The GOLDEN ROAD

Issue 13 · Winter 1987

By the Waterside I Will Rest My Bones

We've always tried to be candid about how things are going at *The Golden Road* and how the mag and the band are affecting us personally from season to season. Well, the report this time is that we're dog tired and we need to take a break. And so, regretfully, we're skipping the spring (April) issue and we'll come out again in late July.

In a nutshell, we want the opportunity to try to regain some control of our personal life. We've been doing this at night and on weekends for three years now and finally we've become jealous of our friends who can go to movies and visit their pals without "homework" guilt, who don't have a Sword of Damocles hanging above them. We first entertained the notion of a break after Garcia fell ill, but we figured that was the time people needed us most. Then we were going to skip this issue, but we figured everyone would want to read a timely report on the December comeback shows. So the beginning of a new year, when touring activity is generally a bit lighter, seems like the natural place for us to break.

This move undoubtedly looks "unprofessional" to some of you, but then this isn't a real business. This is a hobby gone haywire. One of the dangers of doing something reasonably well is that it sometimes looks easy, and that is far from the case here. Don't confuse us with real magazines. We're just a couple of Deadheads who've been on a joyride. And now it's time to slow down.

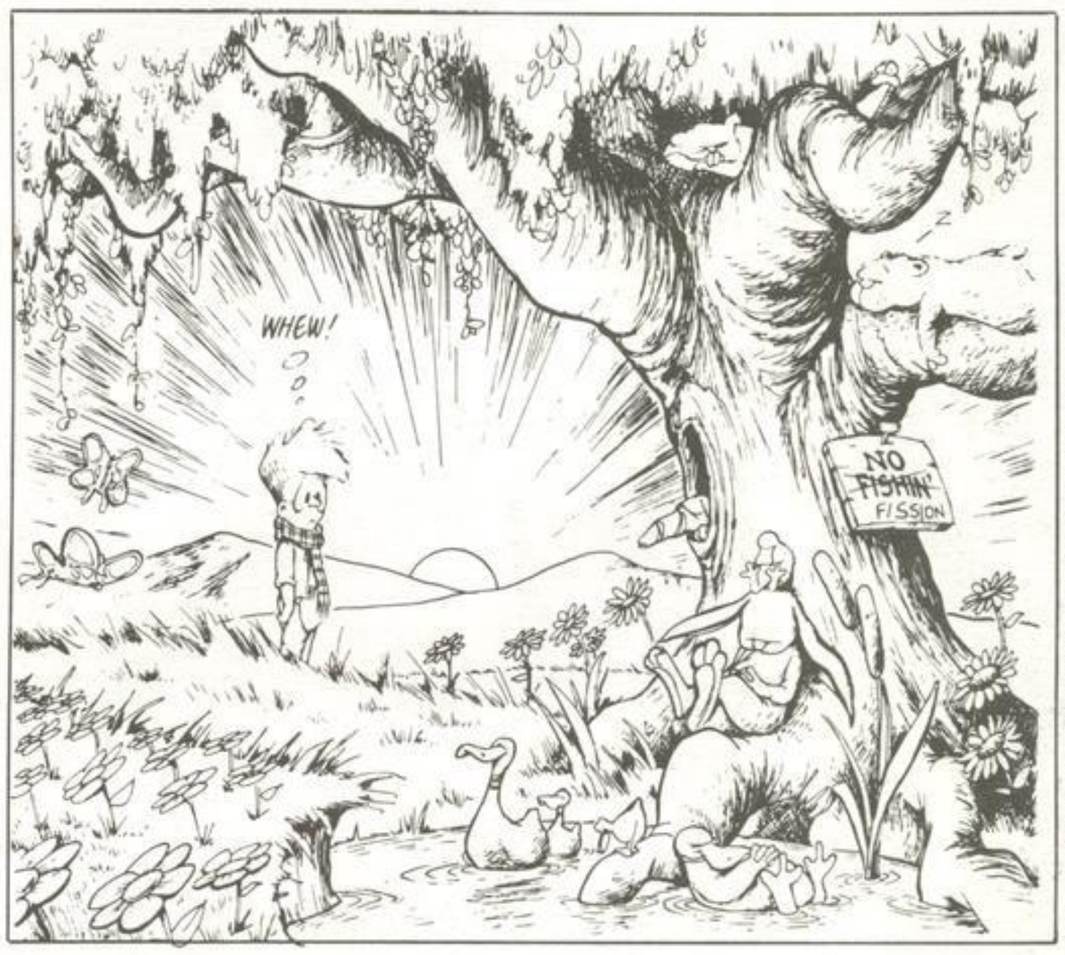
We're going to take the next few months to try to figure out how to keep *The Golden Road* going without it killing us. Among the options we'll be looking at are 1) continuing on the way we've been going but taking these breaks when the mood hits; 2) publishing less frequently, maybe twice a year instead of quarterly; 3) putting out a few more issues and calling it quits. A lot of people have told us we should turn more of our workload over to others, but that's much easier said than done. This is our art, in a sense, so it must rise and fall with our creativity, drive and temperament. Again, this isn't a magazine. It's a love letter.

Getting to practical matters, of course you will still receive four issues on your subscription, and all the renewal dates will be pushed back three months. And be assured that this move has nothing at all to do with the financial solvency of the magazine. We're doing fine, thanks to your unwavering support. Nor does it reflect a decreasing commitment to the Dead scene on our part. We're as jazzed now as we've ever been. But for a magazine that's about passion and enthusiasm to remain vital, it has to be born out of those kinds of feelings. If we lose that spark, if we stop having fun with it, you'll know it because our work will show it. And we refuse to let that happen.

We share your disappointment, but it'll all work out one way or another. But, if any of you get squirrely and think we're going to run off to Rio with your Grateful greenbacks, drop us a line and we'll cheerfully refund the remainder of your subscription fee. But then you'll miss the next *Golden Road*. And the one after that. And the one after that . . .

Our cover illustration this time, titled "All the Years Combine," is Tim Gleason's fanciful creation based on the Chinese calendar. Having just finished the Year of the Tiger, we are now in the Year of the Hare, with the Year of the Dragon just eleven months away. Tim's last *Golden Road* cover was #10, the Deadicated license plate.

— *BJ & RM*



'Bloom County' by Berke Breathed © 1987 Little, Brown & Co.

The Golden Road

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FEEDBACK

All Good Things in All Good Time

Here in St. Louis, we heard only the worst kinds of rumors about Jerry's condition after he got sick. I heard everything from he's being kept alive with machines but is a vegetable to he's basically OK but will never play guitar again! By the time your mag arrived I'd heard more positive reports, but you can imagine my delight to open up my *GR* and find that he was playing again and was still as funny and articulate as ever. Thank you for printing the interview. Hearing about him from *him* really cheered me up.

And the Ken Kesey story is probably the best thing I've read in *The Golden Road*! Although I had read *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* a few years ago and I knew he was around the Dead from time to time, I didn't have a good sense of his deep connections with the more spiritual side of all this. I agree with him that all of it is bigger than Garcia. Of course I hope we don't have to test that again any time soon, but I know that during the time when Jerry was real sick, I actually became closer to my Deadhead friends and we managed to carry on and still have a lot of fun. As I've gotten older, I've come to believe that being a Deadhead is more how you conduct your life and interact with other human beings than just liking a certain band.

Also, I have to agree with him when he talks about it not being important how many people are Deadheads, but that a few in a lot of different places can change things. When I was a freshman at Washington University here in St. Louis, I probably alienated half of my dormmates by talking about the Dead all the time, playing my tapes at all hours of night and day and generally trying to get everyone I knew into the band. I turned a lot of people off, and I'm sorry about that. What I learned later is that the Dead sell themselves. A lot of the people who were mad about my preaching heard them on their own in the ensuing years and liked what they heard! Two of them now go to shows with me. What this tells me is that the music and the message are strong enough that there's no reason to be a zealot about it. "All good things in all good time." So now I try to steer people toward the Dead, but I try not to be obnoxious about it.

Chris Donavan
Creve Coeur, MO

Demonic Coincidence

Finished *Demon Box* a few days before the new *Golden Road* came rolling in. That line the band sings makes more sense all the time: "When life looks li'Kesey Street . . ."

Michael Tarachow
Markesan, WI

Little Ben Clock Says Quarter to 8

Your last issue, with Garcia and Kesey interviews, was the best I've read yet!

The biggest problem I have with your magazine is that whenever I receive it, I have this tendency to stop whatever I'm doing, sit down and read about the Dead for a couple of hours. If I sort the mail in the morning before going to work, this presents a real problem. Oh well, at least I've got my priorities. Anyway, the magazine doesn't come every week, so I can probably still keep my job.

Paul Hood
Orange, CA

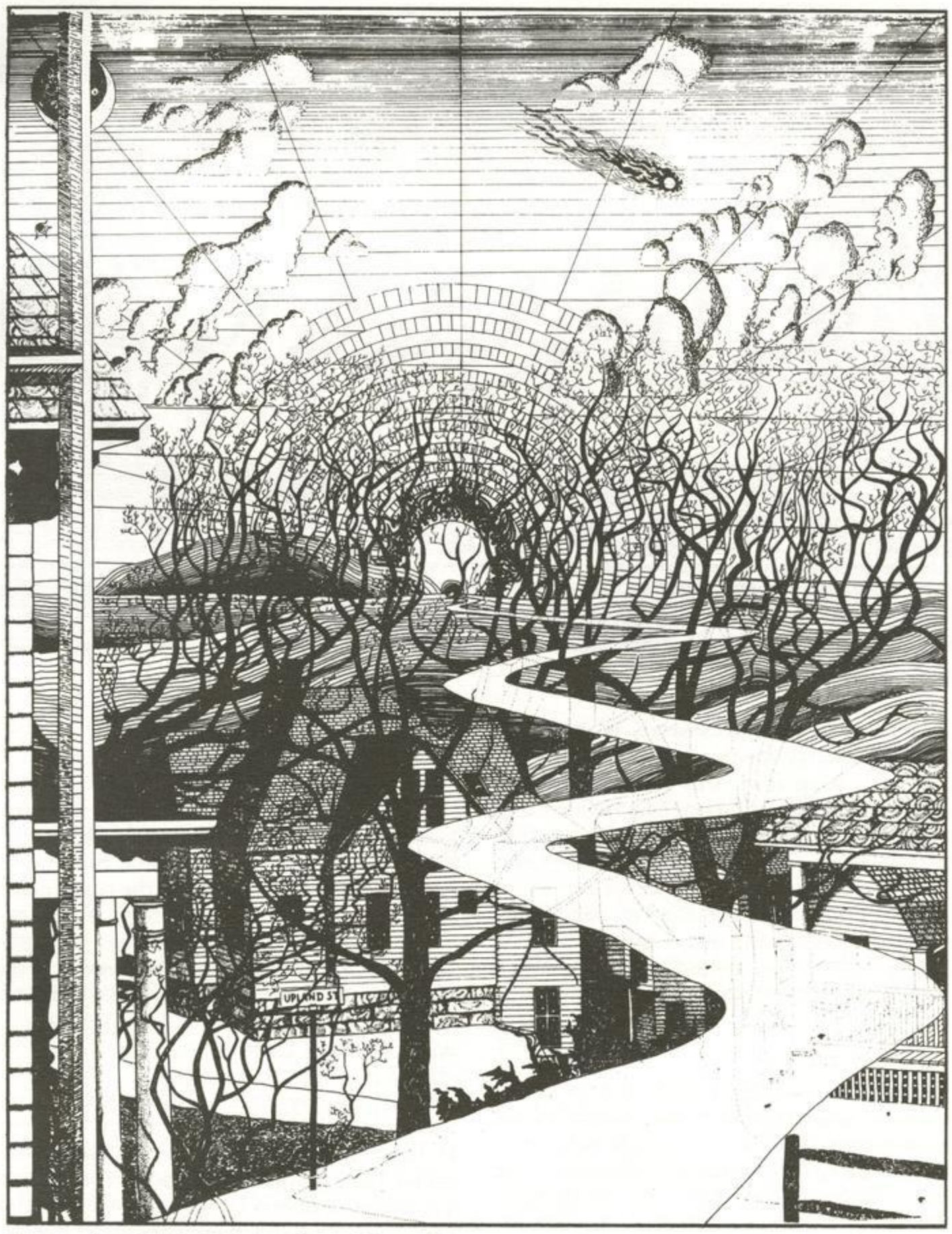


Illustration: Michael Blackwell, Fitchburg, MA

Don't Leave Home Without It

I recently returned from California, where I caught four really fun shows. If you see 'em, tell the boys in the band I paid $250 for my New Year's Eve ticket and thought it was worth every penny. There is nothing like being smothered with balloons and confetti while dancing to "Touch of Gray" to ring in the new year. There is also nothing like explaining to your parents why you *had* to spend a quarter of $1000 on their Mastercard!

Rick Williams
Wooster, OH

Editor's note: It may have been worth every penny, but wouldn't it be great if only Deadheads — not professional scalpers — sold extra tickets and never charged more than the face value?

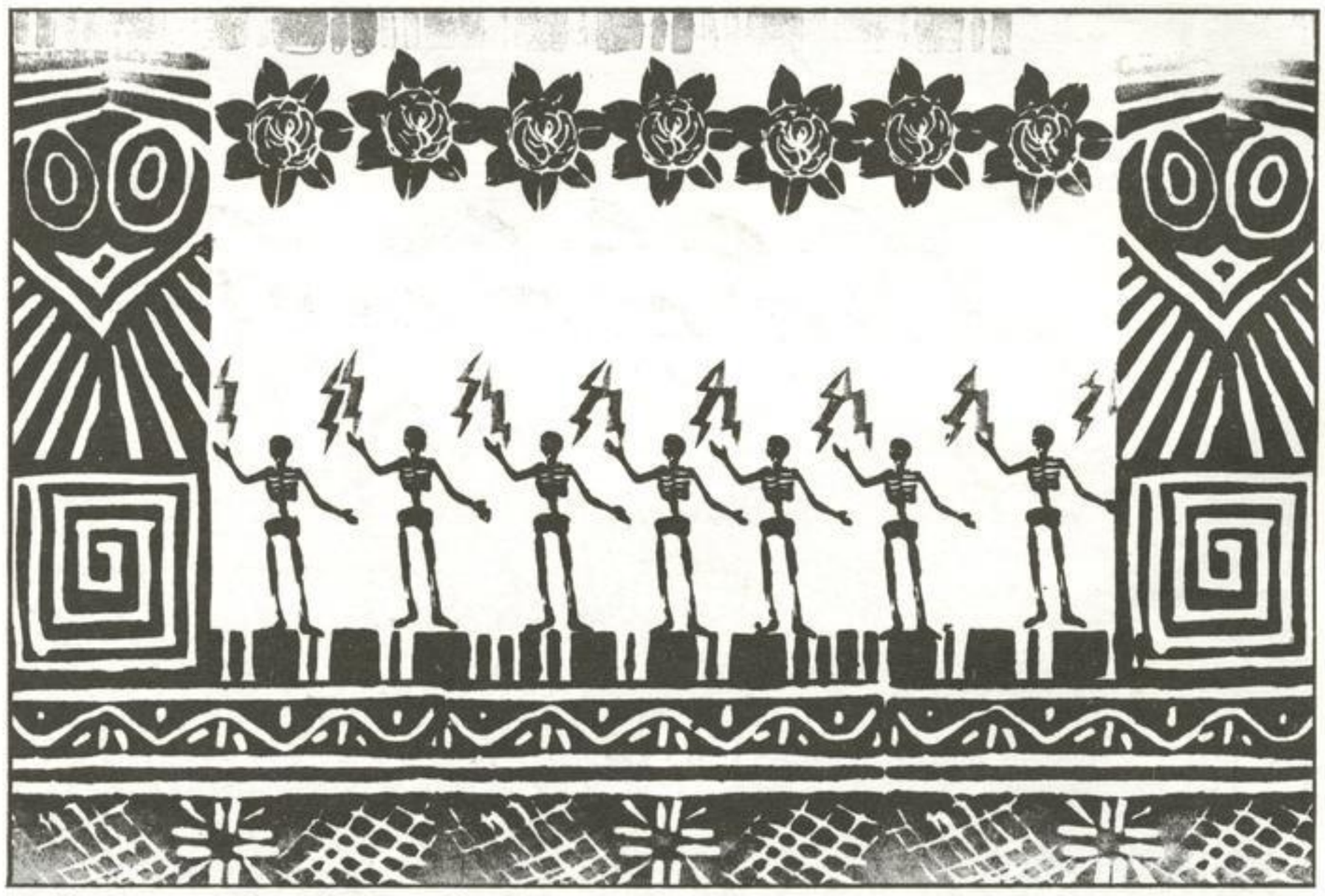
3-D House of Beefs

Guess Jerry's illness gave us all a lesson. Yes, I was one who was souring on the tour scene but still felt compelled to go (classic love/hate syndrome). The break was forced upon us, but was necessary and appreciated.

The Dead were lucky not to be on tour during the pre-election media drug mania. Can you imagine Dan Rather interviewing 17-year-old tourheads in front of Madison Square Garden? All of us who work legitimate jobs are scared out of our bladders! Can you imagine the horror of us yuppie Heads having to sell tie-dyes, beads and other doodads out of VW buses and beg for free tickets?

On another topic: A lot of us are pretty steamed about reading about all these old tapes that you have "heard" (but don't have? *Sure!*). I am in touch with a lot of

FEEDBACK



Rubber stamp art by Judit Torn Allen, Eugene, OR

traders who have thousands of hours of GD, and *nobody* has these tapes! So why rub it in by talking about this stuff? Would you feed a starving dog a bone? Remember that most of your readers are struggling to find decent copies of 4-26-29-71, 10-16-20-74 and other basic tapes. What's the point of mentioning in "Roots" that Pig Pen sang "Sick and Tired" when the rest of us haven't even heard it? Most of us would kill to hear Weir's version of "She Belongs to Me."

Bob Messina
East Berlin, CT

BJ replies: Actually, it's true that we are not hard-core tape collectors—many Golden Road *readers have collections that would put ours to shame. Nor do we have any special access to great tapes. We heard "Sick and Tired" on the radio (KPFA)! And the point of mentioning it is to record that it happened. It's history.*

Synchronicity Spoken Here

When I got home and found *Golden Road* #12 in my mailbox, I put on a tape (Fillmore '70) and rolled a joint, of course. Just as the band began pounding out "Alligator," I opened the envelope and almost had my nose bitten off!

Oliver Trager
New York, NY

Dream Weaver

I am traveling in South India. The day before I left I watched the 49ers fold up against the Redskins, leaving the Grateful Dead as the last great attachment tugging at my heartstrings as I left the Western world 10,000 miles behind.

I had to miss the seven December shows. Oh well, I have already been to two Dead concerts in my dreams since arriving. It tickles me to realize that *I* made up the new stuff they played.

Peter Oppenheimer
Allepey, Kerala, India

Curiouser and Curiouser

The sentence "In the land of night (or of the dark) the ship of the sun is drawn by the Grateful Dead," or some variant, purportedly a quotation from the Egyptian Book of the Dead, shows up from time to time on stickers and cards. It was on the cover of album one for a while, and then it was removed. Alton Kelley believes that someone around 710 Ashbury suggested using it on the cover of the first album, so he did; and that someone else around 710 (or maybe at Warner Bros.) didn't think it was a good idea to use it, so he altered it.

Many people have gone through Wallis Budge's *Book of the Dead*, which is the 18th Dynasty edition of Egyptian funerary texts called *The Papyrus of Ani*, and not found the quotation. It doesn't match the world of the sun's morning and evening boats of the 5th Dynasty pyramid texts, and it's not quite reminiscent of the "book of what is in the underworld," or drawings of the dead king who becomes Osiris and accompanies the sun boat to dawn in the tomb of Rameses VI, of the 20th Dynasty.

Folks from the old days sometimes think they really saw the sentence, but no one I've contacted can give a specific citation. Egyptian antiquities at the British Museum corroborated my guess that the alleged quotation is "dubious."

Cosmically appropriate LSD fables and recapitulations of all history in the end-time were popular in late-'60s Frisco. Some people remember that Chet Helms announced the alleged quotation one evening at the Avalon. Chet Helms tells me that it might have originated with Ken Kesey (a well-known troublemaker). Kesey isn't talking, and a few others haven't replied.

I spoke with William Murnane (author of *The Guide to Egyptian Antiquities*, 1983) who accompanies Egyptian expeditions from UC Berkeley. He said that the idea of the barque of the sun entering into the caverns of the night is a common one, so that the quotation might be just a paraphrase. He said that the journey of the barque of the sun through the caverns of the night, the repelling of forces trying to destroy the sun and bring back primeval chaos, and the sun's triumphant reemergence at morning, are a standard theme of the pictures and text found on the walls of the royal tombs in many historical periods. The presentations of this theme in these compositions (sometimes called The Mortuary Books) all look very similar, but there's a different emphasis from one period to another. There's also a process where a particular theme and mode of presentation begin on the royal tombs and are gradually extended to members of the upper and middle classes who can afford tombs. He said that because of the different emphasis in each case, "without actually seeing the cover, I couldn't tell you."

Murnane also remarked on the old Fugs song that began "Rameses II is dead, my love," which described entering the barque of Re to go down into the nether world. "That too is a ripoff of an ancient Egyptian theme."

I spoke with most of the people who "should" know, and I understood that what I was doing was as useless as tracing a legend or a rumor back from one person to another. In other words, I reached a conclusion before I did the research: that the sentence was a kind of religious sci-fi, or a hoax, or a creative idea of the appropriate modern extension of an ancient text.

But if any of your readers knows better and has a specific citation or a photocopy in context, wouldn't that be surprising?

Willy Legate
San Rafael, CA

Editor's note: Willy Legate is the Dead's resident philosopher and Keeper of the Tape Vault.

Doin' What Comes Naturally

I've been a Dead fan since I saw a free concert of theirs in Athens, OH, in the fall of 1968, when I was in grad school in art. I've been an art professor at College of William & Mary for going on 16 years. Egad! Embarrassingly enough, I've just recently latched onto the tape phenomenon. It's amazing! I'm 41, and I've recently made friends with a history professor who's 43 and been a fan since 1970. He didn't know about the tape deal either, so now I'm making tapes for him too. We wonder if there'll eventually be a senior citizen discount at concerts.

I notice a resurgence of interest in the Dead among students. But at this school (terribly conservative), the Deadheads are still a small minority — like it was when I was a student in the mid-/late '60s.

Just the other day one of my students asked me if I was a hippie. I said, "What do you mean *was*? I still am." I don't talk about or promote the Dead to these kids. I let them find out for themselves. (One of them saw me at last spring's Hampton concert; I was on the floor in the back snake dancing the whole show like a crazy fool. She was

floored.) But when they ask, I tell them, Yes, I am a Deadhead, and let it go at that. I see no reason to push something that should come naturally, which is what the Dead do.

Paul Helfrich
Williamsburg, VA

It's Your Party and I'll Cry If I Want To

Several issues back [Spring '86] I read your most informative piece on Bob Weir's literary cohort, John Barlow, to which many of our favorite Weir tunes can be attributed. One paragraph mentioned Barlow's political affiliations, and much to my disbelief (not to mention cynicism), I discovered that the co-author of "Throwin' Stones" is a party-identifying Republican! This saddens me deeply, for what I thought had become an anthem for what all Dead freaks could on some level relate to and feel strongly about, is really just lip service from the conservative establishment.

The Dead claim to be apolitical, but the organizations that receive benefit monies from the Dead certainly don't reflect this. Many of us have come to the conclusion that politics is *all* dirty, but there nevertheless exists the lesser of two evils, and it's not the party that's spending record amounts of money waging an illegal war in Central America, militarizing space, denying the American people an arms deal with the Soviets; the party whose policies have created more poverty for the already poor and more wealth for the already wealthy. "The rich man in his summer home sayin' just leave well enough alone"? I'm afraid I'm terribly disillusioned.

Chris Hammersla
Springfield, VA

To Each His Own

I was at the "Night of the Living Deadheads" where they showed the Phil interview, and I read his comments on drugs again in the last *Golden Road*. Hey, Phil, since when do members of the Dead lecture their fans?! In my opinion, part of what makes the thing of being a Deadhead special is that no one tells anyone else what to do. Because it is a supportive scene, people already look out after each other. I think whether people choose to take drugs or not, and if they want to take drugs what they take, is an entirely personal decision. Since the individual person risks the consequences, shouldn't he have the choice?

Drugs have never been the most important part of the Dead for most people. I haven't been high at a show for three years, and I'm having more fun than ever. But I would never presume to tell others what not to do. I'm not pro-drugs. I'm pro-freedom. That is what the Grateful Dead are about to me.

Scott Sinclair
El Cerrito, CA

Love Is the Drug

I would like to respond to Phil's request to not bring drugs around anymore. Asking us all to look at ourselves and reconsider our use of drugs is a bold and brilliant and ultimately very compassionate thing to do. I can only speak from my own experience, but, for me the music of the Grateful Dead has always held a spirit of gentle guidance towards innocent fun and genuine merriment. The playfulness of coming together in joy to celebrate through music is underlined by a willingness to connect with others in a tender realization of our common humanity. I have found, for myself, that using drugs at those times is only a distraction. When I am feeling high and pure and free already, drugs only get in my way and seperate me from those around me.

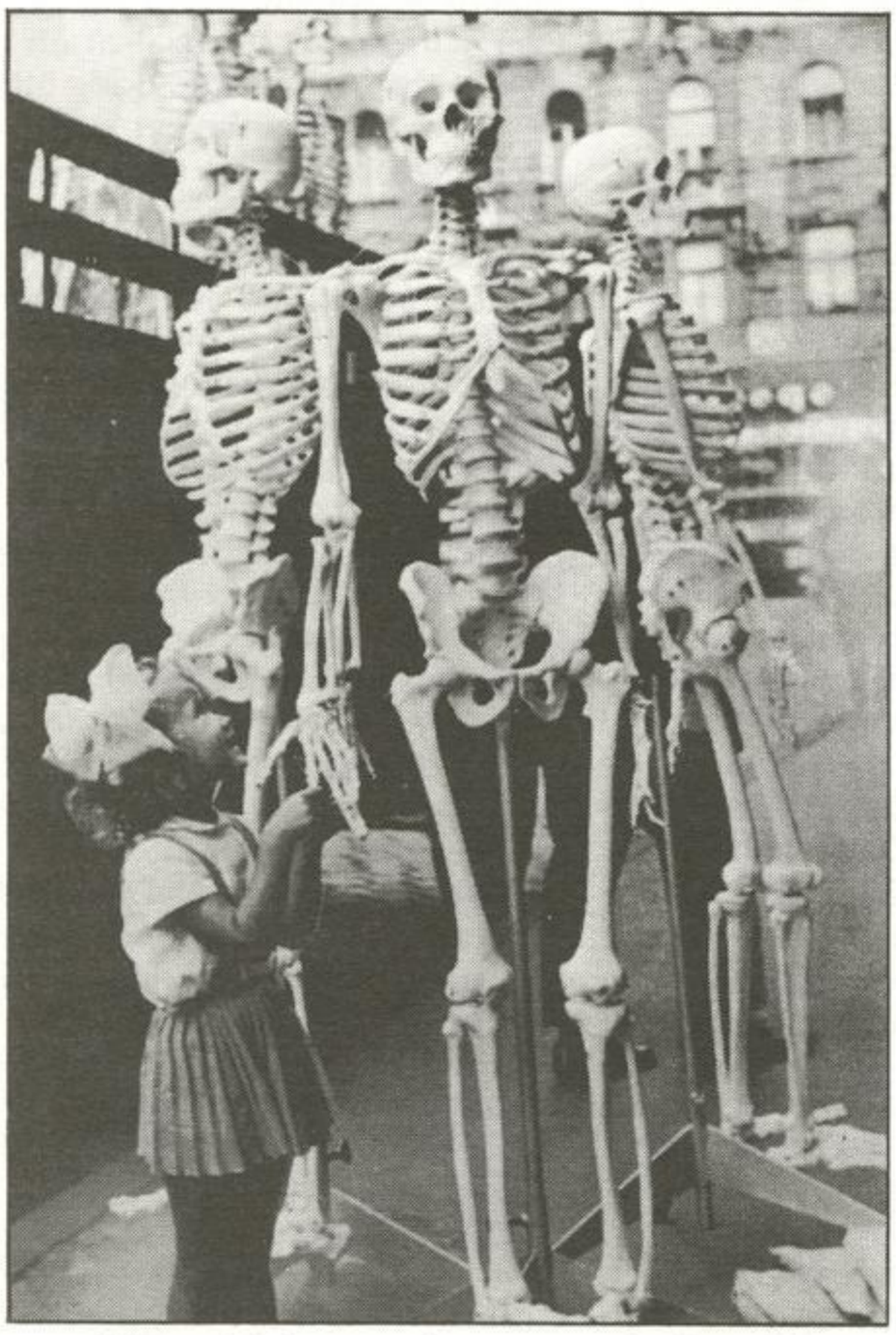
My own involvement with drugs has made me paranoid, a state of mind that is anything but conducive to a naturally peaceful flow of energy. If I believe in magic, I have only to remember that the magic is right inside my heart. The Dead's music serves to remind me to open up my heart and let the magic happen to me. For that subtle reminder, I am eternally Grateful.

