

DEAD

Vol. 12
No. 5

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Relix

music for the mind

GRATEFUL DEAD

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DEAD

RELIX

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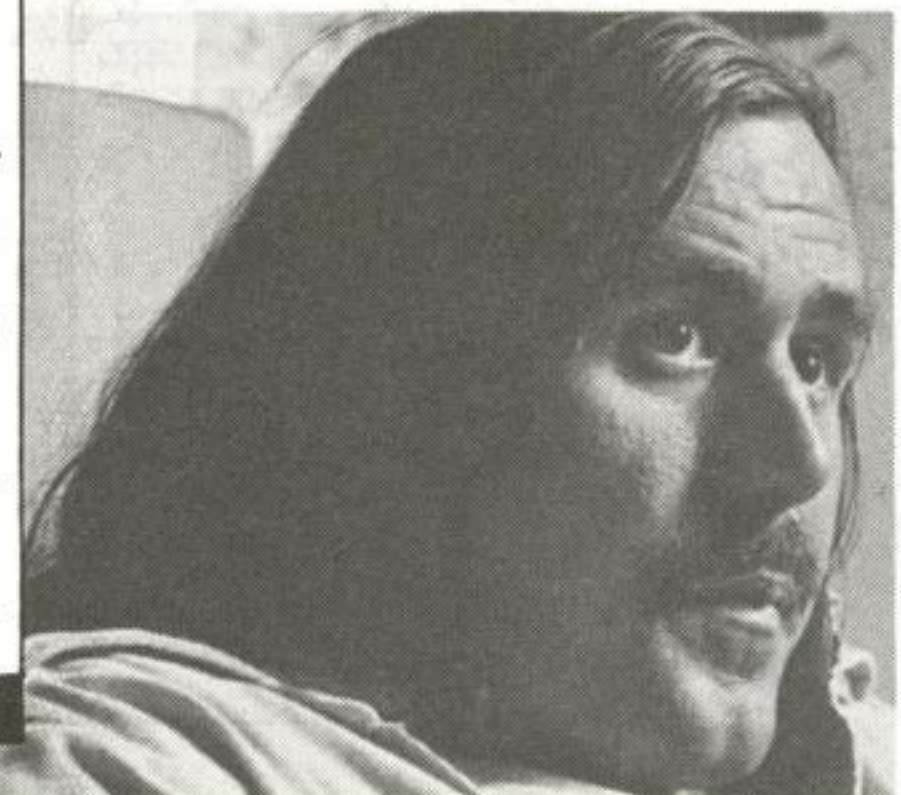
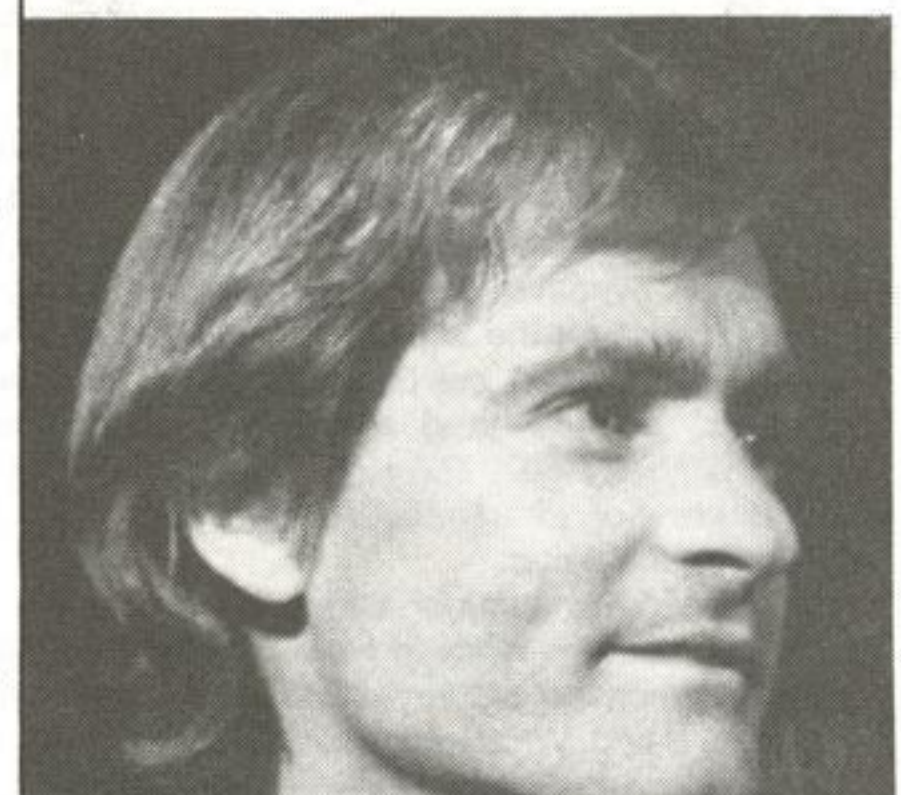
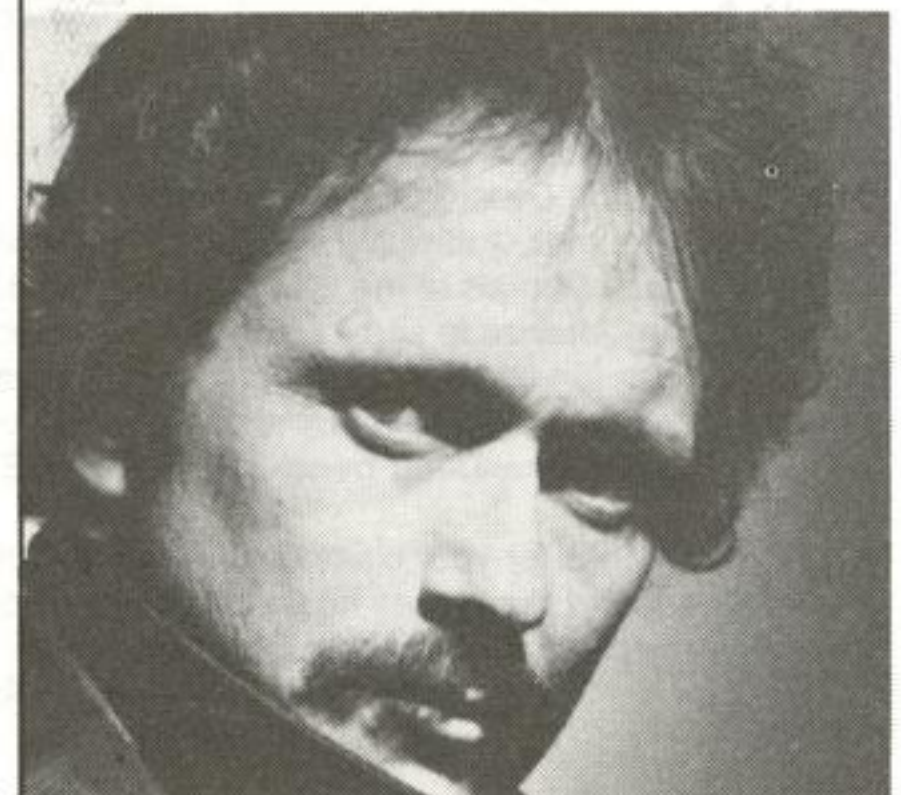
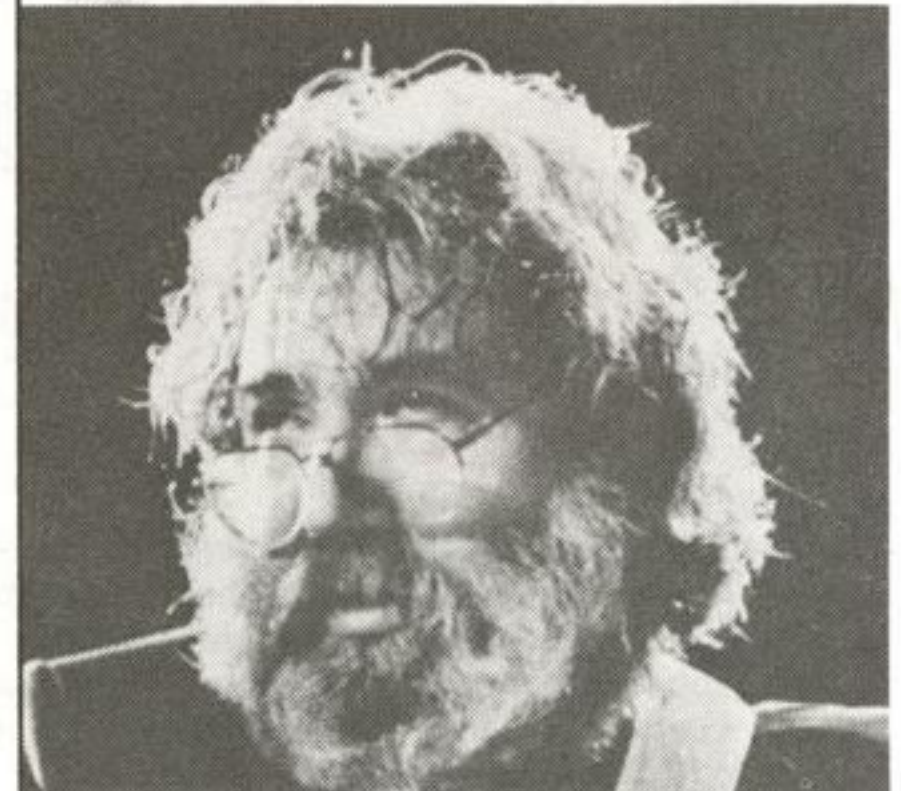
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Dear Relix:

After having one great year of subscribing to Relix, of course I had to have two more years of the magazine beyond description. Last year's articles and photographs were great, and I'm sure the next years will be even better. I can't wait until my next issue arrives in my mailbox. Keep up the great work

Rick Bills
Darien, Ct.

Dear Relix:

Thanks for your years of service to Deadheads, and especially for the Dead's 20th anniversary issue. I am a fairly new comer. I saw my first Dead show in '81 (thanks to Jack Daniels of the Street Department). I've never had any chance to see Pigpen or Keith & Donna—though I am familiar with their contributions through tapes and albums. Your magazine is my only source for both old and new Dead news—PLEASE KEEP IT UP!!!

Another thanks for your classified trading column. A newer Deadhead like myself has a chance to catch up on many "misplaced" years of music pleasure.

Tom Groho (Jack Straw)
Brigantine NJ

Dear Les, Toni and All The Good People At Relix:

I raise my glass and toast you all. I just picked up your latest release (album wise) of *Magic* by the "Slim, Blue-Eyed Master," Jorma Kaukonen.

I finally saw Jorma Live on April 14th at the Rainbow in Denver, CO. And on that warm Sunday Night as I sat second row, Jorma came out, guitar in tote, and played two dynamite sets. And magic is a very appropriate word for the show. Jorma played around 25 songs that included old tunes from the Airplane, to Tuna and beyond—and even new tunes "Broken Highway," "Ice Age" "Too Hot to Handle," which was almost too hot to handle. As you know this man smokes on the guitar.

I did notice one minor thing. In accordance with Jorma's recent interview in Relix, I remember that he said his upcoming album will feature the new things he's been doing. What happened? Don't get the wrong

idea. I'm not mad in any way, shape or form, but I think his new stuff should be released. And, if they are released RELIX should do it, because the quality of your albums are very high indeed so please don't stop now!

Yours are the only new L.P. s I'll purchase (unless a new Dead L.P. is ever released) because I can't go wrong with a RELIX RECORD. So, keep the "Magic" coming to all of us who can really appreciate that always changing and evolving San Francisco sound. And, thanks again.

BRAD GURLEY

P.S. Next time you see Jorma, tell him Thanks for an intense, "Killing Time in the Crystal City" in Denver. By the way what college did Jorma go to, and for eight years?

Dear Brad:

Too Hot To Handle will be ready for release in the immediate future. The colleges Jorma attended were:

Antioch College, Yellow Springs OH
Ateneo de Manila College, Phillipines
Graduated from Univ. of Santa Clara, CA — 1959
—Toni

Dear Relix:

Just a letter to make a correction in Kevyn Clark's article on the Nassau shows in Vol. 12 #3, when Phil sang "Just Like Tom Thumbs Blues" on 3/27/85, he sang "I'm going back to San Anselmo, I do believe I've had enough," not San Francisco. This was particularly special to me as I am from Marin County, where San Anselmo is. I, by no means, had had enough though. It was a truly inspirational tour which left me in Philadelphia with only one thing to say—Wahoo!

I was glad to see them "Bring on the Orb" at the Friday Greek show. I thought they were going to be an East Coast exclusive.

Dan Gale
Belvedere CA

P.S. In case you are not sure what the "ORB" is, this is the nickname my friend and I came up with in Portland, Maine for the plasma generators they mystified us with on the latter half of the tour.

Dear Relix:

Let me start out by saying thank you. Not for getting me in touch with a certain Dead tape, or for some great article in your publication. Indeed, thank you for getting me off the "bus." After reading your Vol. 12 #3, I realized I do not belong anymore. Let me try to explain. You see, I still love the Grateful Dead—but it's the new Grateful Dead mentality that I dislike. The mentality that ignores the sickness of heroin. The mentality that ignores world hunger. The apathy is what really bothers me. Sure the heads are a great bunch but are (for lack of better words)—full of shit. Yes, many care about world affairs but how many of these folks try to make a difference in *our* world? I would say not many. Caring about things other than the Dead is not "hip." Your publication does not help matters. Your magazine is as intellectual as the New York Post.

There are many wonderful and great things on this planet but In the same light terrible and unhappy subjects as well. Ignoring neanderthals such as Ronald Reagan is ignorant and unwise.

I am the same person I was when I started grooving on the Grateful Dead in 1978. But, I'm tired of running into people at shows who a) only know about the band,

and b) won't talk to you unless you've seen 100 shows. What about the phony hippies who leave all their trash wherever they please! It boils down to being selfish. "I don't care what happens as long as I get to the show."

I'm sorry if it sounds like I'm a drag but I really believe RELIX and some of it's readers should reflect on its views. As a great Zen philosopher once said, "You cannot save a fool from himself."

Thank you.

David Oettinger,
Verona, N.J.

Dear Relix:

I am writing to you all about a very unhappy experience that happened to my friends and I. We all got busted before going to see the Dead. We're not crying about being busted for weed and wine, but we're opposed to the laws on smoking weed and the consumption of alcoholic beverages for people under 19 in Wisconsin. (We're all 18.)

We are crying about the way the police treated us. They harshly insulted us about being Dead Heads and they insulted two of my friends because of their racial background.

Finally, instead of having a female cop frisk me and my other female friend, the male cops did. The frisked us in places they shouldn't have.

And we sadly missed the Dead.

NS, CB, SS & DH
Milw., WI

Dear Relix:

I recently had an unpleasant experience at the Alpine Valley Dead Shows. I rode my motorcycle out from MPLS Thursday night with my current life's savings, bed roll, clothes and tapes. The Friday show was awesome. The Dead even seemed to have control of the elements—commanding wind and rain—a wild trip.

Everything went great the next day, and I even ran into someone I had known for over ten years. I had a blast partying with everyone before the show and I met a lot of real good people. No worries. I went and was one of the last 50 people to get a ticket before they locked the doors!! Happier than hell to be in, and rather zonked, I proceeded to dance until the end, and then some, until the lack of sleep (actually no sleep for three days) had taken its toll. I made for my bike—in high spirits—to find that during the second show someone has stolen my bed roll, clothes, backpack, and ten tapes. Luckily they left my \$150.00 leather coat and one tape for the ride home—and it was cold that night! Was that supposed to be Dead niceness? It was a real bummer that destroyed the best evening I had in a while.

As a result I was forced, with no money, to ride through the night and into the next day back to MPLS. If I hadn't been so wired from the show I probably would have had a miserable time.

Oh, well, these things happen and I didn't lose much. Nothing that can't be replaced. With that many people there, I should have suspected as much. We learn through experience, in time I will forget about it and just remember the great party and awesome jam supplied by the Grateful Dead.

"Hey man, what do you think they'll play next? You know it's going to be just what you want to hear!"

Erik
Edina, MN

Dear Relix:

The enclosed letter to the management of SPAC is for your information. I think people ought to know that this can happen to them!

To the Deadhead who was beaten—Let me know you're okay. Get in touch with me if you need a witness.

To all Deadheads everywhere—I hate to say this, but it's becoming increasingly less fun to be with great numbers of you. In the madness before the shows, too many of you seem to have no regard for anyone else. When you're pushing to move up in line or to get closer to the stage, try to think of the people ahead of you. I've been pushed through security barriers, up steps, down steps and through glass doors (luckily safety glass)—because the people pushing at the back of the crowd didn't think about what was happening up front. I hope its only lack of awareness and not lack of caring. I think we all need to be reminded that the





actions of the crowd are our own actions —what the crowd does is what we are doing. We all have a part in making sure that the legendary caring that Deadheads have for one another doesn't just become legend.

Mr. Herbert Chesbrough—Executive Director
Saratoga Performing Arts Center
Hall of Springs
Saratoga Springs, New York 12866

Dear Mr. Chesbrough:

I am writing to inform you of an incident which I witnessed at the Grateful Dead show on Thursday, June 27. As you are probably aware, the ushers and security guards were having a difficult time keeping the lawn-admission crowd out of the auditorium. I had a seat near the back of the auditorium, on an aisle, and I had a good view of the attempts by the security guards to keep people from jumping the barriers. I noticed two security guards (Pyramid Security) striking into the crowd, using their flashlights as clubs. One of them, directly behind where I was seated, was striking repeatedly at one particular young man on the other side of the barrier. The young man was trying to explain to the guard that he was being pushed from behind. A few minutes later, the band came on stage and with the first notes, there was a big push from the crowd and people came pouring over the barriers. I saw the young man who'd been having the confrontation with the guard run past me down the aisle and towards the front, with the security guard following him. They disappeared from my view, but reappeared a few minutes later, the guard dragging the young man up the aisle back towards the barriers. The young man's hair was matted with blood and blood was streaming down the side of his face from a large gash over his ear. The guard dragged him back to the barrier and pushed him back to the other side.

I am shocked and appalled at this. Is it SPAC policy to condone the use of such violence against its patrons? if not, I believe this incident should not go ignored. I am writing to urge you to take actions to prevent the occurrence of this kind of incident in the future.

Kate Hubbs
Star Route, Box 32 Taborton Rd
Sand Lake, New York 12153



Dear Toni:

Just finished reading the anniversary issue of Relix. I wanted to say that you folks really did an excellent job, starting with that great cover! Sure hope it'll be available as a poster some day. I mean this is a no-bullshit issue all the way through, especially pertaining to the Deadhead scene lately. I must agree that for the weak-at-heart it can be a bit much, but in my opinion it's all quite necessary and essential toward that greater understanding.

The aggression that goes on is probably just a reflection of the dire circumstances we are faced with, and it's gonna come out, even at Dead shows. Oh, well, at least one thing is for sure, things will change.

Let's just hope that folks will choose to learn the easy way. I think this issue will help remind folks what that fine line is. Well, that's my two cents worth anyway!! Thanx again for such a good issue.

Beth Bennett
Lindley, NY

Dear Relix,

I just wanted to make a couple comments on your June-August '85 article, "The State of the Deadhead Scene," by Scott Allen. Although I hate to admit it, it does appear that there are a number of people out there who seem to care *only* about seeing the band. I like to picture a deadhead as being both generous and considerate towards his fellow fans, but this does not seem to be true. My only conclusion is that there must be two planes to the term "deadhead." The first category would comprise those who think only of themselves (something like the "Me-Generation"). The second category would be people who not only dig the band but also care about each other. These people are the ones who make a Grateful Dead concert what it is—A GREAT TIME! I only hope that the second category outweighs the first and that someday the first will be a thing of the past.

KEEP UP THE GREAT WORK!

Jeff Wheeler
Fullerton, CA.

Dear Les and Toni:

I have read and enjoyed your magazine for about five years now, and have refrained from writing to you and joining the various arguments about which was the hottest show on a given tour, or best early 70's tape, or even to defend East Coast Deadheads from the charges that we are rude, boorish slobbs (??). However, while reading the newest RELIX (Vol. 12 #3) and listening to a nice Dark Star (11/18/72), I came across an article by a gentleman named Scott Allen. I feel I must respond to this article and offer the following comments (criticisms):

1) I see Deadheads as a microcosm of American Society, from low to high, bad to good. Who is to say that someone who flies in from New York to see the S.F. New Year's shows, stays in a fine hotel, eats at the best restaurants, and pays for the whole thing with plastic is more or less of a Deadhead than someone who saw 60 shows last year, made his or her way in a dilapidated school bus, and paid for tickets and gas by selling tie dyes?

2) Scott Allen should READ the article in Time Mag. 1960's time warp isn't all the article has to say. Deadheads are the most obvious part of this phenomenon we call the DEAD, and as such are the easiest for a mag such as Time to try to define or explain.

3) As far as Mr. Allen's comments that "This is not the Gong Show or anything goes—this is real life"—I wasn't aware of any minimum standards of behaviour at Dead shows—what was the acid test ethose again?

4) Responsibility begins with the individual—of course, I agree whole heartedly with this—but do I also have to be responsible for the other 10 - 20,000 people at any given show? No, I prefer to listen to Jerry and Bobby play a little guitar duet after drums, but, if you want to talk about what was the hottest show on tour so far (at max volume) go ahead. This is why Baskin-Robbins has 31 flavors!

You take your pick. Bobby's "Cowboy" songs may not be your cup of Kool Aid, and the guy over there just went to get a hot dog during drumz. Is he crazy or what? I don't think so, just exercising his "Freedom of Choice." anyway, to bring this rather rambling letter to a close, just remember: "Whistle through your teeth, and spit." I think you know the rest. Keep up the good work.

Peter Caverquetta
Philadelphia, PA

P.S. To quote Mr. Weir (5/2/70 Acoustic) "Cool it you guys, You gotta start acting like a mature, responsible audience!"

To quote Jerry Garcia "Don't listen to him."

Dear Mr. Allen,

By now I'm sure you have read all the letters condemning your point of view on Dead Head's. I would like to congratulate you on having the nerve to speak the truth. I've been following the Dead since I was 15 (I'm 30 now), and I have not been to a Dead concert since 1976 or 77. The last time I saw them they were great. They played the Capital Theatre in Passaic, New Jersey.

Because the crowds have gotten so bad I no longer go to Dead concerts. As a matter of fact I don't go to that many concerts at all because the crowds are so inconsiderate. What really burns me up is the people who use the Dead concerts, not to listen to great music, but as an excuse to do as many drugs as they can before they either throw up, pass out or die. This is a shame because my wife has never seen the Dead and I would really like to take her to see them when they play here in Austin. I think she is tired of hearing all my Dead stories.

I whole heartedly agree with your article and applaud you for speaking the truth. Not all Dead Heads are assholes. But, as the saying goes, "One Bad Apple Spoils the bunch."

David Schwartz
Austin, TX

MY CAT DOWN UNDER THE STARS

Howdy Relix,

I loved the last issue. Filled with my favorite band, The Grateful Dead. If my cat could read he would love it also! I'm sharing my story of how I discovered the Dead was his favorite band too!

I've been going to shows now since the spring of 1980, but my cat, Max, hasn't seen any, yet! But that doesn't stop him from enjoying the Grateful Dead's music.

My brother Tom and I picked him up as a stray in early March this year in Marlboro, Mass. We couldn't stand to leave him out in the cold rain and snow of a New England winter. At that time he smelled like garbage, and didn't look much better (if he was a person, probably a little like August West). We nursed him back to full health and we could tell he was grateful by the way he pranced around the house purring and chirping constantly. We were also grateful for our new friend, and didn't know until this summer that he also liked the Grateful Dead. One day it just happened. Tom, a friend and I were kicked back listening to some of the early Fillmore East tapes when we noticed Max had hopped up onto a chair in the middle of the two speakers. He started twitching his ears and listening very intensely to the sounds coming from either speaker, when the tape ended he turned around and looked at us as if to ask: How about some more tunes? Although Max likes the Dead, he is very particular about what he likes. His favorite song is Dark Star, and his favorite time period is from 69-74. If the music gets loud and rockin' he'll get up and walk away, but if it's subtle and spacey he'll gladly hop up in his chair and dig some tunes!!!

Bob Scalzi
Danville, CA.



TO ALL RELIX READERS

Special thanks to all of the people who have taken the time to contribute to Relix, be it through letters, stories, photos, art work, criticism or suggestions. We try to use as much as space allows, so don't stop now! Keep the letters and comments coming. We look forward to tour reviews and insights from our readers. Your artwork and photos are inspirational. So keep it up!

We would appreciate your views on taking kids to Dead shows. Are we creating second generation deadheads, or a new breed of rebellious youth that will separate themselves from our music? We hope to hear from you on this subject and we will incorporate all info into a story that needs delving into. And send pictures!

Thanks also for the great response to our last issue. My favorite question was "Is this Relix's last issue? How can you follow this one with something better?" The answer: I guess I'll have to try harder!

Thanks for making us all we are! Hope you enjoy this issue.

I'll keep smilin' if you do!

Toni A. Brown



Galen Cassidy Peria

NOTE: Kurland Tours is now providing a free hotline service which includes tour dates of all S.F. related artists. Our last phone call was greeted with announcements of the Jorma Kaukonen Band, NRPS, G.D. and Kingfish tour dates.

The # is 215-664-3488.



NOTE:

In Vol. 12 #3, we inadvertently left off the bio information on the author of the John Barlow interview. **KEN HUNT** is the publisher of Swing 51—Folk, Bluegrass & Beyond, out of England. His publication has featured in-depth interviews with such notables as Tom Constanten, Robert Hunter, Richard Thompson and many others. His address is: **Swing 51, 41 Bushey Rd., Sutton, Surrey, SMI 1QR England.**

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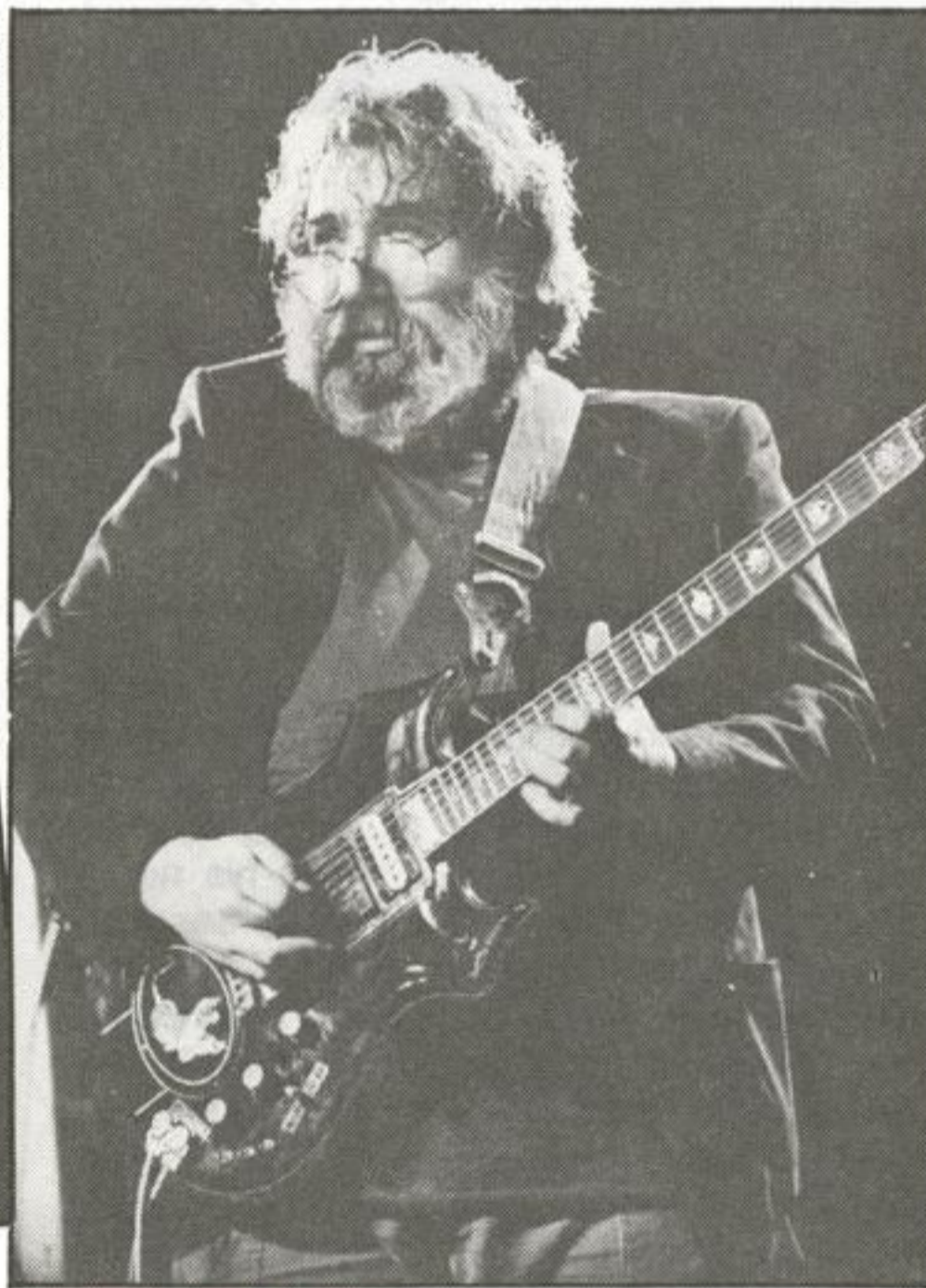
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Greek Theatre 6/16/85

