THE GOLDEN ROAD

#23

SUMMER '90

Armstrong

There's nothing you can hold for very long...

Being a Deadhead in the Bay Area during the '80s sure was a lot of fun.

We had funky old Kaiser Convention Center, 7800 seats, with that great springy wooden floor, some of the vibe of Winterland, and a beautiful little park across the way we could call our own before and after the shows. You could argue that what became "the vending scene" was born on this little patch of green in Oakland. Kaiser was where we celebrated our version of the Holy Days: New Year's, Chinese New Year, Mardi Gras, even Valentine's Day. Sometimes we'd show up and it would be dressed in holiday finery. Other times it was just its drab, utilitarian self. But it always felt like home.

Beginning in '81 we had Berkeley's Greek Theater, which instantly became many Deadheads' favorite place to see the band. The Greek on a beautiful day was truly something to behold. Sightlines were unbeatable, the sound as good as it gets, and the feeling of community in the audience absolutely palpable. The first three years, Courtney had his tie-dye backdrops up to blow our minds. Sometimes it was unbearably hot, other times we froze our asses off in the chilly evening fog. But it was always a great place to be, and it always felt special.

In October '82 the Dead played their first concerts at Frost Amphitheater on the Stanford University campus in Palo Alto, and this time I really thought I'd died and gone to heaven. It fit 10,000 in a gently stepped grass bowl surrounded by live oak and other native trees. This was the prototypical California Dead show experience: relaxed fun in a breathtaking setting. We parked in the surrounding eucalyptus groves, which always seemed like some mysterious world of elves and strange woodland creatures in the late afternoon after a show.

Forget about whether you were disappointed by the '86 Frost shows, or you thought the first set at some Greek show was completely lame, or you had to park in this really bad part of town at Kaiser one time. I don't want to hear about it. I want to remember that these were magic places where miraculous things happened to thousands upon thousands of people — together and individually.

And now these sacred spaces have been taken away from us. We all know why, and we all know who's to blame, generally speaking. God knows we devoted enough space over the past few years posting our own warning signs, but to tell you the truth, I don't think I ever believed we'd lose the Greek and Frost. (I won't even get into the *really* intimate places they used to play around here a few years ago: Marin Vets, the Warfield and Berkeley Community Theater. We always knew they were too small for a band this popular.)

And now that they're gone (at least *for now*, the optimist in me says) I feel like a little part of me is gone, too. What's left for us once-privileged Bay Area folks? The Oakland Coliseum? Impersonal basketball arenas like that are a dime a dozen. Shoreline Amphitheater? It looks and feels like a theme park gone awry and, worse, has reserved seats. Personally, I like sittin' with my friends. Cal Expo's a neat place, but it's 80 miles away; not exactly in the neighborhood.

I know, I know. Things *are* tough all over. The band barely plays the Northwest these days. And whatever happened to Red Rocks? Remember the rainbow during drums at the Santa Fe Downs in '83? Haven't been back that way since. The mid-'80s spoiled me badly. It was an era when it seemed like just about any place — from a park in Telluride to a tiny symphony hall in Eugene — could become a way station for this cosmic traveling circus. Not anymore. Now, wherever we go the people *all* complain.

So we get it where and when we can and it's still totally fun, of course; it just lacks that extra dimension — that *other* X Factor — a groovy venue adds. Perhaps other cool spots will materialize up the road, but right now it looks like we're trapped in a world of stadiums, pavilions and basketball arenas. And that, in a word, is a *bummer*.

On a much more cheerful note, our cover this time, by Robert Armstrong (you loved his illustrations for our "Dupree" article in Issue 21), reflects another passion of ours: Hawaiian music. The warmth and beauty of Hawaiian folk music has taken Regan and me down a parallel Golden Road for the past decade, so we commissioned this piece, somewhat in the style of 1930s Hawaiian travel posters. Bob Armstrong was the natural choice for the job: as a member of the Cheap Suit Serenaders and various other proudly anachronistic bands, he's played old Hawaiian music for years. He's also a collector of old Hawaiiana. A professional illustrator who lives in Dixon, California, Armstrong may be known to some of you as the creator of the underground comic character "Mickey Rat," the "Couch Potato" and "Couch Tomato" characters, as well as the Couch Potato newsletter, *Tuber's Voice*.

Aloha until the fall! — *BJ*

The Golden Road

Published and Edited by: Blair Jackson and Regan McMahon

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Chief Photographer: Ron Delany

Production Assistant: Richard McCaffrey

Photographers in this issue: Jay Blakesberg, Herbie Greene, Michael Conway, Bruce Polonsky, Baron Wolman, D'Ann Massie-Yocum

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

Sherman, Set the Wayback Machine for 1970

While visiting my mother in North Miami Beach this spring, I recalled fond memories of buying my first "Bus" ticket 20 years ago when I was a freshman down in Ft. Lauderdale on spring vacation from Ohio State. As I lounged poolside, reading last issue's "This Must Be Heaven: Memories of My First Show," I was delighted to find that Blair's first encounter was so close in time to my own.

On March 24, 1970, four days after your first show, I attended the Pirate's World show at a Dania, Florida, amusement park almost by coincidence and more intent on checking out the park's roller coaster rides than getting onto the biggest roller coaster of my life.

My first show is much more of a blurry memory than yours, although the excitement and dancing was electric and memorable, even in the back of the tent, which is where I stood. Unfortunately, the cloudiness surrounding the musical performance remains thick for me, because to this day, despite many inquiries, I have been unable to find a tape of that show. I'm told even the Dead don't have that tape.

When I think about everything that's gone down in our lives, our world and the Deadhead community since those days, I am awestruck and feel wonderfully blessed, not only by realizing what a long, strange trip it's been, but more so by a sense of evolution and progression that I feel is occurring in our time. This Bus ride has been an essential part of our personal growth within this evolution.

The 25th anniversary is upon us, and as we observe an expanding political and ecological awareness in the world, it feels like a spiraling upward movement of world consciousness is happening. I'm hopeful that in 20 more years this long, strange trip will have evolved into something even more awakened and joyous than it is today.

Thanks to you and Regan for chronicling this Golden Road for us all over the years. I support your decision to do what feels right and take a break as you've planned. It is doing what felt right from within that has brought us all from that first show to now. Let's keep it up, shall we?

Mark Portman
Berkeley, CA

(Thanks, Mark, and all you other nice folks who wrote in with words of support following our announcement last issue! — BJ & RM)

The Naked and the Dead

I was also at the 3/20/70 Capitol Theater show in Port Chester that you described last issue in "This Must Be Heaven: Memories of My First Show." I had been to Woodstock, so it was the second time I'd heard them, but the first Dead show. I was in the balcony but did not see any dancing naked women. I do remember the fat guy from Catfish claiming to have "talked to the Dead prior to the show" and going on to say "the Dead would play all night." They didn't. But it was a hell of a show.

As an interesting epilogue, a band from the Hartford, CT, area named Max Creek plays there on a semi-regular basis, and does justice to this wonderful old venue.

David Polow
Johnson, VT



Computer illustration: Paul Durham, Greensboro, NC

Attics of My Life

As I read your last issue, and your comments about possibly discontinuing your efforts to put out *The Golden Road,* I was definitely bumming.

I found it hard to believe we have been together for seven years (I subscribed with the first issue). It seems like only yesterday ... Of course, it seems like my first show was only yesterday (until I start remembering all the great times I have had and all the good friends I have met these last 12 years riding the Bus).

As time has passed, I have found myself removed from those free wheeling days of yesteryear and wondering what happened. I guess I always felt that we would be here forever, and when I was ready to go back, I could. Well, surprise! I went from someone who used to attend 40 shows a year to someone who goes only three to five times a year; from someone who never missed a New Year's show through any fault of my own to someone who lives for a live simulcast; from someone who would attend shows all over the country alone, always meeting new friends (with never a fear of harassment and always with a sense of belonging) to someone who watched the scene with dismay and some trepidation; from someone who was always accepted as a fellow traveler to someone who at the recent shows was warily considered a possible DEA agent (a little touch of grey goes a long, long way). It has definitely been a long, strange trip.

I will always hear the rhythm of nature captured by the Dead in all things (rain, wind, windshield wipers, clocks ticking, dishwashers, computers, etc.). I will always hold dear the freedom that I discovered in myself through the Dead experience. I

FEEDBACK

know this will never change. Once your perception has been altered, you can never go back, you can only go forward. Looking to the future, I wonder how long our little microcosm can last. The changes in our community that I experienced recently have only made my memories of the times I spent on the Bus sweeter.

To all of you who ever welcomed me into your circle of friends, who ever extended a kindness, shared a private moment; to all of you who touched my life through our Dead family, I want to say thank you through this forum, while I still am able.

Deb Frantz
Greenbelt, MD

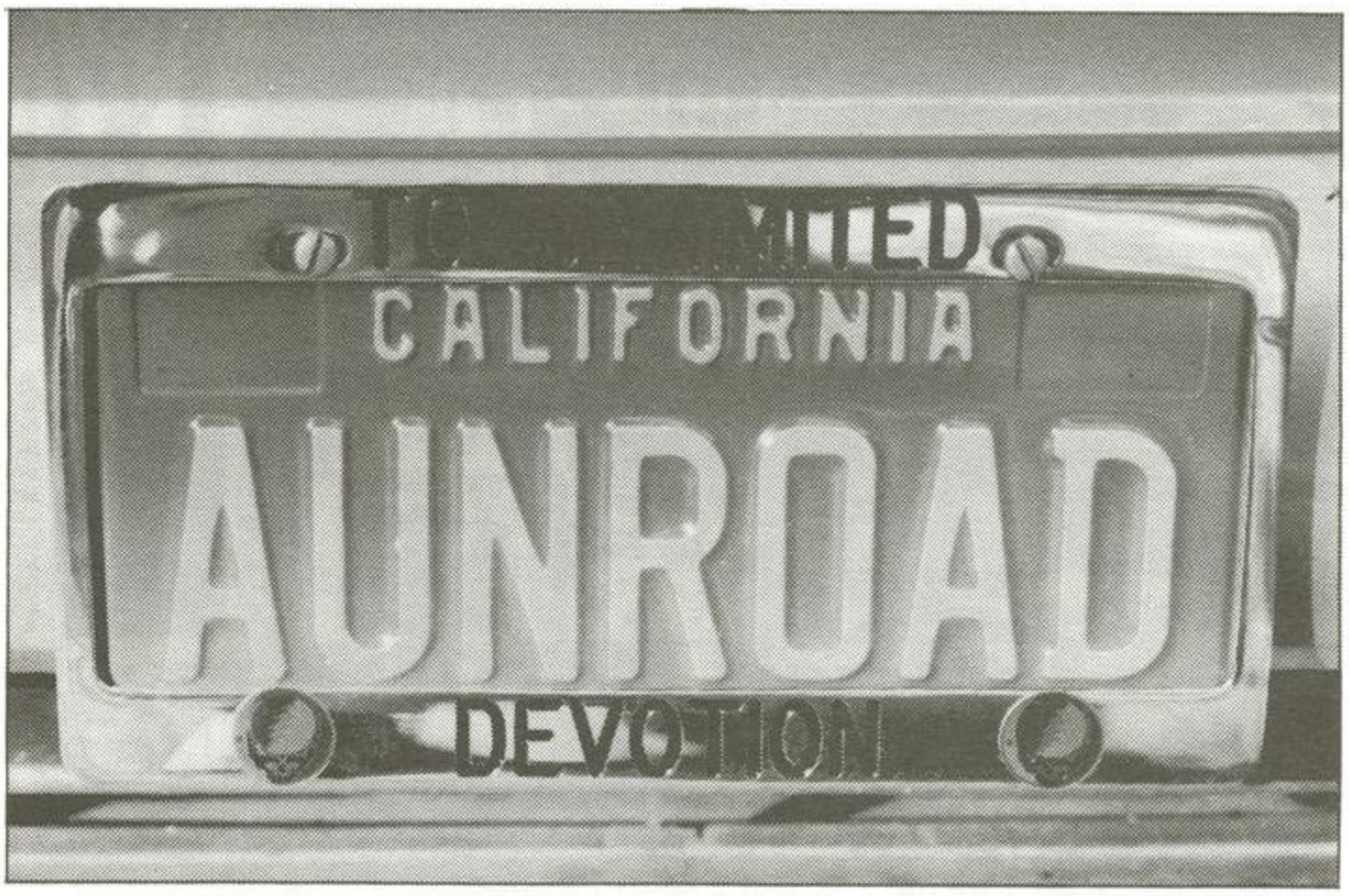
it? Spend some time, talk to someone who is seeing his or her first show — you can always spot 'em — and dispel some myths. Talk to some nitrous dealers and try to get them in their vans. Give your own feelings about what they're doing; it will sink in! Talk to a cop (choose wisely on this one) — many are just as curious as you are. The same is true for residents. Mainly send out some good vibes, look out for each other and *be aware*. Let's prove *we* still remember the '60s ideals we espouse. If we all take the extra time to convey a positive message we can make a difference.

Kaya
Telluride, CO

we've been thinking about possibilities. How about creating a nice complex up in, say, Mendo County: custom built with controlled acoustics and the Dead's own security, nice camping facilities with recycling consciousness and controlled vending (no snow cone shit). This has got to be more economical than touring — limited travel expenses, smaller equipment overhead, no need for GD Productions semi-trailers, no need to spend time with multiple local authorities. Key motto: "Build It and They Will Come."

Think about it.

Roger and Lexie Hunter
Barrington, IL



If you know your Periodic Table of Elements, you'll get this license plate. From Aaron J. Brinegar, Oakland, CA

We Can Work It Out

I'd like to relay some of my feelings in response to your article last issue, "This Darkness Got to Give." I completely understand the reasoning behind the death of the vending/camping scene and the feelings of those who argue that it's now easier to get inside, there's less drug dealing, it's cleaner, etc. Despite this I feel we've sacrificed something beautiful. I grew up in Palo Alto and used to run over to Frost, against my parents' warnings and reprimands, to dance to bongos, talk to vendors, gather ideas, gawk at all the crazy long-haired hipppies and basically play in childhood heaven — a group of open and fun-loving people. In contrast to my parents' values, this was something completely different, and I grew up retaining many of the values I found there and the lessons of love and freedom from some of my best teachers: a bunch of starry-eyed dreamers and Deadheads. It was an experience that changed the course of my life, or put it back on track, and it pains me to think that it is gone for those who follow.

What we need is a little more love and communication, not to end the scene. Of course it is the harder path, but isn't it worth

Beam 'Em Up, Scotty

Personally, we like the camping and vending scene at the shows. The tribal and nomadic nature of the Dead is reinforced by such accomplices. The traveling band accompanied by the traveling audience. But for those of you whose senses are offended by the yin and yang of it all, here are two possible solutions.

Number One: Dead Satellite. Beam every Dead show to any subscriber of the channel. But not that stuff we've seen on New Year's Eve on USA Network. No need to see Al Franken trying to conjure up some comedic patter. The cable feed for 6/21/89 Shoreline was perfect (except for the cut at the end), with the camera walking around before the show and during intermission. No pretense. Just live Dead.

Imagine a potential audience everywhere on the planet. Dancing in the streets in Lagos. Sydney. Tokyo. Moscow. Even St. Louis (last show 1982). It's a revenue biggie for the band, and the fans get to catch the shows. Everybody wins. Key motto: "All the Shows — All the Time."

Number Two: Ever since the early '70s rumor that the Dead were considering buying the Fox Theater (St. Louis, not Atlanta),

Making Music Together In a World Time Forgot

I caught the second night in Albany and the three at Nassau, and, frankly, was shocked by the level of playing. I can't believe it was that good. I've been on this Bus for 20 years and keep waiting for a good excuse to get off. But each time I get ready, each time I say I have too much to do and can't afford the decrease in sleep or time, something happens. I wish that everyone who has ever considered the Grateful Dead to be little more than rock's longest-running joke had seen the second night at Nassau. It was among my all-time favorites. Even on the third night, the crispness was almost unbelievable.

While reading the last issue and attending the Nassau shows, I got a feeling of the burden it must sometime seem like to be in the Grateful Dead. Take away the spiritual stuff that we all sometimes feel and you still get great, great music; worth traveling to hear, performed by some pretty great players. Watching Garcia lead Branford Marsalis — I have never seen him that happy — I got the feeling this is all most of them ever wanted: to simply be really good players, making really good music.

G.J. Miller
New York

Songs? Who Needs Songs?

In "Deadline" last issue, you commented on the band's low song count in the '80s as compared with previous eras, and said that new songs are what's needed to keep the music moving forward. Maybe so, but the development of drums/space in the '80s was, and continues to be, very interesting, to say the least. Listen to drums/space 3/2/87, 6/21/89 and the very chaotic 12/31/89 "Victim" ➧ "Dark Star" ➧ drums/space. All this stuff is *new*, but I'm not sure *song* is an accurate description of what's played or heard here. Maybe this is really a *concert*: Drums/Space in D Flat, Fourth Movement! It's gonna get stranger.

Bob Murray
Ashland, OR

Stop the War

While on tour this spring I was confronted by the harsh reality of the "war on drugs." As I traveled from city to city, I noticed

Deadheads being arrested in large numbers, in some cases by undercover DEA agents posing as hippies, in other cases by local or state police. It seems many of us have come to accept the roving police state as an occupational hazard of being a Head. I believe our lack of an organized response is leaving our community open to broader, more massive attacks.

The war on drugs seems to me to be a front for a larger crackdown against anyone outside mainstream culture. By using a divide-and-conquer method, the government is able to isolate targeted portions of the population. And make no mistake, it's open season on Deadheads.

Put in perspective, some of the most vile creatures on this planet — so-called leaders of nations and heads of corporations who daily bring this planet closer to extinction with their profits-over-people mentality, power trips and paranoid world view — are not in jail, yet, our friends are rotting in cages, some brothers and sisters facing 20 years hard time. For what? Involvement with freely chosen and non-addictive substances whose effects are almost always localized in an individual's head.

From doses to the kind bud, it's time (high time) to question the legitimacy of the drug roundup. Surely we can come up with a hip response. Any real solutions must deal with the problem, which is not drugs, and not our lifestyle, but authoritarian laws enforced by a violent minority that keeps us from freely choosing how to best create a community that brings harmony to ourselves and to the planet we inhabit.

Christopher Scott
Long Island City, NY



Inch Your Way Through Dead Dreams to Another Day

I have subscribed to *The Golden Road* since its beginning. In fact, you published my letter in Issue 1, in which I wished that the Garcia Band would come to the Palace in Albany, NY. I kept on subscribing even though I lost interest in going to shows by 1985. I kept up with the Dead by your publication and tapes and friends who are into the scene.

I kept on hoping Jerry might come to the Palace, and I still do. Meantime, Albany started building the Knickerbocker Arena. I watched it go up every day on my way to work, and I said my prayers that the Grateful Dead would play in my hometown. I heard rumors about it a few months before the dates were set. I could hardly believe it when they were confirmed for March 24, 25 and 26. I got my tickets for each night with a little help from my friends. They turned out to be the best shows of my life and the best time of my life.

I had never really danced at a show ... you know, really worked up a sweat and been part of all those people dancing in the halls where there's space. I never could because I always overindulged in alcohol and acid. I enjoyed listening and watching, but I was too wasted to dance.

I gave up alcohol a few years ago, so I had never been to a show without it. So I planned to take it easy, do a moderate dose and be part of the dancing crowd. I knew it would be a blast.

When the band started to play I took off and never stopped dancing. Even during the break, these guys were playing drums of all sorts and I boogied to that too. For three nights it was bliss. My Dead dream come true. I can't wait till they come back!

Ruth A. DeGennaro
Glenmont, NY

The Secret of the Tribe

Great article in Issue 21 about the sociology of the Deadhead scene; here are a few more thoughts ... I've long been aware of the essentially tribal nature of the tour circuit, and a large percentage of the people on that route and have formulated a theory that you may find interesting.

The Dead scene has many of the qualities of a tribal society: symbols, rituals, mythology and unique and signatory modes of dress and speech — members will engage in substantially non-standard behavior in

ROOM FOR TWO MORE

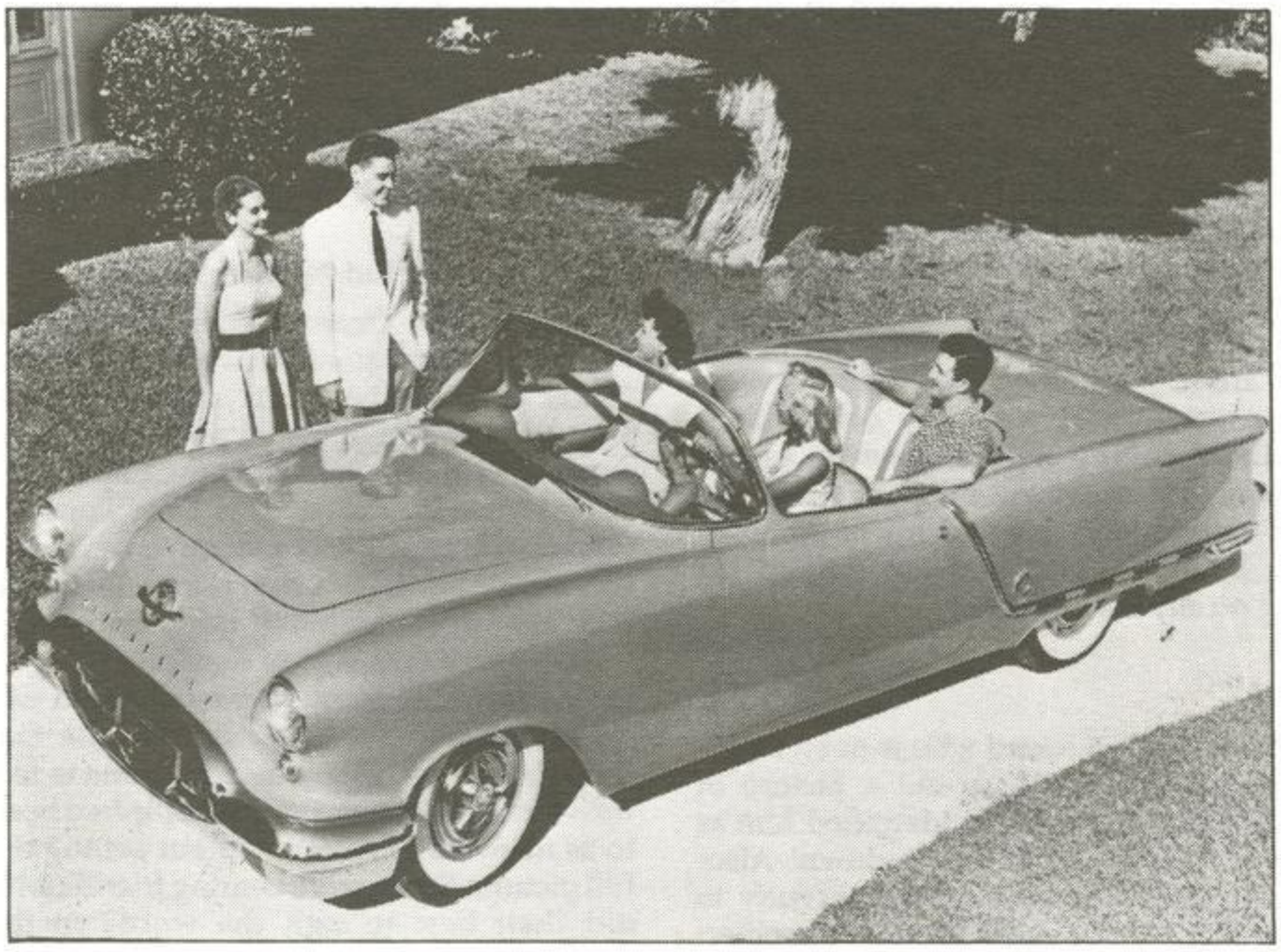
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FEEDBACK

regards to the matrix culture in which they are the exception. All this sounds pretty weird, and could just as easily define a gang of bikers or a squad of infantry — except that perhaps for the first time in human history we are faced with a true tribe that exists as a temporal rather than a spatial entity. A tribe defined by its occurrence in time instead of its location in space! Instead of inhabiting a remote and isolated valley or island, the tribe moves in and out of the background culture only at certain *times* (showtimes), and therein lies the secret of the longevity of the Deadhead scene. We hear folks define their movements largely by references to *dates* — friends are seen at intervals in time and may not even notice the gaps between meetings; the show provides a background independent of any time-metered process! A show in '78 may resemble one in '88, as far as the social scene is concerned.

Dave Hope
Rochester, NY

The Hero's Journey

I'm a 31-year-old wife and mother and visiting nurse. I was introduced to the Dead's music in 1979 and was instantly hooked, but didn't get to my first concert until 1982. I see six to ten shows most years, usually within 200 miles of my home in Boston. I'm fascinated by Deadheads and by the 1960s, and have done a fair amount of reading about both topics.

For me, the Dead's music opens some very spiritual doors at times. I had an intense peak or ecstatic experience at my third show that transcends words. Any attempt to verbalize it only cheapens the experience. While it has not been repeated in all the years and shows since then, I have learned to get a good ways down that path more and more often. Over the last two years I have been pleasantly surprised to find that same energy and space at many non-Dead concerts. I'm convinced that the same "place" can be reached by meditation, but I haven't had the discipline to do it. I started reading Joseph Campbell (thanks to my intro from *The Golden Road*) and see very strong parallels between my own beliefs, Deadhead culture and his theories. I don't support any organized religion. I feel that each individual must find his or her own way. Being a Deadhead has helped me along on my own journey.

Colleen Willmer
Roslindale, MA

P.S. Last fall, a friend who is not a Deadhead showed our 2-year-old a picture of Santa Claus. She proudly identified him as Jerry! We have yet to live it down! Also, our daughter was very excited recently to discover that Jerry sings about her pacifier. She calls it a "fier" and thinks that "Fire on the Mountain" is her special song. She now has a new respect for the band!

Plastic Fantastic Taper

In light of Earth Day and the general waking up that's going on with regards to healing our planet, a few thoughts on tape trading. Considering that five major toxins are released in the production of plastic, maybe it's time to abandon the "watch 'em pile up" style of tape collecting.

How many of us have C-grade tapes that we refuse to erase because somebody, someday, might want a copy? And how many spirit-lifting gems are buried in our collections, played only once or twice because we were too busy chasing after more and more? If we get to know the tapes we already have a little better, be more patient about those "gotta gets" and periodically recycle a few of the expendable ones, we might keep a little more plastic out of the landfills and poison out of the air and water. (This goes for lists, too. Paper isn't as cheap as it seems).



Illustration: Kifer Releaf

The task, it seems to me, is to take information and convert it to knowledge. Let's not worry about expanding our lists, but let the music stretch us, body and mind.

Ben Greene
Victoria, B.C., Canada

When I Had No Ears to Hear

The Grateful Dead again achieve a first! Following discussions between deaf Deadheads (Deafheads), their signing friends who can hear (Signheads) and Dan Healy, a special area was set aside at the Cap Center D.C. shows in March. This Deaf Zone, as it is known, held 34 people by the last night. All concerned had a wonderful time and look forward to reuniting this summer.

The main advantage of the Zone was that it was near the front so people could use their eyes to make sense of the little that they could hear. Many held balloons to feel the vibrations better. Some people had been to as many as 50 shows without getting the full picture. Some were hearing friends who did their best to sign the words to the songs or mime particular sounds as they popped up.

The Zone was made possible by Dan Healy, whose own father was deaf. Invaluable assistance was given by the Dead organization's Annette Flowers and Steve Marcus, who himself is deaf in one ear.

Members of the Zone have called themselves Grateful Deaf, and we are busy trying to recruit more members across the United States. At present, most are concentrated in D.C., where there is a deaf university. Anyone interested should contact Jeff Rosen, c/o 14700 Blackburn Road, Burtonsville, MD 20866.

Paddy Ladd
London, England

Remix Rebuffed

I was gratified to read somewhere that Mickey Hart lists the original version of *Anthem of the Sun* among his ten favorite records. I wish dearly that the original were somehow available.

The two mixes are easy to tell apart because on the remix, Side 1 ends with a big E-chord just like The Beatles' "Day in the Life" does. The original omits the chord, and "Born Cross-Eyed" simply trails off, leaving the resolution implicit. Maybe when Jerry produced the original, he left it off so it wouldn't sound like he was copying *Sergeant Pepper's*.

The original has a distinctly different sound — a slightly murky, bass-heavy mix that tends to subdue the individual voices. It fills the chest and reproduces in me the delicious foreboding and sense of helpless momentum that LSD did. This was the whole point! All of it, but especially the "space" section, "We Leave the Castle," has an organic quality, as if it were not being played but were instead playing itself to me; it is scary and beautiful without artifice.

The remix substitutes a relentless clarity. Instrumental voices — more often than not Jerry's own lines — are brought forward, and vocals are easier to understand. The result is transparency; you can hear through it to the other side. It is also unmagical and sterile, like a Disneyland diorama. The whirling, round-and-round stereo effects of the original are gone. And the last chord finishes off the original's trippy spirit, saying instead, "This is a composition, not an experience."

The original mix is the best recorded treatment of the acid trip. When I bought my own copy of *Anthem*, I found that I had just another rock album — the remix. Years later I found a crummy copy of the original, its virtues occluded but still audible. Saint Mickey, save me! Help push for the rerelease of this dusty jewel. Put me on the mailing list.

Andrew L. Alden
Oakland, CA

Baby I Hope You Don't Get Burned

Please renew my subscription right away. My girlfriend got pissed at me and *burned* all of my back issues she could find — all but three — and then she gave all of my 2000 to 2500 records away, along with a couple hundred miscellaneous tapes. Needless to say, we are no longer friends!

Luckily, though, life does go on, and it's getting much better, I'm happy to say.

Phil Browne
Menlo Park, CA

DEADLINE



Bobby, Mickey, Zakir Hussain (playing small drum) and others during the drum procession at the Nelson Mandela rally in Oakland Stadium. Photo: Jay Blakesberg

June 30 was a big, big day in the Bay Area. That's when Nelson Mandela came to town for a huge rally/concert at Oakland Stadium to raise consciousness about apartheid and to raise funds for the African National Congress. The day-long celebration featured an incredible array of local musicians, among them Bonnie Raitt and John Lee Hooker, the cast of the extraordinary South African musical *Sarafina!* (which was playing in San Francisco), an all-star jazz band with sax giants Pharoah Sanders and John Handy, gospel groups, African-influenced world-beat bands, rappers, and many others.

Opening the festivities at noon (unfortunately before most of the crowd had arrived) was a huge troupe of drummers, dancers and singers that included Mickey Hart (resplendent in a flowing kaftan, and playing a big drum), Baba Olatunji — who was spellbinding as always — and Garcia and Weir on guitars. In all, there must have been 50 drummers in the front line, banging on everything from little talking drums to giant two-person Japanese taiko drums. South African singer (and Bay Area resident) Johnny Hastrup's hypnotic vocals soared above the din of drums, and underneath it all, laying down a barely audible bed of bright chords and slinky lead filigrees were Garcia and Weir. Although even they reportedly couldn't hear themselves most of the time (they eventually retreated to a spot right next to their amps, to no avail), they looked like they were having a ball anyway, bopping to the beat and grinning broadly as a seemingly endless procession of colorfully costumed dancers and singers came up onstage. By the end of the long number, the stage was filled with a couple of hundred people! Mickey, of course, was in the thick of things in the front line — right at home in this world of drums. Quite a spectacle, to say the least, and that was just the opening procession!

Needless to say, though, nothing topped the moment 2½ hours later when Mandela appeared in the sold-out stadium. Sixty thousand people — black, white, young, old — were united in a tremendous outpouring of warm feelings and good vibes.

If all goes according to plan, we'll see a number of exciting Grateful Dead music projects hit the stores in the next several months — an unprecedented CD (and, presumably, tape) bonanza that should offer something for every Deadhead. Here's the run-down:

1) Phil Lesh and John Cutler have been working hard at the Dead's Club Front Studio in Marin County sifting through dozens of hours of recent 24-track recordings with an eye towards a live CD set that captures the band's most recent evolution. We understand that they're still at the stage of choosing the best performances; actual mixing is still down the road a ways. For more on Phil's involvement, see our interview with him in this issue.

