The Golden Road

Issue 15 Fall 1987

Having a hard time living the good life...

OK, I'll admit it. I'm getting nervous. It seems like I'm going to more Dead shows but having less fun, even though the band is generally playing really well. What's the problem? Well, it's become a crapshoot whether the people around me are going to dance and dig the music or talk and be completely obnoxious. Increasingly, there is a loud, rude element who seem intent on stomping all over the rights of everyone around them.

Take the October 4 show at Shoreline Amphitheater in Mountain View, California—please! We had pretty good seats—row X in the center—but I couldn't enjoy most of the concert because there were loud drunks in front of us, and talkers behind us and to our left. Halfway through the opening "Jack Straw," I very gently asked one woman in front of me if she could talk a little more quietly—she'd been shouting—and she replied, "I have to shout because the music's so loud!" Say *what*?! Over the course of the evening, she and her selfish little party of four continued shouting above the music and eventually some of them became openly hostile to us, yelling just to annoy us, and ultimately throwing a beer at us during the final "Not Fade Away." Gee, what a fun time. The other two nights at Shoreline the crowd was OK around me, but many others I talked to complained that their show was spoiled by the insensitivity of others. Numerous people have reported that Compton Terrace and Park West were wall-to-wall drunks. Should I feel lucky I wasn't punched in the face, like one friend was at the Angel's Camp show when he asked a drunk to be quiet? What's going on here?

There's a pervasive attitude among Deadheads dating all the way back to the Acid Tests that people at Dead shows don't tell other people what to do, and I generally agree with that—except when it infringes on the rights of others to hear the show. The music has *got* to come first, doesn't it? If the energy of the crowd is dispersed in a million little conversations and isn't focused on the stage, the music inevitably suffers because the crowd vibe plays such a big part in the total experience.

Merely paying $20 for a ticket should not be a license for abusive behavior, yet that is exactly the attitude so many people have expressed to me—"Hey man, I paid to get in; I'll do what I want." So much of American "culture" is miserable and bankrupt that I expect this sort of moronic thinking other places I go—movie crowds have become loud and inattentive, and sports fans get wilder every year—but Dead shows used to be different. It's only in the past couple of years that it's gotten really bad. I'm wondering how long it'll keep getting worse.

A lot of the problems at shows these days are clearly alcohol related. We've carped on this before and a lot of you are sick of us mentioning it, but it's so obvious we can't ignore it. I honestly believe that out-of-control beer drinking could ruin this scene if it isn't curbed *now*. Because once drinkers get the word that there's a rowdy drinking audience at Dead shows, they'll want to be part of it, too. At venues where there is no drinking, the crowd is invariably quieter and more tuned in to the music. Look at the Greek, or Frost, or even Irvine this year, where the band stopped beer sales to curb rowdiness and it worked! The Grateful Dead's music is designed to be consciousness expanding; alcohol has the exact opposite effect on the brain. It's a consciousness *dulling* drug.

It's unrealistic, I suppose, to think that beer will ever be banned (after all, why shouldn't responsible drinkers be able to quench their thirst?), but is there no way to control it? At venues where there is a separate bar area or beer garden and people aren't allowed to bring drinks back to their seats, the situation is noticeably better. The hardcore drunks spend the show in the bar instead of in the crowd, and many people drink less simply because it's such a hassle to leave their spots and get a drink every couple of songs. Another tactic that's helped from time to time is cutting off beer sales after the break so that the already sloshed don't get dangerously drunk. Unfortunately, a lot of the venues the Dead play make most of their money from the sale of beer, so they want to see people in that long concession line.

So what's the answer? Beats me, but I know it's not going to change if everyone maintains a laissez-faire attitude. Speak up for your right to hear the music, because if we lose that focus then everyone loses—including the band.

This issue's cover, a watercolor titled "Firewheel," was painted for us by Alexandra Genetti, a Chicago native who now lives in Western Sonoma County, California. A self-taught artist and craftsperson, Alexandra has extensive experience in painting, beadwork, quilting—you name it. The cover is a representation of the wheel of the Grateful Dead year, including New Year's, Chinese New Year, the Greek, Alpine, Red Rocks, the Big Apple and even that great question mark down the road—China. "We've all seen the country through the Dead," Alexandra comments, "and I wanted the painting to encompass the feeling of how the Dead have brought so many of us together." Alexandra lives with her husband, Ken, their daughters Cerrithwen (6, a veteran of 92 shows) and Bronwen (4, 59 shows), and a few other Deadheads on 80 acres in rural Sonoma.

We're taking the winter off. We'll see you sometime in the spring!

— BJ

The Golden Road

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This issue is dedicated to the memory of our friend Art Sohcot.

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FEEDBACK



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The Gospel of the Weird

So glad you're back to inform and entertain us all. Along with being a barrel of laughs, I sense that current of integrity that denotes those who are committed to the Bodhisatvic quest for the happiest possible ending, whenever one can get it, or give it. To my mind, it's that questing, that devotion without dogma, that defines and refines a true Deadhead. Strange how the music speaks in ways beyond words to this odyssey . . . teaching people (hopefully) to value camaraderie over greed, a sense of ecology and balance in place of alienation and stress, a thousand implicit lessons, really, if one keeps the mind and ears open wide enough . . . to the point where, over the years, we've evolved into this weird, fledgling fugitive alternative civilization, a whole other reality, or interpretation of social reality. Allowing for some duff, like scalpers, derelicts and white powder dealers, most everyone who digs the Dead is touched by this ineffable yet palpable circulation of love and high energy. And now we're trendy? Top Ten?

What's gonna happen when the newcomers show up? What kind of baggage will they bring? Will we blow their minds in time? Will they break the sacred hoop? Gangsters and narcs jacking up herb dealers? Lowlifes disrespecting the female Heads? Theft? Profiteering? Violence?

Bah! Paranoia. The next two years will be the test. Seems to me the only proper way to prevail is to beam real strong on our own special wavelength so the uninitiated get the message. The only power we have is the power to blow their minds, so let's turn on the juice—Yoga, martial arts, performing arts, Dadaism, inside jokes, outside jokes, pranks, snipe hunts, psychedelics, singing, dancing in circles and snakechains, juggling, limbo, skateboards, methodical madness, tantra, chanting, psychic radar, and the old standby: love, love, love.

Let it all happen, for we must become accomplished kooks and solid citizens for sure . . . stoned wiseguys, free agents preaching the gospel of the weird. So those who identify with IT feel maximally welcomed, and those who don't steer clear because "it's just too weird."

The real fun may be just beginning. May the weird turn pro.

Robert Reed
Sacramento, CA

Watching the River Flow

Greetings from high on the headwaters of the Holitna River here in western Alaska. Here, 140 miles upriver from the nearest village, Captain Kal and I spend our summers enumerating salmon runs for the Alaska Department of Fish and Game. About as far as we can get from the Grateful Dead or any news about shows, your magazine makes great reading material as we pass the hours listening to the Boys and counting them fish. Just wanted to express appreciation and support for continuation of such a well written, well typeset, well laid out, well illustrated magazine. Whatever it takes to keep it going I hope you can reach out and find.

Jono Becker
Fairbanks, AK

Good for What Ails Ya

Thanks for the great summer issue! I loved Ken Babbs' "A Day in the Country." It was a refreshing, touching and humorous account that left me laughing through the lump in my throat. In response to the widely asked question "Will success spoil the Dead?" all I can say is what I said after my first show — Why isn't *everyone* listening to this music? It feels so *good*.

Tore' Beatly
Santa Cruz, CA

Higher Education

I'd like to take a moment and share with you how the Dead scene is looking down here in San Diego. I'm a senior at San Diego State University and since this school seems to be a factory for producing yuppies, Deadheads are far and few between in this desolate landscape of Young Republicanism. I can remember the day in the not so distant past that the only time I would see a tie-dye was when I would pass my reflection in a window. But there's a wind of change blowing across the campus. When I was registering for classes, it happened to be freshmen orientation. I counted no less than eight different Dead shirts and, get this, somebody (who wasn't even a Head) was selling tie-dyes in the quad! Of course I couldn't just let them pass by without asking some of them if they had any tapes (you just never know what you might find), and my query was answered almost unanimously by blank stares. Upon further ques-

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tioning, most told me that their first shows were this summer. Then it was my turn to answer a few questions, especially about tapes.

And then there's the Dead all over the radio. There was a time that if I happened to hear a Dead song on the radio, I'd pull over and call a friend to share this rare event with them. Now, sometimes as I'm driving along, I'll pop a tape out for a change of pace, and find myself right in the middle of a Dead set. My *mother* even knows who Jerry Garcia is now.

Somehow I feel torn between wild elation that the band is finally receiving the acclaim it deserves and a feeling of dread that the influx of new people and the high exposure in the mass media may possibly affect the quality of this fragile scene. But on the other hand, if somebody is seeking the light, I don't feel morally justified denying them access or help on the way. Just think if it had been done to us (thanks again, Jeff). I agree with the sentiments of Michael Van Dyke in the Summer '87 issue. After all, our job is to shed light, not to master.

R. Brent Knight
Descanso, CA

Can't Talk to You Without Talkin' to Me

With the increasing popularity of the band, I feel that we are experiencing, on a community-wide scale, some sort of test to see how well we deal with this social environment as our once stable carrying capacity is taxed to (perhaps) uncomfortable limits. But what really bothers me is a feeling that we Deadheads are blowing it.

We constantly witness situations, or hear of them, where control is lost and ugly mob humor runs rampant. At the first March Hampton show this spring, as well as the third Worcester (at least!), there were legions of ticketless folk swarming near doors, hoping to scam in. In response, the arena security freaked out, shut all but one door, and only let ticketholders trickle in to the show. As this happened, people got antsy and pissed off, often knowing that they were missing part of the first set.

We Deadheads are threatening our favorite scene because of our own selfishness. It's threatened by the individual who embraces busting in (especially violently) as an acceptable alternative, by the friends who condone scamming, and by the onlookers. I don't want to sound like I'm saying "Just let me in — then fuck everyone else," and I don't want to downplay what a real drag it is to be shut out, but it seems to me that this is one aspect of the scene that is harming a lot more than it helps. Any of us, ticketless, have got to realize that by breaking in, we give the whole Dead (band and crowd) a bad reputation. The very real possibility exists of the band's being unwelcome at most East Coast venues, and many Western ones. Thus, we have a basic question: What's more important — me seeing the band tonight, or all of us having the chance to see the band back in a year, or two or three? Gate crashing isn't the only problem, but it is indicative of a prevalent selfishness, which is the problem.

What is needed is something hard to enforce: a massive "teaching" to new community members of the values that I, at least, always thought were inherent in the Dead crowd. I think those of us who have been around for a while and are bothered by these symptoms should take a more active (vocal) role in discouraging scammers, ripoffs, litterers, etc. It's a fine line between not wanting to tell people how to act, and trying to preserve one of the best good times



Moose antler carving by Black Jon of Arizona. Photo: A. Bergeron

around. And, as we see more people who are taxing our system, we should do our best to help introduce them into it, and not accept their disregard for it. The example and responsibility lies with us.

Dave Deegan
Burlington, VT

Space Is the Place

OK. The album's out — and it's good. What a relief for all of us, especially the band. No Rainbow Room strings, no flaccid disco thangs. It cooks, it's got the digitized pit bulls goin', and Brent comes through with a stately synth-wash on "Black Muddy River" that brings tears to these red eyes.

Now that I've listened to it several dozen times, what's missing? In a word: SPACE. Even *Go To Heaven* had :38 of headphone-fuck called "Antwerp's Placebo," if anybody can remember back that far. Could Ornette get behind these grooves? Who needs "The Eleven" when you're in the Top Ten?

Confidential to Phil: We're still out here, y'know. Sun Ra wasn't selling shrink-to-fit when he said, "Space is the place." Don't give up on us.

Steve Silberman
San Francisco, CA

Look Out, Motley Crue

I am disgusted and embarrassed by the new "Hell in a Bucket" video.

When I first joined the long, strange trip in the lean years of the late '70s, the band was a one-of-a-kind haven from disco and pop commercialism, a small but beautiful island in a sea of MOR bullshit. Now, however, something very, very sad is happening to the Dead scene. Incidents of violence and destructive rowdiness are getting to be as common at our shows as they are at Judas Priest concerts. And along comes this incredibly offensive exploitive and sexist video to validate the new trend. Just what the world needs — *another* music video featuring bump-and-grind lingerie models, whips and chains.

Must the Dead, too, eagerly cater to the lowest common denominator in the viewing audience? Anyone over 10 can fully understand the lyrics to "Hell in a Bucket." Could the Dead think of nothing more creative than a degrading skin-filled literal interpretation punctuated only by shots of band members displaying lecherous grins? Nothing better than Bob flexing his stringy muscles in domination over some leather-wrapped *Penthouse* reject? All that's missing is dry-humping and flames and it's look out, Motley Crue.

And what do the already successful Dead gain by this sacrifice of their integrity and uniqueness? A few *more* dollars to add to their millions? A few *more* fans to add to their millions? Maybe, but they're losing some, too. They're selling out, and I for one will not help pay their way.

All I can hope is that this video was an attempt at camp or satire. If so, it failed miserably.

Bob DiLeonardi
Marco Island, FL

Lawyers, Socks and Money

I am writing regarding the confiscation of 11 wind socks at the Oakland Dead/Dylan show in July. The story goes something like this.

After admiring the wind sock hanging at my house, a friend suggested that I make Grateful Dead wind socks. The idea was an instant hit and in no time plans were being formulated. I created a design based on the Skull and Lightning Bolt motif. Inside the skull was a rising sun, and surrounding the skull was the lyric "Gonna blow all my troubles away." Materials were acquired, the silkscreening done, and I began to sew. Each sock took somewhere between two and three hours to cut and sew. I made just 70 of them, gave away 20 or more, and sold all but the last 11 for $15 apiece.

Originally, I had great plans of giving most of the money (between half and three-quarters) to friends who are involved in the Earth First! movement; i.e. donate to activists doing right-on Earth work. The rest would inevitably go back into the Dead scene in the form of tickets for me to see those men of merriment and cosmic rock. Ah, the best laid plans of mice and Deadheads. On route to the Frost show this past

May, my VW bus of four years died. With tail between my legs, I ventured home, and decided that the money would go toward getting another car. The actual finances of my one-time endeavor were as follows: $350 in materials and screening costs; 50 socks to sell at $15—$750 to me. Due to tendonitis in both my knees, I've worked just five weeks since mid-March, so most of that money has gone into bills, environmental activist work I'm involved in, and paying for and traveling to Monterey, Berkeley, Eugene and Oakland to see the Dead.

So I went to Oakland to sell the remaining 11 socks. Three guys came up to see the socks I was selling, and a security fellow nearby told me to keep low with the socks, because there were people confiscating stuff. Right then these three fellows started a conversation about why mine would be taken away. I said that I guess it was due to the fact that the skull was on it, and maybe it was trademarked or something. That's when they said, "You're right, it does look similar; I guess we're gonna have to confiscate all that you have." No amount of explaining my reality (only source of income, etc.) changed their mind, and after one very big fellow threatened me with going through my whole daypack I gave them up. The whole thing felt real bad, a violation of sorts. They handed me legal papers and explained how I could go to court in Los Angeles (400 miles away) to try to get them back. They said that if I was found guilty of ripping off a trademark (or whatever), that I could be fined $50 to $500 apiece.

I understand that the Dead want to stop the "big sellers" from really making a killing off of the Dead's gig. I understand how the three fellows were just doing their job, and that they don't know if I am big time or not. I also understand the pride that must be behind some of their artwork. But the majority of us out there selling stuff are either just trying to make a living or just supplementing an income while having fun. A good part of that money goes into the Dead's account in the form of tickets, anyway.

As in any family situation, there are going to be struggles to work through, violations to be mediated. Through it all I keep in mind one simple, but mighty powerful, thought: Love is real, not fade away! I hope both Grateful Dead Productions and Winterland Productions will work to understand where most of us are coming from, as we try to see their side.

Tom Skeele
Yosemite, CA

We Can Work It Out

Last issue you quoted Bill Candelario from the *Fortune* article as saying that GDP was losing $200,000 "on a good day" to independent vendors. This assumes that inside concessionaires would get that money if the independent vendors were eliminated. There is no reason to make that assumption. Bill, and apparently some others, seem to be making the same protectionist fallacy that the U.S. government made concerning Japanese cars—that if we restricted the number of Japanese cars, people would turn to American cars; this did not turn out to be the case, and people simply ate the price difference on what they believed were better cars. In my opinion, if concession sales are down, it is because the shirts on sale inside are not as good, and more expensive, than those available outside. There has not been an original design that I have found particularly interesting, for a shirt, a poster, a sticker or a button, for sale at the concessions, for some time; they seem to be recycling the same old designs, sometimes on tie-dyes, for $15 to $30, when more attractive tie-dyes are available outside for under $15. And GDP doesn't even make jewelry!

I propose the following set of guidelines, designed to regulate, not eliminate, the vendor scene and hopefully protect as many rights of as many people as possible:

1) Have a designated vendor area. This area should be reasonably large and easily accessible to passers-by and people waiting to get in. People selling things inside the show would be subject to having their merchandise confiscated, in fairness to the concessionaires, who have a theoretically exclusive contract.

2) Certain trademarked designs are not permitted without a licensing agreement, in accordance with the Dead's copyrights. It must be realized, however, that generic roses and generic skeletons and the like are not trademark infringements. GDP should publicize those trademarks (including calligraphic varieties of "Grateful Dead") so we know what the boundaries are. During the late spring and summer, the word got



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FEEDBACK

out that, specifically, trademarked designs were the problem, and as result, the number of truly original designs increased substantially over the summer; this can work.

3) There should be a distinct emphasis on self-made merchandise, coupled with a discouragement for premanufactured or imported items. This is to encourage the creativity of the vendor community, and to preclude the transformation of the scene into just another flea market. I would also support a policy that would discourage non-Deadhead vendors (of which there are too many, in my view), although I can't think of a fair one at the moment.

Jeff Mark
Berkeley, CA

Hearsay Dept.

Telluride was exceptional. The condos I was staying in also housed the band. After the first show Jerry and Bob came and sat poolside and told stories. Jerry stayed till about midnight. When asked what was the weirdest show he'd ever played, he said, "In 1966 we played at the 25th anniversary of a gay bar in San Francisco, and that was very strange." "Did you play 'Good Lovin'?" someone asked. He answered: "No (chuckle) but Bobby kept getting his ass pinched."

Mark Bailey
Boulder, CO

I Was Drinking Last Night With a Biker...

Thanks for the great publication. I've been a subscriber since Issue #1, and I believe there is a large part of our Dead world that you have never covered. Motorcycles, mostly Harley Davidsons, and the people who ride them have been at the Dead core from the beginning. Look around at a Dead concert, especially on the East Coast, and notice the number of Harley T-shirts. Though outnumbered by tie-dye and Garcia shirts, they are ever-present.

The Hell's Angels (some, anyway) have been friends with members of the Dead Family for years. Garcia appeared in a Hell's Angels movie [*Hell's Angels Forever*, 1984]. An Angel's bike onstage at the Greek in '82 or '83 contributed sounds to the drum solo. The Dead have played benefits for the Angels in the past. There's a Harley decal on Garcia's guitar on the *Europe '72* album. When the Dead played at the La Honda Acid Test, Kesey invited the Angels en masse. Not just Hell's Angels but a whole core of Harley riders have made up a part of the Dead scene since the beginning.

After all, what could be more American than the Grateful Dead or Harley Davidson? Both of them are the only remaining American institutions that have survived (and prospered!) an onslaught of cheap imitations from foreign countries. Long after names like Kawasaki and Dire Straits have been forgotten, Harley Davidson and the Good Ol' Grateful Dead will still be with us!

All Deadheads are not tie-dyed old hippies or computer programmers who chase after shows on weekends and vacations. A lot are hard-working, hard-drinking, hard-partying blue-collar workers. Go to any biker party and you'll dance your ass off to Dead tunes well into the morning.

Gary Wellin
Higganum, CT

Crumb's GD Blues

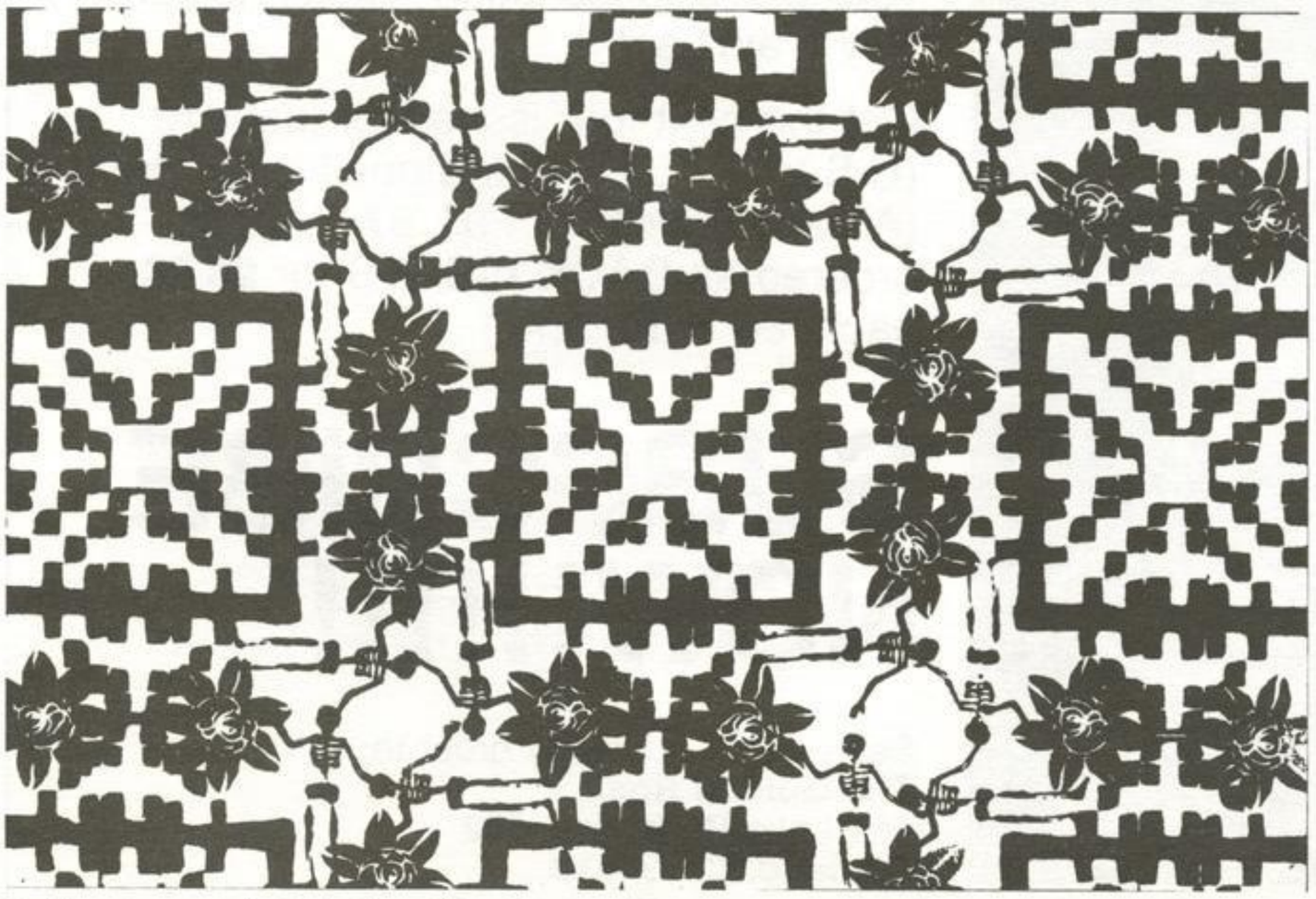
Editor's note: We approached underground comic artist R. Crumb about illustrating the lyrics of "Dupree's Diamond Blues." Here is his reply.

Received your letter and tape of "Dupree's Diamond Blues"...So I sez to myself, What the hell, I'll be open-minded, I'll pop this in my machine and give it a listen... Thought it was terrible...wretched...dreck ...dull...contrived...pretentious...silly...

Guess I'm spoiled...I've been so fortunate...so lucky...I've had the privilege of possessing the rare original 78 of "Dupree's Blues" recorded by Willie Walker in 1930 ...his only record...two guitars (his partner Sam Brooks)...so beautiful...a masterpiece...Willie Walker was never heard on record again after this one recording session in Atlanta...faded back into complete obscurity...So many great old blues singers were like that...one, two, three records ...that's it...

As for rock 'n' roll, I only like the most crazy, intense wild stuff made in the '50s by lowlifes...I dunno why...Thass my taste...I don't see how you can possibly think Hunter's lyrics are "astoundingly good"...You seem like an intelligent guy...No accounting for taste I guess...

R. Crumb
Winters, CA



Rubber stamp art by Judit Torn Allen, Eugene, OR

Believe It or Not

I thought you might like to hear about the rather cosmic occurrences surrounding the birth of our daughter last summer. Two of my favorite things to listen to and see are the Dead and wildlife, especially birds. First of all, there is a yellow-billed cuckoo bird that lives just beyond our yard, in the woods, every summer. As is the case with many birds, we usually stop hearing its call by the middle of July. It was now the middle of August and my wife was already a little overdue. We were sitting on the porch early in the evening while she was apparently having some contractions. Suddenly, there was one long, clear call from the cuckoo. We looked at each other kind of strangely because when we were listening to "Sugar Magnolia" a couple of days earlier I had joked about the cuckoo crying to signal our daughter's birth. (We knew it was a girl.)

She went back to the bedroom to lie down and I came in to lie beside her. We looked out the window by the bed and there was the moon; halfway down, of course. I turned to my wife and predicted that she would be born between 3 and 4 a.m., when the night was dying; she would take herself out to wander around. In a couple of hours the contractions were pretty intense, so we beat it on down the line to the hospital.

The nurse did a little exam and said that nothing was happening and we might as well go home. How do you tell some nurse that you know this is it because the cuckoo cried when the moon was halfway down? Well, we decided to stay anyway and within an hour the nurse changed her tune, realized that this was going to happen soon and called the doctor. Sure enough, at 3:14 a.m. she was born, or rather, took herself out.

We somehow felt inspired to make the little girl's middle name Magnolia. Why not her first name? We had already decided earlier to name her Stephanie, after St. Stephen.

Tony Vazzano
Center Sandwich, NH

DEADLINE



The GD in the Den of Weasels. Celebrating platinum record awards for In the Dark, Terrapin Station *and* Shakedown Street *are (L-R) Jim Cawley (Arista VP), Abbey Konowitch (ditto), Brent, Bobby, Phil and Graham Lesh, Clive Baby (Arista prez), Billy, John Cutler (*Dark *co-producer), Don Lenner (Arista senior VP), Jerry, Roy Lott (Arista VP), Rick Bisceglia (Arista dir. of publicity), Sean Coakley (Arista dir. of AOR promotion). Photo: Bob Leafe*

All those who boldly predicted that *In the Dark* would be a big commercial breakthrough for the Dead can pat themselves on the back now. The album passed the million mark in sales in August and continues to fly out of record stores nationwide, though it has slipped some. *In the Dark* is the first Dead album to be certified "platinum" (more than 1 million sold) in the year of its release, and its success has also led to increased sales of other Dead discs.

The Dead had a very big summer and fall on the *Billboard* charts: *In the Dark* made it to #6 on the album chart, and it hit #1 on the compact disc chart. The "Touch of Grey" single debuted at #77 the week of July 25 and crept to #9 by September 26, before slipping back down. The GD in the Top Ten! Who'd have thunk it? Also surprising was the fact that "Touch of Grey" made it as high as #15 on the Adult Contemporary (a.k.a. "easy listening") chart.

Generally, when a single starts dropping from *Billboard*'s Hot 100, the record company quickly releases another to build on the momentum of the first and to boost album sales, but the Dead and Arista apparently couldn't agree on an immediate follow-up to "Touch of Grey." "Hell in a Bucket" seemed to be the most likely candidate, but Arista thought that because the song got so much airplay at the same "Touch of Grey" was a hit, radio would want something fresher to play. (Arista did bankroll the "Hell in a Bucket" video to revive MTV interest in the LP.) Finally, in late October, Bob Weir went into the studio and did a major edit to turn "Throwing Stones" into a single, chopping his grand opus from 7:18 to a skimpy 4:25, and re-mixing the track to boot. At press time, it was too early to tell whether Dr. Weir's surgery created a second hit single for the group. Haven't we done the hit single thing, guys? Let's get weirder, not shorter!

And while we're talkin' record company jive, it's looking more and more like the Dead will re-sign with Arista. The group has generally been pleased with the way the label handled the album, single and videos, and record biz vets will tell you "If it ain't broke, don't fix it." Switching labels is very difficult because it means establishing relationships with scores of new people, from top weasels to marketing goons.

The Grateful Dead's proposed tour of China, originally scheduled for next May, has been postponed at least a year, according to sources close to the band. Apparently, there were so many financial and logistical things to work out that doing the trip next year became unfeasible. Of course there's no guarantee the trip will happen in '89, either. The Dead are firm about wanting some sort of corporate sponsorship to help pay for the tour, and political conditions in China could potentially cause problems up the road: the Chinese government's recent brutal crackdown in Tibet is proof that it remains a stubbornly totalitarian regime with little regard for individual liberties. Still, we're all rooting for it to happen.

We were hoping we could give you a good idea of what the next touring year holds for the Dead, but the picture is still extremely sketchy, and we'd hate to mislead anyone. We do know that the band will play four shows at Kaiser Convention Center in Oakland, February 13, 14, 16 and 17. The second of those shows is Valentine's Day, of course; the third falls on Mardi Gras, and will have Dr. John as an opener; and the last concert is Chinese New Year. Should be quite a week. The Dead will hit the East Coast in late March, possibly opening the tour at Atlanta's Omni. At a press conference in San Francisco recently, Garcia mentioned that the group wanted to record a new album in May '88, so during May and June the band will probably stick close to home, playing West Coast gigs occasionally. The summer tour is still up in the air, though it seems likely that it will once again mix stadium dates with smaller shows. There have been faint mutterings about a possible European swing in the fall, but we're betting on the Dead repeating their extremely lucrative East Coast jaunt and maybe tossing in some Southern dates.

As always, keep an ear to the Hotline: (415) 457-6388 in the West; (201) 777-8653 in the East. And here's a new twist: There's now a Hotline on the West Coast devoted exclusively to mail-order information about upcoming shows. The number for that is (415) 457-8457. So now when you call the regular Hotline you won't have

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to wade through ten minutes of instructions to get general info.

Garcia on Broadway! Yes, for two weeks in October, Manhattan's historic Lunt-Fontanne Theater — which has hosted everything from the *Ziegfeld Follies of 1921* to *The Sound of Music* and Richard Burton in *Hamlet* — got to fly its freak flag for two weeks in October. (Actually, promoter Bill Graham did festoon the outside of the 77-year-old building with colorful banners sometimes used at Dead shows.) The occasion was an 18-show run by the Jerry Garcia Band and an acoustic group featuring Garcia, bassist John Kahn, guitarist David Nelson and mandolin/dobro player Sandy Rothman. (Both Rothman and Nelson were in bluegrass groups with Garcia in the early '60s.) Tickets for the shows — a rather steep $30, though cheap by Broadway standards — sold out in just a few hours and broke box office records. It was tie-dye heaven on the Great White Way!

The concerts were two-set affairs. During the opening acoustic set, Garcia & Co. played a selection of old folk, country and gospel tunes, including a number of selections new to Garcia's acoustic repertoire, such as Merle Haggard's "Blue Yodel #9," "Diamond Joe," "Trouble in Mind" and "Drifting Too Far from the Shore," to name a few. The electric set then featured regular Garcia Band tunes, many of which had never been performed on the East Coast ("Evangeline," "Forever Young," "Lucky Old Sun," "It Stoned Me," for example).

A few notes on the shows: After the initial 13 nights sold out, five matinee performances were added — quite a stamina test for the musicians . . . .During the break opening night, Bill Graham and his staff passed out felt top hats to the crowd, unbeknownst to the musicians. Then, as prearranged, everyone waved them at Jerry when he came out for his encore at the end of the night. Typically, Garcia barely reacted . . . .Bob Weir dropped by the theater October 23 and was coaxed into playing on "Tangled Up in Blue" and "When I Paint My Masterpiece." Then, on the 25th, he played on "The Harder They Come," "Masterpiece," "Deal" and "All Along the Watchtower," the last being a new one for the JGB . . . On the merchandising front, show-goers could pick up an assortment of T-shirts, posters and even a Garcia drinking mug! On Halloween, the final night of the run, the theater was decorated with black and orange balloons, and pumpkins lined the stage. Many in the crowd came in costume — including Bill Graham, who prowled the aisles in a "Road Warrior" get-up. When the curtain went up for the second set, the stage was covered knee-deep in dry-ice smoke and the JGB kicked into "Werewolves of London." A witch skeleton sat in a rocking chair next to Garcia's amp onstage, and then magically flew to the ceiling at the song's conclusion. Contrary to rumor, Jerry did *not* dress up like Spuds MacKenzie.

By the way, the acoustic band Garcia used on Broadway actually debuted August 30 at an outdoor show near the Eel River, four hours north of San Francisco. The following day, the Garcia Band played the Greek Theater in Berkeley for the first time. Bonnie Raitt opened the show and later joined







Top: Program for Garcia's 18-show Broadway run (the photo is by Herbie Greene). Center: Bonnie Raitt jams with Garcia at the Greek. (Photo: Ron Delany) Above: Garcia's acoustic group at their first show. L-R: Sandy Rothman, John Kahn, David Nelson, Garcia. (Photo: Lori Levine)

the JGB for great versions of "Think" and "Knockin' on Heaven's Door," both featuring Bonnie on harmony vocals and wicked slide guitar. (That show was definitely one of my favorite Dead events of the year — relaxed and fun to the max!)

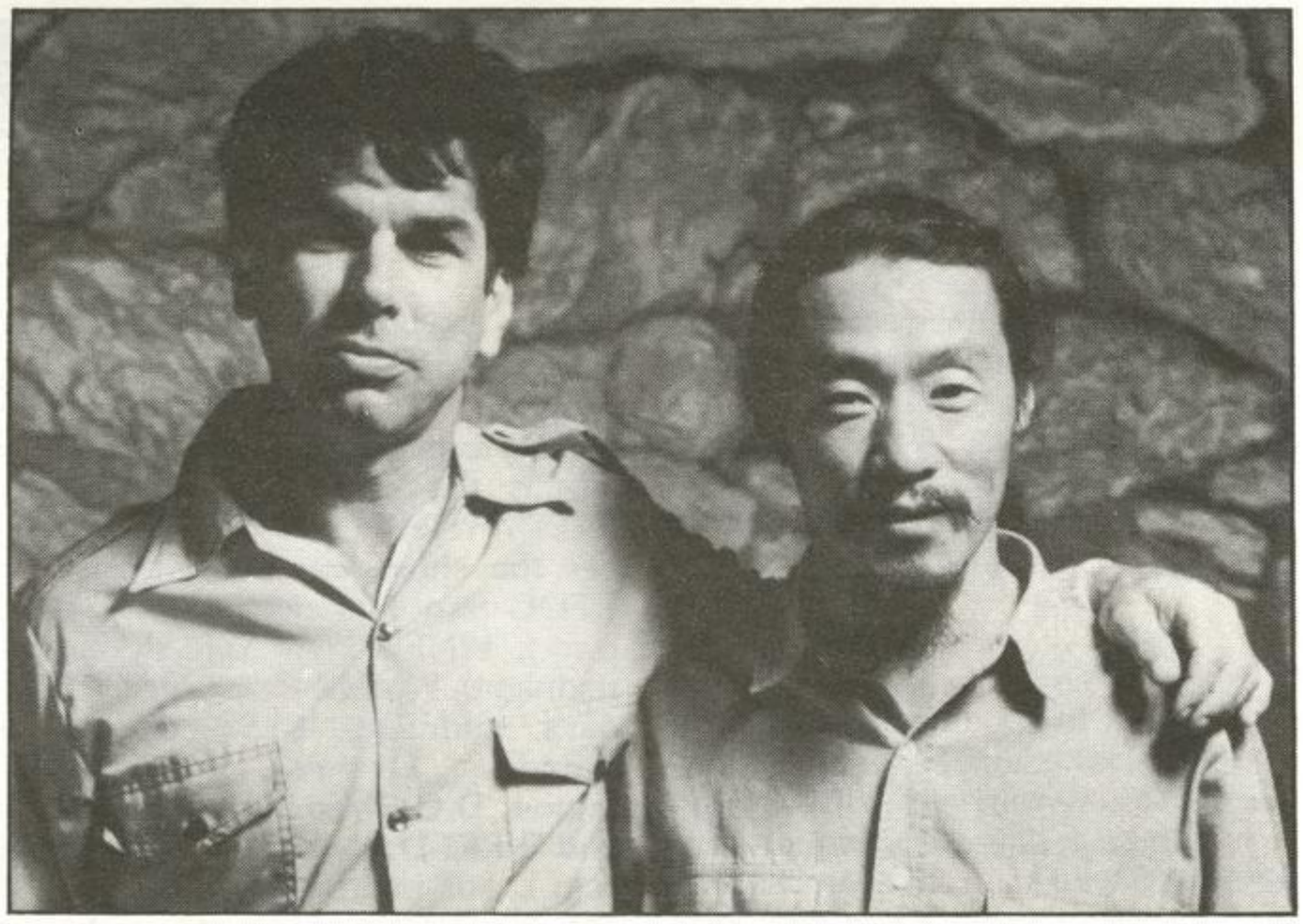
Always on the lookout for unusual projects with interesting people, Mickey Hart produced the new album by noted Japanese new age music visionary Kitaro. Hart and engineer Phil Kaffel worked with Kitaro at Fantasy Studios in Berkeley last spring. Besides producing, Hart also contributed quite a bit of percussion to the lush, tuneful instrumental record, titled *The Light of the Spirit* (on Geffen Records).

