

DEAD

Vol. 13  
No. 5

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# Relix

music for the mind

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ROBERT HUNTER**

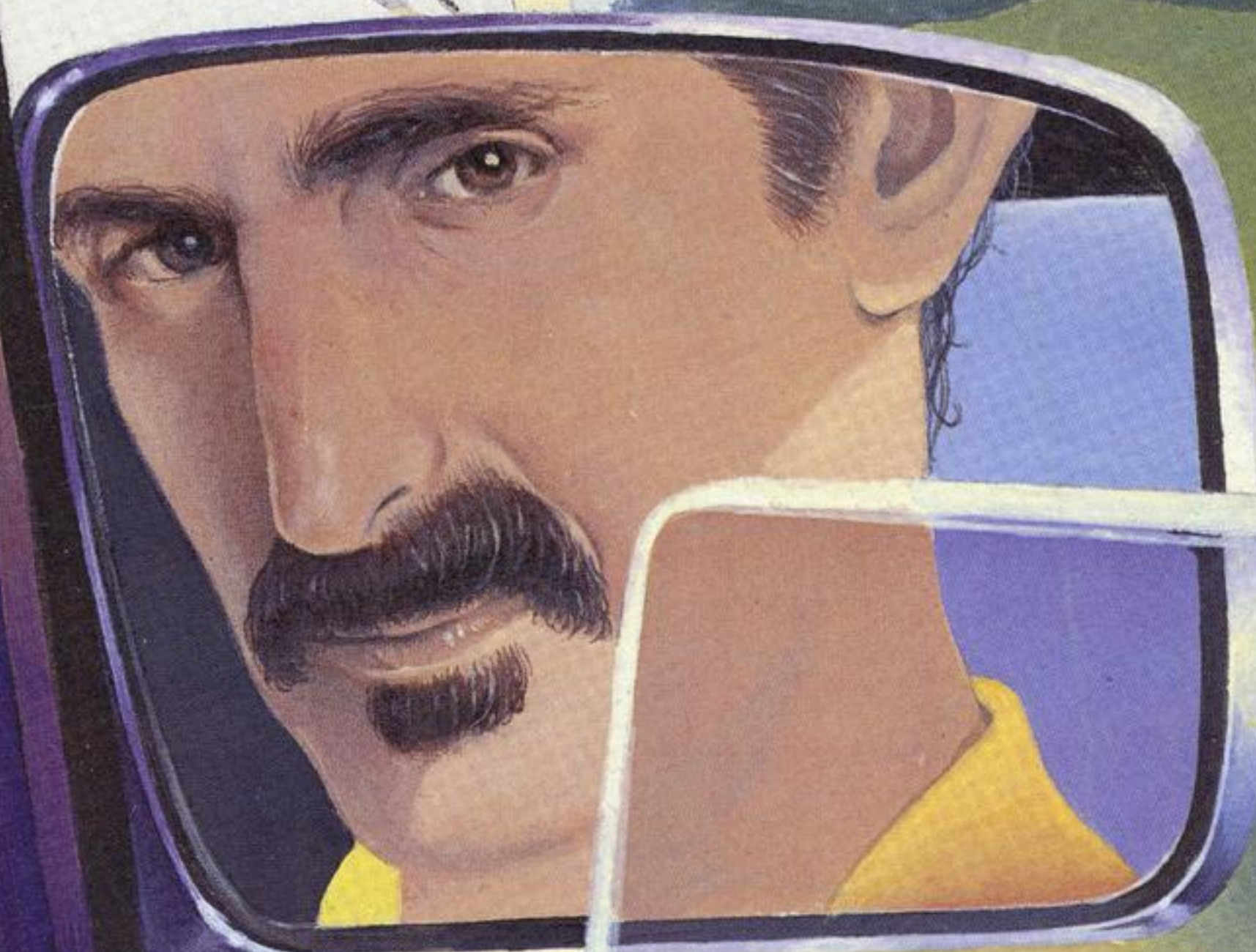
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**FEATURES:  
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RADIATORS  
KIM SIMMONDS-  
SAVOY BROWN**



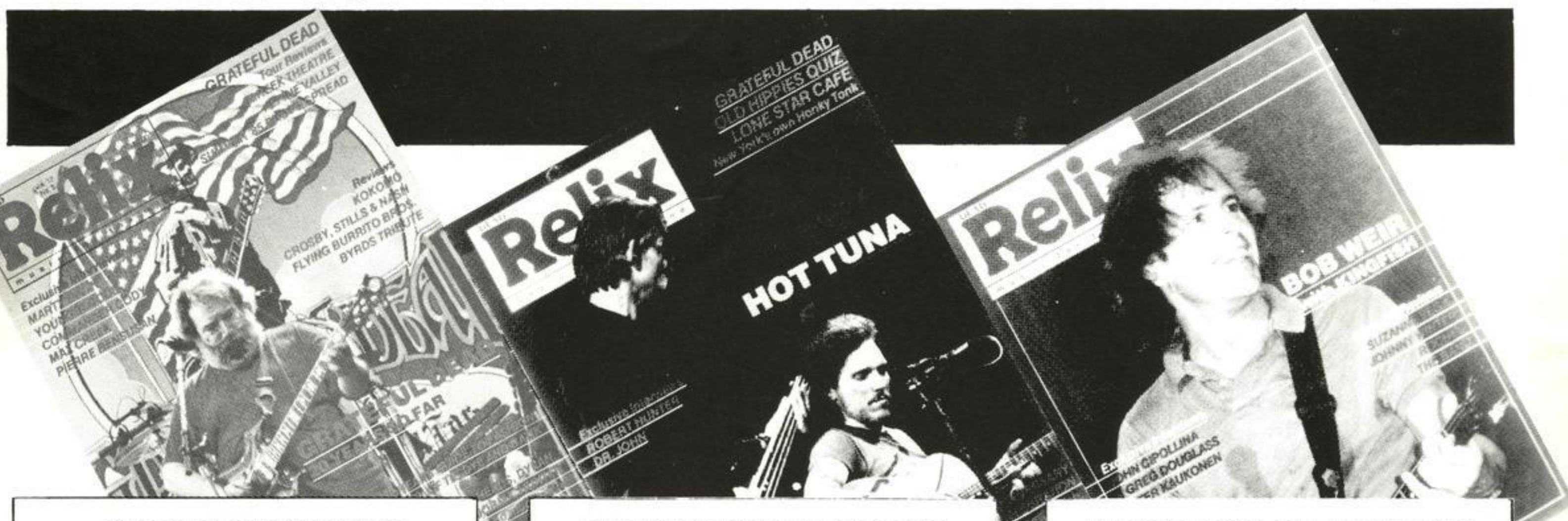
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**DEAD**