2) Are you ready for historic Dead CDs? We've all been begging for this to happen for years, and now, thanks to the band's live sound wizard, Dan Healy, it's right around the corner. Healy has taken over a portion of Club Front and begun filling it with ultra-high-tech equipment that will allow him to transfer the Dead's massive collection of live tapes to compact disc — an infinitely better storage medium for the band's archives. At the same time, he hopes to start releasing some choice Dead performances on CDs. We rapped with Dan about it recently:

How on earth will you approach releasing historic Dead performances after all this time?

Tentatively, I'm going to be releasing things based on two concepts: one is the "Most Noteworthy Event" concept. In other words, through the years there have been various gigs that people think had particular significance. The other is the "From Day One" concept. The problem with that one is it's going to really take some time to lay it

out and do a legitimate package; and I don't want to just jump in and be bullshit about it. So I'll be starting with the first concept.

How specific are you going to be about an "event"? Could it be, say, the Egypt shows rather than just a single concert?

It could be Egypt. It could be all the Red Rocks shows. It can be broad like that, but I'm not saying it will be either of those, because frankly I haven't decided. People will have to wait and see.

You've got a bit of stuff to wade through.

I've got a *lot* of stuff to wade through. At the same time, I'm doing a computer-generated data base, so there will be an official data base of what's actually in the vault.

If things go on as scheduled, by the end of the year I'll have the first package done, and that first package will probably be a nine-CD package — three groups of three events — sold through Grateful Dead Merchandising, and maybe up the road, through our record company. We'll have to see. This is sort of picking up where Round Records left off.

Do you think you would favor performances you have multitracks of, because you would have more mixing flexibility?

Absolutely not. It's taken me years to get to the place where philosophically I can make my decisions without regard to the technical hipness of it. Unfortunately, as with all other things in life, the shows with the best recording quality aren't necessarily the best shows. That's another form of Murphy's Law. That's one of the things that's hung us up through the years. Beyond that, if you ask any of us, none of the shows are worth listening to. [Laughs]

Are you getting any input from others?

Sure. *Deadbase* is one of my references. I'm contemplating a questionnaire at shows and maybe a mailing, too. Basically, as soon as I can figure out a way to get information without having to endure a bunch of yappers, I'll do it. I'm up for the information, but not for the yapping. Every person out there has a different opinion, so there's really no one person or even a group of people to listen to. In the past when I've tried to do some informal polling, no two people agree on anything.

For right now, though, I want everyone to just relax. I don't want to be barraged with opinions. When the time is right, they'll have some input.

In other words, don't come up to you at a gig and say "4/29/71. 'Alligator' through 'Cold Rain & Snow.'"

Exactly. Or if you're gonna do it, at least be humorous and cryptic about it. [Laughs]

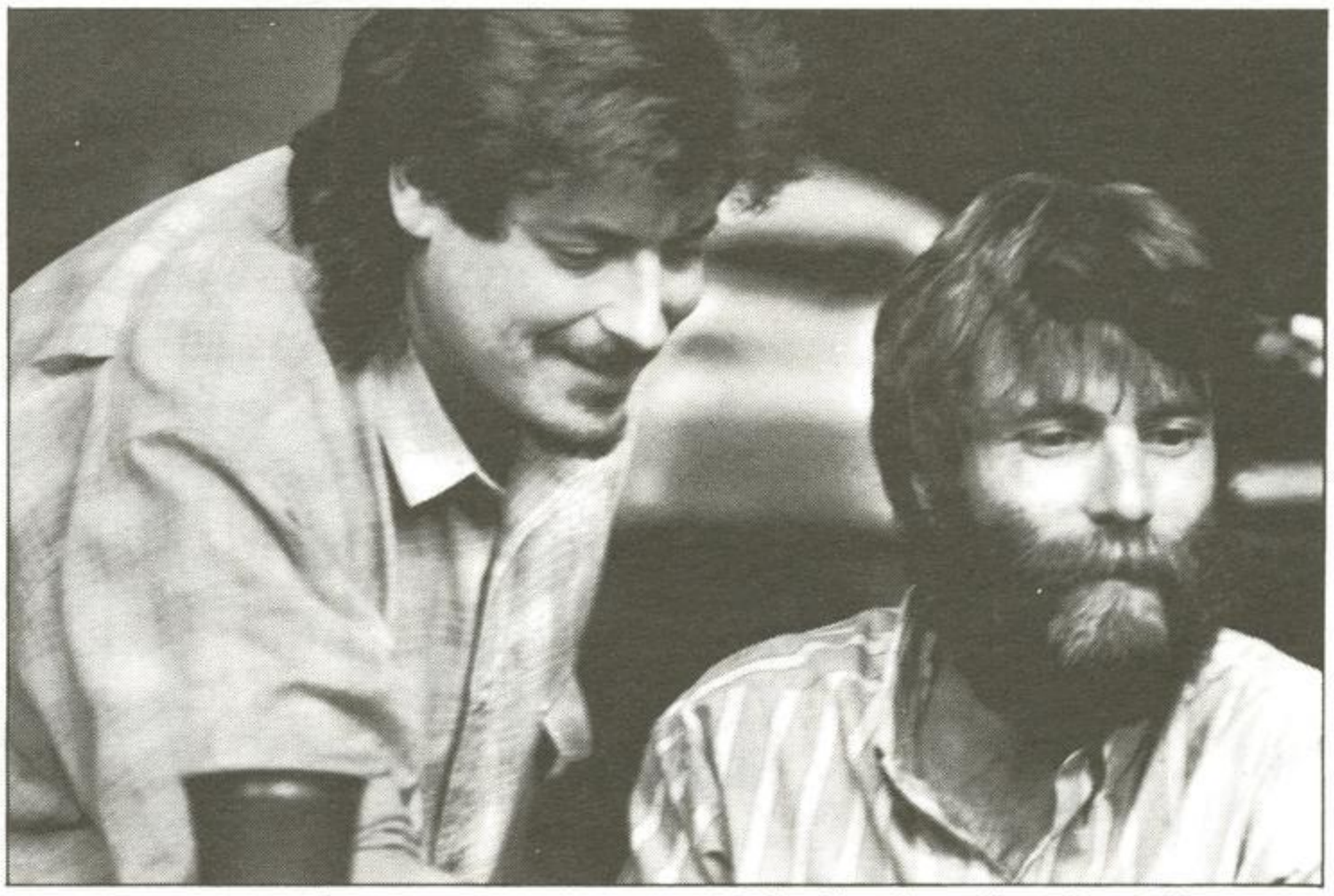
What input have you gotten from the band?

"Tell me this is true, Dan! You're really willing to do this? Holy God, I thought it would never happen!"

Do you think they'll be involved with it?

Hard to say. They might be involved if I get them involved, but I don't know if that's such a good idea. We'll have to see. I'm still kicking it around.

Actually, it's good in a way that this hasn't happened till now, because it's really only very recently that the technology suggests that there are ways to work with old tapes to release killer-sounding old gigs. It's pretty exciting. But like I said, everybody should relax for now and see how it develops. It's a long-term thing and hopefully it'll be fun for everyone.



GD tech man Bob Bralove assists Brent during an '89 Shoreline show. Photo: Ron Delany

3) Bob Bralove, the tech genius who's helped the band enter the MIDI world the past four years, has been slaving away on a CD that is going to be devoted *entirely* to Rhythm Devils and space jams!

"That part of the Dead's music hasn't really been chronicled anywhere except for a couple of minutes on *Dead Set*, and that's too bad because there's some incredible stuff out there to draw from," he told us in late June. "I've accepted the fact that this album will be very incomplete, but I think it has the potential to be really, really good. The [multitrack] tapes that John [Cutler] has made over the past couple of years sound great."

What criteria is Bralove using to choose the sections of music that will make up the disc? "The stuff that *works* really stands out," he says. "If you listen to the same shows over and over — and I've been listening to *a lot* of shows; even pre-24-tracks — the performances that really speak to me jump out. I'll really like a section of one, then I'll listen to another 20 shows or something, and then listen back to the original one I chose, and usually that *is* a good one.

"What I'm trying to do with this is make very specific, clear pictures of places [the drums and space jams] go, as opposed to having each cut be about everything they do. So some things will have no MIDI on them; other things will have extensive MIDI. Mostly what I'm looking for is magical performances. There's a quality of motion and movement that all of it has, and the trick to me is to catch that movement without having to get through the ponderous points where you're not sure where it's going. Not that that's not important in the performance — because I think that *does* work in performance — but it's hard for that to work on a record."

Bralove says he originally talked to Mickey a few years ago about putting together a disc of just Rhythm Devils material, but the concept grew to include "space" as well, thus making it a full Grateful Dead music project. What do the bandmembers think of his work so far?

"I've completed one section and passed it around and asked if this was

the direction people wanted to go in, and so far the reaction has been very positive," he reports.

He acknowledges that "this won't have the same kind of overall appeal" as other Dead CD projects — "after all, it isn't *songs*. But I think a lot of people will like it. I really want to make this a gorgeous-sounding album where you're surrounded by what they're doing. I want it to have the energy and feeling of a live show, but I don't want you to feel any distance from the music being created by having the perspective be away from the stage. I want the listener to feel intimate with the sound, because that's something the audience doesn't really get — to be *in* the music."

No doubt about it — we're in for some heavy-duty stuff! Yow!

What's the verdict on how things went on spring tour? Well, it depends on how you look at it and whom you talk to. On the negative side, there were numerous arrests at every tour stop and the Dead have, at least for the time being, been banned from future shows at Merriweather Post Pavilion near D.C. and Cal State Dominguez Hills in Carson, CA. On the bright side, there seemed to be fewer problems *in general*, and much of the media coverage the band and Deadheads received was fairly favorable.

"The tour last spring went very well over all," GD road manager Cameron Sears told us a few days before the start of summer tour. "However, the same problem we've been having all along that we haven't addressed in a direct way, we're having to address now — and that's the open sale of controlled substances and the resulting arrests. What communities are having a difficult time accepting about us is that after we appear in their town there's sometimes the lingering after-effect of LSD in the local high school for a few months, where it might have never existed before. Most people seem to be fairly willing to put up with the carnival as it rolls through town, but they're very unforgiving when the after-effects linger on so long and have a seemingly detrimental effect on local kids. The band and all of us here have a high degree of appreciation for that."

The press clippings we've seen from the shows in Ontario, Albany and even the once troublesome Nassau Coliseum were largely positive, and the Carson shows probably would have been considered a grand success if it weren't for one incident involving a woman who obtained some LSD outside the Dead show (she didn't even go to the concert) and was later involved in a traffic fatality. It's infuriating that the Grateful Dead's name gets tarnished by incidents like this that they have nothing to do with. If a person gets drunk at a Dodgers game and then gets in an accident, do the papers blame the Dodgers? Of course not. There's a double standard at work, in part because Deadheads are such an easy, visible target.

The Dead were also rebuffed in their attempt to play a pair of weekend shows with Little Feat at the Mammoth Mountain ski area south of Yosemite at the end of June. Here, though, it wasn't just a fear of Deadheads. "The forests up there are so dry because of the drought we've had that the people there really did have a legitimate reason not to have us come," Cameron says. "You can't invite 30,000 people up there and expect that no one is going to have a barbecue or a campfire. It would have been a disaster if there had been a big fire when we were up there, and certainly the forests are more important than a rock 'n' roll show. Maybe if we have some good heavy rains [some year] we can try it again. It's a beautiful area."

California's loss was Oregon's gain: the shows were rescheduled for Autzen Stadium in Eugene, and the shows

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went very well indeed. (Set lists and reports from those and other summer shows will be in our fall issue.)

In other tour news, the long-rumored Dead tour of Europe is finally happening this fall. Beginning in mid-October following a few East Coast concerts, the Dead will be hitting Stockholm, Sweden; Essen, Berlin and Frankfurt, Germany; Paris and London. These will be the band's first European dates since 1981, and though the Dead are not exactly on everyone's lips on the Continent, "There's a tremendous buzz about our coming over there," Cameron says. "We're hoping that Europe can become a new place for us to play and that we'll be able to get there more often." Naturally, hundreds, if not thousands, of well-heeled Heads are hoping to make the trek across the Atlantic for a chance to see the band in exotic locales (not to mention smaller halls), but the impression I've gotten from speaking to people in the Dead organization is that they're all hoping this will be primarily a turn-on for *Europeans*. We'll all keep our fingers crossed that everything goes well and that American Deadheads who make the trip show some respect for their hosts. Should be a gas, gas, gas — *n'est-ce-pas*?



Kesey, far left, brought the newly painted Bus to a Las Vegas booksellers' show. Photo: Tom McIntire

Lots of activity in the book world worth noting:

Mickey Hart's long-awaited opus, *Drumming at the Edge of Magic: A Journey Into the Spirit of Percussion*, is coming out September 15 from Harper & Row. Written with Jay Stephens, author of the superb *Storming Heaven: LSD and the American Dream*, it documents the sacred dimension of the drum from prehistoric times to the present. It also chronicles Mickey's own fascinating journey through life as a percussionist and ethnomusicologist. As Stevens notes, "Mickey doesn't just study the drums, he plays them. He does the same thing with the Grateful Dead that Kung Bushmen do; he's part of the same lineage." The text is complemented by more than 90 photos and illustrations. (Mickey is also collaborating with Frederic Lieberman on a primarily visual history of world percussion, called *Planet Drum*, due sometime next year from Harper & Row.)

An interesting footnote: Harper San Francisco agreed to Mickey's request that they plant two trees in a Latin American rainforest for every tree cut down for the production of his book. "Although obviously the paper used for book production doesn't come from rainforest trees," says publisher Clayton Carlson, "we see this action as a powerful symbol of our joint responsibility for replenishing our natural resources."

We'll have more on *Drumming at the Edge of Magic* next issue.

Over at Viking Press, *The Further Inquiry*, Ken Kesey's screenplay/book/happening about Neal Cassady and the Merry Pranksters (see our interview with KK last issue), will also be out this fall. We've seen an extract and it looks gorgeous! It contains more than 150 previously unpublished color photos of the Pranksters in action (taken by Ron Vibert, a.k.a. Hassler), transcriptions of Cassady raps; interviews with Merry fellow travelers, and even a "flip-book" that lets you see Neal in action. It's a real feast for the senses — a *trip* in every imaginable way.

If you read our interview with Kesey in the spring, you'll recall he said that Viking wanted him to fix up the Bus — which had been rusting quietly on his Oregon farm — and bring it to the big national bookseller's convention in Las Vegas in June. Well, it happened! Kesey commissioned a bunch of his friends to paint old "Further" one more time. The Bus' other notable recent appearance was in the parking lot at the Dead's late June shows in Eugene.

Viking has another book that is sure to be gobbled up by Deadheads coast to coast come October: *Box of Rain* is 384 pages of Robert Hunter's lyrics for the Grateful Dead, Garcia, and his own songs, as well as some unpublished writings. It also includes a few stories about how certain songs were written. This one has been a long time coming, and I think we're *all* going to be blown away when we see this great body of work compiled into one book. I can't wait!

And finally, we want to put in a good word for the new Citadel Underground series (put out by New York's Carol Publishing Group), which is dedicated to publishing "books with countercultural appeal, of interest to anyone with a bohemian streak," as the company's manifesto says. "The series will rediscover and illuminate the strains linking underground writing from Baudelaire to the Beats to the punks and cyberpunks."

Editor Dan Levy and his crew at Citadel Underground have brewed quite an eclectic concoction for us all: among the first releases in the series are such long-out-of-print works as *Ringolevio* — the memoirs of Emmett Grogan, the late founder and guiding light of Haight-Ashbury's radical community activists The Diggers; an expanded version of Ed Sanders' semi-fictional *Tales of Beatnik Glory*, about the Greenwich Village poetry/art scene of the '50s and early '60s; and *Red Dirt Marijuana and Other Tastes*, a hip collection of short stories by Terry Southern, best known for his screenplays for *Easy Rider* and *Dr. Strangelove*, and the camp erotic novel *Candy*. Among the books coming up from Citadel Underground in the next year are two out-of-print classics of special interest to Deadheads: *Garcia: A Signpost to New Space* by Jann Wenner and Charles Reich remains the best interview with Garcia ever done; and Michael Lydon's *Rock Folk* contains an extraordinary chapter describing a few days on the road with the Dead in May of 1969. Citadel is

doing a great service to uncover these lost gems for a new generation of readers, and some of the company's original titles on countercultural themes also show a lot of promise. Definitely a line of books to keep tabs on (or *in* for that matter).

The Bay Area music world lost a great player when drummer Eddie Moore died of a heart attack on the bandstand at Yoshi's club in Oakland in May. Moore was backing sax great John Handy at the time. Moore, along with the percussionist Muruga, played an integral role on the recent Merl Saunders project, *Blues From the Rainforest* (covered last issue). Moore and Saunders were cousins who had played together since they were children.

In mid-May, the Jerry Garcia Band played a pair of shows in Hawaii — the first time Garcia's played the Islands since the Dead hit Honolulu in 1970. The JGB played a big concert at the Waikiki Shell in Honolulu, and then a smaller show at the Hilo Civic Center on the island of Hawaii (a.k.a. "The Big Island"). The latter was a benefit for The Ocean Recreation Council of Hawaii (TORCH), a group trying to preserve Hawaii's coral reefs by protecting them from the random dropping of boat anchors. "I've seen what anchors do to the coral," Garcia, an avid scuba diver for the past three years, told a reporter. "The reef is the bottom of the food chain. It provides food for the fish and so on, and the fish end up on people's plates. If you do away with the coral, you're basically trashing the whole economy of the Islands, or at least a large percentage of it." On the subject of scuba diving Garcia said: "I like the water. I like the way it feels. I like slipping around in it. I feel like a fish. It's sort of like having an infinite aquarium to swim around in."

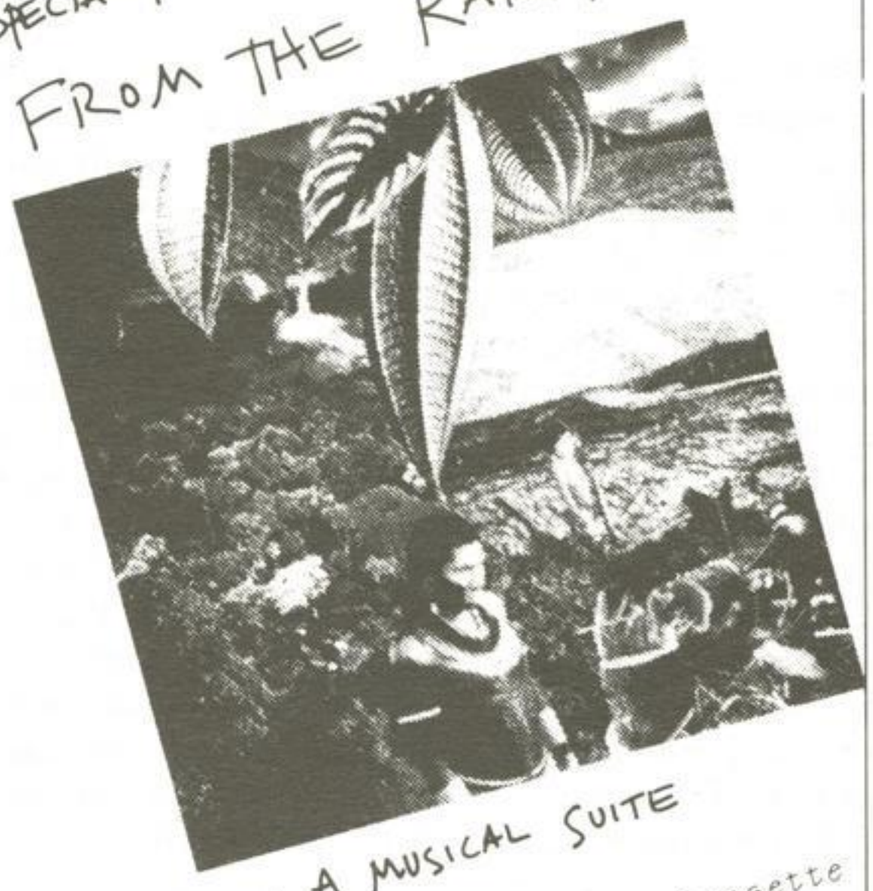
Fashion analysts take note: Garcia wore cut-offs for the Hilo show, a first as far as we know.

By the way, at presstime the Garcia Band was scheduled to record two shows at San Francisco's Warfield Theater in early August for a live album.

The Benefit Beat: On April 29, Garcia was among a handful of music luminaries playing a benefit concert in San Francisco to raise money for Brian Willson, whose legs were cut off two years ago by a munitions train that ran over him as he attempted to block the tracks to protest American foreign policy in Central America. Garcia, who was added at the 11th hour to help boost ticket sales for the event — ironically called "Shut Up and Dance" — didn't actually play a set of his own, but instead sat in with a band fronted by Nick Gravenites and keyboardist Pete Sears. Over the course of about 40 minutes of hot blues tunes, Garcia traded leads with Gravenites and offered tasteful rhythmic support. Though he had a mike, he didn't use it. The concert, held at a warehouse known as SOMAR, was headlined by Jackson Browne.

And speaking of good causes, Bob & Rob (that's Weir and Wasserman, of course) helped headline a huge Earth Day celebration at San Francisco's Crissy Field (under the shadow of the Golden Gate Bridge). The free concert, which also included appearances by groups as diverse as Peter, Paul & Mary and Devo, drew more than 150,000 people on a cold, drizzly Saturday. Ecology-minded organizations manned dozens of information booths around the perimeter of the concert site, and most of the acts who played tailored their sets to environmental concerns: To no one's surprise, Weir & Wasserman's segment peaked with a tough version of "Throwing Stones."

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Garcia and jazz/rock sax great Branford Marsalis trade riffs during a sizzling version of "Estimated Prophet" at Nassau Coliseum, March 29. Photo: Michael Conway

Branford Blows With The Dead

By Dan Levy

On March 29 at Long Island's Nassau Coliseum, Deadheads were treated to an amazing show, the kind that had people running for the pay phones to call their friends. This is the early contender for Show of the Decade. Branford Marsalis, an extraordinary jazz saxophonist (and brother of trumpeter Wynton), joined the Dead for "Bird Song" in the first set and for all of the second. "Bird Song" alone was stunning enough, with Branford and Garcia trading rapid fire like Bird and Diz in some smoky roadhouse, and Phil almost exploding with invention. It was a performance that affirmed that Grateful Dead music has the same potential for exploration and reinvention as anything you'd be likely to call jazz.

At the break, people seemed blown away by what they'd heard. I had a brief encounter backstage with Branford, who was positively beaming. Bill Kreutzmann was jumping around, slapping backs and teasing people with speculations about what would follow in the second set, saying, "You know, I *love* the soprano sax, it's one of my favorite instruments, ever since I heard Coltrane . . . I'd really like to play 'Dark Star' in the second set."

Despite the tease, when I returned to my seat, I had no *idea* that what was to follow would turn out to be perhaps the most adventurous, open-ended hour I've ever spent with the Grateful Dead. From the first notes of "Eyes of the World," the Dead were supremely *present*, and Marsalis took up a more assertive posture than any musician I've seen sit in with the band. "Eyes" was very long, and the jam was different from recent versions I've heard. Rather than the fast samba beat the Dead have been exploring lately (like the one the previous week in Hartford), this "Eyes" was lush and romantic, and there were parts where Branford's tenor sax grooved with an uptown bluesy authority that immediately cast the song in a whole new light. The lazy summer home they visited at Nassau sounded like it was located on the terrace of a glamorous penthouse on the Upper East Side.

'Phil was playing in one tempo, the drummers were in another tempo, Jerry wasn't even in a *tempo — I love playing like that.'*

When "Estimated Prophet" began, I was immediately struck by the band's good taste, choosing songs that would give Branford a chance to make his best moves. The short transition had been moody and a bit mysterious — I couldn't tell at all what was coming — revealing that it takes a special strategy to move from "Eyes" to "Estimated." Branford picked up "Estimated's" groove immediately. The band was clearly making the most of his presence, impressively comping his solos with fresh takes on a well-worn tune. Weir's vocals were particularly impassioned, and Phil was monstrous. But Branford's soprano sax lines, particularly in the jam that ended the song, were staggering. I felt as if he discovered new wrinkles every few bars. The last few minutes of "Estimated" were among the best parts of the show, so impressive was Branford's spontaneous discovery of previously uncharted melodic territory. The "Eyes-Estimated" was a half-hour long, and the band had already stretched the familiar into the extraordinary.

But, of course, there was "Dark Star." I prepared to be blown away, but it took me a while to settle down to listening, I was purring so loudly. There were passages in "Dark Star" that reminded me of some of my favorite music, the mid-'60s-era Miles Davis Quintet, with Wayne Shorter and Herbie Hancock, when the all-acoustic band played melodic space as if it were an instrument. At one point, Phil tore off on a wicked walking bass line that wouldn't have sounded out of place at the Village Vanguard in 1959. A few moments later, Billy exploded in a cacophonous rampage that was as aggressive as I've ever heard him during a Rhythm Devils segment, and Branford, on tenor sax, squawked in response with some pretty out-there stuff. The band's dynamics shifted rapidly, and moments later there was a lovely quiet interlude in which Jerry, Brent and Branford traded staccato bursts of sweet high notes, a musical counterpart to pointillist painting.

After an inspired drums and space, Branford and the band returned for the second verse of "Dark Star," followed quickly by an unusually dreamy entry to "The Wheel." The versions of "Throwing Stones" and "Lovelight" were fine, too, with Branford's tenor taking on an R&B tone that was as bold as Junior Walker's. "Knockin' on Heaven's Door" was quite long, and the band fell into a much deeper groove than they usually allow themselves in encores.

The show was over, but I didn't feel I had really gotten over it for more than a week. I wanted to track Branford down, and find out if it had been as good for him as it had for me.

Ann Leslie Uzdavinis set up the conversation that follows. Annie is a longtime Deadhead and video producer who worked on the *So Far* video and a soon-to-be-released tape of the December 1988 evening at New York's Church of St. John the Divine, with the Gyuto Monks, Mickey Hart, Philip Glass and Kitaro.

Annie had brought Branford and the Dead together, first suggesting that the band take in one of his club dates while they were in Albany earlier in the tour. When that didn't work out, Branford asked if he could come to one of the Nassau shows — and wondered if he should bring his horns. Several band members turned out to be fans, and enthusiastically welcomed him.

I spoke to Branford about a month after the show, after having listened a dozen times to a tape. He called from a hotel room in Wichita, Kansas.

It was pretty amazing seeing you with the Dead. After so many years of seeing them, it really validates being a fan when you see them come out and get totally stretched out by a new musician.

Well, with any band that's been together for 25 years, especially given the nature of rock music and what it represents, it's hard to rise to the occasion every night. Even with more difficult music like jazz, older musicians who play a lot of concerts [rather than club dates] earn more money just for being old. They're bringing in the bucks for who they are, but they're not playing like they did when they were young. That's why someone like Art Blakey always has young musicians playing with him.

Were you surprised that the Dead asked you to play with them?

It's flattering that the Grateful Dead like my records. They're great musicians, with incredible ears. They really listen to each other when they play.

Have you heard a tape of the show? I was hoping I could talk to you while listening to a tape.

[Laughs] Hey, a guy down here offered me a tape last night, but I haven't heard it. My retention is kind of good anyway. When you do a lot of gigs with no hoopla, you only live for the gigs, so my memory of that show is pretty good.

Was it like the other things you've done with rock bands? [He played with Sting's band for four years.]

No, it was really different from other rock gigs. I mean, the Grateful Dead grew up in an era when there was just one kind of music. And the Dead's attitude is more like the old bands' used to be. Everybody adapts to each other; it's a more spontaneous environment. It was a lot of fun. I even noticed the difference backstage before the show. They were sitting around trying to decide what to play, and they were just messin' around.

What did they tell you about the music beforehand? Did anyone tell you what time signature or key the songs were in?

No, I didn't need to know. Musicians already know, or you shouldn't be up there. It adheres to my philosophy on playing, since I started playing with my brother years ago — it was the trumpet player's band. My job is to accompany and assist the leader. What makes me egotistical as a player is when I can play *devoid* of ego. I have to try not to have a battle with the soloist, but to accompany.

I have this image of the old bebop days, of players up on the bandstand trying to cut each other ...

When it's my solo, I go for it, no question. And when I'm up there with another sax player, sure we cut each other a bit. Playing jazz, listening and bouncing with other musicians, is good

training for playing pop music. Most sax players who play with rock bands are mostly honkers; they just blow.

Actually, I was impressed with the R&B stuff you were doing at the end of the show on "Lovelight."

Well, that's the kind of music I grew up with [in the middle of Louisiana's Acadiana region, near Lafayette]. I love to play that shit.

One of the things I like best about Jerry's playing is when he's sitting back comping Bob or Brent's singing.

Yeah, I noticed that he was good at that, like a great piano player behind a jazz singer. I definitely respect the Dead as musicians.

What did you think of the audience?

The crowd was awesome, man.

Did it look like they were getting into the really abstract stuff?

Well, there were people in the back who were really into it, but in the front rows there were mostly kids, and sometimes they were scratching their heads.

I don't know if you're aware that for lots of people, being at a show where the Dead do "Dark Star" is kind of like winning the lottery. It's so exciting that it's hard to find the space to* listen *to it, you're so wrapped up in how cool it is just to be there. Did you get a sense of how worked up people were when the song started?

I was definitely not expecting that reaction. And at first people were just going crazy. I knew we were really playing the shit because the longer it went on, the more kids started just sitting down and listening.

I know comparisons are odious, but I want to ask you if any of the music that night reminded you of anything you'd heard before. For instance, there were times in "Dark Star" that really reminded me of the* Miles Smiles *or* Miles in the Sky*-era Quintet [1966-68].

No, man, it *definitely* sounded to me more like *In a Silent Way* and *Jack Johnson* [1969-70], when John McLaughlin was in the band.

What was it about the music that reminded you of that stuff?

The quality of the space. There was this part where Phil started playing in one tempo . . .

Are you talking about that walking bass line he did?

Yeah, right there. This is what fucked me up [Laughing], Phil was playing in one tempo, the drummers were in another, and Jerry was in another tempo — there were three different tempos going — actually Jerry wasn't even *in* a tempo. I love playing like that.

I'm not good at carrying people on my back. I'm directly affected by my surroundings. If the band smokes, I smoke.

So, what other young musicians, friends of yours, do you think would do well playing with the Dead?

[Long pause] Goooooood question. I gotta think about that . . . Maybe Kenny Garrett, who plays with Miles' band, or Kevin Eubanks — he's an amazing guitar player live. Maybe Bill Frisell [another great, and absolutely unique, guitar player].

Have you heard from anyone in the band since that night? There are an awful lot of people who'd love to hear you play with the Dead again . . .

No, I haven't, but who knows what'll happen. I'd like to do it again. □

Who Is This Guy, Anyway?

Though not as widely known as his older brother Wynton, 29-year-old Branford Marsalis already has quite a career behind him.

Growing up around New Orleans he was exposed to jazz, rock and R&B, and he studied classical music from a very early age. He started playing piano at 4, moved on to clarinet a few years later, and took up saxophone at 15. While studying at the Berklee School of Music in Boston in 1980 he landed a baritone sax spot in a big band Art Blakey was taking to Europe. Later that year he played tenor sax for Lionel Hampton for a couple of weeks. In early '81 he toured with trumpet great Clark Terry. That was followed by a second stint with Art Blakey, this time in a band that included Wynton. In '83, the brothers joined Herbie Hancock's V.S.O.P. world tour. His first solo album, *Scenes in the City*, came out in '84.