Hersehey Park 6/28/85

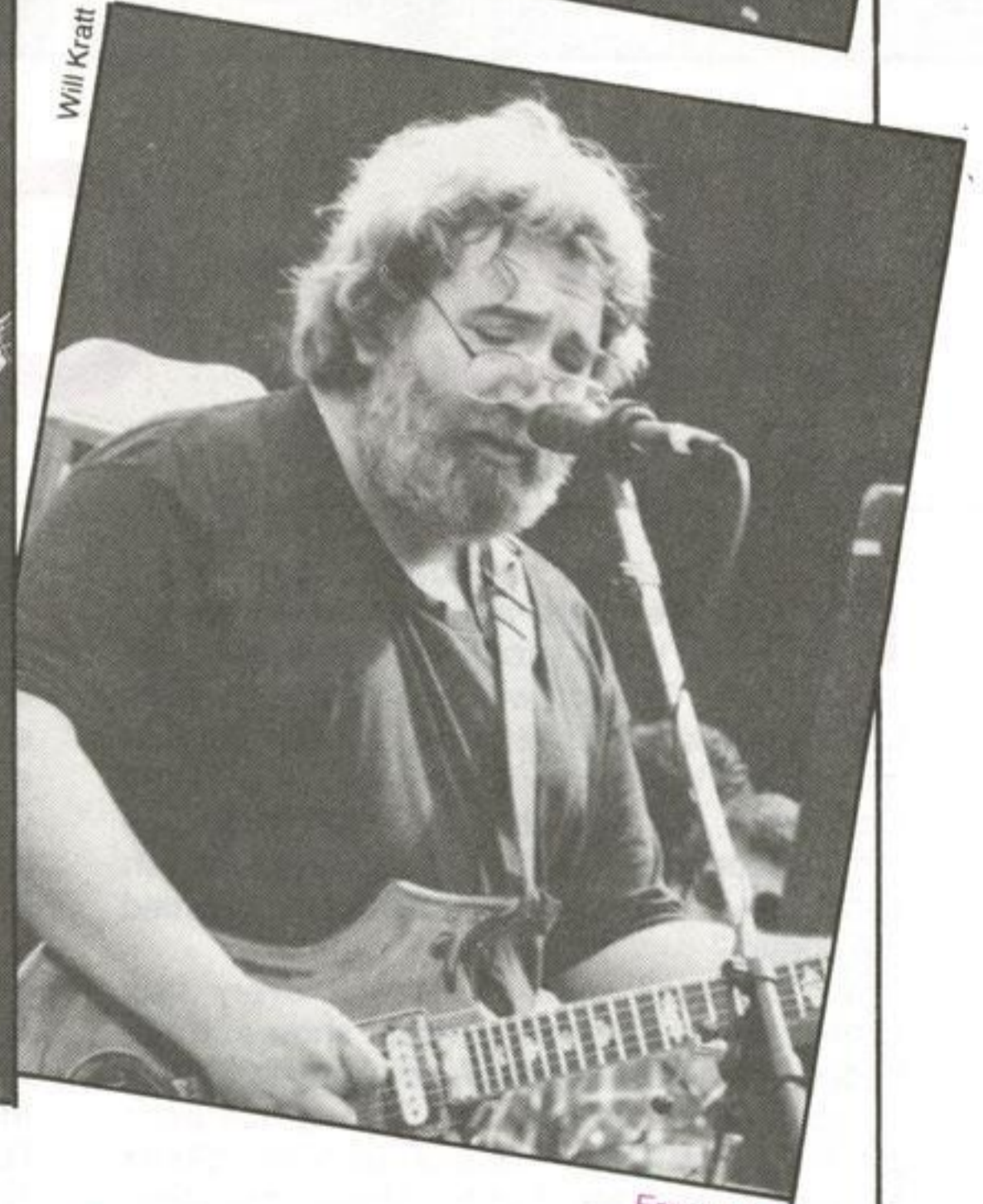
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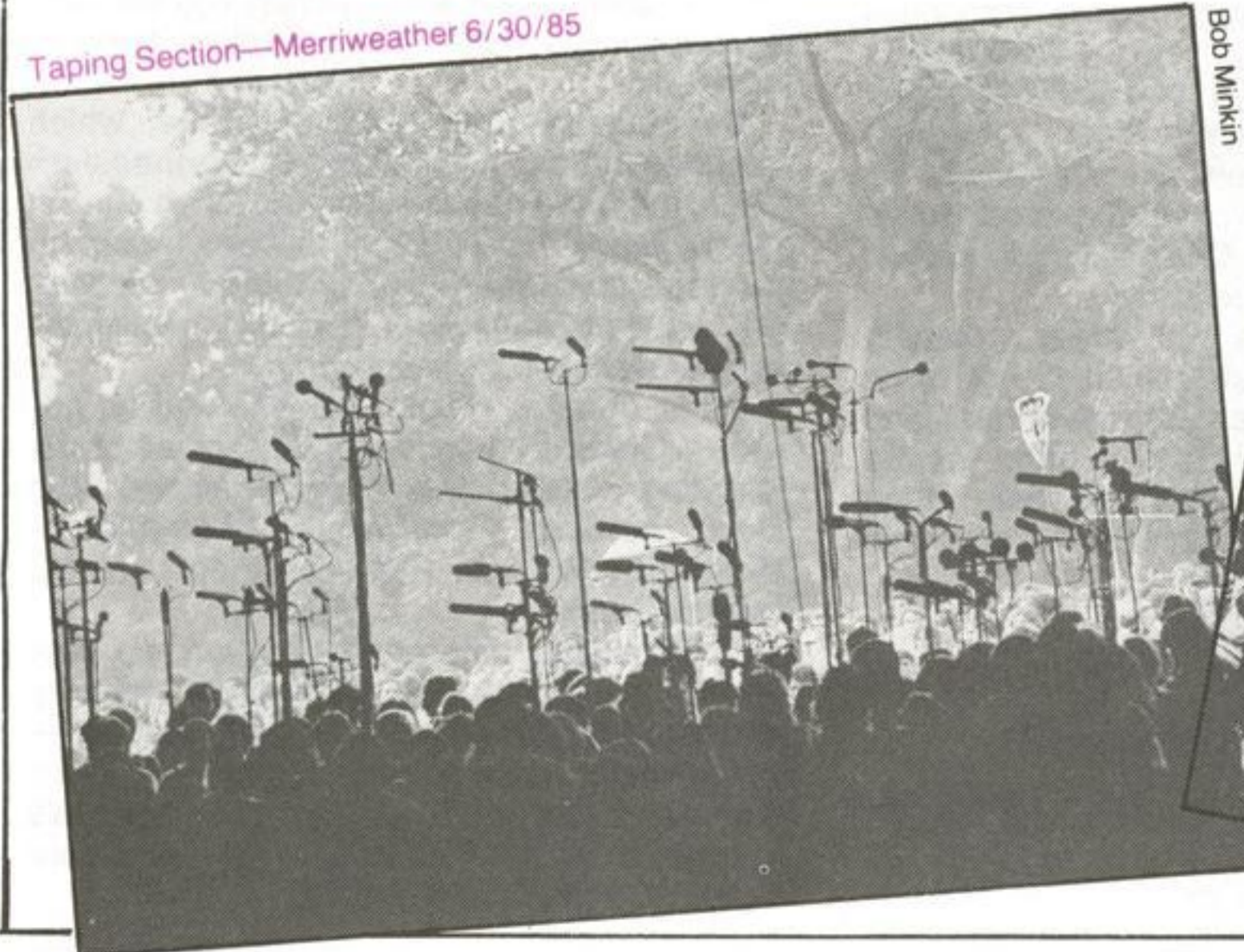
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Phil at the Greek

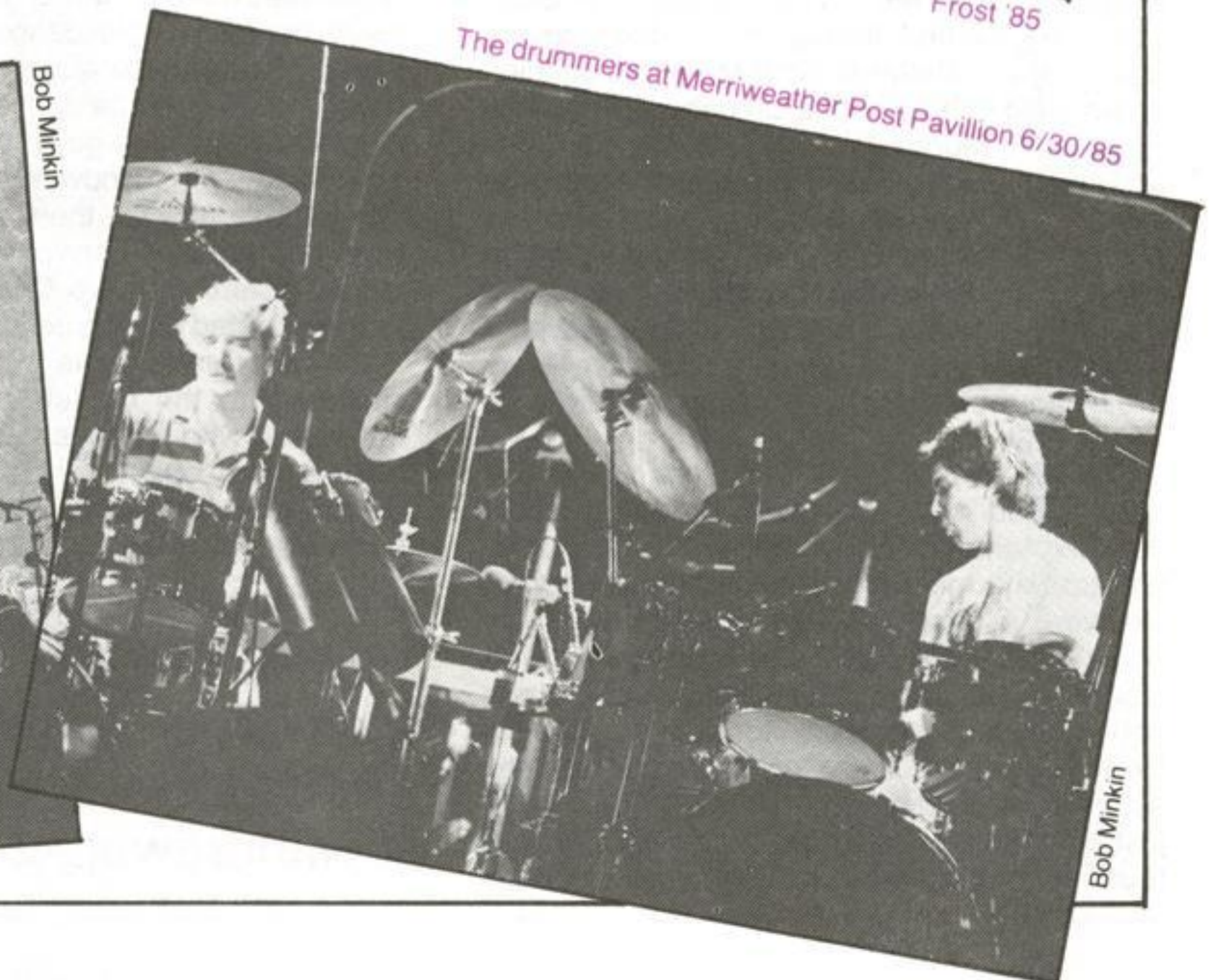
Taping Section—Merriweather 6/30/85

Bob Minkin

The drummers at Merriweather Post Pavillion 6/30/85



Bob Minkin





Max Creek

by Steve Boisson

MAX Creek keyboard player Mark Mercier gets annoyed when people refer to his group as a Grateful Dead clone band. "Though we've kind of earned the title," admits the spectacled, bookish looking musician. "We try to imitate the aura of the Dead, well, not really the aura, just the feel of a familial concert. But then it's a very Deadish thing; they're the ones who sort of copyrighted the sound."

It's no small coincidence that every Max Creek fan I met during a recent show in Cambridge MA had seen the Dead at least 25 times — splinter groups included. Though the band played a few Dead classics such as "Sugar Magnolia" and "Me And My Uncle," the Dead sound permeated throughout all their covers and originals. Guitarist Scott Murawski dangled Garcia-like frills against a cacophony of dueling drummers. Murawski's "If You Ask Me" dissolved into a suspended jam, which turned into "Who Do You Love." Spirited listeners sashayed across the floor, dancing solo to cosmic chordal collisions. Despite their salient debt to sixties San Francisco rock, however, it would be unfair to dismiss Max Creek as musical methadone for Dead addicts in withdrawal.

"We've always been doing our music and some Dead and other people's music mixed in," explains bassist/vocalist John Rider. "Around the mid seventies the agents decided we were a Grateful Dead clone band. Every clone band in the world was around then. The Doors clone band. The Steppenwolf clone band. Although we were not doing a Grateful Dead clone, we were presenting a stylistic situation much the same as theirs. It's a style, just like bebop or cool jazz." The band started fourteen years ago when Rider was a trumpet

student in Connecticut. "During my last year in college I decided I wasn't going to make a lot of money playing trumpet so I switched over to bass, which enabled me to sing and write songs and get into a band." With his newly acquired bass, Rider joined drummer Bob Gosselin in a band that was playing charts in a local strip joint. After accompanying strippers for a couple of months Rider, Gosselin and guitarist Dave Reed moved to Washington, MA to perform in a bar partially owned by Arlo Guthrie. They began writing original material, and soon afterward keyboard player Mark Mercier, (Rider's college roommate), replaced Reed. In time the vacant guitar slot was filled by Scott Murawski, an under-age rocker breaking away from an adolescence steeped in heavy metal. "Somewhere along the way," continues Rider, "somebody said, 'Hey, the Dead play a lot of the songs you guys play like 'Goin' Down The Road' and 'I Know You Rider' ' — though we weren't playing them like the Dead. We were more of a country/bluegrass band. So we started listening to the Dead, going to shows, and we started playing similarly."

As most musicians will attest, "playing similarly" to the Grateful Dead is not easy. Murawski, who handles both rhythm and lead chores, has developed a reverence for the Dead's guitarists, particularly Bob Weir. "When I first started listening to the Dead I was very

"It would be unfair to dismiss Max Creek as musical methadone for Dead addicts in withdrawal"

impressed with Garcia," says Murawski. "But after a while I realized that Weir was creating most of the textural things. When I turn up the right hand channel on *Europe 72* and listen to Weir I can still get blown away."

Mercier holds similar respect for Brent Myland, the Dead's keyboard player. "I don't know, and I'm not sure if Brent knows, what a keyboardist's real place is in the Dead. Brent doesn't have any problem in an acoustic situation because he plays a spectacular piano and he's a great organist. But sometimes you can tell, stylistically speaking, that he and Garcia are coming from two entirely different places. I feel bad for him because he's a fine musician and sometimes he doesn't get a chance to show his chops."

Because there's no Weir-like rhythm player between Max Creek's lead guitarist and piano, Mercier gets plenty of room to stretch out and play. Instrumentally, he shares the limelight with Murawski, dashing off fluid, bluesy solos as well as eerie, ethereal organ vamps during the band's spacier moments. Their Dead-like sojourns in search of the lost chord appeared highly inspired on the night I saw them. Drummers Bob Gosselin and Bob Fried created taut rhythmic tensions while Murawski and Mercier probed melodic possibilities, with John Rider's sprite bass lines keeping it all together.

"It just falls in place sometimes and other times it's just a mess," says Rider. "The arrangements are very loose. They just go where they're going to go."

"When you've played together fourteen years, a very subliminal communication develops," adds Mercier. "The best times are when it's almost like the music is playing us."

The individual vocals are effective though not elegant. Rider sings in a throaty style similar to Mark Knopfler (Dire Straits), and Mercier croons in a clipped baritone reminiscent of Weir. The harmonies, however, are especially expressive, particularly during vocal showcases such as Robbie Robertson's "The Weight."

Has there been feedback from any of their heroes?

"You hear all kinds of things," remarks Rider. "People have told me that they saw Phil Lesh wearing our T-shirt. When we played with Bobby and the Midnites Bob Weir came up to us at the end of the night and said, 'Good job, Scott.' Rob Fried knows Mickey Hart, and usually visits him backstage when Mickey's in town. A lot of times Rob doesn't see the show, he just goes to talk about percussion because percussionists have this unspoken bond of friendship."

Because of their busy schedule, which includes dates in most major Northeastern cities, the band has not seen the Dead often in recent years. They play more Dead covers on the road than when they're home in Hartford, CT, as their hometown following has grown familiar with their originals.

Fans outside Hartford can enjoy home-grown Creek by purchasing any or all of the following albums: *Max Creek*, *Rainbow*, and *Drink The Stars* — all manufactured and distributed by Wranger Records, a label created by Max Creek.

There's little difference between a Creek Freak and a Dead Head: both are intensely dedicated groups with no middle grounders — which proves that the San Francisco "style" is a boundless fuel for fanatics. I believe there's enough of us out here to support many more bands on a mission like Max Creek's.

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Alpine Valley

by Edward R. Allen

It probably isn't too difficult for most of you Deadheads to visualize someone who has just returned from the Grateful Dead's performance at the midwest Mecca, Alpine Valley. My hair has been matted in the most incredible contortions by the tie-dyed bandannas that have kept the unkempt, stringy mop out of my eyes. My canvas Boy Scout tent, sopping wet and ripped by the Wisconsin monsoon of the first night, is wadded up in the corner, and the rest of my possessions are scattered everywhere. I feel like I must have run up and down the hill a thousand times. At the same time, I feel like I've had a long whirlpool bath, floated in an isolation tank for a week, had sex, and participated in successful psychoanalysis; this was one hell of a weekend ride! With the experience still crystalline in my mind, having just walked in the door, let me ruminate over this joyful welcome for the summer solstice.

One of the special things about Alpine Valley is their policy of allowing Deadheads to camp in the parking lot. While the gravel surface guarantees a serious backache, and some of the security personnel are fixated at a rather purile level of ego development, this gem in the

middle of Nowhere, U.S.A. seems comfortable with us travelling pranksters, and our band. Wares of all descriptions (shirts, stickers, bracelets, and miscellaneous travel aids) are bought and sold with a minimum of interference.

But about THE SHOWS! Alpine's natural beauty was further enhanced by the Dead's new backdrop, a flag-waving "minuteman" skeleton carrying Jerry's guitar, with the caption "Twenty Years So Far" underneath. The leaves were green, and the asymmetrical hill proved to be the rollicking playground it had always been in the past. Friday was kicked off with a crisp, appropriate "Cold Rain and Snow" and a hot version of "(Ain't) Superstitious," Bobby growling and belting out the lines with a vengeance. "Stagger Lee" and "Mama Tried/Mexicali Blues" were nice, and "Bird Song" was very well performed, though the jam was a little less lengthy and intense than some that I've heard. "Looks Like Rain" brought to mind the subject that nobody felt like thinking about, but the rendition was flawless and moving. We enjoyed a pleasant half-hour rest, and braced ourselves for set two.

The opener was a sort of loose space jam a la Twilight Zone, going into "Man Smart,

Woman Smarter," and sparking the perennial debate between the singalong-ers (girls shouting the song's chorus "That's right the women are smarter," guys interjecting "Not true!" between the lines.) Then "Goin' Down the Road Feeling Bad" was played in a rather interesting part of the show, since it's often used to close sets after a segue from "Not Fade Away."

However, "Estimated Prophet/Eyes of the World" still comes off like a match made in heaven, and was the highlight of the show. Jerry was igniting his Wah onstage, directing the "Estimated" jam, and his power strumming in "Eyes" was sizzingly tight, dancing around Phil's ever-wandering bass lines. The band then wandered into one of the best drum duets I've yet heard; as my friend Danny said, "The Beast roared tonight!" with the introduction of some fresh sounds from Mickey.

One tune that has seemed to produce ample spine chills and body rushes the last two years at Alpine is "Black Peter." Jerry's voice was stronger than Schwarzenegger's arms, and everyone swayed thinking about all the things that had led up to that day.

An abrupt mood swing to "Around and Around" wrapped up the show, encoered by a

glistening, lengthy "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue," and everyone staggered up the hill to face the reality of the weather scene. The wind howled, the rain poured, and many of the wealthier dead heads sought shelter in motels. Our group moved to safe ground, pitched a dry tent, and though we should have been miserable, we laughed most of the night. Everything seemed so hilarious, which was fortunate, since without our sense of humor we would have been lost.

Late that night, I was standing under a drive-through by the ticket window, where many were trying to sleep next to the door. One supercharged individual was singing "The Monkey and the Engineer," much to the dismay of the heavy-lidded deadheads, while others were discussing possibilities for the next show.

"Hard to Handle Terrapin into Dark Star/St. Stephen/Alligator" suggested one very imaginative person, while a somewhat more down-to-earth guy just wanted to hear "Brokedown Palace." In time, we would find out...

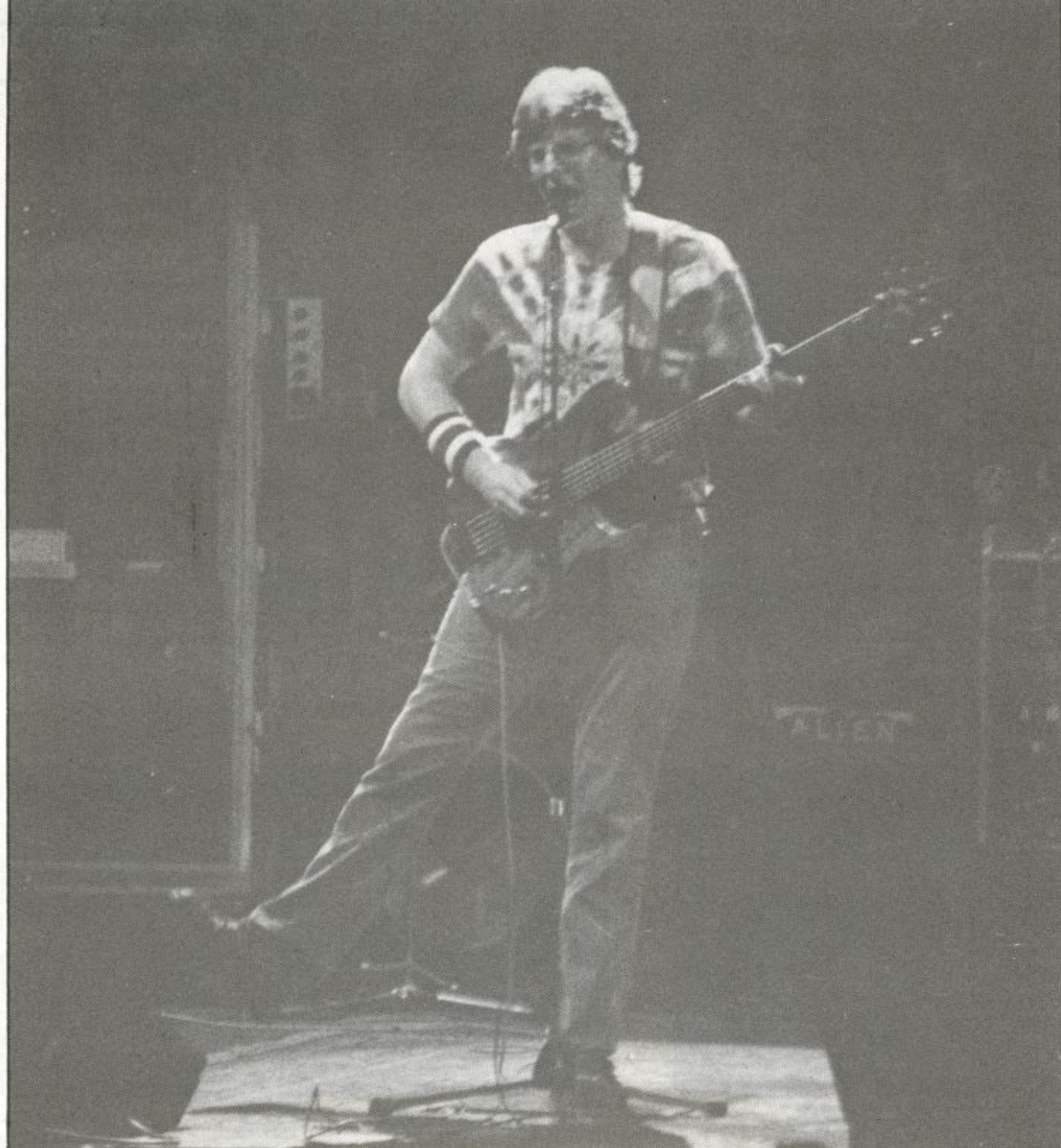
I found the second show too amazing for words! (But I'll try to describe it anyhow.) Every single tune they played was a surprise except for "Lost Sailor/Saint of Circumstance," and "One More Saturday Night," and the energy of the first set was akin to that usually experienced in the encore. "Hell In A Bucket" led to a snap crackle pop version of "Sugaree." "Walking Blues," "Candyman," "It's All Over Now," "Althea," and especially "Cassidy" were hot, on target, mesmerizing rubrics of woven sound, pushing us "further out," making us gasp with amazement, leaving us tingling as we awaited the next tune. "Brown Eyed Woman" and a thankfully premature "One More Saturday Night" (which would have been an anticlimactic encore) rounded out the set and I fell to my seat.

I was jolted out of the intermission with Phil opening set two at the mike! He belted out "Keep It Growing" with his wild man gusto, and the pitch was right on the mark. As if that weren't enough, "Mississippi Uptown Toodle-oo" was next. I saw Donna's willowy figure onstage (though I heard Brent's perfect pitch.) My reverie was broken by the intro to "Lost Sailer/Saint of Circumstance." Bob's voice was great, and the band poured their energy out to us before Billy and Mickey took the helm for some drumming par excellence.

In what is now beginning to look like an annual event, Jerry and Brent teamed up for "Dear Mr. Fantasy," this year's version being much tighter than in 84 (which is probably attributable to the fact that in 85, Alpine was the first show of the tour, while in 84 it was the last). Brent, who had done quite a bit of B3 wailing both nights, was especially enthused by the classic Traffic hooks, sliding up and down those black and whites like a wild beast. "I Need A Miracle" sounded strange coming after "Fantasy," but the jam was great, and "Stella Blue" brought a tear to my eye, just as "China Doll" had the year before.

"Throwing Stones" into "Not Fade Away" concluded the evening with a rousing stomp, Bobby stalking and hurling some of the world's fears into consciousness with the former, reaffirming our love for life and each other in the latter. The band chose to leave us with a tender Fare You Well, closing another chapter of Alpine Valley with "Brokedown Palace." Yes, it was just another couple of everyday, ordinary, run-of-the-mill, MIND BOGGLING shows, continuing the twenty year tradition. Thanks guys, we love you.

