

ISSUE 20
SUMMER 1989

Something new is waiting to be born...

Sometimes I long for the innocence of my early days as a Deadhead. When I was seeing my first dozen or so shows in 1970 and '71, I went to concerts with no expectations other than to have a good time — and I never went home disappointed. The band's repertoire of original tunes was much more vast than my knowledge of it in that era, and even most of the covers were new to me — I'd never heard the originals of "Hard to Handle" or "It Hurts Me Too" or even "El Paso" back then. Tapes were nonexistent for the most part; it wasn't until the fall '71 tour, when the Dead broadcast shows from several cities on their East/Midwest tour, that good reel-to-reel tapes started to become available — if you knew other Deadheads. I remember getting my first tape — I don't recall what show it was — and spending hour after hour trying to transcribe the lyrics to "Jack Straw" and "Wharf Rat" and a few of the other songs that hadn't been on albums, and which I didn't even know the names of.

Because I went to shows only infrequently (at least by my current standards), every one seemed completely different from the last one I'd seen, and I never had a sense of this song or that being "overplayed" or "underplayed." Every couple of shows I saw favorites like "Dark Star" or "St. Stephen" (or both) to keep me happy, and at shows where those weren't played, I learned to love new favorites — "Playin' in the Band" and "Bertha" were two that just *killed* me the first few times I heard them before the "Skull & Roses" album came out.

It wasn't until the early '80s, when my show-going increased radically because the Dead suddenly played more Bay Area shows in cooler places (Kaiser, the Greek, Frost, etc.), that I began to get at all jaded or even care about what songs were played. And it wasn't until I started this magazine that it ever occurred to me to keep up with what the Boys were playing on tour from night to night. Then, all of a sudden, there I was at shows thinking, "Well, they played 'Scarlet' three nights ago, so they probably won't get to it until tomorrow or the next night," or "They better play 'To Lay Me Down,' since they played it in Hampton last month." It became a game of expectations to be realized or left frustratingly unfulfilled. Writing about the shows after years of going purely as a fan added yet another layer of information between me and a pure experience (though I can honestly say that at a show I *never* think about what I'll write about it later). It isn't pretty, but it happened.

What set me on this personal remembrance of things past wasn't a *madeleine* (as it was for Proust), but attending a recent show by Edie Brickell & New Bohemians at the Berkeley Community Theater. I went to the concert having heard only their quirky single, "What I Am," and one or two other songs on the radio. But I'd been told they were one of those bands you had to see live, plus there were numerous Grateful Dead comparisons in the rock press. I went in with little knowledge and even fewer expectations, and I left completely blown away. In the end I didn't think they were all that Dead-like musically, but what their songs had that I loved was an unpredictability from moment to moment that reminded me *exactly* of my early days seeing the Dead. I was blissfully confused the entire night; never had a clue what was coming next, what the songs were, or if the group was playing better or worse than usual.

Unlike many veteran Deadheads, I'm not particularly given to nostalgia for previous eras of Dead music. I've had fun all the way down the line, and I try to live in the present as much as possible, taking it as it comes. But as I listened to the New Bohemians, I did have fleeting moments of wishing more than anything in the world that I could be a "baby Deadhead" again, seeing my first few shows, being amazed and overwhelmed and completely consumed by the totality of the experience. Some people dream about hearing "Cosmic Charlie" again. I'm dreaming about hearing the Dead's *next* great song the first few times.

At the best Dead shows these days — such as the incredible June 19 concert at Shoreline — I've had that old, warm feeling wash over me time and again like I was hearing the band playing *new stuff*, even though the context is oh-so-familiar to me by now. And it's strangely gratifying to know that the Dead still have the power — and the desire — to simply melt my brain and leave me in a puddle of joy. That's the primal Grateful Dead feeling in a nutshell, and if it's not the same the 300th time as it was the first ten to 20, it at least takes on an indescribable richness that comes from experience, and satisfaction in the knowledge that it's out there waiting to jump me when I think I've seen it all. Wavy Gravy is right: these are the good old days.

Our cover this time is a cut-paper collage by David Singer, the renowned Bay Area artist who also did the cover of issue #16. The style of this one was somewhat influenced by the late collage work of the great French artist Henri Matisse, but the vision is unmistakably Singer.

— *BJ*

The Golden Road

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Cover by: David Singer © 1989

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Typography: Lisa Papa

Printing: Anto Offset, Berkeley

The Golden Road is published occasionally by Blair Jackson and Regan McMahon, 484 Lake Park Ave. #82, Oakland, CA 94610. The publishers are entirely responsible for its contents. This is Issue Number 20, Summer 1989.

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FEEDBACK

Mr. Cassady's Neighborhood

I'm sending copies of Issue #19 to a few friends who'll get off on the Neal Cassady article. They're Kerouac-heads and have shown some interest in the Dead through the years, though I'm not sure they know the connection, and I've never been able to explain it as well as Steve Silberman did in his unbelievably well done and entertaining article. It really left me euphoric!

My mother was a casual friend of Neal's when we lived in San Jose, CA, in the early and mid-'60s and thought the world of him, even though she didn't know him that well. When I was 6 or 7, I remember him coming around (coming arou-ound...) a few times, usually with a few other friends of his, and spending long hours with my mom talking and listening to music (my mom had a good collection of jazz records) and acting crazy. The first time I met him I was kind of scared of him because he moved so much and talked so fast I couldn't figure out what he was up to, but after a while I came to like him, too, and he paid a lot of attention to me when he'd first arrive, playing games with me and being different characters in little fantasies I'd come up with. He was funny and always smiling. Unfortunately, I usually had to go to bed pretty early, and looking back, he and the others probably didn't really want some kid hanging around while they were figuring out the mysteries of the universe or whatever they'd do until 2 and 3 in the morning listening to Eric Dolphy.

I gather my mother didn't really have any contact with Neal after early '64, so the whole Acid Test Neal was a mystery to her. She never cared for rock 'n' roll and didn't really go with the crowd that eventually became the first Warlock-heads. We moved to Seattle in '66 and I literally didn't hear Neal's name mentioned again until I read *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* when it came out. That's when I went back to my mother and made her tell me everything she knew.

I guess I don't have any real light to shed on Neal except to say that what Garcia said about him in the big interview in the previous *Golden Road* is almost exactly what my mother said: He was special just by being himself. I asked my mom if he seemed crazy to her the way he did at first to me (and the way he seems a little in Wolfe's book) and she said, "No, he just absorbed everyone else's craziness and wasn't afraid to show it when all of us were." Two words came up in talking about Neal with her: innocent and fearless. I think Silberman's article showed both, and I thank him for that.

Keep up the great work! Those of us who don't get to a lot of shows really keep up on things through your magazine. Hats off to you!

Bruce Herndon
Pullman, WA

Back to the Future

With the soft, beckoning chords of "Cassidy" rambling in the background, I sit down to tell you how deeply your "Who Was Cowboy Neal?" article reached out to me.

I guess I am a comparatively new kid on the scene, but before I was into the Dead scene, I was into its ideals. I avidly read all I could find on Kesey, Cassady and the scene then. It was all so much more alive and free and beautiful than anything I could inspire in my friends at the time. Then I saw the Dead. It was such a natural extension of their spirit, living now, in harmony with the thousands of people in the room who were on the Bus, journeying through the echoes of their minds, experiencing the all. It was a journey back to a familiar space of energy, exploration and love.

Lately I've been a little bewildered and discouraged at some of the lack of consciousness in the California Dead scene, so this article was a necessary reminder. I hope it will educate some of the new arrivals to one of the sources of the vibration they've picked up on, and make us all truly aware as we push farther toward Edge City and take this traveling circus of heroic and angelic freaks to unmapped terrain.

Kaya
Palo Alto, CA



Illustration for Summer Tour newspaper ads: Gary Gutierrez

My Hometown

Spring Tour '89 was the event I looked forward to as I slid into Spring Term '89 at school. I peered through my near future to see exams blocking my path. But beyond those exams, I knew "Jack Straw" and "Morning Dew" were waiting at the path's end. Greensboro was great and Pittsburgh only got better. So it was with a sense of disbelief that I learned of the "riot" that had occurred as I was inside rolling back and forth to the "Fingers" ◗ "Uncle John's." The Heads had tried to crash the gates, apparently by smashing the glass in one of the arena's many windows. Some were successful, as the local news videotape clearly showed. But the videotape also showed a guy, surrounded by officers, get clocked in the face so hard by a cop in a motorcycle helmet that the impact of fist and bone can clearly be heard. Now the city's mayor is telling the Dead the same thing Jerry has been telling Bertha for years: "Dontcha come around here anymore." Pittsburgh is my hometown, and that was the last thing my friends and I wanted to hear. We were beginning, dreamily, to think of the arena as perhaps the next Spectrum, with the

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band stopping for three nights at a time, perhaps twice a year. It clearly looks like that won't happen anytime soon.

Everyone in my town is quick to blame the Heads, and I think that is natural. You're talking about an old blue-collar, conservative attitude that still pervades although many of the steel mills that fostered the feelings are gone. And let's face it, we've heard a thousand times that we won't be allowed to come back to a given city in which we cannot behave.

I think the problem, unfortunately, was caused in a large part by the facility itself. First, the Civic Arena cannot accommodate campers. It's clear the residents of the lower Hill District don't wish to either. Second, the arena is not "protected" from the Heads themselves. Unlike the Hampton Coliseum or even the Philly Spectrum, one doesn't have to walk up to the arena, it is simply there. That makes it much harder for the police to control the crowd and corral them into some semblence of a line.

If the city would allow one-night stands only, devoid of camping, that might help quite a bit. Also, allow only those cars into the lot that contain people holding tickets. And don't book the Civic Arena as the only stop in the area. The Pittsburgh shows clearly drew from New England, the New York area, the Midwest, and probably a lot of other places. Fifteen thousand ticketless fans can get chaotic anywhere, it's just a lot harder to handle it in Pittsburgh.

Mark Finkelpearl
Pittsburgh, PA

Not a Pretty Picture

I went to the Pittsburgh and Ann Arbor shows and have a funny taste in my mouth from them. In Pitt, there were lots and lots of "miracle" people looking for tickets. The newspapers claimed that there were 17,000 people inside the arena enjoying the show, while there were 20,000 outside trying to get in. The TV crews had photos of Heads kicking in glass windows and sliding through the hole, and such stuff.

In contrast to this, in Ann Arbor, when it got hot between sets in the Crisler Arena, the security people opened the doors, and not one person tried to sneak in.

So I get home, open up my new *Golden Road*, and see the center photo spread dedicated to Miracle Ticket people. In my opinion, you are condoning, if not endorsing, this type of activity with pictures like this. Due to these people, the Dead will probably never play in Pitt again.

Jim Rehill
Northboro, MA

Comes a Time

During 23 years of regular concert attendance I have consistently found Deadheads, on the whole, to have a rather highly advanced environmental, social and spiritual/artistic consciousness. As a group Deadheads are distinguished by the fact that everybody is welcome. An inevitable side effect of this open-hearted stance is that people who are not accepted elsewhere in society naturally gravitate toward this scene. "Misfits" and "burn-outs" thus form a necessary fringe of the patch-quilt tapestry of the Deadhead subculture. Especially since the majority of Deadheads do value "walking softly on the Earth" and "staying out of other people's faces," it is no wonder that the entire scene often gets characterized as being self-destructive and inconsiderate, based on the appearance and action of the more dramatic few.

One thing the Dead themselves have studiously avoided, and that no Deadhead



likes to do, is tell someone else what he or she should be doing. There is a dose of, if not anarchy, at least "*non*archy" that runs through the entire Grateful Dead ethos. All this has now led to a challenge: How can we as a subculture continue to thrive, moving into and out of numerous pockets of the mainstream culture?

We have done a noble job of elevating and upholding the right and freedom of the individual to choose one's own lifestyle and, so to speak, "wave one's freak flag high." In a society where conformity is valued over creativity and uniformity is mistaken for unity, this has been a sorely needed alternative. Now what we need to realize and act upon is the recognition that the other half of the equation of the social contract is "the freedom of the individual cannot impinge on the rights of other individuals or the public at large." That is why Deadheads can no longer ignore it when we see fellow concertgoers fornicating or defecating in neighbors' yards outside concert sites.

The only remaining options to policing ourselves are having real police policing us, or simply not being invited back to many of the sites of our merriest gatherings. Neither of these two options are particularly palatable to most Deadheads. That means that each of us has to accept responsibility for all of us. I hope we can find a way to surround any offenders with love and let them know that our condemnation of certain actions is not a condemnation of them as people. It's primarily a matter of being aware, helping others to be aware of the effects of our actions on others, and of then acting upon that awareness.

I do not wish to fan the flames of Deadhead bashing, which is in vogue not only in the media, but unfortunately in some of the higher circles of the Grateful Dead organization itself. We have come a long way, and we have developed an incredibly open and mutually supportive subculture that is flourishing beyond what anyone could have possibly expected 15 years ago. Our next challenge is to confront the selfishness and ignorance that is the shadow side of each of us and the scene in general. This is a confrontation that needs to be undertaken with gentleness, determination and humor.

Peter Oppenheimer
Forest Knolls, CA

Lesh Is More

At Irvine I was in the fourth row of the orchestra pit, all the way on Phil's side; and I'm not sure if anyone else saw this the same way I did, but it stoked me and reminded me of your "Wish List for 1989" in Issue #19.

During the opening of "The Other One," I saw Jerry lean over and whisper in Bobby's ear and point at Phil as if to say "Go tell Phil!" Then I saw Billy lean over his drums and point at the audience and then at Phil as if to say "They want you to do it." It seemed as if the rest of the band was holding back, waiting for Phil to take action. Then he did! He played the fast run of notes that used to kick off "The Other One" in a big way, but had been missing in recent years. It was one of the best "Other Ones" I've seen in quite a while. The same thing happened at the Frost. They were both great moments.

Now if Phil would just play the old introduction to "Cumberland Blues"...

Matthew Wester
Rohnert Park, CA

Bigger Than a Drive-In Movie

Never thought I'd say this, but thank God for TV, for bringing the band back home in a sense! The joy of listening to and seeing a live show (Shoreline 6/21) as it happens is that the physical distance between the band and the Deadheads becomes irrelevant — an opportunity for transpersonal involvement in the experience becomes an active option for more people at one time. One way to constructively overcome the barriers presented by physical distance and physical space may be found in this coordinated effort utilizing our audio/video technology. I hope there are many, many more opportunities for the band to use radio and TV for live shows.

Tom Cabezas
Taunton, MA

Chipmunk Dead?

Having listened to the Spectrum '88 and Frost '89 shows back to back on David Gans'

Grateful Dead Hour, I've come to the conclusion that a small dose of vocal effects goes a long way and maybe Healy ought to ease up. I mean "The Other One" sounds trippy and magnificent when Bob sings it in his normal voice; when it sounds like The Chipmunks, it's just plain silly.

Speaking of whom, remember the *Chipmunk Punk* album a few years back? I wonder if anybody wants to do a *Chipmunk Dead* project? Maybe *they'd* do "Help on the Way."

On another topic, has anyone suggested a Dead/Stones double bill this December for the 20th anniversary of Altamont? (Yowch!) I'd like to see Griffin or Kelley work up a "skull & lips" logo for the show. Actually, the Dead were supposed to play at the ill-fated speedway and never got to. If they had, it just might have saved the evening: would Merideth Hunter have rushed the stage with a gun during "Dark Star"?

Lee Agnew
Norman, OK

Ready for the A-Bomb

While reading Peter Furst's excellent overview of psychedelic anthropology, "Hallucinogens and Culture," I came across a footnote quoting father-of-LSD Albert Hoffman saying the Army approached him "many times...every two years or so" at Sandoz to see if Hoffman had developed a way of producing truly enormous quantities of his most notable invention. He was never told *why* the Army wanted the drug, but from the quantities mentioned — "many kilos" (one kilo = 1,000 grams = 1,000,000,000 mics = 5 million serious doses, pardon my math) — Hoffman deduced the Army's intention was to use his sacrament as a weapon.

Ol' Al was on the beam again, as we now know (see *Acid Dreams* by Martin Lee and Bruce Shlain, which describes one aborted experiment that involved dosing the New York City subways with an acid aerosol). But what I was thinking was — if there are any science-fiction writers out there in Diga-land, what a concept: The Army drops the big acid bomb, which does indeed incapacitate most of the population, except for...you guessed it...*us*, who are well-equipped to navigate in the new "environment," having invested years of practice getting from show to show, checking into motel rooms, etc., in that state. Thus with Deadheads in the front lines, the forces of gentleness - tolerance - englightenment - music-spirit triumph over the forces of darkness (using non-violent means, of course), establishing the new heaven-on-Earth (longer jams, less tacky motel rooms, and no oil spills) and restoring LSD to its benevolent sacramental function.

See you on the barricades!

Steve Silberman
San Francisco, CA

If Mercy's in Business...

OK, OK, uh....I was sick with the flu — and I've got a note from my doctor about the flu, by the way — and then time flew by, and I'm late with my renewal, but *please* keep me on the subscription list. I'll be leaving the country around April of '90 for about a year, so in trying to spend as little money as I can to save up, I have to make my subscription start with the spring 1989 issue, otherwise I'd have to buy that one at a store (an extra expense I don't need, I gotta tell ya), then I'd get the other three, and then my last issue would come when I'm gone, and then it will fall into the hands of my housemates, who are all *thieves* and *rogues*. We don't want these guys to read your mag and start following the Dead. If they do, not only will the Kaiser be lost, but even that intimate little Oakland Coliseum will be taken away from us! Before you know it, my housemates will tell other thieves and rogues about the band, and the the Greek and the Frost will be just names on a tape list.

So, in short, by keeping me on your subscription list without interruption, you will be saving the scene as we know it for all of us!

Bob Rousseau
San Francisco, CA

A Vote for Billy Is
A Vote for Shows

After the band's last Centrum stint, a number of front-page articles in the Worcester [MA] *Telegram & Gazette* focused on the number of arrests made over the course of three days (102) and the fact that many of those arrested were from out of town. The articles had a kind of "our tax dollars are



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FEEDBACK

being wasted on criminals from other states'' slant to them. One sentence in the last paragraph of one story pointed out that, ''by the way,'' the vast majority of those arrested were charged with carrying open beers — a violation of a local ordinance. The next edition of the paper reprinted the story, omitting this last paragraph.

None of this is all that unusual — until you compare it with the coverage of other concerts at the Centrum. At a recent Frank Sinatra show there, more than 200 arrests were made in one night! The newspaper's reaction! None! Front-page articles the next day called the concert a huge success. A police officer who worked that show told me the crowd was the most ill-behaved he'd ever seen.

In 1986, the state Democratic convention was held at the Centrum. The delegates trashed the place. Literally tens of thousands of dollars' worth of damage was done to the building, and it had to be shut down for three days while it was repaired. (By contrast, there was no damage — other than litter — when the Dead last played there.) When the Centrum management complained about the Democrats, the paper ran an editorial blasting the Centrum for criticizing ''public servants'' to the point where they did not feel welcome in Worcester!

So the solution for us seems obvious. Just get Billy to get a Massachusetts mailing address — then he could run for lieutenant governor or something, hire Frank Sinatra Jr. as an opening act, and bill the Dead concerts as political fundraisers. I guarantee the band would get a key to the city!

John O'Brien
Worcester, MA

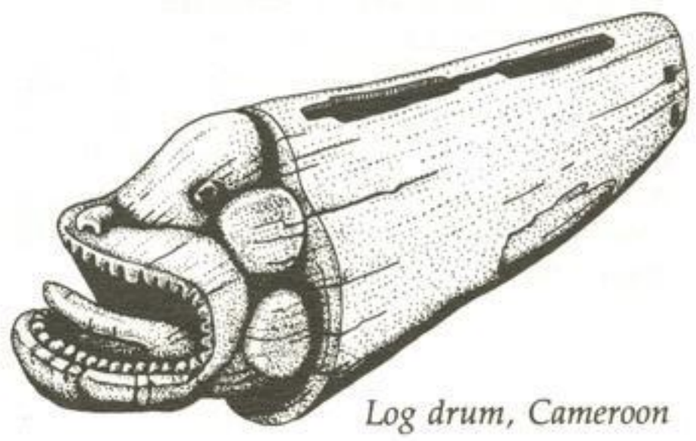
Been All Around This World

Jambo, my friends.

Just thought you might be interested in how the good ol' Grateful Dead got me to deepest Africa. Well, me and my boy Ricky D decided to go to that holiday run at the Kaiser in February of last year, and Ricky D decided the best way to travel would be on Pan Am so we could join their triple-mileage frequent-flier program. The idea was to amass enough miles (going to shows, don't you know) to get free international tickets. Sounds expensive, but RD knows all the tricks for travel the cheap and easy way. Although I fell short, RD literally came through with flying colors, as he rarely missed a show in '88. We picked Kenya as our destination because our friends, John and Mitch, were already crossing the continent on foot and had calculated they would be there at the right time (when there were no shows, of course).

Africa is a completely different world from the comfortable existence we readers are privileged to enjoy (''Gee, the water is kinda, uh, thick here, fellas...''). We hung at first with fellow travelers at Mrs. Roche's (pronounce that *roach*, as in, I think that's all we have left). Travelers are to tourists what Deadheads are to your normal music fans. They are there to intermingle with the real culture, to discover and absorb it, as opposed to the Westernized version peddled out of some of the finer hotels.

We picked up a fifth member to our party, an Israeli Rasta, and headed for the bush to hang with the hippos and any other animals that might stop by. Being with friends in this incredible environment was like being on the greatest tour, except we didn't see shows at night. We were actually concerned about becoming someone's dinner at night (''It...it sounded like a lion''). We would often pass the evening trading tour stories (''Yo ho, that was good, but that first night of Richmond '85 was killer...''). It struck me that while I have known Ricky D since the beginning of time, and John and Mitch have known each other about the same, the four of us met at shows (''Now Ventura '84 was pretty smokin'...''). As I sat staring at the lunar eclipse over the Indian Ocean I had to think that Grateful Dead works in mysterious ways.



Log drum, Cameroon

Dave Leopold
Bedminster, PA

Oxford Speedway Boogie

My first Dead shows were at Oxford Plains Speedway last July. I had no idea that so many people could be together and have a good time. Good vibes were everywhere that weekend, as with all the other shows I've been to since.

Being part of the Deadhead scene has been one of the most positive things that's happened in my life. The Dead's music has had such a profound impact on me, my view of life has changed dramatically for the better. Nowhere else have I fit so well without conforming (something I thought was not possible). It's great that such a scene exists, but it's also a shame so many people are misusing it.

Sue Dixon
Biddeford, ME

Far From Me

Thank you so much for getting *The Golden Road* to me in Honduras. There's no doubt that being a Peace Corps volunteer is where I should be; however missing touring isn't easy. If I wasn't here I'd be on the road with the Boys. Last week, as I lay in my hammock, listening to a Kaiser tape and reading *The Golden Road*, tears rolled down my cheeks. I miss the family, positive energy and music. Some days it's really hard, but I know that in due time I'm bound to cover just a little more ground.

Sue Sherry
Honduras

DEADLINE



Garcia jams with guitar legend James Burton (L) and Elvis Costello. Details on page 10. Photo: Brant Ward/SF Chronicle

"There's trouble! I say trouble! That's trouble with a 'T' right here in Deadhead City!" Yes, the sad fact is that the problems surrounding Dead shows that we've chronicled in these pages the past couple of years appear to be getting worse, not better, if the spring tour is any indication. You know the story: too many people without tickets are coming down to Dead shows to check out the vending scene and party in the parking lots before, during and after the concerts. There's a ridiculous amount of very conspicuous consumption of drugs outside the shows, and as a result a lot of people are getting busted. That in turn makes headlines in the papers of every city the Dead play, and hurts the reputation of the band everywhere. Police are flooded with complaints about rude, irresponsible, even criminal, behavior in neighborhoods adjacent to Dead concert sites, leading to increased police presence near the shows. Pleading from the band has not worked. Neither has a huge outlay of money in nearly every city for extra security. Deadheads can only police themselves up to a point, and of course the real heads are enjoying the shows when a lot of the trouble is occurring in parking lots and campgrounds.

While there were problems of some sort in every city on the spring tour, it was the stops in Pittsburgh and Orange County, California (Irvine Meadows), that generated the most negative publicity — and remember, with the band's high profile these days, a bad scene outside any Dead show now frequently makes the papers nationwide. News footage of what was universally dubbed a "riot" showed policemen chasing and in some cases hitting a combative group of gate crashers and troublemakers outside the Pittsburgh Civic. At Irvine, pinheaded rowdies pelted police with rocks and bottles. In both cities there have been numerous calls to ban the Dead completely.

Recently the Dead's road manager, Cameron Sears, shared some of his insights about the problems on tour.

What's your take on what happened in Pittsburgh?

I watched what precipitated the incident in Pittsburgh. What happened there was the first night we asked for a certain number of security and police and we didn't get what we wanted. The arena there is a glass-fronted building with street-level access basically, and the people outside could hear the lobby sound system through the glass. They surrounded the building, really, and were right up against the glass, which is a very scary situation that shouldn't have been allowed to happen, but there weren't enough security people to deal with it.

The next night they beefed up security and the police detail, but people had already had free rein in the parking lot and essentially the new security was coming into an already out of control situation. So they tried to draw the line and it was tough to hold the line — there were probably 3,000 kids who didn't have tickets. Then a couple of kids started tossing rocks and bottles at the police, and a couple of others tried to storm the gates. When that happened the police decided they weren't going to give an inch and they went nuts on the kids. There was that footage of the guy getting hit in the face and thrown in the paddy wagon, which was inexcusable. Both sides

were at fault in Pittsburgh.

I think one of the other problems with Pittsburgh is that it was the closest gig we did to the East Coast. That was a big difference because they just came there in droves.

People are not acting very responsibly in terms of what needs to happen. They're pushing it to the limit, and taunting people left and right. That's what happened in Irvine, too. A couple of people started throwing rocks and bottles, and you don't have to be very smart to know that if you throw rocks at a cop, pretty soon there are going to be 20 cops where there was one. They don't tolerate that shit at all, and they shouldn't.

How much of this do you think is because the vendors attract non-ticket holders down to the concert sites?

The way we see it now is that the vending scene and campgrounds are difficult to control, but it's the vending that's more problematic. This is not a mom-and-pop T-shirt vending situation anymore. It's Guatemalan blankets and falafels. Why should we be supporting this? We shouldn't. And it's not just places like Irvine and Pittsburgh where it's a problem. We had problems at Frost and might not be invited back; we don't know yet. The university [Stanford] got more complaints about this run than ever before. The scene surrounding the vending in the eucalyptus groves was a free-for-all with all the hangers on and the usual people partaking in various controlled substances. I mean any undercover officer who goes in there can have a field day. People start getting arrested and then that's what grabs the headlines. Unfortunately, it only takes a couple of flare-ups with a lot of notoriety associated with them to garner a lot of attention. We're the focus of a lot of heat right now — from cities and promoters.

The ironic thing is that nobody has a problem with what goes on inside at the show. There's no problem there. It's the non-stop influx of people who don't have tickets, who probably wouldn't even buy a ticket if it was offered to them, and who refuse to be told what to do, that puts incredible stress on the running of a show. And when it happens day in and day out and we play as often as we do, it cuts into our ability to put on the shows. These people are just there for "the party," so we're thinking we have to shut down the party so we can do our thing — which is inside. It's too bad it has to be that way, but we've got to nip it before it nips us, and it's definitely gotten to that point.



A policeman tries to deal with an unruly mob outside the Pittsburgh Civic during the Dead's appearance there. Photo: Marlene Karas/Pittsburgh Press

There have been a lot of kids who are trying to help us out with clean-ups and trying to make sure things are cool outside the shows, but unfortunately it's just not enough. The vendors have an attitude that says, "Hey, you owe us this." That's bullshit, to be perfectly frank. They're not helping us out in any way, and in fact they're making the situation worse. They're not policing themselves, they're not cleaning up after themselves. We assume responsibility for the clean-up of these parking lots after the shows and for extra security. We put an incredible amount of energy — and money — into this, but it's not getting better. We've done everything we can to try to preserve a scene we weren't completely sure was worth preserving, and it's cost us in every way. It's already costing us places to play.

Was it bad in every city? The Forum [in L.A.] went smoothly, didn't it?

The Forum was basically fine. Ann Arbor was pretty good. Louisville was OK. We thought Cincinnati had gone fine until we started getting reports of arrests outside. There were like 70 arrests, all of them for drugs, all of them people from out of town. So you put yourself in the shoes of the community — they're not sure they want the Grateful Dead back. This has happened all over. We have a very serious public relations problem.

It's gotten so it's hard to tell who is actually causing the problems. Are they Deadheads? Maybe. Are they just kids from the other side of town who come down to look at the freak show and then end up throwing a bottle at a cop? Maybe. Whatever it is, our fans are getting nailed for it, and the band is getting nailed for what the fans are doing, and that's a bummer.

* * * *

So where does it all go from here? Well, in our view the logical step to take is to shut down the vending scene NOW. The evidence is just overwhelming that this is the single greatest source of problems at shows and that if something drastic isn't done immediately, the Grateful Dead really could become a band with no place to play. And what a crime that would be as the band reaches what should be a triumphant 25th anniversary milestone next year. With no scene happening outside shows, the ticketless masses will no longer have a place to congregate, and perhaps in a tour or two,

they'll stop coming down all together. Yes, some very good people may lose their primary livelihood because of this course of action, but that seems like a small price to pay to ensure that we'll have Dead concerts to go to in the future — and that's what this is all about.

The reality of the situation is that the Dead scene does not exist in a vacuum. We inhabit a small, mysterious island in a world that basically wishes we didn't exist. For many years the traveling carnival was small enough and contained enough that its impact on the "straight" world was minimal. But those days are long gone, and all of a sudden people who once thought Deadheads were merely "colorful" are genuinely threatened, and those people have both power and numbers on their side. Let's face facts: it's not our world. Heads can grumble all they want about paranoid police and citizens groups, but our view of them doesn't matter in the end, because they hold the cards and that's not going to change. This analogy is probably stretching things a bit, but remember those few glorious days when it looked like the students/workers in Beijing had won and that a new order in China was imminent? Alas, it was not to be...yet.

So when the crackdown on vending or camping or any of the outwardly cool stuff we've all grown accustomed to comes, think about these lines from "Althea":

"There are things you can replace, and others you cannot/The time has come to weigh those things/This space is getting hot/You know this space is getting hot."