Priscilla Kelly
Wiscasset, ME

My Connection

You guys and gals are about the only connection I have to the Dead world, since they haven't toured up here since 32 B.C. Keep up the great work. You people deserve a humanitarian award from Deadheads. (Well, at least a free lunch.)

Jim Stoltzfus
Seattle, WA



'Hey, which one of you guys is Jerry?'

NO BONES ABOUT IT

If little Althea here had been reading her mom and dad's *Golden Road,* she'd know who's who, what's what and where it's at. Helps build strong minds 12 ways. Fun for kids 6 to 60. (After that, you're on your own.)

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DEADLINE

Much of the Dead's 1987 tour schedule has been at least tentatively mapped out as we go to press, so we'll share with you what info we've heard. As usual, none of these dates are written in stone, and of course there are some major gaps. So keep an ear to the GD Hotline — (415) 457-6388 in the West, (201) 777-8653 in the East.

After a trio of Mardi Gras shows at Kaiser in Oakland, March 1, 2, 3, the Dead go east at the end of the month for shows in Hampton, VA (March 22, 23, 24); Hartford, CT (March 26, 27); the Spectrum in Philly (March 29, 30, 31); the Worcester, MA, Centrum (April 2, 3, 4); the Meadowlands in East Rutherford, NJ (April 6 and 7); and Chicago's Pavilion (April 9, 10). That's some pretty tough traveling and zig-zagging for tourheads. A week after the Chicago dates, the band makes its annual trip to Irvine Meadows, in Orange County, CA, April 17 and 18.

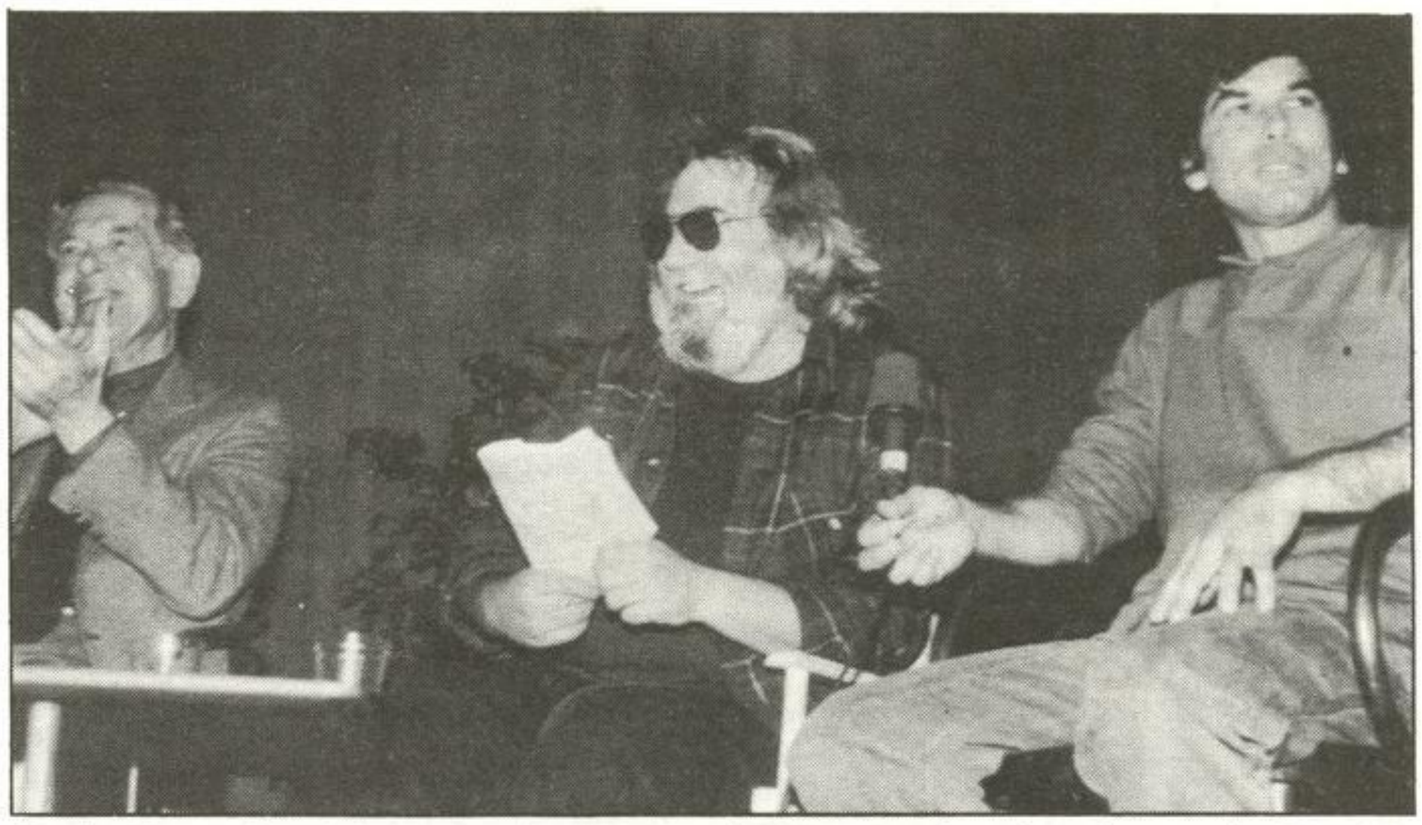
The Frost Amphitheater (Palo Alto, CA) dates have been penciled in for May 9 and 10; Ventura (CA) might be three days this year—June 12, 13 and 14 — and the Greek (Berkeley) is scheduled for July 11, 12 and 13. There will be a summer swing between June 18 and July 4, but we haven't heard any details yet. Last year, Alpine Valley (WI) and Cincinnati were stops during that period.

In early August the Dead take to the mountains with dates at Red Rocks (August 11, 12, 13), and quite possibly Telluride (another scenic Colorado spot), August 15 and 16. No word yet on Park West, UT, or Boreal Ridge, CA (both of which were on last year's canceled mountain tour).

September finds the Dead bound for the East Coast again, with probable stops in Providence, RI (September 7, 8, 9); the Washington D.C. area (September 11, 12, 13, maybe at the Capitol Centre in Landover, MD); Madison Square Garden in NYC (September 15, 16, 18, 19); and the Spectrum again (September 21, 22, 23).

October 2, 3, 4 the Dead play their first shows at Bill Graham's new Shoreline Amphitheatre in Redwood City, CA. November 13 and 14 the Long Beach (CA) Arena hosts the Dead. This year's Rex Foundation benefit shows will be at the Berkeley Community Theater November 17, 18, 20 and 21. New Year's moves to the big Oakland Coliseum, December 29, 30, 31.

As we noted earlier, there will be other shows. There's no word yet of Southeast or Northwest touring plans, but we know both are being seriously looked into. Also, we hear that Garcia wants to do a short swing at some point with the Jerry Garcia Band.



Garcia, Hart and mythologist Joseph Campbell (L) field questions from the audience at the "Ritual & Rapture" symposium November 1. Photo: Jay Blakesberg

It was a wild Halloween weekend for many Bay Area Deadheads. Halloween night paired the Jerry Garcia Band with Kingfish at Kaiser Convention Center in Oakland (personal highlight: the JGB's encore of "Werewolves of London"). Then, the next day, several hundred people attended a wonderful all-day seminar/performance at San Francisco's Palace of Fine Arts Theater entitled "Ritual and Rapture from Dionysus to the Grateful Dead." Sponsored by UC-Berkeley Extension, the symposium began early in the morning (rough for those of us who'd been at Kaiser the night before) with a lecture by mythologist Joseph Campbell on the role of the ecstatic experience in ritual from ancient times to the present. He concluded his talk by rapping about his experience seeing the Dead for the first time last year (see *GR* #11). Deadheads, he noted, are doing "the dance of life" at Dead shows, and "this, I would say, is the answer to the atom bomb."

Following a presentation on madness and creativity by the noted Jungian analyst John Perry, and a lunch break, came the performance part of the program: the premiere of a 90-minute composition by Mickey Hart and Rand Weatherwax called "The African Queen Meets the Holy Ghost." The idea for the performance came out of Hart's and Campbell's common interest in music's role in spiritual transformation. The multilayered piece featured passages that were alternately serene and chaotic, but almost always hypnotic to the point of being trance-inducing. While Mickey played all variety of percussion (including the most violent demonstration of The Beam I've ever witnessed), Garcia sat off to one side of the stage improvising little passages on his Steinberger guitar (those headless jobs you see from time to time —John Kahn plays a Steinberger bass). Naut Humon, Margaret Fabrizio, Richard Horowitz and Rand Weatherwax performed on all manner of keyboards and computer-driven instruments, Bobby Vega played bass, and a Persian singer named Sussan Deihim sang, shrieked and moaned wordless vocalizations over the music. Sometimes there was an almost hymnlike quality to the musical progressions; other times it was sheer cacophony, as when Steve Parish and a few other people noisily thrashed about in a pile of metal and plastic debris heaped on the front of the stage. At the center of the stage, curiously enough, was Dan Healy and his sound console. He mixed the show in quadraphonic sound, enveloping the audience in music. The piece proved strange and fascinating — not always aesthetically pleasing (by design), but definitely thought-provoking.

The symposium ended with a panel discussion/question and answer session with Campbell, Perry, Hart and Garcia. There was considerable discussion of Hart's piece, as well as a slew of questions about how the Dead's music tied in with the themes of the day: ritual

and rapture. Campbell and Garcia, in particular, seemed to shine in this Q/A period, with Garcia unleashing one-liners at every turn (in between more serious moments, of course). Quite a day, all in all.

We're sad to note the passing of a member of the Dead family — Bobby Peterson, best known as the lyricist of "New Potato Caboose," "Pride of Cucamonga," "Unbroken Chain" and the unrecorded "Revolutionary Hamstrung Blues." Peterson, who was 50, had been ill on and off for the past year and finally succumbed January 12.

Peterson was born in Oregon's logging country and raised primarily in Sacramento, California. He had a rough youth and was frequently on the wrong side of the law, yet he was also quite brilliant, a serious poet who gravitated to the Beat scene in San Francisco's North Beach in the late '50s. He attended the College of San Mateo, south of SF, where he met Phil Lesh, then an aspiring jazzbo. It was Peterson who first turned Lesh on to pot, and they became lifelong friends and occasional collaborators. Squat, even gnomelike, and usually wearing a cowboy hat, Peterson was a fixture backstage at Bay Area shows from the band's inception on. In fact, just a few weeks ago he proudly noted that he had the oldest Grateful Dead family kid: he had brought his 4-month-old son to The Warlocks' first gig at Magoo's Pizza Parlor in '65!

I only met Bobby a couple of times, but with even minimal contact it was easy to tell he was a *survivor*. His face was lined from a tough life, but his eyes had the twinkle of someone who'd learned a few lessons along the way.

You're not going to believe this, but it really does look as though we're going to see a new Grateful Dead album in the coming months. The band spent two weeks in January cutting basic tracks for the LP at the Marin Civic Center (*sans* audience), utilizing Guy Charbonneau's Le Mobile remote recording truck, which was parked outside the hall. Eight songs were put down on tape: "Hell in a Bucket," "Touch of Gray," "Throwing Stones," "When Push Comes to Shove," "Tons of Steel," "My Brother Esau," "West L.A. Fadeaway" and "Black Muddy River." (We understand that "Day Job" has essentially been dropped from the repertoire.) Technoid types will be interested to know that these sessions were among the first anywhere to use the new Dolby SR (Spectral Recording) system, which virtually eliminates tape noise. In the coming weeks, the band will be laying down overdubs at their Marin studio, and we understand that Bob Bralove, who does Stevie Wonder's electronics programming, will be working with Mickey Hart on some percussion treatments. No release date has been forecast yet.

For the first time in several years, Garcia is making a guest appearance on a non-Dead record. Jerry added his distinctive sound to a blues-rock song called "You're the One" on the Neville Brothers' forthcoming album on EMI Records. We asked engineer/producer Jim Gaines (who's worked with everyone from Otis Redding to Steve Miller to Huey Lewis during his illustrious career) to fill us in on the Garcia session:

"I had the greatest time working with him. Even though it seems like I've worked with just about every band in the Bay Area, I'd never done a session with Jerry. I remember when I was at Wally Heider's [the top recording studio in SF for many years] the Dead

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did some stuff there and they'd have just stacks and stacks of amplifiers — the most of anybody. They even had to put the amplifier heads outside the studio, they made so much damn noise! So when Jerry was going to come in here [The Plant Studios in Sausalito] I told my assistant, 'Be prepared for *anything!*' Well, Jerry comes in and all he's got is this tiny Steinberger guitar and this little briefcase with a Gallien-Krueger amp inside. I laughed and said, 'Jerry, you are *happenin'*!' And he said, 'Gaines, I got tired of haulin' all that shit around!'

"We got along great and he played great. We spent about two hours getting his part down and we were laughing the entire time. He'd just crack me up. I'd love to work with him again."

And while we're on the topic of Dead members playing with others, Mickey Hart helped out on the new Zakir Hussain album, due this spring on Aspen records. Hussain, you may recall, was a member of the Diga Rhythm Band in the mid-'70s and has been a friend of Mickey's for many years.

A new orchestral work is on the way from Phil Lesh. Photo: Marcia Lieberman © 1987

Congratulations to Phil Lesh and his wife Jill on the birth of their first child, Graham Hamilton, December 6.

And Phil was busy much of the fall and early winter giving birth to a new orchestral piece, which was scheduled to be performed for the first time by the Berkeley Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Kent Nagano, in February, but has now been postponed until next year. Lesh's composition, titled "Noosphere," marks a return to the sort of serious writing Lesh was involved in before he joined the Dead more than two decades ago. Asked by *The Berkeley Monthly*'s Alice Polesky to characterize his work in progress, Lesh replied: "It's hard to say. A piece of music is always defined by itself. It's not defined by anything I can say about it. I can't even approach it by any discussion of method or technique. It has no repetition or symmetry. There's no musical dialectic. It's an orchestra piece, but you can't define it as a symphony, for example, or a sonata. It wants to be a spiral, not linear. I don't even know how long it's going to be. I think 20 minutes, but it could be longer."

Not surprisingly, Lesh said that writing music for an orchestra is "totally different" from working with the Dead: "For this piece, I'm working in my house, out of my head, for other musicians who will play it exactly as I write it down. On the other hand, I play in a jazz bands that sings, so everything is fluid. We don't play any song or any sequence the same way twice. Everybody else in the band has as much input as I do. It's totally democratic, so I just go with the flow. The other is totally tyrannical."

Phil also revealed that once "Noosphere" is completed, he wants to finish a "computer-enhanced choral piece" he's been working on. Up the road he may write something for the Kronos Quartet, and he says he'd also like to write an opera.

Since recovering from his illness, Garcia has been quite the man about town in the Bay Area, a considerable change from his reclusiveness most of the past decade. In November, at a small club in San Rafael called New George's, Garcia jammed with his favorite band, L.A.'s Los Lobos, joining them for a spirited rave-up on "La Bamba." (Carlos Santana also played with Los Lobos that night.) Garcia was next spotted with Mickey Hart and Dead lighting designer Candace Brightman enjoying Peter Gabriel's incredible show at the Oakland Coliseum in early December. Then, right after the Dead's Oakland Coliseum run, he checked out Billy and Brent's band, Go Ahead, at the Omni club in Oakland. He chatted with Deadheads, signed autographs and was genial all night long. There is, however, no truth to the rumor that Garcia has agreed to visit every household on the Dead Heads mailing list just to say "Howdy!"

We've been aware for a couple of years that several different people, all working independently, have been trying to put together the definitive compendium of Grateful Dead set lists. Well, finally there is one that warrants our wholehearted recommendation: *Deadbase, The Complete Guide to Grateful Dead Songlists*, compiled by Michael Dolgushkin, John W. Scott and Stu Nixon, with the assistance of a whole lot of people through the years. Relatively few lists from the late '60s exist, especially for the first two years of the band's existence (no one was taping, and who thought to keep a list back then?), but the book is virtually complete from 1970 through '86. It is easy to read and attractively presented; this is no cheapo-quickie book. It is also painstakingly annotated to indicate when songs were introduced and the origins of the Dead's cover tunes. In addition, there are charts that tell how often each song has been played, how many times the band has played each state and country, and lots of other great trivia. It's an invaluable reference tool for tapers,

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BY: DAVID HUNTER 11/86

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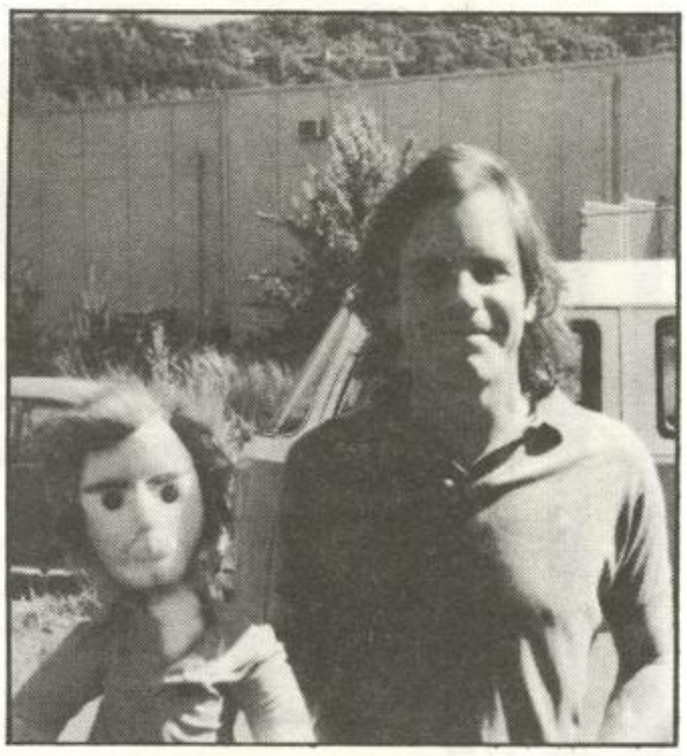
and just plain fun for any other Deadhead. The icing on the cake: a portion of the proceeds will go to the Rex Foundation. And this book has the official sanction of the Dead, so they are confident that it has been put together with great care. We'll have a little article next issue on the super-sleuthing it took to make this book a reality. Check out the ad for *Deadbase* on page 37 for ordering information.

Fifteen years after their release, *American Beauty* and *Workingman's Dead* have been certified "platinum," signifying more than 1 million copies sold. Actually, those records topped the million mark some time ago, but the RIAA (Recording Industry Association of America) didn't start its "gold" and "platinum" certifications until the mid-'70s, and it was only recently that record labels could petition to certify records released earlier. You know what the Dead's top catalog seller is right now, though? *Skeletons from the Closet*, the lame greatest hits package.

And while we're talkin' biz, look for compact discs of both *Blues for Allah* and *Wake of the Flood* to come from the Dead's merchandising arm over the next few months. *Blues for Allah* should be out any day now. For ordering information call the Dead's merchandising hotline at (415) 456-2883. Also, we spoke with Pete Johnson, a vice president at Warner Bros., and were told that "four or five" Dead titles were being prepared for CD release within the next half-year. We would assume that will include *American Beauty* and *Workingman's Dead*. What we want to hear is the *Live Dead* CD—all four sides would fit on a single disc so the "Dark Star-St. Stephen-The Eleven-Lovelight" sequence could appear in continuous form, rather than split by record sides.

Bits & Pieces: Even with the cancellation of nearly half of the 1986 touring year, the Dead still did quite well financially, if we're to believe *Newsweek* magazine. According to that stolid rag, the Dead brought in more than $8 million in '86. That's down a couple of mil' from '85, but nothing to sneeze at. Credit the record crowds at Alpine and the stadium shows with Dylan for that ... Last issue we mentioned that Olatunji's new record is on Aspen Records. Actually it's on Blue Heron Records, a subsidiary of Aspen. Incidentally, that's out on CD, too.

Brace yourself. Are you sitting down? San Francisco *Chronicle* columnist Herb Caen confirmed that in early December Bob Weir, the Ace of Space himself, went down to Hollywood for a screen test! To our knowledge, there haven't been any offers for his acting services yet. How about this for a sci-fi movie: A rhythm guitarist believes that a poltergeist is causing his wireless guitar unit to keep fouling up.



Will Bobby and his evil twin (actually a doll made by Joanne Raisner of Mill Valley, CA) find their way onto Dynasty *or* Falcon Crest? *Is an Oscar awaiting him?*

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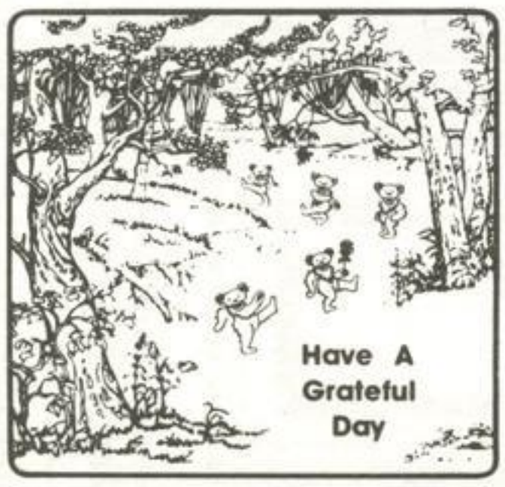

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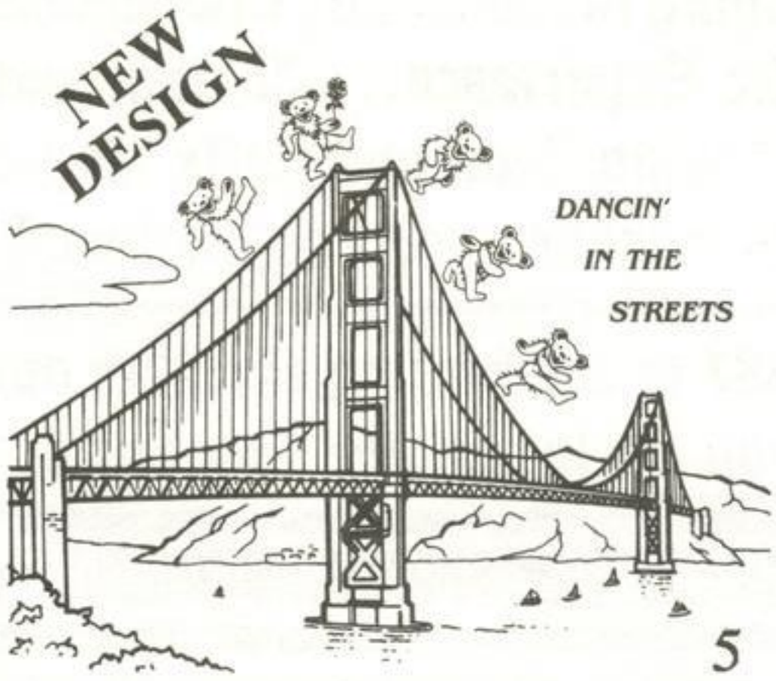

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SET LISTS: OAKLAND COLISEUM THROUGH NEW YEAR'S

"Touch of Gray" at midnight on New Year's Eve. Photo: Chris Hardy/SF Examiner

It was the perfect choice, all right. Rising out of the darkness, above the pandemonium that greeted the band's entrance on the still darkened stage, came the warm, reassuring opening chords of "Touch of Gray." The stage lights brightened, as if they were eyes coming slowly into sharp focus, and at that point there was no denying it — the Grateful Dead were rocking again. As Garcia reached the end of the first chorus and practically *shouted* "I will survive," for an instant the Coliseum transformed into a gleaming white 15,000-person Cheshire Cat smile. The anticipation, the questions, the doubts evaporated in an ecstatic interchange of electric and human energy. In case you'd forgotten — and I know you hadn't — the cliché is true: There's nothing like a Grateful Dead concert! Same as it ever was. Same as it *ever* was.

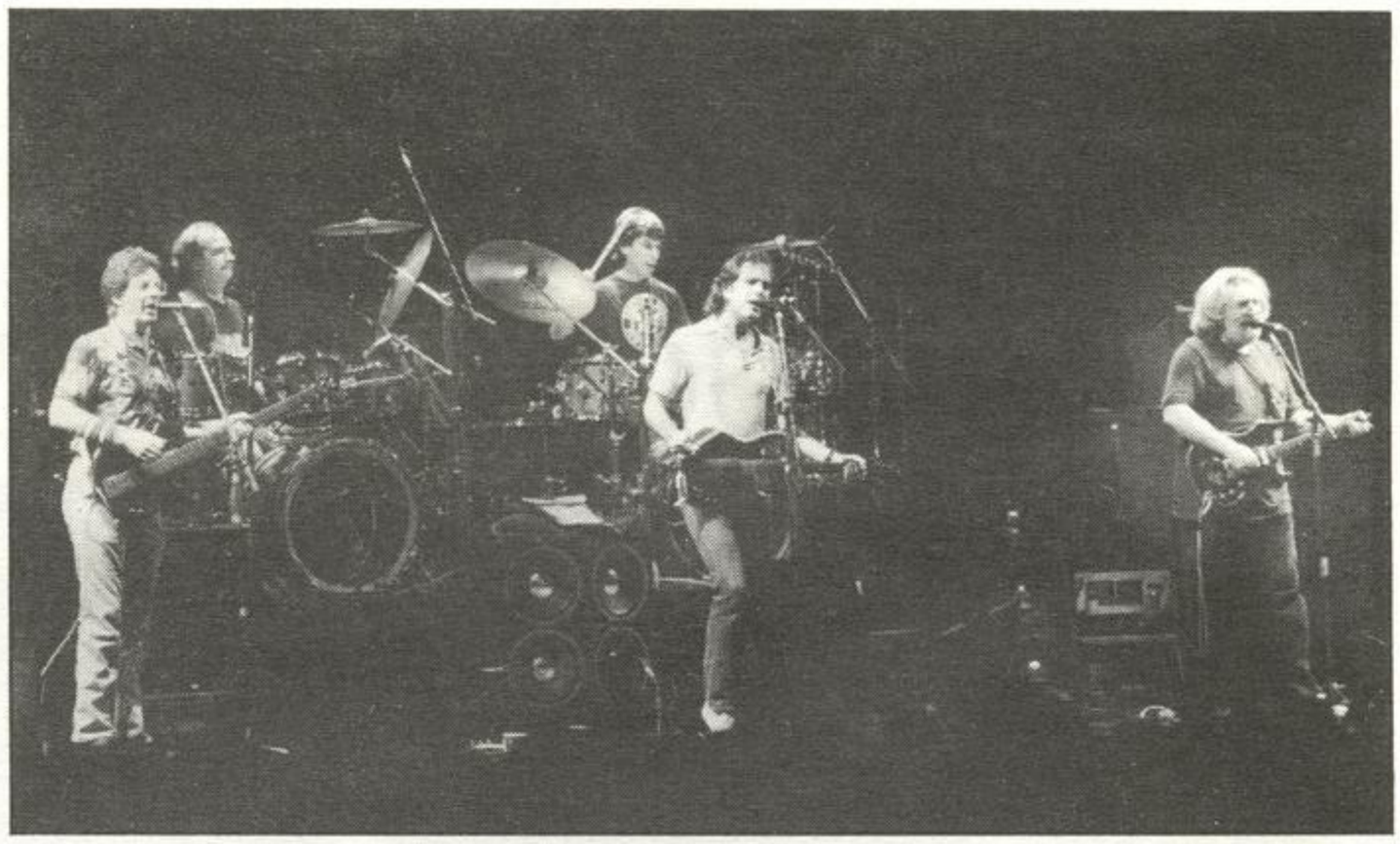
Is it the same? Is it better? Is it different? Is it shorter? Longer? Don't ask me. I'm only dancing. This I can say: It *is,* and that's something in itself. Comes a time when you count your blessings, take the "C.C. Rider" with the "Terrapin," and just forget the critical headspace for a while. That's what I did for seven shows, and I had the time of my life. Weeks down the road it's easy to start picking things apart — the public's right to know and all that — but just to get it on the record, all this purple prose bubbling up in semi-coherent bursts of the King's English is emanating from a soul-deep pool of pure Grateful Dead bliss.

