
GOLDEN ROAD
21
FALL 89

Morning breaks, here comes the sun...

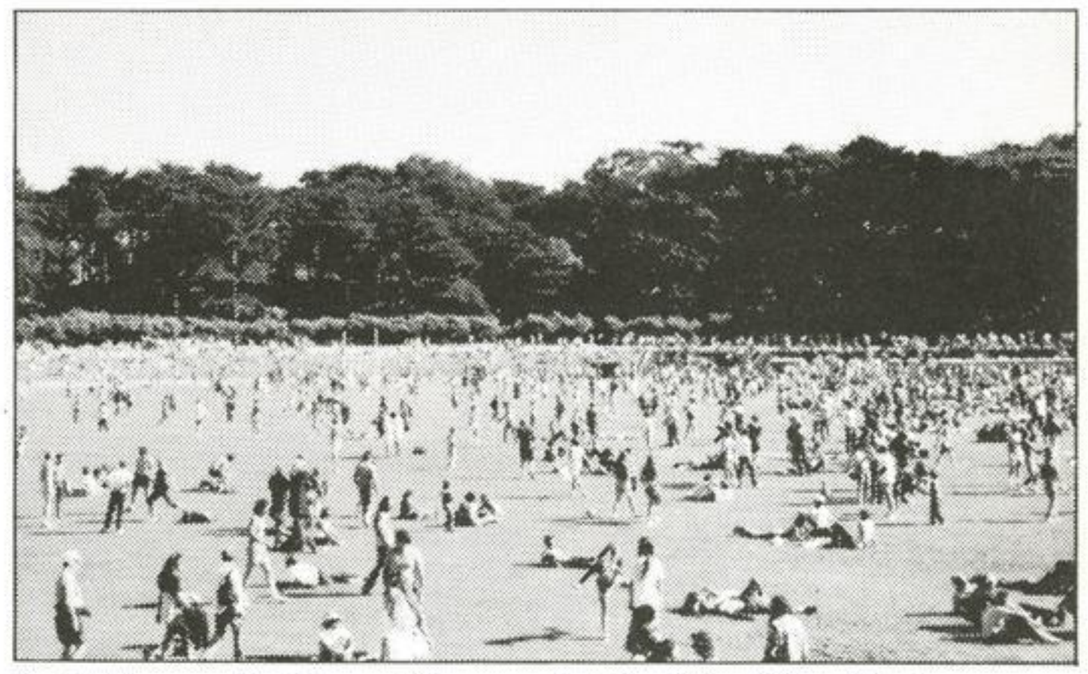
I have a vivid mental picture of myself in the summer of 1970, sitting in the back seat of a rent-a-car — my parents in the front seat, my brother Roger next to me — reading *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* for the first time as we drove along the California coast near Big Sur, and feeling waves of nostalgia for events I'd missed completely. I'd been an avid San Francisco music fan since "White Rabbit"; I was already hooked on the Dead, having seen a whopping three shows that spring; and my first trip to the Bay Area the previous summer had completely blown my mind. Mainly, I followed the San Francisco bands through *Rolling Stone*, salivating at its frequent accounts of marathon concerts featuring the Dead, the Airplane, Quicksilver and all the other bands whose records I played late at night in the red-light glow of my basement hideaway in Pelham, New York.

By the time I made the inevitable move to the Bay Area in '73, the Acid Tests were ancient history, the Airplane and Quicksilver had dissolved for all intents and purposes, and the Dead seemed like the lone remnants of the early scene. I accepted that the San Francisco of my dreams was long gone, and devoted my energy to digging what was there — the Dead, Garcia & Saunders, John Cippolina's various bands, Van Morrison, and a parade of others. I knew it wasn't like "the old days," but they were still the best times I'd ever had. And 16 years after moving to Northern California, it still seems like a completely magical place to me — earthquakes and all.

Cut to September 30, 1989. As we walked into Golden Gate Park toward the Polo Fields, we could hear the thundering drums, slashing guitars and soaring vocals of the Jefferson Airplane, burning through "Somebody to Love." This was our third Airplane show that week. First there was the Greek, then the Fillmore (complete with a liquid projection light show), now the park. The band played the same set all three shows and I didn't care at all; it was so good . . . so much better than I'd even hoped for when word of the reunion started getting around. "Wooden Ships" gave me goosebumps all three shows.

The feeling in the park that day was so warm and relaxed, as 60,000 people — hippies, yuppies, bikers, sightseers, families; an incredible spectrum — danced in the sun, picnicked, played Frisbee, did *whatever*. It all seemed just perfect — and how many things can you say that about?

A few hours later we joined a caravan of other Heads who'd gone to the park, and headed down to Shoreline Amphitheater to see the Dead. I was feeling so great from the day — the music, the incomparable weather, the *vibes*



Frollicking on the fringe of the crowd at the Polo Fields. Photo: Regan McMahon

— that the Dead show seemed like sweet icing. I couldn't stop grinning as we drove home that night. A 20-year dream had been fulfilled — I'd seen the Dead and the Airplane on the same day! It wasn't the '60s, of course; it was *now*, which made it all so much more remarkable. Days like that tell me that we're doing more than just surviving — we're *thriving*, and the long, dark night of Reagan America may be finally coming to an end.

Many thanks to those who wrote or phoned following the big earthquake. We're safe and sound and not too much worse for wear, though we know lots of folks who were hit hard. Our thoughts go out to those who suffered personal and material losses, and our thanks to those who helped with the clean-up or donated money to the Red Cross and other groups.

Our cover this time is a watercolor by Amy Erickson, a San Francisco-based artist who first came to our attention when our friend Michael Zipkin gave us a card with one of her works on it and suggested we track her down. A native of Berkeley, Amy has been studying art for the past few years while developing a distinctive painting style, using bold color combinations and mixing elements of primitive art with her own imaginative fantasies. She also does fine collage work.

Have a safe and happy holiday season, everybody! As usual, we're taking the winter off, so we'll see you again in the spring! — *BJ*

The Golden Road

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FEEDBACK

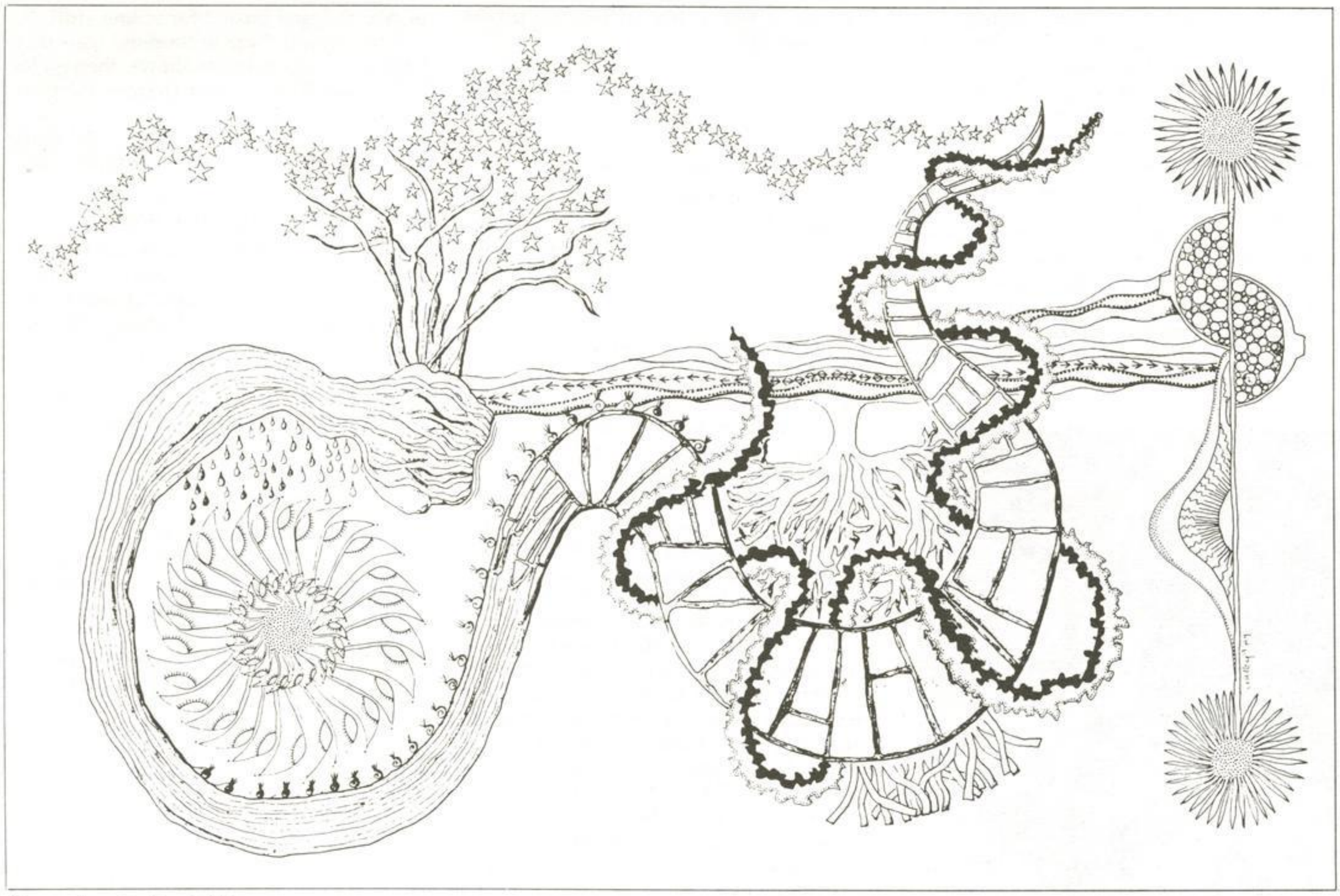


Illustration: Quilley Miller

Gimme That Ol' Dead Religion

[Grateful Dead road manager] Cameron's observations about crowd control last issue are good. Throwing a rock at someone is indeed assault with a deadly weapon, and throwing a rock at someone who is armed, at Kent State or anywhere else, is risky. If one side "wins" a confrontation, does the other side "lose" it?

Let me draw a comparison. The Grateful Dead are not a religion: not in the real, Christian sense. But the tribal behavior and the experience of personal transcendence that often occur at concerts can be compared to an old-time camp meeting.

Through much of the 19th century, at many established campgrounds on the American frontier, the frontier preachers — Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, sometimes others; sometimes in cooperation and sometimes separately — would gather each year for singing and revival preaching. When crops were well started and left to grow, about August, most of the people in a region would come by horseback or on foot, or with wagon and cooking gear, and the meeting might continue for a week, or much longer.

A stage would be built, or rebuilt. There might be a morning preacher, an afternoon preacher and an evening preacher. An hour or two of preaching would be followed by general singing of many well-known hymns, followed by more preaching or by a break to fetch water, eat, etc.

There were lead singers, exhorters, local preachers, visiting preachers, a mourner's bench. There were lanterns and some bonfires in the evening, and families camped out here and there. Old folks in later years have reminisced about the big mid-century meetings and sense of community, or how it felt to arrive in the middle of the night, coming through the woods to where lanterns lit the clearings. And local boys, the troublemakers, might surround the meeting and vandalize saddles and wagons, or yell all night, until the men in attendance discouraged them.

I'm not drawing strict parallels, or *any conclusion at all*, but noting similarities in the way people behave. A natural inclination to gather together may be thwarted by the circumstance that the significance of a situation is seen differently by different groups.

One glaring difference between then and now is that then, anything that was left where it lay was biodegradable. This training of ourselves to pick up the foam and aluminum is new in this century, and doesn't "feel" right. Inevitably, some won't do it, imagining it to be part of a mind-control system; so others have to do it for them.

Willy Legate
San Rafael

Editor's note: Willy Legate is the keeper of the Dead's tape vault.

It's Getting Better All the Time

I was truly bummed reading your last issue. I realize there's a problem at shows, but come on — it's not getting worse! It's actually getting a lot better, a lot cleaner too.

I cruised to a few shows this summer, and I was really impressed, not to mention psyched! In Buffalo, I saw lots of concerned Heads patrollin' down the parking lots picking up the trash that was laying around, although most of it was already in bags at almost every car. I also saw some really catchy signs posted in various areas, like "Althea told me to keep the scene clean." People *are* very much aware of the problem, and we're taking action. I realize that garbage isn't the big problem, but hey, we've conquered it at least, we can do it again. We just have to communicate it to everyone.

Emily Brown
Groton Long Point, CT

Talkin' Trash

Thanks to the forces of Hypnocracy for the return of IT to the band's music in 1989, which has developed better than any year since 1983 (consistency, jams, drums, "space," new tunes, etc.). Gratefully living proof that it ain't over till it's over, though I was willing to write them off after the September '88 Madison Square Garden run.

And one encouraging development in the

FEEDBACK

scene is the increasing litter cleanup activities in and around the parking lots (but more trash receptacles would help). I would like to remind my fellow tapers to be a bit more conscious about this. After all, tapers occupy a privileged niche in the Dead scene. After a show the tapers' section resembles a New York City sidewalk. Does it really require significant extra effort to unwrap and label tapes *before* the show? Then maybe there'd be fewer botched masters, where the encore is in the middle of side A, set one. Also remember that spent batteries are technically classified as hazardous waste.

Bob Messina
East Berlin, CT



A tie-dyed tour dog outside the Greek

Blacked My Eye
You Know He Kicked My Dog

I'd like to comment on an issue I don't believe I've seen in your magazine before — the treatment of pets and other animals on tour. I know people think they are being responsible by taking their dogs on the road with them instead of leaving them at home (and it's great companionship on those long drives), but in city after city this summer I saw dogs locked in cars yelping for hours on end, or even worse, wandering around parking lots looking confused because their owners have gone to the show or gone to party somewhere.

Even the best trained and most intelligent dogs lose their way occasionally, and in general I think the touring life is not suitable for animals. After the second Alpine show I ran into a woman whose German shepherd was missing, "but he'd never left like this before," she told me. The weirdest sight, though, was an iguana, still on a leash, wandering under cars in the parking lot of Deer Creek.

I'd love to bring my dog on tour, too, but I know it isn't practical, so I get a friend to take care of her. I think it works out best for everybody!

Cynthia Placer
St. McLean, VA

The European Solution

If there are no more places left to play in the States, the Dead *must* come to Europe!

Peter Stieber
Linz Urfahr, Austria

Beantown Blues

What's worse than nine shows in NYC at Madison Square Garden? Five shows in New Jersey at the Meadowlands. Come on, guys, give me a break. I thought seeing Hall & Oates on the same stage as Jerry was the bottom of the rock music barrel, but I was wrong. All I can do now is sit back and wonder if I can convince my sister to get a job with a major airline so I can fly out West on the weekends for free to the only band that matters, the Jerry Garcia Band.

When I found out the fall tour would once again be skipping New England for the second straight year, I felt like I was watching the scene in *Spinal Tap* when their fabulous manager speaks of the nixed Boston gig as not being a big deal since it's not much of a college town. What gives? Does everyone in the band hate to see the leaves turn colors on the trees? Is there an outstanding warrant posted on Bob Weir for contributing to the delinquency of the Worcester police chief's 15-year-old daughter? Just why is the band skipping New England all the time except for shows at the hideous Sullivan Stadium?

If the Nazi storm troopers disguised as police in Worcester don't want the band back, then why not play the Boston Garden? Many groups are returning to play shows there since the Garden is under new management and has made their fee schedule far more attractive. As for the legendary poor sound quality of the Garden, I saw the '80, '81 and '82 shows there, and though Bob Weir's slide solos may have permanently altered my memory, I do not recall the sound being any worse than Madison Square's and infinitely superior to the cocktail-lounge level volume that made this year's Sullivan Stadium show so hard to enjoy.

On the plus side is the long-awaited (at least by me) end of vending at shows. Perhaps this wise edict will help rid the scene of the capitalistic driftwood that has washed up on the street over the last few years. I don't mean to denigrate the work of the many righteous artists and craftspersons, but the respectable idea of selling a few dozen shirts to pay for four tickets has given way to blatant capitalism by far too many people that think God created the Dead so there would always be new hippies to sell hippie clothes and trinkets to. This may come as a news flash to some, but up until the last few years it was not at all easy to sell shirts or even buttons at shows. Many an old-time tour T-shirt veteran has a story or two of being busted for selling stuff. So if someone out there in tourland feels they have to sell shirts to see shows, then go for it, just don't bring your charge-card plate and clothes rack.

Joe Corey
Braintree, MA

Positively Weir Street

Loved your interview with Bobby Weir in the summer issue. Next time you see him, tell him I've heard enough "Queen Janes" for a lifetime. He sings, "And you find yourself tired of all this repetition." Tell him I am.

Tom Calla
North Bellmore, NY

The Law Come to Get You
If You Don't Walk Right

I have lots of time to think here. I remember back to when I first went on tour — the incredible feeling of freedom and family. I found people who accepted me as I am and showed me love and good times.

A few years later I found myself snug in the family of people who never missed a show. Touring with the Dead was our life. And it was beautiful. But as the days rolled by, I noticed a darker side. Dealing became more important than anything. Kids came on tour and blindly joined a fantasy world where "Doses, doses" was the "in" thing to be yelling, before the reality of jail and undercover cops (very much a part of our scene) ever hit their heads. Very rarely does anyone think of the time that goes with the quantity they're holding. People jonesed on the high of dealing as if it were a hit of crack. Suddenly there were strangers who didn't dance following us at shows, taking our pictures.

Well, I got lucky and only get sentenced to 21 months. By some small miracle, another not-so-lucky friend who got ten

OOPS!

It's apology time for a few blunders in the last issue. In the Jim Marshall photo of Pigpen in our Woodstock spread, that is not his one-time girlfriend Veronica with him. We were misinformed, and apologize for the error. And in our mini-review of the Zasu Pitts band at the Black & White Ball in "Deadline," we mistakenly referred to former HooDoo Rhythm Devils singer Joe Crane (who died several years ago) instead of Glenn Walters, who is still a helluva singer. Sorry 'bout that. The caption gods were not with us under the "Don't Bungle the Jungle" photo either (also in "Deadline"). That was artist Keith Haring.

There were also a couple of errors in the set list for Cincinnati 4-8-89. In the first set, that was "Queen Jane," not "Masterpiece." And in the second set, "Miracle" instead of "Watchtower."

years got put in the same prison. Right next door is another jail, and just the other day we noticed another Deadhead friend of ours there. We stood in our recreation yard waving at him...so good to see family. Wait a minute — something is definitely wrong with this picture. Maybe it's the dual-razor wire fences.

I think back to my last shows — they were great, as always. But something has changed. I got tired of dancing with two monkeys on my back, monkeys who stood with their arms folded, watching. I got tired of wondering who was taking my picture, and why. I missed my friends who wouldn't hang out with me because I was "hot." It seemed that we were sacrificing the very freedom and closeness we had struggled so hard to gain, for something that would ultimately destroy us.

In the '60s, we protested the war; in the '90s we are the enemy in the war on drugs. Billions of dollars are being spent to put us in jail.

Drop out of the drug war. Get back to the pure high of love, music, dancing, the Earth, and the *freedom* to enjoy them. We need to take what we've learned and use it in a positive way to get back to the ideals we supposedly believe in. We need to come together now, and work to keep the beautiful scene we live and love.

Pam Fisher
Spokane, WA

Fire in Tiananmen

Blank tapes are pretty cheap. Why not make backup copies of your choicest tapes, and then put them in a safety deposit box? That's what I do, and now I don't worry so much about burglaries, fires or (here in Taiwan) earthquakes. Then when I go trekking or travel, I carry my backups. If they get lost, it's no big deal, and if I run into other tapers on the trail, I can do instant trades.

I'm still waiting for some response in music to the massacre in Tiananmen Square last summer. Something along the lines of "Deng don't have no mercy in this land." "Fire on the Mountain" would sound great as "They fired in Tiananmen."

It'll be ages before there's ever a Great Wall concert. But a little bit of creative rewriting (and when are the same words to "Fire on the Mountain" ever sung twice in a row anyway?) could bring China to us.

Tom Mullen
Taipei, Taiwan

Crocodile Dead-dee

Spare a thought for us poor bastards out here in the boondocks who never get a sniff of any live Dead. It's strange that the band has never visited the Pacific region, although given their track record of touring anywhere outside the States, I suppose it's understandable.

A tour of the Pacific would be great. The Dead would have a chance to do what they haven't done in years — play some small gigs. Australian audiences are really responsive, not reserved like they are on the continent. Why can't the guys create Japanese, Malaysian and Polynesian Deadheads? Johnny Winter, Miles Davis, B.B. King and James Brown have all graced our shores in the past few years.

C'mon, guys, give the rest of the world a chance to experience the magic. Do us a favor: renew those passports and book those plane seats. Then we'll be able to have a few tapes of our own to trade.

Dave Lang
Port Noaralunga South,
South Australia

Coconut Heads

In order to fulfill our dream of living in the Pacific Islands, with great sorrow we sold our Cal Expo tickets, had to forgo the Greeks, and left our Oakland, CA, home in July for a two-year stint in the Republic of Palau. This letter is an open invitation for Heads to contact us if you're in the neighborhood, and for the band to check out Palau as a vacation spot. We feel removed from the scene but enjoy the opportunity to spread the great Deadhead feeling around. Since our arrival, we have met one Deadhead in transit and passed on some great tapes. Any news about shows, the scene, the band, would be appreciated.

As we write this letter, Jim is trying to unhusk and cut open a coconut from our front yard.

Jim Senal and Tamara Gabel
c/o Office of the Public Defender
P.O. Box 100
Koror, Republic of Palau 96940



All I want for Christmas is a subscription to* The Golden Road*!

I SAW MOMMY KISSING SANTA CLAUS

Some people will do anything to get their hands on *The Golden Road*. But you can spare your mother this kind of public humiliation. Drop a hint that the #1 item on her Christmas list is in the bag — or in the mail, in this case.

You can give her the next four issues for **$16** (U.S.); $20 for air mail overseas. For stocking stuffers, toss in a few **BACK ISSUES** (anything prior to Fall '89). They're **$4.50** each; $5 overseas.

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DEADLINE

What a wild last few months it's been in Dead World! The late summer Garcia Band tour (with Weir & Wasserman opening) was a triumph, by all accounts. Jimmy Cliff sang "The Harder They Come" with the JGB at the Greek, and Clarence Clemons played on most of the second half of the tour! On Halloween, the Dead released their first new album in two years, *Built to Last*. Gary Gutierrez directed a wonderful video for "Foolish Heart," which quickly found a home on MTV. For the fall, the band resurrected a slew of much-loved chestnuts — "Dark Star," "Death Don't Have No Mercy," "Help on the Way" and "Attics of My Life." All the shows on the summer and fall tours were recorded using the Le Mobile remote truck for a live album due out next year — the band's 25th anniversary. And there's serious talk in the wind about the Dead heading to Moscow and a few other European cities in the spring. You know it's gonna get wilder!



On August 2, Garcia joined Reuben Blades (above, singing) and a host of other top Latin musicians in a benefit concert for the National Hispanic Arts, Education & Media Institute, held at the Biltmore Bowl in Los Angeles. An edited version of the concert aired this month on Cinemax. Photo: Eduardo Cintrinblum/HBO

Cheers, congratulations and huzzahs are in order for a whole bunch of folks who've made the Dead family a little larger in recent weeks. Phil and Jill Lesh brought their second baby boy, Brian James, into the world September 4. Road crew vet Steve Parish and his wife, Marilyn, also had a baby boy, Anthony William, October 3. And GD Ticket Office Czar Steve Marcus and his wife, Tiffany, became the proud parents of a baby girl, Robin Lane, on October 7.

Just in time for Christmas comes the perfect gift for that picky Deadhead on your list — the *Grateful Dead Family Album*, by Jerilyn Brandelius. Or better yet, make your parents buy the book for you! A $29.95 hardcover, it can't exactly be bought with spare change, but the book is so jam-packed with fun stuff, it's worth every penny. The *Family Album* should join *The Official Book of the Dead Heads* and *Playing in the Band* as essential volumes in any Deadhead's library. And like those two, the *Family Album* was sanctioned by the band (who share in the royalties).

The 256-page book is basically laid out like an informal family scrapbook. It contains more than 500 photos, half of them color, most previously unpublished. The quality of the shots varies wildly, since they come both from major photographers and GD family snapshot collections. The text consists mainly of short passages from magazine articles about the Dead through the years, quotes from the band, and stories from family members. The book is arranged in loose chronological order, but this definitely isn't the place to look for a coherent history of the band. What you will find is a gold mine of Grateful Dead arcana, including childhood pix of the band (as well as an incredible shot of Garcia's dad playing clarinet with a very hep group), snippets from the old Dead Head newsletters and reproductions of posters and other Dead-related artwork and memorabilia. It offers a behind-the-scenes look at the Dead world and the people who have kept it going for a quarter-century, hitting most of the high points along the way, from the magical summer of '66 at Rancho Olompali (some amazing shots!), to Egypt (24 pages' worth), to the Dylan-Dead tour in '87. It's like being given a time machine and an all-access pass.

The architect of the project, Jerilyn Brandelius, has been part of the San Francisco music scene since the '60s. A native Californian, she worked as a secretary for Chet Helms at the Family Dog in the late '60s. In the early '70s she worked in minor capacities with Bob Weir and Bill Kreutzmann — house-sitting when they were on the road, and such — and a little later with Dead manager Rock Scully, who assisted with the *Family Album* in a number of ways. She started seeing Mickey Hart in the fall of '70 and then lived with him for ten years until 1981. Living at Hart's ranch in Marin gave Jerilyn her first prolonged exposure to different members of the Dead. Though Mickey wasn't even in the band from '71 to '76, Garcia, Lesh and others dropped by to use Hart's recording studio. Then, when Hart rejoined the band, Jerilyn became closer to others in the family.

She first started work on the book in 1985, assembling thousands of photos solicited from family members and photographers she knew. As the project grew she brought in Alan Trist (once part of the Dead's management braintrust) to help select the printed material to accompany the photos. Trist and designer Jon Goodchild were largely responsible for whittling down the massive cache of photos and materials, and then Goodchild did the actual assemblage. Alas, there were hundreds of great photos that didn't make the final cut, but what's in the book should keep Deadheads happy for many hours.



Jerilyn Brandelius

Some of the book may seem a little too "inside" for casual fans who don't care about anything but the band, and the occasional passage in Latin, Arabic, Spanish and German will doubtless puzzle just about everyone. I think designer Goodchild's decision to put so many pictures at extreme angles makes for tough viewing in spots, as well. But in general, there is so much to look at and read, and the spirit of the work is so upbeat and loving, it feels silly to criticize it at all. The bottom line is the book is fun. It's loaded with pictures I'd never seen, stories I'd never heard. It is exactly what the title claims it to be: a family album. And now, thanks to Jerilyn, it's our family album, too.

The Grateful Dead Hour, David Gans' excellent radio program, is in a transitional phase these days, as David moves from a national syndicator to handling the program's distribution himself. Until the end of August, distribution for the *Dead Hour* was handled by MJI Broadcasting, but "it apparently wasn't successful enough for the syndicator's tastes," David says. "The way it works with syndicated radio programs is you're competing for national advertising dollars on the basis of radio demographics rather than the program itself, so you're competing for generic money and your program has to qualify on generic grounds. This show was not attractive on that level because we were delivering a different audience with unprovable or weird numbers [ratings]."

Gans was dissatisfied on his end because he had to rearrange programs to satisfy MJI on a pair of occasions, and even had one show rejected outright. (That program, which I've heard, was a fascinating hour of David Crosby talking about the Dead and rare tapes of Dead members jamming with the Cros.) "The commercial mentality is that they only want me to play 'Sugar Magnolia,'" Gans sighs. "They don't have any interest in the broad range of music that comes out of the Dead."

Now that Gans and MJI have parted ways, David has complete control of the show and "I'm beginning a migration in the direction of public radio," he says. Over the next few months he is hoping to get the program onto a battery of public and community stations nationwide. "I'll deal directly with the stations instead of a middleman, and in general I'll have a lot more independence — and a lot less security," he notes with a laugh. *The Grateful Dead Hour* is currently heard on 22 stations — some commercial, some college-owned — all of them holdovers from the days of the MJI syndication. While acknowledging that a lot of his time these days is taken up by the administrative minutiae an undertaking of this sort requires, David is confident that it will work out better for everyone in the long run.

"I'm billing the show as 'the musical world of the Grateful Dead,' and that's something I couldn't explore as fully as I wanted to before. My point is not just to give away the Dead's tape vault [which he does have access to]. I'm happy because now I can go further afield and get into more things." Gans also notes that his show will provide time for public service announcements from some of the nonprofit groups supported by the Dead's Rex Foundation.

During this transitional period, you can help by getting together with your Deadhead buddies and urging your local public radio station to carry the show — and then pledging to support the station if it does. (Nothin' comes for free.) These sorts of grassroots efforts *do* work. If you want to contact David for any reason, write to him care of the Grateful Dead Hour, 484 Lake Park Ave. #102, Oakland, CA 94610. Let's help him spread the Dead!

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DEADLINE

Many California Deadheads were disappointed that no concerts were scheduled this past year for the Laguna Seca Recreation Area near Monterey, site of excellent Dead shows in 1987 and '88. Well, the word is that the U.S. Army, which controls much of the land around the concert area, effectively blocked future Dead shows there by denying the county use of a key access road that cuts through military property.

According to a pair of articles in the *Monterey Peninsula Herald* forwarded by *GR* reader David Silva of Oakland, the Army was upset that some concert-goers last year strayed onto Army property, even camping in a "fire impact" zone — now that's high-risk camping! For a change, local officials were delighted with the way things went at Laguna Seca in '88; the county even made $100,000 from the three shows, which isn't exactly chump change. But according to county parks director Jon Soderberg, "Our understanding is that the Army's concern is a concert that attracts crowds with drug abuse and anti-social behavior. I would think that [if it were] a group with a middle-of-the-road following, the Army would not have a problem." The Army — It's Not Just a Job; It's an Adventure in Uptightness.

Most of you are probably aware of the origin of the name "Grateful Dead" — how in a very stoned moment in 1965, Garcia opened up a Funk & Wagnalls dictionary right to those words. It was defined this way: "The motif of a cycle of folk tales which begin with the hero coming upon a group of people ill-treating or refusing to bury the corpse of a man who had died without paying his debts. He gives his last penny, either to pay the man's debts or give him a decent burial. Within a few hours he meets a traveling companion who aids him in some impossible task, gets him a fortune, saves his life, etc. The story ends with the companion disclosing himself as the corpse the other had befriended."

That's as far as most of us go with our understanding of the term "Grateful Dead." But now a Maine-based Deadhead named Bob Franzosa has published an entertaining and insightful book titled *Grateful Dead Folktales* that compiles 13 stories in the genre from different cultures around the world. It is the first volume of its kind devoted specifically to Grateful Dead folktales, and Franzosa has written a lucid introduction about the stories that offers ample historical background about the form and content of the legends he has selected.

A mathemetician and researcher at the University of Maine, Franzosa first became interested in the folk tales about six years ago, after reading a long-out-of-print book from the early 1900s called *The Grateful Dead,* which contains brief synopses of about 100 Grateful Dead tales. "I had been interested in folk tales in general and this really piqued my curiosity because I had wondered what was really behind the name of the band beyond what I'd heard. I looked up a lot of his references and that led me to a number of the stories." On and off for a couple of years Franzosa spent countless hours in the libraries of the University of Maine and Harvard digging through old volumes of folk tales in search of Grateful Dead stories.

In the end, he settled on a diverse selection of tales from Europe and the Middle East, each with its own flavor and illustrating a different facet of Grateful Dead legends. There's plenty of heroism, villainy, treachery and true love in these pages, and the cross-section of cultures — from Israel to France to Poland, etc. — makes this book a "trip" of a different kind.

To obtain a copy of *Grateful Dead Folktales*, send a check or money order for $8.95 to Zosafarm Publications, P.O. Box 504, Orono, ME 04473. Add an extra dollar if you'd like the book mailed first class. This will be a limited printing, so act quickly!

Coincidentally, there is another Grateful Dead folktale book coming out simultaneously: *The Water of Life — A Tale of the Grateful Dead*, "retold" by Alan Trist with illustrations by Jim Carpenter. Trist, who worked at the upper levels of the Grateful Dead organization for many years, has been involved for the last several with the Oregon-based Hulogos'i books, the company that put out Robert Hunter's translation of Rilke's *Duino Elegies*, and the fine volume of Robert Peterson's poetry we discussed in previous issues. It's a small company that emphasizes art and quality, and *The Water of Life* may be the most beautiful book they've produced to date.

Billed as "A Children's Book for All Ages," the 44-page opus offers Trist's clearly written variation on a story once popular in Northern Europe. He has combined elements of other tales into



Illustration from The Water of Life

The Water of Life and also put a slightly mystical spin on the story. It has some of the feel of the classic tales of the Holy Grail, so it will almost certainly interest children in search of a good yarn, as well as adults. Before he became involved with the Dead, Trist was an anthropologist, so the sort of research he did to reconstruct this fable came naturally to him.