# RELIX

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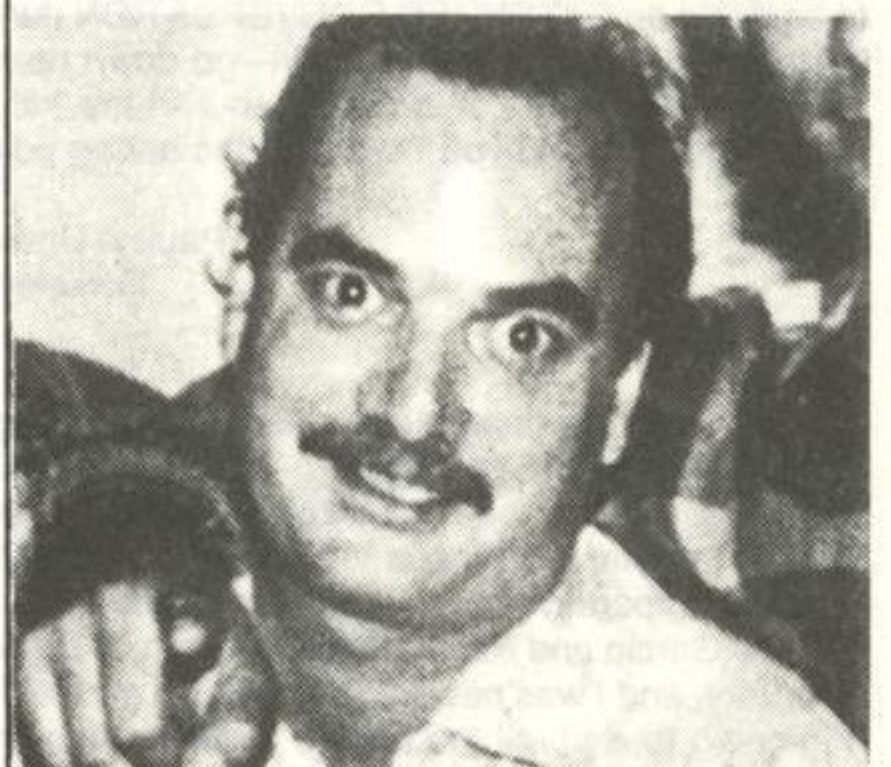
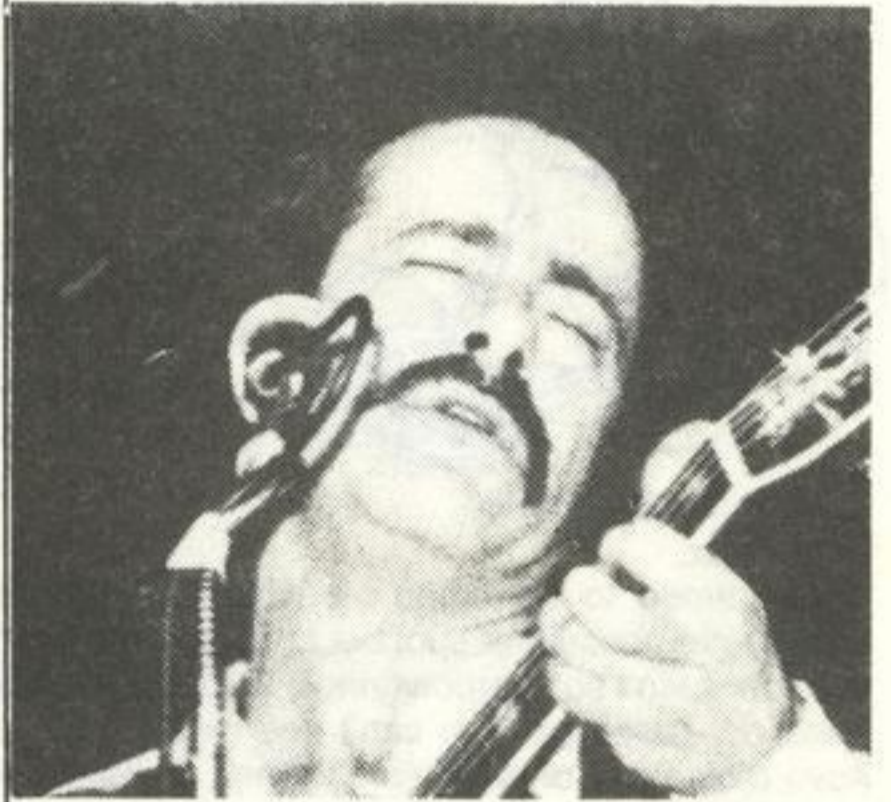
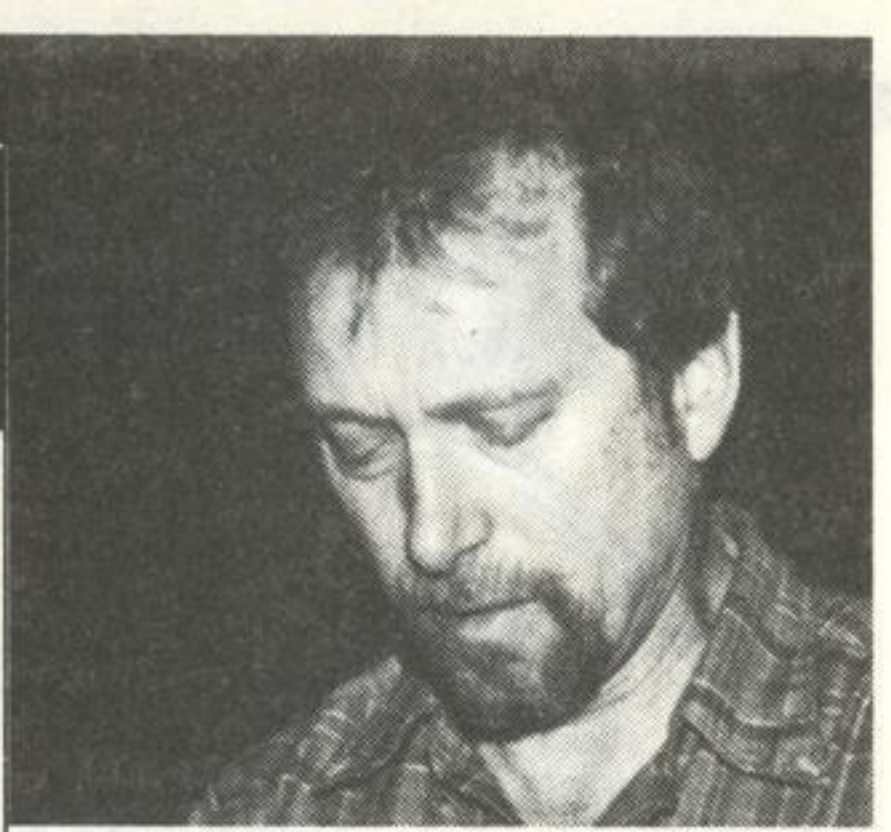
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**A Little Quiet, Please**

Dear Relix,

We chose to sit in the bleachers for the Greek shows. We chose that spot because you can hear just fine, but it isn't so overpoweringly loud that we have to wear our earplugs. You can't see much, true—but I have a nice pair of binoculars, when I do want to look. Most of the time is spent with our eyes closed, paying close attention to the music. The first two shows we had the bad luck to be seated next to talkers: yakety-yak all through the music. All through the drum solo. All through Space. Not just 'Pass the Pipe,' 'Where's my sweater?' and 'excuse me,' but: 'Oh God, he really threw up? I can't stand beer for just that reason, How disgusting!' Sheesh! I don't want to have to listen to that! The third night we had a perfect spot, at the very top of the bleachers: nobody around us was chatty. Then at intermission two talkers came and sat right behind us. Yak yak yak all through the music. Yak yak yak all through the drum solo. All through Space. We asked them politely to be a little quieter: no good. And the frosting on the cake? They had backstage passes! Damn!

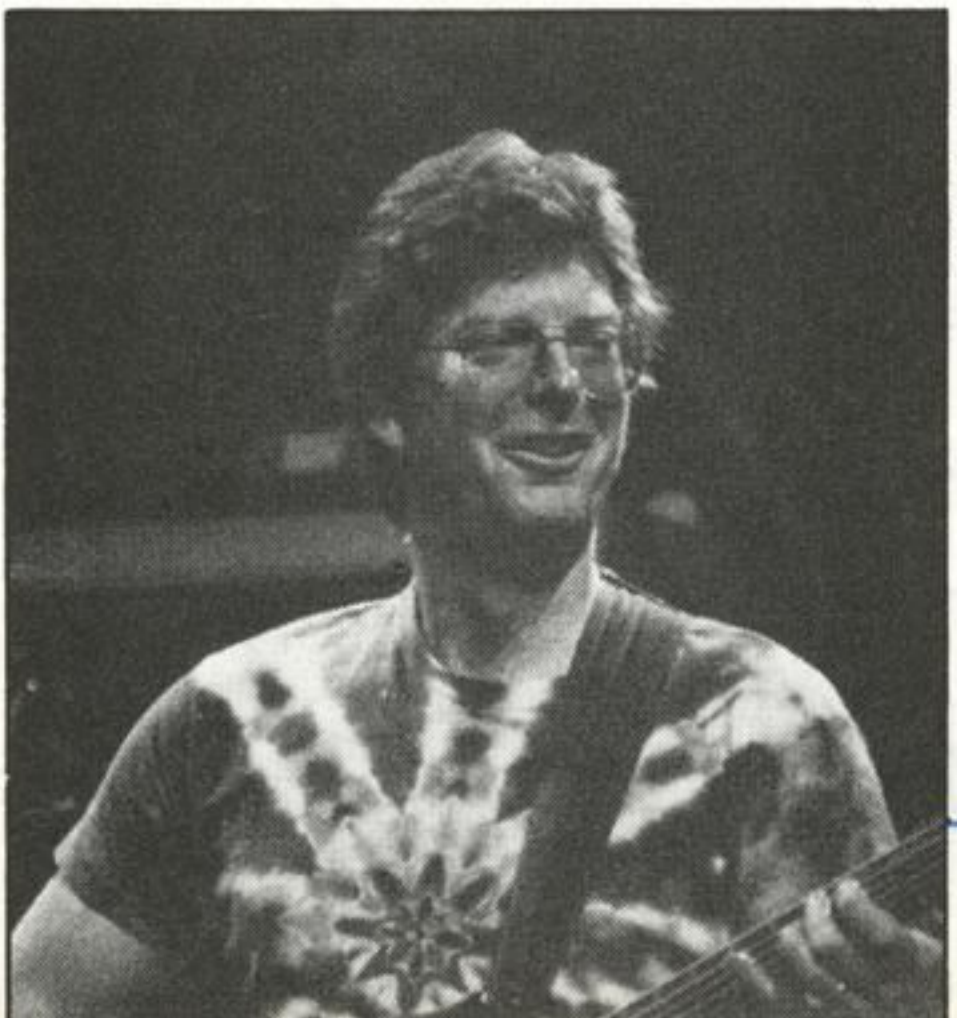
I realize that this is a rock concert, and the music is loud—but people have paid their money to come to hear and see—not listen to chatter. It is downright rude—to the performing band and to anyone nearby to carry on an EXTENDED CONVERSATION during a performance! If they want to talk—go down near the hot dog stand—or if it is inside—out in the hall, but when seated, could you PLEASE (I'm asking politely) shut up?

Paulina Unsworth  
Berkeley, CA

Dear Relix:

It seems a new generation of assholes is seeing the band, a group with an attitude of "let's get drunk and obnoxious and go see the Grateful Dead." I realize there is a time at concerts to dance and get excited, but more important, there is a time to LISTEN.

I saw Garcia and Kahn at the Orpheum, in Boston in February, and I was never so annoyed in my life. From beginning to end, all the people in my section had to



Mitch Hochman

PHIL LESH '86

stand on their seats, stick their asses in my face, and scream like hyenas every time Jerry played a hard "two" or sang a key line. I pleaded for everyone to cool down but no one obliged.

I play in a band and I know from experience that as a musician, you feel more moved when you know your audience is listening and grooving on your playing than when they hoot and yell during songs. Let's all be a little quieter and show the boys some courtesy. There's some hot musicians up on that stage, folks, so LISTEN.

As Phil Iesh said on 5/2/70, "HOW DO YOU EXPECT US TO PLAY WHEN YOU'RE ALL SCREAMIN'?"

