FALL 90 #24

GOLDEN ROAD

Death don't have no mercy in this land

I've been having a hard time putting down in writing my feelings about Brent's death. I fall woefully short when I try to come up with grand pronouncements on the *meaning of it all*. But I do have a trainload of fine musical memories and mental pictures of Brent's years in the band I'd like to share.

I can still see him at the Warfield in '80, looking like a young Gregg Allman, laying down a silken harpsichord line on an acoustic version of "China Doll," or throwing himself into his B-3 organ during "Good Lovin'." I remember the first time I really got off on one of Brent's own songs: it was "Far From Me" at Frost Amphitheater in October of '82 — Garcia and Weir were all grins as they sang their backup harmonies, and at the end of the song the place erupted the way it might after a hot "Uncle John's Band." I used to love it in the early '80s when Brent and Bobby would stay out onstage before the drum solo and explore all sorts of weirdly percussive jazz spaces. I was in the second row at the Berkeley Community Theater the night in '84 when Brent and Phil whipped out "Gimme Some Lovin'" for the first time; it remains one of my favorite GD moments. I liked the camaraderie between Brent and Phil, and I liked the way their voices blended on that tune and on "Tons of Steel" and "Keep On Growing."

It was always clear to me that Brent and Garcia shared a special bond, too. You'd see them singing to each other through smiles during a sizzling "Not Fade Away" closer, or punctuating one of their musical dialogues with little nods and maybe a cocked eyebrow. From day one, Garcia raved about Brent's colorist approach to the Dead's music, and he was right: the tonal palette Brent drew from was extraordinary, from the grittiest R&B organ sound, to ornamental piano flourishes, to the MIDI "fiddle" he favored for a while in '87, and a thousand sounds in between. I always thought he was best on the B-3, whether it was soloing on "Little Red Rooster" or setting a high chordal drone behind the verses of "Playin' in the Band." On that instrument he had few peers in modern rock.

In my mind's eye right now I'm seeing Brent sitting at his keyboard, his hands momentarily folded on his lap, his head arched back ever-so-slightly, singing sweet harmony on the bridge of "Wharf Rat." Now I see him standing, thumbs in his pockets, warbling an angelic version of "Blackbird" with Garcia and Weir at a benefit concert at the Marin Vets. Then there was the magical "Hey Jude" he sang at Wavy Gravy's 50th birthday a few years ago: Bobby had brought Brent on as an unannounced guest, and he practically stole the show. When the crowd exploded with cheers at the end of the song, Bobby made Brent come away from the grand piano to take a bow. He beamed a smile that mixed pride with aw-shucks embarrassment.

In this memory bank over here I find Brent and Art Neville, sitting back-to-back, bopping through "Iko-Iko" during one of the many Dead-Nevilles summits in the late '80s. And there he is at Frost in '89 singing a version of "I Will Take You Home" that literally brought tears to my eyes, it was so pretty. It was the first time Garcia used his "trumpet"-guitar to back that song and the result was mesmerizing. My last real memory of Brent involved that song, too. When he played it at the Sunday Shoreline show in June, one of his daughters was by his side as he sang. It was Father's Day, and you could just tell the song was from his heart to hers.

I'd like to remember Brent only in that sort of rosy glow, but unfortunately a different reality frequently intrudes on my recollections, and I'd be lying if I didn't share that, too. From the beginning of his association with the Dead, it was obvious he was carrying a lot of personal pain around with him. He wore it on his sleeve, too — in a parade of dark, self-pitying songs, and an occasionally surly onstage attitude. Artists frequently can channel their pain in interesting and creative directions, and there is no question that Brent's unhappiness lent his blues a real authority. But the persona in many of his songs seemed so *aggressively* bitter and even mean-spirited I had a hard time warming up to him.

This is not to minimize the tragedy of his death in any way. Any time the flame of life is put out in such a senseless fashion it is cruel. We mourn our own loss and grieve for loved ones left behind. In this case that includes thousands upon thousands of Deadheads who loved him dearly. Mostly, I'm saddened that Brent seemed incapable of finding true happiness — that even though he was a vital part of this incredible, intense source of light that gives strength and joy to millions of people, that light didn't reflect back on him enough to keep him from despair. I keep thinking of those lines in "Dear Mr. Fantasy" he sang with such feeling: "You are the one who makes us feel glad, but doin' that you break down in tears." For him, at last, there are no more tears.

Have a safe and happy holiday season, everybody! We'll be back with Issue #25 in the late winter or early spring.

— *BJ*

The Golden Road

Published and Edited by: Blair Jackson and Regan McMahon

Written by: Blair, except where noted

Cover by: Amy Erickson © 1990

Design and Production by: Blair and Regan, Pat Jones

Chief Photographer: Ron Delany

Production Assistant: Richard McCaffrey

Photographers in this issue: Herbie Greene, Bruce Polonsky, Scott Yobp, John LaFortune, Susana Millman, John Werner

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

Typography: Lisa Papa

Printing: Anto Offset, Berkeley

The Golden Road is published occasionally by Blair Jackson and Regan McMahon, 484 Lake Park Ave. #82, Oakland, CA 94610. The publishers are entirely responsible for its contents. This is Issue Number 24, Fall 1990.

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FEEDBACK



Illustration: Lourdes Livingston/SF Chronicle

Just a Little Light

My wife and I were saddened to hear of Brent's death. His playing gave us many moments of joy; more than a few times when his playing inspired both us and the band. Somehow I thought being a part of such a life-giving organization as the Grateful Dead would have sustained him in his personal time of agony. I thought the lesson in Jerry's near-death would have been clear enough. Brent's death makes some of his lyrics more poignant now: speaking of wanting to give just a little light, speaking of love, of the vague sense of things slipping away.

My heart goes out to his wife and kids. Little comfort in knowing how much this man gave to others in the audiences of the world.

David S. Carman
Portland, CT

He's Gone

I'm grieving for Brent. Having seen him at the Tinley Park shows days before he died made it so hard to believe he's gone. And his last song, "Never Trust a Woman" [actually titled "Good Times Blues"] was so full of the blues that it tore at my heart strings.

I first saw the Grateful Dead in Miami on October 14, 1988, so all my shows have been with Brent. I heard of his death the day I was learning the words to "Desolation Row," and my post-summer tour celebration turned to sadness and mourning. How could the youngest and most lively member of the band be gone for good? He was *my* age.

At Tinley Park I was holding on to every word and note of "The Weight," the encore to end the summer tour, because I knew it had to last me for at least nine months. When Brent sang the second verse I started to tear up with feeling. I've been very close to Brent at shows, I've felt wide open to his artistic expression, and now I feel a great personal loss.

Diane Larson
Cooper City, FL

Free Don't Come Easy

Damn shame about Brent. Just when the band was peaking, he paid the risk-taker's price. It hurts me when I hear a tape or think about no more "Fantasy-Hey Jude," as well as half of *Built to Last*, "Good Times" and most of the New Orleans sounds. But Brent's was a true rock 'n' roll way to go.

Jim Tindall
Lansdale, PA

A Bitter Taste

Is it OK to be mad? Brent's untimely death has left a very bitter taste in my mouth. Hard drugs ring loud and clear. God only knows the hurt, sorrow and pain this has caused his family, friends and associates.

Lots of us have been through powder abuse. Some of us made it; others didn't. I've learned my lesson well and this I hope will save my own life and maybe a friend or two down the line. Life's too beautiful and there's music to be made yet.

Charles Ford
Wynnewood, PA

Psyched for the Future

Such a shame about Brent! I feel bad for his family, but a new keyboard player could certainly shake up the band and possibly point them in some interesting new directions. As enough of an old-timer to remember Keith & Donna, I'm actually psyched for a change of supporting cast.

Sure, Brent's songs were OK. Yes, he anchored the high-end harmonies, he was a flexible player, and after a decade with the Dead he could plumb the depths of "Dark Star" adequately. But he wasn't a world-class improviser. He was always the least interesting voice in the group. I know the *Rolling Stone* obit says that attitudes like mine are what made him miserable. OK, I do feel a little guilty.

Michael Goldfarb
Peekskill, NY

Like a Virgin

I have been into the Dead's music for about two years and have developed quite a love for it. I tried to get tickets for Alpine last year but the show sold out before I could get up the cash. I finally saw my first show July 23 at the World Music Theater in Tinley Park, IL. The experience was altogether a good one and the show was great. The people sitting around me were really cool. I told them it was my first show and they really added to the experience by being friendly. In a way they got off on seeing the show through the eyes of someone seeing it for the first time. I really wanted them to play "Cosmic Charlie" and they didn't, so that was the only downer.

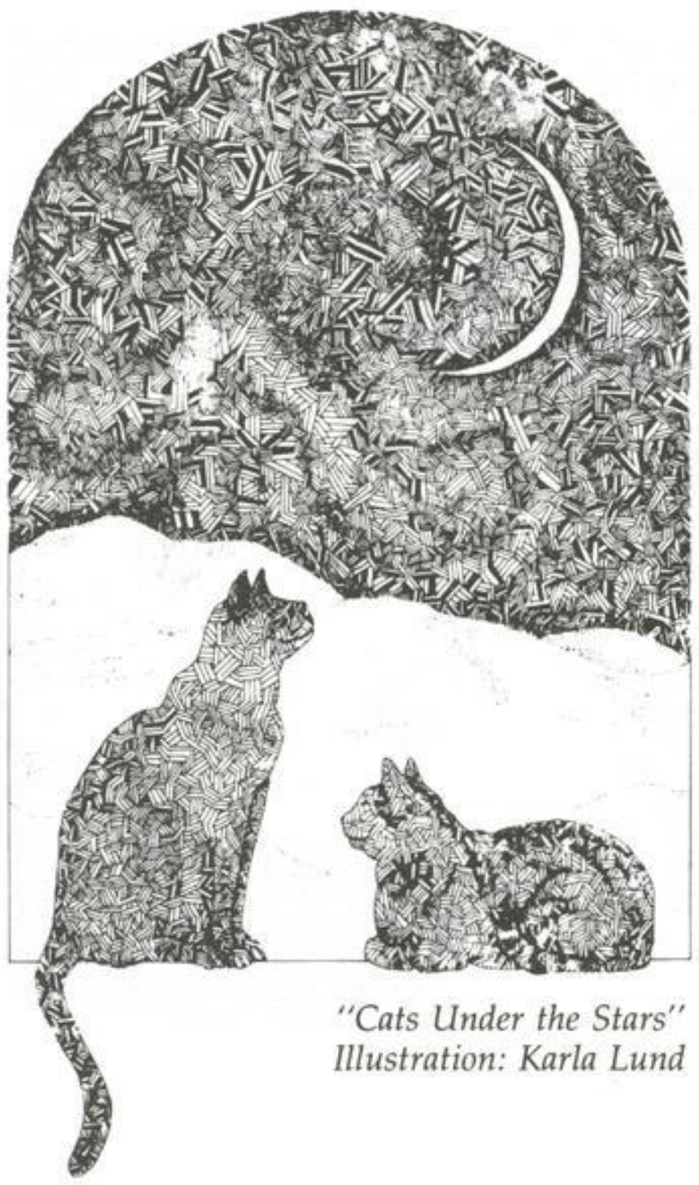
Another thing that was really a good time was hanging out before and after the show. I enjoyed that as much as the show. Everyone was friendly, and you really feel like you belong. The time was very well spent and the experience was educational as well as worthwhile. I'm sorry to say this was the last show that we will ever see Brent Mydland play. I'm very happy that I got a chance to see him perform, and I will always remember it.

John E. Green
Evergreen Park, IL

Hey, You: Get Off of My Cloud

For me summer began very optimistically: I was excited as I haven't been since I was a teenager. I've lived in Boston for

FEEDBACK



"Cats Under the Stars"
Illustration: Karla Lund

about a year and was looking forward to seeing my first Dead show in the Bay State, especially since Boston is the mecca of Dead activity in New England (if not the whole East Coast). But traffic was backed up considerably, in three lanes, as we approached Sullivan Stadium, and Route 1 in the only access to the grounds once one exits the interstate highway. I've been in wicked traffic before, but two-and-a-half hours before I could see the lights atop the stadium is simply ridiculous! This is not to say that the state police at the scene were not performing their assigned tasks to the utmost of their ability: they were. And there was no shortage of hucksters willing to exploit the parking limitations by charging the "special" Deadhead rate of $20 for a blocked space. There were plenty of takers, as a parking space wasn't available through the next village adjacent to Foxboro about four miles away (I quit looking after four). My main complaint about Foxboro was not with the police or the merchants (or even normal stadium traffic), but with the people who come to shows without tickets.

When people come merely for the party, and prevent people from seeing the show altogether, something has to change. When you purchase a concert ticket, you have a right to see that show. When a concert is sold out, as this one was, if you do not have a ticket you do not have a right to be at the concert site.

Drew Freeman
Boston, MA

Get Back to Where You Once Belonged

I truly sympathize with Blair's editorial last issue. But consider yourself lucky: you escaped the New York area after the demise of the rock ballrooms and were able to enjoy the '80s in the Bay Area — the Frost, the Greek, etc. I was only able to enjoy the tapes and the pictures of the wonderful stage backdrops.

From '73 on — except for the brief, post-retirement late '70s, when they played the Capitol, the Palladium and, later, Radio City — it's been arenas and outdoor stadiums here exclusively. Talk about a bummer!

After those '76 and '78 shows, they played the Garden and Nassau (what a bring-down!). I finally said, "This just isn't the place for the Dead; I'll wait for them to go back to the theaters."

But those days are gone, at least for the New York area. Now I've gotten used to the arenas and even Giants Stadium. I'm sure you'll adapt, too. But somehow they've got to get back where they belong. Music is for theaters and ballrooms, not hockey rinks and football fields.

Tom Ianconetti
Rockaway, NJ

The Band's Only Part of It

In the 16 years I've been following the Boys' progress I've seen many highs and lows in the Dead scene. The recent problems with the tour scene will be a minor blip in the full history of the band. Hell, I remember in the late '70s when there were a lot more drunks at shows than there are today. And even with all the reports of busts and massive traffic jams and thousands of people milling about, the core experience has not changed.

I saw the last three shows of the summer tour at the World Amphitheater in Tinley Park (which by the way is a terrible place), and the band seemed unenthused during all three shows. But wandering the parking lot after the final show and mingling with all the good people there brought me back to life. For a week after I was relaxed and felt more human and in tune with life.

The band is really only a small part of the whole. It's the loving people who give so much of themselves freely and openly that makes it all worth my time.

Brian Yattoni
Woodridge, IL

U.S. Out of G.D. Shows!

According to an August 14 article in the Washington *Post*, plainclothes and uniformed officers of the National Guard were used to patrol and make arrests at the Dead show in Foxboro, MA, this summer. This is an outrage! There is a strong tradition in this country that law enforcement is handled by the police and not the military. The National Guard has a role in emergency situations such as riots or natural disasters, but it sets a very dangerous precedent to use the Guard to make routine busts at a rock concert.

I don't use illegal drugs. I have never felt the need to use drugs at shows — just being there and groovin' on the Dead is enough for me. I certainly don't condone drug sales at shows. This stuff just hurts our scene. However, the tactics being used in the "Drug War" have gone too far. It is a serious, possibly illegal violation of our civil liberties to use the Guard at any peaceful gathering. Anyone who cares about the future of American liberty should speak up about this outrage.

Howard Park
Washington, D.C.

Altered States

As for the Eugene shows: They came, they played, they kicked ass! The best I have heard them for more years than Jerry has fingers.

I've gone to perhaps 20 Dead concerts in 22 years, not a lot, but spread out over enough time to give some sense of perspective. I love 'em, but I don't worship every sour note or messed-up performance. I learned long ago that if they aren't making it onstage, it's up to you to make your own good time with the scene, and wait for the next concert to see which Grateful Dead show up and play.

Making your own scene is the nature of the game here, and for a quarter of a century the Dead scene has been inextricably linked to altered states of consciousness and how to achieve them. Enter drugs.

The drug issue has been with us as long as there has been an "us." And like many issues, such as the rainforests, if we don't force them, eventually the issues will start forcing us. It is time to finally do what ought to have been done many years ago: make 'em legal. Good, bad or ugly, drugs must be rationally dealt with.

I appeal to all the Wharf Rats, the doctors and lawyers who read this, and all of you, to stand up and demand honest drug policies. Evading the issue will only bring more persecution, fewer concerts and a surveillance state not so different from Orwell's "1984."

R.C. Stilwell
Noti, OR

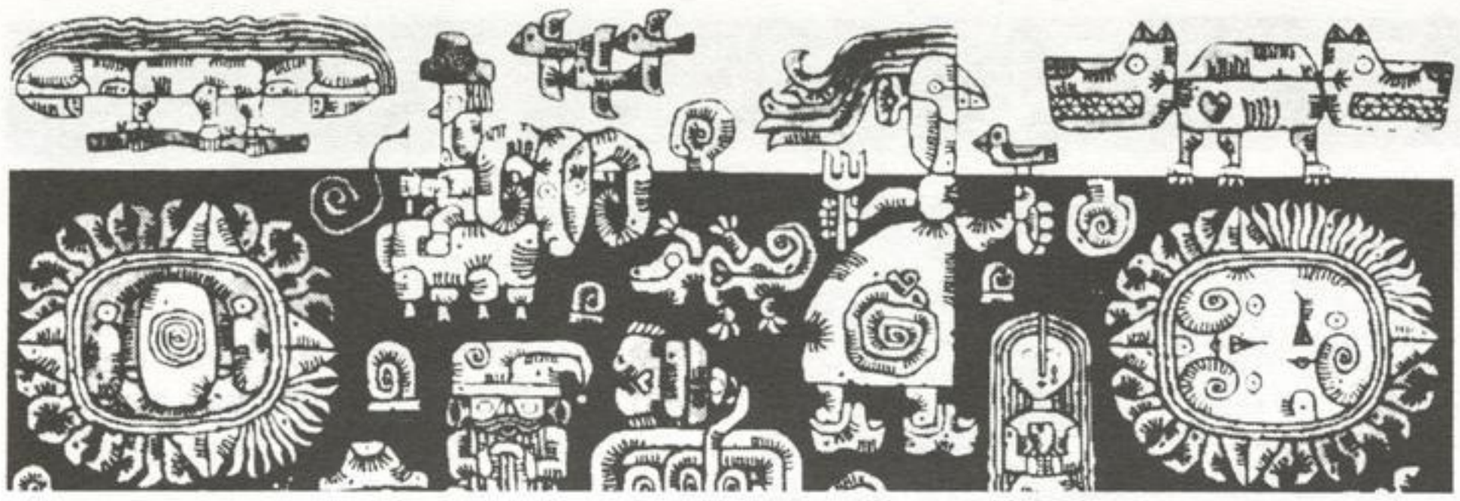
Turn On, Tune In, Turn Him Up!

Your summer issue revealed that Phil cannot hear Bobby because of monitor placement. I believe the entire audience suffers the same fate. When Bobby is playing in the higher registers he is not mixed loud enough for anyone to hear him. He sure seems to work hard, judging by the perspiration, arm movements, finger positions, etc. Jerry seems to notice that Bobby is doing something. At most shows, I spend much of my time trying to correlate what I see Bobby's hands doing with what I hear. Everyone else is always up front in the mix and easily identified. It might be nice if Healy shared the rhythm guitar efforts with the audience.

Samuel M. Salamon
Cleveland, OH

It's No Secret

I recently read a new science fiction book by Stephen Brust called *Cowboy Feng's Space Bar and Grille*. Much to my surprise, I found references to at least five songs that the



Dead play. I thought that this was a very strange coincidence, but since none of the songs were Dead originals, I could not make any firm conclusions. As the book went on, I finally found what I was looking for — a casual mention of playing "Cumberland," a song written by Hunter, Garcia and Lesh.

Last week I was at a used bookstore checking out the science fiction section and found another book by Stephen Brust, titled *Brokedown Palace*. Coincidence? Hardly! I opened it up and saw the dedication: "For Jerry, Bob, Phil, Brent, Robert, John, and especially Billy and Mickey." Needless to say, I immediately purchased the book!

Neil Reggio
Media, PA

...Around Some Corner Where It's Been Waitin' to Meet You

Last fall I got tickets with my friend Pete for two Philly Spectrum shows. The shows were great, and even though we were in different sections each night, the same large guy in tie-dyed sweats was right next to me both nights. His name was Gary, and he'd been to the previous shows on the tour, so I enjoyed hearing about the re-emergence of "Dark Star" and "Attics of My Life."

Well, about a week or two later, I was on my way back from Atlanta to Philly with my non-Deadhead wife (God bless her, she keeps me from becoming a tourhead) and my 3-year-old daughter (who I'm working at turning into a Deadhead). In the distance I see this large guy with tie-dyed sweats coming up the aisle, and then he sits right next to me! It was Gary on his way back from the shows in Miami! Now I want to know how the hell GD Ticket Sales got access to the Eastern Airlines seating chart!

Michael L. Slom
Lawrenceville, NJ

Light at the End of the Teepee

On the eve of Easter this year, I was in a teepee and heard a person sing a song to the beat of a drum: "Help is on the way, Lord, Lord, Help is on the way..." It continued with a progression of "Help him on his way..." "Help her..." and finally, "Help us on Your way..." Various pictorial images started to grace my vision, and I saw the Boys and I heard the music and words, and I sat there, listening and watching as this person sang.

It was a very special moment, because I'd been thinking a lot lately about the whole Dead scene and everything I'd been reading and hearing, wondering where this long strange trip was headed. And as I was listening to the song, a strange sensation came to me, sort of an illuminating type of thing, and suddenly I saw the faces of a thousand Heads and something made me think, yes, there is something about you and all these people — it's your awareness, your conscious awareness.

My experience that night seemed awfully familiar. It got me to thinking, thinking about all those people out there and what it is that's moving us, moving us to be who we are and do those things we do. Naturally, it goes without saying there's no replacing the Grateful Dead, but there will come a time when they will cease to play as a group and there's still going to be a lot of us out there wanting to move or be moved. I have always been an adamant believer of the old adage "There's nothing like a Grateful Dead concert," but now, after that Easter, I'm beginning to think again and look around. It was a nice surprise.

James David
Santa Fe, NM



'We wish you a Jerry Christmas and a Happy Bob Weir.'

THIS MAY BE THE LAST TIME

There's *no way* you could possibly have a happy holiday season if you didn't have the comfort and assurance that the last issue of *The Golden Road* in this publication incarnation was headed your way. How else will you see the coolest photos of the New Year's shows? Who else can give you the heavy lowdown on the European tour?

If you fail to sign up to receive that last issue, you'll have no sense of *closure*. It'll be like walking out of *Casablanca* without finding out which guy gets Ingrid Bergman. Come on, you've hung in there this long, you *gotta* see the dramatic conclusion!

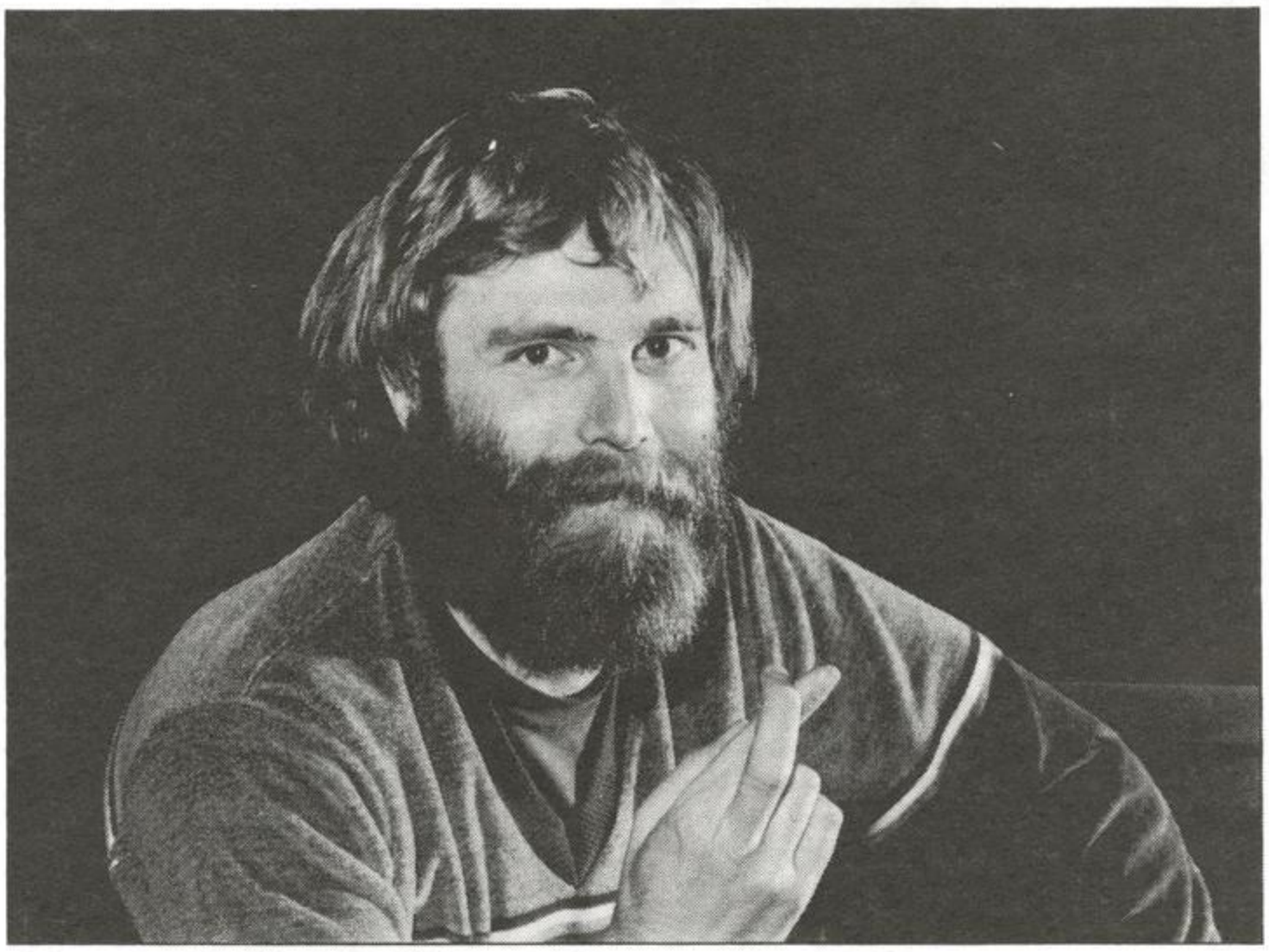
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DEADLINE



At home in 1984. Photo: David Gans

As we go to press, more than two months have passed since the stunning news of Brent Mydland's death at the age of 37 in late July. Judging from the mail we received, the episode doesn't seem to have gotten much press outside major cities, and many of you are hungry for reliable information. So for the benefit of those who have been out of the loop, so to speak, here's a brief recap of what happened.

On the morning of July 26, Brent's body was discovered in the bedroom of his home in Lafayette, California (east of Berkeley) by friends who had become concerned when they couldn't reach him. Police at the scene found no evidence of either drugs or foul play, and no cause of death was established at that time. A preliminary autopsy the next day was still inconclusive. It wasn't until August 10 that a coroner's report based on tissue samples and a more thorough examination of the body revealed what many had suspected all along: a drug overdose; specifically, a cocaine and morphine "speedball." "The autopsy examination revealed a recent puncture mark on the left arm, consistent with a recent intravenous injection prior to death," said Al Moore of the coroner's office. Logic would seem to dictate that someone removed any signs of drug use from the scene before police arrived. And while the levels of both drugs in his system were described by the coroner as "lethal," and there was just the single puncture, there is no indication that this was a deliberate suicide; more likely it was just a tragic accident.

Although Brent's problems with alcohol were well known, many in the Deadhead community were shocked to hear that Brent was an occasional user of hard drugs, especially given the band's stance on the issue since Garcia's own recovery from addiction four years ago. But, in fact, Brent had wrestled with the problem for more than a year, and had even been treated for an O.D. last December. He was reportedly set to enter a rehab program upon his return from summer tour. Opinions seemed to vary about Brent's mental state in the weeks preceding his death. "He was in a happy, productive and creative mood," said one member of the Dead organization. Others noted that he'd been depressed about his relationship with his estranged wife, Lisa.

The news of Brent's death spread quickly through the Deadhead world, touching off an outpouring of grief. The Dead office was flooded with calls, letters and telegrams mourning his passing. Deadheads laid flowers on the doorstep of his home. A "tourbus" parked in San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district immediately posted a giant sign saying "WE LOVE YOU BRENT!" In Philadelphia, more than 500 people showed up in Rittenhouse Square two days after Brent's death to play guitars, sing and remember. Several people wrote to us telling of sad get-togethers with friends to listen to tapes and swap stories on the days following his death.

On Monday, July 30, a service was held for Brent at a funeral home in Lafayette. Members of Brent's family and the entire Grateful Dead organization were on hand to say farewell to their fallen comrade. Representing the band, Bob Weir spoke affectionately about two sides of Brent's personality — the gritty rock 'n' roller and the shy introvert. The band acted as pall bearers, carrying Brent's coffin from the funeral home to the hearse. From there, a long procession of cars and limousines headed to a nearby cemetery, where he was laid to rest.

Brent's will revealed an estate of $2.8 million (including two houses valued at a total of $1.1 million). Half of that will be placed in trust for his two young daughters, Jessica and Jennifer. The remainder, under California law, goes to Lisa Mydland.

Almost immediately after Brent's death was announced, people began to speculate about his possible successor. Many wondered if the band would carry on with their planned September and October tours of the East Coast and Europe; some even suggested they would simply call it quits altogether. The day after the death, though, the band announced they would keep their fall commitments. Rumors that they might not replace Brent at all, and continue as a quintet instead, were quashed early. Other rumors in circulation had everyone from Tom Constanten to Merl Saunders filling in. And from the outset, Bruce Hornsby's name was often mentioned.

In fact, it wasn't long before official word circulated that Hornsby had agreed to help out, at least temporarily. Meanwhile, the band conducted a search for someone who could play synthesizers and sing high harmonies. Among the candidates who actually auditioned were former Who, Starship and Airplane keyboardist Tim Gorman; former Dixie Dregs master of excess T. Lavitz; ex-Starship member Pete Sears; and veteran Tubes, and more recently, Todd Rundgren, keys man Vince Welnick. Each was sent tapes of a half-dozen recent Dead shows and then asked to come to the Dead's studio to see how they fit in musically. The process took a little longer than anticipated, so the band's Labor Day weekend shows at Shoreline Amphitheater in the Bay Area

were canceled, much to the disappointment of the hometown fans. (This year has seen the fewest shows by the Dead on their home turf since 1981.) But, as the band's statement on the Hotline said, Brent's shoes were big ones to fill "and we haven't found the right foot."

Eventually, Welnick got the nod and the band went into intensive rehearsals, working five and six hours a day for a week before the first show in Ohio September 7. Vince drew generally positive reviews from most who saw him in Cleveland and Philly. (I was very impressed with what I heard in Cleveland . . . see "Set Lists.") And then, when Bruce Hornsby and his grand piano arrived on the scene — at the second Madison Square Garden show (9/14) — the band's sound became that much fuller and more exciting. By every account, Hornsby is one hell of an improviser who really seems to know and love the Dead's music. And, of course, he has a tremendous stage personality, honed from years as a successful frontman for his own band. Vince has been in the shadows more so far, still learning the material, but showing every indication he has the chops, the imagination and the temperament to play in this band. Both players are said to be enjoying the experience immensely. For Hornsby, a longtime Deadhead, it's the fulfillment of a dream.

So what happens next? Well, nobody knows exactly. The band would like to keep both players with them; everyone agrees that Bruce and Vince play well together and that each has unique qualities to offer. The wild card would seem to be Hornsby, who has a very successful solo career (he's had two Top 40 singles this year alone — including one Garcia plays on) and another band, The Range. Would he forgo that part of his life for a while to play with the Dead? Could he manage both? Frankly, we don't know, but according to our sources, every attempt will be made to work out an arrangement that will allow Hornsby to keep playing with the Dead. Whichever way things go, it's a brand new day for the Grateful Dead, and both band and fans seem to be digging it.

Hornsby is a fairly well-known commodity to most — ubiquitous on the radio and in the press. And thousands of Deadheads have seen him in action with The Range opening a number of shows for the Dead since 1987. But what, you may ask, is the lowdown on Vince Welnick?