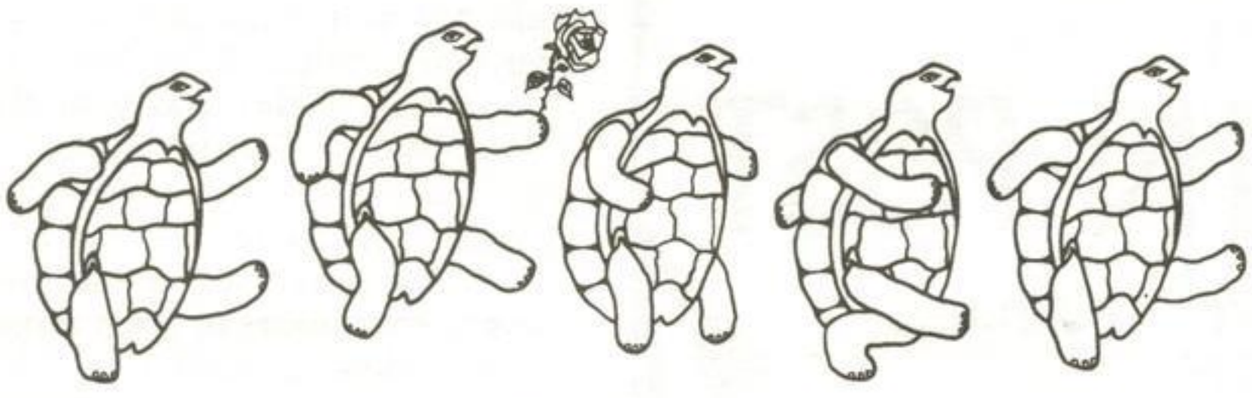
It seems like we're always raving about great benefit shows in "Deadline," and this issue will be no exception. On March 22 at the Gift Center in San Francisco, Garcia played at a benefit to raise funds for SF poster artists who've been involved in long and costly litigation trying to win control of their poster work from the late '60s. More than 2500 people jammed the bizarre five-story atrium to hear Garcia, Country Joe McDonald, The Dinosaurs and Nick Gravenites & Friends, and to marvel at a multi-projector light show.

Garcia's first appearance of the evening came near the end of Country Joe's solo set. Armed with acoustic guitar, he joined Joe for a pair of new Country Joe tunes, "Starship" and "Lady with the Lamp," the latter a haunting and hypnotic song about Florence Nightingale. Garcia's lead fills were right on target, spiraling around Joe's rhythmic strumming. How did he know the tunes? Well, Garcia is tentatively slated to produce Joe's next album, possibly this fall if schedules permit. I thought both songs were up there with Joe's finest solo material; the feel reminded me quite a bit of my favorite McDonald album, *Hold On It's Coming*.

After a brief break, Garcia came out with John Kahn and — what's this? — Bob Weir, an unannounced surprise guest! (Garcia and Weir had both been in town earlier that day at a press conference at the Fillmore to announce the Oakland AIDS benefit concert.) What followed was a six-song set that was just loaded with great jamming; it all sounded very Grateful Dead.

They eased into things with a spry "Deep Elem," followed by "Wang Dang Doodle," gritty as always. Hearing "Wind and Rain" gave me a taste of what the Dead might do with that great old tune (Weir had not played it before, to my knowledge) — I still think it's a natural for them, just as "Peggy-O" and "Jackaroe" are. "When I Paint My Masterpiece" took on a special warmth and significance in the context of a benefit for the artists. "Bird Song" was given a full-blown Deadish treatment, and the set-ending "Easy to

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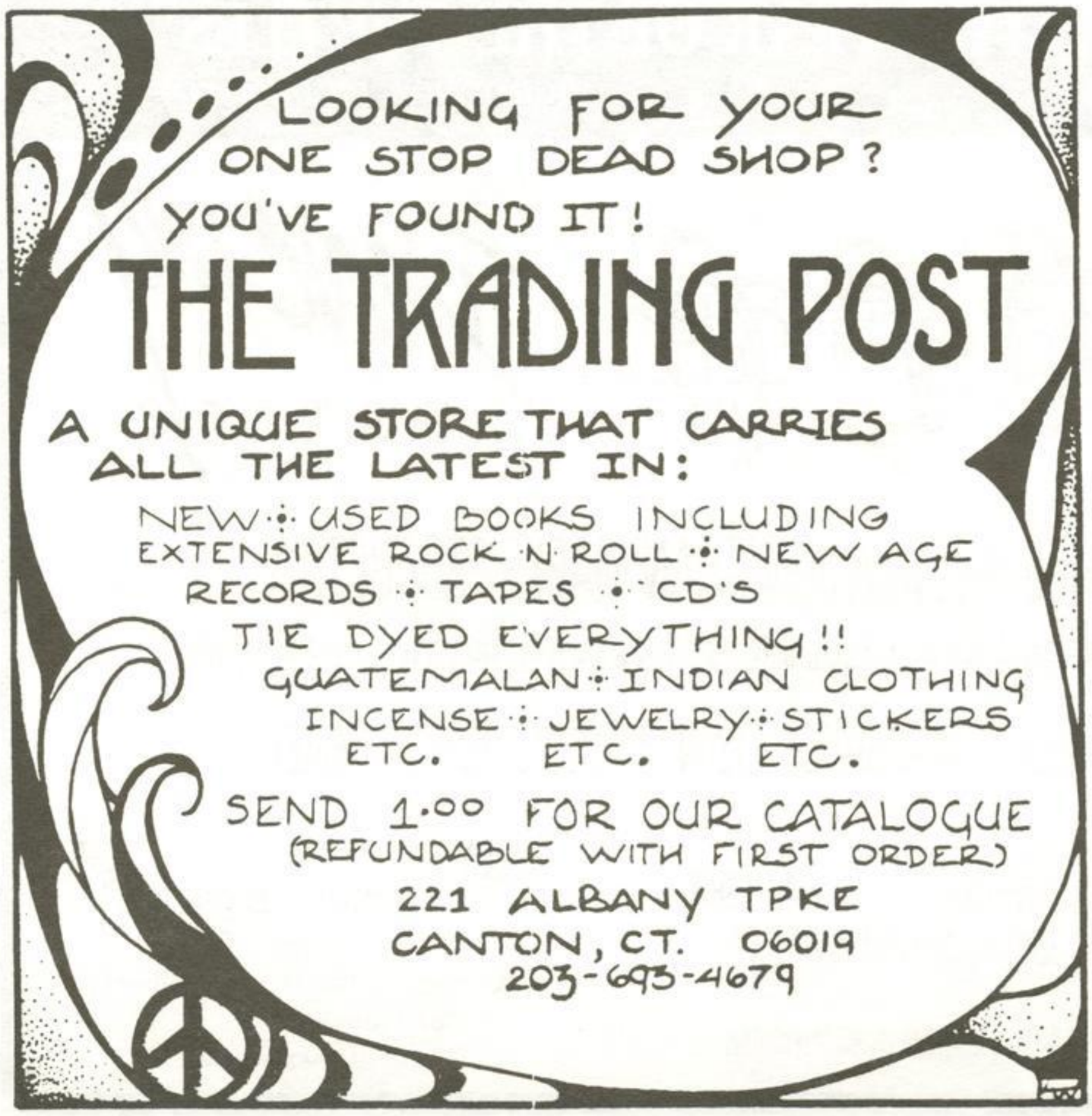
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DEADLINE

Slip'' (a first for Garcia?) also put visions of an electric Dead treatment of that song in my head. Garcia and Weir took the gentle, closing jam into some really interesting places.

That was it for the GD-related portion of the program. The music kept going way into the night, however, with excellent (electric) sets by The Dinosaurs (whose portion closed with Merl Saunders' stomping rendition of ''Sugaree'') and Nick Gravenites & Friends. A great evening all the way around. What the Gift Center may lack in even acoustics it more than makes up for in pure atmo, which is p.c. — pretty cool.

In an era when most record stores are owned by bottom line-oriented chains interested only in carrying current hit records, a shop like Village Music in the Marin County, California, town of Mill Valley is a refreshing throwback to another time. Village is the place to go to find that rare out-of-print blues album that's eluded you for years, or that original copy of Fats Domino's third album on Imperial Records. It's a fun and funky place, crowded floor to ceiling with music, old rock and soul posters, and record covers spanning several decades. Each year the store throws itself a birthday party in Mill Valley, and the last couple have been doozies. Ry Cooder (an avid collector and musicologist) played at last year's 20th birthday bash, and this year's 21st b-day party at the tiny Sweetwater club April 24 drew a long list of luminaries. A couple of hundred invited friends of the store (and a number of press hangers-on) were witness to four hours of great music from an incredible collection of disparate musicians, many playing together for the first time.

The show kicked off with a solo acoustic set by the clever British rocker Nick Lowe. Elvis Costello offered an hour of solo singing himself, and then led a long parade of musicians through a wide range of material. Former Starship bassist Pete Sears helped out on bass, session drummer Scott Matthews pounded the skins, and James Burton, the legendary lead guitarist in Elvis Presley's band (as well as Emmylou Harris' incomparable first Hot Band) picked out tasty leads on his Telecaster. After a while, none other than Jerry Garcia came up to join the fun. Someone handed him Burton's Telecaster, but Garcia demurred, saying the axe

felt "kind of light." After some confusion, Garcia ended up with Costello's Fender, and he and Burton shared lead duties on a trio of Elvis-sung country tunes: Hank Williams' "Why Don't You Love Me?" and "You Win Again" (which the Dead played in the early '70s, of course), and Merle Haggard's "Tonight the Bottle Let Me Down." Garcia stuck around for a tune after Elvis left, too: Freddy King's "Goin' Down," sung by Van Halen lead singer Sammy Hagar (also a Marinite). That was it for Garcia, but the Dead were represented later on in the evening when Bob Weir stepped onstage and sang a fine version of "Lovelight," with Elvis Costello on backup vocals, no less! Other players sharing the tiny stage that incredible evening included Commander Cody, blues legend Charles Brown, Elvis' wife Cait O'Riordan, former Stoneground singer Annie Sampson, Huey Lewis & the News keyboardist Sean Hopper, Fabulous Thunderbirds singer/harmonica ace Kim Wilson, and James Burton's son Jeff, who's no slouch on the guitar himself. What a night! I guess my invitation must've gotten lost in the mail or somethin'.



At "Don't Bungle the Jungle" are (L-R) unknown, Keith Harington, Sandra Bernhard, Madonna, Kenny Scharf, Bobby and Rob Wasserman. Photo: Catherine McGann

On May 25, Bob Weir and Rob Wasserman were among the celebs performing at a New York benefit called "Don't Bungle the Jungle" the latest high-profile event raising money for groups dedicated to saving the rain forests. Besides benefiting a good cause, the concert also provided a bit of history: the meeting of Bobby and Madonna! (In '86 Bobby even wore a Madonna T-shirt onstage a couple of times.) According to the gossipy Village Voice column "La Dolce Musso," Madonna and her pal, comedian Sandra Bernhard, dressed in identical "psychedelic" jeans, and were backstage before the show giggling uncontrollably when Bobby showed up. "'Who are you?' Madonna wondered at someone who turned out to be the Grateful Dead's Bob Weir," Musso wrote. "They shook hands and as photographers snapped away, she told Keith Harrington to stand next to her. 'Grab me!' she insisted."

Every couple of years San Francisco puts on a huge bash called the Black & White Ball to raise money for the San Francisco Symphony. The entire Civic Center area becomes a party zone, with bands of every stripe playing in six different buildings — the Civic Auditorium, City Hall itself (under the rotunda), the Opera House, Louise Davies Symphony Hall, the Veteran's Building and the California government building, each of which was festooned with black and white balloons and decorations. The mirror ball that Bill Graham had used for his New Year's entrance last year hung over Van Ness Avenue, which was blocked off for the occasion. About 12,000 revelers paid $150 each to dress up in black & white finery and sample the cornucopia of different foods and music at each building. Regan and I have made it a tradition to attend and we always have a blast.

So what does this have to do with the Grateful Dead? Well, the Dead first played the ball in 1969 when it was a much smaller event. Now, 20 years later, Bob Weir was one of the featured performers at the Civic Auditorium, and Mickey Hart sat in with Tito Puente at the Opera House. We missed Mickey's segment, but we did catch Weir's sets, and that's worth a little comment.

By the time we made it to the Civic Auditorium around 12:45 a.m. to see Weir and Rob Wasserman perform, we'd already been to five other buildings and danced to Dinah Shore with the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra, Elvin Bishop, Sheila E., Xavier Cugat's Orchestra, Asleep at the Wheel, the Desert Rose Band, the Peter Mintun Orchestra and man, give these barkin' dogs a rest; my feets are killin' me! Weir & Wasserman were definitely a little out of their element at the Civic, playing an acoustic set for hardcore party animals, most sloshed on champagne, who were up for dancing to Motown copy bands and the like. Still, they received a polite reception from the largely befuddled crowd, and "Throwing Stones" actually got cheers of recognition, which shows how popular *In the Dark* really was.

The real excitement for the handful of Deadheads in attendance came later, however, when Weir joined the Zasu Pitts Memorial Orchestra for a few numbers in the wee wee hours. Zasu Pitts is something of a Bay Area institution, a big, horn-driven party band that plays all R&B covers, but plays 'em with real fire. One of their lead singers is Joe Crane, the one-time HooDoo Rhythm Devils vocalist, so you know they're capable of thrownin' down some serious sounds.

Decked out in a black tux and playing his pink guitar, Weir first led the group through a tight rendition of "Midnight Hour" that really got the crowd movin' and groovin'. It was way late by this

time, and the crowd was thinning, so we parked ourselves up at the front left where we found plenty of dancing room. And then the highlight of the evening: Weir launched into a note-perfect version of "Black-Throated Wind," complete with cool horns! I couldn't believe it: here's the song Deadheads have been clamoring to hear ever since it left the Dead's repertoire in '74, and Weir chose to unveil it at an event presumably attended by few Deadheads. I couldn't stop grinning.

That was followed by a crisp version of "Mexicali Blues," also neatly arranged to showcase the horns and female backup singers. Bob ended his portion of the show with slinky readings of "Fever" and "Easy to Slip," but all I could think about was that "Black Throated Wind." So if he hasn't sung it with the Dead by the time you read this, we know it ain't 'cause he doesn't know it. This version was hot, and a fitting cap to an eclectic (and elegant) evening on the town.



Garcia, Weir, Huey Lewis and others shoot AIDS benefit commercials. Photo: Jeff Reinking (courtesy of KRON-TV)

The biggest benefit the Dead have been involved with since last fall's rain forest concert at Madison Square Garden was the May 27 "In Concert Against AIDS" show at Oakland Stadium. Sharing the bill with the Dead were John Fogerty (who was backed by a group including Garcia and Weir), Los Lobos, Tracy Chapman, Joe Satriani and Oakland's own Tower of Power. (A review of the show appears in this issue's "Set Lists.")

Actually, the stadium gig was just one of an entire week of shows in the San Francisco Bay Area to raise money for groups dealing with AIDS treatment and research. Organizer Tim McQuaid, who once worked for the band Journey, believed that the spirit of community among local musicians, combined with Northern California fans' high awareness of AIDS as an issue, made the Bay the logical site for the first massive fundraising undertaking of this kind launched in the United States. He hoped, too, that other communities might see the example of the Bay Area and stage their own AIDS benefits down the road. In the end, the shows did raise more than a half-million dollars, (as well as much more from a telethon on KRON-TV (SF) June 17 that showed highlights from the various events). But it was a struggle all the way, and the big stadium concert with the Dead, though an artistic triumph, ended up drawing only a little more than half a house.

What happened? Theories abound, of course, ranging from assertions that the general public is unwilling to get involved with what is still a very controversial issue, to claims that the Grateful Dead played too many shows locally before (Frost) and after (Shoreline) the gig, and therefore cut severely into the potential Deadhead draw. Our own informal survey of Deadheads who weren't planning on attending the show also revealed widespread dissatisfaction with the bill, particularly metal guitarist Satriani, Tower of Power and the original co-headliners, Huey Lewis & the News.

Lewis' withdrawal from the bill shortly after tickets went on sale also put an unfortunate cloud over the event for a while. The official line was that Huey & Co. just wanted to play three benefit shows at tiny Slim's nightclub in SF insted of a single big stadium show, but a more convincing scenario is that the band's manager, Bob Brown, freaked out when ticket sales got off to a slow start, and he didn't want his band — already slumping in the market — associated with a potential failure. Garcia told one reporter that Lewis had apologized to him personally. "I told him, 'Hey, I understand perfectly,'" Garcia said. "I mean, the whole thing is, he is a professional. There are certain professional strictures you deal with. You have to deal with your management."

In the same SF *Examiner* interview Garcia speculated that the main reason Deadheads weren't buying tickets in droves was because of the stadium setting. "I think the problem is it's in the Oakland Coliseum. It's not a pleasant experience generally. I don't see any reason why anyone would go to more than one of those shows myself."

Brutal candor aside, Garcia was a champ when it came to promoting the event, granting short interviews with local media, appearing (with Weir) in numerous commercials for In Concert Against AIDS, and generally giving his all. "If people don't buy tickets, I'm gonna be mad," he said at the height of the blitz, undoubtedly striking fear into the hearts of a few waffling Deadheads.

Politics, projections and expectations aside, In Concert Against AIDS was a tremendous success — a lot of money was raised and every person I talked to who attended the stadium show had a great time.

Yes, there is some news in GD-land that doesn't involve benefit concerts. For one thing, Weir unveiled his first completely new Grateful Dead

song since "My Brother Esau" debuted six years ago. ("Victim or the Crime" had been a solo vehicle for Weir for a few years before it was worked up by the Dead.) Titled "Picasso Moon," the song was co-written by Weir, lyricist John Barlow and Dead electronics wizard Bob Bralove, who has been assisting the bandmembers with their leaps into the MIDI age. It debuted at Irvine Meadows April 28.

As is usually the case with Weir's material, it's going to be a while until some of the kinks are worked out of "Picasso Moon." The structure is relative straightforward — picture "Hell in a Bucket" grafted onto a more angular, *moderne* frame *á la* Thomas Dolby or Gary Numan. In its early versions at least some of the melodic potential seems to be eluding Weir, whose vocal range frankly is not up to the demands of so much falsetto singing. Still, it's undeniably catchy, and the other players have already worked out some interesting parts, from Brent's airy synth lines to Garcia's rasty fuzzed accompaniment, to Phil's thundering bass on the main riff. And the arrangement will doubtless seem less constricted as the players loosen up a bit and feel more comfortable with some of the unusual changes.

Lyrically, the song is much more abstract than Barlow's other '80s songs. The veneer is mainly textural; with its glossy images of leather, chrome and mirrors, it's easy to conjure up some sort of decadent *Blade Runner*ish universe in an undefined present/future:

South of Market in the land of ruin
You get all manner of action
Tinsel tigers in The Metal Room
Stalking satisfaction
They got 'em packaged up for love
and money
Tattooed tots and chrome spike bunnies
Check my conscience at the DMZ
And roll on in, gonna roll in it, honey
But I get a feelin' like when
big things collide
Like the crack before the thunder,
like I really ought to hide
And here comes Metal Angel,
she looks ready to ride;
And what's she she tryin' to show me?
What's that you're trying to show me?

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At its core, though, I think the song deals with an interior journey; with alienation and also the possibility of attaining personal illumination in any reality. But really, the song's imagery is so complex (are you ready for fractal theory?) and it's so early in the song's evolution, I haven't truly digested its myriad implications.

In mid-June I discussed the development of the song with the ever-patient and cooperative John Barlow.

What can you tell us about how "Picasso Moon" was written?

The song has had an interesting metamorphosis. Originally I gave Bobby a song called "It Doesn't Matter" and he didn't seem to do anything with it, and this went on for months and I finally decided he probably wasn't going to do anything with it, so I gave it to Brent, who did something with it immediately.

In the meantime, unbeknownst to me, Bobby did start working on it and actually wrote some music for it. And he had just about finished when Brent came in and said that he'd done something with those words. Bobby didn't say anything to Brent, but I found out about it subsequently and I said to Bobby, "All right, you've got some music, I can get you some words." So we sat down together and started brainstorming, just pulling stuff out of the air.

At that point, did you have a general theme or any sort of lyric idea?

No, we didn't have anything. We just had the music. Bobby then developed a sense of what he wanted it

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to be about, which to me was very literal-minded and also pitched into a territory I felt we'd explored before with "Hell in a Bucket" and a few other things...

"Feel Like a Stranger"?

Right. I was not all that crazy about coming up with another bitch goddess, but that's what Bobby wanted and that's what we did. In the meantime we did a lot of other things on the lyrics and we didn't spend a whole lot of time worrying about whether it was going to be easy to interpret. Both of us know what it's about, but it's not an easy song to figure out.

I think the fact that I was going in one direction and Bobby was trying to go in a different direction gives it an interesting quality.

What do you mean by "different directions"?

I was trying to be cosmic and he was interested in the bitch goddess.

Those aren't necessarily incompatible directions.

No, and that's part of what makes it interesting. If the song was just about one or the other it could either be precious or stupid. I think when it finally finds its own form it will be neither. I don't think the song is finished by a long shot.

Won't it be on the album, though?

Sure, but we've had a lot of songs that have been on albums before they're completely finished. I think one of the things that made *In the Dark* such a good record is the songs had grown into themselves by the time they were recorded. I think the material on this record is actually stronger in a lot of ways, but it's still in a more generative form.

What is it that appeals to you about the kind of glossy world you depict in this song and a couple of others?

Frankly nothing, but it appeals to Weir. It's interesting being somebody's lyricist, because what I have to do is give him words he feels comfortable singing. I want to form the thoughts he can't form for realities he wants to sing about. He often wants to sing about things that don't interest me at all.

Is it a stretch for you, then, to write about a world that isn't your own?

Well, I don't think it's his either. But he's interested in it; I'm not. I was interested in it when I was 19 years old and hanging out with Andy Warhol and that scene, but a year with Andy Warhol will cure you of those longings. I got real tired of dark glamour.

I hope this doesn't sound loaded, but what audience do you think the song speaks to?

Oh, we never write that way. You start doing that and along that road somewhere lies didacticism. My preference, frankly, is to do what I'm doing with Brent, which is to listen to what's in the music or to what comes to me — because in some of these cases the ideas came to me before they came to him — and then just develop whatever that is; just take what's given to me and not worry about who it's addressed to or even what it's about. Just be real attentive to what floats in over the transom and then develop it into a singable form.

I don't generally like writing songs about something. In the case of "Picasso Moon," Bobby was interested in writing about something specific, and I was always trying to pull it away from that. I was more interested in the holy-who-knows, and the notion that you can touch that thing in any damn place. You can find yourself in the most nihilistic kind of state and place and there it is. There it is.

Talk abut the "strangest of places"! Did you manage to catch Garcia, Weir and Los Lobos on ABC's *Nightline* program July 4? Though the show usually deals with hard issues, for their Independence Day fete the producers decided to serve up a combination of interviews about different facets of American life, and a heapin' helpin' of music, courtesy of the aforementioned folks. Over the course of the 30-minute program, the Lobes and Deadsters made three short appearances, playing acoustic instruments in a backstage parking lot at Sullivan Stadium in Foxboro, Mass. The footage was shot on July 2, opening day of the Dead's summer tour.

The first snatch of music had Garcia belting out a bluesy bit of "Sittin' on Top of the World." The second mini-segment — just a few seconds, really — had the ensemble pickin' and singin' the old Shirley & Lee song "Let the Good Times Roll" (not Sam Cooke's "Good Times" that the Dead do). The real showcase for the group, though, was a wonderful, down-home version of "This Land Is Your Land," with Garcia and Weir, and then Los Lobos' David Hidalgo and Cesar Rosas, trading off on lead vocals. Steve Berlin had a funky, honkin' sax solo, and Garcia added a few guitar licks as well. All in all it was very warm, friendly and low-key, a nice change of pace from the usual bombastic crapola that TV dishes out on the Fourth. (By the way, some of you may recall that Garcia appeared on *Nightline* once before — in 1982 he was interviewed during a program about the Us Festival.)

Comic Book Confidential is the name of a new, critically acclaimed documentary about comics art directed by Toronto-based independent filmmaker Ron Mann. Mann is also a Dead fan, and two tunes by the band made it into the film — "Truckin'," which is used to underscore a segment on underground cartoonist R. Crumb, and "Dark Star." Mann has seen the band several times since first catching them at Watkin's Glen in '73, and he describes his experience at one gig — the '77 Seneca College (Toronto) show — as "about as close to nirvana as I'll probably ever get."

These days, Mann is working on a documentary about dance crazes of the early '60s ("It's sort of like the real story of *Hairspray*," he says), but he notes that one of his long-term goals is to make a film about Deadheads. "My films are always about alternative culture," he told us, "so that would fit in nicely. I haven't gotten too far into what it would involve yet, and I haven't talked to Garcia or Hal [Kant, GD lawyer], but I think it would be great to do." Sounds good to us.

Bob Weir and his sister Wendy are collaborating on a children's book called *The Hunt*, which will probably come out sometime next year. The book is the first in what Wendy hopes will be a series designed to educate kids about life in the world's rainforests. In this first volume, an African boy has an adventure that teaches him about the animals in his rainforest habitat. The plan is to include an audio cassette with the book that will feature some music and effects created by Bob for the project on one side, and a version read by Bob on the other. Wendy is doing the illustrations, and the two are writing the story together. We'll let you know more when it gets closer to publication. □



J.C. in '68. Photo: Jim Marshall © 1989

JOHN CIPOLLINA
1943–1989

By Steve Brown

Like many of my music heroes, John Cipollina personified an image, an attitude and a spirit that ran deep and true from the heart of rock 'n' roll. A lean, long-haired handsome hombre, he struck a wide stance, wielding a dangerous-looking scalloped solid-body axe that would sting, slide, sizzle and explode in great bursts of vibrato from the tremolo-bending master guitarslinger. With his facial contortions and body language punctuating the music, he was an air guitarist's dream. It was his unique playing with Quicksilver Messenger Service that became one of the most identifiable signatures of the so-called San Francisco sound.

I first encountered John at a Family Dog Thursday "jam night" at 1090 Page Street, where he played with a band called The Deacons. "Great," I thought. "Another good guitarist like that guy Garcia I've been seeing lately." He continued to be one of my favorite performers from his Quicksilver days through the dozens of bands that followed.

Although John jammed on a few New Year's Eve shows and other concerts with the Grateful Dead, it wasn't until the SNACK benefit rehearsals at Bob Weir's studio — during the early recording sessions for *Blues for Allah* in February and March of 1975 — that I got to hear John really get down with the Dead. They jammed some blues and did some David Crosby songs, but mainly he worked with the band on the new music "in progress" for *Allah*. John fit in nicely, and I got to know him as a very warm, polite and gentle man. He had a sharp sense of humor and, like me, was a collector. His guitars, posters, objets d'art, knives, guns and other collectibles received the kind of attention to detail that those blessed with a passion for life have.

Over the last two years I had the good fortune to videotape many of John's local performances with some of his latest bands — Dinosaurs, Terry & the Pirates, Fish & Chip, and the Peter Walsh Band. His friendly openness to all those who enjoyed photographing and recording his shows made for an especially devoted following. Offstage at shows, John would spend time with the fans who sought him out for autographs or to present him with gifts they had lovingly created for him. He always responded to his fans with genuine interest. The positive feedback I personally got from John on the videos I made of him encouraged me to strive that much harder to capture his essence on tape.

John's music was his first love, and he lived to play it right to the end. His family, fellow bandmembers and countless fans to whom he always gave so much, so kindly and so righteously, will miss him dearly. Add another member to that Heart of Gold Band and play on, John. We love you!

Steve Brown is a Bay Area video filmmaker who worked for Grateful Dead Records.

Beating the Planet Drum

By Steve Silberman



Zakir Hussain and dancer at Planet Drum. Photo: Faustin Bray/Sound Photosynthesis

If you were looking for a symbol of the unity underlying all human culture, you couldn't do better than the drum. Dance, theater, organized religion and poetry all had their beginnings in neolithic rituals accompanied by the sounding of the sacred drum, and the drum is still powerful mojo and a truly universal language, the beating heart in the body of civilization.

On an exceptionally warm and starry full-moon night, April 21, Mickey Hart hosted a world percussion summit at Marin Veterans' Auditorium called "Planet Drum," featuring master drummers from at least four continents, including Airto from Brazil, Olatunji from Nigeria, Zakir Hussain from India, Hamza El-Din from the Sudan, and others.

Before the curtain rose, sounds of the rainforest shimmered through the auditorium, as if the music we were about to hear would arise out of the matrix of natural music. The lights came up on an elaborate stage set that included a smoking termite mound, home of two genies in a myth of two brothers who steal the primordial drum from the gods. The first set was a dramatization of this myth, and Mickey's entrance as one of the brothers — naked above the waist, dance-drumming an Alaskan hoop drum — was unforgettable. Equally riveting were the two genies, their bodies shining and rippling like liquid ebony as they executed the end-over-end flips and rolls of *capoeira,* a system of self-defense invented by African slaves in Brazil who escaped into the jungle to live free with the native people.

As the dancers enacted the myth, the drummers navigated the perimeter of the stage in a conversation of talking drums, metallic percussion, birimbaus (the bow-like rainforest instrument that is used by natives to alter consciousness), bull-roarers, skin drums and vocal chants, all conducted by Mickey with subtle nods and lifting of eyebrows. Mickey was obviously thrilled to be doing what he does best company of his peers and former teachers.

The second set was organized around a series of good-naturedly competitive musical contests, what jazz musicians call "trading fours": the passing back and forth of riffs of increasing complexity until the musicians have driven each other into a frenzy and the booty-shake goes off the Richter scale. The baddest bad-ass of them all turned out to be a beaming white-bearded gnome from India named Vikku, throttling a red clay pot as round as his belly. Vikku's performance — the heavy *ghatam* flying up seemingly weightless in his blurring fingers, his body one with his instrument and lithe as a wiry kid's — was a striking demonstration of the rejuvenating potency of music, and a reminder that you don't need MIDI relays or giant video screens to rock 'n' roll: one clay pot and two hands is enough.

Other highlights of the second set included a cascading "Other One"-esque baliaphone duet by Mickey and Olatunji that left Mickey dripping and grinning; an extended solo tar trip down the river of "Ollin Arageed" by Hamza; wildman Airto walloping fascinatin' rhythms out of a wire sculpture of a woman that danced a crazy samba as he played; Doctor Hussain's chakra-tingling tabla treatment; and a volcanic final jam featuring Olatunji, a kingly presence in his white robes, roaring the Nigerian equivalent of squaredance hollers over the wall of rolling thunder.

My only complaint was with the audience, most of whom behaved as if they were in a museum, or watching a lecture. Only as "Planet Drum" rumbled to its climax did more than a few brave souls pry themselves loose from their seats.

