THE EXCALIBUR

ISSUE 19
SPRING '89

It could be an illusion, but I might as well try

I like it when you float outside after a hot Dead show and you have to walk through this gauntlet of people selling T-shirts or stickers or thread bracelets out of backpacks. You want to check them out but you're sort of swept along by the forward movement of the exiting crowd, so the peddlers' wares become just a colorful blur as you whisk by. Every once in a while my senses are jarred by a particularly strange design and I screech to a halt, and the river of people has to suddenly fork around me, too. The vendor looks at me with saucer eyes, grins one of those knowing post-show grins, and dutifully holds up the shirt that's grabbed me. I study it at length and realize after half a minute or so that I have absolutely *no* idea what the jumble of scrawled lines and eye-popping colors add up to. I know it has something to do with the Dead, but I can barely decipher the imagery.

I love that the art of the Dead scene has the range it does — that it goes from the most tripped-out incoherent space art to perfectly executed, professional-quality airbrush work. I think it's great that for every beautiful rainbow swirl tie-dye there's another one where the colors ran and the purple and red blended together to make a sort of sickening brown; yet someone bought the shirt. I crack up every time I see someone selling those window stickers depicting the Pink Panther with dreadlocks saying "Lively Up Yourself!" And how about the Printknot Printers' annual year-at-a glance songlist — a photo collage on one side and on the other, set lists from all of '88, hand-lettered and fancifully illustrated, reduced so much you need an electron microscope to read it! There's so much creativity in this scene, so many ways that people reflect different aspects of the Grateful Dead experience back at us. And each personal artistic gesture — whether it's a tiny dancing bear sticker placed discreetly on your shoulder as you walk by, or a multicolored silk-screened T-shirt that you've just *got to have* — adds something indescribably special to the GD gestalt.

What got me thinking about all this was looking back recently at the first 18 *Golden Road* covers and realizing that there's very little thematic connection from one issue to another. If you stripped the magazine's name off each cover, you'd be hard-pressed to figure out what they have in common. What's the link between a cracked piece of Southwest Indian pottery (Issue #11) and a stegosaurus (#7)? Or a cosmic mandala (#6) and a California license plate (#10)? Why does it make sense to borrow from pop art technique one issue (#5) and Haida woodcarvings (#4) another?

Because the inspiration for all this creativity — the Grateful Dead — has an infinite number of levels to it, and we've all been touched by something different on our treks through the cosmos with this group, and with each other. How (and whether) those involved in the Dead Arts share their vision with others is a function of each individual's character and needs (psychic, spiritual, and yes, financial). But the key point is that there *is* involvement, both casual and compulsive, and everyone finds his/her own niche in the big picture. This is so much more than just a band and its fans, and it frustrates me to know that 99.9% of the world will never understand that. *C'est la vie.*

Sometimes I feel like Richard Dreyfus' character in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. Sitting with his family at dinner one night, the memory of his alien sighting still weighing heavily on him, he stares into a pile of mashed potatoes sitting on his plate — he can't explain why — and whispers under his breath, "This *means* something. This is *important*." And we learn that it *is* important. So is the Grateful Dead. The question remains, though — are they the aliens or just the mashed potatoes?

Our cover this time was created for *The Golden Road* by Portland, Oregon-based artist Gary Houston, whose highly original T-shirt designs (under the Kamikaze Studios moniker) have been favorites of ours for a long time. Taking his inspiration from a combination of Japanese tattoo design and the work of poster artist Rick Griffin, Gary's painted and airbrushed creation incorporates Chinese characters that translate to both "longevity" and "spring." Gary is a partner in a Portland design and production firm called Visuals Northwest.

Finally, if any of you shutterbugs get any good pix of either the band or the scene on the big summer tour, we'd love to see them! We'll be coming out again in mid-summer. See ya on the Phil side!

— *BJ*

The Golden Road

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FEEDBACK

The Answer Man

Great interview with Jerry Garcia last issue. Is this his "State of the Dead" interview? I think so. You asked all the tough questions of what is going on, where we are headed, and where we have been. Garcia answers these very truthfully and honestly. It seems that everyone's questions of why the Dead don't play this song anymore, do play that song, or why some songs are played so often, have been answered. I think we all have a clear understanding of what is going on.

And sign me up for your Grateful Dead Book Club [last issue's joke page] and send me *Phil Lesh: The Complete Book of Shirts (1965 – 1988)*. I have 17 Phil Lesh shirts in my collection. Three of them are framed. The oldest is from the Muir Beach Acid Test. It has never been washed! Another eight, which were too worn out, were made into a Cosmic Spiral quilt. In the center of the spiral is the Skull & Roses T-shirt.

Ihor Slabicky
Portsmouth, RI

P.S. I really liked the "hands" cover by Quilley Miller. It reminds me of the colorful South American gloves sold on Saint Mark's Place in New York City's East Village.

Tech Talk

What I know about the technical side of music would probably fit on the end of one of Jerry's extra thick guitar picks, so it was fascinating to hear him talk, in last issue's interview, about his art and how he and the band go about producing the music that has touched so many of our lives.

Bill Lutz
Pittsburgh, PA

Midnight at the Oasis

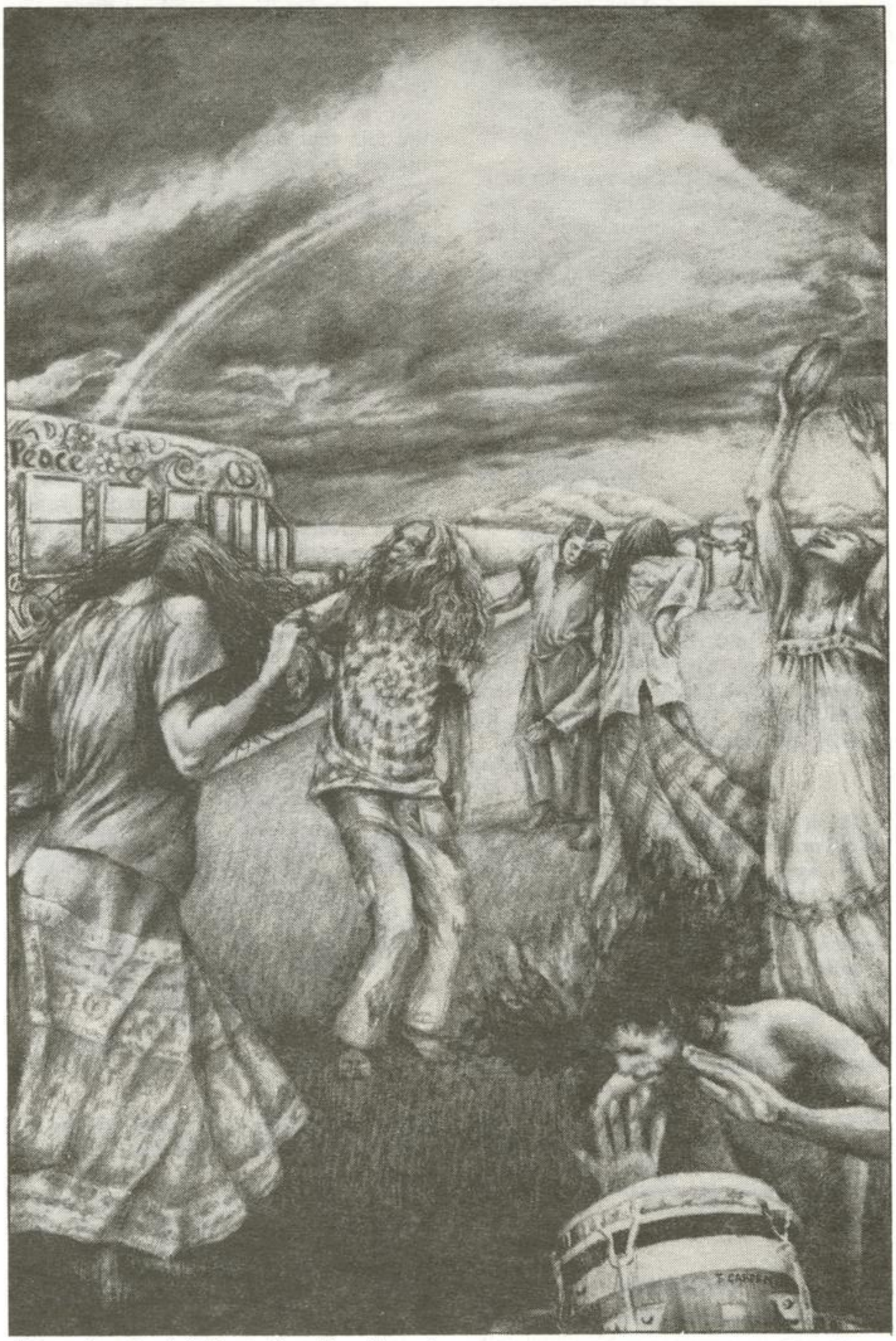
I savored the interview with Jerry. Your questions were great, and they touched on so many things that I'm sure all the Deadheads want to know. I was really moved by Jerry's answers. He is such an open and humble man. The fact that he considers himself "a lazy fuck" just cracks me up. He's been living on the road for almost 25 years and making millions of people happy, and that's harder than any 9-to-5 job any day!

I've been a fan of the Dead's music for 18 years, and during that time my life has taken many turns, with different jobs, raising kids, etc. But the Dead are one of the few things that have been there consistently over the years. Their shows are an oasis for me. I just hope they don't tire themselves out too much, because I want to enjoy them for at least another 25 years!

Karen Johnson
Tabor, NJ

Practice Makes Spacey

It's great to read an interview that focuses on the music rather than all of the peripheral issues that make up the scene. As fun and significant as they may be in a cultural context, the music is the backbone that supports



"Never Ever Land." Illustration: Tina Carpenter *(For a poster-size print of this illustration, send $4 to Tina Carpenter, Prescott Heights #12, North Berwick, ME 03906.)*

the entire beast, and which generally gets shortchanged in the media.

However, I found some of Garcia's remarks disturbing. He confirmed what I have suspected for quite a while: that possibly the biggest change in the Dead's performances over the years is a result of the lack of rehearsal time. As anyone who saw the band in the early '70s or who has heard the tapes (I guess that means everyone) can tell you, often the most exciting portions of their show were the extended transitions in the middle of and between songs. This was where the band went beyond conventional rock 'n' roll and took the format to a higher, more inventive level. It was a musical conversation where you could hear the players speak to one another, expand the vocabulary and subject matter, and then hear them tie up all the loose ends as they "brought it all back home." Also, the jams were more linear in composition rather than relying on a circular rave-up format as they often do now. It was truly a band at work, creating music as they were playing it.

As Jerry points out, though this may have sounded like improvisational chaos, it was actually the result of many hours of rehearsal time. The overall structure and chord changes were worked out and "perfected," allowing them to fill in the blanks as they saw fit. What's so disturbing is how readily

FEEDBACK

Jerry admits that much of this earlier material went in a lot more directions than their current stuff. I found it frustrating when he mentioned the post-"Eyes of the World" jam, always one of my favorites, as an example of a piece of music that is now too difficult to play.

The in-house line has always been that a the Grateful Dead are still improving. How can this be when a band-member admits that they can't play some of their best material because it is too hard and they're too lazy to practice? I can't help thinking that the Dead, both as professional musicians and the source of such audience loyalty, owe it to their fans to present the best possible performance. And when it comes to music, that means rehearsing.

David Vivat
Framingham, MA

Inquiring Minds Want to Know

Those of us who could not afford the time or money to attend the New Year's shows were very disappointed to find out that, unlike in years past, the Dead chose not to broadcast the gig nationally on either TV or FM (except in the Bay Area, where the local Heads had the option of attending the show!). Can you shed any light on this?

Terence Hanrahan
New York, NY

We got a lot of letters from folks who felt left out in the cold this New Year's. According to the Dead, they chose not to do a national broadcast mainly because they were so wrapped up in the recording of their new album in November and December that they didn't have the time or energy to devote to the undertaking. You see, the Dead are responsible for the air time during the set break, as well as before and after the concert, when they do a national broadcast of this type, and they like to exert as much quality control as they can. Further, there was a general feeling that a more low-key New Year's might be a nice change of pace, following last year's cable TV/radio extravaganza. Don't despair, though. This does not necessarily signal the end of a much-loved tradition. — *BJ*

In the Dark

I missed the last two New York-area live Dead radio broadcasts — Meadowlands, spring '87, and the Madison Square Garden benefit, fall '88. There was no information about the broadcasts on the GD Hotline; apparently they were announced only on the radio station. So what do Deadheads who don't regularly listen to "classic rock" stations do? I attended the nights previous to the broadcast concerts, and I didn't hear any announcements or scuttlebutt or see any flyers. Radio broadcasts on the East Coast are rare events. Let's get 'em on the Hotline!

Tom Iaconetti
Rockaway, NJ

P.S. Your songlist for 9-15-88 left out "I Will Take You Home," which was special, with Brent's daughter coming out to join him onstage.

Fish Are Rising Up Like Birds

For many a year, two of the great loves of my life have been the Grateful Dead and fly fishing for trout. These two really don't seem to have much in common, other than the fact that once you're hooked, you're hooked. Being sort of a superstitious type, especially when it comes to fly fishing, the Grateful Dead somehow became my rabbit's foot.

Twelve years ago, while fishing in Yellowstone National Park, I caught and landed my first truly huge trout. It so happened that at the time I had on one of my favorite tie-dyes. From that day on, whenever stalking the wily trout, I've made sure to include some form of Deadness in my garb. Usually the scenario will run something like this. I'm in my Vanagon on some dirt road in the middle of nowhere. Around the next bend, or hundred bends, lies a stream or a pond with a trout with my name on it. First I put on a tape — and



leave my day job in the dust. Throw in a little herbal sacrifice and the mood is set for fishing.

Now there are a lot of variables involved in catching a trout on a fly: weather conditions, the right fly and leader material, well-tied knots, water temperature, presentation of the fly, a well-timed buzz, etc. The one thing I always try to remember is to wear a Dead shirt. Not only does this appease my goofy superstition, but it also attracts fish. Better than cheeze wiz, better than Dr. Rupert's essence of worm oil.

Now it's common knowledge amongst fishermen that dark clothing helps you maintain a low profile. Different strokes for different folks. My fishing success rate has increased tenfold the times I've been decked out in the brightest of tie-dye. These submerged creatures must have become so accustomed to being pursued by dark and drably dressed humans, they now flee and seek out color. When they find me they must think the moon and sunset are happening at once; it drives them into a feeding frenzy.

Stuart Houk
Heber City, UT

Are You Experienced?

When I think back to my first show in 1971, I would probably fit into the "problem" category in some respects. I was 20 years old and quite green. It has been through Dead concerts and the people who I have met at them that I have been able to grow and mature.

My greatest concern is for those people who are just climbing on the Bus. I'm hearing lots of negative messages from the old timers such as this one, found in a flyer from the Minglewood Town Council: "You often hear this walking through the crowd, 'doses, doses.' For all you thoughtless Deadheads washed up on the shores of Terrapin Station, we cannot condone this activity any longer. It is not 1966."

A lot of people seeing Dead shows today were not around in 1966. Does this mean they should not have the experience we had when we were their age? I'm not saying it's for everyone. I'm definitely saying people should be given the choice to say yes or no. I still think this is one of the best ways (among others, including pot, straight, even alcohol) to access a Dead show. Aren't the people who sell these commodities providing a service, just like those who sell Calistoga or soda, falafel or stir fry, or imported items? In addition, I use shows as a source of psychedelics to help allow similar spiritual experiences elsewhere, because I don't have local sources. Psychedelics have had a profound and positive effect in my life. Why cut off the younger generation from experiencing them in probably one of the best atmospheres to experiment — a Grateful Dead concert?

Drugs are not the answer, but they are one vehicle that can be used and have been used over the centuries.

Name withheld on request
Indiana

Better Living Through Chemistry

The Dead scene holds the vestiges of the utopian visions of the '60s, an island of idealism in a sea of cynicism. The Dead's music and community have always promoted higher consciousness, which means being aware of the consequences of your actions — social, environmental, political and economic. And now even this scene is being threatened by an influx of new, unaware, and often uncaring people. In many ways, it's analogous to what happened to the Haight-Ashbury scene in the late '60s: too many people out for a good time, without the ideals that started the movement in the first place. The Dead survived the Great Disillusionment of the '60s, survived through all the cynicism and tragedies of the '70s and into the '80s. But can they survive unchanged through the "just say no" decade? Or will the last traces of the Summer of Love disappear in the dark and stormy night of the Reagan-Bush years?

Let me mention what is to me a glimmer of hope in these dark times. There seems to be a growing psychedelic movement both in this country and in England, separate

from the Dead scene. Magazines like *Reality Hackers,* (formerly *High Frontiers*) and *Encyclopedia Psychedelia* cover the gamut of this movement, including altered states of consciousness, creative use of high technology, and alternative life philosophies. Unlike the hippies, these neo-hippies (or "zippies") embrace technology as a means for furthering "the movement." This seems wise, given the obvious power of computers, biotechnology, psychopharmacology, etc. I encourage Deadheads to get involved in the neo-psychedelic movement. Apolitical, conventional-minded, geekoid nerds are dangerous! They can be used by government and mega-corporations for their own ends. We must recruit the smart, tech-wise into the ranks of the psychedelic vanguard, and carry on the revolution.

C. Randy McKinney
Urbana, IL

P.S. I can understand the attraction of the Great Wall of China, but realistically, do the Dead want to drag a bunch of tripping Deadheads into one of the most repressive and socially backward countries on earth? China's been getting better recently, but still seems like an unlikely place for a show. I have an alternate suggestion: Ayer's Rock in Australia. This is a huge red rock (the size of a small mountain) in the middle of the Australian desert. It is a sacred site to the Aborigines, a place of power. Perhaps the Dead could convince the Aborigines who control it to let them play there. Of course, there would be logistical problems supporting many people in such a remote location, but it would be a pretty cool place to play.

A Healthy Dose of Dead

I work at a Seattle day health center for older people with Alzheimer's Disease, schizophrenia, manic depression, and people who've had strokes. I lead a music group one day a week. Now, these music sessions usually feature Mitch Miller, Mills Brothers, etc., but I decided to do something different. I made up a tape of Dead songs from various records: "Operator," "Ripple," "Brokedown Palace," "Franklin's Tower," "Eyes of the World," "Sage and Spirit" from *Blues for Allah,* many songs from *Reckoning*. And the people love it! They clap along, smile and *dance.* One 57-year-old schizophrenic plays air guitar! This shows how truly amazing the Dead's music is. When these people smile and sing "Roll away the dew," it makes you feel *good*.

Jim Stoltzfus
Kent, WA

That's Boots, Helmet, Tie-Dye...

Thanks for your persistent effort, good vibes and love. Now that I am stationed overseas, your touch means more to me, a connection that fits right and feels right.

You won't believe this, but while I was being issued my Army field gear, I looked up and saw copies of *American Beauty* and *Skeletons From the Closet* hanging on the wall. Turns out Hank, the German supply clerk issuing my gear, is a dyed-in-the-wool Deadhead. "We are everywhere" took on a whole new significance for me.

Don Bryant
Bad Toelz, West Germany

From the Israel GD Fan Club to the Boys in the Band

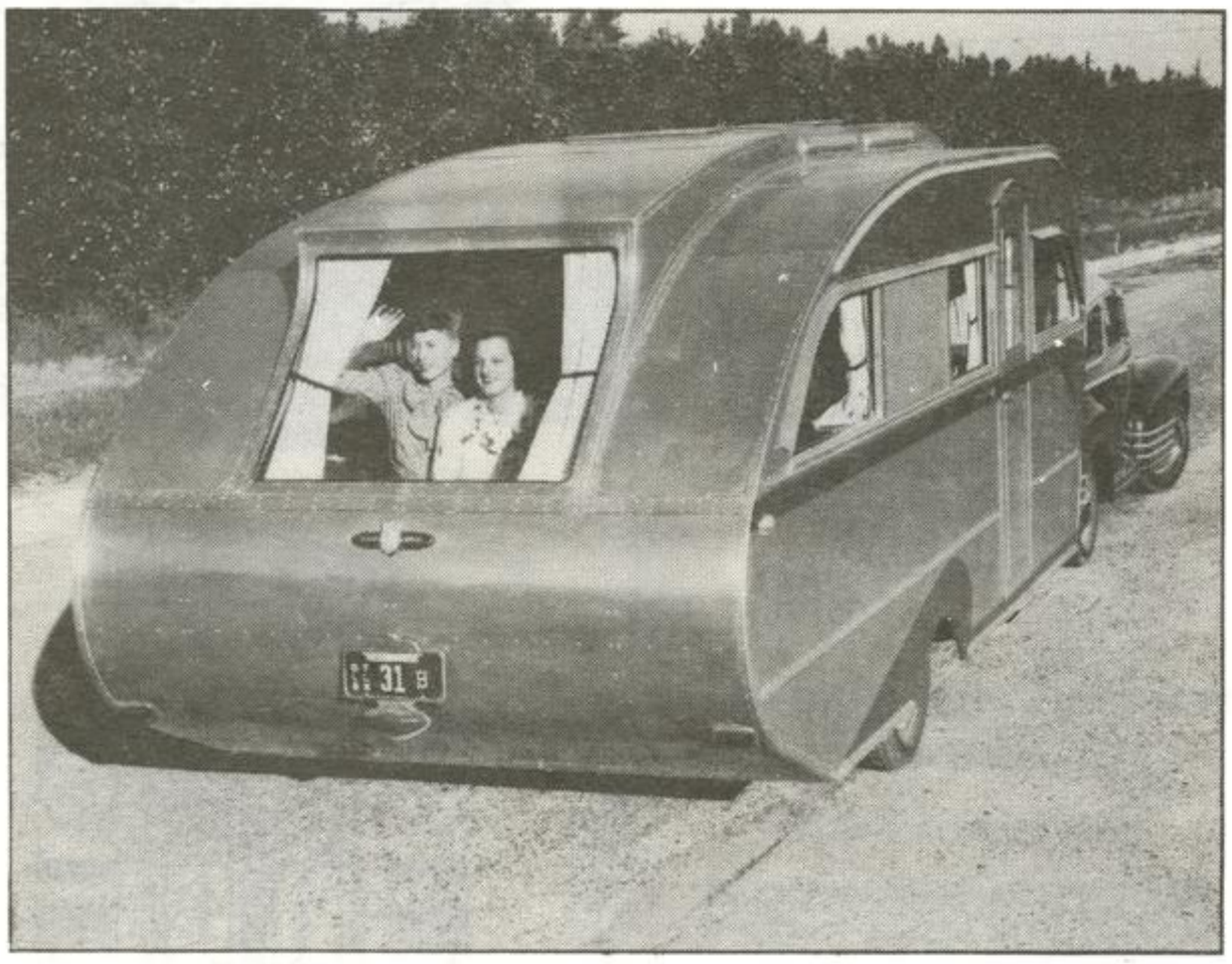
It's been about five years since the two of us have been here in Jerusalem, one from the shores of the Pacific, and one from the East Coast. We came to the harsh realization that one of the painful sacrifices of living in the Holy Land would be missing most of your shows. The occasional visit to the States has allowed us to catch the real thing, with the remainder faithfully delivered to us on tapes sent by our counterparts in America.

A few years ago we started "Dead Nights" — playing live tapes for a crowd of several hundred on a bi-weekly basis during the summer. This gave us the impetus for the Israel Grateful Dead Fan Club, which now boasts several hundred members.

Sometime in 1987, out of the frequent gatherings of keepers of the faith, and occasional jamming, came the idea to form a band in tribute. We settled on the name "Beggarman Thief" (we're begging you to play here and we're stealin' your tunes).

Beggarman Thief played its public debut at a local Jerusalem theater — a free show that drew more than 300 people, all decked out in tie-dyed tour wear. Our next gig is at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, and

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FEEDBACK

promises to be a 500+ event. Hey now! They're screamin' for the real thing. We can't hold them off much longer! You played the Pyramids. It's time for you to jam where Samson and Delilah did!

Among the possible venues for outdoor concerts, the most inspiring would be the Dead Sea, for very obvious reasons. It's time for the next live album — *The Dead at the Dead*. A show of biblical proportions. A floating stage just off the shore and the beach covered in tie-dyes. Or how about Jerusalem's outdoor amphitheater, Sultan's Pool, overlooking the walls of the Old City? Dire Straits, Santana, Dylan have played there. You could make a world statement for peace, and one more *Rolling Stone* cover for the scrapbook. A media event that would completely eclipse the Pyramids show.

Next year in Jerusalem!

Jeff Baras
Elan Prystowsky
Israel G.D. Fan Club
P.O. Box 4619
Jerusalem, Israel

Make a Difference

I spent the last six months traveling in Europe, meeting Deadheads from Italy, France, Israel, Germany and Austria, and what amazes me the most is that they are in it solely for the Ideals. They don't have the live shows, and they are isolated from the scene and camaraderie of fellow Deadheads. I learned much from them about the whole idea of being aware of the world around me and how I can both help alleviate problems and be less of a burden.

This brings me to the question, just how aware is the average Deadhead in the U.S.? How much do you know about what is going on in your community, state, country and world. That's right, *your world*! With today's technology bringing us to new heights in destructive capabilities — and I don't mean militarily — you, I and the next guy may be killing a piece of our world or society unknowingly. I am not going to state examples. That is your trip to climb inside this problem like Deadheads do so well. I have found that half the fun is discovering how much difference one person can make.

Danny Schwartz
USS John F. Kennedy

"I'll Get a New Start..."

Wharf Rats is a group of Deadheads who are in 12-step recovery programs. We gather together at shows for support to not abuse the substances that we recognize we have a problem with, be it booze, drugs, food, sex, or any other thing we use the program to help us with. This group is based on spirituality. Many of us find that the Grateful Dead and their shows are a quite powerful spiritual experience. We do not try to tell other people what to do or use. We are there to help and support others like us who recognize their dilemma.



Up until recently our group at shows numbered 10 to 12 people, but we've experienced an incredible amount of growth in the last six months. Our between-sets meetings now attract well over 100 people. At the New Year's shows at the Coliseum the band let us set up an information table which drew a lot of interest. So, it seems that we are becoming another part of this long strange trip.

If anyone would like more information, feel free to write us at the following address.

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DEADLINE



At the all-star Bridge School benefit in Oakland, December 4: Rob Wasserman, Weir, Garcia and Neil Young jam out on "Wang Dang Doodle." Photo: Ken Friedman/BGP Archives

The original name of this part of the magazine was "Deadline: The Latest News & Rumor Control." Boy, does this scene need rumor control! It seems like I spent an awful lot of my fall and early winter on the phone talking about unsubstantiated bullshit with a lot of people who should know better. To wit:

Brent's leaving the band. Brent's been kicked out of the band and is being replaced by Merl Saunders or Tom Constanten. Brent's going to jail because of another drunk driving conviction. Brent's in detox. Jerry's in detox. Bobby's in detox. Nobody's in detox now but the whole band is going in before the 25th anniversary. The band is taking a few months off. The band is taking all of 1989 off. Phil's quitting the band when his wife has another baby. Phil's quitting the band in two years. Phil won't play any shows outside California. The band won't play any shows outside California. The China trip is on for this fall. A Europe tour is happening this fall. The band is playing an entire month at Madison Square Garden this fall. New Year's Eve '89 is going to be at the Garden....

And the sources of these rumors? "I heard it from a guy who's really close to the band." "A friend of mine had dinner with Phil." "A friend knows somebody who heard it at a band meeting." "A friend told me it was on one of the computer networks." "I normally don't believe rumors but this one's been confirmed by people I trust." Uh-huh. Right.

Really, people! Doesn't tape collecting, saving your pennies for tour and having a real life keep you all busy enough that you don't have to spend your time passing inaccurate and destructive rumors? How is it that Deadheads can develop — and organically, no less — such a sophisticated network of communication with one another, and then fill it with utter garbage? Some of this junk even made it to radio and TV, such as the rampant rumor that New Year's would be Brent's last show, and that the band was quitting after the 25th anniversary. The extent of the Brent rumors, in particular, really gave me the creeps — there were people who were shocked that he turned up onstage at the first shows in February. (It's a fact that Brent was aware of what the rumor mill was saying, too. Fortunately he was philosophical about it all.)

There's no easy answer to this problem. We're *all* curious. We *all* have a lot of energy wrapped up in this band. I guess all I can do here is make a simple plea: consider the source of your information carefully and *think* before you repeat a rumor. And to my colleagues in the print biz (magazine, newsletters, whatever): you have a special obligation to steer clear of rumors, because you've set yourselves up as supposedly reliable sources of information. Like it or not, the printed word has power.

Let's all get back to just digging this great band.

Going back to late fall, on December 4, Garcia and Weir joined a host of other top names at the Oakland Coliseum for an evening of acoustic music to raise money for The Bridge School, a Bay Area school for handicapped, non-speaking children. Like the 1987 Bridge extravaganza at Shoreline Amphitheater headlined by Bruce Springsteen, the show was organized by Neil Young and his wife Peggi (who have two handicapped children). The five-hour concert featured mini-sets by Young, Billy Idol, Bob Dylan, Nils Lofgren, Tracy Chapman, Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers, Garcia & Weir, and Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young.

Garcia and Weir's brief segment came in the middle of the program, which unfortunately meant they had to follow an absolutely spellbinding five-song set by Dylan. At two shows at the Orpheum Theater in SF the previous weekend, Weir had played a pair of sets (opening for the Garcia Band) backed by stand-up bassist extraordinaire Rob Wasserman, so it wasn't too surprising to see the versatile bassist accompany Garcia and Weir this evening. And for the first of their four tunes, they were joined by another friend — Neil Young, who added his piercing, distinctive harmonica to a fine workout on "Wang Dang Doodle." Young then left and Garcia eased into a loping version of "Friend of the Devil." At the first strains of "Throwing Stones" I privately wondered if an acoustic version of such a powerhouse tune might get lost in the huge Coliseum, but actually it seemed to totally juice the crowd, which was perhaps a third Deadheads. Closing the too-brief set (it was the shortest of the night)

DEADLINE

was "Ripple," sung with typical warmth and feeling by Garcia. Prolonged applause from the assembled throng failed to get the musicians back for an encore.

We don't have the space to go into detail about the other performances that night, but a few of the highlights included:

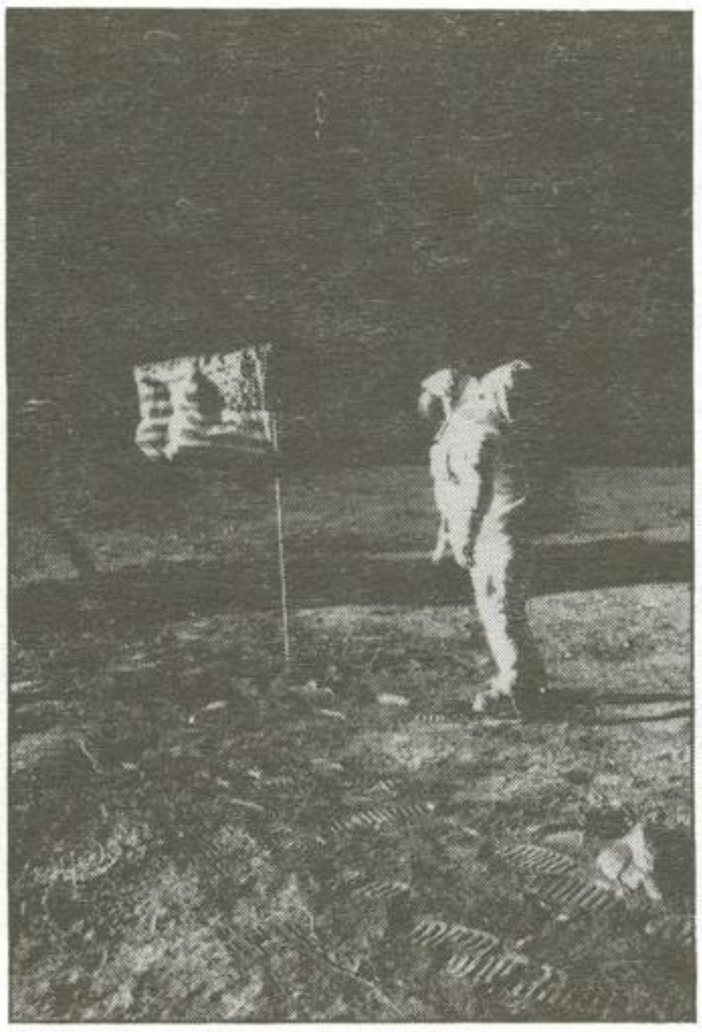
Nils Lofgren's over-the-top version of "Keith Don't Go"; Dylan's entire segment, including "Pretty Boy Floyd," "With God On Our Side" (which had a verse about Vietnam I'd never heard), and a highly emotional "Forever Young," especially poignant at a benefit to aid children; Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers' exciting rockabilly reworking of "Refugee"; and CSNY's "This Old House," a haunting Neil Young tune from their last album.

This sort of brevity doesn't do justice to the event, of course. It was an amazing, truly special evening from beginning to end. If you see any tapes floating around (with so many Deadheads in attendance, it's a safe bet a few people sneaked their decks in) check 'em out!

The Dead are hoping to have their new album in the stores sometime this summer, though whether it will be completed before the band's big stadium tour in July remains to be seen. But several different sources tell us that the sessions at Skywalker Ranch in Marin County have been going very well, and that the project has picked up considerable momentum since the first of the year.

At least some of the band's excitement in the studio these days is being premiered at the band's February shows at Kaiser. It's tough to describe a song to someone who hasn't heard it, so take our woefully inadequate (and biased) analyses with a grain of salt.

The real knockout of the three tunes, in my view, is a new Garcia-Hunger ballad called "Standing on the Moon." While I know there is some sentiment out there along the lines of "*another* ballad?" I think this is the best to come down the pike in a long, long time. Stylistically, it bears a passing resemblance to both "Black Muddy River" and "Mission in the Rain"; lyrically, though, it is quite a different animal. Like many of Hunter's best lyrics, these work on many different levels. On the face of it, the song appears to be about loneliness and isolation — from the world and other people. Hunter's metaphor is a person on the moon, gazing back at earth, seeing a planet overrun by violence:



Standing on the moon I hear the
battle rage below
Standing on the moon I see the
soldiers come and go
There's a metal flag beside me
someone planted long ago
Old Glory standing stiffly —
crimson, white and indigo

I see all of Southeast Asia, I see
El Salvador
I can hear the cries of children and
the other songs of war
It's like a mighty melody that rings
out from the sky
Standing here upon the moon
I watch it all roll by,
all roll by

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Transcribed from 2/11/89 version.