Jack  
Boston, MA

Relix,

It's criticism time, certainly, not to Relix, but you have the mag to reach the goons—

To everyone—

If you attend a concert at a b.a.r. (bad alcohol room) and alcohol makes you talk about yesterdays problems and your big deals, and you can't listen to the music of your choice (if you paid to get in), then please stay home and watch T.V.! It's a catch 22 for a great like Jorma (and Jack recently) to play bars—great intimacy—but the power of alcohol sucks!

In other words—if you go to a bar to hear great acoustic music, please shut the fuck up!

Signed—

I don't drink alcohol anyway shape or form.

P.S. Jorma can play the ass off Jerry!

Relix—Thanx for the recent issue you did on the Tuna reunion and the many and future records.

**More On Dubbing . . .**

Dear Relix,

Your article on dubbing was terrific, but you failed to mention anything about the new DAT (Digital Audio Tape) format about to be released. A DAT dubber can be much more liberal with recording levels without worrying about any hiss (so long as he doesn't distort the tape or deck by putting in too much signal). One can record many tape generations away (copy of a copy of a copy, etc.) without any loss of sound quality. Imagine the 100th generation sounding exactly like the first!

This new technology could be a godsend to Dead-heads—especially trading DAT tapes that you know won't be hissing louder than the music. Maybe then the "recorders" of live shows could concentrate on getting a decent signal, complete with deep bass. I am so tired of tinny sounding Dead tapes, ya know?

And if anyone knows where Texas guitar wizard Eric Johnson is these days, tell him to head on up to Nantucket. I'd like to record him in our little 16 track studio. And besides, I'd like to meet the dude—maybe steal a couple of guitar licks. Eric is a true mutha on the guitar.

T. Keenan

**Responses**

Dear Relix,

Just a few responses to items from the 13-3 Dear Relix and Relix Forum.

First of all, Wade and Wes shouldn't worry about those surfers trying to steal the patent on the tie-dyed pants. The Dead Heads know who deserves the credit and that's all that counts.

As for Mr. "Still Dedicated", Terry McPherson, if he doesn't like Garcia shows, he can quit going. Us Dead Heads don't want to hear him complain. Furthermore, if he were dedicated, he wouldn't shell out \$110.00 for tickets. He'd buy them before they sell out.

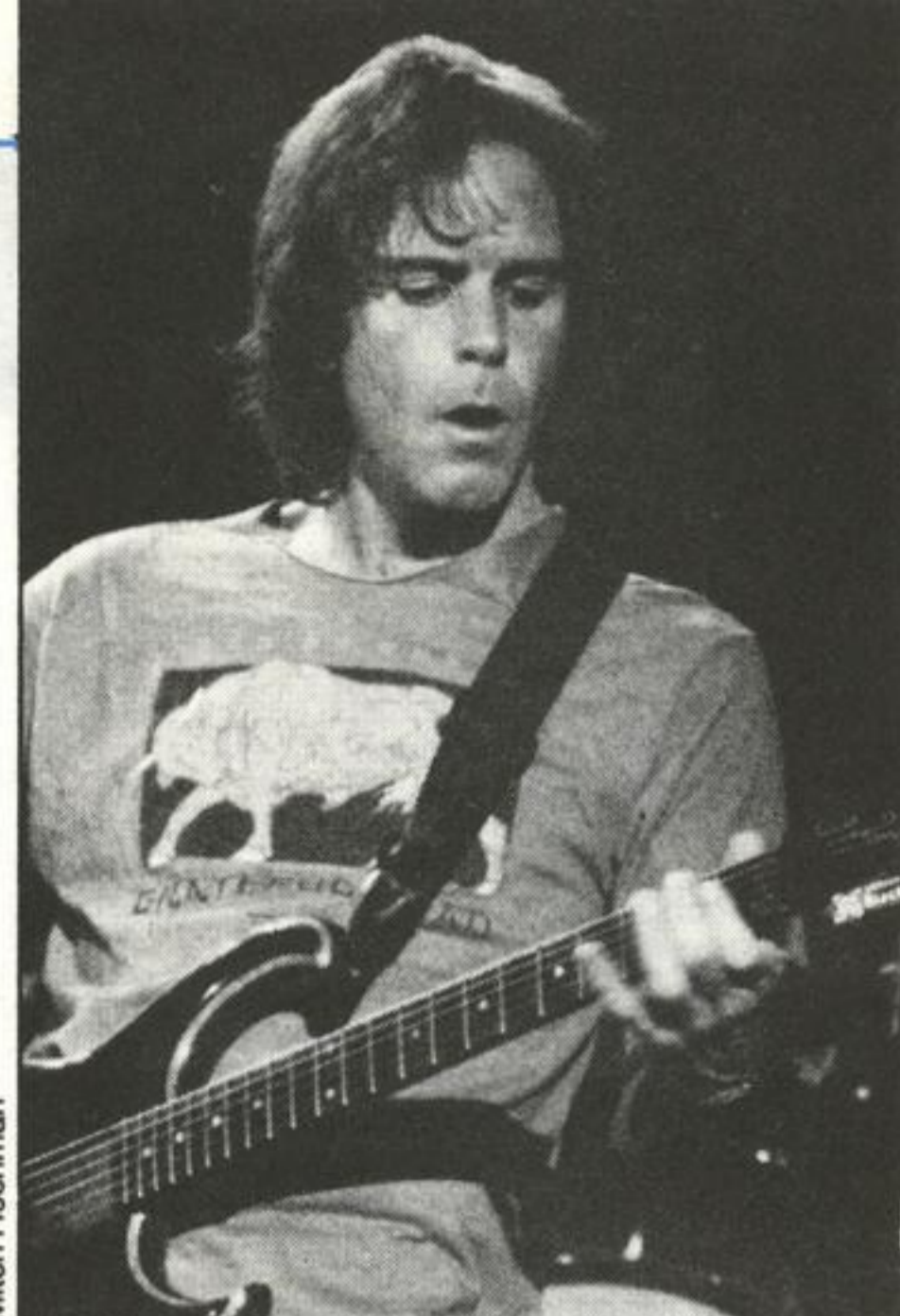
Last and very least is John C. Dvorak. What a wonderful commentary he wrote. Relix needed some comic relief. I mean, he was trying to be funny, wasn't he?

Oh yeah, don't worry about cancelling those shows, Jerry. We're just happy that you're still around to keep the party going.

See ya,  
Jon Erbst  
Sherman Oaks, Ca.

Dear Relix,

Those who were bothered by John Dvorak's reprinted S.F. Examiner column (6/1/86) on the Dead should put his work in perspective. Computer folks will recognize him and his style immediately. His articles in



Mitch Hochman

major computer publications provide unverified news, interesting rumors, and always, an insipid and somewhat rancid view of the world. We read him as we would the Racing Form for hot tips on the horses. For tips, he's worthwhile. For commentary (much less journalism) on the Dead or any other topic requiring more than a sleazy casual glance, he's irrelevant. Come on John, just for once, pull your head out.

Mark Slichter  
Oakland, CA

**Revelations**

Dear Relix,

I just saw the Amnesty Concert at Giants Stadium. My girlfriend Lynn and I luckily managed to be one of the first 100 people to be let in through the gate. It felt so awesome to be sprinting through Giants Stadium, right up to the front, about 100 feet from the stage. When the show started, we were happy and comfortable. As better and better bands came on, more and more teenybopper happy-dicks, hoping to get on T.V., came crushing up to the front. When U2 came out and sang "Pride," there was a near riot. I like U2 alot, but I was more concerned with my own safety than with getting into the music. During the break, we tried to compare it to SPAC '85 and Hershey Park, but there was absolutely no comparison. While we were packed in also at those two shows, the atmosphere (due to Dead Heads and the Dead) was much, much cooler.

I've been reading alot in Relix about how uncool the crowds at Dead shows have been. First of all, I don't think it is as bad at The Dead, because out of about 60 shows, I've only had one or two bad experiences (crowd pushing, etc.). Secondly, I salute DeadHeads, Relix, and The Band for trying to solve this problem. It is the first step.

Enough Pessimism. Amnesty combined the best along with the worst. By the best I mean a man who was responsible for directing the show, and also trying to keep everyone happy. He was constantly running around all day long, working his ass off to give the crowd what they wanted, be it water or fine music, and I don't think he got half the appreciation he deserved. That's why I say "Hey Bill Graham, This Bud's For You!!"

August West  
NYC

Dear Relix,

Due to the fact I had to work on Monday, I was only able to see the July 6th show at Washington. However, it was a real good show so I wasn't really upset. At the show, my friends and I saw something I thought I should share with you. We were on the grass (Gen. Admission) about 3/4 of the way to the stage. We were standing right near a bunch of Bob Dylan fans. These people were about 30 years old and easy to distinguish as Dylan fans not only by the way they looked but the way they acted. We knew they couldn't be Dead Heads because during Bob Dylan's set, these people would jump around, bump into people and basically act like jerks. They were on an "I only care about me"

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trip. Nothing like what the dead heads do. They realize other people are entitled to a good time and because of it, have a good time themselves.

The real fun started when The Dead were ready to come onstage. These Dylan fans discussed the band members and talked on how they couldn't see how anyone would like this group. They would add wise-cracks like "so this is the Grateful Dead, big deal!" As soon as the Dead came onstage and started playing, these people were blown away! These people were singing along to the chorus of "Sugaree!" I could see they were amazed by some of the jams, especially "Let it Grow." They would turn around and look at each other like "Oh My God!" These people were dancing and singing! By the time "Not Fade Away" rolled around they were clapping, singing, and dancing like crazy. I guess it goes to show, "sometimes you can get shown the light in the strangest of places if you look at it right!"

P.S.—A special thanks to Tom Petty and Bob Dylan for making the show that much more enjoyable.

