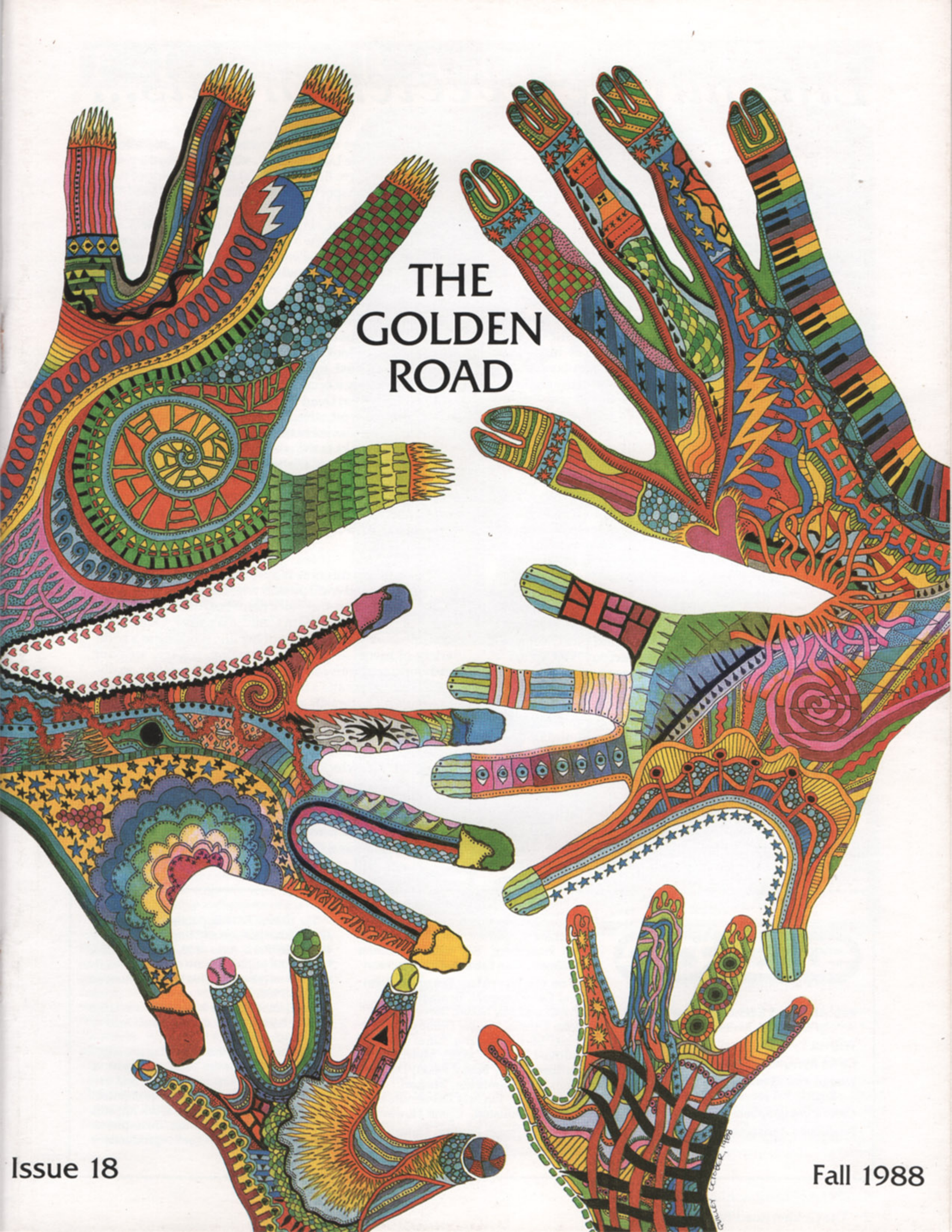
THE GOLDEN ROAD



Issue 18

Fall 1988

Life may be sweeter for this...

The other day I was looking through the '88 calendar that hangs on my office wall, trying to recall a few of the highlights of the past year. And it struck me that I saw more great music in '88 than any year since '77, when the first rush of new wave and punk groups had me in San Francisco clubs three or four nights a week. Nearly every Dead show I saw was top-notch (and more consistent than either '86 or '87), but what was delightfully surprising was the number of amazing shows I witnessed by artists I'd once liked who had either disappointed me in recent years, or whom I'd lost track of.

This was the year I finally saw a Bob Dylan show (at the Greek) that left my mind a smoking crater. The Eric Clapton concert at Shoreline Amphitheater got me sky high. Hot Tuna at the Fillmore turned into a Jefferson Airplane reunion and had everyone smiling. Little Feat — one of my favorite bands throughout the '70s — came back and blew the skeptic in me away with a performance at the Fillmore that both paid tribute to and built on the band's glorious past. David Crosby & Graham Nash turned Oakland's 5000-seat Paramount Theater into an intimate living room with a warm, moving hour of acoustic music from the heart. Linda Ronstadt, whom I'd basically ignored for a decade, had me up and cheering at her smashing revue of Mexican music, *Canciones de Mi Padre* at the Orpheum Theater in SF. Playing mainly recent material at the Fillmore, Graham Parker reminded me why his records used to live on my turntable. Ornette Coleman, whom I'd found basically unlistenable through the years, turned my head around (and snapped it back a few times!) at a Fillmore concert that showed me a very different kind of "space" music. And there were Regan and I down on the rail at the Oakland City Celebration dancing like crazy as ol' Etta James belted out "Tell Mama" as if it were the first time she'd ever sung the song.

The next category of great musical experiences encompasses expectations fulfilled — David Lindley and Los Lobos opening for the Dead at Laguna Seca; a Santa Cruz Civic concert by one of my favorite African bands, the Bhundu Boys; Peter Gabriel stealing the Oakland Stadium Amnesty show from Bruce; Prince doin' his funky thang at the Oakland Coliseum; King Sunny Ade's joyful juju marathon at the Orpheum.

And then there is serendipity — those musical moments that come out of the blue and hit you when you're not even looking for them: Andy Narell, who opened a show at the Fillmore, silencing a chatty crowd by playing a medley of Miles Davis tunes on steel drums; an incredible afternoon in Paris' Jardins de Luxembourg, where we heard a youth orchestra play Dave Brubeck's "Take Five"; a tape of totally hypnotic and transporting solo guitar music at a local Thai restaurant; a group of Italian teenagers sitting on Rome's famed Spanish Steps, singing every word of "Hotel California"; ducking into a New York church in midafternoon and hearing the pipe organist warming up; a flamenco guitarist sitting by Berkeley's Strawberry Canyon playing a piece by Rodrigo...

Chances are I would have found all these concerts and little moments special even if I had never encountered the Grateful Dead. But the Grateful Dead experience has taught me the value of looking for magic in every aspect of life, and at the very least, to be open to it when it comes rapping at my door. Lately it occurs to me that the warm glow I feel at the end of a great Dead show and the tingling sensation that washed over me when I heard a choir singing French hymns in Notre Dame are the same thing. Music that works is music that speaks to the soul. It fills us up and makes us whole. The older I get the more convinced I am that the Golden Road is as wide as it is long, and the Grateful Dead is only one of the vehicles traveling with us. Where it all leads is anybody's guess, but the highway line I'm following spells out B-L-I-S-S.

Our cover this time is by Quilley Miller, a Bay Area artist and craftsperson who has been a good friend (and down-the-block neighbor) of ours for the past couple of years. A Northern California native, Quilley has been involved in art for most of her life, working in a wide variety of media — painting, drawing, collage, weaving, beadwork, sculpture; anything that suits her fancy, really. The last two years she's devoted much of her time to making jewelry, which she sells on Telegraph Avenue in Berkeley.

The cover piece, which we commissioned after seeing a similar work in her portfolio, was done in India ink and felt-tipped pens. It started as simple outlines of six different people's hands: (clockwise from top right) Brent Mydland, 36; friends of the artist Simon Cameron, 9, Sam Coturri, 5, and Oliver Miller, 2½; Quilley herself, 45; and Quilley's son, Guy Schiller, 21.

We're taking the winter off but we'll be out again in the spring to begin our sixth year. Happy New Year! Stay warm!

— *BJ*

The Golden Road

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Written by: Blair, except where noted

Cover by: Quilley Miller © 1988

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Typesetting: Image Factory, Oakland

Printing: Anto Offset, Berkeley

The Golden Road is published occasionally by Blair Jackson and Regan McMahon, 484 Lake Park Ave. #82, Oakland, CA 94610. The publishers are entirely responsible for its contents. This is Issue Number 18, Fall 1988.

The Golden Road is in no way affiliated with or endorsed by the Grateful Dead or their organization.

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FEEDBACK

The Steeper Path

For last issue's "The Joys of Hall Dancing," gratitude and felicitations to Regan McMahon, and to Michelle, Sue, Sarah, Louie, John, Michael, Clint, Mark and Marc, all the Deadheads in the photos, the band, the music, serendipity. The vision that emerges among their voices comes closer to saying "it," to telling what Dead space is about than anything I've ever read.

And saying "it" not just about what's happening in the halls — you can find this space anywhere at shows, if you learn to find "it." No 12-foot backward pirouetting leaps three rows back from the rail, maybe, but you *can* still dance, the leaps just become more mental, spiritual, and less physical, in proportion to the density of humanity. And the same sharing of a special place can happen, and does. A little harder to achieve, maybe, but then there's "the fascination of what's difficult," the zen of the steeper path, and maybe a redoubled energy in the breakthrough into space: molecules at higher density have higher energy, don't they?

Jim Powell
Portland, OR

Jammin' in the Halls

Reading the "Joys of Hall Dancing" article last issue inspired me to write about my experiences dancing at Dead shows. I've done some performing and choreography for myself and others and am involved in a wonderful community called Dance New England, which has dances and workshops year round. I've always enjoyed dancing at live concert gigs, anything from jazz to classical.

From my first show at Meadowlands '78, I got hooked dancing to the Dead. I usually step inside to check in with the band and feel where they're coming from. And I begin to loosen my peripheral vision by swinging my head around about. Sometimes, if it's really crowded, the whole dance becomes one of economy of movement, exploring the smaller gestures within the pulse. Other times, I will warm up against the architecture spreading my body along the walls, lengthening my spine and legs in a gymnastic fashion against the railings and bars, and playing the stairs with my feet. There is always a relationship to the space one is in.

I'm very aware of jamming with other dancers and will become synchronistic with their movement, with each of us flowing in and out of improvised "solos." Much of my dance comes through me from another source, as it were; even my choreographed dances are given gifts. So I steal inspiration from those around me, the architecture and the music. Within the music, I'll key into a particular instrument or rhythm and improvise within that structure. It's always a rush when the musician you are jamming with observes this. I guess this is my way of being a groupie, although it's not something I concentrate on.

Gretchen Brown
New Paltz, NY



Collage by David Singer © 1988

That Doggone Dancin'

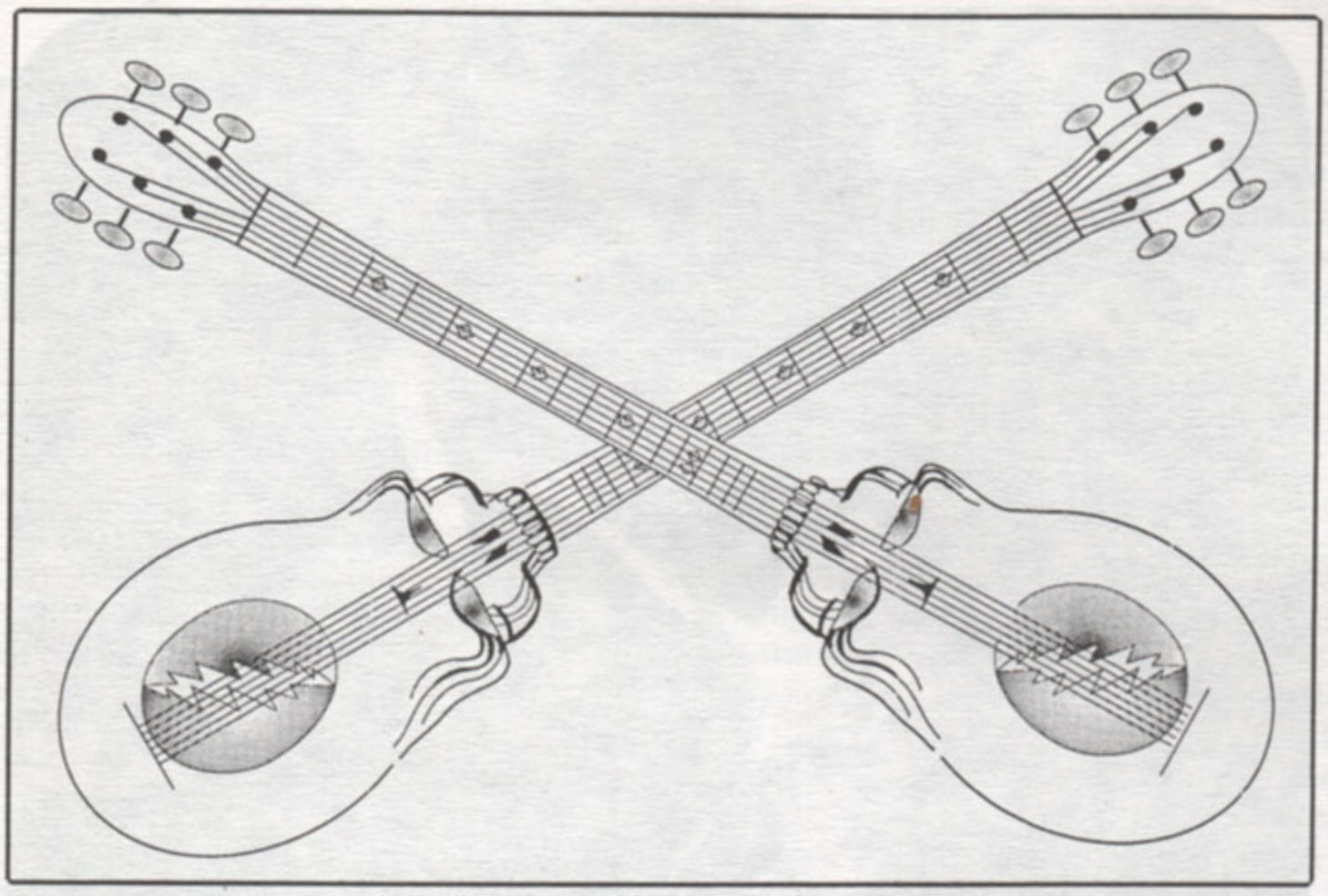
Congratulations on a really good article on hall dancing. The people you talked to really expressed a lot of the magic of experiencing the band that way. I was a hall dancer myself for a couple of years, and it was a load of fun. About the only bad thing that ever happened to me while dancing in the hall at Kaiser was once when I had my eyes closed, I swung my arm and smashed a hot dog covered with mustard into the eyes of one of the Dead's equipment guys. Lucky for me he thought it was funny.

Carole Dunaway
Penngrove, CA

Take a Walk on the Dark Side

In reading the summer issue, I was struck by the consistency of the remarks about Weir's newly introduced "Victim or the Crime." Comments ranged from an "intense, almost frightening arrangement of complex and dissonant chords," to "strictly

FEEDBACK



Computer illustration by Bob Ilchik, submitted by Tom Drake

B-movie," to an "elephantine rhythm and ugly chord structure," a "monstrosity" and "just not happening on any level."

While many of the comments seem accurate, I'm surprised at the fairly uniform undercurrent of disapproval and lack of appreciation for the fine and innovative features of the song. Certainly, as you mentioned, it's one of the few songs the Dead play that is hard to dance to, and that's a transition that's not easy (or pleasant) to make when body, heart and mind have been blissing out to the body-moving waves and ripples usually inherent in the music. But what strikes me is how beautifully the music and lyrics fit together. Yes, the music is "intense," "frightening," "dissonant," "relentless" and, as you note, without a satisfying resolution of tension. But so, too, is its subject matter: addictive and abusive behavior.

When I listen to "Victim or the Crime" I feel my body redraw itself along angular and dissonant lines; I am set on edge, off balance, in some sort of exquisite disharmony that seems fundamental to the portrayal of addiction, or, for that matter, any painful or abusive pattern in which we are trapped and whose cause and solution we cannot get a handle on. In a way, "Victim or the Crime" is "Sugar Mag's" dark sister: One tosses you, laughing, in the summer air and sets you down spinning in joy; the other drags you, "relentlessly," to a confounding precipice and forces you to stand there and confront. Both are powerful creations whose instrumental parts evoke intense feelings that align perfectly with their lyrics.

"Victim or the Crime" is not a pleasant piece, but it is moving because it articulates so directly the feelings, confusions and painfulness of its subject. Another plus is that it opens into an incredible jam, the early appearance of which in just the first few performances promises an exciting development for the song down the road. And the way Weir delivers this music conveys his investment in it. As one of your reviewers noted, he seems "determined to share it with us."

Deb Van Dusen
Bonny Doon, CA

Extra! Extra!
Quayle Soft on Drugs!

Here in Great Falls (pop. 57,000) there isn't much to do some afternoons. So when I heard that the Republican vice presidential candidate was going to speak on the courthouse lawn, I was glad.

The state GOP had a high school marching band from the little town of Belt (pop. 825) playing music off and on while we waited for you-know-who. After hearing renditions of rock tunes, "God Bless America" and other familiar melodies, my girlfriend said, "Hey, hear what they're playing?" She was the first one to recognize it — *"Come hear Uncle John's band..."* Unbelievable. And me with my "minuteman" Twenty Years So Far T-shirt on!

My friend Mr. Benson (real name) was the first to shake hands with the candidate at the end of the speech. He had his attention for a full ten seconds and said, "Senator, please don't let them destroy our constitutional rights with this anti-drug bill. There are a lot of civil rights at stake." Caught off guard, the senator paused, then said, "I won't." He was still digesting what had transpired as he moved down the line shaking a few more hands and glancing back.

G.K.
Great Falls, MT

What Is the Sound of One Watch Melting?

The October Florida shows were real satisfying. And on Sunday, the day of the third show, we experienced a great moment in the Salvador Dali museum in St. Pete. The place was about 75 percent Deadheads, and as a docent leading a tour approached a huge, *completely* bizarre painting, she announced, "And this is 'The Hallucinogenic Toreador.'" Well, all the Deadheads burst into spontaneous applause! The rest of the crowd looked bewildered whilst we all giggled.

Valerie Shrader
Fairview, NC

P.S. Just wanted to say how much we appreciated the Jon McIntire interview — great stuff. His perspective is fresh and unique, and helps illuminate the inner workings of the rock 'n' roll monster.

Estimated Profit

We are writing to voice our displeasure at comments made in the last issue by Grateful Dead manager Jon McIntire concerning the Pacific Northwest. When asked why the Dead don't play there more often, he explained that "it's just not that big a region."

We know that market share is discussed at Dead Central as much, if not more, than mind expansion, but it sounds as if McIntire is overdosing on his market-research data. Aside from the fact that some of the most peaceful, friendly and conscientious Deadheads call the Northwest (and especially Oregon) home, it's insulting — and very un-Dead — not to play an area because the profit margin may not be as large as in some other areas.

It's not as if the band makes no money from Northwest shows. Or maybe drawing more than 35,000 a concert at $21 is not enough! They could always play two shows at Autzen Stadium instead of one. When the band does play here, there are few reports of violence, gate-crashing, littering or any of the other negative aspects currently plaguing the scene. This alone would seem to make it a welcome tour spot — for both the band and its fans who remember when it was fun to play everywhere without much incident.

As to McIntire's remarks that there aren't any places to play in the region: considering the apparent success of the Dead's arrangement with Rochester's Silver Stadium, a minor league baseball park, we suggest Civic Stadium in Portland (or any other minor league stadium, for that matter). It seats about 20,000, not including field tickets. The stadium is located in the center of Portland, minutes away from the Deadhead enclave in the Northwest section of town and within easy walking distance to downtown area hotels. If that's not acceptable, then a little Grateful Dead ingenuity could do the trick. With all the open space in Oregon, there surely must be a large patch of grass that we could call home for a day or three.

Concerned Deadheads of
The Northwest

Strangers Stopping Strangers

I went down to the Eugene show from Portland on the Greyhound bus. I sat down next to a young woman from Freiburg, West Germany who was traveling down the West Coast to Mexico. She asked me where I was going that day, and I pulled out my ticket to the Eugene show. She flipped! Was there a chance she, too, could see the Grateful Dead (a near legend in Europe)? I told her the ad in the Friday paper said that there would be tickets at the door, and she checked her bus schedule and money and decided to chance it. So when the bus got to Eugene she got off, checked her backpack into a locker and went with me up through the warm streets of Eugene to the stadium, where she bought a ticket at the door. After 20 years of going, I was taking someone to a Dead concert for the *first time*!

I took her up to the stands, and got us nice seats in the shade — whew! She stayed for the whole day and was really impressed by the variety of people, their dress, the people with their children. The music really got to her, and having Robert Cray (very popular in Europe) as an opener was a big plus. Her only complaint was the need for more space to dance to the Dead.

As we walked back to downtown Eugene at dusk we talked of many things about the day. She asked me the titles of the songs and I gave her a set list. Then came the all-important question: "How soon do you think you might have a tape?"

Roger Warner
Portland, OR

Scratch That Itch

How about that one show I managed to see so far in 1988: 6-22-88, the third night at Alpine Valley! Maybe for the tourheads it was an average show, with too many talkers in the crowd, and numerous un-Dead-ucated Heads, if you know what I mean. And to see Jerry come out of a strong space into "The Wheel" and totally — I mean totally — lose it during "Stella Blue" was quite emotionally destabilizing. But after not having seen a show since the Greeks of 1987, coming back was just wonderful. I started thinking how much the Dead scene means to me, the good things that have happened through it over the years, the fortune of my friends and myself for having graced upon it, the influence it has had on my life, my artwork and my awareness.

So even though things aren't always perfect, it's not of consequence. No family is without faults, and that is only a part of the whole. Without a doubt, the Boys scratch that itch that you just can't reach through normal post-modern American social interaction. Thank God for the Dead.

John Tuccillo
Albuquerque

"Start Spreadin' the Word..."

For years, my wife and I have been hearing about how different Dead shows on the East Coast are from those in the Bay Area, and we've wanted to see for ourselves. Helen got as far east as Cleveland in 1985 and noticed the difference, but New York City really seemed the ultimate, provided we could get reserved seats (and not have to battle all that energy just to hold a spot where we could see). Of course, that meant Madison Square Garden.

As soon as the Garden shows were announced on the hotline, we got our plans in gear. We decided to go to series two, the second group of four shows, and booked a room for a week at an amazingly cheap hotel in Greenwhich Village through our travel agent.

We flew into Newark and took the bus to the Port Authority terminal in the heart of the theater district, and as soon as we hit the sidewalk we were overwhelmed by the pace and vitality of the city. A man was standing at one end of the sidewalk, praising God in mixed English and Spanish through a bullhorn, another was standing at our end cursing New York, a painted wall opposite advertised the New York Youth Hostel above an adult bookstore, charcoal smoke from a hot dog vendor's cart assaulted our noses, honking horns assaulted our ears...

Everyone we met was friendly and accommodating. The bagels, pastrami and everything else New Yorkers talk about were at least as good as advertised. The Garden combined the Oakland Coliseum's roominess with the Henry J. Kaiser's easy access, and the Dead themselves were like a revelation. The entire audience sang along on every song, were totally into the music without being obnoxious (at least where we



BEAR'S CHOICE

These athletes know the score. After a tough workout, it's time to relax with a nice warm copy of *The Golden Road*. The choice of furry mammals for over five years.

If you aren't a subscriber yet, you're treading on thin ice. So get on the stick! Your goal is the next four issues for $16 (U.S.); $20 (U.S.) for airmail overseas. (All issues prior to Fall '88 must be ordered as **BACK ISSUES** for **$4.50** each; $5 overseas.)

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FEEDBACK

were), and the band put a different spin on everything.

Since our return, we've been spreading our enthusiasm to everyone we've talked to, and with any luck, we'll have a good-sized contingent of Bay Area Deadheads out to see all of ya's next year. Thank you, New York and New York Deadheads, for a real good time!

Walter Keeler and Helen Rossi
San Francisco, CA

Rainbow at the Horizon

I am 16 and I started listening to the Dead at the age of 11. I loved them from the first time I heard them, bought all of their albums, wrote them and just had fun. Last April, when they played the Rosemont Horizon, it became "cool" for people in my town to go to the concert, get tie-dyes and pretend to be a part of the scene. These people including about 50 people from my school, had absolutely no idea what they were doing there and they didn't understand the music, if they heard it at all.

This year "it" came to me — an understanding of the love, harmony and fun people can have, using the universal bond of music and just being kind. That's the bottom line. I cherish that understanding in my heart and feel bad for people who go to the concert for all the wrong reasons and cannot find the beauty and harmony. I feel that I am starting to see the dim colors of everyday life brighten into the rainbow.

Les Remillard
Glen Ellyn, IL

The Acoustic Solution

After observing the debate and watching the often depressing results of the sad behavior exhibited by gate-crashing Heads, I feel that it is time to stop Throwing Stones (at least if it ceaselessly precedes "Not Fade Away"). I suggest a remedy.

We face a day of reckoning. The band may soon be prohibited from playing certain locations. Even with the great efforts of groups of us keeping the sites clean, and trying to educate folks on what's cool and what's not, we're still facing tough times. It's time to turn to the music's limitless magic.

An acoustic tour could be the ticket. The honesty and charm of acoustic gigs is well known among Heads. The music becomes even more accessible, and it demands a bit more attention and courtesy from the crowd. Best of all, the stuff is hypnotic. It draws you in and helps make the show more personal and intimate. The energy level remains high, even though the volume may not be. Listen to "Reckoning" (also released under the title "For the Faithful"), or any of the tapes from the '80 tour. It is obvious. The music itself, in its true, natural, naked form could calm the restless and the gate crashers.

Jeff Stehr
Milwaukee, WI



Tibetan skeletons

Help On the Way

I was at the post office to purchase my postal mail order for the Long Beach shows, hastily scrawling out my check for $160, when the clerk told me he couldn't accept my check. Utter panic struck me, considering that the post office closed in five minutes!

Right then a young man (a Deadhead, from his appearance) asked me if I was there for mail order for the shows. I said yes, and told him my heart-wrenching story that I didn't have the cash to buy the mail order. To my amazement, the man pulled out $160 in twenties and said he'd help me out; all I had to do was write him a check. I stood there with my mouth open in awe. I don't know how I can ever thank that man enough. I hope someone does the same for him some day. It's nice to know there are still such trusting and caring people out there.

This experience reminded me of that story of how the passenger paid for the man's debts and burial fees. (You know — that old folk tale!)

Joi Ferrano
Los Angeles, CA

Busted for Smiling on a Cloudy Day

I have been listening to "The Other One" for years and I thought that except for microbuses after shows, nobody got busted anymore for being hip and wanting peace.

Well, I was traveling up the Jersey Turnpike a few weeks ago at a rate of speed just a wee bit over the speed limit, but not going over traffic speed when I was pulled over by a state trooper. He asked me for the normal stuff — license, insurance and registration. On my registration it says military service, and this is where the trouble started. He looked at me and said, "You're in the military, with that long hair? Get out of the car." He then proceeded to frisk me. When he was finished he made me sit on the ground while he searched my car. He found an unopened can of beer in the back seat and *told* me I had been drinking on the way up from Virginia and if I hadn't been, where were the other five? I told him that I had drunk the other five last weekend, and no, I wasn't drinking on the road. I had a half-gallon of milk and a box of Nilla Wafers in the passenger seat to prove it. He then told me to empty it. If I am not mistaken, unopened beers are not illegal!

He said, "What are you doing in the military with peace signs and Grateful Dead stickers all over your car? Are you some kind of commie or something? I have never given anyone in the military a ticket before, but you will be the first." He told me to sit in my car while he wrote my ticket. When he called me back to the car he said, "I'm going to give you a ticket for not wearing your seat belt." I said, "Officer, I was wearing my seat belt." He said, "I know that, and you know that, but nobody else knows that."

I don't know what I actually received a ticket for. Dead stickers, peace signs, long hair (just barely touching my ears)? Or maybe because I was in the Navy and the officer was a Marine reservist. I kept my mouth shut the whole time for fear of a made-up $150 speeding ticket, or a made-up murder rap or assault or something. This guy seemed to think he could do whatever he wanted.

Don Wilkinson
U.S.S. John F. Kennedy

Out of Africa

After having passed five months of rigorous training for Peace Corps service (technical forestry training, French, cultural training, etc.), I now find myself living in a small mud house with a grass roof in the northwest corner of a small African country called Benin. My job is to try to increase environmental awareness and ecologically sound cultivation practices among the villagers here, through developing tree nurseries and attempting reforestation of the devastated tropical forests. The papers back home are not exaggerating this problem, it is happening here and on such a vast scale, it stuns the mind and senses. Sometimes I feel discouraged by the pitiful insignificance of my own puny efforts, but "I guess they can't revoke my soul for tryin'."

I am not without comforts. I replaced a volunteer who was also a Deadhead. He left a few tapes and back issues of *The Golden Road*, and I brought plenty of tapes of my own. Deadheads are very well represented here in Africa. Daily, the music wafts out over the savannah, touching the villagers in many locations. In my village they seem to like the faster dancing tunes like "Iko," "Lovelight," "Scarlet Begonias," "Throwing Stones" and old Pigpen tunes.

Now I look ahead to two years without any shows, so if any of you want a pen pal in Africa, I would love to be kept up on what's going on back there.

Ray Geiger
Corps de la Paix
B.P. 971
Cotonou, Benin
West Africa

DEADLINE

As most of you have probably heard, the final night of the Grateful Dead's historic nine-night run at New York's Madison Square Garden was a special benefit concert to help save the world's vanishing rain forests. The concert, featuring guest appearances by Suzanne Vega, Hall & Oates, Bruce Hornsby & the Range and former Rolling Stones guitarist Mick Taylor (see "Set Lists" and "Roots" for more details), raised $600,000 for several groups involved with direct action on the rain forest issue: Greenpeace, Cultural Survival (which deals primarily with peoples indigenous to the rain forests), and the Rain Forest Action Network.

The benefit was as much a consciousness-raising event as a money-raising one, however, and on that score it was wildly successful. In fact, Dr. Noel Brown, head of the United Nations Environment Program said at a September 14 press conference held at the United Nations that the rain forest issue had gotten more press attention in **the short time the Dead had been involved with the issue than in the entire last ten years! At that press conference,** which Regan and I attended, Jerry Garcia, Bob Weir and Mickey Hart joined with Dr. Brown, Peter Bahouth (chairman of Greenpeace), Jason Clay (director of Cultural Survival) and Randy Hayes (director of the Rain Forest Action Network) to articulate their concerns about this issue. Garcia explained why the notoriously anti-political GD got involved:

"We've never really called on our fans, the Deadheads, to align themselves one way or another as far as any political cause is concerned because of a basic paranoia about leading someone. **We don't want to be the leaders, and we don't want to serve unconscious fascism. Power is a scary thing. When you feel that you are close to it, you want to make sure that it's not misleading. So all this time we've avoided making any statements about politics, about alignments of any sort. This is even true of the notion of giving, and things like that — mercy. But this is, we feel, an issue strong enough and life-threatening enough that inside the world of human games, where people regularly torture each other and overthrow countries and ther's a lot of murder and hate, there's the larger question of global survival. We want to see the world survive to play those games, even if they're atrocious.**

"The reason we've gotten involved with Greenpeace and Randy and Jason is because these are direct-action groups. They work the way we do: they work directly into the problem, with as few levels of bureaucratic stuff between them and the thing they're trying to accomplish. We hope that we can empower our own audience with a sense of being able to do something directly and actually having an effect that's visible in some way. We hope to continue this as an ongoing process and be able to report regularly what is happening, what we've done, and whether or not any of this stuff has been efficacious."