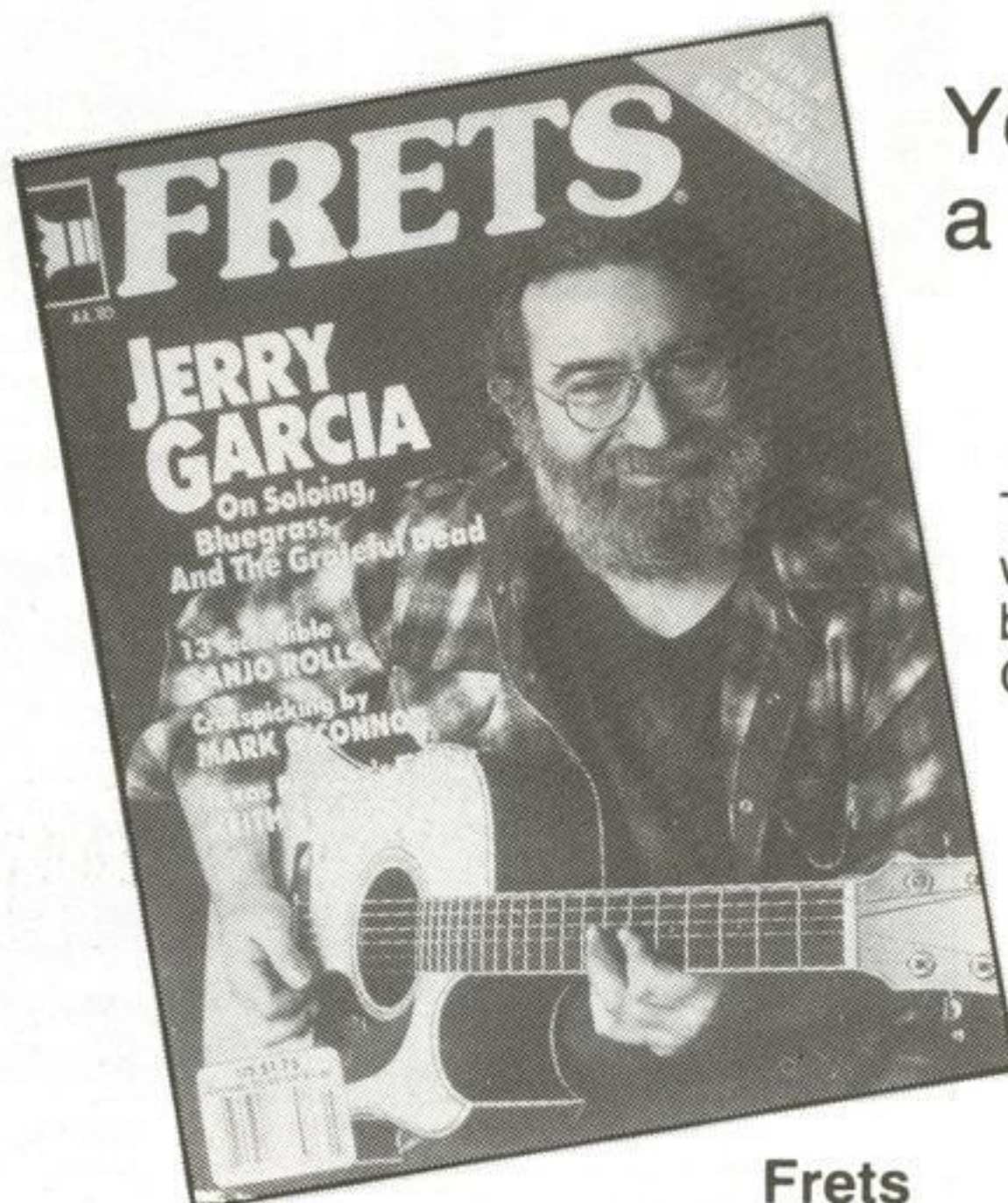
Edward Allen



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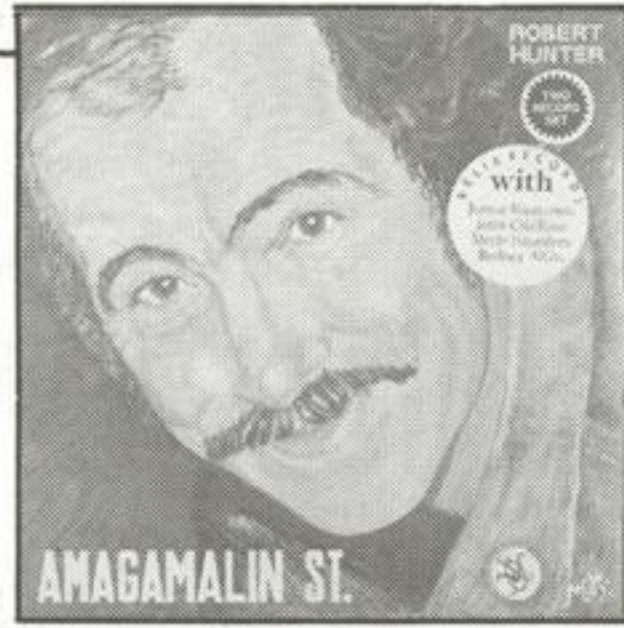
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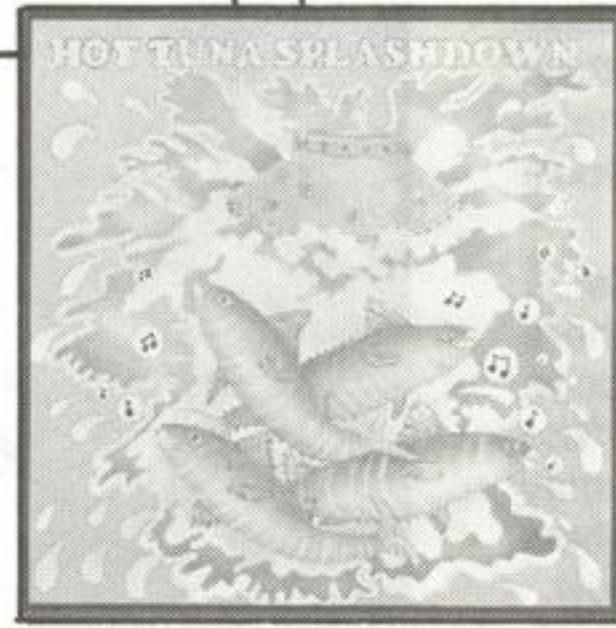
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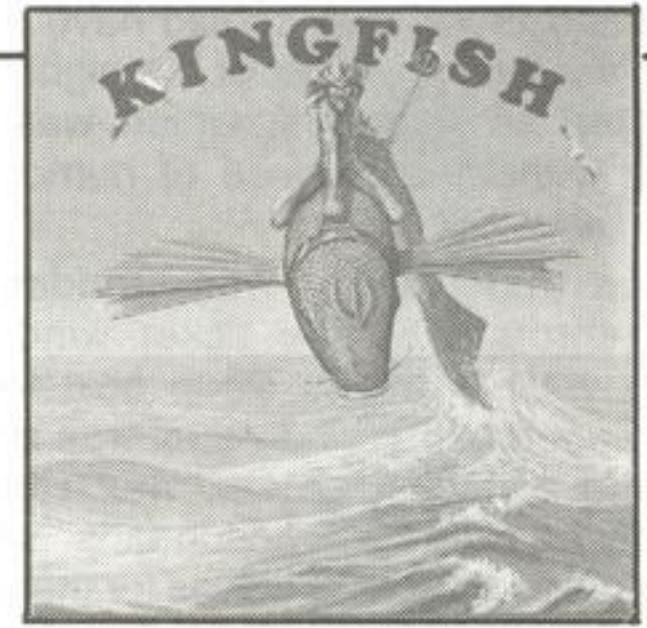
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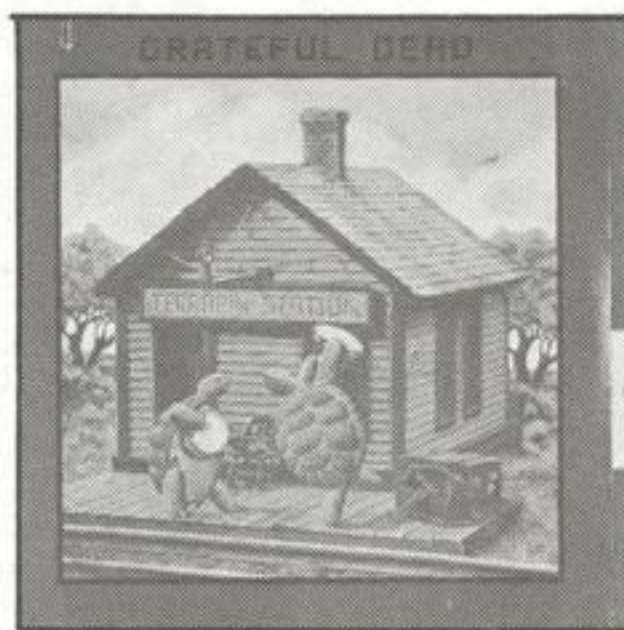
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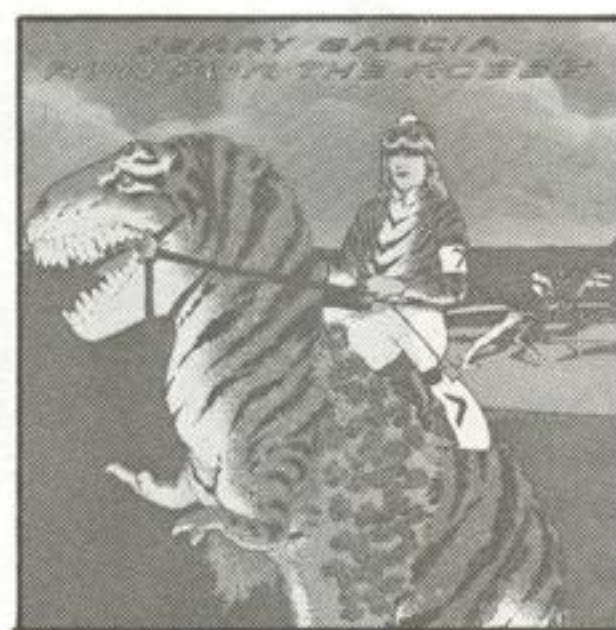
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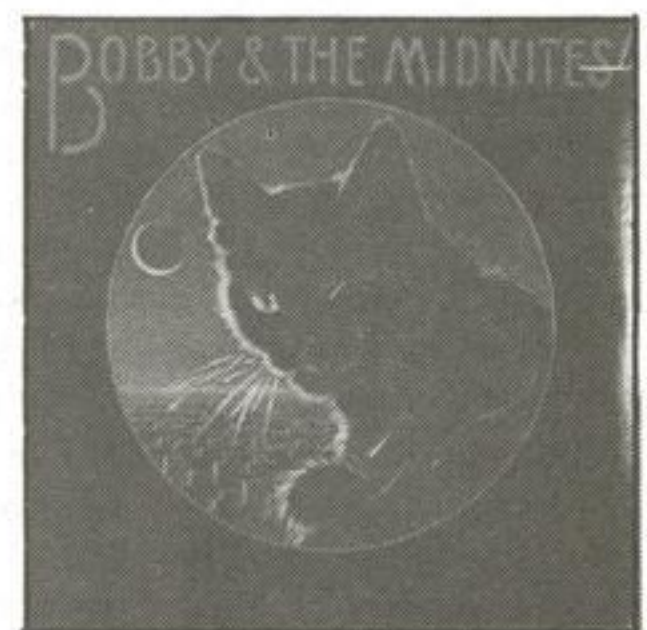
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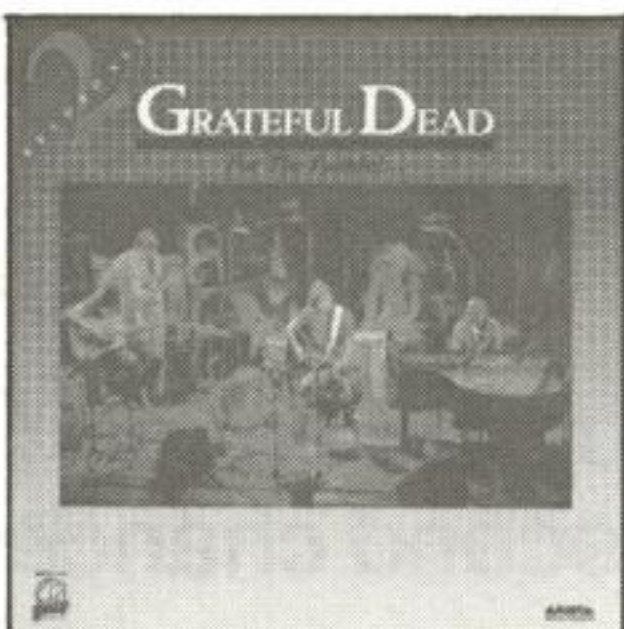
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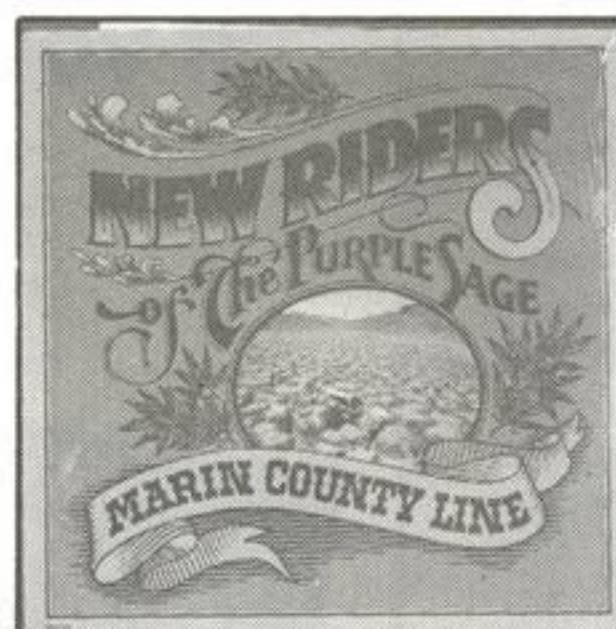
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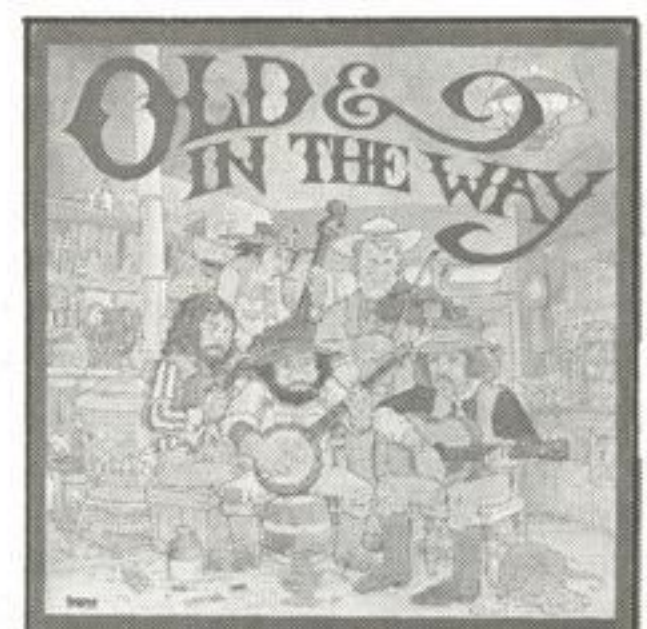
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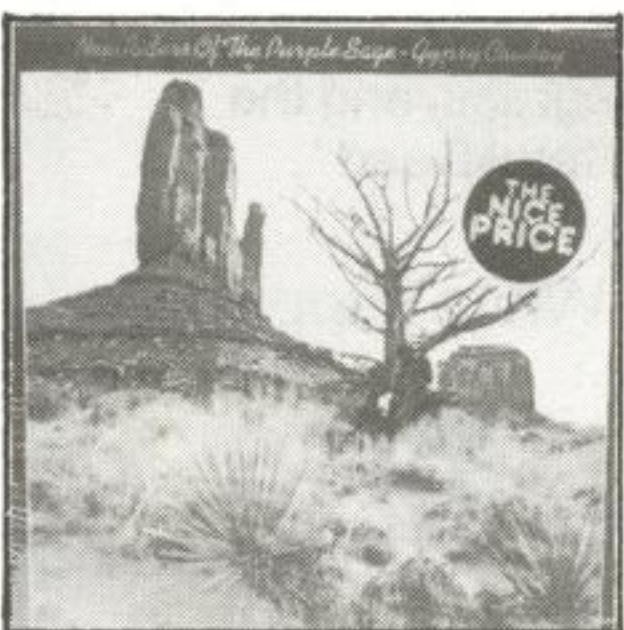
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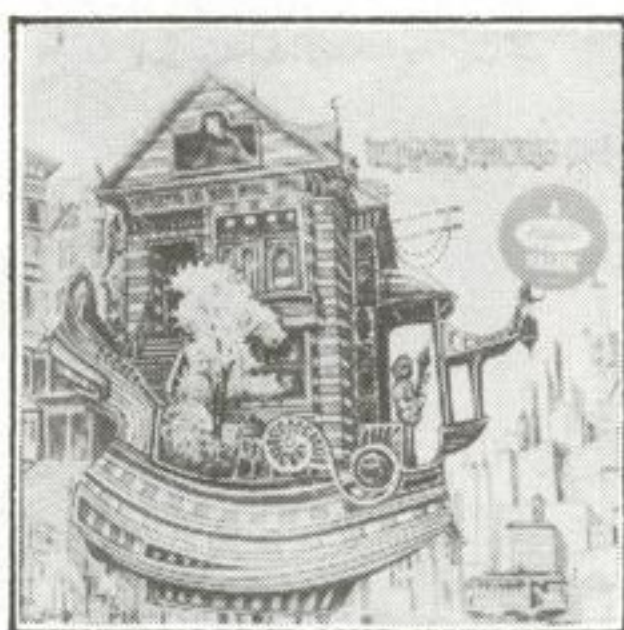
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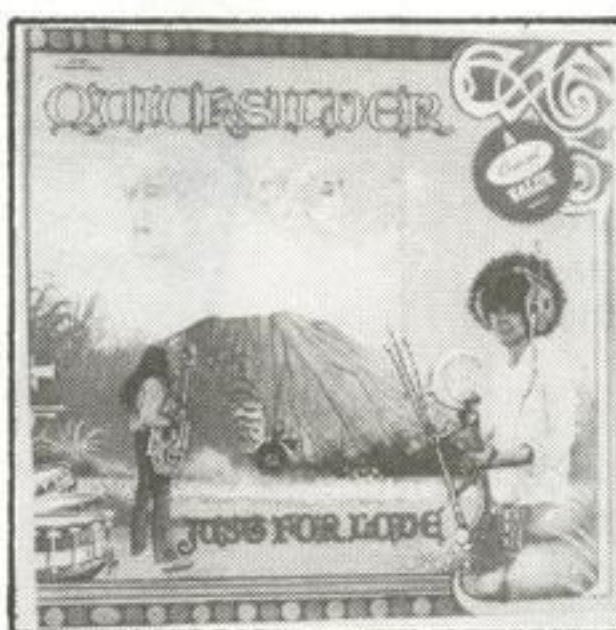
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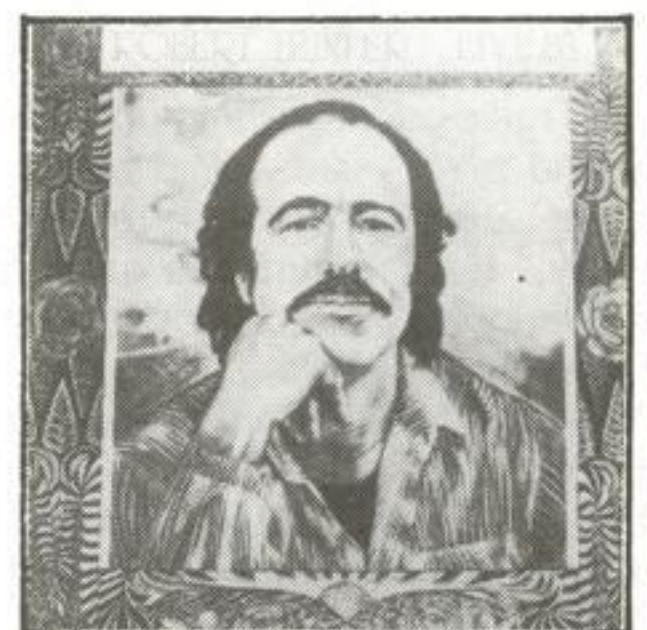
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The Youngbloods Get Together

by Mark Sommer

"I feel like I'm rediscovering rock and roll," a beaming Jesse Colin Young told *Relix* backstage at Boston's Paradise Theater, the reunited Youngbloods second stop on a short tour through the Northeast and Florida. "None of us have had this much fun before."

Nor, apparently, did any of them expect to. The Youngbloods might have sung about people getting together, but to hear Young tell it, they often had a hard time staying in the same room together. No longer. On tour with the original band (sans drummer Joe Bauer), and a Youngblood for the first time since the band officially broke up in 1972, Young is excited—and inspired—by the music they're making. He's also finally coming to terms with his scarred memories of the band's past.

"We were too young, too serious, too weirded out," Young says of the band which recorded their first album in 1966, and moved from New York to northern California together the following year. "It's like a second chance as men to be friends, to play music together, to be real with each other, to really communicate, and to face up to things that are unpleasant. As human beings, we failed the first time. It was so little fun. I never thought we would (play together) again. Never!"

For fans of the band, seeing the original scorecard of players—Young, Banana, Jerry Corbitt, joined by later member Scott Lawrence, and newcomer Dave Perper—offers a real treat. Not that the band members hadn't touched an instrument in the interim. Banana, for instance, plays frequently in northern California, often in tandem with Mimi Farina, and Young has continued to tour and record, with several solo albums to his credit, including 1982's *The Perfect Stranger*, on Warner Bros. Records. In addition, his political stance has led him to participate at anti-nuclear rallies, and benefits in solidarity with Vietnam vets (Young points out that soldiers have told him of singing "Darkness, Darkness" to themselves while lying in trenches, and "Get Together" was a number one record in Saigon).

The reunion didn't develop because all of the band members awoke one morning with the single thought of getting back together again. Last June, Corbitt and Banana turned up at Young's house, where he owns a 24 track recording studio, to complete a record Corbitt had suspended work on ten years earlier. Corbitt had been living the past several years in Florida, working in steel. Young recalls thinking to himself, "I thought those guys hated each other," and watched them with some surprise and curiosity. Later, he invited them onstage during an encore for a show he was doing near his home. Although he admits that "it didn't feel that good," he adds, "for some reason I was sold on the idea. I think it's fate that we got back together again."

With Lawrence and Perper (drums—Kingfish) in the fold, the band reassembled and rehearsed. Then they rented a community center and invited friends and neighbors to



Jesse Colin Young

Jim Shea

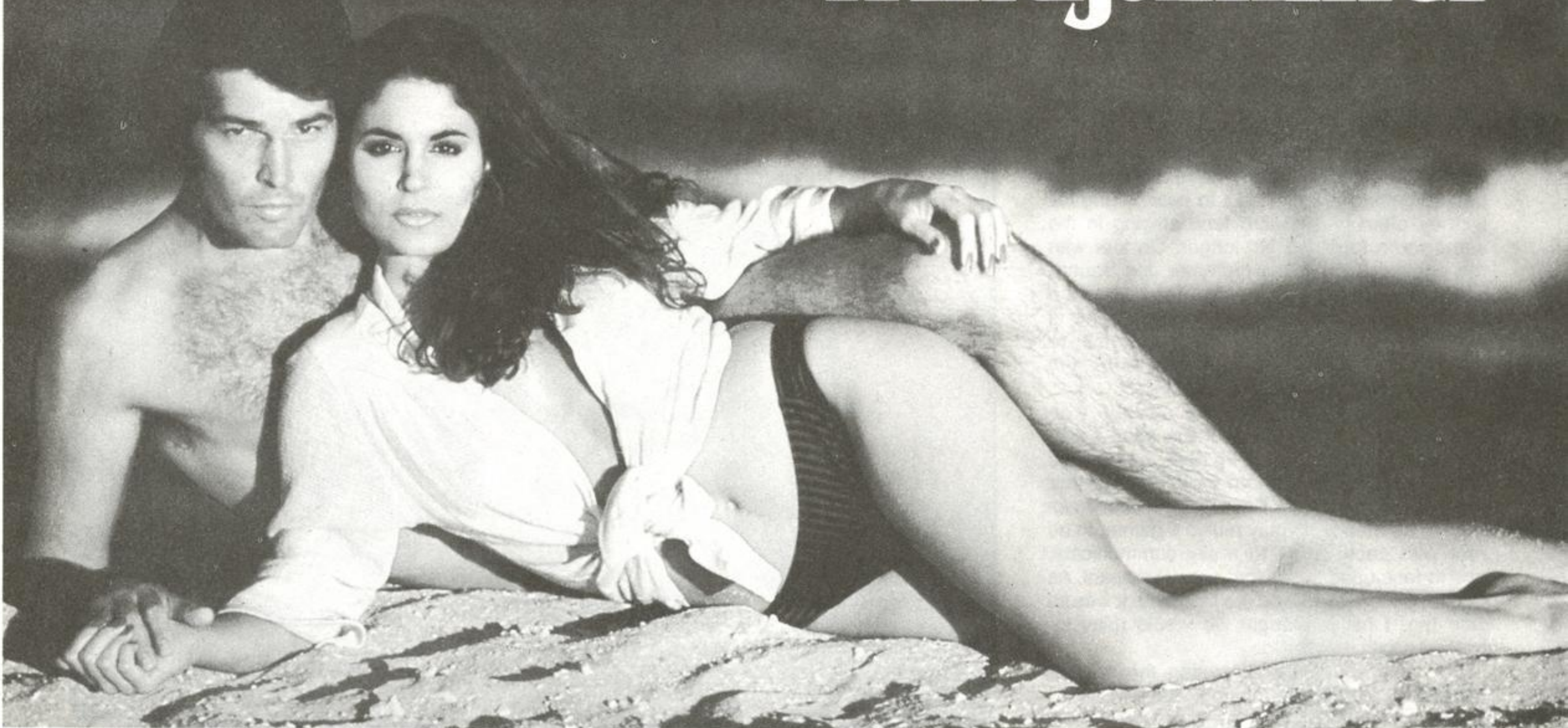
hear them play. It went over so well that one gig became a series of appearances in northern California, and then a tour of the East Coast. "We play so much stronger now than when we first started," says Young. "The original Youngbloods, live, were pretty wimpy at first. We are much stronger now live, but we've got an image that we're only laid back."

With the music jelling, and the band enjoying playing music again, the Youngbloods are hoping to release an album later in the year. Young rails at the multinational corporations whom, he points out, own record companies and play a key role in what music is ultimately

heard on the radio at the same time they're often exploiting, and sometimes helping to topple, Third World governments. Adding to his frustration is the realization that their monopoly of the industry insures that they remain the most viable vehicles for distribution. Although the Youngbloods expect to sign with a major label, they will not do so, Young says, if they must sacrifice their musical integrity in the process.

One thing's clear: As long as it stays fun the Youngbloods are going to stay together. And right now, Young says, "It's ear to ear grin time."

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MARTY BALIN

by Thomas K. Arnold

FOR nearly twenty years, Marty Balin's career has been marked by an annoying pattern that, like a recurring nightmare, he just can't seem to shake.

After launching the Jefferson Airplane, San Francisco's seminal acid-rock group, in 1965 with his soaring, three-octave tenor/soprano, Balin saw his input into the band gradually diminish until he left in 1970. Without his leadership, the band began a rapid decline, both musically and commercially, and finally broke apart less than three years later.

In 1974, Balin teamed up with two other Airplane holdovers, Paul Kantner and Grace Slick, to form the Jefferson Starship. Once again, he provided them with their initial direction through a string of hits — from the poignant love ballads "Caroline" and "Miracles" to simpler chart-toppers like "With Your Love" and "Count On Me" — only to again lose control and be driven from the band's fold in 1979.

And after embarking on a long-delayed solo career in 1981 with the album *Balin*, which yielded the catchy hit, "Hearts," Balin was told by his record company, EMI America, that for album number two, they'd take charge. Val Garay, fresh from his success with the Motels, was brought in to replace longtime Balin cohort John Hug as producer, and Balin's free hand in determining everything from song selection to arrangements was taken away. In fact, Balin, who had written such standout Airplane/Star-

ship tracks as "Today," "Volunteers," and "Miracles," found himself without a single song on the album, ironically titled *Lucky*.

The result? Dismal sales, not a single hit, and yet another instance of a frustrated Marty Balin saying goodbye and vowing to start from scratch one more time.

"There's always somebody who comes along after I have a hit and tells me they can make it even better," said Balin, 42, from his home in Mill Valley, just outside San Francisco. "Then, if you don't want to do it their way, they force you to do it their way anyway, no matter how strongly you object.

"They think they know better than anybody else, and when they get someone who has his own individuality, they run him through the Hollywood mill, with the same old music, the same type of producer, so that everything comes out sounding the same.

"Look at my last album. They insisted I do it with a top producer and the top musicians in Hollywood, even though I didn't want to do it that way. I told them they were crazy, and I was right in the long run. I didn't like it (the album), and nobody else liked it, either. When I'm in charge, at least I have hits."

So for his third solo album, which he's preparing now, Marty Balin is once again focusing on songs written either by himself or by others in his Bay Area songwriter fold, including Jesse Barrish, author of both the Jefferson Starship's

"Count On Me" and the Balin solo hit "Hearts."

He's back with producer John Hug, who will be aided on this effort by fellow Bay Area producer Jimmy Gaines, whose credits include the latest Huey Lewis and the News album. And Balin said he plans on waiting until the album is nearly complete before he goes label-shopping to lessen the chance of any unwarranted meddling.

"Doing the last album (*Lucky*) was one of the most horrible experiences I've ever had," Balin said. "I remember I played Val Garay more than fifty songs, and he didn't like any of them.

"I just can't stand working with all these know-it-alls."

Marty Balin was born Martyn Jerel Buchwald in Cincinnati, Ohio, on January 30, 1942. In 1947, the Buchwald family moved to San Francisco, where his father, Joseph (now Balin's manager), found work as a lithographer.

Almost immediately, young Marty demonstrated a strong interest in art, music, and acting, and he took part in countless school plays and musicals throughout elementary and high schools.

By the time he was 16, Balin was already running — and acting in — an adult theater troupe. A chance audition before Johnny Mathis led him to pursue music a bit more seriously, and in 1961 Balin, then only 19, traveled down to Los Angeles to record a Fabian-style love song, "I Specialize In Love," for a small independent record label.

From that point on, acting took a definite back seat to music. His career as a solo singer not really going anywhere, Balin joined a touring folk group, the Town Criers, toward the end of the early 1960s folk era and spent the next

Roger Reissmeyer

David Hakola



Marty Balin



Robin Shulim

Kantner-Balin-Casady Band 6/23/85

several years playing lounges in Reno and other resort towns.

But that, too, quickly grew tiring, Balin recalled, and in 1965 he gave up life on the road in favor of opening a club of his own, the Matrix, back home in San Francisco. At the same time, he teamed up with Paul Kantner — another disgruntled folkie — to form a rock band, the Jefferson Airplane, as the tiny club's house band. The group's debut performance was October 16, and Balin, with help from his lithographer father, designed and printed the first fliers himself.

At its core, the Airplane's music was simply the same sort of electrified folk pioneered by Bob Dylan and explored more fully by the Byrds. But through the use of two lead singers, a man (Balin) and a woman, the group's sound achieved a certain fullness that was lacking in that of other Bay Area bands, and a growing local following soon developed.

Before long, the group had attracted the attention of the various Los Angeles-based record companies, and by the end of 1965 a recording deal had been negotiated with RCA Records. But an auspicious debut, *Jefferson Airplane Takes Off*, failed to make much of a dent on the national charts, and both drummer Skip Spence and singer Signe Anderson, the female counterpart to Balin, left the group shortly thereafter.

But Grace Slick, then with another Bay Area group called the Great Society, was recruited to take Anderson's place at the Airplane's helm. And on the strength of two hit singles showcasing Slick's booming, powerful voice — "White Rabbit" and "Somebody To Love" — the group's second album, *Surrealistic Pillow*, shot all the way to the top of the charts and made the Airplane into one of the country's most popular groups, as well as the leader of the new acid rock movement then just starting out in San Francisco.

Four more albums followed, but the musical alliance built around Slick and Paul Kantner grew increasingly more powerful in setting the

band's musical direction, which was headed toward social protest and away from the simpler love songs Balin preferred to sing and write.

By the end of 1969, Balin's input into the group had diminished to such a degree that on

the group's latest album, *Volunteers*, he was credited with exactly half a song. So within a few months he left the Airplane, and for the next few years immersed himself in a variety of other projects. He sang lead with a group called Bodacious on an album of the same name which was released in 1973 and, around the same period, he produced another Bay Area group called Grootna.

In the fall of 1974, however, Balin patched up his differences with Slick and Kantner, who had disbanded the Airplane a year before, and with them formed the nucleus of a new band to be called the Jefferson Starship. Five years later, however, he found himself in a strikingly similar predicament and left again — this time, though, vowing never to return.

"They're into corporate rock," Balin said of his former band mates. "And corporate rock is one kind of mentality and style that I just wouldn't want to do. Toward the end (of Balin's stay with the group) I'd go to them with hit songs I had written and they would laugh at me and say, 'We know what's best,' just like Val Garay did for my last solo album.