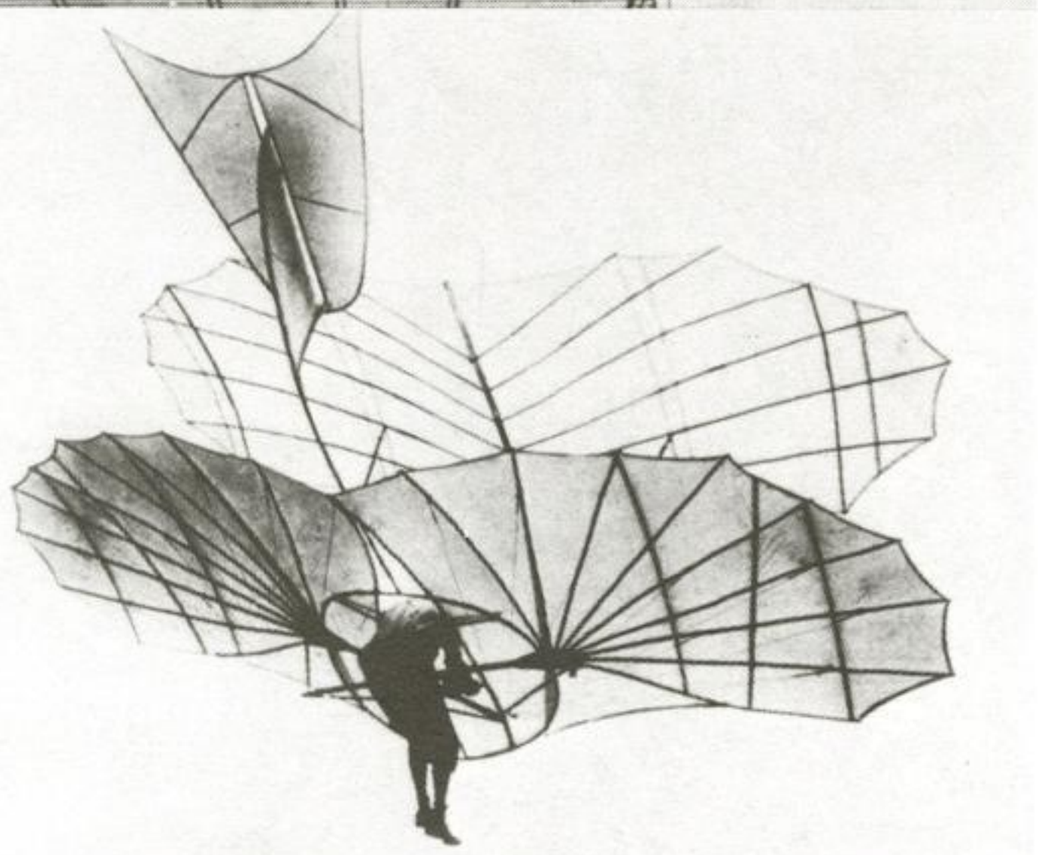
Branford is best known to rock fans for the four years he spent playing tenor and soprano sax in Sting's band. He's featured prominently on *Dream of the Blue Turtles*, the live *Bring on the Night* (and the accompanying film), and *Nothing Like the Sun*. He found plenty of time during that period for other projects, too, including work on albums by Wynton, Miles Davis (*Tutu*) and others; three more jazz albums under his own name — *Royal Garden Blues*, *Renaissance* and *Random Abstract*; an LP of classical music called *Romances for Saxophone*; acting roles in *Throw Momma From the Train* and Spike Lee's *School Daze*; and tours with his own groups.



In 1990, Branford released his fifth LP, *Trio Jeepy*, a collection of originals and standards by everyone from Hoagy Carmichael to two of Branford's great influences, Sonny Rollins and Ornette Coleman. (Branford's other influences include Coltrane, Wayne Shorter, Charlie Parker, Lester Young and Ben Webster.) A new disc from Branford is imminent, but at presstime Columbia Records had no firm release date or title.

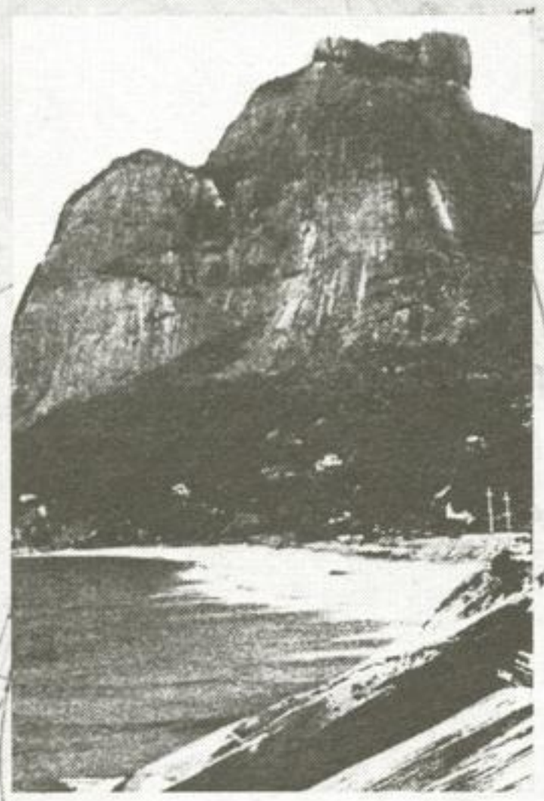
— *BJ*

Poi Dog Pondering



The New Album,

"Wishing Like A Mountain And Thinking Like The Sea"



U·Li·La·Lu

Everybody's Trying

The me That was your Son

and More Poi

to Ponder

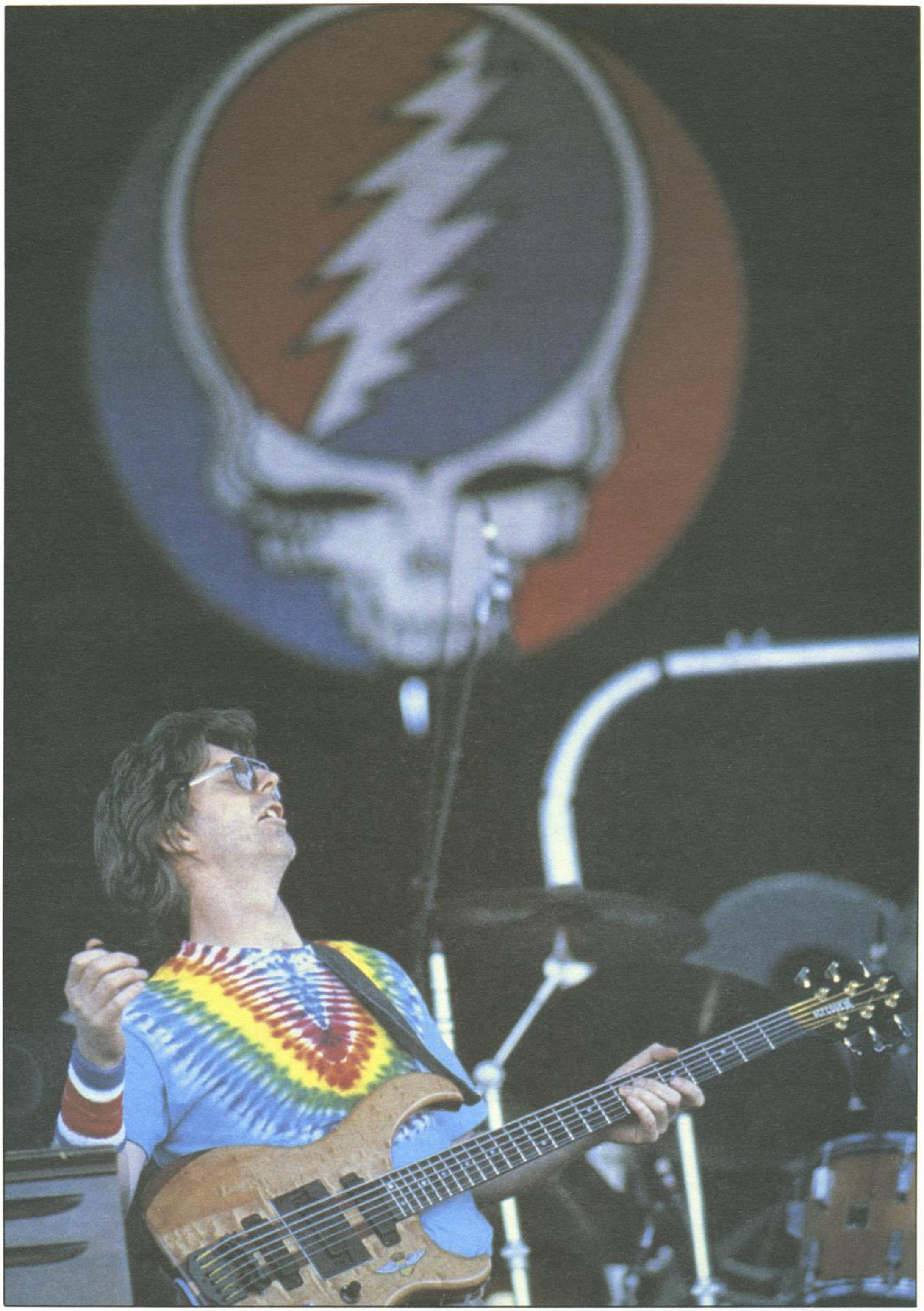
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Produced by Mike Stewart and Poi Management Mike Stewart

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Cal Expo, 1984. Photo: Ron Delany

WE WANT PHIL!

An Interview: 4-18-90

It seemed somehow appropriate that on the morning of the day I was to interview Phil Lesh, I was jolted from a sound sleep at 6:54 a.m. by a rumbling 5.4 magnitude earthquake. Talk about a rattling bass sound — Phil's got a ways to go before he matches that one! To make matters weirder, it was also the 84th anniversary of San Francisco's '06 quake; I instantly thought of Phil's famous "Earthquake Space" during a Hartford Civic show April 18, 1982, the 76th anniversary: "SAN FRANCISCO IN RUINS!!" — *Bwonnnnnnngg*!! — *thuddddd-thud-thud*!!

Actually, through the years there *have* been times during "space" at a show when I've been sitting there with my eyes closed, and Phil's bass emitted such a ground-shaking low note that I honestly wondered if the ceiling above might start to crumble. Crushed at a Grateful Dead show — what a way to go! These fantasies are rare, however, and more often I associate Phil's bass sound with less threatening natural forces: I keep thinking of that line in "Crazy Fingers" — "Peals of fragile thunder, keeping time."

The thunder analogy is obvious, but apt. (And in part of "Let It Grow," it's even literal.) His playing conjures other images, too: There've been "Other One" jams where the bass line reminds me of some jungle beast chasing its prey; others where it's our very cosmos spiraling out of control. Are Phil's sonic booms on "Morning Dew" the end of the world, or a prayer for redemption? Maybe they're just notes in a musical piece. Depends on the listener and the moment, I suppose, like everything else.

The point is, it isn't *just* bass; some solid rhythmic anchor married musically to the drums. In a band where no one player is setting *the* rhythm, and in fact *all* the musicians are setting the rhythm all the time, Phil's bass is able to dance through the music with peerless fluidity and grace. (Would anyone be offended if I fondly compared it to the hippo ballet dancers in *Fantasia*?) To say that his playing owes more to jazz bass than rock 'n' roll or R&B bass doesn't exactly capture it, either. Yes, it's rooted in continual improvisation, like Mingus or Scott La Faro or Charlie Haden, but there's the matter of *electricity* — Phil's style and touch are rooted to his mastery of the possibilities of his electronic instrument. Indeed, he's been a true innovator in this area, involved with aspects of the design of nearly every instrument he's used since the halcyon days of his gargantuan Alembic axes.

Unlike most bassists who came up during the mid-'60s, Phil didn't learn his instrument by copping James Jamerson licks off Motown singles, or Paul McCartney riffs off Beatles records. Rather, he learned on the job, playing with the Grateful Dead in bars and ballrooms. At the same time he was building his chops, the band was getting high and experimenting with *demolishing* conventional musical structures. The group's eclectic approach forced him to continually explore new areas as he grew: It's an R&B band! No, it's a cowboy band! Wait, it's a space band! No wonder he doesn't sound like anyone else.

Though he's adept at every style the band plays, Phil shines brightest when the music is most open and challenging. Quickly tripping through the years in my mind, I hear Phil lending a fluttering accompaniment on a jam at the end of "New Potato Caboose"; rumbling like a Harley over the other in-

struments as Pigpen raves during a hot "Lovelight" rap; moving determinedly through musical asteroid fields and gaseous clouds en route to a distant "Dark Star"; prying open the jam in "Playin' in the Band"; darting around, under, *through* Garcia's leads on "The Other One"; cascading in a Baroque waterfall of notes at the tail end of "Crazy Fingers"; twisting in a unison downward spiral with Garcia and Weir in a late '70s "Dancin' in the Streets" jam. I love that counterpoint that sounds like a Latin motet progression he sometimes plays at the end of Garcia's solo on "Friend of the Devil"; that high, dramatic descending figure he plugs in before "Maybe I'll meet you on the run" in "Sugaree"; his snaky lead over the opening bars of "Help on the Way"; the air he leaves between notes on the quietest parts of "Stella Blue"; and on and on.

For a while there in the early and mid-'80s, I wondered if Phil was going to stick it out with the Dead. Onstage he often looked positively bored, and his playing frequently lacked both the crispness and assertiveness that characterizes his best work. I think it's no coincidence that this was also the period when Garcia was struggling hardest with his personal demons, becoming insular both musically and socially. So much of the Dead's power depends on the special musical camaraderie between Garcia and Lesh, yet there were shows — *tours*, even — when they didn't seem to connect onstage. As Garcia slowly emerged from his addiction during the second half of '85 and early '86, though, Phil perked up noticeably, too, and all of a sudden you could see them interacting again. It's been a steady climb back for both of them since Garcia's near-death in the summer of '86.

These days it really does seem like we're hearing the Phil Lesh of old at most shows. (As the bumpersticker says, LESH IS MORE!) Sure, he still has his crabby nights, where he spends much of the show scowling at his amps and yelling at the crew. I can assure you that *all* the members have those kind of nights; Phil's moods are just more transparent. But lately, more often than not he's been downright frisky onstage. He looks more relaxed than he has in years, his voice is stronger, he's obviously in great physical shape, and I'd argue that he has reasserted his role as one of the band's musical leaders. He's even out onstage for "space" most of the time; always a good omen. Evidently a happy family life and his (and the band's) relatively clean living agree with him.

As proof of his renewed commitment to the band, Phil has even taken on the production chores (with engineer John Cutler) for the Dead's upcoming live album — the first time Phil has taken an active role in production since *Steal Your Face*. (Uh, we won't hold that against him this far down the road.) In fact, it was after a session of listening to tapes from the spring tour that I caught up with Phil at the Dead's Club Front recording studio. Sitting around the giant Neve mixing console there, we chatted about what he's up to, in and out of the band.

— *BJ*



Phil with his new bass at Knickerbocker in March. Photo: Michael Conway

How is it that you're the one producing the new live record with Cutler?

Well, it sort of fell to me by default. I wanted to do *something*, and I felt like we've been playing a lot better recently — especially on this last tour [spring East Coast] — and Jerry's got other things he wants to do, like make a live Garcia Band album and actually take some time off. He practically lived in the studio when we were making the last record [*Built to Last*], plus he worked on our videos and all, so he deserves a break.

John [Cutler] actually is the one who called and asked if I wanted to take a whack at it, and I said, "Oh boy, yes!" I haven't done anything like this in a while and it's been very exciting so far, though we're still just listening to stuff.

Are you starting back at the beginning of when you started recording, which was June of last year?

No, we're starting with the latest stuff, which I remember most freshly, and I'm hoping we'll be able to get the whole record out of the last tour [spring '90] we played. There was also some stuff from the Mardi Gras shows that was good, and I also understand there was some good stuff from New Year's. I'd like to keep it in as recent a time frame as we can. We actually have [multitracks] from '87 on up, but I don't think we should go back that far. We'll have to see what we have.

Do you have any kind of overriding philosophy that's dictating how you approach it?

You try to avoid it, but it's hard not to get sucked up into some coordinates, or parameters — limits, because there's so much to listen to. But I couldn't really tell you what those limits are. We're not really under any time pressure. In terms of length, I think it'll probably be a double CD — around 150 minutes — or maybe even a triple-CD if we can convince the record company it's in everyone's best interests — and if there's enough good material, of course. It would be exciting to try, I think.

What are you hearing in these tapes that you don't hear onstage?

A lot of the details, and some of the

real specific interactions — like from where I am I can't always tell how Mickey and Brent are interacting, for instance. Or Brent and Jerry.

I also hear the tone of the instruments differently, and some nuances — inner voices — I can't make out onstage just because it's so noisy up there. There's something like 70 to 90 db just of crowd. That's the noise floor when we're playing, comparable to driving a car with the windows down at 55 mph.

Does that affect the recording?

Not really. It doesn't leak into the microphones, but it does affect the level onstage when you're playing. When you have a noise floor like that, the quietest thing we do has to be louder than that or it will be inaudible.

I assume that the audience is on separate tracks, though, so you can make them as loud or soft as you want.

Yeah, and we hardly ever make them real loud on our records. I don't know — maybe when they start chanting "We want Phil," I'll make it real loud. [Laughs]

Is listening to tapes something you've done fairly consistently through the years?

No, not for a long time, because frankly there have only been about four or five gigs in the last couple of years that I've wanted to listen back to. The rest of them I'd sooner forget. But things have changed. I think we're playing better.

Why?

I don't know. Maybe it's because everybody's *there*. Everybody wants to be there, and all of a sudden it's exciting to play music again. The proof of it is that at the end of this last tour everybody agreed that for about the first time since we've been touring in this format — three times a year — everybody wanted to keep going after it was over. That was amazing, we all agreed. [Laughs]

Is it the infusion of new material and the reintroduction of interesting older material that's reinvigorated it? Or is it not that simple?

I think that's part of it, but I don't think it's that simple. Because if it was the new material, it would be harder to write new songs than it is already, I'm sure.

No, I think it's mainly that everyone's attitude has changed toward making the best of this thing we've all built up together.

You're stuck with it!

'I'm continually having to change my mix as everyone changes how loud they play. For me it's a continual dance.'

[Laughs] Well, it really is like we've been married for 25 years. We've had our ups and downs, obviously, and for a while it's felt like we're on an upswing. Not in terms of any kind of career success, but just in the way it feels to play the music, and people's *desire* to play the music.

I gather you were partially responsible for Branford Marsalis jamming with the band at Nassau.

Indirectly, yeah. I've been a fan of his for some time. I heard him and his brother [trumpet ace Wynton Marsalis] when they were playing with Art Blakey, and I've sort of followed both of their careers, separately and together.

We were going to connect in Albany originally, but that didn't work out because he was leaving the stage there around the same time we were. So when we got to New York we told him to come on over. Then the next day we found out he wanted to bring his horn! I was totally surprised. "Branford wants to play with *us*? Great!" [Laughs]

How did you decide what to play with him?

Oh, he just sat in on our set.

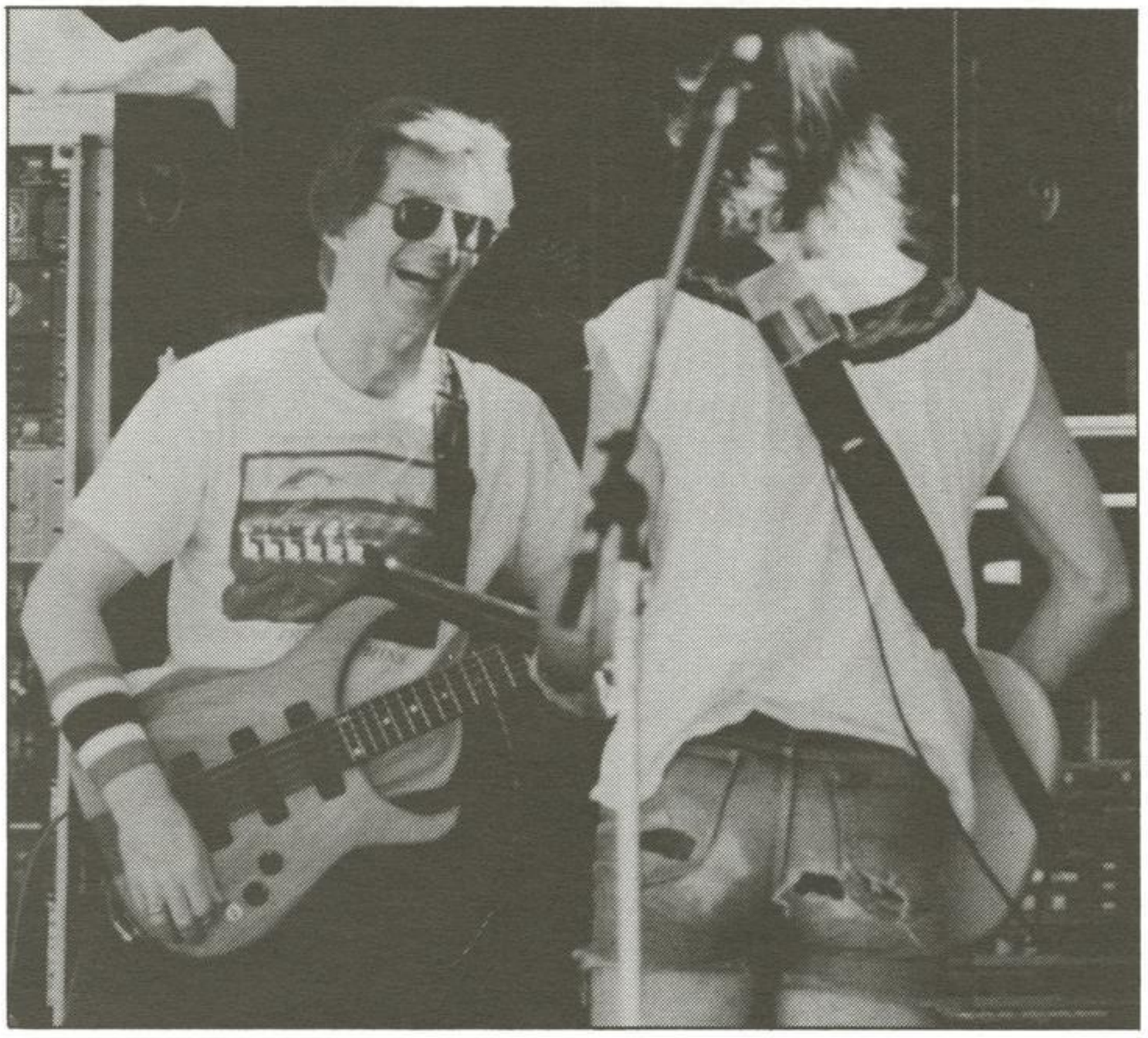
Gee, it seemed a tad more adventurous than the "regular" GD set.

Well, we didn't want to bore him.

There's something amazing going on in the music you played with him, and I can't quite put my finger on it. I don't know whether it's that you folks in the band had to play differently to put more air in the arrangements to allow him room to blow, or what, but the music has a different twist, a different flow, that's really exciting.

Yeah, I think you're right, and I think the band played differently the four shows after that night than in the shows that preceded it; after that we played more adventurously all around. Jerry and Bob were using their MIDI a little more in regular songs, getting some outside tonalities, and I think in general, in terms of the playing, we weren't sticking to the program quite as much.

So that's one level in which that performance reinvigorated the band. "Oh yeah, we used to do this all the time!"



Clowning with Weir at the Greek in '88. Photo: Michael Conway

That's what a lot of the crowd is saying.

I know. We still have a lot of bad habits. Like sometimes when we're doing lots of tunes strung together the transitions are too short, so there's not enough trail-out or tail from the tune in front, and often there's not enough intro to the tune in back. But we're working on that, trying to make it more interesting.

Garcia told me he felt like a lot of the transitional pathways were worn out.

I think it's more that we *haven't* really explored a lot of the variables, getting step-wise from one tune to another, in the sense of key and modulation. You change one note in the scale, from, say G-sharp to G natural in an A scale and you can go smoothly from "Eyes of the World" to "Uncle John's Band." But usually we don't take the time to do that sort of thing. Usually the tunes are just juxtaposed brutally — which is one way to do it. There are many other ways we haven't explored.

So what determines if that sort of thing will ever occur?

The fates. Destiny of the gods. [He chuckles] Certainly not anything we do!

The best thing to do would be if we're sitting together, say, during the drums, waiting to decide what to do next, we could really focus in on some transitions: actually say, OK, at the end of this tune we'll use such and such a scale, or set of chords, or drone. After we've said everything we want to say, let's change it in this way, to this scale, which will put us in the right key for the next song. But we hardly ever do that.

Is that because of laziness?

Yeah, or just thoughtlessness, or force of habit. Sometimes it might be just wanting to finish the tune, finish the set and get on with the encore. [Laughs]

I've heard you basically never play the bass offstage. Is that true?

Yes, and it's a drag, too. I'm going to do more of it in the future, because to be honest I'm not satisfied with how my chops have dragged down.

You feel that way? In relation to what?

To where I want them to be.

How do you judge that?

Well, when I can basically play anything I can think of, which I can't do right now. It's a matter of working at it more, which I have started to do.

Do you have a warm-up routine before a show starts?

Not much. I'll try to play the instrument a little before we actually go on, but I don't usually have too much time; I generally get there as late as I can, because I don't like to hang out at coliseums and wait to go on.

Your new bass sounds tremendous. What's the story on it?

I like it a lot. It was made by a guy in New York named Ken Smith, who makes instruments and has a whole line of products — strings, pickups, straps. When Jerry was so turned on to the Chick Corea Elektrik Band and their guitar player, Frank Gambale, he had me check it out, and they had an outstanding bass player, as well, John Patitucci. I picked up one of his records and saw him holding this bass, so I looked into it more.

The neck looks so wide.

It is wider that what I'd been using, and actually it's forced me to re-examine my whole left hand technique, which was getting really sloppy. The position it requires is the *correct* position — in other words, it's the position that allows you to reach as many of the strings as possible as quickly as possible. Whereas my other instruments with narrower necks tended to give me more of a guitar positioning, where the hand is dropped from the wrist, rather than the wrist dropping from the fingertips, as in bass or violin technique.

I'd been getting lazy, so the new instrument is a good excuse to put myself in shape, because I won't be able to play well unless I really work at it. It's been fun.

Have you ever played a fretless bass?

Yeah, a couple of times. I like 'em, but it would take a lot of practice to get used to, and also the MIDI setup I have wouldn't work without frets.

Do you listen to other bassists at all?

Yes and no. When I'm listening to music that has a bassist in it, of course I do. But I don't study other bassists, and I don't think I've really drawn much from them. In my own style of playing, such as it is, I've been influenced more by Bach than by any bassists. Actually, you can go back even further — Palestrina, 16th century modal counterpoint.

What's your monitor mix like onstage? What do you hear best and worst?

Well, I have my huge stack behind me and I hear that pretty well. [Laughs] I wear earplugs it's so loud. I have control [in his individual mix] of everyone except Jerry and Mickey, but they're



Barbershop quintet, 1966. Photo: Herb Greene

loud enough that I can hear them. Jerry, in particular, usually cuts through it all so I can hear him clearly. I have monitors for Billy, Bobby, Brent and the vocals. Obviously I want to hear what everyone's doing. I'm continually having to change my mix because everyone's continually changing how loud they play and the sound of their instruments. So for me it's a continual dance.

When you're playing, is it just an instinctive thing of who you might be interacting with more, musically, at any given moment?

It depends on who I can decipher sometimes.

Billy told me, for instance, that he tries to play with you with his right foot, Jerry with his right hand, and so on, simultaneously. Is there an equivalent for you?

It's not that specific for me, no. Usually, I'm listening for someone doing something meaningful, or just something I can decipher in the wilder places. In a regular song I try to listen to the whole thing, because you know how it's going to go. In the wilder flights, when everyone's diving in different directions — like the Blue Angels — sometimes it's best not to go with anyone, and just play what you want. I find myself doing that a lot. But then I'll find that actually I *am* playing with someone, and that's kind of neat, because I haven't necessarily consciously tried to lock in with that person, yet there we are together. Usually, I'm playing with somebody, even if I don't know it. I've discovered that listening back to the tapes. And part of that could be that they're trying to play with *me*. It's hard to tell sometimes exactly what's happening.

Sometimes my mix will be set wrong and I'll suddenly discover that I can't hear Brent, and I'll hear him doing something meaningful way off there in the distance and I'll try to work with that. It's not predictable.

And if I'm completely lost, which does happen, I'll play something that relates to where we've been, or guess at where it seems like we may be going, or I'll just lock onto someone else's tail. I play counterpoint with Jerry a lot, but I also lock in a lot with Bob, and I have to combine that with what the drums are doing as well. We're all doing that to differing degrees.

Do you differentiate between Mickey's and Billy's roles?

It's hard to now, because I'm not between them like I used to be. I'm closer to Billy, but I still sort of hear it as one big drum set.

Four arms, four legs ...

Right. The demon!

I would think it would be very difficult as a musician to predict how the spaces in the arrangements develop. For instance, sometimes Garcia will go into a double-time attack on a lead, and Bob will be playing something way in the upper register and Brent's playing block chords and then you have to figure out where to lay your part.

Sometimes it's hard and sometimes it isn't. There are no hard and fast rules about what I'll do in any situation. Usually what happens on stage is that if Jerry starts double-timing and Bobby goes to either extreme of his registers, it sounds like Bobby just disappears pretty much. That's just the way it is acoustically on the stage, because his speakers are below the drum riser, which is lower than my knees. So I don't really hear that directly, and my monitor doesn't always pick up the extremes in texture in his guitar sound. It's very strange when that phenomenon occurs, because I can see Bob's hands moving but I can't really hear what he's doing. I can maybe hear the attack, but not the pitch or the sustain.

Ken Kesey
CRACKS the Vault

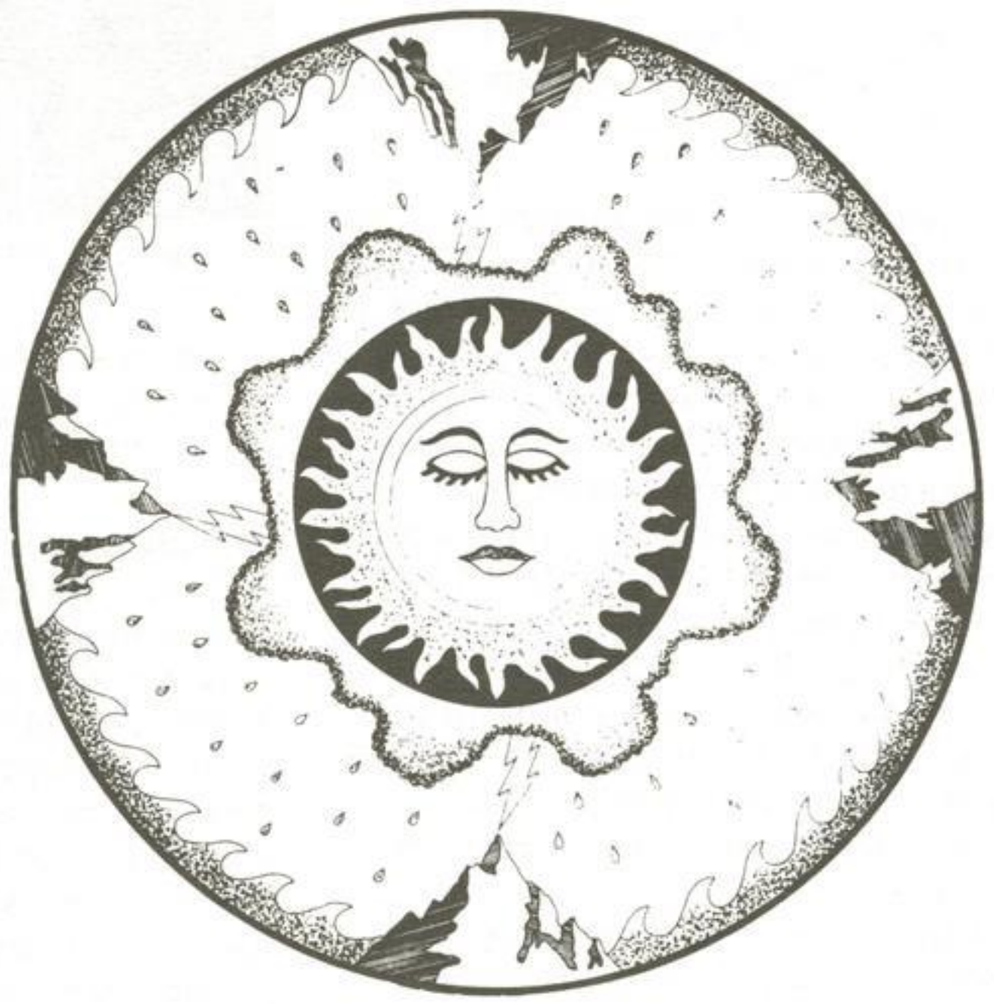
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In those cases, or when the sound in general becomes indistinct for some reason, I'll usually just play whatever I feel until I can hear something to play *with,* as it were.