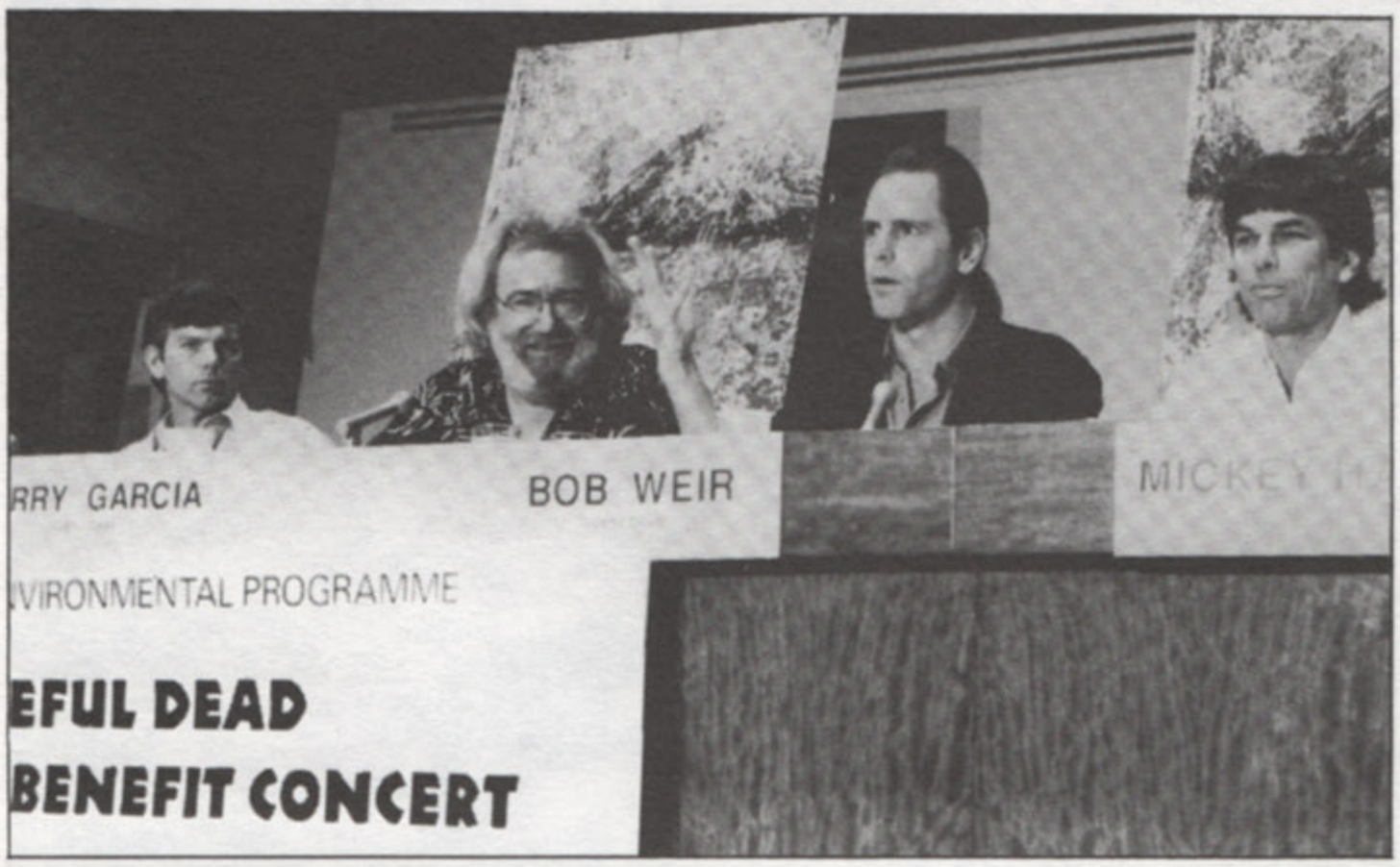
Weir: "We're just learning at this point. It's a problem we can and must address if we're to have a planet capable of supporting life. We have to address the economic issues that cause the destruction of rain forests, or they're going to go away, and other things are going to go away, as well — including life on this planet."

Hart: "This is a whole earth problem . . . and the world should take care of itself. Half of the indigenous species on this planet are located in the rain forests. We can just do so much in our lifetime, but what about the kids? That's what this is all about, and that's one of the reasons we think we could do something that would matter. And with our music — and with your help — we can move a little air."

Garcia: "Somebody has to do something. It seems pathetic that it has to be us!"

A year in the planning, the September 24 benefit concert garnered considerable national press, from feature stories in newspapers and magazines coast to coast, to interviews with Garcia on morning talk shows. To their credit, the "straight" press coverage did deal mainly with the issue, and not the Dead or Deadheads. The concert itself was broadcast on radio locally.

Tickets were expensive: $50 for most seats; $250 for a select few who, for their hefty contribution, also got to go to a post-show party with members of the band, and received a beautiful commemorative poster designed for the event by the great American artist Robert Rauschenberg. That party, in a converted warehouse across from Union Square Park, turned into quite a wing-ding, too. Mickey, Olatunji and a group of Brazilian musicians led revelers in a noisy percussion parade, and Hart, Garcia, Weir, Bruce Hornsby and others mingled with fans, chatting and signing autographs into the wee hours. A splendid time was had by all, and the Dead returned to California the next day for a well-deserved rest.



At a press conference at the United Nations September 14, Garcia, Weir and Hart joined Randy Hayes of the Rainforest Action Network (left) and other experts to explain why the Dead were doing a benefit concert. Photo: Susana Millman

Here's an item that will surprise no one: Mickey Hart is involved in a zillion different outside projects these days. Perhaps the most exciting is "The World," a series of CD/album/cassette releases he has been working on for the innovative Massachusetts company Rykodisc (probably best known to Deadheads for their live Hendrix CDs, Zappa CDs and the Old & in the Way CD). Hart's deal includes the release of future solo projects, outside produc-

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Mickey Hart, fall '88. Photo: Frederick Larson/SF Chronicle

tions and re-releases of titles originally put out by his 360° Productions. In the first batch of releases, which came out in November, are:

The classic *Diga Rhythm Band* album, originally issued in 1976 and out of print for years. This is one of my all-time favorites, a pan-cultural melange of percussion that will make your heart soar. Garcia is featured on a couple of tracks (most notably "Happiness Is Drumming," a precursor to "Fire on the Mountain"), and there's a piece called "Sweet Sixteens" that's been rolling through my head on and off since the first day I bought the record 12 years ago.

Babatunde Olatunji: *Drums of Passion — The Invocation*. Recorded at Berkeley's Fantasy Studios at the same time as Olatunji's *Dance to the Beat of My Drum* record of two years ago, this offers more music by the master drummer and his troupe, and features a guest appearance by Airto.

And the other four, all originally produced and recently remastered by Hart: *Eclipse* by Hamza El-Din; *Sarangi: The Music of India*, by Ustad Sultan Khan; *Travelling Jewish Wedding*, by the Golden Gate Gypsy Orchestra; and *The Music of Upper & Lower Egypt*, recorded by Hart during the Dead's '78 trip there.

Upcoming Hart projects for Rykodisc include a new recording of the Gyuto Tibetan monks, to be cut on a 32-track digital recorder at George Lucas' Skywalker Ranch in January; a digitally remastered version of Olatunji's late '50s masterpiece *Drums of Passion;* and *Music to Be Born By*, an amazing recording Hart made of his then-unborn son Taro's heartbeat in his mother's womb, augmented with bass and percussion.

On a completely different front, Mickey has been working with the Smithsonian Institution, overseeing the transfer of the Folkways Records catalog to compact disc. (Folkways released many seminal folk, blues and ethnic records in the '50s and '60s primarily.) Hart and his technical team have been using computers to strip away noise from the original tape and glass acetate recordings (most of them made on relatively primitive mono recorders decades ago). His first project in the series is *The Original Vision*, which features the Woody Guthrie and Leadbelly versions of the songs on *A Vision Shared*, a recent superstar tribute to those musical trailblazers. In fact, funds raised by the sale of *A Vision Shared* helped the Smithsonian purchase the Folkways catalog.

On top of all that, in November and early December, Mickey once again helped sponsor a short American tour by the Gyuto monks, who Hart describes as "the Dalai Lama's personal choir ... the teeth of Tibetan Buddhism." We managed to catch their November 12 concert at Zellerbach Hall at UC-Berkeley and were completely blown away by the chanting of these eleven remarkable men. Hart described the effect of their music to Richard Price in *BAM* magazine:

"The vibrations draw you in, and then your imagination takes over. And once you're released from your ego, your preconceptions of music, the power, the magic, will affect you differently. You should feel very calm, very centered, and you might think higher thoughts. This is certainly music to travel by. If you really want transportational/transmutational music, this is it. This will alter your consciousness. Their main thrust is vibration — vibration possibly being at the origin of the universe, and also at the origin of creation." He's not exaggerating, as anyone who got to experience one of their "performances" (really more of a religious ceremony) can tell you.

As I left Zellerbach that night, walking a few feet above the ground, my brain still hooked on some vibration in a parallel galaxy (or so it seemed), I thought about all the worlds Mickey Hart has opened up to me through the years: Egyptian music, the Monks, his Rhythm Devils excursions with the birimbau, the tar and the baliaphone, and so much more. I think it's fair to say he's enriched *all* our lives, and no doubt he'll continue to do so for many years to come.

If the music backing those TV commercials for Cher's new "Uninhibited" perfume sounds a wee bit familiar, you're right: it's the instrumental "Eep Hour" from Garcia's first solo album. While a few folks have written us crying "Sellout!" Garcia defends his decision. He points out that his music and the Dead's music are separate entities (i.e. don't worry about seeing a Dead tune in a commercial anytime soon), and that, well, he happens to *like* Cher. (Her daughter, Chastity, is a recent Dead fan, too—she attended several of the band's Madison Square

Garden shows.) And I must say — the music sounds *great* in the commercial.

A couple of hundred lucky patrons at the tiny Sweetwater club in Mill Valley (Marin County), California, got to see Bob Weir perform in a very different kind of musical setting on October 9. The headliner for the program that evening was local favorite Rob Wasserman, an extraordinary bassist best known for his years of stand-up work as part of David Grisman's band, and more recently for two bass-oriented albums: *Solo* (which was just that) and *Duets* (which found Wasserman accompanying such singers as Rickie Lee Jones, Bobby McFerrin, Lou Reed, Aaron Neville and Dan Hicks). "The show was somewhat in the spirit of *Duets*," Wasserman told us. "I invited some musical friends down to play with me as sort of an anything-goes kind of evening." And one of the folks he invited was Bob Weir.

Though the two didn't know each other, "We hit it off real well," Wasserman reports. "I guess I have a new musical friendship. You never know when you get into playing duets or in small groups whether it's going to click, but I felt really good about this one almost immediately." A planned rehearsal before the gig fell through, so Wasserman and Weir only had a chance to rehearse for about an hour just before showtime. Still, they managed to play a good cross-section of material, "some of his solo material, some rock 'n' roll standards and stuff like 'Twilight Time,'" Wasserman reports. Joining the pair for a few songs were former Starship member Pete Sears (see below), who added some dobro and accordion lines to the acoustic guitar-upright bass duo, and singer Maria Muldaur. (Sears, Weir and Wasserman are all Mill Valley residents.) From all reports it was a very special evening. And incidentally, we highly recommend Wasserman's *Duets* record. Very original.

Weirophiles will also be interested to hear that their boy appears on the recently released *Brian Melvin & Nightfood* album on Global Pacific Records. Drummer "Whitey" Melvin has been a fixture on the Bay Area club scene for many years, including a stint in a Dead-inspired group called Beluga Whale. Nightfood is primarily a jazz group, adept at both bebop and more fusion-oriented material, though when Weir played with them for a spell two years ago they also worked up a fair amount of blues and rock material to accommodate him. And Weir isn't the only "name" to play with Nightfood. The group's bassist for a period — including the making of this album — was none other than the late, great Jaco Pastorius, certainly the most influential jazz bassist of the post-fusion era. (Jaco was killed in a drunken fight a year ago.) Weir played a few gigs with Nightfood when Jaco was in the band, but the Weir-sung tracks on this album represent their only recorded output together.

Melvin had known Weir for several years before they got together musically. "I used to hang out with the drummers sometimes backstage at Dead shows," he says, "and after a while I got to know Bob pretty well. We found that we had some of the same interests musically. Jaco lived with me for a while in '84 and we were supposed to get together with Bob then, but it didn't work out. Then, when Jaco came out here a second time, in '85, we did managed to put something together."

Weir sings lead and plays rhythm guitar on two songs: the old standard "Fever" and "Mercy, Mercy, Mercy," a song popularized by the Chicago band The Buckinghams in 1967. (The melody

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of that tune was penned by Jaco's former Weather Report bandmate, Joe Zawinul.) It's interesting to hear Weir in such a different context — here he's backed by female singers and a punchy horn section, not to mention Jaco's distinctively galloping bass lines. According to Melvin, "he liked it partly because the music offered something other than what he was used to, harmonically speaking."

The basic tracks were cut at Different Fur Recording in San Francisco, and then the overdubs and mixing took place at Weir's state-of-the-art home studio. "He was just incredibly generous and helpful all the way," Melvin says of Weir. "He knows a lot about working in the studio, and when he'd get going it was hard to stop him. When he gets into something he bites in big.

"Of course he was a big, big fan of Jaco. They had tremendous mutual respect for each other. It's funny, because Jaco's daughter is a Deadhead! You know, at times Jaco could play more music than everyone in the band put together. He was just in a different class. He's going to go down in history as one of the heavy prophets in music. I mean, he changed music, molded how people think and play. But what's great is that he was good at every style, so that when Bob wanted to play 'C.C. Rider' or 'Midnight Hour' Jaco was into it. He knew 'em all! It's not like Bob and Jaco were going to play 'Teen Town' [one of Jaco's best Weather Report compositions] together. But when you extract a common denominator from talented musicians and throw away the egos, great music can be made. And that's what happened when Bob and Jaco got together."

Garcia and Mickey Hart also appear on a non-Dead album released this fall, Pete Sears' *Watchfire*, on the Redwood label. Sears' record is quite an all-star affair, with contributions from the likes of David Grisman, Babatunde Olatunji, John Cipollina and singers Holly Near and Mimi Farina. The songs, written by Sears and his lyricist wife, Jeanette, are nearly all socially conscious, dealing with such subjects as oppression in Guatemala, the destruction of the rain forests (and other ecological issues), and the follies of imperialism. Garcia plays slide guitar on a track called "Nothing Personal" ("Dropped some bombs on you today/It was only 'cause your village was in the way/It's nothing personal"). He and Hart show up on "One More Innocent" ("Every time we close our eyes/One more innocent dies/Every time we believe the lies/One more innocent dies"), and Garcia contributes a tasteful Spanish-sounding acoustic guitar solo on "Let the Dove Fly Free," a plea for peace.

Mickey and Olatunji were among the first musicians to help out, recording early tracks at Bayview Studios in Richmond, California. Garcia got involved later on: "I think Garcia is reluctant to do political things a lot of the time," Sears told me recently, "but we've been friends for a long time now. In fact, before I joined Starship we did a KSAN live jam together. And we worked on one of Bob Hunter's albums together. So he agreed to be on *Watchfire*, and it

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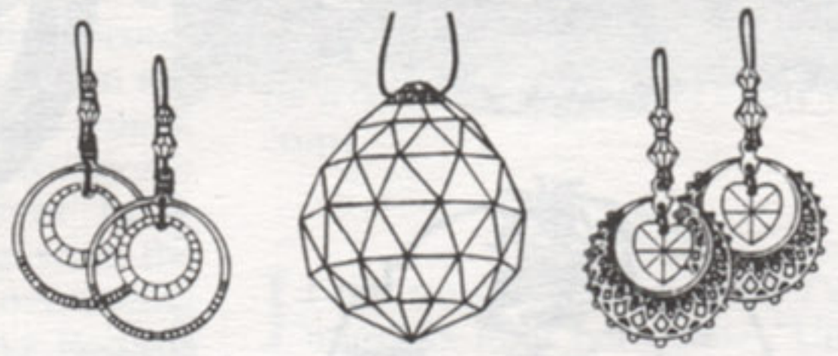
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turns out he really got into it — he listened to the songs and he seemed to like the approach. It's not really 'political,' actually. These are more global issues."

Sears is donating the mechanical royalties for the album to a slew of worthy causes, including the Environmental Defense Fund, Earth Island Institute, the Christic Institute, Sanctuary, Greenpeace, the World Wildlife Fund, and several others. It's a fascinating and occasionally moving album with nothing but the best intentions. It should be available at better record stores. If you can't find it, though, write to Redwood Records, 6400 Hollis St. Suite 8, Emeryville, CA 94608.

Lookin' for a place to spend some of that holiday moolah you raked in from your relatives? Well, fans of acoustic music will certainly want to consider picking up *Almost Acoustic*, the just-released 14-song, 70-minute live CD by the Jerry Garcia Acoustic Band (sometimes known as the Black Mountain Boys). It's a good ol' time from beginning to end and a wonderful memento of the group's fall 1987 shows. Since very few good tapes of the JGAB exist, this should prove to be a good seller for Grateful Dead Merchandising, which is putting it out. (Cassette release of the project is imminent.)

Actually, the decision to release these performances came several months *after* the shows, which is to say that the concerts were not recorded with an album in mind. No multi-track tapes were made, but JGAB sound mixer John Cutler routinely made stereo DAT (digital audio tape) recordings, so what is on the CD are his original mixes from the shows. Since DAT is completely noise-free, the sound quality on *Almost Acoustic* is extraordinary. However, the disc's producer, JGAB member Sandy Rothman, admits that he was frustrated by his inability to work on some of the individual parts, beefing up solos that aren't loud enough, and the like. "I didn't have the kind of control I'd like, so these are by no means 'perfect,'" he notes, almost apologetically. "But it is what it is, and I'm generally pleased with it." Further crimping Rothman's efforts was the fact that he was limited to the JGAB's West Coast dates—union rules prevented Cutler from recording the Broadway shows for later use. (Each day a union goon was sent to ritually destroy the "reference" tape of the previous night's show, smashing it with his foot.)

The limitations of the recording come through only a few times on *Almost Acoustic*, most notably on a couple of nearly inaudible solos by guitarist David Nelson, and a few places where John Kahn's bass is too low in the mix. This makes for a few flat passages, but in general there's amazing presence throughout the recording, and Rothman's sequencing is seamless. With the glaring exception of "Turtle Dove," most of the band's best songs are included. The sequence:

"Swing Low Sweet Chariot," "Deep Elem Blues," "Blue Yodel #9 (Standing on the Corner)," "Spike Driver Blues," "I've Been All Around This World," "I'm Here to Get My Baby Out of Jail," "I'm Troubled," "Oh, the Wind and Rain," "The Girl at the Crossroads Bar," "Oh, Babe, It Ain't No Lie," "Casey Jones" (the blues ballad, not the Dead song), "Diamond Joe," "Gone Home" and "Ripple."

I confess I was initially skeptical about the inclusion of four songs that appear on the Dead's acoustic *Reckoning* album, but in each case the addition of Rothman's mandolin or dobro adds tremendously to the arrangement. "Oh, Babe, It Ain't No Lie" is clearly better than the Dead's version, and, believe it or not, the "Ripple" is comparable.

Of the other tracks, my favorites are "Oh, the Wind and Rain" (highlighted by the fiddle work of Kenny Kosek, "The Singing Fireman From Racine"), Mississippi John Hurt's "Spike Driver Blues" (featuring some mournful dobro by Rothman and a prominent John Kahn bass line) and "I'm Troubled." The harmonies throughout are right on the money, and Garcia's guitar solos are crisp and confident. To sum up: JGAB CD A-OK!

It should be available in record stores soon, but you can get the CD by mail now by sending a money order for $15 plus $3 postage and handling to Grateful Dead Merchandising, Box 12979-GR, San Rafael, CA 94913.



The Jerry Garcia Acoustic Band, 10/31/87. Photo: Jay Blakesberg



The cover art for the JGAB project is by bassist John Kahn

Living Earth, who have long been among the most popular and respected East Coast bands that play Grateful Dead music, recently put out their first album on Relix Records, and it's reportedly selling briskly in various Deadhead enclaves. While the record doesn't show them at their jamming best (I've heard live tapes that are mind-blowing), it does contain a couple of good original tunes, as well as some well-executed covers, such as "I'm a Hog for You" (the old Coasters song that Pigpen sang with the Dead), Dylan's "Meet Me in the Morning" and the second recording this year of the Dead's obscure "Mason's Children." The Living Earth version of "Mason" is more faithful to the Dead's interpretation than Henry Kaiser's (covered in issue #16), but I must say I prefer the latter; it's got more punch. Still, Living

DEADLINE

Earth acquit themselves fairly well on this maiden effort, and no doubt they'll do even better when they've had a little more studio experience. It's the classic GD dilemma: How do you capture a great live band in the studio?

Speaking of Henry Kaiser's version of "Mason's Children," this fall the gonzo guitarist went into the studio and remixed the song for a compact disc single (CD-3) release. He made a few changes, too, including the addition of a spry piano line by none other than former GD keyboardist Tom Constanten, who was in the band when the Dead first played the song in '69. "I remember the first rehearsals of that song at Alembic," T.C. remembers. "It was oft rehearsed, but we never felt comfortable enough with it to perform it as much as the old standards. The standards are not only comfortable for the audience, but the players, too. It was one of several tunes that was sort of on the bench, so to speak."

The big news on the T.C. front is that it looks like we'll be seeing a solo record from him in the first half of next year. Titled *Fresh Tracks in Real Time*, the record "came about because a good friend of mine in Las Vegas named Terry Ryan has a studio that has a Macintosh MIDI system," T.C. says. "So the entire album is on a floppy disk right now." It is still essentially a solo piano affair, but not a traditional acoustic piano; instead, he mainly used a pianoesque electronic keyboard known as a Kurzweil. Having the music in a computer, however, means that it can be played through any number of different keyboards through the MIDI hookup. "I don't want to make it too complicated, though," T.C. comments. "I want it to be playable live, so I'm not putting too many parts on there. Still, I've thought about having two versions—one that's basically piano, and one that has a lot of interesting other textures on it; one sepia and one paisley!"

Deadheads will be happy to learn that the record will contain one of T.C.'s long, spiraling instrumental versions of "Dark Star," as well as "Cold Rain & Snow," "Hesitation Blues" and a number of his original compositions. Most of the tracks are done, but T.C. is going back and cutting a new "Dark Star" because his last version vanished in a computer crash. "I had quite a day in the studio," he says with a laugh. "I lost the 'Dark Star,' then the board [console] blew up, then a speaker blew up, then an amplifier blew up." "Dark Star crashes" indeed! So keep your ear to the ground for more news on what is certain to be a very stimulating record.

On October 13, the night before the Dead's Miami Arena show, Brent and Billy bopped on down to Woody's on the Beach, a South Miami club owned by Rolling Stones guitarist Ron Wood, and played a number of songs with a band led by sax great Bobby Keyes (himself a semi-member of the Stones at one time). Among the tunes played were "Iko-Iko," "Not Fade Away" and "Hey Jude." We have no word on the current status of Go Ahead, Brent and Billy's side band.

Hardcore collectors who want to own everything the Dead appear on should rush out and buy *The Heart of Rock*, on Columbia Records. The Dead's "Touch of Grey" joins previously released tracks by Bruce Hornsby & the Range, Suzanne Vega, Robert Palmer, Bruce Springsteen, Billy Joel and a few others. The disc was put together as a way to raise money for cancer, lukemia and AIDS research. The artists and record company donated their services.

And speaking of multi-artist compilations, word has it that "Touch of Grey" will also be on an album of recent Western rock 'n' roll that's being released in the Soviet Union early next year. Red Square in 1990? Dose Gorbachev!

Our warmest congratulations and good wishes go out to Grateful Dead lyricist Robert Hunter and his wife, Maureen, on the birth of their daughter, Kathleen Terry Hunter, August 23. Mom, Pop and baby are all doing fine.

A couple of recent music books are worth noting. Joe Smith, the former president of Warner Bros. and long regarded as one of the more evolved members of the species known as *weaselus recordus*, has put together *Off the Record*, which consists of reflections on his music biz career and interviews with many of the artists he's worked with, the Dead included. Nothing new is revealed in the brief section about Garcia, but the page on Mickey Hart contains the first quotes from him I've seen *anywhere* that deal with his father's embezzling from the Dead. Mickey tells in detail of his profound hurt at learning of his father's criminal activities, and even mentions that he briefly contemplated suicide. Fortunately, through time and with the support of close friends (like the band) he eventualy came to terms with the grim reality. Powerful stuff.

The second book that has a short but juicy chunk of Dead stuff in it is David Crosby's autobiography, *Long Time Gone*. While much of it is a rather lurid chronicle of the Cros' descent into drugs through the years, there are also happy anecdotes and passages, such as Garcia's account of working on David's brilliant first solo album, *If I Could Only Remember My Name*: "I think some of the finest playing I've done on record is on his solo album," Garcia says. "As far as being personally satisfied with my own performances, which I rarely am, he's gotten better out of me than I get out of myself." I haven't read the whole book yet, but I can tell from what I have read that it's one of those trashy but interesting jobs that I won't be able to put down.

And finally, mid-January will see the release of a live LP culled from the Dead's '87 performances backing up Bob Dylan. The Dead's producer, John Cutler, recorded all six of the Dylan-Dead concerts and subsequently mixed down the sets and sent cassettes to Dylan to check out. Dylan was sufficiently impressed that he agreed to release a single album's worth of material. It should be pointed out, however, that despite the fact that the record appears on Columbia, Dylan's label, all the mixing and editing was done under Cutler's supervision at the Dead's studio, and Dylan had little direct involvement with the project.

Unfortunately, the final song choices hadn't been confirmed by press time, so we don't have any titles for you. But it's probably safe to assume that it will contain a few songs that haven't appeared on Dylan live albums before (which narrows the field considerably). Whatever the ultimate song list is, we applaud the decision to release the album, even a year and a half after the fact. Remember, none of us have heard any of this material with decent sound — not in the stadiums, and certainly not on tape. □

SET LISTS: TACOMA THROUGH DALLAS



Promoter John Scher greeted Deadheads attending the Garden shows with a giant, tie-dye-clad King Kong. Photo: Michael Conway

TACOMA

We arrived at the Tacoma Dome near the end of Santana's set, and enjoyed the two encores. Carlos had most of the old line-up with him this time, and they sounded great, except for the fact that it was too loud! The Tacoma Dome seems very cheaply built, with plain wooden bleachers, bare walls and generally horrible acoustics. While waiting for the Dead to come out, we wandered up front and found things fairly loose and mellow, in traditional Northwest style. The band didn't come out until 10:30; by that time were on the rail, to the left of Phil and in front of a smoke machine.

As the band took the stage, I thought the smoke must have done something to my eyes: Carrying his pink guitar, Bob Weir ambled on with his hair slicked back in a short ponytail! The band started out with "Hell in a Bucket," and right away there were problems with the sound system. The players knew it, too, and seemed distracted by it. There were no vocals for much of that song, and the "Sugaree" that followed was little better. The sound improved some as the set wore on, but it was still loud and distorted. Luckily the song selection was more varied than usual.

The "China Cat-Rider" second-set opener finally got the crowd going, setting us up nicely for a strong "Playin' in the Band." Perhaps the most exciting part of this set, though, was hearing "Touch of Grey" come out of "space," which was a first. The band seemed jazzed by it, the audience went nuts, and everybody seemed to have a great time the rest of the show. As we left the Dome it was approaching 2 a.m. and we were handed a flyer for the next show in Eugene, "ONLY 4½ HOURS AWAY." And I thought of how many people would be making the trek later on that morning or afternoon, me included.

— *Stu Nixon*

8-26-88, The Dome, Tacoma, WA
Hell in a Bucket ➧ Sugaree, Good Times Blues, Iko-Iko, Walkin' Blues, When Push Comes to Shove, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Row Jimmy, Music Never Stopped

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ Uncle John's Band ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Touch of Grey ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Black Peter ➧ Lovelight/Black Muddy River

EUGENE

As we drove down Interstate 5 from Seattle, Portland radio stations were reporting record-high temperatures and predicting a scorcher for the Autzen Stadium Dead show the following day.

In the end, the temperature was well into the 90s for this long day of music.

Jimmy Cliff and Robert Cray played first, and both were very well received. (Cray is considered a Eugene boy, a hometown hero.) The Dead didn't come on until almost 5 p.m., which meant most people there had already been in the blazing sun for well over five hours. But the band opened up with "Mississippi Half-Step" and there were instant smiles all around. Everything went fine up until a rough "Stuck Inside of Mobile," but we were having so much fun by then we just laughed and continued enjoying ourselves. During "Victim or the Crime" my infant son, Geoffrey, and I wandered off to avail ourselves of a water hose so we could cool off, and along the way saw another classic example of cosmic timing: an airplane passed overhead with a banner that read, "NO VICTIM — NO CRIME! VOTE DR. FRED! ATTORNEY GENERAL!" [Editor's note: Last year at Autzen during "He's Gone," a skywriter scrawled "IMPEACH REAGAN."]

The pre-"drums" half of the second set was the highlight of the weekend for me, with "Jack Straw," "Bertha" and "Truckin'" seeming particularly fresh and alive played in unusual set positions. It's amazing how exciting even a small change can be.

