Issue 22

Spring 1990

THE GOLDEN ROAD

Takes all you got
Just to stay on the beat

It's announcement time:

Our current plan is to put out three more issues of *The Golden Road* and then take an indefinite hiatus. This does not necessarily mean we've reached the end of *The Golden Road*, but we do want to wind down for a while and reclaim our lives.

Before anybody gets too bummed out, let me clarify things a bit. When Regan and I started *The Golden Road*, we had no clear plan of what we wanted to do with it or how long we would do it. We just leaped in blindly and trusted that we would find the right combination of inspiration and support to ride the wave. We guessed right. After a couple of years of publishing quarterly, however, we were a little burned out so we went to three times a year, and that had a noticeably positive impact on the quality of our lives.

But now, more than six years down the road, I'm longing to get away from the omnipresent feeling of *obligation* — the sense that there are always more issues to create (because you good people keep renewing your subscriptions and new folks climb on board). So now I'm looking to get off the treadmill. The answer is for us to get to the point where we no longer owe anyone any issues.

So here's what we're going to do. Those of you whose subscriptions expire with this issue have received a renewal slip at the rate of $12 for the final three issues. However, when those of you whose subscriptions expire with the next issue (#23) get your renewal notice, it will be for two issues at $8; and the folks who renew with #24 will pay just $4 to receive that last issue. This way, we end with a clean slate, save for a handful of multi-year subscribers who'll get a refund for the remaining balance. (If you're curious to know when you're due to renew, the top line of your mailing label contains the number of the last issue in your subscription.) Issue 25 will probably be out in late winter or early spring '91, which means we will have chronicled the scene for seven full years — a good run by any standard.

Now for the tricky part. When we hit #25, we might decide to do another couple of issues the following year. Or maybe we'll put out an annual or some kind of special issue. If that's the case, we'll include an order form in Issue 25. And even if we have no plans at that point, we might decide to publish again somewhere up the road, so we hope to maintain as current a mailing list as possible, and then we can alert you by postcard.

Rest assured that we'll continue to bring you the best magazine we can, and we'll always keep you informed of our plans. But don't get out the hankies or heave wistful sighs just yet. There's still a lot of time between now and then, and we've got to keep our eyes on that golden road rolling out ahead of us.

This issue's cover was created by rubber-stamp artist *extraordinaire* Judit TornAllen of Eugene, Oregon. Judit, you'll recall, also did Issue 17, summer '88.

— *BJ*



The Golden Road

Published and Edited by: Blair Jackson and Regan McMahon

Written by: Blair, except where noted

Cover by: Judit TornAllen © 1990

Design and Production by: Blair and Regan, Pat Jones

Chief Photographer: Ron Delany

Production Assistant: Richard McCaffrey

Photographers in this issue: Jay Blakesberg, Ken Friedman, Linda Jacobson, Tom Levy, Scott Yobp, Bruce Polonsky

Help on the Way: Mary Eisenhart, Carol Gould, Quilley Miller, John and Dave Leopold, T'res Buika, Steve Brown, Cynthia Johnston, Michael Zipkin, Jon and Deb Hoffman, Edward Guthmann, Robin and Stu Nixon, John Larmer, Alyssa Difilippo, Steve Silberman, David Gans, Barbara Lewit, Lou Tambakos, Bobby Fiesel, Kelly Hise, Michael Dolgushkin, Glenn Howard, Tom Kenny

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FEEDBACK

It's All a Dream We Dreamed

How can a rainforest dream be hatched in a nest of concrete, steel and glass?

Like this. At the New Year's Eve show at the Oakland Coliseum, I was perched high in the stands at the start of the second set. The lads kicked in with "Iko-Iko" and the crowd ignited with noise. A wave of sound erupted from the crowd and washed toward and through and over me. The actual music was hardly to be heard. It was there as the bass line, if you will. But overriding all was a complex, tangled, joyous and chaotic symphony of talk, laughter, shouted names, giggles, comments, screams, hoots and hollers that suddenly brought tears to my eyes.

Because it brought me back. You see, I was born and raised in a semi-tropical live oak forest near Florida's Everglades. I have an enchanted memory of summer nights when I would lie awake, absorbed in listening to the wall of sound washing out of the woods.

To some, that jungle litany may seem like chaos. My child's mind found it a marvelously textured music. A bass line was laid down by the thrumming frogs, crickets worked the humming violins of their rear legs, night birds added their operatic trills. Creatures seemed to fill every possible chink of silence with their contribution.

As I lay naked on the sheets, I felt as though I was floating away on invisible waves made of every blatt, whirr, toot, honk, chirp, buzz, rumble, riff, click, thump and wild aria. My attention was grabbed by constantly evolving rhythms and contrapuntal harmonies. Rather than a chorus of living things, I began to see and feel this as the song of a single vast being. There was a wild joy in feeling uplifted and rocked in the arms of a green God.

I find hope in the fact that the Dead and Deadheads can feel the jungle's song, and feed it back into the despoiled land.

Perhaps also, we might with perfect justification sometimes refer to the lads as The Live.

Paul McHugh
San Francisco, CA



Illustration: Elizabeth Lada

And They Kept On Dancin'

In the wake of all the bad press concerning the security at Dead shows, I'd like to share a positive experience I had at the Oakland Coliseum during the New Year's run.

I was dancing with my friends in the row of seats just above the walkway on Phil's side. We had a great view of the band, as the security guards on both aisles were diligently patrolling the walkway to discourage people from standing in it. The second set on 12/28 was particularly hot, and when the band launched into "Gimme Some Lovin'," we all shifted into high dance gear. Eyes closed, I was completely into the music when suddenly I was aware of something going on next to me. I opened my eyes to see one of the security guards, a short, wizened older man, standing below us in the walkway — he was pulling my friend Alyssa's hand and gesturing to her to climb over the railing onto the walkway. I was shocked — were they going to throw us out because we were dancing too wildly? He continued to tug on her hand, and the next thing I knew he was helping her climb down next to him. In a flash, I realized that he wanted her to get down and *dance*, and in another flash he was grabbing my hand and helping me down as well.

We found ourselves in the middle of a long, wide empty space. Laughing with amazement and delight, we threw ourselves into the song with abandon, only to be revved up even higher when the band made the transition to "Watchtower." We'd never had so much room to dance at an indoor show, nay, at any show, in our lives! Our new friend protected us by shooing away the other security guards who threatened to remove us, and he stood nearby, smiling, until the end of the song. After

FEEDBACK

hugs of thanks we returned to our seats for the remainder of the set, still amazed at our good fortune and at this most unexpected behavior on the part of Oakland Coliseum Security.

After the show we talked to him for a bit and he told us that he really liked the music, especially the "fast" songs. "That's when I really start having fun!" he said.

Carol Gould
San Francisco, CA

Fan of the Ban

I'd like to thank the Grateful Dead and their staff for banning camping and vending on the fall tour.

Having attended the March '89 shows in Greensboro, Charlotte was like a breath of fresh air. Greensboro was a hectic, crowded and frenzied scene. There were times when I felt my and my friends' personal safety were threatened. Of course once in the building everything was fine, but getting in was like running an obstacle course.

I saw my first show in April 1978, and Charlotte was like stepping back in time. No traffic problems to speak of. Just people going to the show, enjoying the space in the parking lot (and futilely hoping for "Dark Star"). There were arrests each night, but the cops were cool for the most part. And the lack of the extra crowd and ensuing disturbances led to very favorable press locally.

Steve Jones
Charlotte, NC



"Rhythm Devils at the Quake Benefit." Illustration: Damian Strahl

Back to Coolsville

I spent several years going to a fair number of shows, mostly in the Bay Area, but I got turned off to the scene after the Dead's sudden success in the mainstream and the resulting influx of people who really didn't understand what the scene is all about (especially its limitations). I started going to fewer and fewer shows until I went to almost none (an average of two per year). But in December I went to the four New Year's shows at the Oakland Coliseum and was very pleased with what I found. The parking lot scene was the mellow, friendly scene I used to love, with a few Deadhead artists selling their own wares in a low-key manner.

I applaud the Dead on their move to ban vending because it was just getting out of hand. Those big booths, filled with thousands of dollars' worth of stuff sold by people I'm not even sure were Deadheads, were too much.

The New Year's shows were great, and I think people were more relaxed inside the shows because they felt more relaxed outside the shows. At least that was my feeling. I feel like I've found a long-lost friend. I hope things remain cool and the shows remain hot. I'm psyched for more.

Danielle Raymond
San Francisco, CA

All Aboard

There are those of us who, due to our position on this Earth, cannot reap the benefits of a multitude of Dead shows. We are resigned to collecting whatever tapes we can, and use our imagination where the experience is lacking. However, I do not think of myself, or anyone else in my position, as less of a Deadhead than someone who has the opportunity to travel with the band.

In your last issue, Dr. Rebecca Adams said in the interview about her Deadhead sociology course that she has observed a "Deader than thou" attitude, and mentioned some routes to becomming a "high-status" Deadhead. I was under the impression that, in its original incarnation, the idea of Deadheads and similar idealists was to transcend the bullshit of everyday social existence (to use Tom Wolfe's quote of the Prankster motto). If we get into being "more" of a Deadhead, or a "better" Deadhead, we fall right back into society's trap.

As far as I can see, the only qualifications should be whether or not one is on the Bus. If someone is on the Bus, there are no better seats; the Bus is going to the same places, and everyone aboard will get to those places. I am on the Bus, and how many shows I have been privileged to experience shouldn't make any difference to my Deadhead counterparts. Let's not fall into the bullshit now, we have come too far.

Robert Rome
Greenlawn, NY

Rock and Roles

Great last issue, as always. The color looked fantastic! Having a little one at home kept me from seeing any shows last summer, so your magazine is the only way I got to see the summer stage set.

I wanted to comment about Rebecca Adams' remarks about sex roles in the Dead scene. As a woman who has taped occasionally through the years, I can say with some authority that there is rampant, if subtle, sexism in the tapers' section. Because taping is overwhelmingly a male phenomenon, the few women who do tape are usually viewed with suspicion and an assumption that we don't know what we're doing. On the fall '89 East Coast tour I had two different encounters with male tapers who wanted me to give up my position to allow them, "serious tapers," to get a better spot, even though my deck and mikes were better!

I think in general most male Deadheads think they're more committed than women fans, and it seems that where families congregate with small children at Dead shows, it is overwhelmingly the mother who cares for the children while the husband or boyfriend is off in the crowd with his friends. This may be by choice in many instances, but I think it serves to reinforce traditional roles.

Speaking of women, what sort of message do you think Deadheads get from some of these silly songs that John Barlow writes?

The women in songs like "I Need a Miracle" and "Picasso Moon" are grotesque cartoons, and the songs he's written with Brent aren't much better. It's always some woman who's done him wrong! With the attitude Brent obviously has, he probably deserved it! Even Robert Hunter's songs, which I like much better, are seriously lacking in positive portraits of women. I'm not old enough to know firsthand how women were treated in the hippie world in the '60s, but what I see out there now in the Dead world doesn't seem very advanced.

Kim Sanders
Charlotte, NC

Setting the Record Straight

I am the Princeton student doing research on the "Spinners" mentioned by Rebecca Adams in the article on her Deadhead sociology class. I would like to set the record straight about several inaccuracies in the portrayal of the "Spinners" in the article.

First, the people I traveled with last summer do spin at shows, but they lay no claim to the name "Spinners." This label has been given to them by others. They are committed to living together as a family, sharing their lives as spiritual brothers and sisters.

Second, they do not worship Jerry as a deity. They worship God, while regarding Jerry as a spiritually gifted, though thoroughly mortal individual, whose music can reveal God's wisdom.

Finally, hallucination is not the goal of their spinning. For them, spinning is a meditation tool that helps them focus on God and on the music during a show.

There are plenty of misconceptions about the "Spinners" circulated on tour. I hope this clears up a few of them.

Jennifer Hartley
Princeton, NJ

Editor's Note: Rebecca Adams wishes to apologize for any inaccuracies in her remarks about the "Spinners."

Soul Food

As for the Dead scene being like a religion . . . it can also be an addiction. A lot of people are so much into the Dead that it is controlling them. You start putting off college in fear of missing a tour. You start sending your last $60 in for mail-order tickets instead of paying your rent. (I went back to college and missed the "Dark Star" tour, but I don't regret it a bit because I broke the "addiction" for myself.)

But it is like a religion in many ways. The lyrics are our gospel; they are stories about life and we learn from thinking about them. The fact that Robert Hunter bases a lot of his lyrics on mythology just appeals to our spirit all the more. Even without drugs, the drums put us in a hypnotic state of spirituality. When I think of the shows being analogous to church, my first thought is of Madison Square Garden. Those frazzled New Yorkers looked like they derived so much out of a show. The energy released in that arena ... I've never seen anyone dance or yell so hard. And then they were so calm as they walked out every night. Now if that's not a spiritual experience, I don't know what is.

Hilary Runnion
Lafayette, CA

Stormed So Hard That the Roof Caved In

On November 15, while waiting to go to my job as a pizza delivery person, I decided to get my mail, as it was about to rain. I had decided to go to work early, say around 4:30, but when I got the mail I saw that my copy of *Deadbase III* had arrived. Well, I was so overjoyed I decided not to go to work early, but instead practice a wee bit of herbal sacrifice and read up a bit on set lists in my new book.

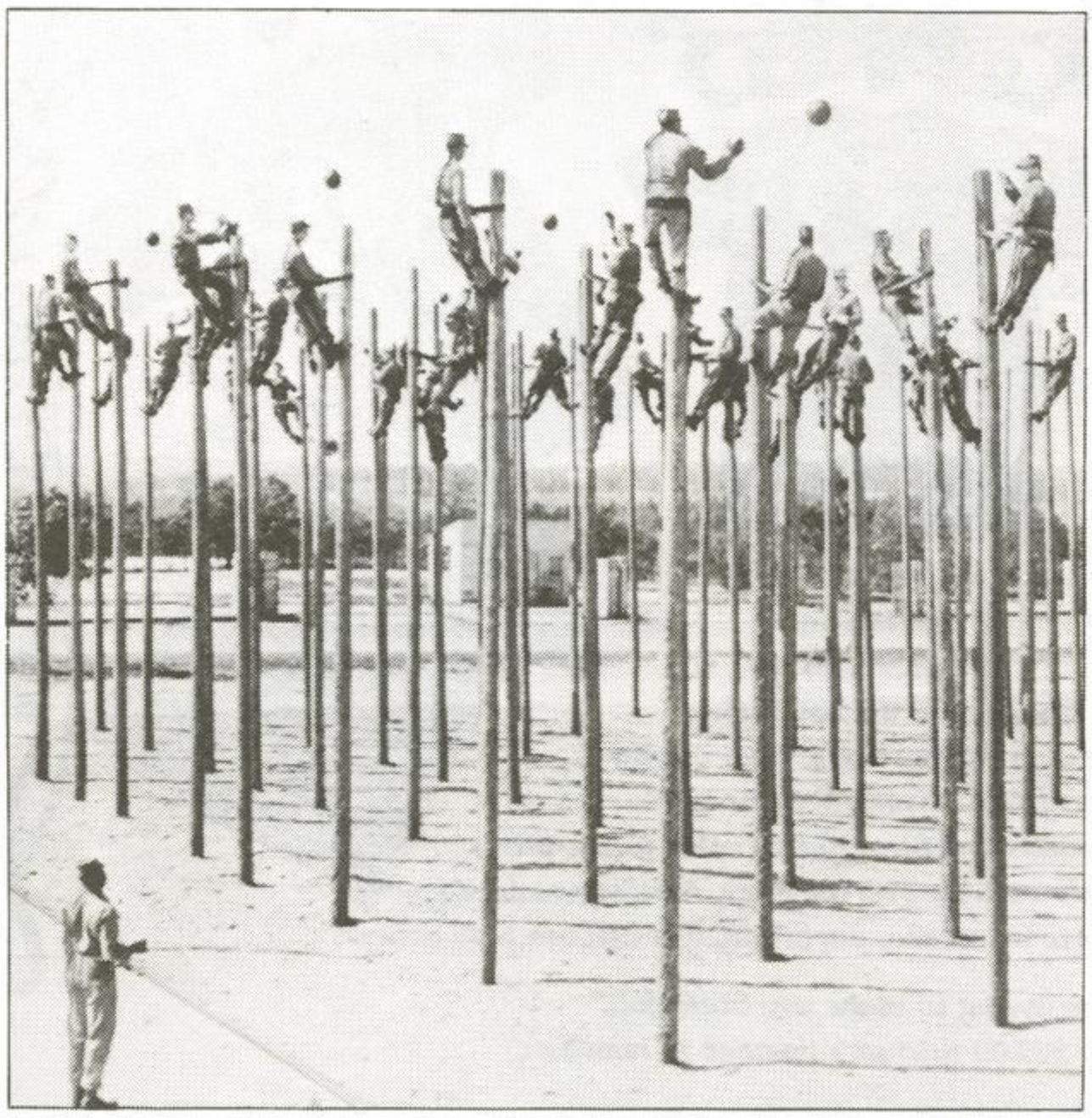
I know the Dead have changed my life in many ways, but I didn't expect them to save my life. You see, as it turns out, about 15 minutes later, the Domino's I work in, and the mall it is in and all the buildings around it, were completely destroyed by a tornado while I was reading *Deadbase*. Talk about cosmic timing!

J. Loyd
Huntsville, AL

Another Time's Forgotten Space

I spent the weekend poring over my friend's copies of your 1988 issues. I've been following the Dead around since my first show at the Armory at M.I.T. a few days after Kent State! Reading the article on Neal Cassady [Issue 19] reminded me of what's really important, and has contributed to some attitude correction on my part —

THEY'VE GOT IT ALL WRONG



"I think we've got it, comrades!"

In Eastern Europe, they've been trying for years to figure out how to play hackeysack from scrambled clues sent by Deadheads in the West. As things open up there, they should get it straight one of these days.

And you can get the straight scoop on the Dead scene by subscribing to *The Golden Road.* Uncensored, absolutely free speech in every issue! Not just the party line!

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FEEDBACK

remembering in the *present* what's what! I was around the Hog Farm and many New Mexico trips, light shows in Boston, communes all over the Southwest, so how could I have gotten lulled into the daily "struggle for the legal tender" here in old-money Santa Barbara?

I've always followed the (other) path less traveled, but somehow, as I read your wonderful magazine, I felt as though I'd gotten lost somewhere in a kind of gray zone of neither here nor there. Thanks for the spur to refocus my view! It's not so easy these days to find like spirits, to open up, to connect — and reading the superbly written articles in *The Golden Road* seems to fill that space.

Lil Rosen
Santa Barbara, CA

Truckin' and Drummin'

Thanks for including my observations on the Casey Kasem video in the last issue ["Funstuff"]. I found out a little more about that video clip of "Truckin'." It's from the Copenhagen show (4/17/72), and the clip that appears in the *Sounds of San Francisco* video is an edited version of one that appeared on a syndicated TV show, *Casey Kasem's Rock and Roll Goldmine*. The TV show clip has an extended jam after the completion of the sung portion of "Truckin'" and then fades to a commercial. The video version has a brief portion of the jam and has the ending of the song edited in.

In other news ... I attended a program given by Mickey Hart at the New York Open Center on October 10 (the night after the return of "Dark Star"). The program was titled "The Transformative Power of Music." Mickey was joined by a professor from Columbia University and the two of them took us on a journey from the beginning of time to the present while discussing how percussion and music have shaped the world.

At the end of the evening Mickey stayed around to talk, sign autographs, accept gifts, etc. When asked what he thought about the prior night's show, Mickey responded like an excited Deadhead: "Yeah, we pulled out 'Dark Star' last night. I think we all got off on it!" Indeed.

Ray Riescher
Winfield, NJ

East Coast Blues

As ever, I want to thank you for doing a great job covering the ever-expanding GD scene. I only have one very minor complaint: please show a little more heart for us underprivileged East Coasters!

I will almost certainly never get to see a New Year's show, a Greek show, a Kaiser show, a Shoreline show, etc. All I can do is drool over the reports of these shows. On the other hand, when I finally, after 13 years and scores of shows, get to see a true contender for best show of the year (or is it decade?) — the last night at the Meadowlands Arena — you essentially dismiss it with a two-paragraph writeup!

I have long considered the Dead to be bounded by the "one-third rule" — one-third of the time they play great, one-third average, and one-third below average. There is also the mathematically insignificant chance of a truly mind-boggling show. I finally made it! I have to go back to shows I saw in my first couple of years of concert-going (Englishtown, Cornell, Binghamton) for comparisons to the level of the 10/16/89 show. I heard not one, but three songs I never expected to hear (ever!) in a single show. It was truly a cosmic event.

Now I know that the Bay Area is the center of Deadhead-dom, and I don't expect you to cover things out there any less than you usually do. Just please realize: some of us don't have the time flexibility, the money, the friends to stay with, or the gonzo youthful energy to make a pilgrimage to the Promised Land. Some of us have to live with the huge arenas, the manic East Coast crowds and the shot at a maximum of three to five shows a year. And adding insult to injury, once again there was no national simulcast of the New Year's show.



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That means apart from the Shoreline there hasn't been a nationwide radio broadcast in two years.

Michael Goldfarb
Yonkers, NY

Editor's Note: As we tried to explain last issue, we were only able to squeeze in brief reports of the fall tour before our deadline. The tour was just too hot to hold off until spring.

Wherever You Go, There You Are

In a concert review, I don't want to hear that the reviewer does not like stadiums. Sure, we would all like to see the Dead play in our back yards, but that's not possible. I have friends who are so upset about the aesthetic experience at stadium shows, they don't go to them. Which seems like a good idea: If you don't like stadium shows don't go. But if you do go, and you are going to review a show, tell me how the band played, not how upset you were to be in a stadium. Maybe the "just the facts" approach to reviews is a good idea.

David Ettenberg
New York, NY

BJ replies: While I personally prefer shorter reviews, like the ones we ran covering the fall '89 tour, most readers seem to like the longer ones. Hopefully we can strike a balance. On the stadium issue, I disagree that the reviewer's feelings about concert aesthetics are somehow not a valid topic of discussion. I can say from personal experience it's not always easy to tell how the band played when the sound is mediocre, the best view of the band is on a video screen (which isn't even in perfect synch with the music) and I can't make a psychic connection with music, all because of the sheer size of a stadium environment.

Dark Star Crashes

Thanks for squeezing in the fall tour reviews last issue. I caught the Charlotte and Miami shows — and joyfully, my first "Dark Star"! I'm afraid that the lyricless complexities of the "Star" were wasted on many of the Florida Heads. Most people in my section sat on their hands throughout the jamming, and a buddy in another section reported that someone behind him yelled *"Play some fuckin' music!"* during the wild feedback following the second verse. If they only realized how long and how passionately the vintage stuff had been awaited!

Dan Murphy
Tampa FL

This Is It

I read Jerry Garcia's interview in *Rolling Stone* with great interest and concern. Garcia has always impressed me with his superb musicianship, his wisdom and his eagerness to pursue what matters to him. He is without doubt a national treasure and a hero to Deadheads of all ilks.

What shocked me is his unwillingness to vote, stating that choosing the lesser of two evils is still choosing evil. Publicly the Grateful Dead articulate profound insight in their music and outside activities. Does Garcia not realize that this world, this social system is it? It is our collective creation. We may be able to choose other streams of consciousness, but we can't choose another planet. We can only change this one more to our liking.

If Garcia and the millions of Deadheads don't like the political system, they should make their voices officially heard and vote. They'll find their world better as a result.

Philip Gould
Lafayette, LA

We Stand Corrected

In your review of the Cal Expo run, you state that the 8/5 show contained the first "I Know You Rider" without "China Cat" since '69. Actually, on 11/10/85, at Brendan Byrne Arena (talk about strangest of places) the Dead opened the second set with "Mississippi Half-Step" ⧫ "I Know You Rider." "China Cat" was nowhere to be found, but I wasn't looking for it anyway.

Mitch Goldman
New York, NY

Musta Been Somethin' You Ate

I had this dream last night that Jerry was on drums, making Mickey expressions, and Mickey was singing! Have you ever heard Mickey sing "Ship of Fools"? Well, I have!

Fran Borelli
Westminster, MD

BJ replies: I haven't heard that, but I did once dream a fabulous version of "Mr. Charlie" with Garcia singing lead. By the way, Garcia really did play drums and Mickey sang lead on a version of "Promised Land" on April Fool's Day, 1980.