A Rhythm Devils concert several years ago in the same hall ended very differently. After a two-hour excursion that included a bass solo produced by Phil rubbing two basses together, the audience picked up the polyrhythmic pulse and clapped and beat on the stage for 20 minutes after the show was officially over — the best example of instantaneous transmission of musical intelligence from performers to audience I've ever seen. The lesson is, the ability to make music, like the ability to uncover the sacred, doesn't "belong" to any band or person any more than it belongs to *you.*

Shake it! You won't break it. □

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WEIRd Notions:

Catching Up With Bob Weir

When I arrive at the Dead's San Rafael recording studio in the late afternoon on June 26, the place looks uncharacteristically deserted. Usually it's a hotbed of activity, or at the very least, some serious hanging out. But this day the front lounge area is dark — almost spooky — and an eerie red glow emanates from a connecting hallway. At first, all is quiet, but soon I hear the warm, reassuring sound of Grateful Dead music coming from the main studio room. The red light announces that a session is in progress, and the tune that is bouncing through the soundproofed door is "Foolish Heart," sounding as bright and chipper as I could hope for. Inside, Garcia and engineer/co-producer John Cutler are doing some mixing on what will likely be the Dead's first single in two years, and to these ears it sounds pretty damn good.

But I'm not at Club Front to report on the album sessions, which, as a usual, are closed. My reason for being there is to have a chat with Bob Weir, whom I last interviewed for *The Golden Road* in the winter of 1986. He emerges from a back room puffing on a ciggy and looking typically relaxed. Always cordial and thoughtful, he graciously submits to a few rounds of questions about what he's been up to lately in the Grateful Dead.

— *BJ*

How far along are you on the album at this point?

I'd say we're about 80 percent done. It's mainly overdubs going on at this point.

How did the recording of this one differ from* In the Dark*? That album, of course, had the live tracking sessions at Marin Vets as its foundation, and this time you tried something similar at Skywalker Ranch. Have any of those original sessions survived? They were so long ago, and the songs have changed so much since then.

A fair bit of it, although less and less as time wears on. We've been going back and re-cutting a lot of the instruments individually. For instance, if I had a part that we'd done earlier and it was basically a good part but I decided I wanted to get it gnat's-ass-perfect, I'd go in and change it. Whereas the last time we kept more of the original tracks we'd done live. This was an approach we decided to try on this record; see how close to perfect we could get on a given tune.

> 'My suspicion is that if we fastidiously see to the music, everything else will fall in line. If we put out the right vibes, things will arrange themselves.'

How do you define "perfection" in a case like this, where the material is clearly still evolving?

Given its current state of evolution, it's up to the writer of the song to decide what's close enough to perfect.

So you essentially produce your own tracks?

Yeah, although the overall production coordination is handled by Garcia and Cutler.

Can you tell me a little about how "Victim or the Crime" came about? I know you played it solo for a while before bringing it to the Dead.

I had originally written it for the Grateful Dead in '83 or '84. I wrote a snatch of a chorus and then I showed that to my friend Gerrit Graham and we talked about it a little bit, and then he fleshed it out lyrically, and I fleshed out the music as well. When I originally brought it around to the band, the way I wrote it and the way it came together, it's a very complicated piece and it didn't get a whole lot of attention because there was a lot of other material we were working on at the time. So I did it a little bit with the Midnites, then did it solo, and then brought it around again a few months ago to a warmer response. So at that point we started putting it together as a Grateful Dead song.

Was there a specific inspiration for the tune? It's hard for me to gauge the attitude of the song.

It's introspective. It's just something that occurred to me. That chorus came to me — words and music — out of the blue, and then Gerrit and I had at it.

I think it's got an integrity of its own. I understand it's not a real popular tune. [He chuckles]

I think people are warming to it as it develops more. What do you think when you get that kind of negative feedback?

[Smiling] It doesn't matter that much to me because I have to do what I have to do, and I can't cater to a bunch of directives that are handed to me by a board of my peers. I'm a fairly specialized individual. If I try to satisfy a whole lot of tastes, my output is going to be pretty watered down.

Beyond that, when I get met with adversity, I tend to bite the bit and run with it. I sort of revel in it. Anyone who knows me fairly well knows that about me. It's not unlike a lot of my friends, and not unlike other members of this band.

I think the rap is, "If you want Weir to do something, tell him the opposite of what you actually want."

[Laughs] Right. We're all a little perverse.

Is there something about "Victim or the Crime" and the subject it deals with that would have made it harder to do with the Dead five years ago, given the band's problems in that area?

Well . . . I don't know. There's that

reference in the first line to the junkie, but that wasn't meant to be specific in any way. It's a line that had to be there. Hey listen, I tried to replace that like a billion different ways, but nothing would do it. It's a powerful, intact image that gets the point across with a great deal of ease, though not with kid gloves certainly.

There's a lot of ground to be covered in the issue that we approached in this song.

Which is what, exactly?

Well, you know, it takes the whole song to describe it. The chorus pretty much states it: "What fixation feeds this fever/As the full moon pales and climbs/Am I living truth or rank deceiver/Am I the victim or the crime?" It's about self-doubt in the face of all that one amounts to. It points up moral terror and all that sort of stuff. I guess not everybody wants to hear about that, and I can surely understand that.

Anyway, given the ground we were trying to cover in the tune, there isn't a whole lot of room to lightly suggest the sub-themes that are going through it except by saying things plainly. If I were to try to pull that "patience runs out on the junkie" line and replace it with something that gets to the same point with a little softer punch, it would take me the whole verse just to say that, and I just can't do that in that song.

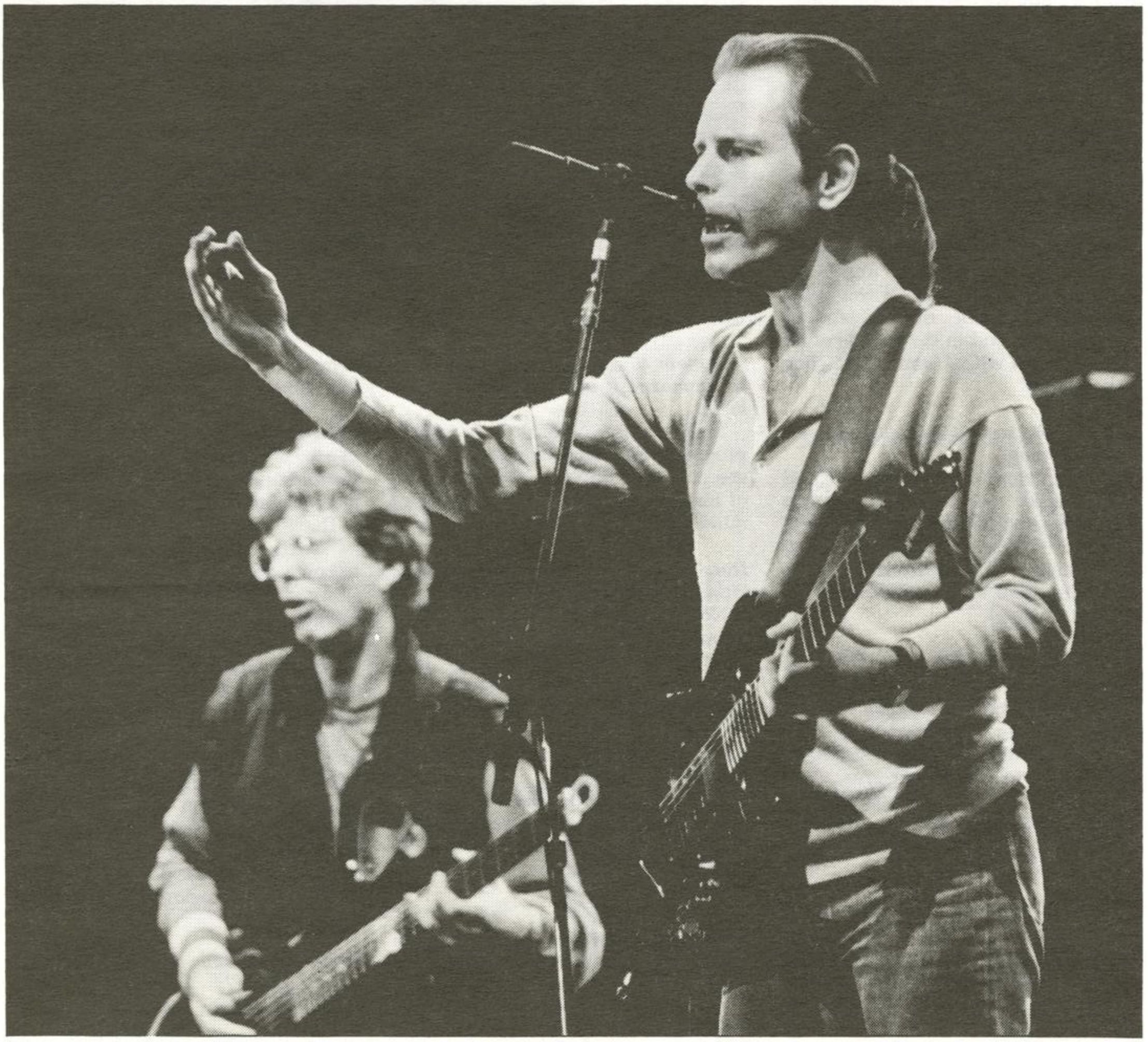
I gather some people were touchy about it because we had some problems with junk. But I wasn't pointing a finger at that. I wasn't shying away from it, either. I was addressing a subject and that line came up. It was necessary to get to the place where we were going. I know some people stumble on that line and can't hear the rest of the song. In that case it's their challenge to either overcome it or discount it if they don't want to look into it.

It has a real interesting chord progression; those ascending steps and all.

I listen to a fair amount of 20th century music, and actually there's a thematic line that's sort of a suggestion of something I copped from Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring." I'd actually been working on little permutations of it for a long time, and it's popped up in a couple of places. I can't remember where.

"Saint of Circumstance"? When you played that at Shoreline the other night I really noticed its similarity to "Victim or the Crime."

Yeah, it's in there, too. All that sort of stuff that I play on my bass strings



Bob and Phil at the May 27 Oakland AIDS benefit. Photo: Ron Delany

on both of those tunes particularly — root and 5, root and flat 5, root and 6 or root and 9 — and if I hammer those intervals on a quarter-pulse or a 16th pulse, that's basically stuff I've lifted from "The Rite of Spring," which I consider to be early rock 'n' roll.

The ascending passage that happens after the second verse of "Victim or the Crime," and then again during the instrumental part at the end, is sort of a variation on a passage that Bartok did in "Music for Strings, Percussion and Celeste" — all that dissonance. What I've done is sort of a condensation — in a different key and with different intervals — of something he did in the first movement of that piece. I took a couple of lines and had them ascend in sort of a spiral so that the whole feeling of the music there would point the listener up at the moon to set up that image in the chorus.

The thing hangs together. I'm happy with it. But we'll see how it comes out on the recording and how it seasons as a performance piece for us. It's complicated.

How about "Picasso Moon"? Barlow told me that you'd originally written that tune for another set of lyrics, but that Brent worked up those lyrics independently.

That's right, which meant it was time to start over. So I took the music and went on a vision quest — I went on a good, long bicycle ride is what it amounted to, and in the middle of it I came up with what I wanted the song to be about.

Is bike riding a good catalyst for inspiration for you?

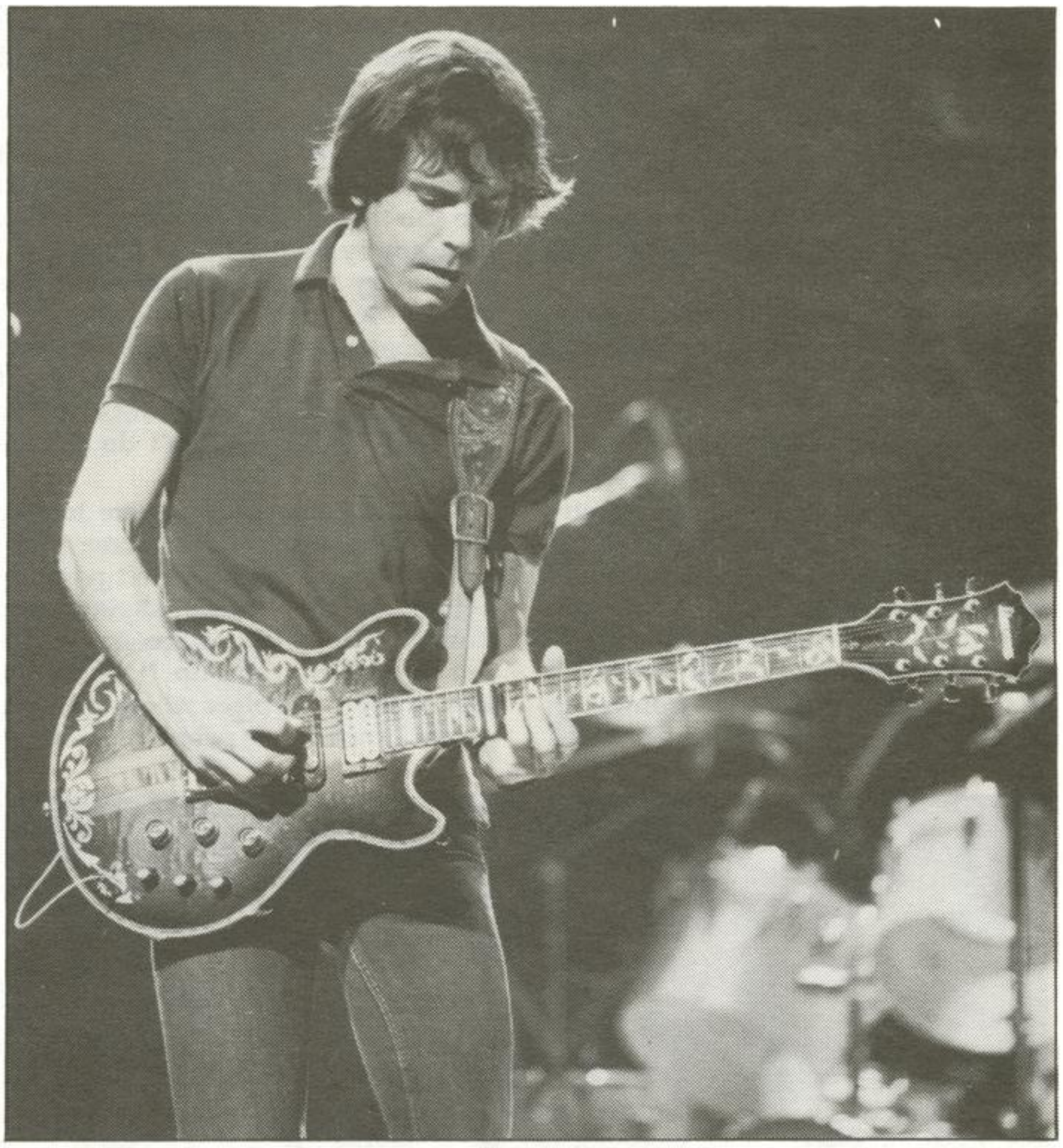
Yeah. I get into an aerobic state and things strike me. I was looking for something that fit the various movements of the music and then Barlow and I hammered out a scenario. We're not quite done with it; it's maybe 90 percent finished.

To what degree do you think about the singability of your songs when you write them? On that one you seem to be struggling in a few spots.

It still has a ways to go. I still have some work to do in that area, definitely. Usually, if I can't handle the melody that was in my head when I was writing it, I'll change it or cover it somehow.

What is it that appeals to you about the imagery in the song — this flashy night world? Is it something you relate to particularly?

Not necessarily. It's just a common theme in music, and every now and again I like to hammer a common theme and see what I can do with it.



Weir at the Warfield Theater in SF, 1982. Photo: Clayton Call

The main character in the song seems to be unsure if he wants to be where he is.

Right. And where he is is getting progressively weirder. From what I can see, too, he doesn't get any more sure of himself as it goes on. His frame of mind stays pretty much the same.

Does it feel at all autobiographical, either emotionally or actually?

No, not really. When you're singing a song like that you're wearing a mask. Most of our songs are that way. Like the guy in Garcia's song "Deal" — is that autobiographical? I doubt it.

Well, the metaphor in that is pretty general and universal.

Right. That's true. But my point is that when you're writing a song you're painting a picture, and it doesn't necessarily have to come from your own life for it to work.

Are there songs you've written that you would consider autobiographical on some level?

"The Other One" was autobiographical. "Truckin'" was autobiographical. All of the rest of them certainly have facets of my personality. None of them is an attempt to be a complete representation of what it's like to be me or anything.

It seems there's quite a bit of alienation in a lot of the songs you've written with Barlow in recent years. Alienation and a certain amount of darkness, really.

There's darkness and doubt in all of us, so that's natural that it's going to come out somewhere. I'm not sure "Sugar Magnolia" falls into that category.

That was written 20 years ago. Most of your songs from "Estimated Prophet" on strike me as mainly dark portraits.

I can see that. "I Need a Miracle" isn't dark. I'm maybe a little close to it to really analyze that. I'd need to have more distance from it to actually comprehensively comment on that. It could be. Everyone has loneliness and darkness in their lives, but I don't think I have a disproportionate amount in mine.

Would you say you're basically a happy person?

Yeah, I'm doin' fine.

Can you talk about how your songs

evolve with you onstage?

Well, after a few years of seasoning, a song will generally get better, and easier to deliver. Oftentimes when I'm writing a song there are lines in there I don't fully understand.

What's an example of that?

Most of "Cassidy." I really couldn't have told you what it meant way back when, and I really don't know that I could tell you now, though I know for myself it's come to mean certain things. It hangs together better for me now, whereas when we first wrote it, it had an integrity I could recognize right away, but I didn't understand parts of it. As we've done it over the years, each of the lines has come to mean more to me.

There was a song that wasn't without its dark undertones.

How does the infusion of new material affect how the band plays?

It takes us in new directions, hopefully. Often when I'm writing a song, I'll engineer it to be a stretch for me — something I either can't sing or play to some degree — and then work on it. I usually won't bring it around to the band until I can more or less handle it, but I like there to be room for growth. I like to give myself a challenge, and when you challenge yourself you make yourself more capable in the long run. You expand yourself. I view every song that's presented to this band — by myself or by anyone — kind of that way: that this is a song I can't play, but if I work at it I can. To varying degrees, others in the band view it that way, too, so we all have to stretch to learn the new material. It's good for us. And in so doing, a lot of what new capabilities we have to achieve to be able to play new material splashes over into the other tunes we play.

What processes do you go through when another bandmember brings in a new song? For instance, in the background I can hear that nice rhythm line you play on "Foolish Heart." Is that something you came up with, or was it suggested somehow by Garcia's original presentation of the song to the band?

On that one, Garcia originally had a line that he was going to play between the verses and then again between certain lines of the verses, but he suggested that I play it so he could play a rhythm part on it. So I played his line and then started coming up with variations on it, and then tying it into my own concept of the rest of the part. So my part grew out of his suggestion. But it varies from tune to tune.

Do you feel like your role in the band changes much from year to year?

Not really year to year, but epoch to epoch, period to period. You know, there's our beginning period, our early-middle, our middle, our late-middle ... [Laughs]

I always wondered what sort of historical perspective you might have on the band's different phases. Is it determined by personnel changes in your mind?

Not completely, though that's certainly affected it. But then the Keith period overlaps the Pigpen period, and running through that was our country-rock period, so you can get pretty detailed about it. We've covered a lot of ground. [Laughs]

'I took the music and went on a vision quest — I went on a good long bicycle ride and came up with what I wanted "Picasso Moon" to be about'

What makes you stop playing a tune for a while? Does the music feel stale to you?

It can be any number of things. Sometimes I get tired of the words. That happened with "Black-Throated Wind," for instance.

Hey, I was at the Black & White Ball [see "Deadline"], so I know you can still sing that!

Yeah, I brought that back around. We might actually even do it with the Grateful Dead, but it needs a lyric re-write.

I thought it sounded great, even at 3 in the morning! Was that your idea, or was it [Zasu Pitts bandleader] Steve Ashman's?

It was Ashman's idea. He badgered me and I finally acquiesced. [Laughs] I'm glad I did it. It was fun. But doing it just pointed up to me that it's a good tune but it needs a re-write.

Because it doesn't resonate with you?

Right, it doesn't resonate with me. The character in that particular tale is not somebody I can get behind. It's always been a poor fit for me. There's stuff in there I just didn't want to be singing; that seem like words to fill out a melody rather than something I really cared about, and that finally got in the way. I've always felt like the words I was singing in some specific places — I won't list them — were like wearing lead shoes in a track race. I couldn't carry those words through the melodic and harmonic changes that the rest of the song had suggested to me. So it needs some adjusting.

I'd think it would be difficult to try to re-write something so long after the initial creative burst.

I'm sure it can be done to some degree.

Does "Lost Sailor" also fall into that category?

Yeah, that's going to take some reworking as well before I bring it back around.

The music you've been playing in your solo shows with [bassist] Rob Wasserman is going in some interesting directions. Do you miss not having your own band and the input of more players outside of the Grateful Dead?

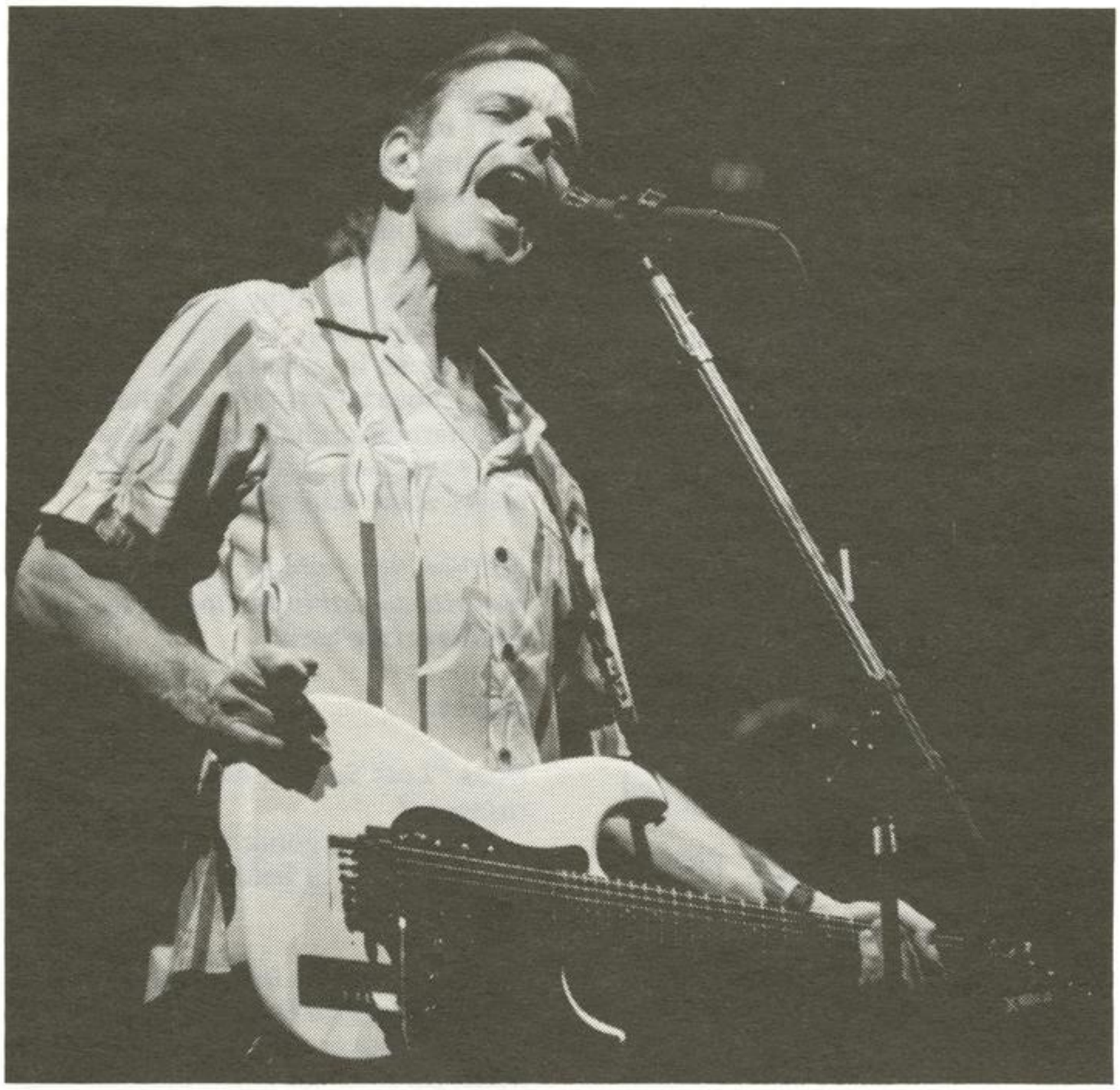
I don't miss it now, but I probably will eventually, in which case I'll do something about it. But for the time being, for getting outside the Grateful Dead in the limited time that I have these days, playing with Rob works real nicely for me, because it's interesting to me musically, and from a practical standpoint I don't have to do much coordination compared to having a band. I just call him up, ask him if he's free to play some dates and then we take our instruments and go. It travels easily, and it gives us the flexibility to each do a lot of other stuff.

Do you find that after 24 years, you can pretty much predict what kind of musical input you'll get from the other members of the Dead when you bring in a song?

Not really, which is part of what keeps it interesting for me. You get a lot of good surprises, and a few bad ones as well. But we iron things out.

What would be the nature of a "bad surprise"?

A bad surprise is something that I feel is inappropriate for the song, either to the feel of it, or the melody. And a good surprise, obviously, is something that goes beyond what I expected to hear and delights me. For a song to sound right, it's real important for the writer to be able to communicate with



Greensboro Coliseum in early April. Photo: Michael Conway

the guys in the band what he had in mind, at least to start with. From there it can go on its own course to an extent, and probably should, as it develops in performance. That's the way we generally work, anyway.

Can you usually tell what kind of night you're going to have onstage early on in a show, or does it change a lot over the course of the evening?

It varies. Sometimes it starts out well and stays that way and it seems relatively easy. On the other hand, there have been a few nights where it's started horribly for whatever reasons and it's ended up great for us. Generally, if it starts poorly and you fix your attitude that it's going to be that way it tends to be a self-fulfilling prophecy. In fact, if you fix your attitude in any way, you're going to limit how expansive the show can get.

At the end of a show, are you generally in tune with what the rest of the band thought about it?

More than half the time. There are times I'll feel like I've had a good night and then somebody'll say I'm crazy, that we had a horrible night. [Laughs] But more often, on the really good nights we all agree.

What sort of factors determine your choice of songs from night to night? One night you might follow a hot "Scarlet-Fire" with "Looks Like Rain," another time it might be "Estimated" or "Man Smart Woman Smarter."

Well, some of it is just what tunes are up in the rotation. And some of it is just how it feels like it will fall together best. The first set we'll usually set the first two or three songs and then go on from there. Usually we have a little huddle before the second set and try to plan out the first half of the second set, based on how it's gone so far — how the night feels — and what the singers feel like singing. Often enough, though, that gets tossed aside. Sometimes we don't even start with the song we just agreed on. [Laughs] Somebody gets a different idea once we're on the stage. And sometimes what seemed like a good idea is a good idea, and we'll do it like we planned it.

There's always some debate in the audience about whether some things are planned or not. For instance, there's been lively discussion about whether the other night, on the live broadcast [6-21], it was predetermined that "Scarlet" would go into "Hell in a Bucket" instead of the usual "Fire on the Mountain."

Yeah, we decided in advance we'd try that out. They're both in the same key. It occurred to me that the way the music was going it might be too fast to go into "Hell in a Bucket" when it came time to do it, but then I decided I'd see what it was like done a little faster, 'cause we hadn't done it like that much before.

How often are you actually surprised by what the other guys in the band play?

Pretty much nightly. It's a bad night when I'm not surprised by anything. I think we've been playing generally pretty well recently, and I find myself surprised at some of the places the music is going. We're just feeling our way to some new stuff.

You seem to have become very comfortable with your repertoire of Dylan songs. How has that affected you?

They're great stories. If a song is like a painting, then these are great paintings to present. It's a lot of fun to play songs that very nearly play themselves, like those do.

"Play themselves"?

Well, everything in them works so well together — the melody, the words, the chords. They're so well written, they're just a real pleasure to play.

I'd think the experience of singing them the past couple of years would affect how you view them compared with when they came out in the mid-'60s.

Actually it's not that different. They always connected to some facet of me. They're the same songs for me. They haven't tended to grow for me the same way our own tunes do, so I'll bring up some new ones, and some of the old ones aren't done quite as much as they were, like "Desolation Row." I have a feeling the ones that I'm singing now will stick with us for a couple of years and then they'll drop back and we'll do them only rarely. Then I'll try to find some new ones, because I do like playing the Dylan tunes.

When you've been playing short tunes in the first set and then you get into something more expansive, say "Cassidy," do you have to make much of a mental adjustment to get into that space?

Somewhat. I generally try to place a song like "Cassidy" later in the set so we're pretty much warmed up and loosened up and have some sense as players what our parameters are for the evening, so we can just let fly. I think "Bird Song" is the same way for Garcia.

I'm always amazed, then, when you can open a show with a long, spacey version of "Feel Like a Stranger." It must require a different mind-set from open-

ing with "Jack Straw."

Right, though "Jack Straw" has on a few occasions gone more outside than I expected within its structure. "Feel Like a Stranger" obviously requires more instrumental work and its structure is more open.

You, Phil and Jerry seem to be enjoying your new guitar synthesizers during "space" these days.

It's a lot of fun. I'm playing a Casio guitar with an on-board synthesizer. I'm constantly modifying it, but I'm getting close to what I want to play for a while.

Do you envision a time when the synth guitars will be integrated into the regular songs rather than just being during "space"?

Last year around this time I would have thought that there would be more synth guitar on the new record, but it hasn't worked out that way. I would assume that sooner or later it'll happen.

Have you sensed it affecting your writing at all?

A little. But I'm still just getting control of the synthesizer, and I don't want to do anything in my writing that I can't perform comfortably. Basically, I'm a guitarist first, and when I'm sitting around my living room, I don't play a synth guitar; I just pick up whatever guitar I have lying around. I rarely even plug it in. That's how I do most of my writing — just messing around at home. I have a studio and a [synth] setup there, and I imagine that a lot of the writing I do from now on will probably have some synthesizer guitar on it.

'When you're writing a song, you're painting a picture; it doesn't have to come from your own life for it to work'

Would you say that your overall feeling about the band's current state of evolution is very positive?

Oh yeah. It's a lot of fun right now.

It's too bad there are so many problems with the fans right now.

My suspicion is that if we fastidiously see to the music, that everything else will fall in line. That may be a sort of Pollyanna viewpoint, but I can't help feeling that way — that if we put out the right vibes, things will arrange themselves.