The 39-year-old got his start in rock 'n' roll playing in bands in his hometown of Phoenix. In fact, he even played in a psychedelic band in the late '60s that covered some Grateful Dead material. The nucleus of the band that became The Tubes in San Francisco in the early '70s was actually two bands in Phoenix, the most prominent being The Beans. "We heard that San Francisco was a happening scene," Tubes guitarist Roger Steen told us recently, "so we made our way out there and eventually ended up living together in this big house in the Sunset [District of San Francisco]. We were all really into making it as a rock band, so we basically cut ourselves off and just practiced for eight hours a day, jamming and working out songs. None of us had day jobs, though Mike and Prairie [that's synthesist Michael Cotten and drummer extraordinaire Prairie Prince] were taking classes at the [SF] Art Institute. We basically pooled our money."

They played Bay Area clubs as The Beans for a while, but changed their name to The Tubes when a Boston band called The Beans put out a record. Eclectic from the get-go, The Tubes played everything from hard rock to sophisticated jazz fusion material, and as time went on their performances be-

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Thanks!

came increasingly theatrical. What started as humorous skits evolved into full-blown production numbers with elaborate choreography and props. Fee Waybill, who became the band's lead singer, started out as a roadie for The Beans, but he had a knack for the Tubes *schtick* and quickly became comfortable in the role as frontman.

The Tubes' debut album, featuring the classic heavy metal parody "White Punks on Dope," was released in 1975. Subsequent LPs found them mining all sorts of different topics and musical genres for material, as their stage shows got more elaborate with each tour. In a number of cities, their concerts were met with protests from moral crusaders who believed that The Tubes' stage show was too raunchy; indeed, it was fairly risque by late '70s standards, with songs like "Don't Touch Me There" and the appearance of Fee's glitter rock alter ego Quay Lewd. I followed their career with interest and saw the band three or four times. They always impressed me as excellent players, but the material struck me as spotty and occasionally cloying in the same way that Frank Zappa's most juvenile material leaves me cold. Comedy cuts both ways, I'm afraid.

In the early '80s they made a blatant stab at commerciality and managed to score a few hits. They tried touring without props but the move got mixed reviews from their hardcore fans. Eventually, Fee Waybill left the band, but other members have carried on "and actually we've done fairly well," Steen reports. Vince has been an on-and-off member since Waybill's departure. But for the last two years he's mainly worked with Todd Rundgren, who produced The Tubes' finest album (at least musically), *Remote Control*, in 1979.

Steen gives Vince very high marks for his keyboard skills. He notes that Vince has some classical training but "we used to listen mainly to jazz; he's definitely got a great ear for jazz. I know he likes Jimi Hendrix, but mostly we'd listen to stuff like Mahavishnu Orchestra, and albums like [Miles Davis'] *Live/Evil* and *Bitches Brew*. We also liked Frank Zappa a lot."

What does Steen think of his bandmate's move into the Grateful Dead? "When I heard he was trying out for it, I said 'Perfect!' I can't really explain it better except to say that if you knew Vince you'd say 'Perfect!' too. I hope I'll get to work with him again, but if I don't, more power to him. He's a great player and a really good guy." And, he adds with a chuckle, "he's definitely a child-of-the-'60s-type guy, into the love-peace thing."



Vince and his dog Jimmy at Front Street. Photo: Susana Millman

Three cheers for Phil Lesh and John Cutler for putting together the best album of live electric Grateful Dead music since *Europe '72*! No doubt everyone has his or her own criticisms of *Without a Net* — why is this song included and this *other* song absent? Surely there were better versions of *this* song, etc. — but once you move beyond the realm of expectations unfulfilled, only the most jaded fans will fail to see the album's charms. The more I listen to it, the more I'm convinced it's truly *great*. The sound is phenomenal throughout — all the instruments have so much *presence*. Check out the dynamics on the spectacular version of "Let It Grow" that closes the first-set disc. And what an excellent job Cutler and Lesh did sequencing the tunes! I particularly like the second-set juxtaposition of "Eyes" with "Victim or the Crime," and "Victim" with "Help on the Way."

According to Cutler, who recorded on the road in the Le Mobile truck, he and Phil listened to about 40 shows, grading performances as they went. In the end, Cutler says, most of the choices were Phil's, and they were made without regard to what had been on previous live albums (hence the inclusion of "Stranger," "Franklin's," "Saturday Night" and "China-Rider").

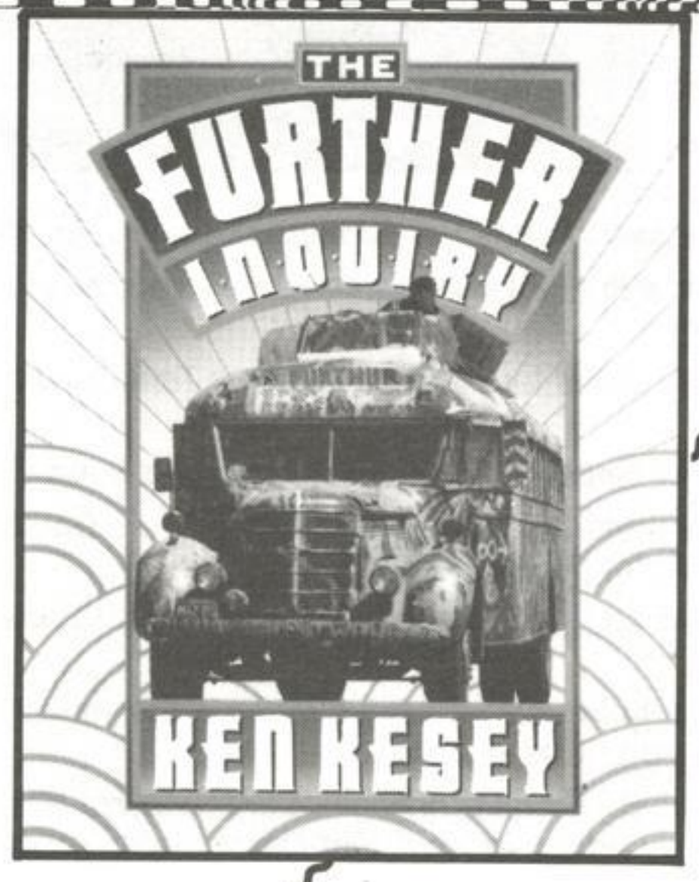
"What a long strange trip it's been..."

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"Further" was more than a bus. The Merry Pranksters were more than a road company. *The Further Inquiry* is more than a book—it's an adventure, a photographic history, a magical road trip along the soft shoulder of the Sixties, with Neal Cassady taking it all in and Ken Kesey taking it all down.

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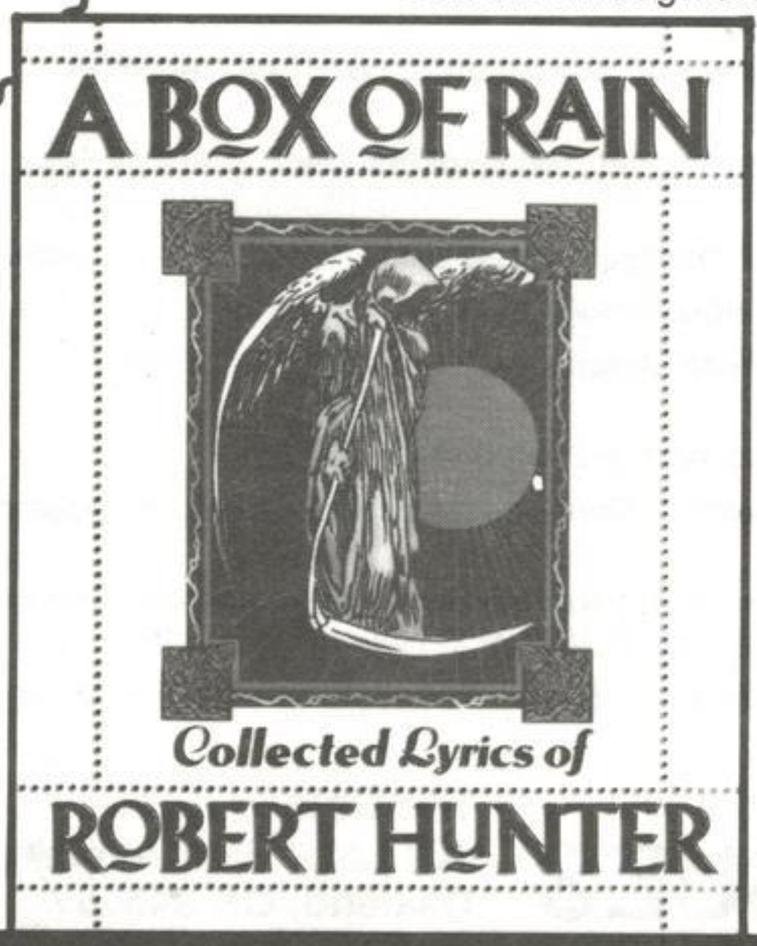


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DEADLINE

The version of "Dear Mr. Fantasy" was added after Brent's death, and stands as a fitting memorial to him. "We had wanted to put a Brent tune on there from the beginning," Cutler says, "but the band didn't play his songs very often and we just didn't find the right song when we were listening to the tapes originally." (Incidentally, "Clifton Hanger," to whom the album is dedicated, was the name Brent used in hotels on tour.)

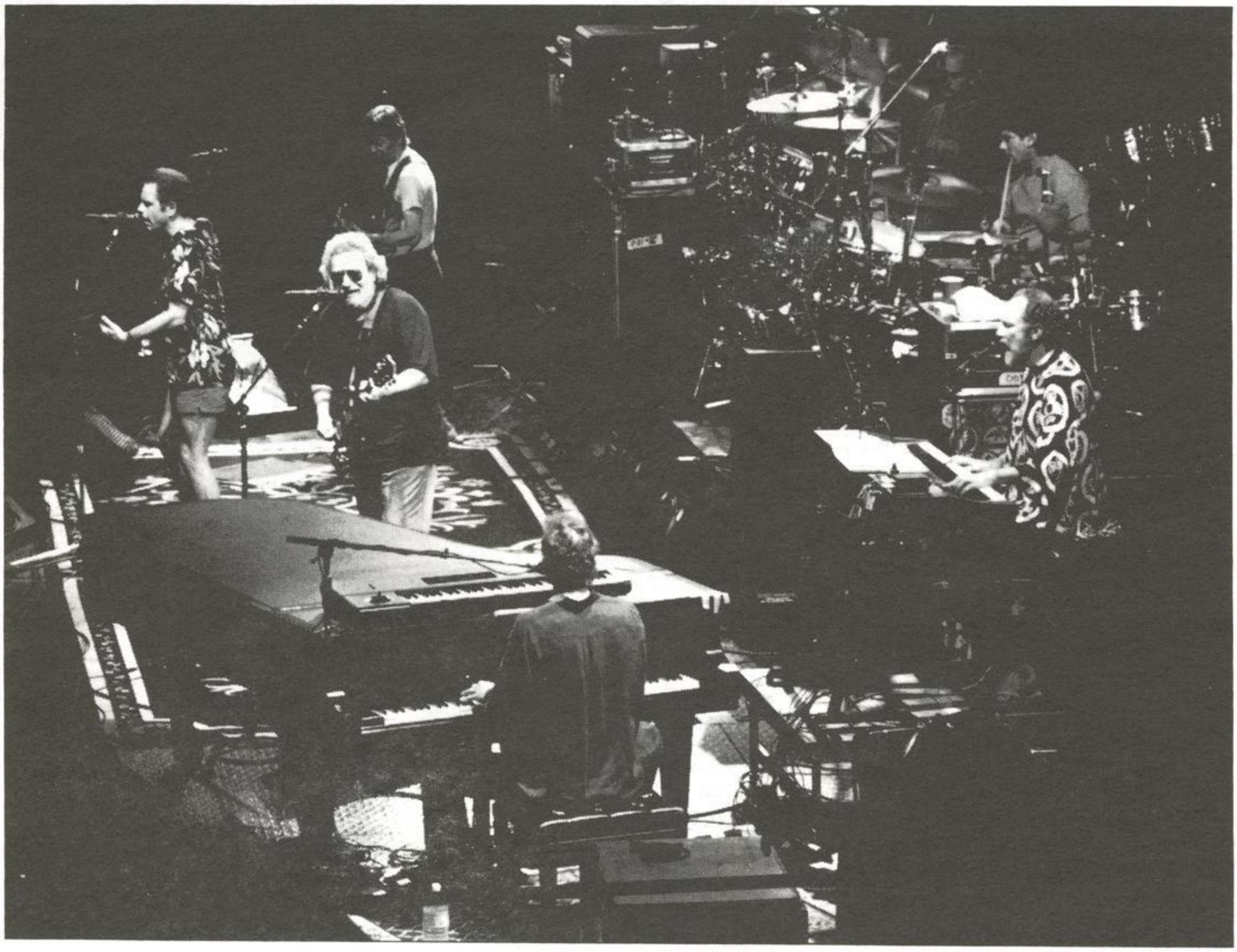
Though all the versions on *Without a Net* are completely unedited, a few vocal overdubs were done at the Dead's San Rafael studio. There are no instrumental overdubs, Cutler says. As usual, the band is officially mum on what shows the album's songs come from, but through a variety of sources, including taper friends and The WELL, we've come up with at least a partial, unconfirmed list: "Stranger" (Hampton, 10/9/89); "Half-Step" (Hamilton, 3/21/90); "Althea" (Cap Center, 3/15/90); "Bird Song" (Cap Center, 3/16/90); "Let It Grow," (Cap Center, 3/14/90); "China Cat-Rider" (Atlanta, 4/1/90); "Eyes of the World" (Nassau, 3/29/90); "Help-Slip-Frank" (Nassau, 3/30/90); "Dear Mr. Fantasy (Atlanta, 4/1/90). Any changes, additions?

Finally, kudos to Rick Griffin for an outstanding job on the cover. I think it's the band's best since *Terrapin Station*. The interior photos are also beautiful.

Congratulations to Grateful Dead Ticket Czar Steve Marcus and his wife, Tiffany, on the birth of their daughter, Zöe Jasmyn, at the couple's Sonoma County home September 28. Ma and the little one are doing fine, thanks. The nursery backstage keeps getting bigger and bigger ...

A couple of issues back we told you about "Songs of Our Own," A. Mandala's participatory multimedia project that invites us all to share our experiences of how we "got it" and how the Grateful Dead affects our lives. Mandala tells us he's gotten a good and very interesting response so far, but a lot of people apparently believe the deadline for submissions is over. Well, it ain't! You still have time to put down in writing, or on tape, or in artwork, or whatever medium you choose, your personal tale of transformation. Sounds very cool to us! Send submissions to Songs of Our Own, P.O. Box 936, Bolinas, CA 94924.

SET LISTS: EUGENE THROUGH MADISON SQUARE GARDEN



Playin' in the new band: Madison Square Garden, 9/16. Photo: John LaFortune

EUGENE

The Autzen Stadium shows were booked on short notice when the Mammoth Mountain series in California was canceled due to fire hazard. It was too late for mail order, so the locals were covered before the rest of the tourheads arrived. Two weeks before the shows the countryside was vibrant with tie-dye. Eugene was blessed with the kind of excitement that only comes with a last-minute booking, intensified by the inclusion of Little Feat on the bill. The shows were the first here in almost two years, and the band hasn't stayed more than a day since the three of May '84 at the incredible Hult.

It was one of those weekends where everything felt right. A massive metal stage had been erected two days before in a blast of hot sun, but by the time the gigs rolled around the weather was perfect: mild and a bit cloudy on Saturday; sunny, clear and mid-70s on Sunday. We in the music-starved Pacific Northwest were primed, to say the least. It was the first time that Jan Sawka's festive stage hangings had been seen locally, and the speaker towers were graced with a jester/clown on one side, and an alligator on the other (both recycled from the Mardi Gras show). Saturday was more crowded, but on neither day was the venue too packed, which made for a very mellow experience. There was plenty of room to dance. The sound at both shows was excellent, a marked improvement over Autzen shows of the past.

It was such a treat for people to hear two very different sets each day from Little Feat. (There were few repeats and they played about 75 minutes each day.) Some highlights were "Down on the Farm" (played both days), "Oh, Atlanta" and "Old Folks Boogie." Their encore each day was "Dixie Chicken" into "Tripe Face Boogie."

Saturday's Dead show was sweet and solid. Opening with a powerful "Feel Like a Stranger," the first-set highlights included the rare pairing of "Me & My Uncle" and "Cumberland Blues," a fine version of "Cassidy" and a strollin' "Tennessee Jed." The band played hefty second sets on both days. Saturday's began with a sparkling "Eyes of the World" into "Looks Like Rain" — with real thunder playing from *somewhere*. "Crazy Fingers" wove its way into an affirmative "Playin'" into "Uncle John's." After a "Playin'" reprise, drums developed into an un-

derwater jungle of bubbling "space" that eventually segued smoothly into "The Wheel." We got our "Miracle" (by the fact that the band was playing here), and that cooked on into a Dewhead's dream version of "Morning Dew."

A letter to the editor in Sunday's newspaper used the familiar quote, "Paradise waits, on the crest of a wave her angels in flame..." So it was an extra flash to some of us when we were treated that afternoon to the first-set opener of "Help on the Way" ➧ Slipknot" ➧ "Franklin's Tower," played *flawlessly*. It was the first version in the Northwest since 1976! "Loose Lucy" came soon after and had everyone grinning and singing. Other bright spots in the set included Brent's "Just a Little Light" and the dynamic "Let It Grow" closer.

The second set opened with a lovely "Foolish Heart" into a lively "Man Smart Woman Smarter," complete with Jerry's MIDI horns (which were also sprinkled in other songs over the weekend), and on to a beautiful "Standing on the Moon." On the first day, a "We Want Phil" movement failed to achieve its goal, but on the second, Lesh lushes got their Phil as he obliged with "Box of Rain." After drums, the band worked its way into galactic space, which eventually became "The Other One" — a particularly appropriate choice, since Ken Kesey had brought a newly refurbished "Further" bus, complete with Cowboy Neal's original driver's seat, to the Autzen parking lot. "Sugar Magnolia" was the rockin' finale, and the encore of "Brokedown Palace" sweetly rocked our souls.

There had been some community concern about Deadheads before and after the shows. But at Sunday's concert, Bill Graham spoke from the stage and quoted a Eugene police detective who said, "I'd rather work nine Grateful Dead concerts than one Oregon football game." In the end there were just a handful of arrests. The happy hordes circled around for a day or two, cooled out at nearby hot springs, and then most departed into the mystery of future tours.

—Judit TornAllen and 'Downtown' Deb Trist

6/23/90, Autzen Stadium, Eugene, OR
Feel Like a Stranger, West L.A. Fadeaway, Me & My Uncle ➧ Cumberland Blues, Far From Me, They Love Each Other, Cassidy, Tennessee Jed, Promised Land

Eyes of the World ➧ Looks Like Rain ➧ Crazy Fingers ➧ Playin' in the Band ➧ Uncle John's Band ➧ Playin' reprise ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Morning Dew/ Saturday Night



Garcia's new guitar, nicknamed "The Saint" by its creator Doug Irwin. Photo: Scott Yobp

6/24/90, Autzen Stadium
Help on the Way ➧ Slipknot ➧ Franklin's Tower, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Loose Lucy, Just a Little Light, Picasso Moon, Candyman, Let It Grow

Foolish Heart ➧ Man Smart Woman Smarter, Standing on the Moon, Estimated Prophet ➧ He's Gone ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Sugar Magnolia/ Brokedown Palace

SANDSTONE

Only three words can describe the Dead's Independence Day appearance at Sandstone Amphitheater in Bonner Springs — hot, hot, HOT! Not only was the show much anticipated, being the band's first concert in the Kansas City area since 1985, the first of the 25th anniversary summer tour, and the Fourth of July, but temperatures hovered near 100 degrees at showtime. The merciless Kansas sun beat down hot enough to melt the asphalt road leading to the amphitheater, and with no shade in the parking lots or the open-air venue, it was plenty steamy for the 6 p.m. show. However, garden hoses and lawn sprinklers at the amphitheater entrance and security guards armed with spray bottles helped keep things cool.

The evening's biggest surprise came early: when Garcia appeared, his trademark corduroys had been cut off above the knees, and he had the best-tanned legs in the band! The "Cold Rain & Snow" opener was as hot as the temperature. After a fine "Walkin' Blues," the fun was cranked up another notch with a rollicking "Half-Step." The well-played set ended with a superb version of "Loser" and a "Promised Land" that got far more than the throwaway treatment it's received some years.

It seemed 15 degrees cooler after the intermission, and although the second set was good and solid by anyone's standards, it didn't quite live up to the promise of the first. The sound, which had seemed perfect earlier, was sometimes turned up past the point of distortion. The song selection was nothing out of the ordinary, but it would be hard to fault the performances. The rhythm section pounded out a driving "Victim or the Crime," and though many Heads condemn the tune as undanceable, it was hard to sit through this one. "Foolish Heart" picked up steam as it rolled along, and it was followed smoothly by "Just a Little Light." After a pause to wipe off sweat, the band broke into a "Scarlet-Fire" that would be a gem in *any* show. Both Bob and Jerry used their MIDI technology to great effect in the jam following "Scarlet," and Brent's tinkling synthesizer brightened the breaks in "Fire." A fine "Stella" highlighted the back side of the set, and the "U.S. Blues" encore capped the Independence Day show as well as any fireworks.

—Larry Slavens

7/4/90, Sandstone Amphitheater, Bonner Springs, KS
Cold Rain & Snow, Walkin' Blues, Mississippi Half-Step, Queen Jane Approximately, Loose Lucy, All Over Now, Loser, Promised Land

Victim or the Crime ➧ Foolish Heart, Just a Little Light, Scarlet Begonias ➧ Fire on the Mountain ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Sugar Magnolia/ U.S. Blues

LOUISVILLE

Cardinal Stadium in Louisville was a mixed bag as a new venue. Those located in the bleacher section along Brent's side had bad sound and visibility, restrictive security, little room to dance, and a perfect view of those having fun on the field. At one point a small internal gate crash let a stream of people onto the field. Down on the Astroturf, the reserved seating worked better than expected, with plenty of room for people to dance freely around and between the seats.

The back of the field caught a strong echo that was used to good effect in the swirling rhythms of the "Sugaree" jam section. The next few songs were as mellow as the hot and sunny day. The melodies of "Easy to Love You" and "Peggy-O" coasted toward the quiet darkness of "Desolation Row." An energetic "Picasso Moon" kicked the show into a high gear that carried through "Ramble On Rose" and a hot "Music Never Stopped."

The band provided solid dance music in their second set, kicking off with a bouncy "China Cat." Hearing a crystalline "China-Rider" transition in a smallish stadium brought me back to Rochester '88. Throughout the set we were treated to the visual feast of an assortment of graphic effects on the video screens. (The video added a new dimension to many songs on the tour, though it was also distracting at times.) Musical highlights of the second set included an extended jam out of "He's Gone" with strong hints of "The Other One." We cooled our heels out of "space" with a solid, rolling rendition of "Truckin'." I found the "Baby Blue" encore as moving as ever, with an eternal quality in its instrumental passages.

—Robbie Freeman

7/6/90, Cardinal Stadium, Louisville, KY

Hell in a Bucket ➧ Sugaree, Easy to Love You, Peggy-O, Desolation Row, West L.A. Fadeaway, Picasso Moon, Ramble On Rose, The Music Never Stopped

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Man Smart Woman Smarter, Standing on the Moon ➧ He's Gone ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Truckin' ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Goin' Down the Road ➧ Around & Around/Baby Blue

PITTSBURGH

Given the amount of negativity that surrounded the Dead's appearances in Pittsburgh in the spring of '89, it was quite a surprise that they returned so soon. This time it was to the stadium, not the Civic, and in general things seemed to go fairly smoothly. We should all thank the city fathers for giving us another chance.

Crosby, Stills & Nash opened the show with a lengthy but invigorating set of classics and a few tunes from their new album. Unfortunately, it became clear very early on that my coveted reserved seat on the field was merely a folding object I was going to have to stand on as soon as the music started. The squeaking created by everyone standing on their chairs drove me nuts for a while — I could hear it above the music! Oh well.

Things got better when the Dead came on and played a set of old favorites that did all the right stuff in the right places — you know, that last chorus of "Touch of Grey"; the fierce guitar exchanges of "Minglewood"; the psychedelic waterfall of notes in "Row Jimmy"; and the swirling rises and falls of "Let It Grow."

As is the Sunday tradition — at least for the shows I attend, anyway — the band had barely stepped onto the stage for the second set before they ripped into a raucous "Samson." An excellent version of "Eyes of the World" followed; that tune has really been packing a punch for me lately. Every show has at least one moment that stays indelibly in my mind, and this time it was "Wang Dang Doodle," which came creeping out of "I Need a Miracle" — what a surprise! From there, the band pulled out a few of the usuals, and timed the end of the show so that the gang and I were at the car before the heavens let loose with a very intense electrical storm. I still haven't found a better way to spend a Sunday afternoon!

— Jim Matson

7/8/90, Three Rivers Stadium, Pittsburgh, PA

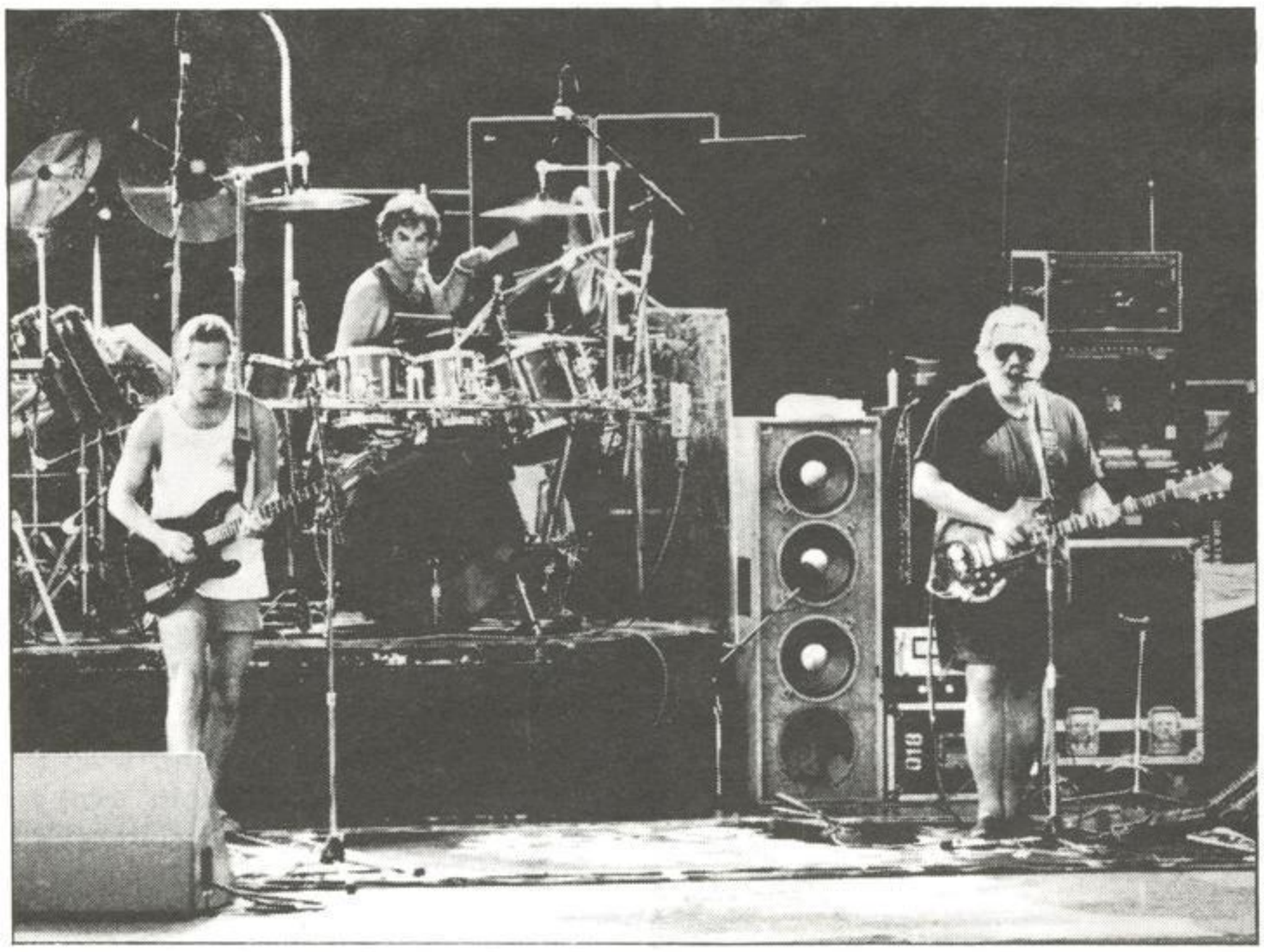
Touch of Grey ➧ Greatest Story Ever Told, Jackaroe, New Minglewood Blues, Row Jimmy, Mama Tried ➧ Mexicali Blues, Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues, Let It Grow

Samson & Delilah, Eyes of the World ➧ Estimated Prophet ➧ Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Wang Dang Doodle ➧ Black Peter ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Lovelight/ Knockin' on Heaven's Door

RALEIGH

The grass and trees in the Carter-Finley parking lot made for a lovely pre-show environment, replete with sprinklers providing escape from the heat of the day, and a healthy row of subsistence-level vendors. Undercover agents turned out in full force as predicted, busting for possession and placing a damper of suspicion on an otherwise pleasant scene. Inside the stadium, the sound was crisp without the echoes that characterize many stadiums.

The band opened with a powerful "Jack Straw," accompanied by Bruce Hornsby on accordion. A light rain fell, cooling things off nicely as we danced



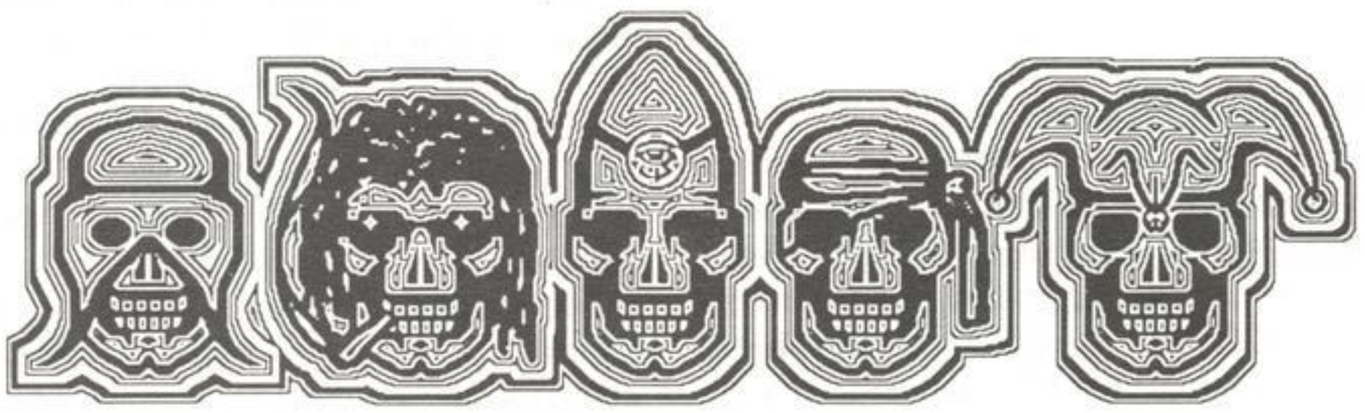
The tan legs brigade at Sandstone, July 4. Photo: John LaFortune

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 has finally returned from the printers after many delays. 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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in the "Big River." Hornsby rejoined the band for a "Friend of the Devil" that rolled sweetly along, propelled by a repeating figure played by Bob. During "Masterpiece," the crowd roared to the spectacle of hundreds of people turning a grassy hill into a mud slide. The set really caught fire with "Bird Song." Hearing Jerry's guitar and Bruce's accordion spiraling around each other through the jam, I was impressed by Hornsby's aptitude for this style of music. And the keyboardists seemed to complement each other's playing, rather than fighting for musical space. The jam was far more energetic than usual, musically turning in upon itself rather than outward to space. "Promised Land" ended the set on a humorous note: Phil's bass seemingly deflated in mid-jam, forcing the band to abandon the stage, and then ten minutes later they confounded expectations by returning to finish the song from the point at which it had died.

