

DEAD

Vol. 13
No. 3

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music for the

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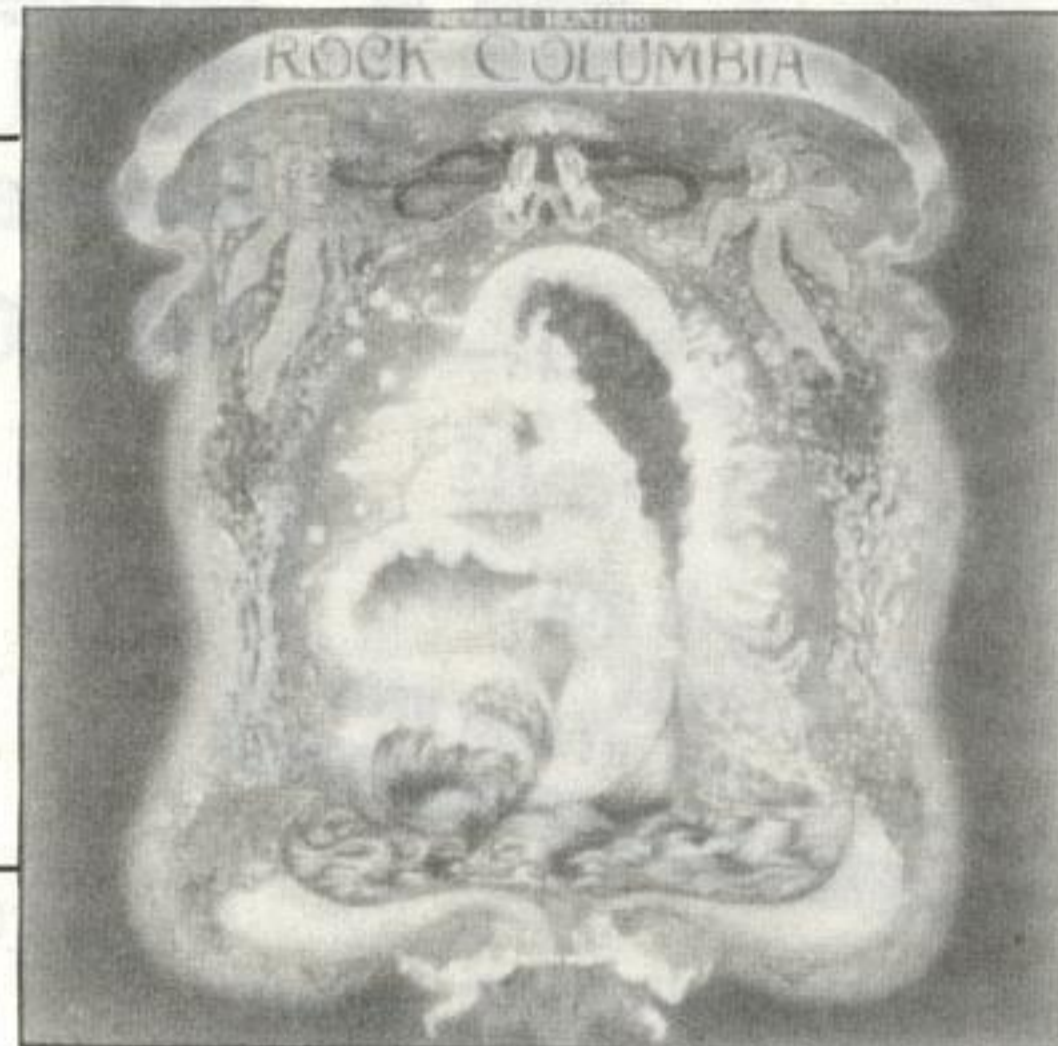
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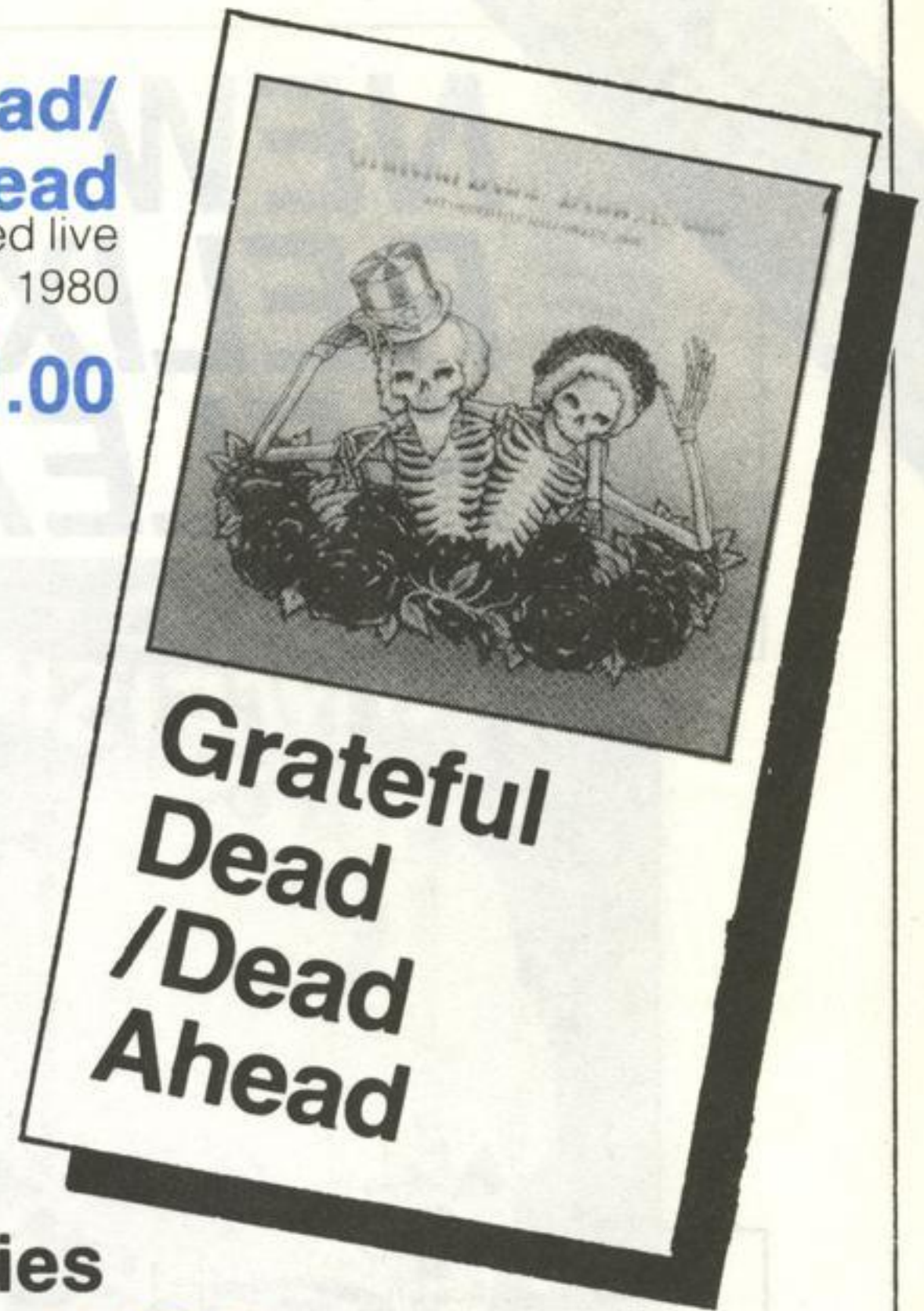
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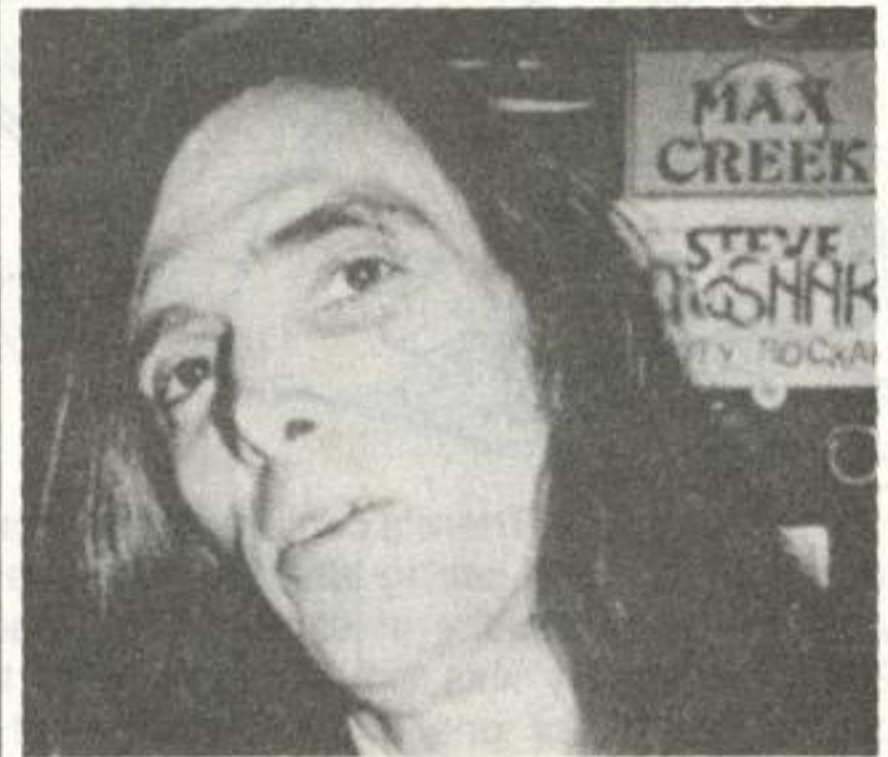
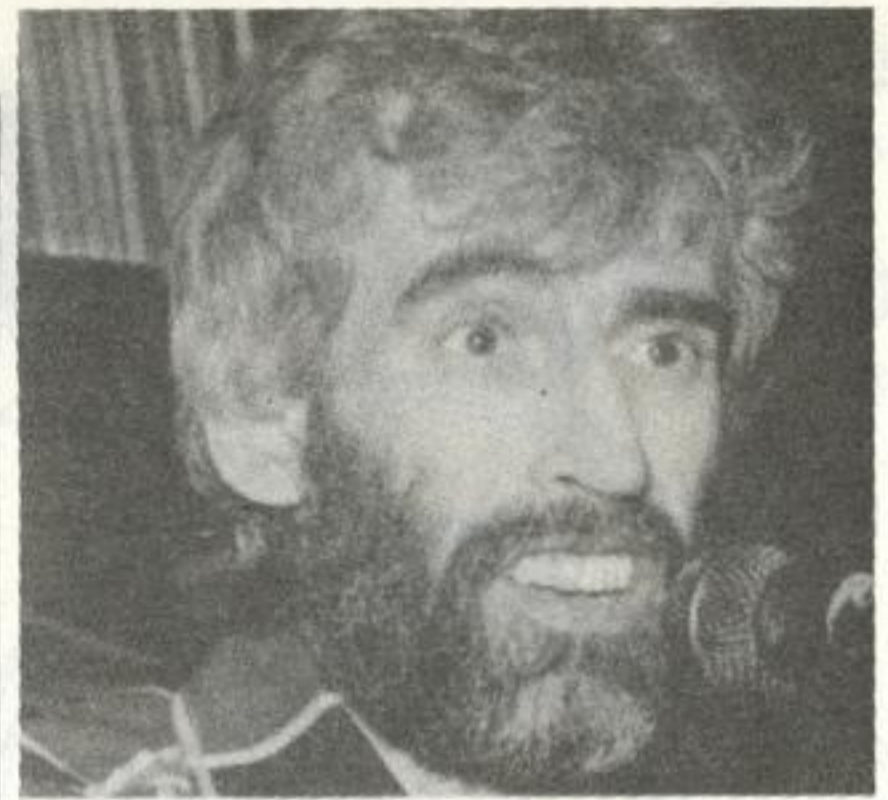
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Dear Deadheads,

Well, well, well. There's certainly been a lot of tension and name-calling lately in response to violence and stupidity at shows. The Dead's 20th Anniversary was virtually ignored by the press, except for one major TV segment in which the deadheads ended up looking like bird brains. The band has shown unbelievable restraint and made no remarks about the 'direction' the deadheads are taking.

Everybody's been invited on the bus; a real true life science fiction experiment! The first occupants were real utopian visionaries, a collection of different skills and gifts. The Dead played the music that reflected the innovation, the adventure, the dream. The idea was to "turn on" the world to untapped possibilities and latent potentials. Everyone could be Superman and Supergirl. The hippie movement of the '60s sidestepped America's Ozzie-and-Harriet social scene with a healthy Back-to-Nature mentality, but embraced a dayglo cosmic anything-goes future. Have you noticed that the band's always got some new hi-tech effects? (Treble delay concert sound system? Ned Lagin/Phil Lesh computer enhanced bass solos? Good God, was that a computer indexed slideshow 12/30/85?) We say that the Grateful Dead is the band *and* the audience. The Dead seem to be carrying the whole weight of creative initiative.

When I started seeing the Dead in 1973 (a real Johnny-come-lately, I know), we'd go rushing out the gates after the show to spread the dream. I've noticed a lot less dreamers and a shit load more sleepers. We've eaten so much acid together over the years that there's been an "imprint backfire." Non-conformists? Don't make me laugh! Try wearing something other than a Dead shirt, or try talking about something other than "the hottest Alabama Getaway I Ever Heard," and you'll be shunned like a narc or totally ignored.

Not everyone can shine brightly. Quite a few of us have bruised brains. Don't worry. There's enough peace, love and understanding to take care of that. The well's not dry, it's just been covered lately. There's more to deadheads than rock and roll. That's why they don't call us Ted Nugent heads.

Steven Jackson
San Gabriel/Alhambra, CA

Dear Relix,

It's a dark day in journalism when your neighbor's Rolling Stone has more information on the

Grateful Dead's summer tour plans than your Relix. Even a tentative schedule from Relix would be better than the tour dates given in Vol. 13, #2. It is too much to ask that the tour dates given are not already past?

The last issue of Relix was also a disappointment in that it seemed rather self-serving for Relix. At least four articles mentioned Relix or Relix Records in a self laudatory manner. Was it necessary to have three Hot Tuna articles (yes, we are thrilled that Jorma and Jack are back together—but the articles became rather redundant...)? Admittedly, the Chicago show did seem an enviable event.

Alas—onward and upward Relix. Let's get our minds back on the business of news, updates, articles and music of interest. Don't let Rolling Stone out scoop you on Dead rumors.

Jo Miller

Dear Jo,

I will now defend Relix (and myself, for that matter). Magazines have deadlines that cannot always permit the most up to date CONFIRMED news. As a service to the Grateful Dead organization, we have attempted to avoid printing rumors and tentative tour dates. Especially before the Dead are ready to release this info publicly. We will attempt to keep you informed with news that comes from reliable sources.

As for Vol. 13, #2 being self laudatory—Relix makes a lot of news within the San Francisco realm of music. We had more than a little to do with reuniting Jorma and Jack (and Papa John Creach appeared with Hot Tuna on May 2 & 3—HOT SHOWS!), and it was our thirteenth anniversary (can't we share the excitement with the readers that have kept us going?). Most of our readers were fairly happy with the last issue, and enjoyed seeing our candid party shots. Yes... even the photos of yours truly. As for the number of Hot Tuna articles, if we printed 3 articles/reviews of the Grateful Dead, would you consider that redundant?

Well, Jo, you're probably not the only one that felt as you did about last issue, and I will keep your comments in mind—onward and upward!

—Toni

Dear Sirs,

I am writing to tell you about a group I don't think you ever heard of. They call themselves The BAND. In past issues, I've seen a couple of articles on the Band. Besides being a Deadhead, I am a total Band freak who's freakin'. I expected Richard Manuel on the cover of this issue of Relix. Not Hot Tuna who I saw several weeks ago at several places. I take music very seriously, but I don't think your writers do. One little mention at the end of a fragments column does not cut it for me. You should have a little updated coverage on the Band. We don't want to read about the Fleshtones when Richard Manuel just died.

In closing, I'd like to say your front covers go from Bruce to Jerry. It's terrible. When are we gonna see a Band cover?

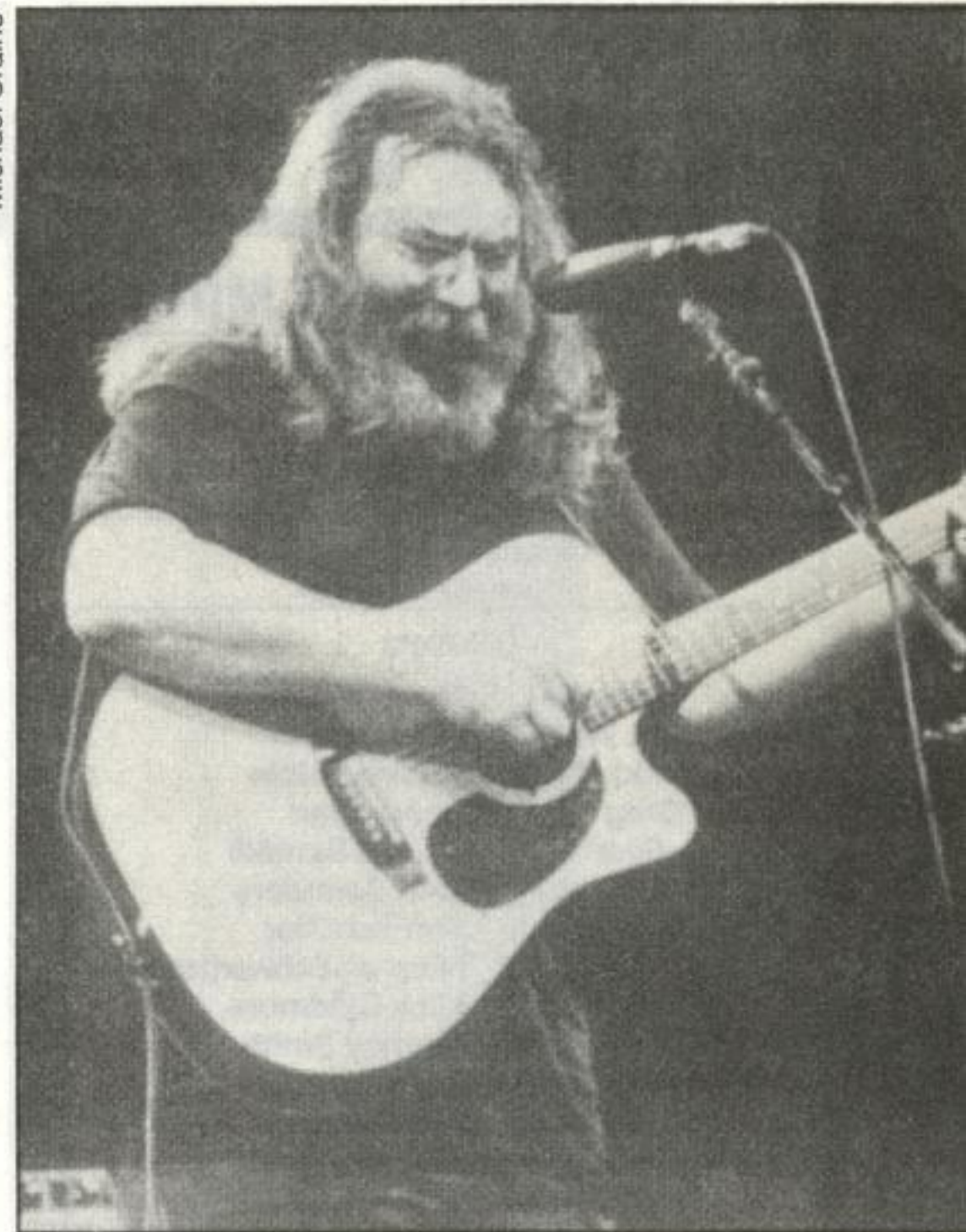
This letter was written in memory of Richard Manuel.

Dan W.
W. Babylon, NY

Dear Dan,

Occasionally, people overlook the fact that there are deadlines in publishing. When the heartbreaking news of Richard Manuel's passing reached us, the issue was pretty well "to bed." So should we wait a full two months to

Michael Craine



Garcia - solo acoustic 1985

herald this man so that we can be criticized as being opportunists? There are two Band reviews in this issue—one was done prior to Manuel's death, the other right after. I have been seeking a Band article for some time now, and realize the importance of featuring them again. As for the covers of Relix, Springsteen hasn't graced our cover in two years. And these were his most popular years, commercially. Does this say something to you? As for our Jerry covers... What more can I say?

Toni

Relix,

Keep up the great work. I love your magazine. So do all my friends. I have one very small peeve, though, and it's not with you (thank goodness—ed). It's with all the heads I've tried to correspond with through your Want Pages. THEY DON'T WRITE BACK!!! I spent two hours typing my list (so I type slow), xeroxed it all, sent it along to quite a few people, along with letters of how-do-you-do friendship, and not ONE person even wrote a note. My list was neat, typed, in chronological order—What's up?

I considered that maybe there was a black hole in my mailbox—no. I don't think it's too much to ask to respond when someone writes you. Oh well. We're trying to keep the bus running—unfortunately, lately it's deteriorating.

Karinne
Manchester, CT

Dear Relix,

I recently went to two concerts by the same performer. Between the two shows I spent just over \$110.00. For my \$110.00, hassling with driving, locating tickets (one of which I paid \$45.00 for) and parking, I saw two shows, each about 1 hour in length, starting half an hour late with a 45 minute intermission, and a total of 10 short songs played at each show, including the encore. 8 of the 10 songs were played at both shows!

Which performer could so blatantly rip off his fans? Twisted Sister? Julio Inglasias? Frank Sinatra? No, it was our own Jerry Garcia!

I caught one show at the Ritz (NYC) and one at the Capitol Theater (NJ). My basic question

is...Why? Is he in favor of performing commercial repeat concerts night after night, and the rest of the band opposed to it? I realize that touring year in and out takes a toll on you. But if he's that tired, why not rest? Why rip-off his fans who are the most dedicated any performer could ask for? I have seen many Garcia Band shows where the entire concert consisted of six songs! Every time I see Jerry perform alone, I vow it'll be the last time—but when tickets go on sale, I can't resist because the Dead and their music entertains me like nothing else can.

And what's this bogus spring east coast tour? 5 arenas and no New York shows. Don't forget us.

Still Dedicated,
Terry McPherson
Albertson, NY

Just A Box of Rain

Lifting me up, setting me free
The mind explores new boundaries
And the imagination runs wild
While a rush of happiness travels smoothly
through my body.

A smile on my face, my eyes gently fixed
While I absorb all the sense & color & my flight
skyward.

Swaying sweetly to the music and being at
peace with myself & surroundings—
Feeling part of "one."

All these feelings and more while hearing Phil &
the boys doing
Box of Rain.

Hampton 3/20/86
K. Ottobre
McLean, VA

Dear Toni,

Just read your response to Ms. Belmont (13-1) about what exactly a deadhead is, and couldn't agree with you more. You've expressed for me what I could never convey to people that have asked me that same question.

Just because someone has seen more shows, or has more live tapes, or whatever, doesn't make them any more a deadhead than anyone else who truly enjoys the music. As long as we can all listen to the music together!

LAP
Phil., PA

Dear Relix,

Thank you for your article on Starship in Vol. 13, No. 1.

I saw Starship at the Holiday Star in Merrillville, Indiana and I am glad I did not pay for it!!! Since Paul left, I've tried to have faith in the group, but after seeing them, I've come to the conclusion that they are nothing but a group, not the phenomenon they once were.

Grace did one of the worst renditions of "White Rabbit" that will ever be heard, the sound was terrible and the group was not *together*. The one person it was good to see again was Pete Sears. And Donny Baldwin is not worth anything as a drummer—much less trying to fill in for somebody like Aynsley Dunbar.

Let's hope they will just fade into the sunset and hope Paul, Marty and Jack go places.

A Disappointed & Disgusted Ex-Starship Fan

Dear Relix,

Me and my best friend Wes went to our first Dead show in Phila. We saw a lot of sixties styles of clothing which we knew about. But we didn't know how to make some of them, like tie-dyed pants, and we figured out how to make tie-dyed pants. And we made some. A couple of days later, we wore them to our school (Middle Twnshp. H.S. is down at the shore and is filled with surfers). Most of the surfers liked them and made some and it makes us very mad because they think it's a new fad and they wear them like the surfing style. They give no credit to us deadheads. We just wanted to tell you this upsetting news.

Wade and Wes

The shiny eyed fairy twirled and floated within the grounds. Oblivious to all save the tune. Smiling, smiling was she from the flowers on her head to the rose tattoo on her toe. Her long brown hair spun as if a whirlpool cast from the sea into the wind. She danced; forwards, backwards, up & down; arms spinning webs of energy about. I followed her, motionless, and as she passed, my attention was turned to the jesters.

The jesters three pranced with clumsy agility—most pleasing to the eye. The one painted face cast the peculiar, yet thoughtfully selected articles high into the air—a patterned circle of gravity. Quite well the colorful jester did. As they fell to the ground, he chose one, flew it to his comrad of humor who passed it from the tip of his foot to another. And so it continued . . .

The dancers took to the road. Eyes intensely fixed into each others, they danced as one. They were as the image of the wind reflected in a mirror would be if seen. The magnetic force increased and decreased, yet seldom did they touch. The common love surrounding these strangers was strong enough. Therefore, they touched not.

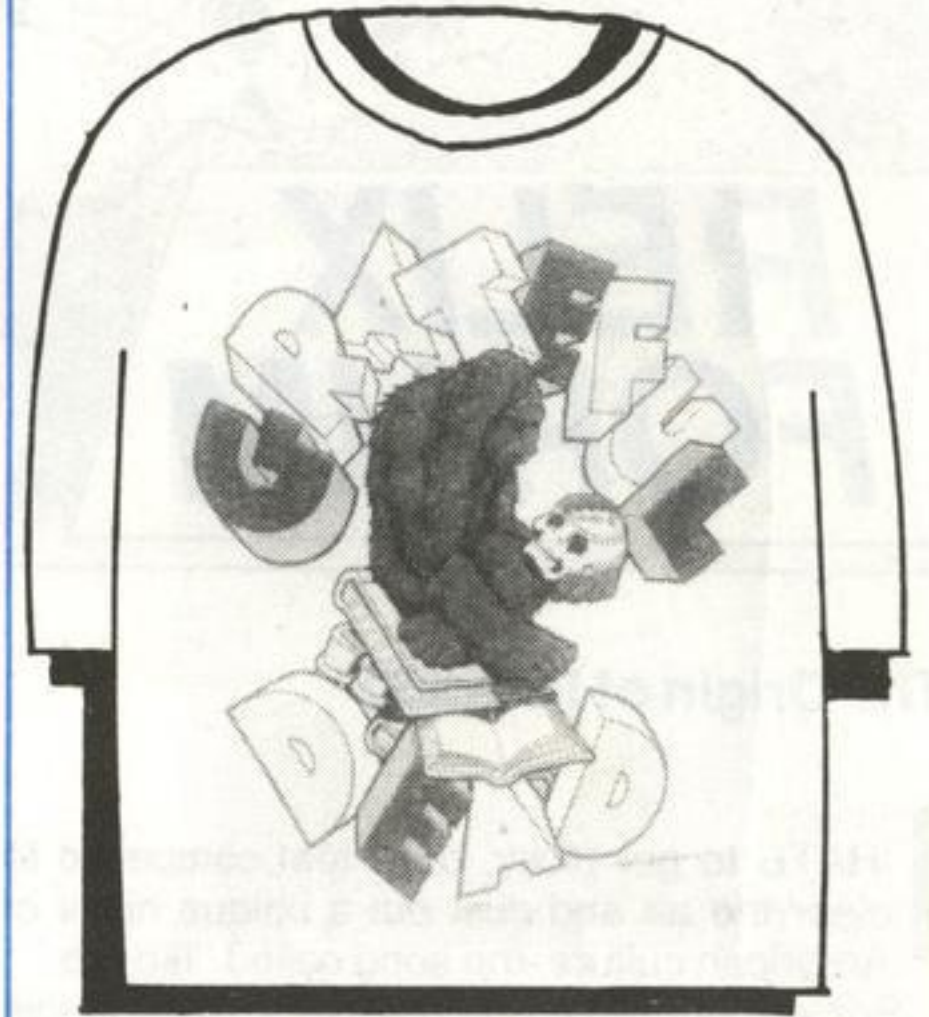
So many people at this festival in the Grateful court there were that these few were but a handful my eye remembers catching. The aura of the day, as is always felt at this celebration of the Dead.