According to Hart, the two met when Kitaro attended a Dead show in Oakland not too long ago. "He came over and stood right by the drums," Hart told the SF *Examiner*. "I thought, 'Gee, that guy looks just like Kitaro,' and then I found out it was Kitaro." Hart said he likes Kitaro's music because "it's quiet and relaxing and sensitive. My music is loud and noisy. It's a change of soundscape from my usual diet of music."

And speaking of members of the Dead recording with other artists, Brent Mydland laid down a keyboard track on a song called "Motel Rain" by the California band New Frontier, whose debut LP is due out in the spring. It's unclear at this point whether the song will make it onto the album or not; it may be submitted for consideration on a movie soundtrack. We heard rough mixes of the album and liked what we heard. David Lindley also appears on a couple of tunes.

As usual, there's plenty of activity on the Robert Hunter front. First of all, he has a new album due out any minute on the Relix label, titled *Liberty*. Hunter describes the record as more "pop" than *Rock Columbia*. "You'll hear a slightly different approach here," he told us. "It's real 'up.' It makes *me* happy."

He is also understandably excited that Bob Dylan has recorded two new Hunter songs: "The Ugliest Girl in the World" and "Silvio." Both sets of lyrics were in a stack Hunter turned over to the Dead several months ago. At first the decidedly tongue-in-cheek "Ugliest Girl . . ." was shaping up as a possible Weir-Hunter composition, but in the end Weir passed on it. Then, when Dylan came to Marin to rehearse for last summer's tour, he checked out Hunter's latest and immediately was drawn to those two. He wrote his own music for each, and, Hunter enthuses, "I'm very, very pleased with what he did. They're very definitely Dylan tunes." Dylan's new album is finished, but not expected in the stores until January.



Mickey and Kitaro. Photo: Jon Werner

On the literary beat, Eugene, Oregon-based Hulogos'i Books has put out a new translation by Robert Hunter of German poet Rainer Maria Rilke's *Duino Elegies*. Why would Hunter, who doesn't speak German, tackle one of that language's most famous poems?

"That's a good question," he said with a laugh when we asked him about it recently. "I've loved the *Elegies* over the years, I'd read all the English translations available and I decided it was time to try to read the German. So I pulled down my German dictionaries and grammar books and I got out my translations, and I started going through it. And what I found was that I didn't think the translations were getting it completely. At first I did a page just to amuse myself to see if I could make the language sing the way I thought it should sing. It was fun, but then I put it away and didn't think too much about it. But then I went back to it and did a few more lines, because I liked the way it was rolling. After a while I thought, 'I may be fooling myself, but I think I've got the handle on this. I think it needs a lyric poet to go at it, not just someone who knows the language.'

"What I got from other translations was tense, a few idiomatic expressions and things like that. Every word I didn't know I looked up, rather than trusting other translations, and I'm glad I did because I came up with some different interpretations."

According to Hunter, the *Duino Elegies* was Rilke's attempt "to address the big IT, daring to look it straight in the eye and say — beliefs and everything aside — what's here and how I am in terms of it."

We asked our resident Rilke expert, Dr. Roger Jackson, professor of religion at Fairfield University in Connecticut (and a longtime Deadhead), to give us his view of Hunter's translation. His review appears on page 12.

Here's the latest from the world of GD compact discs: *Wake of the Flood* and *Blues for Allah*, previously available only by mail through Grateful Dead Merchandising, are now being carried in many record stores . . . . The most exciting recent Dead-family CD release is definitely *Hooteroll?*, an all-instrumental album spearheaded by jazz organist Howard Wales and Jerry Garcia that was recorded in 1971 for the Douglas label and has been out of print for many, many years. Don't expect regular Grateful Dead music, however. This is more Wales' show than Garcia's, with the emphasis on jazzy grooves. Still, there's some great guitar playing here. Released by the all-CD label Rykodisc (which also put out the *Old & in the Way* CD), *Hooteroll?* on CD sounds even better than the original LP, and the compact disc also includes two previously unreleased tracks: "Morning in Marin" and "Evening in Marin." Mysteriously absent from the CD is "A Trip to What Next" . . . . That's all well and good, but we know what you really want to know: WHERE THE HELL ARE THE CDs OF *LIVE DEAD* AND *EUROPE '72*? (Not to mention *Bear's Choice*.) We put that question (a little more nicely) to the folks down at Warner Bros. Records in Burbank and were told that there are still no immediate plans to release those discs. Maybe they just want to see us suffer . . . . In their ongoing effort to

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cash in on the Dead boom, Arista Records is putting out a boxed set containing all that label's Dead CDs: *Terrapin Station, Shakedown Street, Go To Heaven, Reckoning, Dead Set* and *In the Dark*. Suggested list price on that package (which also includes a 24-page booklet) is $79.95, actually a pretty good deal considering CDs generally sell for $13 to $17 a pop in most stores.

On November 1, 83-year-old mythologist Joseph Campbell died after a long illness. Campbell, you'll recall, became interested in the Dead after seeing them at Kaiser Convention Center in 1985, and even took part in a day-long symposium on "Ritual and Rapture" with Mickey Hart and Jerry Garcia on November 1 last year. Incidentally, a recently released one-hour film about Campbell, called *The Hero's Journey*, features an excellent score by Mickey and Rand Weatherwax (as well as a few seconds of Garcia on banjo). While technically rather amateurish, the film nonetheless is a good introduction to Campbell — a truly remarkable man whose legacy survives in dozens of books on religion and mythology.

The Deadhead Hour, David Gans' band-authorized syndicated radio program, continues its insidious spread to major radio markets — after all, as the stickers say, "WE ARE EVERYWHERE." As of early November the show was being carried on KFOG-San Francisco (Mondays, 9 p.m.), WNEW-New York (Mondays, midnight), WMMR-Philadelphia (Thursdays, midnight), KLSX-Los Angeles (Sundays, 11 p.m.), WWDC-Washington, D.C. (Wednesdays, midnight) and WRKI-Danbury, CT (Sundays, 10 p.m.). For information about how to get *The Deadhead Hour* on a station in your hometown, write David at *The Deadhead Hour*, 484 Lake Park Ave. #102, Oakland, CA 94610.

Also, we're still assembling our list of stations around the country that play a lot of Dead or have Dead programs, so drop a line if you can!

Check out *Dead Ringers*, a 30-minute behind-the-scenes documentary about the making of the Dead's "Touch of Grey" video. *Dead Ringers* was directed by Bill Kreutzmann's 18-year-old son, Justin, who has been shooting home movies of the Dead since he was 8, and also worked as an assistant engineer on *In the Dark*. The documentary contains backstage interviews with bandmembers talking about "Touch of Grey," some hilarious footage of the construction of the skeleton puppets featured in the video, a live version of the song from Laguna Seca (which is marred by mediocre audio, unfortunately) and, of course, the full "Touch of Grey" video, directed by Gary Gutierrez. All in all, it's a pleasant, unpretentious glimpse of the band, and at just $12.95, it's quite a bargain.

A sad note: As we went to press, we learned of the death of Robert Hunter's 12-year-old son, Leroy, in a freak accident at his school. Our heartfelt condolences to Leroy's family and friends.

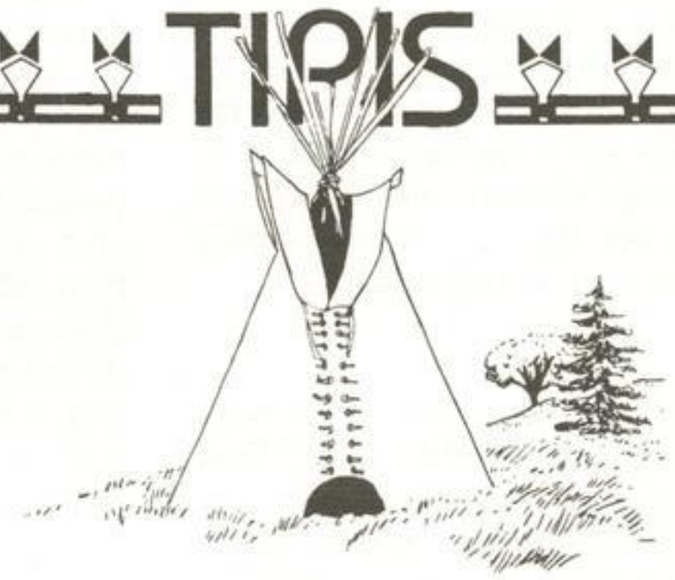
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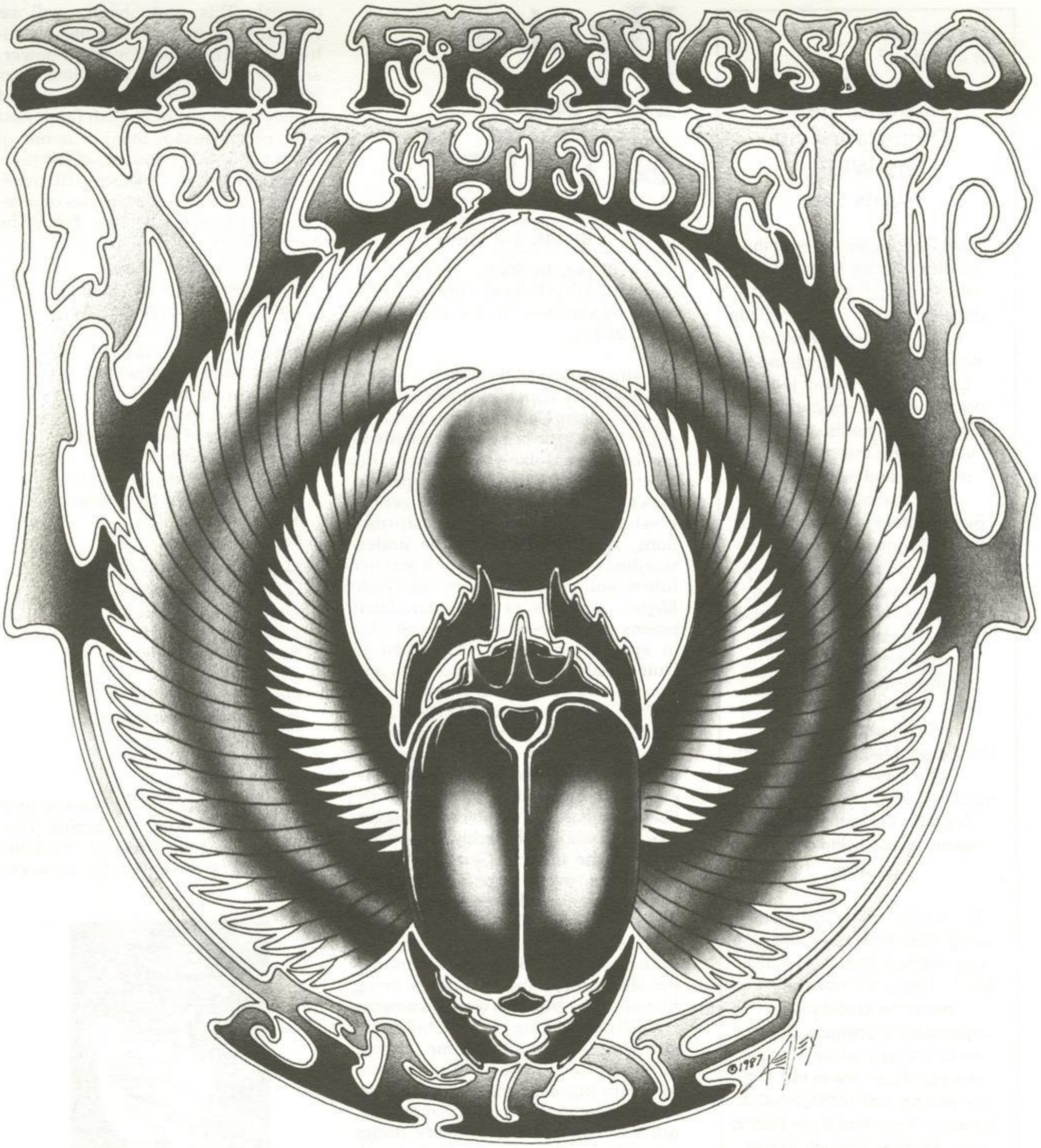


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Hunter, Rilke & Being

BOOK REVIEW

Duino Elegies, by Rainer Maria Rilke. Translated by Robert Hunter. Illustrated by Maureen Hunter. (Hulogos'i, 1987. $9.95.)

Rainer Maria Rilke (1875–1926) is generally considered the greatest of all modern German poets and one of the finest lyric poets ever to write in any language. Rilke's masterpiece, his most complete attempt "to prepare in men's hearts the way for those gentle, mysterious, trembling transformations, from which alone the understandings and harmonies of a serener future will proceed," was his *Duino Elegies,* a series of ten interrelated poems written between 1912 and 1922 in sporadic bursts of inspiration in Duino, Italy, Muzot, Switzerland, and various other European cities.

The *Elegies* are difficult to read. They are filled with allegorical creatures such as angels, lovers, acrobats, animals, dead children, and anthropomorphic emotions; and Rilke's language is deliberately halting, mysterious, suggestive, and above all highly personal — even in the original German. At the same time, every page is aglow with passages of incandescent beauty, with images that reverberate in the heart even as they elude the mind, and there is no mistaking Rilke's central concern: the strangeness and wonder of being human. Cast into the world, knowing we will die, seeking the impossible unchanging serenity of some angelic order, we must, Rilke believes, come to accept our condition for what it is, for only by embracing our mortality, our sorrows and the ordinary things around us will we be able truly to celebrate the world and enter "that innocent, unguarded/space which we could breathe,/know endlessly, and never require."

Robert Hunter's translation of the *Elegies* is a striking one. He has broken up Rilke's rather long poetic lines into shorter, sometimes breathless bursts that convey convincingly the *intensity* of Rilke's language and vision. He also has been willing to depart from the original for the sake of poetic effect. There are words in the original that he skips (as well as a few that I think he misconstrues), and there are words in his translation that he has read into the original. This undoubtedly will be troubling to purists, but Hunter is willing to trade precision for poetic power, and the gamble, most of the time, pays off. Indeed, his translation — judged strictly as poetry in English (and most readers will read it thus) — is one of the better ones around, full of felicitous word choices and pleasing rhythms. Here are a couple of examples of passages that I especially like. From The Ninth Elegy:

This time is the time when
the things we love are dying
and the things we do not love
are rushing to replace them,
shadows cast by shadows:
things willingly restrained
by temporary confines
but ready to spew forth as
outer change of form decrees.
Between its hammer blows
the heart survives — as does,
between the teeth, the tongue:
in spite of all,
the fount of praise.

And from The Tenth Elegy:

Were the endlessly dead
to awaken some symbol,
within us, to indicate
themselves, they might
point to the catkins
dangling from the leafless
branches of the Hazel trees.
Or speak in drops of rain
falling to dark earth
in early spring.

Hunter's translation includes a brief poetic preface, Rilke's complete German text, and ten strikingly beautiful block prints designed by Maureen Hunter.

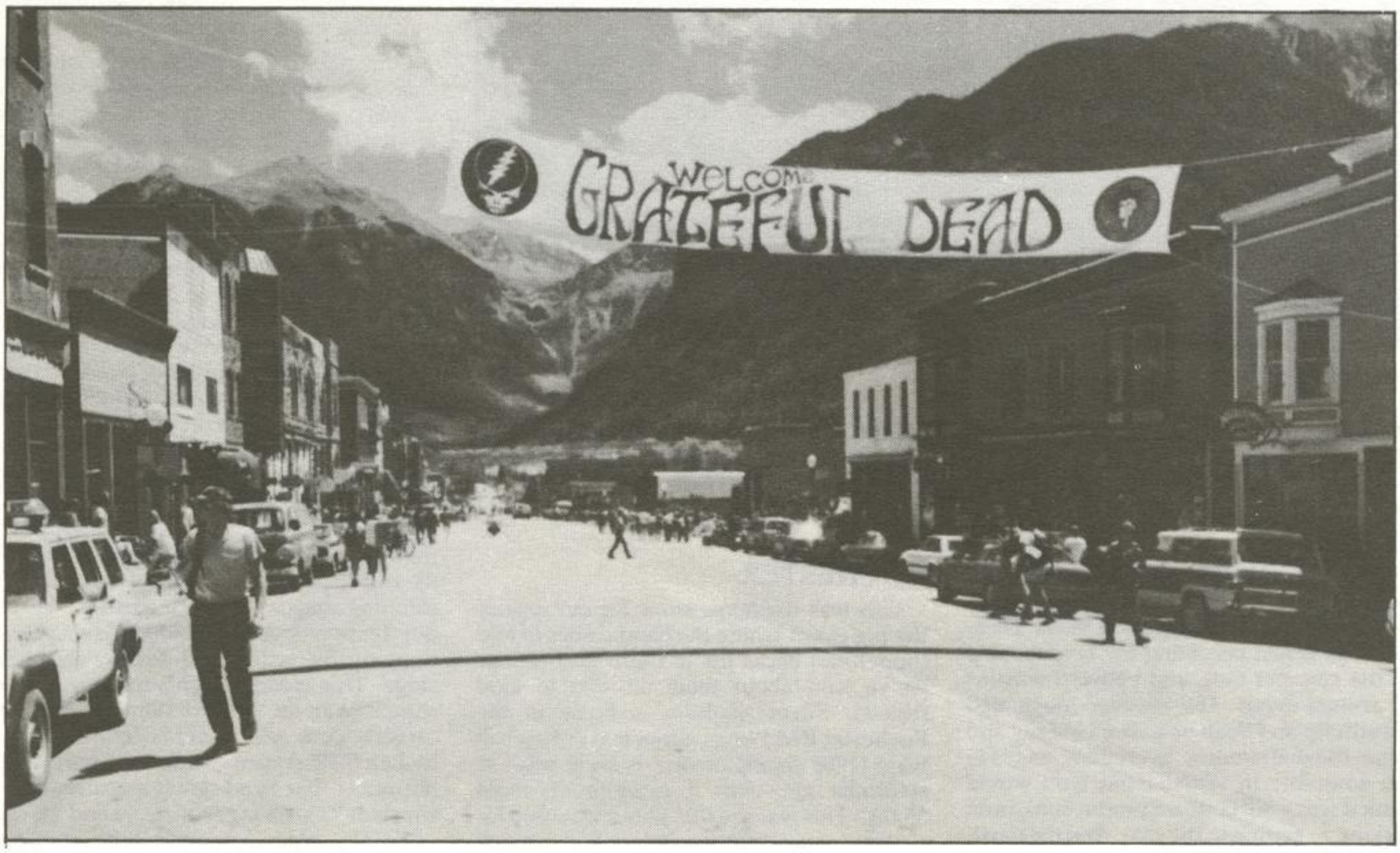


© 1987 Maureen Hunter

There are at least four other translations of the *Duino Elegies* in print, of which my own favorite is A. Poulin, Jr.'s *Duino Elegies and Sonnets to Orpheus* (Houghton Mifflin). The most widely respected contemporary translation of Rilke's poetry (including the *Elegies*) is Stephen Mitchell's *The Selected Poetry of Rainer Maria Rilke* (Random House), the introduction to which is a good source of information about the poet and his works.

— Dr. Roger Jackson

SET LISTS: ALPINE THROUGH SHORELINE



Telluride puts out the welcome mat for the band. The mountains are what the band faced during the show. Photo: Jan Simmons

ALPINE VALLEY

The "Weekend in the Valley" is, in Midwest Deadland, an event eagerly awaited with nearly the religious fervor surrounding say, the Greek or Red Rocks. With the elimination in the last few years of the bulk of Midwest dates, the idea of a whole weekend of summer shows in a Wisconsin corn field seems as appealing as the setting is idyllic.

The Friday night show started a bit slow, with the sound barely audible during "Stranger," and Garcia seeming a bit unsure of himself during the "Franklin's Tower" that followed. The first set did pick up quickly, however, and by the unusually creative versions of "Cassidy" and "Deal" that closed the first set, the band was cooking. "Cassidy" in particular was one of the best I've ever heard.

I should have known the second set would be crazy when "China Cat" opened with Brent playing with new sounds on his synthesizers: horns? reeds? baby seals? Whatever, the band settled into a groove that didn't let up until they left the stage. "I Know You Rider" was short, but "Estimated-Eyes" was quite good (with a slower "Eyes"), and "Gimme Some Lovin'" veritably *erupted* out of space. Following that, Brent started in on "Gloria," and I was disappointed to see Garcia actually shake his head no as he began "The Wheel" instead. All was not lost, however, for the energy of this "Wheel" was unusually high. That descended nicely into a tumultuous reading of "All Along the Watchtower." The rest of the set was more "normal," but just as well played, particularly the ageless "Sugar Magnolia." This was definitely one of the best shows I've seen this year.

Dead in the Valley, day two, began with a bouncy "Iko," followed by a long first set, with standards "Friend of the Devil," "Tom Thumb's Blues" (first since Alpine '86) and "Let It Grow." Set two opened creatively with "Uncle John's" and moved seamlessly into "Playin'," which was generously long and led into the anticipated "Terrapin," followed by drums and space. There was also a fairly long and ugly (that's a compliment here) "Other One," but the rest of the set was predictable and, frankly, not very interesting.

I won a buck by betting an overly optimistic friend that the third night would open with "Hell in a Bucket-Sugaree." Would have been two bucks but "Rooster" was the *third* Bobby song, rather than the second. Great "Jack Straw" to close the set, though. Originality has not been the band's long suit on the last night of a short run, and Alpine Valley '87 was no exception. I nearly fell asleep during the "Throwing Stones-Not Fade Away" that closed the second set, especially given the *lame* "Morning Dew" that preceded it. I understand that part of the game is to take the bad with the good, but is it too much to ask that they *finish* the song? "Quinn" was fine, but, to be honest, a bit of an anticlimax considering the debacle of the post-space set.

— *Peter Braverman*

6-27-87, Alpine Valley Music Center, East Troy, WI
Iko-Iko, Greatest Story Ever Told, Stagger Lee, New Minglewood Blues, Friend of the Devil, Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues, West L.A. Fadeaway, My Brother Esau, Tennessee Jed, Let It Grow

Uncle John's Band ➧ Playin' in the Band ➧ Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Truckin' ➧ The Other One ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Lovelight/ Black Muddy River

6-26-87, Alpine Valley
Feel Like a Stranger ➧ Franklin's Tower, Walkin' Blues, Row Jimmy, Tons of Steel, When Push Comes to Shove, Cassidy, Deal

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Estimated Prophet ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ The Wheel ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Black Peter ➧ Around & Around ➧ Sugar Magnolia/Touch of Grey

6-28-87, Alpine Valley
Hell in a Bucket ➧ Sugaree, Me & My Uncle ➧ Mexicali Blues, Althea, Little Red Rooster, Bird Song, Jack Straw

Mississippi Half-Step ➧ Man Smart Woman Smarter, Ship of Fools, Saint of Circumstance ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Need a



Fun in the sun at Alpine Valley. Photo: Ray Ellingson

Miracle ➧ Morning Dew, Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away/Quinn the Eskimo

TORONTO

"Wonderland" is the perfect name for this magical place that encompasses an amusement park and the Kingswood Music Theater. This is fast becoming my favorite stop on the summer tour, and I hope it remains an annual event. The weather cooperated beautifully and dealt us a clear blue sky and a sun-filled afternoon. Everything seems to run smoothly in Wonderland (you would think it was a Bill Graham production), from parking to getting in the gate. And the pavilion itself has a special quality of its own, with a canopy that makes you feel like you've just jumped into a scene from *The Arabian Nights*.

For me, the high point of the first set was the Eastern debut of "When I Paint My Masterpiece." Brent also continued his high-profile streak of great singing and playing begun at Alpine; he's certainly making his presence known these days. It was in the second set, though, that the band's true nature came through. Although I'd been on all the roller coasters Wonderland had to offer in the afternoon, the best ride of the day was definitely the "Scarlet-Fire" second-set opener. Also outstanding was the post-drums triple threat of "The Other One"-"China Doll"-"Dear Mr. Fantasy." Weir finished the show with his rockin'-rollin' best — "Good Lovin'," just to remind us what we are all about. As an encore, nothing comes close to "Box of Rain" for me. It's so much easier to gather yourself for the journey home (or wherever) with that song echoing in your mind.

— *Barry Sundance*

6-30-87, Kingswood Theater, Toronto, Ontario
Touch of Grey, Greatest Story Ever Told, Loser, New Minglewood Blues, Candyman, Far From Me, Mama Tried ➧ Big River, Ramble On Rose, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Don't Ease Me In

Scarlet Begonias ➧ Fire on the Mountain, Estimated Prophet ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ jam (w/Bob & Brent) ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Spanish jam ➧ The Other One ➧ China Doll ➧ Dear Mr. Fantasy ➧ Around & Around ➧ Good Lovin'/Box of Rain

ROCHESTER

This was the home show for our region, the big event where the band comes in and (hopefully) backs up all those great things we've said about them all year to local friends. Silver Stadium — home of the Rochester Red Wings minor league baseball team (1986 champions!) — is fairly small as stadiums go, with a capacity of about 35,000. This was the first time it was used for a "big" concert; fortunately it was general admission. Weather-wise it was a "Looks Like Rain" kind of day, with dark, threatening skies. But, GD crowds being what they are, it didn't seem to get anyone down.

And once the Dead took the stage, all was well, as the band played the longest first set of the year—a 12-song mixture of old classics ("Brown-Eyed Women," "Cassidy," the now-rare "Dire Wolf"), and newer material from *In the Dark*. (I'm sure they managed to sell a few copies this evening!) The second set saw solid versions of "China Cat-Rider," the inevitable "Looks Like Rain," a scorching "All Along the Watchtower" (an East Coast first), "Stella Blue," and a rollicking "Sugar Magnolia," among others. If the first show with Dylan two days later was looming over the band at all it sure wasn't visible to the satisfied throng at this concert.

— *Barry Sundance*

7-2-87, Silver Stadium, Rochester, NY
Hell in a Bucket ➧ Bertha, Walkin' Blues, Dire Wolf, My Brother Esau, When Push Comes to Shove, Tons of Steel, Me & My Uncle ➧ Mexicali Blues, Brown-Eyed Women, Cassidy, Deal

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider ➧ Samson & Delilah, Looks Like Rain ➧ He's Gone ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Goin' Down the Road ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Sugar Magnolia/Black Muddy River

FOXBORO

Rumors abounded about how this first Dylan-Dead show would unfold. Understandably wary from last summer's disappointing stadium dates with Dylan and Petty, many had mixed emotions about this first of six special shows. Foxboro itself is a small town with a police force of four that was augmented by 90 officers in anticipation of the 60,000-plus crowd. But there seemed to be few hassles other than long traffic lines and many fireworks.

Once the gates opened, the security inside was overwhelmed by people from the stands pushing, running and jumping to get on the field. Promoter John Scher introduced each member of the band to kick off the show, and as they launched into "Touch of Grey," hundreds of red, white and blue baloons were released. Though the first four tunes seemed like an advertisement of the about-to-be-released *In The Dark*, the versions were outstanding. After "Red Rooster," a fourth microphone was set up, fueling speculation of an imminent appearance by Dylan. But the crowd called for Phil and he obliged with a stirring "Box of Rain." "Uncle John's" would have been a nice set closer, but as the band slid into "Playin'" it became increasingly clear that this would be a one-set show (causing slight disappointment, if not disapproval). The Rhythm Devils and "space" were short — literally five minutes apiece — but intensified by the overtly psychedelic Diamond Vision projections on the scoreboard directly above the stage. This video presentation turned each song into an on-the-spot film. The excellent camera work and visual effects — directed by Len Dell' Amico — enhanced rather than detracted. The band slowly withdrew at the finish of "Throwing Stones" to end the set.

After a little more than an hour break (during which silent films were shown on the scoreboard), the band plus Dylan appeared and charged into a rocking version of "The Times They Are A-Changin'." Dylan, dressed in a black beret, gray silk jacket and sporting a scruffy beard, seemed oblivious to the band behind him. All during the set he rarely looked at any member of what I believe was his most dynamic backup group since the early Band. Dylan then launched into "Man of Peace," which he delivered in his own peculiar monotone. For "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight," a pedal steel guitar was rolled out for Garcia. As he sat down, his image appeared on the screen and the crowd erupted in cheers. "I Want You" and "Watchtower" marked the only time Dylan played harmonica on the whole tour. All the songs were slightly marred by sloppy beginnings and endings that probably arose from Dylan's lack of communication with his colleagues.

— *Dave Leopold*

7-4-87, Sullivan Stadium, Foxboro, MA
Touch of Grey, Hell in a Bucket, West L.A. Fadeaway, Tons of Steel, Little Red Rooster, Althea, Box of Rain, Uncle John's Band ➧ Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Truckin' ➧ The Other One ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Throwing Stones

(Dylan & Dead) Times They Are A-Changin', Man of Peace, I'll Be Your Baby Tonight, John Brown, I Want You, Ballad of a Thin Man, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Queen Jane Approximately, Chimes of Freedom, Slow

Train Coming, Joey, All Along the Watchtower/Knockin' on Heaven's Door

PITTSBURGH

What a contrast between this indoor show and the other outdoor shows. Maybe it was the heat, or the fact that the energy had no place to escape, or maybe people were just happy to see plain, unadulterated Grateful Dead. Whatever the reason, this 16,000-seat hall rocked. The generous first set was well played, with "Franklin's Tower," "Big River" and "Far From Me" the highlights for me. The second set took off with a crackling, funky "Shakedown" that had Garcia scat singing and yelling. After "Samson," Weir introduced members of the Neville Brothers (who were in town to play a local nightclub the following evening). It was sheer pandemonium in the hall as the bands started cooking on an incendiary "Iko," which ranked up there with the first time they played it together. After exchanging verses on "Iko," Aaron Neville began the classic "Day-O," and Weir and Garcia sang sweetly on the chorus. That, in turn, charged into "Man Smart." After a quiet space, the Nevilles returned for a heart-wrenching "Knockin' on Heaven's Door" that put any of the previous day's Dylan songs to shame. The bands then shifted into overdrive for good workouts of "Good Lovin'" and "Johnny B. Goode." Ironically, even though *In the Dark* would be released the next day, the band didn't play a single tune from the album.

— *Dave Leopold*

7-6-87, Civic Arena, Pittsburgh, PA
Feel Like a Stranger, Franklin's Tower, New Minglewood Blues, Row Jimmy, Far From Me, Stagger Lee, Mama Tried ◗ Big River, Desolation Row, Don't Ease Me In

Shakedown Street, Samson & Delilah, Iko-Iko* ◗ Day-O* ◗ Man Smart Woman Smarter* ◗ rhythm devils ◗ space ◗ Knockin' on Heaven's Door* ◗ Good Lovin'/Johnny B. Goode*
**with members of the Neville Brothers*

ROANOKE

With no day off and a seven-hour drive to make from Pittsburgh, many were not enthused about trekking off to this small Virginia city. But when we finally pulled into town, we found beautiful sunny weather and a small (10,000-seat) auditorium almost identical to the one in Portland, Maine (a favorite of tourheads everywhere). The scene outside was low key and the area hospitable. According to a local newspaper, the assistant manager of the Civic Center had even gone to Alpine Valley to see what to expect.

The show began with "Finiculi Finicula" — always fun — while Weir got everything working, and then the first set was highlighted by a spacey "Bird Song." The "West L.A. Fadeaway" that started set two was eerily similar to the album version, down to the tick-tocky percussion. The "Morning Dew" towards the end was heavenly.

The second show got off to the all-too-familiar start of "Hell in a Bucket"-"Sugaree" and didn't start to really cook until Brent pulled out "Never Trust a Woman." A beautiful "Masterpiece" followed, with a cranking "Big Railroad Blues"-"Let It Grow" to close. The next set was, in my estimation, one of the finest of the tour. A powerful "Scarlet- Fire" opened. The "Estimated"-"He's Gone" that followed bubbled with intensity. Out of "space" Garcia started "Crazy Fingers" and then stopped, waiting for the band to get ready, before rolling into a letter-perfect version. Then Garcia broke into a haunting "Comes a Time" — the first time they'd played it in three months. Weir put everyone in a party mood with a fun "Sugar Magnolia" to close.

— *Dave Leopold*

7-7-87, Civic Center, Roanoke, VA
Finiculi Finicula, Mississippi Half-Step ◗ Walkin' Blues, Candyman, My Brother Esau, When Push Comes to Shove, Me & My Uncle ◗ Mexicali Blues, Bird Song, Promised Land

West L.A. Fadeaway, Cumberland Blues, Looks Like Rain ◗ Eyes of the World ◗ rhythm devils ◗ space ◗ The Wheel ◗ Gimme Some Lovin' ◗ Morning Dew ◗ Lovelight/U.S. Blues

7-8-87, Roanoke Civic
Hell in a Bucket ◗ Sugaree, All Over Now, Dupree's Diamond Blues, Never Trust a Woman, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Big Railroad Blues, Let It Grow

Scarlet Begonias ◗ Fire on the Mountain, Estimated Prophet ◗ jam ◗ He's Gone ◗ rhythm devils ◗ space ◗ Crazy Fingers ◗ Truckin' ◗ Comes a Time ◗ Sugar Magnolia/Black Muddy River

JFK STADIUM

The return to stadiums was not as jarring as one might expect. Last summer's stadium crowds were a mixture of Deadheads, Dylan fans and Petty fans, but this year it was predominantly Deadheads, which made for a generally mellow crowd. I am not saying my experience was typical (there were lots of horror stories), but I did not see any hassles, and in a crowd close to 90,000 that is amazing. Since JFK had no central electronic scoreboard for the Diamond Vision, two were set up on either side of the stage. Again, the Dead played only one set by themselves. "China Cat-Rider" provided a nice bridge between what would have been two sets. An inspired reading of "Terrapin" was another standout.