"Iko" kicked off set two on a playful note with Hornsby playing carnival organ on his accordion solo, only to be mimicked by Brent's swirling Hammond sound. The "Playin'" jam before drums was ecstatic, with Hornsby arpeggiating between Jerry's melodies and Brent's McCoy Tyner chords as Phil marched beneath. Out of drums, the band treated us to the satisfying "Other One" (with thundering intro by Phil) they had been teasing us with at earlier shows. While many were disappointed to hear a set-closing "Not Fade Away" follow two songs later, I found it to be a highlight. Having grown accustomed to perfunctory renditions following "Throwing Stones," I was impressed by the exploratory jamming as the band felt out its musical possibilities in a way I'd not heard them do for years. As the song wound down with a near reggae feel, the closing chant seemed to echo the banner from Charlotte, NC, unfurled across the front three sections at the beginning of the set: "WE LOVE YOU! Thanks."

—Robbie Freeman

7/10/90, Carter Finley Stadium, Raleigh, NC
Jack Straw*, Loser, We Can Run, Me & My Uncle ➧ Big River, Friend of the Devil*, When I Paint My Masterpiece*, Bird Song*, Promised Land*, (equipment failure and short break), Promised Land II

Iko-Iko* ➧ Playin' in the Band* ➧ jam ➧ Uncle John's Band* ➧ Playin' jam* ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Not Fade Away/ Brokedown Palace

*with Bruce Hornsby on accordion

RFK STADIUM

I hit a pretty nasty storm at Red Rocks a few years ago, and I was there at Giants Stadium last year for a downpour, but this year's RFK show is definitely the most soaked I've ever been at a concert. It was a hard, unrelenting rain that lasted for hours, and there was no real escape, except during the break. This could have made for a real bummer of an experience, but fortunately the band more than made up for the weather conditions. It was easily among the best stadium shows I've seen the Dead play.

"Good Times" into "Feel Like a Stranger" was a familiar but well-played opening, but then getting "Bertha" as the third tune in the set sent a spark through the whole place. Everything the band touched seemed somehow special — even songs like "Stagger Lee" and "Tennessee Jed" — and my feeling was that the audience was even more bonded than usual because of the rain. When you're that wet, there really is "nothing left to do but smile, smile, smile!" The set-ending "Music Never Stopped" became a joyous celebration in the rain, with seemingly everyone laughing and dancing with joy.

As if there was any doubt, the band showed they were paying attention when they opened the second set with a *perfect* "Box of Rain." Out of a particularly dark "Victim or the Crime" came a bubbling "Foolish Heart," and then the jam at the end of that tune twisted slowly into ... "Dark Star"! This one may have been the best version they've played since they brought it back — it felt fully developed, with a hundred different wrinkles, lots of interesting MIDI space, and the appropriate amount of build before each verse. The rest of the show also cooked, from the "Watchtower" that screamed out of "space," through the surprise "Touch of Grey" ending; I'm surprised they don't use that tune more to finish sets. We were all beyond waterlogged by the time "The Weight" closed the show, but I didn't hear one complaint about the rain. We were too busy buzzing about "Dark Star."

— *Michael Burke*

7/12/90, RFK Stadium, Washington, D.C.
Good Times ➧ Feel Like a Stranger, Bertha, Queen Jane Approximately, Stagger Lee, Just a Little Light, Cassidy, Tennessee Jed, The Music Never Stopped

Box of Rain, Victim or the Crime ➧ Foolish Heart ➧ Dark Star ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Dear Mr. Fantasy ➧ Touch of Grey/The Weight

FOXBORO

You'd think that after seeing shows at this stadium three of the last four years I'd be used to the place, but every year I get thrown a different problem. This year it was a seat so far away that the band sounded like it was being amplified through a medium-sized ghetto-blaster. If the Grateful Dead are going to play stadiums, they should at least be sure that the sound system can cover them. (I heard this complaint about last year's Foxboro show, too, though it wasn't a problem for me then.) This being Foxboro, though, hundreds of people who had seats in the stands eventually made their way to the field (making that ultra-crowded) and so I moved to some closer seats that had been vacated and I found the sound better there — though still poor compared with just about any seat in an indoor arena.

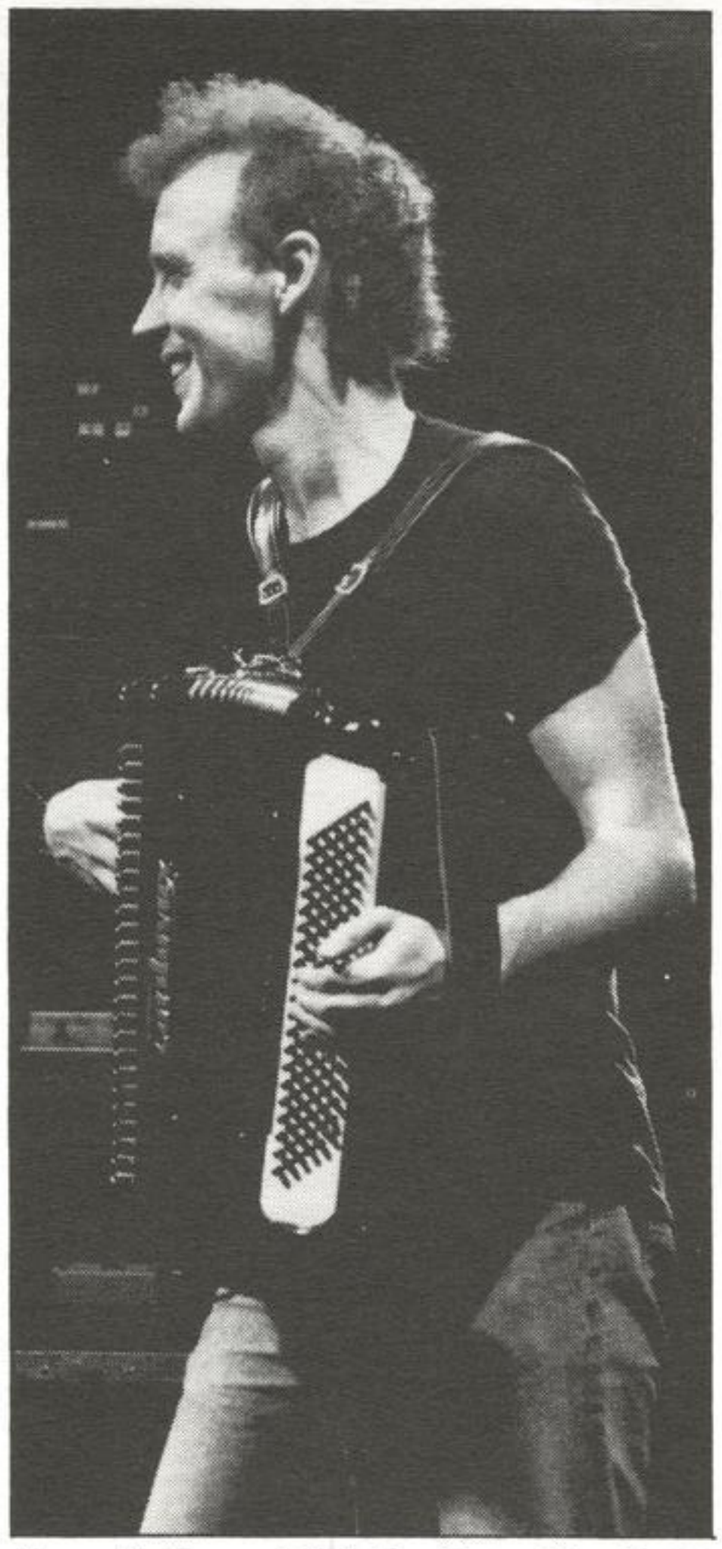
Enough complaining about the stadium. After an ill-attended opening set by Edie Brickell & New Bohemians, the Dead's short first set got off to a booming start with "Shakedown Street," which always feels like it's about the place you're in. But it was Brent's rousing "Far From Me" that got the crowd going the most until the set-ending "Saturday Night." Unfortunately, one of my favorites, "Candyman," couldn't compete with a loud Saturday night crowd that obviously had boogieing on its mind.

The band successfully diffused some of that raucous energy with its choice of "Eyes of the World" to open the second set. It was a fine galloping version, too. The transition into "Estimated" was a little rough, but the song built to some high peaks. Of course everyone sang along to "Uncle John's," one of the few songs I've seen that really works in a stadium. There were some amazing video tricks during the drums and "space," and my favorite song after that was definitely "Goin' Down the Road," which has become something of a rarity. The encore was special, too: "The Last Time" and "We Bid You Goodnight" tied into a rockin', then sweet, package. Frankly, I hope that is "The Last Time" they play Foxboro, even though it's practically a hometown show for a Connecticut native like me.

—*Michael Burke*

7/14/90, Foxboro Stadium, Foxboro, MA
Shakedown Street, Walkin' Blues, Far From Me, Candyman, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Ramble On Rose, Saturday Night

Eyes of the World ➧ Estimated Prophet ➧ Crazy Fingers ➧ Uncle John's Band ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Will Take You Home ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Goin' Down the Road ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Lovelight/The Last Time ➧ We Bid You Goodnight



Fun with Bruce at Raleigh. Photo: John Rottet

BUFFALO

Finally — a beautiful, sunny day in western New York for our Grateful Dead show! Unlike some other tour stops where the Dead had opening acts, for this concert, most of the sellout crowd was actually in the stadium to hear Crosby, Stills & Nash. In stark contrast to Foxboro, security allowed all who wished to move onto the field to do so freely, thus avoiding the ugly conflicts seen at the Massachusetts show. CSN played a greatest hits set and the crowd ate it up. Stills seemed to be enjoying himself immensely, even taking pictures of Nash and the big crowd.

For many reasons, this day's first set will always be a good memory for me. The new combination of "Mississippi Half-Step" and "Blow Away" was exciting. "Loose Lucy," a big crowd favorite since its return, had everyone going wild again. And as if we weren't having enough fun already, the Boys spun the big wheel and "High Time" came up! And then, hearing the "Let It Grow" set closer outside with sun

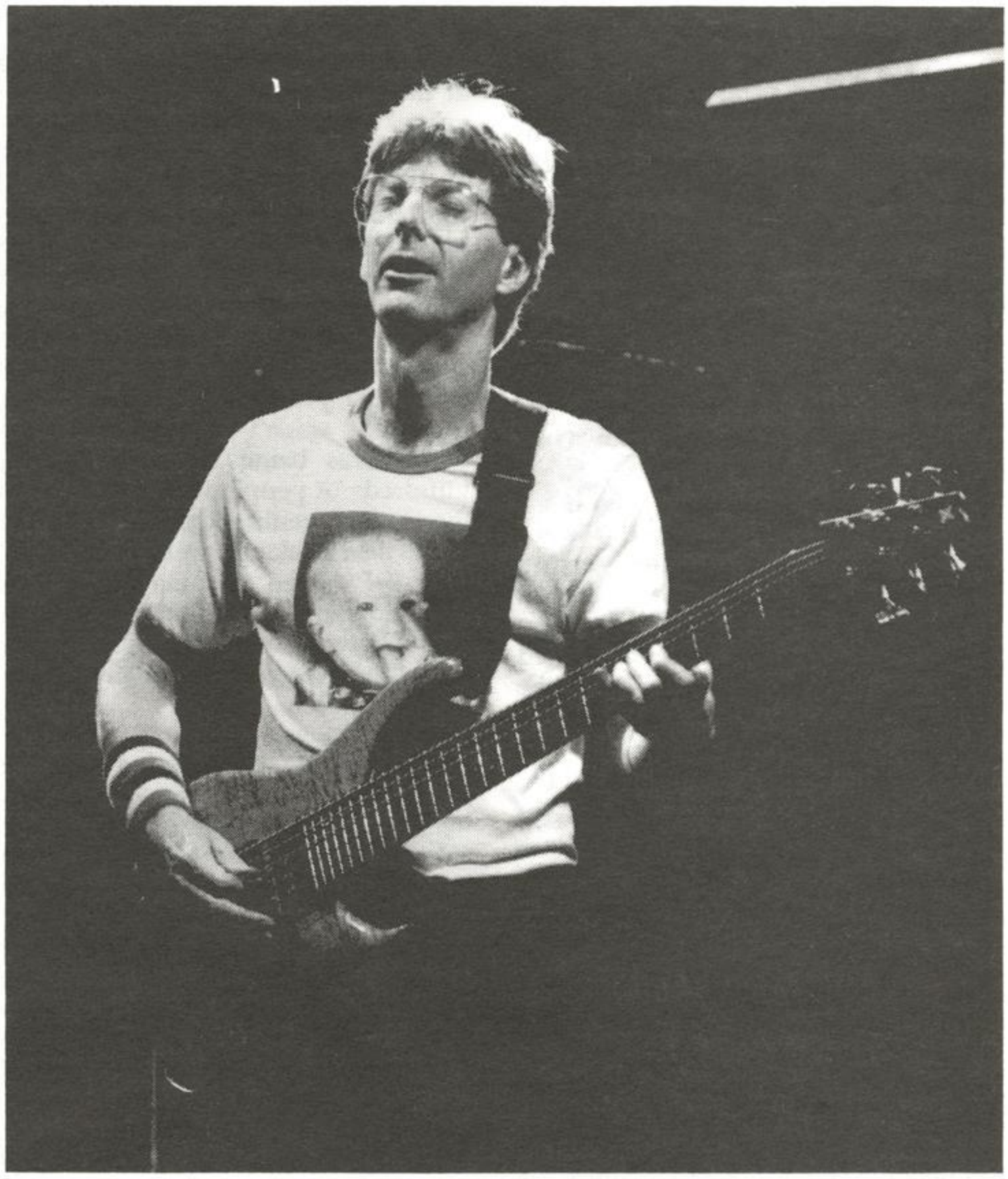
and clouds looking down from the blue sky — what a great feeling! (Made all the sweeter when I learned later that day that my good friends Fred and Grace had brought their beautiful daughter Sage into the world at the same time the band was playing that song.)

Set Two: "Sugar Magnolia" into "Scarlet Begonias" — hey is this New Year's Eve? Wow. And let's not forget the incredible "Truckin'" jam, right here in Buff-a-lo! In the home of the AFC East Champion Buffalo Bills, we were winners again this year. And of course we hope the Dead are on the home schedule next year, too!

— Barry Sundance

7/16/90, Rich Stadium, Buffalo, NY
Hell in a Bucket, Mississippi Half-Step, Blow Away, Mama Tried ➧ Mexicali Blues, Loose Lucy, All Over Now, High Time, Let It Grow ➧ Don't Ease Me In

Sugar Magnolia ➧ Scarlet Begonias ➧ Man Smart Woman Smarter, Ship of Fools, Truckin' ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Around & Around ➧ Sunshine Daydream/Brokedown Palace



Phil's son Brian grins from his papa's T-shirt at the Raleigh show. Photo: John Rottet

DEER CREEK

The mellow scene at Deer Creek reminded me of Alpine Valley in the pre-craze days, complete with plenty of old-fashioned, blanket-style vending, which the good-natured security staff largely ignored.

The two great shows made my long trip from Minneapolis worthwhile. They proceeded at a leisurely pace, but built up a *ferocious* intensity. Something about Deer Creek seems to bring out not just the beast, but the maniac in these guys! Brent, in particular, was like a force of nature, blazing through the high ranges, sounding as if he were playing crystals rather than keys, wailing with all his heart and soul. Surely it was coincidental that his verse of "The Weight" ended with the line, "I gotta go, but my friend can stick around..." We'll miss him terribly.

The sound wasn't quite together yet during "Help-Slipknot-Franklin's," making "Slipknot" short, chaotic and clumsy. But it was a treat anyway. The rest of Wednesday's first set was packed with subtle delights: a heartfelt "Easy To Love You" (it's going to hurt to lose this as much as any of the more celebrated Brent tunes); an ambling, poignant "Peggy-O"; and an unusual "Masterpiece" with an almost country-western feel. "Cassidy" boasted a powerhouse jam: instead of moving logically from melody to abstraction, it immediately splintered into wild waves and spirals, and just as swiftly slammed back into the conclusive "Fare thee well now."

Second set started out with a sizzling boogie version of "China Cat-Rider" but swerved downward from there. A stormy "Terrapin" collapsed into a quiet yet superheated jam that almost made it into another pre-drums song before unraveling. Swirling lights in deep purple, magenta and green helped the Rhythm Devils create a jungle mood, complete with natives chanting and snakes rustling through the bush. Then crazed laughter echoed across the suddenly empty stage!

I have mixed feelings about how MIDI capability has affected Garcia's sense of "space." His "bass" and "tuba" stylings are fun, but when he ventures into shriller tones, he often makes sounds that *hurt*. But this night, post-"space" soon had me forgiving his sins. Even after it was clear there'd be no backing out of "The Other One" *this* time, nearly ten minutes of psychedelic-jazz improv ensued before the "Spanish lady" made her appearance. A furious "Morning Dew" reduced me to ashes, and "The Weight" provided the perfect finish to a truly heavy second set.

During the second show, that oft-quoted truism "It's not what they play, it's how they play it" was hammered home by six men wielding amplified mallets. Three first-set songs, rather than being let-downs (especially following "Jack Straw," my favorite opener) were revelations. Phil, Brent, and the drummers pumped up "They Love Each Other" till it snapped and sparkled. I once felt "Desolation Row" dragged on for several verses too many — but no longer! Weir's reading infused every word with precise and terrifying meaning. And I'll forever recall this as the night Jerry Garcia finally taught me to love "Row Jimmy." It was filled with gorgeous lyricism, and the reggae-style ending truly *skanked*. "Picasso Moon," more like a Dead song every time, rocked out, but was marred by overloud sound and feedback shrieks that had Bobby switching axes partway through.

When "Victim or the Crime" opened the set, I prepared myself for another assault on hapless Indiana by the black

vibe. But the usual nightmare jam gave way to a particular lucid, multitextured set. "Uncle John's Band" and "Watchtower" were the best I've ever heard. (The graceful — and sexy! — 35-foot dancing skeleton appearing for "Watchtower" may have swayed my opinion.) They were woven into a rare tapestry with with a sweet "Foolish Heart" and an exquisite "China Doll," all wound together with threads of "Playin' in the Band." The "Uncle John's" jam zoomed all the way back into "Playin'" before returning to the final chorus. "Black Peter" was sublime and harrowing — I'm glad they followed it up with bright rockers. In fact, the song choices were unerring throughout.

—Marie Mayer

7/18/90, Deer Creek Pavilion, Noblesville, IN

Help on the Way ➧ Slipknot ➧ Franklin's Tower, New Minglewood Blues, Easy to Love You, Peggy-O, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Brown-Eyed Women, Cassidy, Deal

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider ➧ Looks Like Rain ➧ Terrapin ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Morning Dew/The Weight

7/19/90, Deer Creek

Jack Straw, They Love Each Other, Desolation Row, Row Jimmy, Picasso Moon, Althea, Promised Land

Victim or the Crime ➧ Foolish Heart ➧ Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ China Doll ➧ Uncle John's Band ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Black Peter ➧ Not Fade Away/ U.S. Blues

TINLEY PARK

The Dead took over the World this summer — that is, the brand new World Music Theatre in the Chicago suburb of Tinley Park. The loss of Alpine Valley meant the end of the Midwest's own private Grateful City (or Deadyland, as some of us called it). This World was definitely surrounded by the *real* world, and we dealt with it somewhat unevenly.

The World staff was almost unfailingly polite and helpful, though somewhat overwhelmed by the influx of Heads. One of the run's major problems was that the facility was not prepared for the huge amount of extra traffic caused by "miracle ticket" seekers. When traffic backed up and showtime approached, many simply abandoned their cars where they sat and headed in on foot. In fact, so many people did this it forced the closure of I-80, a major interstate route around Chicago. This kind of disruption is not going to help the band here or elsewhere when it comes time to book next summer's tour.

The World itself is an overgrown version of the current indoor/outdoor venue. The massive pavilion seats 11,000 and the lawn brings the total capacity up to nearly 40,000. The lawn has a very shallow slope and offers almost no view of the stage.

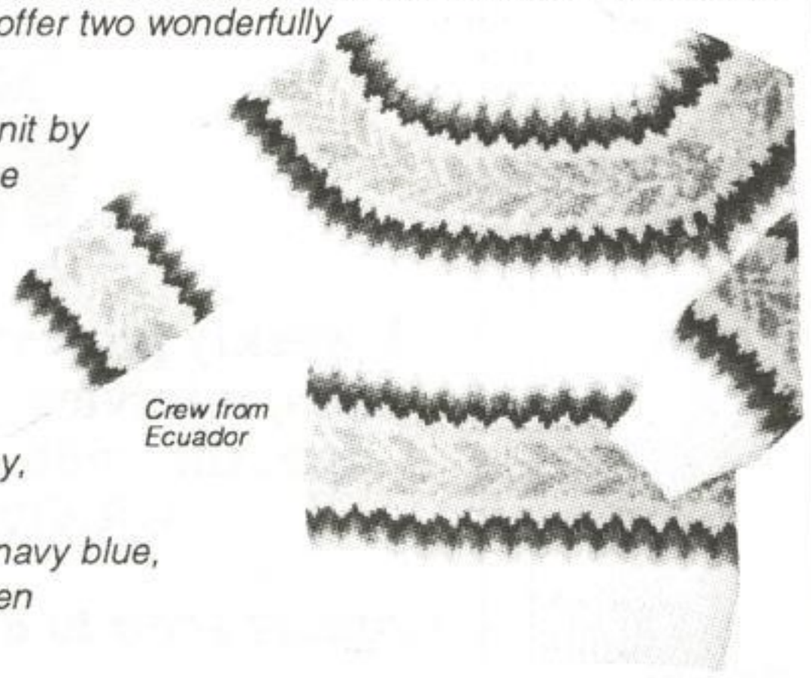
The first show kicked off with a very lively "Touch of Grey," which sounded like the boys were having fun with it — a nice switch from some of the "let's do the single" rounds of the recent past. Other highlights included Bobby's charge through "Greatest Story," an excellent "Walkin' Blues," Brent's "Just a Little Light" and a stunning, MIDI-heavy "Bird Song" that left me sighing contentedly.

Second set was pretty standard, selection-wise, but splendidly played all the way through. There was lots of MIDI in every number and Phil was at the top of his form. The only rough spot came near the end of a sweet "He's Gone," when Mickey nearly sent half his kit flying off the platform. A quick leap on his part saved it, but some of the electronics seemed to have been disconnected in the process. It

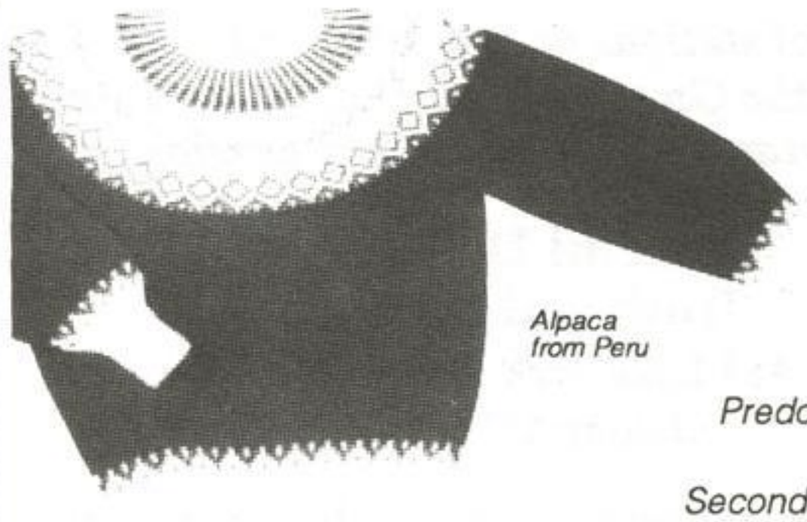
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took most of the Rhythm Devils segment to get things going again, and Mickey spent a lot of time over on the roto-toms. He seemed understandably tentative for some time afterward. All and all, though, it was a great kick-off show, down to the surprisingly enthusiastic "Saturday Night."

The second night Phil opened with a lovely "Box of Rain." His playing was masterful all night; indeed, a case could be made that Phil dominated the full run. We got lots of MIDI again, especially on "West L.A." and "Masterpiece."

The second set got cranking with a rip-roaring "Hey Pocky Way." "Estimated-Eyes" followed, and I was happy that "Eyes" received a full, respectful treatment. "The Wheel" was played *sans* Brent, who came jogging up as Phil thundered out the opening to "Gimme Some Lovin'." During this tune the 35-foot Mardi Gras skeleton appeared to the cheers of the throng. A lyrical "Knockin' on Heaven's Door" was a sweet capper to the night.

The final night ended the summer tour. The first set was solid from the "Cold Rain & Snow" opener, though the set *closer* was once again the standout: a terrific "Truckin'" into "Smokestack Lightning" with a hint of "Spoonful" thrown in. Quite a surprise!

"Victim" began the final set, and our "Dark Star" hopes had dwindled by the time "Man Smart Woman Smarter" rolled around. Nevertheless, we were treated to a marvelous "Terrapin," with Garcia trying every conceivable MIDI "horn" combination. "Watchtower" brought out the Mardi Gras skeleton again. His dance was aborted when a leg wire broke, but quick repairs by the puppeteers had it back by "Round & Round." The boys saved the best for last, encoring with "The Weight" with everyone taking a verse. Obviously we had no idea these would be Brent's last moments onstage with the Dead. We've lost a truly magical player. He will be missed.

—Mike Levin

7/21/90, World Amphitheater, Tinley Park, IL

Touch of Grey, Greatest Story Ever Told, Jackaroe, Walkin' Blues, Friend of the Devil, Queen Jane Approximately, Bird Song

Scarlet Begonias ➧ Fire on the Mountain, Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ He's Gone ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Crazy Fingers ➧ jam ➧ Dear Mr. Fantasy ➧ Playin' reprise ➧ Saturday Night/Quinn the Eskimo

7/22/90, World Amphitheater

Box of Rain, Feel Like a Stranger, Loser, Beat It On Down the Line, West L.A. Fadeaway, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Far From Me, Tennessee Jed, Hell in a Bucket

Samson & Delilah, Hey Pocky Way, Estimated Prophet ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Lovelight/Knockin' on Heaven's Door

7/23/90, World Amphitheater

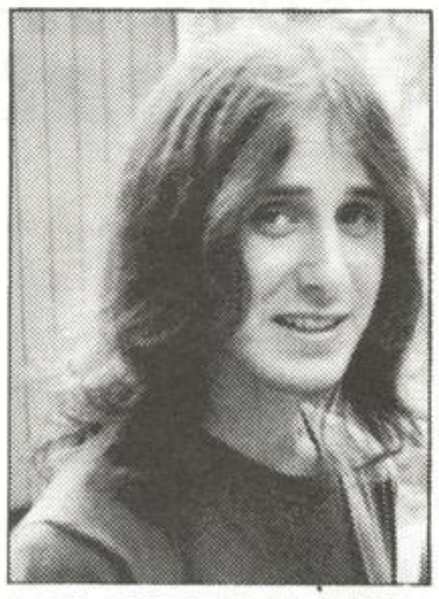
Cold Rain & Snow, Picasso Moon, Good Times Blues, Stagger Lee, Cassidy, Truckin' ➧ Smokestack Lightning

Victim or the Crime ➧ Foolish Heart, Man Smart Woman Smarter, Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Standing on the Moon ➧ Around & Around ➧ Good Lovin'/The Weight

RICHFIELD

"Well? How was Vince?" That's what everyone wanted to know when I returned to California after my whirlwind weekend in rural Ohio seeing the first two shows of the post-Brent era. And the answer is: Vince was *fine*, and the band played *great*. Pass the champagne; the Dead are

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As you can probably imagine, the emotions in the crowd and on the stage were running high for these concerts. Not since Garcia's comeback in December of '86 had their been such a question mark hanging over the group. My own doubts had nothing to do with Vince's talents — I fully assumed he would be up to the task — but rather a fear that the rest of the band might be lacking in self-confidence just because of the newness of it all. But I'm here to tell you they kicked butt both nights, and night two's second set was easily up there with the best I'd see this year.

It's difficult to accurately describe how Vince changes things in the band's sound. Most of the timbres and textures he drew from his single electronic keyboard were new to the Grateful Dead universe, and that's going to take some getting used to for some people. On "Walkin' Blues," for example, his synth solo was more jazz-inflected than anything I'd ever heard Brent play on that song. On "Big River" his attack had a completely different personality. On "Bird Song" he confidently flew with the others on their journey to the unknown; same with "Playin'," which received a long, rich treatment that ranged from



Vince at his first show, September 7. Photo: John LaFortune

rhythmic crescendos to disjointed amelodic climbs. He put great, broad washes of synth colors on some songs, and nifty piano riffs on others. He essentially played Brent's part on "Picasso Moon," but what he played on "Black Peter" was unlike anything I'd ever heard before. Considering he had had *no* experience with this music until a few weeks before this show, his progress seemed remarkable. Yes, he had some cheat sheets to help him through difficult changes, but those would only get him so far. Believe me, what this band was into on the tenth minute of the "Playin'" jam wasn't on any crib sheet! Vince had the good sense to lay back when he wasn't confident about what he was doing, and no doubt he was occasionally confused about how to fit his part into the ever-shifting dynamic of each moment, but the more he plays with the band and becomes accustomed to how they build each song, the more assured his playing will be.

As for his vocals, his high harmonies sounded on-pitch to me, though I couldn't detect much real character at these shows. Again, as he learns the songs and they become part of him, he will undoubtedly invest them with more emotion. I don't know enough about Vince to predict whether he's capable of the kind of *passionate* singing Brent was; already, though, his voice is more aesthetically pleasing to me than Brent's latter-day rasp. Here's my pledge, though: I'm going to stop comparing the two of them *now*. The audience, by the way, received Vince very warmly, awarding him thunderous ovations every time he soloed.

Let's give the guy a break and talk

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about something else. Like the fact that for the first time the band played the bridge of "When I Paint My Masterpiece"! ("Sailin' 'round the world in a dirty gondola/Oh to be back in the land of Coca-Cola!") What a shot that gave to the song! Another treat was hearing "U.S. Blues" as a first-set closer, with all 18,000 people in the Coliseum singing along jubilantly.

The next night's first set didn't do much for me, with the exception of "Loser," "Deal" and parts of "Sugaree." But the second set was awe-inspiring, with long, meaty jams on "Eyes" and "Estimated," and a "Terrapin" that roared like some uncaged monster. Since mid-'89, the jams *following* "Terrapin" have offered some of the most creative music the band has played for years, and this night they served up a psychedelic raga that reminded me of both the Airplane (the solo on "Fat Angel") and Quicksilver ("Maiden of the Cancer Moon"). What an amazing, completely unpredictable three or four minutes that was! "Stella Blue" benefited greatly from Vince's delicate additions, and the closing "Throwing Stones-Not Fade Away" was cranked to the max; overflowing with life and energy. "Space" was also tremendous both nights, with Healy using the quad speaker setup to great effect.

A final note: In general, things appeared to go very well at the Coliseum. The security indoors and out was firm but in no way fascistic. It seemed to me that the crowd (which was much younger than what I'm used to on the West Coast) was into the music every step of the way. I'd go back to Richfield in a minute!

— BJ

9/7/90, The Coliseum, Richfield OH
Cold Rain & Snow, Walkin' Blues, Ramble On Rose, Me & My Uncle ➧ Big River, Althea, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Bird Song, Picasso Moon ➧ U.S. Blues

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Truckin' ➧ jam ➧ Crazy Fingers ➧ Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Black Peter ➧ Lovelight/Knockin' on Heaven's Door

9/8/90, Richfield Coliseum
Hell in a Bucket, Sugaree, New Minglewood Blues, Friend of the Devil, Queen Jane Approximately, Loser, Cassidy, Deal

Eyes of the World ➧ Estimated Prophet ➧ jam ➧ Terrapin ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away/Saturday Night

THE SPECTRUM

Monday night at the Spectrum seemed like the beginning of any other Philadelphia run. The arena is a nondescript facility that has the distinction of having been the most consistent East Coast stop for the band over the last ten years. The usual crowds were gathered around the statues of Rocky (yes, from the movie) and Kate Smith in her full "God Bless America" glory. Although the scene outside was surprisingly serene, there was nothing in the air that might be construed as the beginning of a new era. Indeed, if one had slipped into the building during the first funky notes, without any knowledge of the last few months, he simply would have assumed that the fine Philadelphia "Shakedown" tradition continued.