— *Stu Nixon*

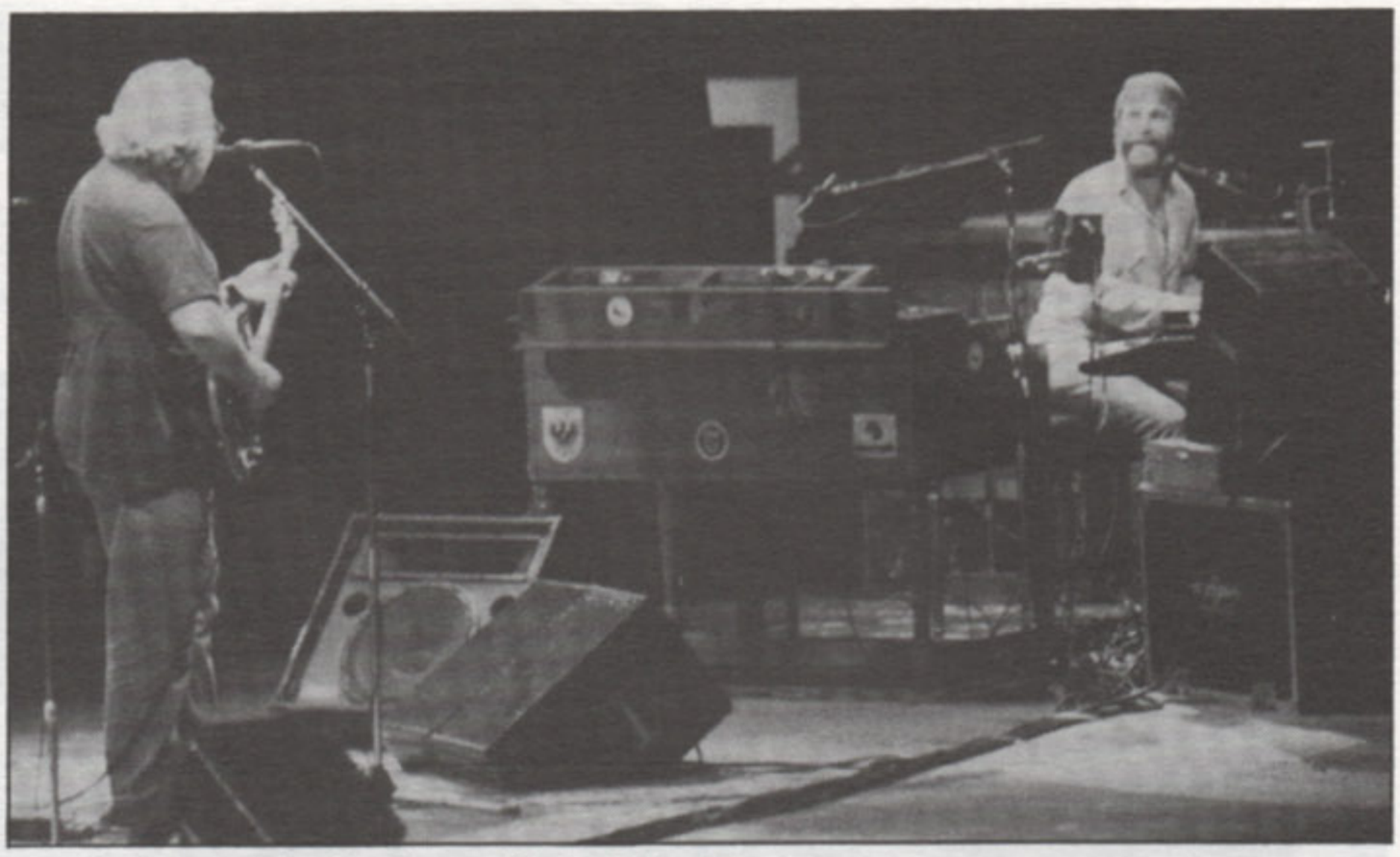
8-22-88, Autzen Stadium, Eugene, OR
Mississippi Half-Step ⧫ Little Red Rooster, Friend of the Devil, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Foolish Heart, Victim or the Crime, Don't Ease Me In

Jack Straw ⧫ Bertha, Truckin' ⧫ Terrapin ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ The Other One ⧫ Wharf Rat ⧫ Throwing Stones ⧫ Not Fade Away/Knockin' on Heaven's Door

CAP CENTER

Four shows stretched over Labor Day weekend seemed like a helluva way to end the summer, and of course it was. Outside, the scene was basically very friendly and low key. Folks really made the effort to clean up after the shows, so the Dead's messages to the Heads appear to be getting through. Unfortunately, the security inside hassled many people. Apparently the Cap Center had subcontracted the security to a local company that had a very limited concept of how to deal with Deadheads. Word has it that the management of the facility recognizes the problem, and changes will be made.

Though all four shows were fine, this run is going to be remembered for the appearance of "Ripple," played electric for the first time since the early '70s [4/29/71], at the end of the second show. It was one of those moments no tape can do justice to. And I think many tourheads were surprised that the tune never cropped up again in Philly or New York.



Brent and Jerry at the Cap Center. Photo: Michael Conway

Friday night (9/2) was a little slow starting off ("They Love Each Other" was lackluster), but picked up steam at mid-set with a hot "Queen Jane," and then good versions of "Althea" and "Let It Grow" to close the set. Set Two featured an excellent "Scarlet-Fire," a surprisingly strong "Looks Like Rain" and a driving "Watchtower," with typically wild Weir vocals.

Saturday broke bright and beautiful, making for a wonderful day in the vendor's mart that thrived in the Cap Center's East Lot. At nightfall the band opened with the first East Coast version of "Good Times," which then flowed smoothly into a "Stranger" that was loaded with uptempo jamming a little reminiscent of "Shakedown Street." The sets' other high points for me were "Peggy-O" and the closing "Bird Song," which was sweet and spacey. The second set combined old and new tunes, with standout versions of "Box of Rain," "Victim or the Crime," "Foolish Heart" and a cruisin' "Eyes of the World," all before "drums." The "Morning Dew" that closed the show was one of the most heartfelt I've witnessed. Who could have guessed that it would be topped, emotionally, by "Ripple"? What a joyous and inspiring night it was!

Some think that the Monday show (9/5) was the best of these four in terms of the quality of the playing. The execution was superb throughout, and the second set was loaded with great jamming: The pre-"drums" was all open-ended songs (including, once again, a satisfying "Playin'" reprise), and the "space" was big enough to get lost in (which some people undoubtedly did). With the exception of "Black Peter," the second half of the second set was all rocking, down to the "U.S. Blues" encore.

I missed the last night, but tapes and friends tell me it, too, was a boisterous show. In the first set, highlights included an epic "Desolation Row" and spunky versions of "Jack Straw," "Beat It On Down the Line" and "Cumberland Blues." The second set was slightly predictable, but generally well played. I think it's fair to say most people went away buzzing from this longest-ever stand at the Capitol Center.

— *Scott Sherlock*

9-2-88, Capitol Center, Landover, MD
Hell in a Bucket, They Love Each Other, New Minglewood Blues, Dire Wolf, Queen Jane Approximately, Althea, Let It Grow

mini-jam ⧫ Scarlet Begonias ⧫ Fire on the Mountain, Looks Like Rain ⧫ Terrapin ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ The Wheel ⧫ All Along the Watchtower ⧫ Stella Blue ⧫ Sugar Magnolia/Black Muddy River

9-3-88, Cap Center
Good Times, Feel Like a Stranger ⧫ Franklin's Tower, Little Red Rooster, Peggy-O, Me & My Uncle ⧫ Big River, Bird Song

Box of Rain, Victim or the Crime, Foolish Heart, Man Smart Woman Smarter, Eyes of the World ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ Goin' Down the Road ⧫ I Need a Miracle ⧫ Morning Dew/Saturday Night ⧫ Ripple

9-5-88, Cap Center
Iko-Iko, Walkin' Blues, Ramble On

Rose, Mama Tried ⧫ Mexicali Blues, Row Jimmy, Stuck Inside of Mobile, When Push Comes to Shove, Music Never Stopped

China Cat Sunflower ⧫ I Know You Rider, Playin' in the Band ⧫ Uncle John's Band ⧫ Playin' reprise ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ Gimme Some Lovin' ⧫ Black Peter ⧫ Around & Around ⧫ Lovelight/U.S. Blues

9-6-88, Cap Center
Jack Straw, Desolation Row, West L.A. Fadeaway, Beat It On Down the Line, Cumberland Blues, Stagger Lee, Cassidy, Deal

Touch of Grey, Samson & Delilah, Ship of Fools, Estimated Prophet ⧫ He's Gone ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ The Other One ⧫ Wharf Rat ⧫ Throwing Stones ⧫ Not Fade Away/Brokedown Palace

THE SPECTRUM

With tourheads still basking in the afterglow of the Capitol Center's historic "Ripple," and with the immensity of the upcoming Garden marathon looming, the traditional Spectrum run didn't quite generate the same excitement as some past series there, but nevertheless produced four sturdy shows. Though none was especially outstanding in my view, each had its share of highlights. The city of Philadelphia, for its part, was mostly tolerant (and organized) in its dealings with the large crowds these shows attracted.

The four-show, five-day stand kicked off with "Good Times," although the band seemed to really get started with the "Shakedown" that followed. "To Lay Me Down" returned to the regular rotation after an absence of some five months. In Set Two the "Hey Jude" was exceptionally sloppy, as Brent stopped singing almost as soon as he started, leaving Weir to fend for himself. Then Brent screamed the lyrics of "Dear Mr. Fantasy" as the rest of the band tried to join Weir. It was interesting, if not entirely successful.

The second night's second set contained lots of juicy playing, including a particularly inventive transition between "I Will Take You Home" and "Watchtower." This night also marked the only performance of "Believe It or Not" on this three-city East Coast swing — surprising considering the band usually plays new material so frequently. (Neither "Blow Away" nor "Gentlemen Start Your Engines" was played at all.)

Night Three, Mickey's birthday, was fairly uneventful in my view, though "Scarlet-Fire" made a rare appearance in the middle of the second set, instead of in its usual opening slot. That segued nicely into "drums."

For the final night, the band mustered its energy for a rousing farewell to the City of Brotherly Love that included several recently rare gems — "Good Times Blues," "Dire Wolf" and (most surprising) "Dupree's Diamond Blues" were unexpected additions to an already fine first set. The second set continued the feeling with a powerful "Box of Rain" ⧫ "Cold Rain" opener, an unattached "Eyes of the World," and a long, swirling "Other One."

— *Dave Leopold*

9-8-88, The Spectrum, Philadelphia, PA
Good Times ⧫ Shakedown Street, Walkin' Blues, To Lay Me Down, All Over Now, Loser, Let It Grow

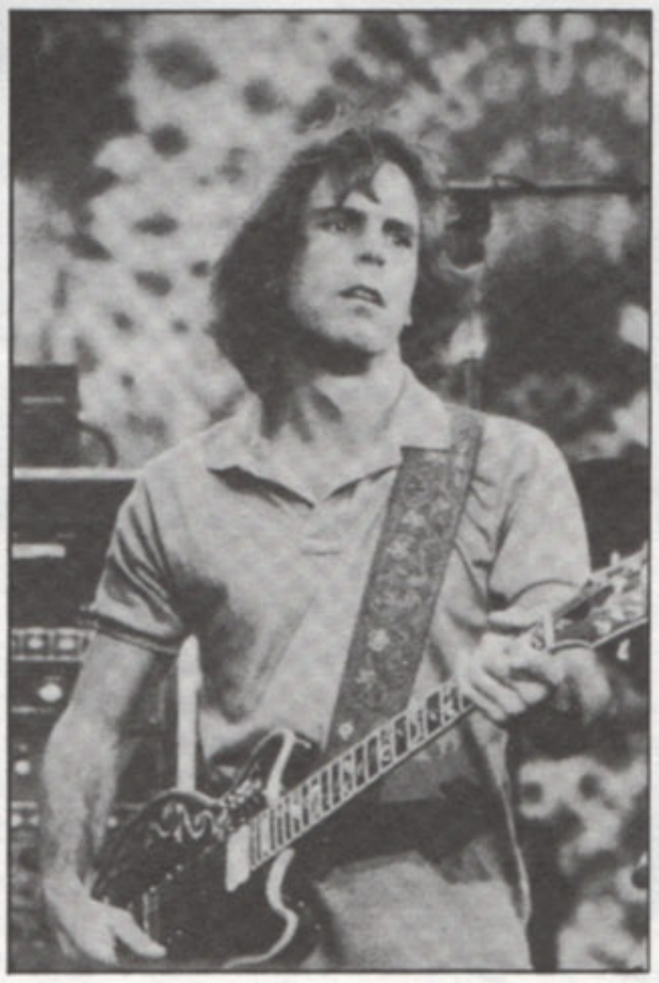
Bertha ⧫ Greatest Story Ever Told ⧫ Crazy Fingers ⧫ Truckin' ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ The Wheel ⧫ I Need a Miracle ⧫ Dear Mr. Fantasy ⧫ Hey Jude coda ⧫ Lovelight/Black Muddy River

9-9-88, The Spectrum
Hell in a Bucket ⧫ Sugaree, New


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255	GREEK TH.	6-16-85	GROUP W/MINUTE MAN BACKDROP
303	VENTURA	7-14-85	BOBBY-FULL FRAME PORTRAIT
304	VENTURA	7-14-85	JERRY-FULL FRAME PORTRAIT
306	VENTURA	7-14-85	JERRY IN RED, AS SEEN IN MOVIE "PRESIDIO"
357	OK CITY	9-2-85	GROUP
372	RED ROCKS	9-5-85	GROUP
378	RED ROCKS	9I-5-85	BOBBY JAMMING
1024A	FROST AMPH.	5-2-87	GROUP W/WINGS BACKDROP
1033	FROST AMPH.	5-2-87	JERRY WAVING
1069	FROST AMPH.	5-2-87	PHIL SMILING
1071	FROST AMPH.	5-2-87	JERRY WAVING
1339A	GREEK TH.	6-21-87	GROUP W/GREEK BACKDROP
1498	RED ROCKS	8-12-87	JERRY & BOBBY-CANDID-TALKING TO AUDIENCE
1515	RED ROCKS	8-13-87	GROUP W/DENVER IN BACKGROUND
1538	TELLURIDE	8-15-87	JERRY JAMMING
1549	TELLURIDE	8-15-87	BOBBY W/SKULL & ROSES
1898	FROST AMPH.	4-30-88	BOBBY W/PINK GUITAR
2015	FROST AMPH.	4-30-88	BOBBY W/HEAD BACK
2028	FROST AMPH.	4-30-88	DRUMMERS
2041	FROST AMPH.	4-30-88	JERRY LOOKING OVER GLASSES
2054	FROST AMPH.	4-30-88	PHIL, SMILING IN BEAR TIE DYE
2191A	FROST AMPH.	4-30-88	BRENT W/BUTTERFLY BACKDROP
2217A	FROST AMPH.	5-1-88	JERRY-KNOCKIN' ON HEAVEN'S DOOR
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9-11-88, The Spectrum
Iko-Iko, Feel Like a Stranger ♦ Franklin's Tower, Little Red Rooster, Peggy-O, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Tennessee Jed, Promised Land

Foolish Heart, Victim or the Crime, Scarlet Begonias ♦ Fire on the Mountain ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Wheel ♦ Stella Blue ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Not Fade Away/Baby Blue

9-12-88, The Spectrum
Jack Straw, Althea, Good Times Blues, Dire Wolf, Cassidy, Dupree's Diamond Blues, When I Paint My Masterpiece, When Push Comes to Shove, Music Never Stopped

Box of Rain ♦ Cold Rain & Snow, Man Smart Woman Smarter, Eyes of the World ♦ rhythm devils ♦ The Other One ♦ Wharf Rat ♦ Around & Around ♦ Good Lovin'/Knockin' on Heaven's Door

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

The first four shows are reported by BJ, the final five by Dan Levy.

The last time I'd seen a concert at Madison Square Garden was a disastrous (and now famous) appearance by Jimi Hendrix in 1969. Nineteen years later I returned to the scene of that crime armed with high hopes and a fair amount of trepidation. I was hopeful because the Garden's energy level for Dead shows is legendary, and trepidatious because as a Northern Californian for the past 15 years, I've come to enjoy a mellow ambience at shows. In the end, my admittedly preconceived notions were pretty much confirmed. Yes, the band played with consistently greater energy than they do on the West Coast (the crowd surges were incredible). And yes, it seemed like nobody paid any attention to ballads (including my first "To Lay Me Down" since '81), the Rhythm Devils' segment or "space." All in all the quality of the playing seemed about the same, which is to say I'll stick to the West Coast from now on, thank you. Still, I had a great time at the three shows I attended.

For one accustomed to the Greek,

Frost, Kaiser and Red Rocks, the Garden seemed pretty bland physically — just another aging arena in a funky neighborhood. The scene outside before and after the shows was lively but sleazy. Inside, the security was heavy-handed and obtrusive. Sure was easy to tell this wasn't a Bill Graham show. And though, like I said, I had a lot of fun, several Garden veterans voiced disappointment that, once again, nothing "special" happened. Will the Dead never escape the memory of the '83 Garden "St. Stephen"? Give 'em a break, folks!

After strong runs in Landover and Philly, the first night at MSG was viewed by most I spoke with as a disappointment. The first set was marred by horrendous sound; in fact some felt the sound was never quite right the entire night. Still, the now-familiar combo of "Victim or the Crime" and "Foolish Heart" was delivered with crowd-pleasing gusto, and "Gimme Some Lovin'" had the place rocking. Some thought the "Morning Dew" sounded a bit forced, but it was appreciated nonetheless.

Night two's first set contained only six songs, but the playing was uniformly strong, particularly on "Sugaree," which was filled with speedy little Garcia runs, and the now-rare "Desolation Row." "Deal" was another smoker, as usual. Just before the second set started, Phil came to the microphone and said, "If there's anybody out there who has kids, my son just said 'rock 'n' roll' for the first time tonight!" From there the band ripped into a blazing "Samson & Delilah," followed by assured versions of some of my favorites — "Crazy Fingers," "Playin'," "Uncle John's" and the "Playin' reprise" before surrendering the stage to the drummers. This was evidently GD family night: at one point there were five mothers with small children on the left side of the stage. And on "I Will Take You Home," one of Brent's little girls actually sat on the piano bench with him, a poignant sight. That was the only ballad in the second half, though — the band was clearly in a rockin' mood. Though the next night's show was probably the best of those I saw, I responded most emotionally to this one.

With the Garden at a fever pitch Friday night (9/16), the band rose to the occasion and just *killed*. The first set was one of the best I've seen all year — it included the welcome return of "Hey Pocky Way" (my favorite Brentsung tune), a mid-set "Half-Step," the aforementioned "To Lay Me Down," an exuberent "Masterpiece" (during which both Weir and Garcia shot their hands high in the air like synchronized swimmers at the line, "Had to be held down by big police") and a "Bird Song" closer.

The second set was another relentlessly energetic affair (including a downright *spry* "Ship of Fools" following "China Cat-Rider"). I can't remember the last time I heard a pairing of "Estimated" and "Terrapin," and both were played with great vigor, the crowd egging the band on at every build. The only tentative moments of the entire show came during "I Need a Miracle" (which had been played two nights earlier, and which Garcia seemed to force on a reluctant Weir), but the "Dear Mr. Fantasy" ➧ "Hey Jude coda" was stirring, and the "Sugar Magnolia" finish full of pyrotechnics. And I always love hearing "Baby Blue."

Things were a little calmer in the Garden for the fourth show (on Sunday), and I think it took the band and crowd a little longer to warm up. That's too bad, too, because while the "Stranger ➧ Franklin's" opener showed real promise and hit a couple of nice peaks, it wasn't completely *there*. Surprisingly, this set's best moments (for me, anyway) came during "Stagger Lee," near the end of the set. And the "Promised Land" that followed confirmed that the band had hit its stride.

The second-set opener shocked our socks off: a joyful "Not Fade Away" that burst from the stage and had everybody singing along. After a short jam following the second verse, Garcia masterfully took the song's chugging beat and magically transformed it into the opening riff of "Scarlet Begonias." "Fire on the Mountain" was given the sort of intense treatment it's gotten all year from the band, with Garcia leading the way with squealing runs. If the post-"drums" was an all-too-familiar story, it was nonetheless played very well, with "Wharf Rat" a spacey standout. During "Throwing Stones," Weir's vocal mike went out for a time, but that was no problem — the crowd, at Weir's urging, took over for the better part of a verse, until Phil convinced Weir to move over to his mike. It was back to the Coast for Regan and me a couple of days later, but we left supremely satisfied. What luck to get so many of our favorite songs!

— *BJ*



Garcia and Mick Taylor at the rain forest benefit. Photo: Michael Conway

Monday 9/19 was the one show of the Garden run that never seemed to take off. The band was obviously tired, showing the strains of having played 12 shows in the previous 17 nights. The first set began with perfunctory performances of the run's only "Touch of Grey," "Dire Wolf" and "Far From Me." I've rarely seen Phil look more annoyed with a song choice as he did with "Queen Jane Approximately," which had already been performed at the first show, and although Phil's playing was almost universally impeccable at the Garden, this was an off night for him. The highlight of the show was "Playin' in the Band ➧ China Doll ➧ Playin' reprise," with a very strong jam into "China Doll," which in turn displayed a gorgeous, subtle sense of dynamics.

Although Garcia seemed to be having persistent problems keeping in time with the rest of the band, the 9/20



For the encores at the rain forest benefit, the Dead were joined by Daryl Hall (left), Jack Casady, John Oates and others for "Good Lovin'" and "Knockin' on Heaven's Door." Photo: Alan Estrada.

show was one of my favorites of the run. The song selection was wonderful, and there was some spectacular playing. In all nine shows, Tuesday's "Louie Louie" was the single song with the widest range of really terrific to utterly terrible playing. Unlike, say, Frost's "Louie Louie," which was just a quirky, informal groove, this one stretched out, with two Brent solos and a short, funny Garcia solo. Garcia and Weir's clipped background "we gotta go's" were exactly appropriate to the loopiness of the material. Led by Brent's piano solos, the band sounded like a cheesy early-'70s Traffic cover band. The second set was great, particularly a dramatic "Looks Like Rain," a "Truckin'" that emerged from a long, mysterious "space" featuring all four frontmen, and Garcia's raw guitar on "Morning Dew." The most exciting playing of the evening was the tight, smoking "Johnny B. Goode" encore.

Show #7 (9/22) was a solid but rarely over-the-top show. Garcia tore into his solos with zeal all night, and the singing — both leads and harmonies — was unusually strong. The first set's highlights were a tight "Greatest Story Ever Told," Jerry's chunky R&B "Shakedown Street" solo, Bob and Brent's lush "To Lay Me Down" harmonies, and a powerful, imaginative "Cassidy" jam. Phil's expressive interpretation of "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues" and some unusual interplay between Garcia and the drummers during "Eyes of the World" were the most interesting moments of the second set. "Brokedown Palace" was one of the best I've heard, with Brent's soulful, welling organ providing gospel support for Garcia's singing and his moving solo. Despite occasional lapses in pacing in the second set, this was a quite satisfying night.

My second favorite (after 9/16) of the pre-benefit run, the Friday (9/23) show was uniformly strong. Phil's playing was especially aggressive, with long percussive arpeggiated runs accentuating the high registers. This night's "Victim or the Crime" was one of the best yet, largely due to Phil and his direction of the rhythm section's initiatives. "Good Times" has become a well-arranged show opener, ending with a mellow *a capella* chorus that sets the stage for strong ensemble playing with attentive concern for dynamics. "Dupree's Diamond Blues" was as precise as I've ever heard it, and "Walkin' Blues" has become unusually effective in recent performances. "Ship of Fools" was a second-set standout, largely due to Lesh's sensitive accompaniment. Brent stayed onstage for a long, open-ended solo with the drums. The violent and exciting "Other One" featured a particularly long pre-vocals jam. And "Stella Blue" proved to be delicately sensitive, with Weir using to effect his patented volume pedal-whammy bar strategy.

The final show — the rain forest benefit — was extremely successful in my view because it worked effectively both as a Dead concert and as a special event. All of the guests turned in excellent performances. The show was broadcast on radio but apparently not videotaped for posterity, even though video monitors were used throughout the concert. Programming included a pre-show welcome with rain forest messages from Kermit the Frog and each band member. The second set used film, some provided by *National Geographic*, to augment the music. "Throwing Stones," for example, featured footage of a coca-plant harvest, perfectly in sync with "shipping powders back and forth..."

The crowd for this show was unlike those for other nights, and the high-

priced seats up front were filled by many people who seemed alternately moved and bewildered by the proceedings. A lot of people sat, and there were clearly many whose only experience with the Dead was on record. One always hopes that the Dead won't blow an opportunity to show their stuff to neophytes, and the benefit show was hot.

Mick Taylor was the first guest, and he contributed some classic British blues guitar to "West L.A. Fadeaway" and "Little Red Rooster." He wrapped himself around "West L.A.'s" quirky changes admirably, and the band delivered a potent performance of a song that has seemed to me to be floundering in the past year. "Box of Rain" was a perfect choice for an audience of socially conscious thirtysomethings who know the Dead mostly from four years in a dormitory with *American Beauty*. Garcia's solo was album-perfect, but unimaginative. Midway through "Ramble On Rose," Garcia's voice shattered, and his vocal contributions for the rest of the show were minimal and strained.

The second set was wonderful, with guest appearances by Suzanne Vega (a favorite of Jerry's) and Hall & Oates. The set opened with Vega leading the band through Robyn Hitchcock's psychedelic "Chinese Bones." Vega must truly understand the Dead to have made such an appropriate choice; I'd love to see the band continue to cover the song. "Neighborhood Girls," from her own first album, had the rhythmic impetus of *Highway 61*-era Dylan. After a relatively disastrous "Crazy Fingers," the band regrouped for a tight, rousing "Man Smart Woman Smarter" that seemed to revive the neophyte crowd's flagging energy.

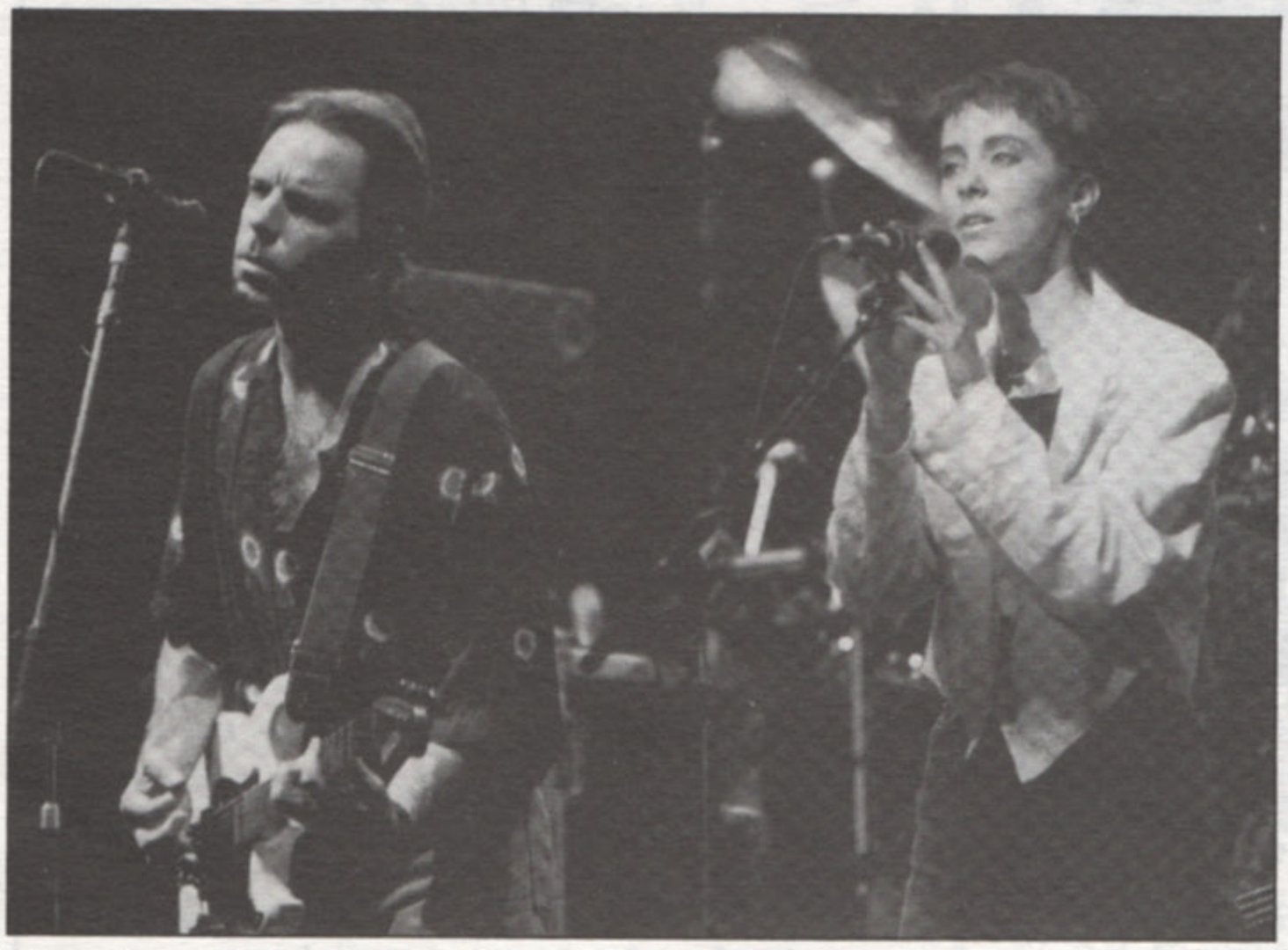
Enter the evening's biggest gamble, the Hall & Oates revue. Exit Phil, replaced by Hall & Oates' and "Saturday Night Live's" Tom (T-Bone) Wolk, who functioned effectively as band leader for this segment, playing 12-string guitar, squeeze box and Fender bass. There was also a competent alto saxophonist. Despite his annoyingly self-conscious stage manner, Daryl Hall sang rather well. John Oates maintained his characteristic low profile. "Every Time You Go Away" was arranged competently, with rapid dynamic shifts engineered by careful communication between Wolk and the drummers. Hall's broken string provided the opportunity for the band to stretch out with a sweet, melodic jam. Marvin Gaye's "What's Going On" was sublime, perfectly arranged and played, and utterly appropriate to the evening's environmental theme. It was the highlight of the show for me. The Rhythm Devils' segment, augmented by Olatunji, was especially inventive and accompanied by a mind-blowing video montage that was as good as any special visual I've seen the Dead use. *National Geographic* on acid, indeed.

Sans the usual "space" segment, the drums led into an abortive "Wheel," the second such one of the Garden run. Distracted by that song's problems, the band began "Throwing Stones" in trouble, but ultimately gave an impassioned rendition. The set concluded with a remarkably hot, unusual "Not Fade Away" that simmered with intensity. Bruce Hornsby, barely audible on accordion, and Olatunji also participated.

The encore was entertaining in the extreme, with Jack Casady's ferocious loud bass (again no Phil) balancing Daryl Hall's showboating. I hope Hall didn't think he was making a bid for Deadhead crossover appeal.

While these nine shows were consistently fun and well played, only one was among the best half-dozen I've seen this year. The playing was strong and precise, with subtle control of dynamics, crisp vocal intonation and a high degree of sensitive, interactive listening. However, there were few moments where one truly couldn't know what was coming next, and the song selections didn't explore fully the Dead's current repertoire.