There are other layers of possible meaning in the song that I won't speculate on here, except to say that it seems like a straight line from "Comes a Time" to "Standing on the Moon," however you want to take that.

I was an early fan of "Black Muddy River," but I don't feel that song has worn very well live because its structure is basically rather formal and stodgy, and the emotion of the song is so internalized in the song's only character that it's somewhat difficult to get involved with it. On the other hand, "Standing on the Moon" has such familiar imagery and accessible emotion (even though I sense it's a deeply personal song) it's difficult *not* to become engrossed in it. Melodically it seems well suited to Garcia's vocal range, and though its pace is languorous (sort of akin to actual moon footage, which looks like slow motion), it has its own internal propulsion. My one suggestion would be to add a guitar solo after the bridge to keep the song from becoming too claustrophobic.

The first week of Brent's two new tunes (both of which were written just the week before the Kaiser shows) is a highly melodic, harmony-filled ecology anthem called "We Can Run But We Can't Hide." Like most of Brent's songs, this one has drawn very mixed reviews from people I've spoken to. Some find it a tad obvious in its attempt to put across a "message," and others disdain its chorus, which does sound more like the band Alabama than the Grateful Dead. So far, I like it fine as a first-set tune, though I fear that the specificity of the lyrics will eventually limit its appeal to me, as happened with "Throwing Stones." John Barlow turns some neat phrases, though:

Today I went walking in the amber wind,
There's a hole in the sky where
the light pours in
I remembered the days when I wasn't
afraid of the sunshine
But now it beats down on the asphalt land
Like a hammering blow from
God's left hand
What little still grows cringes
in the shade like a bad vine

We can run,
But we can't hide from it.
Of all possible worlds,
We only got one:
We gotta ride on it.
Whatever we've done,
We'll never get far from what
we leave behind
We can run, run, run, but we can't hide
Oh no, we can't hide.

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"That song comes about as close to being a bare faced political song as the Grateful Dead are ever going to do," Barlow told me. But isn't that what was said about "Throwing Stones"? "Well, I'm always trying to expand the envelope. If they give you a pulpit, it's hard not to want to preach from it. But Brent and I both felt that you don't necessarily have to preach to want to give people an anthem, and that's what I hope this will become. It's simple, straightforward and doesn't point fingers at anyone except all of us."

The other new Mydland-Barlow tune is a bluesy shuffle called "A Little Light," which Barlow says is about

"being surprised by love after you've adopted the relatively safe posture of not caring. It's about somebody who's dedicated to being a hard guy but he's finding that position more difficult to maintain."

Even though I been a stranger,
full of irony and spite
Holding little but contempt for all things
beautiful and bright
Something shines around you and
it seems, to my delight
To give me just a little sweetness...
Just a little light

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A new Weir-Barlow tune *might* have been played on the spring tour by the time you read this. Barlow describes it as "more convoluted, abstract, ambiguous and adolescent than the songs I've been writing with Brent. On one level there's nothing subtle about it. It's a rock 'n' roll song, maybe a little on the lines of 'Hell in a Bucket,' or at least that type of song."

So what does all this mean in terms of what will ultimately be on the album? It's difficult to say, because there's clearly a surfeit of songs. Garcia has "Foolish Heart," "Standing on the Moon," "Built to Last" and "Believe It or Not." Weir has the new Barlow tune and "Victim or the Crime." (Our sources tell us that a tune we mentioned a few months back called "Shit Happens" probably won't be developed further right now.) And Brent has *five* potential candidates: "I Will Take You Home" (a.k.a. "Little Girl Lost"), "We Can Run But We Can't Hide," "A Little Light," "Blow Away" and "Gentlemen Start Your Engines." The last two haven't been played live for many months, so their future may be in doubt. And among Garcia's tunes, "Believe It or Not" doesn't seem to be on the "A" list these days, either, though in the last issue Garcia talked about how much he likes it. What combination of tunes will eventually make the cut is anybody's guess at this point. Should be pretty interesting, in any case.

Taro Hart, Mickey's son, is about to become one of the youngest recording artists ever to be on disc. You see, Rykodisc, the hip Massachusetts CD company that has been releasing Mickey's various ethnic music projects (as reported last issue), has just put out a disc called *Music To Be Born By*, which features Taro's heartbeat in the womb augmented by subtle instrumental music. Although the actual disc was not ready to be previewed by the time we went to press, we heard a good sampling of the music shortly after it was recorded back in late 1983. We were up at Hart's ranch in Novato (he has since moved) interviewing him for *Golden Road* #1 and he played us some of the work-in-progress.

"Most cultures have birthing music — music to be born by," he told us that rainy afternoon. "People play music while women are giving birth in many cultures, but not ours. I wanted to do that as well, so I started thinking about composition when Mary [Taro's mom] was pregnant. I couldn't imagine what kind of music she wanted to hear.

"Finally, about five or six days before she gave birth, I took the baby's heartbeat off a fetal monitoring machine and put it on the Nagra [tape recorder]. I came back here, put it on the 16-track, over-dubbed some percussion and Bobby Vega put on a little bass thing. It went for 30 minutes. I put it on cassette, took a blaster down to the hospital, and the baby was born to this music — his own heartbeat! The doctors and nurses at Marin General Hospital loved it! It's like they were doing a little dance during the birth."

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What we heard was both hypnotic and strangely soothing. In the years since the recording, the father-son team's music has been used by doctors in several different countries with positive results.

"It's not only helpful during labor," Hart writes in the liner notes of the new disc. "Played during pregnancy, when practicing breathing techniques, a fetal imprint may be achieved, so that after birth this music appears to have a calming effect on the newborn."

Also on the Rykodisc front are a few other Hart-produced projects, all of which get our absolute highest recommendation:

Olatunji: *Drums of Passion — The Beat*. Actually, this is a digital remix of the 1986 album *Dance to the Beat of My Drum*, which remains my favorite Olatunji album.

Mickey, Flora Purim & Airto: *Dafos*. This one runs the gamut from little hand percussion to the Beam over the course of an amazing selection of tracks. This is one of the stoniest discs you'll ever hear, and it'll give your stereo a helluva workout, too.

The Rhythm Devils: *The Apocalypse Now Sessions*. Music from the film that is stranger than Kurtz himself. Mickey, Bill, Phil and a few pals go "up the river" for real!

And due in May: *The Gyuto Monks Tibetan Tantric Choir*. Haven't heard it, but did see it live. This chanting is not of this Earth.

A show that totally blew us away recently was the Jerry Garcia Band's March 3 gig at the Orpheum Theater in San Francisco. The Big Man, Clarence Clemons, played the *entire show*, and what a great fit that turned out to be! In many ways the pairing is even better than with the Dead because the JGB is an R&B band first and foremost. C.C.'s sax sounded perfect on nearly everything, from "Let's Spend the Night Together" (recently revived by the JGB) to "That's What Love Will Make You Do" to "Deal," which rocked just about as hard as I've heard it with the Garcia Band. Between Melvin Seals' beefy organ work, the soulful backup vocals of Gloria Jones and Jackie LaBranch, and Clarence's horn, the music became a dense wall of sound that filled every air molecule in that great old theater. And Jerry looked like he was in heaven all night. (*We* were!) With Clarence living locally, perhaps we can look forward to some more raucous tenor at JGB shows. And while we're at it, isn't it time the Boss met the Beast? How 'bout the GD and Bruce on "She's the One"?

On the Grateful Dead CD front, GD Merchandising is releasing a single CD of *Steal Your Face*. The double-record disaster from 1976 has been justly maligned through the years for any number of reasons, but I have a sneaking suspicion I'm going to like the CD. One reason is the continuous playing time: even though the song order bears no resemblance to a Dead show, hearing it all without flipping the records will give it more continuity and more of a chance to establish a mood. (That's a major reason I find the *Dead Set* CD pretty listenable.) We'll see.

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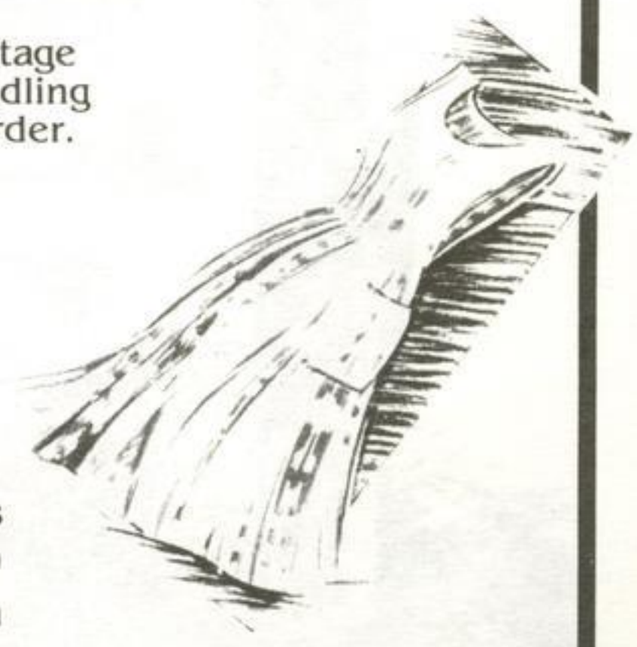
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SET LISTS: LONG BEACH THROUGH THE FORUM



Clarence Clemons (on sax) joins the Dead on New Year's Eve. Photo: Ken Friedman/BGP Archives

LONG BEACH

Just like last year, the Dead's annual trip to Long Beach produced three consistently hot shows. I hadn't been to the Arena since '85, and this time around I was very impressed with how intimate it seemed for a 14,000-seater. There were moments I could've sworn I was at Kaiser Convention Center (but a great show often creates that illusion).

Alas, our day jobs prevented Regan and me from hitting the first of the three concerts — and wouldn't you know it would be the one that everyone raved about most. (There's a truism in there somewhere.) Tapes reveal that it was an excellent show, though I think the second night was even better played and a tad more adventurous. The first-set song list alone had me weeping, including as it did the surprising pairing of "Good Times" and "Franklin's," the rarely played "High Time" and another treat from the endangered species list, "Jackaroe" (played for the first time since 8/31/85). The second set featured outstanding versions of some popular combinations — "Scarlet-Fire," "Estimated-Eyes" and "Wheel-Gimme Some Lovin'." An unexpected, scorching "Wharf Rat" before the set-ending "Watchtower" sparked additional fireworks.

Look at the set list for the Saturday (12/10) show and you won't see any surprises, but I really felt it was about as well played from beginning to end as any show I saw in '88. There were long spacey passages in tunes like "Stranger," "Playin'" and "The Other One," and "Tennessee Jed" really took off in interesting ways. "Stuck Inside of Mobile" developed a swirling intensity reminiscent of the killer Greek Theater version, and the "China Cat-Rider" was big and beefy, just the way I like it. Billy and Mickey effectively kicked the "Lovelight" into gear during the jam, jacking up the energy level of the whole band in the process.

The Sunday, 12/11, show was one of the shortest I've been to in a while (six-song first set, very abbreviated drums/space segment), but it was still very satisfying on many levels. In the first set, I particularly liked hearing "Jack Straw" after the "Iko" opener, another multitextured "Bird Song" and "Hell in a Bucket" as a set finisher for a change. The second set was my first exposure to the road-tested combo of "Victim or the Crime" ➧ "Foolish Heart," and I felt they worked well together. "Victim" is developing into an interesting powerhouse tune; the jam at the end of this version went out there pretty far before coming magically back to the main progression for a big finish. And though Garcia really doesn't seem to have a clue about the lyrics in "Foolish Heart" yet, this one was played exquisitely. At its best, this tune has some of the drive and rhythmic interest of "Scarlet Begonias," and it serves as a nice contrast to the jaggedness of "Victim." The big surprise in the post-drums segment was the appearance of "Black Muddy River" as the penultimate tune, instead of in its usual encore slot. Frankly, I found it a little disorienting — it felt like the encore and (I swear this is true) some people sitting near us actually put on their coats and left at this point as if it was a reflex reaction. Too bad, too — they missed a rockin' "Sugar Mag" closer and "Quinn" encore.

— *BJ*

12-9-88, Long Beach Arena, Long Beach, CA
Good Times ➧ Franklin's Tower, When I Paint My Masterpiece, High Time, Walkin' Blues, Jackaroe, Cassidy ➧ Don't Ease Me In

Scarlet Begonias ➧ Fire on the Mountain, Estimated Prophet ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ All Along the Watchtower/ U.S. Blues

12-10-88, Long Beach Arena
Feel Like a Stranger, West L.A. Fadeaway, Me & My Uncle ➧ Big River, Althea, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Tennessee Jed, Music Never Stopped

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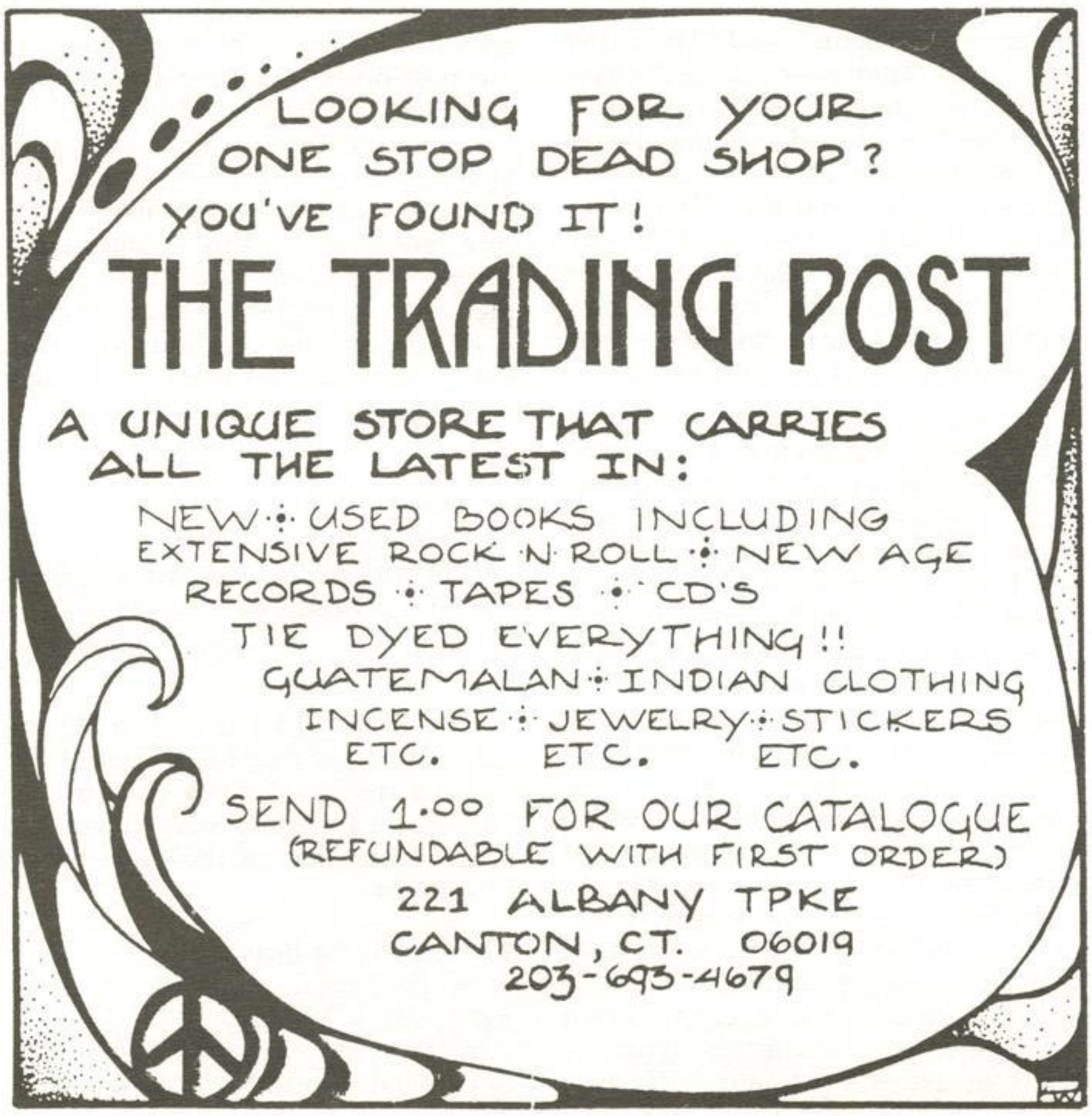
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304	VENTURA	7-14-85	JERRY-FULL FRAME PORTRAIT
306	VENTURA	7-14-85	JERRY IN RED. AS SEEN IN MOVIE "PRESIDIO"
357	OK CITY	9-2-85	GROUP
372	RED ROCKS	9-5-85	GROUP
378	RED ROCKS	9I-5-85	BOBBY JAMMING
1024A	FROST AMPH	5-2-87	GROUP W/WINGS BACKDROP
1033	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	9-15-87	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
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12-11-88, Long Beach Arena
Iko-Iko, Jack Straw, Row Jimmy, Queen Jane Approximately, Bird Song, Hell in a Bucket

Box of Rain, Victim or the Crime ➧ Foolish Heart, Man Smart Woman Smarter ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Dear Mr. Fantasy ➧ Hey Jude coda ➧ Black Muddy River ➧ Sugar Magnolia/Quinn the Eskimo

NEW YEAR'S

It's hard to explain, but there's something supremely satisfying about seeing great year-end shows. I suppose the New Year's concerts should be like any other series, but emotionally they always seem to carry a little more weight. After all, they put a cap on the preceding year, and everyone wants to go out on a high note. And New Year's Eve, in particular, serves as an emotional springboard into the future. A mediocre New Year's show frankly leaves a bad taste in my mouth for weeks; hell, I'm still a little rattled by that '85 travesty, and the two years preceding that one weren't any great shakes, either. But the band has been on a roll since Garcia's illness, and for New Year's '87 — when the national TV telecast threatened to put some sort of psychic whammy on the night — the band really rose to the occasion and beat the New Year's jinx. And this year was even better!

Like last year, the first show in the run was my favorite (though I had the most fun at New Year's, by far). Having missed the return of "Jackaroe" at Long Beach by a day, I was delighted to hear it in the first set on the 28th — it fairly galloped through the Coliseum at a breathless clip. There was some tremendous ensemble playing in both "When Push Comes to Shove" and "Stuck Inside of Mobile," and "Bird Song" was even more circuitous and exploratory than usual. But it was the explosive set-ending "Jack Straw" that announced we were in for a special second set. It was, too, particularly "I Know You Rider" and the entire post-drums. "Uncle John's Band" truly came out of nowhere from the "space," and the "Miracle" that followed was, well, miraculous — after the verses and coda, Brent kicked the jam into gear and the whole band just wailed for a couple of minutes in a furious display that called to mind some great "Truckin'" jams of years past. Then —

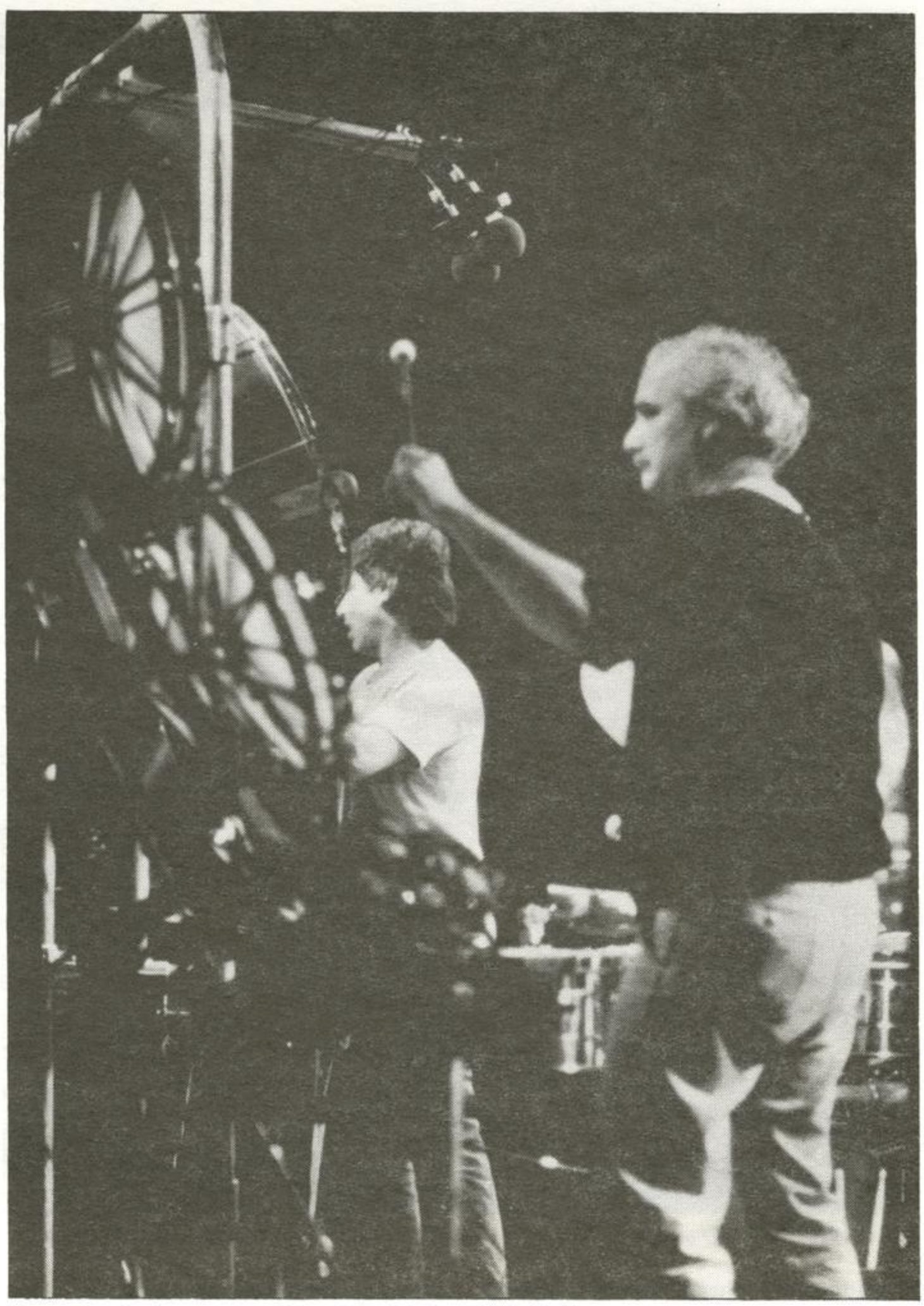
surprise, surprise — Garcia eschewed his usual slow ballad and eased into "Foolish Heart," its first appearance so late in a show. A little unsteady at first, it built a nice momentum until the last jam, when Brent once again propelled the song to new heights. Good stuff.

I thought the first set the following night was weak, even though it contained songs I like for the most part. It's always a shame when they use a great jamming song like "Let It Grow" in a set where they're obviously not playing their best, but it did provide the first half's most transporting moments. Opening the second set with "Playin'" was an inspired choice because it allowed the players the room to try to find the groove that seemed to have eluded them much of the night. Where the show really caught fire, though, was at the end of "Crazy Fingers." The "Samson" that followed was positively bruising, and then by the time "Eyes of the World" rolled around, the group could do no wrong.

The Rhythm Devils and "space" segments at this show were particularly inventive and weird (thanks in part to Healy's quad machinations), and lighting designer Candace Brightman really pulled out all the stops, creating intricate architectural shapes and patterns across the front of the stage and in the audience. Her split-second color shifts during "The Other One" took an already titanic version and put it into orbit; on this night, she was the seventh member. I was beside myself with glee that the group didn't "save" the predictable "Throwing Stones-Not Fade Away" ending for New Year's Eve for a change; it fit this show perfectly and left the Big Night To Come wide open.

The energy level in the arena before the New Year's Eve show is unlike anything else in the Grateful Dead experience. The rush for seats is more intense than at other shows. Some folks have special outfits they wear this night only. Others skip the rest of the year and only come New Year's because it's a chance to catch up with friends in a familial party atmosphere. People who have been pacing themselves other nights usually kick out the jams and consume mass quantities (as The Coneheads say).

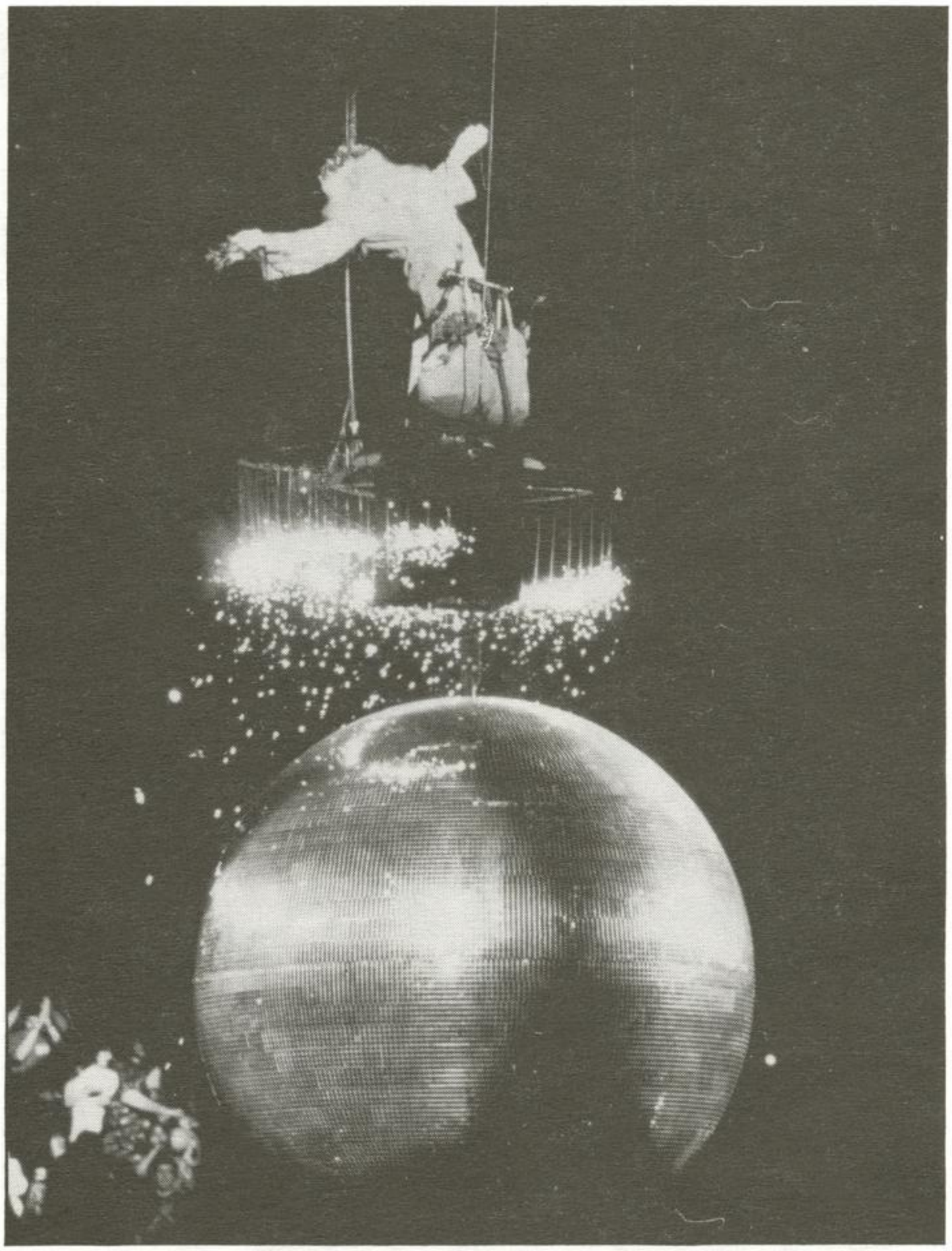
Although I generally prefer seeing the Dead without an opening act, I'm usually intrigued by the groups that the band and Bill Graham's organization come up with for New Year's Eve. It's always at least interesting, though not always to my taste. This year's openers were as different as night and day. The Bay Area-based group Peter Apfelbaum & the Heiroglyphics Ensemble played a dense, highly eclectic



Drumming in the new year. Photo: Ken Friedman/BGP Archives

melange of horn-driven jazz, rhythmic African-sounding textures and more meditative music. A visually striking, multi-ethnic aggregation with some 17 members — mainly horn players and drummers of various sorts — the group struck me as slightly noisy, but then I'm not a fan of big brass sections. They appealed more to my head than my heart. Which is more than I can say for the second group, the Tom Tom Club. As a big Talking Heads fan, I had hoped for great things from this offshoot featuring Chris Frantz and Tina Weymouth, but I found their set plodding and one-dimensional — leaden dance music with no melodies to speak of and no instrumental virtuosity. Weymouth is an attractive and energetic frontperson, but she's not really a singer. And Frantz's inane rapping from behind his drum kit sounded condescending when it wasn't stupid. Their version of "She Belongs to Me" has to be one of the worst Dylan covers of all time.

Most people I spoke with at the break didn't like the Tom Tom Club either, but that just made us even more psyched for the Dead's first set, which got rolling a little after 10 p.m. with a slightly stumbling version of "Good Times," *sans* Phil for much of the song. It took most of the "Franklin's Tower" that followed for the band to lock into a good groove; it was as if they had to reclaim the stage from the preceding groups. Then, as the first snakey notes of "Wang Dang Doodle" (played for only the second time this year) oozed from the p.a., a special guest appeared from behind Garcia's amps. Wait a minute...Is that?...Holy cow — it's the Big Man!! Indeed, it was Clarence



Bill Graham's entrance as Father Time on New Year's Eve. Photo: Ken Friedman/BGP Archives

Clemons, the E Street sax man, looking ultra-cool in his shades, like some North Beach hipster, confidently honkin' away like he was just another cat in the band. As the crowd roared its approval, the Big Man easily traded riffs with Garcia and Brent, taking that song places it's never been before. (That one definitely ranks up there with my favorite guest appearances at a Dead show.) He stayed on for "West L.A. Fadeaway" and handled it with equal aplomb. "Say 'Thank you, Clarence,'" was Weir's comment after the song, to which Garcia added, "We're gonna bring him back later!" Oh boy! From there, the Dead reasserted themselves with heartfelt versions of "Masterpiece," "Cold Rain & Snow" and two others before the break.

Bill Graham's traditional entrance as Father Time at midnight is always a source of great speculation in the hall. And there's no describing the blissful pandemonium in the place when the lights go out a few minutes before the Magic Moment. There's just darkness and the ROAR, and maybe some tapers' and ushers' flashlights darting across the ceiling in a mad dance. Some taped music blared from the speakers — this time a pleasantly hypnotic collage from Phillip Glass' *Powaqqatsi* soundtrack — and slowly a large figure emerged from the darkness at the back of the hall. It was a few seconds before I could recognize what it was — Father Time riding atop a giant mirror ball! How fitting on this tenth anniversary of the closing of Winterland! It sailed above the crowd toward the front of the stage, its hypnotic twirl casting beams of light onto the ecstatic faces of the crowd. Fireworks exploded in the rafters as Graham triumphantly hurled bunches of roses into the throng below him. When the wondrous sphere reached the front of the stage, Graham descended a ladder and there was a countdown from ten. Next came the sheer delirium of The Moment with all the attendant hugs and kisses and warm feelings. And then, as hundreds of balloons gracefully fell from the ceiling, the Dead kicked into "Sugar Magnolia," which is and always will be THE New Year's song for me. Clarence was up there again, blowing away with Garcia on the big rave-up, and he added even more to the next two tunes: "Touch of Grey" took on a hint of "Rosalita" with the Big Man's fills, and "Man Smart Woman Smarter" was even more a party song than usual. Clemons stuck it out through "Terrapin," though I didn't actually hear him play anything on that challenging tune.

The Rhythm Devils' portion of the show was extra long and intense, with Olatunji and Japanese new age artist Kitaro helping out, drumming for peace in the New Year. What followed the "space" was a superb version of a standard Dead module — "The Wheel" ➧ "Gimme Some Lovin'" ➧"Watchtower" — and then a "Morning Dew" that was absolutely incredible for the first three-quarters of the song, and then just sort of petered out — there was no final crescendo. I was, quite frankly, confused by that turn of events (call me crazy, but I say if you start a "Dew" you finish it), and it spoiled my appreciation of the expected "Sunshine Daydream," which materialized after a lurching start. Even Garcia was (literally) scratching his head over that one.

After the rather odd ending (which, I must admit, sounds perfectly normal on tape) I didn't know what to expect — a one-song encore? A third set? But certainly nowhere in my mind was what they actually played: a tremendous "Wharf Rat," into a jubilant "Goin' Down the Road" (with Clarence again), into "Saturday Night." If you want to hear the thrill of the evening summed up in one musical passage, listen to Garcia's burst of notes after Clarence's solo on "Goin' Down the Road." This is one New Year's that ended at full steam; surely it ranks just below '81 as the best of the decade. And Bill Graham's entrance may have been his most dramatic ever.

Finally, I would be remiss if I didn't mention the funniest moment of New Year's Eve. During "West L.A. Fadeaway," a giant inflatable Godzilla with boxing glove-like balloons attached to both arms was quietly passed across the top of the crowd toward the stage, on an apparent collision course with Garcia. About ten feet from the stage an equal-sized inflatable Gumby emerged from the crowd and proceeded to battle furiously with Godzilla for a good minute or so, as the crowd

cheered on the two gladiators and Garcia and company cracked up. Though Godzilla scored more blows, Gumby won the round on points — Godzilla retreated, never to be seen again. The message is clear. Don't mess with Gumby, dammit!