"Today they sound like any other rock band, and that's fine for them — they think they know what sells on the radio. But there's no longer any room for individuality. Grace Slick is always saying she doesn't want to relive the 1960s, but she never sings anything but 'White Rabbit.' "

Note: To date, Paul Kantner has also left the Starship to its own demise. Balin is still looking for a suitable record label. Paul Kantner, Marty Balin and Jack Casady have been performing some West Coast dates together as the Kantner-Balin-Casady Band. Jorma Kaukonen is involved with several solo projects and often performs with an electric band. —ed.

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20 Years So Far

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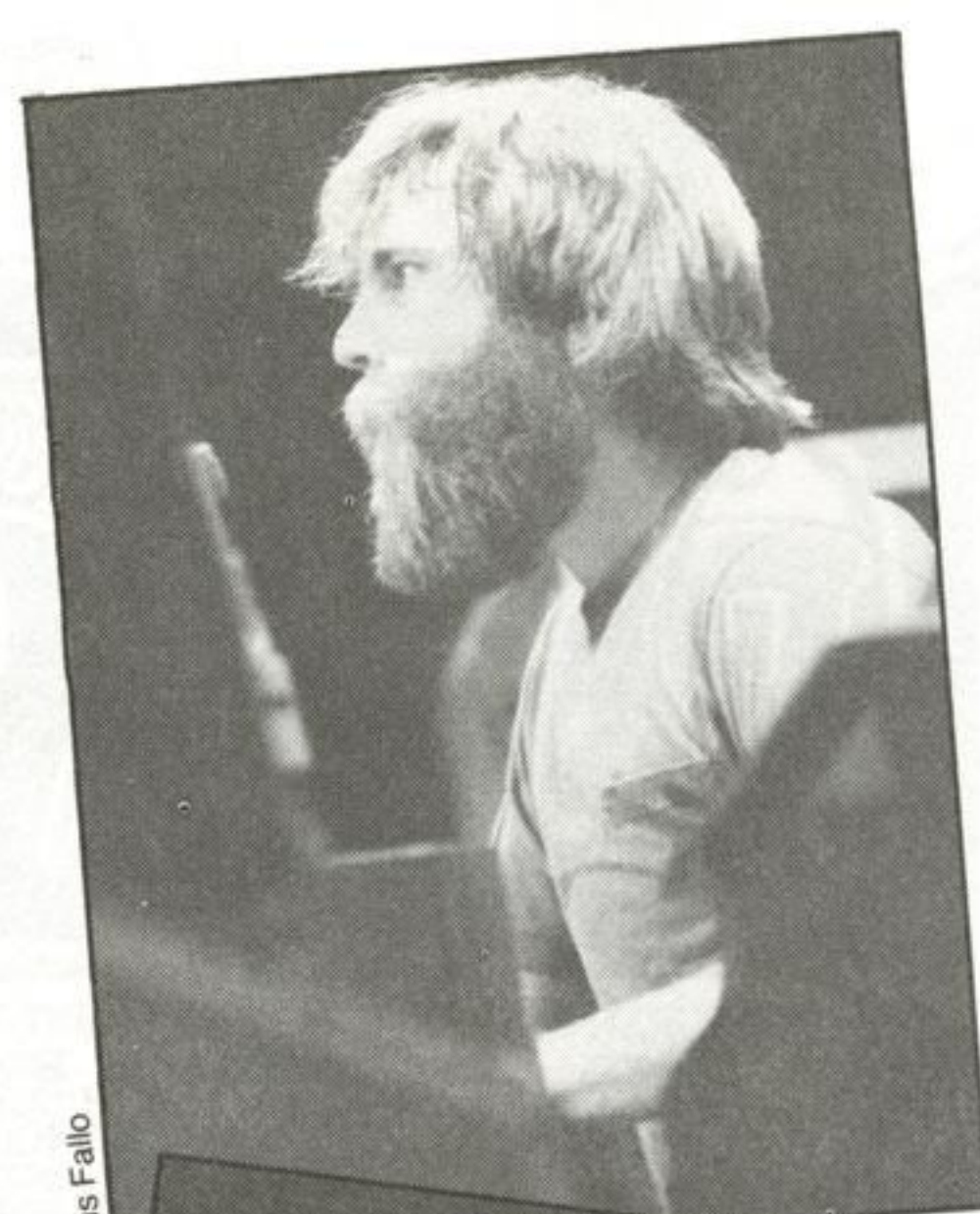
by Chris Forshay

Berkeley's Greek Theatre is probably the best place in America for a Grateful Dead concert. No, wait a minute—the Greek Theatre is probably the best place in America for *three* Grateful Dead concerts. It's not too large and not too small (capacity around 9,000). The stone architecture resonates music, particularly bass and drums, perfectly. A grassy park-like area around the upper rim of the amphitheatre affords a great place to "cool out" and still hear the music, as well as a stunning view of the city.

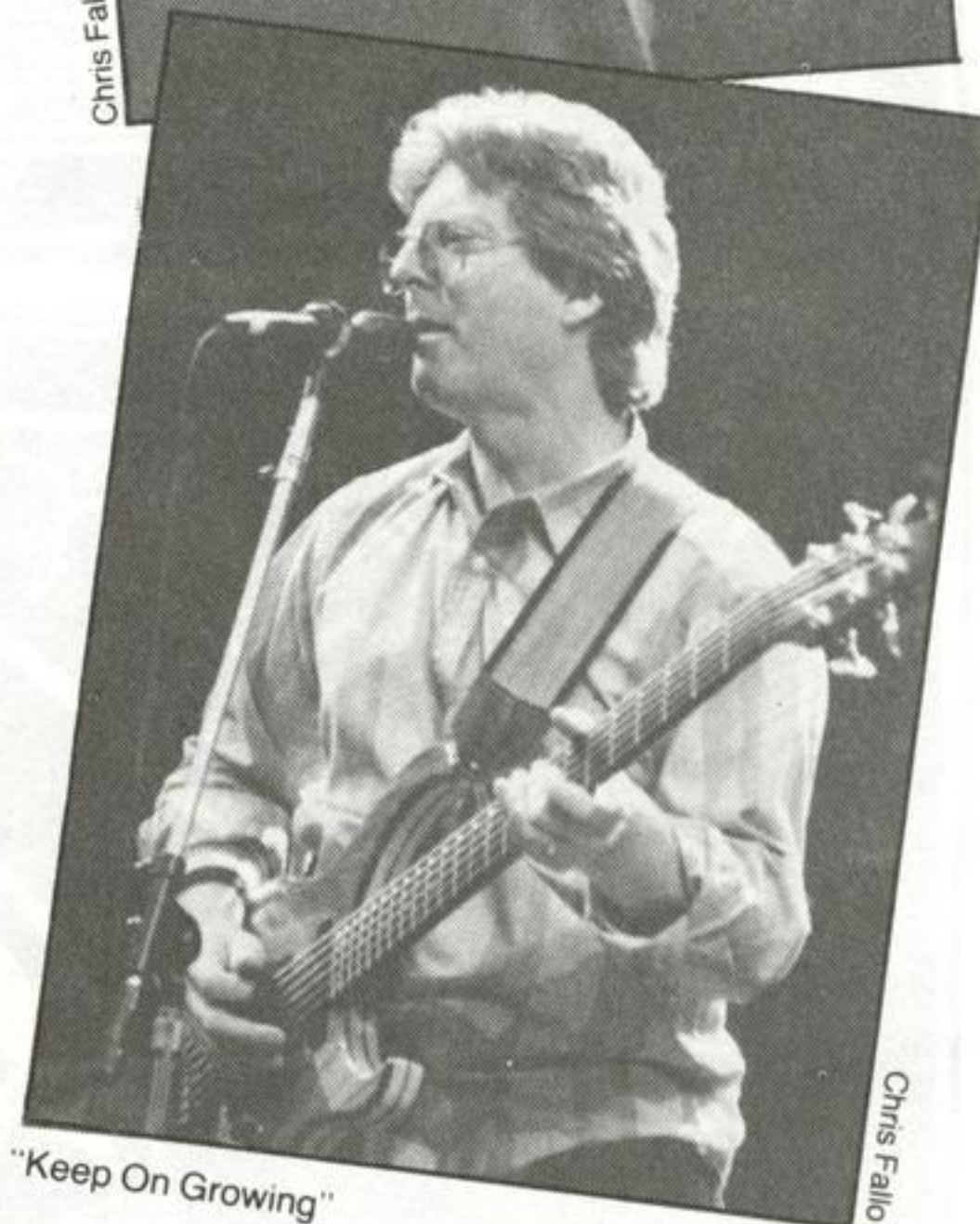
One sign that the Dead hold the Greek in high esteem is the traditional backdrop. Last year's was a rainbow with dancing skeletons; prior years saw huge, elaborate tie-dyes. This year's backdrop was really special—a sky-blue banner featuring a skeleton dressed as an American Revolutionary Minuteman, holding an Alembic electric guitar instead of a musket, in front of an American flag. The inscription: "Grateful Dead Twenty Years So Far." It was

designed by Rick Griffin, and it accompanied the Dead on their subsequent East Coast summer tour.

For the first time in three years, the calendar refused to cooperate with the Dead, or maybe vice versa—the Friday show didn't fall on Friday the 13th. The 14th was close enough, and it was close enough to be, by default, the band's 20th anniversary show. This momentous occasion was acknowledged by the *blasting* of the opening strains of "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" ("It was twenty years ago today . . .") as the Dead took the stage. Apparently, the idea was that the record would cut out right before the lyric "We're Sergeant Pepper's . . ." and the Dead would kick into their opening number. Being the Dead, they kicked into some last-minute and final tuning up instead. When they were ready, they unleashed a fine version of "Dancing in the Streets."



Chris Fallo



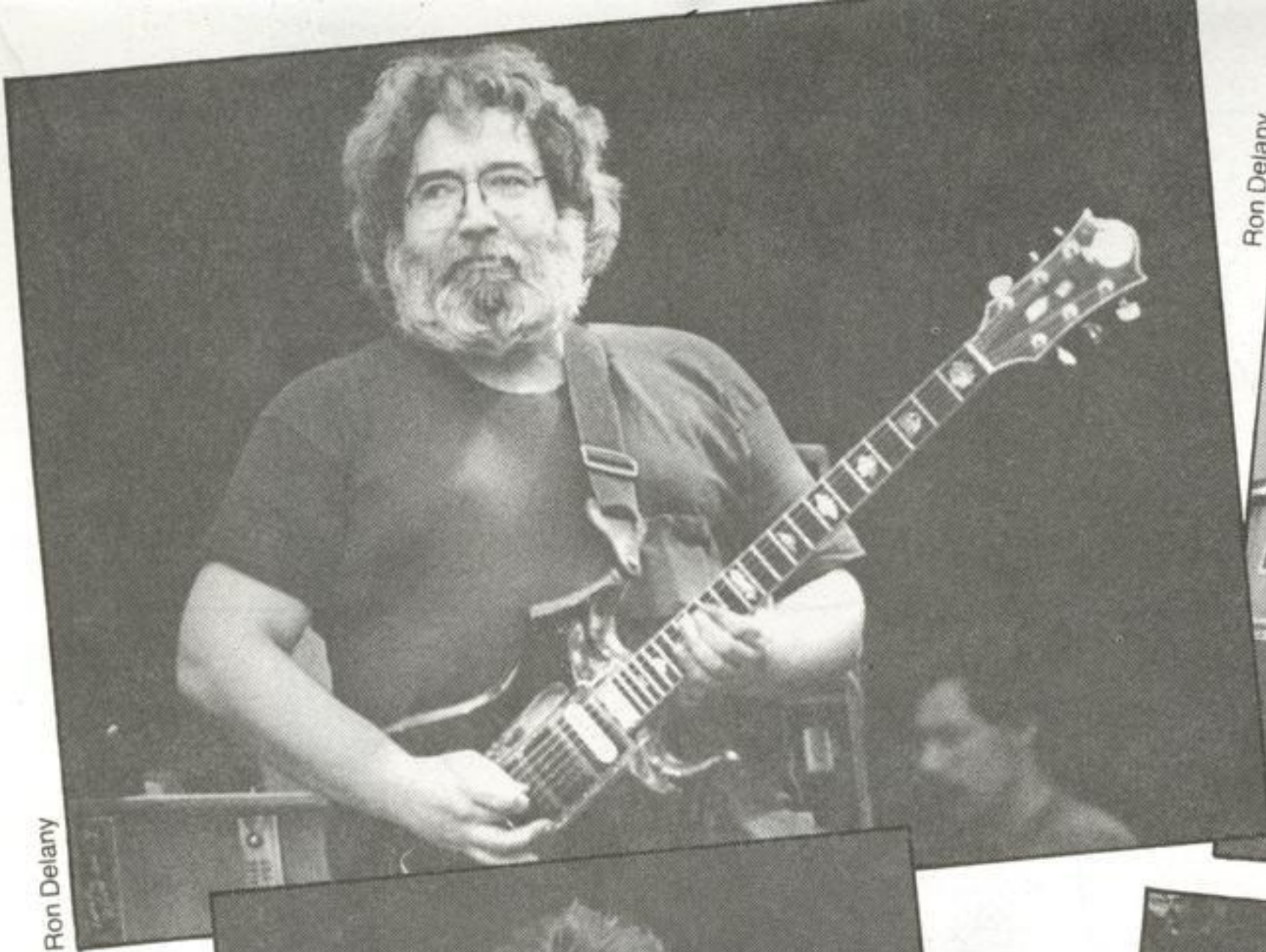
Chris Fallo

"Keep On Growing"

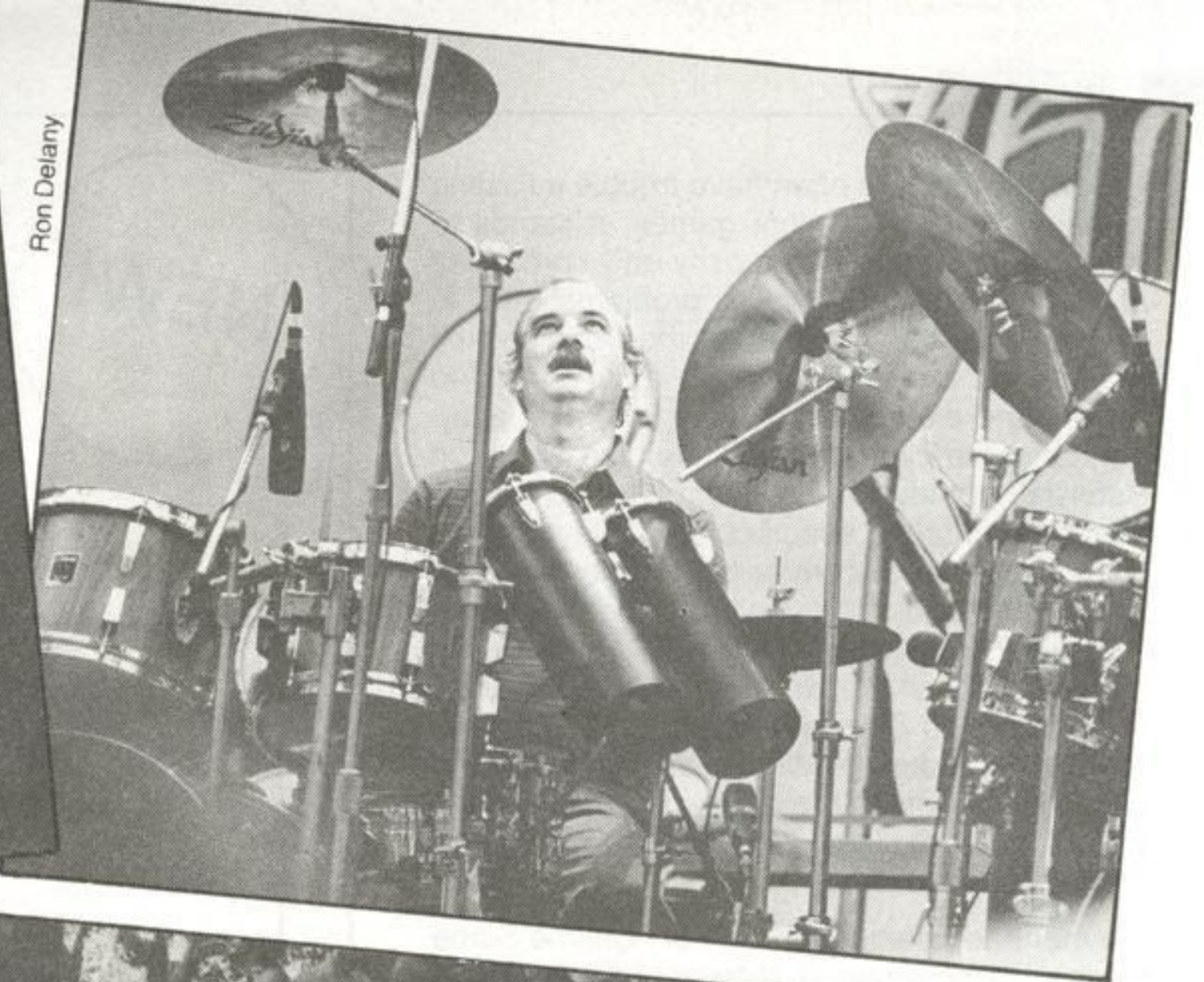
Ron Delany

Perhaps because of the unusual introduction, the sound system acted up early and often. During "C. C. Ryder," the right P.A. column just quit entirely, then it started fading in and out. The effect was disconcerting, especially if you were standing anywhere near the right column. After five songs, 45 minutes and frantic communication (complete with hand signals) between stage and soundboard, Weir announced a break. This was not a good omen—how short can a first set get before it disappears?

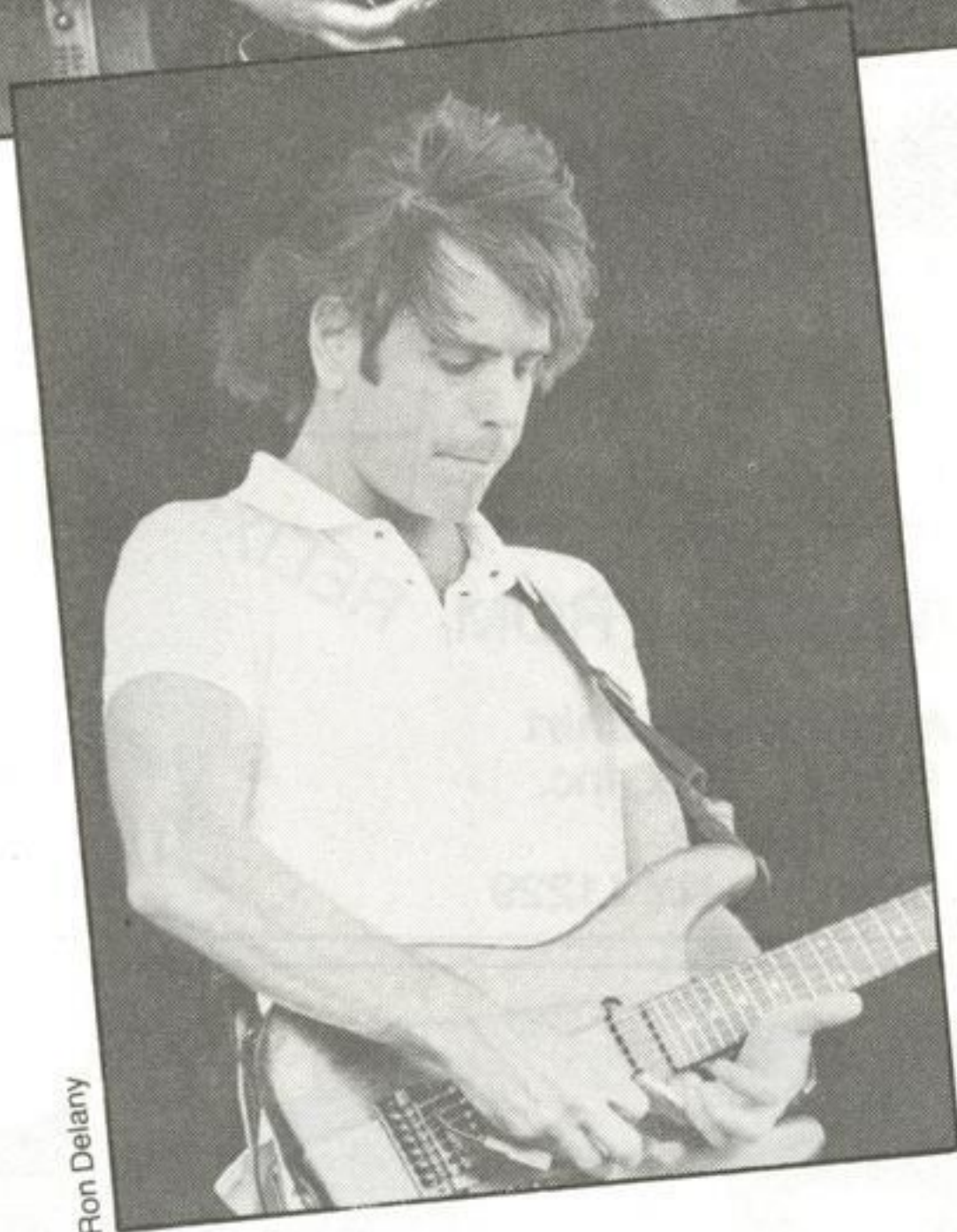
By and by things were solved. It's not every day that you see Dan Healy looking perplexed. The P.A. misbehaved no more for the rest of the weekend. The Dead reappeared and started a completely unfamiliar song. It took a few minutes to realize that it was "Keep on Growin'," from the *Layla* album. Everybody sang, and the Dead fit quite nicely into that Delaney and Bonnie groove that was so popular back in 1971. Garcia revived "Stagger Lee," and it sounded more uptempo than it had in the past. Weir brought up "Let It Grow," no doubt to continue the evening's theme. This particular version made me realize what a diverse composition "Let It Grow" is. The Dead played each section as if they were separate songs, breathing into each movement a life of its own. Their



Ron Delany



Ron Delany



Ron Delany



Ron Delany

sensitive approach to a tune they've played a million times never ceases to amaze me.

Up until this point, the audience wasn't 100% sure what set it was. "Let It Grow" might have been a tip-off, but the band's been known to slip it into the second set now and then. Garcia erased all doubts with a rowdy "Deal"—it was still the first set! The idea of "Deal" going into drums being a bit much, Weir announced "another break" (maybe he said "a real break"). The crowd had a chance to make sense of sets 1 and 1a.

The mood was perfect for the "second" set. The stars were out, the lights were on, and the band was just off-balance enough to be even more open to anything than they ordinarily are. Perhaps that's why Garcia opened the set with "Morning Dew." Aside from a few scattered mumblings of "Fillmore East 1971," no one could recall the last time the Dead opened a second set with it. They've played it sparingly on recent tours, but they always find a place for it at the Greek. The subtle interplay, the dynamics were flawless as the band went from soft to loud and back. You could have heard a pin drop during the quiet passages. Garcia's solo before the final "I guess it doesn't matter anyway" was perfection itself.

After an ovation that was a mix of shock and delight, the Dead settled into "Playin' in the Band." The rest of the show seemed to go by in a blur, with one notable exception: "Comes A

Time," performed for the first time in years. One measure of how long it's been since the Dead last played this tune was that a number of younger Dead Heads were unfamiliar with it. They know it now. It segued perfectly into "Sugar Magnolia," which gave the lighting crew a chance to strut their stuff during "Sunshine Daydream."

The encore was "Day Job," which wouldn't be worth dwelling on were it not for a "new" verse. It's new in the Dead arrangement—Robert Hunter sang it last fall on his acoustic tour with Garcia. For the record, it goes like this: "Papa may drive a Stingray 'vette/Mama may bathe in champagne yet/God bless the child that's got his own stash/A nine to five and a place to crash." This verse is provided as a public service.

Members of Bill Graham's organization passed out hand bills as the audience left the theatre. The handbills featured the Minuteman from the banner, as well as a poem, "Twentieth Anniversary Rag." Although the author is uncredited, it is copyrighted by Ice Nine and Robert Hunter's fingerprints are all over it, poetically speaking. Portions of it echo the cadences of "Uncle John's Band," "Ramble On Rose" and other Dead classics.

20th Anniversary Rag

*Just like Grandma Moses
Just like Auld Lang Syne*

*Play the change, however strange
And get it right this time!*

*It's been a hard haul
20 as the crow flies
When your back's to the wall
Got to play it as it lies*

*Let there be music, dance and the beating
of drum
Drop whatever you're doing and come on
the run
Twenty years later the groove is just
starting to click
It's all variations on some impossible lick*

*Come hear Uncle John's Band
Playing to the years
Come along or go alone
Like an avalanche or a rolling stone*

*Wave that flag!
Wave it while you can
Long as you keep coming
You got a band*

*Thanks for 20 years of being
an audience which is the envy
of every other rock and roll band alive
Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke!*

Write if you get work.

Spare change?

Don't touch that plug!

©1985, Ice Nine Publishing Co., Inc.

Baseball players often have trouble adjusting to day games after night games. It stands to reason that a band that mostly only comes out at night might have similar problems. Add to that the consideration that (a) the Dead cooked really hard on Friday and (b) they wanted to save some energy for Sunday, and it'd be understandable for them to want to take it easy on Saturday. If they were taking it easy, at times it was hard to tell. A spectacular medley of "Lost Sailor"/"St. of Circumstance" (another Weir symphony) and "Terrapin" banished whatever doldrums there may have been. After having remembered all the words to "Touch of Gray" and "Dupree's Diamond Blues" in the first set, Garcia lost it during "Wharf Rat" in the second set. Bobby came to the rescue by mouthing the word "motherfucker," and suddenly Jerry remembered the words.

When the opening bass riff of "Gimme Some Lovin'" came along, a shower of flower petals went up in the vicinity of a "Let Phil Sing" banner that couldn't have been more than 20 feet from the bassist's microphone.

After "Throwin' Stones" came "Not Fade Away," served up a bit differently—it stopped on a dime. For a band that sometimes has trouble starting songs, to be this tight is remarkable. Everyone expected a protracted sing-along, fade-away finale, with Bobby conducting the audience. Instead, the song ended JUST LIKE THAT, and the band ran off the stage. Eventually they returned to perform "She Belongs to Me," but the crowd *still* wasn't satisfied. After an extended bit of coaxing (well, maybe not "coaxing"—hooting, hollering, clapping, stomping), the Dead came back to do "U.S. Blues." In years gone by, Sunday's Greek shows featured second encores, but the energy was right at Saturday twilight this time around. The crowd got what it wanted, and only the most insensitive elements held out for thirds.

Sunday was a beautiful day. Young children were everywhere around the stage. Mickey Hart's son Taro took a crack at his dad's traps, while two young girls battled stage fright after venturing out to retrieve some flowers. They played under the benevolent care of Wavy Gravy (resplendent in a tie-dyed clown costume) and his Camp Winnarainbow people.

The show began with a "Midnight Hour" that was nothing if not LOUD. Phil's bass sounded like he was using fiberglass strings and a graphite pick. Bob pleaded for "inspiration" when it was time for him to gospelize. It came, after some torrid playing by the rest of the band.

The highpoint of the show (and of the year, if you ask me) came in the second set. The guitarists huddled around the drummers, since the first law of rock 'n' roll is that drummers do not make house calls, and held a brief, animated discussion. When it was over, Garcia hit a few oddly familiar tuning riffs. There was a pause, and then . . . "That's It For The Other One," complete and uncut, performed for the first time in over a decade. Despite a bit of trouble at the first transition ("The summer sun . . .") Phil led the band through with authority. When the drum solo arrived, Phil raised an arm as if to say "cut" and hit that signature bass riff. They played the hell out of this one, and I hope it's back to stay. There was even a nice, brief jam tacked on at the end for good measure.

The final song of the set was "Lovelight," with Bob singing lead. Maybe next year they'll bring back "The Eleven" and play A Week at the Greek.

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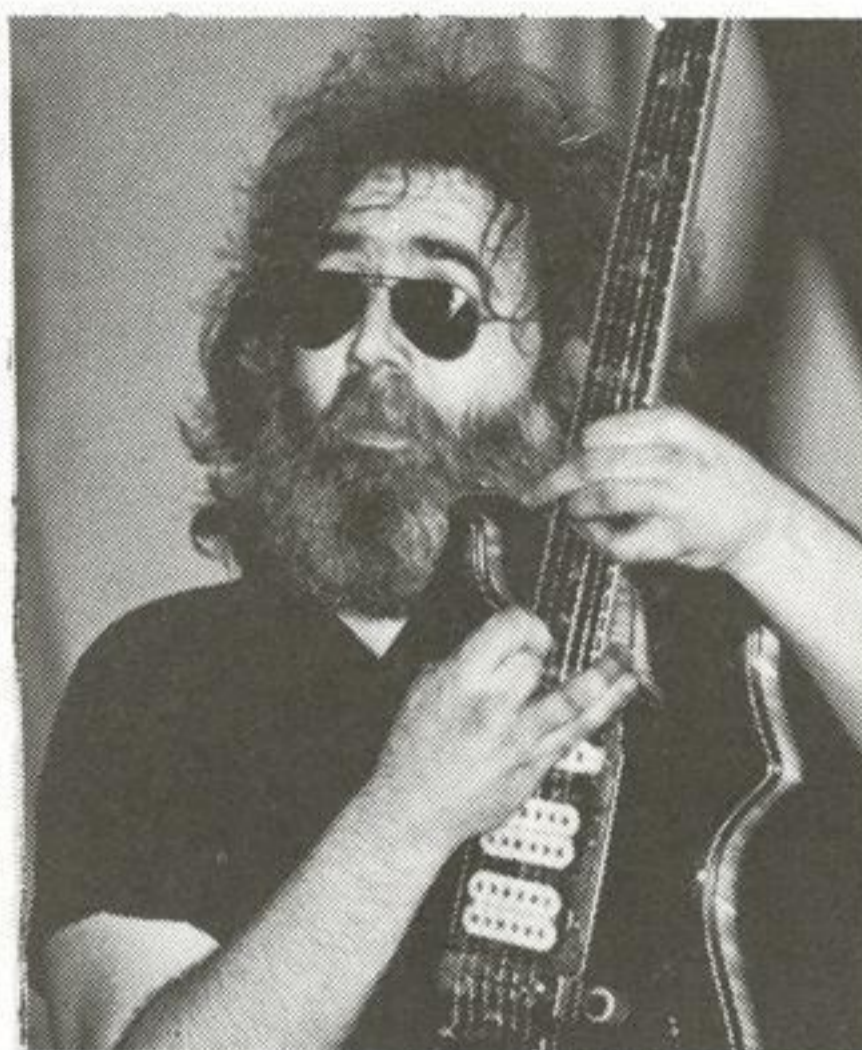
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Dave Patrick

Commander Cody

by Greg Cahill

THE bright noonday sun reflects from George Frayne's sunglasses as he seats himself on an old bench beneath a palm tree in the courtyard of Globe recording studios in Mill Valley, California. Beads of sweat form on his brow as a warm August wind blows wistfully through the nearby palms.

