THE GOLDEN ROAD



ISSUE 17

SUMMER 1988

And the politicians throwing stones...

Four years ago in this space we urged you all to register to vote and defeat Ronald Reagan. We lost that election and we've *all* lived through the results—four years of a staggering national deficit, increased invasions into our privacy, imperialist interventionism abroad, insensitivity to the plight of minorities, foolish environmental policies and a general assault on most of the things Deadheads hold sacred.

Well, it's election time again and that means we once more have the opportunity to shape this country's destiny. Many Deadheads, taking their cue from the band's oft-stated distrust of politics, choose not to become involved in the electoral process. They argue, in part, that there is no difference between candidates, and that to vote at all is to lend legitimacy to a political system that is ineffective at best, blatantly corrupt at worst. But there is a difference. The way the government in power rules sets the tone for the whole country. The current administration's utter lack of compassion for the poor, to cite just one example, has led to a general despair in the inner cities; cynicism is rampant. And what sort of message is sent out by the fact that more than 100 members of the Reagan-Bush team have resigned because of shady dealings? These are people who believe the words of Wall Street sleazeball Ivan Boesky: "Greed is good!"

Voting for men and women who endorse humane social, economic and military policies at the very least gets the ball moving in a positive direction and creates a climate for progress. In the Congress, state houses and local governments we're beginning to see a new generation of progressive leaders who are trying to steer this nation toward a new, more socially conscious agenda. Even the apolitical Grateful Dead may be changing its stripes a bit. "[Social action] is something the Grateful Dead has avoided pretty assiduously—getting directly involved in things," Garcia said recently. "Well, we've sort of changed our tack the last couple of years, as things have started to look *really* bad. We've decided maybe it's possible for us to act in this world of big scares, and we all have an investment in the future in the form of kids and friends who have kids. It would be nice to think we could be effective somehow. This might be a good time to start doing things."

The whole Grateful Dead scene, with its optimism and determination to make things better, is proof in microcosm that good ideas and sheer will are very powerful tools. We believe that the time has come for all of us to show we care about the *big picture*, too. Please register to vote and JUST SAY NO to four more years of Reagan-Bush policies. This could well be the most important presidential election of our lives.

Our cover this time is a specially commissioned work by Judit TornAllen of Eugene, Oregon. We first fell in love with Judit's art a few years ago when her *Golden Road* subscription envelope arrived covered with the strangest, trippiest, most colorful rubber stamp art we'd ever seen. We struck up a friendship from afar and then met a year or so later when we saw her selling postcards of her stamp art outside Bay Area Dead shows. In a scene filled with skilled artisans, Judit is truly one of the most original—to our knowledge she's the only one doing what she's doing.

A native of California, Judit has lived in Oregon for the past 14 years, working in a number of different fields. She says her interest in what's known as "correspondence art"—letters, postcards, etc.—began in 1964 when she attended a Quaker High School. (She saw her first Dead show two years later.) It wasn't until 1976, however, that she began creating art using commercially available rubber stamps. In the early '80s, with the encouragement of friends, she started carving her own stamps out of white plastic erasers and seeking out the best stamp inks she could find. These are still her principal tools. For the past five years she has been making and selling Dead-related postcards, though much of her work has no overt connection to the band.

"What I really like are colors and textures," she says. "Color is something I seem to have been born with—like some people are 'born dancers.' When I see something, my eyes make a frame of color. I might not see detail, but I always see the color moving." Anyway you look at it, she has extraordinary vision.

Help! We're looking to expand our readership in the South. If you'd like to give us a hand by passing out *Golden Road* leaflets on the fall Southern tour, send us your name and address and we'll rush you a stack. Thanks!

— BJ & RM

THE GOLDEN ROAD

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FEEDBACK



Illustration: Elizabeth Lada

Give the Devils Their Due

Have you ever noticed that just before someone starts complaining they say, "I hate to complain, but . . ."? Well, I hate to complain, but I feel it is my duty as a Deadhead to point out a problem.

The Setting: I spent a really enjoyable week at the Alpine Valley Music Theater. I liked the scene, the band, the folks, etc.

The Problem: My complaint is that the people around me at the shows turned the drums/"space" portion of the show into a buzz of conversation reminiscent of a busy day at the stock exchange. The fourth show had an exceptionally unique and original drums/"space," which was all but spoiled for me by inconsiderate fans who felt that this subtle moment of the program would be an opportune time to engage in casual yakking.

The Solution: I would like to suggest that if you find that the intricacies of the Rhythm Devils/mind expansion part of the show are above your level of comprehension, that you at least let those of us who get into it enjoy. I'm not asking people to appreciate this abstract part of the show, just to stay clear of my space long enough to let me appreciate it.

The Reason: For those of you who still can't relate, allow me to explain. Drums/"space" is, to me, the most spiritual part of a show. It grips my soul and thrashes it around, and it feels groovy. It is artistic creation in its purest form; music that is being played at its moment of conception. And it is an experience that, more than any other part of the show, magnetic audio tape simply cannot do justice to. It really astonishes me that a contingent of music aficionados as enthusiastic as Deadheads don't appreciate it more. It's a gift to you from the band. A chance to hear them create firsthand. And yet a lot of people treat it like a second intermission.

All I'm saying is that however you choose to enjoy the show, please do it in such a way as to let those around you enjoy it too.

Terry Barkman
Landmark, Manitoba, Canada

Blows Against the Editor

Just a quick note to let you know how much I enjoy your mag and your literary gift for an informative free-flowing interview. Your Robert Hunter piece was uniformly excellent, although there is a small error with regard to the song with the line "Seven inches of pleasure." The correct song title is "Across the Board," from the Kantner/Slick album *Baron Von Tollbooth and the Chrome Nun*. Also of note is a great collaboration between David Freiberg and Robert Hunter, "Harp Tree Lament," on the same LP. Back in the good old days, *Toolbooth* and *Sunfighter* and *Blows Against the Empire*, with our favorite guest electric guitarist, launched many a psychedelic voyage into the realm of science fiction-based temporal reality.

Scott Glasscoe
San Anselmo, CA

How 'Bout "Dark Star-St. Stephen-The Eleven"?

I was really surprised to hear that Robert Hunter feels like nobody appreciates him. I think he doesn't give Deadheads enough credit for being able to discern that he and Jerry are separate entities who collaborate. At least he seems to appreciate that Jerry puts his songs in beautiful settings. It's hard to be in the background, I'm sure, but he should take heart that the words he's written communicate so much to so many.

Also, I'd like to add my 2 cents to the camp that believes there's way too much griping from the hardcore fans (including you guys). It's not like the band doesn't have a history of repetition of their material. Look at how they played the same songs over and over in the '60s. Look at some of those '71 series, with "Wharf Rat" night after night, or the mid-'70s shows with the same first-set songs popping up all the time. And you didn't hear people complain when "Not Fade Away-Going Down the Road Feelin' Bad-Not Fade Away" was played at nearly every show for a while. Or when "Estimated Prophet" was played almost every night when that came in. My theory is that no one minded because not many were touring. I know when the band comes down to Texas I'm happy with anything they play, and most people I know think the same way. And speaking of Texas, we'll be out in force for the boys this fall!

Jim Turley
Houston, TX

FEEDBACK

Inspiration, Move Me Brightly

Robert Hunter, in many respects, makes the Grateful Dead for me. I recognize that, no matter what kind of magic comes out of Jerry's guitar, it's Hunter's words that move through my head like my inspirational muse, Erato. I too am a writer, and I know that, even if a piece is written with some third person's story in mind, it's always the writer's story. I want to thank Hunter for being one of the few modern lyricists who is also a poet (up there with Dylan, Joni Mitchell, David Crosby and a few others) and for being one of the major inspirations of my life.

Michelle Ben-Hur
San Francisco, CA

How's *Hunter*?

Excellent "Roots" piece about the Black Mountain Boys last issue. I agree, let's hear more! Maybe they could hit some of the hipper folk/bluegrass festivals and do some outreach to the lawn-chair-and-Winnebago crowd. The article was extremely well-researched; there's stuff in there I hadn't known, and I've been into old-time/traditional music for quite a while.

Regarding "Turtle Dove": Maybe Bessie Jones' source for the last line of the chorus wasn't exactly a "corrupted musical scale." A tradition in the "shape-note" singing schools that proliferated all over the country in the last century was to sing the hymn the first time through without the words, just the melody accompanied by the names of the notes ("Fa-so-la-so-la," etc.). The "shape-note" system differentiated the musical notes by their shape, rather than their position on the staff (though some books combined shape-note and standard notation). I know that the Georgia Sea Islands' traditions are unique because of their isolation, but those singing schools got into a bunch of places, and maybe there was some crossover. John McCutcheon has done some shape-note stuff with Trapezoid on a couple of his albums, and if you want to hear some harmonies that will curl your hair, check out *American Folk Hymns in the Sacred Harp Tradition* by the Word of Mouth Chorus on Nonesuch.

I'm sure it was just space limitations that kept you from mentioning that "I'm Just Here to Get My Baby Out of Jail" appears on Round Records' *Pistol Packin' Mama* album by the Good Old Boys (Frank Wakefield, Dave Nelson, Don Reno and Chubby Wise) produced by none other than Jerry Garcia.

Interesting and provocative interview with Hunter. The man does have a way with words, doesn't he? ('Course, we knew *that* all along!) But he sounds a little petulant when he gritches about not getting recognition. C'mon, man! This is the same guy who got all pissed-off when someone snuck a photo of him into the *Europe '72* picture book? Give us a break! And about the "How's Jer-eee?" questions: He must be talking about his '86 tour, when the question did pop up on both the tapes I've heard, along with some choice Hunter rejoinders. And hey — in the fall of '86, we *needed to know*! Would it help if some of the guys down front at Dead shows started yelling "HOW'S HUNTER?"

Oh, by the way, I'm trying to revise a traditional lullaby for my kids. It starts out "Hush little Deadhead, don't feel blue/ Jerry's gonna play you a 'Morning Dew.'" Can anybody else help me out?

Lee Agnew
Norman, OK

Editor's note: Jody Stecher, who knew Bessie Jones, more or less confirms the shape-note hypothesis.



Cousin Hope in the Louie Louie Parade

Dancin' in the Streets

Picture, if you will, a contingent of tie-dyed-in-the-wool Deadheads, strutting their stuff down a major downtown thoroughfare, carrying signs and banging tambourines . . . What could it be? Spring tour '88? No, the boys aren't scheduled to play until September. Maybe a political protest? No, it's the fourth annual Louie Louie Parade!

A local group of Deadheads got involved after one veteran fanatic, Audrey Fine (Media, PA), received a tape of the Dead's Hartford show (4-5-88) and heard the first official cover version of the pop classic "Louie Louie." Always the innovator, Audrey summoned friend and WMMR disc jockey Pierre Robert, and broke the news to him. Pierre flipped! She then explained her brainstorm: a Deadhead float in the Louie Louie Parade, WMMR's annual benefit for the Leukemia Society. Friends were contacted, the song was put onto an endless-loop cassette, a sound system was erected, a banner was made, and by the day of the parade, we stood assembled, over 30 of us, in our favorite shirts and best smiles. On Sunday, May 22, we marched proudly in the streets! And we raised about $300 for the Leukemia Society, too! Never had such a good time . . .

Denny Horn
Philadelphia, PA

Hair Today, Gone Tomorrow

I am finishing up a three-year hitch with the Army so I can go back to school and get my electrical engineering degree. The Dead have both helped and hindered my stay in the Army. (My theme song in basic training was "I Need a Miracle.") Everyone in my unit knows I'm a Head because I spend my two weeks of summer leave on tour. Last year they asked for an address of where I would be on leave so I told them: in a tent in the parking lots at Toronto, Rochester, Foxboro, Pittsburgh, Roanoke, Philly and New Jersey. And I gave them the dates. Needless to say, I had a urinalysis test the day I got back (it was negative, as usual!).

They also freak out when I'll drive all the way to Hampton to catch one show and come back and be at work Monday. Of course they have the bottle waiting! I tell them they'll never get a positive, since I don't indulge in the pleasures of marijuana. But I get out in eight months and I'll be on tour all summer, enjoying life and not cutting my hair!

Michael Caprara
Watertown, NY
(but going back to Pensacola, FL!)

It's a Lesson To Me

I'm still recovering from my first major long-term disillusionment, which began on the East Coast spring tour. I had never done a whole tour before, although I've been seeing the Dead for ten years. I guess I picked the wrong one. Don't get me wrong; it wasn't all bad. I met a lot of nice people and had a lot of fun. But I think it's better for me to only see ten or 12 shows a year. And spring tour is definitely not a tour to do. Summer tour is a tour to do — all outdoors and nice scenery.

It was also the first tour on which I'd sold stuff at shows. I definitely picked the wrong time to jump on that bandwagon. My friend and I printed up 3000 stickers for $600. I figured I could sell them for a buck each and have some road money. Wrong! Agents of the Grateful Dead didn't like me using an "image of Garcia" on my sticker and proceeded to confiscate all they could find on my person and told me to never peddle such items again. Meanwhile, the rest of the flea market merchants — with their tables, blue tarps, rented vans and clothing racks — were deciding whether to actually bother going *into* the show.

I'll never sell at shows again, and I'll never do another whole tour again, unless I've saved enough money to do it without selling, and it's a summer tour. So that's where I got a little disillusioned — but it's a lesson to me. What the Dead organization is saying to me is: Don't organize your whole life around touring; it's too hazardous. And the shows get boring night after night, "Touch of Grey" after "Touch of Grey." So I'm going to cut down and see fewer shows.

But I can't help think about the people I met on tour who, like me, had some stupid item they made — a shirt or a sticker or something — who are still out there selling. I hope they won't be apprehended by burly

Grateful Dead thugs who'll take their only visible means of support. And all the while the falafel salesmen who've followed the tour, and that guy from Venice Beach with his buttons and checkered welder's cap, are laughing all the way back to California First Interstate Bank. . . .If you ask me, the Dead are weeding out the wrong people.

It's amazing when I think about how quickly it all changed for me. From a scene where anything could happen to a scene where anything *bad* could happen — like changing Disneyland into New Your City. Newer Heads might not know this, but as late as '83 it was extremely uncool to sell beer. If someone wanted a beer they were *given* one by anyone with a cooler. Now, anyone with a cooler is *selling* beer.

Newer Heads are always blamed for the changes. I remember taking the Long Island Railroad into New York for a show at Radio City and some Head was saying, "It's the new Heads, the ones that came with *Terrapin* and *Shakedown* who are screwing things up." But he was wrong — it's where your head is at that counts.

Pat Woods
Hicksville, NY

And the Kids They Dance . . .

I am a 19-year-old senior at prep school in Connecticut. I saw my first show right before Jer fell ill in the summer of '86. Since then I have seen shows on both coasts, and learned to respect the scene. I saw a few shows before *In the Dark* came along (with its repercussions), and I feel I can speak about "trendy Deadheads," or whatever you enjoy calling them.

You people speak of new Heads as if they were a disease! For a crowd of people who pride themselves on peaceful coexistence, this seems somewhat hypocritical. I'm not saying that some new younger Heads don't have tons to learn about mutual respect, but labeling them and treating them like outcasts solves nothing. Hell, were all of you born dancing in Winterland? Give them space! Peacefully coexist! Isn't that what life is all about?

And for all you new Heads: kick back, enjoy the ride, and sometime down the road, after *Europe '92* comes out, y'all will see a crop of rookies come along, reckless as hell, and you'll sit back, laugh, and remember!

Fred Kasak
Weston, CT

What You Play
Is What You Get

There seems to be a growing rift between what you and your readers (including me) appreciate about the Dead and the scene, and what the Dead themselves and their new *In the Dark* fans are into. What's always compelled my friends and me to go to shows is the musical exploration, improvisation and inspiration, and at the same time having *fun* — even if something bad happens, it at least makes for a good war story. In 1987, many friends cried "sellout," but to me the Dead can sell all the records in the world and I won't begrudge them one bit, so long as they maintain the integrity of their live shows. But 1988 is the true year of the sellout as far as their live shows are concerned. There is no jamming. "Playin' in the Band" was the last extended journey, and now it, too, is gone. Every other transition has been truncated ("China-Rider," "Scarlet-Fire," etc.).

GD Ticket Service, via Hunter's letter, moans about the boisterous fan situation. C'mon, guys — if you want to alienate the MTV spring break party crowds, just JAM and SPACE. It needn't be "The Eleven" or "Cosmic Charlie," no strenuous studio rehearsal required — just let it hang out! You can still make pop studio LPs — just keep the sanctity of the live shows.

Are the band members so insulated from reality that they don't see the connection between how they play and the type of fans they attract?

Bob Messina
East Berlin, CT

Had One of Those Flashes
I'd Been There Before

Speaking of altered states of consciousness, I had an experience a few years ago that *Golden Road* readers might find interesting. I'd be curious if any others have had a similar one. It occurred at the Dead's '84–'85 New Year's Eve show at the San Francisco Civic. Just at midnight, as the balloons descended from the ceiling, I was suddenly and vividly in another place, transported back in time. The scene I witnessed was analagous to the New Year's show atmos-

DON'T LEAVE HOME WITHOUT IT



Darn! If only I hadn't left my *Golden Road* in the campground at Alpine.

The only thing worse than leaving your *Golden Road* behind is not having it come to your home at all. Remember: a mailbox is a terrible thing to waste.

Get the next four issues for $16 (U.S.); $20 (U.S) for airmail overseas. (All issues prior to Summer '88 must be ordered as **BACK ISSUES** for **$4.50** each; $5 overseas.)

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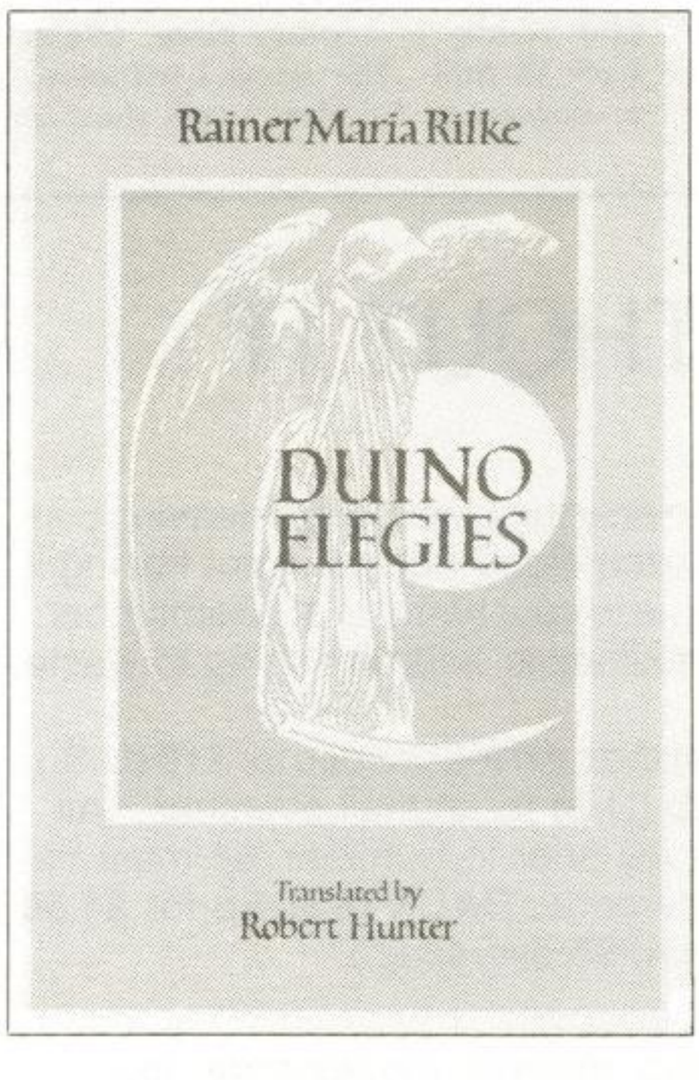


The Collected Poems of
Robert M. Petersen

"Petersen will take you somewhat deeper than is comfortable, if you enter his lines rather than flipping through them. This is what a poet should do. The voice of Robert M. Petersen will endure, crackling through the static of our generation like the sound of a far away radio." ***Robert Hunter***

Petersen was born in 1936 and died in 1987. In the 50's he hopped the freights, played jazz saxophone. He first met Phil Lesh at San Mateo College. Later they collaborated on several Grateful Dead songs. Sometimes he lived on the mountain. He served time. He knew well the lore of the West, its local and natural history. He practiced freedom. He bridged the beat scene of San Francisco to the rock era, like his sometime companion, Neal Cassady. His poems are lucid testimony of culture in transformation.

Grateful Dead Lyricist ***Robert M. Petersen's*** *Collected Poems, Alleys of the Heart, with a Foreword by Robert Hunter.*
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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.
from the *Ninth Elegy*

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FEEDBACK

phere. The sense I got was of being somewhere in the Middle East, centuries ago. I was inside a very large tent, in which there also was a celebration going on, and a large crowd, all in the dress of that time. As at the show, the peak of the celebration was occurring, and lots of things were falling from the ceiling.

The message I got was that we were connected to some sort of celebratory aspect of the human spirit that has existed throughout all time, and that the band and the entire Grateful Dead scene represent an embodiment of that spirit in our present time. It also seemed that the expression of this celebratory spirit necessitated the gathering of large groups of people in a "ritual-like" setting, and that these celebrations were very important for the refreshment of the "group psyche."

It also occurred to me that perhaps one of the reasons for the "cosmic" occurrences that seem to happen around the Dead, such as meeting people we really feel like we've known before, is because we are part of a family of consciousnesses that has interacted beyond the scope of our present lifetimes, for a fairly long period of time, and we are drawn together by forces larger than we realize.

Now I must include the fact that this happened to me with the help of an extremely small amount of a popular chemical, if you catch my drift. But I don't feel that this invalidates the experience. We are dealing with the question of distinguishing between a hallucination and a perception of reality that is more expansive than normal. While I'm sure it's possible to be fooled, I can tell you that my experience felt totally legitimate. Our connection with previous times is an idea I'm sure others have thought of before, and perhaps many already accept, but I thought it still worth relating my own direct experience with it.

Steve Schmid
Manhattan Beach, CA

P.S. Deadheads might be interested to know about an organization called the Institute of Noetic Sciences (475 Gate Five Road, Suite 300, Sausalito, CA 94965). It was founded in 1973 by astronaut Edgar Mitchell after he had a consciousness-altering experience during the return flight from the moon on Apollo 14. To quote their literature: "Gazing through 240,000 miles of space towards the planet Earth, he suddenly experienced the universe as intelligent, loving and harmonious. He knew that the Earth and its myriad life forms were not merely accidents arising out of random processes, but that all creation was part of a wondrously unified, interdependent whole." Mitchell acted upon his vision by creating the institute. Its purpose is to do research into the frontiers of the capability of the human mind, with the idea that there are as yet vast untapped potentials. Some of their research topics are: life after death, spiritual healing, altered states of consciousness, creative altruism, methods for creating world peace, the effects of belief systems on consciousness, exceptional abilities, and channeling.

DEADLINE

Oakland Park Encampment

Concert Draws Record Crowd To Alpine Valley

'Deadheads' Anger Concert Neighbors

By Marc Sandalow
Chronicle East Bay Bureau

Dreamy-eyed followers of the Grateful Dead are confronting down-to-earth anger from neighbors of Oakland's Kaiser Auditorium, where the band concludes a three-night stand this evening.

middle-class urban neighborhood.

Nudity, trash, noise, wafts of marijuana smoke, public urination, and a monopoly on the parking spaces are some of the neighbors'

ritt Channel.

Often the same fans cannot afford $20 to attend the shows but instead enjoy the spectacle and

ing our relationship
nity that has welcon
head Scene.'"

Neighbors are
any



BY UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL

'Deadheads' Told to Beat It

Fans of the Grateful Dead rock band who camped out in a park this week in downtown Hartford, Conn., were told yesterday by police to leave the city. Hartford has for the last two years allowed 'Deadheads' to sleep in the park near the Capitol when the band was performing in town. But complaints of drug abuse and littering have led officials to consider a permanent ban on concerts by the Bay Area group.

In Dread of Deadheads

By Walter H. Crockett Jr.
The Telegram Staff

When the first contingent of Deadheads rolled into our fair city yesterday, they couldn't find the welcome mat.

The loyal fans who follow the Grateful Dead from city to city started trickling into Worcester yesterday morning, searching for places to park their cars, set up tents, sell foods and crafts and have a party during the Dead's sold-out

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issued to keep Dead fans from loitering downtown and to prevent them from camping out overnight in city parking lots.

"We're simply enforcing the ordinances of the city of Worcester," City Manager William J. Mulford said yesterday. "This is a free country. They're not going to be harassed."

Wrong Garb?

Mulford said fans of most rock groups leave the city after one performance, but many Grateful Dead

By late afternoon, some Deadheads were wishing they had worn fezzes to Worcester instead of tye-died shirts and ponchos. If the Shriners had come to town, police wouldn't constantly be telling them to move on, several Deadheads agreed.

"They're not giving us a chance," said Rod Smith, 20, of Shaker Heights, Ohio. "I've seen more cops come up to us and tell us you can't do this and you can't do that."

"There's about five or six hundred people that have tents they need to put up and it's like,

Officials won't miss Grateful Dead fans

By BILL KEVENEY
and PETER LEYDEN
Courant Staff Writers

"Deadheads" were to receive an early farewell from less than grateful Hartford today, as police and public works officials planned to enforce a 6 a.m. deadline to clear Bushnell Park.

City officials said followers of The Grateful Dead, the '60s-era band that performed three sold-out concerts at the Civic Center this week, had overstayed their welcome and might not be allowed back.

parking by the band's fans had reached an intolerable level Tuesday, the day of the final concert, city officials said.

Police found themselves nearly

ing the park at 6 a.m., officials said.

City officials, who allowed the band's followers to stay in the downtown park this year and in 1987, said they would reconsider

trashing the whole place."

If the Dead's fans are allowed to return, Burke said he wants the band or its promoters to post a

Police bracing for concert

By Mary Delamater
Sun regional staff writer

OXFORD — The commander of the Maine State Police troop responsible for patrolling the turnpike estimated Thursday that up to three-quarters of

said Lt. Thomas Reardon, following a meeting of law enforcement personnel with speedway owner Michael Liberty during the morning. As the officers reviewed traffic patterns, fans were purchasing the last of the 70,000 tickets for the shows scheduled

traffic jam ever on Route
Gray to Oxford with cars at
standstill from early afternoo
evening. Representatives fr
Oxford Police Department,
and Androscoggin Sheriff's
ments and Maine State Poli

Concert draws 100,000

By MARY DELAMATER
Sun Regional Staff Writer
and HARRIET ROBINSON
Special to Sunday

OXFORD — About 100,000 concert-goers descended on this small western Maine community Saturday to hear the Grateful Dead rock band play at the Oxford Plains Speedway, authorities said.

Although a reported 70,000 tickets had been sold for shows on Saturday and Sunday nights, many people came without tickets, officials said.

There were reports of gate crashing during the day as fans tried to gain access to the fenced-off concert grounds between the track's infield and the parking and camping areas, according to state police and a speedway spokesman.

Security officers were kept busy mending broken fences and controlling the unexpectedly large number of people.

But as of 9:45 p.m., state police reported that things were relatively calm in the speedway area.

"So far, they are quite reasonable in comparison to last weekend," a state police spokesman said. "Traffic is flowing through Oxford. Aside from the occasional overzealous party-goer, they seem to be going quite well."

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grounds, said
administrator
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said. Two oth-
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in Norway, re-

As most of you are probably aware, this is a critical time in the Dead's history, as all of us try to deal with the massive upsurge in the group's popularity in the wake of the success of *In the Dark*. Last year's predictions of an onslaught of new fans coming into the scene has, in fact, come to pass. So how's it going? Well, it sort of depends on who you talk to. In the course of discussing the situation with numerous Deadheads and various people in the Dead organization, I've heard some real horror stories as well as indications that things are moving in positive directions on several fronts.

Perhaps the most encouraging development of the past several months is the Dead's increasingly active participation in looking for solutions to the problems surrounding the scene. Though, typically, they have refused any actual responsibility ("You created yourselves" is their latest sleight-of-pen cop-out), they actually have invested a tremendous amount of time and energy researching the issues involved. On the summer tour, for instance, they set up an information booth outside each of the venues the Dead played, providing a space where people could offer suggestions about how to make the scene better, or receive literature that outlined ways to make the Deadhead invasion less horrific for the local community, or get involved directly and immediately by picking up plastic bags to help collect trash in the area of the concert. The booth was variously staffed by four veterans of the scene — Calico and Goose from the Hog Farm collective, Barbara Lewit and Lou Tambakos — who report that the reaction to the booth was overwhelmingly favorable. Not only did they amass a notebook of ideas from Deadheads, but as the tour went on, a dedicated corps of volunteers took it upon themselves to pick up trash after shows and the result was that the concert sites were generally left clean. Some of this good will in turn spread to communities near the venues, though it's hard to gauge exactly what the effect was out there.

The band, road crew and management took an intense interest in the reports that were prepared after each show, and in many cases adjustments were made — opening up another gate here, making sure that water was available there.

Once again the band's appearance in several cities was preceded by taped radio messages from the group urging people to be cool and respect property (in Rochester, the Dead even bought a full-page ad containing copious information about the camping, restaurants, Silver Stadium rules, etc., in a local entertainment magazine). And at Alpine Valley, announcements were made from the stage before each show about littering, fireworks and other *verboten* activities. Far from seeming cop-like, however, this well-intentioned assault served to put these issues in the consciousness of more people than ever before, and that has to be viewed as a good sign.

In the San Francisco Bay Area, a large group of concerned Deadheads calling themselves the Minglewood Town Council took it upon themselves to hand out a nicely designed four-page leaflet (articulating some of the behavior problems and their consequences) to people attending the recent Greek Theater shows in Berkeley. It's no secret that the Dead are on "probation" at the Greek (and at Oakland's Kaiser Convention Center, whose governing board recently voted to give the

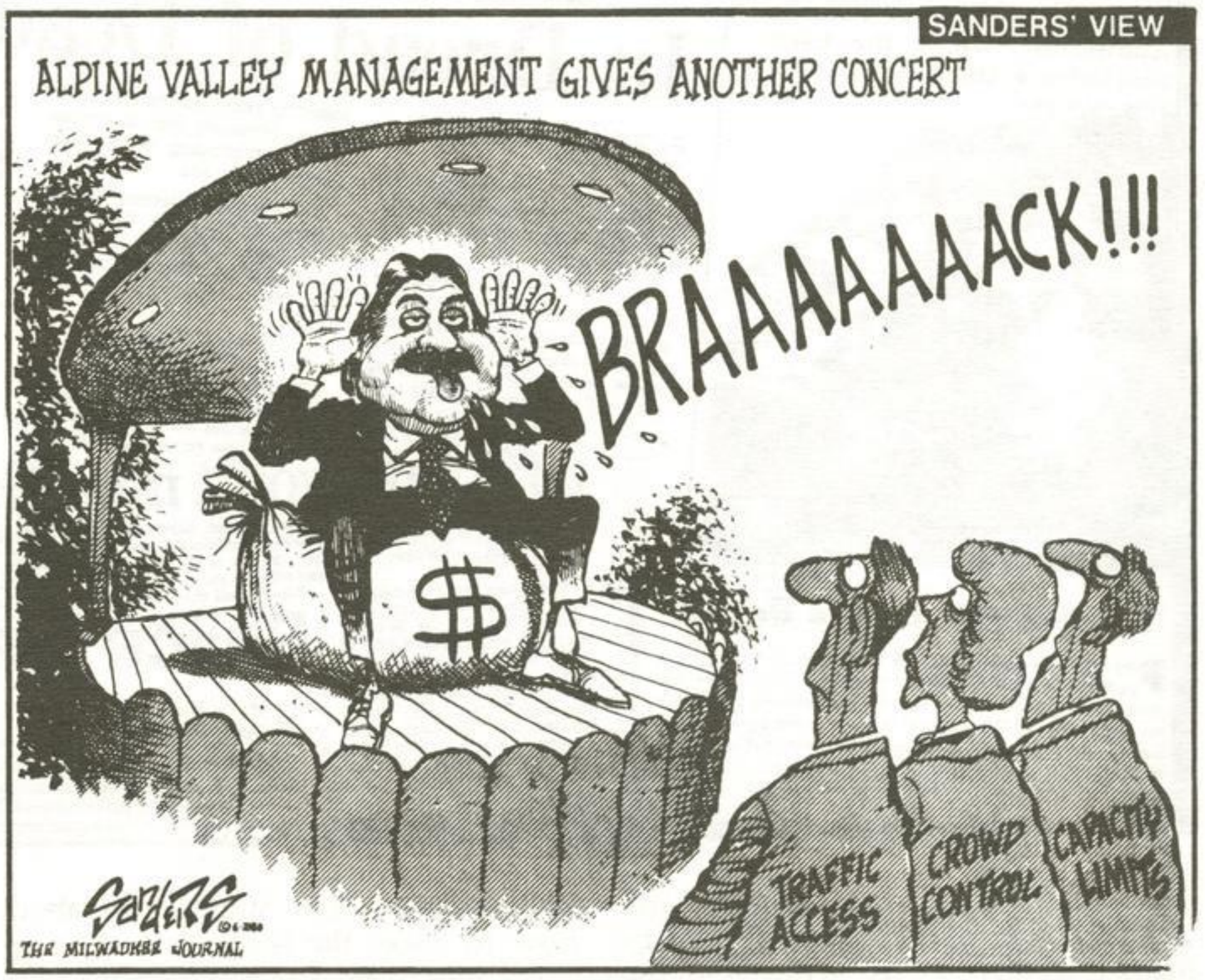
DEADLINE

Dead one more chance there, despite vociferous objections from outraged residents of the Kaiser neighborhood). So the Minglewood group's commitment is well timed: either Deadheads get their shit together and start acting responsibly, or they (we) lose those venues — the best indoor and outdoor places the band plays, in my opinion.