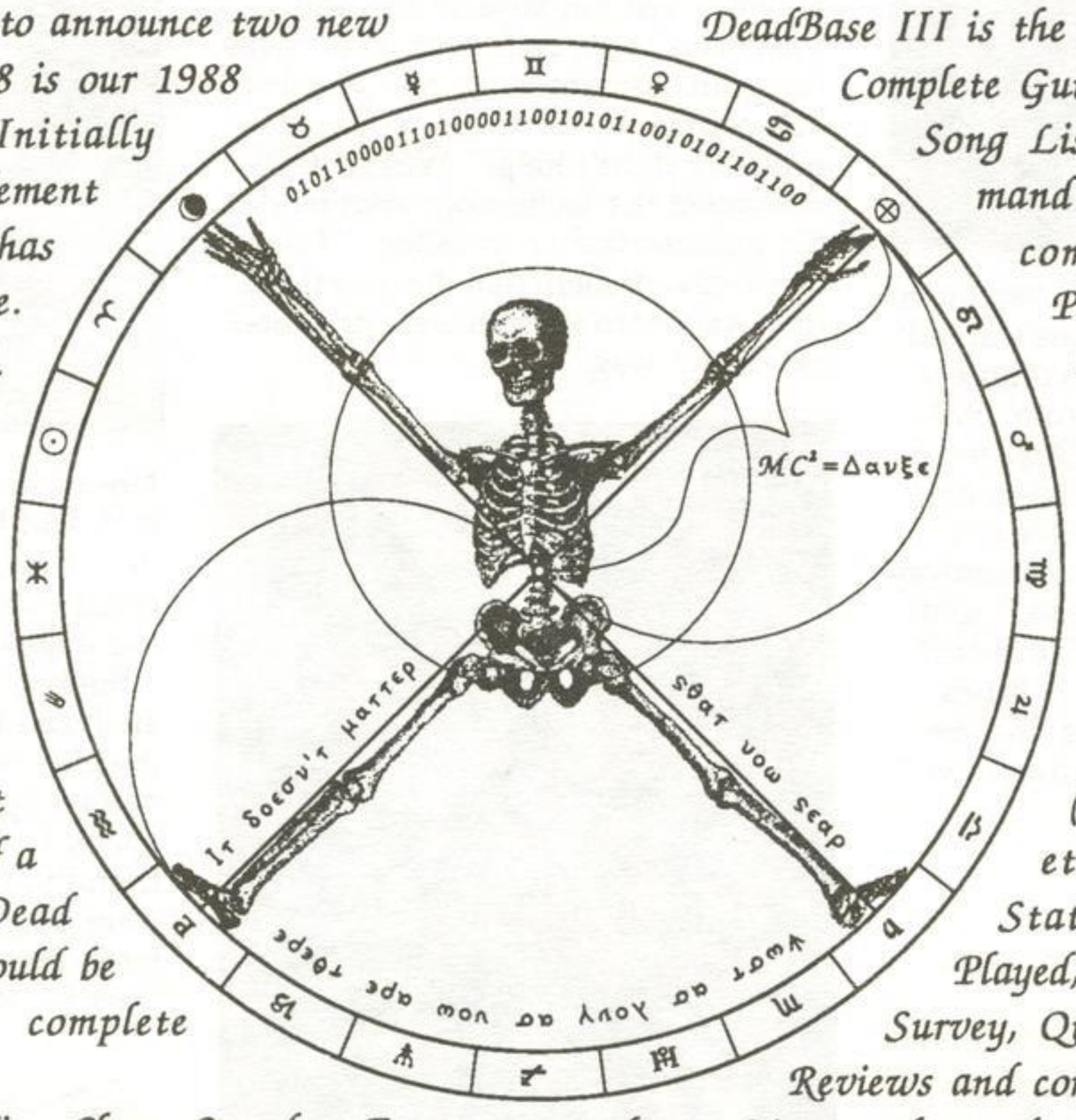
I understand that on summer tour last year, you actually donned a disguise and went out into the campground to check out the scene.

A few times. It was interesting. I've tried to peek into it from time to time through the years to try to get a feel for what's going on out there.

How did it look to you?

It looked like fun. I was impressed by the size of it, which if not staggering, is at least considerable. There's a pretty wide diversity of people out there, albeit a lot of them wearing tie-dyes and looking fairly similar. But you've got street people and professionals and students and all these other types. I think it's great. If I were a kid on summer break, I can't think of anything I'd rather do. □

DeadBase is pleased to announce two new books. DeadBase '88 is our 1988 year in review. Initially designed as a supplement for DeadBase II, it has become much more. This 128 page book contains unique features, including reviews of each show and the running time for each and every song played last year. DeadBase '88 provides the sort of detailed analysis of a year of Grateful Dead performances that would be impossible for the complete DeadBase.



	Book Rate	First Class	Canada	Europe
DB '88	$10.00	$12.00	$14.00	$15.00
DB III	$21.00	$25.00	$26.00	$28.00

DeadBase III is the newest edition of the Complete Guide To Grateful Dead Song Lists. By popular demand we have included a complete Every Time Played list, and had the bindings sewn. With expanded features, DeadBase III has 416 pages, double the original edition. Features include: song lists (1965-1988), Songs Played (authors, first played, etc.), Yearly Table, Statistics, Every Time Played, Places Played, Arena Survey, Questionnaire Results, Reviews and commentary on over 200 shows, Discography, and GarciaBase II.

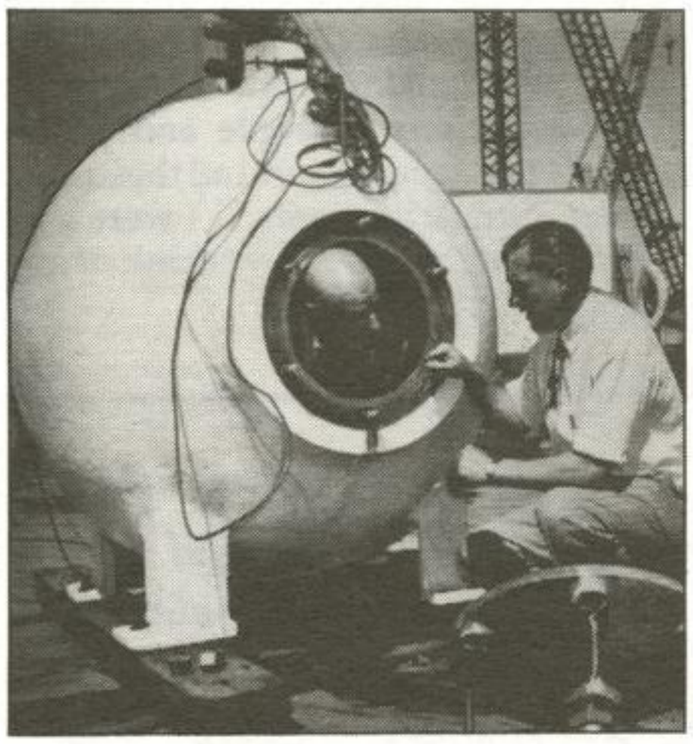
Send check or money order to: DeadBase '88/III, P.O. Box 499, Hanover, NH 03755.

Grateful Dead Labs:
A Quarter-Century of Innovation

Cutting edge — it's a term that's horribly overused in this age of hype and undeserved superlatives. Yet it is the most apt description of the mainly clandestine work that's been done by the Grateful Dead's technological wing — GDL (Grateful Dead Labs) — for more than two decades. We've all seen (and heard) the results of the thousands of hours of research put in by GDL's team of scientists — physicists, acousticians, geneticists and futurists — who toil behind the scenes day and night for little money or glory to make the Grateful Dead experience the magical thing it is. In fact, only in the last six months has the Dead organization even acknowledged the existence of GDL.

"A lot of the stuff we've been doing down there is kind of on the weird side of scientific research, not exactly normal Mr. Science kind of stuff," a band spokesperson told us recently. "The reason we've kept such a low profile is we didn't want our tech end interfering with the music end, which is always the key thing with us. But don't get me wrong, we're proud of GDL; the work they're doing in psychotropic acoustology alone has the potential to alter the consciousness of this planet. Well, that's scary to a lot of people."

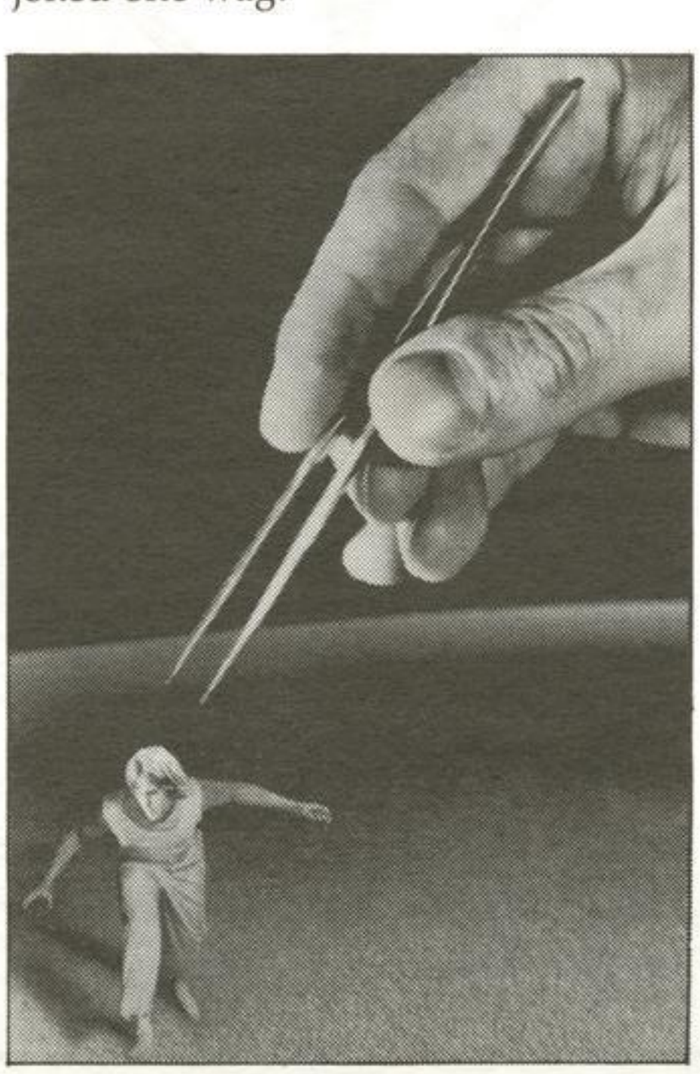
But the veil of secrecy is about to be lifted! Under an agreement worked out between the Dead and *The Golden Road*, we are unable to furnish details of some of the more sensitive experiments currently in progress at GDL, but we can at least give you a few tantalizing glimpses of the strange and fantastic world of GDL — "Where Tomorrow's Yesterday Meets Today — Or Is It A Week From Thursday?"



How much Grateful Dead is too much? That's what GDL behaviorists wanted to find out, so they sealed a volunteer in the contraption above from 1977–1981 and piped in Grateful Dead music 24 hours a day. "We wanted to accurately simulate the experience of a hardcore Deadhead, but in a laboratory setting with a non-Deadhead," said the director of the project. The result? "He got tired of the cowboy tunes pretty fast, but otherwise he was fine. He sells thread bracelets on tour now."



Sometimes experiments fail, of course. The most blatant example came in 1975 during a series of experiments in which GDL scientists attempted to miniaturize the Dead's infamous "wall of sound" equipment setup to make touring more economical. In a frightening series of lab mishaps, Bob Weir was accidentally shrunk for a period of several days, before the process was reversed. "I'm not sure all the Bob molecules came back with him," was the grim assessment of one scientist. "Of course the tweezers on the head probably didn't help." Wisely, GDL destroyed the technology that made the miniaturization possible. "The band was adament that the only thing they wanted to shorten were first sets,' joked one wag.

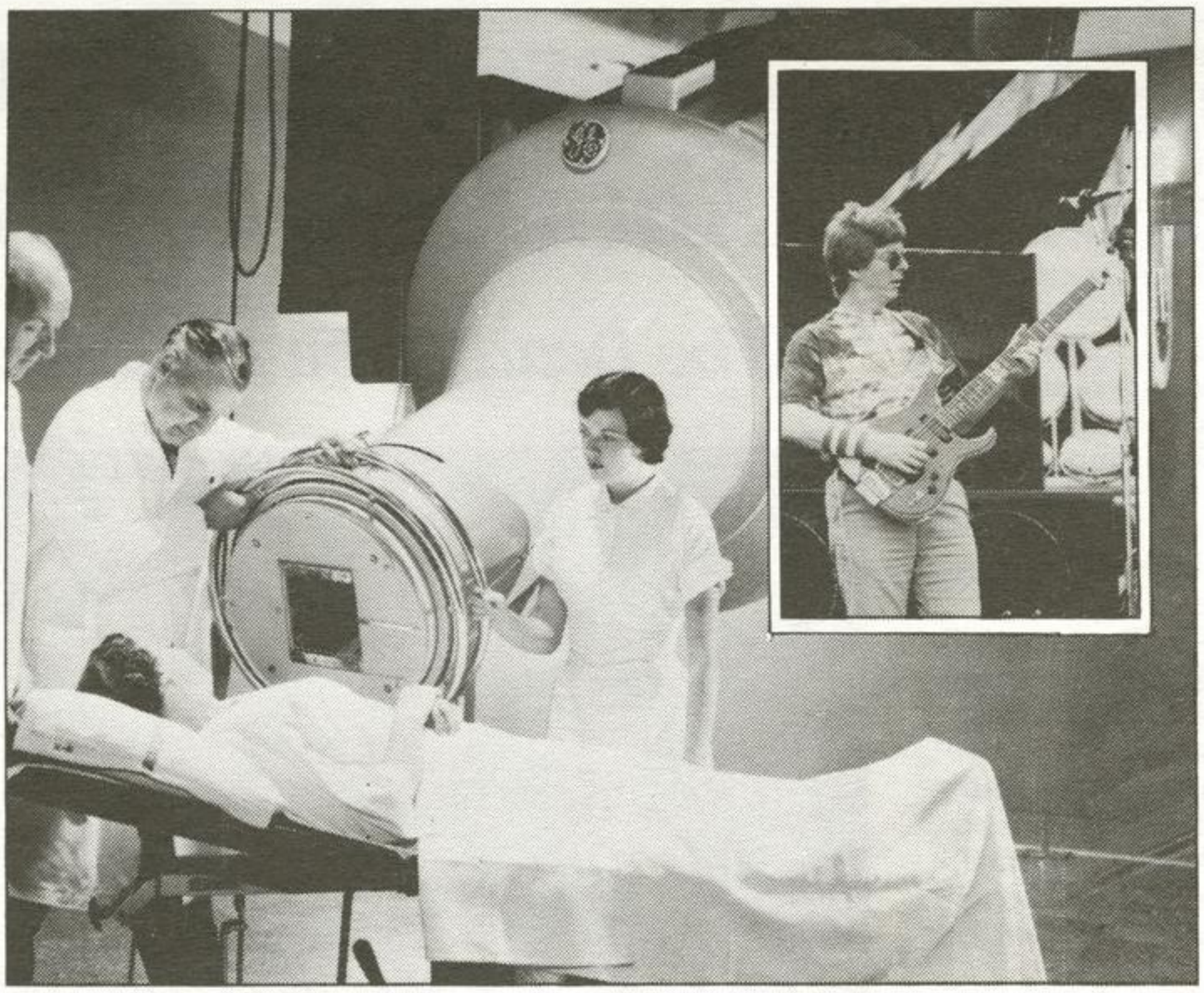




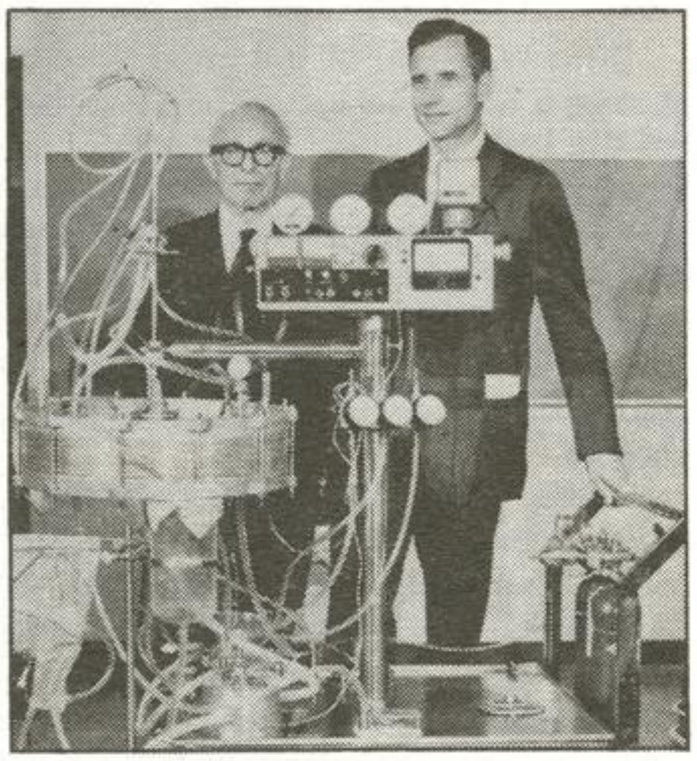
Not everything done at GDL is high-tech and hush-hush. Some of it is downright fun! When Bob Weir decided to include sound effects of growling dogs on the recording of "Hell In a Bucket," technicians painstakingly analyzed the barks of more than 450 pooches before settling on a rottweiler named Spacemo. Pictured here is a spaniel who was deemed much too friendly. Incidentally, Mickey Hart is compiling a CD's worth of the dog tests, one of 57 planned releases by Hart for 1990.







It should come as no surprise that all those weird noises that come out of Billy and Mickey's setup during the drum solo are created over at GDL. Two of the Rhythm Devils' top sound creators are pictured here with the futuristic technology that's hooked up to Billy's snare drum (center) but usually concealed under the drum riser at shows. With a flick of one switch, Mr. K can make his snare sound like everything from a cannon to someone stepping on a cat's tail. Similar rigs have been developed for each of the drums played by the Dynamic Duo.



In most cultures outside our own, the healing power of music has long been recognized. At GDL, researchers have successfully developed sophisticated machines that transfer the electrical energy produced by the Grateful Dead into computer-generated, digitized "healing vibes" (actually neuro-electrolytes) that neutralize negative energy emanations in disturbed people. Above, a test patient at GDL described as being "royally bummed out about somethin' or other" was cured by the tones of Phil Lesh's bass, via an unobtrusive lightning-bolt-shaped electrode/modem hookup attached to Phil's hair at the Greek Theater in Berkeley, ten miles away! A patent is pending on the technology.

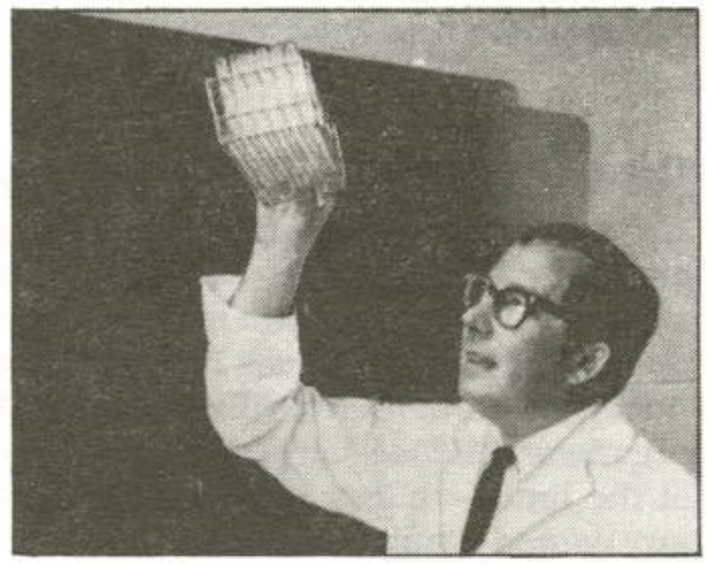
Photo: Terry Bergeron



File this one under "Nice try, guys." In their never-ending quest to get the loudest, cleanest concert sound to the most people — without violating local noise ordinances — the GDL sound crew developed this rather peculiar receiver a few weeks before the Dead's appearance at the massive Watkin's Glen concert with The Band and the Allman Brothers in 1973. Knowing that many of the 600,000 people who attended the show would be literally miles from the stage, GDL distributed more than 5000 quickly manufactured prototypes and distributed them at the concert site. Though the apparatus was considered effective by most who tried it out, Garcia eventually put the kibbosh on it: "It's creepy lookin', man" he said. "I don't want to see it when I'm playin'. This isn't Mars y'know."

Smaller versions are currently in development.

"I want a new drug!" Huey Lewis sang in a hit a few years ago. Well, for many years, the Grateful Dead were actively researching this area, utilizing scraps of arcane medieval pharmocology texts combined with knowledge obtained from Amazonian medicine men to develop a new compound with fewer side effects than LSD. For a while in the early '70s it looked like the breakthrough was close at hand — until three of the early test subjects, who had previously shown no ill effects from taking the drug, abruptly quit the experiment to form a Tony Orlando & Dawn tribute band in Las Vegas. "That's certainly not a reaction we were expecting," one chemist told us. Eventually the drug division was shut down all together. "The fans seem to have that one covered," the chemist said.



There's No Need fo
About All Those P

The Dead & the Pranksters at



PHOTOS BY JIM MARSHALL © 1989

When 1989 began I promised myself that *The Golden Road* would ignore the 20th anniversary of Woodstock. After all, everyone from *Rolling Stone* to *Life* was planning special issues to commemorate the event, and it was clear even a year ago that Warner Bros., which owns the "rights" to the festival (the film, records, logo, etc.) was going to do everything it could to cash in on it once again. MTV has its Woodstock tidbits running all summer, as if the network really gives a damn about either the music or the ideals of the '60s. And you just know we're going to be deluged with articles in newspapers and magazines about what went on there, where everybody is today, why the promise of Woodstock was supposedly never fulfilled, etc. *ad nauseam*. The other reason I thought we could get away with not dealing with it is that the Dead have always talked about how negative their experience was and how horribly they played there.

But I was over at the great photographer Jim Marshall's house a few weeks ago, looking through his proof sheets of the festival, and I came across several unusual images that struck me as being different from most of the views we've seen of Woodstock through the years. Well, one thing led to another, I made a few calls to Dead-family types who were there, and then assembled the following narrative of the Dead/Prankster experience at Woodstock to accompany Jim's photos, four of which have never been published before.

A little background first: The Dead played on the second day of the festival (Saturday, August 16) on the same bill with a handful of other Bay Area bands (Santana, the Airplane, Janis Joplin, Creedence), as well as The Who, Sly & the Family Stone, Mountain and Canned Heat. Because of the legendary rains and various other delays, everything at the festival ran extremely behind schedule: the Saturday show began at noon and went until 8:30 a.m. Sunday.

Most of the Dead's myriad headaches at Woodstock have been recounted elsewhere, notably in David Gans' book, *Playing in the Band*. To briefly recap, though: The Dead went on late, had sound problems that included interference from CB radios, were vexed by electrical grounding nightmares because of the rain, and nearly had the stage collapse during their performance. And they had to deal with all this while they were high on the Czechoslovakian acid that was everywhere backstage. Not exactly a dream gig.

But their hour-plus performance wasn't nearly as bad as the bandmembers' experience of it evidently was. After opening with a truncated "St. Stephen," they went into "Mama Tried," followed by a fine "Dark Star" excursion, "High Time," and a long, *very* exciting "Lovelight," complete with a strange stoned rap by someone else onstage (a Prankster, I presume) talking about "the third coast" and other subjects that undoubtedly made sense to him at the time. As the Dead's '69 shows go, this one was only average, but it still had some incredible jamming in it.

What follows are three different perspectives on the Dead at Woodstock. **Rock Scully** was part of the group's management team at the time. **Ken Babbs** led the Merry Pranksters' contingent from Oregon to New York. And, of course, **Tom Constanten** was the Dead's organist in '69.

Rock Scully: Ever since Monterey and a few of the other festivals where things had gone haywire in one way or another — not enough water, not enough toilets and that sort of thing — we'd had a number of informal gatherings about festivals to discuss how we thought they should be put on. Some of the West Coast arm of [Woodstock Festival organizer] Michael Lang's organization were friends of ours at the time — a guy named Rocky Williams and another guy named Whale — and they were talking it up a lot and trying to get us involved. They hadn't been part of our discussions because they hadn't promoted anything before. We'd been talking to people like [Bill] Graham and [John] Scher.

But Lang's people really went a long way to assuage us. They went after Kesey and the Pranksters to be kind of overseers of security, and Wavy Gravy to help feed people and look after bum trips and all that kind of stuff, so eventually they met most of our demands and we believed it might run fairly smoothly. What went against all that, though, was that they kept adding bands and making it bigger and bigger, which of course changes the equation of how you do things all the way down the line.

I don't remember offhand what we got paid to play at

r You to Be Worryin' eople...

Woodstock, 1969



Woodstock [according to the Robert Spitz book *Barefoot in Babylon* it was $15,000] but it was fairly hefty for that time. There were certainly other bands on the bill that were selling more records than us and could demand more money, but they really wanted us to be there and thought we *should* be there — even then back East we were sort of a mythological, sociological movement rather than a musical one.

Ken Babbs: It was '69 and they were walkin' on the moon and one day the call came from Wavy Gravy and the Hog Farm that they wanted help running their free kitchen and free camp, and could the Pranksters come with the Bus? At that time there were about five buses parked in Kesey's yard, so we got 'em all signed up for the trip like we were going on some military mission or something, we paid everybody a dollar a week, and we drove up through Canada, down by Niagara Falls, and got to Woodstock a few days in advance and set up on this hill. Kesey didn't end up going because he had to stay and take care of his farm. And as it turned out, this was "Further's" last trip.

We set the buses up in one area and set up a stage there, which became the Free Stage. There was a band there called The Quarry who became the Free Stage Band, and they played there a lot. We were right by the kitchen near the Hog Farm's camp, but it became so crowded we moved down to a tree line along the bottom of a nice, grassy hill and set up the stage down there, and that was perfect. The hill became like an amphitheater. The main stage was a good 500 or 600 yards away over a hill and through the woods.

Hugh Romney [Wavy Gravy], Tom Law and I became very tight with the head of security, who was a police chief from somewhere like Beverly Hills. They'd hired all these New York City cops to be the security force on their off-time, and maybe because I'd been in the Marine Corps, they let me deal with them a bit. So I got to give them an indoctrination lecture on how to behave — the theme was "Help people who need help and don't hassle people who don't need hassling." And they ended up being pretty good about it, considering their real training.

Tom Constanten: There was quite a scene before the show at the place we were staying, which was the Holiday Inn in Liberty [NY], catty-corner across the street from Grossinger's [the famous "Borscht Belt" resort]. Richie Havens was staying there, a lot of the Airplane, The Who. It was a very interesting hotel there for a couple of days. The people in the area thought we were all very strange, of course. I remember wandering across some meadow and seeing all these [Hasidic Jewish] kids with their braids and their hats and everything, and I felt like I was the first white man they'd seen.

Scully: The band went to the site by helicopter, but I came up from New York in a limo with a bunch of friends/supporters. We all got there a day ahead of time, but it was raining like crazy and we immediately got mired in the traffic situation, so I introduced myself to one of the traffic coordinators and I ended up spending all night moving traffic, getting traffic off the road, waking people up, directing tow trucks. It was a mess. I think Garcia and the rest of the guys went right into the hotel the day before. They flew up, and some of them went out to the show that night, which was a Friday night. We were to play Saturday night.

I never even went back to the hotel that night. Instead I went to the site and saw Wavy and checked out what was happening, and I went to see the Pranksters over at their area, and that's when we all started to get a good picture of just the enormity of everything that was happening. And it seemed like it never stopped raining the whole time.

Babbs: People were streaming in two and three nights before the first show, and by the time the show began there must have been 200,000 people already in there. At about 8 or 9 that morning here came a whole phalanx of people with these jackets on and carrying money boxes — "We're the ticket takers. We have to set up our ticket booths now and take everybody out and bring them back in and have them show their tickets." I told them they were crazy: there was no way they were going to get all those people out and in again. Thousands of people were arriving by the hour.



Prankster buses surround the Free Stage

It was absurd. The police chief agreed with me. "Well, what're we gonna do?" I said, "Let's call it a free concert." They'd sold a bundle of tickets and the promoter was supposedly going to make his money on the movie and records anyway. They huddled and then said, "OK, it's a free concert." I helped them cut down the chain link fence.

I spent most of the time around the Free Stage, acting as a sort of emcee. The way it worked was people would line up on one side of the stage, play a song, and then go off the other side; kind of like an open mike. At one point we'd been going for a while, all these people had been singing and then I heard this familiar voice. I looked over and it was Joan Baez.

Scully: We were supposed to go on late Saturday afternoon, but everything was running so far behind from Friday that the revised plan had us going on right at sundown, which was a very difficult time to go on in the acid years, because people go through a big transition from day to night when they're tripping. But we ended up going on later than planned anyway.

In order to facilitate the switching of bands, all the different groups' gear was sitting on large, movable pallets with wheels under them. Those pallets then slid together to form a riser, which the band played on. Well, even then our equipment was way heavier than most bands', and the wheels on one of the pallets broke, and that slowed us up a lot. So there we are at sundown, when we're supposed to be playing, scrambling to move all the equipment off one pallet and onto a new one, which already had gear from the next band on it. So that took about an hour or even more. It was just one of those bummers.

So finally the band went on, and then a couple of remarkable things happened. One was that after I don't know how many days of rain the week prior to the show, the ground was completely covered in mud. It had been decided that there was going to be a light show behind the Dead, so there was this monster screen that they lowered while the Dead was playing. What happened was there was a gust of wind that came up and caught the screen like a sail, and the entire stage — which was huge — started to shudder and slide down the hill. So all the crew and myself and a few others whipped out our buck knives and flew into the screen and started rending huge holes in this monstrously expensive screen to let the wind through. Meanwhile, all the stage crew was down below shoring it up with wooden blocks to try to keep it from collapsing. It was outrageous.

T.C.: We could all hear the stage creaking and feel it shifting under us, which was pretty scary for everyone. Phil said he had visions of a headline in the next day's paper: "HUGE ROCK 'N' ROLL DISASTER: THOUSANDS MAIMED!"