Chris  
Garden City, NY

**Requests**

Dear Toni,

I am writing to you for help. I was wondering if you knew anything about Anna Goldreyer, the girl who was hit in the parking lot at the Philly shows. My friends and I donated what little money we had and were curious how things turned out. Thanks.

A Concerned Head  
Ron Chicotka  
Yorktown Hts. NY

Readers: Anyone with info should drop us a note here at Relix.  
Toni

Dear Relix,

It seems like everytime I go to a dead show I am approached by someone saying "I am giving you a citation," and then asking for a charitable contribution to the hungry and terminally funny! It seems like they are always running through the parking lot begging and giving out "Shakedown" and "Steal Your Face" stickers. Tell me, are these people collecting for a legitimate cause or just taking money for fare to the next show? Please enlighten me!

P.S. Just finished reading vol.13-3, keep up the great work!

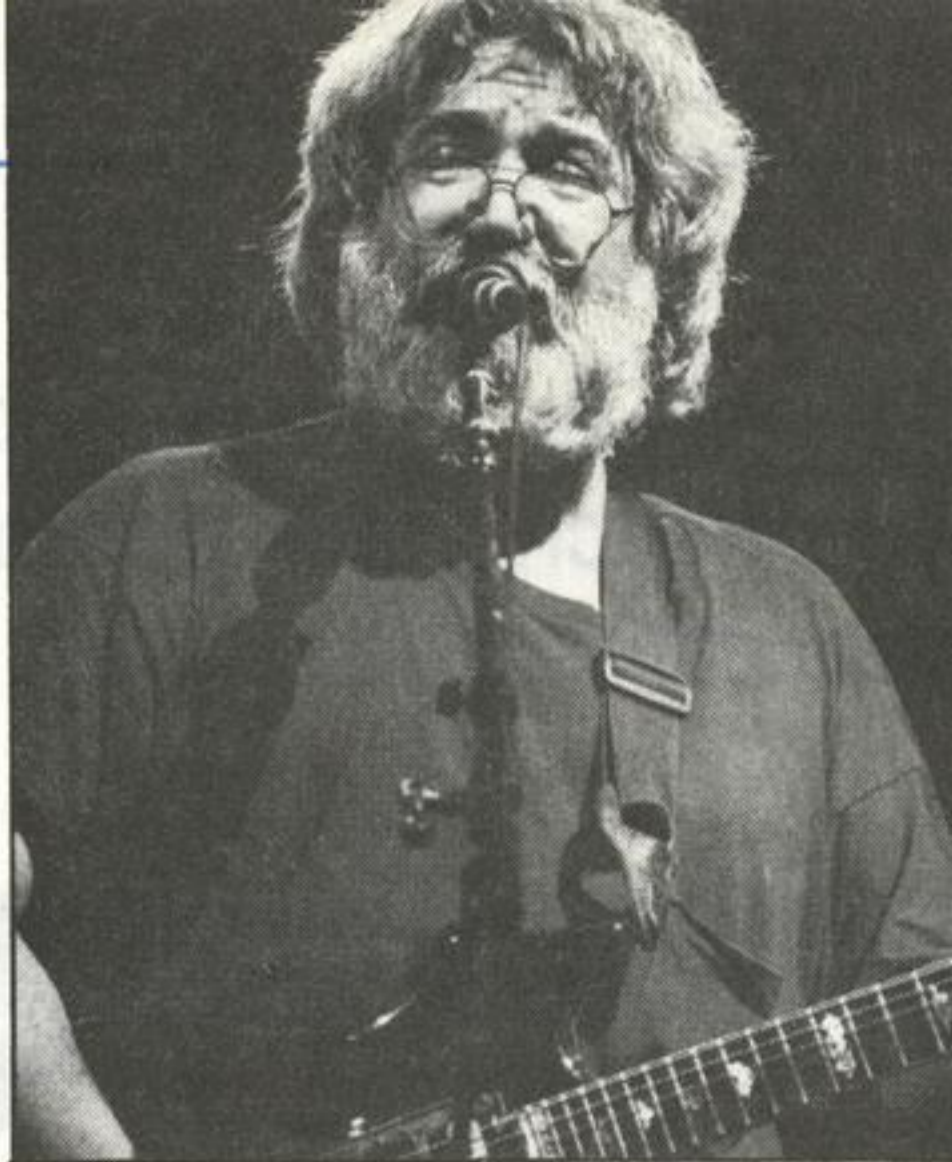
Fellow Head,  
Daniel H. LeRay  
Neptune, NJ

Dear Daniel,

The only way to tell if any of these causes is legitimate would be to ask lots and lots of questions. I'm afraid there are too many people looking for handouts to tell the real thing from the seedy. Anyone with a cause should drop Relix a note. We will attempt to keep our readrs posted.

Toni

BRENT MYDLAND '86



Mitch Hochman

It was coming  
I knew it was coming  
I was ready when  
out came the slide and my  
mind merged with the s:trill wailing  
building  
building  
building until he passed the frets  
and I thought I'd explode with ecstasy—  
I touched myself  
I was still there.

Gary Garry  
San Ysidro, CA

**No Applause**

Dear Toni,

I've been a reader and fan of Relix for several years and enjoy the articles, interviews, concert reviews, record reviews, etc. Having grown up in the 60's, many of the groups Relix covers are my favorites, The Dead, NRPS, Quicksilver, Beatles, Byrds, Stones and CSN. Relix does an excellent job of keeping fans up to date with what these groups are doing in the 80's. Keep up the good work.

Peace,  
Michael Gerard

Toni,

I think you are doing one hell of a job with this magazine. I am a Navy photographer and I do a little writing on the side. I intend on submitting a couple of articles that I hope you can use some day. It's tough to catch the Dead as often as I used to now that I am in Hawaii, but I feel like I'm right in the pulse of things thanks to you and your great crew of people. My tape collection was started thanks to you guys, and I don't know how many times a live "Touch of Gray" has pulled my scrambled mind away from these Navy "Screwheads" while I sit in a small Island somewhere in the Pacific. One suggestion, get some more of Hunter's poems in if you can. The man is brilliant!

P.S. You got Jann Wenner beat in my book, babe!  
AIKO, AIKO Ernie

**Iko**

Dear Relix,

Here's another "Origin of Iko-Iko" (Vol. 13, No. 3): The Dixie Cups "The Best of the Dixie Cups" Back-Trac BT-1001 (1985) (recorded 1964-65).

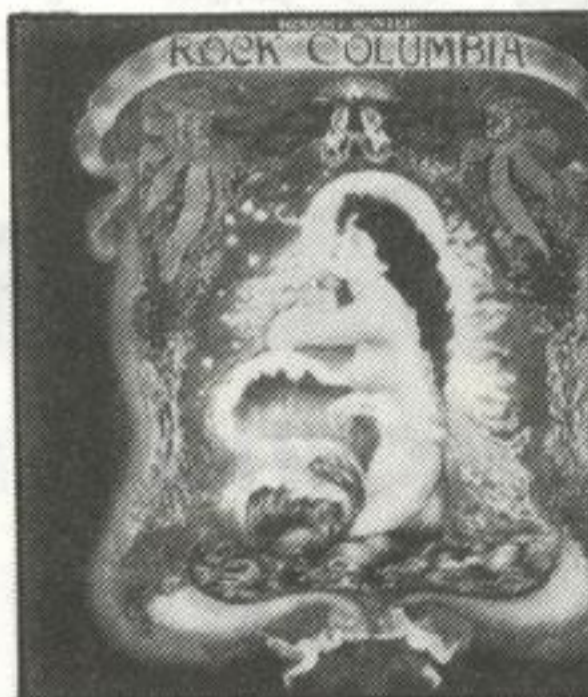
The Dixie Cups were a black female vocal trio whose names elude me at this moment. The song "Iko-Iko," just percussion and vocals, was released as a single in '64 or '65.

Paul S. Hartman  
Baltimore, MD

**Red Rooster**

The veins in Bobby's neck popped  
and his vocals rocked the building  
beads of sweat flew behind him and looked like  
diamonds  
as he threw his head back and smirked—  
He reminded me of the rooster—