Christine Raymond
Hoboken, NJ



artwork by Daniel Brown

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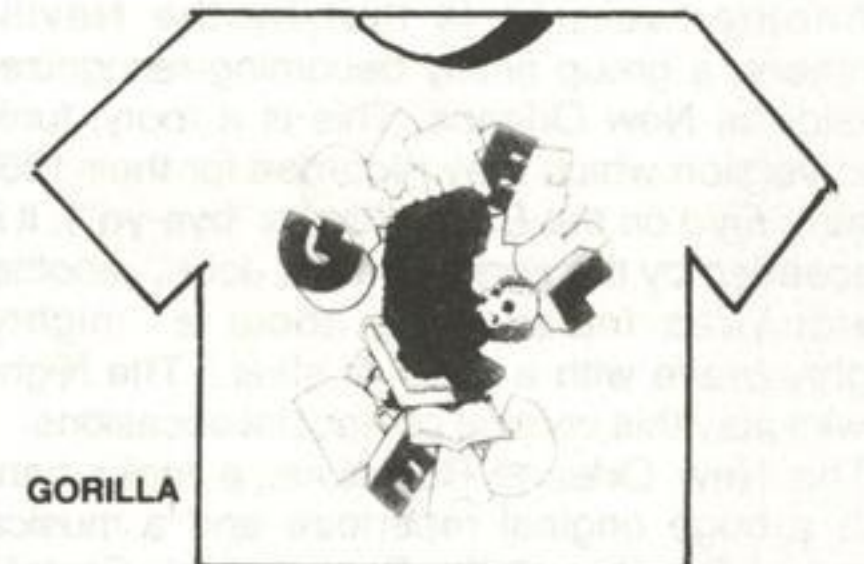
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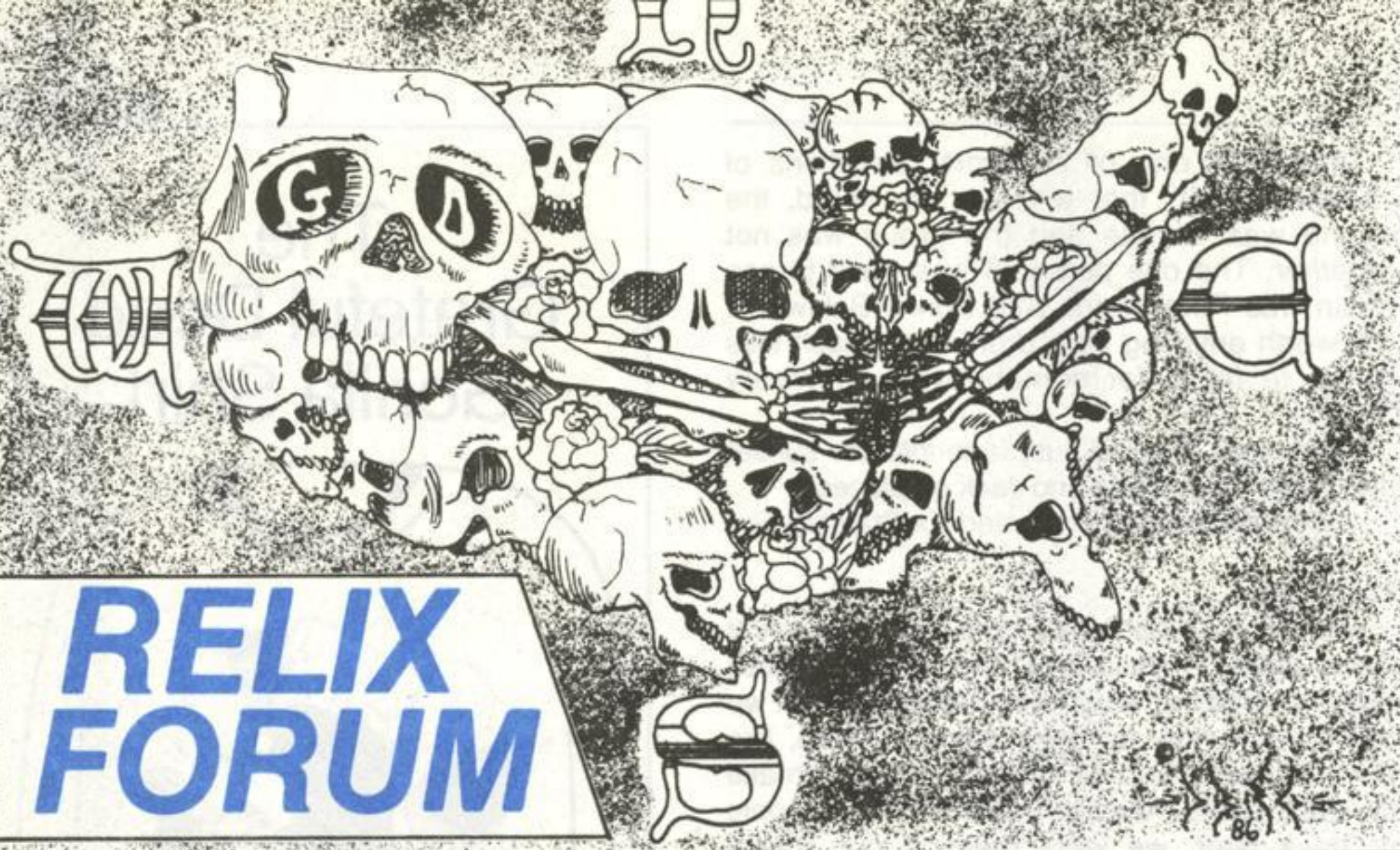
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The Origin of IKO-IKO

HATE to get picky, but I feel compelled to clear the air and dust out a unique niche of American culture: the song called "Iko-Iko."

Some folks have recently been spelling this as "Aiko-Aiko," which is fine... as long as one remembers that it isn't a Japanese song, but a Louisiana one. Although the song has many versions, all of them grew out of a Mardi Gras Indian Chant—"Iko-Iko," or sometimes spelled "Hiko-Hiko." For those of you who have never attended Mardi Gras in New Orleans, the Mardi Gras Indians are "tribes" of black folk who prance and dance and sing and chant and beat on things (tamborines, drums, and occasionally, other tribes), and get into very secret traditions that a middle class white boy like myself would know little about. But most importantly to them, they do what they do in spectacularly feathered and bejeweled costumes—elaborate, huge head-dresses and capes and stuff. All of their traditions are rooted in those performed by the Choctaw Indians, when they were actual Native Americans doin' this back in the 19th century.

To get back to the song—"Iko-Iko"—I won't tell you the meaning of it, mainly because I don't know it. The version the Dead play is an abbreviated version of James "Sugarboy" Crawford's rendition of it, covered by Dr. John on his 1972 album, *Gumbo* (which was recently re-released as a Japanese import on Warner-Pioneer for all you "night trip" freaks). And yet another matter of trivia, Peter Wolf (former lead singer of the J. Geils Band) was the one who suggested that Dr. John record it.

Another version is that by the Neville Brothers, a group finally becoming recognized outside of New Orleans. This is a rooty, funkified version which they recorded for their 1981 album, *Fiyo on the Bayou* (that's "bye-yo"). It is preceded by the song "Brother John," another Mardi Gras Indian song about a "mighty, mighty brave with a heart of steel." The Night-hawks play this version on special occasions.

The New Orleans Radiators, a funky band with a huge original repertoire and a musical blend of Dr. John, Little Feat and the Grateful Dead, do Sugarboy Crawford's version. "Da Rads" play "Fish Head music." Their schools of loyal fans, called "Fish Heads" (as in Dead Heads) include Bonnie Parker and Sue Stephens of the Dead office. "Bear" and Benny Hill attended a gig of theirs at the Lone Star Cafe in NYC last fall.

Jes' a note from a "New Awlins" music fan and Dead Head. Keep da faith! "Suck da head; squeeze da tip!"* Hey now! IKO-IKO!

John Mobley
Atlanta GA

*from a Radiators tune on how to eat crawfish.

Gay Deadheads Unite!

LIKE all of you, I remember my first show. It was in Roosevelt Stadium, Jersey City, 1974 or so. "Eyes of the World" stretched into a languid, thick-toned bass solo I heard in the back of my mind for years afterward; it was a beautiful day. I was impressed by, among other things, the *diversity* of the crowd: even then, there were second-generation Deadheads in diapers, and a white-haired woman danced her sixty years around all afternoon under the hot sun. Like some of you, I was in love with the person who brought me to my first show; in my case, my best buddy Mark.

I grew up in the shaggy friendly crowd. Deadheads were the sweetest, most generous people I knew. My mind opened to the universe of jazz, ethnic music, electronic music, folk, the blues. I became more comfortable with my sexuality and more aware that by most people's standards it was not cool. Even those who prided themselves on being able to handle the strangeness of heavy doses of psychedelics found one outspoken faggot too hard to handle. I was blessed with a family and a couple of close friends who supported *everything* I was.

One of the more delightful aspects of the Dead environment is the free-floating sexual charge: our hearts open, bodies electric and blissful, so many young spirits riding the waves of music! Hugs everywhere, and looks of deeper longing. I learned quickly, however, to stifle my own interested gaze, my own delight in the attractiveness of the other guys in the crowd, even when the looks were initiated by others. Even if nothing was said, I could feel it: the Dead crowd is a *straight* crowd. "Better Dead Than Disco."

I had my private joys. My first boyfriend accompanied me to a show or two. We held hands nervously and danced together. I smirked hearing the very literal meaning of Phil's line, "They say love your brother, but you'll catch it when you try." In lines like, "it's too late to find a lover, it's too early to go home," and in songs like "Feel Like A Stranger," I heard echoes of my own experiences in the urban gay landscape of my new hometown, San Francisco. Now and then I

would see fearless and otherwise obvious gay people in the crowd: two barrel-chested guys in leather at a Jerry show, or a ravishing lesbian with an earring in her nostril I got to know. A friend tells me he met a gay Deadhead in his hotel... in Beijing. One time at the Greek I heard one of two beautiful 16-year-old boys next to me whisper to the other, "You know, you're really *beautiful!*" "You are too!" I was high for a week.

But I never felt the presence of a community, or rather a sub-community, of gay Deadheads within the great circle of Deadheads. My gay friends thought my Deadness was passé, or strange, and my Deadhead friends thought my gayness was weird, or worse. Certainly no *sharing* of the worlds.

It eventually became more important to me to live as part of the gay community, and other musical interests took the central place in my life. I met the adorable intelligent warm-hearted guy I share my life with; he's never been to a show. I don't think he'd enjoy the huge crowd. I probably don't deserve the title Deadhead anymore.

I write this as an offering, to return the favor. During the space jams, when the band surrenders their own preconceptions about musical structure to a higher order-generating order, I "heard" permission to be *anything* I deeply was, to be a poet, to love being, to love being a man who loves other men, to be myself. I am a great believer in coming out. If every gay Deadhead who reads these words were to let one friend in on the secret; if anyone of the big family of Deadheads felt better about themselves, good enough to tell the world; if any other Deadhead recognizes their own story in mine and feels less lonely knowing there have been others; these words will have done their job of making the scene warmer and looser for all of us.

Steve Silberman
S.F.

The following is taken from the San Francisco Examiner.

Commentary
by John C. Dvorak

Grateful Dead

ISN'T it about time we buried a soft rock group named the Grateful Dead? The local band led by paunchy guitar player Jerry Garcia has been playing the same old songs for the last 20 years. Unfortunately for critics like myself, the band has proven to be one of the most successful rock and roll groups in history. It's said that last year the band grossed something like \$20 million on road tours alone. This probably means we are stuck with these guys.

The Grateful Dead members don't do records anymore because quite frankly, they couldn't buy a hit. If you ever get to hear them on TV you'd think they were routinely off-key, uninspired and erratic. But what do you expect, since they don't practice. But like any other successful performers there is more to it than critical approval. Ask old rockers like Fabian about the importance of being on key.

The "Dead" is a cult group that appeals to people who took too much LSD in the 1960s and to those who wish they had taken too much LSD in the 1960s. Typical Grateful Dead concert attendees are unreconstructed hippies (the kind who still call cops "pigs" and think paisley is the best thing to ever happen to fashion) and yuppies (the kind who drive Volvos and pretend to use drugs to impress who knows who).

This New Year's Eve, the Grateful Dead played a live concert over KQED. Some people at the station must think these guys are good. (To find out who they are, look for people at the station who lament the disappearance of the slang word "bummer.")

You can be sure that the Grateful Dead will take a proper place in history alongside other cult groups like Ted Lewis, Mitch Miller, Lawrence Welk and Guy Lombardo. Lombardo is the model for the Dead.

The parallels between Lombardo and The Dead are striking. Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians cut their first record

on March 10, 1924, a song called "Cotton Pickin' Ball." For about ten years the band grew as much as it would grow and from then it would take the same unchanged sound into the 1970s so the old-timers could relive their lost youth. Along the way the band picked up a few youngsters who were simply out of touch with their own peers. Lombardo eventually became a money-making parody of himself by following a rigid formula and appealing to the same stodgy customers. Eventually, Lombardo's group became synonymous with New Year's parties. This is the same scenario the Grateful Dead would follow 50 years later.

So it seems that the Grateful Dead and its uninspired 1960s sound will forever haunt us on New Year's Eve if the Dead Heads who have infiltrated (and perhaps taken control of) KQED have their way. Swell. It means that we have to witness the yearly influx of VW buses from all over the country. Each painted with flowers or covered with Grateful Dead bumper stickers. These are bumper stickers that have done more to glorify and popularize a fleshless skull (the Grateful Dead logo) than did Hitler's SS with its skull and crossbones logo. Pretty disgusting.

The Dead Heads flock into town, spot each other's distinctive bumper stickers and honk and wave to each other like ninnies. They are worse than Shriners. They wear their recognizable hippy garb and chat with each other about mundane 1960 topics. "Isn't it a shame that the light shows aren't as good as they used to be. Got any coke?"

Whatever you do, don't let a Dead Head get behind you on the freeway.

When the music is over they gather to reflect on the concert and the quality of the light show. "It was heaven, it was ecstasy," said one local reviewer who wrote about the hundreds of Dead concerts he'd seen. Who needs to read this stuff?

The fact is, each generation has its version of people who live in the past and who are eventually dubbed "codgers". The Dead Heads are ours. "Groovy man, oh wow, heavy—far out!"

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GRATEFUL DEAD TOUR DATES - 1986

(note: Many of the following dates are not confirmed by the Grateful Dead. They do, however, come from previously reliable sources. Please check on any upcoming dates with the venues as we near the shows—ed.)

June 20, 21, 22 - Greek Theater
26 - Minnesota (with Dylan)
28, 29 - Alpine Valley, WI
30 - River Bend, Cinti, OH

July 2 - Akron, OH (with Dylan)
4 - Buffalo, NY (with Dylan)
6 - RFK Stadium, Washington (with Dylan)
11, 12, 13 - Ventura, CA
19, 20 - Mt. View, CA

August 9 - Starlight Theater, Kansas City, MO
11, 12, 13 - Red Rocks, CO
15 - Park West, UT
17 - Boreal Ridge, CA

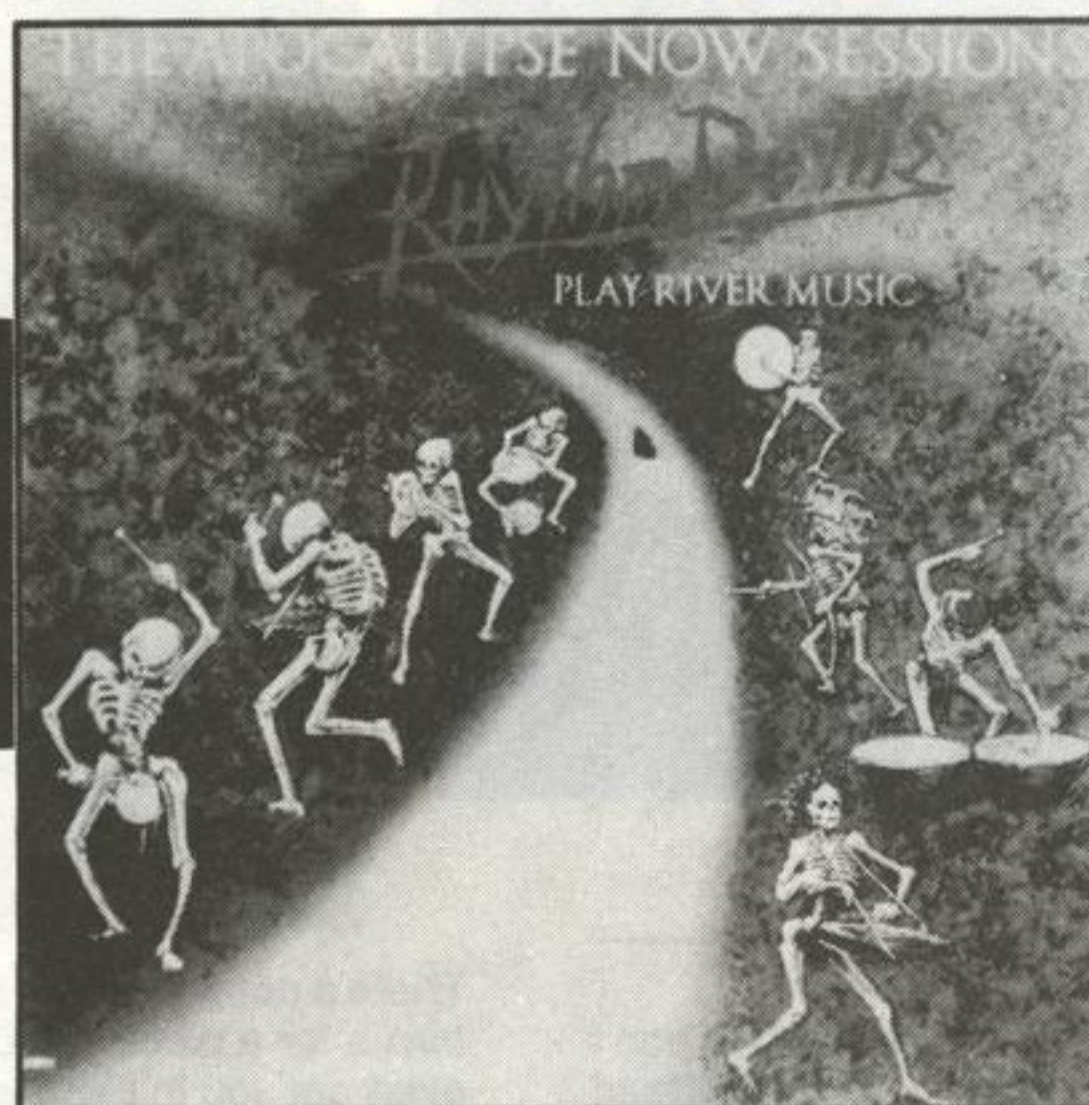
October 2, 3, 4, - New Haven, CT
6, 7, 8 - Worcester, MA
10, 11, 12 - Madison Square Garden, NYC
14, 15 - Chicago, IL
15 - Chula Vista, CA
31 - Oakland, CA

November 1, 2, - Oakland, CA
8, 9 - Long Beach, CA

December 27, 28, 30, 31 - San Francisco Civic Auditorium

As a service to our readers, we realize how important it is for us to share any upcoming tour dates. Please allow for changes and tentatives. We will do our best to try and keep you as informed as we are in the future.

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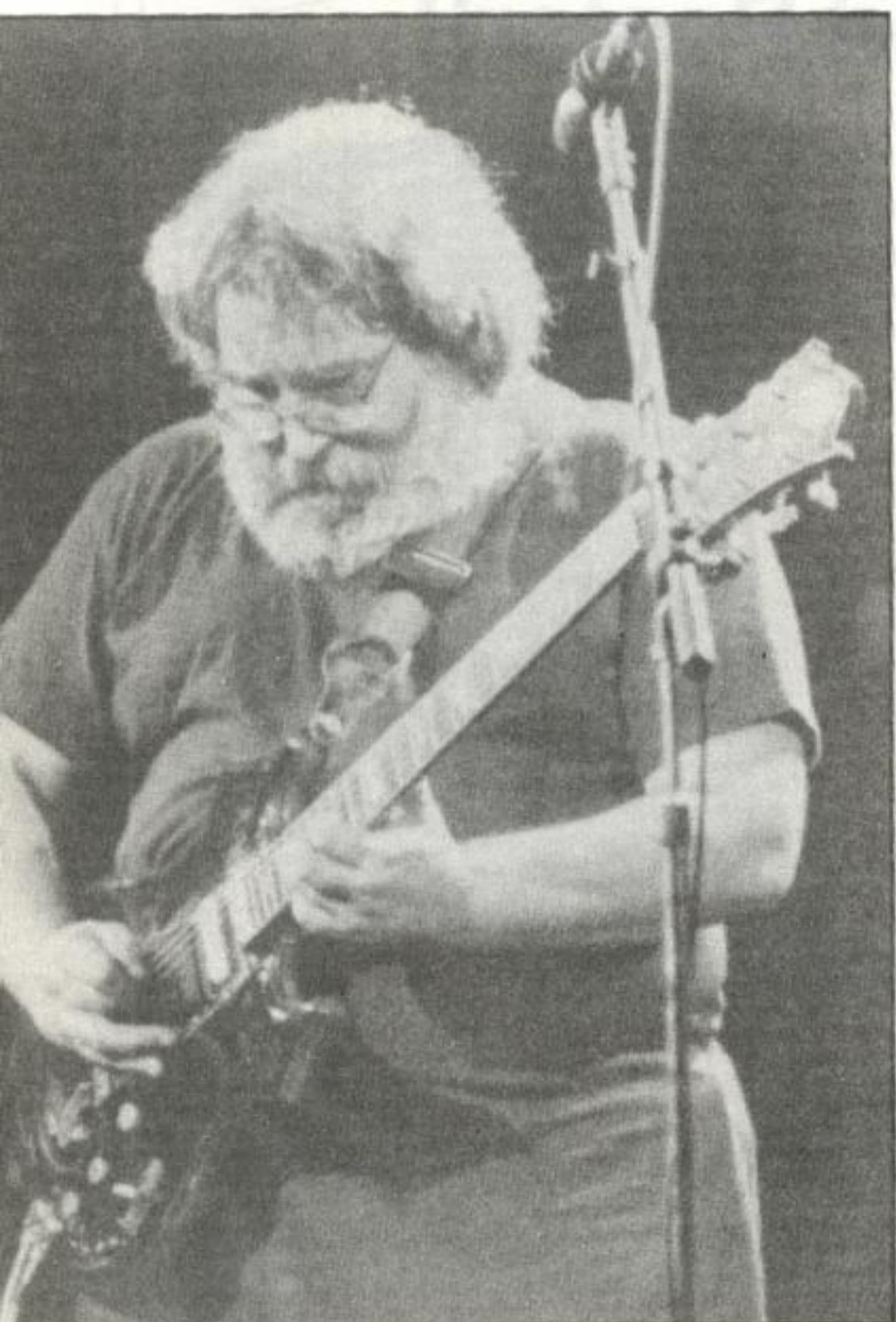
I Need A Miracle

by Cary Krosinsky

WELL, it's just a box of rain. I don't know who put it there. Yes, the Dead played Box of Rain with Phil on lead vocals to close the first set of Hampton, VA, Thursday, March 20 (as announced on Dave Nolan's WBAI (NYC) DEADAIR show later that night). This was the last straw, Jack Straw, so to speak. Clearly, the boys are psyched. Although I only had tickets for Hartford, I decided to chance it earlier in Philly.

Sunday, March 23, I take an early morning cheapo Atlantic City Casino bus and connect with a \$6.75 Trailways to Phila. I'm at the Spectrum at 4:30 PM and apparently, so is the rest of the world. The immediate area around the Spectrum is mobbed; the parking lot teaming with vans, tents, cook-outs, tie-dyed shirt salespeople, tapes blaring.

My first pass around the Sectrum revealed scalpers asking for \$75 a pop. A lot of them were selling crap (watch out for greenbacks).



Glenn Mar

There's nothing worse than shelling out all your bucks for a piece of worthless paper that won't even get you in the door. Counteracting this, in fact, was a multitude of tie-dyed ticket seekers and miracle wishers of all kinds. Hundreds, no, thousands of people were looking for some of the very, very few tickets to be had. Most everybody who had a ticket at this point was going to the show. This was not a good scene. A lot of good people were just not going to get in. Going home without seeing the show would really suck. Heavy depression. Shit.

By 6:30 the sun was down, a chill in the air, and no hope in sight. I've distributed my tape lists, at least hoping to broaden my trading horizons. Two hours of wandering, the same faces—good people—dragged down by the events at hand. Saints of Circumstance, all. Why don't the Dead play JFK, right next door, where everyone could get in? How about Yale Bowl or Giants Stadium?

A near miss at \$40 at 7PM, followed by someone's friend showing late to negate a trade, and the show is starting. I need a miracle. Like in the Garden in '82 when an unmarked security guard (did that really happen?) whisked me in, out of nowhere, just in time for the show. Where is he now?

7:15PM and the show can be heard through the front doors. Sounds like a rousing deal—a nice Cassidy—an undistinguishable Bob number (later found to be Handjive), and a smart, mellow Candyman. Slowly, all the doors were closing and I'm getting ready to leave. Back to NY with no show. I even sold Thursday at Hartford for a mere \$25 out of desperation whenthis young couple, near the same front doors, somewhat helpless looking but trying to smile, looked my way. Seems as if they're waiting for this guy, Gus, who has their other ticket. Gus is very late, and they won't be able to use just their one. They'll sell it to me for fifteen, they say. I offered twenty and threw in the last of the complimentary photos I'd been handing out (with my address, still looing for tapers to trade with), for a little extra encouragement.

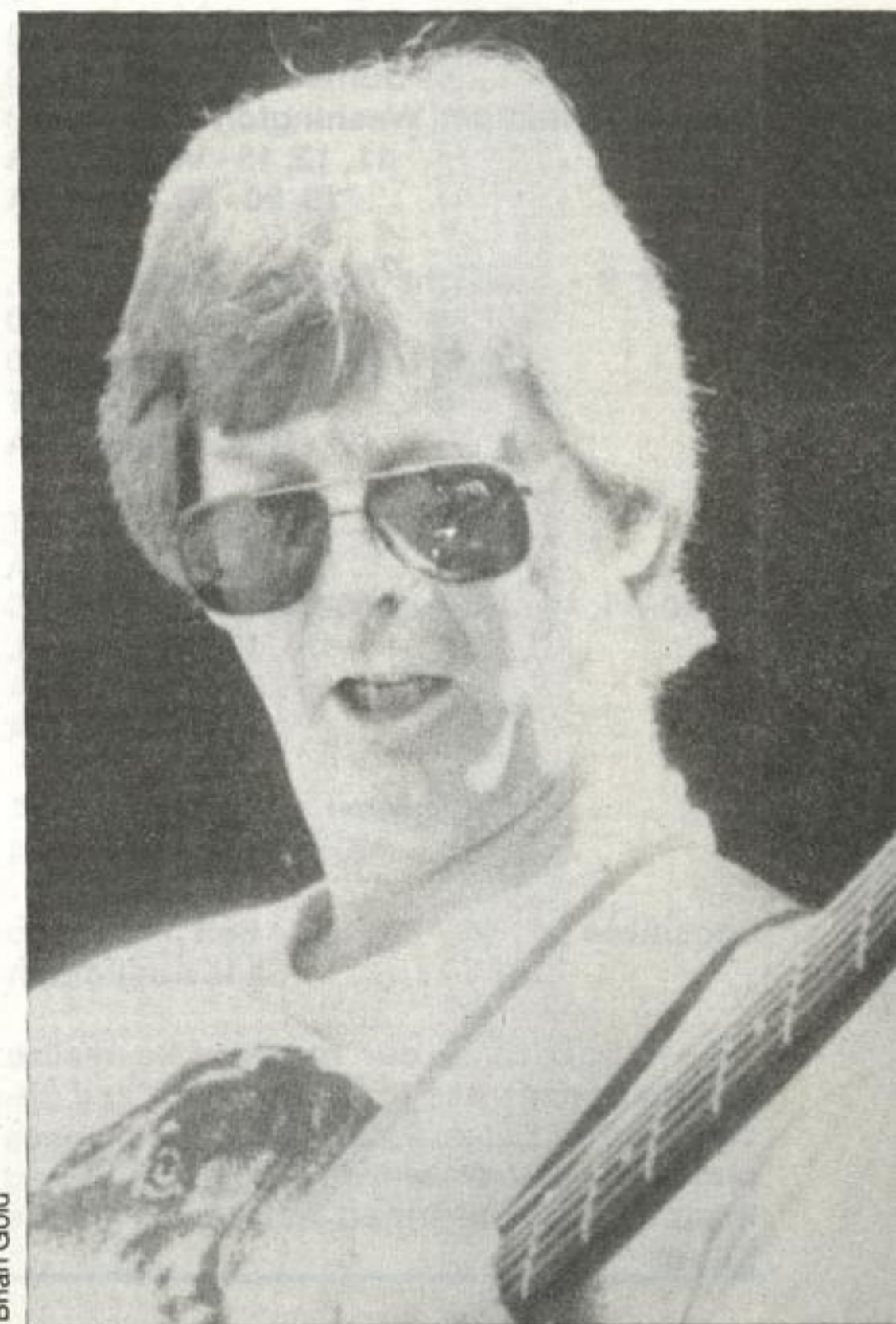
Then suddenly, there's Gus! Already inside, bopping by in a typical deadhead's blissful hallway acid dance, impervious to the couple's unfortunate predicament. The two, now speechless, and sullen, hand over the ticket, I the twenty, and the impossible has happened. It's a true shame for them and I feel bad, but it is



Brian Gold

something of a Godsend for me. One man gathers what another man spills, and all that.

