mysterious words on the cover, the comments and discussions of songs on the new Dead album kept the GD Records promo booth buzzin' that summer.

We lugged what had come to be known by the road crew as "Brown's box" across Europe that September of '74. I had to learn how to translate the Americanese "junk mailing list" and "free stuff" into German, French and British. We played first in London, and at the performances in the mammoth Alexandra Palace, Pink Floyd members came by to see the band. We spent at least a week or more in London, and I was able to check out lots of neat places like the Royal Albert Museum. There in the Egyptian exhibit, I stood in front of the *original* hieroglyphic inscriptions of the Egyptian *Book of The Dead*. There they were, those haunting words first heard proclaimed by the high priest of the Temple of Avalon, Chet Helms: "In the land of the dark, the ship of the sun is pulled by the Grateful Dead." Seeing the actual inscription allowed me to reach back and touch a reality from thousands of years past. And it *was* the Grateful Dead that had brought me to this very spot. It was a magic moment.

We flew to Munich next. During the performance at the Olympic Hall, Phil Lesh and Ned Lagin's "electronic" set actually began to start a massive mental riot in the Germans' minds.

When Germans get upset, they show their displeasure by whistling loud. The louder they whistled, the louder and more brutal Phil and Ned's electronic onslaught became. It was war! We were fighting the Jerries again. Well, they messed the hall up pretty good, but nobody got hurt and we made it out of Germany alive.

Since we couldn't nail down the

planned Amsterdam gig, we decided to take the extra time and go to the next gigs in France by way of Switzerland. Phil, Ned, Dan Healy and I rented a car in Zurich and went on an enhanced sightseeing tour through the Swiss Alps. After visits to Lucerne and Geneva, it was time to cross over into France. At the Swiss-French border check, we found ourselves shuffling the enhancement supply from person to person in a dance that could only be improvised by persons already greatly enhanced. [See "Tall Tales," Issue #6.] Truly a classic performance. Everybody took their well-earned bows later, a little farther down the road.

The next concert was in Dijon, France, in the Burgundy region. Needless to say, we did sample the local wines, as well as breads and cheeses.

The last shows were in Paris, where we cruised the Louvre before heading home to do a run of last performances at Winterland. The band would "retire" then for a year of woodshedding and working on various projects.

It was going to be a busy year "off." About two weeks before the October Winterland "last shows," the Dead decided to film the performances and make their own feature-length Grateful Dead Movie. Round Reels was formed to produce it. Crews were hired and shooting scripts were drawn up. I had an opportunity to take off my record production hat and put on a film production hat. It was a hectic scene for two weeks, but the shooting went well. Although the film soundtrack recorded all right, there were some major fuck-ups in the audio taping department, which later surfaced when it came time to put together the live album *Steal Your Face*.

I got a chance to script shot sheets (lists of things to film) and assist in production and post-production activities. My own mug even turns up in a segment of the film where we're onstage with Boots going over the logistics for his pyrotechnic effects to be used during the show. The scene shot backstage of Jerry noodling on his guitar and me continuously rolling joints and stacking them into his guitar case didn't make the final edit.

When I saw the animation work Gary Gutierrez was doing, I knew the opening segment would be really hot. To get the authentic chopper sound for the motorcycling skeleton in this segment, Dan Healy and crew went to Sears Point Raceway. There, from the back of Healy's Ranchero pickup, we miked a Harley chopper being audaciously commanded by Crazy Peter Sheridan. Jamming the throttle around the track, Crazy Peter was one of those amazing assholes that you love to hate. When I see that skeleton on his bike in the movie, I remember Crazy Peter — he's gone.

In January of '75 the band was ready to hole up daily at Weir's studio and put together a new album more or less from scratch. They had given themselves the luxury of retiring from the road in '75, and each band member seemed to be hungry to sink his creative teeth into this new recording, which would become *Blues for Allah*.

The long-run daily daytime drill of mining for tunes in Weir's studio ran up a healthy food and beverage bill at the Mill Valley Market . . . Lunch for Allah and a doggie treat for Otis, please.

The evolution of the songs for *Blues for Allah* was a fascinating and at times tedious process — working and reworking each segment of each musical piece over and over again. So it was with some dubious relief that the band took a busman's holiday to rehearse for a few days with other musician friends for the upcoming SNACK benefit concert at Kezar Stadium in SF. Working with some of their new material, they jammed with David Crosby, John Cipollina, Merl Saunders, Ned Lagin and Mickey Hart. (It was during these "SNACK sessions" that Mickey began to rejoin the Grateful Dead.) Since none of the new pieces had lyrics yet, they were all rehearsed and performed at SNACK only instrumentally. As the *Allah* tracks became keeper takes, lyric sessions were held and the musical tunes emerged as songs. There was no doubting that this was going to be a strong album for the Dead.

Consequently we wanted strong cover art for the album. Phil Garris from San Diego was recommended to us by our surfer artist buddies in Southern California. As it turned out, Phil Garris had already completed a Grateful Dead painting. We flew him up to show us. It was of a robed skeleton playing a fiddle. Great! I took Garris and his painting to the band's recording session that day and had him pre-

The Best Laid Plans

Great ideas that never happened

★ MARS BARS

Prior to the release of the *Mars Hotel* album in '75, I thought it would be a fun promotional idea to distribute to radio stations and record stores bunches of those tiny little bars of soap you find in hotels and motels, with a fantastic Kelly & Mouse-designed wrapper. To add to the fun, I suggested we use that joke soap that produces black suds when you lather up. The idea was shelved when we put our extra advertising dollars into a spiffy animated *Mars Hotel* TV commercial instead.

★ HOLOGRAPHIC COVER ART

More than a couple of times, various holographic artists were invited to the GD Record Company's office to show us their prototypes of a three-dimensional holographic design for one of the upcoming Dead album covers. Due to the relative newness of this artform at the time, the cost per album was not economically feasible.

★ GROUND RECORDS

Early in '76, we began to research the possibility of starting a new, third record label to handle GD and family "archive" album product, to be sold by mail order only, at a $4.98 list price. Called Ground Records, the label would release exceptionally good outtakes from various recording sessions (jams from *Blues for Allah*, *Reflections*, *Diga*, etc.) as well as some really hot live concert and rehearsal recordings. Financing, royalties, distribution and product ideas had been all worked out on paper when plans ground to a halt with Rakow's sudden departure.

★ THE HOLOGRAPHIC MUSIC PYRAMID

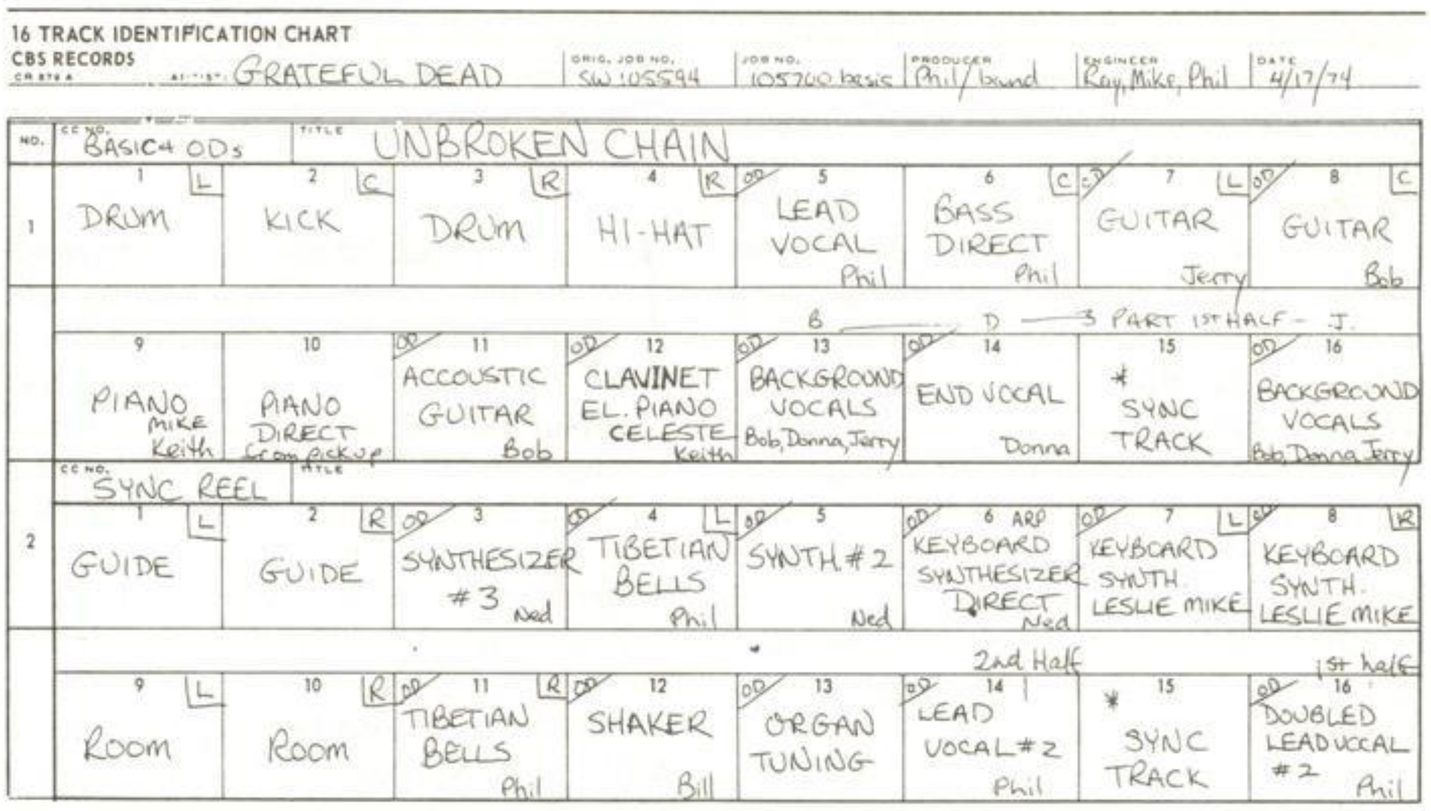
One of the best hoaxes I've been proud to be associated with. Based on theoretical concepts of that time, the idea of encoding Dead music on a one-inch pyramid to be read by an optical fiber seemed to be plausible. In one of our junk mailing newsletters, we stated that the Dead would be attempting to come out with this new musical reproduction form, and actual scientists in the holographic field became more than curious about our heretofore unheard of efforts in this new medium. Of course Rakow had made a one-inch model of this wondrous little pyramid, which he didn't hesitate to grandly produce at the slightest provocation. Just about the time when we thought our cheeks could no longer stand the pressure from our tongues, some Deadhead scientist in New York working with holography reported back to us that he had made preliminary progress on a similar device and wished to speak with *our* researchers. We turned him over to Uncle Anton for further enlightenment.

sent it to the group. They all generally liked it, but some sensed something unsettling about it. "Those green glasses and eyes, too insectoid," offered Lesh.

Well, Garris had to get back to San Diego and thought it might help if I hung on to the painting just in case they had a change of heart; he'd come back for it later. For safe keeping, I hung the painting on the wall at the foot of my bed that week. It was strong art, a good design. After some time had passed I called Phil and told him to get back up here and to bring his painting stuff. He repainted the glasses and eyes red, added a tiny tear running out from them and integrated the words "Blues For Allah" into the design. Then we presented the new version to the band. "Ahh! That's it now" was the unanimous response. And *now* it had to be, because after seven months of recording, time was running out; our new distribution deal with United Artists was forcing the Grateful Dead to face again their most dreaded nemesis — the Deadline. Phil Garris' album art design, by the way, went on to be awarded first prize by the National Illustrators Association that year. My bedroom wall will never be the same.

The film was costing a bundle. We needed more money, so Rakow made a deal with UA for the manufacturing and distribution rights of Grateful Dead Records and Round Records. That helped us to continue to fund Round Reels, where Garcia was spending his time overseeing the film project — when he wasn't working on *Allah* or

GD Records' lead weasel Ron Rakow



16 TRACK IDENTIFICATION CHART
CBS RECORDS
ARTIST: GRATEFUL DEAD | ORIG. JOB NO. SW 105594 | JOB NO. 105700 basic | PRODUCER Phil/bound | ENGINEER Ray, Mike, Phil | DATE 4/17/74

NO.								
	CC NO. BASIC 4 ODs — TITLE UNBROKEN CHAIN							
1	1 L DRUM	2 C KICK	3 R DRUM	4 R HI-HAT	OD 5 LEAD VOCAL Phil	6 C BASS DIRECT Phil	OD 7 L GUITAR Jerry	OD 8 C GUITAR Bob
	B — D — 3 PART 1ST HALF - J.							
	9 PIANO MIKE Keith	10 PIANO DIRECT from pickup	OD 11 ACCOUSTIC GUITAR Bob	OD 12 CLAVINET EL. PIANO CELESTE Keith	OD 13 BACKGROUND VOCALS Bob, Donna, Jerry	OD 14 END VOCAL Donna	15 * SYNC TRACK	OD 16 BACKGROUND VOCALS Bob, Donna, Jerry
	CC NO. SYNC REEL — TITLE							
2	1 L GUIDE	2 R GUIDE	OD 3 SYNTHESIZER #3 Ned	OD 4 L TIBETIAN BELLS Phil	OD 5 SYNTH #2 Ned	OD 6 ARP KEYBOARD SYNTHESIZER DIRECT Ned	OD 7 L KEYBOARD SYNTH LESLIE MIKE	OD 8 R KEYBOARD SYNTH. LESLIE MIKE
	2nd Half — 1st half							
	9 L ROOM	10 R ROOM	OD 11 R TIBETIAN BELLS Phil	OD 12 SHAKER Bill	OD 13 ORGAN TUNING	OD 14 LEAD VOCAL #2 Phil	15 * SYNC TRACK	OD 16 DOUBLED LEAD VOCAL #2 Phil

Track sheet for the recording of "Unbroken Chain"

playing with the Garcia Band or producing albums with some of his bluegrass heroes. (Excuse me, folks, but this talented gentleman, Señor Jerome J. Garcia, *is* fucking amazing.) The Good Old Boys sessions at Mickey's studio were a special time for all concerned, as Garcia had a chance to produce artists he had long admired: Don Reno (banjo), Chubby Wise (fiddle), Frank Wakefield (mandolin) and David Nelson (guitar). Two days of pure bluegrass heaven for all of us, but especially for Garcia. Lotsa laughin' 'n' apickin'. It was a good ol' time.