How conscious are you of the evolution of tunes from tour to tour? For instance, on a tune like, say, "Stuck Inside of Mobile," are you aware of how it's developing over time?

In my mind, a lot of those tunes have stayed static for a long time because . . . well, I don't know why, but they have. And now I feel like they're taking on new life. For a long time I think we had trouble with the grooves, getting the right tempo. Some of Bob's tunes are a little hard to decipher, in part because of the speaker placement below the drums. Sometimes the tune starts out and you can't really hear at first which side of the beat it's on — whether you're tapping your foot on the on-beat or the off-beat. Sometimes we'll come in and it's backwards: 0-1, 0-1, 0-1. [Laughs] That happens on "Queen Jane" from time to time. It just gets hard to find a groove that everyone likes, because everyone has a different desire of what they want to do with it.

Now that we're getting a little more consistent, I imagine we'll probably dump a bunch of those tunes and hopefully bring in some new first-set cover material.

Is it fair to say that the way you're playing now is closer to the — dare I say? — "lead bass" style of your past?

God, I don't know. I never really thought about it as "lead bass," and I never thought about retreating from it, either.

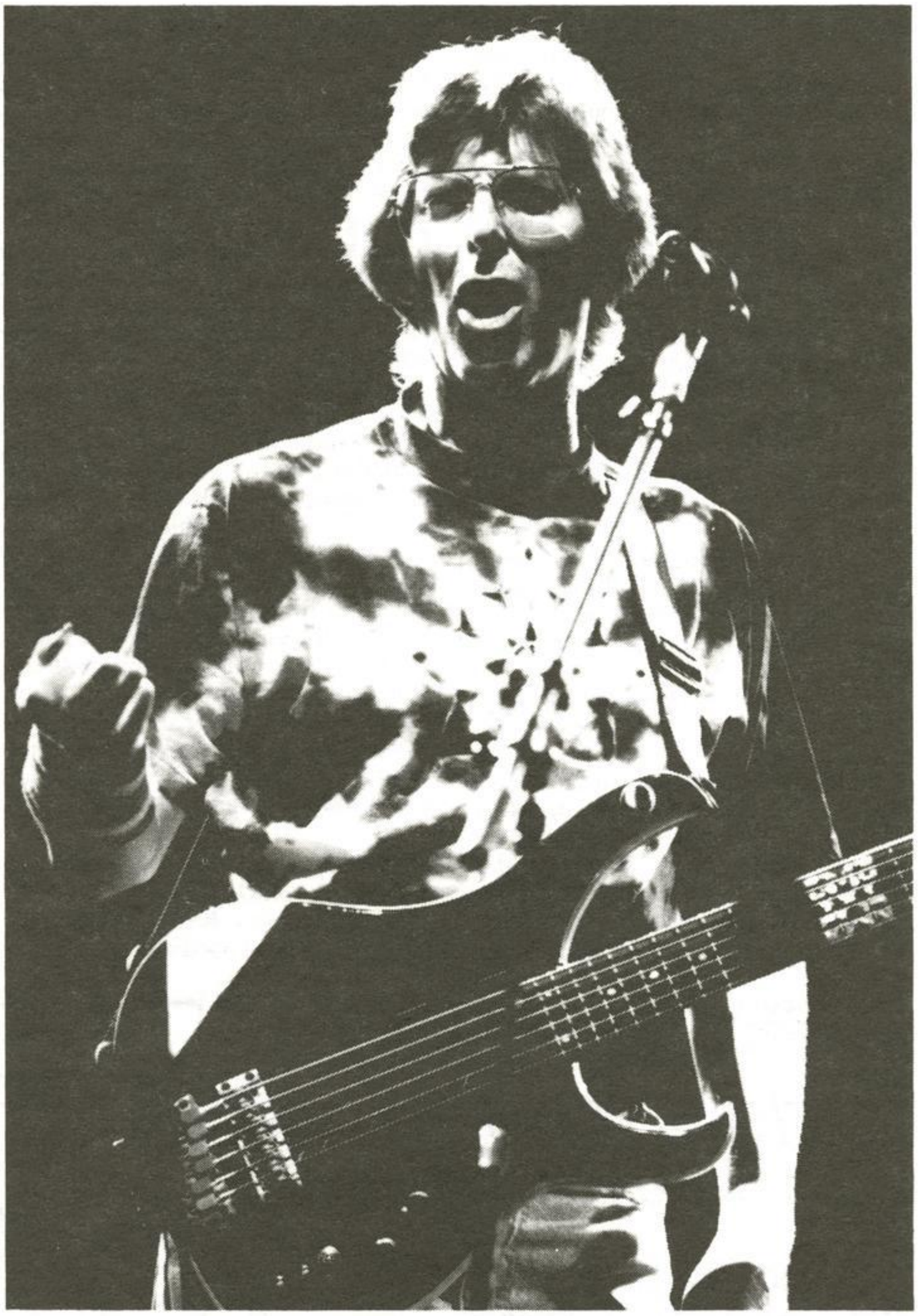
I'm only speaking for myself here, but I felt that often in the early and mid-'80s, when the music would start to expand — say, at the beginning of a "Playin'" jam or some of those other spacey passages — you'd lay back a little, while now you seem to be laying into those spaces and taking a more prominent melodic role with where the jams are going.

I suppose that's true, yeah. A lot of it, I think, was a question of attitude. I guess maybe I didn't like what people were playing that much and it didn't involve me as much as what I'm hearing now.

Those were the Heineken years. Those are over now.

So you think everyone is listening to each other better now?

Absolutely. I know I am for sure, and I care a lot more about what I play in relation to what everyone else plays.



Laguna Seca, 1987. Photo: Jay Blakesberg

I hope it shows, because I am listening a lot more productively than I was in the early '80s.

Is it difficult to sustain interest through a whole set when some of the material is less than fresh?

Not really, because for me — and I suspect the others feel this way, too — there's always the challenge of performing the material better, in a new way, with a better feeling — to deliver the whole package, the whole body of the song, in one gesture, which is frequently not done by us. You know, a lot of times there'll be good parts and . . . not so good parts. [Laughs] There's always the possibility that you can throw it out there and make that magical curve in which all the parts are perfectly proportioned. That to me is one of the major excitements of working with this band. I still feel it's always, potentially, right around the corner, and that we can lock into that at any time. That level of performance is what musicians strive for; what they *live* for. We're closer to it now than we have been for quite a while.

I guess the natural question then is, why not play even more material that points you in that direction — that opens up to allow those magical possibilities?

Well, all we have to do is get together and play things that we can orbit around. That's a question of material. I mean we could conceivably do an hour and a half of "space" and it's possible that it would be as coherent as

any set of songs. Going through these [spring tour] tapes, I just heard a ten-minute segment of "space" that was just really amazing! It started out with a drone and big harmonic structures over this drone, and then I guess it was Jerry who started to play this demented [MIDI] horn thing that sounded like Mahler's Third deconstructed — there's this trombone passage in Mahler's Third, and it was like he was parodying it. It was silly, very funny. I don't even know if he knows the piece, actually. Then at the end of it there was a great E cadence and some well developed craziness. And then we dropped into "I Need a Miracle."

From the sublime to the ridiculous.

I don't know, I think there's a lot to be said for those kind of discontinuities. We have them in life, after all.

When you're going through a first set and a tune like "Bird Song" crops up, do you suddenly have to think in a different way as a player?

No, I think the same way all the time — how can I open this sucker up? [Laughs] I've always felt that every one of our tunes has got the potential to open up and flower like "Dark Star."

You really believe that?

Yeah. Everyone of them. I guess there are some that might have some kind of rotating chord sequence that's kind of restrictive. But most of them have some kind of connecting passage or bridge or instrumental thing that can open up.

And the reason it doesn't is...

I think we get used to playing something a certain length and it gets comfortable in that way. Perhaps other ideas would crop up if we played the instrumentals longer or tried to vary them a little more. God knows we play our songs long as it is. I think they *average* at seven or eight minutes.

Probably the best way to break out of that would be to actually sit down before we play a tune and agree that at a certain point we'd open it up, do what we wanted to do with it, and then close it up at the same point. It's happened that somebody *has* suggested something like that, and we've worked on it, though I can't think of an example right now. Bob or Jerry or Brent will say something very specific, like, "At the end of this tune, let's try these chords, or this scale" — like I was saying before — "and see where that takes us."

There's a beautiful jam you did after "Terrapin" a couple of times on the spring tour that brings that process to mind. It was a lovely little melody that sounded a little like "Dear Prudence."

'I've always felt that every one of our tunes has the potential to open up and flower like 'Dark Star.''

Right. It is a little like "Dear Prudence." That's an example of where Garcia had an idea that moved into a scale that's different from the one we'd been in, but is somehow related to it. I think that one first surfaced three or four years ago — just once — at the end of "Terrapin Station," after all those big chords and all that madness. Then it was dormant for the longest time and I kept trying to figure out what to play to remind him of that. I suppose if we'd listened to the tapes together it would have been simple. [Laughs] But nothing was that simple then. Then it surfaced again this tour.

I've noticed your bass generally sounds more prominent at outdoor gigs — places like Frost and Laguna Seca. Why is that?

That's because standing waves in enclosed spaces tend to cancel out entire registers. Then there's the huge cave underneath the stage that resonates and artificially resonates the very lowest notes. The severity of the problem indoors depends on the hall, how loud the p.a. is, and so on.

Healy told me he thought you lost two years off your life from playing in Winterland!

[Laughs] You mean from having the bass sucked up night after night after night? I wouldn't doubt it.

Your work with the MIDI bass has been fairly limited so far. Is that because the triggering is slow because of the lower frequencies?

That's partly true, but I have an instrument now where the triggers are built into the frets.

What is that instrument?

It's a Modulus bass that's been specially modified. Unfortunately, that system is only good for a four-string mix, and I hate switching instruments, so hopefully they can build it into the Smith [his regular bass]. If they can't build a six-string system, I could have one where the center four strings are MIDI and the outer two won't be, and then I'll be able to switch back and forth — like Bobby and Jerry can.

During "space," what are you looking at when you're looking at your rack?

I'm not looking at it, I'm staring into space. I'm staring into the molecules of air between me and my nose hairs. [Laughs] I'm using pedals to control what I'm doing, and I have them back there so I won't trip over them during the rest of the set. If I had MIDI in the instrument I play all the time, the pedals would probably be out by my monitors and I'd be facing forward because I'd have the same instrument and I'd be using MIDI during songs and everything. That's what I'm after eventually.

The triggering is a matter of touch. It's very tricky. There were a few places at these last gigs in Atlanta where I was actually playing the MIDI in a song for a few bars, and it worked out OK. I was able to add some nice harmonic color to my part, and a delayed attack at one point.

Does the bass have the same kind of MIDI potential as a conventional guitar? Could you do some low-end instrument like a bassoon or something?

I'm sure you could. In the show that Branford played with us, you'll hear some flute — that's me. It's not as fast as Jerry playing it, or a real flutist, but it's a good synthesizer flute sound. I've finally got the octave shift the way I want it so I can have real high sounds as well as real low sounds. But I have to reach over and push a switch, take my hand off the instrument, to do it.

Does it change how you play with the other musicians if Garcia is suddenly playing "saxophone" or "flute," or, my personal favorite — "pipe organ"?

[Laughs] Not really. It just cracks me up. I love it! Some of the things those guys come up with! I don't think even they know what it's going to sound like when it comes out sometimes.

I hear a lot of people wondering aloud why you don't play bona fide solos anymore?

Did I ever?

Yes.

Oh. I guess since every note we've ever played is public property, I should have known the answer to that one. [Laughs]

I guess I never felt terribly comforta-

ble playing solos. In the context of our music, the idea of standing out there and doing a solo just seemed alien to the whole idea of what we were trying to do.

It is an ensemble, first and foremost.

Yeah. Essentially, that's what I feel it is. Or that's what it is when it's at its best, because the whole *is* greater than the sum of its parts.

Actually, it's curious you should ask that because I was thinking of playing something like that sometime. Or maybe a duet with somebody else. But I have to practice a little more, so I'll be satisfied with how I'm playing.

You're a tough taskmaster on yourself, aren't you?

I guess. No tougher than I want everyone else to be. Slap me around if I'm loosenin' up.

To what degree do you have a vote in the material that gets played from moment to moment?

As much a degree as I want to put in there, which usually isn't that much since I'm not singing most of it. So I pretty much let them decide what they want to sing. Which may be a mistake, since we do get into ruts. What we need is a songlist hanging everywhere



Phil in '79. Photo: Herb Greene

we look that lists all our songs.

Are you getting tired of the "We Want Phil" chant yet?

No, but I've got a surprise for them next time they do it and Graham [his son] is there. I promised him I'd do a special little song for him. Heh-heh-heh.

When you're playing one of Bob's or Jerry's tunes are you able to experience the lyrics they're singing fairly well?

Occasionally. Not as often as I'd like, though, because of the ear plugs and because vocals don't come through the monitors clearly at the volumes we use. So yes and no. Most of the words are in my subconscious by now anyway. We have been doing most of these songs for a few years.

Do different tunes resonate with you more than others at different times? One night it's "Black Peter"....

...And the next it's "Morning Dew" or "High Time." Sure, it changes all the time, from night to night. They *all* resonate in part of me, because I'm part of them and they're part of me.

"Dark Star" is a tune that's evolved a lot in its different incarnations through the years. The late '60s versions sound markedly different from the early '70s ones, and now the '90s versions are different again. Does it feel like a different space to you?

No, it feels like "Dark Star," which has always had that potential to go absolutely anywhere. We designed it that way in the first place. And it turned out to be a very appropriate vehicle for trying a whole lot of different things

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through the years. That was the one we sort of tacitly agreed upon where anything was OK.

I guess it might not have the sort of mythic dimension it's attained if it hadn't been absent so long.

I guess maybe in some way we felt for a long time that if we couldn't do justice to it, we didn't want to do it at all. Or for whatever reasons, the impulse to do it just wasn't there. Maybe it didn't feel right. I don't know.

Beyond that, all I can really say about what it's like now is that it evolves because we evolve. It's grown or shrunk or disappeared because we have our ups and downs. Anyone's work will do that — it grows and shrinks with them. It rises and falls.

I don't really subscribe to the decades of nostalgia division, where everything gets divided up into '60s, '70s, '80s and '90s. I don't think human events follow the divisions of the calendar.

I don't either, but I think a reasonable way to talk about Grateful Dead history is to divide it by the membership in the band.

You mean by the keyboard players? [Laughs]

> 'In the wild flights, when everyone's diving in different directions, it's like the Blue Angels.'

Yeah, and the change in drummers. I mean, if you listen to a "Playin'" jam from '74, Keith is doing things with that Fender Rhodes that sound sort of like* In a Silent Way*-era Herbie Hancock, which is very different from what Brent is doing ten years later. Keith is playing in middle registers more, and Brent is doing more high-end stuff. It changes everything, including how you others play around it.

Right. I think that's true, but I also don't think that's something the musicians try to analyze, especially in our band. In a way, that kind of thinking is in the past and we can't recapture that, and don't even want to try, because we're going to play it differently next time, and that's what we're after. So it's up to you folks to decide about those kinds of things.

I'm not making any judgement. I'm simply saying that a lot of the changes seem to have been dictated by changes in personnel.

That's logical. In the past, I guess the reasons people usually left the band or rejoined or whatever, usually had to do with the music, so in a way it's the music that dictates the personnel, as well as vice versa.

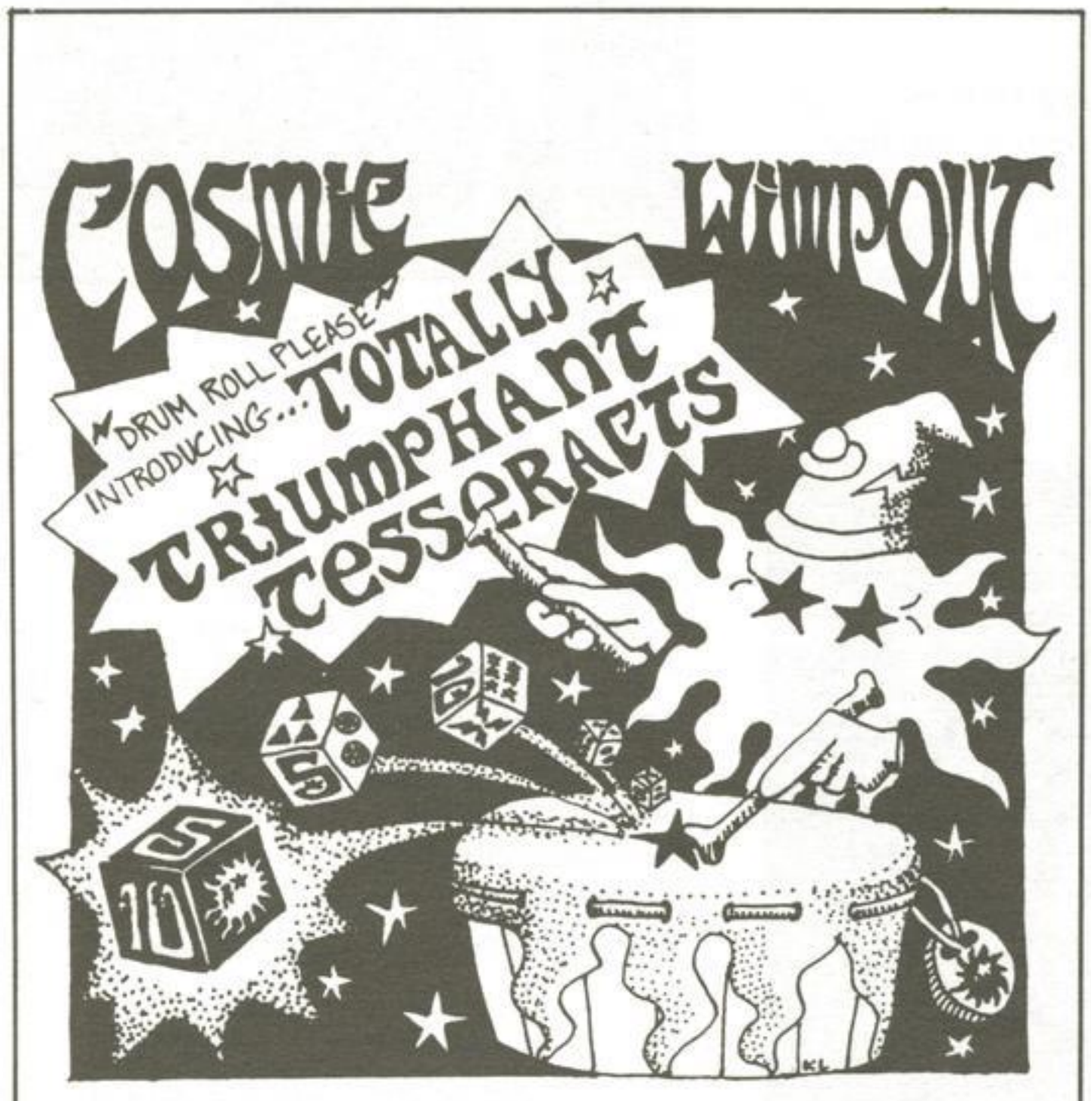
Can you see playing "The Eleven" again?

I don't think so. It was really too restrictive, and the vocal part — the song part — was dumb.

Garcia said it was a hard tune to "play through."

That's because of the three-chord structure. When we put that together with a drone it was much easier. How was it we used to do it — "'Dark Star,' 'St. Stephen,' 'The Eleven' and 'Lovelight'? It fit well in there, I guess. It was almost like an alternative to "Alligator" — "Alligator" was the one that was in 4. "The Eleven" was another one that was in a compound meter [11/4].

Was that written with the drummers



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primarily?

Yeah. It was really designed to be a rhythm trip. It wasn't designed to be a song. That more or less came later as a way to give it more justification, or something, to work in a rock 'n' roll set. We could've used it just as transition, which is what it was, really.

Every tour we hear a lot about the possible revival of "Unbroken Chain."

I've had a lot of requests to bring that one back.

We're always hearing, "Oh, they soundchecked it here." "Oh, they're going to play it on Phil's 50th birthday!"

[Laughs] I really wish I could have done that. It would've been great.

Have you ever even soundchecked it?

No, that's bullshit. I'd have to completely relearn it. I'd have to learn the guitar part over again so I could teach it to Bob. I'd have to relearn the words. I'd have to figure a way to play bass and sing it at the same time. It's fairly complicated. I wrote it on guitar and could play and sing it all the way through as a performance. It was meant to be performed, but there were so many changes in it, it proved to be very difficult. We had a lot of trouble even recording it.

By the end of it I was in that brutal state of mind where I said, "Fuck this," and dropped it. It was too embarrassing to try to perform it live because it just fell apart. But we'll get it better this time.

So you think that'll happen?

Oh yeah. I'm pretty sure it will.

Does singing a song during a set give you some extra juice to go on?

Sometimes, sure. When we did "The Weight" for the first time [in Nassau] I was terrified I was going to forget the words, so I was really nervous — and in fact I did. That was a lot of fun.

Whose idea was that?

I don't remember. Somebody just came up with it. There are a lot of Band songs I'd like to do. I like so many of their songs: "Stage Fright"; "King Harvest" is another of my favorites. We'll probably bring those in one of these years.

Are you writing at all?

I'm trying, but I haven't had much time lately. I've got two kids, you know.

Would that be with Hunter most likely?

Hunter and Barlow hopefully.

I think most Deadheads probably don't know much about Bobby Peterson, with whom you wrote "Unbroken Chain" and "Pride of Cucamonga." What can you tell us about him?

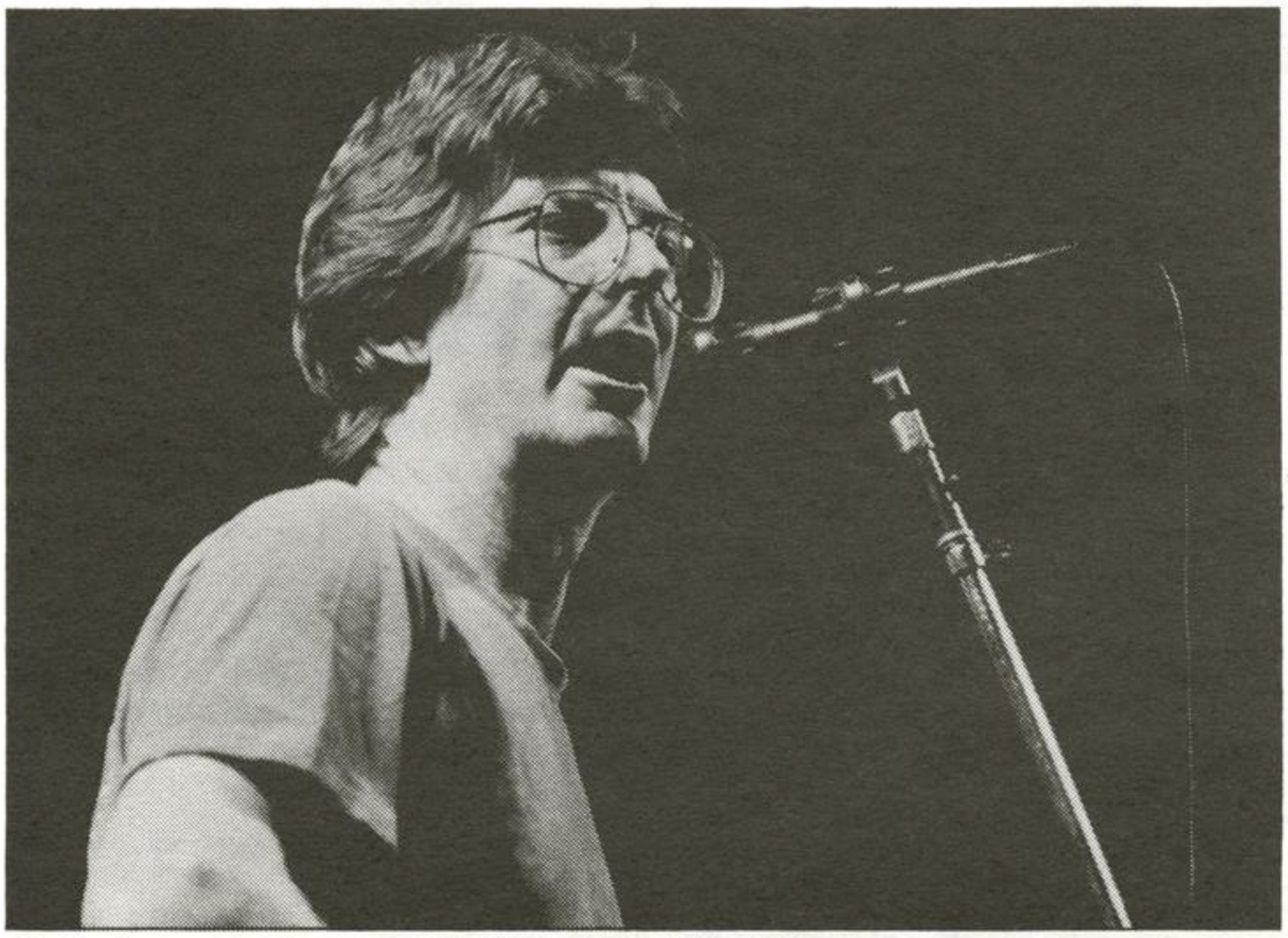
He was a mad beatnik poet, I guess; a road character and a storyteller. A road *pirate* actually. He was my oldest friend. He's got a book of poetry out [*Alleys of the Heart*, Hulogos'i Books] that tells you more about him than I ever could.

What are you listening to these days?

Just about everything I can find — mainly jazz and classical, I guess. It's hard to keep up. I try to find good jazz on the radio, but that's difficult around here. I don't have that much time to listen to music except in the car. Like I said, my kids keep me pretty busy at home.



The Wall of Sound era: Phil and Bob at a Reno show in 19



At the Centrum in Worcester, MA, 1988. Photo: Michael Conway

However, I would like to inform your readers and anybody else who wants to know that I have no intention of retiring to tend my garden and take care of my family. I may have been misquoted as saying that somewhere, but it ain't true. My family goes with me wherever I go so it's not a question of missing them when I'm on the road. Just slanderous rumors! [Laughs]

How about scaling back touring?

I've come to feel that the amount of touring we do now is just about right. Three weeks, three times a year is really a lot of work, when I consider how many people we play to in that period of time. It's OK. I can do it.

How was your experience working on* Built to Last*?

It was interesting. It was very easy to do the work because all the instru-



4. We have no idea who he's pointing at. Photo: Bruce Polonsky

ments were isolated, and you could mix them and set them up to your heart's content so you could have the perfect mix to play with. I'd come down here alone and work the machines myself and do it till I was happy with my part. That's one way to do it, but it certainly lacks the feeling of the other way. It's a real dilemma for us, because when we play live with two drummers [in the studio] we can't get the isolation on the instruments to make a good record. When we play separately in the studio, we don't have the right *feeling*, but it sounds good on a record. We do one or the other; hopefully one of these days we can figure out how to do both.

I do think *Built to Last* was one of the best *sounding* records we've ever made. You can hear everything real clearly. But it didn't hang together all that well.

Do you have any desire to play music outside the Dead?

No. I want to compose and hopefully write some songs for the Dead. As far as performing's concerned, I have my hands full with the Grateful Dead. I've never wanted to have a band of my own.

What's happening with your orchestral work, "Noosphere"?

I still have it in my drawer, and I still plan to complete it. The last time I talked to Kent Nagano [director of the Berkeley Symphony] he said, "Finish it and we'll play it!" I'm also working on another piece simultaneously.

What is it about so much modern music — by that I mean the type of stuff you play on your Rex Radio program — that makes it difficult for people to listen to?

It's just different from what we usually hear. People find it difficult to comprehend, difficult to follow the story, so to speak. It's difficult because it usually doesn't have even rhythms or a euphonious tonality that it always comes back to so you always know where you are. It's music that's relativistic in the sense that the parts relate to each other, but not to any common ground necessarily.

Do you find that you're able to bring some of those concepts into the Dead, whether in "space" or in your regular playing?

Somewhat. In any amalgam, any alloy, there are several components, and there are parts of those components that get melted away in the joining, as it were. I think the whole "space" section, which essentially evolved from our feedback experiments, is a response to electronic music and concrete music, found objects music, tape music; that sort of thing. Some of the discontinuity that we get going — the heterophony of everybody playing something different — probably comes from those worlds to a degree.

Are Garcia and Weir pretty hip to this sort of stuff?

Oh sure, because of their instinctive musicality and all the listening they've done. They're adventurous enough that if they don't hear a particular landmark in what they're doing they'll just keep going until they *create* one. [Laughs]

It's great that there's a vehicle for that kind of music to be made, night after night, in front of thousands of people. That's the stuff.

It *is* great. I don't know of any other band of any kind that has that built into it. Jazz players mostly improvise on changes. True collective improvisation is pretty rare. I guess some of Ornette Coleman's bands have come the closest.

Did you see Ornette's last tour?

No, I was either on the road or home with the kids. I did see [avant jazz pianist] Cecil Taylor with a quintet, and that was truly awe-inspiring. That was like a force of nature! What a phenomenon he is!

When you see an act like that, how does it make you feel about your own music?