— *Dan Levy*



Weir and Suzanne Vega during "Chinese Bones." Photo: Michael Conway

9-14-88, Madison Square Garden, NY, NY
Good Times ⧫ Alabama Getaway ⧫ Greatest Story Ever Told, Stagger Lee, Walkin' Blues, Must've Been the Roses, Queen Jane Approximately Ramble On Rose, Let It Grow

Box of Rain, Victim or the Crime ⧫ Foolish Heart ⧫ Looks Like Rain, He's Gone ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ Gimme Some Lovin' ⧫ I Need a Miracle ⧫ Morning Dew/Black Muddy River

9-15-88, Madison Square Garden
Hell in a Bucket ⧫ Sugaree, Desolation Row, Row Jimmy, Cassidy, Deal

Samson & Delilah ⧫ Crazy Fingers ⧫ Playin' in the Band ⧫ jam ⧫ Uncle John's Band ⧫ Playin' reprise ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ All Along the Watchtower ⧫ Goin' Down the Road ⧫ Lovelight/ U.S. Blues

9-16-88, Madison Square Garden
Hey Pocky Way, New Minglewood Blues, Mississippi Half-Step, Me & My Uncle ⧫ Mexicali Blues, To Lay Me Down, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Bird Song

China Cat Sunflower ⧫ I Know You Rider ⧫ Ship of Fools, Estimated Prophet ⧫ Terrapin ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ I Need a Miracle ⧫ Dear Mr. Fantasy ⧫ Hey Jude coda ⧫ Sugar Magnolia/Baby Blue

9-18-88, Madison Square Garden
Feel Like a Stranger ⧫ Franklin's Tower, Good Times Blues, Big Railroad Blues, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Stagger Lee, Promised Land

Not Fade Away ⧫ Scarlet Begonias ⧫ Fire on the Mountain ⧫ Man Smart Woman Smarter ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ The Other One ⧫ Wharf Rat ⧫

Throwing Stones ⧫ Not Fade Away reprise/Black Muddy River

9-19-88, Madison Square Garden
Touch of Grey, Little Red Rooster, Dire Wolf, Far From Me, Queen Jane Approximately, Tennessee Jed, Let It Grow

Victim or the Crime, Foolish Heart, Playin' in the Band ⧫ jam ⧫ China Doll ⧫ Playin' reprise ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ The Wheel ⧫ Black Peter ⧫ Around & Around ⧫ Good Lovin'/ Quinn the Eskimo

9-20-88, Madison Square Garden
Jack Straw, Althea, Mama Tried ⧫ Big River, Peggy-O, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Louie Louie, Music Never Stopped

Bertha ⧫ Cumberland Blues, Looks Like Rain, Terrapin ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ Truckin' ⧫ Goin' Down the Road ⧫ Morning Dew/Johnny B. Goode

9-22-88, Madison Square Garden
Shakedown Street, New Minglewood Blues, Candyman, Beat It On Down the Line ⧫ Greatest Story Ever Told, To Lay Me Down, Cassidy, Deal

China Cat Sunflower ⧫ I Know You Rider, Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues, Estimated Prophet ⧫ Eyes of the World ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ I Need a Miracle ⧫ Dear Mr. Fantasy ⧫ Hey Jude coda ⧫ Lovelight/Brokedown Palace

9-23-88, Madison Square Garden
Good Times, Hell in a Bucket, Cold Rain & Snow, Walkin' Blues, Loser, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Dupree's Diamond Blues, Promised Land

Samson & Delilah, Ship of Fools, Victim or the Crime ⧫ Foolish Heart ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ I Will Take You Home ⧫ The Other One ⧫ Stella Blue ⧫ Sugar Magnolia/U.S. Blues

9-24-88, Madison Square Garden
Iko-Iko, Feel Like a Stranger, West L.A. Fadeaway#, Little Red Rooster# (# with Mick Taylor on guitar), Box of Rain, Ramble On Rose, When I Paint My Masterpeice, Don't Ease Me In

Chinese Bones*, Neighborhood Girls*, (*The Dead backing Suzanne Vega) Crazy Fingers ⧫ Man Smart Woman Smarter, Every Time You Go Away+, What's Goin' On+ (+ The Dead, minus Phil, backing Hall & Oates with bassist T-Bone Wolk) ⧫ rhythm devils (with Olatunji) ⧫ space ⧫ The Wheel ⧫ Throwing Stones ⧫ Not Fade Away (with Bruce Hornsby on accordion)/ Good Lovin' ⧫ Knockin' on Heaven's Door (the Dead joined by Hall & Oates, Bruce Hornsby and Jack Casady on bass)

SHORELINE

Less than a week after the conclusion of their grueling East Coast swing, the band hit the Bay Area for three shows at Shoreline Amphitheater, south of San Francisco. They looked surprisingly relaxed (home sweet home, I guess), and for the second and third shows played up to the level I'd seen in New York. Once again vendors rented space inside the roomy facility, making a great selection of crafts more accessible than they are when the sellers set up haphazardly in a parking lot. This is the only place this happens, and so far I think it's been a resounding success for everyone — most merchants did very well and concertgoers seemed to appreciate the proximity of the crafts; after all, you could shop during the break for a change. Still, the $300 weekend selling fee (which included two lawn tickets per show) locked out small vendors, and I missed their presence.

The Friday (9/30) show was the least



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cohesive of the three but still had many fine moments, particularly Mickey and Billy's super-high-energy drum battle during the second set. This whole weekend the dynamic duo appeared to rediscover their drums, after months of concentrating on electronically based Rhythm Devils jams, and the result was some of the most exciting percussion I've seen in ages. Truly spellbinding. Both "The Wheel" and "Watchtower" delivered everything I want from those songs (including a nice long jam after "The Wheel"), but the real revelation of this set might have been "Black Peter," which ended with a strangely wiry and very different-sounding guitar jam before falling into "Sugar Magnolia." The pre-"drums" segment was short and not particularly inspired.

There were unexpected treasures the next night, as well. The very strong first set was highlighted by one of the best versions of "Friend of the Devil" I've heard in recent years, and a great loping "Tennessee Jed." You just never know what the gems are going to be. As one who has attacked "Victim or the Crime," I should 'fess up that I liked the version that opened the second set 10/1, in part because Brent and Garcia were playing so loud I could barely hear Weir's vocals. The jam at the end was nicely developed and catapulted into a Speedy Gonzalez "Scarlet Begonias" (which, fortunately, settled down into a normally paced "Fire on the Mountain"). "The Other One" was expertly developed out of "space," but the set's peak for me was hearing "Uncle John's" into "Morning Dew." "Uncle John's" hadn't appeared after "drums" in a long time, so it caught most people off guard. It was a pretty good one, too.

Though that Saturday show had a heaven-sent set list, I think the band actually played best at the final concert of the series (10/12), which began in the late afternoon light and ended in the dark. With the exception of a strangely truncated "To Lay Me Down," the entire first set was flawless — I especially liked "Peggy-O" and "Box of Rain." The second set's song list may look fairly typical, save for the "Crazy Fingers" opener (which was actually the weakest part of the show in my view), but it was filled with spectacular playing and many surprising instrumental moments. To wit: following "Samson," Garcia led the band into an exciting, amorphous jam that eventually dropped into an excellent "Estimated-Eyes." After the Rhythm Devils' workout, Phil returned to the stage alone and actually soloed a bit, brilliantly mixing deft fingering with low tones that shook the entire amphitheater. What followed was perhaps my favorite "space" of '88, with all three guitarists swimming with supreme confidence in dangerous, uncharted waters. "Stella Blue" was as good as it gets — which is to say gut-wrenching — and "Not Fade Away" was wonderfully out-of-control in spots. Everyone I talked to went away from the series satisfied. But where, oh where, was "Foolish Heart"?

— BJ

9-30-88, Shoreline Amphitheater, Mountain View, CA
Iko-Iko, Walkin' Blues, Stagger Lee, Me & My Uncle ➧ Big River, When Push Comes to Shove, Let It Grow

Bertha, Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Black Peter ➧ Sugar Magnolia/ U.S. Blues

10-1-88, Shoreline Amphitheater
Hell in a Bucket ➧ Sugaree, Little Red Rooster, Friend of the Devil, Queen Jane Approximately, Tennesse Jed, Cassidy, Don't Ease Me In



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Victim or the Crime ♦ Scarlet Begonias ♦ Fire on the Mountain ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Other One ♦ I Need a Miracle ♦ Uncle John's Band ♦ Morning Dew/Saturday Night

10-2-88, Shoreline Amphitheater
Cold Rain & Snow, New Minglewood Blues, Peggy-O, Stuck Inside of Mobile, To Lay Me Down, Box of Rain, Deal

Crazy Fingers ♦ Samson & Delilah, jam ♦ Estimated Prophet ♦ Eyes of the World ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Gimme Some Lovin' ♦ Stella Blue ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Not Fade Away/ Black Muddy River

MIAMI

The Grateful Dead visited the Sunshine State for the first time in three years to kick off a short Southern swing and initiate a couple of new venues. The 3-month-old Miami Arena adequately hosted the tour's first sellout crowd, made up of 16,000 mostly newcomers and Southeastern tourheads. For their part, the band delivered a consistently strong evening of favorites.

Set One seemed to drop into gear during an intricately woven jam in the middle of "Row Jimmy," and then shifted to a more rollicking space with an extended "All Over Now." "Brown-Eyed Women" also made an appearance for the first time in a while. However, the real eyebrow-raiser for me was the interesting Weir-ed punctuation at the conclusion of "Masterpiece." Check out the tapes and you'll see what I mean.

The pre-Rhythm Devils segment was highlighted by the surprising re-emergence of "Saint of Circumstance" — played for the first time this year. The vocal work by Brent, Bob and Jerry at the close of "He's Gone" was outstanding, too. Their soulful singing ascended to an even higher level during the set's finale, as Garcia and Weir led the crowd through a stirring "Hey Jude coda," as Brent layered it lyrically with a verse from the previous "Dear Mr. Fantasy." An inspiring cap to a pleasing performance.

— *Randy Judy*

10-14-88, Miami Arena, Miami, FL
Touch of Grey, New Minglewood Blues, Row Jimmy, All Over Now, Brown-Eyed Women, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Bird Song, Promised Land

China Cat Sunflower ♦ I Know You Rider, Saint of Circumstance ♦ He's Gone ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Goin' Down the Road ♦ I Need a Miracle ♦ Dear Mr. Fantasy ♦ Hey Jude coda/ Black Muddy River



A nice view of Bob's new ponytail from the 10/15 St. Pete show. Photo: David Jackson

ST. PETE

Messages from the band about crowd behavior throughout the year had a positive impact around St. Petersburg's intimate (7500-seat) Bayfront Center. For the most part, the two-day party was orderly and as discreet as could be reasonably expected. Those who helped keep it together should be cosmically commended for their efforts!

Opinions vary as to which of these shows was better; both were chock-full of high points, with very discernible stumbles. Saturday's first set got cranking with "Music Never Stopped" into "Sugaree," featuring a very tight segue between the two. Brent fell in close behind with the Southern debut of his impassioned "Blow Away." "When Push Comes to Shove" took on a personal meaning for those who spent the evening fending off flashlight-wielding security. But the topper of the set was a multi-textured "Let It Grow."

"Saturday Night" was an unexpected treat as a second-set opener, and the "Crazy Fingers" that followed gracefully lifted spirits. "Smokestack Lightning" (with Phil leading the thundering charge) and "Lovelight" were other bright spots in this heavily R&B-flavored set.

Sunday (10/16) was Bobby's birthday (41), fueling the energy and anticipation before the show. And the band seemed to rise to the occasion, buoyed by a strong "Half-Step" opener. "Feel Like a Stranger" found a comfortable mid-set position, and "Stuck Inside of Mobile" built from a near whisper to dizzying crescendos. All in all, it was a blazing set.

Phil took the mike for a soothing "Box of Rain" to open Set Two. Then Bobby and the drummers dove into a throbbing rendition of "Victim or the Crime." It was downright brutal in its force, and a stark contrast to Garcia's bubbly "Foolish Heart," which followed. The climax of the set was unquestionably "Morning Dew," sung with tremendous emotion by Garcia. His voice really is as good as it's ever been. Weir's birthday was officially acknowledged at the encore's start (a quick run through of "Happy Birthday"), before the band wrapped up this hot two-night stand with "Quinn the Eskimo."

— *Randy Judy*

10-15-88, Bayfront Center, St. Petersburg, FL
Music Never Stopped ♦ Sugaree, Blow Away, Walkin' Blues, When Push Comes to Shove, Queen Jane Approx-

imately, Tennessee Jed, Let It Grow

Saturday Night ⧫ Crazy Fingers ⧫ Playin' in the Band ⧫ Uncle John's Band ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ Truckin' ⧫ Smokestack Lightning ⧫ Stella Blue ⧫ Lovelight/U.S. Blues

10-16-88, Bayfront Center
Mississippi Half-Step ⧫ Good Times Blues, Feel Like a Stranger, Friend of the Devil, Stuck Inside of Mobile, To Lay Me Down, Don't Ease Me In

Box of Rain, Victim or the Crime ⧫ Foolish Heart, Looks Like Rain, Terrapin ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ The Wheel ⧫ Gimme Some Lovin' ⧫ All Along the Watchtower ⧫ Morning Dew/Happy Birthday to Bobby ⧫ Quinn the Eskimo

NEW ORLEANS

There was a definite New Orleans Police presence at this show, but I found the cops surprisingly courteous. (Maybe Deadheads should write articles about how well behaved the police are!) However, this *was* the South, and this was a "no shirt, no shoes, no service" show. I saw many a barefooted Head sent back to his/her car to get shoes before being let in.

Lakefront Arena is very small (about 10,000 seats) with a short floor; in fact the soundboard was at the *back* of the floor instead of in the middle. There was plenty of dancing room thanks to the general admission policy.

I thought the first set was generally lackluster, though there were hot moments. I particularly enjoyed "Peggy-O" (in which Garcia reminded us about the "Louisiana country-O.") But "Bird Song," which has been interstellar virtually every time they've played it this year, had more than its share of unfocused playing.

The second set was a high-energy affair that hung together with two proven four-song combinations, all well played. After a short but punchy "Scarlet-Fire," the band took off with a superb "Estimated-Eyes." The jam in the middle of "Estimated" was especially inspired, and there was a hearty jam following the "Eyes." Members of the Neville Brothers joined Mickey and Billy for a wild, seven-man Rhythm Devils assault that went to some very interesting places. Willie Green even joined Mickey in pounding the big drums in The Beast.

"I Will Take You Home" served as a nice counterpart to the rest of the set, which featured top-notch versions of more familiar material. I especially liked the feedback Garcia used so effectively on the closing "Not Fade Away." For the encore, the boys were joined by the Nevilles once again, as well as The Bangles, who had opened for George Michael at another venue. "Iko" was a real gumbo-fest, with Garcia and Art Neville trading verses, and then that eased into a nice "Knockin' on Heaven's Door," featuring some pretty "ooh-oohs" from The Bangles.

— *Dave Weltman*

10-18-88, Lakefront Arena, New Orleans, LA
Hell in a Bucket, They Love Each Other, Little Red Rooster, Loser, Beat It On Down the Line ⧫ Greatest Story Ever Told, Peggy-O, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Bird Song

Scarlet Begonias ⧫ Fire on the Mountain, Estimated Prophet ⧫ Eyes of the World ⧫ rhythm devils (with members of the Neville Bros.) ⧫ space ⧫ I Will Take You Home ⧫ The Other One ⧫ Wharf Rat ⧫ Throwing Stones ⧫ Not Fade Away/Iko ⧫ Knockin' on Heaven's Door (with members of the Nevilles and The Bangles)

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HOUSTON

The first set at Houston's Summit Arena was solid, but marred by technical problems, such as Weir's mike dying near the end of "Queen Jane." The highlight for me: seeing Brent and a member of the road crew peering into the back of his organ and then apparently soldering things back together!

The second set was notable for the premiere of "Built to Last," another mid-tempo Garcia ballad. I won't pass judgement on it; we'll have to see how it develops as Garcia learns how to deliver it. As Space City, Houston was rewarded with an interesting "space," with some neat keyboard fills by Brent. The excellent "Dear Mr. Fantasy" had two full Garcia guitar jams before the inevitable "Hey Jude."

By the way, the Houston show was the first non-sellout I've been to in a long time — 16,000 out of 17,500 capacity; pretty much what you'd expect in an economically depressed town where a winning football team can't sell out its home games.

— *Dave Weltman*

10-20-88, The Summit, Houston, TX
Cold Rain & Snow, New Minglewood Blues, Candyman, Me & My Uncle ♦ Mexicali Blues, West L.A. Fadeaway, Queen Jane Approximately, Stagger Lee, Music Never Stopped

China Cat Sunflower ♦ I Know You Rider, Playin' in the Band ♦ jam ♦ Believe It or Not ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ I Need a Miracle ♦ Dear Mr. Fantasy ♦ Hey Jude coda ♦ Lovelight/ Black Muddy River

DALLAS

It had been ten years since the Dead had played a show in Dallas, and I hope it won't be another decade before the next one. Although bigger than the Houston Summit, the Reunion Arena's staff did a superb job of getting the crowd inside without hassles. There were a lot of first-timers at this show, and they seemed most enthusiastic.

For their part, the Dead unleashed the hottest show I've seen in quite a long time — there were no weak moments. "Feel Like a Stranger" was both supremely jazzy and rockin'. "Believe It or Not" made its way into the first set for the first time and seemed improved as a result. Excellent versions of "Stuck Inside of Mobile" and "Jack Straw" ("Leavin' Texas...") closed the first set.

After leading the crowd on a birthday sing-along for Brent (36) before the second set, the band electrified the arena with a powerful "Wang Dang Doodle," which they hadn't played for two-and-a-half years. The versions of "Victim or the Crime" and "Foolish Heart" were extraordinary — the jam on the latter went so far out I thought they were going into "drums" before they veered back for the final verse. "All Along the Watchtower" and "Sugar Magnolia" were as exciting as they get, with the former maybe even stronger than the killer Alpine Valley version from this summer.

— *Dave Weltman*

10-21-88, Reunion Arena, Dallas, TX
Good Times, Feel Like a Stranger ♦ Franklin's Tower, Walkin' Blues, Believe It or Not, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Dupree's Diamond Blues, Jack Straw

Happy Birthday Brent, Wang Dang Doodle ♦ Victim or the Crime ♦ Foolish Heart ♦ Man Smart Woman Smarter ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ I Will Take You Home ♦ Goin' Down the Road ♦ All Along the Watchtower ♦ Stella Blue ♦ Sugar Magnolia/Brokedown Palace

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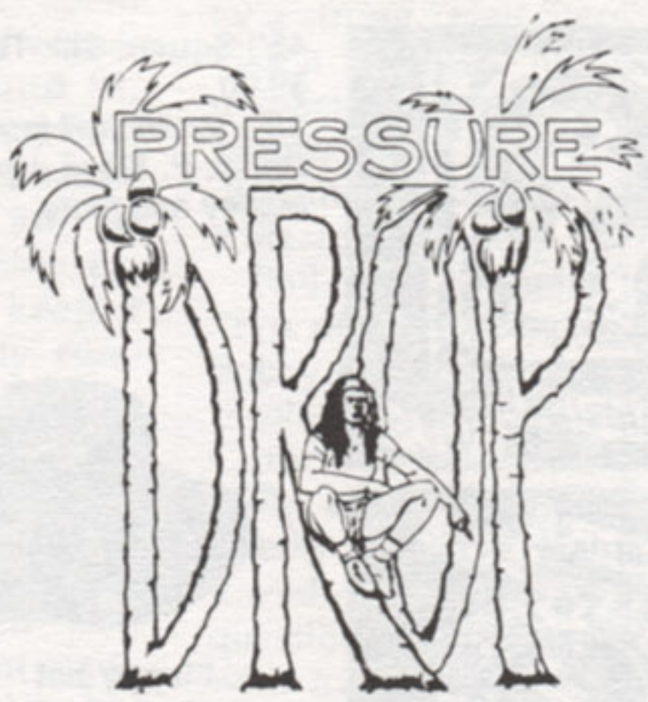
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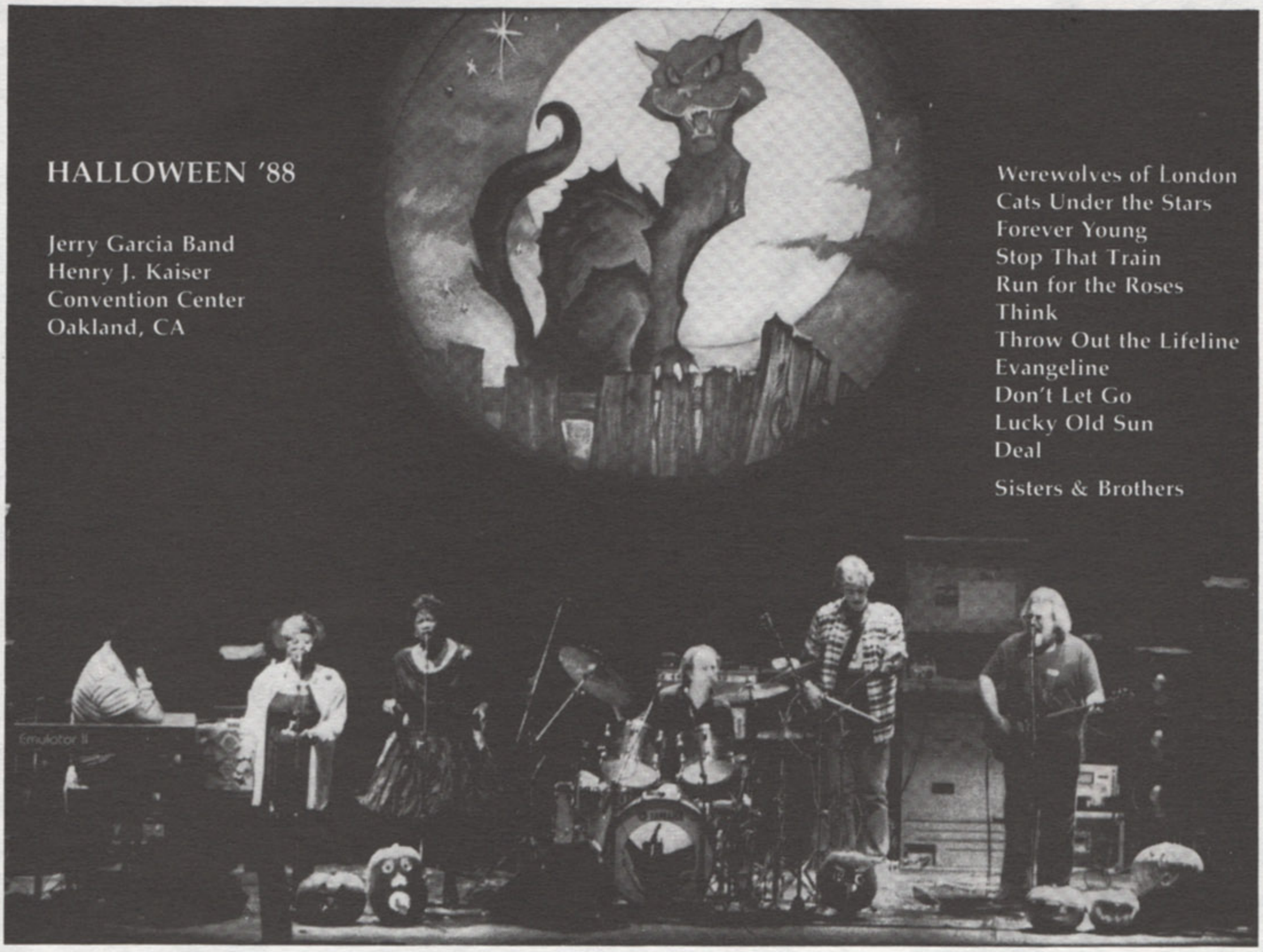


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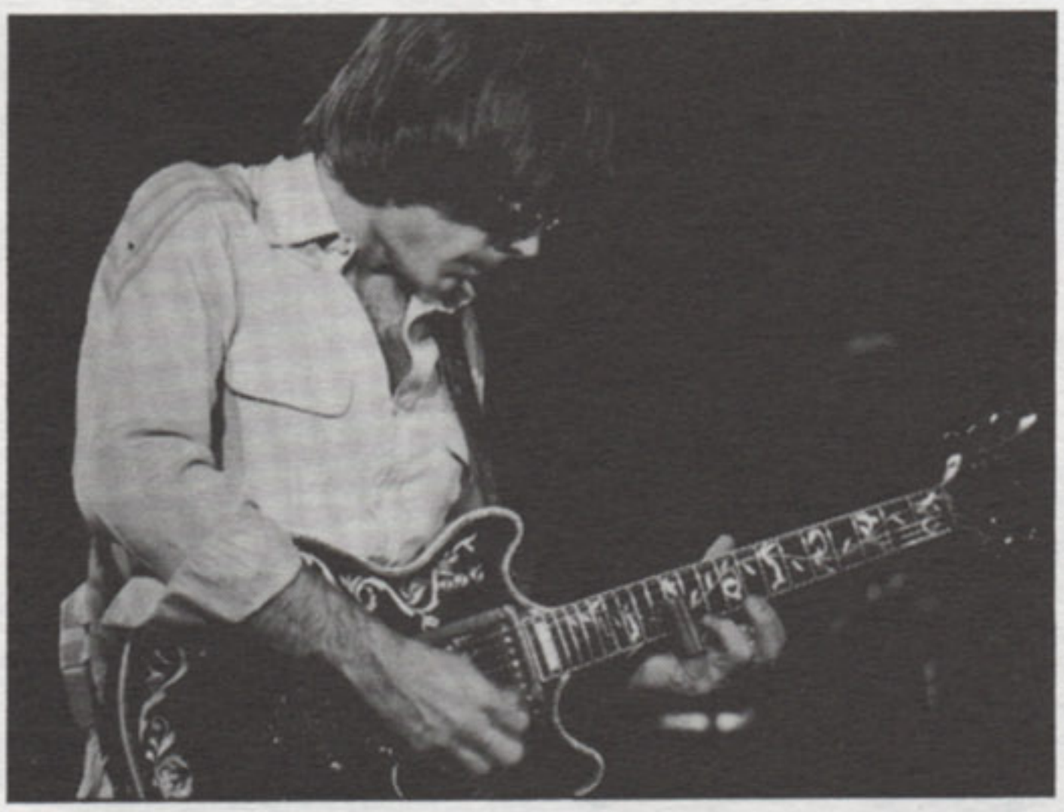
Ten years ago this New Year's Eve, the Grateful Dead closed a chapter of rock 'n' roll history when they played the final concert at San Francisco's Winterland, a 5000-seat arena that served as the de facto West Coast rock headquarters for a decade. A funky, run-down onetime home of the Ice Capades, it was in a bad neighborhood and had acoustics that aged many a soundman prematurely. But it was also a place where magic things would happen.

Though not as intimate as the nearby Fillmore Auditorium, it inherited some of the Fillmore's legacy and laissez-faire ambience. This wasn't some cold, decaying civic barn, but rather more of an oversized ballroom where the only rule was to have a good time. It was hard not to. Because of its physical layout, with the big dance floor and shallow balcony that went all the way around the arena, you always had the sense of the crowd being almost as important as the musicians, because everyone could see each other and so many of the same people went to all the big shows that it had the familiarity of a big party. All the major groups of the era hit Winterland at one time or another — The Stones, The Who, Santana, The Band, the Airplane, Springsteen, the Sex Pistols, Little Feat, Van Morrison, you name it.

The Dead played Winterland 62 times, by far the most of any band, and they almost always played well there. In many ways it was the perfect place for them during a period when their popularity in other parts of the country was beginning to reach hockey-arena proportions. Its dingy but labyrinthine backstage area easily accommodated the rambling Grateful Dead family and hangers-on, while out front there always seemed to be that extra ticket for the truly desperate.

Some of my highest Grateful Dead experiences were at Winterland — from one show that remains in my top three (3/18/77, with my first versions of "Terrapin," "Estimated," "Scarlet-Fire," as well as the best "Not Fade Away" I ever witnessed, "St. Stephen" and "Uncle John's Band"), to a thousand little memories that come flooding back from random shows: sitting behind the stage right above Mickey and Billy as they battled it out on the skins... resting in the back row of the balcony but then being pulled down onto the dance floor by the force of the music... the slide show of the Dead's trip to Egypt and Hamza El-Din's hypnotic singing... sitting in line all day watching the freak parade... the rush of cool air when the side doors would be opened during the break... the feeling of my teeth rattling in my head during the Phil Lesh-Ned Lagin "Seastones" segment of the October '74 shows... getting lost in the slow spin of the big mirror ball... the balcony shaking like the '06 quake during "Sugar Magnolia"... that happy but tired feeling when the strains of "Greensleeves" came up on the p.a. signaling the end of the evening.

I can't remember why I didn't go to the closing night of Winterland. Maybe I was daunted by the fact that people started lining up two or three days early. Maybe I had soured a little on the Dead by the end of '78, between *Shakedown Street* and a couple of shows that were stagnant. Or maybe I was just lame. Whatever the case, I chose to stay home and watch it on TV. (And the fact is, I loved every second of it and didn't really have any regrets until a year or two later.)



The consensus is that 12/31/78 was one of the best Dead shows ever. The marathon opened with the New Riders, shifted into overdrive with the Blues Brothers, and then hit hyperspace with three long Dead sets covering the cream of their repertoire. The third set alone consisted of "Dark Star ➧ The Other One ➧ Dark Star ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ St. Stephen ➧ Good Lovin'." After sunup, the band came out a final time and sang "We Bid You Goodnight." Bill Graham's weary troops handed out breakfast for 5000, and then it was over.

Today, upscale condos stand on the site of Winterland. A small chunk of a seat from Section 102 lives on a wall in my house. And there's a warm place in my heart where Winterland will always live — a place where the lights have just gone down before the second set, the noise on the floor rises slowly to a deafening roar, I see the dark silhouettes of the musicians pass in front of the red amplifier lights, and it's anybody guess what'll happen next...









Photos by Richard McCaffrey

Clockwise from top: Ken Kesey (r) wheels the Thunder Machine backstage; John Belushi and Bill Graham; Graham's midnight entrance in a flying joint; after the show.



GARCIA

...Listen to the music play

An Interview, 10/28/88

As Regan and I enter one of the downstairs offices at the Dead's Marin County headquarters to interview Jerry Garcia, someone hands him a copy of that morning's San Francisco *Chronicle*. There on the first page of the "People" section is a drawing of a make-believe postage stamp with his face on it; one of a supposed series of stamps commemorating famous Bay Area people and events. "Oh no!" Garcia says with a mixture of laughter and horror, shaking his head.

"Yeah, you never know where your face is gonna turn up," Regan remarks.

"It's bad enough it turns up on my head every morning!" Garcia replies without missing a beat, and he shakes his head again, chortles gruffly and takes another sip of cappuccino.

Garcia's humility is real. He gives his "image" about as much thought as he gives his wardrobe (boy, what a cheap shot!) and one senses that even though he is an open and gregarious interview subject, he'd probably be more comfortable talking about any subject other than himself. "I'm not really that interesting," he once told me, as if genuinely surprised that anyone would even want to know about him.

Garcia has been interviewed infrequently the past few years, and most of what he's talked about are specific projects — an album, a video, the rain forests, etc. — or the Grateful Dead Phenomenon and all its sociological implications. So this time around we decided to avoid all that and talk instead about *music*. So much for introductory hoo-hah. Take a deep breath and dive in with us.

— *BJ*

I'd like to find out a little bit about how you experience a show.

OK. I see, this is the ultimate demystification process here, right?

Not really, no. But I'd like to sort of go through a show and find out what you're thinking — or not thinking — at various points along the way. What do you do before the show?

Lately I've gotten into hanging out onstage 'cause the back room scene is too...distracting is not exactly the right word; I don't know what. There's something about it I don't like. I don't like to hang out too much backstage unless I'm feeling really sociable, and also feeling very confident.

So I like to go up onstage and play around with my guitar for a long time. Usually, Steve [Parish, his equipment specialist] changes the strings before every show — in fact he always does — and he puts it in approximate tune.

You change strings every show?

You have to. In fact they don't even last a show. By the end of the night they're dead. They're gone. They're history. Remember, my top string is a ten-thousandth of an inch, which is not a whole lot of diameter. So by the end of the night, there's been so much chemical action on it that it's dull. The overtones are gone from it. You can almost not hear them. It's appalling how easily they just go to pieces. Also the intonation is greatly changed. By the end of the second set my guitar is not playing in tune. On top of all that I use a big, thick pick that deforms the strings.

So, Steve's put the guitar in approximate tune and I sit down with the guitar and stretch the strings out individually for a long time until it's really pretty stable. And that means I can bend strings, do multiple bending and that kind of stuff, and when it comes back it's still relatively in tune. The advent of the new tuning machines has really helped out this process a lot.