Sometime in the spring of '75 I was approached by several of the local artists around the Dead scene to see about putting together a benefit for the family of one of their fellow artists who had died — Bob Fried. Since the Dead were "retired" at the time, I asked Garcia if he'd play and maybe invite some of his friends. I was able to get Winterland, Garcia was able to get some friends (all the members of the Grateful Dead), and with help from Uncle Bill the whole thing was a great success. We raised over $7000 for the Fried family.

There were two actual Grateful Dead gigs in this "year of retirement." One was Grateful Dead Records' album premiere party for *Blues For Allah* — a small by-invitation-only event at the Great American Music Hall in the City (which was also broadcast on the radio) — and the other a free concert for 25,000 people in Golden Gate Park with the Starship. At the Park gig the Dead *and* the Hell's Angels decided to use my van for their backstage room. It smelled like a Heineken brewery for months. However, I did excavate about half a pound of some really good roaches from the deal.

It was time for another Garcia album, as per contract with UA. Songs for *Reflections* were drawn from material that the Dead had been performing live — "Might As Well," "Comes a Time," "They Love Each Other" and "Must've Been the Roses" — some of the basic tracks of which had already been recorded by GD band members at Weir's studio. The bulk of the recording and mixing was done at His Masters Wheels, Elliot Mazer's cozy studio on a little side street off Market in the City. Garcia used his then-Garcia Band personnel — John Kahn, Ron Tutt and Nicky Hopkins — to complete the other songs on this album. The HMW sessions contained some sensational jams, and the final songs on *Reflections* are well performed and include classic versions of familiar Grateful Dead concert tunes. "Mission in the Rain" is a nice hometown touch by Garcia.

I got to tour quite extensively with this particular version of the Garcia Band throughout the fall of '75. You haven't really lived until you've had your limo escorted at high speed all the way from Central Park South to the Lower East Side by the Hell's Angels.

Mickey's barn cum studio Rolling Thunder was always a great place to work. It had the vibes of a place well lived-in with music making. It was like a secret clubhouse built out in the woods by boys who maybe didn't let girls join. The *Tiger Rose* sessions there with Robert Hunter gave me a chance to work with Pete Sears and David Freiberg from the Starship, David Grisman and Dave Torbert. The *Tiger Rose* cover art design by Kelley & Mouse is exceptional and one of my favorites.

Another hot set of sessions at Mickey's were for his *Diga* album. There the Diga Rhythm Band — 14 different players on a multitude of percussion instruments — cooked along, joined at times by Garcia, who wove in and out of the polyrhythms with dazzling guitar lines. Tasty stuff. Please make the effort to hear *Diga* someday; an exciting al-

bum produced by Mickey Hart.

By mid-'76 United Artists was due its next Dead album. Not being able to pull another *Blues For Allah* out of a hat just like that, the Dead opted to release a live double-album of the October '74 concerts at Winterland. What no one apparently knew was that the original master recordings recorded by Bill Wolf were, partly due to his own fault, fucked up. It was like trying to get shit out of peanut butter. Nobody wanted to deal with it. At one point the whole stressed-out mess got to Wolf and he flipped out, holding the tapes hostage in his house in Stinson Beach. After the tapes were rescued, Phil and Bear [Owsley] bit the bullet and attempted to salvage what they could from these reels of magnetic kaka.

Rakow had promised United Artists the *Diga* album and was sweating it out in L.A., assuring them that it was coming.

The animation segment production for the Grateful Dead Movie had turned into a black hole of funding (it had gotten too *good* to stop). The movie post-production expenses continued to mount up, as such projects are wont to do. And now Rakow was adding a new Hell's Angels movie into the stew. Jeez!

The Grateful Dead hadn't toured in

19 months, and consequently there was no concert cash flow to help the situation.

Rakow just had this double live nightmare album to play as his main hand in negotiating more money out of United Artists. He'd been pushin' on Mickey too hard, and counter vibes were stirring in the artists' camp. Dead management was uneasy. There was talk of a revised corporate structuring. And worst of all, they were about to be humiliated by an album to which they were contractually committed.

Rakow went weird. The UA deal made, he cut himself a hefty unauthorized severance check and disappeared.

The Grateful Dead had been bitten by their own weasel gone rabid. It was then that Phil christened the album *Steal Your Face*.

Over a period of four years, Grateful Dead and Round Records had put out no fewer than 14 albums, and Round Reels a feature-length concert film. It had been an incredible flood of experiences goin' down the road with the Dead. But on that weird spring day in '76, when the hills were blazing outside the office, the writing was on the wall. The GD Record Company's days were numbered. By the end of the year we were history, and before long the Dead would have the clammy handshake of Clive Davis to seal their new record deal with Arista Records.

Maybe the silver lightning-skull medallion, #86 of a series, that I got from Bear augured the eighty-sixing of Grateful Dead Records ("... then the lightning will!"). But in the sweet, sweet summertime of '86, the Lovelight is on and them smilin' furry bears are dancing in the sunshine again. Especially this Brown bear, now with a touch of gray. □

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Check below to see if you've missed any.

'We've got 200 copies of the Spring '84 issue going to New Jersey alone!'

Winter '84: *Interview with Mickey Hart, complete songlist of 1983*

Spring '84: *Interview with Phil Lesh, the Dead on video, an in-depth look at the Dead's stage lighting*

Summer '84: *Interviews with ex-Dead keyboardist Tom Constanten and artist Alton Kelley*

Fall '84: *Interview with Robert Hunter, survey of professional Deadheads*

Winter '85: *Interviews with Dead soundman Dan Healy, the Garcia Band, a look at Dead cover bands, Tall Tales 1965 – 70*

Spring '85: *Interviews with Garcia about film and video, Donna Godchaux, Tall Tales 1970 – 75*

Summer '85: *The 20th Anniversary press conference, a never before published '67 interview with Garcia, tales of Egypt*

Fall '85: *Interviews with Bill Graham, animator Gary Gutierrez (The Dead Movie), a compendium of other artists' records that Dead members appear on, photo gallery 1980 – 85*

Winter '86: *Interviews with Bob Weir, Dead lighting designer Candace Brightman*

Spring '86: *Interviews with Dead lyricist John Barlow, the roots of 'Iko Iko' and Mardi Gras music, more Dead videos*

Your Money Worries Are Over!

"Gee, I'd like to go to Red Rocks, but I just shelled out the last of my money for these *other* Dead tickets!"

Yes, just when you thought your bank account would get a break, along comes another Dead show. What do you do? Miss the show? Heaven forbid! Sell everything you own to go on the road, hoping you can scrape together some bucks selling those grainy, out-of-focus pictures you took at New Haven in '84? Good luck!

"There just doesn't seem to be a way to afford it all!"

No, you're wrong, because now there's help on the way in the form of the **Grateful Payroll Plan** (GPP), the unique ticket-buying system that makes it fun to go broke.

Simply explained, when you sign up for a GPP, your employer will automatically deduct a percentage of your salary and send it directly to the Grateful Dead. Then, when you order tickets using your non-transferable GPP credit card, the price of the tickets will be credited against the amount in your GPP reserve fund. What could be easier?

"What if I don't attend enough shows to use up my GPP account?"

No problem! The Dead keep collecting the money anyway so they can live in a style befitting their importance in your life. Someone has to pay for Jerry's Reeboks.

"OK, what does it cost?"

Well, that depends on how much you make, but generally not more than 35 percent of your salary — less than you spend on controlled substances in a year, and Dead shows are *legal* in most areas!

"When I opened my last bank account, I got a free toaster. What'll you give me?"

For a limited time only, everyone who signs up for a GPP will receive a copy of the critically acclaimed book *Whaaaat? The Complete Raps of Bob Weir.* This volume, hailed by one writer as "utterly indescribable," and another as "actually quite odd, now that you mention it," offers complete transcriptions of every one of Bob's "Lovelight" and "Good Lovin'" raps. This book has already changed thousands of lives — some for the better!

So next time you're at a Dead show, look for our booth that says, "WE NEED YOUR MONEY," and sign up for a GPP. And someday we just might play "Cosmic Charlie."

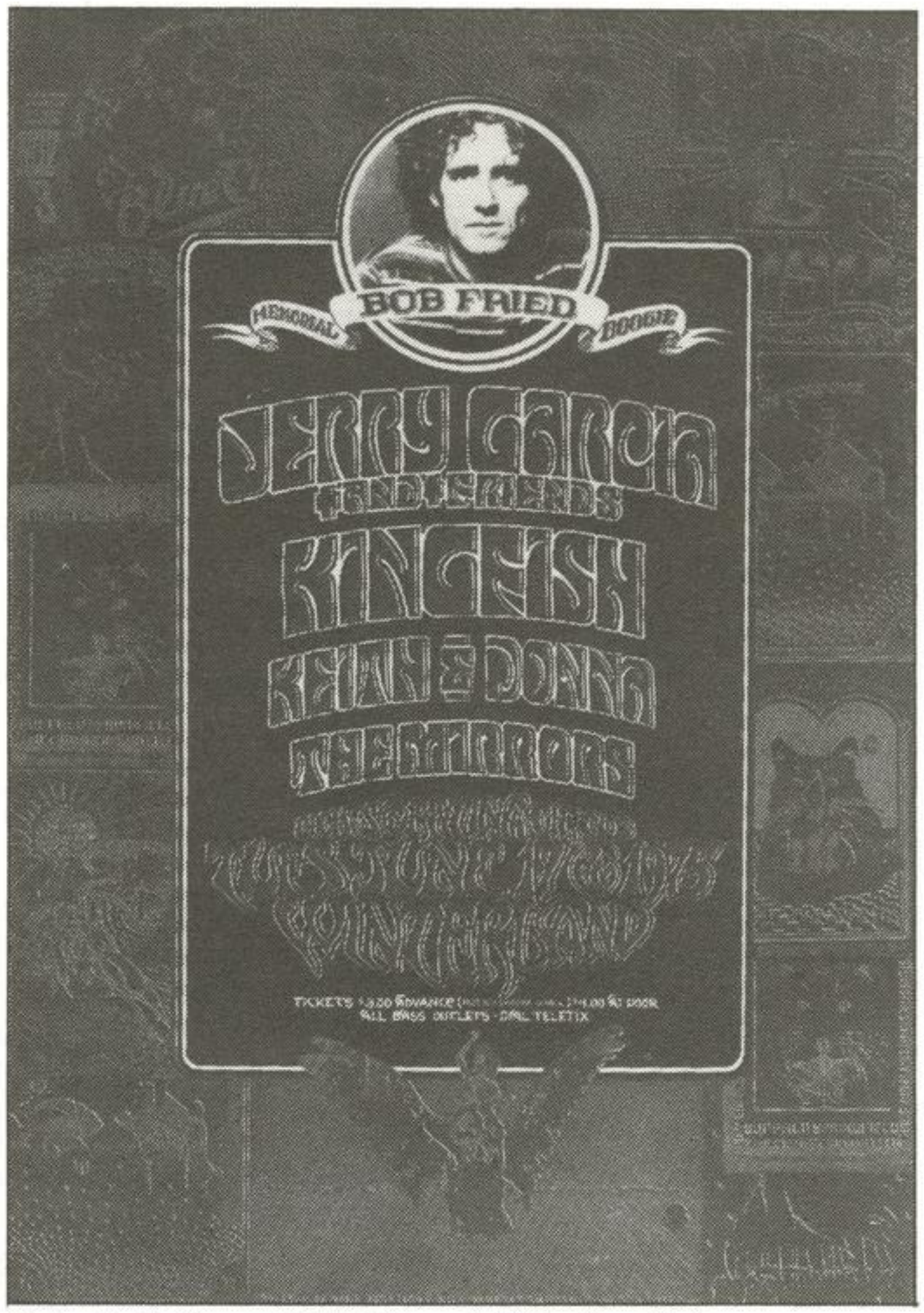
(Void where prohibited. Actual plan may have no resemblance to advertised ones. If you'd rather just send a bag of cash — lots of it — by all means do. The Golden Road *is not responsible for anything that anyone does anywhere in this solar system.)*

Part One In A Series

The Grateful Dead Book of LISTS

GRATEFUL DEAD BENEFITS

Date	Venue	Beneficiary
1965		
12/10	Fillmore Aud., SF	Mime Troupe
1966		
1/14	Fillmore	Mime Troupe
5/7	Pauley Ballroom, UC Berkeley	"Peace Rock" (Anti-War)
5/29	California Hall, SF	LeMar (End Pot Prohibition)
8/7	Fillmore	Children's Adventure Day Camp
9/11	Fillmore	Both/And (Jazz Club)
10/13	Avalon Ballroom, SF	Zen Center ("Zenefit")
1967		
2/12	Fillmore	Council for Civic Unity
4/9	Longshoreman's Hall, SF	"Angry Arts" (Anti-War)
4/12	Fillmore	Mime Troupe
5/30	Fillmore	Haight-Ashbury Legal Organization (HALO)
10/22	Winterland, SF	HALO
1968		
3/20	Avalon Ballroom	KMPX Strike Fund
4/3	Winterland	KMPX Strike Fund
9/1	Palace of Fine Arts, SF	Haight-Ashbury Medical Clinic
11/17	Eagles Aud., Seattle	Native American Fund
1969		
3/15	Hilton Hotel, SF	San Francisco Symphony "Black and White Ball"
5/28	Winterland	People's Park Bail Fund
1970		
2/1	The Warehouse, New Orleans	Legal Aid Fund
5/6	MIT, Cambridge, MA	Anti-War Benefit
6/21	Pauley Ballroom, UC Berkeley	Native American Fund
12/23	Winterland	"Bear Benefit" (Owsley)
1971		
3/3	Fillmore West, SF	"Air Waves" Benefit
3/5	Oakland Aud.	Black Panther Benefit
3/24	Winterland	Sufi Benefit
1972		
3/5	Winterland	Native Americans
8/27	Eugene, Oregon	Springfield Creamery
10/9	Winterland	Crew Benefit
1975		
3/23	Kezar Stadium, SF	"S.N.A.C.K." ("Students Need Athletics, Culture, and Kicks")
6/17	Winterland	"Bob Fried Memorial" (Medical expense fund for widow of poster artist)