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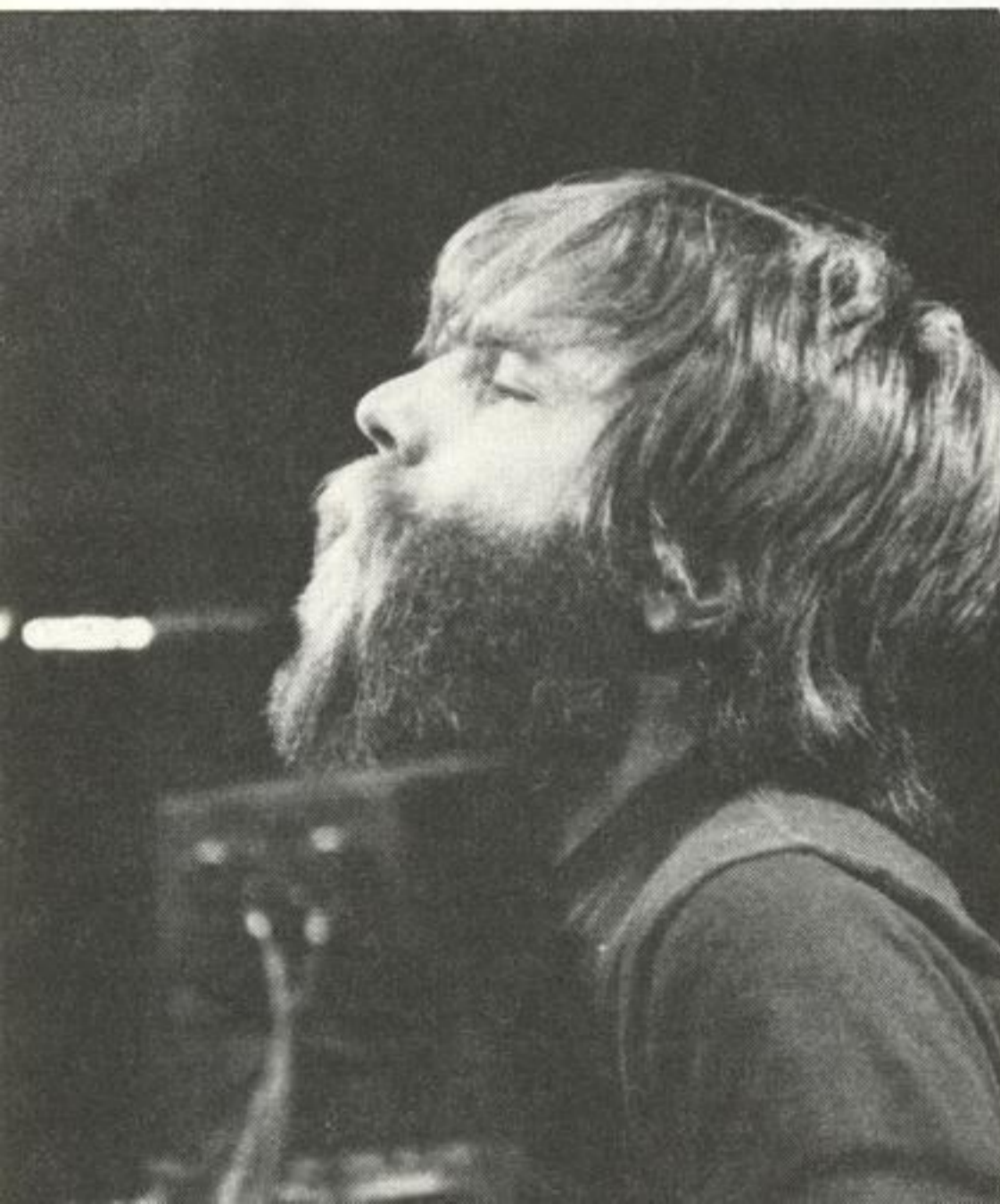
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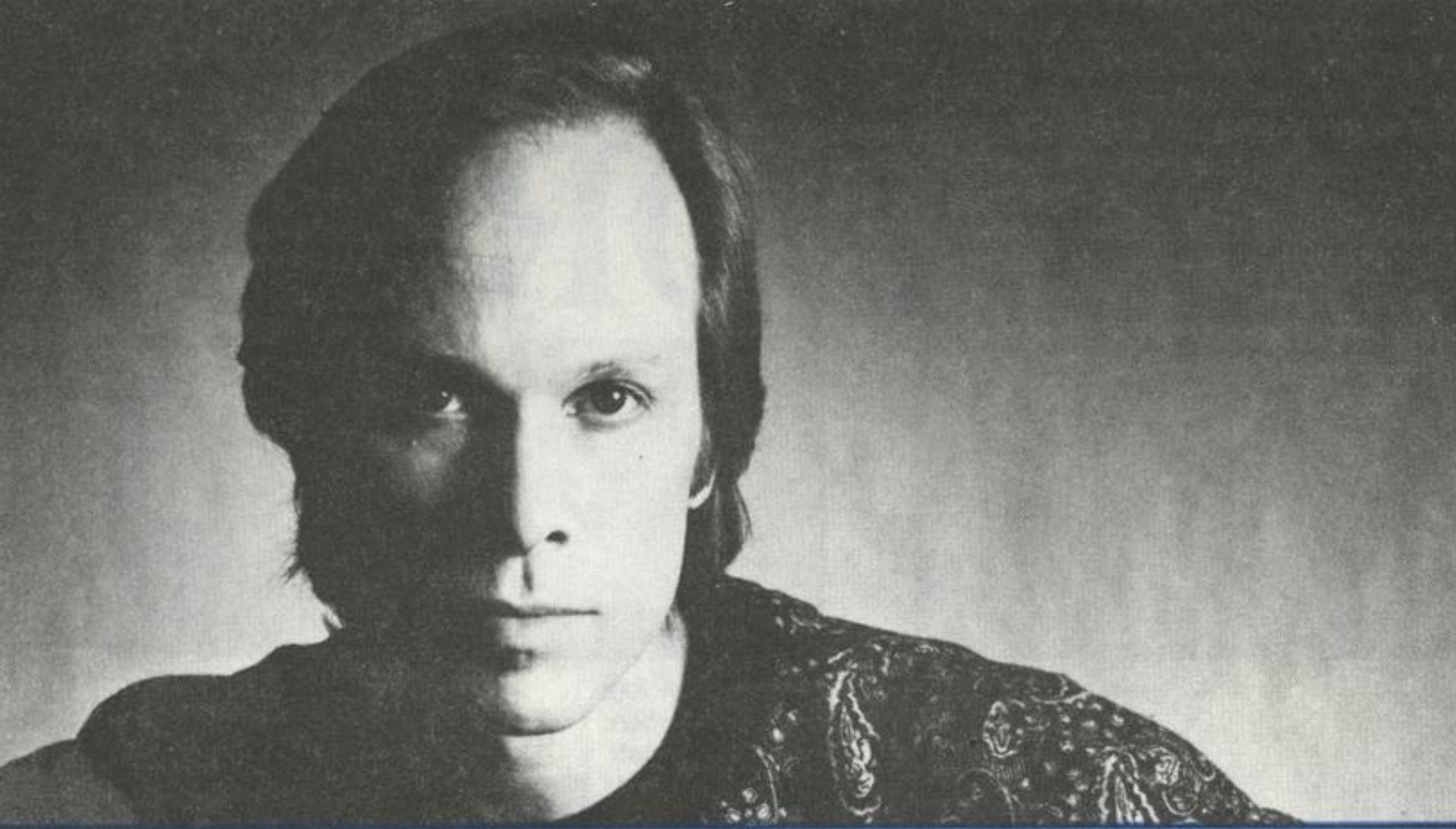
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Mitch Hochman



## Elliott Murphy-

A Brief Introduction  
to the music of America's best kept  
secret  
by Mick Skidmore

**E**LLIOTT Murphy is a singer/songwriter of immense talent, who hails from Long Island. He originally came to public attention in the early '70s when he was "discovered" by rock critic Paul Nelson.

Since then he has made seven fine albums, but received very little in the way of commercial success. Even though his albums have been of a high standard he remains something of a well kept secret outside of his devoted cult following.

His first album, *Aquashow*, released in 1973 on Polydor, was greeted with almost unanimously favorable reviews from the press. Rolling Stone magazine went as far as calling him "the best new Dylan since 1968."

Unfortunately, the well-meaning comparisons to Dylan by many critics seemed to serve Murphy with the proverbial kiss of death as far as the record buying public was concerned. Just as it did for other "new Dylan's" like Loudon Wainwright, John Prine and Willie Nile.

In retrospect Murphy jokes about the tenuous similarities by saying, "Well, neither of us can sing or play harmonica, so maybe that's it." However, on a more serious note he adds, "In a way it was a good thing because it brought a lot of attention to me, to what I was doing, but in a way it was something I could never live up to."

In fact, Murphy was to spend over a decade living it down. Finally, he, with the help of a regular band and a more biting rock and roll sound, has emerged with his own sound.

*Aquashow*, contained some great songs, like "White Middle Class Blues," and "Last of the Rock Stars," but failed to fulfill the commercial prophecies of the press. Feeling dissatisfied with Polydor's efforts Murphy switched to RCA for two more albums, *Lost Generation* in 1975, and the musically adventurous *Night Lights* in 1976.

But again the records failed to sell. So, Murphy again switched labels. This time it was Columbia. He recorded one album for them, the overtly commercial *Just a Story From America* in 1977. The album, recorded in England with people like Phil Collins and Mick Taylor helping out, provided him with the best airplay to date. Both the teenage rocker "Drive All Night," and the lush ballad "Anastasia" were hits in Europe.

However, Columbia was focusing all its attention on Bruce Springsteen at the time so

Murphy got neglected and this time was dropped by the label.

Disillusioned with the business he went into a state of semi-retirement for the next couple of years. He had been particularly despondent at having been placed as the opening act for bands like ELO, which he says, "almost made me quit the business altogether."

Murphy didn't surface again on record until 1981 when he released a mini-album, *Affairs*. It came out on his own label Courtisane, which he had put together with the help of a girl friend and his manager brother Matt. The record itself was a mix of full-blown rock and roll numbers and several acoustic folky numbers. It sold well enough to finance the recording of a full-length album, *Murph the Surf*, released in 1982 in Europe and the following year in the US.

*Murph the Surf* was Murphy's best overall album to date. His rich lyrical imagery and romanticism was well intact, a good example of his descriptive writing being an excerpt from "Modern Romance."

"I'd like to take you away with me. We'll take a tramp steamer to Tahiti, paint water color pictures of the native girls, swim in the lagoon and dive for pearls."

In addition to the strong lyrical and melodic aspects, Murphy underpinned his songs with a harder rock and roll sound than ever before.

The record sold well in Europe, (particularly France,) but poorly in the US. As he explains, "We didn't really distribute it in America. We made a deal with a label called Plexus, but they went out of business about a month latter. But we are thinking of putting it out again."

As a result of the good sales of *Murph the Surf*, he obtained several major label deals in various European countries. For instance, Warner Brothers put out his next album, the austere *Party Girls/Broken Poets*, in France.