Why it makes me proud to be an American! [Laughs]

In terms of the music, it makes me proud to be part of the Grateful Dead, because I think we're also doing something that is that interesting, though in a different direction. It's kind of hard to say exactly what our direction is, but that's also part of what makes it interesting. □

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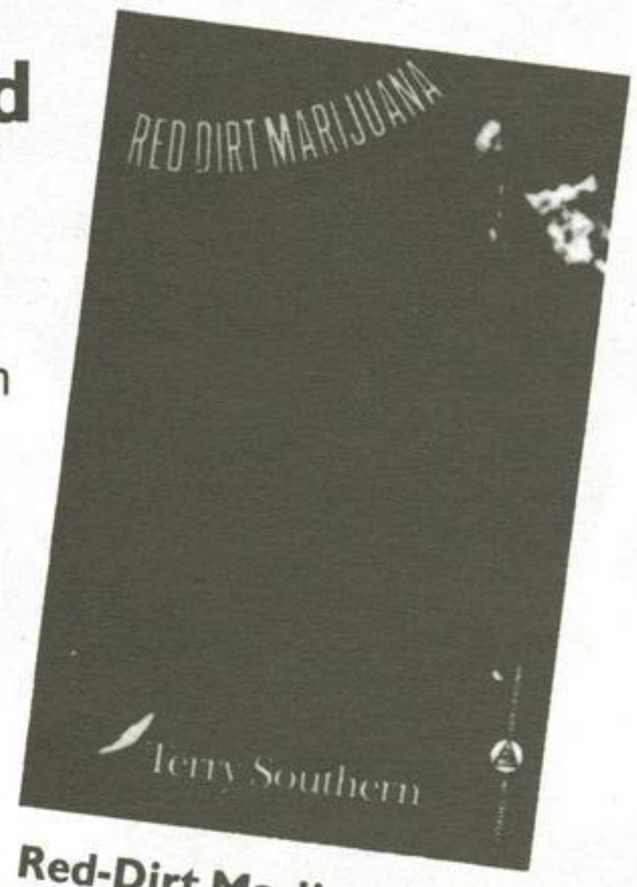
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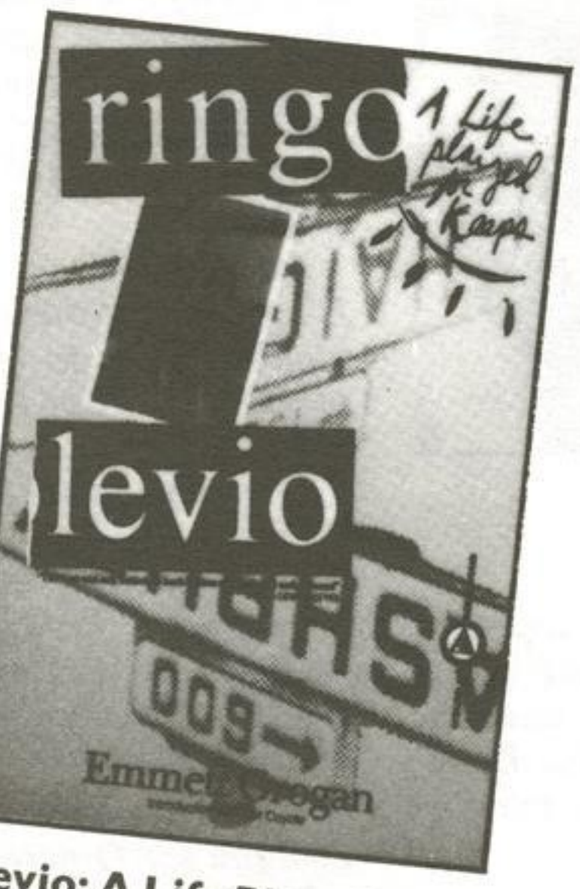
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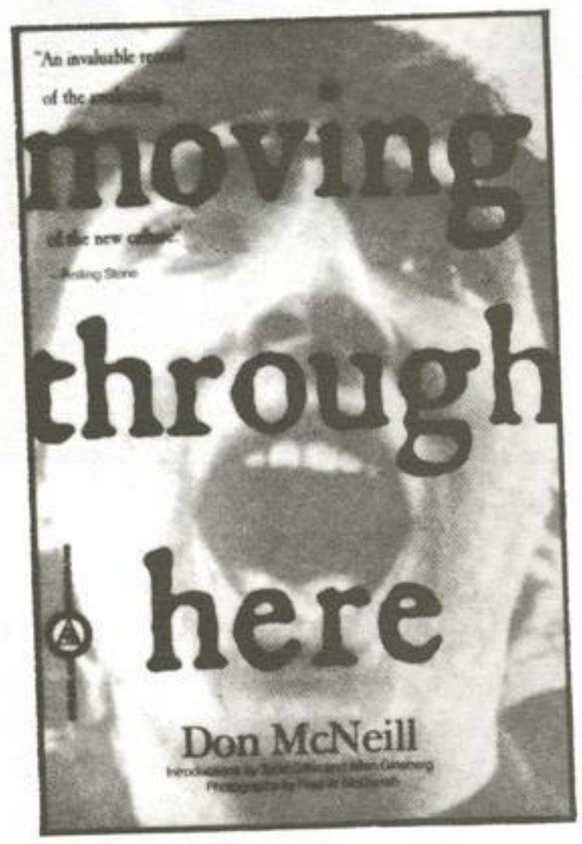


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SET LISTS: CAPITAL CENTRE THROUGH SHORELINE



Another view of Jerry and Branford at Nassau Coliseum. Photo: Michael Conway

CAPITAL CENTRE

We left New Hampshire with the early morning fog rising from the last heaps of snow as they melted into mud season. As we headed south the climate warmed and dried, collapsing this malodorous and unpleasant season into a mere nine hours. When we arrived in Landover, eager Deadheads were basking in weather so beautiful that winter was only a distant memory.

Security was very reasonable for these shows, particularly in contrast with the horror show stories from 1988. Indoors the authorities were mainly interested in keeping people in their seats, a function that we older Deadheads might actually appreciate. Outdoors there was a solid police contingent, many on horses after the show, but for the most part they stayed out of the way. I saw very few hassles each night.

While many people had hoped for rare set lists featuring the debut of "Unbroken Chain," we got relatively standard lists played exceptionally well. The first night opened with "Cold Rain," a favorite of mine; it seemed a very appropriate song to bid farewell to winter. While the entire set was strong, the revival of "Loose Lucy" was truly wonderful, the rocking high-point of the night for me. Most in the audience were clueless during the introduction, but when the lyrics started, the place exploded. A beautiful "Crazy Fingers" opened the second set, featuring raindrop lights from Candace. Although "Playin'" and "Uncle John's Band" have become almost inseparable in the past year, the combination never ceases to enthrall me. "Playin'" was deep and spacey, and "Uncle John's" as joyous as ever. The post-drums fare was rather standard by comparison. Still, I left very content about the first night of the tour.

Phil's 50th birthday (3/15) was the night of high expectations. The band delivered, but not quite in the way that everyone anticipated. The night was a textbook exercise in the adage "It doesn't matter what they play, just as long as they are on." The "We Want Phil" chant was greeted by "Tom Thumb's Blues" — unexpected, but very welcome. The second set began

with the audience wishing Phil a happy birthday, then a charged "China-Rider." Favorites aside, each song had something special that night: Jerry added intense licks to "Samson," and "Terrapin" was particularly soft and beautiful. The jam before the drums was simply gorgeous — centering on a theme I had not heard before that haunted me long after; it wandered over eight heavenly minutes, through several different strains. Second only to the pre-drums jam on the first night at Albany, this was one of my favorite moments of the tour. While the remaining list might look boring on paper, the Dead proved that a concert is 99 percent inspiration. This long set is worth a listen just to hear how hot the old standards can be. And the "Revolution" encore was an appropriate song to revive in the nation's capital.

On the final night, there were two highpoints in the first set. While the young crowd raved over a strong "Blow Away," the revival of "Black-Throated Wind," one of Barlow's finest lyrics, was the hands-down winner for me. The new lyrics were hard to digest in the first listen. I was so fond of the original any changes were bound to be somewhat disappointing, but I did find the replacements interesting. The song was absolutely beautiful, with an ending that was stronger than the versions from 1974. The whole set was *full* of intense songs.

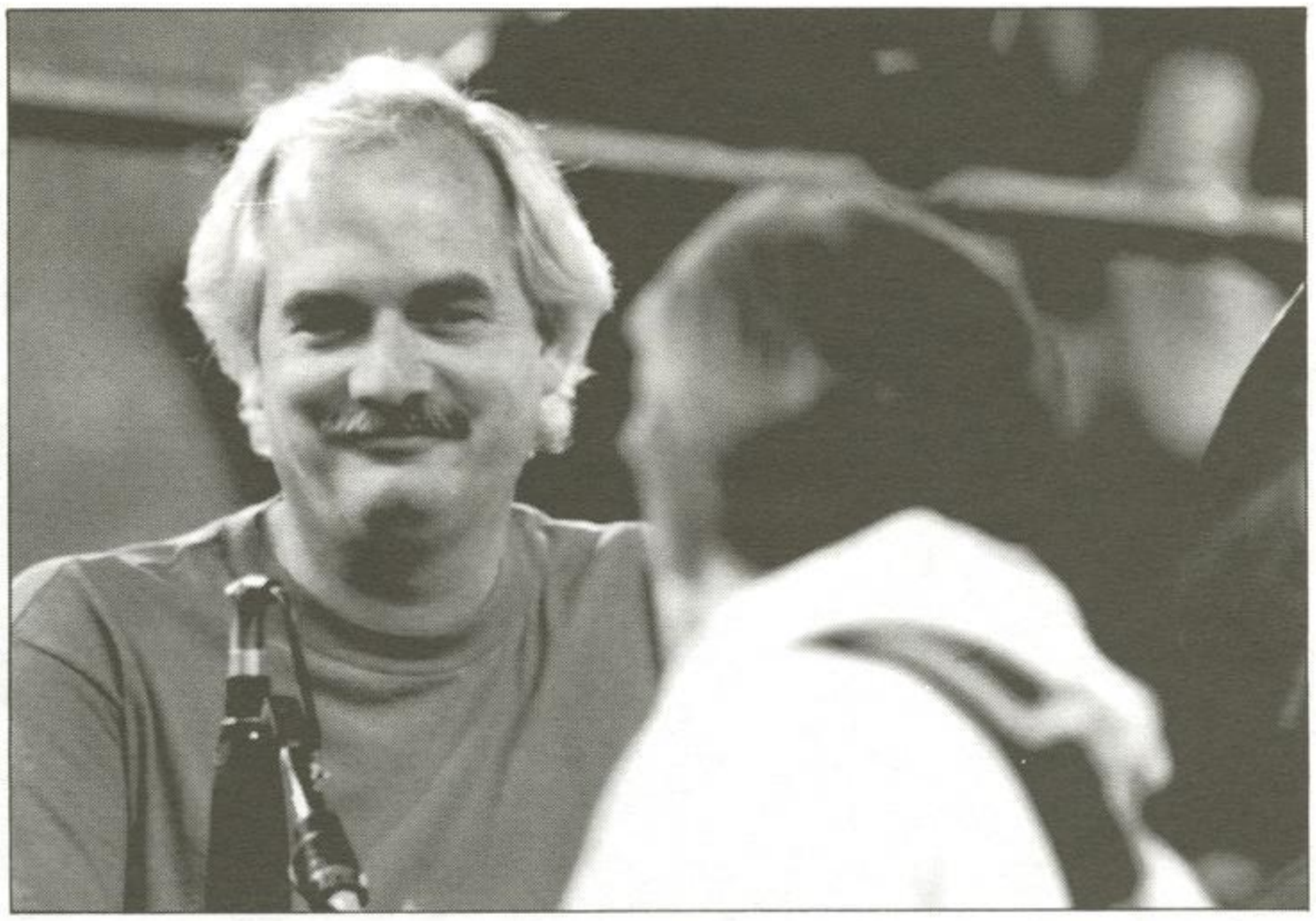
The second set was very well executed and, once again, it was the pre-drums jam that got my attention. "Man Smart, Woman Smarter" ended, and after a moment of silence, as the drum duet seemed to start, the Dead slipped into a nice four-minute calypso improvisation, with a hint of "Eyes of the World" tacked on the end. The "Last Time" encore was novel enough to usurp "Black-Throated Wind" as the song running through my head as we left the arena. I found myself wholly satisfied with three wonderul nights of music, and surprised to discover that the one song I regretted missing was "Victim or the Crime."

— *John Scott*

3/14/90, Capitol Center, Landover, MD
Cold Rain & Snow, Feel Like a Stranger, Good Times Blues, Mama Tried ➧ Big River, Loose Lucy, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Row Jimmy, Let It Grow

Crazy Fingers ➧Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧Uncle John's Band ➧ jam rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Dear Mr. Fantasy ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Black Peter ➧ Lovelight/Black Muddy River

3/15/90 (Phil's 50th Birthday!)



Billy and Bobby share a moment between songs at Shoreline Amphitheater in June. Photo: Ron Delany

Jack Straw, Sugaree, Easy to Love You, Walkin' Blues, Althea, Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues, Tennessee Jed, Cassidy ➧ Don't Ease Me In

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Samson & Delilah, Terrapin ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Will Take You Home ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away/ Revolution

3/16/90, Cap Center
Good Times ➧ Touch of Grey, New Minglewood Blues, Peggy-O, Queen Jane Approximately, Loser, Black-Throated Wind, Bird Song, Blow Away

Scarlet Begonias ➧ Estimated Prophet ➧ Ship of Fools, Man Smart Woman Smarter ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Sugar Magnolia/The Last Time

HARTFORD

Unlike last fall's Hampton gigs, these were "secret" shows everyone seemed to know about. People lined up at the box office of the Hartford Civic each day for about a week in advance of the actual day tickets went on sale, only to be told each day the facility knew nothing about a Dead show there. Surprisingly, when the existence of the shows was finally confirmed, the ticket scene was fairly orderly.

When I arrived at the Civic Sunday night for the first of the two shows, I was amazed to find that there was a very large, semi-organized vending scene nearby, despite the wishes of the band. Apparently the city had gone behind the band's back, as it were, and offered permits for vendors (for a fee, of course). It caused a lot of congestion, though I didn't see any real problems. Inside the hall, security was very tight: I saw two different people *ejected* simply for dancing in an aisle, and I heard similar reports from friends.

As usual, the music was the best thing about the two nights. People with visions of the Hampton "Dark Star" or "Attics of My Life" probably went home a little disappointed by the lack of unusual song choices (unfortunately for us, the band saved those for Albany and Nassau), but I felt both shows were generally very well played and energetic. The ten-song first set the first night had many high points, including a funky "Shakedown," a beautiful version of "Friend of the Devil" and Brent's "Just a Little Light," which seems to have developed since the album version.

The second set was more exciting than its songlist probably indicates: "Looks Like Rain" was my favorite of the pre-drums selections, the best I'd heard in a long time. The rather short post-drums had excellent versions of "Watchtower" and "Morning Dew."

Night two was more to my liking all the way around. How can you not like a first set that includes "Bertha," "Jackaroe" and "Deal"? And my first live version of "Picasso Moon" was also very strong — the band certainly seems to enjoy playing it. The tour's only "Box of Rain" got the second set off to a sweet start, but from there *space was the place* as the band rolled through several extended numbers before drums, most notably "Playin' in the Band" and "Eyes of the World." It was delicious hearing the rare "China Doll" tumble out of "space," and both "Gimme Some Lovin'" (Phil was in a

singing mood, I guess) and "Goin' Down the Road" had the place so rockin' that security hassles were all but forgotten. Ending abruptly with "Around & Around" was a little cruel, but my frustration was mellowed by a lovely "Brokedown Palace" encore.

— *Michael Burke*

3/18/90, Hartford Civic Center, Hartford, CT

Shakedown Street, Little Red Rooster, Stagger Lee, Me & My Uncle ➧ Mexicali Blues, Friend of the Devil, Just a Little Light, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Ramble On Rose, The Music Never Stopped

Iko-Iko, Looks Like Rain, He's Gone ➧ Truckin' ➧ Spoonful ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Morning Dew/ U.S. Blues

3/19/90, Hartford Civic

Hell in a Bucket ➧ Bertha, We Can Run, Jackaroe, Picasso Moon, Brown-Eyed Women, All Over Now, Deal

Box of Rain, Foolish Heart ➧ Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ China Doll ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ Goin' Down the Road ➧ Around & Around/Brokedown Palace

COPPS COLISEUM

These were the band's first Canadian appearances in three years, and their first in Hamilton, which is situated between Toronto and Buffalo. A lot of American Heads made the trip across the border — and more than a few were searched and detained for long periods while the ever-paranoid Canadian border police searched cars and backpacks thoroughly. If U.S. Deadheads weren't exactly welcomed with open arms at the border, in Hamilton itself things were much cooler. Accounts in the local newspapers indicate that many Hamiltonians had literally never seen hippies before, but to their credit, the townspeople were by and large friendly and open-minded about our invasion. There were a number of arrests for the usual offenses, but in general things went smoothly inside and outside the shows.

Both concerts were very strong musically; better than the two I'd just seen in my hometown of Hartford. The first set of the first show was one of the best I've experienced recently. Aside from the jaunty "Mississippi Half-Step" opener, it featured outstanding versions of "Victim or the Crime," "Standing on the Moon" and — a first for me — "Loose Lucy." I loved how the crowd got involved with that last tune!

Brent took over to open the second set with a spirited "Hey Pocky Way"; as with his first-set "Far From Me," he really seemed to be confident and having fun. "Cumberland" popping up after "Crazy Fingers" came as a complete surprise to me, and the version of "Estimated" was very strong. In the post-drums segment, "Wharf Rat," with its big middle jam, was my favorite selection.

The second concert's first set contained hot versions of two songs I'd never seen the band perform — Brent's "Easy to Love You" and their cover of the Stones' "The Last Time" — and two more that have been rare recently — "Must've Been the Roses" and "Beat It On Down the Line." Throw in a rockin' "Picasso Moon" and you've got a very unpredictable first set!

The second set had a couple of unexpected choices, too. After a blistering, if somewhat short, "Scarlet-Fire" and "Samson," Garcia slowed things way down with "Believe It or Not," which he hadn't sung since the '88 Dallas show. I enjoyed it, but most of my friends complained that it's just too slow and doesn't go anywhere. It's no "Standing on the Moon." The "Truckin'" that came next was a relief. The real shocker came after a solid "Other One," when Brent went into "Hey Jude" — the song, not just the coda! Unfortunately he couldn't remember most of the words so it wasn't what it could've been, but when he went into "Dear Mr. Fantasy" at the point where the coda would have started, the place exploded and Phil had a grin on his face a mile wide. The "na-na-na's" then followed "Dear Mr. Fantasy"; very exciting! "Sugar Magnolia" kept the spirits high and bodies dancing, and "Baby Blue" proved a wistful ending for two fine shows.

— *Michael Burke*

3/21/90, Copps Coliseum, Hamilton, Ontario

Mississippi Half-Step, New Minglewood Blues, Far From Me, Queen Jane Approximately, Loose

NEW BLACK THROATED WIND
(1990 Version)
By John Barlow with Bob Weir

Bringing me down, I'm running aground
Blind in the light of the interstate cars.
Passing me by, the buses and semis,
Plunging like stones from a slingshot on Mars.

It's just me and the road, yeah,
we're cracking the code
That will lead us to some as yet unforeseen bar.
Alone with the rush of the drivers who won't pick me up,
The highway, the moon, the clouds, and the stars.

The black-throated wind keeps on pouring in
Like a siren it promises everything new.
Ah, Mother American Night, invisible light.
Ohhh, I'm flying in you.

I left St. Louis, the City of Blues,
On a screamin' blue bender we won't soon forget.
With nothin' to show but the keys to the road,
A couple of tens and no real regrets.

But I can't deny that times have gone by
When being with you was as good as it gets.
When I was a man who had so much in hand
That the bird in the bush could be singing there yet.

The black-throated wind, whispering sin.
And it speaks of a life that passes like dew.
It's forced me to see there's a way to be free:
Have your way with each day that is granted to you.

Lines were around us, drawn on the ground.
'Til mine rolled away to the edge of the sky.
Think a coyote could care about birds in the air?
Does a raven think coyotes should learn how to fly?

So I leave you my eyes, they were just a disguise
The way that I'm going, it's too dark to see.
Throw me to Chance and, oowoaooa, watch me dance,
Choreography certain as bats on the breeze.

The black-throated wind keeps on pouring in
With its words of a lie I've decided is true.
Ah, Mother American Night, come wrong or right
I know I will only go onward in you.

Flying away, that's what I'm gonna do
Blindly and free,
I'm flying in you, etc.

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Lucy, Victim or the Crime ➧ Standing on the Moon ➧ Promised Land

Hey Pocky Way, Crazy Fingers ➧ Cumberland Blues, Estimated Prophet ➧ He's Gone ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Lovelight/Knockin' on Heaven's Door

3/22/90, Copps Coliseum
Feel Like a Stranger, West L.A. Fadeaway, Easy to Love You, Beat It On Down the Line, Must've Been the Roses, The Last Time, Picasso Moon, Don't Ease Me In

Scarlet Begonias ➧ Fire on the Mountain, Samson & Delilah, Believe It or Not, Truckin' ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Hey Jude ➧ Dear Mr. Fantasy ➧ Hey Jude coda ➧ Sugar Magnolia/Baby Blue

KNICKERBOCKER ARENA

Albany's new 18,000-seat arena opened a couple of weeks before the Dead's run there with a sold-out performance by the Chairman of the Board himself, Frank Sinatra, but it's fair to say that it wasn't really broken in until Deadheads had made it their own for three nights in late March. In general the place got good reviews for both sound and sightlines, and the city of Albany was most accommodating, even setting up a campground near the venue. Hell, the mayor of Albany was photographed chatting merrily with a tie-dye merchant! Security inside the hall was lax the first night but became increasingly tough as the series progressed. As Dead runs go these days, it has to be considered a big success.

Those I spoke to had trouble deciding whether they liked the first or the second of the three shows the best. Certainly the first had the most unexpected treat: "Help on the Way," absent from Dead sets since last December's Forum shows, came barreling out of "Good Times" and was played with considerable gusto. The entire second set was a winner, too: the "Playin'" jam was both driving and spacey at the same time; "Terrapin" was followed by a really interesting jam on a theme that sounded very familiar (but for the life of me I can't place it; it's not the "Heaven Help the Fool" jam, as some have said); "Watchtower" was typically manic and crazed; and "Not Fade Away" always sounds a little more special without a "Throwing Stones" lead-in.

How's this for a fairly rare twist — "Greatest Story" as an opener, followed by an equally charged "Touch of Grey"? That's how the second show began, and the energy rarely let up the whole first set, culminating with a double-shot of intense spaciness: "Bird Song" and one of only three versions of "Let It Grow" played all spring. The show stayed in jamming mode when set two began with a long, loping "Eyes of the World," a move that caught absolutely *everyone* off guard. In fact, the band hadn't opened a second set with "Eyes" since a Rochester, NY, show in November '77. That night in Rochester "Eyes" was followed by "Samson," and lo and behold that's what they whipped out in Albany 13 years later! "Crazy Fingers" seemed to turn up at every tour stop, but this was a strong one, as was "Truckin'," also played a few nights earlier in Ontario.

The final concert was on the radio in Albany, and the listening audience got an excellent show. The first set was extremely well played and included the only versions of both "Dupree's Diamond Blues" and "Big Railroad Blues" on the tour, the newly revised "Black-Throated Wind" and two — count 'em, two — Brent tunes from the last album. "Blow Away" worked well as a set closer; no doubt about it, they

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Mickey at Knickerbocker Arena. Photo: Michael Conway

love him in New York!

Many were puzzled by the choice of "Built to Last" to open the second set (it had been strictly a first-set song since Houston in '88), but it was nicely executed and, as it turns out, was the only version played on the tour. A typically intense "Victim" came next, and then the chaos of noise of its final jam was relieved by a rare mid-set "China Cat-Rider," a great move on Garcia's part. In the post-drums part of the show, "Gimme Some Lovin'" was handled with authority by Messrs. Lesh and Mydland, and the set-closing "Morning Dew" hit several ecstatic peaks. I've talked to a couple of people who frankly didn't like this show, but they seem to be in the minority and I think the tape is just great!

— BJ, from tapes and eyewitnesses

3/24/90, Knickerbocker Arena, Albany, NY
Good Times ➧ Help on the Way ➧ Slipknot ➧ Franklin's Tower, Walkin' Blues, Loser, Desolation Row, Tennessee Jed, Saturday Night

Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ Uncle John's Band ➧ Terrapin ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Not Fade Away/We Bid You Goodnight

3/25/90, Knickerbocker Arena
Greatest Story Ever Told ➧ Touch of Grey, Good Times Blues, Jackaroe, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Bird Song, Let It Grow

Eyes of the World ➧ Samson & Delilah ➧ Crazy Fingers ➧ Truckin' ➧ Spoonful ➧ drums ➧ space ➧ I Will Take You Home ➧ Goin' Down the Road ➧ Black Peter ➧ Around & Around/Quinn the Eskimo

3/26/90, Knickerbocker Arena
Hell in a Bucket, Dupree's Diamond Blues, Just a Little Light, Black-Throated Wind, Big Railroad Blues, Picasso Moon, Row Jimmy, Blow Away

Built to Last, Victim or the Crime ➧ China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider ➧ Man Smart Woman Smarter ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Dear Mr. Fantasy ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ Morning Dew/Brokedown Palace

NASSAU COLISEUM

The scene outside the Nassau Coliseum was somewhat less aggressive than it had been the last time I was here, in 1985. There were still the mounted police, but they seemed to be less of a *force* in maintaining order. The crowd also seemed better behaved than I expected or remembered, considering every other person was wearing a thick gold chain and singing loudly on each song. But that's New York for you.

The band seemed excited to be in New York again. The first night, the first set was unspectacular, to say the least, but the second set provided the first surprise of these shows. After a roaring "Cumberland" that was among the best I've ever seen, Garcia immediately jumped into the first-ever rendition of Robbie Robertson's "The Weight." As with such gems as "The Mighty Quinn" from 12/30/85, I don't think that the band will easily top this one. Jerry, Bobby, Phil and Brent each took one verse, and all four joined for the final stanza, with the crowd erupting after each chorus. "Hey Pocky Way" into the drums was also a nice touch, as was the "Revolution" encore.

The second night also started a bit slowly, even though I love the "Jack Straw"-"Bertha" combo. The first surprise this night was just after "Masterpiece," when Weir, sensing the crowd's excitement at the extra amplifiers that were being set up, said, "Well, all right, we got a special guest ... I think." Then saxophonist Branford Marsalis appeared, and he and Garcia led a stunning, spacey "Bird Song" through some of the densest playing I've ever heard in that tune.

But it was the second set that was really amazing, and I mean every note. The addition of Marsalis' horns created the incredible feeling that each song was new and fresh. "Eyes" into "Estimated" was over 30 minutes (!), and the former of that pairing was easily the most laid-back version I've heard in many years, with Garcia and Marsalis trading long, elegant solos, including one with Garcia on "flute." Then came a "Dark Star" (the only one of the tour) that made me think, "This must be what 1973 was like." (I wasn't seeing shows in '73 — I was 9.) After a short "space," Garcia steered the band into the last segment of "Dark Star," and then settled down for some more orthodox playing.

Throughout the set, Marsalis' playing reminded me of some of Coltrane's later work, with the kind of exploration that 'Trane used to indulge in. However, in "Lovelight," it was as if he said, "Enough of this cerebral crap," and he launched into a long, riproaring, pure rock 'n' roll solo that had everybody in the place screaming and stomping. "Knockin' on Heaven's Door" was a suitably plaintive end to what must be the spaciest set the Grateful Dead have played in 15 years. This set, at 100-plus minutes, should be at the top of every taper's want-list of recent shows. [For more on this show, see our interview with Branford.]

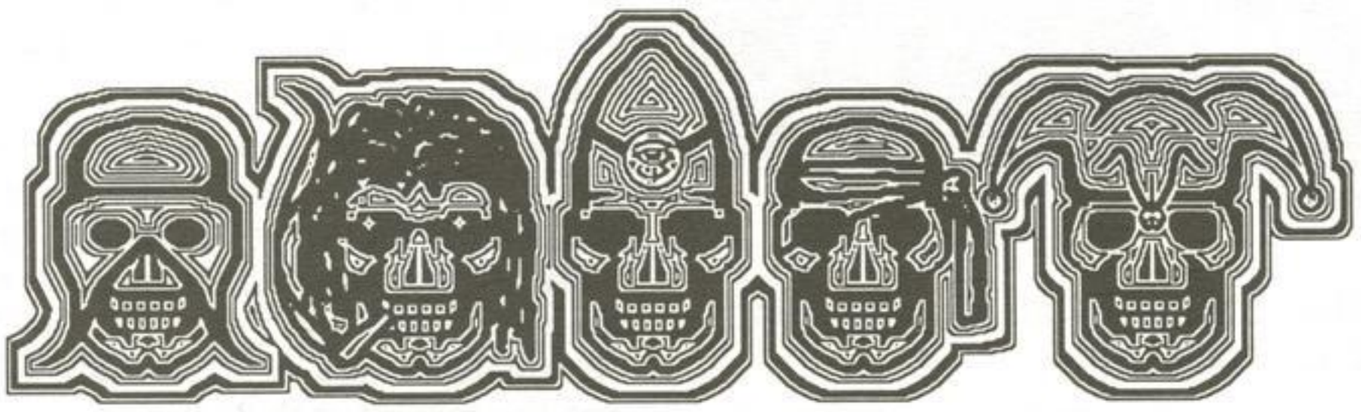
The final show also contained a few rarities, such as the first "Help on the Way" opener since '77, and a second set that was a Garcia fan's dream. When was the last time you heard "China Doll," "Uncle John's Band"

DeadBase IV The Complete Guide To Grateful Dead Songlists

We are pleased to announce two new editions of The Complete Guide To Grateful Dead Song Lists. DeadBase '89, our year in review, provides the sort of detailed analysis of a year of Grateful Dead performances that would be impossible for the complete DeadBase. Exclusive features include song timings and reviews for every Dead concert in 1989 and a bibliography of articles on the Grateful Dead. Since DeadBase '88, we have added 64 pages in order to include FeedBack '89 results (our readers' opinions on the past year) and set list comparisons (which help determine the uniqueness of a given set list). Additional features include attendance and gross figures, and photos and ticket stubs from most of the venues played, making this the most comprehensive coverage available on an exceptional year of Grateful Dead concerts. DeadBase IV should return from the printers during the second week of August. Features include: song lists (1965-1989), Songs Played (authors, first played, etc.), Yearly Table, Statistics, Every Time Played, Places Played, Arena Survey, Questionnaire Results, Reviews and commentary on over 250 shows, a comprehensive discography, and a cross-reference of lyrical images and ideas. (In order to make room for new lists and features GarciaBase will be removed from this book and will be published separately.) Sometimes called the taper's bible, DeadBase is an invaluable resource for any Deadhead.

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and "Terrapin" all in a row? Top that off with a bouncy "Iko," a beautiful "Standing on the Moon" and an "Attics" encore and you've got the makings of a show that would be a true standout if it were not overshadowed by the incredible previous night.

— *Peter Braverman*

3/28/90, Nassau Coliseum, Uniondale, NY

Cold Rain & Snow, New Minglewood Blues, Easy to Love You, High Time, Queen Jane Approximately, Loose Lucy, Cassidy, Deal

Foolish Heart ➧ Looks Like Rain, Cumberland Blues, The Weight, Hey Pocky Way ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Good Lovin'/ Revolution

3/29/90, Nassau Coliseum

Jack Straw, Bertha, We Can Run, Ramble On Rose, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Bird Song*, Promised Land

Eyes of the World ➧ Estimated Prophet ➧ Dark Star ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Dark Star ➧ The Wheel ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Lovelight/Knockin' on Heaven's Door

*Bird Song and entire second set with Branford Marsalis on saxophone

3/30/90, Nassau Coliseum

Help on the Way ➧ Slipknot ➧ Franklin's Tower, Little Red Rooster, Dire Wolf, All Over Now, Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues, Picasso Moon, Don't Ease Me In

Iko-Iko, Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ China Doll ➧ Uncle John's Band ➧ Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ Standing on the Moon ➧ Not Fade Away/Attics of My Life

ATLANTA

With most of another dizzying and surprise-laden tour behind them, the Dead trooped into Atlanta for three days before returning West. Tickets sold out locally in a scant 82 minutes, and scalpers asked upwards of $100 from the hundreds of "miracle ticket" seekers still present despite adamant requests from the band. Deadheads had to share parking lots near the Omni Coliseum with a National Association of Broadcasters convention being held nearby, and that seemed to shrink the parking lot scene considerably. City police (including some off-duty officers hired by the band to enforce copyright restrictions) exercised enough authority that most of the focus was on the concerts themselves rather than the surrounding scene, for a change.

A distinct atmosphere of anticipation

hovered over the first show, which was on April Fool's Day. Unfortunately for those with high hopes, the set list lacked any of the nuggets the group had unveiled at previous tour stops. Which is not to say the evening was devoid of stellar moments. Ballad aficionados grooved on Garcia's selections, including the only version of "To Lay Me Down" on the tour. Weir contrasted Garcia's mellowness by delivering mostly uptempo numbers, culminating with "Truckin'" and "Sugar Magnolia" wrapped around yet another poignant version of "Stella Blue." The only foolishness in this night came courtesy of "Ship of Fools."

Monday's concert, on the other hand, turned out like a wild roller-coaster ride, hurtling over one thrill after another, while careening dangerously close to certain disaster. A tepid start gave way to sheer delight when The Band's classic song "The Weight" chugged out of "Mississippi Half-Step," with each singer in the band handling a different verse. The shock and exhilaration of just hearing that song caused many to hardly notice the next three, although each was well done, particularly "Brown-Eyed Women." However, the set-ending "Let It Grow" sputtered out of the gate, and never quite picked up the momentum that tune demands.

The band sounded confused at the beginning of "Foolish Heart," too, but they hit their stride as the first half of the second set progressed, peaking with Mickey literally climbing on the Beam at the end of the Rhythm Devils' segment. Vexed by a malfunctioning bass, Phil was forced to go with a backup heading into "The Other One," but once things got going, his jamming fairly bristled. "Death Don't Have No Mercy" cut the smoky air like the sickle of the Grim Reaper himself, but "Around & Around" and a delirious "Good Lovin'" dissipated any melancholy residue.

The boys elected to pull out all the stops for Tuesday's finale. Because it was broadcast on FM, good tapes should be easy to find. The first set was my favorite of the three Atlanta opening sets: "Shakedown Street" set a wonderful, loping pace, and later, "Sugaree" made only its second appearance on the tour. "Picasso Moon" pumped like a pile driver, and by "Tennessee Jed" the crowd was one robust 17,000-voice chorus. The long-neglected combination of "Estimated Prophet" into "Scarlet Begonias" worked fantastically as a second-set opener, and then "Crazy Fingers" turned the audience into a mass of silently swaying bodies. Not until the first notes of "Throwing Stones" was there any real feeling that the tour was finally ending. Garcia was so enamored of that song choice he turned to his amp and lit a cigarette. He did rally for the "Not Fade Away" closer, though, and "We Bid You Goodnight" laid a loving lid on Spring '90.