Poster for the famous 6-17-75 "surprise" Dead benefit show

1978		
1/13	Arlington Theatre, Santa Barbara	Anti-Nuclear Power
9/14, 15, 16	Gizeh Sound and Light Theatre, Cairo, Egypt	Dept. of Antiquities, Egypt; Orphan Society
1979		
2/17	Oakland Coliseum	Coalition Against Environmental Cancer
12/26	Oakland Aud.	SEVA
1980		
1/13	Oakland Coliseum	Cambodian "Boat People"
1981		
4/25	Berkeley Community Theatre	SEVA
5/22	Warfield Theatre, SF	Anti-Nuclear Power
12/12	San Mateo County Fairgrounds	"Dance for Disarmament" (Humanities Fdn.)
1982		
2/16, 17	Warfield Theatre	American Friends Service Committee Meta Tantay,

		SEVA, Research Into Lost Knowledge, Inc., Senior Escort Outreach Program, Mattole Watershed Support Group, San Francisco Mayor's Youth Fund, Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic, Jack Kerouac School of Poetry at Naropa Institute, Marin Act (drug counseling), New Traditions School, Environmental Defense Fund
5/28	Moscone Center, SF	Vietnam Veterans
1983		
3/29, 30, 31	Warfield Theatre	Int'l Indian Treaty Council, Amer. Fr. Serv. Comm., SEVA, No. Cal. Red Cross Flood Relief, Cal. Marine Mammal Center, Mono Lake Fund (Audubon Society), Flying Wing Restoration Project, St. Anthony's Dining Room (SF), St. Vincent dePaul Dining Room (San Rafael), Huckleberry House, Friends of the Vietnam Veteran's Project of Menlo Park, Little Red Toy Box, Petaluma People's Service Center, Capp Street Foundation
1984		
3/28, 30, 31	Marin Veteran's Aud., San Rafael (Under the aegis of the Rex Foundation)	Greenpeace, Meta Tantay, Camp Winnarainbow, Cal. Marine Mammal Center, Bay Area Music Archives, Int'l Indian Treaty Council, SF Mayor's Fund for the Homeless, SF Blues Festival, Southern Humboldt Retired Senior Volunteer Program, Petaluma People's Service Center, Marin Wildlife Center, Comptche Volunteer Fire Department, The Havergal Brian Society of England
6/21	Kingswood Theatre, Toronto	SEVA
1985		
4/18, 19 21, 22	Berkeley Community Theatre	American Diabetes Assn., Camp Winnarainbow, Women's Recovery Center of San Mateo, SF Mayor's Fund for the Homeless, Meta Tantay, Wyoming Outdoor Council Fndn., One Road Inc., SEVA, Chinese Orchestra of SF, Hartwood College of the Healing Arts, Film Arts Fndn., Blue Monday Fndn., Haight-Ashbury Med. Clinic, Berkeley Free Clinic, Freedom Foundation, Friends of the River, So. Humboldt Senior Center, SF Unified School District Music Program, NORML

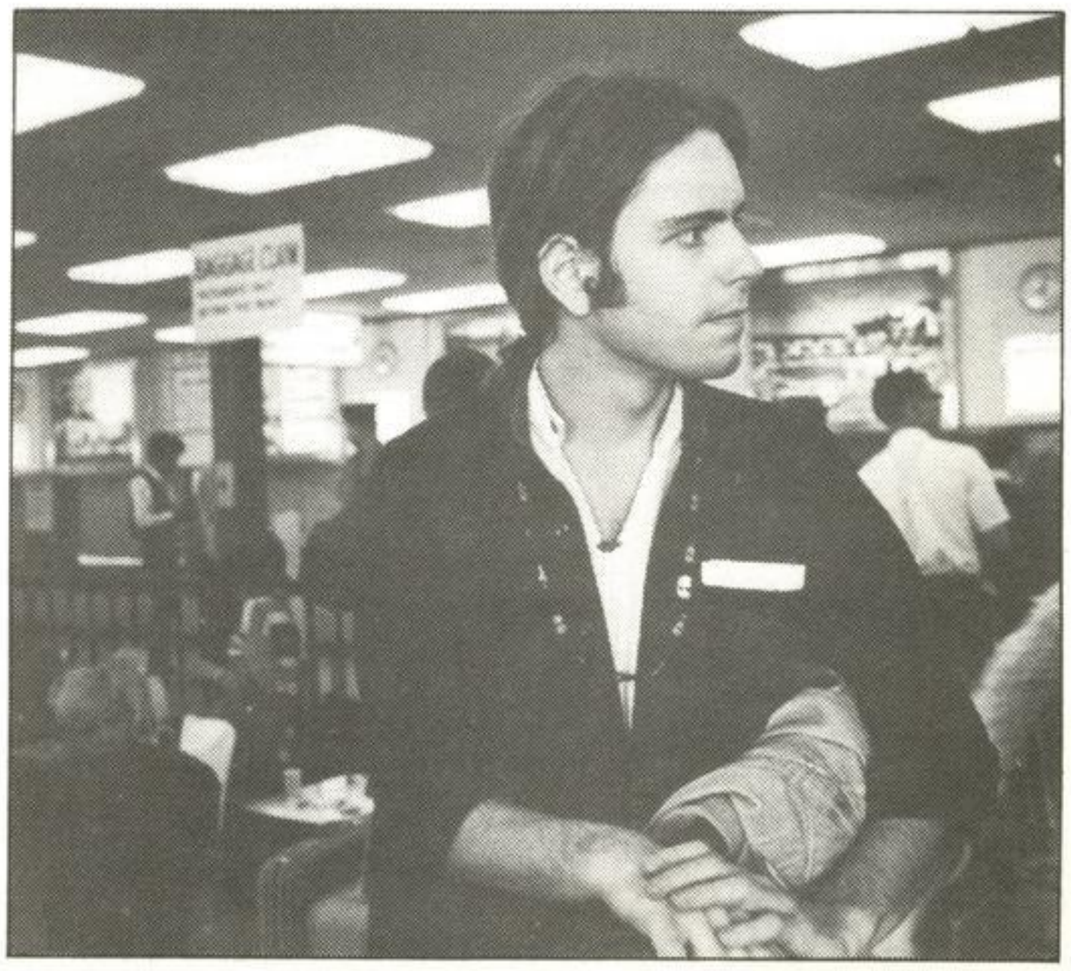
List courtesy of the Grateful Dead.

GRATEFUL GEOGRAPHIC

The Number of Times the Dead Have Played Each State and Country

From our Department of Semi-interesting Information comes this list, compiled from the (admittedly incomplete) tour list in the back of the *Book of the Deadheads*. The figures are slightly misleading, of course. Some of those "Missouri" shows were practically in Kansas (K.C., MO), most of the "New Jersey" shows would be considered "New York" by many (Passaic, the Meadowlands), etc., etc. This covers the years from '67 (when the band started touring outside of California) through '85. The figures in parentheses are the years the band played in that state, excluding 1975 — the year of the Dead's touring hiatus, when they played just four dates, all in California. (Our apologies in advance if we've missed a show or two.)

California — 480 ('67 – '85)
New York — 85 ('67 – '73, '76 – '85)
Massachusetts — 52 ('67, '69 – '85)
Pennsylvania — 51 ('69 – '85)
Illinois — 46 ('69 – '71, '73, '74, '76 – '81, '83)
Oregon — 35 ('67 – '84)
Colorado — 32 ('69, '70, '72, '73, '77 – '85)
Connecticut — 32 ('70 – '72, '74 – '84)
New Jersey — 30 ('70 – '72, '74 – '81, '83 – '85)
Missouri — 27 ('69 – '73, '77 – '82, '84, '85)
Texas — 24 ('69 – '73, '77, '78, '81 – '83, '85)
Ohio — 24 ('68, '70 – '73, '76, '78 – '81, '84, '85)
Florida — 22 ('69, '70, '73, '74, '77, '78, '80, '82, '85)
England — 22 ('70, '72, '74, '81)
Virginia — 21 ('73, '74 – '85)
Wisconsin — 20 ('70 – '73, '78 – '85)
Maryland — 19 ('72 – '74, '77 – '85)
Canada — 17 ('66, '67, '70 – '74, '77, '84)
Washington — 17 ('68, '69, '71 – '74, '77, '79 – '83)



On the road in Seattle Airport, 1968. Photo: Jim Marshall © 1986

Rhode Island — 15 ('71, '73, '74, '78 – '85)
Michigan — 13 ('67, '68, '70 – '72, '76, '77, '79, '80, '84)
Georgia — 12 ('70, '71, '73, '77, '78, '80, '85)
Maine — 12 ('71, '79, '80, '82 – '85)
North Carolina — 12 ('71, '73, '76, '78 – '84)
Minnesota — 11 ('69 – '71, '73, '77, '78, '80 – '83)
Hawaii — 10 ('69 – '70)
Iowa — 9 ('71 – '74, '78, '80 – '82, '84)
Arizona — 9 ('70, '73, '77, '80, '81 – '83)
Germany — 9 ('72, '74, '81)
Indiana — 8 ('69, '73, '76, '77, '79, '81, '84)
Louisiana — 8 ('69, '70, '77, '80, '82)
Oklahoma — 7 ('72, '73, '77, '79, '81, '82, '85)
Nevada — 6 ('67, '74, '81 '— '84)
France — 6 ('71, '72, '74, '81)
Tennessee — 4 ('70, '72, '78)
Nebraska — 4 ('68, '73, '78)
New Mexico — 4 ('71, '82, '83)
Utah — 4 ('69, '73, '81, '83)
Denmark — 4 ('72 – '81)
Holland — 4 ('72, '81)
Kansas — 3 ('72, '81, '82)
Alabama — 3 ('77, '80)
Alaska — 3 ('80)
Egypt — 3 ('78)
Kentucky — 2 ('74, '78)
West Virginia — 2 ('78, '83)
South Carolina — 1 ('85)
Mississippi — 1 ('78)
Idaho — 1 ('83)
Montana — 1 ('74)
New Hampshire — 1 ('78)
Vermont — 1 ('78)
Luxembourg — 1 ('72)
Scotland — 1 ('81)
Spain — 1 ('81)
Jamaica — 1 ('82)
Arkansas — 0
North Dakota — 0
South Dakota — 0
Delaware — 0
Wyoming — 0

PLAYING WITH THE BANDS

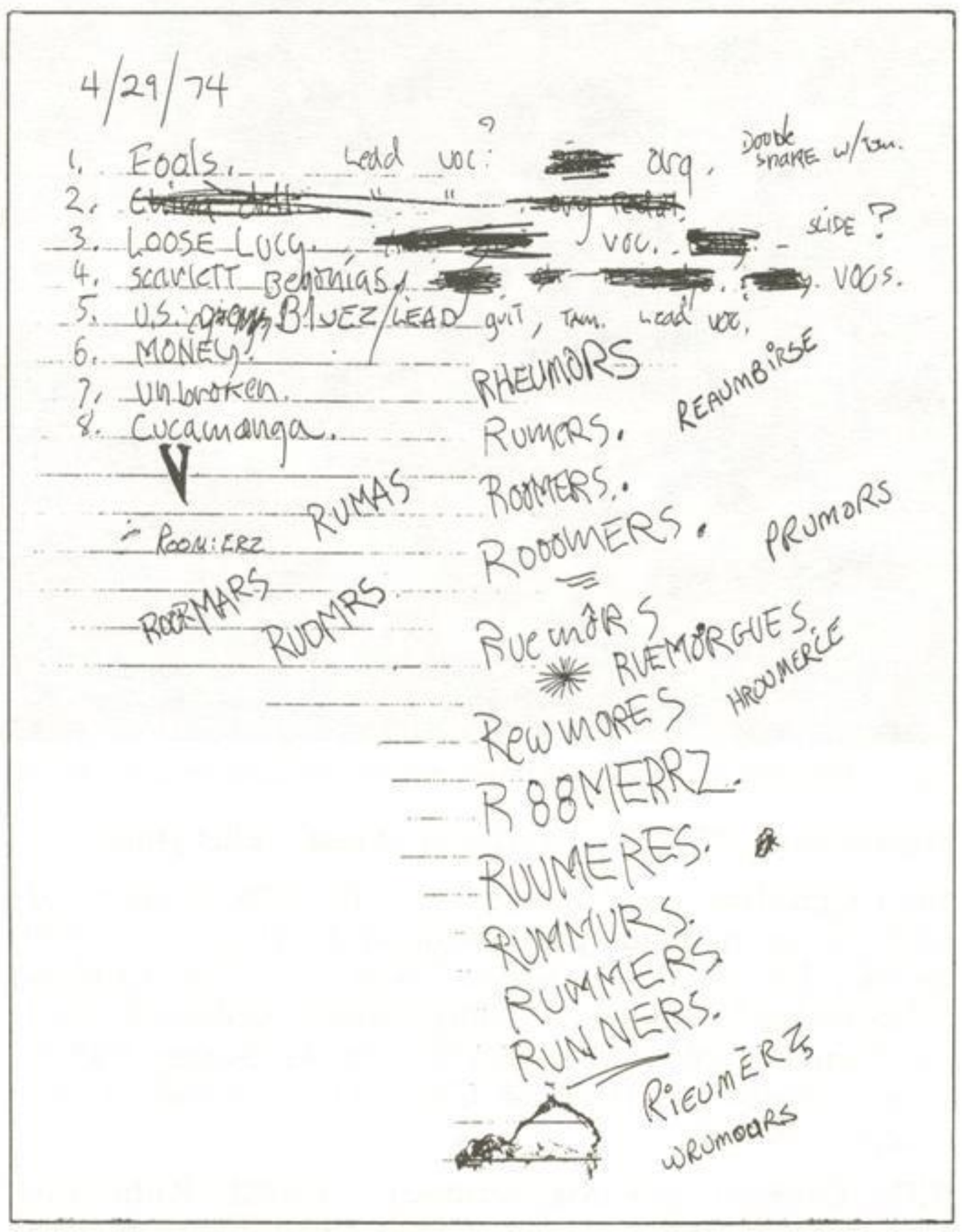
100 Bands and Performers Who Have Shared the Bill with the Dead

The Great Society, Mystery Trend, Quicksilver Messenger Service, Mothers of Invention, Love, Jefferson Airplane, Big Brother & the Holding Company, The Grassroots, Country Joe & the Fish, Butterfield Blues Band, Lightnin' Hopkins, Loading Zone, James Cotton Blues Band, Lothar & the Hand People, Big Mama Thornton, Tim Rose, Otis Redding, Junior Wells, The Doors, Sopwith Camel, New Riders of the Purple Sage, The Allman Brothers, The Band, The Neville Brothers, Joan Baez, Catfish, Miles Davis, It's a Beautiful Day, The Charlatans, Jerry Jeff Walker, Jackson Browne, Jimmy Buffett, The Blues Brothers, Creedence Clearwater Revival, Santana, Sons of Champlin, Elvin Bishop Group, Marshall Tucker Band, Commander Cody & His Lost Planet Airmen, Hamza El-Din, Moby Grape, Fleetwood Mac, The Bobs, The Brass Band, Preservation Hall Jazz Band, Mongo Santamaria, Taj Mahal, Tiny Tim, Charles Lloyd, The Youngbloods, Jose Feliciano, Canned Heat, Iron Butterfly, Joe Tex Revue, Ian & Sylvia, Janis Joplin & the Full Tilt Boogie Band, Mountain, Keef Hartley, Incredible String Band, Aum, Sly & the Family Stone, Gladys Knight & the Pips, Ronnie Milsap, Jimmy Cliff, Peter Tosh, Pentangle, Sir Douglas Quintet, Bangor Flying Circus, The Flock, Humble Pie, Olatunji, Chuck Berry, Waylon Jennings, The Beach Boys, The Who, Mamas & Papas, Buffalo Springfield, Eddie Money, Charlie Daniels Band, Roy Buchanan, Willie Nelson, Jimi Hendrix, Sha Na Na, Patti Smith, Blues Image, Kaleidescope, Albert Collins, Blood, Sweat & Tears, Junior Walker, Neil Young, The Doobie Brothers, Tower of Power, Graham Central Station, Doug Kershaw, Stone the Crows, The Cate Brothers, Cream, Stoneground, The Rowan Brothers, Greg Kihn.