All this gives me a chance to warm up. I like to warm up onstage. I have warm-up routines that are purely mechanical; they're not musical at all. They're just "put this finger here, put this finger there," and they're designed to let your fingers relax and your hands loosen up so you have maximum muscle efficiency. That means releasing as much as applying. With the guitar it's articulation more than strength, so I have a whole bunch of little exercises that are designed to make it so my fingers work right. I like to do that for about a half-hour or 45 minutes, minimum.

Then I put the guitar down for a while and I just feel the place. Look around, talk a little with whoever is around. But it's quiet there where I am onstage.

This is sort of behind your amps?

Yeah. Steve's got a little cubby hole for me.

I like to get to a show about two hours before showtime and spend most of my time onstage fooling with my guitar. So that's it for me as far as starting. I'm always experiencing stage fright until we actually start playing; that is to say I'm nervous and kind of touchy. So I'd just as soon not be around a lot of people, because it's distracting.

Do you generally chat with the other bandmembers during this time?

Sure, because they come up onstage at one time or another, and we all end up onstage, of course. If we're gonna talk, we generally talk right before we go on. Bob hangs out near where I do. We have the guitar corner. Everybody else has got their little quadrant. This has evolved over the years. It's sheltered just enough so that if we have to talk about what we're going to play or something like that, it's easy to do that. Usually, on the first set anyway, Weir and I try to remember which of us went first last show, so it's that ongoing

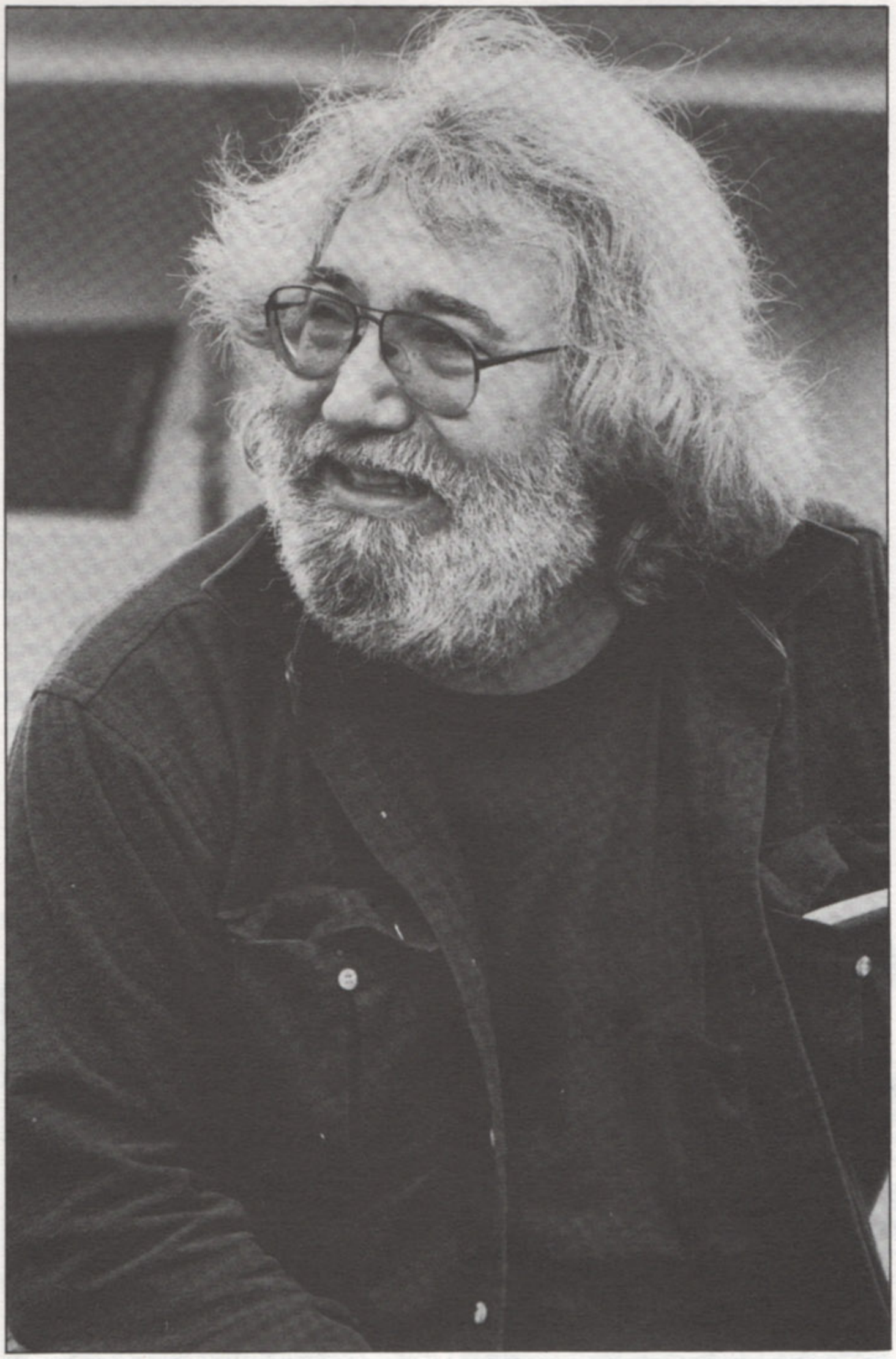


Photo: Jay Blakesberg

thing. Eventually I hope we can dispense with some of the regular things about our show that have gotten to be so predictable. I don't know whether that'll ever happen or not. It would probably mean us being able to take a long time off.

Why?

Because there's a lot of special material we'd have to learn. It used to be we had material that went in more directions, but the nature of difficult material is that it's easy to forget. So the things we used to have, which were difficult little passages and changes — like we used to have a jam at the end of "Eyes of the World" that featured some interesting dynamics and tonal things.

"Help on the Way" is another example.

Right. "Help on the Way" has a little complicated riff in there.

Yet you played it great when you brought it back from '83 to '85.

Yeah, we'll rehearse it again. It just means we have to rehearse once in a while. But the Grateful Dead doesn't like to rehearse. Ideally, before each tour we'd go in and rehearse for a week or something like that, but sometimes that's hard to do. Everybody's got their own stuff that they're working on and we don't always get around to it. We're lazy, like everybody else.

If we don't do this quickly, by doing a radical change, it'll happen eventually and gradually change, just like the material gradually changes.

So the next thing is we go out onstage. It's time to start. Now you're out in the thing of your individual instrument. So now it's, "Does all my stuff work?" I go though all my effects and see if they're working, and if they're not I scream at Steve. [Laughs] I like for things to be predictable as far as the behavior of my guitar is concerned. I'm basically really conservative. So that's the first thing I do: Is my guitar in tune? Does everything about it work the way it's supposed to? If there's something wrong in there, sometimes I don't get past that, you know what I mean? I don't get out of that place. It's like a board game: DO NOT PASS EFFECTS! [Laughs] 'Cause if that stuff doesn't work I feel stymied.

OK, once you get to the point where the effects and everything else are working, then it's a matter of how everything else sounds to me. Where I am, I have individual control over a monitor from Brent, so I can turn Brent to whatever level is audible to me and properly in balance. I'm close enough to the drums that I can hear them acoustically. Bob's right next to me, of course. I don't usually have a problem hearing him, but sometimes I do. And Phil is one of those things where I sort of have to build the whole band on how I hear Phil. My relationship has a lot to do with the way Phil and the drums sound to me, so this is subjective. Everyone in the band has similar problem-solving things they have to deal with.

Then there are the vocals, of course. If the vocals are not right for the first song, that usually throws me for three or four songs, because then what I intended to do and what really happened are two different things. I'm caught in this weird conflict and it takes me a while to recover.

About halfway through the first set, if everything is going smoothly, it's really like, "Oh! OK, let's play some music!" Now I can hear everybody and it starts to be coherent. If not, it's going to be one of those nights — a bad night, a tough night. We can't hear very well, Phil is pissed off because his stuff doesn't work right — that kind of stuff. You're at the next level, which is if anyone is hung up in their world, that's as far as you can go — *their* hang-up.

Are the musical relationships re-established quickly when you start playing? Do you instantly become the Grateful

Dead again?

No, it's a process of rediscovery each time.

Sometimes, though, it seems like it's there from the first note.

That's when everybody feels right and everything sounds great.

Sometimes I'm not able to judge that. That's often a level of judgment I have to disqualify myself on. The nights I like are usually the nights everyone else thinks are boring. So, for me, the thing of playing is tactile and visceral. It has this element that fits into singing, the way it feels. And the way I like it to feel is *effortless*. It's like the times when you remember every joke anybody ever told you, and you're in a conversation and you're hot. [Laughs] It's something like that but more open-ended, obviously, because it's not tied to language or goals. But it has that thing of instant access. You can remember everything. It stops being memory at that point and starts being something else. It starts being synthesis. You're actually inventing, based on everything you know about music, about the guitar, about the Grateful Dead, about the song itself. Each of those things are hierarchies for me. Like I said, I'm really conservative.

'The nights I like are usually the nights everyone else thinks are boring'

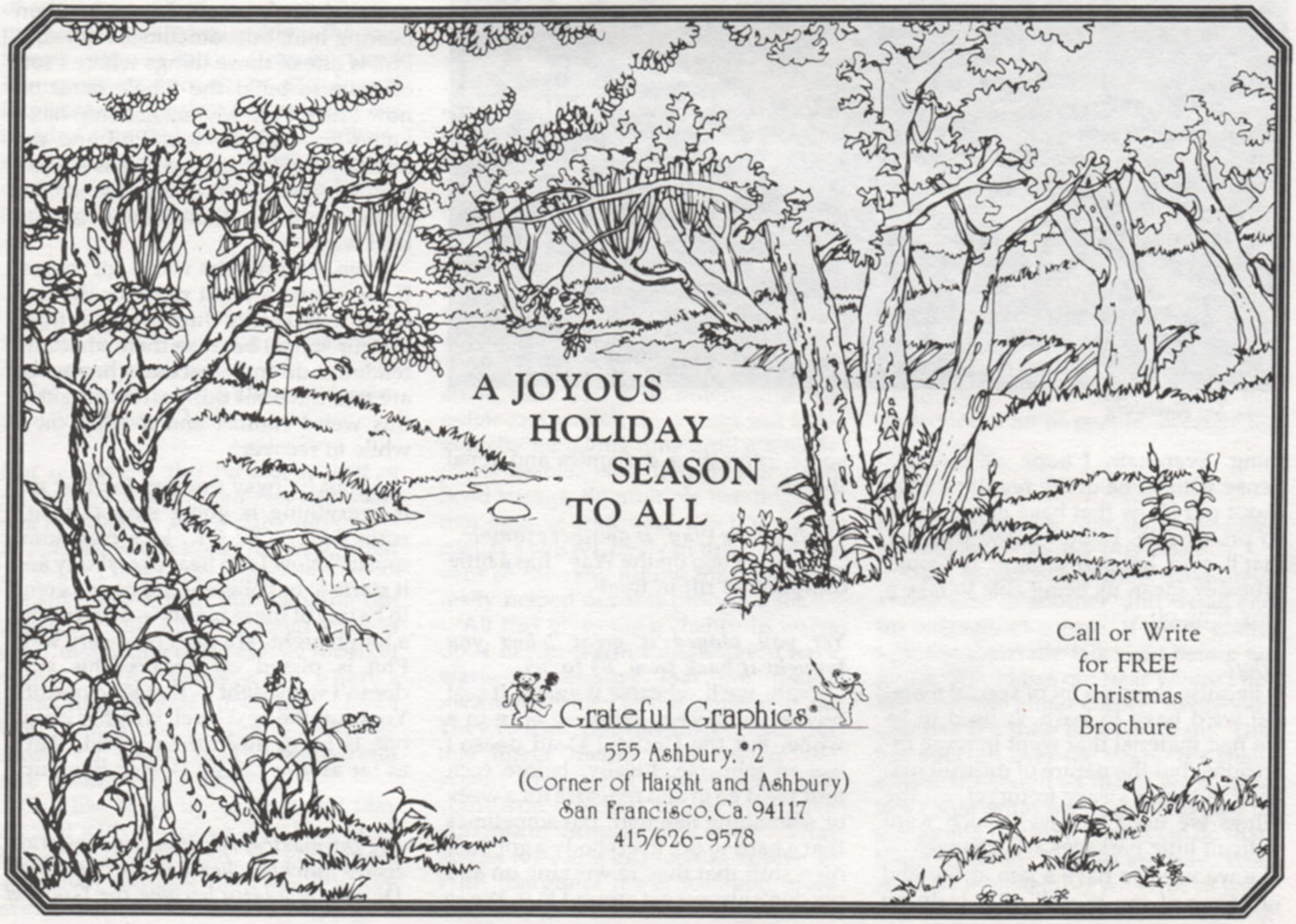
That means for me the song has the same importance as the band. Each one of these things has its own importance, and when they're all lined up just right, then I feel like this is really happening. That's when it seems effortless. Like I say, though, these are the nights that most people find dull or predictable.

But that's because people don't hear me the way I hear myself. For me it's the details that count. It's not the big notes that count, it's the little ones. For me, it's the stuff that I play behind when someone else is singing. It's the way a phrase ends, whether it's graceful — whether it comes in for a landing. The stuff in between is always up for grabs, so I don't ever judge it. But I do judge how I come out of a near miss. It has to do with grace.

Sometimes you'll come out of a solo and you almost have to chase the notes to catch up.

Right. Sometimes. There's a lot of room for me in the Grateful Dead, so I can go in just about any direction I can dream of, including things that throw everybody else completely off. [Laughs] It just depends on how I feel. So I'm not hung up on how I can move out, but I am concerned with how nice the landing is. To come back on the "one" and make sense to everyone musically — in the moment — is a trick. It's one of those things of being able to play into everybody's expectations, but if the whole band is on they'll hear it in two beats, three beats. I don't have to play like, "I'm circling to land" and it goes on for eight or nine bars. Sometimes it's "Coming in, you guys!" [Laughs]

As you go through a first set, to what degree are your song choices affected by what Weir has just played?



Only in that if he's just played a blues I try not to do one. If he does a song in E, I try not to do a tune in E. In other words, you don't want tunes in the same key after each other if you can avoid it. You try to make it so they're a different feeling. So if he does a slow shuffle in E, I'm not going to follow him with a slow shuffle in E.

Sometimes, though, you think of two or three songs as being sort of thematic, or they build on each other.

I've seen "Masterpiece" and "Bird Song" paired frequently and wondered if there's some connection.

No reason. It's random. I don't even have a song list, which is real stupid. It'd be real helpful for me because I just forget. If I was just a little bit more organized I'd have a printed copy of the songs we do on top of my amplifier so I could look at it. Sometimes Weir does, and sometimes he doesn't. We tend to be habitual. In other words, if there's a formula that works or worked one time, we tend to repeat it and do it to death. It depends on how many shows you go to — you start to think, "These guys sure love this transition. They're doing it *all* the fucking time!"

It used to be that a lot of what we were doing was going from one song into a wholly different kind of song where the transition itself would be a piece of music. Lately it's much less that. It's more that we're able to come up with transitions that are very graceful in a real short amount of time, because we've tried almost everything by now, in terms of going from one kind of thing into another. It's not that the transitional music doesn't exist anymore. It's just that we've worn the pathways.

I think it takes some of the spontaneity out of it if I can guess pretty easily that you're going to go from "I Need a Miracle" into "Dear Mr. Fantasy," for example.

But eventually you know all the music you have, you know what I mean? So even though we have 150 tunes, or 140, or 90, or whatever it is, we know those songs well enough to know the places between them — all the hypothetical places between them — because if we haven't gone from one song to another specifically, we've gone from one *like it* to a song like it. In that sense you start to know what you've got to the extent that there aren't many surprises left. So that's why you have to come up with new material or create new spaces out of which to build new things.

As a player, what is it that makes some of the modules work for you? Like "Goin' Down the Road ➧ Miracle ➧ Mr. Fantasy" is one you've done a lot recently.

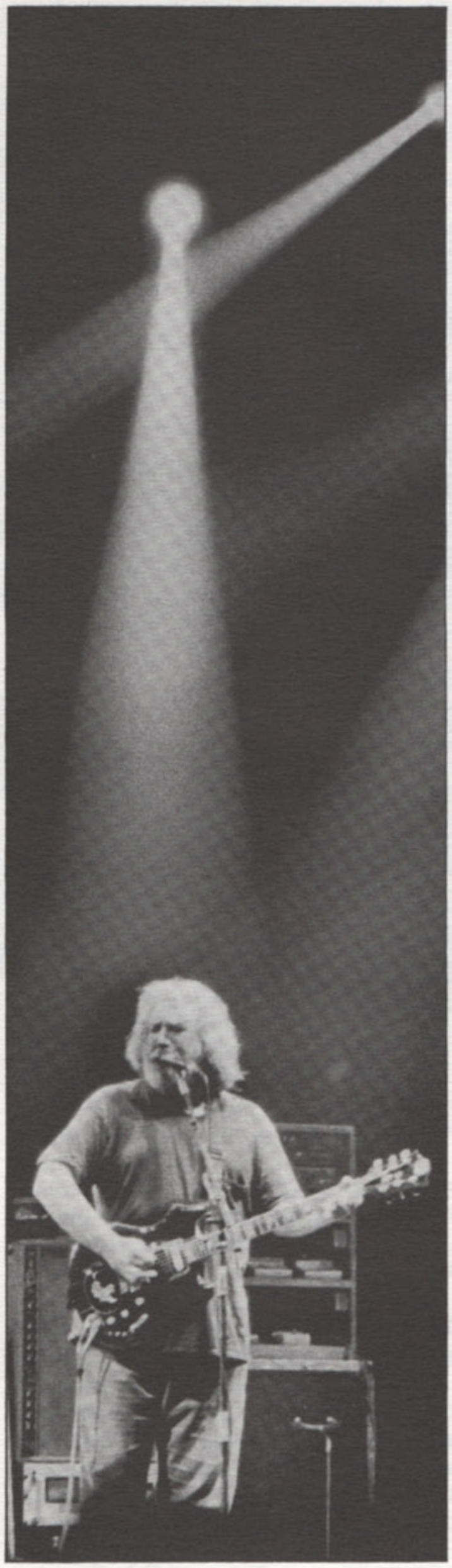


Photo: Eric Sabroff

Those work because of graceful key relationships. Those work well because we *picked* them to work well. To me, the interesting ones are the ones that have a lot of interim playing opportunities, like "Estimated Prophet" into "Eyes of the World" — even though that's one we do a lot. They have an interesting key relationship to each other. You can play an E-major seventh scale against the leading F-sharp minor in "Estimated Prophet" without changing a note. So it's the same intervals exactly; it's just in different places on the scale. That makes it so you can play through a lot of places. And while we're making that transition we go from, like, B-minor to C-sharp seventh, to a little E-minor, a little C-major. There are all these possible changes, so that by just changing one or two intervals, all of a sudden they'll work, but sometimes we have to discuss them because they're not all that obvious. It's not obvious what the leading tones are. Also, the rhythmic relationship is very "off." So I can find a pulse in there that'll be just a perfect tempo for "Eyes of the World" regardless of what tempo "Estimated Prophet" was at, and that makes it interesting for me 'cause it's wide open.

Bob tends to not design much in bridging material.

I was going to ask whether you feel that's your primary responsibility as the lead player.

No, it's just that when I choose to go from one song to another, I like a segue, I like the doorways. Bob doesn't seem to care about them one way or another. A lot of times we'll discuss an idea before the second set, like Weir will say, "Let's do 'Playin' in the Band' into 'Uncle John's Band' into something, something." "OK, sounds good." And more often than not they tend to chop off, they tend to splice into each other.

You mean if you discuss the sequence in advance the transitions are truncated because the endings are foreseen?

Not necessarily, but if it's a Bob segue — if it's his design — he tends to like them to be like that. We've never really discussed it, but generally speaking I prefer the doorways and he prefers the splices. It just seems to work out that way.

Even so, what we need is a couple of new pieces of open material.

That's what I hear Deadheads saying, too.

But it's not that simple. It can't be anything like any of the stuff we've already got. We've already kind of used up what we've got. I mean when we stopped doing "St. Stephen" we *stopped doing it* — we used it up. We *played* it.

What makes something "used up"?

When we don't have any more ideas. When we do it and we have nothing new to say.

I guess that would probably be based on some sort of musical judgment most regular fans can't perceive. What makes a song like "Stella Blue" limitlessly interesting to play and "St. Stephen" not?

It's a better song. It's a more graceful song. "St. Stephen" has some real goofy shit in it. [Laughs] It's got little idiosyncrasies and verses that are different from each other, and if you don't remember every bit of it...It's a piece of material that is unnecessarily difficult. It's been made tricky. It's got a bridge in the middle that doesn't really fit in. It's interesting and remains interesting historically because it has a couple of things that work *real* good. But finally, the stuff that doesn't work overpowers the stuff that does work, and the reason it does is just the thing of memory: "Let's see, what verse is this?" They're not interchangeable; you have to do them in order. So in that sense, a song like "St. Stephen" is a cop. It's our musical policeman: if we don't do it the way it wants to go it doesn't work at all. That means it's inflexible. When you get good enough at those kind of pieces, people think, "Wow, that's really far out and open," but that's an illusion. It's just *written* complicated, which is something you can always do. What we need is material that is authentically open.

"Dark Star" was successful because it was wide open. "The Eleven" was successful because it had a great groove.

It is a groove.

That's right, but you're really stuck in that chord pattern. It wasn't until you break out of the chord pattern... We used to go into E-minor out of that A-D-E thing, which is like "La Bamba." "The Eleven" is like "La Bamba." It really is.

Well there's a new segue right there!

[Laughs] No...well, it could be except that "La Bamba" is a trap too, just like "The Eleven" is, because you're trapped harmonically in this very fast-moving little chord pattern which is tough to play through. It's tough to play gracefully through except for the most obvious shit, which is what I did on "The Eleven." When we went into the E-minor, *then* it started to get weird. We used to do these revolving patterns against each other where we would play 11 against 33. So one part of the band was playing a big thing that revolved in 33 beats, or 66 beats, and the other part of the band would be tying into that 11 figure. That's what made those things sound like, "Whoa — what the hell is going on?!" [Laughs] It was thrilling. But we used to *rehearse* a lot to get that effect. It sounded like chaos, but it was in reality hard rehearsal.

So the thing is, we need the stuff that lets us play at that edge of chaos, but doesn't require rehearsal, dig? [He chuckles.] 'Cause we don't have the energy to rehearse like that. Then, we used to rehearse seven, eight hours a day — when we were youngsters. We needed to have our chops up because we were still all learning our instruments.

The next level of development was when we went to *Blues for Allah*. There,



Garcia at the Cafe A Go Go, 1967. Photo: Ken Greenberg

we came up with some very interesting, *other*, alternate ways to invent openness that would be developmental, as well.

Yet those songs were highly constructed, weren't they?

They were up to a certain point. Like I had this one idea that we actually did at the end of "Blues for Allah," the song. The original structural point of that "desert jam" there was that we could either play a single note or an interval of a fifth. You could play them for as long as you wanted to, but any time you heard a four-note chord vertically — see, the bass would be playing one note, Weir would be playing one note, then me and Keith — you could move your note so you'd change the harmonic structure of that chord. Nobody could hold a note more than two bars, or less than a whole note, so that would guarantee the harmonic shifting. It didn't quite work the way I wanted it to, but we did try it in some live jams and sometimes it worked.

My idea was to try to keep that going and then have it go faster and faster, or slower and slower, and have the instruments play off the harmonies they would perceive at any given moment. So if Keith heard an E-minor seventh, we could play that until it disappeared. "Here's an E-minor seventh. I'll turn it into an F." It was almost a successful way to introduce the concept of almost no rules.

We still do this some. Mostly, Bob and I do it in the space jams now. With just the two of us it's easier to hear the harmonic content. Now Phil's been joining us lately.

When you hear your playing, say, from '69 —

It's embarrassing to me!

No! Really? Why?

I studied all that stuff to improve what I found embarrassing about my own playing. To me it's the thing of not being in tune a lot of the time.

We called it "endearing" in those days.

Yeah, it might be endearing, but I *meant* to be in tune. [Laughs] I hear what I meant, as opposed to what I actually played. Since then I've been able to pull the two things closer together and it's not as embarrassing for me to listen to myself now. But in ten years it probably will be.

Has Weir's MIDI guitar setup affected how you relate to him musically? And Phil's got one, too, right?

Yeah, Phil's got one now. I'll probably go to one, too, sometime in the future, but not real quick. They're still slow to me. They don't keep up with my playing.

You mean the triggering isn't fast enough?

They're slow. And they're something less than articulate, too, and that's a lot of what my playing is about.

A few of your first-set songs — "Ramble On Rose," "When Push Comes to Shove," "Tennessee Jed" — seem linked somehow rhythmically. They're unlike any style I know of, and I'm curious to learn what their antecedents might be. Where in American music is that stuff coming from?

I haven't the slightest idea. It comes from *all* of American music, I guess. I don't know. They just come out of my mind. I don't know quite where I get them. Sometimes I think, "Yeah, this is kind of like a record I once heard somewhere," but I never find 'em. [Laughs] The rhythms come from my background in rhythm & blues music more than anything else. But they also



This look familiar? Garcia at Winterland, 1978. Photo: Richard McCaffrey

come from a kind of rhythmically hip country & western style — like Jerry Reed and people like that. Memphis more than Nashville. Some of the old California country & western stuff — old Buck Owens — had some nifty rhythmic ideas in it, as opposed to the old 4/4 stuff, just plunking away. "Tennessee Jed" is a cop from that world, although not consciously and not from any specific tune. Just the feel.

Over the course of a set, are you consciously trying to explore a lot of different musical areas?

I like to think I can do that, but I've gotten to the point where I think I need a lot of new tunes. The long-lived ones — I've gotten to the point where I've done them too many times and I either have to get away from them for a while, or retire them and bring in some new ones, or I have to write a whole passel of new ones. I'd probably do that if I wasn't such a *lazy* fuck! [Laughs]

What do you do during the break?

Nothing. I sit onstage and hope it'll get better. I don't really do anything. What the break is for is really just to rest. Playing Grateful Dead music is not easy. It can be really hard. It's *physically* hard. We all need a rest. It used to be we could play all night long, but it's just not that way anymore. That's really time showing its... It's grim death gargling at you from every corner! [Laughs]

Do you ever discuss what's gone on in the previous set at the break?

Nah. What's the point? It's over. We never discuss the previous *anything*. We're not likely to do that set again, so what could we learn from discussing it? More often, if something bad happens or something everybody hates, we tend to all blame ourselves. And unless it's something like Weir getting totally upset at the drummers or me getting upset with Phil or any of those kind of things where you think somebody is fucking up *on purpose*, that's just our normal shit. But I can't remember the last time we even fought about anything. We don't *do* it to each other, you know what I mean? It's hard enough just to go out there every night. If we started bashing each other about things we imagine...

What happens more often is somebody'll say, "Hey man, that was really good," and you say, "Oh shit, it was horrible." Although the way it tends to be is either we *all* get off or we all *don't* get off. It's rare that one or two of us gets off like crazy and the rest of us hate it. If it's really good, we all usually feel good about it. And that has to do usually with the big picture — if the room sounds really good, whether it's a clear place we're playing in, and all that other stuff.

This last show we played at Shoreline, I felt like I'm just getting to where I'm playing just about as well as I was before my coma. That is to say, having access to everything I know about playing. I'm getting to that point where physically it's as comfortable. It's a special thing — and I can't really explain it — of feeling *there*. Before that, I've been trying to come back, which is incremental and tiny and probably only perceptible to me. So now that I'm back to where I was, I'm looking to improve from here.

But I'm also going through changes where I'm trying out other kinds of gear and I'm trying new pickups and stuff. I'm sort of dissatisfied with my sound right now. I'm not exactly sure why. It's some little thing.

You've said that you can point notes in certain directions indoors. What happens outdoors?

You don't get that outdoors. For one thing, you don't get the reflections —

the reflective walls. You don't hear it the same way. Outdoors is like a non-acoustic environment. There are no acoustics outdoors. That makes the experience a lot different. The low end is clearer because there aren't any huge low-end waves back and forth. Everything is drier sounding because you don't have the secondary and tertiary reflections going on. That's the big difference.

Do you have a preference between day and night shows?

I prefer night shows.

Because you don't want to see the audience? Hmmm, I don't mean that negatively.

No, I *like* to see the audience. I like day shows for that part of it, but I like the night. I like the lights.

Do you think it changes the music significantly?

Not really. Maybe a little. I don't know.

Well, is it easier to play trippy music if you're bathed in purple and green light than if you're out in the blazing sun with the people in the front row in your face?

[Laughs] You know, I don't notice it that much. For me, if I want to get to a place where it's just music, I close my eyes, whether it's outdoors or nighttime or whatever. Sometimes visual stuff is distracting, but then you have the option of closing your eyes and tuning it out. For me, that's not much of a problem.

Really, each show is different. Sometimes I have a terrible time during a daytime show and sometimes I have trouble at night. It's really hard to generalize about it. Same with indoor and outdoor. Those things used to matter more than they do now.

I'd think the range would make it interesting.

It does. I see it more that way now. It used to be that each little change would represent more of a stumbling block. But now it's gotten to where that's no longer the case so much. Either my attitude has changed slightly or I'm ready to accept that things are different in each sort of place. It's one of those things I don't think about much.

For me, playing tends to be right in *here.* [He fingers the air in front of his eyes.] It's like unraveling a whole bunch of little knots; it has that kind of quality to it. And then it jumps from that to the last row of the place. 'Cause once you get the knots untied, it's like, "Oh, too much! Now let's see what's going on!" Then your attention takes in everything else. But if you don't get the knots untied, you never get above that level. It's weird how that is. Some shows I never get past the knots. I spend the whole night trying to untie them, and my consciousness never breaks through to the first person out there.

Are there nights when you feel more like a singer than a guitarist?

Yeah, and that's something very recent, too. It's only in the last couple of years that I've started to feel like a singer at all.

Why is that?

I'm *not* a singer. It's as simple as that. [Laughs]

'It's only in the last couple of years that I've started to feel like a singer at all'

OK, then why do you feel like one now?

I think I'm starting to *get* to be a singer. I'm learning it. I think it has to do with a feeling of emotional reality when I sing a song: Does it work for me emotionally? At its best, it's like standing there listening to somebody else sing; it's what I want to hear the song do when I hear somebody else sing it. That's the closest I can come to describing it. Again, it's one of those subjective things. I don't quite know what to say what it's like, because it's not like anything else. Singing is — you go out there and open your mouth and you try to hit the notes and you try to express something about the lyric. Sometimes for me it's also another thing, an X factor. It's *evocative;* it's what the song evokes. It's the context, somehow, of the song. But sometimes it doesn't have anything to do with reality. Sometimes it doesn't even have anything to do with the text. Sometimes it just has to do with something in my head, some little thing about the way the chords work and the way the melody fits in — something graceful about the song that speaks to me. And it speaks to me emotionally. I don't have the language to say what it is — it's not a technical thing.

A lot of singing is technical. And I've definitely been getting more range.

You've been hitting notes in "Morning Dew" I've never heard you even attempt.

Yeah, the more I do it, the better I get, too. It's a race between cigarettes and improvement. [Laughs] If I could stop smoking I could probably bust through another four or five notes up on top!

But the point is, developing as a singer and learning how to sing is an ongoing process. But I don't know whether any of this means anything to anybody but me. I guess the way you would notice it out there [in the audience] is that my singing is more consistent, which is what I'm hoping for.