Since then Murphy's reputation has been growing steadily. There are even three or four bootlegs available in Europe, which is always a sign of a good cult figure.

More recently, Murphy and his current band, which consists of Ernie Brooks, bass and vocals (a ten year veteran of Murphy bands,) drummer Jesse Chamerblain and keyboard player Art Labriola, have been gigging more and more in the New York area, and look forward to touring more extensively.

In a recent interview Murphy brought his career up to date. "I have a new album coming out. It's called *Milwaukee*. It was also recorded in Milwaukee. The reason I recorded it there was because I started recording it with Jerry Harrison from Talking Heads. We did two songs for a single last summer, and we had a good relationship with the studio, so we went back and finished it off."

The album, which will be available in early October, might be distributed by Rounder, but if not, Murphy intends putting it out again via the Elliott Murphy Information Society, who recently released the excellent tape of outtakes, *Apres Le Deluge*.

I asked Elliott what kind of role Jerry Harrison had played in the recording. He replied, "Jerry produced and played on two tracks, but for the rest of it he was in California doing the new Talking Heads record. Basically, we produced it ourselves, that is, me and Ernie and the engineer/owner of the studio, David Vartanian. Jerry kind of supervised production. We'd send him tapes and he'd make suggestions. He kind of produced it via Federal Express."

Having had a sneak preview of the album I can tell you that it's an absolute killer. By and far Murphy's most mature sounding album when viewed as a whole, both in terms of musical content and his songwriting.

It's an overtly positive album, and has somewhat more of a rock and roll feel than its predecessor, *Party Girls/Broken Poets*.

Murphy sounds vocally relaxed, and lyrically reflective and generally optimistic.

The album has a really clean, yet impressive production. This is best highlighted in some of the more rock and roll sounding numbers like the opening, "Taking The Silence," which features an effective, but economical guitar figure over some elaborate keyboard fills.

Also impressive among the rock numbers is "Clean it Up," which features an infectious hook and guttural riff. This song has good potential for a single.

However, the album's highlight is a lengthy ballad called "Running Away." This song ranks with the best Murphy has ever written. It begins with a poignant vocal over lush strummed acoustic guitars and builds musically and vocally in intensity over swirling keyboards and neat restrained guitar work.

Other impressive ballads are the evocative "Niagara Falls," and the haunting "People Don't Learn." Then of course there are the two Harrison produced songs, "Texas," and "Out For the Kill." The former is a delightfully descriptive ballad with a slow rolling melody, while the latter is a slow pulsating rock number with a quirky beat, and great lyrics.

Closing the record is the upbeat self-questioning "Going Through Something," which again is one of Murphy's best songs to date.

Hopefully, *Milwaukee* will garner more attention than Murphy's previous albums have Stateside. To his credit he remains optimistic after nearly a decade and a half in the business, and over a dozen label changes, because he says "I've accepted where I am at, and now I realize that I can go on making records without being on a major label, before I didn't."

Do yourself a favor—check Elliott and his band out if they play in your area and look for the new album. It's one of the best of its genre this year!

For more information on Elliott write to: EMIS Box 253, Northampton, Ma 01061.

# RELIX RECORDS



**RRLP 2002**  
**Robert Hunter**  
**Promontory Rider**

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



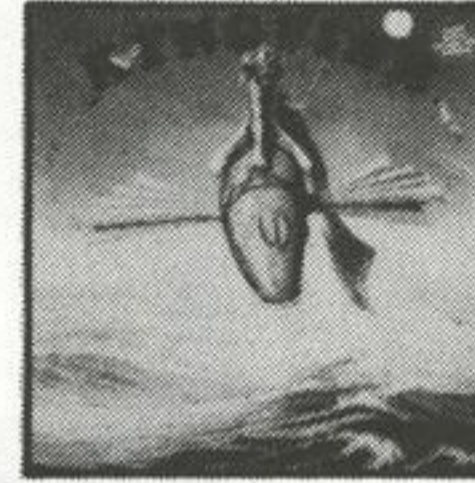
**RRLP 2003**  
**Robert Hunter**  
**Amagamalin St.**

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



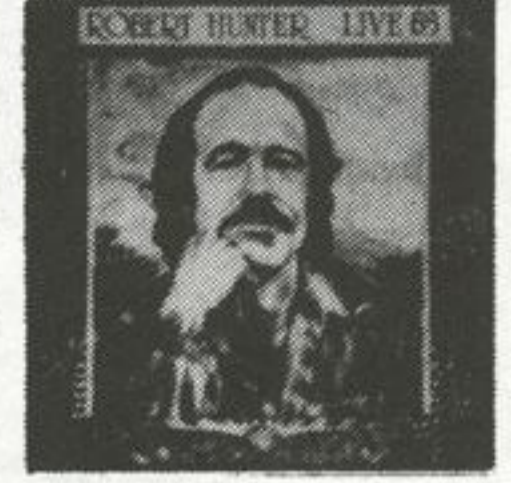
**RRLP 2004**  
**Hot Tuna**  
**Splashdown**

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 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 2015**  
**RELIX RECORDS**  
**RELIX SAMPLER**  
**(Limited Edition)**

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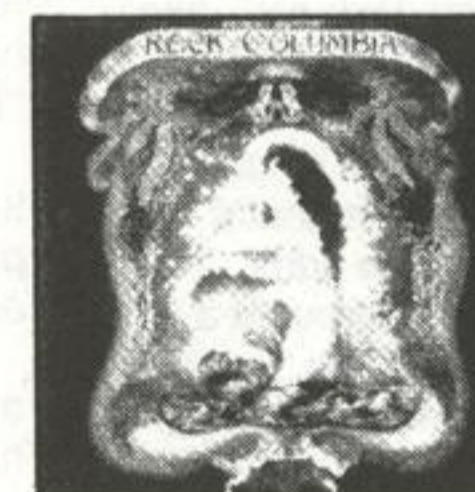


**RRLP 2016**  
**Kingfish**  
**LIVE IN 85**

A brand new Kingfish record, recorded especially for Relix Records. Featuring some of the best old time rock & roll songs that made Kingfish famous.



**RRLP 2018**  
**Max Creek**  
**WINDOWS**  
**In The San Francisco**  
**Tradition**



**RRLP 2019**  
**Robert Hunter**  
**ROCK COLUMBIA**  
All new rock & roll material.



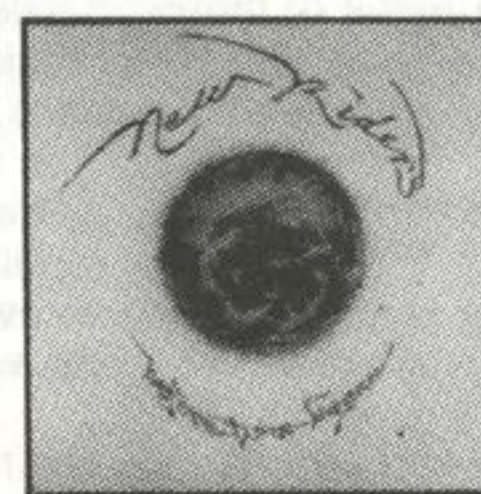
**RRLP 2020**  
**Keith & Donna**  
**The Heart of Gold Band**



**RRLP 2022**  
**LIVE FROM EUROPE**  
**Flying Burrito Brothers**  
Material recorded live from their past European Tour.