MARTIAN CHRONICLES

Jerry Garcia's Doodled List of Ways to Spell "Rumors" for the Cover of *Mars Hotel*

From the collection of Steve Brown



SITTING IN

Musicians From Other Bands Who've Played with the Dead, From 1969 On

Compiled by Corry Arnold

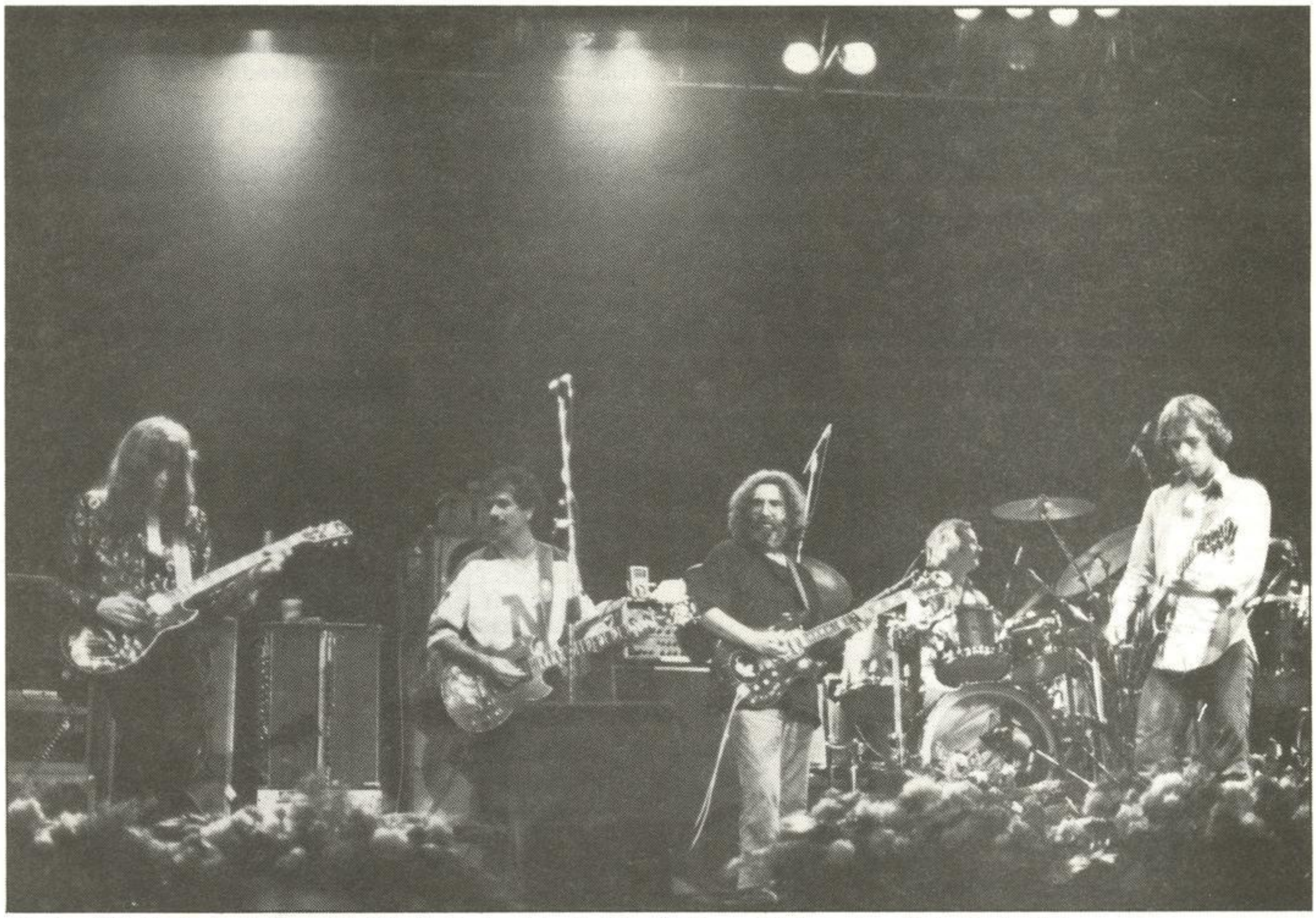
Duane Allman (slide gtr/Allman Bros.): 2/11/70 with Gregg Allman (organ/vcls), 4/26/71, Fillmore East ("It Hurts Me Too," "Beat It On Down the Line," "Sugar Magnolia")

Joan Baez (vcls, ac gtr): 1/13/80, Oakland Coliseum (encore "Amazing Grace"), 12/21/81, San Mateo, CA (entire acoustic set), 12/30/81, Oakland Aud. (6-song acoustic set each night, plus "Roses" and "Baby Blue" on 12/31)

The Beach Boys: 4/27/71, Fillmore East ("Searching," "Riot in Cell Block #9," "Okie From Muskogee," "Johnny B. Goode"), 1/13/80, Oakland Aud. ("Amazing Grace" with Baez)

John Belushi (vcls/Blues Brothers): 3/31/80, Passaic, NJ ("U.S. Blues")

Dickey Betts (gtr/Allman Bros): 6/9, 10/73, RFK Stadium,



At a benefit for Cambodian boat people in 1980, the Dead are joined by John Cipollina and Carlos Santana. Photo: Clayton Call

Washington, DC ("That's Alright Mama," plus jams)

John Cipollina (gtr/Quicksilver): 10/22/78, Winterland, 12/31/78, Winterland (plus "Around & Around"), 5/7/79, Easton, PA, 12/31/79, Oakland Aud., 12/31/80, Oakland ("Fire on the Mountain"), 1/13/80, Oakland Coliseum, 10/11/80, Warfield, 5/28/82, Moscone, SF, with **Boz Scaggs,** 5/15/83, Greek Theatre, 12/31/83, SF Civic (all "Not Fade Away" except as noted)

Billy Cobham (perc/Mahavishnu): 10/31/83, Radio City ("The Other One"), 5/15/83, Greek Theatre with **Flora & Airto** (drums and space)

Tom Constanten (organ): 1/31/70, New Orleans, 4/28/71, Fillmore East (2nd set). TC left the Dead on 1/25/70.

David Crosby (gtr/CSNY): 12/31/72, Winterland (space). 12/69, L.A. (see Stills)

Rick Danko (vcls, ac gtr/The Band): 12/31/83, SF Civic with **Maria Muldaur** (vcls) (4-song encore), 6/21/84, Ontario, Canada, with **Levon Helm** (vcls) (3-song encore)

Bo Diddley (gtr, vcls): 3/25/72, Academy of Music, NYC. Bo opens the show backed by the Dead.

Ramblin' Jack Elliot (vcls): 11/23/70, Anderson Theatre, NYC ("Big Railroad," "Not Fade Away"). May have played some harmonica.

Martin Fierro (tenor sax, flute/Garcia-Saunders): 9/15/73, Providence, RI with Joe Ellis (trumpet), (entire 2nd set), 9/24/73, Pittsburgh, PA w/Ellis ("Eyes of the World"), 9/11/73, Williamsburg, VA ("Eyes")

David Grisman (mandolin): 9/20/70, Fillmore East (acoustic set). Possibly other shows.

Vince Guaraldi (piano/"Peanuts Theme"): 8/14/71, Berkeley Community Theater (one set)

Hamza El-Din (vocals/tar): 9/14, 15, 16/78, Egypt, 10/21, 22/78, Winterland, 11/24/78, Passaic, NJ, 3/13/85, Berkeley Community (percussion segment)

Jose Hernandez (perc/Batucaje): 3/13/85, Berkeley Community (percussion segment)

Janis Joplin (vcls/Big Brother): 6/7/69, Fillmore West, 7/16/70, Euphoria, San Rafael, CA (both "Lovelight")

Jorma Kaukonen (gtr/Hot Tuna): 10/26/71, Rochester, NY ("Darling Corey")

Matt Kelly (harmonica/Kingfish): 12/31/78, Winterland ("Around & Around," "Not Fade Away"), 12/31/80, Oakland Aud., 12/12/81, San Mateo, CA (plus "Saturday Night"), 12/31/82, 5/15/83, Greek Theatre, 3/12,13/85, Berkeley Community. Various Bob Weir blues numbers ("Minglewood," "CC Rider," "Rooster") except as noted.

Ned Lagin (electric piano, synthesizer/Seastones): 10/18, 20/74, Winterland (18-"Dark Star," 20-3rd set), 3/23/75, SNACK, Kezar Stadium, SF ("Blues For Allah")

Airto Moreira (percussion, drums, vcls): 12/14/80, Long Beach, CA (percussion jam), 12/26/80, Oakland Aud. (2nd set), 5/28/82, Moscone, SF (percussion jam) with Flora Purim (vcls, perc), 5/15/83, Greek Theatre, with **Flora** and **Billy Cobham** (percussion jam and space), 10/31/83, Marin Vets (entire show)

David Nelson (mandolin/NRPS): 7/12/70 & 9/20/70, Fillmore East ("Big Railroad" acoustic). Possibly other shows.

Neville Brothers (Art, Aaron, Cyril and Charles Neville,

Brian Stolz and Daryl Johnson): 2/11, 12/86, Kaiser, Oakland (both 2nd sets)

Olatunji (percussion): 12/31/85, Oakland Coliseum (half of 2nd set)

Lee Oskar (harmonica/War): 10/18, 21/78, Winterland (18-drums, 21-"Mojo Working"), 12/31/78, Winterland ("Not Fade Away," "Around & Around")

Carlos Santana (gtr): 1/13/80, Oakland Coliseum ("Not Fade Away"). Also members of Santana played percussion on "Lovelight" at San Diego State in May 1969.

Merl Saunders (keyboards): 3/23/75, SNACK, Kezar ("Blues For Allah"), 3/9/85, Berkeley Community ("Twilight Zone," "Going Down the Road")

Boz Scaggs (gtr): 5/28/82, Moscone, SF ("Walking Blues," "Better Off Dead," "Lovelight," "Johnny B. Goode")

Stephen Stills (gtr, vcls/CSNY): 4/16, 17/83, Byrne Arena, NJ (16-"Black Queen," 17-"Love the One You're With"). In 12/69, Stills and David Crosby jammed with the Dead at an obscure venue in L.A.

Pete Townshend (gtr/The Who): 3/28/81, Essen, Germany ("Not Fade Away")

Steve Winwood (organ/Traffic): 11/23/70, Anderson Theatre, NYC ("Not Fade Away," "Going Down the Road")

Some Memorable Occasions

1/31/70, The Warehouse, New Orleans, LA: Members of Fleetwood Mac (the opening act), including guitarists Peter Green and Jeremy Spencer, along with Tom Constanten (who'd quit the week before) on organ, join the Dead for a sensational "Lovelight." That night, the Dead get busted.

2/11/70, Fillmore East: Duane and Gregg Allman and Peter Green sit in. The tape in circulation has the end of "Dark Star" into "Spanish Jam" into a thermonuclear "Lovelight," but it's only 45 minutes long — the heads probably melted.

11/16/70, Fillmore East: Members of Hot Tuna and Traffic sit in. Which members, and any other details, are unknown.

12/30, 31/82, Oakland Auditorium: For the third set on New Year's Eve, blues belter Etta James and the Tower of Power horns (with a little help from Matt Kelly and an unknown timbale player) join the Dead for "Lovelight," "Tell Mama," "Baby What You Want Me To Do," "Hard To Handle," and "Midnight Hour." The night before, Etta and the Tower horns joined the Dead for their encore and did "Hard To Handle" and "Tell Mama."

Of Special Note

3/18/73, Felt Forum, NYC: Garcia, Weir and Keith & Donna Godchaux show up at a New Riders show. They all take turns sitting in on various instruments (Garcia plays banjo on "Whiskey" and "Glendale Train," Weir sings "The Race Is On," etc.), and the whole gang does an acoustic gospel set (Garcia on banjo) that includes Jerry singing lead on "Swing Low Sweet Chariot."

12/31/73, Cow Palace, SF: The Dead are not playing New Year's Eve, but Garcia and Bill Kreutzmann (along with Boz Scaggs) show up to jam with the Allman Brothers at midnight. Included are "Hideaway" and "Hey Bo Diddley."

6/4/78, County Stadium, Santa Barbara, CA: Elvin Bishop opens for the Dead, and Garcia plugs in for one blues number with Elvin's band.

Electronic Village Forming: The Grateful Dead Conference on The WELL

The WELL (Whole Earth 'Lectronic Link) is a computer conferencing system/experiment in community-building, operated by Whole Earth in Sausalito. The Grateful Dead conference on The WELL is a place for Deadheads from far and near to exchange ideas, make plans, trade tapes, discuss issues, and hang out with kindred spirits. Current hot topics include get-well messages to Jerry, feedback to the band, songs you wish the Dead would play, what it all means, etc.