Through the turnstiles and, wow, I'm in—truly a miracle. It's a little over halfway through the first set, and the boys are cooking on West LA Fadeaway. The rest of the show, as it is when this happens, is a dream. The band was tight and the place was hopping. The singing was beautiful and harmonious (esp. Might As Well, Shakedown and He's Gone). Bob cooked on Spoonful and Good Lovin', while Jerry wailed on Comes a Time. Even the usually standard drum solo was compelling. The lengthy, sparkling Shakedown that opened set two was the highlight. Although I missed the show's opening (also included Gimme Some Lovin' to my chagrin), and Jerry repeated the "Steal Your Face" stanza once to often in He's Gone, it was something special. It's funny how things work sometimes. That couples spoiled evening ended up salvaging mine. A long, strange trip, indeed. It was a miracle.



Brian Gold

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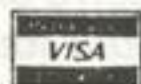


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July 4	Rich Stadium; Buffalo, NY	\$95.00-\$110.00*
July 6	RFK Stadium; Washington, DC	\$55.00-\$75.00*
July 11, 12, 13	Ventura Fairgrounds, Ventura, CA	\$442.00*
July 19, 20	Mt. View, CA	\$365.00*
August 9	Starlight Theatre; Kansas City, MO	\$195.00*
August 11, 12, 13	Red Rocks, Morrison, CO	\$469.00*
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August 17	Boreal Ridge; Donner Summit, CA	\$400.00-\$500.00*

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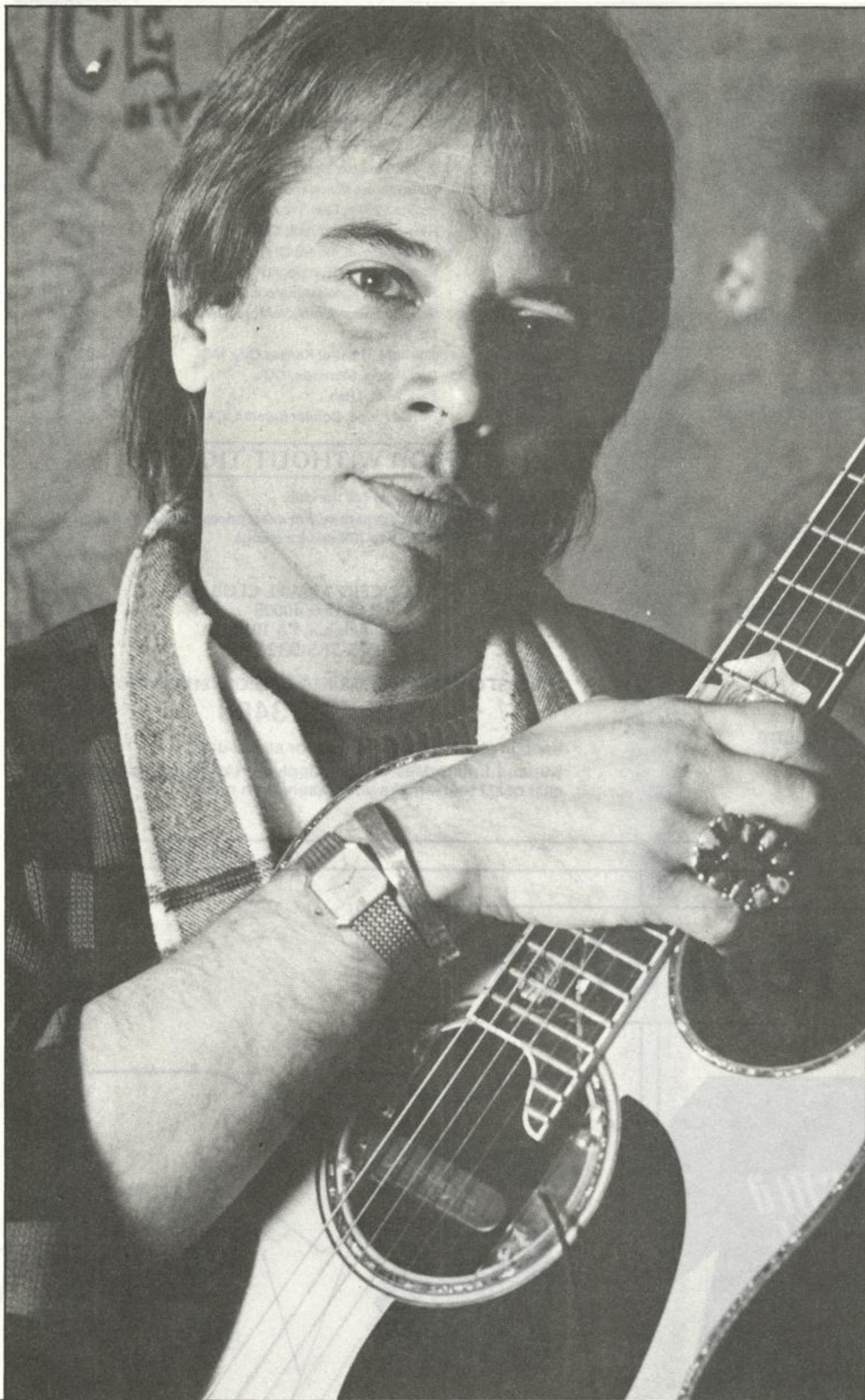
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The Peter Kaukonen Interview

by Walt Hetfield

PETER Kaukonen is perhaps one of the most enigmatic figures to come out of that strange world known as the "Bay Area". It can be safely said that not many facts are known about the man.

Relix readers are, of course, very familiar with Peter's older brother Jorma, and the two, on rare occasions, have played together, most recently at the Lone Star Cafe. The people that Peter has worked with over the past twenty years include Hot Tuna, Jefferson Starship, Johnny Winter, and Van Dyke Parks, just to name a few. A multi-instrumentalist, Peter is no one's side man, and is an extremely talented and powerful solo performer. Unfortunately, due to a long series of logistical circumstances, his vast potential has remained unrecognized by the public at large.

The primary reason Peter has remained out of the limelight is because he hasn't appeared on vinyl in over ten years. His Grunt solo album, the underground classic Black Kangaroo, died a quick commercial death upon its release in 1972, and is now a hard-to-find collectors item. Never-the-less, he has remained active as a band leader, solo guitarist, and recording engineer.

Between 1980 and 1984 Peter spent most of his time working on another solo project, Traveller. It is an all-instrumental album, with a decidedly acoustic guitar flavor to it. Traveller contrasts dramatically to his previous solo effort, although one cut from Black Kangaroo, "That's a Good Question," will give one a very rough idea of what his new album sounds like. In spite of the fact that it is a superb album, Peter has not been able to get Traveller commercially released by a record company, so he has been selling cassette copies of it at his solo shows.

After Peter's very impressive first set at the Lone Star Cafe, this past March, we managed to get together in the relative peace and quiet of the dressing room.

Relix: How much younger are you than Jorma?

PK: Five years. I was born in September of 1945, in Topeka, Kansas. Kaukonen is a Finnish name, and it means "traveller." I spent a lot of time moving when I was little, and my new album is called *Traveller*.

Relix: I know there is a village in Finland called Kaukonen.

PK: Yes, —there is, in fact.

Relix: When did you start playing?

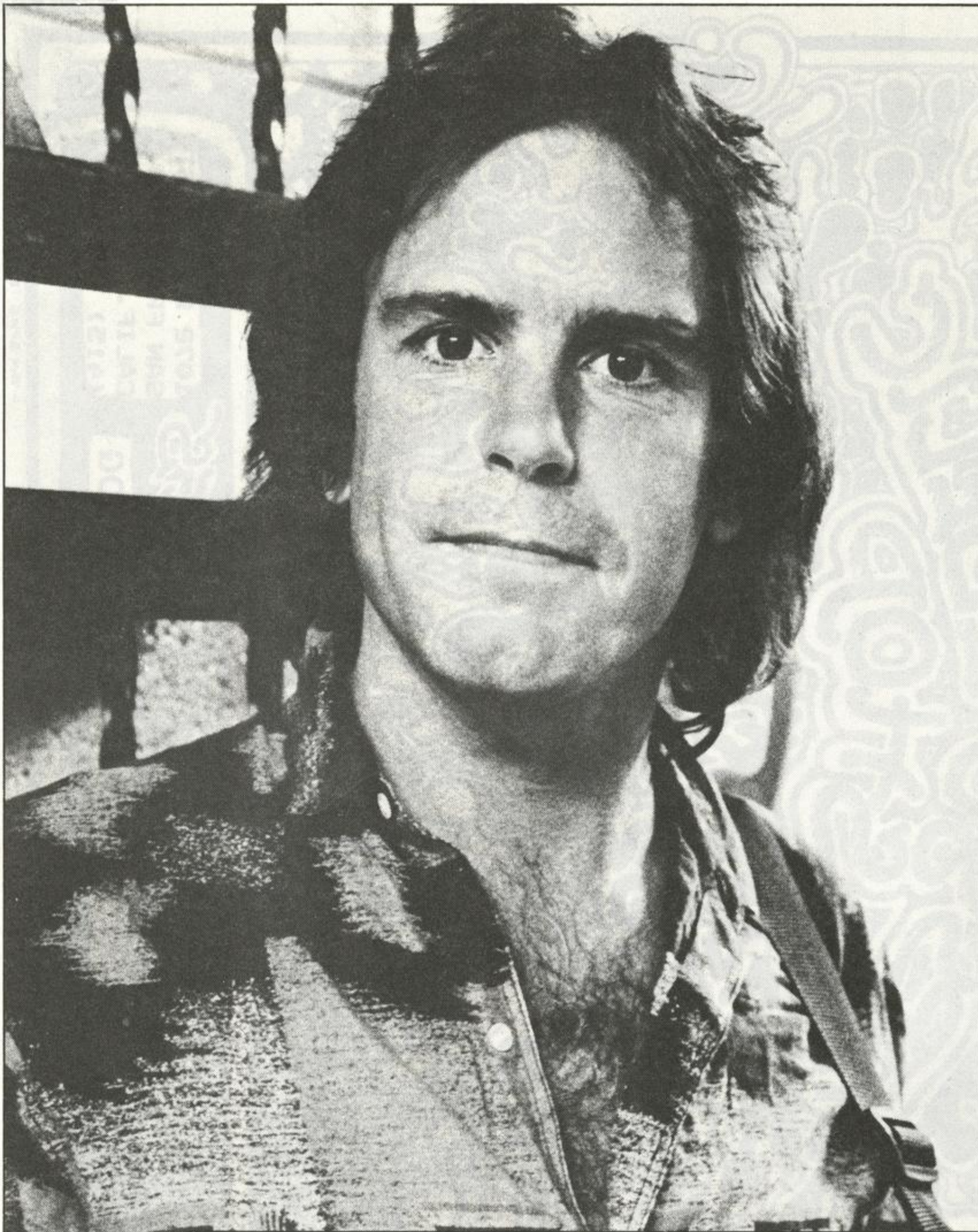
PK: I started playing about 1961. Music has always been important in my life. Some of my earliest memories are of listening to weird music from around the world. I started listening to rock 'n roll and blues in 1953. I still have my record collection from then. In the folk music era, when it was popular to be unpopular by wearing black turtlenecks and carrying a guitar, I started playing guitar. Jorma was, I think, instrumental in my aspirations. He was already playing, and I thought that was very impressive.

Relix: He wasn't home that much in those days, was he?

PK: None of us were home much in those days. My parents were living in the Philippines then; I was going to school in the remote Connecticut wilderness and he was alternating between the Philippine Islands and Ohio, going to school. So, most of these early years he wasn't around when I was playing.

Relix: When did you start playing in bands?

PK: I played for a couple of years solo, and then I think the first group I played with was in Stockholm, Sweden. I was going to the Univer-



Bob Weir backstage at the Philly Spectrum 3/23/86

1986 Spring Grateful Dead Tour Song List

**Hampton Coliseum
Hampton Virginia
March 19, 1986**

Hell in a Bucket
Stagger Lee
CC Rider
Cold Rain and Snow-
Beat It On Down The Line
Big Railroad Blues
Looks Like Rain
Visions of Johanna
Music Never Stopped-
Don't Ease Me In

China Cat-
I Know You Rider
Playin' In The Band-
Jam-
Drums-
Space-
The Wheel-
Truckin-
Black Peter-
Around and Around-
Johnny B. Goode
*Quinn the Eskimo

**Hampton Coliseum
Hampton Virginia
March 20, 1986**

Touch of Grey
Little Red Rooster
Friend of the Devil
All Over Now
Row Jimmy
Me and My Uncle-
Mexicali Blues
Althea
Box of Rain

Aiko-Aiko
Estimated Prophet-
Eyes of the World-
Jam-
Drums-
Space-
Wharf Rat-
Throwin' Stones-
Not Fade Away
*US Blues

**Hampton Coliseum
Hampton Virginia
March 21, 1986**

Road Runner
Duprees Diamond Blues
Minglewood Blues
Bird Song
Tons of Steel
Supplication-
Let It Grow

Uncle John's Band
Terrapin Station
Playin' Reprise
Jam-
Drums-
Space-
I Need A Miracle-
Stella Blue-
Sugar Magnolia
*Baby Blue

**Spectrum
Philadelphia Pennsylvania
March 23, 1986**

Gimme Some Lovin'-
Deal
Hand Jive
Candyman
Cassidy
West LA Fadeaway
Mama Tried-
Big River
Might As Well

Shakedown Street
Samson and Delilah
He's Gone-
Spoonful-
Drums-
Space-
The Other One-
Comes A Time-
Good Lovin'
*Day Job

**Spectrum
Philadelphia Pennsylvania
March 24, 1986**

Alabama Getaway

Bob Minkin



1986 Trips Festival Jam - Barry Flast, Ana Rizzo, Greg Douglass, John Cipollina, Dave Margen, Dave Perper and Alex Ligertwood

Bob Minkin

Smart, Woman Smarter."

And the show still wasn't over, as they all came back to encore with the Bobby & The Midnites song, "Josephine." Finally, as the clock approached two and the thermometer slipped below freezing, the crowd headed for the exits almost six hours after they'd arrived.

So the Trips Festival of 1986 turned out not to resemble the 1966 version very closely. But, when the oil patterns were moving with the music, and the musicians were playing equally together, there was a definite vibe that hadn't been felt by at least one listener in quite a while. Bob Weir's appearance disrupted this somewhat, and his performance was rough, but by

mixing songs from all his musical identities, he made a strong case for himself as an entity separate from the Dead. By the end of a long night, what Ralph Gleason wrote of the first Trips Festival seemed equally true of this grandchild: he said the show's "success was in direct relationship to the quality and the presence of the music...When the good rock music wailed, it was great."

(Quotations taken from: *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*, by Tom Wolfe, Bantam Books, 1968, and from *San Francisco Nights, The Psychedelic Music Trip 1965-1968*, by Gene Sculatti and Davin Seay, St. Martin's Press, 1985.)



L.D. Kippel

Bob Weir doing some slide work during the Trips show



Barry Flast, Matthew Kelly, Ana Rizzo and Steve Kimock

Bob Minkin

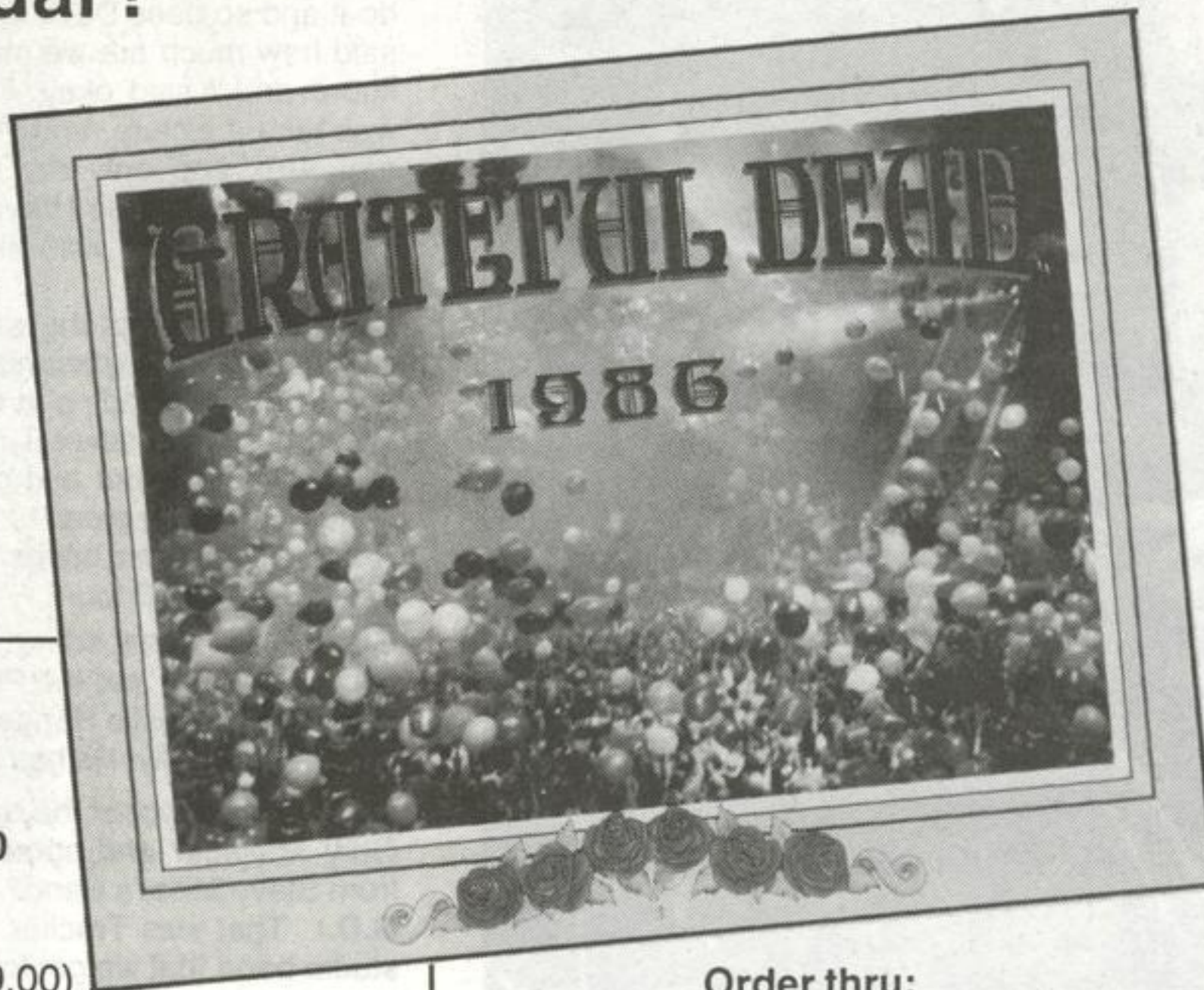
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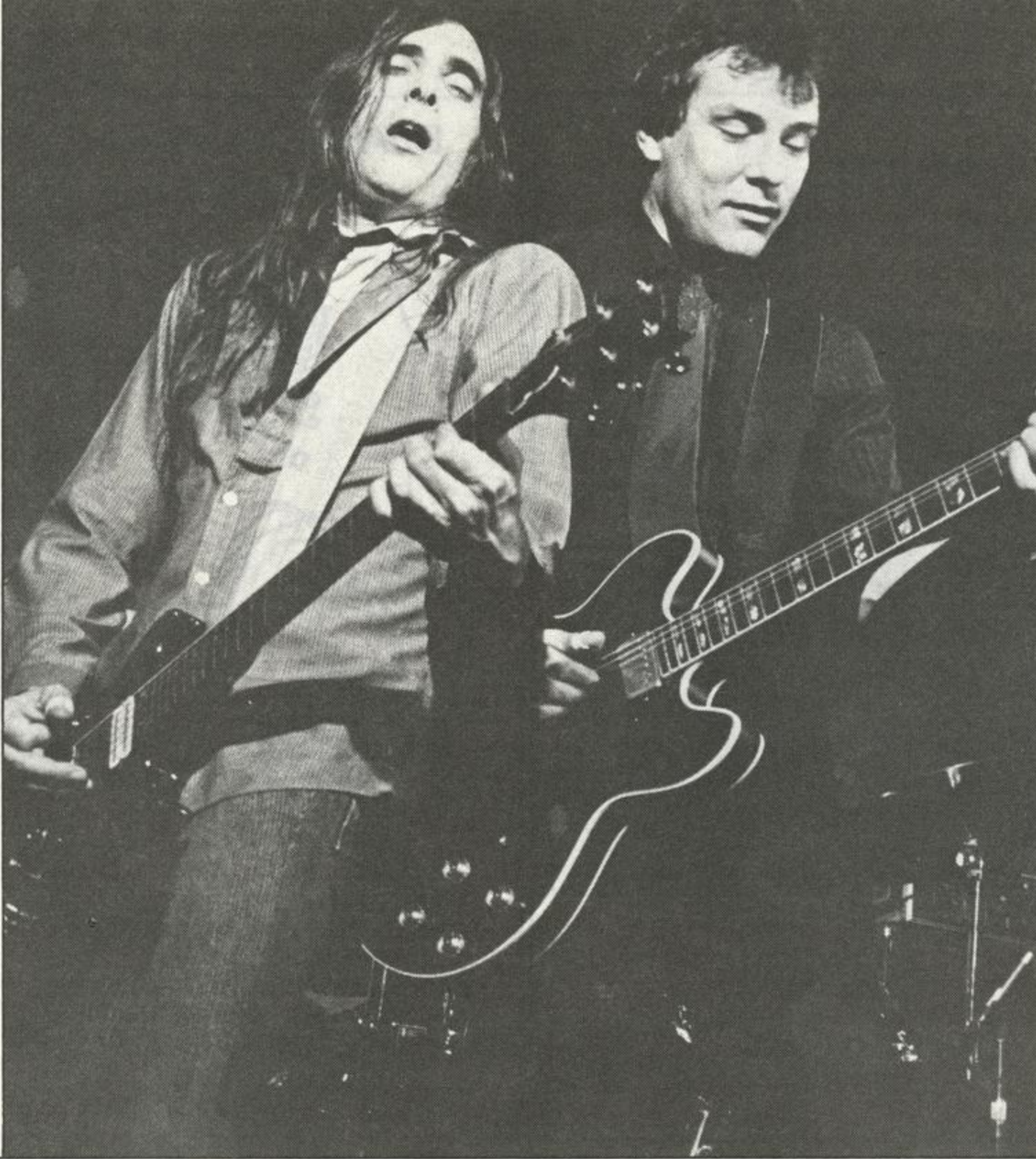
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Mark Harlan

An Interview with Greg Douglass and John Cipollina

by Mick Skidmore

—The Trips Festival '86

SOMETIMES the spontaneous things work out the best. This has always been the case for West Coast music, with its loose jamming atmosphere and general bohemian nature.

This certainly holds true for a couple of tours which have taken place so far this year. First, we had the unexpected pleasure of the phenomenally successful (both musically and commercially that is) Hot Tuna acoustic reunion tour, which came about because of renewed interest in the groups music and a convenient set of casual coincidences. Then we were treated to a tour by a veritable band of gypsies calling themselves The Sounds of San Francisco. The SOS tour eventually evolved into an even more elaborate West Coast show when the band was joined by an acoustic version of Kingfish and later John Cipollina's jazz/rock group, Zero. At this point the show was billed as *The Trips Festival '86*.

The Sounds of San Francisco, which started out as a loose conglomeration of West Coast refugees wound up playing some of the most scintillating rock I've heard in a long time. The band consisted of guitar legend John Cipollina formerly of Quicksilver), fellow lead guitarist Greg Douglass, along with former Santana members, bassist Dave Margen and vocalist/guitarist Alex Ligertwood, and drummer Joey Covington (formerly of Jefferson Airplane and

Hot Tuna.)

Acoustic Kingfish consisted of a nucleus of Matthew Kelly and keyboard player/vocalist Bary Flast who were joined by Ana Rizzo. She added a new twist with her powerful bluesy/jazz influenced vocals while Steve Kimmock, another new arrival, played lead guitar.

Cipollina's Zero consisted of Steve Kimmock on guitar, Greg Anton on drums, keyboard player John Farey, bassist Bobby Vega and saxophonist Martin Fierro (a one-time member of Quicksilver and Legion of Many.)

A couple of gigs into the tour saw the Sound of San Francisco and Kingfish appearing at Jonathan Swift's pub in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Shortly before the show I got together with guitarists John Cipollina and Greg Douglass from SOS.

Greg Douglass, a guitarist that has graced many a classic album, should be familiar to most Relix readers through his playing with Hot Tuna (he was in the band for about four months in 1975) and his work with Steve Miller's Band. Greg has also been a long-time member of Terry and the Pirates, and recently, a member of Greg Kihn's band.

I started by asking Greg how he got involved in the Sounds of San Francisco project.

G.D.: Well, I was playing with Joey (Covington) around New Year's eve at some little club called Pier 23. Joey said "Hey man, I like the way

you play. Maybe we should get together another San Francisco Allstars tour." He had done it in the past. I didn't know him and he really didn't know me—but that's all changed now! I said sure. So about a month later I got a call from him saying "John (Cipollina) wants to do it. Alex (Ligertwood) from Santana wants to do it and so does Dave (Margen)," and so on. I said how much are we making? He gave me a figure and I said okay. The first thing we did was take a picture, and that was the first time I met Alex and only the second time I'd met Dave, and of course I have played with John for 12 years, and it was like, gee, I hope this doesn't stink!

That was kind of the way we all felt until the first gig, because rehearsals were really difficult due to all the flooding in California at the time. We had to cut several rehearsals short. But when we came out and did the first gig at the Lone Star, it was great.

Relix: What other things have you been up to besides this SOS tour?

G.D.: I've done some recording with Terry (Dolan of Terry and the Pirates). It's something called the Acoustic Rangers. Terry continues to tape sporadically. He has some real good stuff.

Relix: Tell us about the band that you had with Gary Mallaber and some of the other people from Steve Miller's Band?

G.D.: That was Tracker. Basically that was a studio band that we got together to back up this guy named Mark Berger in L.A. Mark Berger was this crazy southerner. This guy was like (fake southern accent) "Hey, you guys want to make me a star. Shit, come on. I'll pay you all the money in the world," which he did! And of course, the album went straight down the toilet. The last time I talked with the guy he was like, "you guys fucked me over. You fucked up my career." I said, "we just charged triple scale, what's your problem!" But really it was a pretty good album. I think it was a tax write-off for Elektra. That's what finally happened.

Relix: What happened with the Greg Kihn band?

G.D.: Well, I have left just about every band I have been in on not so good terms (laughs hysterically!). I was burnt from being on the road, and I was burnt from not being paid. Greg was in dire financial trouble. So, I said fuck it I am going to spend some time with my wife and family. I just took a hiatus and played in a club called the Saloon in San Francisco in a band called King Perkoff with this sax player name Ben Perkoff and a bassist named Gina Skaggs. I just did an album with Country Joe, *Peace on Earth*. That was a lot of fun to do. Good fun sessions. I also did a soundtrack with him for a movie called Agent Orange. I used to do a lot of sessions, but I have been on the road for three years and a lot of other people have stepped in, although just before I left I did a whole string of sessions. Some commercials. I also did some work with Joey.

Relix: Are there any plans for you to do a solo album?

G.D.: Yes, I am doing a solo album. In fact, I have half an album done and I am getting a deal together to go up to Prairie Sun and finish it off. I am real happy with it. It is mostly acoustic.

Relix: Acoustic! That's rather surprising as you are most noted for your electric guitar playing.

G.D.: Yes, but lately I have been doing a lot of acoustic stuff. As a matter of fact I opened for Jorma the other night.

Relix: I've heard some private tapes of you and Jorma playing a lot of acoustic blues together.

Do you still have those tapes? They were dynamite!

G.D.: Yes I do, maybe I should release them in Italy! (the conversation at this point wandered off into a discussion about bootleg of Mistress, Greg's early 70s band which just appeared in Italy). It was fun opening for Jorma. We didn't play together, but I just got up onstage and played "Police Dog Blues," and said, 'yeah come on follow that.' Actually, I hadn't seen Jorma in ten years (since Greg left Hot Tuna! after his brief stay).