— *BJ*

12-28-88, Oakland Coliseum, Oakland, CA
Iko-Iko, Walkin' Blues, Jackaroe, All Over Now, When Push Comes to Shove, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Bird Song, Jack Straw

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Estimated Prophet ➧ He's Gone ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Uncle John's Band ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ jam ➧ Foolish Heart ➧ Lovelight/Baby Blue

12-29-88, Oakland Coliseum
Hell in a Bucket ➧ Sugaree, New Minglewood Blues, Friend of the Devil, Queen Jane Approximately, To Lay Me Down, Let It Grow

Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ Crazy Fingers ➧ Samson & Delilah ➧ jam ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away/Quinn the Eskimo

12-31-88, Oakland Coliseum
Good Times, Franklin's Tower, Wang Dang Doodle*, West L.A. Fadeaway*, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Cold Rain & Snow, Cassidy ➧ Don't Ease Me In



Jerry and the Big Man. Photo: Ron Delany

Sugar Magnolia* ➧ Touch of Grey* ➧ Man Smart Woman Smarter*, Terra-

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pin* ⧫ rhythm devils (with Kitaro and Olatunji) ⧫ space ⧫ The Wheel ⧫ Gimme Some Lovin' ⧫ All Along the Watchtower ⧫ Morning Dew ⧫ Sunshine Daydream

Wharf Rat ⧫ Goin' Down the Road* ⧫ Saturday Night*

*with Clarence Clemons

FEBRUARY KAISER

This was a critical stand for the Grateful Dead at the much beloved Kaiser Convention Center in Oakland. As regular readers of this magazine know, for the past year or so, residents of the Kaiser neighborhood have been trying to ban Dead shows there because of the deleterious behavior of a small faction of Deadheads. It was agreed months ago that this series would be the Deadheads' last chance to prove we can be responsible neighbors.

For a few weeks before the shows, members of the Minglewood Town Council — a freeform coalition committed to educating Deadheads about acting responsibly — met with neighborhood leaders to assuage their fears, and even did cleanups in the area. Bill Graham's organization hired extra security for the shows, made sure there were plenty of portable toilets in the park adjacent to HJK, and posted signs urging people not to sleep in their cars, buses, etc.

The vending scene in the park was curtailed some, too — no tables or structures of any sort were permitted, and the park was cleared at 7 p.m. (showtime) each night. I thought all these were good decisions. The area stayed cleaner, the vibe in the park was much less commercial, and people really did tend to disperse after each show. Chalk one up for the Deadheads and BGP — even the local papers said it all went smoothly.

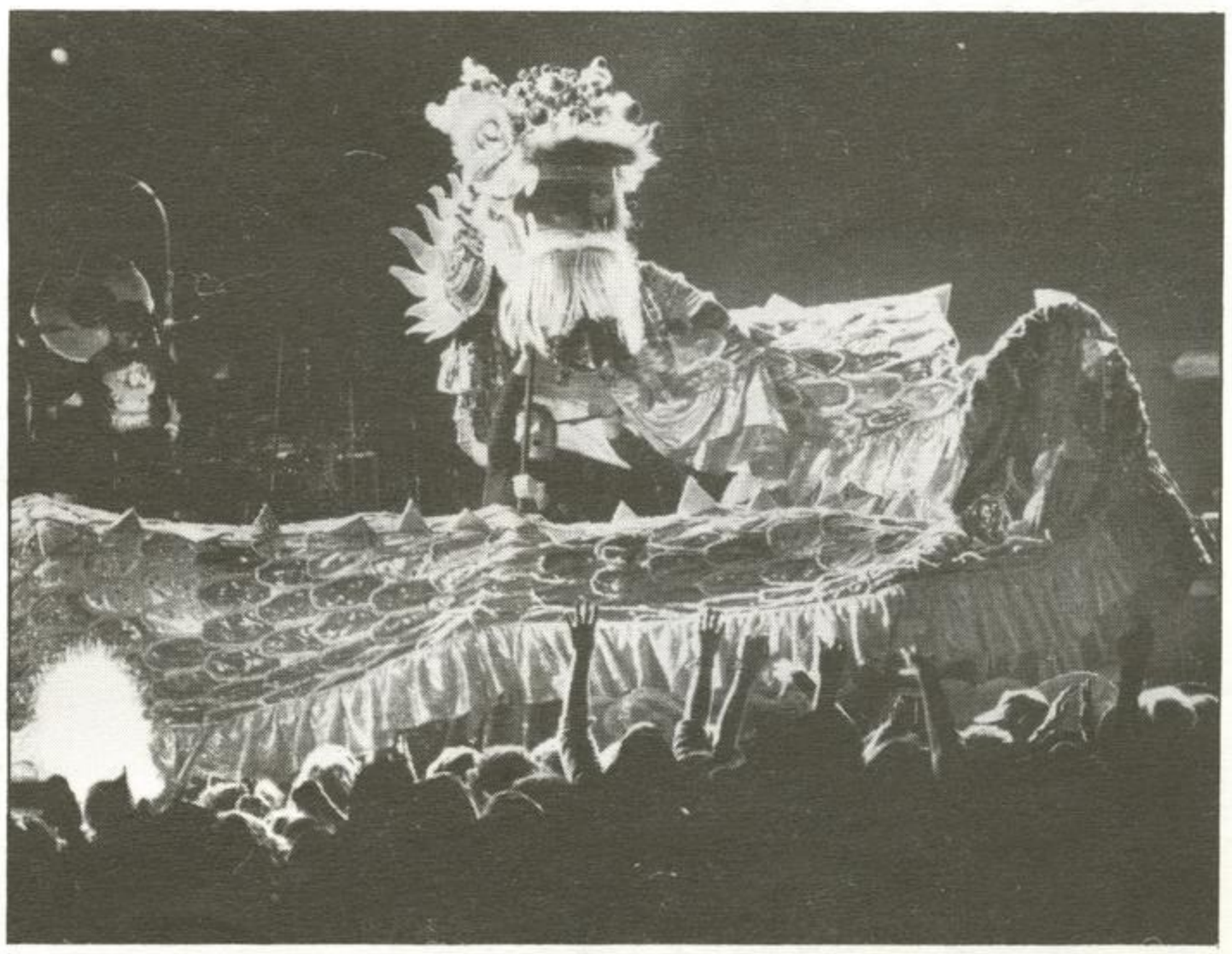
Smoothly, but not perfectly by any means. In fact, some of the Kaiser neighbors were still up in arms a couple of weeks later when the subject of a proposed March series of Dead shows at Kaiser came up before the Convention Center board. Armed with damning photos of bad Deadhead behavior, a slew of new horror stories, and even support from some MTC members who felt that just five weeks between shows was unfair to the neighborhood, the anti-Dead forces convinced Graham's organization to withdraw the request to put on shows. The door hasn't been closed on possible future shows at Kaiser, however. Rather, BGP and the neighbors have pledged to work together to come up with creative solutions. Some sort of overnight camping area would certainly be one vital part of the equation. It might be the only way to get the troublesome buses, which continually ignore requests not to park in the neighborhood days before the shows, off the streets and into a controllable area. The romance of the tour bus mythos is wearing thin on a lot of Heads, me included.

As usual, BGP decorated the old arena beautifully — this year the main motif was huge clusters of balloon clouds in different colors hanging from the ceiling, with rain (colored tinsel) falling from each clump. More decorations were added for Chinese New Year's and Mardi Gras.

I thought the energy at the first show of the series was on a par with the best of the 12/28 and New Year's Eve show — in other words, blazing hot. (You may hear less glowing reports of this show, but I think tapes will support my view.) The opening trio of tunes was delivered with brio, particularly the "Franklin's Tower," which was the best I'd seen since 12/27/87. The first version of Brent's new tune, "We Can Run But We Can't Hide," intrigued me, mainly because it's the first new Dead song in a while to incorporate strong harmony vocals. And "Desolation Row," which has dragged down many a first set in the past, sparkled this night.

I found the second set very exciting, too. The Bay Area had been inundated by rain and freezing temperatures the week before the shows, so the "Cold Rain & Snow" opener seemed especially appropriate. Following an unusually strong "Man Smart Woman Smarter," Garcia debuted a new ballad, "Standing on the Moon" (see "Deadline"), which I thought was quite lovely and moving. The "Playin'" that came next featured a long, multitextured jam that sounded like it might veer back to the "reprise" at one point, but eventually rolled into drums. In the après "space" segment, the appearance of a sturdy "He's Gone" was a complete surprise, "Miracle" was on a par with the incredible 12/28/88 version, and we got a real fire-and-brimstone "Morning Dew." Even the "Johnny B. Goode" encore had as much crazy energy as the rest of the night. Phil took the MVP this night and the next in my book — it was great to see him so involved and even dominant.

The second night's show, Chinese New Year's, started promisingly with an unusual choice — "Not Fade Away" — and then really took off with the "Sugaree" that followed. "Wang Dang Doodle" has become by far the most interesting of Weir's limited (and mainly tiresome) blues repertoire, and "Jackaroe" sounds more confident with each rendering. Closing the first set with "Tennessee Jed" was an interesting change of pace. I thought the second set was spotty, though there was still much to like. The real tragedy of the pre-drums is that the "Scarlet" jam, which was going great guns for a while with Phil and Jerry leading, seemed to derail before hitting the much-anticipated "Fire on the Mountain," because Weir's guitar wasn't working right and a technician was crawling around onstage trying to fix it. Eventually, the thread of the jam was lost and the band went into "Looks



The magical Dragon brings in the Year of the Serpent at Kaiser. Photo: Ron Delany



Mardi Gras Madness! Photo: Ron Delany

Like Rain" instead. Drat! For me, this show's strongest moments came after the traditional entrance of the dragon (spellbinding as always) and the Rhythm Devils' excursion. "The Other One" caught fire in several places, and the set-ending "Lovelight" percolated from beginning to end.

The third concert was pretty ghastly, truly one of the worst Dead shows I've ever attended. The first set was innocuous enough, even though the band sounded "off" on "Jack Straw" and "Loser," as if pistons were misfiring or something. But I thought "Stuck Inside of Mobile" and "Bird Song" were both excellent, so I had great expectations for the second set.

The Mardi Gras parade that traditionally starts the second set got off to a very weird start when various giant papier-mâché heads, costumed revelers and floats appeared in the hall ten minutes before the band did. They hung back behind the soundboard in full view until the lights finally went out and the drummers picked up the beat of "Iko-Iko." The parade itself was spectacular — the most colorful yet — but it was also interminable. The band stretched "Iko-Iko" out so long that they ran out of musical ideas for the song before the parade had finished its slow march through the hall and across the stage.

Everyone was feeling high and happy anyway — until the band awkwardly stumbled into "Victim or the Crime." Actually, their intro faux pas was so far off the mark it made for an interesting jam, but then the song itself was more horrible than even I imagined it could be. The band never really got in sync, and Weir's vocal was an unbearable tuneless shriek. Hearing that disjointed cacophony of clams and blown chords was enough to dampen even the heartiest Mardi Gras spirit. A decent jam followed the main body of the song, which suggests to me something that others have noted — dump the words and play it as an instrumental! We'd still get "the message."

Where the night took a really ugly turn, though, was "Uncle John's Band," which was just pathetic — so anemic it sounded like it might just *stop* in a couple of places. To the band's credit, they jammed out after the "Uncle John's" in some really interesting directions.

There were hints of the band's potential during "The Wheel," but a passionless, going-through-the-motions "Throwing Stones" dragged down the proceedings again, and Garcia lacked the confidence to deliver "Foolish Heart" effectively. Even the "Good Lovin'" closer needed the family doctor. If I hadn't had such a good time, I would have been royally bummed about this show. Sometimes, when *they* get confused, it's better *not* to listen to the music play, and just enjoy the dancing and the good people all around.

Lastly, I'd like to throw in a good word for Al Rapone's Zydeco Express (featuring David Nelson on guitar), who opened the Mardi Gras show. Their punchy set of cajun tunes (most in French) really got the house rockin'.

— *BJ*

2-5-89, Henry J. Kaiser Convention Center, Oakland, CA

Touch of Grey, Feel Like a Stranger ➧ Franklin's Tower ➧ Little Red Rooster, Althea, We Can Run But We Can't Hide, Desolation Row, Don't Ease Me In

Cold Rain & Snow ➧ Man Smart Woman Smarter, Standing on the Moon, Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Will Take You Home ➧ He's Gone ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Morning Dew/Johnny B. Goode

2-6-89, Kaiser

Not Fade Away ➧ Sugaree, Wang Dang Doodle, Jackaroe, Queen Jane Approximately, Brown-Eyed Women, Cassidy, Tennessee Jed

Hell in a Bucket ➧ Scarlet Begonias ➧ Looks Like Rain ➧ Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils (dragon entrance) ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Lovelight/ Black Muddy River

2-7-89, Kaiser

Hey Pocky Way, Jack Straw, Loser, Walkin' Blues, A Little Light, Standing on the Moon, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Bird Song

Drums for Mardi Gras Parade ➧ Iko-Iko, Victim or the Crime, We Can Run But We Can't Hide, Uncle John's Band ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Foolish Heart ➧ Good Lovin/Knockin' on Heaven's Door

THE FORUM

For three nights in early February, the recently renamed Great Western Forum in Inglewood, California, home of the Los Angeles Lakers and Kings, became the Grateful Western Dead Forum. It was the Dead's first appearance at the former "Fabulous" Forum since 1977, and the first time in Forum history that there was open seating on the floor. The show was advertised locally as a "dance concert," with the

newspaper ad featuring a ballroom dancing couple. At the show, however, there was barely room to move down on the floor.

No overnight camping was allowed in the parking lot, but a temporary "shopping mall" did spring up during the day on Saturday and Sunday. Before the show Saturday night the mall was more crowded than I've ever seen. Inside, both the audience and the security people were very mellow all three nights.

The arena was decorated with strings of multicolored clear balloons radiating from the center of the ceiling to its outer edge, with lines of small white lights running down their length. Artwork of "The Jester" and "The Man in the Crescent Moon" were hung at either end of the hall. These touches created a very festive and relaxed atmosphere, and raised expectations for an excellent set of shows.

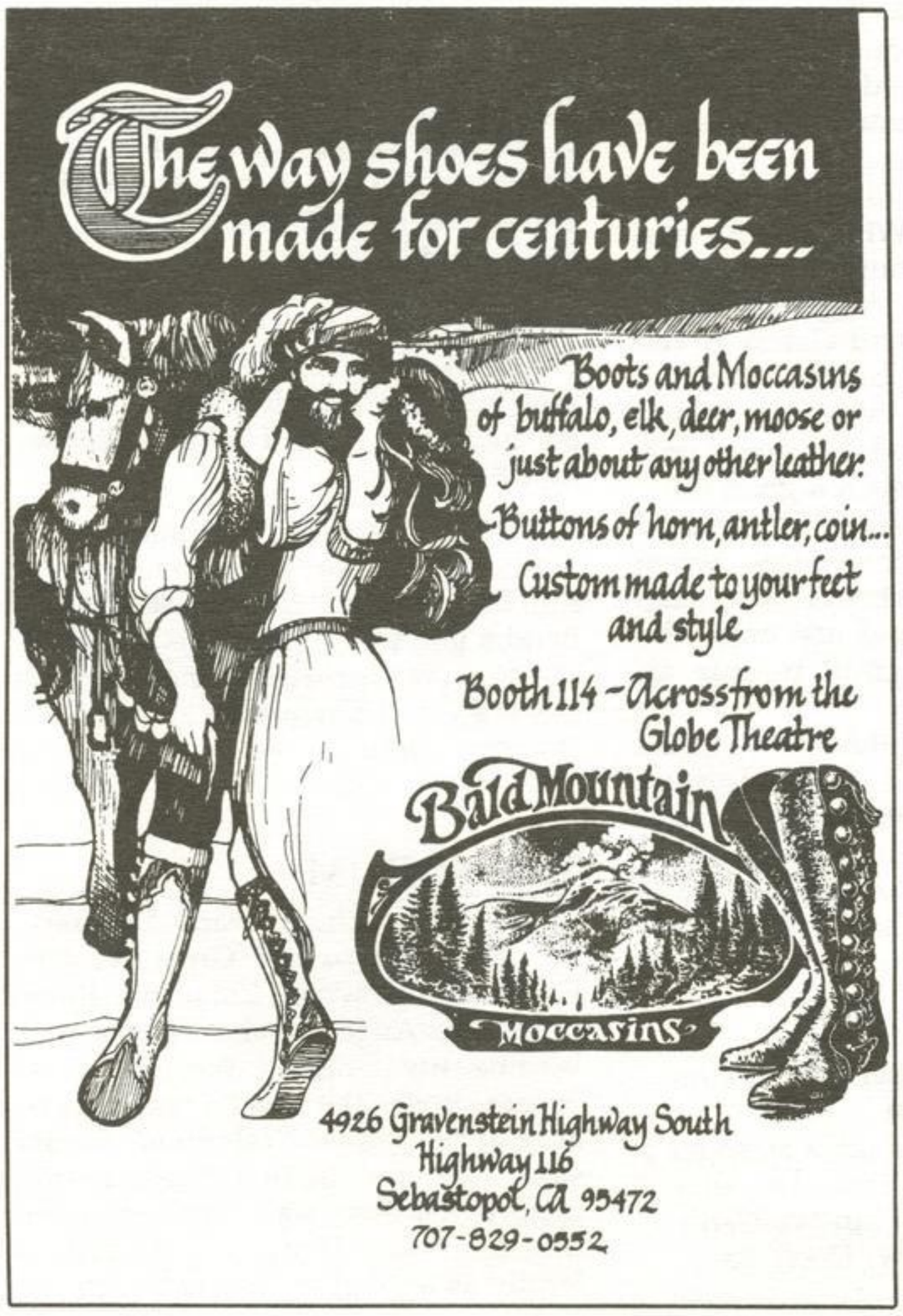
Those expectations were more than fulfilled. All three concerts were very good and full of surprises, which increased in number with each evening, culminating with Sunday's tremendous finale.

"Feel Like a Stranger" was an appropriate choice to open the L.A. run, and it was followed by the first set's highlight, a "Franklin's Tower" that got "out there" very well for being only the second song of the show. I did miss the "Let the Good Times Roll" that has been accompanying these two songs as an opening module lately. "To Lay Me Down" was a treat to hear, and seems to be almost a regular in the rotation now. The "Dylan slot" was occupied by a good rendition of "Masterpiece."

The highlight of the second set was the second-ever performance of Brent's new tune "A Little Light." Its catchy, solid groove was immediately appealing. Sometimes liking a song's groove too quickly means that it won't wear well, but for now it sounds just fine. "Crazy Fingers" featured in a nice jam, and then, in an unusual twist, after "Playin'" came a *pre*-drums "space" *sans* Jerry. As if to make up for his absence, Garcia came back after drums for some solo "space" before the others returned.

The surprises on Saturday night included the most new material played of the three shows, another "space" before drums, and the guest appearances of Airto, Flora Purim and their daughter Diana Moreira, during the Rhythm Devils. "Built to Last," "We Can Run But We Can't Hide," "Standing on the Moon," and "I Will Take You Home" were all good, although there was a feeling that the first three still have room for improvement. The first set overall was excellent, with "Queen Jane" in the Dylan slot and a strong "Birdsong" closer that contained hints of "The Other One." Bobby blew his chance to make any references to the town they were playing in during "New [M]Inglewood Blues." Flora and Diane performed a riveting vocal-percussion sequence, after which Airto completely wailed on the drums, and attempted what I could only interpret as space scat-singing. The "Estimated-Eyes" that framed this whole "space"-Rhythm Devils segment were average, and "Black Peter" slowed things down markedly, but the set finished off with a rousing "Lovelight," and the "Box of Rain" encore sent everyone home with a warm feeling.

Sunday's show was one of those special ones that you remember for a long time and keeps you coming back for more. It opened with the *smoothest* "Cold Rain & Snow" I've ever heard, and the whole set was solid. The first major surprise of the night was the appearance of Spencer Davis, with whom the band did tremendous versions of "How Long" and "Gimme Some Lovin'," which I enjoyed as much as any time I've heard it.





During halftime, two more surprise guests appeared as Gumby met Godzilla in a thrilling re-match of their New Year's bout. For several minutes the huge inflatable creatures battled it out over the heads of the crowd on the floor until finally, just before the second set began, Gumby emerged triumphant once again, to the delight of all.

As the musicians returned to the stage, we noticed an extra character onstage, which from our distance looked an awful lot like Bob Dylan. A glance through the binoculars confirmed it. A surge of excitement swept through the crowd. The pre-drums songs were a refreshing change for a second set. The first-ever electric "Monkey & the Engineer" was excellent, as were "Dire Wolf" and "Cassidy," which really is a legitimate second-set tune. Weir took the lead vocal in the set-closing "Stuck Inside of Mobile" until a good ways into it, when Dylan stepped up for most of two verses, to the thunderous cheers of the crowd.

The final unannounced guest of the run was Kitaro, who joined Mickey and Bill for the evening's Rhythm Devils segment. The "space" on Sunday was the best of the three nights, with a very nice evolution into "The Other One." The lighting during "space" and "The Other One" was elegant and used to great effect. Thick beams of richly tinted pastels in yellow, turquoise, red and green slowly panned and bathed the audience and the band during the quiet introduction, after which rapidly changing and quickly focusing banks of lights followed the powerful central part of the song. "Foolish Heart" worked very well as a show closer. Dylan did not rejoin the band after drums, but did come back for the two-song encore, taking the lead vocal on "Knockin' on Heaven's Door." I must say that Garcia's voice is much more pleasant to listen to than Dylan's — something that was especially noticeable on this song — but it was nevertheless a fine way to end the whole series. Overall, it was an extremely satisfying weekend of music.

— *Steve Schmid*

2-10-89, The Forum, Inglewood, CA
Feel Like a Stranger ➧ Franklin's Tower, Walkin' Blues, To Lay Me Down, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Friend of the Devil, Let It Grow

A Little Light, Truckin' ➧ Crazy Fingers ➧ Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Sugar Magnolia/Baby Blue

2-11-89, The Forum
Mississippi Half-Step, New Minglewood Blues, Candyman, Big River, Built to Last, Queen Jane Approximately, We Can Run But We Can't Hide, Bird Song

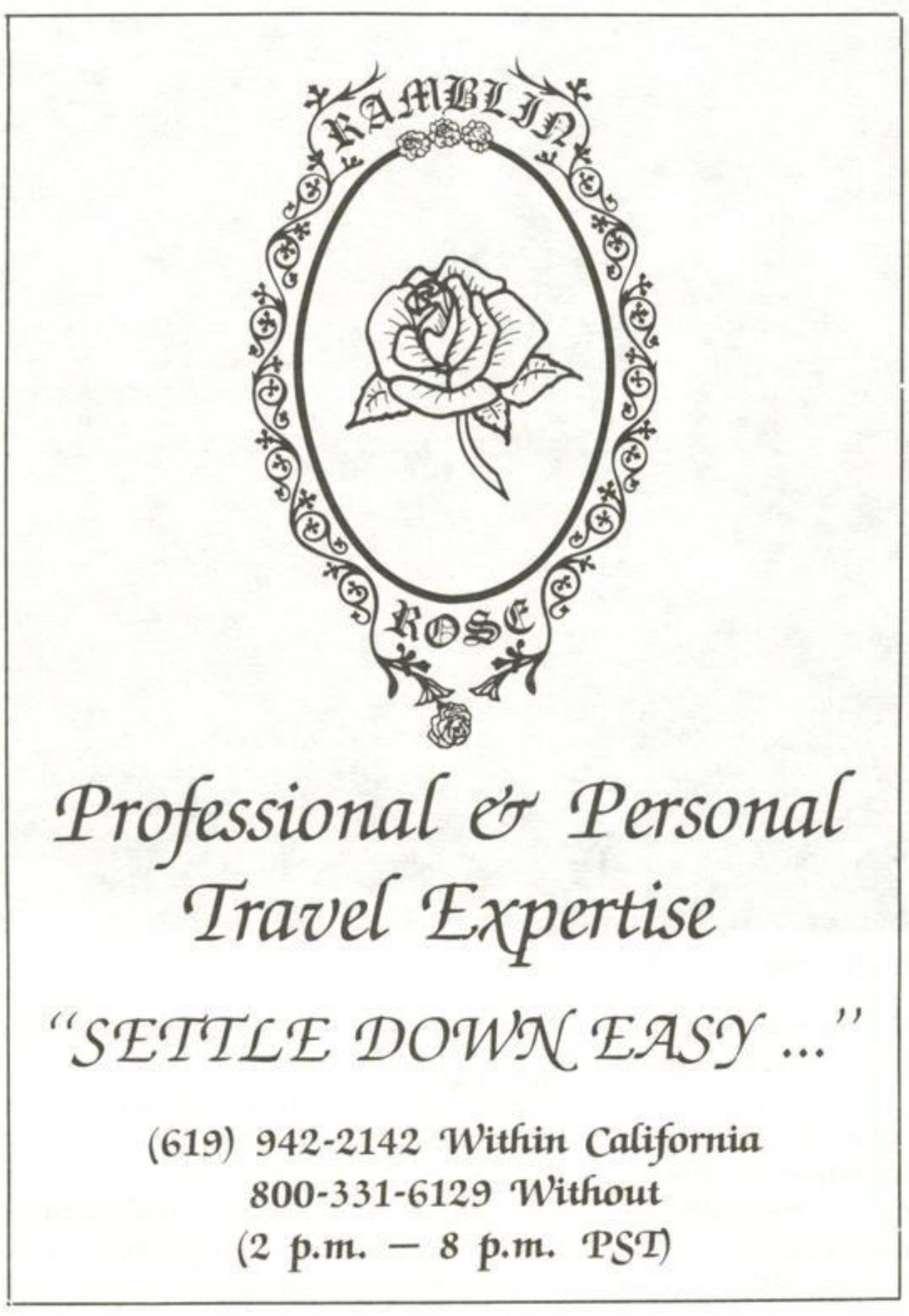
China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Man Smart Woman Smarter, Standing on the Moon, Estimated Prophet ➧ space ➧ I Will Take You Home ➧ rhythm devils (with Flora & Airto) ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Black Peter ➧ Lovelight/ Box of Rain

2-12-89, The Forum
Cold Rain & Snow, Hell in a Bucket, Row Jimmy, Beat It On Down the Line ➧ Promised Land, West L.A. Fadeaway, How Long Blues* ➧ Gimme Some Lovin*

*with Spencer Davis

Iko-Iko†, Monkey & the Engineer†, Alabama Getaway†, Dire Wolf†, Cassidy†, Stuck Inside of Mobile† ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Foolish Heart/Not Fade Away† ➧ Knockin' on Heaven's Door†

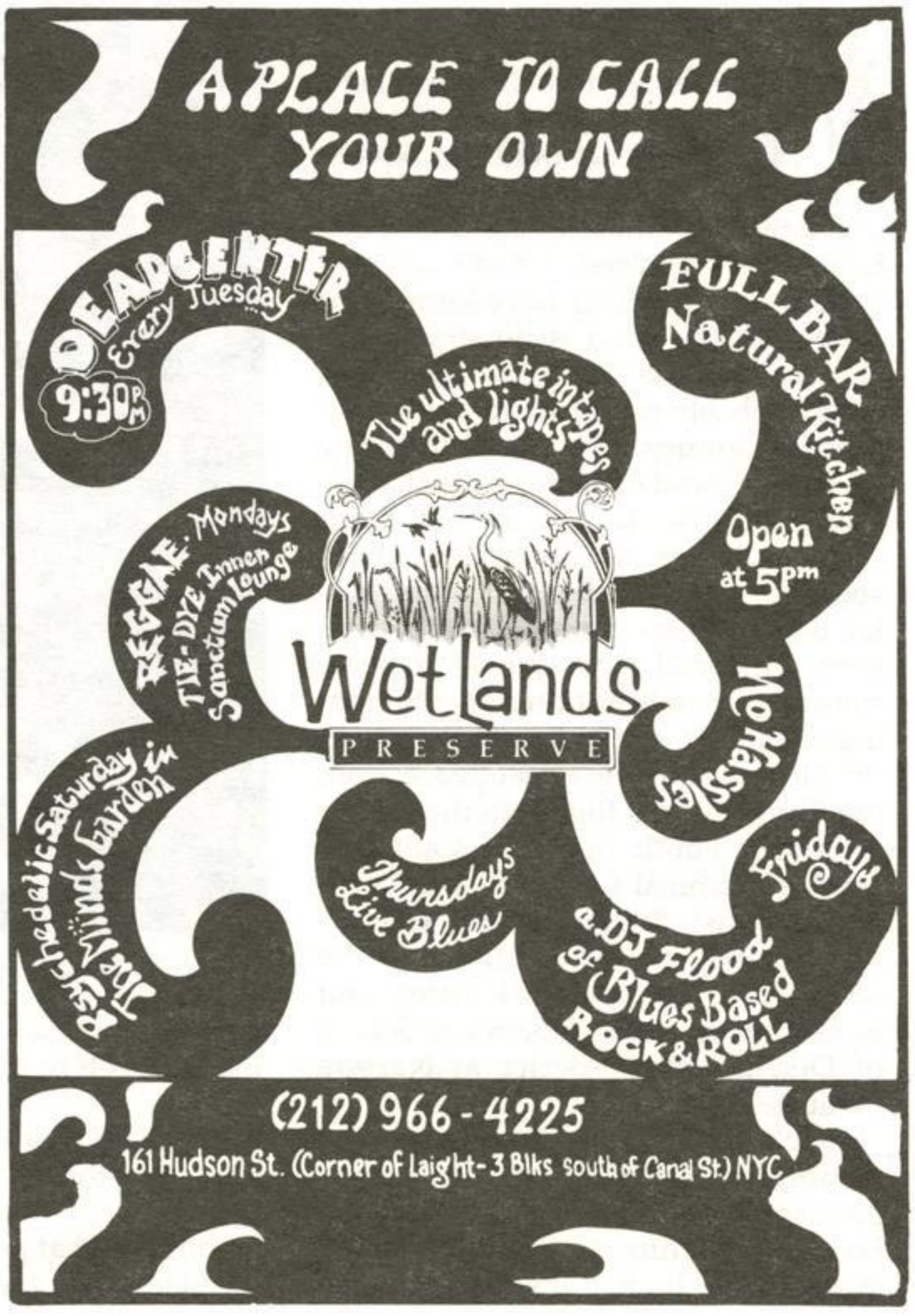
†with Bob Dylan (sang on two verses of Stuck Inside of Mobile, and lead on Heaven's Door)



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Don't Tell Me This Band Ain't Got No Heart

A Closer Look at the Rex Foundation



Rockin' for Rex at the Greek, 1988. Photo: Ron Delany

Item from the Providence Journal*'s Sunday magazine "Celebrity" page:*

Q: Word has it that the Grateful Dead have joined the ranks of rock bands giving concerts to benefit a cause. What are they raising money for?

A: The world's tropical rain forests, which are disappearing at an alarming rate....After 20 years as laid-back non-activists, the grandfathers of acid rock have finally taken up a cause....

While it's true that last fall's much-publicized benefit concert at Madison Square Garden was perhaps the most visible philanthropic undertaking the Dead have ever organized, Deadheads and a scattering of others have known for years that the band is no stranger to benefit concerts. Indeed, the Dead have probably raised more money for different groups and causes than any other rock band of comparable stature. From the early days of the San Francisco ballroom scene (where there seemed to be more benefits than regular dances some months) to the present, the Dead have quietly come to the aid of literally hundreds of different organizations and individuals — from the SF Symphony to Greenpeace; from the Cambodian refugees to the Native American Fund; from the California Marine Mammal Center to the Coalition Against Environmental Cancer. The groups are as mainstream as the SF Mayor's Fund for the Homeless and as esoteric as the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics at Naropa Institute.

"We've always operated under the assumption that if you get some, you give some back, because that's what keeps things turning," Bob Weir told me a while back. "It's not pure altruism. There's a real sense of fulfillment if you're able to effect positive change."

For many years, the Dead operated like any other band when it came to benefits — they weighed the multitude of requests that poured in from worthy recipients and then acted on the ones that seemed most appropriate and/or urgent. According to Danny Rifkin, who's been involved in the Dead's management on and off since their first days in SF and now spends much of his time as a de facto co-ordinator of the Rex Foundation, "It got to be a bit of a problem because we couldn't do

all the benefits we wanted, even if we were sympathetic to all the causes. So the idea we came up with was to set up an organization that wouldn't really respond to outside requests, but would instead allow us to make up our own wish list continually and respond to them when we could."

Actually, an idea somewhat similar to this was first raised in the late '70s, when Garcia and a couple of others in the scene discussed starting the Neal Cassady Memorial Foundation. For a variety of reasons that never got off the ground, but in 1982 the band played a pair of shows at the Warfield Theater in San Francisco that became what Rifkin calls "a shotgun benefit — we scattered the money to ten or 15 different causes. There was no way we could do benefits for each of them, so this allowed us to give each a piece of the pie."

The following year, three more concerts at the Warfield raised thousands of dollars for a select handful of small organizations, and the machinery was in motion to officially establish the Rex Foundation to help administer the funds raised. (The foundation takes its name from Rex Jackson, the Pendleton, Oregon, native who became one of the band's first roadies in the late '60s, and

'We've always operated under the assumption that if you get some, you give some back.'