Scully: The other thing that happened was, as you know, all day long Wavy had been making announcements: "Don't take the brown acid," and that sort of thing. Well, right in the middle of our first song, some guy came running out with a big brown bag full of that brown acid and started



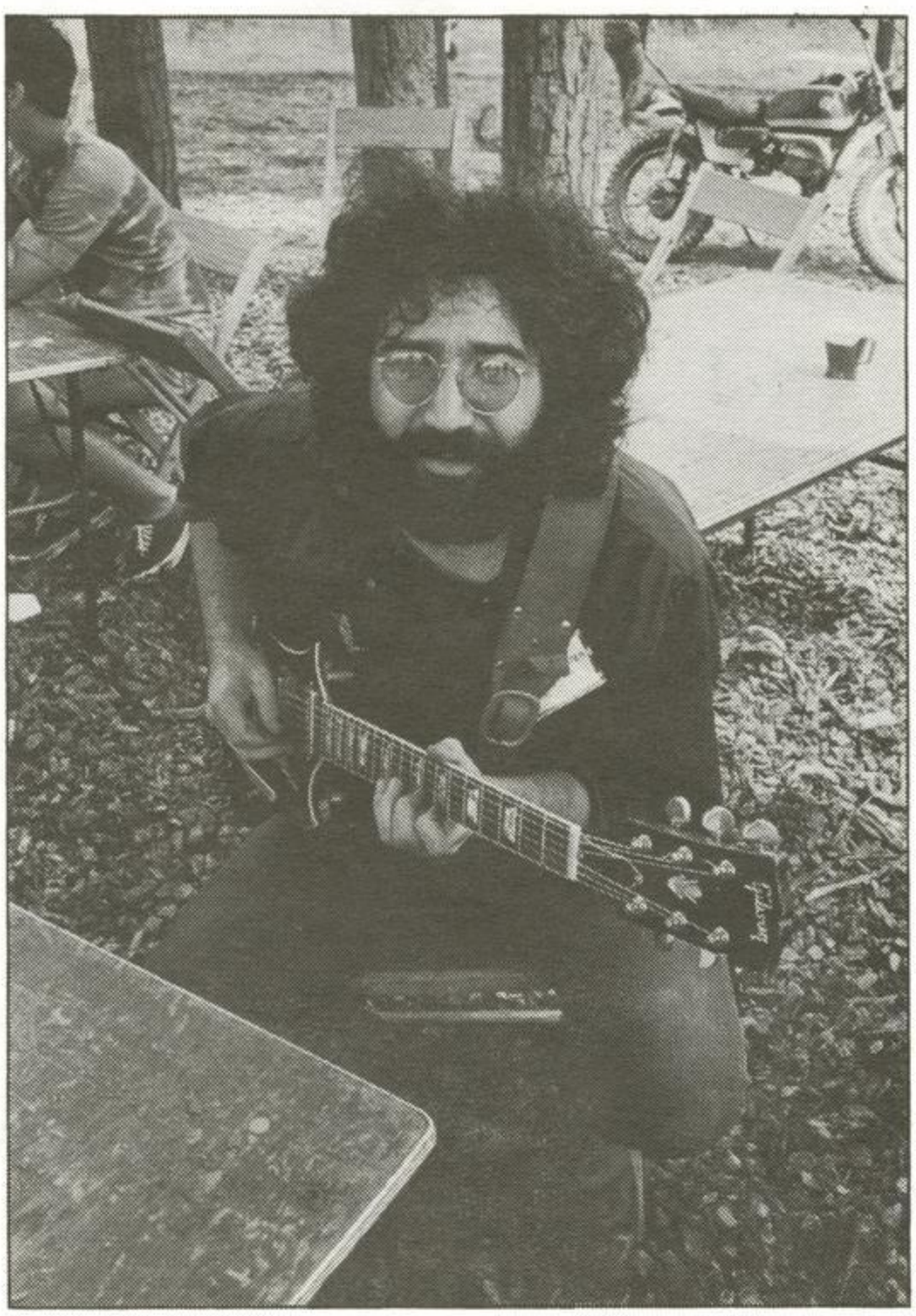
A gust of wind came up and caught the screen like a sail, and the entire stage started to shudder and slide down the hill.

flinging it into the audience. I don't know how the hell he got onstage, but it completely freaked me out, and I had him removed immediately.

Babbs: It's too bad the Dead weren't happy with their performance, because I thought they were good. They had the misfortune to get up there right when the weather was getting really bad and scary. The mikes weren't working and this and that.

Something Pigpen would always do when I was up there on the stage and he was getting impatient was say, "Babbs, go out there and tell 'em a story." So I did. It seemed like I'd done that at a whole bunch of Grateful Dead shows through the years. I talked about how we'd driven through Yellowstone and how that was an area that was respected by all Indian tribes; they wouldn't fight there. And I told them that Woodstock was like that, too.

We had hoped to get the Dead on the Free Stage, too, and we even got some of the equipment down there, but



Weir said his strings felt like barbed wire.

the rain got too heavy and it never happened. But they were hangin' around a bit, and I remember having a good time with Jerry. One of the best things that happened is we were standing around when Ravi Shankar came by. We shook his hand, and I remember Garcia turning to me after and saying, "Soft as a butterfly."

T.C.: I don't recall many of the people who played at Woodstock being very happy with how they played. The Grateful Dead set wasn't particularly outstanding, in part because the guitarists kept getting shocks because of the rain and the grounding. Weir said his strings felt like barbed wire. I'll bet if you talked to anyone who played there, they could point to times within a month of the festival when they played better.

It was a real musical event, with an accent on the *event*. It was really just wall-to-wall people as far as you could see. It was like the '60s version of Tiananmen Square. At the time I called it "New York without walls." I can't think of anything attractive or amazing or wonderful about New York that isn't the result of the focus of that many people in that small an area, and I think if not 100 percent, that phenomenon also applies to the Woodstock festival. I couldn't wait to get out of there. It was just too crowded. I suppose everyone gets a kick out of saying they were there, but considering all the other bizarre gigs we played around that time, to be honest it kind of blends in with the rest.

Babbs: The Grateful Dead have nothing to feel bad about. They were great, as always, and they were grateful as always, and they were not a bit dead.

When it all was over, we helped clean up for a day and then we left. We got paid something like $1700, which had been agreed on in advance, and then we took off and headed down to the Texas Pop Festival. We stayed there for a week and did the same thing — we set up our stage in the grove near the speedway where the show was and it was a great scene, too. It was quite a month. □



Pigpen and his girlfriend Veronica on a road backstage

SET LISTS: ATLANTA THROUGH SHORELINE



Summer begins at Frost Amphitheater, Palo Alto, CA. Photo: Clayton Call

ATLANTA

Glorious weather greeted the opening of Spring Tour '89 deep down in Dixie. Tie-dyes and business suits mingled in apparent harmony outside the 16,000-seat Omni, and overall the vibes seemed upbeat.

I thought the "Half-Step" opener the first night had a distinctive Southern feel, as did "Walkin' Blues," with its lazy slide guitar lines. Two recent additions to the repertoire, Garcia's "Built to Last" and Brent's "We Can Run But We Can't Hide," garnered warm responses from the sellout crowd. But where the intensity in the hall really swelled was during a nearly out-of-control jam on "Cassidy," as well as for Garcia's heartfelt vocals on "Touch of Grey" at the set's end.

Flat-out good rockin' dominated the second set. Though the song choices were familiar, the jam out of "Scarlet," the soaring crescendos of "Fire on the Mountain" and the relentless acceleration of "Eyes" all seemed imbued with fresh energy. It's safe to say that the Rhythm Devils portion of both Atlanta shows delivered the kind of excitement and textural variation Deadheads have come to expect — this segment continues to be an amazing excursion into the unknown. "Standing on the Moon," another new Garcia tune, bloomed majestically from "Miracle" for its first appearance in a post-drums slot, and drew raves from most who heard it for the first time this night. (I'd seen it twice in Oakland in February.) Weir then topped things off with a joyous romp through "Lovelight."

Those who arrived early for the second concert were treated to a bit of Jerry's soundcheck noodling. But the party started in earnest with the winning trio of "Good Times," "Franklin's Tower" and, somewhat unexpectedly, "Feel Like a Stranger." The remainder of the set was performed with panache, even if the selections appeared standard.

The second set featured a wide variety of styles, as the band stomped through "Samson," slid smoothly into a pensive and emotional "Ship of Fools," and spaced out on "Playin'" in its complete form again! Phil was the big star in the second half of the set, leading "Gimme Some Lovin'" out of "space," and later wrapping up the two-day stand with a glowing "Box of

Rain" encore.

— Randy Judy

3-27-89, The Omni, Atlanta, GA
Mississippi Half-Step ➧ Walkin' Blues, Built to Last, We Can Run But We Can't Hide, Queen Jane Approximately, Candyman, Cassidy, Touch of Grey

Scarlet Begonias ➧ Fire on the Mountain, Estimated Prophet ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Standing on the Moon ➧ Lovelight/U.S. Blues

3-28-89, The Omni
Good Times ➧ Franklin's Tower, Feel Like a Stranger, Stagger Lee, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Ramble On Rose, Let It Grow ➧ Don't Ease Me In

Samson & Delilah, Ship of Fools, Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ Playin' reprise ➧ Foolish Heart ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away/Box of Rain

GREENSBORO

The first show in Greensboro started smoothly and then took off at "Blow Away," which has evolved into an inspiring showpiece. I think it's the first Mydland composition that contains the words, music and arrangement to be a classic GD song. The impact derives from the contrast between the emotional stasis of the main part of the song, in which the music reflects the lyric's impasse of tangled feelings, and the jam's ecstatic testifying. Brent has a *schtik* at the end where he exhorts the crowd to raise a clenched fist, as the volume and intensity of his singing increase, and to then uncurl the fist and let a little breeze blow away those hard-wedged feelings. It was one of those moments that could fail to move only the most cynical observers, and one of the first times I'd witnessed a crowd so rapturous over a Brent song.

The first show was consistently well played, notable for new jams, new chord voicings and vocal nuances. "Bird Song" featured a resolution to the jam with new wrinkles in the ascending modal guitar chords that Garcia has been using since last summer. Weir's singing on "Looks Like Rain" was unusually supple; has he been taking voice lessons? Although "Stella Blue" and "Sugar Magnolia" were really hot, my favorite part of the second set was the jam out of "He's Gone," which was a long descending bluesy vamp, with a chord progression and desultory rhythm quite unlike any other I've heard the Dead play. More than anything else, it sounded to me like the James Brown-inspired jam on Miles Davis' 1972 trash-funk classic *On the Corner*.

The second Greensboro show was almost uniformly remarkable, and the quality holds up on tape. Throughout the show, Jerry took rich initiatives, and his playing was hot, with a classic slack-string solo in "Big River" and a burning first-set-ending "Standing on the Moon." The show was notable for its subtleties — "Victim or the Crime's" ferocious feedback giving way to an unusually lyrical, even melodic quiet part; Jerry's positively sprightly guitar lines under the vocals in "Truckin'"; Jerry and Bob's guitar collaborations in "Hey Pocky Way" and "Good Lovin'." "Truckin'" has new life after a couple of years of neglect, and the one in Greensboro was tight and unexpectedly energetic, ending with Bob's delightful transition into "Wang Dang Doodle," which, unfortunately, was preempted by Jerry's move into "Terrapin."

The high points of the second show for me were the jam between "Terrapin" and drums and a titanic "Morning Dew." "Terrapin" descended into a long instrumental improvisation with a distinct melody and lush arpeggiated chord changes and some interesting, tuneful electronic percussion. Weir has a setting on his guitar synthesizer that evokes Andean clay flutes, and its use during the jam contributed to a jungly groove. "Morning Dew" was simply superb; if it were laundry, I'd be exclaiming about its brighter brights and whiter whites.

Let the record show that Phil came out for Friday's second set taking deep bows and blowing kisses. They were those kind of shows, full of surprising wrinkles in well-pressed old songs and fresh comfort in the brand new ones.

— Dan Levy

3-30-89, The Coliseum, Greensboro, NC
Bertha, Jack Straw, Row Jimmy, Blow Away, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Bird Song, Promised Land

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Looks Like Rain ➧ He's Gone ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Sugar Magnolia/ Knockin' on Heaven's Door

3-31-89, Greensboro Coliseum
Hell in a Bucket ➧ Sugaree, New Minglewood Blues, Peggy-O, Me & My Uncle ➧ Big River, Loser, Victim or the Crime, Standing on the Moon

Hey Pocky Way ➧ Truckin' ➧ Terrapin ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧space ➧ I Will Take You Home ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Morning Dew ➧ Good Lovin'/ Brokedown Palace

PITTSBURGH

Not since the halcyon days of the Stanley Theater in 1981 has there been a two-night stand in Pittsburgh. Although not blessed with the Dead frequency of its eastern sister Philadelphia, P-burgh has had its share of highlights since its first show in 1969 (an unlikely bill with the Velvet Under-



Three views of Phil at one of the Greensboro shows. Photos: Michael Conway

ground) — the first "Nobody's Fault But Mine" ('73), "C.C. Rider" ('79), "Gentlemen Start Your Engines" ('88), and the wild show with the Neville Brothers ('87) all happened here in Pittsburgh. Considered the closest East Coast show on this spring swing, the city was deluged by Heads of all stripes.

These two shows kept the city's expectations high. From the onset of "Iko" the band cooked through standards and new material with an obvious *joie de vivre*. "We Can Run But We Can't Hide," the first night, was welcomed as an instant favorite, and Brent's contributions both days were some of the hottest points of the run. Other first-night standouts were "Shakedown" (the Pittsburgh tradition continues); "Foolish Heart," which for me has finally blossomed into a major tune; "Hey Jude," with Brent actually singing a verse; and the surprise, killer "Goin' Down the Road," which I thought might be the end of the show.

The second night was played with enthusiasm and greeted with same. Only on the East Coast do they scream for the rarely played "El Paso." "Built to Last," like all the recent additions, was played with a confidence and refinement absent from last summer's debuts. "Tom Thumb's Blues," always a good choice, was tentative in delivery, and in this version Angel never came in from the Coast and he goes back to NYC in the end. "Blow Away," with a swelling intensity usually reserved for only the hottest "Jack Straws," kicked off an unrelenting set that was capped by a meaty two-song encore.

By this time you have heard the riot reports from this town. Well, I was there, and let me tell you it simply did not happen. By the second night, cops had worked themselves into a lather over what *might* happen. The fire marshal was doing everything he could to incite a riot indoors by physically ejecting anyone who thought smoking cigarettes is legal. Imagine being in a civic arena and having a flashlight in your face for using a lighter! It was insane. As for broken windows, there might have been one, but the crowd on the whole — and I kid you not; I was thinking this while I was there — was one of the calmest, quietest groups I have seen in some time. Really, they made the Kaiser look rowdy. But truth and reason are not symptoms of the disease we are dealing with here. It's fear, plain and simple.

— *Dave Leopold*

4-2-89, Civic Center, Pittsburgh, PA
Iko-Iko, Little Red Rooster, Dire Wolf, All Over Now, We Can Run But We Can't Hide, Brown-Eyed Women, Queen Jane Approximately, Tennessee Jed, Music Never Stopped

Shakedown Street, Man Smart Woman Smarter, Foolish Heart ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ Dear Mr. Fantasy ➧ Hey Jude coda ➧ Around & Around ➧ Goin' Down the Road ➧ Lovelight/ Baby Blue

4-3-89, Pittsburgh Civic
Greatest Story Ever Told ➧ Bertha, Walkin' Blues, Jackaroe, El Paso, Built to Last, Victim or the Crime, Tom Thumb's Blues, Don't Ease Me In

Blow Away, Estimated Prophet ➧ Crazy Fingers ➧ Uncle John's Band ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Sugar Magnolia/Johnny B. Goode ➧ Black Muddy River



Brent during "Blow Away" in Pittsburgh. Photo: Peter Romano

ANN ARBOR

The Dead could barely take credit for the triumphant atmosphere in Crisler Arena, home of the University of Michigan Wolverines, who had won the NCAA basketball championships two days earlier. The crowd was already buzzing by the time a recording of the U of M fight song was played on the band's p.a. just before the lights dimmed the first night, and the song just brought the frenzy to a higher peak.

The Dead played the first show as if they had all the time in the world. The first set was almost 75 minutes long, and a number of the songs had extended jams. The turns from one section of "Let It Grow" to the next weren't negotiated until everyone was ready. "Dupree's Diamond Blues" was also wonderfully unhurried, with the three guitarists engaged in an intimate chamber music dialogue. "Far From Me" was tight and exciting, and featured a long jam. The second set's highlights were "China Doll," the only one of the tour, and an extended, trippy "Not Fade Away," reminiscent of the searing '77–'78 variety. This was a consistently inventive, energetic night for Phil, whose work made for some extraordinary moments in "U.S. Blues" and "Throwing Stones."

The second night was superb throughout, with exceptionally tight ensemble work and strong dynamic control. The shows I have seen this year have been characterized by attention to detail — the small chord voicings and contrapuntal lines show the bandmembers are really listening to each other. On "Brown-Eyed Woman" the second night, Weir played small chords up and down his fingerboard that filled out the melody Jerry sang. In "Mexicali Blues," which has been particularly fun since last fall, Brent played a unique piano solo. "Masterpiece," which has been suffering from increasingly torpid tempos since Weir replaced his original country swing with plodding drama, was a little more agile than usual, and ended downright rowdy. "Bird Song" was great, of no surprise to people who have heard some wonderful ones in the past year "Promised Land" was even more energetic than usual, featuring a double tom-tom attack.

The second set was one of the best I've heard recently. Foremost was the "Playin' in the Band" jam and its exceptionally subtle transition into "Built to Last." Throughout the set, the band pulled one new rabbit after another out of their hat, including Weir's steel drum MIDI guitar sound and a neat little chord progression right before the transition from "Scarlet Begonias" into "Fire on the Mountain." "I Will Take You Home" was my favorite version so far, now that the rest of the band has deigned to learn the changes and Brent has brought a theatrical energy to his singing. The whole rest of the second set was excellent; of particular note was Brent's piano and organ solos in "Around and Around," and a nice, slow entry into the set-ending "Playin' reprise."

Crisler Arena is among the most intimate places the Dead have played recently. In this small college basketball arena, the stage platform took up almost half the floor and the soundboard was at the back of the room. As one would expect, Ann Arbor was a pretty cool place to see the band.

— Dan Levy

4-5-89, Crisler Arena, Ann Arbor, MI
Feel Like a Stranger ➧ Franklin's Tower, New Minglewood Blues, Candyman, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Far From Me, Dupree's Diamond Blues, Let It Grow, U.S. Blues

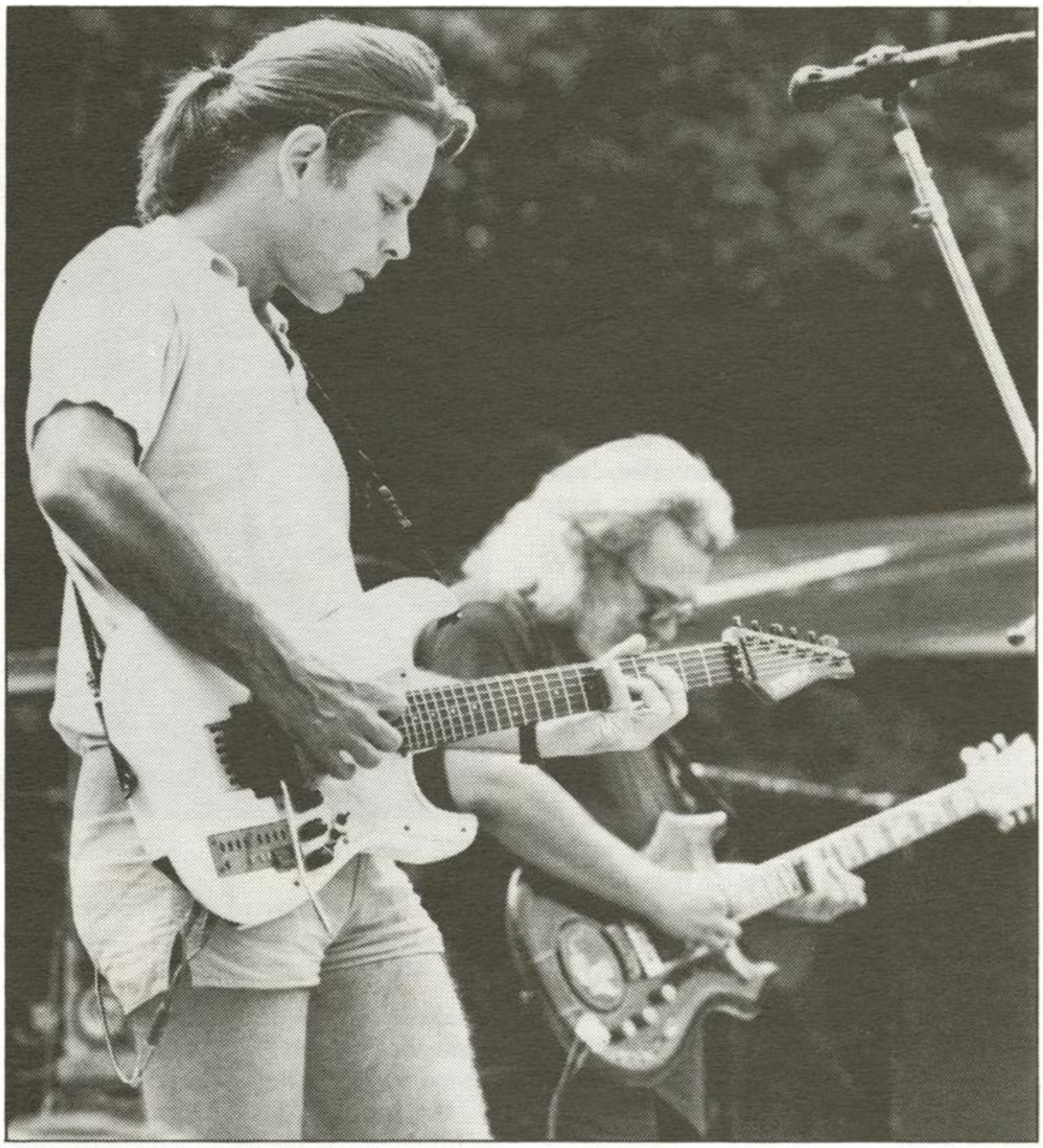
Funiculi Funicula, Samson & Delilah ➧ Cumberland Blues, Man Smart Woman Smarter, Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ China Doll ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away/NFA reprise ➧ Quinn the Eskimo

4-6-89, Ann Arbor
Touch of Grey, Little Red Rooster, Brown-Eyed Women, Mama Tried ➧ Mexicali Blues, Althea, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Bird Song, Promised Land

Scarlet Begonias ➧ Fire on the Mountain, Playin' in the Band ➧ Built to Last ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Will Take You Home ➧ The Other One ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Around & Around ➧ Playin' reprise/Brokedown Palace

CINCINNATI

After media reports of the Pittsburgh "riots," the city of Cincinnati had the foresight to prepare for us. Campers arriving the night before were diverted to a parking lot several miles from the stadium, and we were encouraged to leave our vehicles there and use the free shuttle buses to the show. Lots of local tourists wandered through the scene the night before, and business was brisk; unfortunately, the day of the show saw rainy, cold weather and a significant number of narcs.



Frost, May 7. Photo: Clayton Call

The show itself was another killer, not even spoiled by the paranoid security force. The first set was as hot as any on tour. "Good Times" into "Wang Dang Doodle" as openers set the scene for another party show. "Blow Away" has really taken on the feel of an anthem, with Brent exhorting the crowd to wave their fists in the air. A little clichéd, perhaps, but I loved it! This song deserves to be a set-ender, and Brent has certainly earned the honor. The set also boasted a great "Loser" and a wonderful "Cassidy."

The second set was better before "space" — "Looks Like Rain" was enormous and harrowing. The energy seemed to dip a little later, but the "Box of Rain" encore sent everyone home happy. On to Louisville!

— Peter Toluzzi

4-8-89, Riverfront Coliseum, Cincinnati, OH
Good Times, Wang Dang Doodle, West L.A. Fadeaway, Blow Away, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Loser, Cassidy, Don't Ease Me In ➧ China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Looks Like Rain, Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Dear Mr. Fantasy ➧ Hey Jude coda ➧ Black Peter ➧ Saturday Night/ Box of Rain

LOUISVILLE

Louisville was an unexpected oasis on an otherwise paranoid Midwest tour. We had no trouble getting into the large parking lot the night before, and for much of the day the weather was comparatively mild and sunny. There was even a fresh-water tank set out near the porta-potties — thank you!

The vending scene was very mellow and unhassled. Uniformed police wandered through occasionally, checking things out — one group even spent a long time browsing the crystals! The locals were friendly and seemed right at home. Security seemed tough at first, but relaxed during the show, and for once I didn't spot any overenthusiastic bouncers turning into rampaging alpha-males. Let's hope it doesn't take the Dead another 15 years to return to Louisville.

The show itself seemed just a bit

subdued. Certainly the first set was excellent. "Must Have Been the Roses" was a real crowd pleaser; "Ramble On Rose" cooked up a storm; the only "Desolation Row" of the tour was the best I've seen in years; and the set-closing "Foolish Heart" was very punchy, though I do wish the song would open up a bit more again.

The second set's highlight came right after the break as the band opened with "Louie Louie." It was such a classy treatment for such a dorky song, and it was a lot of fun hearing Brent's synthesized saxophone lines on the instrumental break — and of course the obvious local pun: "Louie Louie, oh Louisville, Louie Louie..." The rest of pre-drums kind of slid past me until the end of "Uncle John's Band," when Jerry and Phil stayed around to space for a few minutes before leaving the stage. That jam hinted strongly at the "Other One" that followed, and the rest of the show was predictable but effective. I especially enjoyed the only "Sugar Magnolia" I saw in ten shows.

— *Peter Toluzzi*

4-9-89, Freedom Hall, Louisville, KY
Hell in a Bucket ➧ Sugaree, Walkin' Blues, Must've Been the Roses, Me & My Uncle ➧ Big River, Ramble On Rose, Desolation Row ➧ Foolish Heart

Louie Louie, Man Smart Woman Smarter, Ship of Fools, Estimated Prophet ➧ Uncle John's Band ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Sugar Magnolia/ Knockin' on Heaven's Door

CHICAGO

This is a disappointing review for me to write. My expectations were very high for this three-night run (the only one of the tour) at the Horizon, especially given the great shows here last year. This year, though, something just didn't click. I don't know if it was that the band was tired, the weather sucked, the locals wielded too much influence, or what. But as we all know, sometimes everybody plays OK but the team loses anyway.

The first night opened with an ostensibly fine, long "Shakedown," but the song devolved until it nearly stopped before the final choruses, and the rest of the set never quite picked up the spark after that first crash of the opener, with one notable exception — "Deal" was a real fire-and-brimstone affair and one of the best I've ever seen. The sound was also miserable — strident and nearly bass-less the entire evening.

The second set was much the same: some seemingly well-played songs that just didn't *work*. In particular, "Playin'" seemed to go in several directions for 30 seconds each, never settling down to much of anything. "Standing on the Moon" was wonderful (I think that song is much deeper lyrically than some of its critics would have us believe), but I'm not sure it really fits in the ballad slot. And though "Throwing Stones" ➧ "Not Fade Away" got the locals screaming, for me this combo has become just boring.

I had great seats the second night — fourth row, right in front of Phil — but much of the show was ruined by pig-headed fans trying to find even a square foot of open space up close. Yeah, I know that this comes with the territory, but it also epitomizes a lot of the negative energy I felt from the boisterous, self-centered crowd in Rosemont.

The first set this night was much tighter than the night before. While no songs showed the band at its best, the set was certainly competent. And though the second set offered some different song combinations ("Touch of Grey" followed by "Truckin'" and the blues tunes), I also thought that the

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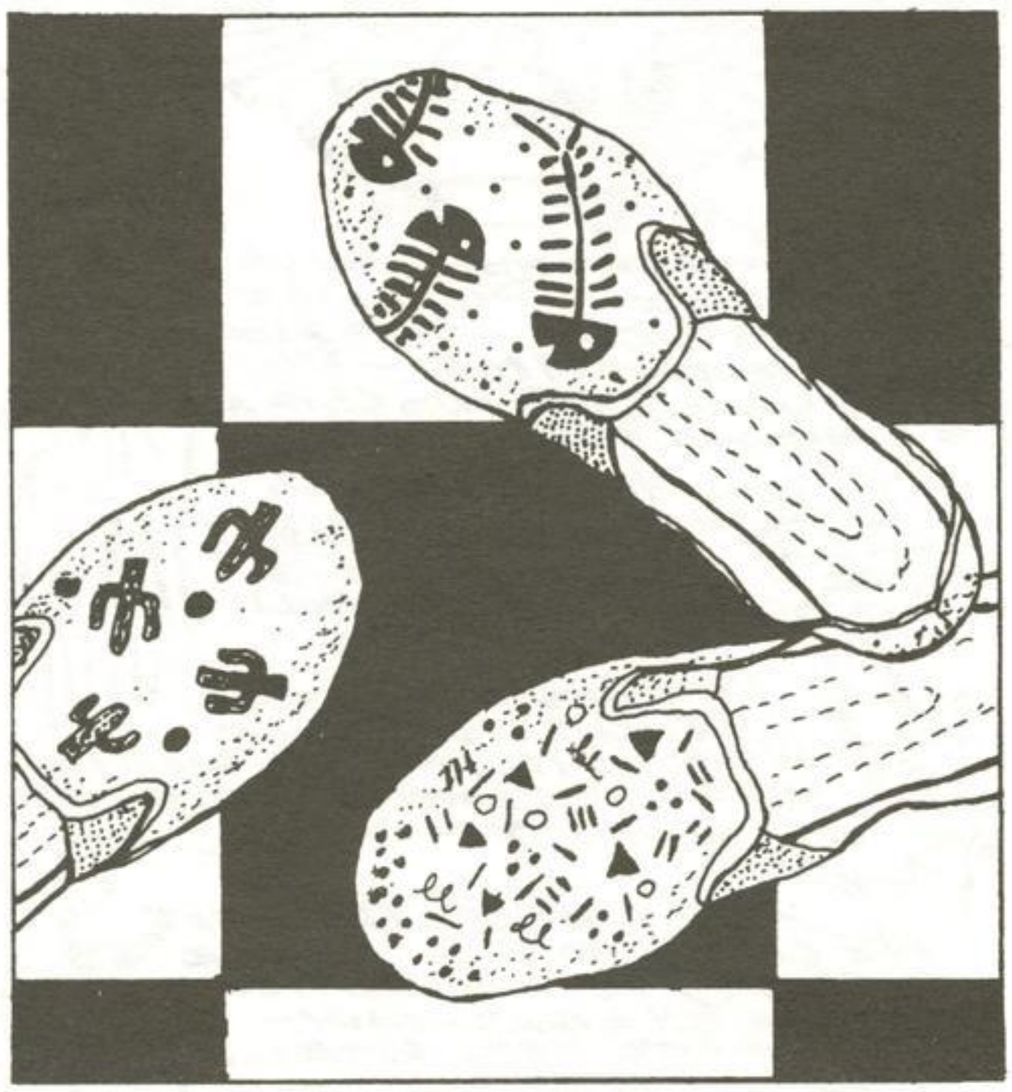
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band retreated to more familiar ground just at the moments that the set could have really taken off.

The third night definitely seemed a little looser; maybe the crowd was (finally) a bit tired. The first set was outstanding, especially "Peggy-O" and a stunning "To Lay Me Down." The second set was also largely satisfying, with the exception of a disappointingly short "Goin' Down the Road" — when will that song again be more than the perfunctory affair it has become?

During "Good Lovin'" the last night, I was reminded how much I enjoy just *being* at a Dead show. Much of what was wrong with this run for me was that there were times that being there wasn't very much fun at all. The behavior of the locals was reprehensible; the crushes to get in the doors even at 6:45 were awful; and the set lists have become predictable.