* * *

That first night, the energy was nearly overwhelming, a combination of sheer exhilaration and real effort — on the part of the band, who were playing most of these songs for the first time in many months (though there had been rehearsals), and the crowd, which had to re-feel how to be a Grateful Dead audience. (You can only practice it to a degree when it's not there.) Garcia wasted no time in laying down a challenge — the third song was a new tune, "When Push Comes to Shove." Musically it is in the tradition of "U.S. Blues," "Ramble On Rose" and even "Day Job," but it has its own little spark, too — a grit that comes from the sharp-edged lyrics (see box) and the music's crisp gait. They played it six times in seven shows and I enjoyed every version. It already has a punch that "Day Job" never attained, and assuming they don't play it into the ground, it could develop very nicely over the coming months.

There's a danger in putting too much emphasis on Garcia when talking about these shows, but the fact is, he is what was most obviously different about the band. Every song he sang over the seven shows was imbued with rare feeling and passion. He smiled, he gestured

Right: The first performance of "When Push Comes to Shove," Dec. 15. Photo: Ron Delany



with his strumming arm, he interacted visually with the other players, and above all, sang incredibly well. You just knew something special was going down when the highlight of the first set for nearly everyone I've spoken with was "Candyman." So I'm telling every*body* I meet: the candyman's in town!

The second set saw the introduction of another new Hunter-Garcia tune, "Black Muddy River." This one is a ballad, sweet and melodic, but still melancholic, sort of a more existential "Brokedown Palace." The first version sailed by me a little, but by the third time they played it — New Year's Eve — I was hooked — I think it's perhaps the strongest Hunter-Garcia collaboration since "Terrapin," and an instant classic. The harmonies on the chorus, in particular, are achingly beautiful.

The first show was almost uniformly powerful: "Terrapin" was delivered with the kind of confidence that Garcia has only when he's truly "on"; "Wharf Rat" seemed to have added resonance because of the central character's desire to "get a new start"; and "Good Lovin'" was pure celebration — you should have seen Garcia's grin as he sang the "DOCTOR! DOCTOR!" backups.

That concert was a tremendous catharsis for many — quite frankly it wiped me out — but I felt much more relaxed the next night. The band must have, too, because they rolled through the show with an almost visible assurance; everything fell into place smoothly and easily (or so it seemed). "Sugaree" was the show-stopper in the first set — bouncing around the hall on quick bursts of notes and crashing chords as a beaming Garcia swayed back and forth on his feet, a human metronome. And the set-closing "Jack Straw" had the band roaring on all six cylinders in an impressive show of sheer might.

"Box of Rain" was a delightful surprise opener for the second set, followed by a near-perfect "Crazy Fingers." But the first great jams of the series came on the versions of "Estimated Prophet" and "Eyes of the World" that came next. You could really hear all six players *exploring,* being excited by the creation of new music. During the Rhythm Devils' section, Mickey and Billy were joined by members of the Neville Brothers for an invigorating skins romp, and then, when the guitarists returned, they brought other Nevilles with them and together they chugged through "Willie & the Hand Jive" and a speedy "Iko." It's a testimony to the band that they were able to then shift from party mode to an intensely moving "Stella Blue," before breaking out the champagne again for "Sugar Magnolia" and a "Midnight Hour" encore.

I felt the third show lacked the unity of the first two, but the performances were, again, amazingly fresh sounding. Weir, who had blown lyrics on nearly every song he attempted each night, managed to make it through "Desolation Row" as if he'd written it, and the result was *très* impressive. "Cumberland Blues" was a delight in the second set — hell, it's *always* great. But the eye-opener for me was "Ship of Fools," a tune that has been known to drag down a promising second set from time to time. This was possibly the best version I've ever seen — sung masterfully by Garcia and all the more meaningful as an allegory given the current political climate. (The version December 30 was also inspired.) The jam before "The Other One" was way out there — Phil's bass lines hit some definite "Dark Star" spaces — the only real "space jam" of the series. When "The Other One" drifted into the opening of "Black Peter" you could feel tension building in the hall — after all, it's the Dead's heaviest tune about dying. One couldn't help but wonder how Garcia

WHEN PUSH COMES TO SHOVE

Lyrics by Robert Hunter

Shaking in the forest
What have you to fear?
Here there may be tigers
to punch you in the ear

With gloves of stainless steel
Bats carved out of brick
Knock you down and beat you up
and give your ass a kick
When push comes to shove
you're afraid of love

Shaking in the desert
Now wherefore do you cry?
Here there may be rattlesnakes
to punch you in the eye

With shotguns full of silver
and bullets made of glass
String barb wire at your feet
and do not let you pass
When push comes to shove
you're afraid of love

CHORUS:
When push comes to shove
When push comes to shove
You're afraid of love
When push comes to shove

Shaking in the bedroom
with covers on your head
Are you still in dread of
the hand beneath the bed?

The phantom in the closet
The scratching at the door
The latest mystery killer
that you saw on channel four
When push comes to shove
you're afraid of love

Shaking in the garden
the fear within you grows
Here there may be roses
to punch you in the nose

Twist their arms around you
Slap you till you cry
Wrap you in their sweet perfume
and love you till you die
When push comes to shove
you're afraid of love

CHORUS

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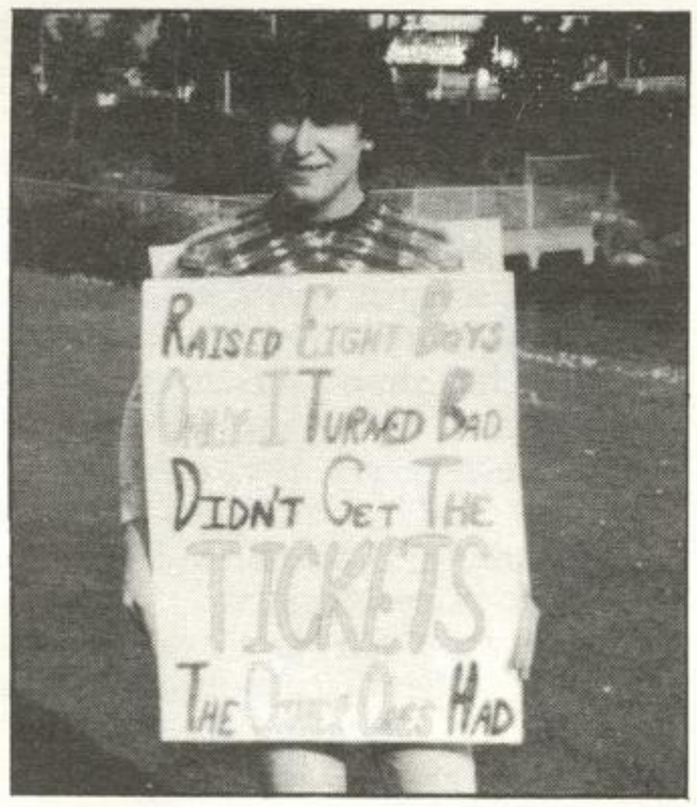
Note: Garcia has changed a couple of words in live performances.

would treat it, since it was suddenly autobiographical. Well, when he arrived at the line "I was layin' in my bed and dying" he stopped singing and just strummed, staring blankly ahead (and this after not missing a word the previous two nights). He couldn't sing the second verse either; the pain was readily apparent. But finally he found his footing, and the rest of the song—and show—*soared*. Whew!

Of the 15,000 people who attended the Coliseum shows, I think about 14,950 came down with the dreaded Taiwan flu within 48 hours after the last notes of "Brokedown Palace" had echoed through the hall. They say misery loves company, but not that much! We floated through the Christmas holidays, half-alive (but in very good spirits, nonetheless) praying we'd be healthy for the New Year's series at our neighborhood concert hall, Kaiser Center.

Once again, the troops from Bill Graham Presents had decked out Kaiser beautifully—colorful balloon cloud formations were suspended from the ceiling. Above the stage hung the seal of the United States with the words "GRATEFUL DEAD" over the eagle. Personally, if I see one more patriotic motif at a Dead show I'll scream, but



Tickets were nearly impossible to come by at the Kaiser shows. Photo: RM

many no doubt appreciated the irony of the gesture. (And, as we would learn New Year's Eve, there was another reason for that eagle to be there.)

The first show was a weird one. It opened with a long, spacey "Playin' in the Band" (!) into "Bertha," but the sound mix was so far off the mark it was difficult to really hear what was happening onstage unless you were close enough to get the instruments off the amps, instead of out of the p.a. (They never quite got the sound right at this show, and, actually, all four nights Healy seemed to be struggling to find the right balance—surprising since the band has played Kaiser so often and the sound was so good in the Coliseum.) Once again, Weir seemed to be a little "off," muffing words and chord changes in most of his own songs. But in between the flubs, there was some great playing, like the transitional passage in the second set between the peculiar rendering of "Dancin' in the Streets" and "Black Muddy River," and then between that song and "I Need a Miracle" (which was a travesty). And it was exciting to hear "Playin'" weave in and out of songs all night, culminating with a show-ending reprise that seemed completely fitting.

After that show I was scratching my head a bit, wondering if Bobby would ever snap out of his amnesia. And of course he did, the next night, which was not only my favorite of the seven December shows, but one of the best shows I saw all year. What makes a show "work" for me? Well, the first set featured an interesting selection of uncommon songs ("Cold Rain & Snow," "Box of Rain," "Row Jimmy," etc.) played differently from how we normally hear them. On certain nights,

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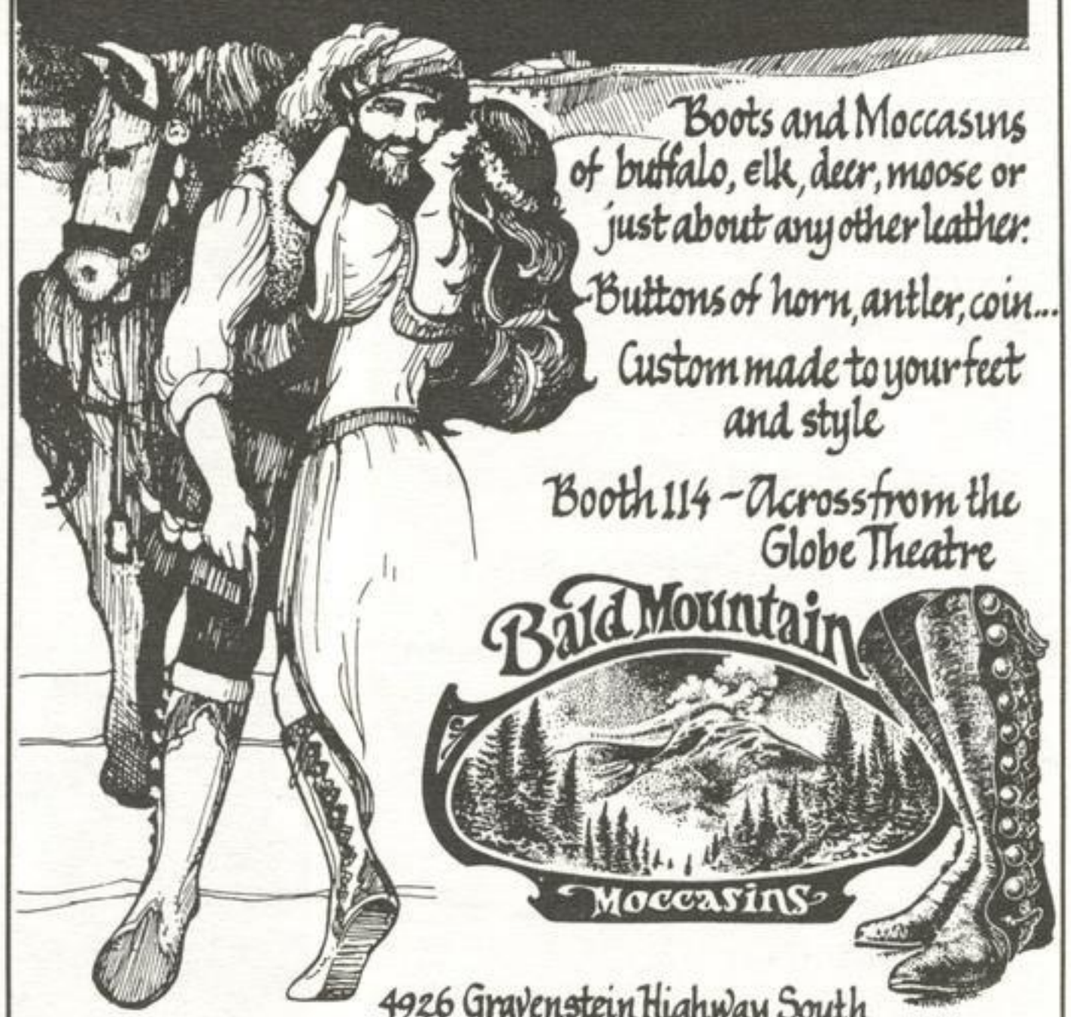

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Garcia chooses odd guitar phrasings that elevate his tunes and make them seem "new." This was one of those nights — lots of interesting melodic twists and unusual rhythmic slants. The second set opened with a scorching "Scarlet-Fire" (a rarity in '86) that never let up for a second. Each time a solo sounded like it was going to end, Garcia and Co. would take it up one more notch. Every song had that feeling, so by the time "Black Peter" started, I knew this was going to be The One. And it *was*. This time through, Garcia didn't blink an eye as he sang it, and man did he sing it! It was certainly the most affecting version I've ever witnessed; so uplifting and life affirming!

The night before New Year's is traditionally a hot show, and this year was no exception. It was also a *long* show, with a second set approaching two hours. It had an energetic first set ("Cumberland," "Beat It On Down the Line" into "Greatest Story," "Hell in a Bucket"), then a roller coaster second set with excellent workouts on "China Cat-Rider," "Estimated-Eyes," "Iko" into "Man Smart," with the Nevilles once again helping out, and "Throwing Stones-Not Fade Away." Hamza El-Din sang an Egyptian song during the extended Rhythm Devils section, which also featured Jose Lorenzo and others.

(I neglected to mention earlier that the Neville Brothers opened all four of the Kaiser shows, turning in polished hour-long sets each night. I would be lying if I didn't say that I much prefer no opening act at Dead shows, and that I felt the Nevilles — *because* they're so good—sapped energy from the crowd, which occasionally seemed listless during the Dead's sets.)

The scene outside Kaiser New Year's Eve was predictably crazy a few hours before showtime. Literally thousands of ticketless Heads desperately sought ducats in the crowded park adjoining the hall. Alas, there would be few miracles. But the vibes stayed friendly, even jubilant, all night, as the park became an extension of the auditorium, with Deadheads dancing and singing to the music pumped outside by loudspeakers.

Inside, the concert got off to a great start with an acoustic set by David Crosby, who was given a hero's welcome by the Heads. Looking happy and relaxed, he offered up a set that included most of his best-known tunes ("Guinnevere," "Triad," "Long Time Gone"), a pair of new numbers, and some great stories about his experiences in Texas jails. Crosby was obviously moved by the outpouring of love from the crowd; it *was* great to hear him again.

Though the Nevilles were also booked to headline a show in San Francisco later on in the evening, they turned in the best of their four opening sets. By the time the Dead came onstage for a short first set, the audience was primed.

As the midnight hour approached, the lights went off and a spotlight il-

BLACK MUDDY RIVER

Lyrics by Robert Hunter

When the last rose of summer pricks my finger
and the hot sun chills me to the bone
when I can't hear the song for the singer
and I can't tell my pillow from a stone
I will walk alone
by the black muddy river
and sing me a song of my own
I will walk alone
by the black muddy river
and sing me a song of my own

When the last bolt of sunshine hits the mountain
and the stars seem to splatter in the sky
When the moon splits the southwest horizon
with the scream of an eagle on the fly
I will walk alone
by the black muddy river
and listen to the ripples as they moan
I will walk alone
by the black muddy river
and sing me a song of my own

Black muddy river
roll on forever
I don't care how deep or wide
if you got another side
Roll muddy river
Roll muddy river
Black muddy river,
roll

When it seems like this night could last forever
and there's nothing left to do but count the years
When the strings of my heart seem to sever
and stones fall from my eyes instead of tears
I will walk alone
by the black muddy river
and sing me a song of my own
I will walk alone
by the black muddy river
and believe in a dream of my own

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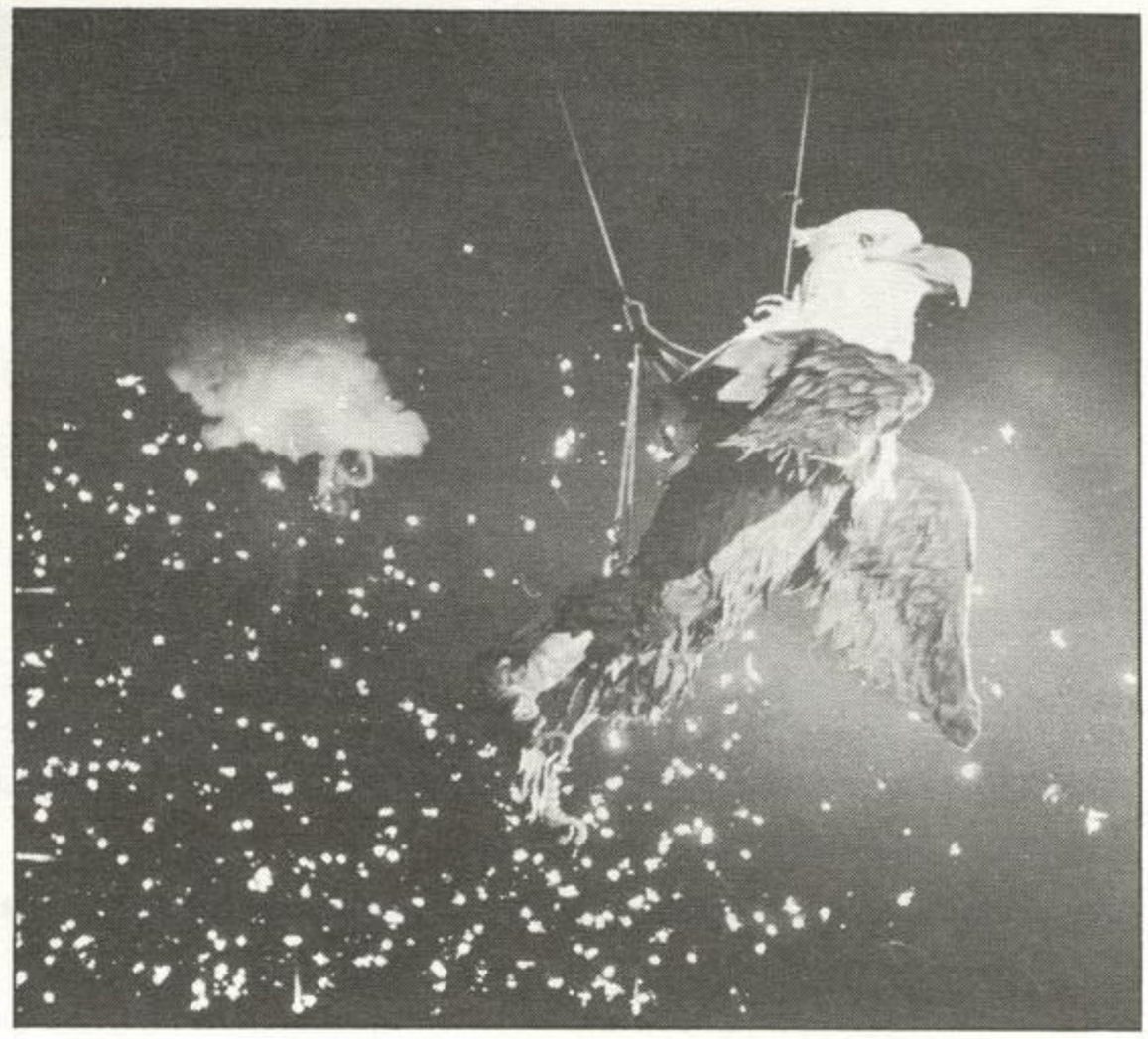
Top: Hamza El-Din joined the Rhythm Devils Dec. 30. Above: Mickey and Billy. Photos: Ron Delany



Bill Graham, dressed like an eagle, appears in the Kaiser balcony at midnight, and then makes a dramatic flight across the arena. Photo at left: Eric Sabroff; right: Ron Delany

luminated an area at the front of the balcony, directly opposite the stage. A curtain was pulled and standing proudly was Bill Graham, dressed as the American eagle, on a giant version of the U.S. Seal. The 1987 New Year's baby beside him turned over the American flag shield to reveal the Dead's skull & lightning bolt logo on it (cheers all around) and then the eagle leaped off the seal into the air. Graham was hoisted up to the ceiling on wires and then he slowly "flew" the length of the hall as fireworks exploded and a clever, trippy collage of '60s songs — everything from Jimi and Janis to The Beatles — blared from the p.a. (The tape, incidentally, was masterfully put together by David Gans.) As the eagle gently floated down onto the stage, thousands of balloons were released from the ceiling and the Dead kicked into a dynamite version of "Touch of Gray," the players all wide smiles and kinetic motion. It wasn't until a couple of minutes into the next song, a long, complex "Let It Grow," that the last of the balloons had been popped and confetti thrown.

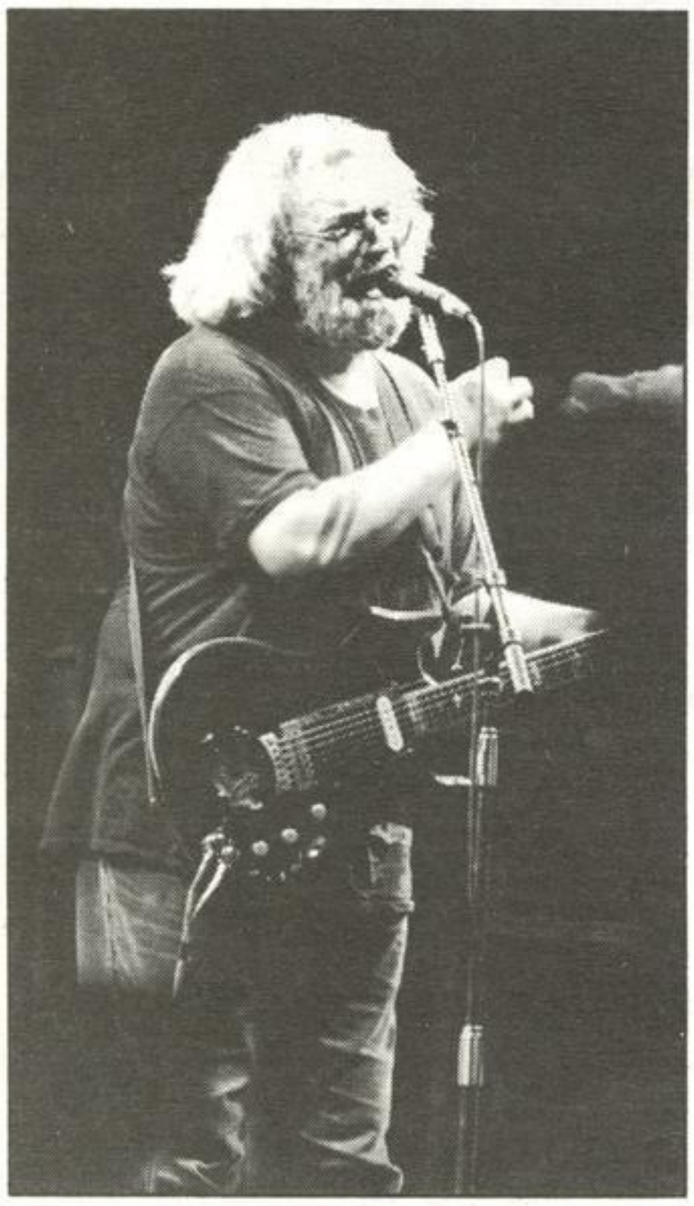


Photo: Eric Sabroff

The rest of the show was up to the quality of the previous ones, and if the band was tired they sure didn't show it. "Terrapin" and "Black Muddy River" were highlights before drums; "Goin' Down the Road" burned before the "Lovelight" close. We were treated to a third mini-set, too — rockers mainly, but also a sweet "Box of Rain" and, of course, "Brokedown" to close it.

As I said earlier, you'll get no complaints out of me about these shows. They *far* exceeded my expectations. No, there were no format changes, as both Phil and Bobby had hinted in interviews during the fall. And it was fair to wonder what had become of tunes like "Shakedown," "The Wheel" and "Uncle John's Band," not to mention "Morning Dew." But the playing was more cohesive than it was most of the first half of '86 and certainly everyone involved deserves an A+ for effort. You know, these guys just may be on to somethin'.

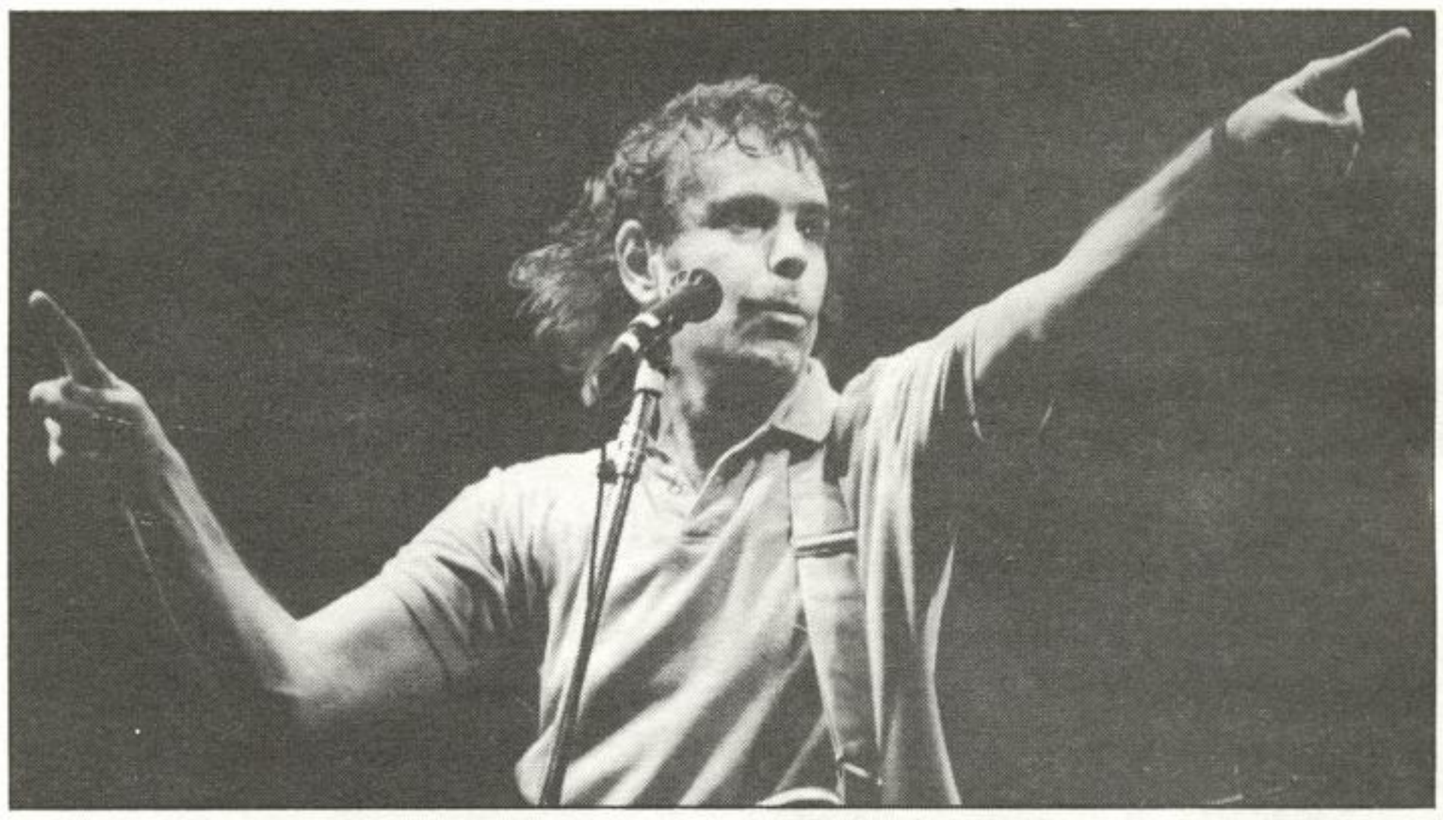
ODDS & ENDS—Both sets of shows attracted merchants galore outside the arenas. There were surprisingly few T-shirts heralding the band's comeback. The trend instead was non-Dead crafts: beaded earrings, Guatemalan clothes, knit hats, and the like . . . The final night of the Coliseum series, Ken Kesey and his entire band were backstage, and the infamous Thunder Machine parked in the main lot outside. Kesey was there to hang out and drum up interest in a reading he was giving in SF the next night. After the show, he gave a demonstration of the Thunder Machine right there in the parking lot, to the delight of Heads who'd stuck around . . . Scores of tapers had their equipment confiscated (and some folks were even ejected) for taping in front of the soundboard, which is *verboten*. Most tapers were not too pleased about being relegated to the rear of each hall . . . The New Year's show was broadcast only in the San Francisco Bay Area.