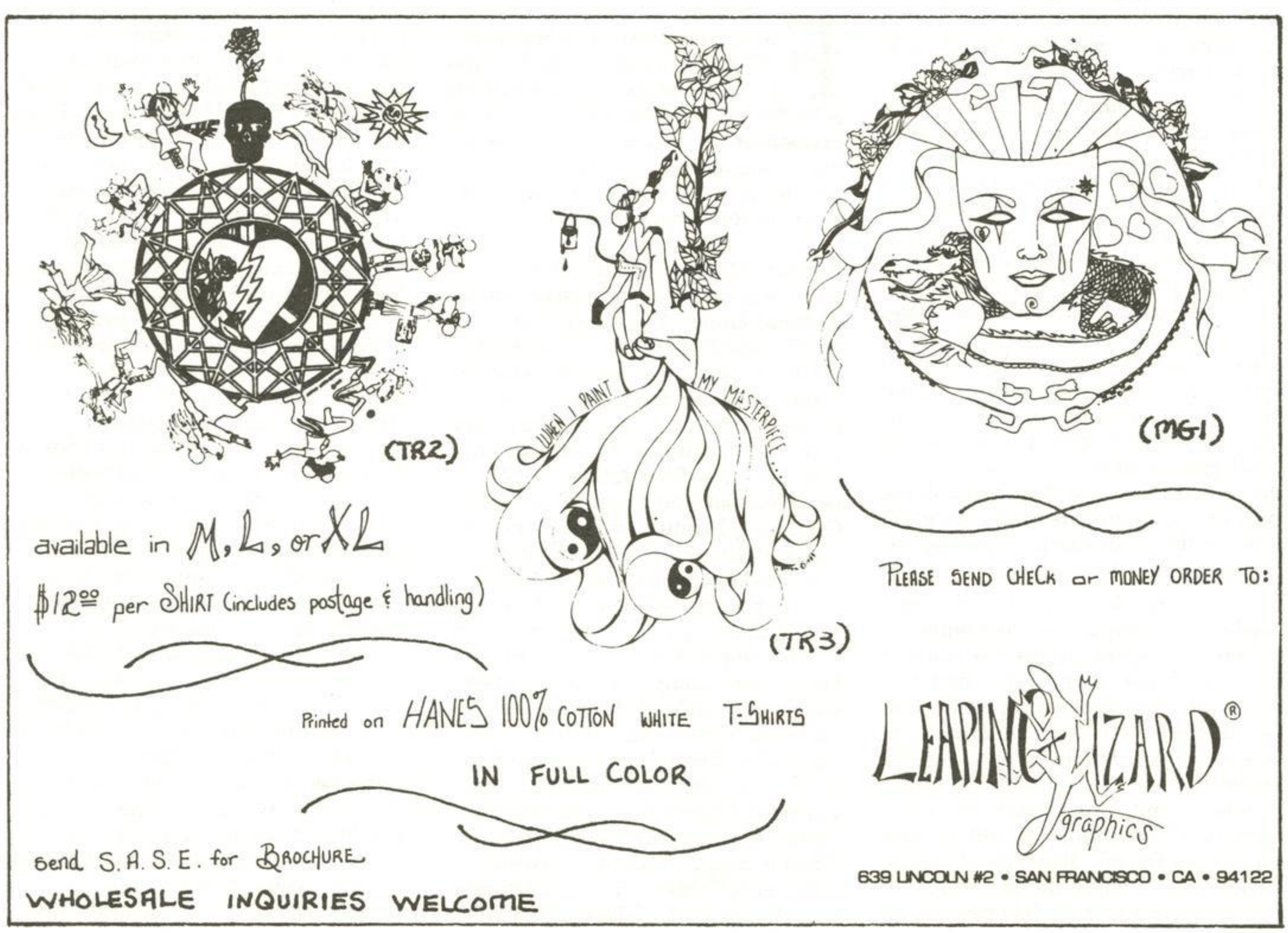
headed the road crew until his death in a car accident in 1976.) The first official Rex benefit shows were the phenomenal spring '84 series at the 2000-seat Marin Civic. Each year since then the band has played at least one Rex series — in '85 and '86 the shows were at the Berkeley Community Theater; in '87 at Kaiser Arena in Oakland; in '88 and later this year, at the Greek Theater in Berkeley.

Contrary to popular belief, the Rex Foundation is not legally affiliated with the Grateful Dead. Rather it is a separate charity organization made up of 30 to 40 individuals mainly from the Dead "family" (though several are not) who decide how Rex money is to be allocated each year. Technically, Rex is a public foundation, and everyone who buys a ticket to a Rex benefit show is considered an individual contributor. The foundation has a nine-person board of directors (which includes various bandmembers, Bill Walton, Bill Graham, veteran GD crew member Ram Rod, and others), but that's where the similarities between Rex and most foundations end.

"I sit on a number of foundation boards," says Dead lyricist John Barlow, "and there's nothing that I've run across that's remotely like this. But I have a feeling that Rex works better than the rest of them in that it really gets the money to the right people. I feel great about how the system operates."

That "system" is remarkably simple. Basically, each of what Rifkin calls "the circle of deciders" — the aforementioned 30 to 40 folks — is allocated a sum of money (up to $10,000) from the Rex pot that he/she is free to give to the group(s) of his/her choice. That's it.

"When I was first asked to be on the foundation board I was really at a loss,"

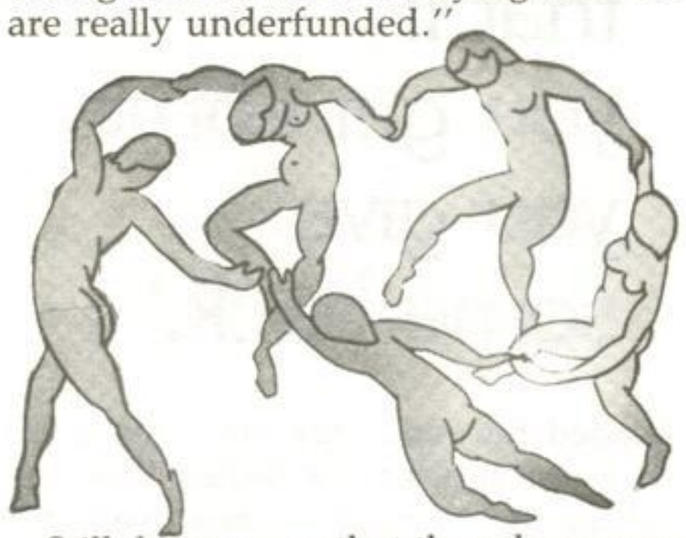


says Bernie Bildman, a Birmingham, Alabama, oral surgeon who has been on the periphery of the Dead scene for many years. "I didn't have any idea what I was supposed to do, and nobody really told me anything. I was never given any guidelines. I was told to give the money where I thought it would be helpful. Basically what they said is, 'We trust you.' It's had a tremendous impact on me on a personal level. I mean I've always done my fair share of giving to different groups — my $25 or $50 or whatever. But this really got me thinking about charity and my responsibility — where can I direct this money where it will do the most good? It's changed how I look at the world around me."

After much study and soul-searching, Bildman took part of his allocation to help a Birmingham school for autistic children build a swimming pool and stay open in the long, hot Alabama summer, and he donated the rest to a local church that does a lot of work with the homeless. In both cases Bildman didn't alert the groups in advance that he was considering giving them funds; he just laid it on them when the money became available. (These seem to be fairly typical of the sorts of causes that receive Rex money — people-oriented organizations that do tangible community work. But it is dangerous to generalize too much: the list of recipients is as broad as the interests of the circle of deciders.)

"The Rex Foundation operates entirely by consensus," Barlow says, "and I haven't seen a vote taken yet. I think what we're trying to do more than anything else is go out and find deserving parties rather than set ourselves up as a source of money to which other people apply. We don't want to be one of those foundations that's beset by its suitors, because what happens then is that in order to deal with all those entreaties in some sort of equitable manner, you start creating a bureaucracy that sooner or later rewards good grant writing. What we want to do is get down to the close-to-the-bone type of operations that don't have the time or the professional expertise for grant writing."

So far, the Rex approach has succeeded in getting money to a remarkably broad range of groups (see sidebar; also, the breakdown of the first two years of Rex benefits appeared in *Golden Road* #11). And the number of recipients has actually increased as Rex benefits have been held in larger facilities, and thus taken in more money. While there are still no real guidelines for the dispersal of funds, Barlow notes that at the last couple of board meetings, there has been some discussion of specific charity areas for the first time — "like projects for the homeless, for example, which was sort of the order of business at last summer's meeting after the Greek gig. A lot of us felt we wanted more money to go in that area. Similarly, I think there's a lot of awareness at the moment that the people who are actually taking care of the folks dying of AIDS are really underfunded."



Still, he stresses that there has never been pressure on any of the deciders to funnel their allotment in a particular direction. "It's a great group of people, and everyone obviously takes a good deal of care in choosing the places they want the money to go. Nobody really questions the choices much; they've all sounded right to me so far."

"I'm still a novice at this," adds Bernie Bildman. "I'm still in the process of learning what I can do with this responsibility that's been given to me."

And what of the future of the Rex Foundation? For now, things seem to be running at a level that is fairly comfortable for all involved — enough money is raised with relatively minimal effort that the wheel keeps turning. And Rex has also proven to be an effective conduit for administering funds raised outside of the regular Rex shows, such as the rain forest benefit. Barlow, for one, has other dreams for Rex's future, too:

"We're hopeful that there are folks out there among the Deadheads who would trust both our judgement and our ability to find people in need of help, that they might want to funnel some funds to Rex. Like I said before, I think Rex is doing it *right*."

If you would like to make a tax deductable donation to the Rex Foundation, send a check to P.O. Box 2204, San Anselmo, CA 94960.

Slicing the Pie

For the fiscal year from September '87 to September '88, the Rex Foundation gave grants totaling $634,961 to 64 different groups. The alphabetical list follows. Of course the names alone don't tell the story, but it should give you some sense of the scope of Rex's benign reach.

Alliance Medical Center; Arrest Hunger Food Program; Association for Cultural Equity; Beginnings, Inc./ United Stand; Berkeley Community Health Project/Berkeley Free Medical Clinic; Berkeley Emergency Food Project; Berkeley Society for the Preservation of Traditional Music; Birmingham Freedom Foundation; BOSS/ Berkeley-Oakland Support Services; C.G. Jung Institute of San Francisco; Camp Winnarainbow; Cascade Canyon School; Children of the Night; Children's Cancer Research Institute; Coalition to End Animal Suffering and Exploitation (CEASE); Community Food Bank; Comptche Land Conservancy; Comptche Volunteer Fire Department; Davis Science Center; Denis Lee Cullins Memorial Trust/Humboldt State University; East Bay Activity Center; Eschaton Foundation/Peace Center of Marin; Etcetera; Eureka Theater Inc.; Fairfax-San Anselmo Children's Center; Film Arts Foundation – Original Face Video "How Then Shall We Live"; Friends of the Earth; Friends of the River Foundation; Glenwood Mental Health Services, Inc.; Good Sound Foundation; Haight Ashbury Food Program; Haight Ashbury Switchboard; Hamilton Methodist Church/Haight Ashbury Family Shelter; Happy Camp High School; Heart of America Bone Marrow Donor Registry; Human Concern Center of Marin; In SPIRIT; Lagunitas School District; Mainstream Foundation; Marin Wildlife Center; Montessori Children's House of Petaluma; NEST Foundation; New Covenant Fellowship Church; Northwest Coalition for Alternatives to Pesticides; Petaluma People Services Center; Planet Drum Foundation; Richard Barrett, composer; Seva Foundation; Southern Humboldt Senior Center; St. Anthony's Dining Room; St. Vincent De Paul Society – District Council of Marin Co.; St. Vincent De Paul Society – District Council of Sonoma Co.; Snow Lion Foundation; Steering Committee for Sustainable Agriculture; Telluride Alpine Racing Team/Telluride Regional Preschool; The Nature Conservancy/ Monteverde Project; The Salvation Army; The Tibet Fund; 3HO North, Inc./Creating Our Future; Tibet House; United Anglers of California; Vietnam Veterans of CA/Committee on the Shelterless; Western Orchestral Society; World Organ. of Volunteer Emergency Rescue; Wyoming Outdoor Council; Youth Projects, Inc./ Haight Ashbury Free Medical Clinic

1988 in Review

A Motley Collection of Gab, Gripes & Personal Epiphanies

BJ's 20 Favorite Shows of '88

The usual *caveats* apply — these are favorites, not necessarily the "best." I attended 26 shows in '88, only six of which appear below; the rest I heard on tape. They are listed in chronological order.

1. 3/16 Kaiser
2. 3/27 Hampton
3. 4/1 Brendan Byrne
4. 4/13 Rosemont Horizon
5. 4/15 Rosemont Horizon
6. 4/22 Irvine
7. 4/23 Irvine
8. 6/23 Alpine
9. 6/28 Saratoga
10. 6/30 Rochester
11. 7/2 Oxford Speedway
12. 7/17 Greek
13. 7/29 Laguna Seca
14. 9/5 Capitol Center
15. 9/11 Spectrum
16. 9/16 Madison Square Garden
17. 9/24 Madison Square Garden
18. 12/10 Long Beach
19. 12/28 Oakland Coliseum
20. 12/31 Oakland Coliseum

Best GD Image of '88: Barry Jackson's King Kong-in-tie-dye poster commemorating the Dead's nine-show run at Madison Square Garden in September. After first appearing in local papers to advertise the show, Jackson's artwork later came to life when promoter John Scher put up a giant inflated Kong over one of the Garden's entrances.

Questionable Taste Award: To Grateful Dead Merchandising, for their fall Southern tour shirt, which depicted the skull & roses logo on a Confederate flag, above crossed swords. Does the band really want to associate itself with slavery and war?

Best New Song: "Foolish Heart" — the first Dead song since "Feel Like a Stranger" (1979) that opens up at all

Best New (Sort of) Cover: "Stuck Inside of Mobile"

The 1988 "Hmmm....I don't think so" Award: "Gentlemen Start Your Engines" — repetitive to a fault, with lyrics only a Hell's Angel could love

Worst Line From a New Song: "Like him I'm trying to cure this tom-cat heart with which I'm blessed" ("Victim or the Crime," Gerrit Graham, lyricist)

Most Overplayed Songs: "I Need a Miracle," "Throwing Stones," "Black Muddy River," "Don't Ease Me In," "Walkin' Blues"

Most Overplayed Combos: "Hell in a Bucket ➧ Sugaree," "Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away," "Cassidy ➧ Don't Ease Me In"

Surprisingly Common, But Who's Complaining? "Uncle John's Band," "Feel Like a Stranger"

Surprisingly Rare: "Truckin'," "Black Peter," "China Doll," "Good Lovin'"

Most Surprising Opener: "Scarlet Begonias" (Chicago, 4/15)

Most Surprising Encores: "China Cat-Rider" (Frost, 4/1), "Blackbird" (Alpine, 6/23), "Ripple" (Cap Center, 9/3)

Most Erratic Great Song: "Crazy Fingers"

Number of Shows in '88 That Didn't Include a Bob Dylan Song: 4

Five Favorite Musical Moments of '88

1. Garcia, Carlos Santana and the Tower of Power horns jam like there's no tomorrow at the Blues for Salvador benefit concert at Kaiser Convention Center, Jan. 23.

2. The Dead and Huey Lewis & the News (that's 12 players plus Merl Saunders) play "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl" at the Bay Area Music Awards, March 12. I was sitting in the back row of the balcony and was practically drilled into the back wall by the force of the jam. When I asked Huey about it a couple of weeks later during an interview he replied, "Pretty good, huh? But you should've seen the rehearsal at the Dead's studio. That was *the one!*"

3. Garcia, Weir and Mydland singing "Blackbird" and "Good Times" together for the first time at an acoustic benefit show for the teen ecology group Creating Our Future at the Marin Center, April 26. It was a great surprise and pure magic.

4. "Foolish Heart" at the Greek, July 17. Nothing compares with the feeling of seeing a great new song for the first time.

5. "Crazy Fingers" into "I Know You Rider" at Laguna Seca, July 29. We'd



Weir and Garcia decked out for the 1988 Bammies. Photo: Ron Delany

already been blown away by having "China Cat" veer unexpectedly into "Crazy Fingers." Then, as the "Crazy Fingers" jam spread out a little, the music rumbled and rolled into "I Know You Rider," a perfect moment if there ever was one.

Hottest Tour of the Year: The summer Midwest jaunt, where the mercury never went below 95° (during the day) for an entire week.

Best New Venue: Lakefront Arena, New Orleans

Most Surprising Guest Appearance with the Dead: The Bangles, at Lakefront 10/18

Only in California: At Laguna Seca, fried squid is available in the facility's food vending area inside.

Worst Trashing of a Downtown Area By Deadheads: Hartford, Connecticut

Least Impact on a Major Metropolitan Area: New York City. Even though the Dead's nine-show run there spread across two weeks, Deadheads had little impact beyond the immediate Madison Square Garden area, and that neighborhood is lousy to begin with.

Most Underrated Record of Interest to Deadheads: Robert Hunter's *Liberty*. I think it's his best since his first, with "Do Deny," "Worried Song," "Bone Alley" and "When a Man Loves a Woman" particular standouts. Garcia's playing is excellent throughout.

The Keeper of the Flame Award: To Bay Area-based guitarist Henry Kaiser, who has fearlessly taken "Dark Star" by the horns and made it his own with several different bands and on his excellent SST record, *Those Who Know History Are Doomed to Repeat It*. He's only played "Dark Star" a few times live, but each one's been an event (as it should be) — completely different and always "out there" in the best sense. His last couple, with Tom Constanten on piano, were magnificent. This guy is for real; totally psychedelic in approach and definitely unlike any Dead cover band you've ever heard.

Wishful Thinking, Dept.: After the band toyed with Miles Davis' "So What" for about ten seconds at the 3/27 Hampton show, *Rolling Stone* falsely reported that the song was now part of the Dead's touring repertoire.

Unfinished Business: At the 3/26 Hampton show, the band played a verse and a half of "Stir It Up" before wisely abandoning the undertaking.

They Think We've Forgotten About These Songs But We Haven't: "Help on the Way" and "Comes a Time"

They Think We've Forgotten About This Song and They're Right: Dylan's "Ballad of a Thin Man" was played twice on spring tour and then dropped.

No, *You* Tell Them to Be Quiet: A group of Hell's Angels, sitting in the $250 seats at the 9/24 Madison Square Garden rain forest benefit, stood up and shouted "Get off the stage, you faggots!" at Hall & Oates.

Most Garcia-like Solo on Non-Dead Record: Kenny Withrow's wah-wah work on "What I Am," by Edie Brickell & New Bohemians. It sounds like it was lifted off a circa '77 tape of "Estimated Prophet."

BJ's '88 Dream Show

Another fanciful fistful of favorites. I've kept song combos together in most cases, and created a few of my own. The dream show takes place at the

a tasty design for your mind

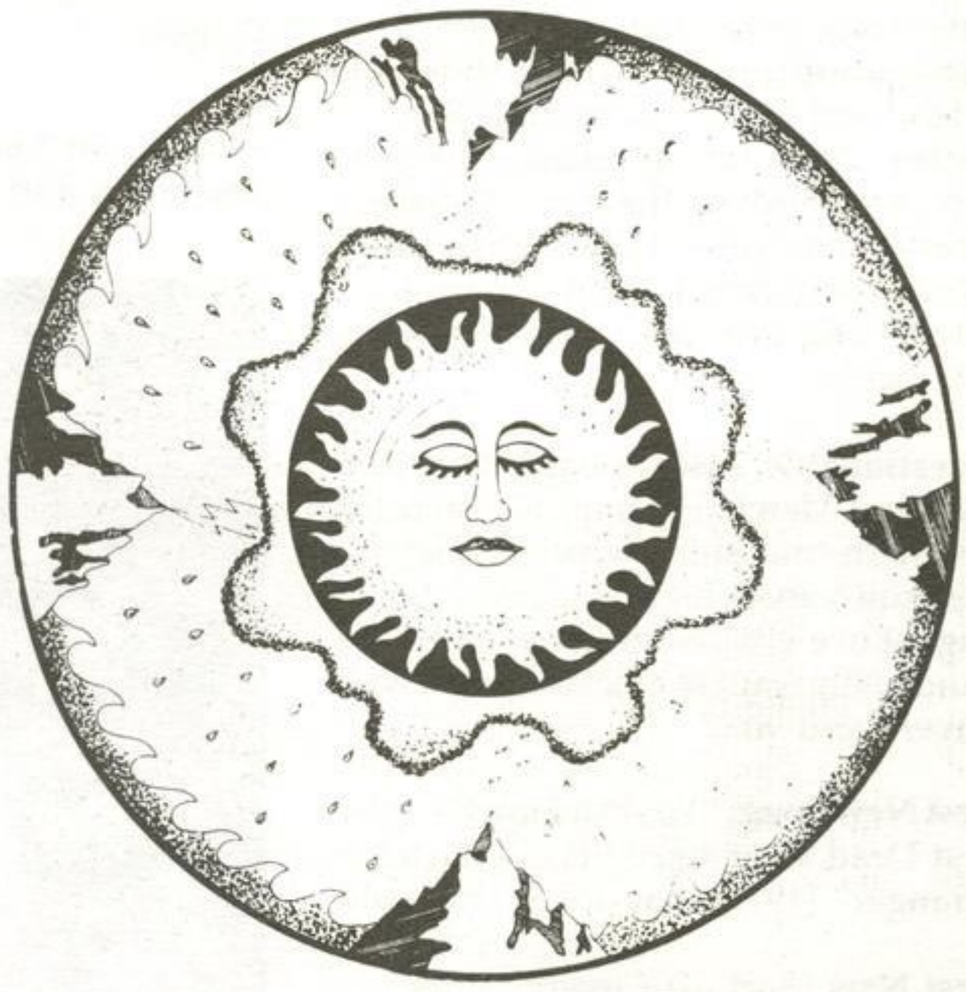


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Set Two:
Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ Playin' reprise (7/29), Foolish Heart (7/17) ➧ Scarlet Begonias ➧ Estimated Prophet ➧ Eyes of the World (all three from 4/7) ➧ rhythm devils (with Olatunji, 9/24) ➧ space (10/2) ➧ China Cat Sunflower (9/16) ➧ The Other One (3/28) ➧ Fire on the Mountain (3/16) ➧ Sunshine Daydream (4/7)

Encore:
Morning Dew (7/13) ➧ Ripple (9/5)

Five Wishes for '89 – '90

I was 0-for-5 with last year's wishes — the return of "Help on the Way," a new slot for "Throwing Stones," *Space: The CD*, a Garcia Band live album, and the release of *Sunshine Daydream* on videocassette. So let's jinx a few more great ideas:

1. A European tour. It's been ages since the Dead have played for anyone except the rabid U.S. faithful. Let's show the French, Italian, British, Germans and Scandinavians that there's more to U.S. music than Michael Jackson and Madonna. No doubt several hundred well-heeled U.S. Heads would make the trek this time around, too. Hey, bandmembers — think of the FOOD!

2. New second-set tunes for Mr. Weir. He's been flogging the same dozen songs in the exact same spots in the second set for too long. How about bringing back "Lost Sailor-Saint of Circumstance"? Or "Lazy Lightning"? "Black-Throated Wind"? "Cassidy" out of "space"? Some new non-Dylan covers? A new original or two?

3. The return of the short bass intro to "The Other One." Those 13 or 14 notes add up to one of the most cathartic moments in Grateful Dead music. The tension leading up to the intro is playfully maddening, and what follows is generally out of this world. Maybe then we'd also get something other than a whispered first verse, too.

4. Historic CDs. Forget the big five-record, three-CD 25th Anniversary set *à la* Clapton, Jethro Tull and others. The time has come for the Dead to dip into the vaults, pull out a few gems, and issue them on CD and chrome cassette. Frank Zappa's series on Rykodisc, *You Can't Do That on Stage Anymore*, shows that it can be done well and profitably. Can you imagine an edited two-CD set of, say, the '77 Buffalo show, or Louisville '74? If the band made the commitment to release material regularly, buyers would get into the habit of looking for it and checking it out (as has happened with Zappa and Rykodisc). And the Dead are big enough that they could take it one step further — a CD subscription service in which Deadheads could pay in advance for the four or five shows to be released each year.

5. Better music during the set break. Are the sound guys trying to punish us by continually playing CDs of Elvis Presley ballads, Ray Charles at his most syrupy or generic hard rock bands? (Not to mention playing the same music two nights in a row.) Have a little mercy on the chemically impaired! We have an old saying in our family: "When in doubt, put on Jimi."

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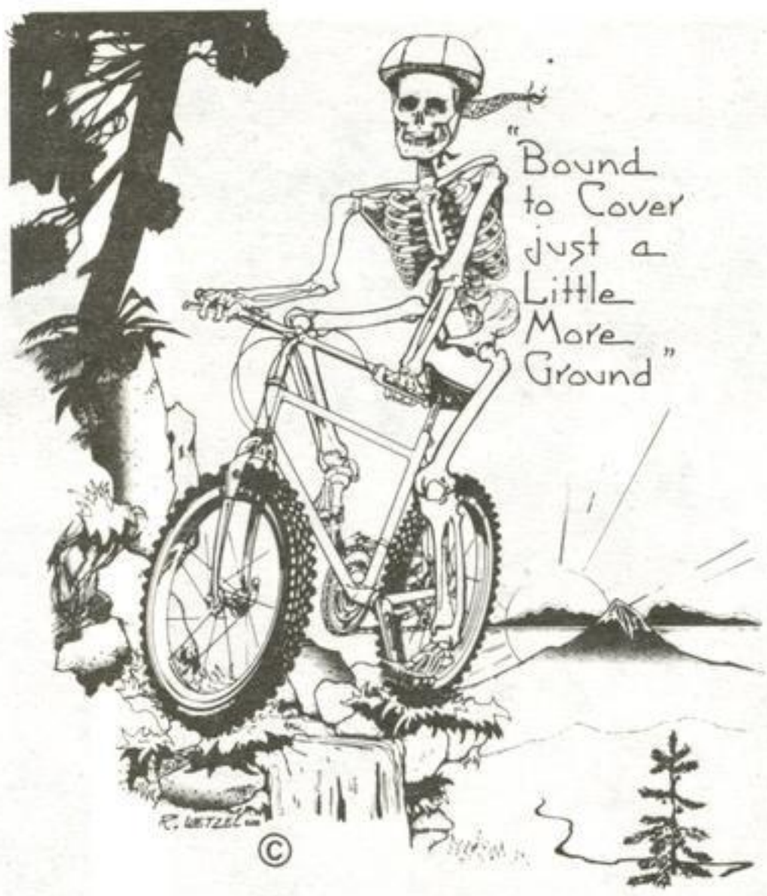


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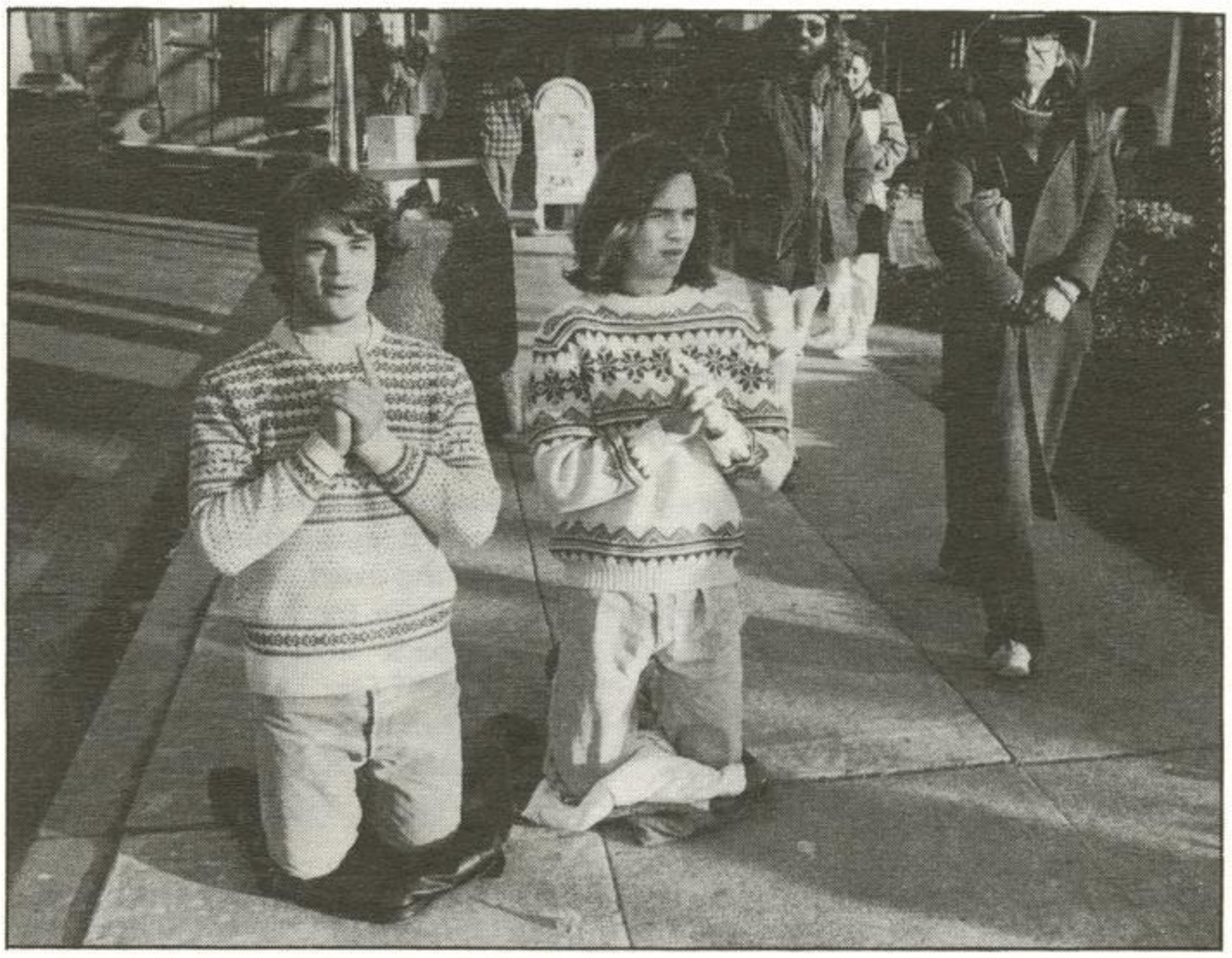


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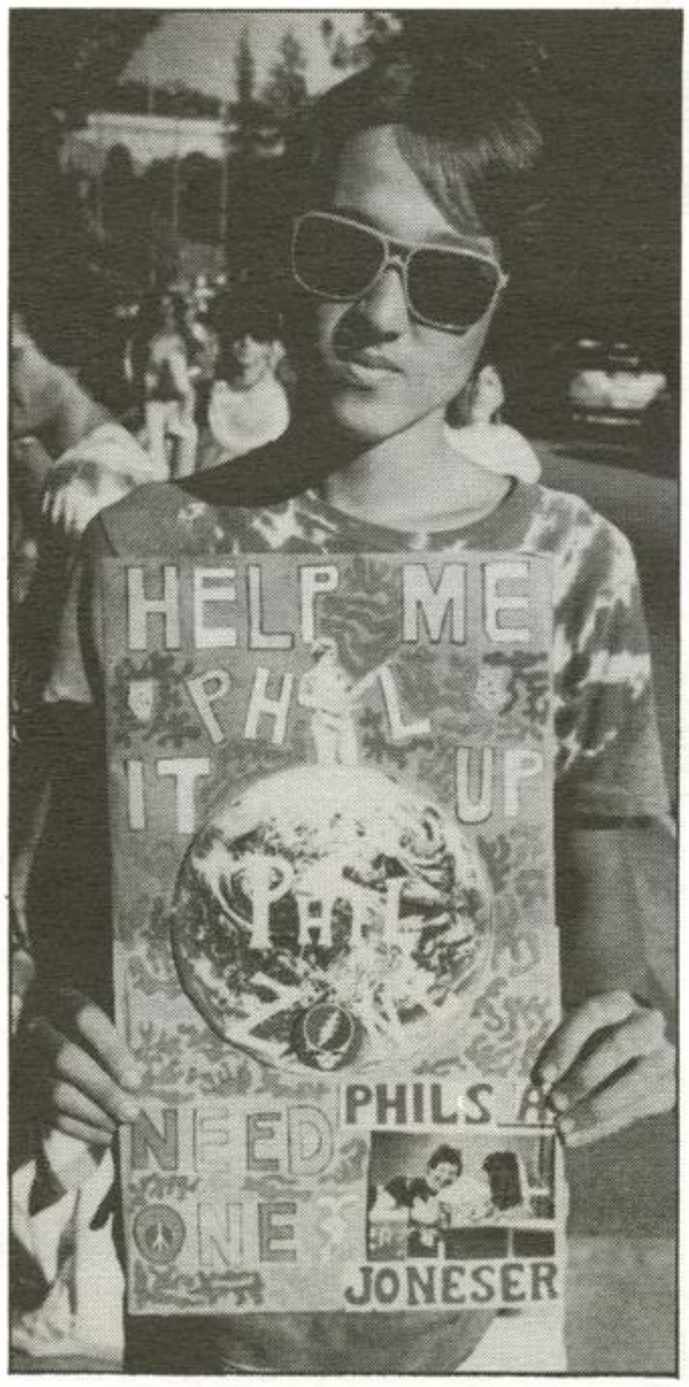
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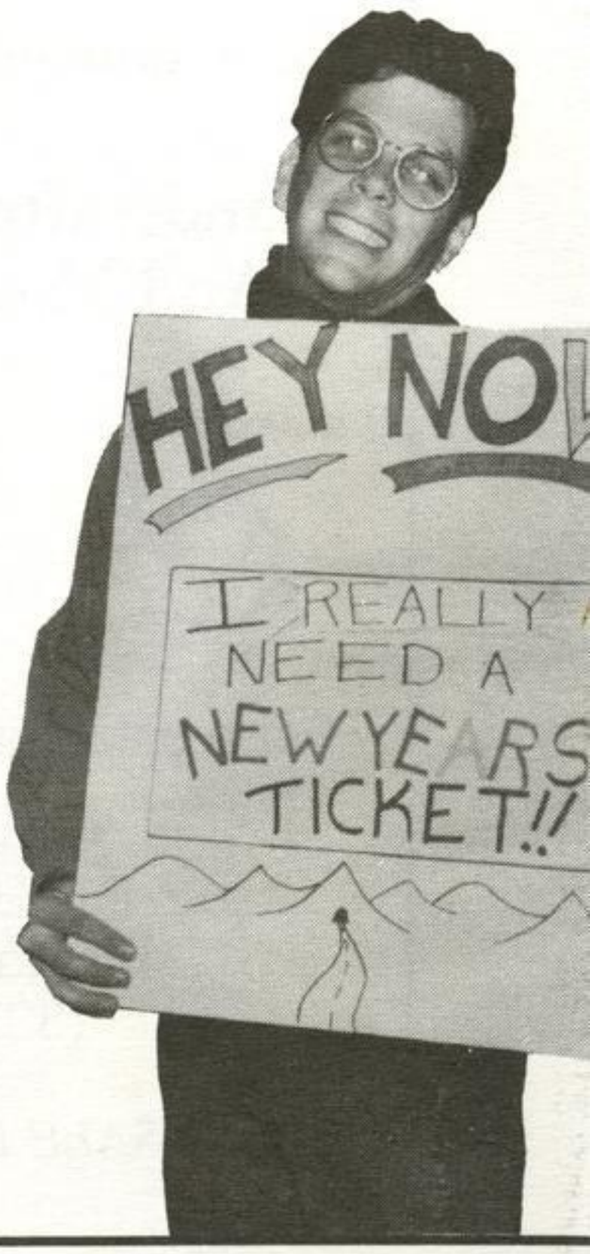


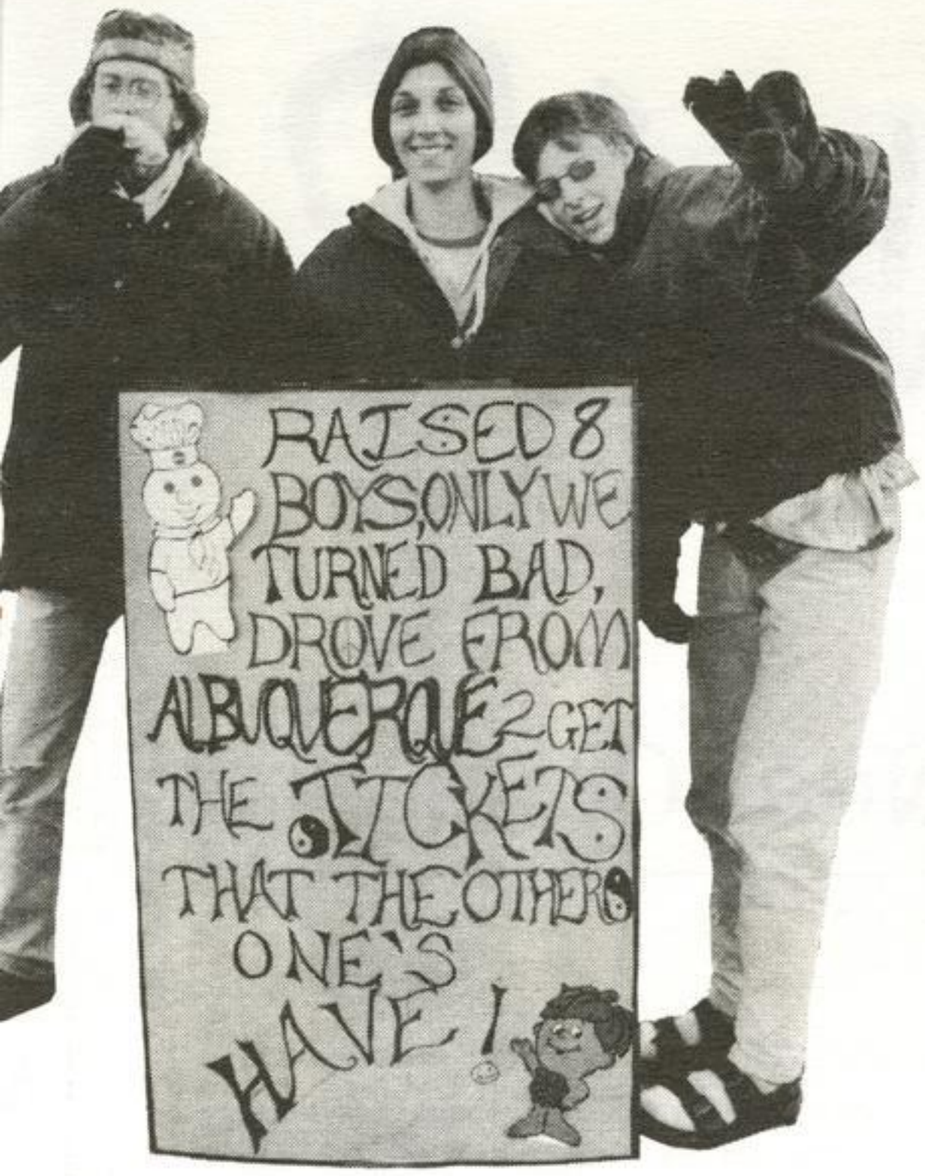
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Photos by Ron Dela











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WHO WAS COWBOY NEAL?