The Dylan set opened with an almost rap version of "Tangled Up in Blue." The Dead played the JGB arrangement as Dylan shouted out the lyrics, with Jerry joining in on the last line of every verse. Dylan surprised everyone with "The Ballad of Frankie Lee & Judas Priest" from his *John Wesley Harding* album — this may be the first time he has ever played the song live. "John Brown," a stinging condemnation of war that has never appeared on any Dylan album, got a percolating blues treatment. The "Simple Twist of Fate" that followed was identical to the JGB's version, although with Dylan's sandpaper vocals it wasn't nearly as pretty. One of the strangest moments of



The first Dead-Dylan show in Foxboro. Photo: Ron Delany

the show came when Dylan began "Queen Jane Approximately," only to stop three lines into it and then begin a searing "Gotta Serve Somebody." Dylan seemed more aggravated than usual for the last two songs of the evening and didn't even show up for the encore of "Touch of Grey."

— *Dave Leopold*

7-10-87, JFK Stadium, Philadelphia, PA
Iko-Iko, Jack Straw, Sugaree, New Minglewood Blues, Althea, My Brother Esau, When Push Come to Shove, Cassidy, China Cat Sunflower ⧫ I Know You Rider, Looks Like Rain, Terrapin ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ I Need a Miracle ⧫ Black Peter ⧫ Around & Around ⧫ Saturday Night

With Dylan: Tangled Up in Blue, I'll Be Your Baby Tonight, Man of Peace, Ballad of Frankie Lee & Judas Priest, John Brown, Simple Twist of Fate, Ballad of a Thin Man, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Chimes of Freedom, (almost) Queen Jane Approximately, Gotta Serve Somebody, Joey, All Along the Watchtower/Touch of Grey (w/o Dylan)

GIANTS STADIUM

Again there were few hassles at this sold out stadium show. Extra tickets went on sale in the morning, and the tourheads seemed well rested after a day off and a mere two-hour drive. The field inside was about full when John Scher asked people without tickets for the field to stay off because others "had paid for the privilege" — which only acted as an incentive for those who wished to make the 8-foot jump. The volume was very low for the "Hell in a Bucket"-"West L.A." opener. Next, Weir announced, "We're going to play an old one," before a snappy "Greatest Story." "Masterpiece" was a surprise, as it was the first Dylan song they played at a stadium date *without* Dylan. The bigger surprise was the break after "Bertha."

There was some concern that the Dylan set of the show might follow, but a beautiful "Morning Dew" opened the second set and dispelled that notion. A nice, flowing, if truncated, "Playin'" was also a highlight.

The Dylan set, in my opinion, was the strongest of the first three. Even though there were miscues and uneven starts and finishes, both the band and Dylan sounded tighter. You could hear Dylan distinctly in a set that amounted to a good overview of his work. This time Garcia's pedal steel guitar appearance came on the lilting "Tomorrow is a Long Time." And during "Highway 61" he played some rip-roaring slide guitar. The debut of "The Wicked Messenger" was positively evil-sounding and very different from the Legion of Mary's 1974 version. "Chimes of Freedom," from 1964's *Another Side of Bob Dylan*, was played with an understated eloquence, and in this era of gung-ho militarism, it seemed all the more appropriate. Instead of closing with "Watchtower," a dynamic "Times They Are A-Changin'" took the honors. Dylan even joined the band for the encores in a beautiful farewell to the Garden State and the East Coast.

— *Dave Leopold*

7-12-87, Giants Stadium, East Rutherford, NJ
Hell in a Bucket, West L.A. Fadeaway, Greatest Story Ever Told, Loser, Tons of Steel, Ramble On Rose, When I Paint My Masterpiece, When Push Comes to Shove, Promised Land ⧫ Bertha

Morning Dew, Playin' in the Band ⧫ jam ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ The Other One ⧫ Stella Blue ⧫ Throwing Stones ⧫ Not Fade Away

With Dylan: Slow Train Coming, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Tomorrow is a Long Time, Highway 61, John Brown, Baby Blue, Ballad of a Thin Man, Wicked Messenger, Queen Jane Approximately, Chimes of Freedom, Joey, All Along the Watchtower, Times They Are A-Changin'/Touch of Grey ⧫ Knockin' on Heaven's Door

EUGENE

Perhaps it was the fact that the Dead hadn't played the Northwest in a few years. Or that the crowd seemed to be composed largely of first-timers. Or that the concert was in a football stadium. Or that it was 90 degrees out. Or that it took most people well over an hour to squeeze through the two (!) open gates to get in. Whatever the case, I can't recall being in a more sedate environment for a show. There was virtually no dancing in the stands, and even the Heads on the overcrowded field seemed to have been zapped by some immobilizing ray. Unfortunately, the band didn't help matters too much. The first set saw a great selection of songs played unevenly. Spurts of energy onstage were frequently followed by sluggish lulls. The "Let It Grow" closer almost took off, but a bad buzz in the left speaker stack mitigated its power. The second set was well played and featured nice jamming in "Playin'" (including a great transition into "He's Gone") and "Wharf Rat," but you know something is amiss when "Gimme Some Lovin'" as a set opener can't get a crowd hoppin'.

This was my first show seeing Dylan with the Dead, and I must admit it took me a while to get used to Dylan's aloofness and his shouted/spoken vocals. "The Ballad of Frankie Lee & Judas Priest" was the first song to catch fire, but even the best songs seemed somewhat tentative to me. There appeared to be no real communication between Dylan and the band — just a lot of nervous looks that led to mad scrambles to get in sync. Frankly, my impression of this Dead-Dylan set became more favorable in the days following the show, as I had a chance to digest what I'd seen and heard, and tapes reveal that it sounded a lot tighter than it *looked* up close. The peaks remained the same, though: "Stuck Inside of Mobile," "Watching the River Flow," "Tangled Up in Blue" and "All Along the Watchtower," which came thundering out of the "Touch of Grey" encore with Phil strongly at the helm. The lowlight: "Rainy Day Woman," a tune that Dylan doesn't look sincere singing and that sounds kind of silly (and obvious) coming from the Grateful Dead.

— *BJ*

7-19-87, Autzen Stadium, Eugene, OR
Iko-Iko, Feel Like a Stranger, Franklin's Tower, New Minglewood Blues, Peggy-O, When I Paint My Masterpiece, West L.A. Fadeaway, Let It Grow
Gimme Some Lovin' ⧫ Playin' in the Band ⧫ jam ⧫ He's Gone ⧫ Spoonful ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ The Wheel ⧫ Truckin' ⧫ Wharf Rat ⧫ Lovelight

With Dylan: Maggie's Farm, Dead Man Dead Man, Watching the River Flow, Simple Twist of Fate, Ballad of Frankie Lee & Judas Priest, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Heart of Mine, Baby Blue, Rainy Day Woman #12 & #35, Queen Jane Approximately, Ballad of a Thin Man, Highway 61, Tangled Up in Blue/Touch of Grey — All Along the Watchtower

OAKLAND

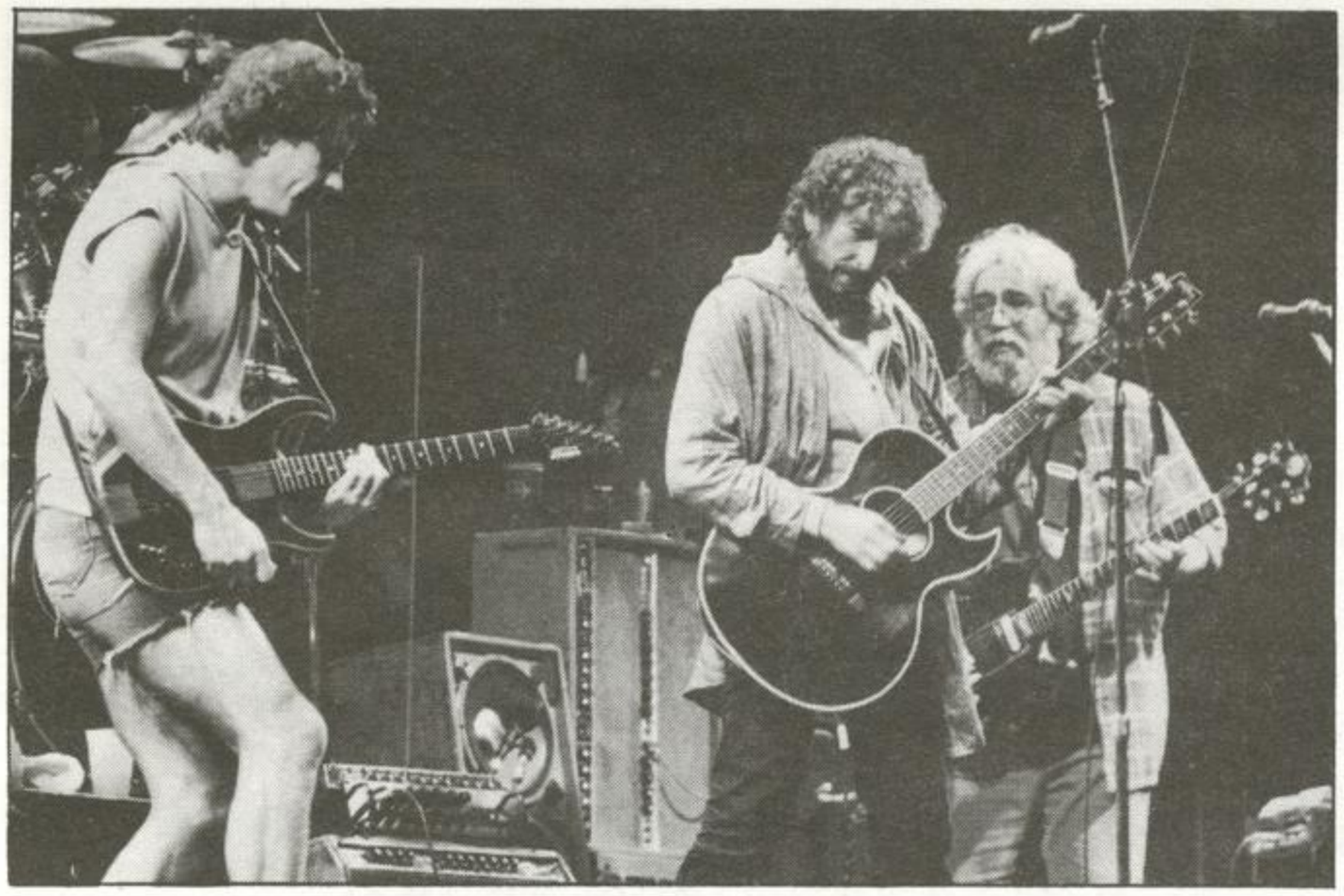
With most of a smashing tour behind them and *In the Dark* in the Top Ten for the first time, the Dead came into Oakland Stadium as conquering heroes. This was the Dead's largest hometown gig ever and celebration was in the air. At most outdoor shows I like to be somewhere between the stage and the soundboard, but this time my friends and I decided to relax and find a spot in the lower stands, a mile or two (or so it seemed) from the stage, rather than fight off the rowdies who invariably swarm toward the front at these mass spectacles. It was a good decision: I could hear fine, thanks to a delay tower right in front of us, there was plenty of room to dance, and I had a clear view of the video screen. After 200 shows or so, I know what the band looks like, more or less.

The Dead's playing was energetic throughout, and the second set was one of my favorites of the year. Not only did the band deliver the "Uncle John's" they'd denied the Bay Area for a year, but in a rare move, there was no ballad at all after "space" — only uptempo rockers played with incredible gusto, culminating in a "Bertha"-"Sugar Magnolia" knockout punch that left nearly everyone satisfied. I would have been content to leave after the Dead's set, so the Dylan-Dead segment was like icing. And sweet it was, too. Tunes like "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight" and "I Want You" had a grace and tenderness missing from the Eugene show, while rockers like "Stuck Inside of Mobile" and "Highway 61" chugged along with relentless momentum. But it was ultimately ballads like "Baby Blue" and the set-ending "Knockin' on Heaven's Door" that showed that the Dylan-Dead collaboration was becoming mature, and that made it exciting indeed.

(One downside of this show was that because the concert ran so late, thousands of fans who'd taken public transportation had to leave just a couple of songs into the Dylan-Dead segment to catch the last trains leaving the stadium. People were understandably outraged that nothing had been done to accommodate them; and a fair number complained in local papers that the Dead had played too long (!) and that they'd come to hear Dylan, not a full Dead show and then Dylan-Dead.)

— *BJ*

7-24-87, Oakland Stadium, Oakland, CA
Jack Straw, Mississippi Half-Step, My Brother Esau, Friend of the Devil, Me & My Uncle ⧫ Big River, Far From Me, When Push Comes to Shove, Cassidy ⧫ Deal



Dylan and the boys at Oakland Stadium. Photo: Jay Blakesberg

Hell in a Bucket ♦ Scarlet Begonias, Playin' in the Band ♦ jam ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Uncle John's Band ♦ Dear Mr. Fantasy ♦ I Need a Miracle ♦ Bertha ♦ Sugar Magnolia

With Dylan: Times They Are A-Changin', Man of Peace, Maggie's Farm, I'll Be Your Baby Tonight, I Want You, Highway 61, Baby Blue, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Ballad of a Thin Man, Shelter From the Storm, Slow Train Coming, Knockin' on Heaven's Door/ Touch of Grey ♦ All Along the Watchtower

ANAHEIM

One thing this tour with Dylan proved is that the Dead have a lot more stamina than many people previously believed. Though their regular concerts have come down to about a 50- to 60-minute first set and 80-minute second set, they seemed to have no trouble at all playing three sets for the last four Dylan shows. Indeed, except for the Philadelphia show, which took a dive in the last third of the Dylan section, the band always left the stage stronger and more confident than when they arrived. It shows what a little adrenaline can do.

The Dylan collaboration ended on an up note in Anaheim before close to 50,000 fans — not sold out, but still by far the most the Dead have ever drawn as headliners in Southern California. Once again, the band sounded exuberant from first song to last. In the first set, the interesting combination of "Masterpiece"-"Mexicali" was red hot, and the "Bird Song" (like most of the ones this summer) hit some amazing peaks. "Shakedown," which has unfortunately become a rarity these days, was given a meaty workout to open the second set. Other highlights included a long, potent "Other One" and one of the better "Throwing Stones"-"Not Fade Away" combos they've played recently. The whole show was top-notch.

The playing during the Dead-Dylan set was technically very good, arguably the tightest set they played together. "Watching the River Flow" was more explosive than it was in Eugene, "Simpe Twist of Fate" came together very nicely, "Baby Blue" was once again a winner, and "Gotta Serve Somebody" was rough and bluesy, like it should be. What the set lacked was any of the more obscure older tunes ("Wicked Messenger," "John Brown," etc.) that added so much spice to the other shows in between the "greatest hits." The one tune unique to Anaheim, "Mr. Tambourine Man," probably would have fared better later in the show, after the players were more comfortable.

— BJ, from tapes and eyewitnesses

7-26-87, Anaheim Stadium, Anaheim, CA
Iko-Iko, New Minglewood Blues, Tons of Steel, West L.A. Fadeaway, When I Paint My Masterpiece ♦ Mexicali Blues, Bird Song, Promised Land

Shakedown Street, Looks Like Rain, Terrapin ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Other One ♦ Stella Blue ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Not Fade Away

With Dylan: Mr. Tambourine Man, Dead Man Dead Man, Maggie's Farm, Simple Twist of Fate, Watching the River Flow, Baby Blue, Chimes of Freedom, Queen Jane Approximately, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Ballad of a Thin Man, Rainy Day Woman #12 & 35, Gotta Serve Somebody, All Along the Watchtower/Touch of Grey ♦ Knockin' on Heaven's Door

RED ROCKS

These were my first night shows at the Rocks (1985's were daylight concerts), and I agree with those who think the darkness adds to the magic of this very special place. The rocks appear to glow with their own weird light; Denver in the distance looks like some strange matte painting in a sci-fi movie; and the stage, sitting at the bottom of the amphitheater, seems to actually suck the crowd's energy toward it, sort of a more benign version of the humongous plant from *Little Shop of Horrors* growling "Feeeeeeed me!"

I thought all three shows were excellent this year. The first had lots of spacey songs and dynamically played ballads up through drums (what a "China Doll"!) and then rocked ferociously from the "Watchtower" that blasted out of "space," through the best "Around & Around" I've heard in years, to the closing "Sugar Magnolia," which was all smashing power chords and screeching leads. Night two featured a more conventional songlist but it was no less well played, and I know quite a few folks who liked it the best of the three. The "Bird Song"-"Music Never Stopped" ending to the first set was a personal highlight that night. The final night opened with a real surprise — "Big Boss Man," with tandem lead vocals by Garcia and Weir for the first time. (Did anyone else who was there notice that Steve Miller's version of that song was the last thing played on the p.a. before the Dead came on and played it?) The concert ended with something special, as well—an exquisite "Knockin' on Heaven's Door," their first post-Dylan version. In between there was a great "Uncle John's Band" to open the second set, an emotional "Stella Blue," another good "Wheel"-"Gimme Some Lovin'" combo, and plenty more. And I should mention that all three nights, the Rhythm Devils were at their very best. Red Rocks definitely seems to bring out hidden powers in Messrs. Hart and Kreutzmann.

— BJ

8-11-87, Red Rocks Amphitheater, Morrison, CO
Cold Rain & Snow, Little Red Rooster, High Time, Tons of Steel, When I Paint My Masterpiece, When Push Comes to Shove, Let It Grow

Crazy Fingers ♦ Samson & Delilah, Ship of Fools, Playin' in the Band ♦ jam ♦ China Doll ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ All Along the Watchtower ♦ Goin' Down the Road ♦ Around & Around ♦ Sugar Magnolia/Black Muddy River

8-12-87, Red Rocks
Hell in a Bucket ♦ Sugaree, Never Trust a Woman, Cumberland Blues ♦ Mexicali Blues, Friend of the Devil, My Brother Esau, Bird Song, Music Never Stopped

China Cat Sunflower ♦ I Know You Rider, Man Smart Woman Smarter, Terrapin ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Other One ♦ Dear Mr. Fantasy ♦ Wharf Rat ♦ Lovelight/ Quinn the Eskimo

8-13-87, Red Rocks
Big Boss Man, Jack Straw, Row Jimmy, All Over Now, Loser, Far From Me, Cassidy, Box of Rain

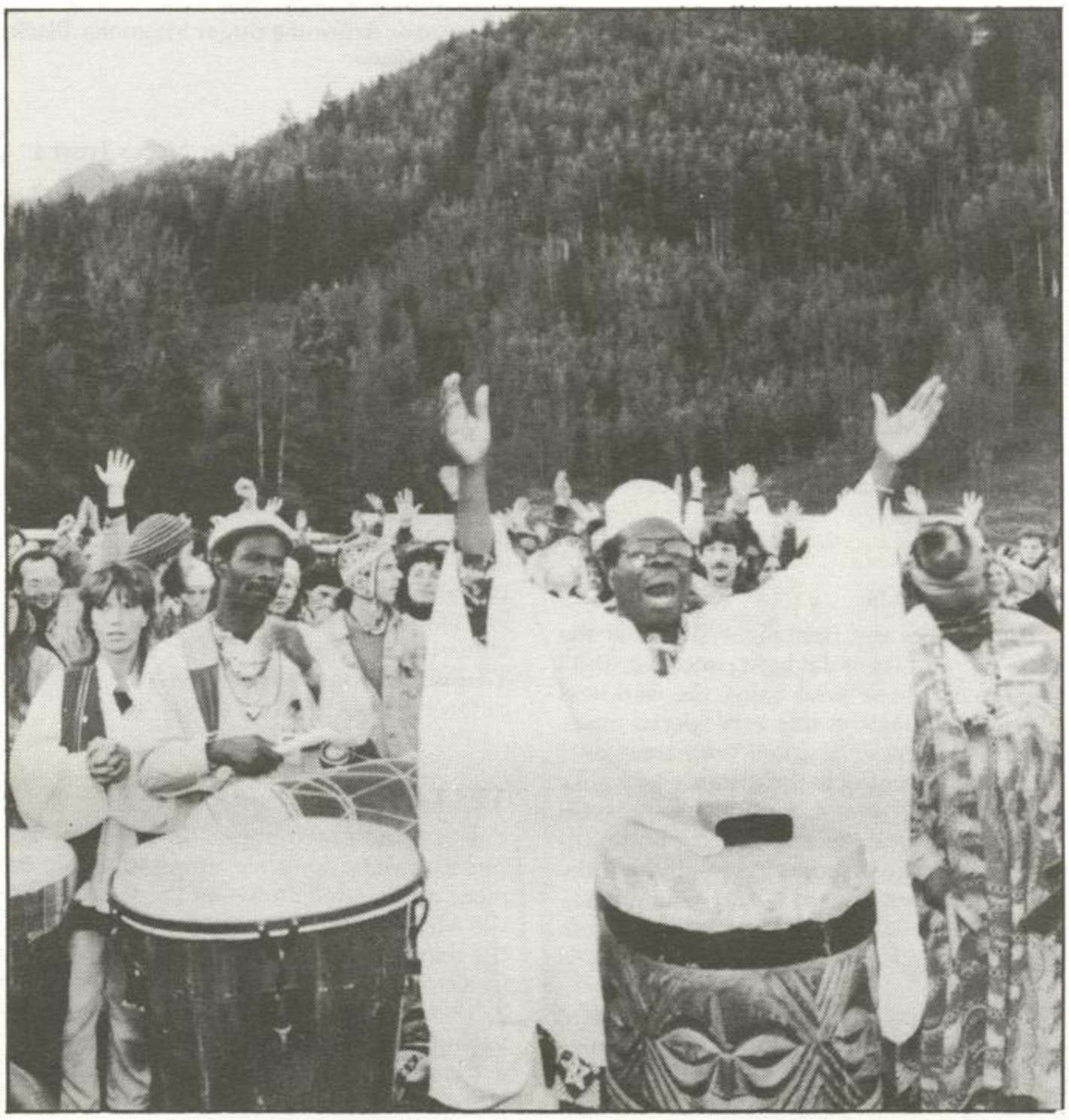
Uncle John's Band ♦ Estimated Prophet ♦ He's Gone ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Wheel ♦ Gimme Some Lovin' ♦ Stella Blue ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Not Fade Away/Touch of Grey ♦ Knockin' on Heaven's Door

TELLURIDE

The band's two shows in beautiful Telluride, Colorado, were unquestionably the most anticipated shows of the year west of the Mississippi. The very thought of seeing the band play in a 10,000-capacity town park in a tiny village situated in a box canyon at 8,700 feet was enough to get any Head salivating. Add to that Olatunji as an opening act and the freak coincidence of the second show falling on the day of the much-vaunted



TELLURIDE!





Top: The view across Town Park in Telluride during the Saturday show. That's downtown in the distance. (Photo: Ingrid Lundahl) Left: Olatunji leads a sunrise ceremony in the Town Park to celebrate the Harmonic Convergence. About 3000 Heads attended. (Photo: Chris Nelson) Above: Bill Graham and his son David chat with Telluride's ultra-cool mayor, Chip Lenihan. (Photo: Ingrid Lundahl)

Harmonic Convergence, and you can understand why everyone wanted to be there. Tickets were extremely hard to come by all summer — until a couple of days before the show that is. In a move that is still controversial, Bill Graham's organization put hundreds of tickets (left over from the local hotel allotment) on sale the day before the first show; this after dire warnings for weeks telling people not to come if they didn't have tickets. By showtime, people with extra tickets were having to eat big bucks, there was such a glut. Basically, anyone who needed tickets got them, a fact that probably will not be lost on people next time they're told not to come near a supposedly sold-out show. (Months after the show, there is still some dispute between Graham's people and the city of Telluride over how many tickets were actually sold; no one seems to know for sure.)

Like most Heads, we made the seven-hour drive from Denver to Telluride the day after the last Red Rocks show. Our route took us through some of the most spectacular scenery I've ever seen — long stretches through towering mountains, by jagged pinnacles, along rippling streams and curving through red rock cliff country straight out of Zane Grey. The road was all Deadheads it seemed, all of us truckin' with Telluride as our destination.

And Telluride was a trip-and-a-half! A resort town of just a couple of thousand most of the year, it was completely transformed by its big Grateful Dead weekend. A banner of tie-dyed letters reading "WELCOME GRATEFUL DEAD" stretched across the main street. Nearly every store sold tie-dyes and Dead shirts. Dead tapes filtered out of shops and restaurants. Every hotel, motel, condo and campground was filled with Heads. Colorado Street resembled the area outside a show day and night, with people freely selling crafts, hanging out in the streets, dancing and playing guitars. Saturday night, Olatunji led Mickey, Bill Graham and hundreds of others on a wild musical parade through town that culminated in a gig at the recreation center. It was all sort of like a hippie version of Main Street at Disneyland; certainly it was the most extraordinary takeover of a town I've ever seen. And a lot of what made it so special — aside from the unbelievable beauty of the setting — was the warmth and openness of the townspeople, who really did bend over backwards to accommodate (OK, *and* cash in on) this strange onslaught. And to their credit, the Deadheads left the town nearly spotless when they left.

The setting and the scene surrounding the shows was so beautiful and intimate, is it any wonder the shows didn't quite live up to their hype? Both days the energy seemed slightly diffused to me, as if the enormity of the place was competing with the music. In his opening set on Saturday, Olatunji and his band got the crowd moving with their bright rhythmic assault. This edition of his group was a little monochromatic for my tastes; I missed the melodies provided by guitars and/or keyboards. (This was particularly glaring on "Dance to the Beat of My Drum" where Babatunde *sang* the riffs normally played by guitar.) And the at-times oppressive heat of midafternoon kept the crowd energy level a little low during Olatunji's sets.

The Dead's sets were uneven, with palpable dips in energy (maybe due to the altitude?), but still loaded with great highs: Saturday, the "Fire on the Mountain" the first day was as electrifying as one could hope for in the midst of all that mountain beauty; a loping "Eyes of the World" curly-cued into a nice jam before the drums (which were great both days); and "Morning Dew" had some exquisite moments when I could swear the mountains were reverberating through the silence in between notes of Garcia's final solo. (No, I was not dosed.) As for the Sunday concert, the day of the great Harmonic Convergence ... Well, what can you say about a show that people (me included) throught was ripe for that long-awaited "Dark Star," but instead had "When Push Comes to Shove" as a second-set opener? That the band seemed as relaxed as the crowd? (True.) That everything they played was done well? (True.) I couldn't help thinking that the line in "Black Peter" that afternoon was Garcia's comment on the Convergence — "and it's just like any other day that's ever been ..."

The shows may have been a notch or two below Red Rocks, but I don't know anyone who went away from the weekend really disappointed. I think it was probably a very special outing for everyone. I'll always cherish it as the weekend we all got to see how great it would be if Deadheads ruled the earth!

— *BJ*

8-15-87, Town Park, Telluride, CO
Feel Like a Stranger ♦ Franklin's Tower, New Minglewood Blues, Candyman, Me & My Uncle ♦ Big River, Tennessee Jed, Desolation Row, Deal

Scarlet Begonias ♦ Fire on the Mountain ♦ Looks Like Rain, Eyes of the World ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ I Need a Miracle ♦ Bertha ♦ Morning Dew ♦ Saturday Night/ Baby Blue

8-16-87, Telluride
Mississippi Half-Step ♦ Little Red Rooster, Iko-Iko, Far From Me, West L.A. Fadeaway, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Big Railroad Blues, Promised Land

When Push Comes to Shove, Samson & Delilah, He's Gone ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Other One ♦ Truckin' ♦ Black Peter ♦ Good Lovin'/Touch of Grey ♦ Brokedown Palace

COMPTON TERRACE

Though I cannot think of a hotter place than the Phoenix area in the summer, with grass and showers inside, the scorching heat of the day and the lack of shade were all but forgotten once the gates were open. This is the new Compton Terrace, just down the road from the place the band played in '83, which was destroyed by fire.

The show got off to a late start, but the band immediately seemed right in tune with the lazy summer evening. "Peggy-O," conspicuously absent recently, was an early high point. A thundering "Greatest Story"-"Bertha" capped a fine, if unspectacular, first set.

Set two was what the Grateful Dead are all about in the summertime: kicking back and kicking in with some nice exploratory numbers. "Crazy Fingers" rolled right out and as it crested, Weir slipped right into an excellent "Playin'." The jam afterward skipped and hopped before hitting the bull's eye with a strong "Terrapin." "Dear Mr. Fantasy" was flawless, and Brent even played with a "Hey Jude" riff before Jerry shut it down.

— *Dave Leopold*

8-18-87, Compton Terrace, Chandler, AZ
Hell in a Bucket ♦ Sugaree, Walkin' Blues, Ramble On Rose, My Brother Esau, Peggy-O, Greatest Story Ever Told ♦ Bertha

Crazy Fingers ♦ jam ♦ Playin' in the Band ♦ jam ♦ Terrapin ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Dear Mr. Fantasy ♦ Wharf Rat ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Lovelight/Black Muddy River

PARK WEST

This beautiful venue is at the bottom of a small ski slope in the resort town of Park City. The stage is set up right in front of the lodge for full effect. "Big Boss Man" got things rolling nicely; the version was tighter than the previous one at Red Rocks. The solid first set was followed by an energetic "China Cat-Rider" to open the second. It was good to hear "Truckin'" before drums, a move that seemed to give new life to the set as it moved into a fine (and rare these days) "Smokestack Lightning." The transition between "The Wheel" and "Gimme Some Lovin'" was seamless, and the jam in the "Watchtower" that followed was amazing.

— *Dave Leopold*

8-20-87, Park West, Park City, UT
Big Boss Man, Promised Land, Dire Wolf, New Minglewood Blues, Row Jimmy, All Over Now, Loser, Cassidy, When Push Comes to Shove

China Cat Sunflower ♦ I Know You Rider, Man Smart Woman Smarter, Ship of Fools, Truckin' ♦ Smokestack Lightning ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Wheel ♦ Gimme Some Lovin ♦ All Along the Watchtower ♦ Stella Blue ♦ Sugar Magnolia/Quinn the Eskimo

ANGEL'S CAMP

The Mountain Aire Festival is a tradition in this part of California's Sierra foothills, a couple of hours northeast of the Bay Area. Generally, the headliners are hard rockers like Journey and ZZ Top. The all-day events are notorious for drawing beer-guzzling rowdies and bikers, attracted by a day of the fun 'n' suds, the air show that is part of the day's festivities, and a few tough bands. (Less of a draw is the guaranteed traffic nightmare and temperatures in the high 80s or low 90s.) Joining the Dead on the bill were David Lindley — already a Deadhead fave, with good reason — and Santana. Clad in his traditional putrid polyester (a little rough in that heat, no doubt), Lindley had the foresight to play different sets each day, while Santana's show was basically the same Saturday and Sunday. Both acts were well received.

Lucky for the Dead they didn't have to go on until after sundown, when it was cooler. Saturday was the *In the Dark* show, a real



Jerry and Carlos during "Watchtower" at Angel's Camp. Photo: Denise Iglesias

crowd-pleaser for the thousands of first-timers. The highlight for most hardcores came near the end of the first set, when Carlos Santana unexpectedly joined the band for a version of "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl," a tune the Dead hadn't played since Pigpen made it a showpiece in the late '60s. Weir sang it this time—with considerable bravado, too—as Garcia and Santana put down bluesy licks behind him. A "Midnight Hour" set closer also had Santana and the band grinning as they thrashed through the venerable standard. Sunday, Santana joined the group at the end of the first set for explosive versions of "Iko" and "All Along the Watchtower." Few musicians revel in playing like Carlos does; his joy is *so* infectious. The second set Sunday had a dream set list and the versions were all terrific, most notably the "Scarlet-Fire" and "Morning Dew." And how nice it was to hear the "Playin'" reprise, all but forgotten this year! I heard unending complaints about the heat, the dust, the traffic and the drunks, but the shows themselves seemed to please most.

— BJ, from tapes and eyewitnesses

8-22-87, Angel's Camp, Calaveras, CA
Touch of Grey, Little Red Rooster, Tons of Steel, Friend of the Devil, My Brother Esau, Tennessee Jed, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Bird Song, Good Morning Little Schoolgirl*, Midnight Hour*
**with Carlos Santana*

Hell in a Bucket, When Push Comes to Shove, Estimated Prophet ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Goin' Down the Road ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Lovelight/U.S. Blues

8-23-87, Angel's Camp
Box of Rain ➧ Jack Straw, West L.A. Fadeaway, Me & My Uncle ➧ Mexicali Blues, High Time, Walkin' Blues, Iko-Iko*, All along the Watchtower*
**with Carlos Santana*

Scarlet Begonias ➧ Fire on the Mountain, Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Dear Mr. Fantasy ➧ Playin' reprise ➧ Morning Dew/Not Fade Away ➧ Brokedown Palace

PROVIDENCE

This was the first time in eight years an East Coast tour began in New England (instead of the South), and actually it was early enough to be considered a late summer tour. Deadheads were blessed with warm, if rather damp, weather. Each night the band treated us to new tunes, songs heretofore not played on the East Coast and a few unusual combinations. On night one, the biggest surprise came at the end of the show when, during "Good Lovin'," Garcia lurched up to the microphone and blasted into "La Bamba," a natural, really, since the two are so similar. The band then segued easily back into "Good Lovin'" as the crowd went understandably bonkers. Apart from this flashy finish, much of the show had a mellow, laid-back feel, as if the band was easing into the tour. Versions of "Must've Been the Roses," "Ship of Fools," "Black Peter" and, especially, "Knockin' on Heaven's Door" were wonderful, with Garcia's bittersweet delivery thoroughly convincing.

The second show, although quite short, overall was more solid than the first. Weir introduced the band's cover of "Queen Jane Approximately" (played with Dylan at four of the six Dylan shows); it's definitely in the same vein as his "Desolation Row." A killer "Music Never Stopped" capped the first set. The second set had a somewhat unusual beginning—"Hell in a Bucket"-"Fire on the Mountain," a nice switch on the still infamous "Scarlet"-"Hell" of a couple years back. Garcia really dug into the "Fire," which was marred only by some confusion at the song's close — the return to the "Scarlet" riff. "The Other One" had a long, slow build with plenty of interplay between Garcia, Weir and Lesh, and lots of distortion on Weir's voice courtesy of Dan Healy.

As is frequently the case, the band saved the best for the last show. The first set was one of the most unusual I've seen, and also one of the most powerful. The group opened with a tune many in the audience didn't know — the Nevilles' "Hey Pocky Way" — with Brent singing lead, no less! The syncopated funk number really rocked, and the tremendous version of "Jack Straw" that followed kept the place jumpin'. "Cassidy" and "Masterpiece" were also standouts, but the next shocker came at the finish of the set. At the end of a fine "Greatest Story," the band kept going with the main riff and charged right into "Devil With a Blue Dress On," with Brent wailing the lead vocal. As in Mitch Ryder's and Bruce Springsteen's versions, that tune then went into "Good Golly Miss Molly" before returning to "Blue Dress." The response was thunderous, to say the least. Although there were no surprises in the second set, the playing quality was as high as in set one, down to the "Quinn" encore.

— Simon Friedman

9-7-87, Civic Center, Providence, RI
Feel Like a Stranger ➧ Franklin's Tower, Walkin' Blues, When Push Comes to Shove, My Brother Esau, Must've Been the Roses, Far From Me, Let It Grow

Iko-Iko, Saint of Circumstance, Ship of Fools, Uncle John's Band ➧ Playin' jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Truckin' ➧ Spoonful ➧ Black Peter ➧ Around & Around ➧ Good Lovin' ➧ La Bamba ➧ Good Lovin'/Knockin' on Heaven's Door

9-8-87, Providence Civic
Mississippi Half-Step ➧ Little Red Rooster, They Love Each Other, Queen Jane Approximately, Row Jimmy, Music Never Stopped, Don't Ease Me In

Hell in a Bucket ➧ Fire on the Mountain, Looks Like Rain, Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Lovelight/Black Muddy River

9-9-87, Providence Civic
Hey Pocky Way, Jack Straw, West L.A. Fadeaway, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Friend of the Devil, Cassidy, Althea, Greatest Story Ever Told ➧ Devil with a Blue Dress On ➧ Good Golly Miss Molly ➧ Devil reprise

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider ➧ Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ China Doll ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away/Quinn the Eskimo

CAPITOL CENTER

It's somewhat ironic that the last time the Dead played the Capitol Center nearly five years ago, they closed by debuting "Touch of Grey." Who would have guessed the band would return at the height of their popularity, spurred by the success of that uplifting tune?