12-15-86, The Coliseum, Oakland, CA
Touch of Gray, C.C. Rider, When Push Comes to Shove, Beat It On Down the Line, Greatest Story Ever Told, Loser, Cassidy, Althea, My Brother Esau, Candyman, Let It Grow

Iko Iko, Looks Like Rain, Black Muddy River, Playin' in the Band ➧ Terrapin Station ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Truckin' ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Playin' reprise ➧ Good Lovin'/Johnny B. Goode

12-16-86, Oakland Coliseum
Hell in a Bucket, Row Jimmy, Me & My Uncle ➧ Big River, Stagger Lee, New Minglewood Blues, When Push Comes to Shove, Sugaree, Jack Straw

Box of Rain, Crazy Fingers ➧ Estimated Prophet ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ Willie & the Hand Jive* ➧ Iko Iko*, Stella



Bobby during "Not Fade Away" Dec. 17. Photo: Eric Sabroff

Blue ♦ Sugar Magnolia/ Midnight Hour

12-17-86, Oakland Coliseum
Alabama Getaway ♦ Promised Land, West L.A. Fadeaway, Tons of Steel, Little Red Rooster, Desolation Row, When Push Comes to Shove, The Music Never Stopped

Saint of Circumstance, Cumberland Blues ♦ Samson & Delilah, Ship of Fools, Man Smart Woman Smarter, He's Gone ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Other One ♦ Black Peter ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Not Fade Away/Brokedown Palace

12-27-86, Kaiser Convention Center, Oakland, CA
Playin' in the Band ♦ Bertha ♦ Mama Tried ♦ Mexicali Blues, Ramble On Rose, Little Red Rooster, Bird Song

The Mighty Quinn, Dancin' in the Street ♦ Black Muddy River ♦ jam ♦ I Need a Miracle ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Truckin' ♦ Smokestack Lightning ♦ Comes a Time ♦ Round & Round ♦ Playin' reprise/When Push Comes to Shove

12-28-86, Kaiser Center
Cold Rain and Snow, New Minglewood Blues, Row Jimmy, El Paso, Stagger Lee, Box of Rain, Big Railroad Blues, Promised Land

Scarlet Begonias ♦ Fire on the Mountain, Looks Like Rain, He's Gone ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Other One, Black Peter, Sugar Magnolia/Baby Blue

12-30-86, Kaiser Center
Hell in a Bucket, Althea, C.C. Rider, Cumberland Blues, My Brother Esau, When Push Comes to Shove, Beat It On Down the Line, Greatest Story Ever Told, Don't Ease Me In

China Cat Sunflower ♦ I Know You Rider, Saint of Circumstance, Ship of Fools, Estimated Prophet ♦ Eyes of the World ♦ rhythm devils with Hamza and others ♦ Iko Iko* ♦ Man Smart Woman Smarter*, Stella Blue ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Not Fade Away/Johnny B. Goode*

12-31-86, Kaiser Center
Jack Straw, Sugaree, Me & My Uncle ♦ Mexicali Blues, Candyman, Desolation Row, U.S. Blues

Touch of Gray, Let It Grow, Black Muddy River ♦ Samson & Delilah, Terrapin Station ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Wharf Rat, Goin' Down the Road Feeling Bad, Lovelight

Gimme Some Lovin' ♦ When Push Comes to Shove, Box of Rain, In the Midnight Hour ♦ Brokedown Palace

*played with the Neville Brothers

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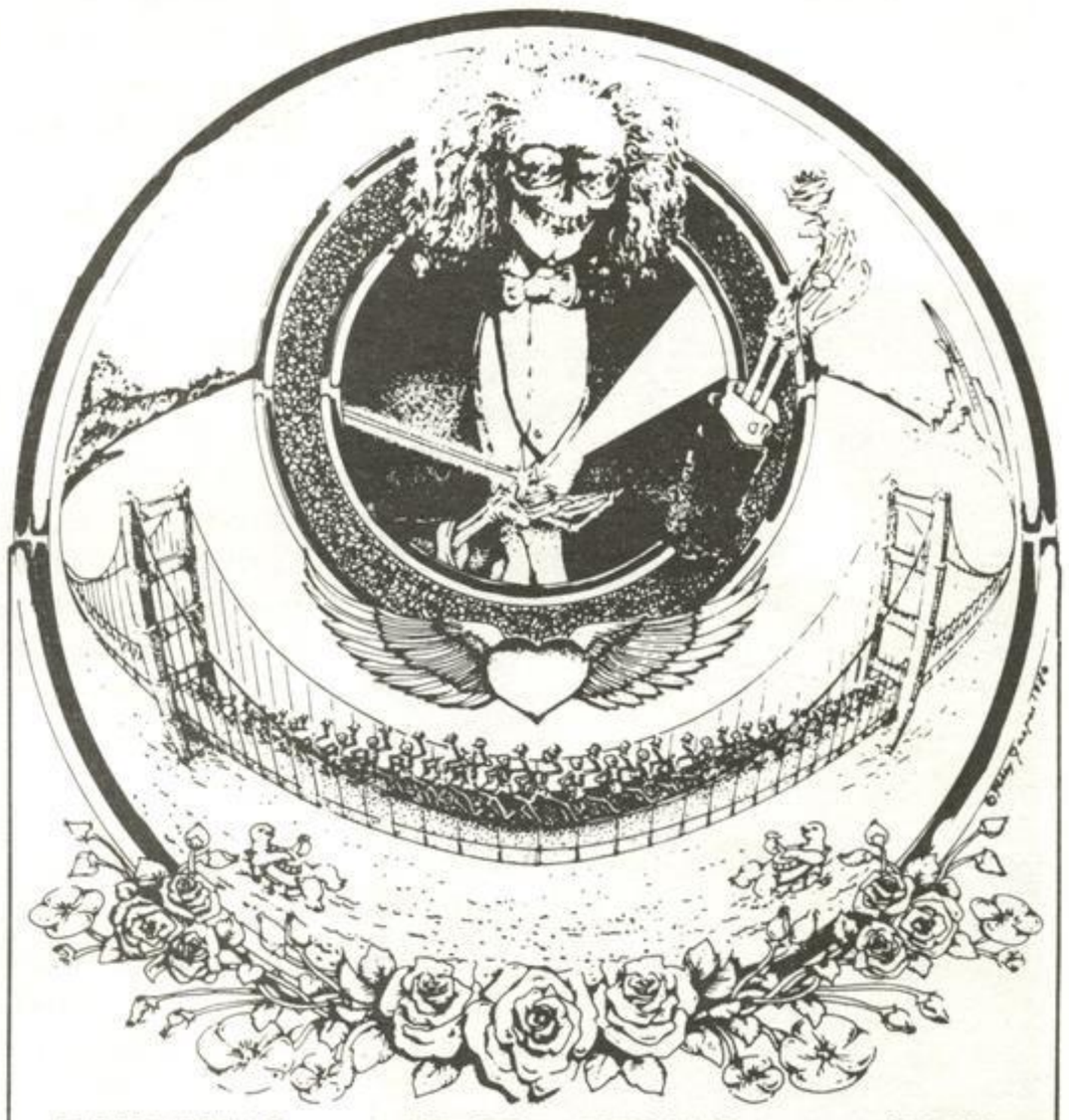

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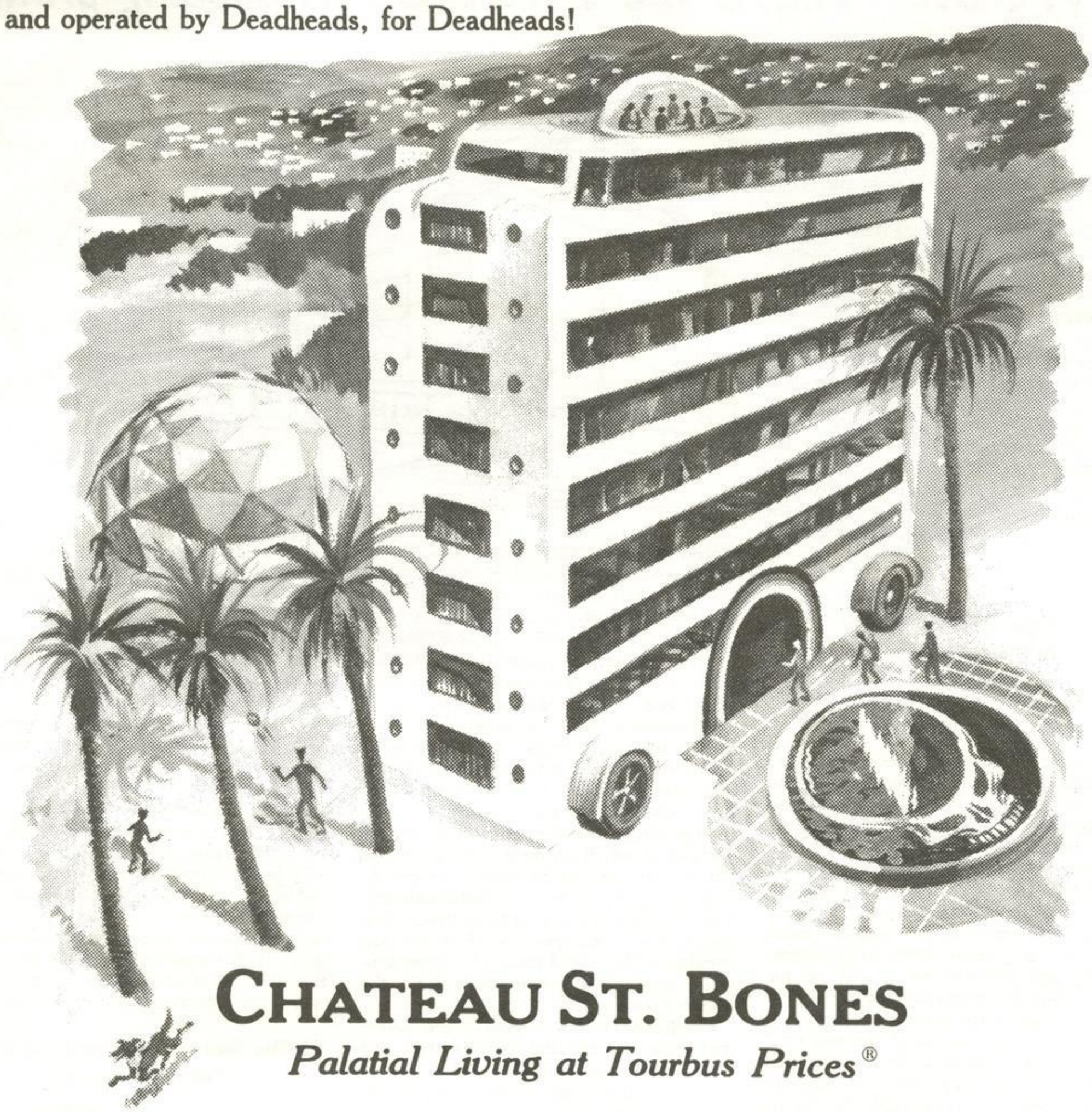

Illustration: Chris Peterson

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If I Knew the Way I Would Tape at Home

A dubbing primer

By Peter Braverman

So ya wanna be a taper. Or you already are, but you want more and better tapes. Especially more. And better. Wait just a minute. Do you want to spend most of your free time taping for friends who offer nothing except thanks in return? Do you want to worry about how to get your hands on tapes of those killer Philly shows because the only taper you know dosed at the shows and lost the patch cords for her Sony D-5? Do you want to put tons of effort into making tapes for others so that you can get a box of cracked, lousy-quality tapes from someone who swore he had the masters? If you answered "yes" to all three questions, you could be one of us. Read on. You might find that there's a method to the taper's madness. (If you do, let us know . . .)

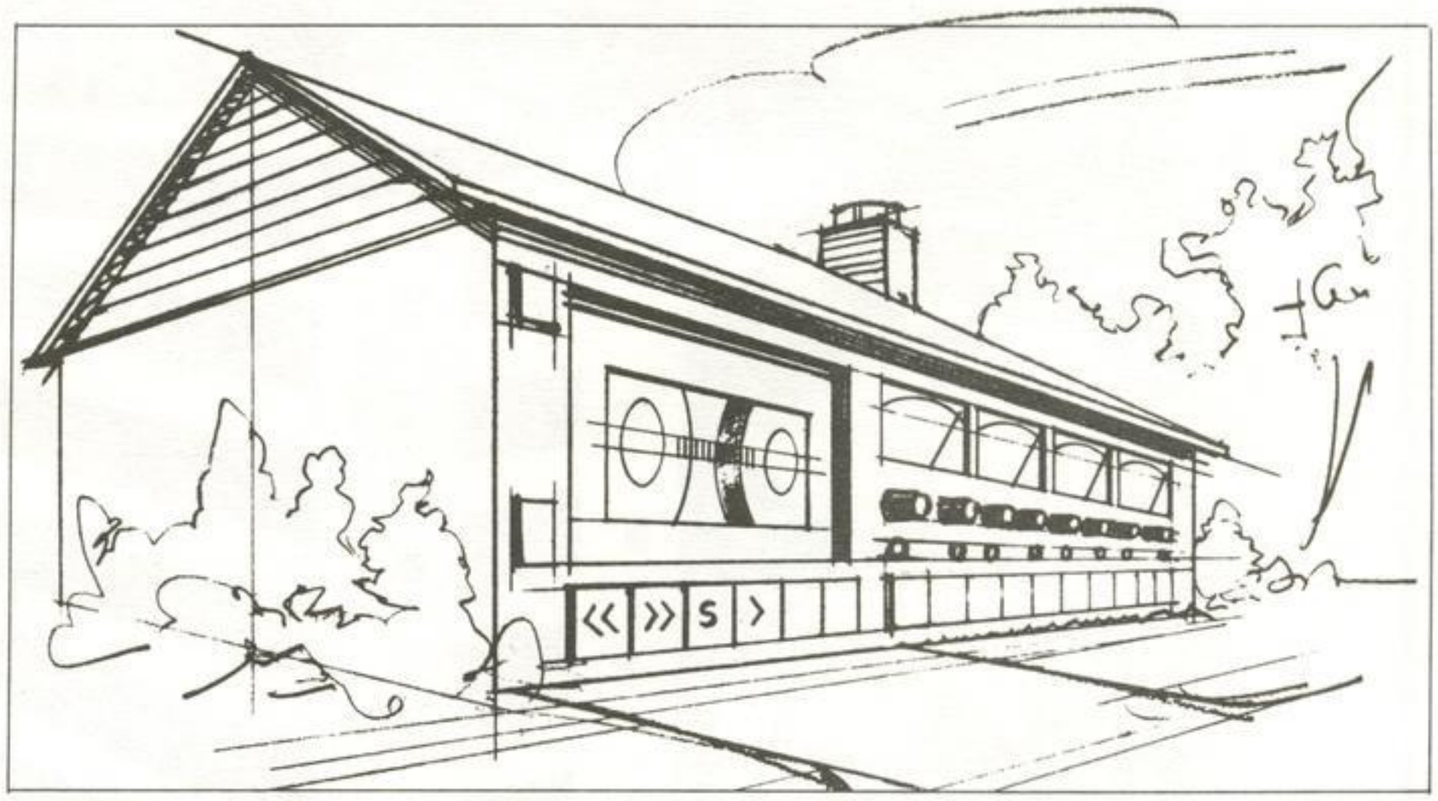

Illustration: Dave Marrs

Tape Decks Aplenty in the By and By . . .
—or—
You pays your money and you takes your chance

The kind of tape deck(s) you buy makes a great deal of difference in the quality of your dubs. In general, it is a good idea to avoid portables — Walkperson devices and so-called boom boxes — because of their extremely limited frequency response and speed instabilities ("wow and flutter"). If you go with two tape decks, which I strongly recommend, the higher quality should be the "master" deck: do all your recording and listening on it, and use the "slave" deck for playback when dubbing.

For tape decks, the best advice I can give is the old saw, "You get what you pay for." *Don't sacrifice sound quality for convenience.* If a deck offers high-speed dubbing and lots of flashing lights for only $129, the manufacturer has certainly skimped on the quality of the heads or the transport mechanisms — things that will *really* affect the sound quality of your tapes.

Dolby B is a given on all tape decks with pretensions to high-fidelity recording; Dolby C is nice to have, but not absolutely necessary for rock music recording (more on this later). In a tape deck, look for evidence of solidity and a stable transport, and above all, *listen* to any deck you would consider.

Stereophile, a high-end audio journal, suggests that "Nakamichi is the only thing to buy at a low price." I own one, but I certainly believe that reasonable options exist. My own preferences, in order of price, include the Denon DR-M10 ($250); Harman Kardon TD-102 ($295); Nakamichi BX-100 ($329) and BX-125 ($450); Harman Kardon TD-302 ($500); Kyocera D-811 ($625); Denon DR-M44HX ($650); and Nakamichi BX-300 or Harman Kardon TD-392 (both $700).

The new generation of dual-well (two-tapes-in-one) cassette decks offers a Pandora's box. While undoubtedly convenient, the "dubbing decks" are generally of lower quality than their single-well counterparts. Some offer noise reduction for only one well. Beware of dubbing decks that copy both cassette sides at once: if the playback tape is longer than the record tape, the beginning of side B on the record tape will be cut off, and so may be the end of side A. High-speed dubbers are more dubious still. They *always* make tapes inferior to real-time decks, due to the speed at which the tape must pass the record head. I insist on real-time, one-side-at-a-time dubs from the people I trade with.

Finally, be realistic in your choice. Someone once told me that his tape deck was "better" than mine; his $600 deck was, however, played through a cheap Japanese receiver and speakers, whereas my "inferior" deck was heard through McIntosh electronics and B&W speakers. Don't spend $2000 on a Nakamichi Dragon if your amplifier and speakers can't justify it.

Just a Box of Tapes, I Don't Know Which One's for Jer . . .
—or—
Why buy TDKs when Nakamichis are only $69.95 a case?

Generally, I would recommend standard chrome (type II) tapes; TDK SA and Maxell XLII are adequate and can be found cheap (about $19 for ten). Though most people seem to be using XLII now, I have had problems galore with them, including broken tape, broken hubs, uneven winding, dropouts, etc. I have had no problems with a large collection of TDKs. Other chrome tapes worth checking out are Denon HD7, Fuji FR-II, BASF CR-E and Sony UX and UX-S.

I think that metal and premium chrome tapes (such as BASF CR-M, Denon HD8, Maxell XLII-S, TDK SA-X, and the like) are a waste of money for Dead recordings. The main advantage of these tapes is their ability to store increased levels of high-frequency (treble) information, a characteristic that is nonexistent on all but the most outstanding bootlegs. Maxell XLII-S users take special note: in a tape survey by *Audio* magazine, the author "expected [XLII-S] to outperform XLII but was puzzled to see that overall, it did not . . . . This is one of the better Type II formulations, but it would perform best when recording material that didn't have much high-frequency energy." I don't think that these are bad tapes, just that they're not worth the added expense. *Caveat emptor.*

Dolby Noise Reduction—To B or Not to B (or to C)?

I am a firm believer in noise reduction, and so are almost all people who are knowledgeable about its effects. To those who insist that Dolby ruins your tapes: Do you really think that Nakamichi (and everyone else) includes Dolby on their tape decks if it "cuts the highs" (the most common complaint — as if most Dead tapes have any "highs" to speak of) or otherwise degrades sound quality?

Let me suggest a simple experiment: Take a blank tape and record *nothing* on it for about 15 seconds, with no noise reduction (NR). Play it back with the volume control turned up fairly high. (Those who own three-head decks can simply toggle between "Source" and "Tape.") Do this again, this time using Dolby B in recording and playback. If you have Dolby C, try it yet again. There should be a loud rush from the speakers during playback with no Dolby, a

---

Peter Braverman is a school teacher in Winnetka, Illinois, and a self-described stereo nut.

muted rush with Dolby B, and a nearly inaudible hiss with Dolby C. What you hear is the amount of hiss you add to the tape as you make a recording with and without Dolby.

This brief experiment proves that Dolby cuts hiss. To disprove the allegation that it cuts the highs, it is necessary to gain some understanding of the way Dolby NR works. Dolby is an electronic "compander" circuit: it expands the high frequencies during recording (encoding), and compresses them a reciprocal amount during playback (decoding). Since the amount of hiss recorded on a tape is a constant (it doesn't change with input level), that hiss is also reduced by the Dolby circuit during playback — by 10 decibels with Dolby B, 20 dB with Dolby C. A properly functioning Dolby circuit *does not* "cut the highs." It may seem to, because a tape without Dolby has hiss, which adds artificial highs, in the form of distortion components around the "real" highs. If, however, the goal is to make an *accurate* copy of an original, the point is irrelevant.

The main difference between Dolby B and C is that C provides twice as much "compansion" (reduction of hiss) as B. Additionally, though, Dolby C is more deck-sensitive than B, which means that you should probably use Dolby C only if the record deck is the same deck you will use to listen to the dub later. I use Dolby C for my own tapes, and Dolby B when trading with others.

One last note on this. The effects of tape hiss multiply with the number of copies (generations). Tape hiss is additive: the hiss you hear in the experiment above will be added to every generation of tape you copy. The fifth generation will have *five times* as much hiss as the first. If you don't believe this, try the experiment above with two tapes, copying them back and forth five or six times, without Dolby, with the levels set midway up. Then try it with Dolby. The effects will be obvious immediately.

See Here How Everything Lead Up to This Tape . . .
—or—
Enough of this technical crap already

Finally. Here goes. The first thing to do is to set your recording levels. The basic aim of cassette recording is to set the levels high enough for the signal (music) to overcome the hiss inherent in the recording process, and low enough to avoid distortion of the signal. For most tape decks, the optimal level is usually that at which the loudest passages (peaks) register between 0 and +3 dB on the meters. Experiment with your deck to find out how high you can record before distortion occurs. (The best decks and tapes may go as high as +8 or +10 with noise reduction, though I wouldn't usually recommend recording this high.) I know a taper who has sacrificed almost his entire collection to overwhelming hiss by recording tapes to peak around −10 dB.

Use noise reduction when you dub. Playback should be with the same NR that the tape was originally encoded with — it should be noted on the cassette label. It is not true that simultaneously playing back and recording with Dolby limits quality, though you will no doubt be told this at some time by some well-intentioned soul. There is *no* harm done to tapes in this way. (It is true that when copying tapes with NR, the optimal way to duplicate NR is to leave both NR switches out and match levels *exactly*. Since *exact* level matching is all but impossible without professional equipment, it is best both to playback and record with the NR switches *in*.) Since the playback tape will be decoded before it is copied, there can be no "multiplication" of the effects of Dolby NR.

If you follow the suggestions here, you should be able to make a dub that sounds identical (OK, *almost* identical) to the original.

I See You Got Your List Out . . .

As a final taping step, make sure you have a list of tapes, and add each tape you make to it. As you're listening to each tape, take the time to ask yourself, "How good is this tape really?" In rating tapes, use average-quality tapes (such as C or 5) as a starting point, and rate quality as subjectively better or worse than that reference. If you set the highest rating (A or 10) as the reference, you'll find, as I did, that all of your tapes are overrated. Which reminds me of another taper I know . . .

