GOLDEN ROAD

ISSUE 25

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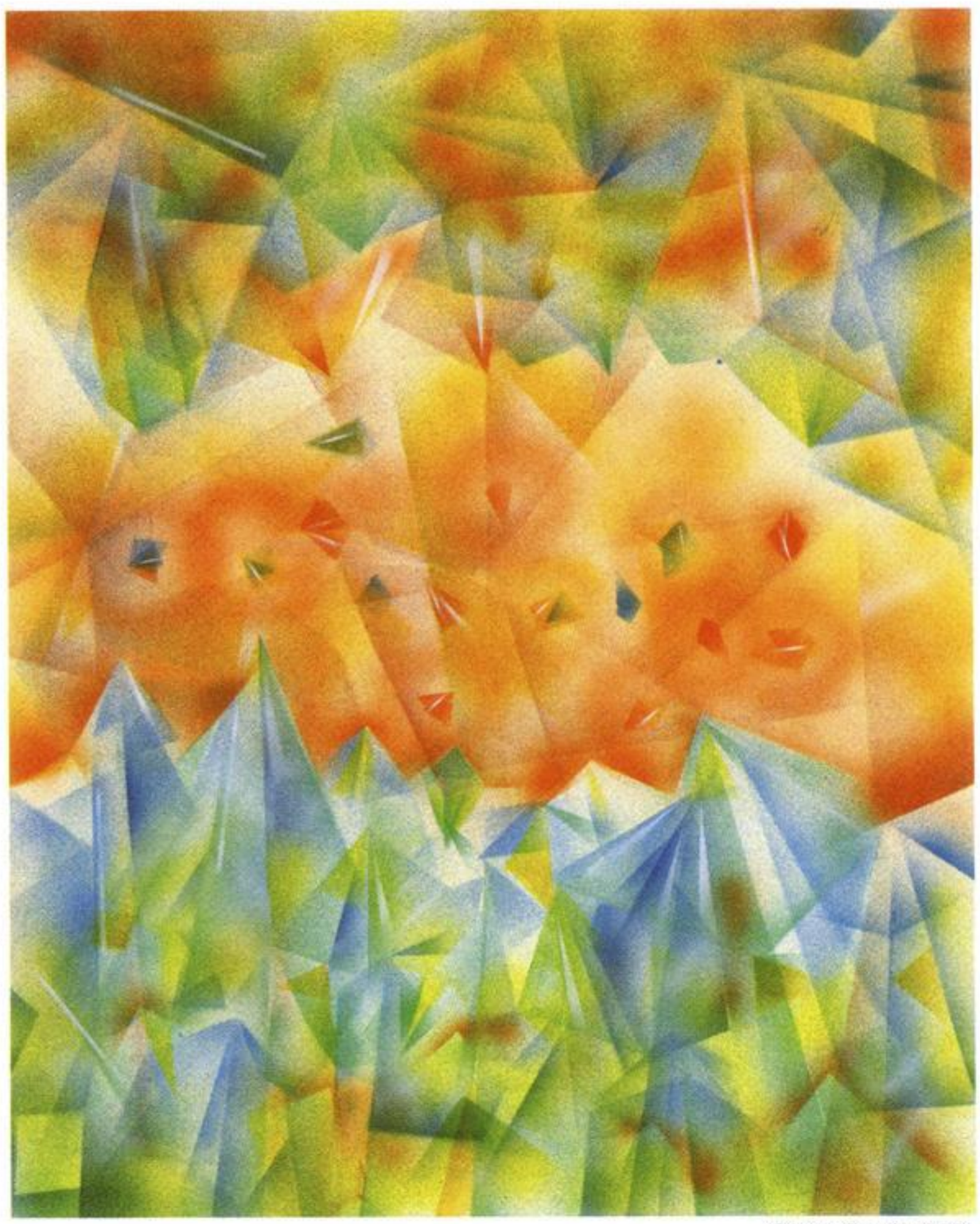
J. GARCIA



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Thank you for a real good time!

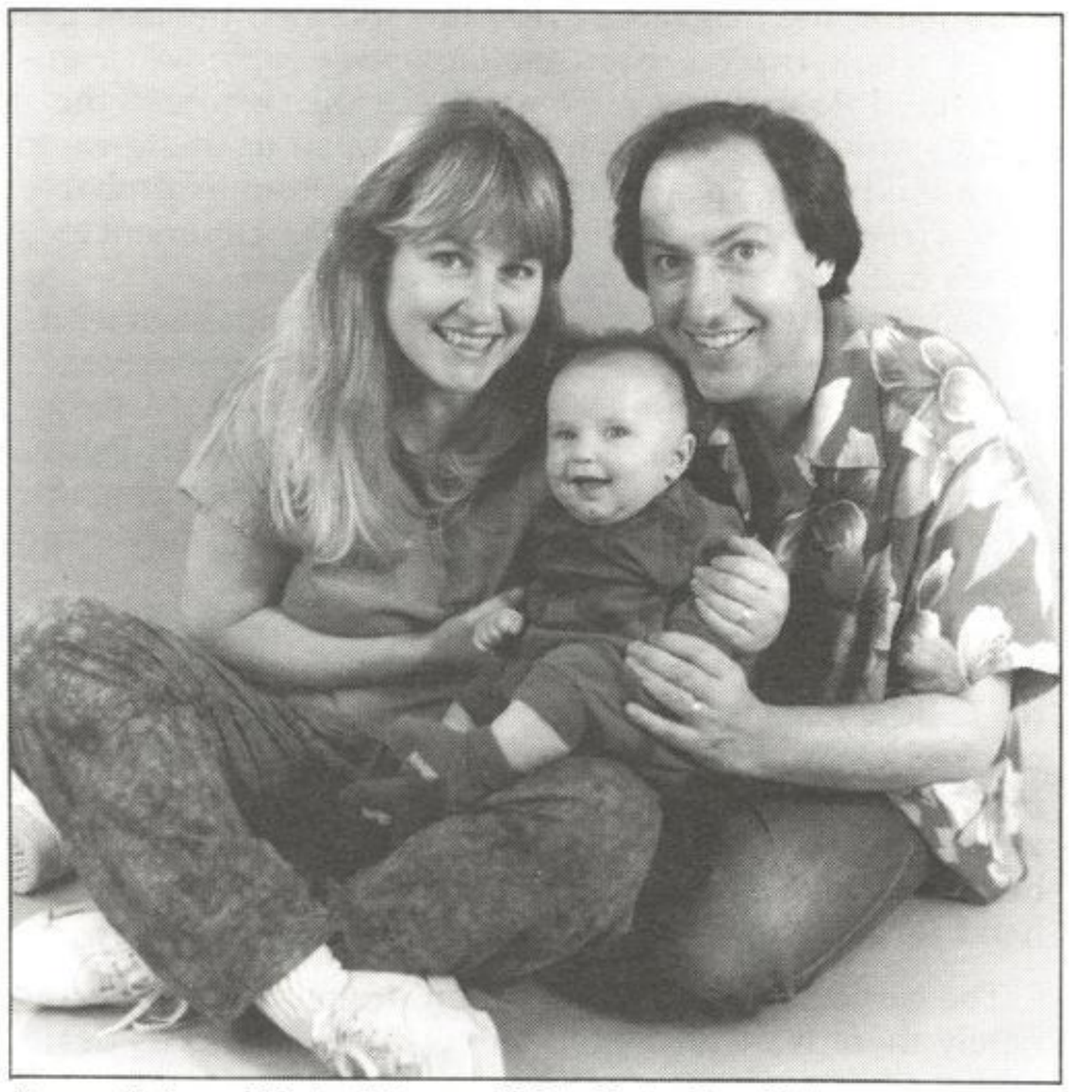
We were putting the finishing touches on *Golden Road* #24 last October 2 when the Big Moment came. It was time, Regan announced, to call the doctor. Our baby was ready to come into the world. The next evening, at Merritt Hospital in Oakland, little Kyle Patrick Jackson was born. October 3 was my late grandfather's birthday, and for that added dash of Grateful Dead synchronicity, it's also lyricist John Barlow's birthday. Over the next few days we managed to steal the hours to complete the issue, and our envelope-stuffing party a couple of weeks later was punctuated by Kyle's cries.

As I write this tonight, Kyle is nearly five months old — still cute as a button, but every day looking less like an infant and more like a little boy. Time really does fly when you're having fun, and having Kyle in our lives has been fun with a capital "F." What we once referred to as the *Golden Road* office (actually our guest bedroom) is now Kyle's domain. He's sleeping right now, oblivious to the furious work being done just footsteps away. He can't hear the tape of the 12/2/73 Boston Music Hall second set that's playing on the stereo — or maybe he can and he's digging it. The computer and drafting tables that used to live in his room are now crammed into our dining room; ironically enough, the magazine started in the dining room more than seven years ago.

So now you know what we've been looking forward to for the last year and why we want to take a break from putting out *The Golden Road*. What will happen down the line is anybody's guess. But I'm determined to take at least a year off from publishing the magazine — a year off from ordering more envelopes, spending late nights at the computer, worrying about who's covering the Orlando shows, and all the other big and little things that clutter my brain from day to day. Of course it also means I'll miss out on the thrill of writing about my favorite subject, of giving birth to a very different kind of "baby" every few months, and reading the incredibly warm and supportive mail that's kept us going these seven years. I know it sounds corny, but we really couldn't have done this without you. I had to laugh last year when we got letters encouraging us to enjoy our impending "vacation." As anyone who has a child knows, the next year isn't exactly going to be leisurely for Regan and me. The little guy's not even crawling yet and we're exhausted!

Next winter we'll make some kind of decision about how and whether we want to start walking down this *Road* again. Maybe we'll miss it terribly and be desperate to come back, if only once or twice a year. Or maybe what little leisure time we'll have will be so precious to us that *The Golden Road* just won't fit into our plans. Sitting here tonight I can't predict. Whatever choice we make, we'll be sure to inform you. If we have your current address on file, you'll hear from us.

My heart goes out to all of you who have looked to *The Golden Road* as your primary source of Grateful Dead information. I'm well aware that our departure from the scene will create a void, and I wish that I could recommend a good substitute. Certainly there is news to be obtained from ever-improving periodicals like *Unbroken Chain* and the magazine version of *Dupree's Diamond News*, though both still leave me hungering for more. I guess you could say we created *The Golden Road* so there would be the kind of magazine we wanted to read; and in the long run that may be what brings us back. There is that part of me, though, that says, "Let someone else do it for a while."



Regan, Kyle and Blair, February 1991. Photo: Ron Delany

It feels a little strange to be quitting at such an exciting time in the Dead's development. The last seven shows I've seen — the New Year's and Chinese New Year runs in Oakland — have been on a par with the best concerts I've seen since the pre-Brent days. There's a spirit of adventure in the band's playing now that I find tremendously exciting: every night the jams are going to new places, and the overall consistency of the group has been incredible. The Chinese New Year shows hit a level of spaceyness unimaginable just three years ago. No question about it — the Dead have turned IT up a notch again. What sort of new original material this latest incarnation of the band will come up with remains to be seen, but I'm betting it's going to be interesting. Clearly, this is a band intent on exploring unusual spaces.

It's funny — in the early days of the magazine I received a fair amount of criticism from readers who thought I was too critical. Today, if anything, I'm the opposite: I've loved just about every show I've been to the last couple of years. I no longer particularly care which songs the band plays, as long as they give it their all. I figure I've trusted them for more than 20 years now — who am I to be picky when they've been right so often? The bottom line is that I feel incredibly lucky to have stumbled upon this magical world. Years before I started *The Golden Road* the Grateful Dead had already enriched my life in countless unseen ways. But the last seven years have been such an incredible swirl of stimulating experiences, it'll probably take years to fathom the ways they've affected me. To say that putting out *The Golden Road* has been intense is an understatement.

We've got 25 issues to show for our efforts, and I'm proud of all of them in some way. Sure, they all could've been better — if only the colors on that cover had been more true to the original art; how could we miss that typo?; I can't believe I forgot to ask Phil about "Box of Rain".... The list is endless. But with any luck each issue shed light into some corner you didn't know about or had always wondered about. That's how we approached it, anyway. And

of course we had a great time mercilessly poking fun at the band. Luckily they're all funny guys with great senses of humor. We might have to come back just to get in a few more jabs at them!

As gratifying as it has been to physically do the work of assembling the magazine every few months, the best part of the whole trip has been the fantastic people we've encountered along the way, from the nice folks who staff the Dead's office to people who have stopped us at shows to say a kind word. And even though this issue is probably just *au revoir* and not goodbye, I'd like to take a moment to single out a few friends who have helped us.

First and foremost is Mary Eisenhart, who has been with us since the first issue as a proofreader, circulation maven and nitpicker who is right 99 percent of the time. Also helping out as circulation czar for a while was Bennett Falk. Reading the illegible scrawls of our readers and keeping up with your changes of address has to count as Mary's and Bennett's first miracles on the road to sainthood.

Richard McCaffrey was the fellow who did such a good job shooting our half-tones all these years. Pat Jones put those little black lines around the photos, straightened crooked headlines and type galleys, and generally gave us invaluable advice that allowed Regan and me to pretend we were real layout artists. Carol Gould and Quilley Miller helped us with typing here and there; they also were on hand for most of our envelope-stuffing parties.

The clerical end of the operation drove us crazy; fortunately there were always friends willing to help us deal with the huge volume of mail. In the beginning it was John Leopold; then there was John Speyer, Barbara Lewit, Michelle Spahn and, for the last few years, my main man — Steve Brown. Thank you all! Jon and Deb Hoffman and Michael Zipkin were always around to help us put on address labels (which is more fun than it sounds) and were integral members of our stuffing team. Other regular stuffers included Cynthia Johnston, Steve Brown, John Larmer, Alyssa Difilippo, Mike Dolgushkin, Edward Guthmann, John Leopold, Teresa Buika and, recently, Tom Kenny.

Let's not forget Bobby Fiesel, a.k.a. Bobby Beetson, the kind soul who hauled the thousands of envelopes down to the main Oakland post office each issue. We love him and his truck! And our warmest regards to Lisa Papa and Tom Farmer for their expert typesetting. The last few years this has been a night job for Lisa, too, and we can't begin to express our appreciation for doing such a wonderful job and being a great person to work with.

Thanks to Coco, Bill, Lam, Tom (in the old days) and all the others at Anto Printing in Berkeley for caring about what we do and working long, late hours to meet our deadlines.

In the Grateful Dead organization, we have encountered nothing but smiling faces and encouraging voices. Thanks to you all, especially Dennis McNally, Eileen Law, Jon McIntire, Cameron Sears, Willy Legate, Steve Marcus, Danny Rifkin and the entire band.

Special good vibes go out to two of our advertisers who became good friends: Mike Van Dyke of the Psychedelic Shop in San Francisco, and Barry and Freddy at Sundance Books in Geneseo, New York. "Y'all are special people," as another pal we met through the *Road*, Joe Sokel, might say.

We salute the artists who designed our covers, the writers who contributed show reviews and everyone who ever sent in a photo, a newspaper clipping or an odd piece of trivia. This magazine would have been nothing without your involvement.

Finally, I'd like to get all mushy for a moment and thank Regan, my wife and soulmate for the last ten years, for sticking with me every step of the way and holding my hand in good times and bad. We've spent hundreds of hours side by side at our drafting tables putting *The Golden Road* together, and thousands more talking, conceptualizing, laughing, freaking out and generally making it up as we go along — just like the Grateful Dead. It's those quiet moments together late at night, when layout is going well, when we can see that there's light at the end of the tunnel, and a hot tape is playing in the living room, that I'll miss the most.

Take it easy, everybody. Stay gentle and loving. We'll see you up the Road.

— *BJ*

Th-th-that's all folks! Phil doffs his sombrero, Santa Fe '83. Photo: Lisa Law

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FEEDBACK

The Bus Came By and They Got On

During the break of the first Paris show, my wife, Deb, and I struck up a conversation in French with two young graduate students of design. We were eager to both hear their impressions of the scene and to explain what the Grateful Dead mean to us. When I described the feeling of liberation I experience with eyes closed, dancing, immersed in the music, they both responded that they thought the idea of "letting go" was a particularly American concept. They went on to explain that in France one is brought up to view reality within a rational intellectual framework. They doubted they could experience such feelings. "Wait and see," I suggested, "If the music is happening you might be surprised." When the "Playin'" reprise emerged out of the otherworldly "space," like a butterfly out of a cocoon, I turned around to look at Jacques, one of the Parisian students we had befriended, only to see the same ecstatic expression I would expect from a close Deadhead friend back home. His mind was blown.

During the break of the second Paris show, we again got a chance to talk with a local, a young French law student who was attending his first Dead show. We had noticed Pierre during the first set leaning against the railing in front of us, smoking cigarettes, checkin' out the babes and gently swaying to the music when it really got cranking. He commented that surrounded by so many Americans he felt like a stranger in his own country. As I attempted to describe the magic that continues to draw us to Grateful Dead shows, Pierre repeated the doubts voiced by our friends of the previous night. It would be difficult, he explained, for a person brought up in France to let go of his rational perspective and experience such transcendence. I said that not every Dead show reaches such heights, so "we'll have to wait and see." "I don't know," he said. "I am a skeptic."

During the long, trippy jam that followed "Estimated," the music really began to soar. The American sitting next to me tapped me on the shoulder, pointed, and said, "Check out Pierre!" No longer the cool, aloof Frenchman, Pierre was now deeper into the crowd, eyes closed, body synched to the music in a snake dance, as if he had been doing it for years. When the wide-eyed Pierre approached us at the conclusion of the show, I asked him, "Well, Monsieur le Sceptique, what did you think?" He paused for a moment, and responded, "I think I will need some time to think about it!" Good answer!

Jon Hoffman
Oakland, CA

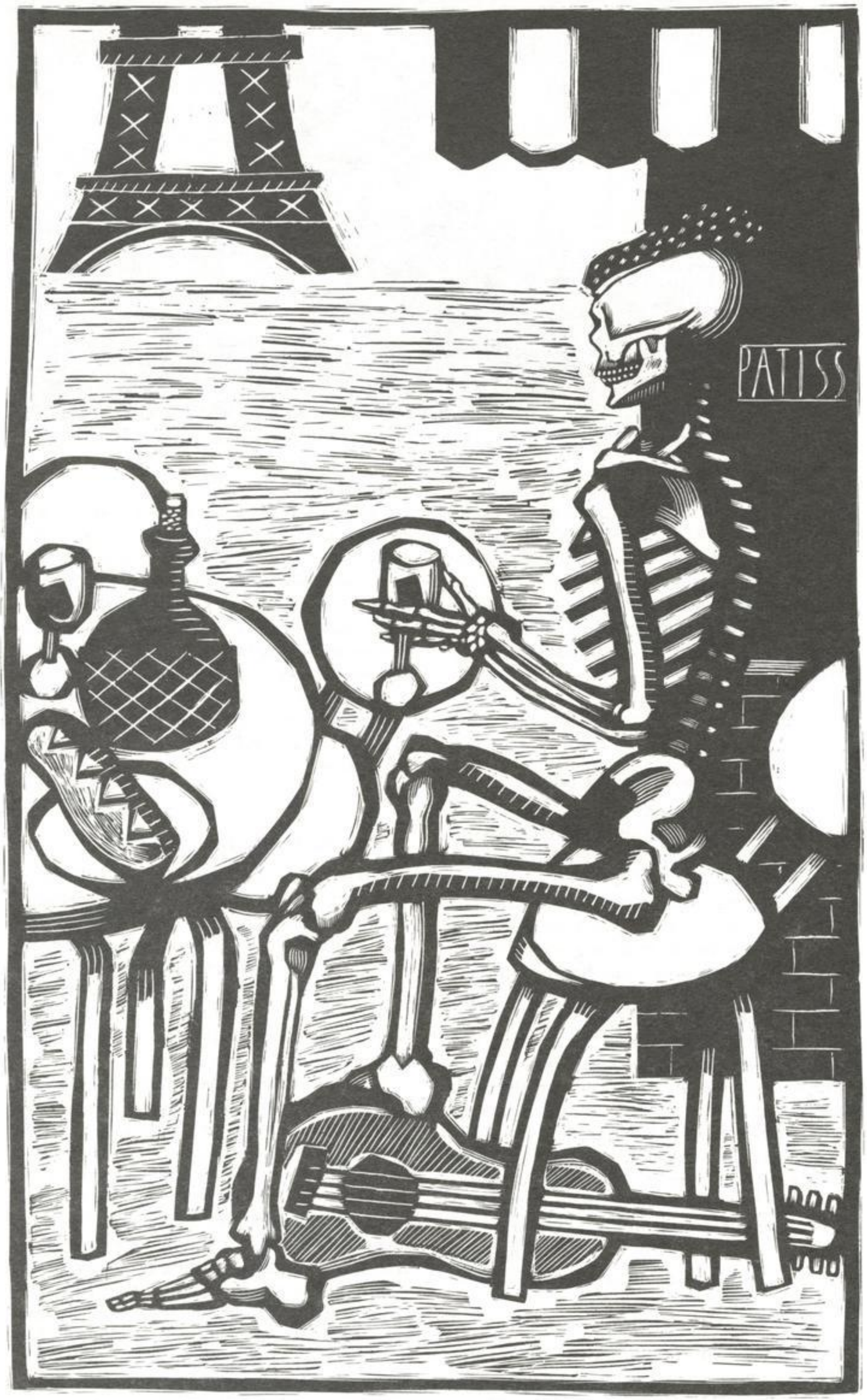

Illustration: Elizabeth Lada

The American Way: Noisy

I'm one of the Euroheads, and here are some impressions of the shows in Europe.

I went to Essen, Berlin, Frankfurt and Paris (for the first of the two shows). The main impression was that they were mainly seen by American Deadheads. This had a negative consequence at the end of the first set in Berlin, 10/20/90, when the "Let It Grow" jam seemed to come to an end: Bruce Hornsby at the piano kept on playing, Bob Weir seemed to be surprised and sat down in front of the drummers' set and listened, Jerry and Phil seemed to like it. If it had been a German audience here, the boys could have played some improvisational chamber music around Hornsby's idea, but I guess American Deadheads have to have their party wherever they are. They were screaming, then listening for a few seconds, then screaming again, so that everyone knows they are still there or whatever the reason may be. (However, I saw the Dead in '89 at the Great Western Forum, in LA, and compared with that rowdy audience the shows of the European tour were very "European" indeed.)

I have a tape of a show from the '70s, where Phil steps to the mike and says: "I hope that you are receiving us as clearly as we are receiving you." The art of playing

FEEDBACK

On South Harris Island, Outer Hebrides. Submitted by Andy Collis, Hebden Bridge, UK

music should meet the art of listening to music, and there is a big differece not only between LA/NYC and San Francisco, but also between American and European audiences, and in this case for the worse (in a lot of other situations I would rather see the Dead in San Francisco of course, surrounded by Californian spontaneity of the good kind).

Rainer Meerkamp
Köln, Germany

Unknown Down Under

I'm just listening to a tape of Essen '90 and admiring the new lineup. Boy, the band can still cook! My friend saw the Saturday London show. He said it was great, but he didn't appreciate the noisy U.S. Heads. His wife says she's never going to see them again, 'cause all the hollering spoiled it for her. I told them they must have been New Yorkers, and that it's just part of the trip.

So now the boys have made it to the Continent, how about an Asia/Pacific tour, eh? Tell 'em I know seven Deadheads here. That should tempt them to come over! But seriously, the Dead will never make it anywhere else if they don't travel. The new album (which is fabulous!) is only available in one record store in Adelaide and so far I haven't seen one review. It's a shame that such a far-out band is unknown here.

Dave Lang
Port Noarlunga, South Australia

Why Margaret Thatcher Left Office

On the 1st of November the guys sang "We ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more," and a mere three weeks later we ain't! Why oh why didn't they play it here in '81? They could have saved us nine years of shit!

Geoff Porter
Loughton, Essex, England

Once in a Lifetime

Having been a tourhead for ten years or so, the European shows were a dream come true: extravaganzas in small auditoriums with plenty of dancing space, very lax security, the ability to roam freely throughout the halls with little effort and the hottest playing I'd seen in years.

I felt I got a glimpse of the Dead that few people will ever experience. Here, they have made it in a big way, but in Europe, they were relatively unknown, at least not largely followed and revered as they are in this country. I'll never forget a Stockholm native telling us in broken English how he always wanted to dance like that, but when he had tried at other shows, people had "thought I was high on marijuana." We almost convinced him to join the tour. Next time.

Jared Rothman
Eugene, OR

The Seeds That Were Silent

It has taken me a long time to collect my thoughts and feelings about the passing of Brent. Although I never knew him personally, I sure could relate to him in many ways.

After the original denial, that this happened at all, I became very angry. At the time I didn't know why. Was I mad because he was gone, or that it was an O.D., or that I couldn't do anything about it?

Next came the sadness. Here the man that had written a beautiful lullaby, "I Will Take You Home," for his girls, was gone. I could relate to this so clearly, because I have two beautiful girls the same age, who mean the world to me. How could you love something or someone so much, and then die this way? I thought about how he must have felt, those last days leading up to his death. A loneliness came over me, that I haven't felt since my last drunk. It seemed to consume me. It was complete isolation. My reaction was to put it out of my mind, because that same loneliness nearly killed me.

My issue of *The Golden Road* came and I was pleased to see John Barlow had written a moving piece on Brent. They say that you can't get a person sober who doesn't want it. I strongly believe this. I also believe, though, that you can plant some seeds. If it had not been for someone showing me the compassion John Barlow spoke of, if someone hadn't planted seeds of hope, I doubt I would have asked God to help me, and I don't think I would be here today.

I understand now the anger I felt was for the disease of addiction that takes life the way it does. I've been coming around for a while now, and the longer I do, the clearer it gets. Alcohol and drugs are serious business.

To Brent, thanks for carrying the message, I'll miss you. To his family and friends, if it's any consolation, Brent's message helps keep me sober — one day at a time.

Mike S.
Oaklyn, NJ

One More for the Road

I want to thank John Barlow for writing "Losing Brent" (*GR* #24). It took me a month to gain the courage to read it, but having just finished it, I can say that I am relieved. Barlow's writing affirmed and articulated my feelings and beliefs concerning Brent and his death in a way I could never have, but needed to. Barlow had been putting Brent's feelings into words for years, and he did it one more time for me and, no doubt, many other grieving Deadheads. Thank you.

Jody Rogers
Penacook, NH

Teach Your Children

There's some great music on *Without a Net*. It may not have as many transcendentally high spots as "Skull & Roses" or *Europe '72*, but it has fewer low spots than either. It's the Dead's most consistently excellent recording ever, as far as I'm concerned.

One sad aspect of *Without a Net* is the photo of Brent singing to one of his daughters. What ought to have been a wonderfully touching image has been rendered tragically poignant by his death. It's those two young girls I feel sorry for more than anyone else involved — to lose a dad who obviously loved them to such an extent.

By contrast, the sons of Lesh (hey, that sounds like a good title for a Nordic/Gothic legendary tale!) seem set to become members of the band: their pre-first-set drumming was unleashed at (at least) two of the Eurogigs. Great fun! "We want Graham! We want Brian!"

Bob Quaif
London, England

No News Isn't Good News

I'd like to take the (sad) opportunity of your putting out your last issue to thank you for seven years of good, reliable, thoughtful, attractively presented information about the band we all love. You have been a valuable connection for us here in Europe. I live in Greece and there is absolutely no news of the band to be found in any publication. I've only seen two Dead concerts, but *The Golden Road* (and my tapes!) make me feel like I've been to many more.

On *Without a Net*: I think this album might make even the Greek music magazines notice the Dead! I can't think of a Dead album I'd rather listen to since *Blues for Allah*. It should have been a quadruple album, with "Scarlet-Fire" on side seven and "Playin' ♦ Uncle John's ♦ Playin'" on side eight!

Nikos Massouridis
Athens, Greece

Where've You Been All My Life?

Who would've thought that the band could bounce back from Brent's passing in such a rejuvenated way? Judging from the six shows in the fall (Rectum through MSG) and the three Denver shows, their playing seems more adventurous and exploratory than it has since (dare I say it) the '73–'74 days, in a '90s sort of way, of course!

Hornsby's addition is literally something to feast your ears on — watching him getting off on the music and listening to what he adds to the "recipes"' is really a joy. Where's this guy been hiding?! He seems *totally* tuned in to what's happening, *n'est-ce pas?*

Tom Westervelt
Spring Lake, NJ

The Truth to You I'll Tell

I especially enjoyed your "Closer Look at Jackaroe" in the fall issue. It reminded me of when I first heard "Jackaroe," in Chicago at the Auditorium Theatre (5/13/77), a splendid spot to hear any song. I was immediately struck by it, not just because it was new, but because of how pretty a song it was. Later that year I had the opportunity to ask Jerry where the song came from. His eyes lit up and he gave an answer I've never forgotten. To begin, he said it was one of his favorite songs. He ascribed it to early England (his estimate was circa 12th century) at a time when hostilities and war were frequent intrusions in the lives of the people. Songs such as this were written to relieve the fear, stress and loneliness of the women and children who remained at home while the men were away fighting. A form of pyschotherapy. He said he found a similar feeling of solace when singing this song.

What impressed me was his appreciation of the deep significance of music to these people and how, centuries later, the song had found its way into his repertoire and was having a similar effect. From his description, it seemed to be a song sung truly from his heart.

Chris Maylahn
Latham, NY

Friends of the Devil

I was pleased to see *The Golden Road* finally address the topic of rock censorship (Issue 24 "Funstuff"). While the Grateful Dead haven't yet been on the receiving end of too many such attacks, they are among the groups that pro-censorship organizations have set their sights on.

One example is the campaign by Pastor Fletcher Brothers, founder/director of something called Freedom Village, USA. Pastor Brothers perceives as satanic the music of the Dead and such dangerous rockers as the Bee Gees, Jackson Browne, Eric Clapton, John Denver, the Eagles, Billy Joel, Linda Ronstadt, Bruce Springsteen and Stevie Wonder, along with the more commonly targeted metal and rap bands.

This is all good for a laugh, but seriously folks, these fundamentalists are *organized*! They are able to mobilize mass letter writing to our governmental representatives because they are (religiously) motivated! If we remain complacent, these theocrats are going to find ways to spoil our party! Register and vote. Write your representatives and let them know that your vote depends upon their support of free expression.

For in-depth information on this topic, I can recommend two excellent sources. Frank Zappa offers his Z-PAC (send a legal sized SASE and $1.50 to Z-PAC, Box 5265, North Hollywood, CA 91616 or call 818-PUMPKIN). The most complete and concise source that I know of is a booklet entitled "You've Got a Right to Rock" by Dave Marsh. (Marsh has written some really horrible reviews of the Grateful Dead in the past, but on this account, he's right on the money.) Send $3 to Rock and Roll Confidential, Box 341305, Los Angeles, CA 90034.

Den Simms
Vallejo, CA

Kinder, Gentler Venues

Thanks for all the hard work over the years. As a "Lone Wolf" Deadhead, I have found *The Golden Road* to be a welcome source of information and insight. About the only other contact I have with the world outside of Iowa is the Sears Roebuck catalog, and even that ain't been too reliable lately (they sent me two left shoes with my last order).

I would like to make an open appeal to the Grateful Dead and all Deadheads to work for more kind venues. For years now we've been told, "If we keep acting like this, they won't let us play here anymore." I like the way we act. I love the beaming cherubic smiles. I like the grassroots vendors. I like camping near a show. I love the stories I

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hear and people I meet at Dead shows. From the promoters' point of view, the ideal concertgoer drives up to a show, pays $10 to park, immediately enters the arena, consumes $25 worth of junk concessions, sits quietly through the concert, and leaves immediately in an orderly fashion. It breaks my heart to see beautiful road-weary, innocent Deadheads herded and abused at the shows. I've always considered it a great tribute to the spirituality and idealism of Deadheads that they can maintain their good nature in these settings.

It occurs to me that Grateful Dead fans spend about $1 million on tickets for a single summer show (50,000 x $20). This kind of economic power should command much kinder treatment and respect. Maybe the Dead should set up a few rural venues of their own ("The All Our Own Music Theater"). Then we wouldn't have to worry about whether or not "they" will let us play. As the divine voice says in W. P. Kinsella's *Shoeless Joe* (a.k.a. *Field of Dreams*), "Build it, and they will come!"

Dr. Bōz
Riverside, IO

North to Alaska

Don't forget to hassle the boys in a good-natured manner about coming back to Alaska. There have got to be some feasible/fun reasons to do it. What a place to kick

Illustration: Doug Balk, Seattle

off an acoustic tour in small theaters! Jerry could walk around town and not be accosted by fans. He'd just look like another trapper or gold miner in town for supplies. Of course he'd have to dress down a bit, toss on a wool shirt, maybe suspenders, wear rubber knee boots, etc.