Jim Carpenter's 25 illustrations alone are worth the price of the book. His line drawings variously bring to mind Japanese prints, German woodcuts and medieval illuminated manuscripts. He has a wonderful eye for detail and his work reinforces the mythic themes running through the story.

The Water of Life is available by mail for $11.95 plus $2 postage and handling from Hulogos'i Books, P.O. Box 1188, Eugene, OR 97440.

In an admirable attempt to offer relief to AIDS and leukemia patients, longtime Grateful Dead family member Nicki Scully has produced *The Cauldron Journey of Healing*, a new spoken word-with-music tape designed to assist in self-healing. Of special interest to Deadheads will be the music by Roland Barker, which features Jerry Garcia on synthesizer-guitar throughout.

Scully, a metaphysical teacher based in Oregon, makes "guided journey tapes that introduce people to archetypal entities that confer initiatory experiences on them or take them through very specific experiences through which they get information or insight," she says. While not a channeler herself, her teaching is designed to help others get in touch with various deities — in the case of the *Journey of Healing*, it is Kuan Yin, the Chinese goddess of compassion. "The journey was given to me to help in the healing

of AIDS and leukemia patients specifically," she says, "but more generally it can be used in the healing of any disease. It can put people in touch with this deity through their own consciousness through a change in perception which is an actual alchemy — a process I call The Cauldron."

Scully's goal in this project is to make the tape available for free to any AIDS and leukemia patients who want it, and she says she plans to give away at least half of the first run of tapes, beginning in late November. "We'll give them away to places working with people with AIDS, and patients with AIDS can also write to us and get a copy for free. But we're also hoping that people who don't have AIDS will buy it — perhaps they're interested in supporting this, or receiving the healing and understanding how it works, or just hearing the music. I'm hoping enough people will buy it that it can be an ongoing, self-sustaining thing." She notes that the tape consists of the guided journey with music on one side, and just the music on the other. Garcia and Stanley Mouse, who painted the cover art, both eagerly donated their time to the project.

To order the tape send a check or money order for $12, (which includes postage) payable to the Sahalie Publishing Company, to Nicki Scully, P.O. Box 5025, Eugene, OR 97405.

Speaking of tapes, you may not be aware that former GD keyboardist Tom Constanten (better known as T.C.) has put out a fine collection of piano music called *Fresh Tracks in Real Time*. If you've ever caught one of T.C.'s solo performances you know that his repertoire is eclectic, to say the least, and this tape, with more than 60 minutes of music, reflects that. "I wanted to put out something I could be proud of but which could also reach an audience," T.C. told us. "In other words, I didn't want to get too outside too fast, and I wanted to give a sort of gourmet's gamut of what I'm into."

Side One of the tape is a real mixed bag of styles, including piano pieces by contemporary writers like Terry Ryan and Pulitzer Prize winner William Bolcon, and a trio of tunes familiar to Deadheads: "Hesitation Blues," "Cold Rain & Snow" and "Dark Star." That last tune is particularly interesting. While not as long or expansive as some T.C. "Dark Stars," it really showcases the beauty of Garcia's original melody while providing several interesting jumping-off points for T.C. A couple of spots sound almost like player piano in some Old West saloon; a surprisingly effective stylistic move. Side Two consists of two multi-part suites of original compositions by T.C. that offer music that is challenging in its complexity but still aesthetically pleasing. You'll hear traces of ragtime, blues, early American pop and classical music running through the many twists and turns in the music.

There's a fair amount of humor running through much of this music — quirky phrases, false endings, overlapping genres that will make your head spin. And then there are his titles: wonderful concoctions like "The Syntax Collector," "Licentious Bicentennial Rag," "Any Face Card Beats a '10'" and "Claude Greenberg's Springtime Catch," to name a few.

To order the tape send a check or money order for $11.50 (postage paid) to Tom Constanten, P.O. Box 20195, Oakland, CA 94620. It's a winner.

By the way, the Henry Kaiser Band, of which T.C. is a member, recorded a live album in mid-October. We'll have more details on that next issue. And Bay Area radio listeners also can hear T.C. every Saturday morning on the hip radio program *West Coast Weekend*, for which he is music director and house pianist. □

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In the studio, May '89. Photo: Scott Sommerdorf/SF Chronicle

Recording 'Built to Last'

An interview with GARCIA

Success in the record biz is such a crapshoot, it's nearly impossible to predict what will click with listeners and what will fall by the wayside. The deck was stacked in the Dead's favor in '87, when *In the Dark* came out. "Touch of Grey" was such an obviously alluring single — with a hook just about anyone could get behind — that its popularity was all but a foregone conclusion before the record was even released. The band's longevity, the tour with Bob Dylan, and the human interest story of Garcia's return from death's door earned the band heaps of publicity in the mainstream press. And it had been so long since the Dead had put out an album, nearly everyone who'd ever liked the band was curious to know what an '80s Grateful Dead record sounded like. I bet I'm not the only Deadhead who bought the single just to support the boys' first real shot at the Big Time.

But the Big Time brought nothing but trouble in the eyes of many Deadheads — the problems in the scene since *In the Dark* have been extensively chronicled here and elsewhere. And now there are many Heads who are actually rooting against *Built to Last*, who want it to fail so the already crowded and trouble-plagued scene doesn't finally come crashing down all around us. Life was so much simpler when the Dead was a true cult band, the thinking goes.

Whether *Built to Last* will equal or surpass its predecessor is open to conjecture at this point. Though the first single, "Foolish Heart," is undeniably catchy, its hook doesn't have the kind of instantly recognizable appeal of "Touch of Grey." A more likely hit may be "Blow Away" — one of the obvious standouts on the LP — but it is unclear whether the world at large will accept Brent as the voice of the Dead, even with all those gritty Garcia guitar runs in the background. It's also a fact of the Dead scene that there are still pockets of Heads who just don't like Brent's voice or material, and they may steer clear of a record that is dominated by his songs (he has four tunes, to Garcia's three and Weir's two). "Victim or the Crime" — the longest piece on the album — remains a very unpopular song with many Deadheads, so it, too, might drive away some potential buyers among the hardcore.

Fortunately for all of us, the band doesn't seem to devote a whole lot of energy to worrying about how the record will fare in the marketplace. Like most artists, they are absorbed with the work itself — the process — as much as the product. And from that standpoint at least, the members are proclaiming *Built to Last* a big success. It was made quickly by Grateful Dead standards, they had fun with it (never

guaranteed with this group), and they all seem to believe that they've come up with interesting and energetic studio representations of the album's nine tunes. Even those who preferred the live-in-the-studio approach of *In the Dark* may be forced to admit that this record *sounds* great. In producing the album, Garcia and John Cutler really have captured the nuances of the band's interaction beautifully.

To get the skinny on the recording of *Built To Last*, Regan and I caught up with Garcia at the band's studio a couple of days after the fall series at Shoreline Amphitheater in Mountain View, California. Club Front was as crowded as I've ever seen it that afternoon. Garcia and Weir had just finished a photo session with *Musician* magazine; the crew had assembled to get ready for the East Coast tour starting the next weekend; and the bandmembers were dropping in one by one for their third rehearsal in three days (!). Excitement and cigar smoke filled the air — crew member Steve Parrish had become the proud papa of a baby boy that morning.

To get away from the madness, Jerry, Regan and I retired to a storeroom filled with assorted drum paraphernalia and such odds and ends as Garcia's old guitar straps (including the rose-covered leather strap that matched his early '70s Nudie suit!). Our conversation this time around focused on the nuts-and-bolts of making the new record.

— *BJ*

Can you talk a little about how your approach on this album was different from* In the Dark *— what you might have learned from making that record?

Not very much, it turns out, except that we want to make better albums. I guess we also learned that we can have some fun making a record, and that we want to make *more* records.

You liked that record, didn't you?

No, I wasn't that happy with it.

Really? The rap at the time was that you liked it.

Well, it was better than some of them have been, but actually it had some really unsteady tracks on it that we had to disguise a lot to get on there. It wasn't as good as it should have been, certainly.

When you say "unsteady," do you mean rhythmically?

Yeah, some of that, and things where the feel just wasn't quite right. But that's because we didn't really pay quite enough attention to the material — some of it was that we performed it a little too much and got into certain habits with the songs. Playing it live a lot sometimes works against you. This record [*Built to Last*] is a lot more considerate of the material, and its much more of a *record* in that each song has its own personality in a more controlled kind of way. The fundamental sound of things is better, and also the space in which they occur is better, so for me it's much more successful from a record-making point of view; from my producer's point of view.

It definitely has more ambience.

It has better vocals and better songs, too. And the songs have an energy we haven't been able to get on a studio record for quite a long time. *In the Dark* had a certain amount of it, but that's mostly because we treated it as if it were live in a way. We tried to do that initially with this record — we recorded at Marin Civic just like the last one — but we threw all that stuff out. We also threw out a lot of material. There was a whole different set of songs when this record began.

'I'm serving the music. I don't have an axe to grind. The producer's function, from my point of view, is to make the intention of the music clear.'

Actually, we didn't really start making the record we ended with until around the end of April, and it's only been a part-time project because we've been touring and doing all sorts of other stuff in and amongst it as well. So the actual elapsed time of working on it was not very much for a Grateful Dead record, and I think it came out very well; I'm happier with this record. It's mostly the thing of being able to hear everybody enlarge upon and evolve their parts — a process that normally takes a while onstage. We were able to figure out a way to sort of telescope that process.

How do you do that?

Just by putting in more time with individual emphasis in the band, so that one person gets to work on his part in the context of what everybody else has been doing. So the process of developing and updating, based on what you hear and what the effect that your part has on everybody else's playing, was speeded up tremedously by using slave reels. [A slave reel is a work copy made from the master tape.]

So it's not a disadvantage that a tune like "Picasso Moon" had been played live only three times before it was recorded?

No. Weir typically writes songs where you don't have any sense of what the song is actually like when you record it. He frequently comes up with songs that are in reality just a set of changes — an idea which is forming. And with Weir you have to develop a faith in the process and assume that what's going to come out is going to be a song. But you're disadvantaged because unless you get him to sing it right away, or something *like* it, you don't know where the vocal's going to go, so you don't know where the melody goes, and you don't know whether you're stepping on it or not when you start to construct a part to go along with the song. Weir's songs sometimes evolve from the bottom out in kind of a strange way — the melody is the last thing that's written, so you have to approach it differently. "Picasso Moon" is typical of his songs on an album, in the sense that he writes them back to front, so to speak.

It's interesting that between the last live version and the studio version he dumped the falsetto part and added the harmony with Brent.

Yeah. Well, that's the reason you have to have faith — you have to assume it's going to work out all right; it's going to eventually be a functional song that's not impossible to sing and out of his range. Sometimes it's not that clear that that's going to happen when you start out.

Is it harder, then, to make the determination of when a song like that is actually "done"?

No. It's done when it's done. With the Grateful Dead it's easy — it's done when we deliver the record. [Laughs] I mean if you went on with it longer it would probably evolve differently and more things would happen to it, but in this case it was kind of cut-and-dried in a way. We had a pretty good sense of where it was supposed to be going. Even though we hadn't performed it much, it was pretty locked down in terms of where things would be.

What does road-testing a song do for it?

Sometimes it doesn't do anything for it. In fact, sometimes you rush into a tune and perform it too early and you

lose any sense of the way it's all going. This process [recording the new album] has been good for that because it made everyone very conscious of what everybody else is playing, and made you think of how your parts fit in with them. That makes it more interesting.

So how was the record actually constructed? Did you do basic tracks of rhythm guitar and bass and then start stacking tracks?

No, we didn't do basics in the normal sense at all. What we did was spend a lot of time trying to figure out what the right tempo for the tune was going to be, and then we took a piece of tape and a dumbshit drum machine, and set up a basic feeling for the tune on the drum machine.

Like a click-track?

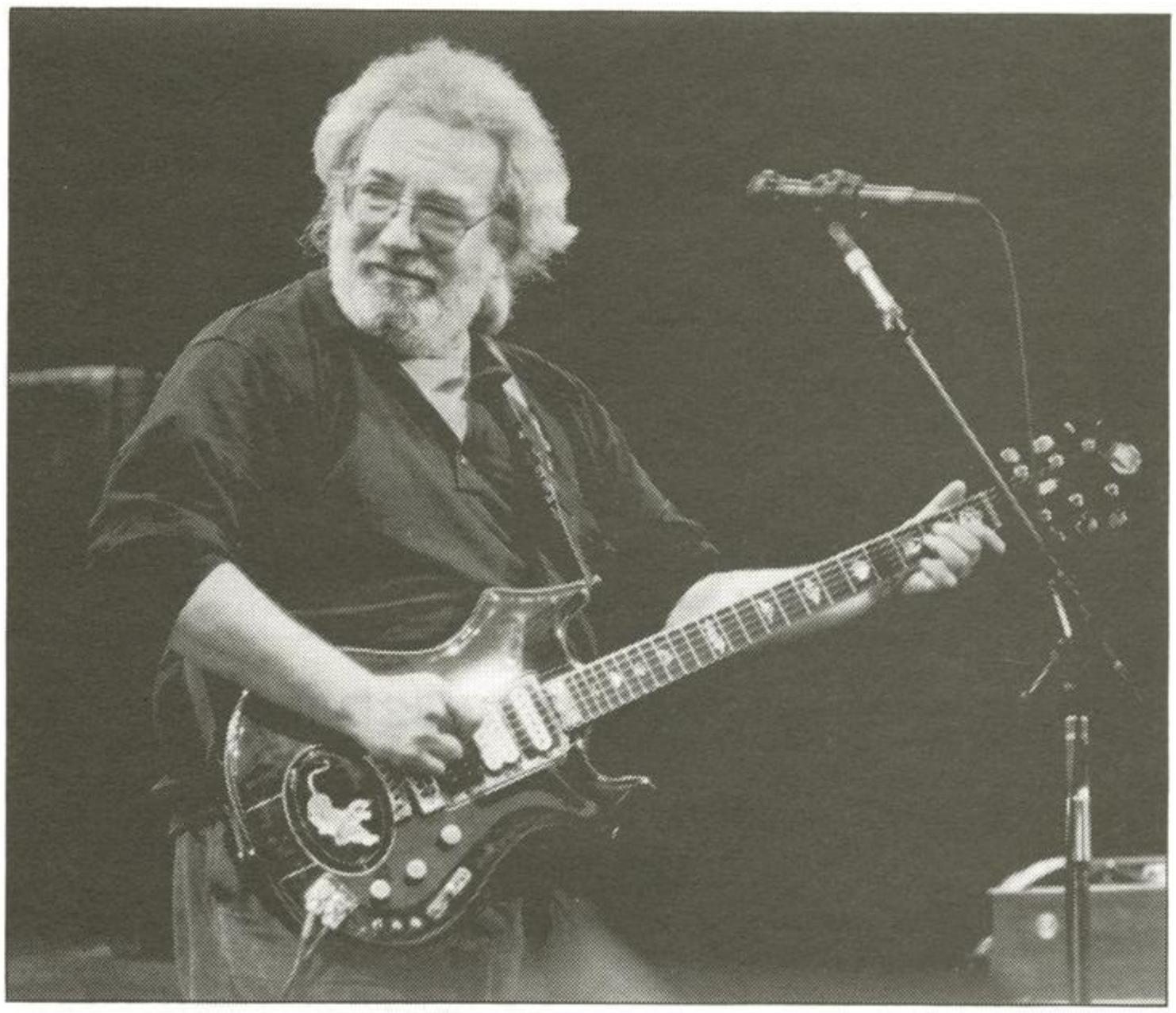
Like an enhanced click-track — a track that says a little more about the rhythm than just a square 4/4, so it has a little of the feeling in it, whether it's a little bit of a shuffle feeling or whatever else it has in the groove.

So we set that up and ran it the length of the tune. So say a tune has two verses, two bridges, an instrumental verse, an instrumental bridge, another sung chorus. We set the length of the rhythm track to that idea, and then Bob and I and Phil and Brent would work together just with that to get a sense of how the song would hang together. Then, once we had essentially established the length and the tempo, we started working on it individually. So Bob would go home and work on his guitar part until he felt he had one that was really successful, and so on.

So, for instance, would he take a slave reel and work alone at his home studio?

Yeah. And one of the reasons it worked so well is that we were using the Dolby SR [recording process], which is so clean that you can lose generations and you don't really hear it. You have to go eight, ten generations before you have a sense of losing anything, so it gives you a lot of flexibility in terms of how many tracks you can accumulate for any one part and still keep it crisp. On a lot of these tracks, none of the original takes exist; we've replaced everything, including the drums.

The nice thing is that it keeps the amount of tape to a minimum. Everyone's dealing with exactly the same tempo and exactly the same performance each time, so any of the little irregularities you might pick up when you have to pick up takes or — worse — splice takes together to get a master take, all that stuff is eliminated; all the bookkeeping bullshit is completely out of it — you're essentially working with one take per tune.



Fun at Deer Creek on summer tour. Photo: Michael Conway

Did you deliberately hold back in performing live some of the touches on the record — the backup vocals on "Blow Away" or "Foolish Heart"?

No, a lot of them were ideas that we just hadn't gotten around to doing, that we worked out while we were making the record. Over the course of maybe three or four days we did all the background vocal parts with the idea that the record presents a sort of idealized version of the live versions, so we would want the harmony to be in the live version, too.

It still sounds like a* band *record — there isn't much on there that couldn't be reproduced live, unlike some of your past recordings that have layered more parts.

Well, it *is* a band record. It still has layers of stuff and some acoustic guitars and things like that, but it's painted in a little more carefully.

How do you work as a producer with Bob and Brent? The impression I've gotten is that they more-or-less direct their own songs, with you acting as the ultimate decision-maker.

I'm the guy who guides it to where they want it to go. I'm serving the music. I don't have an axe to grind — a viewpoint to preserve — as far as the music is concerned, except on my own compositions. But, really, I want to expose the interaction of the whole band. So with a Brent tune or a Bob tune, I want to make sure you hear what each instrument is playing and what the intended relationship is to each other and to the whole song. The producer's function, from my point of view, is to make the intention of the music clear.

So that's something Bob or Brent has to communicate to you.

Well, the song itself communicates it to some extent, and if I see something they don't see I'll tell them about it, and vice versa. But I do like whoever's song it is to at least be here when it's being worked on. I want that person's feedback — I want to hear that they want more vocal or less vocal or whatever. I'm open to suggestions, and when the writer has specific ideas of how parts should go, the producer's function is to listen to those ideas to hear what the artist wants the song to do — how he wants it be behave. Mixing is basically doing that — putting things in their proper proportions.

Was there a lot of trial and error on this record?

We had plenty of time for trial and error on the individual parts, but not on the mixing, which was sort of one-shot. Really, this music was never heard in its entirety until we mixed it because it was all out on slave reels. I mean, Mickey usually accumulates no less than 11 or 12 tracks just for his stuff, so that's a whole sub-mix that you have no idea what you're actually

dealing with and how it will fit in with the rest of the music until you get into it during the mix. With this album, we didn't have the luxury of having all the pieces together until it was time to actually deliver the record.

So all of Mickey's stuff was brought in during the actual mix?

Except that I was with him when he recorded most of it. I'd go up to his studio and work with him, so in a sense we pre-edited his ideas. He used me as his 50 percent man. That's a design tactic that the Japanese use in industrial designs — whenever somebody designs something they have a guy who comes in and takes 50 percent of everything away; 50 percent of the cost, 50 percent of the complexity, 50 percent of the intention. He divides everything in half and then it starts to become a workable idea.

I'd think Mickey could use a 60 or 70 percent man!

Sometimes. [Laughs] Or 80 or 90 percent! Mickey has a tendency to work in his own world, which is both his value as well as a liability, so it works best when he works with somebody. I like working with him because I like the energy and because he has so many ideas that are worth testing. Some of them are the kind of ideas that if you hear them spoken they won't mean much to you; you have to hear them realized to know what they actually mean. With this record we spent lots and lots of time sampling different sounds. [A sound that is "sampled" — digitally recorded — can be manipulated electronically and triggered later using a controlling device or instrument, such as a drum pad, a guitar or a keyboard.]

What sorts of samples were used? "Victim or the Crime" has some percussion that sounds like an anvil being struck.

There is sort of an anvil sound, and there's also machine-shop sounds in there that are big crushers and stampers and grinders we use in various parts.

Those sounds whooshing through "Victim"?

No, that's mostly Beam stuff. Just part of the rhythm track — there's like a four-bar rhythm pattern where every other four has a different stamper crunching, and also there's the sound of broken lightbulbs on the twos and fours that sounds a little like a tambourine, but it's actually lightbulbs. [Laughs]

The David Lynch approach.

Yeah. Well, the song has a kind of industrial angst, so we built onto that feeling by using metal-shop sounds — metal on metal. It was an early idea of mine that actually ended up working really well.

The vocals on the album seem very well recorded. Brent's vocal on "I Will Take You Home," for example, sounds so sweet. It's so much purer than his regular live voice, which can be raspy.

He can sing both ways. In that case he was after a certain quality that would make that song work authentically as a lullaby — and with a lullaby it doesn't help to have somebody growling at you. [Laughs] You want it to be sweet, and he understood that. I think he might have preferred it to be a little rougher, but I wanted it sweeter. I think it works fine, but I might have given it a slightly different mix.

Is the whole band on there?

No, only Brent and me and Phil and Mickey.

The only place I hear you is a short phrase of MIDI guitar. [The MIDI — musical instrument digital interface — system connects Garcia's guitar with various synthesizers and samplers.]

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Right, there's a teenie-weenie bit of "horn" on it. I wanted to do it just piano and voice — I thought it sounded best that way; purer and simpler. But Brent wanted it to be more of a band effort.

The vocal on "We Can Run" sounds like Brent doubled and tripled instead of the full band harmonies.

Nope. It's all of us on there. There is that part where he's singing a melody line and he's also doing a rave on the out, so that part is two Brents, but other than that it happens that when we double ourselves we start to get a generic vocal sound. In this case our background vocals are tripled, and since Bob and I have a very similar part on that, it's hard to tell who's singing what.

How was your experience recording with the MIDI gear, say on "Built to Last"?

It's very easy to do, very predictable.

Do you record it direct [into the console] or in conjunction with mikes on your amp?

I use the amplifier as if I were just recording regular guitar. And that usually means a couple of mikes on the amplifier — one very close and one out about three feet. I like the way the speakers characterize the sound, so I'm playing the whole system, not just the MIDI. If you just go through the board with the MIDI it sounds a little edgy, a little harsh, so I like to soften it up a bit by running it through my regular stuff.

The "horn" sound gives "Built to Last" a nice Baroque quality.

That's because it's out of the trumpet range and into the pocket trumpet — or piccolo trumpet — range, which is that Purcell "Trumpet Voluntary" sound you're used to hearing.

It also has that "Penny Lane" feeling.

A little bit, yeah. It's that range. The synthesized version of it sounds very ripe.

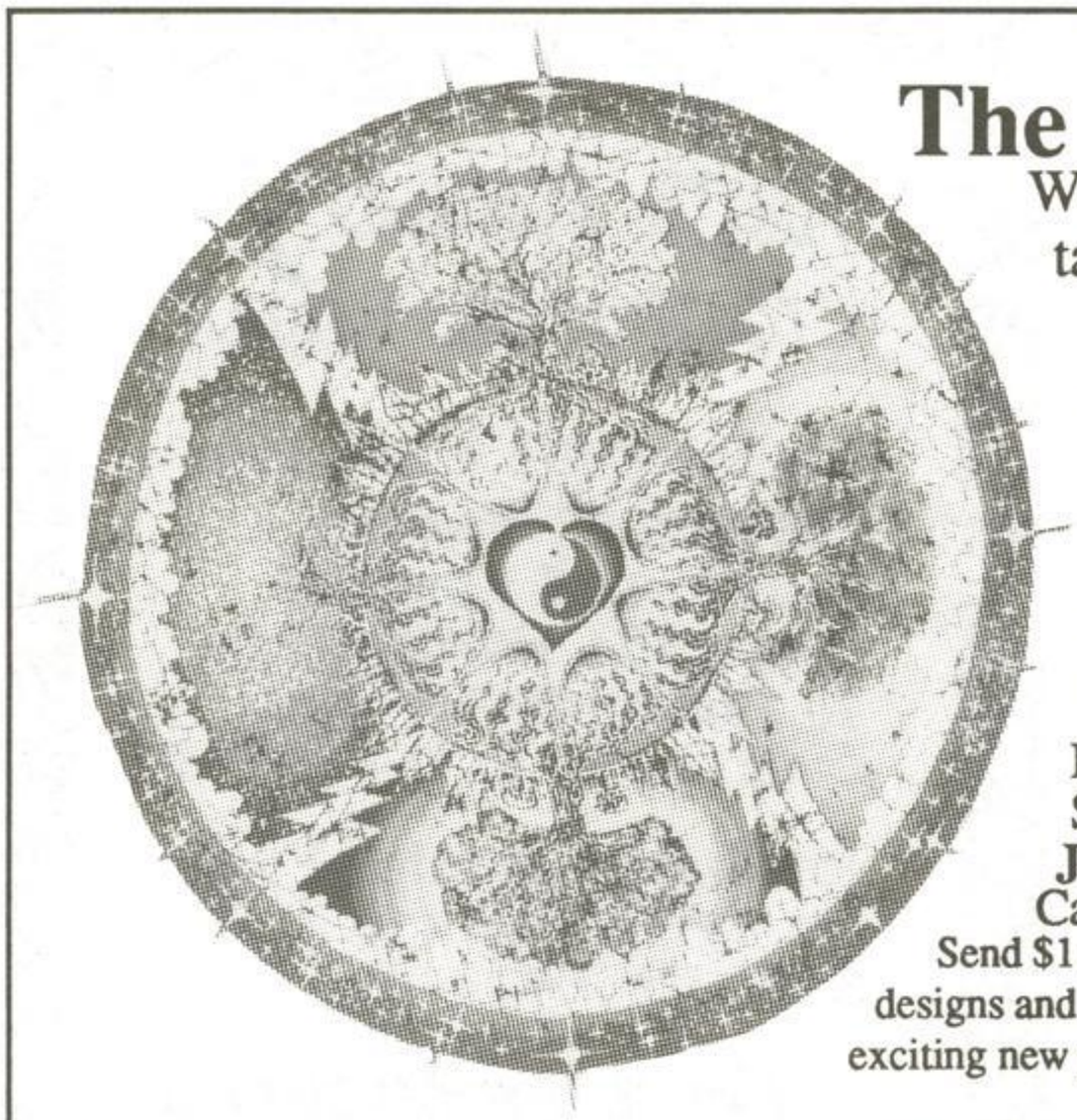
It seems like the vocals on "Foolish Heart" are downplayed somewhat — they're not as prominent in relation to the instruments as on other tracks.

I make 'em loud enough to where you can hear what the melody is and make sense of the lyrics. Apart from that it's the way the whole music works — the vocal is just another element in the music, really. Sometimes it's more important than others. It depends on what's going on in the tune. For me, the whole gesture of the tune counts more than just the vocal.

What can you tell us about the writing of "Standing on the Moon"?

Well, we wrote it last year some time. Every once in a while Hunter delivers a lyric that is just absolutely clear in its intent. I thought it would be really nice to do a song where you only have to hear it one time and you'll get it. You don't have to listen to it hundreds of times or wonder what it's about. That's what I was aiming for, and I think it's relatively successful. There's not much in the way of distraction on it at all. I wanted it to be very pure sounding, so everyone plays straightahead triads — there are no suspensions, nothing is held over. I wanted just the way the melody moves, the way the chords support it, and the sense of the lyrics to be what you hear, and to amplify the emotional experience.

For me, it's one of those things where I don't know what it is I like about it, but there's something I like about it very much. It's an emotional reality; it isn't linguistics. It's something about that moment of the soul. To have those words coming out of my mouth puts me in a very specific place, and there's a certain authenticity there that I didn't want to disturb. By keep-



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ing it simple it allows what actually produced the song to be as visible as possible to the listener, so just the song is there.

When you move a song like that around in the show — you've done it before drums, after drums, in the first set — what do you learn about it?

Nothing. [He chuckles] I think we generally tend to play songs better in the first half, but a lot of times they have more emotional impact in the second half.

You think you play better in the first set?

Songs, yes I think we do. Because usually we're being more careful and paying more attention to what's going on because we're not that comfortable yet. The closer to the beginning of the show you are, the more intention there is, which is helpful when you're dealing with trying to deliver a song. But this stuff doesn't have anything to do with what the audience thinks or feels or anything. It's just my own point of view, and I'm not trying to sell that idea.

You said earlier that this album is very different from what originally had been planned. Do you mean in terms of the actual material?

'For me, "Foolish Heart" is not about the text. It's about the flow of the song. There's something about it that's charming, but I don't know why.'

Yeah, we had some completely different material. There were about six songs that didn't go on this album.

Was "Believe It Or Not" one of them?

That was one of them. That might surface again some day. It's kind of a nice song.

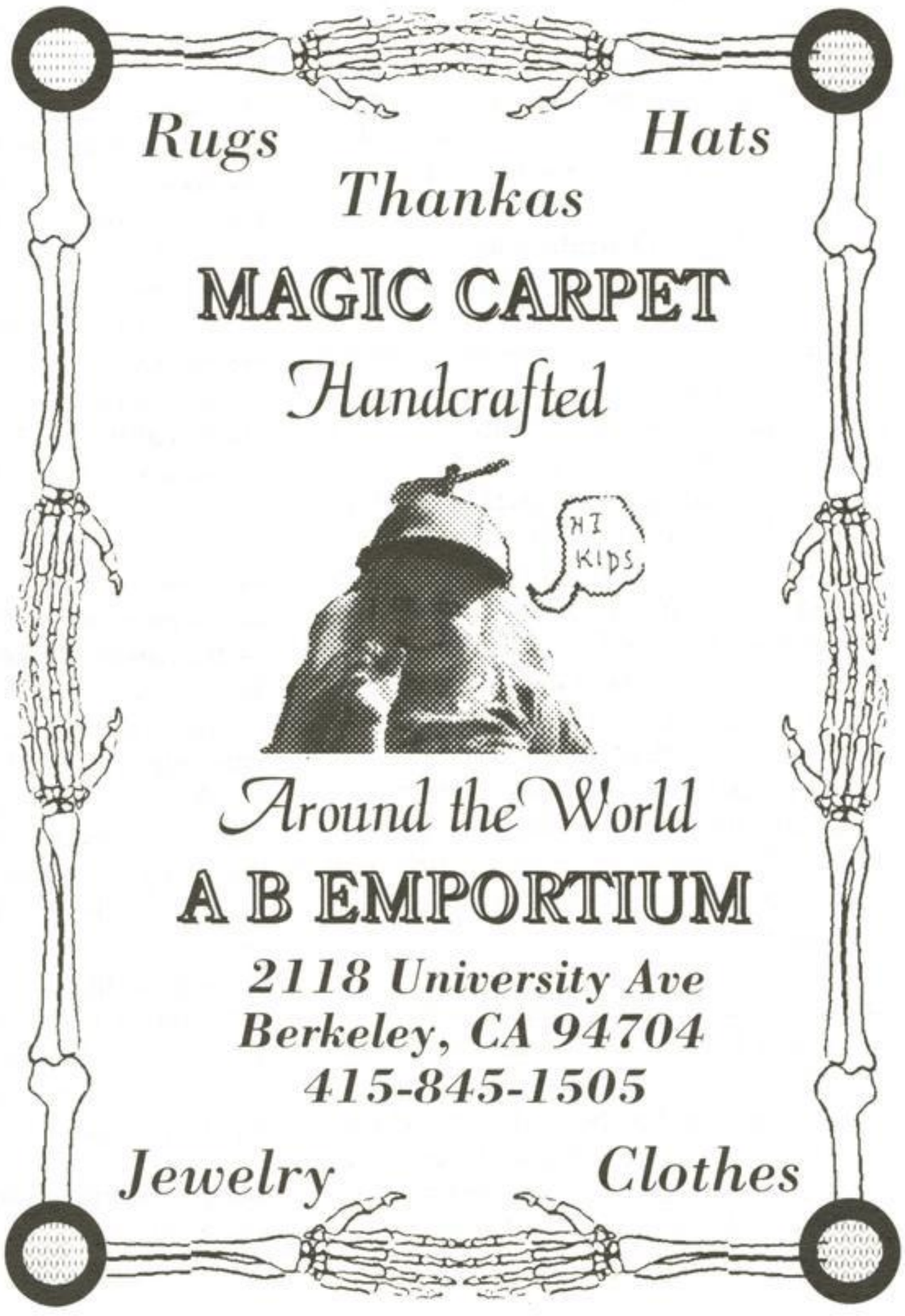
I think a lot of people are going to view this record as Brent's "coming out" in a way.