But it would have been difficult not to have one's eyes involuntarily pulled to stage left. Where once stood an impenetrable heap of electronic equipment, with its operator furiously at work, now appeared a lone synthesizer and a thin man calmly eliciting notes from his instrument. Vince Welnick projected the image of a cool professional who only occasionally seemed bewildered by the other activity onstage. For folks from South Philadelphia, a guy named Vince in the band must be the ultimate vindication. It was hard to tell if the ever present shouts of "Yo, Vinnie" were directed at the stage or to others in the audience.

The "Shakedown" percolated along nicely, but I felt a twinge of emptiness when they came to the "jusgotapokaround" section. Without Brent's bluesy third voice in the mix, this part has temporarily lost its purpose, and the band quickly let their instruments do the talking. The set rolled on with a lazy charm that only the Grateful Dead are capable of. I was overjoyed that Vince's playing fit right in with the band. As a new player, his contributions do not seem to have the power or authority that Brent's had, and his approach is quite different from his predecessor's. Where Brent might have added small touches of distinct color to the musical canvas, Vince spread subtle broad strokes in the background. It was heartening to see the crowd cheer his every solo, especially his manic turn in "Promised Land." I felt he handled the minefield in tunes like "Victim" with as much poise as the "Scarlet/Fire" that followed. Although Healy could have turned him up all three nights, Vince experimented with all sorts of nuances and he tastefully held back when songs spun out of his realm. We received a clear idea of what the band did *not* rehearse with him when, at the end of "Sugar Mag," Vince stood up to talk to Garcia, apparently unaware that "Sunshine Daydream" was still to come. The band charged into it anyway.

The second night's first set was generally more energetic, with "Queen Jane" and "Brown-Eyed Women" personal favorites. "Hell in a Bucket" was played to its full twisted effect as the set closer. The second set was more powerful. The transition into "Rider" blazed with intensity, and the jam after "Spoonful" was not the standard blues variation, but unlike anything I had ever heard before. The "He's Gone," at least for me, was surprisingly unemotional. Rather than sticking out as a tear-soaked remembrance of Brent, it was conspicuous because it lacked that quality. Then the smiles exchanged between Jerry and Vince at the end of "Miracle" cemented for me Vince's position in the band.

The third night was magic (though the Garden run makes this show seem paltry by comparison). The first set was a potent mixture of the hard-and-fast and slow-and-beautiful. The "Big River" drove the crowd mad, and the "High Time" drove us almost to tears. The blistering "Let It Grow" not only blew my mind but it was clear indication that Vince could handle whatever the band might come up with. The second set was letter-perfect. Initially I felt the jam after "Playin'" was slightly truncated, but the dynamic interplay after "Uncle John's, where they were off in completely new territory, more than made up for it. Out of "space," Jerry introduced the lilting melody of a Celtic ballad that the entire band picked up on. This led into a strong "Dew," the first time in four years that they'd spaced into the "Dew" (3/24/86 Philadelphia).

Any apprehension I may have felt that the band might have to retrace steps on Vince's behalf was utter nonsense. Not only did they not miss a step, but they appeared to be charging forward with some of the best music I have ever heard from them. It left me reeling, so I did the obvious — I caught the next train to New York City.

— Dave Leopold

9/10/90, The Spectrum, Philadelphia, PA
Shakedown Street, Little Red Rooster, Peggy-O, Mama Tried ➧ Mexicali Blues, Row Jimmy, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Foolish Heart ➧ Promised Land

Victim or the Crime ➧ Scarlet Begonias ➧ Fire on the Mountain, Man Smart Woman Smarter ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Sugar Magnolia/U.S. Blues

9/11/90, The Spectrum

Jack Straw ⧫ Bertha, Greatest Story Ever Told, Candyman, Queen Jane Approximately, Brown-Eyed Women, All Over Now, Tennessee Jed, Hell in a Bucket

China Cat Sunflower ⧫ I Know You Rider, Looks Like Rain, He's Gone ⧫ Spoonful ⧫ jam ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ The Wheel ⧫ I Need a Miracle ⧫ Black Peter ⧫ Around & Around/ Knockin' on Heaven's Door

9/12/90, The Spectrum
Mississippi Half-Step, Walkin' Blues, They Love Each Other, Me & My Uncle ⧫ Big River, High Time, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Althea, Let It Grow

Iko-Iko, Playin' in the Band ⧫ jam ⧫ Crazy Fingers ⧫ Uncle John's Band ⧫ jam ⧫ rhythm devils ⧫ space ⧫ folk melody (?) ⧫ Morning Dew ⧫ Lovelight/ Brokedown Palace

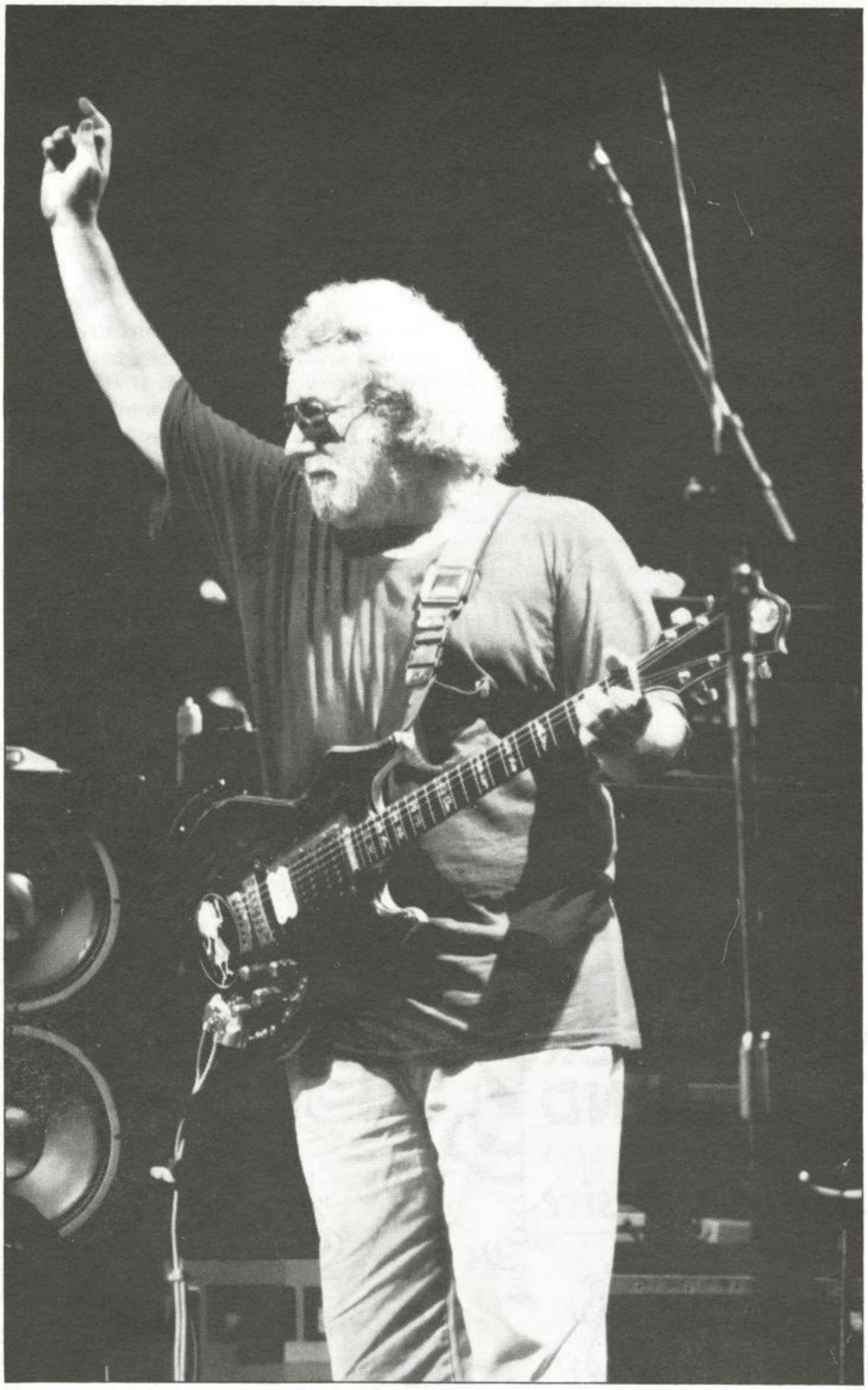
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

(The first three Garden shows are reviewed by Robbie Freeman.)

Shows at the Garden are always a unique experience as New York City imposes its context on the scene while making few efforts to adapt itself. The inflated gorilla once again shook its arms atop Penn Station, proudly displaying the new tie-dye it had acquired since the Dead's last visit to the city. While there were more cops around the Garden than I had ever seen at a show, they seemed more interested in keeping people from loitering than in making arrests.

Friday night's show was the final performance of the Dead's interim one-keyboard line-up. Vince Welnick's playing lent an energy and angularity to "Stranger" and "Minglewood"; he seemed less comfortable with the ragtime feel of "Ramble On Rose." Bob surprised many by singing the original lyrics to a lilting "Black Throated Wind" for the first time since 1974. I thought the set-closing "Don't Ease Me In" was something of a letdown, as the absence of Brent's swirling Hammond sound was conspicuous. "Scarlet-Fire" was a highlight of the second set, generating even more heat than it had at the Spectrum. The transition had a classical feel that showcased Welnick's ability to color and organize elements of the band's free playing style.

My first view of the stage on Saturday night was a pleasant one, filled with the presence of an acoustic grand piano at stage left. Welnick's keyboard was now positioned behind the piano and elevated to the level of the drummers. With the introduction of Bruce Hornsby on piano and accordion, Welnick's role shifted away from pianistic textures and toward horn sounds and non-percussive voices. Jerry took obvious pleasure in the playful interaction of the keyboardists on "West L.A.," a highlight of the first set, along with a spacey yet driving "Bird Song." Capping the set with "Box of Rain," Phil sang lead for the first of three times this evening.



Garcia at the Spectrum, September 10. Photo: Scott Yobp

"The Weight" was a surprise choice to open the second set. Hornsby took over Brent's verse and handled it beautifully. His voice was reminiscent of Levon Helm, yet he beamed with his own characteristic optimism. His distinctive piano tone sparkled as Jerry spun notes around it through the "Playin'" jam and provided a driving rock 'n' roll feel to the closing "Not Fade Away" and revitalized "Saturday Night" encore. This group sounded young and excited to be alive!

Sunday night was my favorite of the weekend shows. "Little Red Rooster" seemed spontaneously rearranged as the band worked around Hornsby's classic uptempo blues piano figure. Hornsby, Garcia and Welnick traded solos with a vengeance, echoing one another's phrases and stretching the song out farther than I'd ever heard it

before. Hornsby's addition seemed to have finally inspired Welnick with the confidence to go for it in his own playing. The keyboard combination was less successful on "Cold Rain" and "Queen Jane," as Vince resorted to sustained closed voicings that masked the arrangements' intricacies. The jamming in "Cassidy" was stellar, and the set-closing "Deal" rocked and spun as hard as the Garcia Band version of the tune.

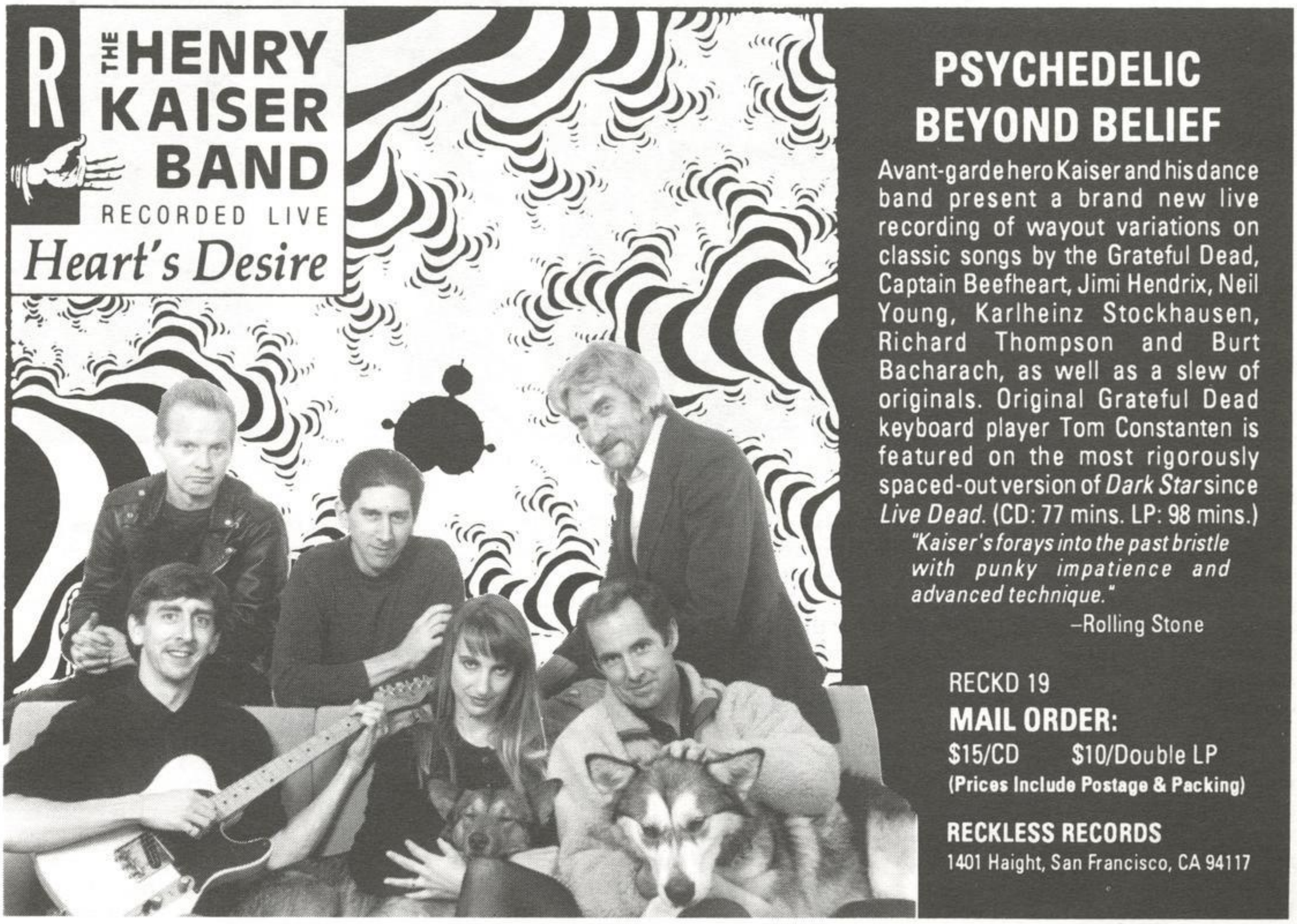
An already strong second set took off as "He's Gone" turned into a memorial to Brent, with lighters spontaneously igniting throughout the arena during the closing vamp. This segued into a sinister blues that continued wordless until, gradually, Phil's volume increased and band members left the stage. After a few minutes, only Phil, Vince and Bruce remained. Phil played the first extended bass solo I had heard him execute, while the keyboardists provided an almost baroque context for the flowering and flight of his bass. The full band returned and expanded into an intense jam before leaving the stage to the drums. In the ensuing "space" jam, the entire septet spun out wildly before settling into a sweet "Standing on the Moon." The transition to "Miracle" was realized through an extended moment of free blowing that sounded like "space" powered by rocket fuel. "Morning Dew" provided a majestic climax to a New York weekend.

(The last three Garden shows are reviewed by John Scott.)

The second series started on Tuesday night with what some considered to be one of the weaker shows of the run, but which still stands out as one of the better shows in an already exceptional year. Bruce Hornsby had clicked with Jerry from almost the first moment he sat in with the band on Saturday. This relationship grew with each show — I have never seen Jerry having so much fun night after night — and the infectious excitement fired the whole band. Even after a night off, everyone was *on* from the start. Phil sang enthusiastically on an upbeat "Half Step"; Bobby nailed both "Minglewood" and "Desolation Row"; and Jerry brought out a beautiful version of the seldom-played "To Lay Me Down." Hornsby was so excited by the end of the set that he ended "Promised Land" playing the piano with his foot.

The second set contained only six songs, perhaps a source of discontent for some, but the versions were long and exceptional. The opening "Eyes" (a 1990 tradition of sorts) was gorgeous, the full sound of the two keyboards playing off each other enchanting. At 17 minutes, it was more than twice as long as many from last year. The ensuing "Estimated" provided one of many examples of Vince's promise: he had the song pegged on each chord and note, as if he had been playing it for years. After "Foolish Heart," a dazzling jam between Garcia and Hornsby filled out the first side of a 100-minute cassette. After the drums we were treated to a roaring "Other One" (complete with Phil's introduction), a pretty "Wheel" and a hot "Sugar Magnolia." The "Heaven's Door" encore was introduced with perfect "Oooh" harmonies from Bobby, Jerry and Phil — a beautiful end to an underrated show.

Wednesday night was the best-overall show of the run, with much of its strength lying in its energy and consistency. The first set was easily the best from either series. After a "Jack Straw" filled with lightning leads from Jerry, we were hit with a "Bertha" so tight — every note and chord perfectly placed — that it prompted me to scribble "Tonight is *the* night" in my notes. Nothing in the middle of the set dissuaded me from that opinion, and, if I needed any further proof it came at the end of the set: The "Help on the

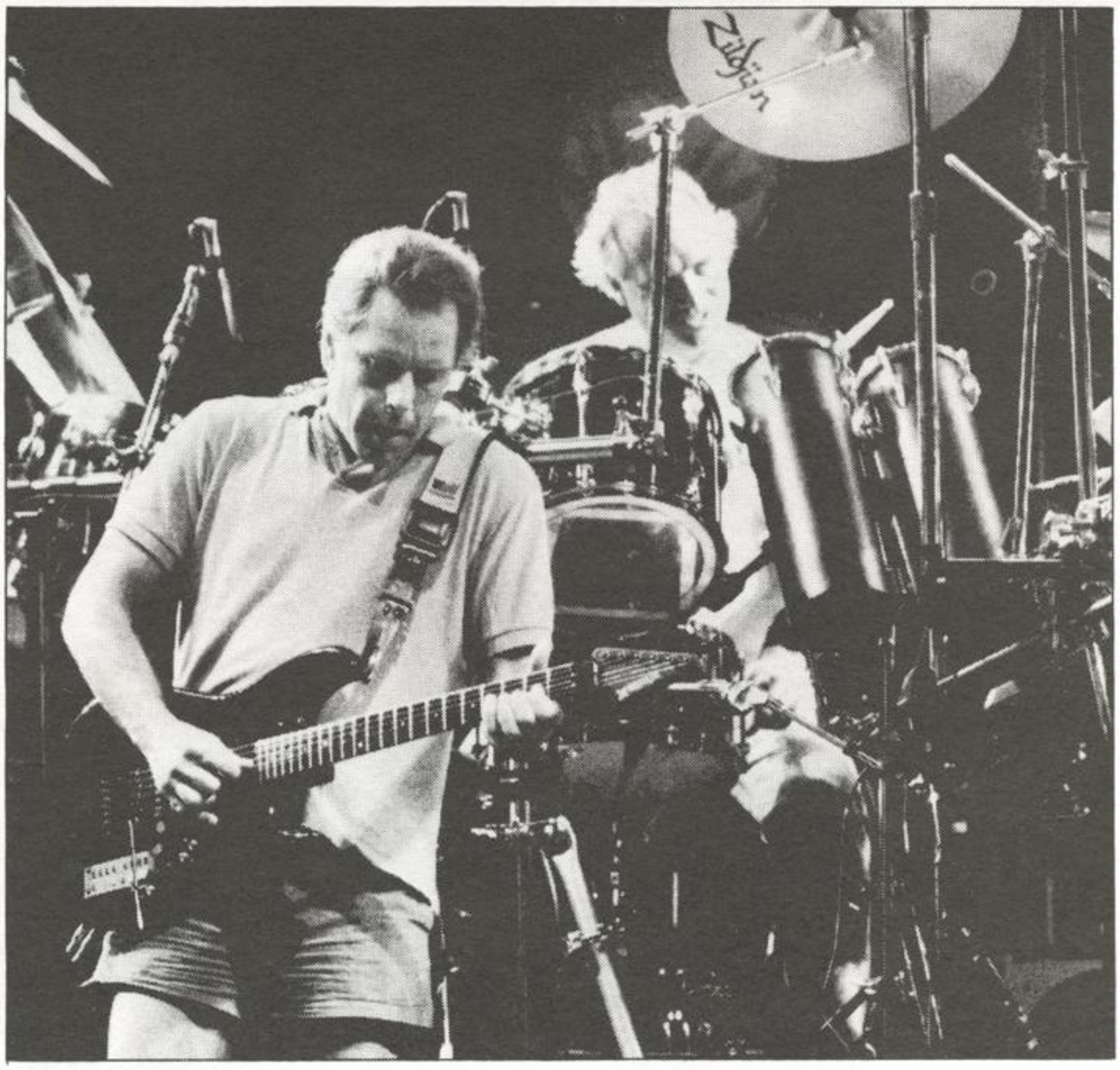


Way" ➧ "Slipknot" was the most exciting I've heard live. Drawing energy from Hornsby's fresh perspective on piano, the jams were extended and thoroughly explored. "Franklin's" was its bouncy best, leaving me fully sated at the break.

The "Playin'" ➧ "Ship of Fools" ➧ "Playin' jam" that started the second set was tight and interesting, though it lacked the full "Playin'" reprise. From "Uncle John's" on, however, the evening was pure magic. Why "Let It Grow" hasn't made it into more second sets escapes me. This version was breathtaking, capped by an awesome ten-minute jam featuring Bob, Bruce and Jerry. The sparks continued to fly after the drums — each song a reference-standard of how far they can still be taken. The fast and furious "Goin' Down the Road" had me dancing harder than any other song of the stand. "Stella Blue" was crystal perfect. And "Around & Around," so often perfunctory, was great — an extra long version, complete with a funky blues jam. To wrap it all up, the Dead reconverted me to an encore that had worn thin: Hornsby's piano drove "The Mighty Quinn" into a rousing new realm, leaving everyone upbeat and happy as they exited into a cool misty rain.

The final night in the Garden, while not as consistent as the previous, was the logical and spiritual culmination of the stand. The first set was solid, but paled a bit compared with the previous night's *tour de force*. Memorable moments included the opening "Stranger," Bruce's accordion on the first "El Paso" since 4/3/89, and the odd but interesting closing combination of "Greatest Story" ➧ "U.S. Blues." The highlight of the second set before drums was "China Cat-Rider," which had been noticeably absent in the New York run. The full sound with keyboards and piano reminded me of *Europe '72*; absolutely stunning as Hornsby excelled once again, even standing up to play during "I Know You Rider."

After drums, "Dark Star" was woven deep into the ensuing space. The clues were everywhere, the teases almost *unbearable*, before they finally broke into one of the finest "Dark Stars" since the 1989 revival. The fusion of the beautiful theme, two deep spaces and the "Playin'" reprise from the previous night delicately balanced in the middle, was phenomenal. The "Throwing Stones" that followed was so hot that Bobby apparently forgot to decide what would come next. After a brief moment of indecision and blank stares, Phil started a lively "Touch of Grey" — yet another benchmark version. The energetic "Lovelight" encore wrapped things up perfectly.



Bobby and Billy during "Iko" at the Raleigh show. Photo: John Rottet

9/14/90, Madison Square Garden, NYC
Feel Like a Stranger, Sugaree, New Minglewood Blues, Ramble On Rose, Black-Throated Wind, Jackaroe, Cassidy, Don't Ease Me In

Scarlet Begonias ➧ Fire on the Mountain, Truckin' ➧ Terrapin ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Sugar Magnolia/U.S. Blues

9/15/90, Madison Square Garden
Touch of Grey, Walkin' Blues, Candyman, Mama Tried ➧ Mexicali Blues, West L.A. Fadeaway, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Bird Song, Box of Rain

The Weight, Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ Crazy Fingers ➧ Uncle John's Band ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Gimme Some Lovin' ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away/Saturday Night

9/16/90, Madison Square Garden
Hell in a Bucket ➧ Cold Rain & Snow, Little Red Rooster, Stagger Lee, Queen Jane Approximately, Tennesssee Jed, Cassidy, Deal

Samson & Delilah, Iko-Iko, Looks Like Rain, He's Gone ➧ jam ➧ jam w/Phil and keyboardists ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Standing on the Moon ➧ space ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Morning Dew/Baby Blue

9/18/90, Madison Square Garden
Mississippi Half-Step, New Minglewood Blues, Loser, Picasso Moon, Row Jimmy, Desolation Row, To Lay Me Down, Promised Land

Eyes of the World ➧ Estimated Prophet ➧ Foolish Heart ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ The Wheel ➧ Sugar Magnolia/Knockin' on Heaven's Door

9/19/90, Madison Square Garden
Jack Straw, Bertha, Me & My Uncle ➧ Big River, Must've Been the Roses, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Help on the Way ➧ Slipknot ➧ Franklin's Tower

Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ Ship of Fools ➧ Playin' reprise ➧ Uncle John's Band ➧ Let It Grow ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Goin' Down the Road ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Around & Around/Quinn the Eskimo

9/20/90, Madison Square Garden
Feel Like a Stranger, Althea, All Over Now, Ramble On Rose, El Paso, Brown-Eyed Women, Greatest Story Every Told, U.S. Blues

Truckin' ➧ China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider ➧ Man Smart Woman Smarter ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Dark Star ➧ Playin' reprise ➧ Dark Star ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Touch of Grey/Lovelight

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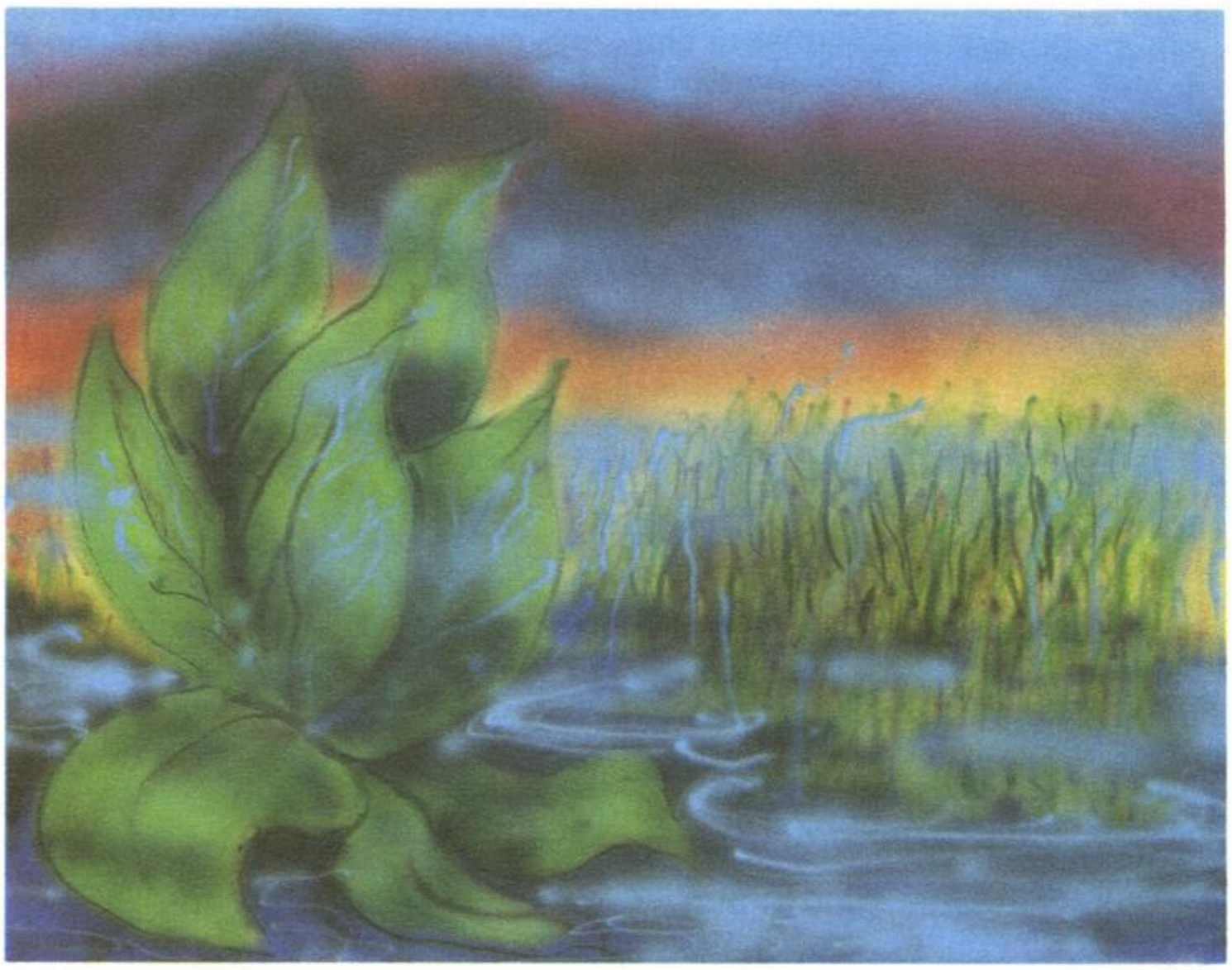