The Dead are on shaky ground in some other cities, too, and even in places where their future is secure, there have been continual problems of various sorts. In Hartford, where the city graciously allowed Deadheads to camp in Bushnell Park, there was a serious litter problem during and after the concerts, a number of drug-related arrests, and now there is a real groundswell to ban Dead concerts there. For a couple of weeks after the concerts the newspapers there were filled with letters both supporting and condemning the Dead and Deadheads. The city itself recognizes the tremendous economic lift it gets every time the Dead come to town, but angry citizens make themselves heard on these sorts of issues, and the last thing the Dead want to become is someone's political liability.

You'd be amazed at the image Deadheads have out in the world at large, and it goes way beyond the occasional sneering or condescending article written by some reporter who's been sent by an editor to cover this "circus." During the weeks preceding the Dead's Oxford, Maine, shows, for example, the local paper printed letters that said things like: "This band is cult-active, they promote Satanism, drugs and sex"; "The term 'Dead heads' refers to the people who have been stoned so many times on drugs and alcohol that they can no longer think rationally ... They are unable to hold down jobs as responsible members of society so they drift and sell things to buy more drugs"; "The message being promoted by these bands [the Dead, and Monsters of Rock acts] involves suicide, murder, sex, violence and especially rebellion in all forms"; "To have the Grateful Dead concert ... is an open invitation to the 'Whores of Babylon' to spread themselves into our serene environment, peddling their wares of degradation, violence and sex." Whew! (To its credit, the Oxford paper came out in favor of the concert and pleaded for cool heads to prevail.)

There were minor gate-crashing incidents again this year in Hampton (still perhaps the most hospitable place on the East Coast to see the Dead), the Meadowlands (which has become the "Harshford" of the late '80s) and Irvine. And Saratoga was something of a disaster. Hundreds stormed the fences that surround the facility, and many were violently beaten back by panicked security forces. Inside, there was the usual tension created by Heads on the lawn trying to swarm into the reserved-seat pavilion area. It's awful when people get their heads bashed in, but it's hard for me to be very sympathetic — these people are screwing up the scene for everybody, and they should know that not everyone thinks gate crashing is the cute little game the perpetrators obviously think it is.



Editorial cartoon run in the Milwaukee Journal during the Dead's Alpine run

The problems with promoters go beyond hiring brutish security forces. What do you do in a situation like Alpine Valley this year? Some 35,000 people legitimately had tickets for the first concert there this summer, yet 50,000+ showed up to party in the parking lots. The result wasn't just that there was a mini-city outside the pavilion during the shows. The area was so congested that many Deadheads literally had to park five to ten miles away and walk to the show, and several hundred were even denied entrance with tickets because the police closed off the area. Needless to say, traffic was horrendous going in and out of the place. Why? In part because no special provisions were made to keep the ticketless out of the area. There were major traffic snarls at Buckeye Lake in Ohio (40,000+) and Oxford Speedway (35,000+ per day) — some reported being in traffic for four or more hours after the show.

Some of this is clearly a problem of just too many people in areas that aren't equipped to handle such numbers. Some of it is mismanagement by promoters who don't take the time (or spend the money) to cover all the bases in advance. Whatever the case, there are always innocent Deadheads who suffer, and more and more of our mail is reflecting a trend: it's becoming a major downer for a lot of people to go see the Grateful Dead. I hate to say it, but in some areas it may actually make more sense for the Dead to play in big, impersonal stadiums than in more aesthetically pleasing, but uncontrollable surroundings. Rochester, where the band has played a 30,000-seat minor league stadium, continues to be a notable exception to most of the above. That city and promoter are doing something right. The Grateful Dead are going to have to take a long, hard look at the lessons of this summer tour.

And a final note on all this: the vending scene at shows continues to be a confusing morass, with policies changing like March winds. After sending out a letter in the spring essentially extending permission to sell anything (even crafts using copyrighted logos, providing a cut was sent to the Dead), the Dead organization reversed itself — without telling anyone — and pro-

ceeded to confiscate a huge range of crafts that they say infringed on their copyrights. In some places vendors were required to pay $100 to sell legitimately. The irony of the situation is that this has effectively squeezed out the small T-shirt craftspeople who print up perhaps a couple of dozen shirts, maybe using a (now-forbidden) line from a Dead song or variation on a logo, and who couldn't hope to cover the $100 fee from sales, while giving the green light to the multitudes who sell merchandise that has nothing to do with the Dead. Does the Dead really want to say "yes" to the big merchants, with their racks of tie-dyes and Guatemalan pants, and "no" to the little guys whose creativity spawned this now out-of-control scene? There were people roaming the parking lots at Alpine confiscating shirts with dancing bears on them, while seemingly every third person sold beer, and shameless drug profiteers openly peddled nitrous oxide, by the balloon or *the tank*! (Nitrous' weird energy is a whole 'nother topic.)

I can remember a day not that long ago when selling outside a show consisted of a few humble craftspeople hawking their wares quietly from a backpack before and after shows. Then came the spread-out blanket, followed by the giant tarp, which led to the huge table, which begat the 10 × 20 aluminum superstructure complete with mirrors, dressing rooms and stand-up displays. I confess that even though I have many friends among the vendors, my sympathies these days are running toward cutting the selling scene back drastically or shutting it down all together. For the recent Laguna Seca shows, the band's Hotline message carried some very specific instructions about vending, limiting both the kind of things that can be sold (no food or alcohol), the amount of space the sellers can occupy (12 × 12, and no multiple franchises), things of that nature. We view this as a good first step toward developing some sensible guidelines, though it will only work if there's actual enforcement. And what works in mellow Laguna Seca won't necessarily play in areas where the sellers are more aggressive.

Can a big scene be scaled back? Yes. Deadheads are a cooperative lot, in general. But what mere regulation doesn't address is the fact that the very existence of a vending scene is part of what attracts the ticketless and troublesome multitudes. Short of an actual ban on vending (which the Dead would prefer to avoid), what will keep those hordes away? Good question. Speaking only for myself, though, I'd much rather have shows with no vending than no shows at all, if that's what it comes to. We've lived with that for two years in a row at the Greek and it's been fine; in fact, it actually focuses more energy on the show itself and the vibes *inside* the arena.

And hey — the great people who make up a small batch of stickers and T-shirts (yes, some even with song fragments or variations on Dead copyrights!) and sell them unobtrusively out of backpacks will always be there (just as the tapers always manage to capture the "non-taping" shows for us). More power to all you creative rebels out there! Over the past two decades you've made the dancing bears and happy skeletons your own, you've shed new light on hundreds of song titles and lyrics, and no matter what anyone says, we *all* own the word "Deadheads." After all, we created ourselves, right?



Outside Kaiser Convention Center in Oakland, March '88. Has the vending scene gotten out of hand? Photo: Ron Delany

You may not believe this, but the Dead really have been working hard on their next LP. It may be out as early as next winter (a slight improvement over the seven years it took to get the last one in the stores). Like *In the Dark*, the first tracks were cut at the Marin Veteran's Auditorium with the Le Mobile recording truck on hand, but after a week or so, the band found a new place to work: the just-finished studio at George Lucas' Skywalker Ranch in secluded West Marin. They've put in more than three weeks of concentrated work there, and obviously the sessions are going fairly well — the new songs the band has been playing are getting better and better.

Tucked away in the midst of rolling hills (green in winter, gold in summer), Skywalker Ranch is a multimillion dollar creative oasis that was built by Lucas primarily to accommodate post-production for movies made by Lucasfilm as well as outside projects. The facility's studio/soundstage is massive, with a 5000-square-foot floor and a 29-foot ceiling. The walls and ceiling have retractable baffles, giving artists and engineers tremendous control over the room's reverberation characteristics, a real plus for a rock band (or an orchestra for that matter). Its beautiful secluded location and tight security combine to make it a great place for a band like the Dead to record. And it's less than half an hour from the Dead's San Rafael studio, which has also upgraded its equipment with the addition of a new Neve V-48 recording console, one of the best in the world. (I assume the band will continue to record overdubs and do mixing there, since it's familiar, flexible and makes sense financially.)

And what of the material on the new album? Well, several songs slated for the record got their initial road testing on summer tour. The first tune unveiled wasn't a new song at all, but Bob Weir's several-year-old "Victim or the Crime," which he's performed with Bobby & the Midnites, Kingfish and solo. Musically, it has a relentless, mid-tempo beat (a friend pegged it when he said it sounds like "slaves in Egypt"), and an upwardly spiraling mesh of dissonant chords faintly reminiscent of the jam in "Saint of Circumstance," except without that tune's satisfying resolution of tension. The lyrics, written by actor Gerrit Graham, address the addictive personality (for example): "Patience runs out on the junkie/The dark side hires another soul/Did he steal his fate or earn it?/Was he force-fed, did he learn it?/Whatever happened to his precious self-control?"

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The battle lines are already drawn on this one. Some people love it, especially the gnarly jam that the band's been playing on it. Others dislike it, including, I'm told, a couple of members of the band. For me, the biggest negative — aside from several lines that make me wince, they sound so forced — is that this may be the first Grateful Dead song ever that is hard to dance to.

"Foolish Heart" is a peppy Hunter-Garcia number that has "single" written all over it. While not as immediately winsome (or cloying, depending on your point of view) as "Touch of Grey" or "Run for the Roses," it is somewhat in the vein of those two, and to a lesser extent, Garcia's arrangement of "Tangled Up in Blue." On the versions so far, the bridge has sounded a little unsure, as if Garcia's having trouble matching chords and melody. But the great news is that the song opens up after the bridge to a break that can really go places — it's really the first new jamming tune since "Feel Like a Stranger." I'm also keen on most of the lyrics I've been able to decipher. One snippet that has intrigued me: "Never look/Never look around the bend/Or check a weather chart/Sign the 'Mona Lisa' with a spray can, call it art/But never give your love, my friend, unto a foolish heart." The song is loaded with that sort of playfully cryptic imagery.

Garcia's new ballad, "Believe It or

Barlow on Brent's New Songs

At a pair of benefit concerts this spring (see next page) some new tunes written by Brent and John Barlow were introduced during Brent's solo sets. We were intrigued enough to give Barlow a call at his Wyoming ranch to get the low-down. This was *before* any of these tunes had been played with the Dead.

What's your collaborative process with Brent like?

I love it! I just think it's great. It's so easy. Hell, we wrote five songs in an afternoon, and I like all of them a lot. I like those songs as much as anything I've ever written.

To what degree do you write to his personality, or what you perceive is his personality?

Well, it's always been the case with anybody that I'm writing lyrics for that I want to be saying things for them to a certain extent. If they're going to have to get up there and sing it for thousands of people, it ought to be something they can sing from their own heart. Such is the nature of both Bobby and Brent that I know enough about what goes on inside them that I can write from my heart things that they can sing from theirs.

Did Brent already have musical settings for these tunes, and then you supplied the lyrics?

No, we genuinely wrote them together. I think you can say that I wrote most of the lyrics and he wrote most of the music, but I'm not even sure that's completely accurate. It was a true collaboration. I started to write and he started to plink around with what I was doing, and we created those songs jointly. I had the germ — the seed — on all of them. In the case of "Love Doesn't Have to Be Pretty" I had a verse, a chorus and a bridge. In the case of "Gentlemen Start Your Engines" I just had that line.

What's going on in "Gentlemen Start Your Engines"? Is that some sort of biker tune?

No, no. It's about being so drunk that you really don't give a rat's ass. It's about wanting to set the whole world on fire just to watch it burn. It's a state of mind I know a lot about but don't try to achieve anymore. But Brent hasn't quite given it up yet.

There's a part of alcoholism that's actually kind of great, and unacknowledged. There's something wonderful about a certain reprehensibly drunken state of mind.

Musically, it kind of reminded me of a Warren Zevon song.

Actually, that's sort of inevitable when you consider the fact he's the only other guy I know that's really tried to be perfectly frank about how great it is to be drunk.

It had some of that "I'll Sleep When I'm Dead" [a Zevon song] feeling.

There's even a line in there that sort of pays homage to that — "The dead can do my sleepin' if you know what I mean."

I wondered about that line at the time. I thought maybe it was a slap at the Grateful Dead.

No, it's a footnote to Warren Zevon.

Isn't "gentlemen start your engines" what they say at the beginning of the Indianapolis 500?

Yes. The reason that came to me is that I've always felt like the difference between an alcoholic and a normal drinker is that whereas a normal drinker gets to a certain point and thinks, "Well, that's enough. I just said something weird," the same little voice in the back of an alcoholic's head says, "GENTLEMEN, start your engines!" When other people are starting to question their judgment, that's when *you* decide the race is on.

Of the three songs, the one I, and everyone I talked to, liked the most was "I Will Take You Home," which I assume was written about his kids.

Isn't that pretty? I've got three little girls, too. One of my daughters is the same age as his oldest, so I felt like it was appropriate, since we were going to be doing stuff together, to tap into this common well that we can dip into — this love we feel for our daughters.

And there are two others you've written together?

Yeah. One is called "Blow Away," which is actually a typically Brent kind of song about breaking up with somebody and how it really doesn't matter — or shouldn't. It's one of those things where if you give it a little time and a little perspective, like most ephemeral matters it'll disappear.

The other one is called "You're Still There," which I hope he gets accomplished. I like that one a lot. That one is a real straight-on, let's-be-nice-to-the-ladies song about the fact that we go off and do all these crazy things and they stay there and take care of the fire and the kids and all. It's an act of gratitude.

You workin' on anything with Weir right now?

I've got two songs we're working on. I've been shoving stuff at him for several years now and it doesn't seem to go anywhere.

Well, maybe the threat of an album will shake him up.

My problem is I don't want the Dead to put out any more records where Bobby is reading the song from a sheet of typing paper while they're recording it. It's been that way just about every time except for *In the Dark*.

In other words you want them to play it live.

Yeah. I don't want him to record one of my songs unless it's been played often enough for the other band members to know it and give that feedback. And I feel like if the audience hasn't had a chance to engage in the creative process, then it's not a Grateful Dead song. □

Not," sounds very derivative of two Garcia Band tunes—"Lucky Old Sun" and "Gomorrah" (from which it blatantly rips off an instrumental figure), though I think emotionally it comes from a space closer to Garcia's underrated (and certainly underperformed) "If I Had the World to Give." A simple, bluntly declarative love song, "Foolish Heart" contains one of my favorite recent Hunter couplets: "Making music together in a world time forgot/Let me show how I love you, believe it or not." It could be beautiful on the record; and the live version at Laguna Seca had a big build-up ending that reminded me of a great Stax soul tune. With any luck it won't drag like "Black Muddy River" has on several occasions.

Brent and John Barlow wrote five songs together this winter (see sidebar) and three have already been performed live by the Dead and worked on in the studio. The early crowd pleaser seems to be "Blow Away," which has a great little melodic hook that's played in unison by Brent and Jerry, and a very catchy (if repetitive) chorus. Lyrically, the song is about getting over a broken love affair—familiar songwriting territory for Brent, to say the least. With a little trimming (it does go on a bit) it could be a real first-set favorite. The arrangement is already power packed.

"I Will Take You Home" is a lovely lullabye from a father to his young child (Brent has two young daughters). It hasn't gotten a full band treatment onstage yet—Weir has yet to play on it—but it's already won over many Deadheads with its warmth and simplicity. The tinkling piano figure that drifts through the tune, and some of Brent's phrasing, sounds rather Springsteenish to me, but there are worse people to be influenced by. Whether or not the band will become more involved on it, or whether it will remain essentially a solo vehicle for Brent, remains to be seen.

The third Mydland-Barlow tune is "Gentlemen Start Your Engines," a driving paean to alcoholic excess. It sounds like a bar-band tune, too, with a sort of bluesy, hard-rock flavor. To quote another Brent tune, "I can't relate at all," but it's too early to pass judgment on it. The couple of times I've seen him do it solo, and at Laguna Seca, the song featured a space-cum-jazz break in the middle that ventured into some really interesting terrain, and I'm always for anything that makes the band stretch out.

The songs are so new it's hard to generalize about them, but there is one thing that disturbs me—none features backup vocals from other bandmembers. That's nothing new for Weir's "recent" songs, but both Garcia and Mydland have generally worked hard to involve the other singers in vocal arrangements. It's a small point, I know, but it hit me immediately in each case.

We don't know too much of what else the Dead have up their sleeves for the album. Apparently there's a Hunter-Weir song called "Shit Happens," which someone who'd heard it described as "a great Hunter lyric set to another strange jazzy Weir tune." And Weir has allegedly been working on a couple of sets of lyrics from Barlow. Another Hunter-Garcia song called "Built to Last" should surface one of these days, and there's even talk about a Hunter-Lesh song in the works, though we've been hearing rumors about Phil writing for years. Wouldn't that be grand?

As always, there's a bit of news on the benefit front. On April 16 Bob Weir and Brent Mydland took part in a big acoustic benefit for the SEVA Foundation in Los Angeles. Also on that bill were Bonnie Raitt and Crosby & Nash (who got a helping hand from Jackson Browne). Brent (making his solo debut) opened the show with a set that included familiar material like "Far From Me," "Louie Louie" and "Devil with a

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Singing "Teach Your Children" at Los Angeles SEVA benefit in April are (L-R) Jackson Browne, Brent, Bobby, Bonnie Raitt, Wavy Gravy, David Crosby, Graham Nash. Photo: Mariah Healy

Blue Dress On," as well as three new songs he co-wrote with John Barlow: "Love Doesn't Have to be Pretty," a depressing and cynical ballad that says, in part: "Love doesn't have to be fun/ Love doesn't have to be flowers and lace/It can get in your face like a loaded gun"; "Gentlemen Start Your Engines"; and "I Will Take You Home" (see above). Bobby played what has become a standard solo set for him, with tunes ranging from "Victim or the Crime" to "Walkin' Blues" to his usual show-stopper, "Throwing Stones." Brent and Bobby played their duet version of "Hey Jude" (on which they trade verses to very nice effect), and both of them joined other performers for a grand finale highlighted by an uplifting version of Graham Nash's "Teach Your Children."

A couple of weeks later Brent, Bobby and Garcia's acoustic band each performed sets at a wonderful benefit at the Marin Veteran's Auditorium in San Rafael for Creating Our Future, a Marin-based social action training program for high school students. Hot Tuna also played a long, very well-received set. But the capper for this magical evening was the final encore, featuring the three Dead members (plus John Kahn on stand-up bass) on versions of Sam Cooke's "Good Times" and The Beatles' "Blackbird" (which sounded infinitely better than it did either time the Dead tried it subsequently). We've said it before and we'll say it again: benefit concerts are almost always special affairs that transcend the individual acts that play. Looking for good vibes? Buy a ticket to a benefit and then watch the people's smiles.

And as we're sure you're aware, the Dead's final Madison Square Garden concert September 24 is going to be a big all-star affair to benefit several organizations who are fighting to save the rain forests: Greenpeace, the New York-based group Cultural Survival (which works primarily with native peoples in rain forest areas), and the Rain Forest Action Network, among them. The benefit was spearheaded by Sat Santokh, a longtime friend of the Dead's who has been instrumental in Creating Our Future, another beneficiary of the show.

Upcoming Confirmed GD tour dates: October 14—Miami Arena, October 15 & 16—Bayfront Center, St. Petersburg, FL; October 18—University of New Orleans' Lakefront Arena; October 20 — The Summit, Houston; October 21 — Reunion Arena, Dallas. For more info call the Hotline — (415) 457-6388 (West) or (201) 777-8653 (East).

On July 9 at the intimate Great American Music Hall in San Francisco, a historic pairing took place: Robert Hunter read poetry for nearly two-and-a-half hours backed up on piano by former GD keyboardist Tom Constanten. (Another interesting duo opened the show: poet Michael McClure backed by ex-Doors keyboardist Ray Manzarek.) Hunter read a varied assortment of long and short poems, including a fair amount by German poet Rainer Maria Rilke—some of the *Duino Elegies* (which Hunter translated from the German) and ten "Sonnets to Orpheus." T.C.'s backing for this was mainly piano pieces by Schumann and Ravel, though he also played some original music. Other highlights included a reading of the entire "Flight of the Marie Helena" (Hunter's ambitious poetry-and-music LP from a couple of years ago) and a poem called "Exploding Diamond Blues," which T.C. backed with an original piece called "Sonatina," written in honor of Phil Lesh's 22nd birthday in 1962 (!).

Though Hunter had a number of specific suggestions for the music, "he was very generous in deferring to my judgment on a lot of the pieces," T.C. says. "It took some work to find the right ones because most of the ones we were looking at aren't as flexible as pop pieces, and we needed to shape them in certain ways to go along with the poems. So I became a sort of museum curator for him, finding pieces that could be cut or expanded by repeating sections. It turned into a lot of fun."

The event was quite well attended (despite the fact that a Garcia-Hot Tuna

show at Frost Amphitheater that afternoon drained some of the potential audience) and most of the Hunterheads we spoke to went away ecstatic. There are already whisperings about a possible encore performance, though nothing firm has been proposed yet.

Actually, a recorded version of Hunter and T.C. doing the *Duino Elegies* is now available on cassette. Hulogos'i Books (of Eugene, Oregon), who put out Hunter's Rilke translation a few months ago (see issue #15) is offering a limited edition of the work that includes both the book and the cassette. We checked it out and agree with Hunter that hearing the *Elegies* read with soft, atmospheric music in the background really helps the poetry come to life. To get the package, send $16.95 plus $1.75 shipping to Hulogos'i Books, Box 1188, Eugene, OR 97440.

Also of interest from Hulogos'i is a volume of poetry by the late Bobby Petersen, titled *Alleys of the Heart*. The book was put together posthumously by longtime Dead associate Alan Trist and features an introduction by Robert Hunter. Petersen, you'll recall, wrote the lyrics to such Dead songs as "Unbroken Chain," "Pride of Cucamonga" and "New Potato Caboose." Trist chose not to include those lyrics in this book, but what's here is often spellbinding. Petersen had a rough life, filled with pain, yet most of what is here has a beautiful simplicity to it. At its best, this poetry has the sort of crystalline directness of some of Gary Snyder's best work. And like Snyder, Petersen is unafraid to tackle the big metaphysical issues in subtle ways. What Petersen's work has that is unique, though, is the strange wisdom that came from a life drifting through different social worlds. (I keep thinking that Hunter's bridge in "Believe It or Not" could be about Petersen: "Spent time in the lock-up/ spent time on the street/spent time in the upswing/and time in defeat.")

The book encompasses poems Petersen wrote from 1963 to '86. Taken together they tell the story of one soul's life journey. It's not always pretty, but in the end it's a trip very much worth taking. I was moved, and I think you will be, too:

Like a
blossom the poem
opens, unfolding line
upon line
gracefully, as
flowers do.

— from "Tender Grapes"

Alleys of the Heart is available in hardcover by mail from Hulogos'i for $16.95 plus $1.75 shipping from the address above.

One more plug: *Olatunji & His Drums of Passion* is a one-hour videocassette of that group's incredible performance opening for the Dead on New Year's Eve in 1985. Anyone who was there can tell you what a special event this was, and the video captures it all very well, with excellent stereo sound. It was directed by Len dell'Amico (of *So Far* fame), and features a little commentary by Mickey Hart, who was responsible for getting Olatunji on the bill that night. The video is distributed by Video Artists International (Box 153 Ansonia Station, NY, NY 10023) and should be available at outlets that carry a lot of music videos, such as Tower Records. If you can't find it, have your local video store order it directly from VAI.

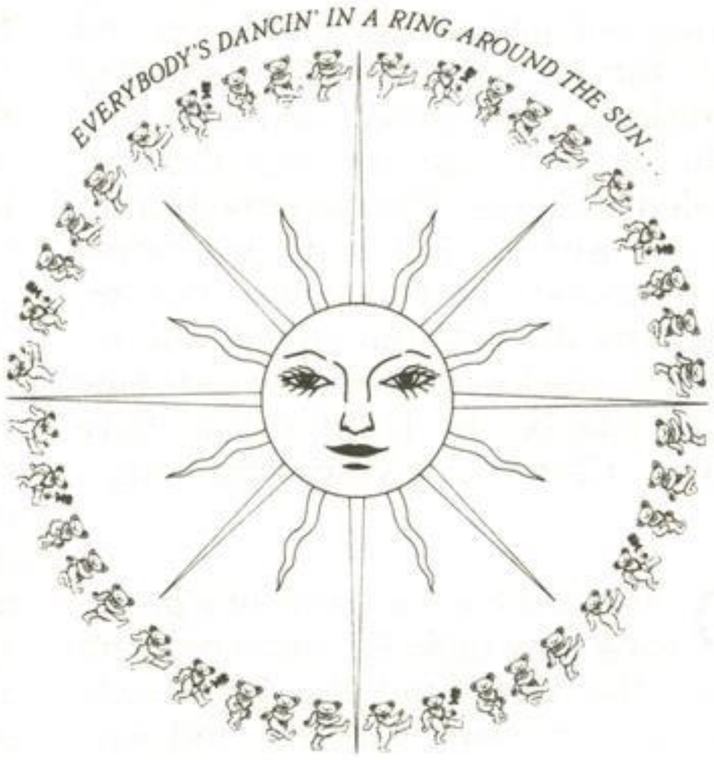
On the afternoon of the Saturday Greek show (7/16) Garcia and Mickey Hart also took part in a free concert in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park commemorating the end of a coast-to-coast U.S.-Soviet peace walk. About 20,000 people packed the bandshell area in the park on a scorchingly hot day to see a wide range of Soviet and San Francisco musicians play. Paul

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DEADLINE

Kantner and Grace Slick reunited for a couple of songs (including "Wooden Ships"), and local faves Zero, featuring John Cipollina, acted as a sort of "house" band, playing their own music and backing up others. Former Starship bassist Pete Sears is said to have been instrumental in getting Hart and Garcia involved. Mickey played percussion on several numbers, and Garcia led the band through three tunes: "Think," "Knockin' on Heaven's Door" (which he played later that night at the Greek, too) and "Goodnight Irene." Hart and Garcia weren't the only performers to make the trip over to Berkeley after the free show: Olatunji came along and sat in with Mickey and Billy during the Rhythm Devils part of Saturday's Dead concert, and Soviet operatic and pop artist Alexander Gradsky regaled the Greek Theater crowd with a moving Russian folk song just before the second set. He was very warmly received by the sold-out crowd, and reportedly stuck around for the rest of the show. Maybe the Dead should have played "China Cat ♦ Volga Boat Song."



Backstage at the Peace Walk concert in Golden Gate Park: Wavy Gravy, Paul Kantner and Mickey Hart. Photo: Cynthia Johnston

Deadhead TV is the name of a promising new cable television program about the Dead and the Deadheads produced in San Francisco and currently showing on 12 cable systems around the country. The loving creation of video producer/director Scott Wiseman (a veteran of more than 300 Dead shows) and writer Kathy Watkins (a more recent, but still rabid Deadhead), the show "has a strong focus on interviews with Deadheads," Wiseman explains, "because we don't think they're getting a fair shake in the media. Deadheads are a wonderful, exciting group of people with a lot of interesting things to say, and we hope to show that side of it."

Wiseman admits that *Deadhead TV* is narrowcasting at its most extreme; he knows that the show's primary audience is hardcore Heads who care about songlists, show reports, tour news and Deadhead interviews. "I also want to be able to show the flavor of some of the places the Dead play," Wiseman says. "For instance, we did a show around the Frost Amphitheater shows that gave people who've never been there some idea of what the place is like. I've always wanted to go to Alpine Valley, but I've never made it. A show like this could give me a picture of what it's like."

Deadhead TV is essentially a two-person operation (hmmm . . . sounds familiar) that's just a sideline for Wiseman and Watkins, and a fair amount of their time has been spent on the grueling task of trying to get the show onto more public access cable channels. So far, the program can be seen on cable systems in seven California cities — San Francisco, Oakland, San Jose, Cupertino, San Rafael, Santa Monica and San Diego — and such far-flung burgs as Eugene (OR), Cleveland, Durham (NC) and East Orange (NJ). In all, it's available to some 2 million cable subscribers. Wiseman is always looking to expand into new markets, and you can help him! How? Call your local cable company and tell them you know about a professionally produced, noncommercial (that's important) show that's already on 12 public access stations nationwide. If you can, get the name of a contact person at the cable company and then send that to *Deadhead TV*, P.O. Box 170642, SF, CA 94117. They'll take it from there.

The Grateful Dead are helping to bring the Gyuto monks for a five-concert national tour this fall. As many of you know, Mickey Hart produced the last album of chanting by these remarkable Tibetans, and he is acting as executive producer for the tour, the dates of which are: November 1—Fifth Avenue Theater (an amazing, just-restored old venue) in Seattle; November 2 — Intermediate Theater, Portland (Oregon); November 6—Lobero Theater, Santa Barbara; November 9 — Royce Hall, University of California at Los Angeles; November 12 — Zellerbach Auditorium, University of California at Berkeley; December 3 — Church of St. John the Divine, New York City.

Compact disc collectors will be excited to learn that the excellent 1973 double album by Garcia & Saunders, *Live at the Keystone*, is out on three CDs. Yes, *three*. The bad news is that you're going to have to lay out some heavy scratch to get all three (each sold separately). But the fantastic news is that there's well over an hour of previously unreleased material from those Keystone Berkeley shows spread over the discs, and it's primo stuff all the way! *Volume One*, which covers two sides of the album, also contains a track called "Merl's Tune," a ten-minute instrumental that sounds very Dead-like. *Volume Two*'s bonus cut is a ten-minute workout on "Mystery Train," with some of the hottest Garcia leads you'll find anywhere. (Lucky thing CDs are heat-resistant!) But *Keystone Encores* contains all new material, and it's definitely up to the standards of the other discs, both sonically and performance-wise. The tunes on this one include extended versions of "Hi-Heel Sneakers," "It's Too Late (She's Gone)," "I Second That Emotion," "One Kind Favor," "Money Honey" and "How Sweet It Is." These discs get my highest recommendation.

Last, but definitely not least, *Live Dead* will be out on a single CD on September 7. Hallelujah!

There's a band out on the highway...

An interview with GD manager

JON McINTIRE

"I very rarely think about the '60s," says Jon McIntire. "And I very rarely tell people about it. It's sort of like an acid trip — it doesn't do much to describe it because they're not going to understand it. The '60s — all of that stuff — is my past, and I don't have a lot of time for the past."

As the Grateful Dead's de facto manager (the organization doesn't seem to be big on actual titles of any kind) McIntire doesn't have much time for anything except the affairs of the band. Which isn't to say he's forgotten or rejected his past. On the contrary, he has an uncanny memory for detail, and once he gets going with a story, he tells it with great relish.

McIntire's perspective on the Grateful Dead is unique because his involvement with the group has been primarily on the business end of things, mainly booking and road managing. Yet he convincingly claims that he has no real appetite for business; indeed, as you read the following interview it becomes clear that much of his motivation in working for the band springs from a deeply rooted love and respect for the Grateful Dead way of doing things, an ethos he has helped shape through the years. "I make a lot of my decisions based on reasons that fall into the category of philosophy," he says. "I have a lot of ethical responsibilities that I've foisted on myself that come into play in my day to day work with the band."



Photo: Herbie Greene

McIntire, now 46, spent most of his youth in Bellville, Illinois, near St. Louis. Always bright and literary, he gravitated toward the theater in the early '60s, working as an actor for the Gateway Theater in St. Louis for a period. "But at a certain point," he explains, "I decided I didn't want to act anymore. It seemed to me that most of the plays being done were sort of like museum pieces, and I didn't really feel like I was part of a contemporary creative process. In true poetic form, I started getting offers as soon as I decided to stop acting."

One of his close friends was living in San Francisco at the time, so McIntire "threw a bunch of clothes in the car and moved there." He ended up living on Page Street in the Haight district with Chet Helms (who would soon help form the Family Dog) and several other colorful boho types. As early as '64 he met and befriended Rock Scully and Danny Rifkin at San Francisco State. "They went down to L.A. at one point and came back managing a band who had just changed their name to Grateful Dead," McIntire remembers. "We all thought Rock and Danny were nuts to be doing this, but we started going to gigs and it *was* fun; it was a happening kind of thing. We were all psychedelic revolutionaries, and we all became great friends during that time."

Though he worked a straight job for some time as a supervising systems analyst for Fireman's Fund Insurance, he eventually dropped out of that rat race to help run the Carousel Ballroom during the glorious summer of '68, when it was operated by the Dead and some other similarly utopian anarchists. Later that year he started working for the Dead exclusively, and through 1974 he helped out in a number of different capacities. During the mid-'70s he worked sporadically with the band on various projects, but withdrew somewhat to devote more time to studying philosophy and dealing with his personal growth. In addition, he

helped steer the early stages of Bob Weir's budding solo career. But by 1979 he had left the music business completely, and there followed a five-year period during which he had virtually no contact with the Grateful Dead.