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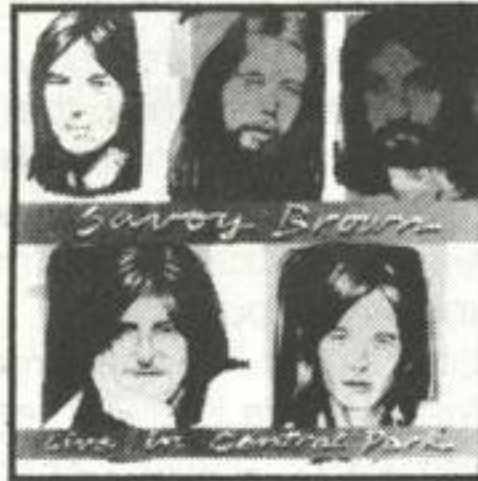
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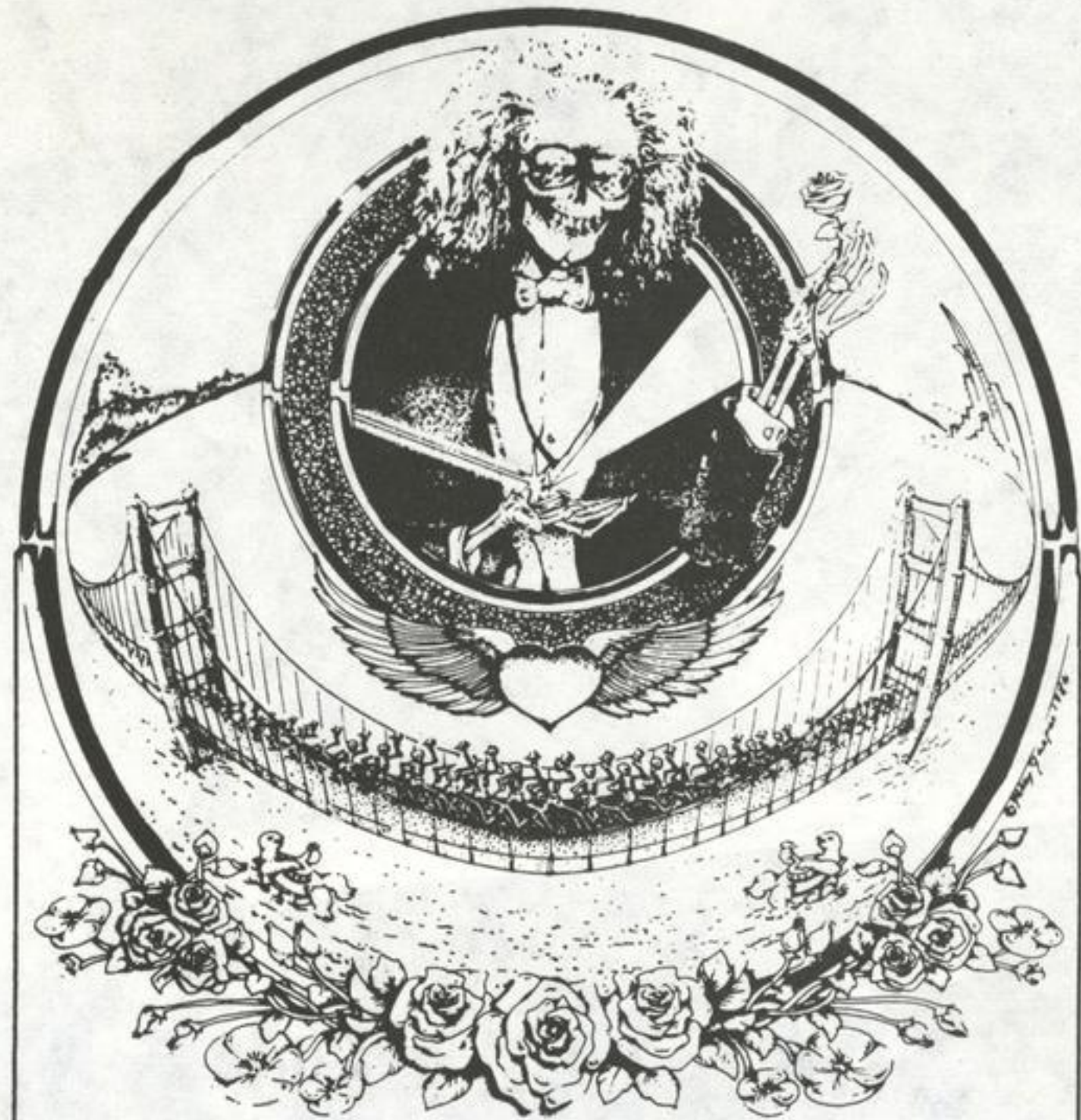


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**Savoy Brown**  
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Bob Teese

## HOT BURRITO REVIEW

### THE FLYING BURRITO BROTHERS

by Jon Butcher

It was January 14 of 1972. The Burritos had come to Amsterdam, and it was noted in that day's issue of *Aloha* that "the visual similarity between the Flying Burrito Brothers who visited the Netherlands about 14 months ago and the group with the same name who have just arrived for an extended tour is small..." Rick Roberts, a Burrito for less than two years, was now "the chief of the remnants."

In the same way, anyone who had seen that band in Amsterdam would not have recognized the outfit that came to the Lone Star Cafe in New York recently. For that matter, with the exception of one member, no one could have recognized the group from just five years ago.

The Flying Burrito Brothers have had a long, confusing, and—to a great extent—largely unnoticed history. That the group has not received greater attention is ironic in light of their pioneering contribution to that now hugely popular musical form, country/rock. There have been roughly 23 Burritos in all since the group's inception, yet there has been (usually) a startling continuity between the various incarnations as one version after another has preserved the legacy of the original.

In its embryonic stage, the Flying Burrito Brothers was a loose collection of musicians in L.A. who would spontaneously get together in various clubs to play some good old country music. These friends included Gram Parsons and Ian Dunlop, who conceived the name. Gram's International Submarine Band had made a bit of a name for themselves by then, and soon he'd be involved in—and heavily influencing—one of the most important conceptual rock albums of the 60's, the Byrds' "Sweetheart Of The Rodeo."

The Byrds' albums had usually been conceptual, if not in theme then in production technique as on "The Notorious Byrd Brothers," which may be regarded as their "Sgt. Pepper." The layers of music, voices, instruments and machines, create a gorgeous wall of sound that challenges the talents of Phil Spector, and the full range of styles (many of them virtually invented by the Byrds: folk/rock,

space/rock, jazz/rock, psychedelic rock) parallels the diversity of the Beatles album while being less pop influenced.

And then came Gram. Roger McGuinn had originally conceived a two-album set for their next release. Two sides were intended to cover the development of country music in America, the other two would be electronic. What they made instead was a superb country album. To a great extent they had recorded a Gram Parsons album. McGuinn and Hillman already had either deep roots in, or a love for, country and bluegrass. Parsons convinced them at this critical time in their careers, following the departure of three original band members and much of their original audience, that they could play straight country and win an enduring and loyal following.

This was never really achieved, although with greatly shortened hair they played the Grand Old Opry. Still, the experiment defined the direction in which McGuinn and his many subsequent Byrds would go for the rest of the band's life.

Chris Hillman briefly detailed the history of the Flying Burrito Bros. on the Nashville Network program "Nashville Now" in 1984: "Gram Parsons and I left (the Byrds) in 1968 and started this group, the Burrito Brothers...The original Flying Burrito Brothers disbanded in 1970 and, uh, there were a few more groups and then there was a pretty successful one called the Burrito Brothers-Gib Guilbeau and John Beland-uh, [the] last few years. I think they're no longer together... And there it lies, I don't know what's going on..."

An unfairly short summation of the group, devoid of details and yet typical of the known biography. Little is known of the band's existence since 1975 especially, and it doesn't help their identity with the public that virtually all that's available on record are three of the first four A&M albums plus the two recent live albums on Relix Records. Unlike the current band of touring Byrds led by Gene Clark, the Burritos have, for the most part, experienced a continuous evolution and no one could fairly cry "fraud."

Here then, a more expansive history of what happened after "Sweetheart Of The Rodeo."

The Byrds, at the suggestion of Miriam Makeba, were scheduled to tour South Africa and witness apartheid for themselves. Although they were promised they'd get to play integrated crowds, Gram backed out at the last minute due to his distaste for the country's segregationist policies. Hillman initially hated Gram for it, but when Gram conceived of his own band, Hillman followed.

The first Burritos album, "Gilded Palace Of Sin," was different. So different that it couldn't find an audience despite rave reviews. They had almost reinvented country music, supplying it with a heavier rhythm and infusing it with wit, cynicism and a bit of punk posturing. And the themes! Songs about good girls gone bad in the big city, a gospel flavored song about hot rods ("come on Wheels, take this boy away")! The opening song "Wheels" was, in fact, accurately—and tragically—representative of Gram's live hard and die young philosophy.

Despite all their ground (and rule) breaking endeavors, Gram was in the end not satisfied with the band's direction, possibly because the fusion of ideas was not entirely coherent. He quit after the second album and a bad motorcycle accident, and it is ironic that it was then that the group became a more cohesive unit in thought, producing a third album with a much more polished sound that leaned more towards straight country than rock n' roll.

Chris Hillman now led the group. Besides him, only Sneaky Pete Kleinow remained from the first album. Ex-Byrd Mike Clarke and Bernie Leadon, both late of the Dillard-Clark Expedition had joined for the second record, and even Gene Clark himself would donate a track.

And then there was Rick Roberts, who would become the sole thread to this unit when it visited Amsterdam.

Their stature remained low, eclipsed by even the new crop of Byrds. They became tired of being superstars in Holland. During the Hot Burrito Review tour of 1971, which was augmented by members of the bluegrass *Country Gazette*, Steve Stills and Manassas beckoned to Hillman and Al Perkins, and they followed.

This was truly the end of the Flying Burrito Brothers, although Rick Roberts, *Country Gazette* and friends would continue on to complete their last contracts.

It is essentially this "original band", then, that—with all due respect to Poco—quietly invented the country/rock genre, going on to either spawn or influence such major acts as the Eagles, Firefall, and Manassas, while greatly impacting the sound of country-western music itself. Just listen to Hank Williams, Jr.

And while ol' Bocephus could probably fill up nearly any large arena, it was only a meager crowd that came to see the Flying Burrito Brothers at the Lone Star on August 8 of this year.

In terms of sound and musical direction, this incarnation of the Burritos strongly resembles 1975's version. At that time founding members Sneaky Pete and Chris Ethridge had started it all again and had added, notably, Gib Guilbeau and ex-Byrd Gene Parsons. The resulting album on Columbia was titled *Flying Again*, but the critics upon hearing it wished they hadn't. This didn't stop them from putting out a second album, *Airborne*, with the strong help of new addition Skip Battin, another ex-Byrd and formerly of the New Riders of the Purple Sage.

Despite the turbulent precedent set by the original group and in disregard to the general

laws dooming most reunions to failure, the Burrito Brothers continued on, even without a major record label, with Skip, Sneaky and Gib at its core. In the late 70's the band included a young, exciting fiddle player named Greg Harris.

When the Burritos did reappear on a major label in the early 80's, it was simply as the Burrito Brothers, having gone mainstream country. The group actually had a few moderate hits, but lost Skip Battin in the process. Finally, the duo of Gib Guilbeau and John Beland had a big hit with "I'm Drinkin' Canada Cry."

Had he known what had befallen his Burritos, Gram might have turned over in his grave, except that he didn't have a grave. He was only 26 when he died, a drug overdose at the Joshua Tree Monument in California in 1973. To most he would remain just another rock n' roll casualty but by his legacy he would become one of the most important influences in country music since Hank Williams, Sr. His Flying Burrito Brothers, however, would come to an unlikely end.

