The Elder Road

ISSUE 27

1993 ANNUAL

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You can't go back and you can't stand still

It's been an interesting last few months for me, Grateful Dead-wise. I spent countless hours listening to pre-'73 tapes to gather inspiration and information for this issue's giant Pigpen retrospective. Week after week I wandered around with "Alligator" and "Hard to Handle" and "Lovelight" churning through my brain. Then, miraculously (or so it seems to me), one day the article was finished!

At the same time I was drifting and dreaming in Pigpen's world, I was caught up in, first, the apprehension we all experienced when news of Garcia's illness and the cancellation of the August and September shows came down, and second, the excitement that accompanied the band's return. I've found through the years that, for better or worse, there's a direct correlation between the quality of the Dead shows I attend and the amount of enthusiasm I have for pouring myself into working on *The Golden Road.* The good news is that I found the December Oakland Coliseum concerts completely dazzling; the January Chinese New Year run only slightly less so. With Garcia and the other bandmembers all looking so happy and healthy, it really does feel a little bit like seeing a new band, and I find their renewal enormously uplifting.

Listening to the '68 and '69 tapes, I was struck (again) by the incredible adventurousness of the Dead's playing — the constant searching and experimentation as the band worked night after night discovering its improvisational voice. But at the Oakland Coliseum this winter it hit me like a thunderbolt how completely amazing the Grateful Dead of *right now* are. There is so much depth and richness to their playing; there's no question that they are much better musicians than they were in the '60s.

To their credit, the Dead have always evolved and integrated new material into their shows, not because the audience demanded it, but because they understood that the only way to fend off stagnation was to change constantly. When, in 1969 and 1970, they started playing more short songs, it was because they felt they'd taken their existing repertoire as far as they could, and they needed to shuffle the deck. Believe me, there's no way the band could have survived this many years if they were still flogging the same 30 tunes they played in 1968.

You're not going to love every new song and new stream the Grateful Dead follow. To expect otherwise is completely unrealistic. Do you love every Picasso painting? Every film by Francis Ford Coppola? Every Bob Dylan album? Probably not. My own macrocosmic view of the Grateful Dead is that they have always been on an upward spiral. That's why on any given night, there ain't no place I'd rather be. Because I really do believe that some of the recent versions of "Terrapin" and "Fire on the Mountain," and even songs like "Stagger Lee" and "Man Smart Woman Smarter," are as good as any I've heard; no lie. And if you're still using Drums and Space as an opportunity to hit the bathroom or the beer line, you're missing out on some of the most interesting and exciting music being made on the planet.

The point is, the Dead are still *trying* — still "fishing for pearls," as Mickey once put it — and obviously enjoying themselves in the process. What more can we rightfully ask? Hey, old-timers: In your wildest imagination, could you really have expected it to be *this good* after so many years? And here's a message to all you recent Dead fans: Don't be sad about what you missed — enjoy the fact that you *really are* seeing the Grateful Dead at their best. So be here now. Get it while you can. Let's all revel in the band's new health and optimism!

Our cover (which is one of my all-time favorites) was created by a Seattle-based artist named Scott McDougall. Scott grew up in Northern California and as early as 1964 was following the work of Rick Griffin and other great California illustrators, hoping to one day break into the art world himself. He freely admits that it was the work of the first wave of San Francisco poster artists — Griffin, Stanley Mouse, Alton Kelley, Wes Wilson and Victor Moscoso — that set him irrevocably on his chosen path. Indeed, he says he still tries to embody that spirit in his own work. He's made a living as an illustrator for 20 years now, mixing jobs like this one with lots of corporate work.

—BJ

THE GOLDEN ROAD

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Greetings from the Kyle Zone!

FEEDBACK

The Top Ten Things Overheard at a Grateful Dead Concert

10. Excuse me, but my watch has stopped — do you have the year?
9. Think of it as Gumby's head on Pokey's body.
8. May I have the pleasure of the next frenzied apoplectic boneless arm dance?
7. I can't decide whether to eat it, snort it, smoke it or worship it.
6. Do you think these earrings go with my aura?
5. Yeah, I used to work, but it sucked.
4. Hey, man, you gonna finish your vegetarian bacon?
3. Yeah, I used to bathe, but it sucked.
2. Your face is melting. What's mine doing?
1. Did you see what I just thought?

T.W. Grand
Amagansett, NY

Might As Well

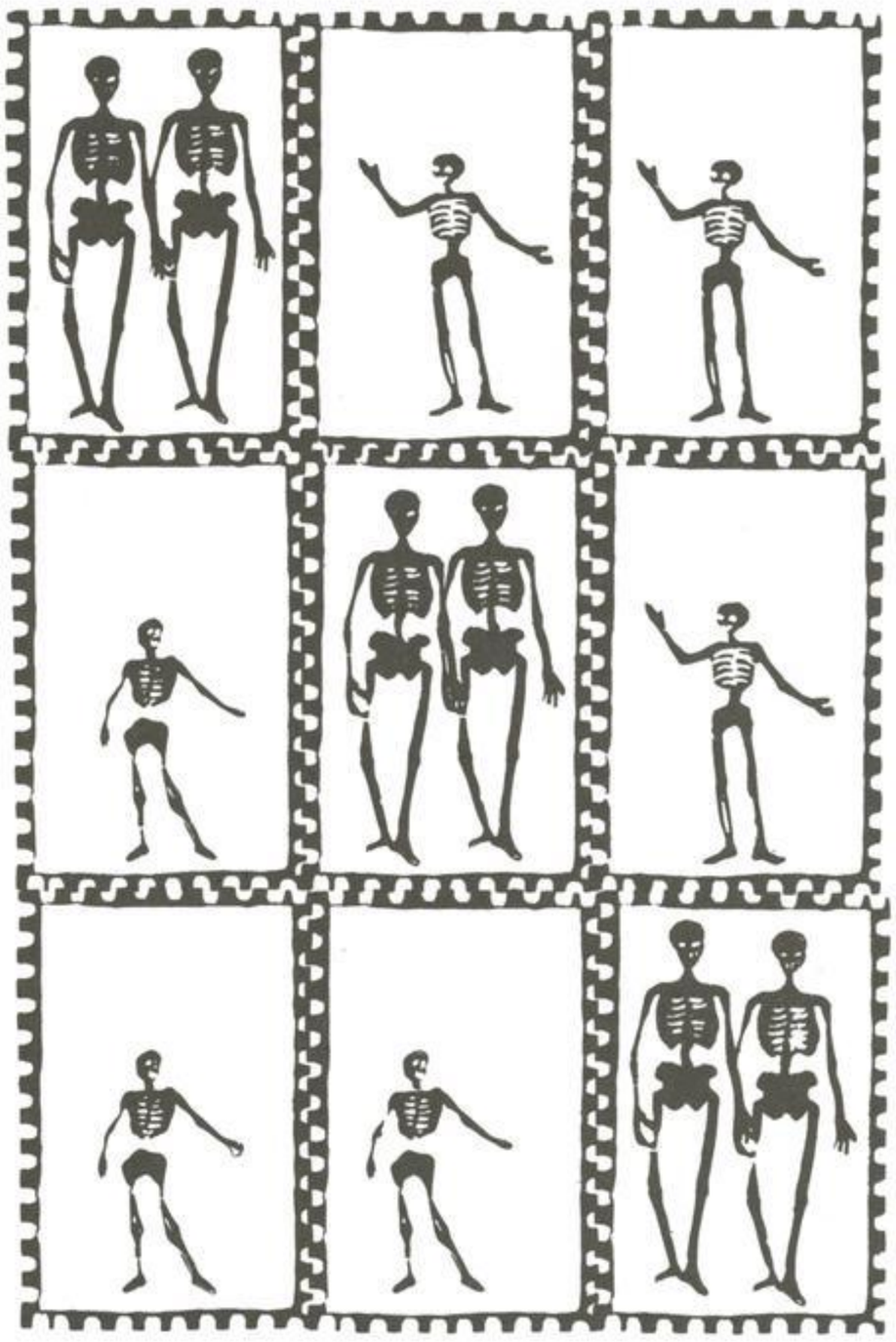
A delightful group of friends, of which I count myself privileged to be a part, has been seeing the band together since 1976 and before. However, with the exception of some half-hearted, lame-brained attempts that never amounted to much of anything, we had never been able to accomplish a Grateful Dead rendezvous without the Dead until last summer.

We had planned to assemble in Eugene from all over the country. Non-refundable plane tickets were purchased, vacation days and work leaves were documented, the skids were greased for an exhaustive and extensive long weekend in August.

And then the news hit that the shows were cancelled due to Jerry's ill health. The collective decision was to go full speed ahead: Eugene or bust.

The end result was a thoroughly wonderful weekend, with greater opportunity for bonding, relaxing and *boko-maru* than is ever the case when we go to see the Boys. Folks hung out in the most wonderful of ways, playing music of our own, scoping out the hot springs in the area, car camping by the shores of Waldo Lake.

The band's mortality and, even more important, our own, serve as a reminder that pushing beyond the limits of that more-than-musical experience is something that offers tremendous fruits. In this way, then, the tour's cancellation turned into a whopping silver lining.



Can't wait to see the band again. But I also can't wait to get together outside of the constraints that a series of shows casts on the tribe.

Andrew Mohring
Minneapolis, MN

I Know It's Somewhere Around Here...

Dead thoughts on '92? Change, change and then some. Traditions broken, bodies mended and the blessed return of "Sunshine." After all these years, still having trouble finding our car after the show. Ahhh, but what sweet trouble it is wandering amongst the tribe, catching stories and bits and pieces of the universe. Our buckets are full, our hearts fuller. And we're having a *real good* time. Happy, happy '93, Deadheads. Let love light our way as the band plays magically on.

Steve and Valerie Shrader
Asheville, NC

More Than Just Ashes

Granted, 1992 was not the best of years for touring, but the events of the late summer really put into perspective that this band is larger than an epic "Scarlet/Fire" or an "Other One" that tears your insides out and makes your brain bleed. This is one 100-plus show fan that just wants to say thank you for the great times in the past and the ones yet to come.

Andrew Canellos
Weston, MA

You Must Be the Angel

During the journey of the last two years, the band and the fans have experienced much joy and sadness, with the loss of both Brent and Bill Graham. Many of the hard truths of life and near-death have cast unforgettable light on how fragile our experience in this reality is. This has been seen before through other eyes. Being only 28, I never got to see and feel Pigpen's energy, but I feel it today and know at times it is dearly missed. With the swiftness of the wind, last summer Jerry was cast yet another sign of the cruel twist of fate and the loss of control of life that can come with it. One might wonder who the catcher in the rye is, who interceded and thus prevented more sadness; maybe it was Pig.

Ted Donoghue
Needham, MA

Goin' Down the Road Feelin' Bad

On the day between the two Giants Stadium shows, a very close friend in his late 30s died suddenly of a heart attack. I went to Monday night's show but wasn't really present. The next day I took a slow bike ride in Central Park to think and to remember my friend. As I sadly thought of him and the beauty of life that he would miss, I passed a horse-drawn carriage with a little girl smiling and waving

to me. I sheepishly had to smile and pull myself out of my funk as I slowed down to say hi, and looked in the carriage and saw Jerry and a woman. I thanked him for everything, wished him well and rode off with goosebumps for quite a while. Just another case of the Boys providing what you need.

David M.
New York, NY

Inch Your Way Through Dead Dreams

I'm just beginning to awake from the uncomfortable psychic shakedown caused by the cancellation of the late summer and fall tour. The thought of no Grateful Dead in the future hurts somethin' awful.

I'm a former Catholic seminary student (yup, a prospective priest whirling around at the '90 Mardi Gras show, wondering just where his head was and missing the looser college days of touring). When I left those stern walls after one year of spiritual boot camp training, I plunged back into the brighter spiritual recklessness of the good ol' you know who. Unlike institutions that try to firmly grip the most elusive world we can ever try to know or dream about, the Dead merely put up their musical sails and hope that the strange wind blows. And they do it with a wonderful sense of humor.

At the thought of them being gone some day (as they surely will), I quake a little bit in my boots. The Grateful Dead are not a religion and would never wish themselves to be. They are simply one of the best reminders of how to approach the invisible landscape that pounds upon our emotions each day. And that approach has different nuances for each and every Deadhead across the land.

The spirit, or spirits, we feel at a Dead show will be around long after the band has packed up and gone. None of us will miss the essentials if we're open to receive them. Nothing is ever lost. Right now we have the members of the band as heroes — perhaps reluctant ones at times, but heroes nevertheless — who have never been afraid to nudge us and point to something really, really *good* that's waiting for us out there. Or in there. Whatever.

In the meantime, let's not take those good ol' boys for granted!

Mike Freed
Salt Lake City

Close Encounters of the Naked Kind

After reading the piece on Bill Graham in the *Golden Road 1992 Annual*, I am inspired to relate my only direct B.G. close encounter.

A friend and I were lucky enough to get front-row seats at the opening show of Bob Dylan and The Band's "Before the Flood" tour in January 1974 in Chicago Stadium. A Dylan fan for many years, I was in heaven.

After the first set Dylan came out alone, dressed in black with a flowing floor-length white silk scarf and acoustic guitar. When he got to the line in "It's Alright Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)" that goes "But even the president of the United States sometimes must have to stand naked," a guy in the center of the front row stood up stark naked, arms extended flashing the peace sign, wearing a Tricky Dick Nixon mask. With Watergate a daily feature on the front page, the crowd in Chicago Stadium, already tense with excitement, exploded in a triumphant roar.

Suddenly there was some commotion in the aisle to my left and a swarthy man with a 5 o'clock shadow and a porkpie

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FEEDBACK

hat said, "No. No. No. I'll get him." As he began practically crawling over us frontrowers to get to the nude Nixon impersonator, whom he summarily dragged back over us and out one of the exit doors, I thought, "So *this* is Bill Graham!" A few minutes later, when the Nixon impersonator (now clothed) crawled back over us again to regain his seat, my friend and I were astonished. We assumed Graham had tossed this fellow out — after all, this was Mayor Daley's Chicago! What we realized was that *inside* the stadium it was Bill Graham's show.

I still marvel at how unexpected and totally cool it was for Graham to let this guy back in. A small gesture, perhaps, but nonetheless magnanimous, and evidently not atypical for Bill Graham.

Fifteen years later, at a show at the Greek Theater, I almost stopped him just to thank him for all the great shows he'd put on. I didn't, and then he was gone. But somehow I think he knows how much fun we all had and how grateful we are to him.

Richard R. Jenkins
Palo Alto, CA

Fit to Be Tied

Jerry Garcia as a successful fashion designer!? Of all the far-fetched musings someone could have made 12 months ago, I would have put that near the top of the list of absurd ideas, up there next to the band starring in a TV sitcom, or the Pope having the biggest tape collection east of Long Island. Truth is weirder than fiction. (That said, I must add that I like my Jerry Garcia tie and enjoy wearing it.) I hope the Dead never lose their capacity to surprise me.

Tom Melito
Burke, VA

Generation Gap

Driving to the second Tempe show with a friend, we picked up three young-looking Deadheads who were walking by. After telling us that this was their first show (although they had some tapes), they asked us how many shows we'd seen. I replied, "A couple of hundred or so." They were incredulous. "Exactly how many?" Since I couldn't give them a precise answer, I tried another approach — how long I'd been going to shows. "I've been going to shows for a long time," I said. "I've seen all the keyboard players."

Well, their eyes got really big, and one of them said in an awestruck voice, "You mean … you've seen … *Hornsby*?" Needless to say, my friend and I have had many a laugh over that one.

Josepha Rose
Menlo Park, CA



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A Whale of a Tale

I've been on the outskirts of the scene the last four years, somewhat busy curing the ills of mankind, praying for world peace, trying to prove elves really do exist, etc. But my greatest achievement has been proving the theory that Ben & Jerry's ice cream can be used effectively as birth control; i.e., consuming five or six pints of Cherry Garcia a week over four years will make females run for cover, except at the beach, where I seemed to attract many for the shade I produced. Also, I was mistaken for a toxic mutated cross between Swamp Thing and Meatloaf at the RFK show this summer, when I walked down to the river, lost my balance and fell in. Well, I guess I yelled, because when I turned around folks from the parking lot started yelling for a camera and a tranquilizer gun.

After that, I engaged in my "sweatin' to the oldies" program, i.e., listening to my '67-'73 soundboards and dancin' in my back yard with my hounds. I'm now down to 210 lbs. At 6'2", that's good for me. Ben & Jerry's now sells frozen yogurt, environmental awareness is on the rise, the Dead sound better than ever, and the world seems to be a better place to be. So many roads, but the Bus came back for me.

Dave LaVerne
Powhatan, VA

Wake Up to Find Out

I hope our friends and fellows in the community continue to address issues such as the rudeness of some folks at shows. This can include the "miracle" seekers who get hostile and aggressive, the loud folks who never seem to listen to the music, and the trust-fund tourheads who treat others in the audience as unwelcome strangers. I know our scene is going to reflect the woes of the bigger social and economic context. Yet, along with the music, one attraction of the Dead scene for me has always been the generous, wacky, creative fans. I am grateful for the creativity of the band, and of the fans who share the special energy. I'm cyncial, though, that many tourheads are not going to learn more gracious ways of behaving just by observing nicer folks' examples. We should be impressing our neighbors with our "random acts of kindness, senseless acts of beauty." And if you are not contributing to building some type of miracle, please don't ask me to give you one.

I hope the band members, and our scene, can continue to grow and stay healthy! I love watching people play and dance with eyes of the whirled.

Pat Roth
San Francisco, CA

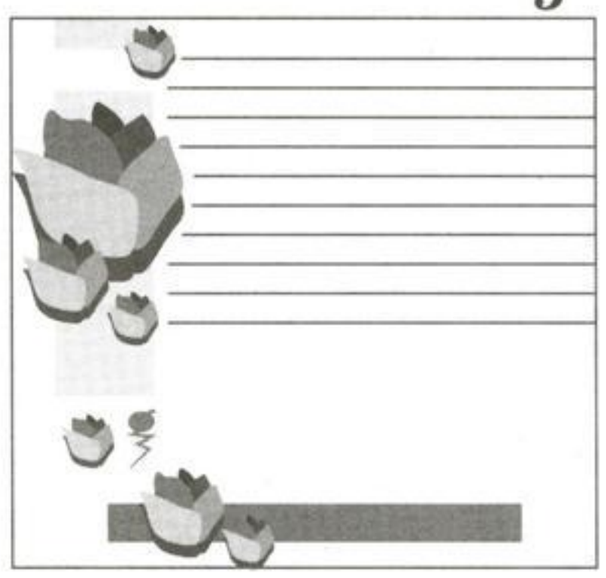
Talk About Your Plenty, Talk About Your Ills

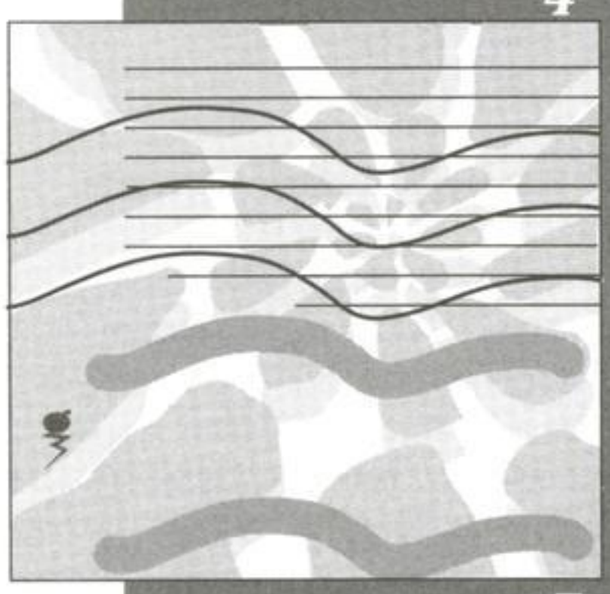
I saw the last two December Oakland shows, and the scene was real mellow, at least by East Coast standards. But a Bill Graham Presents staffer was warning the Heads in line that the Oakland Coliseum was in jeopardy as a venue due to Deadhead behavior, and that we should spread the word to our brethren.

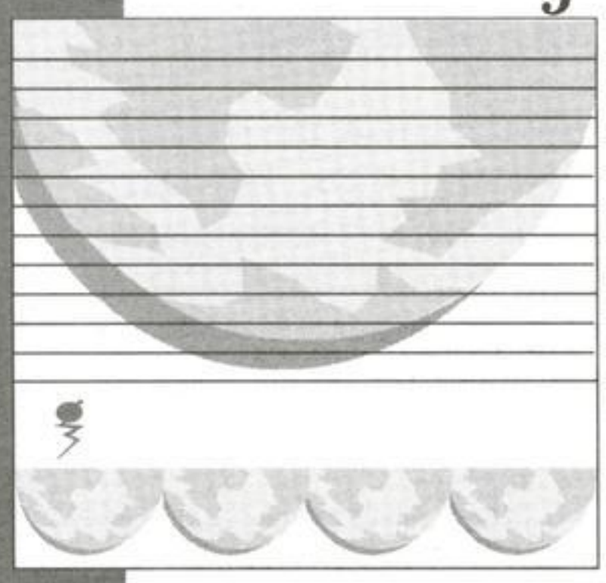
Now, I spent a lot of time before and after the shows checking out San Francisco, and saw many genuine homeless folks on the street trying to get by. So somehow I found it offensive, upon returning to the Coliseum area, to find

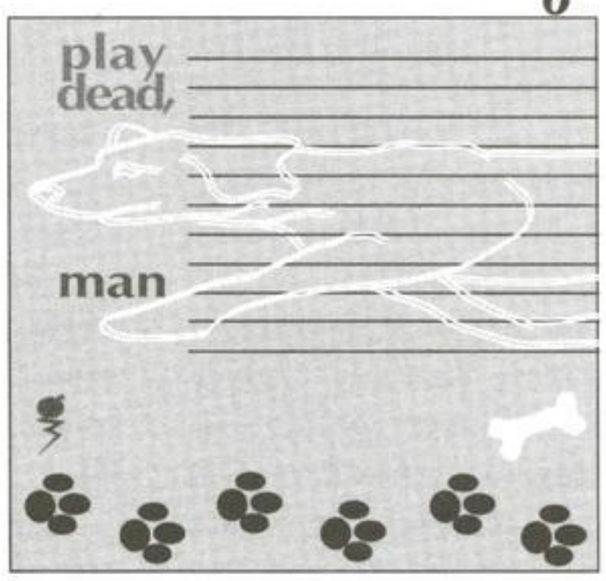


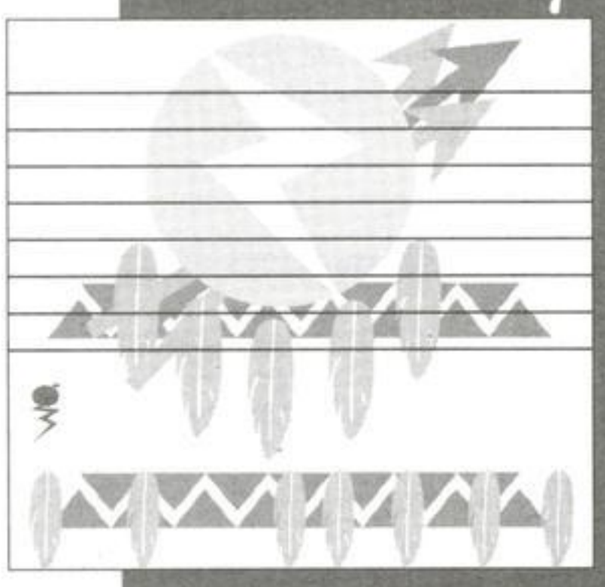




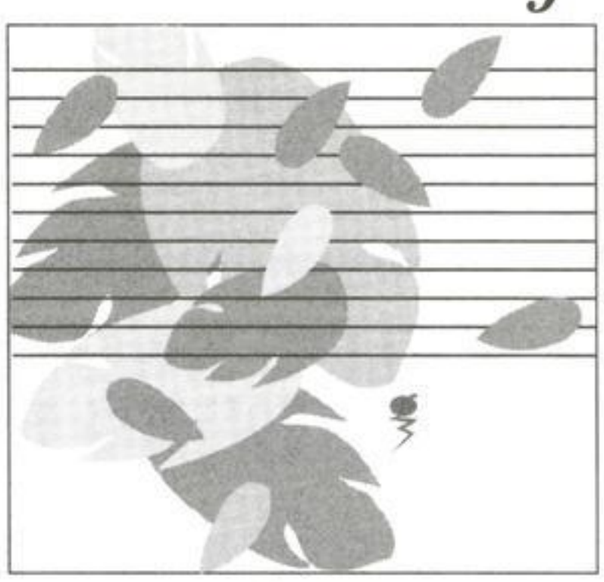












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quite a few Deadheads panhandling outside the arena. I know that some Eastern religions consider it one's duty to support those on a religious pilgrimage, but I'll be damned if I'll help out the freeloaders who jeopardize our scene while there are cold and hungry people on the street every day!

Jim Rosenstock
Oxon Hill, MD

Back to the Future

I'm always reading about Keith Richards being the "Chuck Berry of rhythm guitar," but Bob Weir's a bona fide rhythm guitar deity. Amazing to think that he was once fired. A listen to the "China/Rider" segue on any good night often has me wondering if he's not the brains behind the whole outfit.

In last issue's interview, Bob said he's lobbying to play New Year's in a place like Australia. More than a couple of us South Pacific Deadheads nearly fainted at that remark. I can see it all now: With the reverse seasons, the Outback's way too hot, so the band stays with Bear outside Cairns. Mickey gets to jam with the Tjapuki Aboriginal Dance Troupe; Jerry gets to scuba the Barrier Reef; and the band gets to go to bed early New Year's Eve, because due to the 18 hour time difference the 9 p.m. West Coast New Year's broadcast would happen at 3 p.m. New Year's Day in Cairns.

By the way, I've located a carving from the Solomon Islands we can use as the cover of *South Pacific '93* that bears a startling resemblance to the Ice Cream Kid.

Steve Jackson
Quakers Hill, Australia

Weird From the Vault

I want to applaud mightily the release of both *From the Vault* CDs. The Dead should have done this sort of thing years ago. Both albums are miles ahead of most of the tapes you can trade for, and *One from the Vault* is clearly superior to the bootleg album of that show I've had since '81.

But more to the point, there just flat-out should be more Grateful Dead music produced on legit CDs and cassettes. I know that producing an album is a lot of work, but I also know there's a market for it, and these guys have a wealth of material of the caliber of the *Vault* discs. Judging from the tapes I've collected, there are numerous absolutely wild performances that ought to be made available to the public. *Infrared Roses* attests to the fact that the percussion and weird stuff are by far the most demanding and interesting parts of any Dead concert — usually. On multiple occasions over the last 20 years I've been awestruck by the power and beauty of the weirdness. Several of the more memorable ones ought to be packaged as *The Really Weird Shit*.

Richard Dunk
Lotus, CA

If I Get Home Before Daylight

I have one little beef: the lack of shows in the L.A. area. What I wouldn't give for a sleep-in-my-own-bed show. I know people laugh at L.A. and say that we don't deserve shows, but the Dead have a tremendous fan base here, which they ignore. I am well aware of the law enforcement problems of the past, but many of these problems occur in many of the band's tour stops. Yes, there was a death

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MICKEY — Please, please, please put out some of the *Diga* rehearsals/outtakes!

outside the L.A. Forum in 1989. Wasn't there also one at the Meadowlands in October of '89? They still play there twice a year. As much as I loved traveling to Las Vegas and Tempe, I hate to consider them my Southern California shows.

Sam Kenberg
Santa Monica, CA

Astral Weeks

Living in Texas, I don't have any recent GD stories, alas. My first show was St. Stephen's Day, 1969, at SMU McFarlin Auditorium in Dallas. About a dozen of us young 'uns from Waxahachie went, tripping to the stars. I remember the Dead shot a cannon off during "Lovelight"; at least I thought so at the time. Also, the amps and drums were covered with Eldricht talismans from ancient Grimoires — weren't they? I remember Jerry and Bob coming on and doing an acoustic set — "Monkey & the Engineer," "The Master's Bouquet," etc. — and saying that rest of the band had missed the plane, and that they hoped that they could make it. When someone in front started to freak, Jerry very gently said, "We're going to play, man, don't worry." Then Phil sneaked onstage and joined in, then Billy, and one by one they all came out. It was just the Dead fuckin' with our heads again. It was pure joy, like I'd never experienced before.

Many other shows have followed, both on the physical and astral planes. Now I live in Conjunto Country and cannot hope for a tour to come near me. I've found it amusing, though, that one of my best friends from Waxahachie has moved to the Durango/Purgatory, Colorado, area, and is surrounded by 19- and 20-year-old Deadheads who are crazy about the old tapes I send them.

Phil Freeman
McAllen, TX

Take a Load Off Katie

1992 was the year I gave away most of my tapes. My list was 14 pages, single-spaced. Wonder how many hours that was. First choice went to Steve in Massachusetts — he could have anything of mine he might not have gotten after ten years of trading. The balance went to a woman in Oakland. I met her at a Mensa convention a few years ago and knew right then that if I ever gave my tapes away, she would get them. She also took the redwood heartwood shelf/cabinets I made, and she has cats, so the tapes should feel right at home. I retained visitation rights.

What I kept: my first show, 12/26/69 in Dallas (being stuck there was my only reason for not seeing them sooner); my first tape, 6/17/75; 4/21/86, the night Brent may have totally lost it at Berkeley Community Theater — a time unique in how it grabbed my heart; 10/9/82, their fifth but my first "Touch of Grey," an instant anthem for my then-38-year-old self; all three 1985 Red Rocks shows, for the shows (including The Absolutely Perfect Grateful Dead Second Set on the last day) and for the memories of what a perfect weekend that was; and a select few others.

It was time to lighten the load, pass the torch, *something*. Whatever it was, it was time.

And last fall I was delighted to vote for a guy younger than I am, and not wait until I'm 73 to do it. Now we have a president who's younger than most of the guys in the band. I'm really enjoying this!

Katie Karlsson
Oakland, CA

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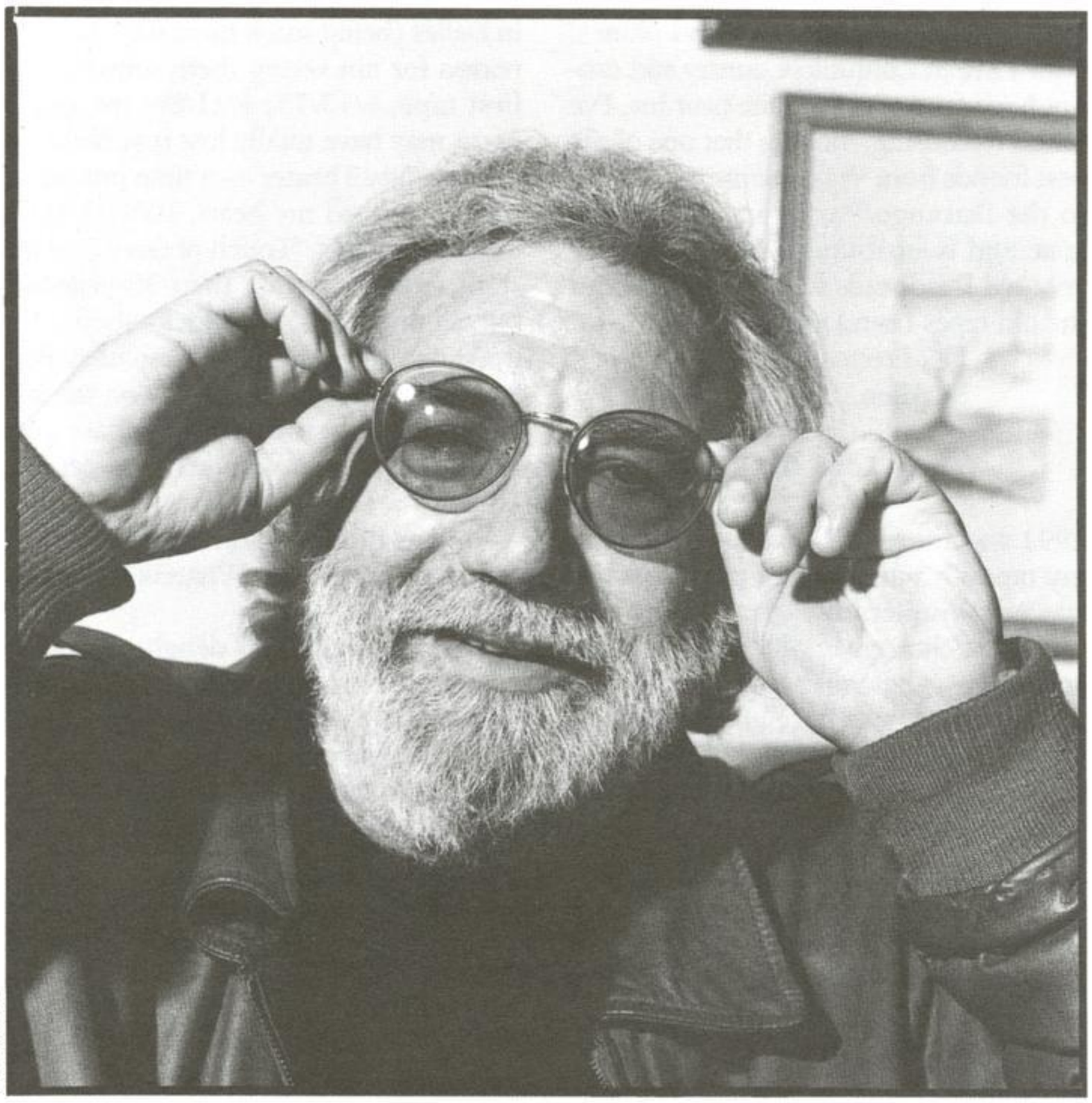
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DEADLINE



Jay Blakesberg

New and improved! A healthier Garcia in December '92.

Well, well, where to begin? Garcia's looking and sounding better than ever, thanks to his forced sabbatical last fall, a switch to a strict vegetarian diet, and a regular exercise program. It's back out on the road for the Boys, and it looks like 1993 will be a year packed with group and solo gigs.

Although the Dead's '93 schedule isn't quite finalized, it will probably include more than 80 shows — the last time they hit that number was in 1988. The summer stadium tour, with Sting as opening act, is sure to be a hot one (in more ways than one), and it's looking like the late summer/early fall will bring shows to a lot of the East Coast folks who had their shows abruptly canceled when Garcia fell ill last summer. The band is looking at a new site to play in Southern California, and there's a chance that the group will be able to hit the Pacific Northwest for a couple of shows this summer.

Just a chance, you ask? What about make-up dates for last year's canceled Veneta shows? "That was one of the gigs we were most nervous about," GD road manager Cameron Sears told me in January. "We were putting it on at the same site where historically only 10,000 or 15,000 had shown up, and we sold 40,000 tickets a day easily, so it was a little scary. There's a desire on the part of the band to play the Northwest, for sure. Where the safest and sanest venue is remains to be seen." If I were a betting man, I'd say that translates to Autzen Stadium in Eugene, *not* the fairgrounds in Veneta. Sigh.

I asked Cameron whether there are plans to play Europe again any time soon: "Europe doesn't make sense when there's no product to push," he said. "I'm a big proponent of trying to get them to do some of the more far-out places, but only if it's financially feasible. Our style is to give people in Europe or Japan or wherever the same quality show they would get at the Oakland Coliseum, and what that means is bringing the whole wang dang doodle with us, and that's expensive. A lot of bands, when they go overseas, adjust their production to pick up whatever they can over there, and use whatever sound and light stuff is available. We're not willing to compromise on that."

In what has now become something of a tradition, the band introduced several new songs at the late February Mardi Gras concerts at the Oakland Coliseum. It's always a rush hearing fresh material, and I thought this batch was unusually strong right out of the gate. Alas, our deadline was such that I only had a chance to hear them at the shows; repeated listenings on tapes would certainly have allowed me to be more detailed in my descriptions.

The first breakout was Hunter-Garcia's "Lazy River Road," which debuted the third song of the first set opening night (2/21). It's a pleasing midtempo ramble with a passing resemblance to "Althea," though the bridge has a distinctive '30s pop-jazz feel that reminded me a little of "Russian Lullaby" or the bridge in "Cats Under the Stars." I couldn't begin to tell you what's going on in the song lyrically, but I liked the snatches I heard. This was the one new song they played twice during the run. I felt it worked better in this set position than in the pre-Drums second set of the third show.

Following "Lazy River Road" the first night was the Grateful Dead premiere of "Eternity," written by Bob Weir and the late great Willie Dixon, author of such blues classics as "Spoonful," "The Same Thing," "Wang Dang Doodle" and "Little Red Rooster," to name just a few. Weir had road-tested the song last summer on his tour with Rob Wasserman, but this was my first time hearing it. Actually, when it started I thought Bob was going to sing "Fever" — it has some of that '50s smoky jazz lounge feel. The chorus, with Bob, Jerry and Vince solemly intoning "E-ter-ni-ty," would be laughable if most of the rest of the song wasn't so cleverly constructed. These lyrics are going to take some getting used to, but then, I thought the same thing about "Looks Like Rain" when that was introduced in 1972. Musically, the song takes some very interesting turns during

a long middle jam. With its numerous key changes that eventually resolve back to the song's familiar blues terrain, the jam reminded me in parts of both "Let It Grow" and "Cassidy," though I also felt it had some of the feel of "Victim or the Crime." It's quite a hodgepodge. It's going to be fun to see how this tune shakes down — Bob's tend to transform the most over time.

Probably the most immediately popular of the new songs was "Liberty," which kicked off the second set that first night in *grand* style. Actually, it's only partly a new song: you Hunterheads out there will recall that "Liberty" was the title track of Hunter's underrated last solo album from 1988, and that Garcia played lead throughout that record. But Garcia has written a *completely* new melody — whereas Hunter's version skipped merrily in a "Touch of Grey" vein, Garcia's bops along on a chunky beat more akin to "Samson & Delilah" or Little Feat's "Fat Man in a Bathtub." Another difference is in the way the lyrics are delivered: Hunter's approach was earnest; Garcia's is ironic and defiant. And, man, he sang that first version with incredible gusto. The attitude of the song seems utterly Grateful Dead — it celebrates noncomformity as the true expression of freedom: "I say what I mean and I don't give a damn/I do believe and I am who I am/Hey now, Mama, come take my hand/Whole lot of shakin' all over this land/ Freedom, liberty/Leave me alone to find my own way home."

Just as "U.S. Blues" was a brilliant elliptical statement about where the Dead stood in the '70s, and "Touch of Grey" captured some of the band's '80s essence, "Liberty" seems like a perfect song for the Dead of the '90s — iconoclastic, but proud and somehow hopeful. I'm sure there will be many people who will misinterpret this song as some rah-rah, pro-America anthem (remember when right wing lunkheads tried to adopt Springsteen's ultra-cynical "Born in the USA" as a patriotic call to arms?), but you and I will know better. And here's a prediction: for better or worse, this song will be the Grateful Dead's next hit record.

The Parade of New Stuff continued the next night (2/22). In the slot immediately before Drums came the revived and revised Hunter-Lesh "Wave to the Wind," which was played a few times on the spring '92 tour and then dropped (see "'92 in Review"). "It's a tune that is very complex and will take a lot of dusting off and a lot of work," Hunter told me in December. "Regardless of what you might have heard on tapes or onstage, there's an excellent song there. It's one of those, though, that will take a lot of time for everybody to get in sync and bring it out, for it to be what it can be." Unfortunately, from what I could tell at the Coliseum, the tune still needs some major work. There were many changes: it's slower, choppier, there are now some harmony vocals (which did not serve the song well in my view), and the instrumental breaks sounded different. Some of the original's lounginess has been buried under a tougher rhythm line by Bob, but also gone is the song's fluidity, which I thought was its best characteristic. It's impossible to judge a song on just one listen (especially at a show that was plagued by sound problems, as this one was), but I can't honestly say I think the overhaul has improved it. The next several playings should reveal more.

Also at the 2/22 concert, Garcia introduced his third new song (this time, out of Space), called "Days Between." There's certain to be a segment of Dead-

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heads who will dismiss this tune out of hand because it's yet another *really* slow ballad (think "China Doll" or "Standing on the Moon"), but I was completely captivated by it. It's put together very well and, tempo aside, it feels different than most of Garcia's other ballads. The lyrics sort of flew by me on first listen, so I can't really comment too much on the specifics of what's happening in the song. But I think we can safely place it in Hunter-Garcia's bountiful existentialist file. There was a fantastic jam after the lyrics were over; this one is definitely a candidate for the "Stella"/"Black Peter" slot. I'm anxious to hear it again!

The final new song came during the first set of the third show, which was on Mardi Gras itself (2/23). This one was a cover tune sung by Phil: Robbie Robertson's "Broken Arrow" (from Robertson's eponymous 1987 solo debut). What a great choice! It has a strong melody that Phil was able to wrap his voice around, a memorable chorus, and a warm lyric sentiment. The crowd seemed to like it instantly. Tasty indeed!

By the way, that Mardi Gras concert was one of the wilder Dead shows I've been to. The excitement started with the opening act, Ornette Coleman & Prime Time. Ornette, as many of you know, was one of the original leaders of the free jazz movement of the late '50s and early '60s, and he has continued to make some of the most challenging music around. This guy practically invented space jams! Garcia played on three tracks of Ornette's last album, 1988's *Virgin Beauty*, so it was not too surprising when Garcia joined Prime Time for a long, intense version of Ornette's "Three Wishes" from that album. The rest of Ornette's set was wonderful, too: there were incredibly dissonant passages where it sounded like everyone in the band was playing a different song, and also sections where the players came together in a controlled, surprisingly melodic free fall. Members of the Dead watched Ornette's set intently from the side of the stage — a good move, since he joined the Boys for the entire second half of the second set.

But before we get to that, I have to put in a few words about the Mardi Gras parade that opened the second set. I thought last year's parade would never be topped, but happily, I was wrong again. This extravaganza was like ten New Year's Eve celebrations rolled into one! I can't begin to describe all the wonderful elements: there was a ship with tie-dye sails; a huge, very friendly-looking brontosaurus; gargantuan, brightly colored tropical fish that floated above the procession; a full-sized Terrapin Station (like on the album cover); a whole brigade of women on stilts; a 20-foot (Franklin's?) tower; and the capper — one of my favorite sight gags of all time — a towering papier-mâché Bill Clinton, complete with shades, Garcia tie, saxophone in one hand, and in the other a huge spliff — which he *inhaled* at intervals! Eeeey-owww!

Jay Blakesberg



Inhale to the Chief! Clinton gets down in the Dead's Mardi Gras parade, 2/23/93.

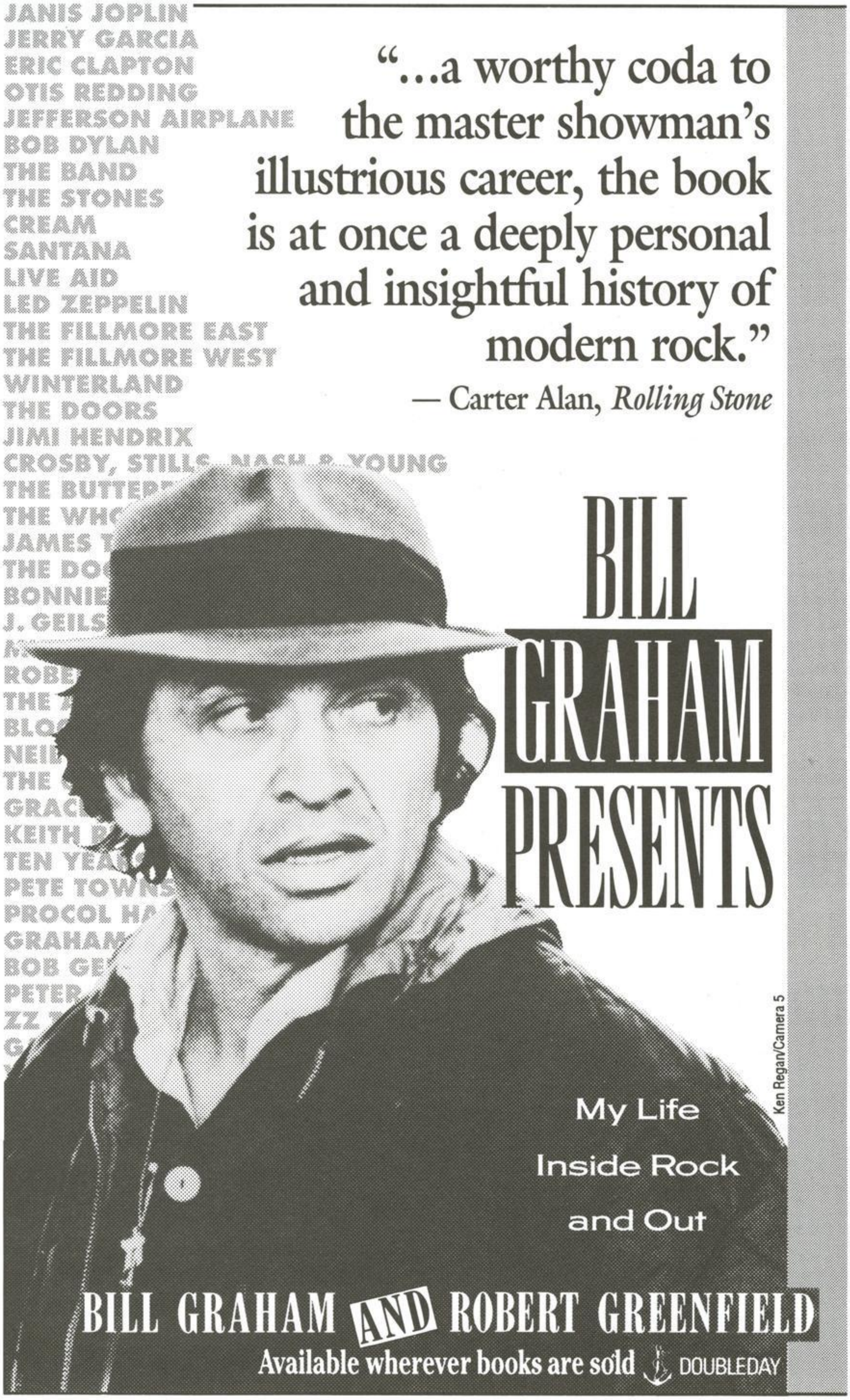
Back to the music. The version of "Playin' in the Band" the Dead played before Drums clearly showed the influence of Ornette's presence — it became their version of what Prime Time had done earlier. Then, during Space, Ornette came out, and Mr. Toad's Wild Ride began. This guy is fearless! He stood in the middle of the Grateful Dead and just blew his brains out, challenging the Dead to keep up with him. It took every ounce of energy and ingenuity the Dead could muster to steer Ornette at all — for a while, it looked as if they might never be able to play a *song* while he was onstage. But eventually the Dead managed to muscle their way into an interstellar "Other One," with Ornette's squeaking, squawking horn pushing the jam in directions I'd never heard before. His playing on the "Stella Blue" that followed was more restrained, but still boldly assertive and exciting. And he got to cut loose one last time on a super high-energy "Lovelight." This was one *noisy* party, folks; a blast in every sense of the word. Three cheers for the Dead for inviting Ornette and then *really* exploring his musical world! It was a meeting that fully lived up to its potential.

A final note about the new songs: When I interviewed Garcia in late January for this issue's Pigpen article, he told me that besides the three songs he planned to introduce in February, he had a couple of others in the works, too. "I haven't written anything in about two years, so I'm ready," he said. "When Hunter and I get together, we *produce*." He said "Days Between" was written in the fall, and the others were polished during a trip the two took to Hawaii in late December/early January. Nice to see those guys spending some quality writing time together. It shows in the finished products.

I couldn't resist asking Garcia about the new arrangement of "Here Comes Sunshine," which comes to the band via Vince's group, The Affordables. "I think it's better than our old arrangement," Jerry said. "The original feel of it was a little bit dated. I prefer the stronger, rock 'n' roll feel of the new arrangement." And how about that other little nugget The Affordables uncovered last year, "The Golden Road (to Unlimited Devotion)"? "I won't touch the tune," he said with a chuckle. "If he wants to do it, fine, but the Grateful Dead is *not* going to do that tune! I do find myself occasionally charmed by it, but not enough to actually do it."

Garcia said he also hopes to bring in some new cover songs for the Jerry Garcia Band, including John Coltrane's "Naima" (that should be something!) and the snaky Roebuck "Pop" Staples arrangement of Jackson Browne's "World in Motion."

Schedules permitting, the greatly anticipated Weir-Wasserman album, with Don Was producing, should



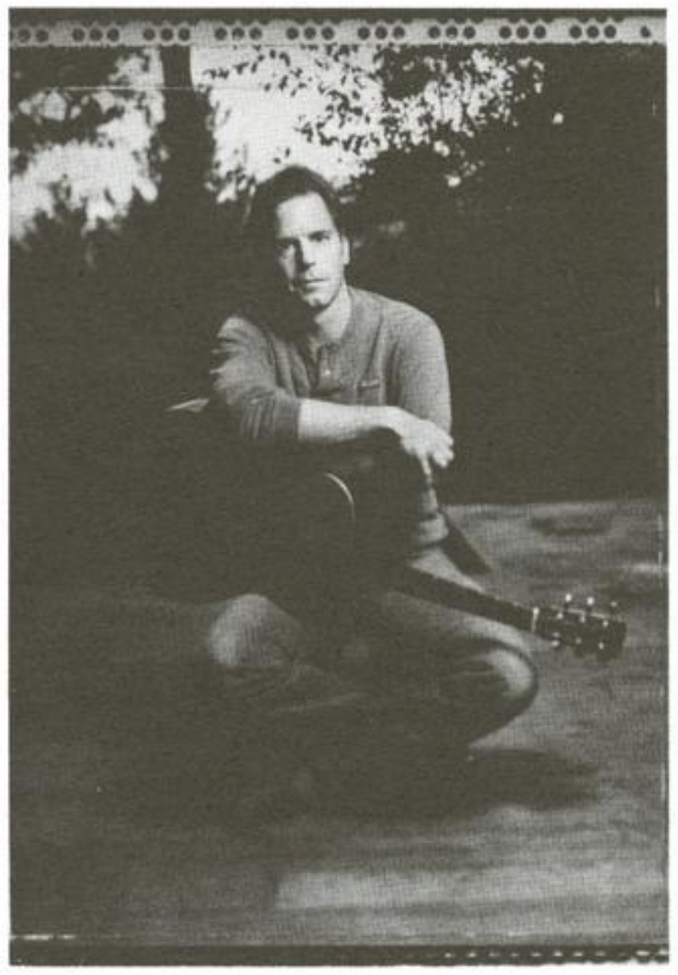
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get made in '93. The three principals are still rounding up material, but the actual recording should be relatively straightforward. As you may have heard, Bob & Rob performed as part of the Reunion on the Mall celebration during the Clinton inauguration week festivities. GD road manager Cameron Sears confirmed that the Grateful Dead were approached about playing one of the big inauguration concerts, but the band and crew ultimately decided it would be too difficult logistically to play a short set at a multi-act extravaganza just a few days before the group's Chinese New Year shows. When I mentioned to Garcia that I couldn't picture him giving what would amount to an endorsement of Clinton by playing the inauguration, he replied, "Well, if he doesn't fuck up too bad in the next four years, maybe we can go back and play his second inauguration!" Anyway, hats off to Bob & Rob for putting a little positive GD energy Clinton's way. Whether or not you voted for Clinton, we should all be rooting for him to *do the right thing*.

I know what you *really* want to know: where the hell is *Three From the Vault*? Beats me. The sad truth is that Dan Healy had prepared a new release — the 2/19/71 show from the Capitol Theater in Port Chester, NY — and it was rejected by the band; specifically, by Phil, Healy said in a December newspaper interview. I suppose that sort of thing is bound to happen, and I can't say I disagree with Phil's qualitative evaluation. Aside from great versions of several Pigpen tunes ("Easy Wind," "Smokestack Lightning" and "Good Lovin'") there isn't much that really stands out about the show. Yes, it has the first versions of both "Bird Song" and "Deal," but they sound like first versions! If we're only going to get one vault release a year, I'd hope for something a little more special (a word that certainly describes *Two From the Vault*). But we're rootin' for you, Dan! We want to hear it *all*.

And while we're talking about Healy, a hearty congratulations to him and everyone involved with Ken Nordine's *Devout Catalyst*, which was nominated for a Grammy this year in the spoken word category. Win or lose, it was a great piece of work, and Dan is to be congratulated for capturing the magic on tape!



Jay Blakesberg

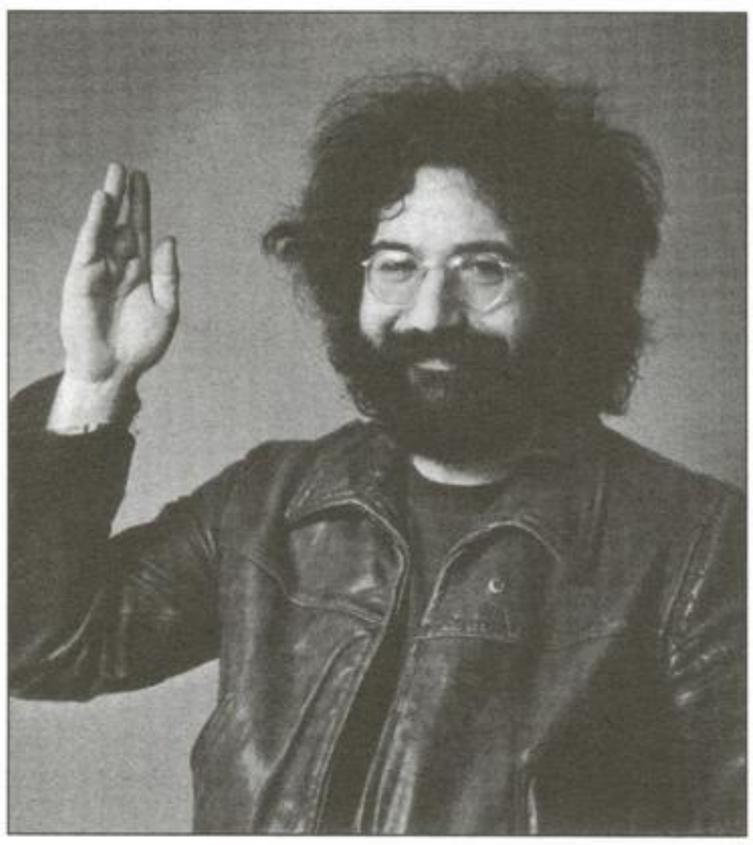
Bob at home, summer '92

How's the scene outside shows these days? It's hard to say, really. There are still way too many folks without tickets hanging around the parking lots and spilling over into the neighborhoods where the Dead play. But with the exception of some gate-crashing

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nastiness last summer at Star Lake Amphitheater, near Pittsburgh (you can kiss that promising venue good-bye, Deadheads), there haven't been too many bad incidents surrounding Dead shows for quite a while. I admit to some trepidation about the possibly uneasy clash of cultures that's going to occur when young, straight Sting fans descend on the Dead circus this summer — with any luck the Sting teenybopper element has been turned off by his more cerebral (and mellow) recent work.

One disturbing omnipresent element outside Dead shows has been the Drug Enforcement Agency, which has made no secret of its intention to shut down drug activity at Dead concerts by putting even the smallest LSD dealers in jail. The DEA has infiltrated the parking lot scene for a few years now, but its undercover work has picked up considerably in the past two years, and according to a very alarming (and from what I can discern, accurate) article in the December 11, 1992 edition of *USA Today*, there are somewhere between 1500 and 2000 Deadheads in prison today, up from around 100 just four years ago. "We've opened a vein here," Gene Halsip, the head of LSD enforcement for the DEA told *USA Today*. "We're going to mine it until this whole thing turns around."

Most of the people being busted are in their late teens or early 20s, and they are being sentenced to *serious* time in jail — lots of 10-year minimum sentences — mainly because of a quirk in the federal drug statute that allows judges to determine sentences based on the weight of the drug *including* the "blotter" paper it's generally distributed on. So though the drug itself may be just a micro-drop of LSD, the paper is included in the weight. Put that same-size drop of LSD on a (much heavier) sugar cube, and you're looking at an even longer mandatory jail term. A number of people, including some members of Congress, are currently looking into ways to ammend this ludicrous law, but frankly the anti-drug hysteria in this country is such that there's not a tremendous amount of sympathy for the incarcerated kids.

What can you say about a legal system that puts away a first-time offender with $1500 worth of LSD for a minimum of ten years, while attempted murder with harm nets a 6.5-year minimum, rape earns 5.8 and the theft of $80 million or more results in 4.2 years? It's whacked, of course. But it's reality, and like I've said often in these pages through the years, it's *not our world*, much as we might delude ourselves into thinking that it is during those glorious hours we're in the Grateful Dead show environment.

The DEA crackdown has put the Grateful Dead in an awkward position. Obviously they have no control over the drug cops. Given the band's history, they can't credibly tell their fans *not* to take



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psychedelics. But they *can* tell people to be careful, cool and discreet, and they have. Hopefully, the combination of the group's occasional admonitions and the publicity generated by various mainstream media reports about the busts (most of which have been very negative and morally judgmental, of course) will persuade the psychedelic entrepreneurs to exercise some caution. In 1993 America, walking through a parking lot outside a Dead show yelling "Doses! Doses!" can very easily lead to a long stretch in the slammer.

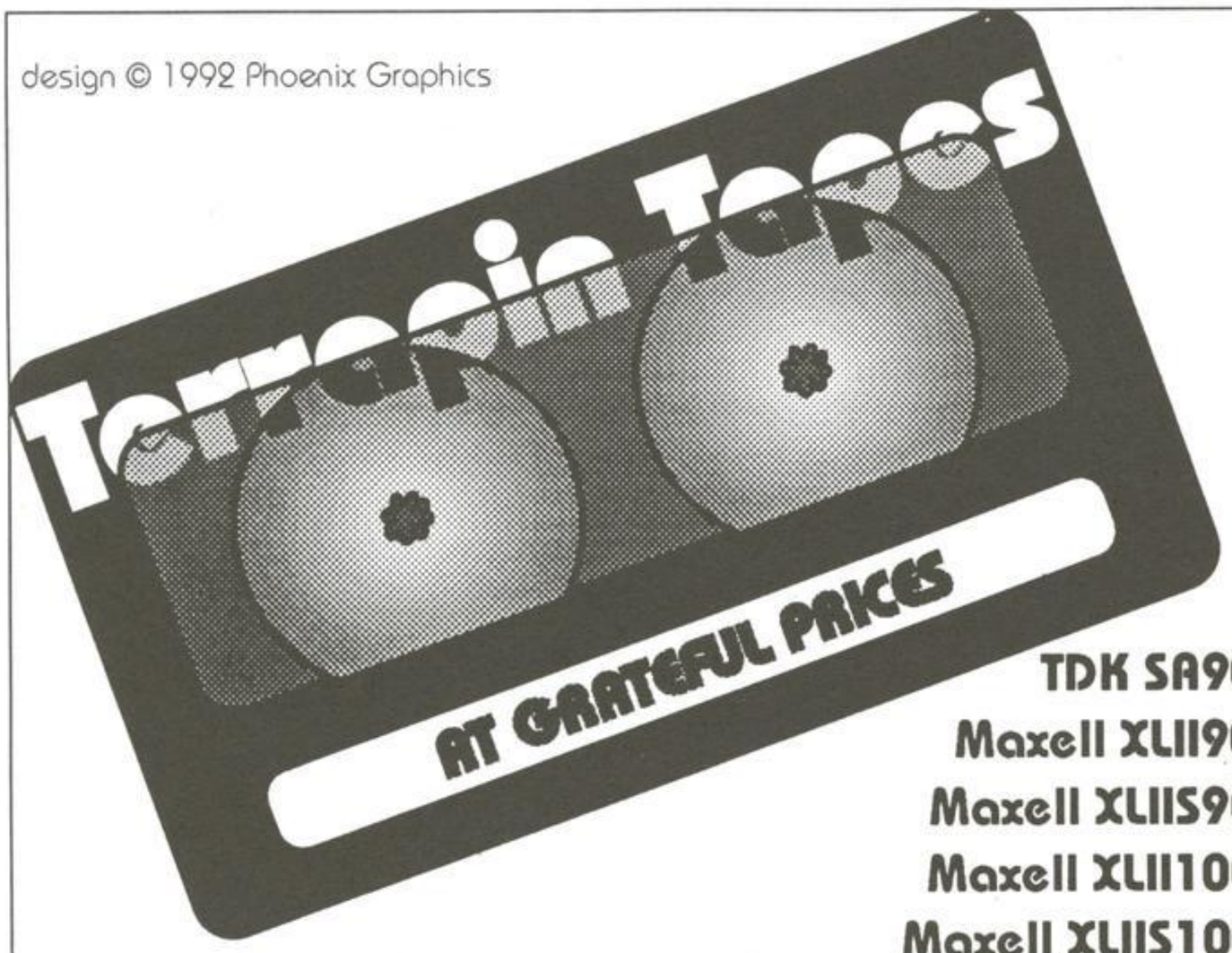
Bob Bralove, the GD's electronics wizard, has formed a very interesting all-instrumental band called Vortex. They debuted at the Fifth Annual Digital Art Be-In, sponsored by the computer magazine *Verbum*, and held at the Fashion Center in San Francisco. The group includes Bralove on keyboards/electronics, Henry Kaiser on guitar, Affordables sax man Bobby Strickland and brothers Paul and Mark Van Wageningen on drums and bass, respectively. It's tough music to characterize, except to note that it's heavily improvisational, some pieces are built on cool grooves, and other passages take the freeform approach of a Grateful Dead space jam — familiar territory for Bralove and Kaiser. This music is about spontaneity and interaction. At the Fashion Center, there were parts that reminded me a bit of Weather Report, others that recalled *Ummagumma*-era Pink Floyd, and of course any time you get a hot sax blowing free, Coltrane springs to mind. One of the best-received pieces was a wild deconstruction of Sly Stone's "Dance to the Music," complete with samples from the original Sly record. Other sampled bits cropping up in different tunes included explosions, animal noises and even some Stravinsky music.

Bralove describes the music as "interactive sound paintings with a rhythmic development and a real drive. The idea was that we would follow each other down these paths and we would have islands of places we could go to and we would do group improvisations from one island to the next. To me it's a real strong extension of the Grateful Dead spirit. It uses a lot of things I've been learning from that experience — ways of listening, ways of seeing what's in front of you, as opposed to what you might expect to be in the music; looking for the magic there is to offer. It's high-risk performance; it really is."

GD studio ace John Cutler made multitrack recordings of all of Vortex's rehearsals at the Dead's studio, as well as of the Fashion Center gig, and a CD of the group's music will probably be available by the fall. Some members of the Dead have expressed interest in overdubbing parts onto the already recorded jams, and Bralove reveals that Vince has expressed interest in actually playing with the group. Don't go scouring the ads in your local paper looking for concert dates, though. Right now just two are planned: April 30 at the Great American Music Hall in San Francisco, and September 19 at the Ritz in New York City. Definitely a group worth keeping an eye on.

In our high-technology file is the extremely cool computerized personal information manager/daily calendar called the Daily Tripper from BrainDance Development of San Rafael, California. The floppy disk program was designed to be used with FileMaker Pro 2.0 on Macintosh or Windows systems, and is licensed by Grateful Dead merchandising.

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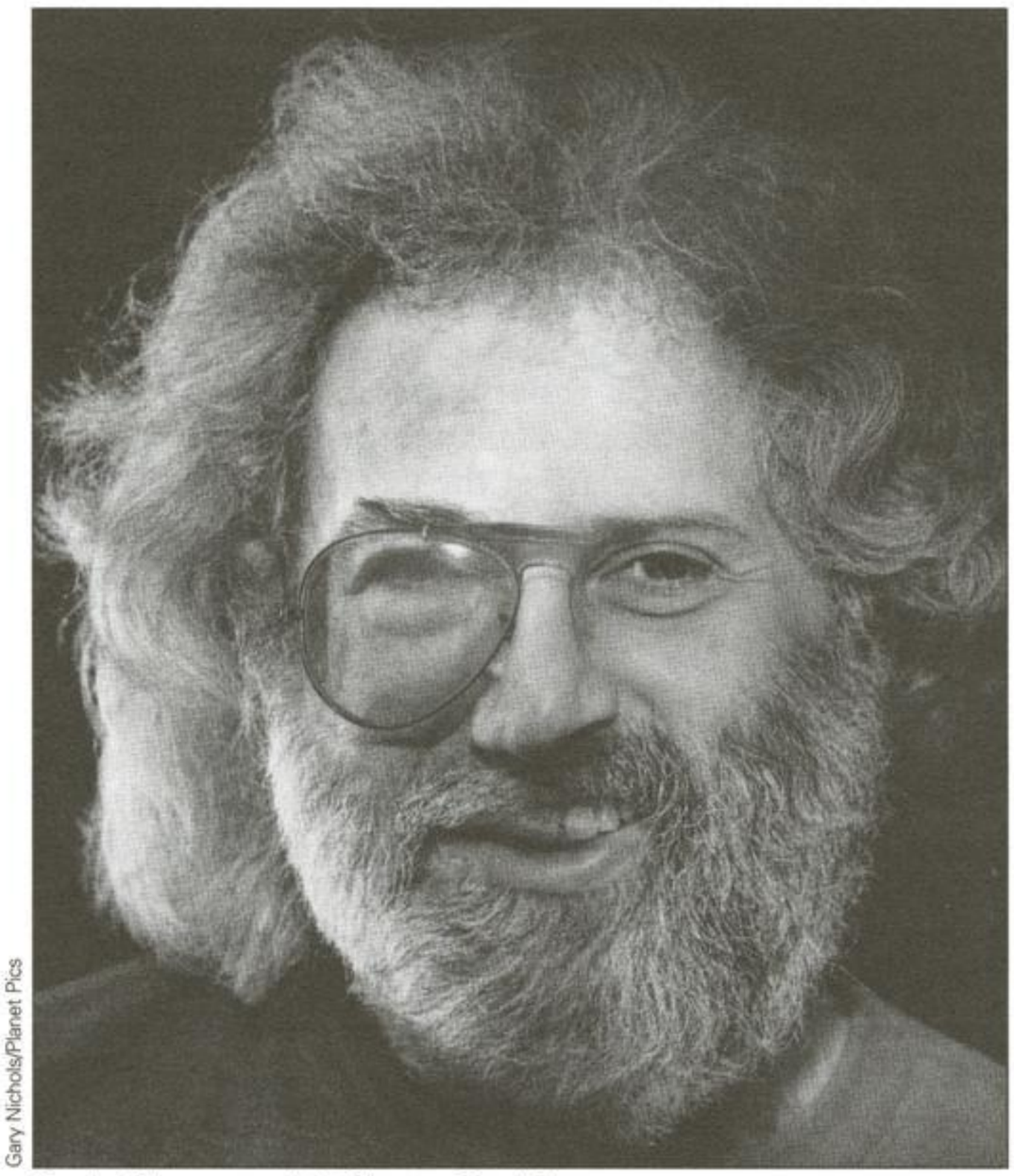
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Garcia-Grisman, or is it Grisman-Garcia?