The excitement was contagious opening night as the band roared through a solid first set that opened rocking with "Bertha"-"Promised Land." At the beginning of the second set, Phil announced that it was Mickey's birthday, and after some hugs, the band swung into "Sugar Magnolia." Instead of playing "Sunshine Daydream," however, they segued into a fine "Sugaree." (In an interview aired after the show, Garcia was asked his biggest fear. His reply:

"Forgetting the words to 'Sugaree,' which I do all the time." Not this night, though.) The "space" had some beautiful moments that recalled Garcia's work on the *Zabriskie Point* soundtrack, before evolving into a blistering "Goin' Down the Road." They closed the set with the missing "Sunshine Daydream," played longer than normal. Surprisingly, the crowd was very quiet during the "Touch of Grey" encore.

The second night was just as dynamic, with such treasures as a faster and shorter (verse-wise) "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues," a funky "Hey Pocky Way" and spunky "Might As Well" in the first set, and a great second set that included "Cumberland" as a surprise opener, a powerful "Ship of Fools" and a superb "Morning Dew."

Garcia whipped out a jaunty "Iko" to start the third show of this fun-filled weekend. Weir introduced "Fever," which reminded me of "Spoonful" a bit. But the set peaked with "Masterpiece" and the flowing "Bird Song" that followed. The second set had a fairly standard songlist, but there was an undeniable spark to the playing that almost made me forget how many times the band has strung some of these songs together. A nice change, though, was hearing "Throwing Stones" go into "Good Lovin'" instead of "Not Fade Away" or "Lovelight." Again, the place exploded when Garcia sang "La Bamba" as part of the song for the second time. "Knockin' on Heaven's Door" was a quiet, but somehow fitting, cap to this rousing set of shows.

— *Dave Leopold*

9-11-87, Capitol Center, Landover, MD
Bertha ➧ Promised Land, Candyman, New Minglewood Blues, When Push Comes to Shove, Tons of Steel, Desolation Row, Deal

Sugar Magnolia ➧ Sugaree, Estimated Prophet ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Goin' Down the Road ➧ Dear Mr. Fantasy ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Sunshine Daydream/Touch of Grey

9-12-87, Capitol Center
Hell in a Bucket, Loser, Me & My Uncle ➧ Big River, Ramble On Rose, Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues, Hey Pocky Way, Cassidy, Might As Well

Cumberland Blues ➧ Samson & Delilah, Ship of Fools, Man Smart Woman Smarter ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Truckin' ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Morning Dew ➧ Lovelight/Saturday Night ➧ Black Muddy River

9-13-87, Capitol Center
Iko-Iko, Little Red Rooster, Brown-Eyed Women, Fever, Stagger Lee, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Bird Song, Promised Land

Scarlet Begonias ➧ Fire on the Mountain, Playin' in the Band ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Good Lovin' (w/La Bamba)/ Knockin' on Heaven's Door

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

As the last notes of "Brokedown Palace" faded on the final night of the Dead's five-show stand at the Garden (their longest run in a hall outside California since Radio City in '80), I could feel disappointment all around me. Maybe some of us expected too much from this run. Certainly the band played competently most nights, and there were definite high points, but there was also a strange repetition of songs and more equipment problems than usual.

The shows got off to a great start with some nice ensemble work on "Hey Pocky Way." But after a lackluster "Minglewood," Weir's equipment failed and then the rest of the set was only average. The spark returned during the set-closing "Music Never Stopped," but this time it was Garcia who had equipment problems, and he seemed distracted. The second set was predictable, but cruised along comfortably until after "Gimme Some Lovin'," when Garcia refused to go along with Weir and Lesh on "Watchtower" and played an uninspired "Black Peter" instead. What followed sounded perfunctory.

The mood inside seemed unusually festive before the second show (the opening night jitters were gone, I guess), and it picked up even more when Olatunji & His Drums of Passion came out for an unannounced 30-minute set. Before the show, the Dead had been awarded platinum albums for *In the Dark,* so it was appropriate that they opened the show with "Touch of Grey." But to the astonishment of everyone, at the end of the song they went right into a flawless "Scarlet Begonias," which stretched to considerable length. ("Scarlet" hadn't

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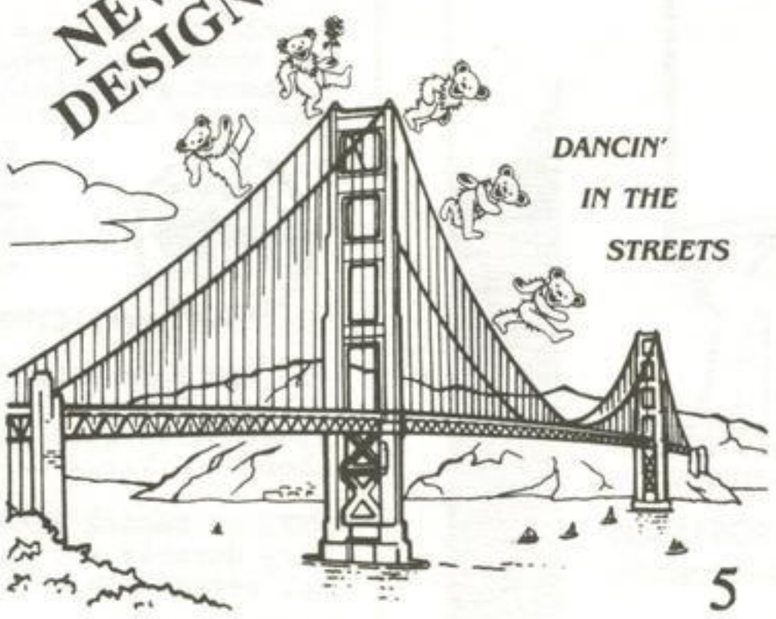


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appeared in a first set since 1977.) The whole set had the sort of intensity I had hoped the Big Apple would stir, and the "Let It Grow" was particularly effervescent. The second set opened with an impressive "Bertha-Greatest Story," and though I had eagerly anticipated the "Devil With a Blue Dress On" medley, I found it unfocused, sort of a sloppy rehash of "Greatest Story." The band was still going strong late in the game, as they hammered out the ending of "Wharf Rat" and then went into a "Throwing Stones-Not Fade Away" that snapped, crackled and bop-bopped. When the band returned for the encore, rather than picking up on the crowd's clapping rhythm, they played the instrumental end of "Goin' Down the Road" (sometimes called the "We Bid You Goodnight" jam) before ending with a heartfelt "Black Muddy River."

To kick off the third show, Weir made a joke about levitating Jerry (like he'd attempted to do on David Letterman's show the night before) and then launched into "Hell in a Bucket." The band seemed to be hitting their stride with a tight "Masterpiece" and a swirling, psychedelic "Bird Song" when the intermission abruptly arrived. But this Friday show proved to be most people's favorite of the run, and a look at the songlist alone explains why. The "Shakedown" reverberated with 8 million tales of this naked city (OK, we're getting a little dramatic). The "Terrapin" shook the arena. And the entire second half of the set was like a giant tidal wave where each song topped the last, culminating in a jubilant "Good Lovin'-La Bamba."

Expectations were running high night four: Saturday night in New York City, on the heels of one of the better shows of the year. Everyone knew that the Garden is where "St. Stephen" was resurrected in 1983, and rumors of its imminent reappearance had been flying for weeks before the tour hit New York. John Scher's announcement that some of the show would be telecast live as part of Farm Aid III beginning at 10 p.m. fueled the hysteria. The first set got off to a running start with "Mississippi Half-Step" into an extended "All Over Now." Though "High Time" had been played two nights earlier, no one complained — it's always a favorite. The unusual pairing of "Mexicali-Big River" was a welcome change of pace for the cowboy tunes. And Phil's singing on "Box of Rain" was emotion-filled. A lilting "Crazy Fingers" opened the second set, though it was marred for me by a cameraman shoving his apparatus into Garcia's face. That gave way to a rousing "Uncle John's," followed by a "Playin'" that had a long, full-bodied jam. As 10 p.m. approached, the "space" gave way to a sloppy "I Need a Miracle," Weir made a plea for the farmers, and the band cranked up for what sounded like it was going to be "Cumberland," but instead was "Maggie's Farm." The band had played it with Dylan during the summer, but this was their first version alone, and Garcia and Weir exchanged verses and even traded lines on the last one. Garcia brought things down quickly after that, with yet another version of "Black Peter." The second "Black Muddy River" encore of the stand also dragged.

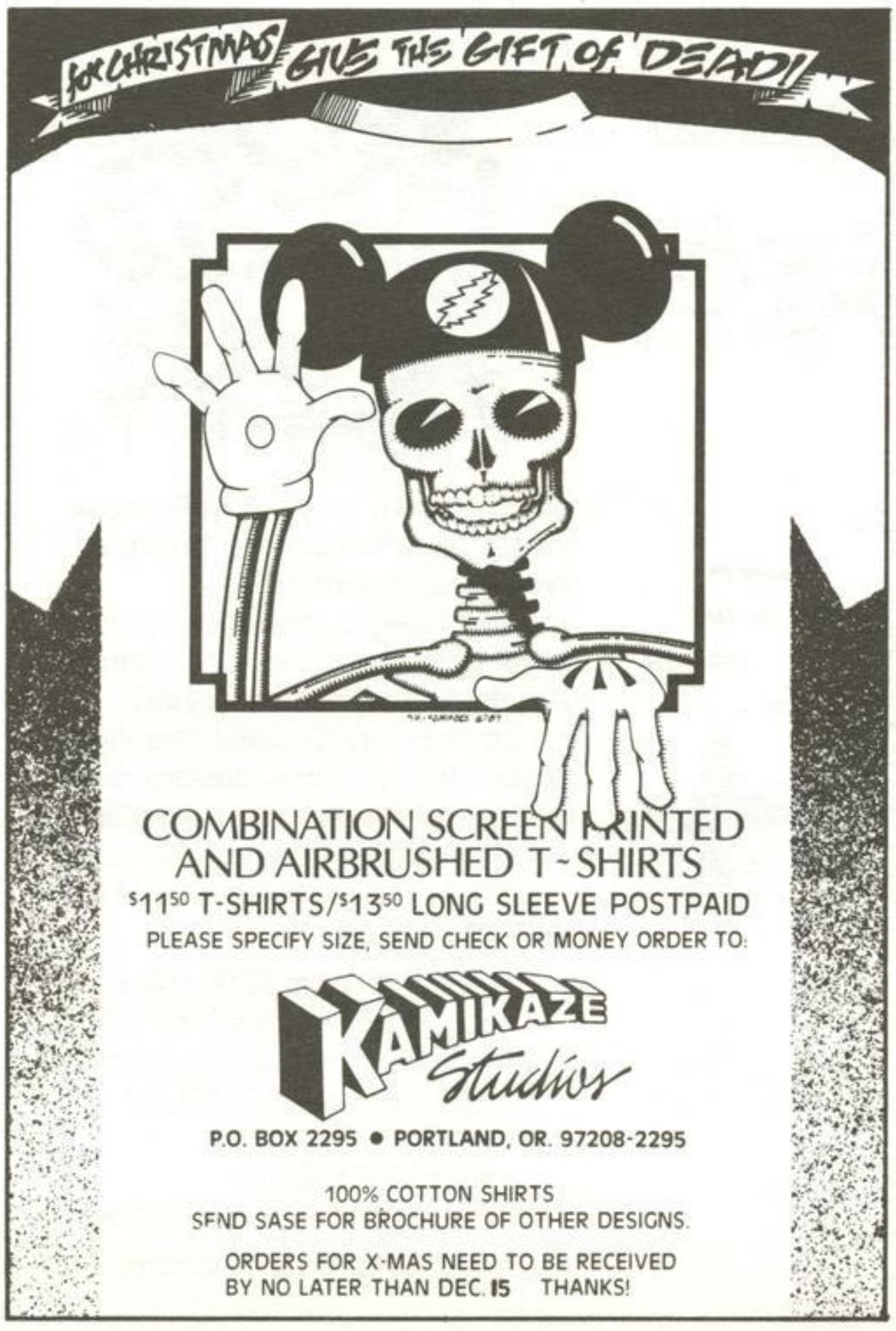
Hopes were still running high the fifth night. But as the first set rolled on unremarkably, I sensed the crowd deflating around me. Though the playing was fine — particularly on the rarely played "Must've Been the Roses" — it was obvious many people weren't satisfied. Garcia had sound troubles again, which didn't help matters any. What seemed to aggravate people the most, though, was the repetition of tunes from previous nights during the second set. There was a nearly audible groan when "Hell in a Bucket" kicked things off, and things went downhill from there. I have to wonder what motivated them to play the same "Wharf Rat-Throwing Stones-NFA" close they'd done a couple of nights before. The versions weren't nearly as inspired as the first time through, and there were still so many great songs they hadn't played during the Garden stand. Well, "goes to show you don't ever know . . ."

— *Dave Leopold*

9-15-87, Madison Square Garden, New York City

Hey Pocky Way, New Minglewood Blues, When Push Comes to Shove, Me & My Uncle ➧ Mexicali Blues, Row Jimmy, Queen Jane Approximately, Tennessee Jed, Music Never Stopped

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Estimated Prophet ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ Black Peter ➧ Sugar Magnolia/Baby Blue



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9-16-87, Madison Square Garden
Touch of Grey ◗ Scarlet Begonias, Little Red Rooster, Dire Wolf, My Brother Esau, High Time, Let It Grow ◗ Don't Ease Me In

Bertha ◗ Greatest Story Ever Told ◗ Devil With a Blue Dress medley ◗ He's Gone ◗ rhythm devils ◗ space ◗ Truckin' ◗ Wharf Rat ◗ Throwing Stones ◗ Not Fade Away/Black Muddy River

9-18-87, Madison Square Garden
Hell in a Bucket ◗ Sugaree, Walkin' Blues, Candyman, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Bird Song

Shakedown Street, Man Smart Woman Smarter ◗ Terrapin ◗ rhythm devils ◗ space ◗ Goin' Down the Road ◗ All Along the Watchtower ◗ Morning Dew ◗ Good Lovin' (w/La Bamba)/Knockin' on Heaven's Door

9-19-87, Madison Square Garden
Mississippi Half-Step ◗ It's All Over Now, High Time, Mexicali Blues ◗ Big River, When Push Comes to Shove, Box of Rain, Don't Ease Me In

Crazy Fingers ◗ Uncle John's Band ◗ Playin' in the Band ◗ jam ◗ rhythm devils ◗ I Need a Miracle ◗ Maggie's Farm ◗ Black Peter ◗ Around & Around ◗ Lovelight/Black Muddy River

9-20-87, Madison Square Garden
Jack Straw, West L.A. Fadeaway, My Brother Esau, Far From Me, Must've Been the Roses, Desolation Row, Might As Well ◗ Promised Land

Hell in a Bucket ◗ Iko-Iko, Looks Like Rain ◗ He's Gone ◗ rhythm devils ◗ space ◗ The Other One ◗ Wharf Rat ◗ Throwing Stones ◗ Not Fade Away/Touch of Grey ◗ Broke-down Palace

THE SPECTRUM

The Dead returned to the City of Brotherly Love for their last three shows of the fall tour, bringing total Philadelphia appearances this year to a remarkable seven shows, the most for any city outside the Bay Area. Although not known for its hospitality, the city has learned to deal with the scene. Camping was permitted in adjacent parking lots and a laissez-faire attitude toward selling of non-copyrighted wares prevailed.

The band kicked off the run with the crowd-pleasing "Hey Pocky Way," followed by the only "Althea" of the tour. The first set closed with a smokin' "Cassidy" into "Deal." After a lengthy break the band returned with a special guest, Spencer Davis, and pulled off a rocking "Gimme Some Lovin'." With Davis at the helm, the version was not unlike his group's '65 original. As Davis left the stage the band jumped into a flowing "China Cat." After a couple of disappointing Garden shows, it was nice to see the boys back in top form. Out of "space," Jerry toyed with a repeating melody that hinted at "Morning Dew," but instead the band proceeded with "The Wheel." A hot, if standard, sequence of songs closed the show. (One sad note: After the show a police officer and his horse were run over by an off-duty cop. The following day Deadheads collected over $600 for the officer's family.)

The next night the band greeted the autumnal equinox with a great show. First set gems included a jammin' "Stranger"-"Franklin's" and an upbeat "Big Railroad Blues." The second set "Bertha" opener was followed by a bopping "Cumberland Blues" that at first sounded like it might be "Maggie's Farm." After a long tour, Garcia's voice seemed to fray at the edges, and the "Dear Mr. Fantasy," while played beautifully, suffered as a result. The by now established "Good Lovin'-La Bamba" pairing seemed more like two distinct songs than the other versions.

Because tickets for the third show didn't sell out until the week before the concert, the audience was filled with talkative new fans. They didn't have to wait long to hear "Touch of Grey," though; it opened the show. The mediocre set that followed was salvaged by a classic "Bird Song" that contained a beautiful jam, followed by an energy-packed "Promised Land." The crowd was in a frenzy when Phil responded to a weak, disorganized "We Want Phil" chant with a strong "Box of Rain" to open the second set. The celebration continued with "Iko." Surprisingly, the crowd quieted down for "Hell in a Bucket," which Weir prefaced with, "You might see this one on TV." From there the band slid into "Fire on the Mountain," with Garcia struggling again with his vocals. By the end of the song his voice was practically gone, and he im-



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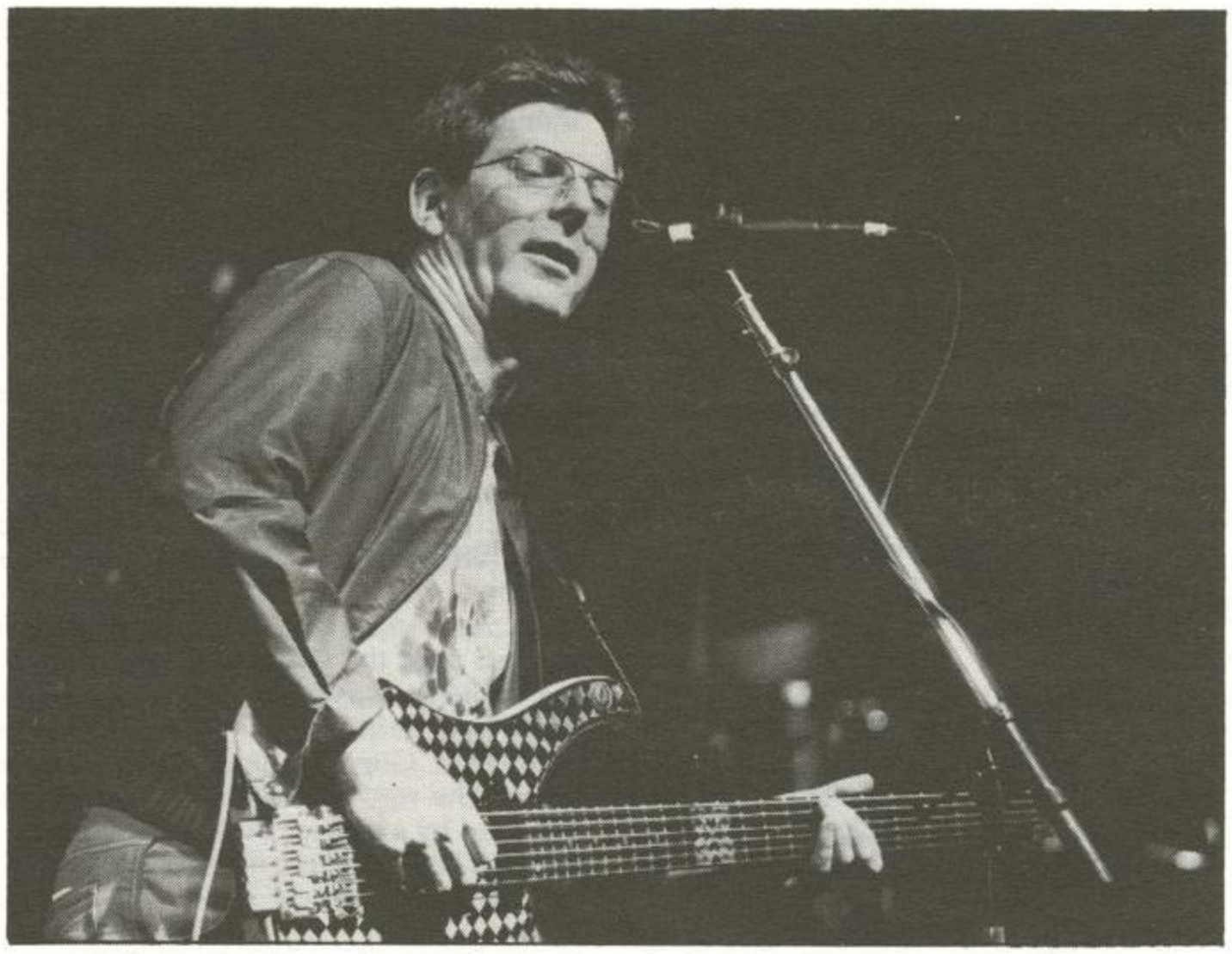
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Phil in Roanoke. Photo: Ron Delany

mediately left the stage. It felt like the tour was coming to an end.

— *Ricky Doctrow*

9-22-87, The Spectrum, Philadelphia, PA
Hey Pocky Way, Althea, Little Red Rooster, When Push Comes to Shove, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Ramble On Rose, Cassidy, Deal

Gimme Some Lovin'*, China Cat Sunflower ⧫ I Know You Rider, Samson & Delilah, Terrapin ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ The Wheel ⧫ Truckin' ⧫ Stella Blue ⧫ Sugar Magnolia/ Baby Blue
**with Spencer Davis*

9-23-87, The Spectrum
Feel Like a Stranger ⧫ Franklin's Tower, Walkin' Blues, Friend of the Devil, Tons of Steel, Desolation Row, Big Railroad Blues, Music Never Stopped

Bertha ⧫ Cumberland Blues ⧫ Playin' in the Band ⧫ jam ⧫ Uncle John's Band ⧫ Playin' jam ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ I Need a Miracle ⧫ Dear Mr. Fantasy ⧫ Around & Around ⧫ Good Lovin' (w/La Bamba)/U.S. Blues

9-24-87, The Spectrum
Touch of Grey, New Minglewood Blues, High Time, Me & My Uncle ⧫ Big River, Big Boss Man, My Brother Esau, Bird Song, Promised Land

Box of Rain, Iko-Iko, Hell in a Bucket ⧫ Fire on the Mountain ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ The Other One ⧫ Black Peter ⧫ Throwing Stones/Lovelight/Knockin' on Heaven's Door

SHORELINE

This was the Dead's first appearance at the 18,000-seat amphitheater promoter Bill Graham built a year and a half ago in the town of Mountain View, 40 minutes south of San Francisco. The local community forbade any selling in the parking lots adjacent to the facility, but vendors were allowed to rent space inside on the vast and nicely manicured lawns and walkways directly next to the amphitheater, so a very pleasant bazaar atmosphere greeted ticket holders once they passed through the front gates. The relatively high vendor's fee kept the smaller merchants out of action, unfortunately, but the controls on what could be sold inside had the positive effect of eliminating the worst of the copyright bootleggers who have been preying on the scene this year.

Like most modern amphitheaters, Shoreline combines reserved seats and a large rear lawn area with festival seating. Sight lines are generally excellent but the sound is uneven in different parts and not nearly loud enough beyond the closest section of seats. (Delay towers help the sound on the rear lawn.) For the first two shows, video screens helped make the mammoth place seem a little more intimate; and director Len Dell' Amico rose to the occasion, as he did on the Dylan tour, to make the video trippy and interesting. (The third show began in the afternoon, so there were no screens.)

All three shows were up to the high standards of playing we've come to expect this year—sparkling and intense on the big jamming tunes like "China Cat," "Watchtower," "The Other One," "Terrapin" (one of the best I've heard in a while), "Dear Mr. Fantasy" and "Eyes of the World." Also like most of the shows this year, the band spent very little time developing transitions between tunes, once their real hallmark. No doubt about it—the '87 Dead can knock out the tunes with dynamite power and precision, but I keep thinking that without the interesting in-between passages where you really hear the band *working*, something fundamental is missing. The band has been relying on tried and true combos more this year than any since I've been seeing them, and that predictability troubles me.

A nice surprise, though, was opening the second set Saturday with "Maggie's Farm" and then cruising into "Cumberland," a move that had "of course" written all over it. And though most of the crowd didn't seem to know what to make of the "Don't Ease Me In" that lurched out of what appeared to be a set-ending "Watchtower" that night, I was happy just to see something *odd* at a Dead show again. Of the tunes introduced on the fall East Coast tour and played at Shoreline, "Hey Pocky Way" seemed to have the most potential. "Devil With a Blue Dress" was energetic but I don't see it going anywhere. It hasn't been Grateful Dead-ized enough to make it more than just a bar band cover tune.

— *BJ*

10-2-87, Shoreline Amphitheater, Mountain View, CA
Cold Rain & Snow, Little Red Rooster, Stagger Lee, Me & My Uncle ⧫ Mexicali Blues, Row Jimmy, Far From Me, Let It Grow

China Cat Sunflower ⧫ I Know You Rider, Man Smart Woman Smarter, Ship of Fools, Truckin' ⧫ jam ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ The Wheel ⧫ Gimme Some Lovin' ⧫ All Along the Watchtower ⧫ Don't Ease Me In/Black Muddy River

10-3-87, Shoreline
Hey Pocky Way, New Minglewood Blues, Candyman, My Brother Esau, West L.A. Fadeaway, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Bird Song, Music Never Stopped

Maggie's Farm ⧫ Cumberland Blues, Looks Like Rain, Terrapin ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ The Other One ⧫ Stella Blue ⧫ Throwing Stones ⧫ Lovelight/Quinn the Eskimo

10-4-87, Shoreline
Jack Straw, When Push Comes to Shove, Walkin' Blues, High Time, Desolation Row, Iko-Iko

Hell in a Bucket ⧫ Devil With a Blue Dress medley, Estimated Prophet ⧫ Eyes of the World ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ I Need a Miracle ⧫ Dear Mr. Fantasy ⧫ Wharf Rat ⧫ Not Fade Away/Touch of Grey ⧫ Brokedown Palace

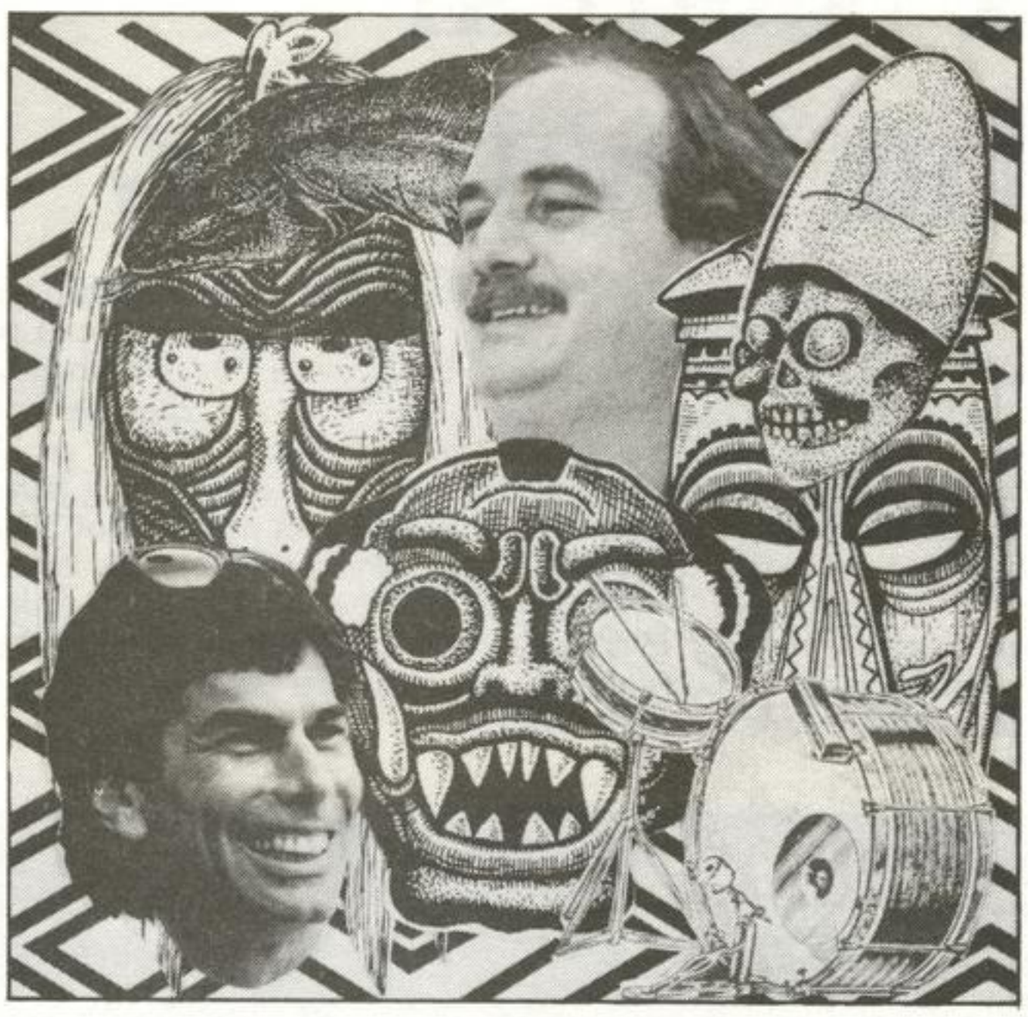


Phil's wife, Jill, and their baby, Graham, play on one of Dad's amps at Shoreline. The little one is already a veteran of several shows. Photo: Ron Delany

You made *In the Dark* a hit.
Now, here come the solo projects!



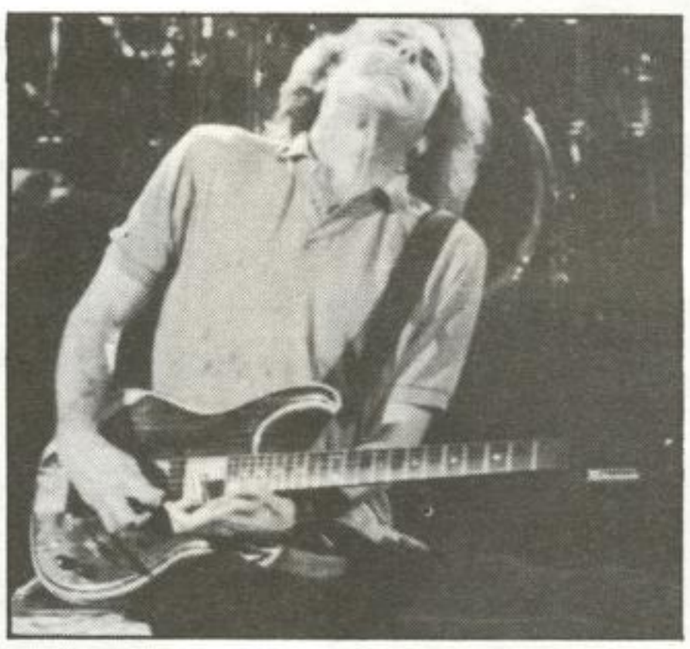
Jerry & Jerry: *Vegas, We Love You!*
These eight wild and wacky songs were recorded in five different Las Vegas showrooms a month before Garcia's official comeback with the Dead in mid-December 1986. From the manic mess called "Showdown at Caesar's Palace" (in which comedian Lewis does impressions of 35 of his "favorite" ethnic groups while Garcia plays electric banjo with a wah-wah pedal), to the serious finale, "The Whole World Loves a Spazz," this record will show you why all the major hotels in town are offering big bucks to get the duo back after Garcia quits the Dead. A special bonus is the very first version of "When Push Comes to Shove," with Lewis hamming it up as the Nutty Professor. *Oy vey!*



The Rhythm Devils: *Voodoo Times Two*
Long suppressed in the United States, this album has been lodged firmly at #1 on the charts in Haiti for nearly a year. Yes, this is the music that helped Haitian dictator Baby Doc Duvalier turn his corrupt Minister of Finance into a chicken. The double-record set collects the strangest, most mind-numbing portions of Rhythm Devils jams between '79 and '85 and includes a 12-page illustrated booklet of sure-fire spells and incantations to help you get your way in every situation. Includes "Zombiejam 2000," "Beam Love," "Callin' on the Baliaphone" and four other tracks. Sorry, but due to the intense nature of this music and the unfortunate Duvalier episode, it will be sold only to people with good vibes!



Phil Lesh: *Unlistenably Yours*
At last, Phil's finest orchestral compositions on just six records (or three compact discs)! This is the real stuff, too — music so challenging, so dense, so unplayable that the entire San Anselmo Symphony Orchestra destroyed their instruments and then disbanded after these recording sessions, and Phil's original sheet music spontaneously combusted. Pieces include the four-side, two-hour "Fugue & Piccata in F-major & Wine Sauce," "The Formula One Symphony" and "La Blanchenière du Tidonnet (That Cute Girl in Tie-Dye)." Guaranteed to make you scream: "GIVE ME BACK MY BRAIN!"



Bob Weir: *Slide Till It Hurts*
More than just a compendium of Bobby's most excruciating upper-register slide guitar solos from "Minglewood," "C.C. Rider" and "Little Red Rooster," this is also a handy-dandy crime prevention record that scares away potential thieves, and perhaps the most effective dog training disc ever devised — the frequencies you can't hear will turn any mutt into your obedient slave. Better watch the glassware, though!

Photo: Glenn Mar



Available soon:
Brent & the Family Mydland: *Stoned Soul Picnic*

Grateful Dead. Solo. Today.
On Clivetone Records.

Of course.