Happy taping. □

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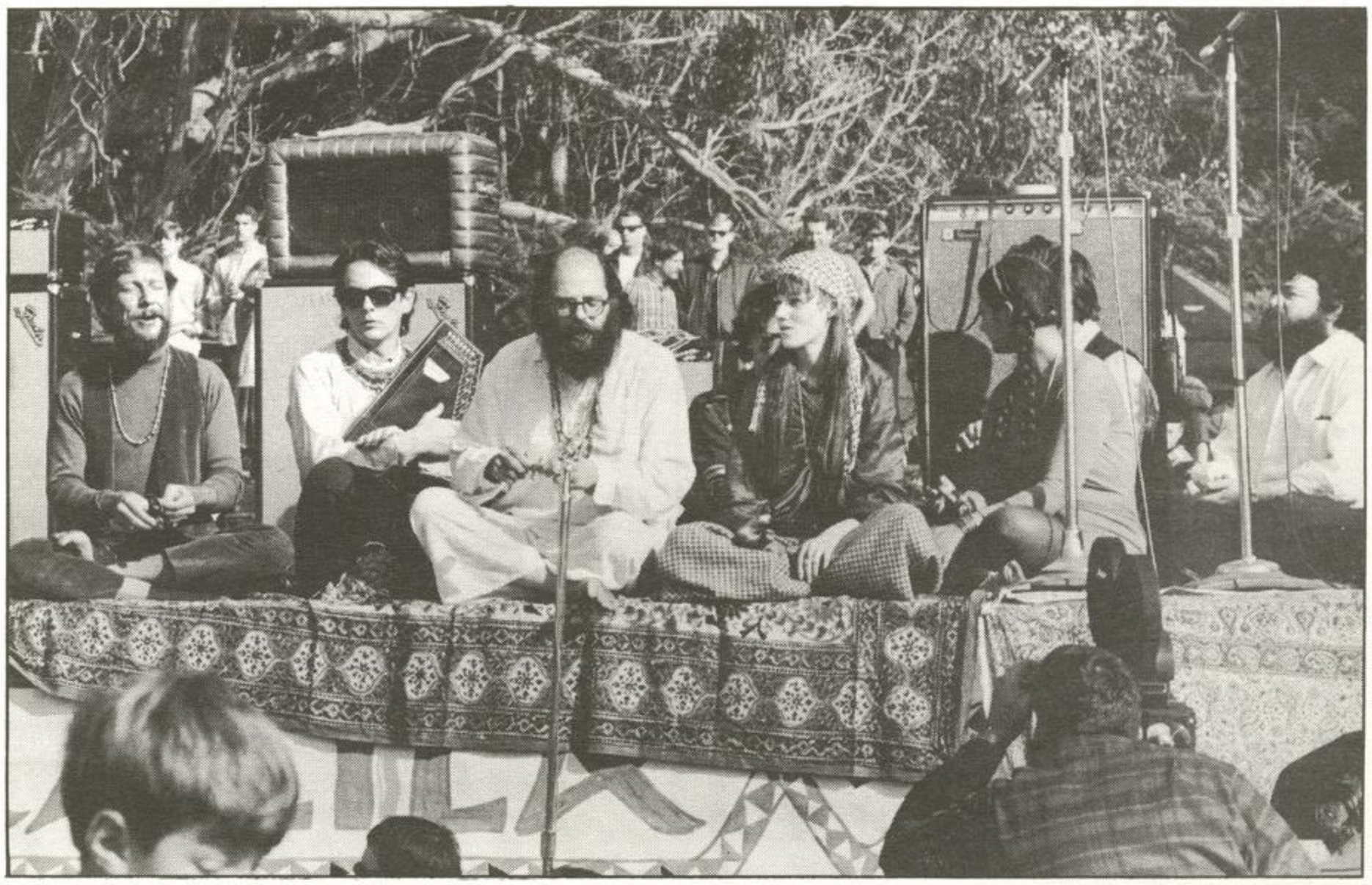
FLASHBACK

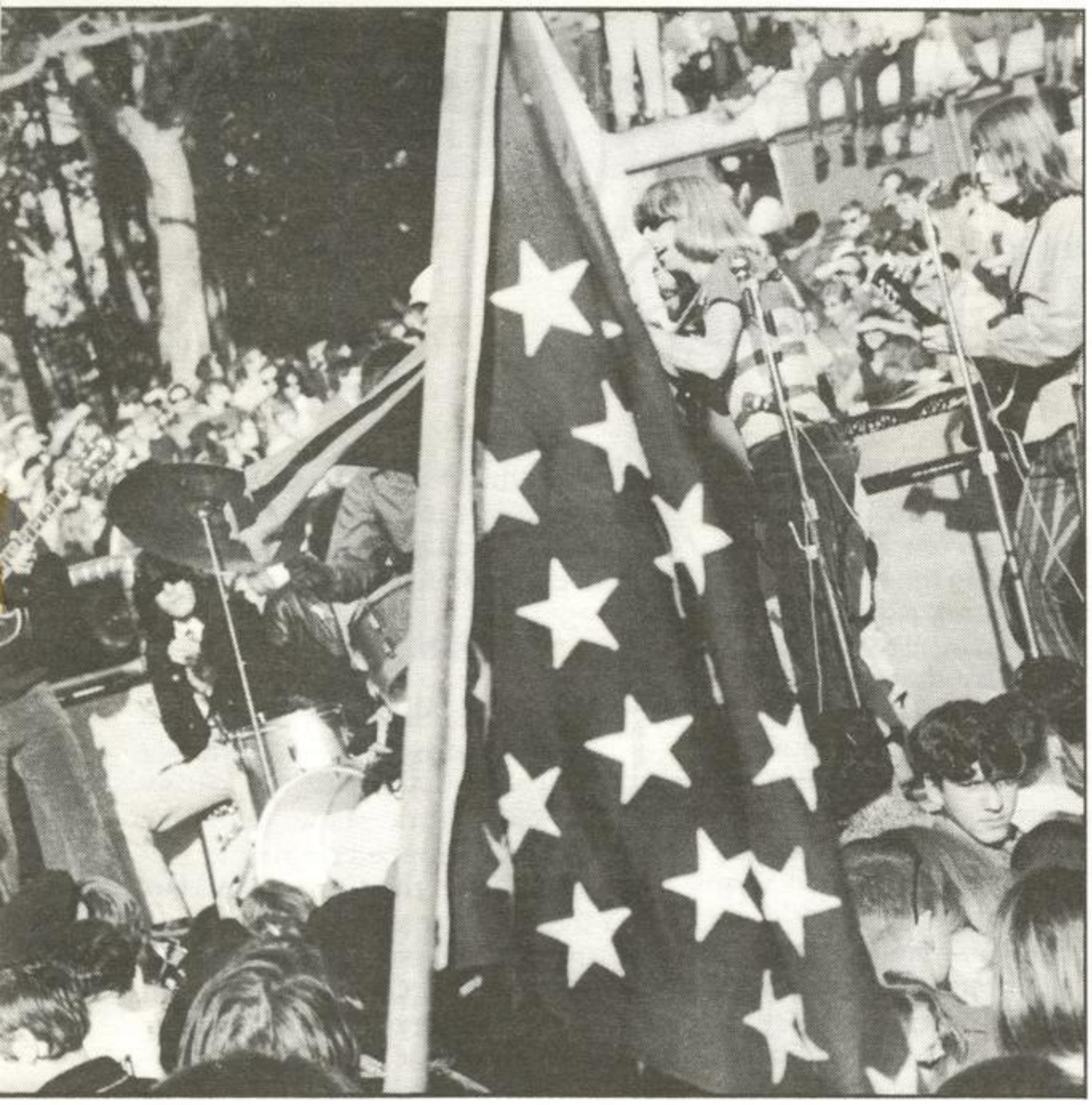
THE HUMAN BE-IN

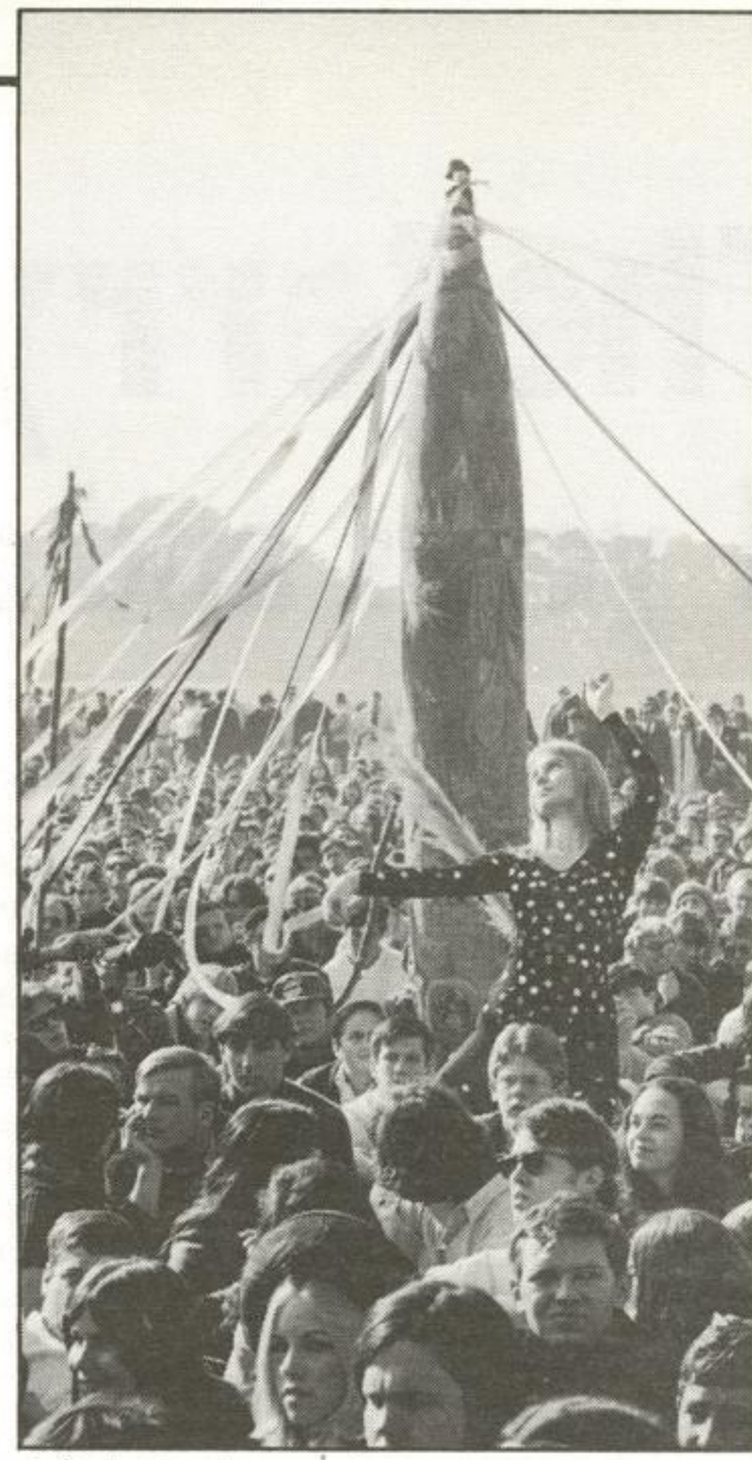
Twenty years ago this winter—January 14, 1967—the first mass event of the hippie era took place at the Polo Fields in San Francisco's picturesque Golden Gate Park. The Human Be-In was dubbed by its organizers (Allen Cohen of the hip psychedelic paper *The Oracle*, activist Jerry Rubin, and others) "A Gathering of the Tribes," for it was designed to be a convocation of the different streams of the then-burgeoning counterculture movement. It brought together groups that had previously operated independently for the most part—progressive and radical political groups, poets and artists, and the leading San Francisco rock bands—in an impressive show of strength and solidarity. More than 20,000 people attended the all-day event, and the press coverage it generated reached millions more worldwide. The Be-In spawned similar happenings (the "love-in" was the most common spinoff) in other cities around the country, and more than any other event, it was the catalyst for attracting large numbers of young people to San Francisco, culminating in the "Summer of Love" invasion in June through August of '67.

The Grateful Dead were really no more significant than any of the other bands, poets and speakers who contributed to the day—a list that included the Jefferson Airplane, Quicksilver Messenger Service, Big Brother & the Holding Company, Timothy Leary (who coined the famous "Tune in, turn on, drop out" that day), Allen Ginsberg, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Gary Snyder, Michael McClure, Dick Gregory and many others. The Dead's brief set that afternoon consisted of "Morning Dew," "Viola Lee Blues" and a lengthy "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl," the last featuring jazz flutist Charles Lloyd jamming with the boys. That night, the Dead played a concert at Winterland, headlining over Junior Wells, the Chicago Blues Band, and some newcomers from L.A., The Doors.

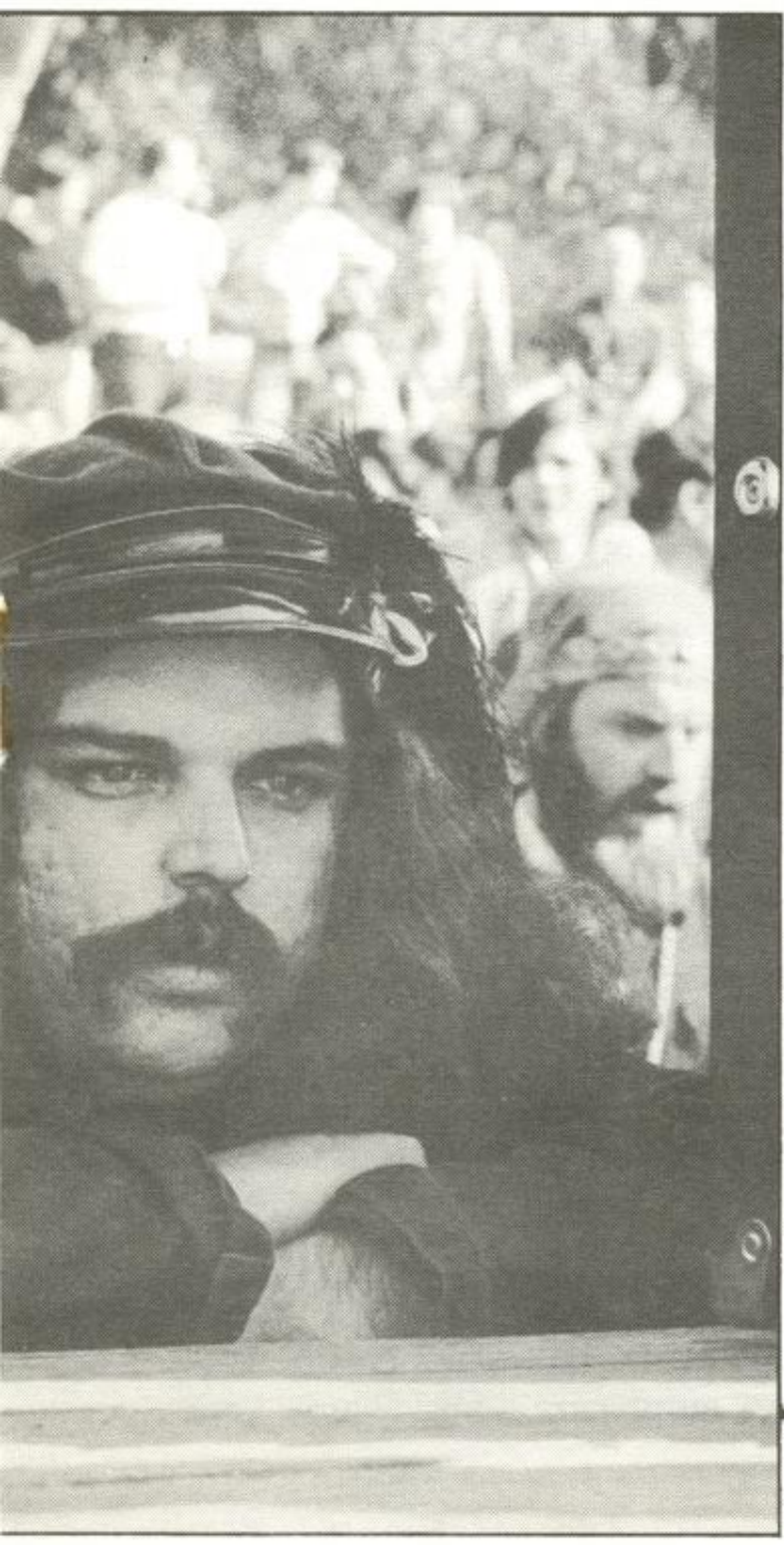


Poets Gary Snyder, Michael McClure, Allen Ginsberg and Maretta lead the crowd in chanting. Photo: Lisa Law © 1987





Left: the Dead onstage during their explosive set (Photo: Lisa Law © 1987); Above: a dancer in the crowd. (Photo: Jim Marshall © 1987)



Left: Pigpen stares out at the crowd from between two amps. Above: Jefferson Airplane members Paul Kantner (L) and Jack Casady, joined by unidentified flutist. Photos: Jim Marshall © 1987

The Jerry Garcia Band
11 years and still rockin'

By Corry Arnold

One of the things that makes the Grateful Dead different from most bands is the members' continual interest in playing live with other aggregations. Numerous Dead spin-off bands (and solo acts) have surfaced and submerged over the years, but none has been as enduring as the Jerry Garcia Band. The Garcia Band has continued playing for almost 11 years, weathering hiatuses and personnel changes, to create a wealth of good music that is often appreciated but rarely contemplated by Deadheads. Since any group featuring Garcia singing and playing electric guitar is bound to sound something like the Dead, the Garcia Band is alternately accepted or rejected for being "almost like the Dead" or "not as good as the Dead." People's personal tastes aside, both of these positions are misleading. The Garcia Band's music not only stands on its own unique musical terms, it provides insights into the musical ideas and evolution of Jerry Garcia and the Grateful Dead.

Considering the Jerry Garcia Band's music is a special question, since the band's existence depends on special circumstances. Occasionally major rock artists in a group do a short tour with a pickup band while their main group is not working, usually to promote solo albums. Garcia is unique amongst major rockers, however, in having a separate group that exists as a regular touring (rather than recording) unit. Indeed, the Dead's perpetual annual schedule would break the back of most big stars, and some years the Garcia Band has played almost as many shows as the Dead. Thus the Garcia Band depends on Jerry Garcia's passion for playing in front of audiences, a passion unmatched by musicians of his box-office stature.

The Dead's music is an evolutionary story — that's why it needs a magazine to help tell the tale — and the Garcia Band's music evolves as well. Before he formed the Garcia Band in 1975, Garcia had worked with a number of ongoing groups, notably the New Riders of the Purple Sage, Old & In the Way, and the Garcia/Saunders Band, later called The Legion of Mary. But in all these groups, Garcia's role was band member rather than band leader. The Legion of Mary, the Garcia Band's immediate predecessor, featured Garcia on guitar and vocals (playing many of the same numbers that he would play with the Garcia Band), but it also featured Merl Saunders on organ and vocals, and a fair percentage of the numbers were either sung by Saunders or were funky soul instrumentals that were more Merl's more Merl's style than Jerry's. Garcia also shared solo time fairly equally with Saunders and tenor saxophonist Martin Fiero. Garcia and Saunders split up amicably, as their musical interests were diverging — Garcia wasn't as interested in playing funk music.

Thus from one point of view, the departure of Saunders and Fierro, and their replacement by legendary British session pianist Nicky Hopkins, was just a personnel change, and the name change from Legion of Mary (or the Garcia/Saunders Band) was merely cosmetic.

Yet a number of things set the Jerry Garcia Band apart from Garcia's previous extracurricular ventures. For one thing, the band's name was an implicit contract with the audience that the group would feature Garcia, rather than feature Garcia along with others of less interest to the audience. Indeed, except for a few instrumentals and brief solo piano interludes (and the one time I heard Hopkins sing — Oy!), Garcia sang all the songs, and although Hopkins certainly got his licks in on the grand piano, Garcia was plainly the featured soloist. Significantly, Garcia also started singing original material, which he hitherto had never done with his own bands. The fall 1975 shows with Hopkins introduced "Mission in the Rain," reintroduced and slowed down "They Love Each Other" and included versions of "Sugaree" and "Friend of the Devil." The Garcia Band plainly served a different creative function for Garcia than just an opportunity to play guitar on his nights off.

FORMATION

The Garcia/Saunders Band had been a loose jamming outfit that played Bay Area clubs and an occasional New York show, until the Grateful Dead stopped touring in October 1974. Then the Garcia/Saunders Band toured in larger places on a more regular basis and evolved into The Legion of Mary. The Garcia Band, which debuted at the Keystone nightclub in Berkeley on August 5, 1975, was a recognition (consciously or not) by Garcia that he needed something featuring himself to fulfill his musical ends in the absence of regular Dead tours.

The initial lineup lasted only four months; their final gig was New Year's Eve 1975–76 at the Keystone. Although well liked by many Deadheads (myself included), the Hopkins-model JGB was not universally well received. For one thing, many people were used to Merl Saunders' organ, and Hopkins' airy piano was a big change. And for another thing, there was a substantial change in repertoire. Also, Hopkins talked to the audience a lot, and while he could be witty, he seemed to be going through a difficult period, and his stage chatter could turn into depressing monologues about, say, how somebody killed his cat. This had a tendency to cast a pall over otherwise merry proceedings. Nevertheless, the first JGB established the model for future Garcia Bands in both style and content.

Garcia's musical tastes are notably wide, and at one time or another he has performed everything from jug music to funk, so the boundaries of the Garcia Band's repertoire are inherently revealing. With a couple of rarely played exceptions, mostly from the Hopkins period, the Garcia Band doesn't do instrumentals, long a staple of Garcia/Saunders. Furthermore, Garcia Band shows emphasize songs whose basic

Garcia and Kahn at the Keystone Berkeley in 1980. Photo: Dave Patrick

melodies are, for lack of a better word, catchy, with simple blues and boogie tunes less prevalent. In fact, rather than drawing songs from the Grateful Dead's Top Secret Obscure Song Library, the Garcia Band has always done a surprising amount of material that was Top 40 on some chart at one time or another, as well as songs that were "FM hits." Even obscure Beatles songs are well known, and songs like Jimmy Cliff's "The Harder They Come" or Bob Dylan's "Tangled Up in Blue" are familiar tunes to many music fans. The Dead started out playing hits in bars, so in one sense the Garcia Band was a return to Garcia's roots. It stands as an ongoing, if psychedelicized, interpretation of popular American music from the '50s through the '70s.

1976–78: KEITH & DONNA GODCHAUX

A lot of Deadheads never took to Keith and Donna. Maybe they didn't like them; maybe Keith and Donna reminded them that Pigpen was gone; maybe it was just one of those things. In the Garcia Band, though, the Godchauxs could carve out their own turf. The Garcia Band played its first gig with Keith and Donna on 1-27-76 at Keystone Berkeley, and its last on 11-4-78 at Keystone Palo Alto. In between, it became a real band, with an audience and a repertoire, instead of just another Dead spin-off passing through town.

When Keith started playing piano with the Dead in the fall of 1971, he filled the holes between Garcia's and Weir's guitars. Over the next several years, however, the musical balance between Garcia, Weir and Godchaux shifted. By 1978 both Weir and Godchaux were effectively playing "rhythm," underpinning Garcia's leads and alternately filling melodic gaps. A good example of this is the basic arrangement of "Shakedown Street," where the rhythm of the song would have been changed if either Weir's guitar or Godchaux's piano had been removed. Contrast "Shakedown" to *Europe '72*'s "Cumberland Blues," where Weir carries the rhythm; the absence of Godchaux would make little difference rhythmically, although Godchaux's absence would make a great difference to the song, as the melodic interplay between him and Garcia would be lost.

The problem for the Grateful Dead's music, however, was that Keith's melodic sense was much more finely tuned than his rhythmic sense. Weir was far superior rhythmically, whereas Keith's persistence in using his keyboard more as a part of the rhythm section than as a lead instrument forced the Dead's music to go in directions that weren't fruitful. Hence, Keith's departure from the Dead.

Yet the very aspects of Keith's playing that caused problems for the Dead's sound were ideal for the Garcia Band. The Dead have two busy drummers, an aggressive, melodic bass player and a unique rhythm guitarist underpinning Garcia's leads. There is plenty of melodic room in the middle, but no room for mushy rhythm playing. Conversely, the Garcia Band had an understated, straightforward drummer in Ron Tutt, and a superb yet more typical bass player in John Kahn, who generally stuck with the bass drum and played in the lower registers. Thus not only was there plenty of wide open space for Keith's piano to carry the melody, but the rhythmic interplay in the band was much simpler than in the Dead, and Keith's rhythmic limitations were not an issue. In fact, the musical rapport that developed between Jerry and Keith in the Garcia Band may have contributed to Keith's changing musical role with the Dead, since Keith may have been used to following Jerry as a rhythm player.

Donna Godchaux was also better suited for the Garcia Band than for the Dead, but for a simpler reason. Donna herself has commented (*Golden Road* #6) how her voice went flat or off-key when she sang too loud, an inevitable result when singing with the eternally loud Dead. The Garcia Band played in much smaller places, though, and since they didn't have to play so loud, Donna didn't have to sing so loud. Consequently, her singing was more regularly on target, and the beauty of her voice more apparent. Furthermore, the JGB repertoire emphasized songs played in R&B styles that were well suited to Donna's own singing style. Keith and Donna had taken Hopkins' place in the Garcia Band "because they were around," according to reliable sources, but their presence turned out to be serendipitous.

The 1976 edition of the Garcia Band that featured Keith and Donna established the JGB style. Touring heavily, since the Dead were still on vacation, they played long shows (in the two-hour range) but did relatively few songs in each show. The material varied from night to night and covered a wide range of styles. Garcia frequently chose to sing songs well beyond his vocal capabilities, but the jams made up for the vocal weakness, at least on good nights. Although many groups revive Motown and other popular R&B covers, Garcia's willingness to jam off them was unique. (In one sense, Gar-

cia's penchant for using popular tunes as a platform for improvisation reflects the swing and bop jazz tradition of using Broadway show tunes as "standards.") Extended versions of Motown numbers like "How Sweet It Is," "I Second That Emotion" and "The Way You Do the Things You Do" were often the centerpieces of sets.

The Garcia Band also had a peculiar live sound in the 1976 – 78 period. Garcia is a very clean player, Godchaux played piano, and Kahn and Tutt (and later Buzz Buchanan) both had very spare styles. At its best the band sounded crisp and striking, with the instruments using the empty space to bounce off each other in a lively way. At its worst it sounded hollow and sluggish, with no sustain to add any color. A standard criticism of the band was that it was even more meandering than the Dead. This wasn't untrue, but the Garcia Band's willingness to meander could be a blessing as well as a curse. The Garcia Band was much closer to its nightclub roots than the Dead were, and the kind of relaxed jamming that would be appropriate at 1 a.m. in a smoky little club didn't always translate well to a concert stage.

Nevertheless, the striking difference between the Garcia Band and the Dead during the 1976 – 78 period was one of attitude. When the Dead returned to performing in 1976 they had a renewed commitment to playing, but they also had a self-conscious seriousness. Part of that seriousness came from age, and part of it was logistical: the Dead were simply getting more popular. As 1977 rolled into 1978, the Dead consistently played bigger places, and the loose, indulgent attitudes that were part of small gigs were jettisoned along with those venues. Yet the Garcia Band were like the Dead of an earlier era. The musicians were there because they loved playing. The shows were mostly at big movie theaters, tiny civic auditoriums and the gyms of little colleges (except in the Bay Area, where they played the Keystones). Since there were no records to promote, their material consisted mainly of covers chosen at Garcia's whim, and the length and pacing of gigs were equally random. Of course, shows started any old time, and breaks were interminable, but there was an atmosphere of relaxed experimentation that was hard to come by at Dead concerts, even if the total musical reward at a Dead show ended up being higher.

In 1977 and 1978 the Grateful Dead played a lot of great music, but their tours had few of the odd, random song choices that characterized earlier years. Conversely, the Garcia Band was full of casual oddities. One night Donna Godchaux was sick, but the band went on anyway and played "Not Fade Away," the only time they've been known to play it (7-9-77, Asbury Park, New Jersey). On Palm Sunday, they played "Palm Sunday" (from *Cats Under the Stars*) for the only known time (3-18-78, Washington, DC). Unexpected covers, like Paul McCartney's "Let Me Roll It," would occasionally turn up. Maria Muldaur, who had been living with John Kahn for some time, even went out on the road for one tour with the Garcia Band, singing harmonies along with Donna.

Garcia showed his commitment to the band by recording an album for Arista with the group. *Cats Under the Stars* was recorded in 1977 and released in February 1978. Garcia had used the Hopkins/Kahn/Tutt lineup for some of *Reflections*, but that was plainly a Garcia solo album, whereas *Cats* was a conscious band effort. It features the strongest batch of Garcia songs in the last ten years, and emphasizes the songs and arrangements rather than Garcia's guitar playing. I think it is the best Dead or Dead-related album since *Blues For Allah*. Garcia himself said in an interview in the San Francisco *Chronicle* that his disinterest in making albums stems from the lack of interest people showed in this album, which he thought had everything — chops, songs, production. "It was disappointingly undersold," said Garcia, "which sort of took the heart out of my desire to make records."

The JGB in '75—Nicky Hopkins, Garcia, John Kahn, Ron Tutt

Songs from the record, such as "Reuben and Cerise," "Gomorrah," "Cats Under the Stars," (all Garcia/Hunter) and "Love in the Afternoon" (Kahn/Hunter) not only added vitality to the band's repertoire from late 1977 on, but added depth to the group's credibility as more than just a glorified cover band.

Garcia Band activity trailed off, and by late 1978, Keith and Donna's tenure in the Grateful Dead was coming to an end. Keith's unwillingness to play organ and other self-imposed musical limitations, along with the strain on Keith and Donna's marriage, had both the Godchauxs and the Dead thinking about a new keyboard player. The Garcia Band played some Bay Area shows in October, soon after the Dead returned from Egypt, and then did a few gigs in the Pacific Northwest with the Bob Weir Band, where Garcia noticed Weir's keyboard player, Brent Mydland. The last Garcia Band show with Keith and Donna was on November 4, 1978 at the Keystone Palo Alto, 139 shows and almost three years from where it started.

TRANSITION: 1979–80

In early 1979, Keith and Donna's impending departure from the Dead effectively forced Garcia to find a new part-time outlet to replace the Garcia Band. Rather than get a new keyboard player and keep the Garcia Band going, Garcia and Kahn got back together with old pal Merl Saunders to form the funk-rock group Reconstruction.

Reconstruction fit the mold of previous projects that Garcia had been involved in. They played only various Bay Area clubs, plus four shows in Colorado and two in L.A. Although Garcia was the primary attraction for the audience, the band was billed as "Reconstruction, featuring Jerry Garcia," or with all six band members named (Garcia, Kahn, Saunders, tenor saxophonist Ron Stallings, trombonist Ed Neumeister and drummer Gaylord Birch), deemphasizing Garcia's role. True to form, Garcia sang lead on less than a

third of the numbers, with lead vocals shared by Stallings, Saunders and Birch. There were also numerous instrumentals, and solo time was split four ways. The material included various black music styles — funk, jazz, soul, blues and reggae—and almost no conventional rock. The Garcia Band's initial formation had been a turning away from the funk and blues Garcia had played with Merl Saunders, but now as the Dead turned toward some funkier tunes like "Shakedown Street," Garcia returned to the funk style with a vengeance. Reconstruction's horn-driven attack gave the music a harder funk edge than the laid-back Garcia/Saunders Band ever produced. Garcia's guitar playing reflected the change, and Reconstruction featured strong rhythm playing from Garcia as well as a lot of funky solos.

In an odd way, however, Reconstruction proved how resilient the Garcia Band was. Reconstruction played good music for eight months (1-30 to 9-10-79), but Garcia obviously felt the need to reactivate the Garcia Band. In the fall of 1979, Garcia played a few Bay Area shows with a lineup that featured Bay Area sessionmen Ozzie Allers on keyboards and Johnny deFonseca on drums. In February 1980 this new Garcia Band lineup toured the East Coast.