It features beautiful full-color photos (by Susana Millman) of the band — some presented straight, others with trippy new backgrounds — and Dead-related iconography; an image for every day. There's a bit of GD music on the floppy, as well as a couple of short but wonderful bursts of animation. I saw a demo of it and was completely charmed. (Now all I need is a computer with a color monitor!) The Daily Tripper allows the user to keep track of just about anything, from appointments and phone calls to Grateful Dead concert lists. There's space for diary entries and even incredibly detailed shopping lists. The only problem I can see is people having so much fun with its multitude of possibilities that they never get around to all those appointments and phone calls! The price tag is $69. For more info, call (415) 454-9876. Credit card orders should go through Grateful Dead Merchandising: (800) CAL-DEAD.

Hip, hip, hooray — another Garcia-Grisman disc is on the way! Look for the second CD from that *very* dynamic duo (and cohorts) this fall on Grisman's Acoustic Disc label. We couldn't confirm any song titles before we went to press, but the group's last concerts — way back in May of '92 — included a ton of unrecorded material ranging from jazz classics like "So What," "Bags' Groove" and "Milestones," to folk numbers like "Hesitation Blues," "Stealin'" and "Shady Grove." I'm sure whatever they come up with will be *choice* — at least if their exquisite first CD is any indication. Incidentally, Grisman fans will definitely want to pick up his latest CD, *Dawgwood*, a mellow set of typically infectious instrumentals by the current DG Quintet. And congratulations to Grisman and Acoustic Disc for their Grammy nomination for last year's fine *Bluegrass Reunion* album.

Although the finished product won't be released until sometime in 1994, we thought we would alert you to a fascinating work in progress: John Oswald & the Grateful Dead's *Grey Folded*. The Toronto-based Oswald has created a musical art form he calls Plunderphonics, which he describes as "the creative revamping of familiar recordings." What Oswald does is cut up, manipulate and rearrange tapes to create music collages that retain the spirit of the original recordings in a radically altered form. Some of his past reconfigurations, as he calls them, have included works by Michael Jackson, The Doors, Carly Simon and Metallica. And now he's hitting the Dead — with their blessings.In his prospectus, Oswald describes *Grey Folded* (get it?) as "a fantasy set encompassing the past 25 years, focusing primarily on the songs `That's It for the Other One' and `Dark Star.'" One track, for instance, will be a 25-minute construction featuring bits of literally hundreds of versions of "The Other One" through the years. Another will contain parts of "Dark Star" torn apart, reassembled and layered with multiple versions sometimes appearing at the same time. Owww! My brain hurts thinking about it!

Sound weird? That's the point, of course! Interestingly enough, Oswald is not really a Dead fan. He knew their '60s recordings to a degree, but he has not followed them through the years. But this master sound manipulator (he works exclusively in the digital domain) is intrigued with the possibilities of taking a creative whack at the Dead's most improvisational music, and the Dead — God bless 'em — want to see what he'll come up with. Oswald says he's been promised complete access to the Dead's tape vaults, and he expects to begin serious work on the project in late spring or early summer. Go wild, John!

Also in progress for a 1994 release is the second illustrated children's book by Bob Weir and his sister, Wendy. Like *Panther Dream*, their big success in 1991, the new work will tell a story through words and paintings about the interrelationship between humans and the environment. This time the focus will be on Australia's coastal aborigines and their habitat around coral reefs. Bob and Wendy, along with sound recordist Bill Carter and tour coordinator Kerrie Jarvis, spent time in Australia's northern rainforest last fall, meeting aborigines, learning about the indigenous flora and fauna, and gathering sounds for the tape that will accompany the book. Should be fascinating.

Other Dead family CDs to look out for in '93 include a Robert Hunter poetry work called *The Sentinel*, due from Rykodisc in the fall; a just-released collection of Library of Congress recordings of Carribean music, called *The Spirit Cries*, assembled by Mickey Hart (also on Ryko); and the new Bruce Hornsby album, *Harbor Lights*, which once again includes guitar contributions from Garcia. The Hornsby album, due from RCA in early April, promises to be somewhat of departure from his last couple of records with The Range, with Bruce mainly playing in smaller group settings.

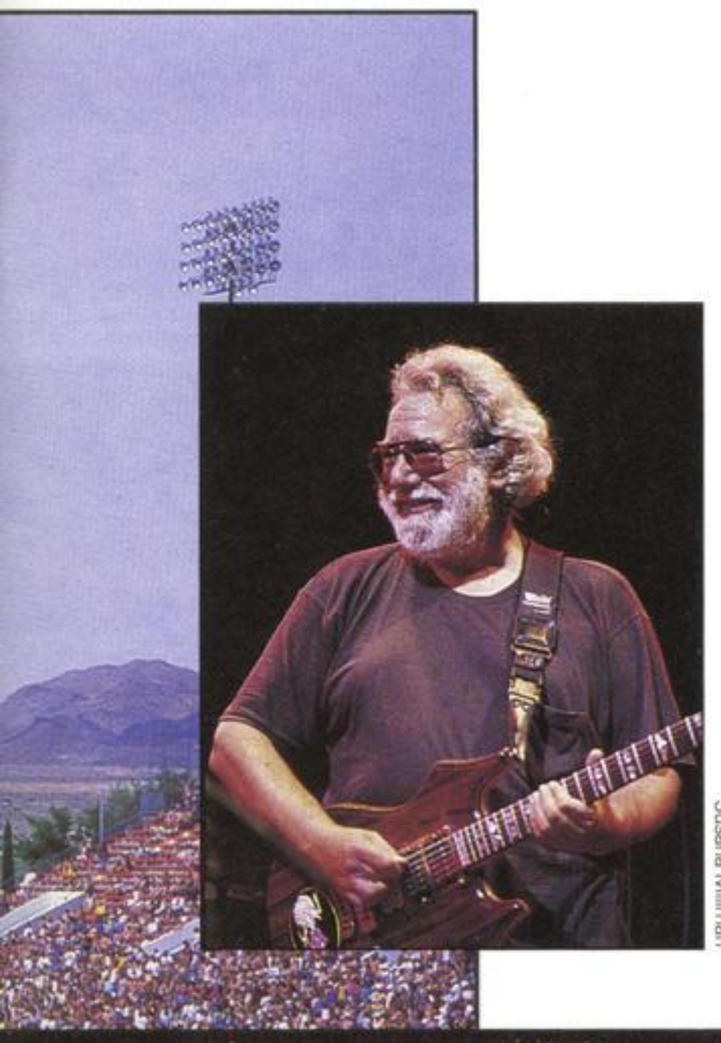


Artwork by Andrew Wernick

Ken Friedman/BGP Archives

Above: Las Vegas' Silver Bowl, May '92. Insets: (top) Garcia at Halloween "comeback" show; (middle) part of the '92 Mardi Gras parade; (bottom) Ken Kesey in full sea lion regalia hosting the costume contest at the JGB Halloween show

'92 IN REVIEW



Susana Millman



Pam Seidenman



Susana Millman

LIKE 1986, 1992 will probably be most remembered among Deadheads for being the year that touring once again came to a screeching halt because of a medical emergency involving Jerry Garcia. This one didn't seem quite as dire as the '86 coma — unless of course you were one of the thousands who heard and believed the rumors that Jerry had died in late September, a month and a half after the initial reports of his illness. But believe me, folks in and out of the Dead organization were plenty concerned. By now everyone has probably heard the lowdown on the nature of Garcia's illness — primarily exhaustion, an enlarged heart and a chronic lung problem, exacerbated by bad health habits galore; in other words, it was your basic systemic meltdown. Apparently "too much of everything" is actually *more* than enough. But the good news is that Garcia apparently has gotten serious about his physical well-being for the first time in many years (some might say

"ever"), and he has successfully undertaken a healthier regimen. Jerry Garcia a vegetarian who works out on a Nautilus with a personal trainer? Apparently that is the case, to which we say...YOW! Could the Garcia Workout videotape be too far down the road? And how many lives does this cat have left now?

Up until Garcia's health crisis, 1992 was shaping up as a solid but generally unspectacular year for the Grateful Dead. Even though four new songs were introduced, the band didn't really seem to try much that pushed them in any new directions for most of the year. And the new songs are a mixed bag about which there is no consensus — I've heard each of the four described as both the best and the worst of the batch.

I think "Corrina," the Hunter-Hart-Weir tune sung by Bob, has proven to be the most interesting of the four live. It's been used effectively in several different slots in the show, and its open-endedness has allowed it to link comfortably with a number of other songs and instrumental spaces. Certainly it is one of Weir's most instantly *likable* songs in years (I'm thinking of how I felt about early versions of "Victim" and "Picasso Moon," for example), and while some have criticized the simplicity of the lyrics, I think the directness is a nice change from the more convoluted word-paintings Weir has favored in recent years. The song progressed noticeably through the year, with the bridges, in particular, sounding more powerful almost with each playing. Also, give Bob extra points for finding yet another song that sounds unlike any other song he performs.

On the other hand, Hunter/Garcia's "So Many Roads" sounds *very* familiar, musically reminiscent of both "Black Muddy River" and "Built to Last" (where did that one go?). Still, it's a beautiful tune, and I really like the lyrical allusions to old music styles (the K.C. whistle moanin', "whinin' boy," the jug band, etc.). The song's big vocal close is Garcia's third straight attempt at that Van Morrison-style build-up (the other two being "Believe It or Not" and "Standing on the Moon"), and it never fails to ignite the crowd. That said, Garcia's performances of the song have mainly seemed very tentative, especially for such a simple song. As for the "oo-oos" that sound like "Knockin' on Heaven's Door," I figure that since they derive from Garcia's own (very successful) arrangement of Dylan's tune, he should be free to exploit them in his own song!

The first thing that struck me about Vince's "Way to Go Home" when it debuted in February '92 was how much it sounded like it could've been written by Brent — the tempo, the catchy chorus, even the attitude (the words are Hunter's) reminded me of Brent. So why do I like it so much more than most of Brent's songs? I'm not exactly sure; perhaps I just could never get past the gruffness of Brent's voice and the surliness-bordering-on-hostility he conveyed so often. Vince is just more my kind of guy all the way around. "Way to Go Home" was instantly the most polished of the four new songs, but that has its downside, too: it hasn't really developed much, and the versions have tended to be very similar — not a good quality in a Grateful Dead song (particularly one that seems to only be played in the second set). I actually prefer The Affordables' (Vince's solo band) version of the tune, but I've enjoyed all the GD versions I've heard, too.

For me, the Lesh-Hunter "Wave to the Wind" was the most problematic of the new tunes. What I love about it are its simple intro, the overall energy of the song (it's a sort of psychedelisamba) and the very cool instrumental break, which has a little of the feeling of some post-"Eyes" jams circa '73-'74. Where I have trouble with the song is in the basic chord structure (as heard primarily in Vince's very prominent keyboard lines), which are way too lounge-y for my tastes, and in the numbing repetitiveness of the lyrics' waving image. The sweep of the melody challenged Phil's somewhat limited vocal range, though as his own familiarity with the song increased, his delivery improved. Obviously Phil had some qualms about the song himself, or it would have stayed in the Dead's rotation past the spring '92 tour.

The new material unquestionably colored that spring tour. The introduction of new elements to the brew *always* throws the boys a bit. To their credit, they tried out the songs in many different slots and combinations in the shows; some worked, some didn't ("Way to Go Home" opening second sets?). That tour also marked the official end of Bruce Hornsby's tenure with the band. Because of family obligations, he hadn't been in on the initial rehearsals of the new songs, and with the exception of some occasional tasteful accordion on "Corrina" he didn't seem to have much to add to them. In general, his playing on the tour sounded uninspired (for him). Still, we bid him a fond adieu and give a hearty thanks for his class, his *joie de vivre*, his lyricism and his smiling countenance. He helped bring the Dead through a potentially rough period, and at least two runs he was involved in (MSG '90 and Boston Garden '91) will long be regarded as classics.

Summer tour was stronger all the way around, and at least part of the reason for that was Vince's emergence from



Susana Millman

Under Candace's cool lights at Shoreline, May '92

the shadows. With Hornsby gone, Vince was able to assert himself more and was also free to play more piano sounds, rather than just synth and organ. And of course Vince anchored the two cover tunes that blew minds in almost every city on summer tour: The Who's "Baba O'Riley" joined with The Beatles' "Tomorrow Never Knows" (see "Roots" for more on these songs). What incredibly gutsy choices — both are bona fide classics well known to most rock fans. Vince is no Roger Daltrey, but he belted out "Baba" with amazing confidence and force, the band crashing behind him. Hell, Weir even clowned his way through a few Pete Townshend "windmills" on a couple of versions. "Tomorrow Never Knows" found Vince and Phil leading the charge through a swirl of musical colors that the song's author, John Lennon, would have loved. How fitting that the ultimate psychedelic band at last tackled rock's first psychedelic masterpiece! It would be interesting to see what the band could do with those songs separately, placed somewhere other than in the encore slot.

The stadium tour with opener Steve Miller was enthusiastically received by most Heads, and Miller added a dash of hot sauce to several of the Dead's sets — it's *always* fun to see the boys jamming with someone new. Candace Brightman's lighting scheme for the tour was perhaps her most stimulating yet, masterfully blending straight lighting (I use the word "straight" very loosely) with projections on the speaker stacks and geometric planes above the players onstage. A few times I thought we'd entered the mother ship in *Close Encounters*! It was very trippy indeed, and on the whole, much less static than the approach she took in 1991. We've said it before but we'll say it again: There's nobody in the rock 'n' roll lighting business as creative as Candace.

Naturally there was great disappointment all the way around about the cancellation of the August and September Dead shows — disappointment tempered with concern about Garcia's well-being. Still, it wasn't long after the shows were canceled that rumors started floating around about possible December shows in Denver, Tempe and Oakland; for a change the speculation was positive in nature, and it turned out to be true. However, as in 1986, Garcia chose to mark his return to performing with the Garcia Band, at a Halloween howl at the Oakland Coliseum. A month later the relaxed, refreshed and newly energized Grateful Dead hit the road again, beginning somewhat tentatively the first night in Denver (gotta shake off the cobwebs), but hitting a stride the second night in the Mile High City that pretty much carried through all the way to the year's final shows in Oakland in mid-December. There were a couple of exciting breakouts that month: The Beatles' "Rain" (see "Roots"), and the triumphant return of "Here Comes Sunshine," which had lain dormant since early '74.

The biggest development on the sound side of things was the band's switch from conventional onstage monitoring (i.e., speakers placed onstage for each musician) to in-the-ear monitors, which are all the rage in the live performance business right now. The main advantage this system has for the musician is that it offers a more controlable and immediate individual mix that includes his own instrument — under the old setup, each musician had to simultaneously listen to a mix of the other players and his own vocals in the monitor speakers, and his instrument coming out of the onstage speakers. Now, all the onstage speakers are gone and each player's instrument is part of an in-the-ear mix. This takes some control over volume away from the musicians (no more turning it up to "11" for Bob) and, for better or worse, puts it in Dan Healy's hands (ears). In the summer, Bob was barely audible, but that had been remedied by the December shows. I still think that Vince gets short-shrifted in the mix on the left (Phil) side and Bob is slimed on the right. The onstage noise level has dropped dramatically, which is good news for those bandmembers who want to be able to hear in their old age.

So far it has not always been good news for the fans, however, especially the "rail rats," those brave, determined souls who go through hell to position themselves right in front of the stage. Under the new system, there is very little sound actually coming off the stage except for the drums; the guitars are routed through to the p.a. system. The crew placed a couple of small fill speakers under the stage (or right in front of it, depending on the venue) facing the audience, but there was widespread dissatisfaction with this. The sound was generally pretty wimpy; no substitute for being blasted by the onstage speakers. The absence of Phil's bass rumbling from the stage is particularly conspicuous. This is clearly a problem Healy and company should address more seriously. (For an excellent detailed description of the new system, check out the interview with monitor mixer Harry Popick in the summer/autumn *Dupree's Diamond News*.)

There were a number of great shows by various GD offshoots in 1992. Bob Weir and Rob Wasserman put together the biggest, most ambitious tour: this time their all-acoustic extravaganza included Michelle Shocked and Bruce Cockburn as support acts, and they drew generally large crowds playing mainly Eastern arenas and "sheds" (outdoor pavilions) during the Dead's performing sabbatical. On that tour Weir introduced the song "Eternity" (discussed in our 1992 annual), which he co-wrote with the late Willie Dixon. Alas, the tour never hit Bob & Rob's native Bay Area.

The Garcia Band played fewer shows than in 1992 and introduced only two new songs, Daniel Lanois' "The Maker" and Sam Cooke's "Wonderful World" (see "Roots"). But Bay Area G-Heads really got their fill when he played ten shows at San Francisco's Warfield Theater within a two-week period in May — five with the JGB and five with David Grisman. To no one's surprise, the concerts with Grisman were amazing. They integrated quite a bit of new material into their repertoire, including such jazz classics as "Bags' Groove" and "Milestones." Garcia's health meltdown occurred shortly after the JGB's brief tour in late July/early August, which consisted mainly of California venues the Dead have played through the years: Shoreline, Ventura, Irvine Meadows, Chula Vista. His "comeback" concert at the Oakland Coliseum on Halloween marked the JGB's largest audience for a Bay Area show. What a party *that* was, but let's hope JGB megashows don't become a hometown trend.

Debuting as an opening act at the JGB's 4/25/92 show at the San Jose Performing Arts Center (the best mid-sized hall I've been to in years) was The Affordables, Vince Welnick's *way* cool cover band that also includes ex-Tubes Bill Spooner (lead guitar) and Prairie Prince (drums), bassist Larry Tagg and singer/guitarist Scott Matthews. What a collection of tunes these guys tackle: among them are "Tomorrow Never Knows" (in a different arrangement from the Dead's), Cream's "I Feel Free," Steve Miller's "Children of the Future," the Chambers Brothers' "Time Has Come Today," Love's "Seven and Seven Is," Roy Orbison's "In Dreams" and The Tubes' "Attack of the 50-Foot Woman." Opening the JGB's Halloween



Susana Millman

The Affordables in San Jose, 4/25/92. Set design by John Kahn.

show they completely blew the throng's collective mind with two new covers — "Here Comes Sunshine," with Vince leading the band through a fantastic Beatle-esque arrangement of the tune, some of which was adopted by the Dead; and "The Golden Road (to Unlimited Devotion)," rocked as hard and fast as you could ever hope for! These guys are loose, funky and funny, but they can really play, and their harmony vocals are outstanding. More power to 'em!

What follows are set lists for the Grateful Dead's 1992 shows; short descriptions of some of my personal favorites (I chose fewer than 20 this year, since the band's touring schedule was truncated by almost a third and in general fewer shows knocked me out); my usual selection of highlights, lowlights and odd observations; and a recap of Dead-related CDs, videos and books.

MARDI GRAS

2/22/92, Oakland Coliseum, Oakland, CA

Bertha ➢ Promised Land, Stagger Lee, Wang Dang Doodle, So Many Roads, Queen Jane Approximately, Loose Lucy, Wave to the Wind ➢ Don't Ease Me In

Saturday Night, Mississippi Half-Step ➢ Estimated Prophet ➢ He's Gone ➢ jam (w/o Jerry) ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Wheel ➢ All Along the Watchtower ➢ Black Peter ➢ Sugar Magnolia / U.S. Blues

Notes: These were the first versions of "So Many Roads" and "Wave to the Wind"… Bruce Hornsby was absent for all three Mardi Gras shows.

2/23/92, Oakland Coliseum

Hell in a Bucket, Peggy-O, Walkin' Blues, Ramble On Rose, Way to Go Home, Black-Throated Wind, Corrina

China Cat Sunflower ➢ I Know You Rider, Playin' in the Band ➢ jam ➢ Terrapin ➢ jam ➢ rhythm devils (including song with Hamza El-Din) ➢ space ➢ I Need a Miracle ➢ Stella Blue ➢ Throwing Stones ➢ Not Fade Away / Box of Rain

Notes: First versions of "Way to Go Home" and "Corrina."

2/24/92, Oakland Coliseum (Mardi Gras celebration!)

Touch of Grey, Feel Like a Stranger, Friend of the Devil, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Althea, Cassidy

Iko-Iko (Mardi Gras parade) ➢ Corrina ➢ The Other One ➢ Way to Go Home ➢ Other One jam ➢ The Same Thing ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ Wave to the Wind ➢ The Other One ➢ So Many Roads ➢ Lovelight / Quinn the Eskimo

Notes: The Mardi Gras parade at the beginning of the second set was stunning, as usual. A *huge* bone-white old-style train engine led the procession across the Coliseum floor. (You can see it in the *Backstage Pass* video.) Its sides were adorned with skulls and its front was a round screen on which slides of the band and counterculture heroes like Bob Marley and Jimi Hendrix were projected. Following were an assortment of colorful floats packed with costumed revelers who flung flowers and Mardi Gras beads into the crowd; a fantastic assortment of oversized puppetoid figures; a giant day-glo-painted Jack-in-the-box that opened periodically to reveal none other than Bart Simpson; balloon "clouds" with tinsel "rain"; stiltwalkers and a bunch of other cool stuff that's just a blur to me now. The parade was so massive that it was only halfway through the hall when the *very* long "Iko" metamorphosed into a snaky "Corrina."…The two verses of "The Other One" hadn't appeared on different sides of Drums since the 3/26/83 Vegas show; this version was a corker, too.

ATLANTA

3/1/92, The Omni, Atlanta, GA

Jack Straw, Althea, Wang Dang Doodle, Row Jimmy, Stuck Inside of Mobile, So Many Roads, Picasso Moon, Don't Ease Me In

Saint of Circumstance ➢ Way to Go Home ➢ Scarlet Begonias ➢ Fire on the Mountain ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Last Time ➢ Black Peter ➢ Sugar Magnolia / The Weight

3/2/92, The Omni

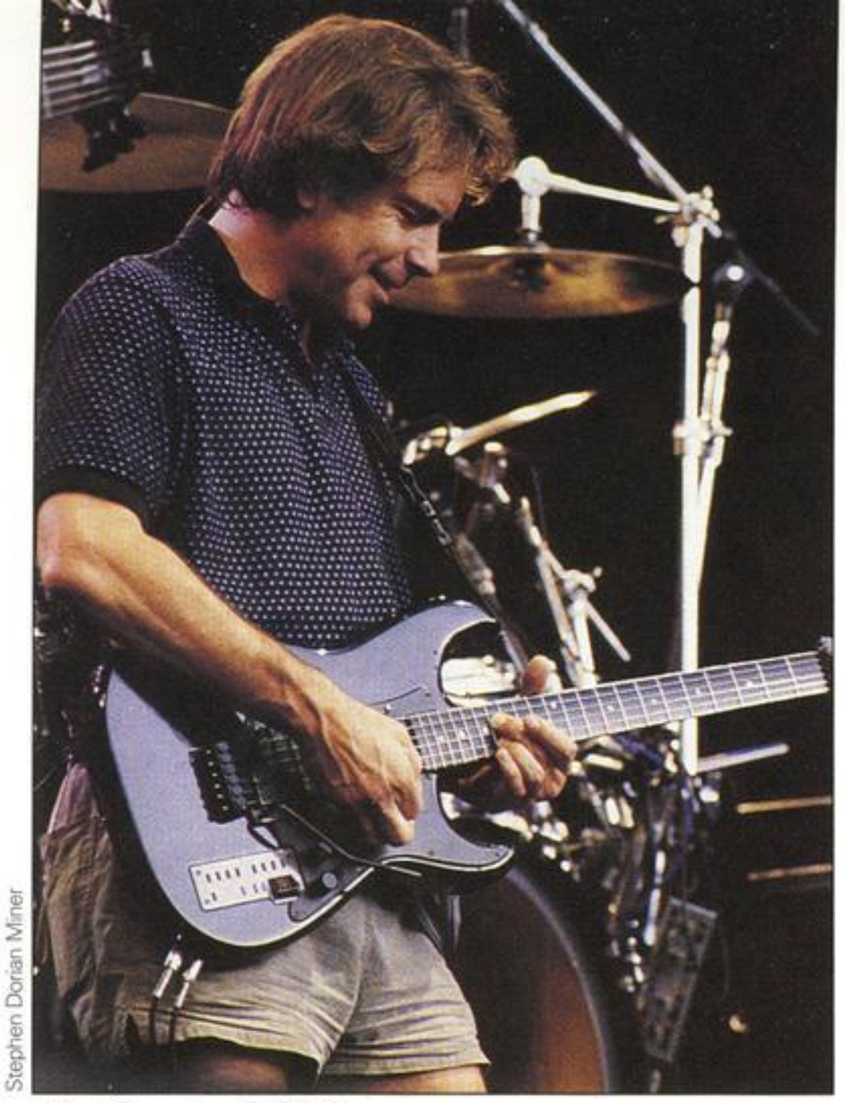
Cold Rain & Snow, Little Red Rooster, Brown-Eyed Women, All Over Now, Loser, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Deal

China Cat Sunflower ➢ I Know You Rider, Man Smart Woman Smarter ➢ Terrapin ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Other One ➢ Stella Blue ➢ Around & Around / Knockin' on Heaven's Door

3/3/92, The Omni (Fat Tuesday!)

Hell in a Bucket, Sugaree, Walkin' Blues, Candyman, Queen Jane Approximately, Tennessee Jed, Corrina

Iko-Iko ➢ Playin' in the Band ➢ jam ➢ Uncle John's Band ➢ Wave to the Wind ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ China Doll ➢ Throwing Stones ➢ Lovelight / Brokedown Palace



Stephen Dorian Miner

Bob at Shoreline, 5/23/92

HAMPTON

3/5/92, The Coliseum, Hampton Roads, VA

Help on the Way ➢ Slipknot ➢ Franklin's Tower ➢ The Same Thing, Jackaroe, Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues, Let It Grow

Eyes of the World ➢ Way to Go Home, Estimated Prophet ➢ He's Gone ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Wheel ➢ I Need a Miracle ➢ So Many Roads ➢ Good Lovin' / U.S. Blues

3/6/92, Hampton Coliseum

Feel Like a Stranger, Friend of the Devil, Mexicali Blues ➢ Maggie's Farm, Stagger Lee, Picasso Moon, Bird Song

New Speedway Boogie ➢ Truckin' ➢ Crazy Fingers ➢ Corrina ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Last Time ➢ Wharf Rat ➢ Sugar Magnolia / The Weight

CAP CENTRE

3/8/92, Capital Centre, Landover, MD

Good Times, Touch of Grey ➢ New Minglewood Blues, Ramble On Rose, Black-Throated Wind, Loose Lucy, Desolation Row, Big Railroad Blues, The Music Never Stopped

Samson & Delilah, Way to Go Home ➢ Foolish Heart ➢ Looks Like Rain, Wave to the Wind ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ All Along the Watchtower ➢ So Many Roads ➢ Throwing Stones ➢ Not Fade Away / Quinn the Eskimo

BJ's Favorites #1

After a solid, if not spectacular, first set, the second set gets off to a wonderfully gnarly start with a twisted "Victim" into a typically buoyant "Iko." In just its fourth performance, "Corrina" is starting to sound like a finished song, with Weir delivering the words with considerable power. A jam follows and Garcia leaves the stage for a couple of minutes, leaving Weir and Hornsby to drive the band. Hornsby can be heard hinting at "Dark Star," and sure enough, Garcia returns and almost without missing a beat, the band launches into it. It's a good one, too: confident and powerful, though encompassing only the first verse. It disassembles neatly before Drums. In the back half of the set, the "Morning Dew" is marred by a pretty horrendous miscue before the instrumental bridge, but is otherwise solid, and the first "Satisfaction" since the 7/7/86 RFK show (the last before Garcia's collapse) is incredibly powerful.

3/9/92, Cap Centre

Jack Straw, West L.A. Fadeaway, Me & My Uncle ➢ Big River, Row Jimmy, Cassidy, Deal

Victim or the Crime ➢ Iko-Iko ➢ Corrina ➢ jam ➢ Dark Star ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ I Need a Miracle ➢ Morning Dew / Satisfaction

NASSAU

3/11/92, Nassau Coliseum, Uniondale, NY

Cold Rain & Snow, Wang Dang Doodle, Dire Wolf, Queen Jane Approximately, Althea, All Over Now, So Many Roads, Picasso Moon

China Cat Sunflower ➢ I Know You Rider ➢ Playin' in the Band ➢ Terrapin ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Last Time ➢ Black Peter ➢ Around & Around / Knockin' on Heaven's Door

3/12/92, Nassau Coliseum

Greatest Story Ever Told ➢ Bertha, Walkin' Blues, Stagger Lee, Beat It On Down the Line, Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues, Tennessee Jed, Promised Land

Saint of Circumstance, Ship of Fools, Corrina ➢ Playin' reprise ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Other One ➢ Stella Blue ➢ Sugar Magnolia / Baby Blue

3/13/92, Nassau Coliseum

Mississippi Half-Step, The Same Thing, Brown-Eyed Women, El Paso, Candyman, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Bird Song

The Good, The Bad & The Weird

Some Observations from '92

First, Some '91 Revisionism: For reasons I can't recall, I failed to put the 4/27/91 Vegas show in my 20 Favorites listing. Big mistake. As time has worn on, that show's second set has become one of my most-listened-to from '91. Another show I gave short shrift to was the 6/16/91 Giants Stadium concert, a winner from beginning to end. I also slightly undersold the 6/25/91 Sandstone concert; by all means seek it out. I stand by my statement that '91 was a great year for the Dead!

Song of the Year: "Attics of My Life." They only played it a few times, but the versions were all transcendent — noticeably more powerful and better sung than in '89-'91. Could the band's new in-the-ear monitoring system be one reason for the improved harmonies?

Surprisingly Common: "Spoonful," "The Last Time," "China Doll"

New Song With Most Potential: "Corrina"

Most Overplayed: "Way to Go Home," "Corrina," "Maggie's Farm"

Most Surprising First Set Openers: "Here Comes Sunshine," (Tempe, 12/6), "Greatest Story Ever Told" (Nassau 3/12)

Most Surprising Second Set Opener: "New Speedway Boogie" (Hampton 3/6)

Most Welcome Revival: "Here Comes Sunshine." Deadheads have been waiting for this one for years — since mid-'74 to be exact — and it was worth the wait. The band's harmonies are much, much better than they were in the early '70s, and though the band has yet to fully explore the tune's jamming potential in this incarnation (may I suggest they give a listen to the 2/15/73 Madison or 4/2/73 Boston Garden versions?), it's such a lovely, uplifting song, I hope it sticks around for many years.

And, of course, honorable mention goes to "Casey Jones." One would hope that both the band and most Deadheads are far enough removed from Peruvian Snowball culture that we can at last enjoy this song without guilt. Also revived in '92: "Satisfaction," "Gloria."

Worst-Kept Secret: The guerrilla shows at Hampton in early March.

Coolest Soundchecked Song: A very Hawaiian-sounding version of Santo & Johnny's "Sleepwalk," played before the 2/23/92 Oakland show.

Welcome Back, Old Friend: 1992 saw the appearance of two nicely executed "Spanish jams" (5/30 and 6/22), always a special treat.



Terence McLaughlin

Most Widepread Rumor That Wasn't True: That the Dead were set to play on *Saturday Night Live* March 14. Boy, put an extra day of rest in the touring schedule and the stories begin to fly! Actually appearing on the program that night: Garth Brooks.

Best Visual Effect: The lightning bolts that ringed Las Vegas' Silver Stadium for much of the second set on 5/30.

Runner-up: the rainbow in Vegas the next afternoon during the "Heaven's Door" encore.

Best Audio Effect: The train horn that blasted a million ear drums during Rhythm Devils segments on summer tour. WONNNNNNKK!!

Way to Go Home ➢ Crazy Fingers ➢ Man Smart Woman Smarter ➢ Wave to the Wind ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Wheel ➢ Wharf Rat ➢ Throwing Stones ➢ Lovelight / Box of Rain

THE SPECTRUM

3/16/92, The Spectrum, Philadelphia, PA

Good Times, Feel Like a Stranger, Friend of the Devil, C.C. Rider ➢ It Takes a Lot to Laugh…, Black-Throated Wind, Ramble On Rose, Let It Grow

Corrina ➢ Scarlet Begonias ➢ Fire on the Mountain ➢ Estimated Prophet ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ All Along the Watchtower ➢ Morning Dew / Johnny B. Goode

3/17/92, The Spectrum

Box of Rain, New Minglewood Blues, Loser, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Tennessee Jed, Cassidy

Way to Go Home ➢ Truckin' ➢ Spoonful ➢ He's Gone ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ I Need a Miracle ➢ So Many Roads ➢ Sugar Magnolia / The Weight

3/18/92, The Spectrum

Touch of Grey, Wang Dang Doodle, Jackaroe, All Over Now, Row Jimmy, Picasso Moon, Deal

Eyes of the World ➢ Corrina ➢ Playin' reprise ➢ jam ➢ Uncle John's Band ➢ jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ Wave to the Wind ➢ Wharf Rat ➢ Throwing Stones ➢ Not Fade Away / Brokedown Palace

Notes: Definitely a show worth looking for. The whole pre-Drums is superb and the "Wave to the Wind" may be the best of the handful played in the spring.

COPPS COLISEUM

3/20/92, Copps Coliseum, Hamilton, Ontario

Hell in a Bucket, Althea, The Same Thing, Brown-Eyed Women, Mexicali Blues ➢ Maggie's Farm, Bird Song, Promised Land

Shakedown Street ➢ Man Smart Woman Smarter, Dark Star ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Other One ➢ Standing on the Moon ➢ Lovelight / U.S. Blues

3/21/92, Copps Coliseum

Help on the Way ➢ Slipknot ➢ Franklin's Tower, Little Red Rooster, Peggy-O, Queen Jane Approximately, So Many Roads

Way to Go Home ➢ Corrina ➢ Terrapin ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Last Time ➢ Black Peter ➢ Saturday Night / Box of Rain

THE PALACE

3/23/92, The Palace, Auburn Hills, MI

Jack Straw, Cold Rain & Snow, Walkin' Blues, Loose Lucy, When I Paint My Masterpiece, West L.A. Fadeaway, Beat It On Down the Line, Tennessee Jed, The Music Never Stopped

Victim or the Crime ➢ Wave to the Wind ➢ Crazy Fingers ➢ Uncle John's Band ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Wheel ➢ All Along the Watchtower ➢ Morning Dew / Gloria

Notes: First "Gloria" since 11/1/85.

3/24/92, The Palace

Touch of Grey ➢ Greatest Story Ever Told, New Speedway Boogie, Me & My Uncle ➢ Big River, Way to Go Home, So Many Roads, Corrina

China Cat Sunflower ➢ I Know You Rider, Saint of Circumstance ➢ Foolish Heart ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ I Need a Miracle ➢ Stella Blue ➢ Throwing Stones ➢ Not Fade Away / The Weight

Notes: Bruce Hornsby's last regular show with the band.

CAL EXPO

5/19/92, Cal Expo Amphitheater, Sacramento, CA

Cold Rain & Snow, Little Red Rooster, Althea, Queen Jane Approximately, Tennessee Jed, Let It Grow

China Cat Sunflower ➢ I Know You Rider, Looks Like Rain, Way to Go Home, Terrapin ➢ jam (mostly without Garcia) ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ I Need a Miracle ➢ Black Peter ➢ Sugar Magnolia / Baba O'Riley ➢ Tomorrow Never Knows

Notes: All three Cal Expo shows were Rex Foundation benefits…The David Grisman Quintet opened…first versions of "Baba O'Riley" and "Tomorrow Never Knows."

5/20/92, Cal Expo

Jack Straw, Bertha, Walkin' Blues, Brown-Eyed Women, Desolation Row,

Stagger Lee, Promised Land

Box of Rain, Truckin' ➢ Crazy Fingers ➢ Saint of Circumstance ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Other One ➢ Wharf Rat ➢ Around & Around / U.S. Blues

Notes: Peter Apfelbaum & the Heiroglyphics Ensemble opened the show.

BJ's Favorites #2

I had a tough time picking between this and the 5/19 show, with its outstanding "China Cat" and utterly thrilling encore — the first "Baba-Tomorrow." Ultimately I gave this one the nod because it features one of the best versions of "Scarlet-Fire" I've seen in a while (the "Fire," in particular, is outrageous); an extended workout on "Estimated," which flows so neatly into "He's Gone"; a slower, very different-sounding "Watchtower"; a "Standing on the Moon," which, despite a lyric flub early on, is as powerful as that still-improving tune gets; and a "Gloria" encore that had *everyone* in the place singing along jubilantly. The first set's "Bird Song" flies all over the place for some 16 minutes and "Row Jimmy," never one of my favorites, sparkles like a finely cut jewel. For my money, a great show at Cal Expo is as as good as it gets in Deadland these days, and this year, two out of three sent me home ecstatic.



Susana Millman

OK, we admit it — the ciggie looks cool. Vince at Shoreline.

5/21/92, Cal Expo

Touch of Grey, Wang Dang Doodle, Row Jimmy, Me & My Uncle ➢ Maggie's Farm, Bird Song

Scarlet Begonias ➢ Fire on the Mountain, Estimated Prophet ➢ He's Gone ➢ jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ All Along the Watchtower ➢ Standing on the Moon ➢ Lovelight/ Gloria

Notes: Pharaoh Sanders opened.

SHORELINE

5/23/92, Shoreline Amphitheater, Mountain View, CA

Hell in a Bucket ➢ Sugaree, New Minglewood Blues, Candyman, Cassidy, Loose Lucy, The Music Never Stopped

Box of Rain, Man Smart Woman Smarter ➢ Ship of Fools, Playin' in the Band ➢ jam ➢ Uncle John's Band ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Wheel ➢ Stella Blue ➢ Saturday Night / Knockin' on Heaven's Door

BJ's Favorites #3

Here's a show that really has it all. The first set opens and closes with nicely executed versions of relatively rare jamming tunes ("Foolish Heart" hadn't appeared in a first set since 12/28/90), and also includes a delightful "Dire Wolf" and potent "Loser." "Eyes" has continued to be among the band's most satisfying second set openers, and it juxtaposes nicely with "Samson" (reminding me of a that similarly successful pairing in Berlin in '90). From there it's on to the new tunes: "So Many Roads" still sounding a bit tentative; "Way to Go Home" solid but predictable; and "Corrina" opening up nicely at the end and leading into an imaginative jam before Drums.

Strangest Casting: On an April '92 television special about ecology aimed at children, parts of Bob and Wendy Weir's *Panther Dream* book were read by the unlikely trio of Lou Gossett Jr., Loni Anderson and that master of acting understatement, William Shatner. Still, it was a nice plug for the book, and Bob and Wendy appeared on camera for a couple of seconds.

Calling Mr. Blackwell: The headlines were everywhere last summer: "Tie-dye Guru Turns Necktie Designer," screamed my favorite. Yes, 1992 was the year Jerry Garcia became world-renowned as a designer of men's neckties. This from a guy who's probably worn a tie once or twice in the past 30 years (the Garcia-Grisman "Thrill Is Gone" video is the only occasion I can think of offhand) and who is hardly noted for his sartorial good taste. But hey, a buck is a buck, or in this case a silk tie is worth about $28, and since their introduction last July by Stonehenge Ltd., more than 150,000 of the Garcia-designed cravats reportedly have been sold in stores nationwide.



Jerry's silks are pretty neat: some are kind of trippy and colorful, others more clever or whimsical. Not surprisingly, they've been a big hit with Deadhead professionals who have to wear ties in their day-to-day work lives (a nice, subversive touch), but they've also sold to non-Deadheads. Celebrity wearers include Chicago Bulls coach Phil Jackson, who wore a prototype when the Bulls won the NBA championship last spring; Al Franken, who sported a design on the cable channel Comedy Central's coverage of the Democratic Convention last summer; and none other than Vice President Al Gore, who was photographed wearing one for a *New York Times Magazine* article.

Garcia is rightly a tad embarrassed by the uproar over his ties, and has done nothing to promote them himself. According to Nora Sage, Jerry's art rep, "We did ask him about wearing one for an ad, but he said, 'It's bad enough you want me to design them, now you you want me to wear them?'" Still, his experience has been fun and fruitful enough to generate more: Before Christmas, a second wave of "J. Garcia" tie designs was released, and now word comes that women's scarves are next in line.

Most Disappointing Omission: In November, Rhino Records released an incredible four-CD boxed set featuring performances by nearly everyone who played at the Monterey Pop Festival in 1967. Conspicuous in their absence are the Grateful Dead, who never much cared for the festival and refused to authorize the inclusion of any of their performance in the CD package. To which I say — loosen up Grateful Dead! What possible damage could it cause to have even one track on the CD — be it "Viola Lee Blues" or "Alligator" (which compilation producer Stephen Peeples tells me was hot on the master tapes) — in there with classic stuff from Jimi, The Who, Otis and all the other cool cats who were on hand at Monterey? (An aside: though no one who worked on the box seems able to confirm it, I swear that it's Garcia who introduces the Airplane's set on disc three: "I'd like to introduce a perfect example of what the world's coming to. It's Jefferson Airplane; some friends.")

There's a Riot Goin' On: The night after the Rodney King beating verdict, a major riot broke out on San Francisco's Market Street, right in the vicinity of the Warfield Theater, where the Garcia Band was scheduled to play. People smashed windows up and down the street and looted stores, and helmeted riot police swept the area throughout the evening — but the show went on as planned anyway, putting people attending or working the show in potential jeopardy. The following evening, every major cultural event in the Bay Area was canceled...*except* for the JGB show at the Warfield, proving that Garcia and Co. are either oblivious, brave, greedy or just plain dumb.

Most Unpexpected Guests Spotted on Side of the Stage: Al and Tipper Gore (with one of their daughters), at RFK, a mere 18 days before Al was tapped to be Bill Clinton's v.p. In a couple of different interviews around that time Tipper talked about liking the Grateful Dead and even mentioned that she had recently purchased the CD of *Europe '72*. Garcia's comment about Tipper going to the show? "We tried not to scare her too bad." We say let's get the Dead into the White House in '93!

The Jam That Never Was: Many Heads attending the Dead's 5/21/92 show at Cal Expo hoped and prayed that sax legend Pharoah Sanders, who opened the concert with a beautiful set of mainly meditative horn musings, might follow in the footsteps of that young whippersnapper Branford Marsalis and blow with the Dead. Alas, no dice. But imagine how *he* could turn an "Other One" inside out!

Both post-Drums selections are highly charged, with the "Dew" getting an especially forceful, extended treatment. And now that it is a fairly uncommon choice, "Johnny B. Goode" never fails to deliver the goods as a rockin' finale. A great show all the way around!

5/24/92, Shoreline

Shakedown Street, The Same Thing, Dire Wolf, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Loser, All Over Now, Foolish Heart

Eyes of the World ➢ Samson & Delilah, So Many Roads ➢ Way to Go Home ➢ Corrina ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Last Time ➢ Morning Dew / Johnny B. Goode

5/25/92, Shoreline

Good Times, Feel Like a Stranger, West L.A. Fadeaway, Mexicali Blues ➢ Big River, Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues, Tennessee Jed, Picasso Moon

Victim or the Crime ➢ Iko-Iko, Spoonful ➢ New Speedway Boogie ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ Throwing Stones ➢ Attics of My Life ➢ Not Fade Away / Baba O'Riley ➢ Tomorrow Never Knows

Notes: First West Coast "Attics of My Life" since 8/18/70!...First "Throwing Stones" out of Space since 2/19/85...Excellent second set — listen to the way "Attics" slams into "Not Fade Away"!

LAS VEGAS

5/29/92, Silver Bowl, Las Vegas, NV

Mississippi Half-Step, Walkin' Blues, Peggy-O, Black-Throated Wind, They Love Each Other, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Jackaroe, Promised Land

China Cat Sunflower ➢ I Know You Rider, Looks Like Rain, Crazy Fingers ➢ Playin' in the Band ➢ jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ All Along the Watchtower ➢ China Doll ➢ Sugar Magnolia / The Weight

Notes: Steve Miller opened all three Las Vegas shows.

5/30/92, Silver Bowl

Jack Straw, Sugaree, Wang Dang Doodle, High Time, Maggie's Farm ➢ Cumberland Blues, Cassidy, Don't Ease Me In

Eyes of the World ➢ Way to Go Home, Truckin' ➢ Smokestack Lightning ➢ Terrapin ➢ jam (without Jerry) ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ Spanish jam ➢ I Need a Miracle ➢ Standing on the Moon ➢ Saturday Night / Knockin' on Heaven's Door

Notes: First "Maggie's Farm" ➢ "Cumberland" since 11/14/87.

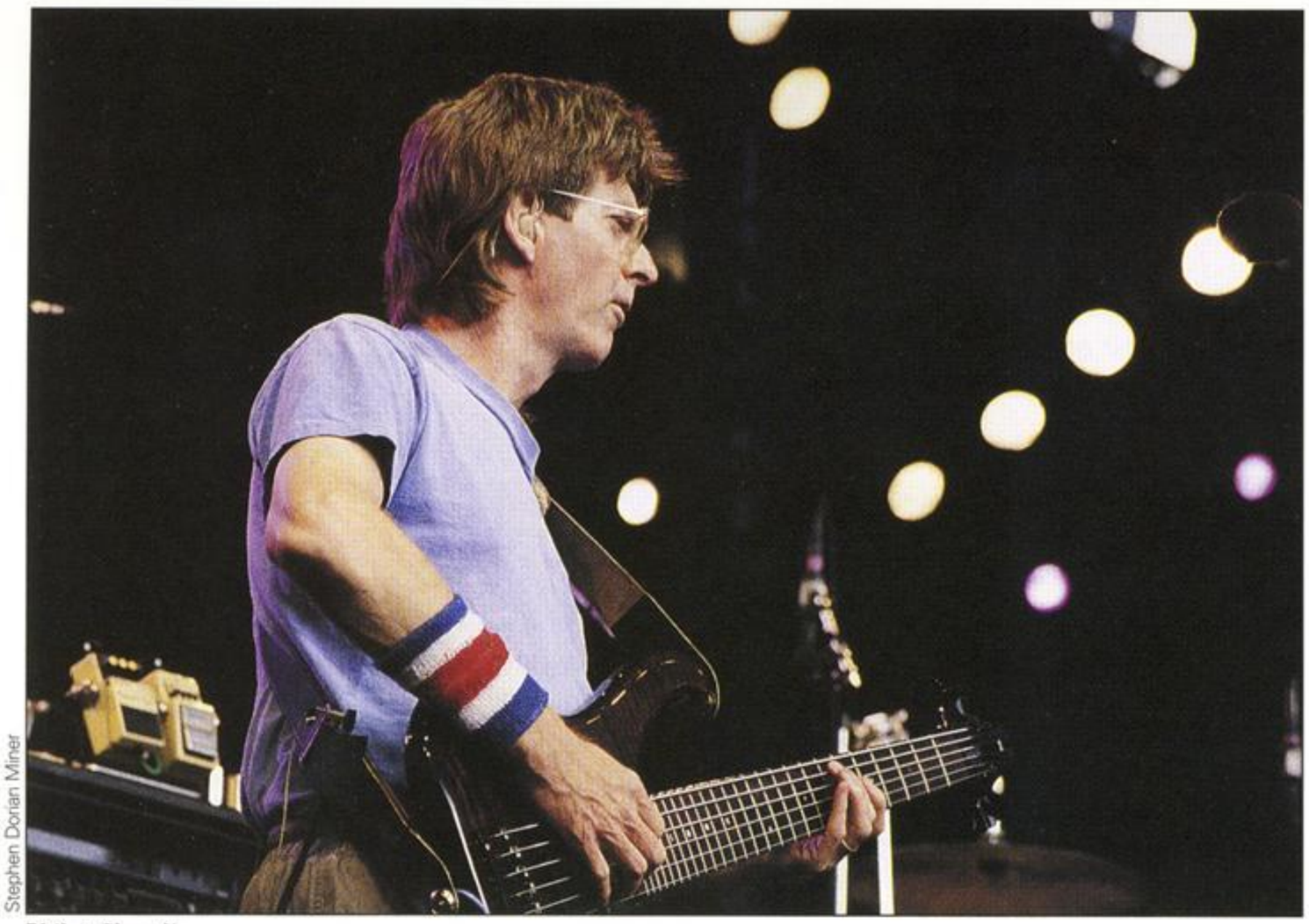
BJ's Favorites #4

Until the December "comeback" shows, this was shaping up as the Show of the Year. By now it's become clear that the band only whips out "Help-Slip-Frank" as an opener when they're serious about doing some jamming — nothing like starting the show in what sometimes feels like the heart of a second set! Other high points in the excellent first set include a charged but still spacey "Bird Song" and the rockin' "Picasso Moon" closer. The second set is generous in length (six songs before Drums!) and executed with as much panache as one could hope for. The "Scarlet-Fire" is nearly up to the level of the spectacular '91 Vegas version. The somewhat unsusual combination of "Saint of Circumstance" and "He's Gone" works as a nice juxtaposition of the Dead's dissonant and melodic sides. Emerging out of Space, "Attics of My Life" couldn't be more beautiful — I have to believe that the band's new ear monitoring system has improved their harmonies. Then, Steve Miller comes out during "Spoonful" (the first of his six appearances playing with the Dead on Summer tour) and adds some surprisingly tasteful and inventive guitar lines to the rest of the set, including a wonderful, heartfelt "Morning Dew." So far, the Dead are five for five at the Silver Bowl, and Vegas has proven to be generally quite hospitable to the hordes of Heads who attend the shows from far and wide. Looks like a tradition in the making to me.

5/31/92, Silver Bowl

Help on the Way ➢ Slipknot ➢ Franklin's Tower, New Minglewood Blues, Must've Been the Roses, Queen Jane Approximately, Bird Song, Picasso Moon

Scarlet Begonias ➢ Fire on the Mountain, Man Smart Woman Smarter, So Many Roads, Saint of Circumstance ➢ He's Gone ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ Attics of My Life ➢ Spoonful* ➢ The Other One* ➢ Morning Dew* / Baba O'Riley* ➢ Tomorrow Never Knows*


Stephen Dorian Miner

Phil at Shoreline

*with Steve Miller on guitar

BUFFALO

6/6/92, Rich Stadium, Buffalo, NY
Touch of Grey ➢ Greatest Story Ever Told, Althea, All Over Now, Friend of the Devil, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Ramble On Rose, Let It Grow

Iko-Iko, Estimated Prophet ➢ The Same Thing ➢ He's Gone ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Other One ➢ The Wheel ➢ Throwing Stones ➢ Saturday Night / Baba O'Riley ➢ Tomorrow Never Knows

RICHFIELD

6/8/92, Richfield Coliseum, Richfield, OH
Feel Like a Stranger, Loser, Little Red Rooster, So Many Roads, Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues, Black-Throated Wind ➢ Don't Ease Me In

China Cat Sunflower ➢ I Know You Rider ➢ Crazy Fingers ➢ Corrina ➢ jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ Dark Star ➢ The Last Time ➢ Stella Blue ➢ Sugar Magnolia / U.S. Blues

Notes: "Dark Star" included first verse only

6/9/92, Richfield Coliseum
Cold Rain & Snow, Wang Dang Doodle, Peggy-O, Me & My Uncle ➢ Big River, Stagger Lee, Cassidy, Deal

Victim or the Crime ➢ Ship of Fools, Way to Go Home, Eyes of the World ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ All Along the Watchtower ➢ Black Peter ➢ Lovelight / Brokedown Palace

ALBANY

6/11/92, Knickerbocker Arena, Albany, NY
Bertha, New Minglewood Blues, Row Jimmy, Queen Jane Approximately, Dire Wolf, Beat It On Down the Line, Loose Lucy, The Music Never Stopped

Foolish Heart ➢ Playin' in the Band ➢ jam ➢ Uncle John's Band ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ I Need a Miracle ➢ Wharf Rat ➢ Around & Around / Quinn the Eskimo

BJ's Favorites #5

Another rock-solid show at the Knick. In the first set I particularly like the pairing of "New Speedway Boogie" and "Promised Land." The second set is my kind of set: a long "Fire on the Mountain," including a nice solo by Vince using a sort of steel drums/kalimba voicing; "Smokestack Lightning"; a haunting, exquisite "China Doll" sandwiched between two Weir-driven rockers, and yet another spine-tingling "Attics," this time in the encore slot.

6/12/92, Knickerbocker Arena
Jack Straw, Sugaree, Mexicali Blues ➢ Maggie's Farm, Brown-Eyed Women, Black-Throated Wind, New Speedway Boogie ➢ Promised Land

Scarlet Begonias ➢ Fire on the Mountain, Way to Go Home, Truckin' ➢ Smokestack Lightning ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Last Time ➢ China Doll ➢ Sugar Magnolia / Attics of My Life

GIANTS STADIUM

6/14/92, Giants Stadium, East Rutherford, NJ
Shakedown Street, Walkin' Blues, Candyman, Desolation Row, Jackaroe, Picasso Moon, Don't Ease Me In

Samson & Delilah, Ship of Fools, Way to Go Home, Corrina ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ Spoonful* ➢ The Other One* ➢ Morning Dew* / Baba O'Riley* ➢ Tomorrow Never Knows*

*with Steve Miller on guitar

Notes: Steve Miller opened both Giants Stadium shows

Most Surprising Appearance by GD Members on an Album: Garcia and Weir add some tasteful guitar to the song "Beauty of a Dream," which closes Thomas Dolby's latest album, *Astronauts & Heretics*. (I'd say Bob and Jerry qualify as both of those.) Dolby claims that Garcia told him it marks the first time Weir and Garcia have both played guitar on someone else's track.

Coolest Appearance by a Bandmember at a Non-GD Show: "Mickey Hart & Friends" at Shoreline Amphitheater, 10/10/92. The event was a benefit for various Native American causes dubbed "Healing the Sacred Hoop." Mickey appeared with members of D'Cuckoo and guitarist Steve Miller for an extraordinary set of trance-inducing percussion-based music that tied together African, Native American and South Asian musical feelings into a beautiful cohesive whole. Rumors were rampant that Garcia was planning to make his first public appearance since his illness at this show, but he ended up skipping the event. Anybody who really listened to the music, though, couldn't have been disappointed. I'd love to hear *that* on CD!

Wish I'd Seen It: A person, dressed head-to-toe in a bright red Dancing Bear suit, bungee jumping from a crane outside one of the May Shoreline Amphitheater shows. Before the same show, that madman Billy Kreutzmann also took the bungee plunge!

Wish I'd Been There: Garcia joined Bob Dylan for a couple of numbers — "Cats in the Well" and "Idiot Wind" — when the Enigmatic One played the Warfield Theater in San Francisco on 5/5/92. Alas, technical gremlins made Garcia difficult to hear, and he didn't come out for the encore as expected. Incidentally, Dylan frequently performed Dead songs in his own shows in '92, including "Friend of the Devil," "Black Muddy River" and "West L.A. Fadeaway."

Nice Connection: At the tail-end of a few different versions of "Tomorrow Never Knows," Vince can be heard intoning "Same as it ever was, same as it ever was," from the Talking Heads song "Once in a Lifetime," and you know what? — rhythmically it *does* sound a bit like that song.

Boldest Fashion Move: Garcia trading his baggy sweat pants for colorful surfer duds during summer tour. Vince remains the coolest dresser in the band, however.

Bummer of the Year: The cancellation of the Veneta, Oregon, shows. Of course it was a bummer that *all* of the late-summer/early fall shows (Shoreline, Veneta, Spectrum, Madison Square Garden, Boston Garden) were axed after Garcia fell ill, but the Oregon concerts were really shaping up as something special. As most historically minded Deadheads are aware, the Dead first played at the fairgrounds in Veneta, Oregon (near Eugene) at a Merry Pranksters-sponsored benefit for the Springfield Creamery on August 27, 1972. That three-set show is justifiably ranked among the Dead's best ever. Almost exactly ten years later (8/28/82), the Dead played Veneta again — the fondly recalled "Field Trip," once again hosted by Ken Kesey, Ken Babbs and the whole Oregon Prankster crew. The '92 version, slated for a weekend in August, took many months to arrange and set up, including what seemed like a hundred meetings to convince skeptical locals that shows by the now-*giant* Grateful Dead wouldn't unleash Armageddon on the community. A new site on the fairgrounds was found that could accommodate the estimated 40,000 people a day, stages were built; hundreds of people were involved in getting it all together. Ken Kesey himself auditioned scores of potential opening acts, ranging from musicians to jugglers to poets. And Kesey was planning to celebrate the release of his new novel, *Sailor's Song*, by reading the Sea Lion story from that novel in full costume and backed by some members of the Dead. Alas, it was not to be.

6/15/92, Giants Stadium

Hell in a Bucket, Sugaree, The Same Thing, Tennessee Jed, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Bird Song

Box of Rain, Saint of Circumstance, So Many Roads, Terrapin ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space* ➢ I Need a Miracle* ➢ Standing on the Moon* ➢ Throwing Stones ➢ Not Fade Away* / Knockin' on Heaven's Door*

* with Steve Miller on guitar

CHARLOTTE

6/17/92, Charlotte Coliseum, Charlotte, NC

Touch of Grey ➢ Greatest Story Ever Told, West L.A. Fadeaway, Mama Tried ➢ Big River, Jackaroe, All Over Now, Deal

China Cat Sunflower ➢ I Know You Rider, Way to Go Home, Estimated Prophet ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Wheel ➢ Black Peter ➢ Good Lovin' / U.S. Blues

6/18/92, Charlotte Coliseum

Feel Like a Stranger, Peggy-O, Little Red Rooster, Althea Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues, Let It Grow

Man Smart Woman Smarter ➢ Eyes of the World ➢ Looks Like Rain ➢ He's Gone ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ All Along the Watchtower ➢ Morning Dew / Satisfaction

RFK

BJ's Favorites #6

This show has attained a certain fame because it marked the reintroduction of "Casey Jones" after nearly eight years. And it *is* a great moment in the show: the band has just soared through a positively interstellar Drums and Space and then Garcia appears to be rolling slowly into "The Wheel." The wispy, bell-like opening notes of that song rise from a placid sea, but then twist into the familiar bounce of "Casey Jones" as one of the drummers blasts a train horn — *too much*! The song itself (which had been soundchecked at an earlier tour spot) is executed amazingly well; in fact it sounds pretty darn close to the *Workingman's Dead* version.There's lots more to like about this show, too: a neatly played, if conventional, first set; a "Corrina" that bubbles and percolates before giving way to a lilting "Crazy Fingers"; an "Uncle John's Band" that warmed up the nation's capital at a time when the politicians who rule that town seem so cold; and more Steve Miller, this time shining most on a destructo, set-closing "Saturday Night." And I suppose it goes without saying that "Baba-Tomorrow" was once again a huge success; this was certainly among the best.

6/20/92, RFK Stadium, Washington, D.C.

Cold Rain & Snow, Wang Dang Doodle, Friend of the Devil, Mexicali Blues ➢ Maggie's Farm, Picasso Moon, Promised Land

Corrina ➢ Crazy Fingers ➢ Playin' in the Band ➢ Uncle John's Band ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ Casey Jones ➢ Throwing Stones* ➢ Saturday Night* / Baba O'Riley* ➢ Tomorrow Never Knows*

* with Steve Miller on guitar

Notes: First "Casey Jones" since 11/2/84.

PITTSBURGH

6/22/92, Star Lake Amphitheater, Pittsburgh, PA

Jack Straw, Loser, Walkin' Blues, Must've Been the Roses, Queen Jane Approximately, Ramble On Rose, Beat It On Down the Line, Deal

Scarlet Begonias ➢ Fire on the Mountain, Victim or the Crime ➢ Dark Star ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ Spanish jam ➢ The Other One ➢ Stella Blue ➢ Goin' Down the Road ➢ Around & Around / Knockin' on Heaven's Door

Notes: "Dark Star" was very brief and included only the second verse before going immediately into Drums. "The Other One" actually started *during* the Spanish jam, an interesting move on Bob's part.

BJ's Favorites #7

I may be in the minority preferring this show to the previous night's, but I make no apology. The first set is one of the most interesting and varied of '92. Besides the great "Help on the Way," there are a pair of too-rare gems — "Big Railroad Blues" and a rumbling "Speedway" — and better than average versions of


Susana Millman

Jamming in Chicago with Steve Miller and James Cotton, 6/25/92

both "Black-Throated Wind" and "Stuck Inside of Mobile." The second set is not without its flaws, but there's plenty of fresh energy in "Truckin'" (which works beautifully as an opener) and "Corrina" in the pre-Drums segment, and the entire last half of the set — from Space through "Brokedown" — provides an excellent lesson in the Dead's sensitivity to the interior dynamics of their songs. The roller-coaster analogy is hopelessly shopworn, I'm afraid, but sometimes it really is that way, and 28 years down the line, the Dead still give the best ride in town.

6/23/92 Star Lake Amphitheater
Help on the Way ➢ Slipknot ➢ Franklin's Tower, New Minglewood Blues, Stagger Lee, Black-Throated Wind, Big Railroad Blues, Stuck Inside of Mobile, New Speedway Boogie

Truckin' ➢ Spoonful, So Many Roads, Way to Go Home, Corrina ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Last Time ➢ Standing on the Moon ➢ Sugar Magnolia / Brokedown Palace

CHICAGO

BJ's Favorites #8

Chances are that when the band started playing the first notes of "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl" during the second set of this show, most in attendance didn't recognize the older African American gentleman blowing mean blues harp to be Windy City legend James Cotton, who, besides leading his own band for many years, played extensively with Muddy Waters and guested with the likes of Janis Joplin, Boz Scaggs, Johnny Winter and Steve Miller. Indeed, it is Miller we have to thank for Cotton's appearance with the Dead, and for only the third "Schoolgirl" since the Pigpen era. (The other two were at Calaveras 8/22/87, with Carlos Santana sitting in with the band, and the Bay Area Music Awards 3/12/88, when Huey Lewis & the News joined forces with the Dead and Huey sang lead.) Once again Miller proved to be a welcome addition to the Dead Zone. Besides playing with Cotton on "Schoolgirl," an incendiary version of "Lovelight" (complete with a false ending) and a gonzo, stadium-shaking "Gloria" encore, Miller traded leads with Garcia & Co. on "Iko" and a hurricane wail of a "Watchtower." The "Saint"-"He's Gone" combo plate that was so savory in Vegas was appetizing here as well, and "So Many Roads" built to a stunning climax. The first set, too, is a winner from beginning to end. Hot stuff!

6/25/92, Soldier Field, Chicago IL
Bertha ➢ Greatest Story Ever Told, West L.A. Fadeaway, Me & My Uncle ➢ Big River, Ramble On Rose, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Brown-Eyed Women, The Music Never Stopped

Iko-Iko*, Good Morning Little Schoolgirl*+, Way to Go Home, Saint of Circumstance ➢ He's Gone ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Wheel ➢ So Many Roads ➢ All Along the Watchtower* ➢ Lovelight*+ / Gloria*+

*with Steve Miller on guitar
+with James Cotton on harmonica

6/26/92, Soldier Field
Hell in a Bucket, Peggy-O, The Same Thing, Loose Lucy, Mexicali Blues ➢ Maggie's Farm, Tennessee Jed, Picasso Moon

Corrina ➢ Crazy Fingers ➢ Playin' in the Band ➢ jam ➢ Uncle John's Band ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ I Need a Miracle ➢ Wharf Rat ➢ Throwing Stones ➢ Not Fade Away / The Weight

Outrage of the Year: The failure of the critics, writers and record company weasels who comprise the voting committee for the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame to elect the Grateful Dead to that august body in '92, the Dead's first year of eligibility. I've gotta believe that this is primarily an anti-hippie, anti-drug culture backlash, because *none* of the other nominees amassed the credentials the Dead have over the past quarter-century. Cream? Great band for three years. Creedence? Hopelessly overrated. Frankie Lyman & the Teenagers? Oh, please! Of course, awards like this don't matter in the long run, but it's still frustrating to witness this sort of critical myopia.

Special Kudos To: Steve Miller, whose exciting guitar pyrotechnics livened up a few second sets on the summer tour. It's great to see a guest who's not afraid to really step out and *play* with the band! F'rinstance, check out his work with the Boys at the RFK, second Giants Stadium and first Chicago shows.

Chutzpah Award: To Bob Weir (who wins this award every damn year!) for tackling the old Frank Sinatra chestnut "Witchcraft" during his sets with Rob Wasserman: *"Those fingers in my hair/ That sly 'come hither' stare/ That strips my conscience bare/ It's witchcraft."* Ouch! Incidentally, Robert Palmer covered the song on his latest album, *Ridin' High*.

Hooray for What's-His-Name: Considering the fact that newspapers screwed up Brent's name for his entire ten years in the band ("Brett Maitland" was my favorite), I suppose we shouldn't be too surprised that reviewers around the country seem to be having a tough time getting Vince's moniker down. Among the manglings I spotted in '92 articles were Vince Melnik, Welniak, Winnick, Wellmick and our grand prize winner (drum roll, please), *Vic Welmice*! Take a bow, Lance, er, Vince.


John LaFortune

Susana Millman



Dragon drums at Soldier Field, 6/25/92

DEER CREEK

BJ's Favorites #9

The band always seems to play well at Deer Creek, and '92 was no exception. The venue remains the most popular stop on summer tour. This show wasn't mind-blowingly great or anything, but it does feature what has to be one of best first sets the band has played in a long time, and that's the main reason tapes are worth searching out: The "Franklin's" is big and bouncy; "Wang Dang" slithers like a crawling kingsnake; "Tom Thumb's" gets a whale of a treatment from Mr. Lesh; the very rare "To Lay Me Down" is surprisingly spry and sexy; another rarity, "El Paso," gallops to a satisfying climax; and "New Speedway Boogie" receives a forceful, confident reading and then eases into the slinky blues of the set-ending "Smokestack Lightning." Lots of moods, lots of feeling. The second set is a bit more predictable, but well executed. Particularly strong are the ubiquitous "Way to Go Home" (which cuts abruptly to Drums), "Estimated" and "China Doll." The second "Casey Jones" of '92 sounds even hotter than the RFK version; a good-time party all the way.