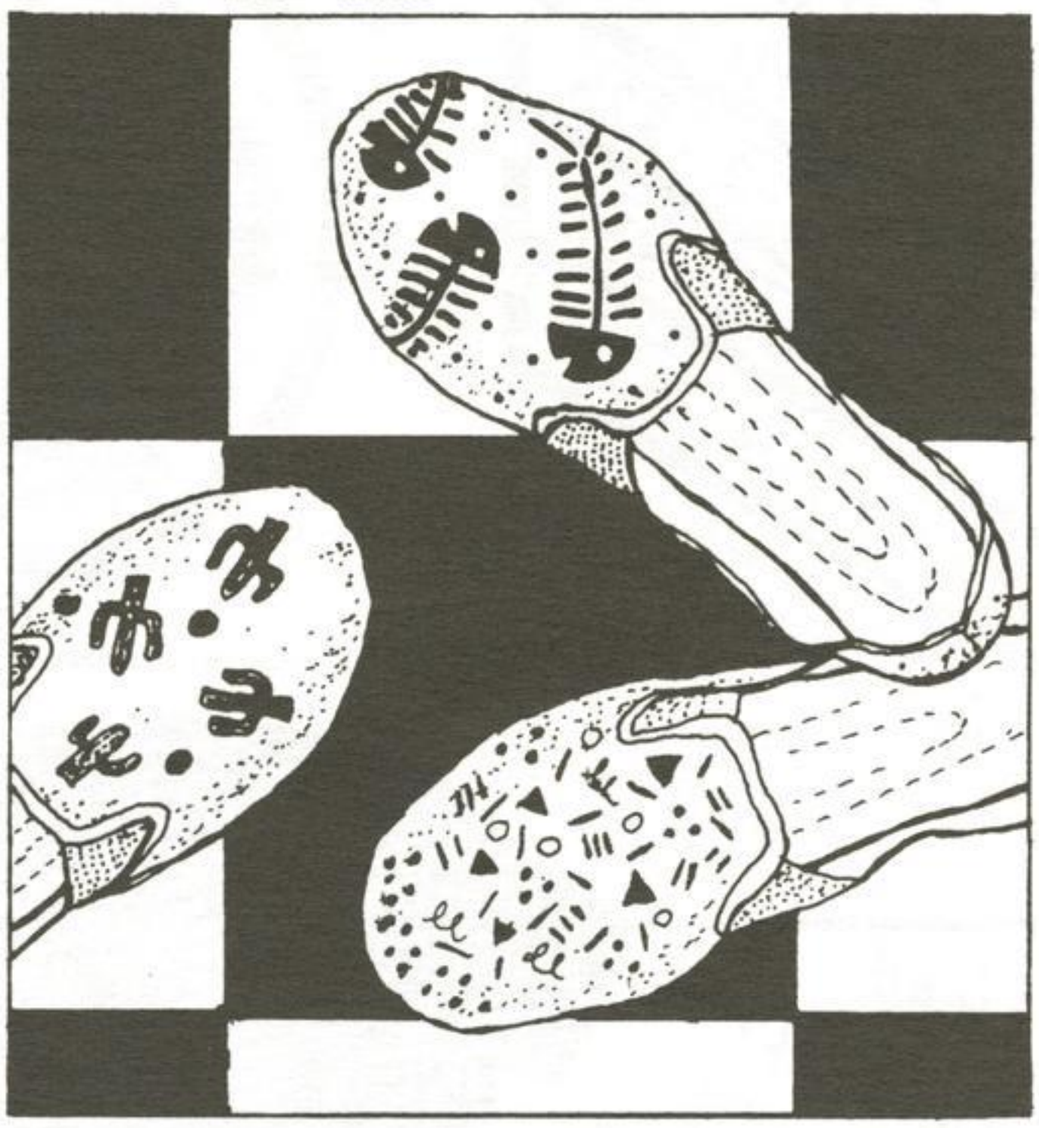
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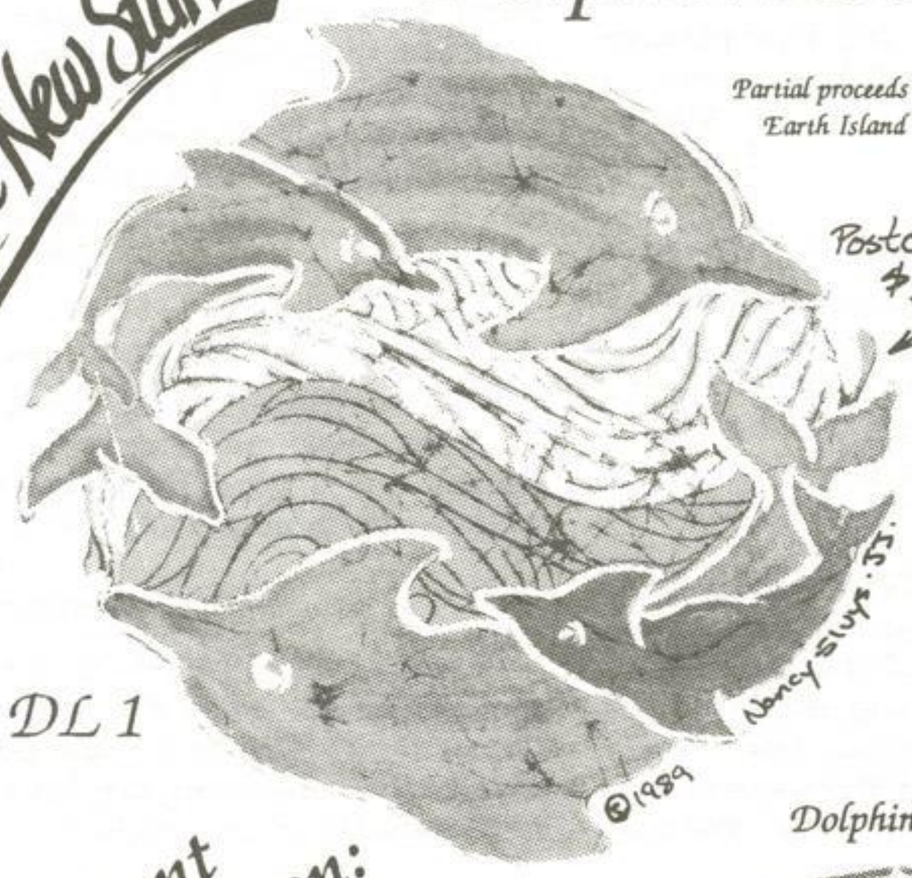
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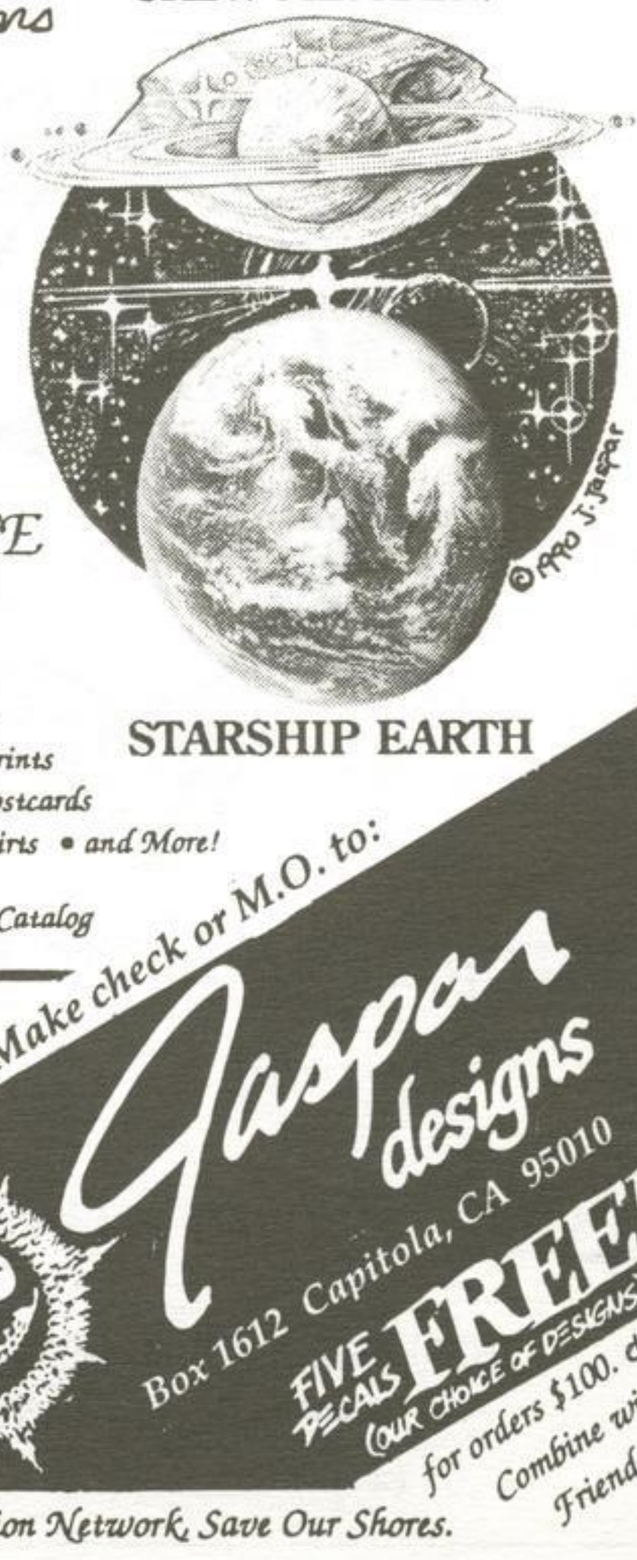
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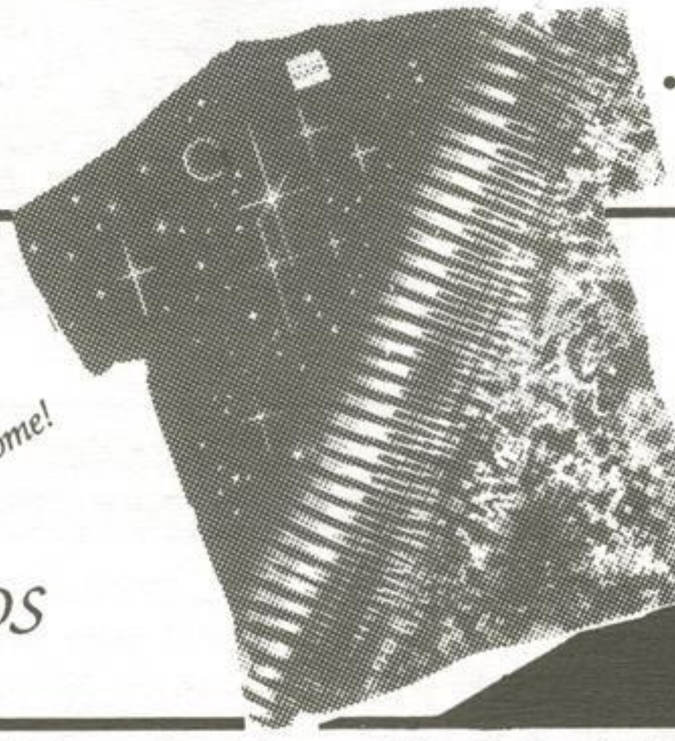
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DEADLINE



Rob Wasserman, Edie Brickell and Garcia collaborated on a new song called "Zillionaire." Photo: Jay Blakesberg

How's this for a super trio: Edie Brickell, lead singer/songwriter of New Bohemians, on vocals; Jerry Garcia on piano and electric guitar; Rob Wasserman on bass. The song they wrote and recorded together is called "Zillionaire," and it's the first track completed for Wasserman's album-in-progress called *Trios,* featuring Wasserman in a variety of three-person settings. Like his brilliant Grammy-winning *Duets* album two years ago, this one will cover broad stylistic territory, depending on what combinations of players and singers he eventually lands for the project.

"It was more or less just an intuitive thing on my part to put the three of us together," Wasserman told us recently. "I imagined Edie's voice and Jerry's electric guitar combining real well, and I didn't even know he played piano, to tell you the truth. [The last time Garcia played piano on a record was on his first solo album.]

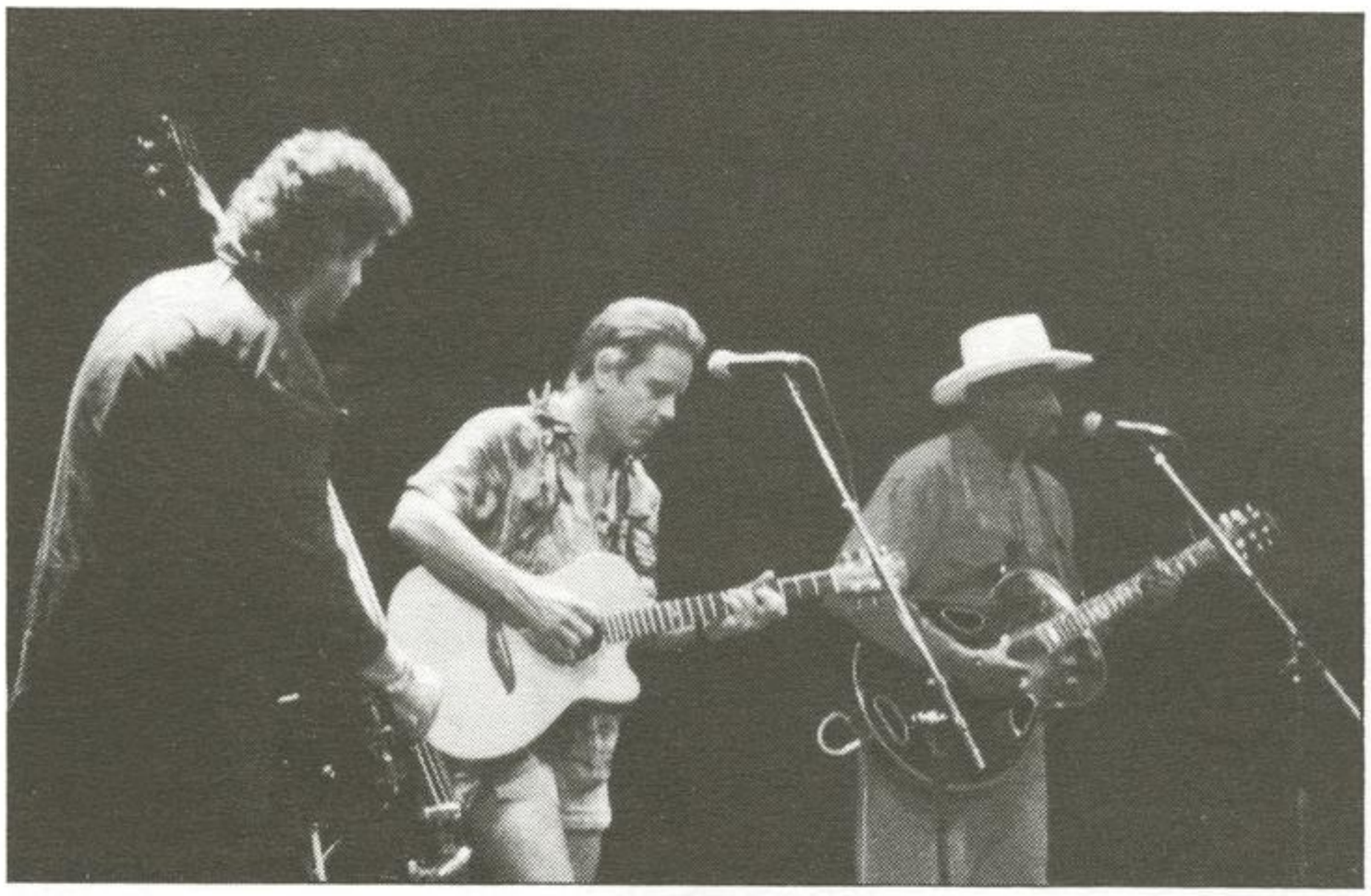
"What happened was the first night we got together over at Jerry's house we just started jamming. He has a grand piano there, so he started playing on that. We were playing and Edie was just singing, and the first thing that came out of her mouth was 'Zillionaire.' We taped a lot of what we did that night, and later we went back to 'Zillionaire' and worked on that some more. Then, when we went into the studio to actually record it, Jerry stayed on piano, and then later he overdubbed some electric guitar on it."

Wasserman says the three recorded nearly two hours of music together, with all of them simply creating spontaneously. Brickell proved to be extremely adept at stream-of-consciousness vocal improvisation — "I think Jerry and I were both pretty amazed at how good she was," Wasserman comments. "We've talked about the three of us doing a show together sometime where we'd go out onstage and just start jamming, like we did for this project."

Unfortunately, we might have quite a wait to hear "Zillionaire." Wasserman has a long way to go on the record; in fact, he's still in the process of working out the other trios he wants to put together. He confirms that he and Bob Weir will work with a still-to-be-determined third player on an original song. Wasserman's position in the biz these days is so high — because of the success of *Duets* and his extraordinary ongoing work with Lou Reed (who'll also be on *Trios*) — he's been contacted by many big-name artists wanting to participate in the project. "But I don't want this to turn into some big celebrity record," he says. "I want there to be a lot of different styles and types of people on it, and I want to make sure the chemistry is right on every song. I'd be surprised if it all went as well as it did with Jerry and Edie; that went so far beyond my expectations."

Rob also told us that he and Weir plan to make a duo record together, perhaps sometime this year, in an effort to capture some of the magic of their two-year-old partnership on tape. In January, the dynamic duo appeared on the superb, nationally syndicated television program *Night Music,* performing "Victim or the Crime," and at presstime they were slated to play at an Arista Records convention (though they are not currently signed to Arista

DEADLINE



Bob & Rob are joined by Taj Mahal during their concert on the island of Kauai. (Note that Bobby is wearing a lei.) Photo: Anne Buston

or any other label).

Also in January, the Bob & Rob show crossed the Pacific for three gigs in Hawaii — the first concerts by a member of the Dead in the Islands in 20 years, incredibly enough. "We looked at it as a sort of working vacation," Wasserman says. "We were going to play a few shows, but also be able to just hang out together. Bob said he was going to teach me how to surf, but we never quite got around to it. Still, it was about the most fun I've ever had on a tour. Bob has really taught me a lot about how to have fun. I tend to be pretty serious, and when we first got together he told me that, above all, he wanted our playing together to be fun. And now I really *am* having fun with it."

Our ace correspondent on the scene in Hawaii, Darren Sachse, tells us that the three concerts there were in much funkier settings than the duo is probably used to. The first was in a 1500-seat conference room at the Kona Surf Hotel in Kailua, on the Big Island. The next night they played the little auditorium at Baldwin Memorial High School in Wailuku, Maui. And the final stop on the tour was at the old Kauai War Memorial Auditorium in Lihue, Kauai. At that show, Bob & Rob were joined for a few numbers by folk blues great Taj Mahal, who lives on the island. Among the tunes they performed together were "Youngblood" and "The Mills Brothers," which Taj called "a smart-mouthed calypso" about the legendary singing group.

Later that night, Taj, Wasserman and Weir dropped by an informal beach party in Wailua, near the famous Coco Palms Resort (where Elvis filmed *Blue Hawaii*), and Taj led the partiers through an hour of sing-alongs. At about 2 a.m. Weir was coaxed into playing a couple of songs, too, including "Mystery Train." What a clambake!

You never know where members of the Dead are going to turn up these days. Garcia, for instance, appears on two cuts of Warren Zevon's latest LP, *Transverse City*. This is perhaps Zevon's strangest album to date — a bleak song cycle about science, technology and the future (among other things). With its booming drums and droning synthesizers, it's certainly not what most people have come to expect from Zevon. Neither is the list of musicians helping out: everyone from Garcia to Jack Casady, Jorma Kaukonen, Pink Floyd's David Gilmour, Neil Young, Chick Corea and members of both Little Feat and Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers. Garcia contributes a tough, edgy electric guitar line to the title track, and some ethereal textural washes on an ominous-sounding ballad called "They Moved the Moon."

"[Garcia's] very smart, witty, extremely down-to-earth and friendly," Zevon told *The Boston Globe*. "He's a virtuoso, and he played nonstop for about five hours. He said, 'I'll play it as much as you want, and you stop me when you have to go' — the most generous musician I've ever met. ... As immodest as I am in my private moments, it still kind of baffles me. Why did this guy go to all this trouble for me?"

Garcia also played on the upcoming album by Bruce Hornsby & the Range, due in the stores at the beginning of May.

You probably didn't know that Bob Weir is a member of a group called The Obsequious Cheese Log. For reasons unknown, that is the moniker under which he and a group of players, led by Henry Kaiser, cut a track for a new Jimi Hendrix tribute album, *If Six Was Nine* (on Imaginary Records). Kaiser, ever on the lookout for bizarre adventures, roped Weir into singing lead and playing rhythm guitar on the twisted version of the album's title song (originally recorded by Hendrix on *Axis: Bold As Love* in 1967). Kaiser and fellow axeman Glen Phillips really have a field day on the track, offering up every weird guitar noise imaginable — at once paying tribute to Hendrix's legacy, while sounding completely original and grounded in the present. Weir's sung/spoken vocal matches Hendrix's word for word, and it's a game, if slightly white-bread performance; for all his charms, Bob is never going to be known as a "voodoo chile." The long jam following the main song really



Two of our favorites: Henry Kaiser (L) and Hawaiian guitar great Raymond Kane on the Big Island.

shows off the talents of Kaiser's group, which also included drummer Mark McQuade-Crawford and bassist Gary Lambert (co-host of Phil Lesh's Rex Radio show on KPFA), though only a minute or so of that jam made it to the final version. Among the other groups contributing tracks to the album are XTC and The Monks of Doom. Should be a trip and a half.

New Dead-family CDs just out or due imminently from Grateful Dead Merchandising include the first

(and best) Kingfish album, Garcia's second solo LP, *Garcia* (better known as *Compliments of Garcia*), and most exciting of all, Garcia's 1975 *Reflections*. All three have been out of print for years. I particularly recommend *Reflections*, which contains superb studio versions of "Comes a Time," "Mission in the Rain," "I'll Take a Melody" and others.

Speaking of merchandising, the Dead have ended their long association with Winterland Productions and signed a big-money deal with East Coast rock merchandising giant Brockum, who handled the Rolling Stones' last tour and many other big acts. As perhaps the first major band to market its own T-shirts at shows in the early '70s, the Dead helped put Winterland on the map, so their leaving the fold after so many years is big news, even if the Dead were by no means the company's biggest client. We hear that Brockum is extremely tough when it comes to going after people who infringe on the copyrights of their clients, so don't be surprised if there are a lot of seizures and confiscations of T-shirts and Dead-related crafts on the next couple of tours. Unfortunately, this monolithic company probably doesn't distinguish between organized bootleggers and small-time craftspeople, so it could get pretty ugly out there.

Those of you who worried that *Built to Last* might actually eclipse *In the Dark* in terms of sales, and in the process bring in waves of new fans, can all relax now. The album is, as they say in the biz, dead (no pun intended). Which isn't to imply that it was a flop. It's sold somewhere in the neighborhood of 800,000 copies to date, solid by any standard, though several hundred thousand less than *In the Dark*. The key factor in keeping *Built to Last* from attaining the dizzying heights of its predecessor would appear to be that "Foolish Heart" didn't click with radio programmers the way "Touch of Grey" did. The single of "Foolish Heart" never made it into the Top 100, whereas "Touch" made it as high as #9. Likewise, *Built to Last* peaked at #27 on the *Billboard* album chart, while *In the Dark* made the Top 5. An attempt to push "Just a Little Light" as a second single fizzled completely, though that track did make the lower reaches of *Billboard*'s rock radio airplay chart.

The band wasn't helped by the barrage of generally brutal reviews the album received in both the rock press and mainstream newspapers. Brent and his tunes (and the fact that he had the most songs on the record) brought the most hostile fire by far, but critics were also tough on Garcia, which is fairly unusual. It's hard to gauge what effect, if any, reviews have on album sales (radio is the key, most experts agree). But it's likely they do influence at least some potential buyers — positively in the case of a good review (I saw a couple of those, too), and negatively with a bad one.

A couple of other intangibles could be factored into the sales equation: The generally bad press the band's fans have gotten in the past year (especially last fall, when the album came out) might have prompted some radio people to ignore the record. And the group didn't play live during the weeks immediately following the disc's release — touring generally helps spark the interest of both the radio and press. But then, the Dead have never done things the established way. This is the band that, after signing with Arista in 1977, didn't play any tunes from their just-released *Terrapin Station* LP at the New York concert attended by label boss Clive Davis.

The Dead's output of new songs in the '80s was extremely light — just nine Garcia tunes (including "Day Job" and

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"Believe It Or Not"), five Weir songs, and a small passle of Brent numbers (some of which never even got a full band treatment). That's over *ten years*. And the cynic in me wonders if, now that the next album is scheduled to be culled from live performances, we've seen the last new Dead songs for a while, since there won't be a record company breathing down their necks asking for fresh material. Let's hope not, because the new songs — even when they aren't great — are a lot of what keeps the music moving forward.

How did you "get it"? What made you get "on The Bus"? How does your involvement with the Grateful Dead affect your work life? Your home life? Your relationship with your friends and the world at large? The "Songs of Our Own" project (subtitled "Tales of Transformation on The Bus") is looking for feedback from Deadheads on these kinds of questions. The brainchild of a Marin-based Head working under the name A. Mandala, "Songs of Our Own" is planned as "a multi-media 'book' that will focus as many of our individual lights as possible into one bright beam that can shine through whatever shadows mainstream society might attempt to cast on us," Mandala writes in a flyer he's circulating.

"We are appealing to all Deadheads who would like to participate in this group-mind project to create words, pictures, music, or any other form that can be duplicated, an expression of how your life has been transformed on our trip to Further, and how the ripples of your personal evolution are reflecting back, and hopefully benefiting your families, neighbors, communities, humanity and the entire planet. If you would find it easier to just tell someone your story, take turns doing interviews with your friends, or talk to your tape deck, and send in the tapes or transcripts. If you want to discuss mind-altering agents, but feel it might be risky to do so in public, send in your contribution anonymously.

"My role will be predominantly that of coordinator, editor and creative midwife. My main impetus in undertaking this task is my fear that, in this era of the Bush/Bennett Mind Police, the Dead's 25th anniversary celebration is likely to launch an unfortunate wave of distorted publicity in the mainstream media about Deadhead culture. If this were to happen, wouldn't it be great to balance that negativity with stories of growth, connection, serendipity, altruism, synchronicity, redemption and bliss that lie latent among us."

Because of the disparate media sources, the exact nature of the finished "product" is still up in the air, but Mandala says that it "will be distributed as widely as possible at a reasonable cost, with all revenues above expenses being donated to the Rex Foundation, or used to set up a new, non-profit foundation dedicated to preserving and furthering misfit Deadhead culture and its unique contributions to planet Earth."

Sound interesting? We think so, and we hope you agree. Send all submissions to Songs of Our Own, P.O. Box 936, Bolinas, CA 94924. Mandala's been working on this since last December and he'd like to get something

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When he's not damaging our brain cells bashing The Beam at Dead shows, Mickey Hart can usually be found wrapped up in some esoteric recording project as part of his ongoing relationship with Rykodisc. This time out, Hart, along with Garcia, went up to Skywalker Ranch in Marin County to produce the disc *Songs of Amber* by a choir of Latvian women called The Dzintars. Seventy-six voices strong, The Dzintars (the name means "amber," like the semi-precious stone) sing a combination of modern and traditional folk songs, mainly *a capella* in their native tongue, as well as Russian and Yiddish. Says Mickey, "Imagine a drop of rain splitting still water, rippling out of a thousand voices, a garland of clear sound. The music is high, it's crystalline, and it makes me smile." While much of the music has the warm familiarity of, say, Christmas choral music, there are a number of tracks that border on the avant-garde, with wild vocal flights by soloists and choir alike. Once again, the GD have led us to a strange, wonderful place.

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together by summer, so the sooner you can get your submissions together, the better. This should be very cool when it's done — both entertaining and enlightening.

A couple of items not specifically about the Dead, but related by family:

Hog Callings is the name of the funny and informative newsletter published by the Hog Farm collective. Started recently to keep Hog Farmers past and present in touch with each other, the newsletter might also be of interest to other "family" and friends, or those who want to keep up with Wavy Gravy's always amusing and provocative activities. The issue they forwarded to us contained a hilarious series of letters that had been exchanged by the Hog Farm and the offices of drug fascist William Bennett, concerning a Hog Farm-proposed debate between Bennett and Wavy Gravy; as well as Hog Farm news, reports on the Dalai Lama's visit to the Bay Area, letters, and assorted weirdness. Funky and fun sums it up. You can subscribe for $10 (for five issues) by sending a check to *Hog Callings,* 1301 Henry St., Berkeley, CA 94709. The Hog Farm is good people who do good stuff (child care at Dead shows, Camp Winnarainbow, plus all sorts of other things) and they can always use a few bucks.

Finally, on a spiritually related topic, the 19th annual North American World Peace & Healing Gathering of the Rainbow Family of Living Light (a.k.a. the Rainbow Gathering) will be held in Minnesota this year, from July 1 to 7. For details, contact Rainbow Minnesota, P.O. Box 9777, Minneapolis, MN 55458. And the 8th European Rainbow Gathering will take place in Austria during July, as well. Contact Rainbow Circle, Box 111, CCH-6600, Muralto, Switzerland, for more info on that.

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This Darkness Got to Give

Some thoughts on problems in the Dead scene

Well, the Dead have just about made it to their 25th anniversary milestone! Wa-hoo! We should all be cheering, slapping high-fives, singing Beethoven's "Ode to Joy" and generally celebrating this momentous occasion. Instead, our joy is tempered by the sobering realization that the fragile Grateful Dead ecosystem is still perilously threatened. There have been improvements on some fronts, regression on others, but the sum total of all the tweaking and adjustments is that it's not enough — the Dead are still unwelcome many places and the wretched excesses of Deadheads coast to coast continue to generate bad publicity and bad feelings. What's being done? What's to be done? Who's going to do it? And is it already too late? Let's take a few moments to examine a few of the issues and areas of concern.

Last fall was the first time the Dead banned camping and vending outside their shows, and the feedback we've received from Deadheads tells us that this definitely cut down on the number of people hanging out in the parking lots before shows. Cameron Sears, the Dead's road manager, had this to say about the situation when we spoke to him recently:

"I felt that aspect of it was a success, by and large, and by a 'success' I mean that most people were fairly cooperative with us. There was a strong amount of resistance from some people, and a strong amount of resistance from some communities, too. Some communities think it's better to have it all contained [in a campground, etc.] than to have everyone wandering around municipalities looking for parking spots or hotels or whatever. I can understand that, too, but I think this [no camping/vending] is something we have to stick with for a while to see what difference it makes. It's still early, and it didn't eliminate all the problems by any means."

Unfortunately, many of the really serious problems in the scene are connected in some way to drugs — specifically to the flagrant selling of drugs and the inability of large numbers of mainly younger Heads to handle the drugs they take.

On the first of those two points, it should be clear to anyone who's paying attention at all that it is time to *cool out* when it comes to openly selling drugs

outside Dead shows. People are getting busted left and right by police and undercover narcs dressed as Deadheads. At this point, the Drug Enforcement Agency makes no secret about the fact that they view the Dead scene as the single greatest source of psychedelic drugs in the country. Whether they're right or wrong, this is the *perception*, and that bearded fellow playing the wooden flute over there could be a government agent. Paranoia anyone?

Every month brings new letters to *The Golden Road* from low-level dealers — kids 17 and 18 years old — who are doing time in federal prisons because they were careless enough to sell to undercover cops. In years past, there were relatively few people who were dealing to stay on tour, and those folks wisely tended to be discreet about their activities. But somewhere along the line two things happened: the number of dealers increased significantly (hasn't *everything* in this scene increased significantly?); and more and more people came to believe that somehow we'd all pulled a fast one on society and that we could all do whatever we wanted within our Grateful Dead world, and everyone would look away. In fact, that *was* pretty much the case until the numbers of people outside shows got so large in the late '80s. All of a sudden, "Just Say No" America took notice of this snowballing phenomenon, and it didn't like what it saw.

The huge number of busts outside Dead shows has made civic officials nationwide wary of the Dead and Deadheads, a situation that really has jeopardized the Dead's ability to get bookings.

"A lot of fans probably think that the people who run these facilities will forget that there was trouble at Dead shows, but they don't," says Cameron Sears. "You've got to realize that most of these buildings stay busy 350 days a year. It's not as though they rely on us to come and play there to make their money. We as an organization try to cooperate with them as much as we can, but it's getting to the point where a lot of them are thinking, 'Hey, it's not worth the hassle. We can do Billy Joel for six nights and his fans go home at the end of the night and aren't dealing in the parking lots.' Who do you think they're going to pick if there's a choice?"