— *Randy Judy*

4/1/90, The Omni, Atlanta, GA
Touch of Grey, Walkin' Blues, Just a Little Light, Candyman, Me & My Uncle ➧ Big River, Althea, Victim or the Crime ➧ To Lay Me Down, Music Never Stopped

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Ship of Fools, Man Smart Woman Smarter ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Dear Mr. Fantasy ➧ Hey Jude coda ➧ Truckin' ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Sugar Magnolia/Baby Blue

4/2/90, The Omni
Feel Like a Stranger, Mississippi Half-Step ➧ The Weight, Queen Jane Approximately, Easy to Love You, Brown-Eyed Women, Let It Grow

Foolish Heart ➧ Looks Like Rain ➧ He's Gone ➧ The Last Time ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Death Don't Have No Mercy ➧ Around & Around ➧ Good Lovin'/Black Muddy River

4/3/90, The Omni
Shakedown Street, Hell in a Bucket ➧ Sugaree, We Can Run, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Row Jimmy, Picasso Moon, Tennessee Jed, Promised Land

Estimated Prophet ➧ Scarlet Begonias ➧ Crazy Fingers ➧ Playin' in the Band ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Will Take You Home, Goin' Down the Road ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away/ We Bid You Goodnight

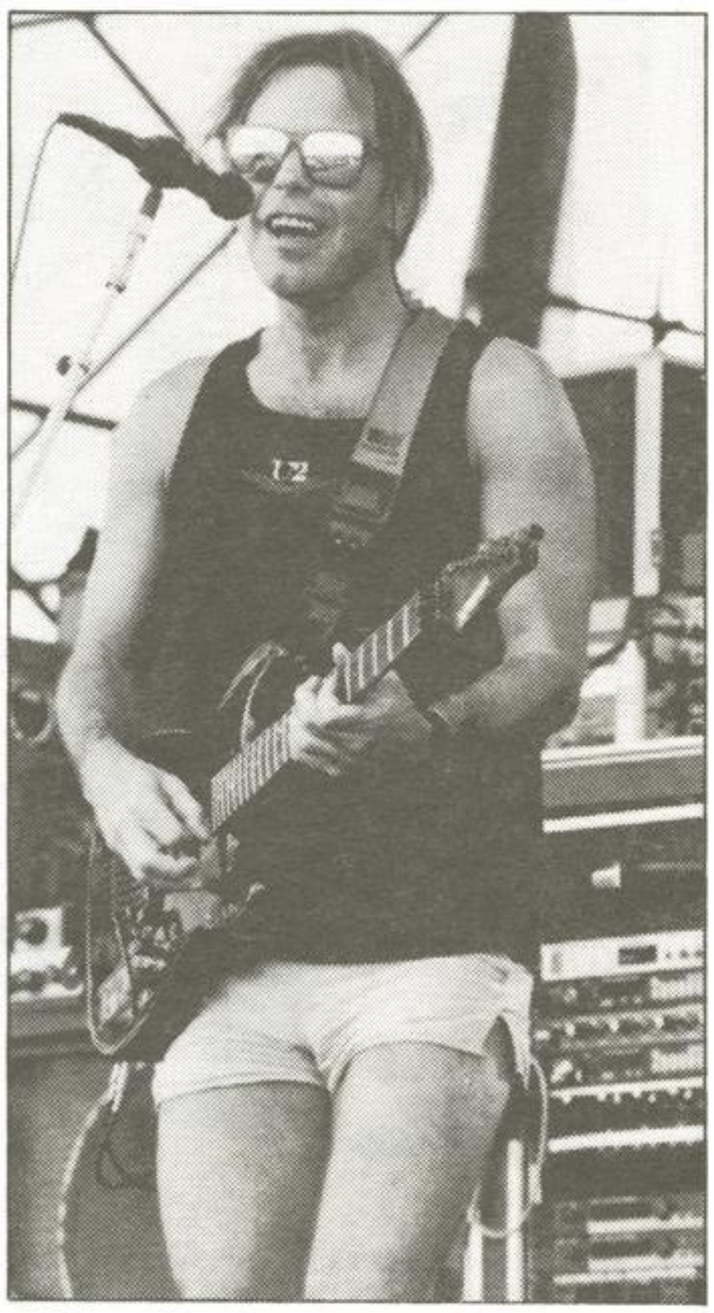
CAL STATE DOMINGUEZ HILLS

These were my first-ever shows in Southern California, and I was expecting a laid-back, surf-dude population — which is exactly what I got. Many said that the huge soccer field reminded them of Ventura, and if it was difficult to hear and nearly impossible to see at Ventura, they were right.

It was hot at these shows, about 100° each day, but without the humidity of my homeland, the great Midwest, the heat seemed tolerable, and the band seemed to pace everything just right. The first day's first set was the best of the weekend. After a fun "Race Is On" (Kentucky Derby Day, you know), Garcia started into a "Help on the Way" that was a huge mess — if he got half of the words, I'd be surprised. However, "Slipknot" came together nicely, led by Phil and Mickey, and "Franklin's" was good and long, with exactly the right attitude for the day: slow and chunky. Bobby always seems to follow this combo anticlimactically, and "Queen Jane" has got to be one of the most tired songs in the repertoire. The rest of this set was great, though — eleven songs in all, lasting about 80 minutes.

Set two was fun with no real surprises until the end of "Around & Around." At the point where that tune truncates abruptly, the band just ... well ... *stopped*, for about 15 seconds, as if they had *no idea* what to do next. Finally, Garcia picked up the melody again very quietly, and guided it to a conclusion. Still, it was a strange moment. It was nice to hear "Touch of Grey" in the encore slot, but what happened to that tune as a second-set opener? I thought that was when it packed the most punch.

The second night kicked off with an absolutely beautiful "Half-Step," with a rollicking jam at the end. The tune doesn't get any better than this. Once Garcia got his "trumpet" working, "Stranger" was also fun, as was "Foolish Heart," which made for an appropriately quiet set-ender. The "Iko" that started the second set was about as jaunty as the weekend got. "The Weight" was so slow as to be almost unrecognizable, but it was fun nonetheless, and I thought both "The Other One" and "Standing on the Moon" were well done. "Throwing



Cal State Dominguez Hills. Photo: D'Ann Massie-Yocum

Stones" was *painfully* dull; maybe it's time to shelve it for a few years if they can't find another place in the show for it.

I had lots of fun in the land of surf and sushi, but all the same, I'll take the craziness of the East Coast over the West any time. New Year's in Madison Square Garden, anyone?

— *Peter Braverman*

5/5/90, Soccer Field, Cal State Dominguez Hills, Carson, CA
Good Times ➧ The Race Is On, Help on the Way ➧ Slipknot ➧ Franklin's Tower, Queen Jane Approximately, Loser, Me & My Uncle ➧ Mexicali Blues, Loose Lucy, Saturday Night

Truckin' ➧ Crazy Fingers ➧ Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ Uncle John's Band ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Dear Mr. Fantasy ➧ Goin' Down the Road ➧ Around & Around/Touch of Grey

5/6/90, Cal State Dominguez Hills
Mississippi Half-Step, Feel Like a Stranger, Easy to Love You, West L.A. Fadeaway, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Candyman, Victim or the Crime ➧ Foolish Heart

Iko-Iko, Samson & Delilah, The Weight, Blow Away, Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Standing on the Moon ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Lovelight/The Last Time

CAL EXPO

After a series of late-season rainstorms and what seemed like a Bay Area GD drought (May coming and going without Frost, with no chance of summer revels at the Greek), it was a real delight to return to the relatively intimate setting of Cal Expo's high school stadium-sized amphitheater. The weather cooperated gloriously — hot and breezy pre-show, with successively cooler temps inside as the run progressed, a just-past-full moon rising softly over the American River — and the sunset halfway through Saturday's first set was awesome in the most literal sense of the word. The stage itself informed the festive and trippy setting as well, combining Jan Sawka's rich, skyscape banners from last summer's shows with a few whimsical survivors of this spring's Mardi Gras parade.

Musically, the boys delivered in spades, sparkling diamonds and sweet, sweet hearts. In retrospect, the song choices (with a few first set exceptions) seem a bit commonplace, but the playing was anything but. And while everyone sounded great individually (if one had to choose, MVP honors would go to a jazzy, propulsive Phil, with Bob slashing his way, a close runner-up), it was the ensemble playing that really lifted these shows to the realm of the special.

Friday's show was my personal favorite, somehow managing to be relaxed, tight and silken all at the same time. First-set highlights included a "High Time" as graceful and finely measured as they come, an utterly rockin' "All Over Now" and a "Bird Song" carried along as much by the spaces *between* as by the playing itself: spare and airy, it kept its shape even during the subtlest interplay between Jerry and Bob. The second set was one of those seamless dancing affairs that put one big grin on the whole joint. "Uncle John's" delivered everything one could ever want, rolling joyously along until the final jam sizzled and sparked into one *hot* "China Cat Sunflower," its out jam rising to peak after mind-blowing peak before calming down a notch into "I Know You Rider." A fat, sexy "Estimated" followed, and nearly stopped before kind of bumping into "Foolish Heart." The jam out of "Foolish Heart" hinted strongly at — but never fully developed into — the progressive, loping

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A seamless 10-song collection of new ballads and contemporary folk-rock classics features Robin's sultry lead vocal shining like the Queen of Diamonds in the most original version of "Loser" since the original. Danny's own stinging songs of love and disappointment, winners and losers have never been better. It's acoustic music with a kick — hammered dulcimer, guitar, octave mandolin, fiddle, string bass and drums in a crystalline production. And it's the latest and most impressive album by these two longtime veterans of the underground San Francisco folk scene.

"Stunning!" ***-BBC Radio, England***

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"Hats off to these Nuevo-Celtic Bopsters—with a special bow going to Robin, who has never sung so sweetly." ***-Down Home Review***

DANNY Carnahan & ROBIN Petrie AND THE MISSING PIECES

CD's $16, cassettes $11, including tax and postage. Send check made out to "Danny Carnahan & Robin Petrie" c/o DNA Records, PO Box 2615, San Rafael CA 94912. Or just drop a line with your name & address if you'd like to be notified of future concert dates and other recordings.

intro to "Fire on the Mountain," while holding onto certain melodic elements of "Foolish Heart" as well. Way cool, if a bit confusing. This teasing romp went on for several minutes; clearly, the band didn't want to leave the stage. Post-drums didn't disappoint, either: after an unhurried prelude, "The Wheel" rolled with grace and power, and an absolutely stirring "Black Peter" segued into a killer "Sugar Magnolia" to end the set.

Show two had a more unsettled, intense feel, with a swirling wind and rowdy crowd befitting a Saturday night. "Feel Like a Stranger" whipped up a downright scary frenzy, and the first Northern California "Loose Lucy" rocked with loose-jointed mania. With the sunset really beginning to rage the band broke into — of course! — a long, hearty "Masterpiece": a tremendous Grateful Dead moment, to be sure. It was a little disorienting, though — that sky show screaming at us from behind, the band rocking hard onstage; the "Loser" and "Cassidy" that followed, however, cut through the pinks, purples and crimsons with a palpable edge.

Talk about edges! The "Victim or the Crime" that opened the second set may have been the gnarliest ever; at one point it sounded to me like a thousand people screaming all at once. "Touch of Grey" had a great jam at the end — the boys always seem to balance "Victim" with something affirmational — but the rest of the set, with the exception of a blazing "Watchtower," kind of stumbled and scraped and scratched its way chaotically along. The "Dear Mr. Fantasy-Hey Jude" combo, once so magical, seemed a little tired this night, and even sure-fire "Stella Blue" faltered at points. Garcia did whip out his warbling bari sax tone for the "Lovelight" that closed.

Come Sunday, a warm glow had settled over the proceedings, and the band played with a jazzy, familiar ease. Halfway through the first set, Phil officially quashed those "ugly rumors" of his leaving the band after the Eugene shows — "a bullshit lie!" he boomed to uproarious applause (as if his playing the whole run hadn't been assurance enough!). The crowd went equally nuts when Garcia quipped, "Yeah, it's the rest of us who're quitting!"

How delightful to hear a heartfelt, unsolicited "Box of Rain" to open the second set (Bobby beat out the crowd's — and the rest of the band's — desire for it in the first set by foisting "Picasso Moon" on us): that song is just too special to be forced or pushed in any way. A long, breezy "Eyes of the World" followed — it *was* our lazy summer home, after all — and the "Playin'-Crazy Fingers" that then emerged kept up that warm, round mode. Ever the foregone conclusion, the "Throwin' Stones-Not Fade Away" closer still seemed about right to end the run, and "The Last Time" rocked happy and hard to send us on our way home. What a satisfying weekend! Let's try not to blow it at this place; it's one of the last remaining outdoor venues with any sense of manageable scale — for us *and* the band.

— *Michael Zipkin*

6/8/90, Cal Expo Amphitheatre, Sacramento, CA
Cold Rain & Snow, Walkin' Blues, Jackaroe, Easy to Love You, Queen Jane Approximately, High Time, All Over Now, Bird Song

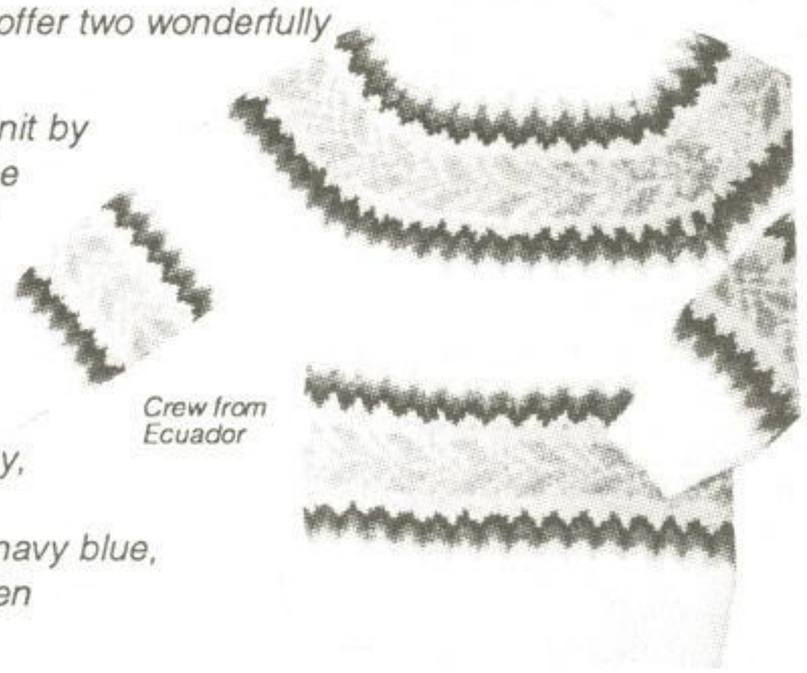
Uncle John's Band ➧ China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Estimated Prophet ➧ Foolish Heart ➧ Fire on the Mountain jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Black Peter ➧ Sugar Magnolia/ U.S. Blues

6/9/90, Cal Expo
Good Times, Feel Like a Stranger, Peggy-O, Me & My Uncle ➧ Mexicali Blues, Loose Lucy, When I Paint My

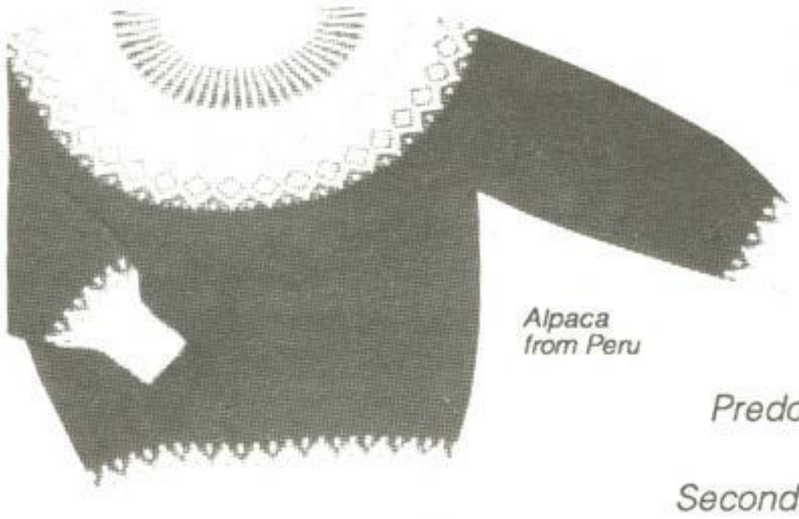
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Victim or the Crime ➧ Touch of Grey, Looks Like Rain ➧ Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Dear Mr. Fantasy ➧ Hey Jude coda ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Lovelight/Black Muddy River

6/10/90, Cal Expo
Bertha ➧ Jack Straw, Dire Wolf, Wang Dang Doodle, Row Jimmy, Picasso Moon, Tennessee Jed, Promised Land

Box of Rain, Eyes of the World ➧ Playin' in the Band ➧ Crazy Fingers ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ Standing on the Moon ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away/The Last Time

SHORELINE

It was worth the eight-month wait. "It" in this case is "Help on the Way," revived last October, but missing from set lists of Northern California shows until the 6/15 Shoreline concert. We got it as an opener, no less, and it was magnificent — possibly the best they've pulled off since its return. What a way to start a run! Actually, the whole first set cooked, from a jammed-out "Stagger Lee" to a surprisingly compelling "Desolation Row." The second set was a little more problematic in my view. Though the band hit some incredible peaks — between "Scarlet" and "Fire," during "Fire," in "The Other One" and even in "Around & Around" — there were frequent dips in the music where no one seemed to want to take charge, so what we got was fairly aimless noodling in search of a direction. Sometimes they'd eventually hit on something; sometimes they wouldn't. By far the weakest point of the show was "Blow Away," which was just dull, dull, *dull*. At its best the song is little more than a one-riff ditty, but when Brent drags it out like he did on Friday, with annoying vocal histrionics (had to get all those "fuckin's" in there, of course) and endless repeated chordal bashes, the tedium is overpowering. By the end of the song it sounded like the whole band was playing in slow motion.

The second show got crankin' early with a churning, beautifully developed "Truckin'," which hadn't appeared in a first set since that incredible 3/28/85 Nassau show. The energy level stayed high for much of the first set, too: "Touch of Grey," "Cassidy" and "Saturday Night" were all completely pumped. "Big Boss Man" was a bluesy, late-set surprise.

The second set was the most interesting I'd seen in a long, long time. This is another case where the set list alone



Nassau Coliseum. Photo: Michael Conway

doesn't begin to tell the story. First of all, the jam after "China Cat" went on much longer than usual, with Garcia exploring all sorts of different melodic avenues, first in conventional guitar tones, then with his MIDI vocabulary. Just when you thought the band would settle into "Rider" they'd take off again on another permutation of the "China Cat" theme. Where things got really exciting, though, was after the potent one-two punch of "Estimated" and "Terrapin." Instead of surrendering the stage to the drummers out of "Terrapin," everyone stayed onstage and jammed for what seemed like an eternity. The jam unfolded slowly and evenly, with Garcia leading the others through a whole series of interesting melodic journeys — one sounded like a familiar song progression; another hinted so closely at "Sugar Magnolia" it practically *was* that song. While most of this was happening, Mickey and Billy were playing the big drums and the Roto-toms, respectively, taking the jam even farther out of a conventional framework.

After a while, the drummers, Brent and Phil left, and Garcia and Weir remained onstage for a space jam that flowed perfectly from all that had preceeded it. Phil came back, then Garcia finally left, and Lesh and Weir engaged in a fascinating, if brief, MIDI duet. The two of them departed, there was a moment or two of electronic noises coming off the now-empty stage, and then Mickey returned for a vigorous, athletic workout on the Beam. At the conclusion of that segment, the others returned and fell effortlessly into a poignant reading of "China Doll," a tune I hadn't seen the band perform since the summer of '87. The final jam on that song segued perfectly into a "Sugar Magnolia" that blasted off like a Titan rocket (no tease this time!). Get a tape of this one; it was really unlike any second set I've ever witnessed.

Shoreline show #3 also started with a big jamming tune — this time it was "Shakedown," and the boys funked it out royally. In general this show was much more predictable than the other two, but it was uniformly well played and the combination of "Playin'" and "Eyes" in the middle of the second set as the sun went down combined adventurous playing with nearly flawless execution. The versions of "I Will Take You Home" (it was Father's Day) and "Stella Blue" were also particularly affecting. The icing on the cake was the Northern California debut of "The Weight," played as an encore for the first time. There wasn't anyone who wasn't smiling after that one. Quite a series of shows all in all.

— BJ

6/15/90, Shoreline Amphitheater, Mountain View, CA
Help on the Way ➧ Slipknot ➧ Franklin's Tower, New Minglewood Blues, Just a Little Light, Stagger Lee, Desolation Row, Ramble On Rose, Hell in a Bucket

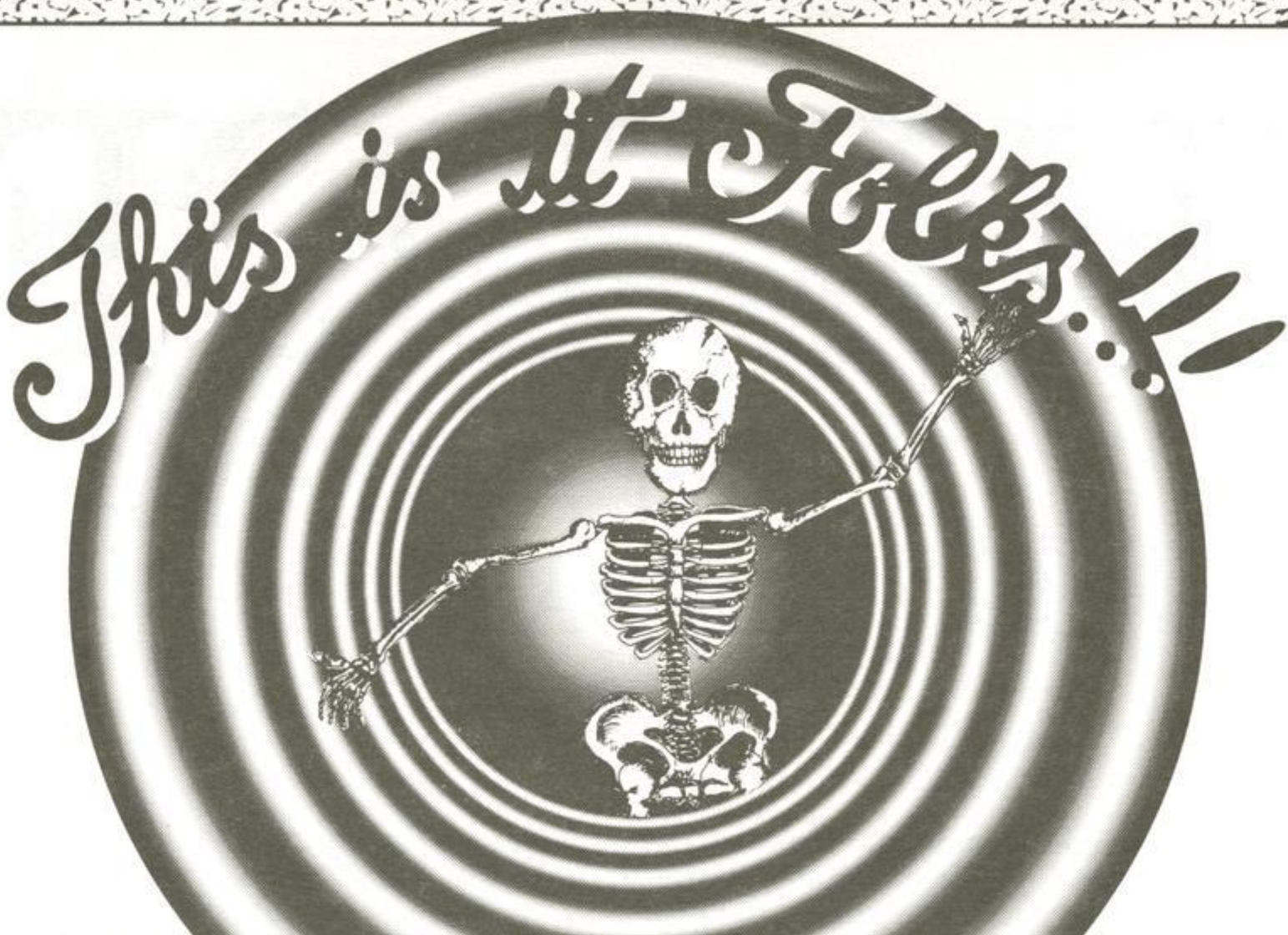
Scarlet Begonias ➧ Fire on the Mountain ➧ Blow Away ➧ Man Smart Woman Smarter ➧ He's Gone ➧ jam with Jerry and drummers ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Around & Around/Knockin' on Heaven's Door

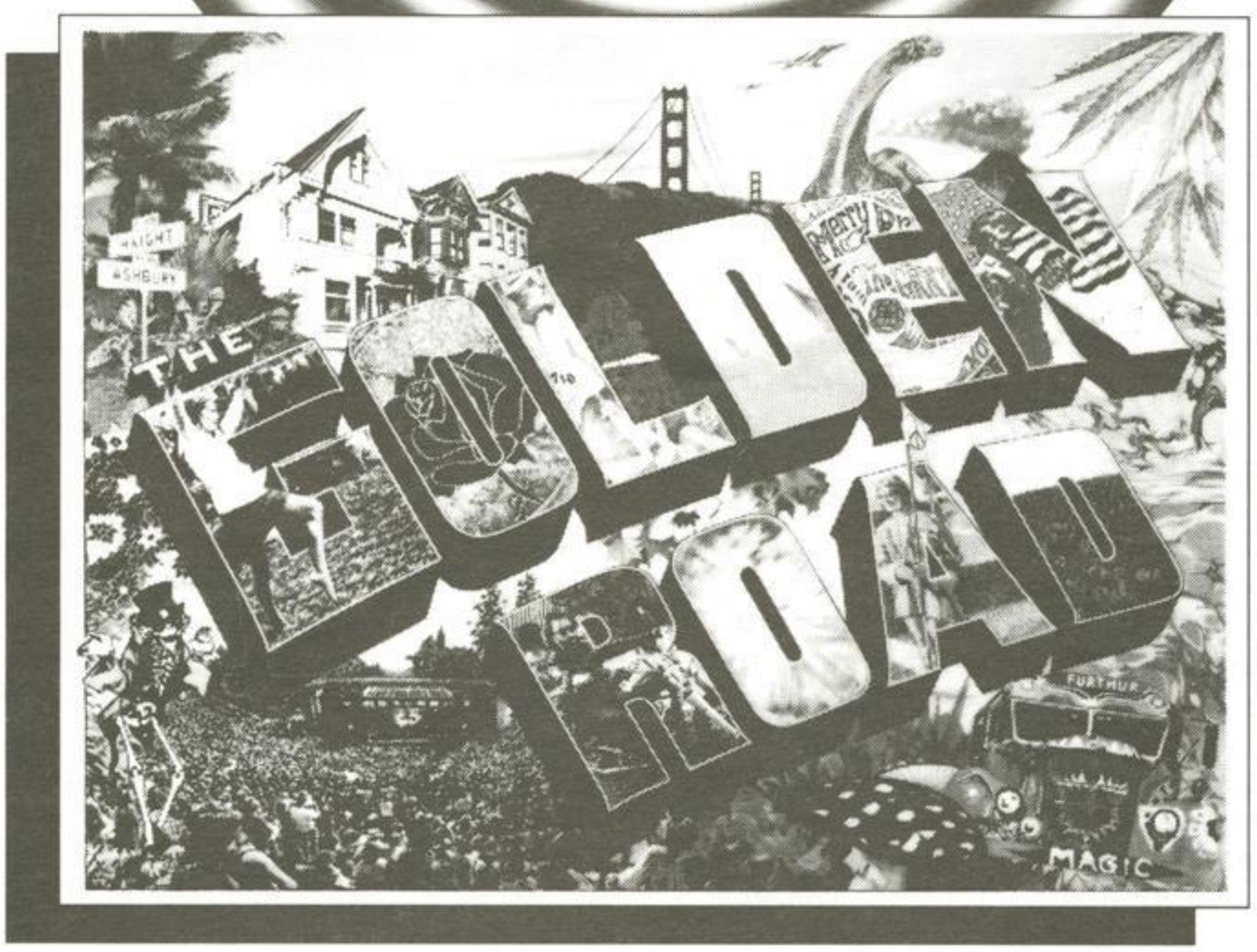
6/16/90, Shoreline
Good Times ➧ Truckin' ➧ jam ➧ Touch of Grey, Mama Tried ➧ Big River, Friend of the Devil, Cassidy, Big Boss Man, Saturday Night

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, We Can Run, Estimated Prophet ➧ Terrapin ➧ jam ➧ space (Garcia & Weir, then Lesh & Weir) ➧ Mickey's Beam space, China Doll ➧ Sugar Magnolia/Baby Blue

6/17/90, Shoreline
Shakedown Street, Little Red Rooster, Jackaroe, Queen Jane Approximately, Easy to Love You, Bird Song, Promised Land

Iko-Iko, Picasso Moon, Ship of Fools, Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Will Take You Home ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Lovelight/The Weight





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THE LOFT

by

KEN BABBS

Aw, rats, Garcia thought, getting into the car. *These photo sessions are a drag.* He eased into the traffic and headed for the Golden Gate Bridge. *But what you gonna do?* The Dead's new record, *Aoxomoxoa,* was about to come out and Warner Bros. needed publicity shots. The band had learned by now this was part of the game. You got to do what you wanted to in the studio, but when the fun was done you had to play their game too. He slipped a Van Morrison tape into the deck and concentrated on the road, humming along.

The session was in the loft of an old warehouse off Harrison Street in the seediest part of San Francisco. Rent was cheap, and one of the cooperative theatrical companies had taken over the warehouse as a practice and storage space. Ten o'clock in the morning, the building was deserted, and, climbing the stairs, Garcia expected the loft to be deserted as well. When were the guys ever on time?

True enough. He wandered around. Huge, blown-up posters of the Dead and Airplane and Quicksilver and Big Brother and Harlequin and Sons of Champlin and The Charlatans covered the ten-foot-high walls. Old, saggy, dilapidated couches sat beneath the posters. An eight-foot-wide wooden wire spool served as a table, shoved up against the windows. Garcia looked outside. He had to wipe the smudge to see down into the trash-littered alley; another bleak, dirty warehouse directly across. *This dump could give a timid-hearted fellow the creeps.* One corner had been walled off to form a separate room.

Garcia pushed at the door. A shrill scream erupted. *What the fuh—?* A bare bulb swinging from the ceiling by its black twisted cord splashed the room with garish, glaring light and black twisting, leaping shadows. Below the light an old black, inkstained printing press dripped spectrums. A bald-headed man wearing thick, rimless glasses, his eyes wide as the lenses, cowered behind the press.

"Hey, Chromedome, what the hell you doing up here?" Garcia laughed. "I thought you guys were hid out over in the Haight."

Before he could answer the door banged against Garcia, and another man, as skinny and tall as the other was fat, emerged from behind it. His hair lay down his back, stringy and matted. His hands were black with ink. He lifted a shaking finger.

"J-J-Jesus, man, don't ever sneak up like that without a warning. You like to s-s-scared us to d-d-death."

"Sorry, Snakeye, I had no idea. So this is where you're doing your dirty work, now, huh?"

"One s-s-step ahead of the law," Snakeye said, wiping his brow with a dirty rag. It left a thick smudge. "But," he said proudly, "There she lie, issue number three. Another m-m-masterpiece." He cackled hoarsely.

Garcia picked up a copy. *These speed freaks go three, four days without sleep, cranking out the hottest item to hit the bookstores since Henry Miller.* Zap Comix. Feelthy, rotten cartoons and comic stories drawn by R. Crumb and the rest of his underground cronies — so blatantly big-dick porny and lopped-heads gruesome San Francisco had immediately banned them and raided every bookstore that tried to sell them, making the comics an even hotter number in the subculture.