6/28/92, Deer Creek Music Center, Noblesville, IN

Help on the Way ➢ Slipknot ➢ Franklin's Tower, Wang Dang Doodle, Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues, To Lay Me Down, El Paso, New Speedway Boogie ➢ Smokestack Lightning

China Cat Sunflower ➢ I Know You Rider, Estimated Prophet ➢ Way to Go Home ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Last Time ➢ China Doll ➢ Around & Around / Casey Jones

6/29/92, Deer Creek

Feel Like a Stranger, Althea, Little Red Rooster, So Many Roads, Desolation Row, Deal

Box of Rain, Victim or the Crime ➢ Ship of Fools ➢ Corrina ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Other One ➢ Stella Blue ➢ Sugar Magnolia / Brokedown Palace

BUCKEYE

7/1/92, Buckeye Lake Music Center, Hebron, OH

Touch of Grey ➢ Greatest Story Ever Told, Stagger Lee, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Brown-Eyed Women, Picasso Moon, Bird Song, Promised Land

Five Wishes For '93

1. The GD on MTV's "Unplugged" — There have been rumors about a possible Dead appearance on MTV's acoustic showcase *Unplugged* for quite some time, but as far as I can determine the band has never seriously entertained the idea. The show is one of the network's best and highest rated programs and the Dead, who evolved from the acoustic music world and who played acoustic sets in 1970 and 1980, would be a natural for it. It might give the Dead the incentive to re-think some of their own material, as well as show their roots to a whole new generation of potential fans. Hell, three artists — Paul McCartney, Mariah Carey and Eric Clapton — have released successful albums of their *Unplugged* appearances.

2. A CD of Early Stuff — I know that Dan Healy is having a ball going through old multitracks and tweaking things to make 'em sound absolutely perfect for his *From the Vault* series, but how's this for a radical idea — go back to the funky old '66 and '67 tapes, many of which are undoubtedly even mono, and put together an anthology that really shows what the band was like in its first two years. I just *know* there's a double-CD worth of primo material waiting to be unearthed — "Hog for You Baby," "Viola Lee Blues," the early "Dancin' in the Streets," "Pain in My Heart," "Cream Puff War," "Stealin'," "Midnight Hour," the list goes on and on. C'mon, Dan, lower your standards for a second and let the early Dead be heard by a big audience! And if you're not up for it, I humbly volunteer my services.

Saint of Circumstance ➢ Midnight Hour*, West L.A. Fadeaway* ➢ Truckin'* ➢ Spoonful* ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ I Need a Miracle ➢ Wharf Rat ➢ Lovelight / Baba O'Riley ➢ Tomorrow Never Knows

*with Steve Miller on guitar and Norton Buffalo on harmonica.

Notes: Steve Miller opened the show. First "Midnight Hour" (and a sloppy one at that) since 9/18/91. Check out Miller and Buffalo on "West L.A." and "Spoonful" — hot stuff!

DENVER

12/2/92, McNichols Arena, Denver, CO

Feel Like A Stranger, They Love Each Other, The Same Thing, Jackaroe, All Over Now, So Many Roads, Let It Grow

China Cat Sunflower ➢ I Know You Rider, Way to Go Home, Truckin' ➢ He's Gone ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ I Need a Miracle ➢ Wharf Rat ➢ Lovelight / Rain

Notes: First version of "Rain."

BJ's Favorites '10

After what everyone agrees was a somewhat tepid and uneven first show back after Garcia's recuperation, the band shifted into overdrive for Night 2 in Denver, turning in a very well-played show that was loaded with great moments, if a little short on adventure (at least considering the golden song choices). The first set is standard repertoire played zestily, particularly the "Ramble On Rose" and "Cassidy." For some reason, sets that begin with "Playin'" almost always lead interesting places; perhaps it's because it opens up the music earlier and forces the band to think more creatively. This "Playin'," though brief, flowed neatly into an excellent, loping "Eyes of the World" (always one of life's great pleasures), and then the band moved on to a very strong "Corrina"; what a nice juxtaposition. "Terrapin" was an unexpected choice, powerfully delivered by all, and followed by one of those neat little throbbing Phil-led jams we've now come to expect after the better versions. The backside of the set was also outstanding, with a "Morning Dew" both sweet and rafter-shaking. And it's always a joy to get to shout it out: "G-L-O-R-I-A-GLORRRRRRRRIA!"

12/3/93, McNichols Arena

Touch of Grey, Little Red Rooster, Peggy-O, Queen Jane Aprroximately, Ramble On Rose, Cassidy, Don't Ease Me In

Playin' in the Band ➢ jam ➢ Eyes of the World ➢ Corrina ➢ Terrapin ➢ jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Other One ➢ Morning Dew / Gloria

TEMPE

12/5/92, Compton Terrace, Tempe, AZ

Good Times ➢ Hell in a Bucket ➢ Sugaree, New Minglewood Blues, Tennessee Jed, Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues, Candyman, The Music Never Stopped

Scarlet Begonias ➢ Fire on the Mountain, Estimated Prophet ➢ jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Wheel ➢ All Along the Watchtower ➢ Black Peter ➢ Saturday Night / The Weight

BJ's Favorites '11

Let's see — what do we have here? Well, for starters, how about a concert in the warm Arizona sun in December, when much of the country is digging cars out of snow and slush? With great December runs in '90 and '92, Tempe is becoming one of the Dead's most desirable tour stops. And what better way to reward the sun-worshippers who flew, drove and hitched there to treat them to the breakout of the beloved "Here Comes Sunshine" after a nearly two-decade absence? (The last one was 2/23/74 at Winterland.) The sound was a little screwy for some of it, mitigating the power of the new intro, but I sure didn't hear any complaints. What followed, not surprisingly, was a very high-energy first set, with spirited romps through Speedy Gonzales territory: uptempo rockers like "Greatest Story," "Uncle" ➢ "Maggie's Farm" and "Deal," with stops for visits with the Devil and Althea. All in all a nicely rounded, rockin' set.

The second set is notable mainly for the middle 45-or-so minutes stretching from the end of "Crazy Fingers" through a *long* "Playin' reprise" (which was actually a lot more interesting than the "beginning" of the "Playin'" in Denver three nights earlier), a sonically rich and varied Drums and Space, and then the reliable (if slightly odd) combo of "The Last Time" and the ever-chilling "China Doll." There are folks who immediately dismiss any set that ends with "Throwing Stones" and "Not Fade Away," but this was another good 'un; in fact, *most* of them the last couple of years have been good 'uns. "Brokedown Palace" sent people home in a mellow mood; it's always a nice choice for a late afternoon.

With better traffic management (*many* people missed lots of music sitting helplessly in traffic jams) and cooler security outside the venue, Compton Terrace could develop into one of the truly magical places the Dead still play. At the same time, I hope the band's success in Arizona

3. An End to Huge Stadium Shows — Every couple of years I drag this one out, to no avail. It's just that I strongly believe — always have and always will — that giant stadiums are just not good places to hear music. Even when the shows are great (and to be fair, I should note that the band has generally played very good shows in stadiums the last few years) only a relatively small percentage of the people attending come away from it with a satisfactory sonic experience. The *worst* seat in an indoor arena or shed (Shoreline, Deer Creek, etc.) is better than 2/3 of the seats in a stadium. Yeah, the money is great for the band, and I suppose it does satisfy ticket demands to an extent, but at what price? If they must go to bigger venues, the Dead should draw the line at smaller stadiums, like the Silver Bowl in Vegas or Silver Stadium in Rochester.

4. For the Next Studio Album: GD + Guests — Of course, this one assumes the Dead will make another studio record sometime; so far there's no indication it will happen any time soon. But when it does happen, why not try to make it sound as *different* from the band's live performances as they can, and thus make it more special? They could use instruments they don't play much live (acoustic guitars, pedal steel, you name it) and invite other singers and musicians to add parts. Remember Richard Greene's fiddle on the *Wake of the Flood* version of "Mississippi Half-Step," or Tom Scott's sax on the *Terrapin Station* "Estimated Prophet"?

How about women gospel singers on "Way to Go Home," or Wayne Shorter snaking through "Corrina"? The possibilities are endless.

5. Another Pay-Per-View Concert — It's been a few years since the last PPV. People dug that one (Summer Solstice '89, from Shoreline) and now more cable systems are equipped to offer PPV, so the audience would probably be even greater. Why not televise a show from Madison Square Garden next time?

doesn't mean they'll never play in neighboring New Mexico again!

12/6/92, Compton Terrace
Here Comes Sunshine, Greatest Story Ever Told, Friend of the Devil, Me & My Uncle ➢ Maggie's Farm, Althea, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Deal

Samson & Delilah ➢ Crazy Fingers ➢ Uncle John's Band ➢ Playin' reprise ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Last Time ➢ China Doll ➢ Throwing Stones, Not Fade Away / Brokedown Palace

DECEMBER OAKLAND

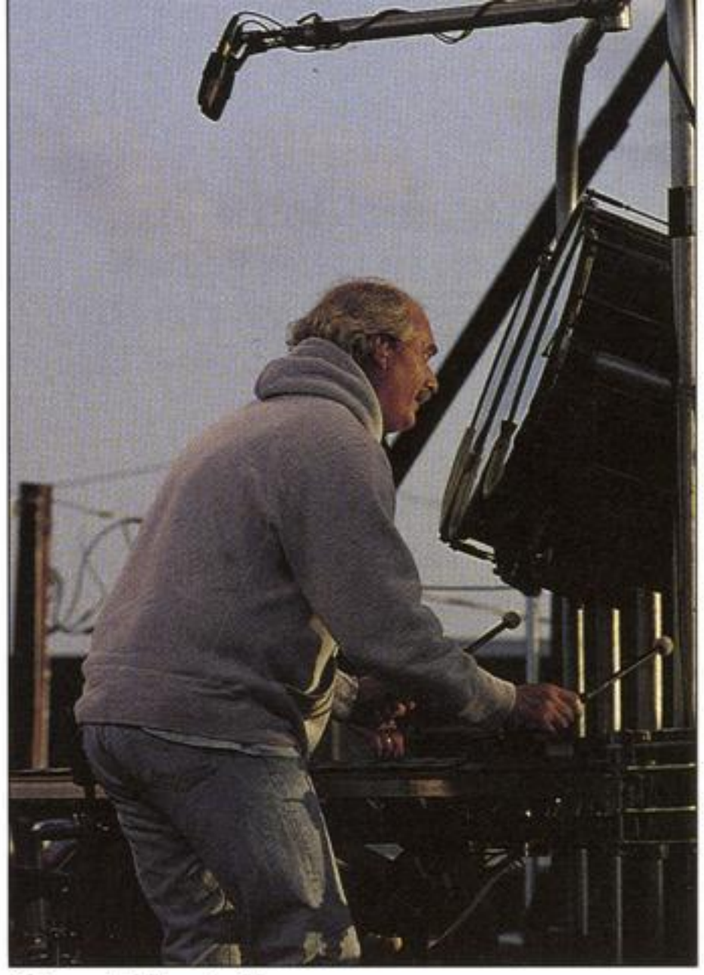
12/11/92, Oakland Coliseum
Cold Rain & Snow, Wang Dang Doodle, Althea, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Stagger Lee, Cassidy, Deal

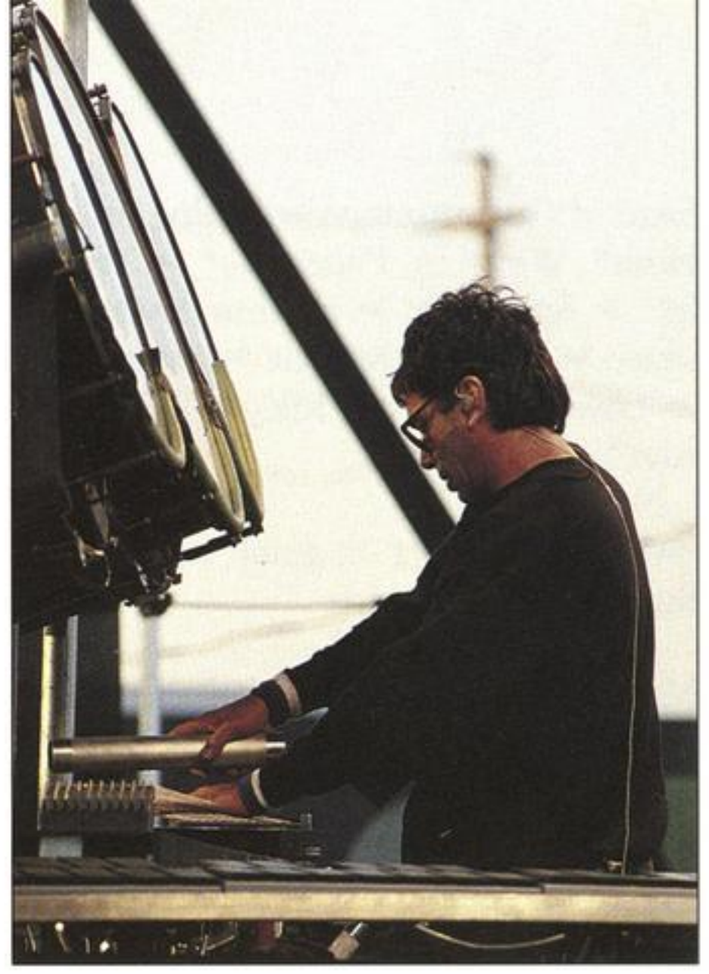
Iko-Iko ➢ Looks Like Rain ➢ Eyes of the World ➢ Corrina ➢ jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Wheel ➢ Stella Blue ➢ Sugar Magnolia / U.S. Blues

BJ's Favorites #12

A lot of my friends didn't like this show nearly as much as I did. There were a few rough spots and lapses, but the high moments were stratospheric — easily among the best I heard in '92. The fireworks started at the top of the show with a totally cranked "Jack Straw"-"Bertha" combo; two of my absolute favorites played with awesome intensity. The middle part of the set drifted a bit, but the "Bird Song" closer was long and highly developed — it went all the places I expect a good "Bird Song" to go, but it also went into some unfamiliar territory as the band took its time investigating several different flightpaths.

"Picasso Moon" was an unexpected choice for a second set opener. This was unquestionably the best version I'd ever seen — the ending jam seemed to go on and on, building in intensity with each ripping power chord. After a typically pretty and soothing "Crazy Fingers," Weir cut in with what appeared at the moment to be a real bonehead choice totally away from the flow of the music — "Man Smart Woman Smarter" — but damn if that didn't also turn into an incredible tour de force, as an ebullient, nearly dancing Garcia squeezed bright clusters of notes from his axe and Phil's bass line seemed to rhumba out of the p.a. A few moments later, Garcia steered the band into a "Dark Star" that sprawled across the entire middle of the set, incorporating a powerful opening jam and first verse (sung perfectly); a lengthy jam without Garcia, in which Phil, Bobby and Vince tore through various jazzy nebulae with Mickey and Bill slashing and crashing behind them; an intense Rhythm Devils outing that took the music even farther out; and a Space that led back to a full-band jam around the "Dark Star" theme, as well as more dissonant thrashing and pounding before the musicians rocketed back to our planet (or at least our "Moon"). The expected "Saturday Night" was completely crazed, and the "Rain" encore was so much better than I could have expected for only the second version — these guys really understand where The Beatles were coming from.





Susana Millman

Billy and Mickey in Tempe

12/12/92, Oakland Coliseum
Jack Straw ➢ Bertha, Little Red Rooster, Friend of the Devil, Desolation Row, Bird Song

Picasso Moon ➢ Crazy Fingers ➢ Man Smart Woman Smarter, Dark Star ➢ jam w/o Jerry ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ Dark Star jam ➢ jam ➢ I Need a Miracle ➢ Standing on the Moon ➢ Saturday Night / Rain

Notes: The Australian aborigine rock band Yothu Yindi (whom Weir befriended on a trip there last fall) opened the show.

BJ's 1992 Dream Show

Ah, how lovely! This year's Dream Show is taking place at the Santa Fe Downs, site of great Dead shows in '82 and '83. It's 75 degrees with a light breeze. Huge white cumulus clouds are blowing across an azure sky. Tequila and 'shrooms are the order of the day.

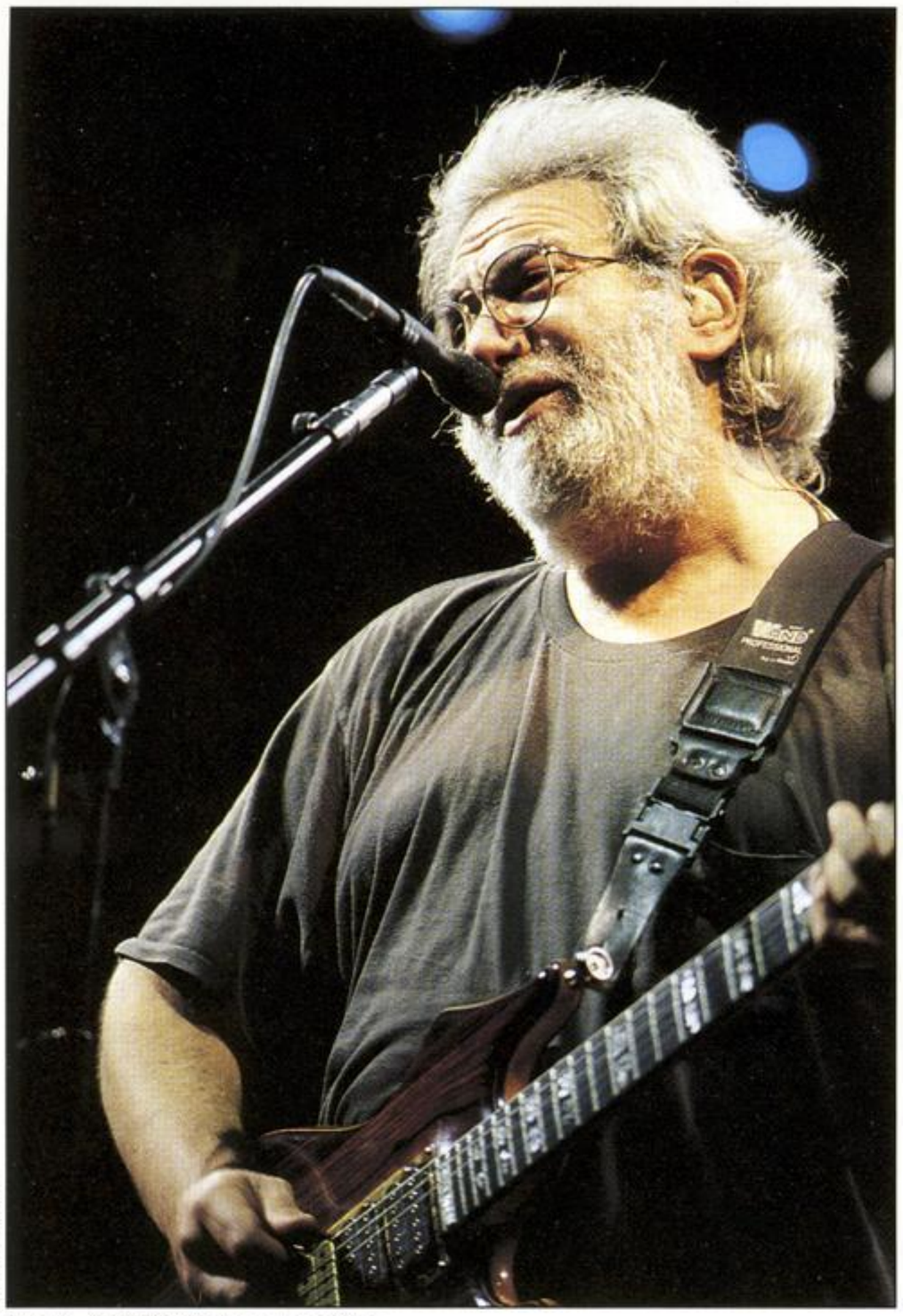
Here Comes Sunshine (Oakland 12/13) ➢ Gloria (Cal Expo 5/21) ➢ Bertha (Oakland 12/11), Good Morning Little Schoolgirl (Soldier Field 6/25, with James Cotton and Steve Miller), Bird Song (Vegas, 5/31), Cassidy (Oakland 12/11), So Many Roads (Giants Stadium 6/15) ➢ All Along the Watchtower (Soldier Field 6/25, with Steve Miller) ,Casey Jones (RFK 6/20)

Scarlet Begonias ➢ Fire on the Mountain (Cal Expo 5/21) ➢ Corrina (RFK 6/20) ➢ Dark Star (Oakland 12/12) ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space (Oakland 12/13) ➢ Dark Star jam (Oakland 12/12) ➢ Tomorrow Never Knows (Shoreline 5/25) ➢ Dark Star (Oakland, 12/16) ➢ Attics of My Life (Shoreline 5/25) ➢ Not Fade Away (Oakland 12/17)

encore: Shakedown Street (Oakland 12/16) ➢ Playin' reprise (Oakland 12/17)

BJ's Favorites #13

Though I was *emotionally* more wrapped up in the 12/12 concert, this show was so beautifully played, I have to single it out here, too. Any show that starts with the criminally underperformed "Mississippi Half-Step" immediately provokes a special feeling; it's one of those openers that automatically puts me in a joyful place. "All Over Now" sounds different every time I hear it, and it has developed into one of the rockin'est tunes this band whips out. I always assume that Garcia's going to slow things



Jay Blakesberg

Garcia, 12/16/92. Note ear monitor.

down after a one-two punch like that, but in fact the opposite occurred in this first set: "West L.A." was literally the strongest version I've ever heard, and the rest of first set rocked hard, all the way to the "Promised Land."

Of course most of us had heard reports about the return of "Here Comes Sunshine" a week earlier in Tempe, and I'd heard The Affordables' excellent reworking of the tune on Halloween, but nothing quite prepared me for the astonishing strength of the version that opened this second set on 12/12. This arrangement definitely owes something to the Affordables' (the nearly a cappella opening; the faster tempo), but Garcia certainly took it back for himself with great authority. Actually, it's one of the more radical reworkings of a Dead song the band has tried in recent years — gone is the lilting sing-song melody line that characterized the early '70s versions; this one is more driving and chord-based, and the ending jam builds to a fiery peak. The entire second set was nearly flawless and most of it was high adventure of the first order — Runaways with the Weird and Wonderful. "Victim or the Crime" was devastating — all noisy, metallic crunching and dissonant spirals in the long closing jam; and then "Terrapin" was the perfect counterpoint to that darkness. Mickey and Billy deserve special mention for a drum duel with the power of a buffalo stampede, and on the flipside of Drums, we must single out Phil (who was at his absolute best every night) for completely taking the wheel during "The Other One." A generous, sensitive "Dew" followed, and "The Weight" encore was as peppy and spry as the "Half-Step" opener had been three hours earlier.

12/13/92, Oakland Coliseum

Mississippi Half-Step, All Over Now, West L.A. Fadeaway, Me & My Uncle ➢ Maggie's Farm, Tennessee Jed, Promised Land

Here Comes Sunshine ➢ Way to Go Home, Victim or the Crime ➢ Terrapin ➢ jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Other One ➢ Morning Dew / The Weight

BJ's Favorites #14

Four words: Show of the Year! Well, that's my view anyway. The vibe surrounding this band since the Second Comeback has truly been something to behold. The band looks so happy and *up* onstage it's hard not to be giddy watching them. And at these shows, at least, they really delivered the goods. This concert, more than any of the previous ones, was a non-stop excursion into the Grateful Beyond. This was the night of the big, BIG jams: In the first set there was the solid "Stranger" and a "Let It Grow" that blew across the Coliseum in great gray billowing clouds, thunderheads with shafts of sun occasionally peeking through. In the second set, "Shakedown" was one massive funk groove, an intricate layering of rhythms on top of more rhythms in the brightest possible tonal colors; "Playin' in the Band" spread across the arena in a liquid profusion as the bandmembers peeked up one thematic avenue after another, always keeping a mooring near the main theme; and after a complex and involving Space, Garcia led the band back into the "Dark Star" they'd started 12/12. His extrapolations cruised smoothly into the second verse and then the jam took off again, rising higher before Garcia slammed into a howling "Watchtower."

But this wasn't just the space show. Every rocker the band touched was brilliant, from the aforementioned "Watchtower" to "Samson" to the "Sugar Mag"-intensity "Good Lovin'" and the night's greatest unexpected treat — "Casey Jones," unheard in these parts since '84. Incredible show from first note to last. And all you trivia freaks should note that "Ship of Fools" featured Garcia singing "*50* years upon my head" for the first time.

12/16/92, Oakland Coliseum

Feel Like a Stranger, Brown-Eyed Women, The Same Thing, Loose Lucy, Stuck Inside of Mobile, Row Jimmy, Let It Grow

Shakedown Street, Samson & Delilah, Ship of Fools, Playin' in the Band ➢ jam ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ Dark Star ➢ All Along the Watchtower ➢ Stella Blue ➢ Good Lovin' / Casey Jones

12/17/92, Oakland Coliseum

Touch of Grey, Walkin' Blues, Loser, Queen Jane Approximately, So Many Roads, The Music Never Stopped

Scarlet Begonias ➢ Fire on the Mountain, Way to Go Home, Corrina ➢ jam ➢ Uncle John's Band ➢ Playin' reprise ➢ rhythm devils ➢ space ➢ The Last Time ➢ Here Comes Sunshine ➢ Throwing Stones ➢ Not Fade Away / Baba O'Riley ➢ Tomorrow Never Knows

Notes: This final show of 1992 came within a hair of making my favorites list. Check out the "Scarlet-Fire," the "Playin' reprise" and "Not Fade Away," all of which kicked butt!

1992's Deadly Releases

CDs

Two From the Vault, by the Grateful Dead (GD Records) — I don't have much to add to the preview/mini-review I wrote in the last issue, except to note

that I believe disc two ("That's It for the Other One" ➢ "New Potato Caboose," "Lovelight," "Morning Dew") stands among the best music the Grateful Dead have ever put out. And if disc one doesn't quite reach the heights attained by *Live Dead*, it's still prime cut all the way. Both the sound and performances couldn't be better. Phil Lesh has said that this era of Grateful Dead music (1968) is his favorite; it's easy to see why.

Nightfall of Diamonds, by Tom Constanten (Relix) — The Dead's one-time keyboard ace has managed to turn a good number of Deadheads into fans of his own by playing a very appealing blend of piano versions of Grateful Dead songs, compositions by a variety of known and unknown writers (we'll include T.C. in the former group) and odd covers of folk and rock 'n' roll tunes. All three of those categories are amply represented on *Nightfall of Diamonds*, his latest solo piano outing. From the Grateful Dead songbook come "Cold Rain & Snow," a hyper, abbreviated "Friend of the Devil," a majestic "I Know You Rider" and the album's big gun, a lengthy "Dark Star" with guest guitarist Henry Kaiser. If you like your versions of "Dark Star" to be *way* out there, you'll love this one. "And We Bid You Goodnight" is a nice capper to this wild instrumental flight to galaxies near and far.

From the modern piano repertoire there are works by some of T.C.'s favorites, like Terry Ryan and William Bolcom. There's a bit of Rachmaninoff, some Chopin (via T.C.) and peculiarities like the Rolling Stones' "Goin' Home" (also featuring the squeals of Henry Kaiser's axe) and a brief run-in with "Boris the Spider" (by The Who). In short, it's the usual stimulating melange. At one moment you can drift off to the strains of Jay Ungar's graceful "Ashokan Farewell" (the memorable theme from PBS's *Civil War* series), the next you find yourself in the noisiest, most confusing cacophony imaginable. Part saloon player, part edgy modernist, T.C. covers an awful lot of ground over the course of a CD, but it's always a trip worth taking.

Fire Up +, by Merl Saunders and Friends (Fantasy) — The "friends" on this CD repackaging of two long out-of-print early '70s Merl albums (*Heavy Turbulence* and *Fire Up*) are Garcia, rhythm guitarist Tom Fogerty, bassist John Kahn, drummers Bill Vitt and Bill Kreutzmann, the Hawkins Singers and a few members of the Tower of Power horn section. Though the original release of these albums coincided with the early days of the Saunders-Garcia gigs around the Bay Area, this is much more polished than, say, *Live at the Keystone*, and it is much more Merl's show. Still, it showcases their chemistry very well, particularly on extended tracks like their take on the soul



Animation by Xaos in "Backstage Pass" video

classic "Expressway to Your Heart," Doc Pomus' "Lonely Avenue" and Saunders' own "Man Child." A few of the "songs" are really little more than funk riffs for the band to work out on, but then that's what this band was all about. Also, then, as now, singing was not really Saunders' forte; his best stuff here is his keyboard work, which combines Jimmy Smith-like Hammond workouts with some fairly deft (and early!) synth noodling and occasional forays into doubled keyboards. I hadn't heard the two records that make up this disc for close to 20 years, and I'd forgotten how crystalline Garcia's guitar parts are and how much Tom Fogerty's simple rhythm lines added. In fact, the disc as a whole is a nice surprise.

Zabriskie Point soundtrack (Sony Music Special Products) — Here's a case where the soundtrack of a film is much better than the actual movie. Director Michelangelo Antonioni's 1970 film suffered from wooden acting, a muddled plot and equally confused viewpoint. Can it be surprising that the visionary Italian director didn't have a very good handle on American radical politics, the ostensible heart of the film? But the music Antonioni chose was superb — he was tuned in to the hipper side of '60s music and selected a number of real left-field sources to supply songs for the film. At the top of the list (and the reason I'm writing about the '92 release of the soundtrack on CD) is the Grateful Dead. The film included an excerpt of "Dark Star" played under a scene in which the revolutionary hero of the film steals an airplane, and further, a beautiful seven-minute piece by Garcia playing *solo* electric guitar (for the only time in his recording career, I believe). Although Garcia complained in a 1985 *Golden Road* (#6) interview that what we hear in *Zabriskie Point* was his first and only take because Antonioni loved it immediately and didn't let Garcia do another take, I think it stands as one of Garcia's most affecting recorded performances. It shows his folk roots in a passage that almost recalls John Fahey and his ilk, and of course it is very strong and beautiful melodically. The rest of the soundtrack is also outstanding, ranging from Fahey's "Dance of Death," to a pair of Pink Floyd tracks ("Come In Number 51, Your Time Is Up" is really just a slightly altered "Careful With That Axe, Eugene"), two by Kaleidoscope (David Lindley's eclectic '60s band), and Patti Page's "Tennessee Waltz," which is utterly haunting in the midst of all this psychedelia. Buy it for the Garcia, but you might love it all.

Videos

Backstage Pass (GD Merchandising) — What a wonderful gift director Justin Kreutzmann has given us with this video! (OK, at $20 it isn't exactly a gift; I'm being metaphorical here, folks.) Though it's just 36 minutes long, *Backstage Pass* is *packed* with great music and amazing, never-before-seen footage of the band. It opens with a segment based around Pigpen singing "Hard to Handle" (from the 1970 *Night at the Family Dog* TV special). Intercut with glimpses of that performance are literally hundreds of snippets of the Dead in the '60s, ranging from Garcia's 1964 home movies of Pigpen sittin' around the back porch in his bathrobe playin' the blues, to amateur black-and-white and color footage of the band playing in dozens of different settings. There are rough on-the-road shots

and bits of Robert Nelson's 1967 avant-weird experimental film, *The Grateful Dead*. Kreutzmann has cut the film to the music beautifully, so that often throughout the song, the images of the band playing — though clearly from disparate sources and songs — seem to match the base "Hard to Handle" track (which is sonically excellent). Very clever, Mr. K.

The next selections on the video also follow this pattern to a degree. A 1991 in-studio Rhythm Devils session with Billy and Mickey becomes the backdrop for early '70s footage on and off stage. Next is "The Other One," which is the jumping-off point for some fascinating home movie and professional footage of the Dead in Egypt. From there the video moves to the modern era, with a lovely and at times moving tribute to Brent, who is seen performing "Easy to Love You." On paper, Justin's biggest coup was getting Garcia, Lesh and Weir to sit still long enough (just barely, as I understand it) to shoot a take (in black and white) of them performing "She Belongs to Me," with Garcia and Weir playing acoustic guitars and trading vocals, and Lesh sitting between them. Unfortunately, their performance sounds rushed, and Garcia looks terrible; I find it a little tough to watch. Capping the video is a trippy, abstract, computer-generated segment based around a piece compiled by Bob Bralove from parts of *Infrared Roses* (which he assembled). Wild stuff.

By the end of *Backstage Pass* we've traveled through some 30 years along *so many* roads that the head swims. Justin Kreutzmann's portrait of the band is sunny and affectionate; in a sense it's his loving tribute to the scene he's grown up in. But he's let us in on what is ultimately quite an intimate family album, and done it in such a skillful and interesting way that we all come away sated and enriched.

Now let's get Justin to work on something even bigger, grander, more ambitious!

Books

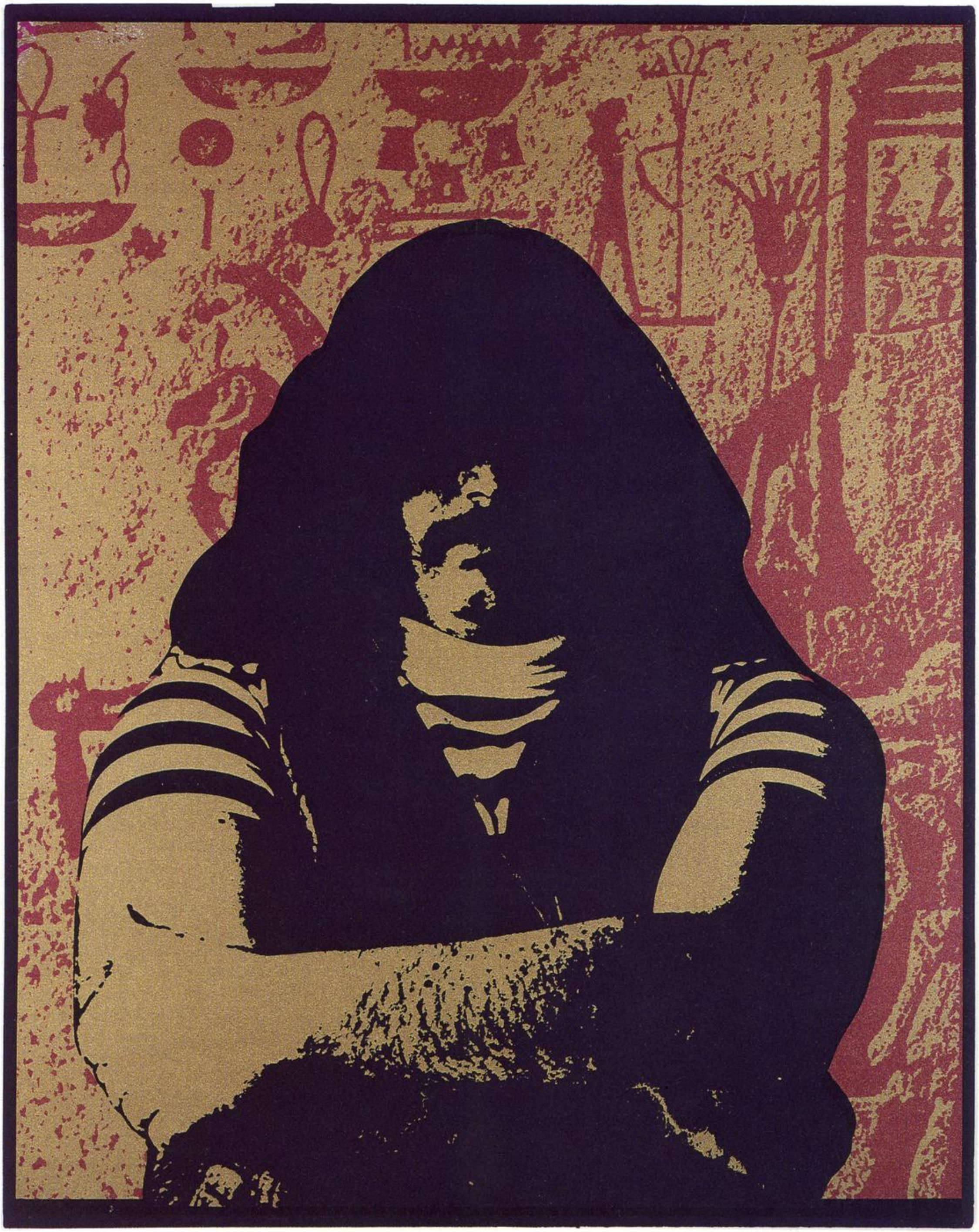
Goin' Down the Road: A Grateful Dead Traveling Companion (Harmony Books) — Said *The Golden Road*, "This is the greatest book in the history of Western civilization. Sell your first-born if you have to, but buy this book!" OK, maybe we can't get away with that kind of shameless plug for this book, which as most of you probably know, is a compendium of writing from these very pages. It is pretty cool (if I may say): it includes a truckload of my interviews with bandmembers (as well as folks like Hunter and Donna Godchaux); there's Steve Silberman's marvelously poetic essay on Neal Cassady; Steve Brown's reminiscences on being part of the ill-fated Grateful Dead Records label in the '70s; an alphabetized section that brings together most of the "Roots" columns we've run through the years; and an annotated tape list of the "Best of the Dead" covering '66-'91. Some of the reprinted articles are from issues that are no longer in print (like the Hunter-Garcia interview from #25), so the book is the only way to read them now. Our buddy Gary Houston designed the classy cover.

J. Garcia: Paintings, Drawings & Sketches (Celestial Arts) — Art appreciation is such a matter of personal taste that I'm not about to pass judgment on this book, which brings together 72 pieces of Garcia's art, from intricate color airbrush works to pen-and-ink doodles (with lots in between). My favorite pieces include the trippy underwater (?) watercolor dreamscapes titled "Neighbors" and "Thistle Ghost" and the delicate Japanese-flavored "Little Fish" and "Pine and Rock" ink drawings, but you'll likely prefer others. The design of the book is clean, the color reproduction quite good, and the overall impact is impressive — there are light and heavy pieces, skillfully rendered and sloppy ones, a whole range of moods and feelings...kind of like a Dead show.

Bill Graham Presents: My Life Inside Rock and Out, by Bill Graham and Robert Greenfield (Doubleday) — Of course this book isn't really *about* the Dead, though Garcia, Weir and Hart have their memories of weird and wonderful times with Uncle Bobo scattered throughout the voluminous tome. But writer Greenfield has succeeded in putting together one of the most interesting and revealing volumes yet on rock music, using an entirely anecdotal style (as shown by the unpublished "outtake" from the book reprinted in this issue). This book is not an attempt to canonize Bill Graham; far from it. He's the bad guy in any number of stories in the book. But Graham's *passion* comes through on every page, and it is that trait, above all others, that ultimately allowed him to succeed in the very strange world of rock 'n' roll. There are wonderful stories that paint vivid pictures of backstage life at the Fillmores and Winterland; about dealing with asshole bands and their even-bigger-asshole managers; and the frightening truth about how rock became a cut-throat big business. Just the opening chapters about Graham's amazing pre-rock life are worth the price of the book (not to mention serious consideration as a possible movie), but the hundreds of pages that follow offer compelling vignettes from a fascinating life involving heroes and villains near and dear to all of us. A *must* read.

Grateful Dead Comix Anthology (Kitchen Sink Press) — It's hard to fault the skill of the artists whose work makes up this compilation of interpretations of Grateful Dead songs and Dead stories taken from the first few issues of Grateful Dead Comix. There are clearly some very good hands (and minds) at work here. My problem is a fundamental one: I basically just don't like seeing visualizations of songs (that goes for dramatized MTV clips, too). Styles range from the hyper-realistic to *Zap*-cartoony; the interpretations from literal to sci-fi fantasy. In a million years I never would have conceived of "Terrapin" as being about sluts from outer space, but what do I know? Attempts to illustrate memorable moments in Dead history (the free concert in Lille, France, in '72) strike me as lame, simplistic mythologizations; much better is the one told from the point of view of fans on the road at Red Rocks . All in all, not my cup of tea, but maybe it's yours, and Garcia likes it enough that he's posed for ads for the comix.

Classic Rock & Other Rollers, by Baron Wolman (Squarebooks) — Baron Wolman was one of *Rolling Stone*'s chief photographers in the magazine's first three years, and deserves quite a bit of credit for the fledgling rag's classy look. Wolman and Jim Marshall essentially defined rock 'n' roll photography in the late '60s. *Classic Rock* is a portfolio of some of Wolman's favorite photographs, mainly taken from his huge archives of late '60s shots. Aside from lovely full-page presentations of justly famous shots of Garcia, Weir, Pigpen and Mickey, all taken in Wolman's San Francisco studio in 1969, there are scads of memorable images of everyone from Zappa to Sun Ra to Janis to Muddy Waters. One of my all-time favorite Miles Davis photos (looking sensitive, with his wife Betty in '69) is in here, and I love the one of a youthful George Harrison reading the Dylan book *Don't Look Back*. There are live shots and studio shots, a section on rock festivals, another on groupies, and one on "Other Rollers" like Timothy Leary, Richard Brautigan and Wolman's old boss Jann Wenner. All in all, an illuminating trek down memory lane. ✪



Silkscreen by Stanley Mouse; Photo by Herb Greene

One of the clearest memories of my first Grateful Dead show, at the Capitol Theater in Port Chester, New York, March 20, 1970, is the sight of Pigpen, confidently moving out from behind his Hammond B-3 organ to the front of the stage, grabbing a microphone, and with a little cock of the head and swing in his hip, launching into "Turn On Your Lovelight." The band was bopping behind him, tired but smiling (it'd been a *long* evening). I was still trying to figure out how

Pigpen Forever

The Life and Times of Ron McKernan

to dance to this strange and wonderful music, as the already initiated in the crowd spun and gyrated and clapped along in an ecstatic frenzy. There was no question that Pigpen was in total control of this scene, and he had somethin' on his mind:

"Now *wait a minute*! I'm gonna tell you all about, just about my baby. Just about my rider, the way she make me feel so good. I ain't gonna tell ya *all*. I'll tell ya a little bit. Just a little teeny bit, 'bout the way she love me, yes I will …

"Sometime I wake up early, early in the mornin', just before the day is dawnin'. And sometimes I get kind of lonely and all I need, all I neeeeeeed, is lovin' on my side, yes I do. But I want to tell you fellas something about that. Because you may wake up early in the morning. You might be kind of *hungry* for some sweet little thang to come around. But what you got to do … I got a little advice for ya — "

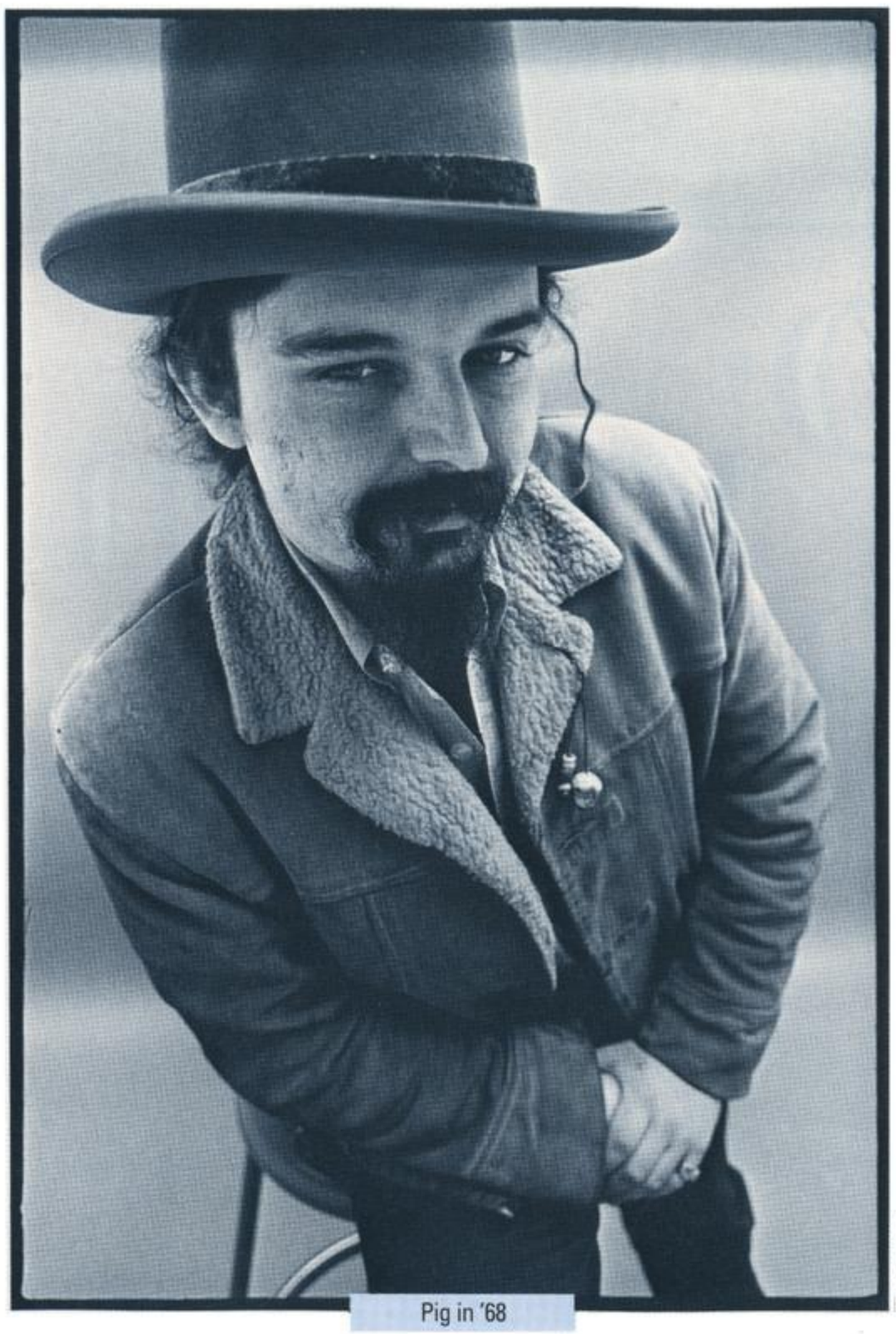
The band was in an easy groove behind him, flicking off little rhythmic accents and punctuating Pig's rap with zesty R&B flourishes. I was hanging on every word, 'cause obviously this was a guy who knew what he was talkin' about. He turned around to the band, and with a drop of his right arm said:

"Hey, wait a minute you guys!" Then turning back to us, "I don't want them to hear it all. C'mon you guys, turn your backs!" And the band dutifully obeyed. "Let me tell you fellas somethin' about that. I know that sometimes you may get kind of *lonesome*, right? Well, the first thing you got to do, the *first thing* you got to do, before you get anything goin' on — don't interrupt me, please — is get your hands out of your pockets and playin' with somethin' that's *better than that*! Pocket pool is a long time ago, man!

"So what you got to do now, fellas, is if you find yourself standin' next to a young lady, turn over to your side and say, 'Scuse me, Ma'am, my name is so-and-so, and what is yours?' And while you're doin' that you reach in her pocketbook, take a look at her wallet and find out if she's 18. After you get all that business straight, all you got to do is find a place to go. And if you can do that — HA! Good love!"

I was too chicken to approach any of the young ladies dancin' around me, but fortunately I was sitting too far from the stage for Pig to get on my case. He danced a little dance, and the band started building a ferocious R&B groove behind him. The jam rose and receded a few more times over the next couple of minutes and finally he led the band into the big, *big* build-up at the end, shouting and screaming and testifying. "Little bit *higher*! Little bit *higher*! Shine on me! Shine on me! Turn on your lovelight! Let it shine on me!" And on it went until it exploded into a blast of noisy chords and drum shots and feedback that just about ripped the top of my head off, leaving me sweaty and breathless. I guess you can say *it worked*.

I was fortunate enough to see Pigpen perform more than a dozen shows in '70 and '71, and my memory landscape is dotted with powerful images of Pig at his best: unleashing a searing harmonica solo during "It Hurts Me Too"; playfully harassing the crowd to get down and *get it on* during "Lovelight"; matching Bobby scream for scream at the climax of "Not Fade Away"; surprising me with bright, soulful organ fills during "Truckin'" and "Goin' Down the Road"; sitting alone at center stage with an acoustic guitar, eyes closed, singing "Katie Mae." Mostly I just remember his *vibe*: he looked and acted tough, but you could always tell that the bluster and braggadocio was part of his act. 'Cause you'd see the warm smile peek out from under the drooping mustache; or you'd hear him utter a soft, sincere "thank you" at the end of some rip-roaring monster R&B tune; or you'd see him trading sly, smirking glances with the other bandmembers. And, of course, the bottom line is that he was often extremely funny. He'd crack up the crowd *and* the band. As Garcia once said, "He had more nerve than I could believe!"



Jim Marshall

Pig in '68

Unlike some, I never thought of what I'll call the Pigpen *character* as either arrogant or misogynist — on the contrary, in most of his raps and his songs he was usually completely under the spell of women; bewitched and bewildered, and talkin' a better game than he was playin'.

And what all those songs were about ultimately was *love*. Carnal love and spiritual love. "Turn On Your Lovelight" didn't just mean find a way to get laid; it meant find a way to let love fill your life. It was a beautiful message from a cat who looked like he'd kick your ass if you looked at him sideways.

It's hard to explain Pigpen's magic to Deadheads who never saw him perform, who never saw him work a crowd. Tapes don't capture his essence, because a lot of it was the way he moved and the way the band grooved behind him. He was not a technically great singer, nor was his keyboard or harp work truly remarkable. But he had an incredibly powerful presence and he could really put a song across. As a singer, nobody ever mistook him for Otis Redding or Wilson Pickett or Muddy Waters, but still, you could tell this guy was the *real deal*. And when Pigpen and the Dead tackled a tune it became *theirs*, so original was the group's approach to R&B.

It was 20 years ago this March that Pigpen — Ron McKernan — died at the age of 27 after a long battle with liver disease aggravated by years of heavy drinking. Recently I was watching a video of the Dead in Copenhagen in '72; it was Pigpen's last tour. He looked thin and pale, but there was still a sparkle in his eye when he sang. Most of all I was struck by how *young* he looked, even in his dissipated state. Hell, 27 is still a *kid* practically (or so it seems from my vantage point at 40). Certainly it's too young to die (tell that to Janis, Jimi and Jim Morrison, who were also 27 when they moved on), or at least to die *like that*.

And so, ultimately, even this celebration of Pigpen must end in tragedy; there's no way around it.

Still, "Pigpen was not a tragic figure," says Jerry Garcia. "The fact that he died was a tragedy, but he was not tragic in the sense of being a doomed personality — brooding and suicidal. He wasn't like that at all. He was more like a pixie; like an elf."

This is a story I've wanted to write for several years, but it wasn't until we went to the annual format that I had the time (or space) to get into it in the depth it deserves. There was a down side to waiting so long: some of my best potential interview sources died — both of Pig's parents, his dear old buddy Bobby Peterson, and in mid-'92, his girlfriend of many years, Veronica Grant.

Nevertheless, over the course of more than six months of work, I did manage to track down a large number of Pigpen's friends to help tell his story. And here's something that blew my mind: not one person had *any* negative things to say about Pigpen the man. He was adored by everyone I spoke to, a fact that makes his demise all the sadder. A thousand thanks to the fine folks who graciously consented to be interviewed for this article:

From the Dead, **Jerry Garcia**, **Bob Weir** and **Robert Hunter**; former GD managers **Danny Rifkin**, **Rock Scully** and **Jon McIntire**; **Laird Grant**, who was in Palo Alto at the beginning and was The Warlocks' (and the Dead's) first equipment guy; **Sue Swanson**, the original Deadhead, a GD family member from Day One; **Bob Matthews**, also one of the first fans, as well as an equipment specialist and, later, producer of GD records; **Eileen Law**, who's been part of the scene since '65 and working for the band for more than two decades; **Annette Flowers**, another longtime GD family member and GD office staffer; **Ken Kesey**, **Ken Babbs** and **Wavy Gravy** from the old Acid Test gang; former GD keyboardist and Pigpen roommate **Tom Constanten**; guitarist **David Nelson**, who also was part of the early '60s Palo Alto scene; **Peter Albin**, of Big Brother fame, a close friend of Pig's in Palo Alto; former Ice Nine Publishing administrator **Alan Trist**; Palo Alto historian **Steve Staiger**; and Bay Area music critic/historian **Phil Elwood**. And special thanks to San Francisco *Chronicle* writer **Joel Selvin** for sharing his unpublished interview with **Veronica Grant** and **Willy Legate** for the deep background.

Where I have used quotes from other sources, the year of the interview appears in parentheses.

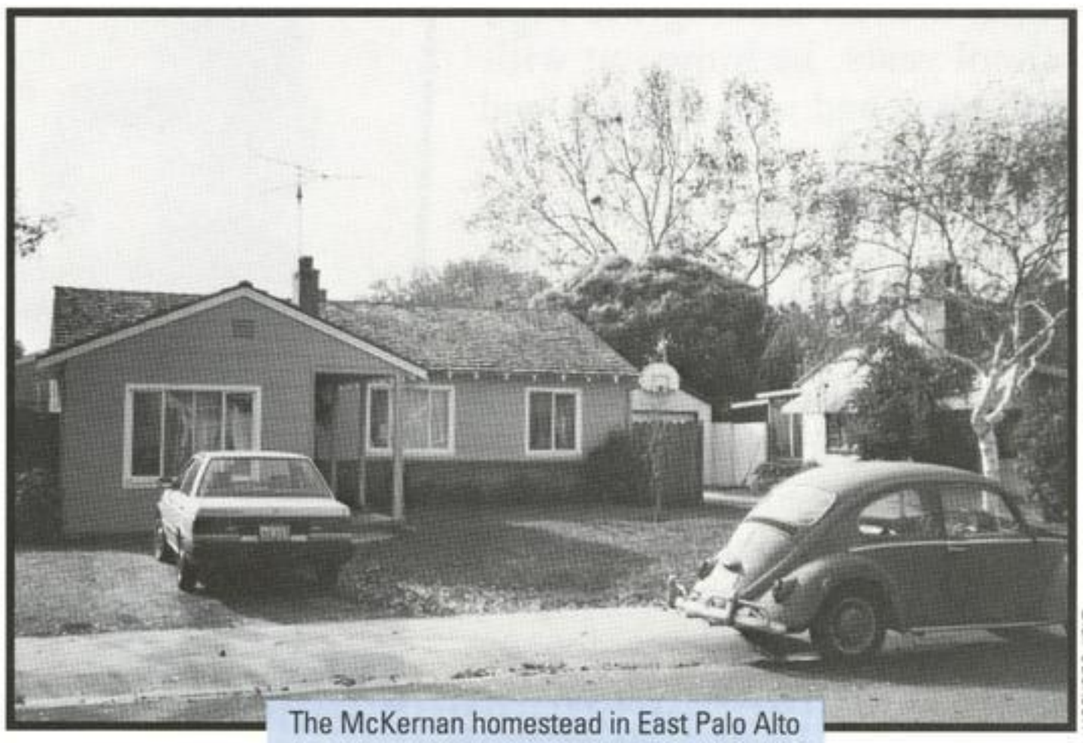
PART ONE

"Ain't it crazy"

The Pigpen story really begins with his father, Phil McKernan, who was a disc jockey on Berkeley's musically progressive radio station KRE from the mid-'40s to the mid-'50s. "I was with him on a program called *The Alarm Clock Club* in '44 and '45," remembers Phil Elwood, a veteran Bay Area jazz and pop critic. "We went from 6 to 9 in the mornings. We played records, gave the weather, did a few ads. That was 78 rpm days. At that point, most of what we played was ordinary pop music and a lot of military band stuff. Later, I got into some of the better contemporary jazz stuff that was out — big bands, Ellington and some reissues of people like Bessie Smith. McKernan loved that stuff; he loved the blues. Later on, Phil did pretty much R&B stuff exclusively. He really knew that music.

"I remember when Pigpen was born," Elwood continues. "Don Hambley [the station's pioneering station manager] called to see if I could go down to the station because McKernan's baby was being born."

The date was September 8, 1945, and at the time Phil McKernan and his wife, Esther, were living in San Bruno, a small working-class community south of San Francisco. By 1950 Ron had a sister, Carol, and five years later a brother, Kevin, followed. The years from 1951 to 1955 were the peak of Phil McKernan's radio career; he had his own blues and R&B program on KRE, and was known by the colorful moniker "Cool Breeze." The elder McKernan had a huge record collection at home, and young Ron spent countless hours listening to everyone from Lightnin' Hopkins to Big Joe Turner to The Coasters.



The McKernan homestead in East Palo Alto

Blair Jackson

The mid- and late '50s saw the birth of rock 'n' roll, and though Ron dug most of the early rockers, in his household the happening cats of that era were Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf, who were just hitting their primes.

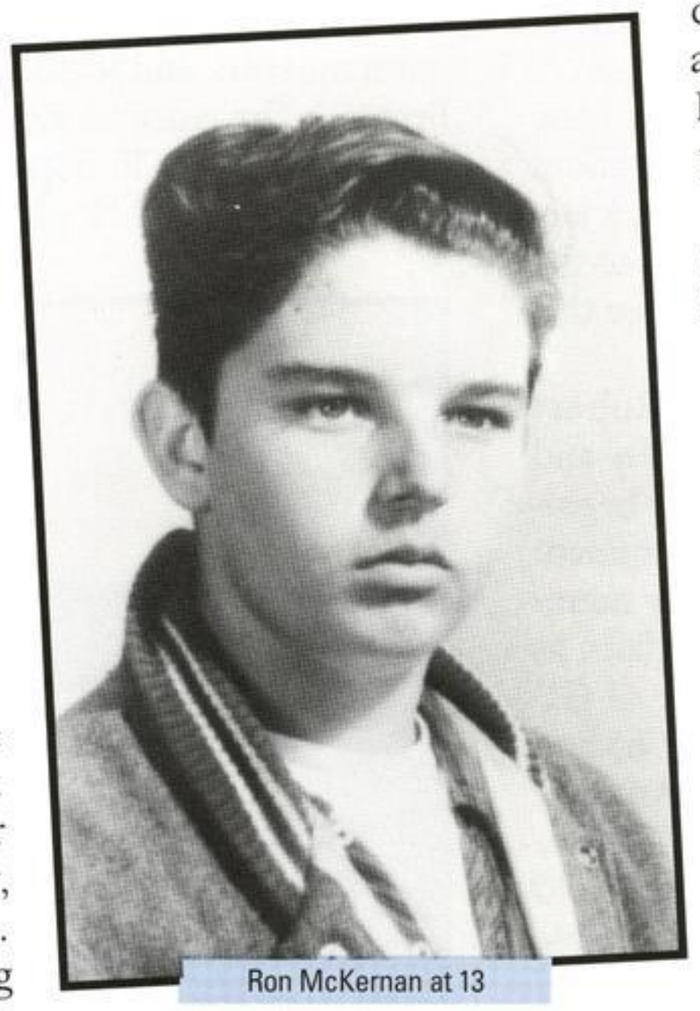
Geography also played a role in Ron's fascination with black culture. In the early '50s, Phil McKernan quit radio, took a job as an engineer at the Stanford Research Institute, and moved his family a few miles south on the San Francisco Bay Peninsula to the eastern outskirts of Palo Alto. Now in most people's minds, Palo Alto is considered a wealthy, lily-white suburb of San Francisco. It's the home of Stanford University, the picture-postcard-perfect rich kids' school, and most of the city boasts a quietly elegant suburban charm. Exclusionary housing policies effectively kept blacks from buying property in most of the city, except on the eastern fringe, bordering East Palo Alto.

Today, East Palo Alto has the unfortunate distinction of being the murder capital of the United States — in 1992 it had the highest per capita murder rate in the country. Crack is king there and drug deals-gone-bad spur most of the violence. The population is overwhelmingly black, though in recent years poor Asian immigrants have also gravitated there because it is one of the few affordable places to live on the Peninsula. "There's always been a certain amount of political isolation between Palo Alto and East Palo Alto," says Peninsula historian Steve Staiger. "Prior to World War II, East Palo Alto was not a black community; it was working class whites. But East Palo Alto became the area blacks could move into because there

weren't as many restrictions as in other communities on the Peninsula."

Though the McKernan homestead was in Palo Alto proper, it was in a region close to where the construction of the Highway 101 freeway had split East Palo Alto in the mid-'50s. While still largely white, it was definitely working class, and the part of East Palo Alto that lay on the west side of Highway 101 exerted considerable influence on the area. Though it wasn't nearly as dangerous a place in the '50s as it is today, it was still a rough 'hood, and it was not a place where many white kids hung out.

Perhaps because of the influence of his liberal-minded parents, and his own love of blues and R&B from such an early age, Ron didn't harbor the same kind of prejudices against blacks that were so common among white working-class kids, *especially* Irish Catholics (which the McKernans were). Quite the contrary: Ron was naturally drawn to black people and black music. During his high school years, he hung out with both black and white friends, and he spent much of his free time listening to blues records and learning the rudiments of blues piano, harmonica and guitar.



Ron McKernan at 13

Whether his penchant for drinking cheap wine was something he developed to better emulate the blues singers he admired, or was just a function of hanging out with other like-minded folks who liked to party, we'll probably never know for sure. But the fact is, Ron started drinking very early — at 12, by some accounts — and by his middle high school years it was already a problem. East Palo Alto was an easy place to score booze, particularly for someone like Ron who always looked older than he was: at 16 he already had a mustache and goatee. He dressed the part of a tough guy, with tight-fitting pants, boots and leather vests or jean-jackets. Though he was somewhat of an outsider in school — he didn't exactly fit the mold that would have made him Mr. Popular — he was never lacking for friends; it's just that most of the people with whom he socialized were also outsiders.

"I remember him in high school," recalls Connie Furtado, who in the mid-'60s would go on to co-found the first Grateful Dead Fan Club, called The Golden Road (to Unlimited Devotion), in the mid-'60s. "The hallways would clear when Pigpen walked down, for whatever reasons; I was never sure. [He had] women on each arm, maybe. I just remember him in his last days at Palo Alto High School before he was expelled. He was sort of an unforgettable character."

School was definitely not Ron McKernan's bag, and neither was what seemed like an increasingly confining life at home, so he spent most of his time hanging out with a wide circle of friends, many of whom were part of the burgeoning folk music scene in Palo Alto. In the mainstream, "folk music" meant clean-cut singers like the Kingston Trio and Peter, Paul & Mary. But out in the fringes — and the Peninsula scene was certainly that — the term included old-timey, bluegrass and blues, and the heroes of the day were lesser-known lights like Dave Van Ronk, Elizabeth Cotten, Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee; basically anybody who was playing what today is considered American roots music.

"The folk movement flourished mainly in college towns, so in this area that meant Palo Alto, Berkeley and San Francisco," historian Staiger notes. "You had well-educated, liberal subcommunities in these places at a time when the country as a whole was pretty hard-line conservative. I don't think Palo Alto was particularly unique in that regard."

Perhaps not. Stanford's presence in the community undoubtedly fostered the proliferation of coffee houses and "hoots" where folk music was played. Also because of Stanford, the Palo Alto Peace Center, started by local bookstore owner Roy Kepler, always had fresh recruits to help out with various activities. The city was peppered with bohemian enclaves that attracted mainly artists and writers, such as the now-famous Perry Lane crowd that included Ken Kesey and various other early psychedelic explorers.

Something was happening on the Peninsula, though in the early '60s, it wasn't clear exactly what it was. Basically, the musicians in the scene were just looking for good times wherever they could find them, whether it was at places where they played, like Kepler's Bookshop, St. Michael's Alley, The Tangent and the Boar's Head, or the houses different folks in the scene inhabited. Everybody was pretty much just living hand to mouth, day to day, not exactly *waiting* for something to happen, but perhaps sensing that something big was just around the next corner. For a disaffected high schooler named Ron McKernan, the swirl of activity around Palo Alto was as intoxicating as the sickly sweet screw-top wines that were his social lubricant.

Laird Grant: There were a lot of things going on. There were all these different hoot places — St. Michael's Alley. It was really ethnic-go-woodsy in those days. It was the folk period and we were listening to blues, jazz — Coltrane was coming in strong. If you could play something and you had a buddy who was doing a gig — which was basically you went up there on the mike and you got all the beer you could drink — you could go up and sit in, as long as you could follow the bouncing ball. Jerry was up there playing banjo and singing with Sarah, his love [and first wife]. And then here comes David Nelson and all these other guys. And people gravitate toward that. If you're somebody who plays an instrument and you're sittin' there in your closet playing and then all of a sudden there's a place to go and play, you *do it*. That's basically how that happened. It all kind of fell together. It was like somebody taking a handful of rocks and throwing them up in the air, and a bunch of them kind of all came down together.

Jerry Garcia: When I first met Pigpen he was 14 years old. He was hanging out around Palo Alto and I was the only person around that played any blues on the guitar, so he hung out with me. And he picked up, just by watching and listening to me, the basic Lightnin' Hopkins stuff. Then he took up the harmonica and everyone called him "Blue Ron" — the black people anyway. This is when he was 14 and 15! That's when he started drinking wine, too.

I was living in East Palo Alto with some friends and we were hanging out in the black scene there. All the black people loved Pigpen. They loved that he played the blues. And he

was a genuine person — he wasn't like a white boy trying to be black. And he was pretty good, too. You know, Pigpen's best shot was sitting around a room like this with his bottle of wine and an acoustic guitar, playing Lightnin' Hopkins. He could improvise lyrics endlessly; that was his real forte.