Although the 1980 Garcia Band did not leave many lasting impressions, the fact that Garcia kept a similar format and repertoire after Keith and Donna departed, even after a year's hiatus, showed that the songs played by the JGB were important to Garcia, not just haphazard selections. Of course, Garcia learned or relearned some new material, some of which was never played on any other JGB tours. "Deal" and "Dear Prudence" became Garcia Band standards on this tour, but the taping highlight was the graceful instrumental arrangement of "Eleanor Rigby," inserted into the middle of "After Midnight," making for a phenomenal medley. Allers' preference for a variety of electric keyboards (mainly electric piano and synthesizer) showed that Garcia had had his fill of grand pianos after Hopkins and Godchaux. The 1980 tour was also noteworthy for the few guest appearances (on 2/29, 3/1 and 3/2) by Robert Hunter, who opened the shows. Hunter sang "Promontory Rider" and "Tiger Rose" with the Garcia Band, marking the only time that these two old friends have appeared onstage together since the Grateful Dead was formed.

In July and August 1980 the Garcia Band played nine dates, including a few on the East Coast, all with ex-Sly Stone drummer Greg Errico. The Garcia Band then faded from view altogether for several months.

The JGB on Halloween '86. Photo: Ron Delany

MATURITY: 1981–1986

The Garcia Band resurfaced in January 1981, heralding four years of steady activity. From 1981 to 1984 the Garcia Band averaged 55 dates a year, while the Dead averaged 68 dates, and both acts played particularly well during this period. In fact, most people would cite an overall improvement in the Dead's music from 1981 to 1984 — certainly few suggest that it got worse. Since the Dead's musical vitality depends in a large part on Garcia, it's plain that the continuous activity of the Garcia Band was a positive influence on Garcia's music.

The significant figure in the 1981 Garcia Band lineup was organist Melvin Seals. The band featured two keyboard players — Jimmy Warren was on electric piano — but Seals' organ was the key counterpoint to Garcia's guitar. Seals, whose background was explored extensively in *Golden Road #5*, was heavily involved in the local East Bay gospel scene, and had spent several years in the Elvin Bishop Group. Seals played a role similar to Merl Saunders', in that he could swing comfortably in a variety of styles, but he had a more up-tempo style than Saunders, and he was a better soloist. With two keyboardists, Garcia was freed from playing rhythm guitar to carry an arrangement. He could simply cut loose on guitar solos, knowing that Seals and Warren would maintain the groove underneath him.

The late-model JGB also reintroduced women backup singers. After five months of shows, Garcia added Essra Mohawk and Liz Stires to the group on 6-25-81. Although the singers have changed periodically, the Garcia Band has had two female vocalists continuously since then (with the exception of a few transitional shows in 1982).

The major difference between the 1981–82 JGB and the Keith and Donna lineup was an apparent sense of commitment. Although the Garcia Band was uneven in the great Dead tradition, they approached shows in a more consistent and professional manner. They had a wide repertoire, but they concentrated mostly on certain successful numbers (Dylan songs, Motown tunes, "Midnight Moonlight," "Dear Prudence," etc.), some of which, like "Tangled Up in Blue" and "Don't Let Go," served the same function in JGB shows as, say, "Sugar Magnolia" or "Truckin'" served at Dead shows: rallying points for both the band and the crowd.

The Garcia Band had matured into an established unit, just as the Dead had a decade earlier. With the loss of adventure came consistency, and the vitality of experimentation was replaced by the energy of commitment. The Garcia Band underwent a number of personnel changes in 1981–82. Ron Tutt returned in the fall of 1981 to replace Daoud Shaw on drums for one tour, and Bill Kreutzmann replaced Tutt. One vocalist replaced another, and Phil

Lesh even filled in for John Kahn on three occasions (6-25, 26 and 8-22-81), perhaps the last flicker of the older, more casual days. After heavy touring in 1981 and the first half of 1981 by both the Dead and the JGB, Garcia put the band on hiatus after 6-24-82.

In October 1982, however, the Garcia Band rose again, this time with Melvin Seals as the sole keyboard player, and with Greg Errico back on drums. After a few shows, Melvin brought in his friends Jaclyn LaBranch and Dee Dee Dickerson, who added a gospel feel to the vocals, and the Garcia Band returned to relentless touring in 1983. (Gloria Jones replaced Dickerson 9-30-83.) The band played more infrequently in 1984, partially because Garcia had taken to performing acoustic shows with John Kahn. (These acoustic shows were the only other regular Garcia ventures, apart from the JGB, where he played his own material.)

In 1985 and 1986 (before Jerry's illness) Garcia Band activity tailed off significantly, with a combined total of only 25 dates. Garcia, Seals and Kahn, along with their various cohorts, had been rocking through "The Harder They Come" and "Dear Prudence" for six years (and in the case of Garcia and some songs, much longer). While the repertoire periodically saw new additions—like the reintroduced *Cats Under the Stars* material in 1983, including the hitherto unplayed "Rhapsody in Red," or "Get Out of My Life, Woman" in 1984—Garcia had basically stuck to the same material for three years.

Yet when Garcia returned to performing on October 4 with the Garcia Band at the Stone, the shows were long and full of newly learned songs (as reported last issue), and this trend continued in the next four months as new tunes kept appearing. Rather than just run through JGB standards, Garcia revitalized the band's repertoire and music. It was natural that Jerry's return would be with the Garcia Band rather than the Dead — the JGB plays looser, shorter, smaller shows than the Dead, just the ticket for Garcia to recharge his warp drive. He played a total of seven JGB shows before the Grateful Dead took the stage again in mid-December.

The Garcia Band has been taken for granted by Deadheads for so long, its very existence has rarely been seen as the triumph that it is. That Garcia could maintain such a band for 11 years in the shadow of the Dead is amazing; that the Garcia Band has created great music is even more remarkable. Yet just as the Dead have defied all logic in surviving, so has the Garcia Band. It has its own distinctive musical legacy, captured on but one album and a thousand tapes. □

JOHN KAHN

Garcia's longtime ally looks back

By Blair and Regan

Through all the different incarnations of bands that Garcia has played with outside of the Dead over the years, there has been only one constant: the presence of bassist John Kahn. More than merely a sympathetic player, Kahn and Garcia are good friends who seem to share a similar, slightly bent but bemused outlook on life and playing. Garcia is obviously more comfortable knowing his old ally is up onstage with him at Garcia Band gigs or when they play acoustic shows, and Kahn relishes the continuing challenge of playing such unstructured, unpredictable music.

Besides playing in bands (including Old & In the Way), Kahn has also been heavily involved in the production of several significant records, including the second Garcia album, *Cats Under the Stars, Shakedown Street* and *Run for the Roses*.

Surprisingly little has appeared in print about Kahn over the years, so Regan and I visited him in his San Francisco home to find out more about his life and his views on music. We found him to be warm, witty and very articulate, which is why we've chosen to let him tell his story in his own words.

GROWING UP

I'm from Southern California originally; I grew up in Beverly Hills. I went to school with a lot of people who eventually went into show business — like Rick [Richard] Dreyfuss, who was in a drama class with me. Though my family wasn't really into music at all, I studied piano as a kid. I studied a lot of music theory and took private lessons while I was still in grammar school. In high school I also played rock and roll guitar, but then I got heavily into listening to jazz and all of a sudden all I wanted to do was be a jazz string bass player and listen to jazz records all the time. I loved Scotty LaFaro and the Bill Evans Trio, and I also listened to a lot of Ornette Coleman, Coltrane. So I took up string bass and studied classical music quite a bit. I was president of the school orchestra near the end of school. As I recall, that basically amounted to taking roll.

After high school, I felt I wanted to study arranging and composition. I'd been writing all along and even wrote a piece for our orchestra in high school — they agreed to play it if I did all the work, so I wrote out all the parts. It's embarrassing to think about now; it was sort of an Aaron Copland rip-off, I guess. But I learned a lot from that. When I got out of school, I went to USC [the University of Southern California] for a semester and then came up to the Bay Area to go to the San Francisco Conservatory of Music. I was there about a year, and basically never left. This must have been late '66.

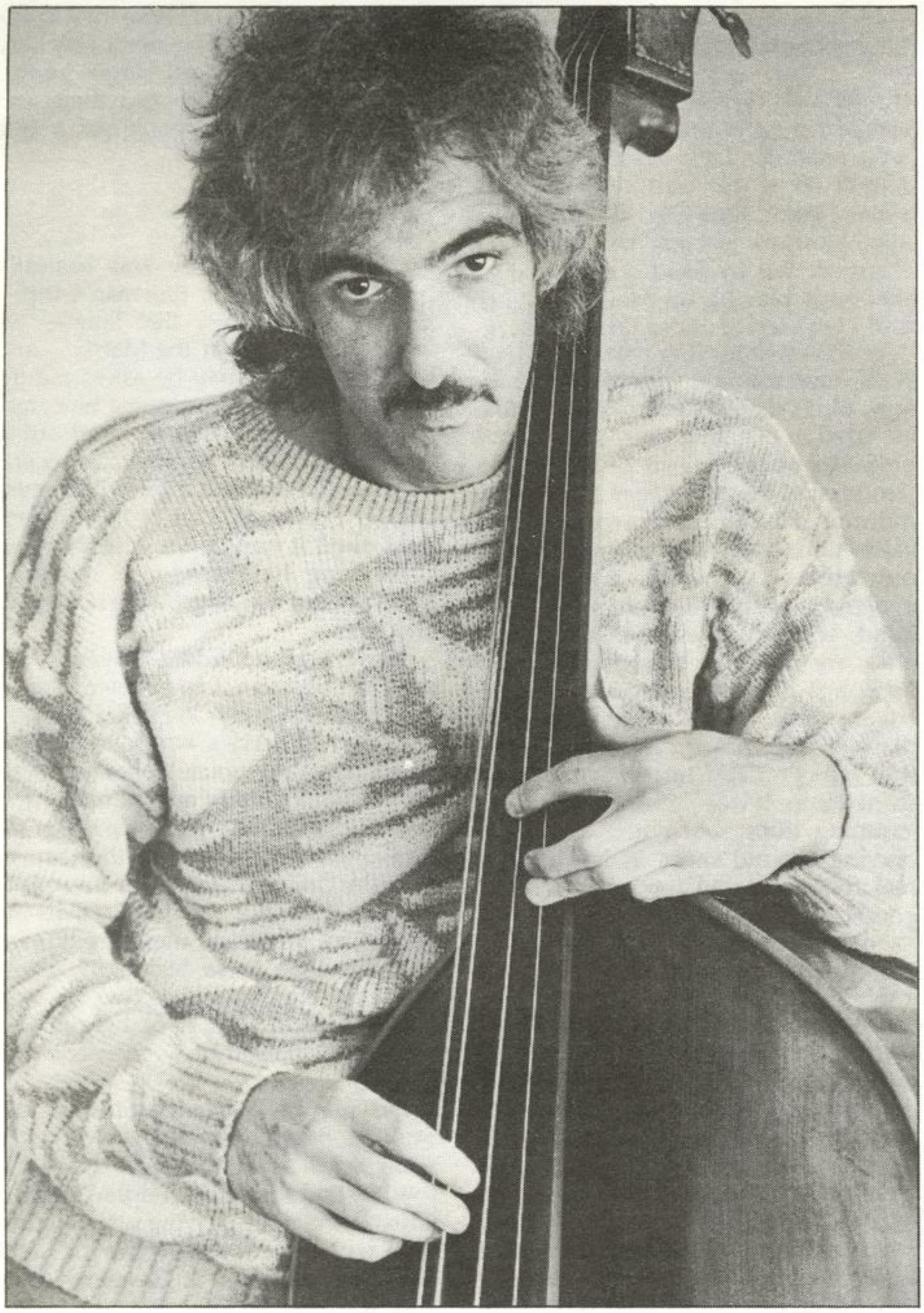


Photo: Ron Delany

PLUGGING IN

When The Beatles had first come out I didn't think much of them, or the real early Dylan things, but then I started to get into it more because it seemed to be where the energy in music was being focused. During that period, jazz seemed to lose something and it didn't have that same kind of motivating force that rock and roll was picking up. I kept playing string bass and just listened to rock and roll records and to the bands around. Then somebody in the house I was living in offered me a gig with this band that did mainly covers of whatever songs were on the radio in 1967. He said I could play with them if I'd get an electric bass, so I traded in my electric guitar for a bass, took the gig not knowing how to play that kind of music. The band had three or four names in the six months I was in it. From then on I stuck with the electric bass primarily.

I had a band of my own locally called Memory Pain, and another one called the Tits & Ass Rhythm & Blues Band. There was music everywhere you went, it seemed. I played at a lot of jam sessions around town with people like Steve Miller, and during this period I met Michael Bloomfield, who got me involved in a whole different kind of scene. I had always liked blues; in fact the Butterfield Blues Band was one of the only "rock" sort of things I'd listen to when I was hearing mainly jazz. I thought Bloomfield was the greatest. When I met him, though, he was near the end of his Electric Flag days; he was pretty fried from that and looking to do something else.

Around this time I went to Chicago to audition for the [Paul] Butterfield band. I was real impressed with these players, especially David Sanborn, who was a great alto player and a really nice guy. Butterfield has put down most of the people he's worked with over the years—always found a reason to hate 'em — but he's always raved about Sanborn. This was the first time I'd ever been to Chicago, and I remember it was right about the time of the Democratic Convention [summer of '68] 'cause I could see the riots from my hotel room window.

I'd always loved black music and always wanted to play music that had that kind of feeling. Jazz is a black music, of course. And when I got into rock and roll, Otis Redding was my favorite singer. I loved rhythm & blues music, especially for the bass. When I started playing electric bass I really patterned my playing after the great R&B players, people on the Motown and Stax records like James Jamerson and Hamp Simmons, who played on all the great Bobby Bland records. I loved the kind of walking bass he'd play, slow blues stuff that almost sounds like organ bass with all the notes being held out real long. I listened to all the great blues and R&B players — Duck Dunn, Chuck Rainey, Jerry Jermott. And another guy who influenced me was Paul McCartney, who I still think is a great bass player. Of course he wasn't playing black music, though.

I didn't end up getting the Butterfield job. It was like reverse racial prejudice. Butterfield told me a few years later that the band really pressured him to hire a black guy. At that time, he had a lot of black guys in the band who were real heavy into new wave jazz, people who hung out with the whole Art Ensemble of Chicago scene. The guy they hired, Rod Hicks, was a good bass player. (Three years later I did play with Butterfield a bit.)

I returned to San Francisco and started playing with Bloomfield and Al Kooper. They had done real well with the *Super Session* album they made with Steve Stills and they needed a bassist when they played the Carousel [Ballroom] here. So that was the first time I played one of the places I used to go as a hippie to hear music. It was a pretty funky band. We rehearsed a couple of days and then had these three shows. But Michael got real sick. He passed out at the end of the second night and he didn't make the third one, so we had all these other guys like Carlos Santana, Steve Miller and Elvin Bishop fill in. Those shows became part of *The Live Adventures of Mike Bloomfield and Al Kooper*. That was actually the second record I'd played on. I'd done part of

one with Michael before that, called *Two Jews Blues,* but I wasn't listed.

I played with Bloomfield for the next couple of years. We had a series of little bands that would mainly play around the Bay Area, maybe go out of town for a few dates. A couple of them were the Electric Flag reincarnated, which never seemed to work out. We made a couple of records, including *Live at the Fillmore West.* During this period I also got involved playing on different people's records. Working with Bloomfield I didn't get to play that much, so I had a lot of time on my hands and I got into doing sessions here and in LA. I worked on some film scores, like *Steelyard Blues,* which was mainly me and Michael and Nick the Greek [Gravenites]. I also used to work with Maria Muldaur a lot [the two lived together for many years] and we did a few tours. So between the studio stuff, playing with Maria and Bloomfield, I was pretty busy.

ENTER GARCIA

I first met Garcia in 1972 at this weird gig at the Matrix [the legendary, now defunct, SF nightclub] on Fillmore Street. The drummer in Bloomfield's band at that time was Bill Vitt, and he also had just started playing in this sort of Monday night jam session band at the Matrix. Howard Wales, the organ player, was the leader of the band. I'd known him for a while from the Haight-Ashbury, and I'd always wanted to play with him. So the group was him and Jerry on guitar, Bill Vitt and then some bass player who didn't work out, which is why Vitt asked me to come. So I went down there and it was a lot of fun. I met Garcia and we became friends right away. Of course I'd heard the Dead quite a bit, but I can't really say I was a fan or anything. I'd been around them some. I lived in the Haight and was at their house a couple of times; I remember meeting Pigpen. I'd seen them play on Haight Street and I think I saw them at the old Fillmore a couple times, but I didn't know their music very well and I didn't really know too much about how Garcia played. I didn't know what kind of music he and Wales would be playing at the Matrix when I went down. And I still don't know! It was kind of a weird jazz with these other influences — it was mainly Howard's music, all instrumental.

We played Monday nights there for a while, and for the longest time, hardly anybody would show up. We'd get ten people and split $10 four ways at the end of the night. We played there for something like six months but people just didn't seem interested, or maybe they didn't even know about it. After a while people did start to come. It got to be . . . "crowded" might be stretching things a bit — and this place was the size of a living room. Maybe even "full" isn't accurate. Let's say "not empty." Maybe 50 people, and it got to be the same people time after time. Eventually, Howard just got tired of it and stopped. But we liked doing it, so we just kept playing on Monday nights, and I got Merl Saunders to come do it.

When I was playing with Bloomfield we'd done a single with Merl for Fantasy, plus I'd been a fan of his for years. He used to play at a place called Jack's on Sutter Street; he had the after-hours jam session that went from 2 to 6 in the morning. He had a great organ trio. So I asked him to play with us and it worked out great right away, and then it evolved into that [Saunders & Garcia] band, which was a lot different from what we did with Howard. Merl had his songs and Jerry started doing a few cover tunes. None of it was really planned out, though. It just evolved in that direction and turned into what it turned into. It was just a Monday night jamming thing, but when we started playing around more it developed a real following and turned into a real good band, I thought.

GETTING SERIOUS

There was a point when we started taking the whole thing a lot more seriously and it didn't feel like the Monday night jam sessions anymore. And when we started going out of town to play, Jerry's name would draw people. We were doing real songs and then some of his originals for the first time. We did a real variety of styles. We experimented trying to play whatever we wanted and then ended up playing whatever worked out the best. We never really discussed what direction we wanted to go in. We burned through being just a jam band that played blues and didn't really play songs. You can't do that forever — well, maybe some people can — so we had to find a format where Jerry, especially, would be able to stretch out and have more openings than a straight blues format. Basically, our playing evolved out of this desire for everyone to have all the room they want to do what they want without it being boring for the rest of the world.

Our music doesn't have a lot of form to it. It usually has the statement of the song, then a long statement of us, and then usually a recapitulation of the song that's sometimes almost a token. Sometimes it goes a little more outside, and I like that, too. It's funny, a lot of musicians we've played with are kind of freaked by some of the less structured stuff we do. Jerry and I have tried to figure it out, but to us we don't play very weird. It's mainly real simple songs, but they have a lot of room in them, and that's where some people get a little scared.

OLD & IN THE WAY

Old & In the Way was basically [mandolinist] David Grisman's trip. I hadn't known Jerry that long — we were still playing at the Matrix — and I remember one day he asked me if I wanted to try playing some bluegrass music. He knew I had played string bass, but I hadn't played it in several years and I'd never played bluegrass before. I'd heard a bit of it — Bloomfield liked it quite a bit, and that was something he introduced me to. I hadn't heard it at all growing up in Beverly Hills.

There was no fiddle player in the group at first. It was me, Peter Rowan, Grisman and Jerry. We'd get together and play at Jerry's house in Stinson Beach, or at my house in Forest Knolls [both Marin County communities] and then we started playing some real small gigs informally, like at the bar in Stinson Beach. It was this tiny place and the audience was louder than the band was. It was all these big hippies dancing with these big hiking boots with the big flaps bouncing up and down. They'd start clapping and you couldn't hear us at all. Even *we* couldn't hear us!

We played a benefit once at the Stinson Beach firehouse, which was really small — smaller than this living room—and somehow [fiddler] Richard Greene ended up playing with us. And then we all went out on the road and played at a couple of bluegrass festivals. It was at that time that we got Vassar Clements [one of the great country fiddlers] to join the band. He was the best of all of us, I thought, and easily one of the best players I've ever worked with. He could've played jazz with Coltrane. He could play anything.

Having Vassar in the band gave us some credibility with bluegrass people, but, basically, at these festivals nobody had any idea who we were. I don't remember anything special about those shows. They seemed like dumb scenes to me, with these announcers who told bad jokes. Most of the bands were half-comedy acts and the bass player was always the dumb guy.

Somewhere along the line we acquired Owsley as our soundman and that was interesting. I remember once being real late going on because Owsley had wires all over the stage. It looked like a whole zoo full of snakes had escaped. Snakes all over the floor.

But it always worked out. He taped the shows we did at the Boarding House [another defunct SF club] for the album we put out, and I think he still has a lot of stuff left. That album came out about the same time as the record I did for Garcia.

ON PRODUCING *GARCIA* (ALIAS *COMPLIMENTS OF GARCIA*)

I had done some record production for CBS and I hired Jerry to play steel guitar on some things, none of which ever even came out, I think. The best was a record we worked on for this singer on Epic Records named Brenda Patterson. That was the first time Jerry and I worked in the studio together. We got along great, so then he asked me to get involved with his second solo record. He was game to try something different, and it was almost like he didn't want to be the boss on it.

We picked out the songs together. I would present him with a bunch of ideas, he'd take the ones he liked and work on those. It was mainly stuff that he wouldn't ordinarily have thought of, and I think that was part of the challenge for him — to try something that was really new to him he chose [Irving Berlin's] "Russian Lullaby." He had a record of Oscar Adelman doing it in this weird guitar trio. The bass player uses a bow on the whole record; real strange. Jerry told me it was Hitler's favorite song. We worked up the record in the studio, basically. He had the chance to make an album [one of the first releases on the Dead's Round Records label] and didn't have a tremendous amount of time to work on it, so he more or less put it in my hands. A lot of it was done in L.A., and quite a few of the overdubs were done when Jerry would be out on the road with the Dead. There were some good players on there — Michael Omartian [the keyboardist, now a producer], and that's where we first played with Ron Tutt [Elvis Presley's longtime drummer]. Merl had brought him in.

That record was really a lot of fun to make. I admired Jerry for being game for that stuff. A lot of performers wouldn't do something like that — stuff they're not familiar with, and risking possible embarrassment or making mistakes. I see guys like Prince — and I'm not making any kind of statement about him — saying that he won't work with anyone outside his circle. It's easy to see where he's coming from, but I admire somebody who's willing to break out of that.

I even brought in a couple of other guitarists. I hadn't known Jerry that long at this point and I didn't know

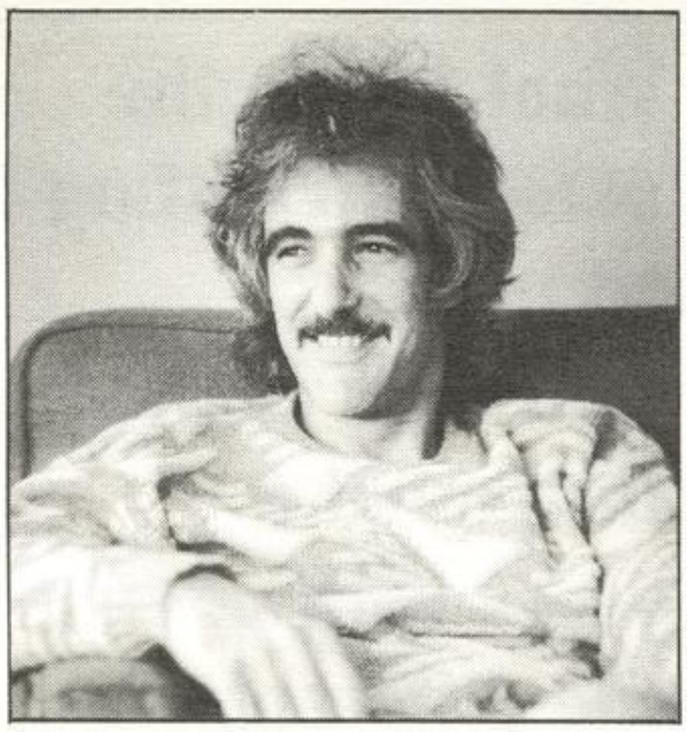


Photo: Ron Delany

I've been playing with Jerry a long time, and I could never tell you what he's going to play next.

whether he could play rhythm guitar or not. Plus, he wasn't that familiar with the material and he wanted to get through it without spending too much time. We did it real fast — we must have done 30 songs in a week. There's a lot of stuff we recorded then that sounds real good but was never released. Like that old '50s song "Tragedy," and a bunch of other songs that are as obscure as the ones that are on the record.

Tutt then became our drummer. At first it was me, Jerry, Merl, Tutt and we had Martin Fierro playing tenor. We played around quite a bit, but it seems like after a while we wanted to get away from that kind of jazzy direction a bit, 'cause the material Garcia was writing was sort of in a whole other direction. The songs on *Reflections* were the first tunes he'd actually written for our band and they didn't really have the kind of spaces in them that Martin and Merl could have filled.

NICKY HOPKINS

The changes of going from one group line-up to another never seemed any harder or easier to me. It all comes down to really listening to who you're playing with and responding to how everyone is playing. Having Nicky Hopkins [the great English pianist who also was a member of Quicksilver in the early '70s] was obviously very different from playing with Merl. I used to say that Hopkins played like Chopin. Playing with him required a completely different tone, because all of a sudden we had this symphonic-sounding piano on these songs, some of which we'd been playing in a different way. Even Jerry had to change his style a bit to adjust. Hopkins played more on the beat [than Merl], but that's what music is all about. It's the compromise of all these different inputs, different styles of playing. You kind of escape that by always playing with the same people. You might be able to second-guess people you play with all the time. I don't know, though. I've been playing with Jerry a long time and he never plays the way I expect him to. I could almost never tell you what he's going to play next, and I know him, musically, about as well as anybody. Not only that, but we always play pretty much the same songs, and I still wouldn't be able to tell you how he's going to play.

THE JGB WITH KEITH & DONNA

This was very relaxed for a while. We were all good friends and we seemed to have a lot of time. The Grateful Dead weren't playing that much. I think they were recording *Terrapin Station*, and I guess there were long periods of time when Keith and Jerry weren't needed in the studio. Keith lived over on Paradise Drive [in the Marin town of Corte Madera] and we used to play over there all the time. He had a room downstairs that was set up so we could just go in and play. Tutt was out of town a lot, but that was OK; you could practice without a drummer. Plus, Tutt was so good there was nothing that we'd come up with that he couldn't figure out right away. I lived in Mill Valley [another Marin town] and Jerry lived in Stinson Beach, so it was real easy for us to get together. Anyway, we had this scene where we'd get together just about every night and play. We'd go through everything. We had Dylan songbooks and we'd do stuff like play everything from *Blonde on Blonde*. Then we'd do all sorts of Beatles songs. It was great. Most of it never even got past that room.

We were real close for a while. We had this trip where we'd call ourselves the Front Street Sheiks and we'd play dumb piano jazz and stuff like that. We did some recording down at the rehearsal place [what evolved into the Dead's studio] right after they got their 24-track, just to see if the machine worked. We'd be down there every night of the week playing these old songs like "All

the Things You Are," "Night in Tunisia," things like that. Keith and Donna were always together, so Donna sang with us, too. She had a couple of songs that she sang, like this Dorothy Love Coates gospel song called "Strange Man." Jerry and I had always liked gospel — we'd done some country gospel with Old & In the Way — but Keith and Donna's influence definitely pushed us in that direction a bit.

CATS UNDER THE STARS

This is probably my favorite of the records we've worked on. We put so much blood into that record. That was our major try. It was all new material and we did it ourselves. We didn't even have a board [recording console] until after we did the tracks. All we had to start with was a 16-track tape recorder, and we'd record directly into the machine. Then we got the board that's still there [at the Dead's studio, Club Front] and used that for the mixing. It wasn't even really a studio. It became a studio during the making of that album. Then it was finished for *Shakedown Street*.