The life and myth of Neal Cassady

By Steve Silberman

Some families go to the country on Sunday afternoons, or to the zoo. When I was a kid, my parents took my sister and me to "the Village" — Greenwich Village.

We drove from Queens in a white Dodge Dart along the Long Island Expressway, past the Bagel Oasis, the three radio towers with red blinking lights, the World's Fair in Flushing Meadow Park and the rolling graveyards behind which glittered the skyscrapers of Manhattan, into the Queens-Midtown Tunnel and down streets where men with the faces of demons spat on your windshield and wiped it off for a quarter.

The grown-ups walking purposefully past the huge monuments with briefcases, smoking cigarettes, full of worldly knowledge and sophisticated desires, seemed also doomed somehow, acting out stilted roles and robot fates, as the TV newscaster reciting the nightly body count from Vietnam was part of a strange conspiracy that didn't allow him to scream or sob.

I vowed I would never grow up to be *like that*. I would tell the truth, not forget, and stay true to my feelings.

The Village in those years was changing over from Beat to Hippie, from jazz and hootenannies to music that screeched and thundered out of electric instruments, as if whole new technologies were needed to express this new — more than a feeling — *new way of seeing;* and the party was open to everyone, that is, you could invite yourself, if you were young enough, un-hung-up enough: if you *knew*.

I put up posters in my room with the new colors on them, and my room became a shrine, or an outpost, with Three Roses incense burning and the red Chinese candles that flickered like strobe lights and could maybe make you high just looking. I wanted to *know*.

I read Tom Wolfe's *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*, and instead of Superman or the Lone Ranger, I had Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters — superheroes of the *it*, the way of seeing. Instead of inhuman powers they had something better, something you could actually, if you *knew*, get a hold of — LSD! — and the mysteries of the stars and time would open up to you in your own backyard, your own skull. And the most super hero of them all was Cassady, the driver of the Bus on its mission to proclaim the sanctity of the human soul and set up a Day-Glo freak flag over the Kingdom of the Robots.

I found Allen Ginsberg's poem "Howl," seeing there a reflection of my own yearning for the *it*, and Ginsberg's spirit in the poem seemed to speak directly and particularly to me. I figured out that the "secret hero" of "Howl," N.C., was the younger Neal. The Village blossomed and changed, but my naive vision of an earthly paradise — of a life lived fearlessly and spontaneously and lovingly *from the inside out*, in a community of lovers — remained.

At Dead shows, I discovered a community that shared that vision and practiced that human magic — community being the most powerful magic of all. And I found Neal had been there too, and had left his footprint by the silver stream flowing through the music.

It occurred to me that many Deadheads who could sing the words to "Cassidy" and "The Other One" by heart might not even know both songs were, in part, inspired by the same man — or if they had heard of him, might not know much more about Neal than that he drove the Bus, a long time ago.

It is difficult to live up to a legend, and Neal inspired several, in books by Wolfe, Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac and Kesey himself, as well as many songs. Luckily Neal's spirit can't be trapped or contained by any idea of what or who he was, and this is just one version, my version, of the untellable story of a man's life. He's still *out there,* wheeling and flying through the storm.

Neal Cassady was the son of an alcoholic, an ill-fortuned August West also named Neal, whose own mother died giving him birth. Neal Sr. ran away from home at 16 to escape his brothers' whippings, becoming the apprentice and surrogate son of an old German barber who struck up a conversation with him on a park bench.

Neal's mother, Maude, was a farm girl and maid who had first married a man who was elected mayor of Sioux City, Iowa, but died suddenly, leaving Maude with seven children. Neal Sr. saw Maude one night after the war at a dance at the Des Moines Country Club, and proposed to her on a Sunday drive in his new Star automobile. She accepted.

Soon after the marriage, Neal Sr.

Doris Delay (L), Black Maria and Neal Cassady on Oct. 6, 1966, the day LSD became illegal. Photo: SF Chronicle


FURTHER

bought a two-ton Ford truck, and in a burst of what Neal called "unaccountable constructiveness, neither anticipated nor repeated," built a house with a sloping roof on the truckbed. In this road home the newlyweds set off for Hollywood in the middle of winter.

Maude went into labor outside Salt Lake City, and at 2:05 in the morning of February 8, 1926, at a hospital near the Tabernacle, Neal Jr. was born. After resting up a few weeks, the Cassadys continued West, discovering a barbershop on the corner of Hollywood and Vine that was for sale, which Neal Sr. bought with the last of the family savings.

The shop didn't do well, as Neal Sr. had a theory that the place could only be open when he was there; since he was often too drunk to work, he'd fire his helpers and hire more when he sobered up. Finally he sold the shop and took the family to Denver, where he leased a two-chair barbering stall in a shoe-repair store, and moved his family into the rear.

The family ate dinner in shifts, and doubled up in the beds. Soon the older boys struck out on their own. Oldest brother Bill married a young widow who had inherited a swank dine-and-dance joint outside Denver, and Ralph and Jack made deliveries for various bootleggers, including the infamous Blackie Barlow.

Then the stock market crashed, and, as Neal recalled, "everyone in Denver seemed to go broke at once." Neal Sr. rented a tiny shop near a pie factory, and cut employees' hair behind drawn shades on Sundays in exchange for pies, until his drinking caused him to lose the shop, his last. Maude left him, and Neal Sr. and little Neal began their journey through the mission soup lines, blue-light hotels and railyard hobo jungles of Denver's desolation row.

Neal Sr. was known among Denver's bums as the Barber, while little Neal was called, of course, the Barber's Son. Father and son slept side by side in a bed without sheets in an enormous transient hotel called the Metropolitan that offered sleeping space in high-ceilinged cubicles for a quarter a night.

While the Barber drank wine or "canned heat" or barbershop bay rum, little Neal listened to the bums' rap, already weighing the import and sincerity of their words, and sensitive to the ways speech, even empty speech, can bind people together:

Their conversation had many general statements about Truth and Life, which contained the collective intelligence of all America's bums...said in such a way as to be instantly recognizable by the listener, who had heard it all before, and whose prime concern was to nod at everything said, then continue his conversation with a remark of his own, equally transparent and loaded with generalities. The simplicity of this pattern was marvelous, and there was no limit to what they could agree on in this fashion, to say nothing of the abstract ends that could be reached.

— *The First Third,*
Cassady's autobiography

Kerouac crafted his dream of an American hero. The name of the character was Dean Moriarty, and the book was *On the Road.*

Occasionally one of the men would ask the Barber if he should offer his son a little nip, to which the Barber replied, "You'll have to ask him." Neal — 6 years old then — always declined, but felt he had become like a son to many of these broken-down men who had no other means of expressing their affection.

In the dim cashier's cage of the Citizen's Mission, Neal took the book where the lodgers signed their names and birthplaces into his lap and contemplated its hundreds of pages, sounding the names to himself and guessing which were aliases, pondering the web of destinies. Wondering about the names, and where all the places these men had come from were, Neal, through the strange dreaming power of words, had an insight of the vastness of human possibility.

Soon after moving into the Metropolitan, the Barber signed Neal up for first grade, and got a Saturday job at the barbershop next to the Zaza Theater. Each Saturday morning Neal sat beside his father as he worked, reading *Liberty* magazine and waiting for the theater to open for the matinee.

The Zaza catered to a down-and-out clientele, but for a nickel, young Neal could sit behind the balcony railing, breathing through his mouth to minimize the stench, and lose himself in the shoot-'em-ups, thriller-dillers and romances of the day, which he turned into stories to tell his father and the other barbers in the afternoon.

At 9 the Barber took Neal to dinner, stopping afterwards at a drugstore while Neal weighed himself on the penny scale as his father secreted a bottle in the inside pocket of his coat. From there father and son repaired to the Zaza, where, as Neal wrote, "balcony-nestled amid lowerclass couples and their whimpering offspring, self-engrossed lovers, noisy young toughs whistling to fluster timid girls bunched in giggling ascent of the stairway, and all the varieties of midnight showgoers, Father would contentedly nip his wine chased by salted peanuts."

It was also at the Zaza that Neal was introduced to literature, by watching *The Count of Monte Cristo* "pulsating with every scene in an intoxication of joy," actually eager to get to school on Monday so he could search the library shelves for the Dumas novel.

The book put a fire under Neal's eager imagination, and from then on he often got lost walking home from school, his mind spinning out threads of wild plot and cliffhanging adventure. These kid-contemplations were elaborated on long walks along the Platte River, skipping stones over the black water and counting the splashes, pulling beer bottles from old tires, padding through the white-dusted interior of the defunct Pride of the Rockies flour mill, under railroad bridges and past whirring dynamos that transfixed young Neal for hours. Neal, who ran four miles to school every morning, vowed never to walk unless he had to.

Neal was initiated into sex by the time he was 9, playing discovery games with his girl cousins in Aunt Eva's barn, and another time, beside an uninhabited house, Neal was kissed by an older boy.

The Barber taught Neal to hitchhike and hop freights, eating Mulligan stews suspended on bent coathangers over sputtering flames by the railroad track, and cultivating what Neal called a "trust-in-Providence" hitchhiking philosophy: any ride is better than none.

In 1933, Neal moved with his mother into a huge Victorian residence hall called the Snowden, a brokedown bootleggers' palace on Denver's East Side populated by jazz musicians, whores, homosexuals, ex-cons and other interesting characters, with continuous poker games — "strip and

otherwise" — going on in the basement apartments.

Neal's older brother Jimmy's idea of an afternoon well spent was throwing cats up by their tails, and shooting them down with a .22. Jimmy also terrorized scared-of-the-dark Neal by locking him into the wall crevice their Murphy bed folded creakily into — sometimes keeping him there for hours. In that fearful prison, Neal experienced a sensation of the Wheel of Time in his head speeding up to about triple its ordinary speed, which was frightening but somehow pleasant. Neal got a similar feeling 20 years later when he smoked grass and took amphetamine, and found that he could, by holding himself absolutely still, turn it off and on again, as he described it in *First Third*, "an increase of time's torrent that received in kaleidoscopic change searing images, clear as the hurry of thought could make them."

Neal estimated he stole 500 cars in four years while he was a teenager, scoping out parked cars for keys or hot-wiring them, and roaring up to secret love-nests in the mountains with girls. Neal's adventures in "auto-eroticism," as he called them, resulted in his being sent to reform school.

There Neal had a dream of being in his 40s, beer-belly protruding from his dirty T-shirt, missing teeth, trying to barter his filthy mattress for wine. His father appeared, wearing Neal's baseball cap and demanding in on the take. Neal woke sick and horrified, determined to change his life, drawing up a self-improvement schedule that included hours daily at the Public Library reading Marcel Proust, *Lives of the Saints* and Schopenhauer.

After his morning paper route, lovemaking with an *amour*, and the library, Neal went to his car-washing and parking gig at the Rocky Mountain Garage, then took a five-mile bike ride, paid another visit to the library, finally ending up at Peterson's Pool Hall.

In the atmosphere of smoke and great excitement of the Denver poolhalls, where even Jelly Roll Morton had crooked an elbow to make his living, Neal was just another poor kid hanging around as the balls clicked and spun and ashes fell from glowing cigar-tips in snowy drifts.

But soon Neal picked out someone who had what he needed — that is, who could teach him how to play pool — and was perhaps open to what he had to give, which was earnest friendship. That was Jim Holmes, slump-backed snooker and rotation king, sad-eyed cardshark and ace handicapper at the track, who never left Denver.

"Neal used to come in and watch me play," Jim recalled to Kerouac biographer Barry Gifford, "and I thought he didn't have any money, which I found out later was usually the case, so I bought him something to eat. The man was very, very energetic and he would actually flatter you in such a way that he would almost immediately be liked. I don't think it was a put on. It was a technique, however. But it wasn't a con. He really respected the individual."

> Dean Moriarty is the Neal most of the world knows. The Neal that only Neal and his friends knew suffered the life of a man.

Neal moved in with Jim, and Jim bought Neal his first suit and taught him how to pick horses, though Neal's approach to gambling unnerved Jim:

"Neal didn't care whether he won the pool game or he lost it. It was the fact that he went through this process and played pool.

"He had a theory that the third favorite would come in at the track everyday. So he would play the third favorite, and it would come in, and then he would continue to play until it came in the next time...and he would lose all the money he made — plus. But to him it was living an event. The fact he'd been losing for three days didn't make any difference. He was interested in the thing happening. He was a natural Buddhist."

Justin Brierly was an influential Denver lawyer, a high school counselor, a Columbia University alumnus and a patron of the Center City Opera, but his calling and delight was that of recognizing attractive, intelligent young men and easing their passage into adulthood by sending them to Columbia.

One day Brierly was visiting one of his family's houses, and came upon Neal, naked and with a hard-on by virtue of the fact he had been interrupted in his daily lovemaking with the maid. "How did you get in here?" Neal demanded. "I'm sorry," Brierly replied politely, holding up the key, "this is my house."

In 1944 Brierly was in New York visiting Hal Chase, one of his old students, and he met one of Chase's roommates, recently expelled from Columbia after being called as a witness in a front-page murder. This young man with a frank, open gaze had a theory and practice of writing that resulted in his typing the same scene over and over at a hundred words a minute, searching for the final right word that would resolve the tensions in the language like a tonic note in music. His name was Jack Kerouac.

The other roommates were Vicki Russell, a 6-foot redheaded prostitute and ex-gun moll; author-to-be William Burroughs, then apprenticing himself to pickpockets who specialized in lifting the last few bills off drunks passed out in the subway, who hated Roosevelt so much he wanted to hire a plane in New Jersey, fill it with horseshit, and pitchfork it over the White House; Joan Vollmer, the woman who would marry Burroughs and be shot by him in a drunken game of William Tell in Mexico; and, occasionally, a young man from New Jersey with thick glasses and protruding ears named Allen Ginsberg.

"They looked like criminals," said Jack to a *Playboy* interviewer, "but they kept talking about the same things I liked, long outlines of personal experience and visions, nightlong confessions full of hope that had become illicit and repressed by war, stirring, rumblings of a new soul."

Vicki had taught them all how to unscrew the Benzedrine-soaked wadding from asthma inhalers, which they chewed up with gum or drank with coffee. The apartment was like a laboratory for a lifestyle that wouldn't become popular in the mainstream for 20 years; instead of rock 'n' roll, they had a new sound roaring out of uptown clubs like the Royal Roost, played by young cats like Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker and Thelonious Monk, called bebop.

They were very serious about writing. They read James Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake* aloud to each other to dig the sounds; they turned each other on to books, insights, the fruits of their own creativity; but even the production of interesting or successful new literature was not the desired end of their mission.

Walking through Times Square,

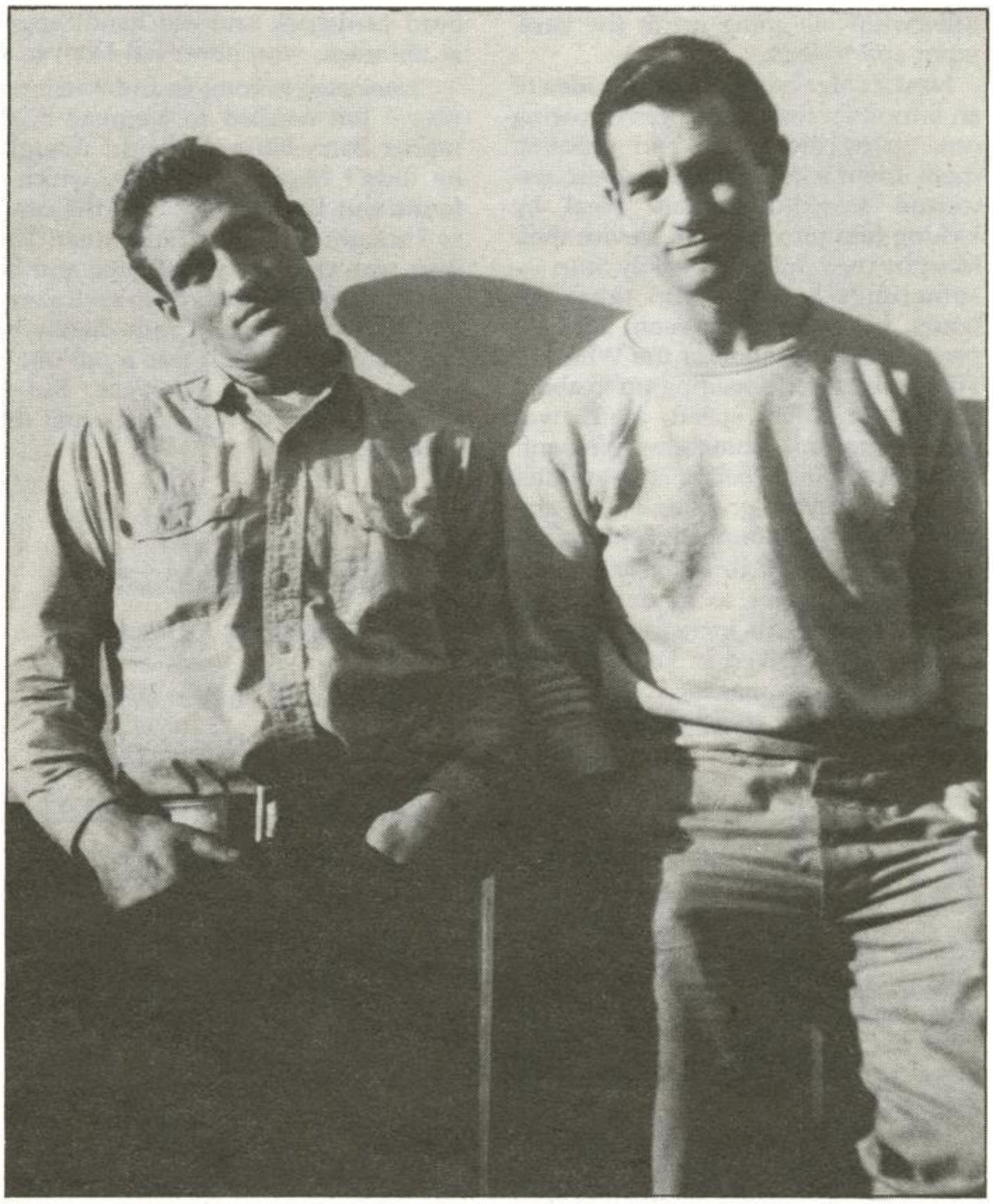
which they experienced as a giant room glowing with red neons open to the heavens, the cornices and gargoyles the handiwork of craftsmen who had passed out of the world leaving behind these visible signs of their once-presence, even the whores and kid-hustlers and junkies stirring sugar in their coffeecups were fellow travelers on this strange road of impermanence; whole panorama, with its miniscule dramas of life and death, acted out hanging in space...

They were after a *vision*, waiting and working for a miracle.

And Jack's intensity and spiritual earnestness and even his looks reminded Brierly of someone else — of Neal, writing letters full of philosophy from the reformatory. Brierly read the letters, and Hal mentioned to Jack that Neal might be a good character for Jack to write about.

Hal went back to Denver on a summer vacation and told Neal about the poets he was hanging out with in New York, and also said to Neal that the poet is superior to the philosopher, a statement that, as Ginsberg put it, "immediately clicked in Neal's mind. It suddenly delivered him from bondage to rationalistic thinking, and to the realization of creative humor, romance."

Neal, then 19, knew his own future was with this community of writers who turned their meditations into art and lived their philosophy, but he had concerns that kept him in Denver a little while longer — namely his new bride, a blue-eyed 15-year-old named Luanne Harrison.



Neal with Jack Kerouac in 1949

Neal had decided to marry Luanne before he ever got to talk to her, seeing her in a Walgreens near the poolhall. The moment of truth came at a bowling alley, when Neal slipped Luanne a note that read "I'll call you in the morning."

After the wedding, Neal's ex-girlfriend refused to surrender Neal's clothes and books, so while she was out Neal sneaked up on the roof and threw his things down to Luanne, waiting in the alley. They hitchhiked to Nebraska, where Neal got a job as a dishwasher and Luanne got a gig as a live-in maid for a blind lawyer — 14 hours a day, six days a week, for $12 a month. Luanne smuggled food downstairs to Neal, and at night Neal read Shakespeare and Proust, going over passages with Luanne for hours.

One day during a squalling blizzard Neal came home to find Luanne scrubbing the front porch on her hands and knees, turning blue. "That's it," he told Luanne, "we're going." Luanne stole $300 from the strongbox, and Neal hotwired Luanne's uncle's car.

The windshield kept icing over, so Neal had to drive leaning out the open window with a handkerchief over his eyes, finally switching to the passenger side to shield himself from the wind, with one hand on the wheel, and Luanne watching out the window for the cops.

The car conked out in North Platte, so they got on a bus for New York. They arrived at the Greyhound Terminal and walked to Times Square, where the Camel billboard man puffed hula-hoop-sized steam smoke rings over the Pokerino, teenage newlyweds on the lam.

The next day they met Hal at Columbia, who took them to the West End Bar to meet Ginsberg. Hal had cautioned Neal about Allen's "homosexuality and its disastrous effects." And Neal had formulated an overwrought image of Allen (as he recalled in *First Third*) as "a young college Jew, whose amazing mind had the germ of decay in it and whose sterility had produced a blasé, yet fascinating mask." But when Allen stuck his head into the booth, he was just — Allen.

Their true meeting of spirits happened a month later at Vicki Russell's. Allen was smoking a hookah on a stool; Neal got high for the first time; then, as Jack tells it in *On the Road*, "A tremendous thing happened...two piercing eyes glanced into two piercing eyes — the holy con-man with the shining mind, and the sorrowful poetic con-man with the dark mind" *recognized* each other in the middle of Time. They began talking, each amazed and relieved to find a mind as keen and a heart as sacred-knowing as his own, and even Jack felt a little left out: "Their energies met head-on, I was a lout compared, I couldn't keep up with them."

A couple of weeks later, Neal and Allen found themselves at an all-night party in Harlem. With not enough beds, Allen volunteered for the cot, dressed chastely in his boxer shorts. When Neal lay down beside him, Allen eased over to the far edge of the bed

trembling, until Neal

...stretched out his arm, and put it around my breast saying "Draw near me" and gathered me in upon him... my soul melted, secrecy departed, I became thenceforth open to his nature as a flower in the shining sun

— as Allen remembered in the dark bunk of a ship crossing the Arctic Circle a decade later.

Jack and Neal's friendship proceeded more hesitantly after a Neal-style first meeting: Neal answered the door naked as Luanne dived off the couch, and asked Jack to wait a moment while he finished.

Jack's first impression of Neal "was of a young Gene Autry — trim, thin-hipped, blue-eyed, with a real Oklahoma accent — a sideburned hero of the snowy West." Neal asked Jack to teach him how to write. Jack's first bit of experienced advice was "you've got to stick to it with the energy of a benny addict." Jack was working on his first novel, *The Town and the City*, piling up pages of memories of his childhood in the Massachusetts textile mill town of Lowell.

Neal hovered lovingly around Jack as he typed, the line-end bell ringing so often Jack's roommates thought an alarm clock was going off. Neal punctuated Jack's riffing with his *yesses* and *that's rights*, head bobbing on his neck like a novice prizefighter's. After four years of New York nihilism and intellection, *Neal* — wiping Jack's face with his handkerchief — *Neal* — who looked so much like Jack himself, an athlete like Jack — celebrated lover of women and sharer of Allen's passionate dark soul — *finally* the long-lost brother who said, "Go ahead, everything you do is great" — "a Western kinsman of the sun" — "a wild yea-saying overburst of American joy" —

And out of Jack's love for Neal, and Neal for Jack, Jack crafted a character who was not Neal but was the Neal in Jack's heart, Jack's dream of an American hero, and the name of the character was Dean Moriarty, and the book was *On the Road*.

Yes, and it wasn't only because I was a writer and needed new experiences that I wanted to know Dean more...the sight of his suffering bony face with the long sideburns and his straining muscular sweating neck made me remember my boyhood in those dye-dumps and swim holes and riversides of Paterson and the Passaic. His dirty workclothes clung to him so gracefully, as though you couldn't buy a better fit from a custom tailor but only earn it from the Natural Tailor of Natural Joy...

On the Road spread its message of Natural Joy — that "life is holy and every moment is precious" — through a late-'50s America that encouraged in its citizens insidious paranoia, distrust of one's neighbors (who might be Communist spies or perverts or beatnik drug addicts), and fear of one's own heart's desire.

His specialty was stealing cars, gunning for girls coming out of high school in the afternoon, driving them out to the mountains, making them, and coming back to sleep in any available hotel bathtub in town...Dean had the tremendous energy of a new kind of American saint.

Dean Moriarty was the Adam in Jack's Paradise-on-Earth: paradise found on the back roads of the very America that Allen said, in his poem "Howl," "coughs all night and won't let us sleep" — America under the spell of the soul-destroying unconsciousness of governments and men Allen named "Moloch":

Moloch whose mind is pure machinery! Moloch whose blood is running money! Moloch whose fingers are ten armies! Moloch whose breast is a cannibal dynamo! Moloch whose ear is a smoking tomb!

And the "secret hero" of "Howl," the secret nemesis of Moloch, was "N.C., cocksman and Adonis of Denver."

On the Road and "Howl" brought to those who read them what Neal gave to their authors — a life-affirmation, a profound *yes* that calls forth vision. Bob Dylan, Jim Morrison, Janis Joplin and a young trumpet player in the College of San Mateo jazz band named Phil Lesh (who set "Howl" to his own music) were all inspired by one or both books, setting out on their own roads of creative effort and quest for illumination,

angelheaded hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection to the starry dynamo in the machinery of night.

Dean Moriarty is the Neal most of the world knows, one of "the mad ones... mad to talk, mad to be saved... the ones who never yawn or say a commonplace thing, but burn, burn, burn like fabulous yellow Roman candles exploding like spiders across the stars..."

The Neal that only Neal and his friends knew suffered the life of a man.

In March of 1948, Neal drove to Denver to annul his marriage to Luanne. Neal had fallen in love with Carolyn Robinson, a blonde graduate student, and Carolyn was pregnant. A month earlier, on his 22nd birthday, Neal had sat for 14 hours with a revolver in the back seat of his car, finally deciding not to shoot himself. Neal made the trip through the mountains to Denver in a sub-zero blizzard without chains or antifreeze, which he must have known was suicidal. The car gave out, but seven hours later the road was plowed behind him and a bus picked him up.

Neal married Carolyn on April Fools' Day. "Her chief quality," Neal wrote to Allen, "lies in the same sort of awareness or intuitive sense of understanding which is ours....She is just a bit too straight for my temperament; however, that is the challenge in our affair...the only reason, really, she affects me so is the sense of peace which she produces in me when we are together."

Neal and Carolyn moved to the Bay Area and had three children, Cathy, Jami and John Allen — named for Jack and Allen. Neal did his best to be a good provider.

He got a job as a "brakie" — a brakeman — on the Southern Pacific Railroad, a job he was very proud of. "He was a family man," explains John Allen, now working for a computer company in Los Gatos, south of San Francisco. "He was everywhere at once, but at least he knew that his wife and three kids had a roof over their heads. He just drove us to school and stuff like that and went shopping like any other normal dad would."

He also grew six-foot pot plants in a lot beside the family house. "The heightened sensibility that one experiences after a good bomber," Neal advised in another letter to Allen, "is so delightful that it is absolutely imperative for one to really take it slow."

The letters Neal wrote to Jack and Allen while high on grass and Benzedrine — free as they were from inhibitions of syntax and "grammatical fears," allowing the confident, funny poolhall rhythms of Neal's actual rap to tickle the reader's ear — were the major inspiration and model for Jack's newfound supercharged voice in *On the Road*. Jack had been writing long exfoliating evocations of Neal's poolhall years in Denver on pot — waiting until his mother went to bed, "blasting" as he called it, and then staying up all night writing; but he still hadn't found the way *in*. Meanwhile, Neal was sending 20- and 30-page letters that blew Jack and Allen away with their hopped-up energy and humor and inclusiveness and sincerity and natural grace, especially a 23,000-word blockbuster Jack called "the Great Sex Letter," written in three days and nights on Benzedrine. Finally, in 1951, according to Jack's friend and fellow

novelist John Clellon Holmes, Jack "literally said, 'Fuck it! I'm just going to sit down and tell the truth.' And that's what he did."

Jack was unable to find a publisher for *On the Road* until 1957. By the end of the decade, the media had begun its inevitable uncomprehending attack on the "know-nothing Bohemian" Beats, typified by a *Life* magazine hit piece, complete with "bongo drums...dreary 'pads'...mom-haters... drugs and debauchery... homosexuality... fleabag hotels... cheap Mexican tarts...the dregs of a half-dozen races."

Neal was disturbed by both the shallow sanctification of Dean Moriarty's impulsiveness by weekend beatniks, and the caricaturing of Neal and his friends in magazines and on television as dangerous delinquents; after all, Neal had been one of Southern Pacific's best brakies for ten years and was, in fact, a loving, responsible suburban father to his children.

Another side of Neal's personality was enjoying his new status as a cultural hero in the coffeehouses and saloons of San Francisco's North Beach, where he earned a new nickname: Johnny Potseed.

In early 1958, two narcs posing as friends of friends gave Neal $40 to buy them some pot. Neal smelled a rat and blew the money at the track. Soon after that Neal made the mistake of offering some narcs two joints in exchange for a ride to work. He was arrested, set free, then rearrested the next day, and sent before a judge who, as he put it, didn't like Neal's attitude, and sentenced him to San Quentin for two years to life.

In prison, Neal turned his attention to religion, especially the Bible and the reincarnation theories of the trance-healer Edgar Cayce. In a letter to Carolyn that made it past the prison censor, Neal describes his strategies to maintain his spirit: "To overcome eardrum-bursting racket made by the cotton textile mill's 4-million-dollars' worth of 1745 rpm 68 x 72" hi-speed looms, whose constantly collecting flug is my weary job to sweep all day from beside & beneath, I...incessantly shout into the accompanying roar every prayer known...saying them hurriedly it takes just one hour to complete their entirety...Don't demurmer, it at least eliminates clockwatching."

"To imagine what being so encaged is like," wrote Neal, "you might put car mattress in the bathtub, thereby making it softer, and if not as long at least much cleaner than is my bug-ridden bunk; then bring in your 200 lb. friend, Edna, or the more negatively aggressive, Pam. Lock the door, &, after dragging 11 rowdy kids into our bedroom to parallel the 1,100 noisy ones housed in this particular cell block...remain almost motionless so as not to inadvertently irritate armed-robber-Edna, ponder past mistakes, present agonies & future defeats in the light of whatever insights your thus disturbed condition allows."

The morning after his "787th straight nite behind bars," Neal was paroled. The Southern Pacific refused to rehire a convicted felon, so Neal got a job busting tires for the Los Gatos Tire Company. "I remember riding my bike down there to watch him," recalls John Allen. "He'd race out to cars and change their wheels and then run back to the recapping machine and sling these hot truck tires back and forth and race back out. Nobody could believe he had that much energy and speed for this low-paying gig."

I could hear Dean, blissful and blabbering and frantically rocking. Only a guy who's spent five years in jail can go to such maniacal helpless extremes ...This is the result of years of looking at sexy pictures behind bars...evaluating the hardness of the steel halls and the softness of the woman who is not there. Prison is where you promise yourself the right to live.