Peter Albin: My first memories of Ron are probably from around the summer of '62, when my brother [Rodney Albin] and I were involved in the Boar's Head, which was sort of a coffee house where people played folk music. That summer my brother started the Boar's Head with this guy named George Howell. It was a little place on San Carlos Avenue [in San Carlos]. Downstairs was this used bookstore called the Carlos Bookstall. George was this renegade high school student and a wannabe beatnik — he was a very cynical and critical guy, not a peace freak at all. He smoked dope here and there, which was fairly unusual for that time, and he looked older than he was. Anyway, George and my brother had this idea of turning this upstairs loft at the bookstore into a little coffeehouse kind of place where local people would play. My brother played banjo and fiddle and guitar; I played a little guitar, and a lot of our friends played various instruments. So we opened it in the summer of '62 and we had little get-togethers on Friday and Saturday nights only. I'm pretty sure that's where I first saw Ron, 'cause everyone who was hanging out in the area at that time would come down pretty regularly.

My brother was friendly with Jerry and Hunter, who were living at the Chateau at the time, I believe. Rod would go down to Kepler's, where you could always find Garcia hanging out in the back, and he invited Jerry to come down to check out what we were doing. Garcia and his friends came up a lot during that summer.

David Nelson: Rodney is the one who took me down to Kepler's bookstore and we introduced ourselves to Jerry Garcia, and here was this guy sitting with an open shirt, playing a 12-string and I think he had a wreath in his hair, like on a Greek statue. It was kind of a thing in those days.

Laird Grant: The Chateau was this large house that was probably built in the late '20s or early '30s on this little knoll [in Palo Alto]. It's still there — there are people of cool preserving it. At that time it was owned by a guy named Frank Seratone, who was an artist. He'd do these drawings and then put a watercolor wash on them. They sold at City of Paris [an SF department store] and places like that. He had this big place people called The Chateau, and he had extra rooms that various people would be renting or staying in.

After a while, friends would bring their friends and all of a sudden he was surrounded by all this really young energy. [Merry Prankster] John Page Browning was there. Lee Adams was there. Jerry lived in the pump shed for a while. Hunter was there on and off. It was like a real family of people who came together in a world that really wasn't that strange and alienated to us at that point — not like it is today. We felt like there was some kind of a need to form this kind of a thing. Pigpen would come around, sometimes with some of his friends from East Pali, sometimes alone, and hang out there.

Then about five or six blocks away, Kesey had his place [on Perry Lane] and then there was a place called Homer Lane, which was up off the golf course, and there was a scene there, too. These were places that were built in the '20s and '30s when Stanford was really happening; they were like little artist colonies. Anyway, at these sort of places, people just kind of came together; a whole bunch of strange people came together. Joan Baez, Jorma Kaukonen, Jerry and all these other interesting people in one little teeny area of California that seemed to have bloomed at once with odd thinking. I can't really tell you what happened exactly, but I know that it was extremely unique and that even now, at the age of 50, I have evenings when I sit and puzzle the fact. Why? What?

Pigpen (1970): I was hanging around the Chateau, around 1962, give or take a century, and we started to drink some wine once in a while — Ripple wine. Then we graduated to Hombre and Thunderbird, Golden Spur … man that stuff was horrid! I can tell you everything about the worst rot-gut around. Joe [Novakovich] was big on Bali-Hai and I was big on Hombre. Me and David X and Lester Helums drank that Hombre. Lester Helums was a saxophone player. We called him Yellow Kid Wild.

Peter Albin: David X was the nickname of this black guy named David McQueen, who was one the characters who was around a lot in those days and friendly with Ron. He would come down to the Boar's Head. In fact, one day someone saw me and my brother and David X together — a couple of white kids and this black guy — and they raised a big stink about the Boar's Head. San Carlos was a pretty lily-white town and there was some controversy about it. They wanted to shut us down, and we had to go in front of the town board and explain that we weren't a business; it was all volunteer. They thought we were undesirables, beatniks.

I first knew Ron as one of the kids who came up with the Palo Alto people to [San Carlos] to see Garcia. And he was one of the guys who had played with Garcia.

'I know he admired his dad a lot. Ron showed me a lot of his records and he'd say, "Ah, this is stuff my day used to play." He had a fantastic collection.' — Peter Albin

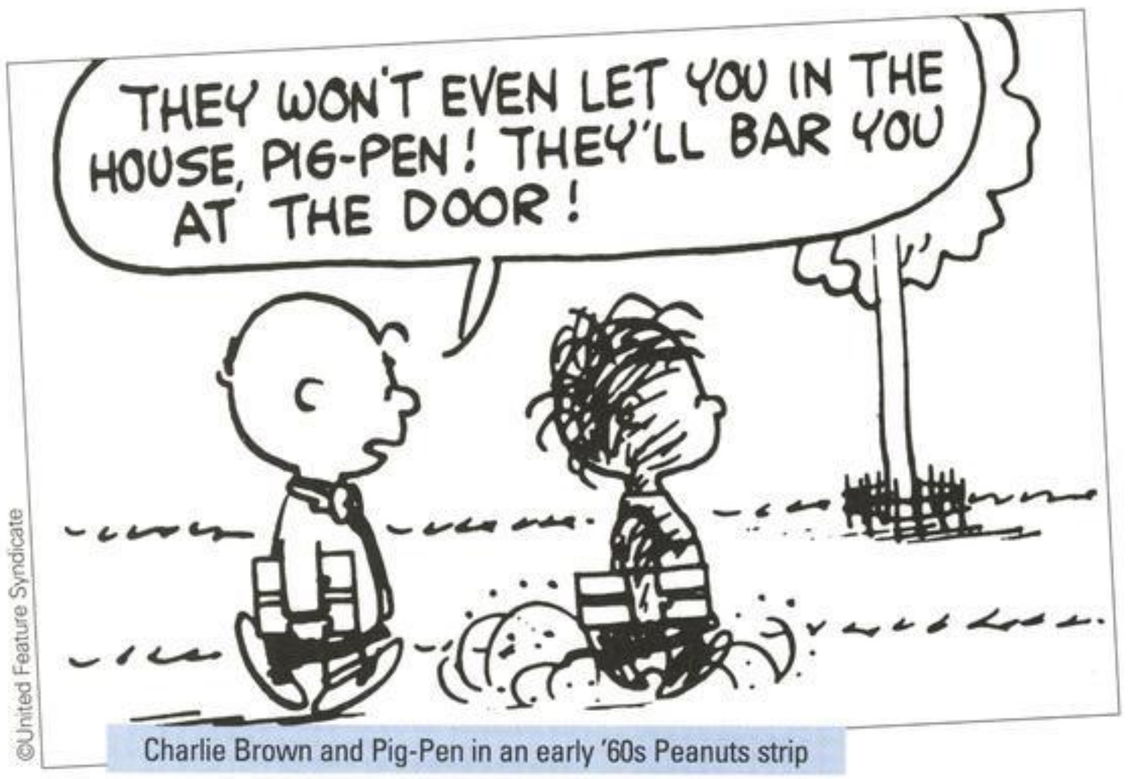
Laird Grant: A lot of people don't know that Jerry was really into blues back then and could play that stuff pretty well. Years earlier, when Jerry and I were hanging out as kids, one of the guys Jerry dug the most was Big Bill Broonzy.

Jerry Garcia (1967): Pigpen's father was the first rhythm & blues guy around here, you know. And [Pigpen] heard blues since he was a tiny kid and he played piano for a long time, just simple C blues runs and stuff like that, and he'd sing. And he took up the harmonica as well back in those days. He was deathly afraid to play in front of anybody. He'd been playing harmonica secretly for a long time, and one time he got up on stage at a folk music place and I backed him up on the guitar; he played harmonica and sang. And he could sing like Lightnin' Hopkins, which just blew everybody's mind! He's really the master at the shady comment in blues. Whatever it is — really a sort of complicated thing — but he's into it heavier than anybody I know.

Robert Hunter: He was a real scuzzy teenage kid with a terrible complexion. He must've been 16 or 17 when he started hanging around the Chateau. He had a scuzzy beard and he drank Thunderbird back in those days, and wore a fatigue jacket. He was the sort of guy that one would ordinarily discourage from showing up at one's parties except that he played a hell of a harmonica, and that was his passport. There weren't many people around at that time playing the kind of music he was, and I didn't know any harmonica players at all.

Pigpen ('66): I began singin' at 16. I wasn't in school; I was just goofin'. I've always been singing along with records — my dad was a disc jockey, and it's been what I wanted to do.

Laird Grant: Pigpen was one of the guys who would show up at Kepler's bookstore, which was just a place where people hung out. He had his harp in his pocket and he was doing that thing, whatever you want to call that. He was kind of emulating the blues players of the time, I guess. I was one of the guys who could always go out and get a short neck of sweet port,



Charlie Brown and Pig-Pen in an early '60s Peanuts strip

Thunderbird, Swiss Up or White Port & Lemon Juice. In high school I think he drank mainly sweet wine, again following the traditional facts of the blues singers' lives. Even when we could afford bourbon, why buy a half pint of bourbon when we could get a quart and a half of wine?

David Nelson: It was amazing how this guy could play Robert Johnson and Lightnin' Hopkins stuff. There just weren't that many people doing it then. I was driving to the store the other day listening to a radio station that doesn't come in real clear. It was Junior Wells doing "It Hurts Me Too." He sang a couple of lines and I thought, "Oh, it's a Pigpen tape!" He was so authentic. It was stunning sometimes.

Peter Albin: It's hard to describe his attitude toward performing back then. He definitely didn't have the same kind of ambition that Janis had, for example. He would not go onstage with that kind of attitude — "I want to make people love me. I want to be famous and I'm gonna do it by doing this and *here it is*, everybody." Pigpen was just doing his schtick, his blues thing. I felt he was a fairly honest performer. The only problem was he basically was a white boy from the Peninsula, like myself. Every once in a while I felt a little guilty. Here we were trying to do down-home blues, and it really wasn't that much of our culture, although Pigpen probably had more of a legitimate reason to be into that because of his father's DJ work and the fact that he had a lot of friends in East Palo Alto. He did hang out with a lot of black people.

Laird Grant: He played folky blues mainly. It was like he knew something that the blues singers knew. They sang it and laid it out, but it didn't work for them — they'd get $5 for a session; the white man got all the money selling the records back to black folks. Pigpen would take songs and change them a little bit, and it was like there was a different soul put into it. It was like he'd picked up what those people had put out. He was going to try to make poeple *understand* what the fuck he was singing about — what the words were.

Peter Albin: He used to hang out with a lot of interesting characters. Besides David X, a good friend of Ron's was a guy named Tawny. He was kind of wild — I remember stories about him doing a handstand on a motorcycle while it was running, and he also supposedly drank gasoline, although I didn't see him do either of those things. A pretty wild cat, but I don't think Ron was really that wild. He was pretty quiet, though he liked to have a good time.

Laird Grant: One of the people he hung out with a lot was a black dude we called Pogo, whose name was Norm Fontaine, an artist who became quite a prominent painter. There were always parties going on at his house, which people called Pogo's Place.

It seemed like Ron was mainly hangin' out most of the time. He went to school, and I suppose he did most of the things he had to do in school, but it seemed like he cut a lot, too. And then, of course, he dropped out.

Peter Albin: He would be around playing at different places or at a party or something. It was all pretty informal. He'd play guitar mostly, and harmonica, and he played with Garcia once in a while. A lot of times Dave McQueen would sing. This vision that comes to mind is Dave McQueen sitting on a little wooden chair with Garcia on a little platform behind him. And McQueen would always have a tennis ball that he would squeeze while he sang. He'd look at the floor and sway back and forth singing the blues. Actually, he didn't really do the blues that well. I think Ron was a better singer, even though he was white.

Laird Grant: He wasn't white. He had no color. Hey man, he and and I used to go down to the black bars in East Palo Alto. He and I could walk into the Anchor Bar, the Popeye Club, sit in the back end and drink Ripple and they'd never ask for our IDs. The black folks didn't fuck with us, the cops never came in the bar anyway — they'd never dare. Many times we'd be sittin' there at 11, 12 o'clock at night —there'd be shootin' and knifings going on outside — fuckin' si-*reens*, man — and me and Pigpen would be sittin' there emptyin' a shelf of Ripple. We'd wait till all the action went down and then we'd split. There are very few white *adults* I know who would go in these places — and we were teenagers. We were *allowed*, because we preserved our cool, and our cool preserved us. There were times we'd walk in and the bartender would say, "Hey man, it's hot, get the fuck out of here," and we'd book on out the back door. But we'd be in there when there'd be two or three guys playing — a guy on a set of traps or bongos, and a saxophone, and we'd hang out. We were the cool gray ghosts.

Peter Albin: Ron came to my parents' place and they al-

ways looked leery at him. He had a real bad case of acne and unfortunately he looked dirty. Actually he was a pretty clean guy back then. He just had a greasy appearance because of his acne. He was real self-conscious about his skin problems. In fact, that may be one of the things that drew Janis and Pigpen together later on, because she had bad skin, too. He'd use Clearasil or whatever, but he still looked greasy. He also wore clothes that seemed undesirable to the straight people then. A lot of people thought he looked like a real tough guy, but he wasn't of course.

David Nelson: I was there the night that Pigpen got his nickname. We were doing a Boar's Head thing with Rodney Albin. First the Boar's Head was at the Carlos Bookstall upstairs in the Houchings bookstore. The next summer he got the Jewish Community Center in San Carlos, which was a bigger room. One of those Thursday nights at the Jewish Community Center there were lots of people playing there, including Ron McKernan. A whole bunch of us were all sort of milling around out on the sidewalk after it was over, and we were wondering whose house we could go to to party, and everybody was excitedly talking and yelling. And Sherry Huddleston turned around and said to Ron McKernan, "Oh *Pigpen*," and it just clicked. Everybody laughed and it stuck. Everybody read [the comic strip] "Peanuts," which was relatively new at that time, and knew that character Pigpen.

Laird Grant: I think his name just evolved. It's like me and the name Barney. I had a leather hat that I wore that looked like a Robin Hood hat — actually it was the bottom of a purse. I turned it around and I wore it when I'd ride my bike because it would shed bugs real good. And Pigpen said, "Hey man, you look just like a *Barney*." What does a Barney look like? I don't know, but I became Barney through Pigpen.

Peter Albin: I never called him Pigpen. I always called him Ron. As far as I was concerned, [Pigpen] was an insult and I don't know whether he liked it that much. I've been told he didn't mind after a while, but I was never comfortable with it.

Jon McIntire: By the time I came into the scene [1966] *everybody* called him Pigpen. Way back when I was trying to find out, "Gee, shouldn't I really call him Ron?" and Garcia told me, "Nah, even his mom calls him Pigpen."

Laird Grant: I met his dad a few times. The man always seemed like anybody's dad to me. He wasn't Johnny B. Goode or some hip cat. He didn't present himself as anything other than what he was, which was a concerned dad: "Hey Ron, you make sure you're back at …" It was basically parental things I saw. I never saw any cool from him. But as a child myself, I wouldn't have looked at it any other way than as a kid trying to help another kid get out from underneath his mom and dad.

Peter Albin: I know he admired his dad a lot. Ron showed me a lot of his records and he'd say, "Ah, this is stuff my dad used to play." He had a fantastic collection, including a lot of old blues 78s.

Jerry Garcia: Pigpen grew up with that music in his ear, so it was real natural for him. I don't remember hearing Pigpen's dad on the radio, though it's possible I did and just didn't know who he was. 'Cause I didn't know Pigpen back then. My older brother started listening to R&B like in '53, '54, and that's when I started hearing a lot of it. His dad hadn't been on the radio for a while by the time I met him. He was a nice guy, but real quiet.

I spent a lot of time over at the Pigpen house, but it was mostly in Pigpen's room, which was like a ghetto! I sat in his room for countless hours listening to his old records. It was funky, man! Stuff thrown everywhere. Pigpen had this habit of wearing just a shirt and his underpants. You'd come into his house and he'd say, "Come on in, man," and he'd have a bottle of wine under the bed. His mom would check in about once every *five hours* to see if he was still alive. It was hilarious! But yeah, we'd play records, I'd hack away at his guitar, show him stuff.

> **'You'd come into his house and he'd say, "Come on in, man," and he'd have a bottle of wine under his bed. His mom would check in about once every five hours to see is he was still alive.'**
>
> **— Jerry Garcia**

Laird Grant: He was mainly into blues, of course, but he also loved the old-time and jug band stuff that was around then, because it had rhythm; it had a beat. What was neat about all that old-time music was you could take it and put it in innumerable different forms and it was really still the same music.

Peter Albin: At least one group I played in with Ron was the Liberty Hill Aristocrats. Actually, it wasn't a formal group or anything. It was usually me and Rodney and various other people like Ellen Cavanaugh, and Ron played with us a couple of times, I think. The one I remember best was at the San Francisco State Folk Music Festival, probably in '63. On that particular occasion, Mike Riggs was on bass, and I think Dave Nelson was playing guitar, but I'm not sure. My brother would wear a tuxedo from a secondhand store. We'd wear things like red vests with a red bow tie, kind of a bluegrassy kind of group. Ron fit in kind of oddly, because we didn't really do blues — it was more old-timey music. But we played some stuff that was right for him, like "Hesitation Blues." He played harp and I can't remember if he sang or not.

Pigpen (1970): I was in a band with Troy Widenheimer [who ran Dana Morgan's music store, where Garcia and Kreutzmann worked occasionally] called The Zodiacs. The Zodiacs were playing beer-drinkin' fraternity parties at Stanford, and Troy played lead, his old lady Sherry played rhythm, Garcia would occasionally sit in on Fender bass, Roy Ogborn would play bass and drum, and I'd sing and play harmonica.

The Zodiacs played really wet gigs, man. We played Searsville Lake and they'd rent the men's dressing room and we'd play in there with the showers and benches. [Then] we met these three black guys and we'd play for these weird frat house parties and stuff, and the leader of the black guys was named Don Dee Great! And that would bring in R&B, and they changed their name to Dr. Don & The Interns. We played Play-

land [the late, great SF amusement park], Robert's at the Beach. They'd do Coasters tunes and we'd back them. Tents in the San Jose Fairgrounds …

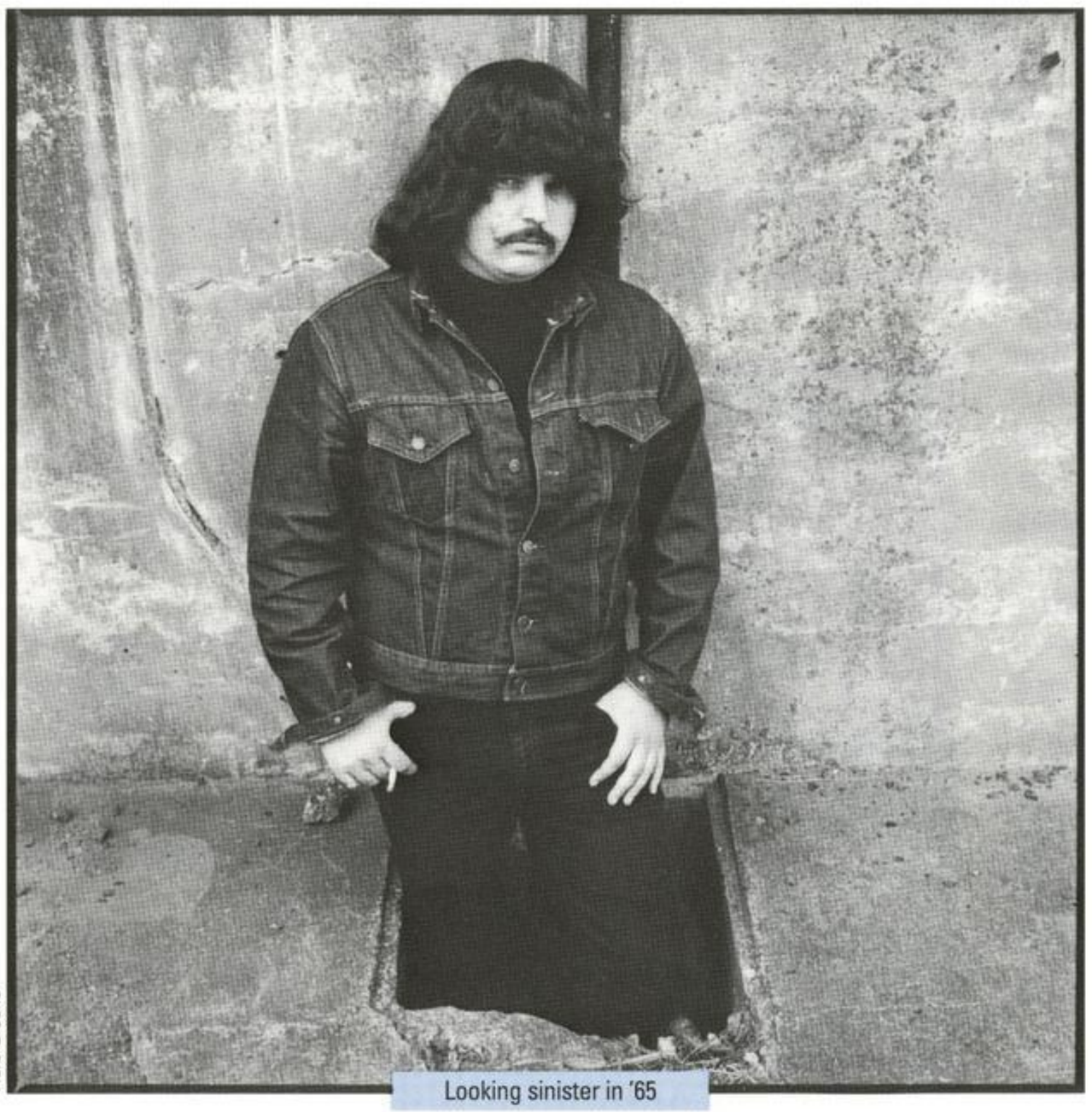
Troy got the gigs; he was the leader. Each of us would make 20 bucks per gig. But it ain't worth having to contend with 200 football players. At one Stanford party, some fullback named Charlie hung by his ankles from the rafters and fell on his head, and it didn't even faze him. Then they filled a plastic raft with water and put it in the pool and all 200 people got in with their clothes on and water over-flooded, and we got electrocuted. They thought we were strange, long-haired freaks.

[We'd play] "Searchin'," "Walking the Dog," "Sensation," "San-Ho-Zay," (a Freddie King instrumental), some Jimmy Reed tunes. We played Gert Chiarito's *Midnight Special* show on KPFA. Me and Jerry did one, too. I played harmonica and Jerry played guitar.

Peter Albin: Just about everybody in the scene did something on the KPFA *Midnight Special* shows — which were like hootenannies — at one time or another. I went up a lot with my brother and Pigpen. I remember one time Pigpen and I and a couple of black dudes went up in this funky car with a broken window. All I remember is shards of glass from the broken window hitting us in the back seat going 60 miles an hour up [Highway] 101. Pigpen always had this bottle in a brown bag. I never knew what it was; I just drank from it. It was usually something like Hombre or Silver Satin; fortified wines, sickeningly sweet.

I'm pretty sure that one time at the *Midnight Special* Pigpen and Janis [Joplin] were both there the same night. She was up for about a year around '64, playing around and stuff. She also spent some time in New York and in Venice [California] before going back to Texas for a while. I don't know if she and Ron actually knew each other during this period, but I know he knew who she was. Anyway, at the *Midnight Special* they'd sometimes have like a round robin; maybe ten people would play in a night. I remember seeing the Chambers Brothers there doing their acoustic gospel thing, and I remember Janis being there and me being next to her in this round robin. I think Ron might have been there, too. She was certainly around a lot there for a while, and Ron might have been there times without me, too. I know he was aware of her because when she came back and joined Big Brother he was definitely very friendly with her.

Bob Matthews: How I came into all this originally is I went to Menlo-Atherton school with Bob [Weir]. There were a bunch of us there who were folkniks. We'd go up to Berkeley, and hang out at the Tangent in Palo Alto and the Offstage in San Jose. Garcia was teaching banjo at Dana Morgan's and I took banjo lessons from him. We all had guitars and hung out and played together, and we went and saw all the big names when they'd come through. One of the popular music formats of that time was the jug band. We used to go see Jim Kweskin and Dave Van Ronk, and at one point Weir and I and this guy I went to Peninsula [High] with, Rick McAuley, decided we were going to start a jug band. Rick never really stayed with it, though. Bob and I were into it. In high school, Weir and I would go to first period, which was 8 to 9 o'clock, and then at 9 we'd get out on the highway and hitchhike to Dana Morgan's and cut the rest of school hanging out with Jerry. One of these mornings we went in and told Jerry we had started a jug band. In those days, he spent *all* his time playing. You could have a conversation with him, but it was always *while* he was playing. He said, "Oh that's nice. I'm in." And that's how Mother McCree's Uptown Jug Champions were born.


Herb Greene

Looking sinister in '65

I'm not positive, but I think [David] Nelson is the one who came up with the name. It sounded like a jug band name, which is what we were after. A lot of different people eventually played with the jug band, but at the beginning there was Garcia, who played banjo, Nelson on guitar, Dave Parker and I played washboard and Weir played washtub bass. Hunter was around, Pigpen was around and played occasionally.

We played all the regular jug stuff that other groups were playing, some old-timey, some blues. Basically we stole from everybody's repertoire. But that's what everyone did.

David Nelson: Pigpen used to come over to Hamilton Street when I lived there. That was the house where the jug band was formed — in my room downstairs. When I could no longer keep up the $35 a month rent they put me downstairs in this basement room and I made that into a little clubhouse. We started playing jug band music, and these new kids — these youngsters — Bob Weir and Bob Matthews and another guy came over. They were enthusiastic about playing in a jug band. And Dave Parker was playing washboard. Pigpen would come over sometimes and bring a pint of something to drink, sit down and play in the kitchen. He'd talk and play.

I was in it for the first few gigs. Then Bob Hunter and Rick Melrose and some other people and I went to Los Angeles. That's where I met the Pine Valley Boys and Herb Pederson.

Bob Weir: I think I first met Pigpen in Garcia's garage in Palo Alto at the first jug band rehearsal. Garcia had said he knew this guy Pigpen who played real good blues, and even

though he'd been around, I'd never really heard about him until that day.

I was only 16 at the time and I was kind of in awe of these guys I was playing with, because I was not any kind of journeyman musician at that point; I really had almost no experience.

Robert Hunter: I had seen Pigpen play guitar and harmonica a bit at the Tangent and I was impressed with how good he was solo. Then he played with Mother McCree's, of course, and he was seemingly the most professional of anybody in the group. He had his act down completely *very* young. Obviously he developed other parts of his music as time went on, but you could see what he was very clearly, even at the beginning. You could tell this was a guy who understood and could play blues.

From a Mother McCree's Live Tape, 1964:

Garcia: We'd like to have Pigpen McKernan … known in more esoteric circles … Mr. Pigpen McKernan would like to sing a Lightnin' Hopkins song called —

Pigpen: I wouldn't like to, but I will anyway.

Garcia: He's gonna sing a song called "The Rub," and we're not gonna be responsible for its contents, or his.

Pigpen sings: *I said mama got a rub on, sister got the tub/ Doin' around doin' the rub-de-rub/Ain't it crazy, ain't it crazy/Ain't it crazy one day, to keep on rubbin' that thing/ Well I see that woman goin' behind that hill/I'm gonna find that girl, I'm gonna do my will/Ain't it crazy, etc.*

Bob Weir: I think every now and again we would do a gig at a place that would have a piano and Pigpen would play some, but he mainly played harmonica and sang. We played coffee galleries, parties. We might have gone home with 10 bucks a head on a good night. Actually, ten bucks was a lot of money back then.

Jerry Garcia: As early as when we were playing in The Zodiacs together [late '62], I discovered that Pigpen was not a guy who wanted to be a performer. I had to practically force him to perform. He'd always be out in the parking lot or somewhere when we were supposed to go onstage. He was a real reluctant performer, but once you actually got him onstage he was great.

Bob Matthews: I think the jug band was in existence for about a year and a half and probably went through about 20 different musicians at different times. I think I only lasted about six months. I went from washboard to first kazoo, to second kazoo, to being out of the band. I think I was out of the band the night we were playing and Jerry leaned over to me in the *middle* of a tune and said, "Why don't you take a break," and I got off the stage.

Sue Swanson: I went to high school with Bobby at Menlo-Atherton High School. I met him in my junior year. They were Mother McCree's Uptown Jug Champions at that point and then somewhere between September and December [of '64] or January ['65], they started up a rock 'n' roll band. I think I went to maybe the second rehearsal — they wouldn't let me go to the first one. And that was it; they never got me out again.

Bob Matthews: British rock 'n' roll — mainly The Beatles and the Stones — was happening, and the decision was made — you can probably relate it to Jerry — that it was time to start an electric blues band, coincidental with the fact that Jerry was teaching at Dana Morgan's and Bill Kreutzmann was teaching drums there.

Jerry Garcia ('71): As a matter of fact, it was Pigpen's idea. He'd been pestering me for a while — he wanted me to start up an electric blues band. That was his trip. Because in the jug band scene we used to do blues numbers like Jimmy Reed tunes, and we even played a couple of rock 'n' roll tunes, and [plugging in] was just the next step.

Laird Grant: Pigpen wanted to get into playing the organ, and you can't do that acoustically unless you have a lot of slaves pumpin' air.

Jerry Garcia ('71): [So] theoretically it's a blues band, but the minute we get electric instruments it's a rock 'n' roll band, because, wow, playin' rock 'n' roll is fun. Pigpen, because he could play some blues piano and stuff like that, we put him on organ immediately, and the harmonica was a natural, and he was doin' most of the lead vocals at the time.

We had a really rough sound, and the bass player [Dana Morgan] was the guy who owned the music store I had been working in, which was convenient because he gave us all the equipment; we didn't have to hassle to go to raise money to buy equipment. … We were The Warlocks, with the music store owner playing bass and Bobby and me and Pigpen and Bill. And so we went and we played. We played three gigs at that pizza parlor [Magoo's].

'Pigpen was not a guy who wanted to be a performer. He was a real reluctant performer, but once you actually got him onstage he was great.'—Jerry Garcia

Sue Swanson: The first fans were Connie [Furtado] and I and Bob Matthews, Barney [Laird Grant] and Bobby Peterson. Connie and I were pretty wild. We used to do all kinds of crazy things and we were up for it all. We were not exactly the kind of girls who stayed home and behaved. We were *gone*, we were history. We were *out*. One of the things we used to do was practice getting into hotel rooms — any band that came around we would break into their hotel rooms for practice so when The Beatles came to town we'd be ready! We always got in, too — Eric Burdon & the Animals, the Dave Clark Five, Chad & Jeremy, Sonny & Cher, the Rolling Stones. I asked Keith Richards, "I know these guys who have a band — what can I tell them? What's your advice?" He said, "Write your own songs." So I passed along that information.

Laird Grant: I was The Warlocks' equipment guy. I was known as the Van Master, because I could put more shit into a small space and get somewhere on time and set it up.

The acoustic thing was fun because it could be done anywhere without any problems. You just kind of set up and people huddled near, or you found a corner to play in. It was re-

ally easy — when the gig was over with, everyone grabbed their axes and left. Then, when you got into club situations, you needed some amplification and it just kind of grew. It started out with a little Fender twin reverb [amplifier] and eventually became 50 tons of equipment!

Sue Swanson: Dana Morgan was the bass player then and they used to practice at his father's store. They did a lot of traditional stuff — "I Know You Rider" and things like that. They would listen to a lot of 45s to learn songs. My job was to change the 45s. "Play that part again!" It was a crummy little phonograph that would sit on the counter at Dana Morgan's. I'll never forget the sound of them practicing in there, and all the cymbals and everything in the whole room would be going. The *whole room* would be making all this noise.



At the band's Sausalito rehearsal space, early '66

Gene Anthony

David Nelson: I remember The Warlocks rehearsing at Hamilton Street a little bit. I remember the first rehearsals at Dana Morgan's. Me and and Eric Thompson went over and checked them out. Garcia was just *railing* on Weir. "No, no, *goon child*! No, no, I told you a thousand times!" He'd be yelling about some passage in the song. "Let's try it *again*." But it was all very good-humored. Everybody was laughing.

Sue Swanson: After Dana was out of the band they rehearsed wherever they could. They rehearsed at Matthews' house, they rehearsed at Connie's house, they rehearsed in my back yard a few times, they rehearsed at Phil's house a little bit — he and his girlfriend Ruth had a house on High Street that became a big hangout. In fact that's where they found the name [Grateful Dead] later. They played anywhere they could find a place.

Bob Matthews: It seemed like they never had a place to practice. Sue's parents would be out of town for a weekend and we'd practice over there. There was a night when my parents were out and they practiced in my living room.

My parents found out, and to this day my mother still reminds me about the Ripple bottles in the garden.

Sue Swanson: It was Ripple, not Thunderbird?

Bob Matthews: It *was* Thunderbird!

Phil Lesh (1981): Somebody came in with the word that Garcia's band was playing such-and-such a night at Magoo's Pizza Parlor.... We took acid and went down there. ... We came bopping in there and it was really happening. Pigpen ate my mind with his harp, singing the blues. They wouldn't let you dance, but I did — we were so fucking stoned!

During the set break, Jerry took me off to a table and said, "How'd you like to play bass in this band? Our bass player is not a musician, and we have to tell him what notes to play." I said, "By God, I'll give it a try!"

Sue Swanson: When Phil came on board he was just learning to play the bass and to sing. I used to hold his music. I think the first song he ever did with The Warlocks was "Do You Believe in Magic," and I'd sit there and hold his music and make faces at him and try to make him laugh.

Bob Matthews: I wasn't doing anything much. I was just part of the energy. Then we started the fan club and that was something to do.

Sue Swanson: I could be quiet and cool and I had a car and a credit card for gas; that helped. So they let me hang around.

Bob Matthews: Weir and I were underage, but I sort of had a car and we used to take advantage of Pig, because he could walk in anywhere. He was only slightly older than us, but he could walk into any liquor store and they weren't going to ask him nothin'. So we'd drive him over to East Palo Alto, pay for his Thunderbird, and he'd buy us a big six-pack of Rainier Ale. We called it "green death." We'd go hang out with somebody, maybe try to find some ... [he whispers] *marijuana*.

Sue Swanson: In the beginning, I knew Bobby the best and I was always a little afraid of Pigpen. He looked like a Hell's Angel — big and scary.

Bob Matthews: At that point Pigpen wasn't spending much time at home, from what I could see, but I think his parents were fairly liberal. We sometimes had to sneak him out or sneak him back in, but it wasn't anything like what Weir and I had to go through, out past curfew: "Be home by 11!" "Sure, sure." Come back at 2 in the morning, talk your way out of being grounded the next weekend, and do it all over again.

Phil Lesh ('84): When we started out, I elected myself to be the guy who would crawl through the window and wake up Pigpen. First of all, I made him make sure that the telephone was by his shoulder when he went to sleep at night, because otherwise he wouldn't hear it in the morning — and he wouldn't get up to practice.

He lived at home with his family in Palo Alto. We'd go there, and the guys would wait in Jerry's Corvair, and I'd either knock on the window or crawl through. Sometimes I actually had to crawl through and wake him up physically. He'd crawl out the window so he wouldn't disturb anybody, and he'd bring his bottle of Southern Comfort. This would happen every day, seven days a week. It was 9, 10 o'clock in the morning.

Sue Swanson: Jerry used to have this little yellow Corvair, and we'd be going down to Magoo's or whatever, and I can remember he and Pig would be behind us in their car and Matthews and I would just be laughing, laughing, *laughing*, because they had what was for that time real long hair and Pig had the big, droopy mustache. We called them the Ugly Sisters.

Pig was like a professional dirty old man. He always was there with a sexual innuendo. But at the same time he was a total gentleman, so you knew he was kidding. I mean, he would never force his attentions on a woman who wasn't interested in him. But he always talked *dirrrty*, so dirty. I didn't even know what he was talking about most of the time; didn't have a clue — that's how naive I was. All he did was embarrass me. That's who he was — he wore those clothes and talked that talk, but he was a very soft, sweet and gentle guy. He just had this persona.

The first time I really spent any time talking to him was when they played at Frenchy's over in Hayward and he kept coming out to Billy's station wagon, where I was hanging out because I was too young to go in, and Pigpen told me the whole story of *The Hobbit*. It was really sweet.

Bob Matthews: I had this old beat-up '55 Plymouth wagon, which I think was the original equipment car. On one occasion I remember Pig driving me up to the city — he needed some "bitches," some "wimmins." It was an adventure. The car blew up and all sorts of other stuff happened. Pig *always* had someplace to go, somethin' to do. He was out to have a good time.

Sue Swanson: It seems like we all hung out together constantly — 24 hours a day. Well, 20 hours a day. People slept in different places, but that was about it. Basically, we hung. What could be more fun? We were very young — the oldest of us was 22. We were still just kids, really. Those were the golden years.

PART TWO

"I went down to see a gypsy woman"

Some of the jug band repertoire survived the transition to the electric band (including Pigpen-sung tunes like "Big Boss Man" and "The Rub," which appears on Lightnin' Hopkins' records as "Ain't It Crazy"), but the group also played tunes by the Stones and the Lovin' Spoonful, oddities like Gordon Lightfoot's "Early Mornin' Rain" and a few largely forgettable original songs. The one song Pigpen sang on the band's first demo tape (recorded 11/3/65) is the only group original that survived more than a year: "Caution."

"How the 'Caution' jam developed," says Bob Weir, "is we were driving around listening to the radio, like we used to do a lot, and the song 'Mystic Eyes' by Them was on, and we were all saying, 'Check this out! We can do this!' So we got to the club where we were playing and we warmed up on it. We lifted the riff from 'Mystic Eyes' and extrapolated it into 'Caution,' and I think Pigpen just made up the words."

The song opens with a locomotive rhythm, propelled by Bill Kreutzmann's rumbling tom-toms, sharp rhythmic bursts from Garcia and Weir, a rolling bass figure from Phil, and percussive spurts and wails from Pigpen's harmonica. The jam rolls on, almost like some demented surf-rock riff, until Pigpen comes in with his cryptic, ominous lyrics:

I went down to see a gypsy woman
I wanna find out what's wrong with me
I said, "Pleee-ease, please, please tell me now,
what's wrong with me?
Well she looked at me and said, "Man, ALL you need,
ALL you need, ALL you need …"

Now Pigpen is shouting it out like some gospel preacher; you can almost picture the sisters in the Amen corner shouting it back at him.

"ALL you need, ALL you need is a mojo hand,"
That's what I'm gonna do; get myself a mojo hand
Then everything'll be all right …

And the jam fades. In '67 and '68, the "Caution" jam would really blossom as the band got more intense and played weirder and weirder.

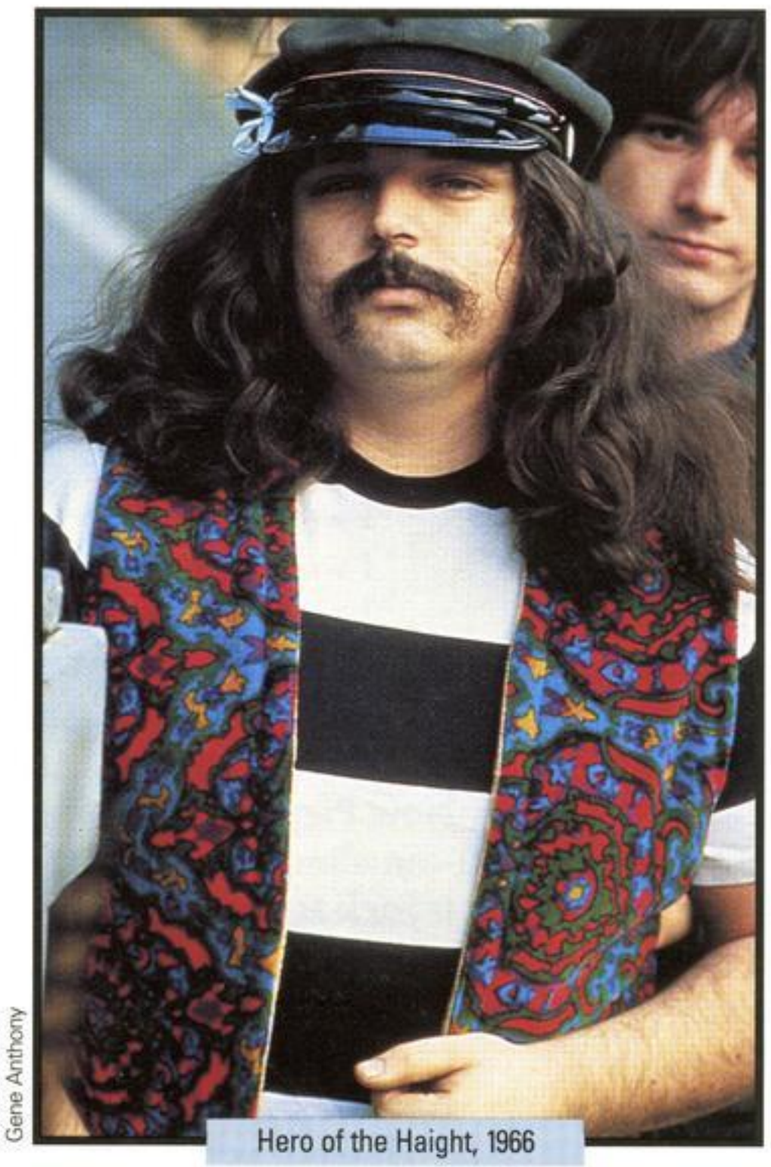
The key to The Warlocks' success wasn't just that they were an eclectic jug band that had plugged in; they were also a rock 'n' roll band that had *turned on*. Except for Pigpen, that is. While the other bandmembers were smoking pot and taking LSD-fueled excursions to inner space, and listening to some unspoken dictum to *stre-e-e-e-etch* the music, Pigpen happily stuck to his bottle. He smoked pot a few times and didn't like it, and LSD scared him, so he avoided it. How he managed to play the first few Acid Tests without getting dosed is anybody's guess. And one can only imagine what he thought of the craziness that surrounded him at those affairs. Still, there he was at every one, sitting behind that cheesy-sounding but relatively reliable Vox Continental organ, adding bluesy and soulful flourishes to this dance music that was getting stranger (and louder) by the week.

Pigpen's material expanded with the rest of the repertoire, and by early '66 — after The Warlocks had changed their name to the Grateful Dead and the group had moved to San Francisco — Pigpen's long vocal romps through Wilson Pickett's "Midnight Hour" highlighted most Grateful Dead sets. He would involve the audience, cajole them, *make* them participate; again the Baptist preacher analogy is apt. He had the black street patois *down*, and with Pigpen it never seemed forced or phony. He'd come by it honestly, through friends, through *life*, really.

Bob Matthews: From Day One I really thought they were great; I still do. The Warlocks definitely started as a blues band. The standard 12- or 16-bar blues in E was just a loose format, and in a psychedelic environment it really gave a lot of room to work around, and that's where the long jams developed. Jamming in E. It was the loose format that enabled the Grateful Dead jam to develop. When Phil joined is when it started

to get really interesting musically. There was still a lot of blues, but it was really exploring what you could do in that medium; seeing where you could take it; playing with it.

Jerry Garcia: Our earliest incarnation was kind of a blues band, in a way. We were kind of patterned along the same lines as the Rolling Stones. This was during the British Invasion. Everybody went and saw [The Beatles film] *A Hard Day's Night* — "Yeah, that looks like fun. Let's go play rock 'n' roll!" Me and Pigpen both had that background in the old Chess Records stuff — Chicago blues like Howlin' Wolf and Muddy Waters, and people like Jimmy Reed, Chuck Berry. It was real natural for us, and we even did those kinds of tunes in the jug band. So it was an easy step to make it into sort of a proto-blues band. The Stones were already doing all the old Muddy Waters stuff.



Gene Anthony

Hero of the Haight, 1966

Remember that old Junior Walker & the All-Stars instrumental "Cleo's Back"? That was also real influential on the Grateful Dead — our whole style of playing. There was something about the way the instruments entered into it in a kind of free-for-all way, and there were little holes and these neat details in it — we studied that motherfucker! We might have even played it for a while, but that wasn't the point — it was the conversational approach, the way the band worked, that really influenced us.

When we first started The Warlocks I thought, "Wow, Pigpen's this guy who can play some keyboards, some harmonica, and he's this powerhouse singer." He was the perfect frontman, except that he hated it; getting him to do it was really a bitch. I think he was just a shy person.

Rock Scully: The first time I got tight with Pig was at the Big Beat Acid Test [12/11/65], which was in this weird kind of A-frame building. At that Acid Test we had America Needs Indians, which was Stewart Brand's trip. We had stages at either end of the room. At one end was Kesey's stage and the other end of the room was the Dead's stage, and in the middle of the room was Neal Cassady juggling his hammer. He'd toss it all the way up to the rafters, talk to you for a few seconds, then catch it and do it again.

At the time I was still very leery of LSD. I was a graduate student out at SF State and I'd met Kesey a couple of times. He and Owsley invited me to come to this Acid Test, right off the freeway in Palo Alto. But I came straight. I had no intention of going to an Acid Test on acid. It was still scary to me, though I'd taken mescaline once and smoked some very good pot. But in those days we were more into drinking red wine and playing music in the kitchen.

So I went down to this club and Pig and I just immediately hit it off. He introduced himself as Ron. I was standing by the bar and he walked up to me wearing his biker jacket with all the medals on it and he says, "Owsley told me to come over and talk to you. He says you're gonna manage us or something." I was working with the Family Dog at the time. I said, "Yeah, I'd like to. I don't know what we're gonna do though — you guys are ugly as sin." He said, "Yeah, aren't we?" I said, "Yeah, that's neat! The Rolling Stones are ugly, too!" He said, "Yeah, we do the same kind of music, except we do it better!" Anyway, he and I struck up a friendship right away because we were the only two people in the whole room who weren't high on LSD, so he probably figured he could trust me.

Eileen Law: I'd been hanging out in North Beach the summer of '65 and the movement was just starting to take place with some of these bands. I think the first notice I saw of any of them was a flyer for the Airplane on telephone poles — they were playing the Matrix. So I found myself going there pretty often, and then one night there was a group called The Warlocks, and I'll never forget Pig, because the closest I had ever come to seeing someone who looked like him were the Hell's Angels I'd seen up in Rio Nido, where I'd grown up during the '60s. There was Pig, with hard blue jeans and his boots, kind of creepy-looking, but he carried the show. From then on, all those groups started playing — Quicksilver and the Dead. I always thought Pig was the star of the show and Billy was the foundation. And of course Jerry was an amazing guitar player.

Sue Swanson: It was always Jerry's band. But Pigpen was the only one who was really a showman. He'd get out there and work the audience and the band would be behind him. They were not a backup band for Pig; that isn't how it was. But he definitely was the showman, and they would definitely let him take the reins and back him up. But by no means were they a backup band for him or did he ever really lead them. I guess he had a lot of influence on the type of music they played, but they all had that bent, too.

Jon McIntire: When I first saw them, they had just quit being The Warlocks and they were not necessarily that good, with the exception of Pigpen. Pigpen could sing really well and play really effective blues organ; I mean *really* good. I think everyone would admit that he was the best musician at the beginning; certainly the best singer, by far. You'd be hearing this weird music and all of a sudden this really sweet, compelling voice would come out of the p.a., and I'd look up and it was the weird guy who looked like a Hell's Angel playing the organ!

Jerry Garcia ('67): He listens to Jimmy Smith more on the organ than anybody else. And he's only been playing organ as long as the band has been together. He doesn't really work at it too hard — not as hard as the rest of us do, for example — but he's got real clear ideas. And he's always got a way … he can always make a song nicer by the thing that he plays. He's a real great supporting organist. He hasn't got a real heavy chord background or anything, but he's got a good mind for lines.

Peter Albin: When he would come over to my parents' place in the early '60s, he would tickle the ivories and I thought he was pretty good — though I never thought he'd become a keyboard player for a rock 'n' roll band. I thought he was an

excellent harp player and that the band was stifling the guy. In the beginning his style was more like Sonny Terry than it was Chicago style, or Butterfield style. But he could've developed. I thought that he could've been as good as Butterfield, if not better, if they'd let him do his thing. But I guess the harmonica didn't really fit in with a lot of the direction they were taking, so he played more keyboards.

David Nelson: He was from the old school where you drank and got numb. I remember he asked me to help him carry his organ off the stage and lock it up over across the hall at the Longshoreman's [Hall] Acid Test in January of '66, and he looked just feeble and weak and his voice was shaky and his eyes were sunken in. Sometimes when you're high on acid, everything seems so alive and in technicolor and then you see some people who seem to be behind a cloud or something. That's how Pigpen looked to me that night. I thought, "Oh man, if Pigpen doesn't get with this it'll run off and leave him!" I remember thinking, "There's got to be a way to get Pigpen into this."

But you can't make a person want to get into acid if they're scared of it. And if you were straight at the Longshoreman's Hall, that could really offer some scares for you, because people were just *nuts*. It was really, really wild.

For me it was an incredibly solid thing — one of the most solid hits in my life. The universe seemed like time stopped and molecules changed; it was so exciting. It was such a secure, solid feeling. I realized that the world had changed now and it was going to go *this* way. There was nothing bad happening, there was no immoral stuff going on. There was no innuendo or hidden stuff. It was just plain, simple fun. But everyone from the outside looking in was morally outraged, as if there was some betrayal there.



Outside 710 Ashbury, 1966. Clockwise from Pigpen: Garcia, Lesh, Rosie, Laird Grant, Kreutzmann, Weir, Danny Rifkin, Rock Scully, Tangerine

Herb Greene

Laird Grant: I remember how excited Pigpen was when he finally got his Hammond B-3. I think it was early in '66. We were still rehearsing over in Sausalito at the heliport when we got it over at Sherman & Clay [a piano/organ store] over in Oakland. Man that thing was heavy! Me and John Page Browning used to flip a coin to see who got front or back to carry it up the back stairs at the Avalon. That's how I ruined my back, as a matter of fact. We didn't have any insurance in those days; I would've been on total disability.

Ken Babbs: My first real memory of Pigpen was actually of that big organ he played, and carrying it into one of the Acid Tests or a gig somewhere.

My favorite early memory of Pigpen himself is when we went up to Portland in The Bus to do an Acid Test up there. All the Grateful Dead was aboard, and [the Pranksters] were all aboard and George [Walker] had just put new brakes in and we took it up to La Honda to have it checked out and the wheel bearings greased and everything, and the guy didn't put grease in the back bearing. As we were driving up the freeway there toward Williams, Pigpen was lying on one of the bunks singing, and that guy could sing more rhythm & blues songs than anybody I ever knew; just right off the cuff. All of a sudden someone said, "I smell smoke!" So Pigpen looked out the window and just continued singing about how the bus was on fire, and he had this whole song going. So we had to park the bus and get a U-Haul rent-a-truck, and we all had to go up to Portland in the back of that. Pigpen sang the whole way.

Rock Scully: One thing led to another and then the next thing we knew we were all living in Los Angeles [February/March '66], woodshedding in this house in Watts [a largely black section of L.A.], which Pigpen loved, of course. I would produce these shows to keep them in front of people. See, the Dead didn't have a book; we didn't have our own songs. We needed to go somewhere and work on songs, and Owsley came up with this house. He'd be tabbing LSD upstairs, he financed us, bought us all this equipment, worked out the experimental stereo sound system. We could've stayed in Northern California, but the deal was I didn't want them playing around for a while, because they'd used up their book. They had, like, four sets and it was almost all old covers. They had a couple of originals, like "Otis on the Shakedown Cruise," which was this wonderful song that I think Pig and Jerry mainly put together. There must be tapes of it around somewhere. We were going to put it on as the B-side of "Don't Ease Me In."

Jerry Garcia: I think we started ["Otis on the Shakedown Cruise"] in San Francisco, but we worked it up in L.A. It was kind of an R&B thing that had changes that worked a little bit like "Get Off My Cloud" or "Louie Louie"; maybe a little more complicated. It was a straight-ahead 4/4; it wasn't a shuffle, which was unusual for us in those days, 'cause we played mostly shuffles. It was a pretty good tune, but we threw it out at some point — maybe when Mickey joined the band — because we went on to other stuff.

Rock Scully: Actually, Pig and I wanted to move back to San Francisco the minute we got there. But Owsley was paying for us to be there and looking after us and it was a good woodshed — they came up with a lot of good material there.

Jerry Garcia: We didn't get "Good Mornin' Little Schoolgirl" from Muddy Waters or whoever. Our version came from Buddy Guy and Junior Wells. I remember listening to that record endlessly when we were down in L.A. There was something really snaky about it, so we went with that approach, which was sort of a different feel and a different melody even.

Wavy Gravy: I remember when we were all down in L.A. for the Acid Test, I'd sometimes have to go wake up the band. I think this is when they were staying over on Hoover Street. Anyway, I'd look at the floor and I couldn't tell what was the floor and what was the band. In some especially funky corner somewhere in there, Pigpen would be Z'n away, lying on this little bedroll and matted papers. It was pretty scary.

Danny Rifkin: I first met the band in Los Angeles. I was going to school at [SF] State and the band was in L.A., sort of at the tail end of the Prankster run [the L.A. Acid Tests]. They were starting to do their own things. Bear [Owsley] had asked Rock to manage the band and Rock said, "Can I bring in my partner Danny?" So we'd go down there. We had worked at the Family Dog before Chet [Helms], with Luria [Castell]. We were also — I don't know if you'd call it "managing" The Charlatans in those days, and we put on some dances at California Hall. We went to L.A. and there were the Grateful Dead, sort of with the Pranksters, but they had their own house. Bear was underwriting them. We'd rent places like the Slobbovian Hall or Armenian Hall, we'd put out flyers and put on dances. A couple of hundred people might come to a dance. This was very early.

Rock Scully: The way we moved back into San Francisco after being in L.A. is that Danny was being the landlord at 710 Ashbury and I had a room upstairs and we had to find a way to get everybody out of the house because we needed the whole house. Pig was so anxious to get back to San Francisco he said, "Here's what we'll do: you and me come back to the house, even if we have to live in your room." I said, "Nah, why don't we just *live* in the kitchen?" Now Pigpen was *so* frightful looking to regular people in those days. So me and Pig would just stay up late at night drinking in the kitchen of 710 Ashbury and then one by one, the residents began to move out. We did have a couple of holdouts that we had to really boot out. But as each one would move out, more Grateful Dead would move in. When we got the first guy out Garcia moved in; then Weir moved in.

Jon McIntire: I first met the band at 710 Ashbury in '66. I was working in antiques on Sacramento Street but I took most of my evening meals at 710 because I was real good friends with Jimmy and Annie Courson, who ran the house back then. Rock and Danny had brought them in. It was a commune and everyone's a sloppy hippie and we needed someone to sort of keep it all together, so that's what Jim and Annie did.



Gene Anthony

Inside 710 Ashbury

Then one day — I don't know when exactly, but I hadn't been there very often — I was out in front of the house and I sort of struck up a friendship with Pigpen. Pigpen was the first guy I really befriended in the band, and I think we became friends the way most people became friends with Pig, which is I sat down and drank with him. He was real open and friendly. There was already enough "star" vibe around Garcia and a glamor vibe around Bobby, and he was kind of spaced because he was a macrobiotic type, and Phil was not living at 710. But Pig was real open and available and a lot more immediately warm, to me anyway, than the other guys were. I think that was a relatively common reaction for folks who weren't already friends with all of them.

Ken Babbs: Pigpen definitely took acid a few times, but I know he didn't like to perform on acid, and it got to the point where he was afraid of anybody giving him anything to drink. In fact I can remember lots of times when he'd say, "Hey, Babbs, go down and get me a pint of Southern Comfort, and bring it back with the seal unbroken!"

Laird Grant: He didn't smoke pot because it made him feel stupid. He and I would get high occasionally, but he really didn't like it. He didn't like speed. He didn't like psychedelics — in fact basically he was very fearful of them, although he did get dosed a couple of different times. When he'd get dosed he'd come to me because we were buddies. He'd get pretty worried — "What the fuck's going on with me?" — and I'd try to tell him it was cool; "Let's go over here and sit down, smoke some cigarettes, talk, blow your harp." He was wigged. And he'd sit there and blow his harp. I wish I had tapes of some of those times!

Wavy Gravy: Every now and again he would get dosed and he was really hysterical. He would get extremely excited and old Babbs would just torment him — cutting off the power to his keyboards in odd moments, taking him right through the roof. But it was all in good, clean, cosmic fun.

Peter Albin: Pigpen and I were extremely similar because we both drank; that's what we liked. In my whole life I've only had acid twice; I don't like it. I like reality and I like to get loosened up a little by booze, and Pigpen and I could do that and we found that to be our way of being altered a little bit. We weren't the kind of people who were going to get so fucked up we'd fall off a chair or something or get the DTs. But Pigpen drank bad shit most of the time.

Rock Scully: He was scared to death of psychedelics. I think that's one reason he and Janis got along so well. Janis hated them, too. They were really tight about that.

He was already an alcoholic when I met him. I mean, he drank all the time. But you never had a feeling he was abusing it because he could hold so much. I guess later on you could tell it was affecting him when "Lovelight" would go for over 40 minutes and he'd start to ramble a bit.

From Ralph Gleason's "On the Town" column in the SF *Chronicle*, August '66: [The Fillmore Auditorium] has become, in recent months, the general headquarters for the artistic revolution that is taking place here. Last weekend, for instance, two rock bands played there on Friday and Saturday nights and Sunday afternoon. They were the Jefferson Airplane and the Grateful Dead. They loaded the place to capacity with a crowd whose diversification in dress was characterized only by a departure from Ivy League or Montgomery Street.

On Saturday night, the police cars blocked off Fillmore at the corner of Geary, while upstairs the jammed house listened to a half-hour-long rendition of Wilson Pickett's "Midnight Hour" performed by the massed band and sung by Marty Balin (from the Airplane), Pigpen (from the Dead), Joan Baez and Mimi Fariña. It was quite a night.

Eileen Law: It was so easy to meet all the musicians in those days. You could just go out on the dance floor and they'd be there watching the other bands playing. I remember at the Avalon the dressing rooms were off the dance floor and they'd leave the doors wide open. You'd look in and see Janis sitting in there and everyone hanging out. Pig would be in the dressing room hanging out with a lot of people.

Bob Matthews: He didn't come to that many rehearsals. As the band started to make it, though, Pig became very show-conscious. We'd sit down and talk about what he was going to do. He didn't want things to go wrong because he wanted to look good, because he wanted to be a star. But he was a very mellow character. Very sensitive.

Peter Albin: The Dead and Big Brother both lived in Lagunitas [in Marin County] for a while in '66 and Pigpen would come over to the house pretty often to hang out with Janis and the rest of us. This was an old summer camp that had fallen into disrepair. It had a pool that was empty and a lot of funky little cottages. And there was a building that we practiced in.

Rock Scully: That whole summer we were living in Lagunitas, Pig and Janis had a big love affair. They'd stay up and drink Southern Comfort, and there was a piano out in the chow house. Pigpen would play piano and they'd sing, and they had their guitars out there, too.

Peter Albin: Shortly after that they moved back to the city to 710 Ashbury. Big Brother stayed up there for six months and then moved back to the city in February of '67.

> **'He loved sitting on the front porch [of 710 Ashbury] in the late afternoon. He'd sit out on the stoop and talk to people; anybody who wasn't afraid to talk to him, that is.'**
>
> **— Rock Scully**

PART THREE

"I'm a hog for you, baby"

Sometime during the summer of '66 Pigpen met the woman who would become the love of his life, a charismatic African American named Veronica Grant, known simply as V. Raised by her Seventh Day Adventist mother in the working-class Bay Area port city of Vallejo, Veronica moved to San Francisco in 1965 and got a job working for Wells Fargo just before the Haight-Ashbury scene mushroomed. "At first I was hanging around the Blue Unicorn [a club in the Haight]," she told SF writer Joel Selvin in 1991, just half a year before her death from a stroke. "It had a Bob Dylan-Richie Havens kind of crowd. This was between the Beats and the hippies."

When the Matrix started booking bands like the Airplane, the Dead and Quicksilver, Veronica became a regular there. She liked the Dead best of all: "There was something different about them, about their music. Their music was unique — I'd recognize it instantly whenever I heard it." One night at the Matrix, Pigpen spotted V and a girlfriend in the crowd and invited them to a party out at Rancho Olompali (in rural Marin County), where the Dead and others in the SF scene partied away from the hustle of the Haight. The two hit it off that afternoon, and the next thing V knew, Pigpen was asking when he could call her again. "I get home from work at 6:05," V told him. And at 6:05 the next Monday, Pigpen called her. They gradually saw each other more and more, and within a year, she had quit her Wells Fargo job and moved into 710 Ashbury with Pigpen.

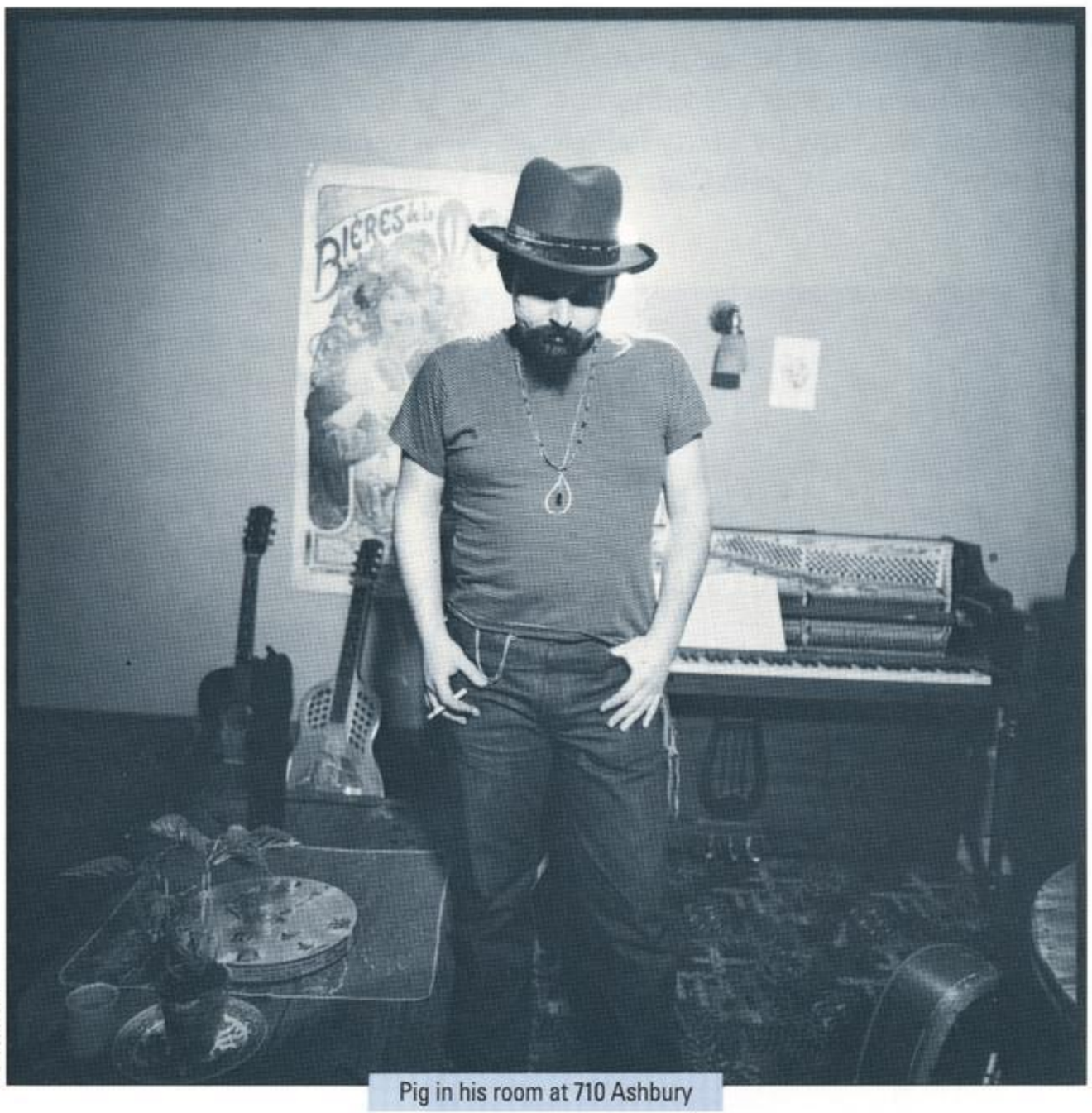
Eileen Law: I met this real nice lady named Veronica at one of the dances, and she told me she liked Pigpen. She'd say about Pigpen, "I'm gonna catch that man!" She was always getting sweet potato pies for him and this and that. She's probably the one who took me over to 710 the first few times I went there. Pigpen had a room off the kitchen downstairs. I think he was the only one who had a TV, and so everyone always used to go hang out in his room.

He had this aura about him that I always thought he was such a ladies' man, and I was always scared to be caught in that dark hallway at 710 because he could plant a good hand on your ass as you walked by. One night I remember we got pretty loaded on pot, and I didn't want to take a taxi or a bus home and so I crashed in their upstairs front room on a couch. I remember in the middle of the night wakin' up and seein' somebody walkin' down the hallway. It was Pigpen and I thought, "Oh no, he's gonna hit on me!" I didn't know what he wanted. Maybe it was the fact that I pretended I was asleep, but he just gently came and put a cover over me and left. I didn't expect that.

Rock Scully: Pigpen's room at 710 was really dark. I can't remember if there was a window in it or not. If there was, it was into our next door neighbor's wall, most likely. Between his room and my room there were these sliding doors that he locked up. He put up an American flag or some drape. Then Janis did some redecorating during her visits, and then when Veronica moved in she took care of it. It was a dark little cave.

Bob Weir: It was the Pig's world. It was a place unto itself. The rest of the house was just a funky old house, and then there was the Pig's room. He had his own coterie that he'd entertain in there. The band had a coterie we entertained, and Pigpen had his own separate group of people he hung out with; folks from everywhere.

Bob Matthews: He was a homebody. He'd have weird friends from the old days come over. They'd sit around and share a bottle of Southern Comfort; Pigpen would play bottleneck guitar. He was pretty good at it too, though he never played it onstage. He'd hold court. It was The Pigpen Show. He'd be the host. They'd talk about books or movies or whatever. Pigpen might play some music for them.


Herb Greene

Pig in his room at 710 Ashbury

Jerry Garcia: You'd go in there and there might be half a dozen hippies and some black people hanging out, drinking wine and listening to Pigpen doing whatever he was doing. He was a real crack-up. People'd be hanging on his every word.

He was so clever. He'd be making up songs with these hilarious words he'd make up on the spot. He was real charming — hell, he was Irish. He could charm the pants off the Pope!