You want a couple of concrete examples that should make you weep? There will be no Frost or Greek shows this year — and perhaps ever again — because of drug arrests and open drug peddling. In the case of Frost, Palo Alto police, in cooperation with DEA types, did extensive surveillance of the crowd outside last year's Frost shows, capturing numerous instances of dealing and consumption on video. This reportedly influenced Stanford University not to allow the band back at Frost this year. As for Berkeley's Greek Theater, the university sought to make the Dead financially liable for all legal and administrative fees associated with busts of their fans — a ludicrous bit of extortion, perhaps, but there it is.

The Dead are still unwelcome many places, and the excesses of Deadheads coast to coast continue to generate bad publicity

Personally, I think that whether the band likes it or not, drugs are always going to be part of the Dead scene. This is a band that was born out of psychedelic experimentation and that continues to exist for many people as a sort of living metaphor for the range of psychedelic experience. While no one in the group has discouraged the use of pot and psychedelics, some band members *have* been vocal in their disapproval of hard drugs like cocaine and heroin, and they have specifically asked that people not sell nitrous oxide in the parking lots outside shows. Unfortunately, the venal profiteers with their shamefully high-priced balloons are among the most intransigent of vendors. And talk about stupid: there's never been a drug that made noise before! "Right this way, officer! Follow the hissing tank."

"I've walked out in the parking lot with security people and watched them politely ask the nitrous vendors, 'Hey, the band has asked that this not take place,' and their response is, 'Well, fuck you'," Cameron says. "So then it becomes, 'Well, if you're going to say that to me, what're you going to say to the next guy who comes along, who's gonna have a blue shirt and a badge and who's gonna cart you off to jail?' Then the next day the beat reporter at the police department picks up that 50 people were arrested at our show and that's headlines across the country. Whose fault is that?"

The tragic, much-publicized deaths last fall of Deadheads Adam Katz at the Brendan Byrne Arena and Patrick Shanahan outside the Forum in Inglewood, California, underscore the gravity of the situation we find ourselves in. Brutish police and security forces, already disdainful of Deadheads for their apparent lawlessness, unwilling and ill-equipped to deal with the unusual situations that Dead shows present, overreact and people get hurt and killed.

In the case of Adam Katz, exactly what happend is still a mystery — whether he was, as many (including his father) believe, beaten to death by security goons who then dumped his body outside the facility; or whether he died in a fall or some other way. The Byrne security forces are notorious for their brutality, and indeed several guards were indicted for battery in separate incidents not connected with Katz's death. Their reprehensible behavior isn't limited to Dead shows, either: in February, a Byrne security thug was accused of raping a fan at a concert there.

The Patrick Shanahan affair is a little more cut-and-dried, because there were numerous witnesses who saw Shanahan being manhandled by the Inglewood Police. The youth died in a patrol car in police custody, the result, the coronor said, of a police chokehold with a nightstick. The police position on this is that Shanahan was completely out of his head on LSD, he was hostile and uncontrollable, and that they used the force necessary to subdue him. Even sympathetic witnesses agree that Shanahan was behaving very erratically.

The link in these two cases is that, according to reports from the victims' friends, both Katz and Shanahan were extremely high on hallucinogens at the time of the incidents. Psychedelics are tricky, of course, and different people react differently to them depending on the size of the dose and a hundred other environmental factors.

So what can we do to prevent these sorts of episodes? Well, short of not taking drugs, the most reasonable solution seems to be for all of us to watch out for each other more carefully. If you're at a show with someone who seems to be having a little trouble clinging to reality, take the time to help out; keep an eye on him or her. If you're in a parking lot after a show and you see someone who is obviously in need of some assistance — folks wandering around naked when it's 40 degrees out, or lying in the roadway staring at the

sky; we've all seen it — ask if he or she is OK, and if you don't get an answer, maybe it's time to see if you can't find some sort of responsible rock med-type to help get the person out of harm's way. The last thing you want is for someone in that state to have to deal with police or security people *alone*.

"It's a fact of life that we're playing in big places with large security forces these days," Cameron says. "It's just a big scene. Everything is multiplied from what it was in 1967 or '68, as we're all well aware.

"Security is the toughest job at any rock 'n' roll show, whether it's Barry Manilow or the Rolling Stones or the Grateful Dead. And when you have a security force of 200 people who are getting paid $6 an hour, you can't expect to find someone with a Ph.D. in psychology to help you through the night. They're not going to be there. You can *hope* for the best people to be working at your show, but the reality is there are always going to be people there who are not top-flight. You're lucky if some of these people have graduated from high school.

"When I go [to a venue] I try to explain to them in advance, 'Look, these people may look different and seem different, but they're basically a peaceful crowd.' Yet they then encounter someone who is flipping out and they don't know what to do. Situations get distorted. Granted, some security forces are better than others, but it's still a tough job — you're meeting resistance at every turn from people who don't want to do what you want them to do. You're getting shit thrown in your face the whole time and you're expected to keep your cool. An intelligent, thoughtful person is capable of doing that — *most* of the time. You take someone who doesn't have that patience or understanding and you're asking for trouble. I don't know what the answer is."

Many Deadheads believe the answer is for the Grateful Dead to be more careful in their choice of venues. Brendan Byrne, for instance, has been a trouble spot for the Dead just about every time they've played there. The Forum, on the other hand, was relatively trouble-free when the band played there in February of last year, and actually, with the exception of the Shanahan incident, wasn't that problematic in the fall, either.

The fact is, because of their popularity right now, there is a finite number of places that the band can play — *before* you factor in such intangibles as civic resistance and venues in settings too sensitive to accommodate Deadheads. So the Dead must constantly do advance work to defuse potentially volatile situations with civic authorities

All of a sudden 'Just Say No' America took notice of this snowballing phenomenon, and it didn't like what it saw

and local police. When there was trouble in Providence and Hartford a few years ago, the Dead's tour managers had extensive talks with police in those towns before the band went back to either city. More recently, every attempt was made months in advance to make sure that Nassau Coliseum, so notorious for its busts in the past, would deal more humanely with Deadheads this spring. (Still, in light of Garcia's comments in *Rolling Stone* that the band would never play there again, many Heads were outraged to see it included on the '90 spring tour.)

"A couple of things happened there," Cameron explains. "Back when it was almost famous for having so many busts, it was a county-owned and -run facility. It's still owned by the county, but it's run by Spectracorp, which is a well-known facility management group. Jon McIntire and I went back and met with the chief of police [in Uniondale, L.I.], we met with the guy in charge at the show, we met with the building people and the promoter there. And we said, 'Look, we're not anxious to come back here because we've had bad experiences in the past.' And they knew that; they acknowledged it.

"I really believe it will be improved, but at the same time, people can't go in there and expect it to be a free-for-all. When Jerry played there over the summer it went OK. There were 40 arrests, but that's an *average* at this point. We had good meetings with them and they seemed sincere. We'll see. It's as much on our audience as it is on the police to do the right thing. That's the way I see it."

In the case of Nassau, the Dead tried another experiment, which, as usual, raised the ire of many Deadheads. Mail-orders for tickets were only accepted from a relatively limited geographical area, in an effort to cut down on the usual flood of Deadheads who stay nearby overnight and give conservative townsfolk unwanted heartburn. Another variation on this theme is what we've been calling "guerrilla" shows — where the band announces it will play a facility a week or so in advance, and tickets are available only locally.

"I think it's a good alternative for places that are so volatile for us that's the only way we can go there," Cameron offers. "I'm hoping that people might pick up on the fact that the reason we don't announce the show and the reason tickets aren't available through the normal ways is we want to have a cool gig; we don't want problems. And if you don't have a ticket, don't come to the show. Hampton [last fall] was great. Hartford [this spring] will be harder to pull off successfully." (The Dead didn't help things by playing two of the best shows of 1989 at Hampton. Now the "guerrilla" show has attained a real mystique.)

Yes, these shows exclude a lot of people — tourheads mainly — who might want to be there, but I think the Dead should be applauded for at least trying a few creative options — for not simply giving up on a place like Hartford, and for giving Nassau another try after the debacle at Brendan Byrne. Because what's the alternative? No New York-area shows? *That* would go over really well.

Beyond these sorts of imaginative solutions, it's hard to see what the Dead can do on their end. They're already playing more stadium shows than most of us would like. And it's certainly not their job to police the Dead scene personally or to lay out some *Robert's Rules of Order* for Deadheads. No, much as we'd like the Dead to bail us out of this mess, the onus is still on all of us.

I think part of what we're all having to deal with in these troubled times is the long-standing myth that the people who attend Dead shows are a giant unified group, when in fact we are a rainbow of different people — and that includes selfish people, irresponsible people, people who don't care about so-called '60s values, people who just want to *party down*, "Deadiquette" be damned. A lot of these people won't respond to a well-worded suggestion from a concerned stranger, much less a flyer from the band. The "language" they understand is visible security.

Cops and rules are anathema to most of us, but if we're thoughtful and discreet and we treat others with respect, it shouldn't be a problem; it shouldn't even be an issue. □

SET LISTS: QUAKE BENEFIT THROUGH MARDI GRAS



Airto joins the Rhythm Devils on New Year's Eve. Photo: Ron Delany

All the reviews this time are by BJ.

THE QUAKE BENEFIT

This show was one of several Bay Area concerts by different bands designed to raise money for earthquake relief following the devastating October 17 temblor. But leave it to the Grateful Dead to *not* play "California Earthquake" at the one show where it might have had real emotional resonance with the crowd hearing it (hey, guys, we're the ones who lived through it, remember?). Not to mention all the other old tunes they had introduced back East on the fall tour but ignored this evening — what more appropriate occasion did they need to play "Help on the Way"?

That may be an unfair rag on the band, because the show they did play was filled with exciting and unpredictable twists and turns. In the first set, the version of "Victim" was definitely the longest, weirdest and most deafening I'd ever heard; most of it sounded like barely controlled chaos. In the second set, there were a couple of strange curveballs — the first being the abrupt transition from a truly great "Scarlet" into "Sugar Magnolia." Things got stranger still, though, when the band cut off "Sugar Mag" after "take me out and and I walk around" and went immediately into "Ship of Fools" instead of playing the instrumental jam. They executed the move pretty well, but it was a bad call in my judgement — talk about *Maqus interruptus*!

My personal highlights this show were the long jam following "Terrapin," which was loaded with some amazing MIDI sounds flowing on a host of different melodic streams; and "Standing on the Moon," which built to a "Dew"-like catharsis that absolutely stands as one of the most moving passages of music I heard all year. Clarence Clemons was onstage the whole second set but added little but a visual distraction — except on "Standing on the Moon," which definitely gained from his R&B touch.

12/6/89, Oakland Coliseum Arena, Oakland, CA
Shakedown Street, Walkin' Blues, Friend of the Devil, Queen Jane Approximately, Jackaroe, Just a Little Light, Victim or the Crime, Don't Ease Me In

Scarlet Begonias ➧ Sugar Magnolia ➧ Ship of Fools, Terrapin ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Standing on the Moon ➧ Sunshine Daydream/Black Muddy River

(Clarence Clemons played on the entire second set)

THE FORUM

I was slimed! Yes, the first night of this run I was one of about a thousand

people who arrived at the Forum to find that they'd been sold obstructed seats. I guess our group had it pretty good — we could see the guitarists' feet; literally *hundreds* of people couldn't see the band *at all*. Have promoters gotten so greedy that they won't do the public the courtesy of checking with Healy & Co. to see which seats are going to be obstructed by the massive hanging p.a. before they sell the seats? That these seats were sold all three nights is nothing short of disgraceful; even the sound sucked. Naturally we moved, and so did a lot of other folks, making the floor extra-crowded as people fled their worthless seats. Alas, people don't seem to have much recourse in these situations.

Seats aside, I thought the first show was pretty good — well played for the most part, but lacking in real inspiration. My first "Help on the Way" in four years was a bit of disappointment — meandering and unfocused — though parts of the "Slipknot" and "Franklin's" were very well done. "The Other One" was the clear standout at this show; in places it reminded me of the red-hot Greek "Other One" last summer. Another treat was watching Dr. Timothy Leary dancing madly on the side of the stage during the second set, leading the crowd clapping and singing on "Throwing Stones-Not Fade Away." Looked like he got off *real* well! He was there Saturday, too.



At the Forum 12/10, the Boys are joined by Spencer Davis (L) and Bruce Hornsby. Photo: Alan Estrada

Saturday was the "space" show, with tons of jamming, all of it very purposeful. Garcia was having trouble with lyrics most of the second set, but the instrumental passages of *everything* seemed extra-special; and the actual "space" segment was one of the wildest I've heard in quite a while. I know I'm not the only one who thought of "Dark Star" at several points in the second set; 'twas not to be. Garcia's MIDI vocabulary is growing with each show, as is his ability to employ it in interesting ways. And Weir's playing was amazing all night. Of special note were the "Uncle John's" and "Playin' reprise." The show's ending seemed a bit abrupt, with just two songs after "space," but in general I felt it was a great concert.

Sunday was celebrity night in L.A., and I had a ball once again. Bruce Hornsby added his accordion to several songs during the evening — most notably "Sugaree" and "China Cat" — and also played piano on a couple of tunes, soloing nicely, and even singing a verse on "Good Lovin'"! Near the end of the first set, Spencer Davis, who'd played with the Dead at the Forum in February of '89, came out and led the band through a surprisingly good version of "C.C. Rider" before wrapping up the set with a blistering, nearly note-perfect version of the old Spencer Davis Group classic, "I'm a Man." I was amazed at how well the band played on it, from Phil's bass intro to Garcia's screaming lead. What a party! The whole pre-drums part of the second set was high-energy rock 'n' roll, with the "China Cat-Rider" a particular highlight. I like Hornsby's accordion and piano work a lot; it's obvious he's a Deadhead who understands the music.

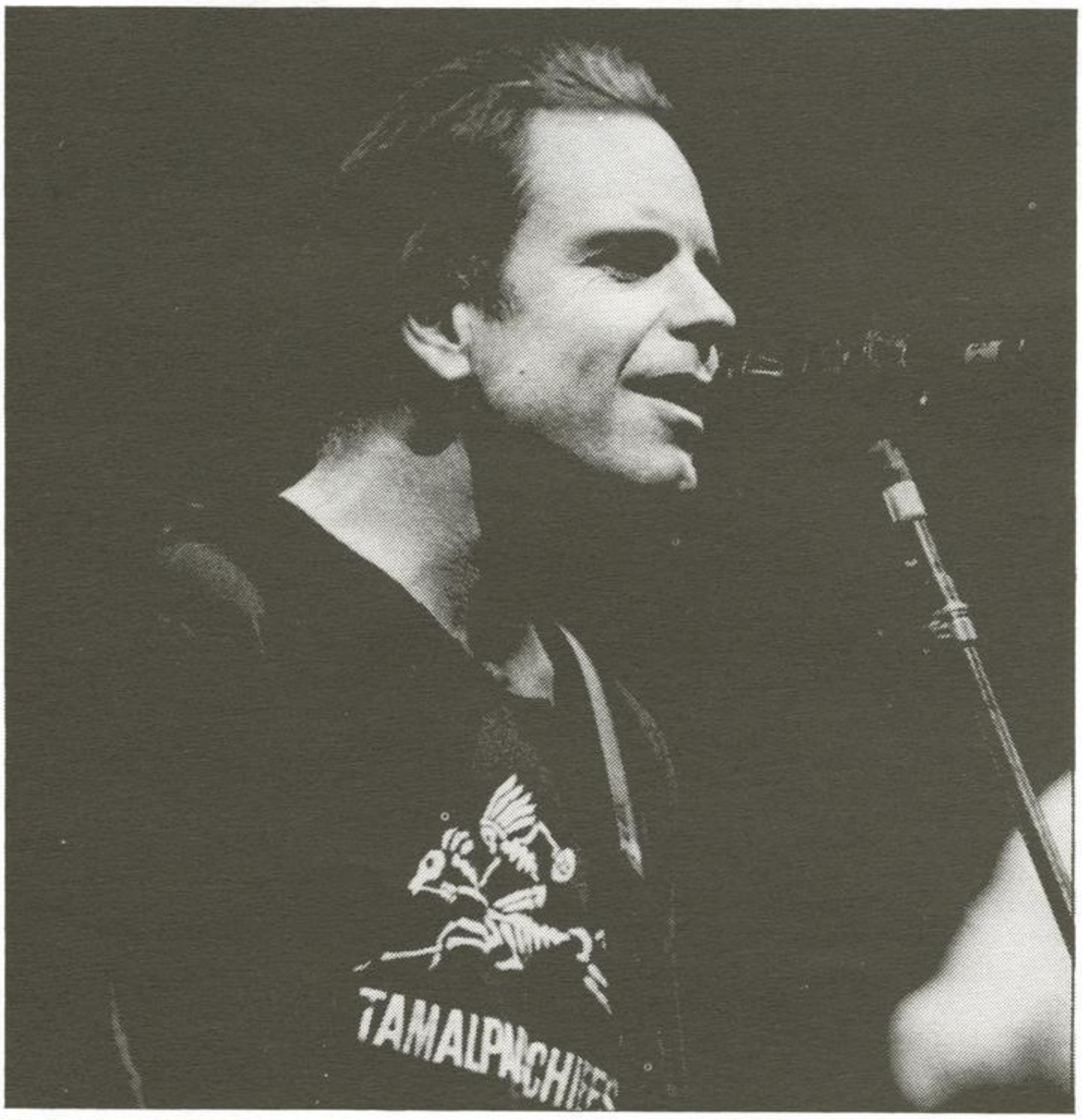


Photo: Ron Delany

12/8/89, The Forum, Inglewood, CA
Good Times, Feel Like a Stranger, Stagger Lee, Beat It On Down the Line, Ramble On Rose, Cassidy, Blow Away

Help on the Way ➧ Slipknot ➧ Franklin's Tower, Looks Like Rain, He's Gone ➧ jam ➧rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Will Take You Home ➧ The Other One ➧ Wharf Rat ➧Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away/U.S. Blues

12/9/89, The Forum
Touch of Grey, New Minglewood Blues, Row Jimmy, Mexicali Blues ➧ Cumberland Blues, Bird Song, Saturday Night

Foolish Heart ➧ Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ Crazy Fingers ➧ Uncle John's Band ➧ Playin' reprise ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Dear Mr. Fantasy ➧ Lovelight/ Knockin' on Heaven's Door

12/10/89, The Forum
Hell in a Bucket, Sugaree*, We Can Run, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Loser, Victim or the Crime, C.C. Rider†, I'm a Man†

Jack Straw ➧ China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Man Smart Woman Smarter ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Good Lovin'/Baby Blue

*With Bruce Hornsby
†With Spencer Davis and Bruce Hornsby

NEW YEAR'S

The band closed out the year and decade in high style at the Oakland Coliseum, with four shows that certainly gave me great hope for the future. The playing was crisp and energetic all four nights, and each show had its share of hot jamming. I really feel that '89 was the best year in Dead music since '85. The group is beginning to stretch out musically again, giving some of the old warhorses new life. But as Garcia has said, the band does need some new open-ended material.

The last few years, the first show of the New Year's run has been solid and spacey, and this year was no exception. The first set had mainly uptempo tunes performed with nearly manic intensity; Phil's confident and playful reading of "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues" was a kick. The second set was tremendous from beginning to end. The ubiquitous Clarence Clemons brought his honking sax work to the celebratory "Iko" opener, but things really took off after the Big Man left and the band rolled into "Playin' in the Band." This version went way out there, taking the MIDI road into deep space before settling back down to earth with a sparkling "Crazy Fingers," followed by a very strong "Uncle John's." This combo has become positively commonplace, but I never tire of it, and these versions were close to flawless. In the post-drums segment, the "Morning Dew" was notable for having a longer than usual middle jam. However, Garcia blew out a speaker, mitigating the power of the ending jam. Try as he might, Brent couldn't quite approximate that closing guitar crescendo on a B-3.

The energy in the hall for the first half of the December 28th show seemed sort of frenetic and diffused to me, more like the first show of a run than the second. With the exception of "Dire Wolf," which was peppy and fun, and "Let It Grow," the set seemed like *Dead ordinaire*. I thought Brent seemed off his game the whole night; "Just a Little Light" was inept. For me, the show really caught fire with the fine "Eyes of the World" in the middle of the second set. It was slower than some of the recent versions I'd heard, and I was happy to see Mickey laying off the beat a bit for a change, letting the guitarists carry the rhythm. The version of "Gimme Some Lovin'" that came out of "space" was the best I'd heard in ages, and "Stella Blue" was *painfully* beautiful, with a lovely final jam.

The conventional wisdom in Deadhead-dom seems to be that the 30th is usually the hottest show in a

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New Year's run. Certainly this one was an absolute monster from beginning to end. The band hadn't opened a show with the combo of "Bertha" and "Good Lovin'" since '78, and though the latter tune sort of petered out prematurely, an excellent "Sugaree" followed. I'd also single out the version of "West L.A. Fadeaway" (rasty and raw) and "The Music Never Stopped" for special mention.

The second set opened with the same "Jack Straw" ➧ "China Cat-Rider" sequence the band whipped out in L.A. earlier in the month, and once again it was winner. The "Estimated" was the best I saw in '89, with some exciting MIDI flute in the jam. Airto was on hand helping out on percussion for most of the show, and he took over what became a very tribal-sounding Rhythm Devils jam. His vocalizations — laughing, chanting, singing — were absolutely spellbinding. In the post-drums, "The Other One" got another vigorous extended workout (also aided by MIDI effects), and "Standing on the Moon" proved an imaginative alternative to the usual "Wharf Rat." Just a great show, down to the last chords of "Baby Blue."

Ah yes, and then there was New Year's Eve. Outside it was chaotic and ugly as the ticketless masses became increasingly pushy and desperate about finding that miracle ticket. Call me insensitive, but frankly I wish these people would just stay the hell at home. It's gotten very weird out there before high-demand shows, and I can't say I was surprised to hear there was a mass gate-crashing incident later on that night. These people have become, as Garcia labeled the scene-spongers who helped spoil the Haight, "drag energy."

Inside, it seemed surprisingly calm, considering it was New Year's — maybe because the first three shows were so good, some of the usual pressure was off. Having two good opening bands certainly helped, too. The New Grass Revival, an acoustic string band from Nashville, got things started with a sterling performance of country tunes that showed a lot of spunk and virtuosity. Then Bonnie Raitt and her band played what I felt was the best New Year's Eve opening set since the Nevilles in '85. Bonnie's singing and slide playing were sublime; more than anyone else in music, she is the embodiment of the late Lowell George's legacy. It's been such a thrill to see this great artist finally getting wide-scale recognition. And the Deadheads gave her a hero's reception.

Before the Dead's set there was much buzzing about tunes the band had played back East but not in Northern California — "Dark Star," "Attics" and "Help on the Way" — so anticipation was running high. None of those songs materialized in the first set, but the band hit the stage running, opening with the three songs that had kicked off the midnight set last year — "Sugar Magnolia," "Touch of Grey" and "Man Smart Woman Smarter." Sure was great to hear that last song in the first set for a change! Then Bonnie Raitt came out to lend her impeccable slide chops to a rousing rendition of "Big Boss Man," as Garcia beamed at her the entire song. The last surprise was a chunky "Shakedown Street" to end the set.

Bill Graham's New Year's entrance before the second set was typically spectacular and chaotic, though frankly I had a little trouble getting into the concept this year. As midnight approached, a gargantuan glowing egg appeared in a "nest" on a platform at the back of the floor. The band was onstage playing some wild "space" music dominated by Mickey's electronics. Suddenly fireworks exploded in the hall and Graham descended from the ceiling, dressed in a colorful chicken suit, and crashed into the egg.

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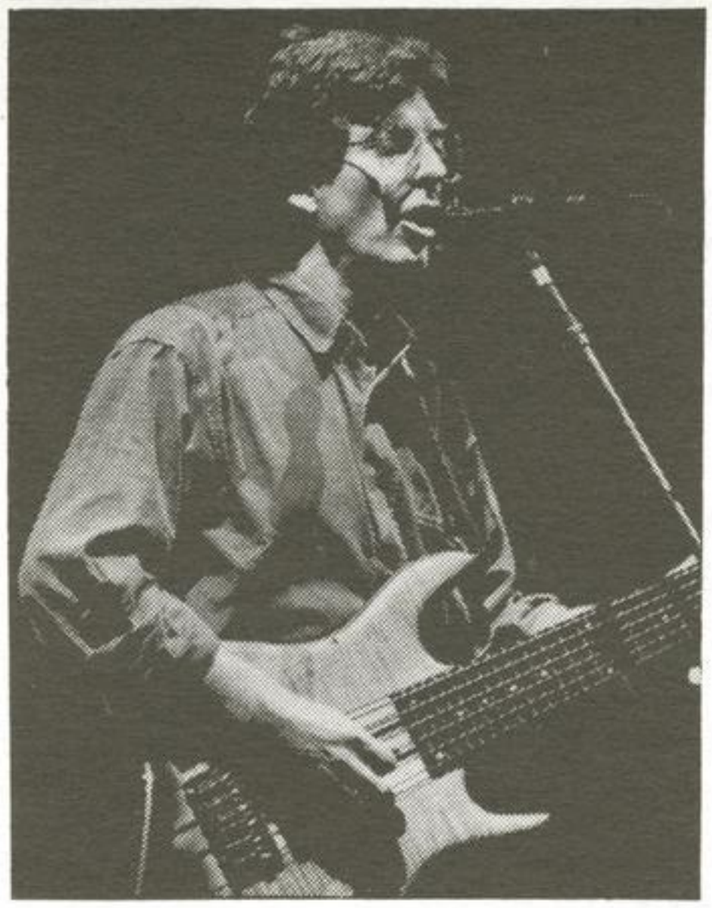
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He emerged from the hole flinging hundreds of flowers to the crowd, as the egg and nest (now also shooting fireworks) made its slow trip from the back of the hall to the stage. At midnight, the New Year's chicken (?) climbed out of the egg and a diapered New Year's "baby" popped out of a hole in the side of the egg as balloons fell, everyone went nuts, and the band kicked rather anemically into the only tune they repeated over the four nights — "Iko-Iko." So many other songs — from "Scarlet" to "Help on the Way" — would have been more appropriate choices in my view, but then I don't get a vote.

After "Iko," the houselights went down again and Bob, with a glint in his eye and a sly grin, stepped to the mike and said, "My buddy over here tells me it's the beginning of a new dickhead — I mean *decade*!" and led the band into "Victim or the Crime." People were bumming left and right over this development, but for a change I got off on it. It was so out of left field, such a brutal New Year's gesture, so unmistakably *Bob* in every way, I appreciated the perverseness of the move. The jam at the end was skull-splitting and completely weird. I was high and completely disoriented, so that when the music then fell into the



During "Tom Thumb's Blues" 12/27. Photo: Ron Delany

warm opening riff of "Dark Star," it felt like an incredibly joyous relief! What a great, magical moment! Happy New Year, indeed!

This "Dark Star" reminded me a bit of the Brendan Byrne version — fast and churning, with some very exciting MIDI explorations off the main theme, and a propulsive rhythm that kept moving forward for most of its 14-plus minutes. As the band played, the stage was pitch black save for some deep purple and blue spots on the individual bandmembers. I was only about 20 feet from the stage, and the lighting was so saturated even at that distance human forms looked like melting lumps of color. Garcia sang only one verse in this version (not unprecedented by any means; check out 4/26/71 and 1/10/79, among others) but I thought it was all fantastic — everything I wanted "Dark Star" to be. Airto's presence on percussion again kept the mystery high during the Rhythm Devils music that followed. That guy has got the *mojo* in spades.

I enjoyed the rest of the set, too, even if the "Throwing Stones-Not Fade Away" ending was a foregone conclusion. The encore of "Brokedown" into "Sunshine Daydream" was a great touch, and though the band was obviously tired (so was I) by the time they came out for a second encore of "Midnight Hour," I appreciated the fact that they bowed to our delirious cheers. Some people trashed this show; I'm sorry they didn't hear the same one I did.