He returned to the rigors of the road only reluctantly in 1984, when Dead road manager Danny Rifkin left the scene for a while to be with his family and travel. So it is McIntire who has mainly steered the band through the past few years of mega-success, and all its attendant problems.

Brilliant, personable and well-liked in the Dead "family," McIntire seems to have very little ego invested in his position. He cares passionately about the Dead scene, yet for reasons that appear to be largely altruistic. There's no question that he has a good business mind — after all, the band *is* making money hand over fist — yet one senses that deep down, McIntire is still the energetic idealist who gave his all 20 years ago to make the Carousel Ballroom experiment such a grand, if short-lived, success. In fact, the Carousel is the jumping-off point for our interview, which took place at a delightful Italian restaurant in San Rafael a few days before the Dead's summer tour began. Over the course of the evening we talked extensively about his life with the band over the past two decades, and about the challenges that face the Dead and Deadheads in 1988.

What special qualities do you feel you brought to the Carousel's operation?

I just gave the best I had to offer, like everyone else. What we all brought to it, though, was a spirit of openness. We were willing to try anything, and we did.

What's an example of the sorts of things that would go on there?

Well, one night we had a Hell's Angels benefit. It was a dollar admission to see Janis Joplin and get all the beer you could drink. It may have been the largest assemblage of Hell's Angels in one place *ever*. At one point the police tactical squad came up the stairs to invade the place. They had their helmets on and full battle regalia. Jonathan [Reister, who got McIntire involved in the Carousel] and I met them at the top of the stairs and said, "You know, if you come in here, you're going to start a riot." And they looked at us and said, "Yeah, I guess you're right," and they turned around and left, which I couldn't believe.

Chalk one up for our side, for a change!

Right. You know, we were just saying what we thought, in the most open and guileless way possible.

How long was it from the time you took it over until Bill Graham came in?

One summer, the summer of '68. Then Bill took it over and made it the Fillmore West.

Was it clear from the outset that you folks didn't have the business chops to run an operation of that size?

No, what was clear from the outset was that Ron Rakow had signed a lease that was totally untenable. [Rakow, you'll recall, later headed the Dead's independent record label in the mid-'70s, before departing amid flurries of accusations of financial ineptitude.] On the other hand, I'm not sure we would've gotten the Carousel without him.

The landlord of the Carousel was Irish — lived in Dublin — and owned ballrooms all over Ireland. He had his representative in SF — also Irish — who actually ran the place. He used to come around to these gigs we put on and there would be all sorts of outrageous behavior going on. It was just *bedlam*! It was like Babylon! He was a little uptight at first, but after a while he'd just come in, take a look around and then get drunk and kind of smile. [Laughs]

Did the shows tend to go into the wee hours of the morning?

It depended on the night. Usually no, but sometimes yes. The Hell's Angels benefit went to about 4 or 5 in the morning. And the Free City Convention, which is the gig that closed us down because somebody changed the marquee to read "Free City *Cunt*vention" —

That's what closed it down?

Well, it was there at the corner of Market and Van Ness [a busy SF thoroughfare], so there's rush hour traffic going by this giant billboard that's essentially saying "free cunt." They got a little uptight about that. [Laughs] There was also a problem with nonpayment of rent at that time, too.

Since the operation was so unorthodox, was the way in which outside bands were booked and paid different from a conventional place?

Rakow did the booking and it was done in a very conventional way — through managers and agents. To get Janis Joplin, you went through Albert Grossman. We paid the going rate to everyone. We tried to give new bands some breaks. Our two favorite new bands were Santana and It's a Beautiful Day.

At one point we were having financial troubles so we called this meeting of the Haight-Ashbury community to try to enlist their support. Janis had been invited to come, too, because it had been kind of said that Janis shouldn't have taken "x" amount of dollars last time she played; she should've given some of it back. John Cook who was her road manager, who's now a real good friend of mine, was in the office the night of that show, and all these people were trying to convince him not to take the money. He said, "I'm sorry — I work for Albert Grossman and I can't *not* take the money." I felt so sorry for him because the people who were talking to him were really being hard on him.

Hippie guilt.

Yeah, except that one of the guys doing it was a lawyer, and none of those guys were giving *their* money, so why should he? It just wasn't right.

'We were all psychedelic revolutionaries and we all became great friends.'

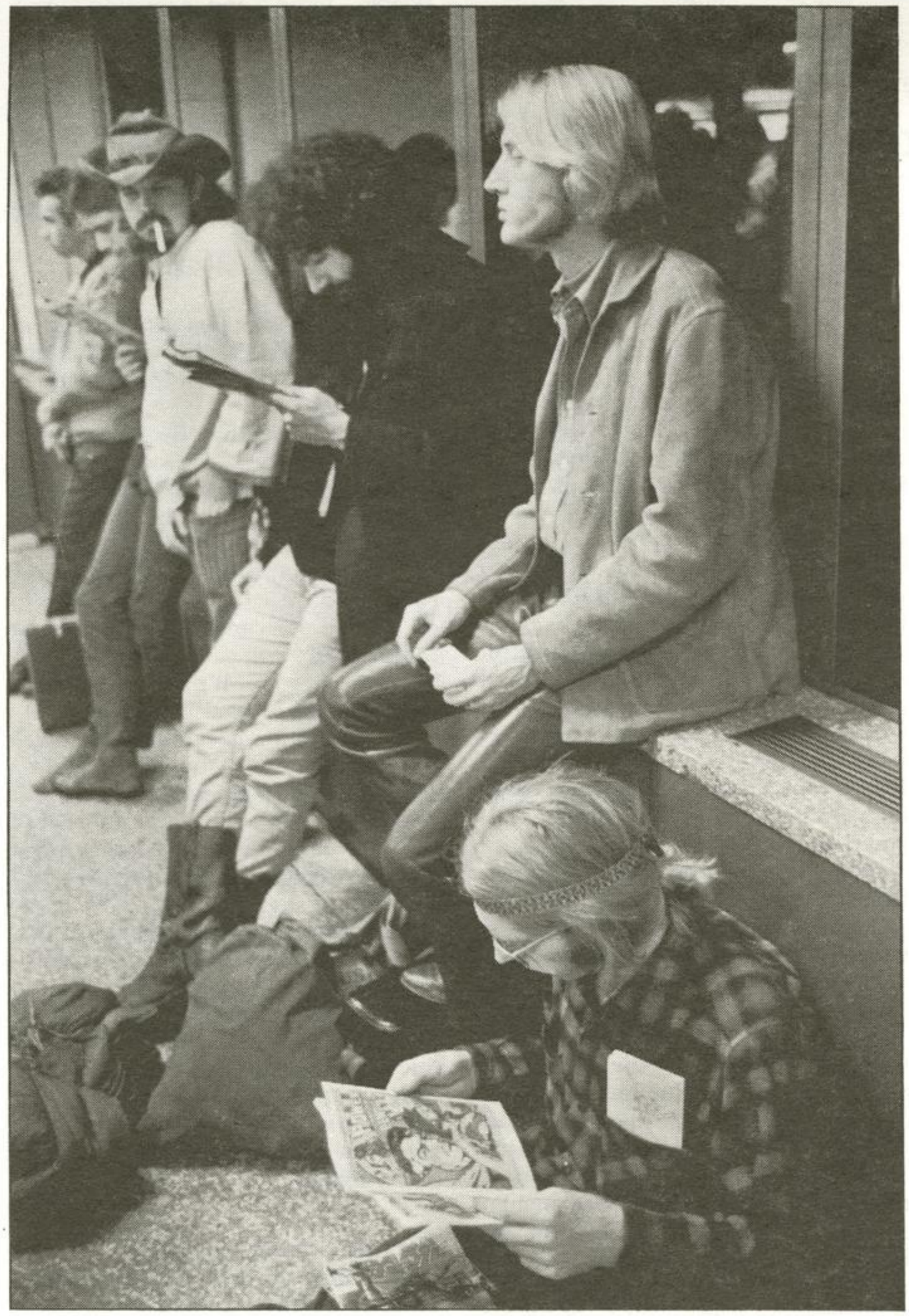
Then, at this meeting, Janis came a little late. We were all in this big dining room at the Carousel sitting around this gigantic table that must've sat 150 people. She hadn't eaten, so when she sat down she pulled out this string bag that had a bottle of vermouth, a sausage and a loaf of bread. She's eating and drinking and she says, "OK, what do you want?" No one knew quite how to deal with a question that direct and there was a lot of stammering. "Well, what *is it*?" she said. "Music or money? Music or money?" She was right on it. No bullshit. [Laughs]

Anyway, whatever it was that everyone gave us, it wasn't enough to overcome this bad rent deal we had. The place could actually have made it if it had had a better deal. I don't really remember what it was, but it was something like 10 percent of the door with a guarantee of $5000 a week. It was expensive, but then again, this was one of the busiest corners in San Francisco back then.

What was the perception of Bill Graham at the time?

The guy with the clipboard! [Laughs] Business person.

Was he resented for that?



Bored in Seattle Airport following the Sky River Festival, September '68. Photo: Jim Marshall

Mistrusted.

I've always heard that there was a heavy anti-business sentiment in the hip community then.

Definitely. And we were terrible business people! [Laughs] We made mistakes from the outset. We opened up with the Dead and the Airplane. The place was crammed to the gills. The next weekend, we didn't have anyone — the place went dark — and then we opened up again the following weekend. Well, if you're trying to establish a place as a draw, that's death. But we simply didn't know that. Then, the second show didn't have nearly as big a draw, so we didn't really keep the momentum going. At either the second or third show, we had so few people show up that instead of charging admission, we went around Haight Street passing out tickets, and then when people got there we gave them free food and free ice cream. Free *everything*. We turned it into a party. That was Rakow's idea; I thought it was wonderful.

That was the kind of reputation you wanted to have. It was, "Let's have a party. Let's have fun." And it *was* fun. It totally changed the atmosphere and it was a gas. And it also gave us the proper reputation of being street people ourselves, which is what we were. Rakow had come out of New York and was different, but the rest of us were folks on the street. We had a great love for this place and gave our lives to it for that period of time. Everyone did. Everyone cared *a lot* about each other, and the care was genuine and it showed.

To me, what it was was freedom, true freedom. You can do anything here and it's OK, as long as you don't hurt anyone. That's the kind of anarchy that shows that people at their basis are good; they don't need constraints to *make* them good. So that's what we were experimenting with there. I think that's what all of us in the Haight were experimenting with. The Carousel was the epitome of anarchy at its finest. A lot of people found it scary. But I think a lot of people in San Francisco found it to be exactly what was going on, and very important to them, and exciting, warm and wonderful.

Were you crushed when it didn't succeed?

I was so tired at the end I didn't know what to think. We didn't sleep. You'd finish one night and then come in the next morning and strip the wax off the dance floor and wax it again. We kept the place immaculate, so we were working our butts off all the time. But we were young and believed in what we were doing fervently — with a great deal of love — so the fact that there was no sleep put it into a dream space, sort of. It wasn't bad that you didn't get sleep. It was simply part of the color in which you lived.

So when it closed I was totally crushed, to tell the truth. But I didn't feel it that way. More than classifying the experience as being crushed, it was more like I was experiencing every waft of emotion every moment. I certainly had great feeling of emptiness, much like, when I was an actor, at the end of the run of a play. That play has been the entire focus of your life for this period, you've given it every ounce of energy you've got, and then it's over. One night it's happening and the next day there's *nothing*. There's nothing there. It's a horrible feeling. But it's also a feeling you can cherish because you've *done* it. It's truly an accomplishment. The emptiness is that the accomplishment is in the past, and the past can never really give you anything except what you're carrying at that moment.

So what did you do next?

Started working for the Grateful Dead. I started as a kind of office manager. They hired Jonathan as the road manager and Jonathan stipulated that in taking him they'd also take me and Burt Canigson [now known as Sat Santokh]. The band was rehearsing in those days at the Presidio Theater [in SF] and they had all the bills of the last couple of years in wastebaskets and paperbags, and Burt and I tried to put the financial picture together from this mess of papers. That took quite a while. I opened an office for us on the

'I considered myself an extreme individual who had collective dreams.'

corner of Union and Fillmore, above a liquor store.

What was the level of the band's success nationally at that point?

They were big in New York and Boston and not very well known everywhere else. Even a little later on, when I was road managing, I remember being on planes with the band going to gigs and the businessman sitting next to me would say, "What's the name of your band?" And I'd say, *very proudly,* "the Grateful Dead!" "What was that?" "Grateful Dead. Grateful Dead!" No one had heard of them. Now I lie about it when someone asks me because everyone has a million questions. I tell 'em I manage The Parakeets.

The view of the band during that period is that they were very familial and democratic and supported a huge network of people. How many people were actually on the payroll?

Not that many. Let's see — there was Ram Rod, [John] Hagen and [Rex] Jackson, the equipment guys. There was Rock, Jonathan and myself. Burt was only there a short time. Then I'd usually have a secretary working with me. And I guess that was it besides the band.

710 Ashbury fed a lot of people when that was going on. What I'm describing is a little later, and is the people on payroll — payroll being $25 a week. But we ate together and hung out together so you didn't need much money. If you had medical problems, those would be taken care of.

At what point did you become road manager?

I think it was around the time they hired Lenny [Hart, Mickey's father, who managed them in '69 and '70]. I had gone out on the road, so I wasn't totally unfamiliar with it, thank heavens. Jonathan had pulled me along on some of the gigs. And I'd learned things staying back, too. I'd be in the office when they were gone and I'd take these phone calls. For the Sky River Rock Festival [in Sultan, WA, 9-2-68] I'd taken all the calls so I was sort of the one who got them to go, just by dint of being in the office. So Jonathan and the folks at Sky River had me come up there. That's how I started going out on the road.

What did the job of road manager entail at that point?

Jonathan would do things like: let's say Pigpen was lost in the airport, or Bobby hadn't arrived yet. Jonathan would go and lay down in front of the plane to keep it from taking off. [Laughs] He literally did that one time! He ran down the stairs and laid down in front of the wheels of the plane.

Beyond that sort of thing, it was pretty much what it is now — getting the band from one place to another. In some ways it was more difficult then than it is now, and in some ways it was a lot easier. It was more difficult sometimes because occasionally you'd arrive at these cheap motels and they wouldn't know you were a bunch of long-hairs until you got there, and they'd refuse to let you come in. That happened to us several times. First you'd try to be diplomatic and try to convince them to let you stay there. Usually, I was successful at that. But sometimes I couldn't do that and we'd have to scramble to find another place.

We met *a lot* of hostility, as you can imagine. We used to call ourselves "space niggers" because we were treated like "niggers," only we weren't black — except for Pigpen, of course. [Laughs] We wore the spaces we had visited on our visages and people didn't like it *at all.* They found it threatening, scary. They'd hurl insults at us. I remember being down at the Hollywood Hawaiian Hotel when we were down in Los Angeles one time, and Jerry and I went out to breakfast at this diner and everyone in the diner started calling him Quasimodo! I couldn't believe it! [Laughs] You know, I was a well-brought-up young man!

Gee, it's not like they hadn't seen any weirdos in Hollywood!

Right. But the Grateful Dead were weirder than most of the people around at that time. And no one really knew who they were. Even in the Bay Area. There was a time when Jerry and I were in Tommy's Joynt [an SF restaurant] and these kids came over, and they didn't say, "Are you Jerry Garcia?" They said, "Are you with the Grateful Dead?" That's how it was back then. *Pigpen* was the one everyone knew, because for a while he was the one who could really sing and play. It was later that it became "Jerry Garcia and the Grateful Dead" in a lot of people's minds, and Jerry didn't like it at all.

Had you done a lot of business in Los Angeles with the band? There are all those great stories floating around about the clash of cultures — San Francisco hippies freaking out L.A. record execs.

They're all true! [Laughs]

Were you at the famous meeting at Warner Bros. where the band said they wanted to call the Skull & Roses album "Skullfuck"?

I was the one who called Joe [Smith, then president of Warners] and said, "Joe, are you sitting down? [Laughs] The band has told me the next album is going to be called 'Skullfuck.'" You see, in our contract we had total artistic control, so we actually had the right to do it. Well, Joe came unglued. He just came apart! "You can't do this to me!" "It's not me, Joe. It's *all* of us. We're *all* doing this to you!" [Laughs]

I once had a realization while I was driving over to Warner Bros. that I could literally take my rent-a-car and drive it through the glass doors into the lobby and it would be exactly what they expected of me. They expected *anything* of me! And that was really great. I don't like traditional business, therefore I had to do things eccentrically, or at the very least there had to be some sort of individuation for me to take part in it and feel any sort of fulfillment at all. So the fact that I could, in the midst of negotiating record contracts, launch into discussions about the apocalypse, was very much to my liking.

Did that actually happen?

Yes, although that was with CBS. I remember Elliot Goldman was there and I used the word "apocalypse" in the conversation, although I don't remember why. And he said, "What do you mean by apocalypse?" And I said, "Well, I know *exactly* what I mean by that word, Elliot, but I really question whether you want to hear what I mean by it right now." He said, "Yeah, I do," so I started going on about the image of the apocalypse in visual art and literature and what it means from the standpoint of an individual's life — the crisis leading to the transformation. Then I drew it into Nietzschean nihilism and all this stuff. I meant what I was saying, too. It was a concept that was important to me. But it was in the middle of a negotiating session! I don't think I could have done the band's business if I weren't able to do that. Our reputation as being total eccentrics and totally unpredictable enabled me to do that and get by with it.



At Mickey's barn, 1970: (clockwise from front) McIntire, Gail Hellund, Sonny Heard, Garcia, Sam Cutler, Rex Jackson, Weir, David Nelson, Pigpen, Kreutzmann, Marmaduke, Slade, Dave Torbert, Hart, Lesh, Dave and Bonnie Parker. Photo: Herbie Greene.

Did the band offer any direction on how to handle their affairs?

No direction per se, but I felt like I was representing everyone, so my job was not to enforce my will, but to subordinate my will to a consensus. I considered myself to be an extreme individual who had collective dreams. I wanted to help strengthen the collective aspect, so I would do things I didn't agree with if I believed that's what all of "us" wanted "us" to do. If I thought we were making a mistake I would certainly fight to get them to change their minds, but if that didn't happen, I would still represent their position for them.

What's an example?

"Skullfuck," that's one. There were several things where they'd accept one gig and not another, and there were times when they hired people I didn't think they should hire.

What did Europe think of the Grateful Dead when you went over there? Some countries had substantial hippie movements around the same time, right?

Yes. Amsterdam had a lot going on at that time, and Germany to a lesser degree. England is used to eccentrics, so it was OK with England. They have eccentrics built into their culture.

The Dead's first trip to Europe was the festival in Newcastle in 1970. That must've been an expensive little jaunt.

It wasn't for us because the festival paid for all our expenses. By that time, we had a reputation for being hip and for making things happen outdoors. Well, the organizers of the festival wanted England to have a hip outdoor happening so the Grateful Dead was brought in.

Did the Europe '72 tour pose any special problems?

We'd have two busloads of us — 52 people — careening through France trying to get a lunch at 3:30 in the afternoon [when all the restaurants are closed]. So my job was to try to be diplomatic enough to talk these folks into serving us some food. And everyone

always wanted *entrecôte* [steak] with bearnaise. They'd found a safe order and were going to stick with it.

You stopped working with the band for the first time in '74. What did you do then?

I went to Morocco, spent some time there, and then went to England for a while. Hunter and Christie [Hunter's first wife] had a flat in Kensington. That was a great time. I was pretty nuts because I had been so intensely occupied with the Grateful Dead I had gotten physically ill. So I'd gone off to Morocco. It was one of those times, just like when I started with the band, where all of a sudden, everything in my life totally opened up. There was no structure at all. I didn't *have* to do anything. I had been doing so much for years without stopping, and then there I was in England, after several months in Morocco and some time in France, with loving friends in a very nice flat, in a city that I love. We'd go out to the countryside every three or four days and buy a brace of pheasants and then come back and cook them. We'd go to plays, we went sightseeing, we visited friends in the country, stayed in old windmills in the countryside. It was a great time.

I was away for about six or seven months and then I went back to California and started working with Richard Loren, who was managing the band. I had taken Richard on as the booking agent after Sam Cutler [the ex-Stones road manager who worked with the Dead in the early '70s], and then when I split, Richard became the manager because he was already handling so much. He and Jerry were very close — still are, in fact.

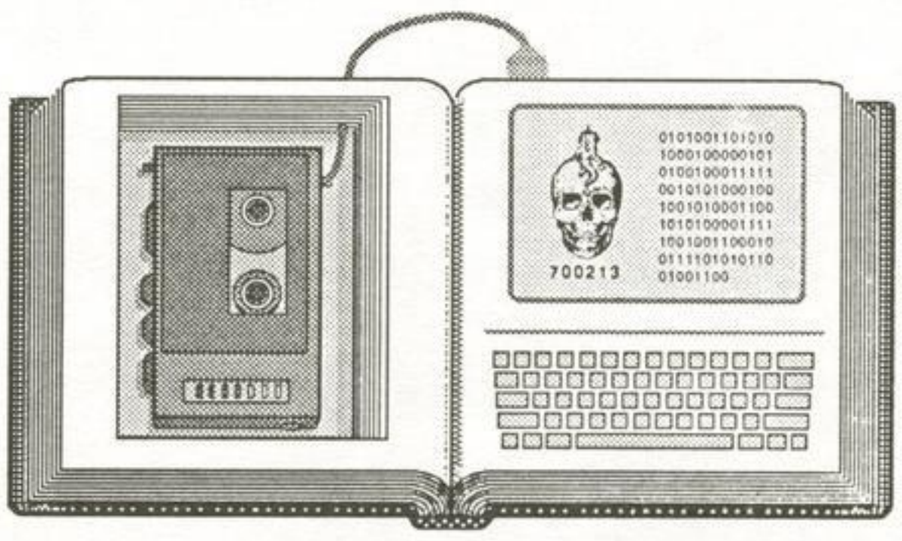
Then, at a certain point, I decided to phase out of the music business and increase my studies and writings, and I started handling Bobby's personal projects part-time — things like the *Heaven Help the Fool* album and the tours with the original Bob Weir Band. So that took about half the year, and the rest of the time I worked on my studies and writings, mainly in philosophy — futurism.

After that I decided I had to get out of the music business entirely and go off and...It's hard not to use clichés talking about this, but I essentially divested myself of all of my earthly possessions — gave away or sold everything I owned except for my books and records, a few clothes and my Volkswagon bug convertible. And I headed off in a very curious way to do hermitage in Los Angeles, for some reason.

L.A. is the Kathmandu of California.

[Laughs] I don't know why I went there. Maybe because it's a vast wasteland. I also got back into theater work. I studied for about two years with Jeff Corey, who's one of the best-known acting teachers in Los Angeles. He's also an actor and director. He's an amazing guy. A lot of people hate him, a lot of people think he's great. I got along very well with him from the standpoint of his style or method — and indeed, he is a leading practitioner of "method" techniques. His teacher was Michael Chekov, whose teacher was Stanislavsky in Russia, so it's the direct line to Stanislavsky.

Then I went back to St. Louis because my dad was dying of cancer. While I was back there I got into the field of domestic-violence counseling. I'd been teaching occasionally in a Methodist church in southern Illinois, giving talks on things like Joseph Campbell's cosmology of myth, the Book of Job, the sermons of Paul Tillich, things of that nature. And through a curious series of events revolving around trying to break down stereotypes of masculinity and femininity, I got involved in a group called RAVEN — an acronym for Rape and Violence Ended Now — which is a domestic violence peer-counseling group. They work primarily with men who abuse their spouses



DeadBase II is the newest edition of The Complete Guide To Grateful Dead Song Lists. This new book replaces the original version which has been called "The Taper's Bible". More than just for tapers, this expanded 304 page volume covers 1707 concerts from 1965 through 1987and includes:

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and want to stop. I started out doing volunteer work around the office — I'd lick stamps, file things, sweep the floor, whatever was needed. Then I took the counseling training and ended up staying there about two years.

I also got re-involved with the theater in St. Louis. I was co-artistic director of the Second Act Theater. I guess maybe I still am except now I haven't been there for a long time.

Did you keep in contact with people in the Dead scene during this period?

Somewhat. At one point before I hooked up with them again I hadn't talked to anyone back here in about a year.

What did the people you knew in St. Louis think of your past association?

Most of them didn't really know it, because I cautiously guarded my past for a long time. I didn't let anyone know. Eventually my close friends found out about it. Then we heard that the Grateful Dead were going to be coming to Kansas City in a couple of months [7-3-84], and all of a sudden everyone started saying, "We want to go see the Grateful Dead with you!" That was a little weird for me, and I told them, "Well, that's a part of my past, and a rather confusing part of my past." I thought I would probably

'We were a bunch of people experimenting together and we cared a lot for each other unequivocally.'

go to Kansas City, but it would be too confusing to go with all these people, as I was confronting 15 years of my past. Eventually, I asked my best friend Mark to go with me, and that was good, because I was able to confront my past with a strong part of my present, who was totally unaware of the Grateful Dead before that.

What did you think of the band when you saw them again?

Quite honestly I found it very depressing. I felt there was a great deal more energy coming from the audience to the stage than there was from the stage to the audience. I didn't think there was anything new going on. It was wonderful seeing my old friends again, but the actual concert was disturbing to me.

When Bobby took Mark and me to dinner, we'd just sat down and Bobby said, "Oh, by the way, this is a company dinner, because there's something I want to ask you." I thought, "Oh shit, what's this?" I kind of knew, of course. So we had a nice bottle of wine and dinner and then he told me that in a few months Danny [Rifkin] was going to be taking some time off to be with Carrie [his wife] for a while as part of a co-birthing, co-parenting thing. And then he asked if I'd come back and help out for a while. He said, "Don't answer me now. Go back and think about it." I said, "You don't want my answer now because it'd be no. But I'll think about it."

I had made up my mind right then that I wouldn't do it, and then time went by — some months — and all of a sudden I started getting all these calls from Bobby at my parents' house. He'd always miss me, because I was staying other places, and I'd call back and miss him. So I ended up calling Hunter —

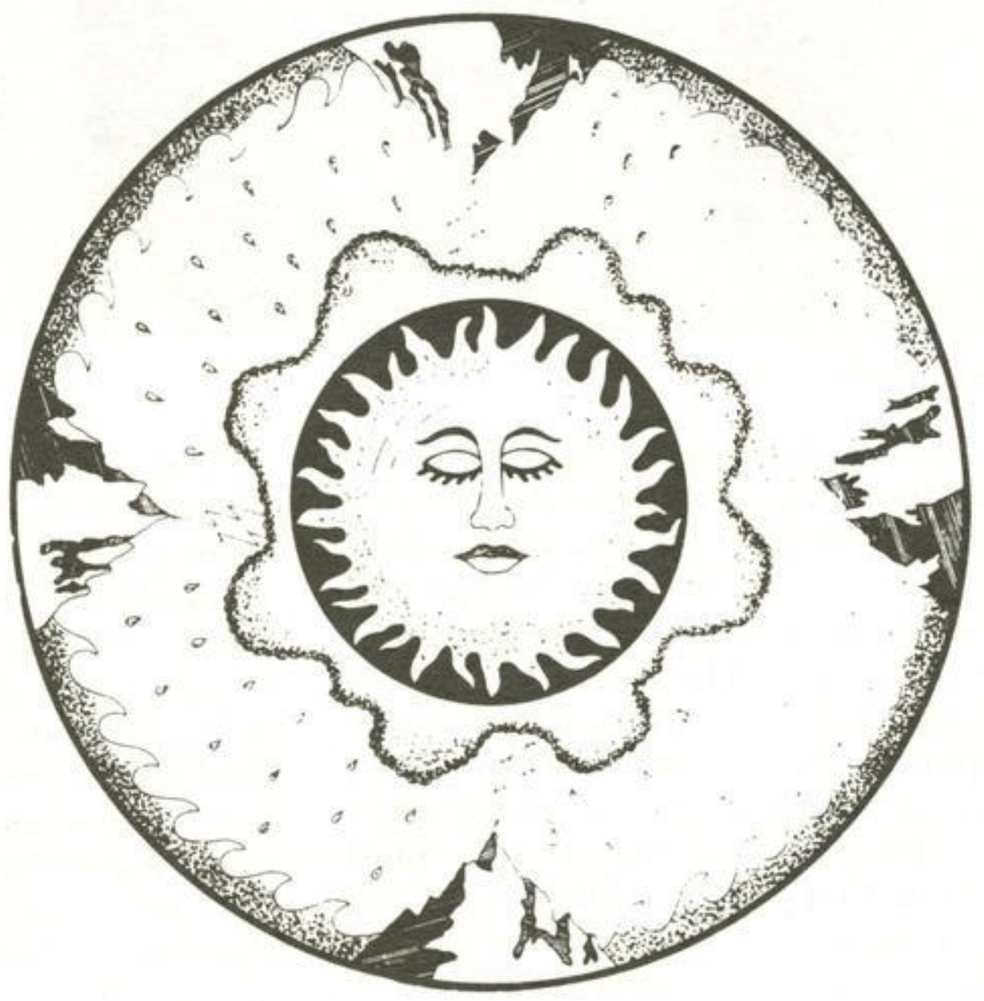


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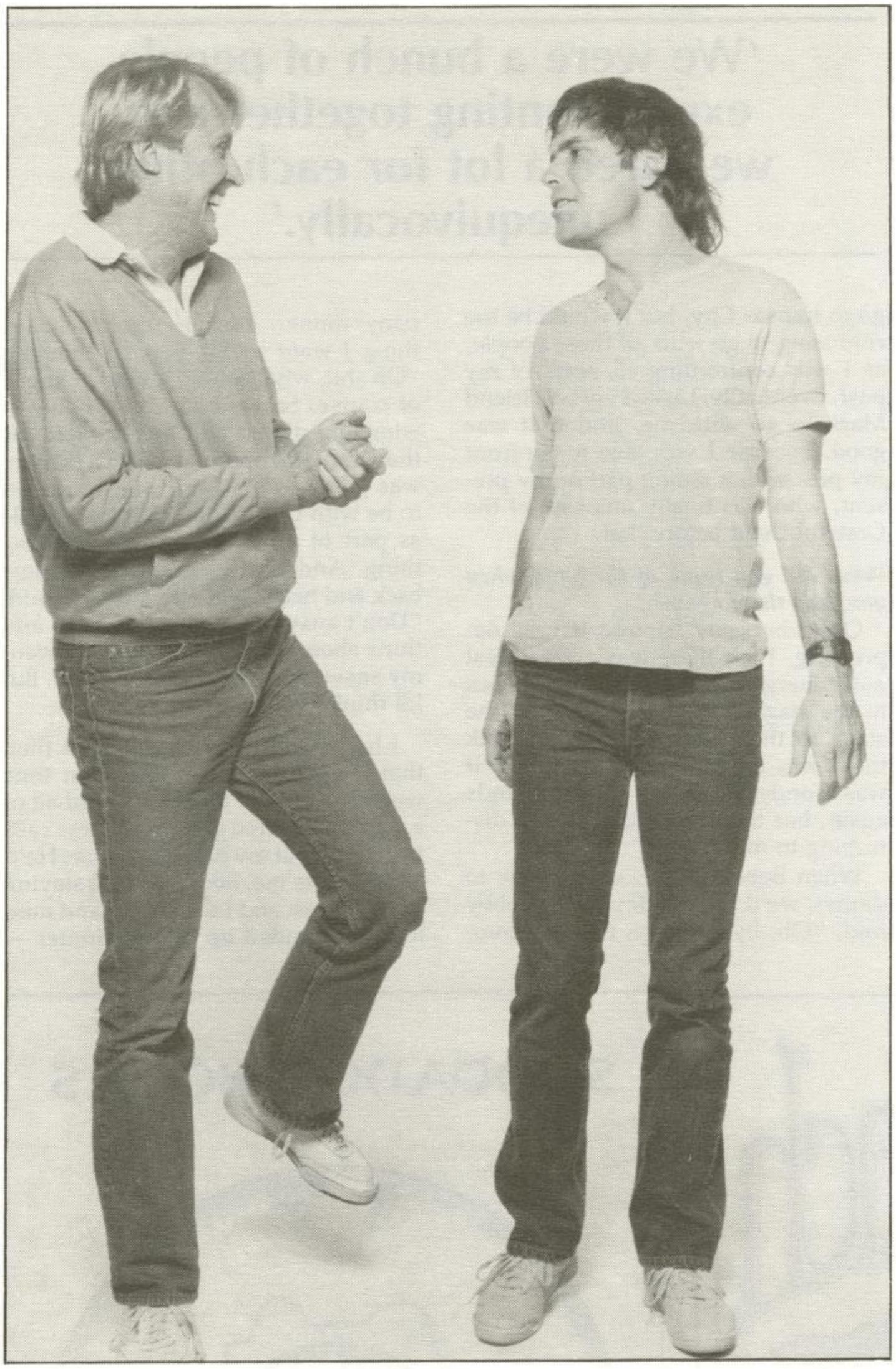


Photo: Herbie Greene

because Hunter had advised me to not even go to that concert in Kansas City precisely because it was so depressing. Anyway, he told me, "Things are different now than they were a few months ago. They're starting to change. They're starting to take some responsibility in their careers and... It's just the beginning but things are a little different, and maybe you could facilitate that process a little bit." Well, I'm a sucker for that kind of stuff. I didn't say yes right away. I called Ram Rod. I talked to Phil. They all gave me pretty positive pictures, so then I called Danny and he agreed with what they'd said but he also said, "OK, here are the negatives." He told me the dark side.