At this point in the interview, John Cipollina emerged from the shower singing movie themes!

J.C. Greg and I have been having such fun in SOS. Working with Alex is so much fun. He is such a professional!

Relix: Are there any plans to record together?

J.C. Not at the moment.

Relix: What have you been doing since you were last on the road?

J.C. Well, the last time I was here it was with Thunder and Lightning. They are in the beginnings of making an album right now, at last! Nick (Gravenites) has got some new songs that have never been played in public. We have been writing and rehearsing. Actually, since I have known Nick, which is since 1966, some 20 years, and since I have been playing with him regularly, which is since 1979 we have never rehearsed, let alone rehearsed and written new songs and worked on backing vocals and that other stuff. This is going to be a good album or else we'll all die.

Also Greg mentioned the acoustic Rangers thing with Terry (Dolan). Well, there is also going to be a new electric recording from Terry, myself, Greg and all the friendly guys from the rocking Pirate ranch. We are getting together to do some recording.

Relix: Is there any chance of getting Terry on the road?

J.C. I wouldn't go that far!

G.D.: His doctor advises him against it. He really did.

J.C. Anyway, we are working on a new electric album for Terry and the Pirates besides the Acoustic Rangers album, so there will be two new albums. And I am also working on a solo album.

Relix: You were working on that last time you were here.

J.C. Yes, but I lied! I have a lot of material, but it's too weird to record!

Relix: Didn't you do some recording with Merle Fankhauser?

J.C. Yes. That was actually the last vacation I took.

G.D.: Who is Merle Fankhauser?

J.C. He is the guy that wrote "Wipe Out." He is mellowed out in Maui now. Merl and I did an album, and I heard that it is out in England. I told him that and he wouldn't believe me. It was taken off a tape he sent out to some company, and they said okay, great, lets put it out. So they printed up a sleeve and pressed the record and put it out.

Some friends of mine said John you are going to die. You look much too unhealthy. We are taking you away from all this to Hawaii, and so they took me to Hawaii, and when we got there I sat in the hotel and dug my fingernails into the bed and they tried to pull me out into the sun and I'd scream and spit and stuff. Finally, they got me down onto the beach one day. And here I am on Johnson Beach in Maui and who do I run into, Merl Fankhauser. He comes up to me and introduces himself. He

was with Jim Murray (the original lead singer with Quicksilver Messenger Service back in the 60s). We packed up all our stuff and got off of the beach. We were not on it for ten minutes! We packed up went to a phone booth and made some calls, booked some studio time and went in and cut that project. I was there until it was time to go back to San Francisco. Anyway, that is how the Merl Fankhauser thing happened. Jim Murray also recorded a solo record. (As of now that is still unreleased.)

Well, I could tell you all the fantastic things that are happening. Basically, Greg and I have talked about doing stuff together. I really am talking about doing a solo album, and I want to include my old buddy Greg on it, and some other guys. I have talked to Huey (Lewis) and some of the guys there. I have talked to my brother (Mario, the bassist with Huey Lewis and the News). Actually, I left my brother with promises that I am going to come back and finish writing some songs with him. What he does is take my songs, which I write in pencil, and grabs the eraser and takes out all the questionable words and completely rewrites them. So, I might have some stuff, at least that's what I am counting on anyway.

I figure, roughly, that I can get about six albums out of one studio shot. One of them will be the album with Gravenites, which I already mentioned. I am really turned on about that one. It's the first time I have been turned on about doing an album project since I can remember. This time, the material is just so good.

Relix: Last time you were here with Thunder and Lightning you had just been working on a blues documentary film called *Survivors*. Did anything ever become of that?

J.C. The *Survivors* movie! I hear that it is doing really well in London where it is out. It's been standing room only. It is real popular over there and they want us to go over and do some shows. Also, just the other day, Nick called me and said 'when are you coming back? Grumble grumble. They want us to do a tour of Australia.' So he is working on that. That's going to be the nothing is sacred tour!

Relix: I have been hearing rumors that there is a Quicksilver reunion in the works and that you have been recording with some of the other members?

J.C. I have heard that, but as far as I know the only one was Gary Duncan. I heard that Freiberg put down a couple of tracks, but I am not involved with that at all.

Relix: What about the other bands you play with?

J.C. Zero has been playing a lot. The Dinosaurs is fluctuating between a live album and a studio album. We have about two-thirds or maybe three quarters of an album already in the can, and we have a live album.

Relix: What is the line-up of the band on the recordings?

J.C. It is me, Barry Melton, Peter Albin, Spencer Dryden and Merl Saunders. In the studio we brought Robert Hunter in and he did some stuff. Merl has also been keeping me somewhat busy with some Twilight Zones. I have done three of them so far.

Relix: What about the *Mean Ol' Frisco* album. How did that come about?

J.C. I was almost dead when I did that record. I was sick. I had had a cold and it had gotten worse and gone into bronchitis and then I got a real bad temperature. It was during the time that I was recording the Dinosaurs album that I did that. I had the Dinosaur gig during the day, and what I did was go home, shower and shave and come back to the studio. If you look at the pictures on the sleeve, there's one of me lying on the couch. I did the whole session lying down. The only time I sat up was when I had to play slide and I put the guitar on the table. Anyway, that was how that had come about. I promised Mike Wilhelm I would do it.

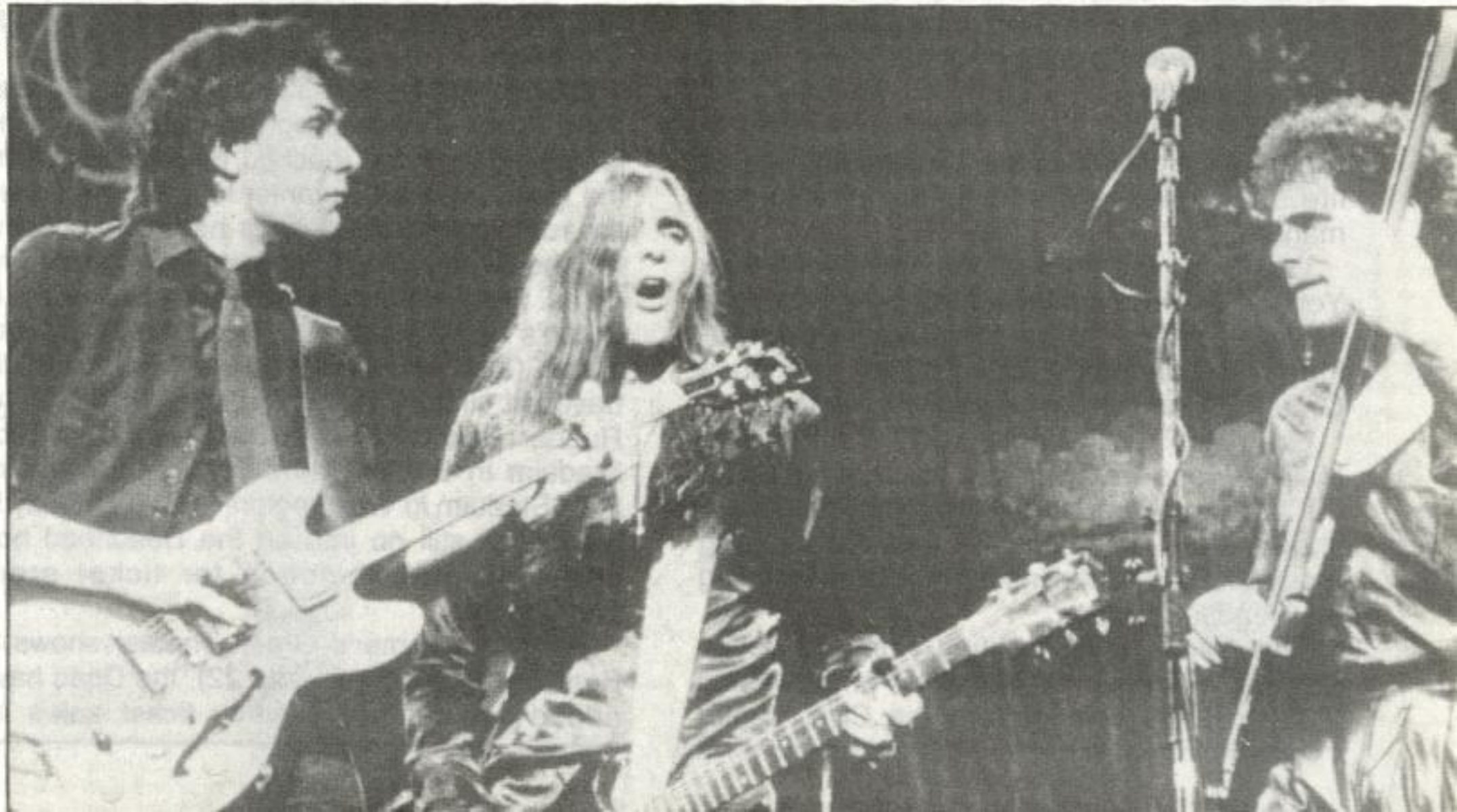
At this point in the conversation the band had to leave for the gig so we were cut short a little. However, at Johnathan Swift's, the SOS band showed what versatile and competent musicians they are by giving an absolutely dynamite performance that was thoroughly enjoyed by the small, but partisan crowd. The band even had to contend with a minor disaster in that drummer Joey Covington was taken ill prior to the show, and a local drummer was rushed in to fill in at the last moment. It was at this point that John and Greg's comments about Alex Ligertwood really stood out. The fiery scotsman rushed around backstage, organizing the revised set and generally getting things together like a consummate professional.

And the music, well, that spoke for itself. Cipollina and Douglass have a special repartee when it comes to trading guitar riffs, and Ligertwood certainly displayed his considerable vocal talents.

It would be ideal for this entire group of artists to find their way to the stage together again in the near future. Perhaps at "The Trips Festival '87!"

Greg Douglass, John Cipollina and Dave Margen

Bob Minkin



Fragments

by Scott Allen

LOST in the resultant furor over the Dead's not playing a third set during the 1986 New Year's Eve show was the fact that the second set was easily one of the longest (eleven songs) and most enjoyable sets in some time. "If we keep things fairly succinct, we don't drag our stuff out quite so long and we pack a little more music in a little less time," says Bob Weir. "That's kind of neat. I like that myself, rather than dragging it out."

"We'd rather play good than long," corroborates Jerry Garcia.

With 71 sell-outs in 75 shows in 1985, the Grateful Dead solidified their position as one of rock's most consistently productive box-office draws. How productive? Try these stats on for size: \$22 million in gross receipts with a net of \$11.4 million, good enough to be mentioned in articles in the *San Francisco Chronicle* and *People* magazine's year-end issue and on the air by New York's WXRK d.j. Howard Stern, whose sidekick, Robin Quivers, remarked, "Not bad for a band that hasn't released an album in ten years..."

During the Dead's two-night stand in Hartford on April 3 and 4, 1986, the Civic Center's orchestra area was well-policed by Hartford's finest, who were both respectful and friendly. A sergeant I spoke with went on to say, "We've been working Dead shows for so long, we all know exactly what to expect. A kid really has to ask for it to be thrown out." Asked what he thought of the shows, he quipped, "Not bad, but they haven't played a new song since 1972." Obviously not a Dead connoisseur.

Speaking of those Hartford shows, the *Hartford Courant* ran two very positive articles in their April 4 newspaper. One was an insightful review of the April 3 show by *Courant* rock critic Matt Damsker, who wrote, "It's the unglamorous integrity of this band and its distinctive, free-wheeling music that keeps a mass audience in thrall." Damsker further stated, "The band's chemistry, as ever, is mainly in the loose, intuitive interplay of Garcia and second guitarist Bob Weir, the ageless pretty boy of the band. Their reedy, untutored voices combine with great friction and character, pulling emotional weight on just about every tightly harmonized line."

A second article, "Dead Heads Live It Up in Hartford," highlighted the Deadhead "way of life" in a pleasant and almost "romantic" manner.

One final note on Hartford. The April 4 *New York Daily News* contained this brief clipping in its sports pages: "While the Knicks were reading their playbooks, Bill Walton went to a Grateful Dead concert last night in Hartford."

On a less positive note, sadly, the Portland, Maine, *Press Herald* ran a piece in its March 29, 1986, newspaper (following the Dead's two shows there on March 27 and 28) detailing many of the still-continuing problems plaguing the Deadhead scene.

The article said, quoting Portland police Sergeant Stephen D. Mazziotti, an estimated 2,000 people were outside the Civic Center



Amy Bursten

Some of the folks that attended Relix's 2nd Annual Celebration of San Francisco Music were Steve Kimock, Barry Flast, Garth Webber, Matt Kelly & Ana Rizzo of Kingfish, Dave Margen and Dave Perper of City Section, David Walker of Savoy Brown, Barry Melton of the Dinosaurs, Bill Kirchen - Moonlighters Commander Cody, David Nelson & John Dawson - NRPS, Sneaky Pete Kleinow - Flying Burrito Bros., Robert Hunter, Peter Albin - Dinosaurs, Tom Stern - banjo player extraordinaire, Merl Saunders and John Cipollina.

without tickets as the concert began at 7:30 p.m. The crowd rushed the doors twice and at least 200 people were arrested, most from out of state, on charges of criminal trespass, criminal mischief, violating the transient seller's act and drug peddling.

The most serious incident put a Massachusetts man, arrested when a half-pound of marijuana and \$634 were found in his knapsack, in the hospital after a scuffle with a Portland police sergeant. People from as far away as Minnesota and Michigan were also nabbed for selling drugs.

These incidents point out two things. First, most of the trouble with the Deadhead scene lies with the inadequately prepared transient populace following the band from city to city, not with, by and large, the band's loyal fans that live in each city and see the Dead only in their hometowns or nearby towns. Second, and worst of all, there is glaringly becoming apparent a horrible double-standard most of these touring Deadheads adhere to; that is, none of them will ever buy a scalper's ticket because this is so "unethical" in their eyes but when show time rolls around, those "ethics" go out the window when the mob forms to crash the gates.

WNEW-FM in New York, during its Sunday night *Rock Today* program, announced the lengthy Bob Dylan (backed by Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers) summer tour and confirmed the rumor most Deadheads have been hoping for: the Dead will open at least four shows! The dates and locales confirmed are June 26 in Dylan's home state of Minnesota at the Metrodome (also known as the "homerdome" in baseball circles) in Minneapolis; July 2 at the Rubber Bowl in Akron, Ohio; July 4 at Rich Stadium in Buffalo, New York, and July 6 at RFK Stadium in Washington, D.C. As of May 5, there was still no info on the Deadhead hotlines, so stay in touch for ticket order procedures.

For this summer's Greek Theater shows in Berkeley (June 20, 21 and 22), the Dead have added yet another positive ticket sales in-

novation. In conjunction with Cal Performance Charge By Phone, 50 percent of these shows tickets will be available through credit card purchasing. On April 24, from 5:00 a.m. until 9:00 p.m., the Dead began accepting orders by phone for the ducats. The procedures detailed on the hotline mandate that only those people whose full name appears on the credit card can pick up their tickets at the Greek box office on show day with a valid picture ID and with no exceptions.

The mail order ticket allotment was filled in one day.

A nice idea that can hopefully be expanded for other Dead shows everywhere.

A hot, hot English new wave psychedelic band named, The Cult is making impressions with their first American release, *Love*. Check out "Rain" and "She Sells Sanctuary."

Graham Nash, in an interview with WNEW-FM's Pete Fornatele during his Sunday morning "Mixed Bag" program, revealed David Crosby is due for parole from a Texas federal penitentiary in late-May/early-June and a CSNY tour is a possibility. Nash, Crosby's closest friend during this ordeal, said he penned "Glass and Steel" from his new *Innocent Eyes* l.p. about Crosby's freebasing and weapons possession problems. Crosby moved in March from the state to the federal prison, where he is allowed to play a guitar. Nash said he'd first like to take Crosby to his Hawaiian home to revitalize the singer-songwriter before any CSNY tour.

Bob Weir's fantastic performance with Kingfish (who were equally fantastic) at John Scher's Capitol Theater in Passaic, New Jersey, on March 1 included a wonderful solo acoustic set of "This Time Forever" (from *Heaven Help the Fool*), "Victim or the Crime" and "Throwin' Stones."

While Bob Weir is the topic, he was "on the road again" in late-April for a brief two-stop tour in Northern California with Kingfish. On April 28 he then performed an acoustic benefit, billed as "Bob Weir and Friends," at Bill Graham's nightclub, Wolfgang's, in San Francisco, to help

John "Marmaduke" Dawson, David Nelson, Barry Flast and Matt Kelly do some tunes together at the Relix Party in San Francisco

defray the medical expenses of a sick friend. Also on this bill were the Tim Weir Group, former-Dead keyboardist Tom Constanten and long-time Dead crony and ex-NRPS member David Nelson.

On May 15 a show dubbed as the "Wavy Gravy Birthday Benefit for Just About Anything" was held at the Berkeley Community Theater in Berkeley. The show featured this exciting line-up: Bob Weir; Jerry Garcia with John Kahn; Paul Krassner; the Kantner-Balin-Casady Band; Mickey Hart, and others! Jorma Kaukonen opened the show playing Bob Weir's chordless Ovation. Jorma then joined the Kantner-Balin-Casady Band for a rousing performance which included "Plastic Fantastic Lover."

In perhaps the most-stunning recent re-introduction of their older material, the Dead returned "Box of Rain" to their ever-increasing working repertoire. The song, penned by Robert Hunter and sung by Phil Lesh, re-debuted at the Hampton (Virginia) Coliseum on March 20th, closing the first set. Kudos are in order!

Additional Fragments by Toni

Relix hosted its 2nd Annual Celebration of San Francisco Music while on the West Coast this past April. Many Relix Records artists and friends turned out to join in the festivities.

Hot Tuna did another mini-tour, creating the impression that Jorma and Jack are enjoying

the music more than ever! Papa John Creach joined Jorma and Jack in their two New York area dates—Capitol Theater and Stonybrook. Papa John actually popped a stage light bulb to the thunderous excitement of the audience. Is it live or is it Memorex?

Word has it that Bob Weir will be appearing in a movie. More details as we get them.

We recently received the latest copy of Mikel.

Our appreciation goes out to the fine folks that have kept Michael Linah's dream going. For those of you who have yet to share in the joy of Mikel, their address is P.O. Box 4403, Covina, CA 91723. Send a S.A.S.E. for the latest newsletter. Keep on shining.

To all of the great folks that stopped by to say hello during the Berkeley shows, thanks for making me feel so much at home.—Toni.



Amy Bursten

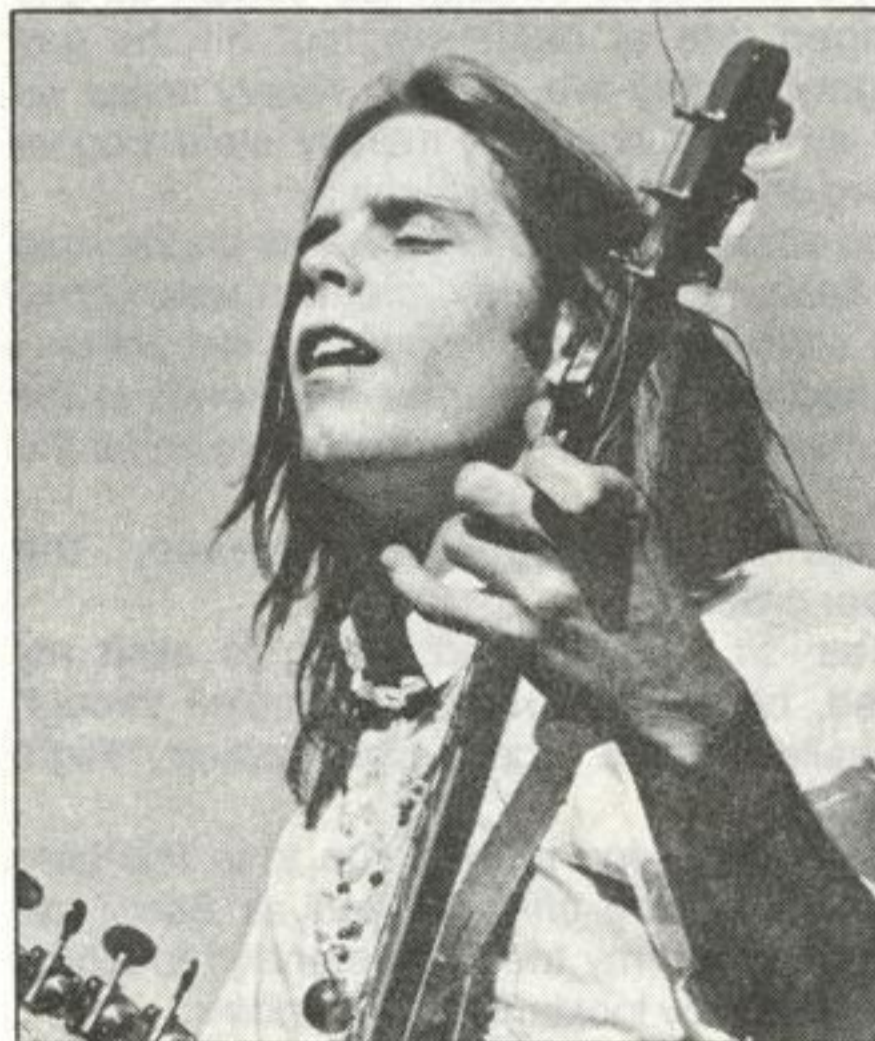
LIVE PHOTOS



BW1-Red Rocks '79



BW83-Passaic '78



SP4-S.F. '67 (8 x10 only- \$6.00)



Jorma & Jack '86



BW8-Radio City '80

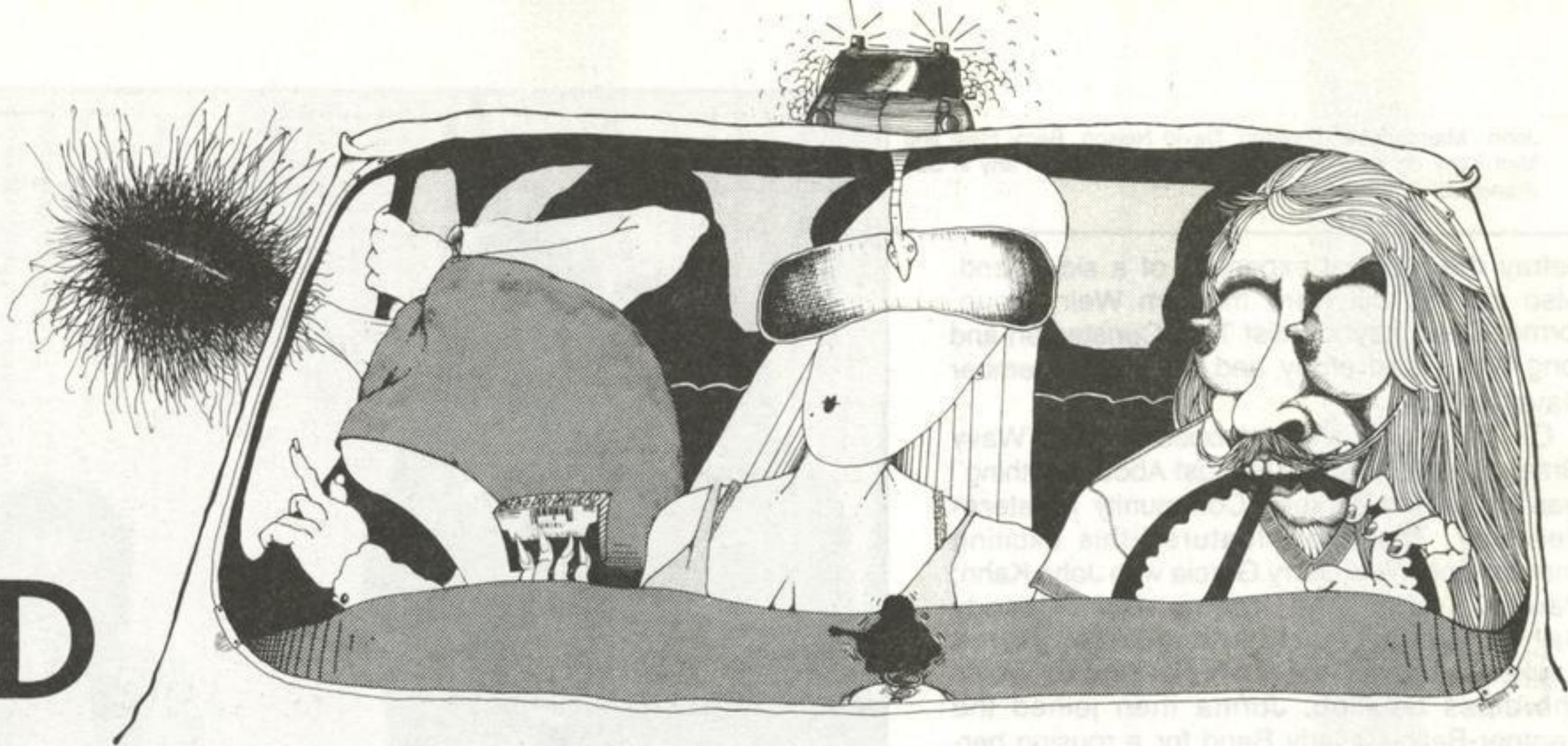
The above photos are available in black and white, 8 x 10 - \$3.00 and 11 x 14 - \$6.00. Please add \$1.00 per order for postage.

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DEAD AHEAD



by Evan Rudowski

I was ten in the morning, and by that time I had planned on being somewhere in northern Westchester, cruising on the New York State Thruway. Instead, I was across the street from my house, trying to coax a cooler full of Budweisers into the last remaining space in my trunk. Six people sat in the car, staring at their watches as their thighs stuck to the upholstery.

I had been to Dead shows before; I had stopped counting after my thirtieth one. Consequently, I wasn't too worried about our late start. I had a full tank of gas, and a foot that weighed heavily on the pedal. My cat, affectionately nicknamed "the Deadmobile," was a real cruise machine. The year before, I had made Saratoga in three hours, doing ninety on the scenic Taconic Parkway.

This year, I was determined to take it a little slower, and for a very good reason. Seated next to me was the most beautiful girl I had ever known—a beautiful seventeen year-old named Betsy. Betsy had long, blonde hair, blue eyes, and a figure that would make Michaelangelo blush. I had been in love with her ever since she had moved in across the street less than a year before.

She had always ignored me, or at least pretended to, until one day when she heard me playing some Dead in my car as I drove up. Since then she had been much friendlier to me, and when I invited her to the show, she readily accepted. Her parents would be going away that weekend and wouldn't even notice that she was gone.

As we finally drove off I was totally oblivious to the other five people in the car. All I could see was Betsy in her bright, tie-dyed T-shirt and short, short cut-off shorts. As she shifted her weight and pressed her leg up against mine, almost imperceptibly, it was so perceptible that I nearly ran us all off the road.

I popped in a Dead tape and cranked it up. We were all psyched to see the show. Once we passed the Throgs Neck Bridge tolls, my friend lit up a bowl and passed it around. The party was getting into full gear.

So was I. We had been on the road over an hour and I couldn't get that girl off my mind. It didn't help that she was pressing her leg firmly against mine, her silky smooth leg tormenting my entire being.

Get a hold of yourself, I thought. A year ago this girl wasn't even legal. No, that just made her more tempting. Did she know what she was doing to me? Was she old enough to know? Did I care?

I decided on a course of action. Slowly, nonchalantly, I adjusted the rear-view mirror so I could try to see down her shirt. It wasn't the most mature thing to do, I know, but at that point, I just didn't care.

"Aren't you going to change the tape?" she asked me in a soft, sexy voice that immediately caused me to accelerate to seventy-five miles per hour.

"Huh? Oh, the tape. No, I like this tape, don't you?"

"Of course I do, but it ended two minutes ago," she answered with an amused grin.

"Well, then, I guess I'll change it," I said meekly.

As I fumbled through the tape case, I looked up into the rear-view mirror. As Betsy leaned forward to select a new tape, a wonderful thing happened. Choruses of "halelujah" sang in my head as two perfect, round breasts came into view down her shirt. They jiggled slightly as the car bumped along the highway. The strap of her bra led from a frilly, floral pattern to a succulent, biteable shoulder.

I was in heaven. I hadn't had this much fun since I sat at my bedroom window, watching Betsy's silhouette through the curtain as she changed late at night. My foot hit the gas—eighty, eighty-five, ninety. Ninety miles an hour as we passed the friendly state trooper parked on the side of the highway.

The siren screamed and he was on the road in a flash. Suddenly, my attention was turned from swaying breasts to swirling red lights. I signaled and pulled over as my friends in the back hastily threw a still-burning joint under the seat.