12/27/89, Oakland Coliseum Arena, Oakland, CA
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Ever Told, Good Times Blues, Althea, Me & My Uncle ➧ Big River, Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues, Bird Song, Promised Land

Iko-Iko*, Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ space ➧ Crazy Fingers ➧ Uncle John's Band ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Morning Dew*/Johnny B. Goode* ➧ Black Muddy River*

*With Clarence Clemons

12/28/89, Oakland Coliseum
Good Times, Feel Like a Stranger, Dire Wolf, Little Red Rooster, Ramble On Rose, Queen Jane Approximately, Just a Little Light, Let It Grow

Foolish Heart, Looks Like Rain ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ Watchtower ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Lovelight/U.S. Blues

12/30/89, Oakland Coliseum
Bertha ➧ Good Lovin' ➧ Sugaree, Walkin' Blues, Jackaroe, When I Paint My Masterpiece, West L.A. Fadeaway, Music Never Stopped

Jack Straw, China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Estimated Prophet ➧ Terrapin ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ Other One space ➧ I Will Take You Home ➧ The Other One ➧ Standing on the Moon ➧ Saturday Night/Baby Blue

Airto played percussion most of the night

12/31/89, Oakland Coliseum
Sugar Magnolia ➧ Touch of Grey ➧ Man Smart Woman Smarter, Big Boss Man*, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Shakedown Street

Space (New Year's Entrance) ➧ Iko-Iko, Victim or the Crime ➧ Dark Star ➧ rhythm devils† ➧ space ➧ Dear Mr. Fantasy ➧ Hey Jude Coda ➧ Goin' Down the Road ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away/Brokedown Palace ➧ Sunshine Daydream/Midnight Hour

*Bonnie Raitt on slide guitar
†Airto on percussion

MARDI GRAS

The band looked happy and relaxed as they took the stage at the Oakland Coliseum for their first shows of the 1990s. It was obvious from how well they played right from the start that they'd rehearsed, too. Midway through the first set opening night they dazzled the crowd by unveiling a new cover tune — the classic Stones rocker "The Last Time" (see "Roots"), with Garcia and Weir singing lead in unison. The arrangement they've worked out is good 'n' chunky — faithful to the original (though a little slower) but still un-

mistakably Grateful Dead. From Garcia's solo on, the song built a relentless momentum that carried through a long ending vocal rave-up by Weir. Another standout was the long, blistering "Deal" that closed the set; this one had some of the character of the Garcia Band's treatments of that tune.

The second set was loaded with interesting little wrinkles that transformed a familiar array of tunes into something quite special. There was Garcia's MIDI work in the jam after "Estimated," complemented nicely by Brent's jazzy keyboard splashes; a beautiful little melodic passage after "The Wheel" that sounded completely *new*; Garcia's manic strumming at the close of "Gimme Some Lovin'"; a version of "Wharf Rat" that definitely went into some unfamiliar spaces during its amazing middle jam, with Garcia unleashing slashing counterrhythms in a wash of feedback and lightning clusters of notes; and a "Heaven's Door" encore that was as sparse and airy as "Wharf Rat" was noisy and intense. In fact, from "Estimated" on, the band could do no wrong.

Night Two's festivities began with a terrific opening set by the Balafon Marimba Ensemble, a nine-piece group from Oregon who have been described as protegés of Mickey Hart. I can see why: their mixture of balafons, marimbas and percussion recalls the melodic side of Hart's old Diga Rhythm Band, and, of course, the balafon was an integral part of many Rhythm Devils jams in the mid-'80s. The ensemble's repertoire consisted mainly of intricate, uptempo instrumental compositions from places like Zimbabwe (two pieces by Thomas Mapfumo), Trinidad and Brazil. The buoyant and hypnotic patterns set up by the young, energetic musicians had many in the crowd moving for the entire 60-minute set, and it certainly got me smiling. The music served as a fine reminder that while it was Mardi Gras in New Orleans, it was *Carnaval* in other parts of the world.

For me, the high point of the Dead's first set that night was non-musical. After the crowd began a "We want Phil" chant, Garcia stepped to the mike and suggested that if we all said "Please, Phil," it might be more effective. We obliged, of course, and then Phil stepped up to his mike and said, "I can't hear you!" and the cry was returned again. After a third shouted plea, he coyly replied: "Not now, I'm not in the mood." Next, Weir pumped up the crowd with an exhortation straight off James Brown's *Live at the Apollo Theater:* "Are you ready for STAR TIME? [the crowd roars] ARE YOU READY FOR STAR TIME?" [more roars] In the end we got our "Tom Thumb's," and even if it was no great shakes, getting there was half the fun. Tops in the first set were "Ramble On Rose" and "The Music Never Stopped."

Phil played an absolutely incredible second set, dominating nearly every tune with his deft fingering. It was Phil and Weir who kept the jam between "Scarlet" and "Fire" moving while Garcia was having troubles with his guitar, and then during the "Fire" itself he kept the groove thundering the entire song. Phil was in control of the extended "Playin'" jam, too, while Garcia continued to struggle with his MIDI equipment. (Remember the old days when it was Weir who always messed with his equipment? These days it's Garcia who seems bedeviled by his new techno-toys.) Even though they played a number of my favorite tunes and there were many unusual jams in the second set, it didn't hang together that well in my view, and I actually preferred the rough-hewn but inspired quality of the first show more.

On Fat Tuesday, a.k.a. Mardi Gras, the evening started with a dynamite set by a Lafayette, Louisiana, Cajun band called Beausoleil, featuring

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Michael Doucet on fiddle. This group has had a strong following in the Bay Area for many years, and they play here often, but this was my first time seeing them. Boy, was I knocked out! Unlike most zydeco bands I've seen, which favor the accordion and electric guitar as the primary lead instruments, Beausoleil is an amplified acoustic band (except for the electric bass). Doucet's fiddle provides most of the leads; it's augmented by accordion and acoustic guitar for solos, along with two drummers and a banjo player who plays so percussively he sounds like a cross between a rhythm guitarist and a washboard player. Their repertoire blends traditional Cajun waltzes and fast dance tunes (all in French) with a few nuggets of Cajunized rock 'n' roll, including a medley that included both "Not Fade Away" and "Iko-Iko" and a raucous version of "Louie Louie" in French! This is definitely a band I'll go see again.

I sometimes feel that the presence of a good, well-received opening band gives the Dead a little kick in the pants to play harder. Well, whatever the reason, the Dead came out crankin' on Mardi Gras and never let up. In terms of actual execution, I thought this was the most consistent of the three shows. The first set was brimming with hot jams — in "Feel Like a Stranger," "Sugaree," the end of "Mississippi Half-Step," "Bird Song" and, most of all, "Victim or the Crime," which, like other recent versions, went so far afield from the main song it was like getting a short "space" segment in the heart of the first set.

Once again, Bill Graham's crew put together a Mardi Gras parade to open the second set, and this year they really outdid themselves. Not only did this surpass all their previous Mardi Gras fetes, it topped any New Year's I've been to! This was a visual orgy of such magnitude, words and photos can't possibly do justice to its scope.

So how do I explain it? Well, first picture Mickey, Billy and the drummers from Beausoleil pounding out a solid Mardi Gras beat. Then, from the back of the hall the procession emerged and began making its way slowly through the crowd toward the stage. Leading the parade were giant-headed, uniformed Joe Montana and Jerry Rice characters (the Bay Area's Superbowl heroes), riding atop a huge San Francisco 49ers helmet and hurling flowers into the crowd. The many (15?) floats included: a moving Berlin Wall, with celebrants throwing giant cardboard "bricks" into the throng; nymphs and satyrs; the King of Hearts and his court; scantily clad *Carnaval* ladies; and a wondrous train engine chugging its way to "Terrapin Station." The giant papier-mâché heads of the Dead members, repainted in splendiferous Mardi Gras colors, danced amid the caravan. Floating *above* the revelers were such mind-boggling sights as a winged eyeball made entirely of helium balloons; a balloon rainbow; a balloon cloud with tinsel rain and a big lightning bolt shooting out of the bottom; a balloon devil with pitchfork; and a "flying" bayou alligator that must have measured 15 feet long. A 20-foot jester puppet with moving arms and legs did a happy, jerky dance that reminded me of the Scarecrow from the *The Wizard of Oz*. The real mind-blower, though, was a fantastic 35-foot skeleton that rose from the soundboard and "danced" in perfect time above the crowd for the entire second half of the parade. There was so much going on it was really impossible to take it all in. Even though the parade passed within 15 feet of me, I couldn't absorb all the details. Each person I've talked to about it has told me about a different thing I *didn't* see at the time.

The most amazing aspect of all of this is that most of the floats and airborne fantasies were created by Deadheads who answered a call on the Hotline to get involved with the parade. The skeleton was made and operated by some Heads from Bolinas, north of SF; the jester was put together by some of the same Hog Farm folks who made the Chinese New Year's dragon; and so on down the line, with supervision and technical support by Peter Barsotti's troops at BGP. It was all quite incredible, and everyone involved (including the squished crowd on the floor) deserves a big round of applause for pulling it off so smoothly.

Oh yeah, the music was cool, too. The Dead, joined by Michael Doucet and some of his band, tore through "Iko" while all this craziness was going on, with Garcia, Brent and Doucet leading the charge. After the parade had returned to the bowels of the Coliseum (save for the balloon clouds-with-lightning bolt, which found a home above the taper's section in the back), Doucet and company stayed on for a bopping version of "Man Smart Woman Smarter" before surrendering the stage to the Dead for the remainder of the evening. The rest of the show was very well played, especially the rarely performed "Spoonful" and a powerful "Morning Dew," which spilled out of "The Other One."

Yep, looks like it's going to be another wild year with the good ol' Grateful Dead.

2/25/90, Oakland Coliseum Arena, Oakland, CA
Touch of Grey ➧ Greatest Story, Jackaroe, Little Red Rooster, Stagger Lee, Queen Jane, The Last Time, Cassidy, Deal

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Just a Little Light ➧ Estimated Prophet ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Sugar Magnolia/Knockin' on Heaven's Door

2/26/90, Oakland Coliseum
Hell in a Bucket, Peggy-O, Walkin' Blues, Ramble On Rose, Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues, Music Never Stopped ➧ Don't Ease Me In

Scarlet Begonias ➧ Fire on the Mountain, Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Lovelight/ Baby Blue

2/27/90 (Mardi Gras!), Oakland, Coliseum
Good Time, Feel Like a Stranger, Sugaree, Victim or the Crime, Mississippi Half-Step, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Bird Song

Mardi Gras Parade Drums!* ➧ Iko-Iko* ➧ Man Smart Woman Smarter,* Standing on the Moon, Truckin' ➧ Spoonful ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Morning Dew ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away/We Bid You Goodnight

*With Michael Doucet and Beausoleil



Michael Doucet added hot fiddle to "Iko." Photo: Ron Delany



"Jerry Rice" leads the parade. Photo: Bruce Polonsky

LAISSE LES BONS TEMPS ROULER!

Mardi Gras '90

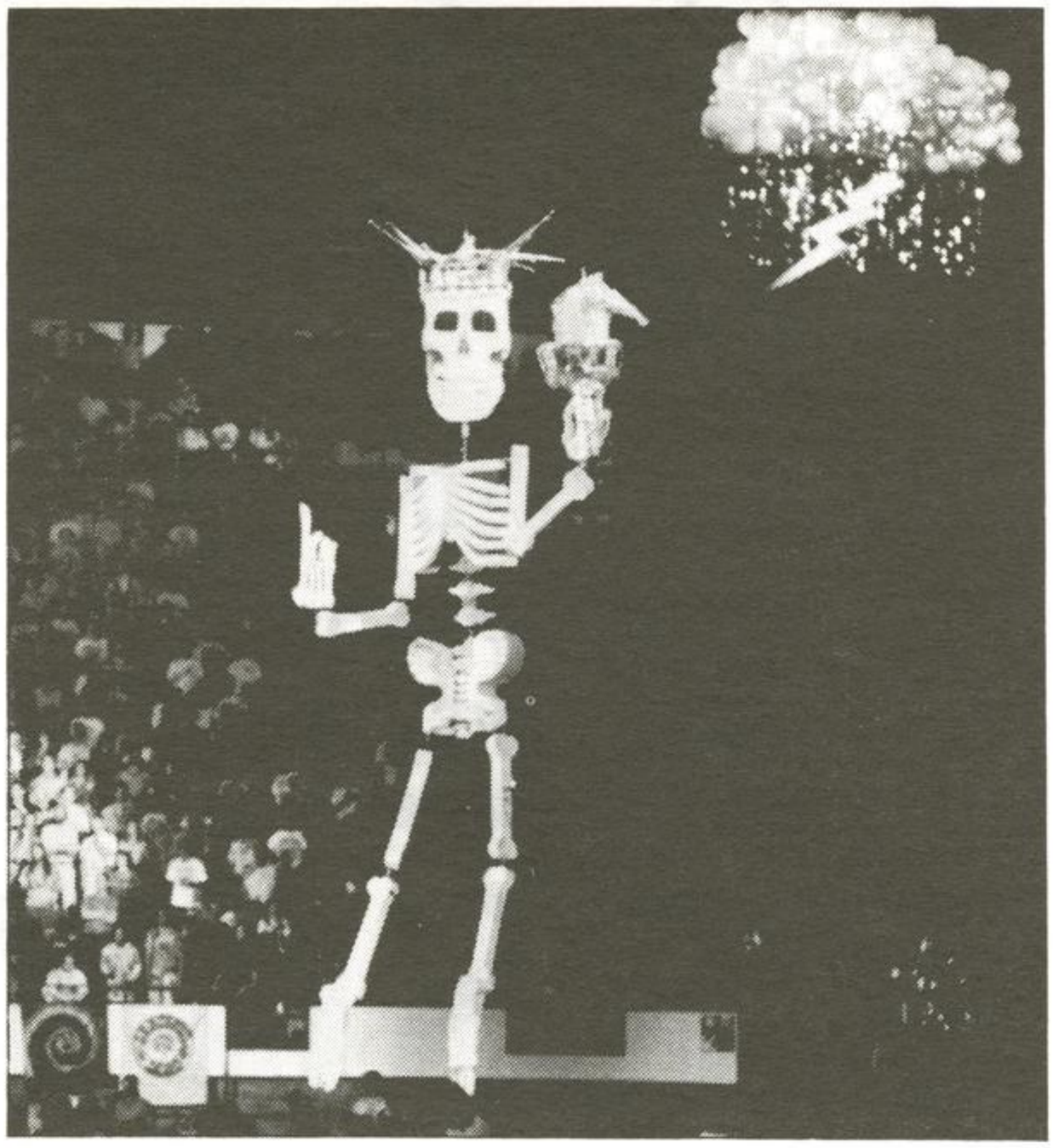


Photo: Ron Delany



Photo: Ron Delany

Back on The Bus with KEN KESEY

Resurrecting the Spirit of Neal Cassady and the Acid Tests

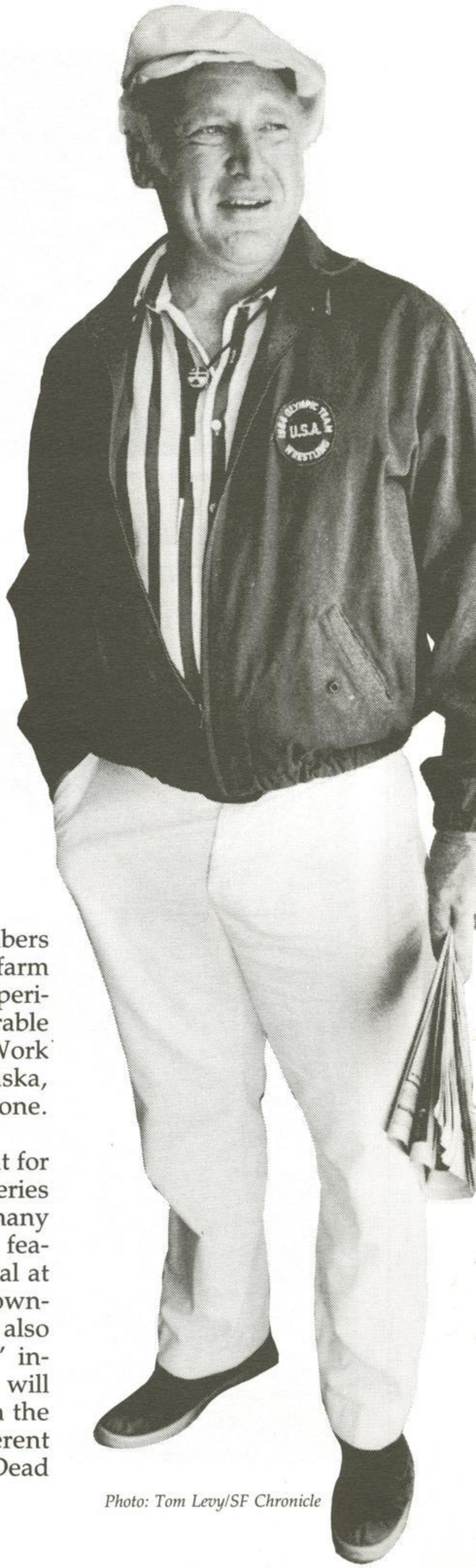


Photo: Tom Levy/SF Chronicle

These are busy days for Ken Kesey. Various members of the press have descended upon his Oregon farm this winter to interview him about *Caverns,* an experimental novel written by Kesey's students (with considerable help from the Master himself) in a writing workshop. Work continues apace on his long-awaited epic novel about Alaska, though no publication date has been forecast on that one. And of course there are always the cows to feed.

There's also been a flurry of activity on the video front for Kesey. His Key-Z Productions has begun marketing a series of videotapes that will undoubtedly be of interest to many Deadheads. One is centered around Neal Cassady and features never-before-seen footage of vintage Cowboy Neal at the wheel and in other situations — rapping, dancing, clowning and generally being wise, crazy and inscrutable. It also includes some rare film nuggets from the Pranksters' infamous cross-country trip in '64. The other video that will fascinate Deadheads is a just-completed assemblage on the Acid Tests, featuring amazing visuals of several different Acid Tests, and a soundtrack dominated by Grateful Dead music from the Tests.

For years, Tom Wolfe's *Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* offered us our only real glimpse into this formative stage of psychedelic culture. But now these videos — rough, crude and scattered though they may be — give us fleeting visions of that magic time. The quality of both tapes is very erratic (some jumpy footage, weird editing, etc.) but watching them I felt like I was finally being let into a world I'd wondered about for many years. This is history, folks — our collective history.

Kesey also has a number of other videos available — mainly culled from live appearances he's made in recent years — but when we spoke one afternoon in mid-February, our talk focused on the Cassady and Acid Tests videos, and an exciting book due this fall from Viking Press.



What made this the right time to dig up and release all this old footage?

Viking [Press] discovered this screenplay I'd written 12 years ago called *The Further Inquiry*. Some young Deadhead who worked there ran across it in the bottom of a box and wondered why it had never been published. I'd sent it to an editor there 12 years ago and he wasn't really interested in it. Then he moved from Viking and I just never heard anything about it again, so I assumed they didn't think it was worth messin' with.

What's the nature of the screenplay?

It's designed to use the old footage. It was done so that a trial of Neal Cassady takes place in this sort of Kafkaesque limbo in which his spirit is on trial. The witnesses are the people who were on the Bus trip. We went around and interviewed all these people extensively and then typed up the transcripts. So these are actual interviews, as if the people are being questioned and cross-examined by what I call the Defender and the Opposer. One is trying to send Cassady's spirit to hell, and the other is trying to save him.

What's the accusation?

Well, whether he was a good guy or a bad guy. Was his influence on the youth of the nation a beneficial one or a wicked one? I try to keep it fair, although obviously I believe he was a good guy.

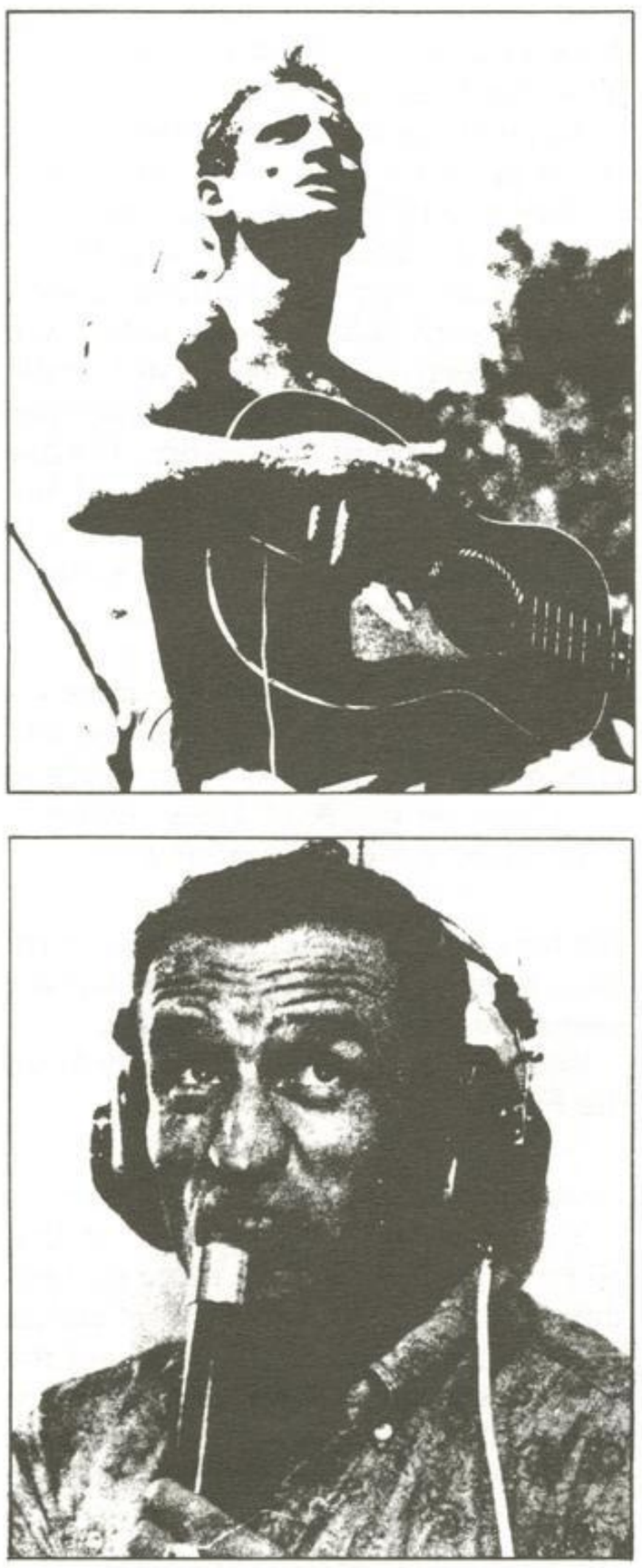
The way the screenplay works is that when someone speaks about something on the Bus trip, we're able to cut to footage of the actual trip. My theory was that by building a framework around these old movies, it could get into theaters and people wouldn't get joggled to death by that bouncy old 16mm footage.

It's a decent screenplay, actually. I'd completely forgotten about it until it came up again. Now Viking is making a big deal over it — sending it away to be printed in Italy and all. It's filled with pictures all the way through, so it should look great. So it'll be a book first and then, we hope, a movie. There are some people who have already expressed interest in producing it. And the guy the screenplay is going to first is David Byrne.

That's interesting. What's Byrne's knowledge of or interest in Cassady?

David Byrne and his whole troupe came by the farm a couple of years ago on their bus, and I was most impressed with him. He helped feed the cows with me, and the whole crew was out there waddling around in the mud. We had a great time.

He's a lot like Cassady in some ways. He's got that sort of nonstop energy. There's no sense of him taking a vacation or sitting back and letting things go. He's always right out there, full of energy. He even looks a little like Cassady in his younger time.



Devil or angel? The Neal Cassady question. Photos courtesy of Ken Babbs

I gave them a couple of audio tapes of Cassady when they left, and then he came and saw the *Still Kesey* show [Kesey's *Demon Box* reading/performance] in New York and seemed interested in that. I don't know . . . I think this thing [*The Further Inquiry*] is right up his alley.

I think stuff that wouldn't have found an audience ten years ago now is of interest to more people. Have you seen that movie *Roger & Me*?

Yeah, I loved it.

Me too. I don't think ten years ago it would've gone over. I think today people are more ready for *real* stuff. I obviously would've liked *The Further Inquiry* to come out 12 years ago, because that's when I was working on it, and because there's a lot of other things I want to do. But there's an old jazz expression: "They didn't have eyes." If people don't have eyes for it, you can't make 'em see it. And there seem to be more eyes for it now.

There's been such a spell of '60s bashing that we've gone through with these goddamn Republicans, I feel it's time somebody got up there and defended 'em, or at least told some truths about 'em. Everybody's trying to blame the woes of the world on what we did in the '60s. It's like the loggers trying to blame the ecologists for the trees they cut down.

What do you think Republicans will make of the Cassady video?

Well, at any given time in history there are going to be more dumb people than smart people.

So all this got you prying into the film archives again?

Yeah. And I saw that the way to do it wasn't to deal with the damn 16mm footage, but to put it on High 8 digital. That gives us the advantage of being able to go back and add a stereo soundtrack on some of that old footage.

How have the films been stored through the years?

The originals are in a vault in L.A., untouched. The videos are made from the work prints, some of which had been cut up, and some are really scratchy. But we've had the good sense to keep the originals stored well. The audio tapes were done originally on Nagras and really high quality Ampex tape recorders. So the bulk of it is really pretty good quality.

In the Cassady video, I love that black-and-white footage at the beginning, of Neal dancing and rapping in a small room. Where is that?

That was out in the back house [in

La Honda] where I wrote *Sometimes a Great Notion*. Isn't that stuff great?

The Cassady video doesn't offer anything in the way of explanation or even context, and I think that's going to confuse a lot of people who haven't heard him rap before, or only know a bit about him. This may sound like a silly question, but are there any tips you can give on how to listen to Neal? I'm afraid a lot of people will dismiss him, as many have, as just a crazy person. It's tough to pick up on his wavelength.

The only thing I can really say is that everybody who ever knew him was tremendously influenced and affected by him. People from all sorts of stations in life — from Stewart Brand to Garcia to Kerouac to Ginsberg to Burroughs to strange little teenage girls who had never read a book — were all very affected by him, and that in itself should say to people, "Pay attention to this guy. There's more going on than you get in the first glimpse." It takes a bit of study.

Do you feel that the raps you present in the video — limited though they are — give a pretty good sense of the flavor of his character?

I think the whole key is that you've got to see him *move*. I think the way he jerked and moved his stomach and his torso and his legs ... This is a guy who had designed his own aerobics — mental and spiritual and physical, and he was working at the fullest of his ability all the time. We've all heard tapes of his raps and read transcripts of them and everything, but when people sit down and watch that Cassady in the back house footage and listen to his rap they always say the same thing: "Was he *really* like this? All the time?" Yes, he really was like this. It's hard for people to believe that somebody could *completely* do this.

He wasn't just some burned-out old speed freak. When you really listen to the stuff, he is making points that he continues to make over and over again. And one of the main points, I think, is that overcorrecting is where you get into trouble. If you're continually correcting, trying to adjust all the time, making those tiny little movements — correcting, correcting, correcting — you're going to be all right and you're always going to be moving. It's when you let your mind go lax for a while and then overcorrect ... We've had snow on the roads up here, and when you see cars in ditches, they're on the *other* side of the road in a ditch usually because the driver overcorrected from sliding one way. Cassady hammered at this theme and used it as a way of keeping himself spiritually in shape. When you're wrong, correct it immediately, because when you wait too long you overcorrect and that's when you get into trouble.

Did you have trouble relating to the fact that autos were his central metaphor?

No. To me, it was like a collage by one of the Dadaists of the '20s — Schwitters — or one of those Picasso pieces like "Guernica," which had the metaphor of the news and newspapers and the war. His continual use of that metaphor gave it a structure for his stuff to work around.

What can you tell me about the Acid Tests footage? Deadheads are going to love that stuff.

That's more stuff we've been sittin' on all these years that we're finally getting around to. You know, Zane [his son] sent a copy down to Bill Graham to show it at the Dead concert New Year's Eve. But Bill said it would cost too much to put up a screen there. Lord knows Bill's almost broke. [Laughs] I was disappointed, because it would've been perfect. It's 25 years since the Acid Tests and I think people would have liked seeing it there.

Anyway, we put out some fliers about it, and it turns out there is still a tremendous amount of interest in it; always has been. Until recently, it never really had the technical outlet. But now with video it works better. On a big screen the footage isn't really stable enough, but on video it becomes a different kind of experience. It's like you're looking into the past and not going to a theater to be entertained. It's almost like this is the Rosetta Stone that connects us with our psychedelic past.

The more we got into it, the more we realized we had enough footage and enough early Dead raw soundtrack to do a tape on the Acid Tests, which is what Zane has been working on.

The tape indicates that the visuals were from three different Acid Tests, but the sound was from somewhere else.

Kind of. The sound is mainly from the Fillmore Acid Test.