Rock Scully: Once we had the house, he rarely went out, except to sit on the front porch. But he loved sitting out there in the afternoon. He'd sit out on the stoop and talk to people; anybody who wasn't afraid to stop and talk to him, that is.

Jon McIntire: I think he really liked living at 710. He had folks around him. Sitting around and talkin' is what he loved to do more than anything. There was always a lot of stuff going on there, interesting things happening. Like when Neal Cassady's foot came through Pigpen's ceiling, because Neal was crashing up in the attic. He went through the rafters and his foot went through the ceiling. He was walking around and he was fucked up and he put his foot in the wrong place and went through Pigpen's ceiling. This big foot was poking through! Pigpen got the biggest kick out of that. He told that story forever — I'm sure there wasn't a three-month period for the rest of his life that that story didn't come up once.

Danny Rifkin: I think he liked being in that scene, because it was loose. There were a lot of girls, a lot of sex, no one was judging anybody. The living situation was fairly comfortable — he didn't really have to do any work. He'd walk down the street and he was a culture hero, and I think he probably enjoyed that.

From Jann Wenner's "Doin' the Thing" column in the Daily Californian, October 26, 1966: What's happening are Pigpen T-shirts, which come in three assorted, various, sublime, colorful colors. If you don't have a friend in the group who could've given you one free, they're available for $2.50 from the Grateful Dead fan club.

Sue Swanson: It's no coincidence that the first T-shirt was a Pigpen T-shirt.

Jon McIntire: V said to me one time way back when, "I don't know about these hippies. They like these bright colors and all this." And I said, "Wait a minute! Don't you consider yourself a hippie?" And she said, "No!" I thought we *all* were hippies.

Danny Rifkin: She wasn't your street black person. She was a very sweet lady. A real partner in the household and very devoted to Pigpen. They both liked to watch TV a lot.

Eileen Law: Pig would make her jealous because he did like women and liked to flirt around. When Otis [Redding] came around for a three-day run at the old Fillmore — after Monterey Pop — Veronica was flirting with Otis to get Pig jealous. And I thought that was great — big time!

Sue Swanson: One of the things I thought was really sweet was they said if they ever had a child, they were going to name it Fat Chance.

Bob Matthews: It's hard to describe their relationship; it was unique. They seemed to be devoted to each other. On the one hand it was Pig's epitome of what his archetype was: having a black lady. But that's only a superficial aspect of it. Veronica kept you on your toes, she was constantly on your case, and she was that way with Pig. But it was out of genuine concern and affection. She did it with all of us. They played off of each other and had their little show.

Laird Grant: They had a strange relationship. That was

Angelfood McSpade [one of R. Crumb's most caricatural black cartoon characters] and Pigpen. She played that kind of role in a way, but you could tell underneath that she was much more intelligent than that. She was just goofin'. He'd jokingly call her "bitch" and "nigger," and she'd throw shit at him, but it was kind of like a black and white Mutt & Jeff kind of a show, and I don't know how much of it was serious, how much of it was put on for the folks that were around.

And then later [in '68] — bang! — she had this aneurism, didn't know who she was.

Sue Swanson: Pigpen called our house that morning looking for Rock [Scully] — you know how it is, when things fall apart, those guys look for their manager — and I could tell from his voice that something was really wrong. "What's the matter?" "Well, Veronica's had a stroke." I was like eight months pregnant with my son at that point and Veronica was a very close, dear friend of mine — like a big sister — and when Pigpen told me that I about lost it; I couldn't believe it. I said, "What can I do?" and he said, "*Pray*." For Pigpen to say "Pray" … well, it was the most serious thing I'd ever heard him say. It was obvious she was close to death. But she came back. It was amazing.

Jon McIntire: She couldn't walk or talk for quite a while. Her family took care of her and slowly she came back.

Laird Grant: Pigpen devoted himself to her as much as he could. She got back on her feet and became a nurse and got her own life. She definitely changed after the stroke, as you might expect, but they got back together.

Tom Constanten: Pigpen helped her pull through, and then later she stuck by him when he was having health problems, as well.

Jerry Garcia: They had one of those on-again, off-again relationships, but it was mainly *on*. I don't remember him ever having a long-term relationship with anybody but her. She was great.

Bob Weir: Veronica was a lot of fun. She was quick, she was spunky, she was unsuppressable. She overcame a severe stroke and came back and was her old bubbly self again. She had endless effervescence.

PART FOUR

"Mumblin' at bitches and waggin' his tail"

In early 1967, the band traveled south to Los Angeles to record their first album for Warner Bros., under the direction of producer Dave Hassinger. The intention of the record was to capture the band's live energy, so the approach in the studio was essentially to play live and do as few overdubs as possible. For a number of reasons, the band was dissatisfied with the experience and the end-result, but most agree that Pigpen's one vocal/harmonica workout, the slithery and sensuous "Good Mornin' Little Schoolgirl" (originally recorded by Sonny Boy Williamson in the late '30s), was generally quite successful, showcasing both Pig's and the band's ability to exlore and develop a solid groove. A second Pig tune, a conventional blues dubbed "Tastebud," was also recorded but failed to make the album.

Pigpen's organ work on the album is solid throughout — though he never played anything particularly flashy or trippy, he was an able accompanist on most of the early Dead material; one forgets how integral he was to the group's sound. He could navigate the swelling tides of "Viola Lee Blues" or percolate brightly through the speedy old versions of "I Know You Rider." When his Vox organ was retired permanently in favor of the warmer Hammond B-3, his instrumental work took on a greater richness and soulfulness — listen to his blues-drenched keys on the old versions of "Death Don't Have No Mercy."

His repertoire in '66 and '67 consisted largely of just a few choice blues and R&B tunes: "Midnight Hour," Junior Parker's "Next Time You See Me," Slim Harpo's slinky "King Bee," Howlin' Wolf's "Smokestack Lightning," Elmore James' "It Hurts Me Too," Jimmy Reed's "Big Boss Man," The Coasters' "Hog for You Baby" and Bobby "Blue" Bland's "Turn On Your Love Light" (which really caught fire beginning in '68). With the exception of "Midnight Hour," none were big hits outside the R&B charts, which meant the songs were essentially new to most of the Dead's mainly young, white fan base. Pigpen sang a pair of originals, too: "Caution" and the mutha of 'em all — "Alligator."

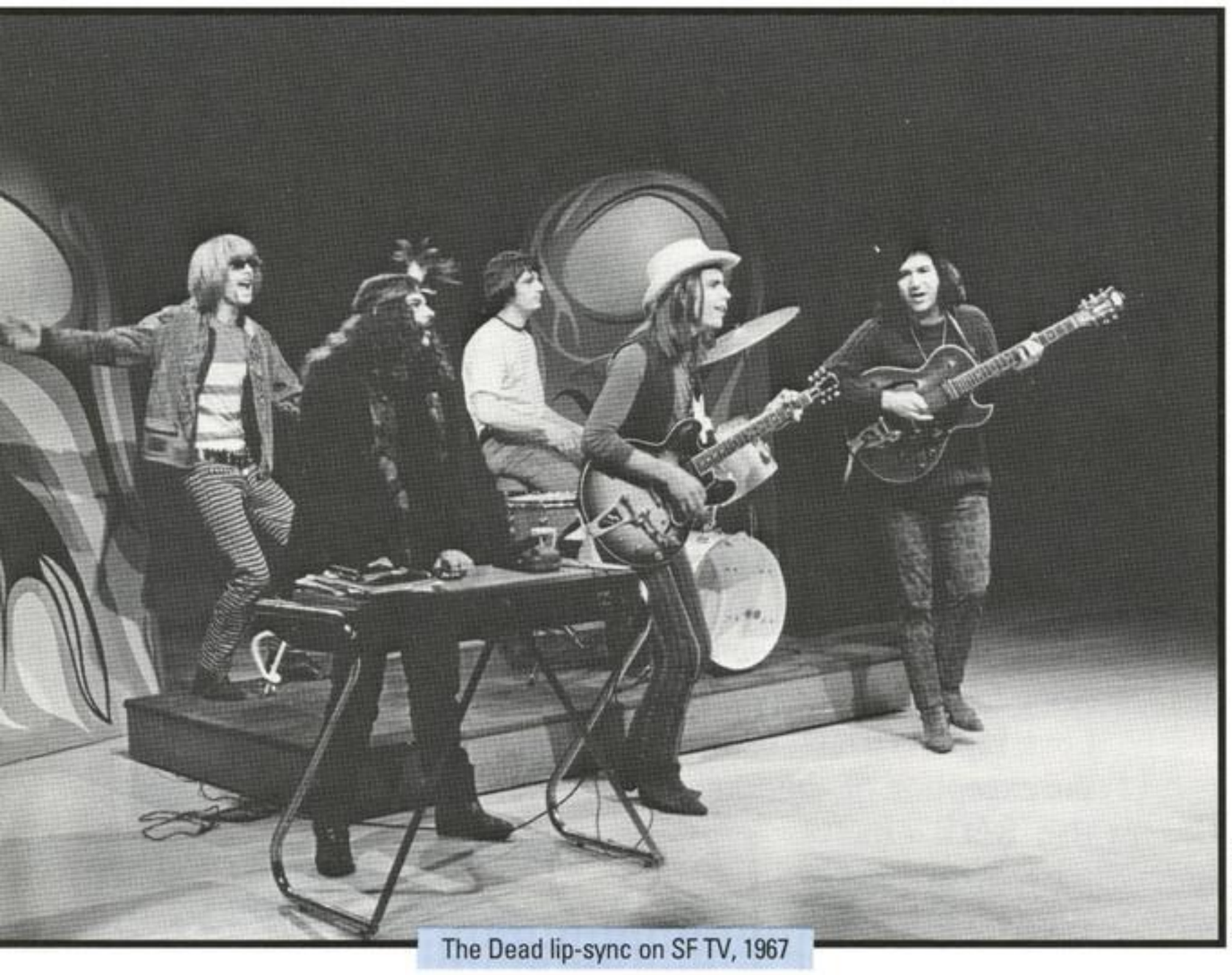


A '67 photo used to promote a '69 concert

"Alligator" marked the first collaboration between Pigpen and lyricist Robert Hunter: "I must've written it in late '65 or early '66," Hunter told me in 1986. "I wrote 'China Cat' and 'Alligator' when I was living on Ramona Street in Palo Alto, and then I went off to New Mexico. Before I went to New Mexico I went over to 710 Ashbury and gave it to the guys. Then, when I got back, they told me they were doing those tunes and I was more or less invited to be 'The Writer.'" Phil and Pigpen developed the song's musical structure together, and Pigpen added the entire final verse: "*Ridin' down the river in an old canoe/A bunch of bugs and an old tennis shoe/Out of the river all ugly and green/The biggest old alligator that I've ever seen/Teeth big and pointed and his eyes were buggin' out/Contact the union, put the beggars to rout/Screamin' and yellin' and lickin' his chops/He never runs, he just stumbles and hops/Just out of prison on six dollars bail/Mumblin' at bitches and waggin' his tail.*"

Who or what "Alligator" is about is beyond me, but it became the springboard for some of the most exciting jams the

Grateful Dead ever played — long, complex and usually highly rhythmic voyages that revealed the full dimensions of the still-developing Grateful Dead beast: not only did this dragon have a long, spiny tail; it breathed fire, too! "I can't remember the number of times I looked up on that stage and Pigpen's organ was the alligator," says Annette Flowers with a laugh. "He was just playin' the alligator!"



Jim Marshall

The Dead lip-sync on SF TV, 1967

In 1967, Pigpen was riding high, a true hero of the Haight; the guy who could *always* get a crowd off with his energy, his wit and the sheer power of his stage persona. His wardrobe was funky and funny; sort of thrift shop biker with odd flourishes like a sash tied around his waist, a paisley headband or odd hats.

Laird Grant: He grew into his image. Someone calls you Batman long enough, pretty soon you start wearing wings and a caped hood. The funkiness was always there with Pigpen because that was his way of being earthy. I don't think he did it to be funky like a Gypsy Joker [a motorcycle club]. He kept himself clean, *or* he'd be funky; fuck, the man drank. I'd go out and score for him and Janis and whoever. It was not unusual for him to go through a quart of Southern Comfort in a night; along with a lot of beer and soda pop. And he fell into that patois he used onstage almost permanently.

Connie Furtado (1992): I remember Sue [Swanson] and I washing his hair for him, which was something he took great delight in; asking us to help him wash this *great* long, thick black hair. Bending him over the kitchen sink at 710 Ashbury. He loved it and we adored doing it for him. Absolutely, I'll never forget it.

Danny Rifkin: He had a very powerful stage image. He liked girls, and they liked him. He'd talk to them from the stage in those long raps. And I think he messed around with some of them. He was sort of a back-door man. He wasn't an extrovert about his activities. He was kind of quiet about it.

Laird Grant: He had his "bitches," as he called them, but it was always more in jive than anything else.

Jerry Garcia: Black women loved him; they loved him from the very beginning. They were devoted to him; they'd die for him. He was so cool. He was so smooth — for such a weird-looking guy. I mean, he looked like a biker's nightmare, but he had a personal charisma that was so charming.

Laird Grant: I think his [stage] act was a combination of white boy paranoia drunk and black *cool*. I know [hepcat comedian] Lord Buckley was a heavy, heavy influence because Pigpen would do something, then mumble something out of Buckley, and it *always* fit, because no matter what Buckley did, it fit. That was from that whole teeny era of cool and jazz. It was real special, and there were only certain people who could dig on what the man was saying. And it wasn't what he was saying — it was what he was *sayin'*. And if you didn't know that, then you didn't *know*. Pigpen was tuned into that.

Danny Rifkin: He listened to all those blues records. He did a thing where he compared going to bed with a girl with cranking your car, which I know I'd heard elsewhere. I don't think he was so original. He was a very good mimic. He stole a lot of it, I'm sure. And I'm not judging him negatively for that; that's what culture is — you steal what you can and hopefully make it your own.

Bob Matthews: I think a lot of it came from listening to contemporary music and creating his own licks out of it. Wilson Pickett, James Brown — all these guys had their little raps, and while they didn't go on as long as Pigpen's, if you went to their shows you'd find out they went a lot longer than the four bars on the records. With Pigpen it started with "Midnight Hour," I guess. He saw that, and then the Grateful Dead gave him the opportunity to try it: what better vehicle could you get for stretching out? Pig wants to stretch out? Great. You'd find the rest of them right there giving him every opportunity and encouragement. He'd get encouragement from the band and from the audience and then there was no holdin' back, because it fed upon itself; he started to create his own style. The audience picked up on that and really liked it. Here's Pig, down and dirty, talkin' about the basics: gettin' laid.

Jerry Garcia (1981): Pigpen's orientation used to be straight-ahead sex. He'd get really dirty a lot of times. He occupied that position.

Bob Weir: He didn't start off doing [raps] with us, though he was always good at it. He could sit there with a guitar and just make stuff up, take an old Lightnin' Hopkins tune or something, do a couple of stock verses and then, as often as not, he'd throw in other lines from who knows where. He had a cache of lines or couplets he could pull out and then he'd try to tie those together.

Jon McIntire: Pig doing that was the direct link back into black blues and R&B. It was in his genes and his baby memories, so he was really that way for real. You were watching this sort of ritual link with the past — because what he was doing was formula raps. He had these *leitmotifs* that he liked and got him off. He was a big, big fan of Lord Buckley and those kinds

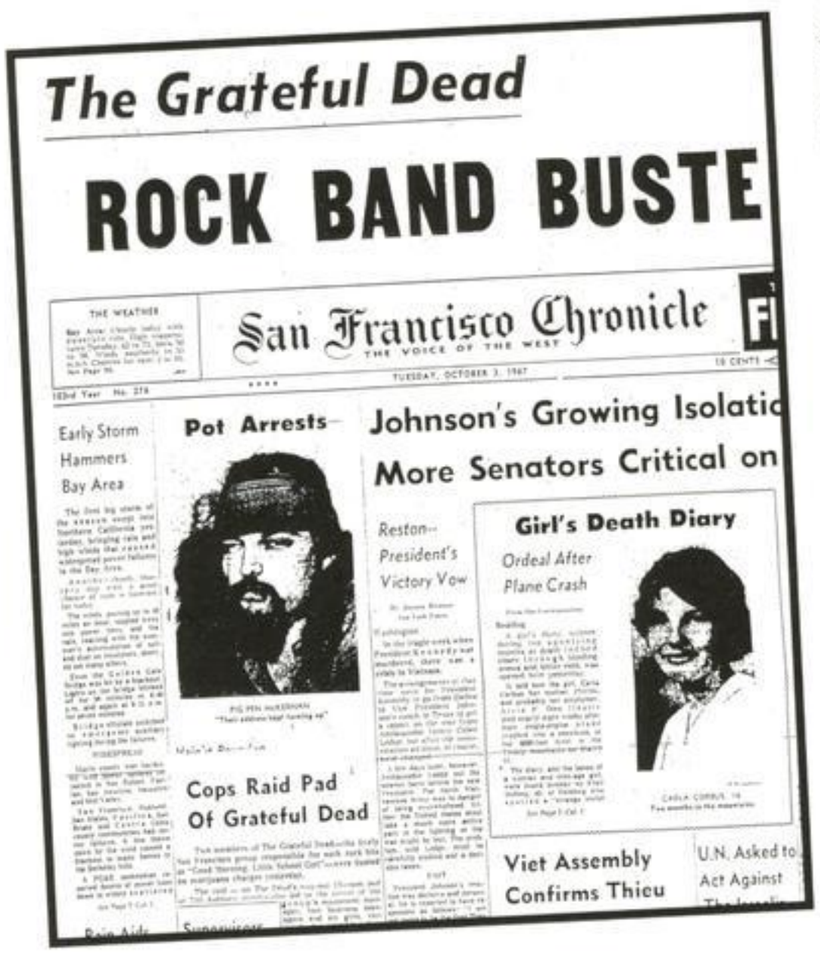
of guys, and of course he was great at just making up stuff.

Jerry Garcia: He loved Lord Buckley, and W.C. Fields was another of his faves. But I don't see that influence much in the music; more in him as a guy.

I have no idea where he picked up most of that stuff [in the music]. Some of it was bits and pieces of lyrics from old tunes that he'd pick up, and then he'd extrapolate. But, like, I have no idea where he got that thing he used to sing [during "Lovelight"]: "She got box back nitties and great big noble thighs, working undercover with a boar hog's eye." Don't ask me — I don't know *what* the fuck that's all about!

It's some weird mojo shit or something. But he could always pull that stuff out. He could do that as long as I knew him. When he was on, he was amazing.

Danny Rifkin: I saw Pigpen pretty much as a frontman for a while. Absolutely. He did a lot of the singing and he was the most dynamic-appearing character of the whole group. I remember one of those early gigs, we had these big Voice of the Theater speakers, and I hurt my back [carrying them] and I had to stand in the truck going to the gig. I remember standing in front of Pigpen at this gig, and he blew my mind — he kind of made me dance and got my back healed; it was that kind of experience. He had an almost shamanic quality; kind of a revival tent meeting type thing. I liked those grooves — "Midnight Hour," "Good Mornin' Little Schoolgirl," "Lovelight" — kind of tribal, primal, great to dance to. He had a nice round voice and he played the crowd like a preacher. You knew Jerry was a great guitar player, and he could really move you, but it was a subtler thing. Pigpen was right out front.


The Grateful Dead
ROCK BAND BUSTE
San Francisco Chronicle
THE VOICE OF THE WEST
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1967
Early Storm Hammers Bay Area
Pot Arrests
Johnson's Growing Isolatio
More Senators Critical on
Reston--President's Victory Vow
Girl's Death Diary
Ordeal After Plane Crash
Cops Raid Pad Of Grateful Dead
Viet Assembly Confirms Thieu
U.N. Asked to Act Against

Laird Grant: He loved bein' up there onstage at the Fillmore, or wherever. But I don't think "a career" in music is something that ever even occurred to him. I mean, I even saw him right before he died — he and I had a long talk — and even at that point [music] was still just something that was happening. But as far as going out and saying, "I'm gonna go out and blow my harp and make a lot of money and be a famous musician," somewhere in the back of his mind it might have occurred to him that it could happen. But he did it for the music; it was for the pleasure and for the creativity. I know he wasn't in it for the money, and there really wasn't any of that anyway. We could go play a club and make $200 or we could play free in the park — Well, fuck, let's play free in the park! We didn't have nothing. It was week to week, gig to gig. Thank god for Wolfgang Grajonca — Bill Graham — and also Chet Helms [of the Family Dog]; they helped support us.

[Back in '66] we'd play in the park and there might be a couple of thousand people on a good day. And then, when we did the Gathering of the Tribes [the Human Be-In, 1/14/67] — jumping Jesus! — there weren't that many people in *the world*! How could you get them all in Golden Gate Park? That was kind of freaky. It was freaky for me because of the equipment side of it, and it was freaky for everyone because I don't think anything like that had ever happened before. It was a great shock, and I think it put into the minds of everybody that was there that hey, there's 20,000 of us here doing this, why not 50,000? Why not 100,000? I think it was one of those quantum-leap thoughts in the mind, where if a little bit is this good, a whole bunch has got to be fuckin' better!

Pigpen was fine with gigs the size of the Fillmore, but he hated it when there were a lot of people. When it got beyond what I would call mind-touch — you get up onstage and there are 500 people in the room, you're a performer and a musician, but you're also a magician, whether you know it or not, and you really can communicate with all of those people in that room. When you get 50,000, forget it. So somewhere in there it started losing it for Pigpen and getting more and more fearful, and in his case that meant more booze. Not so drunk that you can't go out there and play your music without fucking up, but enough that you can blank it out because it's fuckin' scary; it's really scary up there. Pigpen was scared about it. Even Jerry was freaked.

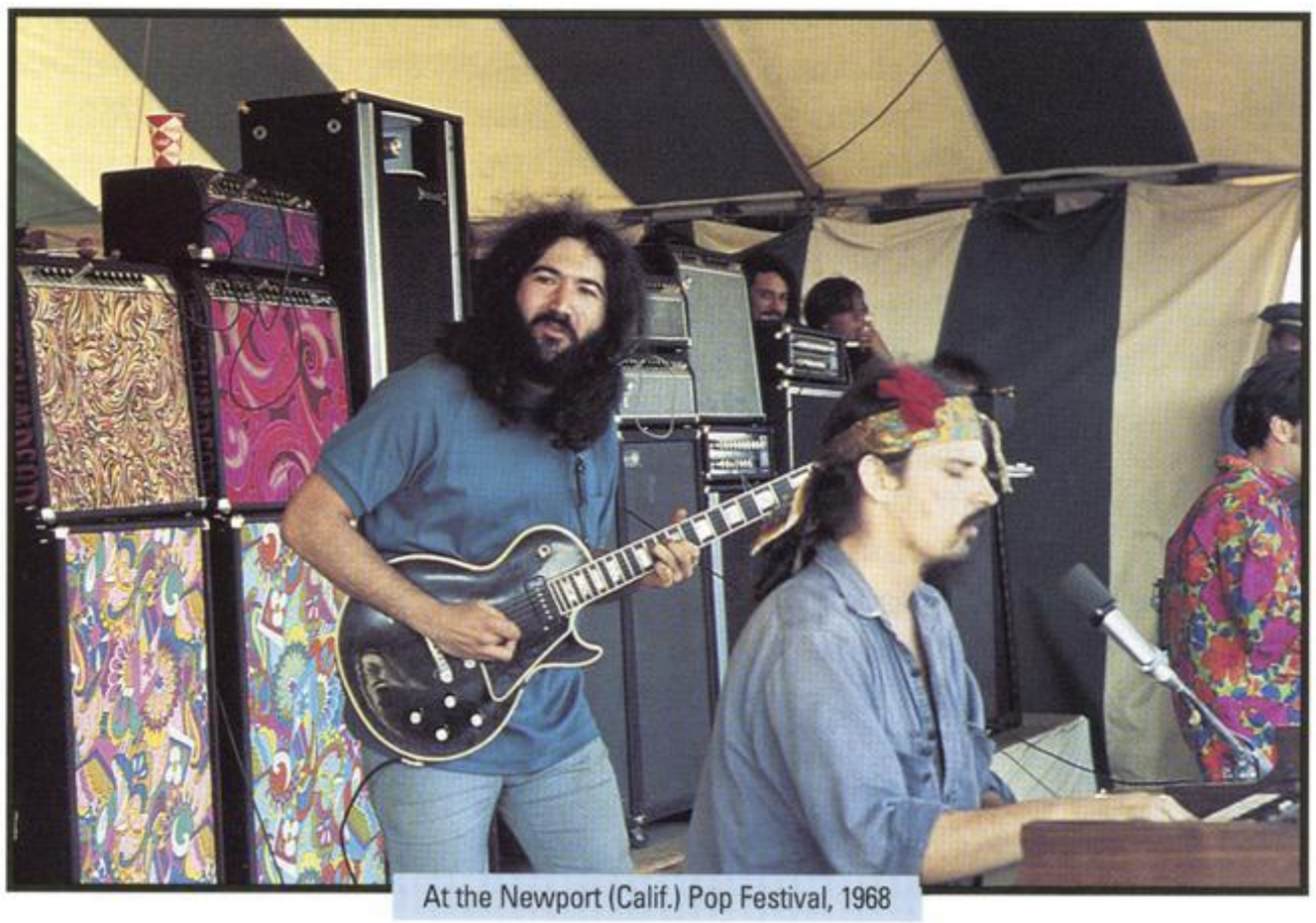
Jon McIntire: After I had been working with them for a while, Garcia and I went into Tommy's Joynt [a San Francisco restaurant] and we were sitting in a booth in the back and people would say to him, "Aren't you a member of the Grateful Dead?" They didn't say, "Aren't you Jerry Garcia?" *Pigpen* was really the most recognizable figure in the band the first few years. It took a few years for the phenomenon to happen that so much of the focus was on Jerry.

Jerry never wanted to be the center of everything; he always wanted everyone involved in everything. Even though there was a definite hierarchy about things, we were in a commune — 710 was a commune — and whenever we'd go up to the Russian River [in Sonoma County] to compose, it was the whole band in there working away — on "The Other One" and "The Eleven." Those weren't focused individual compositions; they were everyone getting together and coming up with this stuff — under *very* intense circumstances. That was the dream; that was the ideal.

PART FIVE

"You only got yourself to blame..."

By the end of the fabled Summer of Love (1967), the Haight's bright bloom was fading fast and the Dead were anxious to move on to greener, less crowded pastures — literally; the open expanses of Marin County lay just across the Golden Gate Bridge. Still, the dissolution of the commune at 710 was hastened by the fa-



Jim Marshall

At the Newport (Calif.) Pop Festival, 1968

mous 710 pot bust, October 2, 1967. San Francisco Police, with reporters in tow, raided the Dead's pad and managed to snare ten people, including two bandmembers — Pigpen (whose photo graced the front page of the San Francisco *Chronicle* the next day) and Weir. The others busted were managers Rifkin and Scully, equipment boss Bob Matthews and, as the *Chronicle* report put it, "six girls, variously described as 'friends,' 'visitors' and 'just girls.'" The "friends" group included V, who later said, "It was an experience getting arrested, but I didn't like being put behind bars."

There was tremendous irony in the fact that Pigpen was busted — he was not a drug user of any kind. Alcohol was his drug of choice, of course, and that in itself was viewed as unusual in this scene where psychedelic experimentation had been such a driving force.

Danny Rifkin: He was not much of a risk-taker. I think his self-perception was the blues life — he kind of spoke black English vernacular, had a black girlfriend, played the blues, drank wine. He was definitely of a different consciousness than the rest of us. He never took dope. He was scared of it. The one time I know of that he got dosed, at San Francisco State College [Acid Test 10/2/66], he went home, saying, "I don't feel well; I'm going home." So he was sort of an anomaly in that way.

Tom Constanten: He proudly claimed he turned Janis Joplin on to Southern Comfort. Then later he moved onto Bourbon Deluxe, which is what he drank when I lived with him [in '70-'71]. He had a hip flask of it that he always kept full.

Veronica Grant ('91): Janis got Pig into Southern Comfort. She'd come over and they'd play till 4 in the morning. I'd go to sleep and they'd just play. Elvin Bishop came by a lot; so did [jazz pianist] Vince Guaraldi. He was a close friend of Pig and the Dead.

Wavy Gravy: It's a trade-off. Pigpen made the trade and *became* the blues; he became the harbinger and brought that into the music and it was *real*, the real jelly.

Jon McIntire: I thought it was a drag that he drank so much. It seemed like sort of a throwback thing. Because we were all convinced that we needed to turn on the world to acid. And if you were going to turn on the world, you certainly wanted to turn on Pigpen! But he didn't like it. It scared the hell out of him. He didn't like drugs at all; not any kind.

We wanted to believe that anyone should be able to do what they wanted to do. But I think at the same time there was a lot of mistrust of alcohol. That was the straight world's drug.

Bob Matthews: There was an attitude of: who are we to cast stones? Because who knew which was worse: taking LSD every Saturday night and smoking a pound of pot in between, or drinking a fifth of Southern Comfort every day?

Danny Rifkin: None of us drank at all. Drinking was *square*. Lame people did that. We never drank beer or anything. We were dopers; psychedelics. And the concern was that he was doing this lame thing that turns you off. I think the concern was more that he wasn't into psychedelics than concern about the ill effects of alcohol.

Eileen Law: There was always a running joke, "Get Pig high!" There was one story — I don't even know if it's true — about how one lady friend had some liquid [LSD] in her mouth and went and planted a good one on Pig to try to get him that way.

Bob Weir: We were all into fucking with each other, so dosing Pigpen fell into that category.

Bob Matthews: Everybody else was always trying to get him to get high and it just wasn't what he wanted to do. He was happy with what he did. But there was a feeling that he was not participating. At that time, that's what was going on. To me it sort of became old business. His contribution to the band was what it was, and it did not necessarily require that he be on the same wavelength as everybody else, even though everybody else being on the same wavelength contributed a lot to the logotype of the band's music. But T.C. never got high; no way. He never even drank.

Rock Scully: Pig was our anchor. No matter how screwed up we got on LSD and how crazy it got for us, you could always look to Pigpen to bring you down to Earth and be there for you. Even musically, when the band was going way, way out in "Dark Star," they knew they could listen to Pig and have some sense of where they were. So he was reliable in that way. You knew he wasn't seeing snakes. When Garcia's guitar neck turned into a snake, Pigpen saw it as a guitar, and Jerry could rely on him to do that.

Jerry Garcia: He was our anchor. We'd be out of our minds, just *YOWWWGOINNNNNNGG*, and we'd be tethered to Pigpen. You could rely on Pigpen for a reality check. "Hey, man, is it too weird, or what?" He'd say, "No man, it's cool." Everybody used him on that level. He was like gravity. Hell's Angels would be sitting around his room fucked up on acid and Pigpen would be taking care of *them*. It was so great. Pigpen was like a warm fire, a cozy fire.

Tom Constanten: It was a different consciousness but

they accepted there was a possible connection. Phil would make the point that there were a lot of creative people who were able to get high on booze — Dylan Thomas, a lot of writers in fact.

Ken Kesey: I think people tried to make believe there was some sort of gap between Pigpen and the others. I think now if he were to somehow resurrect, he would feel like they have caught up to him, not the other way around. His music was very natural. It took the rest of the band a long time to be as natural feeling as he started out with.

And he never was straight, really. He was a boozer. Some people are weed heads, some people are acid heads, some people are Jesus freaks; to each man his own poison. His was booze and it got him high.



Jim Marshall

Pig and Veronica backstage, 1971

Bob Weir: I don't think there was a gap, either. It was more just a formality. We were all formally psychedelicized and he wasn't, though in all truth, he was as open and game in all kind of things that one might associate with being a member of the psychedelic cult. He had all those attributes. It's just that he had never done the formal deed in voluntarily taking the psychedelic.

PART SIX

"You got me workin' boss man"

After the bust, Pigpen and V moved for a brief period into an old converted church on Belvedere Street, still in the Haight, but then joined the migration to Marin County, setting up house with Weir and his girlfriend Frankie in Novato.

In late '67 and early '68, the band's music started to take a fairly radical turn to the left, as the group became more interested in writing their own songs and experimenting with unusual rhythms and time signatures. Part of this was the direct result of the addition of Mickey Hart as a second drummer, and the influences he brought to the music. The longer, more complicated pieces the Dead were writing during this period required more practice and better technical chops, as well as greater sensitivity and focus during the extended improvisational flights that were fast becoming the band's metier. "That's It for the Other One," "New Potato Caboose" and, of course, "Dark Star," all pointed in a bold, exciting direction for the Dead — *out*, in the jazz sense.

Rehearsing had never been one of Pigpen's favorite activities, yet this was music that demanded it. He usually showed up, though only grudgingly. And "space" was not a place Pigpen called home, so his involvement with the band's new, tripper songs was minimal. True, he added some tasteful and distinctive organ runs to the live versions of some of the *Anthem of the Sun* material, but often he just laid back in the music, adding little. And occasionally on "Dark Star," he might play the same monotonous six- or seven-note organ pattern the entire song.

Pig's inability and unwillingness to grow with the Dead's increasingly dense music was a source of some frustration for the other bandmembers, and there was even a brief period in the fall of '68 when Pigpen and Weir (who was also viewed as an inferior player) were dismissed from the band, as the recording of *Aoxomoxoa* was beginning at Pacific Recording in San Mateo. Tom Constanten was brought in to play keyboards on the album, and he also began touring with the band as the group's sole keyboardist. In fact, Pigpen did not even play on *Aoxomoxoa*, which consisted entirely of songs written by the team of Hunter, Garcia and Lesh.

Danny Rifkin: Pigpen was not really a keyboard player, and I can recall people complaining that he wasn't evolving musically the way the rest of the band was; that he was kind of a drag on the band musically. And eventually they got another keyboard player and Pigpen became a singer and harmonica player. He was a great blues singer, but he got lost as a player. I think he had a ceiling or limit in his ability as a keyboardist that he couldn't get past. I don't know if taking drugs would have helped him there. But he definitely saw himself as a blues man.

Tom Constanten: There was a time there when he and Weir had a period of lesser security in the band context. Part of the problem in Pigpen's case is that when he fronted the band it became something else, because his thing was so cultivated and established in its own right that it became its own thing — sort of a psychedelicized blues band. I've seen it in print and heard it said that the Grateful Dead at that time was two bands: when Pigpen was fronting the band and when he wasn't. A dynamic like that cannot but cause some result somewhere. What it was from his point of view I'm not exactly sure; we'll never find out, I guess. This corresponds to the period of Mickey Hart & the Hartbeats, in which I could see Phil and Jerry getting more into the modern jazz-type of atmosphere of improvisation and musically interesting time signatures and rhythmic patterns, which is exactly what Weir and Pigpen were less into.

Danny Rifkin: He couldn't anticipate where the music was going. When it was his thing he did fine.



Jim Marshall

Jerry and Pigpen, 1968

Sue Swanson: I think they left him in the dust musically. He was in over his head on the keyboards — especially when the others really got loaded [on psychedelics] and really got out there and he was drunk. I mean, how could he possibly follow? Obviously it was a source of some frustration — I mean, they got T.C. and then later they got Keith [Godchaux].

Jon McIntire: The real far-out spacey stuff wasn't what Pigpen related to; that wasn't his gig.

Bob Weir: Somebody once described his keyboard playing as earthbound. But you know what, we played *around* those six notes [in "Dark Star"]; played the ball as it lay if that's what he was gonna do. We'd take that and weave around it. It certainly wasn't the wrong place for him to be.

Rock Scully: Jerry kind of put it on me to [fire Pigpen and Weir]. It was a totally musical decision. Bobby wasn't progressing — he was still playing the electric guitar like an acoustic guitar, and Jerry was trying to get him to loosen up and be a rhythm guitar player. Bobby was still a student, but not listening. God knows what they thought was going to come out of [the firing], but we were recording in this studio down on the Peninsula.

Sue Swanson: I can remember many times when one or the other of them was going to be fired from the band. They played up in Toronto for Expo '67, and I remember during that week Bobby was supposed to be fired, but obviously it didn't happen.

Rock Scully: I don't think that Pig, without being high on LSD, could quite understand the direction the music was taking. And their music did change a lot in that period. Jerry spent a lot of time trying to describe and explain where he thought the music was going — and so did Phil. Phil was a *very* high dude in those days. Now he's considered a genius, but in those days he was just this weird ex-postal worker who'd just taken up the bass but had some really neat ideas musically. He was willing to push that envelope.

But if [the firing] had to happen it came at a good time, because we were just sort of doodling in the studio. We weren't making any money. We didn't have any gigs booked, so there was really no loss, except emotionally. I was against it, but Jerry put it on me as the manager to do it. Phil was behind it, and so was Kreutzmann. But to fire nearly half your unit …

Pigpen took it very hard. It was horrible for him. He was crying about it later. I was really upset about it myself. I was upset with Jerry and Phil for making me do it — I thought it was something they should have handled. I think they meant it as a warning that turned into a weird event. I spent a lot of time with Pig through that period, because it was a number of weeks before he played with them again. What he did was he played the piano all day and all night. But I don't think it was ever meant to stick. Bobby went off to practice, too, so they both took it to heart. It was a terrible event in my life.

Jerry Garcia: My memory of it is that we never actually let him go; we just didn't want him playing keyboard, because he just didn't know what to do on the kind of material we were writing.

It seemed like we were heading some [musical] place in a big way and Pigpen just wasn't open to it. It's not that he couldn't have cut it; he actually could have dealt with it. He had the musicality to deal with it. He was a real musical guy; he was innately musical.

But you know, the other thing is we were sort of off on a false note, you know what I mean? We were doing something that was forced; it wasn't really natural. We were doing music that was self-consciously weird. If we had paid more attention to Pigpen, it probably would have saved us a couple of years of fucking around.

Jon McIntire: I remember one time there was a band meeting and there was a confrontation with Pigpen about not pulling his weight. I can't remember who it was, but one of the guys in the band was attacking him, saying, "You just sit around and watch television all the time. You don't work on your act," and going on and on. And Pigpen said, "Yeah, that's who I am." And that blew my mind, because I'm so obsessed with improving the self and all of that, and he just wasn't into that at all. And his honesty with himself about it, and his honesty with the room about it, really blew me away. In that way, he had a real solid knowledge of himself.

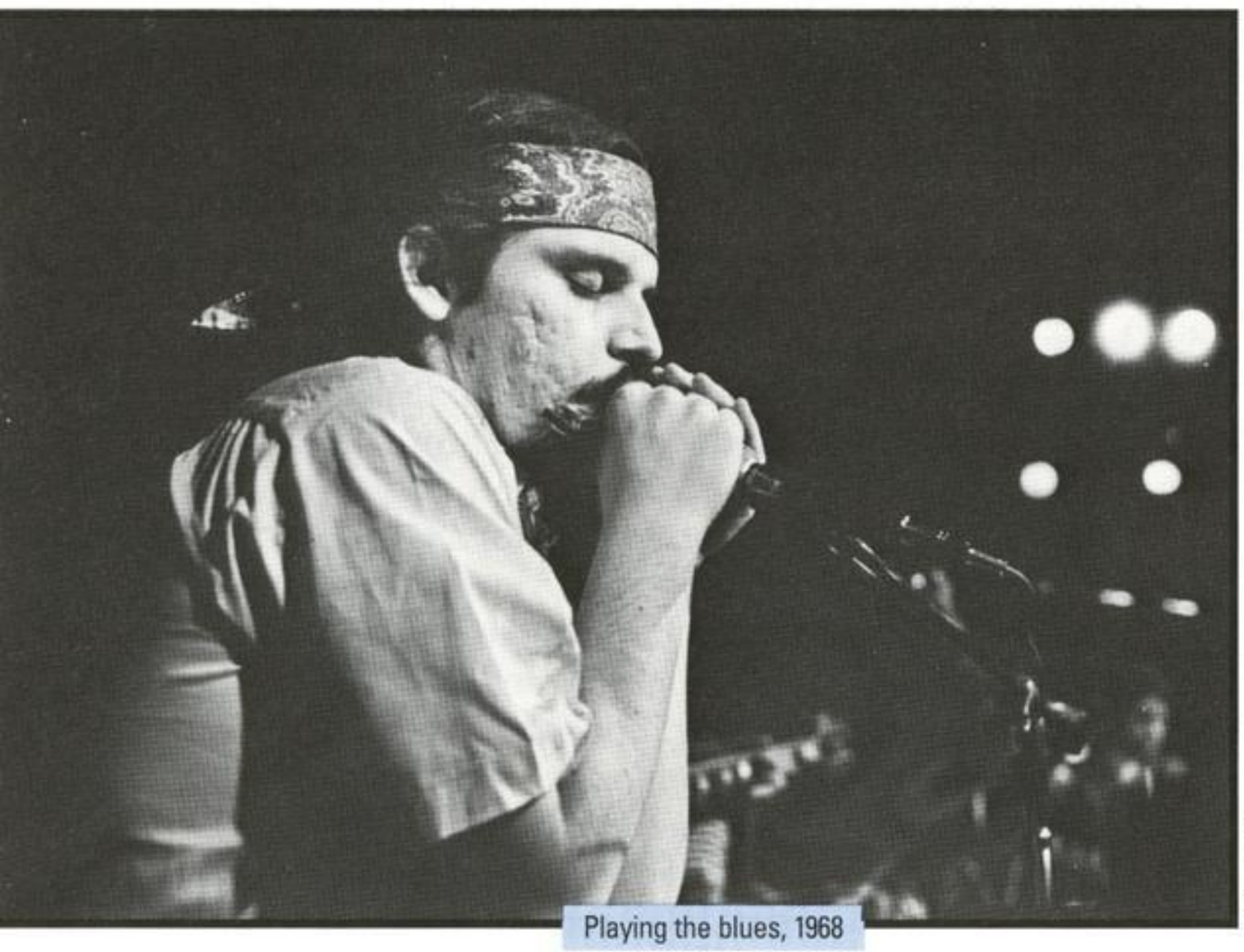
Tom Constanten: I don't think he felt that threatened by me [coming into the group]. After all, they already had two guitarists and two drummers, and the interpersonal dynamics among the players were already strange enough without worrying about the mitigating effects of instruments. In other words, it's strange enough relating to the guitarists and drummers already — in terms of the music, dynamics, balance. If anything, adding my keyboard stabilized it, rather than disrupted it. I never felt any professional jealousy in that situation;

it seemed much more like brotherhood and connection. If he did feel jealous, he concealed it well.

Jon McIntire: I think his reaction [to T.C. joining the band] was denial. Pigpen was relegated to the congas at that point, and it was really humiliating and he was really hurt, but he couldn't show it, couldn't talk about it. He never came up to me and said, "I can't stand what they're doing to me," or anything like that. I bet he didn't say it to anyone; I don't even know if he said it to himself — maybe when he went for the bottle the first time after it happened he said it to himself. It was sad. For me it was sad because my first recollection of something happening musically with the band was *his* voice. He gave me a compelling sweetness of voice and depth of feeling I could relate to. Then, later on, when "The Other One" came out, that was a whole different ballgame. There was something *else* great going on, too.

Sue Swanson: It probably hurt his feelings a little bit, but then it also might have been something of a relief. I mean he was not stupid. He knew his playing was not keeping up.

Rock Scully: The diminished role in the studio probably didn't hit him that hard because he had such a huge role in the show at that point and he was so loved by the community.



Jim Marshall

Playing the blues, 1968

Wherever we went, Pigpen's songs were the most popular part of the show.

In the studio, he was always a little reticent. He was a guy who really came alive in front of an audience; the studio was not his forte. He had a hard time with his vocals in the studio, because most of his vocals were so audience-directed. He'd pick out a chick in the audience and sing to her; then tell me to go out and invite her backstage.

When we'd record, he'd bring his cooler and kind of keep to himself. He was kind of complaining in the studio a little bit. He didn't dig the atmosphere. He'd find a couch and hang there until he was needed; till it was his turn. I think he was bored there.

Tom Constanten: [In concert] I copped some of his lines where they seemed to be part of the piece. He was pretty good actually; his playing was commensurate with the type of music he was playing. There's a certain bag of tricks you learn how to do. Then you rub the sticks together and get fire. If anything, I was trying to pick up on some of the stylistic things he was doing, 'cause a lot of our non-competitiveness came from the fact that we came from such different traditions. We were looking to reach out.

Beyond that, [not playing organ] freed him up as a vocalist. He could stand up front with a microphone, which he was really good at, and to judge from appearances, he liked. I think Jerry did some things to make Pigpen feel included, like featuring his songs and encouraging him. The perception I had was that Jerry was *always* encouraging him, and he felt that Pigpen's thing should have a platform in the band's context.

Jerry Garcia: The live show was what we did; it's who we were. The record [*Aoxomoxoa*] was like dicking around. It was like a day job or something; it wasn't that relevant.

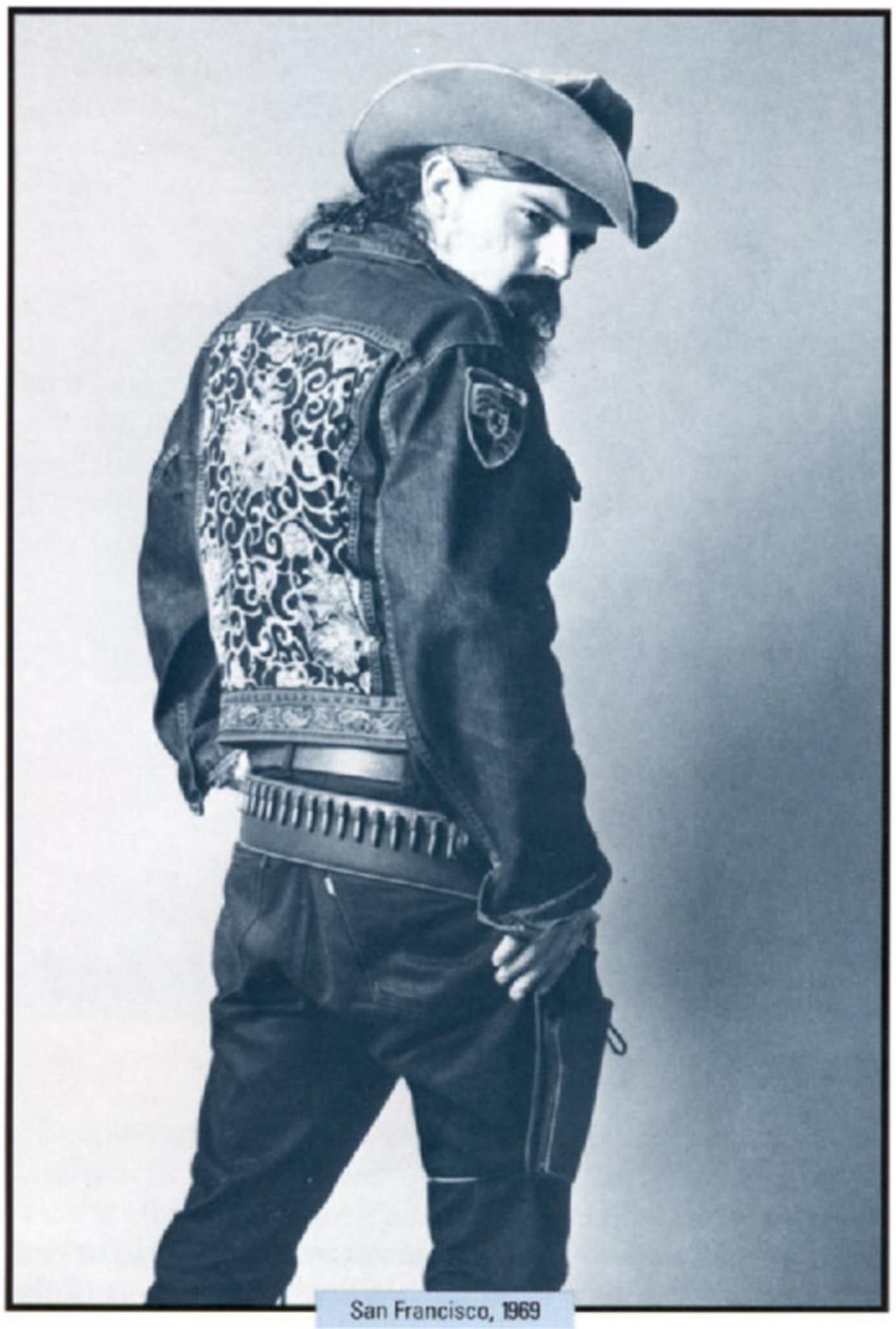
PART SEVEN

"Mama, I'm sure hard to handle"

It's true that many of the best versions of "Lovelight" the band ever played came in 1969, when T.C. was in the band, and Pigpen's role in the show was never really diminished. "Good Mornin' Little Schoolgirl," though played less frequently than in '67-'68, was still always a popular number. More and more, "Smokestack Lightning" came to fill the musical function of "Schoolgirl" — the snaky, sexy midtempo blues ooze, loaded with dark mystery and innuendo.

The brightest Pig-led addition to the repertoire in '69 was "Hard to Handle," which was a relatively obscure R&B rave-up by the great Otis Redding, who'd beed dead for less than two years at that point. Pigpen delivered the song with the sort of gruff, cocksure delivery that was utterly convincing; damn if he didn't *look and sound* hard to handle as he stood at the lip of the stage, both hands on the microphone, his head bopping from one side to the other under the well-worn hat that became his visual trademark, the words tumbling out of one corner of his mouth. He sounded dangerous, but you could tell he was totally diggin' it, too. You could tell by the way he'd cock a hip, or smile as the band cooked behind him, building that big, chunky R&B groove that on the best nights hit a sort of James Brown-on-acid kind of space.

And then there was "Good Lovin'," a song that had been a huge pop hit for the Young Rascals just a couple of years earlier (and a minor R&B hit for The Olympics before that). This song, too, became a major showcase for the band's R&B chops, as they'd roll through umpteen riffs and grooves over the course of a typical version. You could hear the Isley Brothers, Archie Bell & the Drells, James Brown, all sorts of different R&B streams flowing through the jams in "Good Lovin'." And Pigpen sang the song with more urgency than anyone ever had before (or since).



Baron Wolman

San Francisco, 1969

In 1969, the band traveled outside of California more than it ever had before. And though *Aoxomoxoa* was a commercial bust, the Dead's reputation as one of the great live bands in America brought the group plenty of work — at colleges and at rock festivals ranging from Miami Pop to Woodstock to Altamont (where the Dead were scheduled to play, but didn't). In general, Pigpen kept to himself on the road, staying in his room and watching television or reading (and drinking, of course), away from the wild action that invariably surrounded the rest of the band.

Jon McIntire: He just stayed in his room all the time and would never do anything. But I remember he was real stoked about St. Louis because of the arch. He had followed the building of it for some reason; it was a really big deal to him. So being from St. Louis, this was my big chance to get Pigpen out of the hotel. So I arranged for us all to go down there and have dinner at the Crest House, a restaurant owned by the National Stockyards Association, where you could literally get the best beef in the world, no two ways about it. It was a pretty fancy place and, needless to say, we were not very fancy. We didn't want to be thrown out, so I had my mom arrange with the owner that we were going to be well taken care of. I even got Pigpen to go along with us. This was a big accomplishment. We were about halfway through the salad course and Pigpen turned to me and said, "McIntire, this is the *longest* I've spent at any meal in my life!" But he had fun. He got to see the arch and he loved that, and he did like the meal, so I viewed it as a great success!

From the tape of 5/24/69, Hollywood, Florida:

Announcer: It'll be best, at the beginning, for everyone to sit, so the ones in back of you can see.

Pigpen: Don't sit! Stand up!

Announcer: Yeah, well, we'll do that, too. But at the beginning —

Pigpen: Don't be programming it, baby! Let's get it on!

From Ralph Gleason's "Perspectives" column in *Rolling Stone*, July 12, 1969: The Dead ended their set [at Winterland] but the crowd wouldn't let them leave and they had to play an encore. If there's a fault with this great band it's that they have not really expanded their repertoire for concerts. They keep changing the structure of the things they do, but they come up with relatively few new numbers. Pigpen no longer plays the organ. Tom Constanten does that while Pig stands behind a conga drum, an incongruous Western dude who wandered down to Havana still togged out from the rodeo. Humphrey Bogart late-show flicks have characters like that sitting around in the background in Caribbean saloons.

Sue Swanson: We all got to Woodstock at different times. Mickey and Cookie Eisenberg [Mickey's girlfriend], Josh [Sue's 1-year-old] and Mickey's dog Glups the Great Dane flew back together. We got as far as Mickey's mom's summer place, which was about eight miles from the site, the night before. We stayed the night, and in the morning of course there was no way we were going to be able to drive to there. Forget it! We had a big X out in the yard in case the helicopter came for Mickey, but it never showed up. So we decided we had to walk. So we left the dog and Josh with the grandmother and we walked to the site. By the time we got there, the fence was down and it was madness everywhere. Our minds were blown; we didn't know what to think. We finally found our people and we ended up sleeping there that night. I got up really early the next morning and it was raining and I'd lost my shoes, but I knew I had to get back. So I found these guys who were really loaded on acid and driving around in circles and I said, "You boys need something to do! Why don't you take me home." Miraculously we found our way back to the house. Mickey's mom's husband, Milt, put me in his car and drove me to the hotel where the band was staying. The streets were filled with people and it was crazy. Tom Constanten was still there and Pig was still there; everyone else had been helicoptered in. Suddenly I found myself having to deal with getting the band there. And getting Pigpen out of that hotel room was almost impossible. I went up there four times. I actually had him out the door at one point, out in the hallway. "Nah, I gotta get somethin'." "C'mon Pig, the helicopter's waiting for us! We have to go." Wouldn't go. *Wouldn't go.* What ended up happening was Josh and I went onto the helicopter alone and T.C. was left standing there to deal with it. Maybe it was nerves. I don't know. I would've been nervous. But the thing with Pig is it didn't matter if it was Woodstock or it was a club. He was hesitant, and it was hard to get him onstage. It was always, "Where's Pig?"

Ken Babbs: When I'd be at one of these scenes and they'd be getting ready to play and there would be interminable delays getting mikes to work right and everything. And I'd be leanning on Pigpen's organ and he'd say, "Babbs, go out and tell 'em a story." So I'd go out and start yakking and pretty soon the band would start playing; they'd be playing right away. I think the last time he did that for me was at Woodstock. I was

up there and it was starting to storm and things were *real* disconnected.

Tom Constanten: Pigpen was real comfortable onstage. You play that many shows and it becomes quite comfortable to you. I've noticed I get "stage calm." On tour you're hassling with hotels and flights and connections and stuff, and onstage with your instrument becomes the only time you feel totally comfortable in your surroundings. I think Pigpen liked what there was to like about traveling on the road. But getting up at 7 in the morning when it's 15 degrees below zero outside and you have to make a flight, nobody's going to like.

Jon McIntire: [The day of Altamont, 12/6/69] we were all at the helicopter launching pad, and the old ladies were there, and they wanted to see the Rolling Stones. Lenny [Hart, the band's manager] was still there and he was shmoozing with the Rolling Stones and dragging them over — "You remember Jerry, right Mick?" and they'd never met before, and that kind of shit. Even though we were to perform before them, the Stones helicoptered over before we did — they were the Rolling Stones, so whatever they wanted to happen, happened.

Then we started getting weird reports from the site. It sounded like the next step might be major riots. So I wouldn't let the old ladies come with us and I told them I'd come back and get them. I think I even promised. Once I got out there it was fucking *mayhem*. I couldn't get back if I wanted to, but I would not have brought them out, because I couldn't tell what was going on. I didn't know if we were in jeopardy — as a matter of fact I very strongly felt that we were, but I thought we'd be able to get through it. But I wasn't about to bring women and children out there, because I was a sexist pig — I mean women and children have a right to be maimed along with the rest of us, right?

We were standing on the back of the stage watching this horrendous, awful, ugly scene go down. I remember our equipment truck, devoid of its equipment, was pulled up right next to the back of the stage. So there were 500,000 people there, all of them angry. And Pig was sitting on this amplifier in the middle of this empty truck and I hear this "Psst! Psst! McIntire, come here! Sit down!" I guess he could tell I was maximum stressed out. And he pulled out a flask of Southern Comfort and we sat there and drank Southern Comfort for a while and talked about anything but what was going on.

PART EIGHT

"Live five years if I take my time"

By early February of 1970, T.C. was out of the band, and Pigpen went back to occasionally playing some organ with the Dead — though certainly not as much as he had in the pre-T.C. days. The kind of material the band wrote during this period indicated a shift away from hardcore psychedelia, in favor of more concise and conventional songs, many with a softer country flavor to them. This is the time of *Workingman's Dead* and *American Beauty*; of tighter harmonies and sets of acoustic music; of long tours but still plenty of good times back home in Marin.

Despite his background in the early '60s singing blues in coffeehouses around Palo Alto, Pigpen didn't show much interest in the group's 1970 acoustic sets. Some nights he'd play Lightnin' Hopkins' "Katie Mae," but most nights he'd wait for the electric sets to make his appearance. He had one song each on the Dead's albums that year: "Easy Wind," written by Hunter alone, was the toughest song on *Workingman's Dead*, and the most representative of the group's live power and energy. Pigpen also played the mournful harmonica solo on "Black Peter." He contributed a song he wrote by himself, called "Operator," to *American Beauty*, and it fit in beautifully with the rest of the record. It's a light folk-blues with a little shuffling beat, sweet and somehow sad, soft but unmistakably Pigpen. Alas, he performed the song live only four times.

Otherwise it was business as usual for Pigpen: "Lovelight," "Hard to Handle" and "Good Lovin'" were his showstoppers, "It Hurts Me Too" was his main down-home blues, and there was an added treat in '70 — James Brown's loping "It's a Man's Man's World," another perfect vehicle for the Pig persona. Unfortunately, the rest of the band struggled with the backup harmonies on that song, and they never quite found the sort of compelling groove that would really take the song somewhere, so it wasn't too surprising that they dropped it eventually.



Winterland, 1969

Ken Greenberg

1970 was Pigpen's last year as a fully participating member of the Grateful Dead. He got to share in their great successes that year and he seemed to be content living a quiet life at home, sharing a house in Novato with V and T.C.

Bob Matthews: *Workingman's Dead* was an album that was done very quickly. I was given a lot of freedom as producer of the album along with the Dead. After the experience of *Aoxomoxoa* — so much time, so much loss of direction, so many hands involved in it — [on *Workingman's Dead*] we went into the studio first, spent a couple of days basically rehearsing — performing the songs — all the tunes; recording them on 2-track. When that was done, I sat down and spliced together the tunes — beginning of side one to end of side one; beginning of side two to end of side two. I got that idea from listening to

[The Beatles'] *Sgt. Pepper*: Before we even start, let's have a concept of what the end-product is going to feel like, sequencing-wise. We made a bunch of cassette copies and gave them to the band; they rehearsed some more in their rehearsal studio, and then came in and recorded. At all times there was the perspective of where we were in the album.

I remember doing "Easy Wind" was fun, and it didn't take a lot of work. I remember working with Pigpen was easy. He was a professional. That was a mellow time, because we'd learned a lot of ways not to do things and nobody was trying to be in charge.

Bob Weir: "Easy Wind," to my way of thinking, was one of our coolest tunes. We didn't play it that much, but I always liked it.

Jerry Garcia: [Pigpen] didn't write it, but he contributed a lot to the way it works, the way it feels. He understood how it was supposed to be. It wouldn't have worked unless he did it.



Herb Greene

Pigpen at his most colorful, 1969

Robert Hunter: How I wrote "Easy Wind" was I'd been listening to Robert Johnson and I was liking Delta blues an awful lot, so I sat down to write down a blues *a la* Robert Johnson. I played it for Pigpen and he dug it, so he did it. My arrangement was a little bit closer to one of those slippin' and slidin' Robert Johnson-type songs because it was just me and a guitar. Then when the band got hold of it, it changed a bit, as they always do. Still, a lot of that original style crept over into the band's version.

Tom Constanten: We had roomed together on the road and we got along great, and then it just sort of happened that we lived together. He had a nice-sized house that was affordable in those years. We split the rent and it was not unpleasant. I hate to say it, but he was a pretty normal guy. We'd play music, listen to music, talk, hang out. We had an upright piano in that house and a music room which we didn't use that much.

He knew the archive of the blues as well as anyone I'd ever known. Pigpen went way back with the blues, which is the kind of thing you need to do if you want to get that effortless depth that is like recalling something that happened last Thursday: "Oh yeah, that was Blind Willie McTell." He had absorbed it that much — Reverend Gary Davis, the Folkways archives. But he listened to it like a painter looking from a distance, to get a feel of something more, instead of … like Weir would listen with the idea of copping a lick. I just heard "Honky Tonk Woman" on the radio yesterday and there's that riff that Weir lifted from that and threw into "Casey Jones," which came out about the same time. I shared a house with Weir at that time, too. Pigpen didn't have a fear of an inability to come up with something on his own. He would listen for getting a feeling for a person's style, and as often as not it would be something nonverbal — some nuance — which is probably why people like he and Janis Joplin, for instance, were so effective. You get above the timberline where words can describe how to do it.

Alan Trist: I remember the first time I was really caught in the imagination of his character was the first time I went to see the Grateful Dead in California, which was at the Santa Rosa fairgrounds in December of 1970. I remember seeing Pigpen, against the lights from backstage somewhere, hunched over the microphone with that harp and that hat and that voice and that soulfulness. That was a very strong impression upon me. To see American blues music. Throughout the '60s I'd mainly heard it as recorded music. It was a very strong iconographic presence that I felt from him.

Tom Constanten: Pigpen was the best man at my first wedding, in Berkeley in 1970. He got the rings backwards. He was more nervous than I was. Because [my wife's] father couldn't be around, Pigpen gave her away, too, so he did everything. He dressed up for it, put on a tie — I didn't even know he owned a tie.

Eileen Law: I was out in Olema [in rural west Marin] for a winter with a whole bunch of people, staying on this property that was like 350 acres, with nobody around. There were cowboys that kept their cattle on the land. It was real rural. All sorts of people used to come out to visit: Lew Welch, the Angels. And then our crew came out — the Dead guys. They had acquired a few guns and they'd have target practice. We were the outlaws! Pig would come out, sometimes by himself, sometimes with Veronica, and hang out. It was real quiet. He was into the target practice, too. The guns started getting a little fancier. I loved this little Colt pistol they had.

Veronica Grant (1991): Pig liked antique guns. I remember a scene at a show in New York where I went backstage and Pig told me to come in and shut the door, because he was looking at some guns the Angels had brought him to see.

David Nelson: Occasionally when the New Riders were on tour with the Dead, I'd go to Pigpen's room late at night and he would tell stories when he got to a sufficient drinking level. They were funny, too. I remember one about God's own drunk, which was sort of a shaggy dog story. The punchline was "I'm not drunk, I'm God's own drunk!" or something like that. He had one about going out in Alaska for a beer and then the guy comin' back getting beaten up by a bear and sayin', "There's a woman out there but she's more than I can handle." It goes on and on. He had a million of 'em and he could tell 'em really funny.

Robert Hunter: Ron was "good folks." You'd stop in his room, watch television with him, hang out. He'd sit around in

his shorts drinking whiskey. I know he liked me, because he'd offer me his canteen often enough, which is not something he did unless he really liked you.

PART NINE

"And the river keep a-talkin'"

Pigpen's health had been shaky at points in 1970, but by 1971 the ravages of many years of conscientious alcohol abuse really began to show. He was sick for extended periods and his once-full frame was now thin. Doctors diagnosed him as having advanced liver disease and got him to stop drinking, eat healthier foods and take better care of himself.

He toured with the band through August of '71, but didn't take quite as active a role in concert. He played keyboards only occasionally, which meant that, with Mickey Hart's departure from the band in February of that year, the Dead frequently played as a quartet. There was one new Pigpen-Hunter original unveiled in '71, the jaunty "Mr. Charlie," which fit right in with several other rhythmically playful tunes Hunter and Garcia worked up during this period, including "Tennessee Jed," "Ramble On Rose" and "Sugaree." "I thought 'Mr. Charlie' was a great tune," Garcia says. "I'm sorry we never got a chance to do that one in the studio."

Despite his frail appearance, Pig could still build a good head of steam when he got goin' onstage. I suppose it's ironic that the song he really shined on the first half of '71 was "Good Lovin'": "I was feelin' so bad/*Axed* my family doctor 'bout what I had/I said 'Doctor, Doctor, Mr. M.D./can you tell me what's ailin' me?'" Some of Pig's longest and funniest raps came during versions of "Good Lovin'" from this period, so evidently the moments when he was in the spotlight must have been relatively pleasant for him.

Pigpen was so sick by the end of August that his doctors told him he shouldn't go on tour, and he was even hospitalized for a period in October. At the end of September the Dead hired Keith Godchaux to play keyboards, and Keith remained in the band even after Pigpen returned to limited performing in early December. The handwriting was on the wall.



Bob Marks

Fillmore West, 1970

Phil Lesh (1984): It was OK for Pigpen to lay out. We kept wanting Pigpen to be there because he was *one of us*. He really was. But he would lay out and that was OK, too. He didn't mind; we didn't mind. There was no ego problem there.

I don't think he ever got pissed off because we wanted somebody who could play keyboards, because that wasn't really his forte.