"License and registration please," the trooper ordered.

"Yes, sir," I answered, trying to avert my stoned, bloodshot eyes as I fumbled through my wallet for the proper identification. "Right away, sir."

"What have you all been up to in this here automobile?" the officer asked as Betsy sat, red-faced, and my friends pretended to ignore the situation by looking out the window.

"Well, we were looking at the license plates of oncoming cars and trying to pronounce the letter combinations," I said, unconvincingly. "Did you know that the ones from Quebec don't sound any Frencher than ours?"

"What's that I smell?" he asked.

"I farted?"

"Okay, everybody out of the car," the trooper barked as he unbuttoned his holster for added emphasis. "NOW!"

I opened my door and got out, as marijuana smoke billowed out from under the seat. The trooper bent down and picked up the roach,

carefully extinguished it with his neat white glove, and placed it in a little plasticine envelope.

"Everybody, empty your pockets," he demanded. "NOW!"

We did as told until, on the hood of my car, there was assembled a collection consisting of an undertermined quantity of marijuana, three pipes, a pack of rolling paper, assorted keys, an empty condom wrapper, half a stick of gum, and a bottle of birth control pills with the name "Betsy Golliver" on it.

Betsy Golliver!

The trooper has us stand at the side of the highway until a paddy wagon and a tow truck came for us. We were all split up into separate cells. I wished that Betsy was in mine.

As the hours wore on, my friends' parents came and posted their bail. One by one they left, until just Betsy and I remained. I called Western Union and charged our bail to my Visa.

"Can we go now?" I asked the desk sergeant.

"Sure."

"Can I please have my car keys?"

"Nope."

"Why not?"

"Your car's been impounded for evidence."

"So how are we supposed to get back home?"

"Why don't you fly home, pothead?"

I walked away, tired and dejected. Night had fallen, and we had missed the show. I didn't know how to get home. Plus, I had to be responsible for Betsy. And she wasn't even a virgin.

"Don't worry," Betsy said as she came over to me. "We'll take a cab into town, get a room, catch a bus home in the morning." Her warm, soft body felt good against mine. I reached out and hugged her.

The cab came and took us to the town. We found our way to a small motel, a row of eight doors with a buzzing neon light out front. It said "VAC CY" as it flashed on and off. The doors were numbered with even numbers only, as if to convey the impression of having twice as many rooms. As I opened up my wallet to pay, I looked down sadly at my unused ticket. Betsy put her arm around me as we walked through the door to "10".

I sat down on the bed and Betsy sat down beside me. Before I knew what was happening, she leaned over and kissed me. We were together, under the covers, in no time at all.

Betsy and I still get together once in a while; I no longer have to stare at her across the street at night. But we've both decided—next Dead show, we take the bus.

RELIX RECORDS



RRLP 2002
Robert Hunter
Promontory Rider

Featuring Jerry Garcia, Mickey Hart, Keith and Donna Godchaux, Buddy Cage, Dave Torbert and others.



RRLP 2003
Robert Hunter
Amagamalin St.

2 lp set featuring Jorma Kaukonen, John Cipollina, Merl Saunders and Rodney Albin. This record is known as the first "rock novel."



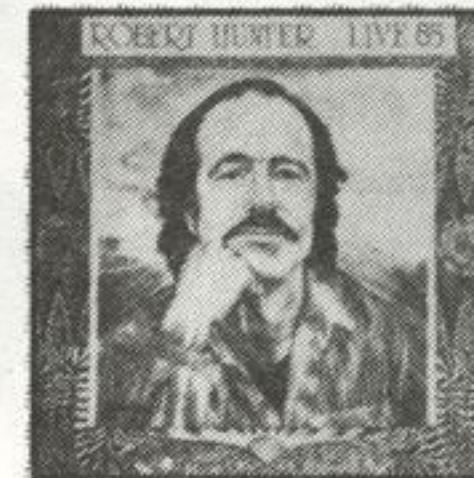
RRLP 2004
Hot Tuna
Splashdown

This acoustic performance was from a WQIV-FM radio broadcast of July 25, 1975. The broadcast took place at the same time as the Apollo-Soyuz joint U.S.-Soviet space mission was coming to an end.



RRLP 2005
Kingfish
Kingfish

Featuring John Lee Hooker, Bob Weir, Dave Torbert, Mike Bloomfield.



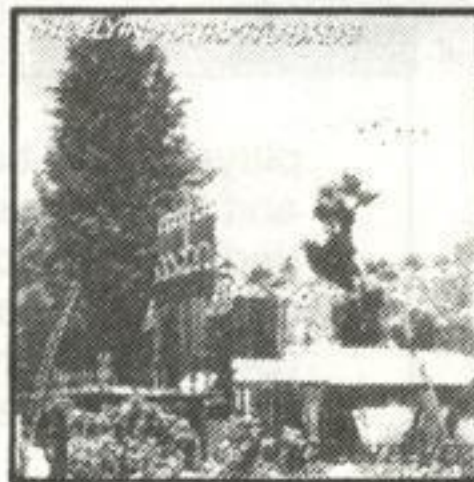
RRLP 2006
Robert Hunter
LIVE '85

A live performance recorded during his last solo tour of the U.S. This record features favorite songs such as: Promontory Rider, Jack Straw, Easy Wind and Franklin's Tower. Also features previously unreleased material.



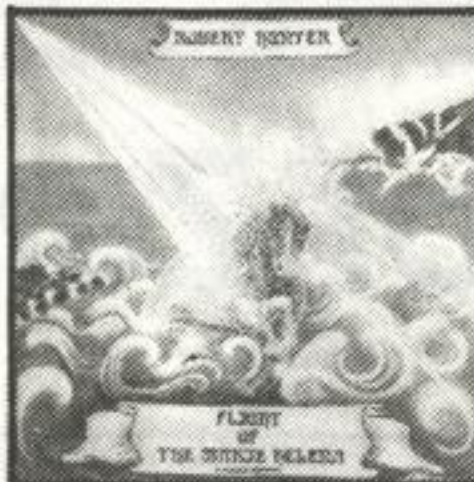
RRLP 2007
Jorma Kaukonen
MAGIC

A live performance recorded on tour, this record portrays a true and hearty rendition of a Jorma show with the robust flavor that only a Jorma audience is capable of providing.



RRLP 2008
The Flying Burrito Brothers
Cabin Fever

The first release from the Flying Burrito Brothers after a 5-year hiatus from touring. Includes Burrito favorites performed with upbeat enthusiasm. This lp was taken from material from a recent 1985 tour.



RRLP 2009
Robert Hunter
The Flight of the Marie Helena

Robert Hunter, the Grateful Dead's master lyricist does it again! This record is a "musical narrative" highlighting a 7 day voyage of the Marie Helena. A 16 page lyric booklet is included with the lp.



RRLP 2010
Matt Kelly
A Wing and A Prayer

A twelve year project. Matt got all his favorite musicians to work with him on this effort! Garcia, Weir, Kreutzmann, Mydland, Godchaux, Nelson and many other San Francisco based musicians can be found on this lp.



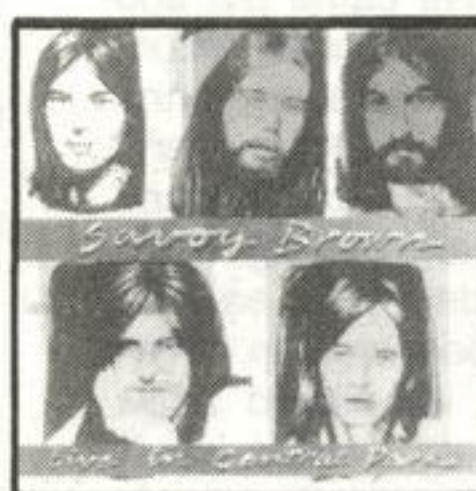
RRLP 2011
Hot Tuna
Historic Hot Tuna

A special treat for Hot Tuna freaks!! This lp was produced from the master tapes from two Hot Tuna shows in San Francisco in 1971. Side two was recorded from the Closing of the Fillmore West.



RRLP 2012
Jorma Kaukonen
Too Hot To Handle

The record that Tuna/Jorma Freaks have been waiting for! An acoustic / All New Material Jorma record. No more has to be said.



RRLP 2014
Savoy Brown
Live From Central Park

From a live performance during the Summer, 1972, Wollman Rink. This performance, from amongst a hundred bands that played in Central Park that year, was rated by the Village Voice to be the best performance of that summer. Now on record, to be listened to once again.



RRLP 2015
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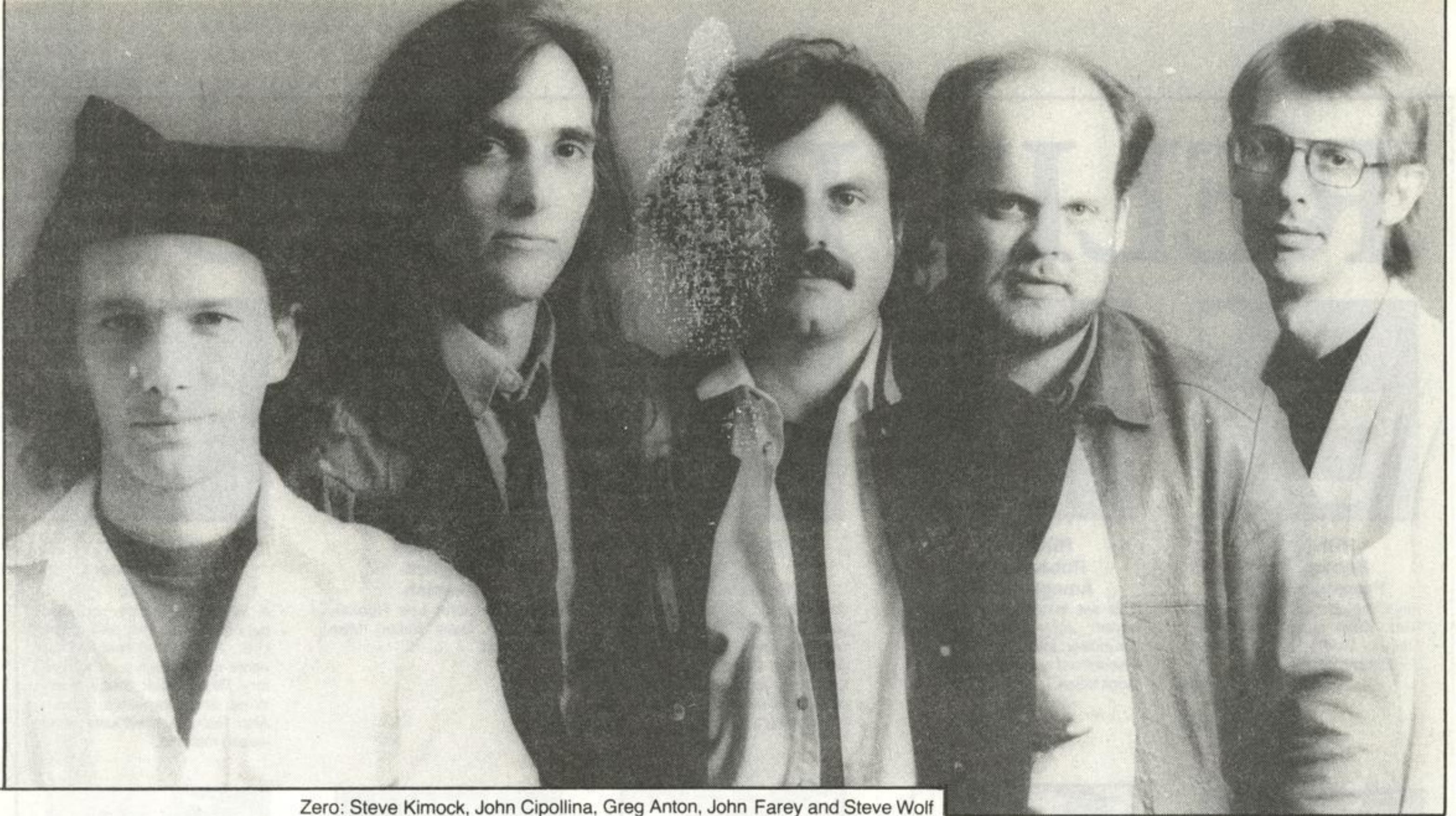
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Zero: Steve Kimock, John Cipollina, Greg Anton, John Farey and Steve Wolf

The Evolution of Zero

by Mary Eisenhart

“**M**USIC is the truth,” philosophizes Zero’s drummer and founder Greg Anton. “We go for it, and sometimes it doesn’t sound that good—but I think that music can only sound as good as it sounds bad. The inconsistency, the organic part of it, is what’s so expressive.”

“The experience of the music at the time—the players and the audience are just *one*. The audience is just as important as the players, they’re creating the music as much as the players. It’s just *happening*; the context is the entire thing.”

“It’s a process. The process is more than the goal—way more. And if any music can express the process truthfully, that’s the most happening sound.”

It isn’t hard to be blown away by Zero’s music. What’s hard is describing it. It’s virtually all-instrumental and highly improvisational. It certainly doesn’t sound like any other group John Cipollina’s ever played with. Many people bandy comparisons with the Grateful Dead and Weather Report—immediately adding that the comparisons are entirely inadequate. While this elusive quality is something of a curse for a band trying to succeed in a music industry dominated by faceless clones, it’s a real blessing to audiences.

Like its music, the band’s history is an evolutionary process. Zero traces its origins to the late ’70s, when Anton formed the Ghosts with singer-songwriter Don Gaynor. The band’s personnel shifted pretty regularly, and as the Ghosts were beginning some studio recording, their bassist, Larry Klein (who frequently toured with Robert Hunter) suggested recruiting Keith Godchaux, who had recently left the Dead. Godchaux proved a valuable addition—and a strong influence on the band’s future direction.

“Keith was pretty discriminating,” recalls

Anton. He got into it and would have a good time, but when it started getting serious he wanted to get a more substantial guitar player than what we had.

“One day we were doing some recording at Front Street [the Dead’s studio]. This guy shows up and says, ‘I’ve got this guitar player for you.’ And it was Steve Kimock.

Kimock, whose career had begun on the East Coast with the Goodman Brothers, soon got the Godchaux baptism of fire. “He came out and did a couple of rehearsals,” continues Anton, “and Keith—I remember, it was so funny—Keith would just sit there at his keyboard and not look up, and would just keep playing and playing. Steve walks in, he starts playing, we’re all playing, and Keith wouldn’t even say the song, wouldn’t say how it goes, wouldn’t even say the key. And then after we played a few songs, Steve, who hadn’t said a word, says, ‘Are you at least going to tell me what key this is in?’ And Keith looks up from the piano for the first time, and says, ‘If you can’t figure it out, there’s the door.’”

Kimock didn’t leave, and the band began to develop a distinctive sound and identity. However, as fate would have it, this incarnation of the Ghosts was to play only one gig—at a tiny North Beach venue, long since disappeared, called the Back Door. Two weeks later Godchaux was killed in an auto accident.

“It was a really heavy thing around Keith,” recalls Anton. “He was playing better than ever, but it was like his life was peaking out and disappearing, although nobody knew exactly what was happening.”

In the aftermath of Keith’s death, Anton and Kimock continued to work with Donna Godchaux in a group that eventually became the Heart of Gold Band. This group, too, went through numerous changes and personnel shifts, and then, says Anton, “We got a bass

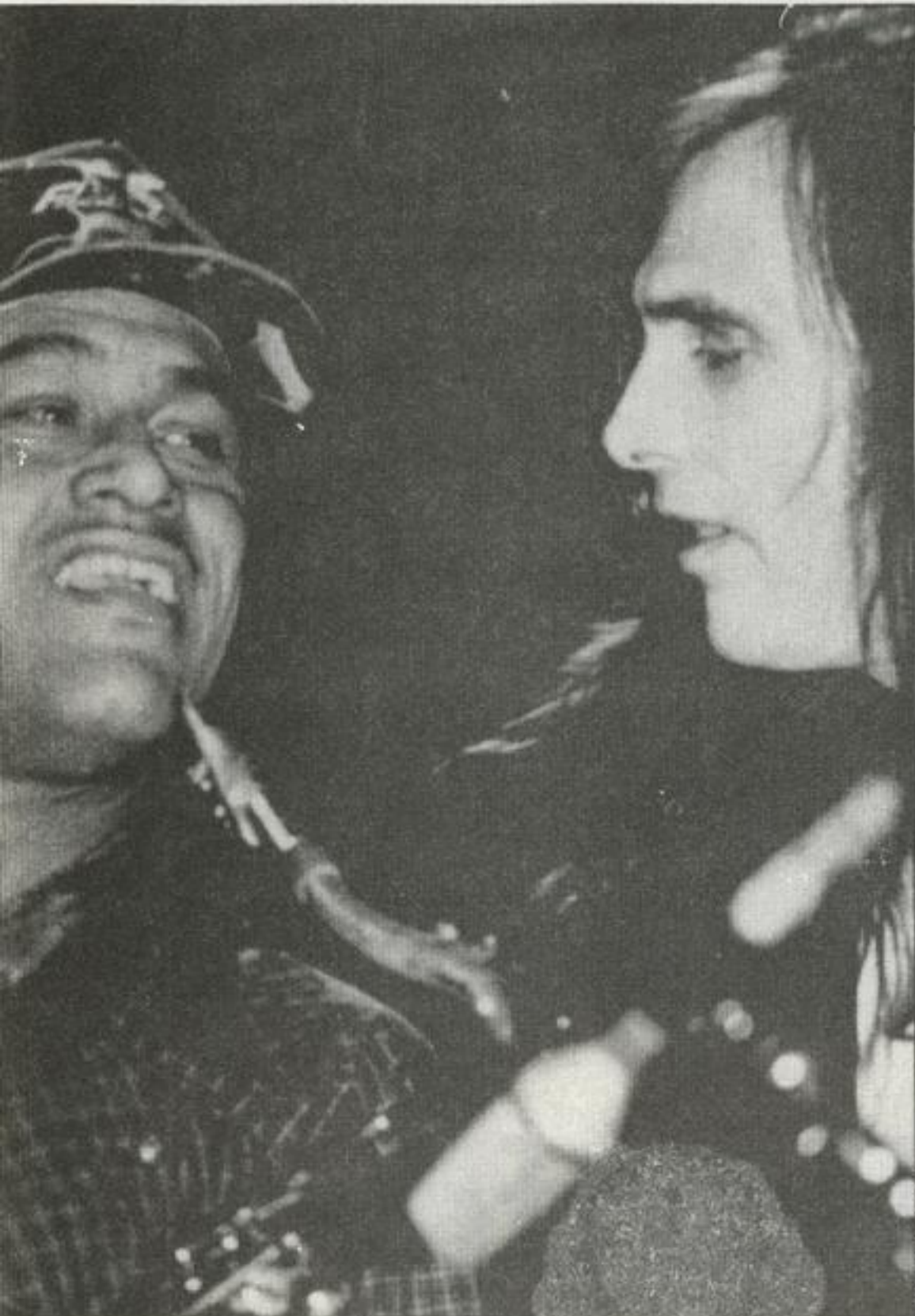
player in the band, a very religious kind of guy, and Donna hooked up with him. They got married, and decided they didn’t want to play rock and roll anymore. So that was the end of that.” (Donna Godchaux MacKay and her husband David now perform in the Bay Area gospel band Zoe.)

Kimock and Anton kept playing together. “It just seemed,” Anton explains, “that there was this sound developing through all these groups.” Eventually the band attained its current lineup: Anton on drums, Kimock and John Cipollina on guitar, Bobby Vega on bass, John Farey (who had played with Sly and the Family Stone) on keyboards, and Martin Fierro on sax (Fierro can be heard with Jerry Garcia and Merl Saunders on the 1975 Legion of Mary tape).

The range of personalities and styles in the band makes for a unique sound—and a considerable element of unpredictability in live performance. Farey, says Anton, is the consummate musical organizer, while Fierro is utterly improvisational—his inspiration of the moment may involve playing a blistering solo that’s the highlight of the evening, or waving a plastic toy shark in the audience’s face. Vega’s playing covers a wide range of styles and textures. Kimock’s fiery, ethereal guitar solos are frequently compared to Garcia’s—not too accurately, inasmuch as he’s not particularly a Dead aficionado and had, indeed, never heard of “Scarlet Begonias” when called upon to play it at the Back Door. Most startling, though, is how differently Cipollina plays with Zero than with, say, Thunder and Lightning, the Dinosaurs, or Terry and the Pirates. With Zero, Cipollina plays mostly rhythm to Kimock’s lead, creating textures rather than lowdown-and-nasty musical assaults.

“It’s an organic kind of process,” says Anton. “When it clicks, it’s incredible. But then it’s so hard to get it to click. Steve and John are really different, they play different styles. When they come together, it’s really incredible, it really works for both of them. And when it doesn’t, it just sounds like crash-bang.”

“The sound is developing like that. The whole band is a mixture of different styles, and



Martin Fierro and John Cipollina - Zero

obstacle to airplay and record deals. "The response is incredibly positive," says Anton, "but nobody knows exactly what to do with it. Consistently, over and over, I'm getting the response from a business person or a dj or a record producer who says, 'You know that tape? I don't know exactly what to do with it, and I don't know if we can fit it on our label—but you can't have that tape back. I listen to it every day in my car, to and from work.'"

The selections on the tape are mostly instrumental and frequently endowed with names like "Tear Tags Off Mattresses" and "Severe Tire Damage." Asked what all this weirdness means, Anton answers truthfully, "Not much."

"It's funny," he muses. "The only words in an instrumental song are the song's title, and they're taken as *meaning* something. Most musicians I know don't listen to the words. Some of my favorite songs I've listened to for years and years, I know every lick in them, and I've never heard the words."

"That's what it means—how the tunes go. Putting down titles for all the songs on the tape—we'd refer to it as 'Joe's song' for two years, and then they needed a name." (Much of the same non-reasoning, he says, was behind the choice of the band names along the way.)

The lone exception is the song called "The Golden Road"—which, contrary to popular belief, has nothing to do with the Dead song of the same name. "I didn't know there was a Grateful Dead song called 'Golden Road,'" insists Anton. "I wrote the music to that song right after Keith died. I was spending a lot of time with his brother Brian Godchaux; I said, 'I want to say something about Keith.' We spent a couple of all-night sessions, and he came up



Amy Bursten

Les, John Cipollina, Greg Anton and Toni

with the words. The chorus was about Keith—Where's he going? Down the golden road... And then Zero did it instrumentally."

While it's frustrating trying to interest record companies and radio stations in a band that refuses to be pigeonholed, Anton is confident about the band's future—he foresees that Zero will keep right on evolving and finally pick up irresistible momentum.

"The response is so incredibly positive," he says. "Older people really like it. Young teenagers like it, and everybody in between. I think we're sitting on some kind of time bomb with this sound."

everybody wonders 'Can this work?' But in the meantime, the sound comes out, and it's bigger than the individual players."

The band also does well in the studio, and is working on the final touches of its first album. As Anton tells the tale, Zero's demo is probably a candidate for the Guinness Book of World Records for wide distribution, although its unique sound is proving something of an

Bob Minkin

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Bob Minkin

"Box of Rain" Hartford 4/4/86

Caution: Entering Hartford

by Adam Goldberg

If you're not familiar with the Hartford experience, let me fill you in. An appropriate sign should read, "Welcome to Connecticut...if you are Republican, short-haired, and properly attired." And you wonder why the Connecticut Yankee preferred King Arthur's court? So when the Grateful Dead comes to town, Connecticut shows its appreciation by harassing and arresting Deadheads with no probable cause other than having long hair and improper attire. As soon as the Dead got word of our treatment during the 1984 shows, they vowed never to play Connecticut again.

1985 came and went without a Dead show. Realizing the large amount of revenue the Dead actually bring in probably brought Hartford to its "cents," and the band was invited back, assured that the police would be more tolerant than they had been in the past.

So, when I heard the Grateful Dead were playing Hartford April 3 and 4, I said, "No problem, I'll just go to Philly and Providence." However, tickets were not that easy to come by; Providence sold out within the hour and Philadelphia within two. On the urging of a fellow Deadhead, I was finally convinced to risk Hartford.

It seems the Hartford Civic Center wasn't satisfied with the already existing regulations set by the Dead, so they added a few more. Besides not allowing any cameras which is why no pictures of mine accompany this article, they also banned knapsacks. Of course, this presented a hardship to all the hitchhiking Deadheads who were forced to resign their belongings to a U-Haul truck parked outside the arena. At least those who possessed taping tickets were allowed to bring in their equipment.

Now that you have a feeling for the atmosphere, let's get on with the show.

The usual half hour stretched to 45 minutes before the Dead came on stage. Apparently, the delayed start didn't help the band any, for

"Iko" was not only shoddy, but sloppily executed with Jerry coming in off cue. "Minglewood Blues" suffered too, although Phil did his best to get his fellow bandmembers in gear. However by "Peggy-O" the Dead were in synch and ready to play. Back in form, Bobby took us South of the Border with a rousing "Me and My Uncle" into "Mexicali Blues."

The highlight of the evening was a superb "Birdsong." What we had here was an early case of X Factor. Jerry spun mixolydian threads as Bobby and Brent set forth the canvas needed to capture its beauty. And good ol' Phil provided the intricate knots that kept it all intact.

With an inspired "Supplication," the seed was planted and out sprouted "Let It Grow," one of the best compositions in the Dead's repertoire.

Closing with "Don't Ease Me In," the Dead rounded out the first set to one hour and five minutes-possibly to make up for the late start.

The second set continued in the X Factor vein with "Uncle John's Band" into "Playin' In the Band," famous for its extended jams in the key of D. Getting a little too discordant even for the Dead, they finally managed to end "Playin'" after four attempts. This provided Jerry and Mickey with a convenient time to slip off stage while the remaining members kicked into "Don't Need Love." You might say this was a pre-anniversary celebration of Brent's joining the band (April 22, 1979).

After a journey through "Apocalypse Now," the Dead worked through a slightly less than 20 minute space in which Jerry wasted little time giving away the next song.

When the mighty Samson, bass in tow, was ready to knock the Civic Center off its foundation, he rumbled into "The Other One." Jerry then took over lead vocals for a weak (sorry, but I've heard much better) "Wharf Rat." This gave way to "Around and Around" into a fevered "Not Fade Away."

Unlike past audiences, this year's crowd was not only on fire, but was able to keep a beat. For awhile there, I thought I was in Philadelphia (the best "Not Faders"). Unfortunately, the Dead didn't return the chant like they did in Providence. Instead, Jerry bellowed out a sweet "Baby Blue."

April 4 brought cold winds and spatters of rain, but Hartford was glad to have the Dead back in town. WCHN 106 even played an hour of the Grateful Dead and gave a summary of the earlier shows. Listeners were also told to expect a "Box of Rain" encore.

In contrast to the night before, the police...I mean security were a bit more aggressive, and maybe with good reason. As I watched the people enter the Civic Center, one of the closed doors was inadvertently opened and a wave of unruly fans came crashing through. Listen, I know what it's like to not be able to get into a show, but crashing the doors only does more harm than good. One poor ticket-holding Deadhead was trampled and the police only turned their anger on those of us who had tickets. Needless to say, I was disturbed a few times during the first set by a security guard asking to see my ticket stub. Now that that's out of my system, let's get into the second night.

Since it was Bobby's turn to open, the band started the evening with "Jack Straw." It was then sing-a-long time as the audience, still fired from the past night's show, outsang Jerry on a short but sweet "Dire Wolf."

The night's showcase for Bobby's slide playing was "C.C. Rider." However it was Brent who stole the spotlight, hammering the keys like a carpenter does nails.

Jerry then dusted "Candyman" off the shelf and told the story of the nefarious Mr. Benson. This was followed by the Stones' classic, "It's All Over Now." Personally, I found it a good time to grab a soda, but I was back before Jerry led the band into "Crazy Fingers." Unfortu-

nately, he forgot a few of the early verses and this plagued him throughout the song, but whatever Jerry lacked in vocals he certainly made up for in his playing as he wove a taperstry of melodies to patch up the holes.

Content with the patch up work, the Dead ripped into a hot "Greatest Story Ever Told." This first set ended with "Day Job," saving us from having to hear it as an encore.

"Touch of Grey" opened the second set, breaking the tradition of always playing "Scarlet-Fire" in Connecticut. As a matter of fact, "Fire on the Mountain" wasn't even played once on this tour. This was followed by the damn best "Looks Like Rain" this Deadhead ever heard. There was a power in Bobby's voice which is absent when this tune is performed during the first set. (Check out the tapes and I'm sure you'll agree.)

Having assured the audience that the rain had passed the Dead slid into a laid back "He's Gone." This was complemented by the now standard "Smokestack Lightning."