And coming in February: ***The Making of the Marketing Campaign for* In the Dark *— The Video***

FLASHBACK

A Night at The Family Dog

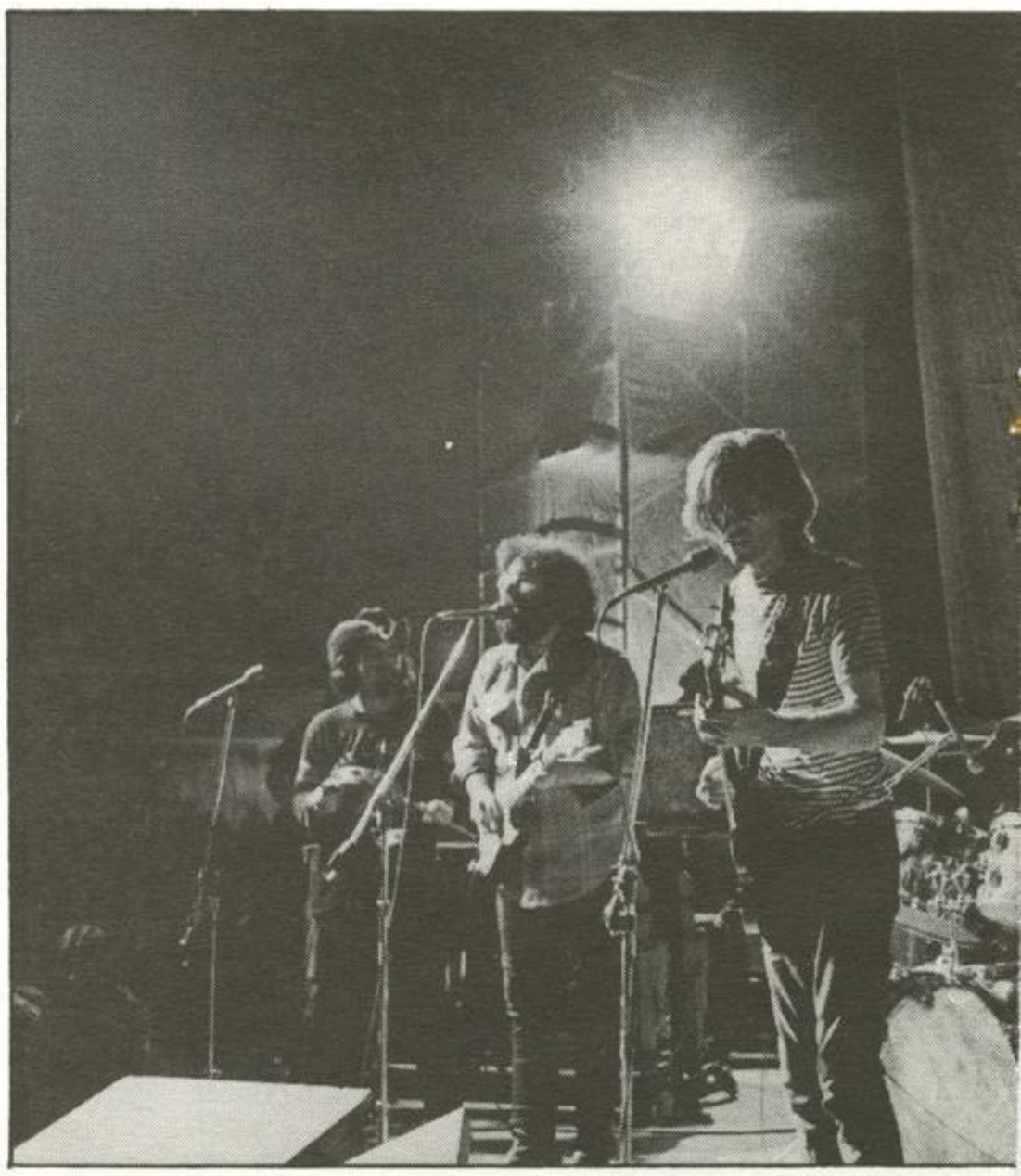
One of the few good audio-visual glimpses we have of the Dead in the very early '70s is a one-hour PBS special shot at the Family Dog in San Francisco February 4, 1970 (and broadcast originally in 1971). That night, the Dead shared the spotlight with Santana and the Jefferson Airplane — each group played an abbreviated set for the cameras, and at the end of the evening joined forces for an extended jam session. The Dead's set consisted of "Cold Rain & Snow," "Hard to Handle," "Black Peter," "Me & My Uncle" and "China Cat-Rider." ("Hard to Handle" and "China Cat-Rider" made it into the finished TV show.) Ace SF photographer Jim Marshall was also on hand at the Family Dog that magical night, and on these pages he shares a few images with us.





PHOTOS BY JIM MARSHALL © 1987









Clockwise from Garcia: Mike Carrabello and Jose Chepito Areas (Santana percussionists), Paul Kantner, Gary Duncan, Jorma Kaukonen, Carlos Santana, Jack Casady





Garcia jams with Quicksilver's Gary Duncan

BRENT MYDLAND

Steppin' Out

I sometimes feel like Brent Mydland is the Rodney Dangerfield of the Grateful Dead—he don't get no respect! This is less true than it used to be, particularly with the thousands of Deadheads who have known only Brent as the Dead's keyboardist. But there is that wing of Deadheads — mainly old-time hardcores — who just plain haven't accepted him for a variety of reasons: his playing isn't as spacey as Keith Godchaux's or Tom Constanten's; his own songs have generally been downers; he seems to lack the crazed acid edge that is so ingrained in the other players. In short, he's viewed as a stranger in a strange band.

Personally, though, I owe a debt of gratitude to Brent Mydland. Although I'd been going to Dead shows since 1970, I was pretty disillusioned with the band by 1978. The occasionally amazing peaks of '77 gave way to serious ennui a lot of nights the following year, as Keith and Donna slowly drifted away from the other players in the group. The vocal harmonies—always a rough area — deteriorated to the point of being virtually unlistenable a lot of nights, and Keith became a non-presence whose monotonous block chords dragged down the whole band. But when Brent joined the group in April of '79, everything changed. His playing was full of colors and textures that had been sorely missing from Keith's monochromatic palette. His high harmonies blended beautifully with Weir and Garcia, giving the Dead its finest vocal sound ever. Brent freed me from long stretches of wincing at ragged harmonies. I felt like I was finally hearing a lot of the Dead's vocally oriented numbers performed the way they were intended. The band seem revitalized, and that's a lot of what got me going to more and more shows.

Though Brent's background is primarily in standard rock and country-rock bands, I detect a fundamental jazz sensibility. I hear phrases that sound like be-bop punctuation and lines that are constructed of chord chunks reminiscent of McCoy Tyner. Because he is, by his own admission, primarily a colorist, Brent's personal stamp on a tune isn't as visible as the other players'. He's honky-tonkin' one minute; the next he's playing what sounds like marimba lines, then harpsichord, then blues organ, then a wash of strings, or some barely perceptible shading, or God-knows-what else. On this summer's Dylan tour, he played piano primarily and he was all over the place — really dominating arrangements for the first time. If you listen to tapes of those shows, you'll hear him play some remarkable parts. But in general, he has chosen to lay back in the band somewhat, let the guitars be the main melodic voice, and instead provide textural accents and shadings.

"Brent would be noticed more if he put himself out there a little more," comments Bob Bralove, who has been working with Brent on developing and programming his current keyboard setup. "He's a killer player; everyone in the band knows how good he is! With his new system he's done some amazing things blending sounds. Like in Eugene this summer, he'd be playing the mid-range and bass parts of the piano and it sounded very pianistic, and then on the chorus he'd jump to the upper registers and bring in the bell tones of an electric piano or vibraphone and all these things, blending them with pedals. It was great.

"When you hear him do that fiddle sound he's been using, a lot of times it's not just fiddle, but a blend of the fiddle sound with a piano attack that gives it that rhythmic bite. What he's been doing — the subtleties especially — is really impressive to me." (This is no small compliment, coming from a man who worked with Stevie Wonder's keyboards for several years.)

Brent's current setup is dominated by a Kurzweil RMX keyboard, a Roland MKS-20 piano module, the ever dependable Hammond B-3 organ and various signal processing devices. It is easily his most versatile system to date, and according to Bralove, it's still in its relative infancy.

Talk to almost anybody in the Dead scene and they'll tell you Brent's been on a roll ever since the band came back after Garcia's illness. He's more assertive in his playing, and the other bandmembers seem to be encouraging his emergence from the shadows, especially Garcia, who seems to have a special kinship with his quiet partner to the left.

The very existence of this interview is further proof of Brent's increased self-confidence. We initially requested an interview before our first issue four years ago, but he declined because he didn't feel like he had anything of interest to say. We dutifully repeated our request every year, and every year he turned us down. Feeling good coming off the fall East Coast tour, however, the shy keyboardist finally relented — and we're glad he did. I met with Brent up at the Dead's Front Street studio in San Rafael on October 21 — his 35th birthday.

— BJ

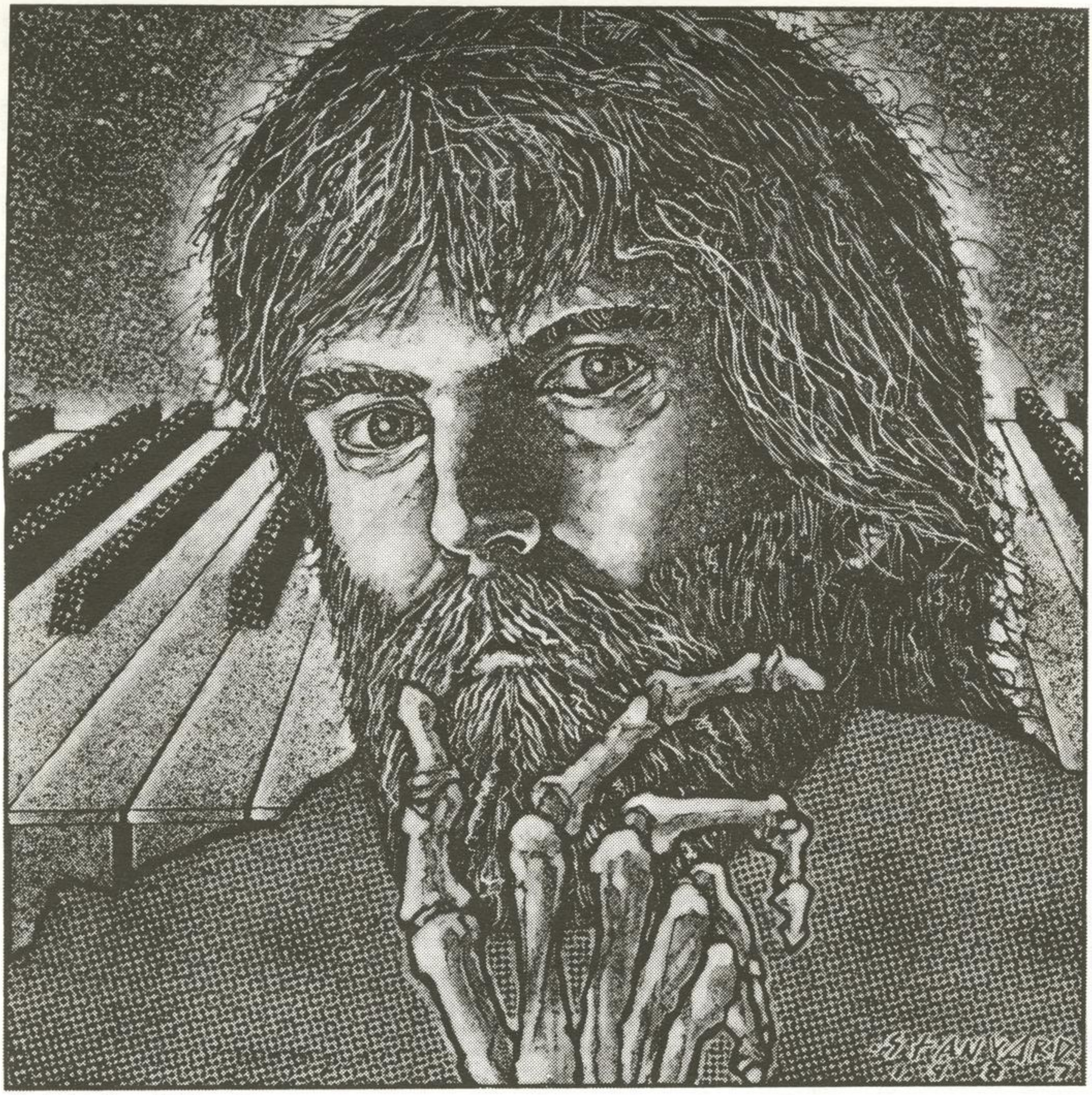


Illustration: Stewart T. Stanyard

This has been quite a summer and fall for the band.

Yeah, it's been jam-packed.

There seems to be a general perception that you're more actively involved than in past years, singing a song or two almost every show and having more noticable input musically. Do you see it that way?

Yeah, I think I've been making more of a contribution to the band recently. I think part of it is that since this last album, I've gotten into some new synthesizers that seem to cut through a little better, that get heard a little more. With the synthesizer I had before [a Yamaha GS-1] it almost seemed like you could *see* through the sound. I'd play it and it would sound loud enough to me, but I'd listen to tapes and I could barely hear it. It had some good sounds on it, but a lot of times it would just get buried and washed out. So that's part of it.

I think since Jerry's been back, everyone's straightened up a little bit and is listening more to what the others are playing and being open to what's being played, so the group's sound is clearer all the way around because we're not running into each other's parts as much.

You're singing more songs these days, too.

There I feel a lot more comfortable, partly because I've been doing more covers. I've come to the realization that for right now I feel better about doing covers with the Grateful Dead than my own stuff. It was getting to where I was doing my own stuff and it didn't seem to be going over; it wasn't accepted that well. I think I can do the covers fine, and if they get accepted that's great—I just love singin' and playin'. I'll keep writing songs, though. That's another thing.

How did your cover of "Dear Mr. Fantasy" come about? The story I heard was that you just spontaneously started playing it at Red Rocks that night in '84.

That's not quite accurate. I was riding over to the show in a limo with Jerry and I asked him if he was familiar with the song, because I was trying to think of something new I could do. He

said he sort of knew it, so then we played it that night.

How'd you choose "Hey Pocky Way"?

I did it with Go Ahead, though Alex [Ligertwood, one of the band's singers and current lead vocalist in Santana] sang it. After he went with Santana, we did a tour of Texas and New Orleans as a four-piece with Jerry Cortez taking some of Alex's leads, and me taking some of the others. "Hey Pocky Way" was one of the ones I started singing, and I liked singing it so much I decided to keep it! [Laughs]

And of course you'd heard the Nevilles do it—

Oh yeah. They do it well. They do it the best, in fact. It's a fun tune.

How about "Devil With a Blue Dress On"? So far that seems pretty much like the record.

It is a lot like the record.

The Mitch Ryder version or the Bruce Springsteen version?

I didn't even realize that Bruce Springsteen had done it until a couple of weeks ago when someone told me about it. I probably wouldn't have done it if I'd known.

How do you introduce a tune like that to the band?

Well, it's really hard to get everyone together to rehearse, so I just brought it up at a soundcheck. "Hey, while we're all here, can we go over this? It's real easy." They knew them both more or less. We had to work a bit on the transition between "Devil With a Blue Dress" and "Good Golly Miss Molly." It seemed to work the first time we did it, and it's kind of fallen apart since. [Laughs]

Who saw the connection between it and "Greatest Story"?

That was Bobby. That first night [in Providence] I said I wanted to play it but Bobby went into "Greatest Story," so I thought I wasn't going to get to do it. But when he got to the end he looked over at me and just kept going and it was like, "Oh, I guess we are going to play it!" and we went right into it.

Working with Bob Bralove seems to have opened up a new dimension in your playing. The obvious things are some of the new voicings — that great fiddle sound you've used on tunes like "Big River" and "Masterpiece," and I heard a tape of an Alpine Valley show where you played a great "sax" riff at the beginning of "China Cat."

Yeah, I've done that one a couple of times. Bob has really allowed me to do all sorts of things I've wanted to do musically but didn't know how to do. And there are a lot of things I still want to do that I haven't gotten to yet. Working with him has freed me up from having to read all these tech pamphlets for synthesizers, all of which are different. That can really take up a lot of time — you can spend so much time learning how to work computers it takes away from playing music.

Everyone in the band is working on different systems that are customized to suit their own needs. So Bob and I have been working to get my setup so it has a lot of flexibility. Like in a lot of other bands, if the keyboard player's going to come in with a synthesizer part, he just pushes a button and there's the sound at exactly the volume he wants, and it's the same every time. But with the Grateful Dead I can't necessarily do that because I'm not sure if the song is going to be the same way the next time we do it. And we change everything around so much that one time I might want one sound on a song, and another time something different. I'm going for colors usually. I'll be playing piano and might sneak some strings in or something like that. I need that kind of flexibility, so we're developing a system that works for me playing in the Grateful Dead more than anything else.

"[In high school] I had albums by the Jefferson Airplane and the Grateful Dead. In fact, I was even in a band where I used to sing 'Morning Dew.'"

How did you decide which sounds you wanted to program into the Kurzweil? Have you always wanted a fiddle sound, for instance?

I've always wanted a good fiddle sound. I used to get a decent one from a Minimoog just working at home on tapes, but never live before I got the Kurzweil.

How do you get that fiddle attack on a keyboard?

It's in the programming already. You can pitch-bend, which helps it a little bit, but a lot of it is just the notes you play.

Bralove says you've been doing a lot of interesting blending of different sounds. Can you explain your approach?

Well, right now I'm more or less playing acoustic instrument sounds, instead of coming up with really out there stuff. I'm using sounds that are like real instruments — the violin, the sax, the piano — which is a synthesizer actually — and those blend real well. So if I want a little more attack or want to be a little more aggressive on, say, the end of "Sugar Magnolia," I might drop in a horn part to help accent the piano part. Or on a ballad I might try to bring some strings in, but try to make it so you don't really notice it too much. As opposed to just pushing a button and having the instrument there or not there, I'll blend it in with a pedal so I can listen to it, and if it seems to work I'll go with it; and if doesn't I can back off of it and go onto something else. I have a lot of freedom with this new system.

I'm amazed you can concentrate on playing all those different synth lines plus occasionally play an organ with one hand, piano with the other.

I've been doing it a long time. When I was with Batdorf & Rodney [early '70s] I had a piano on the right, a Hammond organ in the middle, and a Fender Rhodes on the left with this Arp 2600 synthesizer on top of it. That was one of those old synths with patch cords all over it. So I'd be playing the Hammond with one hand and with the other fiddling with all these plugs on the Arp setting up for the next synth sound.

Your piano playing with Dylan was very prominent last summer. I felt like I was hearing a side of your playing we don't hear that much with the Dead — more country and honky-tonk, like early Al Kooper or Glenn D. Hardin.

Well, a lot of Dylan's stuff sounds that way to me — a little country, a little Memphis. I really had a great time working with Dylan.

Did he give you much direction?

No, he let us play them all pretty much the way we wanted. I liked that, but there were a couple of times when I thought, "God, someone please give me *a clue* of what to do here!" [Laughs] But it fell into shape. I think it sounded pretty good. There were some pretty loose moments. I had some trouble hearing what Dylan was doing on guitar sometimes, and that made it a little tough to follow him. I think we didn't quite get the right guitar system together for him.

The hardest thing really was just learning all the material. It was a bombardment, and we didn't get to rehearse that much. And then he pulled out a couple we hadn't rehearsed at all! Down in Anaheim we did "Tambourine Man" — we'd never played it, and we did a pretty twisted version of it.

Was Garcia more or less the bandleader?

Jerry was sort of like the conductor. I listened to him as closely as I could because he's got a way of playing that I can tell which way the chords are going even if he's playing a lead. He's real good at making sure you know what direction everything's going in.

Most people don't really know much about your past. You were born in Germany, right?

Yeah. My mother and father were both in the military. We moved to Antioch [an hour east of San Francisco] when I was 1, so I don't remember Germany.

What are your first musical memories?

"Flying Purple People Eater" and things like that. [Laughs] I have a sister who's five years older than me, and she listened to Fabian and Elvis and stuff like that. I didn't really get into rock 'n' roll until eighth grade or so, when I started listening to Wolfman Jack. I liked Motown. I wasn't that into The Beatles that much at first, but then I got into *Rubber Soul*.

When did you take up piano?

I was 6. My sister took lessons and it looked like fun so I did, too. There was always a piano around the house and I wanted to play it. When I couldn't play it I beat on it anyway. [Laughs] I studied classical through junior year in high school.

You must have been pretty adept at it by then.

I was, but I haven't played classical since so I'd probably be pretty bad at it now. In late high school, I got into playing rock 'n' roll with friends and it was like I had to start from the beginning almost, because if I didn't have a piece of music in front of me I couldn't do much. I changed my outlook on playing real fast after that. I think dope had something to do with that.

So I spent a lot of time playing with different friends and trying to get bands together with people who didn't really know how to play their instruments.

Do you remember your first band?

The first thing you could almost call a band? Yeah..We played a few bars on the river [in the Sacramento River Delta region] for small crowds. We did things like "When a Man Loves a Woman," "For What It's Worth." We even did that Arlo Guthrie song, "I don't want a pickle/ Just wanna ride my motor-sickle." Anything with just two or three chords, 'cause most of the guys couldn't play anything harder.

Did you feel like you were playing under your abilities?

Not really, because there were a whole bunch of different things for me to overcome. I couldn't play as well as I could with the music — but I didn't want to play with the music. So to learn how to play by ear and come up with my own parts and my own ideas was really challenging.

I assume you were playing organ.

I had a little Thomas organ that you could barely hear. A couple of years later I got a Gibson Kalamazoo, which was sort of like a Farfisa, and I was really happy.

What players did you like back then?

I liked Ray Manzarek of The Doors; Goldy McJohn of Steppenwolf, who had a great B-3 sound, and later I got into Lee Michaels—boy his first album was great!

Did you have musical aspirations in high school?

For a while I thought I wanted to be a high school band teacher or something. I played trumpet in the band.

Hey—you and Phil could do a duet!

Yeah, we could play "Mexicali Blues"! Get Steve Parish out there on saxophone. [Laughs]

Did you have any interest in the San Francisco bands that were springing up in the late '60s?

Sure I did. I had albums by the Jefferson Airplane and the Grateful Dead. In fact I was even in a band where I used to sing "Morning Dew," and we did "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl," too.

So did that style of music, with the extended jams and all, affect you much musically?

It did influence me for a while, but I could never find people who could make that kind of music sound good. We'd jam along for a while and then it'd be like . . . [he pretends to nod off] "Are we done?" It's nice to have people who add to it and change it instead of "OK, I've got *my* part!" That gets boring fast.

In late high school I went to see a lot of groups. Thank God I did, too, because it didn't last too much longer.

I don't imagine psychedelics really made it out to Antioch, which I think of as being very straight and conservative.

They managed to creep out there a little. I don't think it was just San Francisco and Berkeley. It was more backwards there, but there were still people into the music and the whole psychedelic thing. In my junior year in high school, there was me and one other guy who had long hair, and by "long" I mean about the length I have it now. I got kicked out of school for long hair just before finals. I stayed out for a few days and then decided it wasn't worth having to repeat a semester for



Photo: Ron Delany

that, so I got my hair cut. They said, "Sorry, not short enough." They made me get a crew cut before they'd let me back in to take my finals. This was at Liberty High in Brentwood [near Antioch]. So I took my finals and then moved to Concord where you could have long hair in school. I didn't cut my hair for a long time after that.

Senior year I got thrown out of the high school band for long hair anyway: "Sorry we'll lose points for your long hair." So that was the end of my band career. I gave up the trumpet and concentrated on keyboards.

What did you do right after high school?

Senior year I got together with this guitar player named Dave DeMille who'd come up here from Southern California and went to another high school in Concord. The day after we graduated we drove down to L.A. and tried to get a band started down there. He knew a drummer and bass player who were pretty good. We were serious about it for about the first six weeks or so and then it kind of fell apart. One guy wanted to go surfing, another guy wanted to go camping. Another guy was working. I ended up living alone in this quonset hut in Thousand Oaks, writing songs and eating a lot of peanut butter and bread and whatever was around.

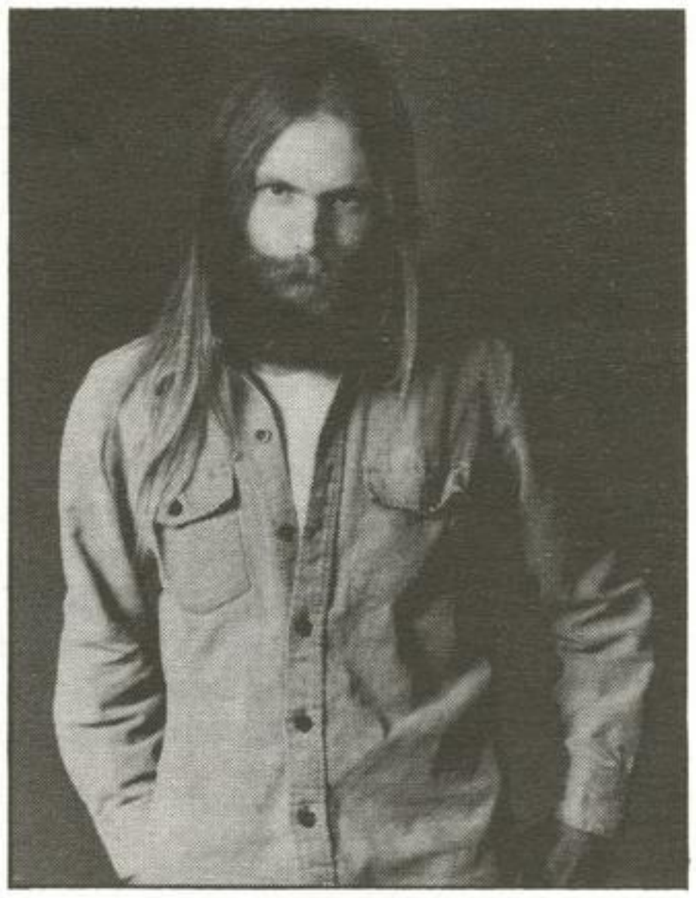
Eventually I came back to the Bay Area and lived with my dad and just jammed around a lot for a couple of years. I played with a lot of different people. We'd have these jams that would turn into parties with like 300 people and we'd play until the police would break it up. Then I started playing in bands that actually made some money, mainly playing Top 40 clubs. This was around '72, I guess, and it was mainly black music.

Did you ever have to wear matching suits?

Yeah, for a couple of months once. It was really embarrassing. I hated it. I'd rather not dwell on that. [Laughs]

The best music I played back then was with this guy who'd gone to the Berklee School of Music and wrote this interesting music that sounded like John McLaughlin. We tried to get a band together and actually had some really nice music, but we could never get any gigs. I learned a lot from it but we couldn't earn any money. So I ended up going back to playing rock 'n' roll, though in cooler clubs, where we could play some originals.

In one of the bands, I played with a bass player named Rick Carlos and he got a call from Tom Batdorf of Batdorf & Rodney asking him to come to L.A. to play with them. A couple of months later they were looking for a keyboard player who could sing high parts so I



Brent in 1980. Photo: Herbie Greene

went down there and checked that out and joined the band. I got to do a tour with them, which was great experience. Then that group fell apart and John and I got together and found Greg Collier and we put together Silver.

Silver lasted about two years. We put out an album on Arista and were going to do a second one but Clive [Davis, Arista president] kind of choked it.

So Clive was a nemesis of yours even before you joined the Dead!

Clive and I go back a long way. [Laughs] This was '76 or '77.

How would you describe Silver's music?

Poco, Eagles, sort of country rock — except for the stuff Clive wanted us to do, which didn't fit the band or the album at all. He had us do this song called "Wham Bam Shang a Lang" that was totally out in left field. They put that out as a single before the album came out so everyone thought we were like The Archies! When the album came out, programmers wouldn't play any of the other cuts because they thought they'd be like the single. We did a couple of tours which were OK. We opened for Roberta Flack in Salt Lake City once — that was pretty strange, since we were this country-rock band. We toured with America and that fit pretty well.

What eventually broke up the band?

We couldn't get another album out. The first record had done pretty well for a first record, and we had a lot of good songs for the second record, but Clive wanted us to use some songs he picked. Anyway, we could never agree on any of them, and we didn't want to go through what we'd been through with the first record. Clive just didn't seem to understand what kind of band we were. We never could agree on material so we just kept playing clubs around L.A., and eventually we just played ourselves out of clubs and then decided to go our separate ways.

I bummed around L.A. for about six months and then hooked up with Weir through John Masseri, who I'd played with in Batdorf & Rodney, and I joined the Bob Weir Band. Rick Carlos joined, too, so we had most of Batdorf & Rodney in the group there for a while.

In retrospect, did the music you played in the Bob Weir Band prepare you at all for playing with the Dead?

I think so. That band was a lot more structured than the Dead, but it was a lot closer to the Dead than Silver was. Silver was like every other band that comes out of L.A., or most bands, period — *this* is what we play, this is *how* we play it; that's it. It's tight and easy to listen to and definitely not offensive.

With Bobby, at first, I'd say to him, "Well, should I play this instrument on this song, or this other instrument?" and he'd say, "I don't care. Why not play one this time and the other the next time if you feel like it." It loosened me up a lot and it got me more into improvisation, which there hadn't been a whole lot of in Silver. I liked it a lot.

How did you then go from that band into the Dead? Were you aware in advance that Keith and Donna were leaving?

Bobby gave me a call one night out of the blue and said, "Would you be interested in being in the Dead? It's not for sure, but Keith and Donna might be leaving soon, so you ought to check out some of this stuff" and he gave me a list of some tunes to listen to — 15 or 20 songs.

What did you think of the songs?

I knew quite a few of them. I'd liked the Grateful Dead when I was younger, though I kind of lost track of them in the early '70s. In fact when I first met Bobby I didn't even know the Dead were still together. When I started playing with Bobby I started listening to them again.

So I listened to those songs, and then Bobby gave me a call back and told me that Keith and Donna were leaving and he asked me to come in and play with the band. So I came up here [Front Street] and we jammed on some blues and stuff. We didn't even go over the stuff I'd learned. It was really just seeing how we played together. And the thing with jamming like that is it shows more the natural way that you play than doing a song you've *learned*.

It must've seemed so different. Phil, in particular, seems different from any other bass player on the planet.

[Laughs] That was probably the

hardest thing I had to get used to—the way Phil plays. I still don't quite know what he's going to do; he's so hard to predict. For the longest period after I joined the band Phil was right behind me [in the stage configuration] and it seemed like I could hardly hear the rest of the band. Trying to interpret a whole song through the bass—especially the way Phil plays—was quite a challenge. I think it might have made me a better player, though I like the stage setup now better.

How did you learn the songs?

I learned them twice, actually. I picked them up off the records at first. When I came in the first time to play I told them I'd learned them from the records and they said, "Uh-oh." [Laughs] So they told me, "Well, this song doesn't go there anymore. Now it goes *here*." It was like, "Now you're going to learn them *for real*." That took a little getting used to. I probably would have been better off not learning from the records at all. We rehearsed for about two weeks before my first show with them.

Did you listen much to what the other keyboardists had done with the band?

Oh yeah. I listened to it all and tried to pick the stuff I thought was real important to the tunes — big musical statements. And I kept some of that. Otherwise I just tried to play it the way I'd play it. I didn't want to cop all of Keith's ideas, for example.

"I feel like I'm pretty much there to color, more than paint the picture."

What were Keith's strong points, and what are yours?

I don't know what my strong points are; I'm so used to my playing. Keith was a real good stride piano player, and he had ragtime down really good. He seemed real sure of himself when he was playing, especially in the early years. He played real tasty.

Keith played piano almost exclusively, and it's my understanding that one of the reasons you were hired was that you'd bring a lot of other keyboard textures into the sound.

Well, the Grateful Dead is already full of rhythm instruments, so a lot of times it's better to lay back, let the rhythm happen, and just color it. A lot of people kind of put me down for it, but I feel like I'm pretty much there to color, more than paint the picture to start with. Sometimes I feel like it's open enough that I can do both, and I *should* do both. But I like doing the color with sustain and this and that.

I remember reading a quote from you after you'd been in the band for a while where you complained that a lot of people didn't even know that Keith was out of the band.

[Laughs] I was a little pissed off at the time, I guess. People would yell up at me, "Hey Keith!" I got plenty of that. And I got some flak from people in general. There are people who like me and people who don't like the fact that I'm in the band, but I think there's more who do than don't these days and the feedback I get is better.

It seems like the band has always been very accepting, though.

Oh yeah, I've never gotten anything



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negative from people in the band. Right from the beginning I've felt accepted by them.

It must've been a little weird to, in effect, jump onto this rocket that was whizzing by. I mean they have so much history together. You came from a completely different tradition.

Oh yeah. Our backgrounds are different. Plus they've been together so long that they have all kinds of inside stuff that I can't relate to. Through the years I've managed to catch up on some of it. For example, Rex [Jackson], the roadie — he died before I got in the band, and I'd hear people talking about him a lot and it took me a long time to understand what he was about and what he meant to everyone. There are a lot of things like that.

How about musically?

They have some inside things there, too. I wish I'd been around when they used to rehearse a lot. I guess they used to do things like get together and play in [measures of] seven all day long, and they'd get into some interesting niches. I came in and I had to figure out how to fit in the niche without going through all that practice. But it's worked out.

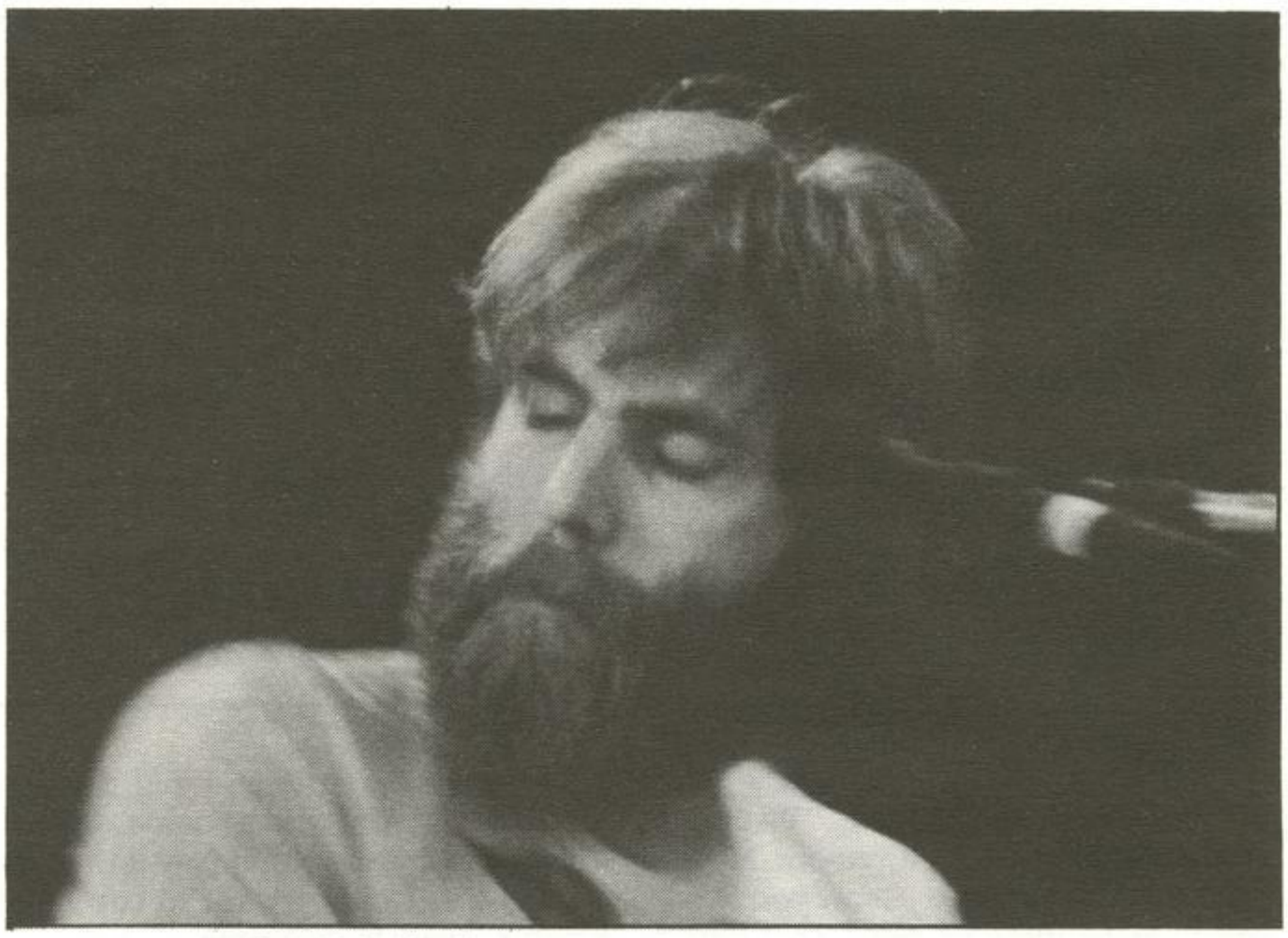
But you've never felt like you were bringing the others down musically, have you?

No. But I do feel real privileged to play with these guys, because they're all such great players. I don't think I've held them down, but I do feel like they're bringing me up. I hope I'm challenging them a little, too.

From the beginning it seems like you've steered clear of traditional synthesizer sounds.