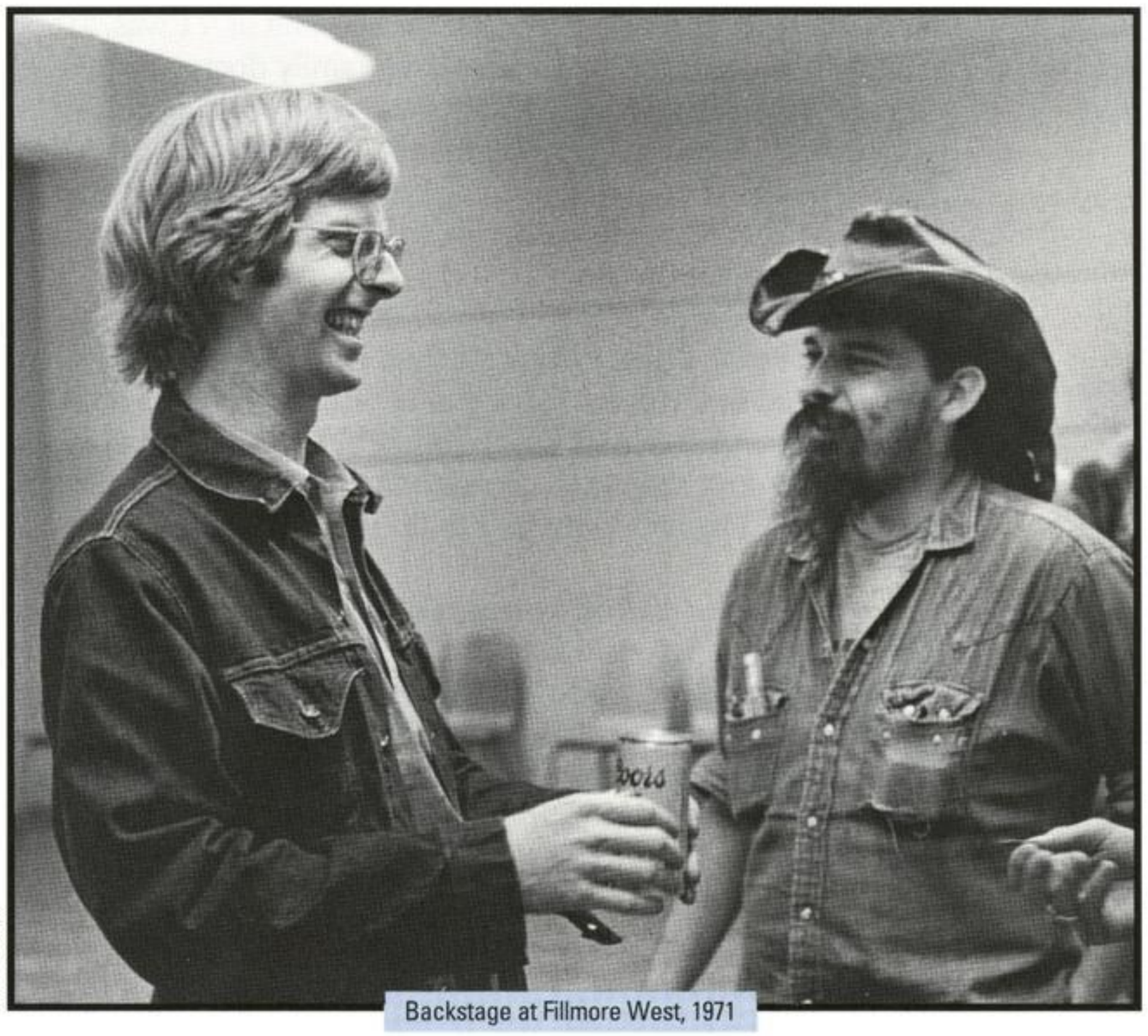
Jon McIntire: At a certain point the chemical [in alcohol] twists you around and it's not enlivening you or giving you inspiration; it's enervating you in many different ways. That's kind of how I perceived Pig's playing for a while — in the beginning it was really imaginative and the tempos were good, and then, after a while, after a certain number of years, it got into that maudlin space where it was just not good playing. The timing was off. I think it led to a lack of musical communication, and that's a band where musical communication was everything.

Bob Weir: I think the drinking actually might have helped his performances for a while there, because he used to drink and that got him loose enough that he could do his rap. Alcohol definitely loosens the tongue. At the same time, though, I think it hindered his writing, and of course it took a tremendous toll on him physically, but that happened fairly slowly.

Jerry Garcia: He was never too drunk to perform. He was never a *blear*. Pigpen was not a drunk; he was a drinker. He drank all the time — first thing in the morning, all day long. But you never saw him out of it. You hardly ever heard him slur or anything. He'd just get more mellow. He'd get warmer. He was no stumbling drunk.

Tom Constanten: The important thing [with someone who is abusing a substance] is to say something that will have an effect. The problem is, most of the time, when anything is said, like in an intervention or something, the person who is trying to be saved takes an adversarial posture or assumes that everyone else is. And it doesn't work or it makes things worse. I don't think it was ever really tried on Pigpen. The doctor was the first to tell him. And hey, that was a time when everybody was doing so many things that the laissez faire attitude was as much: "Who are we to tell him?"

Alan Trist: I heard in the talk-around that there was a real serious problem with Pigpen, but there definitely was an attitude that every man could look after his own health, and to try to be positive about things. To introduce negative thoughts or worrisome thoughts or anxieties is not a good thing. As we got older I think people were more prepared to take those sorts of



Jim Marshall

Backstage at Fillmore West, 1971

initiatives. But when you're young, you don't expect your friends to be deteriorating, so you don't put a lot of energy into either worrying about it or taking care of them. It was obvious to everyone that Pigpen was a good ol' drinker, you know, but so were other people in the scene.

Jon McIntire: I remember one day Garcia coming into my office and saying, "Look, I'm really worried about Pig; I think his life is in danger, and I want to do whatever we can. The band'll pay for everything. Let's find out if there's anything we can do." So I researched it and I found out the most famous place in the world for liver problems was Sheila Sherlock's clinic in London. But my doctor, Sandor Berstein, said there was a guy at UCSF [University of California at San Francisco] who was as good. So we slotted Pig with him. And Pig jumped in and did it, too. He stopped drinking and he learned all the things about nutrition he could. He really tried but it was just too late.

Laird Grant: They were down on him for boozing all those years, and they gave him a lot of shit and a lot of hassle, while here are people doing coke and calling the kettle black. Then he got sick and he couldn't perform — and I saw people kind of turning their back on him, like he wasn't there.

Rock Scully: I don't think any of us were that aware of what was going on at the time. We were all kind of spun out a little bit, by our success, by the amount of work we had, beginning to make money, people were spreading out, plus the fact that we were using drugs we had no experience with. Our experience had basically been with alcohol, pot and psychedelics. Then suddenly there was this new mix — cocaine enters the picture and I don't think any of us really understood what that was all about. At the time it seemed recreational and non-habit forming. None of us thought of it as a danger; none of us really saw what it was doing to each other. We didn't get hip to that until further down the line. I think 1974 was probably when we started to figure out what was going on with heavy drugs. Before that we thought of it as an L.A. trip. That's where we got turned on to it.

With Pigpen and his drinking … He had a way of being able to drink a lot and not show it. He had binges where he'd be obviously too drunk to handle things, but to be honest, we weren't that aware of alcohol abuse. America wasn't. It was a legal thing and Pigpen prided himself in the legality of his drug, as opposed to ours. We didn't even think of alcohol as a drug.

Jon McIntire: When we did Chateau D'Hourville in France [the band's European one-nighter 6/21/71], Pig made it for that and it was just really great that we could go to Europe with Pig. He wasn't in very good shape then.

I don't usually think of the latter part of his life; I usually think of earlier times when he wasn't struggling with his liver.

After a while, his doctors decided that he couldn't go on the road. It was real black and white: he physically could not do it. I remember his doctor telling me at one point that there wasn't much hope, but I don't think I believed him. I don't think I even said anything about it to anyone.

I think he knew he was really, really sick and it must have been scary as hell for him. It must have been. And he didn't have the cushion of alcohol to hide in.

Jerry Garcia: When he got really sick in '71, we thought he was going to die. At the time we just assumed it was all because of his drinking. But apparently he had this disease that was not diagnosed at the time that had to do with the enlarging of his organs. Apparently it's in his family; it's a genetic thing.

Wavy Gravy: Pigpen, before his demise, suddenly became like Mr. Tidy. The Pigpen name no longer applied. Here was a streamlined, hair tacked back, impeccably attired gentleman of the keyboard.

Rock Scully: He started turning very pale. His cheeks started getting sunken in. I don't think we would've even noticed if we hadn't still been using psychedelics, because you can see it so easily when you're high. Psychedelics do instill a certain amount of honesty and vision. Pig started getting listless and losing weight and looking sallow. And you could just feel that there was no enthusiasm. One thing Pig always was was enthusiastic; he was very up about things. And he started to turn kind of sour. Bobby will tell you, there was a smell about him; his sickness started too ooze out of his pores. At that point it was so late in the game. We didn't pay attention to it, mainly because we were all sort of fucked up ourselves — that's basically where it's at; that's a terrible thing to say. And I'll say it about myself and let others say it about themselves. I wasn't paying that much attention, and I was closer to him than some of the bandmembers.

Medicine wasn't as hip as it is today. And his diet was certainly poor. His idea of breakfast was bacon. He loved pork chops and greasy food. His idea of food was to go to Banks' barbecue on Haight Street down by Fillmore. If he was going to eat a vegetable it was going to be pumpkin pie or sweet potato pie. The rest of it was ribs and beef.

Jerry Garcia (1971): He's pretty sick. But he's living. He was really, really, *extremely* sick. I don't really know *how* sick, because I never hung out at the hospital that much, although I did give him a pint of blood. We all did. He was really fucked up; his liver was full of holes, and then he had some kind of perforated ulcer — just all kinds of bum trips from juicing all these years. And he's a young dude, man. He's only 26.

From juicing! He survived it and now he's got the option of being a juicer or not being a juicer. To be a juicer means to die, so now he's being able to choose whether to live or die. And if I know Pigpen, he'll choose to live. That's pretty much where he's at. For the time being he's too sick, too weak to go out on the road, and I wouldn't want to expose him to that world. It would be groovy if he could take as long as it takes to get him to feelin' right, and then to work on his solo album, and get himself together in terms of becoming. It's sort of like stepping out of the blues story, 'cause Pigpen is sort of a guy who's been a victim of the whole blues trip. It's like Janis, in which you must die. That's what the script says. So Pigpen went up to the line, and he's seen it now, so the question is how he's going to choose.



Mary Ann Mayer

Late '71: the new lineup with Keith Godchaux

PART TEN

10 "Rockin' pneumonia and the boogie-woogie flu"

Actually, there *was* no real choice: Pigpen didn't drink for the last 17 months of his life, and his liver disease continued its cruel progression anyway. Still, there was guarded optimism in the Dead camp when Pigpen returned for the last dozen concerts of 1971, which included shows in the East, Midwest and back home at Winterland on New Year's Eve. The Pigpen sense of humor was obviously still intact: he and the band worked up a version of Chuck Berry's "Run Rudolph Run" for the Christmas-month shows. And on New Year's Eve, he introduced an excellent new song of his own: "Chinatown Shuffle." Like "Mr. Charlie," it fit wonderfully with the direction the band's writing was going: it bounced along happily like an early forerunner of "U.S. Blues," with sort of a jump-blues feel in parts. Lyrically it almost had the feel of a Hunter composition, with short, clever phrases and a dash of old Americana:

Take it, you can have it,
What I've got baby I can't hold
If you've got the secret, tell me how
to build a mold

Get it right, do it nice
If you make a mistake, pay for it twice
But if you need it, got to have it
Get yourself a shotgun and bring it
back home

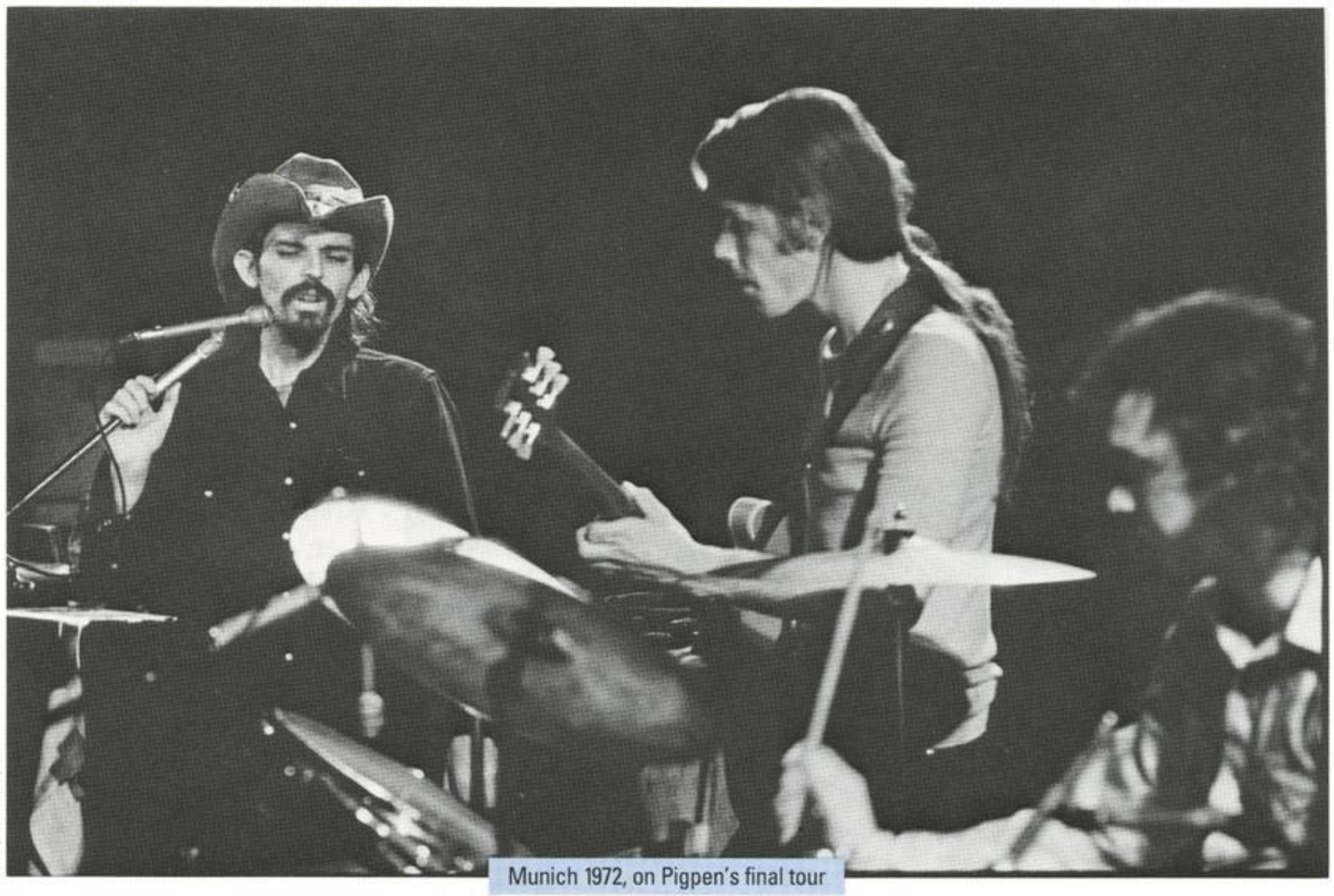
I'm not sure just what the message is here, or what the title refers to, either.

Pig was back on the road in the spring of '72, introducing another new song, "Two Souls in Communion," during the band's week-long run at New York's Academy of Music, right before the band jetted off for their fabled Europe '72 tour. "Two Souls" was another very strong composition, different for both the Dead and for Pigpen. It's a slow gospel blues, and the theme is decidedly dark, almost remorseful: "*Did I take a wrong turn on life's winding road?/Won't somebody help me find the right place to go?/I might need some correction, alteration in direction/Won't someone comfort me for a while?*"

At that point, Pigpen didn't really have the vocal chops to completely put the song across, but it's still a haunting and powerful tune, made all the more eerie by his demise a year later. Unfortunately, neither song made it onto *Europe '72* (the band instead chose "Mr. Charlie" and a not particularly inspired "It Hurts Me Too" as Pig's only lead vocals for the album), and obviously we'll never find out how either song would have developed with repeated playings.

Though he got the green light from his doctors to go on the Europe tour, he was *not* a well man by any means. Still, he gave his all night after night, gamely doing that Pigpen *thang* on "Good Lovin'" and "Lovelight" for one more round, singing his new songs and chestnuts like "Next Time You See Me" and "Caution" with all the gusto he could muster, and even tackling a new tune — another one soaked in irony, Huey Smith's "Rockin' Pneumonia." Keith Godchaux played piano (brilliantly) on that tour, and Pigpen sat night after night behind his B-3, coming out to the front of the stage just a few times. Two weeks after the Europe tour he made it down to Southern California for what would be his final show — a one-nighter at the Hollywood Bowl, June 17, 1972. "Rockin' Pneumonia" was the only song he sang that night.

Sue Swanson: When people were still planning the Europe tour, Pig told me, "Don't you dare talk Veronica into coming on this tour," because she was just about done with her nursing degree — she was so close — and he knew that one word about going on the tour and she would've said, "I'm outta here."



Mary Ann Mayer

Munich 1972, on Pigpen's final tour

Jerry Garcia: We were so delighted when he was able to come to Europe with us, 'cause he'd been so sick. And then when we were there he played and sang real good. He had a great time. He wasn't as strong as he had been certainly, but he was there.

Annette Flowers: Although I'd known him for years — since the mid-'60s — we became really close on the Europe tour. He was sick and I got incredibly sick, and we stayed behind in Munich together for a few days and caught up with the rest of the band in Zurich; the two of us flew alone. So we spent some time together there.

I lost 30 pounds on that tour. I got some kind of a bug or a parasite and it was really rough. He was going through some of the same things. It was difficult for him to travel and he was in some pain.

Rock Scully: He couldn't drink but his temperament was real good. Even though everyone else around him was drinking. He was real positive. He loved Europe; he really loved it. He rode on the hard bus, this Danish bus, which was sort of like the crew bus. It was the quieter of the two buses usually. Pigpen lived on the back bench of that bus.

Annette Flowers: The dynamic of who rode on what bus was pretty funny. It was usually determined by who was getting along with whom. You usually didn't know till people came out of their hotel rooms in the morning. The hard part about it was the bar was on one bus and the bathroom was on the other. So we had to stop a lot.

Rock Scully: He got knocked off of that bench five or six times. He rolled off of that bench and a couple of times he really hurt himself — I could see it; he really hurt his kidneys and bruised himself. I'd have to help him off the bus.

Annette Flowers: I remember being on the bus and riding for ten hours a day, these long bus rides going bump-ba-bump. He and I were both progressively getting worse. I remember at one point him sleeping on the back of the bus and we came to a sudden stop and — boom! — he fell right off the back bench. I remember being so sick in Germany I was wishing they'd just leave me by the side of the road and shoot me.

Pigpen and I missed the most beautiful part of the tour — they stopped in Lucerne and stayed in a castle, went boating out on a lake.

But his mood was always pretty good. He was a sweetheart, a beautiful cat. He was a trooper. He didn't complain; I complained a lot more than he did. Pigpen was trying to give me his medication, hoping to cheer *me* up.

I think that trip sort of sunk it for him; put him over. It was really grueling in a lot of ways.

Eileen Law: When they came back from Europe the rest of the band would go on tours. Keith went out and Pig stayed home. Pig would call the office — it was just a skeleton crew — and he was really having a hard time with the band being on the road and him being out of that. He would call and just want to talk. We all felt really bad for him because here was this person that I once thought was a Hell's Angel, and now he was this little thin person. It was like seeing someone get cancer and then just deteriorate. He had this thin, thin face, but he'd still have his little hat on.

Bob Weir: He had been slowing down and gradually getting sicker, and his musical output was tapering, so by the time he finally had to stay off the road, he hadn't been contributing that much so it didn't have that major an impact; it happened so slowly.

Coincidentally, I started to get my stride around the same time, and with Pigpen sick, there was a need for me to do more as well.

Annette Flowers: I always felt kind of bad about bringing in Keith and Donna because it was almost like bringing in Pigpen's replacement before he was gone. I think it was a sign to him that everybody else sensed that he was fading, too. Setting up for when he wasn't around.

From the tape of 7/26/72, Portland, Oregon:

Bobby: You folks who are hollerin' for Pigpen numbers might notice that Pigpen ain't with us tonight. He's home in, home sick in bed. And, uh, we'll all send your best wishes back to him."

Phil: Yeah, if that's OK with you.

Tom Constanten: He was obviously having a lot of problems. He was on this no-sodium diet. No alcohol. Things were quite different. He had a medicine chest full of medications. But

his attitude was pretty good. He kept reading and playing music, keeping his mind active.

Annette Flowers: In his declining health I visited the hospital up the road in Novato, and after he went home I stayed in touch with him a lot. I spoke to him on an almost daily basis when he was in the hospital.

Danny Rifkin: I saw him at his house. He had edema, swelling of the legs. Remember how when the Shah [of Iran] got sick he became this little man with a little voice? Pigpen was like that a little bit; not physically, but he became very quiet.

Laird Grant: God knows what kind of emotional shit he went through near the end, between trying to keep up with the band and keep up with that alcoholic jones that he had. When it got down to where he couldn't drink, that really knocked him for a loop because then he was in a total void — he had no place to hide. He didn't smoke weed, he didn't take psychedelics, he couldn't drink. And there he was. It was like being shuffled off to the side track and watching the freights go by.

Bob Matthews: I know that in the last couple of years of his life he was being encouraged to do an album by both the band and the record company. I had set him up with my own little portable Ampex half-inch 4-track machine and a little Ampex two-channel, four-microphone mixer, and I built this little passive mixer, called it the Pig Mixer. It allowed him to overdub. But I never heard any of the stuff he did with it.

Alan Trist: During that period when he wasn't on the road with the band he was actually working on an album, working on songs. Around that time, the solo album thing really took off — Jerry was the first, then Weir, and Mickey, and Pigpen was right in there, too. He was working up songs, planning it out. I remember going over to his house [in the Marin County town of Corte Madera] a couple of times and hearing odd tapes that he played. His way of projecting the blues through his singing was so soulful and authentic, whether it was with the Grateful Dead or by himself at home.

Bob Weir (1972): Pigpen, if health permits, will be coming up with some surprises pretty quickly. His album is still in the future. It's not a concrete reality yet. He's written some very good songs. But as far as I'm concerned he's not ready to do an album yet because he's not going to make the mistake I did [with *Ace*] of not being absolutely ready.

I left a lot of stuff to chance. I did it purposely. But in Pigpen's case, it would be pretty much advantageous to really know what he's going to do. The way I see it, he could do a record best if he did it in a week. It'd have the spontaneity that Pigpen can just put out.

Rock Scully: I don't think it was really going to be a solo album. I think the way he looked at it was it was going to be part of a Dead album. He wanted three songs on a Dead album. A couple of them were beautiful. He didn't have enough for a whole album; he wanted a significant part of a Dead album again. He'd worked up a couple of really nice songs. They were a little sad, but with Jerry's influence I think they could have worked beautifully with the Grateful Dead.

Laird Grant: I was doing all this shelving and remodeling some offices and stuff [for the Grateful Dead] and I'd be out there working and he'd come by. We'd have a smoke and we'd rap and stuff. He was looking pretty wan, pretty gaunt. He'd complain, "Aww ... the doctor this, doctor that ... but I'm workin' on some tunes, man, and the doctor says I can go out on this next tour as long as I'm cool behind it." But he said, "It's really cold out there, man, me bein' sick and shit. It's just not the same, man. But it's OK."

Rock Scully: Pigpen was supposed to come back. All the reports I heard were very positive that he was getting better. He didn't do anything to fuck up; it's just that his body gave up.

Sue Swanson: Veronica and Pig separated shortly before he died. My personal opinion — and I never talked to her about it, because it seemed to be too private and too painful, even for someone as close to her as I was — was that he knew what was happening, that he was dying, and he sent her away. There had been some friction between them. But I think he did it on purpose, to help her, because he knew what was coming.

Tom Constanten: I visited him at his house about a week before he died, and he wasn't very well, but I was still surprised when I heard that he'd died; I was planning to see him that weekend. Paul Boucher, a disc jockey from KTIM, called me and told me, and my first thought was — this is so weird how your mind works — my first thought was, "Far out, I'll have to ask him what that experience was like when I see him next week." It just didn't register.

'When it got to where he couldn't drink, that really knocked him for a loop because then he was in a total void — he had no place to hide.'
— Laird Grant

Laird Grant: I had my half-pint of cherry brandy or something and was smoking a joint, doing some work out in the yard, and Pigpen said something like "Have one for me." I killed the bottle and threw it in the garbage can and he got in his little Ford Cortina, or whetever he was driving. I went and finished my day, went on home to Bolinas and the next thing I knew Sue Swanson was phoning me, telling me that Pigpen was dead.

Sue Swanson: I was at home. Jon McIntire, Danny Rifkin and I shared a big house up in Novato, and I remember sitting around the table early that morning trying to remember to call everybody, because poor Mountain Girl had read it in the paper. We hadn't called her early enough. We were all completely in shock. I mean even though everyone knew he was really sick, it still seemed sudden. I think everyone wanted to believe that he'd make it in the long run.

Jerry Garcia: When he went in the hospital in '71 and we all gave him blood, they were saying, "That's it, he's not going to make it," so in effect we went through it — we went through

the pain. Then he came out of it for a while and it was great. And actually I thought he was doing pretty good. When he died he kind of just snuck away. But I guess the stress on his system was finally just too much for him.

From Rolling Stone, April 12, 1973:

Corte Madera, Calif. — Ron McKernan, better known as Pigpen, was found dead in his apartment here March 8th. The organist and singer, a founding member of the Grateful Dead, was 27.

The body was found at about 9 p.m. by his landlady. She had noticed that for a couple of days his car had been in the garage, the lights in the house left burning, and the back door open. McKernan was found lying on the floor beside his bed, half-dressed as if about to get into bed. He had apparently been dead for two days.

At press time the Marin County Coroner's Office had not issued a final autopsy, but the suspected cause of death was hemorrhaging of blood vessels around the liver and the point where the esophagus enters the stomach. He had been under a doctor's care for cirrhosis. [Note: The final autopsy concluded the acute cause of death was a "massive gastrointestinal hemorrhage," and also mentioned the diseased liver and a "massively enlarged spleen" and some pulmonary edema.]

Rock Scully: For Pigpen to die alone — that was one that we really beat ourselves up about for a long time. We had somebody looking after him and everything, but she wasn't around when it happened.

Annette Flowers: The whole thing with [the woman looking after him] was kind of strange. I don't really want to talk about it. But I wish I had taken a leave from my job and moved in there with him to help him out.

PART ELEVEN

"Good-bye, good-bye, po' Katie"

Discovered in Pigpen's apartment shortly after he died were tapes of several songs, including one slow, somber, gospel-flavored tune that featured Pig singing over a simple piano line:

Look over yonder, tell me what do
you see?
10,000 people looking after me
I may be famous, or I may be no one
But in the end, all the races I've run
Don't make my race run in vain

Don't make me live in this pain no longer
You know I'm gettin weaker, not stronger
My poor heart can't stand much more
If you're gonna walk out that door,
start walkin'
I'll get by somehow
Maybe not tomorrow, but somehow
I know someday I will find someone
Who can ease my pain like you once done

Three days after Pigpen's death a wake/party was held at Bob Weir's house. The next day, March 12, there was a traditional Roman Catholic funeral at a mortuary a few blocks from where he'd died. About 200 people attended, including Pigpen's and Veronica's families, members of the Dead family, Merry Pranksters down from Oregon and even a dozen Hell's Angels, including New York chapter president Sandy Alexander. Pigpen was buried that afternoon at Alta Mesa Memorial Park in Palo Alto, just a few miles from the McKernan homestead.

Sue Swanson: [The wake at Weir's] was the first time everyone wanted to go out and get drunk. It was very shocking and very sad, and so untimely. I mean almost nobody was even 30 at that point, so to lose someone at that point was almost unthinkable.

Jon McIntire: I chose the booze for the wake and we bought cases and cases of stuff. I mean what are you gonna do, man? A favorite thing in Pig's life was drinkin', so what are you gonna do if you throw a party for Pig? You're gonna drink a lot, and we did, and we told lewd and rude stories about him all night — and there are lots of them to tell. It was wonderful. It was a great party because it was loose and it was desperate and it was full of love. Because nobody disliked Pig; I mean nobody disliked Pig. Same with V. Everybody loved V.

Alan Trist: The wake was quite wakeful. It was a real one, that's for sure.

Laird Grant: I didn't go to the wake at Weir's. Me and Bobby Peterson and a couple of ladies had our own wake in Bolinas.

Bob Weir: It was a riotous affair. There must have been 500 people here. It was raining to beat hell that night. There were people everywhere — in the bushes, you name it.

Rock Scully (1973): [At the funeral] his family really blew our minds. They had him laid out in an open casket dressed in his leather jacket and his brown cowboy shirt, with his hat on the pillow.

Sue Swanson: I was in complete shock. The Kesey people came down from Oregon. All I remember about it was not going by the open casket. We were sitting three or four rows back, I was on the end and I just turned and walked out. I couldn't do it. I didn't want it to be my last view of him. I couldn't handle it.

Eileen Law: It was hard seeing [V's] family and his family. People were really upset. And you could see Pigpen's hat peeking up above the casket and all the stuff you knew Pig by.

Rock Scully: I just remember the funeral as totally depressing. I was just totally brought down. I've never seen Jerry more unhappy, ever. God, he was devastated; we all were.

Laird Grant: It was pretty sad. There are a lot of funerals you go to and you feel OK about it — the guy's been dying for

six months or whatever so everyone expects it — but with Pigpen it was sort of like: OK, here's *this* one. Hang onto your hats kids! You ain't seen shit yet! Here goes Pigpen! *Now* what happens?

PART TWELVE

"Let it shine, shine, shine"

Three days after the funeral, the Dead went back out on the road for a two-week East Coast tour. It had been nine months since Pigpen had played with the band, so in essence the Grateful Dead was already in its post-Pigpen mode. On March 19 at Nassau Coliseum, the band played "He's Gone" for the first time since Pig's death, and many in the crowd responded by flicking their lighters in a quiet tribute to the fallen bandmember. As Robert Hunter told me in 1991, "it became an anthem for Pigpen" for quite some time. *Bear's Choice*, an album of 1970 performances that the band released in 1973 shortly after Pigpen's death, became a de facto tribute to Pig, as well: it contains three Pigpen songs, including an acoustic "Katie Mae" and electrifying versions of "Hard to Handle" and "Smokestack Lightning."



Blair Jackson

It would be several years before the band would touch any of his material, and it wasn't really until the late '70s, with the introduction of songs like "Shakedown Street" and "Feel Like a Stranger," that the Dead tackled the ferocious R&B grooves they specialized in during Pigpen's heyday. Weir sang "Good Lovin'" for the first time at the group's last pre-"retirement" show in October '74, but didn't begin performing it in earnest with the group until '77. And then he changed the arrangement considerably, away from the riff-heavy R&B of the Pigpen version, to a lighter, almost Caribbean feel. And in Bobby's "raps" on the song (which were a far cry from the lascivious raves Pigpen specialized in), he usually paid tribute to his old buddy, sprinkling in lines like, "*It's like a good friend of mine used to say: 'Deep down inside you got a light/You gotta turn it on, let it get strong, let it get bright.'*"

By '84 Weir had revived "Smokestack Lightning." The following year he brought "Lovelight" back into the rotation — again minus the Pigpen *grit* — and in '91 he resuscitated "The Same Thing." "It's only come up as it's come up," Weir said of Pigpen's material in 1985. "It hasn't been forced."

Rock Scully: Right from the get-go after Pig died, Jerry stated it out front: "This'll never be the same again. It'll always be something else. It's just a whole different thing."

Jon McIntire: Frankie went to work on Bobby and did a very effective job. She talked him into a frame of mind of trying to get himself more musically disciplined and trying to think of himself as being able to be more out front and assert himself more onstage. And she did it very out front, as well as very subtly and very consistently over a period of a couple of years. And it worked. Frankie was very close to Pig, very close to T.C., and we were very close friends, too.

Bob Weir: We'd been getting used to [Pigpen's absence] all along, so it wasn't a sudden change when he died; it was a very gradual change that became formal when he wasn't here anymore at all.

Jerry Garcia: We played without him for almost a year [before he died], but still, after he died, you'd go out there [onstage] and it'd be like, "Where's Pig?" And we missed all those songs. It was like operating with a broken leg. So we went to our next strong suit, which was kind of a country feel; the American mythos, the Hunter songs. And our other strong suit was our [musical] weirdness. So we went with our strong suits that didn't involve Pigpen.

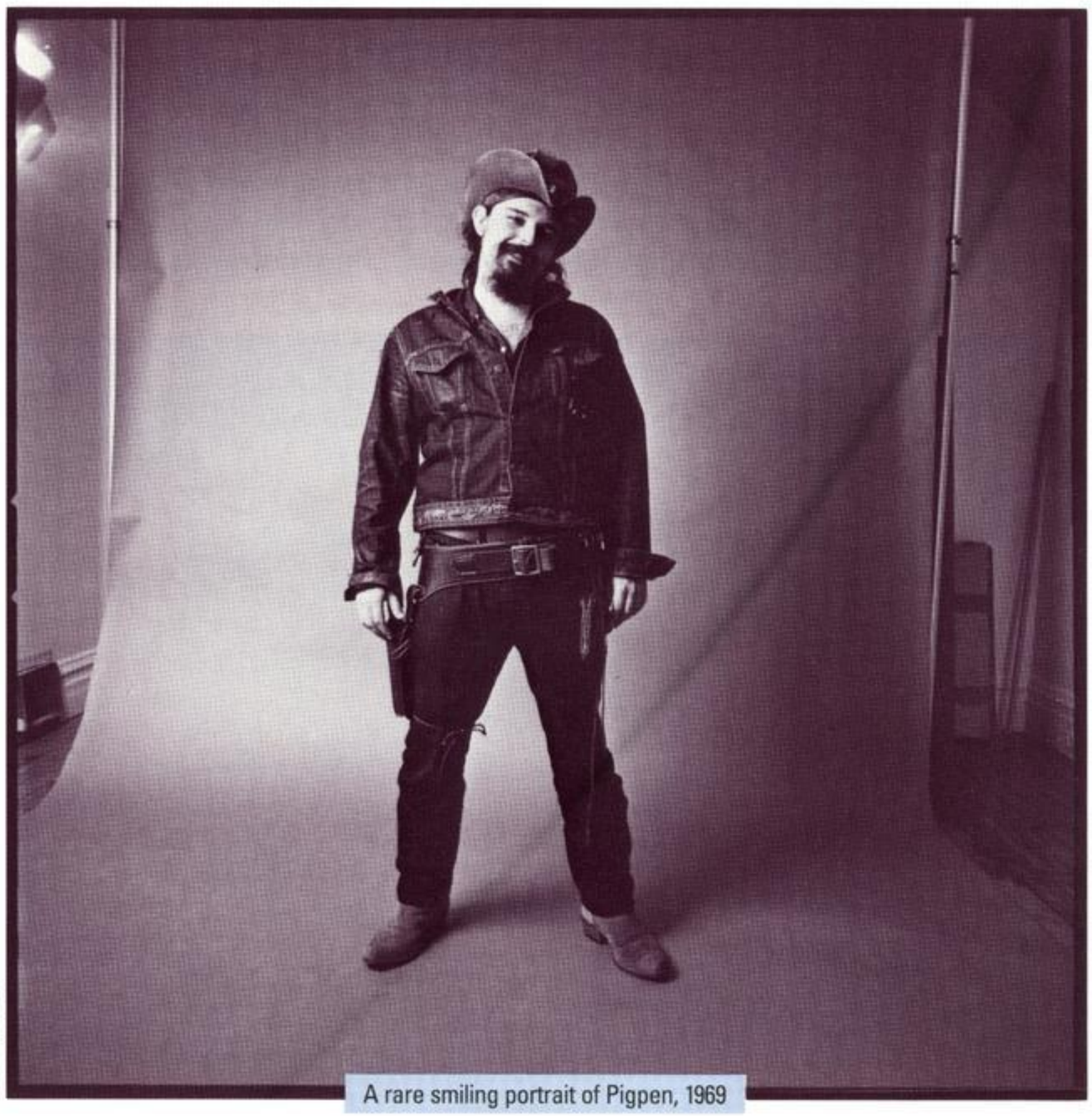
Jon McIntire: His dad sent us a letter after Pigpen died that was amazing. He was telling us that it wasn't our fault; it was *his* fault. And he told us how much we meant to Pigpen, how we were his life and how great it was that we were there for him. I felt like I wanted him to transform this grief and this blame on himself into something else. There we were — you know the reputation the Grateful Dead has, and it was even stronger then about external indulgences, and he wasn't blaming us. It was the opposite. And there was a sweetness in it that was really deep.

Robert Hunter: While we were up in Point Reyes rehearsing for the *Wake of the Flood* album, somebody left a Ouija board lying around. So Donna and I, having nothing much to do, and neither of us having ever had any luck with a Ouija board, put the Ouija board on the table, put our fingers on the glass and decided to call up Pigpen. Well — that glass started moving like greased lightning. I know Donna wasn't pushing it, and I know I wasn't pushing it. We were sitting there watching this thing! It was Pigpen. So we started asking him questions. Where was he? Well, he was in heaven. Oh … was it nice there? Yeah, it was nice. Then we asked, "What do you do there?" And it went to "T-V." How do you get around up there? "V-W." Do you have a message for anybody? "V." So Pigpen's safe in heaven watching television, driving around in a VW and

he has a message for V, which he can now deliver in person since she's now undoubtedly there with him. Donna and I got a little weirded out behind that, so we gave the glass up to — I think it was Billy and Weir, and that damn glass kept moving; it did it for them, too. That was it, man. I never touched a Ouija board again.

Ken Kesey: If Pigpen hadn't died the Dead would be a completely different band. They all had to fill in the space that he left and that forced them to extend themselves. Have you seen *White Men Can't Jump*? Well, Pigpen was the *black* side of that movie. He could rap in a song, make up words, make up situations. He could jive. None of the other bandmembers have been able to do that. Not many white guys can do it. It's a real black-guy thing. And that was something really special that he brought to the band.

Bob Weir: After a number of years it finally occurred to me that doing a Pigpen tune here and there was a fitting tribute to the old boy himself. At first, nobody wanted to touch any of those songs, but then we started looking at it differently. They're all good songs. Every time we play "Lovelight" I think of him — every time.



Baron Wolman

A rare smiling portrait of Pigpen, 1969

Jerry Garcia: "Lovelight" will always be Pigpen's tune. That's sort of like our tribute to him; we're calling him back a little when we play that.

Sue Swanson: All that I carry with me is a lovely, soft, warm person who loved me and who I loved, who was truly my brother. The only time I ever saw him get violent was some guy fucked around with me when the Dead was playing a concert in the Panhandle on a flatbed truck; the guy was hassling me, and Pigpen put his boot out and *BAM*, that guy went flying. He was a very special person to me, like a big brother, very protective of me.

Peter Albin: I had a lot of fun with Ron and I really miss him. He was one of the real characters of the scene.

Jon McIntire: I don't know if the younger Deadheads can *get* Pigpen, if they can really understand what was going on with him, because the documents aren't really there. There's a lot of raucous organ work on the first album, and it's also very happy, very joyous. When you watched Pigpen playing the crowd — and he played the crowd very well in those raps — he did it in such a way that he evoked a very *warm* response.

Jerry Garcia: He never really performed at the top of his ability. He could have been *really* great. If he pushed himself, he could have been in the category of someone like Van Morrison. 'Cause he really had it. But he had no drive and no ambition. He didn't care about being center stage. It didn't mean that much to him. He didn't have the celebrity head.

Tom Constanten: He was almost the exact opposite of his public image. He looked like a pirate who would run you through with a sword, but he was one of the sweetest gentleman I've ever encountered. We were probably as close as two heterosexual males could be in this society.

Jerry Garcia (1988): It's hard for me to say what it was about him that people really loved. But they loved him a lot. I know I loved him a lot, and I couldn't begin to tell you why. He was a lovable person. Really, it hasn't felt right since Pigpen's been gone, but on the other hand he's always been around a little, too. He hasn't been entirely gone. He's right around.

Laird Grant: I think what needs to be done before this decade is finished is a real comprehensive collection of stuff that he did — even if it's *funky*. Who cares if it's not on the fucking beat? You listen to all these scratchy blues records, and it doesn't matter that they're not proper. But there's *soul* there. I'd like to see real long CD of nothing but Pig.

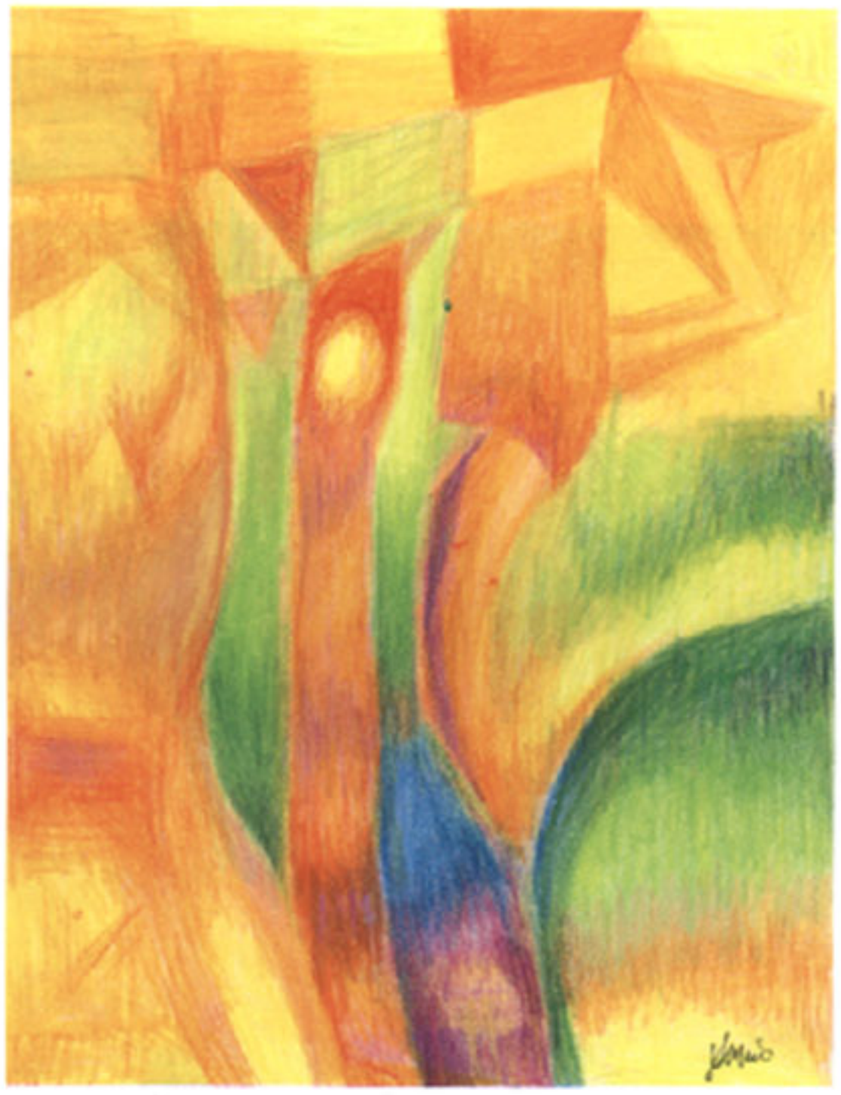
Phil Lesh (1981): If I could have one wish in the world, it would be that Pigpen was still with us. I think it's safe to say we *all* miss Pigpen.

Jerry Garcia: I really miss him. He was lovable and he was so much fun — he was a fun hang-out. I don't know anybody who didn't like him.

Bob Weir: You had to see his cute little dance steps and stuff like that to catch the whole impact of the Mighty Pig. He was a whole lot of fun. ✪

J. GARCIA

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Dead Ducats



Photographs by Jay Blakesberg



ALL IT TAKES is a trip to a concert by almost any other band besides the Grateful Dead to remind you just how different the Dead's world is. It's not just who's at the shows — though that's certainly a lot of it — but there's the matter of those tapers and their high-tech gear; the clean-and-sober Wharf Rats meeting under the big yellow balloons at intermission; the ecstatic dancers spinning in the hallways every second of the show. Oh, and how about that ticket? Did you buy it directly from the band instead of going through a ticket outlet?

It's now been ten years since the Dead started selling tickets to their own shows, and there is still no other organization in the entertainment industry quite like GDTS — Grateful Dead Ticket Sales. Founded as a way to make sure that the group's staunch fans would have the first shot at tickets for Dead shows, GDTS now sells half-a-million tickets each year by mail-order, publicized only by the group's East Coast and West Coast telephone hotlines. That's about one-third of all the tickets the Dead sell annually; the rest are sold through conventional ticket outlets. Not only does buying tickets by mail give Deadheads the chance to avoid spending countless hours in line at ticket outlets (a real boon to the band's many older fans), but it is actually cheaper, too — the service charges at most ticket outlets go up every couple of years, and adding in charge-by-phone fees, fans can spend upward of $8 on top of the face price of a ticket. This is truly one of the great American rip-offs, but that's another issue altogether.

To find out more about the Dead's unique ticketing operation, we went right to the top — Steve Marcus has been head of GDTS nearly since its inception. I've known Steve for about 15 years now; I think our paths first crossed when he briefly wrote a comedy column for *BAM*, a regional music magazine I worked for in the late '70s and early '80s. Steve's career in tickets began inauspiciously enough — he was a family friend of Jerry Seltzer, the founder of BASS, the Bay Area's ticket service created in the mid-'70s, and was hired to do a variety of jobs, including taking charges by phone. He graduated to weekend manager of the main BASS outlet in Oakland and helped on the company's little event magazine, as well.

In 1977, the Bay Area started getting hit with an unusual number of counterfeit tickets, so Steve was hired by BASS to supervise a group of people to check for counterfeits. To this day he is scrupulous in his attempts to make sure that Dead tickets are difficult, if not impossible, to counterfeit. That's one reason for the elaborate designs, the sparkles and the occasional secret message readable only under a black light on the mailorder tickets. (And you thought it was just 'cause the Dead are trippy!)

We met for our interview on a rainy late December afternoon at the GDTS headquarters, a rambling house in San Rafael. Steve's office was littered with boxes and boxes of tickets that had been returned by Deadheads following the cancellation of the fall '92 East Coast tour. A skeleton crew (so to speak) worked on various ticket matters in other rooms. We started our interview and then — BOOM! A transformer on a telephone pole across the street was hit by lightning and exploded, shutting off power in the building and setting off a series of other transformer explosions on nearby poles. Good Lord — even the Hotline was shut down! We went on with the interview anyway, sitting in the gray darkness of his office. The rest of the staff went home.

So at what point in your life at BASS did you first deal with the Grateful Dead on any kind of special level?

In 1980 I was working at BASS on and off when they did the mailorder for the Grateful Dead at the Warfield [the band's legendary 15-night run at the 2000-seat SF theater]. That was the famous time they ran a full-page ad in the [SF] *Chronicle* where nowhere on the ad did it say "Grateful Dead," and we sold out 12 shows and then added three more. The ad was just two skeletons holding up a banner that said Bill Graham's quote, "They're not the best at what they do, they're the only ones that do what they do," and it said "Warfield Theater."

About that time I'd had it with rock 'n' roll, so I quit, got a job in the electronics industry as a purchasing agent for printed circuit boards in Silicon Valley, and that lasted for about three years. My division closed down, I got laid off in October of '82, and I was sitting around after sending out hundreds of resumes and doing dozens of interviews and nobody was hiring, and I got a phone call in January of '83 from my cousin, Eddie Washington, who produced *The Grateful Dead Movie*. He said, "The Grateful Dead have just hired me to set up a mail-order ticket thing for three shows as an experiment, and you know about tickets so I'd like you to work with me." He remembered that I'd worked on the 15-night run.

So these were the March '83 Warfield shows, which were the first Rex Foundation benefits, or that concept anyway, since the

Rex Foundation didn't exist yet. [He shows me some tickets.] These are the very first mail-order tickets. The thing that was really great is, see how the one for March 31 has a black star on it? Well, of course all the Deadheads thought that meant the band was going to do "Dark Star." "There's a Dark Star on the ticket!" Of course the band never sees these tickets. They don't even know.

Well, people have fun with it. You get the "Shakedown Dude" on a ticket, you want to believe it's an omen of a "Shakedown" to come.

The New Year's Eve ticket from '85 had a rose on it and Halley's comet. We started getting phone calls from Deadheads because if you looked in the tail of Halley's comet, it just so happened that the letters on the ticket fell in such a way that the four letters you could read were D-O-S-E. Of course one artist had done all the artwork, and another designed the lettering, totally independent of each other, and the ticket-printing company in Arkansas are the guys who laid it together. It just fell that way.

Anyway, those March '83 benefits were an experiment. The Dead wanted to get a little bit more control of their tickets; they were playing a small place. I was told explicitly, "This is just a part-time job. You'll be doing this six or eight weeks." The idea was to make it so the hardcore fans, the people who had been supporting them for years, had easier access to the tickets, and it worked. The band decided they liked it, they called Eddie and me back up and told us they wanted to do it again. At this point we were working out of a guy's living room. He had a little one bedroom apartment next to Club Front [the Dead's recording/rehearsal studio].

Lovely neighborhood!

[Laughs] The funny thing about it is we'd be sitting in this sparse living room with a few hundred thousand dollars worth of totally negotiable tickets and cops would be coming into this complex right and left busting people for prostitution and drug dealing and all that stuff. It's not a nice area. In the meantime, our kitchen wall was about three feet away from the rehearsal studio, so we're sitting there hearing them play "The Eleven" over and over and over again, and we're saying, "Gee, can't they do *something else*?" [Laughs] They didn't end up playing "The Eleven," of course. They also did "Help on the Way"-"Slipknot" over and over, but they did break that one out [in Tempe, Arizona, March '83]. It sounds like it would be a Deadhead's dream, but this went on for almost two weeks, hour after hour!

That was my first experience with the inner sanctum of the Grateful Dead. We stored all our ticket stuff in the tape vault [at Club Front], which was fun because I'd never been in the tape vault before.

So how many shows used mailorder in '83?

The Warfield shows were totally mailorder. Then we did some of Frost, some of the Greek and some of Santa Fe, and a few tour books that year. I think we sold 700 tickets per show that way. I think we sold 24,000 tickets total by mail-order that year — just by the Hotline, which was ten code-a-phones in those days, and by word of mouth. The next year we sold 115,000 tickets by mailorder, so the word of mouth caught on. In '84 we did almost all the shows.



Did promoters balk at the idea of giving a band so much control?

Promoters, generally speaking, felt that whatever the Grateful Dead wanted they should get. It was the buildings who were more surprised — they'd never heard of anything like this before. You know, it's one thing to have a few tickets going for this thing or that thing, but all of a sudden you're working at the Hartford Civic Center box office and someone calls up 3000 miles away and says, "You're sending us 6000 tickets." And their response is, "Oh *yeah*? I *am*?" [Laughs]. And then we say, "And you're starting in the front row!" In the end, though, most people were very cooperative. In fact, the guy in Hartford did everything he could to make it easy.

The worst box office we had to deal with was on the fall tour of 1987. Our routine was we'd call up and say, "OK, we cut a line down the middle of the hall. We want one-half of the hall." They wouldn't let us print up the tickets ourselves. So this one facility sent us one-half of the hall — the *back* half; it was like from behind the soundboard back! And we said, "No, no, no, *no*! *Pardon moi*! [Laughs] You have this wrong. You send us half the building starting in the *front row* from one side." It didn't end up working quite right the first time, but by the next time they had a new box office manager and it worked perfectly.

In '83, after Frost, Eddie Washington ended up leaving, so I took over and started building the foundation of the people who are here now — Patricia Harris and Calico were the two most important who were here then. Now Patricia runs GD Merchandising with Kidd [Candelario], and Calico's still here. When Patricia went there in '85, Frankie Accardi took over handling the accounting end of it, as well as office management, and we've been running it together like clockwork ever since. I do all the stuff of calling the buildings and arranging the ticket allotments and making sure the tickets get printed, and I choose the designs and different letterings.

I've heard some complaints from non-hardcore Deadhead-types who would like to see the band that they feel they can never get tickets because so many go to the faithful who know about the Hotline. They feel like it's some exclusive club or something.

Well, 50 percent of the tickets are always available at BASS or Ticketmaster. The only shows we do 100 percent of is New Year's, and it doesn't look like we're going to be doing that any time soon.

New Year's shows are history, aren't they?

I can't speak for the band, of course. My personal feeling is that New Year's was Bill Graham's party, and the Dead were the house band. It was always, "What will Bill Graham do at midnight?" Well, Bill Graham's not going to do anything at midnight now. I think the Dead generally feel that they don't play that well on New Year's Eve. The 30th is good, the 28th is usually good, the 27th is usually OK, but why bother? They get some time off. They can relax a little. I miss it and I don't miss it. It's kind of nice being able to decide which party I'm going to go to instead of standing out in the cold looking for counterfeits.

I loved how mellow the scene was at the December shows in Oakland. A nice change from the New Year's hysteria.

It was mellow and I think everyone liked it. I think there's a good chance they'll do that again in '93.

Getting back to the idea of exclusivity, everyone has the same chance to go to BASS or Ticketmaster to get tickets as anyone else. There's an ad in the paper, you get in line, and you have a chance. It's only

half the house, but it's also half of all the good seats. The main problem is to see that you don't have unscrupulous ticket sellers who are pulling off tickets for themselves.

How do you watch that?
The best way, actually, is for the first person in line at every outlet to keep a watch. Make note of what was the first ticket you got off the system and at what time the ticket was printed off. There's a code on the ticket that will tell you the time and the date. If you feel you got screwed, call us up, because I can get a report that tells me when every single ticket was pulled off of every system every day. So if Madison Square Garden goes on sale at 10 a.m. on a Monday, and your tickets are printed at 10:01, I can see if there were 50 other transactions or a hundred other transactions at 9:59, which is a minute before they're supposed to go on sale. Where did those tickets go? And whether or not tickets were pulled off before your tickets at that outlet where you're standing in line. And if there were, those should have been *your* tickets.

The main complaint at Ticketmaster and BASS is, "I waited in line for hours, I was the first person in line, and I'm in the 50th row?" Well, when you have a hundred outlets and a hundred charge-by-phones all going at the same time, and each one is capable of doing eight tickets [snaps fingers] like that, a thousand tickets are gone in the first minute.

How many taper seats are sold for an average arena show?
We try to keep 200 for indoor shows and 250 for stadiums.

It seems as though because the Grateful Dead's sound system is configured the way it is, thousands of seats in a typical arena are obstructed. I remember going to the LA. Forum a couple of years ago and arriving to find that my reserved seats let me see only the feet of the guitarists.
I know that that happens. And at non-reserved-seat shows people sit in those seats, too. We just don't get complaints about it. We'll do a whole reserved-seat tour where you've got seats that are obstructed and you might get one person complaining about it. In an 18,000-seat hall, *one person* will go to an usher or box office manager and say, "I paid good money for this ticket and I can't see." We probably don't get the complaints because the music is more important than the visuals.

Why is it that some shows seem oversold? Or there's that phenomenon we've all witnessed around here where during a given series of shows, each night is more crowded than the previous one.
It sure seems that way, doesn't it? I've never been able to figure that one out. I know how many tickets are printed and how many are sold. I'm not sure how it happens, but it happens. I don't think it's counterfeits. I know it wasn't on New Year's. You've seen what those tickets look like — that's a very hard ticket to counterfeit. But those shows are always *crowded*.

Do you think the overwhelming majority of people who send in for tickets play by the rules?
I think most of them do. I think there are some who will send in two orders just to hedge their bets. Let me tell you — in 1974, when Bob Dylan and The Band went on tour, it was done by mailorder, and you were allowed to send in one order and it couldn't be postmarked before a certain date. One order and you couldn't pick which show you wanted. I filled out 10 or 15 orders in 10 or 15 names of friends and I went to Discount Records where I worked, and they had a postage meter, and I predated all of them with the right date, dropped them in the mail two days in advance and every order got filled.

The truth can now be told!
That's why I don't allow metered mail [for GD mailorders]! Because I've done it! [Laughs]

What's your opinion of that system they used at Nassau last year where only people from the area were allowed to buy tickets?
We only did it that one time, and we weren't real hot on it. The building and the promoter wanted to do it because they were concerned that every time we played there in recent years there would be 10,000 people outside. And they all seemed to be locals, so they believed it was our fault, because all the tickets were supposedly going to people out of state and that was taking tickets away from the locals. In fact, what they found out was that most of these people in the parking lot didn't want to go in. I even went up to a few people and said, "I got a free ticket. You want to go in?" "Nah, we're just here to party in the parking lot." I actually had four or five people say that. They don't even like the Grateful Dead necessarily. Actually, most of the people who go to the trouble of going on tour want to go to the shows.

We only did it that one time, and while we [GDTS] weren't real hot on it, in fact there were fewer problems that year than ever before.

In general, when it comes to any given set of shows in a city, it seems that we tend to get 70 or 80 percent of our mail from the area where the show is. So maybe 75 percent of the mail for Nassau, for instance, is from an area within 150 miles. It tends to be that way for almost all of them, except maybe some really small Southern shows, where we sometimes get more people who are going to all the other shows on a tour. There's only a hard core of maybe 2000 people who go to almost every show on a tour. But not all of them buy from us.

Aside from New Year's Eve, which shows traditionally get the heaviest volume of order rejections?
Madison Square Garden. Alpine Valley was pretty high.

Even though they'd pack in 35,000 people there?
Yeah, but we'd only have 3000 reserved seats to sell by mailorder, so if people *only* wanted reserved seats, we found ourselves sending back 10,000 envelopes empty.

Is any preference at all given to local envelopes? In other words, is any kind of sorting ever done before the envelopes are ultimately filled, or is it completely random?
It's not always completely random. It depends on a lot of things. Everybody has a fair shot at the good seats; let's just put it that way.

That's nice and vague.
[Laughs] That's the way it's gonna be on that one! Honestly, if we did totally random for every show, New Year's Eve would have almost no Northern California people in it; it'd be mainly people from the East Coast, and there'd be a fucking riot. That's an example. So our problem is, what do you do? Is it fair to have a concert in the Bay Area and to have out of 15,000 people, 12,000 of them be from 500 to 1000 or more miles away? It's *not* fair. The same thing goes for Hampton. Is it fair to do one show a year there and sell 9000 of the 12,000 seats out of state? That's not fair, either. So we work with that.

That's also why when we work with Ticketmaster, for the first 24 hours after tickets go on sale, there are no charge-by-phones. That way it's not all out-of-state people calling for tickets. And the outlets are usually limited to the immediate surrounding area, which I guess is usually within 90 miles.

The simple fact is, before we were

doing mailorder, people were going to every show on a tour anyway. How were they doing it? And when we did the thing with Nassau that we were talking about earlier, I told them that people from out of state would just call friends in the Nassau area and have them send in orders for them. And sure enough, every name that we always see [on ticket orders] came into us anyway, but all with addresses that were within 200 miles of Nassau, as the rules required. Well, I'm not going to say, "Hey, I know this guy lives in Marin County." I'm not the policeman for that. I thought it was a stupid rule to begin with.

> 'In any given city, we tend to get 70 or 80 percent of our mail from the area where the show is.'

And in that kind of situation, there's no control on what happens at the ticket outlet. If you live in Northern California and you really want to see the band in L.A., you can have a friend go to Ticketmaster in Inglewood, buy six or eight tickets, and then sell you two. On the computer it just says that eight tickets were sold at this Inglewood outlet. But maybe only two of them are going to be used by a local person. What are they going to do: ask to see a driver's license of everyone who's going to buy a ticket? It was ridiculous.

People always want to know what they can do to increase their chances of getting tickets. I see those boxes of beautifully decorated envelopes that you folks have saved sitting over there...

It doesn't work. Three-quarters of those envelopes probably didn't get filled. We used to have somebody here who favored the colorful ones, and we told that person they couldn't do that; it's just not fair. There was somebody else who no longer works here who said to their friends, "Well, if you put a pink border around the edge, I'll find your envelope and fill it." All of a sudden we started seeing all these pink-bordered envelopes. So I pulled a fast one: I took them out of their envelopes, put them in plain white ones and buried them in the middle of everything.

With any organization, your weakest link is your downfall, and human beings are usually your weak link. You're working in the ticket office and you want to get your friend a good seat. Well, we *all* have friends. Our policy is — now especially — you have a friend that you want to get a ticket? Fine, bring it to your supervisor and we'll fill their order, but they won't be sitting on the floor and they won't be sitting in the best loge. My feeling is, when you stand in line, you should have a shot at the front rows. Or if you sent in by mailorder and yours is the first envelope picked, you should have a shot at the first rows.

I've noticed that when I send in for tickets to all three days of Shoreline, I might get good seats one night, fair seats one night, and then lousy seats one night. This is part of the plan, isn't it?

Yes. The way we used to do it was, if we picked your envelope, you'd probably get about the same seats for all three shows, so then we tended to have the same people always getting about the same seats for some reason. We realized that wasn't really fair so we changed it: now, each ticketer has a pile of really good seats, a pile of good seats and a pile of not-as-good seats. And the overall response we've gotten from people is, "At least I got good seats to one show!" And in many cases people have said, "I never got seats this good from Ticketmaster" or "I've never sat this close before."

I remember the best seats I ever got to a show were second row center for The Beatles at the Cow Palace in 1964. But I got those because my uncle was friends with the manager of the Cow Palace. That guy said, "I'm taking the front row, so you can only buy the second row." So my uncle bought the entire second row.

Have you ever had any major screw-ups on the ticketing end?

Not really. I remember I had tickets printed for Alpine Valley once; they came in [from the printer] and they were all for Alpine Valley in "East Troy, New Jersey" [instead of Wisconsin]. Those are all sitting in my closet over here. [Laughs] I have tickets for a show where I accidentally put the wrong price on it, so we had to have them reprinted. There are a few shows like December 29, 1985, where we had tickets printed and then at the last moment the band decided not to play it. They only played the 30th and New Year's Eve that year. So I have 15,000 tickets for a show that didn't exist.

Who determines ticket pricing?

It goes through the band, management and the promoter, and it also takes into account what other acts have gotten within the last 12 months in that building and what we've gotten there. Generally speaking, our prices tend to be a little lower than most of the other acts that come through town. A lot of that is due to the fact that they come through once every three years, and we come through every year.

Have you had other acts ask you about how you do the ticketing?

Yes, there are acts that have been interested in what we're doing. But I tell them they have to really look at who we are and what we do. I mean, the Grateful Dead is selling 500,000 tickets a year by mail with *no* advertising. It's still basically word of mouth. If we advertised, we could sell *everything* by mailorder, *easily*.

When we played these secret Halloween shows [at Marin Civic] in 1983, I got a phone number and hooked it up to five machines. I knew the phone number, nobody else did. I went to the [Dead] show at Grass Valley [three hours north of San Francisco] that summer and went up to ten people randomly and said, "Call this number on such and such a date at 12 noon. There's a real nice surprise on it." Ten people. I told Eileen [Law] the number and she told about another ten people. So 20 people total knew this number. At 12 noon on that day, we turned on the machines on this one phone number — which was unlisted in Phil Lesh's name — the phones immediately started ringing, and they were going non-stop for about five days straight. Needless to say, the shows sold out completely immediately. Now *that's* word of mouth.

Do you see any changes or improvements coming in the ticket system in the next couple of years?

Not in the system, really. The biggest improvement we've made was spending $9000 on the computerized Hotline system, which I must credit totally to a person on The WELL named Paul Hoffman, who badgered me for over a year to make the Hotline more efficient. The main complaint we used to get was you'd call one of the Hotlines, there'd be a 12- or 15-minute message, and in order to get just the prices, you'd have to listen to all this other stuff. Plus, when and if you got through on the phone, you had to listen to the message in progress, and you never knew where you were in the message, so people had to listen through twice sometimes. But there was a time limit on the answering machines, so sometimes people would get cut off before they'd heard the message twice, if that's what they wanted. We were con-

stantly getting complaints about this: "Can't we get a Hotline with just the prices and the address? We *know* the mailorder instructions. We've done it 500 times!"

So Paul came up with this idea and I said, "Great. Find me a system that will do it for under $20,000 and that we can control in-house." So he worked on it and found this company in Ohio to help us. So now you call up, you get a menu and you can go to what you need immediately. We timed it, and we found that most people are able to get off the Hotline in two to five minutes, instead of nine or 12 minutes. As an example, the spring tour just went on the Hotline December 23. Since then — today's the 29th — we've had 6400 calls just on this machine. That doesn't even count the East Coast machine.

Have stadium shows complicated your life at all?

No, in fact it's easier, because instead of three shows in a city, there might be only one. Although now it's gotten so they can play two stadium shows in places like Chicago, New Jersey and maybe even RFK [Washington, D.C.].

Now *that's* not my decision, by the way. [Laughs] Personally, I think stadiums aren't meant for music. I don't think basketball arenas are meant for music. Berkeley Community Theater isn't meant for music. The Warfield Theater is meant for music. So is the Orpheum [another small SF theater]. Frost Amphitheater was *designed* for music. Frost Amphitheater is absolutely my favorite place to see the Grateful Dead. I would love the Grateful Dead to buy Travis Air Force Base [a soon-to-be-closed military base in Marin County] and build a Frost Amphitheater in there and say, "You want to see the Grateful Dead? Come here. We're playing here, we have camping for 15,000. We're going to be here all summer long." That's what I think should happen.

I'm not the only one who's thought of that sort of thing, either. I've heard it come out of bandmembers' mouths. "Deadland USA"! [Laughs]

Do you anticipate a greater demand for tickets in '93 because of Garcia's illness and people's eagerness to see the band again? It seems as though that happened in '87 following Garcia's near-death, though I guess the situation isn't that analogous because there's no "Touch of Grey" equivalent right now to bring new fans in.

Exactly. They released "Touch of Grey" and they had that goddamned "Day of the Dead" on MTV. I personally think that the "Day of the Dead" on MTV is what fucked up everything. There was one solid day on MTV where like every third video was Grateful Dead-related, and then all day they did cut-ins from the Meadowlands parking lot showing "what a *great scene* it is out here in the parking lots!" From that point on, the number of people in the parking lots tripled, and it was like: party time! Instead of going to Fort Lauderdale on spring break, you go on tour with the Dead, but you don't even go inside!