Escaping through a lily field,
I came across an empty space—
It trembled and exploded,
Left a bus stop in its place.
The bus came by and I got on,
That's when it all began.
There was Cowboy Neal at the wheel
Of a bus to Never Ever Land.

Ken Kesey, like Jack and Neal, was a high school athlete from a working-class home. He had been voted Most Likely to Succeed by his senior class, and was the first member of his family to go to college — the University of Oregon, where he wrestled his way to the top of his weight class, acted some, and even went to Hollywood after college to try to be in the movies.

But inside all of that was another kind of spirit, one strengthened and tried by his father's physical contests, hunting and running and wrestling and whitewater — initiations really, with younger brother Chuck, for the greater and ultimate test we all come to in our own way. And the kid-spirit knew that the stories Ken loved in comic books, about Superman and Captain Marvel and mortals turned into super-mortals in secret caverns, Oriental rituals, magic stones conveying super strength or fatal weakness, were somehow true, that is *truer* than the accidentals of school and the drive-in and even one's own parents, because they were the story of the spirit-body on its road through changing matter: the *Test*.

And the spirit guided young Kesey to one possible means of its expression — as it guides us through various means — looking for a Way, a path, to realize its own nature and the nature of its home, the Universe; and Kesey began to write, *following*, as Joseph Campbell would have said, *his bliss*. And he was granted — O accidental means, O great and hidden end! — a scholarship to the Stanford University creative-writing graduate program.

'Neal represented a model to me of how far you could take it in the individual way. In the sense that you weren't going to have a work; you were going to *be* a work.' – Garcia

There Kesey was adopted by a circle of traditional bohemians living in Perry Lane, a bungalow arrangement housing graduate students, with dinners and discussions and contemplations over alcohol. They recognized in Kesey a certain...earnest spirit...but Kesey was not drawn so much to the award-winning novelists, but to a psychology grad student named Vik Lovell. Lovell told Kesey about these experiments at the Veterans' Hospital nearby in Menlo Park, where they were testing some new drugs and looking for volunteers; 75 bucks a day to sit in a white-walled room where a nurse technician would bring you a capsule that would contain maybe nothing, maybe...(What the volunteers didn't know was that the shadow-authority behind these and other similar experiments all across the country and in Canada was the CIA, who were *very* interested in these "mind-manifesting" compounds as possible truth serums, or insanity serums, or amnesia serums.) Sometimes the little capsule would give you

what would later be called a really bum trip. Other times — even in the antiseptic room with the nurse coming in every 20 minutes to scope out your pupils, hiding her secret sadness behind a repertoire of mannerisms that were suddenly very transparent — the experience would be very beautiful, spiritual, though that word hardly expresses the sea of ... not *only* thoughts or *only* feelings or *only* sensation... *being:*

And in that capsule would be LSD.



At the wheel, on the road. Photo: Allen Ginsberg

LSD quickly became the magic amulet around Perry Lane, and the prototype of electric Kool-Aid was not anything as campy and kid-like as Kool-Aid, but fiery venison chili, like shamans eating the flesh of the totem for a vision — and you could still mail-order peyote from Laredo, as the Beats had done.

Kesey was working up a novel about North Beach called *Zoo,* and Lovell suggested he take the night attendant's job on the psych ward, where he would be left alone and could write; but Kesey took the magic amulet onto the ward, and found that simply by looking into the faces of the residents he could see — behind the drooling or tics or mannerisms of dis-ease: *Spirit.* And through this literal seeing Kesey dreamed himself into the character of a schizophrenic Indian the fictional ward lackeys called, mockingly, Chief Broom: the narrator and muse of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest.*

Kesey called the Moloch shadow-authority in his armed madhouse the Combine, and the Combine's agent — a repressed, emasculating, lobotomizing pillar of soul-destroying efficiency — was called Nurse Ratched, or just Big Nurse. Though Big Nurse's ultimate nemesis is Chief Broom's faith in his own "undependable" subjectivity, her obvious enemy on the ward is a drinkin', fornicatin' and insubordinizin' rabble-rouser named Randle McMurphy, who disrupts the robot routine of the ward, allowing the residents to see, for a while, themselves as men again. McMurphy was a street brawler, gambler, disreputable menace and lover of teenage girls. If this character profile is beginning to sound familiar, well, Neal read the book too, and knew McMurphy was, if not actually based on, a chip-off-the-old-block of — His Bad Self.

So, the story goes, one day Ken and his wife, Faye, came back from a trip to Oregon, and there in Perry Lane — head bobbing on his taut-sinewed neck, handsomest man you ever saw and talking a blue-white streak — was Neal, who had felt summoned by the book.

By this time Perry Lane had become a node of the New Thing — nothing so self-conscious as that, surely, but the venison chili parties were *happening* and attracting hipsters from the surrounding landscape, as these scenes do when they get going, drawing energy in, and soon everybody finds themselves with more energy than they ever knew they had on their own: tribal magic. And one of the habitués of the Perry Lane scene was *the* hot young banjo-and-guitar player around the Palo Alto coffeehouses at the time, named Jerry Garcia.

"We were playing around in this house," Garcia recalled, "we had a couple of Day-Glo super balls and we bounced them around and we were just reading comic books, doodling, strumming guitars....All of a sudden you realize that you are free to *play.*"

And after Perry Lane was plowed under by a developer's bulldozer, the scene moved into the hills to La Honda, to Kesey's cabin, with redwood trees and a footbridge over a stream, like summer camp for big kids — big kids who had gotten a hold of the *magic amulet,* members of the tribe that would call itself the Merry Pranksters.

One day the idea was there: "Why don't we have a big party? You guys bring your instruments and play, and us Pranksters will set up all our tape recorders and stuff, and we'll all get stoned." And that was the first Acid Test.

— *Bob Weir*

"*Test,*" because acid brought you to that...*edge*...psychic whitewater; to pass it was to stay in the moment, the beautiful or fierce or ecstatic or terrifying or peaceful moment that is the only golden road.

The idea of the Bus grew out of a modest intention to drive to the 1964 World's Fair in New York City. Early on, the Pranksters became fascinated with electronics as a way of both amping up the trip and documenting the scene. Also, Kesey's second novel, *Sometimes a Great Notion,* was to be published in New York in early July, so the idea was to bring along a few cameras and tape recorders, shoot some footage, and bring the Perry Lane/La Honda "free-to-play" spirit to the Fair. Then somebody saw a classified ad for a 1939 International Harvester schoolbus, with bunks and a sink and storage and other amenities for a comfortable life on the road — which Kesey bought for $1500.

The Bus! That Grandfather of All Tourbuses, with a destination sign that read FURTHER, a sign on the back that said WEIRD LOAD, and on the side, the Pranksters' contribution to presidential politics: A VOTE FOR BARRY IS A VOTE FOR FUN. And Neal at the wheel.

Neal. Long-lashed eyes in the rectangular rear-view mirror, cannonball muscles popping under a too-small black-and-white striped shirt, with a pennywhistle in his left hand and a big bomber in his right and both hands on the wheel, or one, or none, tootling and toking and navigating faultlessly and all the while keeping up an unbroken rap drawing into it the names of the Indy 500 winners, *Love Potion* #9, Edgar Cayce, memories of Denver, philosophical bits, thermodynamics — the minutiae of a lifetime of fact-seeking by Neal's triple-speed brain — in-

termingled with pure sounds, like tires screeching or pistons blowing up, as well as what Neal was seeing or hearing at that moment, road signs or the car in the other lane, and all rhyming and sparking in a way that, if you weren't really listening, could sound like nonsense. But if you *were*, you'd realize Neal was *jamming* like the jazz musicians he and Jack dug in New York — taking themes and elaborating and suspending and altering them in a flow the course of which was not determined by what you *thought* you'd do before you started, but by what you were hearing and feeling *now*, at the moment of composition.

Neal helped us be the kind of band we are, a concert not a studio band.... It wasn't as if he said, "Jerry, my boy, the whole ball of wax happens here and now." It was watching him move, having my mind blown by how deep he was, how much he could take into account in any given moment and be really in time with it.

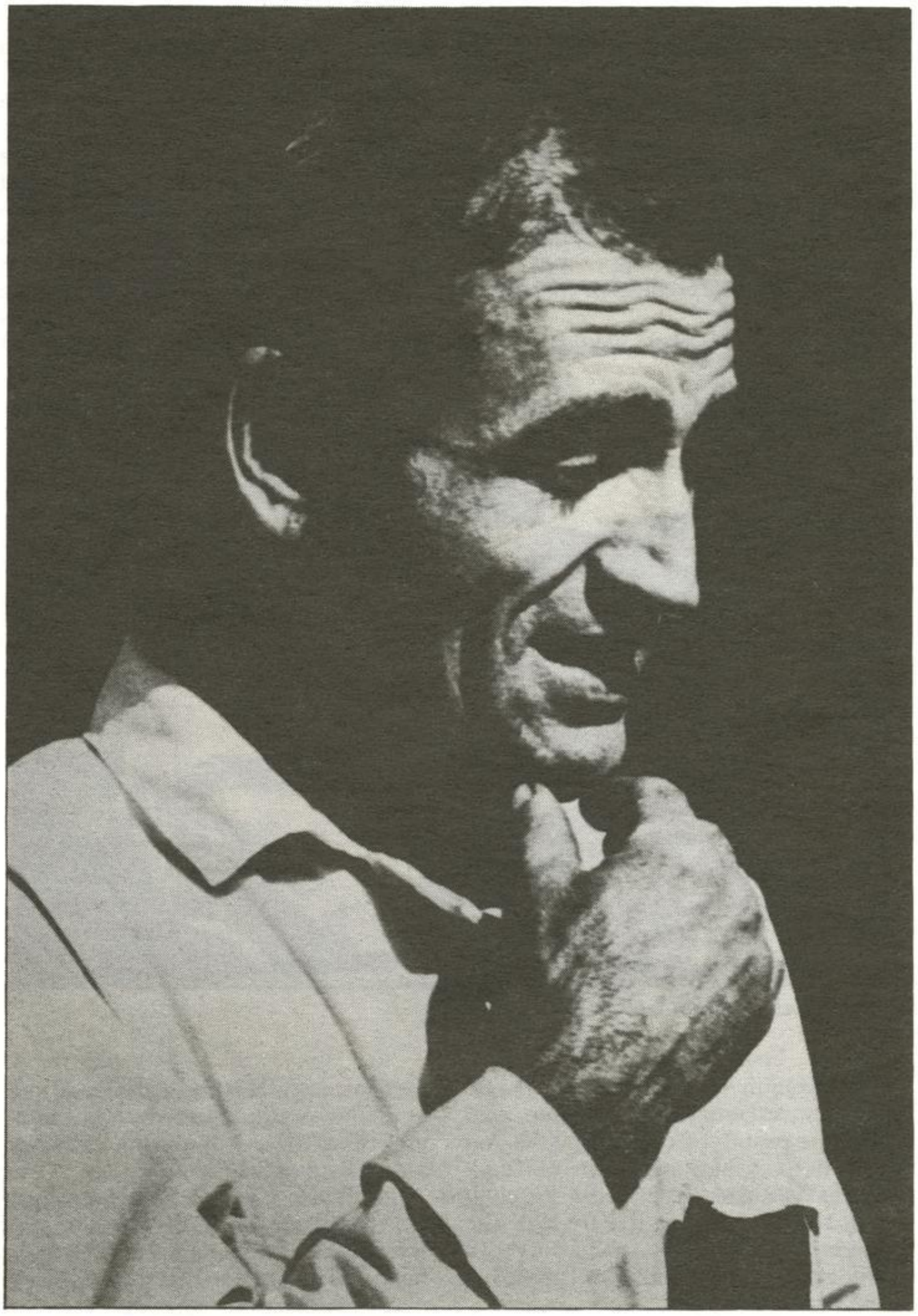
— Jerry Garcia

"*In time*" — Neal's old buddy Jack had seen that too, and wrote that Dean "knew time." The Dead took that spark into their music, that time-knowing, that knowledge that in each moment a beauty is possible as intensely itself and newly created as the surface of the sun: radiance that still shines in the music, so that young Deadheads hearing it for the first time open their hands to the stage as around a warming fire.

And Neal knew his own body, which embodied his knowing by being taut and supple and beautiful. Watching Neal in the loving eye of the Prankster cameras is like watching Harold Lloyd, or W.C. Fields' fluid dance with a pool cue or a sheet of flypaper; rolling a straw boater off his head and down his arm to charm a girl, every moment — even when he drops the hat — lit from the inside with attention and wit.

Neal was a legendary lover, often choosing women who were thought unattractive by others, or even retarded or psychotic, to delight them with his lovemaking prowess and natural gifts. The first time he met Anne Murphy, his combative sidekick of the Prankster years, she was sick with hepatitis. "Hoping, I guess, to perk me up, he unveiled his mighty endowment while my eyes popped. We made a date for the following weekend."

Neal carried a hammer, a 4-pound jack, tossing and catching and flipping it, a mass to dance with his energy, keeping his muscles toned and his time sharp. "At his purest," Garcia said, "Cassady was a tool of the cosmos."



Neal in 1967. Photo courtesy of Ken Babbs

And Neal pushed that to the limit, hurtling around blind curves daring *it* to throw a vehicle in his path; or the time Neal guided the Bus down a hairpin-winding mountain highway in Virginia, everybody *wooooosssssssshhhhhhh*ing on the magic amulet — the edge! — without touching the brakes; or the snowy night in the Tehachapi Pass — with young Stewart Brand of eventual *Whole Earth Catalog* fame rolling his bombers — when Neal experimented with seeing how close he could come to the roadside telephone poles without actually clobbering into one, skidding from one side of the road to the other, all the while rapping about how God is in control....Brand abandoned ship at the Big Sur turnoff feeling he'd been taught a lesson, and decided to get married and father children.

There was no space on him for other stuff — he did his trip, and he left no room between the sinews for other juices. Everybody who ever dealt with him felt this — this guy has a vision of the truth. "Oh my God! Is* that *what the truth is?"

— Ken Kesey

Kesey used to say there were no accidents around Neal — even when he dropped his hammer he was *showing* you something. Talking with Prankster Ken Babbs in 1981, Garcia recollected one Neal-lesson that changed the course of his life, the morning after the Watts Acid Test:

"He'd been on the road all night,

driving back from San Francisco. That was the night everybody was terribly overdosed. Neal must have caught up fast. By dawn he didn't have his shirt on. No shoes. Just those shapeless gray pants. And for some reason he wasn't speaking. Sometimes he'd get to that place where he was beyond speaking.

"He was motioning George [Prankster George Walker] into a parking place, giving him signals, a little to the left, a little to the right, all with gestures. Neal directed him into a stop sign and the bus knocked it over and shaved it clean off.

"Neal immediately picked it up and tried to stick it back in the hole. Down the street come two little old ladies on their way to church. Neal's meanwhile walking away from the sign real fast, and it hung for a minute and started to topple and just before it hit the ground he caught it and put it back up. Then the ladies see him: Is it a disreputable drunk or what? He decides to clean up his act and hide the stop sign behind him until the ladies pass by. It was like an elegant physical Buster Keaton ballet.

"I hit him for a ride back to our house and it was just me and him in an old Ford sedan we used for a go-fer car, and most of the time when you got behind the wheel with Neal it was an adventure, at least, but this time we left the place at a speed of maybe eight, 12 miles an hour all the way without either of us saying a word. He'd look over at me every once and a while and we were strangely close. There was nobody out, the streets were bare and when you don't have to talk to the person next to you, that's real clean. Takes a certain thing not to try to keep anything up, not having to entertain one another.

"I remember flashing on Neal as he was driving, that he is one of these guys that has a solitary kind of existence, like the guy who built the Watts Towers, one person fulfilling a work. I made a decision: to be involved in something that didn't end up being a work that you died and left behind, and that they couldn't tear down.

"Neal represented a model to me of how far you could take it in the individual way. In the sense that you weren't going to have a work, you were going to *be* the work. Work in real time, which is a lot like musician's work.

"I had originally been an art student and was wavering between one man one work or being involved in something that was dynamic and ongoing and didn't necessarily stay any one way. Something in which you weren't the only contributing factor. I decided to go with what was dynamic and with what more than one mind was involved with.

"The decision I came to was to be involved in a group thing, namely the Grateful Dead."

Wavy Gravy met Kerouac behind a strawberry tart at an after-hours cafeteria on the Bowery called Sagamore's, a hangout for drag queens, poets, beatniks, musicians — "the whole mélange of wooga-wooga," as Wavy recalls over coffee in my kitchen in the Haight-Ashbury in 1989. Wavy had read *On the Road* while at Boston University, and started a jazz-and-poetry series after reading a *Time* spread on poet Kenneth Rexroth, who intoned his "Married Blues" over Duke Ellington's "Things Ain't What They Used to Be" at a club in San Francisco called the Blackhawk.

Wavy — who was still Hugh Romney in those days — became the poetry director of the Gaslight Café in the Village, integrating folk music into the poetry readings there. "In between the poems I started talking about the bizarre things that happened in my life," Wavy explains, "and some guy saw me and said skip the poems, and put me in a suit and started mailing me around the country, and the next thing you know I was opening for John Coltrane and Thelonious Monk."

Wavy was turned on to psychedelics by his conga drummer, whose hobby was synthesizing mescaline — he had all these tubes snaking around his apartment with black goo coming out of them. Wavy ate the crystallized Flesh of the Gods at Coney Island, and spent $50 on roller-coaster tickets: "It actually got scary when it *stopped*."

He got a gig with the Committee, a renowned San Francisco improvisational comedy troupe, while taking care of the "street biz" for Owsley with John Brent, who ran for mayor of San Francisco on the platform ANYTHING YOU WANT. Wavy and John's franchise was called Goon King Brothers Dimensional Creemo, and Wavy's *nom de commerce* was Al Dente — "a name I got off a Buitoni wrapper."

Wavy got on the Prankster bus after a marathon viewing of the ongoing Prankster movie — called "Intrepid Traveler and His Merry Pranksters Leave in Search of a Cool Place" or just "The Movie" — at Ken "Intrepid Traveler" Babbs' place in Capistrano, in Southern California. Soon Wavy and Neal were doing double raps at the Acid Tests.

"He'd say a few words and I'd say a few words, but there was no time to think. The only way it would work is, you couldn't be there" — that is, you couldn't let the past-and-future-you get in the way of Now. "What used to piss me off about Neal, and I finally called him on it, was he wouldn't take time out to laugh. He was too busy being three minutes ahead of time."

A person has all sorts of lags built into him, Kesey is saying. One, the most basic, is the sensory lag, the lag between the time your senses receive something and you are able to react ...Cassady is right up against that 1/30th of a second barrier. He is going as fast as a human can go, but even he can't overcome it....You can't through sheer speed overcome the lag.

— Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test

"Neal was the first person to teach me to trust my instincts," Wavy says. "To *not worry* about it — be open to the situation, not be in the past or future. Neal said fretting was the only sin. I've tried to take that one to heart."

Wavy graduated from being assistant tongue-dancer to riding shotgun for Neal on the big bus, "once I got used to the fact that he was doin' ten things at once and nothin' twice and wasn't going to crash.... He'd be peeling an orange and rolling a joint and having about four conversations, and there'd be all this *traffic*... the last thing you want to say is 'Neal, pay attention to the road,' 'cause that would *really* distract him — next thing you know you'd be heading into a telephone pole."

Annette Flowers met Neal in September of 1965. She was 17, and had read *On the Road,* and walked into a friend's house in Los Altos, near Foothill College where she was a student. There was Neal, playing chess and blasting the new Beatles record, *Revolver,* turning it over and over.

That first day together they took some psilocybin mushrooms ground up in gelatin capsules. Annette felt very comfortable with Neal right away, intuiting the depth and rapidity of his mind and feeling gratified to have met someone who could keep up with her.

Annette is a Libra, and her friend Cathy Mae was a Gemini, and Neal was an Aquarius. The three air-signs came together to form a loving, easy-going family that was, for Neal, an alternative to the ongoing psychedelic guerrilla warfare of the Pranksters and the tension of being with Carolyn, who had asked Neal for a divorce. They called themselves "the Trine" — the aspect of good fortune.

Annette's nickname in the Trine was either Anita or Mustang Sally, owing to the fact she had a '65 Mustang, in which they dropped in, often in the middle of the night, on Neal's friends — like Lawrence Ferlinghetti, the poet-publisher who won the landmark ob-

scenity trial for the right to publish "Howl"; or Gavin Arthur, the eccentric astrologer whose calculations were used to determine an auspicious date for the Human Be-In and had been Neal's religion instructor in San Quentin; or Robert Hunter, whom Annette met through David Nelson.

Neal also took Annette to her first Acid Test, at the Big Beat in Palo Alto. The entertainment that particular evening was a band Annette had heard about from David Nelson, but had never seen: the Warlocks.

"I spent most of the time under a table," Annette recalls in her office at the Dead's headquarters, where she is now in charge of the band's music publishing company, Ice Nine. Over her desk, a charcoal sketch of Pigpen looks back at us over his shoulder. "The Warlocks frightened me. I sensed a tremendous amount of power up there, and I wasn't sure if it was good or evil. I wasn't immediately comfortable with it.

"Like Deadheads'll tell you today, I was in one of those situations where I was in the second row dancing, and all of a sudden I thought Jerry looked over and was angry or something — like I'd pissed somebody off — and I crawled all the way to the back and found a table and got under it and waited till Neal came and got me and we went home."

Neal and Annette went to Quicksilver and Airplane shows at the Fillmore together, and after one of these, Neal carried his little Anita — still a virgin — down the stairs to introduce her to her first love, waiting in the rear of Neal's big black Cadillac.

Like many others, Annette admired Neal's ability to carry on simultaneous conversations, or more precisely, to notice the simultaniety in conversations that were already going on, and highlight that synchronicity in his own rap, weaving the threads together. "He wasn't the motivator or the seed," Annette explains, "he was just picking it up to make people aware, to open up their ears and feel that three different groups of people, with different words, were essentially talking about the same thing. To see where it came together, what the common bond was."

Annette remembers one afternoon at a friend's house in Los Altos, when Neal decided suddenly to redecorate, "starting with the kitchen. He went through all the cupboards, juggling the dishes and silverware — pretty soon the whole house was a tornado. I swear he was twirling a couch on his finger.

"The folks who lived there, and the friends who were visiting, all eventually stepped out to the backyard — a whole group of us looking toward the house with just this *flash* going in any given window, around and around and around — 'Oh God, he's gonna destroy the house!'

"And after a while he came out — 'Where is everybody?' — 'cause he was in there talking to himself, and finally noticed no people were in there any longer. So we all went back in and everything was in perfect order.

> Neal carried
> a hammer,
> a 4-pound Jack,
> tossing and
> catching and
> flipping it,
> a mass to dance
> with his energy,
> keeping his
> muscles toned,
> his time sharp.

"That was like temporarily taking a place and putting it in another dimension. There's a point where you think the authorities or the brain police are gonna come down and — this house must be Day-Glo! — and the whole town of Los Altos must be on the phone saying 'What the heck, our electricity's shorting out, or juicing up' — are we gonna get away with this?

"But I guess people driving by were just — it's a regular house in the afternoon, friends hanging out together."

Flight of the sea birds
Scattered like lost words
Wheel to the storm and fly

SPEED — dull bitter powder that makes the mortal movie seem so...slow...but *booted up* — the Time-Wheel in the head faster and faster and the body able to keep up, hot stylus pushing forward into the molten wax of the moment and able to turn it into *speech, action, now, no time* for fretting or past-or-future but only I talking or running or fucking almost too fast for matter to keep up, keep *it* going, and where is *it* coming from? Not this slow body...but crackling *light of — damn —*

Peter Coyote was still Peter Cohon in the Diggers, the group he helped found with Emmett Grogan and Peter Berg, that set up milk cans of hot soup under the eucalyptus trees in Golden Gate Park's Panhandle for the armies of the Summer of Love, and set up a Free Store ("IT'S FREE BECAUSE IT'S YOURS"), and carried around a huge empty wooden frame called the Free Frame of Reference that could be placed around anything, reinvesting it with its own natural meaning, which was FREE — FREE was not a *shtick*, it was a metaphysic: Being is Free.

Peter, now a film actor, remembers one night at a big poetry reading with Ginsberg and Ferlinghetti and the Diggers in the audience — "and we were very conscious that the mantle had passed to us. It was our time now, we were what was happening. It was palpable to everyone in the room — we just had a vision that was appropriate to that moment."

Peter met Neal hanging out at Paula McCoy's, across from the Dead's house at 710 Ashbury. Paula was the ex-wife of a real estate developer, an elegant blonde with an acid tongue who hosted Digger salons, walking around naked under a floor-length mink coat. One night Peter and Emmett were up in the front window when Neal walked out of the Dead house, and they threw some apples at him and called him over. Neal had some speed, they had some "works," and they all got high.

The *vision* — could be seen through different windows, you could say, different sub-scenes in the bigger picture of the Haight — "an urban cosmopolitan universe that went every place from beggars to millionaires, with corresponding differentiations of taste and style and politics and ideology," remembers Coyote. "The same people who are into channeling now were smoking $3000-a-pound marijuana then and having these sublime upper-middle-class psychedelic aesthetic experiences."

And there was this *other* window, the speed window, that seemed to have *no frame at all* — "Speed gave you the energy to keep up, and the imaginative excesses to fuel a reality without limits," says Coyote, "to fuel the invention necessary to keep up with a reality without limits."

And Cassady, whose Prankster name was Speed Limit, who drove cars until they literally exploded, was the perfect driver for a bus whose destination sign read only FURTHER. But after the *flash* — the body's heavy meat is Home, after all. Peter gave up amphetamines and took up zazen, the physical



Cassady, hammer and Bus. Photo courtesy of Ken Babbs

practice of sitting body, breath and mind in one place: here. "I had failed to realize," Peter reflects, "that the body was the first legitimate limit."

The last time Kerouac saw Neal was at a Prankster party on Park Avenue. Kesey wanted to meet Jack, and Jack had praised *Cuckoo's Nest* to his friends. It was the long-awaited meeting of the two minds to whom the appropriate-vision-of-the-moment had occurred, each in his own time. There was the usual Prankster electronic din going on, speakers and wires everywhere and microphones feeding it all back on itself until it became...a *crackling*...all flood-lit for the Movie; Jack was tired, and wanted to sit down — but where he wanted to sit, there was: an American flag.

But Dean's intelligence was formal and shiny and complete, without the tedious intellectualness. And his "criminality" was not something that skulked and sneered; it was a wild yea-saying overburst of American joy...

Jack *believed* in America — not the America that dropped its bomb on Hiroshima, not the America of our own age that skulks and sneers and calls itself "kinder," but the America — *America*! — that Neal and Jack and Allen discovered *in their own living room*: an America that is discovered anew each moment with a truthful word spoken, a word of actual trembling tender feeling committed to Art, with the simplest act of looking into your friend's eyes, when secrecy departs, and you are thenceforth open to his nature as a flower in the shining sun.

So Jack — as he had taught his friends for years, not as a gesture but a physical enactment of respect for the America that is always waiting to be discovered and will find its flag in the Flag, its history waiting for it to realize its own promise entrusted long ago — picked up the flag from the couch, folded it, and sat down, and asked the Pranksters if they were Communists.

And when Kesey, wishing to heal a distance of differing mannerism, told Jack his role in history was secure — because Kesey knew Dean's jalopy and the Bus and any number of unforeseeable future travelers (you and me, reader) were all looking for that one *...place...here* — Jack said quietly, "I know."

Just before Neal left for his last trip to Mexico, Wavy and a friend took him to kidnap Tiny Tim from a place in the Village called the Scene, where Tiny was doing his ukulele-and-flowers act. Wavy's last, best memory of Neal is of Neal driving up West Side Drive towards the Cloisters: "And every now and then Tiny'd go, 'Oh, Mr. Cassady, not so *fast*!' and Neal, 'Well, Tiny, not to worry,' and Tiny, 'AUUUUUGGHHH!' But then the two of them broke into these Bing Crosby duets as the sun was coming up. It was just the most beautiful, beautiful thing that I ever experienced with Neal — just him and Tiny and the sunrise."

On February 2, 1968, Neal took a train down to Celaya, Mexico, and took a cab to San Miguel de Allende, where a young friend named J.B. was waiting for him. At noon Neal left J.B.'s house, saying he had to pick up a bag he'd left at the depot containing a Bible and some letters from Jack and Allen. He told J.B. he would walk to the station and then continue on to Celaya, more than 15 miles away.

At the train station Neal ran into a Mexican family celebrating a wedding with traditional abandon, and drank *pulque* and tequila with them, along with the potent barbiturate Seconal.

About a quarter of a mile towards Celaya from the station, Neal died by the railroad tracks, wearing nothing but a T-shirt in the cold rain.

The police took Neal's body to the house of Pierre Delattre, the "street priest" of North Beach who had come to Mexico to avoid paying taxes that would fund the Vietnam War. The police told Delattre they had a body in their truck, the body of man who had the priest's address in his wallet, and they told him the man's name.

Annette had moved to New Jersey that winter, away from the San Francisco scene, and lost touch with Hunter and Nelson and the other friends of her time with Neal. Cathy Mae moved East with Annette and her own new husband, and both the Libra and Gemini aspects of the Trine were pregnant — new lives beginning in every sense of the words.

Very soon after Annette arrived at her parents' home, there was a knock at the door — a hippie with a message for someone named Anita, that Neal was dead. No one knew how he had found her, "It was just one of those things — 'I have a message.' That kind of thing happened all the time," recalls Annette, "and still does."

Annette says Neal is still with her. "He has appeared to me more than once in the form of a bird — if I'm

thinking about something and I would like some confirmation, and I wonder how Neal would feel about this, a bird will fly by. In Kansas, a sea-bird will fly over...and there's my answer.

"Of course, you can just decide that, that that's what's happening, and that isn't what's happening. But I feel his spirit is very much a part of my life.

"I trash my friends sometimes. Everybody's going to sleep and I'm still talking — I find myself in a room with people crashed all around me, and I'm still up two hours later, nobody's listening — and I feel, 'Well, *Neal* understands, he's listening to me.'

"He lived his life, and he didn't waste time — even sleeping — putting it off. He jammed as much action and energy as he could into everything. My son says, 'But look — he burned out early,' and he did. He flashed through. Johnny says, 'It would be nice for the younger generation of Deadheads if he were alive today'...Yeah, it *would* be nice for the younger generation of Deadheads if Pigpen, Bobby Peterson, all those guys... He lived hard.

"I think it's really important to try to communicate with people, and that's where Neal was at — not building up a big bank account, but communication, getting to know each other. I live fairly hard myself, and I



push it right out to the edge, and it feels like the most important thing I could do.

"I feel he shared and imparted to me the OK-ness to just *be* here, and try not to be too concerned about fitting in with what's supposedly OK. Being a rebel, a cage-rattler.

"Somebody who doesn't like it can tell me to leave, or we can get right into talking about stuff that matters."

Wavy says, "Thelonious Monk once told me, 'Everyone is a genius just being themself,' and most people don't get that. They want to be someone else, or they want to be Neal. I have spent my life walking down the road seeing the smoldering wrecks of burned-out beings who wanted to be Neal. They should concentrate on being themselves. Kids come up to me and say, 'You're my idol.' I say, 'Put your ear to your heart, that's your idol.'" □

Partial List of Sources

Author's note: I have shamelessly lifted quotes, anecdotes and bits of intelligence from these and other sources. Those marked with an asterisk are out of print, and can be found in used bookstores, or contact Andy Stafford at Red House Books, P.O. Box 460267, SF, CA 94146.*

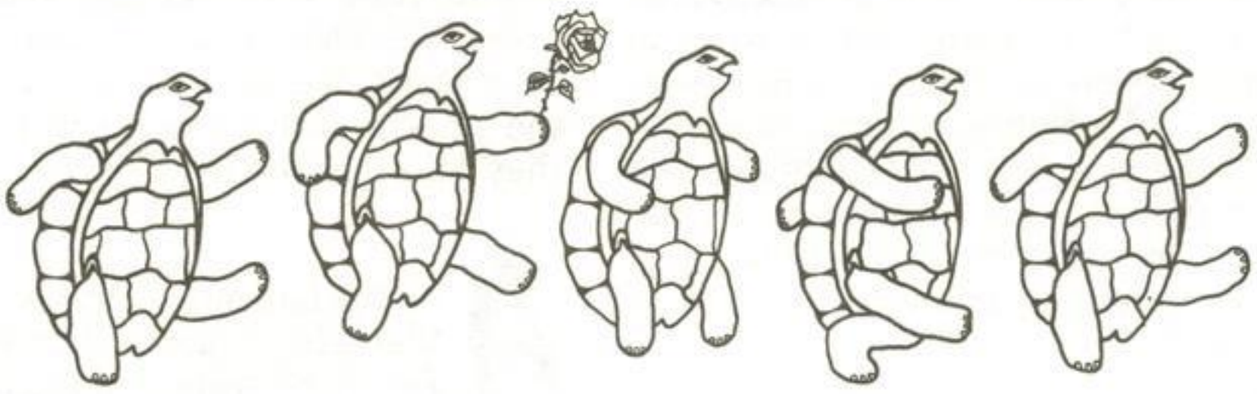
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Dylan/Dead Revisited

Behind the New Album and a Cache of Rehearsal Tapes



Trying to end a song at the same time, 7/24/87. Photo: Jay Blakesberg

It had been a long, long day at Autzen Stadium in Eugene, Oregon (July 19, 1987). Officially, the temperature was somewhere around 90 degrees, but on the field, which was covered with a yellow rubberized tarp, it must have been way over 100. And where we were, about midway between the stage and the soundboard, there wasn't even a hint of breeze. The Dead's two sets had been uneven, marred by poor sound and a lethargy in the crowd that seemed as heavy as the still air. The field was so crowded that it was all but impossible to seek shade at the break after the Dead's sets. All around us, people crashed out in wilted defeat, and sought to cover bare skin to avoid being barbecued before the greatly anticipated Dead/Dylan set began.