That would be nice. I think he's getting a lot more comfortable in the band; he's starting to feel that it's his band as well as everyone else's. But you'd have to ask him how he feels about it, because it's not like he couldn't have done this kind of stuff before — he could've. It's just that for this particular record he had the most material.

Does one have to learn how to write "Grateful Dead songs"?

No, I don't think so. All of them are just songs. The Grateful Dead approach to developing an arrangement is something you have to learn, though. There's a lot of dissonance in that. If you have very specific ideas about the relationship of musicians to their instruments, and the instruments to the music and so on, it's not going to work in the Grateful Dead because people will play stuff you don't expect them to play, and do things where you won't understand why they're doing them. It's one of those things where you have to take a long view and say, "Well, it worked out with these songs..." So once you spend enough time at it, you start to trust what the rest of the band is going to do with your music. Somewhere along the line you have to surrender some part of yourself or you're going to be too concerned about *exactly* how things should go.





It seems there's a little more social consciousness on this record than past ones. Do you think that's accurate?

It's just a glitch. [Laughs] I don't think it's anything serious. I think it just happened to be in the air and some of these particular songs happened to be that way, but it could've easily gone any other direction. I don't think it's a trend of any kind, if that's what you mean.

Actually, too, it's more just the *appearance* of social conscience. Apart from "We Can Run," which I guess is some sort of ecological anthem — it's preachy in a way — everything else is pretty open-ended.

Even "Victim" is open-ended.

Right. It is.

We got a letter the other day from a reader who is very confused by "Foolish Heart" — all those things you're telling the listener to do..."Shun a brother and a friend," etc.

I don't even know whether "never give your love, my friend, to a foolish heart" is decent advice. I had some trouble with Hunter about that. I said, "Do we really want to be telling people this?" I mean, sometimes it's really fun to get involved in something completely frivolous.

Well, I assumed the tone was completely ironic.

The tone of the song is definitely ironic, but that goes over most people's heads. But I'm used to that. That doesn't surprise me anymore. [Laughs] A lot of songs we do are ironic in tone and people don't understand it.

For me, though, "Foolish Heart" is not about the text. It's about the flow of the song. There's something about it that's charming, but as usual I don't exactly know why. I like that it's got a sort of asymmetrical melody that's very natural sounding. That part of it is successful from my point of view. This is one of those tunes where I had the melody written and the phrasing written before I talked to Hunter, so he wrote lots of different versions of lyrics before he settled into something. I've never been entirely satisfied with the subject matter of the tune in terms of what the lyrics mean, but the gesture of it — the unfolding of it — works real good for me, and that's what I really care about.

Does it sound like a single to you?

I don't know what a single sounds like, but everyone assures me it is a single, and I'm happy to defer to them. Personally, I think "Blow Away" and "Just a Little Light" are perfect singles, and I also think "Picasso Moon" would be a great single.

I know the band has been working up some old material recently. How was your experience singing "Death Don't Have No Mercy" for the first time in nearly 20 years?

It was fun. That's a good song. It's one of those things where I'd really just forgotten about it, and then the other day I was thinking about it and remembering how good it is. And it's certainly not difficult to do.

So did you come up with the arrangement — having Bobby and Brent each sing a verse?

Yeah. Anybody could sing it and feel comfortable with it. It has a lot of power.

'I think we're turning a corner musically and heading into some really new areas. The sound of the band is changing.'

Are you happy with how your MIDI stuff has been going? I know this past weekend [at the Shoreline shows] was the first time you've used the MIDI effects at all sorts of different points in the show.

Well, this is the first time I've had a guitar that I can use both the guitar sound and the MIDI sounds interchangeably, so it's like a whole new language. I'm just getting started with it.

In general, it seems like you've been experimenting with more literal sounds — trumpets, flutes, saxophones — than Weir has.

They're the ones that are most playable for me right now. I go on how much my touch can be transferred to the MIDI realm. What's interesting is that if I play harder on the horn thing, I can actually overblow it, just like you can with a horn. So what I'm looking for is getting some of the *expression* you get from a horn, except on a guitar. I look for the things that are most interactive that I can affect by my touch. But I'm on the ground floor of this still.

Do you think of specific horn players, say Coltrane?

I tend not to think of specific players, but I do think of a color. So while I might not think of Coltrane specifically, I might think of "Ascension" [one of Coltrane's most famous pieces] — not a part of it, but the whole way it unfolds. Or, more to the point, I found myself thinking at one point of "My Favorite Things" [another Coltrane classic], but more Eric Dolphy than Coltrane, because one of the [MIDI] saxophones has a very good soprano [sax] register. That's the thing about the guitar — it crosses the registers, so sometimes you find yourself in a place where — like with the flute — you're playing in a register that doesn't actually exist for that instrument, but you still recognize its characteristics.

It's flute-like.

That's right. So there's a soprano saxophone-like thing I can get to that has this very pure Steve Lacy sound — very open and enunciatory, and different than the jazz tone. To me, that's very appealing.

Do you have a lot of blending capability? I know Brent can mix piano with fiddle on his keyboards with his pedals. Could you do sax with trumpet, for instance?

Sure. I can do combinations. Plus, I can do the guitar in combination with anything else to whatever extent I want. I've started to do some stuff on ballads that's kind of interesting, where I'll add little voicings against the guitar so it's not actually adding to the guitar note, but sort of adding a *halo* around the sound. Some of it is very subtle. But this was the first time I've used it for entire shows, so I have a long way to go.

Did you feel it slowed you down at all?

No. It's just another tool.

I'd think the other players will have to adjust to your changes because playing against a trumpet is different from playing against a guitar.

That could be. It's going to be very interesting to see where all this goes.

What are you anticipating from the fall tour in terms of the crowds and all that?

I don't really think about that kind of stuff very much. If I think about anything it's the music and hoping that it's good. I think we're turning a corner musically and heading into some really new areas. The sound of the band is changing.

I sense that, too, but I can't put my finger on it.

Me neither. I can't see where it's going, but it's definitely going somewhere. □

SET LISTS: FOXBORO THROUGH MIAMI

FOXBORO

As I packed my bags and headed for Foxboro, I had mixed emotions about going. I had heard all the nightmarish tales about previous Dead concerts there — the traffic and security hassles, the gate crashers and rowdy drunks, plus all the usual complaints about stadium-sized shows. But there's also a certain excitement seeing the first show of a tour because the song choices are unpredictable and the playing often has a freshness to it. It had been a while since I'd seen a show, so off I went.

After a nifty hour-long opening set by Los Lobos, the Dead wasted no time reminding me how much fun it is to see a show, no matter where it takes place. They opened with a surprise — a short but powerful version of "Playin' in the Band" that noodled its way easily into "Crazy Fingers," and then they continued slip-slidin' into "Wang Dang Doodle." Wow! The set also contained great versions of "Tennessee Jed," "To Lay Me Down" and "Cassidy."

It was hard to know what to expect in the second half after such a wild first set, but it's safe to say I never would've predicted the opener would be "Friend of the Devil" — a first. It worked fine, too; it was a little faster than usual and included a pair of excellent solos by Brent. After "Truckin'" and a silky-smooth "He's Gone," Garcia led the band into a bluesy jam, and as Weir tried to leave the stage before drums, Garcia brought him back with the opening notes of "Eyes of the World." Later highlights included the "Dear Mr. Fantasy-Hey Jude" combination, and a rockin' "Sugar Magnolia."

This show marked the debut of the large canvas "screens" that adorned the speaker towers for this tour, and which helped make the stadium environment a little more pleasant. As the show progressed, the lighting on the artwork changed to highlight particular images — the suns, the big, broad trees, the weird faces. This, along with the giant TV screens on either side of the stage, provided plenty of visual excitement.

— Jim Matson



An unusual perspective at the Greek Theater. Photo: Ron Delany

7-21-89, Sullivan Stadium, Foxboro, MA
Playin' in the Band ⧫ Crazy Fingers ⧫ Wang Dang Doodle, We Can Run, Tennessee Jed, Queen Jane Approximately, To Lay Me Down, Cassidy, Don't Ease Me In

Friend of the Devil, Truckin' ⧫ jam ⧫ He's Gone ⧫ Eyes of the World ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ The Wheel ⧫ Dear Mr. Fantasy ⧫ Hey Jude coda ⧫ Sugar Magnolia/Quinn the Eskimo

BUFFALO

In the home of the AFC East champion Buffalo Bills, the band came to play on Independence Day. (Are there any more independent, freedom-loving people than the folks who travel the road with the Grateful Dead?) About 50,000 people showed up for a musical bonanza this holiday, many fewer than had attended the Dead-Dylan/Petty show in '86, but that just gave us all more room to move.

The show opened with a set by local favorites 10,000 Maniacs, who performed their set to a small but receptive group. When the Dead hit the stage, a strong "Bertha" opening got the crowd dancing immediately. The big first set highlights for me were "Stagger Lee" and "Looks Like Rain," which hadn't been played in a first set for some time. A scorching "Deal" closed it out.

"Touch of Grey" opened the second set, bringing with it the feeling that we will survive — no matter how many cities decide to pass on having us drop in. The dancin' continued through "Man Smart Women Smarter," followed by a poignant "Ship of Fools." A trip to "Terrapin Station" led into the drums, where Mickey and Billy had a chance to work us over for a while. After Brent's lullaby, the band closed with a tremendous trio of tunes — a wailing "Watchtower" that swirled and blasted its way through the giant stadium; a "Morning Dew" that both eased the spirit and enlivened us simultaneously; and finally, "Not Fade Away," which rekindled so many memories of years past to me — all good. Then, to no one's surprise, they came back to cap this July Fourth with those "United States Bluuues!"

— Barry Sundance

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PHILLY

Whatever one thinks of stadium dates — and I don't think very highly of them myself — to see nearly 90,000 people gather, hang out, and shake it, is one of life's assurances that humanity, contrary to reports, is not all that bad. On this typically hot and humid day in July, people really seemed to enjoy themselves.

I was surprised that there was only one video screen, at stage left, and it wasn't even used during the first set. And the sound seemed to be turned way down during the first few numbers. By the time Brent sang a verse on "Red Rooster" the volume had improved somewhat, but it never achieved the loudness of past stadium shows I'd seen. Nevertheless, the long "Let It Grow" ⧫ "Blow Away" segment was exceptionally meaty and full of interesting details — if you leaned forward enough to hear them.

I like Grateful Dead concerts for the same reason I like the constellations — they both happen at night. The sun sank below the nearby refineries, a second video screen appeared, and the band kicked into a solid "Box of Rain." As they charged through "Scarlet" I felt reasonably certain they would do the right thing and play "Fire" (never guaranteed these days) since they'd gotten "Hell in a Bucket" and a couple of other possibilities out of their system already. And the "Fire" was tremendous. After "Estimated Prophet" unfolded I was genuinely surprised to hear "Standing on the Moon," which hadn't been played since Irvine in April. Its relatively rare appearance probably enhances the appreciation of this heartfelt but musically uninventive tune. The post-drums was mainly familiar musical terrain, though well played up to the end, when Bob capped "Lovelight" with a brief reprise before Garcia ended the number once and for all.

— Dave Leopold

7-7-89, JFK Stadium, Philadelphia, PA
Hell in a Bucket ⧫ Iko-Iko, Little Red Rooster, Ramble On Rose, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Loser, Let It Grow ⧫ Blow Away

Box of Rain, Scarlet Begonias ⧫ Fire on the Mountain, Estimated Prophet ⧫ Standing on the Moon ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ The Other One ⧫ Wharf Rat ⧫ Lovelight/ Knockin' on Heaven's Door

GIANTS STADIUM

The shows at Giants Stadium were probably better than I remember them. The music had to compete with inadequate sound reinforcement in the stands and a spectacular electrical storm on Monday, not to mention the alienating scale of the venue.

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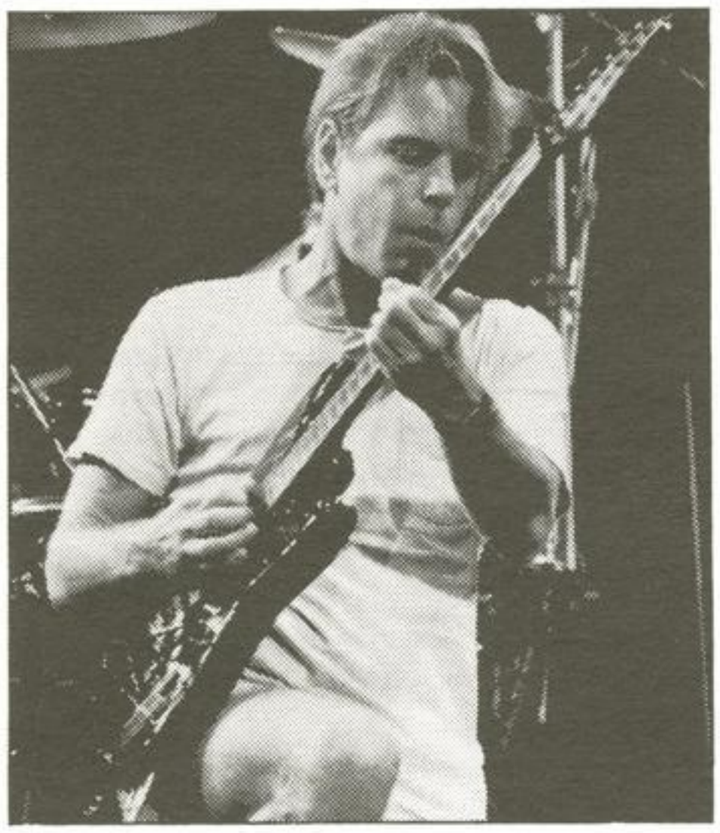
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Many people consider the Monday show to be particularly hot. To my ears, neither show sustained the peaks they occasionally reached, nor did they stand up to some of the exceptional Dead music that I've heard this year.

Sunday's highlights were the jams after "Truckin'" and "Not Fade Away." After the kind of improvisation that normally follows "Truckin'," the band shifted into a unique jam disembodied from the song, a trend they've re-established this year. "Not Fade Away" was another scorcher; what with brilliant versions at Frost and the Greek, it's the song they've most improved in 1989.

Monday's show was notable for weather so powerful John Scher made a futile plea



Bob at Deer Creek. Photo: Michael Conway

at the break to evacuate the field. It was a warm night, and the crowd quickly resigned itself to being drenched. For some, the evening became a primal rain ritual; for others, a classic New Jersey wet T-shirt contest. A tape of the first set will record the peak of the storm as a loud communal howling during "Tennessee Jed." Following that, in "The Music Never Stopped," Weir and the heavens conspired to produce the evening's most powerful lightning bolts just as he sang, "Balls of lightning roll along." "Jackaroe" was fast, tight and extremely hot. The second set featured a rousing "Just a Little Light," a song that contains spots well-suited for great extended playing. From there, the band hit a groove that didn't let up through hot versions of "Playin'" and "Uncle John's Band," both of which had terrific jams. After "space," the rest of the show featured several members of the Neville Brothers, who weren't particularly effective after "Iko." Although Brian Stoltz laid down some nice rhythm guitar work during "Watchtower," the Nevilles mostly seemed to distract the band and fill up whatever air was left in "Watchtower" and "Sugar Magnolia," which are already pretty dense.

— Dan Levy

7-9-89, Giants Stadium, East Rutherford, NJ
Shakedown ◗ Jack Straw, West L.A. Fadeaway, Victim or the Crime, Brown-Eyed Women, Queen Jane Approximately, Bird Song

China Cat Sunflower ◗ I Know You Rider, Samson & Delilah, Built to Last ◗ Truckin' ◗ rhythm devils ◗ space ◗ Gimme Some Lovin' ◗ Goin' Down the Road ◗ Throwing Stones ◗ Not Fade Away/Brokedown Palace

7-10-89, Giants Stadium
Feel Like a Stranger ◗ Franklin's Tower, Walkin' Blues, Jackaroe, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Tennessee Jed, Music Never Stopped ◗ Don't Ease Me In

Foolish Heart, Just a Little Light, Playin' in the Band ◗ jam ◗ Uncle John's Band ◗ rhythm devils* ◗ space ◗ Iko-Iko* ◗ All Along the Watchtower* ◗ Morning Dew* ◗ Sugar Magnolia*/Knockin' on Heaven's Door*

*with members of the Neville Brothers

RFK STADIUM

As the site for the last stadium shows of summer tour, the band picked the place where three years ago many had feared they might have seen their last Dead show — Garcia nearly died a few days after the '86 shows. It was obscenely hot and humid those two days, and the prospect of returning to that steambath was viewed with considerable trepidation. But this year the weather gods were kind (for the most part) and it remained unseasonably cool and breezy both days. The band seemed to be in good health and spirits, and once the security forces stopped guarding the field, the crowd was relaxed and enthusiastic.

The "Half-Step" the first day really got things started on the right foot, and the band let it snake along like the Mississippi itself. An abridged version of "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues" was a lot of fun in a sloppy sort of way. Just hearing Phil's intro made me feel good. Brent infused the recently rare "Far From Me" with all the venom he could muster. But the real revelation for me was "Friend of the Devil," which has shed all the lethargic qualities I remember from my first shows.

Bruce Hornsby came out for "Sugaree" and "Man Smart Woman Smarter" in the second set and saw a packed stadium that had been virtually empty when he and his band opened the show. He played piano during the latter tune and really rocked the house. A lackluster "Ship of Fools" followed, but the rest of the set sailed along nicely, with "Dear Mr. Fantasy," in particular, pushed to its limits.

The second night, Hornsby came out during the Dead's first set, joining them on accordion for "Tennessee Jed" and "Stuck Inside of Mobile." It's a tribute to *something* that "To Lay Me Down" can be a moving experience even in a stadium. And the "Let It Grow" set closer was everything I come to shows for: wild, inventive, touching and loud; all at the same time.

As the video screens lit up for the second set, it felt strange to hear "He's Gone" as the opener, as if we'd joined a set already in progress. It was then that I was first really struck by the excellent videowork by Len Dell'Amico and company, who managed, through intelligent camera shots and angles with a touch of special effects, to make even the Grateful Dead visually appealing. During "I Will Take You Home" the video crew hit a sentimental note when they showed a close-up of the family snapshots Brent keeps on his keyboards. It started pouring during "space" and continued right through the end of "U.S. Blues," but no one seemed to mind too much.

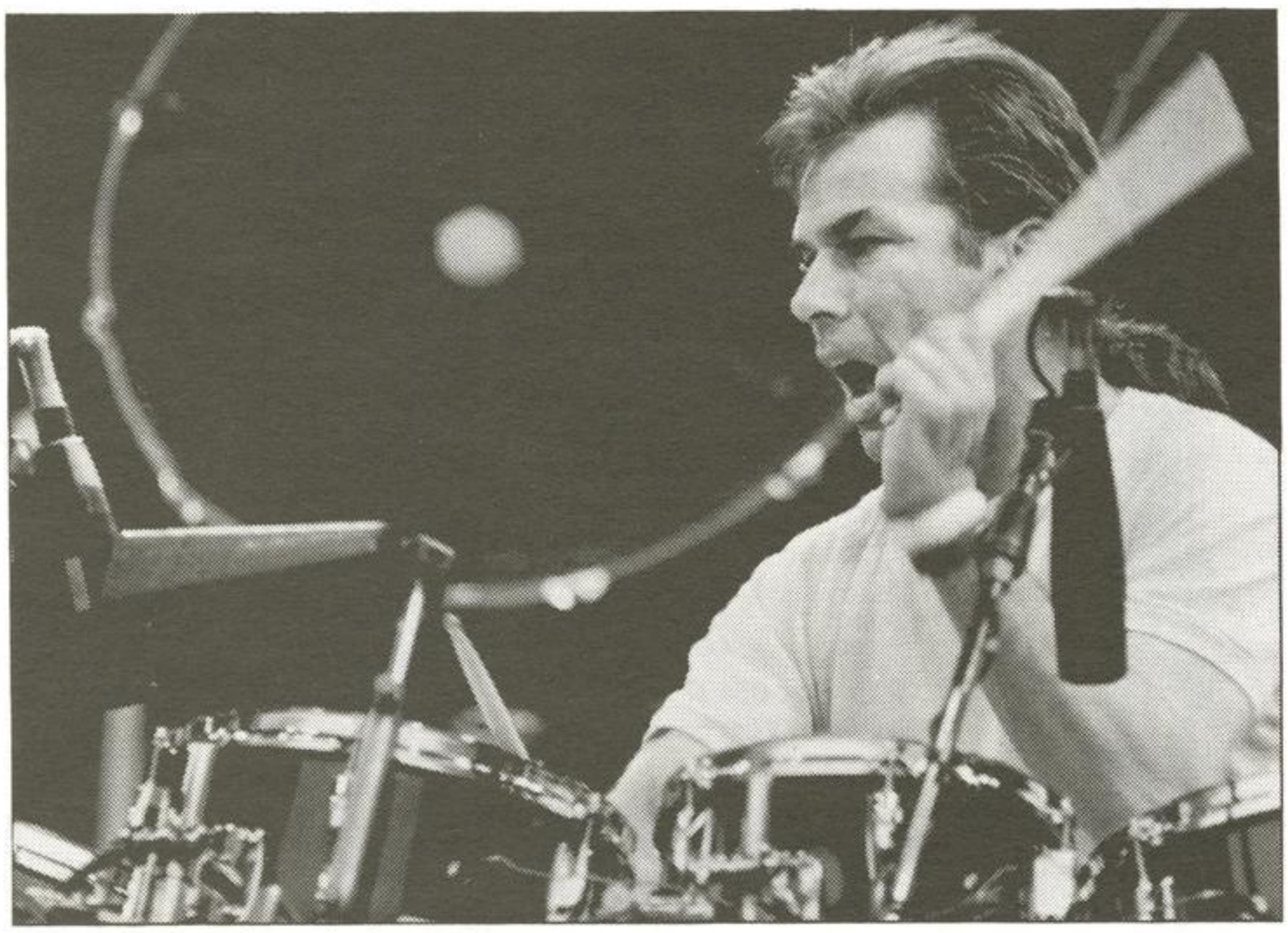
— Dave Leopold

7-12-89, RFK Stadium, Washington D.C.
Touch of Grey, New Minglewood Blues, Mississippi Half-Step, Tom Thumb's Blues, Far From Me, Cassidy, Friend of the Devil, Promised Land

Sugaree*, Man Smart Woman Smarter†, Ship of Fools, Estimated Prophet ◗ Eyes of the World ◗ rhythm devils ◗ space ◗ I Need a Miracle ◗ Dear Mr. Fantasy ◗ Black Peter ◗ Lovelight/Black Muddy River

*with Bruce Hornsby on accordion
†with Bruce Hornsby on piano

7-13-89, RFK Stadium
Hell in a Bucket, Cold Rain & Snow, Little



Mickey doin' the do at the Greek. Photo: Ron Delany

Red Rooster, Tennessee Jed*, Stuck Inside of Mobile*, To Lay Me Down, Let It Grow

He's Gone, Looks Like Rain, Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Will Take You Home ➧ The Other One ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Good Lovin'/U.S. Blues

*with Bruce Hornsby on accordion

DEER CREEK

The Dead returned to Indiana for the first time in five years by playing the brand new (and difficult to find) Deer Creek Music Theater, which is comprised of a 6000-seat pavilion and a larger lawn area behind that. Although the sound quality varied from spot to spot, it was still a great place to see a show, especially after so many stadium concerts. The staff was very pleasant, which is not always the case when the Dead play a facility for the first time.

The band opened the show with the rockin' duo of "Bertha-Greatest Story," and then settled down with a pair of Garcia ballads and "Walkin' Blues." On the "Bird Song" that ended the set, the band explored the far reaches of space and built a powerful surge before the final chorus. There were no real surprises, but it was still an enjoyable set.

The second set was loaded with goodies. The "Foolish Heart" that opened really got the crowd boppin' — it's turned into such an irresistible dance tune *à la* "Franklin's Tower." A while later, "Truckin'" made an appearance, and like the other versions I saw this summer, it was ripping all the way. Out of its simmering jam rose a devilish "Smokestack Lightning" that featured a couple of intense Garcia leads. After the drums, Garcia and Weir reappeared for a lengthy "space" segment. Garcia passed through a number of different effects on his MIDI guitar until he settled into a French horn-like sound, which he carried midway into the rarely played "China Doll" before switching to his regular guitar. The combo of Garcia's "horn" and Brent's "harpsichord" was beautiful! "Watchtower" got the winds in Deer Creek howling, and then a thoughtful "Stella Blue" brought the music to a whisper again. But they left us rockin' and rollin' as usual — "Sugar Magnolia" closed the set. All in all a very satisfying night, with nearly three full hours of music.

— *Jim Matson*

7-15-89, Deer Creek Pavilion, Noblesville, IN

Bertha ➧ Greatest Story Ever Told, Candyman, Walkin' Blues, Peggy-O, Queen Jane Approximately, We Can Run, Bird Song

Foolish Heart, Victim or the Crime ➧ Crazy Fingers ➧ Truckin' ➧ jam ➧ Smokestack Lightning ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ China Doll ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Sugar Magnolia/Brokedown Palace

ALPINE VALLEY

What can you say about three shows in which the shortest first set was nine songs? That saw the sound mixed and amplified as well as any I've ever seen? That attracted over 25,000 people in the face of a two-day rainstorm? And that featured "Lovelight" and "We Bid You Goodnight" (!) as encores?

Probably not much more than has already been said. Though I've been accused of being too negative in these pages (a fair shot, though I think *critical* is a better word), I can think of very little to criticize about this year's series in the cornfields of Wisconsin. True, there were awful weather snafus, the vending scene was difficult to police fairly, and there were more cars stuck in the mud than you could shake a tow truck at. However, these shows were simply fantastic, certainly the best run the Dead have played here.

The Monday show was one of the best shows I have ever seen. Though the set list is not the kind that leaves one slack-jawed, it featured the kind of playing that made for a stupendous evening. In the first set, the songs steadily built intensity, until a killer "Music Never Stopped" was dragged to its frenetic limit by Garcia's screaming guitar.

At the beginning of the second set (each night) the video screens were turned on. The pictures worked best on the close shots (the stage lighting obscured the shots of the whole band), and some of the best moments for me were the super-tight shots of Garcia's hands. No doubt about it, the man's fast. The Rhythm Devils and "space" segments also provided some astonishing special effects.

But what about the set? You know how the energy can kick up between the "sun's

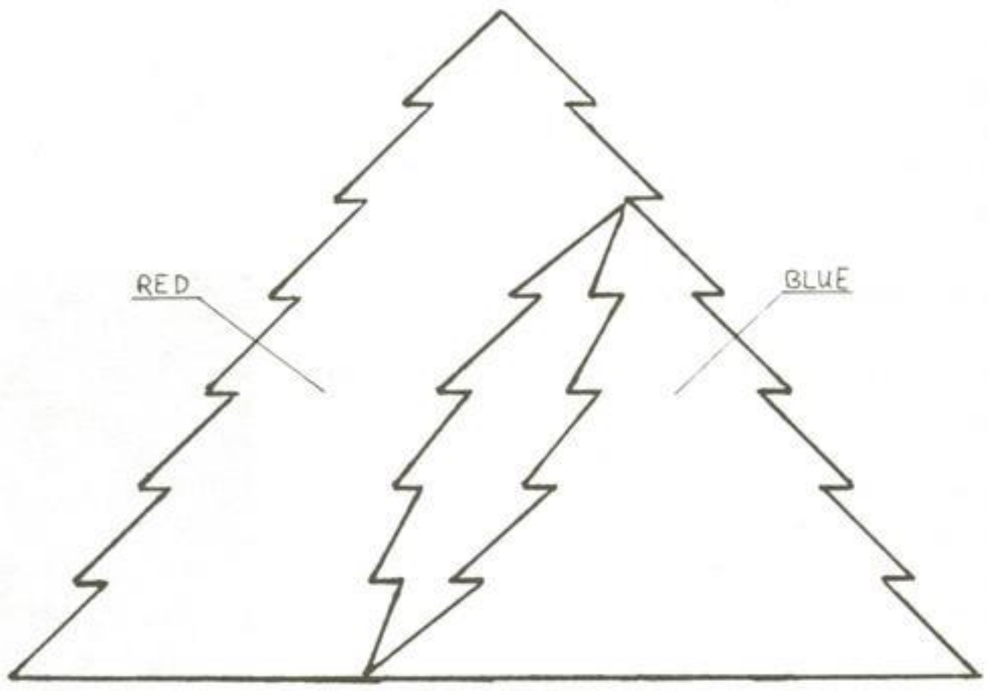
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gonna shine in my back door" and the "wish I was a headlight" verses in "I Know You Rider"? Well, the tight video shots of Jerry's face showed him grinning from ear to ear, the crowd roared as he stepped to the mike, and the energy level stayed right there for the rest of the second set, which included a lovely and moving "Standing on the Moon" (with a pretty jam before dropping into the Rhythm Devils), a boppy "Goin' Down the Road" and a nasty and gnarly "Not Fade Away."

After this great set, the band didn't even leave the stage, and I could see Garcia ask Bobby and Phil something. They both nodded their assent, and everyone slid into "We Bid You Goodnight" for the first time since the closing of Winterland — as if they had just rehearsed it at the set break. The band left the stage, but were coaxed, er, *forced* back by the shrieking crowd for a final "Johnny B. Goode."

The second show also featured some great playing — especially during the opening of the first set, for a change. Garcia's mood seemed very high all three shows, and he was all smiles as the band trotted out one chestnut after another, including a great "Jack Straw"-"Jackaroe" combo and a fine "Bird Song" (which they had played only two days earlier in Indy).

The second set was highlighted for me by the most *incredible* transition between "Sugar Magnolia" and "Scarlet Begonias" — a transition I would bet three-quarters of the crowd didn't even see coming, it was so seamless and inspiring. This set also had the second "China Doll" in three shows.



Stuck in the mud at Alpine Valley. Photo: Michael Conway

At the end of the second show, it started raining, a downpour that let up only for brief periods over the next 48 hours, making the parking lots and lawn a complete disaster. My car and dozens of others were stuck in the mud after the third show, forcing tow trucks to mobilize, further complicating the already slow exit process.

By the time Wednesday night rolled around, the temperature had dropped to an unseasonable chill, and the band took some time warming up. After a tentative start, "Althea" got things rolling, and from there on, I thought the third show was outstanding. The "Deal" that closed the first set was especially long and tight.

Phil walked onstage for the second set with his arms extended as if he were Frankenstein's monster reborn, so it was no surprise to get the "Box of Rain" opener. I didn't expect "Foolish Heart" since they'd played it at Deer Creek, but it was exceptional, as was every song after the long, spacey Rhythm Devils. An unusually good transition marked the start of the second "Wheel" in three nights, and "Morning Dew" was towering — I haven't seen a bad "Dew" in Lord knows how long. "Lovelight" was a rockin' encore, and though it was better than usual, I couldn't help hoping for "Brokedown Palace" to finish this dynamic Alpine Valley run. Ah, well, a minor disappointment in the Grateful Dead scheme of things.

— *Peter Braverman*

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WHOLESALE INQUIRIES WELCOME!

7-17-89, Alpine Valley Music Center, East Troy, WI
Good Times, Feel Like a Stranger, Built to Last, Me & My Uncle ➧ Cumberland Blues, All Over Now, Row Jimmy, When I Paint My Masterpiece, When Push Comes to Shove, Music Never Stopped

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ Uncle John's Band ➧ Standing on the Moon ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ Goin' Down the Road ➧ Not Fade Away ➧ We Bid You Goodnight/Johnny B. Goode

7-18-89, Alpine Valley
Touch of Grey, Jack Straw, Jackaroe, New Minglewood Blues, Friend of the Devil, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Bird Song, Promised Land

Sugar Magnolia ➧ Scarlet Begonias ➧ Man Smart Woman Smarter ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ China Doll ➧ Dear Mr. Fantasy ➧ Hey Jude coda ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Sunshine Daydream/Quinn the Eskimo

7-19-89, Alpine Valley
Hell in a Bucket ➧ Sugaree, Mama Tried ➧ Mexicali Blues, Althea, Victim or the Crime, West L.A. Fadeaway, Desolation Row, Deal

Box of Rain, Foolish Heart, Looks Like Rain, Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ The Wheel ➧ Morning Dew/ Lovelight

CAL EXPO

When the Dead played this wonderful 12,500-seat grass-and-bleachers amphitheater in 1986, they drew way under capacity but turned in two of the best shows of that year. Well, in the intervening years, the word must have gotten out, because this year all three shows were packed. I doubt Cal Expo will ever be spoken of in the sort of reverential tones that Deadheads reserve for the Greek and Frost, but it really is a special place, and the band certainly seems to enjoy it. And having the shows at night was a great move — with temperatures hovering around the century mark during the day, it was quite comfortable by showtime, and I'll take night shows over day shows any day. With future shows at Frost in jeopardy, maybe two runs a year at Cal Expo are called for.