Does sound exist from the others?

Yeah, but I was riding herd on that Fillmore Acid Test, and there's something about the sound of it that makes it, to me, the best sound. You get the sense of the hall and this thing we used to do with the sound at the Acid Test which we called the figure-eight. By putting the Ampex tape recorder on "tape" instead of "input," you get a little lag on each channel. Then we'd put one speaker at one end of the hall and one at the other, and a microphone in front of each speaker so the sound would be going out of a speaker, into a microphone, back into the tape recorder, out of the tape recorder and into the other speaker, and so on, until the sound just washed around in the hall. Even when the Dead were playing through their own equipment, that sound was washing around in the hall. Nobody had ever heard anything like this — where they were part of the ambience of the sound; usually the audience is supposed to keep their mouths shut. I really think that Fillmore Acid Test was the first time people got the feeling their noises could be part of the music.

'There's been such a spell of '60s-bashing, it's time somebody told some truths about 'em. Everybody's trying to blame the woes of the world on what we did in the '60s.'

Who's that we see actually doing the sound at one point in the video?

Oh, that's [fellow Prankster Ken] Babbs. We were doing the sound for the Dead and us there.

I thought I saw Owsley in there, too.

Yeah, that's definitely Owsley. [Laughs] Did you see that scene in there where he's got this concerned look on his face, and then he goes up onstage and adjusts Garcia's guitar, during the music? You can see Garcia look at him funny as hell! [Laughs]

Have you gotten any input from the Dead about this project?

Over time, sure. I think they probably feel OK about it. They might think it's not up to their standards or something like that. But I'll tell you something: when they come around here, it's *always* what they want to listen to.



Kesey in jail for pot possession, 1967. Photo: SF Chronicle

They laugh about it and kid each other about it: about how Bill the Drummer's beat will change on it, or how Phil's bass is way out of tune. But they can see what's special about it, too. It's like a new tribe on a new seashore, and they're pounding on *new* drums. It's got that kind of excitement to it.

Have you ever seen a film that accurately captures what LSD is like?

No. Not really. Whenever people try to show it they get it wrong. I *have* seen stuff that didn't try to capture the LSD experience, that didn't know anything about it, but that really *did it* — like some Bergman films, or Fellini films, that give you that strange surreal and real view. I'll tell you a film that did it: *2001*. When we first saw that — with the strange wheeling things in outer space, the sense of being torn away from the Earth and away from your moorings — we thought that really captured some of the feeling.

The sense of both flow and disconnectedness at the same time.

Right. And it was so great how it juxtaposed the old classical music with the new stark hardware. It really put you in some interesting places.

What feeling do you think the Acid Test footage in the video transmits? The freshness of the scene? There really aren't any other good visual documents of that slice of history.

No, that's true. Well, everybody who's come up here to watch that stuff — like the class that we did the novel [*Caverns*] with — all make the point that for all these people doing the psychedelic dancing in the footage, there was absolutely nothing for them to base their dancing on. They're making it up right there in front of you. All those people there, high and dancing, had never seen anything like this before. Up until then, if you were going to a dance, you did what had been done before — you danced the jitterbug or the boogaloo or the mashed potato, or whatever was happening in the culture at the time. But when the Dead's sound started to spark that acid consciousness, the way people moved to music actually *changed*. It was absolutely new and spontaneously creative. I don't think that kind of movement had ever happened before. It's not like Krishnas. It's not like aborigines. It's not like Africans, really. It's its own thing.

You can tell something is happening just by looking at the people's faces in the film — the dancers and the people watching them. There's this funny scene with these guys who look like they just stepped in from the fraternity house. They're wearing cardigan sweaters and dress shirts, and they're trying to do the jerk to this incredibly weird music! They keep looking around as if they don't know quite where they are — whether they're making a spectacle of themselves or whether they're doing the right thing or what. And you can see on their faces the dawning consciousness of, "Hey, there may be more to life than what we're learning about in college." [Laughs]

I love all that footage in the Cassady video in which we see straight America seeing the Bus for the first time. It's interesting, because in '64 you folks didn't look that different from most people, except that you were riding in this completely bizarre vehicle.

That's right. All through this footage, as you look at people's faces encountering us or encountering the Bus, you don't see any hostility.

They didn't know to be afraid.

There was nothing to be afraid of. We weren't bringing anything to them that was a threat. We were just trying to show them that there was a way to enjoy yourself in America that was not the usual way. It hadn't been pigeonholed.

I think a lot of it had to do with the fact that it was 1964. We were traveling through Mississippi on that bus at the very time all that stuff in *Mississippi Burning* was going on. It didn't occur to us when we went to Lake Pontchartrain [in Louisiana] and went into the blacks-only section that we were doing something that *wasn't done*. We were just high on acid. We weren't trying to make any trouble. We were just having a good time.

What did the blacks think?

Well, at first they were upset about it, actually. But then we started playing James Brown & His Famous Flames off the top of the Bus, and they decided we were *all right*. [Laughs]

When we spoke a couple of years ago, you mentioned that somebody had acquired the rights to make a film of* The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test. *Whatever became of that project?

I never heard any more about it, but I keep getting calls about this movie *Flashback* that's got a bus called "Further" in it, and a barn with a star painted on it [like Kesey's]! I haven't seen it yet, but I will.

I sort of trust Dennis Hopper [star of *Flashback*] because he at least got out there and got his hands dirty. He reminds me a lot of Cassady every so often. You can see in him this wild thing that can come out.

Everybody wants to know a little bit more about what went on back in the '60s. I'm hoping some of the stuff we're doing — *The Further Inquiry*, the videos — will shed a little light. There's a lot of interest right now, so we'll see what happens. [Viking] even wants me to bring the Bus to some book fair in June!

That sounds like quite a task.

I know. Raising the Titanic might be easier. [Laughs] □

KISS '89 GOODBYE!

The year in review

My 20 Favorite Shows of 1989

Not the "best" necessarily, but a subjective list of ones that jumped out at me for one reason or another. I attended 28 shows this year, eight of which appear in the chronological list below. I heard the other ones on tape.

2/11 L.A. Forum
3/31 Greensboro
4/6 Ann Arbor
4/28 Irvine
6/19 Shoreline
7/6 Veteran's Stadium (Philly)
7/17 Alpine Valley
8/7 Cal Expo
8/9 Cal Expo
8/19 Greek
10/8 Hampton
10/9 Hampton
10/14 Brendan Byrne
10/16 Brendan Byrne
10/19 Spectrum
10/16 Miami
12/9 L.A. Forum
12/27 Oakland Col.
12/30 Oakland Col.
12/31 Oakland Col.

Song of the Year: "Dark Star." An obvious choice, I suppose, but all four versions were so wonderfully different from each other and weird in different ways. Let's hope it continues to pop up from time to time!

Best New Song: "Standing on the Moon"

Weakest New Song: "We Can Run"

Most Improved in '89: "Not Fade Away," "Victim or the Crime," "Truckin'"

Most Inconsistent Great Song: "The Wheel"

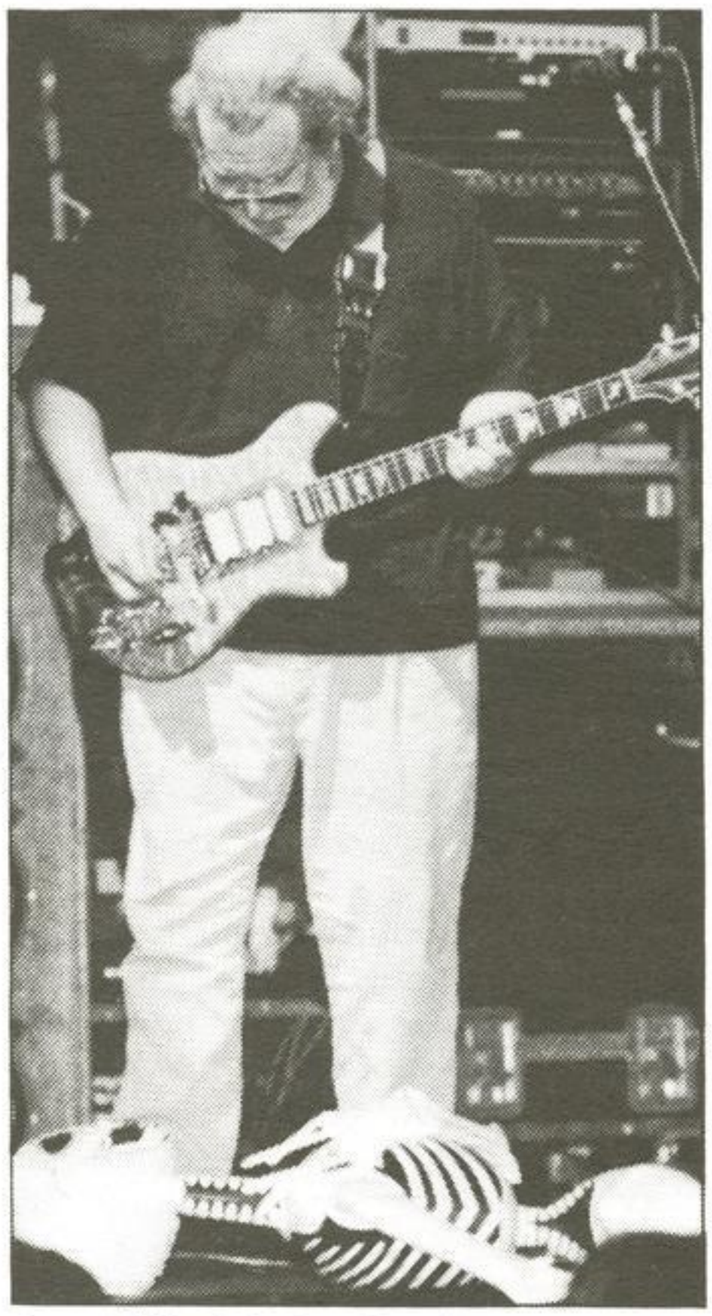
Overplayed in '89: "I Will Take You Home," "Wharf Rat," "Lovelight," "Don't Ease Me In," "I Need a Miracle," "Walkin' Blues," Bob's first-set Dylan repertoire, "Good Times"

Most Surprising Revival: "Death Don't Have No Mercy."

Most Surprising First-Set Openers: "Playin' in the Band" (Foxboro, 7/21); "Picasso Moon" (Brendan Byrne, 10/16)

Most Surprising Second-Set Openers: "Friend of the Devil" (also at Foxboro — great version, too); "Estimated Prophet" (Miami, 10/26)

Unsung Hero of the Year: Tech Wizard Bob Bralove, who's been working tirelessly to get the bandmembers up and running on their various MIDI systems. First it was Brent, Billy and Mickey in '87; then Weir in '88; and now Garcia and Lesh in '89. MIDI has opened up a brave new world of sound textures to the Dead. "Playin' in the Band" with Andean clay flute sounds? Yeaaaah!



Jerry & friend during "Death Don't Have No Mercy" at Philly. Photo: Scott Yobp

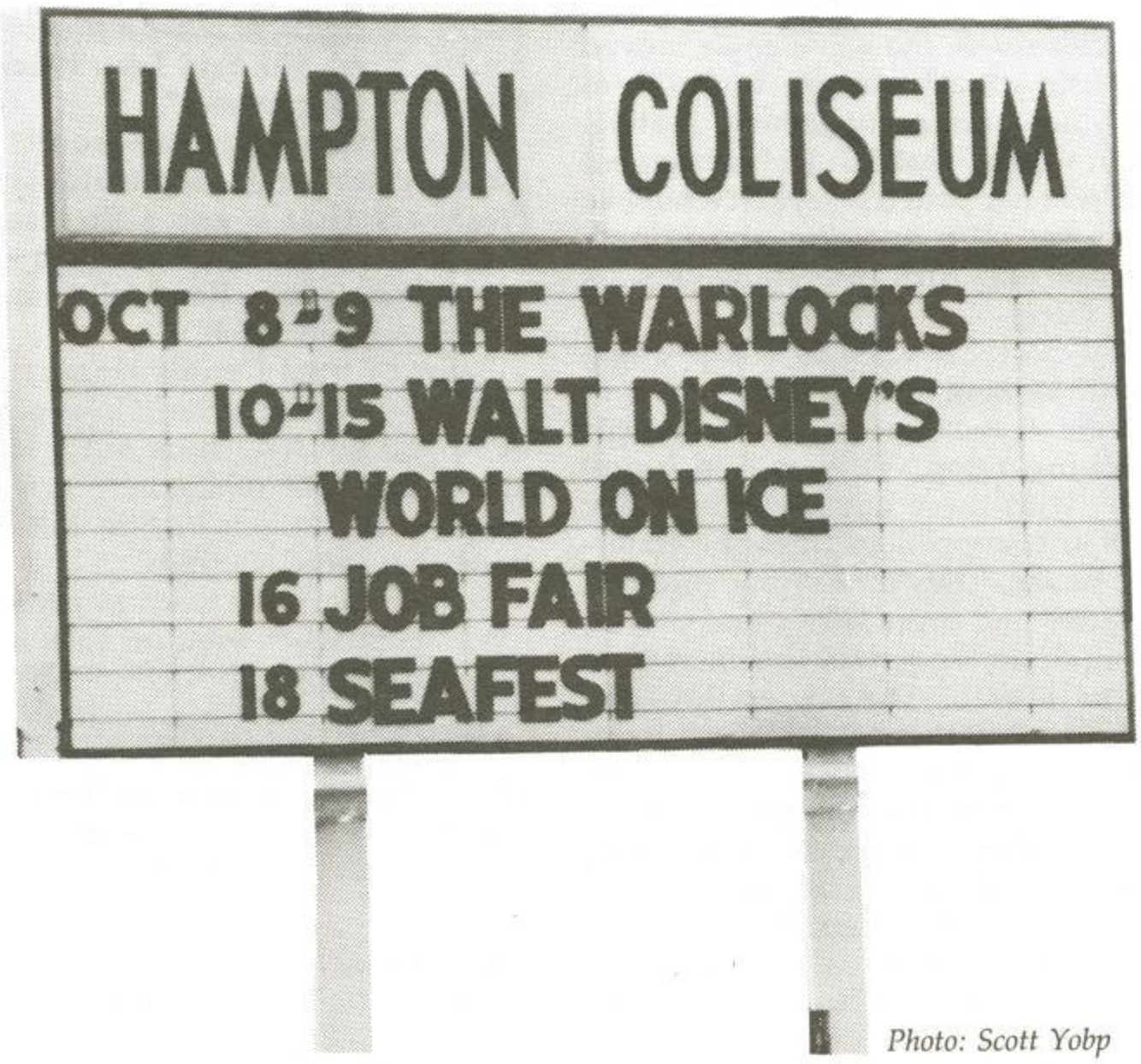


Photo: Scott Yobp

Best Kept Secret: The "Warlocks" gigs at Hampton, which were actually planned months in advance but never leaked

Five Cities The Warlocks *Didn't* Play, and When the Rumor Mill Said They Would: Boston (after Hampton), Oakland (Kaiser in November), Fort Lauderdale (after the Miami gig), Concord, CA (the Garcia Band's Halloween gig), Portland, OR (early December)

We Bet You Forgot This Even Came Out in '89: The Dylan/Dead album. It was supposed to be "historic," but it elicited more yawns than cheers from Deadheads and Dylan fans. Actually,

I liked most of it — especially "Slow Train."

Busts Are Us: Worst Cop/Security Scenes: Brendan Byrne, Pittsburgh, Irvine, Cincinnati

Most Popular New Venues Played: The Mecca in Milwaukee, Deer Creek in Indiana

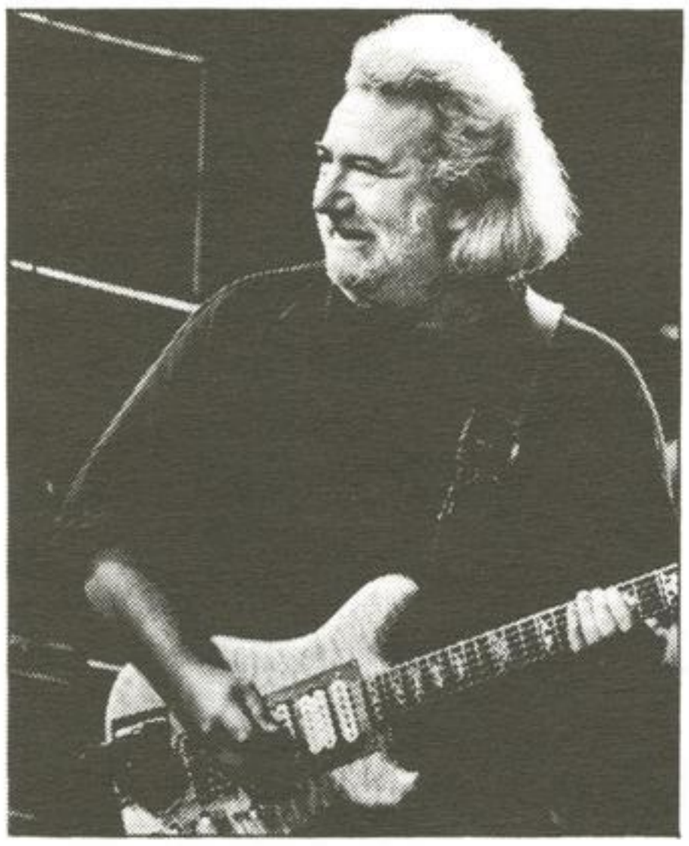
The Cecil B. DeMille Spectacle Award: The second Giants Stadium show, played in a thunder-and-lightning storm

The 1989 Special Merit Award: To the Garcia Band, which had a *sensational* year. With the welcome return of "Don't Let Go" and "Let's Spend the Night Together" (not to mention chestnuts like "That's What Love Will Make You Do" and "Second That Emotion") and the maturation of more recent tunes like "Waiting for a Miracle" (a real favorite of mine) and "It Stoned Me," the JGB's repertoire is the broadest and strongest it's been in years, and Garcia jams more in this band than in the Dead — no lie.

Weirdest Guest Appearance: Bob Dylan at the Dead's 2/12 L.A. Forum show. He played out-of-tune rhythm guitar on a few songs and barely sang at all. What a guy.

Wildest Guest Appearance: Airto, Flora Purim and their daughter Diana, who helped out on the Rhythm Devils part of the show at the L.A. Forum 2/11. Talk about primal music!

Coolest Guest Appearance: Spencer Davis leading the Boys through "I'm a Man" at the Forum December 10.



Look Ma, No Glasses: Garcia shocked everyone at the '89 New Year's run when he showed up wearing contact lenses. Alas, his New Look didn't last long. By the Mardi Gras shows he was back to his specs.



Anatomical rapper Brent Mydland in a quieter moment. Photo: Ron Delany

Most Disgusting Anatomical Metaphor of '89: Brent's call during his interminable "Blow Away" raps to jam our fists into our ribcages and take out our hearts. Or is it put our hearts into our ribcages and make them jails? Do we make a fist with our heart in it and then throw it in the air? I can't remember. Gee, this kind of talk makes me queasy.

Personal Disappointment of the Year: That the Dead failed to play either "Help on the Way" or "Attics of My Life" in Northern California

The Short Fuse Award: To Bob Weir, for kicking his equipment during the Dead's nationally telecast concert from Shoreline Amphitheater in June.

Best News in the Tape World: The introduction of reliable 100-minute cassettes . . . and the necessity to use them for several second sets this year!

BJ's 1989 Dream Show

None of this is completely out of the realm of possibility. Remember, the band even played "Help on the Way" in a first set in '89.

Help on the Way ➧ Slipknot ➧ Franklin's Tower (Spectrum 10/19), Looks Like Rain (Forum 12/9), Althea (Oakland 12/27), Victim or the Crime (Oakland 12/6) ➧ Bird Song (Shoreline 6/19), Let It Grow (Brendan Byrne 10/16) ➧ Deal (Cal Expo 8/7)

Scarlet Begonias ➧ Fire on the Mountain (Cal Expo 8/9), Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ (Oakland 12/27) ➧ Dark Star (Brendan Byrne 10/16) ➧ Standing on the Moon (Oakland 12/6) ➧ rhythm devils (Oakland 12/30) ➧ space ➧ The Other One (Greek 8/19) ➧ Dark Star reprise (Brendan Byrne 10/16) ➧ All Along the Watchtower (Shoreline 6/19) ➧ Morning Dew (Buffalo 7/4)

Encore 1: Foolish Heart (Greek 8/19) ➧ Attics of My Life (Hampton 10/9)
Encore 2: We Bid You Goodnight (Greek 8/18)

Wish? Did Somebody Say Wish?

My Big Hope for '90: A Great Live Album. A live LP is coming, so let's pray it's a good one.

Let's lay it on the line: The Dead haven't put out a live album of electric music worthy of their reputation since *Europe '72*. *Steal Your Face* was a generally sorry affair, of course, motley *in extremis*. And the song selection on *Dead Set* was completely unadventurous, leaning heavily on relatively unexciting first-set material, and completely devoid of long jamming tunes. Well, isn't it about time the Dead really kicked out the jams on a two- or even three-CD set? The Dead have made multitrack recordings of almost every show since the beginning of last summer (in fact, they're *still* recording the shows) with an album in mind, so there should be plenty of decent material to choose from.

The word I hear is that the band will be primarily looking at material that

has not appeared on live albums before, so don't hold your breath waiting to hear the Brendan Byrne "Dark Star" on disc. Using that criterion, does that also mean "Help on the Way" won't make the collection because "Franklin's" was on *Dead Set*? The version from the Spectrum this fall is almost up there with some mid-'80s versions and would be a great addition to a live CD. In fact, why not call the CD *Help on the Way*, as a sort of rallying cry for the '90s? And what of "Scarlet-Fire" ("Fire" is also on *Dead Set*)? Admittedly, they haven't been playing that much lately, but there was a smokin' version at Veteran's Stadium in Philadelphia this summer, and it remains *many* Deadheads' absolute favorite combo. (Alas, the Cal Expo shows, with the hottest version of the year, were not recorded on the multitrack.)

That said, what might be reasonable to expect?

• Well, how about "Estimated Prophet" and "Eyes of the World," either separately or together? There were many strong versions of both among the recorded shows.

• "Playin' in the Band" combined with "Uncle John's Band." Again, there are numerous powerful contenders. True, the band almost never gets all the words right on "Uncle John's Band" (I'm not exaggerating), but I don't think anyone will mind if a vocal is re-recorded here and there. (Likewise blown chords or notes.) It wouldn't seem any less "live" if cosmetic repairs were made. It's not a new concept, by any means, and in fact both *Skull & Roses* and the *Dead Movie* benefited from some editing and re-recording. True, "Playin'" first appeared on a live album back in '71, but the version is so primitive it's barely even the same song. I would also hope that the appearance of those tunes in the *So Far* video doesn't disqualify them from consideration.

• Some other "essentials" that have never been on an electric live album and really show what the band is all about include "Bird Song," "The Wheel," "Let It Grow," "Terrapin," "Shakedown Street," "Crazy Fingers," "The Music Never Stopped" and "Cassidy." You just *know* that "I Need a Miracle" will be on it, so get used to the idea.

• Of the group's current repertoire of cover tunes, "Gimme Some Lovin'," "Dear Mr. Fantasy" and "Good Lovin'" stand out as potent possible choices, and I guess I'd throw "Hey Pocky Way" in that pile, too, though I have a sneakin' suspicion the band might put "Iko" on instead. And while it wouldn't be my choice by any means, I'd be surprised if "Man Smart Woman Smarter" *didn't* turn up. Some of the MIDI'd versions (like 10/14/89) are pretty hot. I would hope, however, the band wouldn't include both that *and* "Iko," as they're so similar.

• I would generally ignore the material on the band's last two studio albums since none of the tunes (save for "Standing on the Moon") has evolved much since the records. There are some pretty hot versions of "West L.A. Fadeaway" to choose from, and that remains a personal favorite, but it's clearly a "minor" tune in the grand scheme of things. Alas, if I were a betting man I'd swear the band will choose "Touch of Grey" or "Throwing Stones," or maybe even both.

• Two other personal picks: "Althea" and "Box of Rain."

I *still* say the way to go with GD CDs is to release all or part of specific good shows, and to put discs out with some regularity. They *will* sell. Still, they could really surprise us and make this one something almost every Deadhead likes. Go ahead, guys ... BLOW MY MIND! □

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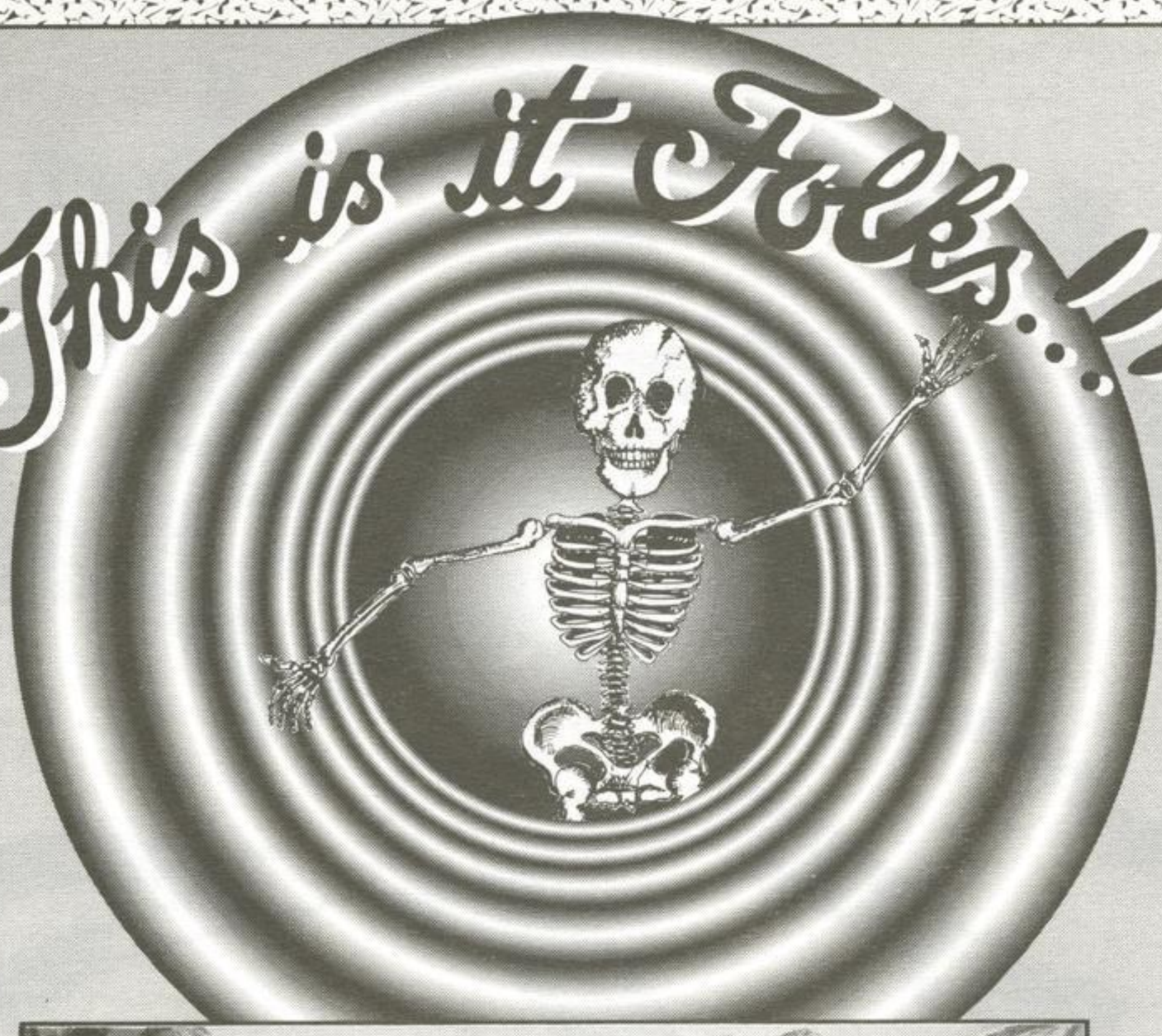
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THIS MUST BE HEAVEN

MEMORIES OF MY FIRST SHOW

This March marked the 20th anniversary of my first Grateful Dead concert, an event that changed my life forever. I've always wanted to write about that night, and I thought this would be the perfect occasion. — BJ



"Tickets!

Larchmont next!

Tickets!"