Sometimes if I can hear just right... like Shoreline is the best-sounding place we've played in quite a while. It has a great lower dynamic and a great upper dynamic, and the in-between is very smooth. It doesn't have bulges in it; it's very smooth. And so that helps that thing of being able to sing softly and articulately so you can close every line or every note really nicely. The sound of your voice, the tone of it, was something I could really get into there. But that's rarely the case that I can hear my voice well enough to be able to do that, except during acoustic shows. And at acoustic shows I'm almost *afraid* of my voice it's so big, and I still haven't learned to control it the way I'd like to. Also, the material is different; it's less openly emotional than Grateful Dead stuff is.

When you sing a song, to what degree do you feel you inhabit the characters in the song?

I don't feel like I'm inhabiting the characters, but I do feel like I'm inhabiting their *world.* I don't really very often relate to the characters in the song. I don't feel like, "OK, now this is *me* singing this song." Occasionally Hunter writes me an autobiographical song, like "Mission in the Rain," which is a song that might be *about* me.

In what regard?

It's my life. It's like a little piece of my life. Hunter writes *me* once in a while. So when he does that, sometimes I feel like I can wear the song. But actually I relate better to Dylan songs more often than not. Sometimes I feel like I'm right *in* those songs. I mean, that is to say, that it's *me* speaking.

What spaces does he hit that Hunter

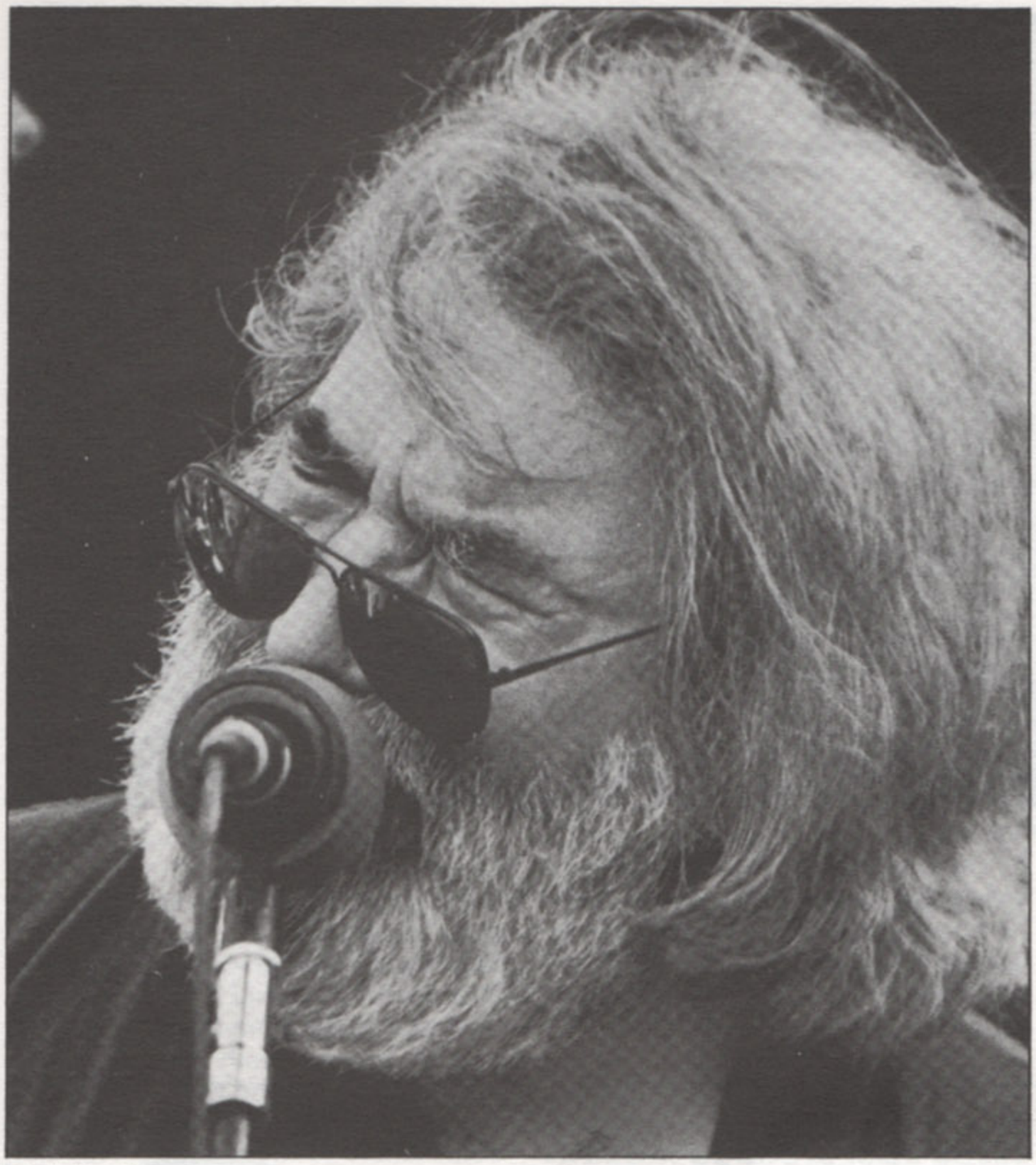


Photo: Ron Delany

doesn't?

I couldn't tell you precisely. You know that song called "Going, Going, Gone" on *Planet Waves*? And "Tough Mama," also on *Planet Waves*? Those are songs that I wear really well. When I sing them I feel like I might as well have written them. I relate to them that well. That rarely happens to me with Hunter's songs, but something *else* happens to me with Hunter's songs that I think is more special. And that's the thing of them coming from *a world* — some kind of mythos or alternate universe that's got a lot of interesting stuff in it. And I feel like I'm in that world and of it somehow; or at least I know it when I see it, and I feel like I have something to say about it and I'm participating in it, but in a different sort of way. It's participating in the mythos.

Does it change for you from night to night? In a song like "Wharf Rat," for example, there are nights when the line, "I'll get a new start, live the life I should," sounds ironic, and other nights it sounds downright serious.

Yeah. It depends on how good the song is. If the song is good enough, it has that ambiguous quality to it. Like sometimes I sing that song "Loser" and it's a self-congratulatory asshole. Sometimes it's an idiot. The lyrics have the guy an idiot, but the idiot's version of himself is, "Hey, I'm great!" I can ride that either way and there's lots of shading in between where it's both those things at the same time. I love it when a song is ambiguous like that.

Hunter is able to write that into just about everything — he's able to leave just enough *out*, so that you're not really sure whose side you're on, if it's a matter of taking sides. In "Wharf Rat" you don't know if you're the guy who's hearing the story or the guy who's telling it. It really doesn't matter in the long run.

He really likes to throw around the perspective, like in "Terrapin," where it switches back and forth from the story to the storyteller.

I encourage that, too. He actually writes more clearly than I let him. I mean he'll explain things if I let him. Like if you've ever heard his version of "Terrapin," he closes the door on the whole story; he brings it all the way back. I don't let him do that. He knows I like it [ambiguous] so he tends to juice that part of it up on the versions we do together. We're manipulating there, but only insofar as we're not being precise when precision is *not* what's called for.

Songs are poetry, I guess, but it's how a song works that's most important, and that's not always a function of what the content is, but the whole thing — the texture of it, the sound of it, the way it trips off the tongue, all that stuff. Sometimes it doesn't have to mean anything and it can still evoke a great *something*.

Are there songs that have been hard for you to get a hold of?

Oh yeah, are you kidding?! There are all these songs that I feel like I'm *almost* on to it, but I don't have it.

That's how I feel about "Fire on the Mountain." I feel like I still don't quite get it, lyrically.

Yep, some of them are definitely that way. But that doesn't stop me from trying 'em.

So in other words you go through that same process.

Sure. Of course. It wouldn't be fun otherwise. That's part of *my* fun. [Laughs] If everything was black and white and written in stone it wouldn't be that interesting to me. Who needs it?

Have you found that how you feel about different songs changes through the years?

They evolve. Sometimes it takes the longest time before a song even really hits me.

What's an example?

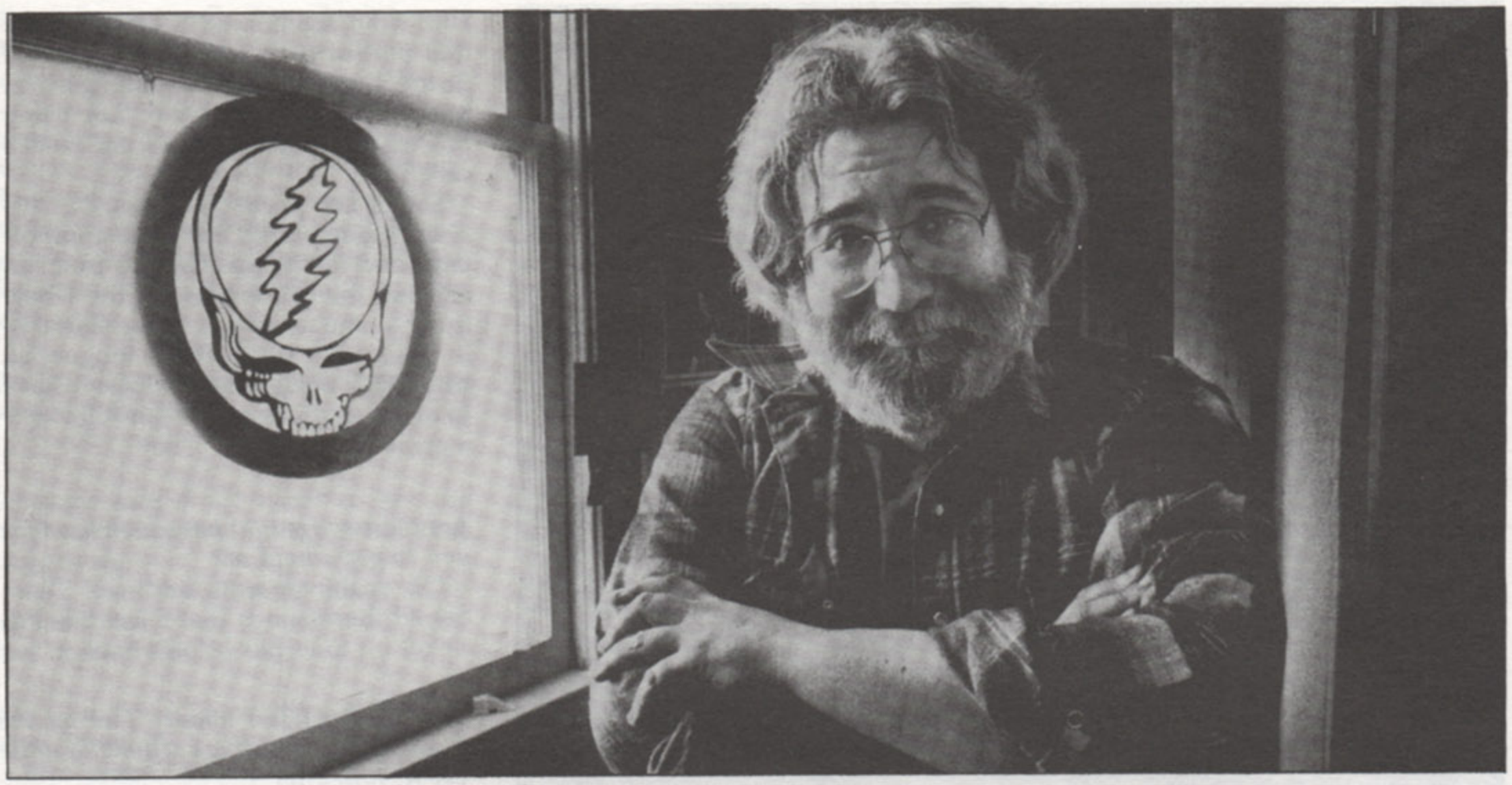
Let's see. Let me think of a song I sang for a long time before I even realized what it meant. [Long pause] Let's see. It doesn't happen that often, but I remember it happened once and it surprised the shit out of me! [Long pause] Gee, I can't remember now. Maybe it's something I don't do anymore.

But it does happen, where I don't pay that much attention to the text of the song. I learn them by rote and sometimes I don't notice what they mean, but I like the sound of them and how the words fall together.

Maybe [it was] something around the time I was working on my first solo record — "Attics of My Life" or something like that.

Great song.

It *is* a great song. I want to bring that song back.



December '85. Photo: Michael Maloney/SF Chronicle

You've finally got the vocal blend for it.

Yeah, we could do it.

Speaking of your first solo record, you once started to tell me the story of how you wrote "The Wheel," but you were interrupted.

Actually it was just one time through on the piano. I was playing the piano and I didn't even know what I was doing. Now the way I approached that side of the album [side two] is that I sat down at the piano — which I *don't* play — and Billy sat down at the drums, which he *does* play. So at least one of us knew what he was doing. [Laughs] And I just played. When I'd get an idea, I'd elaborate on it and then go back and overdub stuff on it. But that side was really almost all one continuous performance, pretty much. When a song would come up in there, or just a progression, we'd play with it and I'd work it through a few more times. And "The Wheel" came out of that. It wasn't written, I didn't have anything in mind, I hadn't sketched it out or anything.

That's interesting, because I've always felt that the opening sounds like we're entering a song that's already in progress.

Yeah, well, in a way it almost *is* like that.

So then, after that, Hunter came in and wrote the lyrics.

I'm consistently amazed at how much wisdom there is in Hunter's writing; that he could turn out the stuff he did at 25 or 30 and have it seem so eternal.

Well, you don't have to be old to be wise. I always thought he was pretty wise. That's the reason I got together with him in the first place.

Do you find that the two of you are aging in similar ways, in the sense that what he wants to write are still things you want to sing?

Yeah. He just wrote a bunch of new lyrics for me for the Garcia Band that are not for the Grateful Dead. So he's making the distinction between me and the Grateful Dead, which I sort of like. I basically feel that a good song is a good song no matter where you put it, but he tends to think that there are Grateful Dead songs, me songs, him songs. It's useful for him to think that way. I feel like I'll take 'em wherever I can get 'em.

I want to do things that are more personal, because I feel that the personal expression stuff allows you to have even subtler layers of ambiguity. This is things that are about personal events in your life, or *one's* life, or *a* life. They're smaller, so they don't address a huge audience. They address one other person maybe. I feel a desire to do something like that. In the same sense that Brent's lullaby ["I Will Take You Home"] is like speaking to one person. That makes for a very moving experience sometimes. So that's an interesting direction.

Are any of the new Dead songs indicative of that — "Built to Last," "Foolish Heart"?

No, the new Grateful Dead songs are really a continuation of the last thrust, the "Touch of Grey" idea. In fact, I've had a little trouble with...You know, Hunter doesn't mind addressing a big idea in a song. Sometimes for me it's like, "Can you really tell somebody something about life with any kind of integrity?" I have difficulty with that sometimes. Hunter says, "No, no. Sure you can! It's OK! This is good advice!" [Laughs] I say, "OK, I'm gonna trust you, man. If you think it's good advice I'll *sing* it as though it were good advice — "

And then you get in it and you're not so sure?

Well, yeah. I'm not so sure. So then I sing it like maybe it's *not* such good advice. [Laughs]

Sabotage his intentions!

Not really, because it's not his intention to preach to the world. He wants to see the song work. I want to see it work, too, but I want it to work on lots of levels. I don't care if it succeeds in a face-value sort of way. It's more important to me that the song survives. Because for me, the songs that are useful are the ones that I can sing over and over and over again. So a song that I can wear out fast is not a good song for me. It has to have longevity.

When I talk about that thing of finding out what's in the song, I must've sung "Stella Blue" for three or four years before I started to really come out of it. Because originally I was taken with the construction of it, which is extremely clever, if I do say so myself. I was proud of it as a composer

— "Hey this is a slick song! This sucker has a very slippery harmonic thing that works nicely." That's what I liked about it. It wasn't until later that I started to find other stuff in there. That's a good example of a song I sang before I understood it. I understood some sense of what the lyrics were about, but I didn't get into the pathos of it. It has a sort of brittle pathos in it that I didn't get until I'd been singing it for a while.

How do you feel out a new song? For instance, what is happening to "Foolish Heart" now that you've played it a dozen times live? What sort of processes are taking place in its evolution at this early stage?

It's one of those things, like trying on new clothes — "Oh shit, this doesn't quite fit!" If I'm being bright about it, I'll say something to the guys in the band — "Hey, in this part everybody's gotta play a little quieter." It'll start to develop what it needs.

It starts out, here are the chords, here are the words, here's the melody — *nominally*. Let's just play the sucker and see what happens. Then I'll figure out, "Well, obviously during this part it needs to build." Then some parts are not so obvious — "This part could build, or not. It could just hang there and go along and then take a quick drop in dynamics, or start up again." The sculpting of it, technically, is an evolutionary process.

'We need stuff that lets us play on the edge of chaos, but doesn't require rehearsal, dig?'

But then there's another process that I find as a singer. I'll start to find alternate deliveries of lines. Sometimes I'll add a few notes to a line. It depends on how tightly constructed a song is. Like "Built to Last" has no air in it so far. It's real new and I'm still grappling with the lyrics. There are a lot of lyrics and I'm still trying to get them so I can spit 'em out. But "Foolish Heart" has a lot of air in it, so it has a lot of room for expression. I think "Built to Last" is going to be a powerful song when it gets going. It's just that it's still very new and the nature of the song is that it's going to take a little longer to wear it into something. In a way, though, it may be the more powerful song.

But you don't know. Like when we were rehearsing "Believe It or Not" it was like [he shrugs] "Eh. Big deal." But when we performed it the first time it had an amazing reception. It was an amazingly emotional moment. I had no idea that song would have that kind of effect; on me even. So now it's got its own place that it may go to, and I have no idea where that's going to be.

I was interested to see it turned up in the first set in Dallas. With "Black Muddy River," you moved it around a bit and then it became fixed as an encore. Is that because it didn't fit in, somehow, with the flow of a regular set?

No. "Black Muddy River" will eventually find its way to the first set, or some place like that. But with some tunes, there's really nothing to say after that song. After you've said this,



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there's really no place to go. Certain songs have that finality about them. But of course sometimes you can take that kind of song and change it entirely just by putting it in a place where it doesn't... become the parentheses.

Do you view the "Black Peter"/"Stella Blue" slot, as I call it, as your last statement in the show, knowing that Bob will probably close the show with a rocker of some sort?

Pretty much, though I don't think of it as *my* statement. I think of it as *a* statement. I think of it as a place where the energy goes down — *whooosh!*

How hard is it to make that shift?

With our audience it's not hard at all. But it's taken a long time to get that. Ideally there's a song in there that's so delicate that it's got a moment in it of pure silence.

We've all seen that in a great "Stella Blue" or "Morning Dew."

Yeah. When you get that you know that's a moment of alignment, and that's always nice. That doesn't come from anything other than the thing of being in an audience where you experience a moment like that. That comes from my having been in audiences before. In a sense it's showmanship, but it's not overt showmanship.

I like for an experience to have a lot of range emotionally. I mean I like to get turned every way but loose.

In a way, you're entering into an agreement with the audience. You're pushing it on your end and seeing what they do with it. Some nights you get that quiet, and some nights somebody's screaming during the quietest parts of "Stella Blue."

Sure. Some nights it's just not happening on that level. Sometimes that's kind of funny.

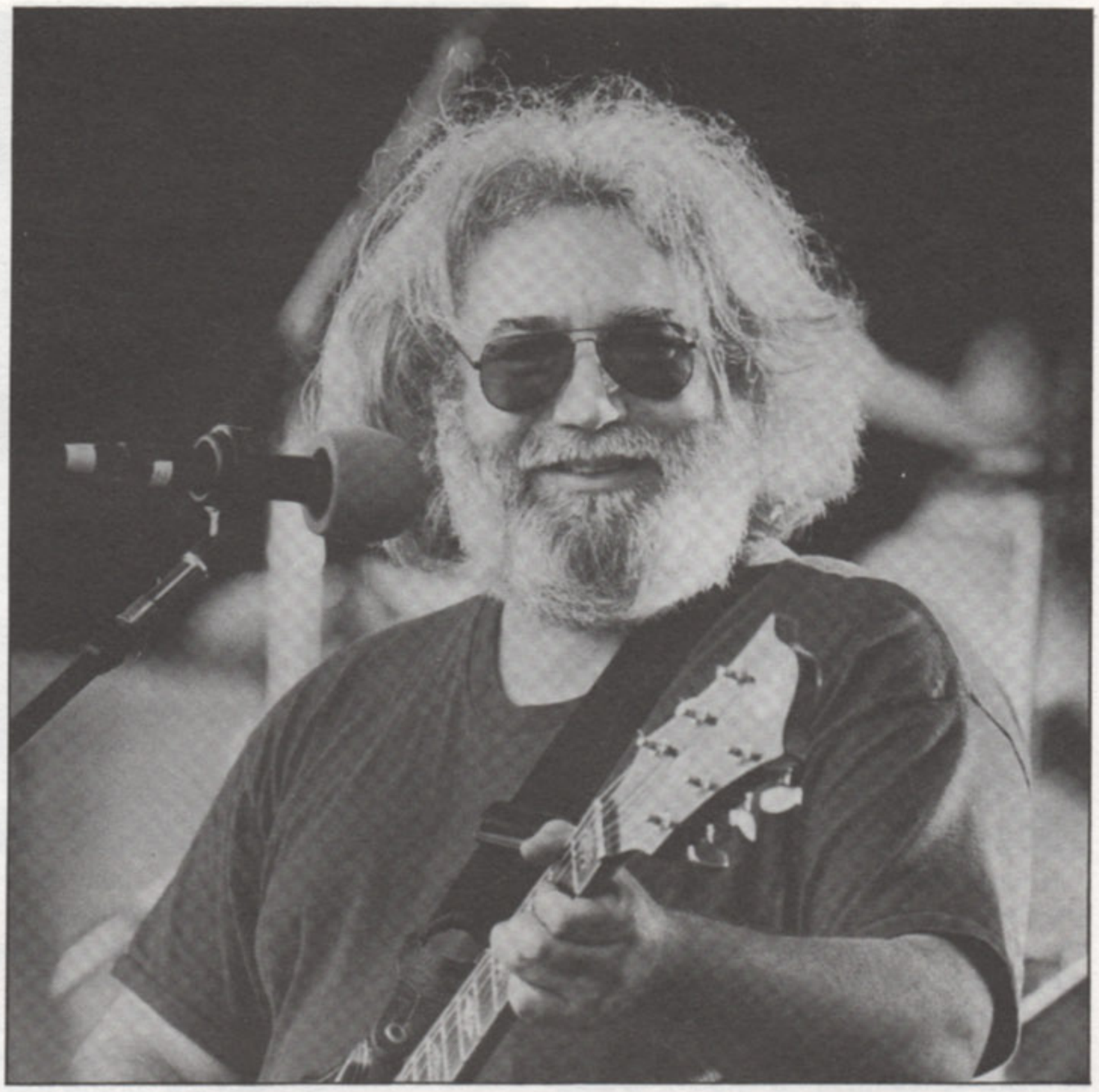
At Madison Square Garden during "To Lay Me Down" the place sounded like a cocktail party.

Right. In New York, it's like Bill Graham used to say — they want the sword fighter, they want the juggler...

In New York they really want you to sock 'em with the rock 'n' roll. I mean they're tough! [Laughs] They're tough, and Madison Square Garden is not exactly the most intimate house in the world.

More often than not, though, you guys seem to rise to the occasion. You play great there.

We do OK. But you know, that was a tough run for us. It was exhausting. The simple truth of the matter is we're not as young as we once were and it's hard to do a long run like that. It's just hard.



Laguna Seca, 1987. Photo: Ron Delany

Even when it doesn't involve traveling?

Being in New York is a sweat. Being in New York robs your energy — there's just no getting around that.

Can you detect it in the audience when you play a place like, say, Dallas, and there are obviously a lot of newcomers? Or is it not that different from your perspective?

It's not that different, but Dallas and Houston both had that thing where the audience sort of doesn't know what to do. Or the audience is not necessarily that involved. Usually there are enough Deadheads that they can swing it their way. But the vibes in Dallas and Houston were both a little strange. New Orleans was neat. That wasn't bad.

Well, that's a city that knows how to party.

In a certain kind of way, yeah. It didn't wear for me as well this time as other times I've been there. But I'm not that much of a party person. In New Orleans what that really means is go out and drink a lot. And if that isn't your idea of a party you're pretty much fucked. [Laughs] There's a lot of music there but not that much *good* music. The whole zydeco/cajun music thing is so marginal, and it leans up against so many other styles of music that allow greater proficiency, that while there are a lot of great players, it seems to me sort of like a one-note thing. It's a one-gesture kind of music, so it's a little flat. Players like the Neville Brothers are rare — they have a definite thing they're going after; a definite sound that's original.

Did the experience of touring with Dylan have much of an impact on you musically? Weir has obviously picked up a lot of his vocal mannerisms.

It didn't change me in any specific way, except that it was enriching. It was fun to do; I really enjoyed it. That's the most I look for in any experience.

The most changing thing I've done lately is that thing with Ornette Coleman. [Garcia is on three cuts of Ornette's *Virgin Beauty* LP]. Now *that* really changed me. The changes are profound, and I might not even get around to them for a couple of years. I realize where it's going to take me, but I know it's going to take me a while to get there. It's along the lines of learning a different way to think. It's a paradigm change. I got the flash and now I have to slowly put together the interior. And things start to mutate ever so slightly

in my playing. It'll be more noticeable in a year, and in two years it'll be more noticeable, and in three years...

— You'll be clearing arenas coast to coast, it'll be so weird.

Right! "What the fuck is he *doing*? [Laughs]

You've often said you like playing backup lines on other singers' songs. What are some of your favorite Weir songs to play?

He's burned me out on a lot of 'em. A lot of them have been fun but they're not that fun anymore.

He's a little low on material right now.

A little skimpy, right. "Saint of Circumstance" is fun to play. "Estimated Prophet" is *really* fun to play; it's very interesting and has a lot of places that are surprising and challenging. "Throwing Stones" is fun. That one's probably more fun for the band than the audience. Same with "Victim or the Crime."

'Psychedelics are still the most important thing that ever happened to me'

That one's pretty controversial so far.

Well, it's a hideous song. It's very angular and unattractive sounding. It's not an accessible song. It doesn't make itself easy to like. It just doesn't sound good, or rather, it sounds strange. And it *is* strange. It has strange steps in it, but that's part of what makes it interesting to play.

Bob's songs sometime don't make musical sense in a direct, traditional way. Sometimes he writes songs that are completely out of the mark and you have to really stretch yourself to find stuff to play in them. But I used to like to play on that tune he used to have — "Lazy Lightning." That was a fun tune to play, but pretty weird. "Black Throated Wind" was a really nice tune to play. "Looks Like Rain" is a nice tune to play.

What keeps "The Other One" so fresh?

It's wide open and it's got a great drive to it; those triplets. It's one of those things that you can still take anywhere. There's no way for it to get old.

Do you feel a historical link with it?

No, for me it's very much *right now*. It's felt that way all along. I don't really relate to the lyrics exactly; I relate to the way it sounds. And it sounds modern.

It seemed to me that you were never that comfortable with "Cryptical Envelopment" when you brought it back in '85.

No, I wasn't. It's just not a very successful song. I find it uncomfortable.

Do you ever get to a point some nights where you're a little ways into a song and you realize it isn't what you want to be playing?

Yeah, that happens a lot. But I always feel like it's my failing, because I have the opportunity to call it, and I could've picked any other song. Sometimes I feel the whole night is a blowout. What would be great for the Grateful Dead is for us to have a run that would guarantee like four nights out of nine over a five-month period. We'd play some place like the Orpheum, in San Francisco, which sounds better than the Warfield. So we'd play there but you'd never know what night it was going to be, so we could blow it out. "Hey, fuck it. I don't feel like playing. Do you?" "Nah." [Laughs]

Because just like any human endeavor, there are times when you should do it and times when you shouldn't. When you're making your decisions of where you're going to play a year in advance, spontaneity doesn't come into it. So no matter what state you're in, you have to play those gigs. And if we don't plan our tours well enough to allow us enough time to kick a mood, get out from a bummer — I mean everyone has bum days — it's pretty rough. Just in the course of human events you hit those nights when it's like, "God, I'd rather be *anywhere* but here right now." Oddly enough, the nights when any of us feel that way, we all feel that way, and then we're going out in weakness. And then that may be the only show we play in that part of the country for five years.

"Sorry, folks! Drive home safely!"

Yeah. [Laughs] Most of these shows we just did in the South were a little bit like that. Not quite us at our blinding best. And you *hope* to do a good show when you play a place you haven't been much, because it always improves the audience. Next time you go back, people are really hot to see you, because word-of-mouth works wonders.

The Midwest is like the East for us now, because we've played there enough and played well. But you have to play well, because you build an audience one member at a time.

Do Bay Area gigs feel different?

In a way. You know, it used to be that San Francisco gigs felt different than the rest of the Bay Area. But now we don't play in San Francisco specifically. So now the Bay Area is much more like, say, California, than the rest of the country. California is characterized by the Deadhead mall, and the loose, relaxed nature of the audience. They're more attentive. Maybe a little passive. While on the East Coast it's *Aaaaaaaaah!!*" [Laughs]

It's getting more homogeneous, though. I think the ground-floor Deadheads are bringing their own version of Deadhead energy to enough shows in enough places that it's affecting it that way. And I think the thing of having the ticketing here might have something to do with that.

I don't know. It's hard enough for me to play music, let alone follow the sociology of the Grateful Dead. There's just too much there. It's nice that there are other people who are concerned about all this stuff. I'm concerned about it, but I don't have the drive to pay that much attention to it. I figure everybody wants me to play, really, so I'm working on that.

Through the years, the changes in the Dead's music have often been a function of changing personnel. The latest incarnation has now been together ten years — longer than any other line-up. What are the advantages of being together a long time?

Consistency is always an advantage. And the more you play together, the better you get at playing together. There's no question about that. So the more time you can spend with the same group of musicians, the better the music is going to be, the more personality it's going to have. The thrust of everybody's musical ambition is to keep getting better at it. My perception of it is that the Grateful Dead is still improving. It may be that age will run us off before we get to where we really *could* go, because of the energy involved.

Every time we do a tour now, the first two nights it's like just getting back to being able to finish a show! [Laughs] *Goddamn!* Even the guys who are really physically conscious, like Weir and Mickey, are exhausted. The nature of what we do is that it's difficult physi-

cally. So time itself is our greatest enemy.

You're a lot more physical onstage now than you were a few years ago. Are you really aware of that? Is it because you're healthier? Is it because you're having more fun?

It's all those things. I'm having a lot more fun.

Why?

Part of it is that I quit drugs. That certainly helped. The drugs that I was taking were escape drugs. It was like a long vacation. It worked good; I mean I got my "vacation."

For a long time there I sort of lost heart. "I don't know if I want to do this. I don't know what I want." It was that thing, "Fuck. Is this right? Is this good? Is this the thing I should be doing?" For a long time — about eight years — I felt like I wanted to get away from everything somehow. But I didn't want to just stop playing, or have the Grateful Dead stop because that's what *I* wanted to do. And I didn't even know consciously that that's what I wanted. I don't think I really realized that until lately. Looking back on it I see certain patterns.

Was it that you felt too much responsibility?

Well...

I don't really know. I haven't analyzed myself sufficiently. Part of my nature is deeply pessimistic. And it's something I have to fight with a lot. Part of me is overconfident, too, so it's these two polar opposites.