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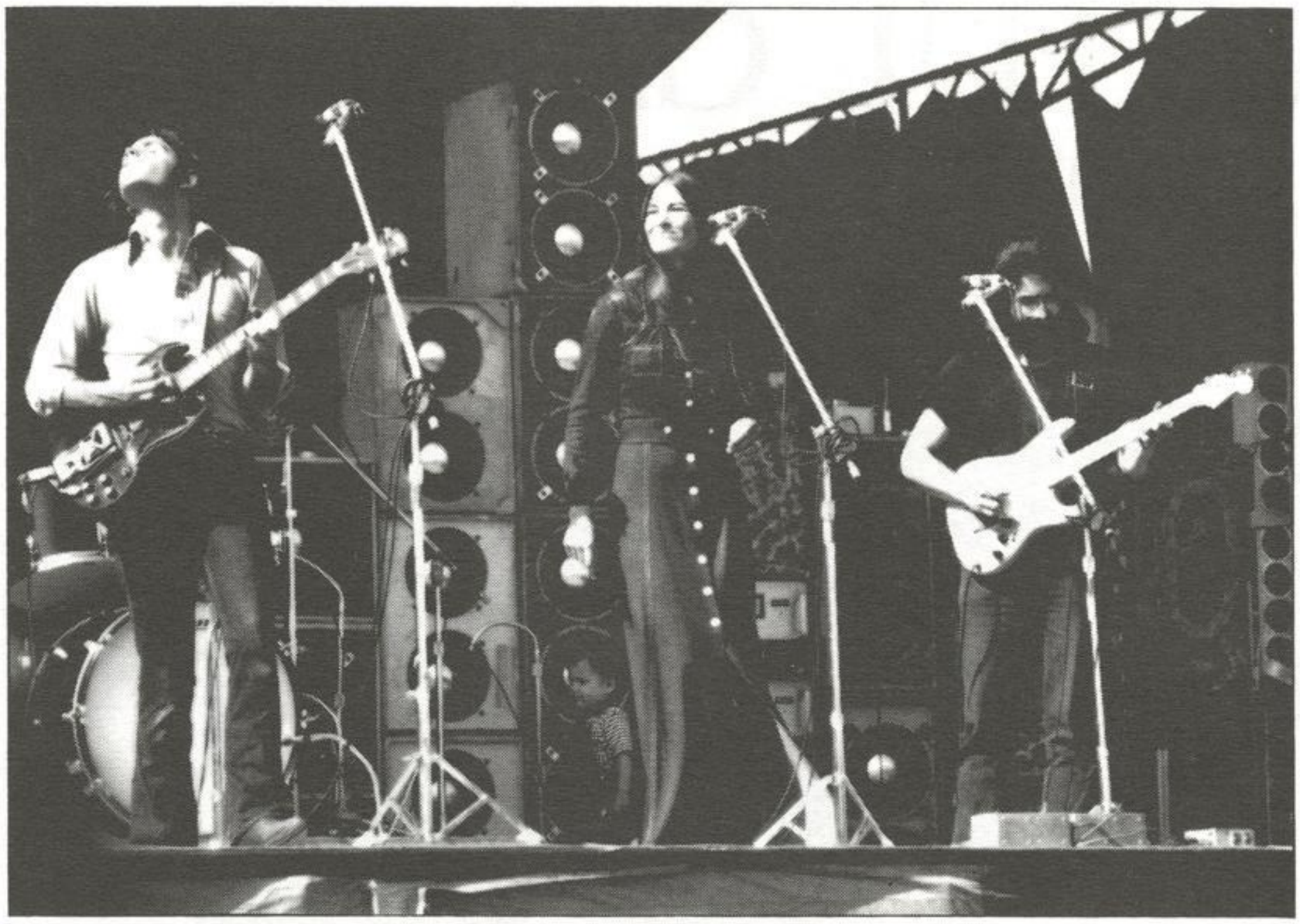
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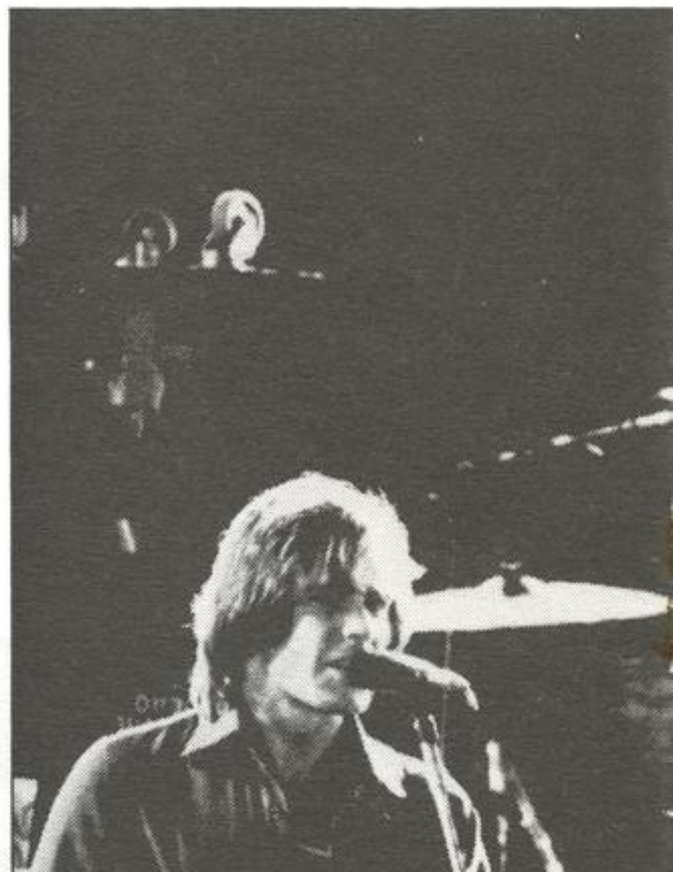
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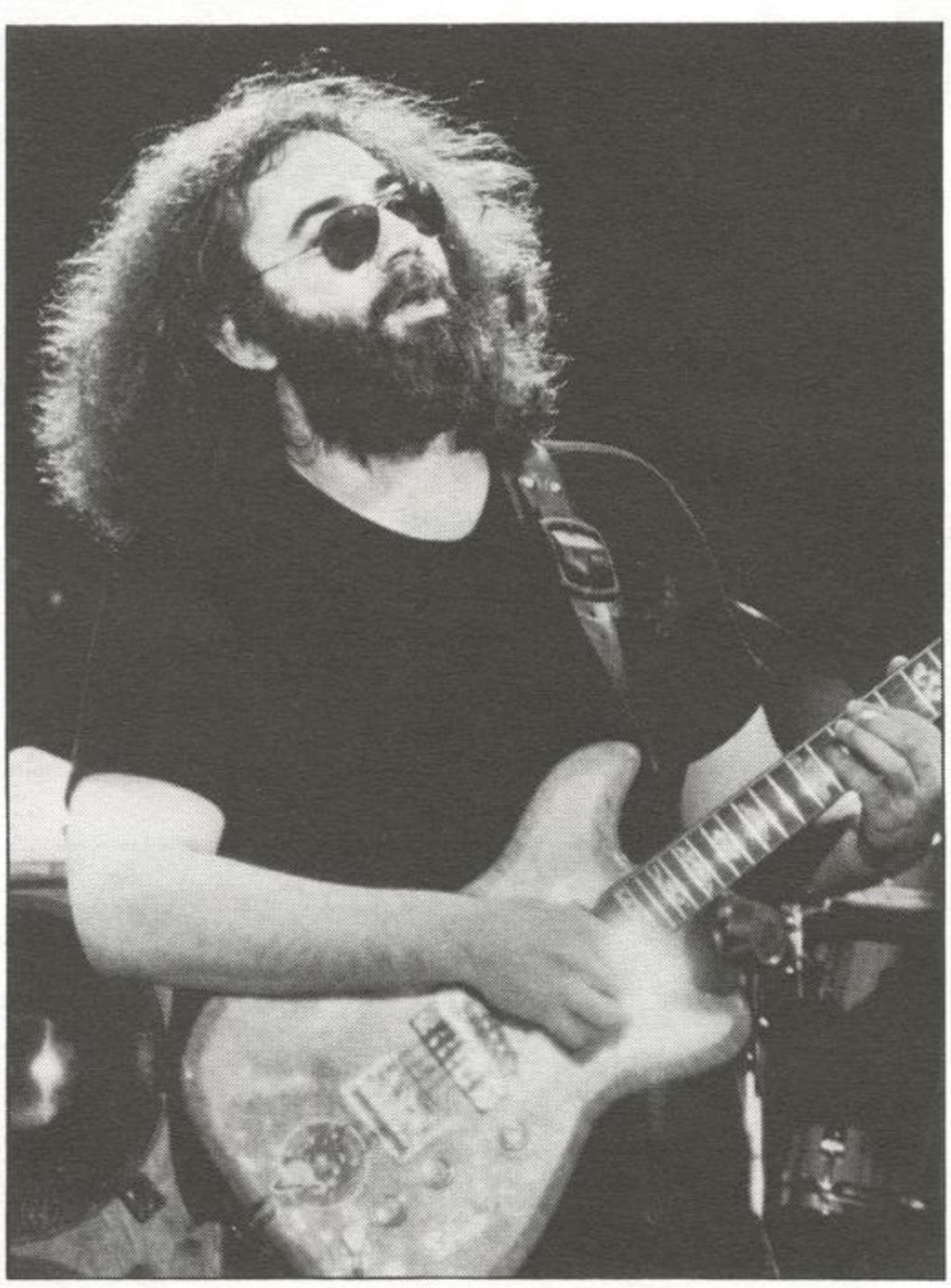


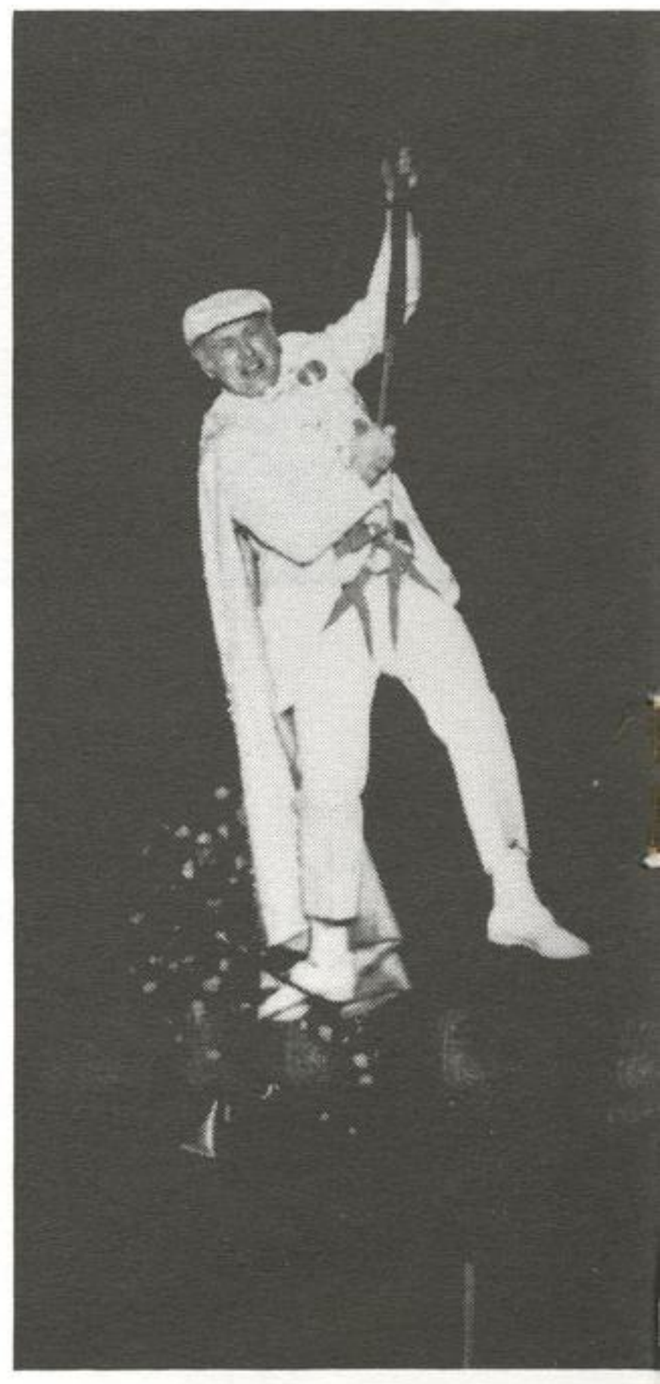
Above: Jamming at Winterland, 1974. Right: Mickey, Hamza and friends at Winterland, October '78



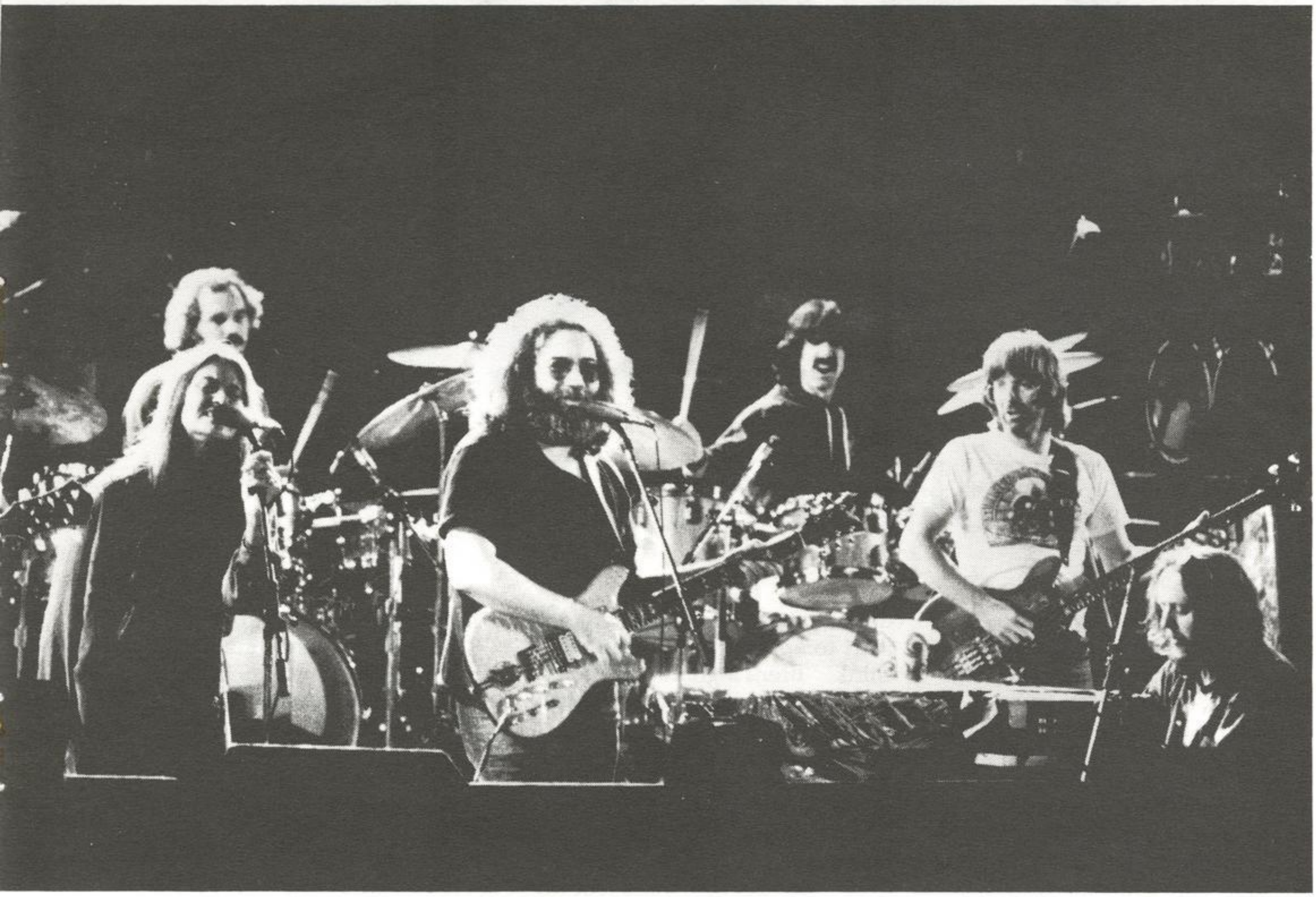






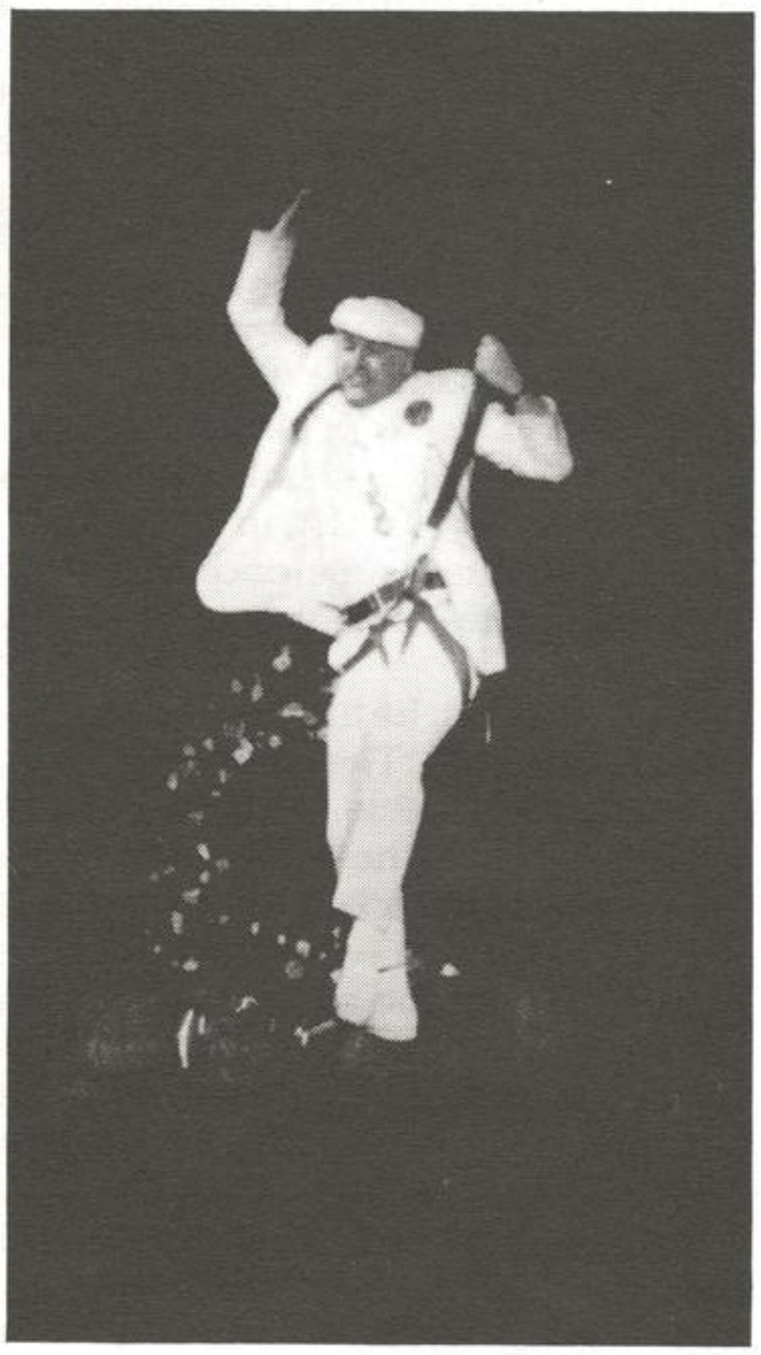


Clockwise from above: Santa Barbara, 1973; Red Rocks, 1978; Kesey ushers in the New Year, 1981–82; Stockton, 1978









LOSING BRENT

By John Perry Barlow

Blair Jackson asked me to write something about Brent's death for *The Golden Road*. To say anything beyond the obvious will require the emotional equivalent of public nudity, but I agreed to do it. One of the things I appreciate about you Deadheads is the courageous ability many of you have to make yourselves unconditionally available to one another. As an aspiring Deadhead myself, I'll try to do the same.

Besides, part of what killed Brent Mydland was a limited ability to express his feelings by any means but rage or music. Coupling that with immersion in a scene where the range of acceptable emotional expression runs the entire gamut from irony to sarcasm, he had little chance to air out his soul. And things got pretty stuffy in there. His death reminds me once again that the greatest safety may lie in vulnerability.

As I write this, he has now been dead for a month. The reality of it is finally undeniable. At first, one could escape it in the logistical and emotional froth kicked up around his funeral. There was also a kind of sanctuary in the surreality that accompanies the sudden death of anyone too young for that sort of thing.

Now I know he's dead. It is, like arthritis, a dull and intimate ache that, being incurable, I'll just live with. It is also like arthritis in that ordinary activity can produce sudden, unexpected pain. A song will start to appear in my head and I think, "Brent's gonna dig this." I turn on the radio and there he is. Or rather isn't.

I find myself taking inventory. I'm trying to assess the damage, measure the volume of the hole where he used to be, sift through the rubble in search of lessons that might, in small part, redeem this event from pure tragedy.

Unfortunately, as I examine it, the hole yawns wider. The messages, such as there are any, seem pessimistic. The most comforting thing I can say about his death now is that, given the circumstances, it couldn't have been prevented. And, while this conclusion excuses my having failed to save him, it's a cold comfort that it provides.

One of Sigmund Freud's theories held that at the root of the personality there writhed a struggle between the will to live and create and love, which he called Eros, and a brutish adversary called Thanatos, the death wish. He maintained that these two psychic titans were fairly evenly balanced, though among healthy people, the former usually kept the edge. Subsequent psychiatry has dumped this notion from the canon, probably on the basis of its fundamental Taoism. It's too much like myth to intrude upon the realm of science.

The shrinks can believe what they want, I guess. Personally, I think this way of viewing the matter illuminates a lot that would otherwise be very difficult for me to understand, including, most recently, the death of Brent Mydland.

Brent was not an easy person to know. As within a lot of major talents, the wiring between his heart and the rest of the world was all tangled up. Some of it didn't seem connected at all. But there was a line of thick, hot cabling that ran to his music, which, when he felt confident enough to open the rheostat all the way, he played with a passion that certainly looked dangerous. As it should have. In abandon, his music was the sound of a fight to the death.

Over the last several years, I ended up trying to fit words to his passions, words he couldn't quite frame himself but was willing to sing with a ferocity that threatened to turn him inside out. My task involved looking into his core so often that I sometimes wondered if I weren't more aware of its contents than he was.

What I saw in there, peering back at me with unblinking clarity of intent, was a glistening black thing, coiled up huge, waiting patiently to kill him. And I could tell that neither sweetness nor light would likely dislodge it. Despite that sense of futility, all of the songs Brent and I wrote together were, in some form or other, efforts to dissuade or at least shrink to nor-



Photo: Scott Yobp

mal proportions his swollen Thanatos.

There was a lot stacked against us, not the least of which was his being caught between a world that had given him everything and the conviction that he didn't deserve a bit of it.

Though I doubt anyone regards his own worth highly enough, Brent's self-estimate was unusually low, an opinion that, unfortunately, a large number of the more orthodox Deadheads unwittingly confirmed. He could feel them turn away and start talking whenever he started to play one of his own songs. He often felt himself abandoned in the spotlight. And he found it almost impossible to go into such a lonely place without a little artificial courage.

Still and all, death caught him on the upbeat. After some bad times in early June, he was coming back strong. He had me believing he might make it. He and I got together a few days before he went on the road and whipped up three entirely serviceable songs in the course of an afternoon. We talked about assembling a solo album in real rather than the usual wistful terms, and made some concrete, long-range plans.

If it appeared he was finally on the road to recovery, this was an outcome that, despite a human willingness to hope for it, I suspected his dark companion would never permit. When I got the phone call, I was shocked but not surprised.

As I've said before, writing with Brent always felt magical to me. We'd get together and songs would instantaneously *appear* in the space between us. It was about the most intimate thing I ever did with a man, and it did have a kind of reproductive quality ot it . . . two living critters coming together in a moment of heat and frenzy to produce another living critter.

And it was a gas. We used to say that even if we were a couple of guys from Concord, we would, after a week in the refineries, still get together on a Saturday afternoon and write songs for the hell of it.

But magic wouldn't mean much without tragedy. There really *is* no free lunch. I guess I also suspected that we had been granted something for which the bill would eventually arrive.

I've known for some time that you can't save anyone, but I leave this with a diminished sense of my ability to even *assist* in salvation. Once Ol' Thanatos grabs the upper hand, grace alone can stop the spin and spare its quarry from augering in. All the well-intentioned friends in the world . . . all their sound advice, their threats, cajoleries, and even their love . . . won't make a bit of difference.

But even though I couldn't have saved him, I feel I could have made his condition easier to bear. There is a natural animal reaction to terminal states. Whether we are caribou or humans, we recoil from the dying to consolidate our own grip on life. The doomed are left alone on the ice. The herd moves on.

I think many of us close to Brent did something like that, excusing ourselves with the assertion that it's impossible to love a person who doesn't love himself. Bullshit. It may be difficult, but it's not impossible.

So I guess if I've learned anything worth imparting from this, it is that we should never allow our inability to save someone to prevent our extending him the comfort and tenderness that the dying surely need more than anyone. We should never forsake the hopeless, no matter how much our own survival instincts might insist on it.□


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MICKEY HART

DRUMS & DREAMING

I first met Mickey Hart in the fall of 1978, about a month after the band returned from their historic trip to Egypt. Mickey had agreed to write an article about his Egypt experiences for *BAM, The California Music Magazine,* and as that rag's resident Deadhead, I eagerly took on the assignment of helping Mickey and his friend Cookie put Mickey's thoughts on paper. A couple of nights before our meeting, the Dead had completed a series of shows at Winterland in San Francisco that had been dubbed "From Egypt With Love," featuring projected slides of the Dead in Egypt, as well as some exquisite Egyptian music by Mickey's friend Hamza El Din. I can't say that those shows quite made up for not going to Egypt, but hearing Hamza and encountering the hypnotic rhythms of the *tar* that week opened me up to a new world of music. And when I finally met Mickey at his ranch a few nights later, he was sitting in his recording studio (The Barn), which was illuminated by only a few large candles, playing a *tar* as a steady percussive rain beat down outside. It was quite a moment for me. Over the next few hours, Cookie and I sat rapt as Mickey spun his tales of Egypt; I was impressed by the lucidity of his perspective and the depth of his spirituality.

A year later we met for another interview at The Barn, and this time he was playing some strange looking South American shakers that he'd gotten from his friend Airto. He blew my mind with a tape of an early version of "Lost Sailor," which the Dead were recording for the album that became *Go to Heaven*. Mickey's work tape of the song was punctuated by humpback whale noises he'd added. I was very disappointed they were nowhere to be heard when the album was released a couple of months later.

When Regan and I interviewed Mickey in the late fall of '83 for the first issue of *The Golden Road,* his instruments of choice — the ones he seemed to be *living* with that day — were a Brazilian rainstick and The Beam — the former an instrument of incredible delicacy and clarity; the latter one capable of mimicking a napalm bombing. That's two sides of Mickey in a nutshell: ethereal beauty and unrelenting bombast. Of course there are a million shades in between, as well.

My point is that Mickey Hart has constantly surprised me through the years, both on and off stage, and that's why I find him so fascinating. In some ways he represents the purest embod-

Above: Mickey playing the tar at a Manhattan concert , 1989. Photo: John Werner



Photos: Ron Delany

iment of the Grateful Dead's original searching spirit — even though he is not a founding member of the group. A musician of seemingly boundless energy and imagination, he is always up for leading us to new places, and nine times out of ten he has the goods to make the trip worthwhile. Sitting, figuratively speaking, by his side at hundreds of Dead shows, I've been exposed to a universe of percussion that has enriched my life tremendously. I've gotten lost in the chant-like twang of the *berimbau*'s lone string; let my own heartbeat merge with the gentle flow of the *tar*; welcomed into my brain the high, clear voice of his Tibetan bowls; been shaken viscerally by the booming thunder of The Beast; danced merrily to the *balafon*'s rhythmic song. And when you follow him into his world, you can't help but meet some of his friends: Olatunji, Flora & Airto, Zakir Hussein, Batucaje, Hamza and others whose names I don't know but who have moved me with their playing. These are heavy cats; all of them masters of *the zone*.

As compelling as his work with the Dead has been through the years, Mickey's outside projects have often been most broadening for me: the Diga Rhythm Band, *The Apocalypse Now Sessions*, *Yamantaka*, his various ethnic music productions, etc.; music where he wasn't even necessarily the clear leader, but was instead a facilitator and fellow traveler with a knack for coaxing and capturing the magic from different situations. This is going to sound like hyperbole, but it isn't: Mickey Hart has done more to popularize world percussion music than anyone else on the planet. And his efforts are still gaining momentum.

His latest endeavors outside the Dead are a book titled *Drumming at the Edge of Magic* (Harper & Row) and a "companion" CD/tape called *At the Edge* (on Rykodisc). The book, which he co-wrote with Jay Stevens (author of the excellent book about LSD, *Storming Heaven*) is tremendously enlightening and entertaining. It's part autobiography, with lots of interesting anecdotes about his childhood and his early fascination with drums; part ethnomusicological treatise on the myths and history of percussion in different cultures; and part adventure story about his quest to learn about the power of the drum. It also contains dozens of superb photographs of Hart, the Dead and drummers from around the world.

Anybody who knows Mickey well will tell you he can be brash and egotistical at times, but I was struck by his *humility* throughout the book: he casts himself as an eager pupil who has learned from many masters, including his father Lenny, Billy Kreutzmann, Airto, Zakir, mythologist Joseph Campbell and other scholars of different stripes. He is more than generous in his praise of those who have helped him on his journey.

Some readers may be disappointed that Hart doesn't write more about his life in the Grateful Dead, and others may be frustrated by his and Stevens' breezy approach to mythology. But it's a *good read*, as they say, and Hart points out that there's more to come: a giant volume of photos and stories about percussion, called *Planet Drum*, due out next fall.

The first time I listened to *At the Edge* I was a little caught off guard by how *quiet* most of the music is; frankly, coming from Mickey I expected more flash. But successive listenings with headphones have revealed the album's beauty, mystery and amazing sonic depth. Each of the nine compositions on the disc has its own distinct character, yet there is an unmistakable continuity to it all. Hart and his percussionist friends, including Olatunji, Zakir and Airto, create a wide range of textures with relatively few instruments: tabla, wood blocks, cowbells, slit gong, hex bells, beaded gourds, rattles and a few others. There is a dollop of subtle synthesizers and a pair of tracks with Garcia playing guitar, but in general the "melody" on most of these pieces is established by the interplay of different percussion feelings and the sometimes very musical overtones of the individual instruments. It starts in the rainforest and ends with a wonderful percussive vocal piece by Airto. What's in between is sometimes dreamy, sometimes insistent, deceptively simple, but always compelling. This stuff will definitely take you on a trip.

A week before fall tour I met with Mickey to talk about his recent projects and his approach to music in and out of the Grateful Dead. We did the interview in the Dead's board room, which is in an old house near the band's Marin County headquarters. What a cool place: the big meeting table is surrounded by huge, high-backed Knights of the Round Table-type wooden chairs, with the skull-and-lightning bolt logos carved into the arms, and a beautiful Asian-looking pattern sewn into the chairbacks. There were also colorful streamers draped across the ceiling, as if there'd been a party there recently. Now that's what you want to see in a board room! We plopped ourselves in two of the big chairs and rapped for a while. Slowly now, shake that rainstick. Cue the tablas...

— *BJ*

Can you talk a little about how your new CD is a "companion" to the book?

I composed it at different times during the period I was researching the book. I was heavily into reading the literature on the subject day and night, and it was even in my dreams. The instruments that naturally come to life in those dreams should come to life in your dream songs; become part of your code. So these are just little rumblings that I brought back from that side; little dream songs.

So the work you did on the album parallels the research you were doing to a degree?

Right. When I was reading about *djembes* and old trance-inducing instruments, the compositions I was working on started taking on some of the characteristics of what I was researching during the day. I was starting to mythologize them in my own mind, trying to see how they related to me in the past and the present.

I didn't set out to make a "popular" record. I wanted it to be a companion to the book; sort of a soundtrack, but not a literal one. I didn't specifically try to recreate things I was writing about in the book. It wasn't linear like that. It was more the spirit of what I was writing about; the spirit and the imagery. It was like me waking up in the forest as the first man, before there was sound, and the world slowly coming alive for me. In that dream I was lying on my back in the forest and I just looked around and I started hearing nature, and all of a sudden nature becomes like a symphony; it's the forest talking. And then my imagination started to develop some sort of contour, or soundscape, and *voilà!* All of a sudden it turns into almost what you'd call "music." But I didn't want it too "musical," you know what I mean? I wanted to keep it drums.

Clarence Clemons originally played on one track, and that was fine — he's a beautiful musician — but he turned it into a song, and that's not what I was looking for. Jerry got taken off a couple of tracks. Pete Sears was on there; I took that off. Same with David Freiberg. All these musicians got the ax, because when I got right down to it, I wanted drums, percussion. But it's processed percussion and it has melody. Most of what's on the record is processed from acoustic sounds. I took those sounds and shaped them — put them on the computer or whatever and manipulated them. We had 161 individual raindrop sounds that we collected. We had wind and distant thunder . . .

> 'What I'm after is changing consciousness. That's what music is all about to me. Entertainment is just a by-product of that other search.'

Did you do that recording yourself?