The boys came out of the gate the first night in a rocking mood and rarely let up. The 11-song first set was one of the strongest I've seen in some time, particularly at the end when they whipped out "Jackaroe," "Cassidy" and "Deal" in succession. "Althea" was also a winner, as usual. The whole pre-drums in the second set was completely unpredictable (to me, anyway) but played as well as the band's tried-and-true units. I was especially knocked out by the unlikely combo of "Cumberland" and "Eyes of the World." I was happy to see a familiar old pair at the end, though — "Stella Blue" was delicate, even shimmering, and I was so thrilled to hear "Sugar Magnolia" (incredibly enough, my first since New Year's) I thought I'd never stop dancing.

Most of the fireworks the next night came during the second set. "Hey Pocky Way" seems to get wilder and spacier with each of its infrequent playings. The shocker this evening, though, came when "Playin' in the Band" unexpectedly veered into "I Know You Rider" — the first time it's appeared in a set that didn't include "China Cat" since that pair was introduced in 1969, as far as I can tell. Needless to say, the crowd exploded with joy — sure is nice to get a curve ball once in a while! That tune then dropped neatly into another powerful "Terrapin." Other highlights of Night Two were "Standing on the Moon," which oozed out of "space" (a first) and was played and sung beautifully (if a little too slowly) by Garcia, and a wildly exciting version of "Not Fade Away."

When the first two shows of a run are so well played and energetic I always wonder if the band will have anything left for the third night, but that was not a problem this time around. The first set featured excellent versions of "Feel Like a Stranger" and "Bird Song" (among others), and the second set opened with an absolutely blazing "Scarlet-Fire." The "Fire," particularly, was over the edge in the best sense; I thought Garcia might maul his guitar until only splinters remained. Common as it is, "Wharf Rat" has been a consistent winner the last couple of years, as the band explores the main jam in new and interesting ways. The capper to it all was a rockin' "Johnny B. Goode" followed by the first version of "We Bid You Goodnight" I'd seen since 1973. While not exactly a surprise (I'd heard about the Alpine performance), it still warmed me from head to toe, and it seemed like a fitting end to a magnificent run.

—BJ

8-7-89, Cal Expo Amphitheater, Sacramento, CA
Bertha ➧ Greatest Story Ever Told, Althea, Mama Tried ➧ Mexicali Blues, Good Times Blues, Built to Last, Queen Jane Approximately, Jackaroe, Cassidy, Deal

Truckin' ➧ Wang Dang Doodle ➧ Crazy Fingers ➧ Cumberland Blues ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Sugar Magnolia/Baby Blue

8-5-89, Cal Expo
Saturday Night, Cold Rain & Snow, We Can Run, Stagger Lee, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Row Jimmy, Let It Grow

Hey Pocky Way, Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ I Know You Rider ➧ Terrapin ➧ space ➧ Standing on the Moon ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away/U.S. Blues

8-6-89, Cal Expo
Good Times ➧ Feel Like a Stranger ➧ Franklin's Tower, Walkin' Blues, Ramble On Rose, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Bird Song

Scarlet Begonias ➧ Fire on the Mountain, Samson & Delilah, Ship of Fools, Man Smart Woman Smarter ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Will Take You Home ➧ The Other One ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Lovelight/Johnny B. Goode ➧ We Bid You Goodnight

THE GREEK

I wish you all could've seen the Greek gussied up with the backdrop this year. The wings of the set stretched from one side of the amphitheater to the other, and the tops of the banners were nearly parallel with the top of the bowl. What a cavalcade of color and texture! And the lighting crew did such an amazing job splashing colors both on the backdrop and the crowd, that the Greek seemed even more unified than usual. There's really nothing quite like it in the Grateful Dead world — which also explains why the crowd's expectations run so high there. This year's shows (like last year's) were Rex benefits; all three were broadcast on Berkeley's listener-sponsored KPFA radio, so great-sounding tapes exist.

I felt that both the band and the sound crew never quite got it together the first show of the run. While there were occasional flashes of prime Dead during tunes like "Jackaroe," "The Music Never Stopped" and "Goin' Down the Road," much of the music sounded a bit sluggish, and the second set contained a version of "The Wheel" that fell apart so badly it was a little scary. But considering how uneven the sound was throughout the show, it's a tough call. Many I spoke with thought it all sounded just fine. There are million opinions about everything in Deadhead City.

Now some of the folks I talked to after the second show were more critical of it than the first (mainly because of the unadventurous song choices), but I thought it was excellent — consistent from beginning to end and featuring the best first set of the three Greeks. I hadn't heard "Victim or the Crime" in the first set before (except on tape) and I thought it worked very well there, because it offers a texture we rarely experience in the first half. This one opened up a lot at the end and then moved right into a spacey "Bird Song" — a jamming double-dose. In the second set, the semi-rare (these days) "Looks Like Rain" tested the band's dynamics sensitivity, and they passed with flying colors. It was a real treat to hear "Crazy Fingers" come out of space for the first time since Roanoke in '88, and the version of "We Bid You Goodnight" that served as second encore was ecstatically received by the many old-time, non-touring Heads on hand.

I think you'll find nearly unanimous agreement that the final show of the run was the strongest of the three. The second set included some of the group's most beloved songs played extremely well, but I'll single out just one for special mention. "The Other One" this night was absolutely one of my peak Dead experiences in 20 years of going to shows, and unfortunately I can't possibly explain what made it so extraordinary. You really had to be there to see and hear the totality of all — the way the lights and sound built and built to a series of orgasmic bursts of aural and visual thunder after the last verse. I could swear in my delirium the entire Greek Theater was being launched into a parallel orbit with the Voyager space probe, and there were a few moments there when it seemed like everyone in the place was screaming. Frankly, I was so blown away by it all I think I was barely even in my conscious mind for the superb "Wharf Rat" that followed. Tapes really don't do this one justice.

When the band came out for the encore

after "Not Fade Away" there were hearty cheers of "ONE MORE SET! ONE MORE SET!" but it wasn't greed this time — it was just a few thousand friends wanting to hold on to that special Greek Theater feeling as long as we could. It was not to be, but the band's choice — a long and expressive reading of "Foolish Heart" — couldn't have been more perfect. I was on Cloud Nine for a week afterward, meaning it all sure as hell worked for me.

—BJ

8-17-89, Greek Theater, Berkeley, CA
Hell in a Bucket ➧ Sugaree, Walkin' Blues, Jackaroe, Queen Jane Approximately, Candyman, Music Never Stopped, Don't Ease Me In

Touch of Grey, Man Smart Woman Smarter, Ship of Fools, Estimated Prophet ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ Goin' Down the Road ➧ Good Lovin'/Quinn the Eskimo

8-18-89, Greek Theater
Cold Rain & Snow, New Minglewood Blues, Row Jimmy, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Built to Last, Victim or the Crime ➧ Bird Song, Promised Land

Iko-Iko, Looks Like Rain, Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Crazy Fingers ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Lovelight/Black Muddy River, We Bid You Goodnight

8-19-89, Greek Theater
Good Times, Jack Straw, We Can Run, Tennessee Jed, All Over Now, Loser, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Box of Rain

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider ➧ Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ Uncle John's Band ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Not Fade Away/ Foolish Heart

SHORELINE

There were two big stories to come out of the fall Shoreline series. One was Garcia's sound, the other was a rarity in the repertoire.

Garcia played his MIDI guitar the entire time all three shows. This gave him an arsenal of new sounds that he sprinkled liberally in all sorts of songs — from saxophone in blazing versions of "Iko-Iko" and "Lovelight," to flute-like tones in "Cassidy," to horns in "Bird Song," and all sorts of other interesting, less definable timbres. Because Garcia is still obviously experimenting with his guitar's new powers, his playing in general wasn't as seamless as usual, and I felt that occasionally his synth sounds were gimmicky and distracting. But all good things in all good time.

The first two nights, too, Garcia was vexed by some problem in his loudspeaker setup — he spent a lot of time with his back to the audience, glowering at his equipment, barely playing at all. The first night, the show actually ground to a halt during " Blow Away" so Garcia's gear could be repaired. And the second night, as Jerry looked as pissed off as I've ever seen him, his tech crew actually came out onstage with power tools in the middle of "Truckin'" to work on an offending speaker! To Garcia's credit, though, he bounced back nicely from his misfortunes and played very well — the jams after "Truckin'" and "Smokestack Lightning" the second night seemed to be fueled with extra intensity when Garcia's problems were cured.

The talk of the three shows, though, was the stunning appearance of "Death Don't Have No Mercy" — the first since 1970. In this updated version, Jerry, Brent and Bob each sang a verse (which mitigated its power somewhat, in my view), but the heart of the song remains Garcia's middle solo, which was astonishingly powerful. What excitement!

Other highlights of note from the run included a "Promised Land" that rocked as hard as any I've seen in recent years; another superb workout on "Watchtower," a surprisingly power-packed "Touch of Grey" to end the second set Night Two, and an excellent "Scarlet Begonias" (complete with MIDI effects on the jam) that, alas, never found its way to the hoped-for "Fire on the Mountain." Well, can't win 'em all.

—BJ

9-29-89, Shoreline Amphitheater, Mountain View, CA
Good Times, Feel Like a Stranger ➧ Franklin's Tower, Wang Dang Doodle, Jackaroe, Stuck Inside of Mobile, We Can Run, Bird Song, Promised Land

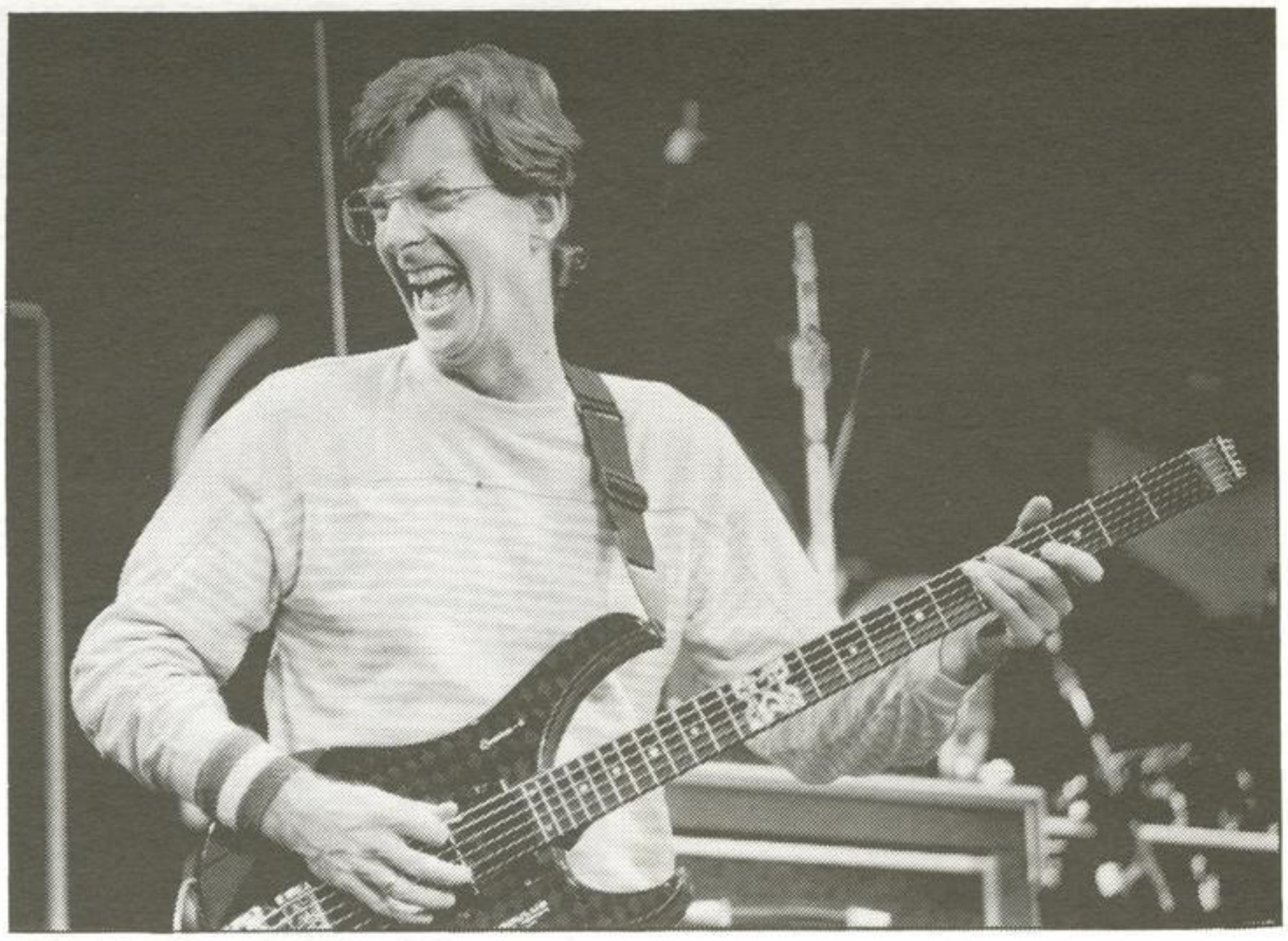
China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Blow Away (cut; equipment break), Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Death Don't Have No Mercy ➧ Sugar Magnolia/Quinn the Eskimo

9-30-89, Shoreline
Bertha ➧ Greatest Story Ever Told, West L.A. Fadeaway, Queen Jane Approximately, Row Jimmy, Let It Grow

Iko-Iko, Estimated Prophet, Truckin' ➧ Smokestack Lightning ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Will Take You Home, The Wheel ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Touch of Grey/U.S. Blues

10-1-89, Shoreline
Jack Straw, Ramble On Rose, Walkin' Blues, Built to Last, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Just a Little Light, Cassidy ➧ Don't Ease Me In

Hell In a Bucket, Scarlet Begonias ➧ Man Smart Woman Smarter, He's Gone ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Lovelight/Knockin' on Heaven's Door



Phil at Shoreline. Photo: Ron Delany

THIS JUST IN... FALL TOUR SET LISTS

Because we no longer put out a winter issue, we usually print fall set lists in the following spring issue. This time around, though, we decided to hold a couple of pages until right before we went to press so we could cram the exciting fall tour set lists into this issue. As a result, we've chosen to forgo our correspondents' reports in favor of a pithier, just-the-facts-ma'am style that points out just a few highlights from each show. While the words are mine, the opinions were derived from folks who actually attended the shows. We may stick with this approach for future issues so we can devote more space in the magazine to other features.

— BJ

HAMPTON

These two shows were the first "guerrilla-style" concerts the Dead have put on in a long, long time — they were announced just a week ahead of time; tickets were only sold in the vicinity of the shows; and the band was billed on the marquee as "The Warlocks"! The fans at these "secret" shows were inundated with special treats.... On opening night of the tour, the second set

began with the first versions of "Help on the Way" and "Slipknot" (joined to "Franklin's Tower," of course) in four years! Other standouts included "Bird Song" and "Promised Land" from the nine-song first set, the once-again-rare "Morning Dew," and the first East Coast "We Bid You Goodnight" since 1973.... All hell broke loose the second night, however, when the band went from the "Playin' reprise" right into "Dark Star" during the second set! This was the first "Dark Star" since 1984, and it was long and spacey — nearly 25 minutes. The already blown-away crowd had two more surprises in store — "Death Don't Have No Mercy" out of the regular "space" segment (as opposed to "Dark Star," which also contained lots of "space"); and, as shocking as the "Dark Star," "Attics of My Life" as the encore. That one hadn't been played since 1972! (For the record, the band rehearsed all these tunes for several days before the tour began, so they didn't exactly come out of nowhere).

10-8-89, Hampton Coliseum, Hampton, VA
Foolish Heart, Walkin' Blues, Candyman, Me & My Uncle ⧫ Big River, Stagger Lee, Queen Jane Approximately, Bird Song, Promised Land

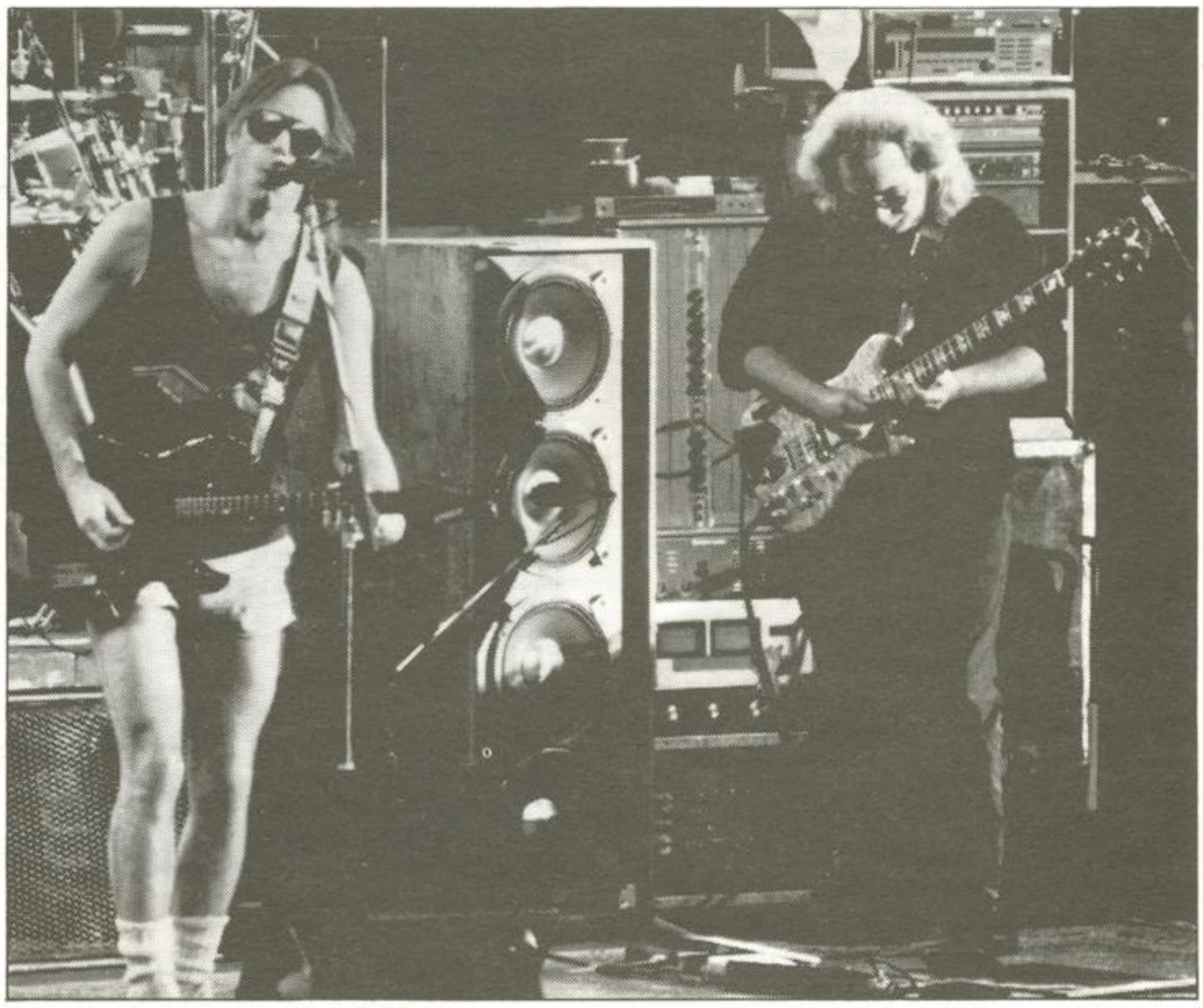
Help on the Way ⧫ Slipknot ⧫ Franklin's Tower, Victim or the Crime, Eyes of the World ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ I Need a Miracle ⧫ The Wheel ⧫ Gimme Some Lovin' ⧫ Morning Dew/We Bid You Goodnight

10-9-89, Hampton Coliseum
Feel Like a Stranger, Built to Last, Little Red Rooster, Ramble On Rose, We Can Run, Jackaroe, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Row Jimmy, Music Never Stopped

Playin' in the Band ⧫ jam ⧫ Uncle John's Band ⧫ Playin' reprise ⧫ Dark Star ⧫ space ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ Death Don't Have No Mercy ⧫ Dear Mr. Fantasy ⧫ Hey Jude coda ⧫ Throwing Stones ⧫ Good Lovin'/ Attics of My Life

BRENDAN BYRNE

It was back down to earth for the first show of this five-night run, much to the chagrin of excited fans who came with visions of "Dark Star" dancing in their heads. But the playing was still very solid, with standouts "Althea" and "Just a Little Light" in the first set, and a great "China Cat-Rider" in the second.... The 10/12 concert offered little in the way of "special" material, either, but was also very well played — those we spoke with were particularly keen on the first set.... The big news from Night Three was the appearance of "Help on the Way" to end the first set! The second set's "Scarlet-Truckin'" was a first. There was disappointment all around that there were only two songs after drums, though the "China Doll" was superb.... The fourth night's excellent first set was notable for its pair of ending tunes, "Victim" and "Standing on the Moon." The playing in the second set was described by Dan Levy as "top, top quality," down to the "Box of Rain" encore, which Dan called "tight and aggressive. It'd be great for the album".... Night Five was such a monster I was practically in tears hearing about it on the phone.



Summer ends at Shoreline Amphitheater. Photo: Linda Jacobson

This will certainly be on everyone's "Best of" list at the end of the year. The "Dark Star" that opened the second set was both rockin' and spacey and went through the first verse and beyond for about 13 minutes. The second verse was picked up later in the show. This was also the show where the re-tooled "Picasso Moon" made its reappearance opening the power-charged first set. And for the record, it was Bob Weir's 42nd birthday.... In all, the band played 77 different songs over five nights — impressive!

10-11-89, Brendan Byrne Arena, East Rutherford, NJ
Good Times ⧫ Bertha ⧫ Greatest Story Ever Told, Loser, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Althea, Cassidy, Just a Little Light, Don't Ease Me In

China Cat Sunflower ⧫ I Know You Rider, Estimated Prophet ⧫ Terrapin ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ The Wheel ⧫ All Along the Watchtower ⧫ Black Peter ⧫ Lovelight/ Baby Blue

10-12-89, Brendan Byrne
Hell in a Bucket ⧫ Sugaree, Blow Away, Tennessee Jed, Queen Jane Approximately, Bird Song, Jack Straw

Hey Pocky Way ⧫ Cumberland Blues, Looks Like Rain ⧫ He's Gone ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ The Other One ⧫ Wharf Rat ⧫ Sugar Magnolia/Brokedown Palace

10-14-89, Brendan Byrne
Touch of Grey, New Minglewood Blues, Friend of the Devil, We Can Run, Mama Tried ⧫ Mexicali Blues, Help on the Way ⧫ Slipknot ⧫ Franklin's Tower

Foolish Heart ⧫ Man Smart Woman Smarter ⧫ Scarlet Begonias ⧫ Truckin' ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ China Doll ⧫ Saturday Night/Black Muddy River

10-15-89, Brendan Byrne
Good Times ⧫ Iko-Iko, Walkin' Blues, Far From Me, Row Jimmy, Victim or the Crime, Standing on the Moon

Samson & Delilah, Just a Little Light, Crazy Fingers ⧫ Estimated Prophet ⧫ Eyes of the World ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ Stella Blue ⧫ Throwing Stones ⧫ Not Fade Away/ Box of Rain

10-16-89, Brendan Byrne
Picasso Moon, Mississippi Half-Step, Feel Like a Stranger, Good Times Blues, Built to Last, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Let It Grow ⧫ Deal

Dark Star ⧫ Playin' in the Band ⧫ jam ⧫ Uncle John's Band ⧫ jam ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ I Will Take You Home ⧫ I Need a Miracle ⧫ Dark Star ⧫ Attics of My Life ⧫ Playin' reprise/We Bid You Goodnight



THE SPECTRUM

The day after a cataclysmic earthquake leveled parts of the San Francisco Bay Area, the show went on as planned in Philadelphia. The band and crew were sufficiently freaked out, and events back home put a bit of a damper on the tour, but, pros that they are, the Dead rose to the occasion — even opening with "Shakedown." Other

bright spots the first night were "Bird Song," "China Cat-Rider," the long jam after "Terrapin" and "Black Peter." ... Our man on the scene, Dave Leopold, felt that the second show was easily the best of the three, calling the "Help-Slip-Frank" that opened the second set "nearly flawless." ... The third night had one of the longest first sets in recent memory, capped by the first version of Rodney Crowell's "California Earthquake," which the band whipped up at the soundcheck that night. Garcia sang lead on this slow, folky ballad, with harmonies from the other singers on the chorus. Pretty fast work for the boys on that one. In the second set, "Hey Pocky Way" and the jam after "Truckin'" were particularly notable.

10-18-89, The Spectrum, Philadelphia, PA
Shakedown Street, Little Red Rooster, Peggy-O, Queen Jane Approximately, Bird Song, Music Never Stopped

China Cat Sunflower ⧫ I Know You Rider, Ship of Fools, Man Smart Woman Smarter, Terrapin ⧫ jam ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ Gimme Some Lovin' ⧫ All Along the Watchtower ⧫ Black Peter ⧫ Around & Around ⧫ Good Lovin'/U.S. Blues

10-19-89, The Spectrum
Hell in a Bucket, West L.A. Fadeaway, Victim or the Crime, Built to Last, Blow Away, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Cumberland Blues, Cassidy, Don't Ease Me In

Help on the Way ⧫ Slipknot ⧫ Franklin's Tower, Estimated Prophet ⧫ Eyes of the World ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ The Wheel ⧫ Dear Mr. Fantasy ⧫ Hey Jude coda ⧫ Death Don't Have No Mercy ⧫ Lovelight/Baby Blue

10-20-89, The Spectrum
Touch of Grey, Greatest Story Ever Told, Candyman, Picasso Moon, Just a Little Light, Tennessee Jed, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Stagger Lee, Promised Land, California Earthquake

Hey Pocky Way, Scarlet Begonias ⧫ Fire on the Mountain, Truckin' ⧫ jam ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ I Will Take You Home ⧫ The Other One ⧫ Wharf Rat ⧫ Sugar Magnolia/Brokedown Palace

CHARLOTTE

This was the band's first time playing the new 23,000-seat Coliseum, home of the spirited but inept NBA team, the Charlotte Hornets. The band continued its hot streak the opening night with a meaty and varied first set that saw the first "Beat It On Down the Line" in quite a while, fine versions of "Foolish Heart" and "Bird Song," and the rare appearance of "Johnny B. Goode" as a closer. The second set was almost entirely rocking, save for "Stella Blue." ... "California Earthquake" got its second workout opening Night Two, and it was heartily appreciated. Charlotte was hit hard by Hurricane Hugo in September, so the locals could relate to the band's concern for their ravaged hometown. Once again, the whole first set was outstanding. In the second set, the pairing of "Goin' Down the Road" and "Standing on the Moon" was particularly effective, and "Attics of My Life" worked well as the encore.... A final note: While the first night was sold out, the second night there were many people in the parking lots trying to *give* away tickets, to no avail.

10-22-89, The Coliseum, Charlotte, NC
Foolish Heart, New Minglewood Blues, Mississippi Half-Step, Queen Jane Approximately, Ramble On Rose, Beat It On Down the Line, Bird Song, Johnny B. Goode

Blow Away, Samson & Delilah, Help on the Way ⧫ Slipknot ⧫ Franklin's Tower ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ I Need a Miracle ⧫ Stella Blue ⧫ Throwing Stones ⧫ Not Fade Away/Black Muddy River

10-23-89, Charlotte Coliseum
California Earthquake, Feel Like a Stranger, Loser, Walkin' Blues, Bertha, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Tennessee Jed, Let It Grow

Touch of Grey, Looks Like Rain, We Can Run, Crazy Fingers ⧫ Terrapin ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ I Will Take You Home ⧫ Goin' Down the Road ⧫ Standing on the Moon ⧫ Lovelight/Attics of My Life

MIAMI

The Dead wrapped up what has to be considered their most exciting tour in several years (since summer '85?) with two fine shows in balmy Miami. Both shows were high-energy affairs for the most part; in general the ballads were few and far between on this tour. In the first set opening night, the relatively late appearance of "Cold Rain & Snow" caught many by surprise, and "Picasso Moon" has turned into a powerful rocker with good jamming. The entire pre-drums was executed very well — one gets the feeling the band is looking for a good "Playin'-Uncle John's" combo for the live album.... On the second night, someone obviously echoing an old Winterland tradition, put up a banner proclaiming "5606 days since last Florida 'Dark Star.'" The band took the hint and played the third "Dark Star" of the tour during the second set. After the second verse, the band moved into a wild, deafening feedback jam. Opening that set with "Estimated Prophet" was a bold stroke — it hadn't appeared in that slot since 1977, the year it was introduced.

10-25-89, Miami Arena, Miami, FL
Hell in a Bucket ⧫ Sugaree, Just a Little Light, Friend of the Devil, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Cold Rain & Snow, Picasso Moon, Deal

Playin' in the Band ⧫ jam ⧫ Uncle John's Band ⧫ Playin' reprise ⧫ Standing on the Moon ⧫ Truckin' ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ Gimme Some Lovin' ⧫ Sugar Magnolia/U.S. Blues

10-26-89, Miami Arena
Foolish Heart, Little Red Rooster, Stagger Lee, Me & My Uncle ⧫ Big River, Brown-Eyed Women, Victim or the Crime, Don't Ease Me In

Estimated Prophet ⧫ Blow Away, Dark Star ⧫ feedback jam ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ The Wheel ⧫ All Along the Watchtower ⧫ Stella Blue ⧫ Not Fade Away/We Bid You Goodnight

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"Foolish Heart" Comes Alive on Video

By now, many of you have caught the videoclip for "Foolish Heart" on MTV or some other video outlet. It was directed by Gary Gutierrez of Colossal Pictures, the man responsible for the animation in the Dead Movie *and the video of "Touch of Grey." For "Foolish Heart," Gutierrez once again chose a lighthearted approach, integrating a lip-synch of the band with bits of stop-motion animation, truly strange footage from a turn-of-the-century fantasy film, and some literal sleight-of-hand magic. It's quite a visual feast. I interviewed Gutierrez about the making of the video and then assembled this narrative in his own words:*

As usual, Jerry and the band were very loose and open about what they wanted for the video — they basically left it up to me to come up with something. In listening to the song, I felt there was so much imagery in it already that I didn't want to fall into the trap of illustrating the song visually. To give myself some stimulus and try out some ideas, I called Robert Hunter, and he and I talked for an hour or so — more philosophically about the song than about specific ideas. The title of the song at that time was "Unto a Foolish Heart," and the title and some of the imagery reminded me of fairy tales, and had a certain Victorian melodramatic quality about it. The basic message of the song, as I saw it, was you can do this foolish thing or that crazy thing, but whatever you do, don't give your heart to someone who's going to abuse it. Hunter agreed that is what the song's basically about, and everything else was an embellishment of that and his own visual imagery, and he encouraged me to develop a second level of imagery that would complement the words.

Somehow in the course of that discussion, out of the blue I remembered seeing some work by Georges Méliès, an early [French] filmmaker from the late 19th and early 20th century. He was a very innovative guy who was actually a stage magician who saw the possibilities of film as a way to do magic — to tell stories with magic. So after talking with Robert and then with Jerry, we decided to use some of Méliès' films as a dramatic thread throughout the video, and then credit him at the end. What we used is from a film called *Kingdom of the Fairies,* which was made in 1903. I didn't attempt to follow the story of that film, but there were certain images that were almost archetypal, having to do with love and foolish quests and things like that.

It struck me as ironic when we got into the later stages of editing that we were using the top end of electronic techniques — Abekas, Paintbox, Harry [three computerized video manipulation systems] to reconstruct stuff that *we* shot with his film, which was all done in-camera — the lowest tech possible. Méliès thought of everything in theater terms, so everything in his movie was shot at eye level as if you were looking at a stage. So it was decided we'd shoot the band that way so it would integrate better with Méliès' film.

Beyond that, I decided I wanted to put the band into a theatrical proscenium in a kind of melodrama, and I remembered that in England I'd seen these pasteboard theaters, so that led to the making of the theater model [with the words "Built to Last" hanging over the stage] we used.

We only had a limited amount of time to shoot the band because they had a tour coming up, but it went smoothly. And at the same time we shot that we shot each of them with a motorized still camera performing repetitive actions so I could turn them into an animated version for one point in the video. That also allowed me to get Bill Kreutzmann in, since he was going on vacation and wasn't available. We shot him separately backstage at the Greek Theater and then integrated him into it later. The others we shot on a stage here at Colossal [in San Francisco]. We lit them theatrically against a black background so I could matte them into other shots later. Bob Dalva, the director of photography, really did a good job with the band, who gave a very energetic performance.