No way the cops ever going to stop this, Garcia thought. *It's too good. Whang the truth bell and it gonna reverb.* No telling how many times they'd had to move their press, but not to worry, just good ol' Jer, but his news that a photo session was about to commence in the next room sends the two printers cowering in the corner, clinging to one another, sure their safe hidey house will soon be destroyed and all will be exposed.

"Just cool it," Garcia said. "Lock the door and don't let anyone in. I'll say, if they ask, that this is a storeroom. We'll be out of here in an hour or so."

"G-G-Gawd, Jer, would you —" Snakeye scraped forward on his knees. He grabbed Garcia's hand. Garcia snatched his hand away.

"Back off! Back off!" *Jesus! I'm not your fucking savior.* He fled the room, flailing at his hand with his bandanna.

"What you doing, warming up your chops?" Weir asked, standing in the loft, looking at Garcia curiously.

Garcia jammed the bandanna in his pocket.

"Naw, hand's dirty but not from intent."

He was saved the need of further explanation by the arrival of the rest of the band: Bill and Mickey, Phil, T.C., Ramrod the head roadie, and Pigpen bringing up the rear, decked out in his cowboy garb: boots and jeans and Roy Acuff shirt and grand champeen belt buckle and Levi's vest, and an even dozen-gallon hat and, strapped to his waist, a cartridge belt and holster weighted down by a .22 caliber Colt frontier replica six-gun.

"Hi-yah, pards! Le's get this yere shindig a-shootin'."

"Yar, s'a ral shootin' match, ain't it?"

"You bet your boots. Those were our marchin' orders —

Merry Prankster Ken Babbs is a writer living in Oregon. His story "A Day in the Country" appeared in Issue 14.



Pigpen with his six-gun, 1969. Photo: Baron Wolman

mount up for a shootin' session."

"But whar's that dadblame shooter?"

"Right here," Pigpen sez, twirling his six-shooter.

"Put that thing away," Garcia says, "before somebody gets hurt."

"Relax, it ain't loaded."

Garcia shook his head and sat down at the big round table. The rest of them pulled up chairs. Ramrod whipped out his buck knife and popped it open. They'd all got buck knives for Christmas and they reached in their pockets and brought them out. Ramrod flung his at the table and stuck it in the wood by the point. The rest immediately followed, some knives sticking, others clanging on their sides. They laughed and pointed and then everybody had the same thought. Seven hands reached for their knives, making sure they got the right one.

That was close, Garcia thought. *Slightest slip of the old attentionator and someone'd get the wrong knife and then we'd all be left wondering.*

The front door of the loft banged open and a scruffy group of men walked in. They eyed the guys sitting at the table and went over and collapsed in the couches on the other side of the room. They began talking quietly among themselves. Snatches of conversation drifted over: "Bloody hell ... c'mon, mate ... a farthing says it isn't..."

They were quieted by the door opening again. Rock Scully, the Dead's manager, came in, all smiles. He greeted the scruffy newcomers warmly before heading over to the round table, where he was verbally accosted by his troops.

"Whar you been, boy?"

"We gone be tied up here *all* day?"

"Don' fancy having to wait for no photog!"

"Jest who am those fancy primroses what interruptin' *our* session?"

"Easy, easy, easy." Rock raised his hands in supplication. "He'll be right along. Hush your voices, now. Don't you hicks know who *they* are? That's Led Zeppelin."

"Oh my ... why I declare ... bless mah soul ... aren't we the honored ones ... kiss my stinky finger ... what the fuck they doin' here?"

"Not so loud! They'll hear. They're on American tour and Warners figured it'd be simpler and cheaper to shoot two sessions at once, so they doubled them up."

"Not on our time, they ain't ... No, we ain't waitin' round for no *foreigners* ... Where they come up with a crazy name like that anyway?"

"It's a joke, don't you get it," Garcia says. "Goes over like a lead balloon."

"Ho, ho, ho," the others chanted, and got up and began congo-lining around the loft, sticking their legs out in time with the ho, ho, hos. Garcia glumly lit a cigarette and stared at the clouded window, trying to ignore them. Pigpen grabbed a big overstuffed chair and pulled it around so it faced the center of the room. He piled a bunch of pillows on it and ceremoniously paced off 20 steps. He drew his pistol, and held it in the air. He turned and aimed in.

The report sent feathers flying from the pillows and shouts rising from the band members. Garcia jumped up.

"Hey, I thought you said that thing wasn't loaded?"

"Who ever heard of carrying an unloaded gun?" Pigpen said. "That's how people get killed." He fired off another round. Feathers flew and the pillow flopped off the chair. "Got him, daid center."

"Let me try that," Weir said.

"Come on," Garcia said. "Knock it off before someone gets hurt."

No way. Stealing looks at the Brits sitting stoically on the couches, gazing calmly at the muzzle flashes and the smoke curling to the ceiling, the guys kept banging away until the door flew open again and the photographer arrived. Rock immediately got everything organized for the pictures, making sure the Grateful Dead went first.

When they were through, they left without saying more than hello and good-bye to the other band. It wasn't until he was out the door that Garcia remembered Chromedome and Snakeye. He laughed, imagining their reaction to the pistol and the noise. *They're probably hiding under the printing press yet. Might be days before they get up the nerve to come out. Leave it to the band to up the action.* He found his car and got in. *They always gotta be putting it on, and I bet those Brits thought it was simply your normal American working day here in the wild, wild West. Oh well,* he patted his pocket. *I'll still be the first on my block to have the new copy of Zap.* □

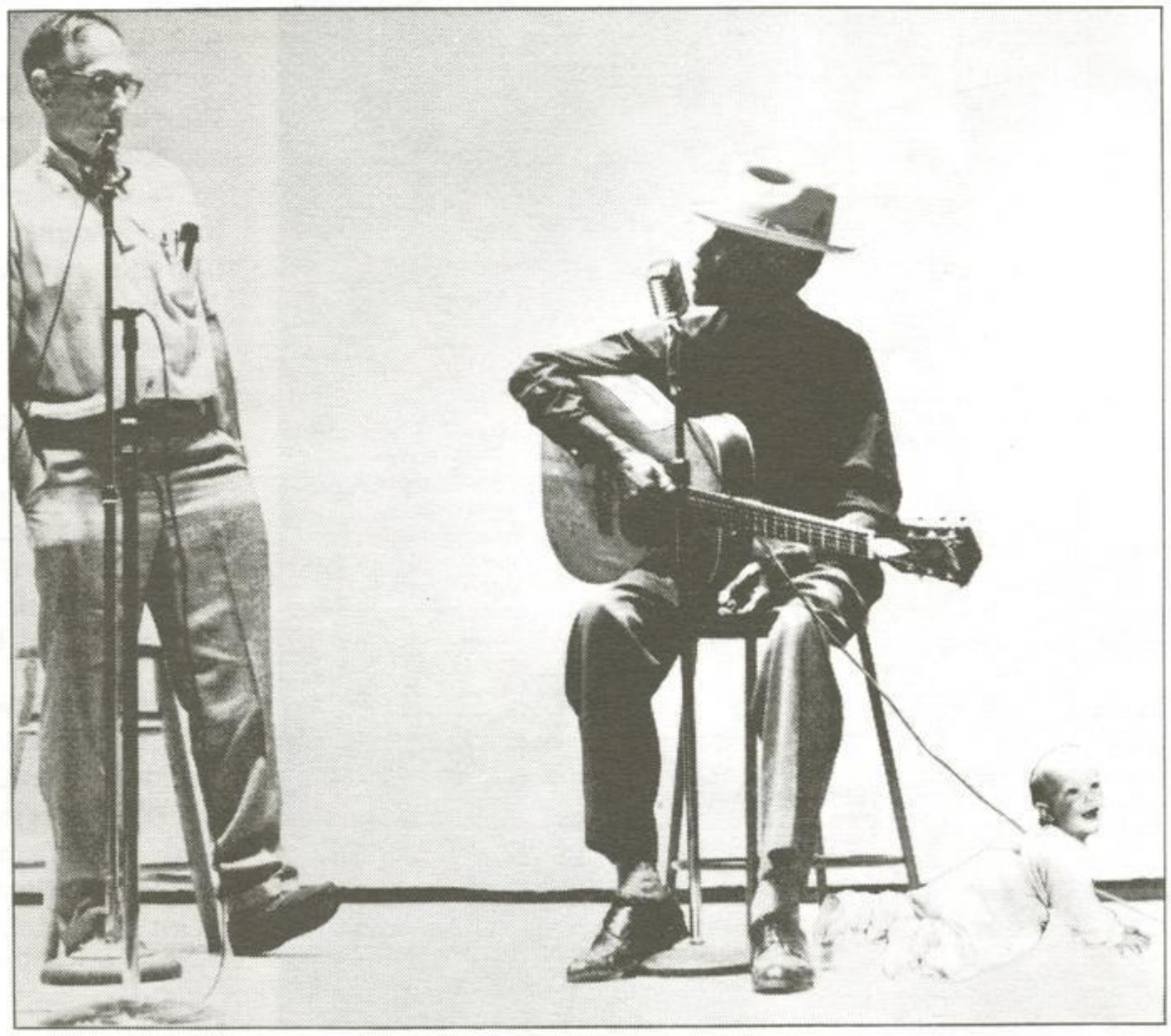
The Grateful Dead Family Album— The Outtakes

It was inevitable. When Jerilyn Brandelius' photo book, *The Grateful Dead Family Album*, soared past the 100,000 mark in sales, there were immediate cries in the book world of "More! More!" After all, in books, as in films, once is never enough if there's a profit to be made. It's this shrewd business mentality that has made America what it is today — a land of sniveling, uncreative copycats afraid to take chances!

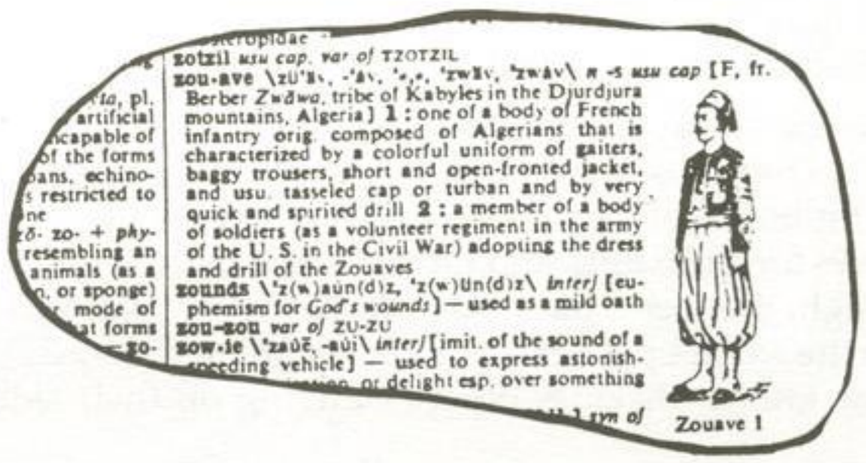
Be that as it may, we are delighted to cash in on the phenomenon ourselves by offering the first glimpse of some of the outtakes from Jerilyn's first opus — photos so secret they aren't even slated to be in Volume 2. "Look, you guys, the band is gonna kill me if this stuff gets out," Jerilyn told us. "Don't worry," we said, "the lawsuits will generate priceless publicity for your next book." And so, by special arrangement with Jerilyn and Wiener Books ("If It's Long, It Must Be a Wiener") we offer an exclusive peek at some shots from the infamous "secret stash."



Forget the story about Phil and Garcia meeting at a party in the early '60s. This photo, taken by Phil's mother in 1954, shows the two budding musicians in what was to be their first musical partnership. Jerry (left) played his father's clarinet; Phil got early bass training on the baritone horn. Though they never played publicly, they vowed to work together again someday, and it's believed that the seeds of what was to become "Dark Star" were planted during this period.



Though he looks pretty happy-go-lucky in the picture above, baby Ron "Pigpen" McKernan was actually soaking up some heavy blues vibes when this picture was taken a couple of months after he was born in 1945. The occasion was Texas blues legend Mance Lipscomb's first appearance in the Bay Area, and the bluesman's sponsor, ethnographer John Lomax (L) even took a moment to introduce young McKernan to the crowd at the San Jose State auditorium. "He can join me anytime," Lipscomb quipped. "This act needs some young blood!"



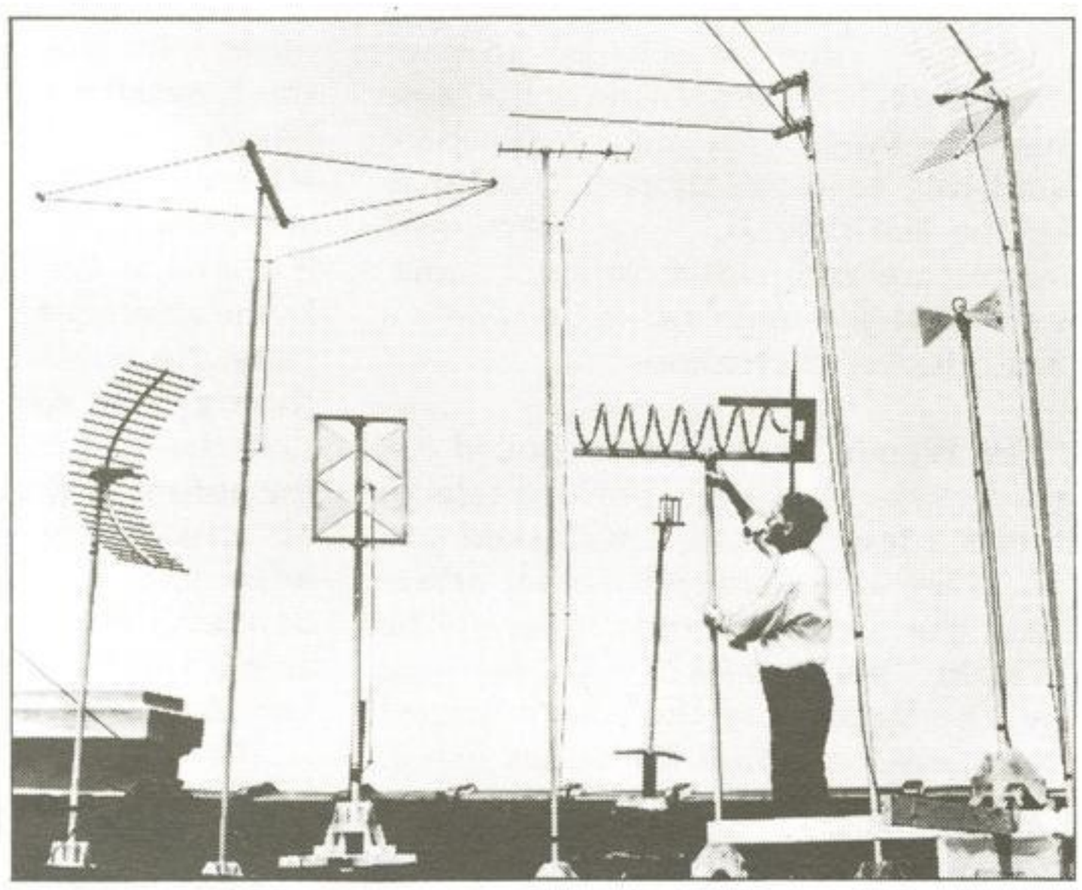
The story goes that Garcia chose the name "Grateful Dead" by opening up a Funk & Wagnall's dictionary and just pointing to those words. This fragment shows the *first* word he chose that day. Try #2 yielded "snack table." He hit "Grateful Dead" on the third try.



Perhaps because no one who was there can remember precisely what went on, the first of the Merry Pranksters' Acid Tests, held in Palo Alto in 1964, gets few mentions in the history books. This, of course, was the infamous night Kesey and Co. dosed a Cotillion crowd with a still-experimental form of LSD — one that had certain side effects that were later eliminated. The Warlocks took the bandstand but were "too freaked out to play," Garcia said later. This rare photo shows why.



Shockingly few Deadheads know about the band's aborted appearance on the *Ed Sullivan Show* in late 1966, a move that almost certainly would have guaranteed national popularity for the fledgling band. All went well during a run-through of the show before the live broadcast, as you can see from this shot of Sullivan clowning with Garcia and veteran Broadway singing stars Ethel Merman and Gordon MacRae. But when 19-year-old Bob Weir was caught smoking "something funny" in the CBS commissary later that day, the Dead's appearance was canceled and they were replaced by Italian mouse puppet Topo Gigio.



Not many Deadheads know that the first official "taping section" was set up on the roof of a building in Haight-Ashbury when the band used to play in the Panhandle of Golden Gate Park. The technology was a bit cumbersome, to say the least, and for obvious reasons soundman Dan Healy never really warmed up to the idea of allowing the tapers into the Fillmore and Avalon.



There hasn't always been an adversarial relationship between the Dead and the police. Sometimes the boys in blue even get into it, as this photo, taken near the outfield wall at a Dead show in Jersey City's Roosevelt Stadium in 1972, shows. Photographer Ken Lubener recalled that he snapped it "right as the 'Truckin'' jam was going into 'Dark Star.'" Two cops later quit the force and went on to work for the Dead's road crew during the Wall of Sound era.



We're not really sure why, but the band hushed up the fact that after Keith and Donna left in early '79, the Dead held open auditions for their replacements and were actively looking for "a cute chick who can play keys," in the words of a Dead staffer who wishes to remain anonymous. "It was more like a cattle call than an audition. Finally, Phil, I think it was, just said, 'Fuck it — bring on the guy with the beard.'" The rest is history.

Roots



A quick note before we get into this issue's potpourri of Dead family covers: Record collector Glenn Howard, whom I frequently consult when compiling this column, was the first of several readers to inform me that the Rolling Stones' song "The Last Time" was based, in part, on an early '60s gospel song of the same name by the Staples Singers. The main similarity is in the chorus: "This may be the last time ..." etc. The Stones' verses are completely original, however, and the main riff is definitely a Keith Richards creation.

"The Weight" — When we polled our readers about a variety of Dead-related topics a few years ago, we asked you all to list a few songs by other artists that the Dead should cover. "The Weight," perhaps *the* best known song by The Band, was the fourth largest vote getter of some 350 songs listed. Four years later the band got around to playing the song — in fact it's turned up several times since it was introduced at Nassau Coliseum in March.

The original version of this enigmatic song was recorded at A&R Studios in New York City in late 1967, with producer John Simon overseeing the four-track sessions. It appeared on The Band's first LP, *Music From Big Pink*, released in 1968, and it became an instant staple on FM radio. (It also made it to #68 on the *Billboard* singles chart.) In the extensive liner notes that accompany the recent Band double-CD anthology, *To Kingdom Come*, Robbie Robertson — leader of The Band and the author of the song — explains that his songwriting during this period was influenced a lot by The Band's association with Bob Dylan, but "I was just as much influenced by [film directors] Luis Buñuel or John Ford or Kurosawa ... [Buñuel, the Spanish neo-surrealist] did so many films on the impossibility of sainthood — in *Viridiana* and *Nazarin* ... there were these people trying to be good, and it's impossible to be good. In 'The Weight' it was a very simple thing. Someone says, 'Listen, would you do me this favor? When you get there will you say hello to somebody, or will you give somebody this or will you pick up one of these for me? Oh, you're going to Nazareth; that's where the Martin guitar factory is. Do me a favor when you get there.' This is what it's all about. So the guy goes and one thing leads to another and it's like, 'Holy shit, what has this turned into? I've only come here to say hello for somebody and I've got myself in this incredible predicament.' It was very Buñuelish to me at the time."

The band re-recorded "The Weight" in early 1977 for the album and film *The Last Waltz*, and what a version — the Staples Singers handle the verses, backed by The Band! Other artists who have covered the song include Diana Ross and The Temptations.

"Don't Let Go" — This is many people's favorite Garcia Band cover, mainly because these days it is that group's lone outlet for freeform jamming. In the hands of the current JGB, the song is a wide-open mid-tempo number with a rhythmic similarity to the Dead's verion of "Not Fade Away." The original 1958 recording by Roy Hamilton, however, was faster and had both an R&B and rockabilly feeling on it.

Hamilton is largely forgotten today, but he had a string of R&B hits in the '50s and very early '60s. He was born in 1929 in Leesburg, Georgia, but grew up in Jersey City where he sang with the Searchlight Gospel Singers in the late '40s. He showed considerable aptitude as both a commercial artist and a boxer, but music won out and beginning in the early '50s he started putting out sides for Epic records. His 1954 hit "You'll Never Walk Alone" stayed atop the R&B charts for eight weeks, and that was followed in the next year by such Top 10 entries as "If I Loved You," "Ebb Tide" and "Hurt." "Unchained Melody" was a #1 hit for him on the R&B charts in 1955, but competing versions by white singers kept Hamilton from crossing over to a white audience at that point. "Don't Let Go," written and arranged by Jesse Jesse Stone, changed all that, though: It hit #2 on the R&B charts and #13 on the pop charts — his most widespread success. Hamilton had a few other relatively minor hits in the late '50s and early '60s, but his fortunes



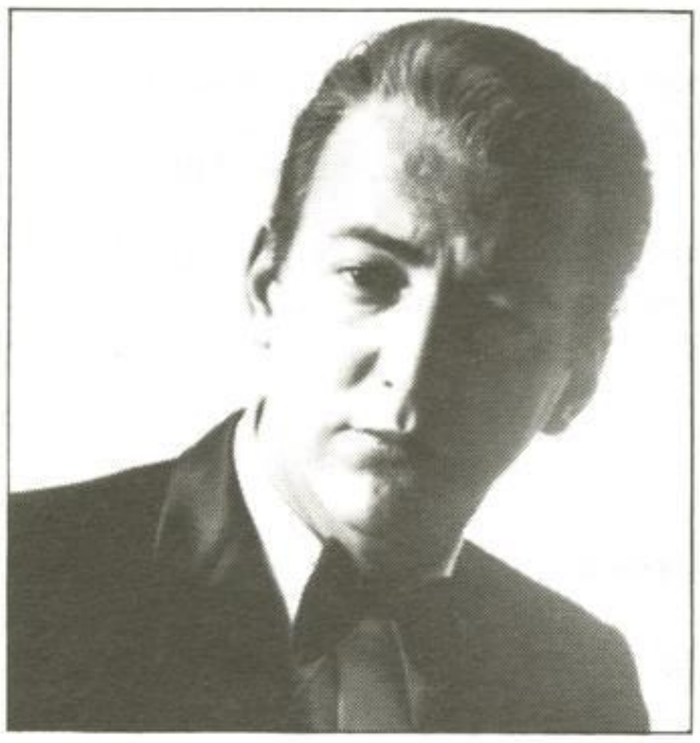
Ooo-eee! A Roy Hamilton hits record

waned in the mid-'60s. He died of a heart attack at the age of 40 in 1969.

Hamilton records are hard to come by, but one good anthology I tracked down is *Unchained*, on the Charly label. "Don't Let Go" kicks off that album. An excellent recent version of the song can be found on the new solo album by Jeff Lynne (of ELO and Wilburys fame), *Armchair Theatre*. The JGB has performed the song irregularly since 1976, when the band featured Keith & Donna and Ron Tutt on drums.

"Artificial Flowers" — I was surprised to see this nugget turning up on Weir & Wasserman song lists, but then Bob has always had an eye for the offbeat and eccentric. It was written by the Broadway musical team of Sheldon Harnick (words) and Jerry Bock (music) — the duo behind *Fiddler on the Roof* — for a long forgotten show called *Tenderloin*. The reason the song survives at all is because it was a Top 20 hit for singer Bobby Darin in 1960. I was 7 back then, but that didn't keep me from buying the single. In fact, I was such a Bobby Darin freak in that era I committed my first truly obsessive act as a fan: my friend Kim McFadden and I played *The Bobby Darin Story* album something like 20 times in a row without stopping.

Actually, Darin (born Walden Robert Cassotto in the Bronx in 1936) was an excellent singer, much better than most of the other teen idols of the late '50s with whom he is usually lumped. He wasn't really a rock 'n' roller; he aspired to being Frank Sinatra instead. He never scaled those heights, but he did crank out a number of engaging hits from the late '50s until his death of a heart attack in 1973. Most people know him for his version of "Mack the Knife," "Dream Lover" and "If I Were a Carpenter," his last Top 10 hit (in 1966). Darin was a passable actor, too.



Bobby Darin

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

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

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

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Fall '89: *Interview with Bill Kreutzmann, Garcia on recording* Built to Last, *sociology of the Dead scene*

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Ram Dass on The Oracle:

Do you believe in magic? Well, in the '60s many of us not only believed in it, we witnessed it happening through us and around us. We had passed through the doors of perception and found ourselves in the magic theatre, for which the streets and parks, ballrooms and pads were the proscenium arch.

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We saw the vulnerability of the great social institutions and experienced our ability to change them. It was a moment when evolution and revolution found strengths in their resonance with one another. We tasted the relative nature of reality which freed us to be at home in the midst of change and even chaos.

For the early moments of this creative explosion, this epicenter was San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury. And in its midst, *The Oracle* bore witness.

It is yet too early for the historical perspective which will fully acknolwedge how the psychedelic '60s changed in a fundamental way the consciousness of our culture. It is too soon because it is still happening, echoing, reverberating in politics and power structures; sexual and marriage patterns; in spiritual practices and art forms ... in every aspect of life.

Perhaps *The Oracle* is like our baby book, chronicling our first teeth and baby steps. And as such it can serve as a beacon and road map for the babies just coming as we approach the millennium. Nothing is lost. The innocence dwells in our hearts awaiting the next swing of the pendulum.

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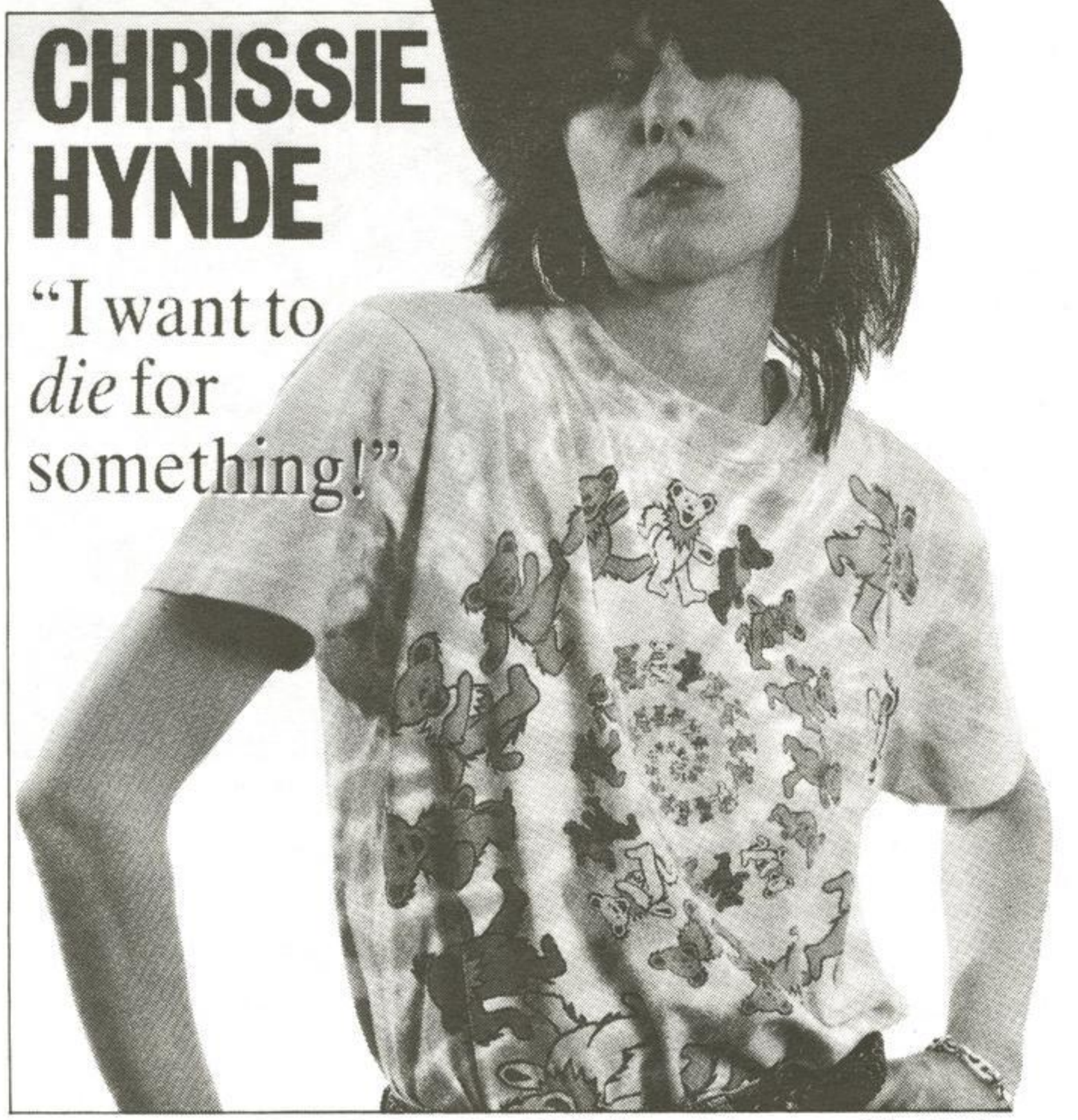
Whip It Good: "I've always thought we had an inverse relationship to the Grateful Dead," said Devo co-leader and spokesperson Gerald Casale in an interview a while back. "We both have devoted fans that embrace the same message. It's a self-reliant American credo: Think for yourself and resist illegitimate authority."

Whatever became of the cynical, always-underrated spudboys? Well, they keep pluggin' along, putting out an occasional album and playing once in a while, though they've never recaptured the fan base they had in the early '80s. They've long been into environmental issues, and their new album, *Smooth Noodle Maps*, contains "a version of that Grateful Dead song 'Morning Dew,'" Casale said. "It was originally supposed to be a post-World War III vision, but we were able to reinterpret the lyrics with an environmental slant."

Money Well Spent: In the last round of disbursements from the Rex Foundation, $7500 was earmarked for the Albert Hoffman Foundation, a Los Angeles-based library devoted to literature about psychedelics. The library takes its name from the scientist who first synthesized LSD.

Bombs Away: Although both Garcia and Weir talked about how much they liked *Built to Last* when it came out last fall, others in the group were slightly less enthusiastic. Like Mickey Hart: "*Built to Last* was such a bomb," he told a Hamilton, Ontario, paper during spring tour. "I'm glad this one is such a dog. It's not the way to make a Dead record. We're a live band. I don't know who recorded *Built to Last* — probably some Holiday Inn band." In another interview, Hart termed the record "disgraceful."

We also found in a Hamilton paper a reference that was news to us: "[The students] are what's known as 'Grateful Deadicators,' camp followers of the '60s revolution band, the Grateful Dead."



Pretenders chanteuse Chrissie Hynde models a GD T-shirt on the June cover of the British pop music magazine Q

Just Another Mellow East Coaster: Every Dead tour produces at least one great cranky newspaper column by some poor soul who just doesn't get it at all. On the spring tour, top honors go to Ralph Martin, of the Albany Times Union, for his March 31 column, "Better Dead Than Deadhead."

"Why should we law-abiding taxpayers tolerate freaked-out creeps?" he asks incredulously. "These people are misfits, folks. They should be herded up and kept a safe distance from civilization. . . . These poor souls, and I said they were pathetic, have had their minds captured. I'm not sure how, why or the reason behind it, but they are lost children, even if a lot of them are balding. . . . The band is the Pied Piper of a lost generation, and should be held accountable for its actions.

"Sorry, Deadheads, but your Grateful Dead have led too many fans down a drug-filled path to a meaningless existence. . . . Maybe it's time for the group to pack it in. Disband. Society would be better off for it."

Oh. OK. If you really think so.