Mark and I slouched low in our seats at the far end of the train car. Looking down the aisle, we could see the conductor, the gold buttons on his navy blue uniform jiggling like fireflies against a night sky, trying hard to keep his balance in the rocking train as he methodically collected tickets. Except for the clickety-clack of the train's steel wheels rolling northward, all we could hear was the ominous sound of the conductor's ticket-puncher getting closer by the second. See, the game the guys in my neighborhood and I used to play on the old Penn Central Railroad was to try to ride for free by avoiding the conductors as long as possible — switching cars early and often, always trying to escape that uniform. The few times we succeeded were regarded as major triumphs. Most of the time, though, we'd get nailed as soon as we got on the train, as if the conductor were on to us; maybe he was.

It was easiest to pull off this stunt during weekday rush hours, when the cars were jammed with commuters heading from Manhattan up to Westchester County and Connecticut. But this was the middle of Friday night, the train was almost empty, so it was a foregone conclusion we'd have to fork over the cash for tickets. It was March 20, 1970, and Mark and I were taking the Stamford Local from Pelham, where we lived, to Port Chester to see our first Grateful Dead concert at the newly refurbished Capitol Theater.

This really should have been my second or third Dead show. Some friends and I had talked about heading up to Woodstock for the festival there, but I ended up going to New Haven that weekend with my dad and my brother to see the first-ever football game between the New York Giants and the New York Jets. Hey, who could've guessed what Woodstock would become? I was 16 and didn't have wheels, and I loved football. OK, I fucked up.

My second near-Dead experience wasn't even remotely my fault, though. I'd been reading about the Dead for a while in *Rolling Stone*, and in the fall of '69 I'd bought *Aoxomoxoa* to check out what the fuss was all about and because the cover was so cool. When records were $2.94 at Korvette's you could make those impulsive buys. I was into long songs and loud guitars — show me a record with eight-minute cuts and no brass section and I'd give it a shot. Those criteria got me to buy the first Led Zeppelin album before I'd heard a note by them; same with Ten Years After. The downside of that methodology was picking up losers like Cactus and Blue Cheer (whose 1968 LP *Vincebus Eruptum* remains the worst rock album ever made), but as Steve Forbert said, you cannot win if



This is the New York Times ad that caught my eye

you do not play.

To be honest, I wasn't that crazy about *Aoxomoxoa*. I instantly liked "St. Stephen," "China Cat" and "Mountains of the Moon" (though that seemed overproduced), but the rest of it struck me as being kind of weird and esoteric and, in the case of "What's Become of the Baby," unlistenable, so the record didn't get many spins on my stereo that fall. Plus, I wanted more *guitar*, man. It would take a couple of years and a hit of mescaline for the record to reveal its charms to me, but that's another story.

Still, when my brother revealed in late November of '69 that he'd bought a pair of tickets for a Dead show in early January at the Fillmore East, I was anxious to go. The Dead's concerts were already legendary for their length and excitement, and when I bought *Live Dead* in mid-December (I think seeing that it contained just six songs over four sides iced it) I was an immediate convert — "St. Stephen" and "The Eleven" completely blew me away. "Dark Star" scared me a little; I'd never heard anything like it. It bent my mind in slightly uncomfortable directions, just as "The Fool" on the first Quicksilver album had a year earlier. But "St. Stephen" had that undescribable rubbery *crunch*.

However, the gods were against me. A few days after my brother came home from college for Christmas break, he drank a cup of ordinary tea at a friend's house, and that triggered a very intense acid flashback (I kid you not) that all but incapacitated him for the entire holiday season. What a classic late '60s suburban scene it was as the wiz-kid son, tripping his brains out, tried to explain to our parents that his body felt like it was on fire. *I* felt like I was in an episode of *Dragnet*. My parents were freaked, my brother was sick, and all of a sudden two of his friends were going to be traipsing down to the Fillmore East in our place. It wasn't until *Deadbase* came out three years ago that I saw what I missed — the late show of 1/10/70 featured "China Cat," "That's It for the Other One" into "Cosmic Charlie," an encore of "St. Stephen" into "Midnight Hour," and a few other gems I'm too upset to recall at this moment. Our friends who took the tickets had a great time and came back wide-eyed, with tales of endless jams and mind-blowing lights.

Sometime in February, I think it was, I was scouring the Arts & Leisure section of the Sunday *New York Times* and I saw a small ad for a new venue opening up in Port Chester, the Capitol Theater. And there in that first ad was the Good Ol' Grateful Dead. I mailed off for a pair of tickets the next day (this is before ticket services became ubiquitous) and before long I had myself tix for the late show of the March 20 concert. It *had* to be the late show, of course, just in case the band wanted to play all night. My friend Mark and I had no access to a car, so we knew the train would have to get us there. The problem was going to be getting home — the trains didn't run after midnight. We figured we'd deal with that when the time came.

It was a very short walk from the Port Chester station to the theater. We just followed the small crowd of hippie-types who got off the same train, and in a matter of moments we found ourselves queued up on the outside of the slightly dilapidated old theater. We could hear the Dead playing inside, though I couldn't really make out specific tunes. The guy in charge of line security was cool looking, with a long ponytail, droopy mustache and purple and gold "FILLMORE WEST" baseball jersey that I secretly coveted. The mood in line was celebratory, and when the first show got out half an hour or more behind schedule, we all viewed that as excellent news. It meant the late show would probably go *real* late.

The line was slow getting in. Then just as I arrived at the door where tickets were being collected, a big burly guy who'd been at the early show staggered out from the lobby toward one of the exit doors and proceeded to vomit all over the glass door. This was my welcome to the Capitol Theater!

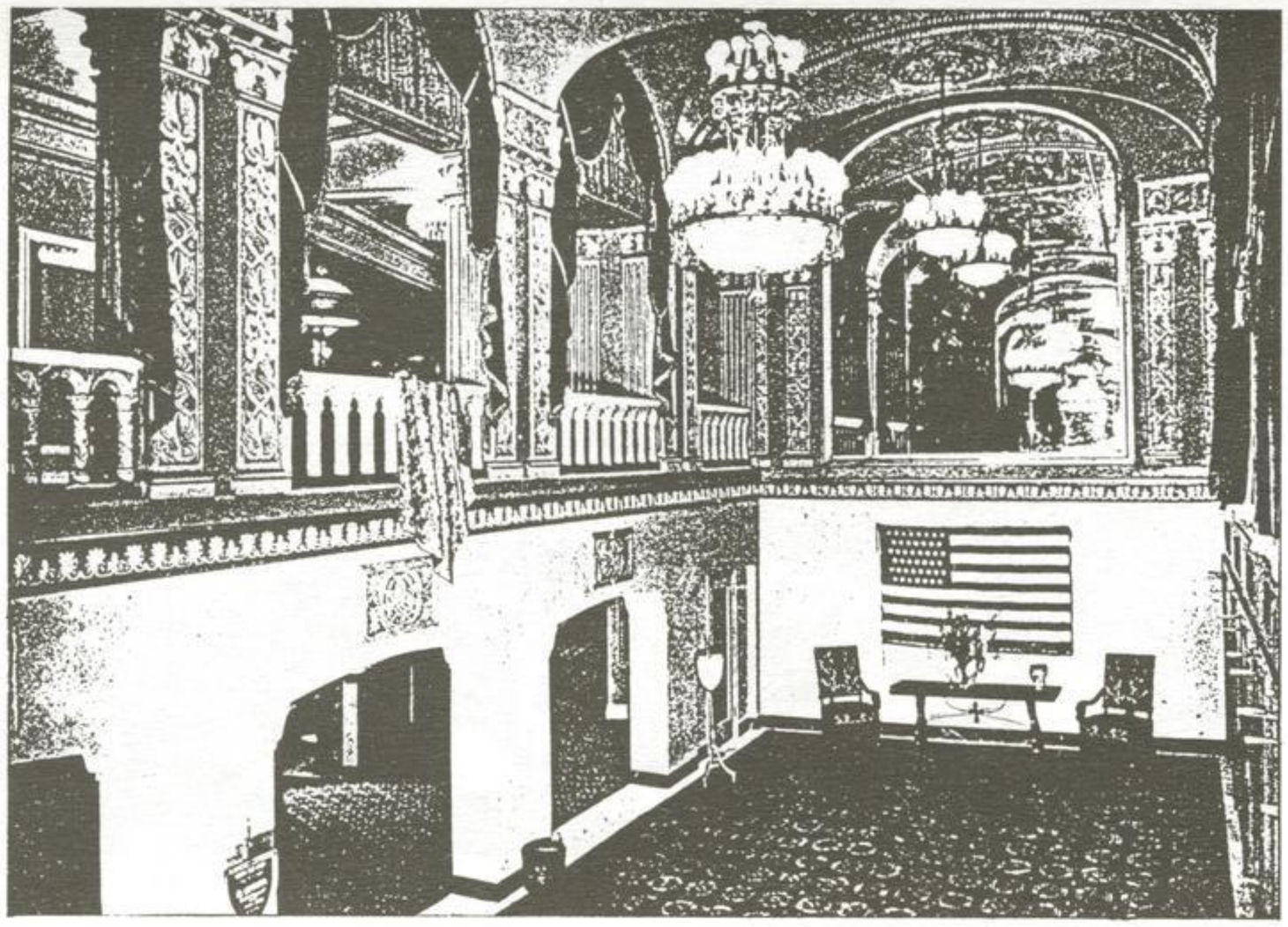
Once inside, Mark and I were thrilled to find that we'd landed seats in about the 10th row, right in the center. And we were shocked to discover, once everyone had made it into the auditorium, that there weren't a helluva lot of people behind us. My first Grateful



Dead concert was about one-third full, in a place that seated only about 2000 to begin with. I theorized that because the word wasn't out about the Capitol yet, a lot of people probably didn't even know about the shows. This would be the only time in my show-going life I would see the band with that few people. By the next time they played the Capitol, the place was packed for every show.

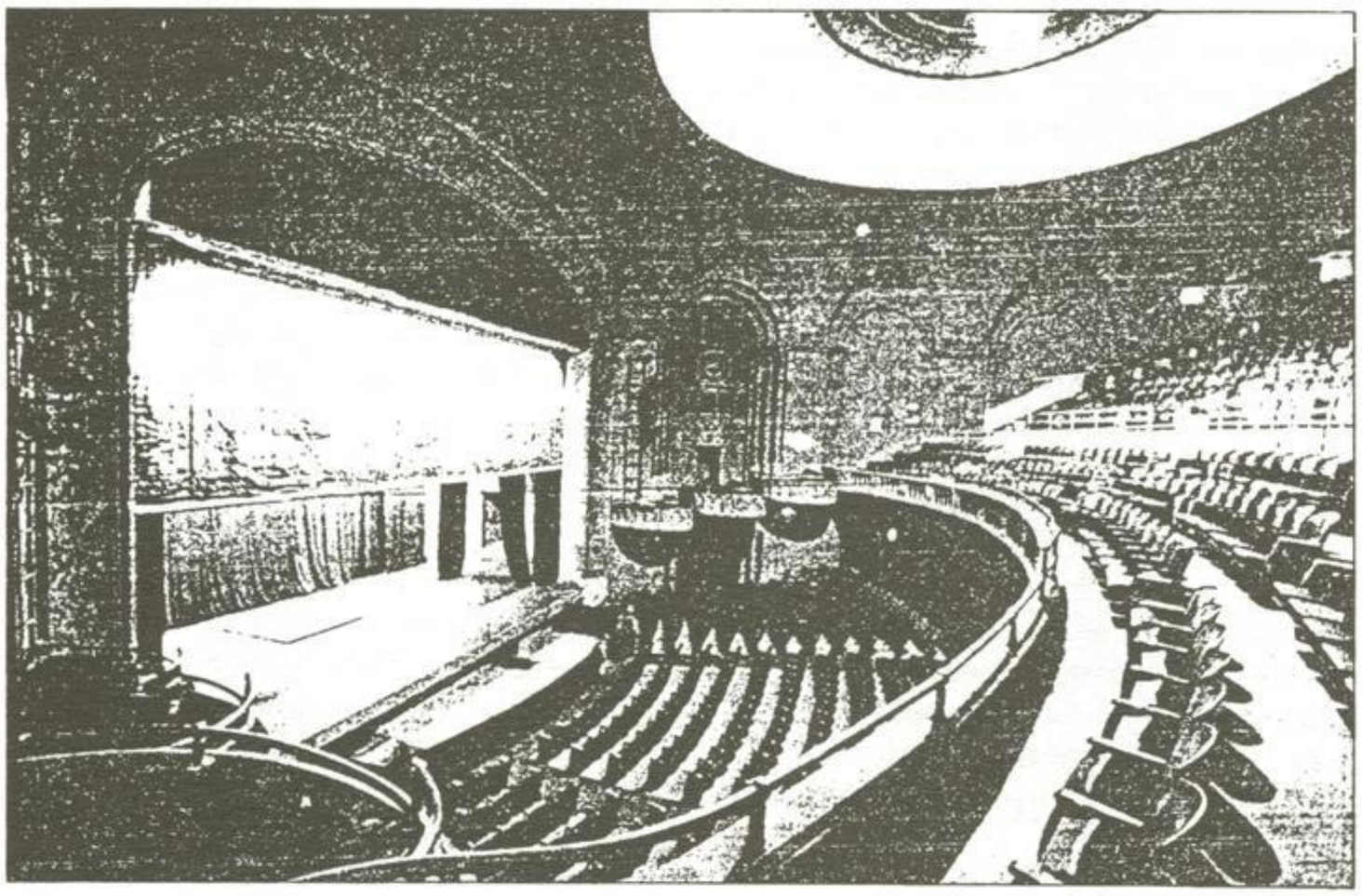
The Capitol remains one of the best places I've ever heard music. I don't know much about the history, except that it opened in 1926, hosting both movies and vaudeville shows. It fell into disrepair and closed at some point, and then promoter Howard Stein started booking shows there that spring of 1970. It wasn't quite as ornate and spectacular as the Fox theater chain, but it still had that unmistakably Old World feeling — a certain amount of ornamental detail that served as a constant reminder of its antiquity. The acoustics were tremendous — better even than the Fillmore East, in my opinion — and every seat in the place was great, even at the back of the downstairs, way under the balcony overhang. I remember thinking, when I first started going to shows at the Warfield Theater in San Francisco, that it seemed like a slightly more uptown version of the Capitol. Now it's been so long since I've been to the Capitol (my last show there was the 2/20/71 Dead-NRPS concert) I can't see it clearly in my mind's eye. I just have flashes of memory; of *moments* there, really, rather than a distinct vision of what it was like.

The first act that night was an annoying blues-rock band called Catfish, led by a mountain of a man named Catfish Hodge. All I remember about their set



is that nobody seemed to like them very much, and just about everyone got fed up with Hodge's constant pleas for us to get out of our seats and "boogie." As I would learn through the years, this was not uncommon at rock shows, but it seemed sort of pathetic to me at the time. And now that I think about it, Pigpen used to do that sort of thing, but there was something so un-showbiz about him — or more accurately *anti*-showbiz — it never felt like he was trying to manipulate an audience for his own ends. And as I learned the second the Dead hit the stage that night, getting a crowd up and dancing was never much of a problem. It happened organically, almost automatically.

I have to admit, most of the Dead's set was a complete blur to me at the



Left and above: Cover and interior pix of the lobby and seating area from the first Capitol Theater program, 1926



Garcia and Weir in the early '70s. Photo: Bill Caldwell

time. I didn't know the majority of songs they played, but because I've had a tape of this show since '77, I've come to know it very well. But what I want to share here is what I actually experienced that night, not what I learned about it subsequently from the tape.

During the first song that night, an uptempo rock tune I didn't recognize (it was "Casey Jones"), two remarkable things happened. First, everyone in the place leaped to their feet and started dancing. Now this shouldn't have seemed odd to me, except that at most of the other rock shows I'd been to by this point — The Doors, Hendrix, Country Joe & the Fish — everyone sat in their seats until the last song of the set, or the encore. Even at the Fillmore West, where I'd seen Steve Miller play, most people sat on the ground or stood immobile in front of the stage. So a few seconds into my first Dead song, I notice that half the people in the small crowd are *flailing*. I didn't have a clue how to dance to this music, so I sort of shuffled my feet a little and rocked my head in sympathetic rhythm. *Listening* to it was difficult enough — trying to figure out the weird relationship between the guitarists and the drummers and that monster bass sound that cut through it all like a broadsword. I was a huge fan of Jack Casady's beefy bass sound in the Airplane (though I'd never seen them live), but nothing really prepared me for what I instantly recognized as *lead* bass. What a concept! I had also never heard two drummers in action together before, and I was transfixed by the interlocking rhythms they set up, seemingly with little effort.

My second revelation occurred around the midpoint of that first song. A very attractive girl who'd been dancing wildly in the front row suddenly took off all her clothes, jumped onstage and started dancing wildly next to Garcia, who looked amused; though not very surprised. I nearly fell over. I was a 16-year-old virgin, and this was literally the first nude girl I'd ever seen in person. I'd heard of this sort of thing happening at concerts in San Francisco, but Port Chester, New York?! After a half a minute or so — time can get distorted when you're crying tears of joy, I guess — a member of the Dead's road crew literally carried her offstage. I guess she got off with just a warning, because I saw her, clothed again, back in the front row a song or two later. "This is *my* kind of band," the horny 16-year-old in me thought gleefully.

A couple of tunes into the show they played a song I knew — "China Cat" — and I was immediately struck by how much better it sounded live than on a record, just as "St. Stephen" on *Live Dead* cut the studio version to ribbons.

Quite unexpectedly, a few songs later the band took off their instruments, a couple of chairs were brought out, microphones were reconfigured, and Garcia and Weir sat down for a brief set of acoustic music. My memory is that there was no real break between the two segments, but in retrospect it's hard to imagine that being the case, since the "short break" is virtually a way of life with this band. Anyway, they played a handful of tunes, none of which I recognized, but I instantly loved them all. They seemed warm and familiar, like the best folk music, yet still like the Grateful Dead — whatever that meant; I wasn't too sure. One tune in particular stuck in my head. For weeks after the show — literally, until the next time I heard the song played live — I had this lovely melodic line, this descending scale, rolling through my brain day and night. And there was a fragment of lyrics I remembered (incorrectly): "and if I get home by dawn, I will get to sleep tonight." It was, obviously, "Friend of the Devil." But *Workingman's Dead* was still a couple of months away.

After the acoustic set, the band plugged in again and played a pair of cover tunes I knew: "Good Lovin'" and "Not Fade Away." Now, "Good Lovin'" had been a big deal in my hometown of Pelham because it was popularized by the Young Rascals, whose leader, Felix Cavaliere, was a product of my alma mater, Pelham High. The older brother of my friend Johnny Smith had something to do with managing the Rascals for a while, so I heard a lot about the band. I never much cared for them, though — maybe I couldn't get beyond those silly suits

they wore in the beginning. What Pigpen did to "Good Lovin'" was light-years away from the Rascals, to say the least, and that was just fine with me.

The next song of the night made the most lasting impression on me. Again, I had no idea what it was, but I vividly recall a crescendo so loud and long and intense I thought my brain was dissolving (and without psychedelics!). They hit a peak that seemed to go on *forever*; it was easily the weirdest music I'd ever heard. When I finally got around to buying the Dead's first album a few months later, I figured out it was "Viola Lee Blues" that had taken me to the edge of the psychic precipice that night.

The Dead wrapped things up at the Capitol show with "Lovelight," the only big tune they played from *Live Dead* (shit, no "St. Stephen"), and, true to form, Pigpen got everyone to go absolutely crazy. He had us screamin' and hollerin' and carryin' on. He even got the few Deadheads who weren't dancing to get up and join the fun. Something he said in his rap obviously had a powerful impact on at least one young woman in the audience, too, because at one point Mark and I looked to our right to find a *different* naked girl dancing in the aisle next to us. She was quickly joined by other happy dancers — all guys, fully dressed — until an usher eventually asked her to put on some clothes. After a final "We Bid You Goodnight," which was much longer than the *Live Dead* version, it was over. An announcer told us to come back tomorrow, and I remember wishing I could. The show hadn't gone all night — the band played about two hours — but I'm not sure I could've absorbed much more, anyway. I wasn't complaining.

We walked into the cool Port Chester night in a euphoric daze. It was about 3:30 in the morning and we were miles from home with no real plan of how to get there. Buzzing only from the energy of the show (we were completely straight) we made a decision only a couple of stupid 16-year-olds would make. We would *walk* home — a distance of 15 miles or more, I learned subsequently — following the railroad tracks until we got to Pelham. There was something exciting about the notion of straggling into the house at dawn. In the end, though, our senses returned, and after a relatively short walk to the outskirts of town, we

I vividly recall a crescendo so loud and long and intense I thought my brain was dissolving. It was easily the weirdest music I'd ever heard.

flagged a passing cab in a bad neighborhood, and paid something like 20 bucks to get home. It was money well spent.

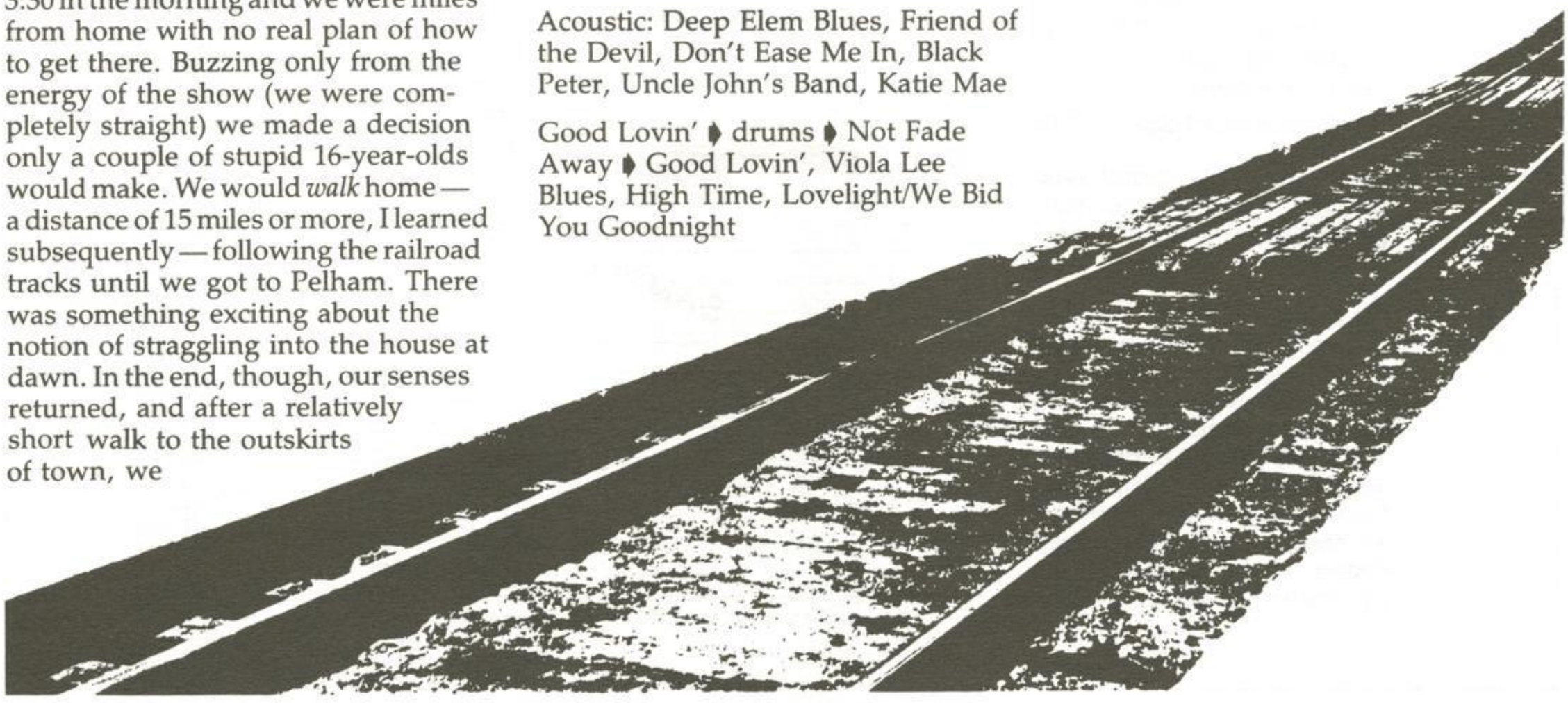
The next day, I proudly tacked up a handbill for the show (actually just a blow-up of the ad reproduced here) on my bedroom wall, right next to my Italian Communist Party poster. I dutifully entered the concert on the list I kept in one of my school notebooks, awarding the night a big A+. Over the next few months I'd go to several more Dead shows at the Capitol and the Fillmore East — nights as special and memorable in their own way as my first show had been. Of course I never could have suspected for a moment that it all would lead to *this*. But I'm glad it did, and now, 20 years down the road, "been here so long, got to callin' it *home*."

The show:

Casey Jones, Me & My Uncle, China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Hard to Handle

Acoustic: Deep Elem Blues, Friend of the Devil, Don't Ease Me In, Black Peter, Uncle John's Band, Katie Mae

Good Lovin' ➧ drums ➧ Not Fade Away ➧ Good Lovin', Viola Lee Blues, High Time, Lovelight/We Bid You Goodnight



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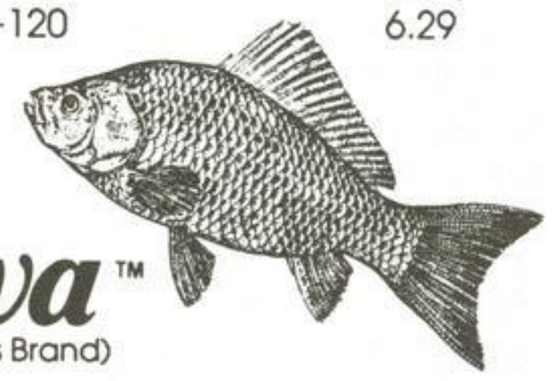
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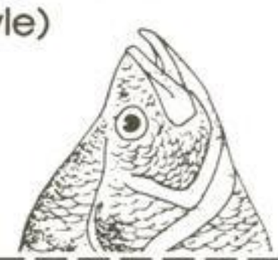
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Photo: Linda Jacobson

Saunders & Garcia: Together Again

It's been a decade since Merl Saunders and Jerry Garcia played in a band together (the short-lived Reconstruction), and 15 years since they recorded together. Yet the two have remained close through the years. They worked together on the music for TV's *The Twilight Zone* (for which Merl was musical director), and then, after Garcia nearly died in 1986, it was Merl who helped him relearn the musical skills wiped out by coma. Now they've teamed up for a fascinating musical project.

Merl describes his new, mainly instrumental album, *Blues From the Rainforest*, as "an environmental, new age musical suite." The six tunes on the album find Merl and his synthesizers floating in a landscape of exotic percussion (played by Eddie Moore and Muruga) and, on four pieces, guitar by his old buddy Garcia. Jerry plays crystalline electric guitar on the title track, MIDI guitar (with a broad range of flute and other sounds) on "Blue Hill Ocean Dance" and "Afro Pearl Blue," and acoustic lead on "Sunrise Over Haleakala."

It's a wonderful disc — atmospheric and ethereal like the best new age music (I really detest that term), but so much more human-sounding than the standard synths-and-sequencers blend that dominates the genre. The percussion work by Muruga and Moore has the unpredictability and intensity of a Grateful Dead Rhythm Devils jam, and of course Garcia brings soul to everything he does.

Blues From the Rainforest was released (on CD and cassette only) in March on Merl's own Sumertone Records label, and it should be widely available by now. (If you can't find it, write to Sumertone Records, P.O. Box 22184, SF, CA 94122.) Merl talked with us about the project shortly before heading to the East Coast for a tour with The Dinosaurs.

How did* Blues From the Rainforest *come about?

Well, I first became really aware of the rainforest issue about a year ago, when this guy who'd been calling me for a couple of years finally tracked me down and asked me about doing a new age album with him. That was Muruga, the drummer. He said, "Look, we can do this in six hours and have it out in three weeks. It can be me and you — drums and keyboards." It sounded interesting, so I wrote a couple of melodies, I called him over, and we recorded this particular tune. It was fun.

But then I had to go to L.A. to be in a wedding, and I ran into Floyd Westerman, who'd just gotten back from Brazil, where he was with Sting, who was down there publicizing the rainforest issue. And he talked to me for a long time and showed me a lot of pictures about what's going on down there — the destruction of the rainforests and how it affects the people there. I was really interested in everything I was hearing, and then it hit me: I said to him, "You know what, I think I just got finished writing a song about how the trees feel about all this." I came back home and put the sound of thunder and lightning and jungle sounds on the track Muruga and I had done, and it was just perfect. First I called it "Blues for the Rainforest," but I kept saying I wanted to write about how the *rainforest* would speak to the people, so someone suggested "Blues *From* the Rainforest."