By the time Dylan and the Dead hit the stage, the day was finally beginning to cool, if only by infinitesimal increments. There was a flurry of excitement in the stands during the opening version of "Maggie's Farm," but the crowd settled back down quickly — it was still too hot to shake it with much conviction. It took a few songs just to get used to Dylan's singing, which was so amelodic compared with what the Dead were playing behind him. He slurred the words when he wasn't exaggerating them like some Dylan parodist. He cut off Garcia's attempts at solos, and his own playing sounded like it was in a different dimension from the Dead's. Up close, we could see the effort it was taking to find a mutual groove. The Dead looked like they were struggling, and Dylan literally never looked at any member of the band during the first several songs. Still, slowly but surely, you could hear the parts coming into alignment and the whole strange mess started to make some sense.

And then something happened. As the band rolled through the opening of "The Ballad of Frankie Lee & Judas Priest," the first cooling breezes of the day swept across the field like a healer's hands, and the crowd around us came alive. I remember the late afternoon sunlight pouring through the back of the stage, creating golden silhouettes around each of the players, and the white scrim behind the stage billowing in wind-blown puffs. The song accelerated and built in intensity as the elements coalesced. "Up the stairs ran Frankie Lee with a soulful, bounding leap!" As he confidently spat out the words, Dylan did a little half-turn toward Garcia and smiled the tiniest Mona Lisa smile, as if to acknowledge a moment of pure connection. The other musicians hunkered down and played even harder, as small tornadoes of cheers and whistles spun through the stadium. This was the magic the dream-collaboration had promised — a completely new music with the greatest strengths of each. And though the rest of the set hit that kind of peak only a few more times, there was some satisfaction in knowing it could be hit at all.

* * * * *

The "Frankie Lee" from Eugene didn't make it onto the recently released Dylan/Dead album. Neither did "John Brown" from the Giants Stadium show, or "Dead Man Dead Man" from Anaheim, or a dozen other songs where the potential of the pairing was obviously realized. What *is* on the record is generally very well performed (there are no overdubs), and the audio quality is unbelievably good — it all sounds so much better than it did in the stadiums, and it really whets my appetite for a new live Dead LP. (The group's last live album, *Dead Set*, sounds positively flat in comparison.)

"Slow Train" (from Foxboro) and "Gotta Serve Somebody" (Anaheim) show considerable fire, and both feature a nice blend of Dylan and Dead vocals. "I Want You" (Oakland) moves along at an irresistible fast gait, though Dylan's ragged vocals turn his beautiful lyrics into incomprehensible mush. "Queen Jane Approximately" (Eugene) is the album's one flat song; it seems turgid compared with the Dead's versions alone since the '87 tour.

The album's most spirited tracks are the ones that are least predictable. "All Along the Watchtower" (Anaheim) starts slowly but then builds magnificently, with Garcia tearing off a couple of blistering solos. The pivotal moment here is when Dylan mistakenly sings the wrong verse and Garcia solos under his vocal, leading the band's charge with the sort of power we've all come to expect from the Dead's versions of the song. But it is "Knockin' on Heaven's Door" (Anaheim) that shows Dylan's interpretive powers at their peak — he plays against our expectations by leaving air where we anticipate his vocal line coming, and then singing where we anticipate air. The effect builds up tension before the chorus, which then bursts forth majestically. (This is even more notable on the Oakland Stadium version.)

And then there's "Joey" (Foxboro). So far this is the song that reviewers and fans alike have slammed the most. At over nine minutes — and it's heavy sledding all the way — this rather preposterous romanticization of the life of Mafia thug Joey Gallo is the de facto centerpiece of the album, and it simply isn't strong enough to carry that kind of weight. The bombastic arrangement adds nothing to the version on Dylan's *Desire* LP; one rightfully wonders why two (or even three) other songs weren't included in its place.

(The main answer is that Dylan likes the song a lot. Dylan wrote "Joey" — and others on *Desire* — with New York writer Jacques Levy, who'd spent a lot of time with Gallo the year before the mobster was murdered in 1970. After hearing stories about Gallo from Levy and a couple of other friends at a dinner one night, Dylan became intrigued with what he saw as a tragic figure. "I never considered him a gangster," Dylan told an interviewer. "I always thought of him as a hero in some kind of way. An underdog fighting against the elements." Levy said later that Dylan "got knocked a lot for that song. People don't get knocked for writing songs about Jesse James, but he got knocked for that one." But then "The Ballad of Jesse James" isn't more than nine minutes long with almost no melody.)

At just seven songs, the album is not exactly a comprehensive document of the tour, which is at least part of its alleged intention.

So how were the songs chosen? And why did it take so long for the record to come out?

* * * * *

According to John Cutler, who co-produced the LP with Garcia, the six Dylan/Dead shows in July of '87 were recorded with no end product in mind. "We felt that the shows had some historical value, and we wanted to get them on tape for that reason," Cutler says. So the Dead hired the 24-track Le Mobile remote recording truck (the same one they had used to cut the basic tracks for *In the Dark*) to capture the shows. (Actually the recordings used 24 tracks plus two tracks of audience on a separate machine, though "we ended up not using much of the audience," Cutler notes.)

While the band was playing shows in Denver and Telluride a month later, Cutler stayed back in San Rafael and made very rough mixes of the Dylan/Dead sets, "just so we'd have it. I did them real quick — five or six days mixing six shows — so people could listen to it on cassette." The cassettes were sent to the band and to Dylan, and the initial feedback was very positive all around. That was the end of it for a while.

Then, in either late spring or early summer of '88, the Dylan and Dead camps began to talk again and the seeds were planted to perhaps release a record of some kind. "I think Dylan was excited because there was a lot of material he'd never had on a live album before — that was going to be the premise of the album," Cutler says, adding that from the beginning he and Garcia viewed it as Dylan's album. "So what happened then was Jerry and I took everything that hadn't been on a live album and listened to it more closely to see if we had an album's worth of material. We honed it down some more and then got the go-ahead from Dylan to pick some tunes and do a more serious mix."

There is a lightness and sense of fun permeating the rehearsal tapes that was acutely missing from the Dead/Dylan concerts.

We may never know what songs were considered at what stage, and which ones were tossed out instantly because of problems in the performance (remember, most of these had been played only a few times in practice before the tour started). But on paper at least, this original concept had plenty of potential candidates, including "Queen Jane," "Joey," "John Brown," "Chimes of Freedom," "Frankie Lee & Judas Priest," "The Wicked Messenger," "Slow Train," "Gotta Serve Somebody," "Chimes of Freedom," "Dead Man Dead Man," "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight," "Tomorrow Is a Long Time" (those last two featuring Garcia on pedal steel), "Watching the River Flow" and "Man of Peace." Most of those were also tunes that Dylan had never performed live before.

When the new mixes of the tunes Garcia and Cutler had decided on were sent to Dylan, he decided he didn't like a few of the choices. Next, the three of them got together and listened to more roughs of tunes that were outside the limited concept, and Dylan picked a few songs he wanted to hear mixed down from the 24-track master tapes. So Garcia and Cutler worked on those and sent them back to Dylan. "This went back and forth several times until we finally came up with what's on the record," Cutler says. "What's on there is really a consensus," he says. "Had it been left totally up to me, I probably would've picked some other tunes, Jerry would've picked some other different tunes, and who knows what Dylan would've picked. But I like the record. There's nothing on there that doesn't hold up, in my opinion."

* * * * *

The biggest buzz in Dead tape collecting circles these days is the rapid proliferation of more than three hours of excellent-quality Dead/Dylan rehearsals — sort of a Basement Tapes '87; The Front Street Tapes. Some of what's on these tapes is absolutely incredible, and most of it is spunkier, tighter and more soulful than the actual Dead/Dylan concerts.

The material on the rehearsal tapes is a real treasure trove of different styles, moods and instrumental configurations. As you might expect, there are false starts and verses missing here and there, but generally the performances are very strong, and Dylan's singing is surprisingly consistent. In addition to containing versions of virtually every song Dylan and the Dead played live, there are a number of curiosities:

An old Ian & Sylvia tune called "The French Girl," with Garcia on pedal steel; a calypso version of "In the Summertime" (from *Saved*); a mid-tempo, almost honky-tonk reading of "Union Sundown" (from *Infidels*); a speeded up "Baby Blue"; a rough version of "When I Paint My Masterpiece"; a Garcia-sung fragment of "Señor" (from *Desire*) with Dylan on harmonica; a high-spirited romp through Buddy Holly's "Oh Boy," with unison lead vocals by Dylan, Garcia and Weir; a lively "If Not For You"; "Tangled Up in Blue," featuring Garcia singing lead *with* Dylan; an acoustic "Stealin'," with Dylan on mandolin; a bluegrass-flavored rave-up on "Rollin' in My Sweet Baby's Arms," with Garcia on banjo, Dylan on mandolin; a nearly perfect banjo-driven "Ballad of John Wesley Harding"; "All I Really Want to Do" played as a fast waltz; a com-

pletely rockin' version of Paul Simon's "Boy in a Bubble," with Weir and Garcia handling the lead vocals (when they can remember the words); and a few others.

There is a lightness and sense of fun permeating these tapes that was acutely missing from the Dead/Dylan shows. It's as if the pressure of playing together in giant stadiums ended up constricting the players; on concert tapes you can feel the tension that comes from insecurity and a desire to perform well. What they obviously didn't realize is that most Deadheads probably would've preferred to see them lighten up, have a little fun, even if that meant potentially sloppier sets.



Back with the boys in '89 singing "Knockin' on Heaven's Door" at the Forum. Photo: Ebb Eskew

After all, no one goes to see either act for musical fitness.

No doubt Dylan and his camp will be very upset when they learn that these tapes somehow saw the light of day; and I'm afraid they probably *will* turn up on bootleg albums at some point, since there's still an active Dylan bootlegging network. We can only hope that Deadheads will not support these money-hounds. Quite a few folks now have the tapes, so with a little patience and persistence you can probably trade for them with someone.

* * * * *

As fate would have it, my 1987 interview with Garcia that became the basis for *Golden Road* articles on *In the Dark* and *So Far* came just a few days after the last rehearsal with Dylan before that summer tour. Herewith, a previously unpublished chunk of Garcia talking about the rehearsals:

BJ: How were the decisions made on what material you'd do?
JG: We'd just try 'em out. He said, "What do you want me to do?" and we said [smiling], "Well, we have a *small* list here of our favorite Dylan tunes." And he said yes to just about all of them, so we just started going over them one by one.
BJ: He likes to work fast, I understand. BAM! BAM! BAM!
JG: Yeah, the way he works is very strange. I'm waiting to see what will happen if he starts to have some real confidence in us.
BJ: You don't think he does? Of course there's nothing to show for it at this point [before the shows].
JG: I don't know what his relationship has ever been with the bands he's played with. But he's not really a musician. He's a performer.
BJ: That must present a challenge.
JG: Well, you really have to pay attention to him to avoid making mistakes, insofar as he's doing what he's doing and everybody else is trying to play the song. If you don't do what he's doing, you're doing something wrong. [Laughs] In that sense, he de facto becomes the leader of the band.
BJ: But it's not fair to say he's insensitive to what's around him, is it?
JG: Yeah it is! [Laughs] He's insensitive. Insensitive is probably the wrong word.
BJ: That's what I've suspected but I didn't want to believe it was true.
JG: I don't know whether two weeks with us is going to be able to change 20 years of that kind of conditioning, but...
BJ: Well he has responded, right? He's playing your arrangements...
JG: Right. Oh yeah. He's funny. He has a chameleon-like quality. He goes along with what he hears, so it's not as though we're fighting with him. It's nothing like that. He makes an effort to fit into what he hears. But he doesn't have a conception about two things that are very important in music: starting and ending a song. [Laughs] Really. The middle of the song is great; the beginning and ending are *nowhere*. If I spent enough time and worked with him enough I think I could straighten him out. Because he's open; it's not like he's closed to anything. He's open to any suggestion.

* * * * *

Bob Dylan works in mysterious ways, to say the least. The latest evidence is his appearance with the Dead at the Forum in L.A. February 12. He came out with the band for the second set but then mainly hung back and played mostly inaudible (and occasionally inappropriate) rhythm guitar on a host of first-set Dead tunes. When he sang lead briefly on "Stuck Inside of Mobile" you could hear the energy level in the place crank up a couple of notches. Later he did sing "Knockin' on Heaven's Door" in his typically offhanded, ignore-the-melody way, but it, too, was very exciting.

Let's face it: Dylan is always going to frustrate us and confuse us; that's nothing new. At the same time, though, I love having him as part of the extended Dead family, even if he'll probably never be any closer to us than a weird cousin.

* * * * *

Interviewer (1966): What made you decide to go the rock 'n' roll route?
Dylan: Carelessness. I lost my one true love. I started drinking. The first thing I know I'm in a card game. Then I'm in a crap game. I wake up in a poolhall. Then this big Mexican lady drags me off the table, takes me to Philadelphia. She leaves me alone in her house, and it burns down. I wind up in Phoenix. I get a job as a Chinaman. I start working in a dime store, and move in with a 13-year-old girl. Then this big Mexican lady from Philadelphia comes in and burns my house down. I go down to Dallas. I get a job as a "before" in a Charles Atlas "before and after" ad. I move in with a delivery boy who can cook fantastic chili and hot dogs. Then this 13-year-old girl from Phoenix comes and burns the house down. The delivery boy — he ain't so mild. He gives her the knife and the next thing I know I'm in Omaha. It's so cold there, by this time I'm robbing my own bicycles and frying my own fish. I stumble onto some luck and get a job as a carburator out at the hot rod races every Thursday night. I move in with a high school teacher who also does a little plumbing on the side, who ain't much to look at but who's built a special kind of refrigerator that can turn newspaper into lettuce. Everything's going good until the delivery boy shows up and tries to knife me. Needless to say, he burned the house down and I hit the road. The first guy that picked me up asked if I wanted to be a star. What could I say? □

Roots



This issue we tackle the three recent additions to the Jerry Garcia Band's live repertoire, as well as the songs (not previously discussed) on the exceptional Saunders-Garcia Keystone Encores *CD that came out last year.*

"I Hope It Won't Be This Way Always" — JGB bassist John Kahn dug this one up from his collection of semi-esoteric black gospel music. It was first recorded in the mid-'70s by the Philadelphia-based Angelic Gospel Singers, a popular female gospel group that has been around in one form or another since it was founded by Margaret Allison in 1944. As far as I can tell, the song first appeared on the 1979 album *Together 34 Years* on the Nashboro label, though it was a successful gospel single earlier. Kahn was familiar with the tune from his copy of a Nashboro compilation LP, *All Time Gospel Hits*. The first performance of the tune by the JGB came at the group's January 28, 1989, show at the Orpheum Theater in SF.



The Angelic Gospel Singers have been a respected force in gospel music since their very first record, "Touch Me Lord Jesus," was a massive hit in the late '40s for the Gotham record label. Not only is that one of the most popular gospel songs of all time, it even made it to #13 on the national R&B charts in 1949.

The roots of the AGS are in the trios and quartets who backed East Coast Holiness preachers on the gospel records of the '20s and '30s. By the late '40s and early '50s, groups like the AGS and the all-male Dixie Hummingbirds (fellow Philadelphians with whom they worked frequently for a period) had added bits of urban blues to the sanctified musical stew, all the while retaining a very traditional feeling. Since the mid-'50s the group, with Allison always leading, has recorded for Nashboro, cutting numerous LPs and touring the gospel circuit with tremendous success. (In fact, when I called Allison recently, she was on tour and thus unavailable.)

"I Hope It Won't Be This Way Always" was written by Allison's daughter-in-law, Barbara Allison.

"Throw Out the Lifeline" — Another contribution to the repertoire from John Kahn (JGB debut: Halloween '88 at Kaiser Convention Center in Oakland), this gospel number comes from the Sensational Nightingales, the same North Carolina-based male singing group that popularized "My Sisters & Brothers" (discussed in "Roots," Issue #13). The Nightingales' version of "Throw Out the Lifeline" can be found on their relatively recent *He Is Real* album on the Malaco label. With varying membership, the Nightingales have been together for nearly four decades!

"Waiting for a Miracle" — This tune, written and originally recorded by Canadian singer-songwriter Bruce Cockburn, was brought to the JGB by backup singer Gloria Jones, and first performed by the group at Harrah's in Lake Tahoe, Nevada, last November 4. Since then it's fit easily in both first and second sets, and become a real favorite of a lot of Deadheads. This is a song that even radio could love, it seems so commercially appealing!

Cockburn (pronounced "*co*-burn") is an interesting character who has developed quite a following over the past decade. A superb singer, guitarist and imagist, Cockburn has been making records since 1970. But only in recent years has he gotten much attention in the United States, mainly for his political songs, such as "Rocket Launcher." Since being "born-again" in 1974, Cockburn frequently writes songs from a distinctly Christian perspective, but his songwriting bears no resemblance to the sort of bland, narrowly focused tunes one generally associates with "Christian" musicians. (And his political views are clearly to the left of most fundamentalists.) "Waiting for a Miracle," which appears on an album of the same name (a collection of singles), was written in Managua, Nicaragua, in January '86, and deals in part with the plight of the common people of that war-torn land.

His latest album, *Big Circumstance* (released in January on Gold Castle Records), offers up a typically eclectic batch of songs in different styles. He easily mixes poetry with catchy tunes and always impeccable instrumentation. Deadheads might be particularly interested in his new song about the rain forests, "If a Tree Falls," and another called "Tibetan Side of Town," which is filled with incredibly vivid word pictures. This is cerebral music that also has heart.



Bruce Cockburn

"It's Too Late" — Though he scored numerous hits as both a performer and a writer, Chuck Willis is one of those early '50s R&B figures who has been all but forgotten by history. A native of Atlanta, he had already been a popular local R&B singer for several years when he signed his first national recording contract with Columbia's Okeh label in 1951. Between '52 and his death in an auto accident in 1958, he placed nine records in the R&B top ten, including "Goin' to the River," "C.C. Rider" (the record that popularized the dance "The Stroll"), "I Feel So Bad," "What Am I Living For," "Juanita" and "It's Too Late." That last tune, which he wrote, was recorded with

The Cookies, a female vocal group, and it hit #3 in mid '56. Posthumously, Willis had a hit with "Hang Up My Rock 'n' Roll Shoes," later covered by Jerry Lee Lewis, The Band and others.

"It's Too Late" has been recorded by such artists as the Isley Brothers, Wilson Pickett and Johnny "Guitar" Watson. Columbia put out a comprehensive package of Willis' Okeh recordings in 1980. As far as I can tell, the Saunders-Garcia Band played the song infrequently in the early '70s.

"Hi-Heel Sneakers" — This oft-covered R&B classic, a staple of the Saunders-Garcia band in the early '70s, was written and first recorded by a gentleman named Robert Higgenbotham, better known to the world as Tommy Tucker. Born in Ohio in 1939, Tucker started in music as a clarinetist but switched to piano when it looked like he might actually be able to earn money playing music. He was considered quite a player in the Midwest and even had a stint in a group led by jazz sax great Roland Kirk. However, it wasn't until he moved to Asbury Park in the early '60s and began singing and playing his own songs that Tucker started to amass a following. He signed a contract with the Chicago-based Checker R&B label, and in February of '64 hit the top 20 with "Hi-Heel Sneakers." His only other popular record was called "Long Tall Shorty," which came out the same year. He died of poisoning in 1982.

The Dead played "Hi-Heel Sneakers" occasionally in the late '60s (as did many R&B-oriented garage bands), and I had the good fortune of seeing them run through it once during the band's secret video sessions at the Marin Civic in April of '85.

"Money Honey" — Yet another early '50s R&B hit in the Saunders-Garcia repertoire, this one was the first smash record by The Drifters (a name that has popped up in this column numerous times before). It was written for the group by Jesse Stone, an A&R man for The Drifters' label, Atlantic Records. The song hit #1 in October of 1953 and stayed at the top of the charts for an astounding 11 weeks. It's available on any number of Drifters anthology albums.

"One Kind Favor" — This *Keystone Encores* track is the same song as "See That My Grave is Kept Clean," the Blind Lemon Jefferson country blues classic discussed in Issue #14's "Roots" column.

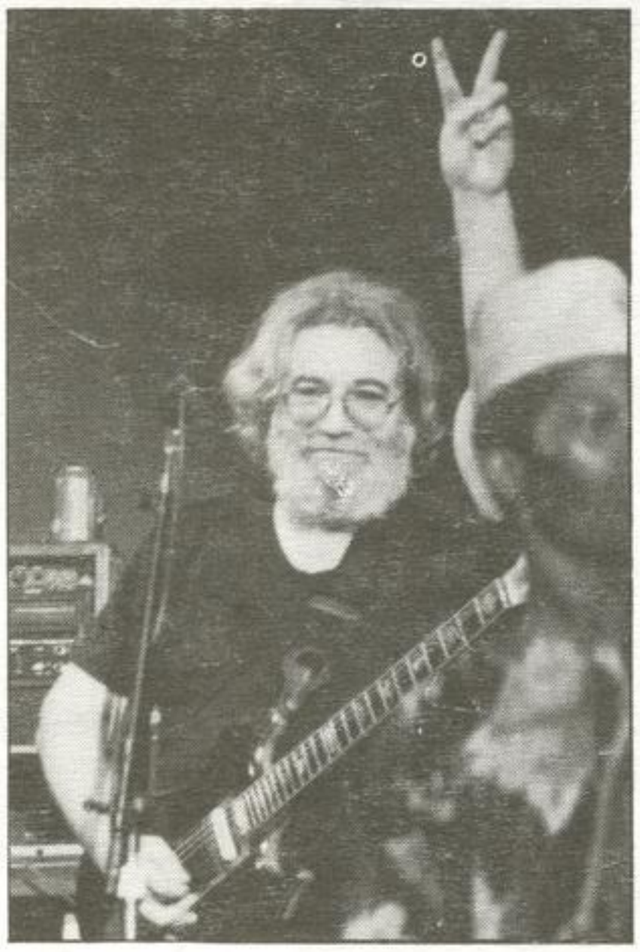


Photo: Jay Blakesberg

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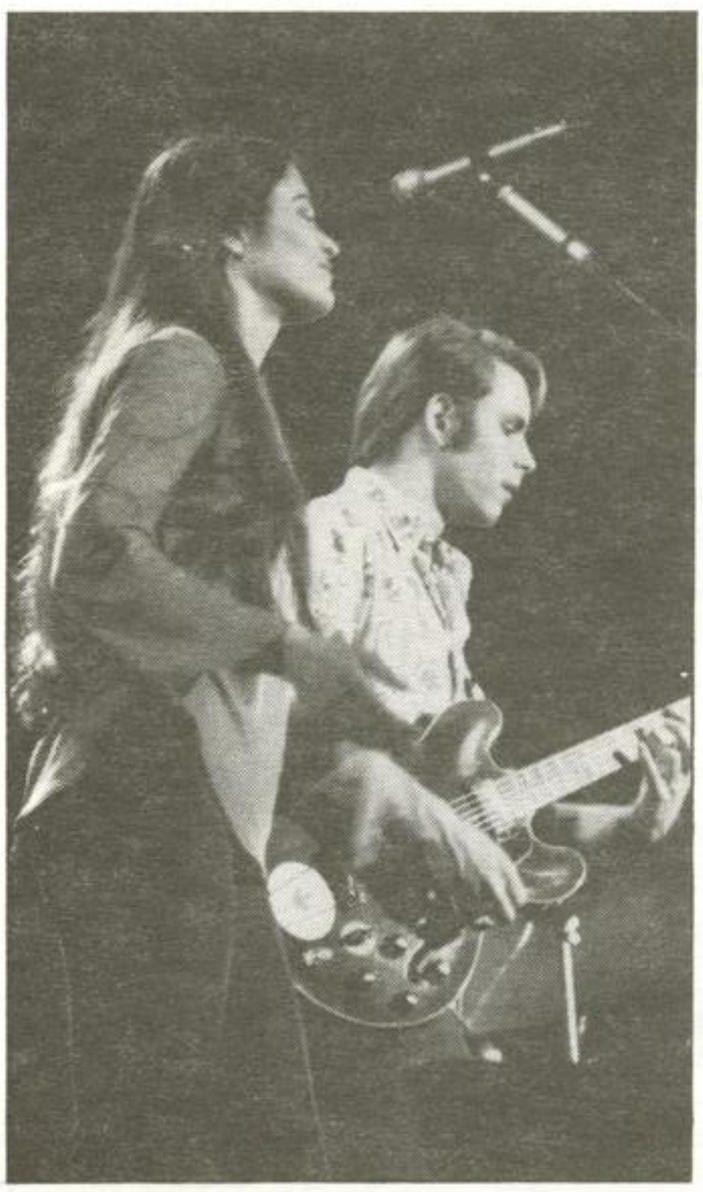
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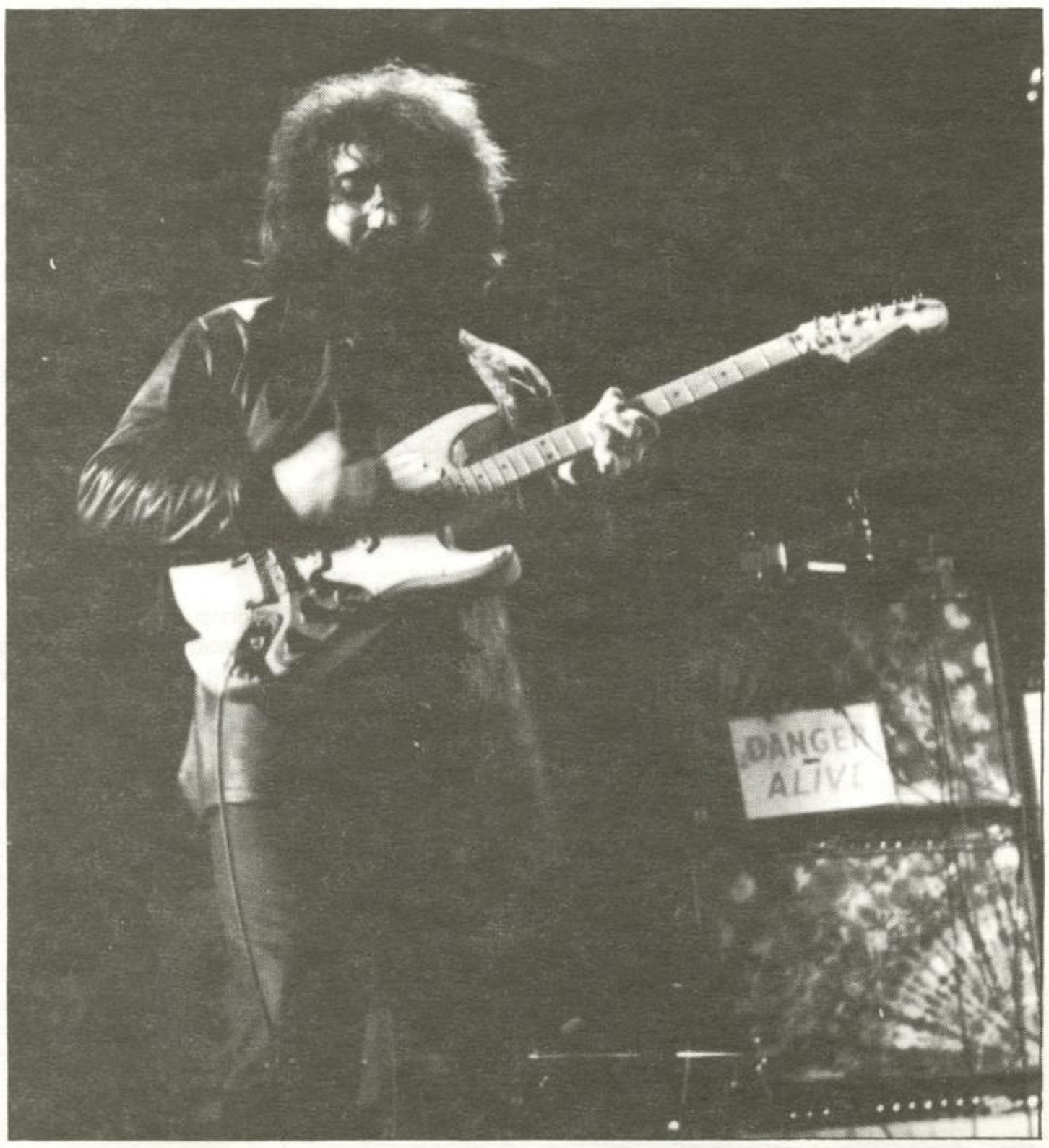
ROCKIN' IN FRANKFURT, '72

The big European tour was three weeks old when the Dead's caravan of buses and equipment trucks pulled into Frankfurt, Germany. After starting the tour in Britain, the action had shifted onto the Continent for four stupendous shows in Denmark (including a 4/14/72 concert at Tivoli Gardens in Copenhagen that ranks with the best of that year), and then moved south into the Rhineland.

In 1972, Bill Caldwell was a 21-year-old G.I. stationed in Stuttgart, south of Frankfurt, working as a photographer in the 7th Medical Brigade's mobile surgical hospital unit. One of the perks of his job as a photographer was that he got virtually unlimited access to shoot concerts by rock groups passing through central Germany. On April 26, 1972, the band in town happened to be the Grateful Dead, who played one night at Frankfurt's Jahrundert Halle. Bill estimates that at least a third of the audience that night were U.S. servicemen, the majority of them toasted on hashish, which was ubiquitous in Northern Europe during that era. Though not a fan of the Dead (then or now) Bill spent the evening in the front row, snapping away for his own amusement. Three of the shots he took that night are published here for the first time.

Photos by Bill Caldwell





FUNSTUFF

Tough Guys Don't Dance: Here's one reason *not* to move to the Bay Area — the SF *Examiner*'s crabby new rock critic Barry Walters. A one-time *Village Voice* scribe with a fondness for disco and Metallica, Walters, 27, evidently fancies himself a gunslinging outsider on a mission to shoot down the Bay Area's musical icons one by one. In his February 10 column he laid into the Dead with a viciousness we've rarely seen:

"Last Sunday I went to my first Grateful Dead concert [the hot 2/6 Kaiser show]," the review began. "It was a rite of passage a newly San Franciscan pop music critic couldn't avoid, a masochistic fraternity prank of sorts, like being forced to eat boiled rats for breakfast or getting trapped overnight in the morgue." And that was the *nice* part of his article.

Walters went on to complain about virtually everything he saw and heard that night — the hallways crowded with dancers ("oblivious to the fact that there was a live performance going on somewhere"); pot smoking ("I'd spot them light up something, take a toke, nod off and then wake up"); people's apparel ("I spent the time worrying that all those Indian blankets, caftans, backpacks and miles of tie-dyed everything would ignite and send us all straight to hell"); and of course the band: "I don't think the members of the Dead are good musicians. They're quite undisciplined; their songs — or 'jams' — ramble on long after they've ceased to do much of anything…I know what a steady beat is and the Dead don't play one…. [Mickey and Billy] are usually out of sync with each other." He concluded that there's no tension in the music, and "if I merely want to be soothed I'll take a long, warm bubble bath."

What can we say? Some folks get it, some folks don't. Looking at the bright side, chances are we won't be seeing him at another Dead show soon, and maybe he'll become so disgusted by all the dinosaurs in the SF rock scene he'll move back to New York.

I'll Still Sing You Love Songs: Here's Bob Weir on his "first love," as quoted in an article in the SF *Chronicle* on Valentine's Day:

"Her name was Debbie, and I went to school with her in the Palo Alto area. She had long blond hair and she played guitar. She taught me about playing the guitar, but that wasn't why she was my first love. It was just the cherry on the sundae. She was real pretty and real nice. We went together for about a semester and then I moved and that was the end. I haven't seen her since, but every now and then she comes into my mind."



Several readers sent along this ad promoting Mountain Bike magazine

Throw Me in the Jailhouse: A couple of issues ago we told you the story of a Bob Weir imposter who'd been nabbed by the authorities. Well, in mid-January, *another* Bob Weir imposter — one Randall Delpiano — was sentenced to two years in jail for stealing $4000 from a woman's bank account. He was also slapped with a $500 fine.

Attack of the "Truckin'" Mutant: Now that you've finally worn out your copy of the Pop-O-Pies' 1982 punk version of "Truckin'," we've got something more contemporary to fill the void. An Athens, GA, band called The Squalls have a *rap* version of the song out on the tiny Doggone label. It's pretty strange, really, because the band basically plays it straight; it's not camp like the Pop-O-Pies'. We have no idea where you can find it, but it's out there somewhere. (Thanks to Mark Leviton of L.A. for the tape.)

Deadville Here We Come: As if having Barry Walters on its staff isn't enough, the SF *Examiner* also publishes columns by the noted crank and computer nerdling John Dvorak, who came up with this gem in early March:

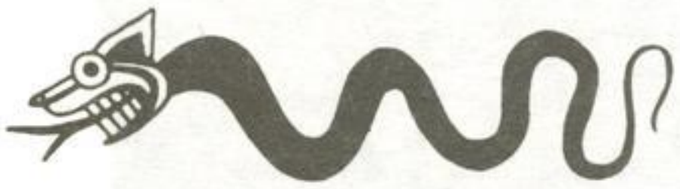
"Here's an idea for the Dead and its fans. Why don't you guys, and women, find a nice place, a small town, and simply move out there permanently and take it over? Kind of a Raj-

FUNSTUFF

neesh maneuver. In fact, Antelope Valley [the Oregon town once taken over by Rajneeshees] might be a good target. The Dead could rename the town Skull City or whatever and set up shop. The town could concentrate enough voters to elect a state senator and maybe even a congressman. Federal funds could be subverted for free concerts.

"The area would also be a center for used Volkswagen parts. It could have its own police force which would ignore the enforcement of certain state laws. It could tax 'squares' who pass through by setting up speed traps. It's an idea whose time has come."

Not a bad idea, actually.



Ayatollah proclaims, "Kill the author of 'GD Film & TV Sightings'!"

Ena Macrae of San Francisco was the first of several readers to tell us about a hippieish character who appeared one week on the popular mystery program *Murder, She Wrote*. Asked if he would make it to another character's wedding, the hippie replied, "I wouldn't miss your wedding for a Grateful Dead concert!" (Now *that's* a loyal friend!)...Rick Passaro of Hampton, VA, notes that on the series *Married With Children*, the character of Al Bundy let his hair grow long because his barber died and he couldn't find a suitable replacement. Responding to his family's urging that he get a haircut, Bundy says, "Do you think I like fat guys in granny glasses asking me if I like the new Dead album?"...Ed Bray of Warwick, RI, was watching the syndicated series *War of the Worlds* recently and caught an interesting exchange between a female alien (who looks like a regular human) and a normal guy. Guy: "How would you like to go to a Grateful Dead concert tonight?" Alien: "No." Guy: "Too bad." Alien: "Yeah, I love *the dead*." Ooooo. Verrrry scary!