I don't think any of the songs on that record were things that we'd played live. "Cats Under the Stars" I know was written a few months before the rest. Some of them were written at the studio — "Rhapsody in Red" was done on the spot. Hunter was there working the whole time we were making the record. We spent so many hours in that studio. When we were inside there you didn't know if it was day or night except for this one little crack in the ceiling that would allow you to see if it was dark or light. I remember one stretch where it changed three times before I left the studio.

Like Jerry, I was a little disappointed that the record didn't do better than it did. Arista really didn't do anything at all with it. We tried real hard on that record and tried to make it as good as we could. Compared with what we put out, they [Arista] didn't put out anywhere near as much. But who can say whether it would've done better if they had? I still like it, anyway.

SHAKEDOWN STREET

I did some production work on *Shakedown Street* after [producer] Lowell George left. They had done most of the tracks, but that's all, so I worked on all the overdubs, vocals and guitars and on the mixing. It was interesting because I really hadn't spent that much time around the Dead, and I wasn't really "the producer"; rather, I was one of three people who were doing it. When I worked on the project,

What keeps the songs interesting to me is that they change through the years with the different people in the band.

the band usually wasn't around that much, but everyone kept an eye on it. The person who writes the song usually has a lot of ideas on how the song should be done, so I'd work with different band members a lot from track to track. What made it a little tough was that with the Dead, you do it and then one person likes it, another person doesn't like it, and you have that whole scene. Working just with Jerry, we always seem to be able to work it without too much trouble, but when you have a lot of people, all with equal say, it does get a little difficult.

THE CURRENT BAND

Throughout all the incarnations of the band we've always played the same format, so the changes haven't been weird for me. Plus there is the thread of Jerry and me going through it, and that sort of supersedes the changes. That's more of a stable thing that I focus on. A lot of the bands, though, developed an identity, and I think that's true of this one. What distinguishes it in my mind is Melvin's playing [keyboardist Melvin Seals]. He really plays beautifully. He brings a heavy-duty gospel element to the band, and everything that goes along with that. Which doesn't mean just playing in a gospel style and knowing gospel songs. In gospel music the role of everything is much more strictly defined. Music is a background to the singing, and you play out during the singing, maybe swell up in between vocal lines. There's a lot of tension and release — the call and answer sort of thing — in gospel music, so you might find that Jerry plays something and Melvin responds in a certain way. He brings all that to that band.

And then there's what he is. I look at him as a pure musician, and I can't say that about a lot of people. A lot of people are involved in music for a lot of different reasons, but Melvin is one of the few I've known who really seems to be there for the music more than anything else. That's the kind of purity that's getting rarer all the time. And that's why he'll play some of the stranger stuff we do, even though it freaks him out a little bit. To somebody that's worked his whole life in a kind of music that has a strict format to be somewhere where there are no rules at all, it has to be a freaky experience. But he'll do it and he comes back for more.

RUN FOR THE ROSES

That record was recorded over a pretty short period of time, but there are two songs that come out of the tapes from the original Garcia record we made. "Without Love" is the same tracks we recorded in the mid-70s, but with a new vocal. He doesn't even play guitar on that one. "I Saw Her Standing There" is another one that dates back to the earlier record.

Most of the new stuff was written around the time we started working on it — "Run for the Roses," "Valerie," "Midnight Getaway." He brought all of them in around the same time. The actual recording was pretty quick, but the record was finished over a long period of time just because we couldn't get the time to finish it in between the Dead's tours.

THE WAY IT IS

Part of what keeps the songs interesting to me is that they do change through the years and with the different people we have in the band. "Dear Prudence," for example, has changed a lot with each band that's played it. And that's partially because we never had any set idea of how to play it. Like in that case — when I first met Garcia we'd drive to gigs together, and one night we heard a rhythm & blues version of "Dear Prudence" on the radio. It was really cool, but neither of us could remember who it was by, and it was never a hit so it was never played on the radio again. Neither of us knew anyone who knew it, and I've still never seen the record. But anyway, the way we do it is based on our recollection of what that record was. It's probably totally wrong, but it gave us some sort of framework — "Dear Prudence" with that kind of R&B feel.

The way the band is now is sort of just a format that's evolved through the years. We like playing shuffles a lot. And maybe that's a good thing, because shuffles might not exist in ten more years with music going the way it

is. We might be serving a historic function. Part of it all has to do with finding a format that allows us to play extended kinds of things without having to resort to one-chord songs or simple blues changes. And a lot of what we do is just right on for that. I don't know how we'd replace a song like "How Sweet It Is" to get that same feeling. On the other hand, we're capable of doing a lot more different kinds of songs but we just haven't had time to work anything up. Time is the big thing. Because we hardly ever rehearse, and you can't really just jump in and play a new song without working on it.

Every once in a while the subject of a new record comes up, and I'm not really sure why we haven't done something in a while. I'm not really sure what Garcia's situation with the record company is. I don't know if he's on or off Arista, or trying to get off. But I know he's not real pleased with them and that they're not inspiring him to make a great record and give it to them. And if you don't want to make a great record, why bother?

I often wish we could put more time into the band and really realize our potential, but that's just the way it is. There are other things in life that would make me happier, too, but they don't always work out. But that's OK. I think it's really amazing we've been able to keep it going all these years, considering everything. I'd be lying to you if I told you I was totally content, because we don't play as much as I'd like to, but the time isn't there. Who knows? Maybe someday it will be.

SOLOING

I love to play solos, but I wouldn't want to bore anybody. I remember going to see jazz concerts and I'd like the bass solos because I'm a bass player, but I don't like jazz drum solos and I just wonder if people would want to hear a bass solo for very long. I've never gotten involved in playing extended solos for that reason. I could be wrong, but soloing might be a little selfish, because there's not a lot going on, and most people aren't that focused on bass anyway. A lot of it they don't even hear.

If I had to choose a song for a solo, I don't think it would necessarily be "Simple Twist of Fate" [Kahn's usual solo showcase]. It was just one of those things that happened. We were playing it one night and Garcia just suddenly stopped playing and nodded to me and so I took a solo. Then it happened every time after that and it's kept on. I originally played a solo on "Russian Lullaby," and I used to play solos on certain songs like "Freedom Jazz Dance" when we played with Merl.

I prefer the kind of bass solo where the band plays chords softly under the solo. "Russian Lullaby" is a good song for that because it has a lot of chords and it goes through a lot of changes.

ACOUSTIC JERRY & JOHN

Playing acoustic is a totally different experience from playing with the band. It's real naked, real exposed. There's nothing to hide behind. Every note you play is heard. I like it a lot because there's tons of room to play what you want without getting in the way of other players. But it takes some courage, I feel. There are times when I don't know how we do it. It seems like the bottom would fall out as soon as Jerry takes a solo, but somehow it stays together. If I stopped to think about it, I don't know what would happen. It's best just to do it.

There's something really basic about it that I love. It's nice to know that if you can do that — just play an acoustic instrument — you can always just go out on a street corner and play. If Jerry and I can go out on the corner and play music and people don't throw anything at us, that's pretty good. □

WE ALL SPACE OUT

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SUNSHINE ROSES

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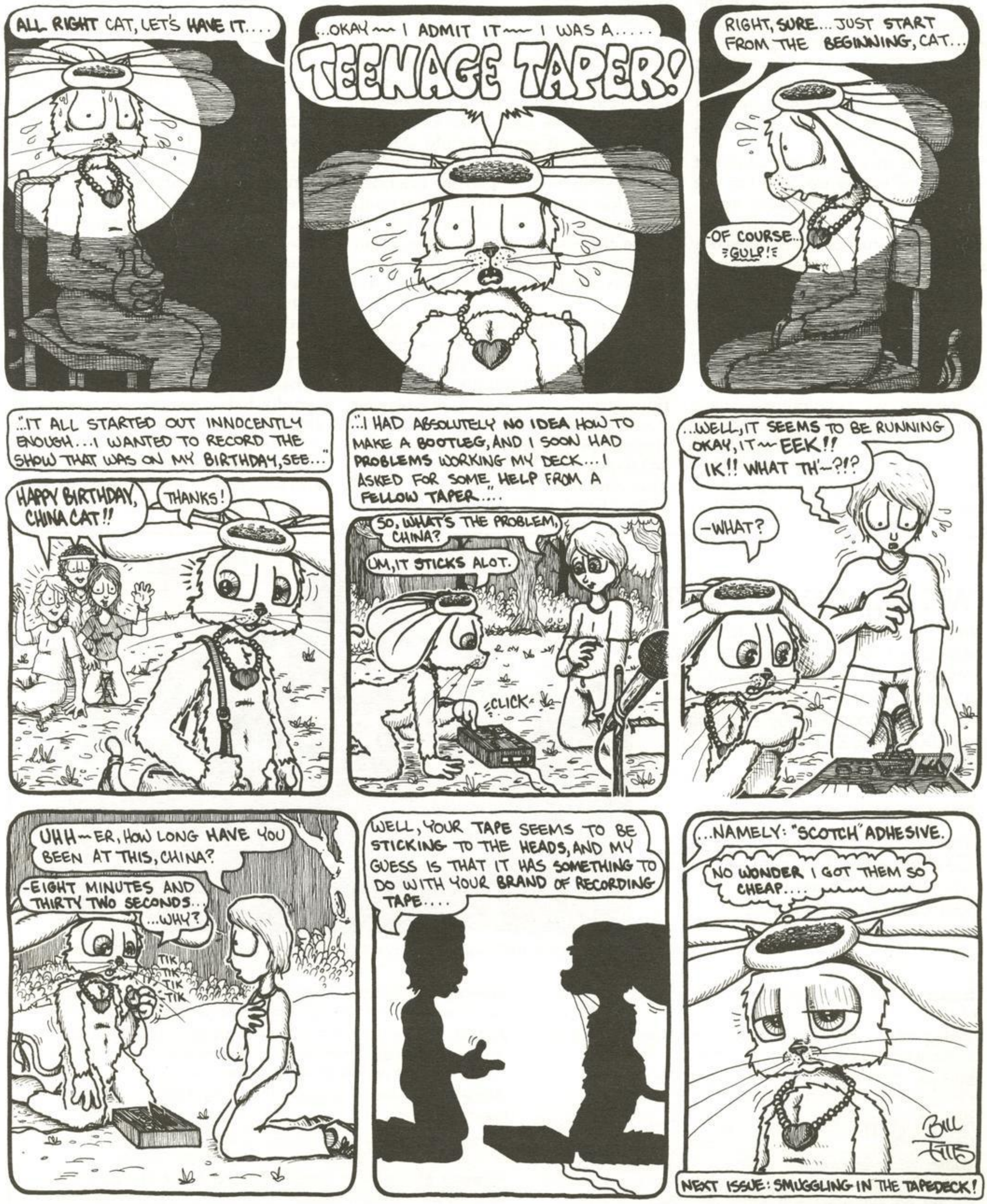

The Grateful Dead Book of LISTS

This issue we offer a few facts and figures about the Jerry Garcia Band. Thanks to list freak Corry Arnold for sharing his research.

(Note: In last issue's "Book of Lists," the titles under "Dark Star Connections" were inadvertently switched. In other words, the "Songs Out of 'Dark Star'" were actually the "Songs Into 'Dark Star,'" and vice versa. Sorry. We spaced.)

HERE, THERE & EVERYWHERE

Total Jerry Garcia Appearances, by Year

	GD	JGB	Other	Total
1975:	4	36	40	80
1976:	41	59	2	102
1977:	60	44	0	104
1978:	84	36	1	121
1979:	76	9	46	131
1980:	86	32	1	119
1981:	83	65	2	150
1982:	61	53	16	130
1983:	66	59	1	126
1984:	64	46	13	123
1985:	71	18	9	98
1986:	46	17	20	83

THEM CHANGES

Jerry Garcia Band Personnel

Author's note: All dates are from first show to last show. Tour information is from a variety of reliable sources, and is as correct as diligent effort can make it, but some gray areas and discrepancies exist.

JGB #1
JG/Nicky Hopkins (piano)/John Kahn (bass)/Ron Tutt (drums).
8/5/75–12/31/75. 36 shows.
Mickey Hart replaces Tutt for 12/31/75.

JGB #2
JG/Keith Godchaux (piano)/Donna Godchaux (vocals)/Kahn/Tutt.
1/27/76–11/4/78. 139 shows.
Buzz Buchanan replaces Tutt (103 shows) from 2/14/78–11/4/78. 36 shows.
Maria Muldaur sings backing vocals from 2/14/78–3/22/78. 18 shows.

JGB #3
JG/Ozzie Ahlers (keyboards)/Kahn/Johnny deFonseca (drums).
10/7/79–8/9/80. 41 shows.
Greg Errico replaces de Fonseca (32 shows) from 7/6/79–8/9/80. 9 shows.

JGB #4
JG/Melvin Seals (organ)/Jimmy Warren (el. piano)/Kahn/Daoud Shaw (drums).
1/22/81–6/24/82. 99 shows.
Ron Tutt replaces Shaw (42 shows) from 9/18/81–11/19/81. 19 shows.
Bill Kreutzmann replaces Shaw on 9/7/81, replaces Tutt from 12/17/81–6/24/82. 38 shows.
Essra Mohawk and Liz Stires (vocals) join group on 6/25/81. Stires stays until 6/24/82 (69 shows). Mohawk (12 shows) is replaced by Julie Stafford from 9/7/81–6/24/82 (57 shows).
Phil Lesh substitutes for Kahn on 6/25/81, 6/26/81, 8/22/81.

JGB #4
JG/Seals/Kahn/Errico.
10/13/82–5/31/86. 149 shows.
David Kemper replaces Errico (51 shows) from 7/20/83–9/28/85. 83 shows.
Gaylord Birch replaces Kemper from 10/7/85–5/31/86. 15 shows.
Jaclyn LaBranch and DeeDee Dickerson (vocals) join the group 10/28/82. LaBranch 10/28/82–5/31/86. 144 shows.
Dickerson 10/28/82–7/24/83. 50 shows.
Gloria Jones replaces Dickerson from 9/30/83–5/31/86. 94 shows.

JGB Members: Total Number of Performances

JG	473
Melvin Seals	257
Keith Godchaux	139
Jimmy Warren	99
Ozzie Allers	41
Nicky Hopkins	36
John Kahn	470
Phil Lesh	3
Ron Tutt	103
David Kemper	96
Greg Errico	60
Daoud Shaw	42
Bill Kreutzmann	38
Johnny deFonseca	32
Buzz Buchanan	36
Gaylord Birch	15
Mickey Hart	1
Jaclyn La Branch	153
Donna Godchaux	139
Gloria Jones	101
Liz Stires	69
Julie Stafford	57
DeeDee Dickerson	50
Maria Muldaur	18
Essra Mohawk	12

Roots

We continue our examination of songs covered by the Jerry Garcia Band with a look at some of the most recent additions to the repertoire, as well as a few older nuggets that were reintroduced in the past few months.

"Evangeline" — If you didn't know Jerry was cool from listening to his music, the tip-off would be that his favorite band is Los Lobos, the exceptional Los Angeles Mexican-American band. For the past several years a growing cult of fans — originally L.A. new wavers, but now folks of every stripe — has been digging Los Lobos' bubbly fusion of rock 'n' roll, Tex-Mex, country and R&B. Long before they made their first EP for Slash/Warner Bros. (*. . . And a Time to Dance,* 1983), they were one of the best live bands in California (along with their good friends The Blasters). In the past three years, though, their growth as songwriters has been remarkable. Their critically acclaimed first album, *How Will the Wolf Survive?* (1984), and the just-released *By the Light of the Moon,* are filled to the brim with lively originals. "Evangeline" is a spry cantina rocker written by group leader David Hidalgo and drummer Louie Perez for *How Will the Wolf Survive?* We're going to be hearing great things from this band for years to come. Go see 'em while they're still playing clubs!

"Think" — This generally turns up on Garcia Band song lists as "Just in Case We Both Were Wrong" (the main line from the chorus). It was written and originally recorded by blues/R&B singer Jimmy McCracklin in 1965 for the Stax label. McCracklin was born in St. Louis in 1931. He was a boxer until an accident cut his career short. He moved to the West Coast after WWII, eventually settling in the future home of *The Golden Road,* scenic Oakland, California (where he lives to this day). His music career spans more than 40 years, but his first real hit didn't come until he cut "The Walk" for Chess Records in 1958. Actually, he may be better known as a writer — several of his compositions for L.A. bluesman Lowell Fulson enjoyed regional success.

He once said of "Think": "That song has got a beautiful story. You could imagine, for instance, you and your wife. You do something, and she does something, before you think. Later on you're sorry, but it's too late then. So that's the idea of 'Think.' It pays to think before you do anything." Asked if his songs all came from his own experiences in love, McCracklin replied, "Everything I write about couldn't happen to me because if it did I wouldn't be living!" "Think" appears on a couple of different McCracklin anthology LPs, including *Blues & Soul,* released by Stateside Records.

Los Lobos (L-R): David Hidalgo, Conrad Lozano, Louie Perez, Cesar Rojas, Steve Berlin. Photo: Gary Leonard

"Forever Young" — A Dylan tune, of course, it dates back to 1974's *Planet Waves,* which paired Dylan and The Band for the first time since the late '60s. Many of you are no doubt also familiar with the Dylan/Band version from the film *The Last Waltz,* where it appears sandwiched between rocking versions of "Baby Let Me Follow You Down."

"That Lucky Old Sun" — This slightly melancholy country-gospel tune was written in 1949 by Harlan Gillespie and Beasley Smith, and recorded by two top popular vocalists that year—Frankie Laine, who had a hit with it, and Vaughn Monroe. The tune has been covered often through the years by a wide variety of acts. John Kahn told me he was most familiar with Ray Charles' version; others were also cut by Jerry Lewis, Willie Nelson, George Benson and Louis Armstrong.

"My Sisters and Brothers" — So much of the Garcia Band's material has a black gospel flavor, it's surprising they don't do more songs actually from that genre. This is one of the few that is — it's by the venerable Mississippi gospel group the Sensational Nightingales, led by Charles Johnson. The Nightingales have been together in some form since 1947, cutting albums that never really go beyond the gospel market. "My Sisters and Brothers" (which Garcia Band fans may have been calling "We Can All Walk Together in the Promised Land"), is the title track of one of the group's MCA albums from (as well as I can determine) the late '60s or early '70s. Maria Muldaur has also performed this song through the years.

"Crazy Love" and **"And It Stoned Me"** — These both come from Van Morrison's 1970 LP, *Moondance,* arguably the singer's best album (and maybe one of the best of the entire rock era). The now overused label "blue-eyed soul" was invented to talk about music like this — a seamless fusion of black and white styles. For years Deadheads speculated about the Dead backing up Dylan. Well, Van Morrison is the guy *I'd* like to

see them back up some time. I can't recommend *Moondance* highly enough.

"I Want to Tell You" — Poor George Harrison. He always lived in the shadow of Lennon & McCartney, even though he was an excellent songwriter himself. Generally he was allowed only a song or two per Beatles album; "I Want to Tell You" was penned in 1966 for *Revolver*. In his 1980 autobiography, *I, Me, Mine*, he had this to say about the song:

"'I Want to Tell You' is about the avalanche of thoughts that are so hard to write down or say or transmit. If I were to rewrite the bridge section now, however, I would have to say: "Although I seem to act unkind/ It isn't me—it is my mind — that is confusing things.' The mind is the thing that hops about telling us to do this and that—when what we need is to lose (forget) the mind."

"Get Out of My Life Woman" — If you only have the bucks to buy one record this month (and you don't already own it), may I humbly suggest you put that hard-earned scratch into a copy of *Holy Cow* by the Great New Orleans R&B singer Lee Dorsey, who passed away this fall at the age of 52. The velvet-voiced soulster cut some of the funkiest songs to come out of Crescent City in the '60s, including "Ya Ya," "Working in the Coal Mine," "Yes We Can," "Sneakin' Sally Through the Alley," "Everything I Do Gohn Be Funky," "Holy Cow" and "Get Out of My Life Woman." Except for "Ya Ya," all those tunes came from the prolific pen of writer/producer/pianist Allen Toussaint (who also wrote "I'll Take a Melody" for British singer Frankie Miller in 1974), and all appear on the excellent Rhino Records Dorsey anthology, *Holy Cow*. The churning rhythms of New Orleans permeate most of these songs, all guaranteed to move you and groove you.

Dorsey's peak years were 1961 – '69; "Get Out of My Life Woman" came out in '65 on Amy Records and was a sizable R&B hit. Dorsey continued recording and touring through the '70s (I saw him open for The Clash, of all people, in 1978) and was still playing in New Orleans up until his death. He was well known as a true *gentleman* (as is Toussaint), and though not as famous as many of his R&B contemporaries, he's had an impact on rockers as diverse as DEVO, John Lennon, Robert Palmer, the Butterfield Blues Band and many others who've covered material originally cut by the fabulous Mr. D. Check it out!

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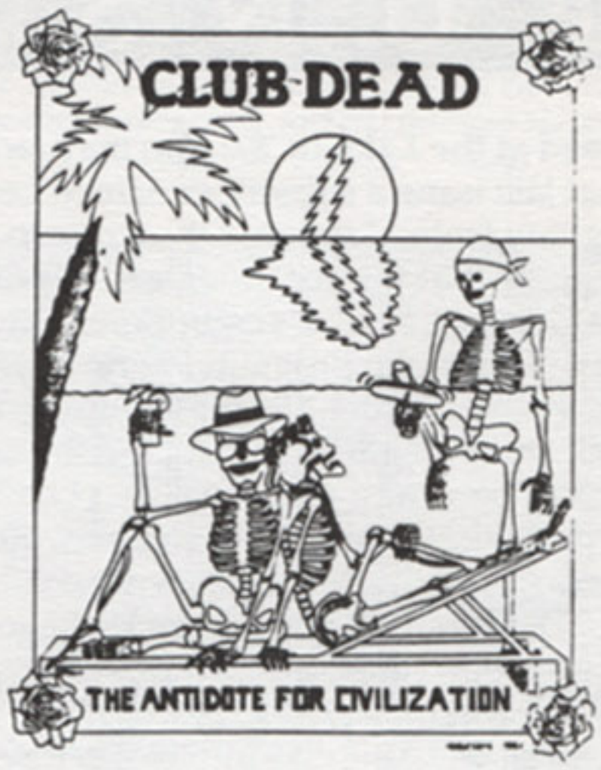

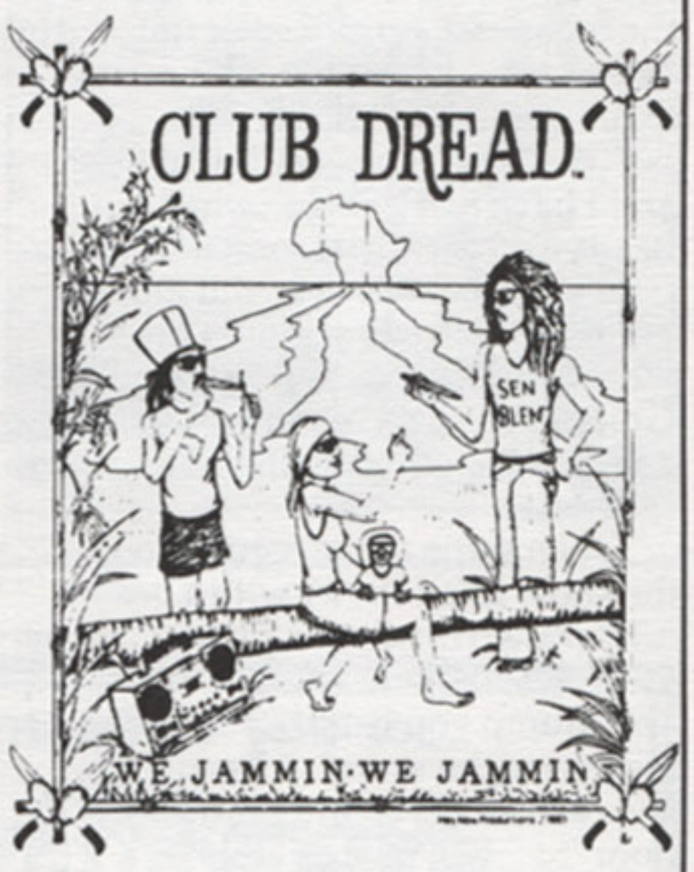

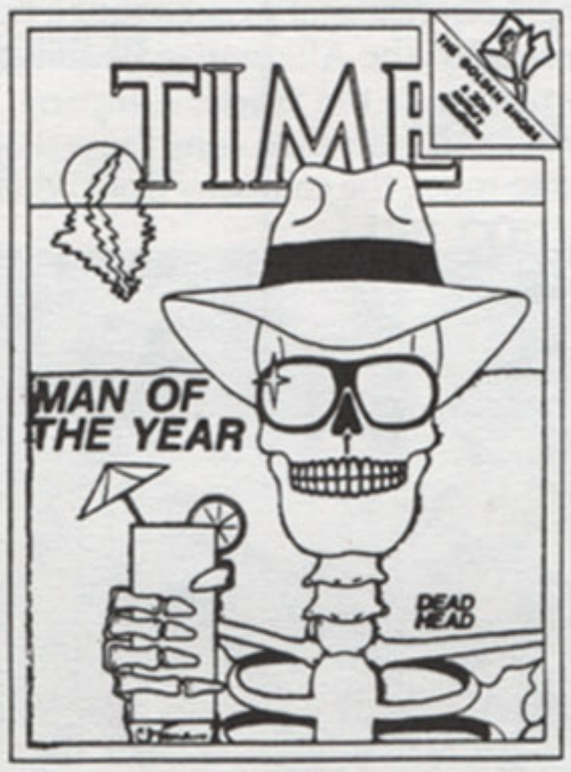

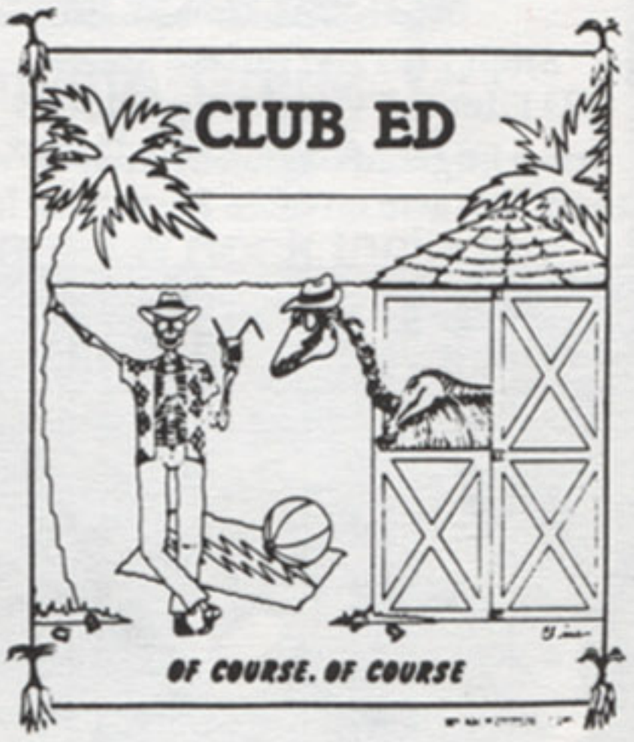

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FUNSTUFF

Dead at the Lake in '87: You may recall that last issue a subscriber named Lee Agnew from Norman, OK, wrote to suggest that the acoustic Dead appear on Garrison Keillor's exceptional Saturday night radio program *Prairie Home Companion* (which always features great folk and bluegrass players). Well, that hasn't become a reality yet, but Lee reports that at least now we know Keillor is hip to the band. Lee writes:

"The Grateful Dead/Lake Wobegon connection came one step closer to actuality January 10 on *Prairie Home Companion*. About 15 minutes before the broadcast's end, Keillor finished his 'News from Lake Wobegon' monologue and then announced:

"'We have some songs that Velma and I have had going through our heads for years, that somehow I associate with the new year and time going by. This is a medley of little tunes by Jerry Garcia and Robert Hunter that the Grateful Dead recorded back long, long ago on a beautiful album called *American Beauty*.'

"Then some of the regulars on the show filled the air with a beautifully crafted medley of 'Ripple,' 'Brokedown Palace' and 'Attics of My Life.' The thump you heard all Saturday night was the sound of Deadheads' jaws across the country hitting the floor."

Stop! I'll Talk! But No More GD Film & TV Sightings! Please!