That weekend I went out to a RAVEN retreat where a bunch of the counselors were getting together, and sort of worked through it all with my friend Mark — he was the only one in my present who really knew what was going on and what I'd been through. And we just went over it all. I wouldn't have suspected that there was that much unresolved in me about my past, but I went through all these incredible changes — horror trips — and then decided that it would be a good thing for me to give it a try, primarily because these were folks I cared a lot about.

Did the fact that you and the Dead had taken such divergent paths for a while make it strange coming back?

Several of them were among my closest friends — still. After going through that kind of a pressure cooker together for so many years — going through so many intense experiences — the intimacy remains. Others had been more like friendly acquaintances, and others were a little cold to me. But people warmed up quickly. So it was weird coming back because I had so many trepidations about it. It was weird because it was my past and I felt a little funny living my past — it seemed a little inappropriate. And having to cope with the amount of fame that surrounds that band is something that I mistrust. I guess it's a love-hate relationship in that respect, because I like certain tools it avails me and other people to. But I strongly mistrust it.

Had the way decisions were made in the organization changed much during the years you were gone?

A little. I'd say the band was more in control and the operation as a whole was less collective. But it was still more collective than almost anything else is. When I remember "business" I remember what it was like in '69, '70, '71, when we weren't that famous. It was easier from the standpoint that we were a bunch of people experimenting together, and we cared a lot for each other unequivocally. That was a given. Things would get weird sometimes because of temperaments, but that was just moments, that wasn't the interdynamics of politics. Later on, when we got more famous, people would try to come into the band for reasons that were based more on the fame.

When you say the band was more in control, do you mean as opposed to the crew and office people having a more equal say earlier on?

Well, it's never really been an "equal say." Certainly the band has always been the deciding factor, and within the band it's been more Jerry than everyone else because he's so lucid and clear about stuff. He's got real good opinions. If he wants to enforce them, he will. As it works out, he doesn't enforce them that often. Having said all that, I'm not sure I trust what I said about how things were different when I came back. I don't really know. It seemed to me when I came back not a lot was happening. They weren't playing any new music, and they hadn't in some time. Way back when, we'd go to the Fillmore East every few months, and it seems like every time we went we'd have a whole new show with different songs, and people there would come up and say, "You guys — can't you just hold still for a while? I'd just gotten used to where you were last time you were here!" So here we were years later and it seemed like nothing

had changed much in five years.

In terms of how the business was run, not that much had changed because Danny [Rifkin] had been doing the business and he's thoroughly honest and guileless. So it wasn't like things were slicker or anything; they weren't, because Danny doesn't do things like he thinks they should be done, but as he *feels* they should be done.

Did you see a big change in the size of the band's audience?

They'd been playing big places when I left, so it wasn't that different. I'd been aware the band's following had increased over the years, and there were times when it would level off for a while, and there were even a couple of times when it went down a bit. So the size of the audiences didn't amaze me. What *did* amaze me was the first time I went out with them as a road manager when I came back. It was in North Carolina and I'd been spending all my time getting them there, planning all the limos and vans and all. Then backstage that night I gave them the half-hour call [before showtime], then the 15-minute call, then the five-minute call, and when I was actually walking them onto the stage the crowd started just *screaming*. Seventeen thousand people screaming at the top of their lungs. I had forgotten that! I got this huge rush. It was like being injected with adrenaline. Now, I'm not even aware of it. But then I'd forgotten what that's like. It was incredible.

Is the band harder to book now than they used to be? We hear tales of the group being banned at this or that facility.

There are facilities where it's just not appropriate for us to play anymore, and there are getting to be more and more. And in general it's the behavior of the crowds outside the hall that's causing it. In some places it's the size of the community. A lot of places just can't accommodate the number of people who are coming to the shows.

When did this first start to be a problem? It seems like as little as five years ago, there were no problems in the park outside of Kaiser [Convention Center in Oakland]. Look at photos of the park in the early '80s and there are no vendors and no buses parked end to end.

I think what we're coping with now has mostly happened since I've been back. It wasn't even like this when I came back three-and-a-half years ago. In fact, I think a lot of it can be traced to the period right after Jerry's near-demise. We had a tremendous burst in popularity as a result of Jerry's illness.

Really? You think a lot of new people came in then?

Yes, I do. Record sales even indicate that. I went down to Warner Bros. to renegotiate some contracts and I was talking to some people there and we checked to see how the catalog [the Dead's records for the label] were doing. And we couldn't believe it! The Dead were outselling Jimi Hendrix 10 to 1. Sales just skyrocketed. This was a few months after Jerry got sick — we weren't even playing gigs yet.

The seeds of some of this were probably planted by all the hoopla surrounding the 20th anniversary in 1985. In every city the band played in that year, there were big articles in the local papers — the usual features on the "tie-dyed legions" and all.

That's true. It's now news when we go anywhere. And I can understand that — it's certainly the weirdest thing going on around today. I can't think of anything else that's this big and this weird. Maybe the Cirque du Soleil [a trippy French Canadian circus troupe] is as weird. [Laughs]

How has the civic outcry against the band in different cities affected what you do? It must have made your job harder and more involved.

It has, but I've got good help now. At a certain point I hired Cameron Sears to be my assistant, and then made him road manager. He was a wilderness guide; a white-water rafting guide —

Sounds like he's in the right place if he wants adventure!

[Laughs] That raised a few eyebrows when I told people that. They thought I was nuts. But he's done just a great job. And he did well in the job immediately. So now that he's doing the road managing, it means that when I'm on the road I can go out and be there a couple of hours before the doors open in the campground and the parking lots where we're having all these problems, and see what's going on for myself. Cameron has to come with the last band member from the hotel, which usually isn't that long before they start playing. Before Cameron was here, I was doing that — getting the band from place to place — and settling up the gigs [getting paid] and doing the booking and everything. It was driving me nuts, quite frankly, because the band skyrocketed in a fairly short time. Now I feel like Cameron has freed me up to be able to address some of the problems we're facing.

It seems as though the newspaper accounts of the problems outside shows are almost always exaggerated and biased.

I think the press is doing something that is very irresponsible, and it's already had an effect. Like you said, three years ago, with the 20th anniversary, the press started reporting about us because it was news that the Grateful Dead had been around so long, and because everywhere we went we drew these huge numbers of people. And these people looked weird, colorful, flamboyant. So the newspapers all looked for the sensational aspects because that's what reporters do. That's what the news is made of. And they focused on certain pockets of the Dead scene — they'd find somebody on the nod, the druggies. So they put that as the picture of what a Dead concert is like, and that puts the word out that this is a place to go get high, so it started to attract more of that kind of people, which is still a minority of the people who are there. The newspapers will go to a concert and take pictures of a stairwell strewn with beer cans after a concert. They could have been out in the parking lot before the concert taking pictures of kids playing hacky-sack, or cute-looking dogs with bandanas, but instead they focus on this negative thing. And I'll bet that stairwell looks worse after a football game. I think it's all very irresponsible, and I think it's affecting us very negatively.

'Now whatever we do goes out on the news wires, so if there's a problem in Hartford, it might be in the paper in Florida.'

How do you fight against that image? Undeniably, the band came out of the drug culture and it's always going to be there around the group.

Sure. I can't sit here and say that the Grateful Dead and drugs are totally separate or that it's all past now just because the band happens to be clean. First of all, when you talk about drugs, you're talking about a lot of things. Do you put heroin, Methedrine, LSD, mescaline, crack and pot all in the same category? Well, I don't, because I know it's *not* all the same thing. The only

thing they have in common is they're all illegal. All I'm saying is that there's an aspect to smoking a little dope and going to a concert that is not pernicious; it doesn't cause problems. And then there's an aspect of some of the drugs that are on the street that are a problem. Somebody jumps off a parking garage and kills themself — that's a problem.

How do you decide where to play?

Whoever will have us! [Laughs]

There seems to be a fairly standard touring year that's developed, with relatively little change from year to year.

I'm trying to break the patterns a little. Since I've been back I've tried to add some new places. Atlanta, for example. When I came back we didn't do it very often. Then we did it once, we went back this last time and sold out in a day, so we'll probably do two days next time. We did Detroit on the last tour; that's a place we hadn't been in a while. On the fall tour we'll be going to Florida for the first time in a couple of years. We're trying to mix it up.

When you're thinking of places to play, are you looking to expand into areas to build up new markets? Or are you thinking about containment — trying to satisfy demand in already strong areas?

Both, I guess, although I don't want to go to the East Coast as frequently as we've been going because, first of all, it's getting to be a serious problem outside the shows and all of that, but also because I'd like the band to be able to go just about anywhere and draw. Also, from the standpoint of [promoting] records, it makes sense to go all over.

Really, the bottom line to me is that these guys — the band — are saying something worth hearing, and I don't think you should talk to the same people all the time. I think you should spread it around. But there are problematic aspects to that because it costs us a lot to tour. And if it costs you "X" number of dollars a day, you have to *make* "X" number of dollars a day, and you make a lot more playing multiple dates in one town than you do playing one-nighters. And, of course, the less we have to travel the better, because it's really tiring. It just is. These guys aren't young anymore. It's incredibly wearing.

How big is your traveling retinue these days?

I never quite know what to say to that — do you want to include Ultra Sound, and Morpheus Lights, and the truck drivers? Who do you mean, you know? When everybody stays in the same hotel, sometimes we have as many as 50 rooms, but normally it's the band and the band's crew staying in one hotel and Ultra Sound and Morpheus stay somewhere else.

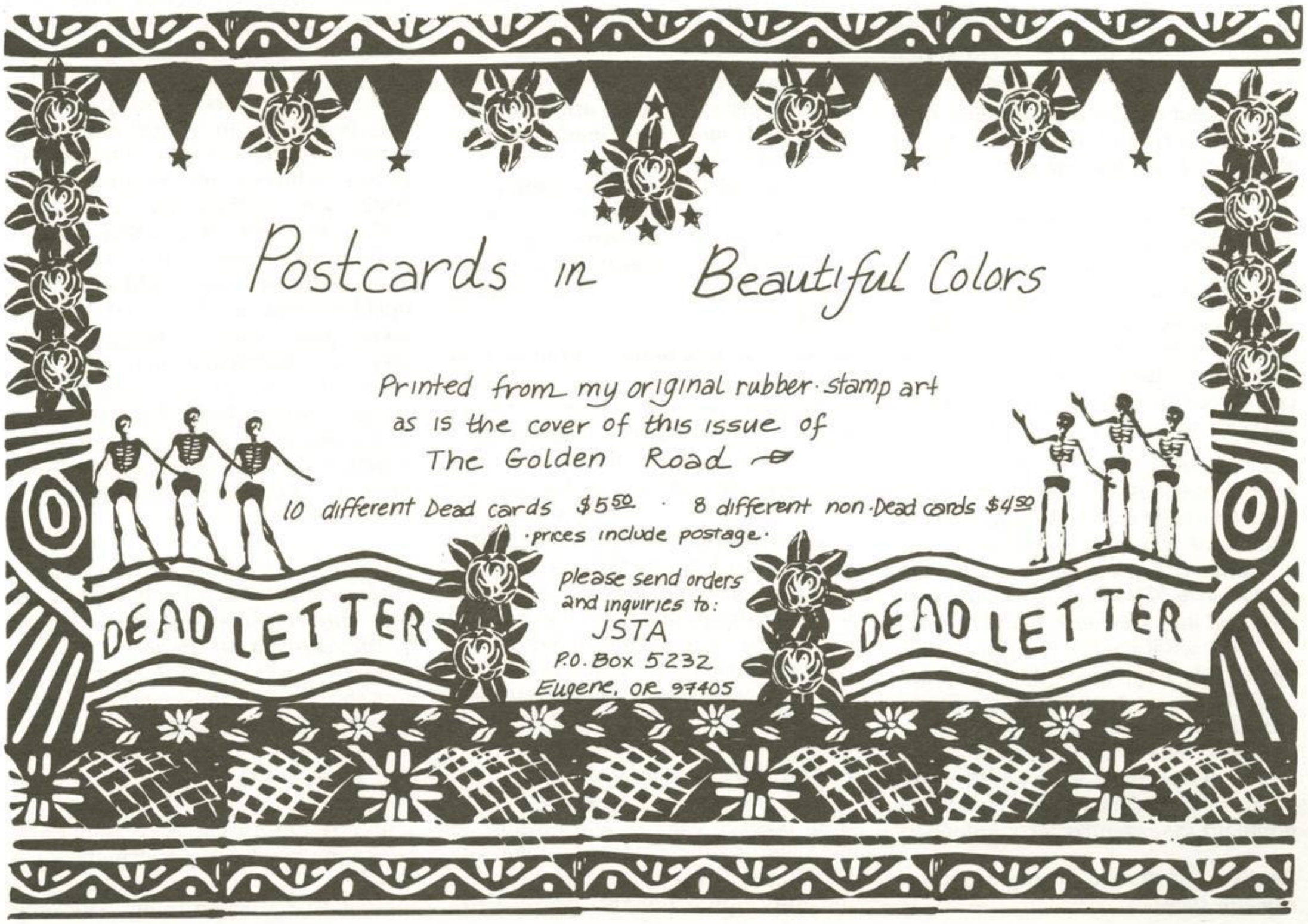
The band used to play the Northwest every year without fail. In fact it was one of their most loyal strongholds. Yet the past few years the region's been bypassed except for a couple of stadium shows. What happened?

It's just not that big a region. There aren't a lot of places to play. We looked at the stadium up in Seattle [the King Dome] and decided against it. Paul McCartney made it work when he played there, but he had to spend $110,000 on the sound.

The band did well in Austin last time, didn't they?

Yeah, I like Austin. We're not playing Austin when we play Texas this time because the place we wanted — the Frank Irwin Center at U. Texas — wasn't available. They didn't want us. They didn't want the likes of us.

Do you think promoters are sitting around reading the newspaper clip-



pings about the problems at Dead shows? Does your reputation precede you wherever you go?

Oh yes. And the thing is, these stories used to be locally contained, but now whatever we do goes out on the news wires, so if there's a problem outside a show in Hartford, it might be in the paper in Florida. When Telluride had its vote on whether to let us play there, that was nationwide news! Gee, I think that's kind of weird.

So what's the answer to any of this? What can you do?

It's hard to say. We're taking some people out on the road this time [summer tour] to try and collect information about it and get some input from people, and also to disperse information. What I think is that our fans have to take part.

So, continued direct appeals to behave better.

Yes, and with specific suggestions for how to do it so you don't seem like a cop — you know, kind of like "Deadiquette." Proper behavior. It's hard to try and tell people what to do, but you can make them aware that we do have problems and they can exacerbate these problems, and maybe we can affect them by pointing out to someone who's lighting a bonfire on the statehouse lawn that in doing that they're going to cause problems with the band coming back because people aren't going to like it. Or if a guy is openly dealing illicit substances. A cop is going to come along, bust him, and it's going to be problems for everyone. A little caring responsibility is what's needed.

Do you think Hunter's letter [an appeal for sanity sent out to ticket buyers before the spring tour] had much of an effect?

It's hard to tell, but I think maybe it was a little vague. We've been working on a new one. After the tour we had a few folks up to Hunter's house to talk about this — we had Jerry and Bobby, Calico from Hog Farm, Bob and Peter Barsotti [Bill Graham's production chiefs], Hunter, Cameron and myself. And I said, "OK, is it my imagination or is there something running amok? Are we in trouble?" And they said, "No, it's not your imagination, Jon. Yes, we are in trouble." "Well, what are we going to do?" And we started coming up with these ideas, such as having people out there talking to Deadheads, getting suggestions. Because Deadheads are very lucid in general. We get *very* good letters with very specific suggestions of what can be done. We want to enhance that process and encourage that, and encourage people to kind of be their brother's keeper, as it were — to say, OK, here's this scene. It can be free and wonderful within limits. What are the limits we have to have? What determines those limits? What is going to make us appear reprehensible in the eyes of the cops or in the eyes of communities? Well, openly dealing drugs is going to do that. Open consumption of drugs is going to do that. Drunken behavior. Property damage — pissing in someone's bushes. Parking your van for prolonged periods of time on residential streets where people should not be camping out. These are all things that cause attention, and the finger is *always* pointed straight at the Grateful Dead. We are viewed as responsible.

'I have a lot of faith in the gentleness of Deadheads.'

When we get to a town, we're what's happening, and that scene around the hall is a fun scene to take part in. And if you're a person without money, that's about the cheapest good time you can have — in actuality, it serves some purpose along those lines.

So then what it comes down to, if you agree that it's a good scene worth keeping, is to find a way to do it in a way that's responsible — like the "response" part of "responsibility," where you're responding to the needs and mores of the people around you. Not that you have to change your life to what other people think, but you have to be *aware* of what they think and what your effect is on them in a way that might be a little different than the way you like to be. Maybe you'd like to camp anywhere. Maybe you'd like to camp on the courthouse lawn and take a shower in the fountain. Well you *can't*. You can't do that.

Is the problem of hundreds of people coming down to the shows without tickets universal at this point? Was it bad in Hampton and Chicago, and places like that?

It's pretty much everywhere, although Chicago was very cool. It was sold out — three nights at Rosemont — and there was a wonderful camping scene. The thing was it had a big parking lot around it and the community wanted us there and the police were extremely cooperative.

That makes a difference, eh?

All the difference in the world. When they're cooperative they see problematic behavior and they say, "OK, what am I? What is the proper policeman's action here? If I go bust that kid for smoking pot, is that going to be a plus or a minus when it comes to how this whole scene is going to be affected?" Well, they decided it was going to be a minus and they didn't do it. When things were blatant they dealt with it, as they probably should. But it made a difference.

We get a lot of letters from people asking why the band goes back to places where there's been open hostility, like Hartford and Providence.

We try not to. Nassau is an example of that. In Hartford we have a very good relationship with the police now. I see kids doing things that I know the police aren't going to like — they shouldn't be doing them! So when it comes to Hartford, I'm not sure I agree that it's so bad anymore. As for Providence, I was out there [in '86, when the worst problems occurred] watching the kids pull the policewoman off the horse and kick her. I was watching this and I was watching the police hold off, even though they were being openly taunted and called names. I don't think the kids who did all that were Deadheads, and the police told me the same thing later. Yes, some kids got arrested, but those cops had a *huge* amount of provocation.

What do you think about Bill Graham's theory that you can educate an East Coast crowd if you provide a Bay Area ambience at the show and surrounding the show?

I don't see anything on the East Coast that is comparable to the Bay Area, so I rather doubt that that, per se, can happen.

Do you mean at shows or in life in general?

In life. Those people are just a lot *harder*. Those people say "Fuck you" to little old ladies! [Laughs]

But I do think that we can educate ourselves and promote that. I have a lot of faith in the resiliency and street savvy of the Deadheads. I also have a lot of faith in their gentleness. In fact, that's what I have the *most* faith in — that nonconfrontive, noncombative attitude. And the more that can be shown as the hip attitude to have, the better off we are. □

THE JOYS OF H





By Regan McMahon

We all have our favorite spots at a Dead show. Some wait hours in line on cold cement to score a slot on the front rail. Others rush to the balcony for the best view or to the soundboard for what they believe is the best sound, while tapers, needless to say, head for the taping section. And you'd have a tough time talking someone who sits on "the Phil side" into taking a seat on "the Jerry side." But the folks who are really in a class by themselves are the hall dancers, the people who freak freely in the hallways of the venue while the rest of us are inside watching the band.

What we call hall dancers have been a part of the Dead scene since the beginning. Early on, there was still ample room inside the auditorium for free-form, expansive dancing as improvisational as the band's music. At Winterland, when things got too packed, the wilder dancers who needed more space moved out into the halls, where the music wafted out and nearly maintained its volume. (*The Grateful Dead Movie* documents the Winterland hallway scene circa '74.) But wherever the band played, the swirling, twirling, whirling dervishes found an area where they could stretch out, even if it meant sacrificing sound for space.

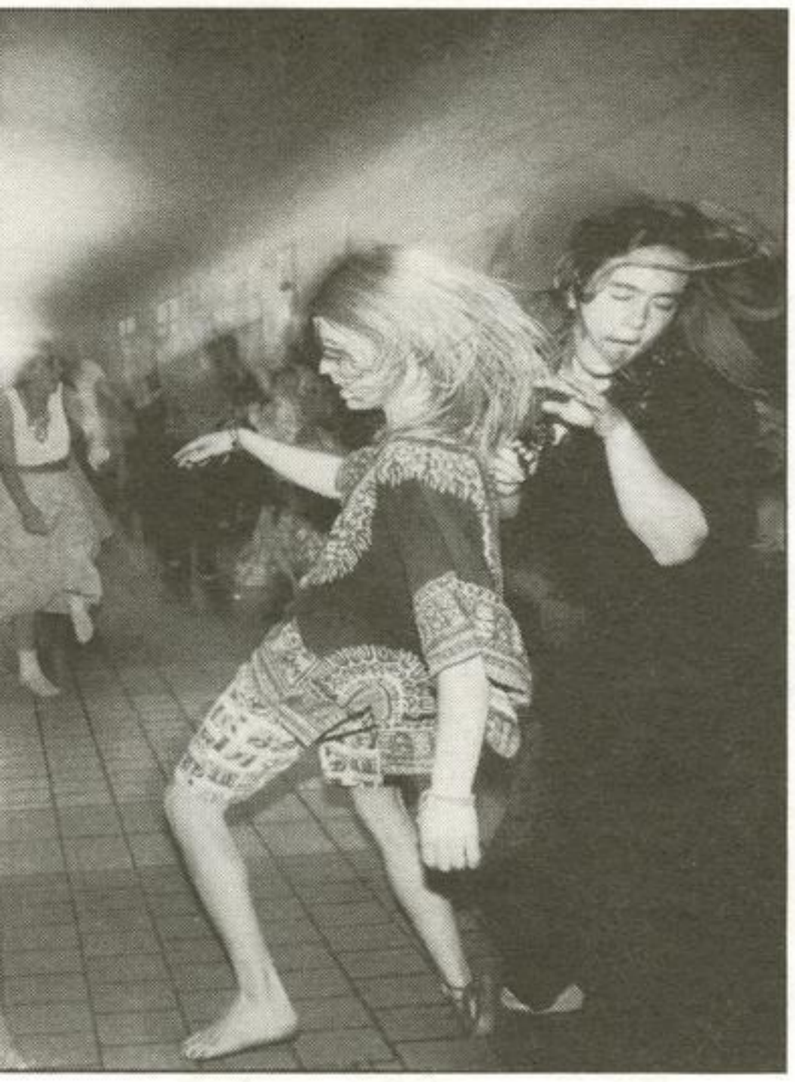
In the '80s, hall dancers began to get a little more recognition, with territory ceded to them and quality audio provided. Bill Graham put speakers in the lobbies of the Warfield Theater for the Dead's historic 15-night run in 1980, and eventually did the same for other Bay Area venues like Berkeley Community Theater, Kaiser and even up at the top of the Greek Theater, under the eucalyptus trees. Just in the past couple of years have speakers become a regular feature at Dead shows around the country. According to Deadheads who dance and tour, the hallway scene exists in one form or another everywhere (including the stairs at Red Rocks), but the ambience is best at Bay Area shows.

We're all aware of the hall dancers, but for those of us who like to dance *and* watch the interaction of the players onstage, their outer world is a bit of a mystery. So I asked a number of them how they got into it and why they came to prefer those hallowed realms above all others. Three things I heard over and over were: Hall dancers are hardcore fans who moved out to the hallways after seeing the band up close so many times that "I know what they look like"; they enjoy—and need—a lot of room; and they can get plenty high dancing freely without the aid of elevating substances.

What I like the most about dancing in the halls is the interaction with the other people. When I'm inside I don't feel like I can look at somebody and dance with him. But out there, anybody you're near becomes your best friend. I've made so many friends that way. People will come up to me and say "Remember when we danced together at Kaiser" or whatever . . . In the halls everybody looks at each other and this whole energy happens and everybody becomes one. Like when the drum solo happens, everybody picks up three feet off the ground and there's this tremendous spiritual energy. And at the end of the show, there you are dancing with hundreds of people all going totally wild. There are distractions—like the bright lights, and sometimes the sound's not that good—but the energy and the people make it worth it.

— Michelle Spahn

HALL DANCING





In the halls at Kaiser, March 1988. Photos: Ron Delany

Out in the hall it's more like a party than a concert. And since you're all experiencing the same thing you have a common connection with everybody—the music tends to unify things. I don't miss seeing the band, 'cause when I'm inside I can't see 'em anyway, because I'm short and because when I'm dancing my eyes are closed half the time, so it really doesn't matter.

— Sue Stover

There's a lot more family feeling in the hallways than inside, where there are so many people and it's so vast that you don't really get to know the people who you're with. The first show I ever went to I didn't go in—I just danced outside the Greek Theater. So after that when I went to a show, I always went to the hallways.

— Sarah Rankin

The energy in the hallway is completely different than inside. People are more focused on the music. All there is is you and the Dead's playing, with no other distractions. It's a whole different animal of Deadhead outside. That's where a lot of the hardcore tourheads are, and that adds a little edge. It's really trippy out there. It's almost tribal. The dancing is more uninhibited, and being in the midst of it, you become freer and more wild. But you don't have to worry—there's always someone who's gonna be going more insane than you are.

— Louie Ferrera

When everybody's movin' and groovin' together and something really intense happens, you come within inches of each other without touching, but in the same rhythm. We tried to describe it once and the word we came up with was "whooshm." It's that moment when everybody is totally in sync—like during a hot "Other One." A friend of mine calls the area out in the halls the *bardo* zone, which refers to the Buddhist concept of the place between Earth and Heaven. It's sort of like that outer sanctum that's a doorway between the show going on inside in the dark and the real-life world going on outside the show.

— John Speyer

The first time I really danced in the hallway was at the run of Warfield shows in '80, when Bill Graham put speakers out there. And being in the light, I could see the different dances as expressions of who those people were. It was a revelation to see people dance without fear of what anybody might think. And seeing somebody else dance and leap and spin and land right on beat or with a crescendo imprinted on my brain: that looks like fun!

The zen of dancing is to get to that state of complete bliss and unself-consciousness when the dance just comes of its own. I remember Jerry once talked about how the highest times for him were when he stepped aside from Jerry Garcia playing this guitar and the music just came through him. The times that have been the highest for me are when the dance just came through my body. It's an experience maybe close to the trance-like dances you see in Malaysia or Haiti, where you sort of abandon your body—not completely, but you lose your self-consciousness and become one with the music. There's a transcendent quality to it, and in that space, you don't bump into anybody. I'm convinced that everybody in the hallway is experiencing the same

thing, because people who are dancing in extreme ways, with leaps and twirls, manage to never knock anyone down. Generally the people who get knocked into are the people going to get hot dogs or popcorn during drums.

I've always had great admiration for the people who continue to dance during "space" and drums. To me, that was sort of like passing the acid test. I remember at Ventura in '82, the band was going into drums and I was so high (and not from psychedelics that day) and I was looking at the Southern California mountains and I almost felt like this ancient Indian was taking possession of my body. So I just let my body go with that. And there was just me and one other guy who kept dancing in an area off to the side. And we kept smiling at each other and dancing toward each other in a movement that sort of suggested a communication of joy. And finally the music moved into "space" and started to become more substantial, and just before people started coming back to the area to dance again, the guy danced by me, shot me a mischievous grin and said, "You know, we're the batteries of this show!"

— Michael Van Dyke

When the Dead are playing and people are dancing it's kind of a tantric thing: the energy weaves in between people and knits all these diverse people together. It's kind of a magic thing: you go into this space and start dancing with all these people—all races, all sizes, all ages, little kids, handicapped people—and all the masks and all the role playing dissolves and melts away and it's just people accepting people and relating to each other as energetic human beings. All the crap falls away and it's like everyone is making love to each other on a psychic level.

Until about '83 you could dance at the back of the hall inside in the dark—before tapers were put behind the soundboard. Then we went out in the hallway and for a while we had to tie the doors open with headbands or something and hope the sound would come out and you could get a spot where it wasn't too muffled. But now, with the speakers in the hallway, it's just great. The sound is clear and the energy just builds and builds. And the more relaxed everything gets, the more intense the energy gets. That's the tantric edge. You can see the same thing in Jerry's playing. He starts jamming and his body really relaxes but his music gets so tight. Everyone gets really loose in the hallway. I become so limber, there are things I would never be able to reproduce consciously but that just happen when I'm dancing. You go beyond the limitations of your body—and your mind. It's a very high thing, and I don't mean chemically, but energetically. It's very special and I'm glad to have experienced it, because there are very few places I've seen energy that condensed and that pure happening on a grand scale. And when they tap into it and ride the Tao, it just takes off. There have been points where things really built and everyone was connecting and there's this pure surge of life joy you get and this ecstatic appreciation of the infinite and—boom—you just think, my God, if I go tomorrow, at least I've tasted this.

— Clint Werner

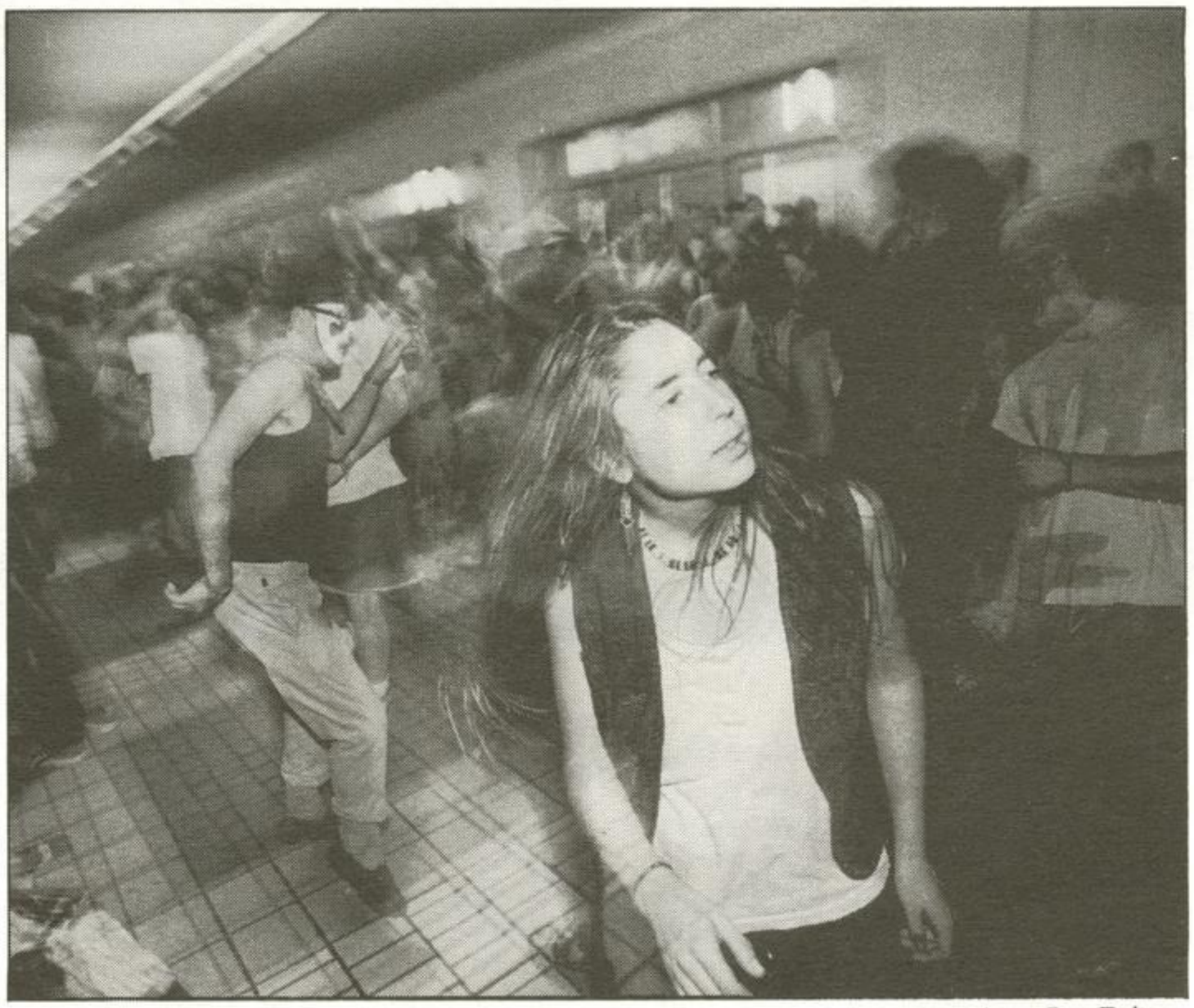


Photo: Ron Delany

What I like about the hallway is that everyone is moving, and that's not always true inside. When it's happening right, it's like a big clockworks. If you try to walk through the hall dancers, it's impossible. But if you just start swinging your arms and become one of them, you'll get where you want to go. That's how I got into it. One day I went out to get a Coke and was trying to get from point A to point B and realized that it just wouldn't work. But when I started rockin' with it, it worked.