I'm not sure what the solutions to the problems at the Horizon are, but after these shows, I was glad that Milwaukee was just 90 minutes away, and the spring tour would not end on a bitter note for me.

— *Peter Braverman*

4-11-89, Rosemont Horizon, Chicago, IL

Shakedown Street, Little Red Rooster, Friend of the Devil, Victim or the Crime, Built to Last, We Can Run But We Can't Hide, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Deal

Samson & Delilah ➧ Crazy Fingers ➧ Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ Standing on the Moon ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away/ U.S. Blues

4-12-89, Rosemont Horizon
Jack Straw, Row Jimmy, New Minglewood Blues, Tennessee Jed, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Cumberland Blues, Let It Grow

Touch of Grey, Truckin' ➧ Smokestack Lightning ➧ Spoonful ➧ Smokestack ➧ He's Gone ➧ space ➧ rhythm devils ➧ I Will Take You Home ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Lovelight/ Black Muddy River

4-13-89, Rosemont Horizon
Iko-Iko, Greatest Story Ever Told, Peggy-O, All Over Now, To Lay Me Down, Cassidy ➧ Don't Ease Me In

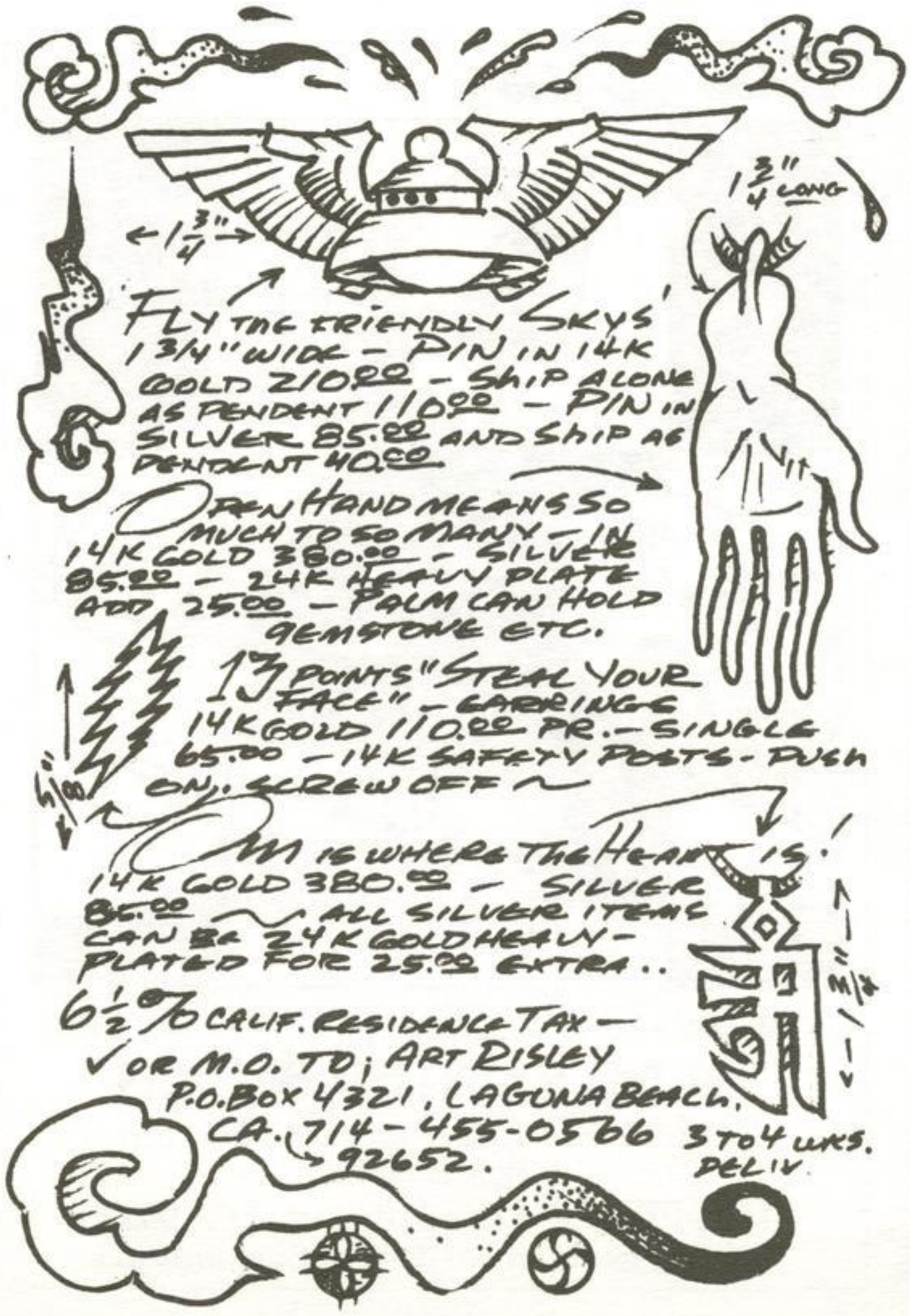
Foolish Heart ➧ Looks Like Rain ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Dear Mr. Fantasy ➧ Hey Jude coda ➧ Goin' Down the Road ➧ Good Lovin'/ Baby Blue

MILWAUKEE

As I entered the Mecca in Milwaukee, my first thought was, "There isn't a bad seat in this place!" And I was right. About the size of the Coliseum in Greensboro, the Mecca proved to be a nearly ideal arena in which to see the Dead. It had an old and homey atmosphere, ushers who seemed more for display than utility, and an incredibly laid-back crowd that seemed to be there just to hear the music. On top of this, Dan Healy & Co. must have done their homework before these shows: besides some undermixing of Garcia's voice, the sound was fabulous both nights.

The first night's now-familiar triple opener was great, with the kind of "Stranger" ➧ "Franklin's" combo that one would expect at the beginning of a second set. And "Queen Jane" was indicative of Bobby's seeming return this tour to trying to *sing* rather than shout everything.

Though the rest of the set was not as strong, "Blow Away" garners men-



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tion for being one of the most absurd moments I've ever witnessed at a Dead show. As in Greensboro, the song started out just fine, and I like the catchy little riff that opens and closes this tune. However, at the end of the verses, Brent went a bit berserk, first asking the crowd to hold up their fists (the sight reminded me of pictures of Skinhead marches), then to try to get the "love" inside the fist into the "cage of your ribs," then finally to open their fists to let the "love" out — "if it's really love, it'll come back." The whole thing struck me as juvenile — as a cheap way to get applause, really — and though some of the crowd reveled in it, I really expect more than to be beaten over the head with an obvious emotion.

The second set was terrific, with a "Playin'" that found some fascinating avenues, a monumental "Terrapin," and yet another great "Morning Dew."

(Special mention during the entire tour should go to Candace Brightman, who continues to explore wild lighting motifs just when we thought we had seen it all. Be sure to watch for the "Spaghetti-O's" lights during "space"!)

The second night was also a satisfying show. It was nice to hear "They Love Each Other" again, and this one was really great, understated and sung with great confidence, as was "Stagger Lee." The "Bird Song" that ended this set was both way out there and extra-tightly played, so the band really set the stage well for Act II.

"Scarlet-Fire" seemed a tad abbreviated, but "Saint of Circumstance" was greeted well. (I still wish "Lost Sailor," the better of the pair, would also make a comeback.) That was followed surprisingly by "Truckin'." Here again, after "Truckin'" I thought the set could have really taken off with a Garcia song such as "Uncle John's Band" or "Standing on the Moon," but the band left the stage quickly. The post-"space" segment was nicely done, with a laid-back (I swear) "Other One" and a moving "Stella Blue." Only "Throwing Stones" was obvious in its delivery, but at least it was followed by "Lovelight" instead of you-know-what. (To see what can be done with the end of "Throwing Stones," listen to a tape of Providence 4/3/85, which contains an *amazing* transition into "Sugar Magnolia.")

— Peter Braverman

4-15-89, The Mecca, Milwaukee, WI
Mississippi Half-Step, Feel Like a Stranger ➧ Franklin's Tower, Walkin' Blues, When Push Comes to Shove, Queen Jane Approximately, Blow Away, Promised Land

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Will Take You Home ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Morning Dew/ Saturday Night

4-16-89, The Mecca
Hell in a Bucket, They Love Each Other, Little Red Rooster, Stagger Lee, Mama Tried ➧ Mexicali Blues, Bird Song

Scarlet Begonias ➧ Fire on the Mountain, Saint of Circumstance, Truckin' ➧ blues jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Lovelight/Box of Rain

MINNESOTA

I can't tell you too much about the scene at the Met Center, as we arrived late from Milwaukee after I dealt with my bust — for selling soy milk without a license! For the last hour it was busy, mellow and unhassled — a satisfying end-of-tour carnival. It was great to come home to party, and in some ways the show seemed almost a distraction.

They serve up a delectable selection of bluesy Folk Rock with plenty of Dylan & Dead influences running throughout. -Relix '88



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— Mick Skidmore, RELIX, *Vol. 16, No.2, April 1989*

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Produced by Kuli Loach ©1988

I've heard tales that the band is often subdued in Minneapolis, and so it seemed on this night, especially after the smoking Milwaukee shows. To be fair, everyone was tired after the long drive and no day off.

It was certainly a good, long show, with plenty of treats, starting with "Iko." "Built to Last" is still developing, "Victim or the Crime" burned with a great jam, and the "Bertha" closer was right on target.

With the awful weather on tour, we'd all been waiting for "Cold Rain & Snow." And Garcia sang a rare word-perfect "Crazy Fingers" (is it my imagination, or has that jam sort of shriveled up lately?). A shortish Rhythm Devils was enlivened by Mickey's antics, exhorting the crowd and banging the hell out of the big drum — wild magic.

For me, the show's real highlight came during "space." First Garcia debuted his new guitar synthesizer; after some exciting jamming Brent and Phil returned for a long, cacophonous assault. Brent really sent things over the edge with manic, discordant piano and some wild "scatting" synthesizer. Eventually the drummers returned, making full use of the extra speakers in the back of the auditorium; the noise seemed to go on forever!

As always, they brought us back from the edge — "Wheel" into "Gimme Some Lovin'" into "Wharf Rat" into "Not Fade Away," just as pretty as you please. After the perfect "Knockin'" encore, we left the Met Center to deal with one more snowstorm! But at least I was home.

— *Peter Toluzzi*

4-17-89, Met Center, Bloomington, MN
Iko-Iko, New Minglewood Blues, Row Jimmy, Far From Me, Built to Last, Victim or the Crime, Bertha

Cold Rain & Snow, Samson & Delilah, Crazy Fingers ➧ Estimated Prophet ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Not Fade Away/ Knockin' on Heaven's Door

IRVINE

The throng of Deadheads at Irvine displayed praiseworthy patience as security searched every vehicle entering the grounds in an ill-advised attempt to keep anyone without a ticket from even entering the parking lot — including vendors who had been promised the right to set up their wares, people meeting others, those in search of the hundreds of "miracle" tickets inevitably available outside of any Dead concert, and in my case people who had to pick up tickets at Will Call but who were not to be permitted to get to Will Call without presenting our tickets first. It was a real mess, something of a self-fulfilling prophecy on the part of a facility evidently convinced in advance that things could not go smoothly. Throughout the weekend there was further evidence of poor design, bad planning, unreasonableness, rudeness and general inefficiency on the part of the facility and staff. In 99.9% of these cases the crowd defused the volatile situation with patience and humor. Not surprisingly, the other .1% made the newspapers.

"Why Work with the Living When You Can Dance with the Dead" welcomed me from the back of a beautifully embroidered jean jacket on the back of a stranger/brother entering the amphitheater in front of me on Friday evening, and I knew we were in for another major celebration.

The energy level was very high on Friday night. In addition to Brent's "A Little Light," which is becoming more playful with each performance, the first set included a "Queen Jane Approximately" featuring an incendiary lead by Brent that seemed to send Garcia to new heights. The second set began with a "Crazy Fingers" showcasing off-key vocals that only a Deadhead could love, on the way to a sweet extended ending. Most of the rest of the set was extremely uptempo. "Uncle John's Band" and "The Wheel" were so fast they reminded me of the amphetamine-paced shows of the late '60s. Although there is a tradeoff between tempo and subtlety, this was obviously what this audience wanted. Garcia did eventually bring us back down to earth only to be shot back up into outer space with the first "Standing on the Moon" I've yet heard that opened up instrumentally at the end.

If Friday was the hottest show, as by most accounts it was, then Saturday was the tastiest. The middle third alone would have been worth the long drive down from Northern California. After an unspectacular opening, "Stuck Inside of Mobile," "Built to Last" skipped and lurched like some serendipitous orphaned child of "Cats Under the Stars," and "Blow Away" built a bouncy groove and then blasted through the top of it. The "China/ Rider/Rain" that opened the second set sounded as fresh as it did familiar. The remainder of the set was standard stuff, but it was to be weeks before I fully recovered from those middle six songs.

Sunday proved the old saying that, "At their worst the Dead is still one of the best party bands in the world." Both the band and the crowd seemed a bit worn out. The "Mississippi" opening was bright, and "Wang Dang Doodle" promised a long night of excitement, but the rest of the set seemed to be played in cruise control. A notable exception was Brent's ecological anthem, "We Can Run But We Can't Hide," which should become required listening in classrooms, congressional chambers and corporate boardrooms throughout the country. The first set also showcased the only repeated song of the run, Weir/Barlow's "Picasso Moon," which seems purposefully ragged, discordant and a touch cynical. I don't want to write this one off yet, remembering that it took the band several months to beat "Victim or the Crime" into palatability, and now that one occasionally sprouts wings. The song selection of the second set was undemanding, and nothing unexpected developed. The lilting "Baby Blue" encore sent us all back into the so-called real world recharged and retuned, but not before my buddy strolled yodeling through the parking lot, only half-jokingly chanting the plea, "Who's got two for New Year's?"

— *Peter Oppenheimer*

4-28-89, Irvine Meadows Amphitheater, Irvine, CA
Cold Rain & Snow, Little Red Rooster, Peggy-O, Queen Jane Approximately, A Little Light, Ramble On Rose, Picasso Moon, Bird Song

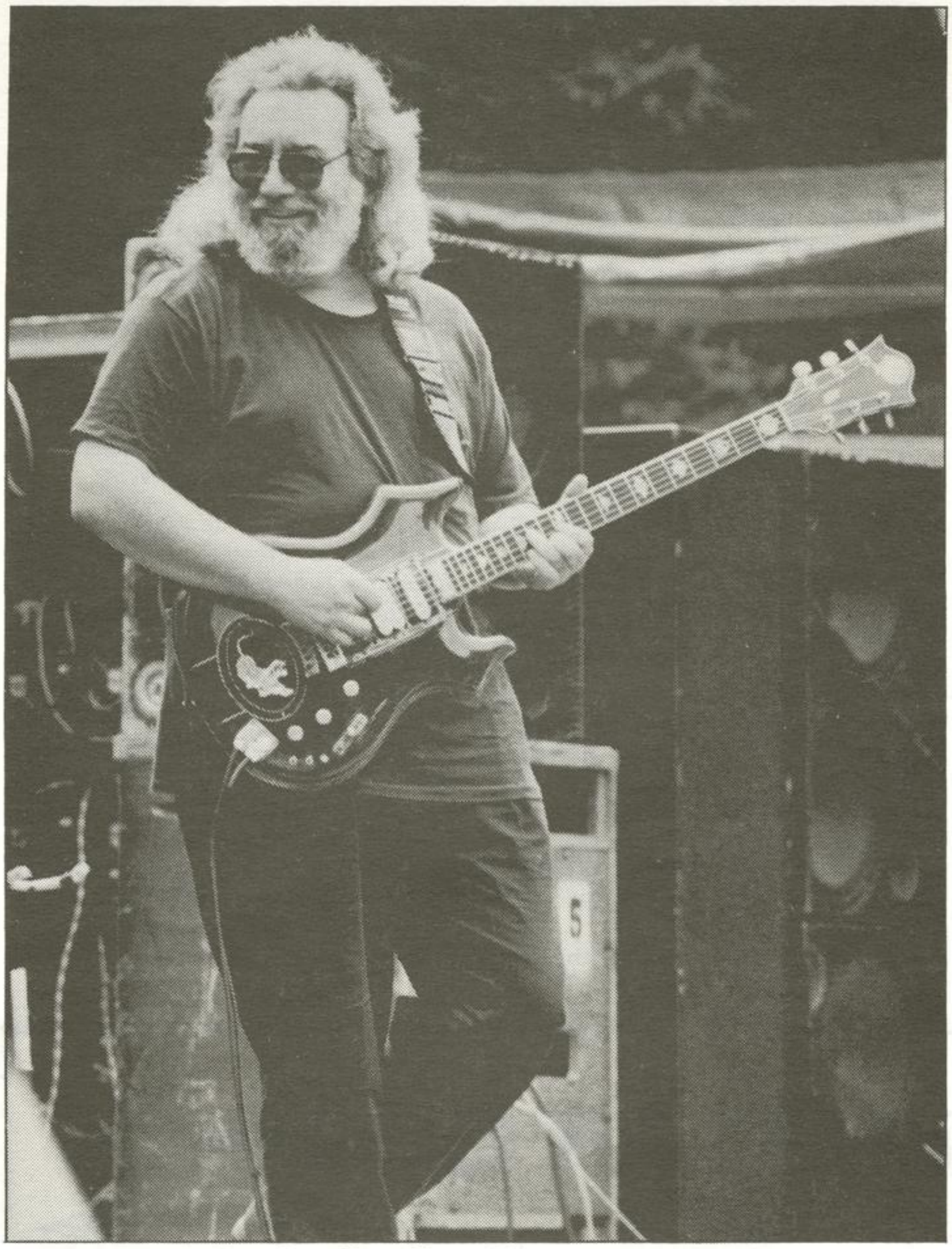
Crazy Fingers ➧ Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ Uncle John's Band ➧ Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Standing on the Moon ➧ Sugar Magnolia ➧ Touch of Grey/ Quinn the Eskimo

4-29-89, Irvine Meadows
Hell in a Bucket ➧ Sugaree, Walkin' Blues, Brown-Eyed Women, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Built to Last, Blow Away, Saturday Night

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Looks Like Rain, He's Gone ➧ Spoonful ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Will Take You Home ➧ The Other One ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Lovelight/U.S. Blues

4-30-89, Irvine Meadows
Mississippi Half-Step ➧ Wang Dang Doodle, Stagger Lee, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Tennessee Jed, We Can Run But We Can't Hide, Picasso Moon, Deal

Box of Rain, Iko-Iko, Estimated Prophet ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Truckin' ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Around & Around ➧ Good Lovin'/Baby Blue



Garcia at the Sunday Frost show. Photo: Clayton Call

FROST

This year, for the first time, the Frost Amphitheater shows were benefits for the Rex Foundation. Even at $30 a ticket, they sold out instantly and were hot tickets in the Bay Area for weeks leading up to the shows. Much as I love indoor shows, it's always a thrill to see a show outdoors in a setting as beautiful as Frost. Another reason I like outdoor shows can be summed up in four letters: P-H-I-L! Almost without exception, Phil's bass lines are more distinct and prominent in the less reverberant atmosphere outside, and hearing that ultra-fat bass sound adds so much to my enjoyment of the band.

Opinions of these shows varied more than most runs; I went away feeling completely satisfied, though I agree with those who felt there was little overall cohesion. It was all a little motley, but there were so many good, interesting jams and special moments I found myself consistently swept away. Some highlights of note:

Day One, Set One. Many of us wondered if we might hear "The Race Is On," since it was Kentucky Derby day, and sure enough Weir came through for us, giving a horse-whip in the ass to what had been a laid-back (but pretty) set up to that point....Brent's "A Little Light" fell into an airy groove that makes me think it has real potential down the road....The set-ending "China Cat-Rider" was a real surprise and played with second-set intensity.

Day One, Set Two. "Hey Pocky Way" was a scorcher, fueled by an amazing pair of solos by Brent and Garcia....The "Playin' in the Band" jam had a certain smoothness to its flow, but still enough dissonance in the individual parts that it always retained a gritty edge. It rolled beautifully into "Eyes of the World," which got just about everyone smiling, as usual.... This was my first time hearing Garcia's new guitar synthesizer (during "space"), and I was completely blown away! After playing what sounded like organ runs, he switched to a trumpet/cornet sound, and he kept soloing on that through a stunningly beautiful version of "I Will Take You Home." It literally brought tears to my eyes, it was so pretty. (At the Oakland Stadium show Garcia used the "horn" effect again, with similarly pleasing results. Time to dip into the Miles Davis songbook!)....Also noteworthy was the jam in the middle of "Wharf Rat," which nearly "got up and wandered" out of the amphitheater, it was so far out. Garcia almost didn't come back for the song's close.

Day Two, Set One. A mid-set "Bertha" was an unusual treat, and my first live "Built to Last" was wonderfully intense. The beginning of the last verse struck me as especially apropos for the benefits: "There are times when you get hit upon/you try hard but you cannot give/other times you'd gladly part with what it takes to live"....And the set-ending "Bird Song" was about as powerful as that tune gets, with the players all taking the time to check out several different jamming directions.

Day Two, Set Two. A warm, flowing "Foolish Heart" was the perfect opener for a lazy spring afternoon; this one even had a couple of points that brought "Franklin's Tower" to mind....The blues jam at the close of "He's Gone" sounded like it might go into "Smokestack Lightning" or "Spoonful," but instead remained an instrumental tease....During "space" Garcia toyed with a flute sound on his synthesizer while Phil shook the place with unearthly bass tones. It all eventually coalesced into a monumental "Other One," complete with Phil's long lost bass intro!..."Black Peter" was sung with tremendous feeling by Garcia, and the jam after it was especially bluesy.

— BJ

5-6-89, Frost Amphitheater, Palo Alto, CA

Jack Straw, Peggy-O, Walkin' Blues, They Love Each Other, The Race Is On, West L.A. Fadeaway, A Little Light, Queen Jane Approximately, China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider

Good Times, Hey Pocky Way, Samson & Delilah, Ship of Fools, Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ space ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Will Take You Home ➧ The Wheel ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ jam ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Around & Around ➧ Not Fade Away/ Black Muddy River

5-7-89, Frost Amphitheater

Iko-Iko, Little Red Rooster, Bertha,

Me & My Uncle ➧ Mexicali Blues, Built to Last, Picasso Moon, Bird Song

Foolish Heart, Victim or the Crime, Crazy Fingers, Man Smart Woman Smarter, He's Gone ➧ blues jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Black Peter ➧ Lovelight/Knockin' on Heaven's Door

IN CONCERT AGAINST AIDS

Despite the appearance of several other acts on this Oakland Stadium bill, this definitely was a Dead show in look and feel. The parking lot was jammed with the usual assortment of merchants hawking everything from falafel to tie-dyes to bongs; typically, the lot was full even during the show. I missed the first act — Oakland-based funksters Tower of Power — and arrived at my seat a billion miles from the stage to find it was obstructed by the soundboard and the net that lives behind home plate. No problem, though — because only 35,000 out of 55,000 capacity were on hand, it was easy to pick a good spot either in the stands or on the field. Our little group chose a virtually empty section in the second deck in left field (the Phil side) and had just a whale of a time! The sound during the Dead's portion of the show was perfect where we were — loud with plenty of definition — and though we were still really far from the stage, we had a nice vantage point to absorb the bigness of it all. And of course Candace Brightman's lighting magically drew us into the show.

But I'm jumping the gun. The first act we saw was guitar slinger Joe Satriani, whose all-instrumental attack combines elements of Hendrix, Jeff Beck and Edward Van Halen. While he's not my particular cup of metal, I could admire his verve, and he was warmly received by the crowd up front. Los Lobos hadn't been on the road for quite a while (and their last tour was all-acoustic), so they sounded a little rusty; and unfortunately the sound for their set was the muddiest of the day. Nonetheless they had me rockin', and I really enjoyed a pair of new tunes they unveiled. (The night before the show they performed at New George's club in San Rafael, and Garcia joined them for several numbers, including a medley of Creedence's "Born on the Bayou" and "Suzie Q.")

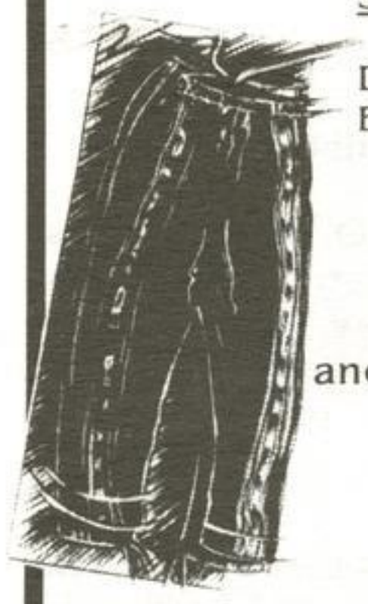
And speaking of Creedence, the next act at the show was John Fogerty backed by a band featuring Garcia, Weir, fusion bassist Randy Jackson and former David Letterman show drummer Steve Jordan. Talk about fire power! Well, yes and no, as it turns out. Now, I should confess up front that I was never much of a Creedence fan; the best thing I can say about them is that they were slightly more palatable than most AM radio groups in the '60s, and the occasional song (like "Who'll Stop the Rain" and "Have You Ever Seen the Rain") moved me. Still, Fogerty is an appealing guy and I was very excited about the prospect of his working with Garcia and Weir.

Fogerty's set this afternoon was ostensibly a "greatest hits" showcase, much to the delight of the crowd, which ate it up and begged for more. Fogerty was in complete command as he rolled through one smash after another — "Born on the Bayou," "Proud Mary," "Midnight Special," "Suzie Q," "Centerfield" (played, for the first time ever, *in* center field), "Green River," "Down on the Corner," "Fortunate Son," etc. My slight disappointment with the set came from the fact that virtually every song was played note-for-note like the records and there was *no* jamming at all. Garcia literally

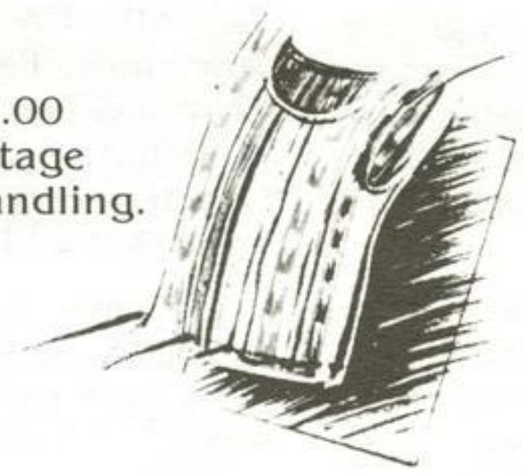
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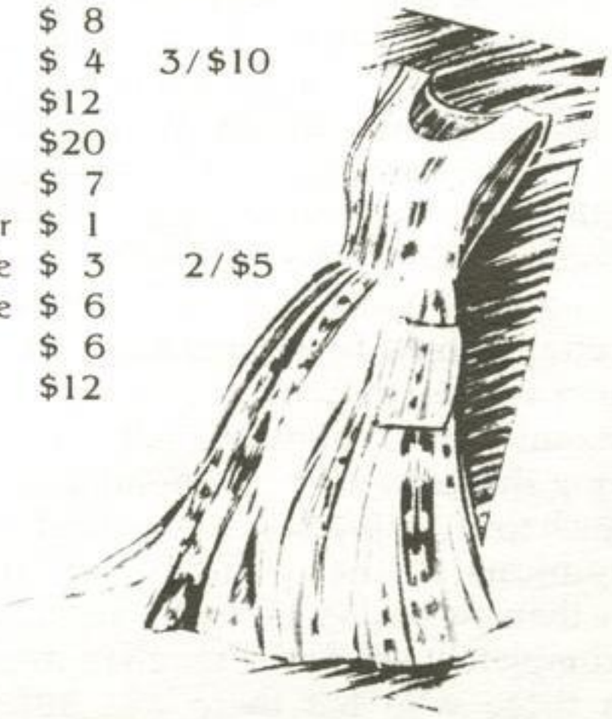
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played *one* short solo, and Weir was completely inaudible; the music had little of their personality. And though the band played better and beefier than any live Creedence tape I've heard, I couldn't help thinking the band was being wasted on such rigid arrangements. In fairness, I should note I'm in the minority on this one — the Fogerty segment was the highlight of the day for many.

Following Fogerty, Tracy Chapman played a very well received solo set. This was the second time I'd seen her play this huge stadium, and once again I was struck by the rapport she managed to establish with just her voice and guitar. There was a real glow in the crowd during and after her set. (Unfortunately, she was followed on the bill by one of several tasteless comedians whose foul-mouthed and racist routines struck me as completely inappropriate for the occasion.)

By the time the Dead came on, 6½ hours after the festivities began, I already felt like I'd gotten my $25 worth of fun and good music. Little did I know the band would come out crankin' and not let up until the bitter end! It's rare that the Dead play with this kind of energy for an entire show; indeed, it reminded me a little of the band's last appearance in this stadium, on the Dead/Dylan tour in '87. The first set was mainly uptempo tunes; even the one ballad — "Althea" — rocked hard and featured a blistering Garcia solo. Clarence Clemons joined the group for the second half of the set and distinguished himself on what was really one of the most interesting versions of "Bird Song" I've seen. My friend Gary Lambert nailed it when he described the Big Man's playing during the jam as "Junior Walker meets John Coltrane."



AIDS benefit bandmates Garcia, Weir, Steve Jordan, John Fogerty and Randy Jackson with Bill Graham. Photo: Jay Blakesberg (courtesy of KRON-TV)

Set Two kicked into gear instantly with a particularly strong "Hell in a Bucket," and I was shocked and delighted to hear that followed by a big, chunky "Fire on the Mountain," with Lesh and Garcia leading the charge. I didn't feel the version of "Blow Away" was up to ones I've heard from the spring tour, and I was turned off by Brent's heavy-handed rap exhorting people to put their fists in the air — it reminded me of early-'70s stadium rock at its worst. "Truckin'" hadn't been played in the Bay Area in well over a year, and this version really soared, with a high-octane jam following the verses. There were jams galore at the end of the set, also. "The Other One" careened down sonic roads with Cassady-like abandon, and the jam on "Wharf Rat" was once again sprawling and circuitous. The "Brokedown Palace" that ended the show was sweet, gentle and *soulful* with the addition of Clarence Clemons' sax. The last notes of "Brokedown" echoed through the stadium at two minutes to midnight.

All in all it was a helluva day. And though a stadium would never be my first choice of a place to see the band, the Dead left no doubt they're up to the task of putting on a stadium-sized show. This one was a keeper.