That's how it started. When I wrote it, though, I also heard a part for Jerry in my head, so after I had about half the album done, I sent him a rough sketch of what we were doing and,

man, he couldn't wait to come down and work on it.

You hadn't recorded together in quite a while, right?

It had been 15 years since we'd worked on an album together. Of course we've kept up through the years, and we worked closely together on *The Twilight Zone*.

Plus you were instrumental in helping him during his convalescence back in '86, weren't you?

Yeah, I was very active in that. That was very weird at first because he literally didn't know how to play anymore. It scared me to death. It was quite an experience to see him completely unable to play guitar and barely able to walk. So we worked together for about three months.

How do you rebuild someone's chops?

First you have to rebuild their mind. A lot of it is will — if he *wants* to do it. So I just planted the seeds of how to do it and told him that he *could* do it. "When you're tired and you want to stop, let me know." At first he'd take ten-minute walks and say, "I can't take anymore." Then we'd try to play music, and after ten minutes he'd be tired. So we'd stop and wait a while, let him build his strength, and then try it again. I pushed him a little, but not too much. It was rough going at first, but everything builds on everything else, so once we really got going, things came back to him and he actually progressed very quickly. But it was scary for a while.

Getting back to the* Rainforest *project, I suppose what you thought was going to be a simple project mushroomed as you became more involved in it.

Of course! [Laughs] But most of the songs came to me pretty easily. Muruga brought me two songs — "Blue Hill Ocean Dance" and "Afro Pearl Blue," and then I did some work on those, restructuring some things in there but keeping his melodies. "Blue Hill Ocean Dance" became a sort of odyssey under water. Jerry did his MIDI guitar with a flute sound, and it sounds like both of us are just scooting along the bottom of the ocean. The drums are going through an Echoplex dimension. Eddie Moore's got these little African cymbals. It's really nice; it takes you on a neat trip. It's nothing that's going to make the Top 20, but it's something that you can listen to over and over and get little things out of. I've had people tell me they listen to it in their cars and it helps them relax.

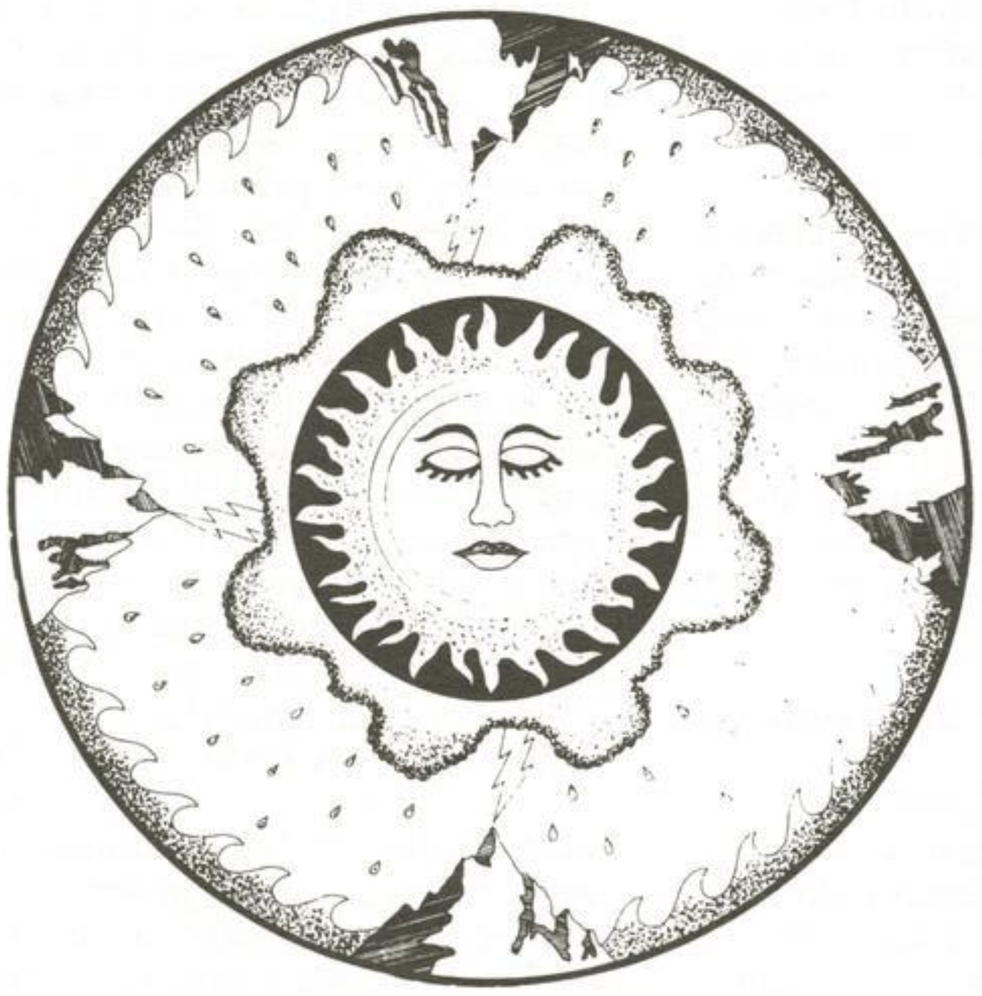
I was really struck by the percussion work by Muruga and Eddie Moore on this project. It takes the music out of the usual new age realm into something more primal and human. Who are those guys, anyway?

Muruga is a percussionist who's been around for years and played with all sorts of different people [George Clinton, Weather Report, Dave Brubeck, among others]. He makes a lot of his own drums and is into all kinds of things — biofeedback, this and that. He's a really interesting guy. I met him through Max Gail, the actor [of *Barney Miller* fame]. He tried to get us together for four or five years before we actually hooked up.

I brought Eddie Moore, who's my cousin, into it. He's an excellent drummer who's been on the road with Dewey Redman, Stanley Turrentine, Jimmy Smith, Wes Montgomery. Most people don't know he's also a great percussionist. I put him and Muruga together and they fell in love with each other, and you can hear it on the tracks.

How do you communicate what you want to two percussionists when the melodic line you have and the texture of your instrument is in a different sphere of music?

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That's a good question. With Eddie, it's easy because he's my cousin and we've been playing together since we were kids. We *know* each other musically. He knows what I'm going to do. He knows the feelings I'm after. He's very receptive and fits in with anything.

Still, the three of us talked a lot about the feeling we were after. We'd do one run-through and try things out, and then we'd start recording. On the song "Sri Lanka," I did things like I'd clench my fist when I wanted a groove, open it when I wanted to space out. I'd have one finger going up and down to set a tempo. So I was directing in a sense.

Was your exposure to Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzmann through the years influential on this project? Parts of it really sound like the Rhythm Devils portion of a Dead show.

Yes and no. I know them and admire them, of course. They're both fantastic musicians. But I've also traveled all over the world and been exposed to so much music — and way before I met the Grateful Dead. When I was in the service in the '50s I played all through Europe. I didn't even wear a uniform — I just played music and traveled. In the mid-'60s I toured with a group in Bangkok and the Far East; in fact, Eddie Moore was in the group. So I was exposed to all these different kinds of music. Then when I heard the Rhythm Devils it was like I already knew where they were coming from.

Do you think you've been affected by his sense of melody?

Sure. We've both influenced each other. During the 19 years we've been playing together he's really grown so much. It seems like every time we play together he plays completely different. We do have a musical thing happening between us that we can't really explain what it is or why it is. But it's very heavy and it's very musical and very magical. I understand what he's going to do before he does it, and he's the same way with me.

Did you have to play differently with him because his MIDI vocabulary is different from his traditional guitar sounds?

No, because it's still Jerry. It still sounds like him, even if it's a flute or trombone or whatever. He has a really keen ear and he's always looking to be challenged. I don't structure things simply for him, and I think he likes that about it. He interprets very quickly. There was nothing on here that we did more than four or five times.

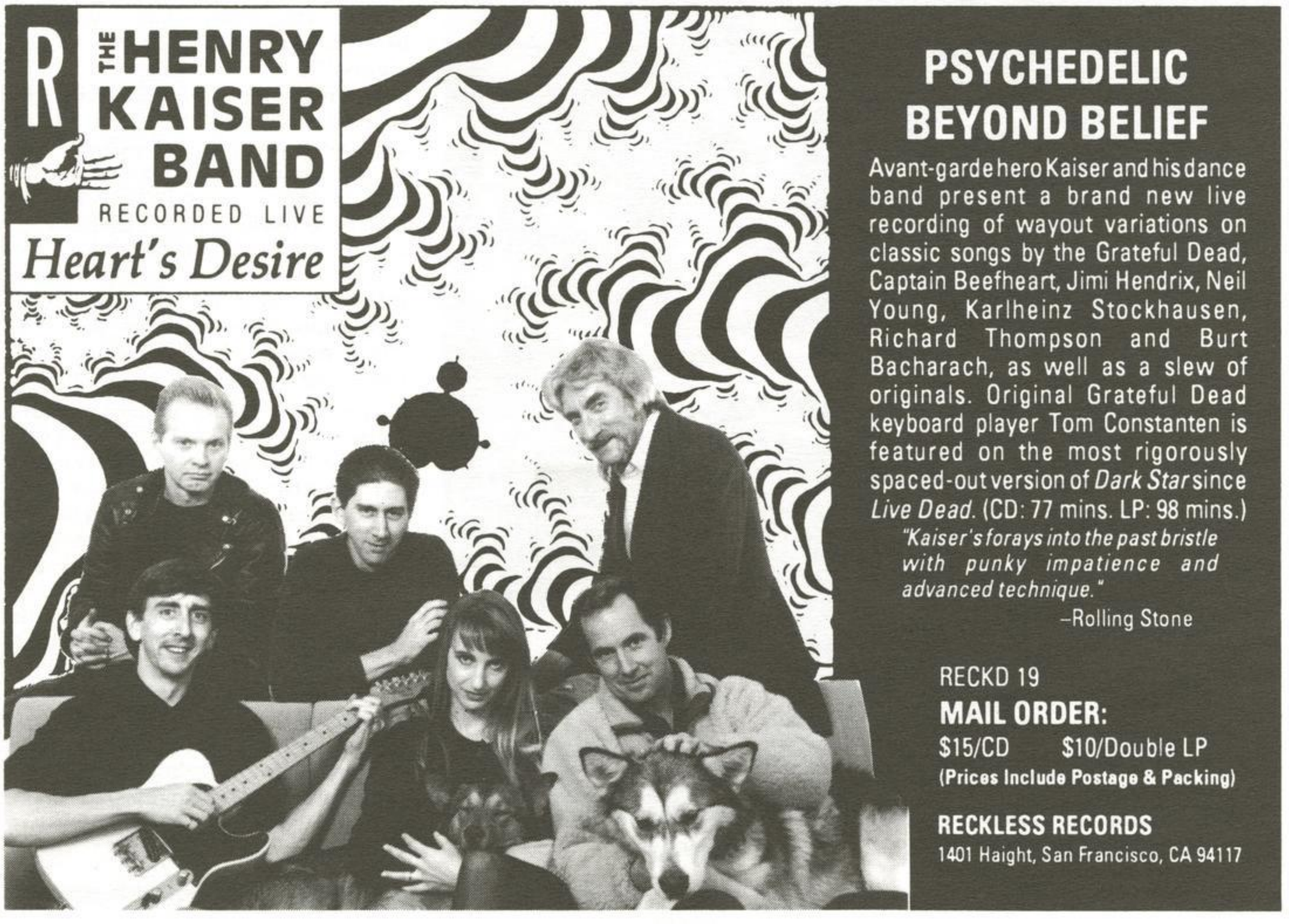
You got into synthesizers fairly early, didn't you?

I started using them in the early '70s. In fact, Jerry is the one who hipped me to them, around the time of my album *Heavy Turbulence*. He had a Roland 2000, which I used with the Saunders-Garcia band for a while. Then Yamaha came out with the YC-30 and they let me test one of their first models, and I ended up using it on the record. That was a good album. Fantasy [Records] is supposed to be releasing it on CD fairly soon.

The Saunders-Garcia* Live at the Keystone *CDs certainly sound great. How does that music strike you today?

I think we were ahead of our time. I also love the *Fire Up* album we did; that's one of my favorite albums. Fantasy told us in the early '70s that we shouldn't be doing Motown because it was old music; it was dead. But we loved it and we did really interesting things with it. Now you look around and Motown is everywhere.

Some of the spaced-out stuff we used to do at the Matrix [club] would go over great today. You listen to that stuff and it's just magic. I can't explain why, but it's always been the case with the music Jerry and I make. □



Roots



"The Last Time" — Have you ever noticed that so many of the cover songs the Dead perform come from their first couple of years, '64–65? That was a magical era in the history of both rock 'n' roll and R&B, but, more important, that was the period when the band was cutting its musical chops playing popular tunes of the day. They weren't writing many songs of their own, and in the places they played nobody wanted to hear original tunes anyway. People wanted to hear the hot stuff they were gettin' on their radios. Any garage band worth its salt played a bunch of Rolling Stones covers — usually things like "Satisfaction," "Get Off My Cloud" and "The Last Time." Although there's no record of The Warlocks or the early Dead playing "The Last Time" (set lists are virtually nonexistent from that time), frankly I would be amazed if the band hadn't played it back then. That said, I suppose we must recognize the version from the 2/27/90 show at Oakland Coliseum as the Dead's first.

"The Last Time" holds the distinction of being the first Mick Jagger-Keith Richards composition to make it to the top of the charts in England; all the Stones' previous Number 1's had been cover tunes. Released in December '64 in England, the single (backed by "Play With Fire") made its assualt on the American pop charts in the winter of '65, climbing all the way to Number 9. Three months after it peaked, "Satisfaction" became the group's first U.S. Number 1. Both songs appeared on the album *Out of Our Heads* in America.



Richard Manuel of The Band at The Last Waltz, 1976. Photo: David Gans

"Tears of Rage" — The Garcia Band added this song to its repertoire during its early February series at the Warfield Theater in San Francisco. It is no doubt familiar to many Deadheads already: It was penned by Bob Dylan and The Band's Richard Manuel during the legendary "Basement Tapes" sessions near Woodstock, New York, in 1967. The Band had moved to the area in the spring of that year to work with Dylan and to write material for their Capitol Records debut (*Music from Big Pink,* released the following year).

"We used to get together every day at 1 o'clock in the basement of Big Pink [their house]," Robertson said in a 1970 interview. "And it was just a routine. We would go there, and to keep one of us from going crazy, we would play music every day. [Dylan] wrote a bunch of songs out of that, and we wrote a bunch of songs out of that."

As for "Tears for Rage" specifically, Richard Manuel told a writer in 1985, "[Dylan] came down to the basement with a piece of typewritten paper — it was typed out in line form — and he just said, 'Have you got any music for this?' I had a couple of musical movements that fit, so I just elaborated a bit, because I wasn't sure what the lyrics meant. I couldn't run upstairs and say, 'What's this mean, Bob: "Now the heart is filled with gold as if it was a purse"?'"

Dylan biographer Robert Shelton describes the theme of the song as "a parent's desperate plea for a child's love . . . [It] can also be read as an allusion to *King Lear,* or even Steinbeck's *East of Eden,* a retelling of the biblical Cain and Abel story." (In his book *No Direction Home,* Shelton notes that the *Lear* influence pops up in other Dylan songs from this period, too, including "This Wheel's On Fire," which also turned up on *Music From Big Pink.*)

The Band's version of the song, sans Dylan, was recorded in New York City in early 1968; it opens *Music From Big Pink.* The *Basement Tapes* version, with Dylan singing lead and backed by The Band, was released in 1975, after bootleg versions had circulated for years. Both albums are bona fide classics, and both are available on CD. It's also on The Band's superb, recently released, double-CD anthology, *Kingdom Come.* As far as I can tell, Dylan has never performed the song live.

The sad epilogue of this tale is that Richard Manuel, whose music and plaintive lead vocal helped make the song so great, killed himself two years ago.

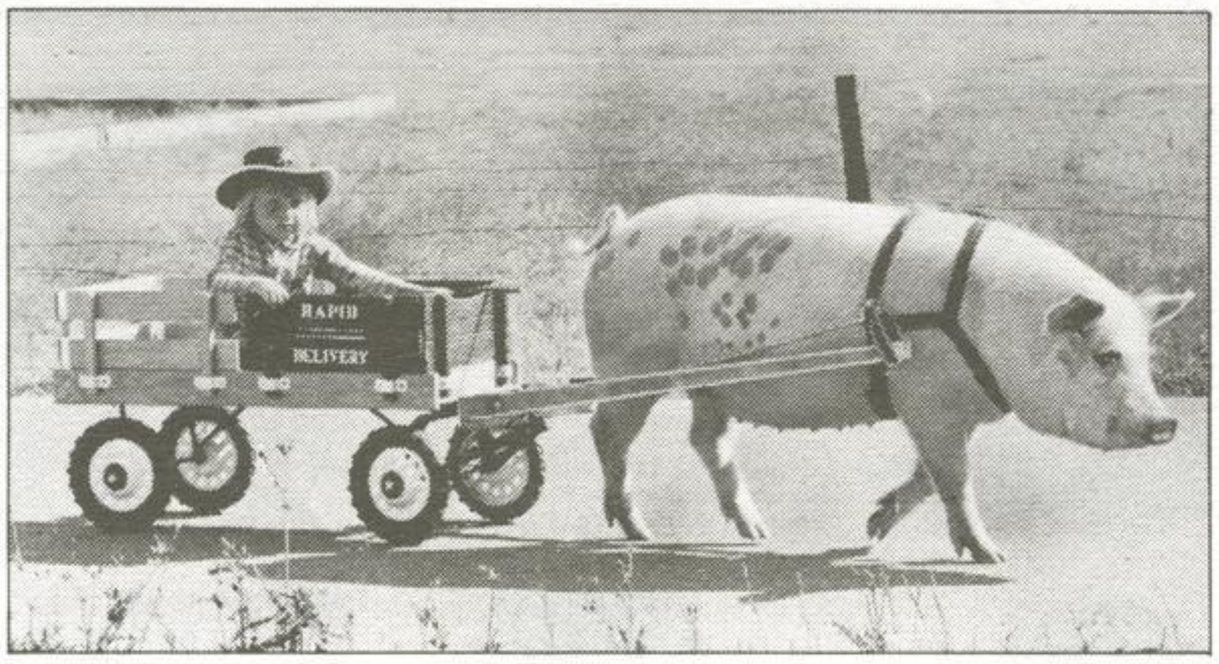
"Señor (Tales of Yankee Power)" — The Garcia Band also debuted this Dylan tune at the early February Warfield shows. I've always viewed this song, which originally appeared on Dylan's wildly uneven *Street Legal* album in 1978, as a bridge between his cryptic but vaguely narrative mid-'70s tunes like "Black Diamond Bay," "One More Cup of Coffee" and "Romance in Durango," and his first rush of born-again songs on *Slow Train Coming*. The main character, it seems to me, is desperate, confused and spiritually longing — figuratively tethered to another (as in *Waiting for Godot*), and not the champion of his own destiny. At the same time, the song's episodic quality gives it some of the feeling of a great adventure story, though Dylan never really lets us in on exactly what story he's telling.

When he was interviewed about the song for the liner notes of the *Biograph* anthology, he said: "'Señor' was one of them border type things ... Nuevo Laredo, Rio Bravo, Brownsville, Juarez, I don't know — ya know, sort of lost yankee on gloomy Sunday-carnival-embassy-type thing, the unforgettable wench, not a friend in the world, all messed up for something like, say, a murder charge, having to pay for things that you didn't commit when all the while you were getting away with murder ... so it all evens out in the end ... Sometimes you'll write something because you've lived something and you someplace along the line say to yourself, 'Why am I writing this? It will never be as good as I lived it.' But then it turns out better than what you've lived ... it's bigger and less trashy. In some kind of way I see this as the aftermath of when two people who were leaning on each other because neither of them had the guts to stand up alone, all of a sudden they break apart ... I think I felt that way when I wrote it."

On the widely circulated tapes of Dead-Dylan rehearsals from '87, there's a very interesting version of "Señor" with Garcia singing lead and Dylan playing screechy harmonica. That foreshadowed the JGB's arrangement of the tune, to a degree.

"The Way You Do the Things You Do" — When the JGB played this old Temptations hit at their March 2 Warfield show, I hadn't heard Garcia sing it since the early '80s, when it was a fairly regular fixture in Garcia Band sets. The tune, written by Smokey Robinson, was the first nationwide hit by the Detroit-based Temptations, hitting Number 11 in the winter of '64.

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Geraldine Garcia, Action News

Steve Jones of Charlotte, NC, passed along this scandalous parody from Break magazine. Looks like some of the stuff we've done through the years.

Bobby and Madonna, Splitsville: That's the kind of thing you might expect to read about the Dead in a column by nationally syndicated gossip maven Liz Smith, yet Smith devoted nearly a third of one of her columns last fall to praising the Grateful Dead, saluting their work on the rainforest issue and applauding their attempts to curb the rowdiness of their fans! She added that "the group has combined social consciousness with brilliant improvisations. . . .

"In 1990, the Grateful Dead experience their 25th anniversary, and I, for one, want to help celebrate." In keeping with her usual slant, Smith also noted that "the offspring of certain luminaries" attended the band's Brendan Byrne shows, including the son of tycoon Henry Kravis, writer George Plimpton's daughter, and the daughter of *Harper's Bazaar* editors Michele and Tony Mazzola.

The *Voice*'s Choice: One of the strangest articles about the band to appear in recent years was Joe Del Priore's "Forever Dead" in the November 14 *Village Voice*. The story mixes a review of the Dead at Brendan Byrne Arena (the writer's first show) and a generally positive critique of *Built to Last* with some outrageous gonzo descriptions of the band and their fans. Recounting his first impressions as the band takes the stage, he writes: "Garcia looks and moves like a constipated panda. Bob Weir is the uncle you were always afraid to be alone with when you were a kid. The other guys are spinal-tapped crustaceans. These guys are old, slow and ugly as sea slugs feeding on fungus. I calculate if I leave now, and drive fast, I can get to Nassau Coliseum in time for the second half of the Torvil & Dean ice show. I stick it out.

"Three hours later I want to babysit their children, cook and clean for them, balance their checkbooks, and trim their hedges. . . .

"Now I get it. Now I see what the fuss is all about."

I love his description of the second set:

"After intermission, the Dead open with a rousing 'Help on the Way' and later develop an extended piece that becomes a purgatorial odyssey into the Holy Realm of Whatsis. It takes off on a drum solo that begins deep underwater, rises to the surface, hurtles across a burning pier, sloshes through a marsh, meanders along a river, ascends into the mountains, flushes back down into the flats, sneaks into a suburb, stomps on the lawns and flower beds, bursts into the city, closes down the honky-tonks before drifting uptown, curlicuing up skyscrapers, higher, floating out into space, drifting around Jupiter, finally orbiting the third moon of Neptune. Don't these guys ever run out of Cheese Whiz??

"I stagger outside, still not sure of what went on inside, but certain I had walked in wearing a mustache. Dim the lights, pass the oats, and roll away the dew. The Dead buried Pompeii."

Words to Make Money By: Reader Paul Goldberg of Buffalo Grove, IL, forwards a page out of a recent issue of that self-proclaimed "Capitalist's Tool," *Forbes* magazine, quoting none other than Robert Hunter on a page titled "Thoughts on the Business of Life." Amidst pearls of wisdom from the likes of Horace Greeley, J. Paul Getty, Alexander Hamilton and the Book of Jeremiah, is this simple message: "Everything you gather is just one [sic] that you can lose — Robert Hunter." (It should be "*more* that you can lose.") My guess is that more *Forbes* readers preferred the quote from John D. Rockefeller further down the page: "I believe that power to make money is a gift from God."



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1966
1978

Gung Hay Fat Choy! There were no Chinese New Year shows this year — a shame since the Dragon could have done a dance onstage with Mr. Ed for the Year of the Horse! The nugget above appeared in the SF Chronicle.

Carnahan & Petrie Are Winners: Good recorded cover versions of Dead tunes are few and far between. One of the best we've heard recently is the version of "Loser" on the new CD by Bay Area folkies Danny Carnahan and Robin Petrie, titled *No Regrets* (on DNA Records). Carnahan & Petrie may not be famous in Deadhead circles, but they've earned quite a reputation among Celtic music enthusiasts with their two previous albums. While the Celtic influence comes through on most of the tracks on *No Regrets* (including "Loser"), numerous other styles are present, as well. In fact, Danny tells us that the song that leads into "Loser" on the disc is a "New Zealand folk song written about the same time as 'Loser.' We perform them together since each is about looking for gold and not finding it in a different sense." Carnahan's own songs are immaculately crafted stories/vignettes, and his and Petrie's vocals are beautiful throughout. Highly recommended for folk music fans! (Write to: DNA Records, 725 Pomona Ave., Albany, CA 94706.)

(Speaking of "Loser," the San Francisco band Camper Van Beethoven performs the song from time to time.)



Phil Frank's comic strip "Farley," published in the SF Chronicle, is always good for a couple of Dead mentions per year. Here are a couple from last fall.

"Dark Star" Redux: While we're on the subject of bands covering Dead tunes, we should put in a good word for the Henry Kaiser Band's latest project, *Heart's Desire*. Regular *Golden Road* readers know that Kaiser and his bandmates (including former GD keyboardist Tom Constanten) have been playing out-of-this-world versions of "Dark Star" for some time now. Well, the live *Heart's Desire* features a 20-minute "Dark Star" excursion that really shows what Kaiser, T.C. and the gang can bring to the tune. It's particularly exciting to hear T.C. playing both piano and organ on it; the organ work has that slightly cheesy late '60s feel we all know and love from GD tapes.

There's so much great stuff on the two-record, one-CD collection (over 77 minutes of music), singling out only the "Dark Star" does it a disservice.

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There's a twisted, jammed-out version of "Are You Experienced" (complete with a "China Cat" tease), T.C.'s lovely piano piece "San Andreas Stomp," a full-fledged "space" segment called "Designer Chaos" and tunes by Neil Young, Richard Thompson, Robbie Robertson and Karlheinz Stockhausen. It's weird, eclectic, at times funny — in short, a fine representation of what makes this one of the most interesting club bands in the Bay Area. The live-to-2-track digital recording is superb, and the packaging, featuring some spectacular fractal art, is a real eyeful. *Heart's Desire* is available from Reckless Records and should be in record stores that carry progressive music.

Central Typecasting: In a review of the new VW Vanagon in the Tucson *Citizen* a few months back, auto columnist Dan Sorenson describes the classic VW van of earlier times as "the old hippie mobile that was slower than a Grateful Deadhead and handled as if it were on LSD." Obviously he was confusing the vehicle with the drivers. (Thanks to Eric Van Varkenburg of Tucson for the item.)

***J'accuse*!!:** Eric Meyer of Lawrenceville, NJ, forwards a small article from the Trenton (NJ) *Times* in which a top Jersey prosecuter, Alan Rockoff, claimed that most incidents of racial violence and bias can be traced to youngsters "whose minds are polluted" by bands like the Grateful Dead and Bon Jovi. "These [sort of] groups are setting up values antithetical to those which the country holds dear." Bob Weir told the paper he was shocked to hear the Dead compared to the heavy metal groups cited by Rockoff (can that really be his real name?) and speculated wryly, "Maybe he was joking." Nope.

Thank You, Thank You. Shucks, It Was Nothin': In *Atlanta Magazine*'s annual "Best of Atlanta" article, the editors singled out a big shindig during the previous summer's Democratic Convention as the Best Party in town, but then added: "Best Party, less organized division — The Omni parking lot during the Grateful Dead's two-day run."



Although the policeman insisted the citation was for wearing headphones while driving, Albert suspected it was only because he hated the Grateful Dead.

Robbie Dunn of Durham, NC, sent in this cartoon from Car Audio & Electronics *magazine.*

Hit 'Em When They're Down, Dept.: A couple of days after D.C. mayor Marion Barry's arrest on charges of buying and smoking crack cocaine, a top local disk jockey, WCXR's Paul Harris, recorded a parody of the Dead's "Casey Jones" with lyrics to fit the Barry case: "Trying to campaign, high on cocaine . . ." etc. (Thanks to Greg Malakoff of Vienna, VA, for the tip.)