Bill Chamberlain
Kasilof, AK

Won't You Come Out and Play

Just a quick note in reference to the jam that followed "Terrapin" in Albany (3/24/90). In *Golden Road* #23, Phil suggests that this "Dear Prudence" jam first appeared "three or four years ago — just once — at the end of 'Terrapin Station.'" Actually, it's been around much longer than that.

A friend and I were driving home from Albany two nights after the show with the "Terrapin" in question. Seeking a tape with the depth and heart to take our minds off the endless ride home, I popped in an old classic: Winterland, 11/11/73. An hour or so on down the road, out of a dense, cacophonic "Dark Star" jam emerged this gentle, delicate theme: the identical jam from two nights earlier in Albany. My friend, who by this point had long ago stopped showing any signs of consciousness, opened his eyes, looked over at me and said, "Isn't that the...?"

"Yeah," I said, as if I had planned it, but he's known me way too long to believe that I had, so we just grinned and he drifted back to wherever he had been before he had been summoned to consciousness. We've both been Heads long enough so that we weren't the slightest bit surprised by this almost magical coincidence. It was yet another example of whatever spirit watches over this whole thing winking down at us to make the long journey seem just a bit easier to bear.

John O'Brien
Worcester, MA

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DEADLINE

A hot time at the Warfield. (L to R) Grisman, Jim Kerwin, Garcia and Joe Craven. Garcia even played banjo on a couple of tunes; the first time he'd played the instrument publicly since Old & In The Way. Photo: Susana Millman

Here it is the beginning of a new year and the big Dead machine keeps on rolling smoothly. While the scene outside the shows can't exactly be described as problem-free, things have generally improved. The December concerts in Tempe and Denver went very well from all reports, and the fact that the band was able to return to the Cap Centre, Knickerbocker Arena in Albany and Nassau Coliseum this spring shows that there wasn't much negative fallout from last spring's tour — and that's great news indeed.

Originally there was some talk about going back to Europe for some large outdoor concerts this summer, but I understand that idea has been scrapped for now; instead the Dead will play stadiums and a few amphitheaters in the East and Midwest.

How did Europe go? A splendid time was had by all, the band and Dead family included. Though the most common complaint we heard from American Heads on tour was "too many Americans everywhere," all the Europeans who wrote to us were deeply appreciative of the Dead's going across the Atlantic. Nearly everyone gave very high marks to the small venues — especially the ICC in Berlin and the Zenith in Paris — and the band played consistently well once the jet lag wore off. Incredibly enough, there were still parasitic American "miracle ticket" schmucks outside each show, though nothing compared with what we see in the U.S. The trains from city to city on the tour were jammed — lots of people trying to scam their way on those, too — and Amsterdam was absolutely inundated by Deadheads, even though the Dead didn't play there. It's still the hippie capital of Europe, and many Deadheads evidently believed rumors that the band might play there on one of their off nights, as they did in '81. No such luck.

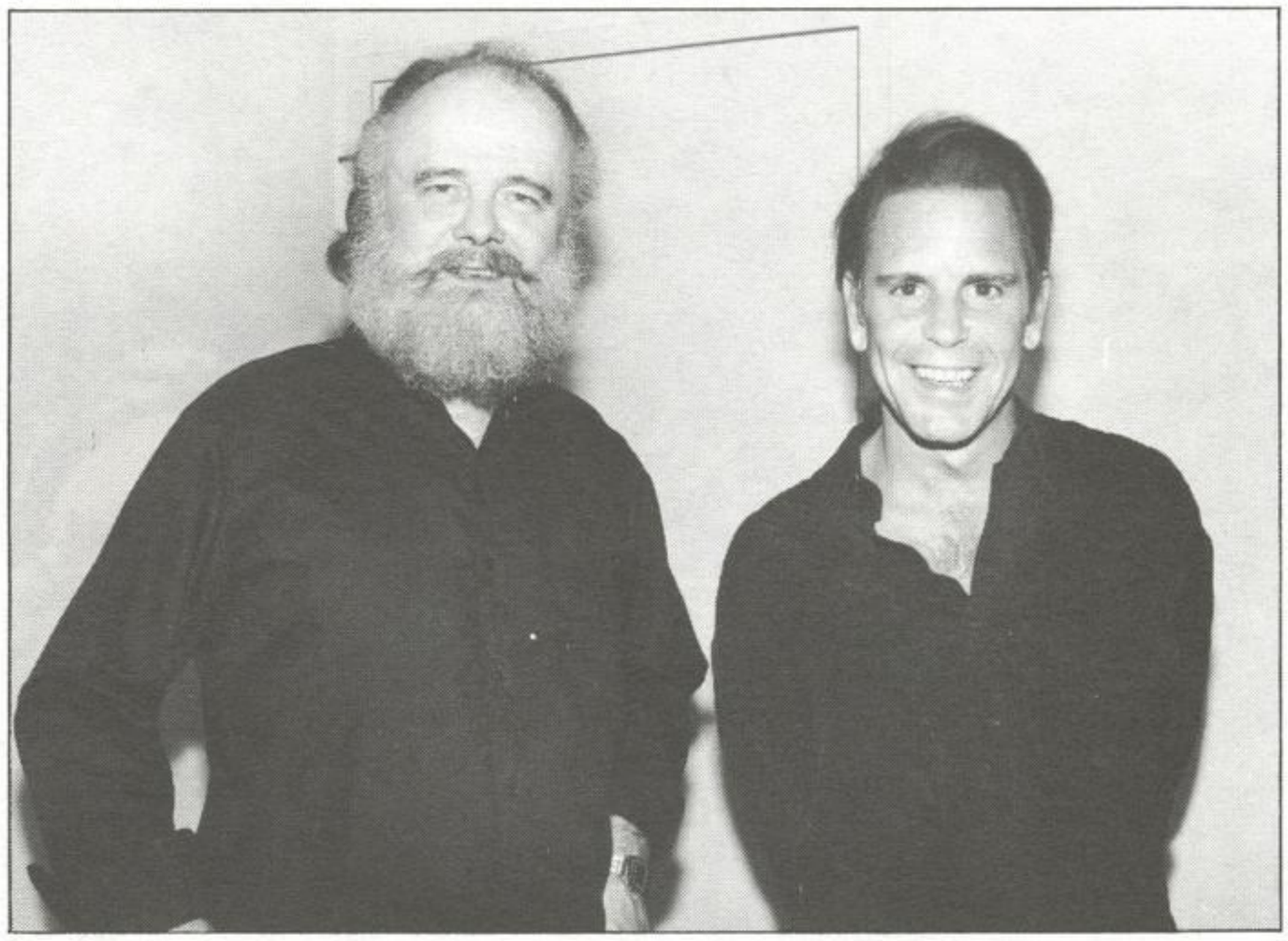
It had been almost two decades since Garcia and mandolin master David Grisman played together in Old & in the Way, but you'd never have guessed it from how good they sounded when they played a pair of acoustic concerts at the Warfield Theater in San Francisco Feb. 2 and 3. This wasn't a bluegrass trip like the old band, however. Instead, songs ran a gamut of different styles from simple folk ballads to complex jazz instrumentals.

The first set of the show I saw (Feb. 2) consisted mainly of traditional folk tunes: "When First Unto This Country"; "Walkin' Boss" (a folk blues somewhat reminiscent of "Spike Driver Blues"); a "Jackaroe"-like British ballad dating back to the 18th century called "Handsome Cabin Boy" (also known as "Handsome Molly"); "Man of Constant Sorrow," a classic popularized by the Stanley Brothers; W. L. Bloomfield's antebellum anthem "Sweet Sunny South"; the sad war ballad "Two Soldiers," all the more poignant in light of the Gulf madness; and a couple of others. Midway in the set, two members of Grisman's group joined the duo: upright bassist Jim Ker-

win, and Joe Craven, who played the unlikely combination of violin and percussion. The tone of the set changed dramatically at the end when the group unveiled a fantastic new instrumental called "Grateful Dawg," which Grisman explained was a synthesis of his and Jerry's writing styles. (Garcia quipped that the title should actually be "Dawgful Dead.") Sure enough, the main body of the song was one of those frisky Grismanesque romps, while the chorus was pure buoyant Garcia in the vein of "Scarlet" or "Run for the Roses."

The second set was as different from the first set as it is at a Dead show. It opened with a peppy version of the B.B. King hit "The Thrill Is Gone," with Garcia and Grisman trading chunky blues solos. The languid Hoagy Carmichael standard "Rockin' Chair" was next. Then came the highlight of the show for many: a wonderful extended reading of Miles Davis' "So What" (from *Kind of Blue*). Tapeheads will recall that the Dead toyed with this song briefly in Hampton a few years ago, but this was the real thing. An old sea shanty called "Off to Sea Once More" was followed by "Friend of the Devil," one of the tunes on *American Beauty* on which Grisman appeared. (I had hoped they might play the old fast arrangement, but it was not to be.) Another Garcia-Grisman instrumental, "Dawg's Waltz," was as warm and inviting as Grampa's favorite slippers. The mellow mood continued with a nice version of "Russian Lullaby." The last song of the set was my favorite: a new Grisman composition called "Arabia." Throughout the evening I'd thought about the Persian Gulf crisis as Garcia sang old war ballads. But "Arabia" really brought it home: at more than 18 minutes in length (including bass and percussion solos) it painted a vivid picture of the desert, with some beautiful Middle Eastern- and Spanish-sounding progressions, and numerous intricate dynamic shifts. There was even a part that reminded me of the "Alhambra" section of "Terrapin Station." Despite the slightly ominous feeling of the tune, the evening ended on a tremendous up-note as Garcia led the band and the crowd through "Ripple." An amazing show!

But wait — the story doesn't end there! The good news is that Grisman, Garcia & Co. have been working on an album at Grisman's recording studio and it may be released as early as April on Grisman's own Acoustic Disc label.



Garth Hudson of The Band and Bob Weir joined forces with several other players for a version of "The Weight" last fall at a Mill Valley, CA, event honoring record producer Hal Wilner. Photo: Jay Blakesberg

Expect to see versions of several of the songs above, including "Arabia," "Grateful Dawg" and "Dawg's Waltz" on that record. And there's been vague talk about the group playing a few outdoor shows somewhere this summer, though nothing is firm.

The long-awaited live Garcia Band CD project was completed in mid-February and should be out fairly soon. As we went to press it was still unclear which record company would put it out. Among the tunes slated for the two-CD set are "Stop That Train," "Señor," "Sisters & Brothers," "The Way You Do the Things You Do," "Dear Prudence," "I Shall Be Released," "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down," "Don't Let Go," "Evangeline," "Tangled Up in Blue," "Waiting for a Miracle" (sure to be the FM favorite — you read it here first), "Simple Twist of Fate," "Get Out of My Life Woman," "Lucky Old Sun" and "Deal." A pretty impressive list, I'm sure you'll agree, though there are a few surprising omissions: "Think," which is consistently one of the hottest tunes the JGB plays, "Cats Down Under the Stars," "Run for the Roses" and — everyone's favorite — "Mission in the Rain." Maybe next time.

Also due imminently is the first in the Dead's ambitious historic CD series. First up is a double-CD set of the Dead's famous 8/13/75 show at the tiny Great American Music Hall in San Francisco. This classic show — a private party during the Dead's so-called "retirement" — featured spectacular performances of the songs from *Blues For Allah* (which was released a few weeks later), as well as favorites like "Sugaree," "Eyes of the World," "The Other One" and a few others. The concert was broadcast live, so excellent tapes have been available for years, but I'm here to tell ya that you've never heard it quite like this. I was fortunate enough to hear one of the two discs the day Dan Healy got his reference masters, and it sounds phenomenal. Dan went back to the original 16-track tapes and did a new mix, and the results are stunning — there is so much presence it really is like sitting in the same room as the band. Wait till you hear the Phil's basswork during "Eyes of the World" and "Stronger That Dirt"! Keith never sounded so good, either — he lays down some amazingly tasteful licks on his Fender Rhodes. And Garcia's voice is so sweet and soulful, 16 years and a billion cigarettes ago.

Of course Healy won't always be working from multitrack tapes for future releases, but any way you look at it this is still a very auspicious debut.

For the past two decades, Tom Wolfe's *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* has been the only major book

about the Merry Pranksters and the Acid Tests. Well, last fall Thundermountain Press put out a wonderful book called *On the Bus,* which belongs in every Deadhead's library. It presents the most lucid and comprehensive account yet of the Pranksters' Bus voyages and the Acid Tests, told almost entirely by many of the participants, including Ken Babbs, Ram Dass, Allen Ginsberg, Hunter Thompson, Wavy Gravy, Robert Stone, Ron "Hassler" Bevirt and many others. The book is peppered with excellent photos by Bevirt, Gene Anthony and others, and author/editor Paul Perry supplies cogent commentary and historical context throughout. Ken Babbs' trippy, impressionistic ruminations add a little psychedelic spice to the volume. It's a fond remembrance, but never fawning. This book goes beyond the day-glo paint to show that, ultimately, *people* are what this trip was about.

The most-asked question in the Dead scene these days is: "What's up with Bruce Hornsby? Is he a member of the band or not?" Alas, there is no simple answer. I'm told that Bruce will try to make all the dates he can for the foreseeable future, but he may have to miss shows here and there because of other obligations. Indeed, he missed the Dead's Chinese New Year stand in Oakland to attend the Grammy Awards. (He was nominated but didn't win.) I suppose that fact alone says something about his level of commitment to the Dead. And of course he still plans to record albums and play with his own band, The Range. Whatever happens with Bruce, Vince is in it for the long haul, and if the Chinese New Year shows are any indication, the band can do fine as a sextet.

Unfortunately our deadlines prevented us from including those Chinese New Year shows in our "Set Lists" section, but I did want to mention a few of the special things about them. Tops on everyone's list was the return, after more than 20 years (!), of "New Speedway Boogie" in a new all-electric arrangement. The band whipped that one out at the end of the first set the first night (2/19) to a delirious crowd response, as you might imagine. While the band still has a few kinks to work out — Garcia had trouble with the words, for example — it promises to be a killer tune once the group is truly comfortable with it. "One way or another, this darkness got to give!" the band and crowd sang together, and I couldn't help but think of the madness taking place 8000 miles away in the Persian Gulf. The war weighed heavily on many people's minds at all three shows. These *are* dark times.

Other highlights: There was a long, "Other One"-ish jam after "Crazy Fingers" the first night ... Night two featured the best "Scarlet-Fire" I'd heard since Cal Expo in '89; the jam between the two songs was wild-o-rama! ... Olatunji and a couple of friends helped out on the Rhythm Devils' section the second night. Then the rest of the band returned for a freewheeling but beautifully structured rhythmic jam. A full "space" and "The Other One" followed that ... The last show opened with a 20-plus minute "Help-Slip-Frank" ... The Chinese New Year dragon made its spectacular entrance for the Year of the Ram during "drums." Instead of just snaking its way from the back of the floor to the stage, it danced, undulated and cavorted all over the arena — even in the upper walkways! It was joined by a parade of people carrying enormous flags decorated with Asian designs, a handful of huge papier-mâché figures of Chinese sages (I guess), and a 12-foot golden ram. At one point the dragon and all the other revelers completely encircled the soundboard — what a sight! □

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(L to R) Suzanne Vega, Dwight Yoakam, Jane's Addition, Lyle Lovett, Warren Zevon

'Deadicated' to Saving the Rainforests

14 Top Artists Cover the Dead

Ready to have your mind blown? Well, Arista Records has just the thing for you. In mid-April that label will release an extraordinary CD (and cassette) called *Deadicated*, which consists of 15 Grateful Dead songs covered by 14 different artists. The brainchild of L.A. record and film producer Ralph Sall (he put together the million-selling soundtrack for the film *Less Than Zero*, among others), *Deadicated* is more than just 77 minutes of outstanding music. Sales of the disc benefit two of the Dead's favorite non-profit organizations, the Rainforest Action Network and Cultural Survival (both beneficiaries of the big Madison Square Garden rainforest benefit back in '88).

I had the opportunity to hear *Deadicated* in early February, and to talk to a handful of the musicians involved in the project. Here's the track-by-track run-down on this exceptional disc:

1) **"Bertha," by Los Lobos** — If you've seen Los Lobos since last summer you've probably heard their exciting treatment of the song. David Hidalgo sings lead over an arrangement that combines electric and acoustic guitars and accordion on the chorus. It follows the Dead's original fairly closely, though there is a monster jam at the end, with Hidalgo and Cesar Rosas trading leads.

2) **"Jack Straw," by Bruce Hornsby & the Range** — A very tasteful job by Bruce & Co. on one of his favorite Dead tunes. You'll recall that Hornsby actually played in bands that covered Dead material, so this is nothing new for him. His piano is prominent, as you might expect, but it's the lovely harmony vocals that make this version soar. (Interestingly enough, Vince told me that he had learned "Jack Straw" from this version, rather than the Dead's!)

3) **"U.S. Blues," by the Harshed Mellows** — Yep, that's what it said on the copy I heard, though the band actually consists of various members of the Georgia Satellites and Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers. This is the disc's kick-ass rock 'n' roll track: I'll be amazed if it doesn't become a big FM radio favorite. In spirit it reminds me a little of Sticky Fingers-era Stones songs like "Brown Sugar" and "Bitch." Ralph Sall notes that this is the only song on the album where the instrumentation in the band exactly matches the Dead's original recorded version. A rockin' good time!

4) **"Ship of Fools," by Elvis Costello** — Elvis has been playing this one for a while (sometimes in a medley with "Must've Been the Roses") and he's really succeeded brilliantly in making it his own. The vocals are absolutely impeccable, the arrangement lush but tasteful. James Burton, the great country guitarist, turns in a very Garcia-like solo; ironic considering he is one of Jerry's influences.

5) **"China Doll," by Suzanne Vega** — Another perfect match of song and artist! Vega speeds the song up a tad, but the instrumentation is very spare: just a little synth and bass for the most part.

6) **"Cassidy," by Suzanne Vega** — Sall says that originally Vega planned to do these two songs as a medley, and actually the musical connection is clear enough. This is a pretty straight reading of the song, and though it's quite effective, I feel it lacks the interesting dynamic twists of the Dead's version.

7) **"Truckin'," by Dwight Yoakam** — Dwight is about the coolest guy in country-rock these days, and his "Truckin'" is true to the original while adding a healthy dose of Bakersfield country twang. "I was acutely aware of the Dead's radio songs, like 'Truckin',' 'U.S. Blues' and 'Casey Jones,'" Yoakam told me recently. "Their shuffle stuff always appealed to me because it had that country-esque groove; it was on the periphery of country. 'Truckin'' in particular was a favorite of mine. In fact I remember the first time I ever heard it was in '70 or '71. I was driving a '68 Impala SS and I was sitting at a traffic light when it came on the radio. I'm hearin' this beat and I was really struck by the paradox of it: this big shuffle behind this off-handed, resigned performance. That song is like a shrug of the shoulders; it's a resolute acceptance of fate, I think. It's still an anthem of that period and I was real pleased to be able to record it. It was fun."

8) **"Casey Jones," by Warren Zevon** — Who else but Zevon could sing this song so convincingly? He has a stellar band backing him, too: David Lindley on guitar (he has a tremendous slide solo, of course); on bass Jorge Calderon, Heartbreaker Stan Lynch on drums, and Stones pianist Ian McLagen on keys. It sticks to the original closely but is infused by the kind of crazy spirit that Zevon and Lindley bring to everything they do.

"I'll jump at any chance to play with Zevon," Lindley told me. "He's one of the real cats out there, you know what I mean. I mean, this is a guy who will pick a destination on a map — a mall in Barstow or Phoenix — and then drive there [from L.A.] with a Casio keyboard on the passenger seat, a mike wired around the rearview mirror, both hooked up to a Walkman, and he'll write a song that way. That's a method. Of course he didn't write "Casey Jones," but you could almost imagine he did. It's not that far from 'Werewolves of London.'" Lindley says he regrets that he's never jammed with the Dead, "though there was one time in the '60s when Kaleidoscope [Lindley's eclectic band back then] opened for the Dead at the Carousel and I asked Jerry if he'd play banjo with us. He said his chops weren't up, so it didn't happen."

9) **"Uncle John's Band," by Indigo Girls** — This Georgia duo (Amy Ray and Emily Sailers) is one of the most interesting folk-oriented acts around (check out their recent *Nomads, Indians, Saints* album), so they were a natural choice for this song. As you might expect, the harmonies are just beautiful; the two are augmented here by a three-woman vocal group called Show of Hands. The first three-quarters of the song is largely faithful to the original ("God damn well I declare" does get changed to "Sister, I declare"), but toward the end the singers start playing with the song form a bit and add some nice vocal twists.

"That's a song I really associate with college," Amy Ray told me by phone from Grinnell, Iowa, where she was playing a college (Grinnell) with the Indigo Girls band. "It's so much fun, with all the harmonies and everything. That song is like a jamboree.

"We respect the Dead so much for what they've accomplished and given to the side of music that's interested in doing it because you love to do it and you care about your audience and you try to be spontaneous. We tried to bring some of that spontaneity to our version of the song."

10) **"Friend of the Devil," by Lyle Lovett** — Maybe you saw Lovett perform his version of the song on *Late Night with David Letterman* February 21. The version here is similar. He gives it a slow acoustic treatment, backed by some haunting pedal steel and not much else. Lyle told Letterman that this is one of his favorite songs, and it shows — it's lovingly done. Could this crack country radio? We'll see.

11) **"To Lay Me Down," by Cowboy Junkies** — A friend joked that there is no way that Toronto's Cowboy Junkies, notorious for being the most laid-back band in the world, could possibly make this song any slower than the Dead's version. Well, they did! Singer Margo Timmons accents some words differently than Garcia, but otherwise turns in a lovely, relaxed performance. The instrumental part of the track is faultless, with dobro, pedal steel and accordion painting a stately backdrop.

Guitarist/bandleader Michael Timmons told me that while he and others in the group were familiar with some of the Dead's songs (he wanted to do "Ripple" on the album, but it was already taken) they were not familiar with "To Lay Me Down," which was one of a dozen songs suggested by Ralph Sall. "I liked the melody and I also liked that it has more traditional-sounding lyrics than a lot of Dead songs," he said.

"I've really got a lot of respect for what the Dead have done," he continued, echoing Amy Ray's sentiments. "They've lasted so long and done it on their own terms. We did a tour with Bruce Hornsby last summer and he pointed out that the Dead is the only band that doesn't deal with all the bullshit aspects of the music business. They've never pandered to radio, yet they've continued to grow, prosper and flourish. That's something."

12) **"Wharf Rat," by Midnight Oil** — This is a weird one. For the first half of the song, the Aussie rockers play the song at a slightly jerky off-beat with odd accents and some lyric editing. But once they hit the "I'll get up and fly away" line, the band's personality really shines through (it sounds a little like the chorus on their hit "Beds Are Burning"). And the second half of the song is like a rock 'n' roll bonfire, with swirling, noisy guitars and a propulsive beat. Sall says the band's first choice was "Black Muddy River," but he prevailed upon them to rock out on the "Rat." Pretty cool.

13) **"Estimated Prophet," by Burning Spear** — Though this is unquestionably one of my favorite Dead songs, I think it's one of the least successful cuts on the album. It sounds like a natural match — the Dead's 7/4 reggae tune done by one of Jamaica's best bands — but the results are disappointingly monochromatic, despite the peppery horn arrangement and female backup singers. Winston Rodney's monotone lead vocal robs the song of much of its emotional content. Still, hardcore dreadheads might love it, and I imagine it will grow on me.

14) **"Deal," by Dr. John** — The good Doctor is in fine form on this one. He slows it down to the speed of his own "Such a Night" and gives it a rolling piano treatment backed by a band that includes a horn section. In short, it's the N'awlins version. My favorite moment is when he sings "it'd boin off both yo' ears."

"I've know these guys for years," Dr. John told me, "especially Jerry, who's a great guy and a great player. I remember the first time I heard the Dead was during the whole Haight-Ashbury thing in the '60s. My band was playin' out there and we went to check 'em out. I thought, 'Holy shit,' what's wrong with these guys?'" he recalled with a laugh. "I couldn't figure out what they was doin'. I was about ready to leave San Francisco then and there. Ornette Coleman's in some club playin' this weird shit on the violin. The Grateful Dead are playing this rock 'n' roll like I never heard before. My tenor player saw this stuff and he quit

the band. He said, 'This is Armageddon. This is Babylon. I'm quittin'.' He was so freaked. It was culture shock to the max for us all. I got used to it eventually. Now I see Deadheads at my shows."

15) **"Ripple," by Jane's Addiction** — Matching the Dead's most gentle song with a noisy L.A. rock band sounds weird on paper, but Jane's Addiction pull this off brilliantly. They nearly double the tempo, and drummer Steven Perkins sounds like he's playing "The Other One" through the entire song. There's a wall of fuzzed guitars under Perry Farrell's pretty lead vocal (he's a man who sings like a woman). Then, at the song's conclusion the band really does slip into "The Other One," as the lead guitarist peels off the opening riff of "Bird Song"! Look for this track to get airplay on college radio — they are one of the most popular bands in the country among college students.

There are actual Deadheads in Jane's Addiction: "I guess I'm the biggest Deadhead in the band currently," drummer Perkins told me, "but we've all been through stages of Deadness. We all really appreciate their music and are so inspired by them because they've been able to keep it together for so long and not let the business get in the way of the music. They're one of the only bands around that has real integrity. We were really flattered to be asked [to be on the album]. We knew the song, of course, but we'd never played it. We didn't want to do something obvious like "China Cat" because that song is already pretty rockin.' We wanted to take something more soft-edged and see what we could do with it. We all worked on the arrangement and at the end we started jamming on 'The Other One' — it's one of my favorite Dead songs and it has that great tribal beat." Perkins attended the Dead's 1990 New Year's run in Oakland and reports, "I was amazed to see so many Jane's Addiction T-shirts." Me, too.

Ralph Sall, the gentleman who put this incredible project together, is a Deadhead himself, and has seen the band often since his first show at the Jai Lai Fronton in his native Florida back in '78.

"Obviously I'm a big fan of the Dead," he says, "but I thought a lot of their songs on records aren't definitively done. I thought if I could get the act I heard in my head in the studio to make a recording, we could get something special going. So the acts I chose were ones I thought would match well." In the end, nearly all the bands played the songs Sall suggested for them, and he was on hand for most of the recording sessions, whether it was in England with Jane's Addiction and Suzanne Vega, Jamaica with Burning Spear, or Los Angeles with Los Lobos.

"I wanted to do a thing where people who might not even know about the Grateful Dead might hear someone they do know and like — Jane's Addiction, Elvis Costello . . . all these people have their own fans — and appreciate the songs on there. I think not only are these some of the best versions of some of these songs I've heard, a few rank with some of the best work these artists have done.

Sall says he approached "everyone you might expect and lots of people you wouldn't expect" to help out on the project. And though he confesses he didn't get three of his favorite Dead songs — "Scarlet," "The Wheel" and "Lady With a Fan" — on the album, because the artists he envisioned for them weren't available, he says he's delighted with how it came out. And who knows — if this one is a hit, maybe he could make Volume 2. Let's see, how about Emmylou Harris doing "Box of Rain," Willie Nelson singing "Stella Blue," George Clinton playing "Shakedown Street"... □

The Grateful Dead Hour

A weekly visit to the wide musical world of the Grateful Dead, featuring concert tapes from recent shows and classic performances from the Dead's tape vault, plus information on other Grateful Dead projects and matters of interest to the Deadhead community.

Produced by David Gans, author of *Playing in the Band.*

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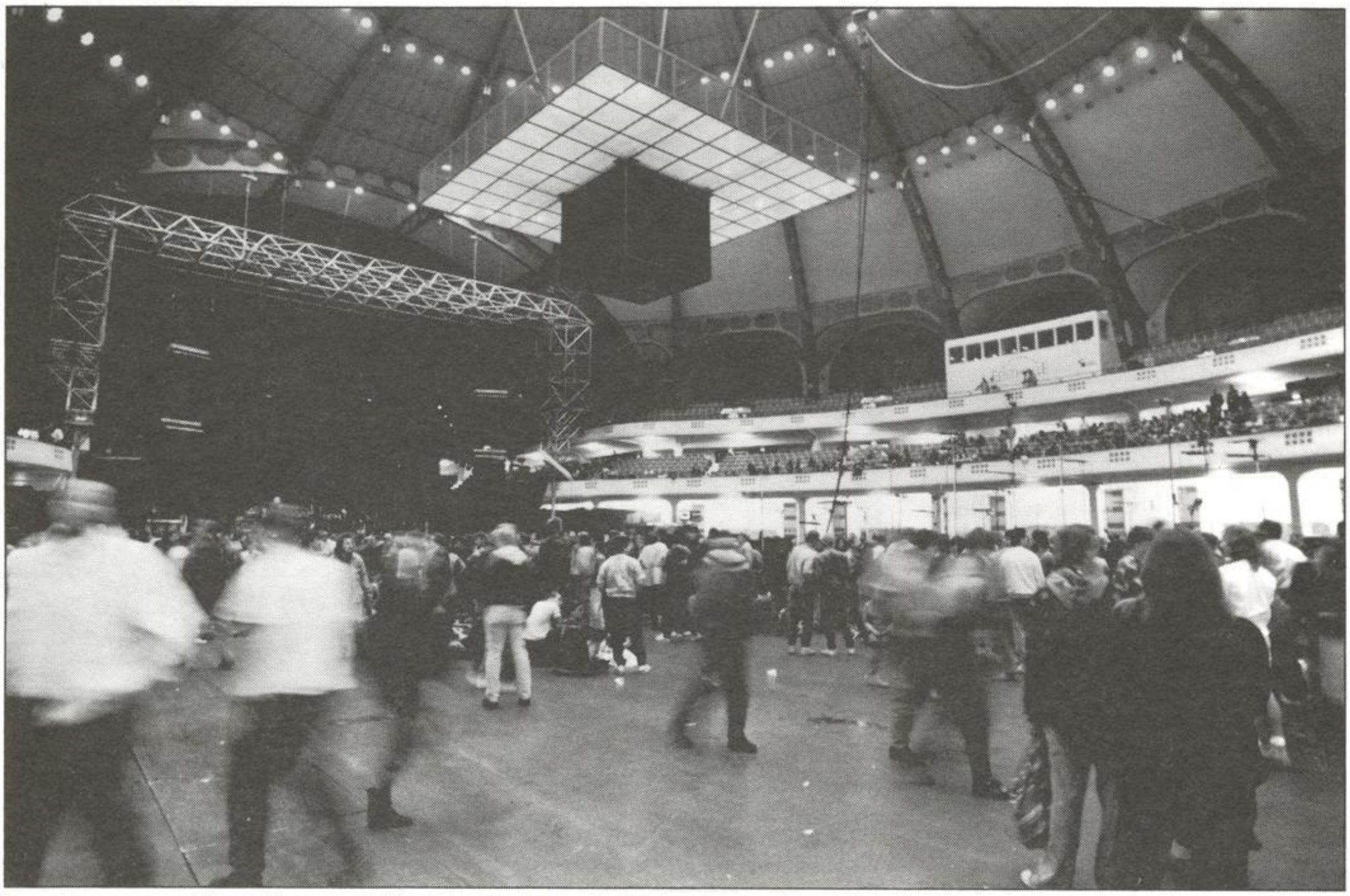


Remember the days when the band would play interesting venues of different sizes? Well, that's what the Europe tour was like. Above: the Festhalle in Frankfurt. Photo: John LaFortune

(Note: The reviews of the European shows were all written by European subscribers. In most cases, comments from more than one person are provided.)

STOCKHOLM

Although there was some publicity in the papers about the Grateful Dead preceding their Stockholm appearance (their first in Sweden), most people here do not know the band, and their records are not easy to find. So it was not surprising that for their concert the Isstadium was only about half full, and most of those in attendance appeared to be Americans. I had seen the band in America on two different vacations (1985 and 1989) and have a good-sized collection of old and current tapes, but it was exciting for me to see them in my hometown. Even though the show wasn't an especially good one, my friends and I had fun and enjoyed meeting some of the Americans who had come over for the concerts.

In fact the crowd seemed to have more energy than the band, who looked tired, perhaps because of jet-lag. The first part of the show they sounded like they were just trying to adjust to the hall and being in a strange land, but there were a few exciting songs, especially "Loser" and "Promised Land." In the second set, my favorites were Bob's songs before the drums, "Estimated" and "Playin'." The jams on these weren't very long, but they did have some life to them. "All Along the Watchtower" was a surprise to me coming out of "space" and had the best rock 'n' roll playing of the night. By the end of the set, however, the group was obviously tired, as they sounded somewhat uninspired. I was happy that I would see their first three shows in Germany.