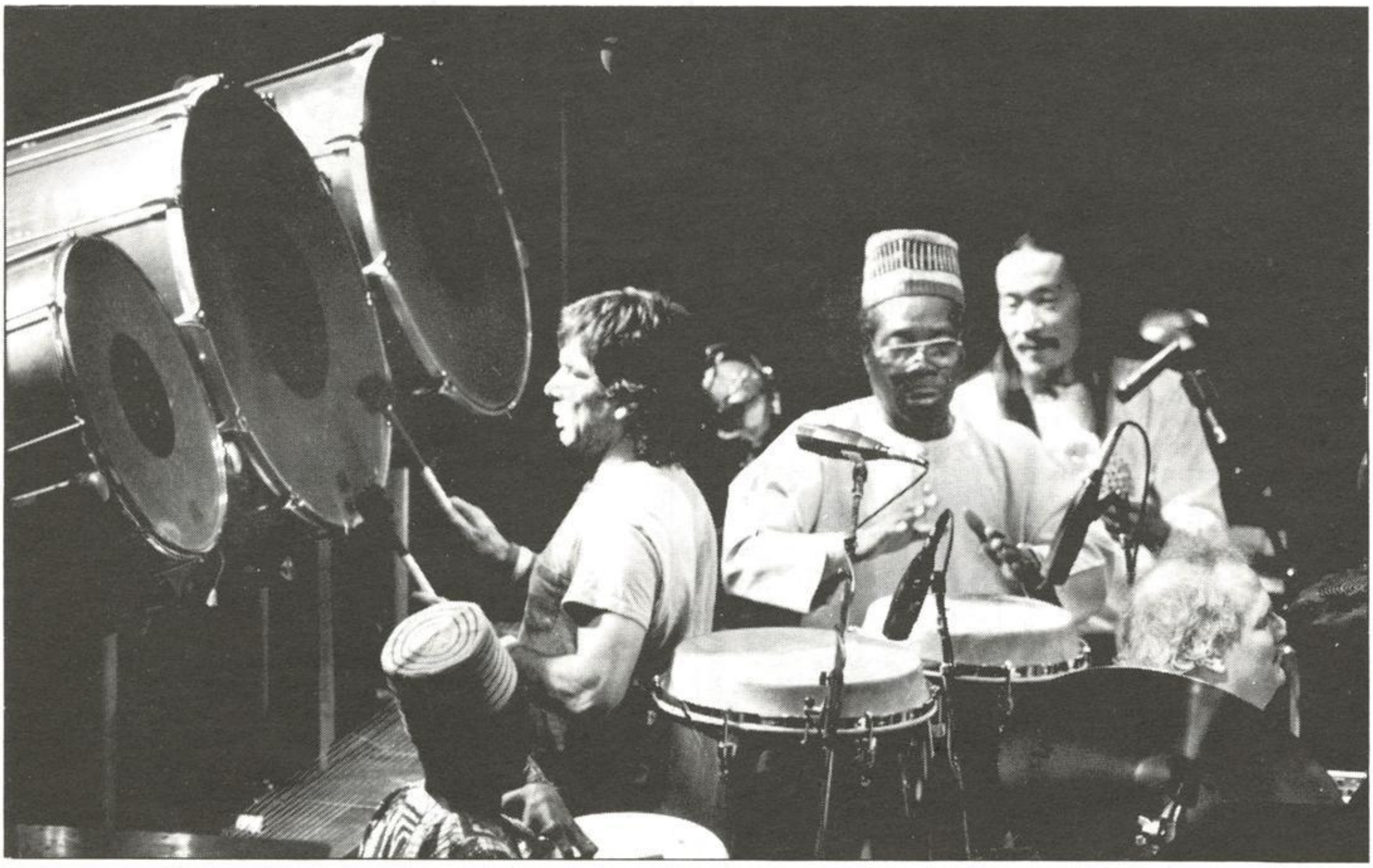
Most of it. George Lucas allowed me to use his special-effects library. I'd trade him four raindrops for distant thunder. I'd give him running water and he'd give me something else. We'd trade these sounds back and forth. It was like a soundscape for me. It was primal because I was studying prehistory, a time before man organized sound. The whistles and sounds of nature — that's where we got our language and our music. We started mingling with these sounds until it became music.

I really like how much ambiance there is on all the tracks. What sort of rooms did you record in?

Well, that's not the rooms you're hearing. I created that ambiance with an enormous amount of spatial processing. I spent a lot of time trying to come up with beautiful digital stereo-processed reverberation and other kinds of sophisticated delays, and what I tried to do was fit one kind of reverberant feel into another so they all sit phase-coherent in each other, so you're able to see deep. I didn't want to just load it up with a bunch of reverb.

It's a great headphone album.

Yeah, it is. I mixed it at the appropriate listening level. Working on the mix was like the ear falling in love with a new lover every time there was a



Mickey and Billy with friends Olatunji and Kitaro, New Year's 1989. Photo: Ron Delany

playback, it was so rich and sumptuous. There's no guitars whining, no bass thumping. You can hear the overtones of all the instruments, so the few instruments I did use all sound really huge. I let the voice of each instrument prevail, rather than loading the tracks with a lot of instruments and using combination sounds.

In the past you've been so successful at using natural room sounds on your records. This must have felt a lot different to you, in a sense manufacturing the rooms with delays and reverb.

It's virtual reality, man! [Laughs] Through the years I've learned what different acoustic spaces do to different instruments, and I've learned how percussion is affected by electronic processing. I can sit there and say, "I'll add this kind of delay to this sound," and I'll know what it's going to sound like before I try it. On this album I didn't have to spend 10,000 hours searching for things because I knew what I wanted. I *already* put in the 10,000 hours over the past 20 years to get to the point I'm at now.

It's interesting that you talked about dreams earlier, because the album as a whole has a really dreamy quality.

That's what it's supposed to be. It's not a dance record. It's not a popular music record.

***It's also not like* Rhythm Devils Play River Music.**

No, it's not that kind of image at all. That was inspired by *Apocalypse Now,* of course, and that was a brutal, dark foreboding image. It was the image of war, so it had all those nuances. My dreams aren't like that. I wanted people to drift; that's what this is all about to me — the flow of consciousness. That's what you get into when you get down to theta — that's where all this stuff starts rippling across your consciousness and you figure out the universe: right before you fall asleep. [Laughs]

Do you drum in your dreams?

Oh yes, of course! My dreams are filled with sounds and music. It's not limited to drums, though; it's sounds. Clusters, batteries of sounds ... sounds that only come in my dream time. Having my own studio, I can spend unlimited amounts of time trying to realize some of these odd sounds I hear in my dreams. I can sit and just play in these strange arenas of sound. And it's not like it has to be any *thing* — it just has to be a good version of itself.

Were most of the pieces on the record constructed track by track, or were you in the studio with Zakir or Olatunji, or whomever, laying down your parts together?

Most of it is constructed. Zakir and I laid a couple of the basics together, but most of it is overdubbed. When Olatunji would come in we'd talk about it for hours and try different things. Sometimes he or Zakir would come in, I'd talk about what I was after, and *wham* — "That's it!" But it's hard to describe what you hear in a dream, and sometimes it's hard to remember your dreams clearly. So you have to search and try to hold onto that original vision as well as you can. That means you have to really concentrate on what you're doing and not get sidetracked down blind alleys. But at the same time you have to relax and let it flow. If you find that seed sound you're after, then you've been successful. If you don't, you've mutated your vision a bit, and that's OK, too. I settle for that all the time.

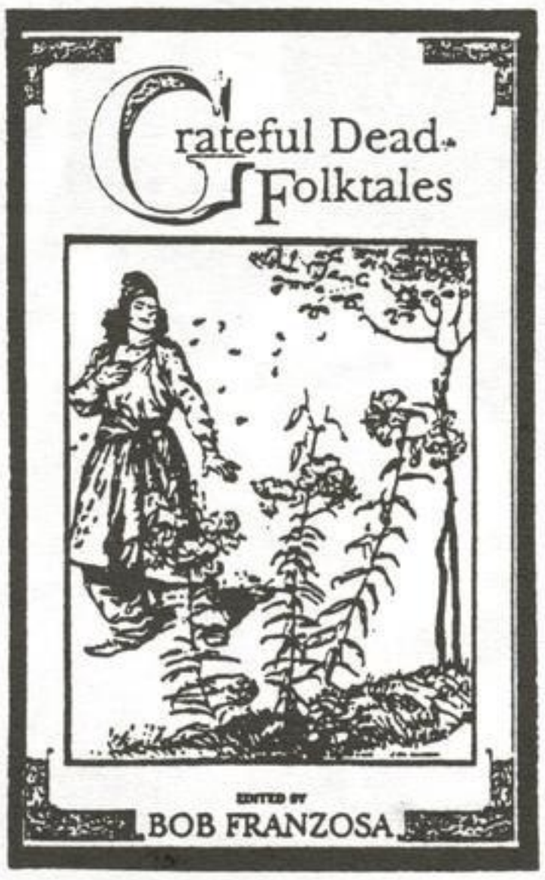
Do you write down your dreams?

I do something better. As soon as I wake up I run down to the studio, where I have a tape machine. I always like to have a tape machine with me. If I'm in a car and I get an idea, I'll pull

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off to the side and talk the idea through, being as specific as I can: "OK, it's a pan delay of 78 milliseconds" and this and that. And I try to pull the sound through all the devices it's going through: "We'll take the woodblock, run it through an octave divider and run it back through this device, put it in a sequence of 16 beats," and so on. It can be very specific or very vague. As long as it gets me back to that place where the original flash was. And if I forget it? So what. I'm on to the next thing. You're going to forget most of them, but the few you bring back from the other side make it worth the effort. This album has stuff from there and stuff from the waking state.

How often do you spontaneously come up with some new musical idea during the Rhythm Devils section of a Dead show and then later develop it more?

It happens occasionally. It tends to develop itself over the course of a few nights. We'll explore an idea. More often, though, I'm trying to be as spontaneous as I can from night to night, and not repeat myself. It's more dangerous that way, and maybe not as fulfilling sometimes — because you're not always going to come up with something great — but when you do hit it, you know you've got something truly original; something that's never been heard before.

It all depends on what you're after. People play music for different reasons. I go for the spirit side of things; not necessarily to be perfect. What I'm after is changing consciousness — transition; changing from one state of consciousness to another. That's what music is all about to me. Entertainment is just a by-product of that other search.

Speaking of consciousness, given your collaborator and the band's past history, I felt that the importance of LSD was downplayed in your book.

I don't know. This isn't a book about LSD. I did say that some of the Dead's music came out of experimentation with psychoactive drugs. Beyond that . . . read Jay's book [*Storming Heaven*]. It's brilliant on that subject.

But not in relation to you and music.

No. But that's not this book. That could be a whole book in itself. To really treat that subject right I would have had to spend a lot of time thinking about it and looking into it. It's not the kind of thing you can throw out in a quarter of a chapter. I'd really want to do it right. I really haven't studied it — I've only experienced it, you understand? To write about it intelligently I'd need more than just my experience, and it's such a big topic, I just didn't feel like I had the time or space to get into it properly. I didn't want it to distract from the drums, and it might have if I'd dwelled on it.

'[The way we play], you have to be ready for change every second. It's the razor's edge. But when the music is right, it's as good as making love.'

In the end, some of it was really a space consideration. I cut out a lot on the subject. I cut out a lot on all sorts of different subjects. I just couldn't tell the whole story in one book. I'm not even going to be able to tell it all in two books!

What can you tell me about the second book,* Planet Drum*?

The first book is sort of the preface to the second book. The second book is really the lumber I gathered. It's the anaconda; the time line. All the pearls, all the ornaments, all the jewels I picked up on the search for the Holy Grail. It's the information that backs up the conclusions of the first book. The first one is an adventure story. The second is a pictorial survey of the world's drum archives. It's going to be a beautiful book; it's a honey. It's got something like 450 images in it, all sorts of great full-color stuff; a real coffee table book. It's the *stuff*.

Actually, though, these are two parts of the same book. We just couldn't put out an 800-page book. [Laughs] I probably have enough for eight books. Hey, I got *into* it. I just woke up one day with this dream to do something. It became a passion that I couldn't let go. I was just following the muse and it was driving me madly, night and day.

I knew it would be a book, but it started off just as pictures of my collection [of instruments]. I had this huge collection and I realized I didn't know shit about it. I knew these drums intimately — I played them! — but how well did I *know* them? [Laughs] I didn't know my heritage. Doctors know. They have books on the subject. But drummers don't. Yet drums have been with us from pre-history, part of rites from ancient times until now.

I was intrigued by your discussion in the book about how in Western cultures the drum ceased being used for religious purposes and was taken over instead by the military, to marshal troops and such.

Right. That's because Western religions didn't like the way drums were used in other cultures to induce trance and altered states. They wanted you to be praying to that guy on the cross, not going into a trance state.

They still don't.

No. Religion killed the drum in Western culture, until it made its way back through rock 'n' roll — the devil's music. [Laughs] Why did people try to suppress rock 'n' roll? Because the back beat, the groove, took people to the other side, and that's not considered acceptable in Western cultures. And where does that beat come from? From Africa originally. It came across with the slave trade, found its way to New Orleans, mutated into rhythm & blues, and all of a sudden you've got rock 'n' roll — check it out: they're dancin', they're mamboin'; they're goin' crazy! It's rhythm-dominated; it's got percussion galore. So it's made a tremendous revival, and melody and harmony are assuming their proper place along side it, as part of the trinity.

The Dead have always been more interested in polyrhythms and odd time signatures than most popular musicians. There isn't much of the thump-thump-thump we hear on the radio year after year.

Well, they're extremely personalized rhythms. Our shuffles are Grateful Dead shuffles. It's very specific.

Garcia said part of it is just observing how bodies move.

That's right. The band as a whole moves as an organic unit, and the people dancing to our music are finding their own ways to dance to it and lock into a rhythm that they feel comfortable with. We're not trying to make the beat fall right on the 2 or right on the 1 or wherever, and that gives everybody the freedom to find what they want in it. It allows for personal nuance. It's not assault music where we're dictating how to respond to it by laying down some fixed thing. It's participant music. And when everyone's really into it, that's when you get this giant animal breathing as one, and that's what's so thrilling about the Grateful Dead. You can have all these guys playing polyphonic parts, but we're playing as one; it's just different pieces of the pie. And the same is true of the audience. Everyone's dancing differently but they're part of the same

thing. That's magic. It's fascinating.

Do you think it's accurate to say that everyone in the band is a rhythmist?

Yeah, we rely heavily on rhythms. After all, it came out of jug band and that whole rhythmic tradition. It's very rhythmically articulate, and everyone in this band is good at rhythm. Bob is very strong on the rhythm side, and not strong on melody. Jerry is strong on both sides. And Phil, of course, is a rhythm machine. He knows exactly where he wants it.

Is there any drawback to having two people sitting at the drum kits, instead of having one person playing drums and another assorted percussion?

There's a down side to just about everything, I suppose, and the main down side to the way we do it is when Billy and I aren't playing together; when we're out of sync. It can sound plodding at times. At the same time, it's the bed that the Grateful Dead rides on, and we do have a certain feel when we play together that each one of us doesn't have individually. We sort of search out each other's groove and then agree on a way of going. We're trying to play *together*; not just lay down individual parts. There's so much power you can get with two drummers locking in together. An incredible amount of power.

I talk a lot in the book about entrainment. Well, that's one of the major laws at work in the Grateful Dead. Billy and I are entraining when we're up there — beating efficiently together. There's a lot of power in that, and a surprising amount of subtlety, too — a lot the band can play off of; little nuances we can add because we're playing together and off of each other, and don't have to be totally concerned with just keeping time. We can drift off a little bit, maybe even go into trance states, and then pull each other back. If I go a little too far out, the band won't fall apart; same with Billy. It's not like losing consciousness, really; it's changing consciousness. We're actively courting that space. When we can relax and things flow seamlessly — with no effort, with no thinking, just feeling it — you're *there*, man. But you can't force it, either, and you have to be ready for change every second. It's the razor's edge. It's dangerous. But when the music is right and the feeling is right, it's heavenly. It's as good as making love.

I was wondering about all this, and I knew the Grateful Dead had the ability to do it. I wanted to find out more about the ecstatic states and trance, and what the difference was. So I started reading Rouget's *Music Trance* and Eliade's *Archaic Techniques of*

'I read accounts of how shamans use drums to move in and out of altered states. Those guys are professionals. Well, so are the Grateful Dead.'

Ecstasy, Shamanism in Siberia by Douschegy. I read all these accounts of how shamans use drums to move in and out of altered states at will, and I thought, "Jesus, *we* move out of these states as well. Let's talk about this stuff." When I met Joe Campbell, he was gathering myths and noticing that all these shamans had drums — they were riding their drums to another world, *doin' business* there, and then comin' back. Those guys are professionals. Well, so are the Grateful Dead. There's a need in our community for what we do, just like there's a need for shamans in other types of communities. We're not shamans in the classic sense, but we fulfill some of their function.

It seems that in the late '60s there were so many more people involved in that pursuit musically. Or at least consciously trying to blow people's minds.

Well, I think a lot of what was happening back then was that people were discovering themselves and discovering their priorities, and finding they weren't always what they expected they might be. Music was like a skeleton key to the inside of you. Music has always been used to loosen you up, open you up.

People were experimenting back then; they were freer. The demands of daily life weren't as hard, and everyone was getting high and discovering things, separately and together. It was an incredible environment to make music in — very exciting and supportive.

Why did so many people fall away from this path?

I imagine because it was just "time out" for them. Then they went and got jobs to make money. They didn't follow their bliss. Most of them got jobs in areas they didn't have a passion for. Maybe they became doctors because they felt they had to make money. Maybe they became lawyers because they know the world is run by lawyers.

Obviously there's something in the chemistry between you guys in the band that allowed you to prevail, against all odds.

Sure. It's the music. The *music*. This is just a classic example of a musician chasing the feeling. Only we found each other and the group years ago and we've been chasing it *together* — this collective sound. We've been on the tail of this dragon for years, and every time we get it and grab a hold of it, it slips away. But it's so good we keep chasing it, because sooner or later we'll grab it again.

Right, for a minute or two.

That's OK! That's OK! Because most people never get a chance to touch it at all! It's the miraculous that we're after; nothing short of that. Why else would we be trying so fucking *hard*, going through all these scenes on this trip? [Laughs] This is business, but it's not for the bucks. It's the spirit business.

Are you surprised that it's become a big money business, too?

No. I thought that sooner or later if we kept going and got our business straightened out, we'd be able to make some money at this. But that's really only been pretty recently. We had to get the flakes out of the office. All that bad stuff is in the past now ... thank God!

Were the band's business problems a distraction through the years?

Only when we came off the road. Not when we were out there, certainly, because we were flyin'. When the music's going, all is well. When the music stops and you come home, that's when art meets reality.

But we always had faith in the music and it worked out just in time. I mean, here we are, and it's just fine.

When you listen to a Dead tape from the late '60s, does the music sound primitive to you because you all know so much more about music now?

No, it sounds exciting and vital. It sounds very energized to me. We were young men and we definitely didn't know as much as we know now, but we had more energy and it was more hard-driving. It was more naive and more innocent.

How so?

Well, we were discovering a lot of our trademark licks. Now, we play them knowing what they are. Before we'd play them and be surprised each

time we'd play them. There are things we've built into the music that we use as signposts that we hit every time now. That's the way it should be. And certainly we still come up with new things enough that it stays interesting. There are still surprises.

What was the weakest aspect of the early band?

Vocals, definitely. Otherwise we could pull off most of what we were trying to do then.

What did you gain from the experience in the late '60s of rehearsing for hours every day?

We were entraining. I learned how to entrain with the band and the band learned how to entrain with itself. That was a major, major thing for the band. It shouldn't be overlooked. That's where we learned to really breathe together and take chances, but still have confidence. The hours had to be put in to do what we do — the Grateful Dead *flex*.

What was the process like when you came back into the band in '76?

There was no process; we just started playing together again. It was completely natural.

The tapes from that year sound slow to me, as if the engine is just starting to rev up again.

Yeah, everyone was playing slow. The songs had slowed down, and then we started to build up steam again. I was out of shape. Billy and I hadn't really played together for years. This looks easy to some people, but the reason you don't see two drummers playing together very often is because it's not easy. It's not just being good, and it's not just putting two drum sets up on the stage.



Mickey with a talking drum. Photo: John Werner

What happens when you add a third drummer? We've seen Airto or Sikuru or Olatunji up there with you.

These are great drummers and they instinctively know how to fit in with what we do, and vice versa. You don't breathe the same way. Billy and I have this breath that we don't have to discuss even; it's the way we breathe. When you put anybody else in there, no matter how good they are, you're adding another element, so Bill and I will *give* it to them — we'll give the groove to that person, or listen to that person and let him have some input into the conversation and become a part of the rhythmscape. These guys are all sensitive to what we're doin'; they don't just play crazy. Airto says, "Man, if you don't *listen*, you're just up there bangin' shit around." [Laughs] He's right.

Billy and I really listen well to each other. We don't even have to look at each other. We're hearing it all. Sometimes we'll crack each other up. We have our own little musical conversation going most of the time. Sometimes it lasts the whole evening and we'll never talk about it, but we've talked about it in the drums. We have complete conversations — it's how we move the rhythms, what we do to what, who treats what which way ... there are a million things that go on every night between us. It can be very satisfying because you're doing it *with* somebody else.

Billy told me he's rarely in the mood to play the cowboy tunes. Are there songs you don't get off on?

Yeah, he hates those! [Laughs] I don't really like them much, either. I don't like "El Paso."

Because there's nothing going on in it for you?

Nothing's happening for me. The song has absolutely no meaning to me. I just don't like that song. But I'll play it. It's no sweat. I might even play it passionately. I like "Mama Tried" all right. "El Paso" is the only song I really don't like. Oh ... and "Victim or the Crime."

I hated it at first but I've come to like it quite a bit. I'm always surprised how much I like it.

I'm starting to see the grotesque industrial madness behind it, I guess. [Laughs] I've never really warmed to it.

What's the most challenging material? The songs that open up?

It's all a challenge, because it isn't easy to constantly stay on top of everything and dance through a night. Every song is a challenge. Obviously, things like "Help on the Way" and "Slipknot" are very challenging rhythmically. "Terrapin" is another one. "Let It Grow." Those are real heavyweight songs.

They all have so many changes in them.

Right. But even something more straightforward — a great "Sugar Magnolia" or a great "Playin' in the Band" — is just as satisfying. The idea is to snap and then relax, and go through all this passionate interplay; go on a ride together, and at the end of the night feel exhilarated. To be able to do that after all this time and still be full of energy and spirit — that's the trick.

Do you ever feel like you play a bad show?

Oh, I *know* I do.

You always look like you've got a lot of energy.

Well, I'm a battery — I supply a lot of energy to the band. I like to think that I can kick at the end. I take great pride in that. I don't like to wimp out at the end. But sometimes I spend myself too early or I'm not up to it, and I feel bad about that. In the old days I'd get completely despondent about it. I take music very seriously, and when you don't play it well, it hurts. It hurts, man. I'd get very depressed and withdrawn and sometimes I wouldn't snap out of it for a day or more — or until somebody snapped me out of it. It doesn't affect me like that anymore, but you still want to play well every time. But that's one of the hazards of becoming a musician — you're not going to play well every time. Of course they don't tell you that at the beginning. [Laughs] I guess it depends on where the ante is: if you don't have great expectations about your playing, you won't be disappointed very often. Remember, we're after something invisible — feeling.

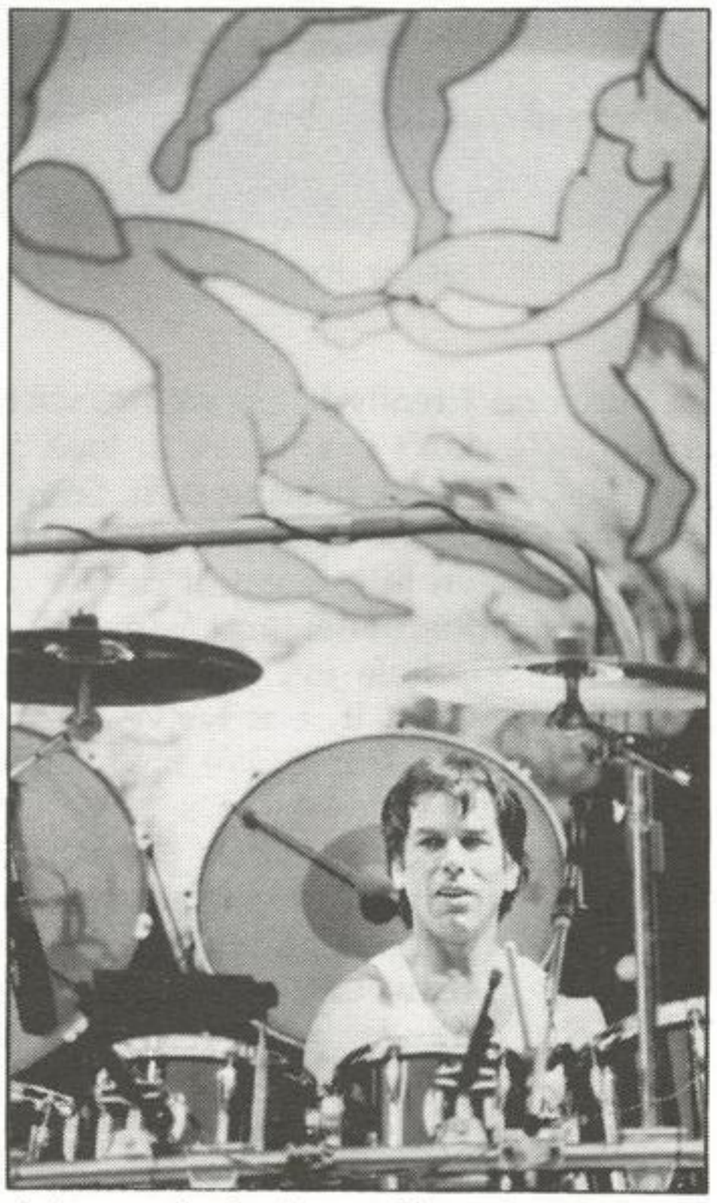
In the early '80s you exposed us all to so many different exotic percussion instruments. You had a* berimbau *year. A* balafon *year or two ... there were the Tibetan bowls of '83. Now I understand you have most of those sounds electronically sampled as part of your setup. I'd think the aesthetic experience of actually playing the instrument live, as opposed to triggering the sound electronically on a pad, would be more satisfying.

'When I vibrate the low D on The Beam, it's not just to play the lowest note in the world. I'm trying to shake your insides and rattle your bones.'

There's nothing like the real thing, obviously. But to be honest, taking all those delicate instruments around was such a hassle. Now [with the electronic setup], I'm able to call up a lot more exotic sounds a lot quicker, I have more control over the sounds, and I can carry them around in a little case. I have those other instruments rotating around my house, so I play them personally. If I'm alone at home, I'll curl up wth a Tibetan bowl or a *berimbau* and just play for an hour or two. They've turned into private instruments for me.

What kind of feedback do you get from people about the Rhythm Devils part of the show?

Oh, everything from "What are you doing to my head?" to "I saw God." [Laughs] It's not for everyone, but you can say that about anything in the Grateful Dead. I don't try to play a normal drum solo because I don't believe that's really relevant anymore. It's not just drums; it's percussion, it's sound, it's *space*. It's not Gene Krupa and Buddy Rich anymore. It's not Ginger Baker. That stuff is history. That was great, too, but my ideas aren't like that. The stuff I do is stuff that's fallen through the cracks — it's alternative; it's new space. I'm not looking for applause. But I want people to like it, sure. I want it to be entertaining to them. But I'm appealing to another region that's not strictly entertainment. When I vibrate the low D on The Beam, it's to tap into a whole other range of feelings in you. It's not just to play the lowest note in the world. I'm trying to shake your insides and rattle your bones. Sometimes I like it real noisy and sometimes I like it real quiet. Being in the Grateful Dead gives me the range to do both.



At last year's Greek run. Photo: Ron Delany

Hunter told me that the two of you have been working on a new song.

Yeah, and now Jerry's got it. "Corinna." It's really nice. While I was working on *At the Edge*, I came up with this nice rhythm thing that didn't fit with any of the things I was doing, but I liked it a lot. And I thought, "This is a Grateful Dead song!" I gave it to Hunter, we talked about it, and then not too long after that he comes walkin' in with this big smile on his face, and I knew he'd written something for it. "I got one!" he said. And he did. It's good.

Do you feel like you've gotten more interested in melody through the years? I feel like I hear that in your playing.

Sure. [*At the Edge*] is part of that. It's melodic percussion. I took the overtones and processed them, and it became very ornate in that way. I accentuated the melodic harmonic content of percussion, because basically percussion is noise. It's inharmonic sound. But you can isolate parts of it and kick it into some processing that will enhance the already existing overtones. You can find an orchestra in it. With all the new machines at my disposal, I'm able to sculpt the air better. It's like I've been given a sharper blade. I couldn't have made this kind of record five years ago, because the processors were louder than the signal, so they intruded on the music. But now, all these 16-bit digital processors and reverberators are so quiet I can work on all sorts of new things. It's a new age technologically, and it's only going to get better. □

Take Back Your Mind

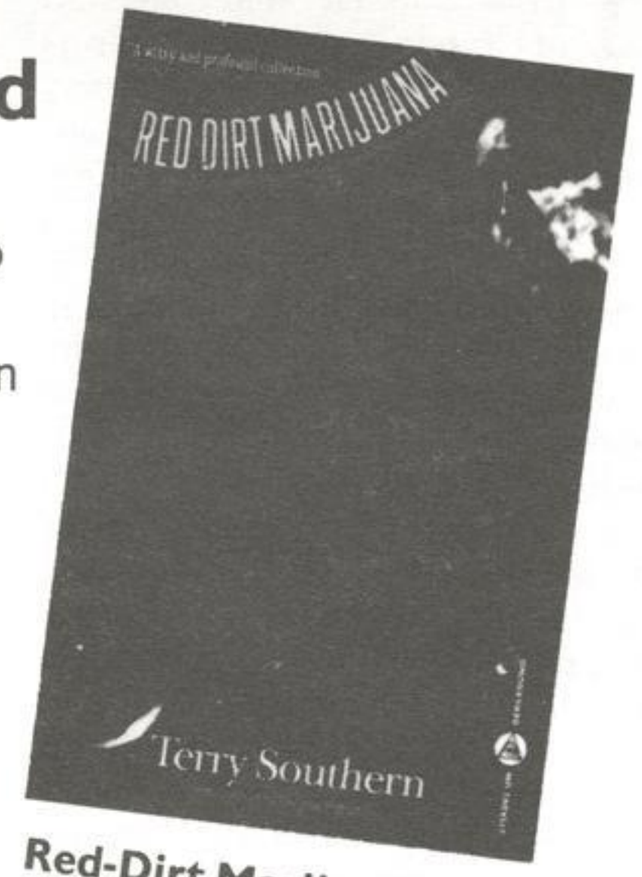
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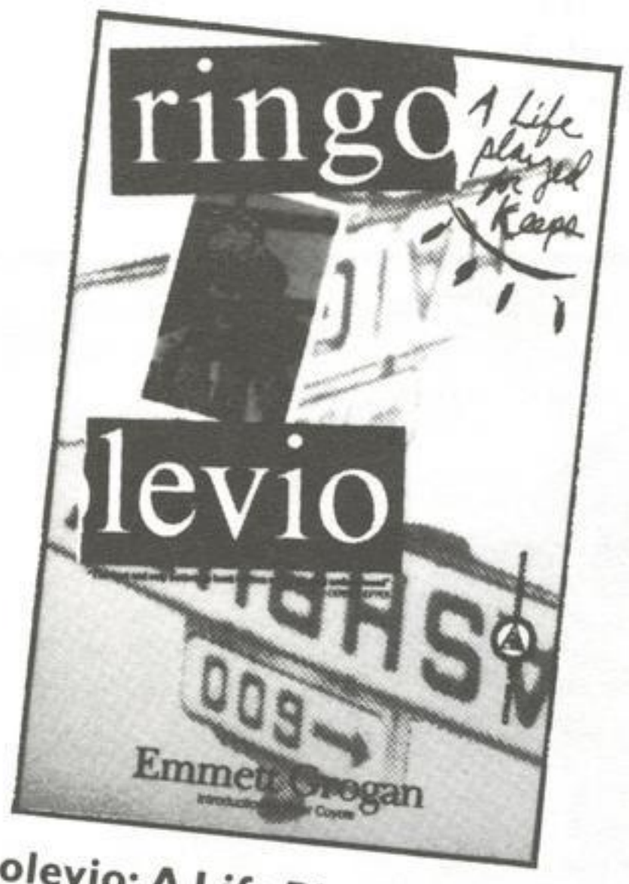
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Terry Southern

Introduction by George Plimpton

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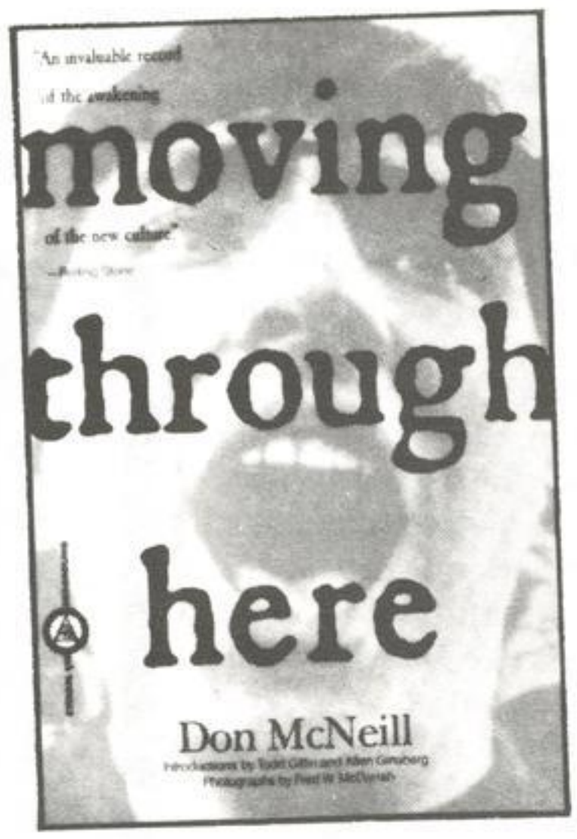


Ringolevio: A Life Played For Keeps
Emmett Grogan

Introduction by Peter Coyote

"The best and only authentic book written on the sixties underground."
—Dennis Hopper

"Emmett Grogan was a wonderful storyteller, and ***Ringolevio*** *is a great book."* —Jerry Garcia



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HERBIE GREENE
Looking for the Magic

25 years photographing the Dead

Herbie Greene's *Book of the Dead*, a remarkable collection of Grateful Dead photographs spanning the past quarter century, doesn't contain any shots of Jerry Garcia grimacing as he plucks a fiery lead, or of Bob Weir in mid-scream. In fact, there's barely an instrument to be found in the whole volume. What is in the book, however, are some of the most intimate portraits ever taken of the band, from their days in The Warlocks through the *In the Dark* and *Dylan and the Dead* album sessions, with a heavy emphasis on the early years. Along the way, we meet a few other familiar faces (Cowboy Neal, members of the Airplane, Charlatans, etc.) and we see the Dead's progress from scruffy young upstarts to ... well, scruffy middle-aged upstarts. For me, the revelation wasn't along the lines of "God, look how young they are here!" (that's obvious; checked your own photo albums recently?) but rather how little they seem to have changed tempermentally. The haircuts and fashions may be different through the years, but the warmth we see in small smiles is not; neither are the expressions of seriousness, cynicism and self-mockery.