Frayne turns his attention to the large colorful acrylic painting propped nearby against a dilapidated wooden fence. The painting shows a young woman laying in bed, stretching her arms in the early morning light as a huge rooster peers through her window. "This painting just about says it all," Frayne muses. "It's called 'Good Morning America.' It pretty well sums up my music, art, everything."

Dressed in torn, paint-stained blue jeans, faded yellow t-shirt, rubber thongs and mirrored sunglasses, Frayne looks very much like an artist.

But somewhere beneath that bohemian garb beats the heart of a rock 'n' roller.

Frayne is perhaps best known as Commander Cody, a rock musician with a puckish sense of humor and a talent for turning a phrase. His artwork, which can best be described as Pop Americana, displays that same facetious wit heard on such Commander Cody classics as "Two Triple Cheese (Side Order of Fries)" and "Lost in the Ozone."

Though some critics have had difficulty trying to classify him as George Frayne the artist and George Frayne the musician, Frayne says his art and music are just two sides of the same coin.

"I'm an artist with an artist's temperament — no matter what category you put that into," he says. "Sometimes I just feel like I've got to rock 'n' roll. Sometimes I feel like I can't rock 'n' roll for another second, 'Where's my paintbrush?'"

"The next second it's, 'If I see another paintbrush, I'm going to commit seppuku.' I call it the Van Gogh complex; if you're an artist and don't feel like messing around with yourself, you're not really an artist."

Frayne now lives in Stinson Beach, Calif. with his wife Dr. Sarah Rice, a veterinarian who owns the Mendocino Animal Hospital. When not at home or in the recording studio, Frayne divides his time between painting at his Ukiah art studio on the Northern California coast and touring with members of his backup band, the Moonlighters.

Frayne now spends about four months a year on the road — mostly on the "Commander Cody Circuit" extending from Colorado to Texas and from Los Angeles to British Columbia. On the East Coast that circuit follows Route 80 from Chicago up into Boston.

Frayne finds his abridged tour schedule considerably easier than the 300 days he spent

on the road during 1975, a grueling pace that he says contributed to the breakup of his Lost Planet Airmen band. "I love to go on the road for a month and wipe myself out, come back, lay around the beach, paint and rejuvenate myself and then go back out again. 'Cause that road is nuts! You've got to be Superman or real young to do it," says the 40-year-old Frayne.

But while he may have curtailed his touring schedule, Frayne has no plans to retire from the traveling life. In fact, you could say he was born with a wanderlust running through his veins. Frayne was born in Boise, Idaho aboard a train bound for New York City where his father, an illustrator, was traveling for a job. His mother was also a painter.

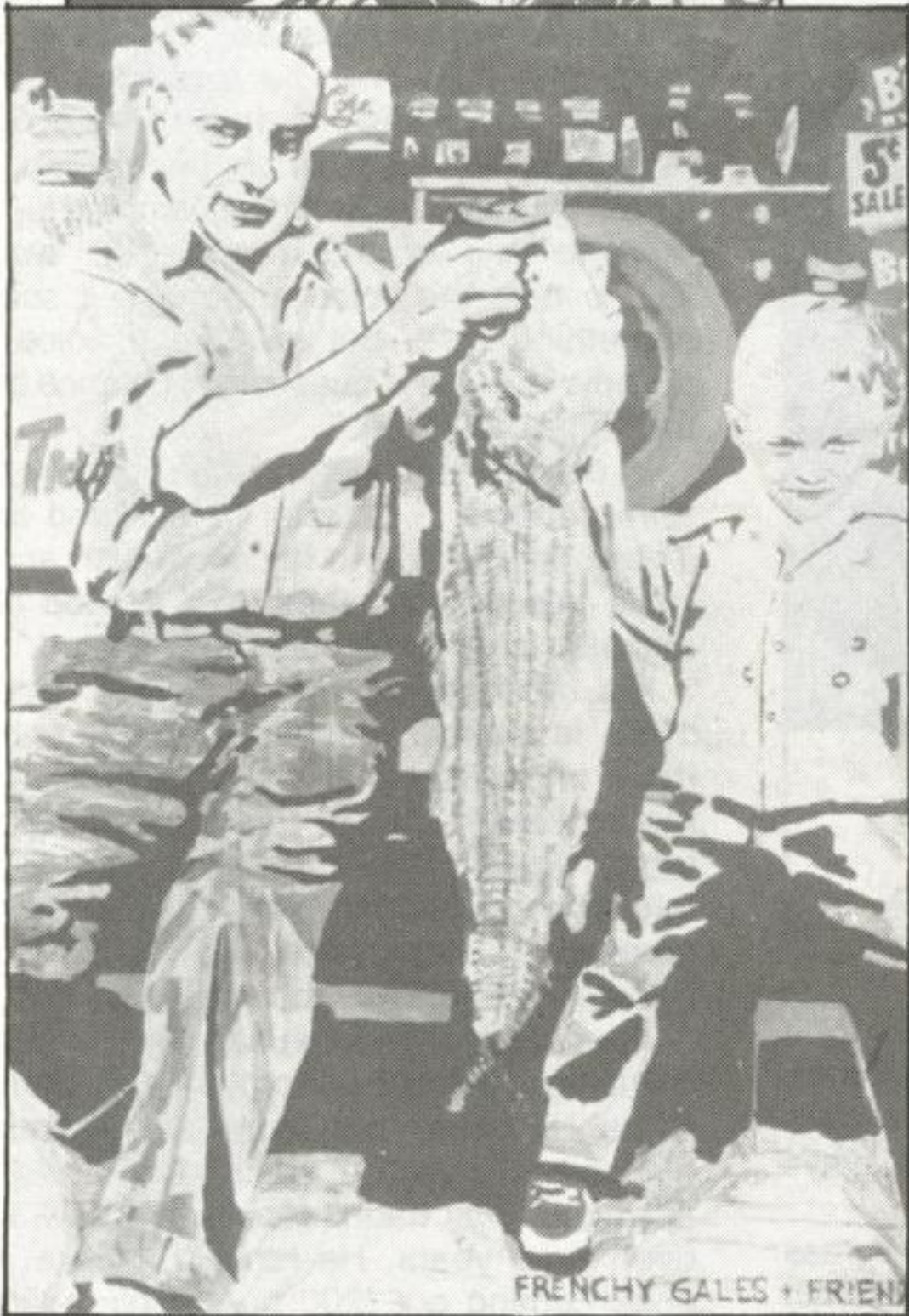
"When I was a little boy my father gave me a paint brush and said, 'Don't ever say there is nothing to do. Here's a pen, pencil, paper and brush. Now do it!'"

Frayne eventually enrolled at the University of Michigan, initially on a track scholarship, where he earned a master of fine arts degree for painting and sculpture. He taught art at Wisconsin State University for a short time before moving in 1969 to the Bay Area to pursue an interest in music.

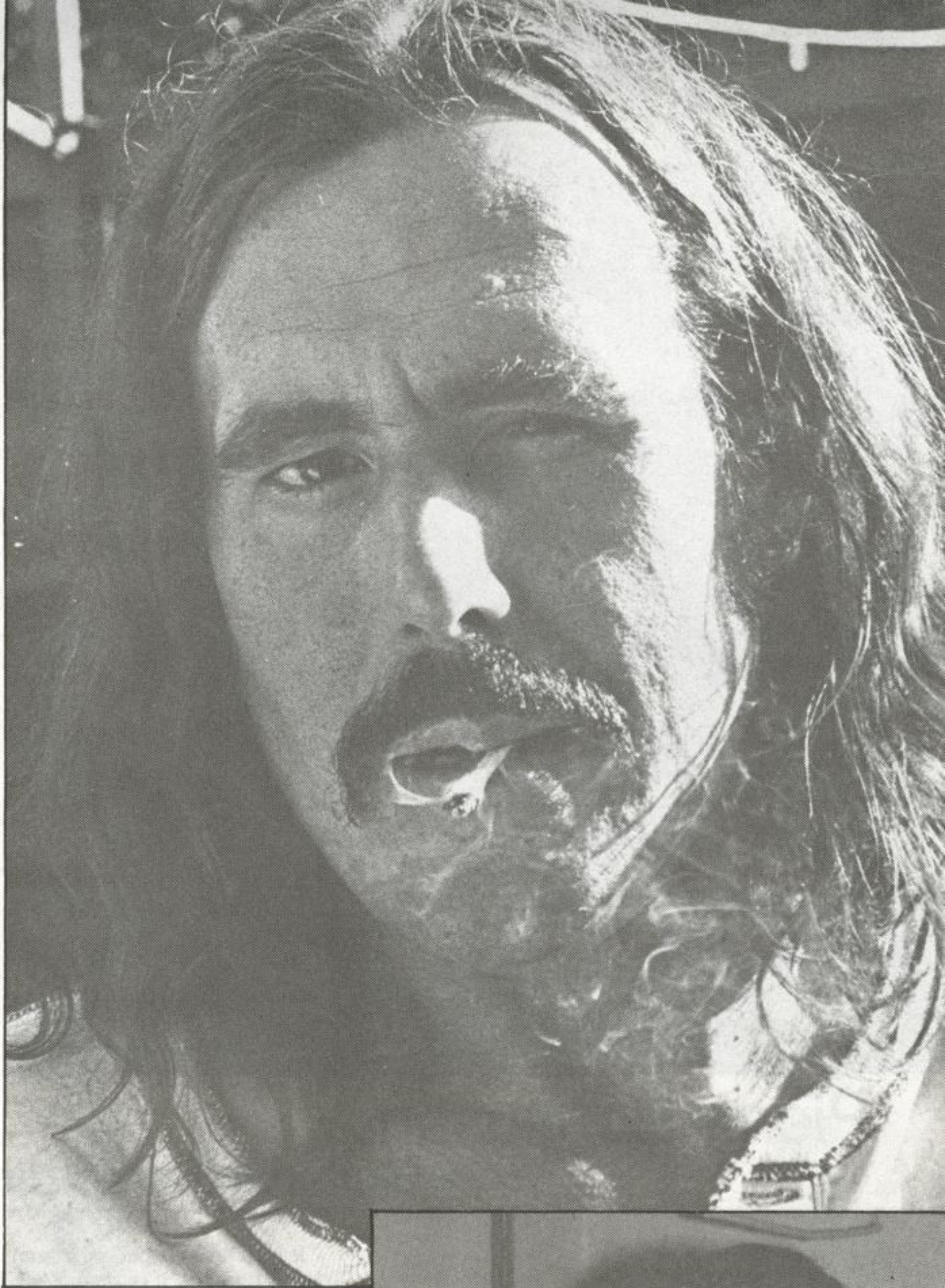
He abandoned his painting career shortly after arriving in Berkeley because he couldn't find work. "We didn't even have enough money to get on food stamps," he recalls. "We had to



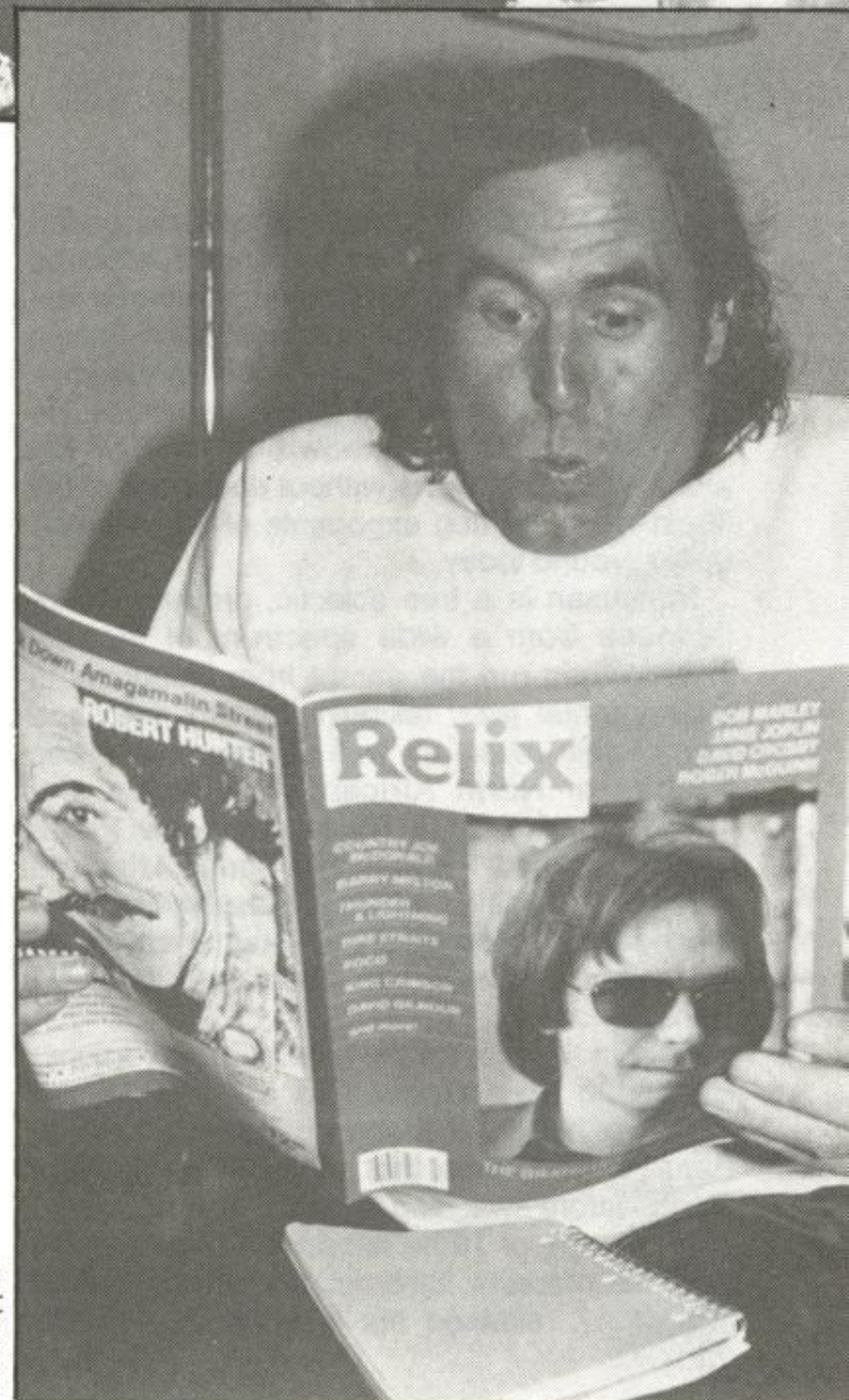
L. D. Kippel



FRENCHY GALES + FRIEND



Bob Minkin



L. D. Kippel

go around to the Berkeley French restaurants and steal potato peels — that's no joke!

"That lasted for three months and then we got on welfare. Once we were on welfare it was O.K. because we got \$125 worth of food stamps for 20 bucks and that helped us survive. But buying paint was out of the question."

It wasn't until 1974 and the tremendous success of his record "Hot Rod Lincoln" that Frayne resumed his painting. "I moved to Stinson Beach that year and I've been painting ever since," he says.

Frayne credits his wife Sarah, whom he married in 1976, with renewing his enthusiasm for painting. "She's actively supporting my art and wants to see it get back to the level it was when I was winning awards in the '60s," he says.

The inclusion of his artwork in the 1977 book "Star Art" and its accompanying tour gave Frayne a further boost. "That sort of brought me back," he says. "Star Art" also featured work by Joni Mitchell, the Rolling Stones' Ron Wood and Captain Beefheart.

Since then, Frayne's paintings have been shown at the Vorpel galleries in New York and

San Francisco, Star Art gallery in Los Angeles, Gallery 409 in Baltimore and around the Bay Area.

"My wife built me a real legitimate studio in Ukiah and since then I've been cranking them out," Frayne says of his paintings. "I'm also doing quite well at selling them now." His paintings bring up to \$1500. His favorite subjects are machines — he'll paint a portrait of your car for \$250-\$300 — and "especially anything that represents Americana."

"I have one painting called "Made in America" which is six-feet-square showing a big Buick up on a lift with a mechanic showing the fella where his muffler fell off," he says enthusiastically. "Americana — that's my whole bag!"

Frayne also has bartered for services with his paintings and has given a number of them away over the years to friends "who had faith in my future."

"A lot of people think I'm going to be like Van Gogh — that as soon as I die my paintings will be worth a lot of money," he says. Then he adds with a wry grin, "And for their sake, I hope that they are right."



Pierre Bensusan —Guitarist Extraordinaire

by Mick Skidmore

There are only a handful of acoustic guitarists that can truly hold an audience spellbound with their solo performances. Obvious examples include Jorma Kaukonen, John Fahey, Leo Kottke, Larry Coryell and John Renbourn.

Another is 28 year old Pierre Bensusan. He may not be as well-known as any of the aforementioned, but is without doubt one of the finest most exciting exponents of the acoustic guitar around today.

Bensusan is a true eclectic, drawing his influences from a wide spectrum of musical styles. They run the gamut from bluegrass to experimental jazz, taking in British, Irish and French folk music as well as the more exotic sounds of North African, Argentinian and Turkish music. In a recent interview Pierre proudly claimed "I love music, period. I have no categories in mind," which is a statement that is more than backed up if you listen to any of his four albums (five if you count the "Best of" *Compilations*.)

Born in Algeria, (at the time a French colony) Bensusan was exposed to a lot of African music, although at a young age he moved to Paris. It was there that he took up classical piano, before switching to guitar.

At the age of 16 he left school to pursue his musical interests full-time, and at the tender age of 17 released his first album *Pres De Paris*.

It was an exceptional album, especially for a debut attempt. It is a very folk oriented record, which highlights his unusual style of playing. He uses a steel strung acoustic guitar, but plays with classical guitar fingerings.

One of the many highlights is the bluegrass "Sunday's Hornpipe," on which he duets with banjo wizard Bill Keith. Keith and his partner Jim Rooney are surprisingly quite popular in France. In fact, Bensusan did a stint with the duo as a mandolin player, and was greatly influenced by Keith's banjo playing.

Pre De Paris also reflects some of Bensusan's other influences which he listed as "People like John Renbourn and Bert Jansch from Pentangle, Martin Carthy, Ry Cooder, Doc Watson, Larry Coryell, Django Rheindhart, and Jimi Hendrix," adding that "I have been listening to these guys, but I have never really sat down and tried to work out what they are doing." That is more than evident from listening to Bensusan play, as the man has a really unique style. He takes all the various influences and molds them into something different, something immediately recognizable as his own. His aim being to create "impresssionistic waves of sounds, feelings and atmospheres."

His second album recorded in 1977 was simply titled *Bensusan 2*. It was an extension of the first, fusing folk ballads with imaginative instrumentals. Highlights this time were the lively Irish reels "The Pure Drop" and "The Flax in the Loom," as well as the more complex "La Danse Due Capricorne 2 or A Day at the Jurg Pompidor Center." On the latter, he experi-

ments with backing musicians (as he did on several other songs on the album.)

As good as the first two albums were, the third *Musiques*, was even better. *Musiques* is a solo album that features just the guitar vocals and mandolin of Bensusan. It contains some of his finest playing, and is as good a place as any to start listening to this fine performer if you are otherwise unfamiliar with his work.

His musical vocabulary had by this time expanded beyond all belief, ranging from "Heman Dubh," a Scottish worksong to "Hekimoglu," a Turkish ballad, as well as a stunning excerpt from the classical Handel's "Water Music."

Even though Bensusan had recorded in both French and English he began to use wordless scat vocals, which really enhance some of the songs, giving them an extra dimension. In concert he jokes "that whenever I write words, I keep forgetting them" and often refers to the wordless vocals as "my international language." However, he explained it more by saying "In a way it is (an international language). If I were singing in French, people would wonder what I was singing...It's not there to take too much notice of. I would just like to take the voice and make it sound like something else, but still like a voice—not a parody. It is just a question of balance between the vocal and guitar."

In concert Bensusan uses a battery of electronic effects like digital delays and flangers. These enable him to lay down lush arpeggio's while improvising leads over the top of them, and also to do vocal duets with himself.

His most recent album, *Solilai*, released in 1982, is another masterpiece. It finds him in a more improvisational mood, with many of the pieces having middle Eastern and jazzy overtones. Again Bensusan used saxes, flutes and this time, Hungarian pipes. He himself added some bass, percussion and electric guitar on several numbers for "the mood."

After watching Bensusan give a truly mesmerizing, sold-out performance in Cambridge, Mass. I sat down with him to see if I could bring his career activities up to date. I started by asking why he hadn't recorded a new album in over three years. He replied "I have a guitar book coming out (200 pages long) with 30 of my tunes transcribed for tab and musical notation, plus theory and technique, and there are lots of small details; Drawings, picture engravings, photographs, poetry and recipes! It is almost complete now. So, I haven't recorded because I have been concentrating on the book so much." I commented that he must have a lot of material to record and he confirmed this. "Yes, I do have a lot of material, but I guess I am going to wait a little longer until the book is in print and out of my mind. Orchestrations are my next step. I have already started. I wrote an orchestration for "Peninsula" (a complex instrumental with Morrocan influences, which was the highlight of his show.) It is for tenor and soprano saxophones, alto clarinet, flutes, bass, keyboards, percussions, vocals and guitars. It was very exciting for me because it was my first orchestration."

Do yourself a favor and take a tangent and give Pierre Bensusan's music a listen. I am sure you won't be disappointed. All of his albums are available through Rounder Records (with the exception of *Compilations*, which is an import.) His live shows are really something else. He really creates a special ambiance with his music, warm affable personality and sense of humor.



Ron Delany

A Dead Head's Guide to Fashion by Barbara Wunder Black

It never fails. In fact, I've come to expect it. Invariably, when the print and electronic media report on the atmosphere of a Grateful Dead concert, they are quick to generalize about a "'60s time warp" and "lost battalion of hippies." It's as though some of these reporters could be convinced that the concert-goers, with the collective anachronistic moniker of "Dead Heads," were beamed down from the starship Deaderprise for the occasion, only to be whisked, after the show, back into another galaxy where it is perennially 1967. (Well, okay, maybe just *half* the Dead Heads arrive that way.)

And how are such conclusions reached? It's the clothing, the raiments, the resplendent costumes of the creative renegade "misfits" who populate the battalions.

The so-called "youth culture" of 1960s America bounded and exploded with a vibrant, energetic creativity that influenced both popular music and fashion in a profound way. The vast baby-boom generation, in their quest for an individualsitic identity in their rebellion against straight society (The Establishment) adopted their own dress code, or lack of one, as it were. The prevailing attitude was "anything goes."

The result was a heady sense of freedom to indulge one's fantasies; to experiment, to express—to change one's facade and persona at whim: A gypsy today, a cowboy tomorrow, an Indian next week. Sgt. Pepper, Maid Marian, Jesse James, Sitting Bull—take your pick. It was a time to wave your "freak flag high" and wave it proudly.

Then a funny thing happened in the disco '70s and the new wave '80s. The fashion trends swung back to a more conformist mode as society in general became more conservative.

(The punk movement being the exception.) Suddenly hippies became a stereotype and objects of derision, like Rip Van Winkle-types who hadn't yet caught on that their time had passed. The flower children had wilted. The Age of Aquarius had become the Age of Calvin Klein.

But another funny thing was happening at the same time. An underground movement was ritualistically meeting, keeping the faith and the fashions alive. Like an ancient tribe, the clans passed on traditions such as tie-dyeing and jewelry making to "the new ones coming as the old ones go."

Why? Why do they/we dress that way? Because (A) it fits the historical/cultural/musical scene that the Dead evoke; (B) it's just a whole lot of fun to dress up; (C) it's cheap; (D) all of the above; and (E) who knows and who cares?

If you picked (E), read no further. If you picked (A) through (D), you are probably right. Remember, you are not being graded on this.

How to go about pursuing authentic styles? Just go to any Dead show and observe, watch the movie "Woodstock," or go up in the attic and dust off those old *Life* magazines. There are some books with beautiful color photographs that came out of the "golden era," but they are unfortunately currently out of print. (See booklist below.) Check your local library; they may have some titles in the Needlework/Crafts/Clothing Decoration section.

Where do you go when you know what you want? Vintage clothing shops, thrift stores, import shops, fabric stores, swap meets, Dead shows, and probably the cheapest and most interesting place—garage sales. I love the unpredictability of what I will find for sale strewn on someone's lawn. Recently I've seen brass

peace symbol belt buckles and red, white and blue suede fringed vests, which means Mom has finally gotten around to cleaning out the closet in the spare bedroom.

Check the artists supply stores for cold water dyes for tie-dyeing and for day-glo poster paint, and look to costume and novelty shops for face paint. (You may get older, but you can refuse to grow up.)

Part of the unique appeal of the Grateful Dead is the integral, reciprocal relationship between the band and the audience. (As someone once said, "We have seen the Dead and they are us.") Dressing the part to make the scene is also integral to helping make the whole greater than the sum of its parts—it's all part of the ritual; of the traditional celebrations as handed down by the elders.

"So take off your shoes, child, and take off your hat. Try on your wings and find out where it's at."

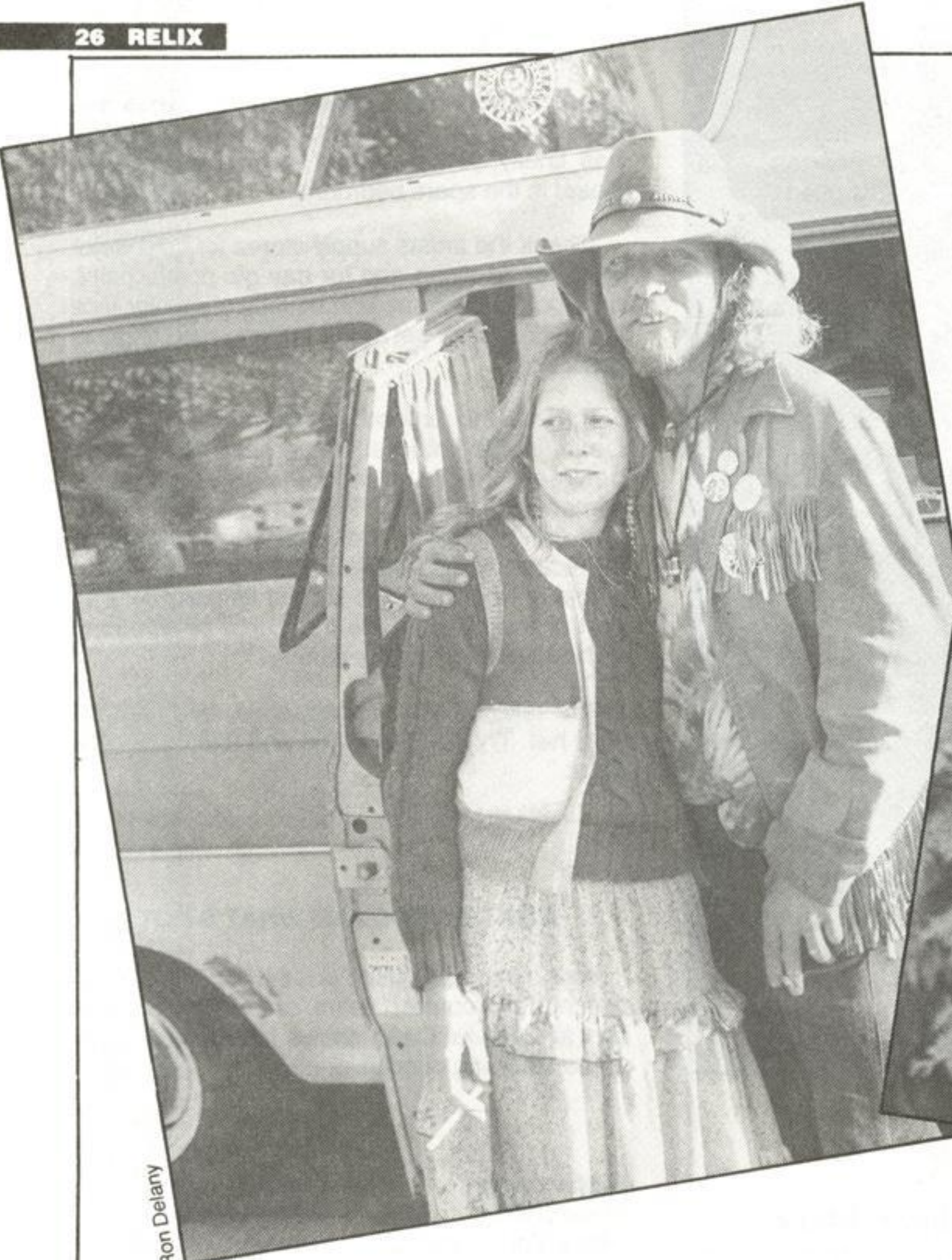
WHAT'S COOL AND WHAT'S NOT

Well, *almost* anything goes when it comes to psychedelic coudre. Years of careful observation at Grateful Dead shows have brought me to the following conclusions:

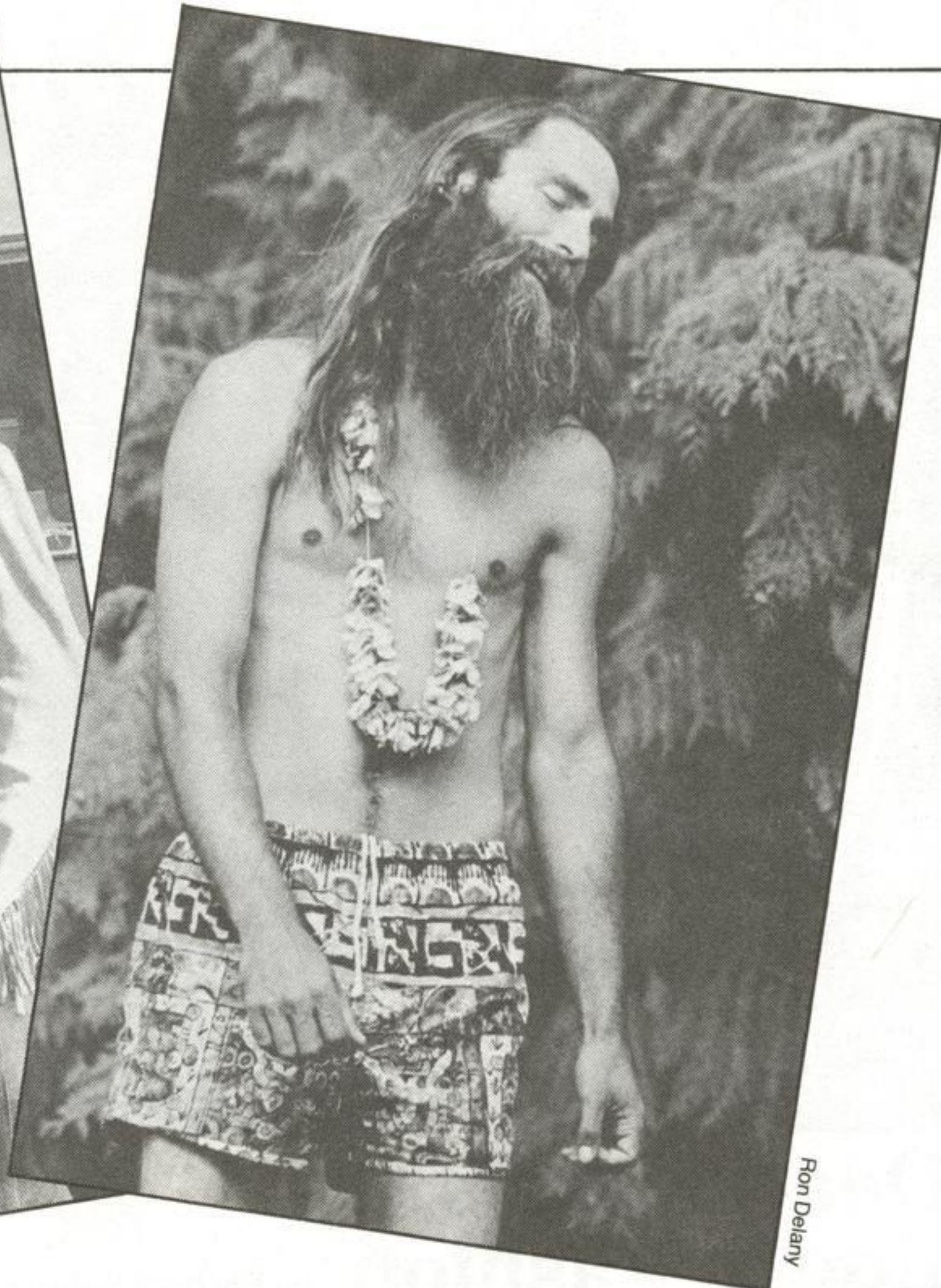
COOL	UNCOOL
Purple paisley	Pink polyester
Birkenstocks	Golf Shoes
"Steal Your Face" pin	"Rotary Club" pin
Dreadlocks	Foam curlers
A Mexican poncho	A Sears poncho
Tie-dyes	Neck ties
Grateful Dead T-shirts	Barry Manilow T-shirts
Anything from India	Anything from K-Mart



Courtesy Charlotte's Original Dye Works



Ron Delany



Ron Delany

For further reading:

Rags: Making a Little Something out of Almost Nothing; Linda and Stella Allison.
American Denim, A New Folk Art; Peter Beagle.
Peasant Chic: A Guide to Making Unique Clothing Using Traditional Folk Designs; Esther R. Holderness.
Native Funk and Flash: An Emerging Folk Art; Alexandra Jacopetti.
Creating Body Coverings; Jean Ray Laury and Joyce Aiken
Contemporary Batik and Tie-Dye; Cona Z. Meilach.