That day of TV got the Dead so much into the mainstream, particularly with young people, it's never been the same. When I first started working for the Dead in '83, the median age of our audience was about 25 to 27. In '87 and '88, the median age dropped to about 17 or 18. There are *a lot* of younger people now. You and I might sit with people our own age at the Oakland Coliseum, but you take a look up in the high seats, or in line, or out in the parking lots. They're almost *all* under 25 years old. Some of them just want to party in the parking lots. But a lot of them are into the band. And it's their band, too. ✪

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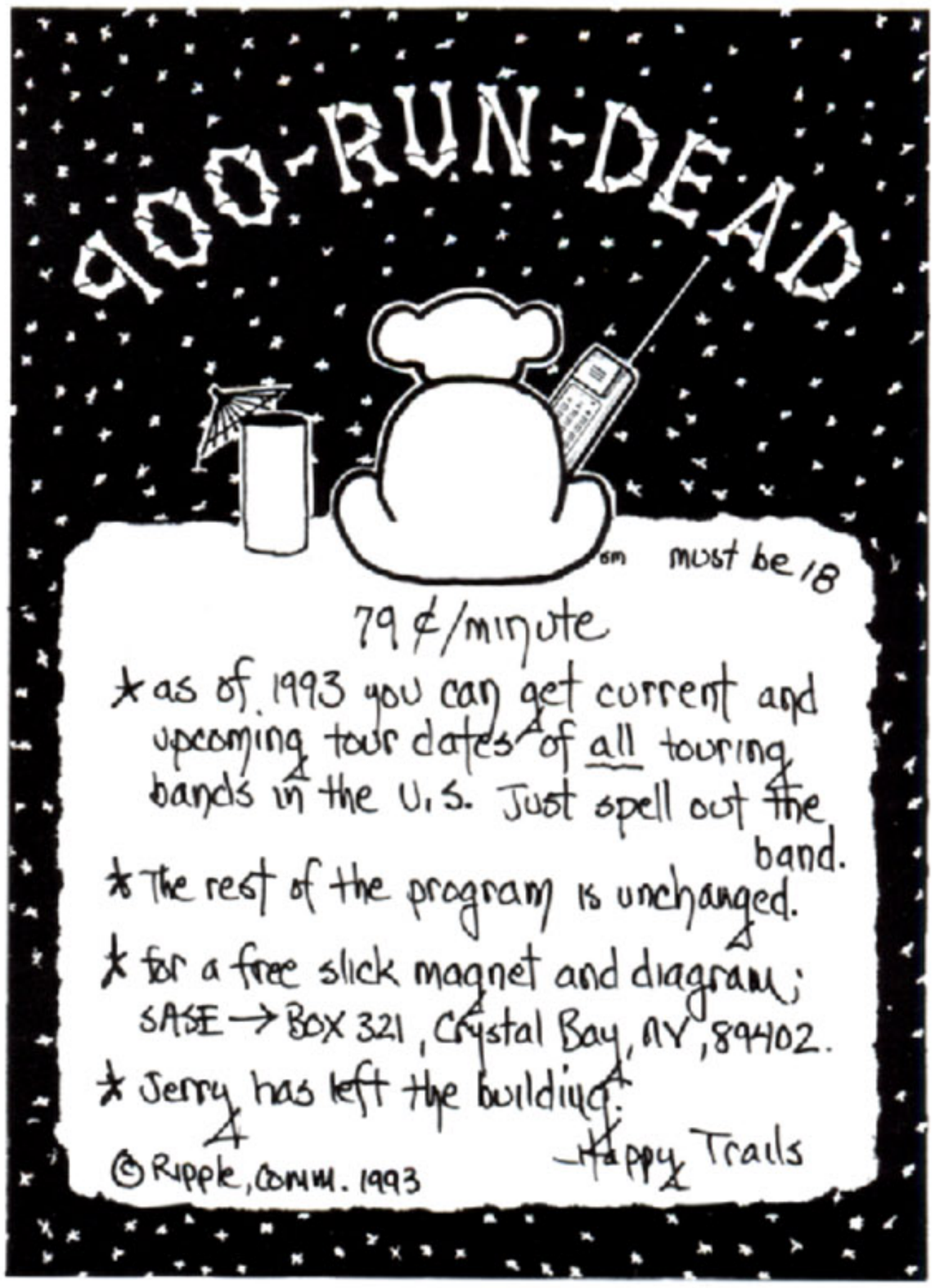
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Wolfgang of the Desert

Bill Graham in Egypt

An unpublished chapter from *Bill Graham Presents*

▲ ▲ ▲ ▲ ▲

by Bill Graham & Robert Greenfield

When writer Robert Greenfield completed the manuscript for *Bill Graham Presents: My Life Inside Rock and Out*, the amazing autobiography of the late Bill Graham, it was 2500 pages long. Something had to go. The chapter on the Grateful Dead's trip to Egypt became a logical choice because it was the only chapter in which Bill was not quoted directly. Knowing *Golden Road* readers would appreciate it, Greenfield dug it out of his files and generously agreed to let us publish it here.

Bill called the Egypt trip the "highest experience of my life" in the interview Blair and I did with him for *The Golden Road* in 1985 (Issue #8). "If we had nine hours, perhaps we could tap into what it was all about for me," he told us. The first night was especially mind-blowing for him: "Here's the Sphinx, and here's the pyramid. And here I am. I can't begin to describe it. If you said to me, 'Based on the experiences you've had in life and what you can imagine would be pleasurable, and you're going to the electric chair the day after tomorrow — what do you want to do tomorrow?' I'd want to be on that stage with those players in that situation, to feel that way again."

All the quotes from the book, which add up to an oral history of Bill Graham's life, are drawn from interviews by Greenfield. This excerpt includes quotes by Jerilyn Lee Brandelius, who was living with Mickey Hart at the time of the Egypt adventure and later put together *The Grateful Dead Family Album*; and Bob Barsotti, who for years has been a producer for Bill Graham Presents.

— *Regan McMahon*

Jerilyn Lee Brandelius: The Grateful Dead had approached Bill about taking them to Egypt and he was all, "Aah, I don't know. Aah." He was vacillating. So Phil Lesh and Mickey Hart decided they should picket him at his house. I made these placards. On one side it said "More Trips" and on the other "Better Gigs." The other placard said "New P.A. a Must" and on the other side "Egypt or Bust!" Then we went to his house about 11 o'clock at night — Mickey, Phil and I.

We drove up the driveway, and Mickey and Phil got out and Mickey had a tambourine and the two of them were each holding their placards and going around in circles, playing tambourines and chanting, "*Hare* Bo-bo, Uncle Bo-bo, *Hare! Hare!*" The door opened and he came out.

"What are you guys doing? What do you want? What is this? Do you know what time of night it is?"

They were going, "More trips! Better gigs! New p.a. a must! Egypt or bust!"

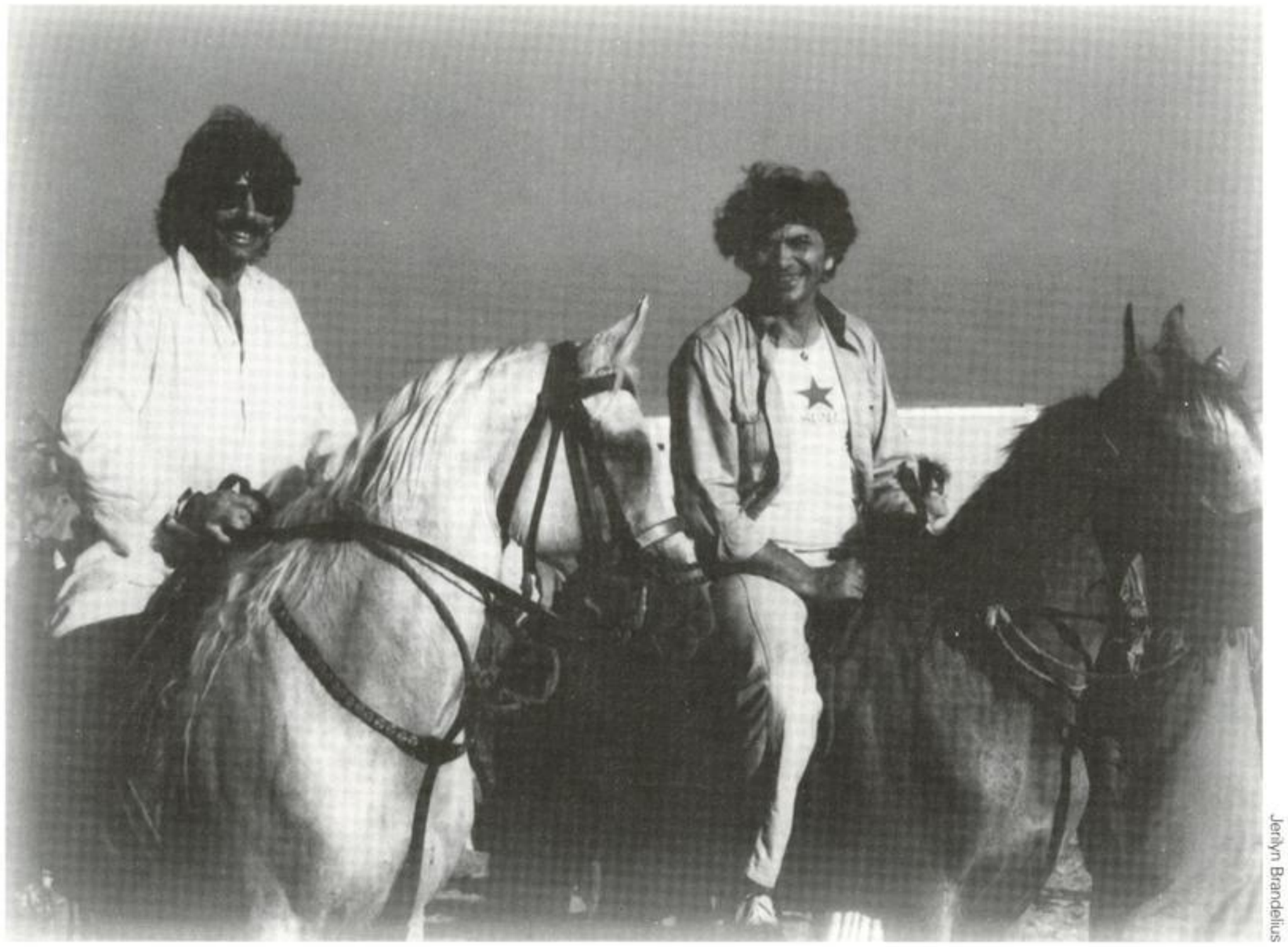
And he went, "Awe, Gi-od! Get in here."

We went in the house and they talked. Mickey and Phil said, "We really want to go, and we want to go now, and we want you to do it."

He was saying, "I don't know. I think you should do a United States tour first."

Whatever had made them decide, they wanted to go right now. Bill just said, "I don't know. I'll think about it. I don't think so, but I'll think about it."

At that point, they just went ahead on their own and made all the arrangements. They might have tossed around the idea of asking somebody else, but I don't think they every really seriously considered it. It just wouldn't have been ap-



Jerilyn Brandelius

Mickey and Bill in the desert, September 1978

propriate for a number of reasons. On a worldwide scale, Bill was the only one they could think of to do something like that. And this was in 1978. Years before he did all the things he has since done internationally.

Mickey Hart: We wanted to get more gigs and we wanted a better p.a. that we couldn't afford. So we said, "Let's hit Bill up. We'll play more gigs, then we'll be able to afford a bigger p.a., and then we can go to Egypt!"

Me and Phil went up to his house in the evening. I said, "The only way to get Bill is dislocate him from the world. We got to talk *serious*. We can't talk in his office. We can't even tell him we're coming. We just got to go up there and *kamikaze* him. Take his phones off the hook and state our business.

So we made picket signs and we went up there. We had little flashlights and we shined them in his house. It was really a crack-up. Bill came running out in his bathrobe saying, "Oh! Oh! What's happening?"

We said, "It's only us, Bill. Don't shoot. It's only us. We had to talk to you, it's really important."

"OK. Come in."

We went in. I took all the phones off the hook. I said, "Bill. We got to *really* talk." So we talked all night.

We told him how important it was. I said, "We *got* to go to Egypt, man." He said, "There's a fucking war going on over there."

I said, "That's why we have to go." We wanted Bill to lead us into the desert. That was the *last* thing Bill wanted to do. He was going, "Oh, my God. The desert in Israel and Egypt? We'll all get killed and never come back. The *equipment*. The *sand*." He had everything. He was adamant.

In the morning, he called up I think [GD manager] Danny Rifkin and he said, "I think Phil has a vision. But Mickey, he's really out of it. He doesn't have a handle on reality. The idea is great. But it's just a pipe dream."

We had rehearsed the "*Fuck you, Bill. We'll do it ourselves!* about 25 times. We had many ways of saying this. "FUCK you, Bill, we'll do it ourselves. Fuck YOU, Bill, we'll do it ourselves. Fuck you Bill. We'll DO it ourSELVES." We practiced this in chorus. We had to "Fuck-you-Bill" him and do it ourselves. Which we actually did.

We said, "We could be the finger on the hand of peace." This was during the [Egyptian president] Sadat thing. They were having peace talks and it was a time when we could make some difference. We always wanted to go to the Pyramids. It was a Grateful Dead fantasy right from the beginning. This just happened to be the time that the wheel came around in the revolver. This time, it was *Egypt*.

And we wanted to take all of our family. The kids, the dogs, the cats. We wanted *everybody* to go to Egypt for a blast. We were going to make a record, which never turned out. We were going to make a film, which never turned out. We were going to pay for it, which never happened. We ended up half a million dollars in debt. Bill said no. We said, "OK."

Basically, Phil Lesh did it by himself. He went over to Egypt and then we found an intermediary. We donated the money to Madame Sadat's museum in Cairo and her favorite charity, medical care for the eyes and ears. We were able to pull it off without taking any money out of the country or getting into that.

Jerilyn Lee Brandelius: When he decided not to do that as a promoter, they went back to him and said, "OK. Fuck you. We're going to do this ourselves. But we want you to come along as our friend and just hang out with us and be our buddy." At first, he just went, "*Nnnnch*!" He completely rejected the idea and was real pissed off at them for being so *stupid*. So unpractical. As usual, you know? Right up until almost the last minute, we just figured he was going to be pissed off and not go. He came and brought along Bob Barsotti

and it was really neat. I think that was the turning point for him and the Grateful Dead. That was when he really changed his mind about them.

Bob Barsotti: My brother Peter and I knew what was happening. We were real good friends with the Dead's road manager at the time. When he made reservations at the hotel in Egypt, we said, "Look, reserve two rooms for us. One for Bill and one for us. I don't know if we're going to go, but it's really hard to get rooms. Just reserve them so we'll have them if it works out.

Bill kept refusing to acknowledge the shows were even happening. The Dead were playing Giants Stadium the last gig before they left, and they were getting paid half a million dollars in cash and they were going to go spend it in Egypt. Their road manager called Bill from the airport as they were getting on the plane and said, "Listen, Bill. This is going to be a special show. If you don't feel right in coming, at least send the Barsottis and David McLean. Because this is a set of shows you shouldn't miss."

The next day my brother Peter and I went into the office and we got called into Bill's office. Bill handed us tickets to Egypt and said, "I'm going to meet you there. You've got to cover your own hotels and expenses while you're there. But here are the tickets. Because this is one that none of us should miss." He flew in from Europe and met us there.

Mickey Hart: We had a big jet, or maybe we had two jets, and Bill went on one of them or maybe he came over on his own. I went with Bill Walton. It was me and Walton. The other guys went different ways but we wound up in Egypt. We asked Bill, "Bill, come along. You know? *Just come along*. It's *trips*. Under the big heading of Trips. Remember? *Trips*? OK. Well, this is a *trip*, man. You want to *trip*? Come to *Egypt*." So Bill said, "OK." He came along as a guest and he brought Bob Barsotti. There was nothing that Bill did there but enjoy himself for the first time. He was there just as a spectator.

Ken Kesey: I was involved with this from the beginning. I had been there before and I knew the people and I knew where to go. It was the best thing we ever did as a family. All of my kids and all of my brother's kids went. We flew over there with this big load of Deadheads and it was absolutely wonderful.

Mickey Hart: We played three concerts outdoors in front of these pyramids at the Sphinx. I wrote up this little thing about it and I'm going to repeat it to you. "Hamza el-Din and his friends from Abu Simbl started the fires for the warming of the drums which were placed on the stage. They lit up the night sky. Slowly, the desert air was filled with the sound of mass tars. Bill, who has always loved drums, was truly moved. He played this tar along with these masters as the desert sounds carried us off to another time and another place. And these moments are the ones that last."

I gave him a tar and he learned how to play it.

Ken Kesey: They played for the smallest paying audience since the Acid Test. There were 690-some people there who had paid. But they would take the spotlights and shine them out into the desert and there would be *thousands* and *thousands* of Bedouins with camels. There was only a fence about that big, and then there was the Sahara Desert. The way the Nile Valley is, they could hear the concert all the way in Cairo, which is completely across the Nile.

The people who were there recognized this as a respectful and holy event that went back to something we can all just barely glimpse, them and us both. Our relationships to ancient humans. To this place on the planet. To the planet's place in the universe. All that cosmic stuff is what the Dead are based on. The Egyptians could understand that. It started off with Hamza el-Din playing the oud, and he had flown in 24 of his old schoolmates from way down in the Sudan, and they were blacker than those binoculars over there. They wore these beautiful pastel *djellabas* and pastel turbans. Light blue and light yellows and light purples. I couldn't see their hands or their faces. All I could see were their eyes and their teeth floating around out there.

They showed up that afternoon for the soundcheck, and I was the only person there that had enough sense to be carrying a little worthless microphone with me, and a tape recorder. It was as historic as anything I've ever heard. That evening, when they played, starting off with Hamza el-Din, who is Sudanese, the Egyptians and the Saudis didn't like that. Because they view the Sudanese as being low. They had come to hear these rock 'n' roll people, and here were these black kids out there and they were doing this little kids' dance.

It's equivalent to "pattycake, pattycake" that we do. As they worked it, Mickey Hart went out there and began to drum with them. They had tambourines and they were doing this little chant. Then Phil picked it up. Pretty soon I heard Jerry pick up the lick on guitar. Gradually all the Dead were playing this. Without a grinding of gears, those 24 dancing Sudanese began to fade back into these piles of equipment. Without changing the beat or changing chords, the Dead went right into "*I want to tell you how it's gonna be*!" I thought, this is the way that cultures *really* get to know each other. Not around the diplomatic table. But through music. Taking a 12-tone scale and a very complicated rhythm, and working it right into Buddy Holly without a glitch.

It was the best show business I had ever seen in my life, bar none. Just absolutely wonderful. With Bill not putting the gig on, he could really enjoy it.

That night at the show, we watched Owsley. Owsley was passing out little hits of stuff that everybody wanted. All the local desert folks. Damn right they wanted it! They were going to take as much as we could take. It was perfect. Because they couldn't speak our language and we couldn't speak theirs. That's often where things go wrong in a high. From talking all the time. By not talking they found a higher level.

Mickey Hart: Then there was the wild and crazy horse ride of Mickey Hart, Bill Graham and Omar into the desert. Did Bill tell you about the Omar ride? *Omar*. "Relax de body. Relax de body," he would say. Let me read you some more of what I wrote. "Since meeting Omar the camel driver, I had been seen only a few times inside or around the Mena House where the whole Grateful Dead scene was entrenched. I wasn't around much because I was out in the desert, riding Omar's beautiful white Arabian. The horses occupied the three tiny downstairs rooms while Omar, his wife and three children shared the upstairs in a cozy Egyptian dwelling. He lived with his horses!

"Under the full moon, Bill, Omar and I headed silently into the desert on horseback. I could see the anticipation

and anxiety in Bill's face. He was tired from the work at home and ready for the ride of his life. I informed Omar of the plan to let Bill taste the desert. We knew how sure-footed his horse was at a dead run into the desert and how soft and forgiving the desert floor was.

"At the appropriate moment, I winked at Omar, tapped the behind of Bill's mighty charger, and off we went. Bill and I were now at a full wide-open gallop, traveling parallel, heading out into the desert. Bill looked at me with absolute horror. *'What now?'* he screamed. I said, 'Hold his mane and *relax the body*.' Omar screamed, *'Relax de body. Relax de body.*" Bill relaxed the body. He looked sideways at me with the grin I will take to the grave and became one with the horse. He was now cut loose for the ride of his lifetime. And we went into the desert."

I mean, he was *loose*. He was *over*, man. It was *him* and the *desert*. Because that's what you have to do in the desert. You have to *surrender*. Or the desert will *eat* you. If you don't become a grain of sand, you're dead. You really find your perspective.

Then he got the idea we should all go out into the desert to this oasis and that was about 15 or 20 miles out. He got 40 horses and 40 camels. After the last concert, we had the full eclipse of the moon at the foot of the Pyramids. Not bad. Let me read some more of what I wrote.

"Bill arranged for 40 camels and 40 horses from Omar to be delivered beside the stage. After the music stopped, we mounted up and rolled out *en masse* into the desert. As we arrived at the oasis, the sun was beginning to rise behind Cheops, the Great Pyramid. It was time for the early morning tray races to begin. Since Bill and I had both waited on tables in the past, someone came up with the idea of the Great Tray Race. We each loaded our trays with bottles of beer, the object being to circumnavigate the oasis at a run without losing or spilling the open beer.

"Bill of course had one of his agents block my final approach to the finish line. To this day, the event stirs deep emotion and is steeped in controversy. While Bill and I were busy racing and reliving our youth, the rest of the entourage were keeping themselves busy learning how to become one with the desert."

Bob Barsotti: It was just one of those wild nights. All night long. Watching the sun rise on one side as the moon set on the other and the great Pyramids of Gizeh were in front of us. Ken Kesey was rapping here and Bear [Owsley] was over there being Bear.

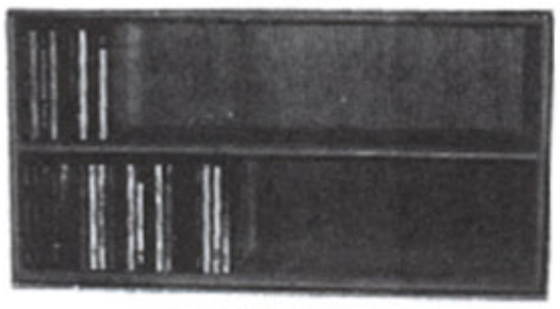
Ken Kesey: Bill rented this place way out in the desert and we had to ride out there to it on camels. We got out there and they wanted to put the screws on us. They were saying, "No. You have to pay more to ride back." Bill was not going to have any part of that, boy. He yelled and fussed and they screamed back and forth at each other. I could imagine these people fighting about camels 10,000 years ago.

Jerry Garcia: Bill was amazing there. He was incredible. He was like "Wolfgang of the Desert." It was wonderful. He loved the kids and their hustles. The Arab kids that hustle at the foot of the Great Pyramid. They've got it down in six languages. He just loved that. That tough street shit. ✪

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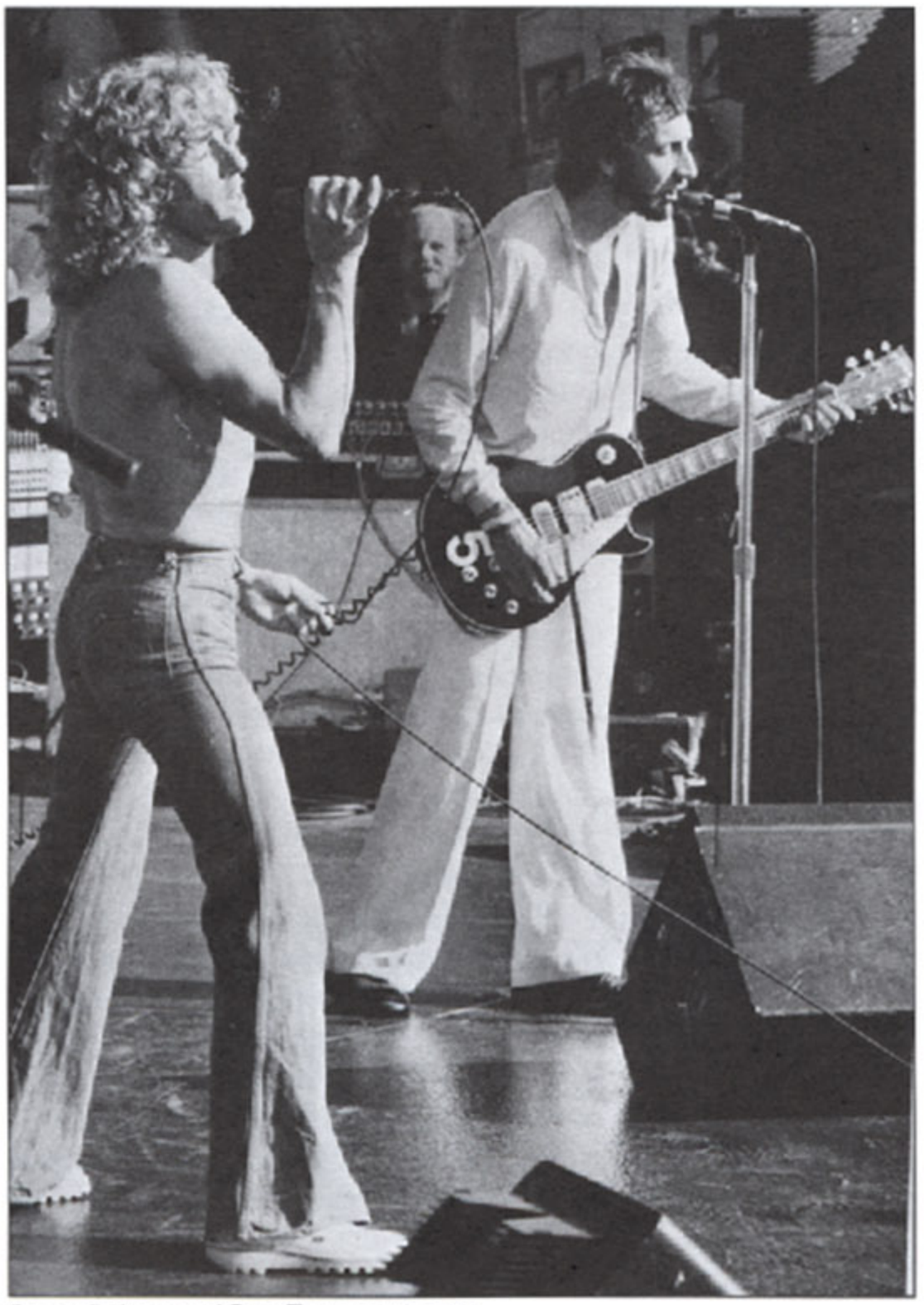
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ROOTS



Roger Daltrey and Pete Townsend, 1976

"Baba O'Riley" — While I loved many of the individual songs on *Tommy*, The Who's epic "rock opera" released in 1969, I always thought the story was sort of dumb and intrusive. *Live at Leeds*, released in April of 1970, exposed the true ferocity of the band's rock 'n' roll attack much better, and then *Who's Next*, which bowed in August of 1971, showed the quartet at its most combustible, and Pete Townshend at the height of his songwriting prowess — without the distraction of a "concept." Or so I thought until I researched the roots of "Baba O'Riley," the now-classic anthem that kicks off the album. It turns out "Baba O'Riley" was originally intended to be part of a massive song cycle with a story so complicated it makes the *Tommy* story sound like *The Cat in the Hat* by comparison.

Envisioned as an elaborate concert-movie consisting of some 40 songs, *Lifehouse* was to be a grand mix of rock 'n' roll music, Eastern spirituality influenced by Townshend's guru, Meher Baba, and the latest in audio-visual innovations, from lasers to holograms to synthesizers (which were still rare then, believe it or not). The story was set in some dismal undefined future, where pollution and overpopulation have made most of the Earth a pretty miserable place to live — unless you're one of the rich or privileged elite who are allowed to live underground. Rock 'n' roll has been banned for many, many years, and all but forgotten. Borrowing a page out of Orwell, the planet is ruled by Big Government fascists who try to control the thoughts and deeds of every segment of society, save for a few hippie scum and iconoclasts living on the bleak surface of the planet. Even the rich and powerful get their kicks with the government's help — regulated "experience suits" allow the elite a few vicarious thrills.

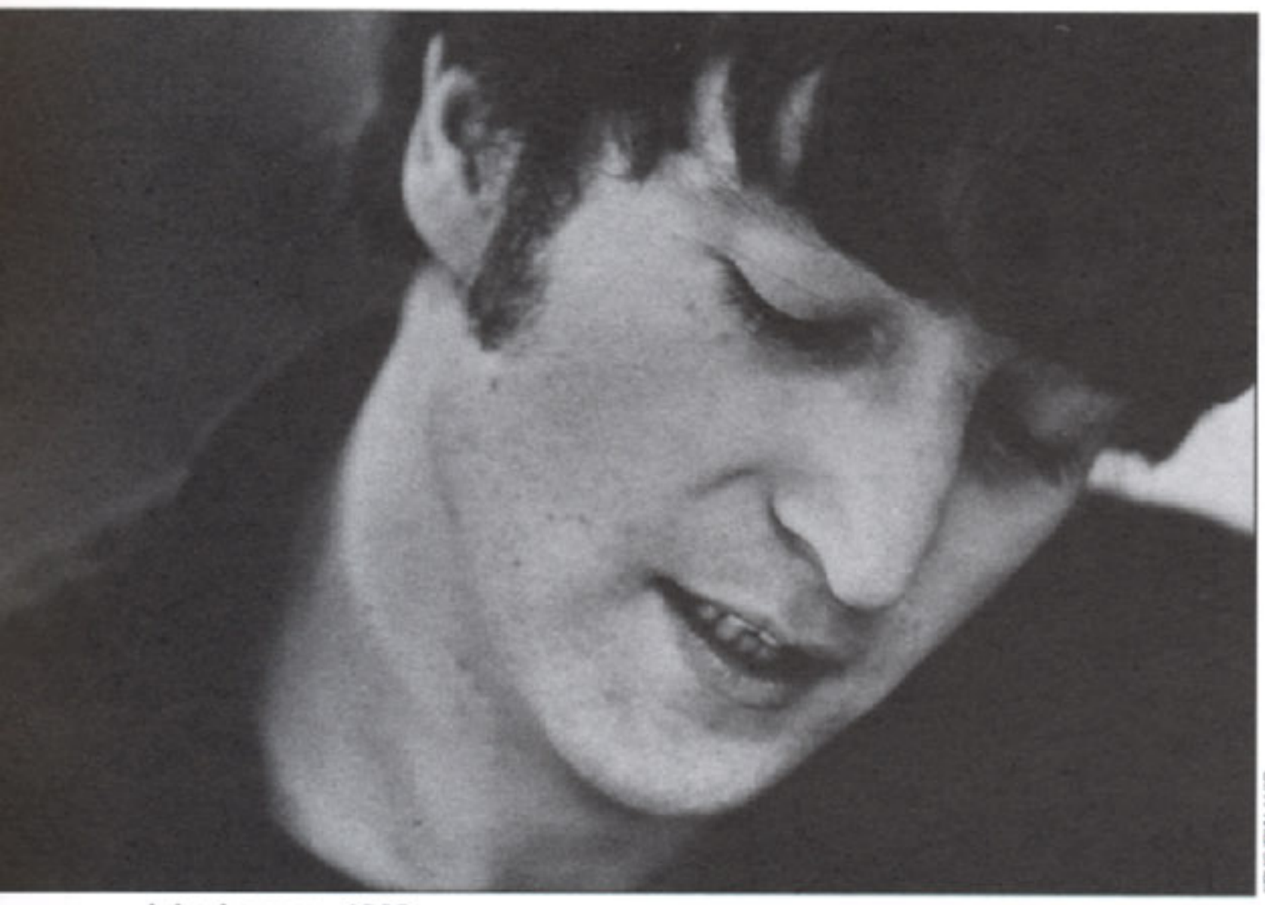
But there is still hope, of course, and in this story it is embodied by a spiritually aware surface dweller named Bobby, an electronics wizard and former rock 'n' roll roadie and musician who is openly hostile to the government's controls.

He takes over an abandoned theater and dubs it Lifehouse; it becomes the center of activity for a small but determined group of free-thinkers. The climax of the story has Bobby and about 300 friends/followers/co-conspirators inside the theater for a six-month-long rock concert, during which they all become inextricably linked in a sort of communal transformation (which sounds remarkably like a Dead show, actually). At first, they're protected from the government by a force field surrounding the theater, but eventually the government troops break through the defenses and zap Bobby as he's conducting the music, which has built into an amazing, spiritually cathartic crescendo. As Bobby's body hits the ground, the Universal Chord is struck, and all the non-government participants leave their bodies and disappear. Whew! That was a close one! (Actually, there's more, too. Check out Dave Marsh's book on The Who, *Before I Get Old*, if you're curious.)

"Baba O' Riley" was designed to be the opening song in *Lifehouse*. (The title is a combination of Meher Baba and composer Terry Riley, who was Pete Townshend's original electronic music inspiration.) Other songs written for the grand opus included "The Song Is Over," "Won't Get Fooled Again," "Behind Blues Eyes," "Goin' Mobile" (all of which appear on *Who's Next*) and one of my personal favorites, "Pure and Easy" (which turned up on Townshend's solo LP *Who Came First*). Although the early '70s was a fertile time for Townshend, it was also an emotionally difficult period for him, and for a number of reasons *Lifehouse* never came to be realized in its intended form. Townshend once referred to the proposed film of *Lifehouse* as a "disaster" that helped trigger his first nervous breakdown. Nevertheless, it did inspire some of his best songs.

Townshend's original instrumental demo for "Baba O'Riley" was nearly nine minutes long, dominated by the synthesizer pattern that is still prominent on the *Who's Next* track. That version appeared on a 1972 Meher Baba tribute album called *I Am*, of which only 2500 copies were ever pressed. I've never heard that, but I was lucky enough to witness the song's American premiere, in the rain at Forest Hills Tennis Stadium, July 30, 1971. It was my first Who concert and still one of the best shows by any band I've seen. The synth parts on "Baba" and "Won't Get Fooled Again" were on prerecorded tapes, but nobody cared. It was bold, it was new and it *rocked*.

"Tomorrow Never Knows" — *"Turn off your mind, relax and float downstream ..."* Twenty-seven years after The Beatles' landmark *Revolver* album came out, it's hard to put into words what I felt the first time I listened to it, except to note that "Tomorrow Never Knows," which closes the record, was without a doubt the most bizarre piece of popular music I'd ever heard. I was 13 and still a few years away from becoming *experienced* (as Jimi put it), but that song — the whole album, really — completely blew my mind wide open. It remains both timeless and unmistakably of its time. If you don't



Jim Marshall

John Lennon, 1966

own it, put down this magazine right now, hop in the car and go pick it up. You won't be sorry.

In 1966 The Beatles were really two different bands: One went on a big stadium tour of America, playing 30-minute sets of simple pop songs that were all but drowned out by screaming girls. The other Beatles — the *real* Beatles — were experimenting with drugs, avant-garde music, Indian mysticism and the possibilities inherent in the latest recording technology. The American tour was sufficiently unsatisfying and disillusioning that the group essentially retired from performing and decided to devote its energies to making the most interesting *records* it could. *Revolver* was the first product of the band's new emphasis on sculpting songs in the studio, and "Tomorrow Never Knows" was perhaps the most ambitious track on an album that changed forever the art (and science) of recording.

"*Revolver* was the first album I'd engineered," Geoff Emerick told *Mix* magazine last year. "[John Lennon said] 'We don't want the piano to sound like a piano. We don't want the guitar to sound like a guitar, and we don't want the drums to sound like drums.' While the album actually does have its share of conventional-sounding instrumentation, "Tomorrow Never Knows" became an experimental testing ground for assorted studio weirdness for Emerick (who was but 20 at the time), Lennon and producer George Martin.

Strangely enough, "Tomorrow Never Knows" was actually the first song recorded for *Revolver*. The sessions began on the evening of April 6 at Abbey Road studios in London, and by 1 o'clock the next morning, the group had completed three run-throughs of Lennon's tune. As Mark Lewisohn describes it in the book *The Beatles: Recording Sessions* (Harmony Books, 1988; a *must* for serious Beatles fans):

"Take one of 'Mark I,' the working title of 'Tomorrow Never Knows' (the latter being a Ringo-ism seized by John as the ideal title for his masterpiece), was a heavy metal recording of enormous proportion, with thundering echo and booming, quivering, ocean-bed vibrations. And peeking out from under the squall was John Lennon's voice, supremely eerie, as if it was being broadcast through the cheapest transistor radio from your local market, and delivering the most bizarre Beatles lyric yet, including one line taken directly from Dr. Timothy Leary's version of the Tibetan Book of the Dead."

The vocal effect heard on the record was achieved by putting Lennon's vocal through a Hammond organ's revolving Leslie speaker. According to George Martin, "John said to me, 'I want to sound as though I'm the Dalai Lama singing from the highest mountain top. And yet I still want to hear the words I'm singing.'" Others at the sessions recall Lennon saying he wanted to create the sound of 4000 monks chanting in the background. For the sound of what both Martin and Emerick call "seagulls" on the track (personally, I always thought of them as *crows*), Martin and Co. devised a complex system of tape loops, with the main looped sound being a distorted guitar. (Garcia achieves a good approximation of the effect by playing slide through a ton of reverb.) It's still incredibly trippy after all these years.

A few months before the Dead started playing the song in tandem with "Baba O'Riley," Vince Welnick was playing it in his own occasional band, The Affordables, with Vince and bassist Larry Tagg dominating the vocals. Tagg is evidently the architect of that band's arrangement of the song (which brilliantly incorporates the instrumental break from George Harrison's sitar-driven "Within You and Without You" in the middle). Several years ago I heard his former band, Bourgeois Tagg, play a very similar version at the Bay Area Music Awards. The Dead's version is much closer to The Beatles' original. Perhaps the best known non-Beatles version of the song appeared on the 1975 album *801 Live*, featuring Roxy Music's Phil Manzanera and Brian Eno.

"Rain" — Though this classic Beatles song came out as the B-side of a single a few months before *Revolver*, it and the single's A-side, "Paperback Writer," were definitely cut from the same paisley as *Revolver*. For the world at large, these two songs were a signal that things were indeed changing in The Beatles' musical world. Written by John Lennon, "Rain" was recorded just a week after "Tomorrow Never Knows." (What a week it was in between, too: the lads cut tracks for "Got to Get You Into My Life," "Love You To" and "Paperback Writer.") Fresh from their sonic experimentation on "Tomorrow Never Knows," the band and its engineer, Geoff Emerick, were up to new tricks on "Rain":

"One of the things I discovered when playing around with loops on 'Tomorrow Never Knows' was that the texture and depth of certain instruments sounded really good when slowed down," Emerick says in *The Beatles: Recording Sessions*. "With 'Rain,' The Beatles played the rhythm track really fast so that when the tape was played back at normal speed everything would be so much slower, changing the texture."

Lennon's lead vocal was also slowed down a little bit, and for the final vocal reprise, producer George Martin took the bold step of running the tape backwards. "*Revolver* very rapidly became the album where The Beatles would say, 'OK, that sounds great; now let's play it backwards or speeded up or slowed down,'" Emerick says. "They tried everything backwards, just to see what things sounded like."

"Paperback Writer"/"Rain" was released on June 10, 1966, and instantly hit the top of the charts in both the U.S. and UK, though its sales did not match those of some of the group's other big singles. In the end, they decided to leave both songs off *Revolver* (much as "Penny Lane"/"Strawberry Fields," the first songs cut for *Sgt. Pepper's*, were left off that album), and it wasn't until the release of the 1970 *Hey-Jude* album, a hodgepodge of singles and B-sides, that the songs made it onto an LP. In CD form, "Rain" appears on a must-own disc of non-album tracks called *Past Masters: Volume 2*.

"The Maker" — Introduced into the Garcia Band repertoire in early '92, this wonderful song was written and first recorded by Daniel Lanois, who is better known as a producer than a singer-songwriter.

The Canadian-born Lanois got his start on the technical end of music, building a recording studio in his Toronto home with his brother Bob. "In the end we drove my mother crazy with the studio in the house," Lanois said in an interview a few years ago, "so we moved to a big house in nearby Hamilton, and that became Grant Avenue Studio." The Lanois brothers worked out of that studio for a number of years, mainly producing local bands, including the briefly popular Martha & the Muffins. A tape Lanois recorded for the band the Time Twins found its way to Brian Eno, the influential British producer and musician, and Eno showed up at Grant Street unannounced to work with the young Lanois. "He opened my eyes and showed me how to manipulate sound," Lanois said. Indeed, Eno's influence on Lanois through the years has been great — they share an interest in an open, ambient sound on their productions which is quite distinctive, and both are masters at treating sounds electronically. Lanois' production career really took off in the '80s with his work on U2's *Unforgettable Fire*, Peter Gabriel's *So*, Robbie Robertson's solo debut, the Neville Brothers' *Yellow Moon* and Bob Dylan's *Oh Mercy*; quite an impressive list.

For the past several years, Lanois' preferred method of recording has been to bypass conventional studios and instead set up in some unusual location, such as the old house in New Orleans where he cut the Nevilles' album, and the house that now acts as his studio there. "I like the idea of arriving somewhere new and transforming it into a studio," he says. "I like the strange rooms that you find in old houses and buildings. You get a sound that's unique to that record; a sonic signature if you like."

Lanois' song "The Maker" first appeared on his extraordinary (and still virtually unknown) 1989 solo album, *Acadie*, on the Opal/Warner Bros. label. Every once in a while I stick my neck out in this space and urge you to take a gamble on a disc — well, this is one. Mixing lyrics in English and French (the Acadians were exiles from the French colony of Acadia in eastern Canada who settled in New Orleans in the 18th century), the songs take on a sometimes eerie glow thanks to layers of moody, textured guitars (mainly played by Lanois) and spare percussion. Members of the Neville Brothers help out on a number of tracks, including "The Maker." The album as a whole has a unique feel — swampy at points, but always somehow intimate. A great record. And boy, would I love to see Lanois work with the Garcia Band!



Arranger Gil Evans and Miles Davis

"So What" — This zippy jazz instrumental is probably my favorite of all the songs the Garcia-Grisman group performs. It features the kind of precise unison playing that has always been a signature of Grisman's "Dawg music" (which, itself derives from a fusion of bluegrass and jazz like this), but it also opens up to let Garcia and Grisman really romp. The tune is certainly among the most famous in the entire jazz canon: it was written and recorded by Miles Davis in 1959 and appeared on his groundbreaking 1960 album, *Kind of Blue*, which featured some of Miles' best players, including John Coltrane on tenor sax, Cannonball Adderly on alto, Bill Evans on piano and Paul Chambers on bass. On a previous album, *Milestones*, Miles and his band had begun experimenting with a new approach to their music in which modes rather than chords became the basis of their improvisations, and that idea flourished on *Kind of Blue*. Unlike most of his earlier albums, "I didn't write out the music for *Kind of Blue*," Miles wrote in his autobiography. "[Instead I] brought in sketches for what everybody was supposed to play because I wanted a lot of spontaneity in the playing, just like I thought was in the interplay between those dancers and those drummers and the finger piano player [I'd seen] with the Ballet Africaine. Everything was first take, which indicates the level everyone was playing on. It was beautiful.

"When I tell people that I missed what I was trying to do on *Kind of Blue*, that I missed getting the exact sound of the African finger piano up in that sound, they just look at me like I'm crazy. Everyone said that record was a masterpiece — and I loved it too — and so they just feel I'm trying to put them on. But that's what I was trying to do on most of that album, particularly on 'All Blues' and 'So What.' I just missed."

Miles' reservations aside, *Kind of Blue* belongs in every music collection. It's Miles and his bandmates at their most lyrical and melodic.

"Bags' Groove" — "Bags" is vibraphonist Milt Jackson, who wrote and first recorded this instrumental in the early '50s, first as a solo artist, then with his best-known group, the Modern Jazz Quartet, which recorded it (to tremendous popular acclaim) in 1953. While probably not as well known as "So What," "Bags' Groove" is still regarded as a jazz classic, and its function in the MJQ's sets was the same 40 years ago as it is with Garcia-Grisman today — a jumping-off point for fiery improvisation.

Born in Detroit in 1923, Jackson was by the mid-'40s widely regarded as *the* top bebop vibraphone player, much in-demand because of his stellar work with Dizzy Gillespie. He also did extensive work with Thelonious Monk before hooking up with pianist John Lewis, bassist Percy Heath and drummer Kenny Clarke to form the MJQ in 1952. The MJQ stayed together for 22 years, with just one personnel change (Connie Kay replacing Clarke), and achieved worldwide success thanks to strong writing by Lewis (the band's musical director) and Jackson, and the group's appealing, easy-to-digest ensemble sound. "Bags' Groove" proved to be one of the MJQ's early "hits," one of their signature tunes that they returned to often through the years. It appears on several different MJQ albums, including the Atlantic releases *Modern Jazz Quartet*, *Night in Tunisia* and *The Last Concert*.

There's a Miles Davis connection

here, too: On Christmas Eve 1954, Miles got together with Heath, Clarke, Jackson and Thelonious Monk and recorded "Bags' Groove" for a Prestige Records album called *Miles Davis & the Modern Jazz Giants*.

"Hesitation Blues" — A blues standard that Garcia-Grisman first performed in their May '92 Warfield shows, "Hesitation Blues" has a distinguished lineage at least back to the so-called Father of the Blues, W.C. Handy. It was Handy who first published sheet music for the song "Hesitating Blues" back in 1915, basing it on a number of similar songs that were being played by black singers in the South (Handy was based in Memphis). Within a couple of years of its publication, the song had been recorded (on wax cylinders, I presume) by the Alabama blues singer Newman White, who changed a couple of verses and also added his own. Such was the nature of the blues tradition. "Hesitation Blues" has been recorded often through the years, by everyone from Rev. Gary Davis to Dave Van Ronk (who dug up the tune during the early '60s folk boom), to Hot Tuna, who cut it on their widely popular first album (and several times since).

"Shady Grove" — This Garcia-Grisman choice is as much of a standard in the old-timey and early bluegrass repertoire as "Hesitation Blues" is in blues. This traditional tune has its roots in the southern Appalachian tradition, with versions going back well into the 19th century. It seems as though every version of the song has some different verses, but the germ of it remains — it's a love song. "To me," wrote Doc Watson, one of many artists who has recorded the tune, "'Shady Grove' is about happiness. I always think of my wife, Rosa Lee." Watson says that he learned some verses from his father and others from Clarence Ashley, the influential picker who also turned Watson onto "Walkin' Boss," a song on the first Garcia-Grisman disc. Doc's version of "Shady Grove" appears on *The Essential Doc Watson*.

"I Ain't Never" — These days, not many people outside hardcore country music circles remember honky-tonk singer Webb Pierce, who co-wrote (with Mel Tillis) and recorded this catchy, funny Garcia-Grisman ramble in 1959. A native of Louisiana, Pierce was a popular singer on radio all through the '50s and '60s, working on such well-known programs as the *Louisiana Hayride* and the *Grand Ole Opry*. Beginning with the #1 Decca Records smash "Wondering" in January 1952, Pierce consistently landed songs in the country Top Ten all through the '50s, including #1's like "That Heart Belongs to Me," "Back Street Affair," "It's Been So Long," "Slowly" (#1 for 17 weeks!), "More and More," "In the Jailhouse Now" (#1 for 21 weeks!), "I Don't Care" and "Love, Love, Love." Utilizing spare honky-tonk instrumentation featuring wailing steel guitar, Pierce covered some of the same musical territory as Hank Williams, though Pierce's roots weren't as much in blues. In the middle and late '60s, Pierce was still regularly landing on the charts, though rarely in the upper reaches. His last big hit was 1967's "Fool, Fool, Fool," though he cracked the Top 100 as late as 1982. "I Ain't Never" couldn't quite nail the top spot — it hit #2 in the summer of '59 and stayed there for nine weeks. The song has been covered often through the years, by the likes of Delbert McClinton, John Fogerty (on a Blue Ridge Rangers LP) and Mel Tillis.

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FUNSTUFF



Michael Newman

Deadheads take a stand in Colorado

Just a Little of That Human Touch: A large group of Deadheads put their money where their beliefs are this past December when they raised money, mainly through the electronic bulletin board The WELL, to purchase a billboard in Denver protesting Colorado's repeal of legislation that gave gays equal protection in the workplace (known as Amendment 2).

"When we went to Colorado for the Dead shows, we didn't want it to be business-as-usual," commented David Gans, host of *The Grateful Dead Hour* radio program and founder of the GD conference on The WELL. "We weren't in any position to tell the Dead not to play in Colorado [the shows were set up before the November vote anyway], but we wanted to make a statement and we wanted to let the community know where we stood."

The billboard (above), which was situated near McNichols Arena, where the Dead played, cost $3,500 to produce and put up for a month. But it was well worth the investment: press from all over the country covered the story of the Deadheads and their billboard, so the word that most Deadheads stand opposed to discrimination of any sort and in favor of gay rights was sounded loud and clear. Well done, WELLheads!

A View From the Top: Ever wonder what a member of the band would reply if asked to list the Dead's "essential" tunes? Chicago *Tribune* writer Greg Kot got Bob Weir to respond:

"I'd have to choose one of the blues tunes and one of the country numbers we cover, because those are our roots. 'Tennessee Jed' is a real good, finite example of a Grateful Dead song, with a fairly rigid structure but still plenty of room within it to play around. 'Uncle John's Band' is a little more open, because it will often evolve into something else before returning to the original theme. 'Playing in the Band' is more open still. That takes us to the highly improvisational. And then I'd have to choose 'Dark Star,' which is as open as we get. It incorporates 12-tone stuff, jazz. It's the future."

In the same article, Weir also addressed Garcia's notorious remarks from the fall of '91 in which he talked about being burned out and needing a break from the Dead: "Since Garcia's remarks, we've undergone maybe two or three ebbs and flows in our creative process. I think he was speaking out of temporary angst. You can never push the bounds of your music enough. You can get a good roll going and it feels swell, but there's always another hill to get over. If they caught him two months later, it would have been the reverse. And two months after that it would've been the same old story. We all feel it, but we get through it. How? We tough it out."

And, of course, the improvisational nature of the Dead's music keeps it fresh by definition. "There's a major band right now that's doing a note-for-note show, and they're doing a two-year tour," Weir said. "Their amount of leeway every

night is less than 1 percent. If I was doing that, I'd get about halfway through the tour and then you'd find me in a belltower with a sniper's rifle."

Drums, Drums and More Drums: Mickey Hart is always doing neat things with music, whether it's playing with the Dead or helping to spread the word about the music of New Guinea rainforest natives. As a longtime believer in the notion that music has healing powers, Hart has now involved himself in the nonprofit Rhythm for Life project which, in conjunction with the National Association for Music Therapy, is getting elderly people involved in drumming. "I first got an inkling that rhythm might reach demented older persons when my grandmother was losing her faculties to Alzheimer's disease," Hart explained in an interview last spring. "Her rhythm had stopped. She couldn't walk or talk. But when I played drums for her, she would smile and say my name." And so Hart and his colleagues have been trying to make drum circles — not unlike the ones we see in the parking lots at Dead shows — a part of the recreation and therapy at nursing homes and senior centers. "The drum circle helps them break out of isolation and depression," Hart said. "It helps them focus the mind, breaks them away from the television set and brings them in contact with younger people. Plus, it's inexpensive and just plain fun."



Susana Millman

At a Rhythm for Life benefit at the College of Marin, Mickey, Airto, Carlos Santana and others led one of the largest drum circles ever organized

Hart kicked off Rhythm for Life with a fund-raising event in winter '92 at the College of Marin, where some 1,700 people (including Hart and Carlos Santana) formed what must have been one of the largest drum circles ever attempted.

We should also note that in 1992 Hart also produced and played on a marvelous Rykodisc CD of healing chants, songs and music by Airto, called *The Other Side of This*. This disc belongs in your collection next to Hart's *At the Edge* and *Planet Drum*. It's remarkable from beginning to end, a must for fans of percussion. (Incidentally, *Planet Drum* was the top-selling World Music album in 1992, according to *Billboard*. Congrats, Mick!)

For more information about music's healing power or how you can get involved in this growing field, write to Rhythm for Life, P.O. Box 1231, Occidental, CA 95465; or to the National Association for Music Therapy, 8455 Colesville Rd., Silver Spring, MD 20910.

The Word From Sin City: Seems as though where the Grateful Dead are concerned, there's never a shortage of cranky civic leaders who kick up a fuss when the Boys come to town. Yes, even Las Vegas has had its controversies about the Dead's highly successful appearances at the Silver Bowl. Shortly after the band's great run there in 1992, Mike Sloan, vice-president of the ultra-tacky Circus Circus hotel and a major political player in the state's powerful gaming industry, cried about the "loss of social morals" when the Dead and their fans hit town, and urged the University of Nevada to deny the group permission to play at the Silver Bowl in 1993. "I don't think [the Dead and Deadheads] present the image that Las Vegas wants," he told the Las Vegas *Sun*. Sloan complained that the Deadheads who stayed in casino hotels didn't gamble as much as other groups and added, "You can look up and down the Strip and see a lot of things that aren't compatible with a family image." A vice-president for Caesar's Palace, Phil Cooper, countered, "We find them very well behaved and very excited about being in Las Vegas." And an officer for the University pointed out that there had been only ten arrests made during the three days that the Dead packed the 40,000-seat stadium. "Social morals"? In Las Vegas?

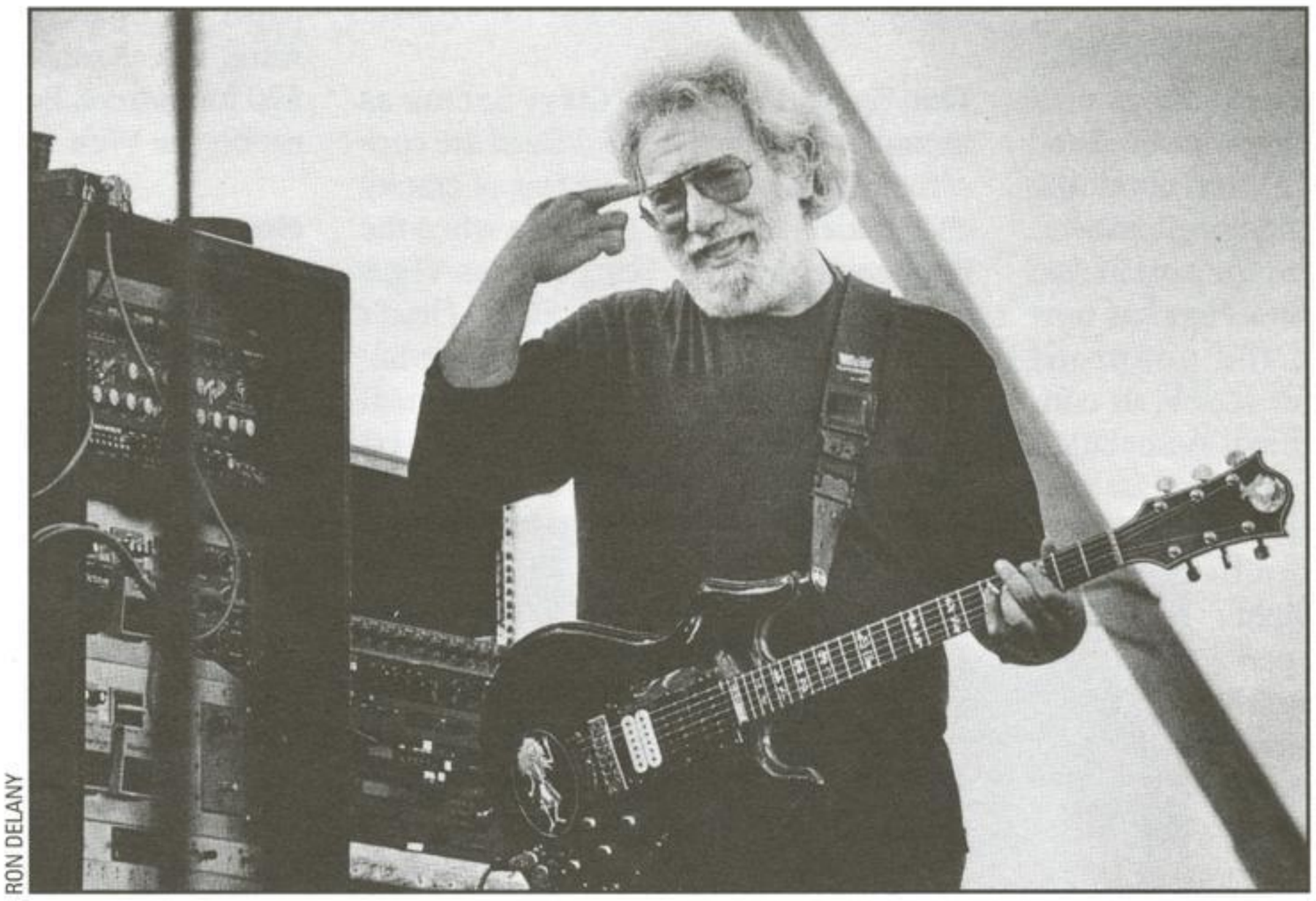
Catch of the Day: Bob Weir is the co-owner of a Santa Monica, California, seafood restaurant that opened in early July called The Reel Inn. It was described in the Los Angeles *Times* as "a funky, serve yourself family restaurant" with paper plates and plastic glasses and flatware. Prices range from $6.95 to about $20 for entrees. Boy, for $20 I'd expect to eat on the Weir family china.

Meanwhile, in the Hallowed Halls of Congress: According to the *Washingtonian* magazine, Wisconsin Republican congressman Bob Kasten sent copies of the Grateful Dead tribute album *Deadicated* to all 534 of his colleagues in the House of Representatives, noting that the Dead "have done a terrific job in promoting environmental protection." (Sales of the album supposedly went to a variety of environmental causes, you'll recall, though according to *Forbes* magazine, Arista didn't hold up its end.) Although the conservative Kasten was among the incumbents targeted for defeat by the Sierra Club because of his record on the environment, Kasten has been friendly to groups like Cultural Survival and the Rainforest Action Network, two groups with close ties to the Dead. Say, do you suppose arch fascist Orange County congressgoon Bob Dornan now boogies around his office to the strains of Dr. John's "Deal" or Los Lobos' "Bertha"?

He's Ba-a-a-a-ck! The notorious Bob Weir imposter we seem to write about every couple of years turned up in a number of different locations in the Los Angeles area last summer, according to a spokesperson for the Dead's record label, Arista Records. The faux Weir *appears* to be the same one who has impersonated La Bob on other occasions — he shows up at little clubs, says he's Bob Weir, and then proceeds to play a couple of songs, accompanying himself on the harmonica (the fatal flaw in his impersonation). The fake Bob has seduced women, "borrowed" money and cars from women and men, and generally acted very un-Bob-like. Is there no stopping this dastardly dude? Where's Joe Friday when we need him?

Your Deadhead Dollars at Work: The city of Noblesville, Indiana, site of the

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RON DELANY

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#2 Spring '84: SOLD OUT
#3 Summer '84: SOLD OUT
#4 Fall '84: Interview with Robert Hunter, survey of professional Deadheads
#5 Winter '85: Interviews with GD soundman Dan Healy, the Garcia Band, a look at Dead cover bands, Tall Tales 1965-70
#6 Spring '85: Interviews with Garcia about film and video, Donna Godchaux, Tall Tales 1970-75
#7 Summer '85: The 20th Anniversary press conference, a never before published '67 interview with Garcia, tales of Egypt
#8 Fall '85: SOLD OUT
#9 Winter '86: SOLD OUT
#10 Spring '86: Interviews with GD lyricist John Barlow, the roots of "Iko-Iko" and Mardi Gras music, more Dead videos
#11 Summer '86: SOLD OUT
#12 Fall '86: Interviews with Jerry Garcia, Ken Kesey, Robert Hunter
#13 Winter '87: History of the Jerry Garcia Band, interview with John Kahn, Human Be-In photos
#14 Summer '87: Recording *In the Dark*, making the "Touch of Grey" video, interviews with Garcia about *So Far* video and the Dead's new success, Merry Prankster Ken Babbs recalls a day with Jerry
#15 Fall '87: SOLD OUT
#16 Spring '88: SOLD OUT
#17 Summer '88: Interview with GD manager Jon McIntire, the joys of hall dancing
#18 Fall '88: Giant interview with Jerry Garcia, closing of Winterland photos
#19 Spring '89: The life and myth of Neal Cassady, the Rex Foundation, behind the Dylan/Dead album
#20 Summer '89: Interview with Bob Weir, the Dead at Woodstock
#21 Fall '89: Interview with Bill Kreutzmann, Garcia on recording *Built to Last*, sociology of the Dead scene
#22 Spring '90: Interviews with Ken Kesey, Merl Saunders on his collaboration with Garcia on *Blues from the Rainforest*, 1989 Year in Review
#23 Summer '90: Interviews with Phil Lesh, Branford Marsalis on playing with the Dead, Ken Babbs' "The Loft"
#24 Fall '90: Interview with Mickey Hart, John Barlow on losing Brent, the roots of "Jackaroe"
#25 Spring '91: SOLD OUT
#26 1992 Annual: Interviews with Bob Weir, Jerry Garcia's bandmates in the JGB, Bob Bralove on *Infrared Roses*, a tribute to Bill Graham, 1991 set lists and analysis, growing up in the GD family

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FUNSTUFF



In a December '92 Doonesbury strip, Joanie Caucas applied for a job in the Clinton Administration

popular Deer Creek amphitheater, used the $9000 collected from Deadheads who camped at nearby Forest Park during the band's appearances there to renovate the park's main restrooms.

The Deadhead at 10 Downing Street: That, of course, is the address where Great Britain's prime minister works, in this case John Major. Well, according to a story in London's *Financial Times*, the conservative Major's new principal private secretary, Alex Allan, is a Deadhead. "Staff at Downing Street can expect some radical alterations to the decor," the story said. "Mr. Allan's Treasury office was notable for its posters of the aging Dead, which tastefully offset the large abstract pictures painted by his wife. Indeed, the last time the Dead graced our shores, Mr. Allan found it necessary to attend all three London gigs...man."

What's Next — Skull & Roses Condoms? Anthony Industries, the L.A.-based parent company of ski-makers K2, Olin and Pre, has opened a subsidiary that makes skis and other snow sport products bearing various Grateful Dead logos and imagery. Lunatic Fringe Inc. opened its line with the Dark Star alpine ski, which is actually an Olin RTS slalom ski decorated with beautiful Dead artwork — a skull-and-lightning bolt, roses and another bigger lightning bolt. "In terms of target audience, you have to get away from the stereotype of people in tie-dyes and microbuses," Lunatic Fringe v.p. Tim Petrick told Denver's *Rocky Mountain News*. "There are an awful lot of normal people who listen to this band." (Oh yeah? Name *one*.) Future products planned by Lunatic Fringe include a GD snowboard, known as "Bertha," a telemark ski called

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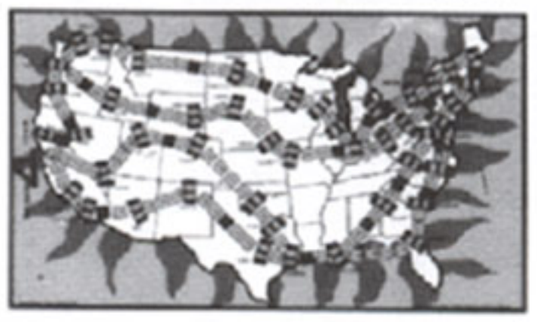
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FUNSTUFF

"The Other One" and an in-line skate dubbed "Wharf Rat."

What's Wrong With This Picture? Check out the lead of a story in the April 9, 1992, edition of Sacramento's *Catholic Herald* newspaper: "Bob Weir, guitarist for the Grateful Dead, once said it was the birth of his first child that made him grow up. 'After all,' he said, 'you can't be on drugs when you've got a 1-year-old to tend to. That would be irresponsible!'" True enough. Alas, Bob Weir does not have any children.