Personally, I like to flail. Full-body dancing transports me. Drugs don't matter one way or the other. That's not the kind of transportation I'm talking about. I can start dancing and not be on anything and all of a sudden I'm in this other place that's perfectly in time with the music. It's kind of the same thing as "the music plays the band." Is it the dancer or the dance? It gets to the point where I can't tell the difference. Am I "in control"? It reaches the point where it doesn't matter. And that doesn't happen to me any other time.

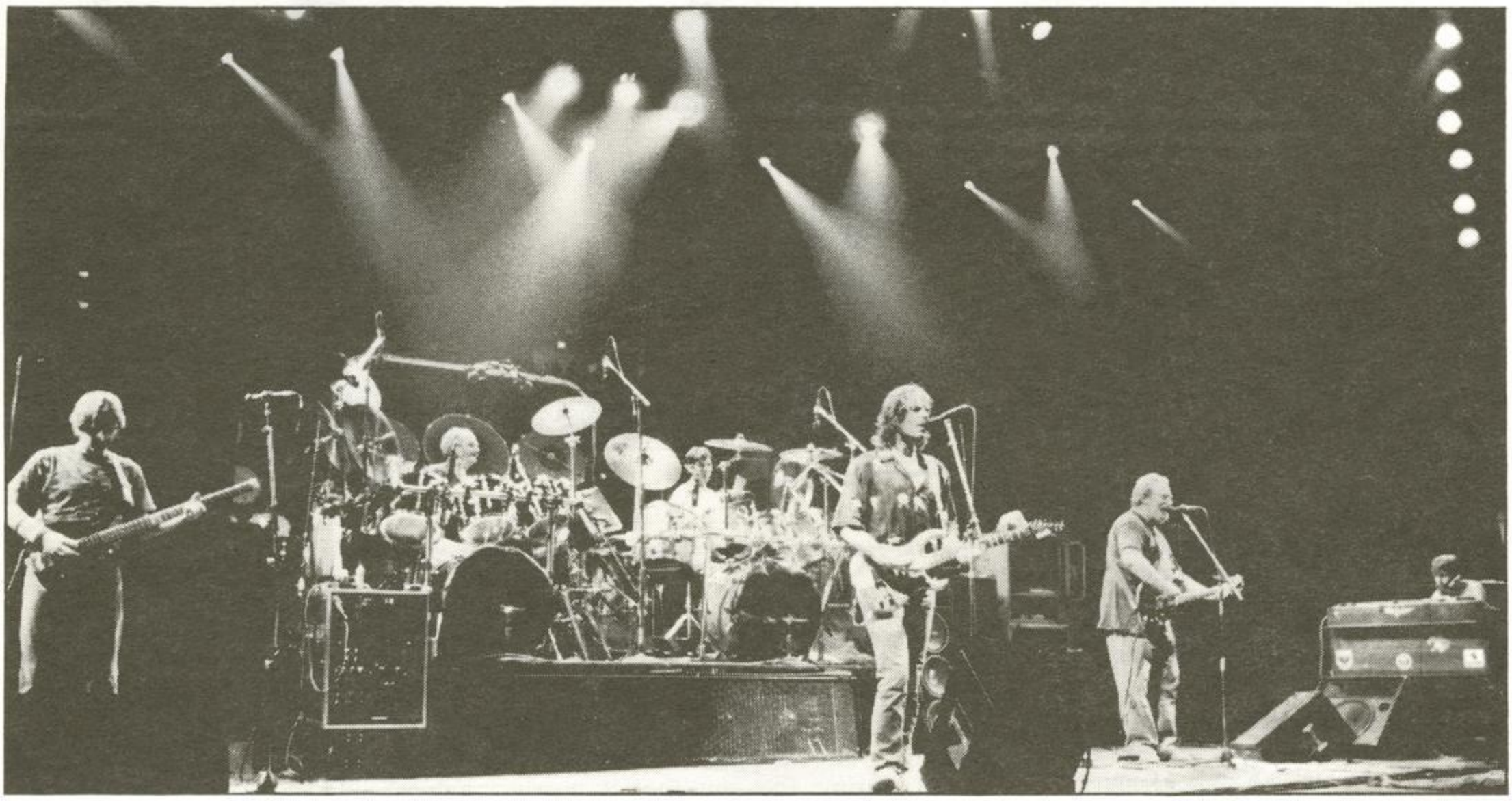
A lot of times I've had the flash that the band wasn't just playing music, but that they're this conduit of energy. It usually occurs to me around "space" into "The Other One." I take in their energy and put it back out through dancing. It's good for the body. It's good for the mind.

— Mark Rowe

People in the hallway sort of keep all the energy from escaping and bat it back inside, and it comes back out and you swat it around and some of it slips away to the outside world where people are not at the show—dancing in the parking lot or just hanging out. The hallway is sort of the last outpost to keep all the energy that the band starts from totally escaping.

— Marc Sutton

SET LISTS: ATLANTA THROUGH LAGUNA SECA



The Dead in Chicago, 4-13-88, one of the best shows of the year. Jerry's coiffure inspired some to dub this the "Haircut from Hell" tour. Photo: Ray Ellingsen

Because of our infrequent publishing schedule, there's an awful lot of ground to cover in this edition of "Set Lists" — namely two entire tours and a slew of Northern California dates. For the sake of some coherency — after all, the reports below come from several different writers — I've made some general comments about how things appear to be going in Deadland (the crowd scene on tour, what new songs were introduced, etc.) in the "Deadline" section near the front of the mag.

— BJ

ATLANTA

For their first show in the Omni in several years, the band was in fine form, both physically (Phil looked 20 lbs. thinner and Jerry had his beard and hair trimmed up nicely) and musically. From the "Touch of Grey" opening to the final "Black Muddy River," music was played with gusto. Notable in the first set was "Cassidy," which took off like a wild animal. And Garcia raised his arm and shook it jubilantly a few times during the show. The second set began wonderfully with "Mississipi Half-Step" and then moved into "Looks Like Rain," with Candace Brightman's magical lighting "sprinkling" the crowd as Dan Healy's quad sound system resounded with thunder from the rear speakers. The "space" was rather chaotic, with loud feedback lasting longer than usual. But Phil & Company kept bouncing to the end, and so did we!

— Bernie Bildman

3-24-88, The Omni, Atlanta, GA
Touch of Grey, Walkin' Blues, Candyman, Queen Jane Approximately, Loser, All Over Now, Far From Me, Cassidy ➧ Don't Ease Me In

Mississippi Half-Step ➧ Looks Like Rain, Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Truckin' ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Lovelight/ Black Muddy River

HAMPTON

Let's face it: Hampton is one of the best places on the planet to see the Grateful Dead. It's comfortable, the locals are by-and-large friendly ("Welcome Dead Fans" read motel bulletin boards), and the security scene is relatively laissez-faire. Hampton is usually the beginning of the tour, so the band is generally loose, well rested and trying new things.

I had loads o' fun this trip around. The first night was great, from a tight "Sugaree," followed by a couple of choruses of "Stir It Up" — certainly extemporaneous — to a rousing "Stuck Inside of Mobile"-"Might as Well" closer. The second set rocked all the way through, with a relaxed "China Cat-Rider," a weaving "Playin'" and a set-closing "Saturday Night," which I must say I enjoy more than when that tune is the encore. "Knockin' on Heaven's Door" was suitably wonderful.

The second night was my favorite run — every song was excellently played. Hearing "Ballad of a Thin Man" made me wonder how many songs from *Highway 61 Revisited* the Dead are going to cover (four so far), but I think this one works the best for Weir, with its cryptic lyrics and nasty tone — it suits Weir's growl well. The return of "To Lay Me Down" after an absence of four-and-a-half years was also greeted very warmly. The second set opened with a spontaneous "space" interlude, until Garcia steered the band into a minute or so of Miles Davis' "So What." Then Weir rocked into "Sugar Magnolia." This whole set was outstanding, with one of the best "Scarlet-Fire" pairs I've heard in a long time.

The third night at Hampton started awkwardly. Garcia's timing was off the entire first set, most notably in "Stranger" and an otherwise well-done "Bird Song." The second set was tighter, highlighted by a bopping "Man

Smart Woman Smarter," with Brent taking the second verse, and a fabulous, long, stomping "Other One." Unfortunately, it seemed like all of the 1.2 million people in the greater Hampton-Norfolk area saw the "Throwin' Stones"-"Not Fade Away" closer coming, and though this one was executed with commendable intensity, I'm finding it harder and harder to get excited about it, even when it's as well played as this one was.

This night also highlighted one problem for me: the Rhythm Devils section has been entirely out of control. Whereas once it seemed that the estimable Mssrs. Hart and Kreutzmann were trying for fascinating rhythm excursions, now it seems that loudness for its own sake is the goal. I'm not saying that I don't enjoy the forays into bombast occasionally, just that I miss the subtlety that made the drums so enjoyable for me.

— *Peter Braverman*



From the Hartford Courant before the Dead's appearance there this spring

3-26-88, The Coliseum, Hampton, VA
Hell in a Bucket ➧ Sugaree, Stir It Up (some of it, anyway), New Minglewood Blues, Peggy-O, Mexicali Blues ➧ Big River, Row Jimmy, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Might As Well

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ Uncle John's Band ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ The Wheel ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Black Peter ➧ Saturday Night/Knockin' on Heaven's Door

3-27-88, Hampton
Iko-Iko, Little Red Rooster, Stagger Lee, Ballad of a Thin Man ➧ Cumberland Blues ➧ Me & My Uncle, To Lay Me Down, Let It Grow

Space ➧ Sugar Magnolia ➧ Scarlet Begonias ➧ Fire on the Mountain, Estimated Prophet ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Goin' Down the Road ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Dear Mr. Fantasy ➧ Sunshine Daydream/U.S. Blues

3-28-88, Hampton
Feel Like a Stranger ➧ Franklin's Tower, Box of Rain, When Push Comes to Shove, Walkin' Blues, Must've Been the Roses, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Bird Song, Music Never Stopped

Touch of Grey, Man Smart Woman Smarter, Ship of Fools, Truckin' ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away/Quinn the Eskimo

BRENDAN BYRNE

While not quite up to the level of the Hampton shows, this Brendan Byrne run was better than most. The 3-30 show got off to a bang-up start, with "Bertha," "Greatest Story" and "Hey Pocky Way" in quick succession. "Big Railroad Blues," which has become something of a rarity these days, was also a welcome addition to the all-up-tempo first set. The second set had many fine moments, but also its share of unfocused playing. The "Shakedown," for example, unwound so much during the jam that it nearly stopped. And though splitting "Uncle John's Band" with a short "Playin'" was an imaginative variation on the usual, the "Uncle John's," too, nearly petered out before going into "Playin'." The "Morning Dew," however, was a mind blower, sung with about as much emotion as Garcia can muster.

The second show of the series had more spark all the way around, particularly on Garcia's second-set tunes. The versions of "Fire on the Mountain," "Terrapin" and "Dear Mr. Fantasy" were especially noteworthy. Alas, the show closed with what must be the worst version of "Watchtower" the band has ever played. Rarely have I heard the group so utterly out of synch —and after such a strong set, to boot!

The first set of 4-1 stands as one of my favorites this year. From the unusual pairing of "Half-Step" and "Jack Straw," through confident readings of "To Lay Me Down" and "Ballad of a Thin Man," to the double-barreled "Cumberland ➧ Deal" finish, the band cooked. The second set was generally well played, too, though this was a show the band can play with its master switch on "auto-pilot." Still, the transition from the very weird "space" into "The Other One" was beautifully executed.

— *BJ, from tapes and audience reports*

3-30-88, Brendan Byrne Arena, East Rutherford, NJ
Bertha ➧ Greatest Story Ever Told ➧ Hey Pocky Way, West L.A. Fadeaway, Queen Jane Approximately, Big Railroad Blues, Cassidy ➧ Don't Ease Me In

Shakedown Street, Looks Like Rain, Uncle John's Band ➧ Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ Uncle John's reprise ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ Morning Dew ➧ Lovelight/Black Muddy River

3-31-88, Brendan Byrne
Hell in a Bucket ➧ Sugaree, Me & My Uncle ➧ Mexicali Blues, Brown-Eyed Women, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Ramble On Rose, Let It Grow

Scarlet Begonias ➧ Fire on the Mountain, Samson & Delilah, Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Goin' Down the Road ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Dear Mr. Fantasy ➧ Hey Jude coda ➧ All Along the Watchtower/Knockin' on Heaven's Door

4-1-88, Brendan Byrne
Mississippi Half-Step ➧ Jack Straw ➧ To Lay Me Down, Ballad of a Thin Man, When Push Comes to Shove, New Minglewood Blues, Cumberland Blues ➧ Deal

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Estimated Prophet ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away/Brokedown Palace

HARTFORD

The city of Hartford seemed to welcome Deadheads with open arms this year, allowing a tent city at Bushnell Park, complete with portable toilets. I heard that the park was left trashed, which could put next year's concerts there in doubt.

The opening show of the run, on Easter Sunday, began with the first

"Promised Land" opener since 1980. The first set had many great moments, including a mid-set "Cold Rain and Snow" and a beautiful "Box of Rain," but the high point of the entire show for me was Weir's rendition of "Stuck Inside of Mobile." This was one of the most powerful vocal performances of his I've ever witnessed. It seems Bobby has finally mastered his crazy falsetto! Set two began auspiciously with "Playin'," but the band barely jammed on it before it melted into "Crazy Fingers." Unfortunately, Garcia's voice was totally shot, and he veritably butchered one of the loveliest songs in the entire repertoire; a true disaster. The "Franklin's Tower" that followed was merely decent. The "Lovelight" close was hot, to be sure; still, this was not a second set to remember.

The third show was for many the favorite of the New England leg of the tour. The first set featured the only "Dire Wolf" of the tour, and a generous, loose, jazzy "Bird Song" proved the boys can still pull out a transcendent jam when they try. After a scorching "Iko" second-set opener, the band surprised everyone by unveiling Brent's understated and ominous-sounding rendition of "Louie Louie." The audience didn't seem to know quite what to make of it. After kicking back into high gear with "Samson," the band delivered a "Ship of Fools" that showed Garcia at the height of vocal confidence. Who would have guessed a couple years back that this would become one of his most consistently powerful songs? A devastating version of "Smokestack Lightning" followed, with demonic vocals by Weir alternating with slashing Garcia leads. The second half of the set was more ordinary, yet still powerful, ending on a sweet note with "Knockin' on Heaven's Door."

— *Simon Friedman*

4-3-88, Civic Center, Hartford, CT
Promised Land ➧ Greatest Story Ever Told, Althea, Little Red Rooster, Cold Rain & Snow, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Box of Rain ➧ Don't Ease Me In

Playin' in the Band ➧ Crazy Fingers ➧ Franklin's Tower ➧ Man Smart Woman Smarter ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ Black Peter ➧ Lovelight/Baby Blue

4-4-88, Hartford
Alabama Getaway ➧ Johnny B. Goode, Good Times Blues, They Love Each Other, Queen Jane Approximately, When Push Comes to Shove, Cassidy ➧ Don't Ease Me In

Touch of Grey, Looks Like Rain, Truckin' ➧ He's Gone ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Good Lovin' ➧ Dear Mr. Fantasy ➧ Hey Jude coda/U.S. Blues

4-5-88, Hartford
Hell in a Bucket ➧ Sugaree, Walkin' Blues, Dire Wolf, All Over Now, Bird Song, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Might As Well

Iko-Iko ➧ Louie Louie, Samson & Delilah, Ship of Fools, Smokestack Lightning ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away/Knockin' on Heaven's Door

THE CENTRUM

The scene at the Centrum seemed fairly mellow this year, despite tons of folks looking for tickets each night, and entry into the arena appeared to go a bit smoother than usual for most people. Musically, however, I didn't find this run as satisfying as last year's, or other years'.

The first night seemed to be everyone's favorite, with consistently hot playing throughout. The first set ended with "Around & Around," for the first time since 1974. It was a strong version of this formerly overplayed tune, although there was some confusion as to how to end it. The second set was a classic "split 'Sugar Mag' set," with a "Box of Rain" encore, no less. The band was very much on top of a very appealing combination of tunes. Nevertheless, they seemed to rush through some songs and cut off many great jams just as they appeared ready to cut loose.

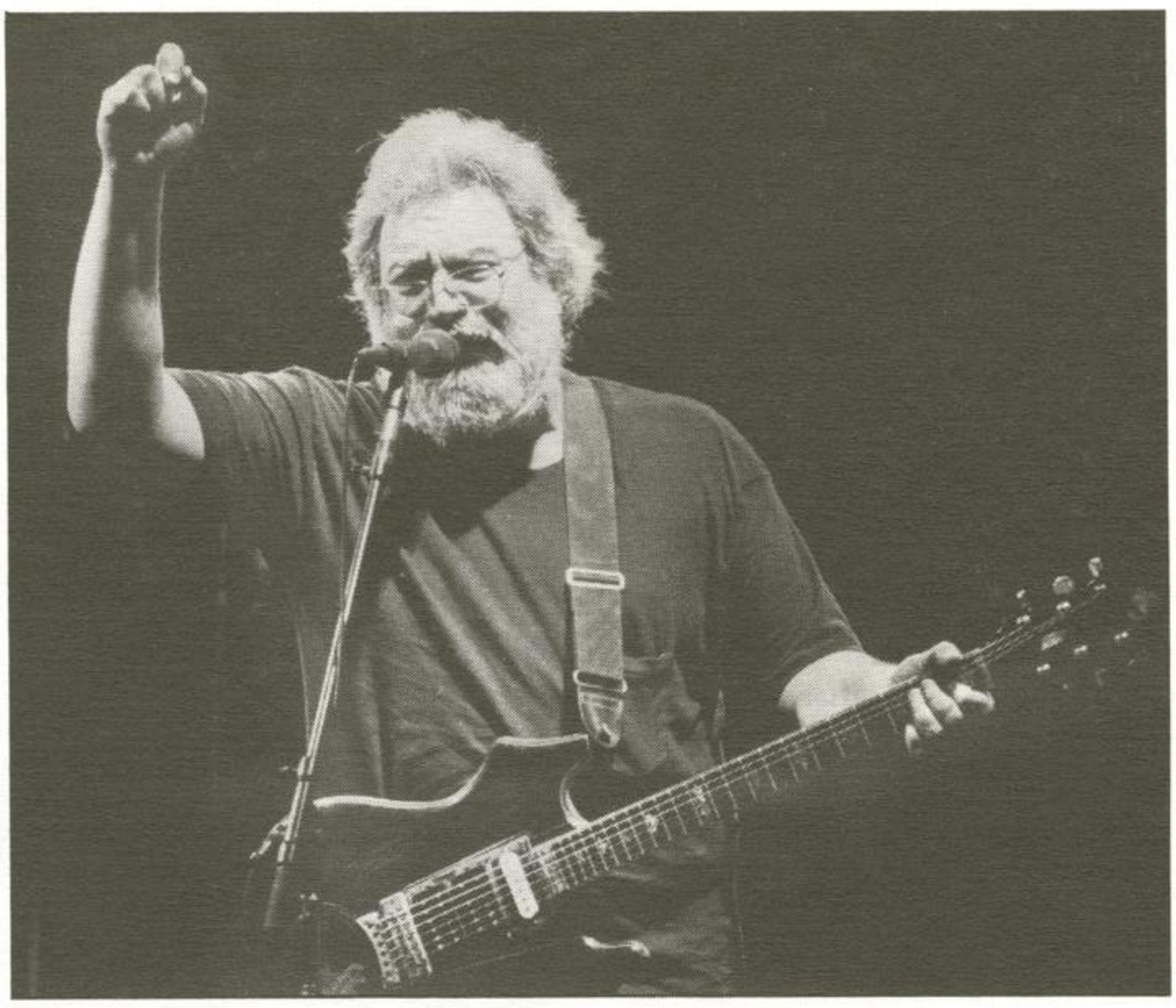
Friday night's show ran hot and cold. Things started out well with "Jack Straw," but the "West L.A. Fadeaway" that followed lacked fire. And though Garcia turned out a strongly sung "Loser" near the end of the first set, the "Let It Grow" only hinted at the power the band can generate on this tune. Set two opened with "Playin'," which, as on Sunday night in Hartford, barely got off the ground before rolling into "Crazy Fingers." This time, however, Garcia sang the tune quite beautifully, putting Sunday night's disaster behind him. A nice "Uncle John's Band" followed, and the post-drums "Other One" was short but intense. Garcia's choice to do "Black Peter" two nights in a row was certainly puzzling, especially since he left out a verse.

With memories of last year's great closing Saturday show, I had high hopes for night three. After a very laid-back "Big Boss Man"-"Walking Blues" opener, the boys turned out a practically flawless, rocking and in the end *safe* show. The band stuck with the recently tried and true, the songlist being very typical of this tour. It was the type of show that would delight first-timers and infrequent attendees and annoy the more hardcore. The "Hey Jude" coda is certainly fun, but already predictable, and perhaps too obvious an attempt to please the crowd. I'd prefer some more challenging material myself.

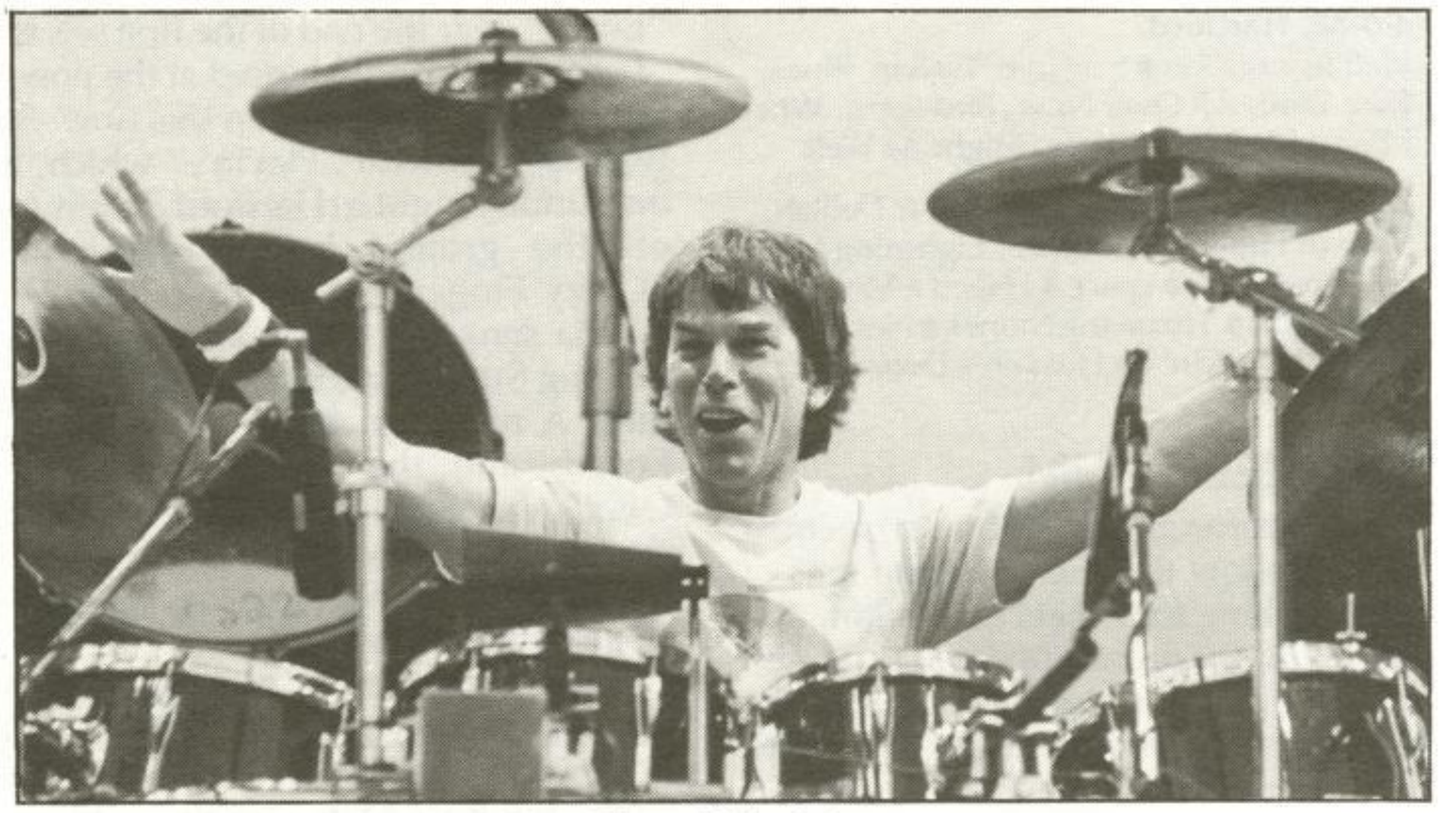
— *Simon Friedman*

4-7-88, The Centrum, Worcester, MA
Touch of Grey, Feel Like a Stranger ➧ Franklin's Tower, New Minglewood Blues, Row Jimmy, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Big Railroad Blues, Around & Around

Sugar Magnolia ➧ Scarlet Begonias ➧ Estimated Prophet ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ Gimme Some



"Knockin' on Heaven's Door" at Irvine Meadows, 4-23-88. Photo: Ron Delany



Mickey at Oxford Speedway in Maine. Photo: Michael Conway

Lovin' ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Black Peter ➧ Sunshine Daydream/Box of Rain

4-8-88, The Centrum
Jack Straw, West L.A. Fadeaway, Little Red Rooster, Stagger Lee, Queen Jane Approximately, Loser, Let It Grow

Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ Crazy Fingers ➧ Uncle John's Band ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Black Peter ➧ Lovelight/ Black Muddy River

4-9-88, The Centrum
Big Boss Man, Walkin' Blues, Far From Me, Candyman, Me & My Uncle ➧ Mexicali Blues, Tennessee Jed, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Deal

Hell in a Bucket ➧ Iko-Iko, Looks Like Rain ➧ Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Goin' Down the Road ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Dear Mr. Fantasy ➧ Hey Jude coda ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away/Saturday Night

DETROIT

Most of the hardcore fans I know skipped this show to get some rest before the Chicago concerts, and the truth is they didn't miss too much. The show started off slowly but picked up in the middle of the first set with "Stuck Inside of Mobile." I thought "To Lay Me Down" dragged a bit, but the set ended strongly with "The Music Never Stopped." The second set seemed to go over well with newer fans (you can tell by the response to "Touch of Grey" and "Truckin'") and it did have its share of good playing, particularly on "Watchtower." But I didn't feel like I heard anything special, and the quality of the Chicago shows that followed this one confirmed my opinion that the band was just a little bit cold for this rare Detroit appearance.

— *Michael Burke*

4-11-88, Joe Louis Arena, Detroit, MI
Hell in a Bucket ➧ Sugaree, New Minglewood Blues, Must've Been the Roses, Stuck Inside of Mobile, To Lay Me Down ➧ Music Never Stopped

Touch of Grey ➧ Man Smart Woman Smarter, Ship of Fools, Truckin' ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Lovelight/Brokedown Palace

CHICAGO

For the Dead shows, the Rosemont Horizon seemed downright cozy, though it is, in real life, a gigantic, impersonal place, located less than a half-mile from O'Hare (world's busiest) Airport. Throughout the day cheers erupted in the parking lot as 747s cruised overhead at altitudes of about 200 feet (a 747 is pretty damn huge at that height!).

I thought the security scene at the Horizon was nightmarish — cops everywhere in the parking lot, hassles to get to one's own, legitimate seat, etc. But, as with most things, I'm finding that you get what you ask for, and if you make a reasonable attempt to avoid trouble with the police, more often than not it's entirely possible to do so. Would that more people would not court trouble so actively.

The first night opened with a fabulous "Half-Step," but a terribly short first set. The second set was one of my favorites of the tour, with "Bertha" *exploding* out of "Sugar Magnolia" — what a difference there is in "Bertha" when it's in the second set! A "Playin' reprise" was a nice bonus, and an outstanding "Morning Dew" called attention to the fact that Garcia's voice is sounding as good as ever — it seems like he's really trying to express himself in his vocals, as well as through his guitar.

The second show in Chicago was very tight, with a second set that opened with a bang — "Iko" was as good as I've seen — and never let up. "Eyes" did not seem merely gratuitous for a change, and the entire post-"space" set was as high-energy as they come. It was also quite refreshing to see what some have abbreviated as "Throwing-Away" come on the second night, leaving an element of unpredictability for the third.

Well, surprise, surprise! "Scarlet-Fire" to open the first set! By the time this third night got going, "Fire" was really cooking, and the crowd seemed more stunned than anything else. Bobby settled things down quickly with "Walkin' Blues," but the set was very well played after that. "Candyman" and "Deal" were both excellent. The second set opened with that end-of-the-tour drag, but picked up after "space," as every



Billy at the Greek, July '88. Photo: Michael Conway

song (save, alas, an anticlimactic "Lovelight") was played with stinging intensity. "Hey Jude" came slickly out of "Dear Mr. Fantasy," and "Knockin' on Heaven's Door" seemed a fitting elegy at the end of the Dead's longest East Coast tour since the fall of 1979.

— *Peter Braverman*

4-13-88, Rosemont Horizon, Chicago, IL
Mississippi Half-Step ◗ Feel Like a Stranger ◗ Franklin's Tower, Little Red Rooster, When Push Comes to Shove, Queen Jane Approximately, Don't Ease Me In

Sugar Magnolia ◗ Bertha, Playin' in the Band ◗ jam ◗ Uncle John's Band ◗ rhythm devils ◗ space ◗ Playin' reprise ◗ Goin' Down the Road ◗ Morning Dew ◗ Sunshine Daydream/Touch of Grey

4-14-88, Rosemont Horizon
Jack Straw, West L.A. Fadeaway, Mama Tried ◗ Big River, Althea, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Bird Song, Promised Land

Box of Rain ◗ Iko-Iko, Estimated Prophet ◗ Eyes of the World ◗ rhythm devils ◗ space ◗ The Wheel ◗ Gimme Some Lovin' ◗ Black Peter ◗ Throwing Stones ◗ Not Fade Away/ Black Muddy River

4-15-88, Rosemont Horizon
Scarlet Begonias ◗ Fire on the Mountain, Walkin' Blues, Candyman, Louie Louie, Cumberland Blues, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Deal

Hell in a Bucket ◗ Crazy Fingers ◗ Looks Like Rain, Terrapin ◗ rhythm devils ◗ space ◗ The Other One ◗ I Need a Miracle ◗ Dear Mr. Fantasy ◗ Hey Jude coda ◗ Lovelight/ Knockin' on Heaven's Door

IRVINE

The band continued its streak of solid Irvine shows with a series of well-played (and playful) concerts. The first two shows were both killers. The versions of "Half-Step," "Stranger" and "Franklin's" that kicked off Friday's show were all incendiary, and "Queen Jane" continues to develop into a real powerhouse. In the second set the band followed a great "China-Rider" with its best "Louie Louie" to date; that one was fun and funky all the way. The show-closing "Sugar Magnolia" was a corker, too — Garcia set up such a wall of noisy feedback between the first guitar break and "Sunshine Daydream" that Weir completely cracked up laughing.

"When you talk about the second night," a friend who was there told me, "be sure to mention that during 'Knockin' on Heaven's Door,' Garcia was so into it that at one point he wheeled around on one foot and did a 360-degree turn without missing a beat!" Yow! It was that kind of a show. Again, there were three powerful openers in the first set, and the predrums "Playin' ◗ Crazy Fingers ◗ Uncle John's" was as inspired as you'd hope from that combination of tunes (which didn't always live up to their reputations on the East Coast tour). Though the "Goin' Down the Road ◗ I Need a Miracle ◗ Mr. Fantasy ◗ Hey Jude" was already old news on this tour, it was nonetheless performed with tremendous energy all the way around, and the "Stella Blue" that followed that trio of songs was sublime. It's hard to beat a "Stella" that's really *there*.

Sunday's show got lukewarm reviews from everyone I talked to, mainly because of its sheer predictability, but it was decently played, and I enjoyed listening to the tape. Nothing earth-shaking, but certainly more than just pedestrian. But really, isn't ending six shows on one tour with "Throwing Stones-Not Fade Away" pushing things a bit?

— *BJ, from tapes and eyewitnesses*

4-22-88, Irvine Meadows Amphitheater, Irvine, CA
Mississippi Half-Step ◗ Feel Like a Stranger ◗ Franklin's Tower, New Minglewood Blues, Candyman, Queen Jane Approximately, When Push Comes to Shove, Let It Grow

China Cat Sunflower ◗ I Know You Rider,

Louie Louie, Estimated Prophet ➧ He's Gone ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Sugar Magnolia/Black Muddy River

4-23-88, Irvine Meadows
Hell in a Bucket, Cold Rain & Snow, Hey Pocky Way, West L.A. Fadeaway, Me & My Uncle ➧ Big River, To Lay Me Down, Cassidy, Don't Ease Me In

Playin' in the Band ➧ Crazy Fingers ➧ Uncle John's Band ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Goin' Down the Road ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Dear Mr. Fantasy ➧ Hey Jude coda ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Lovelight/Knockin' on Heaven's Door

4-24-88, Irvine Meadows
Touch of Grey, Little Red Rooster, Row Jimmy, Far From Me, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Bird Song, Promised Land

Box of Rain, Samson & Delilah, Iko-Iko, Looks Like Rain ➧ Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away/Quinn the Eskimo

FROST

The consensus seems to be that a splendid time was had by all at this year's Frost Amphitheater shows, on the lovely campus of Stanford University. After disappointing runs there in '86 and '87 I was beginning to wonder if the place was jinxed, but my fears have evaporated. As always, the band looked ultra-relaxed both days; it's hard not to be in that setting. And for a change the weather was pleasantly warm instead of griddle-hot.