After another trip through the Apocalypse and experiencing a little fallout, the Dead geared themselves into "The Wheel." They took us "just a little bit further than we've gone before" and dropped us off at "Stella Blue." Let's face it, some voices ripen with age and Jerry's is certainly one of them. Not to be outdone by his own vocals, Jerry's fingers spun a beautifully solemn solo with just enough bite to send the audience into a frenzy.

"Stella Blue" was succeeded by the political "Throwing Stones." It seemed that Bobby gav it his all on "Looks Like Rain" and had little left

to give here. Even so, he drew off his reserves as the band closed the set with "Lovelight."

The moment everybody anticipated was here, but it almost disapperaed as some idiot lit a firecracker when the band returned for the encore. After the bottle-throwing incident in Providence, I was surprised that the Dead didn't walk off. However, Bill did raise his drumsticks in rage. With the worst having passed, Phil packaged what Bobby can only predict as the Dead broke into "Box of Rain." There was some trouble with Phil's mike, but the audience was too ecstatic to care. Even with the mike trouble, "Box of Rain" was elegantly done and Jerry's sweet pentatonic solo was bliss indeed.

Although the song lists were fairly conventional, the Hartford shows were tight and nicely executed, except for a few blown transitions, here and there. And after reviewing the tapes of all the shows from this tour, I've come to appreciate these shows even more.

As for the security, I have to admit, they showed us more respect than they had in previous years, but what really made Hartford enjoyable was the audience. I am glad to say that they were the most energetic and alive audience for a Hartford show, unlike the sleeping crowds of earlier years (including the Fall '83 "St. Stephen" show). However, if you need one reason to force yourself to go to Hartford, it's Phil. It seems that the Civic Center itself relishes Phil's bass playing and allows him to shine, acoustically. At least something in Hartford, other than Deadheads, appreciates the Grateful Dead.

Please Let Me Out

(to the tune of "Don't Ease Me In")

by David Mlodinoff

CHORUS:

Please let, please let, please let me out,
I've been all night long without air, please let me out.

On the latest Spring Dead tour, the floor had no seats,
Was packed so bad, sweet mama, couldn't see my own feet,
Now I couldn't take a breath, and I didn't see the band,
When I wanted to sit down, sweet mama, found I had to stand.

CHORUS:

The girl I love was at the show,
I was with her, sweet mama, 'till the lights went low,
When I turned around, she wasn't there,
I asked just 'bout every damn friend but no one knew where.

CHORUS and repeat.



It's Alive

The Band
Carefree Theatre, West Palm
Beach & Hialeah Racetrack, Miami
by Todd Ellenberg

OF all the songs, the memory of the vocal strains of "I Shall Be Released" remains the most haunting. Richard Manuel singing the Dylan classic in his delicate falsetto style. "Any day now, any day now, I shall be released . . ."

A few days later, after rousing concerts in West Palm Beach and Miami, Florida, fans of The Band were shocked by the news that Manuel had hanged himself in a motel near Orlando. Manuel looked healthy and cheerful enough at the two gigs. In particular, The Band was in top form at their Miami gig, a headlining show at an outdoor festival.

The musicianship was as tight as any Band performance this reviewer saw in their early-'70s heyday; the group proved it was still one of the greatest *ensembles* in rock history. Jimmy Weaver, an excellent guitarist with a strong leaning towards the blues, was undoubtedly the best musician yet to take on the exceedingly tough job of filling Robbie Robertson's shoes. The casual switching of instruments and vocal trade-offs between Levon Helm, Rick Danko and Manuel was damn near flawless. Danko, who can really get the rhythm swinging with Helm on drums, was back on full-time bass duties. (At both shows he proudly wore a Grateful Dead tie dye t-shirt). Fans were delighted to hear that the group was working on a new album.

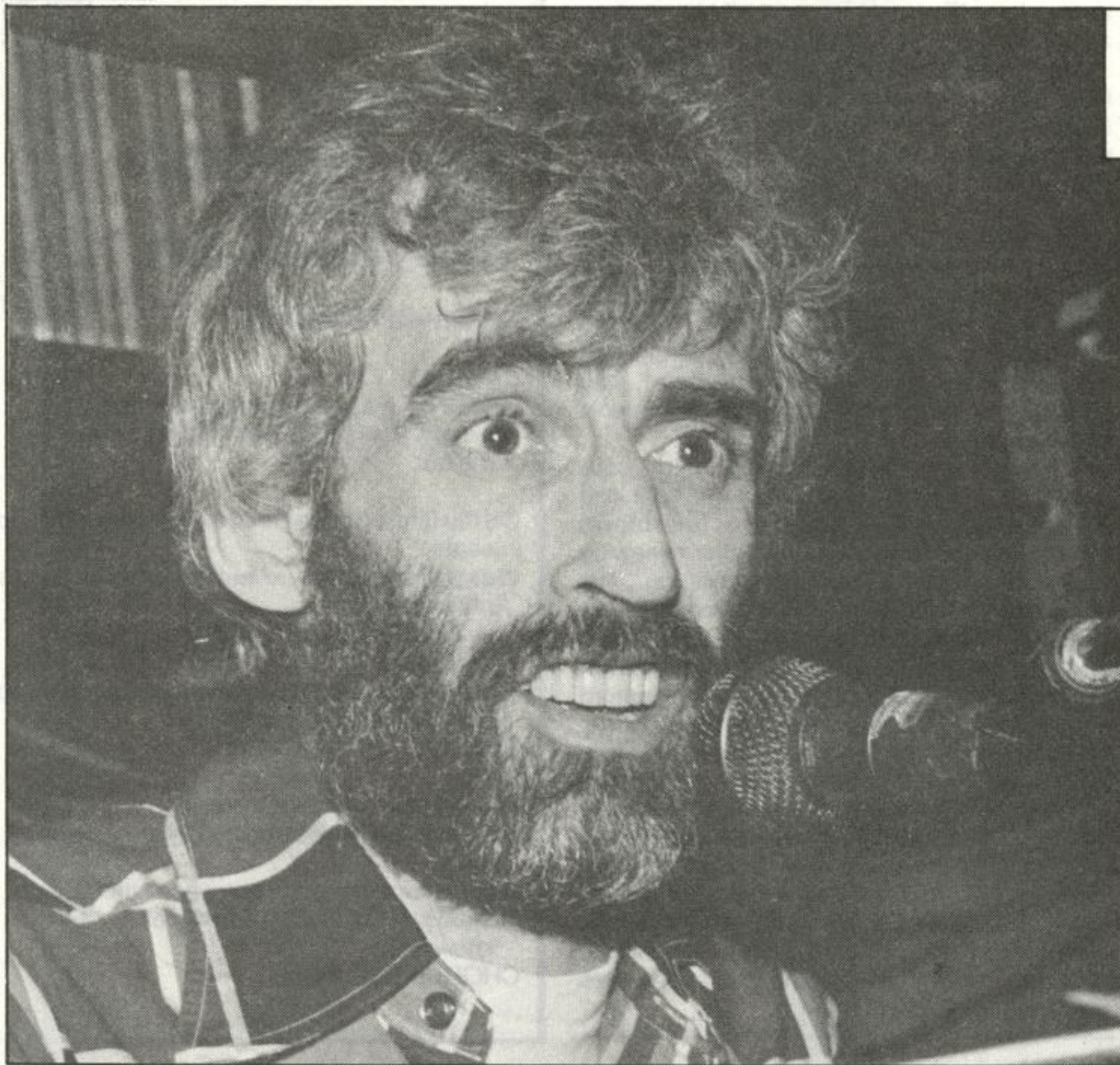
One can only wonder about the incredible torment that Manuel was suffering inside. Ironically, "The Shape I'm In," another Manuel vocal, was a highlight at both shows, which featured such legendary numbers as "The Weight," "Across The Great Divide," "Chest Fever," "Stage Fright," "It Makes No Difference," and "Up On Cripple Creek."

And there was an ample share of surprises. What better way to launch a midnight concert than with "W.S. Walcott's Medicine Show." A slice of '50s rock and roll with "Ain't Got No Home" and "Share Your Love." In these days of farm foreclosures and union-busting, a heartfelt "King Harvest" from Manuel was very fitting. There was some blues shuffling on "Caledonia" and "Milkcow Blues," with Helm blowing away on harmonica and Garth Hudson contributing some rocking solos on saxophone. Speaking of Garth—his customary solo keyboard outing before "Chest Fever" was a wonder in playful weirdness, and he now uses some new tricks on synthesizer.

An extended "Willie and the Hand Jive" was an upbeat encore selection at both concerts, while the West Palm show featured an a capella version of "Rivers of Babylon" as a closer.

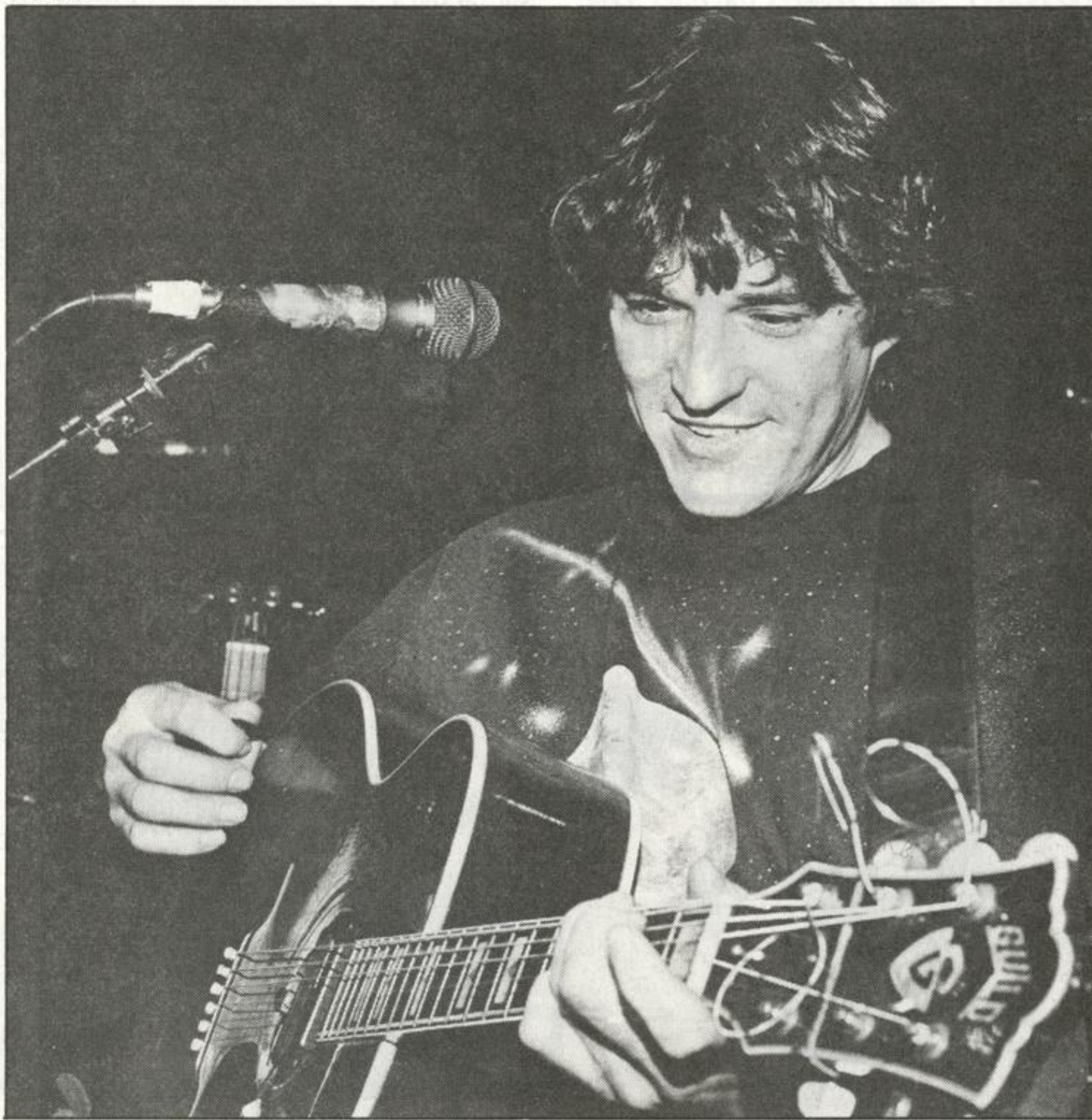
You can't help but think back to Robbie Robertson's rap in "The Last Waltz" about the hazards of life on the road. That it's claimed Buddy Holly, Janis, Jimi, Elvis, and many, many others. Little did he know that it would steal away a man who shared the stage with him thousands of times.

At this point, no one knows about the collective future of Danko, Helm and Hudson as The Band. Only one day since the news of this



Richard Manuel

Rick Danko



Marc Wolfson

Marc Wolfson

latest rock and roll tragedy, I still can't shake the sense of numbness. One can only hope that Richard is finally free of whatever possessed him to such a desperate end.

Richard Manuel. R.I.P.

**The Band
The Greg Allman Band
The Dickey Betts Band
Capitol Theatre, Passaic, NJ
by William Ruhlmann**

NOW here's a dream bill if there ever was one. Two of rock's most accomplished groups are the Band and the Allman Brothers Band, groups whose albums from the late 1960s and early 1970s still sound fresh and powerful. And they make a perfect in-concert complement to each other: the Allmans' southern instrumental style of bluesy improvisation set against the terse, southern-influenced ghost stories of Robbie Robertson's songs. It's a combination which, in tandem with the Grateful Dead, drew 600,000 people to Watkins Glen in 1973, and that, on its own, ought to be able to fill any concert hall in America today.

It filled the Capital Theatre in Passaic, March 22 and produced almost four hours of music that sent fans out after 1:30 a.m., exhausted but happy. But of course, it wasn't exactly the Band and the Allmans who performed, and by now the ghosts aren't just in Robertson's songs. Among the other things they share, these groups now have tragedy and loss in common, and you could feel that coming off the stage as surely as you could hear the music. Perhaps because their sense of loss is more long-standing, the Allmans far outshone the Band.

First up was Dickey Betts, who performed one of the strongest sets of his career. Leading a four-piece band, Betts stunned the crowd with his lead playing, earning a howling, standing ovation for his third song, "Blue Sky."

Betts gave over the spotlight to his keyboard player, Johnny Neil, who turned in a powerful vocal performance on "Born in Chicago," then came back for a terrific new low song called "Thunder and Lightning." Neil came back for a blues workout, and then it was on into "Crazy Love" and finally a version of "Jessica" that featured an extended organ solo and some sly references to "Mountain Jam." Leaving the stage in under an hour and without an encore,

Betts had set a standard that the following acts were hard-pressed to match.

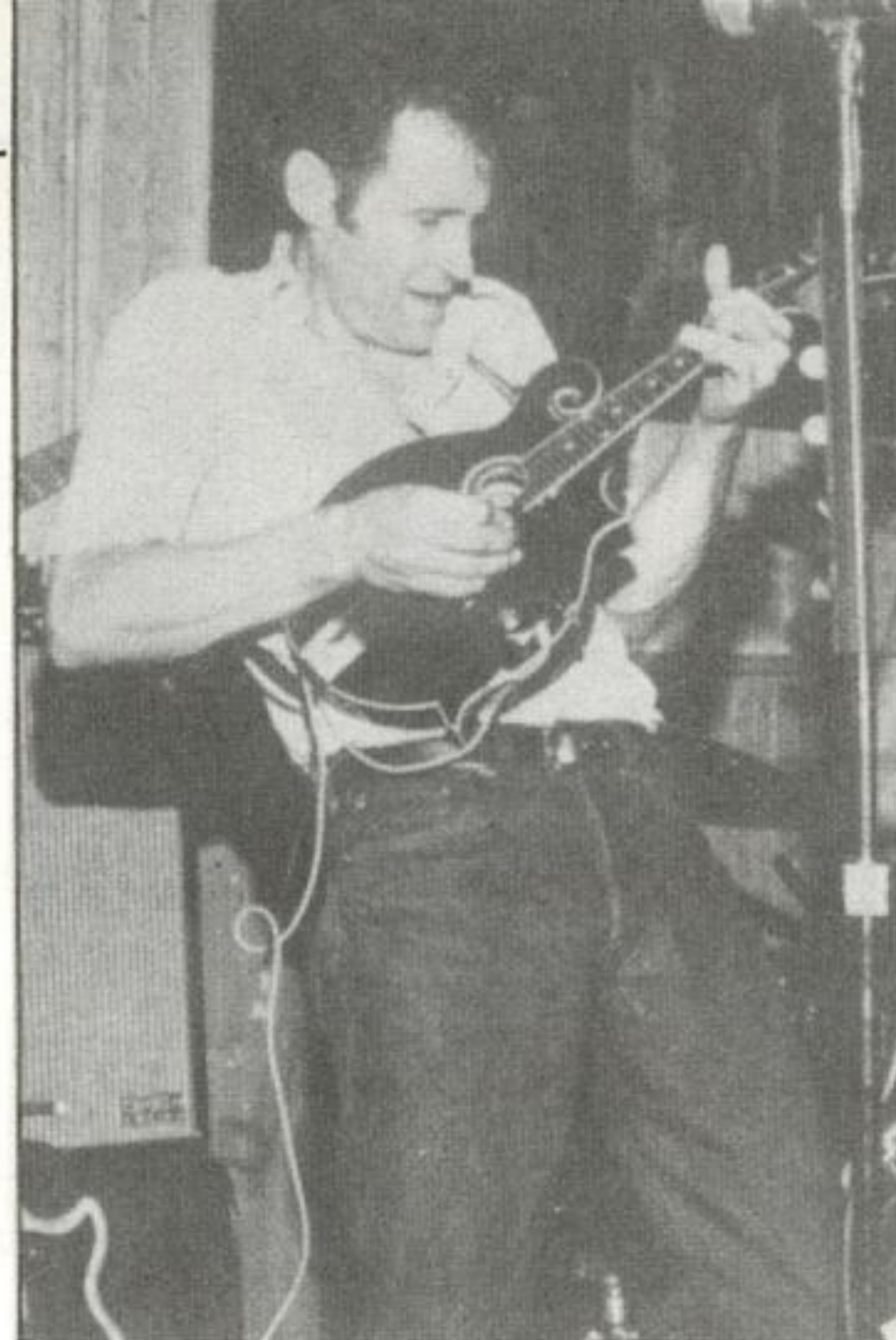
Greg Allman took the stage only 15 minutes later and gave it his best shot, however. Opening with "Don't Want You No More"/"Ain't My Cross To Bear," the opening medley on the first Allman Brothers album, he sang in a voice that was deeper and, if anything, more thunderous than it was 16 years ago. Allman kept up this pace for several songs before turning the stage over to a series of solos from his five bandmates during an extended version of "The Things You Used To Do." First the drummer, then the percussionist, the bassist, and finally the whole band played. Though much of this was well-done, it was dragged out. There was little actual interplay between the performers, and the sound leaned toward fusion-jazz, undercutting the blues-rock style of Allman's other work. Still, the inevitable closer, "Whipping Post," brought the set to a triumphant close.

But the real fire was in the encore, and once again it was provided by Betts, as the two bands merged into what was essentially an Allman Brothers Band lineup. They led off with "In Memory of Elizabeth Reed," and followed with the Allmans' biggest hit, "Ramblin' Man." Finally, "Statesboro Blues" gave a vocal showcase to Gregg and a chance for Dickey to play slide, and it all sounded as good as it did the first time you heard it 15 years ago. When the Allmans went off just after 11 p.m., the crowd had already gotten a show and a half.

Maybe it was the "technical difficulties" belatedly cited, or maybe just the quality of the groups they had to follow, but the Band didn't make it to the stage until 70 minutes after the Allmans went off. They were introduced by promoter John Scher, who eulogized Richard Manuel and spoke of his 14-year association with them, and they were greeted enthusiastically by a weary audience despite the wait.

Unfortunately, what the crowd got was a lackluster show, mostly made up of Band standards, but performed in perfunctory fashion. It isn't really fair to expect more from the group in its present state, finishing off a tour during which one of its members committed suicide. But the show indicated clearly what the Band has lost in losing Manuel. Although he was neither the group's primary singer or instrumentalist, without him, they seemed significantly reduced.

The loss of his piano interplay with Garth Hudson's organ robbed the group of the mid-range texture on which Robertson's melodies traditionally rest. And the loss of his high voice



Robert E. Teese

in the harmonies, with its quavering tone, brought the songs much more to earth. Augmented by Blondie Chaplin (who has made a career of stepping into existing groups) and a second guitarist, they bravely played through songs from "It Makes No Difference" to "Up On Cripple Creek," but they did so largely without feeling.

True, Chaplin hit the high notes on the chorus of "The Weight" all right, but hitting the notes is not what the Band is about. If the Allmans represent the New South, a triumphant reformulation of blues and rock into a distinctly southern blend that sets a standard for other groups, the Band have always stood for the Old South, a music full of grandeur and defeat. It's a music in which the Devil walks with you, in which you swear by the blood below your feet. A music of majestic tragedy.

But minus Robbie Robertson's stinging guitar, and now without the presence of Manuel, the Band lacks fervor to put that message across. It's not unlikely that Danko, Helm and Hudson will push on to make worthwhile music again, but for now they seem emotionally exhausted—the Band's is a music of reflection and mourning, but not enough time has passed since Manuel's death for them to recover the ability to express that.

Eighty minutes after they started, the Band finished with "Willie and the Hand Jive," by which time the music had become a statement of survival for them and for their audience. Like the Allmans have had to do before them, the Band are now faced with the task of carrying on.

**Johnny Winter Improvises at The Beacon Theatre, NYC
by William Ruhlmann**

SINCE his return to recording with Alligator Records in 1984, Johnny Winter's career has been very much on the upswing. The two Alligator LPs have sold respectable numbers (both entering the Billboard chart, which is a rarity for independent label albums), and new Winter anthologies have turned up both domestically and in the import racks. So anticipation ran high for Winter's New York appearance at the Beacon Theatre on his current tour, and a look around the near-capacity crowd indicated many people must be



L.D. Kippel



Johnny Winter

PHOTO BY PAUL NATHAN

seeing him for the first time.

What they heard may have been a surprise, and a slight disappointment to them. Winter has been serving up a steady diet of Chicago blues on his records for the past 10 years, abandoning the mainstream hard rock of his early '70s work, and there was a full complement of blues at the show, along with rock standbys like "Johnny B. Goode" and "Highway 61 Revisited." But those two songs were the only distinguishable ones (at least from this reviewer's balcony seat) in a set largely given over to technically accomplished, but emotionally diffused lead guitar work.

The general pattern of the 80-minute set was that Winter's two-man rhythm section would set up a pattern, either standard 12-bar blues or a faster boogie rhythm, and Winter would launch into his soloing. Several minutes into the song, he would wander up to the microphone and shout an indecipherable lyric—usually just one verse. Then it was back to the guitar. In all, he played eight tunes, for an average of 10 minutes each.

No one can deny Winter's mastery of the electric guitar. His playing can somehow be both flowing and biting at the same time, as the high notes slide into each other. But at the Beacon he risked a surfeit of the same kind of unstructured playing for a whole set. His recorded blues work, both on his own and as producer for the last Muddy Waters albums, has an economy and a definition that focuses it. But the concert work was unfocused, and it

made some often amazing work seem perfunctory.

"Man," said one of his young fans on the way down the stairs after the concert, "He was just about to peak—then he went off." But the very thing that was wrong with the show was that there were NO peaks. And what is the blues without feeling?

That problem was all the more apparent given Winter's warmup act, Jorma Kaukonen and his band There Goes the Neighborhood. Jorma did a lot more than warm up, playing nearly an hour with a four-piece band, including his own electric guitar. After his recent New York appearances with acoustic Hot Tuna, this electric work was a considerable change. Some of the songs were familiar Tuna electric tunes, notably "Keep Your Lamps Trimmed, And Burning," but there were also some surprises. The keyboard player took lead vocals on excellent versions of "I Heard It Through The Grapevine" and "Sitting Here In Limbo." On the whole, Jorma's set's imaginativeness and structure were in striking contrast with what was to follow.

The Roches Return Home by William Ruhlmann

It was Valentine's Day, and the Roches were playing a few miles from home at the Plaza Theatre in Englewood, New Jersey, but Suzzy wasn't happy. "Thanks for the applause," she told the crowd at the end of the show, after confessing that the only happiness she had lately was being onstage, "I really need it."

It's not that discontent is all that unusual a condition for the Roches. "I don't feel that great today," they sing on the title track of their current album, *Another World*, "I have never felt that great." But their fatalism has always been couched in ironic tones, and while the audience had been laughing along for much of the show, Suzzy's final remarks seemed disturbingly real. The Roches are in a confused state these days.

That confusion is most apparent on *Another World*. Reportedly, the sisters had planned an album of standards but ran into resistance from their record company, Warner Bros. Instead, *Another World* is an album of mostly original material, recorded with several producers and sporting the closest thing to a traditional pop-rock sound they've yet attempted. Old fans have been disappointed, and the album's

failure to enter the charts indicates new ones haven't been recruited.

But the real problem with *Another World* isn't the instrumentation: it's the songs. The Roches cover the Fleetwoods' "Come Softly To Me," perhaps the one survivor from the standard album, as well as brother David's "Missing" and folksinger Mark Johnson's "Love Radiates Around." Of the three, only the Fleetwoods' song is really suited to them. The rest of the songs, originals written in varying combinations by the three sisters, don't match the standard of the earlier work.

Increasingly, the story with Roches records is starting to resemble the decline of the Beach Boys after the withdrawal of Brian Wilson. Main songwriter Maggie, who wrote all of the first album (*Seductive Reasoning*) and the best songs on subsequent albums, is reduced to a few co-writing credits, and her sisters just can't compete.

Because it featured all of the songs from the new album, and recreated the album's sound with prerecorded tapes, the Roches' Valentine's Day concert was a letdown to the home state fans who came to see it. When they sang the older songs, accompanying themselves on acoustic guitars and piano, their quirky harmonies were clear and the songs retained their humorous, ironic impact. Fans laughed outloud to the pleas of the once and future waitress in "Mr. Sellack," and "Hammond Song" was as haunting as ever. But as soon as the overloud drumtrack began to rumble through the speakers and a song from the newer album was attempted, enthusiasm lagged.

Still, this is the only band that can do a creditable three-part harmony version of the "Hallelujah Chorus," and there are moments, even in the newer songs, when their singing combines with expressive lyrics to remind you of what you found so special about them when they started out.

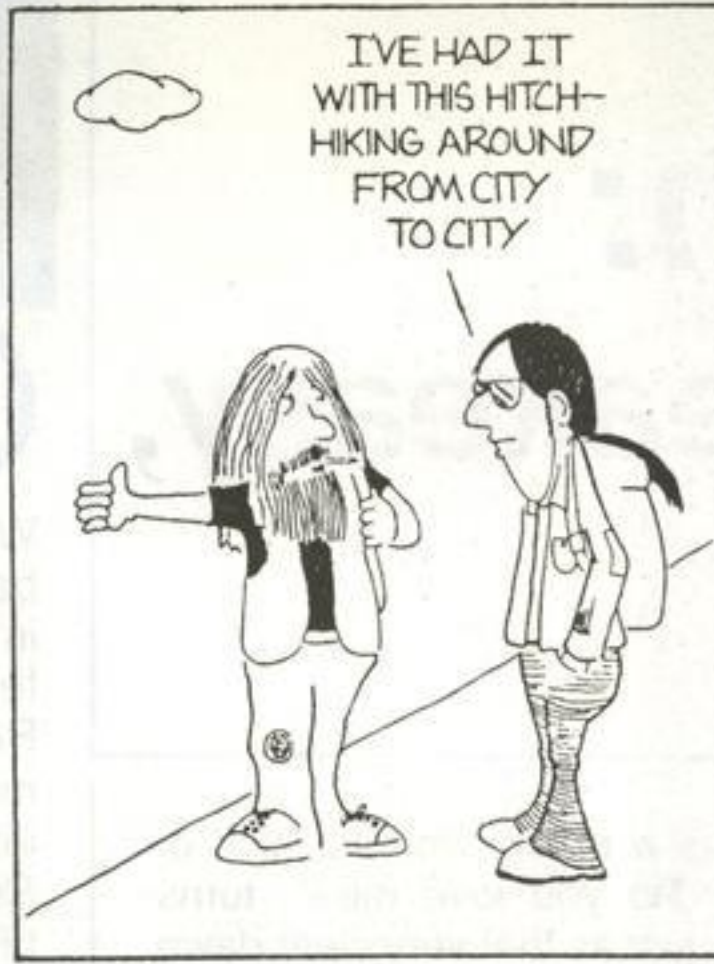
They're still special. With any luck, their present confusion will provide the inspiration for the kind of work that best explores that specialness. "You're gonna have to go through the emotions," they sing in *Another World*'s final song, "Gimme a Slice," and by the evidence of their songs, few are as well-equipped to weather the present career troubles they're experiencing.