Cheap Chic and Cheap Chic Update; Catherine Milinaire and Carol Troy.
The Illustrated Hassle-Free Make Your Own Clothes Book; Sharon Rosenberg and Joan Wiener.
Sunset Ideas for Clothing Decoration; the editors of Sunset Books.

Barbara Wunder Black is a former costume designer who was once a seamstress for several head shops in the late '60s. One of her creations, a decorated denim jeans skirt, was part of a museum exhibit on American Folk Art several years ago.

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Robert Duffy

Greek Theatre—1982

THE HOW-TO AND HISTORY OF TIE-DYE

by Scott Allen

WHEN asked about the types of things he receives from Deadheads, Jerry says, "Wonderful things! I mean everything, from original artwork to letters from Ph. D.s and astrophysicists. We got a really incredible stained glass window of *Blues for Allah*, it's an impressive thing. There are lots of things. . . not only derived from album artwork, but original visions somehow inspired or motivated by their relationship to the Grateful Dead. (It's) a way to focus (one's self); the range is incredible, from tapestries (to) fine arts."

Textile decoration is that branch of the creative arts which embraces any method of applying color or design to a fabric. Designs and motifs applied to fabrics have been uncovered since the earliest periods in the development of our craftsmanship.

Tie-dye and batik are two of the more common textile decorations, both rich in custom



and history and the two arts most closely associated with the Grateful Dead environment and tradition. There appears to be little doubt that these arts had their origin in China, India and Africa, but precisely when is argued.

Undoubtedly, historians concur, tie-dye was conceived in Central India or on the island of Bali (where it is still practiced) and subsequently introduced to the Orient. Its roots in Africa are traced to the Sudan and Morocco; tie-dye came to America as knowledge of the process spread from Peru into Mexico and then the southwestern United States.

Cloth fragments of tie-dyed design have been found dating back 5,000 years; most textile decoration methods, including tie-dye, have been known and practiced for centuries in the villages of India, especially in small centers close to large cities. As in all traditional folk art, the degree of technical skills remains amazing in these cities, having resisted the breaking down of established traditions and the loss of indigenous design quality often brought on by industrialization.

In essence, tie-dyeing is the process of tying certain portions of fabric with thread, string or cord prior to dyeing it. After dyeing, the ties are removed, disclosing un-dyed areas in the form



Brian Gold

Phil—Watsonville 1983

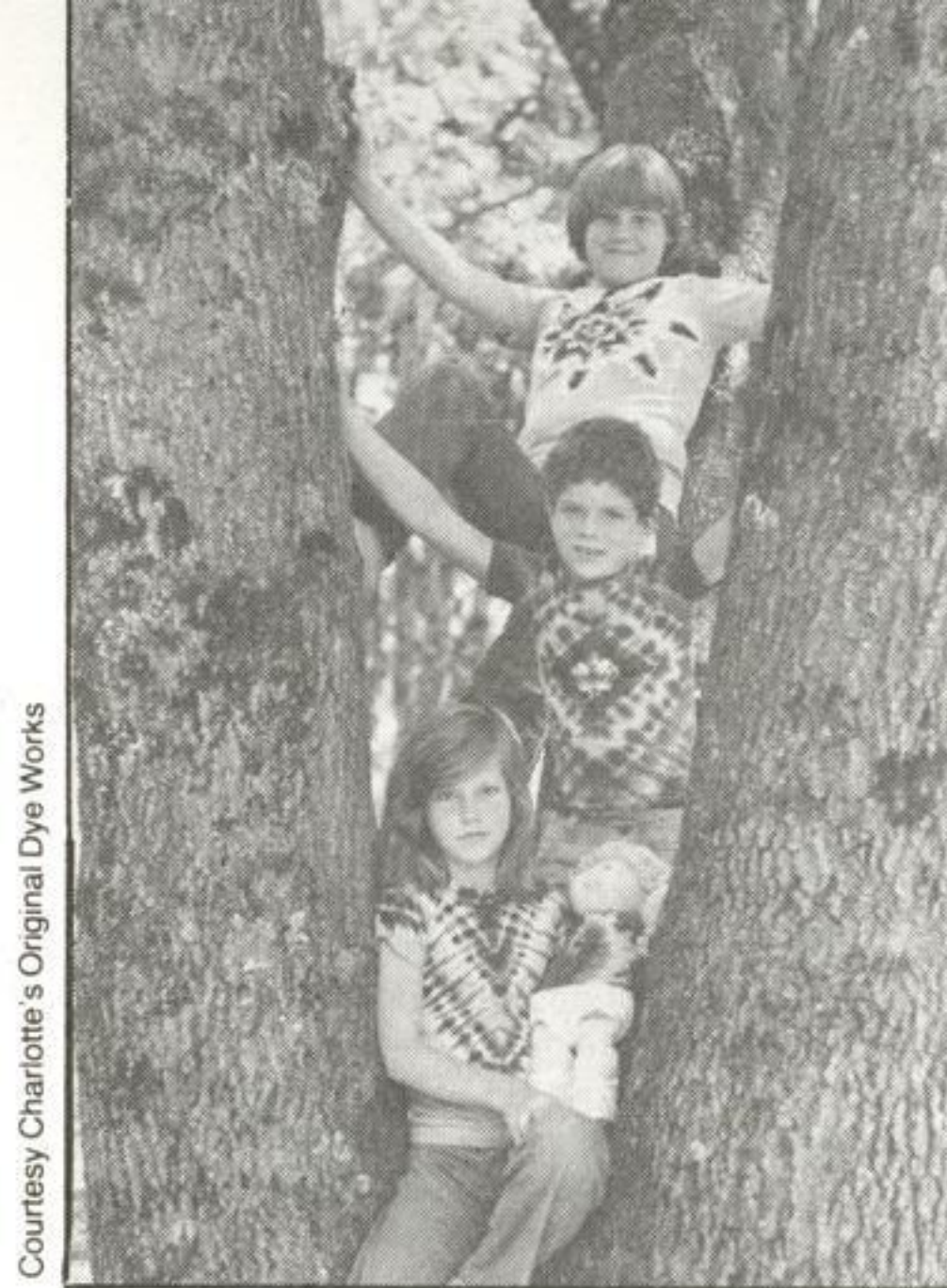
of patterns resulting from the ties.

The actual technique of tie-dyeing is simple and flexible. Three general varieties of tie-dye patterns are the rosette, the broad stripe and the fine repeat.

The rosette pattern is created by tying two or more bands, about $\frac{3}{4}$ " to one inch apart, around a portion of cloth gathered from the center. The resulting pattern after tie-dyeing and removal of the ties resembles a "bullseye." The broad stripe is developed by rolling the fabric and then tying bands tightly in those areas which are to resist the dye, resulting in un-dyed horizontal stripes. Variations on this design can be made by folding the fabric in a "flip-flopped" manner, making an "accordion-like" fold. The fine repeat pattern is created by tying several variations of the rosette pattern, altering the desired tie-dye effect by the number, spacing and size of the ties used. Bold patterns are created by using heavy twine or cord and tying large areas of the fabric.

The dye should be prepared according to the manufacturer's directions. Most common commercial dyes need to be heated but few require a mordant, or "fixative," the chemical

Charlotte's Original Dye Works, 13316 Banner Lava Cap Rd., Nevada City, CA 95959



Courtesy Charlotte's Original Dye Works

substance which when combined with a dye produces a fixed color onto the fabric; when a fixative is required, table salt (4 tablespoons) or vinegar (usually for wool) will most likely need to be added.

Commercial dyes like RIT Dye (a hot-water dye requiring no fixative) or Dylon (a cold-water dye with a fixative) need to be soaked for about an hour, regardless of being a hot-water or cold-water dye. Most dyes are flexible as to how long a fabric needs to be submerged, and varying dyeing times can result in tints but be careful because some dyes will be colorfast only when dyed for the time specified by the directions.

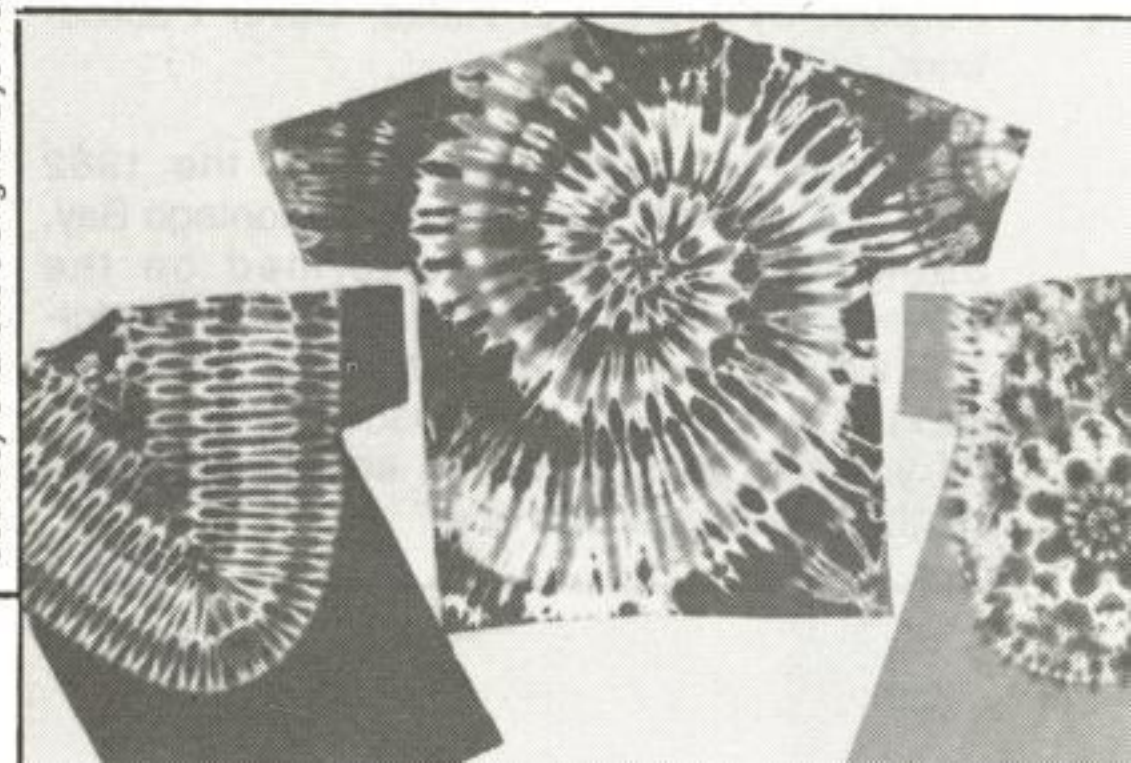
The dye should be mixed in a non-corrosive vessel such as glass or stainless steel. After the dyeing is completed, the fabric should be rinsed in cold water until no dye bleeds from the material. The ties are then removed, and the fabric is dried. Do not dry dyed fabrics in the sun, which will cause colors to fade; hang the material on a hanger in a warm, dry atmosphere. Once dried, the fabric should then be washed in warm water with a mild soap and pressed while damp.

Planning is important in tie-dyeing, so that patterns fall within specific areas and the colors create the harmony desired.

During the Dead's Summer 1985 tour, tie-dyed shirts were sold as part of the band's official merchandise inside shows at Saratoga Springs, N.Y., and Columbia, Maryland. According to a cardboard sign at the Maryland concerts, the shirts were made by the Tie Dye Co. of Hensonville, N.Y. (southwest of Albany).

Batik, like tie-dye, is also a resist-dye process. Certain design areas of a material are covered with a substance (not cord or other ties) which will resist dyeing; after the fabric has been dyed, the resist substance is removed, leaving the color of the material showing

Courtesy Charlotte's Original Dye Works



through. The un-dyed or un-colored area is then intricately hand-designed, either by free-hand work or through a stencil.

The resist substance is a mixture of beeswax and paraffin (used to make candles) and can only be used with cold or warm-water dyes so not to melt the wax. The fabric can not be dyed until the wax has hardened; after the dyed-material has dried, it is placed between sheets of heavy paper and hot-ironed to remove the wax.

Batik-designed ankle-length skirts are popularly worn by gals at Dead concerts and tapestries often decorating Deadheads' homes are of a batik design.

The word "batik" is Indonesian in origin, but the concept itself was probably first devised either by the Egyptians or, according to some historians, in India.

In the fourth century B.C., the Greeks invaded India and returned with many textiles, indicating an already well-established tradition in weaving and cloth-painting and dyeing. With the increased migration of people and expanding trade routes of this time, knowledge of wax-resist dyeing spread throughout Asia.

In about 300 or 400 A.D. Indian traders and merchants introduced the technique to Indonesia, where batik was developed in a unique manner, and to a very high degree of art and excellence, maintained today.

Since the textile arts were of such great importance to the people of Indonesia, their batiks offer an unusually complete and unbroken tradition that can be traced for centuries.

Batik was soon perfected on the volcanic island of Java, an Indonesian island, where for centuries the native villagers have worked with a precision and concern for detail marveled at today. Time is of no importance to these people, who employ infinite patience, working and reworking motifs, often passed from one generation to another before being completed.

The *USA Today* newspaper, in August, 1985, reported that "the '60's have been creeping up slowly but surely into present fashion."

Offered as proof: the Unique Clothing Warehouse at 718 Broadway in Manhattan, which has developed a modernized spin-art machine that decorates t-shirts in a psychedelic-like manner. For \$10, customers can buy and design (by squirting on paint) a t-shirt on the machine, called the "Artwave." I've seen these t-shirts and they are indeed attractive and, as the store's name states, unique. The Unique Clothing Warehouse plans to license the Artwave machine to stores across the nation.

USA Today also mentioned that the aforementioned Rit dye company, who held a tie-dye workshop at Woodstock, is again promoting tie-dyed clothes and fashions.

Two insightful and thorough books on textile design are *Designing in Batik and Tie-Dye*, by Nancy Belfer, Davis Publications, Inc. (1958), and *Batik, Tie-Dyeing, Stenciling, Silk Screen, Block Printing: The Hand Decoration of Fabrics*, by Francis J. Kafka, Dover Publications, Inc. (1959).

When Phil Lesh appeared at the 1982 Jamaica World Music Festival in Montego Bay, Jamaica (the Dead performed on the November 25th bill), he was adorned in a colorful, swirling tie-dye about which someone passed a comment. Unabashed, Phil replied, "If you are going to be an anachronism, you might as well be a loud one!"

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Tire on the Highway
(to the tune of "Fire on the Mountain")

Long distance driver, on his way to the tour,
Got up, got out, got out of his door,
He was playing Dead music on his stereo,
But now he's just sitting, with no place to go,
He hit a big pothole and he heard his wheel
blow
Doesn't have a spare one, can't get to the show
CHORUS:
Tire, tire on the highway. . . .

Long distance driver, walking the highway's
side,
Sticks out his thumb, but can't get a ride,
Made a sign saying "need a lift please,"
But three hours of walking and he's down on his
knees,
Then a deadhead drives by him and stops up
the road,
Now it looks like the driver's gonna get to the
show
CHORUS:

Long distance driver, well he got to the show,
Heard for the first time a hot "Jack-A-Roe,"
Bob closed the first set with a great "Let it
Grow,"
Jerry opened the next set with "Cold Rain and
Snow,"
After the concert, he realized the fact
That he was stuck at the Dead show, he had no
way to get back
CHORUS: (repeat)

by David Mlodinoff

GRATEFUL DEAD DISCOGRAPHY (continued from Relix Vol. 12 #3)

Jerry Garcia Albums

Hooteroll? with Howard Wales (1971) Douglas
Garcia (1972) WB
Live At The Keystone w/ Merl Saunders (1973) Fantasy
Garcia (1975) Round
Reflections (1975) Round
Cats Under the Stars (1978) Arista
Run For The Roses (1982) Arista

Jerry Garcia Singles

South Side Strut/Uncle Martin's (1972) w/Howard Wales Douglas
Sugaree (1973) WB
The Wheel/Deal (1973) WB
Let It Rock/Midnight Town (1974) Round

Related Garcia Albums

Jefferson Airplane - Volunteers (1969) RCA
CSN & Y - Deja Vu (1970) Atlantic
Papa John Creach (1971) Grunt
New Riders of the Purple Sage (1971) Columbia
Merl Saunders - Fire Up (1973) Fantasy
Old and In the Way (1975) Round
New Riders - Oh What a Mighty Time (1975) Columbia
Peter Rowan - Texican Badman (1980) recorded 1974 w/Kreutzmann
. Appaloosa Import
Old and In the Way RE-ISSUE (1985) Sugar Hill

Bob Weir Albums

Ace (1972) WB
Heaven Help The Fool (1977) Arista
Bobby and the Midnites (1981) Arista
Bobby and the Midnites Where The Beat Meets the Street (1984) Columbia

Kingfish Albums featuring Bob Weir

Kingfish (1976) Round
Live and Kickin' (1977) Jet
Kingfish (1985) Relix

Phil Lesh

Seastones with Ned Lagin (1975) Round

Mickey Hart

Rolling Thunder (1972) LP WB
Blind John/Pump Song (1974) 45rpm WB
Dafos (1983) LP Reference
Yamantaka (1983) LP Celestial Harmonies

Diga Rhythm Band Albums

Diga Rhythm Band (1976) Round
Rhythm Devils Play River Music (1980) Passport

Robert Hunter Albums

Tales of the Great Rum Runners (1974) Round
Tiger Rose (1975) Round
Jack O'Roses (1981) English Import Darkstar
Jack O'Roses (1981) Relix
Promontory Rider (1982) Relix
Amagamalin Street (1984) Relix
Live '85 (1985) Relix
Flight of the Marie Helena (1985) Relix

Robert Hunter Single

Rum Runners/It Must Have Been the Roses (1974) Round

Keith and Donna Godchaux

Keith and Donna Godchaux (1975) Round
New Riders - Gypsy Cowboy (1972) Columbia

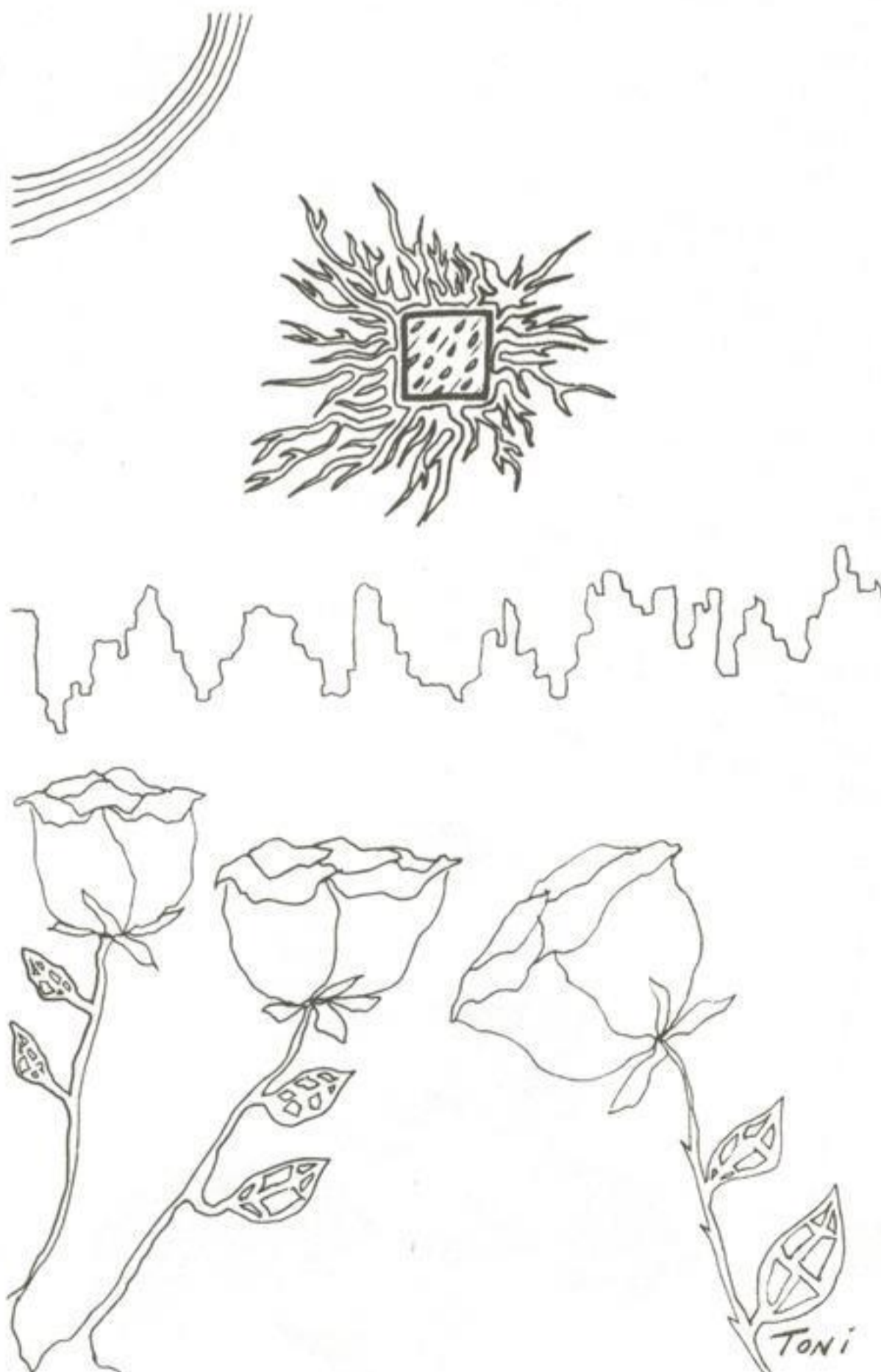
Brent Mydland

Silver (1975) Arista

Samplers and Related Releases

Sampler for Dead Heads (Hunter/Garcia) Round
Sampler for Dead Heads (Old & in the Way/Keith & Donna) Round
Sampler for Dead Heads (Hunter, Lesh & Ned Lagin) Round
Last Days of the Fillmore (2 tracks by the Dead - "Casey Jones" and
"Johnny B. Goode") Fillmore
Zabriskie Point (film soundtrack includes "Dark Star" and "Love Song," a solo guitar
piece by Garcia) MGM
Truckin' 12" European Pressing Arista

Note: Please forgive any errors and incompletions.



JACKSON/ GARCIA TOUR

by Evan Rudowski

One would be hard-pressed to find many similarities between rock and roll guru Jerry Garcia and pre-pubescent superstar Michael Jackson, but obviously they see something in each other. The two have recently embarked on a twelve city tour of the midwest, with a series of shows in small theaters and bars. "At the first bar we stopped at," Jackson related, "I got the shit kicked out of me by three Hell's Angels."

Garcia, a perennial favorite of the Hell's Angels, explained that "Mike has to learn not to thrust and gyrate his hips so much when there are several hundred drunk bikers in the audience."

Garcia, lead guitarist for the Grateful Dead and a frequent collaborator with other musicians, explained that he and Jackson got the inspiration for the joint tour when Jackson, disguised as a human being, knocked on the door of Garcia's home in Marin County, California.

"He was distributing literature for the Jehovah's Witnesses," Garcia recalled, "and I said 'Here—if you want to witness something really spiritual, eat this!' I gave him a bag of mushrooms and he went off into space for six or seven hours."

Garcia recalled that, until that point, he had thought that Jackson was "just your average shithead." However, as the hallucinogenic mushrooms began to take effect, Jackson began mumbling "Who am I? Do I really exist or am I just a Pepsi commercial? Is my only purpose in life to make fourteen year-old girls wet their pants? Is my hair on fire again?"

"I thought he was having a bad trip," Garcia said. "But then he told me who he was and I was just blown away. I just decided to take him on tour with me. He's really just a dumb kid. He's been that way ever since he was a little kid with a squeaky voice."

"Now I'm a big kid with a squeaky voice," Jackson proudly added. The first show, held at the Shithole Auditorium in Shithole, Nebraska, featured Garcia on lead guitar and Jackson on lead vocals. How has each adjusted to the other's vastly different musical styles?

the blockade bring pictures of "American GI's, stronger than Charles Atlas, grapefruit juice, and tanks with their The BBC is heard the boys prefer



"It's been a bit of an adjustment for me," Jackson admitted. "Jerry does these weird space jams in the middle of every song. I don't know how to improvise. How do I dance to that weird stuff? All of these people in the audience kind of undulate with these weird hand motions. I can't seem to pick up their steps or anything."

"It hasn't been easy for me either," Garcia agreed. "I have to fit into these weird outfits that match Michael's. What a trip!" Despite the problems, the union has been fruitful thus far. In addition to the many old favorites the pair has performed, several new numbers have been introduced. One song, "De-Seed It," is the sad saga of a ghetto punk trying to get high from a bowl full of seeds. The most unique song, however, is their new hit, "Casey Jones (Is Not My Lover)."

Whether the two will continue to work together in the future remains to be seen. But right now, Garcia says, "we ain't gonna stop till we get enough."



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IT'S ALIVE!

The Flying Burrito Bros. and the 20th Anniversary Tribute to the Byrds

by Phil Zisook

FROM the first few notes played by Sneaky Pete, all in attendance at the 20th Anniversary Tribute to the Byrds knew they were in for a treat.

After an overly long and unnecessary warm-up set by Pure Prairie League, Skip Battin, Greg Harris and Sneaky Pete took the stage with ace drummer Jim Goodall. It had been years since any of the musicians on the bill had been in Chicago and the crowd's enthusiastic welcome proved an obvious incentive to a show that kept getting hotter as it progressed.