In most cases those kinds of sounds don't fit very well; they don't blend with other instruments that well. A lot of times it seems like the band needs something to hold things down when Jerry goes out on his way, Phil goes out on his way, and Bobby stops playing rhythm and gets into sound effects and stuff. Where I feel most comfortable playing synthesizer sounds is during "space," but even there I don't like a lot of the sounds. They stick out too much and sound plastic to me. I'm trying to come up with some new sounds right now; that's one of the things Bob Bralove and I are working on. We're trying to get more spacey, airy sounds, as opposed to plastic, nasal sounds. Until I get something I like, though, I don't want to come in there with just anything.

Your initial experiences with Clive during the making of Go to Heaven *were a little rough, weren't they?*



At BCT in 1984. Photo: Eric Sabroff

Clive and I haven't hit it off in any band I've been in. And Arista's the only label I've been on. [Laughs]

Did you write "Easy to Love You" and "Far From Me" specifically for the Dead?

Both of them I was thinking maybe Bobby would use in his band. I figured Bobby was into some off-time signatures, and "Easy to Love You" had a little twist to it that was interesting. Clive didn't like the lyrics to "Easy to Love You," so John Barlow and I got together and worked on it. I think we ended up with the same song anyway. I can relate to what Clive was saying more now than I could then. The stuff that I write, I feel, isn't necessarily lyrically Grateful Dead. The stuff I write is a little tight to the vest, as opposed to painting images in your mind, which is what most Grateful Dead songs are real good at. My songs don't really go in that direction.

Like you said earlier, some of your songs haven't been accepted that well. Did it hurt when you'd play "Don't Need Love" and Jerry would leave the stage?

I didn't take it personally, and we never really talked about it. He still does that occasionally — cuts off a song real short and leaves.

How did that segment of the show evolve — where you'd play a song with just the drummers or with Bobby and the drummers?

I talked with Billy about it. I told him I wanted to do some songs but the band never seemed to do any of them. So Billy said, "Well, just sit out there and *do them*. I'll play along with you and we'll see where it goes." So I did that for a little bit and it was OK. It would have been nicer playing with the band.

[Laughs] My problem there is I was playing the wrong songs. Most of the songs I was doing were not exactly your up, good-time songs. They're all kind of depressing, I guess. But "Don't Need Love" wasn't meant to be taken as seriously as a lot of people took it. I don't think the songs I was doing are bad songs — and I'd like to play them somewhere still — but I don't think they fit with the Grateful Dead. That's why I feel more comfortable doing cover songs until I have a few that have more "up" lyrics. I've got a song right now that I'm sending to Barlow to write lyrics for, and I'd like to get together with other lyricists. Lyrics are definitely my weak point.

I think you're viewed by most people as being fairly consistent as a player from night to night. Does it seem that way to you, or do you have big ups and downs like the others?

I feel like it's real variable. I have a bad night and I feel real shitty, even if everyone else thinks they had a good night. But you can't predict it. A lot of times I'll feel like I had a bad night and I'll listen to a tape and I won't understand why I felt I had a bad night. And vice versa: sometimes when I think I had a good night it sounds like dog shit. More or less, when I feel like I've had a good night is when I've had an idea of what I wanted to play, and my fingers did it. When I have a bad night, my fingers are stumbling.

Are there areas you'd like to see the band explore more?

I'd like to see some more progressive stuff. I'd like to see more instrumental stuff and I'd love to see us stretch out more than we've been doing — go

"Stretching out is the biggest challenge to me; being able to improvise. I like the places where the music opens up."

more towards like what they used to do with "Dark Star." I could see getting into some more things like that.

What songs are most challenging to you as a player? Things like "Let It Grow"?

"Let It Grow" is challenging and it can sound real good if we listen to each other and play off each other. Sometimes we do it and there's just too much happening in it. Stretching out is the biggest challenge to me; being able to improvise. I like the places where the music opens up and you don't know where it's going to go, like "Playin'" or the middle of "Cassidy."

If that's the case, I'm surprised you haven't been that involved in "space." You tend to come back on once the tune has been chosen. Does it just not interest you?

No, I love it. My reason behind that is that Bobby and Jerry have pretty much got that part filled up. Jerry's playing away on leads and doing this atonal stuff, and underneath that you can play whatever chords can be played with that. And that's what Bobby's doing — he's putting together all these chords that don't necessarily make that much sense theoretically, but they work in that situation. If I go out there it can get muddy, and you can't hear the individual parts as much. There've been a couple of times I've tried something with the piano and it clashes real bad with Bobby.

That may be true, but I think there's something to be said for musical chaos, too.

Definitely, but I don't like it if it's muddy. When I get some more keyboard sounds that will blend better I'll get back out there. I was out there two or three times on the last tour and it was fun.

You've been singing on Grateful Dead songs for nine years now. Which ones do you feel closest to lyrically?

I like so many of them. "Brokedown Palace" I love. "The Wheel." "Goin' Down the Road." "He's Gone" is one of my favorites. "Wharf Rat." God, give me a list! [Laughs]

You've said you feel more accepted by Deadheads than you used to. Are there any misconceptions you think people have about you?

Well, some people still think I'm trying to turn the band commercial and they're scared about that. That's about the farthest thing from my mind. When I came in the band, one of the first places people saw me was in our white suits on the cover of *Go to Heaven* — that wasn't my idea! [Laughs]

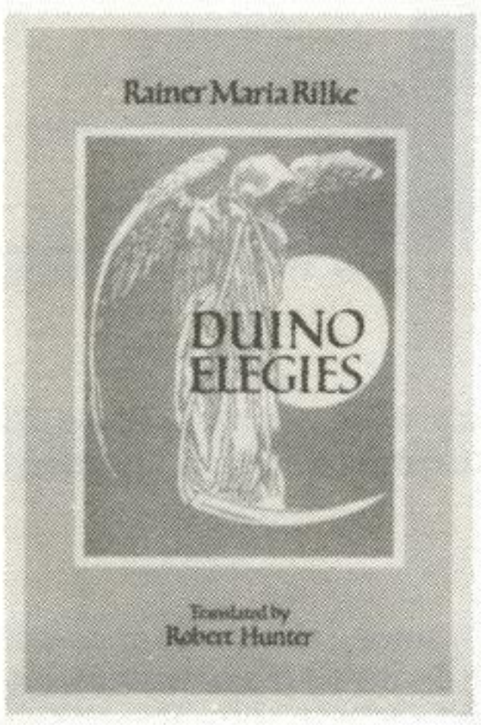
Besides, we've got you on record here saying you want to play "Dark Star"!

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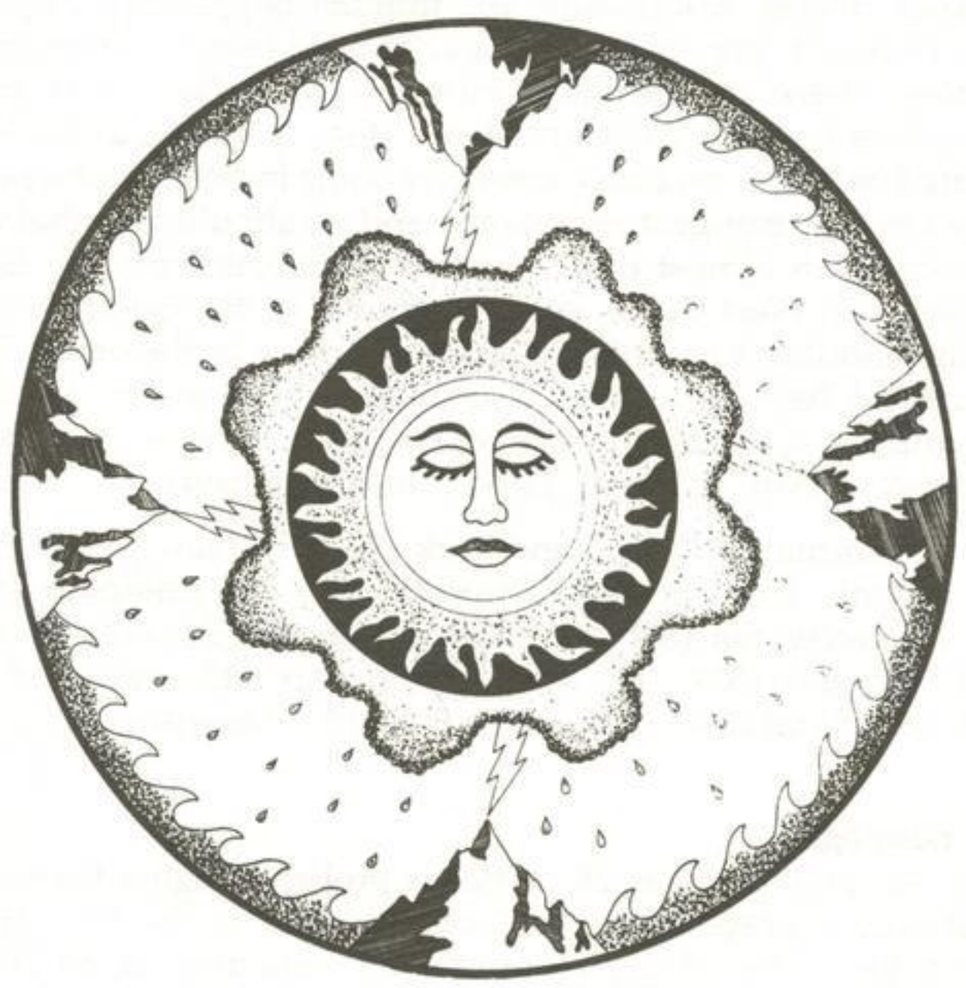
Here is the home and
the time of the tellable!
Speak out and testify.
This time is the time when
the things we love are dying
and the things we do not love
are rushing to replace them,
shadows cast by shadows:
things willingly restrained
by temporary confines
but ready to spew forth as
outer change of form decrees.
Between its hammer blows
the heart survives - as does,
between the teeth, the tongue:
in spite of all,
the fount of praise.

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THE GOLDEN ROAD POLL

Compiled by John Scott
Analysis by BJ

First of all, a hearty thanks to all of you who took the time to fill out The Golden Road Poll. As we learned when we did our own, it was tough work! With 20/20 hindsight it's easy to see some things that could have been done better or differently, and there were even a few questions we forgot to include altogether, but then we're not professional pollsters. We received 1,358 polls, which should provide us with a good, meaty sample of Deadhead opinion, though by no means should any of this be taken too seriously. Considering that there are probably a couple of hundred thousand other Deadheads who don't even know of this magazine's existence, it's not exactly a scientifically accurate survey. Still, for us it's been an enlightening experience to see who our readers are and what they think about various issues connected to the Dead.

A few comments before we dive in: Not everyone answered all the questions, particularly the questions that some perceived as "negative": "List three first set tunes sung by Weir you'd like to hear less often," etc. To be honest, we wrestled with whether to put those kinds of questions in the poll at all, but ultimately decided that we shouldn't reflect only the "up" side of things. After all, there are a lot of picky, critical fans—mainly among the touring hardcore—and their views are as valid as those who profess to like everything. And certainly we are in no way attempting to dictate to the band what they should or shouldn't play. Hey—if they won't listen to a gazillion petitions asking them to play "Cosmic Charlie," they're not about to listen to us.

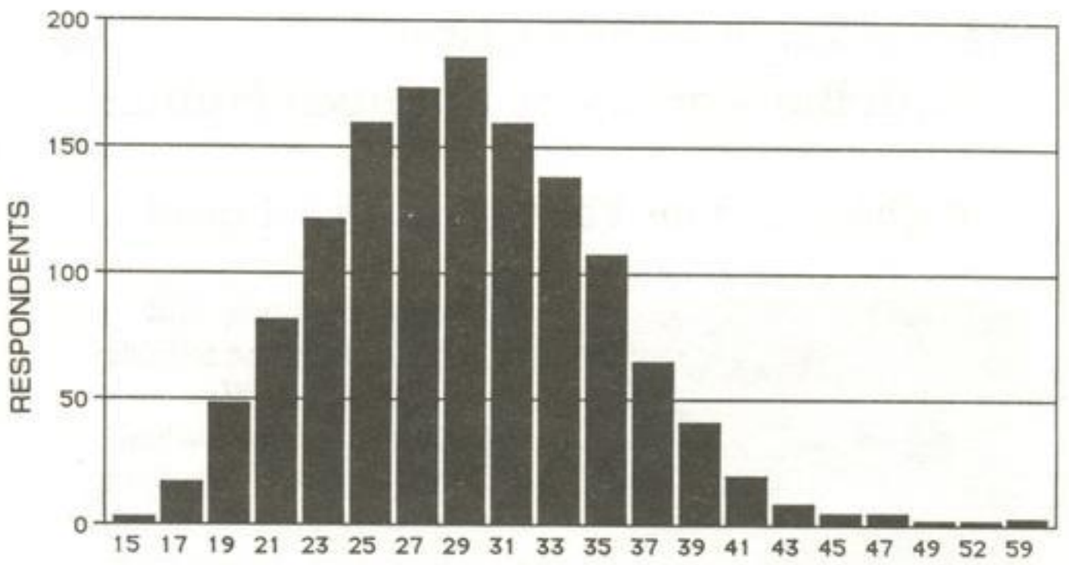
A majority of people didn't fill out the section on favorite tapes. It was a monumental task, and our apologies to those who were driven crazy by it. Also, when you're reading the results, keep in mind that this questionnaire was sent out in our Winter '87 issue, so it doesn't take into account people's views of this year, really. We'll get into some specifics about all these things as the results unfold below.

Finally, a special thanks to John Scott (co-author of *Deadbase*), who spent literally hundreds of hours entering data into the computer at his house in New Hampshire. It was a Herculean effort, to say the least. And thanks also to a core of volunteers who pitched in at the eleventh hour, working on home computers under John's direction: Rea Simpson of Livermore, CA; Fred Heutte, Portland, OR; Cliff Matthews, Hudson, NH; John Gilbert, Riverside, CA; Eric Read, Bellerica, MA; Mark Kraitchman, Oakland, CA; Randy Brown, Davis, CA; Tom Coradeschi, Boonton, NJ; and David Gans, Oakland, CA.

1. What state or country do you live in?
Because we're based in California and are better known out here, our poll received the largest number of votes from California Heads. Admittedly, the number is probably disproportionately large in the grand scheme of things—everyone knows there are definitely more Heads in New York and maybe a few other Eastern states. But if you look at the top states below, it probably does give some indication of where the Dead's strongest regions are, and we should note that we received an almost equal number of ballots from the East Coast and West Coast, so the opinions in the rest of the results shouldn't be unfairly biased one way or the other. We received ballots from all 50 states, as well as ten foreign countries: Canada, Germany, England, Austria, Sweden, Greece, Japan, Portugal, Turkey and Yugoslavia.

1. California (351) 2. New York (132) 3. New Jersey (75)
4. Illinois (70) 5. Massachusetts (68) 6. Colorado (60)
7. Pennsylvania (58) 8. Virginia (48) 9. Connecticut (41)
10. Oregon (35) 11. Washington (32) 12. Florida (26)
13. Maryland (26) 14. Georgia (16) 15. Wisconsin (16)

2. Your age
The average age was 28, which is probably higher than the national average, (though probably close to the Bay Area average). The oldest respondents were two at 59. The youngest was 14; there were only ten under 17.



2a. Sex
The sample was overwhelmingly male, with 1092 men, 256 women and ten who either were confused by the question or transcend sex.

3. What is your marital status?
This question was too imprecise, since it didn't cover co-habitation or ask if people had been divorced (some volunteered that information anyway). Single folks outnumbered married Heads by almost 2 to 1, so go out there and find that mate!

Single: 877 Married: 445 Co-habiting: 17 Divorced: 9

R • E • S • U • L • T • S

4. Are you a *Golden Road* subscriber?
Yes: 1109 No: 244

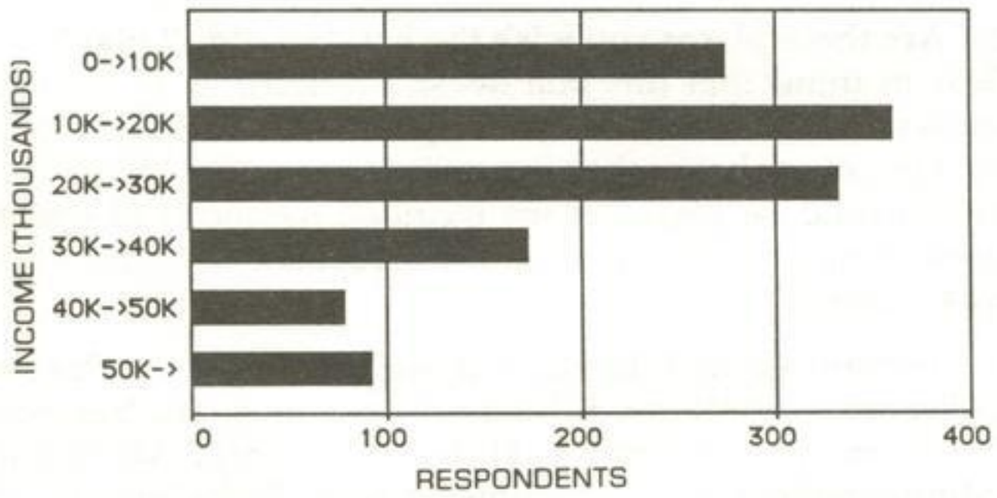
5. What is your occupation?
For a group of fans who the media tend to portray as unemployed gypsies, you folks sure have a lot of different jobs! In fact, aside from students, who made up the largest group (233), there were almost as many job titles as there were ballots. *Golden Road* readers are computer programmers, farmers, craftspeople, writers, geologists, carpenters, environmental planners, cashiers, systems analysts, contractors, astrologists, cooks, chemical engineers, fork lift operators, bankers, forest rangers, drug rehab counselors, business managers, military personnel, secretaries, real estate brokers, printers, salespeople, musicians and hundreds of others. To give some general indications, though, John Scott broke them all down into a few classifications, the top 20 of which (not including "Student") are listed below. The #1 category contained 68 people, and #20 had 20. Only 20 people listed themselves as "Unemployed."

1. Computer programmer 2. Manager 3. Engineer 4. Sales 5. Tradespersons 6. Health 7. Teacher 8. Entrepreneur 9. Technician 10. Lawyer 11. Clerk 12. Service 13. Administrator 14. Laborer 15. Artist 16. Doctor 17. Accountant 18. Carpenter 19. Finances 20. Research

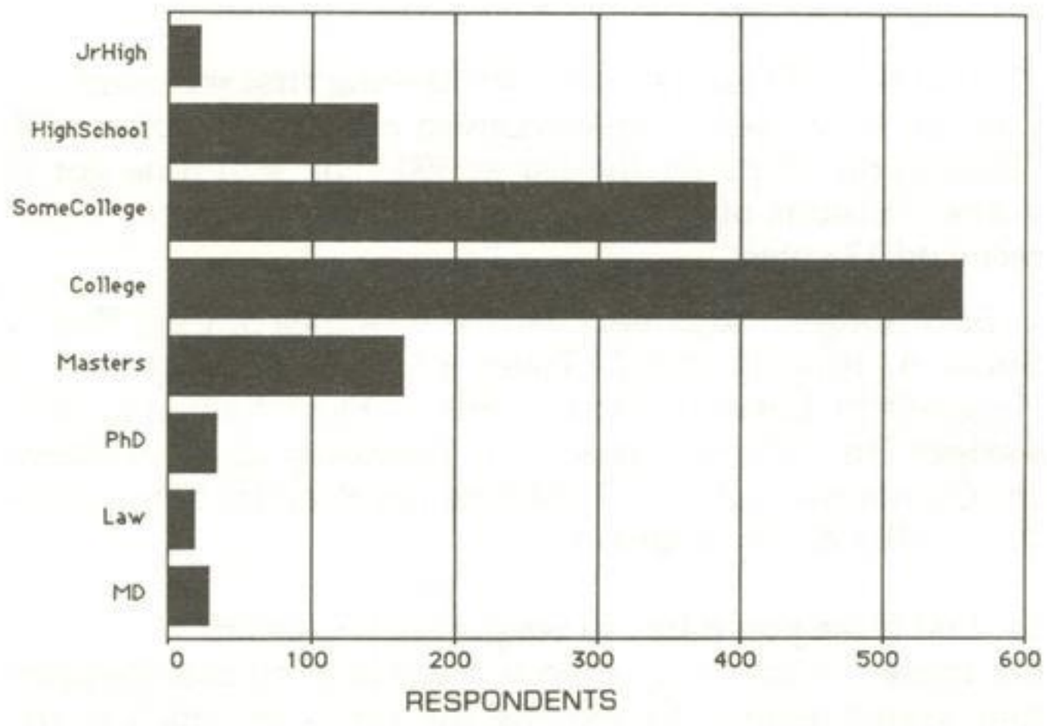
6. Do you have children?

Yes: 236 No: 1109

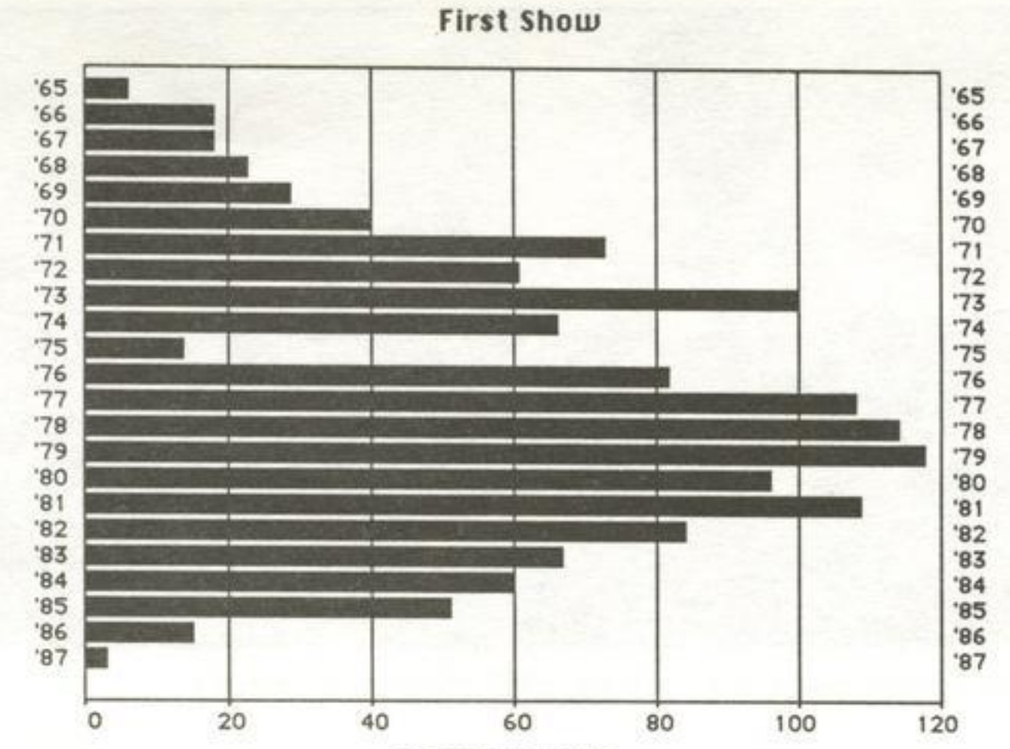
7. What is your average annual income?



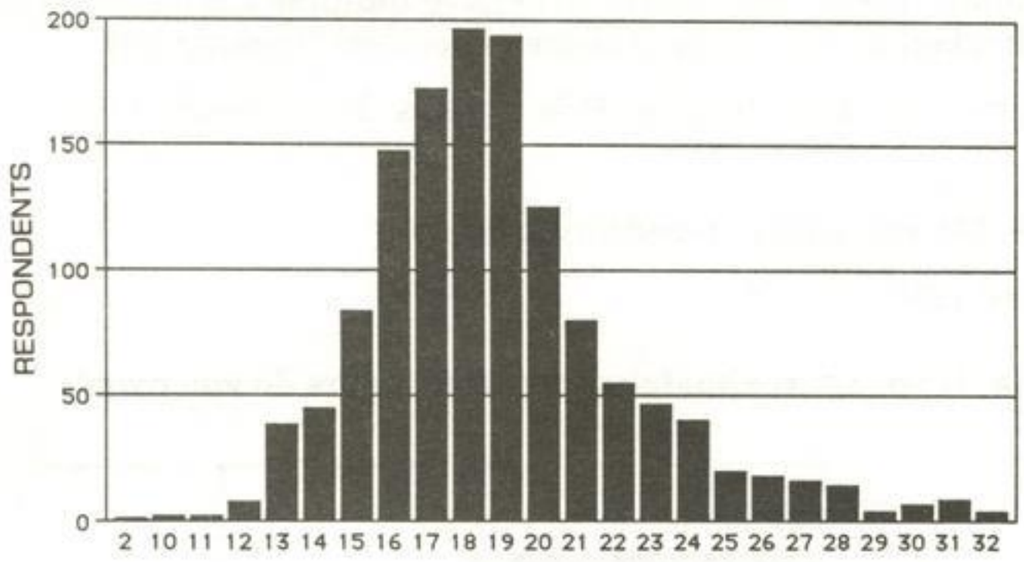
8. What is the last level of education you completed?



9. What year did you first see the Grateful Dead?
Frankly, there were more old-timers than we would've expected. The statistical average was March of '77 (a good month, too).



9a. How old were you?
The average age was 19. The youngest was 2, the oldest 48.



10. How did you first get turned on to the band?
a) songs on the radio b) records c) tapes d) went to a show e) other
Most people gave more than one answer (which was fine). Of those who specified "e," the most common answer was "Friends" (508 people). Next in that category was LSD, with 10 votes.

Radio: 4% Albums: 31% Tapes: 11% Show: 25% Friends: 26%

11. How many Dead shows have you attended?
Four people had been to no shows, one to 450. The average was 57.5 shows, which is more concerts than most people go to in a lifetime. Forty-eight have been to more than 200, and another 230 have seen between 100 and 200.

12. How many Dead shows did you see in 1986?
The average here was 7.3, though responses ran the gamut from zero (139) to all 46 shows (1) in that shortened touring year.

12a. How many shows did you see in 1985?
There were more shows in '85 than '86, so it's not surprising that the average is higher: 9.4.

13. Do you travel out of state to see the band?

Yes: 1073 No: 265

14. Over the past three years, have you spent a week or more on tour seeing shows?

Yes: 646 No: 685



The campground at Laguna Seca, 1987. Photo: Eric Sabroff

15. When you travel for shows, where do you generally stay?

a) campsite b) friends/relatives c) cheap motels d) luxury hotels.

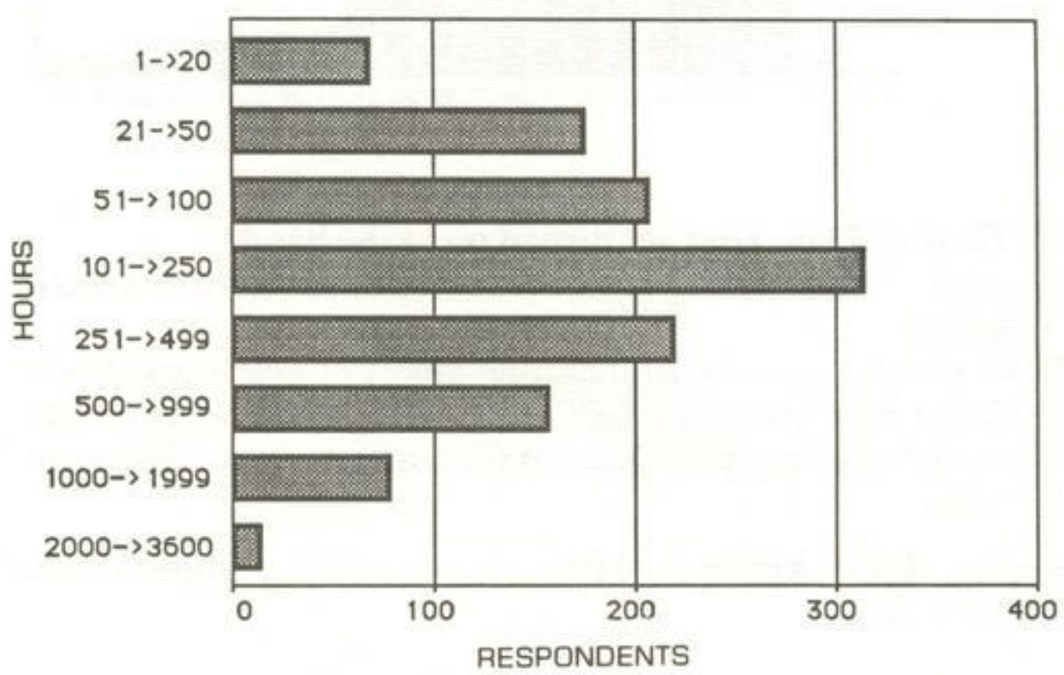
Again, there were many who gave multiple answers — 5% checked all the above. Thirteen specified "Parking lots."

campsite: 20% friends: 31% motels: 31% hotels: 13%

16. Do you collect Dead audio tapes?

Yes: 1280 No: 75

16a. If so, approximately how many hours do you own?



17. Do you personally tape at shows?

Always: 62 Sometimes: 201 Never: 1085

18. Do you own more than one cassette deck or a home dubbing deck?

Yes: 1074 No: 276

19. Is your car equipped with a tape deck?

Yes: 1019 No: 273

20. Do you collect Grateful Dead videotapes?

Yes: 579 No: 750

21. List five of your favorite Grateful Dead albums.

The top ten all received more than 300 votes, with *American Beauty* netting a whopping 637, *Live Dead* 537, and the next two over 450. The votes were in before *In the Dark* came out. Every other Dead album got at least ten votes. A surprise to us was that the much-maligned *Steal Your Face* got 59. Quite a few solo albums were mentioned, also, notably *Ace*, which got 55 votes. We meant to have a separate question about solo projects but we forgot. Oops.

1. *American Beauty* 2. *Live Dead* 3. *Workingman's Dead* 4. *Europe '72* 5. *Blues for Allah* 6. *Wake of the Flood* 7. *Mars Hotel* 8. *Reckoning* 9. *Skull & Roses* 10. *Terrapin Station* 11. *Anthem of the Sun* 12. *Dead Set* 13. *Aoxomoxoa* 14. *Go to Heaven* 15. *Shakedown Street*

22. Approximately how many Dead T-shirts do you own?

0: 49 1–5: 453 6–10: 359 11–15: 171 16+: 315

23. Have you purchased an "official" shirt in the past year?

Yes: 597 No: 745

24. What are three of your favorite places to see the band?

The message here seems to be "smaller is better." Nine of these venues seat 10,000 or fewer. Outdoor places in nice settings are also popular. The Greek received 415 votes, 150 more than its nearest competitor.

1. Greek Theater 2. Red Rocks 3. Kaiser Convention Center (Oakland, CA) 4. Frost Amphitheater 5. Alpine Valley 6. Hampton (VA) Coliseum 7. Merriweather Post Pavilion (D.C.) 8. San Francisco Civic 9. Saratoga Performing Arts Center 10. Cumberland County Civic Center (Portland, ME) 11. The Spectrum (Philly) 12. Ventura County Fairgrounds 13. Fox Theater (Atlanta) 14. Madison Square Garden 15. Berkeley Community Theater 16. Riverbend Music Theater (Cincinnati) 17. The Centrum (Boston area) 18. Starlight Amphitheater (K.C.) 19. Providence Civic 20. Rochester War Memorial

25. Are there places you wish the band wouldn't play?

Bear in mind that this poll doesn't reflect the '87 Hartford shows, which nearly everyone agrees were handled (security, etc.) much better than in previous years. The "Stadiums" total would be higher if we included mentions of specific ones. Actually, the most common response here (161 votes) was "None."

1. Hartford Civic 2. Brendan Byrne Arena (NJ) 3. Oakland Coliseum 4. Stadiums 5. Nassau Coliseum 6. The Spectrum 7. Richmond Coliseum 8. Hubert Humphrey Metrodome (Minneapolis) 9. Irvine Meadows (CA) 10. Boreal Ridge (CA)

26. Do you think alcohol should be served at Dead shows?

Yes: 312 No: 446 Yes, but in a restricted area: 546

27. List five of your favorite Garcia-sung first set songs.

The top seven below each received at least 245 votes, with "Bird Song" topping the list at 390. The #20 tune got 76 votes. "Visions of Johanna," which was played only twice, received 13 votes.

1. Bird Song 2. Sugaree 3. Bertha 4. Althea 5. Cold Rain & Snow 6. Row Jimmy 7. Touch of Grey 8. Candyman 9. Peggy-O 10. Loser 11. Deal 12. Brown-Eyed Women 13. Mississippi Half-Step 14. West L.A. Fadeaway 15. Shakedown 16. Cumberland Blues 17. Ramble On Rose 18. Stagger Lee 19. Iko-Iko 20. Big Railroad Blues

28. List three you'd like to see played less often.

On these "negative" questions, keep in mind that the opinions aren't necessarily judging the songs, as much as frequency and (I'd guess) their appearance in the same places in the set time after time. And, of course, we don't have "Day Job" to kick around anymore. "None" was the second highest vote-getter, with 136.

1. Don't Ease Me In 2. Tennessee Jed 3. Might As Well 4. Day

Job 5. Alabama Getaway 6. Deal 7. Dupree's Diamond Blues 8. Stagger Lee 9. West L.A. Fadeaway 10. Must've Been the Roses

29. List five of your favorite Garcia-sung second set tunes.
Boy did you guys screw us up on this one! Some people voted for songs like "Scarlet Begonias" and "Fire on the Mountain" individually, and some of you tried to sneak by and vote them as a pair. Same with "China Cat-Rider" and "Help on the Way-Franklin's." So when you read these results, bear in mind that all of the aforementioned actually scored higher than shown individually. The range: "Morning Dew" received 478 votes, the next two around 350, then it rolls down progressively from 242 ("Eyes") to 83 for #20. I was impressed that "She Belongs to Me," performed just a few times in '85, captured 47 votes for a 25th place finish (out of 90+ tunes listed).

1. Morning Dew 2. Scarlet Begonias 3. Terrapin 4. Eyes of the World 5. Stella Blue 6. Uncle John's Band 7. Comes a Time 8. Wharf Rat 9. The Wheel 10. Fire on the Mountain 11. Crazy Fingers 12. Franklin's Tower 13. China Cat 14. Shakedown Street 15. He's Gone 16. Touch of Grey 17. Black Peter 18. Help on the Way 19. Goin' Down the Road 20. Iko-Iko

30. List three you'd like to see played less often.
Once again, R.I.P. "Day Job." And "U.S. Blues" has been nearly invisible in '87. Incidentally, the fifth highest vote total in this category (123 votes) went to "None," which says that a lot of people like *all* of Garcia's second set songs. "Black Peter" received 290 votes, "Baby Blue" just 45. Also, it is generally acknowledged that "Ship of Fools" is one of the most *improved* tunes since the comeback (though we still hear complaints it's played too much).

1. Black Peter 2. Day Job 3. U.S. Blues 4. Ship of Fools 5. Wharf Rat 6. He's Gone 7. Stella Blue 8. Brokedown Palace 9. Eyes of the World 10. Baby Blue



On the road to Boreal, 1985. Photo: Missy Bowen

31. List five of your favorite Bob Weir-sung first set tunes.
Tunes that usually have a lot of jamming on them scored best here. The #1 choice, "Cassidy," received 555 votes, while #20, the very rarely played "The Race Is On" received 82. Each of the top five netted more than 250 votes. And for the record, nearly every song listed in the "Favorites" category for both Weir and Garcia also was listed among the tunes people would like to hear less often. Also worth mentioning is that a lot of songs by both singers got numerous votes (positive and negative) in both first and second set categories (e.g. "Shakedown," "Looks Like Rain").

1. Cassidy 2. Let It Grow 3. Jack Straw 4. The Music Never Stopped 5. Looks Like Rain 6. Hell in a Bucket 7. My Brother Esau 8. Greatest Story Ever Told 9. Feel Like a Stranger 10. Desolation Row 11. Promised Land 12. Lazy Lightning 13. Me & My Uncle 14. Dancin' in the Streets 15. Beat It On Down the Line 16. New Minglewood Blues 17. El Paso 18. Mexicali Blues 19. Big River 20. The Race Is On

32. List three you'd like to hear less often.
It's interesting to note that nine of the ten songs listed below were listed in the "Favorites" category above. And is it just coincidence that the top three all feature Weir's slide playing? Range: "C. C. Rider"—324, "Mama Tried"—57.