So we had all these ideas and different threads. We'd figured out the opening — revealing the scene in this Victorian room using the same skeletal hands used in "Touch of Grey" to put the record on [a Victrola] — and we had the Méliès footage and the idea of a theatrical proscenium. Then the other thing that became a thematic element was a fairly obvious idea, I suppose — valentines and variations on that graphic shape ... the foolish heart. I just rattled off a bunch of ideas of what we could do with a heart, which was making a heart out of everything I could think of — barbed wire, flowers, Victorian valentine cards, all these things. We did one of matchsticks so it could burst into flame. Richard Blair and Lidia Przyluska, our art directors, really deserve the credit for pulling a lot of this off.



Photos of the band are altered and animated in the video

We ended up having so many ideas we couldn't fit them all into five minutes, but I'm pleased with what we came up with. We did it in about 3½ weeks, which is pretty fast for something that complicated. Everybody who worked on it really had their hearts in it. Where it all came together was in the editing process, working with Bill Weber of Western Images, who coincidentally had been a fan of the Dead's since he was 17.

One of the pleasures of working with the Dead is they're so open to ideas and trying things out, the process itself leads to directions you'd never have thought of when you first sat down. That was certainly true in this case. □

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from

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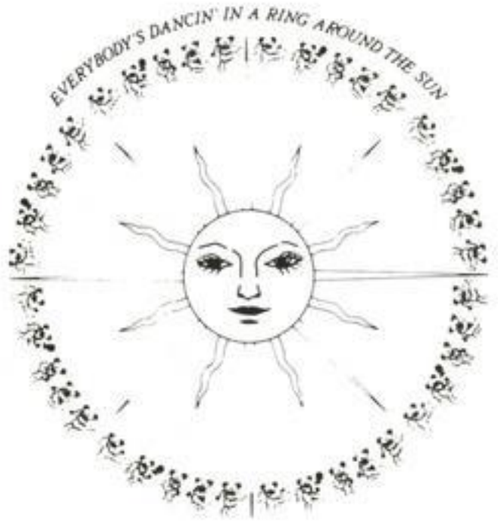
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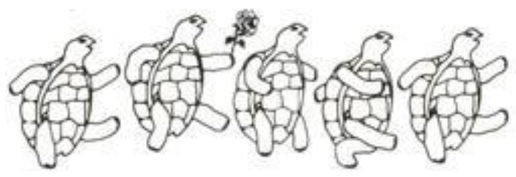
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Setting the Stage for the Dead–



Sawka's set at twilight at Cal Expo in Sacramento. Photo: Ken Friedman/BGP Archives

It makes sense that a band as singular and strange as the Grateful Dead has attracted more than its share of creative eccentrics through the years. After all, consider the core group, not to mention the original extended family that included people like Neal Cassady, Ken Kesey and Owsley Stanley. Misfits one and all, at least in the disapproving view of the straight world.

And then there's Jan Sawka (pronounced "yon savka"). You probably don't know his name, but if you attended any shows on the Dead's summer tour, you saw his work. Sawka is the man responsible for the fantastic stage set the Dead used on that tour. The story of his trip to the inner circle of the Dead scene is longer and stranger than most. And it's a tale worth telling.

Sawka was a forward-thinking Polish art and architecture student when he first heard the Dead — beamed through the Iron Curtain by Radio Luxembourg — in the late '60s. "There was a group of us who were interested in all these offbeat things," he says in his heavy Polish accent. "There was the Dead and other Western bands, and writers and poets like Ken Kesey and others would get through to us. A lot of records came in through Scandinavia. We spent hours trying to decode the lyrics of Dead songs, and the mythology and imagery was in my mind often." While he luckily avoided the military draft that sent many Poles into Czechoslovakia to crush the democratic uprising there in 1968, he was pressed into government service for a while, "and that's when I really met all the other artists and writers," he says with a laugh. "Most of us had never met each other before, and suddenly we were all together. I don't think that's what they intended. Many of them are prominent now in the arts and in government. It's amazing because we were all viewed as outcasts then."

By the mid-'70s, the outspoken artist's works in different media had generated so much attention and controversy that he was asked to leave Poland. He was lured to Paris to be an artist-in-residence at the burgeoning Centre Pompidou, but after a while he became disillusioned with the cultural bureaucracy there. He moved to the United States in 1977, and since then he's established himself as a successful painter, theater designer and conceptual artist.

The story of his involvement with the Dead follows, but first some facts and figures about the set he designed for the band: "The stage itself stands 67 feet tall and spans 144 across and 47 feet deep," he explained in an interview with the *Polish-American Journal*. "Covering the stage we have a series of 58 multicolored banners and two huge 35' x 40' screens. These were all worked up from small miniatures I had designed. The miniature was taken to Ron Strang Studios in Hollywood, where the actual physical execution took place." The construction was supervised by noted stage contractor Ian Knight. The banners were arranged somewhat differently from gig to gig, with the full array being used in the East Coast stadiums, the scaled-back versions at Cal Expo and the Greek. The set may be modified and used again in some form next year, though no final decision has been made yet.

— *BJ*

How did you first hook up with the Grateful Dead?

The second show of my work in the United States was in 1979 in Los Angeles. Hal Kant, who I learned much later is the Dead's lawyer, bought a little print of mine at that show. But I didn't know him or who he was.

Then, in 1983, I had a big show in New York titled "The Conversation," and the major piece in the show was a real phone booth that was completely painted in with tons of messages and little pictures — something like a biography of that telephone booth told through its conversations over 20 years. Everybody told me they loved it, but nobody was buying it because it's big and crazy looking. Dealers are worse than rock 'n' roll managers — they told me there was no way I would sell it; it would be a loss.

About a week after the opening, I got a call from the assistant director [of the gallery] saying that a very strange couple had come to the gallery for the second day in a row and spent two hours looking at the booth. The next day the gallery called back and said the couple had come back and they bought the telephone booth and one gigantic painting and were very happy about it, and then they vanished. The only information the man left with the gallery was his address, in case we wanted to use the booth for another show sometime. A lot of times collectors will try to meet the artist, but not this time.

So I tried to keep him up to date about what I was doing. When I'd change a gallery I'd send him a little letter, and finally he wrote me a note telling me that he's a lawyer and she's a film producer. That was nice to know, and then we kept in contact, still without meeting each other. Then, last year, I finally met him. He wanted to see some of my recent work, so I told him they could come by — I live 10 miles from Woodstock [New York]. I'm there trying to picture what he looks like — I'm thinking black suit and a BMW — and this gigantic limo pulls up to my house and a fellow in a jogging suit jumps out and it's him!

We spent a great day together. He bought a painting and a set of prints and then he says to me, "You know, Jan, what I do is I'm the lawyer for the Grateful Dead." Oh my God! I couldn't believe it! We talked about the '60s and the Dead and Dylan. It was incredible. And then he says, "Look, I was talking with Jerry and I thought of you because the Grateful Dead want to design a set for a tour and they've never had a set before. Another collector told me you were involved with theatrical work." So I pulled out photos and catalogs and all this other material and we spent a long time looking at this and talking. This was June 1988.

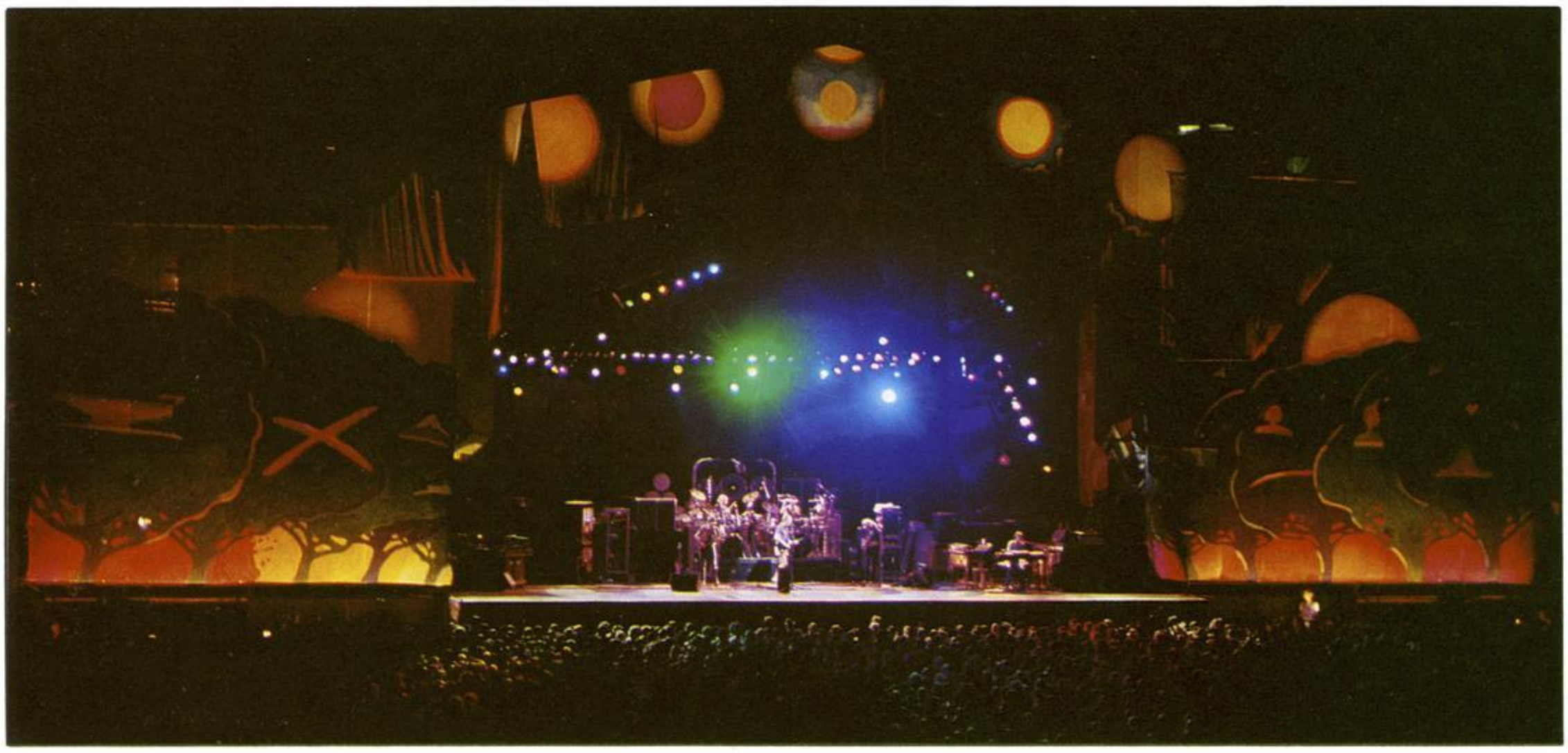
Then in September of that year I met the boys at Madison Square Garden and they told me to try anything I wanted to do, although I didn't believe that such an immense project could go completely freely. But man, if you saw my first renderings and then the finished set, they're almost identical. Never in my life had I gotten a commission for a public work which was so easy. It was amazing to me that it was unaltered. It was like a paradise project. Usually with rockers, the more famous they are, the nastier they are about everything. Five or six times I was asked to do sets for Broadway productions, but after preliminary talks with producers I abandoned the projects despite that it would be nice to have done that kind of thing. But this was completely unreal — they were telling me my assistant would be their daughter who loved art and this sort of thing. The writing was on the wall that it would be bullshit. But with the Dead it was so easy.

Was it coordinated through [GD lighting designer] Candace Brightman?

Yes. What happened was she called me before spring tour ['89] and asked me to send her some renderings of my ideas to Atlanta [first stop on the tour]. So I worked on them over the next 48 hours and sent them to her. Well, I got a message on my answering machine a while later that she loved the ideas, and Jerry and Bobby loved it, so it was a "go."

The next day she came up here and we spent the next five days working 17 hours a day working out all the technical aspects of what was required and what we shouldn't do. Obviously, we had to plan for all of her lighting setup and the sound equipment and the scaffolding and all of that, so there were many details we had to work out. We had to think about transporting it all from show to show and what would happen if it rained. It ended up being bigger and wider than I had originally planned, but it still allowed me to do

—The Saga of Jan Sawka



Candace Brightman's lighting illuminates the set after dark. Photo: Ken Friedman/BGP Archives

what I wanted to do with it.

It must have been slightly strange working on such a different scale from what you're used to.

A little bit, but look — I think that popular music is a very important artform and that what happens in stadiums is in many ways more important that what's happening in theaters and opera houses. Part of my delight in being commissioned by the Dead to do this art was that a million people could see it, whereas in a gallery or a small theater it is much fewer.

Can you talk abut some of the creative or philosophical matters you wanted to address with the set?

Well, I thought about many things. For one, I wanted to think about the band's interests these days — I'm talking about the rainforest and their charity and social interests. I think that's a very important part of their life. This isn't some band that just goes on the road, stays in expensive hotels and screws the chicks. I've talked to them — they care about many, many things.

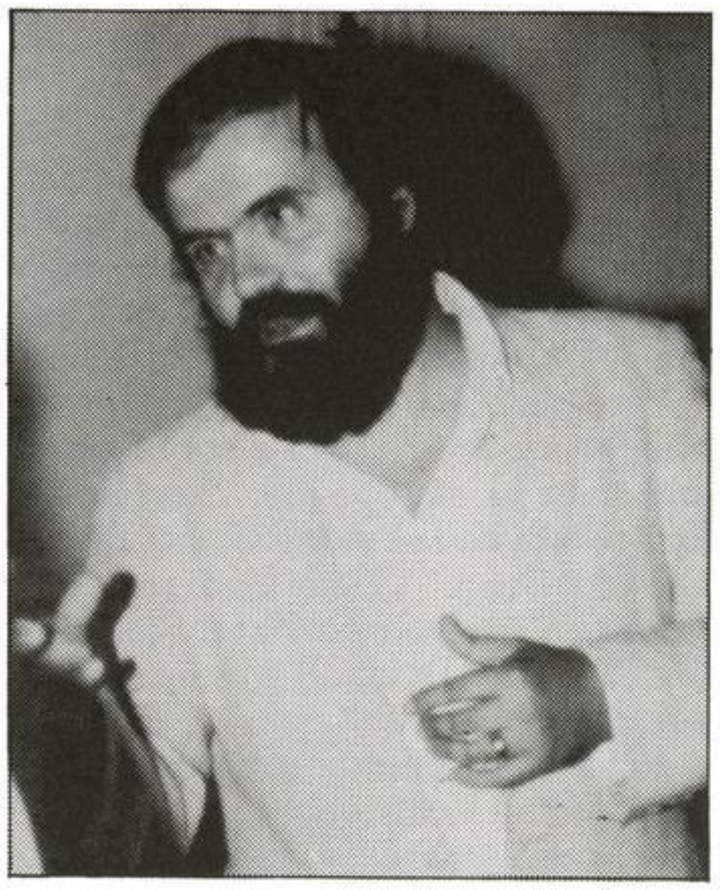
I also wanted to do something that reflected the sort of images I get from the lyrics. I know their music very well and I've lived with these songs for many years. And through the lyrics I know they are very interested in the ocean, the wind, the air and color, so I compiled ideas from "Box of Rain" and tons of other songs. I thought, "OK, let's do this like a magic trip, from the sunrise to the sunset and the moon." The challenge was to make something that was compact in its ideas but very rich — because if it's too simple people will get bored with it in ten minutes. But somehow, from the last row of a gigantic stadium it must look simple, because if it's too elaborate those people don't really see it.

I assume you deliberately steered clear of traditional Dead iconography — skeletons and roses and that sort of thing.

Yes. I was not interested in that, and I don't think the band was either. It was never actually voiced by them, but Bob Weir said to me, "Don't go after things you already know, because you must have a free hand." I felt that it should be an independent work of art, but dedicated to the things they do.

Why did you juxtapose the organic forms and colors of the art on the wings with the bright geometrics of the banners hanging onstage?

Usually when you're working on a regular theater set, you must have two layers of set, for the rear of the stage and the front of the stage, and they



Jan Sawka. Photo: Daniel Haskin

must work together. Now, you can do that by having them have the same kind of atmosphere, or you can do it by making each part distinctive. In the case of the Dead, I wanted the stage and what you call the wings to be different because I thought the band must have its own "cage" or "room." Also, Candace, who is such a brilliant light designer, never had a chance to put her lights on something like this before. I have the deepest admiration for her as a designer and a friend. It was delightful to have her as a partner in this. She was so creative and stimulating.

Anyway, what I wanted to do with the inner set is build it as a contradictory element — the main set on the [speakers] was very fluid and natural, so the inner set was more geometric and colorful. This gave Candace many more options — she could highlight the inner set, or drop the lights out of it so the other set could flourish, and all these combinations. But I think there is an integrity going through it and the two approaches worked together. Jerry was joking that he was red and green all the time [in photos and on the video] because of the banner that was hanging behind him.

What did you think when you finally saw your set in action at Foxboro — with a crowd there, the band playing, the lights flashing?

It was amazing. But we had a tough run before the actual show, because in Foxboro, everything seemed to go against us — a generator broke down, and the crew, who had to work very hard, were not too easy to deal with. But when Candace lit it after it was set up for the first time, the crew gave us a standing ovation and they forgot all the hours of hard work when they were abusing and offending us. [Laughs] That was a miracle moment for me. When you work on a project like this you hope that it will turn out as you envision it, but it rarely does, and almost never does it exceed your hopes. But in this case — because of Candace's lights — it was better than I imagined it. I thought it was absolutely magic. I told Candace that it was like I'd written to Santa Claus to ask for an H-O train set and he'd given me a Metroliner!

Were you conscious of integrating this work into the Dead's psychedelic lineage? It's pretty trippy.

I think in the sense that it will appeal to people who are in our group — and by that I mean that Dan Quayle might not understand it because he probably sees everything in grays. I was intensely interrogated by a number of my older friends and critics from the [New York] *Times* — "Why all those colors? Why the Grateful Dead?" At the beginning they hated that I was doing a set with the Dead, and I said to them, "Where were you in '67?" I think they were climbing the corporate ladder and never had any fun. Most people under 48 must have a kick about the psychedelic '60s. It's not only acid and that kind of stuff. But there was such an important revolution in art and feeling about colors and fun. The entire visual shape of the world changed in the '60s because of psychedelic art. If you look at advertising, even the color of cars, you'll see that it's true. All those colors on TV now — same thing.

I know where the roots are, and for me to be working with Jerry...are you kidding? It's like the priest from eastern Poland [Pope John Paul II] who gets to be the assistant of God! [Laughs] For me to be working with the legendary brigade that started all this 6000 miles from my home... It's so crazy, especially for someone born in a dirty coal-mining city under Stalin. But when the music came and the crazy day-glo colors came, even faded and reproduced badly, it was like oxygen to me.

It's hard to explain why this project was so important to me. My career has been good; as an artist I am fulfilled and I have been successful. I have shows, prices are going up, catalogs are more glossy — all that bullshit. But in the depths of myself I have little frustrations that I missed the '60s and the beginning of all those things that shaped my life, because I was so distant. Then, suddenly, I come, without lifting a finger, directly to the source and not only do I get to do something there, I get to do whatever I want to. It was such a glorious feeling — that even if I couldn't see San Francisco with my own eyes in 1967, I could do this gig with the boys 20 years later. It's been like a great dream. □

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BILL KREUTZMANN

LONG-DISTANCE DRUMMER

One of my favorite moments in the entire body of the Grateful Dead's music comes during the 8-27-72 (Veneta, Oregon) version of "Bird Song." After the vocal part of the tune, the band embarks on a twisted, obviously acid-drenched jam that spirals up and up until it resolves at the main riff. There's a moment of pure silence, which almost feels like it might be the end of the song, but then Bill Kreutzmann unleashes this amazing rolling drum figure that instantly propels the jam in a completely new direction. In the *Grateful Dead Movie*, filmed two years later, Billy explains that when the band is really happening and he's at this best, playing the drums is like dancing. And that explains, in part, why the Grateful Dead's music swings so sublimely.

Earth. Air. Fire. Water. Both of the Dead's drummer/percussionists bring all four of those elements to the music in varying degrees at different times. But when I think of Bill Kreutzmann I think mainly of air and water — of perfectly placed cymbal splashes and flowing tom fills; of subtle stick work that has a nearly transparent quality, it is so well integrated into the band's gestalt. Of course we've all seen him throw himself into his drums with ferocious, even frightening, intensity on many occasions. Billy can definitely rock with the best of them, but to me he is part of what makes the Grateful Dead first and foremost a jazz band. It is not at all surprising to learn that one of his major influences was the great Elvin Jones, who helped propel John Coltrane's music for many years.

Throughout the Dead's 25-year history, Kreutzmann's drumming has provided both a rhythmic anchor around which the front-line guitarists weave their parts, and an expressive current that courses through songs and jams like some free-swimming electric eel. It is no accident that the Dead's freest music came during the periods when he was the lone drummer — first during the era surrounding the Acid Tests (when he was known as "Bill Summers" because that was the name of the fake I.D. that allowed him to play in bars), and again from 1971 to '75. Listen closely to the drumming on '73 to '74 tapes and you'll be astonished how effortlessly (or so it seems) the band moved from fat grooves to deep space and back again with just a few flicks of his powerful wrists. And one need look no further than the *Mars Hotel* version of "Scarlet Begonias" to hear how brilliantly he fit into a more complex polyrhythmic attack. In short, much of the Dead's very essence derives from his drumming.

Of course from mid-'67 through 1970, and for the past 14 years, Kreutzmann has been teamed with Mickey Hart in what has to be the most potent long-term drumming duo in modern music. Billy readily acknowledges his debt to his partner, occasional teacher and good friend; their onstage rapport is obvious. Since the introduction of The Beast in 1979, following Hart's work on the soundtrack for *Apocalypse Now*, the percussion jam in the second set of Dead shows has been the most consistently unpredictable and open-ended portion of each concert. Together they've explored percussion realms that have taught us all much about the power and language of the drum. I know much of my own appreciation of world music stems from hundreds of hours locked in Billy and Mickey's spell.

Because Kreutzmann doesn't really do interviews or have the self-promotional flair of some other bandmembers, he has never received the press attention he clearly deserves. He is basically a very private person; indeed, he lives hours away from the other musicians, on a rustic ranch in Mendocino County with his wife, Shelley. So we're especially pleased that we can offer the first in-depth solo interview with him in many, many years.

Our interviews took place over the course of two afternoons in late July. The first day, we talked at the Dead's studio, where he was recording tracks for *Built to Last*. The following day, we jumped into Billy's jeep and drove up Marin County's Mount Tamalpais, stopping for a while on a beautiful rocky bluff overlooking Stinson Beach to watch a hang glider begin its long descent to the shores below. Though reportedly he can be volatile, my dealings with him through the years have been nothing but pleasant. And much of his intensity is positively directed: he's a man who cares deeply about his work, his family and his friends, and I think much of his inner passion and warmth come through in the interview that follows.

— *BJ*

What are your first musical memories growing up in Palo Alto?

My mother was a choreographer who taught dance at Stanford, and when I was real young she'd have me sit down in the living room with this Indian drum — a tom-tom — and she'd

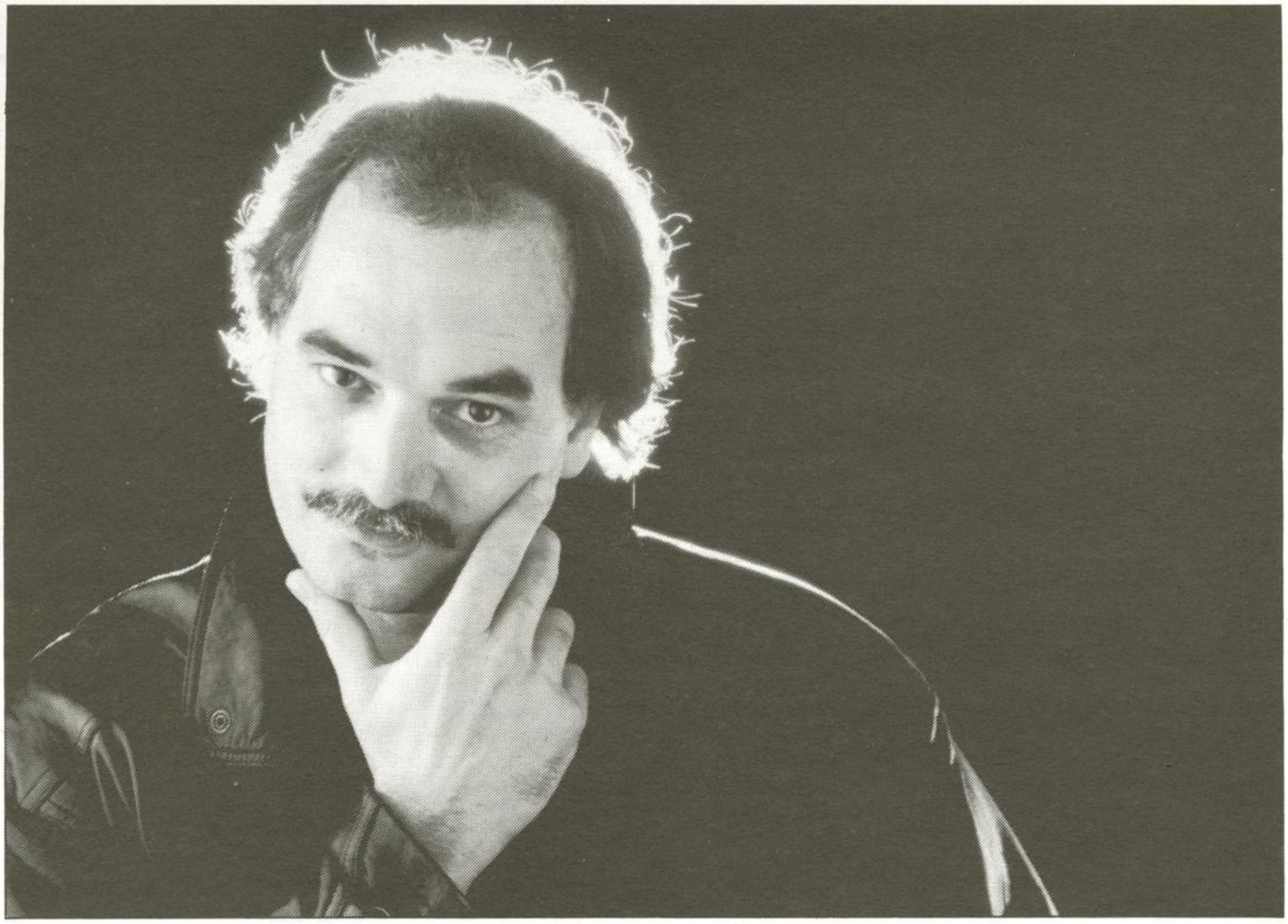


Photo: Herbie Greene

have me pound the quarter-time for her, and she'd write out the choreography and try out steps. I'd even go to her classes sometimes and I'd beat the drum there. Everybody thought it was real cute, of course. [Laughs]

Is that what got you interested in drums?

It probably contributed to it. At first, though, I wanted to play piano or trumpet or some lead instrument, but I ended up getting into drums instead. When I was about 12, I met this cool drum teacher named Lee Anderson who taught in Palo Alto, and he just had a neat vibe about him. He was going to school at Stanford to become a physicist — which he is now — and every Saturday he'd give me a lesson up on Perry Lane right near Kesey and that whole clutch of people. Kesey was writing right next door, but I didn't know it at the time. Anyway, Lee would give me a lesson for half an hour or 45 minutes, and then he'd let me loose on the drum set for hours. And at that point, that was the only time I was able to get onto a full set. All I had was a pair of sticks.

What sort of stuff were you listening to back then?

I remember liking Elvis Presley when I was small; for some reason he cracked me up. I got into Fats Domino and liked New Orleans music a lot, though I didn't even know it was New Orleans music; I just liked it.

Just like everybody else, I'd go down to the music stores in town every day and hit every one of 'em and see what new records were out. And in those days you could listen to the records in these booths. I spent hours doing that.

Do you remember your first set of drums?

Sure. There was a drummer in town who was older than me and who I sort of looked up to. When he decided to get a better drum set I bought his old Ludwig set — which he'd refinished white for some reason — for $250, which was a lot of money back then, especially for a kid.

Were your parents supportive of all this? I can't imagine being a parent and having a 12-year-old around pounding the drums day and night.

They were totally supportive of me... still are.

One time I was away at prep school [Orme, in Prescott, Arizona] and I was playing football there until my grades got too low. I got so bummed out that I couldn't play football that my dad crated up my drums and sent them to me by train so I'd have something to do outside of classes. I set them up in a little barn there and I practiced like crazy, and that helped me make it through the year.

Did you play music with other kids?

There was one other kid I knew who was really into music, and he played saxophone. So he and I would jam hour after hour — it must've been really musical! [Laughs] But I learned a lot from that experience.

Then I went back to public school in Palo Alto the next year and people tried to get me to play in the school band, but I wouldn't have anything to do with it. I went and heard the band one day and said, "Are you kidding?!" It was just lame orchestra stuff, with nothing for the drummer to do.

Luckily, later on down the line, I got turned on that Jerry and Pigpen and sometimes Bobby were playing bluegrass at a placed called The Tangent in Palo Alto, and I went down there very

faithfully and listened to them all the time. I really got off on those guys; I really just liked them a lot. My heart just said, "This music is really cool."

Hadn't you played some rock 'n' roll before you hooked up with those guys to play music?

A little. I played in a band called The Legends, and we'd play at YMCA dances, and there'd be fights and the usual stuff. The kids liked us for some reason, though I can't imagine that we were really any good. We'd play Chuck Berry and whatever was popular. It wasn't too soulful, though, and I think I was probably the most serious about music then; we were just teenagers.

Once I was going to leave that band to get into this other band called The Sparks, who were all guys in their 20s. This was going to be my big move! But I had this showdown with the other band and the guys are asking me, "Are you gonna leave the band?" And I got this vibe that if I said yes, they were going to take me outside and knock my lights out, so I said, "Nah, I'm not leavin' the band!" [Laughs] It sounded like a set-up. So I stayed with The Legends a while longer and it was cool. We got better, and eventually we got this black singer who came down from San Francisco, and he fronted the band real neatly. I liked him a lot; in fact I was the only guy in the band who'd let him stay at his house. People in the neighborhood, which was all white, apparently were pretty freaked out by this, but I didn't even think about it.

Had you listened to much jazz at this point?

Not really. Phil was my big influence in jazz. During that first rough year after Phil and I joined the band and we were playing around at Magoo's Pizza Parlor and joints like that, Phil lived near me in Palo Alto and he turned me onto all sorts of stuff — not just jazz, but Charles Ives and people like that. It really turned my head around. Then, when we lived together in San Francisco, he turned me on to Coltrane and I just bit on that. [Laughs] I thought, "Jeez, I gotta learn to play this stuff!"

Was that Elvin Jones' drumming mainly?

Yeah. I really listened to him a lot. He was a major influence on me, no question about it.

By the time The Warlocks got going you must've had a bit of experience playing R&B.

I didn't think of it that way. It was all just music. I didn't really get locked into the idea of different styles until we got further along — in my mid-20s — and I started to really differentiate between different styles. It got real neat when I met Mickey because we really concentrated on rudiments and we got all that done and over with. It allowed us to play real fluidly.

In the very early days of the Grateful Dead, was there any other music out there that you could use as a model for how to play these long, extended pieces the band got into?