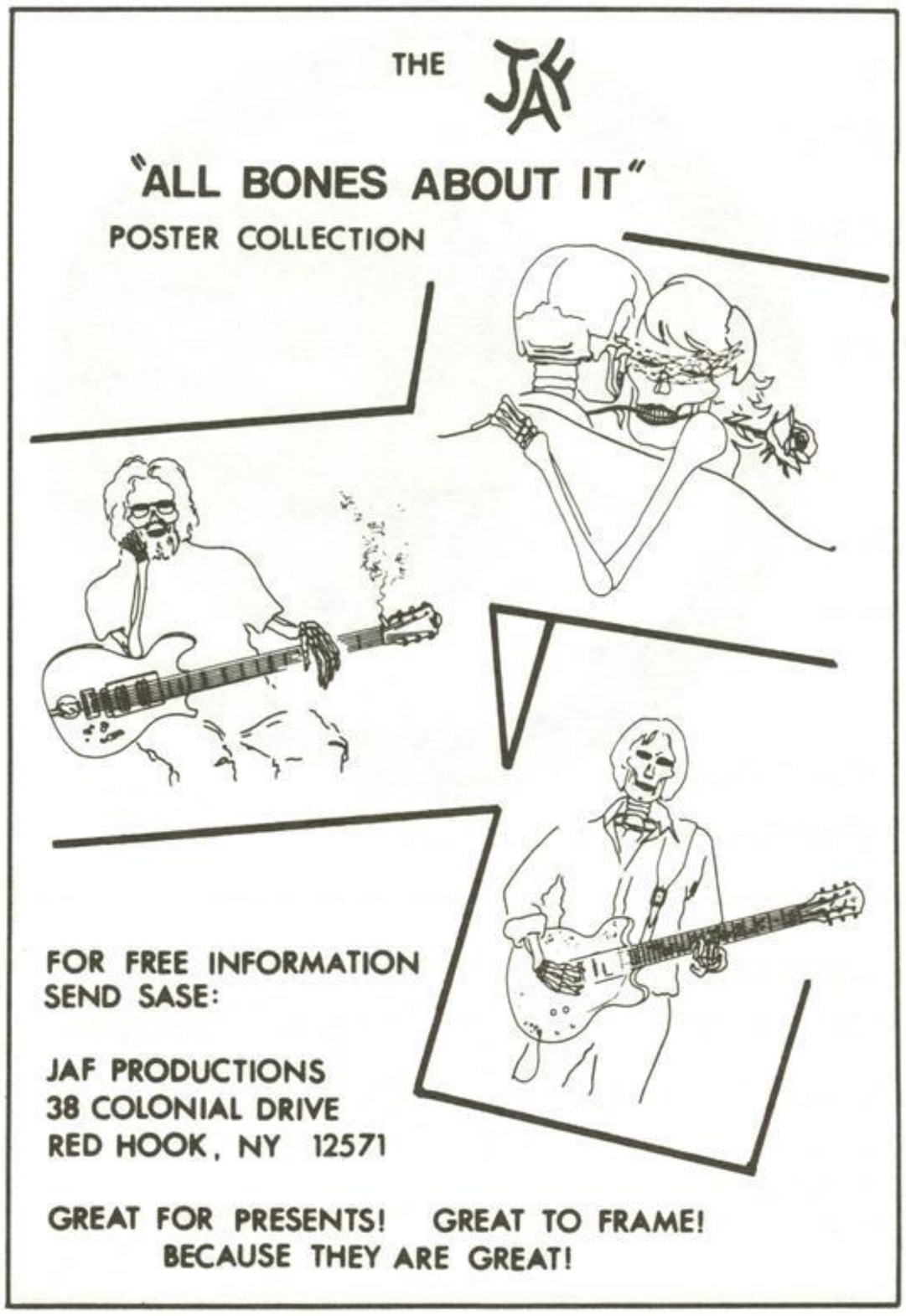
The Saturday show opened with a nice surprise: the first GD version of "Good Times," which Jerry, Bobby and Brent had sung the previous week at a benefit show in San Rafael (see "Deadline"). For me, the other highlights of the up-and-down first set were "Stranger" and "Hey Pocky Way," which has turned into a real shakin' party number. The second set saw the first Bay Area "Shakedown Street" in a year-and-a-half, and great jams on both "Watchtower" and "Black Peter." After a very rough "Sugar Magnolia" ending I was expecting some token encore — maybe "Quinn" — but was shocked and delighted to hear the band ease into a lazy, laid-back "China Cat-Rider," a first as far as I can tell. Like the rest of the show it wasn't completely together, but it was such a treat no one there was playing critic. And when the band then leaped into "One More Saturday Night," the place was just rockin'! Good things come to those who wait.

The Sunday show was much better played, in my view, and therefore more satisfying. Once again the group whipped out three openers — bang-bang-bang — each a winner. The lone disappointment for me was hearing Garcia obviously toy with the opening of "To Lay Me Down" and then go into "Cumberland" instead—though better "Cumberland" than almost any other first-set tune! (Alas, it appears "To Lay Me Down" has once again vanished into the netherworld of forgotten songs.) The first Bay Area "Louie Louie," which opened the second set, was greeted warmly, and what a pleasant twist to have "Truckin'" follow that, so early in the set! From there, the rest of the show was smooth and just about perfectly executed, from "Crazy Fingers" to a loping "Eyes of the World" (always great outdoors in the daylight), a screeching, wailing "Other One" and yet another superb "Knockin' on Heaven's Door." It added up to a great couple of days in one of the best places the band plays.

— BJ

4-30-88, Frost Amphitheater, Palo Alto, CA
Good Times, Feel Like a Stranger, Row Jimmy, Walkin' Blues, Hey Pocky Way, Ramble On Rose, Let It Grow

Shakedown Street, Man Smart Woman Smarter, Ship of Fools, Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Goin' Down the Road ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Black Peter ➧ Sugar Magnolia/China Cat





Sunflower ♦ I Know You Rider ♦ Saturday Night

5-1-88, Frost Amphitheater
Box of Rain ♦ Hell in a Bucket ♦ Touch of Grey, Little Red Rooster, Far From Me, Cumberland Blues, Stuck Inside of Mobile, When Push Comes to Shove, Cassidy

Louie Louie ♦ Truckin' ♦ Crazy Fingers ♦ Samson & Delilah ♦ Eyes of the World ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Other One ♦ Wharf Rat ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Lovelight/ Knockin' on Heaven's Door

MINNESOTA

The Dead kicked off their 1988 summer tour indoors in suburban Bloomington, Minnesota, with a tight delivery of the predictable "Hell in a Bucket-Sugaree" opener. The band appeared refreshed and inspired after a hiatus from the road; no tired vocals or unimaginative playing here. Garcia's runaway fingers were particularly productive, and he passed up few opportunities to spice up the first set's appetizers, offering silky-smooth embellishments on a lilting "Row Jimmy," and a bring-the-hammer-down versions of "Althea." The band threw the crowd a curve with the set closer—the premiere of Weir's "Victim or the Crime," an intense, almost frightening arrangement of complex and dissonant chords forged by a pounding rhythm section.

The second set charged out of the blocks with a blistering "China-Rider" that set the pace for the rest of the night. Weir restrained the theatrics on "Estimated Prophet," which slid into a summery "Eyes of the World" and jazz-flavored pre-space jam. The only bumpy transition of the show surfaced between "The Wheel" and "Gimme Some Lovin'." An incendiary "Watchtower" (is there any other kind?) followed, and just as things had cooled down with a soulful "Black Peter" the band whipped into a frenzied "Lovelight" closer. Relief was provided with a polished "Black Muddy River" encore.

Other than a confusing ban on 35mm cameras in the arena and some first-set p.a. problems, the near-sellout crowd was well fed with one of the finest shows the Dead have played in these parts — certainly erasing the foul memories of the 1986 Dylan/Dead debacle in the Metrodome.

— *Karl Bremer*

6-17-88, The Met Center, Bloomington, MN
Hell in a Bucket ♦ Sugaree, New Minglewood Blues, Row Jimmy, Far From Me, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Althea, Victim or the Crime

China Cat Sunflower ♦ I Know You Rider, Estimated Prophet ♦ Eyes of the World ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Wheel ♦ Gimme Some Lovin' ♦ All Along the Watchtower ♦ Black Peter ♦ Lovelight/Black Muddy River



Is Phil grinning because his old bass sounds so good? Oxford, Maine, July 3. Photo: Michael Conway

ALPINE VALLEY

Two things are indisputable about Alpine Valley this year: 1. It was hot; 2. It was crowded. Figures were 104 and 65,000, respectively.

The real problem wasn't the heat — the humidity was relatively low — but the dust. With the Midwestern drought and the throngs, Alpine Valley was downright dirty. It also seemed that *everyone* was selling something, from shirts to bagels to more passes to Hallucination Land than I've ever seen. (Most creative bumper sticker: "JUST SAY N_2O.")

A group called Cosmic Recyclers had set up recycling bins all over the place, and had people roaming, collecting cans and bottles, and generally making a Herculean effort. The result was that, happily, Alpine Valley was *much* cleaner this year than it has been in the past.

As usual, the concerts themselves were just one of the many attractions at the Alpine Valley multi-ring circus. The first night saw the introduction of "Foolish Heart," a bopping Garcia-Hunter collaboration with a healthy jam in the middle.

Most people seemed to think that the second night was the best of the run, and I agree. When "Jack Straw" opened the show at full clean volume, and the jam seemed to go on for days, it set the stage for a first set full of old and new favorites. The second set was also outstanding, with the second performance of Weir's "Victim or the Crime." This long set also contained excellent versions of "Ship of Fools," "Terrapin" and, thank goodness, "Good Lovin'."

All that can be said of the third night is that "Looks Like Rain" was great. "Stella Blue" was such a disaster that I can honestly say that I was *worried* about Garcia when he couldn't even remember the chords, let alone any of the words. This was just one of those shows when it doesn't work, and you go home and hope that the next one is better.

And, lo and behold, it was! Not great, but it had its moments. The debut of "Believe It or Not," a beautiful Garcia-Hunter love song, was a highlight, and the "Morning Dew" was one of those that you just had to be there to see. It reminded me very much of the one at Madison Square Garden last fall.

For the encore, Weir carried an acoustic guitar on stage for the first time in about eight years, and the crowd went *berserk*. The . . . uh . . . interpretation of "Blackbird" was hilarious, and made clear the difference between the loose, humorous sloppiness of this night and the uncomfortable and tense miss of "Stella Blue" the night before.

A near-perfect "Brokedown Palace" (jeez, I miss that song lately) was a great capper to a wild, silly, friendship-filled and yes, terribly exhausting, week.

— *Peter Braverman*

6-19-88, Alpine Valley, East Troy, WI
Mississippi Half-Step ♦ Feel Like a Stranger, Good Times Blues, Ramble On Rose, Little Red Rooster, Bird Song, Promised Land

Foolish Heart, Playin' in the Band ♦ jam ♦ Uncle John's Band ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Goin' Down the Road ♦ I Need a Miracle ♦ Dear Mr. Fantasy ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Not

Fade Away/Knockin' on Heaven's Door

6-20-88, Alpine Valley
Jack Straw, Box of Rain, West L.A. Fadeaway, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Loser, Cassidy, Don't Ease Me In

Victim or the Crime, Cumberland Blues, Blow Away, Ship of Fools, Truckin' ➧ jam ➧ Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Around & Around ➧ Good Lovin'/U.S. Blues

6-22-88, Alpine Valley
Good Times, Hell in a Bucket, Candyman, Walkin' Blues, When Push Comes to Shove, Queen Jane Approximately, Tennessee Jed, Let It Grow

Foolish Heart ➧ Looks Like Rain ➧ Scarlet Begonias ➧ I Will Take You Home ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Lovelight/Quinn the Eskimo

6-23-88, Alpine Valley
Iko-Iko, New Minglewood Blues, Must've Been the Roses, Me & My Uncle ➧ Mexicali Blues, Stagger Lee, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Bird Song, Promised Land

Hey Pocky Way, Believe It or Not, Man Smart Woman Smarter, He's Gone ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Morning Dew/Blackbird ➧ Brokedown Palace

BUCKEYE LAKE

This was a new place for the Dead to perform, in the midst of parched Ohio farmland on what was, unfortunately, one of the hottest days of the year. Bruce Hornsby & the Range opened the show (as they had at Laguna Seca last spring) and did very well with this largely Midwestern crowd. Their hour-long set mixed songs from their two successful albums.

After a break, the Dead came on and opened with a strong "Feel Like a Stranger"-"Franklin's Tower," and unexpectedly topped that off with a great "Box of Rain" (without the usual screaming for Phil!). Then, a fine surprise: Bobby welcomed back Bruce Hornsby for what turned out to be a most memorable "Sugaree." It was obvious that Hornsby and Garcia were enjoying themselves tremendously as they traded licks. "We don't let just anyone sit in on accordion," Jerry quipped, and for his part Bruce seemed very comfortable. He continued on with "Stuck Inside of Mobile," my favorite of Weir's first-set Dylan tunes. After Hornsby left the stage, the band finished up the set with "West L.A. Fadeaway," "Cassidy" and "Deal."

After baking through another break, we were treated to a completely different kind of second-set opening. Weir started off with "Victim or the Crime," a very hard piece of music he seems determined to share with us. Brent then took over with "Blow Away," a fine addition to the repertoire and very well received by the crowd. Garcia then followed with "Foolish Heart," which I'm predicting will be the "Touch of Grey" of '88. This last one, in particular, is very much a Grateful Dead song already at this early stage. Those who have waited so long for new music from the band will hopefully be satisfied with the recent output. It's a lot to digest and I'm sure it will liven up many a set for a while.

After such an interesting beginning, and a potent "Terrapin," the show fell into an old pattern after the drums. Nevertheless, the day was a huge success and most fans, old and new, seemed to go away happy. And then it was on to Pittsburgh . . .

— *Barry Sundance*

6-25-88, Buckeye Lake Music Center, Newark, OH
Feel Like a Stranger ➧ Franklin's Tower, Box of Rain, Sugaree*, Stuck Inside of Mobile*, West L.A. Fadeaway, Cassidy, Deal

Victim or the Crime, Blow Away, Foolish Heart ➧ Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away/Knockin' on Heaven's Door
*with Bruce Hornsby on accordion

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PITTSBURGH

After braving 100-degree heat all week at Alpine Valley and Buckeye Lake, getting to see a show indoors at the Pittsburgh Civic was a welcome relief to many of us. Also, playing inside heightened the lighting effects, and speaker banks hung at the rear of the hall created quadraphonic sound at certain points during the show.

The band swung into action with a lilting "Mississippi Half-Step," followed by some standard first-set material, including the cowboy duo of "Mama Tried"-"Big River." The band picked up the pace with "Cumberland Blues," and then premiered yet another new Brent song: "Gentlemen Start Your Engines," a tune about a hard-drinking, heartbreaking man who is beginning to realize his situation — "One of these days I'll pull myself together/As soon as I'm finished tearing myself apart." The set ended with two real rockers, "Big Railroad Blues" and "The Music Never Stopped."

With all the new songs in the repertoire, it looked as though "Touch of Grey" had been lost in the shuffle somewhere, so it was an excellent choice to open the second set. After "Playin' in the Band," "Uncle John's Band" and a surprise "Playin' reprise" (rarely played before the drums) the Rhythm Devils took over. Aided by the quad setup, they created a soundscape that wound its way through the entire arena — a very thrilling sensation, to say the least! "Dear Mr. Fantasy"-"Hey Jude" proved to be powerfully uplifting as always. Then came the first "Black Peter" of the tour and a "Lovelight" that asked the question "Do you feel all right? I GOT TO KNOW!" We did, we did! Finally, the "Black Muddy River" encore seemed a fitting tribute to a city that lies at the confluence of three large rivers.

— *Jimbo Matson*

6-26-88, Pittsburgh (PA) Civic

Mississippi Half-Step ➧ Little Red Rooster, When Push Comes to Shove, Mama Tried ➧ Big River, Cumberland Blues, Gentlemen Start Your Engines, Big Railroad Blues, Music Never Stopped

Touch of Grey, Playin' in the Band ➧ Uncle John's Band ➧ Playin' reprise ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Dear Mr. Fantasy ➧ Hey Jude coda ➧ Black Peter ➧ Lovelight/Black Muddy River

SARATOGA

It's always a safe bet that the crowd scene at SPAC is going to be intense, and this year was no exception. Much of the crowd appeared to be at a fever-pitch all night. Fortunately, the band seems to feed off this energy, and always turns in a powerful performance there. This evening held numerous surprises, all of them pleasant. The first came when "Hell in a Bucket" *didn't* segue into "Sugaree," but a romping "Bertha" instead. And two of the new songs, "Victim or the Crime" and "Foolish Heart" moved from the second set to the first at this show. The latter was a thrilling end to a well-played first set, and it's easy to picture it turning up in that slot in the future.

The first (and only) "Scarlet-Fire" of the tour was a monster, up there with the best they've played recently. And I think it's safe to say that nobody there that night predicted that the slithery jam following "Estimated Prophet" would fall gently into a first-class "Crazy Fingers." What looked for a while to be yet another "Goin' Down the Road-Miracle-Fantasy" module (they played the first two) veered off instead into a very emotional "Stella Blue," followed by "Not Fade Away," thankfully without "Throwing Stones" preceding it. "Knockin' on Heaven's Door" is easily the group's strongest encore tune these days, and it once again received a thoughtful treatment.

— *BJ, from tapes and eyewitnesses*

6-28-88, Saratoga Performing Arts Center,

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Saratoga, NY
Hell in a Bucket ➧ Bertha, Walkin' Blues, Candyman, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Row Jimmy, Victim or the Crime, Foolish Heart

Scarlet Begonias ➧ Fire on the Mountain, Estimated Prophet ➧ Crazy Fingers ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Will Take You Home ➧ Goin' Down the Road ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Not Fade Away/Knockin' on Heaven's Door

ROCHESTER

The Dead came up for their second at-bat in Silver Stadium on a day that mixed sun and showers, and continued to cool off the heat-ravaged tourheads. This made the twin-openers, "Box of Rain" and "Cold Rain & Snow," all the more special. Deadheads seem to really like the atmosphere in this old minor league ballpark, and a very relaxed scene prevailed. With the stage in centerfield, the surrounding grass on the field proved a very comfortable vantage point for many, while others enjoyed the show from the grandstands.

What the band cooked up at the beginning of the second set put an exciting edge on the rest of the day—two or three minutes of the old Booker T. & the MGs classic "Green Onions"! That led into "China Cat," with its steady flow of riffs from Weir's pink guitar (clearly audible all evening), all leading to a torrid jam before it slid headfirst into "I Know You Rider." Another highlight before drums was Garcia's new love song, "Believe It or Not," featuring a piercing solo.

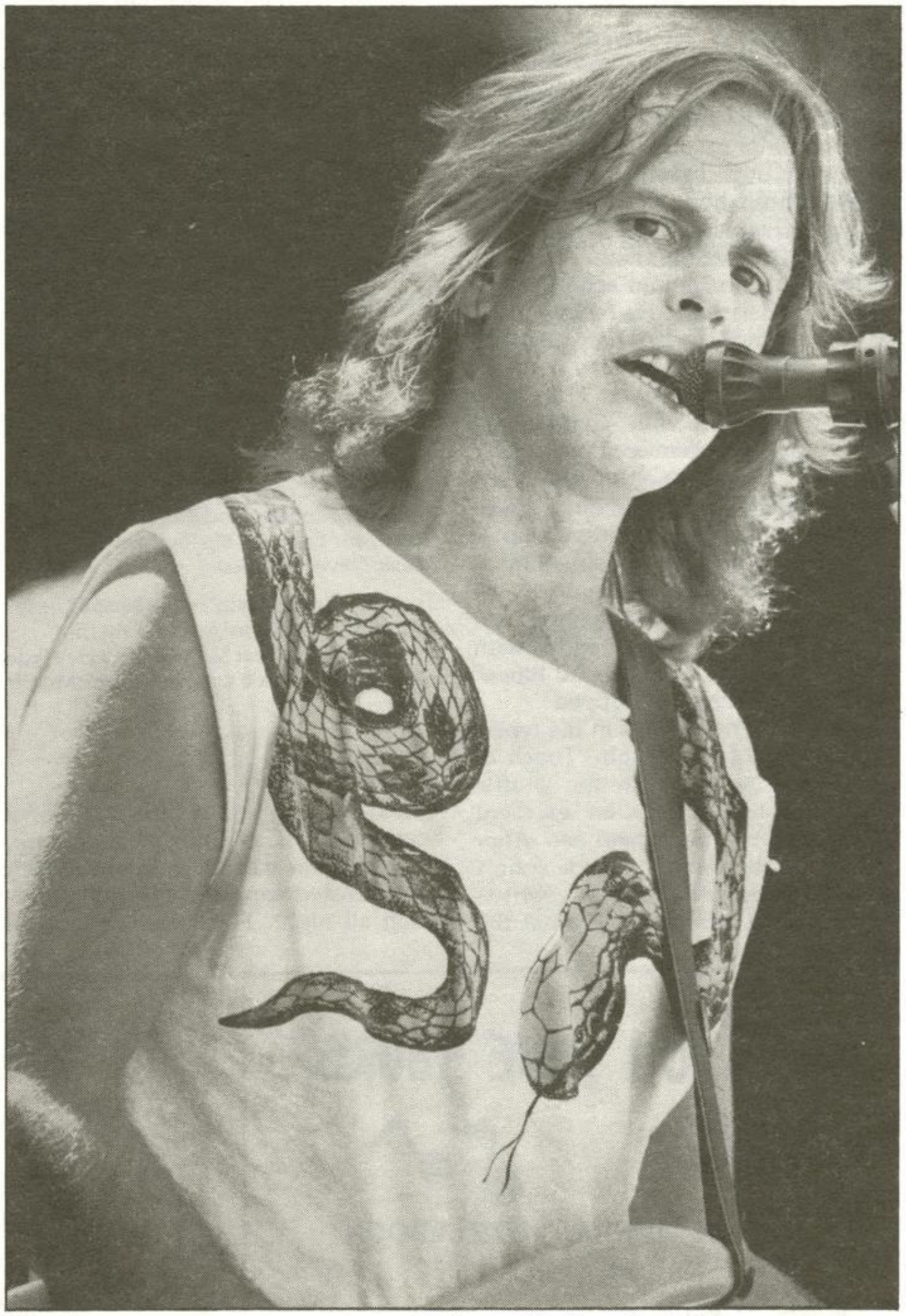
Perhaps it was the open field setup or something, but Lesh's bass was really prominent in the mix (the same was true in Maine), and all day his presence added extra life to nearly every song. So when "The Other One" came by, well . . . judging by the way he was carrying on, it looked like he was having a dandy time up there, and the band followed his lead.

A final note: the band seems to have found a neighborhood and venue that truly enjoys the visit of a well-contained party. Even the police let well enough alone — there were no arrests during the band's stay.

— Timothy Bucci

6-30-88, Silver Stadium, Rochester, NY
Box of Rain, Cold Rain & Snow, New Minglewood Blues, Ramble On Rose, Me & My Uncle ➧ Mexicali Blues, Far From Me, Queen Jane Approximately, Don't Ease Me In

Green Onions ➧ China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider ➧ Samson & Delilah, Believe It or Not, Truckin' ➧ He's Gone ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Lovelight/ Brokedown Palace



When the snakes come marchin' in! Sunday Greek, 7-17-88. Photo: Ron Delany

MAINE

They couldn't have found a more beautiful area to close the summer tour. This sparsely populated state was swelled by nearly 70,000 just to see these two shows on the festive July 4th weekend. The little town of Oxford was not set up for this sort of onslaught, but apparently conditions (traffic, etc.) were better for the Dead shows than they were for the previous week's Monsters of Rock metal marathon. For the most part, the locals were very courteous, and few missed the opportunity to profit from the gathering — selling parking on their lawns, cold beverages, even camping space. The speedway itself, alas, was more inhospitable. Only two gates were opened to allow for some 40,000 per day, so a lot of people missed Little Feat's opening set in the crush to get in. The view of the stage from the grandstands was obstructed by a chain-link fence, and on the ground there was a choice between the asphalt race track and sand. I was not the only one reminded of Ventura.

The first show got cooking nicely with a set by the recently re-formed Little Feat, who were added to the bill only weeks before the concert. Their set of "greatest hits" and tunes from their new album was greeted very well; in fact, as well as any opening act for the Dead that I've seen.

After about an hour-and-a-half (!) break, at about 7:30 the main event got going with a simmering "Iko-Iko." It was obvious from the start that the band was in a loose mood. A few songs into the show, when the crowd started

chanting for Phil to sing, he told the crowd to ask for Mickey or Bill instead. Then Weir said he wanted crew member Steve Parish to sing. And Garcia, well, he still wanted Phil. It was not to be, however. An excellent "Stuck Inside of Mobile" was a more than adequate substitute.

This was the first show I had heard any of the new tunes, and I was impressed with their potential. "Blow Away," though a typical Brent lament, could really turn into something. "Victim or the Crime" was strictly B-movie in my book. The lyrics are pretentious, and the playing, headed by Garcia's feedback-laden leads, is generic. It seems to me that "Throwing Stones" started this way, so maybe there's some hope (but do we really need another one of those?). I thought "Foolish Heart" was the best of the three that afternoon. Brent and Garcia both had good solos, and though the lyrics (what I could make of them) sounded a little self-conscious, it still beat the hell out of "Day Job." The second set contained just about everything I go to shows for —great jamming and a varied song list. Phil, especially, played some juicy parts on "Playin'," "Crazy Fingers" and "Morning Dew." Quite a set list, all in all.

Things went more smoothly at the speedway entrances the second day — an additional open gate seemed to make all the difference. Little Feat smoked once again, though their set was identical to the previous day's. After a shorter break, the Dead kicked things off with the tried (or is that "tired"?) and true "Hell in a Bucket-Sugaree." For me, this set had little to offer besides an exceptional "Queen Jane" and a meaty "Bird Song" that abruptly ended the first half.

The second set worked better for me. "Hey Pocky Way" was a joyous surprise that kicked the crowd into gear. Brent had what must've been one of his only solos on "Eyes of the World." Then, after Weir and Lesh left the stage, he led Garcia and the drummers through his beautiful lullabye, "I Will Take You Home." Since it appeared that every third person at the speedway had a child with him or her, this song from a father to a daughter seemed particularly appropriate. The show ended with a fine performance of the familiar "Goin' Down the Road"-"I Need a Miracle"-"Dear Mr. Fantasy"-"Hey Jude" coda, with Brent wailing at the end like a gospel preacher. For the "Not Fade Away" encore, the band decided to forgo the instrumental lead-in and started instead with the vocal: "I wanna tell you how it's gonna be!" It was a cool switch. Unfortunately the song itself had no jam at all in it; three verses and they were off. Since the stage lights stayed on for so long after the song, many people believed there might be a second encore. But after a while the helicopters that had brought the band in rose into the darkness and it was obvious that this holiday was over.

— *Dave Leopold*

7-2-88, Oxford Speedway, Oxford Plains, ME

Iko-Iko ➧ Jack Straw, West L.A. Fadeaway, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Row Jimmy, Blow Away, Victim or the Crime, Foolish Heart

Crazy Fingers ➧ Playin' in the Band ➧ Uncle John's Band ➧ Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Morning Dew ➧ Sugar Magnolia/Quinn the Eskimo

7-3-88, Oxford Speedway

Hell in a Bucket ➧ Sugaree, Walkin' Blues, Tennessee Jed, Queen Jane Approximately, Bird Song

Touch of Grey, Hey Pocky Way, Looks Like Rain, Estimated Prophet ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ I Will Take You Home (Brent w/ drummers & Jerry), rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Goin' Down the Road ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Dear Mr. Fantasy ➧ Hey Jude coda/Not Fade Away

THE GREEK

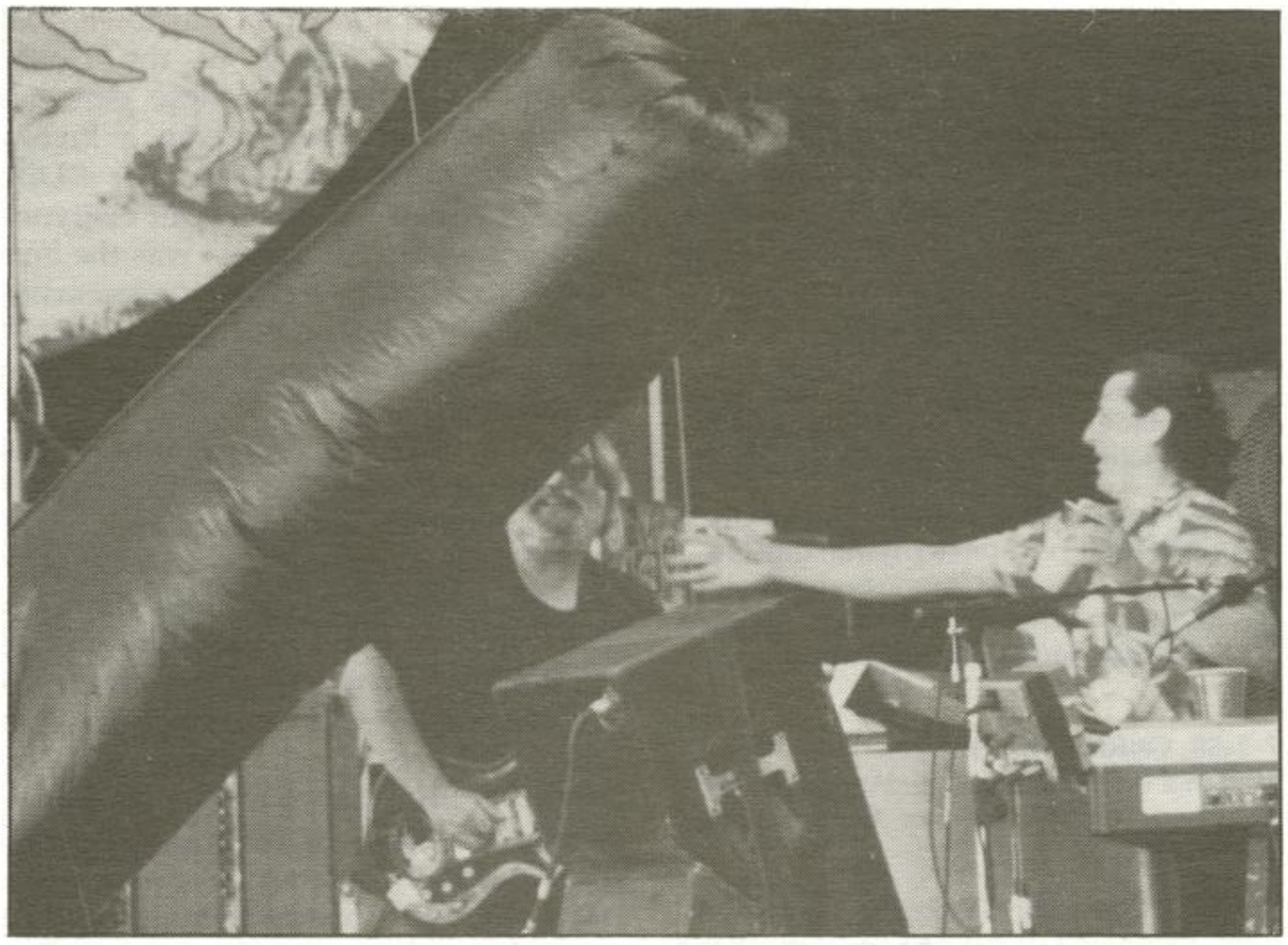
All I can say is, thank God *the band* was so hot for these Greek Theater shows, because the weather was obscenely warm, and a weak "Black Peter" could've sent a third of the crowd into a coma from heat stroke. (The day of the third show it was a record 103 degrees in SF; it must've been 110 down in front of the stage in the sun.) But the band kept things up and lively for the most part, and rarely flagged. All three shows had high points that rank up there with some of my favorite Greek Theater experiences. There really is no other place like it, either for the sound or the vibes, and I think this year's series seemed even more special, being benefit shows for the Rex Foundation. All three were broadcast live on the Bay Area's non-commercial Pacifica station, KPFA (so excellent tapes should be available), and once again speakers were set up on an adjoining soccer field so the ticketless overflow crowd could dance and party in a confined area. There were no reports of any serious problems, but it remains to be seen whether the University of California will allow the band to play there again next year. Certainly there was a major attempt on the part of many Deadheads to keep the area clean, and the absence of vendors (banned by the campus police) made the pre-show and post-show scene much less congested.