The Burritos started out with "Cash on the Barrelhead" and, with Greg Harris assuming lead vocals, progressed with a continuous barrage of Gram Parsons tunes. The set included fantastic versions of "Wheels," "Hot Burrito No. 1," "Hickory Wind" and "Do Right Woman." Each song featured outstanding musical interplay between Sneaky Pete and Harris and showed Harris to be a particularly good interpreter (*not imitator*) of Parsons' material and style. Skip Battin introduced many of the numbers and did lead vocals on a rendition of "Mr. Spaceman," originally performed by the Byrds. It was disappointing that Skip didn't do any of his own songs (though there were requests for "Skyscraper Sunset" from *Navigator* and others), allowing Harris to perform the remaining vocals on "traditional" Burrito tunes. The Burritos also did a great version of an original Harris composition, "Star of the Show." As with every tune the Burritos played, the song was sung with emotion and sincerity and played with spirit and an abounding display of talent. Rick Roberts joined the band for "Colorado" and the band closed its set with a rousing "Orange Blossom Special."

The Burritos played so tightly and generated so much enthusiasm from the crowd that it would be a shame if the band's members conclude this tour as a one shot deal. No one plays steel like Sneaky Pete, Greg Harris is a highly gifted musician deserving an audience and Skip Battin's unique songwriting skills and musicianship are always welcome. More importantly, the band members' combination of talent make for a tight, cohesive sound. This band most closely resembles the unit featured on 1979's *Live from Japan* LP and constitutes the best (with or without Gib Guilbeau) of all of the post Parsons/Hillman configurations of the band. Sneaky Pete, Skip Battin and Greg Harris are also prominently featured on Sneaky's 1979 solo LP on Shiloh records and on Skip's *Navigator* LP. Those who now get the opportunity to see this grouping on their current tour should do so. You will not be sorry.

After a short break, Gene Clark entered the stage followed by a stellar grouping of musicians: Rick Danko, Blondie Chaplin, Michael Clarke, Rick Roberts, Jon York, and the Burritos drummer, Jim Goodall (Michael Clarke was playing drums with a cast on his

leg). Gene, who looked to be in great shape and spirits led the band and crowd through a string of Byrd's classics. The set was led off with an energetic version of Clark's "Feel a Whole Lot Better" which was followed by a stirring "Set You Free This Time" from *The Turn Turn Turn* LP. The set continued with an amazing "Chimes of Freedom," "Mr. Tamborine Man" (the complete version), "My Back Pages," "You Ain't Goin Nowhere," "So You Want to be a Rock n' Roll Star," "Eight Miles High" and a rousing "Turn Turn Turn."

Gene Clark does not tour very frequently so his appearance was quite an event. The only disappointment was that Gene did not play any tunes from his classic post-Byrds LPs, all of which contain several masterpieces each (although versions of "Tambourine Man" and "Feel a Whole Lot Better" appear on his recent "Firebyrd" LP on TaKoma). His set, although played masterfully and with apparent conviction, lacked the unique songs that show Gene Clark, the individual artist, who in the opinion of many, is the most musically creative of all the original Byrds. However, this was billed as a tribute to the Byrds and it certainly was. Hopefully Gene will continue touring more regularly and will give his fans the opportunity to hear live performances of his solo material.

Crosby Stills and Nash with The Band Alpine Valley Music Theater, WI

A FEW weeks earlier I had witnessed more than 30,000 fans descend upon this outdoor theater to see the Grateful Dead. As it happens, the Dead had a very good night—but that's another review. Sadly however, there were constant distractions from the beer-crazed teen tourists who had come only to party and play "dress-up-like-hippies" and to scream as loud and often as possible.

So it was with trepidation that I returned to the same place to see Crosby, Stills & Nash. Imagine my surprise when I got there and found a moderate-size crowd of friendly people, mostly in their (gasp!) thirties. Nobody frisked me at the entrance, and no army of Schwarzeneggerian guards blocked the stage. During the whole night, not one person puked on my shoes or shouted "Play fucking rock and roll!" in my ear.

As the sun sank low behind us, an announcer came out on the stage and told the amazed audience that tonight's surprise opening act was The Band! We rose up in disbelief, but sure enough Levon Helm and company were walking out with silly grins on their faces. They took up their instruments and launched immediately into a shit-kickin' song as if the Last Waltz had been just yesterday. For an hour they did their thing—plenty of good tunes, a little jamming, and alot of instrument swapping. Seems like everybody knew how to play everything. If opening for CSN was some kind of litmus test for the reunited Band, I'd say they passed it nicely. Let's hope a tour of their own is next.

As if they knew The Band was a tough act to follow, Crosby, Stills & Nash came out strong—at first, too strong. The trio, along with their long-time bassist George "Chocolate" Perry, were backed by a piano, organ, synthesizer, drums, and percussion. The backup musicians were so loud that CSN's vocal harmonies were all but lost in a flood of sound. David Crosby kept signaling the technicians to turn up his mike.

Eventually the over-eager musicians were quieted down, but there were still some hang-

ups. Steven Stills was losing the rhythm and missing some guitar licks. Then it came time for the trio to sing alone, but somehow Stills had vanished. While Crosby went backstage to find him, Graham Nash stalled for time by chatting amiably with the crowd. When Stills finally returned, he said sheepishly, "In my mind I thought we'd already sung this song."

To make a long story short, Stills soon got his act together with a vengeance. In the middle of "Suite Judy Blue Eyes" he started into the obligatory solo on acoustic guitar. Everyone else left the stage. But Stills reached deep into himself and found his magic groove. He played music that raced, soared and ricocheted. The whole audience got on its feet and Stills kept pushing it further. Nash and Crosby came back out to watch. When it was done, the crowd roared and Nash hugged Crosby and then both hugged Stills. "Steven did real good," said Crosby into the mike. Then they finished the song.

From then on CSN was firmly on the right track. Some of the highlights were Nash's beautiful "Magical Child" which he sang without accompaniment, a dreamy rendition of "Delta" (arguably Crosby's best song), a really exuberant "Southern Cross," the sentimental "Just a Song Before I Go" and the crowd-pleasing "Wasted on the Way." When the last encore was done, the audience did something I haven't seen at a rock concert for many years. They got up and walked quietly away.

Kokomo/Max Creek Ritz NYC

EAST coast deadheads had good cause to gather for the performance of Kokomo, featuring Billy Kreutzmann, Brent Mydland, David Margen (Santana, Kingfish) and Kevin Russell (707).

Max Creek had opened the show with a fine performance. Their usual NYC haunts are the smaller clubs, and it was a treat to see them perform in this larger venue. It gave them more room to stretch their talents. And their set was entirely void of any Grateful Dead covers leaving them to stand on their own merit. And they stood tall! Their styles are undoubtedly influenced by the Dead, but they certainly deserve their own distinction. (See Max Creek interview this issue.)

Kokomo's tough rock and blues mixtures made for some danceable music, though somewhat commercial in its presentation. Guitarist Russell, previously unknown to most deadheads, contributed some heavy handed guitar licks, reminiscent of MTV at its slickest. The overall performance, though diverse and tight, was marred by the heavy metal tendencies of Russell's style.

The performances of the other band members were well up to par, but Brent outdid himself—vocally and on keyboards. Mydland and Russell traded off vocal chores, performing the familiar "Tons of Steel," "Not Fade Away," a short, almost obligatory "Dark Star" into Drumz and "Mr. Fantasy."

The evening proved itself successful despite any grumblings about guitar overtones. The audience could only appreciate seeing some of their favorite musicians in any configuration they'd choose. Let's see more Dead offshoots touring during the Grateful Dead's time off (limited as that is)!

—Toni A. Brown



Jorma

Independents Daze by Mick Skidmore

DUE to the fact that the last issue was devoted entirely towards commemorating The Grateful Dead's 20th anniversary (congratulations guys!), there was no Independents Daze column.

Well, as a result the records have really been piling up over the past few months, and they proved to contain a veritable potpourri of goodies, so, on to the music.

The Alligator label has been active on the blues front with a number of fine releases. Both Lonnie Mack's *Strike Like Lightning* and Roy Buchanan's *When a Guitar Plays The Blues* are their first albums in a number of years.

Mack teams up with co-producer Stevie Ray Vaughan to deliver some truly scintillating blues-rock. There are lively uptempo numbers; "Hound Dog Man," "Satisfy Susie" and slow blues like the minor key "Stop." All feature some sparkling solo's by Mack.

Buchanan's album is the first all-blues record of his career, and what a killer it is. Highlights include the title cut and the eerie "Sneaking Godzilla Through the Alley." On the latter Buchanan utilizes all manner of flashy licks and tricks to good effect. This is undoubtedly one of Buchanan's best albums.

Making it three in a row for Alligator is Koko Taylor's *Queen of The Blues*. It finds her more than living up to her reputation as the number one female blues singer, as she gives a truly earthshaking vocal performance throughout.

In addition to her own excellent four-piece band, such stars as James Cotton, Son Seals and Albert Collins make guest appearances. Chicago blues at its grittiest best. (Alligator Records Box 60234 Chicago IL 60660.)

While on the subject of blues. There have been two interesting releases by Fleetwood Mac, (no, not the lightweight Buckingham/Nicks lineup, but the early three guitar line-up of Peter Green, Jeremy Spencer and Danny Kirwan.)

Both albums, *Jumping at Shadows* (Varrick) and *Cerulean* (Shanghai-Import), were recorded live at The Boston Tea Party Club in 1969. Why they have suddenly surfaced after all these years is a mystery, but a pleasant one.

Jumping At Shadows includes raucous versions of the hits "Black Magic Woman" and "Oh Well," as well as Elmore James' "Can't Hold On" and several good originals by Kirwan.

The two-record *Cerulean* contains the remainder of the show. There's a bunch of rock and roll covers like "Tutti Frutti," "Jenny

Jenny," and "Great Balls of Fire," which are good, but dispensable. However, the 24-minute "Rattlesnake Shake" and the 16-minute "Green Manalishi" are incredible. Both these cuts feature inventive guitar interplay and capture Mac at their most exciting.

These albums are essential listening for any self-respecting blues fan.

For old time blues fanatics there is the Reverend Gary Davis' *1935-1949* (Yazoo.) It's a collection of 78rpm recordings that have been transferred to an album. Most of the material featured is gospel/religious flavored, but still captures Davis' playing at its finest.

There are spirited renditions of "O, Lord Search My Heart," "I Belong To That Band" (when's Jorma going to get around to covering this classic?) and "Have Faith in Jesus." Real classic stuff by an incredible guitarist.

Also noteworthy is the appropriately titled *King of the Country Blues*, (Yazoo), a two-record compilation of Blind Lemon Jefferson. Unfortunately, most of Jefferson's best work was very poorly recorded. This album attempts to preserve some 28 tunes, by this outstanding guitarist. They are from his most creative period, but suffer from poor sound. All credit to Yazoo for not messing with the fidelity at the expense of the musical content. One for blues aficionado's.

One of the most artistically rewarding reunions of '85 was that of British folk/rockers Pentangle. Their album, *Open The Door* (Varrick), finds four-fifths of the original band back together. Only guitarist John Renbourn is missing. His place has been admirably taken by guitarist Mike Piggot.

Jacqui McShee's vocals are as clear and sharp as they ever were. The rhythm section of Thompson and Cox still provide the guitarists (Jansch and Piggot) with jazzy folk foundations, over which they weave magical webs of guitar licks, adding just the right amount of color to the haunting melodies.

"Sad Lady," sung by McShee is most impressive as is the infectious "Taste of Love," which has some exquisite electric guitar work by Piggot.

Willie and The Poor Boys (Passport Records) is the debut album by the band of the same name. The line-up is the Rolling Stones' Bill Wyman and Charlie Watts, ex-Amen Corner singer/guitarist Andy Fairweather Low, Mickey Gee and Geriant Watkins. They are joined by Jimmy Page, Paul Rodgers, Ron

Wood, Kenny Jones, and other guests.

Considering the number of stars involved, the album is somewhat low-key, but contains a surprisingly unpretentious collection of classic and obscure '50s rock and roll tunes. Highlights include "Baby Please Don't Go," "Slippin' and Slidin'" and "These Arms of Mine" (the latter features Rodgers and Page).

The only original tune, "Poorboy Shuffle" by Low and Wyman, closes the album perfectly.

The proceeds from the record will go to benefit A.R.M.S. (Action Research Into Multiple Sclerosis.) For more info write: Willie and The Poor Boys, Box 38246, Hollywood, CA 90038.

Proving it's hard to keep a good hippie down is Country Joe McDonald with his latest album *Peace On Earth* (Rag Baby).

It finds Joe in an optimistic mood, and still pleading for brotherly love and global sanity (and why not!). Musically, the album is strong, thanks to the backing of such noted players as Greg Douglass (he provides most of the hot guitar), Mickey Hart, Bob Weir, Raul Rekow and a host more.

There are a number of new bands that have garnered quite a bit of attention. The Meat Puppets are such a band. Their latest album, *Up On The Sun* (SST), is an interesting hybrid of sounds. There are odd hints of country-rock, but these are dispelled by the out-of-key vocals, which are somewhat off-putting at first. However, they grow on you with repeated listenings. Guitarist Curt Kirkwood contributes some interesting guitar fills here and there, and their off-the-wall lyrics have a slight Velvet Underground feel. The sprightly instrumental "Maiden's Milk," and the bizarre "Hot Pink" are the most immediately enjoyable tracks. Odd, but interesting.

Four albums from the Homecoming label prove to be a breath of fresh air. Homecoming is a label run by former Kingston Trio member John Stewart. It aims to fill the gap between rock and MOR, with some eclectic folk oriented music.

A good introduction to the label is *The Gathering*, which is a sampler and features material by Stewart, acoustic guitarist Bruce Adams and folksy duo Heriza and Ford.

Stewart also has three albums out, the uncharacteristic, but charming instrumental album *Centennial*, and *The Last Campaign*, an album of songs written during and after the 1968 presidential campaign for Robert Kennedy. The third album is *Trancas*, which contains more familiar pop/rock tunes by Stewart, and is altogether more commercial.

All four albums are very highly recommended. For close to two decades John Stewart has written and recorded songs that chronicle the culture and events of the American people, perhaps better than any contemporary writer.

Available from Homecoming Records, Box 2050, Malibu, CA 90265-7050. \$10 each inc. P&H.

Eric Andersen has resorted to the independent route with his own label, Wind and Sand Records. His latest release is a charming record which has Andersen presenting his tuneful "Tight in the Night," lyrical songs with more of a rock backing than you might expect. He is a writer of rare talent, as his 20 years in the business has proven. *Tight in the Night* contains a fair number of gems, especially the infectious "Walking In My Sleep" and the uptempo "Jonah."

Half the record was recorded with The Rockin' Deltoids in Canada, the rest in Sweden

with a six-piece band. "The Girls of Denmark," a rather poignant song with subtle backing, is the best of the Swedish material. Also impressive is the rocking title cut which features some nice sax riffs. (\$9.95 plus \$1 p&h. Write: Wind and Sand Records, 50 W. 34th St. Suite 11C5, N.Y. N.Y. 10001.)

Conversations (Milestone) by Stephane Grappelli and L. Subramaniam is an interesting mixture of styles, contrasting Grappelli's lighter cabaret jazz with Subramaniam's more exotic modal influenced playing (he's from India).

The two play together on four of the album's seven cuts. They work off each other in an intricate fashion, yet manage to complement their contrasting styles perfectly.

Best numbers are "Don't Leave Me" and Subramaniam's solo piece "Paganini Caprice." The latter has him turning in some superlative violin.

Grappelli shows what a master player he is throughout, but shines, oddly enough, on "Tribute To Mani," a solo piano piece.

A jazz release that is more impressive is Larry Coryell and Brian Keane's *Just Like Being Born* (Flying Fish). Coryell at times is prone to self indulgence, but here he has found the perfect foil for his complex, lightning fast playing, in the melodic phrases of Keane.

The two create some breathtaking duets throughout, especially on the title cut and the closing "Lines." The latter features an introduction of rare sensitivity.

As usual there are a number of good albums that came to my notice long after their initial release.

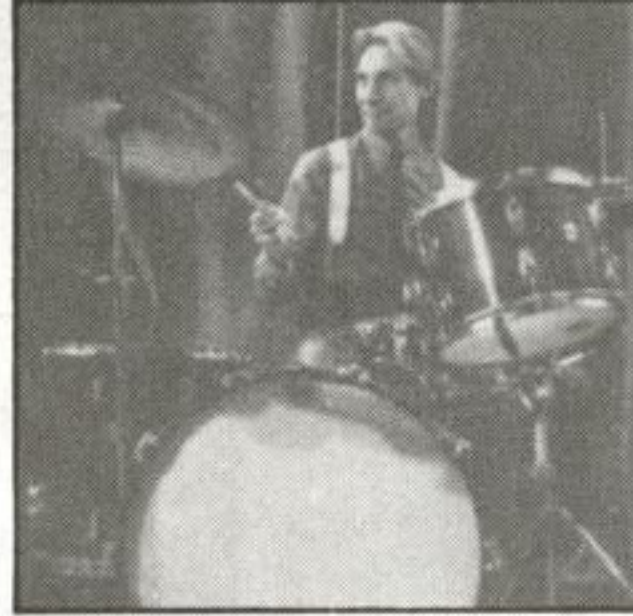
Rush Hour, by The Moonlighters, is one such album and *Paper Tigers* by Paul Metsa is another.

The Moonlighters hail from San Francisco and are led by Bill Kirchen from Commander Cody's Lost Planet Airmen. Drummer Tony Johnson also plays in Cody's band. Bassist Tim Eschliman and keyboard player Austin De Lone complete the line-up. *Rush Hour* is their second album (Demon Import), produced by Nick Lowe.

This is no-nonsense, good time rock and roll with added soul, right from the opening "This



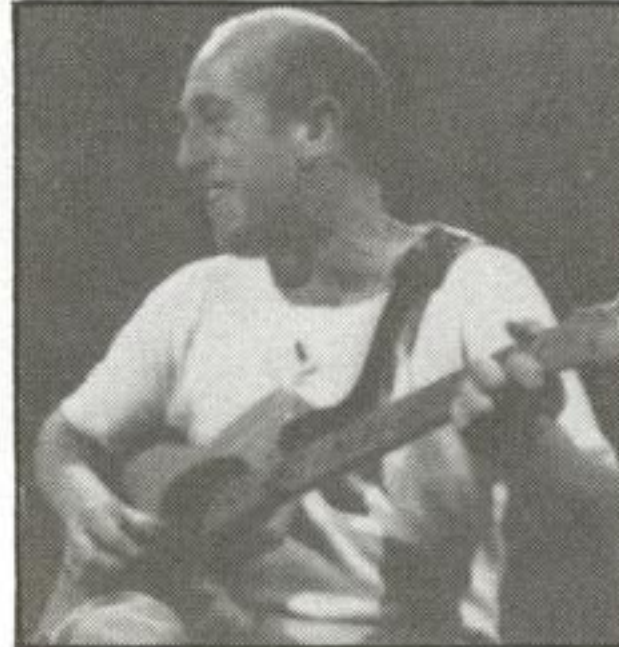
Bill Wyman



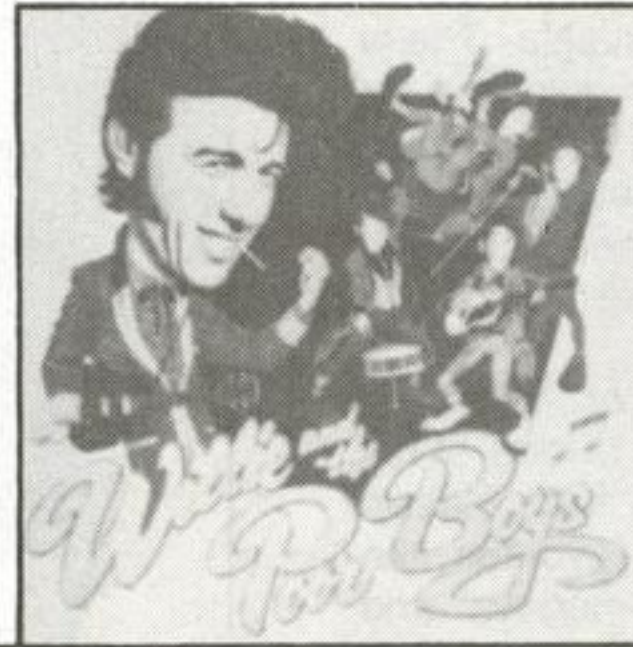
Charlie Watts



Andy Fairweather Low



Micky Gee



Willie and the Poor Boys



Geraint Watkins

Livin' Ain't Lovin'" to the haunting "Workman on The Midnight Shift."

Other highlights include the melodic pop of "World to Lose" and the tongue-in-cheek, "I'm Gonna Put A Bar In the Back Of My Car and Drive Myself to Drink."

But really there are so many good tunes on this great record, "Soul Cruisin," and "Seven Nights to Rock." It may be an expensive import, but it is worth searching out.

Paper Tigers is the debut album by Minneapolis' Paul Metsa (former leader of Cats Under The Stars). Metsa covers a wide range of styles (not all with total success), but with plenty of promise.

There is everything from folk rock to jazz, blues and even a dash of reggae and country. The romantic "Virginia," with its cool jazzy piano is a standout, as is the bluesy stomper "Robots On Death Row." The latter features some great harmonica from Willie Murphy.

"Abellezah," another jazzy number, has a wispy vocal and is also notable. "Fires of Jerusalem," an acoustic number with some good lyrics shows the deeper side of Metsa's writing.

"Stars Over The Prairie," a bluegrass, Dylan-ish song brings the album to a close on a good note. Peter Ostroushko adds some nifty violin and Mandolin on the latter.

Metsa also has a new single "59 Coal Mines," it's a social commentary on the disappearing mining industry, and is set to a country-ish backing. A fine song.

Peter Ostroushko has an album of his own *Sluz Duz Music* (Rounder). It's an engaging eclectic record that has him drawing heavily on his Ukranian background. He mixes polka's and dance tunes with Irish jigs and reels, and bluegrass sounds. It's an odd combination, that really defies accurate categorization.

Vassar Clements, John Hartford and Dave Molland's self-titled album on Rounder falls into a similar category as Ostroushko's. It's complex, mainly instrumental music, which is played with a passion and a high degree of musical expertise.

There's not much hope of huge commercial success, but they probably never intended there be.

Unlike many bluegrass-based albums, which are usually full of breakneck instrumentals, this album is rather laid back. There is a mellow, almost relaxed feel to the material, which sets it

apart. This is most notable on Hartford's "You Can't Run Away from Your Feet," with its bluegrass vocals and jazzy bass.

Clements' "Ten Past Eleven," a lively number, has some fine acoustic guitar work by Mark Howard, the fourth member of the line-up, who for some reason doesn't warrant headlining credit, despite his excellent playing.

Rodney Miller's *Airplang* (Rounder) is an instrumental album that again defies accurate description. It falls somewhere between old time dance music and traditional folk. Accompanying Miller's dynamite fiddle playing is Russ Barenberg (electric guitar), bassist Molly Mason, pianist Peter Barnes and drummer Tim Jackson.

The music is spontaneous and lively, and ranges from the French-Canadian standard "Hangman's Reel" to the folksy "Cotton Eyed Joe."

At times, the rhythmic, improvised sounds are magical, but spread over an album's worth of material it becomes tedious in places.

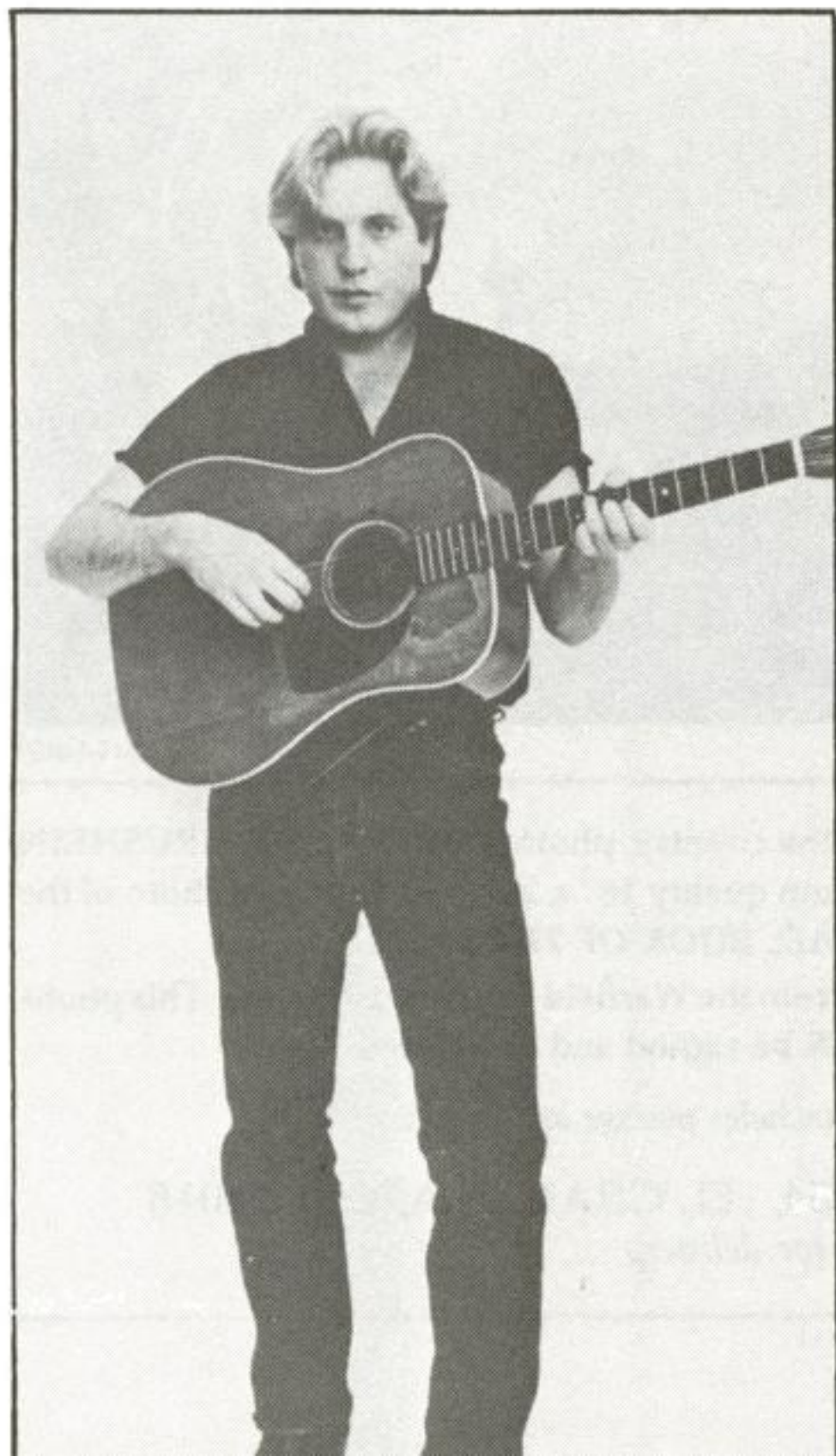
Keeping with the folk theme we have *Great Acoustics* (Philo). It's a concert recording from the 4th annual acoustic music festival (held in Cambridge, Massachusetts).

It captures some of the highlights of the show, with a varied list of performers that include Barbra Higbie, Darol Anger and Mike Marshall, Pierre Bensusan, Greg Brown and Skyline.

Skyline with Many Fiddles (Anger, Higbie, Marshall and Matt Glaser) contribute a fine "Big Mon," while Nanci Griffith's sings the delightful "Working In Corners."

JCI, a California label, has just launched a major line of compilation albums. The first 10 releases in the series of "Baby Boomer Classics" chronicle the '60's. Just what the world needs, you might think, is another bunch of collection albums. Well, JCI has done a remarkably good job. For a list price of \$5.98 they are pressing original Master Recordings, which results in pretty good sound quality. (The cassette versions are all on chrome tape!)

Probably of the most interest to Relix readers will be *Electric Sixties*, which contains classics like Steppenwolf's "Born To Be Wild," Santana's "Evil Ways," Traffic's "Dear Mr. Fantasy," as well as Cream with "Sunshine Of Your Love," Spirit with "I Got A Line On You,"



Paul Metsa

The Byrds' "Eight Miles High", Big Brother's "Piece of My Heart" and more.

Other collections in the series have less impressive track listings, but are still good value. There's *Mellow Sixties* (Byrds, Lovin' Spoonful, Hollies, Arlo Guthrie and more), *British Sixties* (Kinks, Hollies, Small Faces, Donovan, etc.), *Surfin' Sixties*, *Dance Sixties*, *Rockin' Sixties*.

It's a good way to replace old favorite 45s or maybe just wallow in a little nostalgia. These recordings could provide a rough guideline for younger fans who don't remember the material.

Last but not least of the independent releases are Relix's own latest offerings, Jorma Kaukonen's *Magic* and Robert Hunter's *Live 85*.

Jorma's album is an acoustic recording that captures the unique atmosphere of one of his live shows. The material ranges from classic interpretations of country-blues favorites like "Candyman," "I'll Be Alright Someday," and "Walkin' Blues" through to old Airplane favorites, "Embryonic Journey" and "Good Shepherd." The latter, along with "Mann's Fate," represent the high points of a fine performance.

Hunter's album shows a different side to this enigmatic lyricist than last year's *Amagamalin Street* did. Here Hunter is backed solely by his own guitar, harmonica accompaniment (with the odd electronic effect).

While hardly the greatest singer around, he has improved considerably over the years, and at last sounds comfortable spinning his poetic tales before an enthusiastic audience. The material includes Dead favorites "Easy Winds," "Jack Straw" and "Franklin's Tower," as well as new songs "Red Car" and "Sweet Little Wheels."

As sure as there is no band quite like The Grateful Dead, there is no one quite like Robert Hunter. You either love him or hate him. Personally I think he's great and getting better all the time, as this live album proves.

Finally, to round things off nicely is an album that's not an independent release, but a difficult one to find (thanks Elliott) and that's Elliot Murphy's *Party Girls and Broken Poets* (WEA French Import).

Fueled by the European success of his last album *Murph The Surf*, Murphy was signed by WEA, but for some reason they decided they didn't want to release the album in the US.

Not only is Murphy a fine singer/songwriter, but he has a great band to boot (ex-Patti Smith Band keyboard player Richard Sohl, drummer Tony Machine and bassist Ernie Brooks). Murphy also provides most of his own hot guitar licks. (Brian Ritchie adds some nice slide to one song.)