— *Peter Jurgens, Stockholm*

A distinctly substandard performance, not that Lesh, for one, didn't try his damnedest to make the music cohere.... Garcia was a shambles — fumbling and confused and unable to sustain the occasional brilliant flashes (his "flute" solo on "Playin'" was the best thing he played all night).... By the way, I heard from an American Head in the audience at one of the London gigs that Weir had tried to excuse the Stockholm concert by saying that the first set hadn't been the Dead at all, but a local support band called Jetlag — pronounced "Yetlahg," Swedish-style!

— *Bob Quaif, London*

10/13/90, Isstadium, Stockholm, Sweden

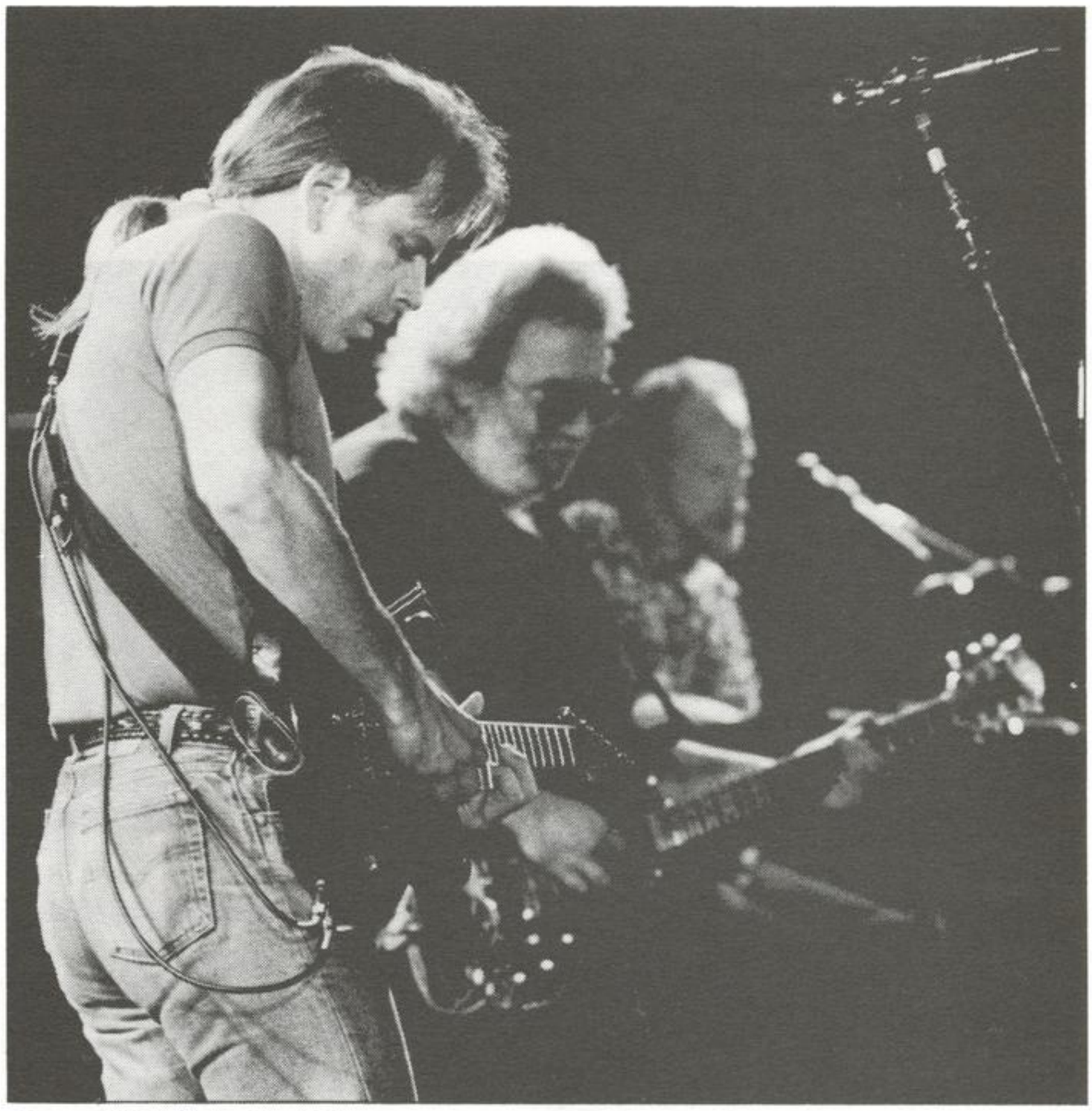
Cold Rain & Snow, Feel Like a Stranger, Candyman, Walkin' Blues, Loser, Queen Jane Approximately, Bird Song, Promised Land

Touch of Grey, Estimated Prophet ➧ Crazy Fingers ➧ Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away/

ESSEN

A great improvement over Stockholm! In fact some of my friends thought this was the best of the Germany shows. I hadn't seen the band since they last played in Essen [1981] and actually I was surprised to see them looking so good and full of energy. In the first set I was particularly impressed by "Sugaree," which Jerry really had fun with, "High Time" and "Cassidy," which was the first taste we got of spacey playing. I had not heard "Picasso Moon" before and thought it was interesting, though I couldn't understand the lyrics. The second set was mainly rock 'n' roll and mainly songs from the '70s. The first three songs, especially, were very well played (though I thought the "Truckin'" jam was cut short). The drums and "space" were both very strange and wonderful — this is the part of the show that is most different from hearing tapes — to see Mickey and Billy pounding away and to hear the sound moving around the speakers is like nothing I've experienced before! After the drums, "Black Peter" was my favorite — Jerry really got into the jam at the end before Bobby went into "Lovelight."

— *Karl Freulich, Munich*



Essen, 10/17. Photo: John LaFortune

This show was undeniably great; the favorite of most people I talked to.

— *Scott Erickson, Oslo, Norway*

10/17/90, Grugahalle, Essen, Germany
Hell in a Bucket ➧ Sugaree, New Minglewood Blues, Ramble On Rose, Me & My Uncle ➧ Maggie's Farm, High Time, Cassidy, Tennessee Jed, Picasso Moon

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Truckin' ➧ He's Gone ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Black Peter ➧ Lovelight/ Knockin' on Heaven's Door

BERLIN

Imagine my delight when I heard that the Dead were coming to Berlin! I've been in Germany three years and haven't seen a show since the Cap Center in '87, so that may explain my enthusiasm for these shows. It's nearly impossible to describe the ICC — it's a very modern building that sort of looks like a high-tech air terminal or subway station. It's cold architecturally, but also kind of cool (cosmically speaking) — a good place for a Dead show, though still better suited to be the conference center it is. Both shows were excellent — way better than I expected, since I assumed the death of Brent would leave a big hole. I still missed Brent, but Bruce and Vince sounded really good.

Most people will probably disagree with me, but I felt the first show was the better of the two — maybe it's because they played outstanding versions of so many of my favorites: "Shakedown Street," especially appropriate given Berlin's recent transformation from a divided city to a unified one; "Scarlet-Fire," in which Hornsby and Garcia played off each other in amazing ways; a very high-energy, chugging "Other One"; and, of course, "Sugar Magnolia," which would get people dancing in any country or culture; this was a fantastic one. I also enjoyed "Deal" and "Stuck Inside of Mobile" (with Hornsby on accordion) in the first set.

The second night was the spacey show and also had many, many highlights, including my first-ever "Dark Star." Coming right out of a not-very-good "Ship of Fools," it was a real surprise. It was a powerful one, too, with Phil and Garcia leading the way out into space with the confidence of Kirk and Spock! This led into a very intense drums, which I could swear featured sounds of someone chipping away at the Berlin Wall. The completion of the "Dark Star" after "space" brought the voyage full circle and left me very satisfied. "Not Fade Away" a little later seemed like pure celebration, for all of us, and maybe for Berlin, too. Other highlights of the show included an extended "Let It Grow," which featured a long Hornsby solo at the end; "Eyes of the World," long and slow, the way I like it; and "Samson," which came out of "Eyes" as if by magic and then built to such a pitch I thought they were going to tear that new building down — just like the Wall!

— *Tom Mandell, Hannover, Germany*

These were the first Dead shows I've seen. I have about 100 hours on tape, but it's not the same! The ICC looks like a giant space ship from a science fiction movie, both inside and out. During the "space" segment the first night the lights played up the unusual architecture and I felt like I was part of the first hippie space colony. The next night I was in the balcony and the light show gave me many strange and wonderful hallucinations, without any chemical aids. . . .

Deadheads are the greatest folks on Earth. After the first show I wanted to hug everybody around. I didn't, but I couldn't seem to say anything but "Oh wow!" for a couple of hours.

— *John Mullins, Berlin*

I heard some grumbling amongst the

Two views of the ICC in Berlin. Top: Deadheads in the lobby area (a model of the ICC is on the table). Photo: John LaFortune. Bottom: Inside the hall. Photo: Michael Conway

German folks that there was an overabundance of American fans at the Berlin shows because so many tickets were sold through U.S. mail order. Apparently a lot of Germans who wanted tickets couldn't get them. After the shows, the local papers said the Grateful Dead would not be welcome back at the ICC, I guess due to excessive garbage left outside the hall, and too much smoking inside.

— *Scott Erickson, Oslo, Norway*

10/19/90, ICC, Berlin, Germany
Good Times ➧ Shakedown Street, Little Red Rooster, Brown-Eyed Women, Mama Tried ➧ Mexicali Blues, Row Jimmy, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Deal

Scarlet Begonias ➧ Fire on the Mountain, Looks Like Rain ➧ Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Around & Around ➧ Sugar Magnolia/Baby Blue

10/20/90, Berlin
Jack Straw, Mississippi Half-Step, Walkin' Blues, Friend of the Devil, Black-Throated Wind, Jackaroe, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Let It Grow, Box of Rain

Eyes of the World ➧ Samson & Delilah, Ship of Fools, Dark Star ➧ space ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Dark Star ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away/ Saturday Night

FRANKFURT

American G.I.'s, British military personnel and many non-Deadheads made this evening disappointing for me — the best place to stay was near the tapers' section. The rest of the hall was packed with people afraid to dance or move — they just stood there like pieces of wood. The Festhalle has terrible acoustics, too. The show was good, though — I especially liked hearing "Bird Song," "Standing on the Moon," "Uncle John's Band" and "Stella Blue."

— *Gunther Frosch, Munich*

The concert suffered from the acoustics of the Festhalle — some instruments just couldn't be heard. Weir constantly worked with his equipment. During "Uncle John's Band," I couldn't hear Hornsby's accordion at all. Still, I liked most of the show and it was exciting to hear the boys again after nine years.

— *Karl-Heinz Volker, Neu-Isenburg, Germany*

Another very good show, particularly the first set: "Bertha," "Foolish Heart," a good, long "Bird Song" with Vince making some nice noises, and Bruce Hornsby's song. In the second set, "Standing on the Moon" sounded very powerful, and both "Playin'" and "Uncle John's Band" sounded like old friends coming to visit. I didn't even know the band had been playing "The Weight" — what a great choice for them!

— *Tom Mandell, Hannover, Germany*

10/22/90, Festhalle, Frankfurt, Germany
Bertha ➧ Greatest Story Ever Told, Peggy-O, Wang Dang Doodle, Foolish Heart, Desolation Row, Bird Song, Valley Road

Victim or the Crime ➧ Standing on the Moon, Playin' in the Band ➧ Uncle John's Band ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Lovelight/The Weight

HAMBURG

A lot of American Deadheads skipped this show for some reason [it was added late so many people went on to Paris a couple of days early — BJ] and they missed a great time — a fantastic place to see a concert; intimate with very good sound. The band's energy level, particularly in the second set, seemed higher than in Frankfurt. I was, of course, thrilled to hear "Help on the Way"! While it was a little ragged in places, it went over very well; my German friends were knocked out by it. It was funny seeing the Germans react to "Truckin'," since it's probably one of the few songs the non-Deadheads in attendance had heard. Also hot were "Iko-Iko," which bounced through the *halle* like a giant beach ball,

Deadheads sleeping in the park near the Festhalle in Frankfurt. Photo: Michael Conway

and "Goin' Down the Road," which seemed a nice gesture to the many Deadheads who had traveled so far.
—*Tom Mandell, Hanover, Germany*

The Sporthalle was a cool place for the Dead — about 4000 capacity with excellent acoustics.... It looks like an old, small wooden hockey arena.
— *Gunther Frosch, Munich*

10/24, Sporthalle, Hamburg, Germany
Feel Like a Stranger, Cold Rain & Snow, Little Red Rooster, They Love Each Other, Me & My Uncle ➧ Big River, West L.A. Fadeaway, Queen Jane Approximately, Iko-Iko

Help on the Way ➧ Slipknot ➧ Franklin's Tower, Truckin' ➧ He's Gone ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ The Wheel ➧ Around & Around ➧ Goin' Down the Road/U.S. Blues

Phil in Frankfurt. Photo: John LaFortune

PARIS

The carnival came to Paris this wet October weekend, and the festival under the big top was wild. Surprisingly, there was little advance notice of the Dead's visit in the French press and music magazines, although tickets were available at an early date. The Zenith seemed like an appropriate venue for the traveling-circus aura of this tour. It is a large, tent-like structure, but was well-configured inside, with a nice-sized floor area and sloping, semicircular rows of seats that permitted everyone good views of the stage. With a capacity of about 5000 it is one of the smallest places the band has played in recent years. Security was minimal to nonexistent, and there didn't seem to be any problems. The crowd was probably 80 percent American, most seeming to have come for the tour, or at least the last leg of the tour. There appeared to be as many Germans as French in the audience; I was disappointed to see so few locals on hand.

Electricity was in the air as the Dead came onstage, tuned up and launched into a rousing "Hell in a Bucket." Bruce Hornsby wasted no time making his contribution felt, filling out "Sugaree" with some delightful piano work; he was in excellent form both nights, I thought. The first-set highlights were "Black-Throated Wind" (with the original lyrics), "Masterpiece" and a very spacey "Bird Song." The second set started with a nice, very energetic "China-Rider," but really soared with "Crazy Fingers" and the two "Playin'" segments. By the climax of the encore, "One More Saturday Night," everyone was wondering how the boys could top themselves the next night.

Incredibly, the party continued at the same high level of energy and solid playing the next day. The first set was, for me, the best set of the two shows. Though the opener, "Touch of Grey," seemed a bit like an obligation, the Dead got down to real business with "Walkin' Blues," which was perfect. When Phil stepped to the microphone to answer calls for him to sing with a schoolbook-perfect *"En français, s'il vous plaît,"* it was clear he was going to be more involved this night. His "Box of Rain" was beautiful. The highlight of the set, though, was "Maggie's Farm," with all the vocalists taking a verse — Grateful Dead vocals have never had a finer moment!

The second set whirled from the opening "Victim or the Crime" through an "Eyes-Estimated" that evoked an earlier Dead sound (Hornsby's piano had a lot to do with that), on into a fine "Uncle John's Band" and, eventually, a rocking "Sugar Magnolia" closer. After the encore, the exhausted crowd filed back out into the rain, past offers of ferry crossings to England, to rejoin the traveling flea market and bewildered *gendarmes* outside. A fall European tour could become a welcome tradition for us Euroheads. The French didn't seem to mind at all, and may not have even noticed our passing.

— *Leonard Trimmer, Garches, France*

The second set [first night] was stunning: contrapuntal complexity and reckless celebratory fervor went hand in hand.... For a few minutes before drums, Bob, Phil and Bruce (on accordion) treated us to a wonderfully bizarre jam. Another magical moment came when the "Playin'" reprise emerged with subtle beauty out of "space." ... Some people preferred Sunday, but I felt its pleasures were sparser, less immediate.... But, everyone seemed to get caught up in the swirling spirals of an explosively polyrhythmic "Other One." Such was the overwhelming impression this made on me that I can't recall much about the next two numbers.

— *Bob Quaif, London*

The second set [night two] really started off mean with "Victim or the Crime," cutting out with such darkness I wondered if I'd survive it. This was followed by the redeeming "Eyes" — the antidote becoming complete as the lights rose to form a ring of bright golden pillars surrounding a lush, verdant lawn. Before I knew it we were in the California sunshine in a grassy summertime bandstand listening to "Uncle John's Band"! My heart just exploded with love!

— *Simon Howard, Derbyshire, UK*

10/27/90, The Zenith, Paris, France
Hell in a Bucket ➧ Sugaree, New Minglewood Blues, Jackaroe, Black-Throated Wind, Ramble On Rose, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Bird Song, Promised Land

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Saint of Circumstances ➧ Crazy Fingers ➧ Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Playin' reprise ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away/Saturday Night

10/28/90, The Zenith
Touch of Grey, Walkin' Blues, Candyman, Box of Rain, Mexicali Blues ➧ Maggie's Farm, Althea, Cassidy, Tennessee Jed, Stander on the Mountain

Victim or the Crime ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ Estimated Prophet ➧ Uncle John's Band ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Sugar Magnolia/Knockin' on Heaven's Door

LONDON

I have to say, I found the first five numbers of the 30th show rather insipid, but things picked up with "Row Jimmy," and "Let It Grow" was very good indeed. The piano solo by Hornsby that linked it with the next song ["Valley Road"] seemed delightfully, insouciantly eclectic to me. Although the second set suffered by comparison with the two in Paris, it had some outstanding moments: the quiet, almost static jam at the end of "Terrapin" leading into an unusually spacey drums, for example; and "The Weight" does make for a moving encore.

Halloween night a large part of the audience turned up suitably attired! Given the date and location, hopes were running high for the return of a certain Warren Zevon number. Most of the first set was marvelous: an energetically intricate "Help-Slip-Frank" sparked off the concert most emphatically — hey, these guys mean business! "Rooster" and "Masterpiece" were well above average, and the set ended with another beautiful "Bird Song" into a driving "Promised Land" — a seemingly unlikely coupling, but it's become quite common and appears to work extremely well.

Aside from Bob's problems with the words to "Truckin'," the second set was awesomely inspired. "Scarlet-Fire" were wonderful, especially the latter. A monumentally impressive "space" proved an ideal launching pad for a searing performance of "All Along the Watchtower." But then ... one of the all-time greatest versions of "Stella Blue" that I've heard — a triumph of delicacy and invention. When Weir followed this with "Around & Around," I was at first inclined to wince, but we were treated to a very enjoyable, restrained, bluesy jam at the end, linking it to "Good Lovin'." And for the encore we got "Werewolves of London" at last!

After that tremendous concert, the last night of the tour began disappointingly: the first few numbers were solid enough rhythmically, but the individual playing was rather uninspired and Jerry's vocals were very subdued. It was with "Mama Tried," of all songs, that the set began to take off, thanks to a lively walking bass from Phil. The ensuing "Maggie's Farm" was a delight, with neat guitar links from Jerry between the verses.

There was space a-plenty in the fascinatingly subtle and thoughtful second set — a marked contrast from the more forceful second sets we'd had most other nights (in Paris and London). What at first sounded like a tune-up was gradually revealed to be a creepy intro (via a brief drum break) to an unusually reined-in version of "Victim": its power was insidious rather than visceral. Garcia found the perfect complement for this in a sweet, relaxed

At a roadstop near Herford, Germany: (L to R) John Thomas (Hornsby's tech man), Mickey, Billy, Mickey's son Taro, and Bruce. Photo: Sven Simonsen

"Touch of Grey." "Playin'" became the basis of some superlative loose-limbed jamming, until Garcia intervened with the first London "Dark Star" in more than 16 years! This proved an ideal vehicle for more graceful, restrained improvisation. Following "space," Bruce came to the fore with a bright, rolling piano solo that led back into "Dark Star," followed by more spacey jamming — now freer than ever — and a beautifully understated return to "Playin'."

— Bob Quaif, London

I had high expectations for London, even though the Dead were playing the venue once described by Frank Zappa as "the worst sounding box in the known universe." I had hoped they might perform magical shows on the level of Albany, Nassau, Hamilton and Cap Center earlier in the year, and they came quite near it on Halloween night, which was a great party and a hot show musically — it was as close as you can get to an East Coast performance on this side of the Atlantic.... The British thought the shows were astounding; they were really bowled over. I thought it was really brave of the guys to go on with the tour despite Brent's death. The Dead carry on and we'll surely be with them wherever they go. I hope they come over to the UK for an open-air event sometime!

Derek Ataker, London

It is probably difficult for U.S. Heads to appreciate the frustrations of English and European fans. The Dead have played in England in '70, '72, '74 and '81, and that's it. A giant show with Santana and NRPS was proposed in 1976, but was canceled due to poor ticket sales. In 1978, a number of dates in London were canceled when the band went straight to Egypt. Even the first London showing of the Grateful Dead Movie was canceled. The '81 shows were magnificent, but time passes, and only the growing tape trader scene has provided some of us with sustenance. English shows are therefore something of an event and have tended to possess a special musical quality.... The Halloween show was the best I've seen, one of those magical evenings when the band was unable to put a foot wrong. "Help-Slip-Frank" was wonderful in every way; one of those combos I never thought I'd ever witness.... "Dark Star" [on the third night] was like icing on the cake for me. It was indescribable to hear it live for the first time after so many years of waiting....

Although we can all probably think of minor adjustments and songs we'd like to have heard ("Standing on the Moon," which Garcia even started the last night, only to go into "Wharf Rat"), I don't think these shows could have been any better. So many new songs have been introduced since they last played London and it was great to hear so many of them. Judging from the folks around me, a lot of U.S. Heads made the whole tour, and it was good to see them. But they have a fan base here, too, and this tour made a lot of people very happy.

— Nick Alexander, Gloucestershire, UK

10/30/90, Wembley Arena, London, England

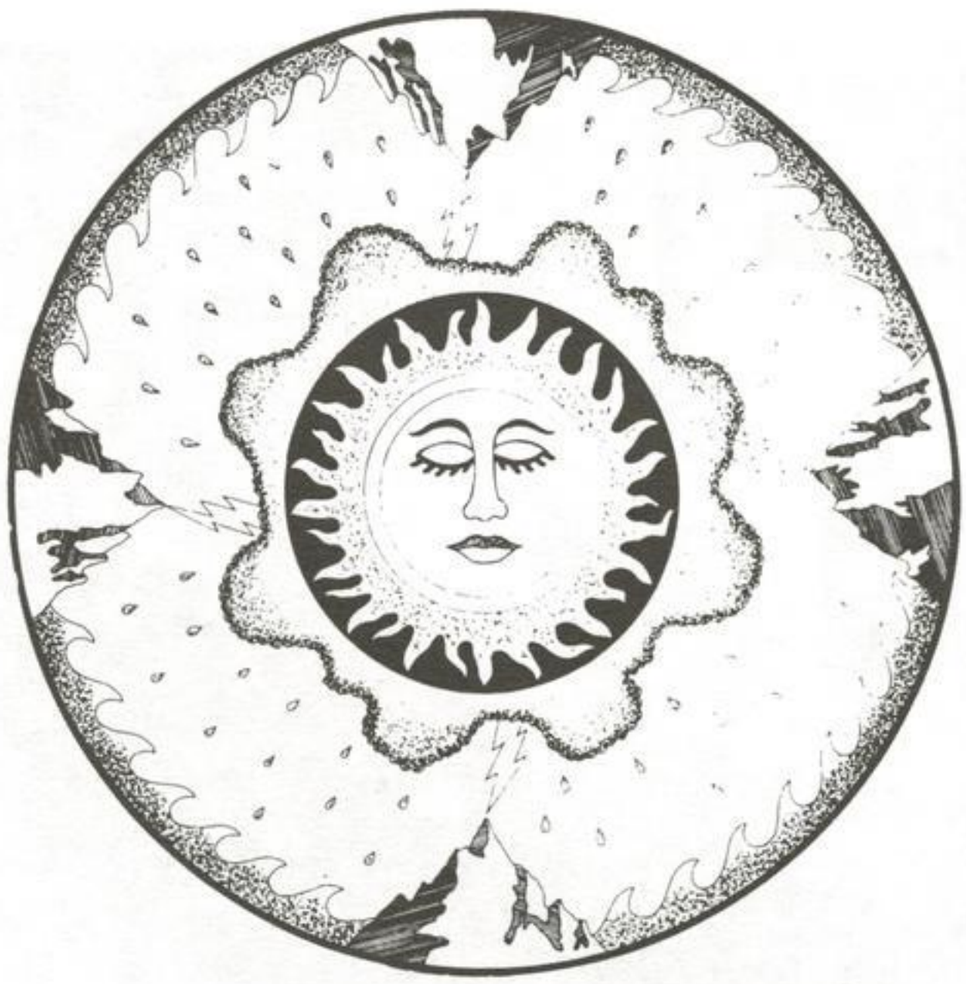
Jack Straw ➧ Bertha, Wang Dang Doodle, Brown-Eyed Women, Queen Jane Approximately, Row Jimmy, Let It Grow ➧ Valley Road

Picasso Moon ➧ Foolish Heart ➧ Looks Like Rain ➧ Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Black Peter ➧ Lovelight/The Weight

10/31/90, Wembly Arena

Help on the Way ➧ Slipknot ➧ Franklin's Tower, Little Red Rooster, Loose Lucy, Me & My Uncle ➧ Big River, Must've Been the Roses, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Bird Song, Promised Land

SUNDANCE BOOKS



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Scarlet Begonias ➧ Fire on the Mountain, Truckin' ➧ He's Gone ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Around & Around ➧ Good Lovin'/Werewolves of London

11/1/90, Wembley Arena
Hell in a Bucket, Friend of the Devil, Walkin' Blues, Cold Rain & Snow, Mama Tried ➧ Maggie's Farm, Cassidy, Valley Road

Victim or the Crime ➧ Touch of Grey, Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ Dark Star ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Playin' reprise ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away/U.S. Blues

OAKLAND COLISEUM

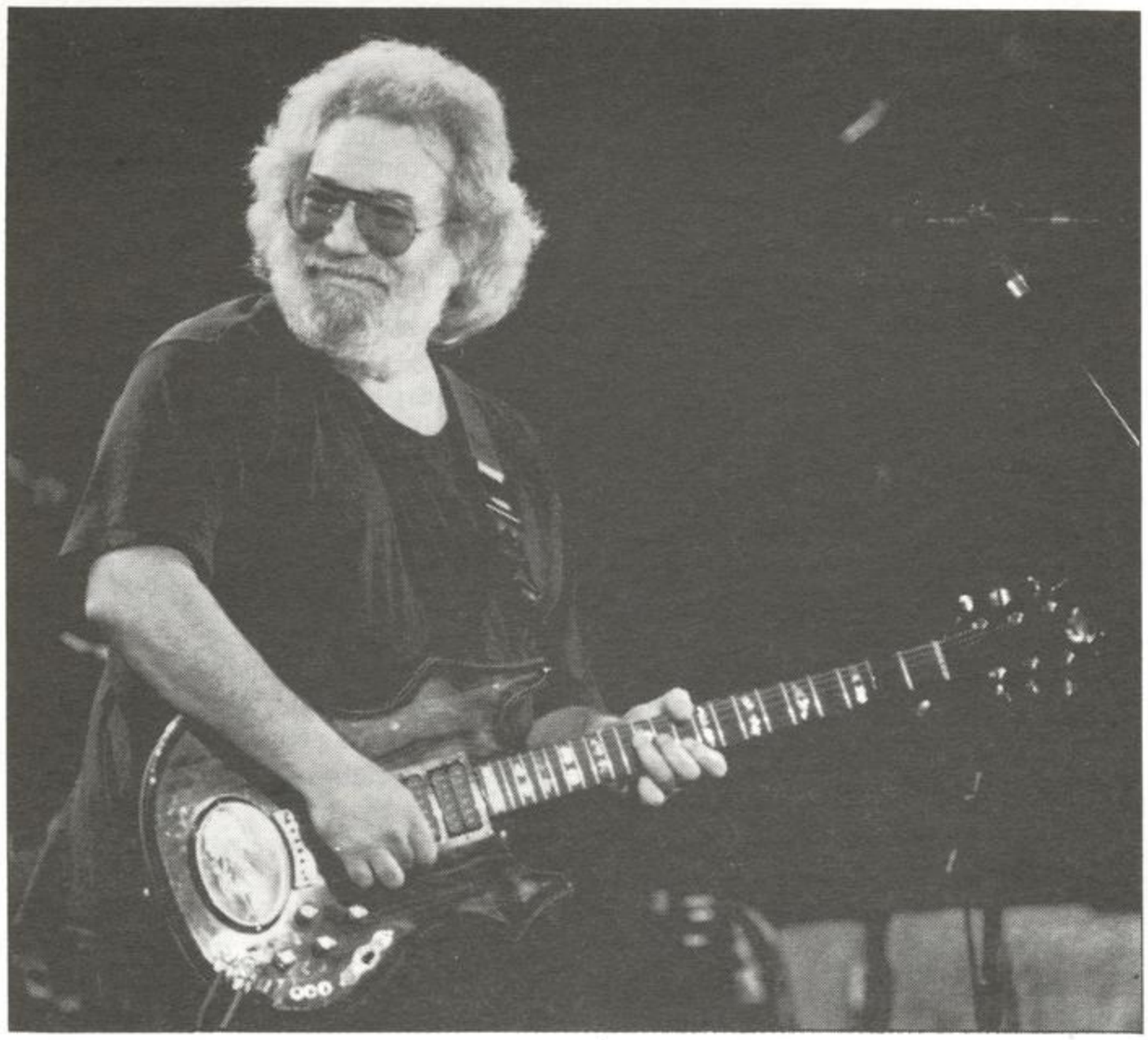
These were my first shows seeing Hornsby with the band (I'd caught Vince in Cleveland) and frankly it took me a little while to get used to how dense the band's new sound is. While the group's energy output was absolutely awesome at points, I felt that some of the quieter passages suffered from having too much going on in them; everything seemed to be played at the same fever pitch.

The first show was generally strong, if predictable and sloppy on occasion —Garcia butchered "Althea" and completely missed a major cue on "Terrapin." But the versions of "West L.A." and "Queen Jane" far exceeded my expectations (Bruce's accordion added much to the latter), and in the second set, "I Know You Rider" was spectacular, and the jam after "I Need a Miracle" the best I'd heard in a long time. "Sugar Magnolia" was as good as it gets, too, which is to say it left me five feet off the ground. Hornsby's convoluted "Stander on the Mountain" needs a lot more rehearsal, and even then I'm not sure it'll ever be a great vehicle for the Dead. (How 'bout "Across the River," Brucester?)

I thought the second show was great from the get-go. Hearing "Jack Straw" followed by a generously long "Half-Step" seemed like a real treat, and the first set in general was peppy and confidently played. I liked "Valley Road" much more than the previous night's Hornsby's tune. The second set featured some incredible jamming on several songs — most notably "Eyes," "Truckin'" and "Wharf Rat." The band's energy never lagged for a second, and for the first time I got the feeling that the new Grateful Dead may have more sheer power than any previous line-up. Very good shows overall, in my view.

— BJ

12/3/90, Oakland Coliseum, Oakland, CA



Jerry in Berlin. Photo: Michael Conway

Touch of Grey, Feel Like a Stranger, West L.A. Fadeaway, Queen Jane Approximately, Ramble On Rose, Cassidy, Althea, Stander on the Mountain

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Estimated Prophet ➧ Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ jam ➧Stella Blue ➧ Sugar Magnolia/The Weight

12/4/90, Oakland Coliseum
Jack Straw, Mississippi Half-Step, Walkin' Blues, Candyman, Me & My Uncle ➧ Big River, Brown-Eyed Women, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Bird Song, Valley Road

Eyes of the World ➧ jam ➧ Saint of Circumstance, Ship of Fools, Truckin' ➧ jam ➧ Wang Dang Doodle ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Lovelight*/Baby Blue
*with Huey Lewis on harmonica

COMPTON TERRACE

With Frost Amphitheater off limits in 1990 and with strange winter weather occurring across most of the country, the Dead's appearance in early December at Compton Terrace was welcome relief. And just as the Dead's shows at Frost are remembered more as frolics that ushered in gorgeous Bay Area summers than as outstanding musical performances, the climate for the two afternoon shows in Arizona was better suited for sunbathing than for rock 'n' roll intensity.

The Saturday show was one of the mellowest in recent memory. "Cold Rain" appeared in its ironic guise at an almost lethargic tempo, followed by a "Picasso Moon" that went into orbit (though it's a song that really benefits from being played near the end of the first set). For me, not much about the show was particularly memorable, but who's complaining about a competently played show under spectacular conditions?