Pay Up, You Sleazebags: You know how almost every newspaper has some "Action Line" column where they help readers deal with bureaucratic nightmares, such as collecting money that's owed to them, tracking down fraudulent companies, etc.? Well, here's one we spotted in the March 15, 1992, "At Your Service" column of the Kansas City *Star*. Under the headline, "Deadhead Washer Finally Gets Check" was this exchange:

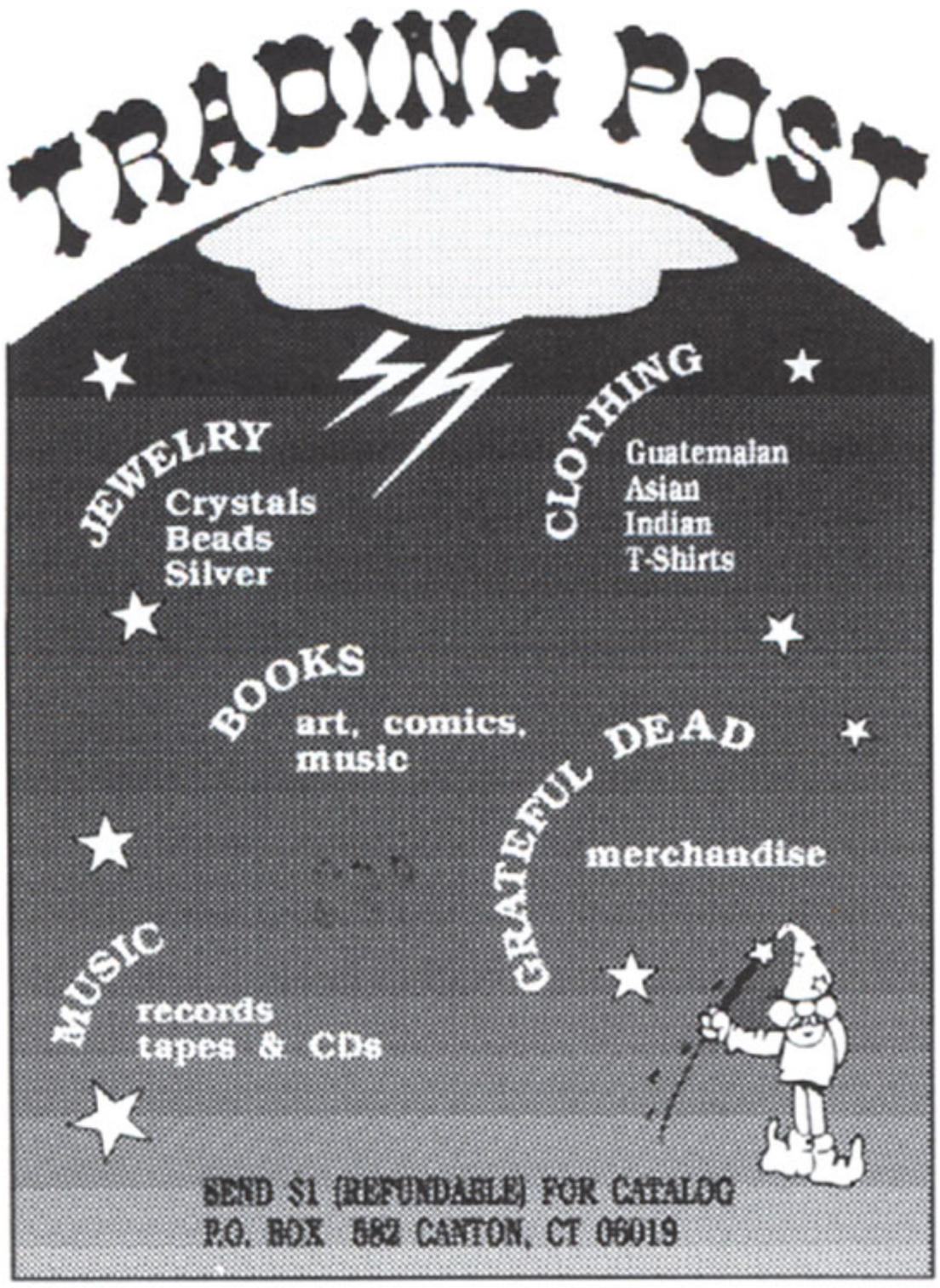
"At Your Service: In June last year the Grateful Dead came to Sandstone in Bonner Springs. Radio station KBEQ (Q-104) put out a challenge for people to go to where the Deadheads were camped and shampoo their hair for $10 a head, with a limit of 20 heads. I met the challenge. Two radio personalities picked me up and we went to the Deadhead campsite. I shampooed 25 Deadheads

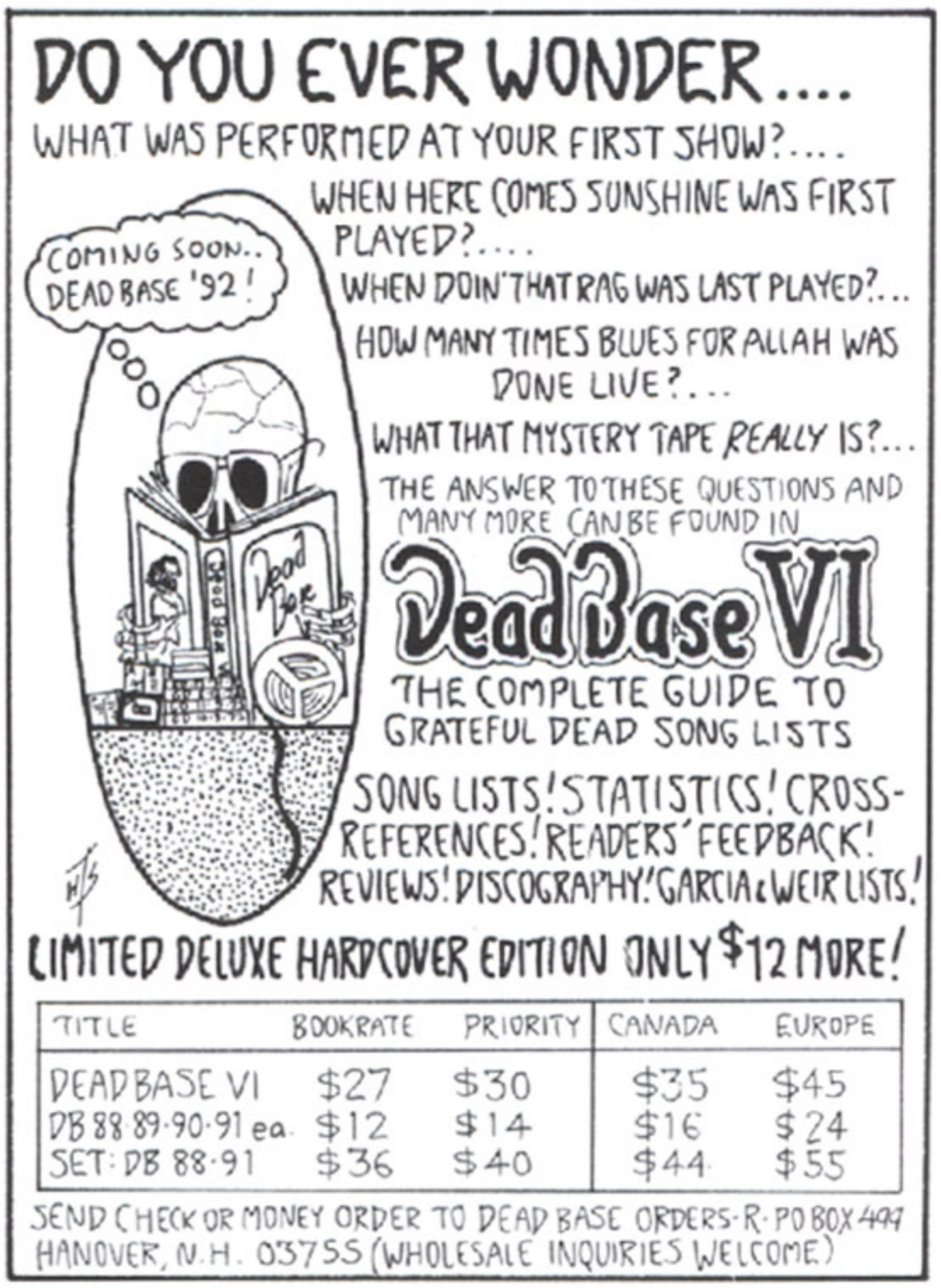
"[I was told] I'd get my check in six to eight weeks. I haven't received the money yet. I think if you win a contest you should be entitled to your money. — L.D., Bonner Springs.

"Dear L.D.: Our query prompted Q-104 station manager Bob Laurence to arrange that a $200 check be sent to you. He offered no explanation for the delay."

Olympic Memories: Both the Winter and Summer Olympics in 1992 had their share of Dead exposure, thanks to Deadhead athletes competing for the U.S. team. At the Winter Olympics, most notable was figure skater Christopher Bowman, a colorful character given to wearing Dead T-shirts and quoting GD songs in press interviews. Asked by a reporter if his GD European tour shirt indicated he was a Deadhead, Bowman replied, "Better believe I am. You don't have to live in San Francisco to know. Jerry Garcia is my idol. Jerry is God." Asked if he had taken some tips from Garcia, Bowman said, "No, I'll leave the singing to Jerry. And I'll do the skating." Though an early medal favorite, Bowman fell on his final routine and ultimately finished fourth.

In the Summer Games in Barcelona, there was platform diver Scott Donie, described by the *New York Times* as a "quirky flaky long-shot" (sounds like a Deadhead to me). On the day of the finals, when the *Times* spoke to him, he





was relaxing between dives listening to "Bird Song" on a Walkman and playing Game Boy golf. "The pressure of one chance every four years is too much to deal with, too much to think about," he said, "so I play Game Boy and listen to the music. Basically I'm out of the competition. I'm not thinking about it. I'm in a meditative state." He chose "Bird Song," he said, because it was on his mind when he woke up that morning. Eccentric or not, Donie's relaxing regime worked on that August day: he was a silver medalist in the 10-meter platform diving competition.

The Dead-Olympic connection that really made headlines, though, was the Dead's generous gift (through the Rex Foundation) of tie-dyed warm-up uniforms for the impoverished Lithuanian basketball team, which was anchored by Sarunas Marciulionis, a Lithuanian on the Oakland-based Golden State Warriors basketball team. Needless to say, the sight of these giants running around the court before their Olympic battles dressed top to bottom in tie-dye, was something to behold. The bonus is that the team also did very well, finishing third and taking home a bronze medal. Independent of that, the large East Coast tie-dye maker Not Fade Away also sent over a box of tie-dyed T-shirts depicting a skeleton dunking a ball, with LITHUANIA written in stone-like letters above it. These, too, became hits in Barcelona (the president of the Lithuania even wore one at the team's last game), and the shirts have had a remarkable life since the summer: thousands have been sold through GD Merchandising, the Warriors and a number of other outlets, at about $30 a shirt.

Mickey Behind Bars: Always in search of the unusual, Mickey Hart took a portable recording studio into the infamous San Quentin prison (in Marin County) last spring to make a tape of the San Quentin Mass Choir. "This is sacred music from inside San Quentin," Mickey told SF *Chronicle* writer Don Lattin. "When I first heard these guys, I said, 'This is real. This is not entertainment. These guys are reaching for the spirit world through music. Here was joy in a sorrowful setting. That's what music is all about."

Mickey first encountered the choir through a very different group of "singers": the Gyuto Tantric Choir of Tibetan monks. The Monks had been to San Quentin, met with and chanted for the prison choir, and they related their experiences to Mickey. His interest piqued, Mickey went to work trying to polish the ensemble's sound for a possible recording. Although there are no women in the Mass Choir, prison warden Daniel Vasquez agreed to let 18 women staff members, including a few guards, join the choir for the recording project. After several works of rehearsals, Mickey brought in the studio gear and then captured the choir on tape in one 16-hour session in the chapel. Four prisoners were also allowed to leave the prison briefly the next weekend to lay down some overdubs at Fantasy Studios in Berkeley.

The ten-song tape of gospel music is being sold by mail by San Quentin, the proceeds going toward a crime victim's relief fund and other prison charities. (To order, send $9.25 to Prison Bible Studies, Post Office Box 446, San Quentin, CA 94960.) "San Quentin is not just some blemish on the side of the road," Hart commented. "The outside community needs to be involved with the prison. We can't just throw people in there and forget about them."✪

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Does anyone have 7/10/89 Giants Stadium/Teaneck Tornado? Jeff Bellis, 35E Jane Lacey Dr, Endicott, NY 13760

Beginners, help on the way. 2500 hrs GD. Gary Dobson, 1045 NW End Blvd, Lot 160, Quakertown, PA 18951

DAT SBDs and hi-fi videos. Ananda, 220 W. 14th St #4C, NYC 10011

Yes! 400 great cassettes, including various artists. Bay Area preferred. B. Eble, 501 41st Ave #6, San Francisco, CA 94121

Want Thompson, Fairport, Young; pre-75, new Dead SBDs. 3000 hours. Larry Slavens, 7018 Airline Ave, Des Moines, IA 50322

Lots of GD, blues and rock tapes to trade. Jim Beatty, RR2 Box 72, Clinton, WI 53525

John Cipollina, Pharoah Sanders, Fugs, diverse jazz and blues. Trades only. Mark, PO Box 16391, Seattle WA 98116-0391

Hey y'all, does anyone have a clean copy of 12/29/77? Lots to trade. Dan Brown, 2206 David Miller Rd, Johnson City, TN 37604

9/11/83 Santa Fe, 6/28/91 Denver, high quality. Thanks! Dave, 538 Mt. View Rd, Berwyn, PA 19312

Have bait, seek Phish. Bob Helm, 14 Durant Pl, Fairport, NY 14450

Want my first show, 10/6/77, trade or send blanks. Len Silvestri, 125 Hillcrest Ave, Clarks Summit, PA 18411-9283

Have 200+ hrs. Seeking SBDs, esp 75-85 and recent shows. Lanette Nelson, 5199 Old Redwood Hwy #78, Santa Rosa, CA 95403

Need first show 4/5/82 Spectrum. Lots to trade, also want non-Dead. Mark A. Shantz, 63 Jameslee Dr, Chambersburg, PA 17201

Trading again. 1500 hrs, much pre-75. Would love more 90-92. John Coulter, 7122 Town Walk Dr, Hamden, CT 06518

To my sisters and brothers, Jesus loves you! Let's trade! Jeffrey R. Berglund, 1840 2 Makiki St, Honolulu, HI 96822

Have/want HQ non-Dead: Phish, Spin Drs, Janis, Indigo Girls. Beth Senturia, 128 2nd Pl, Brooklyn, NY 11231

360+ 90 min HQ tapes. Robert Branch, 527 5th Terr, Palm Beach Gardens, FL 33418

500+ hrs, seeking HQ pre-1978 shows, your list for mine. Kenneth Haltman, 173 1/2 Mansfield St, New Haven, CT 06511

Digital KIND! Looking for non-Dead/Dead DAT SBDs. SGRMAG, 140 Lydecker St, Englewood, NJ 07631

300 hours. 50% you should have if you don't. Jeff Frank, 100 E. George #419, Bensenville, IL 60106

Need recent JGB/Dead. Have 500 hrs. Fast and reliable. Kevin, 7659 Northern Oak Ct, Springfield, VA 22153

Have/want Feat, Traveler, recent Dead. Gregg Knapp, 2349 Betty Ln, Las Vegas, NV 89115

Have 1000+ hours. Looking for all traders. J. Pantaleo, 562-82, Bklyn, NY 11209

Have 800 hrs SBDs, want more (pre-75) or new. Steve and Renee Kohn, 36-24 Hale Pl, Fair Lawn, NJ 07410-4307

Calling Northern Bergen County NJ locals for HQ tape trading. John Spaventa, 29 Dora St, Harrington Park, NJ 07640-1354

HQ lo-gen SBDs. Same to trade. Jason, 405 N. 39th Ave, Myrtle Beach, SC 29577

The music never stops because the list keeps growing. Sharon Ravin, 2626 Catharine St, Phila, PA 19146

VHS hi fi traders. Your recent FUB DAT->hi fi auds for 600 hrs DAT->hi fi gems. J.C., 22 Curtis Rd, Natick, MA 01760

Only want crispy SBDs of 70s shows, lots to trade. Jon Harrison, 4414 N. Malden #35, Chicago, IL 60640

Seeking Phish, Dead, bluegrass, JGB, blues. Have 1600 hrs. Sean, PO Box 364, North Pomfret, VT 05053

Have over 2000 hrs Dead and non-Dead. Many masters. Tim Lowery, 1018 Harrison Ave, Murfreesboro, TN 37130

Bar car blowin' rhythm and blues. 825 hrs, beginners welcome. Chad Durham, 107 Mineral St, Reading, MA 01867

Let's trade Dead (500 hrs) or non-Dead (150 hrs). DB, PO Box 3105, Crofton, MD 21114

700+, looking for HQ SBDs all years. Let it grow! Bill Jenison, PO Box 525, Mansfield, MA 02048

Let it grow! 500 hrs GD/JG 66-91. Exchange lists. WWW, 2401 Minerva St, Oshkosh, WI 54901

20 years! Seeking tape of my first show 9/8/73 Nassau. Tapes to trade. Bilham, 1302 Bloomfield, Hoboken, NJ 07030

Want 1/7/66, 3/25/72, 11/29/66, 12/1/66. Have lots of Dead, others. Terry Brennan, 2755 Glenmawr Ave, Pittsburgh, PA 15204

Anyone have 9/22/88? Couple hundred hours, some good, to trade. EPS, 165 Old Ford Dr, Camp Hill, PA 17011

Big up. Reggae mi want. Trade Dead and reggae. Dan P., 571 Cleveland St, Hazelton, PA 18201

Have 1300+ Dead. Seeking same, Pretenders, Airplane. Send list. Miller, 25 Fifth Ave #4C, NY, NY 10003

Opening up my archives for trades once again. 1400 hours. Dale Berglund, 1324 Post Dr, Rockford, IL 61108-4255

2500+ hrs Dead and related. Need non-Dead. Have 300 hrs. David Belmont, 8775 20th St #17, Vero Beach, FL 32966

Have 3000+ hrs GD, Texas music, blues, etc. J. Baird, 5114 Balcones Woods #307 (302), Austin, TX 78759

Want HQ summer 92 Weir/Wasserman. S.W. Thomason, PO Box 1446, Raleigh, NC 27602

Masters, over 300 hrs to trade. Rusty Phipps, 120 Daveler Dr, High Point, NC 27265

Have/want Allmans, Neil, Dylan, any Cipollina. Have tons of GD, etc. John LeBrun, 5 Pearl St, Henniker, NH 03242

Want DATs 7/1/92 Buckeye and Oakland 12/92 run. Doug Lamarre, 18 Chestnut St, Laconia, NH 03246

Have 600+ hrs Dead, etc. Looking for Doors, Neil, others. Alison Brown, 252 Cedarvale Ave, Toronto, Ont. M4C 4K2 Canada

Jack Straw from Wichita seeks new tape buddies. Wanna trade? 1009-J Oakchase Dr, Tucker, GA 30084

Lots to share, drop me a list. Terry M., PO Box 282, Syosset, NY 11791

Still searching for that one elusive tape, RCMH 10/29/80. Alan Sigman, 200 S. Liberty St, Hammonton, NJ 08037

Video traders, Dead video 100+ hrs, other video 100+ hrs. Sam Naroden, 37 Larkin Cir, West Orange, NJ 07052

Don't just stand there dreamin. Dead audio-video to trade. Lots. Al Kemp, 1301 Greyrock Rd, Newark, DE 19713

750+ hrs HQ GD/JGB! Want lo-gen SBDs! Geov Hanna, 244 Hempstead Pl, Charlotte, NC 28707

Quality! 705 hrs. D. Lynam, 39D Glen Hollow Dr, Holtsville, NY 11742

900 hrs, much lo-gen pre-75, JGB. Seek similar. Nathan Wolfson, 2928 Mack Rd #A, Arcata, CA 95521

DAT only! AUD or DSBD. Dead or non-Dead. Rudy J., 5730 Swimmer Dr, Las Vegas, NV 89110

Holy crow! Let's trade crispy boards Dead, Allmans, Phish. Ned, 35 Cedar Ln, Rochester, NY 14622

Trade Bob Weir and Jerry Garcia live show tapes. Andrew Lewish, 12517 Winesburg Manor Dr #201, Silver Spring, MD 20906

Serious traders only, 2000 hrs HQ GD. Want to complete 90-93. Dawn Izzo, 30 Sugar Toms Ln, East Norwich, NY 11732

Does anyone have Action House 1970? Were you there too? Debbie Propp, 411 Cross St, Carlisle, MA 01741

Novice, 140+ GD, 90s and others. Adam Goldberg, 211 Wachusett St, Jamaica Plain, MA 02130

Need 92 Atlanta, Jan 93 Oakland, and 93 Rosemont shows. Jane Wehrmeister, 9 S. 025 Lake Dr #107, Clarendon Hills, IL 60514

1200+ hours, your list for mine. Terry Koenig, 2401 Chetwood Cir, Timonium, MD 21093

Looking for clean boards: 9/3/72, 10/31/71, 10/26/72, 2/22/73, 7/28/73. G.T., 8530 W. 172nd Terr, Stilwell, KS 66085

Got lots, want lots more! Willing to help! Bob Gardner, 74 Bedford Rd, Mundelein, IL 60060

Comes a time to send me JGB, Asbury Park, 7/26/80. Jesse Landis, 940 Driver Ave, Landisville, PA 17538

400 hrs HQ Dead, looking for same, especially locals (Long Island). Mike Jones, 10 Dart Pl, Melville, NY 11747

Seeking Clapton/Clapton bands, 93 Dead; 2000+ to trade, beginners welcome. Carl Schlenger, 801 Templecliff Rd, Pikesville, MD 21208

Need Oakland 12/11-13, 16-17/92. Have 600 hrs to trade. David, 4003 Wythe Ave, Richmond, VA 23221

500 hrs. 2 Naks, 2 hi fi, SBDs. Seek same, your list gets mine. Jeff Bryant, PO Box 21, Standish, CA 96128

Searching for JGB Albany 2/14/80. Have much to trade. D. Deegan, 3628 Connecticut Ave #302, Washington, DC 20008

Want Spirit, Moby Grape, Dylan, Michael Hurley, Jules Shear. Phil Zisook, 1351 Eastwood, Highland Park, IL 60035

Over 200 hrs to trade, your list gets ours. Darrell and Donna Crick, 2521 Kingston Pike #701, Knoxville, TN 37919

Something new is waiting to be born! Meanwhile, swap lists.

M & M, PO Box 5197, Roseburg, OR 97470

77 SBDs! Who's got them? I want them! Send lists. Jim Ratner, 7 Bayberry Ln, Cape Elizabeth, ME 04107

Want lo-gen SBDs (GD, NRPS, JGB) 1500 hrs. Patient traders only. M. Rizzo, PO Box 945, Leominster, MA 01453

200+ hrs, need 3/16-18/92 Philly, Squaw 91, 10/30-31/91, other SBDs. Scott Henry, PO Box 26, Umpqua, OR 97486

Need Dylan/Dead practice session. G. Barrett, Box 23, Loysville, PA 17047

Have/want Phish, SDRS, WSP, Btrav, Horde. Send list. Noel Swanson, 2050 Parkside Dr, Parkridge, IL 60068

Need HQ 9/28/72, 1/10/72, 6/24/70, 6/22/91. Have 200 hrs and non-Dead. Rich Rawal, 60 Pratte Ln, Wolcott, CT 06716

Trade? Want/have lotso Dead, Feat, CSN, Allmans, Rush, etc. Stuart Plusker, 2427 Fernwood Dr, Glenview, IL 60025

3000 hrs GD, JGB, exchange lists. Kevin Furney, 6457 Anderegg Dr, Rome, NY 13440

Need benefit for "Rowdy Rick" in Rohnert Park, hosted by Hells Angels 1978 - ? Rowdy was my brother, appreciate any help! Claudia Hergut, 580 5th, Lakeport, CA 95453

NYC head w/ 200+ hrs. Looking to trade. Jeff Willner, 301 W. 53rd St #5C, New York, NY 10019

Have tons, want more, especially 6/27/84 II ≥ A. Let's trade. E.M. Majoros, 1064 Hornberger Ave, Roebling, NJ 08554

Only get ten words, just wasted three. Send your list. Paul 600 hrs Gonzalves, 131 Kent Ave #A, Kentfield, CA 94904-2530

Two pro DATS, 700 hrs SBD Dead/non-Dead, DAT only. Pat Smith, 55 Naples Rd #2, Brookline, MA 01246

Ouija boards! Parole boards! Betty boards! You send lists, I send blanks. JD, 310 Ocean Ave, Cape May Point, NJ 08212

Fungus music! Trade past for Cleveland 91, Shoreline May 92. Thomas Findlay, 2123 Fish Canyon, Duarte, CA 91010

350 hours to trade, all replies answered. Many Europe 1990. Cary Martin, Top Flat, 14 Collingham Pl, London SW5 OPZ, England

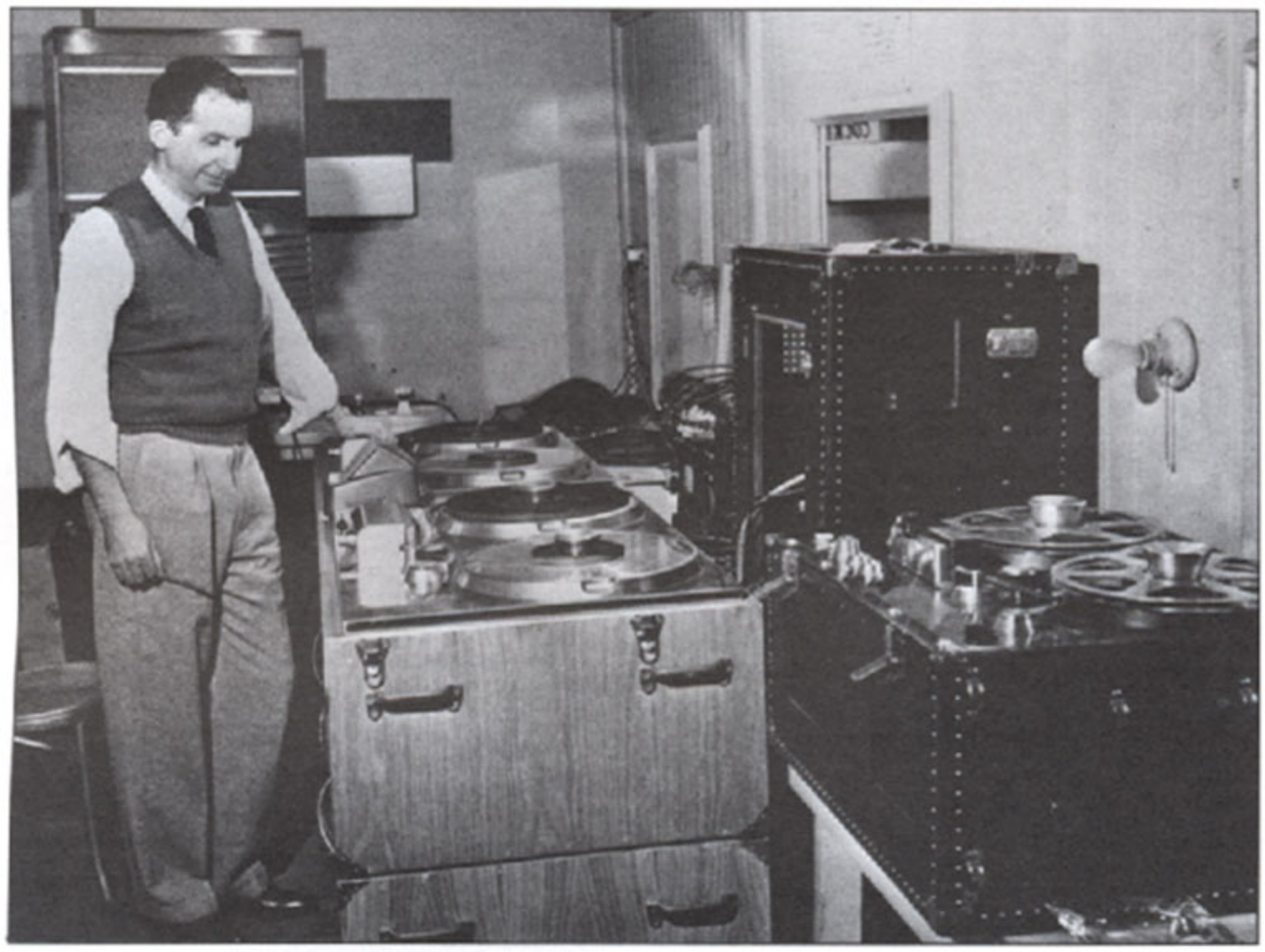
Want Richard Thompson, solo Robyn Hitchcock, jazz. Also Canadian traders. Ben Greene, 885 Downey Rd, Sidney, BC V8L 3R9, Canada

Need 9/30/72, Denver 92. 1200 hrs old/new to trade. Bill Moore, 2938 Fairmont St, Falls Church, VA 22042

Casual but reliable trader seeks same. Send list. Michael Peter, 282 Mulberry St, Rochester, NY 14620

900 hrs GD SBD, need 90s, Hendrix, and others. Jim McDonald, 2426 Poplar St, Phila, PA 19130

Tuna, Kottke, Van, JGB, Feat, Hedges, Bela, Doc, blues. Mike 3509 Westglen Rd, Durham, NC 27705



Have GD, others. Looking for local traders. Steve Gambino, PO Box 272, Turners Falls, MA 01376

1200+ hrs Dead, 400+ hrs other, want more 77-81 Dead. Seth Hohenstein, 114 Benson St, Albany, NY 12206

I've got 1000+ hrs of quality, lookin' for uptown TA 76-77, rare jewels, etc. Kenneth Hughes, 3693 Highland Rd, Lafayette, CA 94549

Have 8/2/68 Sky River? I was there, will send blanks or trade. Mike Welch, 209 Golden Gate Ave, San Francisco, CA 94102

Kind krunchy doc. Have 300 hrs, need more. Looking for pre-Farazano Tuna, Airplane, Cip, Zero, Hendrix, Rads, Nevilles, Meters, Meat Puppets, Lollapalooza, and blues. Hopkorv, 3002 Darby St, Balt, MD 21211

Want Dead live 5/14/70 Merramec MO. Mind blazing video for barter. Larry Parks, NPS, PO Box 26048, OKC, OK 73126

Want HQ non-Dead. Bela, Cooder, L. Village, Zevon, S. Dan, blues. Adam Bodner, 1319 N. Ft. Myer Dr #10, Arlington, VA 22209

Want 3/1/69, 5/2/70, 2/9/73. Can you help? Tom Lynch, 115 Westminster Sq, Racine, WI 53402

Who has HQ 5/10/78, 1/11/79, 10/14/83? have 1000+ hrs. G. Kerper, 225 Martling, Tarrytown, NY 10591

Boston Garden 1991, looking for lo-gen copies. Mark Thompson, 30 Whippletree Ln, Amherst, MA 01002

Need 6/24,25/83, 6/27/88, Cats under the Stars, Meatpups. HQ please! Scott, Thunes Vei 10.b, 0274 Oslo 2, Norway

Want Dead 11/72 OKC, Hot Tuna 5/18,19/73 Winterland. Let's trade. David Loris, 21 Yotsuya, 1-Chome, Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo 160 Japan

Old trader seeks HQ SBD/aud. Many gems and 1st gen aud. Ron Waloff, 736 Westview, Phila, PA 19119

Looking for Tuna/Dead/QMS/Allmans. 8000 hrs to trade. Thomas Donhauser, Slevogstraße 3, 8000 München 70, Germany

800 hrs plus non-Dead, 600 hrs Dead. Swap lists. Murray Roberts, 6800 Suzette Ln, Flagstaff, AZ 86001

Dead Serious! 2500+ HQ hrs. Looking for more of same. B+D Wynn, PO Box 1088, Felton, CA 95018

300+ hrs. Your list gets mine. Beginners and foreigners welcome. Richard Dunk, Box 547, Lotus, CA 95651

Dead tapes wanted. Trade for tapes, blanks. Send list. Bob Kleinrock, 2829 Regent, Berkeley, CA 94705

We pool costs of taping Dead concerts (Gray Areas #1, p.62). Cumberland Co.Day Job Co-op, 725 N Viceroy, Covina, CA 91723

DAT SBD & DAT Aud. Send your DAT list. Craig Johnson, Box 972, Wheatland, WY 82201

Need my first, Boulder 9/3/72. Have mucho that's different. John Geller, 534 Clipper, SF, CA 94114

Where's my first show: 8/21/72? Have 200+ hrs Dead, others. A. Katsaris, PO Box 1324, Williams, CA 95987

Let's trade GD/CSN DATs. Send list. TPH, 34205 Finnigan Terrace, Fremont, CA 94555

Serious trader: Dead, Neil, Travelers, Doctors, Melon. Small lists welcome. Scott Udell, 714 Pleasant St, Roseville, CA 95678

Nattering nabob of negativism seeking Dead/non-Dead. Send lists. Michael Chilton, 105 Koshland Way, Santa Cruz, CA 95064

Wanted badly: 12/17/92 Oakland. Stuart Naramore, 33801 Simpson Rd, Ft. Bragg, CA 95437

Let's trade DATs! Looking for Phish, GD SBDs. 300 digi hrs. Mike Appleton, 2981 Southwood, Alameda, CA 94501

Have 1000 hrs Allmans and solo related. Trades only. John Johnston, 287 Woburn Ave., Toronto, Canada M5M1L1

Wanted: Pristine copy of 7/18/76. Will trade. Eric Ellisen, 36 Vallejo St, Berkeley, CA 94707

Extensive collection of GD and others. 1200 hrs. Send lists. JKL, 1244 6th Ave, SF, CA 94122

Wanted: Quicksilver, Phish, Zero, Pele JuJu. Have 300 hrs Dead, others. Barry Chertov, 668 N Main St, Sebastapol, CA 95472

Want Dead, Bayrock. Your list for mine. Larry Yurick II, 416 W Bertsch St, Lansford, PA 18232

Looking for Bloomfield, Butterfield, Gravenites, Otis Rush, Naftalin tape trades. Pat Lee, 6204 Oyster Bay Rd NW, Olympia, WA 98502

HQ JGB, Dead, misc. for trade of same. Jim Oliver, 17631 156th Ave SE, Renton, WA 95058

Big space! I'm looking for 9/11/81 Berkeley and others. Eckart Wertz, Worishofenerstr. 49, D-W-7000 Stuttgart, 50 Germany

750 hrs HQ SBDs. Your list gets mine. Tim MacDougall, 1880 Sasamay St, Vancouver, BC, Canada V6R 4M3

Have 4000 hrs, most post-86. Want recent 1st gen. Wharfrat Paul, 1917 14th St, Sacramento, CA 95814

Have 250 hrs, mostly SBDs. Want 11/20/70, 3/30/73, 11/14/73. Chris Reading, 11728 Caminito Corriente, San Diego, CA 92128

Need 10/17/70, 10/29/71, 10/28/72, 12/6/73, 4/22/77, 11/29/79. Have 800 hrs. Kenny, 4730 Topanga Cyn Blvd, Woodland Hills, CA 91364

Hell. 500+ hrs qual Dead. Will help beginners. Send list. Kristen, 7865 Sinaloa Ave #B, Atascadero, CA 93422

Little Women for trade. Radish Heads unite! Steve Haines, CGL Munro (WHEC 724), FPO AP, 96672-3917

Have 1600 hrs Dead to trade. Fast and reliable. John Sipple, 76 Forest Ave, San Anselmo, CA 94960

Any Two Nice Girls shows? Have limited GD to trade. Meg Schramm, 303 E Harmon #91, Las Vegas, NV 89109

Searching for my first show: 3/24/70 Pirate's World. Please help! MP, 960 W Hedding St #210, San Jose, CA 95126

DAT SBDs. Have many, need more. DAT trades only! Jocko, Box 22461, Salt Lake City, UT 84122

Need hi qual pre-75 Dead. 1000+ hrs to trade. Rick Monture, RR#1 Ohsweken, Ontario, Canada N0A 1M0

Fast, reliable. 700 HQ hrs, many recent. Want more. Thomas Bellanea, 1210 Oakheath Dr, Harbor City, CA 90710

Looking for my first show: 11/30/73 Boston. Please help! Pearce Wagner, 45 Big Tree Rd, Woodside, CA 94062

Need Weir/Wasserman. Can anyone help? Some to trade. Rick, PO Box 1382, Zillah, WA 98953

Have/want: Grateful Dead/Dylan/ABB. Send lists. Uwe Dehnel, Wasmannstr. 9A, 2000 Hamburg 60, Germany

Serious-minded only: 2 Naks, many HQ SBDs to trade. John Berg, 11471 West Powers Pl, Littleton, CO 80127

Aiko! Let's trade. Quality counts. 1000+ hrs GD and others. Scott Frosch, 1930 N Warman, Indianpolis, IN 46222

Have my first show? Augusta, ME: September '79. Will trade. Bill, PO Box 1332, La Canada, CA 91012

Have 350+ hrs. desperate for 8/2/92 and 12/21/92 JGB! Tom Bockman, 3901 E Highland Ave, Phoenix, AZ 85018

Seeking that electrifying 12/16/92; offer small, HQ collection or blanks. Will Waters, 459 Rich St, Oakland, CA 94609

500 hrs, most lo-gen. Send lists. T Burton, 2743 Bluebird, Cottage Grove, WI 53527

Seek qual videos/audios. Have 600 hrs audio, 200 video. Mike, PO Box 1752, Carmel, CA 93921

Have 400+ hrs, many pre-80. Let's trade. Tom Bradley, 3114 W State St, Milwaukee, WI 53208

David Lindley, Steeleye Span, Dan Hicks, other non-Dead. Let's trade! Dan Mahoney, Box 1531, Sandusky, OH 44870

Wanted: Chicago Blues Fest '86. Have lots of Dead, others. Mark Loewen, Box 38, North Newton, KS 67117

Deadhead in the UK. Have 600 hrs, 2 Naks. Tony Willis, 29 Eastcote Dr, Harpenden, Herts AL5 ISE, UK

Seeking first show: 4/12/71, Pittsburgh. Stephen Todd, 1004 Winchester Lane, Kingsport, TN 37660

Looking to trade kind DAT for same. Many interests. Barry, 272A Connecticut St, SF, CA 94107

Come one, come all—with 3rd gen or better. Chuck Chiavarini, 5544 Wilmont Pl SE, Kentwood, NI 49508

Have 350 hrs, need more old stuff, esp 72s. Alan Smith, 407-G Arrowhead Dr, Charlotte, NC 28213

Want primarily 90s lo-gen SBDs. 1500 hrs to trade. Dave Weltman, 1845 Corcoran St NW, Washington, DC 20009

Have/want Dead, Neil, Dylan, lots more. Beginners welcome. MB, PO Box 264, Madison, WI 53701

Top quality: 2000+ hrs lo-gen SBDs, FM, etc. Thomas Storch, W-8 Munchen 81, Germany

Want 10/16/74 "Playin'" uncut, plus other GD. Jim Stoltzfus, 1757 NW 61st St #3, Seattle, WA 98107

Seeking Scranton, 4/13/71 and Lewisburg 4/14/71. Have 2000 hrs GD, others. Bruce Kaufee, Box 3456, Greenburg, PA 15601

Want Allmans audio and video for trading. Fred R, 1976-A 9th St, Los Osos, CA 93402

Large collection, more tapes always needed. Other groups, too. Stephen Bedalov, 3545 Bradee Rd, Brookfield, WI 53005

Does anyone have 11/6-8/87 Kaiser Rex benefits? Dan Murphy, 2009 Dekle #3, Tampa, FL 33606

VHS Dead: Trade! KC, PO Box 292, Moody, TX 76557

Have 2000+ hrs David, 2400 Sierra Blvd #83, Sacramento, CA 95825

Always looking to trade/meet DC-area Heads. Howard Park, 1249 South Carolina Ave, SE Washington DC 20003

Need HQ 70-74. 600+ hrs to trade. Send list. Steve Frame, 10537 Kerrigan Ct, Santee, CA 92071

Serious trader with 280 hrs looking for more, esp 70-74. Charlie Kidder, 16020 N 54th St, Scottsdale, AZ 85254

Montana taper, 500 hrs, Nak decks, needs East Coast shows. John Hardin, PO box 2971, Missoula, MT 59806

Need HQ SBDs: GD, JGB, others. Thousands to trade. Damon Ritter, PO Box 47 Fox Ridge Rd, Epping, NH 03042

Anybody have 11/15/91 JGB (NYC)? Auds and SBDs to trade. Mike H, 90 Fawnfield Rd, Stamford, CT 06903

Too much of everything is just enough. 800+ hrs GD. Neil Cherry, 744 Union St #5, SF, CA 94133

Need 4/9/83, 4/12/71, 12/31/79. Have 650 hrs. Glenn Kernan, 1207 Queensbury St, Pittsburgh, PA 15205

900 tapes, 2 Naks, Sound quality paramount. No blanks. Jim Willcox, 10016 Spring Run Rd, Chesterfield, VA 23832

1000+ hrs Dead/others. Many rare gems. Honsetly graded list. Zev Kessler, 3742 Shannon Rd, Cleveland Hts, OH 44118

Beginning collector seeks your lists. Will send tapes/postage. Bryan Weiser, 4400 Antelope Rd #50, Sacramento, CA 95842

TAPE TRADERS

Dead, Miles, Thompson, Shocked, Junkies, others. Quality only. 800+ hrs. Dave Lang, 16 Charles Crescent, Port Noarlunga South, South Australia 5167

Who's got Bobby 8/6/92, Jerry 11/10/91, Allmans 9/7/92? Dan Rozek, 68 Oakmont Dr, Marietta, GA 30064

Looking for great jams. Have 150 hrs to share. Mark Horan, 53C Alexander Ave, Whakatane, New Zealand

Still searching: Shoreline May '92 SBDs, or unusuals. Let's trade. Ted, 15081 Summerhill Dr, Eden Prairie, MN 55346

Looking for 3/21/86 Hampton, 7/15/89 and 7/18/90 Deer Creek. Spin Disc Dave, 3213A Heathstead Pl, Charlotte, NC 28210

Wanted: 93 Nassau, Jerry & Grisman 92 Warfield. Tom Whiteford, 48 Franklin St, Brentwood, NY 11717

As ever, more tapes than time. Respectable gentleman needs more. Zonker, 3842 NE 91st St, Seattle, WA 98115

Searching for Baltimore '73 for my husband's 20th Dead Anniversary. Kristin Tipps, 2946 Fair Oak Rd, Amelia, OH 45102

Want Blues Traveler, Phish; have 300 hrs Dead, Floyd, more. Dan Irelan, 6053 Chabot, Oakland, CA 94618

Kiwi, 40 yrs, 500 hrs, seeks low-key, quality-oriented trading partners. Nick Bagnall, 12 Boylan Rd, Titirangi, Aukland 7, Aotearoa, New Zealand

Digital copies? Have 1000 hrs of lo-gen tapes to trade. Kent Munro, 509 Innes St, Nelson, BC, Canada V1L-5G1

Hey now! Like to hook up with slow quality trader. Ted Donoghue, 120 Central Ave, Needham, MA 02194

Let's trade crystal clear lo-gen gems. Top decks, 500 hrs. Calvin Stengler, 35 Wilkie Rd, Regina, Saskatchewan, S4S 5Y3 Canada

DAT for DAT, all bands. Want Blues for Blindness/Salvador. Gatto, 431 3rd St, Marietta, OH 45750

Want 12/16-17/92. Will trade Alpine 88. Doug Saum, 3801 Bexley Sq, Reno, NV 89503

Non-Dead, diverse, eclectic. Have/want masters and lo-gen. PL, 1135 Williamson St #3, Madison, WI 53703

Still looking for 11/3/84, 3/16/88-1, 1992s. Jan Friedman, 291 Jesse St, Sebastapol, CA 95472

HQ lo-gen SBDs wanted. Same to trade. Donj, 96 Woodland Rd, Huntington Valley, PA 19006

Ain't It Crazy? 1000 hrs recent and pre-75 lo-gen SBDs. Tom Miars, Box 857, Green Mountain Falls, CO 80819

Have 3500 hrs GD, 380 Garcia, 1500 others. Werner Schleicher, Nopitschstr 20, 8500 Nurnberg 70, Germany

Relaxed but reliable 12-year trader has/wants HQ rare dates. Paul Landgraf, 233 Walnut Ln, Havertown, PA 19083

Qual-oriented seeks SBDs/FMs of GD, Airplane, Thompson, Kaiser, Ornette. RJY, 32 Surf Rd, Westport, CT 06880

SBDs only. Pref W Rat 35 yrs+, no flakes. JS Knudsen, PO Box 1418, Homusassa Springs, FL 34447

Grateful to hear from reliable traders. All answered. 150 hrs. Mike Murray, PO Box 696, Duchesne, UT 84021

Trading Dead, especially interested in 66 and 93. Tuna also. Tom Williams, 3800 Village Ave, Norfolk, VA 23502

Fast, experienced trader, 1000+ hrs. Your list gets mine. Dave Malone, 39775 Greenview Pl #5, Plymouth, MI 48170

Have 500 hrs. Need 3/1/91 JGB, 12/7/91 Garcia-Grisman, early 60s/70s. Wolf, 446 20th Ave #5, SF, CA 94121

LTGTR: Hi-qual SBDs needed. JGB, Dead, 600 hrs. Keith Farnsworth, 404 W Sumac Ct, Louisville, CO 80027

Looking for HQ complete 6/24/70, 11/8/70, 9/20/20, JGB 7/9/77. EZ, 611 NW Van Buren #1, Corvallis, OR 97330

Have Feat 12/31/92 DC. Need Feat, Dead, Allmans. MD, 1306 Ellison St, Falls Church, VA 22046

Any Bobby Ace tapes. Have 750+ hrs Dead, others. Bill Witschand, 113 Richfield Ave, Buffalo, NY 14220

Have 1000+ hrs audio. Looking to start video collection. Kerry Betkowski, 6520 79th St, Middle Village, NY 11379

Have 1600+ hrs, looking for more GD. Paul Steinberg, 67 Lawson Ave, E Rockaway, NY 11518

Looking for 73, 78, 93. Have 1600+ hrs to trade. Greg Thompson, 25 Anne St, Bradford, West Yorkshire, England BD7 4RB

SBD DAT or PCM trader. Thousands of hrs. Send list. Dana & James Ptucha, 315 Pacific Blvd, Long Beach, NY 11561

Hey now! 150 hrs to trade for crispy SBDs only. B Young, 9 Becket, Loswego, OR 97035

N Buffalo, R Rogers, Alb Lee, Gatton, Kaiser, more. Pit Frank, Elgersweg 10, W-6332 Niederlemp, Germany

Greetings! Happy to share tapes without any stipulations. 4/7/84, 3/29/90? Robert Gundlah, 3710 Many Oaks Lane, Shingle Springs, CA 95682

Serious trader with sense of humor seeks same. 1100+ hrs. Rikk, PO Box 2581, Carson City, NV 89702

Want Garcia/Grisman, JGB, fall 91, summer 92. Let's swap. J Lambert, 15 St Lawrence Pl, Jericho, NY 11753

Looking for SBDs. Have 750 hrs GD, JGB. Sean Spainhour, 1737-E Yellowstone Ct, Gastonia, NC 28054

Hear what I just heard? The music played the band. Bill, 635 Highland St, Steelton, PA 17113

Greenbelt, Maryland-area traders: drop-off/pick-up trades. Randy Schecter, 55 J Ridge Rd, Greenbelt, MD 20770

Lo-gen aud. Dale, 15 Garfield St, Cortland, NY 13045

Las Vegas trader seeks more HQ Phish, Rads, Widespread, reggae. Lee, 619 S 6th St, Las Vegas, NV 89101

1500 hrs. Seek similar lists. B Keller, 278 Ocean Ave, Amityville, NY 11701

Want SpinDrs, Lindley, Little Women, Zappa, Travelers, Marleys, Zevon, Bears. Lobster, 353 Jai Dr, San Jose, CA 95119

Have/want HQ SBDs and VHS videos. M & A Boran, 1330 Kings Dr, Tallahassee, FL 32301

Crispy SBDs! Gen 'em while they're hot! Greg Sullivan, 7000 S Penrose Ct, Littleton, CO 80122

Have 750 hrs. Need March 72 NY Academy shows. Jim Green, 2015 62 St, Brooklyn, NY 11204

Still lookin' to fill holes. 7000 hrs GD, Garcia, Weir. Desolation Tapes, 194 East St, Hanover, MA 02339

Reggae tapers unite! Israel Vibration, Spear, Culture, Marley/Ziggy. Send list. Glenn, 228 Stonewall Ln, Fairfield, CT 06430

Want GD tapes: 3/15/73, 3/31/73, 11/21/73, 6/20/74, 7/25/74. JD, PO Box 291476, Tampa, FL 33687

Looking for Miles, Henry Kaiser. I've got Miles, GD, Hendrix. Lars Moller, Gunsta Villavag 8, 755 97 Uppsala Sweden

Need 91 and 92 shows. Have 3000 hrs. Qual varies. Steve Olson, 55 Stoneleigh Rd, Holden, MA 01520

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

Collection for sale for cost of blanks. 350 cassettes 80-85. RS, Box 744, Salem, NH 03079

Have/need Phish, esp "Maze" and recent winter/spring tour. John Burritt, East Hill Rd, Canaan, CT 03741

Have over 1000 hrs. Looking for more HQ shows. Dave Koehler, 20 Michael Ct, Bethpage, NY 11714

Want 10/26/80, 11/9/79-1, 6/9/76 HQ. Have 2500 hrs GD, others. Carl, PO Box 793, State College, PA 16804

Dead collector wants other groups. Your list for mine. James, 2429 Vail Ave, Charlotte, NC 28207

Have old stuff; trade for old or newer. Send list. Harold Morgan, 243 S Brookdale Ln, Palatine, IL 60067

Sun Ra, Meters, NRBQ, etc. Any more Santana-Phish jams? David Weber, 5364 Tahoe Dr, Ypsilanti, MI 48197

HQ SBDs, Dead/non-Dead. 1000+ hrs. Serious traders only. Jim Busch, 505 Finsbury Rd, Silver Spring, MD 20904

Want Planet Drum shows. Also GD 9/20/68, 12/14/80, 5/15/83, 10/31/83. Michael Morin, 256 Kirk Terrace, North Dighton, MA 02764

Anybody have Vince's 10/31/92 (Affordables)? Lots to trade. Dan Greenberg, 141 Red Barn Rd, Pine Bush, NY 12566

Low-hype traders wanted; seeking the obscure and novel. 1100+ hrs. Kris Nyrop, 3842 NE 91st, Seattle, WA 98115

Seek Garcia, Allmans. Have 500 hrs. Please help beginning videophile. JS, 165 Little Neck Rd, Centerport, NY 11721

Looking for Oakland Dec 92 shows. 600+ hrs to trade. MH, 404 River Ave, Point Pleasant, NJ 08742

Taper/trader has 1500 GD, 1000 others. All lists welcome. BM, 1909 Bedford Ave, Merrick, NY 11566

1977 or earlier preferred. Your list for mine. Mike Lask, 26664 Wyoming, Huntington Woods, MI 48070

Have 200+ hrs, most lo-gen SBDs. Looking for 2/22-24/92. Jeremy Davis, 4141 S Seneca-Office, Wichita, KS 67210

Wanted: Radiators SBDs. Have 300 hrs Rads, 5000 A-Z. Bill Abelson, 6537 N Keating, Lincolnwood, Il 60646

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Looking for reliable traders interested in HQ analog sound. J Wolfe, 1320 York Ave 14Z, NY, NY 10021

Exchange your list of tapes for mine. Frank Como, 4122 E Mound St, Columbus, OH 43227

Chicago Head looking for more gems. Have 800+ hrs. Paul Fischer Jr, 443 Highcrest Dr, Wilmette, IL 60091

Help! Midwest taper with 2000+ hrs needs more. let's trade! Steve Fukawa, Columbia College, 600 S Michigan Ave, Chicago, IL 60605

Maui: Beautiful but 100% show free. Please trade lists. Steve Lipschultz, 4465 Honoapiilani Hwy #311, Lahaina, HI 96761

Looking for 2/22/74, 2/23-24/74 and 3/23/74. Lots to trade. Rich Martin, PO Box 1403, Zuni, NM 87327

76-79: Looking to complete these years. 3000 hrs GD, 1000 others. Rob Kedward, 20 Hulbert End, Bedgrove, Aylesbury, Bucks, HP21-9DF England

Fast and reliable trader with lots of GD, Phish, Max Creek. Tim Frasier, 1222 Hawley Ave, Syracuse, NY 13203

Seeking first show: 6/4/70 Fillmore West. Trading Texas tapes too. Brent Pollock, 1620 Ashland Ave, Fort Worth, TX 76107

I may have yours. You may have mine. Dead/Non-Dead. Mike, PO Box 387, Shoreham, NY 11786

Looking for HQ 79-90. Who's got 'em? Mark L, 9940 Deer Creek St, Highlands Ranch, CO 80126

Looking for Richard Thompson 6/30/90 Staten Island NY. Cary Tenenbaum, 9 River Rd, Stanhope, NJ 07874

Lost all tapes in divorce. Will pay for blanks. Cary, PO Box K, Roslyn, NY 11576

Trade? I need 12/5/92 Arizona. What do you need? Rob Smith, 1088 Fiddler Green Rd, Stratford, CT 06497

500 hrs to trade. Looking for any or all of 3/20/71. Morrie Schaller, Box 989, Iowa City, IA 52244

My 1000 hrs are lonely. They need company. Send list. Dennis, 30 Springfield Ct, Covington, GA 30209

Looking for tape traders in SW Michigan and elsewhere. 400 hrs. Matt Harrison, 6359 Jericho Rd, Stevensville, MI 49127

3/29/81 Essen, Germany. Have first half. Trade for? David Travis, CP 7042, 00100 Roma Nomentana, Italy

Seastones? Phil and Ned? Dark Star? WoSound? Alligator? Let's trade! Ihor Slabicky, 35 Hathaway Dr, Portsmouth, RI 02871

I love drums! Seek Planet Drum SBDs, any Drum Circle. William Ball, PO Box 121, Phillips, WI 54555

Still looking for 1st show, 9/30/76. Anybody have it? Robert Goldberg, 6901 SW 147th Ave #1-B, Miami, FL 33193

Wanted: HQ Landover 9/13/87. Thanks! Mike Whitford, 81 Lincoln Ave, Elmwood Park, NJ 07407

Slow but kind trader, wants your tasty tapes. Namaste. Tim Kroll, 4482 Fourth St, Riverside, CA 92501

Wanted: SBDs 6/23/90, 12/15/72, 5/14/74, 6/24/73. 1000s to trade. Mark, PO Box 55008, Seattle, WA 98155

If you have HQ 6/18/92, 8/12/79 or 12/30/91, I have 1000+ to trade. George Abrahams, 6031 N 5th Rd, Arlington, VA 22203

My long, strange list in exchange for yours. Mike, 2211 Merrill, St Paul, MN 55113

Want GD, Los Lobos, Richard Thompson SBDs/video. 350 hrs. Terry Woodburn 735 SE 73rd St, Portland, OR 97215

Need Atlanta and Missoula '74. Steve Benavidez, 601 Telegraph Cyn Rd #347, Chula Vista, CA 91910

Need HQ JGB, JG w/Grisman, 70s, 11/9/91. Lots to trade. John Suter, 87 Thomas St, Brentwood, NY 11717

Looking for 91/92 shows. Have 250+ various quality. Danielle Levasseur, 8140 Essington Dr, Colorado Springs, CO 80920

Video Dead! Send me your list and I'll reply! Bob garity, 1210 S Burchard Ave, Freeport, IL 61032

Longtime Deadhead but beginning collector seeks trades. Will send blanks. Sim Risso, 901 Oxford Way, Stockton, CA 95204

Seeking 11/19/72 and 9/28/72 complete. Please indicate generation. Jim Lonergan, 2434 Bremerton, Brentwood, MO 63144

Desperate for tape of Jerry Band, Philly 9/3/89. Steven Krisky, 10 East 16th St #11, NY NY 10003

Searchin' for Henry Kaiser 5/19/88, 9/7/89, 5/3/90. Also Beluga Whale. Matt Kora, 1590 Ebener #4, Redwood City, CA 94061

Dew me! Long distance runner Stella huntin' stars. Send list. Turner, 6301 Rusty Ridge Dr, Austin, TX 78731

Have/want lo-gen Widespread, Allmans, Santana, Pearl Jam. Taper Jeff, 14696 NW Forestal Lp, Beaverton, OR 97006

Lots to share: 1500 hrs GD, JGB, Neil, Allmans, Tuna. Chris, PO Box 70198, San Diego, CA 92167

Help, slip me a 9/13/91 set 1, or any 92 tapes. 1000 hrs. J Weitz, 200 W 86th St, NY, NY 10024

Cooder/Lindley/Thompson/Lobos/REM/Zappa. Audio excitement for trade! Willy Keats, 718 Cuesta Dr, Mountain View, CA 94040

Wanted: 3/28/81 set 2, 11/30/81 set 1. JR, 2410 Valley St. Berkeley, CA 94702

Wanted: JGB 12/31/74 and 3/2/91. 1000 hrs to trade. L Richter, 311 Front St, North Redwood, MN 56283

NC Head, fast, reliable, 1000+ hrs. Let's get it on! Steve Smith, 24-C Hiltin Pl, Greensboro, NC 27409

DAT to DAT only! Send your new list to Kip Nestler, 1098 Bucknell Dr #1313, Silver Spring, MD 20902

Looking for Maryland traders. Have HQ audio/some video. Mark Wilson, 1902 Logwind Rd, Baltimore, MD 21228

Still seeking HQ 8/23/80 & 7/11/81. Gems to trade. Jered Klipitch, 719 Arlington Ave, Des Plaines, IL 60016

Need Dead, Feat, Cipollina, Burrito Bros. Will trade same. Bob Miller, 1701 W 93rd Ave, Crown Point, IN 46307

Got DAT, lo-gen SBDs, 600 hrs. Send lists. Dave Sorochty, PO Box 98, Indian Head, MD 20640

Transworld packages are fun. Have 350+ HQ hrs. Communicate! Ian Fry, 13 Keith Ave, N Plympton, South Austrlia 5037

It's A Beautiful Day, Quicksilver, GD 11/23/78, 8/31/91. W Stephen Hill, 8779 Tomislav St, Manassas, VA 22110

100 HQ hrs, need 3/24/90 and 73-74. Swap Lists. Clive Rex, 27 Windermere Crescent, Allestree, Derby DE22 2SF, England

Mine for yours, 2 Naks, 700+ hrs. John Begley, 2258 Green Island Dr., Columbus, OH 43228

Help! Want HQ shows. Have blanks. All mail answered. Peteriffic Wigley, PO Box 92, Danville Junction, ME 04223

Lotsa obscure GD. Send lists. Kevin, 13 Ash, Piermont, NY 10968

DAT trader needs digi-mastered Red Rocks 9/6/83. Jim Lyle, Rt 3 Box 3372-C, Dawsonville, GA 30534

Need CJ Fish, Joplin (70), Dead/Patti Smith 5/12/79. James Alec Gelin, 823 McGill Park Ave, Atlanta, GA 30312

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TAPE TRADERS

Who has JGB Albany 2/14/80? Much to trade. D Deegan, 3628 Connecticut Ave #302, Washington, DC 20008

Have list, will trade. Rick Giroux, 24 Hillview Dr, N Providence, RI 02904

Who has 8/27/72 audio or video? Many SBDs to trade. Stephen Shuman, 424 Tacoma Ave North #4, Tacoma, WA 98403

1000+ HQ hrs. Looking for quality, reliability. Send list. Mark, PO Box 510665, Melbourne Beach, FL 32951

Seeking 3/17/70, 11/30/73 and 72-75 NRPS. 900+ hrs. Bob, 13812 Grey Colt Dr, North Potomac, MD 20878

Taper/trader w/800+ hrs seeks HQ, low-key trades only. Michael Gould, 8 Sumutka Ct, Carteret, NJ 07008

Non-Dead live tape traders only. Your list for mine. Hammer, 865 West End #60, NY, NY 10025

Mr Charlie is back. Looking for HQ local traders. Mike Blair, 41 Berrywood DR, St Louis, MO 63122

Wanted: Sacto 6/28/79. Also, NRBQ, Allmans, Nevilles. Will trade same. Jim Hoffman, 3905 Lutheran Circle, Sacto, CA 95826

Want Cowboy Junkies. Have lots of GD, JGB, Dylan. Joe Corey, 44 Helen Rd, Braintree, MA 02184

CLASSIFIEDS

Experienced guitarist-keyboardist seeks other grateful musicians for electric exploration. Northern California (Bay Area or Sacramento). Will Eichert, PO Box 3108, El Macero, CA 95618

We pool the costs of taping Dead concerts. You receive a high quality copy for a very moderate and fair contribution. We are completely non-profit. For a free information packet, write to: Cumberland Co. Day Job Co-op, 725 N Viceroy Ave, Covina, CA 91723

Micho Port of countless trees to bounding seas: welcome home and happy birthday! Love, PR and friends

I would like to extend my warmest greetings to all my taping friends out there: Bob, Richard, Josh, Tom, David, Michael, John, Tom, Dave Matt, Creston, Rusty, Tree, Ben, Dave and Jesse. Thanks for all the music! Kristen

No composin' lonesome blues for me. Dix, I'm so grateful for our 23 years. TLEO — Easy Jim

"Delightful": You know who this is for! Thank you for shining your lovelight on me. What a long, strange trip it's been so far! Travel the Golden Road with me in '93!

Seeking photo of banner from Jerry's birthday show (8/1/92, JGB, Irvine): "All good things in all good time." Please call PR (415) 921-3598

Attn. musicians: Southbay (SF Bay Area) guitarist and bassist looking for drummer and keyboardist to start local band. Dead, blues, originals, etc. (408) 730-4648. Leave message.

I'm looking for the following Dylan shows: Corpus Christi and Charlottesville 1991, Florida shows from 1992, especially Gainesville. Also interested in anyone who tapes Dylan shows. Have lots to trade. HL, PO Box 163251, Miami, FL 33116

ADOPTION is a loving choice: Your dream of a secure life for your newborn can come true. We are a loving, energetic, well educated couple with an adopted daughter and a caring extended family. Legal expenses paid. Call Debra & Joel collect at (510) 531-3654.

Jean-Carlos Ortiz: Lost your address! Contact me if you want to trade. Thanks to all who have traded with me the past four years. Dave Lang

Would like to hear from ANYONE interested in Native American spirituality. Jo/Brian, 224 20th Ave #5, SF, CA 94121. FREE LEONARD PELTIER!

Leah, after all these years, the dream finally came true on October 10 & 11, 1992! Bad puns, ribs with Paw Paw Glen's BBQ sauce, Ella, the MJQ; they all swirl and become you. Thank you for being my wife, but most of all for being my friend. All my love, Dave

BRAINS A MUST, BEAUTY A PLUS. I'm a SM, 31, cute, bearded, distinctive hair, and I thrive on good conversation and new ideas! I love the Dead but also enjoy experiencing other live music, especially jazz and blues. I also enjoy NPR, coffee, ethnic food and Star Trek Next Gen. Palo Alto area. Call Steve at (415) 325-4237.

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Australia Jurt: Meeting thru GR, I in Honduras, you Australia bound. You're my favorite pen pal! When will we meet? Love, Sister Sue. PS: Hi Logan Finn!

GAY & LESBIAN DEADHEADS! Free newsletter: political, social, entertaining; to promote awareness and understanding. Discreet, so write! Robards, PO Box 12051, La Crescenta, CA 91224

Thank you tapers and band! May the music never stop! RWJ, Jax Beach, FL

If we forget we're all in this together, we'll all be on our own. Please be kind. Love, Georgia

Wow! Joshua Michael Goldberg was born on January 5, 1992! Truly an excellent day to be born, don't you think? Keep on dancin', little one!

Springtime in Atlanta: The magic continues! Happy Birthday Tess and Jon! Hope to see you in '93. On the road again! Danita and Dennis

Greetings from Australia, and especialy to Ken, Alexandra, Cerrithwen, Bronwen and Gaelen Holyoak. The kangaroos are smiling. Much love from Ian, Vera, Ben and David

Greetings! Beautiful POSTCARDS, elegant BANDANAS, and occasionally, T-SHIRTS! Send for free flyer and be on mailing list for future offerings. JSTA, PO Box 5232, Eugene, OR 97405. Good wishes, Judit

23-year-old "conservative-looking" student DH digs music, camping, skiing, biking, etc. Looking for fellow DHs to hang out or whatever. Steve Smith, 24-C Hiltin Pl, Greensboro, NC 27409

Bumper sticker: HIKE 'TIL YOU PEAK, white on green, $2 each from Georgia, PO Box 2152, Sunnyvale, CA 94087

Laura and Terence will be married 6/26/93 and dance to "They Love Each Other" as their first song! Yahoo!!!

SJM, 30, DH, seeks SJF for one of those "long-term relationship" things that normal people seem to have. Eddie, 28 Shawger Rd, Denville, NJ 07834

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Springtime in Atlanta — the magic continues! Happy Birthday Tess and Jon! Hope to see you in '93. On the road again! Danita and Dennis

Great Northern Fred! Sometimes you visit our country and live in our home — which trip will this be? All the years roll by ... when you have no wings to fly, you buy a ticket! Wave it wild and high and y'better get back to Mpls Fred. M&M, The Mississippi Half-Step Two

N.C. Head going down the road seeking kind sugar mags for good lovin' and great shows. Write BOSE, 2429 Vail Ave, Charlotte, NC 28207

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Love to Michael for giving me so much more than wonderful music. Sharon

Congratulations Bill and Annie! Met at Foxboro 7/14/90; married 12/19/92. Thanks JenLer :-) :-) :-)

Collector looking for GD, related and solo, promo and stock 45s and LPs, promo CDs, radio shows, press kits, etc. Excellent (M—) condition or better. No boots or common stuff. Tim Ratcliffe, 5440 42nd Ave SW, Seattle, WA 91836



I love Grateful Dead women! Will one of you marry me forever? Let's "love each other," even if I can't always tour. I'm 35, kind, fun, stable, good looking, white, with beard and short hair. Ragtime, POB 13252, RTP, NC, 27709

Robert Hunter's new *Idiot's Delight*, 144 pages, $7 postpaid, $20 signed from: Hanuman Books, PO Box 1070 Old Chelsea Station, NY, NY 10013

Looking to trade and make friends with other addicts that are in recovery from drug abuse. Want to get into a "clean" Dead scene. Just grateful to be alive. Mike Dunn Jr., 855 Brookleigh Ct, Winston-Salem, NC 27104

Jack Straw seeks the right Peggy-O to follow him. Lex Luger meets Jack Kemp best describes this Southern gentleman Deadhead. Sugar Magnolias apply within; red-headed women given preferential treatment! B.C., 1009-J Oakchase Dr, Tucker, GA 30084

1992 year at a glance. Every song, every show. Two versions available: 1) Garcia before and after, 2) Vinnie, Billy and four other guys. $2 each postpaid. And get set for the return of Busters, the only magazine about going on tour. Sample issue $1. Don't delay, send today. Box of Rain, 1317 S. Sixth St, Phila, PA 19147. 215-271-5907. A new age is upon us. For info call 18004 Moshiach

Kathy, you made 1992 the greatest year of my life by becoming my wife. May the four winds always blow you safely home. Love, Keith

Many thanks to the Grateful Dead and the Rex Foundation for their generous contributions to Families Against Mandatory Minimums. The fight continues. Stanley Marshall, FCI, Englewood, Littleton, CO

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MAGAZINE MANIAC will trade tapes for your extra copy of Golden Road #25. G. Spencer, 5133 Mt. Crest Dr, Knoxville, TN 37918

Man seeking woman. SM, 28, grad student, interested in SF 25-35, preferably but not necessarily Jewish, nearby. For friendship, shows, and possibly life. Obviously I'm a Deadhead and much more. Fun, spiritual, concerned, kind, enjoy dancing. 254 Buttes #6, Columbus, OH 43215

In 1989, we lost our home and two businesses to a "Fire on the Mountain," and ran an ad in *Golden Road*. To everyone who responded, and those of you who sent your good thoughts, please accept our thanks for all the wonderful material, tape lists, posters, love and other things you sent. We have been unable to send personal notes to all of you because of how harrowing putting things back together was for us. But our recovery from the fire was greatly enhanced by your help. ...bound to cover just a little more ground. Love, Noah and Nancy in Boulder, CO

Jani, if you could see my heart you would know it's true, there's none Jani except for you. I'd swear to it on my very soul, if I lie may I fall down cold. Happy 100. Love, Estimated Prophet John Bergan

I.S.O. Grateful Dead Artists! I am writing a graduate thesis on Dead artwork (all kinds) and would love your input. Write C. McGinty, 23-8 Westbrook Hills Dr, Syracuse, NY 13215

Many thanks to Jeff for continuing to improve the quality of my ears. Peace and love, Sharon

Hey Teep: Why did the white guy cross The Golden Road?("P.S. Looks deep, too") Rude Boy! BBQ in August again? Ben

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