— BJ



During the Dead's set at Oakland Stadium, May 27. Photo: Ron Delany

5-27-89, Oakland Stadium, Oakland, CA
Touch of Grey ⧫ Greatest Story Ever Told, Althea, Walkin' Blues, Iko-Iko*, Stuck Inside of Mobile*, Bird Song*, Promised Land*

Hell in a Bucket*, Fire on the Mountain*, Blow Away*, Truckin'* ⧫ jam ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ I Will Take You Home ⧫ The Other One ⧫ Wharf Rat ⧫ Lovelight*/Brokedown Palace*

*with Clarence Clemons on saxophone

SHORELINE

When the band came onstage for the first of their three shows at Shoreline Amphitheater (south of San Francisco), they all looked completely psyched, sort of like a football team before a big

game. Garcia, in particular, was just beaming; it's so great to see him looking and playing so well! And what a first set: of the eight songs, six were bona fide openers — "Foolish Heart," "Jack Straw," "Alabama Getaway" (which I hadn't seen since '87), "Cold Rain & Snow," "Hey Pocky Way" and "Iko" — and each was played with the kind of intensity usually reserved for the heart of a second set. This was the Spaceman Spiff version of "Hey Pocky Way" — the jams were so extended and got so far away from the regular song that the band never brought it back for its usual ending, so Garcia led the others into the rousing "Iko" to close the set; a great move that took my breath away (like most of the set).

The second set was more uneven, but still filled with jams that seemed very different from what I've come to expect. The way the group eased into "Samson & Delilah," almost an instrument at a time, gave that tune an interesting twist. "Cumberland" had several long jamming passages that found Garcia and Lesh dancing around each other's musical lines while Weir's clipped rhythm playing kept the song surging forward. The show seemed to unravel a bit during an unsure and rather leaden (but still welcome) "Saint of Circumstance" and "He's Gone," but the latter was followed by an intriguing space jam that hinted very strongly at "The Other One." The Rhythm Devils' workout was a mind-numbing blast, with Billy just pounding the hell out of every drum in sight, as Mickey alternately bashed The Beam and made it sound like a buzzsaw. Most of the post-"space" was decently played and very energetic (Bobby was really "on" for his tunes), particularly the rockin' "Around & Around-Good Lovin'" finale and the "U.S. Blues" encore.

For me, the second show of the run was like Grateful Dead Heaven; it was truly one of the better shows I've seen in the '80s, and that's not just hype. The set list doesn't reveal much out of the ordinary, but it was so adventurously played that it felt special every minute. In the first set, the "Franklin's" was much more developed than most of the ones I've seen recently, and even included a Garcia slide solo that led to a perfect segue into "Walkin' Blues." "When Push Comes to Shove" had a longer solo than usual, and the "Bird Song" closer flew into some very "Dark Star"-like spaces.

The intense jamming carried through the entire second set, too, from one of the hottest versions of "China Cat-Rider" I've seen (check out the second solo in "Rider"!) through two different "Playin'" jams, the best "Watchtower" I've ever heard, a "Black Peter" that featured a rather unusual jam at the end, and a "Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away" that showed how potent that combo can be when it's played well. The jam on "Not Fade Away" was unlike anything I've ever heard before — sort of "Foolish Heart" meets the ghost of a '77 "Not Fade." I never imagined the Dead had a show this good in them. Needless to say, I heartily recommend you search out a good tape of it; it's the Dead at their current best, way out on the edge. Yow!

I hope many of you had the opportunity to see the pay-per-view telecast of the final show of the Shoreline series, 'cause it was a good 'un, too. In fact, I enjoyed the video, which I watched a few days after the show, more than actually being there — at the show itself I was very distracted by having bright lights on me virtually the entire night (the curse of TV), and where I was sitting (the extreme Brent side) the sound was atrocious. I must say, though, the cameras were very unobtrusive, and once the band got past the technical difficulties that plagued them the first half of the first set, they played very well and looked fairly unself-con-





scious considering they were on live television.

The show itself struck me as sort of a "greatest hits" collection. No great chances were taken, no new songs were played (which frankly surprised and disappointed me; after all, the new songs are part of what's given the recent shows a different character). The first set was a little tentative for my tastes, until "Cassidy" and, especially, "Deal," which sounded like a hot leftover from the incredible second night show. But the second set was a scorcher from start to finish. Except for the disappointing omission of "Fire on the Mountain" after a sparkling "Scarlet," set two delivered the goods in spades. Once again, Clarence Clemons dropped by to add his sax to the Dead sound, and in a few spots — most notably on "Estimated," "Eyes" (which received a big, stomping dancefloor treatment) and "Lovelight" — it gave the songs a fresh R&B feeling. That said, however, I *didn't* like his sax cluttering up "Ship of Fools," "Morning Dew" and a couple of others, and I'm afraid on a very basic level, he doesn't understand how to jam with the Dead; it's just alien to him. He sounds much more at home with the Garcia Band.

I felt Len Dell'Amico did a superb job directing the telecast, consistently coming up with great shots from the nine cameras shooting the band (plus a roving camera in the vending area). What struck me more this time than in past TV broadcasts is how well he knows the music — he knew, for example, to cut to Phil after the last verse of "Eyes" to catch his "solo"; and all night he successfully got across the intra-band communication — Jerry and Brent being playful with each other; Mickey and Billy interacting as they laid down the beat, etc. The trippy visuals during the Rhythm Devils and the extra-long "space" segment were mind-blowing; very acid-y, and a great improvement over past telecasts where some stock film footage was used. And the overall concept — to show a Dead concert, break and all, with no commentary — was inspired. Clearly the band is getting more and more comfortable playing on television; this one may have been the best yet.

— *BJ*

6-18-89, Shoreline Amphitheater, Mountain View, CA
Foolish Heart, Jack Straw, Alabama Getaway, Queen Jane Approximately, Cold Rain & Snow, Little Red Rooster, Hey Pocky Way ➧ jam ➧ Iko-Iko

Samson & Delilah ➧ Cumberland Blues, Saint of Circumstance, He's Gone ➧ space ➧ Other One jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Around & Around ➧ Good Lovin'/U.S. Blues

6-19-89, Shoreline Amphitheater
Feel Like a Stranger ➧ Franklin's Tower ➧ Walkin' Blues, Candyman, We Can't Hide, When Push Comes to Shove, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Bird Song

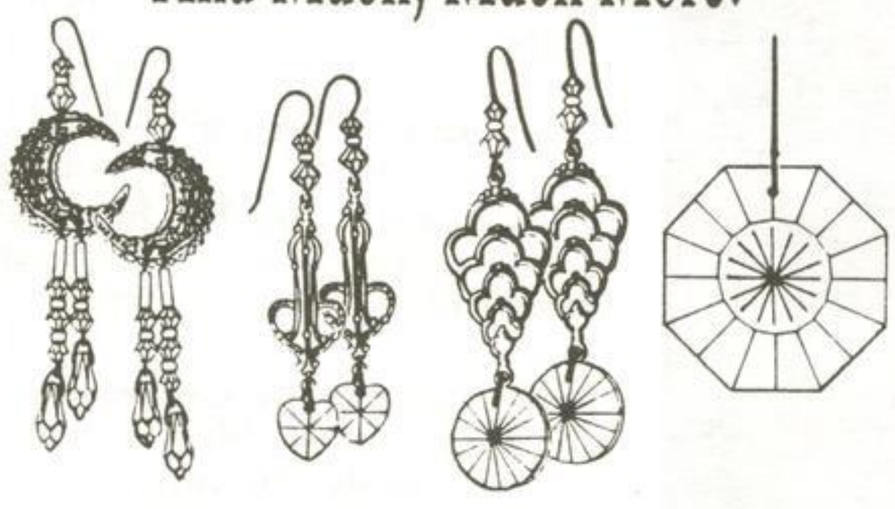
China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ Crazy Fingers ➧ Playin' jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Will Take You Home ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Black Peter ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away/ Knockin' on Heaven's Door

6-21-89, Shoreline Amphitheater
Touch of Grey, New Minglewood Blues, Ramble On Rose, Box of Rain, Dire Wolf, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Row Jimmy, Cassidy, Deal

Scarlet Begonias ➧ Hell in a Bucket*, Ship of Fools*, Estimated Prophet* ➧ Eyes of the World* ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Truckin'* ➧ The Other One* ➧ Morning Dew* ➧ Lovelight*/ Brokedown Palace*

*with Clarence Clemons on saxophone

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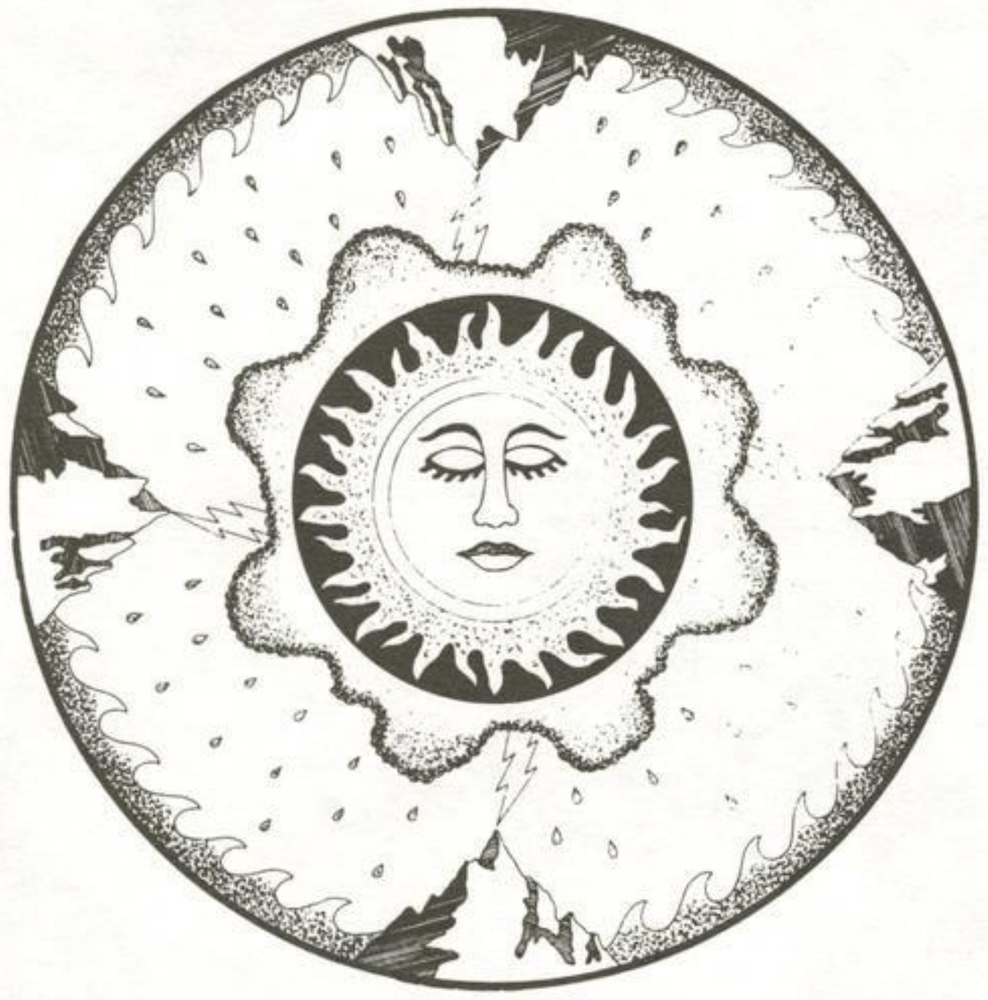


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Roots



This issue we'll look into the origins of more tunes the Dead played only a few times in the late '60s or early '70s. However, before we get to that, I thought I'd pass along some tips on some recent record releases that include cover tunes the Dead or Garcia bands have played through the years. I always get a kick out of hearing other versions of songs I now associate primarily with GD members.

Western Standard Time is the latest album from the great Austin band Asleep at the Wheel, and it contains countrified versions of two Garcia Band staples: Roy Hamilton's 1958 R&B smash "Don't Let Go" and "Lucky Old Sun."

A pair of excellent CDs in the RCA Heritage series contain vintage recordings of tunes familiar to fans of the Jerry Garcia Acoustic Band. *Ragged But Right*, a compilation of great string bands of the '20s and '30s, features the original recorded version of that title tune by Riley Puckett and Ted Hawkins. And a companion volume called *Are You From Dixie?*, spotlighting great country duos of the same era, includes the Lone Star Cowboys' excellent 1928 version of "Deep Elem Blues" (you'll be amazed by the similarity to the JGAB's version), and Blue Sky Boys' "I'm Just Here to Get My Baby Out of Jail."

Finally, a new album/CD by Jerry Lee Lewis called *Rare Tracks*, leads off with The Killer's own late '50s version of "Deep Elem Blues."

"You Ain't Woman Enough" — This Donna Godchaux showcase was played 13 times by the Dead in 1973. It was originally recorded by Loretta Lynn, the country music great whose life was immortalized in the film *Coal Miner's Daughter*, starring Sissy Spacek. The Butcher's Hollow, Kentucky, native began a string of country hits in 1962 that has continued up to the present. "You Ain't Woman Enough (To Take My Man)" was Lynn's tenth charting record — it hit #2 in mid-'66 — and it paved the way for her first #1 a few months later, "Don't Come Home A-Drinkin' (With Lovin' on Your Mind)." Since "You Ain't Woman Enough," Lynn has hit the Top Ten 29 times on her own with such tunes as "Coal Miner's Daughter," "Trouble in Paradise," "The Pill" and "She's Got You," and another 12 times singing duets with Conway "Love the Hair Helmet" Twitty.

"Green, Green Grass of Home" — Thematically, this wistful classic about a condemned man has some of the feeling of Merle Haggard's "Sing Me Back Home." The Dead performed "Green, Green Grass of Home" a few times in 1969, four years after it was a Top Five country hit for Porter Wagoner. It was written by Curly Putman, a 1975 inductee into the Country Songwriters' Hall of Fame who also wrote "D-I-V-O-R-C-E" for Tammy Wynette.

These days, Porter Wagoner is probably best remembered as Dolly Parton's singing partner on TV and records from '67 to '74, but actually the Missourian's long career dates back to the mid-'50s, when "A Satisfied Mind" became his first #1 record. Beginning in 1960 he hosted a syndicated country music TV show; by the early '70s it had an estimated viewership of 45 million!

Unlike many of his contemporaries, Wagoner has remained true to his country roots through the years, resisting the temptation to dilute his style with pop clichés. He has also recorded country gospel music throughout his career. It's been a number of years since his last hit (1983's "This Cowboy Hat"), but with three decades of TV work, touring and 81 records on the charts, we don't have to worry about the 62-year-old singer's retirement years.



Good golly, Miss Dolly!

"Tomorrow Is Forever" — Donna sang this one a handful of times in 1972. The original was a Top Ten hit for Porter Wagoner and Dolly Parton just two years earlier.

"Silver Threads & Golden Needles" — Bobby warbled this one a few times in '69 and early '70, with the Dead and with his infamous short-lived country band, Bobby Ace & the Cards From the Bottom of the Deck. The first hit recording of the Dick Reynolds-Jack Rhodes composition was cut by The Springfields, an early '60s British folk trio led by Mary O'Brien, who became known during this period as Dusty Springfield. "Silver Threads" hit the American Top 20 in 1962. Springfield went solo shortly after that hit, and enjoyed several more, mainly middle-of-the-road successes over the next two dec-

ades, including "Goin' Back" and "Wishin' and Hopin'." Linda Ronstadt had a hit with "Silver Threads" in 1974.

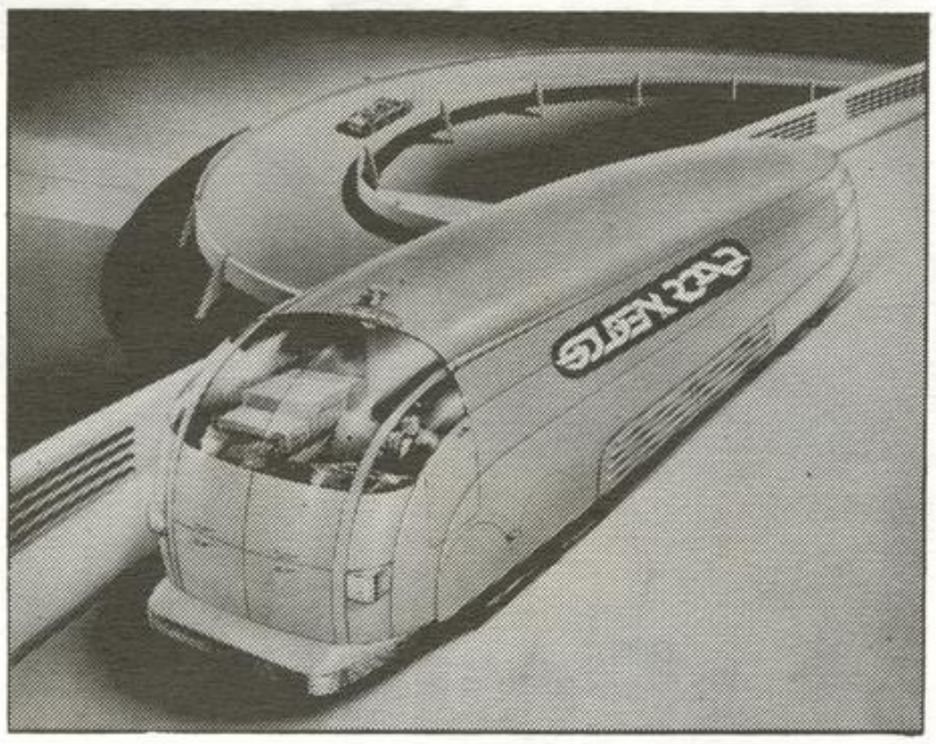
"Jordan" — Often called "Cold Jordan" on Dead tapes, this country gospel number turned up occasionally in the group's 1970 acoustic sets. It was popularized in the late '50s or very early '60s by the Stanley Brothers, the influential duo whom we discussed briefly in issue #16. The song was in the repertoire of the Black Mountain Boys (with Garcia, Sandy Rothman and David Nelson), and Rothman speculates they learned it from a Stanley Brothers gospel album called *For the Good People*.

"Rockin' Pneumonia" — Let's put in a good word for Huey "Piano" Smith, who wrote and first recorded this rock chestnut, which the Dead performed a couple of times in 1972 (London 5/23-24). Like Fats Domino, Smith grew up steeped in the black music of New Orleans and was heavily influenced by Professor Longhair. Smith, too, was an in-demand session pianist, and his work appears on innumerable records that came out of New Orleans in the 1950s, including hits by Lloyd Price, Earl King, Smiley Lewis, Little Richard



and Sugarboy Crawford. As a solo artist — first fronting a group called the Rhythm Aces, and later The Clowns — he recorded for several different R&B labels in the early and mid-'50s. It wasn't until he recorded "Rockin' Pneumonia & the Boogie Woogie Flu" (its full title) for Ace Records in 1957 that he gained any national attention, though the song never cracked the Top 40. In the late '50s and early '60s he recorded a string of marginally popular rock 'n' roll songs, many of them with funny titles like "Little Chicken Wah Wah," "Don't You Know Yockomo," "Well I'll Be John Brown" and "Tu-ber-cu-lucas and Sinus Blues" (which was covered by David Lindley on his debut solo LP, *El Rayo-X*). A very limited singer and songwriter, Smith was nonetheless a great entertainer and a popular fixture in New Orleans for many years. He retired from music in the late '60s and became a Jehovah's Witness. His version of "Rockin' Pneumonia" is available on several compilations of his work. This is good-time party music all the way. □

BE THERE THEN



If you somehow missed an issue or two of *The Golden Road*, there's no reason to remain in the dark (pardon the expression). Just mail in an order and we'll have one of our Roadies speed it to your door. **BACK ISSUES** are **$4.50 each**; $5 overseas.

Check below to see if you're missing any.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Summer '88: *Interview with GD manager Jon McIntire, the joys of hall dancing*

Fall '88: *Interview with Jerry Garcia, closing of Winterland photos*

Spring '89: *The life and myth of Neal Cassady, the Rex Foundation, behind the Dylan/Dead album*

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BACK ISSUES

The Golden Road
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"Time for Your Medication, Mr. LaRouche": Even a stretch in the hoosegow isn't enough to shut up perennial presidential candidate/right-wing psychotic Lyndon LaRouche. In a jailhouse interview with Santa Clara *Metro* magazine (passed along to us by a number of readers) LaRouche expounds at length about some of his favorite paranoid theories, including the notion that the Grateful Dead was created by British Intelligence as part of a series of mind-control experiments conducted in the '60s in conjunction with the CIA. (The CIA was, in fact, involved in early experiments with psychedelics, testing them for possible military use.) Talking about MKULTRA, the famous mind-control operation, LaRouche had this to say:

"That was an Allen Dulles-period operation [Dulles was CIA chief] which was run together with the Occult Bureau types in British Intelligence, such as Aldous Huxley. And also, for example, Gregory Bateson, who created, for example, the Grateful Dead out of an MKULTRA operation at the Palo Alto Veteran's Hospital, where he was supervising. The first United States rock group of that type, the Grateful Dead, was generated as a British Intelligence operation right out of the Palo Alto Veteran's Hospital, where they were doing LSD and related experiments."

Why would British Intelligence and the CIA want to put out a rock group?

"Well, this is part of this Satanism business. Call it the counterculture. Call it the Dionysus model of the counterculture. Rock is essentially a revival of the ancient Dionysian, Bacchic rituals. Lots of people for long periods of time in that kind of particular rhythmic ritual, which was probably struck upon empirically many thousands of years ago for this type of cult. It does have a relationship to the alpha rhythms of the brain. It does produce these sort of states. If combined with a little alcohol and more, shall we say, mood-shaping substances, with youth, with funny sex, this does produce a personality change.

"This is what they were doing. Another word for it: new age. The longer term: Age of Aquarius. People were experimenting with various utopian models, constructing small groups experimentally, which were considered new-age types. How to create experimental types that might survive the aftermath of a general nuclear war."

"Hey, Garcia, Quit Eatin' the Profits!": Someday someone should compile a little book of press descriptions of members of the Dead. Here's our favorite recent sketch of Garcia, written by Bill Snyder in the May 8 Oakland *Tribune* (and submitted by Linda Jacobson of SF):

"As he gets older, Garcia looks more and more like he'd be comfortable behind the counter of a deli, serving up New York-style pastrami on rye. His long gray hair is beating a retreat from his forehead, and his pants hang loosely under a comfortable belly. His accent is what they used to call south-of-the-slot — tough on the consonants and a little bit nasal."

Reefer Madness: Here's one from SF *Examiner* columnist Rob Morse's March 16 column — "Jerry Garcia and Bob Weir of the Grateful Dead attended the concert by R.E.M. at the Oakland Coliseum Tuesday night. At one point a young security guy in a blazer marched down the aisle, stormed up to Garcia, whom he obviously didn't know, and shouted: 'Put that thing out!' And Garcia put out his joint. 'I thought Jerry Garcia had a license to smoke dope,' said a stunned onlooker, 'like 007.'"

Incidentally, while the boys were at the Coliseum they dropped backstage to chat with opening act Robyn Hitchcock, whose song "Chinese Bones" was one of two tunes the Dead played with Suzanne Vega last fall at Madison



Captain America is on our side, of course! Mike Summers of Richmond, VA, was the first to send us this from a recent comic.

Square Garden.

Take It From Some Old Pros: Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme, the husband-wife singing team that has been delighting casino lounge audiences for more than three decades, have taken at least some of their professional inspiration from a highly unusual source, according to a recent Chicago *Tribune* article forwarded by Tony DiTomasso of Des Plaines, IL:

"We subscribe to the theory that when you come into the theater, our job is to remove you from the reality of the day," Lawrence said. "So many of the goals people shoot for either fade by the time they get there or change in midstream. So we try to make it easier by giving our fans what they want. Just like the Grateful Dead."

OK. Hey, Steve..."Help on the Waaaaay"!!

Video Alert: Ray Riescher of Winfield, NJ, wrote to tell us about a video that was unfamiliar to us called *Casey Kasem's Rock 'n' Roll Goldmine — The San Francisco Sound*. He says it contains some rare Dead footage — "a super clip, probably from '72, of the band performing 'Truckin'' pretty nicely. Typically, Weir forgets some of the words, but the playing is tight and it's a great look at the band in what must have been one of its best years ever. The bad news is that the sound quality is poor. But where's the *rest* of the show — sitting in someone's basement?"



Simultaneous Translation on Channel One: Michael Conway (you love his photos) passed along a hilarious article from the May 10 Boston *Globe*, in which writer Dave Barry offers a capsule history of the 20th century. Barry's description of the United Nations' General Assembly: "In the generous spirit of the U.N. Charter, it is open to just about every little dirtbag nation in the world. It has no power. Its functions are to (1) have formal receptions; (2) listen to the Grateful Dead on headphones; and (3) denounce Israel for everything, including sunspots."

Clutching at Straws: "Blame it on the Dead Heads. Blame it on the offense, but somebody has to take the blame for the Indians' 4–3 loss to Milwaukee," begins an April 17 article from the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* about the Cleveland Indians' loss to the Brewers in Milwaukee the previous night. "The Grateful Dead, the enduring acid rock group from the 1960s, visited Milwaukee over the weekend for two concerts at the Mecca, the old basketball arena across the street from the Hyatt Hotel, headquarters for Doc Edwards' Wandering Wahoos [the Indians].

"After Saturday night's concert hundreds of Dead Heads, the band's cult followers, stormed the Hyatt. They drank in the bars, smoked marijuana in the halls, pulled fire alarms and cheered and clapped until the police were called at 2 a.m. to restore order.

"Did the ruckus bother the Indians? Well, it certainly gave their offense bloodshot eyes..."

(Thanks to Bob Stephen of Cleveland

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FUNSTUFF

Heights for sending this item along.)

A Tourhead Is Born: Katy Reid of Oberlin, Ohio, forwards an article from the April 16 *Plain Dealer* about a supposedly missing Cincinnati girl who turned up in a newspaper photo of Deadheads a few tour stops away in Milwaukee. Joyce Cantor, the teenager's mother, explained that her daughter failed to come home after the Dead's show in Cincinnati April 8. Andrea's explanation? She fell asleep in someone's van after the Cincinnati concert and woke up in Louisville, KY! From there she decided to stay on tour with her new-found friends. "She likes the Grateful Dead," her justifiably worried mom said. "She has attended the concerts before, but she's never done this before. Never."

Best Quote of Spring Tour: "I don't want those Deadenders ever back again. The group is fine, but those people who follow them around are not" — Pittsburgh mayor Sophie Masloff after the mini-riot at the Pittsburgh Dead show. On another occasion she referred to Bruce Springsteen as "Bruce Bedspring" and more recently referred to The Who as "The How."

Tell Me What You Done It For: This doesn't exactly qualify as "Funstuff" by our definitions, but we thought it was interesting that Abbie Hoffman was found dead on his bed under a Grateful Dead poster. And Jeff Auxier of Schaumburg, IL, takes it one step further — he claims the Dead were playing "He's Gone" in Chicago around the time Hoffman's body was found.

On a different note, Jeff sent along a review from the April 12 Chicago *Tribune* that contained this gem: "Guitarists Garcia and Bob Weir, drummers Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzmann, along with bassist Phil Lesh and keyboardist Keith Godchaux[!] had awakened the sold-out crowd..."

"What a Bummer! I Had to Miss the Post-Drums in Buffalo to Work on My Termpaper": The University of North Carolina at Greensboro offered a course this summer in "Deadhead Sociology," in which (according to the course description), "Members of the class will operate as a research team, exploring the social world of Deadheads. In addition to reading and discussing literature on qualitative methods [*b-o-o-o-ring*], the students will learn by doing participant observation at Grateful Dead concerts and in-depth interviews with Deadheads. Students will also study social theory [yawwwwn] on such forms as cooperation, conflict, dominance, exchange, love and sociability."

Check this out: the class was to start three weeks before the summer tour and then follow the tour for two weeks! "While traveling from concert to concert, class will be held on the bus," the course description says. "Students will write field data summaries and participate in discussions of grounded theoretical developments, methodological strategies that have failed or succeeded or might be advised ["Let's see, should I do half a hit or a full hit this time?"] and the a priori theoretical agenda for the next concert site." Attendance at eight or nine concerts was required, though no classes were scheduled during the last part of the tour. A week of classes followed the end of the tour, and a big paper was due at that time. ["Yeah, I, um, traded my paper for Alpine tickets... Honest, teach!"]

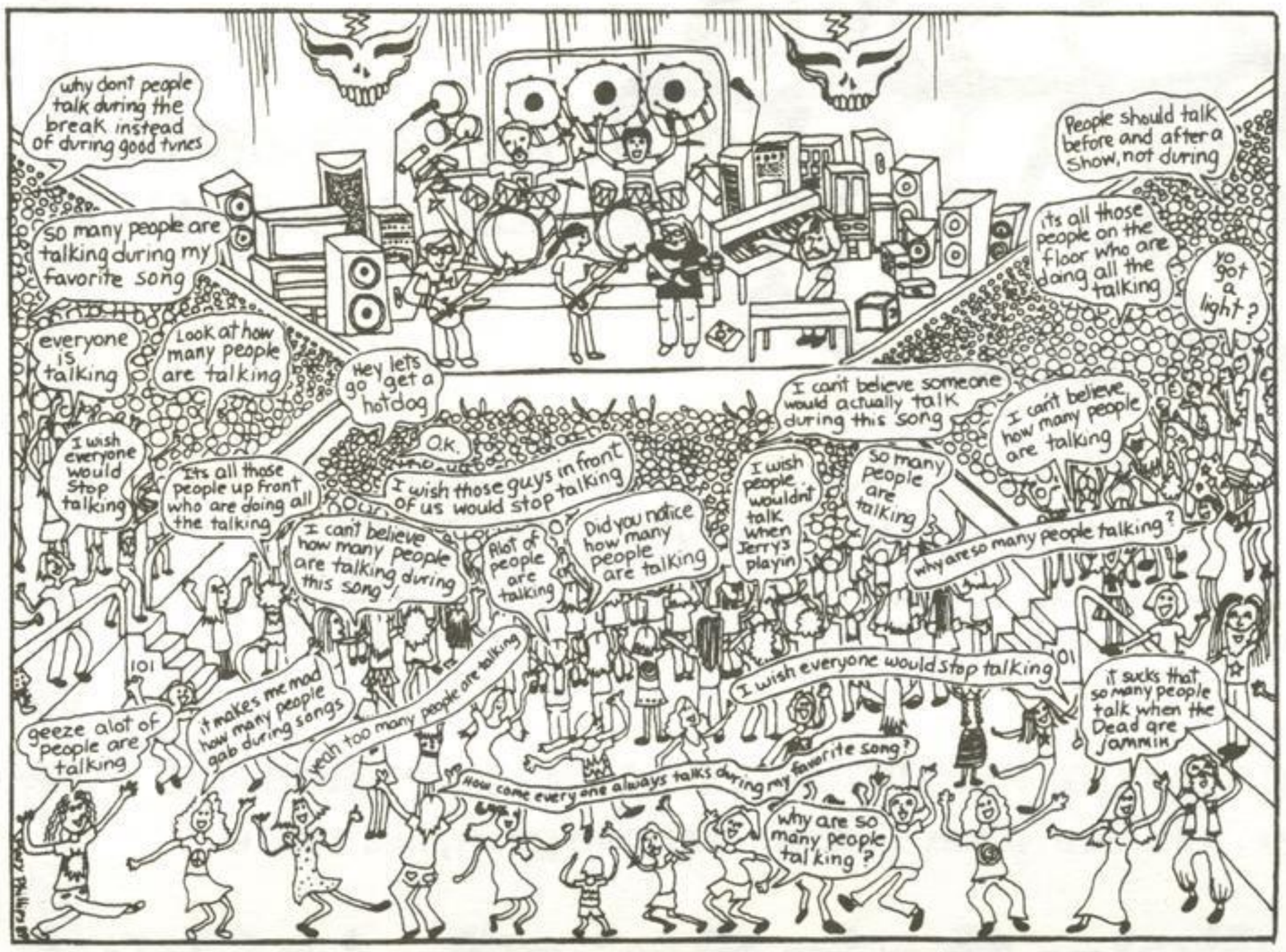
Cost for the course was $1160 for Carolina residents, $2150 for out-of-staters. Completing twin studies in qualitative research methodology and applied social theory was good for six college credits.