The Roches: Suzzy, Terre and Maggie



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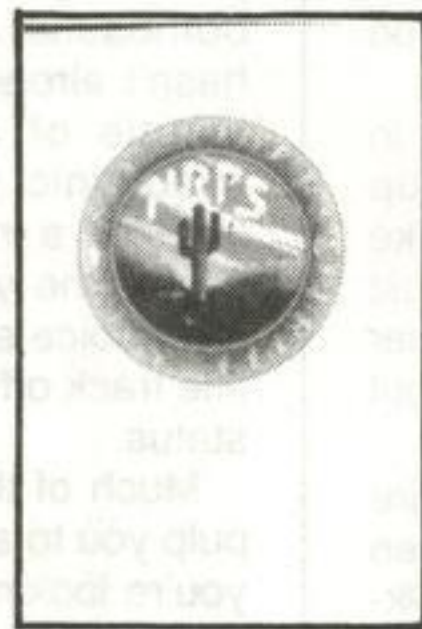
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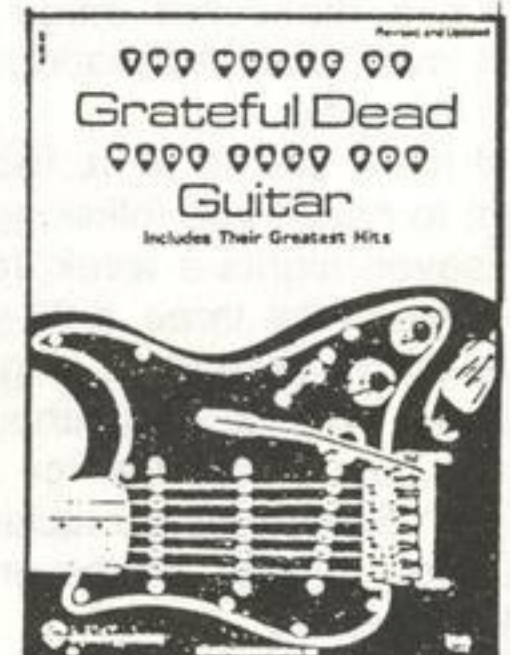
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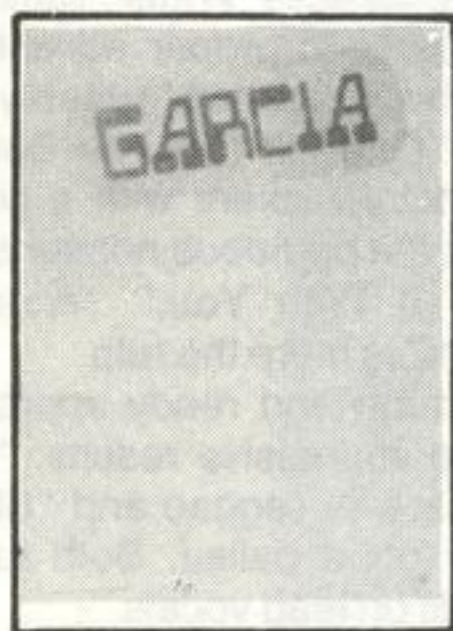
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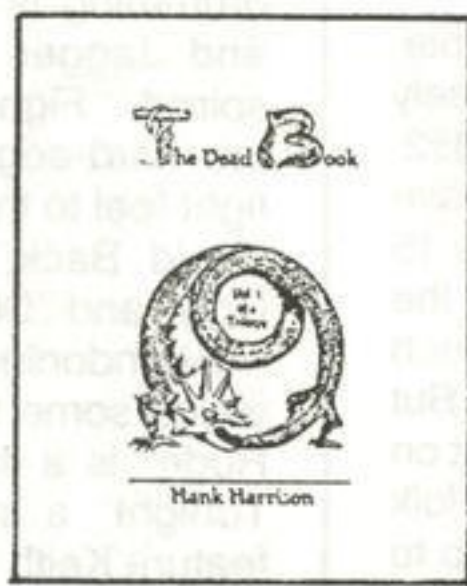
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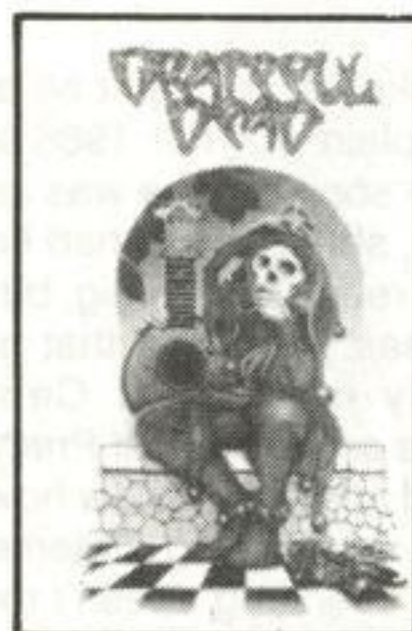
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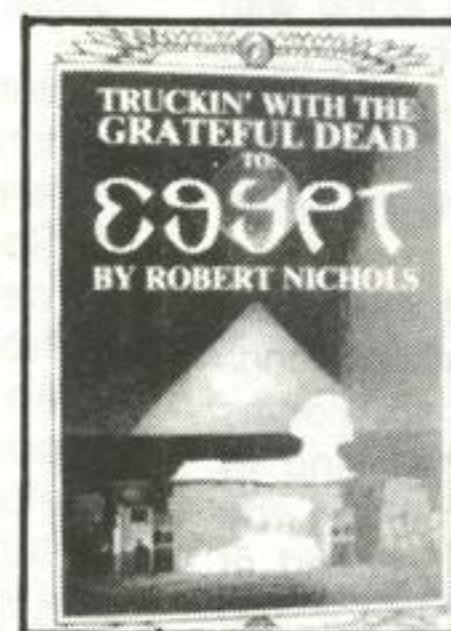
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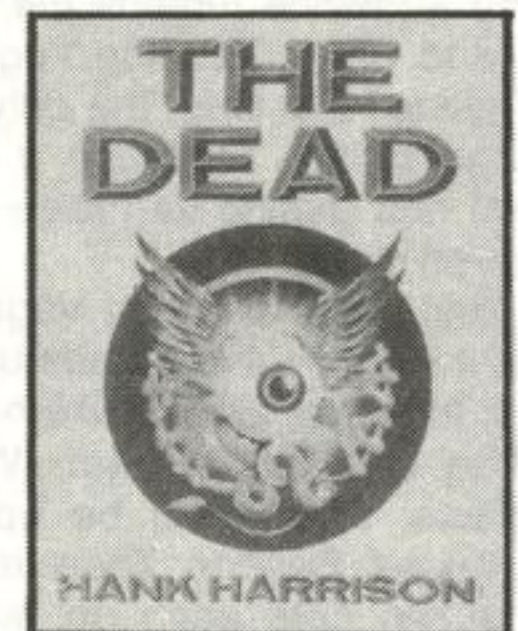
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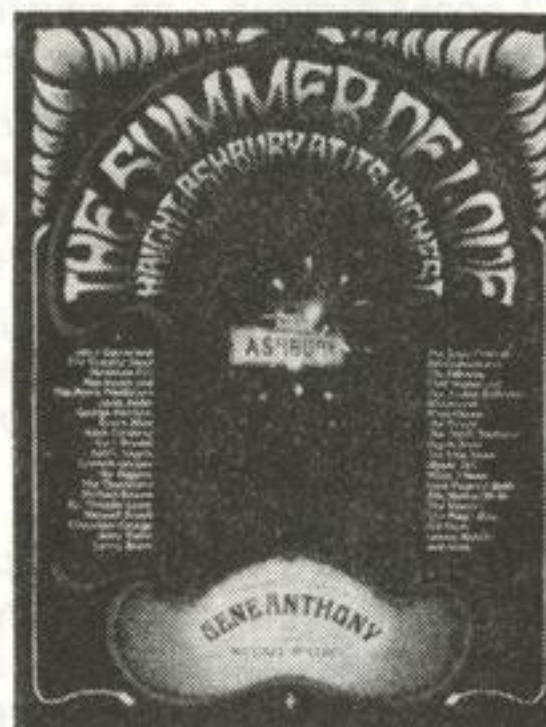
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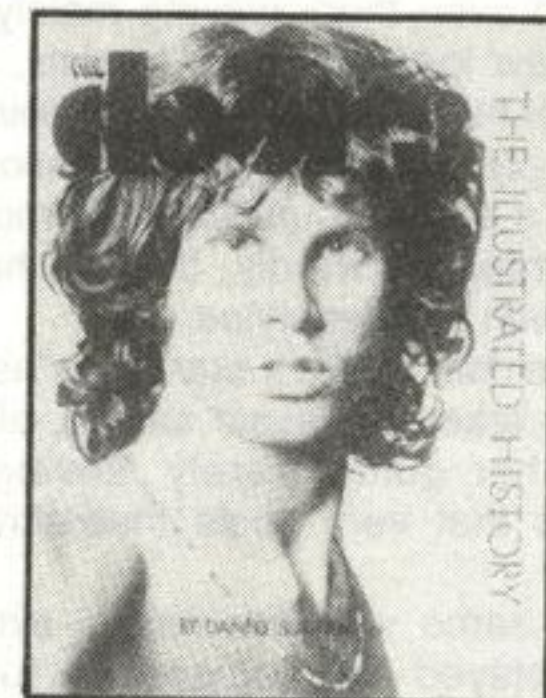
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The Folk Column:

Suzanne Vega at Speakeasy, 1982 and 1986

by William Ruhlmann

It is the late winter of 1982, and we are sitting in the backroom of a falafel joint on MacDougal Street in Greenwich Village. In its last life, this little haunt was obviously a disco—mirrors line the walls and a mirrored ball still hangs from the ceiling. But it's not a disco anymore.

Now, the room is full of tables and chairs. There's a makeshift stage at the back—a carpet over a raised platform—and behind it are . . . fish tanks.

And there are far more fish than customers tonight to hear three folksingers at New York's only seven-nights-a-week folk club, Speakeasy. One of the three, a 22-year old less than a year out of college, is singing, in a precise, restrained way, a song about going mad, or perhaps just about the ice on the sidewalk outside. "Something is cracking," she sings, "I don't know where." At the end there is polite, sparse applause.

Four years later. Same room, same singer. The fish are gone, but the room is packed to the gills. When the 26-year old singer launches into the opening song from her debut album, most of the audience mouths the words along with her, and when Suzanne Vega finishes singing "Cracking" this time, the only thing muting the volume of the applause is the difficulty the crowd has getting its hands far enough apart between claps.

In just under an hour, Vega gives this crowd what it wants—a set made up mostly of songs taken from her album, which spent six months on the charts last year. With that kind of success, she could be uptown, filling the 3,000-seat Beacon Theatre, say, instead of doing two sets each on two nights for 100 patrons a show. But this is a kind of thank you to Speakeasy. "I may not be one of the founding mothers" of the folk cooperative that runs the club, she tells her fans, "but I was around at the conception."

She was. And even then, playing mainly for the fish and a few lost Japanese tourists, she stood out. One of the difficult aspects of being a folksinger is simply maintaining the attention of the audience. It's such an unassuming music, performed so straightforwardly, that it's hard-put to compete with flashier styles.

But Vega uses folk music's starkness as an advantage. She takes a classic stance, alone on stage with her guitar, rarely moving or smiling, and it's that very poise that attracts attention.

It's been the same with her music, simple songs, sparsely played and half-spoken, full of precise images. The songs evoke a world in which one must step "very carefully," in which "blurry" nights turn into "very clear" dawns. Yet when things are clear and straight and careful, they are always reduced for Vega. A soldier discovers a queen's youth and vulnerability,

and loses his life as a result. Another kind of queen, by asking "Do you love me?", turns herself into a pawn, just as that very clear dawn comes up.

It's only in darkness that Vega's world flourishes. In "Freeze Tag," "the sun is fading fast" and "we can only say yes now . . . to the night." And in "Some Journey," she asks, "If we had met in some darkened room . . . would I have shown my secret self/And disappeared like the snow?"

As that line suggests, it's also a world in which things are continually breaking up—"cracking," disappearing, "scattering like light," or, like the "Neighborhood Girls," just "gone, gone, gone." "She's cut down on her lovers," Vega sings in "Straight Lines," "but she still dreams of them at night."

It's this combination of austerity and desire that gives her songs their edge. And it's given her an edge over the hundreds of other folksingers trying to make their passion pay. When she was signed to A&M Records in 1984, she became the first singer-songwriter with an acoustic background to sign to a major label in years.

But songs like Vega's can't be easy to write, which may explain why her 1986 set so closely resembles the song list she was using in 1982. At Speakeasy, she said she had hoped to have 15 new songs ready for this gig, but had only 15 half-baked ideas. One idea that got out of the oven recently is "Left of Center," which appears on the soundtrack of *Pretty in Pink*. But she confessed she didn't know how to play it on guitar. That's a surprising statement for a folk performer, but the song doesn't measure up to her best work anyway.

So she stuck to her album, plus a few unrecorded songs that have been in her repertoire for years. The only addition was a cover of Ray Charles's "Lonely Avenue," on which she was accompanied by Frank Christian, who played guitar and sang the choruses. "Lonely Avenue" is the exact opposite of the kind of song Vega usually does, depending upon a few vocal fireworks to set off its clichéd lyrics. But she didn't use it to loosen up, instead, singing it in her usual reserved way. As a result, she didn't sound like she was on *Lonely Avenue*, she only sounded like she was lost.

So Suzanne Vega's return to Speakeasy, which might have been an opportunity to break in some new material, came off as a consolidation to new fans and a small retreat to old ones. She's come a long way in career terms in four years, and like one of her queens, she may be afraid that "one false move" will lose her the status she's won. But that status is owed largely to her songwriting, and no artist can afford to stand still for long.

VITAL

by Tierney Smith

CONTRARY to popular belief, the Rolling Stones haven't been quite the same since Mick Taylor's departure. Ron Wood's undistinguished guitar work has put his band at a decided disadvantage. At their worst, in fact, the Stones manage to sound little different from any other practicing white boy R&B band. As the Stones' music has grown more overtly funky, it's also gotten less and less interesting. (Does anyone remember *Emotional Rescue*?) And expectations for a new Stones LP drop considerably when the listener has long ago been forced to supplant *Let It Bleed* with *Some Girls* as a yardstick by which to measure new Stones LPs.

Though *Dirty Work* (Rolling Stones Records), the band's latest could well be the Stones' best post-Taylor work to date, it's frequently bombastic and there's very little here that hasn't already been done to death on the last couple of Stones LPs. Jagger's typically misogynic view of women remains intact. "You're a mean mistreater/A dirty, dirty rat scum," he yells in "Had It With You," while a few choice expletives on the latter tune and the title track offer solid insurance against hit single status.

Much of this stuff is downright ugly ("Gonna pulp you to a mass of bruises 'cause that's what you're looking for") ["Fight"] but the lyrics sound garbled at best, so the focus is squarely on the music. And on that, co-producer Steve Lillywhite has done a commendable job. The guitar work cuts and slashes without so much as a hint of sonic excess, Charlie Watts' standout drumming is showcased to proper advantage and Jagger throughout sounds suitably inspired. "Fight" and "One Hit (To The Body)" are hard-edged crunchy rockers with a good, tight feel to them, but the pompous nonsense of "Hold Back," "Had It With You," "Winning Ugly" and "Dirty Work" is more the rule.

Abandoning the rough and ready approach yields some far more impressive results: "Too Rude" is a stirring slice of reggae and "Sleep Tonight" a strikingly good ballad. Both tunes feature Keith Richards on lead vocals.

For those listeners who prefer that their music have more of an international perspective, Jackson Browne's latest, *Lives In The Balance* (Asylum), is timely stuff indeed. On the LP's title track Browne lambasts false rhetoric as a policy tool ("I want to know who the men in the shadows are/I want to hear somebody asking them why they can be counted on to tell us who our enemies are/But they're never the ones to fight or die").

"Soldier Of Plenty" and the reggae lilt of "Till I Go Down" are Browne's strongest songs in some time. Only when he shifts from foreign affairs to affairs of the heart ("Candy," "In The Shape Of A Heart") are the results less than inspiring. As an earnest pacifist, passionately committed to the higher ideals of truth and justice, Browne's tunes reflect an openness ("I'm not gonna shut my mouth/I'm for the truth to come out" ["Till I Go Down"]) that is at once honest, heartfelt and believable.

Jackson Browne isn't the only one who's getting more introspective these days. Ex-Stray Cat Brian Setzer shows a far more serious side on his first solo LP, *The Knife Feels Like Justice*

VINYLS

(EMI America), which offers easily his strongest work to date. The music—incessantly lively throughout—is in sharp contrast to the despairing lyrical standpoint. Opening with a stark admission of alienation on the title track ("There ain't nobody ever looked at me without lookin' right by me"), Setzer goes on to explore the sad predicament of an illegal alien ("Maria"), dashed dreams ("Chain Around Your Heart," "Boulevard of Broken Dreams") and a eulogy to a departed friend, Pretender Pete Farndon ("Three Guys").

The musical arrangements are tight as a whip, Setzer's guitar is delightfully melodic, and the breakneck speed of such hardedged rockabilly as "Barbwire Fence," "Haunted River" and "Three Guys" make the Stray Cats at their most inspired sound positively lame in comparison. Listening to the sentiment behind the soaring melody of "Aztec," detailing the plight of the American Indian ("We used to live so brave/So free/Like an eagle/Now they make us live like a crippled man"), one thing is clearly evident. Setzer's heart is definitely in the right place, and his maturation both lyrically and musically makes *The Knife Feels Like Justice* a welcome package.

On the more subdued side, the first thing you notice about Elvis Costello's new LP, *King of America* (Columbia), is the striking sparseness of the musical arrangements. Folk-style settings with an emphasis on acoustic guitar is the order of the day, which all told, offers a totally unobtrusive backing for a host of infectious melodies. Kudos go to co-producer T-Bone Burnett, whose disdain of extraneous musical accompaniment was evident on his equally fine work on Marshall Crenshaw's latest LP.

King of America's 15 tunes are so uniformly

pretty it's easy to overlook the fact that underneath it all Costello remains his usual snide self: "She said that she was working for the ABC news/It was as much of the alphabet as she knew how to use" ("Brilliant Mistake"). Lack of variety is never a problem. There's a smattering of galloping C&W ("Lovable," "Glitter Gulch," "The Big Light"), some strong ballads ("Sleep Of The Just," "Indoor Fireworks," "Poisoned Rose") and an earnest cover of the Animals classic "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood," the latter set to a spare marimba/organ backing.

More commercial is Graham Nash's *Innocent Eyes* (Atlantic), which sounds ready-made for radio. Though much of the LP suffers from faceless musicianship, resulting in a rather sterile AOR sound, the tunes are never less than pleasant. The lead-off track, "See You In Prague," tells a tale of international adventure and intrigue: "On the run from the Cuban secret service/Major Cruz was a man with a purpose/He ran me down to a hotel in Geneva/You checked in/He was poised with a cleaver." Irresistibly catchy with a hook that grabs and holds, the tune is wholly deserving of hit single status. Ditto "Chippin' Away," set to a rolling calypso-style beat and boasting a nice optimistic outlook ("They say the mountain is high and you'll never move it/But before I believe that they'll just have to prove it").

The LP's two ballads, "Sad Eyes" and "Innocent Eyes," may stray a bit into Toto territory, but it's superior AOR nonetheless. Nash gets into deeper concerns with "Over the Wall" (the Berlin one, that is) and "I Got A Rock," which seems to hint at mass destruction.

Greg Kihn, on the other hand, conveys nothing approaching seriousness. Unpretentious, ingenuous and straightforward are just a few of the words that describe Kihn's music. His latest, *Love And Rock And Roll* (EMI America), features more of what you'd expect—buoyant stripped-down pop with winning hooks. The title song, "Little Red Book" and "Wild In Love With You" are particularly strong, reminiscent of no less than the heady 60s radio gems they were inspired by.

Kihn sticks to matters of the heart with the exception of "Worst Job I Ever Had" (that was a factory, folks) and while lyrics may be the band's weak spot—Kihn doesn't seem to give that much thought to them—their sheer banality also gives the tunes a certain unpretentious charm. There are some bland moments here—"Beast Of The Night," "Privilege" (Kihn never has been entirely consistent that way) but hopefully *Love And Rock And Roll's* best tunes will get the radio exposure they deserve. After all, they were tailor-made for it.

Joe Jackson, on the other hand, hasn't done too shabbily in the hit singles department though, critical acclaim aside, his last few LPs weren't really all that great. Granted, Jackson is to be commended for his boldness in exploring some new musical directions—not too many artists have that degree of daring—but the fact is, Jackson's latter-day material was neither as engaging or entertaining as the one-two punch of his earliest work (*Look Sharp!, I'm The Man*). Which is why the singer's latest, the three-sided *Big World* (A&M), is such a welcome relief. In it Jackson takes a step away from the cocktail lounge lizard shtick that's been his trademark of late and come up with a diverse and satisfying batch of tunes.

"Survival" and "Tonight And Forever" exude an almost punkish energy that would not have sounded out of place on Jackson's first LP,



Elvis Costello

while the artist's sardonic wit remains intact. He skewers the Beautiful People (a favorite target) in "The Jet Set" and "Soul Kiss," the latter an on-target put-down of the MTV generation ("And all the record stores are filled with pretty boys and material girls").

From the spaghetti western-style pop of "Wild West" to the oriental inflections of the title track, *Big World's* feeling is a decidedly international one, though in the end a longing for permanency prevails: "And when the going's rough we kill the pain and relocate/We're never married, never faithful/Not to any town/But we never leave the past behind" ("Hometown"). Other highlights include an ambitious ballad, "Shanghai Sky," and the understated verse and big heartfelt chorus of "We Can't Live Together." *Big World* still isn't as catchy a collection of tunes as Jackson has done in the past, but compared to its immediate predecessors it's a giant step forward.

Better still is Julian Lennon's second LP, *The Secret Value of Daydreaming* (Atlantic). "Stick Around," the LP's single, may be Lennon's strongest 45 to date, though the harder-rocking sound of the tune isn't representative of the LP at all. Lennon has an affinity for generally mellow tunes, but assured the leisurely pace of such standout tracks as "Everyday," "Coward Till The End" and "Let Me Tell You" never veer into anything approaching blandness.

Daydreaming offers what are easily Lennon's strongest ballads so far. "Coward Till The End" comprises the anguished sentiments of a disillusioned soldier while "Want Your Body" is a simple love song with none of the crudeness its title implies. Elsewhere, Billy Joel contributes some lively piano work on "You Get What You Want" while "This Is My Day" is, along with the LP's single, a spirited slice of R'n'R. Steering clear of the sophomore slump, Lennon with *The Secret Value of Daydreaming* delivers on the promise of his debut.

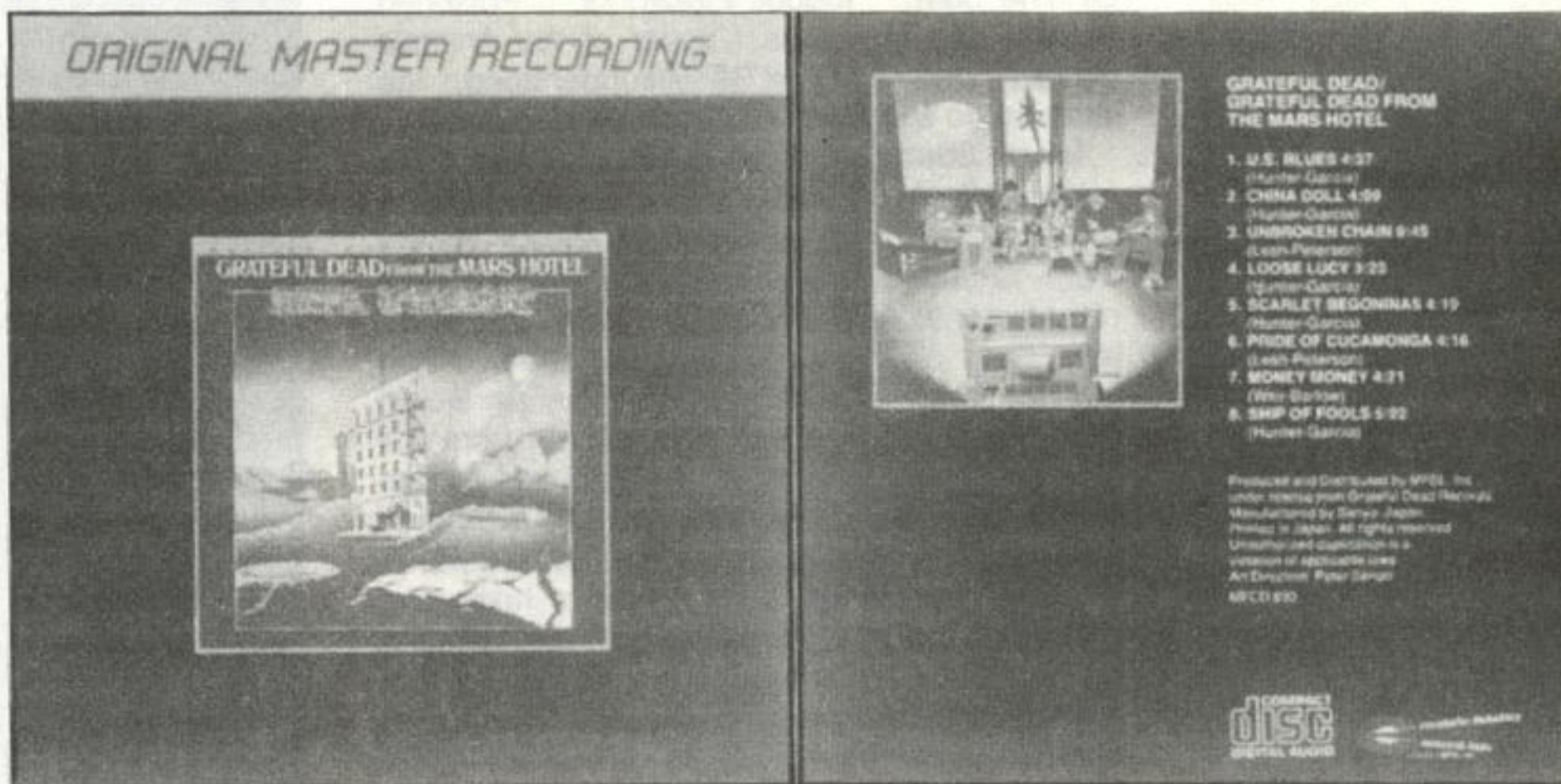


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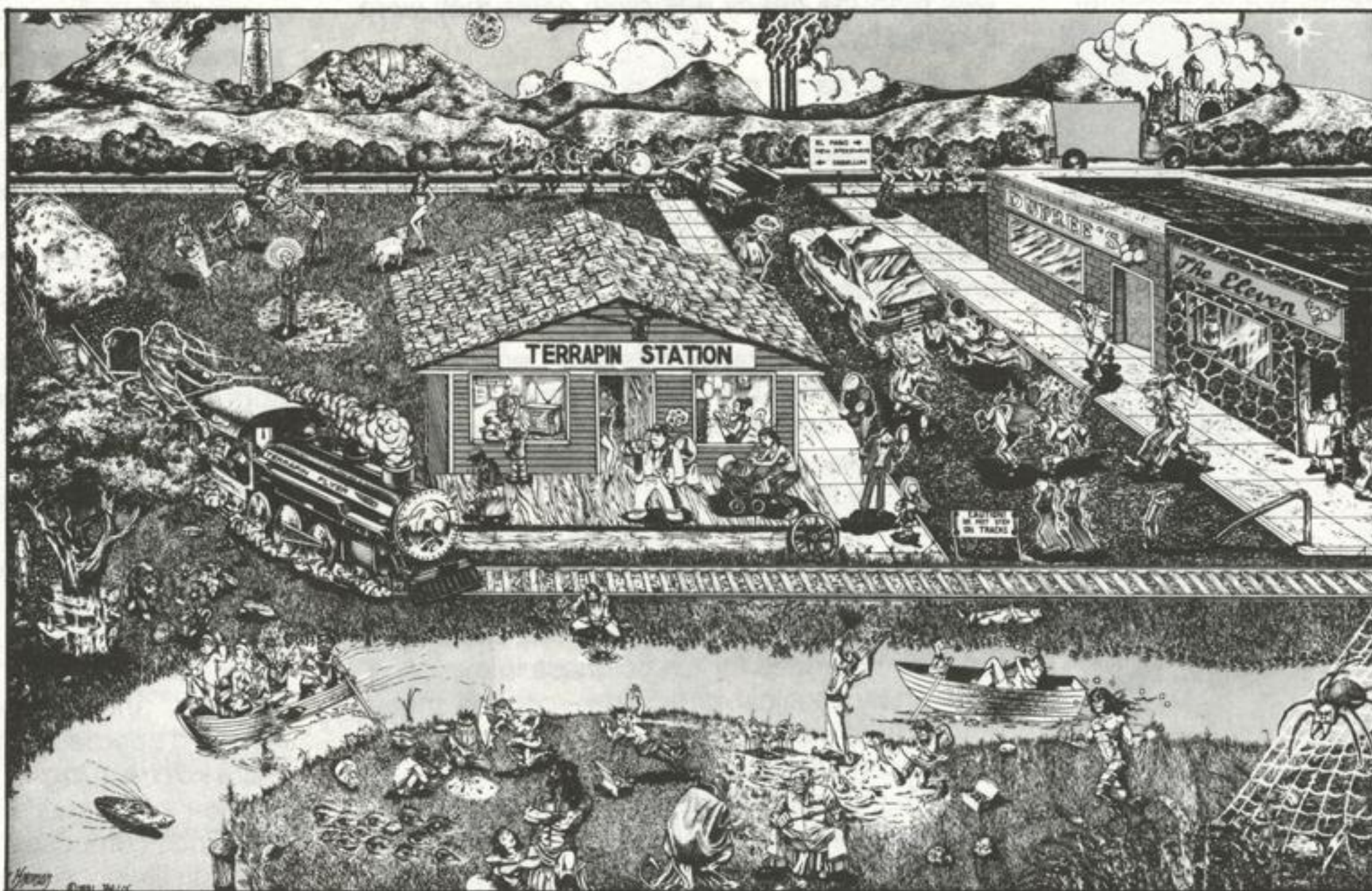
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Independents Daze

by Mick Skidmore

FINDING a way to begin this column each issue may be getting harder, but it's certainly no problem finding interesting high quality Independent records to review. There is just such an abundance of good stuff out there.