1. C. C. Rider 2. Little Red Rooster 3. New Minglewood Blues 4. Mexicali Blues 5. Me & My Uncle 6. El Paso 7. My Brother Esau 8. Hell in a Bucket 9. Looks Like Rain 10. Mama Tried

33. List five of your favorite Weir-sung second set tunes.
The only confusing thing here was that people voted for "Lost Sailor" and "Saint of Circumstance" individually *and* as a unit. The top five ranged from 449 down to 357, while #20 had only 46, so the votes were concentrated on the top rung (though a total of about 80 songs were listed). Also, the fact that #17-#19 aren't even tunes that Weir has in his regular rotation would seem to say a bit about the lack of depth of his second set repertoire.

1. Estimated Prophet 2. Playin' in the Band 3. Throwing Stones 4. The Other One 5. Sugar Magnolia 6. Good Lovin' 7. Saint of Circumstance 8. Lovelight 9. Lost Sailor 10. Samson & Delilah 11. I Need a Miracle 12. Looks Like Rain 13. Smokestack Lightning 14. Man Smart Woman Smarter 15. Not Fade Away 16. Truckin' 17. Midnight Hour 18. Let It Grow 19. Gloria 20. Saturday Night

34. List three you'd like to hear less often.
The top six all received more than 130 (with #1 at 325).

1. Around & Around 2. Man Smart Woman Smarter 3. Throwing Stones 4. Not Fade Away 5. Truckin' 6. Samson & Delilah 7. I Need a Miracle 8. Johnny B. Goode 9. Sugar Magnolia 10. Playin' in the Band

35. List three songs you think are underrated by other Deadheads.
Wow. There were 177 different entries here, 79 of which got ten votes or more. It's a sweet (but late) victory for "Day Job" with 80 votes.

1. Day Job 2. Throwing Stones 3. My Brother Esau 4. Ship of Fools 5. Black Peter 6. U.S. Blues 7. Looks Like Rain 8. Row Jimmy 9. Stella Blue 10. Peggy-O

36. Name four songs other than "Dark Star," "St. Stephen," "The Eleven" and "Cosmic Charlie" you'd like to see the band revive.
With a new crop of Deadheads coming into the ranks, there's a good chance "The Eleven" and "Cosmic Charlie" wouldn't have even done that well in this category, but we felt the results would be more interesting excluding them. More than 200 songs were listed. The top three all got more than 240 votes, #4-#7 had over 100, and #20 had 52.

1. Black Throated Wind 2. Unbroken Chain 3. Here Comes Sunshine 4. Viola Lee Blues 5. New Speedway Boogie 6. The Golden Road 7. Ripple 8. Me & Bobby McGee 9. Passenger 10. Alligator 11. Casey Jones 12. Loose Lucy 13. Weather Report Suite 14. Lazy Lightning 15. Mason's Children 16. Mountains of the Moon 17. Doin' That Rag 18. Pride of Cucamonga 19. Till the Morning Comes 20. Attics of My Life

37. List four songs by other artists you'd like to see the Dead play.
We had no idea what might come in on this one. Certainly we wouldn't have predicted that so many songs would get so many votes. These ballots were all in and counted by the time the Dead introduced "All Along the Watchtower" this summer—are you guys psychic or something? "Watchtower" received 47 votes, three got over 30, four over 20, and 34 had 10 or more. In all, more than 350 different songs got at least two votes. Think of a weird song and it made the list!

1. All Along the Watchtower 2. Hey Jude 3. I Heard It Through the Grapevine 4. The Weight 5. Dixie Chicken 6. Take Me to the River 7. Twist & Shout 8. Imagine 9. The Harder They Come 10. Louie Louie 11. Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds 12. Wooden Ships 13. Like a Rolling Stone 14. Come Together 15. Low Spark of High-Heeled Boys 16. No Woman No Cry 17. Dear Prudence 18. Fat Man in the Bathtub 19. Tangled Up in Blue 20. Whipping Post

38. List five other bands or artists you listen to.
Not surprisingly, answers ran the gamut from rockers to avant-garde composers to folk players and jazz musicians. Dylan got 276 votes, Talking Heads 240, the next ten artists got over 100, and #20 got 58. Nearly 700 artists were mentioned, with about 150 getting five or more votes.

1. Bob Dylan 2. Talking Heads 3. Dire Straits 4. The Beatles 5. Bob Marley 6. The Allman Brothers 7. Little Feat 8. Neil Young 9. Pink Floyd 10. Eric Clapton 11. CSNY 12. Rolling Stones 13. Bruce Springsteen 14. The Band 15. Van Morrison 16. Hot Tuna 17. Steely Dan 18. Traffic 19. Peter Gabriel 20. Jefferson Airplane

39. Are we having fun yet?
A lame question that didn't work. We were just being silly, but some people didn't know whether we meant "Are we having fun with the Dead?" or "Are we having fun filling out this poll?" Sorry. It won't happen again.

Yow! 786 Intermittently: 303 No: 24 ???: 245



Minneapolis, 1986. Photo: Ron Delany

Taper's Choice
The section in which we asked you to list your ten favorite tapes from each of the past 19 years was definitely the hardest part of the poll, and in the end a little less than a quarter of you tackled the awesome project. True confessions time: I didn't even finish my own tape list; it was that agonizing a task.

Some general comments on the results: While the lists below definitely represent a lot of the best shows the Dead have played, keep in mind that they tend as much to reflect the best quality tapes from that era, which were not automatically the best performances. There are many great shows for which either no tapes at all or only poor quality tapes exist. For example, had this poll been taken after the recent spate of soundboard tapes from the early '70s found their way into collections, I'll bet we would have had some different results. Nearly every tape on these lists is available in soundboard or FM form. The results definitely seem to favor shows with unusual songlists, and concerts with special guests sitting in with the Dead. Radio broadcasts scored well, as did almost every New Year's show, regardless of quality. (The same is true of Greek Theater shows, which seem disproportionately represented.)

No doubt many of your favorite tapes aren't listed here; certainly a lot of mine aren't. But the results do reflect the opinions of a group of committed tapeheads and list makers. And just to give you a sense of how many votes shows received, the top vote getters each year generally tallied between 100 and 150, and #15 was usually between 30 and 60 votes. Six shows earned more than 200 votes: (in order of popularity) 4/29/71, 2/13/70, 4/28/71, 12/31/78, 5/2/70, 7/13/84.

1967
1. 11/10 (Shrine); 2. 11/9 (Shrine); 3. 11/8 (Shrine); 4. 11/11 (Shrine); 5. 2/12 (Fillmore West); 6. 1/14 (Be-In); 7. 6/18 (Monterey Pop); 8.9/15 (Hollywood Bowl); 9. 10/31 (Winterland); 10. 5/5 (Carousel); 11. 1/27 (Avalon); 12. 6/15 (Straight); 13. 9/29 (Straight)

1968
1. 2/14 (Carousel); 2. 3/3 (Haight St.); 3. 10/22 (Avalon); 3. 10/13 (Avalon); 5. 6/14 (Fill. East); 6. 10/30 (Matrix); 7. 10/10 (Matrix); 8. 10/19 (Matrix); 9. 3/7 (Avalon); 10. 9/2 (Sky River); 11. 6/7 (Carousel); 12. 12/31 (Winterland); 13. 3/17 (Carousel); 14. 10/8 (Matrix); 15. 8/24 (Shrine)

1969
1. 4/6 (Avalon); 2. 6/7 (Fill. West); 3. 12/28 (Hollywood Pop); 4. 3/1 (Fill. West); 5. 11/21 (Cal Expo); 6. 4/5 (Avalon); 7. 8/16 (Woodstock); 8. 7/12 (NY Pavilion); 9. 10/25 (Winterland); 10. 12/31 (Boston Tea Party); 11. 12/6 (Fill. West); 12. 2/27 (Fill. West); 13. 6/22 (Central Park); 14. 12/4 (Fill. West); 15. 6/14 (Monterey)

1970
1. 2/13 (Fill. East); 2. 5/2 (Harpur); 3. 2/14 (Fill. East); 4. 5/15 (Fill. East); 5. 2/11 (Fill. East); 6. 9/20 (Fill. East); 7. 5/6 (M.I.T.); 8. 10/31 (Stonybrook); 9. 11/8 (Capitol); 10. 1/10 (San Diego); 11. 10/30 (Stonybrook); 12. 6/24 (Capitol); 13. 11/23 (Anderson); 14. 1/16 (Springer's); 15. 2/2 (Fox)

1971
1. 4/29 (Fill. East); 2. 4/28 (Fill. East); 3. 4/27 (Fill. East); 4. 4/26 (Fill. East); 5. 12/31 (Winterland); 6. 4/17 (Princeton); 7. 11/7 (Harding); 8. 12/5 (Felt Forum); 9. 7/2 (Fill. West); 10. 8/6 (H'wood Palladium); 11. 12/15 (Ann Arbor); 12. 12/2 (Boston); 13. 12/10 (Fox); 14. 6/21 (Chateau); 15. 4/18 (Courtland)

1972
1. 11/19 (Houston); 2. 5/26 (London); 3. 8/27 (Creamery); 4. 5/23 (London); 5. 9/28 (Stanley); 6. 12/31 (Winterland); 7. 5/4 (Paris); 8. 5/11 (Rotterdam); 9. 4/14 (Copenhagen); 10. 5/18 (Munich); 11. 7/18 (Roosevelt); 12. 5/3 (Paris); 13. 8/12 (Sacramento); 14. 11/22 (Austin); 15. 12/11 (Winterland)

1973
1. 2/9 (Maples); 2. 6/10 (RFK); 3. 2/15 (Madison); 4. 2/17 (St. Paul); 5. 8/1 (Roosevelt); 6. 11/11 (Winterland); 7. 6/22 (Vancouver); 8. 11/10 (Winterland); 9. 11/17 (Pauley); 10. 12/12 (Omni); 11. 6/9 (RFK); 12. 9/11 (Wm. & Mary); 13. 9/24 (Pittsburgh); 14. 12/2 (Boston); 15. 2/22 (Champaign)

1974
1. 6/18 (Louisville); 2. 10/19 (Winterland); 3. 6/23 (Jai-Lai); 4. 10/18 (Winterland); 5. 10/20 (Winterland); 6. 6/16 (Des Moines); 7. 3/23 (Cow Palace); 8. 2/24 (Winterland); 9. 5/19 (Portland); 10. 8/6 (Roosevelt); 11. 2/22 (Winterland); 12. 7/31 (Hartford); 13. 2/23 (Winterland); 14. 6/28 (Boston); 15. 5/21 (Seattle).

1975
1. 8/13 (Great American); 2. 9/28 (Lindley); 3. 6/17 (Bob Fried); 4. 3/23 (Kezar). (Only shows that year)

1976
1. 7/18 (Orpheum); 2. 12/31 (Cow Palace); 3. 9/25 (Cap. Center); 4. 8/4 (Roosevelt); 5. 6/12 (Boston); 6. 6/19 (Capitol); 7. 10/9 (Oakland); 8. 6/3 (Portland); 9. 6/9 (Boston); 10. 6/15 (Beacon); 11. 7/13 (Orpheum); 12. 7/16 (Orpheum); 13. 6/29 (Auditorium); 14. 10/15 (Shrine); 15. 6/24 (Tower)

1977
1. 5/19 (Fox); 2. 5/8 (Cornell); 3. 9/3 (Englishtown); 4. 11/6 (Binghamton); 5. 11/4 (Colgate); 6. 5/15 (St. Louis); 7. 11/2 (Toronto); 8. 3/18 (Winterland); 9. 12/29 (Winterland); 10. 10/29 (N. Ill. U.) 11. 4/27 (Capitol); 12. 5/13 (Auditorium); 13. 11/5 (Rochester); 14. 10/15 (S.M.U.); 15. 6/9 (Winterland).

1978
1. 12/31 (Winterland); 2. 1/22 (McArthur Court); 3. 7/8 (Red Rocks); 4. 9/16 (Egypt); 5. 10/21 (Winterland); 6. 12/30 (Pauley); 7. 11/24 (Capitol); 8. 8/30 (Red Rocks); 9. 4/24 (Ill. U.); 10. 10/22 (Winterland); 11. 4/15 (Wm. & Mary); 12. 11/20 (Cleveland); 13. 5/17 (RPI); 14. 5/11 (Springfield); 15. 7/7 (Red Rocks)

1979
1. 12/1 (Stanley); 2. 2/17 (Oak. Col.); 3. 1/10 (Nassau); 4. 1/20 (Buffalo); 5. 4/22 (Spartan); 6. 12/28 (Oak. Aud.); 7. 12/26 (Oak. Aud.); 8. 10/29 (Cape Cod); 9. 12/31 (Oak. Aud.); 10. 8/5 (Oak. Aud.); 11. 11/6 (Spectrum); 12. 1/15 (Springfield); 13. 8/13 (McNichols); 14. 12/10 (KC); 15. 5/9 (Binghamton)

1980
1. 9/6 (Lewiston); 2. 10/31 (Radio City); 3.6/21 (Alaska); 4. 12/31 (Oak. Aud.); 5. 10/14 (Warfield); 6. 9/2 (Rochester); 7. 1/13 (Oak. Col.); 8. 10/10 (Warfield); 9. 6/8 (Boulder); 10. 5/10 (Hartford); 11. 11/29 (Gainesville); 12. 6/20 (Alaska); 13. 8/19 (Uptown); 14. 8/31 (Cap. Center); 15. 10/29 (Radio City)

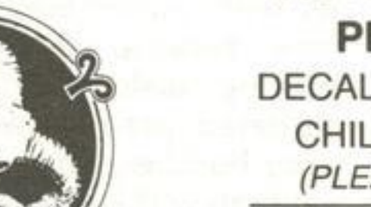
1982
1. 10/10 (Frost); 2. 10/9 (Frost); 3. 4/19 (Baltimore); 4. 4/6 (Spectrum); 5. 4/18 (Hartford); 6. 12/31 (Oak. Aud.); 7. 8/3 (Starlight); 8. 7/31 (Manor Downs); 9. 8/7 (Alpine); 10. 7/18 (Ventura); 11. 9/17 (Maine); 12. 8/28 (Veneta); 13. 7/29 (Red Rocks); 14. 5/22 (Greek); 15. 5/23 (Greek)

1983
1. 10/11 (MSG); 2. 9/11 (Santa Fe); 3. 4/17 (Brendan Byrne); 4. 10/31 (Marin); 5. 4/16 (Brendan Byrne); 6. 10/15 (Hartford); 7. 9/10 (Santa Fe); 8. 6/18 (Saratoga); 9. 9/6 (Red Rocks); 10. 5/15 (Greek); 11. 12/31 (SF Civic); 12. 4/12 (Binghamton); 13. 5/14 (Greek); 14. 4/13 (U. of Vermont); 15. 10/17 (Lake Acid)

1984
1. 7/13 (Greek); 2. 10/12 (Augusta); 3. 7/15 (Greek); 4. 11/3 (BCT); 5. 11/2 (BCT); 6. 7/22 (Ventura); 7. 4/1 (Marin); 8. 5/8 (Hult); 9. 6/14 (Red Rocks); 10. 7/6 (Alpine); 11. 12/31 (SF Civic); 12. 6/21 (Toronto); 13. 7/7 (Alpine); 14. 6/27 (Merriweather); 15. 7/14 (Greek)

1985
1. 9/7 (Red Rocks); 2. 11/1 (Richmond); 3. 6/14 (Greek); 4.6/16 (Greek); 5. 4/8 (Spectrum); 6. 6/15 (Greek); 7. 6/24 (River Bend); 8. 6/27 (Saratoga); 9. 6/28 (Hershey); 10. 4/7 (Spectrum); 11. 7/1 (Richmond); 12. 11/21 (HJK); 13. 9/3 (Starlight); 14. 4/27 (Frost); 15. 12/30 (Oak. Col.)

1986
1. 12/15 (Oak. Col.); 2. 12/30 (HJK); 3. 2/11 (HJK); 4. 12/31 (HJK); 5. 3/28 (Maine); 6. 7/7 (RFK); 7. 12/16 (Oak. Col.); 8. 6/22 (Greek); 9. 3/24 (Spectrum); 10. 7/4 (Buffalo); 11. 12/28 (HJK); 12. 3/20 (Hampton); 13. 6/20 (Greek); 14. 6/21 (Greek); 15. 7/2 (Akron)



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Garcia on "The Art of Rock"

Books on rock poster art are nothing new — several different tomes have tackled the subject with varying degrees of success. But Paul Grushkin's mammoth new *The Art of Rock: Posters from Presley to Punk* is so thorough, so absolutely definitive, it renders its predecessors obsolete. The beautiful large-format book is 518 pages and contains more than 1500 color plates faithfully reproduced on high-quality glossy paper. Interweaving through this sumptuous gallery of posters are remarks by the artists themselves, talking about their art and the times that inspired it. At $85, it is hardly cheap, but don't be scared off — look for it in a bookstore and check it out. It's a magnificent achievement all the way around.

The book was assembled over a four-year period by Paul Grushkin, who is no doubt familiar to many of you as the author of the similarly arresting *Official Book of the Deadheads*. Paul dug up some 20,000 posters, had more than 5000 photographed for possible inclusion in the book, and finally settled on the 2000 that appear in his weighty volume. The book takes the art form from the early days of simple R&B show announcements modeled after boxing posters, through the "golden years" of the late '60s (it includes *every* Fillmore poster, and many from the Avalon and Family Dog), into the '70s, and concludes with a riveting section on punk art. There must be more than 100 Dead posters in the book, including dozens of rarely seen ones, and that alone should make it of interest to all Deadheads.

So far, the members of the Dead who have seen *The Art of Rock* have been unanimous in their praise. In fact, Garcia was so jazzed by the book, he agreed to "review" it for *The Golden Road*. On November 10, a few days after the Dead's triumphant homecoming run at Kaiser Convention Center, Paul Grushkin, Regan and I got together with Garcia at Front Street and paged through the book, recording Jerry's comments along the way. Unfortunately, his enthusiastic responses to specific posters he was looking at couldn't translate well into print alone, so we've confined this article to some of his more general remarks about posters through the years. Time after time, Garcia marveled at the quality of the book: "This is like a ten-hour cruise," he said with a laugh at one point. "You can spend a lot of time with this sucker!" He's absolutely right.

— *BJ*

THE BOXING-STYLE R&B POSTERS

Did you ever see any of the rock 'n' roll cavalcades in the '50s?

No. They didn't really make it to San Francisco. Rock 'n' roll didn't play in San Francisco, to speak of, and not the Peninsula [south of San Francisco, where he grew up] either. Me and a couple of friends used to go out to black shows, not only at the Fillmore, but also at Roseland over in Oakland.

Did you find out about them from posters?

The posters weren't really put up in my neighborhood, but we'd see 'em in store windows. There weren't really that many on telephone poles. I'd usually hear about the shows on the radio, but then you'd see the posters down around the show. They'd all have these little pictures of the musicians on them, which I loved. I'd sometimes go down and stand on the corner at some barbecue place or something and just stare at the posters just to see the guys. Because you couldn't see them on radio, and there wasn't much in the way of album covers back then.

It was street art — it had that fast, loose thing.

FOLK POSTERS

The early folk posters seem so refined and sterile compared with the boxing-style posters used for black shows.

There was a folk style, but it was still pretty racy for the '50s. There's a certain look to '50s jazz posters [that the folk posters took]. It had a flat, hard-edged, stylized — the stuff that looks like "Toot, Whistle, Plunk and Boom." That was a Disney 3-D cartoon. It was sort of the '50s version of Art Deco. Everything was very flat and angular, kind of loosely spun off of something between Picasso, Braque, Mondrian and Miro. Blocky lettering. *Anxiety* lettering. A lot of it, though, was polite stuff for the college crowd.

How about this poster for the Offstage [a Peninsula folk club he played in the early '60s]?

I looked at this and it blew my mind: "Holy shit, there's my home phone number on it!" [Laughs] I was giving lessons; all of us were either teaching or working part-time, because you couldn't make a living playing music. With posters like this [sort of cluttered, pre-psychedelic] you're talking to your buddies, your heads, the people you get high with—people who were even *closer* than your friends.

There are so many levels of this stuff. A poster unlocks memories just like a record does. You know how the records you listened to were the background music of your life? Well, the posters are the front pages, the covers of your life. I just can't help looking at these and going BOING! I don't know why. It's what art *is*.

ACID TEST POSTERS

The Acid Test posters never told you where it was supposed to take place.

Theoretically there would be a space on the posters for where it was going to be, but a lot of times we didn't know until that night. I don't know if you know about how Kesey and the Pranksters do things, but posters were just [he snaps his fingers]. It either fell into place or it didn't. So with the Acid Tests, sometimes it was at somebody's house, or sometimes it ended up at a place like Muir Beach. These were basically just parties that stepped up a level. Then we started taking them up to relatively public places, but only if we could rent a place or whatever.

It seems like the posters were part of the extended joke—they weren't really meant to advertise.

In a way they *were*, though, because we knew we were going to have an Acid Test; we just didn't know *where*. It was just to announce "There's an Acid Test coming up on Saturday night. Can you pass the Acid Test? Be there or be square." That was basically it.

But again, they never told you where it was.

Well, that was part of it, you know. Can you pass the Acid Test? If you can't find it, obviously you can't! [Laughs]

Also, the posters didn't say "Go there and the Grateful Dead are definitely going to play." Because when you go someplace and take acid you want to be free, and that's what this took into account—it didn't make anyone responsible for entertaining anybody else. We all paid a dollar to get in and there was no distinction between performer and audience. There were no rules or directions or anything. No expectations. But boy, it was the most fun of anything *ever*. This was the best dollar you could ever spend.

This must qualify as the loosest poster art of all time.

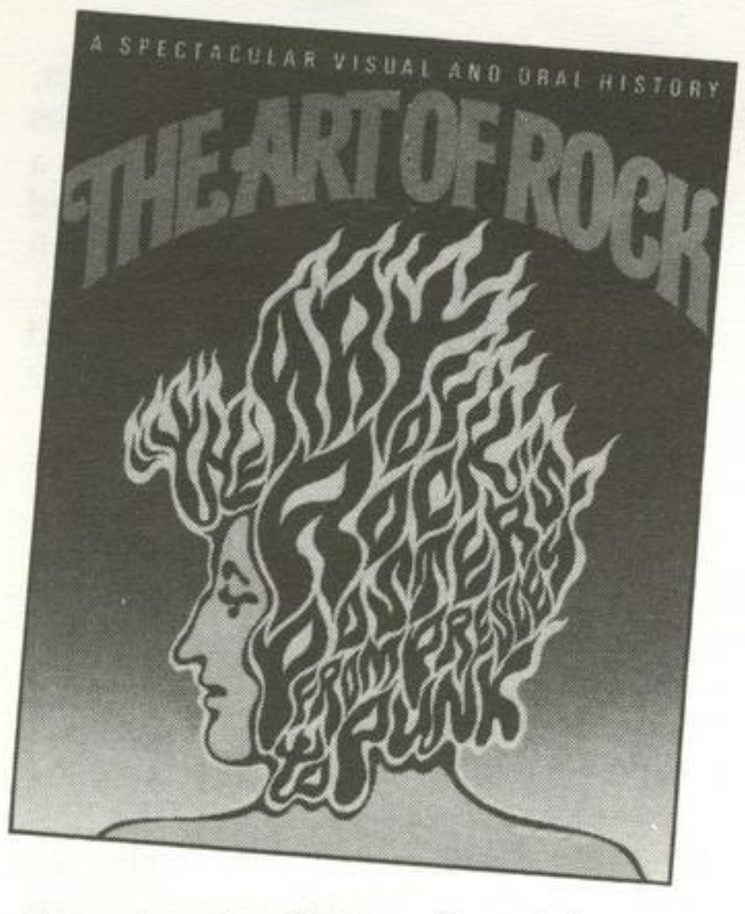
Well, they were definitely the loosest shows of all time!

THE S.F. POSTER SCENE

Did it surprise you that the Fillmore, Avalon and Family Dog posters were the next manifestation of the psychedelic scene after the Acid Tests?

Not really. I knew there were better artists out there. It was just a matter of time before they got pulled into it.





It was the natural LSD corollary of what musicians were doing.

That's exactly right. And for every musician there were two or three art students. But everyone brought different things to it. Like Mouse and Kelley were from the hot rod world and stuff had been pouring out of them for years, totally reflexively. [Victor] Moscoso was a real serious artist from the East Coast. Wes Wilson was a surfer. He's an amazing graphic artist who probably would have been great no matter what historical context had held him up.

Some of the other guys, though — it was that the society and the drugs and everything fell on them at the right moment. Drugs were an indispensable part of finding out about what it was we were doing, and the posters were all part of the same thing, feeding back the same energy.

It was fun looking forward to posters and seeing them on the street and then trying to figure out how to read them. [Laughs] The first thing that would happen with a lot of the posters would be everyone standing and staring at them — "Let's see, that's an 'E.'" "No, no, no. That's an 'E' up *there*. That's an 'M,' and the 'E' is coming through that part down there!" That was a big part of it — the neo-cryptographic whatever!

You had no say over it, right? They could do whatever they wanted with the words "Grateful Dead."

Part of the point of it was that because the artists came to the shows, they'd get all excited and come over and say, "Look, here's the latest Grateful Dead poster. What do you think?" They liked to blow our minds, too. It got to be a feedback on so many different levels with everyone trying to blow each other's minds. And it works! When everyone's putting all their energy into it full time, pretty soon everyone's mind is blown.

For some reason, the Dead spawned more poster art than any other band.

Well, that's because we had such an evocative name. You can throw anything at it. "Grateful Dead" is so huge and wide open that anything works. That's one of the reasons the artists loved it. The reason why it looked good to me in the first place — when I saw that phrase, "Grateful Dead," I went, *"BONNNNNK! What?! What?!"* It automatically moved into so many categories it transcended just being those words and turned into a whole something else entirely.

Did it ever have specific iconographic connotations for you?

Not for me, no. It was open, and then everyone *else* turned me on to it. That was the great part. That's always been a fun part of the Grateful Dead. For me, just the verbal punch, the snap of the phrase, worked great for me. Then after that it's been a matter of people saying, "Well, did you know blah, blah, blah?" — all that bogus *Book of the Dead* stuff. All those other things are just gravy, you know? But look at all the great stuff that came from it.

THE '70s

After the '60s the artwork on posters seemed to start getting very slick.

Well, that's the thing that finally happens. When you get to the point where you're doing work almost as good as the pros, then the pros take over.

Everyone got skilled — the musicians, the promoters, the graphic artists.

Right. It's inevitable. The more you do something, the better you get at it. Some of this is real high-tech airbrush stuff. This is not the loose kind of Stanley Mouse stuff we were looking at earlier.

Doesn't it lose some of its soul in the emphasis on technique?

Sure it does. It loses *all* of it as far as I'm concerned, but on the other hand it gains on the surface.

And some of the later Kelley-Mouse stuff, like the blue rose poster [closing of Winterland] *is real mature. They got real good. The blue rose is a far cry from early psychedelia.*

That's true. That's real good. It looks as good as anything they did. But that also opens the door to better competition. Now you're competing with the guys who can paint like photographs.

When Bob Seideman did the cover of my first album [*Garcia*, 1972], it was a photo collage and he took the elements to one of those guys that used to airbrush Camel ads, to airbrush the edges and melt everything together. And that was when I first became conscious that there were more levels of professionalism you could go to. But what you gain in professionalism, you lose in soul. Having chops is not the same as having ideas. It's the same in music. There are a million guitar players who can play Jimi Hendrix out of the room, but they don't have a thing to say.

Everything improves that way. It's kind of like in music when Paganini, who was a real show-off player, used to purposely break three strings on his fiddle and then still finish the piece just to show he could do it. It was a senseless exercise in virtuosity, but then, when you're that good, what else are you going to do?

NEW WAVE AND PUNK

We'd like to get your reaction to some of the punk and new wave stuff in here. You can see the transition between safe new wave and gut-out punk.

This is sort of like early rock 'n' roll. Early '60s. Drop-out stuff. This is great. I really like the rawness of it. Some of this reminds me of this Bay Area comics artist named Rory Haynes who had these cartoons that were really badly drawn, but somehow *committed*. The thing is, commitment is what works. It doesn't have jack shit to do with technique. It's the other side of the technique coin. If there's commitment, you don't need technique. But if you've got all the technique in the world but no commitment, all you've got is gloss. It doesn't penetrate.

ART IS ART AND MORE

What do you think of the idea of scholarship and arts & letters in rock and roll?

I think there's a place for it. It's one of those things where it's hard for me to take my own work too seriously, because I know it's just me [laughs]; but on the other hand everything that I like, I like to know about. So for me, with music, a lot of the fun for me is knowing a lot about it — who played on the sessions and that kind of stuff.

Why did this book strike a chord with you?

Because as far as I'm concerned this is printed art. The fact that it's about rock 'n' roll doesn't change what it essentially is, which is printed art.

It's also a record of our times.

Yeah, it's that too, and for me that's the personal recollection part. It's hard for me to separate the public me from the private me on that level, so I have a big bias going into this because a lot of this is me coming back at myself. That's the part I have difficulty with, but everything that isn't that I like. The presentation is so nice. And there's so much incredible stuff in it. It's juicy. It's a big, rich book full of a lot of pretty pictures. [Laughs] For me, primarily, that's what this book is about. I feel the same way I feel about that book on the art of Walt Disney.

This is part of the world we've grown up in, that we live in and invest our energy in and our whole selves and our lives in. For me, this is a treat, like anything really good —good music, good anything. This is one of those. □



Roots



This issue we take a look at the origins of most of the cover tunes the Dead introduced this summer and fall. Additionally, we've included info on where you can find Bob Dylan's versions of all the tunes the Dead and Dylan played together last July.

"La Bamba"—When's the last time the Grateful Dead have had a current hit by another band in their repertoire? Of course "current" isn't the most accurate description of this venerable Mexican folk song, but the fact is Los Lobos' version was nestled securely in the #1 slot on *Billboard*'s Hot 100 chart when the Dead debuted "La Bamba" in Providence September 7. Of course, Garcia's affection for Los Lobos is well known, and musically it made great sense to insert the song in the middle of "Good Lovin'," since the rhythm and chord progressions are nearly identical.

The exact origins of the tune are unknown, but it was first popularized in the Vera Cruz region of Mexico just after the Second World War. It wasn't until the Pacoima, California, teen idol Ritchie Valens recorded the song in the late '50s (shortly before his death in a plane crash in February '59) that the song became well known outside the Latino community. Valens' version went as far as #2 on the charts, and a few years later Trini Lopez also enjoyed moderate success with the song, both in the United States and in various Spanish-speaking countries. We have Valens' producer, Bob Keane, to thank for the first rock recording of the song:

"I heard Ritchie strumming this Latin thing one day and he was just singing 'La, la, la, la,'" Keane recalled recently. "I said, 'What's that?' and he said, 'A Mexican folk song.' He didn't know the words so we found his aunt, who did, and she wrote them out for Ritchie and he learned them. I said, 'Let's do it as a rock and roll song.' He didn't want to do that, but finally agreed to it."

Valens' recording is on a couple of different anthologies of his work (the best is on Rhino Records). Los Lobos' appears on the soundtrack for the film *La Bamba*, directed by Luis Valdez, of *Zoot Suit* fame.

And what, you may wonder, does the song mean? Basically, it is about a dance called La Bamba, and about the flirtation that goes on between young men and women. Following the Mexican folk tradition, versions differ depending on the region or country where the song is sung, with local references and verses added. The lyrics of the Valens song roughly translate as follows: "To dance La Bamba/ you need a lovely mouth/ for me and for you/ and up and up/ I'll be yours/ I am not a sailor/ I'm a captain/ Dance La Bamba/ Dance La Bamba . . ."

"Devil With a Blue Dress On"-"Good Golly Miss Molly"—The earlier of the two is "Good Golly Miss Molly," which was a Top Ten hit for Little Richard in February '58. The song was co-written by Little Richard and Bumps Blackwell, his producer at Specialty Records. The Swinging Bluejeans scored with an ultra-wimpoid version of the song in 1964, and then in '66 it was fused to "Devil With a Blue Dress On" by those Detroit bad boys, Mitch Ryder & the Detroit Wheels. (Ryder wrote "Devil . . .") More recently, the medley was popularized by Bruce Springsteen, whose live version on the *No Nukes* benefit album a few years ago was a radio staple. His version also included Little Richard's "Jenny Jenny," which Mitch Ryder had combined with "C.C. Rider" a few months before he waxed the "Devil . . ."-"Good Golly . . ." combo.



Ritchie Valens

"Hey Pocky Way" — Like "Iko-Iko," this song started out as a street chant among the Black Mardi Gras "Indians" in New Orleans long before it was actually set to music. (See *Golden Road* #10 for the lowdown on the "Indian" scene.) That task fell to the fabulous New Orleans rock-funksters, The Meters: Art Neville, Leo Nocentelli, Joseph "Zigaboo" Modeliste and George Porter. When Art Neville later formed the Neville Brothers, he brought several Meters tunes into their repertoire, including "Hey Pocky Way." The Nevilles' version appears on their 1981 LP, *Fiyo on the Bayou*, as well as the previously mentioned Rhino Records Nevilles anthology, *Treacherous*.

"All Along the Watchtower"—One of Dylan's undisputed masterpieces, "Watchtower" originally appeared on 1968's *John Wesley Harding*, the first album he recorded following his famous motorcycle accident, and perhaps his most esoteric record ever. It was *the* radio song from that album, although it didn't get much airplay outside of hip FM stations. The rest of young America learned the song through Jimi Hendrix, whose version on his 1968 *Electric Ladyland* LP is still definitive in my opinion. Not only was *Ladyland* one of the most popular albums of the late '60s, "Watchtower" was Hendrix's only Top 40 single—it hit #20 in September '68.

Dylan had this to say about the song in the liner notes of his five-record *Biograph* album in 1985: "I liked Jimi Hendrix's record of this and ever since he died I've been doing it that way. Funny though, his way of doing it and my way of doing it weren't that dissimilar; I mean the meaning of the song doesn't change like when some artists do other artists' songs. Strange, though, how when I sing it I always feel like it's a tribute to him in some kind of way . . . .I was thinking about him the other night — I really miss him a lot, him and Lennon. 'All Along the Watchtower' probably came to me during a thunder and lightning storm. I'm sure it did."

Two live versions of the song have appeared on records: *Before the Flood*, recorded in '74 with The Band; and *Bob Dylan at Budokan*, recorded in '78 during what I call his "Elvis period" (white

spangled jump suit, lounge-rock arrangements, etc.). *Biograph* includes the former version, thank goodness.

"Fever" — This has been performed only once by the Dead so far (9-13-87, Cap Center), though Weir has sung it a couple of other times in clubs with members of Kingfish and with other Bay Area players. The song is a virtual R&B standard that has been covered numerous times since it was written and originally cut by the great Arkansas-born soul singer Little Willie John in 1956. Diminutive (just over 5 feet tall), John was a real dynamo as a singer, comfortable in a variety of styles, from hard R&B to jazz. Early in his career he sang with bands led by Count Basie and Duke Ellington, and his first records for the King label were basically in a big band R&B style. "Fever" was his first big national hit; it reached #24 on the pop charts in July of '56.

Little Willie John had several other records that charted between '56 and '62, the most famous being "Talk to Me, Talk to Me," "Sleep" and "Walk Slow." In 1966, with his career on the skids, John was convicted of manslaughter and sent to prison in Walla Walla, Washington. There he died of pneumonia in May of 1968.