Teaching the class, jokingly called "Deadhead 101" by just about everybody, was Rebecca Adams, an associate professor of sociology at the school. Adams told one reporter that she saw the band fairly regularly from 1971 until '78, when the shows, "stopped being fun" for her. She went again in '86 and was stunned by the sea of tie-dye and the sheer size of the Deadhead culture.

We hope to have a report of how things went for Adams and her students in the next issue.

Doctor, Doctor: A number of Heads in the medical profession have sent us items recently about a new, inexpensive software program called "GRATEFUL MED," which allows physicians with home or office computers to more easily access the vast amounts of literature available in the National Library of Medicine. Previously, that information was available only to advanced computer users. No word yet on whether GD set information will also be available as part of the package.

Tease of the Week: In a March article in the Sunday *Times* of London (titled "Survivors of the Hippie Hunting Grounds"), Garcia claims that the band is on the lookout for another Egypt-style adventure, and that Stonehenge might be a good place for a Dead show! When writer Robert Sandall suggests that the British Department of the Environment might take a different view of that possibility, Garcia, ever the optimist, replied, "I don't see why they wouldn't let us play there, I mean, it'd be fun!" Time to get your Druid robes out of mothballs, everybody!



Cartoon by Mary Phillips

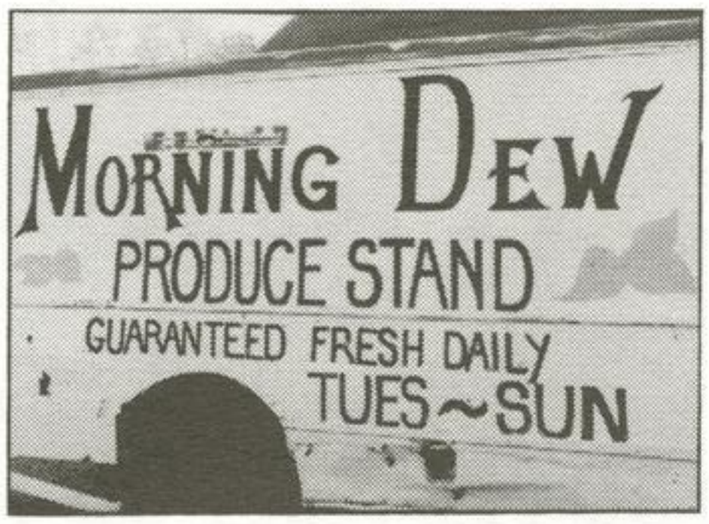
The real reason why people talk when the Dead are playing.

Attention, Comrades! As Decreed By Deng, Please Turn In Authors of "GD Film & TV Sightings"!

Gregg Malakoff of Annandale, VA, spotted a huge skull & lightning-bolt sticker in the movie *Dead Bang*, starring Don Johnson. Typically, the Dead logo was plastered on the door of a murder suspect…Diane Swartz of Belleville, IL, notes that on a recent *20/20* segment on famous Hollywood death sites (!) the music in the background when they were discussing Montgomery Clift's death was "West L.A. Fadeaway."…On the show *Nearly Departed*, Eric Idle's character, a ghost, said this about remarrying his ghost wife: "We'll find a dead minister, hire a dead band — maybe the Grateful Dead." (Susan Mudgett of Billerica, MA, reported that one)….Flipping the dial one night, we caught part of a horrendous *Gremlins* rip-off called *Munchies*, in which a dumb character wearing a bandanna and a surfing skeleton Dead T-shirt does battle with some little critters…Finally, a whole bunch of folks have written to tell us there is a character on the soap opera *Loving* who wanders around in Dead T-shirts most of the time. What TV needs is an all-Deadhead soap opera.

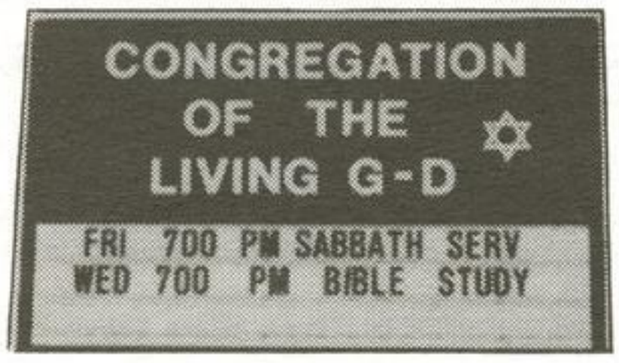
In the Strangest of Places…

Clockwise from right: home brew from Maine (Walter Briggs, Phippsburg, ME); Jews for Jerry (?) in Fort Collins, CO (Alex Schuman, Aurora, CO); Phoenix intersection (Hal Rosenberg, Phoenix); tasty veggies in Colesville, MD (Tom & Kristen Mittemeyer, Arlington, VA)



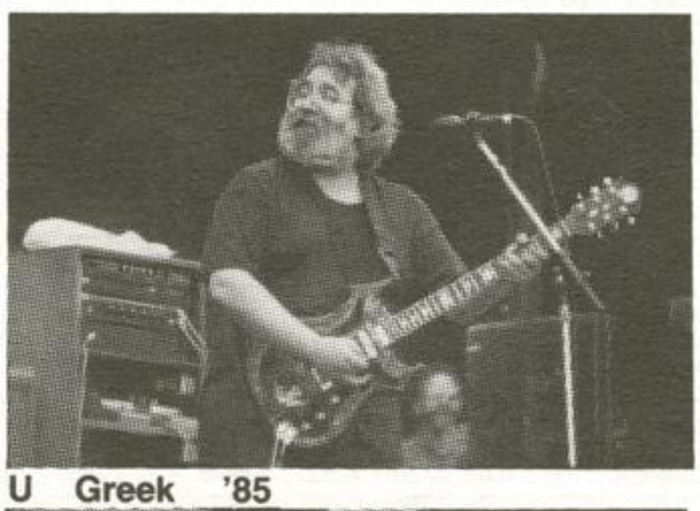








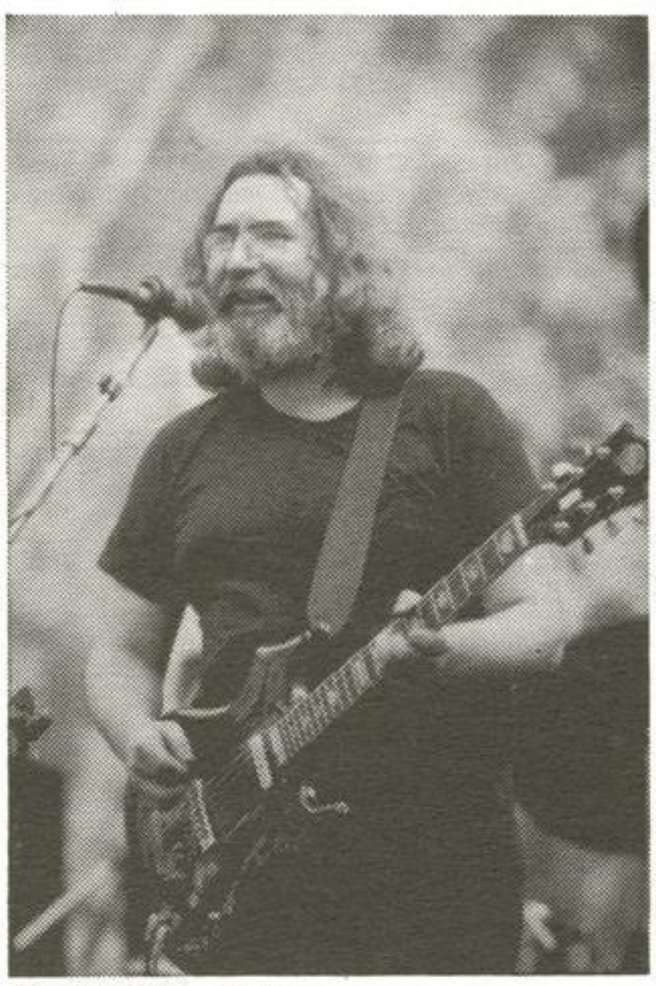
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This is a free service for **Golden Road** *subscribers only. Ads may be no longer than 10 words plus your address — you edit them down or else we will! No phone numbers. Deadline for the next issue is October 1. Note:* **The Golden Road** *is staunchly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

Needed: Music to rock my soul. Beginner seeks lists & love. Kaya, 244 Forest Ave., Palo Alto, CA 94301

135 hrs & growing. Need more. Still looking for 6/28/74 Boston. Send lists. Joel C. Marckx, 8125 Molokai Way, Fair Oaks, CA 95628

Seeking HQ Dead video. 5000+ hrs audio Dead & assorted. Keith Hunter, Bruxie Cottage, Maud, Aberdeenshire AB4 8NY, Scotland

Have 500 excellent hrs to trade. Need 12/9/71. L. Stokes, 7705 Orland Park, San Antonio, TX 78213

Must find 3/18/77, 9/11, 12/73 and more. Nice Dead, others list. Walt, PO Box 264, Scottville, MI 94954

Need hi-qual 89 Atlanta's, have East Coast masters. K. Apsley, 411 Prospect Ave, Wilmington, DE 19803

600+ hrs, seek West Coast trader w/strong connections. Send lists. Jeff, 7 Sycamore St, Westfield, MA 01085

Wanted: Dylan/Dead rehearsal tapes. Have Dead and others to trade. Donald Jarrell, 2607 Blue Tick Ct, S. Richmond, VA 23235

3000 hr GD, 1000 hr JG. Send lists. Desolation Tapes, 194 East St, Hanover, MA 02339

Maybe I do! We'll never know till we trade lists! Chad Durham, 107 Mineral St, Reading, MA 01867

Dead tapes to trade, your list gets mine. Bill Jacobs, 21047 Gardena Dr, Cupertino, CA 95014

Wanted: SBDs 11/17/72, 3/31/84, 7/3/84, 9/5-7/85, 10/21/88. 500 hrs to trade. Brad Gurley, 8930 Suncrest #701, Wichita, KS 67212

Have 700+ hrs GD, Doc Watson, others, 110 hrs video. Send lists! Bob Rousseau, 1539 Page St, San Francisco, CA 94117

Who's got Kaiser 11/6-8/87 Rex shows? 300 hrs to trade. Dan Murphy, PO Box 3430, Tampa, FL 33601-3430

Have/want 66-70 JGB, 1300+ hrs, Sweetwater tapes? Walter, 16 Mather St, Boston, MA 02124

Desperately need Dylan/Dead rehearsals, hi-qual 2/12/89. Lots to trade. Thanks! John O'Brien, 66 Lovell St, Worcester, MA 01603-2515

Wanted: New Orleans 10/15/88, Forum 2/12/89. Will send blanks, postage. Michael "Truckin'" Jourdan, 7950 Windward Ct, New Orleans, LA 70128

Wanted: hi-qual, lo-gen SBDs. Your list gets mine. Tim Whipple, Box 357, Edgarton, MA 02539

Anyone have Hollywood Palladium 71-72 shows? 300+ hrs. Fast, reliable. Jim, 4117 Winter Harbor Ct, Chantilly, VA 22021

Reliable trader with 200+ hrs looking for anything of quality, Dan O'Neill, 4113 Washington Blvd, University Hts, OH 44118

Matt Xavier of La Jolla, you still owe me 3 tapes. Derek, London

Still seek HJK March 88 & all HQ SBDs. 200+ hrs lists xchngd. T. Ashman, 600 Hudis St., Rohnert Park, CA 94928

200 hrs to trade. Your list gets mine. Mike Bockenstette, 24020 Lakewood, St. Clair Shores, MI 48082

Looking for quality Rosemont 88-89. Reliable trader. Lane Paradis, 6550 Arizona, Hammond, IN 46323

Looking for killer Red Rocks 86, Alpine Valley 86, Irvine 87. Have 1000 hrs GD & 200 non. R. Carney, POB 1901, Crested Butte, CO 81224

Reach out your hand, I'll reach out mine: Thompson, Van, Taj, Jerry. Philip Deardorff, 24 Tenby Ct, Timonium, MD 21093

"He's Gone" — Want divorce celebration shows 4/28-30/87 (Irvine Meadows). Please! Audrey Adams, 20600 Broadview, Lake Mathews, CA 92370

Have lo-gen hi-qual 60s & 70s SBDs. Need more! Exchange lists. David Sorochty, PO Box 98, Indian Head, MD 20640

Midwest Head with only 36 hrs needs 4/11,12,13/89 or anything! Greg, 1320 Church Rd, Aurora, IL 60505

Need qual Chicago 4/13/88 & 4/15/88, Milwaukee 4/15/89, Bloomington 4/17/89. Have 1000+ hrs. Steve Marsh, 1909 Portland Ave, St. Paul, MN 55104

Seeking my 1st show 3/8/73. Also, complete Stella 5/13/77. Hamilton, POB 1390, Stuyvesant Sta, NY, NY 10009



The taping section at Oxford Speedway (Maine), 1988. Photo: Michael Conway

Reliable taper, 150+ Dead, 50+ JGB. Your list gets mine. Rich Ray, 5009 S. Florence #7, Downers Grove, IL 60515

Fast, reliable trader with hi-qual SBDs seeks same. 300+ hrs. David, 20 New Chardon, Laguna Niguel, CA 92677

Need 3/30,31/89, son's first shows. Plus 3/27,28/89. Have 90 hrs. L. Godin, Apt 5-I, Pinefield Manor, Denville, NJ 07834

Wanted: Anything psychedelic (on tape, that is). Have Dead, Floyd. Dan Irelan, 724-H Douglas, Bakersfield, CA 93308

Have/want 600 hrs Dead/Dylan/Neil. Send list Cheryl Bedard, 15416 Gallaudet Ave, Silver Spring, MD 20904

Seek summer/fall 89 GD. Have killer 12/15,16,28,30,31/86 SBD lo-gen + 200 hrs. Mark Gonillo, 98 Ardsley Rd, Waterbury, CT 06708

Have short select list (+MTV) vidclips for your 70s & Egypt. Charles Hyatt, 149 Peachtree Circle, NE, Atlanta, GA 30309

Helps on the way. Will send blanks for California shows. Yogi Bear, 10488 Apache River Ave, Fountain Valley, CA 92708

Need hi-qual Dead. Have Dead, Cooder, Who, others. Dave Lang, 24 Robin St, Port Noarlunga South, South Australia 5167

John O'Brien — have 3/7/81. Your address was not deliverable. James David, PO Box 9614, Santa Fe, NM 87504

Want 9/17-20/70 Fillmore East. 625+ juicy hrs to trade! Tommy, 1006 Brandon Ave #A2, Norfolk, VA 23507

Looking for 1st show: 1/31/78. Also 4/9/89. Will trade. Scott & Jennifer Dwiel, 6464 Cowden, Ellettsville, IN 47429

Need summer 89s, have plenty to trade, send lists. Scott Crawford, 171 Mt. Harmony, Bernardsville, NJ 07924

Have/want: Zero, Melton, Radiators, Miles Davis, Zappa, Garcia 89. Henry Gross, 6 Rebel Ln, Norwalk, CT 06850

Need to hear the music, need 4/3/89 Pittsburgh. Blanks provided. Michele, 515 Lake Street, Kent, OH 44240-2644

Need: HQ SBDs 11/19/72, 6/18/74, 5/8/77, 9/6/80, 9/11/83, have 200+ hrs. Paul Cortesini, 55 Country Ln, Trenton, NJ 08690

Hey now! Need 60s Dead rehearsal tapes. Let's trade! Chris Deliso, 35 Wells Park Rd, Sturbridge, MA 01566

Reliable trader w/hi-qual, long GD & non-GD lists, wants same. D. Bursky, 17 Radnor Rd, Plainview, NY 11803

Desperately need 6/21/69, 3/18/77, 11/5/79, JGB 11/22/75. Have 500+ hrs. D. Curtis, 538 Mt. View Rd, Berwyn, PA 19312

Need qual 7/18/76, 8/4/82, 7/7/87. Will send blanks, postage. Thanks! Diane Swartz, 10 Lancelot, Belleville, IL 62223

Wanted: Your favorite tapes, list & videos for mine. Ron D., PO Box 2194, Van Nuys, CA 91404

Canadian trader with 340 hrs Dead, JGB & Young. Send lists, Jason, 5406 Sheldon Park Dr, Burlington, Ontario, Canada L7L-5X1

Semi-beginner wants correspondence & tapes but not picky. Send lists. Christine Ciaramella, 4525 Henry Hudson Pkwy, Riverdale, NY 10471

Have many masters. Want LA Forum 89 shows. Xavier, Q067, LaJolla, CA 92093

Fast, reliable trader, many SBDs & digitals. Let's go! Yours for mine. C. C., Box 4271, Biloxi Bch, MS 39535

Gotta have 'em! Omni/Atlanta 3/27,28/89. Will send blanks, postage. Deb Altonen, Rt 3 Box 398, Dunlap, TN 37327

Have 200+ tapes to trade, many hi-qual. Desperately need Monterey 7/29/88. Robert Varkony, 6635 Mackle Rd #804, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H4W-2Z7

Wanted: Irvine 87. Fast, reliable, 2 Naks, lots of goodies. Scott Alexanderson, 7 Wintersett Dr, Chatham, MA 02633

Have 600 hrs need Passaic NJ Cap Theater 6/17/76. L.C., Box 1356, Asbury Pk, NJ 07712

Want to trade Dead, Dylan CSNY, etc. Also need JGB 7/11/73. Aaron Auerbach, 34 Brookline Dr, W. Hartford, CT 06107

Looking for complete 1st show, 2/24/73 Iowa City. Lots to trade. D. Bell, 2855 Tulip St, Eugene, OR 97401

Have/want Thompson, Fairport, Van, Taj, Hedges, JGB, others. Philip Deardorff, PO Box 380, Owings Mills, MD 21117-0380

Want lo-gen FM of my b'day show: Saratoga 6/28/88. Have primo SBDs to trade. Eddie Martin, 27 Dusenberry Rd, Bronxville, NY 10708

Feed our heads! Beginners need quality tapes, please send list. PRP, PO Box 8516, Naples, FL 33941

Need quality 89 Irvine shows. Lots to trade. Kurt Kemp, 725 N. Viceroy, Covina, CA 91723

Any Norton Buffalo (High Noon) heads out there? Lots to trade. Pit Frank, Elgersweg 10, D-6332 Niederlemp, West Germany

Wanted 87-88 SBDs esp. 4/13-15/88. Have 250+ hrs. S. Lohrentz, 4705 E. Louisiana #206, Denver, CO 80222

Seeking tapes that'll burn off both my ears! Let's trade. Kelly James, 116 Kuulei Rd, Kailua, HI 96734

Seeking Buckeye Lake 6/26/88, Louisville-Cinn 4/8,9/89.. Have 70 hrs. Dave Parrish, 297 Spring Ave, Glen Ellyn, IL 60137

Wanted: Planet Drum, Blues for Salvador, Gyuto Monks. Wiseguys, PO Box 6384, Evanston, IL 60204

Over 4000 hrs, mostly SBDs. Need Shoreline, Greeks, Cal Expo 89. Matt Obernesser, 701 Northcliffe Rd, Syracuse, NY 13206

Help replace lost 3/2/87 SBD. Also seeking 11/20/71, 12/28/88, 2/6/89. Bongo Barovsky, 1890 Catherine St, Santa Clara, CA 95050

Still I...feel like exchangin'. 200 hrs. Send lists. Scott Kissel, 1159 Beverly Hill Dr, Cincinnati, OH 45208

New Deadhead badly needs tapes and correspondence. Will send blanks. John Hostler, 901 O'Fallon Rd, St. Charles MO 63303

I give help on the way to beginner tape traders. Dennis R, 5C Greenhill Ln, Hampton, VA 23666

Seeking Dylan/Dead rehearsals & 5 live shows. Have Foxboro & trades. Sub. B. Band, PO Box 306, Bamberg, SC 29003

Need 4/1/88 Frost, 7/29/88 Laguna. Have 200+ hrs to trade. Dave Naslund, 2450 Fenton, Edgewater, CO 80214

Collection destroyed! Need lotsa new seedlings. Will send blanks/p&h. Andrew J. Leranth, PO Box 40447, Berkeley, CA 94704-4447

Hell's Honkies Tape Club. Specialists in 66-71 SF rock. Harvey Lubar, 3900 Bailey Ave, Bronx, NY 10463

300 hrs GD. Want GD, Feat, Tuna, Allmans, Jorma, Airplane. Will help beginners. Frank Kremski, 218 S. Franklin St #3, Wilkes-Barre, PA 18701

Wanted Spirit, Grape, Silos, Cipollina, Bloomfield. P. Zisook, 1351 Eastwood, Highland Park, IL 60035

Have/want reggae, Raitt, Cooder, Van, JGB, et al. JG, Box 28, Buffalo, NY 14222

Experienced Northwest taper seeks Floyd, Metallica, NW bands, Dead, etc. TJE, 12642 NW Barnes Rd #3, Portland, OR 97229

Need lo-gen SBD Dallas 10/21/88. Have 2000 hrs masters & SBds. Jed, 208 Redmont, Knoxville, TN 37922

2000 hrs. Blues, folk, Dead, etc. Wide variety, quality counts! R. Buckley, 25 Home St, Somerset, NJ 08873

Need qual Dead tapes. Just starting. Will send blanks, postage. Carl Shepard, 915 Wisconsin Ave, North Fond du Lac, WI 54935

Was at/want 7/31/71, 8/14/71, 12/4/71. Sunshine Daydream video 8/27/72. Strider, Box 88, Gila, NM

How many words do I have left? Two? Let's Trade! Michael Chilton, 1847 Shirley Dr, Benicia, CA 94510

Wanted: GD 12/12/81, Allmans, Dylan /Dead rehearsals, JGB/BW, Tuna, Zevon. John Laitar, 3340 S. Michigan, Chicago, IL 60616

Wanted: Southern tour, fall 88 also 87 and 88 shows. Roy Pink, PO 0675i, Fr. Myers, FL 33906

Dead/Dylan Front Street tapes wanted. Have 500+ hrs to trade. Dick, 375 Northfield Way, Camillus, NY 13031

Wanted: lo-gen Cantor tapes, have 30 hrs, need more. Send lists. Rich, 10 Sweet Fern Rd, Cape Elizabeth, ME 04107

Always looking to meet Heads, trade tapes in DC area. H. Park, 6001 Bangor Dr, Alexandria, VA 22303

Looking for hot Volunteers, Indecision, Caboose! SC, 2450 Kenneth St, Marietta, GA 30066 Thanks!

Chiropractic Deadhead looking for 1st show, Oak 12/30/87. Trade Atlanta & Greensboro 89, more. Mississippi Joe, 1812-B Ashborough Cir, Marietta, GA 30067

Need 7/9,10/89 and JGB 3/3/89. Have 400+ hrs. H. Wolfert, 260-65 St, Apt 1J, Bklyn, NY 11220

Really need JGB 10/25/87 early show. Any trades welcome. 200+ hrs. Chuck Rockwell, 136 Fifth Ave, Phoenixville, PA 19460

Desperately want Fogerty w/Bob & Jerry. Blanks or trade. Ray Reischer, 13-A Seafoam Ave, Winfield, NJ 07036

Have 2000 hrs many D/5. Nak & Senn masters, lo-gen SBDs. Need 88-89. Dave DiMartino, 11730 W. Washington Blvd #38, Los Angeles, CA 90066

Trader needs 89 Feb HJK shows. KC, Rt 5 Box 255, Gatesville, TX 76528

Need 6/24/88 Alpine, 4/2/89 PGH. Tapes to trade, send lists. Keith Widmer, 4 Eisenhower Dr, York, PA 17402

Seeking Winterland 10/25/69, Fillmore West 6/6/70, others. 900+ hrs to trade. Jim Powell, 2810 SE Colt Dr #282A, Portland, OR 97202

Wanted: Southern tour 88 and Kaiser 87. Will send blanks, postage. Roy, PO Box 06751, Ft. Myers, FL 33906

I want Tulsa 2/6/79, Roanoke 7/7,8/87. Have 400+ hrs. Ty Towry, 2823 Kimberlea Park Dr, Muskogee, OK 74403

Huge collection needs updates. Serious traders send lists. Radiators, Dead. Thomas Biedebach, Breslauer Str 78, D-5880 Luedenscheid, West Germany

Veteran taper w/2000+ hrs Dead, Stones, Hendrix. Seeking serious traders. John D. Tsalikes, 1910 Candlewood Dr, Holiday, FL 34690

Have pre-86. Want post-86 Dead w/Dylan, w/Clarence, 87 Bammies. Terry Brennan, 2755 Glenmawr Ave, Pittsburgh, PA 15204

Anybody out there have 11/17/78? Good stuff to trade. Bob, 762-B E. Mariposa, Altadena, CA 91001

Have 200+ hrs GD. Need Michelle Shocked, Janes Addiction. Valeri Joy, 5715 N. Osceola, Chicago, IL 60631

20-year Deadhead seeks pre-70 only. Have lots to trade. Rick Synchef, 16 Midway Ave, Mill Valley, CA 94941

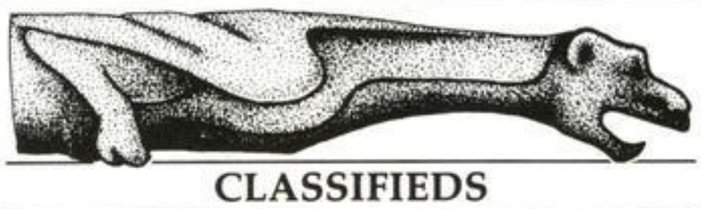
Need Atlanta, Greensboro, Irvine, Frost 89. Will send blanks/postage. Kimberly Brewer, 259 Manzanita Ave, Santa Clara, CA 95051

Need Lakeland, FL 9/12/82, Cincinnati 10/2/76. 150+ hrs to trade. Paul Kiger, 2515 Arden Dr, Gainesville, FL 32605

Hi-qual Garcia tapes wanted. Any year. Have 150 hrs Dead. tom Shaffery, Box 1031, Riverhead, NY 11901

Desperate for 3/16,17/88. Have 350 hrs. Let's trade lists! Robert Stephens, 1410 E. Elm, Tucson, AZ 85719

Trader with 45+ needs help on the way. Fast & reliable. Tom Bockmon, 457 W. Mullberry Dr, Phoenix, AZ 85013



CLASSIFIEDS

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 for the next issue is October 1.

Hey, John & Dave: Now that you're old enough, you can finally tell us — Which one of you is the EVIL twin? Happy Birthday. Love, R&B

Collectors: gold record for *Europe 72* presented to Rex Jackson $750 or best offer. 620A San Bruno, San Francisco, CA 94107

Gratefully Deadicated Peace Corps volunteer givin' up 2 yrs of shows to help others needs tapes. Be grateful for all you have & take time to help others who are less fortunate. Sue Sherry, Santa Cruz de Yojoa, Cortes, Honduras, Central America

Montrealer would like communication w/Californians for friendship & share W. Coast shows. Robert Varkony, 6635 Mackle Rd #804, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H4W-2Z7

Hey now! Does anyone have extra original Bobby Weir Mountain Bike ad? Please? Diane Swartz, 10 Lancelot, Belleville, IL 62223

No one to share the energy with? Looking for other heads to connect with for shows and correspond with. Michele, PO Box 35487, Canton, OH 44735

Kathy, once in a while you can get shown the light. I've never had such a good time. Get on the bus! ILYAMBF, Keith

Needed: Grateful Dead rubber stamps and other psychedelically related stamps. Send info to: Island Bound, PO Box 1558, Keaau, HI 96749-1558. Mahalo!

San Luis Obispo to the criminals, you know who you are — and Kathy Tracy Barb and all my other SLO town friends. So so glad I found you all or did you find me? Love, Debi

Attention Fishheads! Now there's a 24-hour Radiators hotline, "The Fishing Line!" Call 216-932-RADS for the latest tour info and much more!

Mahalo for the last 8 years and the next 88. Aloha nui, Mo'o.

To those tapers who answered my ad in issue 19: Thanks for your copious replies to my plea for 12/15/72! My PC is down and I've no lists to return at this moment and my decks run fast (does anyone know how to test cassette speed?) but one cat wrote saying he has 15 minutes of said show! Ohwoo! I will be working on DAT. Anyway, that ad had a typo error in my surname; should read Mike Huwe, Box 3406, M.B., CA 90266. And remember, it's the wave, not the surfer, ta.

Custom bumper stickers. I'll print anything. Your wish is my command. $2.50 each, 27 letters max. 4310 S. Semoran, Ste 626, Orlando, FL 32822

Feel like a stranger...Shy, sober N. California Deadhead would like to connect with others. I'm 34 and enjoy folk music, crafts, animals, meditation and have a sense of humor. Like-minded locals m/f write to: Stella Blue, c/o 1285 Morgan St #4, Santa Rosa, CA 95401

2nd Annual Dead Campout. Kennedy Park, New Lisbon, WI. Aug 19-20. For info send SASE to Catherine & Dave, 106 S. Main, Dousman, WI 53118

Kathy Toxie Kim and Greg, here's to friends, smiles, hugs, happiness, and unlimited devotion. We love you, Deb and JUJ

Scout, here's to a year of great changes and lots of good lovin'. It wouldn't have been the same without you. Love you, Kt

Tie-dye Mindy from Eugene, you looked like you were going down the road so sad after the Kaisers. Hope you're dancing with a smile and all is well. 'Til we meet again. Love, Quinn

djr, thanks for the great tapes and the good vibes. Hope the sound don't burn off both your ears! Carolg

To the E. Bay gang, the S. Bay gang, and the two left in SF...thanks for making the past 5 years the longest, strangest, and best trip ever!!

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