Bruce Enghold of Philadelphia caught this gem on cable. He tells us: In 1981, David Carradine produced, directed and starred in the movie *Americana*, about a veteran named Airborne who is drifting through Kansas. He gets picked up hitchhiking by Rick Van Ness, who appears in the credits as "Grateful Dead Fan." As the scene opens, the driver's wearing a harmonica around his neck while they're going down the road. He stops blowing the blues to ask Airborne: "You ever heard of the Grateful Dead?" Airborne: "Yeah." Fan: "You ever seen them, man?" A: "No." F: "Y'gotta see 'em. Y'gotta, y'gotta, I mean you gotta see 'em to get into their music. You've gotta see 'em live! It's a, it's a . . . it all happens live, y'know." . . . .Jim Stoltzfus of Seattle, WA, reports that on *Night Court*, one cop involved in an undercover bribery sting had long hair, a beard and wore a Grateful Dead 20th anniversary T-shirt . . . Many of you wrote to tell us that on David Letterman's last celebrity movie special, Michael J. Fox appeared in a short film (in which he played a hockey player) wearing a dancing skeletons T-shirt. However, it's *not* true, as three different readers suggested, that his television series is going to be renamed *Family Tie-Dyes*.

Know Your Priorities: Larry Geusz of Albuquerque, NM, sends along a clipping from his local paper about a business called the Alternative Bedding Company. In the article, company owner Eric Sherman complains that he had to move the company from Boulder to New Mexico because business costs were too high in Colorado, "and the employees! If the Grateful Dead comes to town, they don't show up! If it snows, they don't show up! If it's a nice spring day they don't show up!" Sounds like a place *we'd* like to work.

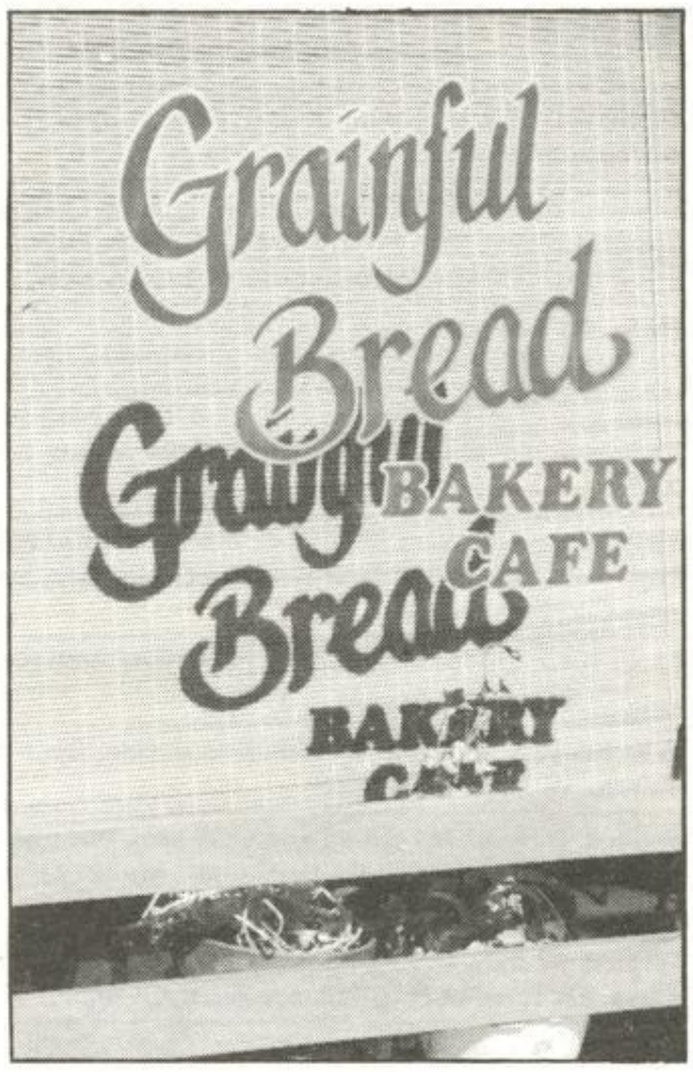
Ground Control to Major Jer: The splendid drawing above appears on the foreword of a bizarre underground comix compendium called *Commies From Mars the Red Planet: The Collected Works*, published a few months ago by Last Gasp of San Francisco. The comix (and this drawing) are the brainchild of Tim Boxell, an artist and designer who has done work with Gary Gutierrez (the man behind the animation in the Dead movie, special effects for numerous top Hollywood films, rock videos, etc.). Evidently, Garcia is a fan of the comix series—a surrealistic adult sci-fi phantasmagoria—and agreed to write the foreword, which appears in Jerry's own scrawl. In it, he warns of "this hideous alien doctrinaire-military enemy, eternally poised to ensnare with extraterrestrial tentacle and claw . . . Citizen beware! The alert has been struck!" And the page is signed: "Maj. Gen. (ret.) J. GARCIA." If you can't find the book at your local purveyor of weird underground literature, write to Last Gasp at 2180 Bryant St., SF, CA 94110. (Thanks to John Leopold for the hot tip.)

The Grateful Dead mailed out thousands of these Christmas cards to Deadheads on their mailing list. It was designed by Rick Griffin.

Put Your Money in Your Shoes: In December the Dallas Black Dance Theater put on several performances of an original dance piece called "Deep Ellum Blues," after the old Texas blues song, which the Dead (and Garcia solo) have performed for many years. The ballet incorporated a version of that song and others from the '20s and '30s.

In the Strangest of Places . . .

Clockwise from below: Bakery in San Rafael, CA, submitted by Brett Pauly, Reno, NV; Washington, DC, market, from John Maurello, Arlington, VA; hot hangout in Port Ontario, NY, sent in by Ken Yearwood, Ridley Park, PA; aquatic tourbus (well, sort of) spotted on the road by Tim Noyes-Brown, Ottawa, Ontario



Have you ever wondered...

- What songs were played at your very first Dead concert?
- What was the most common song to open shows in 1977?
- How many concerts have they played in Kentucky or Katmandu?
- When was the first time that the Dead played "Uncle John's Band"?

Everything you always wanted to know, but didn't know who to ask.

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Tabulations and statistics such as:

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- all of the times they played certain songs
- set statistics
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DeadBase
P.O. Box 499
Hanover, N.H. 03755

TAPE TRADERS

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

Have 2500+ hrs GD, 700 hrs JGB. Need Cipollina, Jorma, Dinosaurs, Hunter, Melton. Henry Gross, 6 Rebel Ln, Norwalk, CT 06850.

Looking for 6/29/80 UCLA (1st show), acoustic GD (esp Warfield/RCMH 80), and any Darks, Stephens, Elevens. Eric Burns, 1660 Mandeville Canyon Rd, LA, CA 90049.

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

Need JGB 9/7/82 Concord Pavilion, CA & any live Richard Thompson. Jeff Wulz, 1283 N. Druid Hills Rd, Atlanta, GA 30319.

Have 200 hrs GD. Want SBD of Halloween SC 85, live Little Feat. Send lists. Darren Reynolds, 5606 Ostrom Ave, Encino, CA 91316.

Need Tulsa, OK, Feb. 79. My first show. Jerry, 5400 Bernard Dr SW, A-201, Roanoke, VA 24014.

Who has Beta Hi-fi audio or video? Lots to trade. Tim, 819 Yaleton, W. Covina, CA 91790.

Wanted: Warp 10! 74 Lesh & Lagin space jams. Will trade. Scott Zamwrut, 10700 E. Dartmouth Ave #QQ304, Aurora, CO 80014.

Wanted: 1st show 4/12/82; Rochester 85 (11/8/9). Benjie Di Pictro, 828 Torrance Blvd, Redondo Beach, CA 90277.

Wanted: Duke shows: 4/24/71, 7/20/73, 12/8/73, 9/23/76, 4/12/78, 4/2/82. 450 hrs Dead, 150 other. John, Box 5007, Durham, NC 27706.

Looking for pre 70 Dead and Merriwether 85 shows. Let's trade. Peace. Gary Chimielewski, Box 2255, Augustana College 61201.

Looking for my 1st show 7/13/81. McNichols & 11/27/70 Chicago. Steve Solko, 13508 E. 5th Pl, Aurora, CO 80011.

Desperately need 1st two shows, 8/?/77 Albuquerque, NM and 11/2?/78 (Thanksgiving) Largo, MD Cap Center. We can trade; I can send blanks. Paul Clancy, 1215 1/2 Adams Ave, Huntington, WV 25704.

The music never stops. Let's trade old & new (esp. 8/28/72, 2/9/73). Chris Richter, 1287 Tulip Ln, Wantagh, NY 11793.

Your list gets mine. Paul Fronstin, 1 Benita Blvd., Vestal, NY 13850.

Want to trade lo-gen shows any year. Have 350 hrs. Let's exchange lists. Adam & Jayne Finkelstein, Box 457, Claverack, NY 12513.

Let's exchange lists. Need KC 8/17/80, Chicago 2/27/81. Marshall, 524 Crawford #3, Ames, Iowa 50010.

Have 400 hrs of pre-75 & 1200 hrs 75-86 for trade, fast & efficient. Dave Dimartine, 2420 Huntington Ln, Redondo Beach, CA 90278.

Seeking McNichols 77 (1st show) and all Red Rocks 78. Donna Littlefield, 1310 College #1267, Boulder, CO 80302.

Have 400 hrs most of 85 and 86. Want 2/20/85. D. Habbel, 8827 W. Waterford Sq. N., Greenfield, WI 53228.

Wanted: Dead & others, will trade same. 500 hours. Need Allmans. Tidewater Tape Exchange, 108 A So Independence Dr, Hampton, VA 23669, Attn: Wendell McMillan.

Help beginner. Want GD, JGB. Will trade blanks. John Gartner, Rt 2, Box 102, Centerville, MD 21617.

Have 500 hrs. Want pre-78, esp. Send lists. Gary Kerper, 225 Martlin Ave, Tarrytown, NY 10591.

Trading again. 1000 hrs. Old, new friends welcome. Larry Slavens, Box 132, Earlham, IA 50072.

Looking for: Blues for Allah, Steal Your Face, Wake of the Flood or any other out of print records. Also tape trader. I have a small but hi-qual list. Scott Hess, 12 Keith, Norwalk, CT 06854.

Desperate for 2/22/74, Winterland. Happy to trade. S. O'Donnell, 325 9th Ave, #33, SF, CA 94118.

50 hrs. Pls. help extend collection. JC, 284C Hampton Rd, Marlboro, NY 12542.

Looking for 5/28/69, 12/31/69, 5/6/70, 5/9/70. Have 350 hrs Dead. Correspondence also welcome. James Warner, 32 Sherwood Cir, Salem, NH 03079.

1800 hrs Dead, Tuna, Creedence, Gabriel, etc. Your list gets mine. R. Bugeya, 140-09 Quince Ave, Flushing, NY 11355.

Wanted: Clapton, any Arms, Concord 85 or tour 85, Dylan Greek 86, Sac 86, or any 86 tapes, Van Morrison 86. Send list. Psychedelic Paul, 109 Minna St #422, SF, CA 94122.

Old Deadhead needs old shows. 11/12-24/70 Bklyn, 3/22-28/72 NYC & 8/6/74 NJ. Will trade. Harold Wolfart, 260-65 St, #15, Bklyn, NY 11220.

Baez/Dead studio tapes, anyone? Plenty to trade. Deadheads in Europe c/o 58 Montague Rd, Landau E8 2HW England.

Video swaps. Why not club together for NTSC transfer & Essen 81 from us? Deadheads in Europe, c/o 58 Montague Rd, Landau E8 2HW England.

Trade lists & tapes. DJ, 2315 Togo St, Eureka, CA 95501.

Looking for my first NY's shows (80/81) and more. Jim Brunet, 1561 S. Foothills, Hwy #G-Z, Boulder, CO 80302.

Looking for complete 6/9, 14, 22, 28/76; 9/23, 24, 27/76; 10/3, 9/76; other 76 tapes. Also T-heads. Trade lists. Doug Riblet, 334 E. 26th St, #15H-1, NY, NY 10010.

Have 1000+ hrs, want more. Trade lists. Peter Picard, Wimmelsweg, 2000 Hamburg 60, West Germany.

Need Park West, UT — 9/4/83. Santa Fe Downs 9/10-11. Trade. Donna M. Vallo, 15 Anderson Ave, No Tarrytown, NY 10591.

GD St Louis 5/15/77. Any Garcia Band with "Lonesome and a Long Way from Home" Hi Qual. Jonathan, 555 Ashbury, #2, SF, CA 94117.

Who's got Minneapolis 6/26/86? Have 950 hrs to trade. Lou Berrios, 9 Forge Ln, Levitown, NY 11756.

Desert Area Deadhead walking along in the Mission searching for recent Jerryboards. With appreciative thanks. Benny, 640 Brinton #B, San Jacinto, CA 92383.

New collector. Please send lists. Elaine Zablocki, 3111 N. 20th St, #C0323, Arlington, VA 22201.

Want Costello, CSNY (esp acoustic) GD SBDs. Goodies to trade. Steve, 160 Belvedere St, SF, CA 94117.

Lo-gen audience and board tapes. Have 400 hrs, incl. RFK board. Send lists. Joe Junior, 1701 NE 63 Ct, Ft Lauderdale, FL 33334.

Need Nassau 84, any 86 JGB & 11/22/86 Warfield. Have 750 hrs. TR, Box 472, Teton Village, WY 83025.

Looking for SBDs of 3/5, 3/6 & 3/7/81. Have 1100 hrs. Mike Marschok, Lakeview Circle, Greenfield, NH 03047.

Want to trade 1st to 3rd gen West Coast boards for same from East and Midwest tours. Thomas Storch, Beckmesserstr. 4, 8 Munchen 81, W. Germany.

Just arrived Oahu. Looking for Hawaii Deadheads to trade/party. Jim Maisano, Eng Co, BSSG-1, 1st MA B, MCAS, Kaneohe Bay, HI 96863.

Have 65 hours. Want GD, JGB, Dinosaurs, Ranch Rock-86, Creedence/Golliwogs, & Kimrock/Zero. Michael Ostlund, Vintervagen 18A, S-352 37 Vaxjo, Sweden.

Have 1000 hrs to trade looking for early stuff 11/17/71-11/17/72-2/28/73-11/23/73 LNFA. Shelley, 7508 Aster Rd SW, Albuquerque, NM 87105.

Have 1000 hrs Dead, Tuna, Cipollina, others. Want more. Willy Dair, Box 3, Bergenfield, NY 07621.

Beginner needs more. JT, 24 Mill Valley, Pittsford, NY 14534.

Wanted: 12/28/82, Oakland, 4/19/86 Berkeley, 5/4/86 Sacrament. Have 75 hrs to trade. Jeff Barth, 1409 Buttonwillow Dr, Modesto, CA 95355.

Trader using Azimuth correction to trade with same. Dead, etc. Audio/video. Mike, 3208 Vallette, Bellingham, WA 98225.

Beginning collector needs help. Will send blanks. Bill Moser, 704 S. 5th St, Columbus, OH 43206.

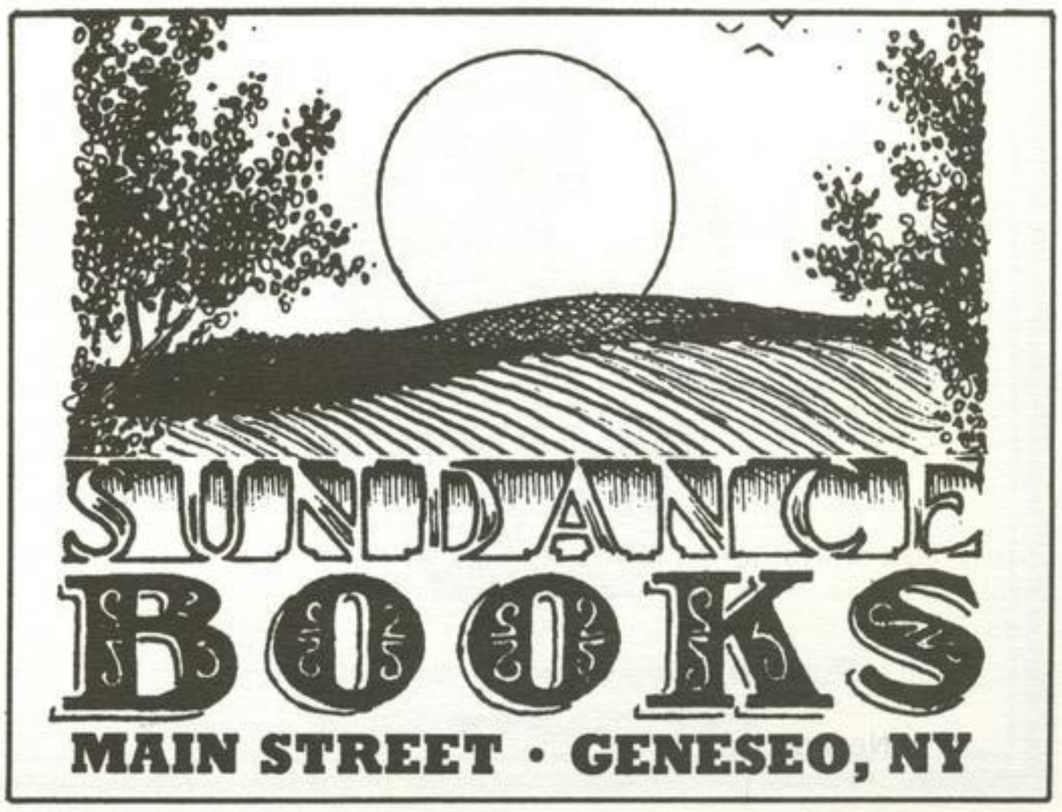
SPECTRUM

RR 2, Box 349-A · Pinnacle, NC 27043

Reading this black & white ad for our multi-color, hand crafted batik shirts is like listening to a 29th generation audience tape on a bad deck! Write or call for our *new, free color brochure!* We use only top-quality, all-cotton shirts–either choose from a wide selection of designs in stock, or design your own & we'll be happy to work with you on it. *See ya on the road!*

—Nancy at Spectrum Batiks, 919-325-2778

BATIKS



Looking for JGB, San Diego, 5/23/86. Have good trade bait. Jeanie Wilkinson, 10918 Via Abaca, San Diego, CA 92126.

Audiophile trader using azimuth correction lo-gen SBD and AUD Masters Audio/Video. Into Dead, rock, Jazz, Peewee, fusion, electronic. Priority wants: Floyd, Mahavishnu, Zappa, Metheny, Yardbirds, Dead Seattle 84-86. Mike, Box 1272, Bellingham, WA 98227.

Wanted: Riverbend 6/30/86 both sets. Have Akron, 1st set w/Dylan. Stefan Low, Alexander 127, UNH, Durham, NH 03824.

Wanted: Dead, Cincinnati Riverfront 10/2/76, Gregg Allman, Dickey Betts. Dean Raynolds, Box 15665, Cincinnati, Ohio 45215.

Wanted: 10/9/76 or your list. Bob Sutton, 538 Brunken Ave #7, Salinas, CA 93901.

Have 150 hrs. Looking to expand. Exchange lists. Jim Green, 1711 63rd St, Brooklyn, NY 11204.

Want Garcia Band 10/4/86. have Dead/Dylan 86 to trade. Lew Stringer, 39 Wheeler Dr, Brewster, MA 02631.

Wanted: 9/23/72, 7/28/82 I, 8/6/74, and more, have 250 hrs. Send lists: Richard Rawal, Hilltop Farmshouse, Route 32, West Willington, CT 06279.

Wanted: Dead video from 7/4/86 and 12/31/85. Have tapes to trade. M. Kane, 1815 Nemoke Trail, #2, Haslett, MI 48840.

Help new collector. Any GD appreciated. Will send blanks. Matt Wier, 25 Stoneham Rd, Rochester, NY 14625.

Desperately want my first show 5/20/73. Lisa Rollow, 2700 E. Chanega #3107, LA, CA 90058.

Have 800 hrs, many low gen SBDs, let's trade. James Ptucha, 83 Norman Lane, Levittown, NY 11756.

Want rock & reggae. Have 500 hrs GD, 300 hrs other. Many masters. Stephen Porter, Wesleyan Station #1094, Mdltn, CT 06457.

Looking for Richmond 11/1/85. John Butler, 1469 Florida NW #2, Washington, DC 20009.

Wanted: 12/15/72, 6/29/73, 12/27/78 (2nd set), 6/29/80. Please. Lots to trade. Richard Sheehy, 33B Clubhouse Apts, Storrs, CT 06268.

Beg. (150 hrs) needs more. All lists & letters welcome. Timmer Carlfeldt, 151 Calderon Av, #347, Mtn. View, CA 94041.

Seeking 4/3/86 and 4/4/86. Need help starting collection. Got blanks. Nee, 33 Pillsbury Hill, Rockville, CT 06066.

Looking for GD/Tuna/Jorma/QMS/Cipollina/Allmans, etc. 2000 hrs Dead, 2000 nonDead to trade — many masters. Send lists. Thomas Donhause, Albrecht Durerstr, 11, D-8000 Munchen 90, West Germany.

I tape all NYC and Jersey shows (Dead & others) worth taping so stay in touch. Jim, the center, 711 Broadway, Bayonne, NJ 07002.

250 hrs video to trade incl 7/4/86. Send lists. Mark Rizzo, Box 7106, Fitchburg, MA 01420.

Wanted: Dead 65/66, 85-current, Weir 84-86, CCR/Fogerty. K-H Volker, Offenbacher Str 74, 6078 Nev-Isenburg W. Germany.

Beginner with some great shows to trade wants more. S. Zeligson, 3903 E. 69th Pl, Tulsa, OK 74136.

Have: 1700 hrs Dead, others. Need: Tuna, Zappa, Crimson. S. Bragg, RD #6, Kittanning, PA 16201.

600 hrs, all periods. Fast response, all letters answered. Dan Marsh, 14169 Oro Grand St, Sylmar, CA 91342.

PCM — Looking to trade digital masters, Beta or VHS. Bob Spiegelman, Box 744, Salem, NH 03079.

Wanted: My 1st show 11/1/73 Evanston, Ill and 2-hr Alligator — Straight Theater 1967. 700 hrs to trade. Perry Morgen, 1424 Lehigh-2B, Glenview, Ill 60025.

Let's trade: 225 hrs mostly 85 & 86. Jim Roberts, 424 Clarkson Ave, Elizabeth, NY 07202.

Wanted: Tapers with 2 Naks. Exchange Primo SBDs. Backstage Productions, Box 522, Stratford, CT 06497.

Hey Now! Have Dead, Jorma, Creek & Hunter, 1500 hrs good qual. Mark Upton, 14 Daniels Rd, Wenham, MA 01984.

HEEYYY, let's trade! Durs Koenig, 260 Koenig Rd, Watsonville, CA 95076.

CLASSIFIEDS

Classified ads are $3 for 25 words or less; 10¢ for each word more. Only taper ads are free.

Wanted: Nak CM 700 mics. Will pay cash or trade Neumann KM 84's. Set your price. Nadine, 590 E. Chestnut St. #5, Washington, PA 15301.

Radiators don't leak — they sweat! Fishheads, let's trade. Karl Bremer, 139 E. Sims, St Paul, MN 55117.

Bayou, Bayou, we miss your bad old self

Further toward my miracle day job: MIT graduate, 27, with engineering and hi-tech management experience, music background and Japanese language skills, seeks alternative career opportunities outside the corporate jungle. Start-ups OK. Ben Hollin, 330 N. Mathilda Ave #708, Sunnyvale, CA 94086.

I saw you standing there . . . in the Phil Zone, Providence, RI, 3/30/86. Let's trade *video!* Denny Horn, 13009 Townsend Rd, Phila, PA 19154.

Tape collectors: Make your tapes look really nice with custom tape box inserts for Dead, Dylan and Springsteen. Space for songlist and different designs. Four for $1 and SASE. J. Dawson, 600 S. Logan #9, Denver, CO 80209.

Hi, folks. I'm doing an anthropological study of Deadheads as a culture and I need your input. If you would like to participate, contact me and I'll send you some questions. Gregory Peters, Box 1471 State Quad, SUNY Albany, Albany, NY 12222.

Baby Alexander: Welcome to the World! Little Libra born on Brent's birthday, may you stay Forever Young. Love always, Aunt Patti.

WISE GUY cassette cards! For a free sample send SASE to Wiseguy Productions, Box 6384, Evanston, IL 60204.

Mila and Laura: What's shakin'? I miss you guys! Love, Margot.

Deadheads, stay clean and sober on the road no dues or fees. Wharf Rat Group, 5 Trestlewood Ct #3, Columbus, GA 31909.

GUATEMALAN GOODIES — woven friendship bracelets in rainbow, rasta or multicolored (send favorite colors and we'll find them), $1 ea, 12 for $10, 60 for $100. Also, shirts $16, shorts $10, drawstring pants $18 (some solid colors), tams $15, hammocks $35 (doubles). Clothing is mostly striped, some traditional. Include 2-3 color choices and size. Have more items. For free black & white brochure send your address to: Box 30244, Oakland, CA 94604. Make check or MO payable to: S. Cleaver. Please add $2 for postage, and a smile. (Caution: tours and subsequent abuse may cause short delay.) We wish you a new year filled with beauty and joy.

Diane Donisthorpe, where are you? Sandy M., 600 Brooklyn #3, Oakland, CA 94606.

Congrats to Norm and Sandy on the birth of their baby terrapin, Tasha. Also thanx for the plaque; it warmed our hearts. Love, R&B.

To the Section Monitors: Great scarf action! Thank you for a real good time — The Section.

Anyone taking pix at Alpine Valley crossroads 6/28/86 get a good shot of a girl w/ "I'll do ANYTHING for 2 tix today's show" sign in orange Hey Now dye? Please send print and/or neg (to be returned) to: Box 1421, Colby College, Waterville, ME 04901.

Skellie, I hope you read this. Anyway, I just wanted to thank you for helping me along "The Golden Road" to Deadheadism. Grateful-y, Chris.

To MA: Wake up Chris! The lambsbread is in the oven. Kidnap Tim from his bush-hog and bring him. — City Boys.

Lori the barmaid: You turned on my Lovelight and I hope it never goes out. Hope you enjoy the next 3 issues. Your friend Jim (Child in Trunk).

Looking for out of print albums and Deadhead pen pals. Answer all. Nee-Dark Star, 33 Pillsbury Hill, Rockville, CT 06066.

BORN CROSS-EYED — Playing Grateful Dead and original music in PA and NJ. Come check us out! Info: (215) 845-2787. Hex Hollow Music, Barto, PA 19504.

New and Improved. Cassette cards by mail order. For sample and info send SASE to David Allen Jensen, 3904 E. 34th, Spokane, WA 99223. Thank you, Robert Hunter, for remembering that some of us still live in the Northwest Corner.

Did you know that the (St.) MIKEL newsletter is now over 5 years old?! Send self-addressed (stamped optional) envelope for FREE copies. Box 4403, Covina, CA 91723.

Walk, Walk, Walking on the Golden Road. 13 issues run and another begun. Happy Birthday and congratulations.

Attention Tie-Dyers: Tired of drab dyes? We carry high quality Intralite and Superlitefast direct dyes. Send for free price list. Dark Star Distributing, 228 W. Franklin Ave., Naperville, IL 60540.

FINALLY AVAILABLE AGAIN, brand new copies of "The Music Never Stopped," Blair Jackson's biography of the Dead and their music. Will sell at cost but prefer to trade for quality tapes, esp. 1982-86 Greek concerts. Send list or contact Phil Martin, 1714 Stockton, Suite 300, SF, CA 94133 (415) 239-1310.

Chrystobal, this is your onetime pen pal Yosemite Sam wondering if you are *out* walking in the sunshine? Write Tom Skeele, Box 272, Yosemite, CA 95389.

Help! Car broken into; deck, bootlegs stolen. Bought new deck but can't buy bootlegs. If you can help please write Marc Gagnon, 4½ Morton St, Concord, NH 03301. Thank you.

Tie-dyed t-shirts, longsleeves, tanktops, wallhangings, & more...in high quality, psychedelic colors and designs.

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Nevada City, CA 95959

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Deadline for next issue: May 1

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Dear Grocer; This coupon will be redeemed for the amount specified plus 8¢ for handling, provided coupon is received from customer on purchase of listed merchandise. Cash redemption value 1/100¢. For redemption mail to BEN & JERRY'S Rt. 100, PO Box 240 Waterbury, Vermont 05676. Limit One (1) coupon per unit.

Expires July 1, 1987

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