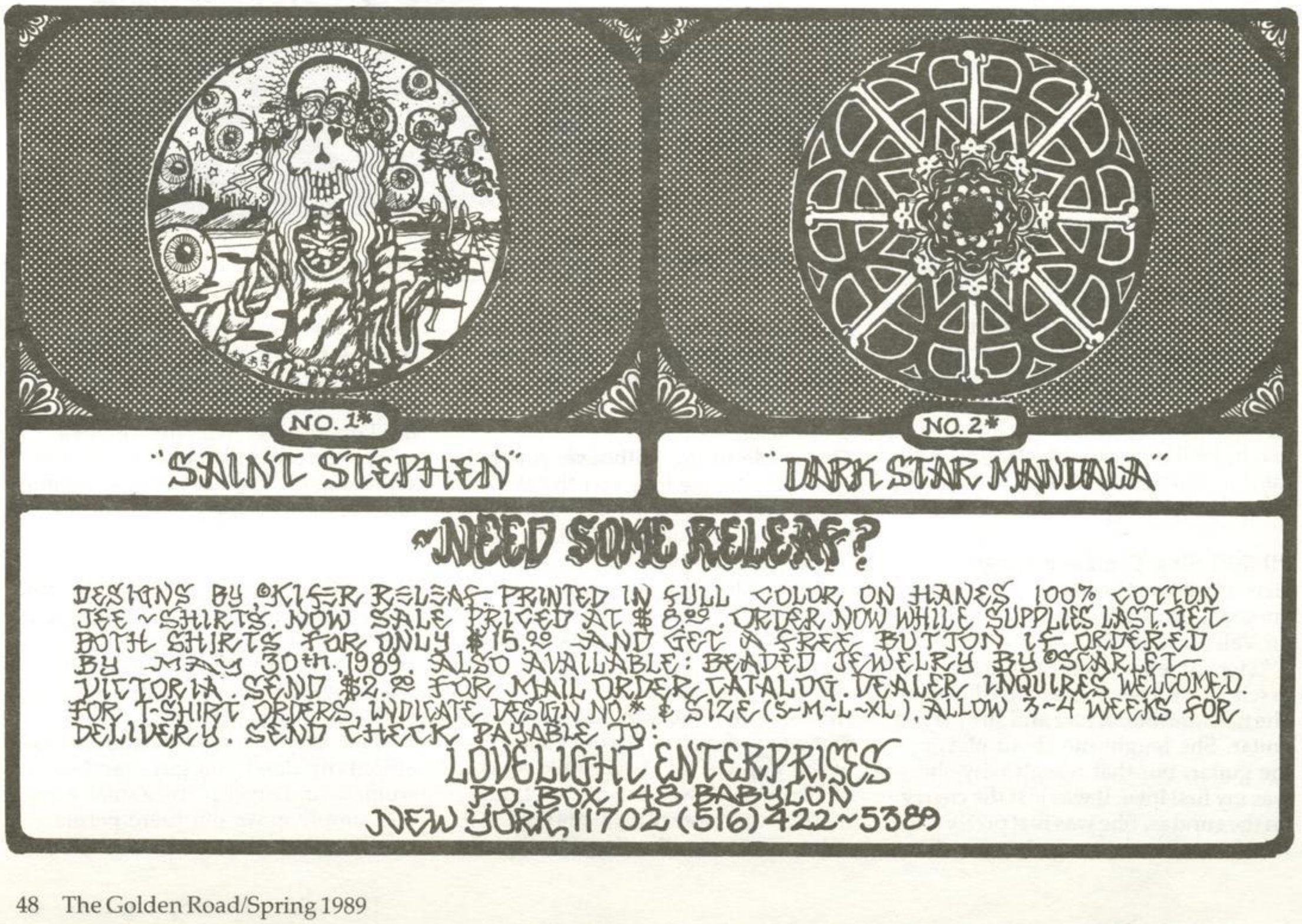
His Crystal Ball Was on the Blink: In mid-January, Garcia was asked by the Cincinnati *Post* for a prediction on the outcome of the Super Bowl between the SF 49ers and the Cincinnati Bengals. "It's not going to be *me* who jinxed the Niners," the guitarist demurred. Cop out! SF *Examiner* columnist Rob Morse noted that Garcia has a deep-rooted connection with the 49ers — when Garcia was a kid growing up south of San Francisco, he used to mow the lawn of the great 49er quarterback Y.A. Tittle. This may be the only known confirmation that Garcia ever engaged in physical labor.

Strange Tapefellows: Scott Sekerek of Cleveland Heights, OH, forwards this intriguing item from a recent issue of *Performance* magazine (the main trade journal for the concert touring industry):

"Following the model of the Grateful Dead, Metallica is experimenting with letting its fans record its concerts live at various venues. The band realizes that there are close to 100 illegal bootleg albums of the group available and feels that this is the best way to deal with the problem and let the fans have a souvenir of the concert. Like the Dead, there will be limited taping sections."

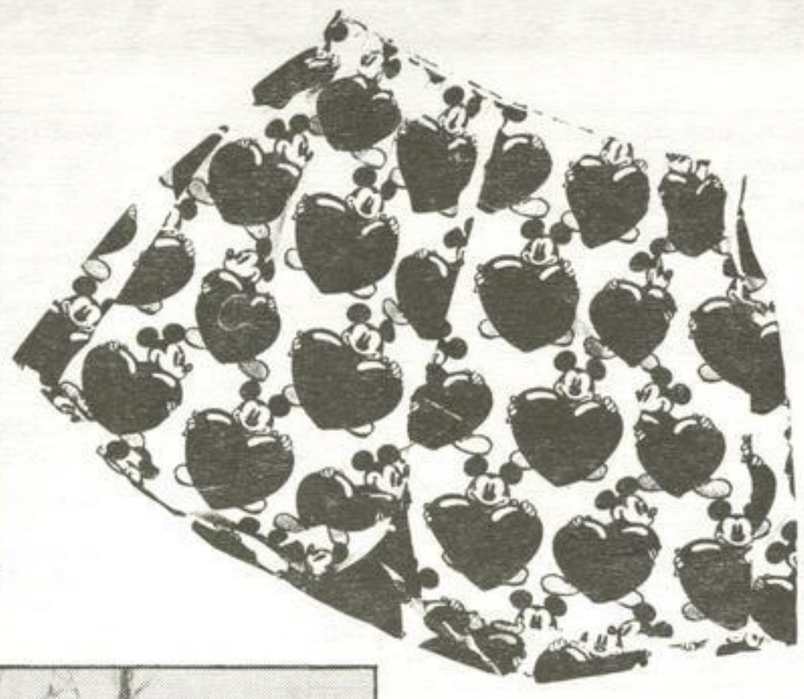
Let's see, was that "Ride the Lightning" *into* "Kill 'Em All," or was there a break?

Headline of the Year (So Far): "Geezers of Rock Unite to Create Astonishing Live Album" — Boston *Globe* review of the Dead/Dylan LP.



In the Strangest of Places...









Clockwise from top left: exclusive Richmond, VA dumpster (Jeff O'Donnell, Richmond); "Mickey Hearts" shorts, sold by mail (Leon Harris, Lenox, MA); Spanish trinket shop (Tom Freeman, Marina Del Rey, CA); hot dog stand (Paul Jacobs, Cupertino, CA); Illinois pizza shop (Bill Brandt, Barrington, IL)



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Have blues, Van, Feat, Ray, Garcia, jazz, 60s/70s rock. Send lists. Russ Dugoni, 33065 Compton Ct, Union City, CA 94587

Seek hi-qual boards of 87-88 shows including Southern tour. Mark Finkelpearl, 4936 Wallingford St, Pgh, PA 15213

Wanted: 9/14,22/88. Also serious traders to exchange lists. Bill Meyers, OP Division, USS John F. Kennedy, FPO, NY, NY 09538

Need New Year's shows. Have 70 hrs. Will send blanks. Matt Webb, 3930 Utah, St. Louis, MO 63116

Forever Grateful for your help. Need 3/31/73, plus some! Let's talk. Anita Tavernier, 5800 Arlington Ave, 15 S, Bronx, NY 10471

Seeking Dylan 88, Richard Thompson, St. Pete Dead. Trade? Ben, 323 Laurens St, SW C-10, Aiken, SC 29801

Wanted: any Roosevelt Stadium, 6/26-29/76. Qual only. Lots to trade. C. Carr, 622 Castleton Ave, S.I., NY 10301

Neophyte seeks first show: Providence 9/4/80. Can you re-enlighten? Thanks! Chad Durham, 107 Mineral St, Reading, MA 01867

Wanted: All 84 BCT shows. Have 180+. All lists welcome! Barlow 9 So., 180 Lake Dr #205, Clarendon Hills, IL 60514

Need Milwaukee 3/21/71, Minneapolis 4/27/69, Roosevelt 9/19/72, Stanleys 9/26,27/72. Michael Tarachow, 212 N. 2nd St, Minneapolis, MN 55401

2000+ hrs Dead, Dylan, Floyd, Fairport, Airplane, Martyn, others. John Coulter, J5 Cliffside Apts, Sunderland, MA 01375

Need Long Beach 87-88. Will send blanks/postage. Stephen Silva, 1302 #216 Oak Hill Dr, Escondido, CA 92027

Need Kaiser March 88, Shoreline 88. Have 175+ hrs to trade. Todd Ashman, 600 Hudis St, Rohnert Park, CA 94928

Let's trade Cantor and otherwise killer SBDs. Rogan Kimberly, Sarah Lawrence College, Bronxville, NY 10708

Fast trader 1500+ hrs, wants East Coast & other masters, SBDs. Derek Ataker, 22 Waldegrave House, Chartfield Ave, London SW15 6DB, UK

Wanted: Warren Zevon 11/17/88 or any other. Much to trade. John Laitar, 3340 S. Michigan, Chicago, IL 60616

I'm moanin' low! Need/have/want crispies. Seeking Telluride SBDs. George Stieduhar, 610 W. Myrtle, Fort Collins, CO 80521

Wanted: 12/15/72, first Long Beach Arena. Trade lo-gen SBDs. Mike Huew, Box 3406, Manhattan Beach, CA 90266.

450 hrs. Send list. Will kindly reciprocate in kind. Mike Pelkar, 189 Center St, Chicopee, MA 01013

Wanted: hi-qual 71-74 shows, esp 9/10/74. Have 2200 hrs. Send lists. M & J Rogers, PO Box 24, Canterbury, NH 03224

Creative tape request #1. Few to trade, need lots. Rachel Lippert, 154 NE 37th Ave, Hillsboro, OR 97124

Seeking: quality Laguna Seca 88. 700 hrs to trade. V & T Uri, 924 Cheyenne, Golden CO 80401

Seeking local help for nascent GD collection. Especially 2/6/89 SBD. Bongo, 1890 Catherine St., Santa Clara, CA 95050.

Want qual 4/6/69. Have 50+ Dead, also Zep. Reliable beginner. Thanks! Tom Todd, 5224 Schuller Dr NE, Canton, OH 44705

Trade anyone? Have 300+ hrs. Especially want 3/7/81, 6/24/70. Thanks! John O'Brien, Lovell St, Worcester, MA 01603

Wanted: 13th Fl. Elev/Roky Erickson solo, audio & video. Many hrs to trade. H. Ripley, POB 10242, Port., ME 04104

Let's trade videos. Have 100+ hrs. Need Winterland and SSDD. Susan & Paul Gandell, Bx 2271, Telluride, CO 81435

Seeking '88 tapes, SBDs preferred. Let's trade. Earl Heim, PO Box 326, Youngwood, PA 15697

Bay Area trader seeks list exchange. Have 200+ hrs. Barry, 370 Lexington, SF, CA 94110

I help beginner tape collectors get the music playing. Don Wilkinson, OS Division, USS JFK, FPO NY, NY 09538

Want 73 SBDs and all lists. John Hearn, 137 Willa Ct, Chester, SC 29706

Need N. Year's 87-88. Frost, Laguna Seca 87, Frost 88, have list. Blake Harada, 2313 N. 39th, Seattle, WA 98103

Wanted: 7/7/86 D.C., 3/26/88 Hampton, 6/26/88 Pittsburgh. Will send blanks. Jud Sawyer, Rt 2 Box 17-N, Ahoskie, NC 27910

Taper with two Naks, 800+ hrs, masters, lo-gens seeks same. David Carey, 96 Faber Ave, Waterbury, CT 06704

Beginning collector seeks quality tapes, will send blanks/postage. Thanks! Dennis C. Wettig Jr, 521 St. James Ln, Cahokia, IL 62206

Dependable trader with 300+ hrs GD. Please send lists. Karen Johnson, 20 Fletcher Pl, Box 313, Tabor, NJ 07878

Tourhead w/100+ hrs looking for more hi-qual tapes/correspondence. Mike, 318 17th Ave, Seattle, WA 98122

Come on children, let's trade! The "GD Hour" and 80+ hrs. Jered Klepitch, 719 Arlington Ave, Des Plaines, IL 60016

Need 6/23/74 Miami, 12/78-31/88, Cap Centers 88. Have great tapes. Gregg Malakoff, 3803 Winterset Dr, Annandale, VA 22003

Dead, Allmans, other groups needed. Your list gets mine. Stephen Bedalou, 3545 Bradee Rd, Brookfield, WI 53005

Beginner needs tapes! Have 60 hrs. Need 6/28/74 Boston, 11/20/85 Kaiser, 12/31/88 Oakland. Joel C. Marckx, 8125 Molokai Way, Fair Oaks, CA 95628.

Need 88 Laguna, MSG, New Year's. Have 200 hrs. D.J., 14 Fawn Dr, Livingston, NJ 07039

Wanted Dead or Alive: Spectrum 77, 78, 12/9/79, 11/26/80, 10/19/81. Doug Wolfe, Box 2347, Wilkes-Barre, PA 18702

Your list gets mine, let's trade. Want Hampton 5/4/79, Red Rocks 9/7/85. Buddy Wilborn, Box 7147, Pope AFB, NC 28308

Seeking Utica 1/14/79 (bro's first show). Have 1000+ hrs Dead, 500+ hrs non-Dead. David W. Smith, 908 Erie St, Oakland, CA 94610

Would appreciate early 70s JGB. Will send blanks, postage, good vibes. Peter, 919 S. 2nd St, St. Charles, IL 60174

Anyone have 1/8/79 or JGB 10/31/88? Let's exchange lists. Tom Mullen, PO Box 8-421, Taipei, Taiwan, ROC

Need to hear more 1970 and before. Have 400 hrs. Tom Hougham, 1 Hougham Rd, Trafalgar, IN 46181

VHS HiFi, Nakamichi and Azimuth correction. Bruce Lehnert, 562 Belvedere St, Apt A, San Francisco, CA 94117

Let's trade our best SBDs! Grades/source please! 650+ hrs. John Shane, 12 Greenwood Rd, Canton, MA 02021

Have 1200 hrs, interested in early Dead, T-Heads, etc. Very reliable. Doug Riblet, 120 N. Franklin St #3, Madison, WI 53703

Wanted: 10/7/77 Albuquerque. Does anybody in the world have this tape? Much to trade. Franklin's Tower, 4519 12th St NW, Albuquerque, NM 87107

Need 5/6/81, 7/10/87, 7/2/88 II. Plenty to trade. Matt Reid, OCMR Box 2671, Oberlin, OH 44074

Have lots of Dylan to trade for Dead. H.L., PO Box 163251, Miami, FL 33116

Need JGB Fall 88 and GD 76-89 SBDs. Will trade 600+ hrs GD. Hans, 214 Elm St, Apt 4, Santa Cruz, CA 95060

Hi everyone! Correspondence & tradin' is on my list. What's on yours? Jered Klepitch, 719 Arlington Ave, Des Plaines, IL 60016

Have 700+ hrs GD, need 10/6/77 AZ, 'Toga FM 88, 7/2/88 ME, 9/20/88 MSG. Ed Rapp, 6 Rosedale Terr, Holmdel, NJ 07733

Need all 9/88 Spectrums. Have 600+ hrs, will send blanks. S. Crawford, 171 Mt. Harmony, Bernardsville, NJ 07924

Wanted: 1970 GD acoustic sets. Send your lists. Chris Deliso, 35 Wells Park Rd, Sturbridge, MA 01566

Have 150 hrs. Want more. Send lists to Scott Kissel, 1159 Beverly Hill Dr, Cincinnati, OH 45208

Who has '88 Dallas & Houston tapes? Have 500+ hrs. Tom, 163 Richter Ln, New Braunfels, TX 78130

Need JGB 12/3/83 Orpheum, Boston (both shows) & 2/9/81, RI. Help! Joe Gandolfo, 18 Bigelow Rd, Southboro, MA 01772

Hell's Honkies Tape Club — specialists in 66–71 SF rock. Harvey Lubar, 3900 Bailey Ave. #4g, Bronx, NY 10463

Need 1st show. Would be grateful for song list: Pgh, PA 3/6/81. Keith Widmer, 4 Eisenhower Dr, York, PA 17402

Help end search for 12/31/72: my first show! Also 12/28/88. Susan, 5355, Estates Dr, Oakland, CA 94618

Need lo-gen SBDs. Have 900 hrs. Send lists. John Vandervoort, 1905 Lytham Rd, Columbus, OH 43220

Over 600 hrs mostly SBDs. Send your list for mine. Jim Busch, 505 Finsbury Rd, Silver Spring, MD 20904

Have 1000 hrs Dead, also jazz, blues, others to trade. Joe Pinedo, 12251 Abingdon St, Norwalk, CA 90650

Have 100+ hrs, some old, some new. Let's exchange lists. Arnie, 19 Mohawk Circle, Little Rock, AR 72207

Matter of life/death: Desperately need Alpine Valley 86-88. John Hill IV, 5600 S. Swift, Cudahy, WI 53110

Quick, reliable trader. Want 9/3/88. Will send blanks/postage. Any videos? Andy Gornik, 1923 Bending Oak Dr, Downers Grove, IL 60515

Seeking videos. 400+ hrs of SBDs to trade. Anyone have 8/30/78? Lisa Cicchino, PO Box 213, Old Bridge, NJ 08857

Wanted: 5/21/74, 10/29/77, 11/4,6/77, 10/15/76, any 70s SBDs. 500+ hrs, Kevin Wills, 336 W. 7th, Traverse City, MI 49684

Fast, reliable trader seeks HQ Dead. Have 150+ hrs. Phil, 221 Belle Ave, Bellevue, OH 44811

Have 1400 hrs GD, 300 hrs other. Want rare GD, Beat Farmers, Mojo Nixon. Dan Gale, PO Box 4656, Arcata, CA 95521

Have 200+ hrs. Fairly balanced list. Let's trade! Fritz Lauer, 7419 Amigo Ave, Reseda, CA 91335

Seeking 5/3,4/86 Sacto, 4/13,15/88 Chicago, have blanks, like to trade! Pete Sommer, 3561 Roanoke, Turlock, CA 95380

Need St. Pete 10/15,16/88, JGB. Have list, will trade. Lynn Simcox, 150 Allen Memorial, Milledgeville, GA

Beginner 50+ hrs. Seek all lists. Other beginners always welcome! Dan Shanahan, 1043 Algonquin Rd, Des Plaines, IL 60016

Your list gets mine. B.S., 370 Lexington St, SF, CA 94110

Wanted 5/9,10/87, 88 Southern shows. 300 hrs. R.J., 5815 N. 52nd St, Omaha, NE 68104

Have video, trade for video/audio Dead, Thompson, REM, Dylan. Ken Dixon Jr, 1400 E. 28th St, Wickliffe, OH 44092

Might as well trade. Have 300+ hrs Dead. Steve Tyler, 1904 E. 65th St, Indianapolis, IN 46220

Need Miami & St. Pete 88. 600+ hrs to trade. Hash Brown, 11107 S. Hoyne, Chgo, IL 60643

Looking for jamming 70s tapes! Landover "Ripple" for yer trouble! R.G. Carr, PO Box 6445, Silver Springs, MD 20906

Have/want pre-72 GD, JA, QMS, Dylan, etc. David Arnold, 3022 Onyx Pl, Eugene, OR 97405

Urgent: Dr. John/Nevilles combo board needed for sanity. Also Dead. Don Bryant, C.C. 1st BN 10th SFG, APO, NY 09050-475

New collector is hooked! Send lists, I'll send blanks/postage. Bill Lutz, 1514 Winton St, Pittsburgh, PA 15221

Aging Deadhead (61) needs to hear first concert 10/30/71 Cincinnati. Lee Myers, Rt 3, Box 362, Waynesville, NC 28786

Need top-qual Hampton 88. My dream shows. Have 150 hrs. Jim Eade, 19 Armin Ln, Webster Groves, MD 63119

Have 500 hrs Dead, 90 hrs other & 2 Naks. Dave Horowitz, 49 Wellington Rd, Ardmore, PA 19003

Trader with 100+ hrs to trade. Your list gets mine. Matt Sherman, 1709 Oak Branch Ct, Brandon, FL 33511

400+ hrs to trade. Some digital & vault SBDs-send lists! Greg P. Travis, 718 Starlit Rd, Nashville, TN 37205

Other groups needed. 600+ hrs Dead to trade. Stephen Bedalou, 3545 Bradee Rd, Brookfield, WI 53005

Want: 3/22-24/87, 8/18/87, 5/9,10/87, 10/21/88 lo-gen SBD. Many to trade. Laurence Ladd, 5502 Ridgedale, Dallas, TX 75206

Wild Dead jamming wanted. 84 esp. Have 500 hrs. J. Harter, 4609 Emory, El Paso, TX 79922

Let's trade tapes! Have 1000+ hrs GD. Send lists. Larry Steele, 7570 La Jolla Blvd #3, La Jolla, CA 92037

900 hrs, most pre-76, seek more Dead, others. Steve, 4801 Adams St, Hollywood, FL 33021

Wanted, please: 12/28/88 Oakland. Blanks provided. Neil Ehrlich, 8530 Lawrence Ln, Sebastopol, CA 95472

Have/want Rads, Byrds, Van, Prine, JGB. Quick response possible. Pat Woods, 52 Prospect St Apt 2, Huntington, NY 11743

Looking for top-notch quality, entire 2/22/74 Winterland show. Steven J. Martin, 1617 Kensington Blvd, Ft. Wayne, IN 46805

Beginning collector seeking Dead & Tuna, will send blanks, postage. Thanks. M. Scanlon, 1908 Rosebay Ln, Carmel, IN 46032

600+ hrs GD, always want more. Serious & fast traders send list. Jeff O'Claire, 2929 87th St #4, Surtevant, WI 53177

Desperately need 6/23/74, 4/5/69, 3/18/77, 2/24/74 set 1. Will send blanks. C. Davis, Rt 1, Box 457, Newhampton, NY 10958

Want sounboardy to trade Cantors with. 2 Naks, 400 hrs. Brentheads unite! 3971 A Bloor St W., Islington, Ontario M9B 1M2 Canada

Taper, Naks, trade with same, esp West Coast and SBDs. August West, 527 Candler St, Atlanta, GA 30307

Need Telluride, Tempe 87 SBDs, LA 2/12/89, Pittsburgh 89 SBDs. Have 350 hrs. Matt Obernesser, 701 Northcliff Rd, Syracuse, NY 13206

Beginning trader needs help. Have 35 hrs. any correspondence appreciated. Lanette Nelson, 1285 Morgan St #4, Santa Rosa, CA 95401

Tape traders please! New collector with 100 hrs various artists to share needs to expand GD list. Ed Keller, PO Box 39, Williamstown, VT 05679

Prompt trader with small collection would appreciate quality 5/6/81. Thanks! Tony, 13 Barton Ave, Johnson City, NY 13790

Want 83 & 88 Bammies, any Bob Weir band. Thanks. J. Sherrett, 411 W. Lee #J7, Tumwater, WA 98501

Need to have more 1970 & before. Have 400 hrs. Tom Hougham, 1 Hougham Rd, Trafalgar, IN 46181



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. Deadline is June 15.

For sale: Sony Walkman D-6, hardly used. Also, a set of Sony headphones, model #MDR-M77, brand new. The whole package for $300, price negotiable. Local inquiries only please. Eric Ellisen, 433 Bellevue #1, Oakland, 94610 (415) 268-8906

David, sobriety and the Dead. What a long strange trip it's been. Love you and thanks, Stephen

Wanted: young hippie or Harley Davidson lady, who likes to ride, go to Grateful Dead shows, likes patchouli oil, parties, sturgis, Mardi Gras, Daytona, Lake Perry, Boondock Biker Bash, Traveling. Fast Freaky Freddy Flameout, PO Box 6681, Minneapolis, MN 55406

For sale: Complete listing of shows at the fabled Fillmore East, 1968–1971. Send $2 and self-addressed stamped envelope to P. Graham, PO Box 68, Summit Station, OH 43073

Musician seeks like-minded traveler for adventures this summer. If Telluride Festival, Oregon Fair and Northwest Wilderness interest you, contact Phil McGee, PO Box 2305, Santa Cruz, CA 95063

Missing: Matthew Sullivan. Age 22, 5'10" – 150 lbs. Last seen in Portsmouth, NH, Oct. 31, 1987. Brown hair, hazel eyes. Small cross tattoo on left arm. If you see him, please ask him to call home and call York, Maine, (207) 363-2532. He works as a carpenter and loves the Grateful Dead.

Sleek single Southern California female Deadhead, 33, 5'10", not into drugs, desires to meet tall, attractive, professional, non-smoking, clean, Deadhead male. I dream you are sensitive, warm, intelligent, honest, and within close proximity to San Diego. Let's discover what psychic and chemical attractions we may have in common. Be creative, send your photo! PO Box 83913, San Diego, CA 92138-3913

Looking for correspondence with cool chicks and cats. Peace be with you in the Gaza strip, Danny Schwarz. Peace & love, Don Wilkinson, OS Division USS JFK, FPO, NY, NY 09538

Wharf Rats — 12 step recovery at Dead shows. Meetings between sets. Look for yellow balloons or ask at aid station. PO Box 1381, Soquel, CA 95073

dead beat wants to know: How did you get it? What was it like? Where do we go from here? Send SASE for your free issue to 137 Willa Ct, Chester, SC 29706

Help! Need "Get Weir'd" sticker seen on vehicles at various Northwestern locations. Also, correspondence welcome. Jo, Box 690, E. Sandwich, MA 02537

I love you more than words can tell. To all the tape traders who have helped me rock my soul. Elliot

Found: Black TDK case, near Veteran's Bld in Berkeley on 1/23/89. Contains Grateful Dead tapes from MSG 9/18/87; Fillmore E. 4/29/71; Boston Gardens 4/1/73; Greek 6/14/85; Kaiser 11/6/87; Calaveras 8/23/87 and more. If the owner can identify the rest, call Mary Phillips, (415) 845-4310 or 843-0990

Got some things to talk about! We want YOU to start a new Dead discussion magazine — like the WELL on paper. Contact Paddy Ladd, 58 Montague Rd, London E8 2HW, England

Dead Tape Search Service, Box 55, Monroe, WI 53566, attempts to locate audio tapes of Grateful Dead shows from 1970 to the present. No Grateful Dead tape sales. Referrals. Enclose SASE with your inquiry. Aspiring musicians: let DTSS market your music on cassette.

Thanks, Don. You've helped me out so much. I'll always remember Paris & raspberry beer. Peace and love, Bill M.

"Life may be sweeter for this, I don't know." Moving to Northern Cal from NYC soon. Want to meet DH's. Write A. Tavernier, 5800 Arlington Ave, 15 S, Bronx, NY 10471

Cocaine use contributes to destruction of the rainforests. (See *Sierra*, Nov/Dec 88). Nitrous oxide adds to greenhouse effect. Please *look* before you leap.

Bob Rogers, Bob Levine, Rick & Stevie B. — Thanx for a great New Year's show. Eternally grateful, George, Sharon & Amber Rose. Also, FOUND: Watch. Long Beach, Friday. Correct description retrieves. 2319 Curlew #6, San Diego, CA 92101

Happy Birthday, Z-ster! Love, Gould

Any New Zealand Dead Heads or Dead Heads traveling through New Zealand, let's connect! Michael Stefanelli, c/o Wanganui Area Base Hospital, Wanganui, New Zealand. Phone 53909 x.8081

I need a miracle! I left my heart at the Kaiser (Mardi Gras) with a beautiful vision named Amy from Ct. Lost you 2nd set after the parade. Couldn't stay late, went to Rock Med after the show, nothing to worry about. Please write soon, I miss you. Michael Maratt, 4051 N Francisco, Chgo, IL 60618

Colorful Grateful Dead tape inserts. Set of 10 for $2. Specify set A or B. Send to DJ Fishman, 14 Fawn Dr, Livingston, NJ 07039

Greetings. Wonderful postcards (see page 24 of *The Golden Road*, summer 1988) are available: 10 different Dead cards $5.50. 8 different non-Dead cards $4.50. Includes postage. Please send orders and inquiries to JSTA, PO Box 5232, Eugene, OR 97405. Thank you. Judit

Jossie — my memories of summer tour 88 are sweeter than a lifetime supply of pixi stix. You know who.

Stolen: Garcia's '78 Egypt laminated tour pass & Weir's '85 20th Anniversary tour pass. Given to me as a gift by a member of the GD family & stolen from my apt. last summer. Any help finding these appreciated. Scott Yobp, 1212 North 2nd St #2, Harrisburg, PA 17102

Congratulations, Mr. & Mrs. Cag Lumbo. Now 'Cold Rain & Snow' can be Louie's favorite song, too! Love, R&B

European Deadheads unite. Such a long time to be gone and a short time to be there. Don Bryant, 16 AM Schuss #28, Bad Toelz 8170, W. Germany

For sale: Historic b&w negatives and color slidesof Grateful Dead 1972 world tour taken in Europe. As seen on page 46. Call (415) 653-4311

8th Annual Storkfest '89. Rochester, NY, June 3rd. Music, food, juggling, kite flying, volleyball, frisbee, golf, you name it. Great people having a great time. A gathering not to be missed in beautiful Genesee Valley Park. A Quad-Bee Production. See last issue, pg. 21.

Western New England-area male DH looking to correspond with female DHs. Write to Rainer, P.O Box 194, Shutesbury, MA 01072

Jim — Thanks for letting me walk in the sunshine. Since 9/18/88 2nd set, every day has been a sunshine daydream. Our love will not fade away! Scarlets

San Francisco DH, 25, seeks Scarlet Begonias. Doesn't want to let the world go by, all lost in dreaming. Forever Young, Box 542, 1098 Market St, SF, CA 94102

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June 15

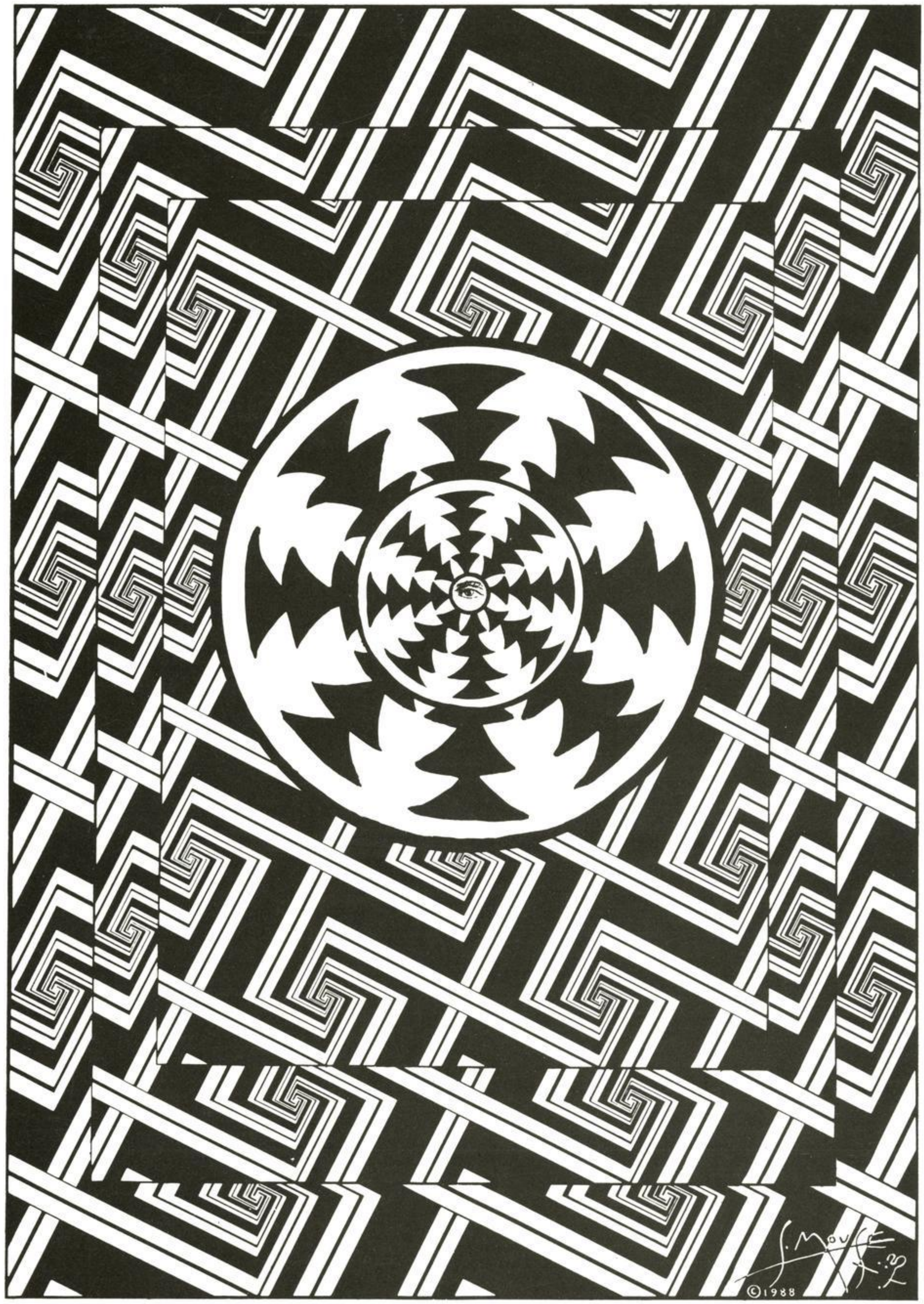
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