Lately, there seems to have been something of a blues bonanza with a whole slew of great releases. *Live From Chicago* (Alligator) is a steaming live record by harmonica legend James Cotton. It was recorded earlier this year at a Chicago club before an enthusiastic audience.

Cotton and his eight-piece band (which includes a dynamite three-piece horn section), rip through a powerful set with unprecedented energy. Best cuts are "Born in Chicago," "Come Back Baby," and "Here I am Knocking At Your Door."

Also on Alligator is *Genuine House Rockin' Music*. Basically this is an introduction to the labels roster of acts. It includes tracks by Johnny Winter, Lonnie Brooks, Son Seals, Koko Taylor, Roy Buchanan, Hound Dog Taylor and more. A great way to introduce yourself to the blues, especially at budget price!

Rooster Blues Records is another label with some interesting new releases. The label, which is distributed by Flying Fish, (1304, W. Schubert, Chicago, IL 60614), has just put out Otis Clay's *Soulman-Live in Japan*, and *So Called Friends* by Johnny Littlejohn.

Clay's album is a two-record live set that consists of some of the grittiest soulful rhythm blues I have heard in a long time. He is backed by a strong horn section and a tight rhythm section.

So Called Friends, is Littlejohn's first US album in nearly 13 years, but it was worth the wait. Again, this is blues with a big band sound, like that of Cotton's, but Littlejohn's forte is his searing slide guitar work which is, in places, reminiscent of Elmore James.

Just take a listen to how he weaves in and out of the horns on Willie Dixon's "Bloody Tears," and the rural shuffle "Chips Fly Everywhere."

Pressure Cooker (Rounder) is a compilation of two early European 70s albums by Clarence Gatemouth Brown, that are just getting released for the first time stateside. Brown has a distinctive guitar style for the blues genre. His playing is at times overtly jazz influenced, while other times there are traces of country and swing.

His sinewy lead lines are best exemplified on cuts like "Cold Strings," "Pressure Cooker," and the soulful, "Ain't That Just Like A Woman."

The Cicadelic 60's Never Existed, is a compilation album on the Teax based, Cicadelic Records. It contains a dozen tracks by local 60s punk/garage bands.

Surprisingly enough of it is interesting, nostalgic stuff. Best cuts are the Chararrals strong cover of The Airplane's "Blues From an Airplane," and The Rogues, Airplane-ish "Go To

Him," (which bears a remarkable resemblance to the Airplane's "Go to Her!") Available for \$9 post paid from Cicadelic Records P.O. Box 286, Mamaroneck, N.Y. 10543.)

There are always albums on Independent labels that don't quite get the attention they deserve. Two such records are *Gram Parsons and The Fallen Angels, Live 1973* and Phil Rosenthal's *A Matter of Time*, both on Sierra Records, (P.O. Box 5853, Pasadena, CA 91107-0853.

Considering the late Parsons' reputation as a pioneer in the country-rock field, this album has never garnered quite the amount of success it deserves. It's a live set taken from one of his last tours. Considering the source for the recording is a radio broadcast, the sound quality is pretty good. The performance, although a little ragged and loose in places, is a good one.

Parsons and Emmylou Harris really did have something special when it came to harmony singing. This set covers everything from the rocking "Big Mouth Blues," through to the delicate "Love Hurts," as well as country tear-jerkers like "We'll Sweep Out the Ashes in the Morning." There's even a recording of "Drug Store Truck Drivin' Man," a song the Byrds

covered long after Parsons left their ranks. Essential listening for any discerning country rock fan.

Phil Rosenthal is the lead guitarist with top bluegrass band The Seldom Scene. On this solo album, he is backed by that band as well as other contemporary bluegrass musicians like Byron Berline, and Jerry Douglas, as well as the lilting harp of Bryan Bowers.

This is a delightful album of country/bluegrass tunes full of memorable melodies, neat picking and fine vocals. Best cuts are "The Man Who Just Plays on the Street," and the instrumental "Naomi."

Sign of the Times (Rounder), is a live album that finds folk singer/guitarist Si Kahn teaming up with multi-instrumentalist John McCutcheon. It's an endearing collection of thought-provoking folky/bluegrass flavored tunes, played with verve and passion. Highlights are the title cut and the a capella, "One Thin Swimsuit."

Also on Rounder is Alan Stivell's *Harpes Du Nouvel Age*. Here, as on previous albums, Stivell takes the Celtic harp to new untold heights with his majestic, inspired playing. His electroacoustic harp gives his music a whole new dimension. This is pure mood music. You'll either love it or hate. It has a soothing nature with its lush reverberating resonant textured sound.

Also something out of the ordinary is *Touchwood* by Jukka Tolonen (Terra Records). This is one of the finest albums of acoustic guitar music I have ever heard. Tolonen is a talented imaginative player.

He used to be lead guitarist with Tasavalan Presidentti, the Finnish rock group. On this record, which is a compilation of two European records, he concentrates on acoustic playing,

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relying on stunning lightning fast guitar runs, and rich rhythmic chords. On several cuts he is backed by another guitarist, Coste Apetrea. The two of them really create some exciting interplay, particularly on the lengthy, "A Minor Improvisation," and the slow atmospheric title cut.

If rural sounding country is your bag, then *No Kinda Dancer*, by Robert Keen Jr. (Philo) is for you. This is an unpretentious album of light-hearted songs, ("The Armadillo Jackal,") and more intense numbers like the talking blues, "Cristabel." The latter sounds like a cross between John Hartford and David Bromberg.

English label Demon Records (should be available from most good import stores,) has just reissued a number of classic West Coast albums.

They are Crazy Horse's eponymously titled debut album, Spirit's *The Family That Plays Together* and Moby Grape's *20 Granite Creek*.

Crazy Horse's album not only features the best work of the late Danny Whitten, ("Downtown," "Carolay," and "I Don't Want to Talk About it,") but also a couple of gems by Nils Lofgren (then a part time member of the band,) "Beggars Day," and "Nobody."

Spirit's album, *The Family That . . .* is one of their most underrated albums. Originally released in early 1969, it has dated little since that time. Few bands have managed to mix rock dynamics and classical string arrangements with such class. Listening to songs like, "Silky Sam," "Dream Within A Dream," and "Aren't You Glad," is like the proverbial breath of fresh air. Moby Grape's *20 Granite Creek*, while not a bona fide classic, is a good album. In fact, it's the last album to feature the five original members of the band (plus Gordon Stevens on viola and mandolin.)

All of these albums are highly recommended. If you already have them and need to replace worn copies, import prices are better than exhorbitant collector's prices. The Spirit album comes in its original rare gatefold sleeve.

We don't get to hear too much of rockabilly music these days, at least authentic sounding rockabilly. Alan Leatherwood, an Ohio native, is an artist with more than a passing fancy for that genre. On *Blue Suede Heart*, his second album (Moon Records) he pays homage to his heroes like Buddy Holly, Elvis, Fats Domino and the likes with a 15 track mixture of originals and covers.

Best tracks are his delightful cover of Holly's "You're the One," and his own "Elvis and Buddy" and "Another Race with the Devil." The latter features some superb "Suzzie Q-like" twangy lead guitar work.

Leatherwood also has another album out on Moon, *Rockabilly Tunes and Brakejobs*. It is also worth checking out. However, on that album he mixes his rockabilly material with more contemporary country and folk material. (Available from Moon Records, 906 Wagar Road, Cleveland, Ohio 44116 for \$8 each plus \$1 postage each.)

To round things off nicely on a positive note we have *Hard Living* by the Nighthawks (Varrick.) This is a hard rocking no-nonsense set of gutsy rhythm and blues. The band doesn't let up from the opening title cut to the closing "Louise." Other standout cuts include a good remake of the Everly Brother's hit, "Price of Love" and the lengthy funky blues, "If You Don't Come Back," which sees the band stretching out instrumentally.

This is one of their best albums to date, without a doubt.

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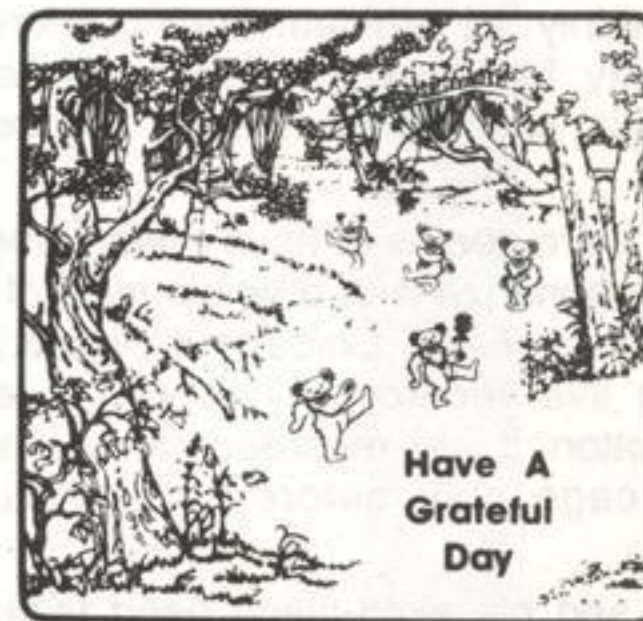
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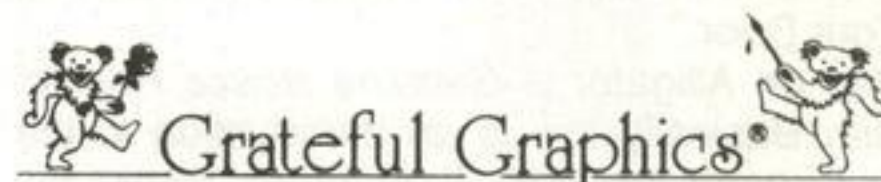
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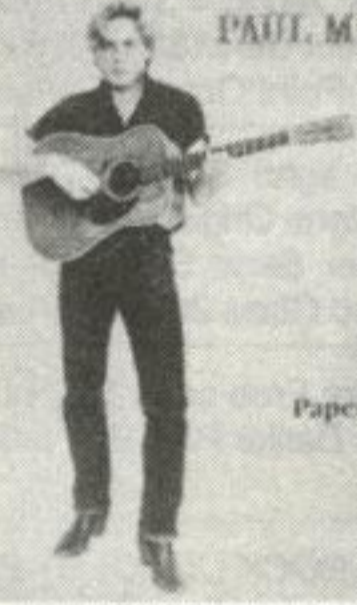
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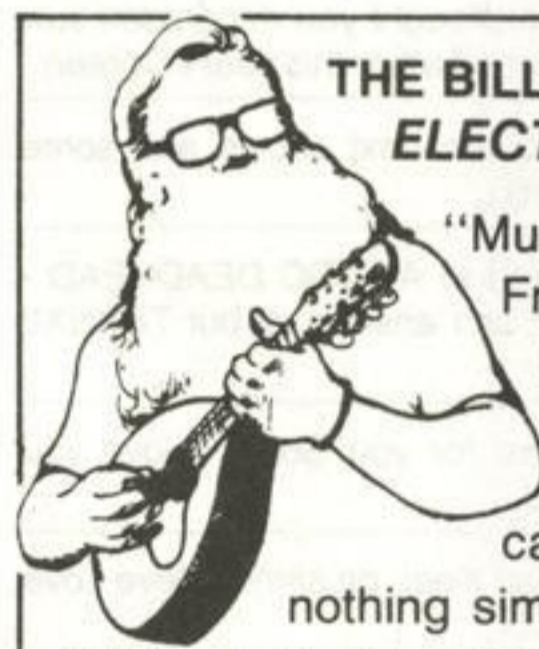
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Overseas Bound Looking for tapes & GD correspondence Have few tapes Will trade R Vlach 5765 Tennessee Chills IL 60514

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Wanted Qual GD 12/3/81/ & 9/5/85 Dire Straits Springsteen Dylan & others Will trade from diverse collection Willie Hale 10532 Pt Douglas Cottage Grove MN 55016

Want GD esp Worc Htfd SPAC Also Tuna Jorma Metheny Floyd Trade John Coulter J-5 Cliffside Sunderland MA 01375

Need Meadowlands 9/2/78 NRPS/Willie/GD complete concert Want GD/Spinoffs Tuna Jorma Quicksilver Cipollina Hunter Max Creek etc Have 700 hrs to trade Send lists Chris Helmick 8536 SE Schiller Portland OR 97266

New Qual GD Phila 3/23, 24, 25/86 Jeff Abington CTF-109 Abington PA 19001

Hey now Need GD tapes to start collection Will send blanks 2900 Broom St Wilm DE 19802

Please help Looking for 4/26-29/71 Need to complete set Trip PO Box 155 Yorklyn DE 19736

Need tapes of GD Allman Will exch blanks Joe DiCicco 160 Carol Ln Richboro PA 18954

Wanted Neil Young Allman Bros Clapton Jackson Browne Dylan Tapes Send list to GM Clancy 207 Violet Ave Floral Pk NY 11001

Hi Qual GD Mostly West Coast Like to trade for East & SW Steven B 5110 Bakman Ave #6 N Hollywood CA 91601

Begonia Studios has hot tapes to trade Want Orpheum 7/76 Sdbds Desperate 6627 Begonia Cir Riverside CA 92503 714-688-6075 List?

Serious taper Need Qual tapes Send lists Will send blanks Chuck 15634 Veronica East Detroit MI 48021

GD to trade Send lists Also will trade live Floyd Sean Duncan 1756 Corners Cove Dunwoody GA 30338

Old deadhead needs old shows 11/12-13/70 Bklyn 3/22-28/72 NYC 4/6/74 NJ Will trade H Wolfert 671 47 St Bklyn NY 11220

Dire need of GD tapes Send lists please Will send blanks Valerie Hancock 605 Olive Murray KY 42071

Hi Qual Low Generation 1200 hrs GD Tuna Many hrs of others Exch lists Let's trade R Bugeya 140-09 Quince Ave Flushing NY 11355

Want Qual GD Acoustic Electric sets from 1970 10/24/74 Have 27 hrs Send lists to Eric 21 E 18 St Bayonne NJ 07002

Wanted GD LIVE Beginner needs qual recordings collectibles correspondence anywhere Will send blanks Casey 849 Dirksland CS CO 80907

Help Southern DH Wants GD tapes shirts stickers Send list TAE 4150 Arberway Charlotte NC 28211

Hey Now Deadhead looking for Saratoga 85 & Portland RI 86 tapes Please help D Power PO Box 1295 Southold NY 11971

Select low-gen Springsteen/Van Morrison to trade for same pre-75 GD Lancet c/o Horiuchi 2-8-9 Shibaura Minato-Ku Tokyo Japan 108

Getting back into serious GD tape trading App 2500 hrs avail Need qual 85/86 etc Send list for quick reply R Lang 1219 14 Ave SF CA 94122

East Coast deadhead needs some west coast shows & JORMA Freddie Cremmins 638 Kensington Severna Pk MD 21146

Marine deadhead just saw the light Help me get an eclipse Colenq Meninger H&H 39 Camp Penelton CA 92055

Beginner needs tapes 3/30/86 4/1/86 Prov Will send blanks M Tingley 1105 Glebe St Taunton MA 02780

Collecting low-gen chrome dolby GD Want older material Exch lists then tapes Rupp 2A Country Club Milford MA 01757

Have/want GD esp w/Quinn the Eskimo Box of Rain SEnd lists Kris Marinos Box 35A Oxford NY 13830

Starting GD tape collection Please send lists Hi Qual please Deadhead 8703 E Roundtree Ave Englewood CO 80111

DEAR MR FANTASY Please send lists or other to friend of GD A Moretz 1296 9th St NW Hickory NC 28601

Hi Qual GD to trade Send lists Mark Schwartz 1414 E 16 St Bklyn NY 11230

Beginner Needs Qual GD tapes Please send lists Ray Davis Box 1543 San Jose CA 95109

New taper needs Qual GD Have 25+ great shows Send lists Ed Poole 2315 Ridgeway Rd Wilm DE 19805

Beginner needs GD Neil Young tapes Please send lists S Yerkes RD #5 Salem Rd Quarkertown PA 18951

Want newer Irvine Stanford Long Bch GD Jerry too Have mid 70s to trade Kathy Jo Box 4638 Irvine CA 92716

Hey Now Starting tape collection Need help Send tape list to Bill Hollman 5 Pawnee Rd E Hartford CT 06118

Desperate for GD tapes Let's trade Send lists Esp Alpine 85 Liz 5029 N Overhill Norridge IL 60656

Lost my boots in transit But still have 200 hrs of killer sdbds Send lists & ph #s SWS 49 E 67 NYC 10021

Friend of the Devil would like to trade GD tapes Send lists to Jordan Franzel 4 Cherbourg Rd Parsippany NJ 07054

Have Qual Melkweg Amsterdam 10/15-16/18 Maples 73 Send lists C Wider 509 3rd Ave Lyndhurst NJ 07071

GD TAPES WANTED Will trade & dub North Houston area 872-6521

Turn on you Lovelight Help a Head get started Will send blanks Karen 28 Plainedge Dr Bethpage NY 117144

Wanted Good GD tapes to trade Send list John Joyal 10 Ashcroft Cir Groveland MA 01834

Building a collection Can you help? GD & SF Bands Qual music better than qual tape 676 W San Francisco St Santa Fe NM 87501

Trade GD tapes have over 300 hrs ACcess to larger collection DAVE Cubbedge 4127 Eastway Toledo OH 43612 419-476-9028

Deadtrader have 400 hrs for trade only Your list gets mine Fred Goodrich Box 335 Holden MA 01520

Need Hi Qual tapes of 86 TRIPS FESTIVAL tour with Sounds of SF & Kingfish esp 3/1 Capitol show Will trade Dave Markowitz 5 Sylvan Ln Scarsdale NY 10583

Need 1st show 4/24/78 Normal IL Have 90 hrs Qual M Gruebmeier 7040 N Sheridan #506 Chicago IL 60626

Hey now need GD 3/23, 24, 25/86 esp 2nd set B Kollar 1213 Campwood Rd Phoenixville PA 19460

DESPERATELY need GD Prov RI 3/30-4/1/86 Will go to extremes for these shows Send lists S Franklin 95 Briar Patch Ln Mashpee MA 02649

Need tape of 2/25/86 Phila GD show ASAP C Cameron 212 S Church St Clifton Hgts PA 19018

PERSONALS

Ohio Deadhead wishes to meet other Ohio Deadheads to party with Eric LaCroix Box 37293 Maple Hts OH 44137

S & A Looking forward to seeing shows with you two when I am free again Write huh? Tom Ins.

Tony has your mailman brought you my golden surprise yet How about Merriweather this year? Doreen

RR Looking forward to the next shows and some after nine mellowness HTL

To those who responded to ARCTIC DEADHEAD - rec'd 50+ responses Can't answer all but THANX!! Jim Beck Anchorage

My Lovelight still shines for you Scotty I love you more each day Love MJ

To my favorite Deadhead Keep on shinin Steve Love Kristen

Any interested optimistic human open &/or dedicated people write Sue 206 Plymouth Sq Pgh PA 15237

Delaware Deadheads needs to hear from other Del Heads to party with & trade tapes Phil Timmons 734 W 11 St New Castle DE 19720

Kris You may feel like a stranger This is okay I am NOT afraid of strangers I love you - Randy

Thanks for Box of Rain Love Lewellyn Julie Brian Steve Lynn Will & Marc

Suzanne I love you more than words can tell And that's not gonna change Happy Birthday Wes

Hey now Any Dead correspondence welcome My head is your head Sean Pollack 1308 E Christy Dr Phoenix AZ 85020

Att Deadheads Whoever found the bright multi-colored sundress with black background lost outside Cumberland Civic on 3/28/86 Please return to Denise Murray 396 William Floyd Pkwy Shirley NY 11967 or call collect after 8PM 516-395-1248 Will be forever grateful Thanks

To Jerry Bobby Phil Mickey Bill & Brent Thanks Jack SIC NJ

Fairfield Univ Deadheads C S J J D P C C K etc Let's rock at Hartford & do it again next year MG

Heads Stop clapping NFA It is becoming very bothersome & you're killing a great tune Try Dark Star Peace Choogs

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BYRDS! Farther Along #3 the definitive newsletter on the Byrds is out Send \$2 to Chris Larche General Delivery Stoney-Point Ontario Canada NOR 1N0

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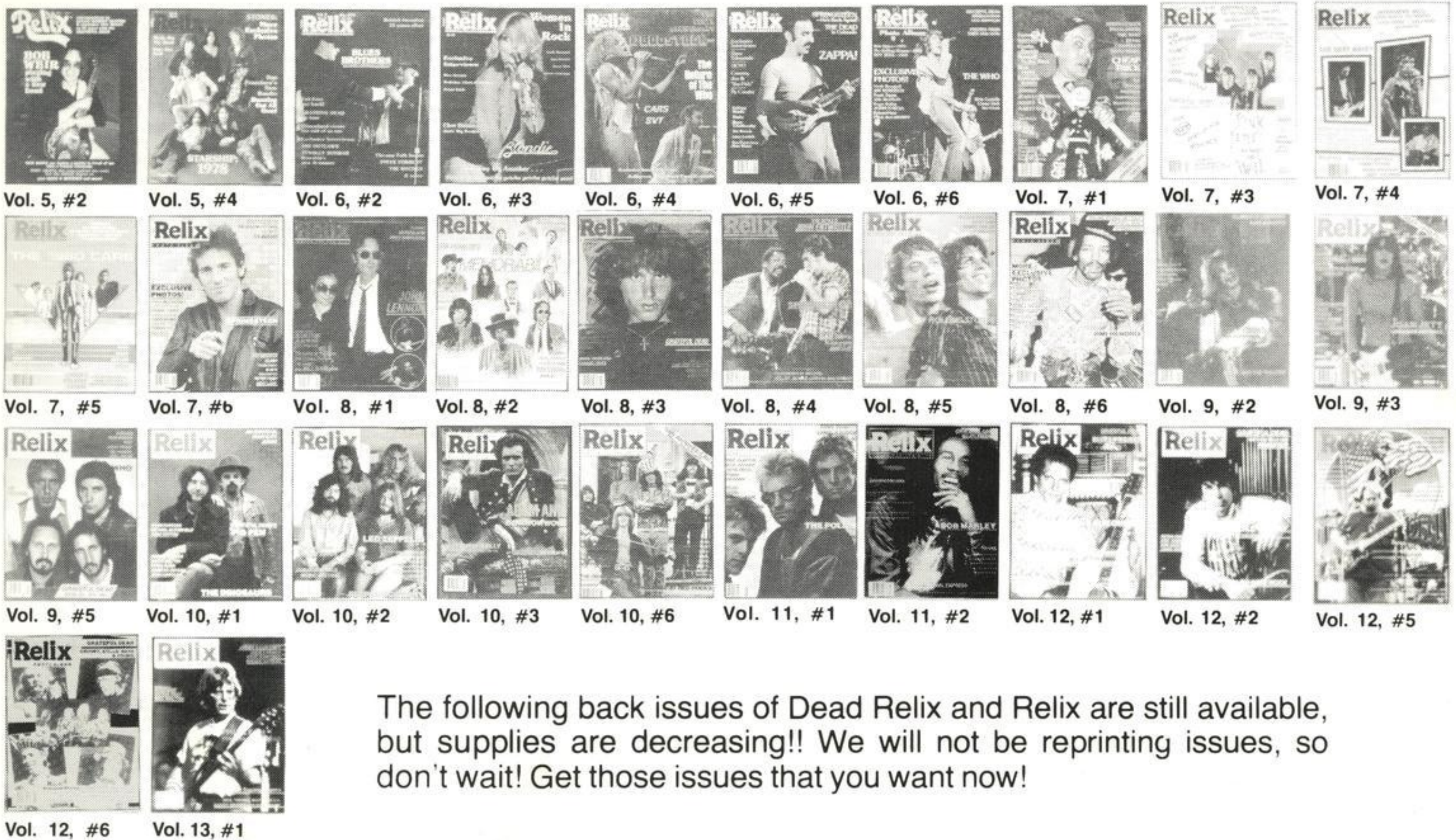
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Vol. 5, #2 Bob Weir Special. Interview with Bob Weir, Hunter, Tom Wats, Moby Grape, Beatlemania, Dan Healy, the Grateful Dead soundman, sounds off. **\$.50**

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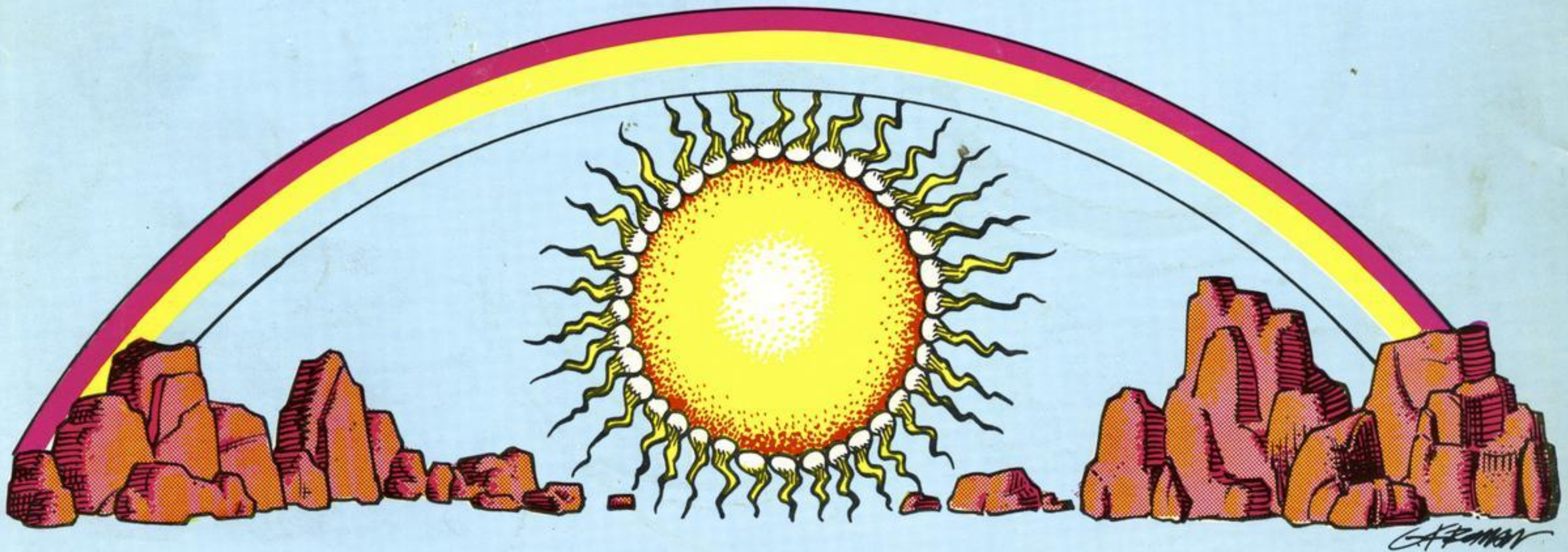
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