I guess it's really a matter of luck that I survived my whole drug thing, because I certainly had enough drugs around to kill myself at any time and I was into them where I don't think I would've noticed, you know?

It's really only my friends' caring enough to let me know that they didn't want me to die that made me give up drugs. Giving up the drugs was really not that difficult. It took a long time. And then I got sick.

Stopping the drugs is not what made me sick. I stopped drugs and then three or four months later I got sick. Now, there may have been a relationship — undoubtedly there was — but it wasn't an obvious one. When I came out of the coma and asked the doctors about why it happened, they didn't really know, either. So I didn't really learn anything from the near-death experience in terms of what caused it.

There's still a large contingent of Deadheads who are into psychedelics. Do you feel farther away from that now than you used to?

No, no. I still feel as close as I ever did. Psychedelics are still the most important thing that ever happened to me. Psychedelics is a lot of why I'm here and doing what I'm doing. And a lot of the vision I have — such as it is — I owe to my psychedelic experience. Nothing has opened me up like psychedelics did. I mean, I was a different person.

'For a long time there I sort of lost heart. I felt like I wanted to get away from everything.'

Those experiences are like wellsprings, and I haven't even begun to exhaust what's there. Even if I never took any psychedelics again. I've already experienced hundreds of thousands of lifetimes worth of experiences that are as valid to me and as real to me as anything. That's for keeps. That's mine forever. So there's no going back to before that — that would be like living in a little gray tube, compared to the psychedelic reality, which is like "Oh! *I* see!" [Laughs]

Of course the atmosphere now is considerably different from when you were taking your initial voyages.

Well, the world was really innocent then. Or at least innocent of those experiences. So you could go around and be completely crazy, and the most that people would suspect you of was being crazy. They didn't think it was *"DRRRRugs!"* [Laughs]

I was glad to be in on that. That was a remarkably lucky moment historically. That was fun.

This last question has nothing to do with all the other things we've been talking about. Most of our readers, and at this point, most Deadheads, never had the opportunity to see Pigpen perform. Tapes don't really capture his essence that well, yet he's this legendary figure. Can you shed a little light on him?

Well, Pigpen was the only guy in the band who had any talent when we were starting out. [Laughs] He was genuinely talented. He also had no discipline, but he had *reams* of talent. And he had that magical thing of being able to make stuff up as he went along. He also had great stage presence. The ironic thing was he hated it — it really meant nothing to him; it wasn't what he liked. We had to browbeat him into being a performer. His best performances were one-on-one, sitting in a room with an acoustic guitar. That's where he was really at home, and at his best.

Out in front of the crowd he could work the band, and he'd really get the audience going. He always had more nerve than I could believe. He'd get the audience on his side, and he'd pick somebody out — like a heckler — and get on them.

"Hey, man — stop playin' pocket pool!"

Right! [Laughs] He'd crack us up, too. Sometimes he'd just kill me!

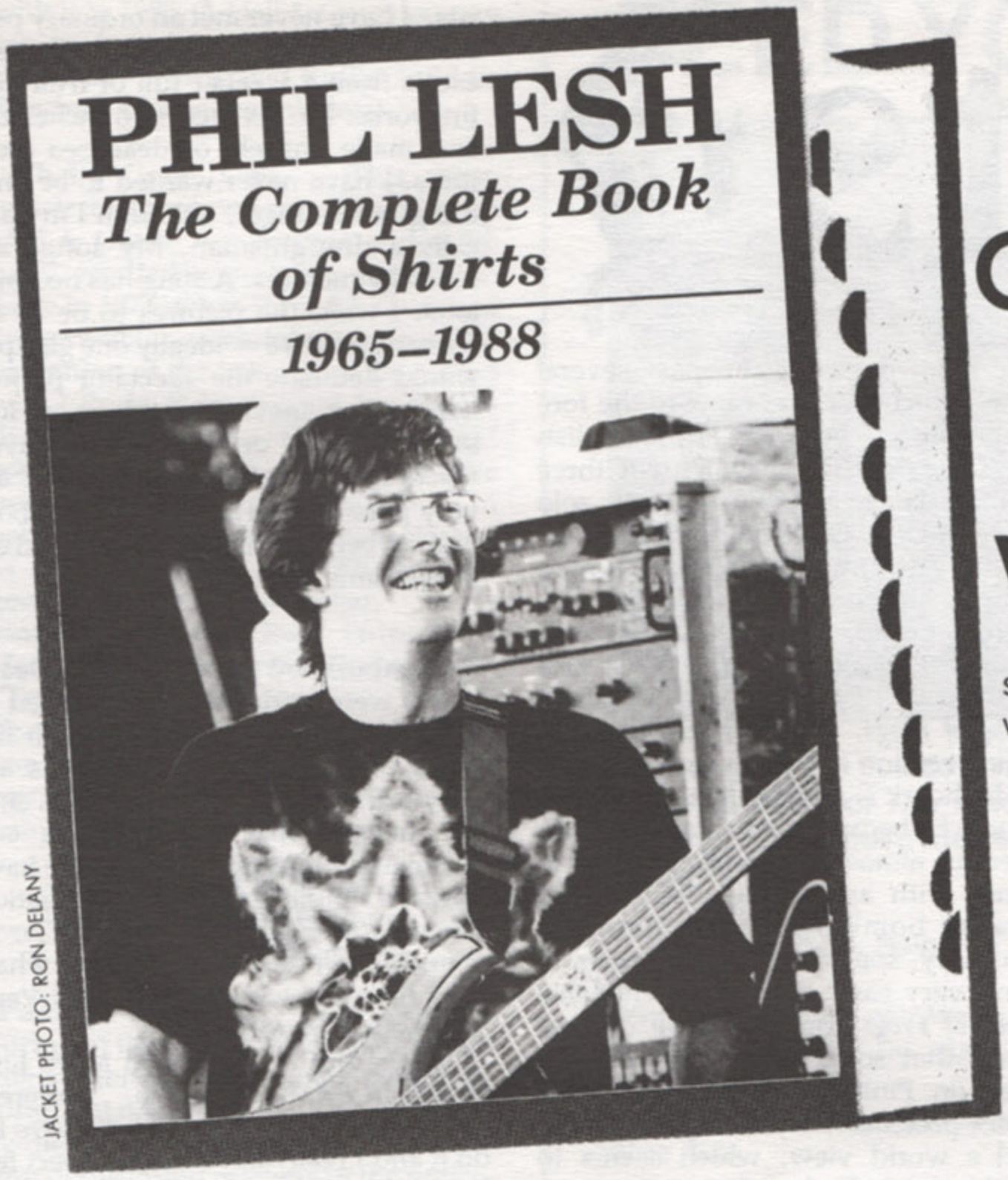
And he was good with the blues, of course. He had great authority.

It's hard for me to say what it was about him that people really loved. But they loved him a lot. I know *I* loved him a lot, and I couldn't begin to tell you why. He was a lovable person. Really, it hasn't felt quite right since Pigpen's been gone, but on the other hand he's always been around a little, too. He hasn't been entirely gone. He's right around.

I don't know...

You had to *be there* for Pigpen. He's a guy who's tough to talk about, like Neal [Cassady] or any other people who are not here, and what was special about them was themselves. He was special because he was special, you know? The way your friend is special. The way someone you love is special. Pigpen for me was a lot more than a performer. He was a very dear friend. Really a dear friend. We had a lot of crazy times together, and Pigpen was always on the side of the crazy times, although he and I were not always on the same side. But he could always be trusted.

Like I said, he was the guy who really sold the band, not me or Weir. Back then, Weir was almost completely spaced. He was just barely there. [Laughs] And I was aggressively crazy. I could talk to anybody till hell froze over but I wasn't really what made the band work. Pigpen is what made the band work. □



JACKET PHOTO: RON DELANY

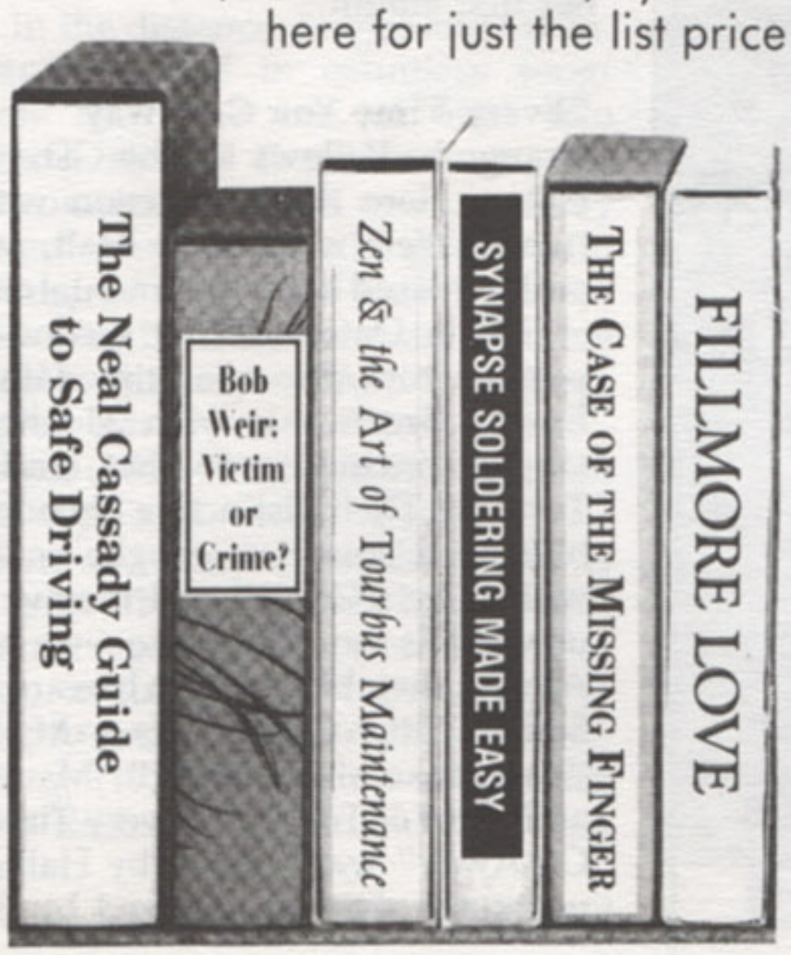
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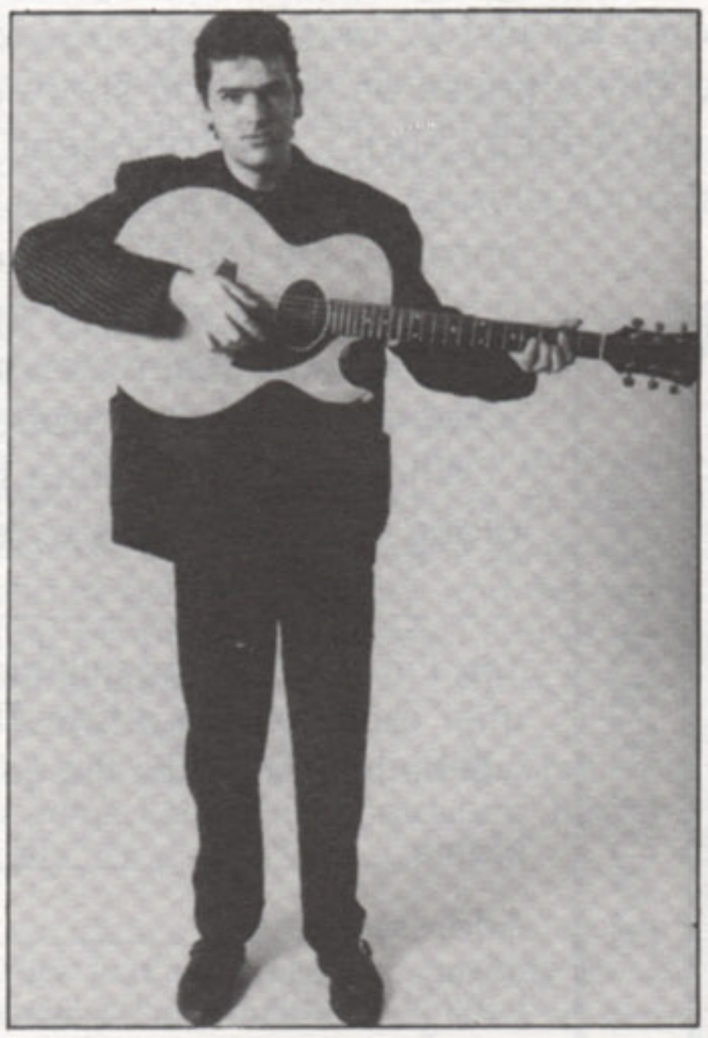
Before we launch into our main discussion of the songs the Dead played with Suzanne Vega and Hall & Oates at the big rain forest benefit concert at Madison Square Garden September 24, we're happy to be able to clear up a long standing mystery: namely, the origins of "Me & My Uncle."

Of course we've known all along that the song was written by John Phillips, of Mamas & Papas fame, but up until recently we hadn't found a recorded version pre-dating the Dead's first performances of the song in '66. Well, Glenn Howard, a Santa Cruz record collector and a contributor to the "Roots" column on and off since our second issue, finally stumbled across what is likely the first recording of the song. It appears on *The Judy Collins Concert Album*, released by Elektra in 1964. At that point, Phillips was in a Greenwich Village folk group called The Journeymen with his wife, Michelle, and Scott McKenzie, for whom he later wrote "San Francisco (Be Sure to Wear Flowers in Your Hair)." The Mamas & Papas formed the following year in New York, relocated to California, and became early favorites of the burgeoning L.A. folk-rock scene. The Collins version is a little slower, with a more traditional folk slant than the Dead's (which seems to have a bit of Marty Robbins influence in it).

"Chinese Bones" — I don't know about you, but I think the Suzanne Vega-Grateful Dead collaboration on this song was one of the most interesting and exciting pieces of Dead music I heard all year. The song is intriguingly cryptic in the same way that some of Robert Hunter's are, and the musical arrangement devised by the band was spacious enough to allow for adventurous playing. And, of course, Vega's cool delivery added to the air of mystery. I'd love to see the band tackle it without Vega, with Garcia handling the lead vocal.

The song was written by the eccentric British singer/songwriter Robyn Hitchcock, who has amassed quite a cult following over the past several years. Hitchcock first came to the fore in the late '70s as leader of the English band the Soft Boys, which cut three albums. He released an acoustic solo album, *I Often Dream of Trains*, in 1985, and the following year he formed Robyn Hitchcock & the Egyptians, his current group. They've put out four albums: *Fegmania!*, *Gotta Let This Hen Out*, *Element of Light* and his latest, *Globe of Frogs*, which contains Hitchcock's version of "Chinese Bones."

Hitchcock is a difficult artist to get a handle on because so many of his lyrics have an almost surrealistic quality to them, with apparently disconnected images bombarding the listener. Musically, some of his work brings to mind very early English psychedelia; *Globe of Frogs* contains three or four songs that sound like they could've been on Pink Floyd's first album. I won't pretend to try to explain Hitchcock's world view, which seems to combine a radical ecology consciousness with some good-natured cynicism about the human race. Here's a snippet from his official A&M Records bio that at least gives you a glimpse of what he's all about:



Robyn Hitchcock

"My friends and family are all 'artists.' I have never met an ordinary person. But I am English and not so very exotic from a weeper full of fruit and fireworks. I'm six feet, two inches tall and made entirely of dead sea creatures. I have never wanted to be anything but a singer, although I'm basically a draughtsman. My songs are basically pictures. A song has no opinions. I want the pictures to be as intense as positive — ideally one glimpse would detonate the spectator permanently. But, inevitably, things are lost in translation, or there is a delayed reaction. I have no ambition but am very persistent. The great thing about human beings is they can walk and eat at the same time."

"Neighborhood Girls" — Many Deadheads were undoubtedly surprised to hear Suzanne Vega perform with the Dead. After all, her two albums are very personal and folk-flavored, and the instrumental arrangements not particularly interesting. What we have here is a simple case of fan appreciation taken another step: specifically, Garcia is such a fan of hers that he did whatever he could to make the Dead-Vega connection happen.

"I love her," Garcia told Mary Eisenhart in *BAM* a year ago. "I offered to produce her next record. I'd love to do it and I really have huge respect for her. I found her so real...she's very there. It's that thing of commitment to what you're doing, commitment to your music, and the thing of something real there. That means a lot to me."

The zippy "Neighborhood Girls" wasn't much of a showcase for the Dead, though it did prove they can play fast in an almost new-wave vein. Vega's version of the song appears on her first album.

"Every Time You Go Away" — More strange bedfellows for the GD: Hall & Oates. Here the connection was between Weir and Daryl Hall, whose paths crossed in environmental circles.

Hall & Oates are the second most popular rock duo of all time (after the Everly Brothers), with 31 charting singles, including 16 that made the Top Ten. Their distinctive Philadelphia blue-eyed soul first caught on in '74 with "She's Gone," and they've been ubiquitous on AM radio ever since. Among their best known hits are "Sara Smile," "Rich Girl," "Kiss on My List," "You Make My Dreams," "Maneater" and "Out of Touch." "Every Time You Go Away" was written by Hall a few years ago, but popularized by British

singer Paul Young, who had a #1 hit with it in 1985. A Hall & Oates version can be found on a recent live album they made with David Ruffin & Eddie Kendrick of The Temptations.

"What's Goin' On" — This song, which the Dead performed backing up Hall & Oates, was written and originally recorded by the late, great Marvin Gaye in 1971, when it hit #2. Gaye had an incredibly successful career from the beginning of the '60s, when he scored with "Pride & Joy," until his bizarre death in 1984, when "Sexual Healing" was a smash. (Gaye, a notorious coke freak, was killed by his own father.) In between he had hits with such classics as "How Sweet It Is," "I'll Be Doggone," "Ain't That Peculiar," "Ain't Nothing Like the Real Thing," "I Heard It Through the Grapevine," "Trouble Man" and "Let's Get It On." Needless to say, if your record collection lacks a good Marvin Gaye anthology it has a serious hole in it. Definitely one of the all-time greats.

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

"Funiculi Funicula" — The most enduring of the Dead's tune-up numbers, this is often mistaken for an Italian folksong, but it was actually written in 1880 by the prolific Luigi Denza for the occasion of the grand opening of the funicular railway that ascends Mount Vesuvius near Naples, Italy. On publication, it sold more than half a million copies, and was translated widely into other languages. The original Italian lyrics, written by a shadowy figure named G. Turco, tell of a young man attempting to seduce his sweetheart, Nina, by promising her a trip up the tram with spectacular views of the fiery crater and, in the distance, France and Spain. As anthologized in countless songbooks, the tune has at least two standard sets of English words, the most common of which was written by E. Oxenford and has nothing to do with the original lyrics. A more obscure translation, by C.L. Burnham, is more faithful to the original. And at least one complete parody also exists.

Denza (1846–1922) wrote more than 500 songs, and was a director of the London Academy of Music, but he is best remembered for this song, which has been recorded by a wide variety of artists, including Les Brown, and is currently found on Pavarotti's *Neapolitan Songs* (1977) and on the soundtrack to the Rodney Dangerfield film *Easy Money*.

— Contributed by David Dodd

FEED YOUR HEAD



Lack of facts got you down? Don't be a bonehead — bone up on **BACK ISSUES** of *The Golden Road*, the magazine that's head and shoulders above the rest. Copies are **$4.50 each**; $5 overseas.

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*

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*

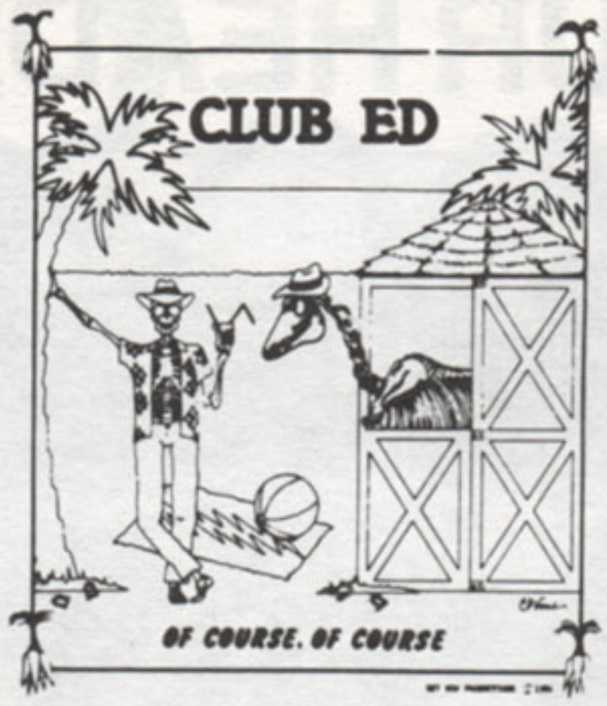
Spring '88: *Interview with Robert Hunter, history of the Black Mountain Boys, Golden Road Poll Part II*

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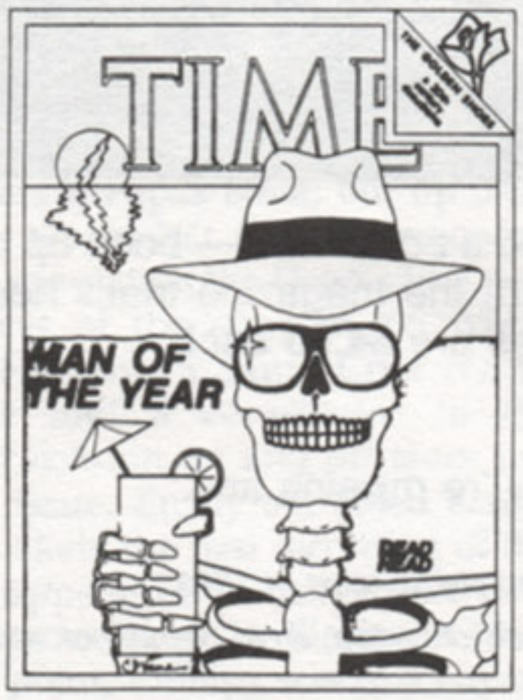
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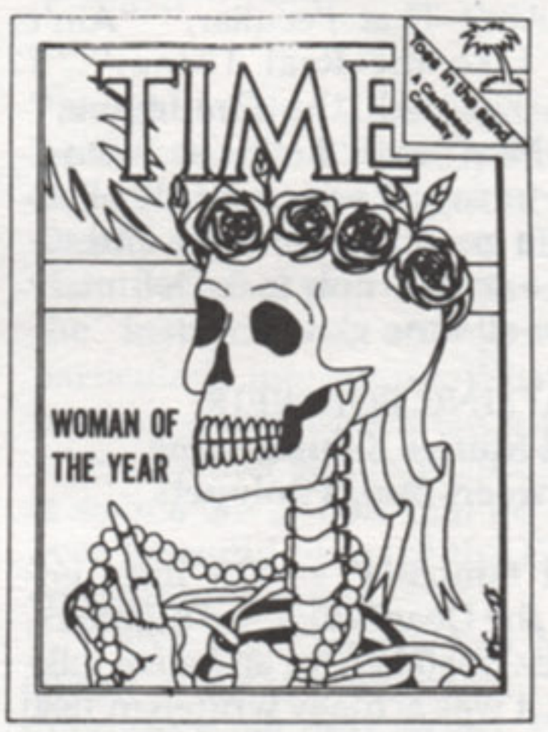


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Swimming Pools, Movie Stars







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FUNSTUFF

Money, Money: To no one's surprise, the Grateful Dead made *Forbes* magazine's list of the top 40 highest-grossing entertainers of 1987–88. With an estimated gross income of $23 million for that two-year period, the Dead were listed in 32nd place, just below Jane Fonda and John Mellencamp, and right above Steve Martin and Jack Nicholson. The top five, all of whom grossed more than $60 million, were Michael Jackson, Bill Cosby, Steven Spielberg, Sylvester Stallone and Eddie Murphy. Among musicians, the Dead placed 16th. Well done, lads!

Election Wrap-Up — First the Bad News: A number of subscribers sent us copies of a disturbing article on young Republicans (the worst kind) that appeared in the Washington, D.C., *City Paper* a couple of months ago. In analyzing the latest crop of *Republikind*, writer David Samuels offered this analysis:

"The lust for order and stability among young Republicans made them take strange positions on the cultural products of the '60s. Steve Hamilton, a close-cropped Bush volunteer from Upper Montclair, NJ, talked for 15 minutes about his love for the Grateful Dead and said that he had spent two summers following them around the country. When I asked him if he used drugs, ever, he said no. Asked how he could bear to listen to the Dead without them, he called the group 'a new tradition in American folk music' and claimed to know many Deadheads who never touched drugs. Pointing to his older brother, he proudly stated that 'he's a far-right conservative, and he loves the Dead. The Deadhead conservative — it's the wave of the future.'" Aaaaaaaaaaagh!!!



Return to the Den of Weasels: When they were in New York for the fall Garden shows, the Dead re-signed with Arista Records. Pictured sharing a little bubbly are (L-R) Arista mega-weasel Clive Davis, Jerry, Bobby, Arista sr. v.p. Roy Lott, Arista exec. v.p. Donny Ienner, Mickey, Jon McIntire and promoter John Scher. Whoop-de-doo! Photo: Susana Millman

Election Wrap-Up — The Good News: In the Pulitzer Prize-winning Point Reyes (CA) *Light*, John Grissim boldly predicted in his September 22 "West County Diary" column that "the 1990s will see the birth of a new political party which will, for the first time in American history, achieve major status and will have an enormous impact on our future. And its seed, its gestating first cause, will be the people and the values and personalities and spirit of that large, mature and quietly growing global village known as the Grateful Dead family.

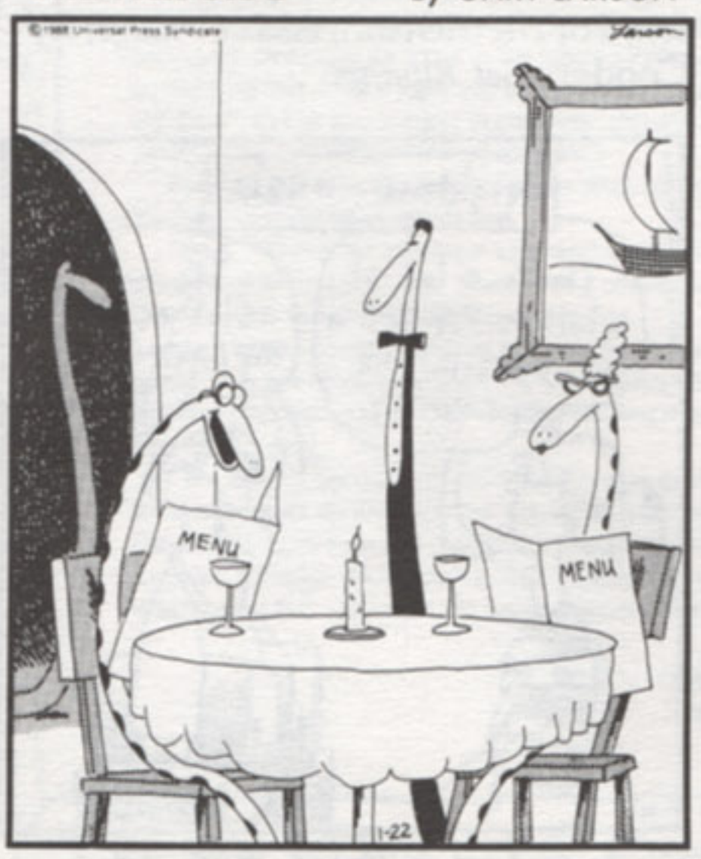
"Sounds wild, doesn't it," he continued. "But a single, unbiased look at the phenomenon of the Grateful Dead makes it hard to dismiss the idea out of hand... I submit that the community which surrounds the Grateful Dead, including two generations of Deadheads (numbering in the millions) from all walks of life will emerge in the 1990s as a potent political force with a powerful environmental message and a commitment to restoring the equilibrium of the planet before the end of the next century. From this will come new and inspiring leadership with the kind of shared vision and excitement this country hasn't seen since the presidency of John Kennedy. I envision a party rather like the Greens party in Europe, and there will doubtless be a good deal of cooperation to the benefit of both communities.

"Ironically, this coming metamorphosis of the Dead family has little or nothing to do with the band's music (of which I'm not especially fond) but rather the Grateful Dead's integrity and its spirit. Ultimately, the issue boils down to consciousness." Lesh & Parish in '92!

Silliest Simile of '88, Deadhead Division: In a basically condescending *New York Times* article about the Deadhead invasion of New York during the Madison Square Garden run, writer Sarah Lyall came up with the weirdest description of Deadheads we've seen in a long time: "a crowd of Dead fans carrying beer cans against the flow of commuters [at Penn Station], like laid-back seals flopping toward a herd of stampeding caribou." Doesn't sound like a compliment, does it?

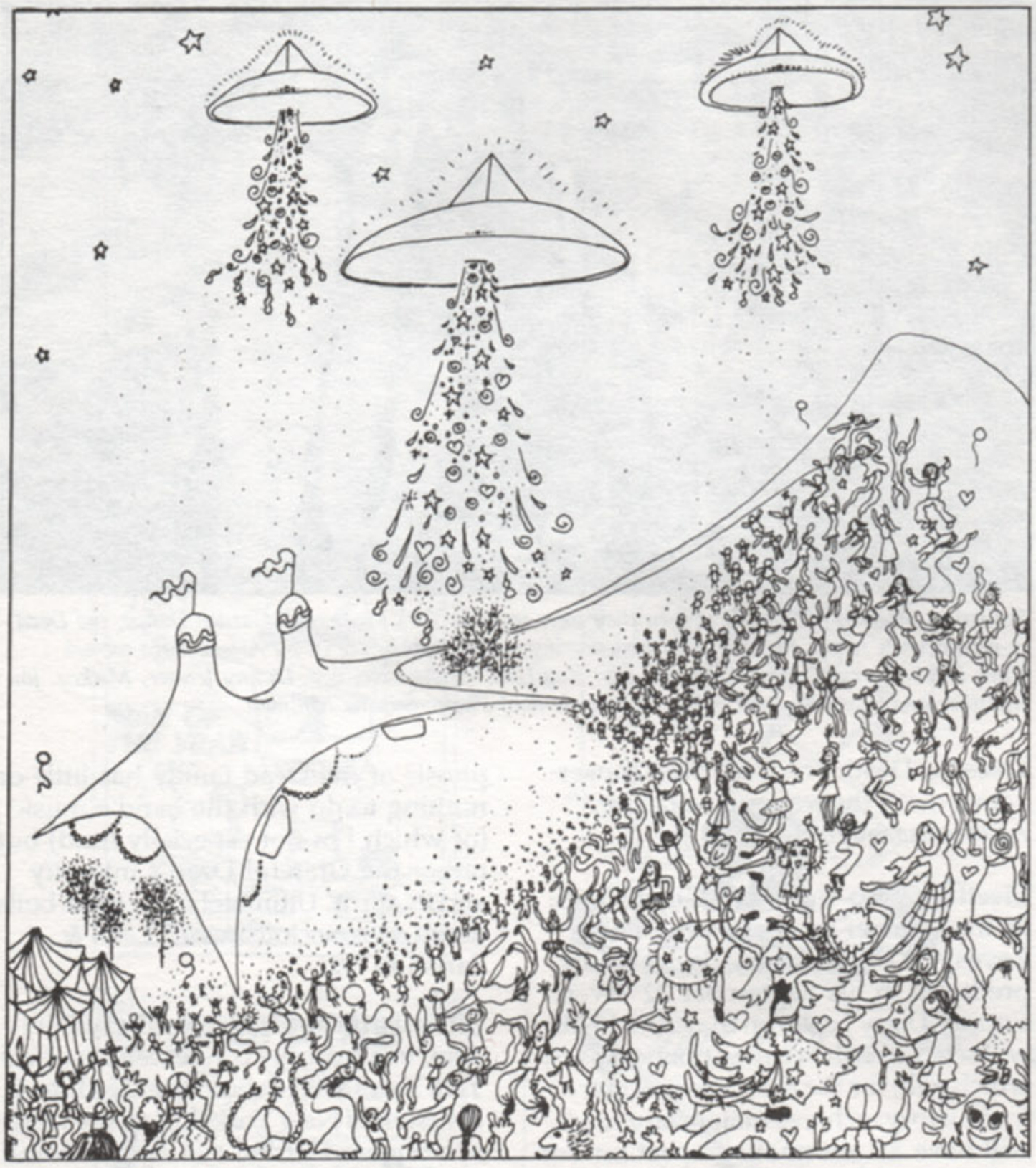
A Vote of Confidence From the Men in Blue: In the October 17 St. Petersburg *Times* was this headline: "Mellow Deadheads Create Few Problems." Local police sergeant J.R. Thompson is quoted in the accompanying article, "I walked through the crowd and they said, 'Yes, sir' and 'No, sir.' I'm not used to that."