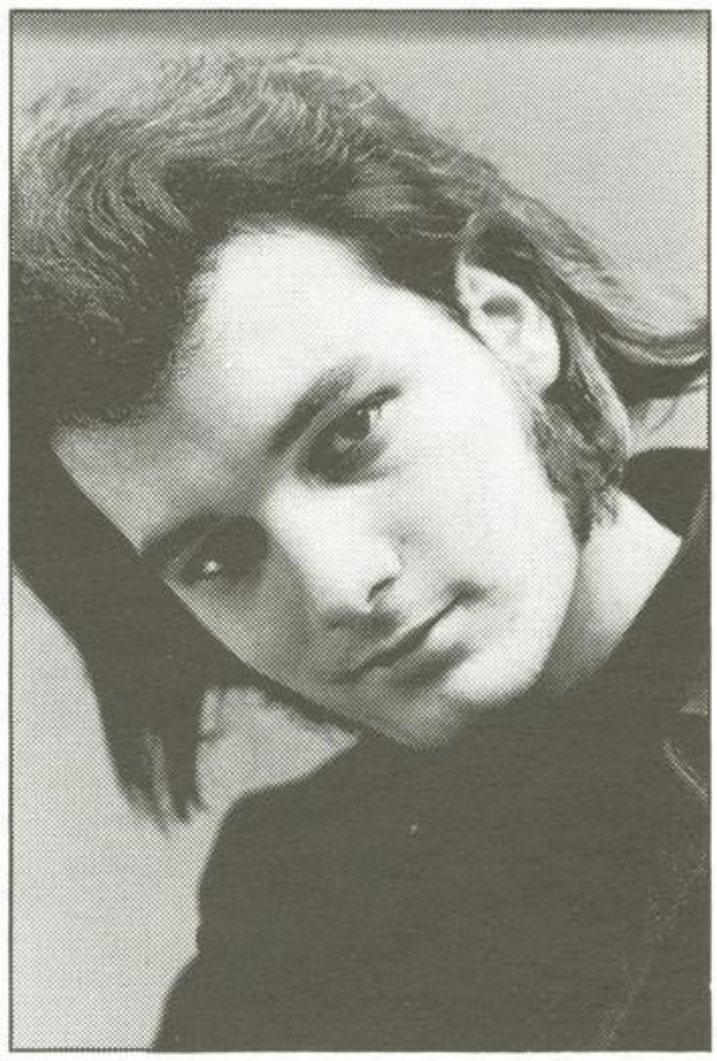
Not really. And we played extended pieces from the very beginning. We just never thought of stopping; it never crossed any of our minds to play three-minute songs. [Laughs] We played this bar called the Inn Room before Mickey joined the band that was a terribly weird gig on some levels, but a great learning gig for us — six nights a week, five sets a night. The weekends were all these heavy straight juicer types, and they'd be looking up at us as we played all these long, long songs and they didn't know what to make of us. They wanted us to quit, but the men didn't want to admit they were tired of dancing and look shitty to their girls...[Laughs] We played every new Rolling Stones song that'd come out, and Pigpen would sing some blues. We just kept playin'.

What did LSD do to your drumming? The Acid Tests came so early in the band's development.

It changed the tempo a lot. [Laughs] Actually, a lot of the time there was no tempo. It also created more extendedness and amplified what was going on — it made things go on longer, or just seem like a blink, depending.

How musical was it?

It was totally musical or not musical at all. Who knows? When you're high on acid you can't really be expected to be too analytical about things; you're going more with a free-flow, and sometimes that would be synchronous with what the other guys were playing, and



Billy in '67. Photo: Jim Marshall © 1989

sometimes you'd just be in your own world playing. But we weren't examining what we were doing. I remember once when I was high on acid it took me what seemed like 14 years to take my drums apart. It seemed like lifetimes had gone by — I'd gone gray, grown old, died, been reborn all in the time it took to put one cymbal in the case. [Laughs]

Where did you meet Mickey?

We met at the old Fillmore; I can't remember if I was playing a gig there or not. Michael Hinton, who's now a musician in New York, was with him; he was one of his students. Anyway, they met me, we went outside, and they pulled out some sticks and they did this shit and it was like, "Oh yeah, I gotta learn *this* stuff!" [Laughs] So I did. I worked out with Mickey for a long time. We worked on all sorts of different drumming things and we did a lot of neat things together. One time he even hypnotized me, which was great because you get real relaxed and into a total learning space. There was a lot of growing that got done by both of us.

His first gig with the Dead was one night at the Straight Theater when he sat in with us. And after that he just seemed to fit in.

Do you think it changed the music drastically?

Not drastically, at least at first. But what happened was during that period we really rehearsed a lot at the old Potrero Theater, and a lot of what we'd do was rehearse different times — we'd do sevens, or nines, and I think "The Eleven" came out of that stint. We'd play for hours until it was practically

flawless. The drumming became really unitized, though. We'd lock into one time, and sometimes it would be hard for us to get out of it. We were locked into playing bar lengths instead of phrases; and a phrase is much better in my opinion.

It's funny, somebody once asked Coltrane what his favorite time was and he said 4/4. [Laughs]

Were you listening to people like Joe Morello [Dave Brubeck's drummer], picking up on the 9/8 in "Blue Rondo" or the 5/4 in "Take Five"?

Oh sure. I like the 9 more than the 5. Back then, "Take Five" seemed very hip, but I don't think it's stood up that well. It sounds a little corny to me, but "Blue Rondo" had that nice fresh bounce to it. I listened to Morello and all those guys — like Shelly Manne, who was really great with the brushes.

Anthem of the Sun ***sounds so dense rhythmically, with all the layering and all. That must have been a weird record for you to make.***

It was kind of strange. There was a lot of layering and manipulation in the studio, obviously, but if the end result is cool then that's fine with me. To be real honest, I wasn't all that involved with *Anthem of the Sun*. I didn't feel like I participated that much in that music; it didn't "get me," if you know what I mean. It wasn't my cup of tea particularly. If I listened to the record right now I might eat my words, but my memory is I wasn't that thrilled with it. I thought then — and actually I still feel this way sometimes — that some of the double drum stuff makes the music seem less concise. Sometimes less is more.

Did you like it, then, when the band moved into a softer realm with **Workingman's Dead** ***and*** **American Beauty***? I always thought the drumming on those was nicely understated and tasteful.*

I liked it, too. It was a neat period; a lot of fun. We were adding so many new songs and the whole feeling of the music was very different from what we'd been doing. For me, it was a lot more satisfying than playing the music of *Anthem*.

Did you and Mickey ever sit down and try to define what your respective roles were?

No, never. Then and now, we'd just go out there and see what works and what doesn't work. The stuff that works we try to keep. The nice thing about having the drum suite, or the crazy suite, or the free space, as I like to call it, in the second set is that's a nice place to experiment. I can do anything I want that I feel like playing. My rule to myself is to be as musical as I can; I try to play that way. I'm not up there just trying to play a million hot licks to show I'm the fastest.

How did you feel about that trend among drummers in the late '60s to show off their alleged virtuosity with interminable solos?

I kind of felt it wasn't too musical usually, even though there were good drummers out there. It sort of seemed



Garcia, Mountain Girl (carrying Sunshine) and Billy with police in Golden Gate Park after the Dead were denied permission to play a memorial concert the day after Robert Kennedy's assassination in June 1968. Photo: Jim Marshall © 1989

might think that being in a band with two drummers I'd feel competitive, but I don't feel that way. Or maybe I am and I don't know it. If anything, I think Mickey just sparks me to play better. If I get into a competitive thing it just shuts me down musically, so I stay away from it. At the same time, you're a human being and you have emotions and you have to play through those emotions; but if you dwell on them, you can get hung up on them.

I've had some real sad nights on the drums before, when people in my family have died or a friend or whoever, and we've had to play. Everyone in the band has gone through this, of course. And in those cases, the emotions that come out are sometimes just so overwhelming that you can't help playing in that mode. Sometimes you're so shocked under those circumstances — under that strain — that playing music is what eases the pain for you; you're so happy to be able to do it. A trauma has happened and you can't stop the feelings, but maybe you can channel the feelings musically. Some songs will make you cry your eyes out, because they're so close to what you're going through. I'm sure a lot of our fans relate to the music that way, too. Through the years I've tried to learn how to use that emotion to play more sensitively.

How did you feel when Mickey left the band at the end of 1970?

It was OK with me, frankly, because I felt at the end of that period we weren't really gelling that much. It's hard to really explain what was going on. Those were real complicated times for him and real private times, and I'd rather not talk about it.

Fair enough. Did you feel a greater sense of freedom as the lone drummer again?

I wouldn't put it that way. I had a sense that the music became a little more clear. The rhythms and the grooves had a clarity you can hear on tapes from that period.

The music of that era was the jazziest the Dead have ever performed. There was a real swing to a lot of the jams, even when they'd be pretty out there.

It was definitely the most open music we've played. I loved it. It's never quite been that way again — which is fine; you want things to be different, to change.

How did you view your solo slot during that time?

Well, I didn't always have a solo. Some of them were good and some of them weren't. Frankly, I've never en-

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like showing off a lot of the time. If you can be musical and show off, fine. Otherwise, fuck it. I like playing in an ensemble; that's the most fun for me — complement the lead player, lay off a little when the vocals are going... there are a million things to do in ensemble playing.

I bet you don't remember that Elvin Jones and [Cream's] Ginger Baker had a drum-off sometime in the late '60s.

Actually I do remember that, and I think everyone was really disappointed with it, me included. I hate that kind of competitive shit. You

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With Mickey, 1982. Photo: Clayton Call

joyed doing drum solos alone that much. With Mickey, at least we can bounce ideas off each other and it seems a little more interesting. When I was with Goathead — that's what I like to call Go Ahead — the other guys in the band wanted me to do a drum solo, but I just didn't dig it; it didn't feel right. Like I said before, it sort of seems like showing off. Sometimes virtuosity is lost on me — on any instrument. So that guitarist can play 2 million notes in one quarter-second — big deal, did he play any music, anything that hit you in the heart, and grabbed you and moved you? That's what I want from music, whether I'm listening to it or playing it.

Did Keith's joining the band affect how you played? He was such a percussive pianist.

I loved his playing. I remember when we auditioned him, Jerry asked me to come down to our old studio and the two of us threw him every curve ball we could, but he was right on every improvised change. We just danced right along on top. That's when I knew he'd be great for the band. He was so inventive — he played some jazz stuff and free music that was just incredible. He had a heart of music.

How did Pigpen's death affect you?

Shitty. I hated it. It's funny you ask me that, because I just drove by his old place in Mill Valley and got a little choked up. I really liked that son-of-a-bitch — he had a lot of love in his heart. He was a guy who was jokingly mean...

I don't think anyone believed he was actually mean, though.

That's true, because you could tell he was this sweet guy. Though I have to admit, when I first met him in Palo Alto I believed it. [Laughs] He had sort of a motorcycle jacket that was a little scary; he had that look. He was unkempt, to say the least. But he was the leader of the band.

He went to Europe with us in '72 and we could sort of feel him slipping away a little. He was emaciated. But it was a really sad day when he died.

Weir once said that when the band went back to two drummers in '76, it became a little harder to turn the corner in jams, that a certain amount of flexibility disappeared.

I can see what he's saying. Things maybe didn't flow quite as easily for a while. You know, I don't know what it's like for him to listen to me and Mickey from his point of view. It was a little more cumbersome, which I think you'd expect, but it smoothed out over time.

In the late '70s the band started working with outside producers. How was the Keith Olsen experience [he produced* Terrapin Station*] from your perspective?

Everybody told us that he was a real motherfucker on drummers, and he made me do some stuff I didn't want to do, like playing with big sticks. I think he wanted me to be some Top 40 drummer. He was kind of a megalomaniac, which isn't the kind of person who should be working with the Grateful Dead.

How about Lowell George* [Shakedown Street]*? At least he was a musician who understood the band's strengths — although I didn't think that album was very good.

I really liked Lowell a lot. Whereas Keith [Olsen] always wanted to be the director/producer type and wear the higher hat — to work in the upper office, so to speak — Lowell was really like a member of the band more. If we were working on a song and he didn't feel it was going right, he'd just grab a guitar and come into the studio and show us how he felt it. That was one of the ways he'd communicate, and it worked great. I had a tremendous amount of respect for him.

Basically, though, I think the Grateful Dead produces itself best. It's not the fastest way for us to work, but that's not important.

Let's talk about the present and how you experience a show. What do you do before the show?

Well, actually, for me the show starts way before the day of the show. Generally I'll try to visualize a tour before we do it. I can actually visualize myself onstage playing, and other things like checking into hotels, sitting backstage. I tend not to look at the itinerary to see what the specific gigs are, because it sometimes makes the tour look long to me. But it helps me relax and puts me in the right frame of mind for playing music. At this point I don't "plan" to do the visualization — it just starts happening, and I'm not even necessarily aware I'm doing it. I guess it's my way of psyching up.

Most of the visualization occurs right before the gig. I'm in the hotel a couple of hours before showtime and I'll just start thinking about how it feels to play; I get together with that feeling. I get really anxious before every show. After all these years I still get stage fright. It's really important that I be mentally ready when I go on, because otherwise I'll play lousy.

We get a half-hour call before we go on, and then about 15 minutes after that I'll go up on the back of the stage and put on my armbands and stuff like that. If it's at all humid I have to wear wristbands, because my hands get so sweaty I start dropping my drumsticks. Then, before we actually go out onstage, I'll sort of look out in the crowd, maybe make eye contact with somebody. Somebody'll see me looking at them and they'll wave, and I'll wave

back, and that relaxes me some more. Now you're not just in yourself; you're starting to relate to the crowd. And then when you do finally go on, the applause and the screaming and all really makes me feel good, and it gets me pumped up so I have even more energy than I thought I did before I went on.

It took me a long time to learn about that, though. Years back I used to fill a lot of the off-time before we went on doing stupid things, and I'd go on so screwed up I didn't feel good about playing; it was like an overload. It's easier for me as a player to come from a relaxed place and make myself play hot than if I'm antsy from whatever. But like I said, it took me a long time to figure that one out.

Garcia and Weir have told me that during the first couple of songs they're out there trying to feel out the vibes and the sound and re-establish connections within the band. Do you go through the same experience?

That's true for me, too. That's really where the true warming up takes place, because even with all the mental preparations and actual practicing you've done backstage, it still comes down to playing in this ensemble and adjusting to the musical dynamics — How does the room sound? How's the mix?

Talking about connections with the other guys in the band, I really make it a point all through the show to try to establish eye contact with the others. In fact on this last tour I even moved a cymbal so that I could see Jerry better. I like having that visual contact. I think we communicate really well onstage, and a lot of time it's not even verbal, of course. We'll be in a jam and I'll look over at Jerry and he'll look at me and it's like, "This is great! You havin' fun? I thought so!" [Laughs]

It sounds very intimate.

It is. It's great. After so long we can read each other pretty well.

Through the years, I've learned how to play with all the other musicians at the same time. The bass drum goes with the bass — with Phil — and I'll do the right-hand lead stuff with Jerry, complemented on cymbals or crashes with Bobby, and then I'll use the left-hand hi-hat stuff for the rhythm pocket with Brent and the bass and the rhythm guitar. I'll do all of that at the same time. I found myself doing that once and I thought it was a cool thing to do instead of dedicating the drum set to one player and moving it around the band that way. It's not something I could ever teach another drummer, because it's really a matter of listening and being able to separate the functions.

Am I correct in believing that most of the song tempos are determined by the guitar players, by how they go into a given tune?

Yeah, but I'll void a tempo on them if I feel somebody's started it way too slow or way too fast. I'll just pull it back if it's too fast, or nudge it up if it's slow, and keep a big smile on my face the whole time because I don't want them to think it's not intentional. It's my way of saying, "Hey, c'mon, there's an hour and a half between each quarter beat. I could go out and have lunch between beats. What're we gonna do here?" [Laughs] But that's just me; maybe the guitarist really wants to play it that slow. But I have to trust myself, trust my body feeling. I like to play from inside.

Do you ever feel like you have to compensate if one member of the band is obviously "off" that night?

Oh, we all have our off nights, of course. That's the way it goes, you know. I don't think you really make an adjustment when somebody is off. Just play as well as you can. You'd be surprised, too — sometimes when someone's having an off night they'll pull some weird shit out of the bag and the sets go in interesting places. You never know. But you don't want to sit there and be judgmental — "Oh this is too fast, or too slow." You want to just get on top of it so you can just roll with the wave instead of trying to pull the wave back or push it ahead.

Have you noticed any slowing down with age?

Not really. I'm 43 and I'm feeling great right now. I don't think of age chronologically. It's how you feel inside. If anything, I think it's gotten better for me through the years. I'm more confident, and I'm having more fun than I have in years. Part of it, though, is how well I treat myself. If I'm feeling good like I'm feeling now, I might as well be a kid. I'm pretty young at heart, too.

It must be quite a challenge as a drummer to play Grateful Dead ballads.

It's definitely the hardest for me, though not so much anymore. They used to scare me a little, because it's harder to find a groove on them. Not "Stella Blue," which is pretty straight ahead, but on something like "Row Jimmy," for instance, I just wasn't sure the band had the groove on it; or maybe I just didn't have it in my heart. But I've learned how to deal with it, and now I'll just sit right in the middle of the quarter beats, I used to feel hesitant about certain songs because I didn't think we could just jump into the feeling. Ideally the groove should start at the beginning; you shouldn't have to sit there and twist it around to find it. It should come right on. You turn on the faucet, water comes out.

How about more conventional first-set tunes, like "Mexicali Blues" or "Mama Tried"?

Those are a lot less interesting to me.

Does you're playing on them then become somewhat mechanical?

No, it's not ever mechanical, because I can always find something to interest myself. Somebody might play something that'll make me laugh, and I'll do a little add-on to that. It's like a little tease going on — "You did that? OK, check this out!" Or me and Garcia will play some licks together. That's what keeps it interesting to me. Even though we play a lot of songs more or less the same lengths, we really do change the interiors of them all the time — change the carpet, so to speak; paint the walls.

I don't know why we still do some of those songs. We've had so many years to put new songs in there. If we're going to do cover tunes, there are a lot that would be better. In general, I like playing our stuff more than cover tunes.

I'd think that the order in which songs are played would affect your experience of them night to night. Like if you followed "Big Railroad Blues" with "Bird Song"...

That's a great combination! "Big Railroad Blues" is real straight-ahead and "Bird Song" is lilting. The contrast is great for me, because one is this bam-bam-bam on the beat, and the other is this free, jazzy, open song that has all these other possibilities. I love playing "Bird Song."

A harder trip to play is when the two songs have similar grooves, like a couple of 12/8 songs — like Bobby's

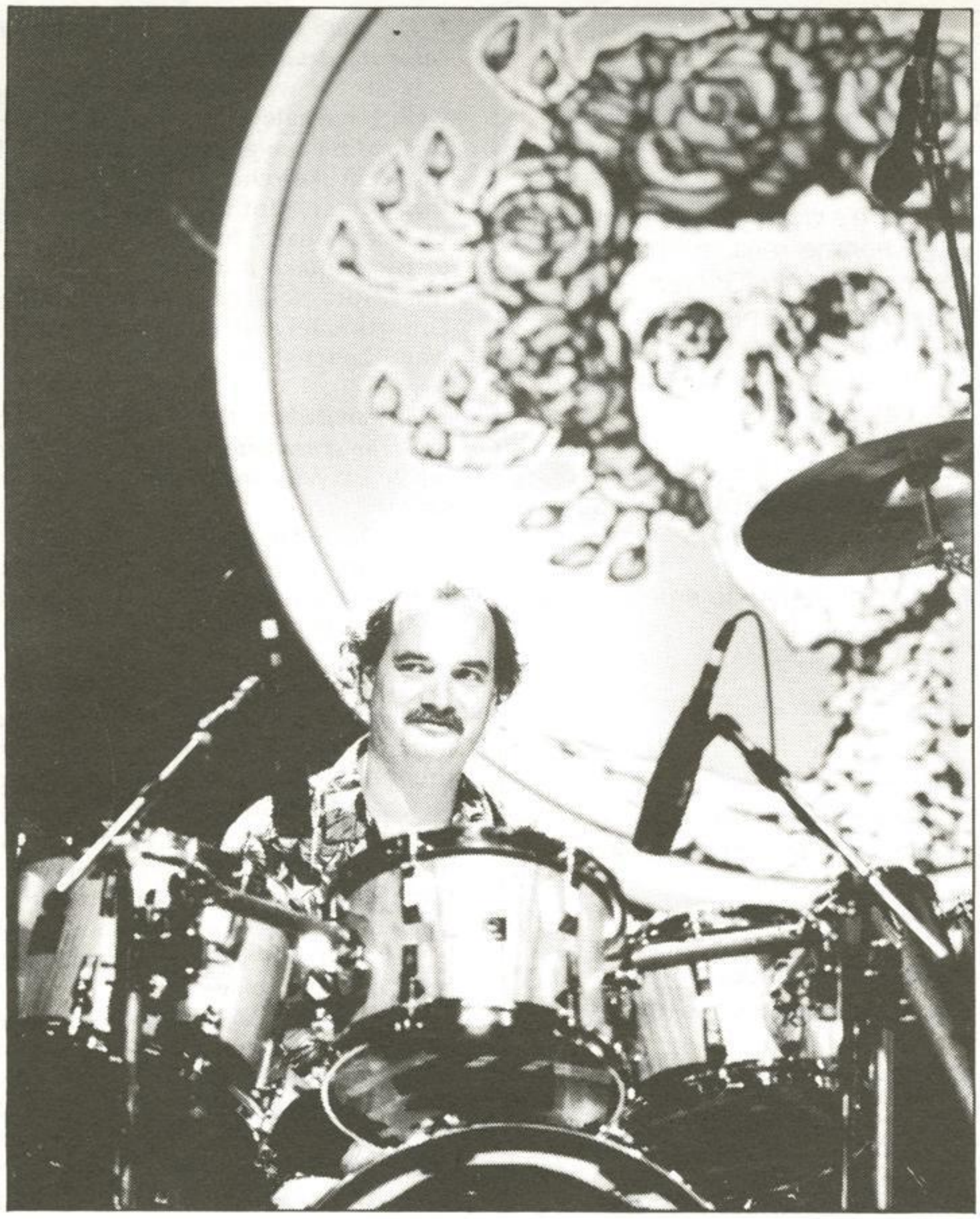


Photo: Jay Blakesberg

done "Little Red Rooster" and Jerry does "Sugaree." They're both 12/8 but they've got totally different feelings.

A tune like "Eyes of the World" seems to change tempo almost with the seasons.

That's another one I love playing. Yeah, we've never really locked down into a groove. It's one of those kind of songs that's remained changeable, which I like. It keeps it more interesting.

How does the song right before the drum solo affect how you go into it?

Well, if we've just done "Man Smart Woman Smarter" my thinking is generally that I'll hang with that rhythm when the guitarists and Brent leave the stage. Mickey might get off the drum set and start playing something else, or sometimes we'll both stay on the drum kits and talk back and forth there for a bit. If it's coming out of something like "He's Gone," I'll tend to play a much more open drum solo, because I don't have to be on the pulse. So yeah, it totally affects it. But each one has its own place. That's the nice thing about our band — if you didn't have that simple variation, it would get boring really fast.

Do the drum solos ever have a conceptual theme? Garcia and Weir have both said they sometimes predetermine a broad subject area for the "space" segment.

We do the same thing. We didn't use Tiananmen Square or anything. [Laughs] But we'll be back there saying "Earthquake!" or "World War III!" and we'll do big bomb shots on the big toms — that's a little influence from *Apocalypse Now*. It's kind of fun to have a theme going through your mind.

The other thing we do is program rhythms, sometimes before the show, or during the break. We'll be back there doing these rhythms that are stored [by computer], and then we use them during the drum solo.

Is the flow of the solo based mainly on the mood of how it's going, or do you sometimes decide in advance that, say, you'll move to the roto-toms at some point, then play this or that instrument?

No, that's too pre-meditated for me. I wait for sounds to come along that I want to play with and use, or if Mickey's doing something that I'm not locking in with, I'll take the initiative and start something else. I'll always use whatever drums I think will work for the sound I'm looking for. And if none of those seem right, I'll play my electronic stuff.

Which is what, exactly?

I have real basic stuff compared to Mick. The main one I use is a [Roland] Octapad.

And that's loaded with samples?

Right. It's got eight switches under these black pads, four on top, four on the bottom, and you activate it by hitting it with a drumstick.

So who has control over things like decay and other signal-processing info?

I work it out with our sound tech, Bob Bralove. Bob has been such a wonderful addition to our band. He's a great human being. He really listens to you when you try to describe a sound or feeling you want to coax. He'll really help you get what you want. He's helped me tremendously.

So we work together getting sounds for the Octapad. I have a whole long list of sounds on a big sheet of paper near me, and then I have to initiate the number [of each sound] on a switching box that I can hit with a stick. And each number corresponds with a different sound. So number one might be "high jingly thing," and then there's a single boom on the number four pad, handlcaps on three, a shaker on two. It's neat. And sometimes I'll use things during the regular part of the set, too — I'll throw a hand-clap into "Gimme Some Lovin'" just for fun.

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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*

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

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BACK ISSUES

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

If the band isn't playing well, does it color the drum solo much?

It can. If we haven't been playing well, for whatever reason, sometimes by the time we get to the drum solo it can seem like a chore — not in the sense that I don't want to do it, but because I'll occasionally feel like it's my job to try to make it all better; I can put this drum solo Band-Aid on there. Unfortunately, it doesn't work that way. [Laughs]

I wondered about that. There are nights I get the sense you and Mickey are trying to exorcise weird energy from the stage.

I'd like to be able to, and damned if I don't try to, and I know Mickey does. It doesn't usually work, but we give it the best we can.

What do you do during "space"?

Usually I'm right back there listening to it. Those guys are doing stuff with their new MIDI setups that's been blowing my mind! I've really been enjoying it because that's when I get to be the audience, too. So I'll sit back there and close my eyes and just drift.

It's a nice time for me because I get to rest and cool off, get some water, and hear them play.

I've been thinking lately that I want to take a shorter rest, though, and maybe get back out there and play some free music with Jerry, like we did in the early '70s — not to repeat that space, but because I'm hearing such neat stuff in what he's doing and I'd like to add to it; I hear drum parts on it.

I know a lot of people who would be thrilled to see that happen — to get back into that jazzy place again.

Well, you're not locked to tracks or stops or left or right turns. It's free and open; you don't know what's going to happen. It's got a three-dimensionality that I love because it can go in any direction.

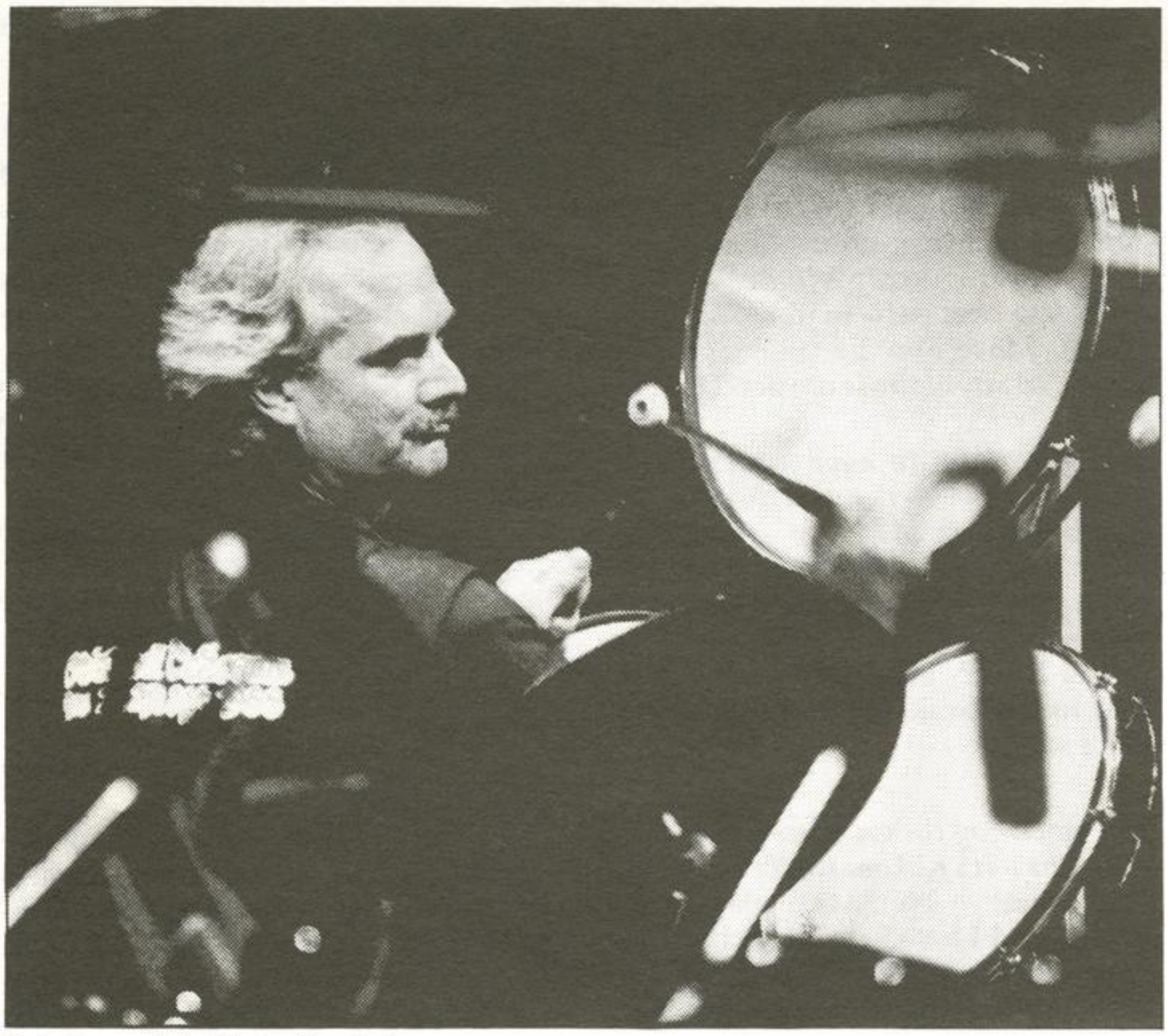
I know you said earlier you don't consciously think about how you play in relation to Mickey, in terms of whether you're doing more straight drumming and he's doing more accents, or whatever, but can you talk at all about your different roles?

It's hard. The best I can do is tell you how I see it.

Some people call you a drummer and him a percussionist.

Nah, that's wrong. We're both drummers and percussionists.

I sometimes see that there's double-drums stuff that we're doing where we don't need to be doing it; where the music might sound better if he were



L.A. Forum '89. Photo: Ron Delany

doing more percussion, like on tom fills and lead-ins to changes and choruses and bridges — setups they're called. A lot of times he'll be playing the backbeat on the snare drum and I'll be playing the backbeat on the snare drum. He'll be riding on his tom-tom, I'll be riding on a cymbal or a hi-hat, playing the eighth-note or sixteenth-note pulse, or whatever it is; dotted shuffles or whatever's going on. Personally, I find that to be a little redundant. I'd rather he played a different role — maybe a lead rhythmic role, while I hold down the fort.

In other words it gets too locked in?

Yeah. Maybe that's what Bob meant about "turning the corner." Because the way we sometimes work it gets so steamrollerish the music doesn't bend.

But I'm not being critical of Mickey here. I'm sure there are things I do that drive him up the wall. What it comes down to is that everyone in the band hears music differently. That's why the band works as well as it does.

Like I said, to me the neatest thing is playing with everyone in the band — true ensemble playing.

When we're really playing well is when we take the most chances, and that's the most fun for me. I love to go out and take a gigantic risk someplace in a song. Sometimes they make it, and sometimes they don't. When they make it, it's amazing. Jerry once described it: "Kreutzmann, it's wonderful — you sound like you're falling down a flight of stairs but landing on your feet!" [Laughs] I just get this weird idea in my head and then see if I can do it.

You get the infamous arched eyebrow from Garcia...

Or if it's really off the wall, you get a real good chuckle. [Laughs]

Let's talk about recording. I know you've been laying down some drum parts for the new album the last few days. Is that a pretty intense experience for you?

It can be. It varies. It requires a lot of concentration, and in a way a different kind of concentration from playing on stage, partly because at this point I'm playing with tracks that are already down. I get into it...

Sometimes I wake up at 4:30 in the morning and I can't drop back to sleep, so I'll get up and work on songs. Last night when I woke up I worked on "Victim or the Crime" because that's what I'll be doing all day today. I got up, put on the earphones so I didn't wake up the family, and listened to a tape from yesterday and really thought about the parts I was hearing — Phil has some really great things on there that got me thinking in a certain direction. So from there I visualized myself playing a part in relation to him. Now today when I go in, it'll take me a couple of times through at the drums to get it, but the idea I have will probably be right because I worked it out in my mind first. It's like doing a storyboard for a movie instead of just going out and being loose and shooting a movie.

"Foolish Heart" sounds like it would be really fun to play.

"Foolish Heart" is a wonderful song. When Jerry first laid that song on us, everyone liked it so much they played everything they knew all at the same time. [Laughs] It was a mish-mash, but we were excited. It was like, "Settle down, cowboys! Rein 'em in a little!" But after a few times we got the feel for it better. It's evolved nicely. It's come around to the point now where I can't wait to play it onstage. I get so excited sometimes when I like a song I'll push it a little.

I can almost be like two people sometimes. I can sit up there and be like a time-keeper and let that happen. Though actually, I'm not really keeping the time — I'm playing with it. The time is already there — you're just picking parts of it out to show people. And then I can also be real excited inside and that makes me play in another way.

Are there certain Grateful Dead songs you relate to lyrically more than others?

Different songs different nights, just like it is for Deadheads. I'm finding that in nearly all the songs we do — except for the cowboy tunes — there are good lines in there; a minimum of a couple of dynamite lines. The poetry is such a wonderful part of our songs. The words are really important to me and definitely affect the way I play the song. It becomes close to acting in a way, except with sound rather than words.

Is a tune like "Morning Dew" difficult to drum to?