It's sometimes difficult to remember that there was an innocent time when the members of the Dead weren't regarded as "stars"; they were just guys in one of several hot neighborhood bands. If Herbie, or any of the other chroniclers of the early San Francisco scene — Jim Marshall, Baron Wolman and Bob Seideman were the other greats — wanted to photograph them, it was relatively easy: round 'em up on the street or in the park and fire away; nobody passing by would've thought twice about it. This is because the musicians, photographers, artists — everybody, really — viewed themselves as spokes on the same wheel; people were into supporting each other's trips. Herbie's was photography, the Dead's was music, and they helped each other, as friends do.

One doesn't come away from a work like *Book of the Dead* with any real information or knowledge per se. Its rewards are less obvious — it's the insights gleaned from looking into the eyes of the bandmembers, noticing how they stand, how they interact with each other and with Herbie's cameras. It's seeing their occasional self-consciousness and warm camaraderie. In short, you come away with a feeling of having glimpsed into the soul of the band. In his super-realist approach to session photography, Herbie ends up being an impressionist, emotionally speaking.

Through the years, Herbie has always been very generous about sharing his photos with whoever wanted a slice of the magic he created. One senses he's genuinely never been in it for the glory or the money — he's just proud of the work and wants others to enjoy it, too. Incredibly enough, *Book of the Dead* is the first real compendium of this great artist's work. Perhaps its success (and his upcoming *Grateful Dead Book of Days* weekly calendar containing many other photos, slated for release Christmas '91) will lead to future photo anthologies drawn from his extensive non-Dead portrait work. Let's hope so.

What follows are some of Herbie's thoughts and observations about the Dead, gleaned from an interview over dinner in early September.

— *BJ*

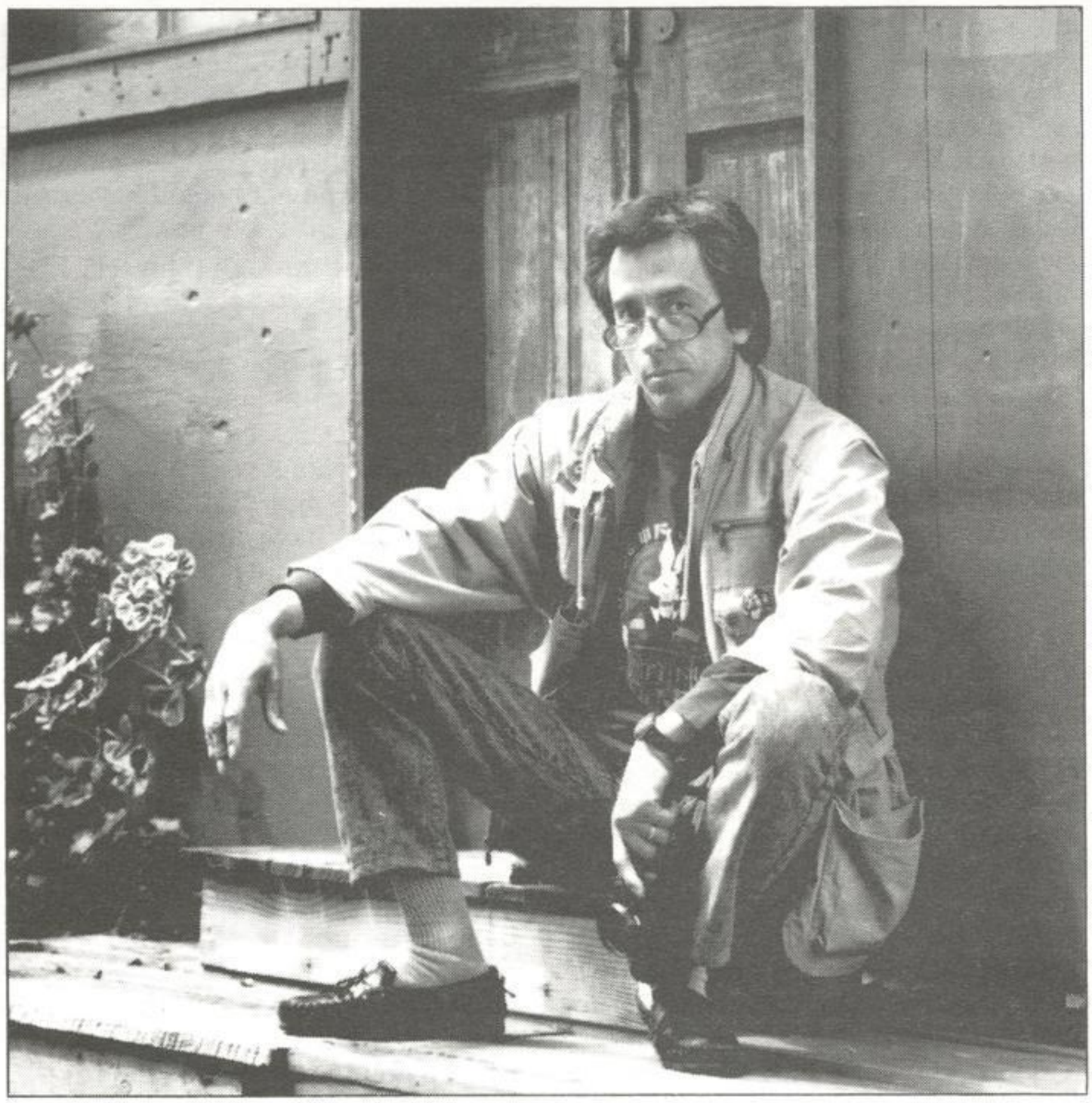
GETTING STARTED

I was raised in Medford, Oregon, and went to parochial school. Later I went to public school in Yuba City, California, which is built on an Indian burial ground and cursed: the number of disasters that have befallen Yuba City people is unbelievable — bus disasters, drownings, floods, [mass murderer] Juan Corona; you name it. There, I came under the influence of an art teacher, but I was just hopeless at it; hopeless. The teacher said, "Look, I can tell you're creative. I've got a class in photography next term. Why don't you take it?" So I got a camera at Montgomery Ward's and took the class, and I liked it.

After that I wanted to come to San Francisco, because I wanted to be a



The Warlocks, 1965



Herbie Greene. Photo: Sissy Spindler

'I was the guy with the camera. Haight-Ashbury was a tiny community then – about a five-block area where the stuff was happening. It was just great.'

beatnik really bad; I wanted to hang out with the beatniks. I was a jazz hound back then, into people like Chico Hamilton and Shelly Manne. I was weird for Yuba City, so I came down here and took photography classes at City College of San Francisco, and I avoided the draft nicely.

The second or third term I was there I fell in with the dreaded commie element — the lefties — and that gelled everything for me. They were talking about drugs and jazz and folk music and politics. I remember when I was a kid I read articles in *Argosy* or *True* magazine about people who experimented with mushrooms and things like that, and I found it really riveting. So here were all these guys at City College talking about that and about pot, although it was very difficult to find pot then. This is '60 or '61. And we'd go over to Midnight Special in Berkeley and listen to music. We'd drink wine and wander around with the pseudo-beats there.

By this time, there weren't many real beats around, even in North Beach. There were more panhandlers there, but we'd go there and hang around in folk clubs. One night I was wandering by the Coffee Confusion, or one of those places, and there was a bluegrass band playing there so I wandered in and it was Jerry Garcia and the Slippery Hollow Hog Stompers. I loved it, and after the show I went and introduced myself to him.

A couple of years passed and I was at San Francisco State and I ran into Chet Helms [later of the Family Dog] and Hank Harrison. I can't really remember how it happened, but somehow I got to talking with Hank and after a while he told me he wanted me to shoot this band he was managing — it turned out to be The Warlocks. They came charging up the stairs like a herd of buffalo; you should've seen these guys! Pigpen was the first one up, and he was wearing his full-blown biker regalia; absolutely terrifying. So that's how we met, and from there we became friends and it was magic, it all gelled so fast. I'd go down to Magoo's [pizza parlor] and see them play; it was pretty wild.

They were one of a few good bands around then — the Great Society, the Airplane, The Charlatans, Big Brother. I was the guy with the camera — by then I had a Bronica 2¼-inch-square single reflex — and that's why I photographed them. It's that simple. I only got like 50 bucks a session, but I managed to photograph just about everyone, except for Country Joe McDonald, who lived in Berkeley, so he didn't really count. [Laughs] Anyway, I remember there was that big Mime Troupe benefit dance [in the fall of '65] and it was just great; it was so fun, and we were all saying, "We should do this again next week!" And then somebody would throw a dance the next week. It all moved so fast, and by the time 90 days had elapsed it was set; the die was cast. The Avalon had opened up and the whole scene was rolling.

Haight-Ashbury was a tiny community back then. It was really about a five-block area where the stuff was happening. So I'd go over to where The Charlatans lived and see if Dan [Hicks] was home. Or I'd wander over to 710 [Ashbury Street, the Dead's house] and see what was happening. Or I'd go up to my darkroom, which was in Gene Estribou's house. He was the Scorpio Records guy [Scorpio put out the Dead's first single] and one of my best friends. It was just great.

The Charlatans were my favorite band. They were definitely the best-looking band in the world and they had an incredible songbook. They also had horrible equipment, and George Hunter [leader of the band] was always cutting his own throat. But I loved them. You had to be there to understand what was so great about them.

PIGPEN

Back in the mid- and late '60s it really seemed like it was Pig's band a lot of the time. The way he looked and the way he sang and the spark he put into the music — he was drivin' it a lot of the time. And seeing his decline was so sad, because he really did just drink himself to death. He destroyed himself drinking all that cheap wine; I mean it was the worst stuff you can imagine. But he was the sweetest guy, and when you're young it's hard to see what you're doing to yourself. Your peers probably aren't going to tell you, either, because we were all partying in different ways back then. I drank a lot of wine, too, but not the stuff he drank.

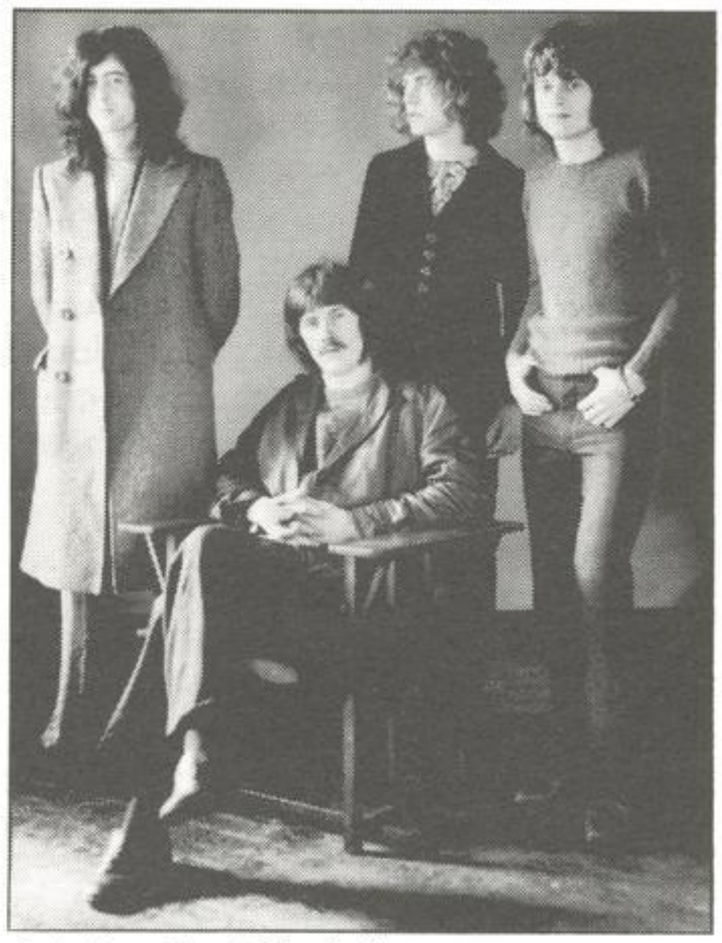
At that age, you're testing your limits. I didn't know him well enough to know why he was the way he was, but it was definitely *da blues*.

THE LOFT

What really happened was pretty close to what Babbs said in the story ["The Loft," Merry Prankster Ken Babbs' account in *The Golden Road* #23 of a photo session with the Dead in 1969. It turns out Herbie was the photographer]. What happened was I had photographed Jeff Beck when he came through town with that great band with Rod Stewart and Ronnie Wood; incredible band! Their manager was this big guy named Peter Grant, and he also managed this other band that he wanted me to photograph called Led Zeppelin. I had no idea who they were; it didn't dawn on me that these were guys from the Yardbirds, who I thought were great.

The Loft was this huge old horrible place. It was actually an old opera house. Ben Van Meter, who did the light shows at the Avalon Ballroom, had some space up there. He had this huge burlesque costume collection there, so when Rod Stewart and Ron Wood were there they were prancing around like the singing sisters; they loved it. And, like the [Babbs] story said, the comic book printers were up there. It was a real hotbed of creativity.

So I meet Led Zeppelin there to photograph them, and then I get this phone call from Rock [Scully, the



Led Zeppelin at The Loft

Dead's manager] saying the Dead have gotta have this photograph made. T.C. had joined the band and they needed something, I guess. I told them I was shooting somebody, but Rock wouldn't take no for an answer, so they all came down. So I'm at one end of this giant loft — it's like half a block long! — photographing Led Zeppelin, and the Dead are down in the other end shooting off their guns into the old theater seats that Ben had in there! This scared Zeppelin to death, of course, and the Dead never even bothered to come over and say hello or anything: "Hi Jimmy! Hi Robert!" Nothing. So that's what happened. The Dead basically barged in on Led Zeppelin's time.

I got the one group shot of the band with T.C. that's in the book [in the section labeled "Laguna Street"] that day, and the individual shots were done later. The Led Zeppelin stuff came out great, too, despite the Dead.

STUDIO VS. LIVE

I started off doing stage photography — I did plays at City College, and I liked that a lot. I would take the shots in dress rehearsal and I never had to deal with a crowd or get in between the crowd and the performers. Personally, I think it's kind of obnoxious when you see a photographer running around onstage during a performance, or right in front of a band while they're playing. I think stage photographs are real important and they can be beautiful and we need them, but not for me. I wanted my work to be more intimate, and I think it's pretty much worked out that way.

I don't think any photograph is a definitive statement. It is what it is. Outside of being a compelling image in itself, it doesn't convey that much information.

CLEAN & SOBER

During the '60s we all took a lot of acid and other drugs and drank a lot and it was cool. In the '70s we tried to keep the madness going and a lot of people did not survive it, period. In the early '70s I did a lot of album cover work and was trying very hard at being a successful photographer. I got nominated for a Grammy for a Pointer Sisters photo I did. I worked a lot with Sly Stone and Canned Heat, and I did a lot of work for CBS out of Los Angeles.

I did some of my best work during this period, but over the course of a few years I developed a King Kong drinking habit. Eventually I got to the point where I realized I was going to have to stop drinking or I'd die, so I went into a program. One of the things that impressed me in *The Golden Road* was the interview you did with [John] Barlow where he talked about alcoholism and Brent and that thing about "Gentlemen Start Your Engines" [*GR* #17]. After reading that I got to talk to Barlow about it, and about Brent, and I always wanted to talk to Brent about my experiences. I didn't know him that well, but I liked him and I liked what he did in the Dead. But I never got the chance, which is just the way it worked out. I don't know if I could have made a difference; probably not.

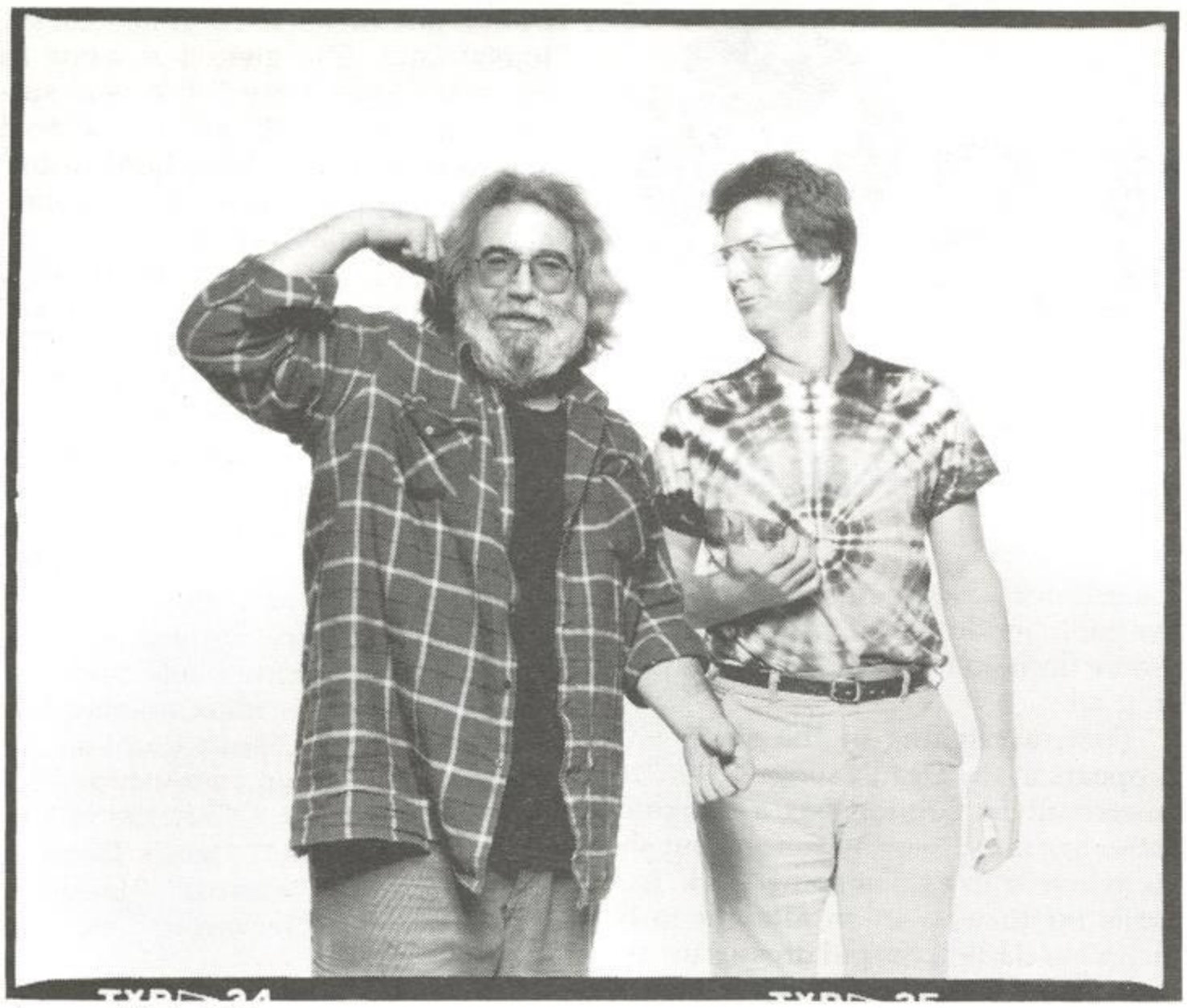
After going through it myself, I basically didn't even talk to anyone for about a year. I stopped taking photographs for a while, too, because the muse was in the bottle. When I was working for CBS I'd stage these big elaborate sessions where we'd smoke a lot of grass and drink a lot of wine and beer and have all this food; a real big spread. I remember one time I'd put out all this food and wine for a session with Santana not knowing that because of his religious beliefs he didn't drink at all. So I just drank all the wine myself! Anyway, this became such a part of my work I didn't know what to do after I stopped drinking.

You know, I've heard that after Garcia got sick and then recovered and came back cleaned up, a lot of Deadheads stopped using abusive substances, too. And that's magic. It's great the band can affect people in that way. And seeing that was part of what got me going to shows more again.

It's only fairly recently that I've hung out with any Deadheads and seen what that's all about. In fact, it was just a few years ago, at the Berkeley Community Theater, that I sat through a whole second set. I'd always just hung out backstage, but David Gans [Deadhead author/radio show host] convinced me to sit out front for a change. And the Dead came up with a "space" that night that was unbelievable. It was structured so well. This was serious 20th century music. And it struck me that nobody else is even attempting this stuff, yet they're out there doing it every show to a greater or lesser degree of success. So after this show was over I was pretty amazed and I asked David, "What's goin' on here?" He said, "It's magic." And I said, "Why is it magic?" And without missing a beat he said, "Because it changes people's lives." Whoa! That was like a thunderbolt coming down and illuminating everything for me, and ever since then I've been really into it. So for me to then get to shoot the cover of *In the Dark* and do those photo sessions with them, and then do Dylan and the Dead, was incredible for me.

SHOOTING THE DEAD

They sometimes grumble about it, but when you're actually photographing the band they seem to like it. Garcia definitely likes it; you rarely see a bad photograph of Jerry. Bob is very dif-



Jerry and Phil, 1987

ficult to photograph because he's so self-conscious. He's more of the rock star type. I mean, if anybody's going to come out wearing sequined boots in the band, it's going to be Bob. [Laughs] He can be real tense when he's sitting for you, though the last time I worked with him he was a lot looser. Also, he's started to get some lines in his face that give him more character. Mickey's easy.

DYLAN/DEAD

Shooting Dylan and the Dead was really just about the worst five minutes of my life. This was at the Mardi Gras shows in March of '87 [at Kaiser Convention Center]. I had been really sick and I'd been spending my time working on *In the Dark*. Dylan was supposed to come on one of three nights but we didn't know which. Of course he showed up the last night and we didn't get going on the photos until about midnight. I am not a night person, either.

By this point, the Dead are totally freewheeling about their photos. They hate to pose so I just let them run loose and then I take whatever is happening. That's more like them: it's risky. You get something usable and it's a miracle; truly! So Dylan comes in and you can tell he doesn't want to be there, and we start taking a few photos and he's sinking lower and lower in his chair. I'm changing rolls and thinking, "I'm dead. There's just nothing here." There's this whole row of people behind me making this dull roar in my ear, and the band is clowning around. Mickey's got drumsticks up his nose. It was awful! So finally I yelled something out just to get some of their attention, and I hit it — that's the shot we used: the first shot on the second roll. It's a great photograph, because it captures people interacting in really interesting ways. But getting it was really hard. It's a thousandth of a second. Thank God it worked out, because it was pretty dicey.

The early stuff [the mid-'60s photos] we did in natural light, and the stuff I did in '69 was done with a large-format camera — I've got a dark cloth over my head — and they had to be still for a quarter of a second, half a second. They were transfixed by it because they knew you were doing something. That's a lot different from taking a 35mm camera and motordriving through a session.

CAPTURING HISTORY

I almost wanted to call the book *Brief Encounters with the Dead* because when you figure it out it represents only about two hours of contact in the whole book. [Laughs] On the other hand, we have a relationship that runs real deep that goes all the way back to the very beginning and that has sort of maintained itself over the years. They're always nice to me and I try not to over-extend my welcome. They like the work I do and let me do pretty much what I want with it. It's not like I call Jerry on the phone every day; not at all. But they know I love them, and I think they trust me. They'll give me a hard time sometimes, individually, because they know I take it real seriously — it's like a joke to them. I remember a time in the early '70s when I went to see them at the Santa Monica Civic Center and I was wearing a vest and a tie, which is how I used to dress back then, and the band walked by and totally messed up my hair, pulled out my tie until I looked completely disheveled. It was like a slapstick routine.

I've been asked, "Why is the book important?" I guess it's mainly because you can't go back and do it again. When I was making all those photographs I was doing it from the inside; I was part of the scene, rather than an outsider looking in at the scene. I think that's one reason the work has the integrity it has. Not that it adds up to any great statement. But you look at the pictures of that party [at Rancho Olompali, 1966] or on the street . . . it's amazing. Watching them get older is amazing.

I used to think that I was doing this book for the band, but you know, they don't really care that much about the pictures. What matters to them is the recordings; they're musicians. I was talking to Garcia one time about how



we were having trouble getting Dylan to approve the photo of them, and Jerry said, "What's the matter? It's just a photograph!" That clicked with me. I'm sure they think what I've done is fine and they're happy with it, but I also don't think they give it a lot of thought. They've got other things to think about. So David [Gans] said to me, "Well, do it for the Deadheads!" And that's what I did.

I was wandering through the crowd at Cal Expo [in June] and this young guy stopped me and said, "You're Herb Greene, aren't you? I saw you at Kepler's Books," at this book signing I did with David and Jerilyn [Brandelius, author of *The Grateful Dead Family Album*]. So we talked for a while and it was really nice, and eventually I said, "I gotta go find my friends," and he said, "Hey, we're all your friends." And I believe him. I do. □

Roots



A Closer Look at "Jackaroe"

Since it was introduced in the spring of '77, "Jackaroe" has been among my favorite Dead cover tunes. However, only in the past two years has it become common in the Dead's sets; maybe that's why it's on my mind. It always gives a nice kick to a first set, though my favorite version is probably the one time it was played in the second: 11/20/78, Cleveland Music Hall, where it materialized out of a very abstract space jam. Normally I am immediately drawn to a song's lyrics, but for some reason it took me a few years before the particulars of the "Jackaroe" story seeped into my consciousness. Knowing that folk songs evolve over time, I decided to search for antecedents of the Dead's version in hopes of putting a little more flesh on the bones of this intriguing tale.

First, a retelling of the story as it appears in the Dead's song: A wealthy merchant in London has a daughter who has many worthy suitors, but she is in love with a sailor named Jack. Jack sails off to war. In an attempt to be with her darlin', the girl dresses up like a man and tries to enlist in the war. At first there is some skepticism: "I see your waist is slender, your fingers they are small/Your cheeks too red and rosy to face the cannon ball." But she allays their fears: "I know my waist is slender, my fingers they are small/But it would not make me tremble to see 10,000 fall." She gives her name as Jackaroe. After a big battle, she succeeds in finding Jack "among the dead and wounded," and takes him to a doctor. The couple marries and presumably lives happily ever after.

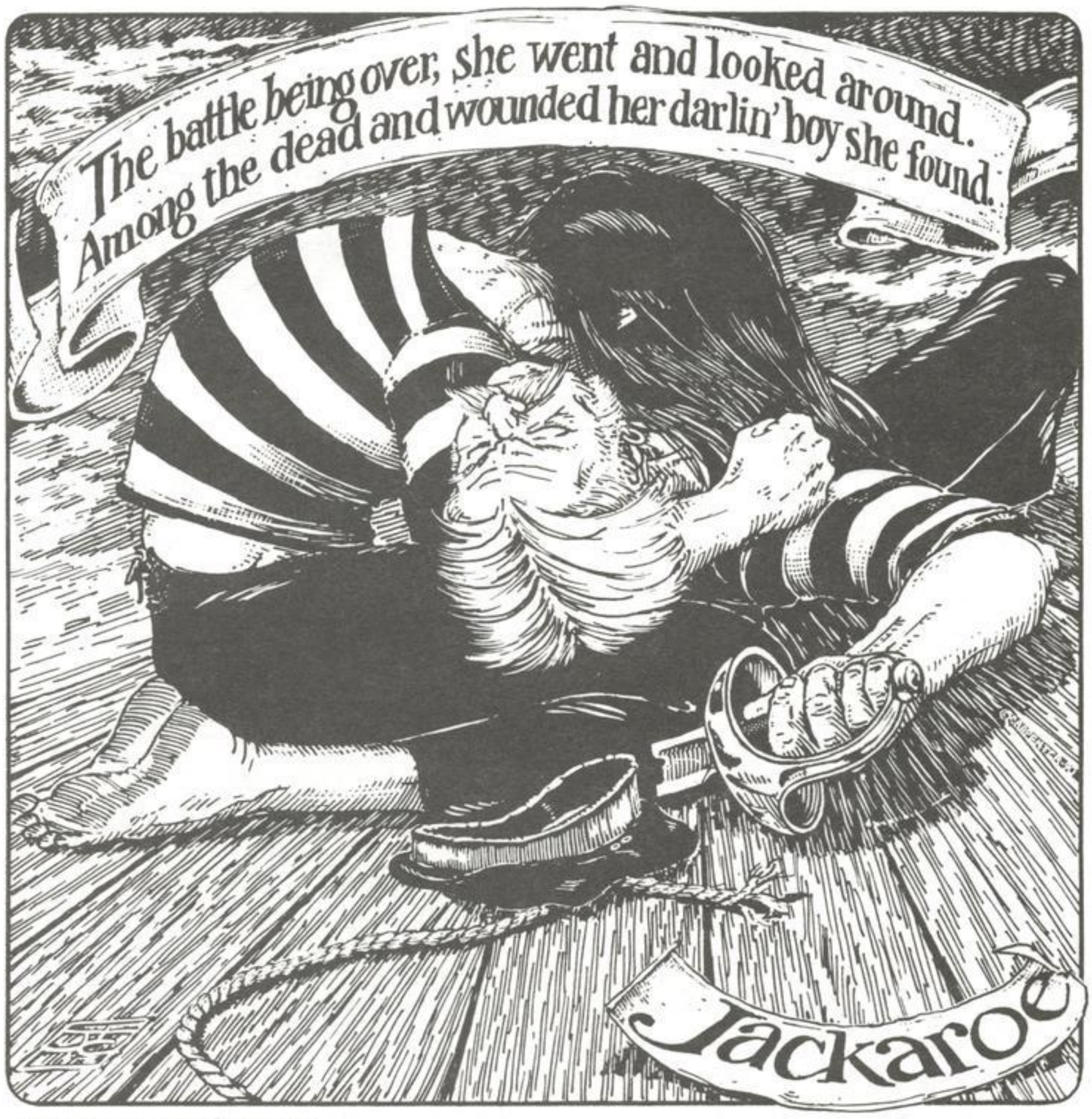


Illustration: Jim Carpenter

Pinpointing the origins of the story is impossible. Historians note that tales of what is sometimes called "The Maiden Warrior" date all the way back to ancient Greece, though our "Jackaroe" probably derives from the folk balladry of the British Isles of the past two or three centuries. (How's that for vague?) It also has a long and rich history in the United States, with variations on the story turning up in the 19th and 20th century folk traditions of many states — most notably Missouri, Kentucky, North Carolina and Virginia. It's known variously as "The Wealthy Merchant," "Jack the Sailor," "Jack the Farmer," "Jack's Gone A-Sailing," "Jack Munro," "Jackaro," "Jack-A-Roe," "Jackaroe," etc., depending on the region. Most of the American versions collected by musicologists early in this century share similar plot points and language, but there are regional differences and some have more story than others. And typical of songs in the oral tradition, some versions are localized — "There was a wealthy merchant, in *Louisville* he did dwell" — to make them more immediate to the listener.