Sunday's show, on the other hand, was terrific throughout. Highlights in the first set included "Maggie's Farm," in which everyone but the drummers took a verse. It was the first time I'd heard Vince sing a lead vocal, and I was impressed with his phrasing and the sound of his voice. "Black-Throated Wind" featured the original Barlow lyrics (with a few modifications), rather than the souped-up version heard last spring. "Valley Road," a Hornsby original, is a stirring rocker with invigorating vocal hooks. The second set, which included fine versions of "Scarlet-Fire" and such relatively rare (these days) tunes as "Goin' Down the Road," "Good Lovin'" and the "Playin'" reprise, is certainly worth seeking on tape. The whole thing rocked, but my favorite set of the weekend was Sunday's first set.

— Dan Levy

12/8/90, Compton Terrace, Tempe, AZ

Cold Rain & Snow, Picasso Moon, Loser, New Minglewood Blues, Row Jimmy, Desolation Row, Tennessee Jed, The Music Never Stopped

Victim or the Crime ➧ Foolish Heart ➧ Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ Uncle John's Band ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Black Peter ➧ Around & Around ➧ Saturday Night/ U.S. Blues

12/9/90, Compton Terrace
Hell in a Bucket ➧ Bertha, Little Red Rooster, Jackaroe, Maggie's Farm, Black-Throated Wind, Bird Song, Valley Road

Samson & Delilah ➧ Scarlet Begonias ➧ Fire on the Mountain, Truckin' ➧ Spoonful ➧ He's Gone ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Wheel ➧ Playin' reprise ➧ Goin' Down the Road ➧ Good Lovin'/ Brokedown Palace

DENVER

McNichols Arena doesn't have a very good reputation in Deadhead circles, probably because in the past it has sometimes served as a replacement for rained-out concerts at Red Rocks, one of the most popular venues the Dead have played. I found McNichols no worse (or better) than any other sports arena, but one thing's for sure — when word gets around about how good these three shows were, everyone's going to want to go there next time. It had been three years since the band played Colorado, and they more than made up for their long absence!

If pressed, I'd probably have to say that the first concert was my favorite, though each was outstanding in its own way. The group came out of the gate completely pumped up, and barely came up for air the entire first set. "Greatest Story" and "Maggie's Farm" were particularly hot, though the biggest crowd-pleaser seemed to be "Loose Lucy." The first half of the second set ranks up there with the best live Dead I heard all year — including the Branford night at Nassau. After excellent versions of "China Cat-Rider" and "Looks Like Rain" — a fairly common combination — the band threw us a curve by playing a rockin' "Iko." Then, without missing a beat they cruised right into "Dark Star." I had hoped we might hear "Dark Star" during the run, but never dreamed they'd pull it out the first night. What a nice shock! Unlike some of the band's recent "Dark Star" jams, this one stuck fairly close to the original rhythm most of the time, rather than dissolving into freeform "space." Garcia sang only the first verse, but he played the second one right before shifting gears and heading into a fine "Terrapin" — the first time those tunes have been paired! The second half of the set was more conventional, but very well played nonetheless.

Night #2 was another stunner. Once again, the first set had no weak spots at all, and songs like "Friend of the Devil" and "Stuck Inside of Mobile" in particular sounded invigorated by the new line-up. "Wang Dang Doodle" came as a nice surprise, too. The second set offered one of the best song lists I've seen in ages, and it almost lived up to it. "Help on the Way," played a little faster than it has been recently, was masterfully constructed by the band, though Vince sounded completely lost in a couple of sections. You never know where "Eyes" is going to turn up these days; this time it was in its old pre-drums slot, and I liked it just fine. "The Other One" rocketed through McNichols at blazing speed, matched by Candace Brightman's quick-shifting lights. "Morning Dew" followed, and it was a quirky one: Garcia had trouble on the verses, played the hell out of the middle part, and then did a weird thing at the end — after building towards the final climax, he brought the music back down again rather than singing the final "I guess

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it doesn't matter anyway." Like a lot of people, I found that confusing, but when Phil then treated us to a heartfelt "Box of Rain," all was forgotten.

Bruce Hornsby was absent the third night, and I was worried that the band's energy might fall off as a result, but I was happily surprised once again. Without Bruce there, Vince seemed to play more lines and fewer ornamental flourishes. The first set was dynamite, with a few unusual choices ("Shakedown," "To Lay Me Down") and a great overall flow. The second set was also a winner. The expected "Victim-Foolish Heart" combo worked perfectly for me this night, and even "He's Gone," not normally one of my favorites, was infused with rare spunkiness. The long blues jam that followed that song was tremendous. This show's unexpected treasure was a beautifully executed jam out of a riveting "space" into the second verse of "Dark Star" — the first time, to my knowledge, the band has divided that song over two shows, *à la* "Playin'." It sure floored me! The rest of the set was gravy, though the "Wharf Rat" deserves special mention for its intense middle jam. "Heaven's Door" provided a stately close to the run, which was one of the best I've ever seen.

— *Michael Burke*

12/12/90, McNichols Arena, Denver, CO

Touch of Grey ➧ Greatest Story Ever Told, Candyman, Walkin' Blues, Loose Lucy, Mexicali Blues ➧ Maggie's Farm, Queen Jane Approximately, Deal

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Looks Like Rain, Iko-Iko, Dark Star ➧ Terrapin ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Not Fade Away/The Weight

12/13/90, McNichols Arena

Jack Straw, Sugaree, Wang Dang Doodle, Friend of the Devil, Me & My Uncle ➧ Big River, Ramble On Rose, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Valley Road

Help on the Way ➧ Slipknot ➧ Franklin's Tower, Saint of Circumstance, Eyes of the World ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ The Other One ➧ Morning Dew ➧ Box of Rain/U.S. Blues

12/14/90, McNichols Arena

Shakedown Street, Picasso Moon, Peggy-O, Little Red Rooster, Stagger Lee, When I Paint My Masterpiece, To Lay Me Down, Let It Grow

Victim or the Crime ➧ Foolish Heart ➧ Man Smart Woman Smarter ➧ He's Gone ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Dark Star reprise ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Lovelight/Knockin' on Heaven's Door

NEW YEAR'S

Most years, the band goes into the New Year's run relatively cold because they usually don't play much in November and December. But solid December series in Oakland, Tempe and (especially) Denver meant the band already had a certain momentum going when New Year's rolled around. These were four hot shows, in my view. Herewith a few observations and highlights:

12/27 — More than some openers, "Jack Straw" reveals how "on" the band is going to be on a given night. This one was scorching.... My first "Loose Lucy" since '74 was a rockin' chunk-fest.... After a couple of years of substandard versions of "Scarlet," that tune has been sounding great recently. The jams following it have gotten longer, mainly because its open-endedness lends itself to Garcia's MIDI explorations. "Fire" was blazing, too, though Garcia sort of low-keyed the ending.... The biggest surprise of the entire run had to be "Comes a Time," played for the first time since Roanoke in '87. It was heart-rending, as always, and featured an exquisite jam at the end.... Hamza el Din and Mickey

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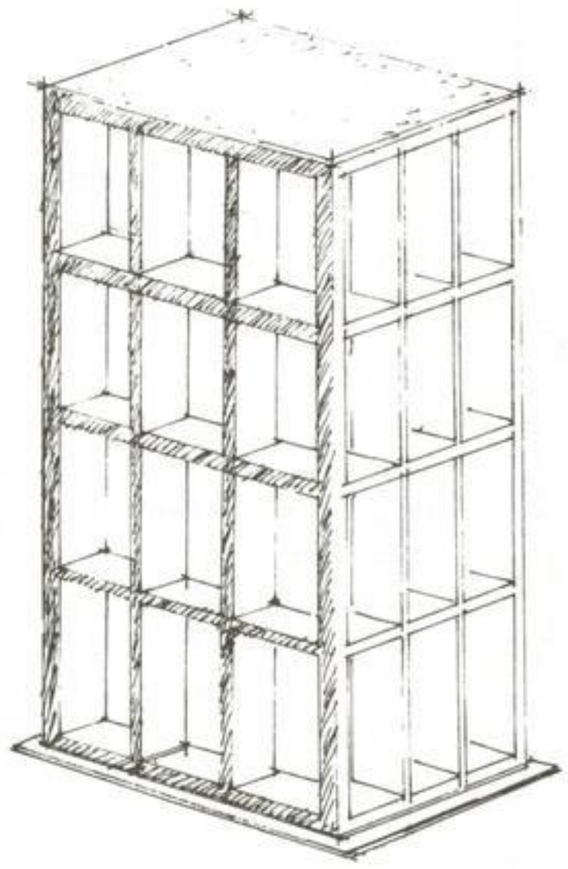

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transfixed the crowd with an Egyptian song following drums, accompanying themselves on tars.... On the tremendous "Miracle," it sounded like half the band was playing "The Other One" through the first verse. Great jam afterwards, too.

12/28 — "Friend of the Devil" is another tune that's perked up since Hornsby brought in the accordion.... Nice to hear "Victim" in the first set again, and "Foolish Heart" had the best closing jam I've heard on that song.... Much as I love hearing "Saint," I still miss "Lost Sailor" as a lead-in.... The second-set highlight for me was the jam following "He's Gone," which went from a deep blues space into a wonderful melodic flight completely unconnected to "He's Gone".... The retooled "Around & Around," which is jazzier than ever (was that "Hideaway" in the middle?), has become downright unpredictable.

12/30 — One of my favorite shows of the year! Sizzling first set with a killer "Feel Like a Stranger," a moving "High Time" and a completely charged "Stuck Inside of Mobile".... The excellent "Half-Step" that opened the second set flowed and meandered like the Rio Grand-eo itself.... The reason you've gotta get this tape, though, is the version of "Playin'," which goes on and on and on through all sorts of fascinating jams — 19½ minutes in all. It really sounded to me like the band was warming up for playing with Branford Marsalis the next night; they were hitting those kinds of spaces.... I don't think many in the Coliseum predicted "Terrapin" would come out of "space" (they've only done it that way a couple of times), and that song's transition into "Sugar Magnolia" was just as surprising to me. Superb versions of both! The one downer this night and New Year's was Garcia's creaking vocals; the guy's voice was gone.

New Year's Eve — I didn't care for the opening act, the Rebirth Brass Band, from New Orleans. They were young and energetic; I just don't like that kind of music particularly.... Branford Marsalis' band was another story, though! This was the best kind of fusion music — dense sheets of rockin' jazz unleashed by cats who played their asses off: guitarist Kevin Eubanks, who sounds like Hendrix by way of Wes Montgomery, bassist Robert Hurst, the extraordinarily fluid drummer Jeff Tain Watts and, of course, Branford, who is equally comfortable blowing free or laying down some snaky melody. Hornsby helped out on a few songs, and the encore offered us the first live glimpse of the song Hornsby, Branford and Rob Wasserman have written for Wasserman's

upcoming *Trios* album. Definitely one of my favorite New Year's openers ever! ... Though played well, the Dead's first set was my least favorite set of the series. Branford joined the band (as expected) for "Bird Song," but mainly laid back until the end of the jam.

Midnight Craziness: A few minutes before the midnight hour, a pair of voodoo fire dancers began cavorting on the darkened stage. They were soon joined by stilt-walkers and other willowy dancers in a scene straight out of some twisted carnival. A giant explosion rocked the Coliseum, and then Bill Graham made his slow descent from the rafters above the stage. This year, Bill arrived decked out as a painted, loincloth-clad witch doctor, complete with sinister-looking black caldron surrounded by shrunken skulls, all in a jungle setting. What this had to do with Father Time and the New Year coming is anybody's guess, but it was spectacular. And then, at the stroke of midnight, as fireworks in front of the stage went off, two New Year's "babies" (actually very athletic young men) tumbled out of the ceiling on bungee cords, and bounced above the throng. Wildness and wildosity! Graham climbed off his platform, which was now at stage level, mock-attacked Weir, gave Phil a big hug, and then, as thousands of balloons fell around the hall, the band leaped into "Not Fade Away" — a fabulous (and unexpected) choice!

Branford stepped out onstage a couple of minutes into the song, and what followed was one of the most exciting sets I've ever seen. Branford pushed the music in so many interesting directions that it all seemed utterly fresh — even when they were playing songs that the Dead and Branford had played together at Nassau. You could really see and hear them all working together, playing off each other, listening for openings, filling holes. I remember feeling at the time that the "songs" they were playing were almost beside the point; jamming is what this night was about. Whether it was the "Eyes" riff or "Dark Star" or "The Other One," they were just recognizable way stations in their collective search for high musical moments. And there were plenty of them. I guess the one that stands out most in my mind was, following an interlude with Mickey and Hamza (same song as on the 27th), Garcia, Weir and Branford joined them onstage for a lovely, quietly powerful jam. Then Bruce arrived and the weave became more intricate. Sublime stuff from beginning to end (great to close on a rocker for a change — "Johnny B. Goode"); I felt privileged to be there. Glad so many of you could share some of the magic on radio, too. That made it all the more special — knowing it wasn't just us digging this amazing event.

— *BJ*

Jamming on "Bird Song," New Year's Eve. Photo: Ron Delany

12/27/90, Oakland Coliseum Arena, Oakland, CA
Jack Straw, Sugaree, New Minglewood Blues, Must've Been the Roses, Queen Jane Approximately, Loose Lucy, Cassidy ➧ Don't Ease Me In

Scarlet Begonias ➧ Fire on the Mountain, Estimated Prophet ➧ jam ➧ Comes a Time ➧ rhythm devils ➧ Hamza el Din song ➧ space ➧ I Need a Miracle ➧ The Wheel ➧ Throwing Stones ➧ Lovelight/Baby Blue

12/28/90, Oakland Coliseum
Cold Rain & Snow, Walkin' Blues, Friend of the Devil, All Over Now, Brown-Eyed Women, Victim or the Crime ➧ Foolish Heart

China Cat Sunflower ➧ I Know You Rider, Saint of Circumstance ➧ He's Gone ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ All Along the Watchtower ➧ Stella Blue ➧ Around & Around/Black Muddy River

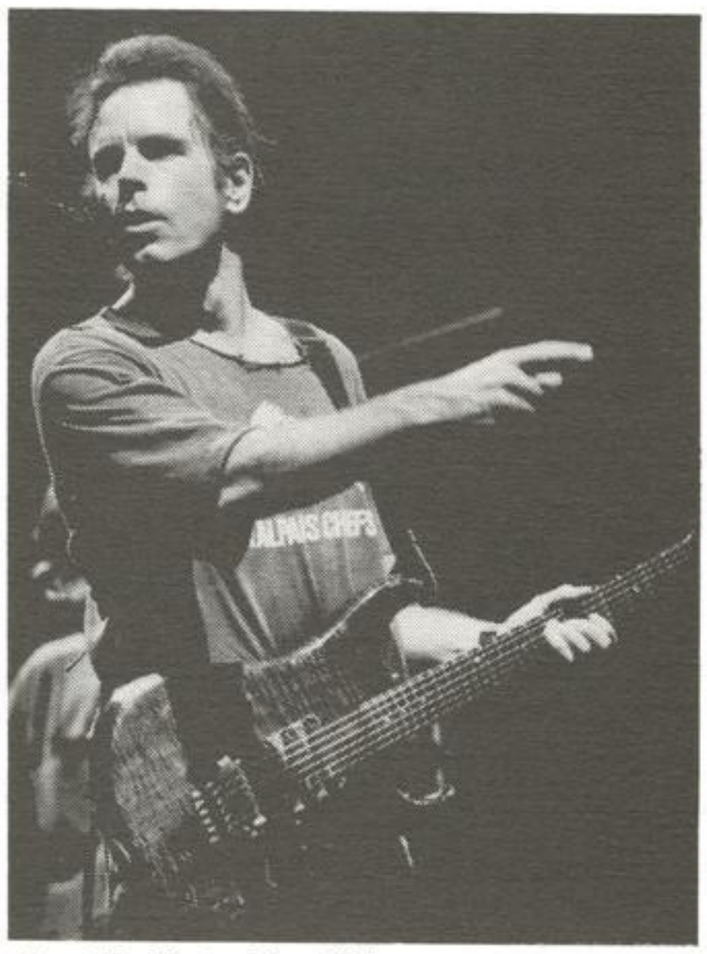
12/30/90, Oakland Coliseum
Bertha, Feel Like a Stranger, Candyman, Me & My Uncle ➧ Maggie's Farm, High Time, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Tennessee Jed, Valley Road

Mississippi Half-Step ➧ Looks Like Rain ➧ Crazy Fingers ➧ Playin' in the Band ➧ jam ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Terrapin ➧ Sugar Magnolia/U.S. Blues

12/31/90, Oakland Coliseum
Hell in a Bucket, Jackaroe, Wang Dang Doodle, Row Jimmy, Mexicali Blues ➧ Big River, Bird Song*, Promised Land

Not Fade Away ➧ Eyes of the World ➧ Dark Star ➧ space ➧ rhythm devils ➧ Hamza el Din song ➧ jam w/Hamza, Mickey, Branford & Jerry, then Bruce ➧ The Other One ➧ Wharf Rat ➧ Not Fade Away reprise/The Weight/Johnny B. Goode

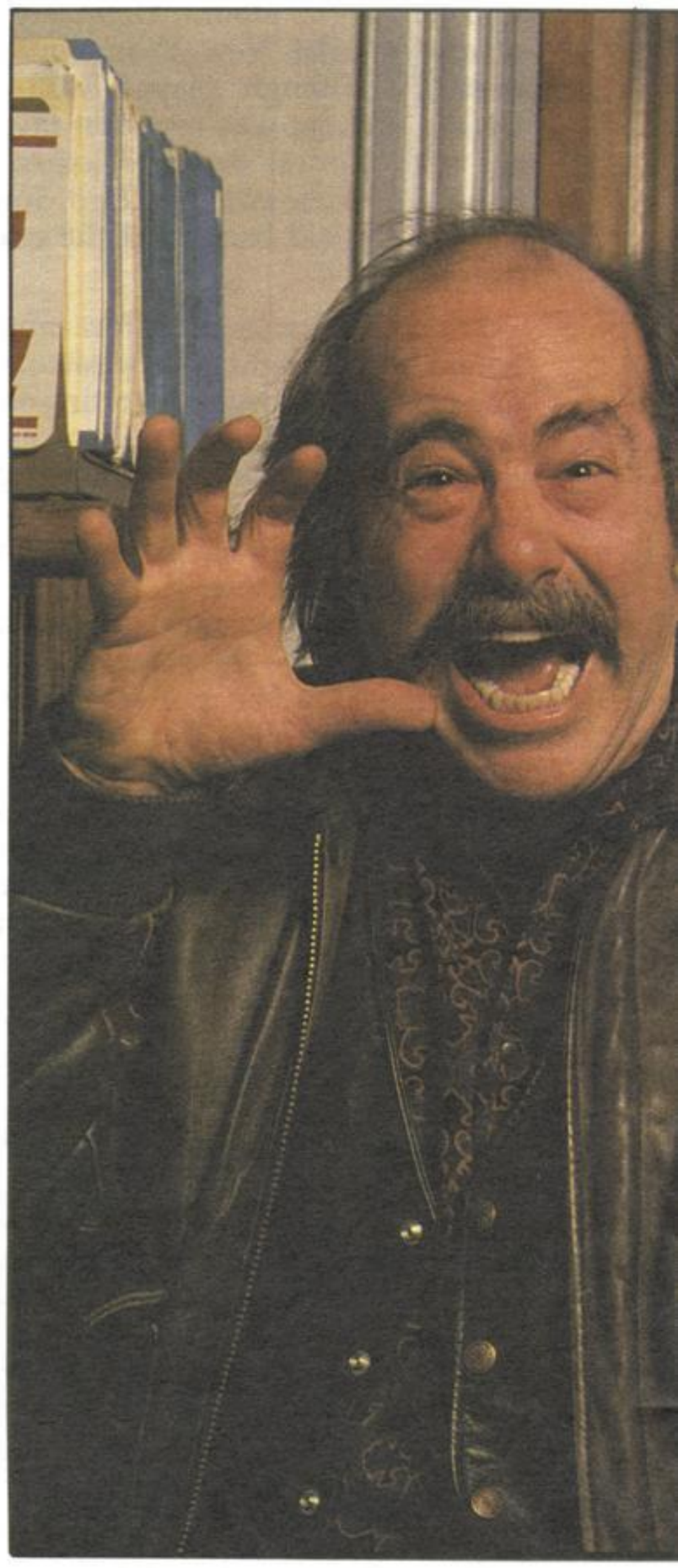
*"Bird Song" and entire second set with Branford Marsalis on saxes



Dec. 27. Photo: Ron Delany

Hunter/ Garcia

words/music



An interview about songwriting and inspiration

Photos by Jay Blakesberg

In more than two decades of reading everything I could get my hands on about the Grateful Dead, I never encountered an interview with Robert Hunter and Jerry Garcia together. Hunter's memory is that they sat down together with a writer once in 1970, but no one seems to know what came of it. Though I'd wanted to do such an interview for many years, I waited until this issue to see if it could actually happen. To my amazement, the duo readily agreed. We met at the Dead's Marin County office on the afternoon of January 31.

Hunter is the first to arrive, roaring up on his Harley, decked out in a gray leather jacket. One sometimes forgets that the same man who penned "Must've Been the Roses" also wrote rough and tumble tunes like "Easy Wind" and "Mr. Charlie." As we sit in the kitchen of the Dead office waiting for Garcia, Hunter tells me that he's been spending most of his time trans-

fixed by the television coverage of the Persian Gulf war, and pounding out his thoughts on the subject on his trusty word processor. "I've written 71 items about the war so far," he says grimly, shaking his head. His VCR was taping CNN as we spoke, so he wouldn't miss a thing. Clearly, this is something that's driving him. "I'm really interested to see how this whole thing is changing us," he adds somewhat cryptically.

Garcia shows up a few minutes later in his BMW and heads straight for the coffee machine. Last night, he and his band had played at the Warfield Theater in San Francisco, but he seems surprisingly alert. "You should get a Harley," Hunter tells him enthusiastically. "They're so . . . *loud*." After more cajoling, Garcia agrees that maybe he should look into it, though he doesn't sound too convincing to me. That boat of a Bimmer seems more his style.

The three of us retire to an unused office to rap for a while about their long songwriting partnership and a few of the gems they've crafted together. In the loose chronology that the interview follows, I've deliberately stopped at about 1980, since both have spoken at length here and elsewhere about their more recent collaborations. I also steered clear of some of the songs that Hunter discusses in his annotations in *Box of Rain* (his recently published book of lyrics), such as "Terrapin." Our conversation opens with a more general discussion about their influences.

—*BJ*

I've been thinking recently that perhaps one of the reasons so many people my age (37) or of my generation grew up to be fairly open-minded about music is that we were exposed to so many different kinds of music in school. In elementary school we sang all sorts of great songs — "Swanee," "Funiculi Funicula," "The Happy Wanderer," "Tumbling Tumbleweeds," "Red River Valley," "The Ballad of Jesse James," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," "Barbara Allen." Folk music was an integral part of my education in this time before pop music had really infiltrated the mainstream.

Garcia: I'm sure that sort of thing would have a big impact on you. Everybody has those songs that they hear when they're young that they love and that stick with 'em through the years and even influence their character in some way, I suppose. Growing up in the '40s, I think it was more hit or miss. I heard a few things in school, but not that much. It seems to me that using folk music in American school rooms was probably a fairly radical idea, but I don't really know. What kind of music did they teach in the school rooms in the middle 1800s? That would be interesting to find out. Because most of those songs that you're talking about are from the middle of the 19th century on; around the turn of the century. Some are much older, of course.

America's one of those places that has such an incredibly rich musical history it's hard to avoid encountering it. But I never felt that school was particularly responsible for me being interested in music. I always thought the fact that my grandmother listened to the Grand Ole Opry on the radio when I was a kid probably had more to do with my appreciation of country and bluegrass and that sort of thing.

Do you agree there wasn't much of a pop music context in the culture at that point?

Garcia: Not in the schools, but certainly in the world, and everybody then, like now, was affected by the movies and radio. I know I was a radio kid before I was a television kid, and on the radio you could hear all sorts of stuff. But this was that tail end of the '40s kind of music — weird stuff like Frankie Laine.

"Lucky Old Sun."

Garcia: Right.

Hunter: Those Frankie Laine songs had a nice tone to them.

Garcia: They did have a nice quality to them, and so did all those Mitch Miller arrangements, and Guy Mitchell — I don't know what you'd call it: popular, ersatz folk-flavored music.

But I also sensed there was a deep connection between children's folk songs and regular traditional folk songs. The distance between "Jimmy Crackcorn" and some Bill Monroe tune was not that great, so it seemed fairly natural to move from one style to the other as you got older.

Garcia: That's true. It's not that far

apart.
Hunter: Burl Ives was a good example.
Garcia: Right, he was maybe the main popular folk voice of that time; a guy who did folk and did kids' stuff. The Weavers, too. I remember being really impressed as a kid by their versions of "Goodnight Irene," "So Long It's Been Good to Know You." I don't think of those kinds of songs as direct influences, but they probably were in a way because they were a part of American culture.
Hunter: You know, Jerry, you once said something to me about a lyric that really impressed you when you were young, and it impressed me the same way, and I almost feel that that line is where we took off in divergent directions. Remember that line, "ten thousand got drowneded—"
Garcia: "—that never was born." That was amazing. That line really scared me.

What's it from?
Garcia: It's from a tune called "The Mummer's Song," that Jean Richie used to sing. It's an a capella song with only two verses, and they're nonsense insofar as that if they have any sense, it's so deeply symbolic we don't know what it's actually about. I don't know what the "Mummers" thing is. It's from the Appalachian tradition; I think it might be another word for players or something. I'm not sure. Not knowing, though, is part of what makes it so evocative. The mystery is part of what makes it interesting to me.

When you say that that's a line you "took off" from, what do you mean?
Garcia: We both loved it for different reasons, and it set us off on the long march, you know what I mean? He on his, and me on mine.
Hunter: The evocative power of that mysterious line is what got to me — the notion of evocativeness rather than pat statements.
Garcia: The lack of specificness. It was the power of the almost-expressed, the resonant. It seemed to speak at some level other than the most obvious one, and it was more moving for that reason, since you don't know what it's about. It has the kind of scary power that the Mass used to have in Latin.
Hunter: You recognize it because it makes the hairs on your arms stand up. That's the test.
Garcia: That's it. The hairs-standing-up test! [Laughs]

Certainly in the old ballads you've covered in the Dead you've gravitated toward the partially told tale.
Garcia: That's a real folk thing.

When we learned "Lord Randal," we learned all these different verses that told a coherent story.
Garcia: I prefer it the other way. See, the versions that made it to Appalachia were like 200 years after the fact for those English ballads. They got sung from father to son or mother to daughter so much that eventually nobody remembered who Lord Randal was, but they did remember the guy's head rolling down the stairs in that verse. [Laughs]
Hunter: There you've got all those incredibly evocative lines like "black eels and eel broth, mother" and "I fain would lie doon."
Garcia: Right! You get these little hunks of good stuff and you don't need all 29 verses to get the feeling of it. You only get three or four verses, but they're so rich in weirdness because they're the ones that made enough of an impression that they could last through the telephone game through several generations.

Was the natural evolution of these kinds of songs stilted by the fact that the advent of the phonograph record concretized them at a certain point?
Hunter: Probably, but I decided early on that this wasn't going to be the case, and that in spite of the phonograph record I was personally going to try the as-if-by-ear tradition. That's what things like "Dupree" and "Stagger Lee" are — studied efforts to continue the oral tradition.
Garcia: I think the phonograph record only lifts it out of its locality. The reason we have all this early folk music on records to begin with is the standard ploy [in the '20s and '30s] was to record local music so the companies could then sell phonographs to the people in that area.

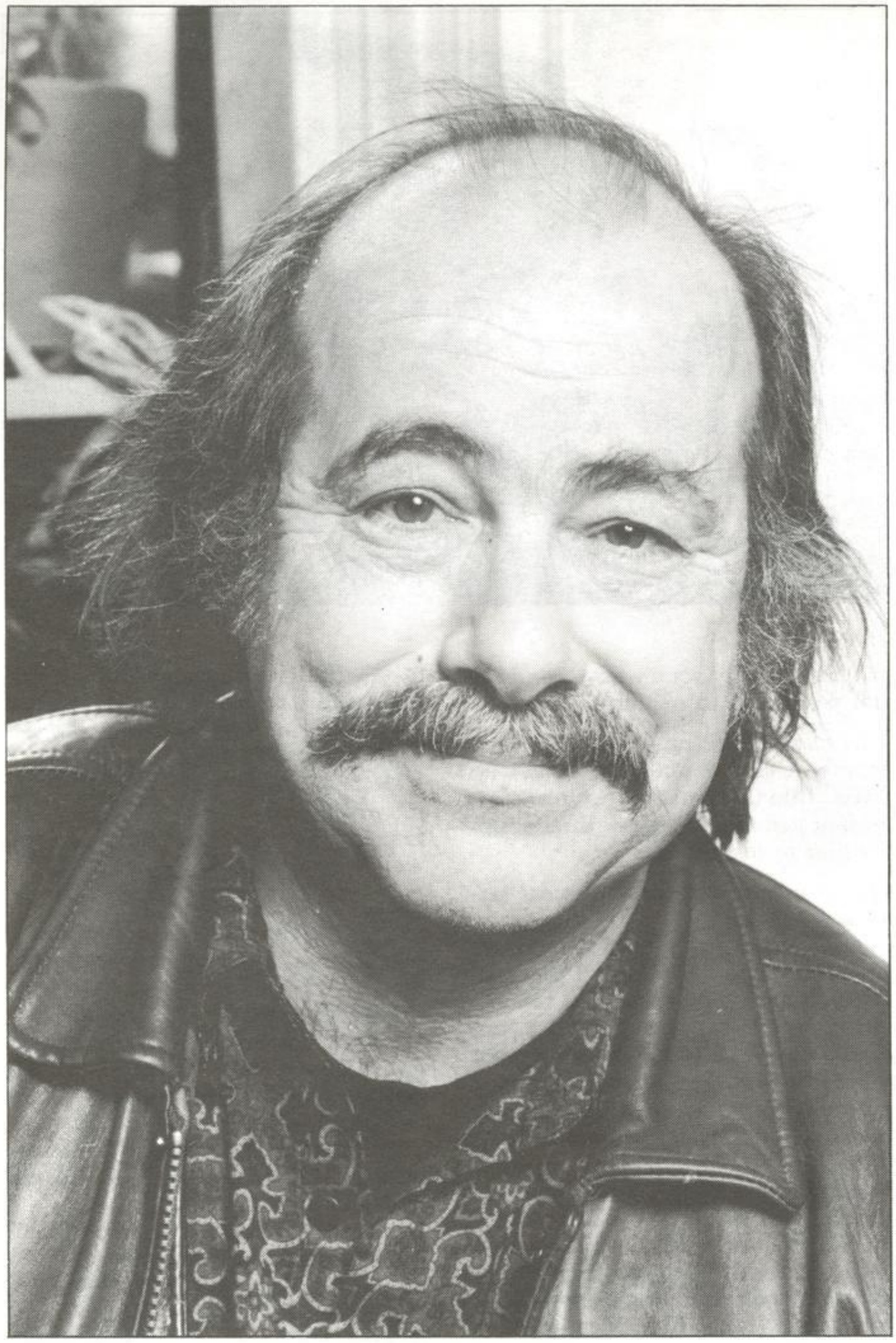
What a scam!
Garcia: It was. But in the process they inadvertently preserved a huge amount of American folk music. The "race records" [early black music] were the same deal. But it allowed someone in Memphis to hear what a guy in Mississippi was doing, and I think that made a lot of people better players because they had new influences. At the same time, though, it confused up a lot of the locally specific stylistic content of the music you hear in '20s music. By the '30s, it had already started to swim around a lot.

To what extent did you hear original 78s of old folk and blues songs before the Folkways and Library of Congress recordings came out in the late '50s and early '60s?
Garcia: For me, not at all.
Hunter: Me neither, though I guess radio sometimes played the 78s.
Garcia: Once I found out there was such a world, though, I met guys who were into 78s and collected them. So then I had access to them and I could mine that resource. But I had no consciousness of it before the Folkways stuff came out. For me it was the Harry Smith anthology that showed me that there was this vital, rich, primitive form with these guys sawing away on their fiddles and banjos and singing in these creaky old voices. That was very exciting for me. I knew the blues version of it to an extent, because by then I'd heard Blind Lemon Jefferson and some of those other early guys, but before Folkways I didn't know there was this other white music in America.

We've got to give Dylan credit for being the guy who opened the door to being literate in music. That was his door, and we thank him for opening it.
— Hunter

Was the traditional music you played in the early '60s learned mainly from other musicians or from records?
Hunter: I'd say from records mostly.
Garcia: And tapes, too. Getting into that world was like opening a magic door, because I met all these people who had live tapes of bluegrass. That's what really did it for me, because live, the music sounded so energized and so beautifully detailed. That point of view of the one microphone on all those old bluegrass recordings allowed you to hear the depth of it — you'd hear the instruments coming toward the microphone and them moving away. You'd hear them playing the little holes and doing all this wonderful dynamic stuff. It had the feeling of seeming very familiar: "This is something I've been trying to get at."