Oh no! It's such a wonderful song. When the words are out there and they're so beautiful and they take you

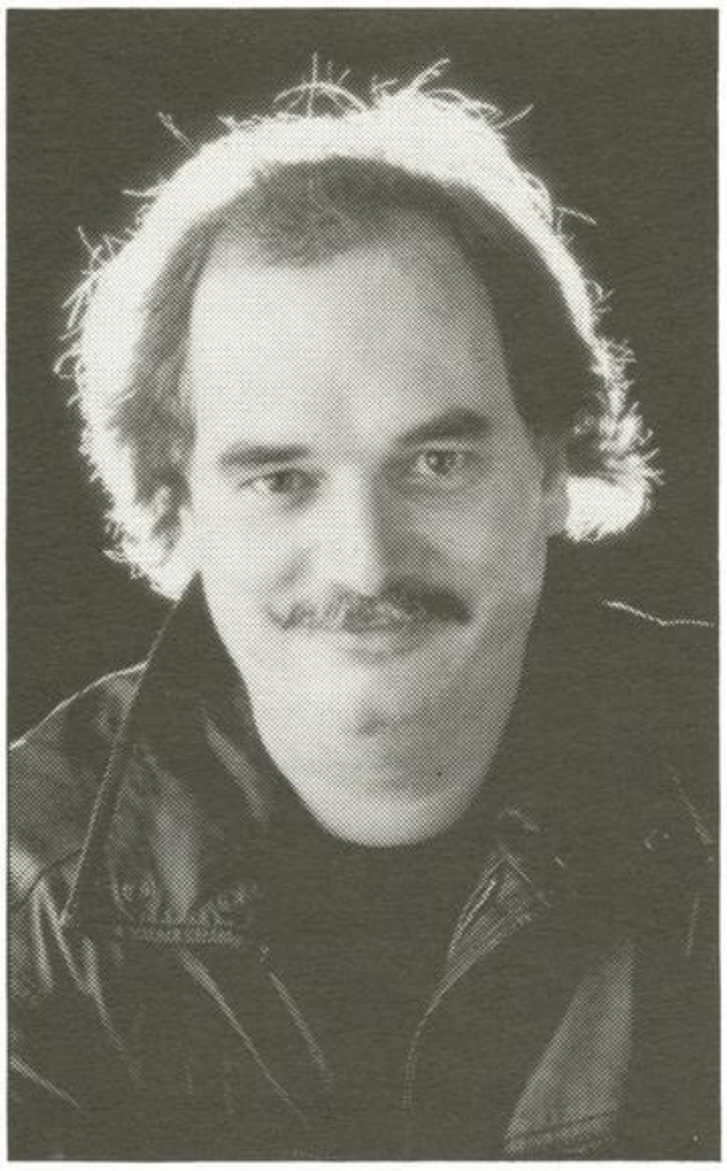


Photo: Herbie Greene

away, like those do, you can really lay into the music; you can really play your heart out. It's the songs you can't relate to, where you feel like you're bullshitting, that kill you. But a tune like "Morning Dew," that grabs you, is a cakewalk to play.

What are some of your other favorites to play onstage? How about "Fire on the Mountain"?

I love that song because it's got that big, big half-time groove and the line is real neat. I love "Wharf Rat"; that has some neat parts in it. I love Brent's songs. I love how he sings and plays piano, so any of those are good for me.

You guys seem to have a pretty close relationship. You've been in a few bands together...

We trust each other and we like each other. We've been through the best of times and the worst of times and come out of it with good times, so I'll take that to the bank. We're friends; what can I say?

Did you enjoy the experience of playing the clubs with Kokomo and Go Ahead?

Not really. I enjoyed playing the music, and I loved the musicians, like Alex Ligertwood and David Margen, who are real top-dog players, but I didn't like eatin' other people's smoke and smelling booze and seeing fights and all that stuff that happens in places like that. But also it was too much trying to work in two bands. It didn't give me enough time to do things by myself and with my family.

Do you listen to a lot of music at home?

Oh yeah, I have a huge collection of CDs, and of course I have a lot of records, too. Like this morning I happened to put on Stevie Ray Vaughn's new CD, made myself some strong French roast coffee and that woke me right up! [Laughs] I did my exercises and then came down to the studio. I listen to every kind of music. I still love jazz a lot.

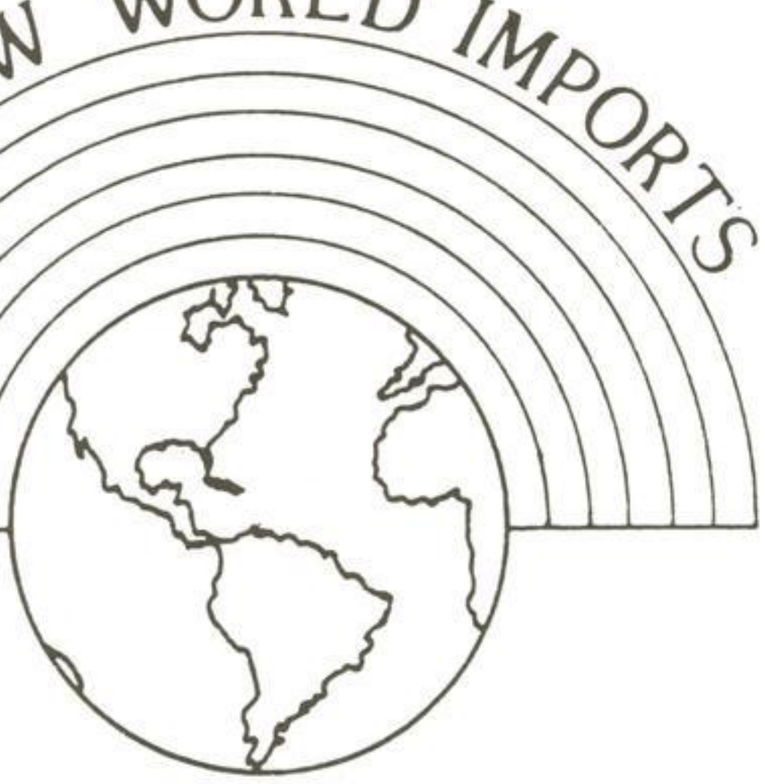
I just love music. I love listening to it and I love playing it. I feel incredibly lucky that I've been able to spend my life in music. And it's still getting better for me; that's the best part.

The band has certainly been playing great recently.

We've been having such a good time lately; that's a big reason. And also we've been playing a lot, which is important. You gotta keep playin'. I don't like sitting around in hotels on an off-day watching TV. It's like, "What the fuck am I doing here?" [Laughs] I can get in a weird head space. But on show days I usually wake up and all day I look forward to playing. Playing is what makes it all worthwhile. □



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DEADHEAD 101: This is College?

A class takes on the sociology of the Dead scene



Rebecca Adams (center, with arms around students) and her class at RFK Stadium. Photo: Lloyd Wolf

It's hard enough for me to play music, let alone follow the sociology of the Grateful Dead. There's just too much there. It's nice that there are other people who are concerned about all this stuff.

— Garcia, *Golden Road* #16

Don't worry, Jer. There are plenty of people out there who have the sociology of the scene covered — including an actual sociologist and her students.

Last summer Dr. Rebecca Adams, a professor of sociology at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro, taught one of the most unusual college courses to come down the pike in a long, long time. She and 21 students hopped on a bus and went on the road for the Grateful Dead's summer tour to study the Deadhead subculture (and hear some good music). There was a lot more work than play as it turned out; this was no Mickey Mouse course.

Though she will probably be forever branded as the "Deadhead professor," Rebecca has been known in sociology circles primarily for her work in gerontology — the study of aging and how society deals with it. She teaches a course at Greensboro in "Social Aspects in Aging," as well as warhorses like "Introductory Sociology" and "Introduction to Research Methods." A fan of the Grateful Dead since 1970, she hadn't seen the band in eight years when she caught a concert in 1986. Soon afterwards, she began accepting students for independent study on Deadheads. The summer tour course was an outgrowth of her work with those students and her own growing fascination with the Deadhead subculture. It should be noted upfront that while Rebecca is definitely a Deadhead, her academic interest in the band is genuine and grounded in hard sociological theory.

The students for the summer course ranged in age from 19 to 29, and were mostly from North Carolina. All but three had been to Dead shows and could be considered Deadheads to varying degrees. Of the three novices, Rebecca says that one absolutely "got it" over the course of the summer, and the other two weren't sure.

The students got a heavy dose of sociology along with their music. In the weeks before the tour, they studied applied sociology and social theory, sociological research methods, as well as readings on and from the '60s. Each student chose a different area to research on the road — topics included gender differences among Deadheads, the difference between the Deadhead subculture and the Wall Street subculture, the stigma of being a Deadhead, rules Deadheads live by, and points of contention between Deadheads and mainstream culture.

The group traveled together on a bus, stayed in the same hotels and tended to stay together at the shows, though that wasn't required. After more than two weeks of intensive classes in Greensboro before the tour, classes became more sporadic on the road, taking place in restaurants and hotel rooms — wherever they could steal some time together. "We couldn't really hold classes on the bus as we'd hoped because it was too noisy," Rebecca says.

"I basically taught and researched around the clock," Rebecca says of her life on tour. "I never knew when I was going to sleep or when I was going to wake up." Sometimes discussions with students would go until 2 in the morning, and one morning "at 6:30 someone knocked on my door to discuss his paper. I'd had about 3½ hours of sleep. He hadn't gone to bed. He had an idea he wanted to discuss, and he didn't want to lose it."

Rebecca admits that most of her academic colleagues would be horrified by such unorthodox teaching methods, but says the tour course was "one of the most exhilarating experiences of my life because I never knew what to expect and I never knew how I was going to respond. It was nice to get back into those rhythms, because that's how I'd behaved as a student, and I'd forgotten that I used to be on a crazy schedule."

Considering the logistics of keeping a class of 21 on the road, things went very smoothly. There were mini-crises to deal with from time to time — one student was beaten up by Deadhead-haters outside Sullivan Stadium in Foxboro; the (non-Deadhead) bus driver was robbed of hundreds of dollars' worth of gold chains, also at Foxboro — and the class members weren't particularly thrilled with the amount of publicity the class generated in local and national media. "I didn't care for it either," Rebecca says. "At first I

wanted to do interviews because I wasn't sure we'd get enough students to do the course," but then the story snowballed.

Though everyone in the class was understandably tired by tour's end — and facing the prospect of having to write up their observations in term papers — the group had become so close and been through so many interesting experiences together, there was some sadness in having to part. Rebecca has kept up with many of the students since, and she's continued going to shows and conducting her own research on Deadheads, which she hopes to turn into a book somewhere up the line. She stresses that it will be a sociology book first and foremost.

Since Rebecca still has a long way to go on her research, she has yet to draw any hard conclusions. Nonetheless, Regan and I grilled her about her work over dinner at our house one night during the Dead's August Greek Theater run.

— *BJ*

Why are Deadheads an interesting subculture, from your perspective?

First of all, I think they're interesting because of the longevity for this kind of phenomenon. These sorts of things usually don't last this long. I also think it's interesting because it's so heterogeneous. It's not what people imagine when they think of Deadheads. They're not all social dropouts and students. A lot of subcultures tend to be fairly homogeneous.

I have some ideas about why [the subculture] has been around so long — some decisions the band made, like giving their fans a name early on, providing them with symbols they could identify with — identify one another with — outside of concert settings.

I'm not sure how conscious that was on the band's part.

No, no. I'm not saying it was conscious. I don't think it was conscious at all. I'm not sure how aware they are of how those decisions related to what's happened. Maybe they'd reject the idea that there are connections, but I think there are.

Allowing taping ... all these are things that bring people in contact with one another outside of concerts. By playing different music all the time they make people want to go to more than one show during a tour, and that brings them in contact with people over and over again. A sociologist can't help but notice that if you do all these things that bring people into constant contact with one another, they're going to begin to like one another, and begin to identify with one another, and you're going to have some long-term commitment. Most bands don't handle things that way.

So it's that and the fact that the music is different enough that liking it carries some stigma with it, so to admit you like the music to begin with is almost a commitment to the subculture on one level, because you have to defend your position. I know that from personal experience. [Laughs] It's not easy to say you like the Dead when 90 percent of the people will look at you like you're some uneducated person with no taste.



Rebecca Adams

Plus the larger culture has become so much more conservative since the '60s, and particularly on the East Coast, there aren't that many outlets for people whose values don't match up with '80s values. I really think the band owes a lot to Ronald Reagan, because if there were a more liberal cultural climate it wouldn't be so intensely focused on the Dead. That's not to say that the music isn't the primary thing. I think it is, but all these social forces contribute to the longevity of it, too.

Given your observation that Deadheads are a heterogeneous group, is there anything you've seen that would point to a certain kind of person becoming a Deadhead?

That's probably a question that would be better answered by a psychologist than a sociologist, but I can give you my opinion on it, which is simply that you have to be real open. You have to be open to experiences. There are some people who look at life through the same visors all the time, and I'm not sure those types could hook into the experience. Being able to do that transcends partisan lines or occupational lines and all sorts of things. This is why I'm not a psychologist — because you can't predict anything social by knowing someone's psychological orientation. You can't tell whether they're going to be a lawyer or a doctor or whatever by knowing their psychological make-up, the same way you can't predict what kind of occupations Deadheads are going to have.

I really think a lot of it is probably just an openness to experience. Maybe not having any expectations; I don't know. That's one I really can't answer because I haven't figured it out. Some people go wanting to have some really incredible experience and they don't manage it. And other people go not expecting anything and they're just completely blown away. I'm sure there are some personality characteristics there that, as a sociologist, I'm not tuned into.

We've always been interested in the religious parallels. It's sort of a religion with no dogma, yet it has so many characteristics of an organized religion. Or at the very least, the forms are there to take or not take. That scares a lot of people who see that and don't under-

stand the formlessness of it because they're only seeing the forms that are there.

Right. Seeing it as some sort of religious cult.

Some people can't see the line between fandom and cultish devotion.

But there are people who cross the line. You have the Spinners, who spin themselves into hallucination and think that Jerry's some deity.

Really?

I don't know that much about them, but there's an undergraduate who's doing her senior thesis at Princeton on the Spinners. She and I kept running into each other this summer. She was sleeping under a bus a few times — really living the life of an anthropology student; sociologists check into hotels. [Laughs] She was spending most of her time with the Spinners, so what I know about them I only know from her. But they are really like a religious group. They're intense.

Then there are the N.A. [narcotics anonymous] groups like the Wharf Rats. One of my graduate assistants decided to do a paper on them because he belongs to N.A. And he was just astonished that they run their meetings exactly the way they do on the outside. He was not a Deadhead and was real skeptical about whether this made sense, but he's completely sold now.

What can you tell us about sex roles among Deadheads?

I haven't looked at that in as much depth as I might have, but it seems to me that the roles are real traditional for the most part. When you see families, it's the woman who's doing most of the child care. The meals I was served by Deadhead families were all prepared by women. I've noticed even among Deadhead couples who've come to my office — not necessarily people in my class — that the women tend to defer to the men. If I ask a question of both of them, the man usually answers. That doesn't surprise me, because that part of the '60s was pretty conservative, too.

Right — a lot of talk about "chicks."

All those things. I had forgotten until I started looking for material for the class what *Zap* comics were really like. I read those [in the '60s] and wasn't offended by them, but all those things in there about women — I don't know how I missed it. I guess I wasn't sensitive to it.

We had some pretty lively discussions [about sex roles] in class because people had a hard time dealing with that — they didn't like the fact that I thought it was traditional. But then several students came up to me over the course of the summer and told me they saw what I meant.

Even though you see more women keeping songlists and that sort of stuff, there's still a real macho element to the subculture — competing over recognizing the song in a couple of notes, how many concerts you've been to ...

'The larger culture is so conservative, there aren't many outlets for people whose values don't match '80s values'

Did you see much elitism along those lines — "Deader than thou"?

Oh yeah. That's definitely going on.

How much of that is a function of age?

I think there are different routes to being a high-status Deadhead. One of them is longevity in the subculture. Another is having been to specific shows. I remember when I first started doing this research seriously in '86 and mentioned that I hadn't been to a concert in eight years, people sort of looked down their noses at me. But then they found out I'd been to Watkins Glen [the legendary '73 concert with the GD, Allmans and The Band] and that gave me some seniority or something. [Laughs]

Some people memorize *Deadbase* and that gives them some status. We had two of those on the bus and it drove me nuts. [Laughs] Being more tour-worn than other people is another [status] route.

Do you get a sense from the younger folks that they feel like they missed something by not living through the '60s?

Oh yeah. One of the students in my class this summer took "Introductory Sociology" with me in the spring, and one of the essays I always have "Introductory Sociology" students do is how they would have been different if they'd lived in a different time. This student wrote about what he would have been like if he'd been born in 1952 — which is when I was born. I don't think that's an uncommon fantasy for these students: What would I have been like if I'd had the privilege of living in those exciting times?

What are some of the misconceptions students have about the '60s?

They think there was a lot more consensus than there was. They think everyone was the same, which isn't true, of course. Young Deadheads don't know about the political side of the '60s as much as the cultural side. And you can't really understand the cultural side without understanding the political side, so they miss it a bit.

I showed some students photos I'd taken at Watkins Glen and they said, "Jeez, everyone just looks normal!" [Laughs] I don't know what they expected, but I guess they didn't expect them to just be wearing whatever they had on. Deadheads [these days] sort of wear a uniform, and these people [at Watkins Glen] didn't do that.

There's definitely more tie-dye now than ever before.

Oh yeah. When I went back to see the Dead in '86, all of a sudden I was seeing all this tie-dye — it was like a movie set; I couldn't figure out what was going on.

Michael Van Dyke [owner of the Psychedelic Shop] told me he didn't think young Deadheads had the kind of grounding in literature and organized thought about things that people did in the '60s. I think they just don't realize that was part of the experience. A lot of my students are distinguished from most Deadheads because what made them different, and what made them such a special bunch, was that they had read a lot — they'd read Hunter Thompson, Alan Watts, Timothy Leary and *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* and some historical accounts.

Do you find that a lot of Deadheads are getting their world view from the lyrics of Dead songs?

I think there are different ways to get the world view. Some can get it directly from the music and others get it indirectly through the subculture, but I definitely think there's a connection between the lyrics and certain norms of the subculture, and they're compatible and mutually reinforcing. I'm not sure people are necessarily aware of it, but I think it's there. □

Editor's note: We'd love to hear your thoughts about sex roles, status seeking, religious connections and any other sociological phenomena you've observed in the scene. And, no, this will not be on the final!

CALIFORNIA EARTHQUAKE

There was a California
earthquake in the year of '83
That shook the living daylights
outta Owens County Seat
Weren't a building still left
standing when the dust had
cleared away
Just a rumble in the distance
all the way to San Andrea'
Sherman Buck was driving his
old mule on in to town
When The Big One came that
shook so hard it knocked him
to the ground
There opened up a hole so big
that he knew his time was up
Lord, it swallowed up that poor
ole mule and just missed
Sherman Buck

Chorus:
California earthquake, you just
don't know what you've done
We might fall off in the ocean
but you'll never make us run
You're a partner of the devil
and we ain't afraid of him
We'll build ourselves another
town so you can tear it
down again

Then came the quake of '99 that
leveled Mission Creek
The earth was like an ocean
then churnin' waves of
twenty feet
It sounded like a thousand trains
were screaming underground
Clean across the San Joaquin
folks heard that mournful
sound

Chorus

Then came one day a holocaust
that rocked the Frisco Bay
Miles of wall come a-tumblin'
down like Jericho on that day
Might near everything the
earthquake missed a holy
fire consumed
Just left 'em holy smoke and
ashes, what's a dream that
can't be ruined
California earthquake, you just
don't know what you've done
You might lay us 'neath the
ground someday but you'll
never make us run

By Rodney Crowell

©1976 Tessa Publishing Company BMI. Reprinted from Rodney Crowell's 1978 album, Ain't Living Long Like This.

The Dead debuted the song at the Spectrum in Philadelphia October 20, three days after the big quake.



Destruction in San Francisco's Marina District after the October 17 quake. Photo: Vincent Maggiora/SF Chronicle



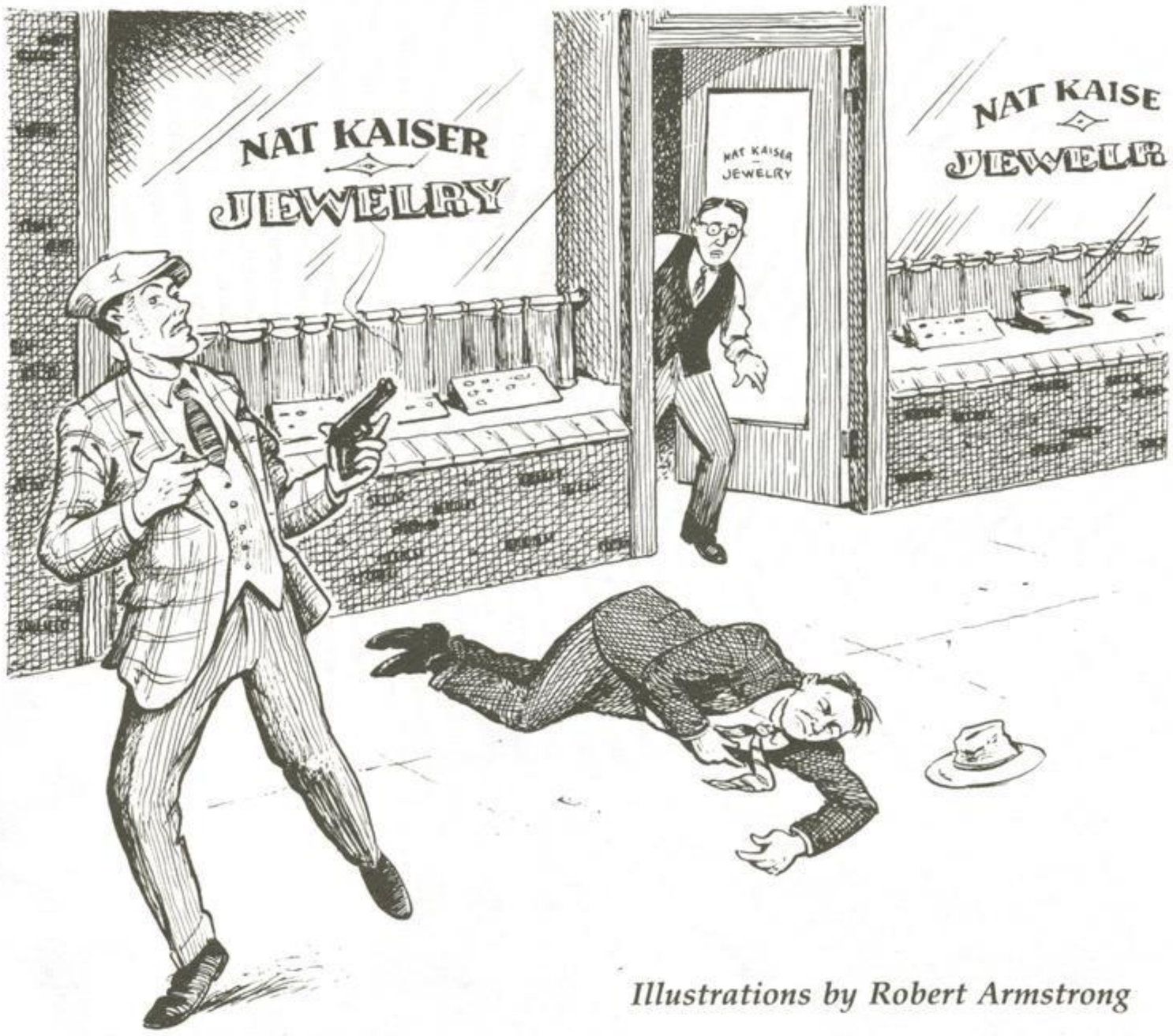
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Dupree Come Out With a Losing Hand ...

A closer look at 'Dupree's Diamond Blues'



Illustrations by Robert Armstrong

'Somewhere in Atlanta, a killer is loose. On his hands is the blood of a Pinkerton detective, dead in the performance of his duty. On his conscience is the fact that B. Graham West, comptroller of the city of Atlanta, is desperately wounded. On his mind is the thought that he is being hunted every minute of every day and every second of every night, as a ravening wolf or a mad dog is hunted. In his pocket is the diamond bauble, for possession of which he defied laws of God and man, and on his hip is the murderous gun with which he terrorized a crowd of thousands of Christmas shoppers in the heart of Atlanta's business district yesterday shortly after noon."

So began the Atlanta *Journal*'s account of a robbery and shooting that took place on December 15, 1921. The killer, it was later learned, was a dashing 21-year-old South Carolina native named Frank DuPre. His actions that cold December day earned him a trip to the gallows a few months later, but it also made him a legendary figure in American song. There is a tradition of "Dupree" songs that stretches from shortly after the criminal's swift incarceration all the way up to the Grateful Dead's "Dupree's Diamond Blues," written near the end of 1968.

The DuPre case did have the classic elements that made for good ballads at the time. Dapper Frank DuPre entered the Nat Kaiser Jewelry Company in downtown Atlanta with robbery on his mind. In hopes of salvaging his rocky relationship with his girlfriend, Betty Andrews, he robbed the store of a $2500 diamond ring. A Pinkerton detective on the scene nabbed him as he left the store. The two tumbled back into the store, and then DuPre pulled out a pistol and shot the detective, killing him instantly. In his flight through the crowded downtown, he tussled briefly with one other man and shot him, too, before disappearing from a group of pursuers.

It wasn't too long before the murderer's identity was established and a massive, very well publicized manhunt began. Once Betty's connection to DuPre became known, police investigators interviewed her extensively, and she cooperated fully, even turning over letters DuPre had written to her that might provide clues of his possible whereabouts. Eventually, trackers caught up with him a few weeks later in Detroit, where he was arrested while mailing a letter. He was brought back to Atlanta in shackles, put on trial and convicted. The judge sentenced him to be hanged.

The whole time DuPre was in Fulton County Jail awaiting execution, the local papers were filled with stories about him. Women he'd never met professed their love for him to newspaper reporters, and a group of Christian women kept a vigil outside his cell, praying for his soul. During his last hours he received many visitors, and as he walked to the gallows, other prisoners in the jail went out of their way to shake his hand; such was his celebrity.

He met the hangman's noose on September 1, 1922, wearing the same natty suit he'd worn during his crime. "When the noose was placed over his head," a newspaper account the next day said, "his hair was disturbed. He felt it, if he could not see it. 'Please comb my hair,' he said to the deputy sherriff, who was then about to affix the black cap. Those were the last words the boy uttered." Five thousand people were outside the jail when DuPre met his Maker.

The tale of DuPre's crime of passion sprang up in folk songs even before the lad met his demise. In one ballad from the white tradition that was popular while DuPre was in jail, Dupree (as it was commonly spelled) confesses to killing for his woman and then lays on a moral: "Oh come here, Mama, and come here quick/And see the last of your son/You see what rambling and drinking rum and a sporting life has done."

Most of the songs written in the years immediately following the execution were by black singers (though DuPre was white), and it is to these tunes that we can trace the lineage of the Dead's "Dupree's Diamond Blues." In most of the black tradition's Dupree songs, there is little moralizing; in fact frequently the singer empathizes with Dupree's plight, agreeing that love of a woman (and desire for sex) can drive a man to evil deeds: "Dupree was a bandit; he was so brave and bol'/

A Roots Extra

He stoled a diamond ring for some of Betty's jelly roll/Betty tol' Dupree, "I want a diamond ring/Dupree tol' Betty, "I'll give you anything."

That bears quite a similarity to Robert Hunter's second verse: "Baby, baby wants a gold diamond ring/Wants it more than most any old thing/Well when I get those jelly roll blues/Why I'd go and get anything in this world for you."

Hunter adopts the conversational structure of several of the Dupree songs, and he also makes the judge in the trial a significant character, as most of the early ones do. Because the facts of the DuPre case were so well known, most of the songs about it are somewhat similar — through different versions have Dupree being captured in Texas, Arkansas, Michigan and Atlanta (because he couldn't stay away from Betty, of course). Hunter's exercise of poetic license includes having Dupree shoot the jeweler instead of a detective, and the sly twist at the end where it's implied that the judge knows Dupree's gal as well as Dupree does — "but that's a secret I can never tell."

The oldest popular recording of a Dupree song I could track down is "Dupree Blues," cut in 1931 by the great South Carolina guitarist Blind Willie Walker. Walker was known throughout the South for his expert blues and rag picking, and he was influential on many of the great players who came up after him. The tone of Walker's song is almost entirely sympathetic to both Dupree and Betty, and paints the judge and jailer as mean folks bent on keeping the lovers apart. Ironically, Walker died of syphilis in 1937 — another victim of jelly roll!

Better known is a reworking of Walker's song, usually known as "Betty & Dupree." This was in the repertoire of many different country blues singers, including Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee, who performed it for decades. In 1952 they also recorded the story without using the characters names, calling it "Diamond Ring." "Betty & Dupree" went uptown a bit in the 1958 version by Georgia singer Chuck Willis. His recording, featuring sax work by the legendary "Daddy G." Barge, made it into the Top 20 of the nation's R&B charts. A couple of years later it was covered in a considerably whiter vein by Peter, Paul & Mary.

As fans of all sorts of different forms of American folk music, Hunter and Garcia were well aware of the Dupree tradition. There is a tape dating back to March 1964 of Ron "Pigpen" McKernan singing "Diamond Ring" backed up by Jorma Kaukonen at The Tangent club in Palo Alto. And the Dead performed "Betty & Dupree" as late as December 1966. Their own version of the story turned up about two years later.

"Hunter and I always had this thing where we liked to muddy the folk tradition by adding our own versions of songs to the tradition," Garcia told us recently. "We had our 'Casey Jones' song. We had our 'Stagger Lee' song. 'Dupree's Diamond Blues' is another one of those. It's the thing of taking a well-founded tradition and putting in something that's totally looped. So that's Hunter's version of that. Originally, it's one of those cautionary tales; one of those 'Don't take your gun to town'-type tunes. So Hunter elaborated on that in a playful way."

Of his own music for the tune, Garcia says, "It has a kind of a carnival or medicine show kind of feel. It also has a ragtime feel. I wanted it to kind of remind you of Jelly Roll Morton. It's actually kind of sophisticated musically. I didn't want it to be like the blues. I wanted it to be more a cakewalk; to belong to that era."

The Dead first performed the song at the Fillmore East 2-11-69, and recorded it shortly after that for *Aoxomoxoa*. The sessions took place at Columbus Recorders in San Francisco, using one of the first Ampex 16-track tape recorders ever made. "The way most of that record was put together," recalls former Dead keyboardist Tom Constanten, "is we would put down the rhythm section first, then guitars, then fills like keyboards, and then the vocals last. On my part I tried to simulate a sort of funky calliope sound on the Hammond organ. I also put a glockenspiel on there. That was part of the mania when 16-tracks came in. We filled those tracks pretty quickly."

"Dupree's Diamond Blues" was barely performed between 1971 and 1981. Since 1982, it has made occasional appearances in first sets. While probably considered a "minor" Hunter-Garcia tune in the grand scheme of things, it is nonetheless a very clever song both musically and lyrically. And it is worth nothing, too, that at this point the Dead may be the only touring artists who still sing a song about ol' Dupree — who still want to warn us that "jelly roll will drive you so mad." □

Special thanks to Steve Heller for digging up newspaper clippings about DuPre from the Atlanta Public Library.