Only in California: In Palo Alto, home of the Frost Amphitheater and oodles of rich folk, a man claiming to be the reincarnation of the Egyptian god Ptah successfully made it onto last November's city council election ballot. Described in a newspaper article as a "barefoot, frizzy-haired, 51-year-old false-teeth dealer," the former Ronald Francis Bennett claims that shortly after seeing the big traveling exhibit of King Tut's treasures in 1979, he looked in a mirror and was startled to see the head of the 4000-year-old deity Ptah. "Then I saw a lightning bolt shooting



The Egyptian god Ptah

off the top of my head," he told the paper. "I looked like a Grateful Dead poster." No word on how many votes he got.

A Successor for Joe Montana? Here's an item from the SF *Examiner* that caught the eye of our friend Ken Conner:

"If that guy playing in the Mill Valley flag football league looks like Bob Weir of the Grateful Dead, that's because he is Bob Weir. Weir, a guitarist with the popular rock band, plays quarterback for the league's Tamalpais Chiefs."

In fact, Weir wore a Tamalpais Chiefs T-shirt a couple of nights during the New Year's run. (Marin County's Mount Tamalpais was named after a local Indian chief.)

ROBOTMAN by Jim Meddick



Strange cartoon sent in by a number of readers.

They Freed Mandela. Who Will Free *Us* From GD Film & TV Sightings?

Mark Peltier of Seattle, WA, tells us that on a recent episode of *Designing Women*, the ladies need to find a van on short notice so they contact some painters they know who have an old VW. They're informed, however, that the van left for a Dead concert in Iowa

in three weeks. "Why did they leave so early?" one woman asks. "They had to sell T-shirts and sandwiches along the way to pay for the trip!" is the reply, no doubt meant to be hilarious. What's the funny part?...

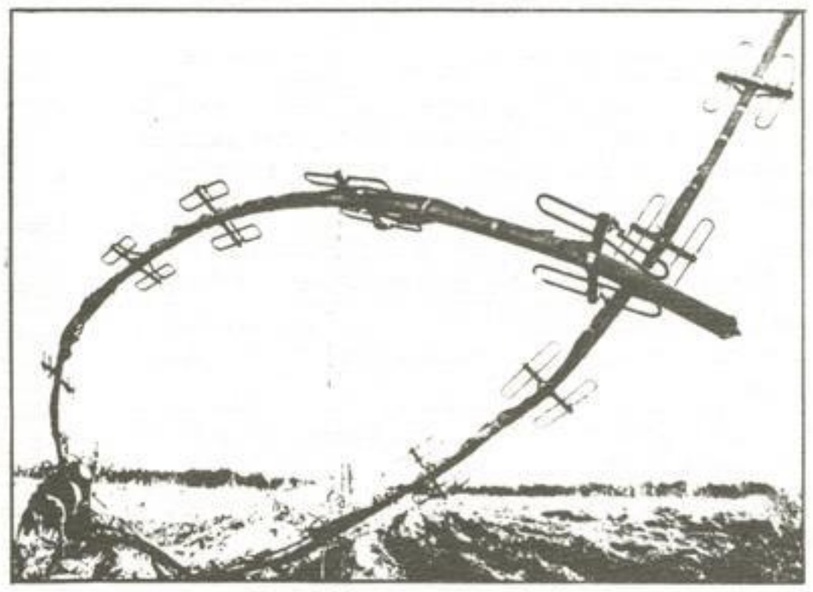
James Sallis of San Diego was watching a 1982 movie about government germ warfare experiments called *Endangered Species* when he spotted an actor playing a "government goon" who looked suspiciously like John Barlow. Indeed, the credits revealed that it was *our* John Perry Barlow in the role. The L.A. *Times* awarded the movie one star....

Gregory Malakoff of Vienna, VA, spotted an item of GD fashionware in the movie *Tango & Cash*. An inventor who works for the police department sports a Dead baseball cap....

Don Westcott of Havelock, NC, was the first of many to point out that on an episode of *Full House*, a girl goes to babysit for a young couple and finds the father wearing a GD surfing skeleton shirt, the mother an Indian jacket. When the baby sitter says, "Have fun at the costume party," she's informed, "We're not going to a costume party. We're going to a Grateful Dead concert!" Yuk, yuk. Later in the episode, the pair comes back through the front door singing "Truckin'."

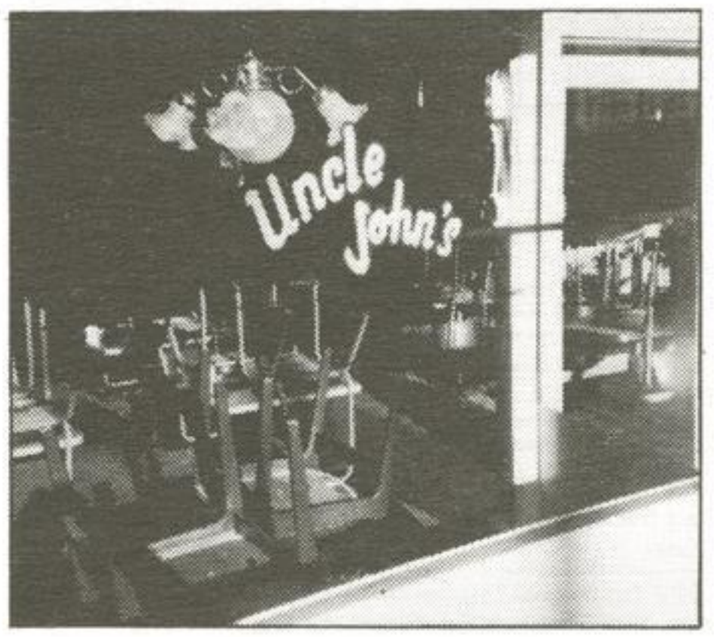
In the Strangest of Places...





Franklin tower toppled





Clockwise from top right: Connecticut mishap (submitter unknown); Seattle diner (Doug Balk, Seattle); San Jose, CA, diner (Bob DeYoung, San Jose); Long Beach TV shop (R.W. Brittin, Lakewood, CA)

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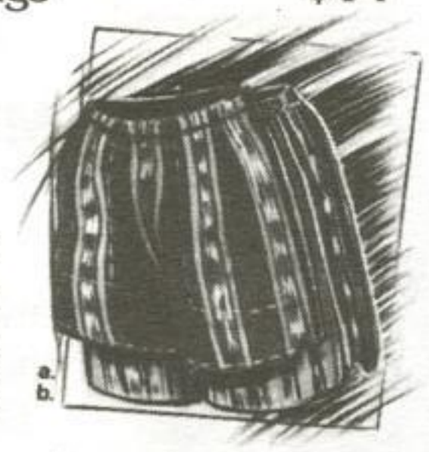
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TAPE TRADERS

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

Dead, JGB, Rads. Lots of goodies. Let's trade lists. 400+ hrs. Mike Holden, 16 Mattson Ave, Worcester, MA 01606

Looking for Wesleyan 5/3/70. Have 200+ hrs. My list for yours. Kenneth Haltman, 173½ Mansfield St, New Haven, CT 06511

Have 250+ qual hrs to trade. Pat Taber, 5 Iroqois Dr, Abescon, NJ 08201

Have 500 hrs Dead 66-88. Need 86-current. K.H. Voelker, Karlstr. 44, 6078 Neu-Isenburg, W. Germany

GD, Allmans, Cray, Clapton, Feat, BB, Radiators. Send list. L. Weinberg, PO Box 35386, Houston, TX 77235

Need fall and summer 89 shows. Keith, 3409 Empress, Gatesville, TX 76528

Want quality Dark Stars, Weather Reports, throbbing cosmic rhythmic ecstasy. TJ, 2605 S. Tyler, Little Rock, AR 72204

Lots to trade for 89 East Coast and Alpine 89. C. Miller, 102 Miramar Dr, Colorado Springs, CO 80906

Idiot wants more! 500 tapes plus digital Dark Stars. Jeff Harter, 4213 Emory Rd, El Paso, TX 79922

Want Dead/Dylan rehearsals. Will trade Philadelphia 7/5/88 plus other Dylan. Ed Beck, 1630 Algiers Dr, Mayfield Hts, OH 44124

Seeking 1st show, Pittsburgh 4/12/71, have 500+ hrs. Stephen Todd, 1125 Watauga St, Kingsport, TN 37660

Fast trader needs HQ 60s, 70s. Your list gets mine. Mike Dunn, Jr., 855 Brookleigh Ct, Winston-Salem, NC 27104

600+ hrs hi-qual Dead/other SF bands. Send list. Zev Kessler, 3742 Shannon Rd, Cleveland Hts, OH 44118

Kev's the name, lo-gen SBDs are the game. Kevin Baynes, 9 Country Squire Ct, Levittown, NY 11756

Seek classical Indian, Clarence White, Peter Rowan, 60s Dead. 3000 hrs. Robert Girouard, 228 Georgetown Dr, Glastonbury, CT 06033

Need hot crisp SBDs old & new 800 hrs hi-qual. Kip Nestler, 5836-B Westower Dr, Richmond, VA 23225

I help beginners. Donal Wilkinson, PO Box 160341, Cupertino, CA 95016

Wanted: Felt Forum 12/5/71 master reel or cass. only. C. DiSalvo, 4701 NW 6 Ave, Pompano Bch, FL 33064

Have HQ photos of Alpine 89 + blanks/postage. Need tapes to start collection. Marty, 2321 Aldrich Ave S. #224, Mpls, MN 55405

Have 200+ hrs hi-qual GD. Reliable trader. Henry Simpson, 1238 Upas St, San Diego, CA 92103

Burned out on pick & choose trading. Send your favorite non-Dead crisp live tape. I will return something rare and awesome with my list. Many master hi-fi videos too! Hi-qual recordings only please. dolby B or VHS or 8mm PCM. Pat McDonald, PO Box 150, Goleta, CA 93116

Leo of Manchester, NH, interested! No address on your list! Pat, PO Box 1506, Goleta, CA 93116

Want GD 9/14-15/71 BCT. Trade? Mark Brandhorst, 2214 N. Seeley Ave, Chicago, IL 60647

Have 225+ hrs, looking for trade & correspondence. Hal Rosenberg, 7633 n. 22 Pl, Phoenix, AZ 85020

Desperately seeking Saenger, New Orleans 80 & 82, also 12/31/89. MJ, 7950 Windward Ct, New Orleans, LA 70128

Need HQ. 12/31/89, Hampton 88/89, Cal Expo 89. Trade or blanks/postage paid. B. Young, 195 2nd Ave #8, Loswego, OR 97034

10/16/89 SBD, 1G Forums, 600 hrs, for rare, great SF. Thomas Mullen, PO Box 8-421, Taipei, Taiwan, ROC

Neophyte seeks Dead. Will provide blanks, postage. Mark Breckner, 1959 Lake Blvd #264, Davis, CA 95616

500+ hrs (120 hrs 1989), looking for 69, 70, 74 & early 80s GD. Tom Bockmon, 457 W. Mulberry Dr, Phx, AZ

Looking for hi-qual SBDs, especially pre-74. Plenty to trade. Gary Sullivan, 6914 E. Diamond, Scottsdale, AZ 85257

Need qual 72-74 Dead, fall 89 SBDs. Have 400+ hrs. Victor D'Amato, 1511 Manoa Road, Penn Wynne, PA 19151

Shake dem bones — 200 hrs, accent on quality. Lists, please. Chuck Chiavarini, 5544 Wilmont Pl SE, Kentwood, MI 49508

Orgasmic Glory needs E.C. tour tapes. Anything/everything. Ric Art, 310 S. Laurel Ave, Richmond, VA 23220

Looking to trade Dead/non-Dead. Have mixed bag, 1000 hrs. B. Darling, 50 Lenox Rd, N. Babylon, NY 11704

Digital taper seeks others for trades, discussions on equipment. Tantric Tapes, 5208 W. Empire Rd, McConnell, IL 61050

Looking to trade for Spirit, Grape, Dylan, Neil. P. Zisook, 1351 Eastwood, Highland Park, IL 60035

Quality DATs of New Year's shows. 500 hrs GD to trade. L.P., 6550 Arizona, Hammond, ID 46323

Have 600+ hrs Dead/related, 200+ non-Dead. Primary interest 65-77. Chip, 6737 Laralou Ct, Jacksonville, FL 32216

Wanted: JGB shows. Have 100+ hrs. Robert Maya, 104-74, 112 St, Richmond Hill, Queens, NY 11419

Will trade 4 crisp SBDs for 87 Red Rocks and Telluride ticket stubs. Robert Goldberg, 1541 Elbridge St, Phila, PA 19149

What's become of the baby? Gotcha! 200+ hrs. Let's trade! C. Carr, 622 Castleton Ave, SI, NY 10301

Really need 7/19/74 Fresno and JGB 9/11/89. Lots to trade. Scott Harrington, 5 Greenway, Middleton, MA 01949

Have summer 89 SBDs + more to trade for HQ 12/30,31/89. Jered Klepitch, 719 Arlington Ave, Des Plaines, IL 60016

So Grateful! Have 300+ hrs, want more! Let's trade. Dan Hohenstein, 106 E. 32d St #7, Minneapolis, MN 55408

200+ hrs qual SBDs, seek same. JR, 250 Touchstone Pl #94, W. Sacramento, CA 95691

Have 200+ hrs hi-qual SBDs, seek more. Send lists. Tim MacDougall, 1880 Sasamat St, Vancouver, BC VGR4M3, Canada

Have 1000 hrs GD, 450 hrs pre-75, want pre-75 only. Dave Steiner, 15009 Williston Ln, Minnetonka, MN 55345

Turnin' 27 in prison. Can't have tapes sent to me but would like to rebuild collection at home. Brother will send blanks. Patrick Smith, #159304, 18701 Old Highway 66, Pacific, MO 63069

Need HQ 7/9,10/89 also 7/17/89. Have 130+ hrs. Michael and Ciri, 8859 UNCG Station, G-boro, NC 27413

Need 2/5/78 & 5/11/78. Have 500 hrs, some masters and video. Dave Lemieux, 95 Pond St, Ottawa, Ontario, KIL8J1, Canada

Looking for HQ 12/27,28,30,31/89. Send lists. PJ Lemza, 76-B Oak St, Plattsburgh, NY 12901

Anyone anywhere have both sets Muir Beach 1965? Send lists. Mike Dunn, 614-B S. Mendenhall, Greensboro, NC 27403

Searchin' for 3/30/88 I, 9/1/88 II, 9/23/88 I & II, 3/31/89 I, 10/14/89 II. Have 250 hrs GD & 50 hrs Rads. Danny Fishman, 14 Fawn Dr, Livingston, NJ 07039

Reliable trader has 70+ hrs, needs more. Looking for 9/14/82. Jason Griffin, Woodberry Forest School, PO Box 200, Woodberry Forest, VA 22989

Seeking hi-qual 89 fall JGB/bobby with Wassermann shows. Steven J. Martin, 1617 Kensington Blvd, Fort Wayne, ID 46805

Taper seeks same. Trade primarily reggae, non-Dead, Dead. Glenn, 228 Stonewall Ln, Fairfield, CT 06430

Please! Need Athens, O. 11/23/68, Honolulu 1/23/70. Trade tapes/Dead photos. John Rottet, 707 Glascock St, Raleigh, NC 27604

Have many qual 89s, looking for Neil, CSNY, JGB, Weir. Mike Bardo, 12 Daisy Ln, Orchard Park, NY 14127

Urgently seeking Garcia 10/31/89 Concord, CA. Steve Dungan, PO Box 4274, Stockton, CA 95204

Have 200 hrs Dead, need Feat, Tuna, CCR, Dan Hicks, T-Heads, Santana. Tom Thumb, 6 Lenox Ave, Lynbrook, NY 11563

Have/want old GD esp acoustic JGB, Neil, Jorma, Dylan, Miles. Beginners welcome. Erik Jensen, 109C W. Bolton St, Savannah, GA 31401

Casual trader seeks same. Want Cincy 89, Shoreline 6/19/89. M. Peter, 87 Lansdale St, Rochester, NY 14620

Got to mellow slow. Need Buffalo 89. Have 500 qual hrs. Greg Zmurk, 118 Simon Dr, Akron, OH 44305

Looking for Radio City 10/29/80. Have 300+ hrs to trade. A Sigman, 200 Liberty St., Hammonton, NJ 08037

Beginner looking for list. Will provide blanks. Rick Giroux, 24 Hillview Dr, N. Providence, RI 02094

Need JGB, Bob & Rob East Coast '89. Will send blanks/post. Joe Gandolfo, 18 Bigelow Rd, Southboro, MA 01772

Need hi-qual SBDs, esp. early 70s & Saratoga 83. Jorg, 12822 Brook, Pierrefonds, Quebec, Canada H82-1B8

Still grieving for excellent 4/8/89, 7/7/81, 5/1/81, 8/16/80, 8/17/80. Russell Lane, 2849 Park Ave, Springfield, MO 65803

Is there 8/6/67, 11/3/65 or 3/25/66 out there? Your list gets mine. Ramblin', 614B S. Mendenhall, Greensboro, NC 27403

Trade for live tapes of Dead cover bands. Have 200 hrs Dead, Jerry's Kids. Gary Ross, 271 20th Ave, SF, CA 94121

Beginner needs lists. Will send postage/blanks. Thanks! Rich Davis, 1309 Fresa, Pasadena, TX 77502

Seek videos and hi-qual audio. Have 80 hrs vid, 500 audio. Mike Metcalf, 22394 Montera Ct, Salinas, CA 93908

Need 7/28/73, 10/12/89, 8/18/84, Bob & Jerry 9/5/89. Lots to offer. John Suter, 87 Thomas St, Brentwood, NY 11717

Trader w/900 hrs hi-qual Dead seeks Dead, Floyd, Stones, etc. Jason Smoliak, 417 Walnut St, SE #7-365, Mpls, MN 55455

Want JGB/Weir 89, Lindley, NRBQ, Zevon. Lots to trade. J. Sherrett, 411 W. Lee #J7, Tumwater, WA 98501

Low-gen trader looking for same. Early and recent stuff. Scott Crawford, 171 Mt. Harmony Rd, Bernardsville, NJ 07924

Please — seeking complete copy of 12/12/81. Will send blanks or trade. Jim Halvorson, 3230 Beard Rd, Napa, CA 94558

Seeking late 70s Dead. Have 250+ hrs. Response guaranteed. Skip Jenkins, 5 Appelton St #5E, Boston, MA 02116

Dead in Australia? Head seeks locals for tape trade, correspondence. Jon, 125 Ballina, Lismore, 2480, NSW, Australia

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

Searchlight casting for fall 89s. Is help on the way? Send lists. Scott Kissel, 1159 Beverly Hill Dr, Cincinnati, OH 45208



DID YOU SEE HIM?

An appeal from the family of Adam Katz

MURDER INVESTIGATION
$40,000 REWARD

On Saturday, October 14, 1989, between 9 and 10 p.m., Adam Katz was found dead on the northbound lane of Route 120, outside the GD show at the Meadowlands Arena in New Jersey.

WE NEED YOUR HELP.

If you have any information about this incident, please call **(201) 646-2956.**

Have 950 hrs, some low gen SBDs. Want more 70-80. Jeff Darr, 3786 Spear Ave, Arcata, CA 95521

Seeking reliable trader with hi-qual. Will the dream come true? Don Westcott, PO Box 2343, Havelock, NC 28532

Interested in trading hi-qual GD, Neil, CSN. Send lists. Andrew & Audrey Summa, 724 Green Ridge St, Scranton, PA 18509

Need 7/24/87, 8/5/89, 9/30/89. I'll send blanks. Thanks! Brian Basmajian, 5469 N. Cedar #111, Fresno, CA 93710

Earthquake/hurricane victims: lost/destroyed tapes? Quality help rebuild. Keith & Bonnie Sutherland, 8412 Melvin Ave, Northridge, CA 91324

Dave D'Antonia: I found a box of tapes w/your name. Contact me if you want them back. Bob S, Box 744, Salem, NH 03079

Need SBD/FMs 89 fall tour. New Orleans, Houston, Dallas 88. Have 400+ hrs. KB 5905 N. Euclid, Gladstone, MO 64118

500 hrs, let's trade lists! Video traders encouraged! Rob Stephens, 1410 E. Elm, Tucson, AZ 85719

Have 1000s Zero, Dino's, Quick, Cip, Garcia, Nevilles, Rads, Tuna, Jorma, need more. M. Schuncke, 24 Willowtree #1, Towson, MD 21204

Have 200 hrs GD to trade. Your list gets mine. Ted, 90 Orchard Dr, Greenwich, CT 06830

Looking for any July 17 show, any year. Will send blanks. Alice Tilson, 1116 Cowper Dr, Raleigh, NC 27608

Tennessee DH has 300+ and needs more. Send lists. Hardy, 806 Loeb, Memphis, TN 38111

Want 9/2/80, 9/6/80, 81, 82. Have 100 hrs. Reliable, quick. M. Wester, 250 Arlen Dr, Rohnert Park, CA 94928

800+ hrs GD/JGB. Looking for hi-qual JGB & pre 80. Steve, 111 S. Prospect, Clarendon Hills, IL 60514

Need blues, Garcia, Van, 60s rock. Have 1000+ hrs everyone. Russ Dugoni, 33065 Compton Ct, Union City, CA 94587

Dylan submasters: 7/2/88, 9/3/88 for Dylan/Dead rehearsals or GD 3/19/86. Bill Jaehnig, 668 Wethersfield St, Rowley, MA 01969

Always want/need more tapes, correspondence. 400 hrs, qual only. Barry Small, 370 Lexington St, SF, CA 94110

Someone must have 11/5/79. Also looking for Skydog. 100s hrs. David Dulaney, 505 Mayflower Dr, Greensboro, NC 27403

Have lots Dylan & Dead 89. Want more, plus any 90s. Henry, PO Box 163251, Miami, FL 33116

Beginner needs Dead. Have new bands. Your list gets mine. J. Paul Green, Rt 3, Box 284, Owenton, KY 40359

Seeking ex lo-gen JGB shows. Let's trade. Ted Gornick, 4525 NE Wistaria Dr, Portland, OR 97213

Crisp, clean tapes only please, 1000+ GD, CSNY, Tuna (old & new). Steve, 10K Reler Ln, Somerset, NJ 08873

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

Wanted videos GD, Robert Hunter, JGB, Hart, Midnights, anything. Rob Weiner, 3213 76th, Lubbock, TX 79423

Have 900 hrs to trade. Mark Schwartz, 1414 E. 16 St, Brooklyn, NY 11230

Have hi-qual fall-winter 89. Looking for rest of 89. Alex Cruzeta, 41-19 41st St #6E, Sunnyside, NY 11104

Have 150 hrs, would love to get Cal Expo 90. H. Peltz, PO Box 7105, Ardlsey-on-Hudson, NY 10503

Lookin' for recent shows, have 360+ good/excellent hrs. DES, 1194 Crim Rd, Bridgewater, NJ 08807

Have 1100+ hrs high quality. Always looking for more. Jeff O'Claire, 2929 87th St #4, Sturtevant, WI 53177

Looking for PA heads for trading and correspondence. Rick, 113 Washington Rd, PGH, PA 15221

350 hrs, trade my HQ for yours. Send lists. Scott Kissel, 1159 Beverly Hill Dr, Cincinnati, OH 45208

Looking for other digital traders, lots to trade. Hell's Honkies Tape Club c/o Lubar, 3900 Bailey Ave, Bronx, NY 10463

I'm a lost sailor, mail me your list, have 200hrs. The Lost Sailor, Box 147, Brandeis Univ, Waltham, MA 02254-9110

Have 1000+ hrs seeking current 1st gen shows from tapers. Brad Blackburn, 1027 Valley Forge Rd #275, Devon, PA 19333

Collection missing at Forum. Help! Will send blanks/postage. Lane, 2612 Fairhaven, Modesto, CA 95355



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 June 1.

1980 VW camper, new motor, new interior, in New Hampshire. $4500 or B.O. Michael 603-753-9297

Fire on the mountain! Sugarloaf fire in Boulder, CO, this past July consumed our house, 1900 hours of shows and 14 years of Deadabilia. If you have extra stickers, posters or newspaper coverage collected from past shows, we'd like to buy them. Please send to Nancy and Noah Saunders, Box 750, Boulder, CO 80306, with what you want us to pay, and we'll send you a check plus your postage. 'You know it's gonna get stranger, so let's get on with the show!' Peace and love.

To Charlene from Ramblin Rose — also BJ Carlton. Thanks a bunch for all your help and the tickets. Without you our New Year would not have started out with a bang. Any possibility of making it to Albany? Tom and Paul from the High Peaks of NY

Hey now, Wharfrats! Hang in there, we are getting organized, one day at a time! Our national address is: Wharfrats, PO Box 248, Manahawkin, NJ 08050

Attn musicians in the Woodstock/New Paltz and NYC area: Professional keyboardist/songwriter moving back to area. Would like to find dedicated 'originals' band or like-minded musicians. Would also like partner for hi-tech MIDI duo, songwriting, home-studio, etc. Please contact Alex Mazur, c/o 18 Harrington St, New Paltz, NY 12561 914-255-6364

Jeff popped the question at a show and Liz told the world — may the music never stop.

Thank you: Angelina, Keith & Ramona; Annie & Michael; Billy & Brian; Biron; Diana, Michelle, John & Lon; Ed; Gary & Gerry; Glenn; Jack & Jorma; Jerry & Steven; Jim; Linda & Danny; Lurana & Craig; Maggie, Frank & Scott; Rae & David; Susan, Todd & Todd; Susanne & David; Teresa & John; Tris & Andrew. Greetings to: Anna & Janis; Erich; Götz; Larry; Mathias; Sven & Uwe. Keep in touch. Birgit & Norbert, Bahnhofstr. 31, 6900 Heidelberg, West Germany

Magnets: GD 5 for $10/Beatles 5 for $10. Hand-painted water colors: Tape covers 15 for $10, postcards 10 for $10. Includes postage & handling. Send to S. Smith, PO Box 175 Dillon Beach, CA 94929

Bob, 'All the years combine, they melt into a dream...' Thanks for 9 years of sweet dreams! Happy 5th wedding anniversary! 3/20/90. Love always, Beth.

POW of the drug war would like to get some xerox copies of some sheet music. Guthrie, Prine, Dylan, Dead, and anything else you think I would enjoy. A. Litterski, 21674-008, PO 3000 #46, Anthony, NM 88021

Old/new friends please write me at my new address: Bob Jablon, 5725 N. 8th Pl #22, Phoenix, AZ 85014

PF in Spokane, WA: Nothing may be nothing but it's free. You are a strong woman. Walk with Jah.

Alligator, you know the power of the Moon. Let's triangulate 2/17/89 10PM. Your local Sugar Mag.

Tom, Daniel, Joe, Ken, Ron, Kirsten, Chris, Larry, Matt B., Shane, Colleen, Sheila, Anne, Sarah, Rm 206, John, Tiffany, Aurora and 'Gus' — It was a memorable experience. Thanx — HR.

Gay/Lesbian Heads: Moved here last year; would love to connect for company at shows. S. Whisler, 2120 Berkeley, Way, Berkeley, CA 94720

Sennheiser 441s: $790 for pair. Sound Engineering 12-volt "T" power supply for Schoeps: $250. Magnavox CDB465 CD player with warranty: $165. D-5s or DATs drastically improved by Sound Engineering. Call Stephen: (716) 865-9390

Greetings. POSTCARDS in beautiful colors printed from my original rubberstamp art (as is the cover of this issue of *The Golden Road*) — 11 different cards for $6/9 different non-Dead cards for $5. Prices include postage. Please send orders and inquiries to JSTA, P.O. Box 5232, Eugene, OR 97405

Guitarist from London coming over to SF and LA this summer. Looking for the right band and the rest. Write to: Derek Ataker, 22 Waldengrave House, Chartfield Ave., London, England SW156DB

Happy Birthday, Z! Shine on me! (us) Love, R & B

Zappa: Society Pages, the FZ fanzine, is moving to the USA! Exclusive recent interview with FZ! Subscription rates: USA-$15, elsewhere-$20, for five issues. Sample issue: $4. PO Box 356, Wantagh, NY 11793

Happy Birthday, Babaloo! Mama, Mama many worlds you've come. Love, the J2

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or phone: (916) 265-5100

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in The Golden Road



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Quarter page (3⅜ x 4⅞): **$100**
Half page (6⅞ x 4⅞): **$200**
Full page (6⅞ x 9¾): **$300**

Deadline for next issue: June 1

The Golden Road
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P.O. Box 936 • Pilot Mountain NC 27041
(919) 368-2699

Part of this year's Mardi Gras parade. More photos inside. Photo: Jay Blakesberg

Bonnie Raitt and Bobby during 'Big Boss Man,' New Year's Eve. Photo: Ken Friedman/ BGP Archives