The conference is hosted by us--David Gans, Bennett Falk and Mary Eisenhart. Aside from free computer time, pleasure of the conversations, and the opportunity to discuss things we're interested in with like-minded souls, we don't get paid for this. The WELL does get paid for this. There's a monthly charge of $8, plus $3 per hour for connect time. (If you live outside the Bay Area, call Uninet 800/821-5340 for information on low-cost phone access.)

To access The WELL, you need a computer and a modem. Call (415)332-6106, follow the instructions to become a WELL user, then type "go gd" at the OK prompt. For further information, call The WELL at (415)332-4335.

BOB DYLAN APPROXIMATELY

Dylan Songs Performed by the Dead and Solo Bands

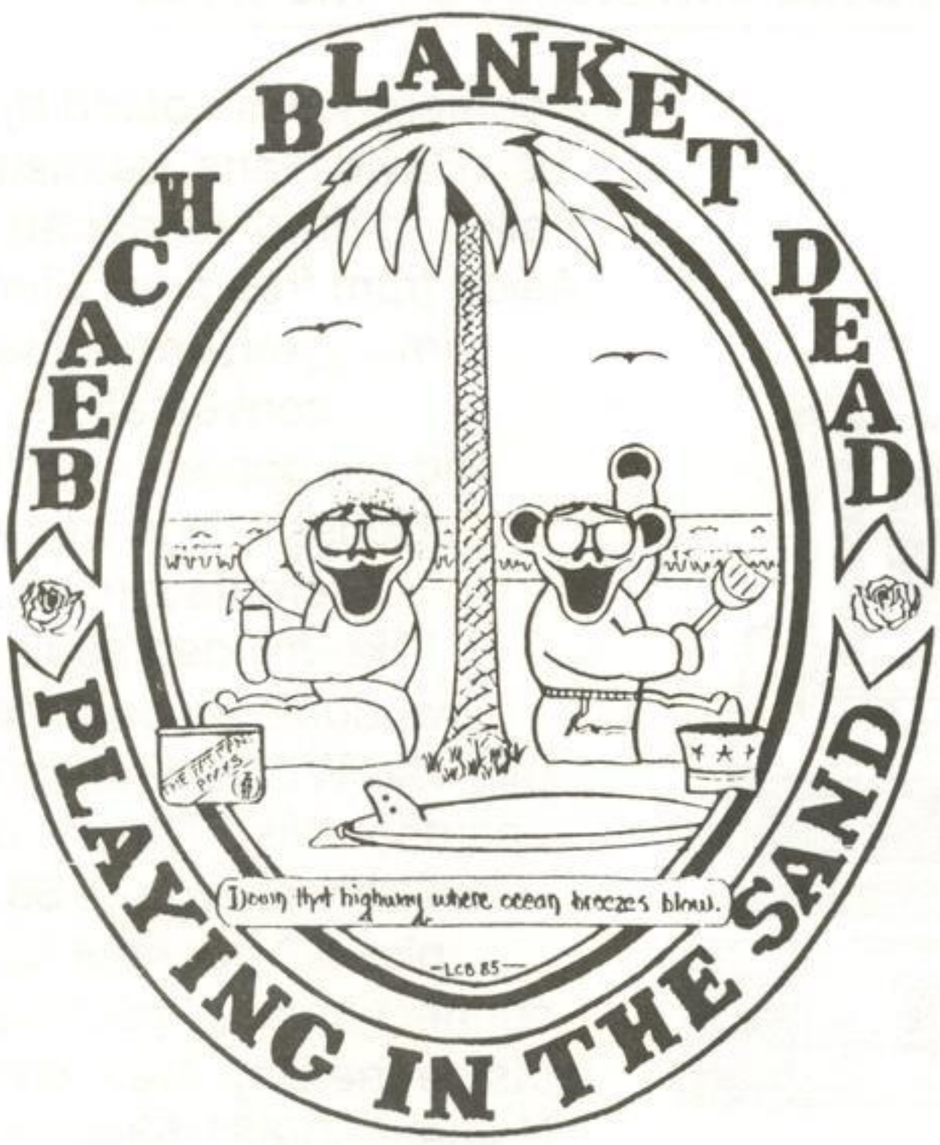
Compiled by our resident Master of Minutiae, Corry Arnold

"She Belongs to Me," from Dylan's *Bringing It All Back Home* — Initially performed by The Warlocks in 1965, with Weir singing lead. Reintroduced by Garcia on 4/4/85 (Providence, RI).

"It's All Over Now, Baby Blue," *Bringing It All Back Home* — The Dead played this regularly from '66–'69 and then dropped it, except for a solitary appearance in '72 (9/23, Waterbury, CT) and playing it twice in early '74 (2/22, Winterland, and 3/23, Cow Palace). It's worth noting that Dylan was touring in January '74. The Dead brought the song back to stay on 8/14/81 (Center Arena, Seattle).

"It Takes a Lot to Laugh, It Takes a Train to Cry," *Highway 61 Revisited* — Garcia performed this with Merl Saunders as early as '72 (and possibly earlier), and they recorded it for their *Live at the Keystone* album. The Dead performed it a few times in 1973 (including the Watkins Glen soundcheck, 7/27). Garcia briefly reintroduced the song for the 1980 incarnation of the Garcia Band, and subsequently made it a regular part of his acoustic repertoire. Keith & Donna also played the song in their 1975 band, with Keith singing lead and Garcia sitting in on occasion. Kreutzmann was the band's regular drummer.

"When I Paint My Masterpiece," *Greatest Hits Vol. 2* — Garcia first played this with Merl Saunders in 1972, and then the song lay dormant until he did it a few times with the Garcia Band in 1980 and '83. In late '84, Garcia started doing it in his acoustic shows. His version is closer to the one on The Band's *Cahoots* LP than Dylan's. The version from the Dunsmuir Gardens in '85, however, substituted some lyrics from Dylan's *Greatest Hits* version (such as "Botticelli's niece" for "pretty girl from Greece"), which leads me to wonder if Garcia relearned the song from a book.



5-color design on white 100% heavyweight cotton tee
Short sleeve only, $10, M, L, XL. Send SASE for catalog

LC Bowman, Windy Acres Ranch,
Box 810, Tracy, CA 95376

"Positively Fourth Street," *Greatest Hits, Vol. 1* — This *Highway 61* out-take was performed by the Garcia-Saunders band at least from '73 onward, and it also appears on the *Live at Keystone* LP. Garcia also played great versions with the Nicky Hopkins-model Garcia Band in 1975.

"The Wicked Messenger," *John Wesley Harding* — Played by Garcia's Legion of Mary in '75.

"Tough Mama," *Planet Waves* — This was probably first performed by the Legion of Mary in '75, and was also played by the Garcia Band with Hopkins in '75.

"Going Going Gone,' *Planet Waves* — Another tune played by the Legion of Mary in '75. Garcia also did at least one acoustic version of it on 4/10/82 (late show, Beacon Theater).

"Knockin' on Heaven's Door," *Pat Garrett & Billy the Kid* — The Garcia Band introduced this in 1976 and has played it ever since. It was recorded on Garcia's *Run for the Roses* album. Keith & Donna also did it in their post-Dead band, The Ghosts.

"Simple Twist of Fate," *Blood on the Tracks* — The Garcia Band started playing this in '76 and continues to this day.

"Tangled Up in Blue," *Blood on the Tracks* — The Garcia Band originally played this at a medium tempo, but soon dropped it. In 1981 the song reappeared with a new, uptempo arrangement and backing vocals, and it has been a Garcia Band highlight ever since.

"Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues," *Highway 61 Revisited* — Besides Phil's version with the Dead (debuting 3/27/85, Nassau), his obscure spin-off group, Too Loose to Truck, which existed in late '75 and early '76, performed the song. However it doesn't appear to be Phil on vocals. (Possibly John Allair?) It's interesting to note that on the tape I have, the vocalist sings "I'm going back to San Anselmo," like a couple of Phil's modern versions.

"The Mighty Quinn," *Self Portrait* — Introduced by Garcia at the Oakland Coliseum, 12/30/85.

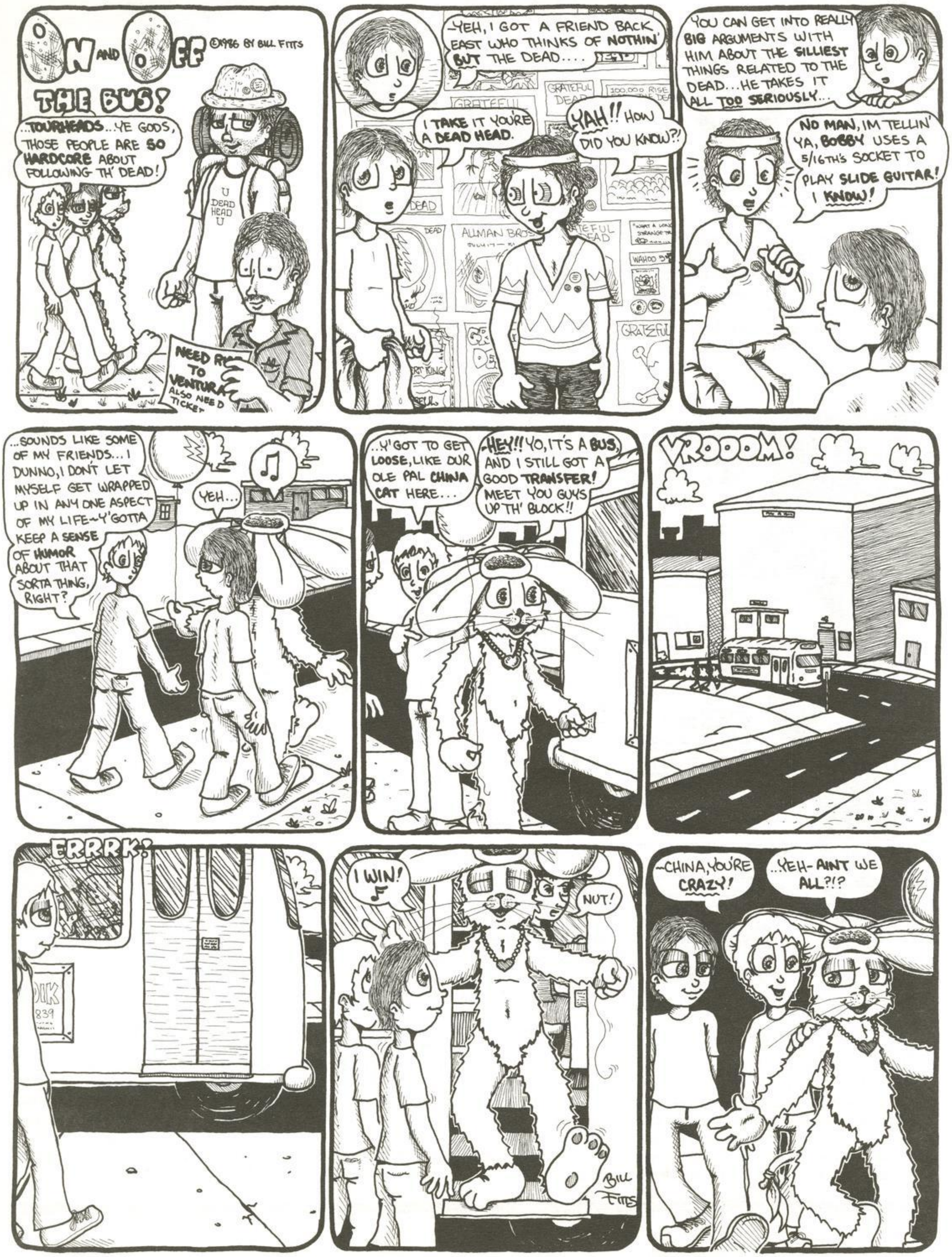
"Visions of Johanna," *Blonde on Blonde* — First played by the Dead in Hampton, VA, 3/19/86. The second version, at the Berkeley Community Theatre (4/22/86) was considerably faster and less similar to Garcia's reading of "She Belongs to Me."

"Desolation Row," *Highway 61 Revisited* — As noted last issue, Weir introduced the song at the Spectrum in Philadelphia on 3/25/86, and it has been in the regular repertoire ever since.

"Don't Think Twice, It's All Right, *The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan* — Performed with Dylan in Akron, 7-2-86

Also worth noting is the fact that Garcia played *with* Dylan at the Warfield Theater on 11/16/80. With no rehearsal, Garcia joined Dylan's band on 13 songs.

SUNSHINE ROSES CARTOON SPECIAL



Roots Part 11

"How Long-How Long Blues" — This well-known blues was performed at least three times by the Dead (with Garcia singing lead) during acoustic sets in the summer of 1970. It is probably best known to Deadheads through the version of the first Hot Tuna record, which came out in '70. (If you don't own that classic acoustic blues album, it's worth the search. Other songs covered by Jorma, Jack Casady and harmonica ace Will Scarlett on the disc include "Hesitation Blues," "I Know You Rider," "Winin' Boy Blues" and "Death Don't Have No Mercy.")

Ethnomusicologists believe the song probably dates back at least to the turn of the century, but the first recorded version was evidently "How Long, Daddy, How Long," cut by Georgia native Ida Cox in 1925 for Paramount. Along with Ma Rainey and Bessie Smith, Cox was part of the first generation of recorded female blues singers; indeed, Cox was earlier hailed as one of the singers to introduce blues into minstrel shows in the years before the advent of recording. She enjoyed numerous successful records in the '20s, '30s and '40s, though she never attained the fame of many of her contemporaries. She died in 1976.

The man who popularized "How Long-How Long Blues" was an Indiana-based singer/pianist named Leroy Carr, who recorded it with his guitarist partner Scrapper Blackwell in June of 1928 (for Vocalion Records). Carr is known as one of the first blues singers to veer away from the "moaning" style of the Southern country blues in favor of a more suave, urbane delivery. While he is criticized by some historians for this, evidently many of his contemporaries liked his style just fine: "How Long-How Long Blues" became one of the first million-selling blues records. It was so popular that Carr and Blackwell had to record the song four different times in less than a year because the master copy — from which the records were pressed — kept wearing out! Despite his momentary fame, Carr never really had the career many predicted for him. He and Blackwell were both bootleggers whose fondness for their own product eventually did them in.

"Sick & Tired" — I first heard the Dead's version of this Fats Domino song only very recently, and I was totally knocked out by it. Apparently the tune was fairly common in the band's repertoire in '65 and '66. The tape I heard, from the Avalon Ballroom in '66, was amazingly strong, with Pigpen in total control and the band throwin' down some wicked R&B licks behind him. Why the song disappeared from the Dead's sets is a mystery to me.