Bob, did you find that since you've always been literarily inclined you gravitated more toward the British tradition than rawer Appalachian folk music?
Hunter: As a lyricist I would pretty much have to tend that way because it was so articulate compared to a lot of the early country music, which was all very nice — it sang very well — but doesn't look like much on paper.



Garcia: Yeah, it doesn't have the rich poetic power of the English stuff.
Hunter: It's just a different kind of tradition. [The British tradition] sort of reaches its culmination with Alfred Lord Tennyson, things like *Mort d'Arthur*. Certainly I liked that sort of writing.
Garcia: Also, bluegrass owes as much to dance music, which is totally part of the oral tradition; the music side. The fiddle tunes, breakdowns, reels and so forth don't owe much to any verbal tradition. There are really only a handful of outstanding traditional ballads that found their way into bluegrass, and just bits and pieces of them: things like "Down in the Willow Garden," a few murdered girl songs.
Hunter: "I poisoned the girl who would not be my wife/Now I'm going down to the river and I'm *goyne* to take my life."
Garcia: Right. [Laughs] "I took her to the river and there I *thrun* her in."

Sort of the "Wind and Rain" space.
Garcia: Absolutely.

Where did you guys actually meet?
Hunter: The Commedia Theater in Palo Alto. You were going with an old girlfriend of mine—
Garcia: Diane! Yeah, that's right.

Is this before or after the Army?
Garcia: After. We'd both just gotten out, I guess. Hunter had just gotten out of the National Guard and I'd just been bounced.
Hunter: I was a weekend warrior!

Lucky thing you're not there now. You'd probably be in Saudi Arabia.
Hunter: Hey, I got called down to the Watts riots and got a campaign ribbon for it. I know what it feels like to be a *troop*. [He chuckles]

Judging from tapes I've heard of the Wildwood Boys, you [Hunter] were sort of the guy with the personality in the band, talking between songs and all.
Hunter: I was just more jacked up and nervous than the rest, and I'd open my mouth and spill. [Garcia cracks up]

It seems as though string bands always had somebody in that role.
Hunter: The jokey-boy, yeah. It never occurred to any of us that we could stand onstage with our mouths shut.
Garcia: Yeah, Hunter always had a little more of the entertainer in him than me. But I used to be that guy, too, sometimes, when Hunter wasn't around. We always had a sort of basic abuse-the-audience attitude. Once they were in there, they were yours and you could do whatever you wanted to them. [Laughs] That was part of the fun of playing those little clubs.

The oldest lyric I see in your book [Hunter's* Box of Rain*] is "Ariel," from '64. Had you been writing songs very long at that point?
Hunter: No, I'd only written a few by that point.
Garcia: Some of those things you had, like "China Cat Sunflower," went back pretty far, didn't they?
Hunter: Not quite that far, though. I don't really remember exactly. "China Cat" took a long time to write. I wrote it in different settings and added this and that to it. It was originally inspired by Dame Edith Sitwell, who had a way with words — I liked the idea of quick, clicky assonance and alliteration like "See me dance the polka, said Mr. Wag like a bear, with my top hat and my whiskers, that tra-la-la trapped affair." I just liked the way she put things together. I'd have to admit that before you could trace it back that there was some influence.
Garcia: [Laughs] That's pretty obscure!

I was thinking more Lewis Carroll.
Hunter: Oh sure! I suppose I owe a debt to "Jabberwocky."
Garcia: He's an old Lewis Carroll freak.

Where were you [Hunter] when The Warlocks started?
Hunter: I must've been down in L.A. at that point; I'm not really sure.
Garcia: He was doing other stuff, but he only barely missed it. The first time I saw him after we'd been playing ... there was a big hole there for a while because he wasn't around for the Acid Test either, except at the very end,

were you?
Hunter: No, I was there at the San Jose Acid Test and the Fillmore Acid Test . . .
Garcia: That's right, I remember you at the Fillmore Acid Test.
Hunter: I made most of the local ones.
Garcia: And you and me first talked about writing tunes together sometime after our first record came out.
Hunter: That sounds about right.
Garcia: When we [the band] started working, we were really working hard. I never saw anybody. When we were working the bars, I lost contact with almost all my friends 'cause The Warlocks were playing every night and on Sundays, afternoons and nights. We were booked solid.

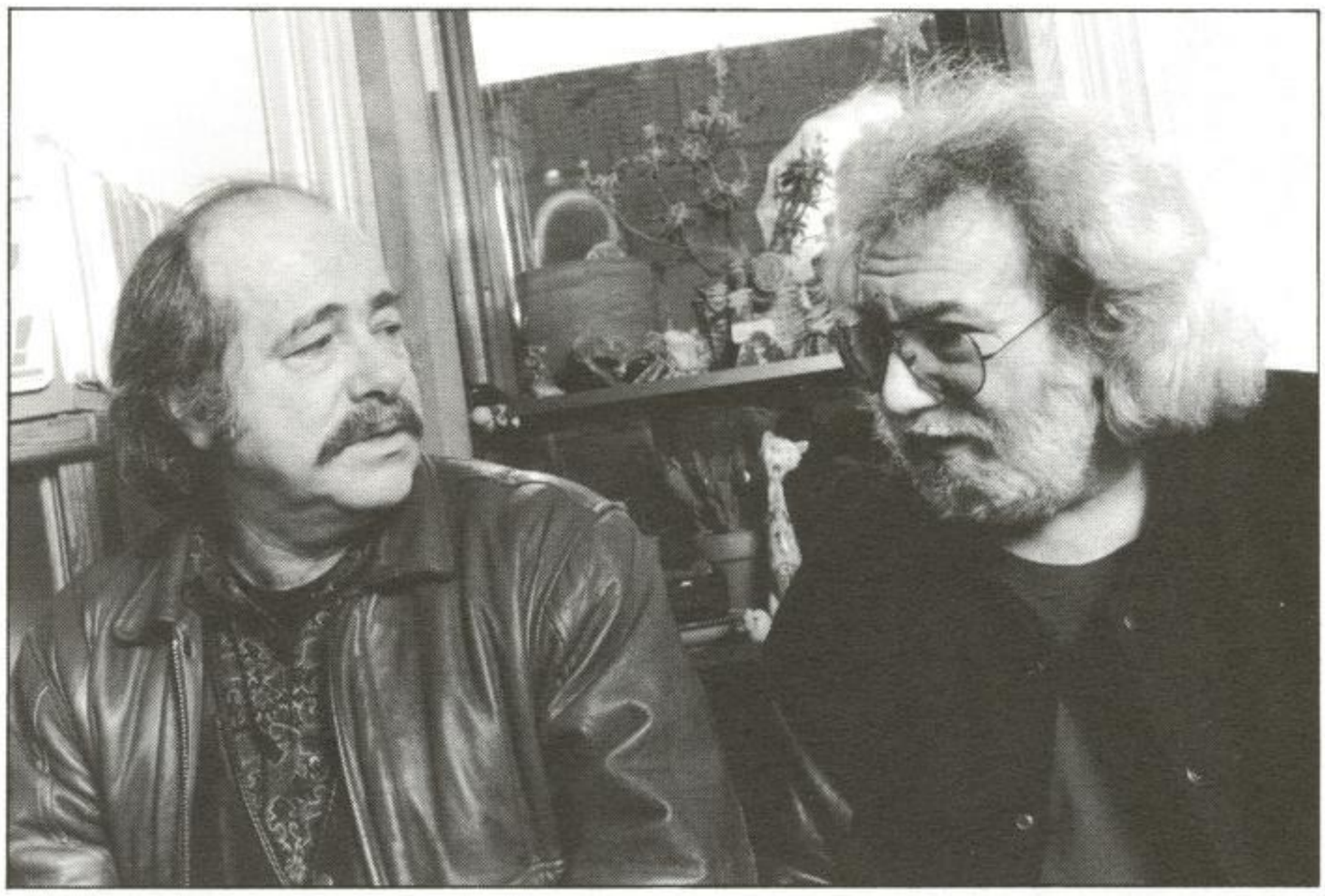
Sunday afternoon with The Warlocks. That must have been something.
Garcia: Yeah, it was pretty weird.

When did it first strike you there might be a partnership between you?
Garcia: It was always in the back of my mind, because I knew what he could do.
Hunter: Remember that song we wrote in like '61 or '62: "Tell you a story 'bout my old man's cat..."?
Garcia: Right! I'd forgotten about that. We did write a song then.
Hunter: And then we didn't write another one for three or four years! [Laughs]

Jerry, at the time of the first album you were writing some stuff alone, like "Cream Puff War."
Garcia: Only by default. I felt my lyric writing was woefully inadequate.
Hunter: [to Jerry] Oh, you could've done it by yourself, man! I didn't want to tell you then—
Garcia: Well, it's too late now! [Laughs]

Who or what inspired your section of "That's It for the Other One" — "The other day they waited," etc.?
Garcia: I don't know really.
Hunter: Whatever would rhyme!
Garcia: Right, because I was that kind of writer. [Laughs] Seriously, I think that's an extension of my own personal symbology for "The Man of Constant Sorrow" — the old folk song — which I always thought of as being a sort of Christ parable. Something fuzzy like that. Fuzzy Christianity.

So Bob, when you started contributing lyrics to the Dead, you literally sent them in the mail and said, "Here, I've written some things, do you want to do anything with them?"
Hunter: Yeah. I was living in New Mexico at the time and I sent Jerry "Alligator," "Saint Stephen," and "China Cat." Then somebody — maybe it was Jerry — wrote or called me up and said, "Why don't you come on out and be with us?" So I hitchhiked here and Phil



picked me up somewhere, and he drove me over to Ashbury Street.

This was late '66 or early '67?
Hunter: Gee, I'm not really good with dates. I think it must've been late '66. At that point I'd had those three songs for four or five months.

Did you have your own musical settings for them?
Hunter: I had songs, but I didn't have them on tape or anything. I just sent lyrics though the mail at that point. I always wrote my own melodies, but after a few years Jerry got to the point where he said, "Will you stop giving me melodies, because they just confuse me and I can't get them out of my head."
Garcia: That's true. A lot of times his melodies would be so fucking catchy: "God I can't hear this any way except with his melody!" [Laughs] Sometimes they were perfect, though, and I didn't fool with them — like "Must've Been the Roses" was one. That's totally Hunter's melody.
Hunter: Actually, you stuck a minor chord in there which makes it ever so much more powerful.

So is your original flash of how you envisioned "Saint Stephen" lost to the ages?
Hunter: No, I remember it: [he sings the first line in a high, sing-songy tenor] "Sa-aint Stephen with a rose/In and out of the garden he goes."
Garcia: Sort of like that old song, "The hunter would a-hunting go/da-da-da he carried a bow..."
Hunter: Right. It was a nice little thing and then they put this up-against-the-wall-motherfucker arrangement on it! [Garcia laughs] We came up with a hybrid that hit between the eyes!

I've always regretted that there were no really great songwriters in the Haight in its earliest days to capture that energy in songs. There were no mature songwriting voices.
Garcia: Well, everybody was having too much fun.
Hunter: We tried a few things, didn't we? "Cosmic Charlie," "Truckin'."

Those are later, and both of them are pretty heavily laced with cynicism if you ask me. I'm talking about the first bloom in '66 and early '67.
Garcia: "Golden Road" was our effort at nailing down some of that feeling, I guess. That was sort of a group writing experience before Hunter was with us. We kept it simple.

But you know, what could you say, really? "We took a bunch of acid and had a lot of fun"?
Hunter: What about "The Other One"? I would think that qualifies.
Garcia: Yeah, that was sort of a serious, hole-in-the-wall psychedelic explosion.
Hunter: Maybe Blair is wrong about this and what was being written *was* the expression of what was happening.
Garcia: There were diverse expressions, because there were so many different ways to perceive it. There were the people who always insisted you be very serious about it, like the Eastern mystic types, and others were just having a good time—
Hunter: And "If you go to San Francisco be sure to wear a flower in your hair" had already been written. You certainly didn't want to write *that* again. [Laughs]
Garcia: That was the lamest version of it I could possibly imagine.

What did you think when you heard all that bogus mainstream psychedelia — "Green Tambourine" and "Pictures of Matchstick Men" and things like that?

Did you feel co-opted?
Garcia: Not at all. People who knew what was happening could see that stuff for what it was. But beyond that, as a band, the Grateful Dead has never thought of itself as being a psychedelic band. We've always thought of ourselves as a rock 'n' roll band. What we were playing back then was basically a harder, rhythm & blues-oriented rock 'n' roll; especially Pigpen's stuff. We were going for a sort of Chess Records school of R&B — Howlin' Wolf and Muddy Waters. Those are the records we stole a lot of our tunes from. That was our background. Pigpen's father was a rhythm & blues disc jockey, and Pigpen played the blues so naturally. We didn't have that Midwestern authority — we weren't like the Butterfield band, but we were a funky blues band.
Hunter: We didn't know who we were then. We were in the process of becoming what we were going to be, which is why there are no specific reports, in terms that you would recognize, of the psychedelia of that era.

How fully realized was the "Eagle Mall" suite of songs? I know they were intended to be tackled by the Dead around the time of **Aoxomoxoa**, *and I see what seem to be complete versions of the songs in* **Box of Rain**, *but did the group ever actually work on any of them?*
Garcia: No, we never got to 'em.
Hunter: I started writing that thing when we were down there [in Los Angeles] recording *Anthem of the Sun*, and it was more a personal project. I had eyes for the band doing it, but then I was informed by my colleague here, "Listen, basically we're a dance band and there's no way in the world people will be able to dance to this sort of thing." I saw his point. I finished it off, and I've performed the whole suite myself.
Garcia: I remember we did actually take a few cracks at trying to set some of it, but I couldn't come up with anything that didn't sound very hackneyed.
Hunter: It almost had to have an old English flavor, and that wasn't really where the Grateful Dead was going then.
Garcia: Right. I said, "What we need is the New York Pro Musica [the famous early music ensemble] to make this sound the way it's supposed to go — with the bells and recorders and viola da gambas and all that stuff.

Some of the music you were doing with the Grateful Dead at that time had an almost baroque quality to it.
Garcia: Well, "What's Become of the Baby" was originally baroque. I had this melody worked out that had this counterpoint and a nice little rhythm. The original setting I'd worked out was really like one of those song forms from the New York Pro Musica. [He and Hunter break into a lilting counterpoint melody] Dum-dee-dee-dum-dee-dee-dee-dee-do-dah-dum."

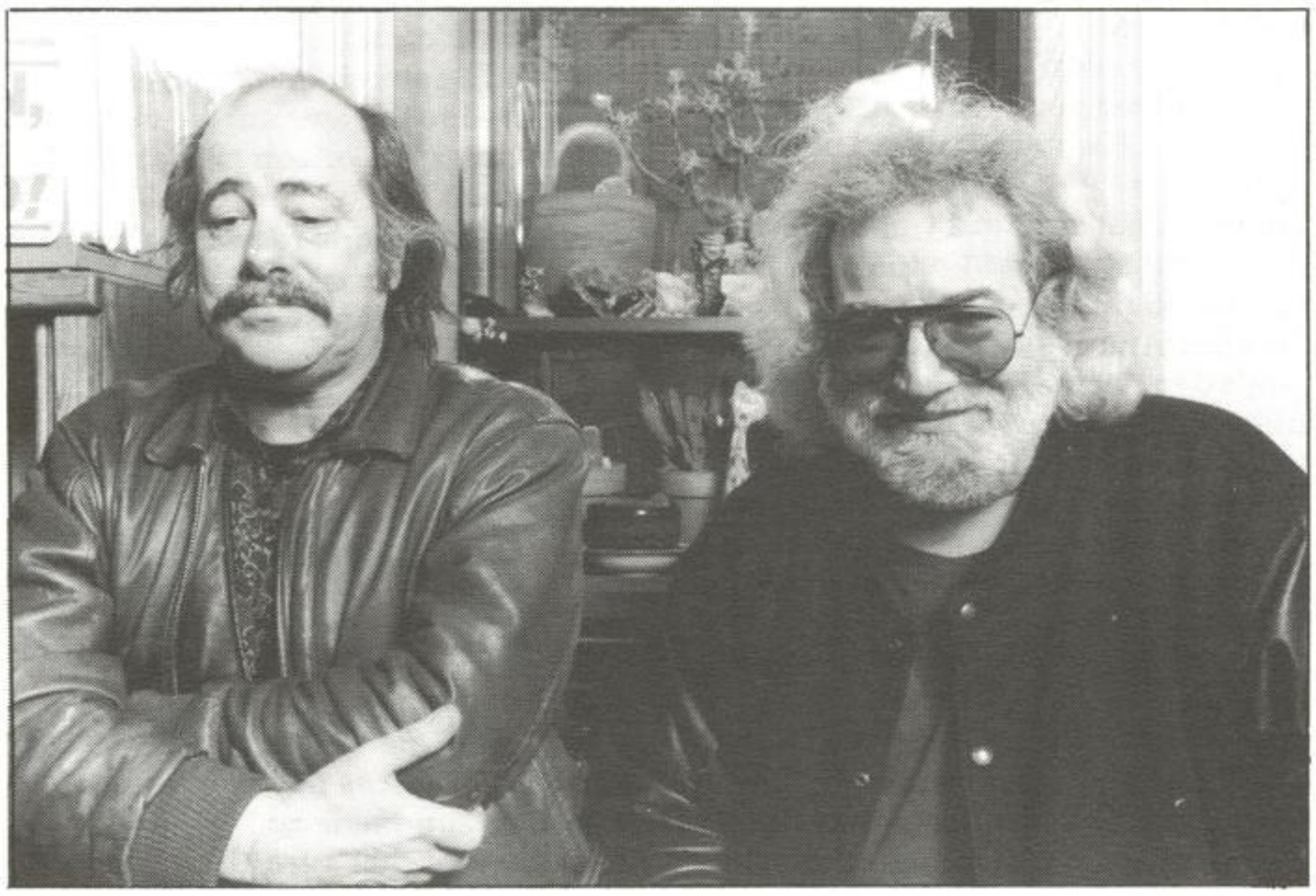
And then a nitrous tank got in the way? What happened?
Garcia: [Laughs] Nah, I just had a desire to make it much weirder than that and I didn't know how to do it. Also, the technology wasn't there to do what I could easily do now. I had something specific in mind but simply couldn't execute it because I didn't have the tools.
Hunter: Either that or you did execute it and it's been overlooked because it's so challenging.
Garcia: Maybe, though personally I was never quite satisfied with it.
Hunter: It could've been the great psychedelic song of that year. It just didn't happen to crack through that way in listeners' ears. If it had, then we'd be sitting here bragging about it rather than excusing ourselves.
Garcia: [Laughs] Right! I had something in mind that was extremely revolutionary. I wanted to use the entire band, but I didn't want to use it in a standard rhythm section and lead instruments way. I wanted something more like the stuff we did in the bridge section of "Saint Stephen": "Lady finger dipped in moonlight..." That weird scratchy shit. I wanted something more like that, but which also included feedback and other stuff, and it would all be gated through the mouth, the voice.

Sort of early "Seastones."
Garcia: Yeah, it would all be somehow enclosed inside the voice. But, well, you know how it goes. [He chuckles]

The best laid plans...
Garcia: It's too bad, because it's an incredible lyric and I feel I threw the song away somewhat.
Hunter: We feel perhaps it sunk the album! [Laughs]
Garcia: I think, "Why the fuck did everybody let me do that?" "Mountains of the Moon" had a little bit of the "Eagle Mall" thing.
Hunter: Maybe that's as much as you needed.
Garcia: Yeah. That song turned out nicely. I had an acoustic setting in mind from the get-go and it turned out pretty much how I envisioned it. I don't know what made me think I could do a song like that, but something at the time made me think I could do it. [Laughs] I like the tune a lot.
Hunter: It's a nice finger-picking tune.

To what degree did your early lyrics shape the direction of the musical settings that were eventually written for them?
Hunter: I don't think very much. I think most of those songs could've worked with different lyrics.
Garcia: That works the other way, too — the lyrics could've worked in lots of different musical settings. When Hunter and I were living together is when we wrote some of the richest stuff. Some of those lyrics were so perfectly beautiful.

This is in Larkspur [in southern Marin county] in '69 and early '70? The **Workingman's Dead** *and* **American Beauty** *material?*
Hunter: Yeah. I'd be sitting upstairs banging on my typewriter, picking up my guitar, singin' something, then going back to the typewriter. Jerry would be downstairs practicing guitar, working things out. You could hear fine through the floors there, and by



the time I'd come down with a sheet and slap it down in front of him, Jerry already knew how they should go! He probably had to suffer through my incorrect way of doing them. [Laughs]
Garcia: You know, I have almost no recognition of the actual process of writing those songs. I listen to them now and I wonder, "Where the hell did that come from?" [Laughs] Some of them seem to have appeared out of nowhere. Others I can remember the actual moment when they came together. And sometimes it was the thing of Hunter giving me the lyrics and I'd carry them around for a while, then sit down with them in a hotel room or some place and work it out.
Hunter: The best example of that is "Ripple," which I wrote in England and brought back. Then we were on the trans-Canadian train trip, Jerry woke up one morning, sat out on the railroad tracks somewhere near Saskatoon, and put it to music.
Garcia: It just seemed to happen automatically. We worked on a lot of stuff together, but I'll be damned if I can remember how we did it.

Dylan said something to the effect that a lot of his early songs seem so distant that they sound like they're "public domain" songs. They don't even feel like "his" songs; they're bigger than that.
Hunter: We've got to give Dylan credit for being the guy who really opened the door to being literate in music. That was his door and we thank him very much for opening it.
Garcia: He sure did. He gave rock 'n' roll the thing I'd wished it had when I was a kid — respectability; some authority. He took it out of the realm of ignorant guys banging away on electric instruments and put it somewhere else altogether. The Beatles, too.
Hunter: Although The Beatles owe the same debt to Dylan.
Garcia: Right. They took their lyric cue from him, too. Dylan is the guy who allowed the music to become what some of us hoped it could be.
Hunter: He's the Picasso of the movement.

So did you make a conscious decision to simplify the lyrics and music around the time of **Workingman's Dead**, *or was it just a natural evolution?*
Hunter: I'll tell you what affected me. I was so impressed by the songwriting of Robbie Robertson [of The Band] I just said, "Oh yeah, this is the direction. This is the way for us, with all our folk roots, our country and bluegrass roots."

Was **Music for Big Pink** *the only Band album out at that point?*
Hunter: No, I think the second one [*The Band*] was out too. The one with "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down."
Garcia: I met those guys right around that time.
Hunter: The historical consciousness in "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down" is a real formative moment in directions in American music.
Garcia: Absolutely.
Hunter: You can hang these things up with a nice, languid historical viewpoint. I liked that. Some of those songs are probably the father of "Jack Straw" and things like that.

Garcia and Hunter in Sausalito shortly after Altamont, December, 1969. Photo: William Winans

So when the two of you decided to live together during that period, was it specifically to write songs?
Garcia: It was the basic thing of friendship, economics and all that stuff. We had a nice big house that we could afford to live in together but probably couldn't have afforded separately at that point. It was a nice place to be, and Hunter was kind of floatin' at the time.
Hunter: That's right. I was sleepin' on floors and stuff and he took me in.
Garcia: Right! [Laughs]
Hunter: And it's not easy livin' in the lion's den, let me tell you! This is cheerfulness you're seein' here, but let me tell ya what this guy is like in the morning! [Laughs]
Garcia: Well, everything was fine until [Merry Prankster Ken] Babbs moved in with us. [Laughs]
Hunter: That was a great time, looking back on it.
Garcia: It was funny as hell. He had The Bus out front, him and Gretch [Gretchen Fetchin] and they had a couple of kids at the time; they were just starting out.
Hunter: I wanted to seriously concentrate on the forward thrust of my lyrical bent, but Babbs wouldn't have it.
Garcia: [Laughs] Simply wouldn't allow it!
Hunter: He'd be playin' his tuba, driving us crazy. [Laughs]

I think the saying is "Never trust a Prankster."
Garcia: Yeah, but it was fun.
Hunter: Those were glorious days.

Distractions aside, how prolific were you during this period? The sheer volume of material is immense.
Hunter: I wrote endlessly.
Garcia: He never stopped.
Hunter: I never really stopped until about three years ago, when I came to some kind of halt in my prolixity.
Garcia: The amount we set was nothing compared to the amount we didn't set. There are a lot of songs that still deserve to be set.
Hunter: That's one reason I wanted to put out the *Box of Rain* book. If Jerry loses that, I can just give him another copy ... or he can go down to his bookstore and *buy* another copy. [Laughs]

There's such a nice simplicity to songs like "Ripple" and "Attics" and "Brokedown Palace."
Hunter: They don't seem simple to me.

I mean in terms of the economy of words and the language. They're not nearly so florid as the **Aoxomoxoa** *material, to say the least.*
Hunter: No, that's true. I wrote "Rip-

We don't create the meaning of tunes ultimately. They re-create themselves each performance in the minds of everybody there.
— Garcia

ple," "Brokedown Palace" and "To Lay Me Down" all in about a two-hour period the first day I ever went to England. I sat there with a case of Retsina and I opened up a bottle of that stuff, and the sun was shining, I was in England, which I'd always wanted to visit, and for some reason this creative energy started racing through me and I could do no wrong — write, write, write, write!
Garcia: Excellent!
Hunter: And there's something about being in a foreign country that makes me more Western than I am here. "Tennessee Jed" was written in Barcelona, for instance. Maybe it's a hunger for my own identity.
Garcia: Yeah, I set some tunes on our first European trip. "Stella Blue" was one. There were a couple of others.

Do you remember the genesis of "Uncle John's Band"?
Hunter: That came from a tape that the band made of a tune of Jerry's. They had the whole tune together, drums and everything — in fact I still have that tape — and I played it over and over and tried writing to it. I kept hearing the words "God damn, Uncle John's mad," and it took a while for that to turn into "Come hear Uncle John's Band," and that's one of those little things where the sparkles start coming out of your eyes.
Garcia: And for me, at that time I was listening to records of the Bulgarian Women's Choir and also this Greek-Macedonian music — these penny whistlers — and on one of those records there was a song that featured this little turn of melody that was so lovely that I thought, "Gee, if I could get this into a song it would be so great." So I stole it. [Laughs]

Ripping off the "public domain" once again.
Garcia: Actually, I only took a little piece of the melody, so I can't say I plagiarized the whole thing. Of course it became so transmogrified when Bob and Phil added their harmony parts to it that it really was no longer the part of the song that was special for me. That was the melodic kicker originally though.
Hunter: Your influences can't help but speak through you. I don't even care where I got this point or that point. I just open up to it. I'm probably one of the world's biggest plagiarists as far as phrases go. But my plagiarization will often go to the thrust of the song — where it's coming from — and the particulars will be completely different. Like with the Robbie Robertson stuff — you probably wouldn't know that those were the parents of this, that or another song of mine. It's just the flavor was so fine that it had to speak through me in my own words eventually.
Garcia: That's what inspiration is all about.
Hunter: "Inspire" means to take in, doesn't it?

Certainly you took that inspiration and ran it through your own symbology and outlook. You had that whole Western thing going, with the gamblers and all.
Hunter: I liked the way Dylan handled a deck of cards, and it struck me that it was a pretty basic metaphor. Maybe I played a few too many hands, someone suggested at some point. Somebody said, "I think we've had enough of trains, crows and card games for a while." [Garcia laughs]

Well, it's definitely part of what gives the Grateful Dead its Western feeling, which is a lot of what sets you apart from other bands. "Loser" and "Deal" and those kinds of songs are part of this undefined West.
Garcia: It's sort of frontier music, I guess. It's the frontier: where the laws are falling apart and every person is the sheriff and the outlaw. [Laughs]
Hunter: You are what you eat!

Were you into Wyatt Earp and that sort of stuff?
Garcia: I wasn't.
Hunter: I was. In fact, when I was in junior high school I thought I was going to write a book about Wyatt Earp. I read all the books I could on him.
Garcia: You were a Wyatt Earp nut?
Hunter: Oh yeah, right down to the battle of the OK Corral and all those people — Johnny Rheingold, Curly Bill. I knew all that in detail.
Garcia: For me it was the John Ford westerns. I liked the wide open spaces in those films and the open melancholy — the sentimental West. That's an important key to my emotional interior.

Were you very familiar with the Western balladic tradition?
Garcia: Not really. Unfortunately, there isn't much of one.
Hunter: "I came into Beehive Valley the spring of '92/ I was looking for a whorehouse and a damn good one, too/It was there I met old Nell."
Garcia: There were mostly parodies. Like if you try to find music from the Gold Rush, they're mostly parodies of popular songs of the time, with jokey Gold Rush lyrics. "Days of '49" is an example of that. You'd get these songs about miners and stuff — tall tales.
Hunter: It's hard to say how many guitars made it out to the prairies.
Garcia: Not many, I imagine. A few concertinas, but mainly fiddles. So the music is not particularly rich. This is apart from the cowboy music tradition, which is a whole other thing, and actually relatively recent.
Hunter: Tex Ritter, the Sons of the Pioneers...

"The Legend of Pecos Bill"...
Hunter: Right. It was developing a tradition after the fact. If we wanted a United States Western musical tradition, we knew we were going to have to help build it.

I think it's amazing how comfortably the Dead used to move from the intense psychedelia of "Dark Star" into a song like "Me & My Uncle," or from "The Other One" into "Sing Me Back Home."
Garcia: I never had any problem with that myself. I always felt that there are so many different styles of music you can incorporate using the same instrumentation, there's no reason they should be mutually incompatible.

Crosby and Stills were hanging out at Mickey's ranch a lot in '69 and '70. Is that part of what influenced the vocal direction of the band?
Garcia: Sure, a little bit. Hearing those guys sing and how nice they sounded together, we thought, "We can try that. Let's work on it a little."
Hunter: We can double-track vocals, too, dammit!
Garcia: Yeah! Also I'd worked in the studio with them and we spent some time hanging out. So it was like an inspiration: here's a direction we haven't really explored.

Did the fact that you were playing acoustic sets in 1970 influence your writing during that period?
Garcia: It was the other way around. We wrote the songs and then decided to play acoustic sets to play some of those songs, and some other stuff, too.

I notice in* Box of Rain *the lyrics of

"Bird Song" now say "For Janis" next to the title. Was that written specifically in response to Janis' death?
Garcia: Yes, it sure was. It says that in the book? [Hunter shows him the page.] That's really nice, man. At the time we never made a point to announce it or anything.
Hunter: But it's what we both had in mind for that song from the beginning.

It seems really different from most of the other things you've written.
Garcia: Really? I don't think so.
Hunter: Well, it reminds me a bit of "Blues for Allah" in that it's got that [he sings] da-de-da-da-da-de-da. These long melodic phrases with maybe more than 12 notes.
Garcia: To me it's like another fiddle tune. It isn't that different to me than a lot of other things, and it's got a bridge which is very much like the chorus of "He's Gone"; it's very similar.

That song was ostensibly written around the whole Lenny Hart thing, wasn't it? [Lenny Hart, Mickey's father, managed the Dead in '69 and '70 and embezzled thousands of dollars from the band.]
Garcia: It was written after that. My recollection is we wrote it just before we went to Europe in '72. I remember working on it in a little apartment I had in the city [SF]. It's when I was playing lots and lots of shows with Merl [Saunders] at the Keystone Korner [a now-defunct SF club]. I had an apartment where I could hang out on nights I didn't feel like driving all the way back to Stinson Beach [45 minutes north of SF on the Coast Highway].
Hunter: It was considerations of Lenny in my head that kicked off the whole "Rat in a drain ditch, out on a limb, you know better but I know him." I was telling them [the Dead] all along this was not the right way to go. [To Jerry] I must say, I told you all so!
Garcia: Yeah, you did.
Hunter: So the song started that way, but later on it became an anthem for Pigpen, and it's changed through the years. These songs are amorphous that way. What I intend is not what a thing is in the end.
Garcia: Me neither, for that matter. We don't create the meaning of the tunes ultimately. They re-create themselves each performance in the minds of everybody there.
Hunter: If we did "Blues for Allah" right now, it would not mean what it would've meant a year ago.

Sometimes "He's Gone" can seem elegiac; other times it has a bitter edge to it.
Garcia: Right, it has that range.

Were you sorry that all that great original material on **Europe '72** *and Skull & Roses was never recorded in a studio?*
Garcia: Sure. I would have loved to.
Hunter: To me, all that material was sort of the kicker follow-up album to *American Beauty*. Instead, we put out this three-album package that sounds wonderful but it spread out the material so much we never got to hear what those songs might have sounded like as a package. I personally would've liked to hear those songs on an album of their own.
Garcia: I concur. Instead we dribbled some of that music all the way up through *Wake of the Flood*.