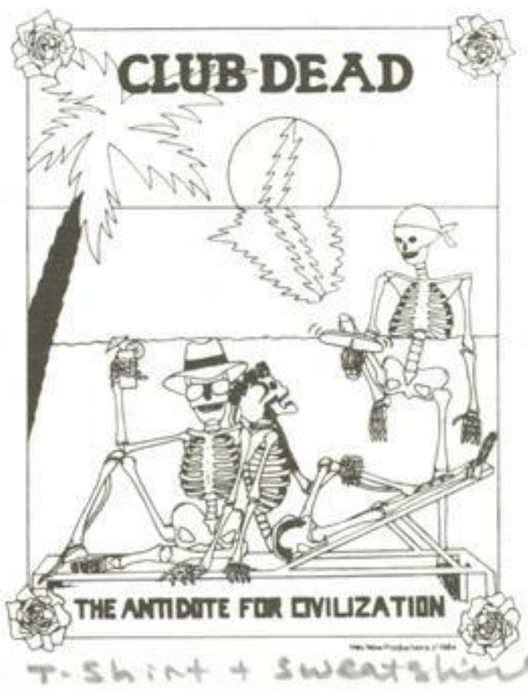


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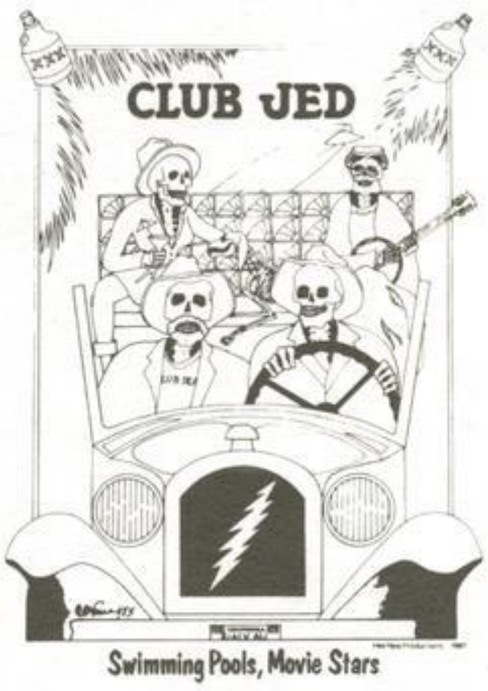
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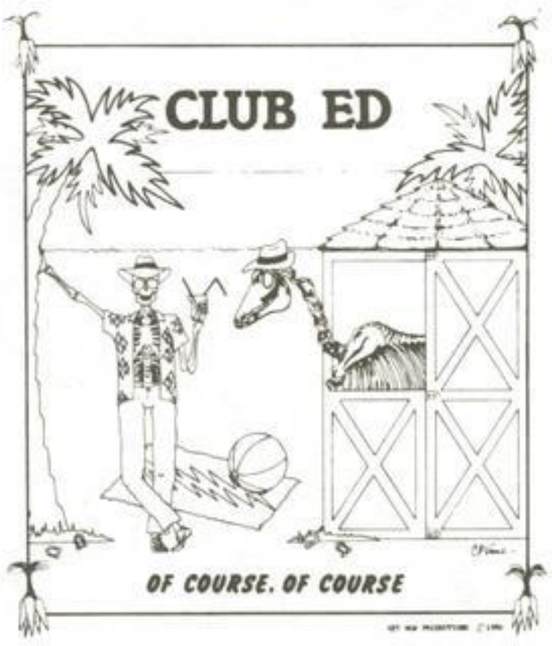
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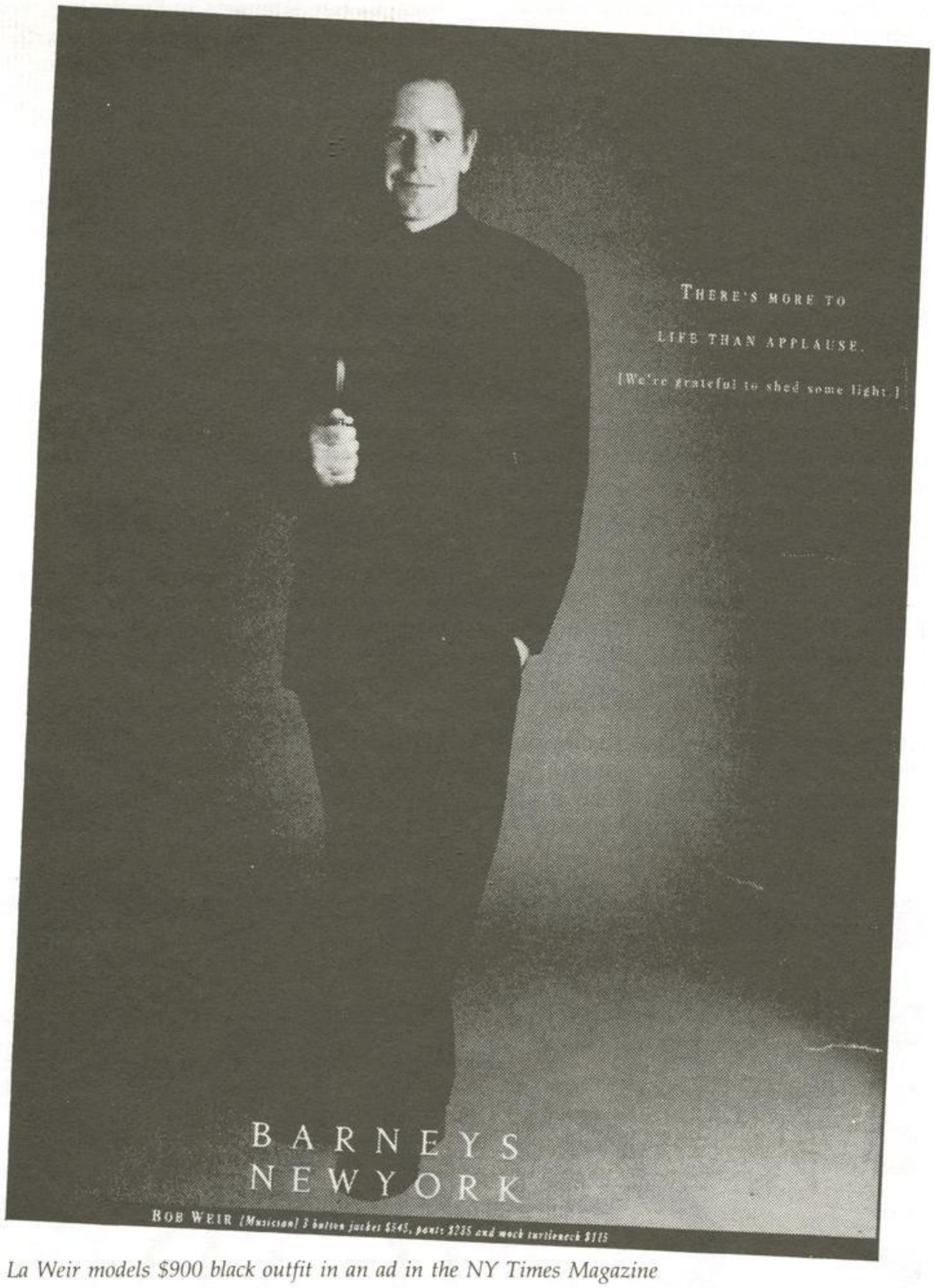
Stuck Inside of Woodstock: Around the 20th Anniversary of Woodstock, the Gallup Organization conducted a nationwide poll to learn about how people perceived the event and the bands that played there. Predictably, a large number of people knew little about the event; more than half didn't even know in which state the festival occurred (correct answers: New York or psychedelic). Of interest to us was their finding that 29 percent of those polled described themselves as current fans of the Grateful Dead, and another 14 percent were "former fans," for a total of 43 percent. By contrast, 75 percent were current or former fans of Crosby, Stills & Nash, 70 percent for The Who, 67 percent for the Airplane. The Dead were about halfway down the list of bands who'd played there.

In a nationally syndicated article accompanying the poll results, the Gallup Organization added:

"The Grateful Dead, the quintessential hippie band, never enjoyed the widespread popularity of some other Woodstock groups. Emblematic of the '60s, they nonetheless are attracting a sizable following among young rock fans under 25 (39 percent) as they are among the 35–39 age group (35 percent are current fans)."

Actually, though the Gallup polling sample was typically small (1249), their figures sound like they might not be too far off; however, I think the percentage of young fans in the East and Midwest is much higher proportionally than on the West Coast.

Now then, aren't you glad you won't have to hear about Woodstock for a few years?



La Weir models $900 black outfit in an ad in the NY Times Magazine

Giants Fever Sweeps Dead Office: When the San Francisco Giants won the championship of the Western Division of the National League in early October, the Grateful Dead were among the many folks who sent congratulatory telegrams to Giants manager Roger Craig, according to an SF *Chronicle* item passed along by Tom Kenny of Oakland. "I thought it was a funeral home," Craig said of the Deadgram. "But I thought they must be important when I saw three or four of my players fighting to keep it." If the Giants really cared about the Dead, they would've let the band play the National Anthem at one of the postseason games.

One other baseball note: During the telecast of the second Giants-Chicago Cubs playoff game October 5, Alice Kahn of Berkeley spotted a prominent banner in the stands that read: "YOUR TYPICAL CITY INVOLVED IN A TYPICAL DAYDREAM."

Kesey On-Key: In late September, the University of Alabama at Tuscaloosa hosted a symposium titled "Apathy or Activism" that brought together three leading lights of the '60s (and beyond) — Ken Kesey, Timothy Leary and former Black Panther leader Bobby Seale. Not surprisingly, our source on the scene told us, it was an insightful, lively and often funny discussion about where we've been and where we're going as a culture. The last question from the audience that night was something along the lines of "Why is it that '60s ideas keep coming back?" which prompted the ever-Pranksterish Kesey to immediately break into song: "Sometimes the light's all shining on me, other times I can barely see..." He then led the entire audience in a singalong of the famous "Truckin'" refrain. That's as good an answer as any!

A Word From Paulie — He's Very Clean, Y'Know: When he announced his upcoming touring plans in August, Linda McCartney's husband Paul (ex-Wings bassist) credited the Grateful Dead, and Garcia in particular, with inspiring his return to performing. "If Jerry can still do it that good, there's hope for us all," the Cute One, now 47, noted at a press conference.

Officer Weir on the Beat: In a syndi-

cated newspaper interview with L.A. writer Rip Rense, Bob Weir had this to say about drug dealing in the Dead scene: "There's an element in the people who follow that sells drugs. God knows we wish they wouldn't do that, but a small percentage of the crowd will buy, and that's all it takes to keep them going. It occurs to me that the kids could get down on the drug dealers. Don't patronize them! Just tell them to do something else for a living."

Mainstream Immortality: I suppose it was inevitable that Time-Life Music would finally get around to putting out rock 'n' roll hit collections. On the first volume of their new "Sounds of the '70s" series, you'll find "Uncle John's Band" nestled among such immortal classics as "He Ain't Heavy (He's My Brother)" by The Hollies, "Lonely Days" by the Bee Gees, and the immortal "Green-Eyed Lady" by Sugar Loaf.

About Face! When the Dead's summer shows at RFK Stadium were announced last spring, D.C. city councilperson Nadine Winter was extremely vocal in her attempts to block the shows, citing numerous problems with Deadheads in the neighborhood surrounding the stadium during the band's last appearance there. Well, she couldn't stop the shows, and it now turns out even she was impressed by the scene this time around: "This is so different from what happened last time they were here," she gushed to the Washington *Post*. "This is really wonderful! It's like a big picnic! I don't object to people having a good time. How are you going to argue with that? The Deadheads should be given credit. They realized what the problems were and they made a concerted effort to correct it."

Incidentally, when the band was in D.C., Weir held a press conference outside the stadium and told hundreds of Deadheads "When we come to town, we are guests, and we should act as guests and not trash the place."

Words From the King of Cool: Whenever I have a spare moment these days, I've been dipping into the just-published autobiography of one of my Main Men in the whole world, Miles Davis. (The book is called *Miles*, published by Simon & Schuster). This has to be one of the all-time great street-



lingo books, and it's so true to his personality it's easy to picture him uttering every sentence — epithets and all — in that breathy, barely decipherable whisper of his. The guy is *way* COOL — but you already know that. Through the years, Garcia and Phil have mentioned how intimidated they were to play on the same bill as Davis in 1970 (it was Bill Graham's idea, and a great one at that), and now we hear of bit

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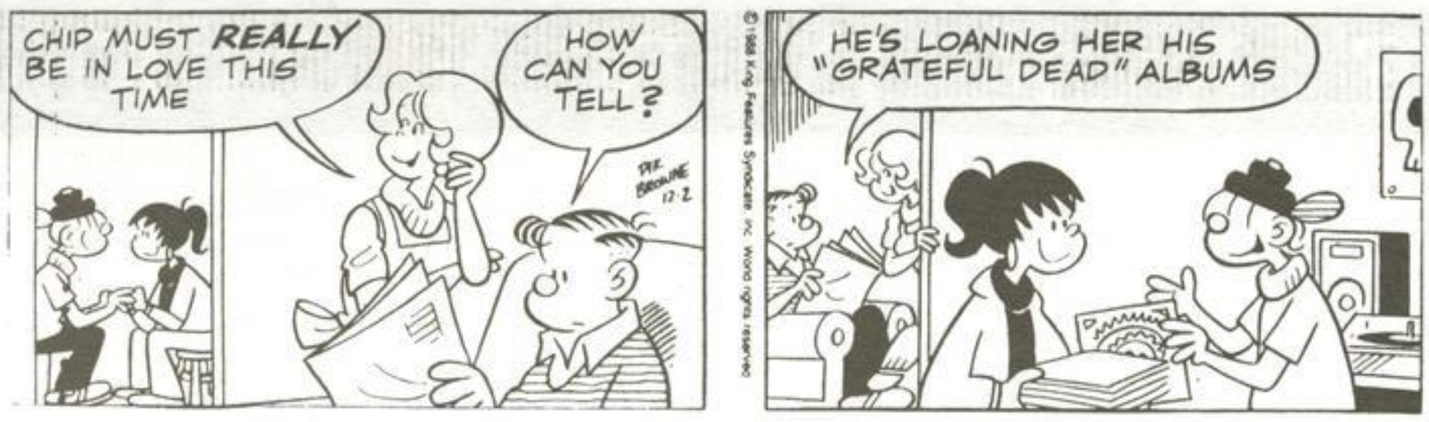
of Miles' view of the Dead in the new book:

"[Playing with the Dead at the Fillmore West] was an eye-opening experience for me, because there were about 5000 people there, most young white hippies, and they hadn't hardly heard of me if they had heard of me at all. We opened for the Grateful Dead, but another group came on before us. The place was packed with these real spacey, high white people, and when we first started playing, people were walking around and talking. But after a while they all got quiet and really got into the music. I played a little something like *Sketches of Spain* and then went into the *Bitches Brew* shit and that really blew them out. After that concert, every time I would play out there in San Francisco, a lot of young white people showed up at the gigs."

And Miles writes this about Garcia:

"Jerry Garcia...and I hit it off great, talking about music — what [the Dead] liked and what I liked — and I think we all learned something. Jerry Garcia loved jazz, and I found out that he loved my music and had been listening to it for a long time."

Just so you don't think that Miles compliments everybody he writes about, I should note that in the same section about the Fillmore he refers to Steve Miller as a "sorry-ass cat," a "non-playing motherfucker" who "didn't have shit going for him." Get down, Miles!



The GD make "Hi & Lois"! Could "Family Circus" be next?

GD Film & TV Sightings: Built to Annoy

Kirk Rattenne of Modesto, CA, tells us that in the film *Casualties of War*, starring Michael J. Fox and Sean Penn, there's a scene in which Fox is talking with a chaplain in the camp bar and on the wall is a poster depicting the Dead, circa '66, at the corner of Haight and Ashbury.... In Coram, NY, reader Jerry Bolmarich, Jr. was watching one of those trashy crimestopper shows called *Cops* (where people are actually busted on TV), and saw a corpse shown after a shooting had a Cigar Sam tattoo on one arm. The dead Head apparently had been verbally abusing an old man who killed him in retaliation. What a wonderful world we live in.... And on a recent episode of the TV sitcom *Who's the Boss*, a character named Angela, referring to star Tony Danza's beat-up van, remarked, "When I pull into the driveway I feel like I'm at a Grateful Dead show." (Thanks to Michele Ream of Kent, OH, for the sighting)...Finally, not to be outdone by the soap opera *Loving* (mentioned last issue in this space), *All My Children* has a character named Trask Bodine who has appeared in a skull & roses shirt on more than one occasion, according to reader Mary Phillips of Columbus, OH. "Unfortunately," Mary writes, "Trask is one of the biggest jerks on the show." *They* are everywhere, too.

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Got 650 kind hours, want Dead, JGB, Steve Morse/Dregs. Skip Repetto, 508 Vierling Dr, Colesville, MD 20904

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Seeking engagement celebration shows: Greensboro 3/30,31. Some to trade. MAF, 31 American Ave, Keene, NH 03431

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1000+ hrs to trade for 1st show: 3/15/73. Also 8/22/88 & spring/summer 89 SBDs. S. Conrad, PO Box 673, Marcola, OR 97454

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Marley, Traffic fanatic, and Dead taper since 80. Trade lists? David Glen, 213A Transcript Ave, Lexington, KY 40508

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TN Jed needs 70-74 Bettys, JGB, Allmans. Have 200+ hrs. Mike Shoun, 3732 Arrowhead, Kingsport, TN 37664

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Be psyched to have JGB w/Clarence-SF Orpheum 3/3, 4/89. John, 4602 Merilane, Edina, MN 55436

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Have 800 hrs SBD to trade for same. Need any Dylan & 7/4/89 10,000 Maniacs. Jim Mcdonald, 2426 Poplar St, Phila, PA 19130

Wanted: your favorite video, audio, and list for mine. Ron D, PO Box 2194, Van Nuys, CA 91404

Have/want lots of Dead/QMS/Tuna/Rads/others — 3000 hrs, mainly SBD & FM. Your list gets mine. Thomas Donhauser, Albrecht-Duererstr. 11, D-8000 Muenchen 90, West Germany

Want JGB from Sept 89 tour; 650 hrs GD. D. Farrell, 2 Dows Ln, Woburn, MA 01801

This lucky old sun desperate for JGB fall 89 SBDs. Rick & Sandi Rehsnyder, 2933 Berkley Rd, Ardmore, PA 19003

Fast, reliable trader w/100+ GD HQ SBDs seeks same. Send lists. JS Wright, 2A Townhouse Rd, Broad Brook, CT 06016

Have 1700+ hrs, need lo-gen SBDs. Serious traders only. Peter Picard, Bachstr. 153, 2000 Hamburg 76, W. Germany

Want 3/3, 5/19/89 JGB & 70-80 Dead. Have 700 hrs to trade. Jeff Darr, 3786 Spear Ave, Arcata, CA 95521

Just starting, looking for Dead 10/19/80, JGB 9/15,16/89. Will send blanks. Mark Ergazos, 1800 Rhodes Rd #A309, Kent, OH 44240

Desperate for 11/13,15/87. Let's trade lists! 400 hrs to trade. Robert Stephens, 1410 E. Elm, Tucson, AZ 85719

200+ hrs hi-qual SBDs to trade for same. Send lists. Jean-Carlos, PO Box 2475 Yale Station, New Haven, CT 06520

Want excellent copy of KSAN broadcast "What was that." Lots to trade. Hell's Honkies Tape Club, Harvey Lubar, 3900 Bailey Ave, Bronx, NY 10463

Seeking 1st show; 6/4/70 Fillmore West w/NRPS. Lots to trade. Beep, 1620 Ashland Ave, Ft. Worth, TX 76107

1000+ hrs hi-qual GD. Seek hi-qual pre-71 SBDs. Doodaman, 7 Stuyvesant Pl, Lawrence, NY 11516

Need 6/22/88 Alpine & 11/29/81 Pittsburgh. Got some hot tapes, believe it or not. Keith Widmer, 4 Eisenhower Dr, York, PA 17402

Seeking hi-qual 10/21/88, 4/8/89, 5/6/89, any 89. Blanks sent/trade. Russell Lane, 2849 N. Park, Springfield, MO 65803

Send me your list. Will send blank Max's, postage. Vince Kegg, PO Box 94, Claridge, PA 15623

Beginner needs Dead, will provide blanks & postage. UK bands to trade. Dave Lang, 24 Robin St, Port Noarlunga South, South Australia 5167

Need 89 Caps, 89 Omni & any qual JGB. JD, 4604 Pine Mountain Rd, B'ham, AL 35213

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Judging from the warm response from audiences on both coasts to my solo piano recitals, the selections of this recording could have and should have been released five years ago.

However, none of the record companies I approached could see their way clear to find a place for it in their catalogues. "Monotonous," said one. "Too much variety," said another. A combination of being fed up with waiting for the cows to come home and the timely generosity of friends has enabled me to release it myself.

Was it worth the wait?

Find out by sending a check or money order for $11.50 U.S. postpaid to:

Tom Constanten
PO Box 20195, Oakland, CA 94620

Have 1000 hrs Dead, Hendrix, Stones, Who. Desire more! Hi-fi & digital available. John D. Tsalikes, 1910 Candlewood Dr, Holiday, FL 34690

3000+ hrs GD, blues, Texas music. Want more early Dead. Jamie, 5114 Balcones Woods #307 (302), Austin, TX 78759

Looking for HQ Ventura 6/12-14/87, Greek 6/19-21/87, Petaluma benefit 2/16/87. 400 hrs to trade. Rainer Meerkamp, Apostelnstr. 7, 5000 Cologne 1, West Germany

Las Vegas trader seeks HQ shows, will trade international, send lists. Lee, 3955 E. Charleston Blvd #262, Las Vegas, NV 89104

Sound counts! Quality freak w/1000+ hrs lo-gen SBD looking for more. Thomas Storch, Beckmesserstr. 4, 8 München 81, W. Germany

Seek Dylan/Dead rehearsals. Have 88/89 Dead and 87 U2. Mark Gonillo, 98 Ardsley Rd, Waterbury, CT 06708

Need 9/15/89 JGB (or any 89) and 89 Dylan shows. I help beginners. Carl Shepard, 915 Wisconsin Ave, North Fond Du Lac, WI 54935

Still seeking my first show: 9/24/76. 500+ hrs to trade. David Goldstein, 2400 Sierra Blvd #83, Sacramento, CA 92825

Need qual SBD 4/8/89 Cinn. Have 250 hrs, mostly SBDs. J.D. Hunt, Box 22461, Salt Lake City, UT 84122

Will trade 275+ hrs for hi-qual 8/4,5,6/89 & 8/31/78 & Greeks 89. Tom Bockmon, 457 W. Mulberry Dr, Phoenix, AZ 85013

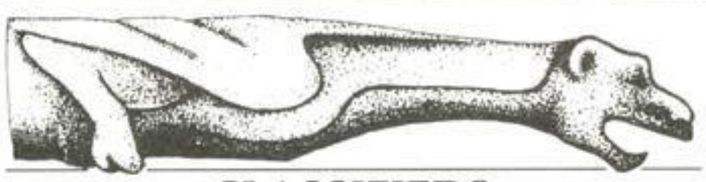
Fast, reliable trader. Let's exchange lists. 600+ hours. Videos welcome. John Berg, 1528 E. Water St, Tucson, AZ 85719

Seeking 88 Seva benefit at Pasadena City College. LeAnna McGuire, PO Box 258, Northridge, CA 91328

Have blues, Clapton, Band, Van, Feat, Garcia. Send non-Dead lists. Russ Dugoni, 33065 Compton Ct, Union City, CA 94587

Have 130 hrs. Live too far from shows. Want hi-qual, esp 77. Michael Östlund, Vintervägen 18A, S-352 37, Växjö, Sweden

Fast reliable trader w/250+ hrs. Need 2/11/79 St. Louis. Dave, 39D Glen Hollow Dr, Holtsville, NY 11742



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 February 1.

Women are smarter. I'd like to start a women's support group for gatherings before & after shows. A Dead show is such a wonderful place to heal, let's share it together. T. Lee, PO Box 61046, Sacto, CA 95860

Wanted: Any correspondence from female DHs, hope to let it grow for friendship and/or relationship, also seeking a computer programmer position in West (CA, OR, WA). Have 5 years quality experience and foreign language skills. Write to: T.T., 2184 Burgoyne Ct, Columbus, OH 43220

Alaskan Heads: Thinking of joining you. Need information on lifestyle, climate, gardening, laws, jobs, and tape traders. Please help! Karen & Mike Neuhaus, 401 S. West Ave, Elmhurst, IL 60126

Coyote — here's a van out on the highway. Won't you come with me? No regrets!

The lost Cub is desperately seeking her Mom Bear. Last seen at Shoreline. Please hurry back!

Grateful Dave Frankel of Philly: Tapes forthcoming? Lost your new address. Please drop me a line. Bob Rousseau, 1539 Page St, San Francisco, CA 94117

Jim and Kath: Congratulations on the birth of your daughter, Emily Rose, on Sept. 7, 1989 — Gypsy

Hey John G! We're not trying to hassle anyone, we just want to pump *you* up. Doug.

Marcus of the Mission in Frisco: Met you on line for Garcia at the Greek 89, re: videos. Never got your address. Bob Rousseau, 1539 Page St, San Francisco, CA 94117

Greetings! I've printed 3 great new postcards & included them in these packs — 11 Dead cards for $6 or 9 non-Dead cards for $5. All are postpaid & gift-wrapped in hand-stamped paper. Please send orders & inquiries to JSTA, PO Box 5232, Eugene, OR 97405. Thank you, Judit

Elizabeth Kardon: I miss you. Life in big city is funky way cool, everything's fine; it's just that every time I hear 'Looks Like Rain' I wanna know you're still there. Greg, 5328 S. Kimbark #3, Chicago, IL 60615

Blind & dirty! JFK left a smokin' crater...thanks for watching my deck! Nobody's messin' with you, but you!

Kirk and Kelly: Belated congratulations on the birth of your daughter, Karabeth, on Sept. 16, 1988 — Gypsy

Mark Rizzo of Massachusetts: Lost your address, please drop me a line. Bob Rousseau, 1539 Page St, San Francisco, CA 94117

New tie-dye book — instructions for spirals, rainbow colors, etc. Enough dyes for 3 shirts included. $15 postpaid. Send check or money order to Karen's Kreations, PO Box 8623 Dept G, Woodcliff Lake, NJ 07675

If you're with Bob (whom I respect and admire more than any other living human being), you better send more than one lousy postcard.

RF! You've got everything delightful. Alligator.

Hi! I've been into GD since 78 (& Garcia since 76), but this far I feel quite unhappy about it, since I've *never* attended a GD show (nor a JGB show)! Now, I'm really short on money today, but what I do have is 24 light-medium blue sapphires (31.95 ct.) of good quality paid for by a bank loan some 2.5 years ago. Well, I've found all of these but one to be unsellable here in Sweden, but valued to about $15,000 or more (also in Swe). Now if there's some trustworthy person out there who could give me a helping hand to sell the stuff in USA/Canada (against a reasonable commission), I'd be eternally Grateful! (My Big Dream: New Year 89 &/or Jan-Aug 90 in SF.) Please contact Michael Östlund, Vintervägen 18A, S-352 37 VÄXJÖ, Sweden (Tel. 46-470-15561

Hey now! Maine DH new in San Diego wants to correspond and hook up with DHs in area. Peace and love, Rick Dube, 3675 King St #2, La Mesa, CA 92041

Clair from near Allentown who goes to Pitt U: I missed you 2nd set 4/2/89. The music never stopped. Write me. Rob F, 5845 West 30th St, Indianapolis, IN 46224

Bruce Farkas of New Jersey: Lost your address. Tapes forthcoming? Please drop me a line. Bob Rousseau, 1539 Page St, San Francisco, CA 94117

3D photos of your favorite band? 3D photos of your favorite trip? The 3D camera is here! To order: (206) 935-8367, 3 Dimension 3, PO Box 16692, Seattle, WA 98116. Dealer inquiries invited.

Dark as the night are the eyes of Felina...(You wouldn't know that 'cause you're not into lyrics.) Congratulations on the blessed event. Love, R&B

Happy Birthday Edward, Cynthia, Steve, Larmer, Jon and Deb. May all your wishes come true. Love, Miss Yvonne and Ricardo

Hale to the chief! What a Capitol idea! Congratulations to the nicest guy in the record biz. Love, R&B

Judit: I once was lost but now I'm found. Couldn't have done it without you. Thanks for valor beyond the call of duty. Love, R

Mellisa: We met at Orpheum JGB/Weir show 12/2/88. Discussed Greenpeace & Neil Young. Lotsa changes round here. Please get in touch. Mark, POB 6511, San Francisco, CA 94101-6511

Verona & Claire: Breathlessness, improvised, serendipity, cognitive dissonance, intuition, Shakespeare, epiphany, ardor, peripatetic, enlightenment, ubiquitous. Thanks for reminding me what the Dead represent. Henry Kaiser's April fool.

Help Detroit area Deadhead, daytime "professional" whose mostly conservative acquaintances and friends are just not into it. Looking for nearby devotees for tape trading and show road trips. Write Michael Lask, 16200 Carriage Lamp Court #706, Southfield, MI 48075

To Barb and Ken: here's wishes for many years of wedded bliss, from all your pals!

WELLcome to the Bay Area, Glenn and Hilarie.

Dave and Dee: Congratulations on the birth of your son, Dustin, on March 5, 1989 — Gypsy

Left at Kamikaze Booth at Shoreline — Blanket. Please describe and it's yours again. (503) 248-9911

Wanted: Partner for vegetarian fast food restaurant to be opened in Palo Alto, CA. Need energy, dedication and 20–30K. Write Nixon, 470 33rd Ave, SF, CA 94121.

Drummer is moving "back to Cali" in early 1990. I'm looking for a positive/creative place to play, work and live in. Any ideas? Please let me know. Write to Rodney Raub, 101 Danor Ct., Wayne, PA 19087. "Without love in the dream it'll never come true."

Peace Corps volunteer in Honduras says *muchas gracias* to the brothers and sisters who sent tapes down my way. You've made the toughest job I'll ever love much more enjoyable and put lots of smiles, smiles, smiles in my life. Sister Sue, Santa Cruz de Yojoa, Cortes, Honduras, Central America

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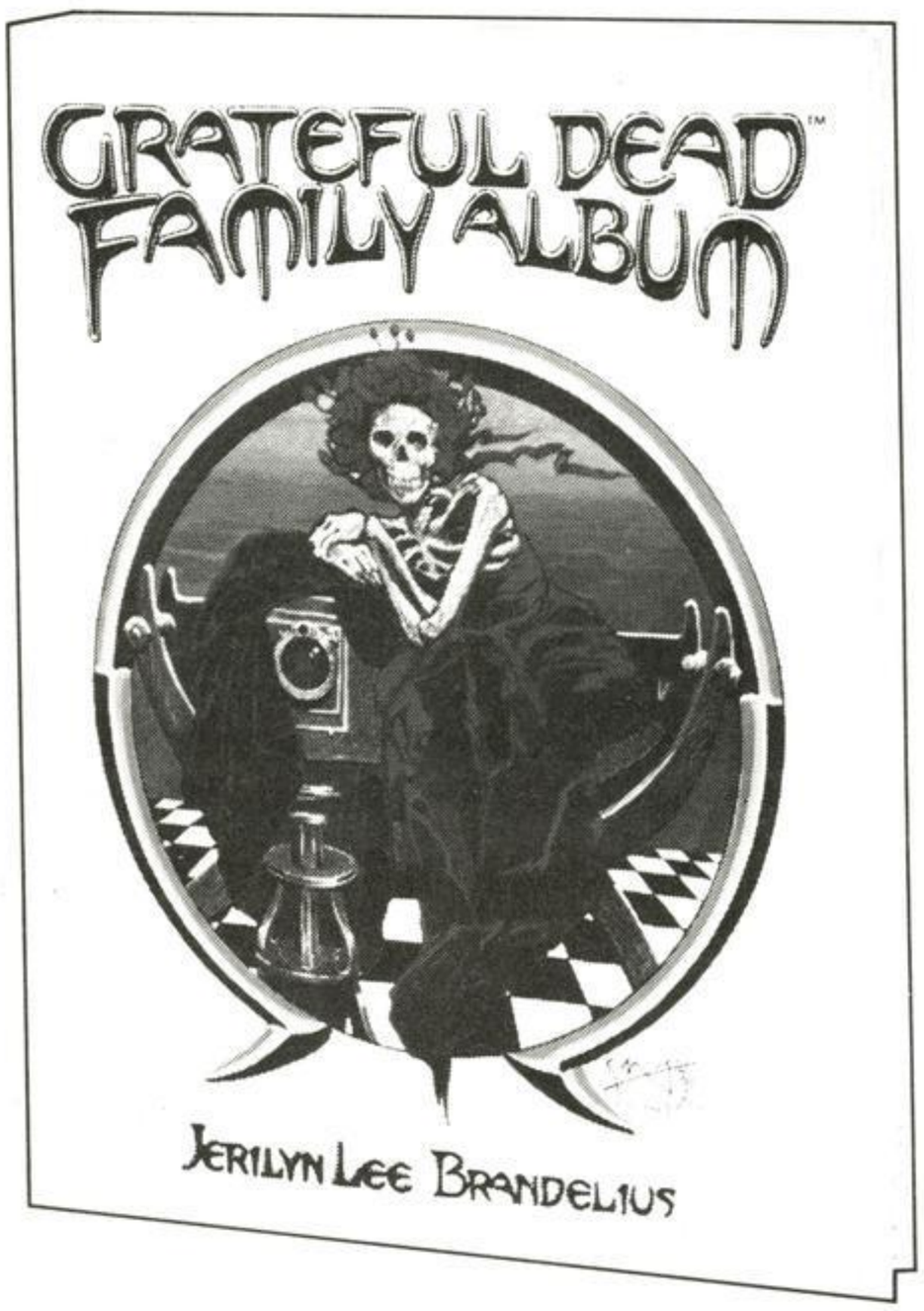
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