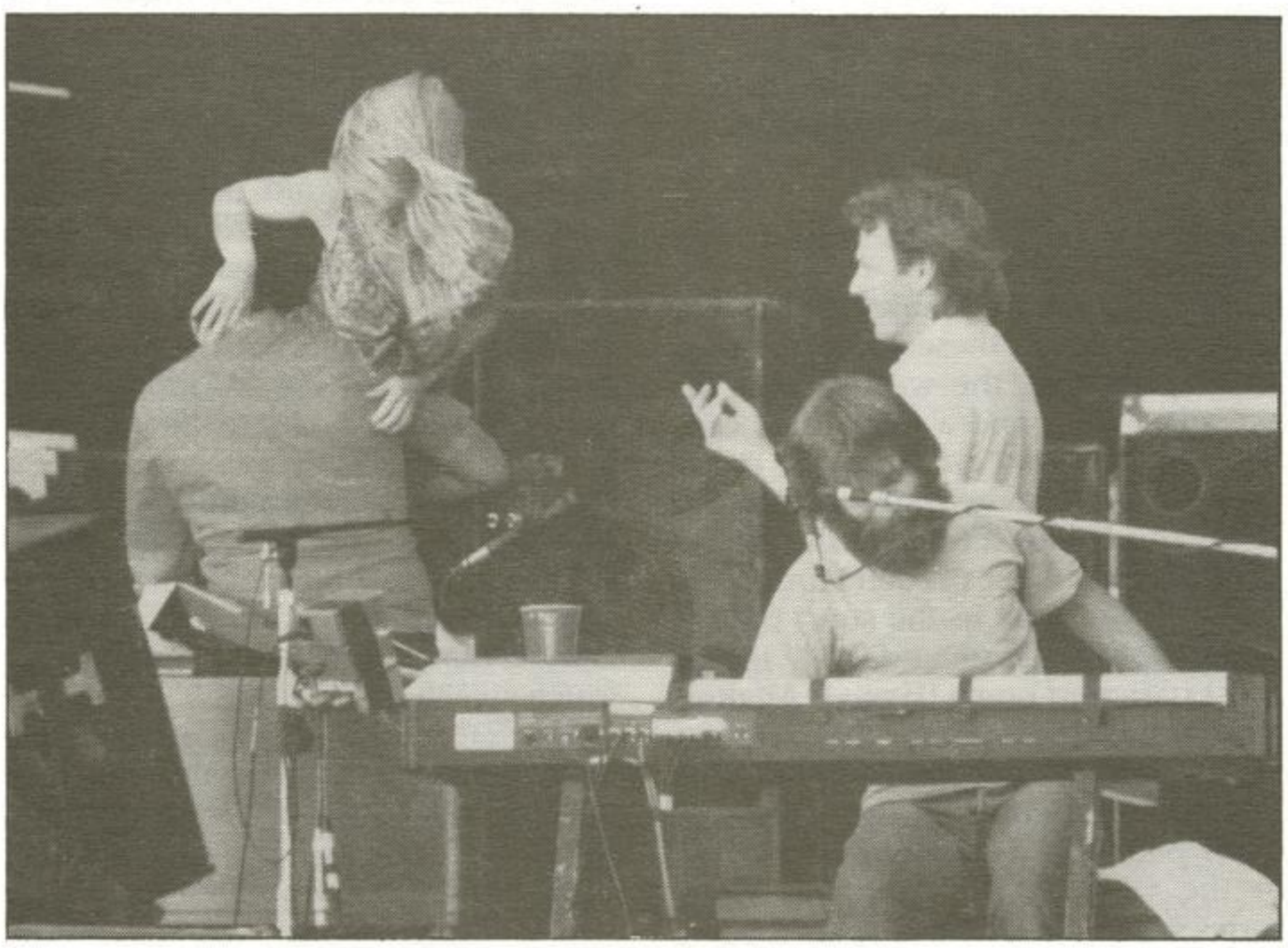
It somehow seemed appropriate that the Friday evening show opened with a rough and tumble "Shakedown Street" —the full house on hand for the benefit attested to the fact that this town does have heart. "Friend of the Devil" hadn't been heard in these parts for some time and was given a lovely, loping treatment. Ditto for "Dire Wolf," which had just about everyone singing along. "Cassidy" was the lone weak spot in the set (it fell to pieces during the jam), but an energetic "Bertha" closer brought the set to a satisfying conclusion.

You'll hear different reports on the quality of the second set. I thought it was amazingly good for the most part. It was obvious that the band wasn't completely together — they stumbled on "Ship of Fools," the early part of "Estimated Prophet" and a couple of other spots — but I was impressed that they put so much spirit into the performance, taking all the time they needed to build up the peaks. "Fire on the Mountain," in particular, received a very different treatment than usual. It was slower but still quite intense. The Rhythm Devils portion of the show was a real tour de force, with passages that were melodic, almost gamelan-esque, and of course plenty of bashing on The Beam. In the second half of the set, "The Wheel" came rolling unexpectedly out of a jam following "Miracle," and a slow-starting "Gimme Some Lovin'" combusted noisily at its midpoint. But it was the "Morning Dew" that blew me away. From the first notes it was clear that this was going to be a *serious* "Dew," and it didn't disappoint. The ending crescendo was built beautifully, and wisely the band left the stage after it. To then get a rare "Lovelight" encore made the show's ending that much sweeter.

The Saturday show got off to a weak start, when Garcia abruptly cut off the jam in "Music Never Stopped" to go into "Sugaree" (which was also a little flat). But the group rebounded nicely within a few songs, and the closing one-two of "Stuck Inside of Mobile" and "Bird Song" was very impressive. The second set probably doesn't look special on paper, but there were many great moments: a destructo "Terrapin"; a trance-like drum segment with Olatunji playing talking drum; the local premiere of Brent's pretty ballad, "I Will Take You Home"; and a version of "The Other One" that started out at a fast clip and never slowed down until long after the second verse. I can't say I wanted to hear either "Around & Around" or "Saturday Night," but both kicked ass and nearly added up to the energy of the "Sugar Mag" I was desperate for but denied.

After listening to tapes of the new songs from the summer tour, it was nice to hear three of them the final day of the run. "Foolish Heart" was an inspired choice as an opener. It's got an





Two notable attacks occurred at this year's Sunday Greek show: (top) Bill Candelario rescues Jerry from killer balloon during "Crazy Fingers"; (bottom) Steve Parish removes overzealous fan who insisted her place was by Brent's side. Photos: Michael Conway

easy groove to grab hold of, and the arrangement leaves plenty of room for soloing — Brent and Jerry both had buoyant instrumental flights during this extended version. Two Garcia ballads, "Althea" and "Candyman," were my other favorites in this well-executed first set.

With the Greek all aglow in the late afternoon sun, "Box of Rain" proved a delightful way to ease into the final set of the run — easily one of the high points of the three shows for me. So it was more than a bit jarring to then be thrust into Weir's "Victim or the Crime," with its elephantine rhythm and ugly chord structure. Our patience paid off in spades, though, as that monstrosity gave way to a heartfelt "Crazy Fingers," which then cascaded into "Playin'" and rolled into the expected (but much appreciated) "Uncle John's." There's something about that song at the Greek; it feels kind of like sitting around the campfire singin' with a few (thousand) friends. The only surprise after the drums was the local debut of "Believe It or Not," Garcia's new ballad. This night, the performance was unsure and it didn't leave much of an impression on me. More memorable was the woman who climbed onto the stage at the end of "Throwing Stones" and threw herself at Brent, who looked utterly dazed by the incident. She was carried from the stage as the band and audience cracked up, and the whole episode appeared to give a good lift to the "Not Fade Away" ender.

But not so fast. Before we close this report, we should give a few lashes to Mr. Weir, who managed to distractingly change guitars half a dozen times in each show. He's been trying out some sort of electronic MIDI (Musical Instrumental Digital Interface) setup that allows him to get all sorts of weird noises from his guitar (some very keyboard-like), but for my money this first testing was a washout. Except during "space," his new axe sounded inappropriate most of the time, and I missed his regular strong rhythm playing on a number of tunes. That he would lazily change guitars in the middle of songs (even at the end of "Goin' Down the Road," where he traditionally plays a nice counterpoint) shows me that his mind must've been elsewhere. Someone who was really listening would presumably be a little more sensitive to the moment.

— BJ

7-15-88, The Greek Theater, Berkeley, CA
Shakedown Street, Walkin' Blues, Friend of the Devil, Queen Jane Approximately, Dire Wolf, Good Times Blues, Cassidy, Bertha

Scarlet Begonias ➧ Fire on the Mountain, Man Smart Woman Smarter, Ship of Fools, Estimated Prophet ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ The Wheel ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ Morning Dew/ Lovelight

7-16-88, The Greek
Music Never Stopped ➧ Sugaree, Little Red Rooster, Loser, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Far From Me, Bird Song

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Looks Like Rain, Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils (with Olatunji) ➧ space ➧ I Will Take You Home ➧ The Other One ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Around & Around ➧ Saturday Night/ Knockin' on Heaven's Door

7-17-88, The Greek
Foolish Heart, Greatest Story Ever Told, Althea, Me & My Uncle ➧ Big River, Candyman, Let It Grow

Box of Rain, Victim or the Crime ➧ Crazy Fingers ➧ Playin' in the Band ➧ Uncle John's Band ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Goin' Down the Road ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Believe It or Not ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away/Blackbird ➧ Brokedown Palace

LAGUNA SECA

What a dream weekend this was! For the second year in a row, the Laguna Seca Recreation Area, a few miles inland from the seaside city of Monterey, was transformed into Deadworld Amusement Park, with acres of scenic camping spots, a well-organized vending zone and three tremendous shows with three great bands: the Dead,

David Lindley & El Rayo-X and (for Saturday and Sunday only) Los Lobos. The whole scene was very mellow and friendly, even on Saturday, when the crowd swelled to more than 25,000 (big by California Dead show standards) and the heat was searing at times. (Much of Sunday's show was played in fog, which broke nicely just before the Dead came on in the late afternoon.) This place is really a find for the Dead and Bill Graham's organization: the vast recreation area is self-contained, with room for several thousand campers, and the resort town of Monterey has thousands of hotel rooms, so the Dead shows have relatively little impact on surrounding communities. Parking was extremely inconvenient for many (long hikes over dusty hills), but otherwise the logistics were very well handled all around.

David Lindley proved to be the perfect opener for these shows — his distinctive blend of reggae, ska, R&B and rock 'n' roll had just about everyone dancing all three days. And he has enough material that the first two sets he played were completely different. His Sunday set consisted mainly of songs he'd played Friday, but I thought it was his best. In fact, the "Woolly Bully" encore was one of the peak moments of the whole weekend for me. Special kudos to Reverend Dave's incomparable keyboard man, Smitty, for a job well done. Now that dude is funky!

Since Garcia has been an enthusiastic supporter of Los Lobos for so long, it's amazing they hadn't shared a bill until now. This pairing, too, made complete sense: Los Lobos plays an eclectic range of straight-ahead rock, accordion-driven Tex-Mex, blues, James Brown-inspired R&B . . . you name it. When the band's two superb singer-guitarists — David Hidalgo and Cesar Rosas — really get going, this band just burns. They're so adept at every style they tackle, they've made each of those styles their own, in the same way the Dead have. "The Lobes" (as Lindley called them) also repeated very little material over the two days they played, save for "La Bamba," which was typically supersonic both days, and one or two others. Though each of their sets was spectacular, the Sunday show really seemed to *do it* for most of those on hand. I sensed the same kind of warmth between the band and audience that I feel at great Dead shows. People were rooting for these guys, digging everything they dished out. The band seemed to get off, too. They were looser than other times I've seen them, and I also felt they jammed more on certain songs.

Of special note Sunday was Rosas' hilarious send-up of Jimi Hendrix's Monterey Pop stage rap ("Like I said, it's really groovy to be here . . .") followed by a minute of "Little Wing" that was pure Jimi. Then, at the very end of "La Bamba," while the whole band was just a mass of crashing power chords, feedback and screeching cacophony, Rosas took off his guitar, put it on the ground in front of him and simulated Hendrix's Monterey Pop guitar burning, as the crowd went wild. He put his axe back on and he and Hidalgo unleashed another cascade of Jimi-isms, this time more reminiscent of Hendrix at Woodstock. It was an exciting, funny and, yes, even moving display.

When the group came back for the encore, Garcia joined them onstage (decked out in his natty blue sportcoat), and together they rocked through a pair of tunes — Jimmy McCracklin's "Georgia Slop" and Clifton Chenier's "All Night Long." Garcia fit in with Los Lobos amazingly well, shoehorning his full, melodic licks in between Rosas' snaky lines and Hidalgo's more silken textures.

I felt the Dead were at peak form all three days, and I will unabashedly proclaim that the Friday second set was the best of the year so far. What's the big

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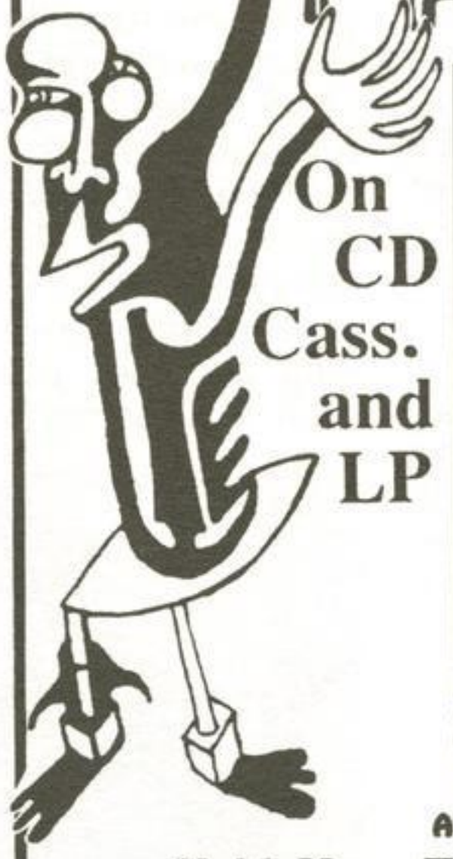
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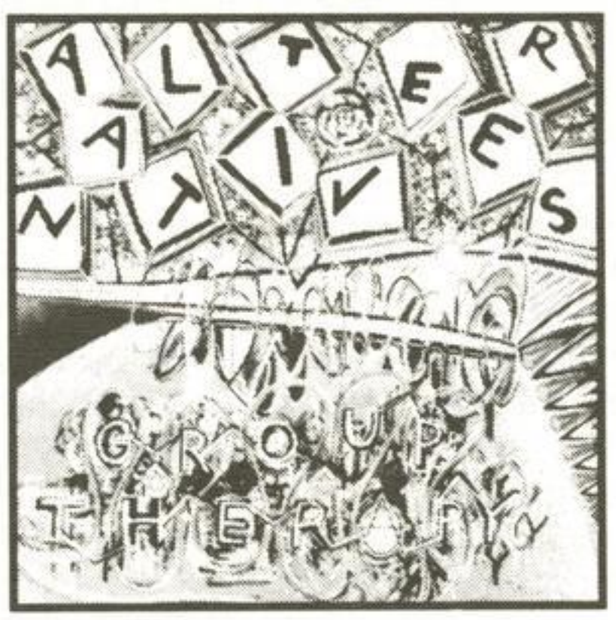
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Garcia jams with Cesar Rosas (L) and David Hidalgo during Los Lobos' set Sunday at Laguna Seca. Photo: Ron Delany

deal? Well, for starters, the band split "China Cat-Rider" for only the second time ever, inserting an exquisite "Crazy Fingers" in the middle. That blew a few minds, as you can imagine. But the real killer here was the "Playin' in the Band" that followed. This one was truly reminiscent of the group's best mid-'70s versions — minute after minute of intense jamming, with all six members wailing at once, but purposefully. Phil, in particular, was a titan on this version, but everyone in the band was really listening to each other, striving to take it farther and make it weirder. And no one was more surprised than I was when the jam eventually turned into the "Playin' reprise" to complete the song for the first time in years. The rest of the show, too, was as close to perfection as I could ask of a Dead show, down to the final notes of "Black Muddy River." Even Weir's MIDI setup sounded great — most of the time. This is definitely a tape worth searching for.

I thought the band played nearly as well the next day, though the show didn't quite have the cohesiveness of the first one; it seemed a little more motley. I hate to harp on this, but "Victim or the Crime" was just not happening on any level. But just about everything else the band touched they turned to gold, including a dynamic, punchy "Eyes," the surprising appearance of "Smokestack Lightning" out of "space," a "Wharf Rat" that featured one of the longest, most interesting jams I've heard on that tune, and a driving, uplifting "Throwing Stones" (which *didn't* go into "Not Fade Away" or "Lovelight" for a change). The double encore was a much appreciated bonus, too: I hadn't heard "U.S. Blues" in a coon's age, and "Knockin' on Heaven's Door" seemed especially poignant as the sun set behind the stage.

The Sunday show was another master-blaster. After an uplifting "Half-Step" opener, David Hidalgo of Los Lobos plugged in near Garcia's amp and played on "Little Red Rooster" and "West L.A. Fadeaway." His solo on the latter was blistering, and it was fun seeing him and Garcia interact. From there, the set continued to soar, hitting a peak with what must be the longest version of "When I Paint My Masterpiece" the band has played, and then ending with yet another interstellar "Bird Song." The Dead are giving that tune everything they've got these days.

The final set of the weekend also held many delights. "Foolish Heart" is developing into one helluva tune. This version opened up even more than the long one they played at the Greek, again in a way that reminds me of "Bird Song." What a joy it is to have a new Dead song that has that kind of space in it! (And on that score I should note that Brent's new "Gentlemen Start Your Engines," played in the first set, also featured some jamming that was unstructured and out there in the best Dead tradition.) The "Terrapin" was one of those monumental versions that builds relentlessly until it bursts from the stage in a ball of fire. That then gave way to a lovely and very affecting version of "I Will Take You Home."



Our 1988 tonsil pin-up shot, from Laguna Seca. Photo: Lori Levine

After the drums, Garcia, Lesh and Weir tore through a pre-"Other One" jam with incredible force. Phil's presence during "space" really does add to the equation, especially on "The Other One." And Phil was all over the thundering, set-closing "Morning Dew," too. Garcia got off three notes of "Lovelight" after that, but Weir had left the stage, so the set was over. (Curses! Foiled again!) "Midnight Hour," usually a slop-fest of missed chords and blown leads, got a spirited workout as the encore — and till the very end, you could still hear Lesh and Garcia trying to steer it all into "Lovelight." It wasn't to be, however. But who cares? When the band is playing this spacey and this well (I've seen them play six *great* shows in a row now), anything they want to play or not play is fine with me.

— *BJ*

7-29-88, Laguna Seca Recreation Area, Monterey, CA
Iko-Iko, Walkin' Blues, Candyman, Queen Jane Approximately, Althea, Blow Away, Cassidy, Deal

China Cat Sunflower ➧ Crazy Fingers ➧ I Know You Rider, Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ Playin' reprise ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ Believe It or Not ➧ Sugar Magnolia/Black Muddy River

7-30-88, Laguna Seca
Good Times ➧ Feel Like a Stranger, Loser, New Minglewood Blues, Row Jimmy, Stuck Inside of Mobile, When Push Comes to Shove, Music Never Stopped ➧ Don't Ease Me In

Victim or the Crime, Touch of Grey, Estimated Prophet ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Smokestack Lightning ➧ Goin' Down the Road ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Saturday Night/U.S. Blues ➧ Knockin' on Heaven's Door

7-31-88, Laguna Seca
Mississippi Half-Step, Little Red Rooster*, West L.A. Fadeaway*, Me & My Uncle ➧ Big River, Ramble On Rose, Gentlemen Start Your Engines, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Bird Song
*with David Hidalgo on guitar

Hell in a Bucket, Foolish Heart, Man Smart Woman Smarter, Terrapin ➧ I Will Take You Home ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Morning Dew/ Midnight Hour

Oh, Babe, It Ain't No Lie

Facts, Axioms and Ridiculous Half-Truths of the GD Universe

■ The person behind you at a show always sings off key.

■ Any cup of soda or beer larger than 16 ounces will be spilled within three songs.

■ By the end of the show you will have lost your Bic lighter but found two others in hideous colors.

■ On at least two different occasions during "space" you believed that Jerry was mad at you. You were right.

■ They played "Uncle John's Band" in the last city.

■ Out of every ten people at a show, two will have heard hints of "Morning Dew" at some point during a jam.

■ You've never seen mushrooms that look like that.

■ Percentage of cars driven by Deadheads worth less than their yearly insurance premiums: 29.

■ That tape case is still between the seats of your car. The tape is under the overstuffed chair in your living room.



Illustrations: Tim Gleason

■ Average number of Deadheads per Holiday Inn room in any city where the band is playing: 5 (plus dog).

■ No one shows pictures of themselves at Dead shows to their parents.

■ You own at least two Dead bumperstickers that you'd never put on your car.

■ Everyone knows someone who claims to have been to an eight-hour Dead show.

■ You secretly believe that Phil plays better if he wears a tie-dye.

■ Bill Graham once scowled at you for calling him "Uncle Bobo."



■ If you danced the way you dance to "Cumberland Blues" for an entire show, you would lose 3.3 pounds.

■ Eight out of ten Deadheads have looked for "Jerry Garcia" in their local phone book.

■ The ticket office probably has nothing against you personally.

■ On the fourth song of every first set, Weir's guitar is way too loud.

■ Don't worry, no one else knows what's happening in "Row Jimmy" either.

■ Percentage of Deadheads who have tried unsuccessfully to explain the Deadhead phenomenon to their parents: 84. To their bosses: 56.

■ The people who hang out backstage are straighter than you are.

■ You, or someone you know, have seen a bandmember in a hotel lobby within the past two years.

■ Working Deadheads call in sick for work an average of 4.3 days a year either traveling to or from shows or because of illness brought on by excessive partying at or after shows.

■ Really, the tie-dye did look good when you bought it last night in the parking lot after the show. Brown, purple and chartreuse are good colors for you.

■ One out of five Deadheads will be cut out of Grandma's will for being "too weird."

■ On that set list you compiled during the show, you left out "New Minglewood Blues" between "West L.A. Fadeaway" and "Ramble On Rose."



■ Three leading minor injuries in parking lots outside shows: 1) bruised shins from running into cars while playing hacky-sack, 2) burned lips from hot metal hash pipes, 3) bites incurred trying to separate fighting dogs.

■ Three out of ten male Deadheads have had a non-Deadhead date fall asleep during "space."

■ Percentage of Deadheads who have pets named after characters in Grateful Dead songs: 89

■ The logical name for a Deadhead's black Labrador: Dupree

■ Percentage of New York Deadheads who clap rhythmically during the quiet part of "Morning Dew": 66

■ Out of six people standing around a parking lot outside a Dead show watching someone play songs on an acoustic guitar, one will play "bass" by blowing into a Michelob bottle and one will be wearing a dirty serape.

■ Grateful Dead air guitarists hit more wrong notes than Jerry does.

■ No one dislikes "Uncle John's Band" and "Franklin's Tower."

■ The 15 weirdest words in Grateful Dead songs: copacetic, terrapin, manzanita, fuzzy, shadowboxing, whalebelly, nuthatch, carrion, cicada, Leonardo, hat-rack, Willys, scrutiny, whippoorwill, suds.

■ Two out of five Deadheads know the words to the Dead's songs better than the band. Corollary: There have never been two versions of "Fire on the Mountain" with exactly the same words.



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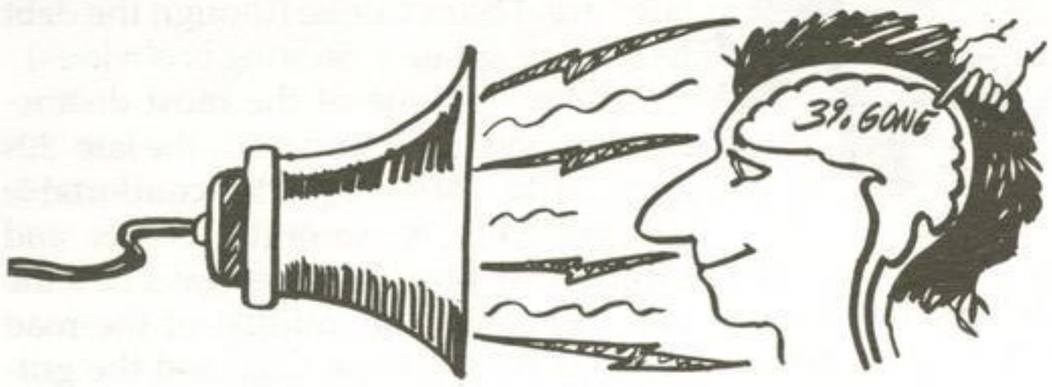
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■ Number of people with regular, steady jobs who see every show in a year: 0



■ Three percent of your total brain capacity has been permanently eliminated by frequencies created by the Rhythm Devils part of the show.

■ Days since last "Help on the Way" (as of September 1st): 1,084.

■ Percentage of Japan's gross national product generated by Dead tapers: 6.4

■ Member of the Grateful Dead who is actually a Toon in disguise: Phil Lesh

---

We're afraid we might have missed one or two truisms. If you've got any, send 'em along!

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Roots



"Louie Louie" — Whether you love or hate this garage-rock classic (it's never been a favorite of mine), you have to admit that the Dead's version — led by the group's resident trashman, Brent — put a new spin on it, turning a truly dumb anthem into a sinewy, sexy little shaker. Alas, the song seems to have disappeared from the Dead's repertoire already; check out the Irvine version to see the kind of potential it had.

Written by Richard Berry, the song was originally recorded by the Portland, Oregon, band The Kingsmen for the Jerden label in mid-1963. When it became regionally popular, Wand Records picked it up and the song eventually rocketed all the way to #2 on the national charts. At least part of its mystique derived from the tremendous amount of controversy stirred up by lead singer Jack Ely's slurred, unintelligible vocals. It was commonly believed that the song had "dirty" lyrics; in fact, both the FBI and the Federal Communications Commission investigated the song extensively — even slowing it down to try to decipher the words — and called on Ely and Berry to testify. There was such an outcry that some radio stations refused to play it, which only helped sales, of course. In all, it sold some 12 million copies worldwide.

The Kingsmen had a few minor hits following "Louie Louie," including the similarly trashy "Little Latin Lupe Lu" and "The Jolly Green Giant," which "Roots" trivia buffs know is the old Olympics tune "Big Boy Pete" with different lyrics. By 1968 the group had disbanded. In 1973 original lead guitarist Mike Mitchell formed a new version of the band, but it bombed.

But this is truly THE SONG THAT WOULDN'T DIE, and its popularity has actually increased through the years. In the late '70s it became the staple of every fraternity party band thanks to its appearance in the film *Animal House* (with John Belushi on lead vocals no less). In 1984, KALX, the University of California at Berkeley's student station, aired the first "Louie Louie" marathon, playing 24 consecutive hours of versions of the song, many of them cut by local bands for the occasion. That, in turn, inspired John DeBella, a DJ at Philadelphia radio station WMMR, to start that city's now-annual "Louie Louie" parade, which features thousands of marchers, on many odd floats, playing the song over and over on everything from kazoos to oboes. This past year the parade went national and also became a benefit event to raise money for the Leukemia Society: marchers were sponsored, as in a traditional walkathon. (For more on that see "Feedback.") And riding the newest wave of the song's popularity, The Kingsmen have re-formed again thanks to the inducements of a major beer company, which has underwritten a national tour.

The Kingsmen's version of the tune is available on a slew of '60s hits packages and soundtracks. However, more deranged collectors will accept nothing less than Rhino Records' compilation album, *The Best of Louie Louie*, featuring versions by Black Flag, The Sandpipers (who had a hit with it in '66) and the Rice University Marching Band. *C'est bizarre!*



Sam Cooke in 1964, a few weeks before his death

"Good Times" — Not to be confused with Brent's "Good Times Blues," or various songs called "Let the Good Times Roll" by everyone from Shirley & Lee to Ray Charles, this song was written and recorded in 1964 by the late, great Sam Cooke (though the debt to Shirley & Lee's '56 song is obvious).

Cooke was one of the most distinctive and versatile singers of the late '50s and early '60s, equally comfortable singing velvety smooth ballads and bright soul-pop. In some ways he's the link between the middle-of-the-road stylings of Nat King Cole and the grittier, gospel-tinged soul of Otis Redding. Born in Chicago in 1935, Cooke was the son of a Baptist minister, so he grew up singing gospel music exclusively. While still a teenager he became the lead singer of the Soul Stirrers, one of the top gospel groups of the early '50s. His secular debut came in 1956 with the song "Lovable," but it wasn't until a year later that he scored the lone #1 hit of his career, "You Send Me." Over the next seven years he had a whopping 29 singles jump into the *Billboard* Top 40, making him perhaps the most successful black artist of that era. Among his biggest hits were "Chain Gang," "Wonderful World," "Cupid," "Having a Party," "Twistin' the Night Away," "Shake" and "Good Times," which made it all the way up to #11 in June of '64. (The flip side of that single, "Tennessee Waltz," was also a hit.) The out-of-print RCA album on which "Good Times" appears is called *Ain't That Good News*. But you can probably find it on a good Cooke anthology. The Rolling Stones also cut the song on their 1965 album, *Out of Our Heads*, which the Dead were certainly very familiar with. And here's a nice little scoop: Garcia himself wrote the lyrics to the verse he sings: "It might be 6 o'clock, it might be 8/Don't matter if it's gettin' late/We gonna make the band play one more song/Get in the groove if it takes all night long . . ."

What ever became of Sam Cooke? some of you are no doubt asking. Well, the sad truth is he was shot and killed in a Los Angeles motel room in December of '64 following a dispute with a jealous lover.

"Green Onions" — This is one of those tunes that virtually every band coming up in the mid- and late '60s could play. It's basically just a simple instrumental groove — but what a groove! It was cut by the kings of Memphis R&B, Booker T. & the MGs, for the Stax label in 1962. Jim Stewart, the founder of Stax, remembers the original "Green Onions" session this way:

"The whole thing was an accident.

Billy Lee Riley wanted to put down [record] some songs, so one Sunday I called in the rhythm section. We played two or three things and nothing was happening. We took a break, and I got to looking for Billy Lee. He was gone. So I said, 'Well guys, the afternoon's shot to hell. Let's do something.' We struck up a groove on this blues thing we called 'Behave Yourself.' We cut it twice and everybody said, 'Man, this is a smash!' We were jumping up and down all excited.

"After an hour or so of listening to the playback and everybody screaming, I said, 'Now wait a minute. What are we going to put on the other side?' Somebody had been working on a [musical] line and he said, 'Hey, we'll go out there, make two takes and call it "Green Onions!"' We all laughed, right? After we did it, I said, 'I don't believe this. *This* is a hit record, too!' About 7 that night, Nick Charles, a DJ from WHBQ, dropped by and we were still listening to the playback. He said, 'I've got to play that on my show tomorrow!'"

And he did, too. The record was pressed hurriedly, and by that evening it was a local radio favorite. "Green Onions" got most of the attention, and went on to be a #2 hit nationwide. From there, Booker T. & the MGs went on to have hits with "Boot-Leg," "Hip Hug-Her," "Soul Bimbo" and one of my all time favorites, "Time Is Tight." The group broke up in 1971, but the various members (including bassist Duck Dunn and guitarist Steve Cropper) have reunited on several occasions, including the recent Atlantic Records 40th Birthday party.

The Dead's lone live version came at the beginning of the second set in Rochester this summer (6-30), though they also played it at the Marin Vets video sessions for *So Far* back in the spring of '85. That remains unreleased.

WAITING FOR WEIR: The Stories Behind Some Between-Songs Snippets

"The Addams Family"—A popular riff with Jerry and Brent the past couple of years, this tune was the theme song for the hit TV show of the same name, which aired from 1964–66. The series, of course, was a ghoulish horror comedy based on characters created in the *New Yorker* magazine cartoons of Charles Addams. The show's theme was written by Hollywood songwriter Vic Mizzy, who also penned the theme for *Green Acres*.

To be continued, if I'm feeling sadistic next issue . . .

WE CAN'T GET YOU BACKSTAGE



But we can get you **BACK ISSUES.** (Besides, as you can see, it's frightfully boring, what with the constant noise from the cocktail shakers and the maddening fizz of the free-flowing champagne.) Copies are **$4.50 each**; $5 to Europe.

Check below to see if you're missing any.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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*

Summer '87: *Recording* In The Dark, *making the "Touch of Grey" video, interviews with Garcia about the* So Far *video and the Dead's new success, Merry Prankster Ken Babbs recalls a day with Jerry*

Fall '87: *Interview with Brent Mydland, Garcia on SF poster art, results of The Golden Road Poll*

Spring '88: *Interview with Robert Hunter, history of the Black Mountain Boys, Golden Road Poll Part II*

Send check or money order to:

BACK ISSUES

The Golden Road
484 Lake Park Ave. #82
Oakland, CA 94610

FUNSTUFF

Maybe *He'll* Play "Black Throated Wind": This spring an imposter claiming to be Bob Weir hoodwinked people in the small California town of Cambria, even making it onto a local radio station with his ruse. "The guy was a good musician and definitely a performer," Ray Diggins, owner of KOTR-FM, told a local paper. "There were plenty of Deadheads here, and he had them all convinced." Diggins said the imposter, Edward Joseph Meier, seemed to know a lot of trivia about the group, including the names of the band's manager, publicist and several secretaries. Diggins became suspicious, however, when he questioned Meier about a benefit concert Dead members had been involved with the week before. "I asked him about a couple of musicians who appeared at the concert and he didn't have the right answers," Diggins said. When Diggins called the Dead's studio he was told that Weir hadn't been there in a few days. The next day, however, a call to Dead publicist Dennis McNally revealed that "he's in bed [at home] where he's supposed to be."