What can you tell me about the writing of "Wharf Rat"?
Garcia: I think that may have been one of those cases where I had an idea for something and you [Hunter] had a literary version of the same idea and we got together and just worked it out over the course of an afternoon. It was one of those quick flashes.
Hunter: Aren't you talkin' about "Terrapin"?
Garcia: No, I'm talking about "Wharf Rat." It was a similar process. Boy, I don't remember that much about writing that.
Hunter: A few years ago I could have told you right off the bat where this stuff came from.

How about "Brown-Eyed Woman"?
Garcia: [Long pause] I don't remember anything about writing that.
Hunter: I don't either. [They both laugh] My hunch is that it was written around the same time we wrote the *Workingman's Dead* and *American Beauty* songs in Larkspur.
Garcia: I'm just drawing a blank on that one.
Hunter: Now you can see why I didn't put the songs in [*Box of Rain*] in chronological order. [Laughs]

I gather "Eyes of the World" was an older lyric when the Dead got around to recording it in '73.
Hunter: No, I don't think so. I think it was from around that time. I hadn't intended to stay in cowboy space forever. It was a passing ... well, it was more than just a passing phase certainly.
Garcia: It was just another voice you could use.
Hunter: Actually, now that I think about it, I'm pretty sure "Eyes of the World" was from Larkspur. I remember I'd practice trumpet out there in the shed all the time — blow my brains half-out until I got psychedelic and then I'd go write. [Laughs] I finally had to quit it — I was afraid I'd blow a blood vessel in my brain if I didn't give it up.
Garcia: I don't remember writing "Eyes of the World," but I do remember that basically it wanted a samba feel, which it still sort of has. It was kind of a Brazilian thing.
Hunter: It has so many lyrics it needed a fast tempo to get them all in.

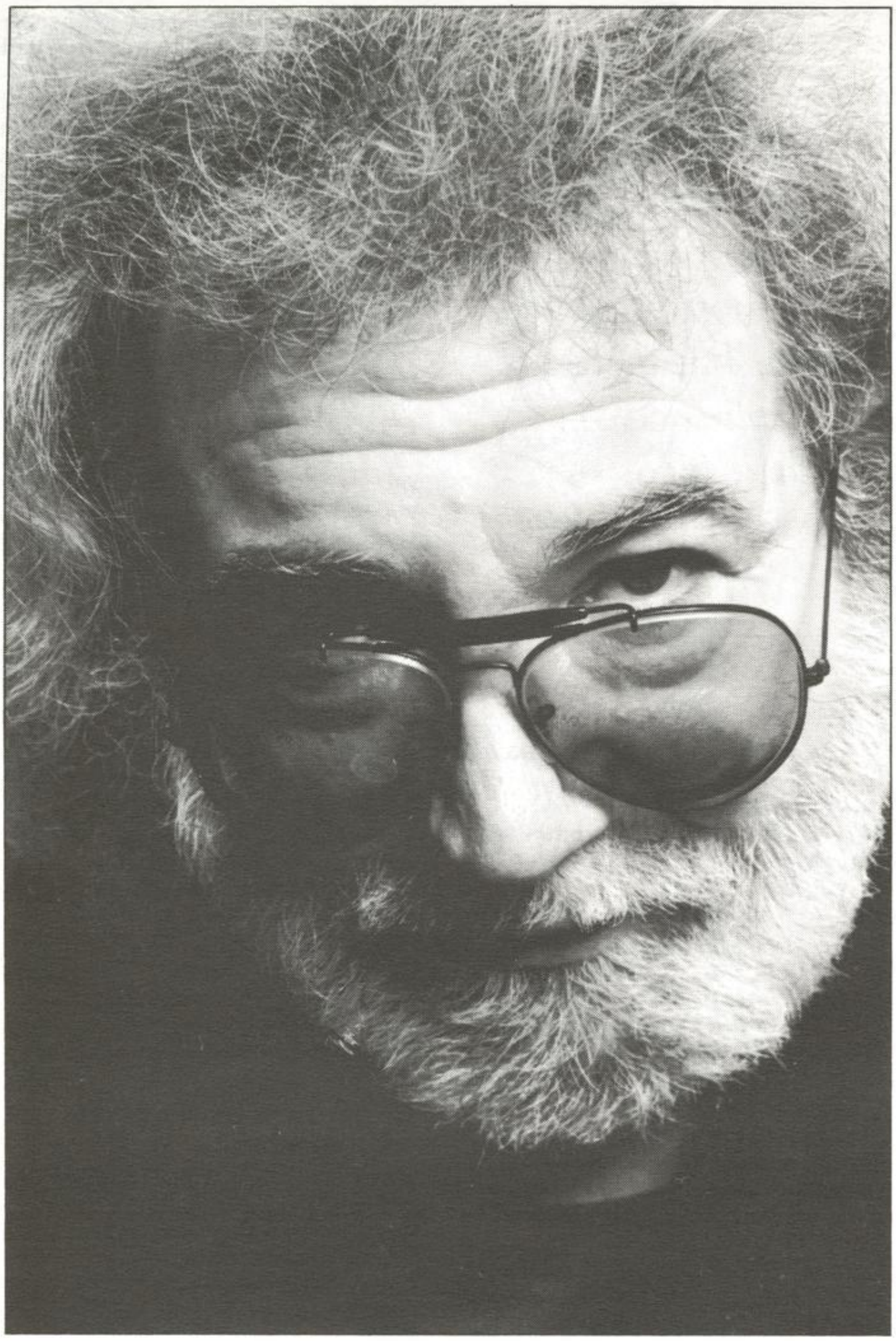
I trust Hunter. I just need to find something in the song that means something to me. In other words, if I don't feel totally comfortable singing it, I feel like an idiot.
— Garcia

How about "Scarlet Begonias"?
Garcia: Hmmm. Where the hell did that one come from?

England perhaps?
Hunter: Probably. I don't remember specifically.
Garcia: I don't remember when the tune came into existence. It's another one of those tunes: somebody else wrote it, I guess. [Laughs] I don't know where it came from.
Hunter: Yes, who were we before we were taken over by pods? [Laughs] They've left us with just enough memory to get by on: social security number, that sort of thing.

If "Eyes of the World" was a samba, is it fair to say that "Scarlet Begonias" was an attempt at a Caribbean feeling?
Garcia: It definitely has a little Caribbean thing to it, though nothing specific. It's also its own thing. I wasn't thinking in terms of style when I wrote that setting, except that I wanted it to be rhythmic. I think I got a little of it from that Paul Simon "Me and Julio down by the schoolyard" thing. A little from Cat Stevens — some of that rhythmic stuff he did on *Tea for the Tillerman* was kind of nice. It's an acoustic feel in a way, but we put it into an electric space, which is part of what made it interesting.

It's got that nice polyrhythmic thing happening.
Garcia: Yeah, we really worked on it a lot. That record [*Mars Hotel*] we rehearsed a lot before we went into the studio. That was done at Columbia's



old place, when Roy Hallee [Paul Simon's engineer] used to have a West Coast place. We'd rehearse across the street at S.I.R. [Studio Instrument Rentals] before we'd go into the studio every day. We rehearsed all the tunes for about a month before we recorded them, so we had them pretty fully arranged.

Hunter: I was living in England at that time, I think.

Garcia: No, you weren't around for that, unfortunately. That was a good record.

Am I right in thinking that **Blues for Allah** *was made differently than your other albums in that it was constructed from the ground up, rather than by bringing in a batch of songs and fine-tuning them?*

Garcia: Right. In fact we kind of made a ground rule for that record: Let's make a record where we get together every day and we don't bring anything in. The whole idea was to get back to that band thing, where the band makes the main contribution to the evolution of the material. So we'd go into the studio, we'd jam for a while, and then if something nice turned up we'd say, "Well, let's preserve this little hunk and work with it, see if we can't do something with it." And that's how we did most of that album. What became "Crazy Fingers" originally had a hard rock 'n' roll feel; it was completely different. A lot of it went through metamorphoses that normally would take quite a long time. We sort of forced them through.

Hunter: This was not a terribly good way for a lyricist to work, because they'd say, "OK, we're ready for the words for this right now." So I'd try something: "How about this? No? How about this?" "Yeah, that'll do." BAM! And on it would go. So I got involved in that immediacy process, too. I must say I prefer to sit back and toy with things a little bit more. So a method that might work nicely with a musical instrument might not work as well with language.

Garcia: Yeah, you're probably right. But I think we were pretty successful with those songs: "Help on the Way," "Franklin's Tower," "Crazy Fingers."

Hunter: "Crazy Fingers" was, in fact, all written beforehand. It was a page or two of haikus I'd been working on in a notebook. Jerry looked at them and said, "Hey, this might fit together as a song."

But "Blues for Allah," specifically, I remember them saying to me, "Dammit, we need the line right now!"

Garcia: Oh, that song was a bitch to do! When we got toward the end of the album we had some time restrictions and we started working pretty fast. But up until then we'd been pretty leisurely about it.

That song was another totally experimental thing I tried to do. In terms of the melody and the phrasing and all, it was not of this world. It's not in any key and it's not in any time. And the line lengths are all different.

Hunter: I remember trying to get a scan for that, the first line I came up with [he sings it to the song's melody] was "Here comes that awful funky bride of Frankenstein." [Laughs] Sometimes you need nonsense just to get it flowing.

Garcia: [Laughs] We should've used that!

What pushed it in its final lyric direction?

Garcia: We were talking about King Faisal [of Saudi Arabia] in the studio, 'cause an article came up about him in *Newsweek* or something. And I remember being blown away when it said that Faisal owned a third of the world's wealth or something shocking like that. What? One guy?

That line in there — "What good is spilling blood/It will not grow a thing" — certainly resonates on this day, when there's a war on in that region.

Hunter: I find that song holds up well in the current situation, though it also has a basic naivety — sort of "Why can't we just be friends?" But some of the lines in there work still: "The ships of state sail on mirage and drown in sand."

How is it that **Reflections** *became half a Grateful Dead album and half a Garcia solo record?*
Garcia: Well, it was a continuation of what we were doing with *Blues for Allah*. We were having fun in the studio is what it boils down to, and that's pretty rare for us. The energy was there, and I thought, "I've got a solo album coming up. Let's cut these tracks with the Grateful Dead. I've already taught them the tunes." So we just went ahead and recorded "Might As Well," "They Love Each Other" and "Comes a Time."
Hunter: Wasn't "Mission in the Rain" on there, too?
Garcia: Yeah, but that wasn't the Grateful Dead on the record. That was my band.

You've described that song as being essentially from your point of view.
Garcia: Right, it's autobiographical, though I didn't write it. [Laughs]
Hunter: I often write for Jerry that way. Over the years I've learned what he'll accept and what he'll reject, and what he'll accept is what he can feel speaks for him. Although we did have some problem with "Foolish Heart," where he wasn't sure where it was coming from.
Garcia: I didn't know it was good advice.
Hunter: He trusted me on it. I think it's good advice, but perhaps it's only minimal advice and maybe you don't really need to know this; maybe it's not a world-shaking issue.
Garcia: I trust Hunter. I just need to find something in the song, some kind of reality, that means something to me. In other words, if I don't feel totally comfortable singing it, I feel like an idiot. And if I feel like an idiot, I know I won't be able to deliver the song worth a shit.

Have there been any songs where you've taken it one way and then later discovered that Hunter was, even obliquely, probably writing it at you?
Garcia: Yeah, sometimes I get the weirdest feeling: I'll be singing a song and I'll think, "Jesus Christ, is this about me? Holy cow!" [Laughs]
Hunter: I'll never tell! [Laughs]
Garcia: I don't even think it matters.
Hunter: We are all one. I mean if I was trying to put something over on him like that, it's got to be filtered through me, and I've got to understand it, and in order to understand it I've got to have experienced it—
Garcia: And if he's experienced it, he knows as much about it as I do! [Laughs]
Hunter: [To Jerry] There are a lot of songs I've written for myself that I wouldn't lay on you because maybe they're not the way you think about things.

> *There are still holes in the Grateful Dead to fill up. It's mostly painted now, but there are still spots on the canvas that aren't filled in.*
> — Hunter

Is it a requirement of the partnership that you have to keep tabs, in a sense, on each other's emotional terrain?
Garcia: Nah. I think it's intuitive. I don't think we've ever really even discussed it.
Hunter: You don't change much after 18, 19, except in the details. We don't talk that much. We don't have that much to say to each other besides "How'd you like Hawaii?" and "How's your new word processor working?"
Garcia: [Laughs] Right, regular stuff.

It seems like the next big burst of creativity following **Blues for Allah** *came with* **Terrapin Station** *and all those great songs on* **Cats Under the Stars.**
Garcia: That's some of my favorite stuff. "Reuben and Cherise" started around the time of *Blues for Allah*, but it was completely different. I had a little riff I was fond of — a cute little thing where each time [the riff came around] it got a little shorter. It was a little trick, like a vanishing box; an optical illusion, or musical illusion. "Hey look at this!" So I played it and Hunter studied it, and he came up with some lyrics. And the lyrics were so much better than my musical idea; the melody sounded diddley in comparison. He was already enunciating some of that *Black Orpheus* undercurrent. [*Black Orpheus* is Marcel Camus' 1960 film, which retells the Orpheus myth in a Brazilian *Carnaval* setting.] So I backburnered it for a while. I came back and looked at it, and he'd changed it again, then I changed it, he changed it, and we went back and forth. Then, when I started work on *Cats Under the Stars* it seemed right all of a sudden and it all clicked into place and I wrote that setting for it. It was one of those songs that had to be slammed and banged and adjusted before it was right. Usually if you work that long on something it ends up sounding forced, but in this case all that work became invisible and the result is a nice, sophisticated song that's invisibly complex. It slides right along and has a great narrative drive that exposes the lyrics in a nice way, and it also has some dramatic contour to it that makes it a better storytelling form than some things we've done.
Hunter: I'd just like to add that "Ruby froze and turned to stone," does not mean that Ruby died. It just meant that she was in a state of shock at hearing her rival's voice through a mandolin. If you think she died there you're going to get the whole song wrong. I know there are people who are confused on that point.

Maybe they're confusing it with "Gomorrah."
Garcia: Well, it and Gomorrah share that thing of not looking behind; no point in looking back. That ends up being sort of the underside of *Cats Under the Stars*, which as far as I'm concerned, is my most successful record — even though it's my least successful record.
Hunter: That is such a great record!
Garcia: I know. I've always really loved it and it just never went anywhere.
Hunter: You should get a cake every year on the release date of that thing!
Garcia: [Laughs] I'll never understand it!

Why would a song like "Reuben & Cherise" be a solo tune instead of a Grateful Dead tune?
Garcia: No reason. It could've been a Grateful Dead song. In fact, who knows — I certainly enjoy doing it, and it might be perfect for the Grateful Dead.
Hunter: When I perform, except for things like dyed-in-the-wool favorites like "Ripple," I get the best response for "Reuben and Cherise."
Garcia: Yeah, when I do it with my band they love it, too, though our version is a little raggedy-assed. It's a fun song to do.
Hunter: I get into it so much that I'm down there in hell with Reuben trying to bring Cherise out. I'm wrung out by the time it's over.
Garcia: Me, too. It's tough to do. You have to be at a certain level to even try it. I don't try it that often for that very reason.

I think "Althea" is one of your most interesting songs—
Garcia: [To Hunter] What is she — the anima? The helpful lady, big sister kind of . . .

Hunter: I don't know if it's the anima, I'm not a Jungian.
Garcia: Me neither. [Laughs] I don't know. I see her out there.
Hunter: You evoke her; you don't say what she is.
Garcia: She's beyond description.
Hunter: Minerva.
Garcia: Right. Your helpful god-woman.
Hunter: Or Athena. Sure.

The whole thing is just an evocation of her, in the same way that a song like "She Belongs to Me" just offers these flashes of feeling more than information about the main character. It's more mood than anything else.
Garcia: Well, sometimes the mood is the thing, and it says it better than anything else does.

What can you tell me about the writing of "Shakedown Street"?
Garcia: For the life of me, I can't remember that either. [Laughs]
Hunter: Well, OK, the days were ripe with disco—
Garcia: Right! Disco!

I was pretty horrified the first few times I heard it — the Grateful Dead go disco?
Hunter: It was a case of abusing the audience and their expectations.
Garcia: "This'll throw 'em!" [Laughs]

Are the types of melodies and rhythms you write sometimes dictated by a desire to investigate a specific kind of musical terrain? I was thinking that the jam in "Shakedown" has some of the flavor of what you used to get into on "Hard to Handle."
Garcia: Sure. You think of songs as having different kinds of functions. We have our version of the "Come all ye" — "Uncle John's Band"; flag-wavers. I might say to Hunter, "This is a song that happens late in the second set, and it wants to be . . ." There's enough personal Grateful Dead material around that we can refer to it stylistically, 'cause we know how the songs work and what their function is. Luckily we have a lot of range, all the way from something really sensitive like "Stella Blue" to something real rowdy. We can get real grand like "Terrapin" or real simple like some folk song. There are more possibilities than limitations in that range.
Hunter: There are still holes in the Grateful Dead to fill up. It's mostly painted right now, but there are still spots on the canvas that aren't filled in.

Is it something you articulate to each other?
Hunter: What's the point of articulating it? We know. If you can say it, there isn't much point in writing it. It's what you can't say that you have to write. □

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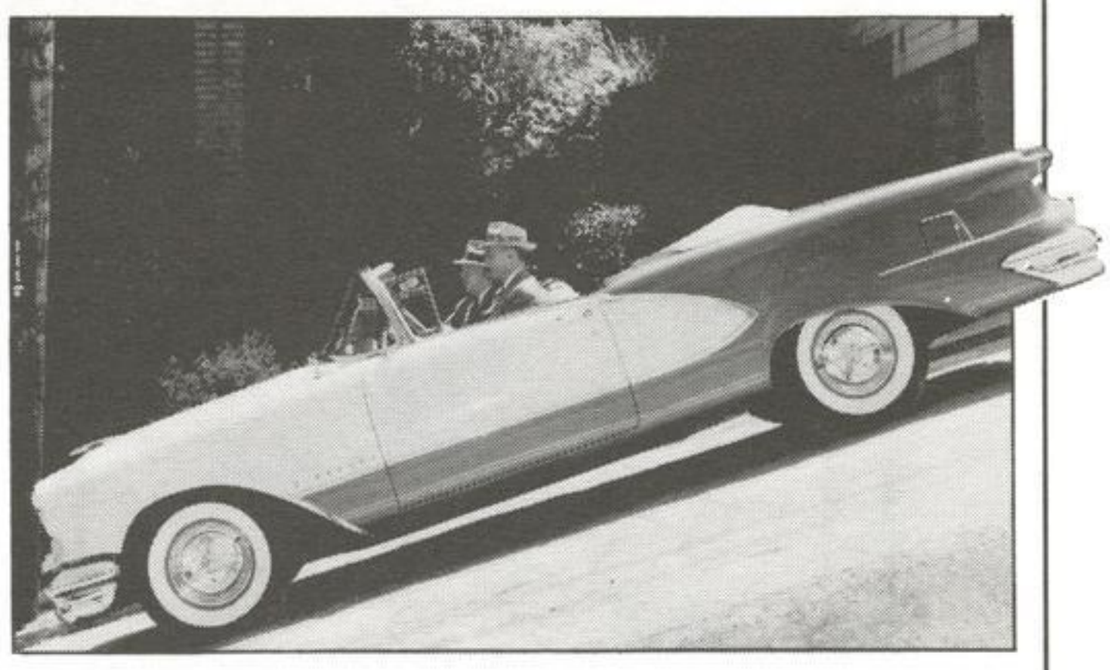

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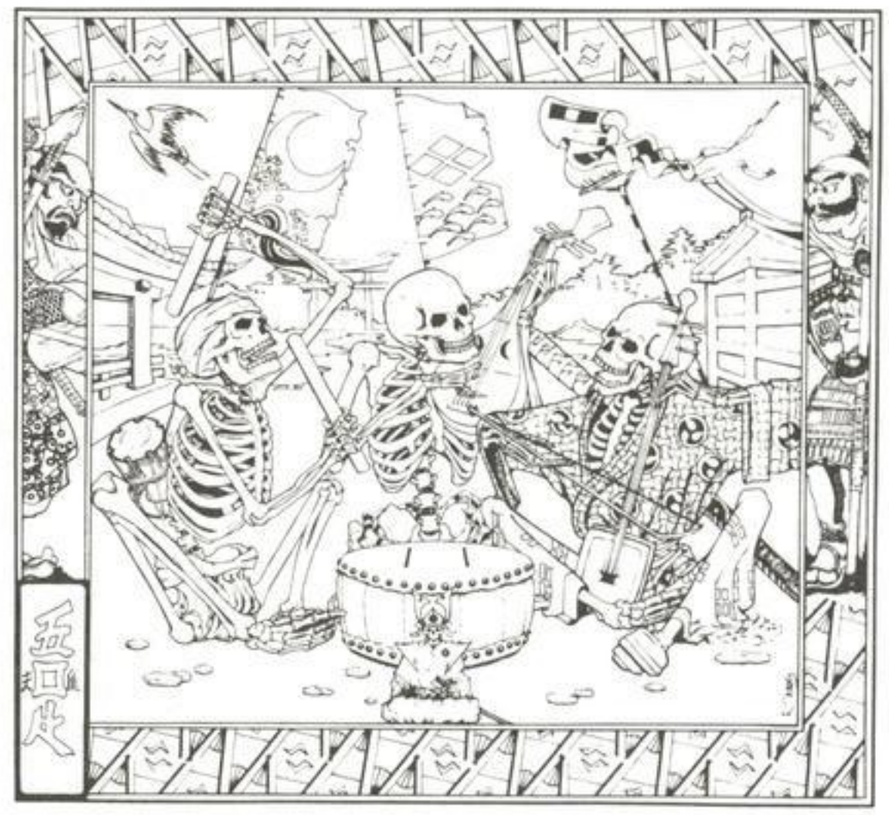

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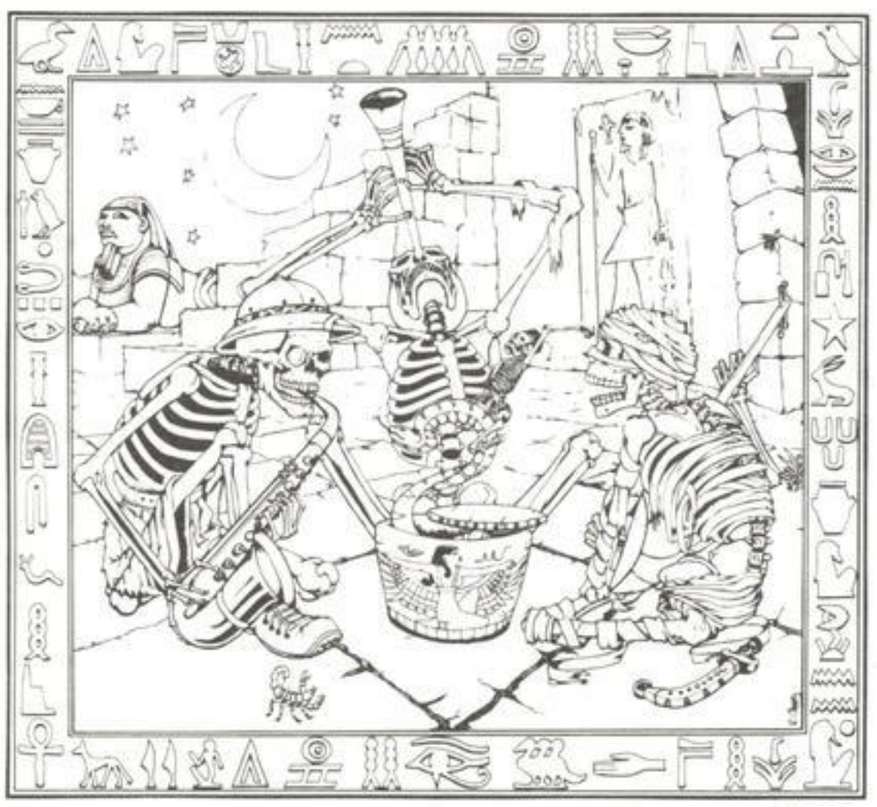

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Another Year Bites the Dust!

Opinions, Judgments and Assorted Heresies About 1990

BJ's 20 Favorite Shows of 1990

The usual totally subjective list of shows that struck me as being particularly cool, for whatever reason. I attended 12 shows last year (my lowest total since 1981), only three of which appear below. The rest I heard on tape.

1. 3/22, Copps Coliseum
2. 3/24, Knickerbocker Arena
3. 3/29, Nassau Coliseum
4. 3/30, Nassau Coliseum
5. 6/8, Cal Expo
6. 6/10, Cal Expo
7. 6/16, Shoreline Amphitheater
8. 6/23, Autzen Stadium
9. 7/4, Sandstone Amphitheater
10. 7/10, Carter Finley Stadium
11. 7/12, RFK Stadium
12. 9/14, Madison Square Garden
13. 9/19, Madison Square Garden
14. 9/20, Madison Square Garden
15. 10/20, ICC (Berlin)
16. 10/27, Zenith (Paris)
17. 10/31, Wembley Arena (London)
18. 12/12, McNichols Arena
19. 12/30, Oakland Coliseum
20. 12/31, Oakland Coliseum

Song of the Year: "Eyes of the World." What a great second set opener this turned out to be! Even when it didn't appear in that slot, the versions were usually long and flowing compared with recent years.

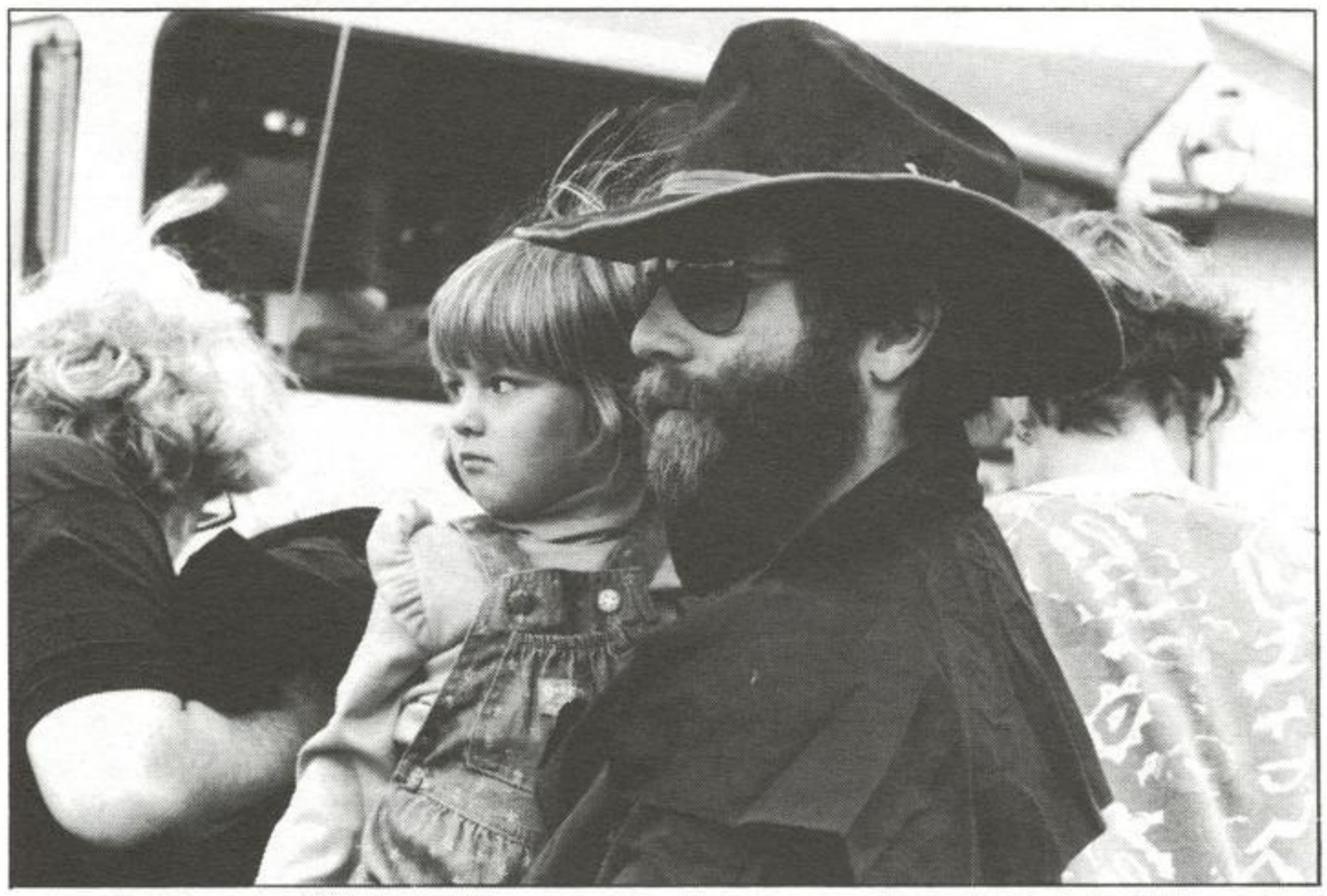
Revival of the Year: "Loose Lucy." I hated this song in the '70s — thought it was dreary and stupid. The new arrangement has so much more pep than the old one, and "thank you for a real good time" has a new resonance to it.

Best New Cover Tune: "The Weight"

Most Surprising Second Set Openers: "Eyes of the World" (3/25, Knickerbocker — it was the first "Eyes" in that slot since '77); "Built to Last" (3/26, Knickerbocker); "The Weight" (9/15, Madison Square Garden)

Revision Revisionism: In March, Weir introduced a new version of "Black-Throated Wind" with almost entirely new lyrics. By the fall, he'd returned to the old version (with just a couple of changes).

Oops! Maybe Not: In a bold move, the band attempted one post-Brent "Gimme Some Lovin'" (MSG, 9/15), to disastrous results.



He's gone. Brent and one of his daughters, 1987. Photo: Jay Blakesberg

Two Songs Sung By Brent I'll Miss Most: "Hey Pocky Way," "Dear Mr. Fantasy"

Coincidence? I Hope So: Gary Gutierrez' superb video for Brent's "Just a Little Light" ends with a candle flame being blown out.

The 1990 "You Can Play In Our Band Anytime" Award: To Branford Marsalis for pushing the band in all sorts of weird and wonderful directions during his two shows with the Dead (3/29 and 12/31).

Best New U.S. Venue (according to our mail): Knickerbocker Arena in Albany

Worst New U.S. Venue: World Amphitheater in Tinley Park, Illinois

Where Did That Song Go? "Attics" was dropped after the 3/30 show. "Built to Last" has yet to be played by the new band. Ditto "The Last Time."

Best Dancer: The 35-foot papier-mâché skeleton that debuted at the Mardi Gras show in February and did his dance at most of the stadium gigs during summer tour.

50 Lashes with a Wet Noodle: To Brockum, the merchandising folks, for selling overpriced shirts of dubious quality. The best shirt designs on the highest quality shirts are still outside the show.

Oddest Insult of the Year: Cartoonist Lynda Barry's assertion on *Late Night with David Letterman* that Garcia's pants look "confused."

You're Only As Good As Your Last Hit: Although "Foolish Heart" got some radio play in the fall of '89, FM ignored the rest of *Built to Last*, and *Without a Net* received almost *no* airplay. Does that make the Dead a cult band again? I hope so.

BJ's 1990 Dream Show

How nice of the band to stage this year's dream show at the Fillmore Auditorium in San Francisco! So glad some of you could make it! Be sure to take a big sip of that punch going 'round.