This album is so good it's hard to know where to begin. Highlights include the title cut, the melodic, poetic "Winners, Losers, Beggars, Choosers," and the infectious "Like A Rocket."

The one song that best sums up Murphy's immense talents is "Blues Responsibility." It has some classic lines referring to some of the blues greats. The best is a verse about Bessie Smith: "See her walkin' down the street tough as Al Copone / Say, My Name is Bessie Smith / New Orleans is my home. / You know after the wreck the hospital turned her away / They said, 'Sorry, baby, this is where the white folks stay,' which is set to an upbeat tempo with great harmonica and slide guitar.

The poignant "The Streets of New York" closes this album on a classy note.

See you next year!

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Vital Vinyl

by Tierny Smith

THESE past few months have seen some impressive major name releases definitely worth looking into. Creme de la creme: Talking Heads' latest. Just when the funk was starting to get a mite predictable, the Heads come up with a happy surprise.

Little Creatures (Sire), the band's seventh LP, marks a welcome return to the pop form with a simplicity that is a refreshing change from the somewhat cluttered production of the band's last few efforts. Says frontman David Byrne, "the songs were simple, and a multi-layered arrangement would have distracted from their direct nature." Indeed.

"And She Was" and "Stay Up Late" are buoyant, invigorating pop with a distinctively quirky edge while a good portion of the rest, with its stripped-down textures and mid-tempo pace, proves that if anything, the Heads don't exactly have to strain themselves to create compelling music. One tune, "Creatures Of Love," even boasts an honest-to-goodness country twang. There's an engaging lack of pretense in Byrne's celebrations of life's simple pleasures where themes such as T.V. viewing ("People like to put the television down/But we are just good friends" ["Television Man"]) and the joy of kids ("See him drink from a bottle/See him eat from a plate/Cute, cute as a button" ["Stay Up Late"]) offer a gratifying change from the increasingly obscure turn Byrne's lyrics had been taking of late.

On a less inspiring note, it's highly doubtful that Talking Heads fans will flip over *Music For the Knee Plays* (ECM/Warner Bros.), David Byrne's latest solo opus. Written for playwright Robert Wilson's epic opera *The Civil Wars*, the LP is comprised of twelve mini-vignettes all set to slow-to-moderate brass arrangements. At its best ("Tree," "Social Studies," "The Sound Of Business") the results are quite pleasant. But the LP's overall lack of diversity coupled with an exceptionally long running time (clocking in at just under one hour) makes for a rather tedious listen.

Byrne finds his inspiration in the routine (shopping, going to a movie, daydreaming) but one gets the feeling these songs would have been far more impressive sans the artist's spoken narration which, aside from being a bit of a distraction, is embarrassingly pretentious as well. For David Byrne fanatics only.

For a far more effective exercise in experimentation check out Tom Petty's *Southern Accents* (MCA). By now you're undoubtedly familiar with the LP's atmospheric single "Don't Come Around Here No More," Petty's contribution to the new psychedelia. Co-written by Eurythmic Dave Stewart it's one of Petty's best singles ever, though it should be mentioned



that another Petty/Stewart collaboration here, the quasi-funk styled "It Ain't Nothin' To Me," isn't quite so inspiring.

For a better idea of the LP's general feel, one need look no further than the title, which is altogether appropriate to the backwoods feel Petty's lyrics conjure up. On the acoustic "Spike" Petty relates in a cowpoke drawl a daunting encounter with an imposing redneck ("Oh we got another one just like the other ones/ Another bad ass, another troublemaker/ I'm scared, aint you boys scared?").

Overall, Petty is at his best when he sticks to the tried-and-true. "Ain't it funny how a crowd gathers around anyone living life without a net?" the singer asks on the propulsive "Dogs On The Run." Melodic and robust, the tune is vintage T.P. and its theme of restlessness shows up again on the LP's highlight, "Rebels" ("One foot in the grave and one foot on the pedal/I was born a rebel").

Also worthy of note: the title track and the Robbie Robertson-produced "The Best Of Everything," two strikingly plaintive ballads. It's an eclectic bag all right, which makes *Southern Accents* all the more interesting.

Even better is *Empire Burlesque* (Columbia), Bob Dylan's latest. Benefitting from an all-star supporting cast including Mick Taylor, Ron Wood, Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare, the new LP is a fine and appropriate follow-up to its predecessor, the near-perfect *Infidels*. The addition of prominently featured female vocalists adds a nice touch to the proceedings while the inclusion of a lyric sheet makes plain the singer's refreshing directness. In the instantly catchy "Clean Cut Kid" Dylan details the psychological undoing of a war-shattered vet ("They gave him dope to smoke, drinks and pills/A jeep to drive, blood to spill/They said 'Congratulations, you got what it takes'/They sent him back into the rat race without any brakes").

Then there's the poetic beauty of "Dark Eyes" ("I live in another world where life and death are memorized/Where the earth is strung with lovers' pearls and all I see are dark eyes") featuring an acoustic guitar/harmonica setting just like the old days. The rest—from the pretty ballad "I'll Remember You" to the charging seven minute-plus epic "When the Night Comes Falling From The Sky"—is solid stuff indeed.

Meanwhile, Dylan's ex-producer Mark Knopfler hasn't been doing so badly for himself

either. On *Brothers in Arms* (Warner Bros.), Dire Straits' first LP since 1982's *Love Over Gold*, restraint is the key word. Knopfler relies on acoustic and sweetly melodic lead guitar, mostly steering clear of anything with a rougher edge. Which all in all lends the new LP a veneer of elegant understatement. Both "Why Worry" and "So Far Away" have the feel of instant classics, with their gently tugging melodies and suitably stripped-down sound.

Knopfler exhibits a strong pacifistic streak that is in itself admirable, yet he tends to convey those sentiments in the context of over-extended numbers that tax the listeners patience. In all fairness, this is the exception rather than the rule. Knopfler's scathing attack on the easy route to riches MTV-style (in "Money For Nothing") is funny enough—"See the little faggot with the earring and the make-up/Yeah buddy, that's his own hair/That little faggot got his own jet airplane/That little faggot he's a millionaire," plus the infectious bounce of "Walk Of Life" is wholly deserving of hit single status.

Clinker of the Month goes to the Lords of the New Church. "Rock and roll should be about sex and perversion." So says group frontman Stiv Bator. Problem is, the band's third LP, *Method To Our Madness* comes off sounding like a heavy metal parody with the stunted mentality to match.

With the exceptions of the charging title track and the melodic sensibility of "I Never Believe," this LP sounds like somebody's idea of a not-so-funny joke. The fact that this band's self-titled I.R.S. debut was so uniformly terrific only serves to make this one that much harder to take.

Brian James's blustery rhythm guitar riffs lack variation, women are painted as masochistic bimbos on the make and Bator, all macho swagger, seems hell-bent on impressing everyone with what a baaad boy he is. Even the song titles sound like a headbanger's delight: "Pretty Baby Scream," "Kiss of Death," "When Blood Runs Cold."

On a far sweeter note, it's a testament to Graham Parker's proficiency as a first-rate singer/songwriter that he has managed to come up with only one unspectacular album in all his eight-LP career. Even so, the weakness of that particular LP, 1982's *Another Grey Area*, was due more to Jack Douglas' typically lackadaisical production than any marked decline in songwriting ability on Parker's part. After a few solid post-Rumour LPs, Parker has assembled a new band, the Shot, a line-up which includes his ex-Rumour bandmate guitarist Brinsley Schwartz, and the result is melodic yet forceful guitar-centered pop-rock.

Steady Nerves (Arista) finds Parker in a far more relaxed mood than he has been known for in the past, though flashes of the old cynicism do occasionally crop up. In "Take Everything" Parker lampoons greed, and in the giddy shout-along "Black Lincoln Continental" he offers a sardonic poke at the customary prac-



Dire Straits

tices of the filthy rich. All this plus loads of irresistibly catchy hooks.

The Boomtown Rats, on the other hand, have yet to make a consistently solid LP. Though 1979's *A Tonic For the Troops* came awfully close. The group's latest, *In the Long Grass* (Columbia), doesn't break the mold, but it's a pleasant change from the more experimental (read: less successful) efforts which preceded it.

Singer Bob Geldof had a busy year organizing the Band-Aid project for African relief and the experience appears to have tempered him somewhat. Sincere as he may sound here, Geldof's sentiments are little more than disjointed fragments of thought which rarely coalesce, though the LP's best song "A Hold Of Me" presents a clear picture of a post-apocalyptic nightmare. The rest doesn't quite live up

to that particular tune's promise, but this is straight-forward r'n'r, and that's always been the Rats' forte.

Speaking of busy folks, Rosanne Cash has stated, "I didn't want to make another record until I'd written most of it." Which explains Johnny's girl's absence from the charts of late. Judging by the sound of her third LP *Rhythm And Romance*, it was well worth the wait.

Aside from being the singer's best LP to date, it also offers some of Cash's rockiest tunes ever. Both "Halfway House" and "Never Gonna Hurt" prove that if country ever fails her, Cash has a promising future in the pop field. The new LP offers a host of instantly catchy melodies, a few well-chosen covers (Tom Petty's "Never Be You" and John Hiatt's "Pink Bedroom") and top-notch musicianship all around. Great stuff, and "Hold On," with its lovely hypnotic melody,

deserves to be a hit. Stay tuned.

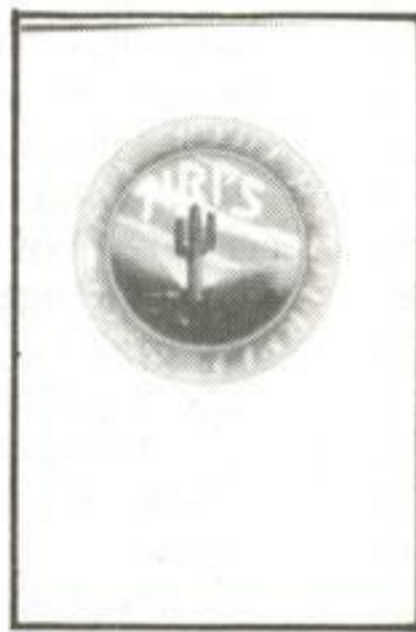
And speaking of good connections, Simon Townshend's startlingly fine 1983 debut *Sweet Sound* was better than anything big brother Pete has come up with in ages. So, it's not all that surprising that in comparison Townshend's latest, *Moving Target* (21/PolyGram), is somewhat less than satisfying. "Frustrated Heart," "Meet You" and the title track all have an immediate impact thanks to some meaty hooks, but the rest takes time to grow on you.

Harder-edged than its predecessor, the emphasis here is on blazing rhythm guitar which gives the tunes their thrust, combined with lots of sturdy synth touches. While lyricwise, Townshend is more direct, less winsome than last time around, he's nonetheless retained a likably unpretentious persona. And Lord knows musicland could use a few more like him.

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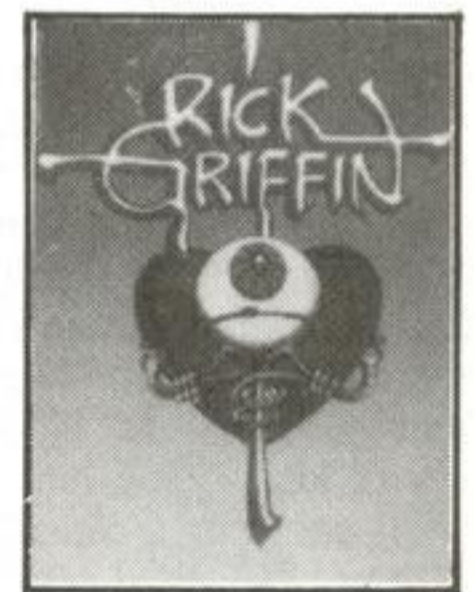
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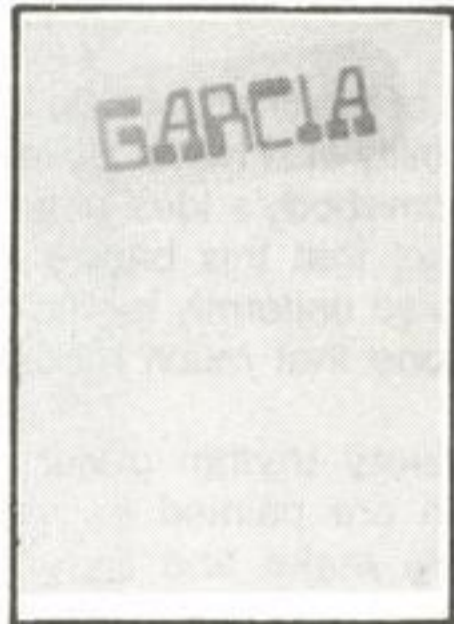
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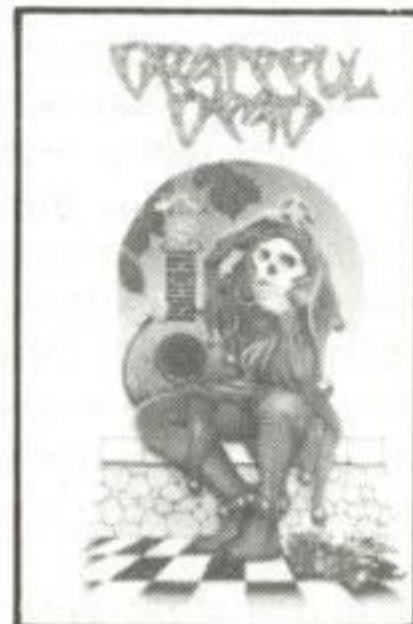
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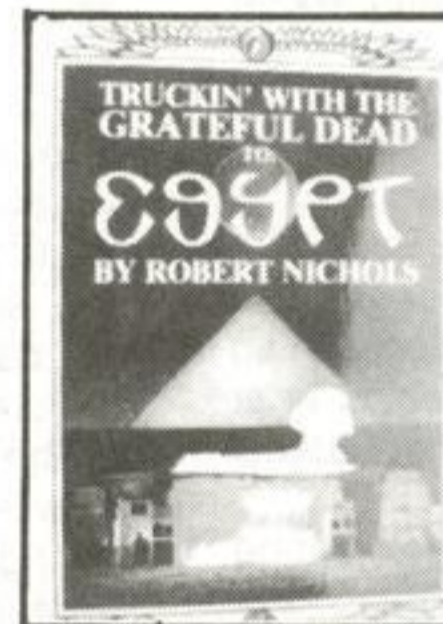
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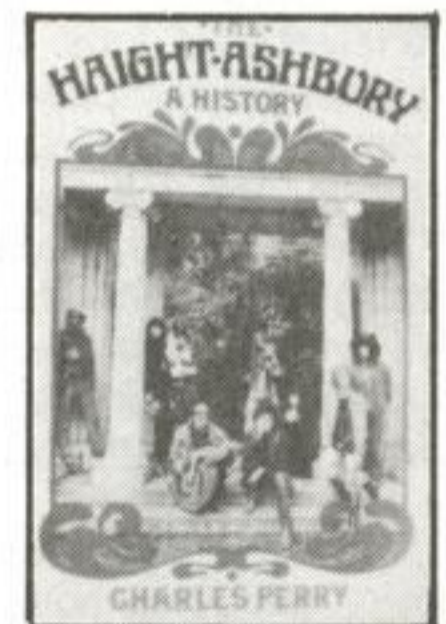
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Rasta Rap

by Robert Santelli

A COMPANY out of East Lansing, Michigan called Third World Imports is selling reggae videos via mail order. Now reggae fans can own such classic reggae flicks as *The Harder They Come*, the Jimmy Cliff film that introduced reggae to America back in the early seventies; *Rockers*, the slicker follow-up, which starred drummer Leroy "Horsemouth" Wallace; plus two live Bob Marley shows—at the Rainbow in London, and at the Santa Barbara Bowl. And there are others. For a catalogue, write, Third World Imports/547 E. Grand River/East Lansing, Michigan 48923.

Some of the biggest reasons why many reggae tours of the United States have in the past been, shall we say, less than thoroughly fruitful, were due to poor marketing and management, and a debilitating "soon come" attitude carried by the performers that often caused shows to start ridiculously late, or occasionally, not at all. Maybe, just maybe, things are changing. Dubbed "The American Sunsplash Tour," a great reggae package that included the likes of Third World and Gregory Isaacs played thirty cities across the nation, including a sold-out show at New York's Radio City Music Hall. Reports from the field indicated a certain professionalism that previously was unheard of on reggae tours.

The success of American Sunsplash carries much significance. For one thing, it proves that properly handled, a reggae tour doesn't have to be a financial disaster. And two, that there are indeed a lot of reggae fans in the States that, given the chance, will eagerly support live reggae. Look for more reggae tours of this ilk in the future.

Speaking of tours, Judy Mowatt, formerly of the I-Threes, the trio that backed-up Bob Marley and the Wailers, recently completed a mini-tour of the Northeast to support her latest album, *Working Wonders*, available in this country from Shanachie Records. Along with I-Threes singers Marcia Griffiths and Rita Marley, Mowatt continues to set the standards which all other female reggae artists must respect. Check out her latest, it's a good one.

Other Ips worth checking out: *Land of Africa* (Ras), which features a collection of artists including Gregory Isaacs, Mutabaruka, David Hinds of Steel Pulse, Bunny Rugs Clarke of Third World, Edi Fitzroy, and the I-Threes. The proceeds from the record are to go to the Ethiopian famine victims; Burning Spear's latest on Heartbeat Records, *Resistance*, and Justin Hines and the Dominoes' *Travel With Love* on Nighthawk. Don't forget the latest set of releases in Mango Records' Reggae Greats series.

Finally, what's all this talk about a Wailers' reunion album? According to disc jockey, reggae historian, and Bob Marley expert Roger Steffens, there is indeed an Ip. It's called

Together Again and contains tracks sung by original Wailers Peter Tosh, Bunny Wailer, and Bob Marley, along with the two other lesser known original Wailers, Junior Braithwaite and Vision. Most of the sessions were recorded in 1966, although the title track, which Steffens asserts is a hit single if he ever heard one, was done in 1979.

As of press time, no record company has come forward with an offer to release the record. Let's hope one does soon, however. An album of such historical significance as this one ought to be heard.



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REVIEW

SIXTIES: A LISTENER'S GUIDE

By Robert Santelli
(Contemporary Books)
\$10.95

THE task of writing an overview of every major artist of the '60s is certainly a formidable one. However, Robert Santelli, a frequent contributor to Relix, has done a remarkably good job in his latest book, *Sixties Rock: A Listener's Guide*.

In the introduction he states clearly that it is not meant as a definitive book on sixties rock or meant as something for fanatical record collectors. What he has done is break the groups and artists down into categories that best describe their music (obviously a number could easily fit into more than one.) You won't find in-depth analysis of the music or tons of trivia, but what you get is informative, but short, biographical

details about each artist along with a recommended listing of their finest work, and details as to whether they are still in print.

He covers just about every fad and trend of the golden era of sixties music from teen idols to R&B and from The British Invasion through to heavy metal, as well as encompassing folk/rock, surf rock, Mowtown, and both L.A. and San Francisco (two cities that produced some of the finest '60s music) get a chapter each.

I'm surprised that there is no Ska or bluebeat section and that L.A.'s most experimental band Kaleidoscope doesn't get a mention. Another major omission is that of The Kinks from part two of the British Invasion. Surely their concept albums *The Village Green Preservation Society* and *Arthur*, deserved a mention, but as with all compilations it's down to personal opinion, and while my list of top 25 albums of the sixties would differ greatly from Santelli's, he gives a pretty representative collection in his appendix.

With the exception of one or two minor grumbles this book is well written and makes enjoyable reading. It is altogether more objective and less pretentious than any of Rolling Stone's guides or encyclopedias. In fact, it will act as a perfect guideline to a wonderful period of musical creativity. Especially as so many people are re-discovering, and discovering the music of the '60s (which says a lot for the quality of it.)

— Mick Skidmore

Billy Joel
(From Hicksville to Hitsville)

By Jeff Tamarkin
(Cherry Lane Books)
\$4.95

LONGTIME readers of Relix should recognize the name Jeff Tamarkin. Aside from writing for a number of rock periodicals

including Billboard, Tamarkin was once also editor of Relix, and still, on occasion, contributes to the magazine.

So what's Tamarkin doing writing a book about Billy Joel, of all people? Well, he grew up on Long Island, not far from where Joel grew up, and he played in a band the same time Joel was launching his career. The connection is valuable, because Tamarkin, perhaps more than any other writer, understands the roots of Joel and his music.

Like all Cherry Lane Books, *Billy Joel* is stuffed with a batch of color photos, and its slick, thin design makes for wonderfully easy reading. Tamarkin's account of Billy Joel's life and recording career unveils nothing that might shatter any previous Joel conceptions. What he does do instead is to present succinctly and tightly a portrait of the artist, so that Billy Joel fans can at least begin to comprehend the complexities of Joel's songs and talent.

Tamarkin spices his yarn with quotes from Billy Joel which initially appeared in such magazines as Playboy and Rolling Stone. Yet, Tamarkin tells his own story of Billy Joel in a crystal clear, and above all, accurate manner.

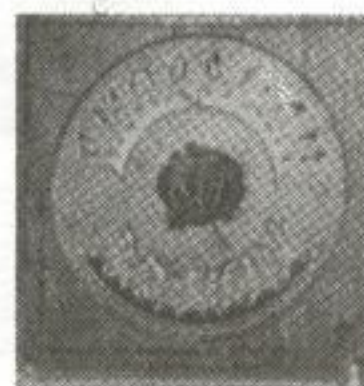
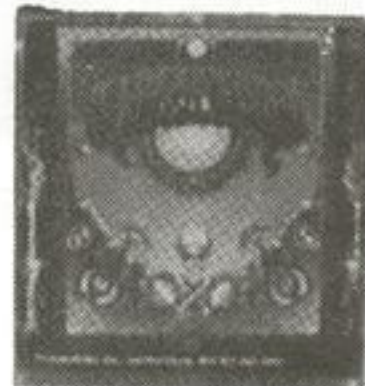
Perhaps the most telling statement in the book is found in the Introduction. In it, Tamarkin writes, "If Billy Joel didn't exist, a novelist might have had to invent him, His story begs to be told, reading as it does like an American classic rags-to-riches tale, complete with humble beginnings, survival against impossible odds, emotionally crippling hardships; the struggle for recognition and self-sufficiency amidst bizarre setbacks, and ultimately, the payoff: 'overnight' success. There's even a Cinderella ending!"

With that said, Tamarkin is off and running, and the results are more, much more, than one would find in most other overview biographies of bigger than life rock stars. — Robert Santelli

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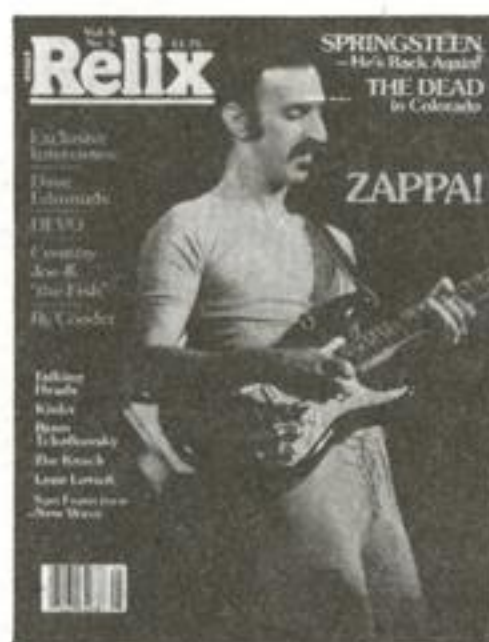
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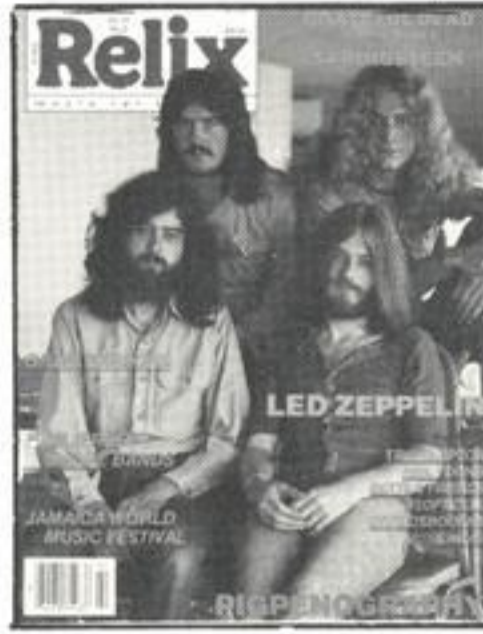
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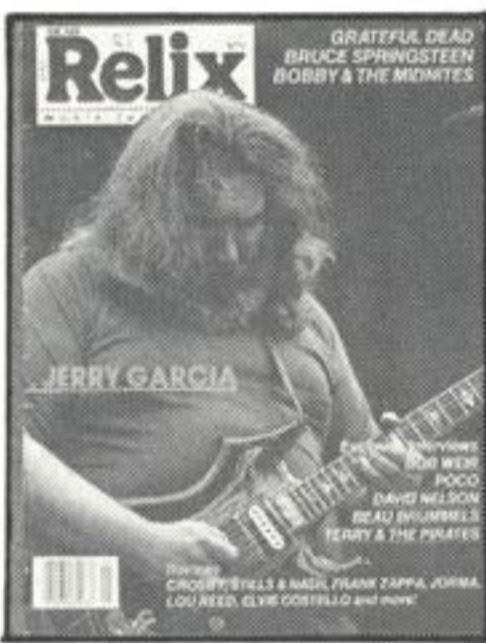
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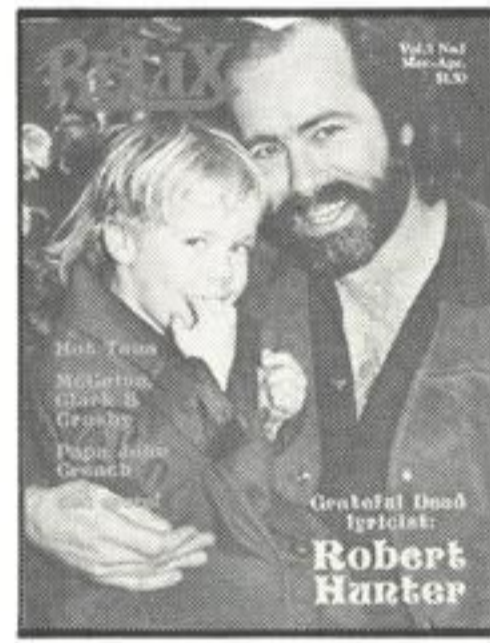
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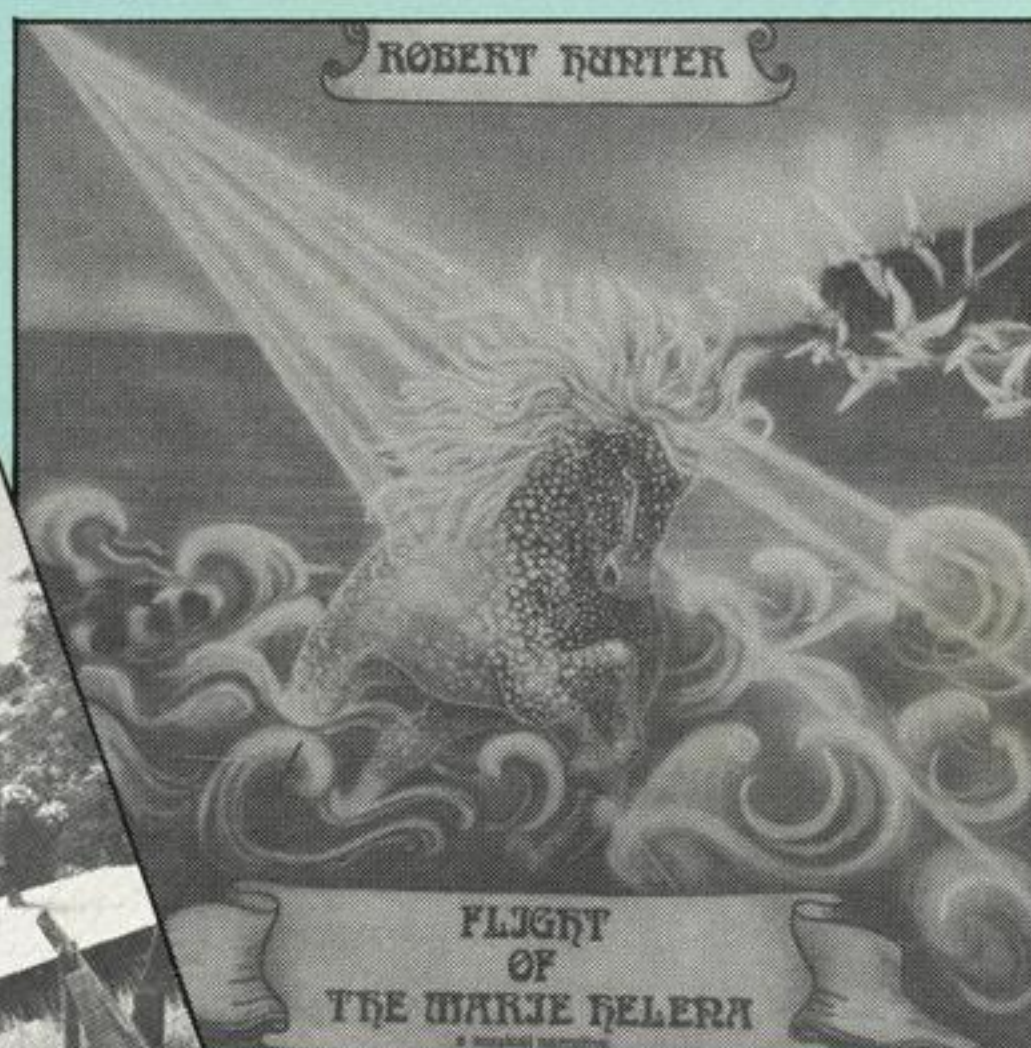
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