Strange panel from the comic strip "Norb"

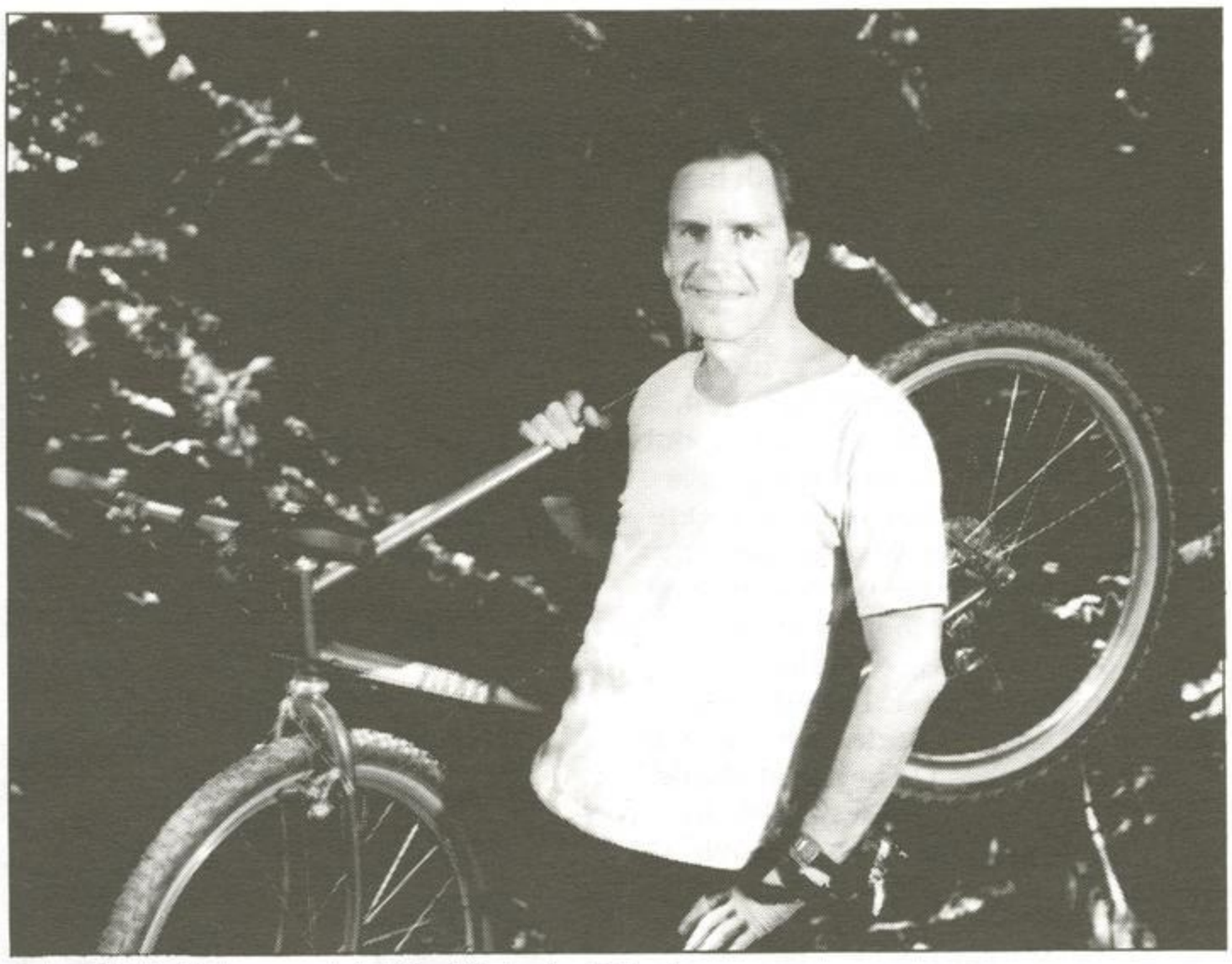
A Loss in the Family: With former Boston Celtics star Bill Walton standing on the side of the stage at the Dead's May 6 show at Cal State Dominguez Hills in Southern California, Bob Weir somberly asked the crowd for a moment of silence to mourn the loss of Walton's former team to the New York Knicks in an NBA playoff game. There probably weren't many long faces in the crowd, though — the L.A. Lakers

are the arch-enemies of the Celtics.

(The last time the Dead played Ventura, we had to endure a radio broadcast of a Celtics-Lakers game played over the p.a. at ear-splitting volume. Walton was playing that day, and the Celts lost that one, too.)

And while we're on the subject of sports, in the April 12 NY Daily News, the goalie of the New York Islanders pro hockey team, John Vanbiesbrouck, was quoted as saying, "I'm happy to play wherever we play as long as we win. And here [Nassau Coliseum] a lot of our fans follow us. It's kind of like they're Deadheads following the Grateful Dead." (Thanks to Tom O'Dowd of Brooklyn for the item.)

In the basketball world, Phil Jackson, coach of the Chicago Bulls, lamented in the Washington Post, "Everyone thinks I listen only to the Dead. They're a great concert group, but not something you can turn on every time you're in the car or something like that." Oh?



Bob with his Fisher mountain bike. Photo: Jay Blakesberg

The Truth Comes Out: In a recent issue of *Bicycling* magazine, biking enthusiast Bob Weir was asked, "Why don't you expound philosophically on why bikes are the coolest invention since the guitar?" Weir's reply: "They're almost as good for meeting girls." On a more serious note he added, "I've heard the bicycle is the most efficient machine ever devised by man in terms of calories expended for work done. I like that a lot. It's 'Technology, Servant of Man' in its very finest form."

Incidentally, for those who care, Weir rides a Spectrum titanium road bike and a Fischer mountain bike — not at the same time. (Thanks to Bill Kramer of Harrisonburg, VA, for the item.)

Don't Bet Against It: Somebody at the ultra-lame *Weekly World News* trash tabloid has a good sense of humor. In their May 8 issue, sent along by Ron Deutsch of Van Nuys, CA (who we trust is not a regular reader of that publication), the following item appears in their "Celebrity Predictions for Summer" by Countess Sophia Sabak:

"Barry Manilow will team with the Grateful Dead on a late summer tour of 16 American cities in one of the strangest musical marriages ever. Manilow's curiously haunting rendition of the Dead's classic 'St. Stephen' tune will lead to a collaboration on vinyl early next year!"

Though The Dead and The Devils possess this common spectator factor, they're not identical by any means. *CV* compiled a list of interesting comparisons.

WEB HEADS	DEAD HEADS
Bring the band	Watch the band
Enjoy Cameron Stadium	Enjoy *Franklin's Tower*
Break records	Buy records
Into gatoring and Gator-ade	Into Jorma and karma
Get rowdy when something cool happens	Mellow out when something cool happens
Hate "too many steps"	Love *Mississippi Half-Step*
Respect Bobby Knight (Indiana University coach)	Love Bobby Weir
Die if it's a tie	Tie-dye
True-blue	Deadicated

The college magazine CV *ran an article comparing basketball fans with Deadheads at Duke University. (Submitted by Lyle York, Berkeley, CA)*

Singles Scene: You may recall we mentioned that the Dead have two tracks — "Uncle John's Band" and "Truckin'" — in Time-Life's Sounds of the '70s series (on the '70 and '71 discs, respectively). What we didn't know, until GR subscriber Larry Pryluck of Falls Church, VA, sent us a copy of the May "CD Watchdog" newsletter, is that those CDs contain the edited single versions, which are quite different from the LP versions. For instance, the "God damn" from "Uncle John's Band" is edited out, and according to Bill Inglot, who remastered the series for Time-Life, "it's also a different mix; the song is substantially restructured. 'Truckin'' has a radically different mix, too, with guitar overdubs up the wazoo that are nowhere to be found on the album version. For all those Deadheads out there who have to have the single versions, this is the only place to find them." Let's hope it stays that way, too.

We Can Run, But We Can't Hide From GD Film & TV Sightings

Reader Jim McInnis of Livermore, CA, was watching the Nickelodeon network's *Make the Grade* quiz show for kids when a question came up: "What children's song ends with the words, 'Ashes, ashes all fall down'?" A contestant correctly answered "Ring Around the Rosie," but the host added, "It's also in a song by the Grateful Dead." . . . James David of Santa Fe tells us that on a late-night rerun of *Benson* a character with the calling card "G. Reaper" shows up at the Governor's mansion (where Benson lives) seeking shelter from a storm. With lightning and thunder in the background window, the Governor's daughter Katie plays Trivial Pursuit with the black-bedecked stranger. "I've got one for you," Katie says, "What rock group does the lead guitarist Jerry Garcia play with?" "But of course," he replies with a sinister grin while he fondles the skull atop his cane, "The Grateful Dead!" . . . On an episode of the syndicated series *War of the Worlds* caught by Howard and Denise Campbell of Hamburg, NY, a scientist unknowingly asks an alien out on a date. Alas, the alien turns him down, at which the scientist reveals he had tickets to see the Grateful Dead! Naturally the alien is bummed and says that she's "really into the Dead." Mainly Bobby is our guess!

Cheaper Than a Van Gogh! You may not be aware that Garcia, besides being a brilliant guitarist, is also an artist. In fact, he attended the San Francisco Art Institute before the music bug bit him for good, and even studied with the well-known painter Elmer Bischoff. Now, one of Garcia's friends, Nora Sage Murray, is selling limited-edition prints of three paintings Garcia made in the mid-'80s. The first of these, a very colorful, fairly trippy airbrushed marsh scene titled "Wetlands 1," is available for $400. It measures 19 x 24 and is printed on high-quality Coventry Rag stock. There are just 500 of these signed and numbered prints available. Though Garcia has fully authorized the sale of the prints, he is typically self-effacing about it all: "I hope nobody takes them too seriously," he says. In the next couple of months, two more signed prints will hit the market through Nora's company, The Art Peddler. For more information, call (415) 454-7331.

Less Controversial Than a Mapplethorpe! Speaking of art, if you're passing through Racine, WI, sometime before September 12, check out "Jerry's Kids: Portraits of Deadheads in America," an exhibit of William Lemke's photographs at the Charles A. Wustum Museum of Fine Arts. We haven't seen the actual show, but we have seen some of Lemke's Deadhead shots, and they *are* good.



Garcia painting "Wetlands 1" in '86

Doncha Let That Deal Go Down: Hal Kant, the Grateful Dead's longtime lawyer, took second place in the 1990 World Series of Poker held in Las Vegas. The winner, Greg Aubin, is a professional card player. Maybe next year, Hal. Try using one of the *Built to Last* Dead Decks next time.

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Need complete, hi-qual JGB Marin Civic 4/26/88. Sentimental value. J. Sherrett, 411 W Lee #J7, Tumwater, WA 98501

Want Rhythm Devils-Marin Vets 2/14/81. Michael Morin, 357 Lathrop St, Taunton, MA 02780

Need Dylan 88-90 shows. Have much Dylan/Dead to trade. PO Box 163251, Miami, FL 33116

Relocated in Whitefish, MT. Looking for corresp., tape trading (have 1700+ hrs) & job opportunities. Shuey's, 1130 Birch Point Dr #2B, Whitefish, MT

If you've got live Marley I want it! 500 hrs. Mike Gaynor, 7499 Oak St NE, St. Petersburg, FL 33702

Have 600+ hrs. Need more esp 89. Lists/correspondence welcome, beginners too. Brian Jones, 3322 Carbine Rd, San Antonio, TX 78247

Want hi-qual, lo-gen Dead and reggae SBDs. Much to trade. Damon Ritter, PO Box 299, Salem, NH 03079

Have 300 hrs, need 2/23-24/74 (complete shows!), 6/30/73, 12/2/73, 11/11/73. John C. Sulak, 8241 W 4th St, LA, CA 90048

Wanted: tapes, videos. Hunter, JGB, Dead. Andrew Gornik, 1923 Bending Oaks Ct, Downers Grove, IL 60515

Reliable trader w/1800+ hrs (incl. non-GD) would like similar varied lists. Doug Bursky, 82-05 268th St, Floral Park, NY 11004

Made it through the Quake, I need the Benefit: 12/6/89. Todd Ashman, 7A English St, Petaluma, CA 94952

Seeking quality Dead and non-Dead. Have 600 hrs. Barry Small, 370 Lexington, SF, CA 94110

Looking for any September 15 shows, esp 9/15/89. Dave Parker, 137 McNab Cresc, Regina, Sask, Canada S4S 4B3

Let's trade lists. Interested in any year. Robert May, 104-74 112th St, Richmond Hill, Queens, NY 11420

Quality-conscious trader seeks 72, 74, 77. Send lists to Mike Bardo, 12 Daisy Ln, Orchard Park, NY 14127

Need Tuna, Airplane, Dead. Have spring 90 FM & SBDs. Sean, Box 976, Cambridge, MA 02238

For trade: jazz, blues, Dead. Over 100 hours. Joe Pinedo, 12251 Abingdon St, Norwalk, CA 90650

600+ hrs Dead, Rads, JGB. Need summer 90 esp Edie sets. Mike Holden, 16 Mattson Ave, Worcester, MA 01606

Please help! Desperately seeking Shoreline 88. Have 450 hi-qual hrs. Matt Herman, PO Box 3348, Columbus, OH 43210

Into GD, recent Dylan, Gabriel, Prine, others. David Stern, Boyce Thompson Inst., Cornell Univ, Ithaca, NY 14853

1000+ hrs, hi-qual. Looking for lo-gen tapes. Steve, 111 S Prospect, Clarendon Hills, IL 60514

Still Dead in Australia! Seekin' locals for tape trade/correspondence. JD, 125 Ballina St, Lismore NSW 2480, Australia

Really need exc. complete 9/6/80, have 250+ hrs to trade. Scott Crawford, 171 Mt. Harmony Rd, Bernardsville, NJ 07924

Love to trade Dead, Otis, and anything! Who's Otis? Write Tim Lock, 94 Sunset Dr, Chatham, NJ 07928

Live taper/trader w/700 hrs seeks hi-qual videos, too. Michael Gould, 8 Sumatra Ct, Carteret, NJ 07008

Seeking first show: 3/27/83 Irvine, also 5/6/90, 2/27/90. Will send blanks. Chris, c/o PO Box 2042, Newport Beach, CA 92663

Need hi-qual 68-77 Dead, have 900+ hrs to trade. Tommy, 9272 Groomfield Rd, Richmond, VA 23236

Trader seeks lo-gen Dead. 600+ hrs, use Naks. M. Ringering, 285A Greenyard Dr, Ballwin, MD 63011

Have Dead to trade for recent JGB and 10/2/88 GD. Peter Thompson, 2785 W 18th Ave, Vancouver, BC V6L 1B4 Canada

New to St. Lou, would like to trade. Send lists. Sugar Mag, 3649 Bates 2W, St. Louis, MO 63116

1500 hrs Dead, 300 hrs Dylan, 700 hrs others. Send lists. John Coulter, J-5 Cliffside Apts, Sunderland, MA 01375

Have 1000 hrs Dead, Stones, Who, Hendrix. Want more! John Tsalikes, 1910 Candlewood Dr, Holiday, FL 34690

Have 1000 hrs, GD and others — Dylan, Allmans, "alternative stuff." Rick Monture, RR1, Ohsweken, Ontario, Canada N0A 1M0



Have 1200 hrs GD, JGB. Need summer 90 esp Edie sets. Mike Holden, 16 Mattson Ave, Worcester, MA 01606

Looking for OKC Zoo 8/1/82 I, 12/4/73, 10/2/76, 11/30/81. 300 hrs GD. Jim Cottle, 4441 Hope Dr, Middletown, OH 45042

Want tapes/info from Dead and Joseph Campbell 1986 symposium. Bob Franzosa, PO Box 504, Orono, ME 04473

Have 400+ hrs. Looking for Dead, pre-71 Allmans, pre-75 Santana. Mark Lemmons, 5965 First Landing Way, Burke, VA 22015

Looking for 2/14/69, 4/26/69, 6/11/69 & JGB. Have 2500+ hrs, send lists. Mike & Jody Rogers, PO Box 24, Canterbury, NH 03224

Need 7/20/87, RCMH, 6/9/76, 9/28/76. 300+hrs to trade. DR, 6572 Chasewood Dr, Apt C, Jupiter, FL 33458

Want 10/22-23/90 (Charlotte) and 4/1-3/90 (Atlanta). Lots to trade. Frida Raley, 626 Williamson Dr, Mt. Pleasant, SC 29464

Need more tapes. Haven't traded since 1987. Any help? Grateful Greg, 18 Farwell Ave, Cumberland, ME 04021

Video trader still looking for SSDD. Let's trade! Paul Gandell, Box 2271, Telluride, CO 81435

Want 5/26/73, 6/10/73, 6/18/74, others. Trade or blanks/postage. S.J. Ettinger, 2500 Wisconsin Ave NW #828, Washington, DC 20007

Hi-qual SBDs wanted. 600+ hrs to trade, send list. Jim Busch, 505 Finsbury Rd, Silver Spring, MD 20904

Help! Need 3/29/90 w/Branford Marsalis. Will provide blanks. GP, PO Box 450, Centerport, NY 11721

Have approx 800 hrs, most exc. quality. Jeffrey Miller, 207-16 Jordan Dr, Bayside, NY 11360

Friends at hand: still seeking 1st show, 4/14/71 Bucknell Univ. Wray, 12 W Walnut St, Marietta, PA 17547

NY transplant in Bay Area with 650+ hrs seeks new trading buddies. Pete, 2360 Lancaster #2, Richmond, CA 94806

Seek Connecticut tapers, have 200 hrs, most 87+. Mark Gonillo, 98 Ardsley Rd, Waterbury, CT 06708

Have 700 hrs. Looking for early Dead, JGB, Quicksilver, Allmans. Gunter Hufschmidt, Fringsgraben 7, 5100 Aachen, West Germany

Seeking Brendan Byrne 85-summer 89. Have 500 hrs. Tom Dineen, 236 Grand Ave, Johnson City, NY 13790

Let's trade tapes! Have 1500+ hrs GD. Send lists. Larry Steele, 235 W 56th St #34-J, New York, NY 10019

In search of March 88 & Feb 89 Kaiser shows. Lots to trade. Steve Stegman, Box 804, Bridgman, MI 49106

Wharf Rat w/250 hrs seeks mellow trading partners. JGC, 2500 S York St, LI, Denver, CO 80210

Digital. Serious. Quality. Music. Dead. Non-Dead. Audio. Video. Trade. Enjoy. J. Cucci, 238 W 4th St, NYC 10014

150 hrs to trade, Dead and others. Rusty Phipps, 204 W Bellevue Dr, High Point, NC 27265

NC area Heads: who's got 5/1/80 and 4/30/81? Send lists. Rick Stapleton, 1001 Pennton Ave, Lenoir, NC 28645

Need killer SBDs, have same. Nakamichi and VHS. Brad Currier, 460 Great Hill Rd, Guilford, CT 06437

Help! New Head needs traders for live Dead tapes. Charles Boehner, 819 Sunset Rd, Beachwood, NJ 08722

Must have 4/17/89 and other 1989 SBDs. Will send blanks. A. Droel, 1690 Lake Johanna Blvd, St. Paul, MN 55112

Want Warfield 80, other rare GD. 1600 hrs GD, 500 hrs other. Dan Gale, PO Box 4656, Arcata, CA 95521

Need 1990 Dead tapes, have 700 hrs to trade. Dana Farrell, 2 Dows Ln, Woburn, MA 01801

HQ video wanted, have some to trade. Tom Miars, PO Box 857, Green Mtn Falls, CO 80819

Would be mighty grateful to hear a recent JGB show. Simon Howard, 3 Moor Ln, Kirk Langley, Derbyshire DEG 4LQ England

Need quality Van, blues, Clapton, 60/70s rock. 1000+ hrs non-Dead list. Russ Dugori, 33065 Compton Ct, Union City, CA 94587

Have 900 hrs Dead SBDs to trade for same, need Hendrix/Dylan/Clapton. Jim McDonald, 2426 Poplar St, Philadelphia, PA 19130

Need 88 Alpines, Laguna Secas, 8/5/90 Expo, 89 NYE run. 1000+ hrs. GK, 1420 3rd Ave, N. Great Falls, MT 59401

Want 12/1/66, 12/30-31/69, 4/7-15/71, 2/18-24/71. Hi-qual only. 1000+ hrs. Paul Steinberg, 67 Lawson Ave, E Rockaway, NY 11518

Have 600+hrs, want 12/12/81 and 7/12-17/76. Elyse & Josh Marder, 1776 Patrick Way #3, Bowling Green, KY 42104

Many excellent lo-gen SBDs/aud. East/West coast shows. R. Waloff, 736 Westview St, Phila, PA 19119

Fast, reliable traders wanted. Have 500+ Dead, 50+ JGB. Rikk, PO Box 2581, Carson City, NY 89702

Have lots of good quality tapes. Your list for mine. Ang, 18 Woodfield Ave, Northport, NY 11768

Dead, U2, Miles, B.B. King, others. Trade for hi-qual SBDs. 200+ hrs. Dave Lang, 24 Robin St, Port Noarlunga South, South Australia 5167

Looking for 4/1-3/90 Atlanta. Lots to trade. Kevin Ondriezek, 505 Lois Ln, Mars, PA 16046

Anybody have my Dead "conversion" show, 12/9/79 St. Louis? Will send blanks. Jeff, 304 Danworth, Kirkwood, MO 63122

Need Airplane, Allmans 89, Clapton, Dead 90. Have 65 hrs. J. Green, 2015 62nd St, Bklyn, NY 11204

Hey now! Seeking lists to add to my collection. JC, 442 Quincy Ave, Langhorne, PA 19047

Need Port Chester 6/24/70, St. Louis 5/15/77, Orpheum 7/16/76, W&M 9/11-12/73, and 9/24/76. P. Lang, 782-F Orienta Ave, Altamonte Springs, FL 32701

Wanted: Your favorite audio/video and list in exchange for mine. R. Deutsch, PO Box 2194, Van Nuys, CA 91404

Looking for lo-gen 89-90 tapes. Karin Kleinstauber, 78-57 73rd Pl, Glendale, NY 11385

Beginner lost in desert. Will provide blanks and postage. Tim Mahon, PO Box 597, Morgan, UT 84050

Desperate for 1990s. 600+ hrs. Let's trade lists! Robert Stephens, 1410 E Elm, Tucson, AZ 85719

HQ casual trader w/650 hrs seeks same. Send list. Steve, 9931 Lakepointe Ct, Burke, VA 22015

Looking for Feat, Santana, Dregs, Beck, Midnights & Olatunji. Steve Solko, 3297 Scranton St, Aurora, CO 80011

900 hrs, seeking 5/21/77, 11/16/78, 2/7/79, 2/10/79, 9/1/79, 10/24/79, 11/30/79. Thomas Mullen, PO box 8-421, Taipei, Taiwan, ROC

Who believes in high quality? I do. Have 1100+ hrs. Jeff O'Claire, 2929 87th St #4, Sturtevant, WI 53177

Cipollina, Pharoah Sanders, Holy Modal Rounders, eclectic jazz, blues, folk. Ed DeHart, PO Box 16692, Seattle, WA 98116

250 hrs, could use some more. Chris, 1615 S Gordon, Wichita, KS 67213

Seeking pre-75 Dead, have 300+ hrs to trade. John Sulak, 8241 W 4th St, Los Angeles, CA 90048

Want any Dead or JGB from Uptown, Chicago. Trade lists. Scott Farber, 2 Knight Hill Ct, Buffalo Grove, IL 60089

H/W: Dead, Dylan, Feat, JGAB. Shenandoah Valley Tape Exchange, PO Box 654, Winchester, VA 22601-0654

200+ hrs, need all lists, every letter answered! Need Atlanta. Rich Davis, 1309 Fresa, Pasadena, TX 77502

Seeking hot 70s audience tapes. Have 900 hrs Dead, others. Ron Gingerich, 2916 Date #20A, Honolulu, HI 96816

Taper desperately seeking 72 Europe Cantor SBDs. Have 4000 hrs. David, 15616 Sombra Ave, Lawndale, CA 90260

2500 hrs variety oriented, quality conscious, send lists. R. Buckley, 25 Home St, Somerset, NJ 08873

Looking for old Genesis (Peter Gabriel) and King Crimson. Stephen C. Rau, 12021 Edge Park Ct, Potomac, MC 20854

Have HQ 89 SBDs to trade for HQ 90 SBDs. Patrick Roney, 21 Cedar Gate Cr, Aurora, IL 60506

Trade 8/30/70 Calibration FM GD and QMS for Swamp Dogg. Bill, 128 Tamal Vista Dr, San Rafael, CA 94901

Attn Northern Cal tapers. Do you have 11/2/84 masters? H. Peltz, PO Box 7105, Ardsley-on-Hudson, NY 10503

Beginner looking for quality. Got some to trade. John Mullins, Leiershohlestr. 2, 6236 Eschborn, FRG

Need 12/4/73 & 1/14/79, more. Much to trade. Send lists to Tom, PO Box 2112 Old Faithful Station, Yellowstone, WY 82190

Need Bay Area shows since 87. Have 250 hrs. Paul, 124 Park St #1, San Rafael, CA 94901

1000 hr trader looking for pre-75. PR, 18D Bulger Ave, New Milford, NJ 07646

Have 1000 hrs, half Dead. Looking for more non-Dead. Pat Woods, 52 Prospect St #2, Huntington, NY 11743

Does anyone have HQ Cincy 86? 500 hrs, send lists. Scott Kissel, 1159 Beverly Hill Dr, Cincinnati, OH 45208

Need 9/29-30/89 & 10/16/89 & your lists. Have 200+ hrs. Günther Frosch, Boschetsriederstr. 85c 8000 München 70, W. Germany

Have 350+ hi-qual hrs, always looking for more. Erick Ziglar, RR2 Lakecrest Dr, Hillsboro, IL 62049

Reliable taper/trader has 600+ quality hrs seeks more. Send lists. Scott Yobp, 808 Green St #1, Harrisburg, PA 17102

Help! Tape recorder broke, need more tapes. Will send blanks. Kevin Toepp, 242 S Chauncey #4, W. Lafayette, IN 47906

Need 12/31/84, Tuna, Joplin, Hendrix. Joe Rosolen, Box 247, Garfield, NJ 07026

Want good old GD and live jazz. Have 500+ hrs. Bob Henley, 21A Scenic Rd, Fairfax, CA 94930

Will answer all list requests. Let it grow! Vince Kegg, PO Box 94, Claridge, PA 15623

Dependable taper 2/800 hrs lo-gen GD, JGB, others. Send lists to Jeff, 15716 Wingpoint Dr, Dallas, TX 75248

Reel to reel, hi-fi, VHS, digital tapers send lists. David Sorochty, PO Box 98, Indian Head, MD 20640

Need a miracle. Looking high and low for 4/14/71 Bucknell Univ. Maxi Wray, 12 W Walnut St, Marietta, PA 17547

NM DH craves video summer solstice 89 cable broadcast. Box 159, 2801 Rodeo Rd, Santa Fe, NM 87505

Need 90 Nassau & Canada. 500 hrs to trade. Send lists. MH, 404 River Ave, Point Pleasant, NJ 08742

Seeking Genesis, Hackett Heads. Have killer Dead tapes to trade. D. Kessler, 135-25 Hoover Ave 6H, Kew Gardens, NY 11435

Have/need crisp intact lo-gen SBDs, pre-74. Ben Klamph, 583 Lazard Ave, Montreal, Que, Canada H3R 1P6

It's no secret. Seeking HQ 89 Airplane. Have KBC, etc. Beep, 1620 Ashland Ave, Ft. Worth, TX 76107

Taper w/E. coast connects seeks W. coast trader for lo-gens. Steve Fukawa, c/o Columbia College, 600 S. Michigan Ave, Chicago, IL 60605

Want New Bohemians video from 5/19/89 Berkeley. Milo, 2541 Redwood Dr, Aptos, CA 95003

300+ hrs. All comers — let's trade lists. Dale, 15 Garfield St, Cortland, NY 13045

Looking for 2/11/89, 4/12/89, 5/27/89, 6/18/89, 8/4/89, 9/16/88, 9/8/88 JGB shows. Ken Stewart, 100A Cedar Ln, Highland Park, NJ 08904

Searching for 10/1/88 Shoreline SBD, any Zero. D. Curtis, 538 Mt. View Rd, Berwyn, PA 19312

Michael K. from Nellis AFB. Have your tapes ready but lost your address. Very sorry, please contact me. Tim Kroll, 5626 Alburg Ave, Racine, WI 53406

Wanted: your favorite videos and audios for mine. Large list. Ron Deutsch, PO Box 2194, Van Nuys, CA 91404

Old Head needs Houston 10/20/88, will provide postage and blanks. Jay Bishop, Rt 2 Box 634, Dickinson, TX 77539

Tenn. Jed w/modest (200+ hrs) seeks quality SBDs. Dan Brown, 2206 David Miller Rd, Johnson City, TN 37604



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 September 1.

Susan and Greg Cloyed: Call home. The problem can be worked out. Please let us help you. We miss you. We love you. Please call.

Cosmic Wimpout Alert: After 15 years we have new "Not Fade Away" cubes. Return the old for $1 off order or equivalent in stickers. PO Box 3199, Greenfield, MA 01302

Beautiful beaded jewelry. Earrings, anklets, bells, beaded crystal pouches. Send for brochure. Sunshine Beadworks, PO Box 2144, Clifton Park, NY 12065

Need photos of the band and backstage area at the Red Rocks shows in the summer of 78, especially stage-left area. My brother was backstage and would like to find photo with him depicted. Will pay. Contact J. Kane, 1434 Q St NW #401, Washington, DC 20009

Take time to help others less fortunate than ourselves. Help the uneducated to help themselves. Sister Sue, Sta. Cruz De Yojua, Cortes, Honduras

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Looking for Mardi Gras 90 parade photos and tapes. Compensation available. Damian Strahl, 1423 Tenth St, Berkeley, CA 94710

Aussie DH needs to connect/correspond with others. If in O/2 or passing through phone 083863972. Dave, 24 Robin St, Port Noarlunga South, South Australia 5167

Bound to cover a little more ground: '72 VW bus, runs well, new clutch. Rear seat makes into bed. Tent attachment incl. $900 or B.O. Call Kelly (415) 428-1661 days.

Brad Gelb where are you? Give me a call 817-855-9116 or write Joe Hynes, 32A Nehls, Sheppard AFB, TX 76311

I would like to thank the Glass Camels of Jacksonville, Florida, for their live music. I enjoy hearing the Grateful Dead live, but I'm unable to catch every show. So it's great to hear a local band perform the music I like to hear. Thanks, Pete (with the tiger tattoo)

Without love in the dream it'll never come true ... built to last, Loree and Rick, Aug. 11, 1990

Happy Anniversary, Hoffpeople! Keep on growin'! Love, the China Hill 2

To Dan, Annette & Steve. Thanks for all you've done so far! We love ya! Grateful Deaf

Congratulations, Michele & Tom! Happy to have played a part in your destiny. Here's to many years of wedded bliss! Love, Regan & Blair

Grace from Salt Lake: Was it all just a dream we dreamed one warm, swirling eve [not] so long ago? Life *was* sweeter those moments we shared Sunday at Cal Expo. Write me c/o the Golden Road, 484 Lake Park Ave. #82, Oakland, CA 94610. Believe it if you need it ... Michael

Without Gould in the dream it'll never come true. Thanks again for all your help. Love, R

Happy Ninth, dude! Still feels like a honeymoon. Love, moi

Woodstock tickets. Original 3-day tickets (rare). Best offer. Rick Synchef, 16 Midway Ave, Mill Valley, CA 94941

Beautiful handmade JEWELRY. Native American-style beaded earrings in brilliant colors. Made from highest quality beads and crystals, with sterling silver ear wires. For brochure and bead sample card, send $1 to: Prairie Rose, 1285 Morgan St #4, Santa Rosa, CA 95401

Greetings! POSTCARDS printed in beautiful full color from my original rubberstamp art. 11 different Dead cards for $6 and 9 different non-Dead cards for $5. Prices include postage. And now NEW! BANDANAS! Send 25¢ stamp for flyer. Please send orders and inquiries to JSTA, PO Box 5232, Eugene, OR 97405. Thanks and good wishes, Judit

Does anyone else out there have hydrocephalus? Please write Dave Parker, 137 McNab Cres, Regina, Sask, Canada S4S 4B3

Need records: vintage Dead, historic Dead, Keith & Donna, Seastones. Trade 10 Dead tapes for each record. I pay your postage. Jurgen Winnwa, Dahner Str. 95, 6746 Hauenstein, West Germany

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