China Cat (6/16) ➧ Foolish Heart (12/28) ➧ Victim or the Crime (London, 11/1) ➧ Mississippi Half-Step (12/30) ➧ Cassidy (6/9), Loose Lucy (3/14), Stuck Inside of Mobile (12/30), Bird Song (3/29) ➧ Saint of Circumstance (12/13)

Playin' in the Band (12/30) ➧ Uncle John's Band (9/19) ➧ Let It Grow + jam (9/19) ➧ Eyes of the World (12/31) ➧ rhythm devils ➧ space ➧ Dark Star ➧ Playin' reprise ➧ Dark Star (all from 9/20) ➧ I Know You Rider (10/27) ➧ Morning Dew (6/23)

Encore: Help on the Way ➧ Slipknot ➧ Franklin's Tower (10/31)

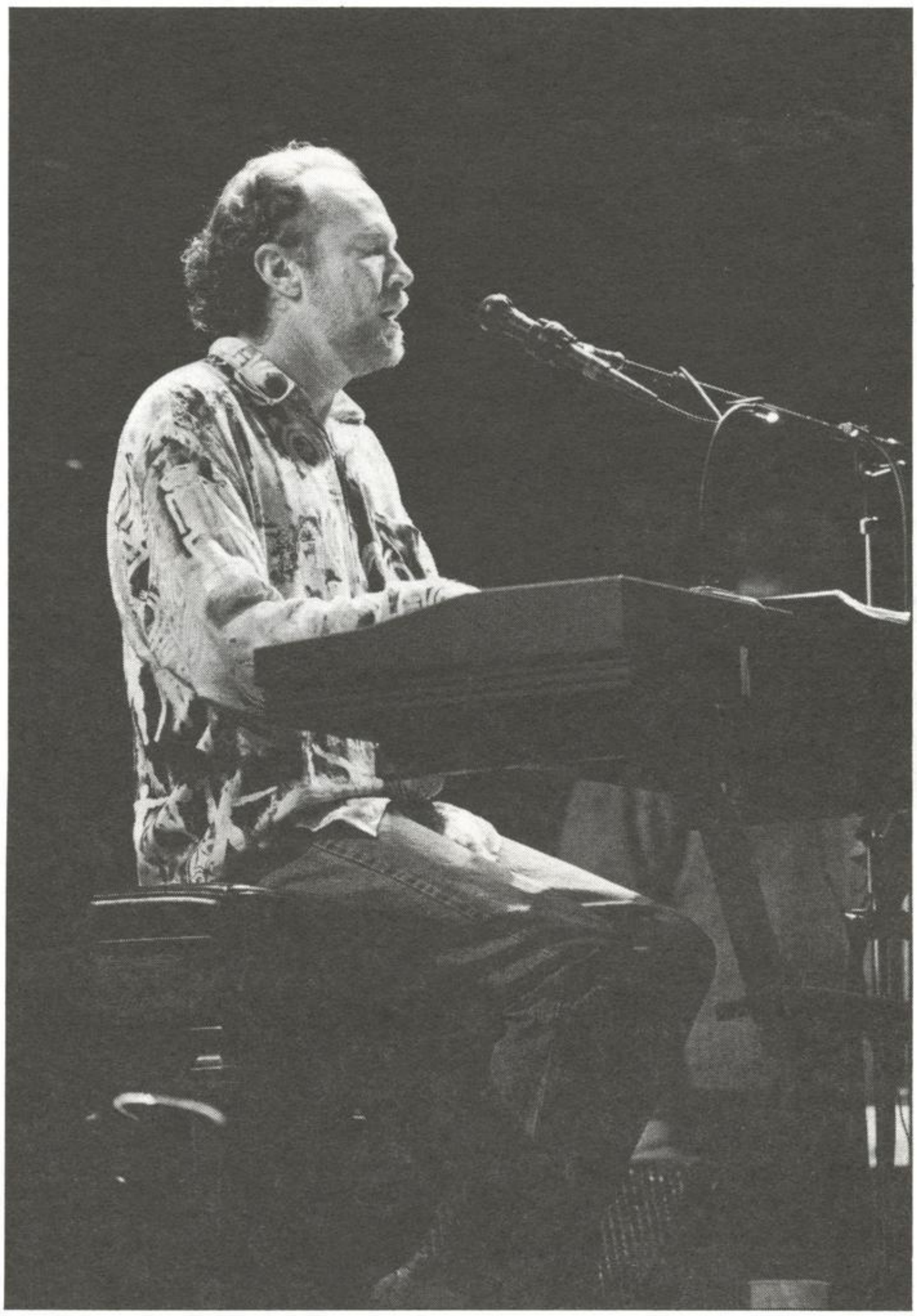


Photo: Jay Blakesberg

A Few Minutes With VINCE

Last issue we offered a brief glimpse of the Dead's new keyboard ace, Vince Welnick. A quick review of his background: Classically trained as a kid in Phoenix, but got into rock 'n' roll at an early age. Played in a psychedelic band there with some of the future members of The Tubes, the theatrical rock band he played with for most of the '70s and '80s. Most recently played in Todd Rundgren's band; appears on Todd's latest LP, *Second Wind*. Auditioned for Brent's job and was hired on the strength of his high harmonies and flexibility as a player.

We met at the Dead office on February 12, ten days before his 40th birthday. Everybody had told me Vince was a nice guy, and they were right. Hey, how can you *not* like a guy who shows up wearing a "RASTABILLY" T-shirt depicting a dreadlocked bronc rider?

— *BJ*

You've been in the band a few months now. Are you starting to feel pretty comfortable up there?

Yeah, I'm getting to where I have a smaller pile of papers up there. Me and Bruce were both using charts on occasion.

What was the extent of those? Were they just cheat sheets with a few chords and lyrics? When you turn to the page with "U.S. Blues," what's there?

Well, you wouldn't need a sheet for "U.S. Blues," but for something like "Terrapin" I had three sheets, which contained the chords for the three major movements and some of the weird time signature changes, of which there are many on that. As far as lyrics go, if I had a big, major background vocal on a song and I was having a hard time learning it, I might write the lyrics down. I was trying to learn something like 140 songs in a really short time, and it was hard enough trying to remember the keys everything was in. Sometimes I made notes on what kind of harmony it was going to be.

Did you learn off tapes?

Tapes and records. Mainly tapes. They gave me copies of some of the tours they'd recorded, and then Bob Bralove would assign me ten songs from a tape, and I'd work on them at home and then come in and play them

'When I first went on the road, about 30 percent of the tunes were ones we'd never played in rehearsal.'

the next day. I listened to the CDs, too, and there are even a couple of songs where I basically learned Donna's harmony part because I liked the blend she got with them sometimes.

Was any of it familiar to you?

I knew most of their songs from the '60s and a few from the '70s. But I was surprised at how much great newer material they have. I loved learning the new songs. There are so many beautiful arrangements, like the bridge part of "Wharf Rat" — I feel like crying every time I sing that. It's amazing. "Terrapin" — another incredible tune.

Getting back to your original question, most of them are pretty firmly imprinted on my memory, so there are very few papers now.

Something like "Help on the Way" must be a bitch to learn. Even Garcia says it's hard to remember.

That's one of the ones I want to work on more. There are some tricky parts in there. I'd like to be able to clarify some of that in rehearsals.

This band is pretty notorious for not liking to rehearse. What was the regimen like when you first joined?

[Smiling] Oh, it was great! Do half a song, take a break, have lunch, talk about things, go over a harmony part. We'd rehearse about three hours and maybe go over ten songs in that time. We'd go through most of them just once or twice, and of course if someone ran into a song while they were jamming — like some Four Tops song — everybody'd jump on that and play it. When I first went on the road, about 30 percent of the tunes were ones we'd never played in rehearsal.

The band was using set lists for a while, I understand.

Yeah, we used them in September and October. We didn't always stick to them exactly, of course. I can see why the band doesn't like to use them — to preconceive the flow of the set is hard with a band like this. But if Jerry got out there and didn't like what he'd chosen, he'd change it; Bobby, too. The only reason they did that at all was for the benefit of Bruce and me. I'm just as happy to do it the other way. I like it to be more spontaneous. And now that I know the songs better, I feel more confident about it.

What are some of the songs that have made the biggest impression on you so far?

Hmmm. That's tough. "Eyes of the World," "Terrapin."

Were you familiar with "Terrapin"?

No, I'd never heard it. [Laughs] I like "Victim or the Crime," which kind of reminds me a little of The Tubes' style — it's dark.

Do you know that there are Deadheads who don't like that tune?

That's what I understand. [Laughs] They shouldn't be afraid of that tune just because it's a little sinister. Personally, playing it I feel more uplifted from it than down.

I like a lot of the long, complicated pieces, like "Wharf Rat," and I like the tear-jerker ballads. Really, I like 'em all. They all sound like classics to me, and I can't really put one above the other at this point.

Do you have trouble navigating through the big jamming tunes, like "Bird Song"?

Not really, I love it. As with any jam, you have to open your ears and hear whatever you can — what Phil's playing way over there; listen for the drummers to go from 3 against 4; listen to what Bobby's playing rhythmically; and then Jerry can alter the mode just by changing a note in the scale. And if he hears that he can jump all over it, too, so whoever winds up at bat is by virtue of whoever connects. It's not like playing in some bands, where you just tune into your part and shut everyone else out and then blaze away.

It's a lot of fun opening up and reacting musically to what I'm hearing. It's endlessly more rewarding for me as a keyboard player than it is playing a stock part. And there's lots of room for soloing, which is something I didn't do a whole lot of in the other bands I've been in — they were more guitar solo groups, or *no* solo groups.

Phil's a pretty unconventional bass player.

I knew that coming in. I mean, I always thought the fact that he plays the way he plays is part of the Dead's sound. Playing with him has changed the way I play a little, though. I used to be more heavy-handed on the bass end of the keyboard, do a lot of doubling of the bass parts, but of course there's no way to double Phil 'cause he's making it up as he goes. [Laughs]

I imagine that the addition of Bruce to the lineup required some rethinking of your role in the band. I think of your style in the pre-Bruce shows as being fairly pianistic in places.

That's true. When he came in I stopped using most of my piano sounds; I might play some piano sounds when he's on accordion. I've sort of learned the songs both ways. I knew when they hired me that Bruce was going to be there playing piano — he's a real strong player, with a signature sound even. When I started out, the description of the job opening was a synth player who could sing high harmony, which is something I did with both The Tubes and Todd Rundgren. But thank God for Bob Bralove, who has this massive wall of effects and stuff to help me out.

Is it true that he is actually sitting offstage near you, feeding effects to you in real time rather than you pulling up the effects yourself?

I have various sounds — vibes, piano, clavinet, harpsichord; all sorts of sounds I can combine together with the faders in any way I want. But then Bralove also has sounds that he can put together to make the designated song sound.

So if you're doing a fiddle sound on "Me & My Uncle," who's determining that choice?

He might look at me and make it look like he's playing violin and I'll nod my head in agreement if I want to do it. Or he might hit the fiddle while Bruce is playing accordion because it's a nice match. On something like "Wharf Rat" we might use actual acoustic guitar sounds blended in with vocal sounds, strings or whatever. Sometimes, on a long song, he might turn strings into horns and add rattling bones in as a texture.

But do you know this is happening before it happens?

Not necessarily. He's the one in control. He might give it to me piecemeal and stack it up, but as I hear it, I just interpret it the way it sounds to me, and it kind of dictates the way I play it.

So it's really like a two-man team.

Yeah. It's really fun for me. It keeps

me on my toes. I've learned a lot from him. Like he's the one who suggested that about two octaves above middle C is a good spot for me to play because it's an opening in the Grateful Dead sound. Whereas if I played much below that I'd be running into Bob and Bruce and the sound would get pretty muddy. If I were playing piano, I would be down there with Bob, too. That's where the piano should be, with the left hand even playing some bass notes. So I go an octave or two above that and tinkle about, or play two-handed chords or melody lines. It depends on the song, of course.

White punk on dope: Vince backstage in his Tubes days, late '70s. Photo: Dave Patrick

Do you prefer playing with or without Bruce?

I like playing with Bruce. We're pals onstage. We're in close proximity so we can have a lot of eye contact and hit off each other throughout the night. I think we play well together. Sometimes one of us will come over to the other and say, "Hey, I think you've got more of a handle on this one than me; I'm going to lay back a little and watch you work." Or Bruce'll say during the "space" part, "Vince, go out there and get weird with those guys!" [Laughs] When we had charts we'd exchange notes and work stuff out together.

It's funny, when he missed the last night in Denver and he heard that we'd finished the "Dark Star" we started two days earlier, plus all these other songs, he was saying, "Oh no! I missed that? Oh shit!" like he was a little jealous. [Laughs] He wanted to be there.

You know, a day not spent with the Grateful Dead is really missing out on life to some extent. [Laughs]

That's why we've been following them all these years! Get with the program, Vince!

[Laughs] I'm starting to get that concept finally!

This is a band notorious for not giving each other feedback verbally. Have they ever said, for example, "Hey, you were a little heavy-handed there on 'Stella Blue,' Vince"?

That's a good point. There are some delicate parts in some of those songs where the music almost drops out completely. "Black Peter" has a part like that. Sure, they'll call you on it, but they don't have to tell you more than once. I haven't really had any trouble getting down to those soft points. My biggest hurdle to clear has been choosing the *appropriate* sound. They might say, "Hey that sound wasn't too hip." But I'd say 99 percent of the feedback I've gotten is: "Works good. Have fun. Play whatever the fuck you want." [Laughs]

I get tapes of every show and I listen to them and take notes and discuss different possibilities with Bralove.

It must have been exciting for you to play in Arizona in December — hometown boy returns as conquering hero and all that.

It was the *best* way to return to my hometown! A lot of people from my family came out; it was quite a big deal. It was the biggest gig I'd done down there. It felt really cool.

It must be a little tough adjusting to the sheer bigness of everything in the Dead — the size of the venues compared with what you were playing with The Tubes or Todd; the size of the traveling entourage; the money.

The scale of the gigs is definitely an all-time high for me. There's some money, too, that's true. I was going to move to Mexico right before I got the job because it was an affordable place to live at my income. I wasn't doing much with The Tubes, and Todd only toured twice a year. So it was the first time in about 20 years I was really free to go wherever I wanted. The Dead thinng came along at the perfect time. It's definitely changed my life.

How do Deadheads strike you so far?

It's been fabulous. I haven't seen so much unconditional love from an audience ever in my life.

Of course in The Tubes you also weren't playing to people who were dancing.

No, most of them were spitting, or banging on the stage or trying to look up the skirts of the dancing girls or trying to get pulled up onstage or something. [Laughs] But they were actually great and loving, too. They were a pretty rabid audience in a much different way than Deadheads, of course. I used to go out and hang with them during the opening acts. They were cool.

Like the Dead, the Tubes were very eclectic. You guys tried all sorts of weird shit. Your former bandmate Roger Steen told me that you guys listened to a lot of Miles Davis and Jimi Hendrix during your formative years. What else were you into in the late '60s, early '70s?

We listened to John McLaughlin a lot — Mahavishnu Orchestra. In fact, they even opened for us at Winterland one time; or maybe it was the other way around. What a misbilling that was! [Laughs] We were into Coltraine, Captain Beefheart, Django Reinhart, Lambert, Hendricks & Ross, McCoy Tyner — lots of stuff. We played a lot of strange stuff, too. We played Brazilian music, Fellini themes by Nino Rota, crime songs like "Perry Mason" and "Peter Gunn." We did a great version of "Town Without Pity."

Before you were in The Tubes you were

'I'm afraid I spent the Summer of Love in Los Angeles. I was the kind of guy who might not have survived it in San Francisco.'

in a psychedelic band in Phoenix. Was there much of a scene there in the late '60s?

Oh yeah, it was a big-time scene. The Dead were even pretty big there — we'd go see 'em when they'd come through town.

We used to play up on Carefree Mountain. This guy used to make this great peyote tea. He'd start brewing it 48 hours in advance and it would get reduced so that all the horrible taste was gone and it would taste more like citrus. You'd take one teacupful and BOOM — you're gone! [Laughs] We'd play up there on this big rock with a generator. We'd put the word out that we were playing. It started out as a small gathering of about 100 and turned into about 10,000 by the end.

On Wednesdays you could go to the park and pretty much have your free love, free drugs, hippie thing going and the cowboys wouldn't even bother you. That was a big step for Phoenix.

Did you actually play Grateful Dead songs in these bands?

No, but we played their albums a lot at home. *Anthem of the Sun* was a big one for us. Bill Spooner [former lead guitarist in The Tubes] used to play that one a lot. In fact, I've been playing it recently just to reminisce a little. I'm surprised the Dead don't do more of it now. [He sings] "The other day they waited . . ." There's some great stuff on there.

In our band, we were listening to the Dead but playing our own stuff. Nothing was in 4/4 time. [Laughs] It was 5/8, 10/8, 11/8. We were really thrashin'! We were influenced by jazz, psychedelia, raga, Hendrix, you name it.

You moved to L.A. before you came to San Francisco, didn't you?

Yeah, I'm afraid I spent the Summer of Love in Los Angeles! [Laughs] I don't know if that was a good or a bad thing. I was only 17 and kind of wild — I was the kind of guy who might not have survived the Summer of Love in San Francisco. So instead of being there I spent the summer hiding out from the cops because I was too young to be in town. I got a fake I.D. and played in stripper bars. It was a scary place to be underage because the cops were looking for kids to bust.

Then I went back to Phoenix for a while and finally moved up here in the early '70s after Prairie [Prince] and Mike [Cotten, both Tubes members] went to the Art Institute [in SF].

And what did your parents think of your throwing away your classical training to play rock 'n' roll?

Actually, I threw that away long before. My dad was great. He said, "You can be the life of the party and you may even make a living at it." My mom said, "I always thought you were a good player, but can't you learn how to tune pianos so you'll have something to fall back on?" □

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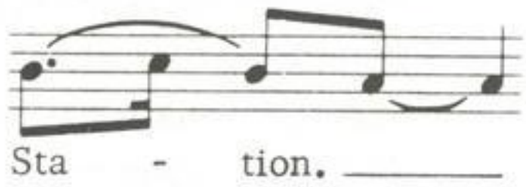

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FUNSTUFF

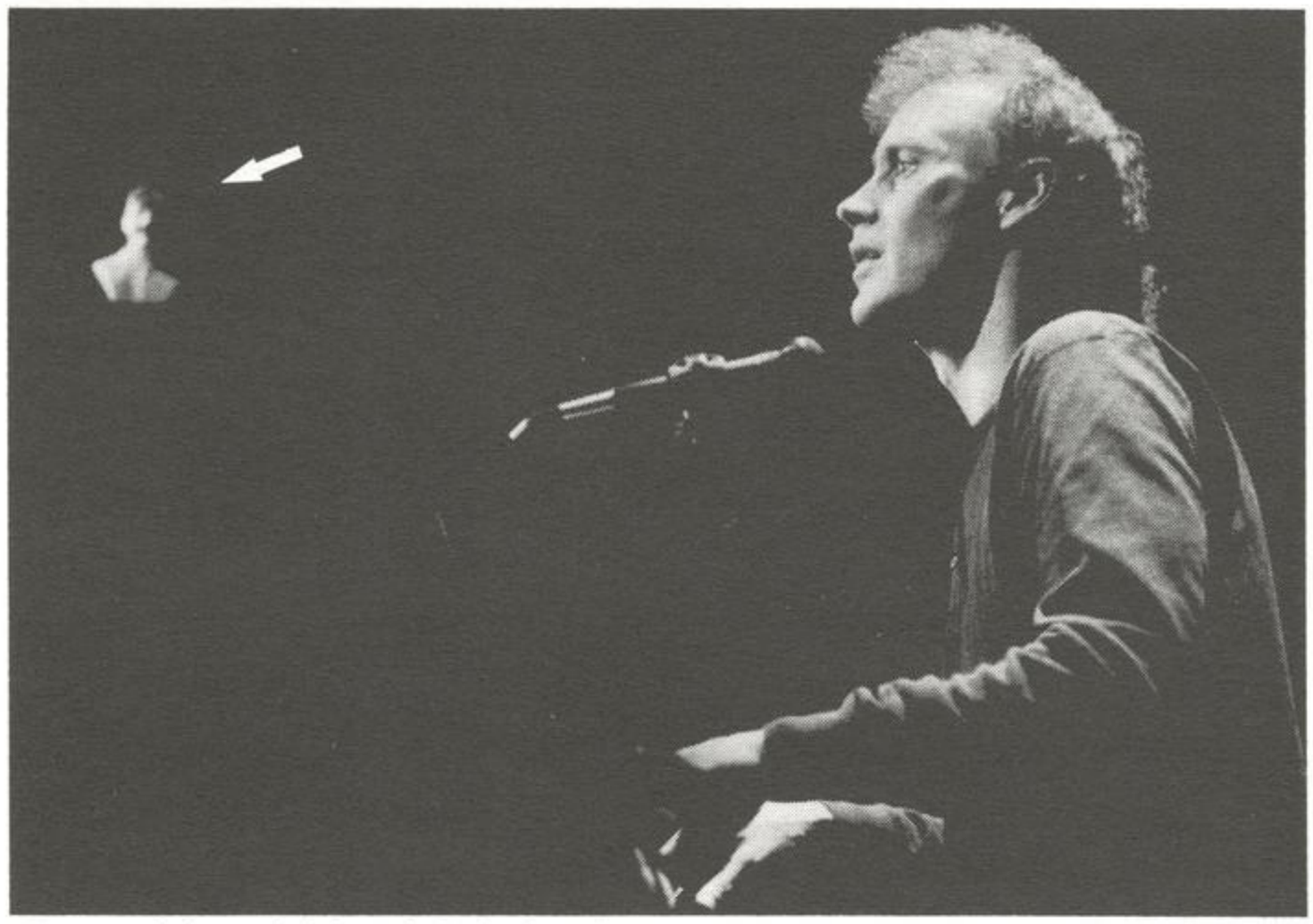
Walkin' the Dogma: The January issue of the excellent English music magazine *Q* featured an article on the boys in Europe, and included some choice quotes from Bob and Billy on a variety of topics. Here's Bob on the fanaticism of Deadheads:

"I don't know what to make of it all. It bothers me a little. Those people are obsessive. But they'd be obsessive about something else if it weren't for us, and we are harmless, we don't use off-color lyrics or have backwards messages or anything like that. But the fact that we've been made into a religion bothers me. They assume we are offering them a lifestyle but really they invented it themselves. It's nothing to do with us, and I'm really unclear as to how we are associated with it. I try to keep my brain active; I try to remain healthy; I don't do drugs; I never said anything to these people that indicated that they should wear tie-dyes and be footloose and have that kind of society. Around the Grateful Dead has grown up this weird religion and I haven't the foggiest notion what to make of it."

Billy has a different take on it, however:

"Sometimes it gets a little wiggy. Some people live their whole lives for the band and that's a little too far out for me, but I can't criticize what I can't understand, and I sure love them for it. Maybe they just follow us around hoping maybe we'll actually play good some night. . . . If people find their fun and happiness hanging around as Grateful Deadheads, that's cool. The world needs the Grateful Dead, you know. All these stoners — they need something to do and a place to go. And we keep them out of Janet Jackson concerts, ha ha ha!"

Spies Are Everywhere: Greg Cotterill of Seneca Falls, NY, forwards a newspaper column from an October edition of the Rochester *Democrat* in which Rochester's own Dave Miller talks about catering for the Dead: "They like really basic foods and local cuisine. Once in a while Jerry Garcia gets far out and asks for green Jell-O, but that's just a joke. Each one has his own cooler and we fill those up with Coke, water, milk before the show. Now Phil Lesh drinks only Perrier and his bottles have to be put upside down in his cooler. That way he grabs the bottoms and doesn't cut his fingers." After the show, Miller and the other caterers fill up grocery bags for the Dead to take back to their hotel rooms. "We put in everything from wine and cookies to diapers. "They've all got kids, and most of them and the wives are going [to Europe]."



Many people have asked about the little plastic bust Bruce keeps on his piano. Is it Chopin? Beethoven? Nope. It's Rogers Hornsby (no relation), the famous baseball player from the '30s and '40s. Photo: Ron Delany

Studio Saint: Mickey Hart came to the aid of Bayview Recording Studio, a community-oriented studio in the economically depressed Hunter's Point neighborhood of San Francisco, by donating his old 16-track recording console.

Truckin' Like a Doo-doo Band: Tesla, a very popular hard rock band from Sacramento, evidently has a Dead fan in its ranks. On Tesla's new album, *Five-man Acoustical Jam* (yes, it's acoustic hard rock), the band segues from the opening song, 'Comin' Atcha Live," into a couple of minutes of "Truckin'"! It's kind of strange though: it starts with the final chorus, then goes into the "sweet Jane" verse, the next verse's chorus, then the bridge with a few alterations, such as "All a friend can say is 'ain't it a bitch?'" Pretty lame, actually, but Hunter, Garcia, Lesh and Weir should make a few bucks from songwriting royalties. Like I said, these guys sell a lot of records.

And a Dead cover I've only read about, but which sounds like it must be pretty interesting, is "Franklin's Tower" by Henry Rollins, former lead singer of L.A. punksters Black Flag. He and Andrew Weiss (bassist in Rollins' band), working under the name Wartime, recently put out an EP for Chrysalis Records that includes what *Billboard* called "a groove-oriented, go-go version" of the Dead staple. Rollins says that Weiss came up with the idea back in '86 when go-go was the leading edge of black street music.

Crawling Out of the Woodwork: For the "We are Everywhere" file, we must add professional football, if an article sent along by Dave Maluso of Summit, NJ, is any indication. In the October 21 issue of *Game Day*, the official National Football League program sold at ballparks, we find a story on Billy Ard of the Green Bay Packers and his love of the Grateful Dead! "Since his first Dead concert in 1977," the story reads, Ard figures he's been to more than 100 of their psychedelic shows. It started when he was attending Wake Forest University, and he would catch the band when they swept through North Carolina.

"'A couple of times I followed them to Virginia, Maryland and Philadelphia and came home [to New Jersey] for the summer. That was college — you know, you're driving north anyway, so you might as well enjoy yourself."

In 1981, when the Packers were playing the 49ers in SF, he met Phil Lesh in a hotel and offered him tickets for the game. Since then he has become friendly with other members, too. In fact, the photo that accompanied the story was a live shot of Garcia with the caption, "The Dead's Jerry Garcia is like an uncle to Billy Ard."

Another Endorsement From Paulie: You no doubt recall that before his big

U.S. tour last year, Paul McCartney cited the longevity and vitality of the Grateful Dead as one reason he wanted to hit the road again. Well, in March Paul was a guest on MJI Broadcasting's syndicated radio show *Desert Island Discs*, in which musicians choose a few records they'd want to have with them if they were stranded on an island. McCartney's eight were interesting: "Strawberry Fields," "Purple Haze," "Birthday," "Mr. Tambourine Man," "Beautiful Boy," "God Only Knows," "Sex Machine" and . . . drum roll . . . "Touch of Grey"! You think Garcia would choose "Silly Love Songs"?

More *Net* Theories: Chuck and Marsha Miller of Woodland Park, CO, offer a offer a couple of more sources for the live recordings on *Without a Net*: "Cassidy" is allegedly from 2/25/90, and "One More Saturday Night" from 10/14/89. We can't verify either claim, but they've never lied to us before.

Bongs Away: In an article from Washington D.C.'s *City Paper* titled "Just Say 'Duh': Marion Barry, Drug Doofus," author Tom McNichol writes that the D.C. mayor liked using a homemade pipe for pot and crack because "it was an essential part of the ritual for Barry, as burning incense or listening to the Dead is for others. Come to think of it, Barry would have been much better off partying in a hotel room full of Deadheads. At least then nobody would have remembered enough to testify against him later." (From Pat Mulvey, Harrisonburg, VA.)

OK, Who Stole My Answer Key? Honest, folks, we didn't really mean for you to actually spend the time to find the five errors in the contest we ran last issue. We were inundated by photocopies of the drawing with the errors duly noted. For those who care and were, like us, stumped, the answers are: line behind Phil's head is missing; button on Billy's coat is missing; hem of Garcia's jacket is absent; ject missing from Pigpen's coat. No, you don't win anything. Isn't the satisfaction of a job well done enough?

When I Had No Ears to Hear: In our first few issues we reported on some of the hilarious fractured English versions of Dead songs that appeared on various Japanese pressings of GD albums. Well, in the most recent issue of *Spiral Light*, the fine British Dead 'zine, a writer going by "Black Peter"

Bottled water sold in the Kenya/Tanzania border area. Submitted by Richard Mogan, Santa Monica, CA

talks about a subject that's been near and dear to me, but which I've never taken the time to document: the wacky song titles that turn up on Grateful Dead bootleg records because they're mainly put out by people who have no idea what the actual titles are. I still remember my first bootleg Dead album, which I bought in '71 outside Gaelic Park in the Bronx; it had songs like "Really Had to Move" ("Bertha," obviously) and "We Can Share" ("Jack Straw"). Then of course there was the popular bootleg album with "Deadicated to Owsley" ("That's It for the Other One"). The amazing thing is that these albums are still out there with the wrong info on them. Anyway, check out a sampling of the ones Black Peter has come across:

"Before You Let My Muse Go" ("Loser"); "The Devil & Me" ("Promised Land"); "West Texas, Santa Fe" ("Me & My Uncle"); "Back in the Sunshine" ("Bird Song"); "Inspiration" ("Terrapin"); "I Don't Trust Anybody" ("Playin'") "Sweet Alfie" ("Althea"); "Sugarfree" ("Sugaree"); "Manolito" ("He's Gone"); "Weir's Song" ("Greatest Story"); "The Jumper" ("Jack Straw"); "Deep River" (Brokedown Palace"); "Hell in a Basket."

Incidentally, if you'd like more info on *Spiral Light*, write to Rob & Maggie Kedward, 121 Park Place, Amersham, Bucks, HP6 6NQ, England. They've come a long way through the years and their hearts are definitely in the right place. Issue 21 had pretty good Europe coverage, an excellent short interview with Vince, and more.

Tales of Grateful Lust: In the December '90 issue of *Vanity Fair*, Roseanne Barr and her husband, Tom Arnold, describe part of their early courtship:

"'It wasn't until six months later [that we met again],' says Arnold. 'February 12, 1989. Here. In L.A. at the Forum. We went to see the Grateful Dead. That's why I have this tattoo. Arnold pulls up the sleeve, revealing a Grateful Dead tattoo. 'We went to a Grateful Dead show,' continues Barr, 'and I said, "You don't even like me." "Like you? I love you." 'I go, "Oh, fuck it." I didn't know what to do. So I said, "I gotta go the bathroom," and I started crying.' They talked all night and then they hugged and the next day she kissed him on the cheek."

Wouldn't you love to hear Roseanne on back-up vocals with the Dead sometime?

Talk of the Town: The November 26 issue of *The New Yorker* magazine (you love their cartoons) ran a cute article on the Dead's playing London, of all things. It contained several fun nuggets, not the least of which is this description of Phil: "Lesh looks as if he would be more at home with a soldering iron in his hand than with a bass guitar: he has a clever, bespectacled face and the vaguely puzzled air of what the English call a 'boffin' — a backroom scientist." Bill Kreutzmann, the writer suggests, looks like "he might have stepped out of a Western movie.

"The only one who looks the part [of rock star] is the pianist, Bruce Hornsby, but he's a recent recruit and still in his thirties. 'I'm trying to bring some of that teenage idol thing to the Dead,' he said [joking, I hope — BJ].

"'I'd be glad to be teenage anything at this point,' Garcia replied. 'I've got to where things are beginning to fall

From the syndicated strip "Single Slices"

apart, but what's comforting about age is everyone's falling apart with you . . . It's a matter of use, man — good use. I enjoyed it when I had it, whatever it was.'"

The Absolutely Final Installment of GD Film & TV Sightings . . . For Now, That Is

No doubt all you Bartheads out there caught the GD reference at the beginning of *The Simpsons'* Halloween show: a tombstone reading "The Grateful Dead". . . . In Mark Kitchell's extraordinary, Oscar-nominated documentary, *Berkeley in the '60s*, there's a minute or so of primo footage of the Dead playing "Viola Lee Blues" in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park. By the way, if that film comes to your town, by all means check it out — aside from being a great slice of history, it's a passionate story about idealism and commitment; truly one of the best films ever made about the '60s! . . . Neil Cherry of Boston tells us that in the film *White Palace*, stars Susan Sarandon and James Spader have a drink in a sleazy bar where the bartender is wearing a dancing skeletons shirt. . . . Michael Gould of Carteret, NJ, caught a segment of *20/20* in which "Tennessee Jed" served as "tasteful background music for a piece on a Tennessee National Guard unit trying to cope with boredom and lack of supplies in Saudi Arabia." . . . We finally saw the 1988 documentary *Dominoes* on PBS and were delighted to hear about nine minutes of the *Live Dead* "Dark Star" included on the soundtrack. Unfortunately the images it accompanied were almost exclusively '60s protest demonstrations and police brutality — not exactly what that song brings to mind for most of us. . . . According to *Entertainment Weekly*, the highlight of the recent TV movie *When You Remember Me* (in which Fred Savage plays a kid battling muscular dystrophy) is when "Mike (Fred) and his teenage pals win permission to attend a Grateful Dead concert, where the squeaking of their wheelchairs is drowned out by the yowling of Bob Weir." Sorry we missed that one. . . .

Gerry Genovese of San Marcos, CA, notes that in the film *Spellbinder*, "the movie's hero invades the mansion of a group of L.A. Satan worshippers and steps into a room with a big *Blues for Allah* poster. . . . and finally, Nina Manson of Geneseo, NY, tells us on the popular TV show *Midnight Caller*, talk show host Jack Killian was talking about what song should be the Georgia state rock anthem. A caller nominates "Louie Louie," but Jack says, "I think it should be something by the Grateful Dead — like 'Truckin'' or 'Uncle John's Band.'"