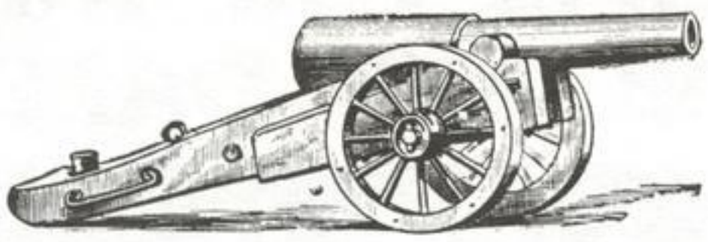
In the expanded readings of the song, there is usually a fair amount of intrigue involving the heroine's family, which is horrified that she would eschew the "men of high degree" for a sailor. In a Missouri version called "Jack the Sailor" dug up from a turn-of-the-century ballad book, the girl, Mollie, is betrayed by her maid-in-waiting, who snitches to the parents that Mollie is in love with Jack. Her parents fly into a rage at this revelation and confront Mollie, but she won't back down. At this, the parents go to an enlisting officer and offer him 5000 guilders "If you'll press young Jack the sailor to the wars of Germany." Now *that* is *cold*. Money talks, of course, so it's off to England and then, eventually, Germany for poor Jack.

The next part is familiar: Mollie goes to the tailor shop, "and dressed in men's array" succeeds in convincing a sea captain to take her to England. "She rose early the next morning, a battle was to be/And in the ranks a-standing, her darling boy did see/She marched straight up to him, but her he did not know/'Til a smile lit up her countenance: 'You're an English boy, I know.'" She pledges to stand by his

side in battle, and indeed they march into the fray together. Jack is wounded but she takes him to a doctor, "and next they found a parson and in marriage they were bound." They sail back to "French London" (?) and reveal the marriage to the parents. The moral of the story appears in the last verse: "Now this young couple's married and living at their ease/Kind people, let your children get married when they please."

In another version the father gives the newlyweds all his money because "my children's all I crave." A third version has "Polly" (who masquerades as "Jack Munroe") living a full life with Jack the sailor, until he dies and "she drew out her broadsword and bid this world adieu/Saying, 'There's an end of Jack the sailor, Likewise of Jack Munroe." Holy pathos, Batman!

The Dead's "Jackaroe" is essentially a slightly speeded up variation of the version popularized by Joan Baez on her 1962 album *In Concert, Volume 2*. (That album contains a version of "Peggy-O," too.) The song also appears on a 1961 Folkways album by Peggy Seeger and Ewan MacColl called *Two-Way Trip*. Joan, Peggy and Ewan were giants in the genre in those days and had an incalculable influence on aspiring folkies coast to coast, the future members of the Grateful Dead included.



Jackaroe

There was a wealthy merchant in
London he did dwell
He had a beautiful daughter, the truth
to you I'll tell
Oh the truth to you I'll tell

She had sweethearts aplenty and
men of high degree
But none but Jack the sailor her true
love e'er could be
Oh her true love e'er could be

Now Jacky's gone a-sailin' with
trouble on his mind
He left his native country and his
darlin' girl behind
Oh his darlin' girl behind

She went down to a tailor shop
and dressed in men's array
She climbed on board a vessel to convey
herself away
Oh convey herself away

"Before you get on board, sir,
your name we'd like to know"
She smiled up in his countenance
"They call me Jackaroe"
Oh they call me Jackaroe

"I see your waist is slender, your fingers
they are small,
your cheeks too red and rosy to face
the cannon ball"
Oh to face the cannon ball

"I know my waist is slender,
my fingers they are small
but it would not make me tremble to
see ten thousand fall"
Oh to see ten thousand fall

The battle being over, she went and
looked around
Among the dead and wounded her
darlin' boy she found
Oh her darlin' boy she found

She picked him up all in her arms and
carried him to the town
She sent for a physician who quickly
healed his wounds
Oh who quickly healed his wounds

This couple they got married so well
they did agree
This couple they got married so why
not you and me
Oh why not you and me
Oh why not you and me



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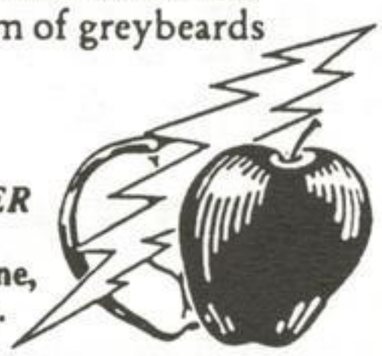
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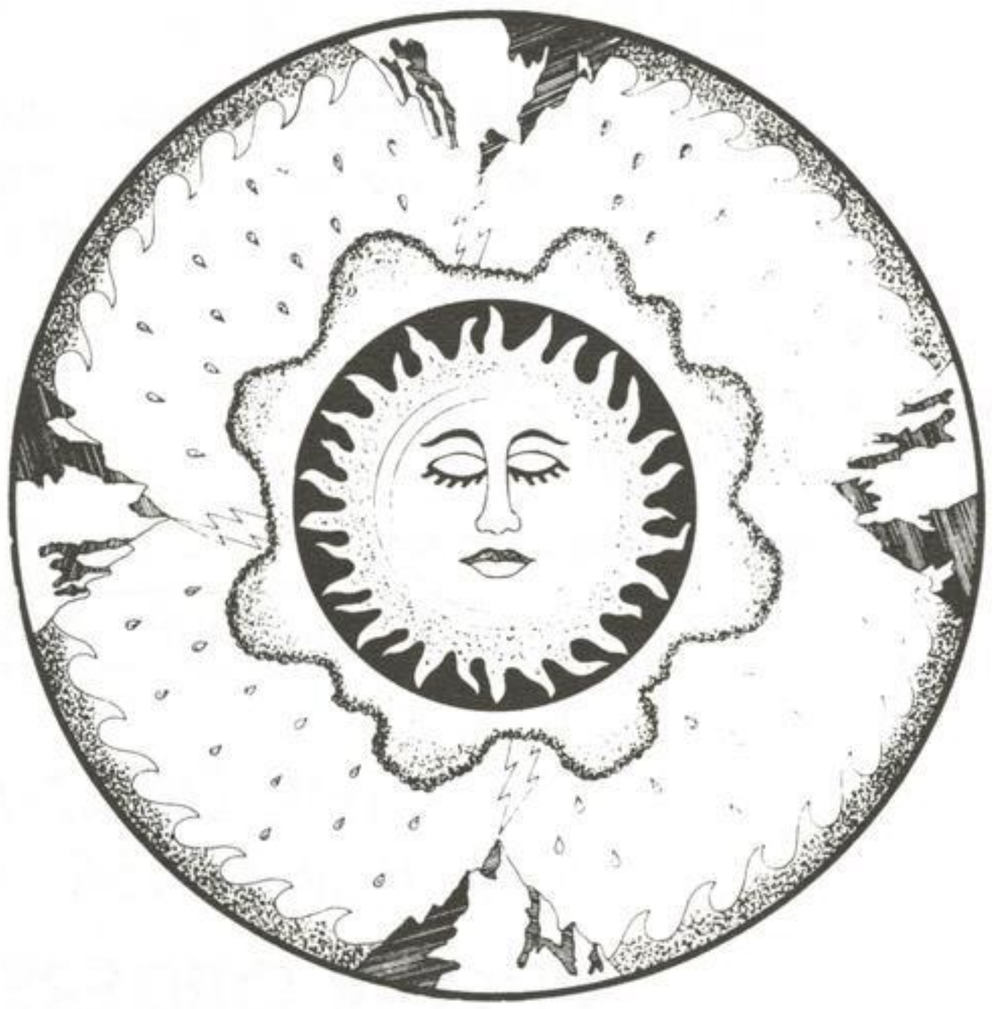
– *Robert Hunter*



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FUNSTUFF

Banned in Louisiana? It Could Happen: Is there any end to the right-wing madness sweeping this country? The Louisiana State Senate passed a bill requiring warning stickers on albums that "advocate or encourage" rape, incest, bestiality, sadomasochism, prostitution, unlawful ritualistic acts, suicide and unlawful use of controlled drugs or alcohol. Get this: under the law, which was vetoed by the governor (though he says he agrees with much of it), it would have been a *crime* to sell albums with these stickers to unmarried minors under 17. The religious fanatics and other self-appointed arbiters of public morality who pushed the bill through the legislature the first time have vowed to rework it and try again, so we're not out of the woods yet. Yep, fascism is busting out all over!

In an excellent article in the *New York Times*, music critic Jon Pareles noted the irony of this happening in Louisiana, whose musical heritage is loaded with great old songs filled with violence, drinking and sex. "The unofficial state anthem, 'When the Saints Go Marching In,' is probably safe for minors under the bill," Pareles wrote, "but the dozens, perhaps hundreds of versions of 'Stagger Lee' — a cornerstone of Louisiana rhythm & blues, in which gamblers shoot one another unrepentently — are clearly homicidal. . . . The hit 'Iko-Iko' comes straight from [the] stylized street fights [of the Mardi Gras Indians] and threatens to 'set your flag' — or in some versions, 'tail' — 'on fire.' . . . Clifton Chenier's zydeco classic 'I'm a Hog For You, Baby' [which the Dead covered in the late '60s] might be construed as endorsing bestiality."

Pareles suggests that one record company strategy to fight this madness might be to stop the voluntary stickering of albums "and let Louisiana's prosecutors decide whether, say, the Grateful Dead's 'Friend of the Devil' is encouraging 'unlawful ritualistic acts' of Satanism."

Using these sorts of absurd standards, this law could also spell trouble for such Dead classics as "Jack Straw," "Candyman," "Brown-Eyed Women," "Hell in a Bucket," "China Doll," and the list goes on. How 'bout all that violence in "When Push Comes to Shove"? Looks like sticker material to us!



RIGHT

5 ERRORS CONTEST

CAST your orbs on this conglomeration of talent! They call themselves the Grateful Dead and they all hail from San Francisco. If you'd like to give their sound a listen, you'll find their hit Warner Brothers single, *The Golden Road (To Unlimited Devotion)* and their LP *The Grateful Dead* at your local record store. But wait a minute! Do you see what we see?

The top drawing is fine, but the bottom drawing contains five errors. Can you spot them? If you can, just draw a circle around each error with a pen or pencil, fill in the coupon below, tear the page along the dotted line and mail the coupon to: Five Errors Contest, *16* Magazine, Box 104, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

To each of the first five readers who can correctly identify all five errors, *16* will award $10 in cash. All coupons will be dropped inside a revolving barrel and Gloria Stavers, *blindfolded*, will pick the winners — so everybody has a chance!

Go to work right away — and good luck!

WRONG



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Underground guru Seymour Glass of Berkeley gave us this very strange contest that appeared in the teen magazine 16 *in 1967. So far, we've only found one error.*

Off the Bus and Into the Paddywagon: Well, not quite, but it sure was an odd scene in Eugene, Oregon, in late June when members of the Dead, along with local icons Ken Kesey and Ken Babbs and Hollywood producer Robert Cao, were thrown out of the Eugene Vets' Club building. Their crime? Bringing beer onto the premises!

According to a Eugene Register-Guard story on the incident (forwarded to us by Babbs), Kesey had rented the banquet room at the Veterans' building for a gathering after the first of the Dead's two shows at Autzen Stadium. He and Babbs have been trying to get the Dead interested in a possible film project on Neal Cassady and they wanted to use the meeting to pitch the project. When the band and its entourage arrived, a couple of people had brought their own beers, not knowing that an Oregon Liquor Control Commission rule forbids bringing beer bought elsewhere into a licensed premeses. A waitress told them they could drink only beers bought there, and everyone agreed. However, the irate bartender, Richard Moore, stormed over to the group and "I told 'em, 'Take your stuff and hit the road!' I called my boss and she said get 'em out," he said.

Did Moore know he was booting the Grateful Dead? "I wouldn't know 'em if they came up and talked to me," he told the newspaper. Ironically enough, the Vets' Club is a favorite watering hole of the Kesey-Babbs crowd. Boy, you can't take the GD anywhere!

Baby, You Can Drive My Car: We're not really sure why, but *Vanity Fair* magazine loaned a $63,000 Porsche Carrera Tiptronic to Bob Weir, and then interviewed him about the experience for its September issue. Weir, a BMW 535i driver (and a '63 Corvette

F U N S T U F F

Sting Ray owner) put the car to the test over a period of several days, cruising the twisting and turning roads near his Marin County home, and blasting down the freeways. "I had some dangerous fun in this car," he reported to writer Mark Ginsburg, though adding that he had many reservations about the car's unusual automatic/manual transmission function. "The car almost converted me into an enthusiast," Weir concluded, "but my driver's license is a fairly precious item for me. If I had a car like that . . . It drives so wonderfully at higher speeds that I'm afraid my license would disappear pretty fast. I don't like to have to spend all my time looking in the rearview mirror. I don't like that gnawing fear in the pit of my stomach."

Weir also characterized Garcia's BMW 750iL as "a big rocket ship." Sounds about right! (Thanks to Roger Hunter of Barrington, IL, for the clipping.)

I Left My Daughter in San Francisco: According to the gossip rag *The Star*, singer Tony Bennett is upset that his daughter Antonia has become a Deadhead. Maybe she and Chastity Bono can sing backups at a Dead show sometime. (Thanks to Vickie Letto of Des Plaines, IL, for the item.)

It's a Virtual World After All: In the most recent issue of the always entertaining and strange cyber-new age-metaphysical-psychedelic-computer magazine *Mondo 2000* (formerly *High Frontiers,* then *Reality Hackers*), Dead lyricist John Barlow wrote two extraordinarily interesting articles about virtual reality and cyberspace explorer Jaron Lanier. Wearing specially designed goggles known as Eyephones, and something called a DataGlove on one hand, the cyberspace adventurer is thrust into a seemingly three-dimensional reality conjured by a powerful computer. It's a technology that's still in its infancy, but it has the potential to be infinitely complex and trippy: imagine being able to spend hours in a different world, a different dimension, without moving. This is more than just 3-D simulation. At one point in the article Barlow describes how he brought Garcia into the virtual world:

"Knowing that Garcia is a sucker for anything that might make a person question all he knows, I gave him a call not long after my first cyberspace demo. Hell yes, he was interested. When? If I'd told him 6:00 a.m. I think he'd have been there on time.

"He adapted to it quicker than anyone I'd watched other than my 4-year-old daughter, Anna (who came home and told her sisters matter-of-factly that she'd been to a neat 'place' that afternoon).

"By the time he crossed back over to our side of the reality horizon, he was pretty kid-like himself. 'Well,' he finally said, 'they outlawed LSD. It'll be interesting to see what they do with this.'"

Later, Lanier tells Barlow:

"I think there's a relationship between the Grateful Dead and Virtual Reality in the sense that Virtual Reality is sort of a talisman for Western civilization, a way for people to get ecstatic and be with each other. . . .

"What I was thinking would be a fun thing to do with the Dead would be to put them inside Virtual Reality during a show and then rear-project the scene inside Virtual Reality on a screen behind the band so the audience can watch them become creatures and stuff, playing their instruments.

"You could even have an audience participation station where people could go in for a few minutes and get Virtual with them. I think it would be fun."

Sign us up!! If you'd like to get a copy of this issue of *Mondo 2000* (which includes lots of neat stuff over the course of 160 pages), send $7 (postage paid) to *Mondo 2000,* P.O. Box 10171 Dept. M2-2, Berkeley, CA 94709. Specify that you want the Summer 1990 issue. It's stimulating reading all the way!



From the just-published book The Secret Life of Dogs, *by cartoonist David Sipress. Submitted by Kamsay Teviotdale, Arlington, VA*

The Evil Twin Strikes Again! You may remember a couple of years ago we ran an item about a Bob Weir impersonator named Randall Delpiano, who was convicted of bilking all sorts of gullible people out of money and possessions while claiming to be Weir. In fact, he served 15 months in jail on fraud and theft charges. Well, in late August Delpiano was at it again, and once more he found a few people who believed that he was Weir. A sergeant working the case said that he seemed to be following the same pattern of charming people by playing Grateful Dead songs on the harmonica (!) and ingratiating himself into their lives. At a housing development in Northern California called Discovery Bay, the false Weir managed to talk two young businessmen into putting him up for several days. "It was quite entertaining," said one. "We were enjoying his harmonica music and his stories. I had no reason to believe it wasn't Bob Weir." His friend added, "He seemed very upset about the death of Brent Mydland. His story was he was being hounded by the press. [He] said he wanted to get away . . . It all made good sense."

The two saps put up Delpiano for



"Ozone Patrol" from the Colorado U. Daily (submitted by several readers)

several days, paying for his food and drinks at home and in restaurants, where the imposter even signed autographs. They also introduced the *faux* Weir to the 20-year-old daughter of a neighbor, who quickly became his lover. "He promised me the world," she told a reporter later. "He told me how much he loved me." He also said he would take the young woman to Europe on the band's tour, so she allowed herself to miss a college enrollment deadline.

Eventually, one of the two businessmen learned that they had been conned and confronted Delpiano. Mr. phony-baloney stuck to his story. Finally, one of the men gave him $40 for cab fare just to get rid of this guest-who-wouldn't-leave. He remains at large, no doubt practicing "Victim or the Crime" on the harmonica wherever he is.

Even Saddam Can't Stop GD Movie and TV Sightings

Even we spot GD references occasionally. Like when we saw *The Freshman* — Matthew Broderick's dorm room in the film has a *Dead Set*-era GD poster on the wall in one scene . . . And in *Pump Up the Volume*, GR subscriber Gary Kerper or Tarrytown, NY, saw an *Aoxomoxoa* poster on the office wall



Another "Hi & Lois" strip about the Dead. What gives?

of one of the movie's hip characters . . . Brad Fuller of Boise alerted us to a recent episode of the HBO comedy series *Not Necessarily the News* that featured a fake ad for a film called "Night of the Living Deadheads." (OK, it's not exactly an original idea.) In it, Deadheads looking like zombies disrupt a picnic, but instead of attacking the people, the zombies just eat their food, no doubt because they have the munchies.

Another Quack Poll: In *Spin* magazine's recent "35 Years of Rock 'n' Roll" special issue, one of the features is a listing of 35 "Guitar Gods." Their so-called rating system isn't really explained, except for noting things along the lines of "Marrying Valerie Bertinelli: −77.5 pts.," "Smashing Your Guitar a Lot: +34.35 pts." etc. At any rate, Garcia turns up at #32 on the list, below such heavies as Steve Vai, Queen's Brian May, former Husker Du axe man Bob Mould, Stooges thrasher Ron Ashton and even Joan Jett! Well, what can you say about a list where Jimi Hendrix finishes *seventh* and Frank Zappa doesn't make it at all?

In that same issue of *Spin*, the Boys are compared to a very strange art/noise/trash band called Tragic Mulatto:

"Like the Grateful Dead, Tragic Mulatto is a San Francisco band with two drummers, but the self-righteously mellow Dead are way too uptight to have allowed audience members to masturbate onstage. Another difference: Tragic Mulatto is less likely to jam on their instruments than they are to jam objects into their many orifices."

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2 DAT, 2 NAKS, 1000 hrs. Lots more wanted. JE Martin, 10 Princes Ct, Dukes Ave, New Walden, Surrey KT34HZ, England

Looking for hi-qual JGB '89-'90, have 570 hrs. DES 1194 Crim Rd, Bridgewater, NJ 08807

Have videos: Hampton 10/8-9/89, Albany 5/24/90, others. Trade for more! K Wilson, 7403 Fairway Ave, Richmond, VA 23228

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Have most shows since '86, many earlier. Will trade for blanks. Wharfrat Paul, 1917 14th St, Sacramento, CA 95814

Searching: High Noon, Crosby 12/22/70, UCSB 5/24/74. Write first? Steve Jackson, 12 Milburn St, Quakers Hill, NSW 2763, Australia.

East Coast trader w/1000+ hrs needs more. Koval, RDI Box 205A Zion Rd, Neshonic Sta, NJ 08853

Albany: Seek 3/24, 25, 26/90. Also MSG 10/22/88. 200 hrs to trade. M Thompson, 39 S Main St, South Deerfield, MA 01373

Serious, dependable trader 2 900+ hrs. HQ, lo-gen, GD, JBG & others. Jeff, 15716 Wingpoint Dr, Dallas, TX 75248

Need HQ 6/7/69, 2/11/70, 11/17/71 & trading buddies. Have 400 hrs. Jurgen Winnwa, Dahner Str 95, 6746 Hanenstein, W Germany

Lost sailor looking for my last couple shows: 12/9/89, 5/5/90. Jon Turner, USS England CG-22. Fox Div, FPO SF, CA 96664

Want GD 6/26/86, JGB 12/31/74, Go Ahead 10/23/86. Have 350 hrs. Lynn Richter, 311 Front St, N Redwood, MN 56283

90s wanted: Mardi Gras, Expo, Eugene. Have Dead, Floyd, Camper. Dan Ireland, ASUC Store, Box 618, Telegraph & Bancroft, Berkeley, CA 94720-1111

Seeking HQ rare GD, 1700 hrs GD, 600 hrs other to trade. Dan Gale, Box 4656, Arcata, CA 95521

Want 9/1/90 JGB. Have many masters. 3169 B Evening Way, La Jolla, CA 92037

New trader wants 3/29/90, lists. Will send blanks. Correspondence. Dave Speidel, 427-1/2 NW 2nd St, Faribaullt, MN 55021

Let's ease on plastics. Low volume trader. Send lists. Peace. Tom, 515 Lake St, Kent, OH 44240-2644

West LA Head has many masters, looking for 3/29/90 & 6/16/90. John Weiss, 3234 Hermosa Ave, Hermosa Beach, CA 90254

Looking for Velvet Underground tapes or correspondence. Dead to trade. Richard Kirwin, 82 Miller St, Franklin, MA 02038

Wanted: Leon Russell. Lots of Dead to trade. Sandi McGeaclen, 225 E Grantline #22, Tracy, CA 95376

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Seeking JGB Merriweather 89. Also JGB 12/11/83; Dead summer tour 90. Shannon, Rt 2, Box 184, Huddleston, VA 24104

Garcia Band: Have 550+ hrs, want more, also Marley, Prof Longhair. 2100+ hrs. Walter, 16 Mather St, Boston, MA 02124

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100+ hrs. Need HQ 3/29/90 Nassau. Let's trade lists. Janis Phelps, 1200 Mariposa Ave #204, Coral Gables, FL 33146

Help! New Head needs any JGB, Dead. I'll send blanks. Mark McKercher, 120 Parkway Dr, Newport News, VA 23606

Need St. Louis 8/11/82. 700+ hrs to trade. Prompt service. Robert, 10300 SW 55 Ave, Miami, FL 33156

Grieving for 5/1/80, 6/28/88, 7/4/90 spring/summer '90. 300 hrs. Russ Lane, 2849 N Park Ave, Springfield, MO 65803

Want Strawberry Festival, other bluegrass. Got 1000s hrs various live tapes. John L, 2474 S York St, Denver, CO 80210

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Any heads taping Dawg Music? Have 900+ hrs lo-gen GD. Kent Munro, 509 Innes St, Nelson, BC, Canada VIL5G1

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Looking for 6/12/80 Portland OR & new stuff. Have 600 hrs. Tom Dewey, 5505 15th Ave NE #206, Seattle, WA 98105

1100+ hrs. Looking for HQ lo-gen JGB & GD, Steve, 111 S Prospect, Clarendon Hills, IL 60514

Have 100+ hrs. Want more. Will trade or send blanks/postage. T. Breslin, 28 March Ave, West Roxbury, MA 02132

Want fall 89 JGB. Have 1500+ hrs Dead. Shuey, Box 553, Trego, MT 59934

Help! Need spring, summer 90. Have 300+ hrs to trade. Rick Kabbert, 113 Washington Rd, Pittsburgh, PA 15221

Have/want Allmans, Hendrix, Rads, Feat, Stones, etc. Trade lists. Paul Kiger, 2515 Arden Dr, Gainesville, FL 32605

Seeking CSNY or CSN and old Dead. Lots to trade. Steve Morton, 6211 E 15th St, Tucson, AZ 85711

Have 150 hrs incl some summer 90. Need GD & Neil. Dave Meier, Carleton College, Northfield, MN 55057

Have/want HQ SBDs: 72-77 & recent shows. Santana, Rads. Jon Harrison, 118 W Johnson St, Apt T-1, Madison, WI 53703

Irie Reggae Tapers Unite! Spear, Uhuru, Marley & more. Send list: Glenn, 228 Stonewall Ln, Fairfield, CT 06430

Quality counts! 650 hrs HQ SBDs & lo-gen aud. JD Hunt, Box 22461, Salt Lake City, UT 84122

900+ Dead, 300 non-Dead & want more GD, JGB, Zappa, Raitt. Chip, 6737 Laralon Ct, Jacksonville, FL 32216

Lo-gen SBDs. Have same. Need summer 89 NAK & VHS. Brad Currier, 27 River Colony, Guilford, CT 06437

Have Buffalo, Deer Creek 90. Want Garcia/Weir Hawaii 90. Mike Bardo, 12 Daisy Ln, Orchard Park, NY 14127

Beginner needs HQ Dead. Is Help on the Way? Dezi, 15445 Ventura Blvd, Ste 2, Sherman Oaks, CA 91403

Have some neat stuff to trade for 4/3/90, 3/8/90 & 7/21/90. Pat Conway, 5950 Shore Dr, Harbor Springs, MI 49740

All lists needed & welcomed. Have 120+ qual hrs GD & JGB. Jose Braveman, Rm 204, Peabody Hall, Miami U, Oxford, OH 45056

Desperately seeking Spectrum 11/5, 6/79. Bonnie Stevens, 722 SW 8th St, Hallandale, FL 33009

Wanted: videos of 12/31/78 & Sunshine Daydream. Have 600 hrs GD/JGB. Jim, 4117 Winter Harbor Ct, Chantilly,, VA 22021

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Half-decent A to Z tape collection. Send list to Mike Biros, 727 Locust St, Reading, PA 19604

Desperately seeking 3/18/77 & Jerry 9/24/84. 600+ hrs to trade. Greg Vaccaro, 195 Longwood Dr, Englishtown, NJ 07726

Seeking Clapton, Van, Dylan, Dillards. Have Dead, more to trade. S&B Smith, Box 175, Dillon Beach, CA 94929

Car, tapes stolen! Help me replace 6/21/89, 12/31/89, 9/87 Spectrum. Sharon Ravin, 2626 Catharine St, Philadelphia, PA 19146

Have 200+ qual hrs, want more. Will trade with anyone. CW Wood, 31980 Alvin, Garden City, MI 48135

Let's trade killer SBDs. Need 3/29/90, 9/16/88, 6/26/88. Mike Brozovich, 2107 Harbor St, Pittsburgh, PA 15212

Looking for fast reliable traders. 200+ HQ hrs. Keith Rows, 4828 54th St, San Diego, CA 92115

Have DAT & PCM. Let's trade. Soft Madine, Box 191424, Dallas, TX 75219

Help! Desperately need Henry Kaiser Band w/TC, Wetlands, NYC 5/9/90. Saw a few people taping it, would love a copy for noncommercial home use. Have 250+ HQ Dead to trade or can send blanks. Any help gratefully appreciated. S. Crawford, 171 Mt Harmony Rd, Bernardsville, NY 07924

Fast reliable trader with HQ tapes. All lists answered. Bill Jacobs, 21047 Gardena Dr, Cupertino, CA 95014

Have 400+ hrs HQ GD. Reliable trader. Henry Simpson, 1238 Upas St, San Diego, CA 92103

Seeking 85-90 Dylan. Also GD 3/21/90, 3/24/90. 600 hrs to trade. David Stern, 311 E. Lincoln St, Ithaca, NY 14850

Have 700 hrs GD, 50 hrs JGB. Let's trade tapes! Gunter Hufschmidt, Fringsgraben 27, 5100 Aachen, W Germany

300+ hrs GD, want HQ Dead, Dead videos, non-Dead. Carl Schlenger, 29 Windemere Pkwy, Phoenix, MD 21131

Help! I need 6/8/90 PA & 6/16/90 NY, CSN sets. Thomas Hogshead, 1108 G Dover Rd, Greensboro, NC 27408

Jonesing for Jerry, Greek JGB 8/26/89. Has anybody got it? Peter Oppenheimer, Box 487, Forest Knolls, CA 94933

Wanted: Easy-going, quality trades. 1000+ hrs. Dead, Reggae, others. V&T, 924 Cheyenne, Golden, CO 80401

My cup be empty. Please help me start a tape collection! Elise Keeley, 8640 Hadley, Overland Park, KS 66212

Seeking SBDs or exc qual summer tour, 550 hrs to trade. Art Cohen, 281 Harvard St #24, Cambridge, MA 02139

Have 500+ hrs HQ Dead looking for more. Send lists. Dave L, 39D Glen Hollow Dr, Hulfsville, NY 11742

Want to trade for Europe 90 tapes. Roger Warner, 3324 SW Kelly #1, Portland, OR 97201

Reliable 200 hrs seeking SBDs, quality audiences from early years. Coleman Inge, Box 13252, RTP, NC 27709-3252

Need flawless 6/20/83, 7/8/90 & pre-78s. Have 600+ hrs. Zev Kessler, 3742 Shannon Rd, Cleveland Hts, OH 44118

Dubbs for Dobbs: 1200 hrs eclectic collection! Sandscape Studios, 221 Paseo Marguerita, Vista, CA 92084

Digital. Serious. Quality. Dead, non-Dead. Video. Trade. J. Cucci, 238 W 4th St, NYC, NY 10014

Want Dead tapes, have 750 hrs to trade. Dan Farrell, 2 Dows Ln, Woburn, MA 01801-4910

Want 9/5/88 JGB, Dylan & crispy Dead tapes. Have lots. Joe Corey, Box 490, PL, 400 Crown Colony Dr, Quincy, MA 02269-0498

Phish, bluegrass, JGB, blues, Dead. Have 600 hrs to trade. Sean, Box 364, N Pomfret, VT 05053



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 January 1.

Our son Doug Simmons disappeared from the show in Raleigh, NC, July 10. No one has seen or heard from him since he walked out to the parking lot at 7 that night. He's 20 yrs old, 5'10", has dark brown hair, blue eyes. Any info? Pls call Raleigh Police at 919-829-1911 or 904-436-9620.

Gould-O: With 40 years upon your head, I'll still call you child. Happy birthday, young-at-heart one! Love, Z.

Congratulations John & T'res! You had the most wonderful wedding ever. We were all thrilled to be there. Love, R&B

Welcome to the world Charlotte Nixon! Boy did you luck out getting cool parents and a great brother. See ya at the shows!

Happy Birthday Barb, John Larmer, Deb, Edward, Steve Brown and Carol! A crowdful of birthdays for our crowd! Love, Us.

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 N.W. #401, Washington, DC 20009

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

Dennie Ashe — where are you? Anyone who knows, please write. Barry Berman, 132 Herndon Pl, Danville, VA 24541

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 cents for free flyer. Please send order and inquiries to JSTA, PO Box 5232, Eugene, OR 97405. Thanks and good wishes, Judit

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To Fred, Barry, Jimbo and all at Sundance Books. Your tapes, letters and love help keep me going. Hopefully, the March winds will blow all my troubles away ... Mitch

Pam & Missy from Auburn, AL: Where are you? How are you? Friends from East TN want to know. Call Mike at (615) 246-7808. Luv ya!

Does anyone know where I could find a Tamalpais Chiefs shirt? Does anyone out there make shirts like these? Diane, 10 Lancelot, Belleville, IL 62223

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