Even more enthusiastic was a cop quoted in Burr Snider's excellent piece in the SF *Examiner* on the Dead's Madison Square Garden stand. "Sure, this is a good crowd," said Officer Mike Cleary of the NYPD's 81st Precinct. "If I wasn't in uniform tonight I'd be one of them. I've been a Deadhead myself for ten, 15 years. I had sixth row tickets for tonight. Not only that, my *sergeant* is a Deadhead."



"Well, this may not be wise on a first date, but I just gotta try your garlic wharf rats."

FUNSTUFF



At the risk of being branded "cosmic muffins" for the rest of time, we thought we'd share this fanciful drawing sent in by reader Mary Phillips. According to her accompanying letter, she had a vision at the October 1 Shoreline show that friendly aliens were showering the crowd with love and good vibes. Believe it or not, this is *what Shoreline looks like from the back lawn, and now that she mentions it, there* was *a lot of love in the air that night. This is the picture the* National Enquirer *said was "too real to print. We don't want a general panic on our hands."*

Not So Fast...
You Haven't Had Your Daily Dose of GD Film & TV Sightings

Everyone in the universe wrote to tell us that during NBC's coverage of the women's all-around gymnastics final, an "Up Close and Personal" segment on Daniela Silivas of Romania was accompanied by the unmistakable strains of "Touch of Grey." Silivas went on to win a silver medal. "Dark Star" in the background would've gotten her the gold, I bet...Jerry Bolmarich, Jr., of Coram, NY, was watching a movie called *Eternal Evil* that included a detective who wore a "Skull & Roses" T-shirt. In one scene, a cop says to the hip detective as he's looking through mug shots, "What are we looking for, anyway? Weirdos?" The detective says, "Logical start," and then ends up busting the "weirdos" for acid later in the movie!...Jeff Gorlechen of Holmdel, NJ, writes that on the October 23 ESPN *NFL Prime Time* show, anchor Chris Berman had this to say about New England Patriots kicker Teddy Garcia, who had a disastrous game against the Buffalo Bills: "Teddy Garcia was singing the Mexicali blues as his three botched field goal attempts and missed extra point singlehandedly brought about the Patriots' demise. Offhand I can think of one Garcia who could have done even better."

• EUGENE — The Grateful Dead will be playing at Butte Tavern, 211 Washington Street, Eugene August 27. Gates open at 7 p.m. with discount cover of $3 until 8:30 p.m. and $4 after that.

Entertainment Listing in the Aug. 18 Albany (Ore.) Democrat. Submitted by Patty and Chuck Cobb and Fred Huette, all Oregonians.

Heads in High Places: Evidently San Francisco's Chabad, a Hasidic organization that reaches out to less religious Jews, has a few Deadheads in high places. After receiving permission from Garcia, Chabad proclaimed the theme of their annual Hanukkah festival as "Once in a while you get shown the light in the strangest of places if you look at it right." The words were used in conjunction with the lighting of a giant menorah in downtown SF. Which doesn't sound *too* strange to us.

We'll Take *This* as a Compliment: In its largely negative review of Martin Scorsese's controversial film *The Last Temptation of Christ*, the *Hollywood Reporter* complained that "All too often, Jesus comes across sounding like someone who's been trapped for 40 years in a Grateful Dead convoy."

Because Man Does Not Live By Dead Alone: BJ's non-Dead Top 20 for fall '87–fall '88 (in no particular order) — David Lindley, *Very Greasy*; Bhundu Boys, *True Jit*; Graham Parker, *The Mona Lisa's Sister*; Bob Dylan, *Down in the Groove*; Little Feat, *Let It Roll*; King Sunny Ade, *Live Live JuJu*; Various Artists, *A Vision Shared* (Tribute to Woody Guthrie & Leadbelly); Van Morrison & The Chieftains, *Irish Heartbeat*; *UB40*; Talking Heads, *Naked*; Patti Smith, *Dream of Life*; Henry Kaiser, *Those Who Know History Are Doomed to Repeat It*; Joe Jackson, *Live 1980–86*; Various Artists, *Heartbeat Soukous*; U2, *Rattle & Hum*; Bill Laswell, *Hear No Evil*; Traveling Wilburys, *Vol. One*; *Robbie Robertson*; Tor Dietrichson, *Global Village*; Ry Cooder, *Get Rhythm*.



Cartoon printed in the L.A. Times and other papers

In the Strangest of Places...









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Clockwise from above: Dallas eatery (submitted by David Isenberg, Tinton Falls, NJ); health drink (Kevin Bryan, Sacramento, CA); Chicago bar (Donald Brown, Chicago); hip Hilton (no name); tasty chips (Kitty Russell)

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Hard up? Out of touch? Need a fix? Starting around 12/21/88 there will be a cheap way to chase those Dead facts and fantasies. By touchtone telephone you can get the latest set list, updated daily, of Jerry and the band. You can also get the latest tour rumours as well as access a live nationwide conference line. Between the ten of us, your crack information crew, we are always on the bus and know our Cryptical Envelopments from our Other Ones. Our system comprises of leased telephone lines, some personal computers, and our own software. There are no telephone charges or long distance tolls to you as this is a 900 number in San Francisco. You can call from anywhere in the country. You pay 95 cents for the first minute and 45 cents/minute thereafter for the information itself and we pick up all the telephone costs. For those in the boonies, or the coasts, this setup will be cheaper than a local 976 call itself. The fee shows up on your monthly telephone bill and you will only be charged for what you listen to.

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Press S-E-T-S for the latest set lists whether its Jerry or the Dead. You will hear the most recent first.

Press T-O-U-R for the latest long term tour rumours starting with the present up to a year ahead. These aren't official, just sketchy rumours, but they will help with one's auto repair planning.

At all times you can hang up and only be charged for what you have heard. You are never charged for any remaining information. If you want just that evening's set list, just listen to the first minute. We update the information daily.

We are not associated with the telephone company or the band, just bicoastal heads dealing with the scene. By 3/89 this service will be nationwide. Until then it is available in these regions: New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Boston, Detroit, Dallas, Washington D.C., Houston, St. Louis, Kansas City, Atlanta, and Tampa.

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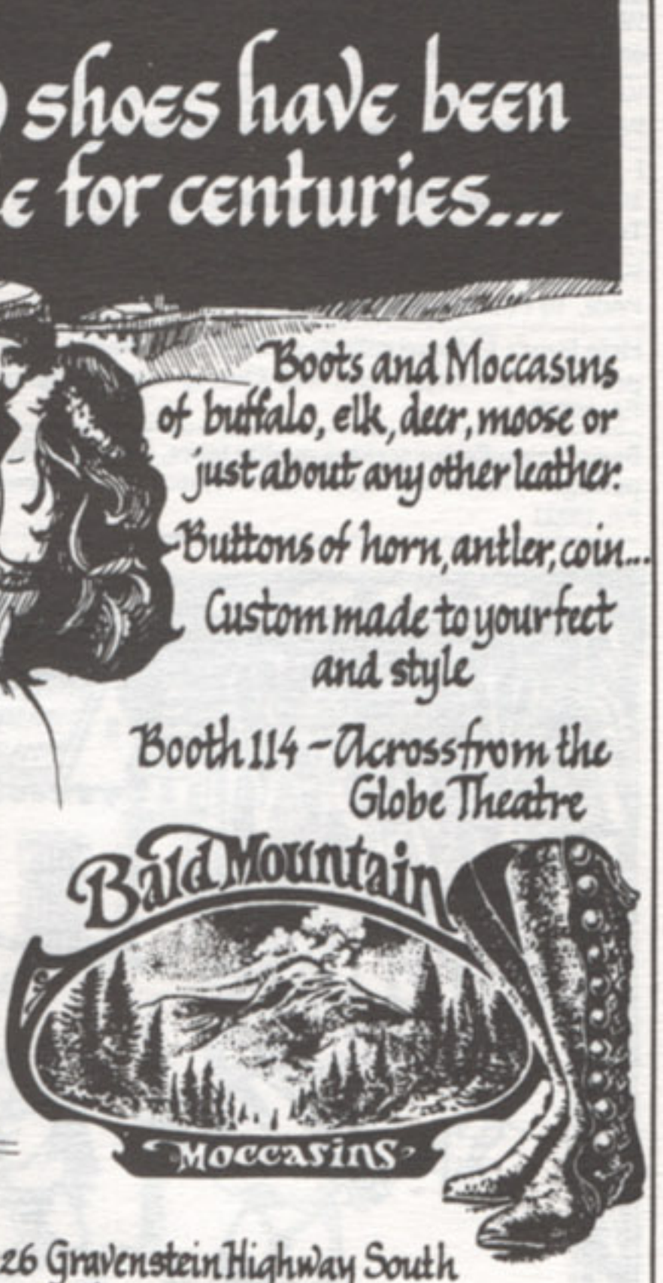
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TAPE TRADERS

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Desperately seek uncut "Sunshine Daydream" & Winterland videos, preferably Beta. Please! 100+ hrs. Steve Jr., 2474 Brentwood Rd, Bexley, OH 43209

Anyone have Jan. 79 Madison Square shows? I'll send blanks! Tom Mullen, PO Box 8-421, Taipei, Taiwan, ROC

Have 400 hrs Allmans, 150 hrs Band. Want more. John Johnston, 98 Atlas Ave, Toronto, Canada M6C3P3

Seeking Wall of Sound SBDs. Will trade. Jim Eldredge, 536 N 64th St, Wauwatosa, WI 53213

800+ hrs, seek 10/24/-26/6, all Fillmore West, 9/28/75, others. Jim Powell, 2810 SE Colt Dr #282A, Portland, OR 97202

Hey now, let's trade. Send lists. Linda Haggerty, 16 Merwyn St, Pittsfield, MA 01201

Have blues, Feat, Van, Garcia, jazz, r&b. Send lists. Russ Dugoni, 33065 Compton Ct, Union City, CA 94587

Need Des Moines 5/13/73. I was there. Many tapes to trade. Bert Gieseman, 22 60th Pl Apt B, Long Beach, CA 90803-5603

Seeking lists, letters, live Loose Lucy's & 1/10-11/78. Have 600+ GD/other S. Greene, Box 6264, North Brunswick, NJ 08902

Have 600 hrs hi-qual. Let's trade! Carter Gooding, 9 Grand St Apt 3, Poughkeepsie, NY 12601

Old Head just beginning needs 4/8/88 & Worcester, 7/2/88. Will send blanks, postage. Joseph Gandolfo, 18 Bigelow Road, Southboro, MA 01772

Old Head seeks new Dead, esp 10/21/88. Blanks provided. Barry, 2400 Riverfront #1229AA, Little Rock, AR 72202

Wanted: 9/2/88 Landover, MD. Will send blanks, postage. Lysa Yarbough, 1515 Colchester Rd, Woodbridge, VA 22191

300 hr trader. I help beginners. Correspondence welcome. Don Wilkinson, OS Division, USS JFK, FPO NY, NY 09538

Who has primo St. Pete 88? Fork it over! Ben, 323 Laurens St SW C-10, Aiken, SC 29801

Wanted: 3/1/69 and 3/14/82. All lists welcome. 1000+ hrs. Paul Steinberg, 67 Lawson Ave, East Rockaway, NY 11518

I still haven't found what I'm looking for. Dead & Bo 3/22/72, & Dead 4/18/82. Trade Dead, Feat, Tuna, and U2. Tom Williams, PO Box 1214, Norfolk, VA 23501-1214

Want SBDs, same to trade. Quality only. Thanks. L. Scott Price, 16 Pinnacle Rd, Vernon, CT 06066

Help Jerry's Kid start collection. Send lists. Blanks, postage provided. J. Chojnowski, 442 Quincy Ave, Langhorne, PA 19047

Beginning collector seeking quality tapes, will send blanks, postage. Thanx! Bill Lutz, 1514 Winton St, Pittsburgh, PA 15221

Have a favorite GDD tape? I want to hear it! Your list gets mine. Barb Wagner, 52 Amsterdam Ave, Menands, NY 12204

Wanted: Garcia/B'way boards. Have 800+ hrs hi-qual to trade. Matt Van Ryn, 440 Monroe St, Carlstadt, NJ 07072

College Head would gratefully send blanks, postage. Need collection! Craig E. Biertempfel, PO Box 527 SVC, Latrobe, PA 15650

Irie reggae, have/want, plus Dead, Rads, & others. Send lists. Glenn Marx, 228 Stonewall Ln, Fairfield, CT 06430

Have 150 hrs, mostly SBDs. Seek hi-qual 70s tapes. Ben Fine, 1800 S St NW, Wash, DC 20009

Have/want hi-qual lo-gen Dead, esp 84-86. Jon Erbst, 4818 Mary Ellen, Sherman Oaks, CA 91423

800+ hi-qual hrs, most pre-76. Want more of same. Steve Kwartin, 4801 Adams St, Hollvwood. FL 33021

Need 88 SBDs esp fall tour. Have 500 hrs. M. Ryan, 5521 Marlin St, Rockville, MD 20853

Help Heads starting collection. Need Yale Bowl 7/31/71, Hartford 4/5/88, anything. Jean-Carlos & Vicky, PO Box 2475 or 3290, Yale Station, New Haven, CT 06520

Have 1000 hrs, looking for more. Jan Opoliner, c/o Sheldon Electric, 42-14 Crescent St, Long Island City, NY 11101

Looking for Dylan/Dead rehearsal tapes. Trade from extensive Dylan collection. Randy, RR 3, Box 3175, Gardiner, ME 04345

Wanted: Dead, Nevilles, Allmans, Feat. Have 121+ hrs. David Lairson, 1360 Chestnut Ave, Winter Park, FL 32789

Still seeking 1st shows: 9/12/73 (Williamsburg) & 7/27/74 (Roanoke). Have 500+ hrs. Gordon Hake, 1242 Chatham Ridge, Charlottesville, VA 22901

Wanted: Duane Allman,, Ry, Neil, rare Dead. Hundreds of hrs to trade. David Dullaney, 505 Mayflower Dr, Greensboro, NC 27403

Who has Tampa 12/19/73? Great tapes/goodies to trade. Please! Jay, 103 S. Calle Seville A, San Clemente, CA 92672

Have/want mainly pre-75 plus other years, groups. Trade lists. Roger Benton, 17 Fisher Ave, Washington, NJ 07882

Taper with two Naks, primo SBDs seeks same. Backstage, Box 522, Stratford, CT 06497

Experienced taper seeks Laguna 88. Mateo, X-004, UCSD, La Jolla, CA 92093

Reliable, fast, consistent tape trader w/balanced list seeks same. Kurt Kemp, 725 N. Viceroy, Covina, CA 91723

Need 88 Alpine & Laguna Seca. Prefer SBDs. G.K., 1006 3rd Ave So., Great Falls, MT 59405

Want Radiators, Bromberg, blues, rock, folk. 1200 hrs mixed bag to trade. Bill Darling, 50 Lenox Rd, N. Babylon, NY 11703

Have 214+ hrs Dead 68-87 to trade. Hi-qual only, pls. Tiffany, 61A Kensington Ave, N. Hampton, MA 01060

800+ hrs GD, others. Seek SBDs, videos. Beginners welcome. Kevin Reilley, 79 Snowhill St, Spotswood, NJ 08884

Have 200+ hrs, reliable trader, looking for same. Send list. Danny Nelligan, 316 Larkspur Turn, Peachtree City, GA 30269

The wheel's turning. Want hi-qual SBDs. Lots to trade. Brad Peria, Black Point Rd, Ticonderoga, NY 12883

Beginner needs help with collection. Will send blanks/postage. Brian Buchanan, 866 N. Michigan Ave, Chicago, IL 60611

Need videos: Manor Downs 7/31/82, Letterman 82, Merriweather 6/21/83, Providence 81 & 82. Have 60+ hrs. Paul St. Germain, RD#1 Box 151 Apt AB, Cropseyville, NY 12052

Have 300+ hrs GD. Want JGB SBDs, Allmans, more GD. Alex Wise, PO Box 23795 Emory Univ, Atlanta, GA 30322

Old collection stolen. Need new one. Will send blanks/postage. Thomas Todd, 5224 Schuller Dr NE, Canton, OH 44705

Nothin's gonna bring 'em back! Tapes stolen. Send quality anything please. Anita Tavernier, 73 Seaman Ave 3A NY, NY 10034

Too much of anything is just enough! Let's trade. Thanks! Kelly James, 116 Kuulei Rd, Kailua, HI 96734

Have much Dead, Janis, Band videos, interviews. Trade videos for audios. Paul St. Germain, RD#1, Box 151, Apt AB, Cropseyville, NY 12052

Have Dead (700 hrs), N. Young (300) + related, want more. F. Seidelmann, Searingerstr. 39, 8804 Dinkelsbuhl, W. Germany

Have 130 hrs GD, want GD, JGB, Allmans 69-75, CCR 68-69, Zero, QMS, new Big Brother, Springsteen. Michael Ostlund, Vara Fhsk, 53401 Vara, Sweden

Want Feat esp 88 NYC. Have 300 hrs GD & heavy jazz list. Pete North, 23 Spring Valley Rd, Woodbridge, CT 06525

New trader looking for 83 to present. Lists exchanged. Todd Ashman, 600 Hudis St, Rohnert Park, CA 94928

Help! Trying to start collection. Will send blanks, postage. Fred R., 1119 16th St, Los Osos, CA 93402

You'd be surprised at enormity of tape shortage in Israel, esp 88. Danny Schwarz, PO Box 30, Zikron Ya'acov 30900, Israel

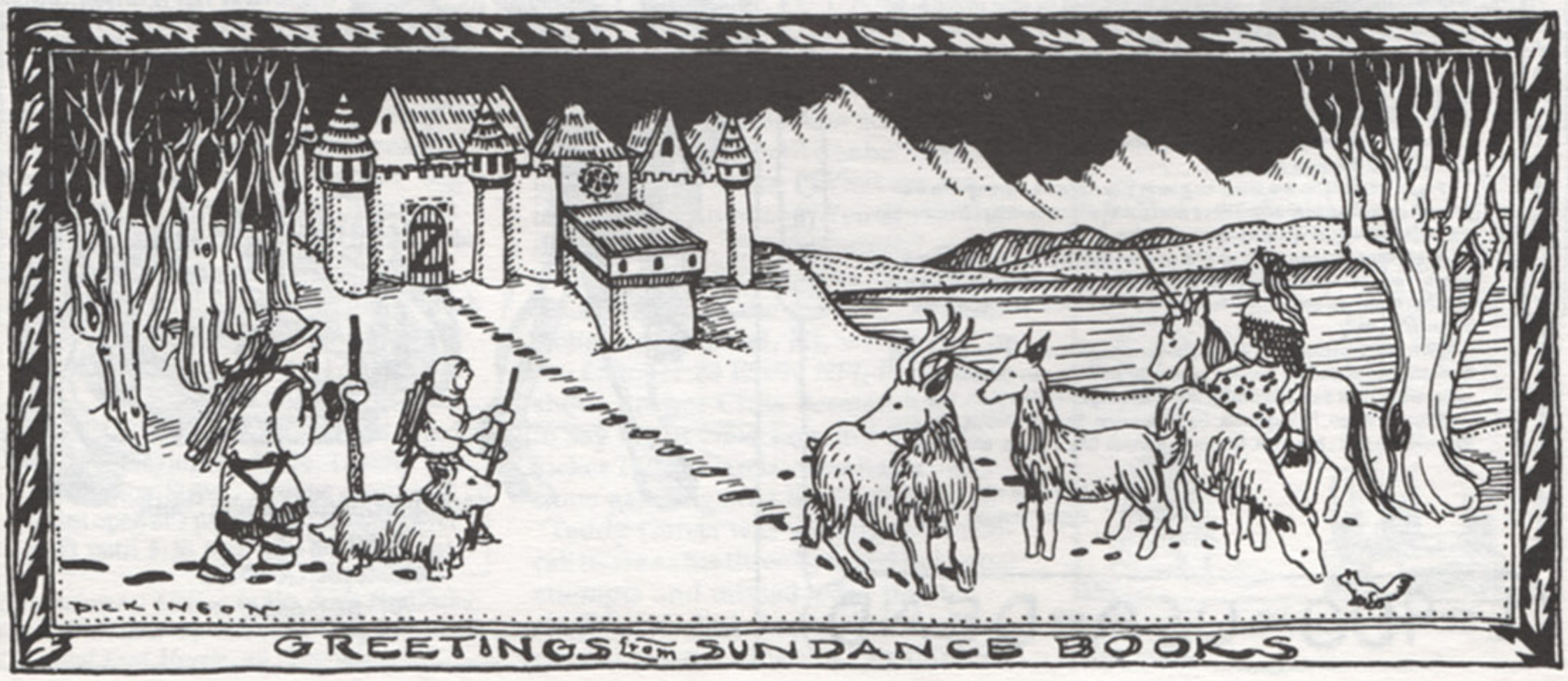
Have 500+ hrs GD lo-gen SBD, aud. Send list. D.F., 3206 17th Ave West, Brandenton, FL 34205

Need 11/8-11/67 Shrine, 9/16, 18/88 Madison, Greek 88. Have 150 hrs. Darryl, Box 468, 601 Comstock Ave, Syracuse, NY 13210

Seeking upgrades for 11/30/80,, 7/27/82, 10/12/84. 120 hrs GD, 30 hrs other to trade. Art Cohen, 108 Central St, #4, Somerville, MA 02143

Have 200+ hrs. Love to trade. Your list gets mine. Michael Kasanoff, 230 Double Creek Pkwy, Freehold, NJ 07728

Have/want 60s Dead, Clarence White, Joe Val, classical Indian. Have 3000 hrs. Rob Girouard,, 228 Georgetown Dr, Glastonbury, CT 06033



Have 900+ hrs Dead and other groovy tapes. Bill Donnelly, 32-A, Salisbury Rd, Wayne, NJ 07470

Wanted: Hot Tuna/Airplane reunion 88 at Fillmore. Trades available. Aileen, 1150 Bay Ridge Pkwy, Brooklyn, NY 11228

Will trade for Legion of Mary, Airplane, JGB, Allmans, Acid Tests. Benjie DiPietro, 4200 SW 107th St #2002, Beaverton, OR 97005

Need 4/14/71 Bucknell U. Reliable trading. M. Wray, 12 W. Walnut St, Marietta, PA 17547

Speedtaper seeks yummy 9/3, 10/15-16 88s. Lists to 137 Willa Ct, Chester, SC 29706

Head looking for fellow heads & live Jorma/Hot Tuna. Eric Meyer, 5875 SW 97th St, Miami, FL 33156

Have 400 hrs. Chris Loveys, 17 Washington Ave, Highlands, NJ 07732

Wanted: hi-qual 4/4/87 Worcester. Your list for mine. Tim N-B, 136 McLeod St, Ottawa, K2P-027, Canada

Need Concertgebouw Amsterdam 5/10/72. Matthew Troisi, 24 Myrtle St, Cranford, NJ 07016

Beginner with 30 hrs needs 6/3/76. Other beginners welcome. Alex McCracken, 2073 Needhammer Rd, Pottstown, PA 19404

Have/want Feat, Band, Young, Dylan, exc. Dead. 1500+ hrs. Larry Slavens, Box 132, Earlham, IA 50072

Arizona head moves to Atlanta, wants longest Dark Star. Rich Roeder, 4 Harper St NW, Atlanta, GA 30318

Wanted: Cantor tapes, recent SBDs. 600 hrs. Stush Zyski, RD 3, Box 20, Ridge Rd, Belle Vernon, PA 15012

Wanted: 7/2,3/88, 10/15/16/88. Gotta get back! Frida Raley, 626 Williamson Dr, Mount Pleasant, SC 29464

Wanted: 10/14/66. Have 1000 hrs. Send lists. Mark & Terri Shuey, 5824 N. Harlem, Chgo, IL 60631

Have 150+ hrs, mostly SBDs. Want esp pre-75. Send lists. Ed Durand, 2364 Hollywood Dr, Pittsburgh, PA 15235

Wanted: 9/88 MSG & others. 1200 hrs to trade. Tom Whiteford, 48 Franklin St, Brentwood, NY 11717

Need Fall Southern tour 88. Have 300 hrs. Send lists. Kip Bernauer, 5905 N. Euclid, Kansas City, MO 64118

Major want: NY 11/2/86 Hi-fi, VHS. Hi-qual list. PO Box 1506 Goleta, CA 93116

Addicted Head needs more Dead. Will send blanks. Russ Lane, 2849 N. Park, Springfield, MO 65803

Want 88 Laguna. Have many masters. Matt, X-004, La Jolla, CA 92093

Wanted: 87-88. Have 700+ hrs. Send lists. Paul Urbanski, 26 Chapel Glen Dr, Hamburg, NY 14075

Want hi-qual early SBDs & 9/2-9/23/88. Have 300+ hrs. Gary Sullivan, 6914 E. Diamond, Scottsdale, AZ 85257

Help! Lost tapes in divorce. Will send blanks/postage. 3/27/88, 7/29/88. Audrey Adams, 20600 Broadview, Lake Mathews, CA 92370

Have 500+ hrs, Naks. Want early Dead, Feat, Allmans. Tom Ruffin, 798 Crandon Blvd, #20C, Key Biscayne, FL 33149

Seek 88 JGB Cotati, Greek; 88 Dylan, all blues artists. 2000+ hrs. Willy Dair, PO Box 3, Bergenfield, NJ 07621

Wanted: Dead, Lindley, T. Heads, Bob & Ziggy Marley. Lots to trade. Lobster, 420 S. Dempsey Rd #123, Milpitas, CA 95035

Have 200 hrs GD need more. Let's exchange lists. Grateful Ted, 90 Orchard Dr, Greenwich, CT 06830



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: March 1.

See that girl barefootin' along — yeah, you, the 20s femme. You know…eyes alight with glowing hair, all that fancy paints as fair… Vamos where these chilly (northeast winter) winds don't blow. Write Jack Straw, Box 863, Cambridge, MA 02238

2 Pgh-area female DHs looking for West Coast DHs to correspond with, etc. Write to Sugar Magnolia, 307 Forest Dr, Pittsburgh, PA 15220

Looking for Dead tix stubs/copies from 60s & 70s. Johnny K., 45 Raymond St, Nashua, NH 03060

Northwest Corner: Best wishes from behind the Zion Curtain. Sorry we couldn't make it. Hope you're as happy as we are. Thanks for the hospitality for Tacoma. Hopefully Park West next summer and we can reciprocate. Maybe we could split a rental to drive to the show?

Deadhead environmentalists, religious Deadheads (esp. Christian): want to hear from you for survey, possible article, network. Ben, 323 Laurens St SW C-10, Aiken, SC 29801

Songlists and statistics for all of 1988! Order your copy of "The Wide Range 1988 Yearbook." It's the ultimate source for GD info, plus artwork, photos and a whole lot more! Supplies are limited so send $2 today to: The Wide Range, Box 72496, Las Vegas, NV 89170

Bumperstickers that say DEADHEAD and resemble state license plates: silkscreened on heavy-duty vinyl. Now available: ME, NH, VT, MA, RI, CT, NY, NJ, PA, DE, MD, VA, GA, Ontario, MI, OH, IN, IL, WI, MN, CO, UT, AZ, CA, OR, WA. Send $2.50/one, $4.50/two, $5.50/three, $11.50/seven, $30/set of 26 to Joe McCullough, Box 583, Pinecliffe, CO 80471

Naomi G. & friends — Thanks for doing the impossible and getting me the Greek seats. My first since I came East (bar only one) six years ago! It *was* worth the trip! Many thanks, Barry (in Tokyo)

Happy birthday, Mr. Larmer. You taught me everything I need to know about the Grateful Dead. Lots of love, CG

Drug sales got me down. Could you get me up? Any correspondence appreciated, especially from angels. Up for parole soon. Mark Monsell 860823, PO Box 436, Albion, NY 14411

Uncle Judson's Band. S.C. Hilton Heads. Foolish Heart. Floppy watches. Tie-dye socks. Taper. T-bags. It *WAS* a rainbow weekend!!! Forever Grateful, Cool J. — Charfried

Found in Philly 9/9/88: Glucoscan. If you lost it, write to 20831 Mt. Zion Road, Freeland, MD 21053

Nantucket Heads on Nobadeer: Thanx for a fulfilling summer. See you guys this spring at the shows. Peace and happiness always. Love — Chris, Karen & Dillion of 53 Fair St, Nantucket

Hey now M & M. Are you gonna do any of the spring tour with a Navy Deadhead, who can grow his hair longer than an Army Deadhead? Peace and Love, Don W.

Sugar Mag: You've got everything I need! Hope to see many more shows with you by my side. Love, BCP.

Are there any laid-back, sober, attractive female Deadheads. 25ish, near me? John, 12 Greenwood Rd, Canton, MA 02021

Strangers stopping strangers just to shake their hand… Looking for guy who was selling tan Blues for Allah posters Saturday 9/3/88 at Capital Center. Got in free when cop gave away tickets. Brown curly hair, wore turquoise/blue T-shirt, navy shorts and sneakers. Where are you? Una Toibin, 2001 Greenfield Dr, Richmond, VA 23235

Jeff: Happy Birthday. I'll always be there. Love

MZ: Thanks for a great year of shows together. The Laguna Seca road trip was especially fun. You know the rest. Love, CG

"Feel like a stranger" tired of going to shows alone. Can't pay friends or husbands to share the energy. Wanna connect? Anita Tavernier, 73 Seaman Ave #3A, NY, NY 10034

Lost Sailor on a Ship of Fools looking for his Sugar Magnolia to share good vibes and positive energy with. Don Wilkerson, os division USS JFK FPO NY, NY 09538

TAPER #3 has little taping news, but mucho gonzo Deadhead prose. Articles, art, etc. welcome. For your copy, send $2 to 137 Willa Court, Chester, SC

Carla and Jon: Let it grow and may the union last forever. Lots of love, Richard

Congratulations Peter & Francine and love to little Cody from Blair & Regan

Farmer Dave: We miss your Lovesexy vibes. Come see us! — the Lake Merritt Prince & Jimi Wilde Fan Club

All hail Andrew! From San Lorenzo to Beggar's Tomb to Nordstrom: You are everywhere! Love, Patrons of your art

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