When most rock fans think of Fats Domino, they probably conjure up a late-night TV commercial for one of the singer's oldies packages. The hits scroll by on the screen, almost too numerous to count: "Walkin' to New Orleans," "Blue Monday," "I'm Walkin'," "Ain't That a Shame," "Blueberry Hill" and on and on. But rock's *original* Fat Man was more than just a hit factory. He was a rock and roll pioneer, an innovator who popularized New Orleans R&B and, with his partner Dave Bartholomew, helped lay the groundwork for later rock styles.

Born Antoine Domino in 1929, Fats started playing piano in New Orleans honky-tonks at the age of 10, and by the time he was in his mid-teens traveled the same circuit as the great Professor Longhair, the father of New Orleans R&B. In fact, the Professor was probably Domino's main influence — you can hear it in the rolling piano style (not to mention in his note-for-note covers of some of the Professor's songs, like "Mardi Gras in New Orleans").

He worked as a sideman in bandleader Dave Bartholomew's band in the mid-'40s, and cut his first solo record — "The Fat Man" — under Bartholomew's direction in 1949. It was an instant hit, and suddenly Bartholomew's band became Fats' group. Domino and Bartholomew co-wrote nearly all of Fats' many hits, including "Sick & Tired," which enjoyed moderate success, primarily among R&B fans, in 1958. There are a million different Fats anthologies (every house should have one) but I can't say how many, if any, contain "Sick and Tired." Lucky for you hardcore Dominoheads (or is that Fatsheads?), it is available on a French reissue (with the original cover art) of *The Fabulous Mr. D*, the 1958 album on which it originally appeared (along with "The Big Beat" and "Mardi Gras in New Orleans").

"Hey Baby" — Actually, the Dead have never played this entire song, but I felt it was worth including in "Roots" because Brent has occasionally sung a fragment of it during versions of "Good Lovin'" and "Not Fade Away" in the past couple of years. (The 4-13-84 ton show is the first I'm aware of.) Brent sings the main line: "Heyyyyy, baby! I wanna know if you'll be my girl." The original was a Number One hit in 1962 for an otherwise forgotten singer named Bruce Channel (pronounced sha-*nell*). I remember when my older brother brought home the single from Caruso's Music in New Rochelle (NY) — I hated it because Channel's delivery was so laid-back and emotionless, but eventually it grew on me and now, 24 years later, I look on it with some fondness. No doubt it is obtainable on any number of compilations of early '60s hits.

Mythologist Campbell on the Dead

Last issue we noted that renowned mythologist Joseph Campbell had attended one of the Dead's Kaiser shows in Oakland in February. Shortly after that we received a tape of one of Campbell's lectures on mythology, sent in by Glenn Robert Lym of San Francisco. Campbell's apparently extemporaneous remarks about his Dead experience are reprinted below and offer further proof that you're never too old (Campbell is 80) to "get it."

I had a marvelous experience two nights ago. I was invited to a rock concert. [Laughter in the audience] I'd never seen one. This was in a big hall in Berkeley [sic] and the rock group were the Grateful Dead, whose name, by the way, is from the *Egyptian Book of the Dead*. And these are very sophisticated boys. This was news to me.

Rock music has never seemed that interesting to me. It's very simple and the beat is the same old thing. But when you see a room with 8000 young people

Tibetan citipati

for five hours going through it to the beat of these boys ... The *genius* of these musicians — these three guitars and two wild drummers in the back ... The central guitar, Bob Weir, just *controls* this crowd, and when you see 8000 kids all going up in the air together ... Listen, this is powerful stuff! And what is it? The first thing I thought of was the Dionysian festivals, of course. This energy and these terrific instruments, with electric things that zoom in ... This is more than music.

It turns something on in *here* [the heart]. And what it turns on is life energy. This is Dionysus talking through these kids. Now I've seen similar manifestations, but nothing as innocent as what I saw with this bunch. This was sheer innocence. And when the great beam of light would go over the crowd, you'd see these marvelous young faces all in utter rapture — for five hours! Packed together like sardines! Eight thousand of them! Then there was an opening in the back [of the auditorium] with a series of panel windows, and you look out and there's a whole bunch in another hall, dancing crazy. This is a wonderful, fervent loss of self in the larger self of a homogenous community. This is what it's all about!

It reminded me of Russian Easter. Down in New York we have a big Russian cathedral. You go there on Russian Easter at midnight and you hear *"Kristos anesti!"* "Christ is risen! Christ is risen!" It's almost as good as a rock concert! [Laughter] It has the same kind of life feel. When I was in Mexico City at the Cathedral of the Virgin of Guadalupe, there it was again. In India, in Puri, at the Temple of the Jagannath — that means "the lord of the moving world" — the same damn thing again. It doesn't matter what the name of the god is, or whether it's a rock group or a clergy. It's somehow hitting that chord of realization of the unity of God in you all. That's a terrific thing, and it just blows the rest away. □

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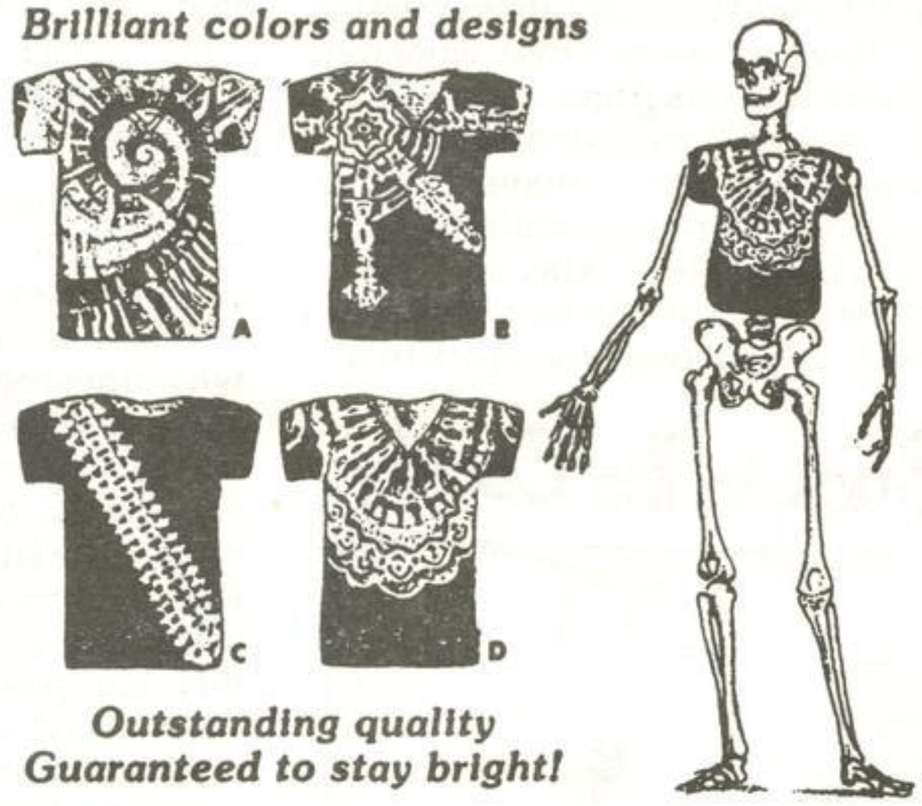

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Teach your children well: Next time you despair over the state of the world, look at this innocent scene captured at this year's Greek shows. Photo: Ron Delany

Walton Stood Up a Full Six Foot and Ten: You gotta love Bill Walton. OK, you *don't* have to like the Boston Celtics for whom he plays, and who just won the NBA championship. But Walton is one of *us*, a Deadhead in an ultra-straight world who isn't afraid to let his freak flag fly. So when the Celtics were all over the sports pages in May and June, so were the Grateful Dead. Articles unfailingly mentioned that he wears Dead shirts to practice and still goes to Dead shows. After all, what could be more colorful for a writer than a good old-fashioned comeback by a seemingly washed-up eccentric ex-hippie? As Celtics team leader Larry Bird summed up, "Every kid that grew up in America when I did remembers Bill Walton with a ponytail, smoking a bong." But, as he added, "You hear that, but you find out later it wasn't true." In fact, Walton has long been a family man with a super-clean lifestyle.

One of our favorite recent shirts

Some quotes that turned up in the media in the weeks surrounding the playoff series:

Teammate Jerry Sichting, explaining why other members of the Celtics have also been spotted wearing Dead mementos: "I guess we're like anyone else, we like free stuff. Bill is a throwback to the late '60s and early '70s. He wears tennis shoes, jeans and Dead shirts. In a lot of places we went earlier this year, people would start chanting: 'Jerry! Jerry!' It took me a while before I realized they weren't yelling for Jerry Sichting, they were yelling for Jerry Garcia!"

New York *Post* sportswriter Kevin Kernan, in an article titled "Celts Grateful Walton Back From the Dead": "'What a long strange trip it's been,' Walton said yesterday as a whimsical look overtook his granite face. It was no coincidence that statement came from one of Walton's favorite songs—'Truckin'' by the Grateful Dead. Ironic, too, because Walton is the NBA's living grateful dead. At 33, his career has been buried so many times that it's not a cliché when he says with feeling, 'I'm just happy to be on the Celtics.'"

Bill Ruiz, a longtime Walton family friend, relating a conversation between Bill and his 10-year-old son, Adam, to Houston *Post* writer Paul Harasim: "Dad, why do we always have to listen to the Grateful Dead?"

"Because I like their music."

"But it's all we hear at home, in the car, everywhere."

"I told you, I like their music."

At this point, Adam walked off in a huff, causing his father some concern.

"Bill knows it takes some time for a youngster to appreciate the classics," quipped Ruiz.

Walton, asked by sportscaster Brent Musburger if he was worried about the Houston Rockets: "Well, yes, you know Houston's too close to New Orleans!" a remark that no doubt puzzled Brent. On finishing the interview, Walton exclaimed, "Hey now! Hey now!"

Walton, on winning the championship: "It's an unbelievable feeling when you have a dream and the dream comes true—to be a Celtic and win a championship. And I can sit back now and put my feet up. There's nothing left to do but smile, smile, smile!"

A couple of days later, Walton wore a Dead "Year of the Ox" shirt at the Celtics' victory parade in front of 1.5 million people.

Quad Squad: A tip of the hat and good luck to Foster Anderson, the Deadhead inventor of the Quad-Bee, a Frisbee-style disc that has been altered so that it can be thrown by paraplegics and others who have limited use of their hands. Anderson, in a wheelchair since a 1978 motorcycle accident, says he's been trying to get the Quad-Bee on the market "so people with spinal cord injuries will have a new form of recreation. I'd also like it to go into the Wheelchair Olympics or Special Olympics, because it would open up a new area for higher level quads who can't usually participate in games."

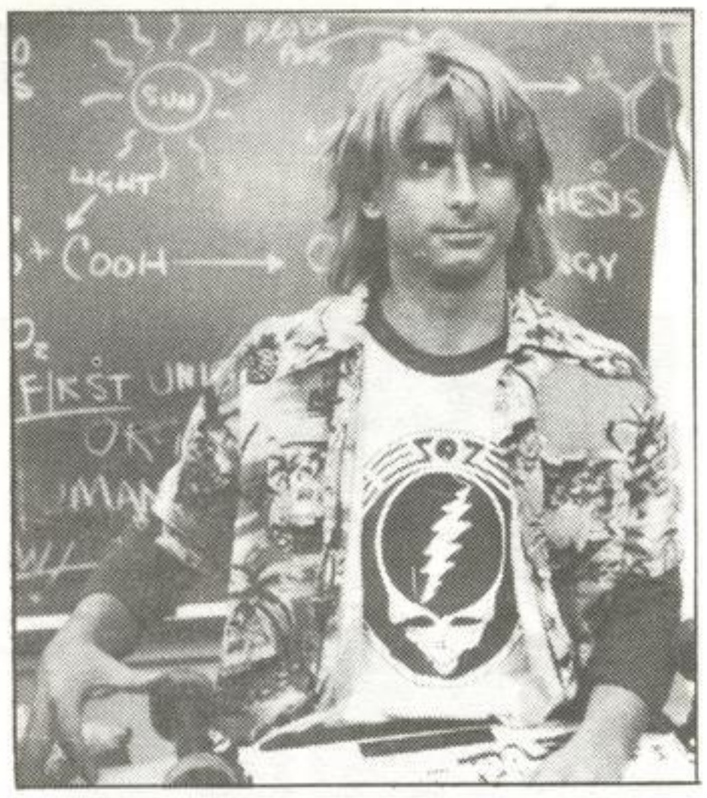
As most of you probably know, the open, supportive environment of Dead shows has attracted a large number of disabled people, and Anderson says his own ingenuity was fueled in large part by the kindness of Heads. If you'd like more information about the Quad-Bee (which has a patent pending), write Foster at Quad-Bee, 190 Norman Road, Rochester, NY 14623. Discs are $15 (plus 7 percent sales tax for New York State residents). T-shirts with the Quad-Bee logo are also available.

A Question of Priorities: A report in the Portland (Maine) *Press-Herald* from early March, forwarded by William Walsh of nearby Wiscasset, contained the following details about a huge fire that destroyed a clapboard apartment house:

"Jim Emerson, a second floor tenant who has lived in the building since December, escaped down a fire escape. He said he was sleeping in the third floor bedroom when he was awakened by a smoke detector. He said 'everything he owned' was still in the apartment. The only things he grabbed on his way out, he said, were his tickets to an upcoming concert by the rock group the Grateful Dead." Sounds like he needed his "Box of Rain" a few days *before* the second Portland show!

More from the Mysterious East: OK, *we're* not going to be the ones to turn around at a Dead show and tell Rodan or Gamera that he's singing the wrong lyrics to "Truckin'." But David Pahle of Delray Beach, FL, informs us that, indeed, the Japanese pressing of *American Beauty* is, to no one's surprise, fraught with translation problems. Not quite as bad as some lyric gaffes we've run, these bits from "Box of Rain" give you a taste: *"Walk out of any doorway/ feel your way, feel your way like the baby boy"; "Oh you've been before/ you are the eyes runnin' tears while going home"*; and *"Sun and shower in that rain/ In the window like it won't be there."*

The Celebrated Mr. K: Kreutzmann, that is, had this great quote in a recent issue of *Playboy* explaining the Dead's amazing staying power: "We just came up with something and played it real loud for long periods of time."