There's more, though. The morning after his radio station stunt, Meier was found by police sitting in a stolen rent-a-car with a young woman, who also believed that Meier was Weir. When police questioned him, he gave his name as Bob Weir and even showed a rental agreement with that name on it. He was jailed for theft but released on $750 bail. Meanwhile, the local sheriff's department issued a statement saying Bob Weir had been arrested on suspicion of grand theft. Later that day, KOTR's Diggins told the police he believed there was a Weir imposter in their midst, and so Meier was re-arrested on the added charge of impersonating Weir. Well, well, well—you can never tell.

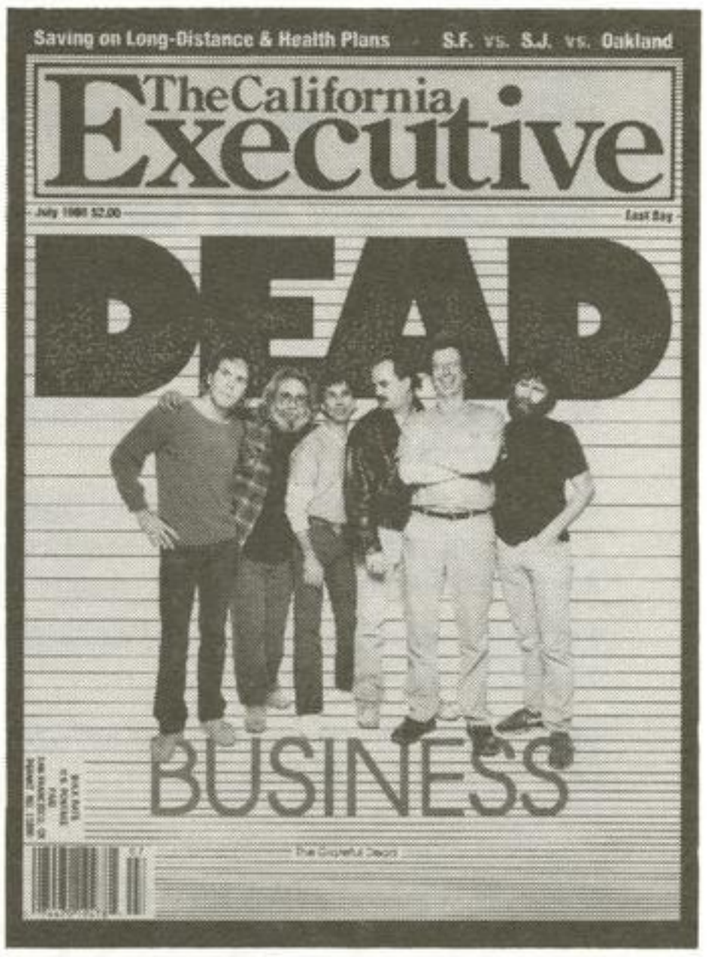
Food for Thought: On National Public Radio's coverage of President Reagan's trip to the Soviet Union, it was revealed that the Russians' favorite American ice cream was none other than Ben & Jerry's Cherry Garcia. Say, didn't they invent that, too? (Thanx to J.L. and T'res of Santa Cruz, CA, for the item.)

Celebrity Sightings at Dead Shows (Spring/Summer Edition): Peter Gabriel (at Frost Amphitheater); Klaus Meine, lead singer of the headbanging Scorpions (Greek Theater). And speaking of heavy metal, Bob Ball of Altadena, CA, forwarded a poster-sized photo from *Circus* magazine of Poison lead singer Bret Michaels wearing a giant patch of the Shakedown Dude on his vest. We'll assume he doesn't know it's connected to the Grateful Dead.



Worst-case scenario indeed! Comic from the Denver Post

The Head Bone's Connected to the Neck Bone . . .: A couple of issues ago, we mentioned that the skeletons used in the "Touch of Grey" video came from "a medical supply firm on the East Coast." Well, now comes word from Keith Crawford that the company he works for, Medical Plastics Laboratory, of Gatesville, TX, furnished the Dead with the bones. "I was thrilled as a longtime Deadhead, tape trader and musician that they bought the SK-1000 model skeletons," says Crawford, who is the company's regional marketing director. "We are the only company on this continent that manufactures and produces these lifelike models. After I bought the 'Making of "Touch of Grey"' video I showed it to our other employees, president, sales manager, etc., and now there are a few Deadheads here besides me!" We stand corrected and urge you to head to Gatesville for all your plastic bone needs.



The Dead on the cover of a business magazine? This is either really funny or downright scary. Good story inside by Michael Nash.

You can beg! You can plead! But there's no escape from GD Film and TV Sightings!

This first one, submitted by our pal Eric Ellisen of Berkeley, is a long one, but it's so juicy we decided to run it all. Eric writes:

In the film *Presidio*, an otherwise worthless piece, there's a scene that fo-

cuses on the Boys. The male leads, Mark Harmon and Sean Connery, are snooping around a factory and enter the receptionist's area, a room covered with Dead posters, including what appeared to be an autographed Garcia photo from 1985 or so (Jerry in red). The owner of the posters is the receptionist, Gloria, who comes off as a stereotypical L. A. Deadhead "chick" (pardon the expression). As Connery waits in the corner of the office, Harmon tries to get some info out of Gloria, posing as a Deadhead himself in the following exchange.

HARMON: You into the Dead?
GLORIA: Yeah, man. I go all the time.
H: How many shows?
G: Anaheim made 179. [I assume this film was shot last fall.] My boyfriend hasn't missed a show in four years, but I can't see them all because of this work thing. How long have you been seeing them?
H: My first show was at Winterland in '73 and I've been going ever since. Did you go to the Oakland New Year's show?
G: All six shows. I camped in the parking lot; it was mellow, man. [As to the six: this was the only factual info that was off.]

And at the end of the conversation:
H: Give me your address and I'll send you something: a bootleg of the Dylan show at the Meadowlands.

Once back in their car, Connery asks Harmon, in fatherly tones:

"Just what exactly is the Dead?"
H: You wouldn't understand.
C: Try me.
H: The Grateful Dead.

After a pause, Connery just shakes his head, and Harmon replies something like "I told you so . . ." This exchange was helped along by appropriate expressions.

I was just rolling in the aisle, especially since the majority of the audience didn't get the scene at all. I suppose this scene was tossed in for that extra local San Francisco angle.

— E.E.

But yes, there's more! We were watching our favorite sitcom, *Alf*, in early May and were shocked to hear a Dead reference there. Alf, the alien, is tired of living secretively with the Tanner family in Los Angeles and tells Willie Tanner, "I've decided to reveal myself to the world. This way I can meet new people, travel, see a Grateful Dead concert." Willie replies drolly, "I don't think the authorities would even let you out in public, much less become a Deadhead." . . . Jerry Bolmarcich of Coram, NY, tells us that in June, the syndicated program *America's Most Wanted*, in which actual unsolved criminal cases are profiled, mentioned that the favorite pastime of one of the bad guys being sought was going to Grateful Dead concerts. Hope they catch that one . . . A number of you wrote to say that on the program *A Year in the Life*, an episode dealing with Anne's midlife crisis ended with her cheering up at the sound of "Uncle John's Band" on the radio . . . Pam & Kemp of Gaithersburg, MD, were flipping the dial one night and caught this exchange on *The New Dating Game*—Bachelor: "What do you do to get in the mood for a date?" Bachelorette: "I like to put on my sexiest lingerie, put on my favorite Dead song, and do aerobics. The Dead mellow me out and the aerobics gets me worked up." The bachelor must not have been a Deadhead because he didn't pick her. At the end, when the host was presenting the losing bachelorettes, he said, "I've always wanted to see Jerry Garcia in a teddy!"

. . . Robin Nixon of SF was watching *Jeopardy* June 27 when this question came up in the category "Celebrities" —"Named for Jerome Kern, this star is grateful to be alive after a brush with death in 1986." There was a silence, but then right before the buzzer a contestant guessed the right answer.

HENRY KAISER

THOSE WHO KNOW HISTORY ARE DOOMED TO REPEAT IT

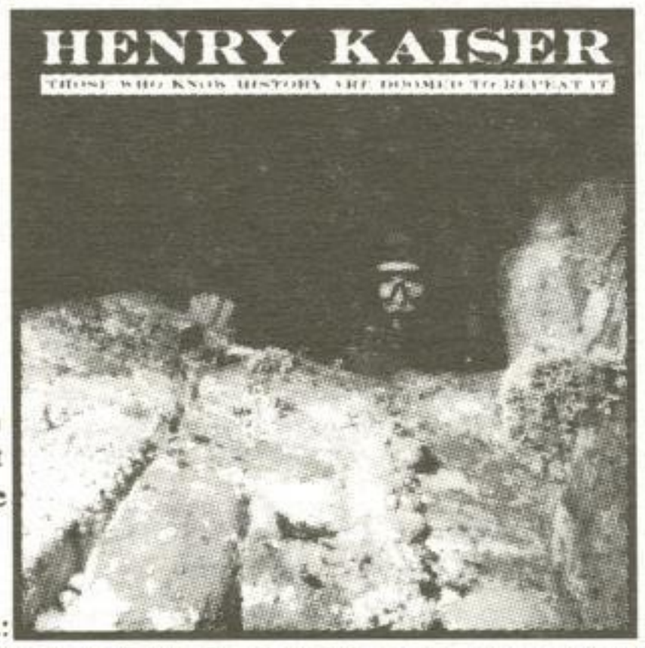


Make Mine a Double Dose:

Are you ready for the psychedelic record of the year?

Those Who Know History ...will be of particular interest to Deadheads. It opens with the first-ever recorded version of "Mason's Children," a GD original that was in the group's live repertoire for a few months in early 1970.

This version opens with a sonic wash from Kaiser's axe and then bounces into the song, with unison vocals by Deadhead Hour host David Gans, Hilary Hanes and Cary Sheldon. Gans also has a fine guitar solo on the tune, but it's Henry's crazed playing after the final verse that really makes the track.



The remaining songs on side one are a pretty strange lot: "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance": a totally twisted "Ode to Billy Joe," which really captures that song's sense of dread and foreboding; and "Fishing Hole," better known as the theme from The Andy Griffith Show, with lyrics to boot.

It's side two that will blow minds. Kaiser got together with a group of top New York players - guitarist Glenn Phillips, drummer Joey Baron, bassist Kermit Driscoll and cellist Hank Roberts (of the Bill Frisell band) -- to record a new interpretation of "Dark Star," and it's truly amazing. While definitely retaining the spirit and some of the melodic figures from the Dead's '68-'70 versions, this "Dark Star" also goes a few places the Dead probably never imagined. The blend of the cello with electric guitars is what gives this version its distinctive character, though Kaiser's typically unrestrained guitar pyrotechnics are also astounding. There's a musical passage that quotes from "The Other One" and also some very odd little tinklings of noise that are overtly humorous.

Robert Hunter himself recites a starburst of space verse he wrote for the single version the Dead recorded in '68.

More than just a Dead cover band playing "Dark Star" (it's not a Dead band, after all), these players have gone deep inside themselves and the structure of the song to uncover something new from the tune; and therein lies its integrity.-The Golden Road/Spring 1988

Those Who Know History Are Doomed To Repeat It SST 198 (LP/CA $7.50; CD $15.00)

Make check or money order payable in U.S. funds to SST Records P.O. Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260 Visa, Mastercard, & C.O.D. can call SST mail order (213) 835-5810 Call the SST Hotline (213) 835-4955 for gen. info.

TAPE TRADERS



Connie Conehead's shirt commemorates the killer 10/9,10/76 shows ("Day on the Green #8 and 9") the Dead played with The Who at Oakland Stadium

This is a free service for* Golden Road *subscribers only. Ads may be no longer than 10 words plus your address — you edit them down or else we will! No phone numbers. Deadline for the next issue is November 1. Note:* The Golden Road *is staunchly opposed to the sale of tapes.

Help! Trying to start collection. Will send blanks/postage. Michelle McGowan, 610 E Gilbert Dr. #214, Tempe, AZ 85281

Wanted: 10/2/72 (Springfield, MA). Plenty to trade. Doug Lamarre, 18 Chestnut, Laconia, NH 03246

Don't stop the music! Your list gets mine. 100 hrs GD. Gary Dobson, 1045 NW End Blvd. Box 160, Quakertown, PA 18951

Have 2500+ hrs. Want more. Serious traders send lists to: Uwe Dehnel, Wasmannstr. 9A, 2000 Hamburg 60, West Germany

Looking for Rosemont-Chicago 4/16/88. Have 300 hrs. KB, 5905 N. Euclid, Kansas City, MO 64118

Over 1000 hrs GD & others. Send lists; serious traders only. Peter Picard, Bachstr. 153, 2000 Hamburg 76, West Germany

ZAPPA AUDIENCE TAPERS unite in '88. Have/want many shows now. Project Documentation, PO Box 4053, Napa, CA 94558

Need 12/6/81, 5/16/69, 6/11/69, 3/11/68, 4/21-23/69. Have 700 hrs to trade. "Slick," 2345 Scenic Ave, Martinez, CA 94553

Have 700 hrs GD. Want more. Send lists for mine. Peter Jepsen, Am Friedhof 25, 2200 Elmshorn, West Germany

Need live NRPS 1974-82. Have 450 hrs Dead to trade. Harold Wolfert, 260 65th St apt 1J, Brooklyn, NY 11220

Beginning collector desperately seeking tapes. Will send blanks, postage. Thanks! Joe Schmitt, 317 4th St, O'Fallon, IL 62269

Want Midnites in Vancouver 11/12/82, Dead 12/15/72, 6/29/73, Wailers, Pulse. Lots to trade. Richard Sheehy, 33B Clubhouse Apts, Storrs, CT 06268

Wanted: your favorite tapes and lists for mine. Thanks. Ron D, PO Box 2194, Van Nuys, CA 91404

Wanted: 88 Detroit, Rosemont shows off FM. S.J. Martin, 1617 Kensington Blvd, Fort Wayne, IN 46805

Tape Traders — All correspondence welcome. Send lists to Tom, Box 18024, Irvine, CA 92713

Need quality Alpine 88 tapes. Will send blanks. Jeff Stehr, 9031 W. Hampton Ave, Milwaukee, WI 53225

Looking for Big Brother, Dinosaurs. Lots to trade. RP, 929 Rancho Vista, Grant's Pass, OR 97526

Fast, reliable beginner wants to trade. Have 100 hrs. Gunter Hufschmidt, Hansmannstr. 100, 5100 Aachem, West Germany

Trade? Exchange lists? We have 375 quality hrs. Send to A&J Finklestein, RT. 1 Box 267, Schuyler, VA 22969

European trader with 2000 hrs Dead, 1000 non-Dead looking for new contacts: Thomas Donhauser, D-800 Munchen 90, Albrecht Durerstr, 11, West Germany

New collector will trade blanks/postage. Willie Nelson, PO Box 184, Port Gibson, NY 14537

Looking to trade, esp 76-79. Need first show: 3/15/73. Steve, Box 673, Marcola, OR 97454

Looking for more lo-gen SBDs, esp 85. Jon Erbst, 4818 Mary Ellen, Sherman Oaks, CA 91423

Have/want 60s GD, JA, QMS, Dylan. Need GD 5/30/69. David Arnold, 3022 Onyx Pl, Eugene, OR 97405

Reliable trader has 400+ Dead, 200+ others. Bob, 2823 NW 58th, Seattle, WA 98107

Shake dem bones! Help longtime fan build on just 30 hrs. Chuck & Cathi Chiavarini, 5544 Wilmont Pl. SE, Grand Rapids, MI 49508

Trade Buddhist/Taoist art for 87-88 Dead and Dylan/Dead. David Mason, Box 85, Chunchon City, Kang Won-Do 200-600, South Korea

Deadicated head needs help starting collection. Will send blanks. Thanks! Scott Sinning, 136 Timberlane Ct, Pittsburgh, PA 15229

Desperate for 6/17/72 and 2/26/77. Good things to trade. Bob Ball, 762-B E. Mariposa, Altadena, CA 91001

Seeking first show for 40th birthday: 9/11/73 Williamsburg, VA. Will trade or send blanks. Tommy, 2317 Park Ave, apt A, Richmond, VA 23220

Looking to trade hi-qual SBDs. Need all 88 spring shows. Rick Reifsnyder, 2933 Berkley Rd, Ardmore, PA 19003

400+ hrs to trade. Any correspondence, trading welcome. Any chessheads? Nikos Massouridis, 4 Praxitelous St, Maroussi 15126, Athens, Greece

Will trade for 10/3/87 Shoreline & any Dead, Dylan. Steve, 121 Pleasant Ave #3, Auburn, CA 95603

New taper trying to start collection, will send blanks. Chris Boulbol, 57 Howard Pk. Dr, Tenafly, NJ 07670

New to Bay Area. 200 hrs. Is help on the way? Terry Denton, 1019 Sir Francis Drake Blvd, San Anselmo, CA 94960

Starving beginner needs ear food, esp 87 shows. Blanks gratefully provided. Alex McCracken, 2073 Needhammer Rd, Pottstown PA 19464

I need more tapes. Small excellent collection. Send lists. John DeQuattro, 123 Boulder Rd, Manchester, CT 06040

Wanted: Dead, Zappa 88. Lots to trade. Beginners OK — again. Dennis R, 5C Greenhill Ln, Hampton, VA 23666

Serious trader with 1000+ crystal ones. Seek more, esp 87/88. Jim Ptucha, 83 Norman Ln, Levittown, NY 11756

Can anyone help me find: 7/10/87, 11/6-8/87, 6/26/88? Many thanks. DMR, 7725 Siple Ave, Fayetteville, NC 28304

Want Ritual/Rapture tape 11/1/86. Choose trade from 1000 hr list. Bob & Doreen Wynn, PO Box 1088, Felton, CA 95018

Looking for quality boards. Send lists and we'll trade. Gabe Marano, 24 Monroe Pl, Brooklyn, NY 11201

Wanted: Spring tour 88 SBDs, esp Hampton. Have 500+ hrs. Joe Junior, 1701 NE 63 Ct, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33334

Have 2600 hrs GD & JGB, 300 hrs others. Werner Schleicher, 8500 Nurnberg 70, Nopitschstr. 20, W. Germany

Azimuth correction, dbx 222, VHS and Beta hifi, audio, video. Mike, 3208 Vallette, Bellingham, WA 98225

Wanted: Rolling Stone issues #1-150. Will trade Dead/non-Dead tapes. Ray Rivers, 22 Garden St, W. Springfield, MA 01089

Veteran GD fan but tapeless. 300 hrs stolen. Will send blanks. Jennifer Jackson, 924 Washington #4, Denver, CO 80203

Looking for X tapes. Have 600+ hrs Gd, others. Let's trade. Wedigo von Wedel, Kiliansplatz 4, 8000 Munchen 2, West Germany

New trader has 400+ hrs. Let's trade. Scott Wamsley, 823 Washington St, Traverse City, MI 49684

Beginner wants Dead, others (CSNY, NRPS, Tuna, etc.). Send lists. Aaron Auerbach, 34 Brookline Dr, W. Hartford, CT 06107

Oh my! Collection's a ship o' fools. SOS. Patrick Williams, 25 Half Hollow Turn, Monroe, NY 10950

Deadhead beginning collection. Will send blanks, postage. Glenn Biss, 16 Garden St, Wanaque, NJ 07465

Got 500 *kind* hrs Dead/other. Want Dead, JGB, Midnites, Dregs. Skip Repetto, 508 Vierling Dr, Silver Spring, MD 20904

Hawaii Head seeks help! Will send blanks, postage. Thanks! Kelly James, 116 Kuulei Rd, Kailua, HI 96734

Reliable tape trader seeks same. Please send your list. Dr. Bob, 1450 S. Atherton St, State College, PA 16801

Seeking 88 GD. Have SBDs (12-15, 16, 28, 30, 31-86) to trade. Mark Gonillo, 98 Ardsley Rd, Waterbury, CT 06708

Have quality 1965-1988 GD, solo, interviews, much more. Send lists. Jeff Chard, 39 Cascade Dr, New Hartford, NY 13413

Wanted: German-American Dead-friendship. German trader searching for longtime trading. Gerd Huber, Kiesslingerstr. 38, 8000 Munchen 82, West Germany

Have 600 hrs Dead, 250 hrs non-Dead. Need more non-Dead. Corey Unger, PO Box T, Tunbridge, VT 05077

Old Head, new to tapes. Will send blanks. Basz Bouwer, Poolsterstraat 7, 3204 VJ Spijkenisse, Holland

Have *Book of Deadheads* & 1982 calendars to trade for tapes. Benny, 288 Grand Army, San Jacinto, CA 92383

Need 73-74 SBDs. Have 2 Naks and 900+ hrs. Steve, PO Box 11725, Columbia, SC 29211

200+ hrs to trade, many SBDs, your list for mine. R. Smith, PO Box 25642, Washington, DC 20007

Need Alpine 87 & Beta hifi New Year's Eve. Scott Graske, 1007 S 557th, West Allis, WI 53214

Have much Dead & non-Dead. Want Rads, Doc Watson, Prince, Hartford. Pat Woods, 4 Crescent St, Hicksville, NY 11801

Have 400+ hrs. Need Feat, Allmans. All replies answered. Tom Ruffin, 798 Crandon Blvd, #20C, Key Biscayne, FL 33149

Looking for 4/15/88 and 6/27/87. Will send blanks. Susan Vander Maazen, 2601 Laurie St, Appleton, WI 54914

Looking for tape trading, videos (PAL/VHS) and correspondence. Roel Toering, Van Opdorpstr. 19, 4105 BS Culemborg, Holland

Japan Deadhead says howdy to Stella, Atlanta, Athens, NY, & SF! Please write J. Mobley, 1650-3 Kamiide, Fujinomiya-shi, Shizuoka-ken, 418-02, Japan

500+ hrs, experienced trader. Seek summer 88 & anything hot. Mike R., PO Box 5557, Marlboro, MA 01752

Lkg for lo-gen, uncut "Sunshine Daydream." Have lots of video/audio to trade. Bob Rousseau, 1539 Page St, San Francisco, CA 94117

Always want more. Responsible trader seeks 70s SBDs/87 tour. John, 11917 Forest Lakes, Dallas, TX 75230

Turn me on Dead man. Will send qual blanks. Chuck Struensee, 1105R N. 1st, Monroe, LA 71201

Have/want 400 hrs Dead/Neil/Dylan. Cheryl Bedard, 15416 Gallaudet Ave, Silver Spring, MD 20904

Hi-fi Deadheads want to trade hi-fi SBDs. 350+ hrs. Nancy and Henry Klingeman, 624 Park ave, #3A, Hoboken, NJ 07030

New collector desperate for tape of 1st show, Middlesex 11/22/70. Karen Johnson, 20 Fletcher, Box 313, Tabor, NJ 07878

Want 9/26/80, 10/11/80, 7/16/72. Have 1000+ hrs. Paul Steinberg, 67 Lawson Ave, E. Rockaway, NY 11518

Beginner will send blanks, has Floyd to trade (67-88). Dan Irelan, 724 Douglas, Apt H, Bakersfield, Ca 93308

Need early Dead (66-68), recent SBDs. Also 60s & New Psych/garage (Seeds, Elevators, Fuzztones, Plan 9). 600+ hrs Dead, others to trade. Richard Muhr, Windhabergasse 34, A-1190 Wien, Austria

Have 300+ hrs, crave more! Send lists. Jenny Dilworth, 135 S. Pickens St, Columbia, SC 29205

On a Ship of Fools with no live Dead, will send blanks. Pete Cain, U.S.S. Forrestal (CV-59), OE-D Division, FPO Miami, FL 34080-2731

New trader seeks trades. Your list for mine. Unruh, 10156 O'Brien Pl, San Diego, CA 92124

Have 270+ SBDs. Want Chicago, Alpine, Buckeye, Pitt, SPAC, Rochester, Maine, Monterey 88 SBDs. Matt Obernesser, 400-22 Ivy Ridge Dr, Syracuse, NY 13210

Want Floyd, Milwaukee 87. Have 700+ hrs Dead/non-Dead. Tim Lowery, 835 Middlebury St, Elkhart, IN 46516

Young Deadhead needs help beginning collection. Will send blanks. Thanks! B. Regnery, PO Box 778, Wayne, IL 60184

Want 8/1/82 Oklahoma City Zoo both sets. 50+ hrs to trade. Jim Cottle, 4441 Hope Dr, Middletown, OH 45042

Have 150 hrs. Need 4/21/78, St. Paul 6/83, 7/8/87. Let's trade lists. Terry Bolger, 3317 1st Pl, Lubbock, TX 79415

Need help starting collection, will send blanks. Thanks! B. Wagner, 4623 Wakeley St #17, Omaha, NE 68132



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. Next deadline: Nov. 1.

Andrea (My Scarlet Begonia): Thank you for understanding my Deadication to my cosmic playfriends. Always remember 6/18/87 was the greatest show of my life. You're the galaxy's best, #1 wife! All my love, R.F. (P.S. My love's bigger than a Cadillac!)

Welcome to the world, Dylan Lawrence Jonasse! Make your parents proud! Paul & Lindsay, bring that beautiful baby here! Much love, Vin, Sue and Cherise

Bulldog: Thanx for the fun times at the shows. I'll miss ya! See ya at the next shows. Love ya! Peace, Kris.

Congrats & best wishes to the honorable Melissa B. Wishing you good stamina, good judgment & disciplined taste buds! Much love, interstate vibes.

Stella Blue Club? Cliff, where are you now? My new # is Box 849, Vail, CO 81658. All the years . . . Jon Daniels

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, HALE and thank you for almost 20 joyous years. You brought music into my life and loved me enough to encourage me to grow. I love you all over the sky. — Your Girl

Happy Anniversary, Hoffpersons! Remember: the love you make is equal to the tours you take. Love, your Tourmobile chauffeurs.

Peter Hartt aus Oesterreich — hab deine adresse verschlampt — bitte schreib an Uli Teute, Haslacherstr. 54, 7800 Freiburg, West Germany

Mid-20s couple into Dead/others looking for traders (have 1000s of hours)/partiers/friends in SF Bay Area — We're new to area. Contact Matt and/or Anne, 2190 San Luis Rd, Walnut Creek, CA 94596. (415) 939-7243. Also, anyone into any kind of business opportunity/partnership, or looking for help with established business? Must be responsible and semi-serious. We're interested! Let's kick the system together!

Maybe you'll find direction: Be there a shomer shabbat Deadhead, 30-40 years? I'm looking for one. Leora, 130 Doyle #4, Providence, RI 02906; or bitnet (might as well): st401973brownvm.

Guatemalan Goodies — Handwoven cotton clothing. Feel good, look great in colorful shirts, pants, shorts and skirts. Crystal pouches, wallets, tams, daypacks and many styles of bags. Featuring an assortment of new items: hackeysacks, hip packs, jewelry and more. You can order the bracelets right now: we have rainbow, pastels, rasta and mixed colors. 4 for $5, $12 per dozen or $50 per 100. Send to ONAN/GR, Box 871, Capitola, CA 95010. Also seeking new stores.

Type, type, typin' on Heaven's Door. Carol, you're the greatest!

Hi, Scott, we miss you! Keep in touch. Tim, St. Pete, FL. P.S. Ship ASAP! Can't wait, Tim

Jane from Park Ridge, IL: We camped together at Alpine Valley with Canadian Deadheads. You are beautiful and a queen, I'll never forget you. Please write. Kip Bernauer, 5905 N. Euclid, Kansas City, MO 64118

TAPER needs letters, brain-stem stimulators, articles, polysorbate-60, classifieds and youse. Send text or art or SASE for your inaugural copy to 137 Willa Court, Chester, SC 29706

ZAPPA AUDIENCE TAPERS UNITE! Join a network documenting tour 1988. Receive other shows in exchange. We want news clippings, etc. too! PD has been very successful with the first U.S. leg of the tour, Europe slower, but trickling in. Prepare now for 2nd U.S. leg. Requesting help from expert Dead tapers with good equipment. Don't miss this incredible, highly improvisational 12-piece band! For detailed information on show structure, tape flipping procedures, etc. and other general info: Project Documentation, Box 4053, Napa, CA 94558. This is *not* a commercial enterprise. Please don't buy bootleg records/tapes! Instead, contact PD and/or the official Zappa hotline: 818-PUMPKIN.

Custom hand-crafted leather cases for Sony TC D5 M, Nakamichi 550, 350. Can make cases for any portables. Each case made to order. Send SASE to: Rudy Contratti, 17 Napa Ave, Fairfax, CA 94930

Motel San Jose, in the Mission: Thanks for the organic rice and the *Golden Roads*. Wish you were here or me there. David, Marshall Islands

Michelle: Best of luck in all you do. We'll miss you on the Road. Love, us

Boston Area Musicians: Professional keyboardist/songwriter moving back East. Would like to find working "originals" band, or musicians dedicated to achieving the same. Influences are partly obvious, right? I would also appreciate any information regarding clubs/bars receptive to a fully programmed, electronic solo show, with a mix of classic and contemporary, though not necessarily Top-40, rock 'n' roll. Would also like partner (guitar?) for this. Please contact: Alex Mazur, c/o 18 Harrington St, New Paltz, NY 12561 (914) 255-6364



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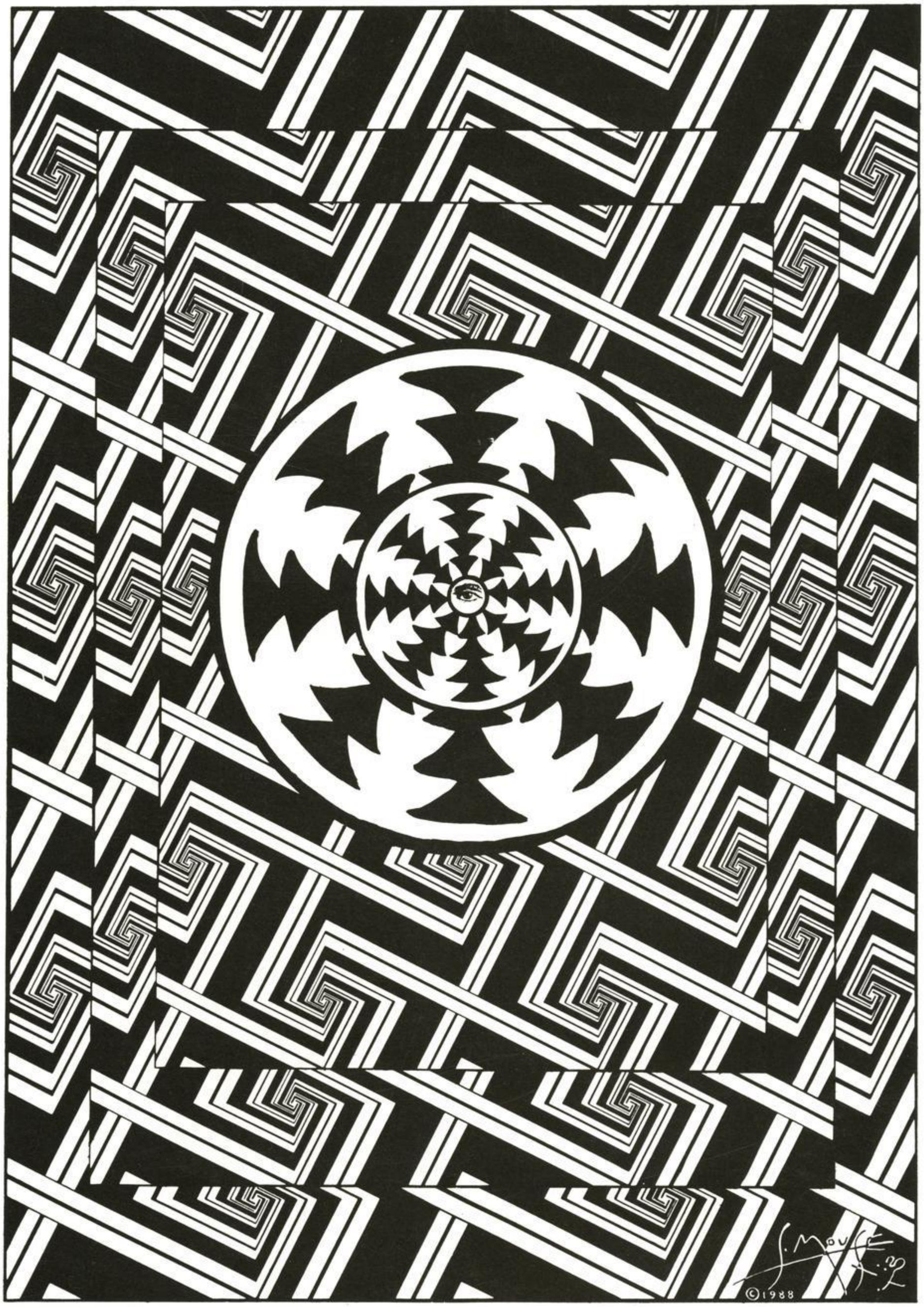
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