"Knockin' on Heaven's Door" — You couldn't turn on a radio in the summer of '73 without hearing this song. On the surface it seems like an unlikely candidate for hit-singledom, yet it went all the way to #12 in September of that year. And it wasn't even on a regular Dylan album. It was written for the soundtrack of the marginally popular Western *Pat Garrett & Billy the Kid*, directed by Sam Peckinpah and starring Kris Kristofferson and James Coburn. Dylan had a cameo role (his first) as one of Billy the Kid's followers, and not surprisingly his presence became the focus of the media's interest in the film. And the success of "Knockin' on Heaven's Door" undoubtedly brought more than a few viewers into theaters. In the context of the life-and-death Western story, the song seemed downright topical, whereas in recent years, and with Garcia singing, it's become more metaphoric. (Garcia has played the song for several years with his own band, and recorded it on his 1982 *Run for the Roses* LP.) Two live Dylan versions are on record—on *Before the Flood* and *Bob Dylan at Budokan*.

"When I Paint My Masterpiece" — This Dylan song first appeared on The Band's fourth album, *Cahoots*, sung effectively by Levon Helm. Dylan's own

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Summer '86: *History of Grateful Dead Records, GD Book of Lists, Dylan/Dead tour photos*

Fall '86: *Interviews with Jerry Garcia, Ken Kesey, Robert Hunter*

Winter '87: *History of the Jerry Garcia Band, interview with John Kahn, Human Be-In photos*

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BACK ISSUES

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version popped up a little later on *Greatest Hits, Vol. II*, and he performed the tune regularly during his tenure fronting the Rolling Thunder Review in the mid-'70s. Garcia sang it with his band for a while, so it was somewhat surprising that Weir took on the tune when the Dead started performing it (at Ventura 6-11-87 for the first time).

Songs played by Dylan and the Dead this summer:

"Stuck Inside of Mobile With the Memphis Blues Again" — Originally appeared on *Blonde on Blonde* (1966); live version: *Hard Rain* (1976); also on *Greatest Hits, Vol. II*.

"Shelter From the Storm" — Original: *Blood on the Tracks* (1975); live: *Hard Rain, Bob Dylan at Budokan* (1978).

"Ballad of a Thin Man" — Original: *Highway 61 Revisited* (1965); live: *Before the Flood* (1974), *Bob Dylan at Budokan, Real Live* (1984).

"Simple Twist of Fate" — Original: *Blood on the Tracks;* live: *Bob Dylan at Budokan*.

"Rainy Day Woman #12 & 35" — Original: *Blonde on Blonde;* live: *Before the Flood*.

"John Brown" — This song dates back to the early '60s but never appeared on a Bob Dylan album. It did show up on a 1963 album called *Broadside Ballads, Vol. I*, sung by Dylan under the pseudonym of Blind Boy Grunt.

"Slow Train" — Original: *Slow Train Coming* (1979).

"Mr. Tambourine Man" — Original: *Bringing It All Back Home;* live: *The Concert for Bangladesh* (1971), *Bob Dylan at Budokan*.

"The Times They Are A-Changin'" — Original: *The Times They Are A-Changin'* (1964); live: *Bob Dylan at Budokan*.

"Heart of Mine" — Original: *Shot of Love* (1980); live: *Biograph* ('81 performance).

"Dead Man, Dead Man" — Original: *Shot of Love*.

"It's All Over Now, Baby Blue" — Original: *Bringing It All Back Home* (1965); live *Biograph* (1966 recording).

"Queen Jane Approximately" — Original: *Highway 61 Revisited*.

"Gotta Serve Somebody" — Original: *Slow Train Coming*.

"Chimes of Freedom" — Original: *Another Side of Bob Dylan* (1964).

"I Want You" — Original: *Blonde on Blonde;* live: *Bob Dylan at Budokan*.

"The Wicked Messenger" — Original: *John Wesley Harding*.

"Highway 61 Revisited" — Original: *Highway 61 Revisited;* live: *Before the Flood, Real Live*.

"Man of Peace" — Original: *Infidels* (1983).

"Maggie's Farm" — Original: *Bringing It All Back Home;* live: *Hard Rain, Bob Dylan at Budokan, Real Live*.

"Ballad of Frankie Lee & Judas Priest" — Original: *John Wesley Harding* (1968).

"Tangled Up in Blue" — Original: *Blood on the Tracks;* live: *Real Live*.

"I'll Be Your Baby Tonight" — Original: *John Wesley Harding*.

"Joey" — Original: *Desire* (1976).

"Tomorrow Is A Long Time" — Original: *Greatest Hits, Vol. II*.

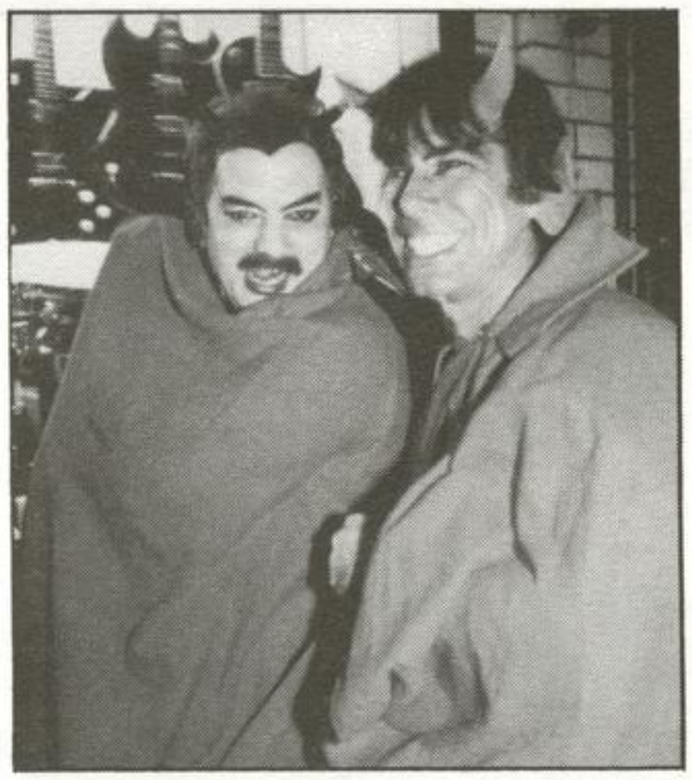
"Watching the River Flow" — Original: *Greatest Hits, Vol. II*.

FUNSTUFF

Friends of the Devil: You folks dig up some pretty weird stuff. Like the 1983 book *Backward Masking Unmasked*, which was sent along by *GR* reader John Hayward of Hamilton, OH. Written by a young minister named Jacob Aranza, the book purports to uncover the shocking truth about how rock bands are trying to take over our minds and turn us toward Satan. And there is quite a bit of space devoted to the Grateful Dead in Aranza's treatise. In one section he outlines various drug busts connected to the band, including a January '73 possession arrest of "Grateful Dead bassist Pet Lesh." Later in the book there are two references to "Phil Leash." (Well, you do walk a pet on a leash.) Aranza's final zinger about the Dead: "A better name couldn't be given to this group to describe their music. I'm sure many will be grateful when their music is dead." Heavy, man.

So *That's* What They're Called: Excerpt from a review of Dylan and the Dead in Eugene that appeared in the Orange County *Register*: "Dylan, who was bearded, with a headband and white boots, seemed not to even notice the crowd as its 'windbabies' (slang for the willowlike, rhythm-lost dancers at Dead shows) moved to his songs."

Watch Your Speed: Franke Burke of West Chester, PA, forwarded a Philadelphia *Daily News* article about a local train crash that injured 17 people. Assistant district attorney Sheldon Kovach had this to say in the article about the train's engineer Alexander Holley: "It's not a humorous situation, but there's a Grateful Dead song that describes his conduct—he was riding [sic] that train, high on cocaine, and he didn't watch his speed. He had total disregard for the light signals and for his passengers, obviously." For the record, Holley denied he had used cocaine.







Behind the scenes during the filming of the Dead's "Hell in a Bucket" video. Top left: Billy and Mickey in a devilish mood; top right: Brent and Phil are upstaged by the video's true star; above: relaxing between takes are Garcia, director Len Dell'Amico, actress Allison Sullivan, Bob "Marin Vice" Weir and furry friend. Photos: John Werner



Look familiar? Paul Crowley of Columbia, MO, sent us this cover from a 1984 album by Gilberto Gil. Actually, this style might have made the In the Dark *cover even more interesting.*

Whew! That Was a Close One: You'll recall that last issue we ran a headline from the New York *Post* quoting subway vigilante Bernhard Goetz saying "I'm Deadhead and Want New LP." Well, according to a story run a few weeks later in the *Post*, Ken Ashford, of the law firm that defended Goetz, said that Goetz does, in fact, buy the Dead's records, but he is "not thrilled to be labeled a Deadhead." We stand corrected.

Jammin': On June 17, Jerry Garcia showed up at the offices of *Guitar Player* magazine in Cupertino, CA (a little south of SF) and jammed with members of the staff for the better part of the afternoon. (The *GP* staff does this sort of thing with some regularity, and other celebs have joined them in the past.) Long-time *Guitar Player* photographer Jon Seivert (who is one of Jerry's favorites) was on hand and sent us this report:

"Jerry arrived around midafternoon and spent maybe a half an hour checking out the various offices and talking with publishers, editors and secretaries before heading for the jam, already in progress. Garcia sat around for at least

FUNSTUFF



On location at an abandoned school in Oakland, the band shoots inserts for the video of "Throwing Stones." Love the top hat, Jer! Photo: Jay Blakesberg

a half an hour listening and signing copies of his October '78 *Guitar Player* and July '85 *Frets* cover stories for employees and friends. There were probably 75 people attending. He had brought along his Takemine acoustic/electric but not his Irwin, so he borrowed the company Stratocaster to sit in with a reasonably tight electric band fronted by *GP* editor Tom Wheeler on guitar and publisher Jim Crockett on drums. He sang and soloed on 'It Takes a Lot to Laugh, It Takes a Train to Cry' and 'Iko-Iko,' and played backup and soloed on 'Slippin' Into Darkness.' He then jammed with the *Frets* acoustic band for four of five tunes, including 'The Weight,' 'Teach Your Children,' 'I've Just Seen a Face' and 'My Baby Thinks He's a Train.' Everybody in the company became instant Garcia fans because of his graciousness and good nature. After it was all over, drummer Andy Doershuck said to Jerry, 'Thanks, I hope it wasn't too sloppy or unprofessional.' Answered Garcia with a grin, 'Hey man, I play in the Grateful Dead.'"

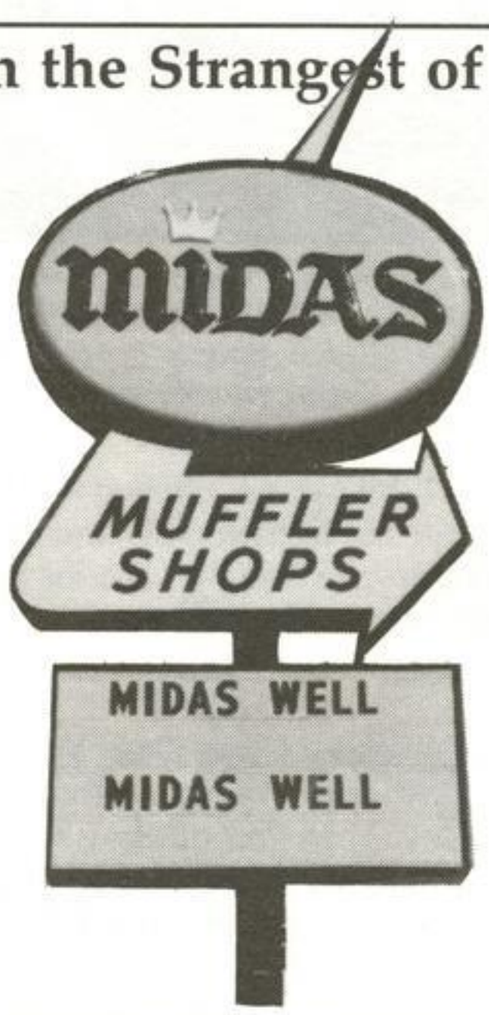
A Swinging Affair: On the day between the first two and last three Madison Square Garden shows in September, Garcia and Weir appeared on *Late Night With David Letterman*. Fronting maestro Paul Shaffer's *Late Night* band, they tore through a hot version of "When I Paint My Masterpiece" and also played during the numerous commercial breaks—instrumental rave-ups of songs like "Walking the Dog," "All Along the Watchtower" and other tunes from the Dead's repertoire of cover tunes. On the final segment of the show, the dynamic duo answered a few questions and Weir attempted a parlor trick in which he, with assistance from Paul and Dave, tried to levitate Garcia. Well, it was a nice try anyway.

The Dead were mentioned on the show a few nights later, too. On a tongue-in-cheek "Top Ten" list of "Reasons Joe Biden Dropped Out of the Presidential Race," #4 was "Finally got tickets for last leg of Dead tour"! (Thanks to Deb Hoffman, Oakland, CA.)

Girls Will Be Girls: This just in from the New Brunswick (NJ) *Home News*: "**South River**—Female high school-age fans of the Grateful Dead and heavy metal groups—the 'Deadheads' and the 'Metalheads'—scuffled in South River High School yesterday, the culmination of a series of fights and rumors over the weekend . . . . According to students from both sides, the students' differences stemmed from their allegiances to differing musical styles . . . . Between 10 and 30 girls were involved in the fights." Gee, doesn't sound like any Deadheads *we* know. (Item sent in by David Loehr, Dayton, NY)

1306 Days Since Last "Dark Star": That's as of this coming New Year's Eve, for those of you who might have lost track. But here's a fun fact, published in "The Harper's Index," a monthly compendium of statistical info published and syndicated by the august literary mag, *Harper's*. "Total number of hours the Grateful Dead has played 'Dark Star' in concert: 46." Their source was none other than GD historian Dennis McNally. We'd settle for 46 *seconds* of it at this point.

In the Strangest of Places...







Above: Shop run by reader Steve Marchick in Modesto, CA; top right: Berkeley billboard this summer (Jeff Mark, Berkeley); right: ad submitted by Wayne Goldstein of Worcester, MA.

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This is a free service for* Golden Road *subscribers only. Ads may be no longer than 10 words plus your address. No phone numbers! Deadline for the next (Spring) issue is March 1. Note:* The Golden Road *is staunchly opposed to the sale of tapes.

Let's trade! Have 125 hrs. Need Detroit 1979. Mike Bockenstelle, 24020 Lakewood St, Clair Shores, MI 48082

Badly needed: 12/29-30-31/69, 1/17/70, 2/28/70, 3/21/70 (early & late shows), 5/2/70 (Dew thru Bid Goodnight), 7/31/71. Eric Burns, 1660 Mandeville Canyon Rd, L.A., CA 90049

600 SBDs. Want more. Fred Fisher, 3465 Torrance Blvd #N, Torrance, CA 90503

Young Head wanting to start collection, will send blanks. Brian, 21 Spalding Cr, Pittsburgh, PA 15228

Want GD, Loudon Wainwright III, Talking Heads. Have 900 hrs to trade. S. Musielak, 522 Corrinthia Ct, Elk Grove Village, IL 60007

Finally we have a VCR. Anyone willing to share their high quality videos? Thanks! Jonathan, Grateful Graphics, 555 Ashbury #2, S.F., CA 94117

Beginner needs help. Trade TDK-SA blanks for your GD, Neil Young. Dan Wagner, 3762 N. Clark St, Chicago, IL 60613

Northwoods taper, looking to do some trading. Dave Easley, PO Box 184, Hurley, WI 54534

Beginner would like help starting collection. Will send blanks. Barbara, 5812 Oakland Park Dr, Burke, VA 22015

Beginner with 120+ hrs, many SBDs, would appreciate trading classic & new tapes. Dan White, 4215 Baltimore Ave, Philly, PA 19104

Need SBD of 9/11/87 Capitol Center, both sets. James Boswell, 2816 E. Marshall St, Richmond, VA 23223

Grateful Head seeks traders to help with collection, will send blanks. S.W. Derby, 12230 So. 1466 W, Riverton, VT 84065

Need Meadowlands 7/12/87 and Saratoga 83. Let's trade; send lists. Steve Murphy, 44 Shepard Rd, W. Hartford, CT 06110

Have 350 hrs. Looking for 72, 73, 74 and 87 tours. Ed Poole, 2315 Ridgeway Rd, Wilmington, DE 19805

Want hi-qual West Coast Dead/Dylan. Have masters of all 3 East Coast. Peter, 54 Tower Hill Rd, Doylestown, PA 18901

1st gens Hampton 86/7, Alpine, Roanoke 87. Trade for other 87. Dennis R, 5C Greenhill Ln, Hampton, VA 23666

Trade my first born for Logen JGB 8/15/84. Jason Neely, 72 Delafield Rd, Darien, CT 06820

Please help new Deadhead start collection. Will send blanks. Danny Fishman, 14 Fawn Dr, Livingston, NJ 07039

Hey now, send me your list, I'll send you mine. J.D. Stoddard, 555 Rosewood Ave #208, Camarillo, CA 93010

Want live Beat Farmers, Mojo Nixon, Los Lobos. 1200 hrs GD, 200 hrs others to trade. Dan Gale, PO Box 4656, Arcata, CA 95521

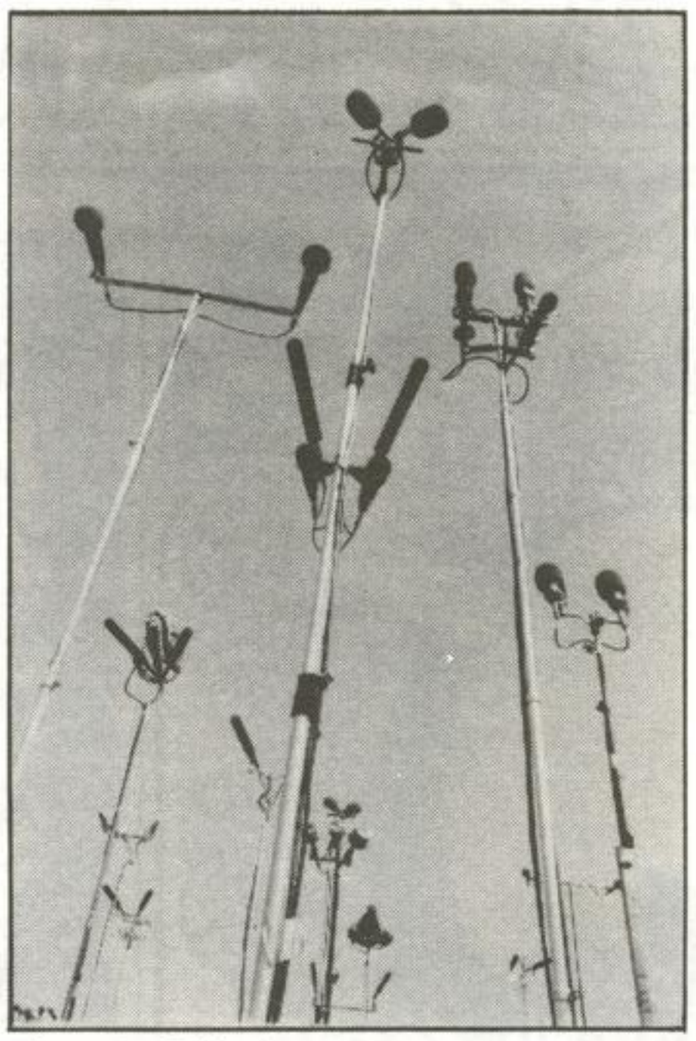


Photo: Jay Blakesberg

Need 70s SBDs; have 500+ hrs and more accessible. S. Gilmartin, 1728 Hague, St. Paul, MN 55104

Fast reliable trader seeking same. 300+ hrs, many SBDs. Todd Norman, RR3 Box 191, Rochester, MN 55904

Need Giants Stadium 87 complete; Madison Square Garden 87 stand. T. Taconetti, 3 Wing Dr, Cedar Knolls, NJ 07927

Wanted: Neil Young Cow Palace 11/21/86, Nevilles, Ry Cooder, Zappa. Send lists. David Shaffer, Star Rt. Box 221, Placitas, NM 87043

Trade East Coast for West Coast. Mostly masters, seek same. T.A., 37 N. Farragut, Manasquan, NJ 08736

Need pre-82 Dead, acoustic Costello, 12/31/86 Crosby, 11/21/86 Young. Plenty to trade. Matt Beauregard, 2826 Gavilan Ct, San Jose, CA 95148

Wanted: Jorma & White Gland live electric 1979-80. Much to trade. Thanks, Tom Williams, PO Box 1214, Norfolk, VA 23501-1214

Want Dead/Dylan Anaheim, Arms Benefit LA Forum, 12/6/83. 70+ Dead & 700+ LPs to trade. Jeanie Wilkinson, PO Box 7905, San Diego, CA 92107

Wanted: Dead live 8/14/71, Hampton 79, Greensboro 4/30/81. Ben, 323 Laurens St SW, Apt C-10, Aiken, SC 29801

Want to trade any year. Have 400 hrs. Let's exchange lists. Adam & Jayne Finkelstein, Box 478, Millerton, NY 12546

Will trade Van Morrison (many masters), Neil Young, Dead, etc. for same. Rob Kedward, 121 Park Place, Amersham, Bucks, HP6-6NQ, England

Help me relive my 1st show, seeking Pittsburgh 4/12/71. Stephen Todd, 1125 Watauga St, Kingsport, TN 37660

Have 800 hrs. Need 8/20/87 Utah SBD. G.K., 1018½ 2 Ave. N, Great Falls, MT 59401

Looking for recent GD, JGB, Garcia acoustic. Lots to trade. Christian Schober, Aignerstrasse 83/20, A-5026, Salzburg, Austria

Wanted: Your favorite tapes and all lists in return for mine. Ron Deutsch, PO Box 2194, Van Nuys, CA 91404

Looking for pre-70 Crystal Ballroom shows in Portland, OR. Mike McMenamin, 1135 SW 57th, Portland, OR 97221

Wanted: Summer shows, other GD & non. Over 200 hrs 66-87 to trade. Alex Wise, Box 23795, Emory Univ, Atlanta, GA 30322

Want to build non-GD collection. Have 500 hrs GD & non-GD to trade. Glenn, 718 Torreya Ct, Palo Alto, CA 94303

Let It Grow tape collection needs feeding. Exch. hi-qual lists (250 hrs). Hans Voight, Bates College, Box 742, Lewiston, ME 04240

Have Allmans (200 hrs) & 600 hrs others. Want Allmans, The Band. John Johnston, 287 Woburn Ave, Toronto, Canada M5M 1L1

Did anyone tape Ry Cooder at Monterey? Missy Bowen, PO 1688, Aspen, CO 81612

Seek network Dead (Letterman, etc.). Will send VHS blanks. Send tape lists. Mark F., Box 1125, Westminster College, New Wilmington, PA 16172

Have 600+ Dead/non-Dead, want more, esp JGB, Neil, Feat, Van. Paul Urbanski, 2035 Clinton, Buffalo, NY 14206

Have 1000 hrs Dead/related audio to trade for Dead video. Mick Sussman, 119 Dumbarton Dr, Delmar, NY 12054

Reliable trader into boards seeks same. Mark Finkelpearl, Box 1125 Westminster College, New Wilmington, PA 16172

Want Manhattan Center 71 SBDs. Send list to Mark Binks c/o Solar-Kist, PO Box 273, La Grange, IL 60525

Please help: 180 hrs stolen. Need 11/6/77, 5/7/78, JGB back. Have 165+ to trade. Lennie G, 148-A E. Main St, Port Jefferson, NY 11777

Trade with me! 300 hrs. Mike Murray, 41 St. Marry's Rd, Milton, MA 02187

Have 3500 hrs GD; looking for pre-75 & 87 SBDs. Jeffrey Greenberg, 1B Mountain Laurel Dr, Wethersfield, CT 06109

Have many metal masters of summer, fall 87 shows. Jim, The Center, 711 Broadway, Bayonne, NJ 07002

Beginning collector will send blanks. Any correspondence appreciated. Steven Andrews, 325 West Main St #105, Madison, WI 53703

Want 7/6/87, 4/17/84 and Hunter. Have 300 hrs. Let's trade lists. Ted Mahovlich, 211 Strathallan Wood, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5N 1T5

OOOPS!



On last summer's tour, I sold T-shirts with this image in white print on blue or black shirts. Due to an error in production, in some cases parts of the image got washed out.

The printer has agreed to **replace all damaged shirts.** If you have a damaged skiing skeleton, send it to this address and I'll happily send you a new one.

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Old Head trying to start collection will send blanks, postage. Charlie, 11 President St, Huntington Station, NY 11746

Hungry beginner craves hi-qual, esp 5/3/87. Blanks sent. Correspondence welcome. Mike Whittord, 81 Lincoln Ave, Elmwood Park, NJ 07407

Beginning taper trying to start collection, will send blanks. Jenny, 135 S. Pickens, Columbia, SC 29205

Desperately want 6/26/87 Alpine Valley, please. Katie Kerner, 5037 N. 56th St, Milwaukee, WI 53218

Peaking, tweaking and seeking new delights, esp. 8/6/74, 9/11/73. 500+ hrs. Dave Weber, 1719 Crestwood Dr, Alexandria, VA 22302

Have over 1200 hrs, looking for summer 67 shows. Stephen Bilbo, 206 Old Oaken Bucket Rd, Norwell, MA 02061

Boards, boards, boards, boards, I'll never have enough! Send list. Greg, 5772 So. Lansing Ct, Englewood, CO 80111

Want have boards & acoustic. John Erbst, 4818 Mary Ellen, Sherman Oaks, CA 91423

New Head needs 7/4/87, 7/10/87, Pigpen, others. Send lists to Pat Cahn, 295 Salisbury St, Worcester, MA 01609

Wanted: 12/6/81, 2/18-19/71, 7/24/87, 5/16/69; have 600+ hrs to trade. Slick, 2345 Scenic Ave, Martinez, CA 94553

Need: JGB 5/20/83, Midnights 6/26/82, Garcia/Kahn acoustic 7/2/82. Steve Solko, 13508 E. 5th Pl. Aurora, CO



CLASSIFIEDS

There are now two different types of Classifieds, with two different rates: Personal messages are $3 for 25 words or less; 10 cents for each word more. Product advertisements are $10 for 25 words or less; 25 cents for each word after that. Only taper ads are free.

Looking for a good copy of 'Garcia: Signpost to Space,' please. Jonathan, Grateful Graphics, 555 Ashbury #2, S.F., CA 94117

Lost or taken at Dylan/Dead in Oakland: blue Caribou day pack with lined denim jacket inside. Contact Eva, PO Box 460, Santa Cruz, CA 95061

Peter: What it you had a club and no one joined? Thanks for teaching us SC tans what it's like to be a bona fide West Coast Deadhead

Born Cross-Eyed: Playing Dead and original music throughout Eastern PA and beyond. Write or call for your free newsletter: Hex Hollow Music, Barto, PA 19504. 215-845-2787. We do weddings!

Gay and Lesbian Deadheads interested in correspondence, friendship, forming a mailing network, etc, write Steve at PO Box 170426, SF, 94117

Deadhead into yoga, spirituality, healing, whole foods, doesn't use drugs, wants to meet others similarly inclined. Simon Friedman, PO Box 793, Lenox, MA 01240

Tapes: To all the people out there that have found out the concept of the tapes the Dead are putting out, I would like to trade notes about this discovery. People with studios in their cars know exactly what I'm talking about. Jim, The Center, 711 Broadway, Bayonne, NJ 07002

73 Ford tour bus. Partially finished interior, runs good. $2000. After 5PM, 215-348-5727. Philly suburbs.

Hello, hello to Scary Anne, San Francisco's finest bartender. Wish you were a headlight . . . The Other One

To the Z: Every time that wheel turn round, bound to cover just a little more ground. May your wheel keep on turning. Love, C

Hunter Lee McAnally: 'In another time's forgotten space, your eyes looked from your mother's face' and we dance to the Dead in Irvine. Welcome to the world, lad. Congratulations Jeff and Carol. Love, Uncle Brently.

Subscribe to *Backstreets*, a magazine for Bruce tramps that brings with it the attitude of Darkness and the romance of Wild and Innocent. $12 a year. Quarterly. Money-back guarantee. Box 51225-H, Seattle, WA 98115

Colorful tape wraps by mail order. SASE sent to David Allen Jensen, 3904 E. 34th, Spokane, WA 99223 gets you samples and info

They love each other! Thanks, Mary, for sharing my dreams and becoming my wife. Here's to our new life together. Tell you what I'll do, I'll watch out for you. Love, Scott

Jack O'Roses: I love you more than words can tell . . . Love that's real, Not Fade Away! Peggy-O

Dead License Plates! Our 4-color, embossed aluminum plates are a great addition to your wheels or walls. New winged skull design. Only $6.50 postpaid. Carl Mink, 10 Winans Road, Livingston, NJ 07039

Ran into a rainstorm, jumped back into a bottle. And at 41 years old, I would love to hear 10/27/71 Syracuse, NY. Please and thank you — Bob Hilton, RFD #1 Box 2080, Bar Harbor, ME 04609

I am profoundly interested in meeting any Deadheads that may be in or about the Frankfurt, West Germany area. Please contact Bud Ellis, Feldbergstrasse 14, Apt. 27, 6000 Frankfurt 1; phone 069-721124

For Sale: Near-mint copy of Chris & Lorin Rowan's *Livin' the Life*, featuring Garcia (pedal steel), Kreutzmann. For serious Dead collectors only. $25. Mike Cowperthwaite, 7140 Rainbow Dr #3, San Jose, CA 95129

Saunders and Associates is a management consulting firm which provides successful interactive business development, human resources, operations, marketing and business ethics consulting to compassionate business owners. Intervention and approach assumes that 'without love in the dream, it'll never come true.' More than 30 successful business clients will gladly provide references. Call Noah Saunders at 303-444-1103 to schedule a free, no-obligation analysis of your business, and to discuss the services and products available. Due to the Boys' schedule, some days I won't be there. 'Know who you are, and know where you are . . . and don't believe your own PR.'©

The Heat came round and busted me for smiling on a cloudy day. Deadheads in jail correspond. I need some friendly mail. William P. Gold, #183-690, MCTC, Rt. 3 Box 3333, Hagerstown, MD 21740

Mike Kiang, Brian Healy: Are you still out there (Dead or alive)? Jim Knwski, 51 Cherry St #2, Lynn, MA 01902

Need dates of shows on East coast from 78 to present. Replies answered gratefully. Mayr, 18 Bray Park Dr, Holyoke, MA 01040

Minneapolis Fishheads: Thanks for the radiation therapy and hometown hospitality. Love, Missy

Gould: So glad *we* made it! Happy B-day. Love, Z

Hey Now, Gay Deadheads: I am compiling a magazine piece for The Advocate and would like to include your first-person story, on how you got into the scene and how it feels to be there and be gay. Make it 500 words or less and send it to Edward, c/o The Golden Road, 484 Lake Park Ave #82, Oakland, CA 94610

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Wanted: Jerry doll 18" size. Saw you at Alpine. Could the vendor please send me info on buying one. Catherine Yoho, 106 S. Main, Dousman, WI 53118

When I get confused, I listen to the music play, but I still can't figure out words to Peggy-O! Can anyone help me out of a jam of da da's and uh-uh's? Leslie Zenz, 835 E. 100 S., Salt Lake City, UT 84102

Dear Billy: Thanx for the great time at Red Rocks 8/11/87 and for the drum sticks. Enjoy your new tattoo. Neil, Susie, Dan, Sally.

Beaded Earrings — Native American and contemporary designs. Send for free brochure. Ear Ornaments, 17 Union Rd, Dept GR, Clinton, NJ 08809

Things went down we don't understand, but I think in time we will. Any others with MS out there? Lisa Frank, PO Box 1323, New London, NH 03257

Peggo-O: Fare you well! As you find your own way where Des Moines looks second rate, I'll find a coral tan. Walstib. Love, Jack

OK (? for help): On the Way. Hello to all gd folks on the WELL! We are everywhere. carolg

Happy Birthday Jon H! Remember: It's just another test! Love, your neighbors in Baja Glenview

Welcome to the world Kerala Jane! Can't wait to see you in your mini-dye. Love, the J2

Michelle: For all you do, this hug's for you. Love, your BART chautteurs



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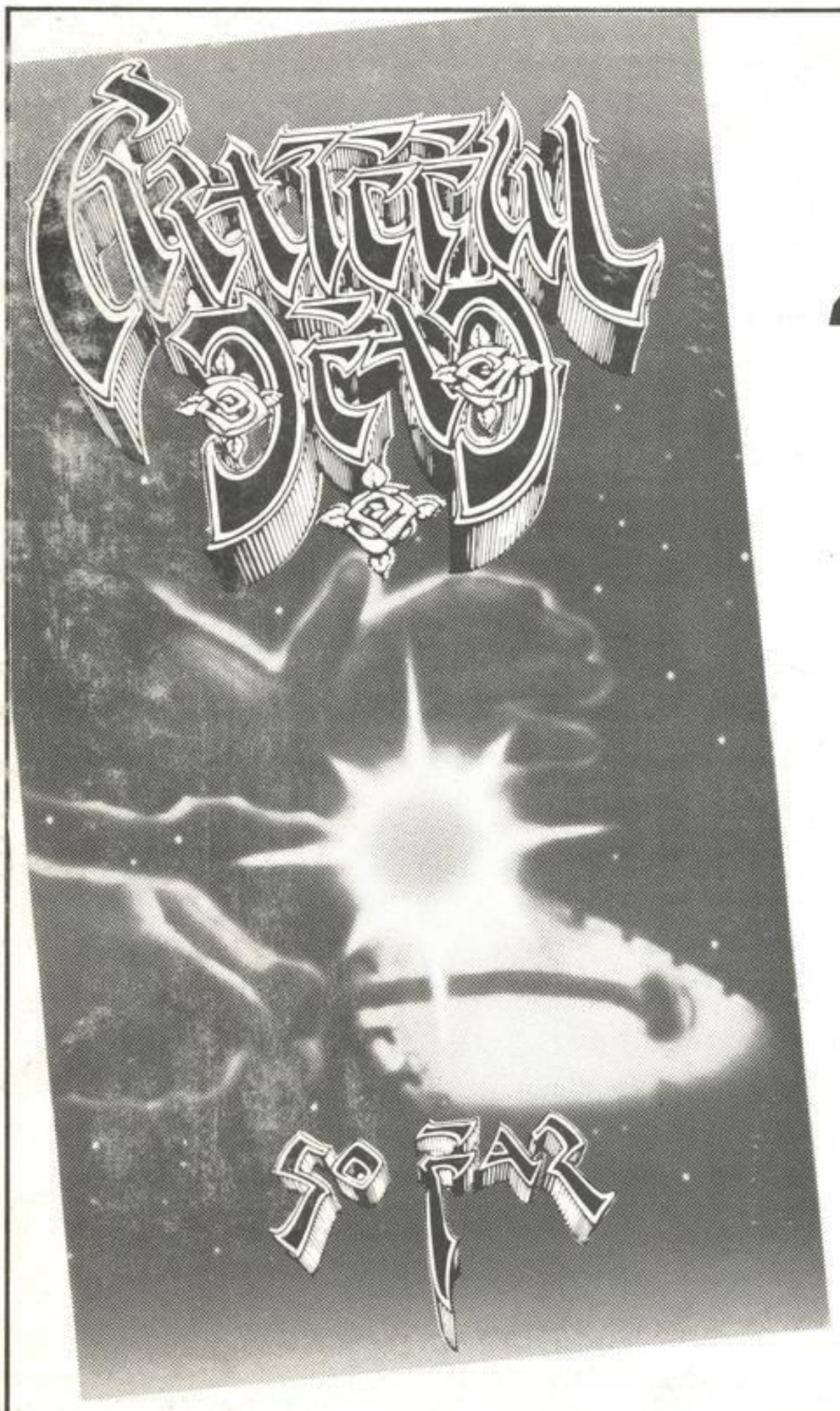
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