GD TV & Film Sightings—Obnoxious or Just Annoying?

The dude above is actor Dean Cameron, who played party animal Jeff Spicolli in the short-lived TV series *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*, and in one episode wore an official Dead shirt. The show's production assistant Michael Fasman (who sent in the photo) tells us he thinks the wardrobe people probably "thought the skull symbol was related to a metal band," and figured it would fit in with Spicolli's habitual AC/DC and Ozzy shirts . . . This one doesn't really apply, but it's kinda funny anyway: Teri Wheeler of North Alamo, MA, says that on a recent *Alfred Hitchcock* show, a traveling salesman walked into a bar, and when no one would buy anything from him, he screamed, "What are you? A bunch of Deadheads?" . . . Bob Kleinman of White Plains, NY, writes that in *Eating Raoul*, a very strange low-budget film a few years back, Ed Begley, Jr. remarks upon visiting a fantasy sex apartment that the stereo is playing his favorite music, the Grateful Dead. The music on the soundtrack for the scene is *not* the Dead, however . . . Many of you noted that on the *CBS Evening News* with Dan Rather of April 28, a story on the cocaine trial of Geraldine Ferraro's son, John Zaccaro, showed the accused dealer getting into a Volvo adorned with "Steal Your Face" and dancing bear decals. Gee, that's great for the band's PR, isn't it? (Thanks to Jonathan Kulick, Chevy Chase, MD) . . . Jim Daley of Wall, NJ, caught a Dead reference in a Disney movie called *A Fighting Choice*, starring Beau Bridges and Karen Valentine. Critiquing a performance they had just seen, Karen mentions that the Mime Troupe performed the same thing 20 years ago. Beau says, "Twenty years—has it been that long? Makes me feel like a grown up." To which Karen replies, "Don't worry, as long as you love the Grateful Dead, you'll never grow up." Amen.

Spring and summer tour bumperstickers

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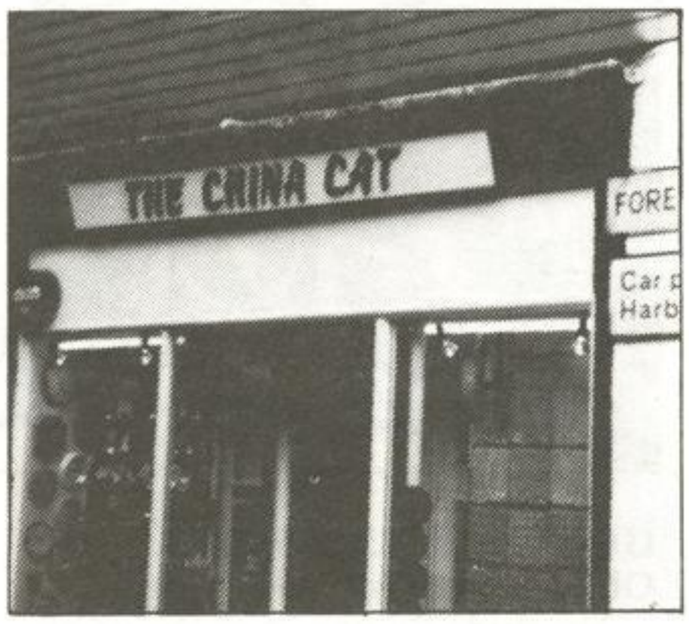
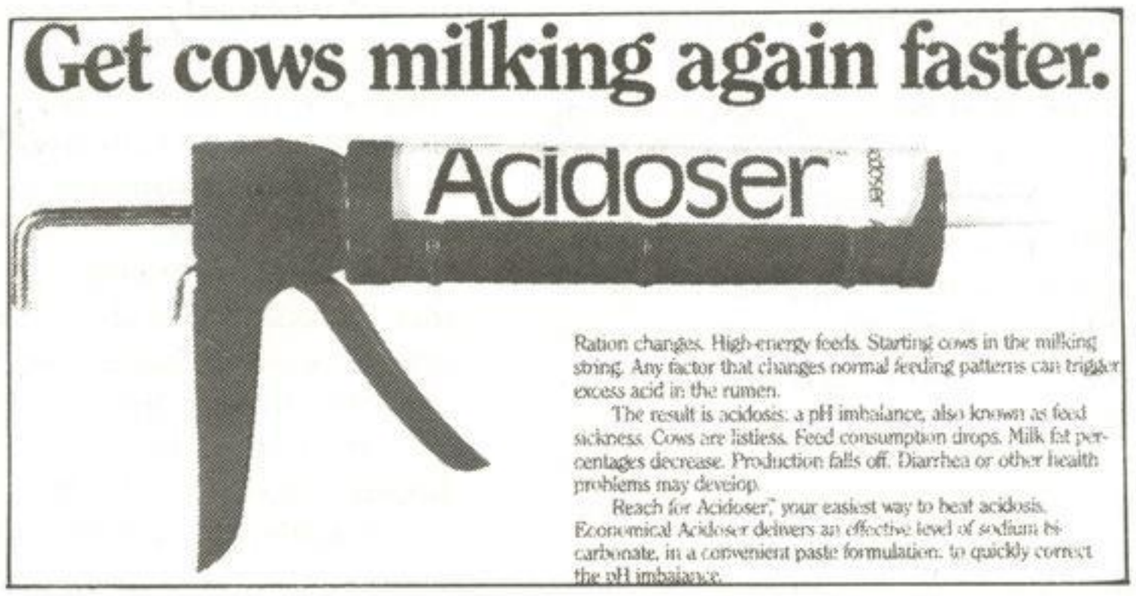
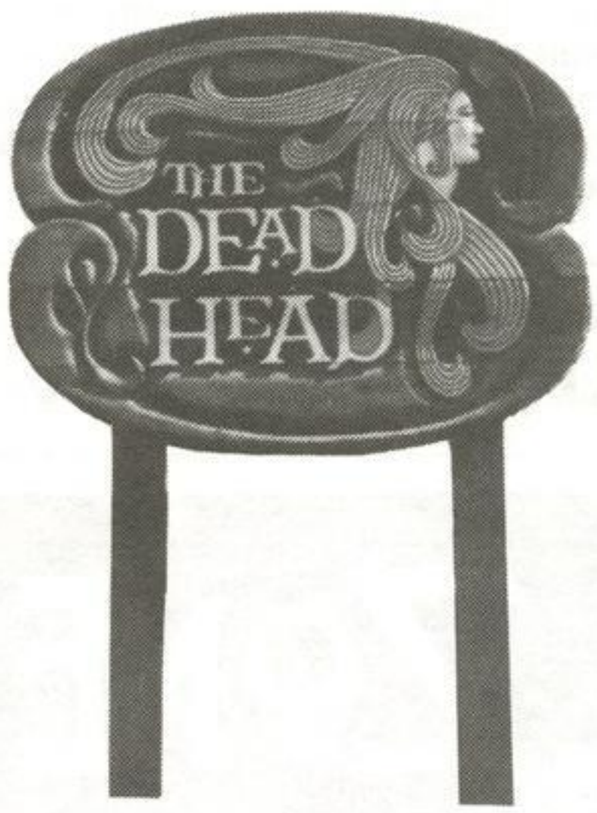
In the Strangest of Places . . .







Clockwise from top left: Import shop in Cornwall County, England (from Kitty Russell, Canterbury, England); street in England (Jeff Harrison, Williamsburg, VA); psychedelicize your cow! (John Idoux, Columbia, IL); hair salon in Lake Tahoe, CA (Chuck Veader, Santa Rosa, CA); Nashville import store (Mark Leviton, Claremont, CA); Estes Park, Colorado bar (Tom Stack, SF)

Generation Gap: Mike Cowperthwaite of West Wellington, CT, forwards the lyrics to a recent song by Arlo Guthrie, apparently called "Universal Love." In it, a youngster complains that his parents are throwbacks to the '60s, and includes the verse: "Whoa, Mom, can't you tell me where your head's at?/ I'm sick to death of hearing about where you saw the Grateful Deads at/ Whoa, Mom, don't you know this is the '80s?/ Oh, Mom, can't you relate to what the date is?"

Mama, Don't You Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Deadheads: Check out what critic Derk Richardson of the SF *Bay Guardian* had to say about a Willie Nelson show in late April:

"It was like the country equivalent of a Grateful Dead concert. The audience was a tame mix of rowdy cowboys and civil suburbanites in a common pilgrimage. Like Jerry Garcia, Nelson is a grinning old graybeard, in this case an unreconstructed Dustbowl hippie in blue denim, with a red bandana around his forehead and a battered acoustic guitar in hand. His gentle spirit is Zen-like and radiant. Like the Dead, Nelson's band is a long-standing unit that can sound sloppy and inspired at the same time, taking liberties with tempos and changes and, over the course of two hours and 30 or so songs, expanding and contracting the sound with almost psychedelic elasticity." Our question is, when is Nelson going to cover "Stella Blue"? Somebody send him a tape! (Submitted by Chris Peterson, Walnut Creek, CA.)

Weir's Wit & Wisdom: In his "City Sounds" column in the New York *Daily News*, writer Pablo Guzman asked La Bob, "What's kept you and the rest of the Dead goin' after all this time?" To which Weir replied: "Sheer, intense hatred—I figure sooner or later one of those guys is gonna let their guard down and I'm gonna get 'em." Guzman: "In spite of yourselves, the Dead are a rock institution. How does it feel?" Weir: "Well, after 19 or 20 years, I began to think we could be like the Count Basie Orchestra or something. I mean, at first we weren't thinking about being an institution or anything. It was an easy way to have fun, meet women and get paid, too. Maybe get the chord changes down on the side. Now, yeah, I think maybe we could last. And I think we're starting to get the chord changes down." (Submitted by Paul Sandonato, Haskell, NJ.)

We're happy to report that Deadheads were prominent in at least one spot along the 4000 mile route of Hands Across America. The good folks from Terrapin Trailways (you've seen their bus *everywhere*) joined the coast-to-coast human chain somewhere near their Southwestern home, holding both a peace flag and a "Deadheads Across America" banner proudly. Though TT's Norman Ruth had his doubts about the overcommercialization of the mega-event, he noted, "Anytime you can get 3 or 4 million people to do *anything* together, some good comes from it." We agree and are glad to know Deadheads were so well represented.

So, That was 400 Ding-Dongs, 200 Twinkies . . .: We've published reports about the Dead splurging for expensive food and wine in classy restaurants here and there. But Carl Mink of Weehawken, NJ, uncovered a different portrait of the Grateful Gourmands, printed in the Berkshire (MA) *Sampler:*

"'In general,' said David Carlucci, operations manager of the Saratoga Performing Arts Center, 'musicians request much more health food than in the past, and some, like Al Jarreau, are on specific diets (his is macrobiotic). But some of you will be comforted to know this: Last year, the Grateful Dead's road manager hired two local kids to be "runners," and at about 5 p.m. gave each of them $100 to head for Price Chopper and, within 30 minutes, purchase as much junk food as possible.'"

The Undersea World of Jacques Weir: Mark Mumper of Santa Cruz, CA, sent an item from the SF *Examiner*'s "Outdoors" column revealing that in mid-February the Dead donated $10,000 of Rex Foundation money to the United Anglers of California, a fisherman's association. Further, it reported that United Anglers were auctioning off spots on a boat to go fishing with Bob Weir sometime this summer.

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Wanted: 6/19/80 Alaska, also Dead videos. Have 1000+ hrs for trade. Tim Bennett, Box 507, Myette Beach, SC 29578.

Have 1700 hrs audio & 350 hrs video, Dead, Airplane, CSNY, others. Netta Gilboa, P.O. Box 221, Franklin Park, IL 60131.

Wanted: GD videos. Have a few interviews to trade. Stush Zysk, RD 3, Box 20 Ridge Rd, Belle Vernon, PA 15012.

Wanted: Austin 7/31/82, 7/13/83, Houston 85 & 78, SF 12/29/84. Will trade. Joe Senesac, Rt 9, Box 267, Canyon Lake, TX 78130.

Have 400+ hrs Dead, mostly 80s, to trade. Lists welcome. Bernie Brown, 37 Biro St, Fairfield, CT 06430.

Need Watkins Glen 7/27 & 28/73. 150 hrs to trade, send lists. Ted Mahovlich, 211 Strathallan Wood, Toronto Ont, M5N 1T5.

Got: Genesis/Gabriel, T Heads, Bowie, Feat, 250+ hrs Dead. Want more, esp 7/1/84 & 3/27/85, J. Flint, 528 S. 10th St, #4, San Jose, CA 95112.

Have 100+ hrs, lots of pre 74. Your list gets mine, Bob Condon, 2553 W 103 Pl, CHGO, IL 60655.

400+ hrs trade GD, Hendrix, Tuna/Jorma, Zeppelin. Jay Eckardt, RD #3, Coppermine Rd, Princeton, NJ 08540.

Need hi qual 5/13/73. Have 450 hrs Dead, 150 non-Dead. Dennis Alden, 345 South St, Chenango Forks, NY 13746.

Looking for Kezar 5/26/73, my 1st show, and CA 74 shows. 400 hrs to trade. Bill Basore, 833 S. Cedras Ave #17, Solana Beach, CA 92075.

Have 1000 hrs to trade. Send lists, Pete Gimpelman, 3495 Westminster Rd, Oceanside, NY 11572.

Let's trade lists, hi-qual Dead/non-Dead. Johnny B Goode, 201 Mill Creek Dr, Arlington, TX 76010.

Need 12/26/79, 5/19/74, Orpheum 7/16/76, 8/6/74. Qual traders welcome. Dave Weber, 1719 Crestwood Dr, Alexandria, VA 22302.

Needed 9/30/72 (first!), 7/1/79, all 9/73. Much to trade. Jeff Harrison, c/o 550 Mooretown Rd, Williamsburg, VA 23185.

Wanted: Pre 75 tapes, have 1000 hrs to trade. John Starks, 195 Cedarwood Ln, Newington, CT 06111.

Got 100 hrs want more. Trade lists. Larry Fahwoe, 117B Thorne, Ripon, WI 54971.

Wanted: Hollywood Bowl 7/74, have 300+ hrs Dead & others to trade. Greg Collins, 1760 Palisades Dr, Pacific Palisades, CA 90272.

Taper wants digital or hi-qual analog. Have Shoeps/AKG masters. Chris Geller, Box 7276, Mission Hills, CA 91346.