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FOUL-UPS, BLEEPS & BLUNDERS: VOLUME 1-33

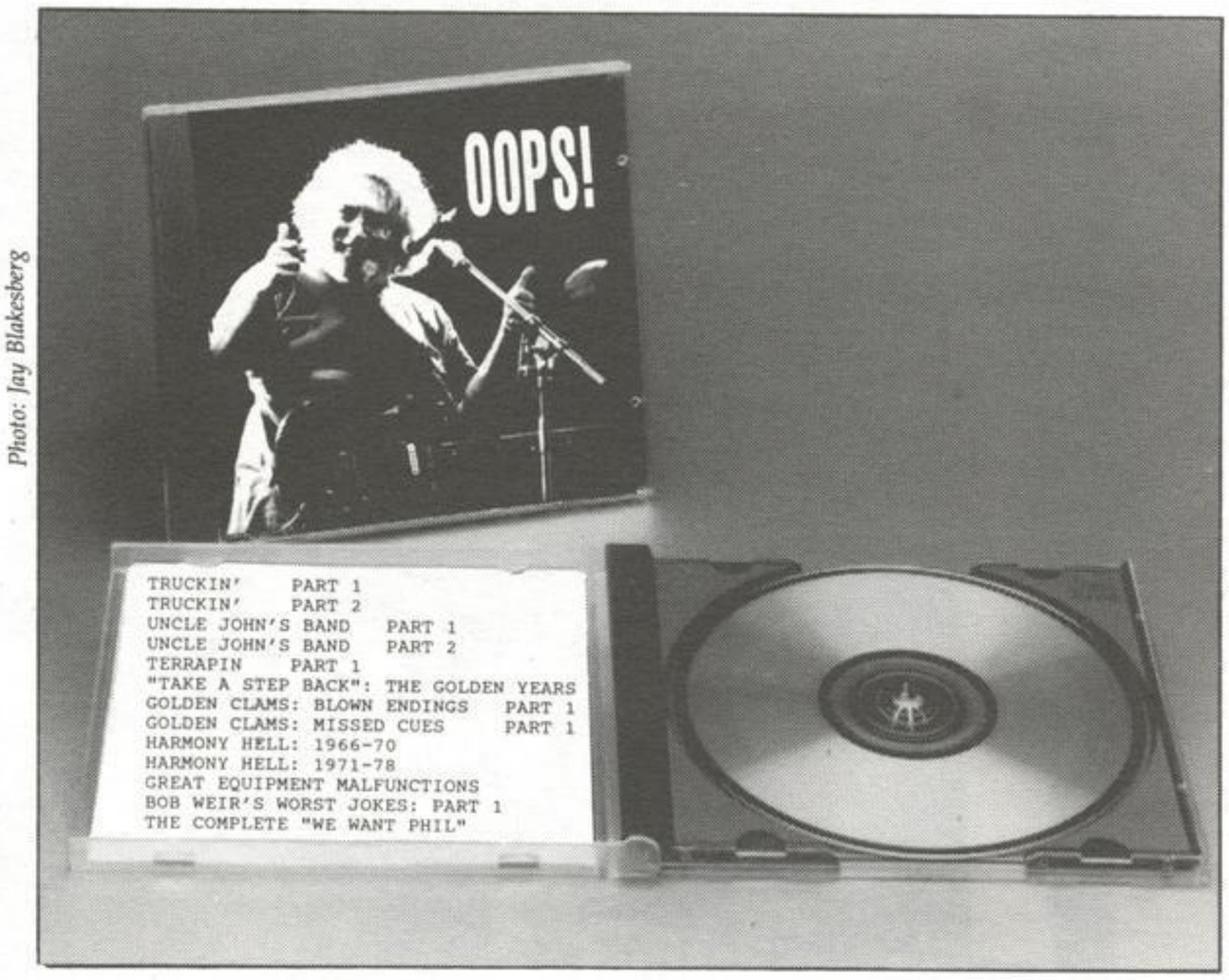


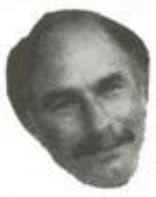
Photo: Jay Blakesberg

Tapes of "Dark Star" are a dime a dozen. Is there anyone out there who doesn't already have great-sounding copies of the April '71 Fillmore East shows? No. That's why Historic Editions Ltd., a subsidiary of the John Leopold-Bernie Bildman Corporation, have taken the time to package the kind of material you can't get anywhere else:

- Over two hours of muffed verses from "Truckin'" on two CDs
- Every "We Want Phil" chant since 1983 on a single disc
- "Golden Clams" — Two hilarious compendiums of missed cues and blown notes
- Bob Weir's Lamest Jokes
- Gaps, Tune-ups & Dead Air, 1973–1977
- Lots of other stuff too weird, raunchy or just plain stupid to leave in the vaults

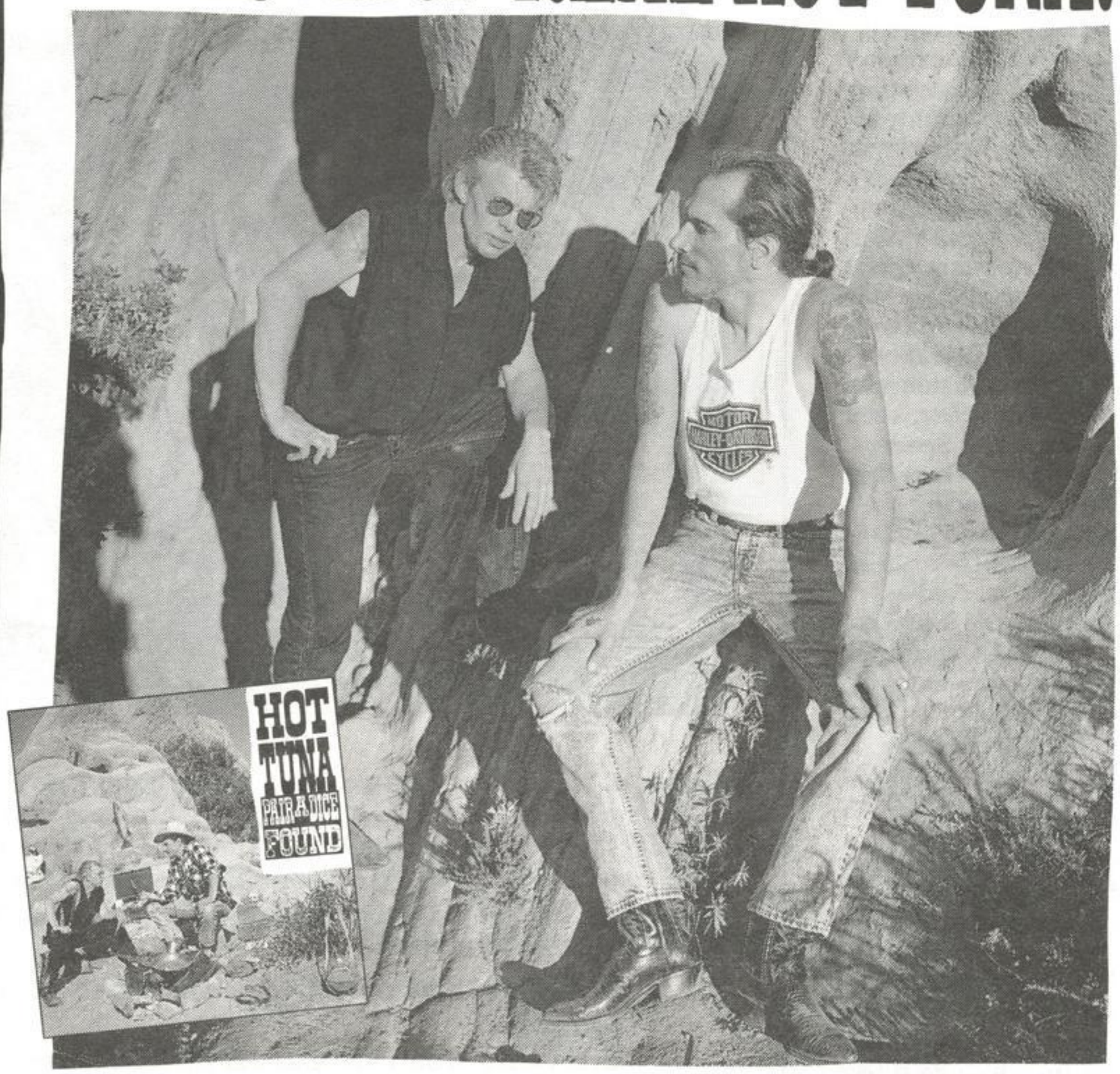
The CDs are priced at just $10 each, so collect them all! Want a taste? Get our special introductory CD, *OOPS! The Worst of the Grateful Dead*, which features highlights from all 33 discs. Coming in May to record stores everywhere.

Another Leopold-Bildman Scam. Void Everywhere.


Bernie: "Please forgive us!"

John: "He made me do it!"

A CHUNK OF REAL HOT TUNA!



HOT TUNA PAIR A DICE FOUND

Jorma Kaukonen and Jack Casady, together with *new* classic TUNA.
Featuring a very *timely* reading of "Eve Of Destruction."

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TAPE TRADERS

Seeking kind recent or vintage GD, have same to trade. Jeff Bransford, Rt 6, Box 312 C, Oxford, MS 38655

Have 1000+ hrs. David, 2400 Sierra Blvd #83, Sacramento, CA 95825

Great tapes gathering dust, please adopt them. SASE gets list. Jay Sherrerd, 3469 Bradley Dr, Hood River, OR 97031

Want MSG & Europe 90, 1000 hrs to trade. Tom Whiteford, 48 Franklin St, Brentwood, NY 11717

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

Have HQ SBDs and AUDs to trade. 450+ hrs. JR, 2000 Longmead Rd, Silver Spring, MD 20906

My best one for yours. Wharf Rat correspondence. John Hearn, 615 Park Dr, Rock Hill, SC 29730

Eager to hear JGB 7/26/80 Asbury Park. Much to trade. Jesse Landis, 940 Driver Ave, Landisville, PA 17538

Desperately seeking HQ summer, Europe 90. 1000+ hrs to trade. Dawn Izzo, 30 Sugar Toms Ln, East Norwich, NY 11732

Want pro videos 1966–90. Many to trade. R. Weiner, 3213 76th, Lubbock, TX 79423

Have 1000+ hrs HQ SBDs, seek same. Doodaman, 260-44 74th Ave, Floral Park, NY 11004

Looking for Bromberg, bluegrass, GD 7/7/87. Rick Stapleton, 1001 Pennton Ave, Lenoir, NC 28645

Need Seastones LP & HQ Dead, 250+ hrs. Lo-gen Dead to trade. S. Crawford, 171 Mt. Harmony, Bernardsville, NJ 07924

Looking for pre-75 SBDs, also 2/19/82 I. Trade from huge collection. Thomas Biedebach, Friedrich Str 8, D-5880 Luedenscheid, Germany

Need Deer Creek 7/18-19/90 and lists from fast reliable traders. Brian, 7610 Skillman #108, Dallas, TX 75231

1200 hrs, lo-gen SBDs, want more. Also non-Dead, jazz. T. Storch, Beckmesserstr 4, W-8 München 81, Germany

Seeking GD 3/27/69, 4/21-23/69. Have 900 hrs to trade. Karen Johnson, Box 313, Tabor, NJ 07878

Been all around Europe 90. Need SBDs same. 800 hrs. Stephen Bedalov, 3545 Bradee Rd, Brookfield, WI 53005

Seeking bluegrass, Young, Van & others. Have lots to trade. Nathan Wirth, 7450 Geary Blvd #5, San Francisco, CA 94121

Need live Meat Puppets. Have several, want more, let's trade. Scott Chambers, 1067 Valencia #8, San Francisco, CA 94110

Need JGB Warfield 12/90. Have 19 hrs. Kris, 1715 19th St NE, Salem, OR 973034

Let's trade audio & video. Dave Lemieux, 95 Pond St, Ottawa, Ontario, KIL 8JI, Canada

Lookin' for HQ JGB/Dead. Have 300+ hrs. Send lists. Tony Stavropoulos, 1011 University Ave, Salinas, CA 93901

Looking for Eugene 6/23,24/90 and Cal Expo 6/8/89. Have lots to trade. Gerard Eisenberg, PO Box 1418, Weaverville, CA 96093

Beginner needs Dead! Will provide blanks and postage. Aerie Tresha, 81 Johnson Ave, Lake Placid, NY 12946

Want Spirit, Moby Grape, Cipollina. P. Zisook, 1351 Eastwood, Highland Park, IL 60035

Want Dylan '90 shows in Texas and OK. Have 2000 hrs. H.L., PO Box 163251, Miami, FL 33116

Need 10/21/71, 9/3/72, 11/25/73. Let's trade lists! Jeff & Lori Bryant, PO Box 21, Standish, CA 96128

Who has JGB Stone 6/1/85? Important first show. Please respond: Simon Howard, 3 Moor Ln, Kirk Langley, Derbyshire DE6 4LQ England

Want Mickey Hart's Planet Drum concert 4/21/89 Marin Vets. Michael Morin, 256 Kirk Terr, North Dighton, MA 02764

200+ hrs including MSG 90, 10/27/90, 10/31/90. Seeking Bettys, other tapes. Tom Breslin, 28 March Ave West, Roxbury, MA 02132

Lo-gen Dead, non-Dead. 750 tapes. Quality only. Barry Small, 370 Lexington St, San Francisco, CA 94110

Have 450 hrs, let's trade! Looking for 72-74 and recent shows. Nikos Massouridis, 4 Praxitelous St, Maroussi, 15126 Athens, Greece

Have 600+ hrs Allmans, 250+ Band. Want more. Trades only. John Johnston, 287 Woburn Ave, Toronto, Canada M5M 1L1

Never get enough SBDs. Have 500 hrs. Need Shoreline 90, Oakland Dec 90. Matt Obernesser, 18 Sherrill Ln, New Hartford, NY 13413

1500 hrs, looking for HQ lo-gen GD and JGB. Folkert Kakrow, Am Alten Posthaus 22, 2000 'Hamburg 70, Germany

1000 hrs audio, 300 hrs video, send your list for mine. Barry Barnes, 8244 Mize Rd, Lenexa, KS 66227

Please! Need HQ copies of 90 Denver shows. Gregg Knapp, 1420 3rd Ave North, Great Falls, MT 59401

Have 150+ hrs Dead, 2 Naks. Fast. Want GD, non-GD. Barry Certov, 668 N. Main St, Sebastopol, CA 95472

Looking for summer thru Europe 90, also JGB. Mike Mahoney, 161 Watch Hill Rd, Branford, CT 06405

Want HQ non-Dead. Have 600+ jazz, blues, Hendrix, Tuna, reggae. Almer Studios, 300 Hilary Wy #80, Vallejo, CA 94590

2 DATs? Let's trade digital copies of DAT masters! Roy Furr, 1016 8th St, Laurel, MD 20707. Seeking hi-qual 3/20/77!

Seeking 6/20/83. Have 1050+ hrs, HQ only! Tommy, 9272 Groomfield Rd, Richmond, VA 23236-3402

Seeking 11/5/79. Primo Europe 90. 300 hrs to trade. Rusty, 120 Daveler Dr, High Point, NC 27265

3000+ hrs of Dead & Van. Two Naks. Trade for same. Rob Kedward, 121 Park Pl, Amersham, Bucks. HP6 6NQ. England

Need HQ, lo-gen SBDs of GD 72-74, Gong, Magma. Lots to trade. Richard Mohr, Cobenzlgasse 12, A-M90, Wien, Austria

Deprived tapehead needs SBDs, JGB, Pigpen, video, pre-75s. Audi Malenki, Box 833 Station A, Nanaimo, B.C., Canada V9R 5N2

Seeking JGB 11/4-5/88 Caesar's Tahoe HQ only! Ted Gornick, 4525 NE Wistaria Dr, Portland, OR 97213

Backwoods beginner zero hours. Anybody start off rookies? R. Liggat, Box 1822, Canmore, Alberta, Canada

Interested in any quality JGB. 200 hrs to trade. Matthew Wester, 8163 Arthur St, Cotati, CA 94931

300+ hrs looking for Dead, Feat, Marley, pre-71 Allmans. Audio/video lists. Dan Brown, 2206 David Miller Rd, Johnson, TN 37604

Have 4000+ hrs GD, JGB & Hunter. 500+ hrs Dead video. Rich Petlock, 257 Captain Rd, Longmeadow, MA 01106

Want Berkeley 8/14/71 or w/any CSNY members. Mark Brandhorst, 2214 N. Seeley, Chicago, IL 60647

Lo-gen SBDs — 90s. 1500+ hrs, reliable trader. Derek Ataker, 22 Waldegrave No., Chertfield Ave, London SW 156DB, UK

Seeking McNichols & New Years shows 90. 600+ hrs to trade. Kerry Betkowski, 6516 Admiral Ave, Middle Village, NY 11379

Help on the way? Beginner will send blanks/postage. Bill Marks, 519 Lantana #133, Camarillo, CA 93010

1100+ hrs, looking for 90 SBDs and JGB. Steve, 111 S. Prospect, Clarendon Hills, IL 60514

Still looking for KC 8/17/80 and RFK 7/12/90. John Butler, 1441 W St NW, Washington, D.C. 20009

Have/want HQ GD videos (VHS) and audio SBDs. M. Boran, 1330 Kings Dr, Tallahassee, FL 32301

Need pre-70 and 73-78. 300+ hrs to trade. Rick, 5704 Wilkins Ave #1, Pittsburgh, PA 15217

Subgeniuses arise. 1000+ hrs very esoteric tapes! Trade lists. Gerry Genovese, 915 Viewpoint Dr, San Marcos, CA 92069

Looking for 1st show 1/31/78. Also 7/18/90 thru 7/23/90. Scott & Jennifer Dwiel, 4825 Andover Ct, Bloomington, IN 47404

Need Fall 90 and Europe. 700 hrs to trade. Mike Holden, 16 Mattson Ave, Worcester, MA 01606

Pig Pen freak needs more 72! 700 hrs, let's trade lists! Robert Stephens, 12065 SW Pioneer Ln #G-334, Beaverton, OR 97005

900+ hrs. Reliable trader seeks same. Your list for mine. JB, 1229 Orchard #3, Bloomington, IL 61704

Reliable taper/trader/photographer w/700+ hrs will send list for yours. Pictures available also. Scott Yopb, 2431 Penn St, Harrisburg, PA 17110

Fairly new trader. Would like more. I'll send blanks. Jay Luka, 6744 Warrington Dr, North Olmstead, OH 44070

Have 2 Naks, list, lo-gen tapes. Seek others with same. Doug Corkhill, PO Box 1854, Raleigh, NC 27602

Looking for moe JGB, reggae, folk, world beat. JG, Box 28, Buffalo, NY 14222

Eurohead with 1500 hrs needs more. Send lists. Peter Jepsen, Am Friedhof 25, 2200 Elunshorn, Germany

Have HQ 89-90 SBDs, looking for more 90. Patrick Roney, 104 W. Cherry #11, Normal, IL 61761

Anybody have 10/15,16/88 St. Pete? Blanks/postage provided. Mark McKercher. 120 Parkway Dr, Newport News, VA 23606

TV Newsclips: looking 4 raw concert footage. Trade aud/vid. Jeff Forthman, 110 Oakbrier Ct #29, Penfield, NY 14526

Have 1000 hrs mixed. Want non-Dead esp. bluegrass, folk & African. Pat Woods, 52 Prospect St #2, Huntington, NY 11743

This could be the last time. And, I'll help beginners. Chad Durham, 107 Mineral St, Reading, MA 01867

Have 1200 hrs, looking for more pre-78 Dead. Bill Donnelly, 32A Salisbury Rd, Wayne, NJ 07470

400 hrs to trade. Especially seeking pre-77. Rob Shaver, Box 128, Brandon, WI 53919

Recent trader craves live Dead. All answered, new traders encouraged. Debbie, 1300 Glen Oaks Blvd, Pasadena, CA 91105

Last desperate request: need 6/29/73, 12/15/72, and Europe 90. Richard Sheehy, 9601 Forest Ln #1225, Dallas, TX 75243

Eclectic subjects: Hendrix, blues, Tuna, Clapton, colossal Dead, others, inquire! Mountainous Studios, Box 152, Palomar Mtn, CA 92060-0152

Have 400+ hrs GD, JGB, Led Zeppelin. Send lists. J. Jacobs, 488 Kindt Corner Rd, Shoemakersville, PA 19555

Need 9/24/76 and JGB. 1000+ GD, 400+ non-GD to trade. Chip, 6737 Laralou Ct, Jax, FL 32216

Want new, pre-85 Dylan, Young; new Dead. 2000+ hrs. Larry Slavens, 7018 Airline Ave, Des Moines, IA 50322

SBDs, over 600 tapes, quality, need JGB, Rads, Feat. Jim Busch, 505 Finsbury Rd, Silver Spring, MD 20904-1019

Want MSG 9/16/90, 9/18/90, also Hornsby 9/12/90. Will send blanks. Derek LeLash, 25 Day Rd, Armonk, NY 10504

Two Naks, lo-gen SBDs, trade with same. 1000 hrs. David Schlaepfer, 20 New Chardon, Laguna Niguel, CA 92677

Lots to trade for HQ 7/21/90 and complete 12/12/70. Jered Klepitch, 91 Manuka St, Stokes Valley, Lower Hutt, New Zealand

90 Dark Stars, seek the rest, esp. Winterland 10/25/69. 800 hrs. Jim Powell, 1240 Ordway, Berkeley, CA 94706

Trade Europe 90/Bettyboards for summer/fall 90. Need PAL video. Dave Lang, 16 Charles Cres, Port Noarlunga South, S. Australia 5167

Wanted: Tape of Ariel (opening act at the 6/23/85 KBC/Santana show in Golden Gate Park). Have 100s of rare (non-Dead) shows or studio time to trade. Bob Silviera, Box 2542, Alameda, CA 94501

ZAPPA! ZAPPA! ZAPPA! ZAPPA! ZAPPA! ZAPPA! ZAPPA! ZAPPA! ZAPPA! ZAPPA! Den Simms, 1305½ Colusa St, Vallejo, CA 94590

Dependable trader looking for hi-qual 90s, others. Let's trade! Bill Lutz, 1514 Winton St, Pgh., PA 15221

Want: D & Dominoes, 7/15/89 "S. Mag," 10/26/89, any 1990. Have 450 hi-qual hrs. Matt Herman, P.O. Box 3348, Columbus, OH 43210

TAPE TRADERS

Whozgotmahdarkstar? Need RFK 7/12/90. Some to trade or blanks. Brian, 445 McEntee, Wadsworth, OH 44281

Want 3/25/72, 9/18, 19/70, 11/5-9/70. Have 600+ hrs. Kevin, 2 Pleasant, W. Locks, CT 06096

Oriental art traded for tapes; want SBDs, also non-Dead. Will send list. Write to David Mason, PO Box 35, Chun-Chon City, 200-600, South Korea

We have tour masters 89, 90, Europe. Send lists. Rick & Sandi Reifsnyder, 2933 Berkeley Rd, Ardmore, PA 19003

Need lo-gen SBDs. Have 750 hrs. Jorg, 2501 Cobble Square, St. Lazare, Quebec Canada, JOP IVO

350 hrs mostly 71-78. Many SBDs, Bettyboards. Need same! Rob MacMahon, 429-C W. Moreland, Ave, Phila, PA 19118

Many shows, want Zappa, Tuna, Hendrix, need Europe 90. Lists. Joe Rosolen, Box 247, Garfield, NJ 07026

2250 hrs , JGB, others. Want Europe 90 SBDs, JGB, Van, others. J.T., 78 Stimson Ave, Providence, RI 02906

Desperately seeking 6/21/89 video and tape. Wayne Albert, RFD #1, Box 1270, Ludlow, VT 05149

Want HQ Dead to trade for domestic airline ticket anywhere. Randy Warren, PO Box 99026, Naples, FL 33964

1000 hrs HQ mostly SBDs needs same. Quality counts! Kip Nestler, 5836 B Westover Dr, Richmond, VA 23225

Non-taper with 200+ hrs needs Chicago 21,22/90 and 70s SBDs. Mike Malesa, 1226 Portage Ave, South Bend, IN 46616

Want 3/7/81. 800 hrs to trade. Jim Hendricks, 3218 N. Narragansett, Chicago, IL 60634

High quality only. Have 500 hrs SBDs, trade for same. Brian Brellenthin, 2028 Stratford, Loveland, OH 45140

Post 84 new Dead/covers/guests? Pastorius memorial? Have rarities. Bob, 981 So. 1000 East, Salt Lake City, UT 84105

Need SBD JBG 3/76, outtakes 70-75, Maria Muldaur. Write first? Steve Jackson, 12 Milburn St, Quakers Hill, NSW 2763 Australia

Have 450 hrs. Need more. Send lists to Glenn Kernan, 1207 Queensbury St, Pittsburgh, PA 15205

1200 hrs, two Naks, want Cantors, 5/21/77, 2/7/79, 11/16/78, 9/26/80. TM, PO Box 81-691, Taipei, Taiwan, ROC

Need any San Diego shows! Will send blanks. Stephen Silva, 610 W. Country Club Ln, Escondido, CA 92026

Looking for JGB Wiltern 11/11/16 SBDs. Have 1200 hrs. Mick, 311 Superior Ave, Decatur, GA 30030

Seeking HQ 9/19/87 I, 3/22/90. Have 400+ hrs to trade. Scott Rogers, 1246 Williamson, Madison, WI 53703

Have 1800 hrs, looking for more HQ tapes. Peter Picard, Backstr 153, 2000 Hamburg, 76, Germany

List of 800 Dead, non-Dead for trade. Quality only. Barry Small, 370 Lexington, San Francisco, CA 94110

Have/want Dead, Neil, Dylan, more. Fast, reliable. Beginners OK. Mike B, PO 264, Madison, WI 53701-0264

400+ hrs SBD/aud, Nak/Denon. Reliable trader seeks same. Mark Gonillo, 98 Ardsley Rd, Waterbury, CT 06708

Have 450+ hrs. Want lo-gen and quality tapes only. Günther Frosch, Boschetsriederstr. 85, 8000 München 70, Germany

Need 60s, 88-90 Dead. Have 3500 hrs Dead/others. Douglas Flick, Box 144, Kittanning, PA 16201

Looking for 90 Deer Creek and Tinley Park. Mucho to trade. Dave Parrish, 2415 Spruce St, #1, Boulder, CO 80302

Wanted: your favorite video, audio, and list for mine. R. Deutsch, 38818 Deerhorn Rd, Springfield, OR 97478

Trade HQ GD, JGB, Dylan, and others. 1000 hrs. JMP, PO Box 71264, Milwaukee, WI 53211

Going down the road spinning tapes. Hi quality, experienced. Lists. Bruce Turner, Box 4339, Austin, TX 78765

2 Nak Dragons, 1600 hrs, 2 HiFi VHS — seek same. Steve, PO Box 11725, Columbia, SC 28211

CLASSIFIEDS

Happy Birthday Z! We know it's early, but we won't be around in May! Love, your long time pals

Welcome to the world Jamie Schwartz! You sure took your sweet time gettin' here!

The most beautiful woman in Puppetland: Thanks again for being there Oct. 3. Needless to say we'll never forget it.

Gimme 5 we're still alive! 7 years done come & gone, my oh my!

Congrats John & Alyssa! Nancy & I finally got our wish!

Warm greetings to you all. Beautiful POSTCARDS in full color printed from my original rubberstamp art: 11 different Dead cards for $6 and 9 different non-Dead cards for $5. Prices include postage. And now, elegant BANDANAS, too. Send for free flyer. Please send orders and inquiries to JSTA, PO Box 5232, OR 97405. Thanks and good wishes, Judit.

To Blair, Regan, and all who've helped on the way, it's been a pleasure. I sincerely thank you. Judit

NH Deadhead Al Raine — are you out there? Bill Chamberlain, Box 92, Kasiluf, Alaska 99610

Marcia — Someday everything's going to be different, when I BEAD my masterpiece. Let's hope it's this year! Happy Birthday. Love, Margie

Touring solo last 4 years, like to share trip etc. w/mature female/male semi-sane head(s) in Tenn, VA, NC, or any E. coast venue areas. Dan Brown, 2206 David Miller Rd, Johnson City, TN 37604

Bless you Beth & Dave Malko! Thanks for the help 6/12/84! Great Happiness resulted due to your friendliness to a stranger! Gracias!

Got 2 DATs? Let's trade digital copies of DAT masters! Nak 300 shotguns or better. Roy Furr, 1016 8th St, Laurel, MD 20707. Greatly desire good copy of 3/20/77!

Lead guitar and bass duo seek other musicians in New York City area to play (mostly) Dead songs. We are looking for a singer, drummer and keyboard player. We are also looking for people to play acoustic Dead, bluegrass, country, etc. Call Tom 212-370-1835 weekends or after 6PM or Robert 212-532-5742

Bro, thanks for being on the Bus with us. It wouldn't be as much fun without you! Love, Your Sister & The Tall One

Coyote, Hold me tight and don't let go! Love, The Woman

Bob K, Thanks for your care & effort on my behalf. Love, The Earth

Paradise awaits you! Financial independence within 12 to 24 months. Find out what Harvard Business Review named "The Greatest Opportunity in the last 25 years." Send name, address and phone number to Masterpiece, 72 Delafield Rd, Darien, CT 06820-6014

Worst one to sit by/California critic/I'll miss Golden Road

The bus starts here. To driver Nat, gentle Ben, fresh Frida, taper Jenny and especially der Wharf Rats — all my love and thanks. Keep on growing — Rudeboy

Lewis Sanders — your karma and mine are bedfellows. Betrayal picks no sides. Friendship should know no bounds. I am with you forever. I wish you the best. JT

Rich from Walla Walla, WA. Thanks for note at Hug Point 10/90. Jerry's spirit soars. Respond Relix. Debbie & Peter, Pasadena, CA

To the guy who gave me his name and address in Philly on 9/12/90 while I was taping in Phil Zone. I lost it. Please send it to me w/blanks. Joe Rosolen, Box 247, Garfield, NJ 07026

Somebody please tell me where I can get a "Jerry shirt." You know, the white T-shirts with a black image of Jer on the front. Mucho Gracias! Frida Raley, 626 Williamson Dr, Mt. Pleasant, SC 29464

Learn about and support Tibet. Human rights, environmental preservation, cultural survival, and world peace at stake. They love the Dead in Lhasa. Celebrate Tibetan New Year in 1991, Year of Tibet. Contact Int'l Campaign for Tibet, 1511 K St, NW, Suite 739, Washington, DC 20005. Bay Area Friends of Tibet, 103 Castle Rock Rd, Walnut Creek, CA 94598

If you are or know of an East Coast tattoo artist *intimately familiar* with Dead symbols, please call Seth at 718-638-0792

Ken and Alexandra: many thanks along the years, that meeting in Tahrir Square sure was a good one! All love to you and to Cerrithwen, Bronwen and Gaelen Holyoak. Simon

Peggy (Eriksen) from Woodland, maroon TR, OSU, etc. It's been 20 years, how's it going? Walt, 5568 SW Ferbrook Way, Lake Oswego, OR 97035

Pal o' my heart, comrade ever true — together down the golden road, we'll hail the morning ray and drink the evening dew. Love, PJ

To Blair and Regan, may this new chapter of your lives bring much joy, happiness and Kyleness. Love, Scoop

To my friends who have made this trip so multi-dimensional, let's hope it lasts another 25 years! Carol

Big Dave: K-town is a duller and colder place in your absence. We all know you've been "doing time for some mother fucker's crime," but "the sun's gonna shine in your backdoor someday." We miss you very much and are praying for an early release. Hang tough! Another day done is a day past. We love you. The Gang

Wanted: Dead-related noncommercial artwork for possible inclusion in book about same. Send photo & full description plus any info about artist to: Dead Art, 300 Brannan St, #406, SF, CA 94107. Include stamped, self-addressed envelope if you want art returned.

"BROCCOLI." Has anybody out there tried this new, legal XTC-related drug which induces empathy, hallucinations, telepathy and clairvoyance, and lasts up to 7 days? I want to correspond with other users to trade accounts of experiences, and eventually write a book about this amazing drug called "Broccoli." Matt Herman, PO Box 3348, Columbus, OH 43210

Mary Veronica Phillips, I love you forever with all my heart and soul! I hope your life will always be filled with sunshine and happiness! Love, Purple Blanky

THE PRINTKNOT 1990 YEAR-AT-A-GLANCE IS NOW ON SALE. TWO DFFERENT EDITIONS
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