Who has 'em? 4/24/72, 4/26/72, 5/13/72, 5/24/72. 2000+ hrs to trade. Doug Lamarre, 79 Valley St, Laconia, NH 03246.

Send lists. Prefer low-gen SBDs & 1st gen aud. Have 300+ hrs. Bruce Lehnert, 6 Benedict Pl, Huntington, NY 11743.

Can't get enough GD, Tuna, Cippolina, Feat! Thousands of hrs to trade. Gesa & Thomas Biedebach, Breslauer Str 78, D-5880 Luedenscheid, W. Germany.

E Coast, Midwest aud taper, 300 guns, 550, Dragon. 1st gen/hi-qual SBDs only. Nikolai Mokrynczuk, Box 309, Berwyn, PA 19312.

1000+ hrs to trade. Send list to: Doug Donaldson, 110 Grovers Ave, Winthrop, MA 02152.

Have 180 hrs, need more. Let's exchange lists. Carter Goodling, School of Theology, Sewanee, TN 37375-4001.

Have 200 hrs qual GD. Send lists. Mike Bickland, 8604 Dora Ct, Annandale, VA 22003.

Beginners, let's help each other. Send lists to Steve McHenry, 518 E. Sevier St, Benton, AR 72015.

Wanted: Springfield, MA 10/2/72, Providence 9/15/73, & pre 74 SBD or hi-qual aud. Have 1000+ hrs. The Cosmic Kids, 2361 California St #6, SF, CA 94115.

Will trade 1st gen front row balcony 11/30/80 Fox 2nd set tape for 1st set tape from the same. Ron Haughton, 3320-B Dunway St, Norfolk, VA 23513.

Beginner needs tapes to hold on to sanity. Also friendly letters. Scott Polisky, 18752 Edleen Dr, Tarzana, CA 91356.

Wanted: Audio/video, hi-qual only, esp 3/30/31/'73. Randy Herr, 100 Chestnut Ridge, NY 14624.

Wanted: Tuna, Jorma, Airplane, Feat, Allmans, Clapton. Have much to trade, esp Dead! R.J., 3716 SW 30th Terrace, #40-A, Gainesville, FL 32608.

Traders wanted, especially NYC. Have 2000+ hrs Dead & Dead-related. R.C., Box 945, NY, NY 10013.

Will exchange lists with anyone. Looking for hi-qual 1985-86 shows. Tim, 80 Westwood Rd, North Smithfield, RI 02895.

Want low-gen SBD tapes 1965-72. Tons to trade. Uwe Dehnel, Wandsbeker Ch. 162, 2000 Hamburg 76, West Germany.

Serious trader wants lo-gen SBD Jerry and John 84/85/86. 640 Brinton #B, San Jacinto, CA 92383.

Have recent 84, 85, 86 hi-qual, low-gen East Coast shows. Will trade for West Coast of same. Send list. C. Nagy 2445 Main St, D1, Bridgeport, CT 06604.

New collector looking for hi-qual Dead, especially acoustic. Send lists to Cameron Brooks, 3320 Washington St, SF, CA 94118.

Wanted: 12/31/85, complete if poss., and more. Have no Dead tapes, but have much rock and reggae. John Sarmiento, 1261 Lombard, SF, CA 94109.

Dead to trade. Have 400 hrs. Correspondence welcome. Georganna & Dave, 121 N Sumner Ave, Scranton PA 18504.

Need help starting Dead collection 65-85. Send lists. Mick Windham, Box 7016, APO, NY 09178.

Wanted: Day Tripper, any show. Old & new Dead videos to trade. Rick Samuels 2250 West Ave, Santa Rosa, CA 95407.

Wanted: Uncut, lo-gen tapes to replace worn copies: 5/26/72, 10/20/74, 12/31/76, 4/27/77, 4/18/82. Plenty to trade. L. Scott Price, 158 Skinner Rd, Vernon, CT 06066.

Dinosaur tapes to trade for same. Mike Brown, 53 Stratford Ave, Grangetown, Sunderland, SR2 8RY England.

I Need a Miracle! Any tape with Throwing Stones. Only have 10/9/83 to trade. Arlaine Rockey, 3438 Sharon Rd, Charlotte, NC 28211.

Wanted: Hi-qual 60s psychedelic — Traffic, Airplane, Beatles, etc. 100 hrs; 350+ Dead. John Whitehead, Box 5007, Durham, NC 27706.

1500 hrs, looking for non-Dead & hi-qual pre-1977 Dead. Trade lists with serious traders. Steve Hill, 11 Michael Rd, Beverly, MA 01915.

Need 11/23/79 SBD. 300 hrs to trade. Send list and phone to: AJ Finkelstein, General Delivery, Claverack, NY 12513.

Looking for good qual old Dead. Have many to trade. Peter Oshman, 8450-F Via Mallorca, La Jolla, CA 92037.

Looking for entire Lewiston, ME 9/6/80. Tom Skeele, Box 272, Yosemite, CA 95389.

Wanted: JGB 7/26/80 Asbury Park. Jesse Landis, 6267 Lemon St, E. Petersburg, PA 17520.

Let's trade! El Weisso, 105 Avonbrook Rd, Wallingford, PA 19086.

Let's exchange lists. D.J., 2315 Togo St, Eureka, CA 95501.

Wanted: 11/5/85, 3/28/86, 3/30/86. Have 150 hrs to trade. D. Farrell, 2 Dows Lane, Woburn, MA 01801.

Need Chula Vista 9/15/85; will trade. CVW, 25 Oakwood Dr, Wayne, NJ 07470.

Have 150+ hrs GD. All letters answered. Pat Lozinak, 2835 Coppermine Rd, Audubon, PA 19403.

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Wanted: Ex tapes of 1st Box O'Rain, new Phil song, new Dylan covers; also pre-73. 650 hrs, no beginners please! Michael Tarachow, Box 379, Markesan, WI 53946.

Wanted: 10/24/78 video from Capitol Theater & early 70s qual SBDs. Have audio to trade. T. Taconetti, 3 Wing Dr, Cedar Knolls, NJ 07927.

Looking for Acid Tests and GD SBDs. Lots to trade. Dave Rones, 11 Bittersweet Ln, Levittown, NY 11756.

Wanted: 5/8/80, 5/5/81, 6/24/84, JGB and Bob 6/16/82. Have 200 hrs to trade. Kevin L, 933 W. Julie, Tempe, AZ 85283.

Have primo SBDs. Looking to trade same. Eddie Martin, 27 Dusenberry Rd, Bronxville, NY 10708.

Have 2800 hrs GD, need more. Looking for FW 6/7/70. All lists welcome. Jeffery Greenberg, 1B Mountain Laurel Dr, Wethersfield, CT 06104.

Much to trade. GD, folk, reggae, rock. Pat Woods, 4 Crescent St, Hicksville, NY 11801.

Wanted: Hi-qual Austin 8/85. Trade TX Harley shirts. R. Cross, 1-800-423-8188 (M-F, 8-8 CST).

Have 500 hrs GD. Your list gets mine. Houston, Box 1615, Jacksonville, FL 32240.

Looking for early Cleveland GD tapes. Over 400+ hrs to trade. Aiko, 23777 Mulholland Hwy #79, Calabasas, CA 91302.

Group of Heads in desolation to get together, trade 150+ hrs and caravan. S. Dukas, 126 11th, Idaho Falls, ID 83401.

Feed my head! Need 5/3/86, prefer hi-qual. C. Cox, 2685 Elizabeth Ct, Sebastopol, CA 95472.

Need Help starting collection. Miles Kasenic, 10 Iona St, Pittsburgh, PA 15212.

Searching for hi-qual Portland 86 & Kaisers. Send lists. Howard Scharf, 921 Leamington, Glenview, IL 60025.

Wanted: 1/2/70 FE, 8/14, 15/71 BCT, 7/31/71 Yale. Steve Brown, Box 289, Arroyo, NM 87514.

Happy to trade lists, 300+ hrs Dead & others. Eric Ellisen, 1320 Spruce, Berkeley, CA 94709.

Have & want hi-qual SBD & aud tapes. 300+ to trade. Lists welcome. Dave, 2068 Galena St, Aurora, CO 80010.

Have 250+ hrs, want summer 74. Lists & letters welcome. N. Massouridis, 4 Praxitelous St, Maroussi, 15126 Athens, Greece.

Need Mardi Gras 2/11/86 w/Nevilles. Dig recorded aud or SBD. Rare SBDs to trade. Jon Kaiser, 156 Terra Vista #4, SF, CA 94115.

CLASSIFIEDS

Whoo, pig soiree! Am I the only head in Ark? Let's get together, travel to summer shows. Steve McHenry, 518 E. Sevier St., Benton, AR 72015.

First Garcia LP *still sealed, new mint!* I have one only. First come, first serve. Make offer. Rob Kravitz, 9662 Huron, St. Louis, MO 63132.

Dead 45s for sale: Eyes of the World, U.S. Blues (DJ copies) $7 each. New copies. Price includes postage. Rob Kravitz, 9662 Huron, St. Louis, MO 63132.

To female Deadhead who shared bus stop with me at the 11/7/85 Rochester show — I made it home! Are you still living in Albany? Rob, Canadauga, NY.

Hey now! Portland area Deadheads, especially those in Sellwood area, how are you? Where are you? My girlfriend and I would like to meet you for tape trading, socializing and general friendship. Strangers stopping strangers ... Write to J.R. at 944 S.E. Lexington St., Portland, OR 97202.

Just a simple twist of fate? That two such beautiful people could have the same birthdate. Happy Birthday, Beth! I love you so. You're my everything. And on tour we'll go! And to Jerry Garcia, have the happiest yet. Thank you for making Beth and me smile, smile, smile. You're my hero, Jerry! And I just want to tell you both, your not gettin' older, your just gettin' Deader! Love, Bernie. P.S. Happy Anniversary, Beth.

Lost at Frost, Sunday 5/11/86: Navy blue duffle bag containing a number of shirts with immeasurable sentimental significance. Any info? Contact Eric Ellisen, 1320 Spruce, Berkeley, CA 94709.

4th Annual Gathering of Heads: 8/30/86, Buttermilk Creek Park, Fond du Lac, WI, noon-11 pm. We have a permit, sound system, volleyball net, charcoal fire and room to move. Bring your friends, frisbees, food, drink, and etc's. See ya there!

Bob Lowenthal: Are you out there? I knew you at Humboldt State in 69-71. You were a Deadhead then; how about now? Write me c/o *Golden Road*. Your old buddy, Edward Guthmann.

Bumper stickers that say Dead Head and resemble state license plates. Now available: California, Colorado, Pennsylvania and New Jersey; silkscreened on heavy duty vinyl. Send $2.50 for one, $4.50 for two and $5.50 for three (includes postage and handling). To Joe McCullough, P.O. Box 583, Pinecliffe, CO 80471.

Found 10/31/85, Columbia, SC: Pager, F.C.C. Rx Date RC0098, Meddac PB08 A5973, Motorola Director. If it's yours, please write to Doug Lamarre, 79 Vally St, Laconia, NH 03246.

Mrs. and Mr. Mann-Hoff: Tanks a lot! With your help, I looked like a great hostess! Until next time, I send you my long-distance love.

Dearest Jack Lacy, Glad to know you're in this world with us. We're lucky to have you. So's Bucky. Can't wait till we can all be together. Love, the J2.

Don't be without your 1986 year-at-a-glance. Send $3 and two $22¢ stamps to the Printknot Printers, 3600 Green St, Harrisburg, PA 17110.

Sober Deadheads unite! Take your 12-step meeting on tour. Wharf Rat Group, 5 Trestlewood Ct #3, Columbus, GA 31909.

We're looking for: Guy Smith, Ithaca, NY, Tony Chipelo, Wash. D.C., and "Mitch" who was on floor at Dome 10/22/84 with us, also any past traders. Dennis Alden, 345 South Street, Chenango, NY 13746.

Bumble Bee: Thanks for understanding my Deadheadism (love for the music, colors, bubbles, balloons and strange dancing). I will love you forever. BZZZZZZZ.

Hey now, Gary and Grant, my Deadhead brothers, space is fun all right! The family that travels together dances together. I love you both. From Big Brother.

Job wanted: St. Louis Deadhead wants to move to Northern California. Twelve years experience in retail auto part sales. Please help! Would like to work for fellow Deadhead. Robert Kravitz, 9662 Huron, St. Louis, MO 63132.

Dead I.D. cards — "I'm a Deadhead." Three different designs with hotline numbers. Laminated and colored: $1. Unlaminated and uncolored: 3 for $1. Will also trade for Dead related stuff. Terri Wheeler, 404 River St., North Adams, MA 01247.

Sonora-Twain Harte Heads Billy Hall and Richard Laughlin: Contact Chris Hanson, Brujo (Sarasota 1975) at 911 Beryl, Redondo Beach, CA 90277.

Clay! Happy Birthday! Hope you enjoy the magazine as much as I do. J.L. Gary! Happy Birthday! We miss you back here. I hope to see you soon, maybe at a show. Love, John.

Hand crafted leather cases for D-5, Nak. 550. Send me S.A.S.E. and I'll send you illustrations and information. Each case made to order. Rudy Contratti, 9900 Longford Ct., Vienna, VA 22180.

Hoag: Love Newport and you. Same time next year?

Tapers and traders: Custom cassette cards available. For sample and details send S.A.S.E. to: David Allen Jensen, 3904 E. 34th, Spokane, WA 99223.

My silver lining has a "Touch of Gray" because I don't have the lyrics to the song. Please help me out! Breck Armstrong c/o Proctor Academy, Andover, NH 03216.

German graduate student (American Studies) moving to Boston in late August. Looking for apartment near U. Mass. Harbor Campus. Thomas Schaller, IM Schwarzenfeld 17, 8102 Mittenwald, West Germany.

Musicians wanted: Rhythm guitar/vocalist seeks fellow musicians for regular and frequent jamming in or near SF. Please call Tony evenings, Wednesdays or weekends. (415) 387-6264.

Wanted: Deadhead pen pals. Write to a joyful but down-to-earth Head with a touch of space. Margie Z. 7807 Brereton Road, Dane, WI 53529.

Randy + Betsy: L.A.'s just not the same without you. We missed you at Irvine. Hope all is well. Love, Zev and Cheryl.

Thank you Doug LaMarre from New Hampshire for finding my roll of film. I thought it was lost forever. Mike from Sunrise.

Hi, Doug. Great having you out for the Greeks! Stay longer next time. Love, Robin, Stu & Benson.

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