Or was it? Something incredible happened. While John and Gib as an act were in the throes of death, the spectre of Gram Parsons arose from the ruins, reincarnated for the 20th Anniversary Tribute To The Byrds tour in 1985.

Skip Batin, Sneaky Pete and Greg Harris, along with drummer Jim Goodall, returned as the Flying Burritos. Also on the tour were original Byrds Gene Clark and Michael Clarke, later Byrd John York, and former Burrito Rick Roberts, plus Rick Danko and former Beach Boy Blondie Chaplin. Eventually the Burritos

flew off on their own and today they have exclusive use of the name.

Which brings us to a mild New York night in August.

The Lone Star Cafe is not a major rock palace but a comfortable two deck bar/lounge/restaurant with a slight honky tonk decor. Between the main floor and the balcony there is collectively enough room for a substantial number of people, yet the relatively small crowd there was in no way proportionate to the legend and importance of the band they'd be hearing. It should be said right from the start, however, that both the crowd and the Burritos remained very enthusiastic for each other throughout the two shows.

There was an unexpected surprise in the lineup—Skip Battin, the extremely recognizable and fiery bass player for nearly eleven years, was gone! In his place was a shy-looking younger man who proved to be satisfactorily competent on his instrument.

The Burritos opened the first show with "Streets of Baltimore," a song that Gram Parsons had recorded for his first solo album and a tune that is not unlike his "Sin City" in its depiction of the corrupting immorality of big city life.

Greg Harris sings lead now, and while he is not the sweet tenor that Parsons was, or Hillman, and though he may lack the smooth style of Gib Guilbeau, he makes up for it with an intense and personal performance. He is, besides that, an exciting instrumentalist, equally capable as a rhythm guitarist or banjo player, but especially outstanding on the fiddle. Altogether, he is an excellent showman, playing

to his audience with a natural ease that I rarely see among rock musicians. He talks, he kids, he teases, he arouses the audience's own fire ("It's BANJO time, dammit!")

Both shows paid homage to the past with the expected classics ("Devil In Disguise," "Hickory Wind," "Hot Burrito #2," "Wheels," "White Line Fever") while mixing in some real surprises (Clapton's "After Midnight," the older-than-Elvis "Mystery Train"). Highlights of the night had to include a gorgeous country waltz titled "Star Of The Show," written by Harris, Doug Kershaw's "Louisiana Man" and Gib Guilbeau's "Take A City Bride," all sung by Greg in his raw, coarse style.

The audience's favorite tune of the night had to be "My Back Pages," Bob Dylan's retrospect on his own angry protest songs and a tune most commonly associated with the Byrds. Here Sneaky Pete made his pedal steel guitar sound uncannily like Roger McGuinn's 12-string Rickenbacker.

Special mention has to be made of Jim Goodall's drumming. Perhaps it was due to the intimacy of the Cafe, but it did seem that he slammed the skins with a special lack of abandon, grinning broadly behind his dark glasses and seeming to be totally immersed in his own pleasure.

The Burritos concluded both shows with two rousing pieces of bluegrass (an element of their show that became common only after the original group had been charged up by Country Gazette).

This is indeed a rave for a consistently exciting night of music. These guys knocked me out.

GREG HARRIS



Bob Teese

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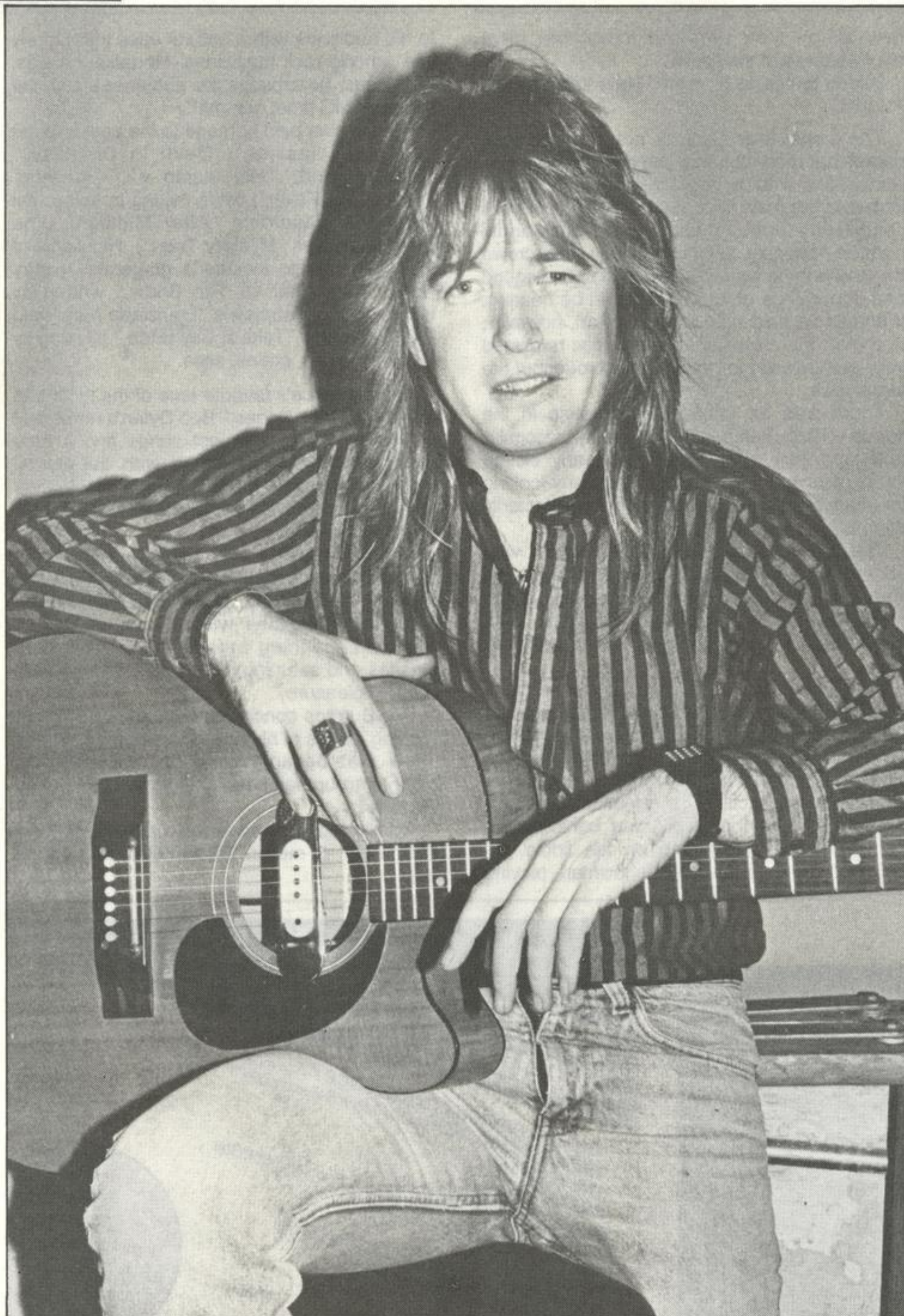
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KIM SIMMONDS

# THE SAVOY SHUFFLE

by Kim Simmonds

**1** 966 seems a long time past now, but one recollection of a gig I played in that year brings the era quickly back to mind.

It was August and I was playing regularly with my group Savoy Brown. Playing regularly meant anything from The Witches Cauldron (a seedy blues club in north London) to one of the smart "in clubs" in the West End—The Speakeasy.

In between there were Colleges, concerts,

debuttante balls!!? and—ah yes—The Savoy Hotel.

It seems incongruous right from the start, that a loud blues band, such as we were, should be playing this esteemed and posh hotel but no one was about to turn a gig away; so with assurances from our Agent that there was nothing to worry about, we packed our Vox amplifiers and Fender guitars into the trusty Ford Transit Van and set out for the City.

Now, the Savoy Hotel was, and still is, synonymous with class and style and, in fact, had been the inspiration behind part of my band's name.

As we drove through rush hour traffic I thought to myself of all the Kings and Queens from around the world that had frequented the Savoy and of its great history.

Arriving on time, we found the rear entrance and unloaded our equipment. The hotel's imposing structure loomed overhead casting shadows a century old.

A doorman pointed the way and we carried our "gear" into a large ballroom that seemed more appropriate for a minuet recital than a rock show. Chandeliers hung from the ceiling. The light shining through the crystal illuminated a beautiful wood floor.

Intimidated, we nevertheless set up our amplifiers and waited apprehensively for our audience to arrive.

By nine o'clock a cross section of the English aristocracy had seated themselves in front of the stage awaiting our performance.

We walked on stage and nervously started playing. It was obvious someone had made a mistake!!!

There were amazed looks on the faces of those seated out front. After a few songs with our singer belting out lyrics like "squeeze my lemon baby 'til the juice runs down my leg" a dignified elder lady walked up to the bandstand and spoke to the bassist. "Could you please turn the noise down!" I heard her say. He replied "Do you mean the music?" "No. I said the NOISE!!" was her answer. Heated words were exchanged and she returned to her seat. Somehow we continued on and finishing the show we made our exit back to the dressing-room.

The conversation backstage followed somewhere along these lines;

"Who booked this date?" "I'll kill him!"

"Let's change Agents tomorrow."

"We need a new manager."

"I'm quitting."

It was finally decided that the Hotel people who had contacted our agency must have been attracted to the name Savoy Brown thinking somehow or other that the music would fit because of the similarity between our two names! The agent, commission in mind, obviously did not want to disappoint anyone.

But disappointed they were and feeling that they had been misled they decided the band was not going to be paid that night!

Now musicians can put up with most anything but non payment ranks as a capital crime, and so needless to say, we were not happy. We therefore decided, regrettably, to take payment "in kind" and so after everyone had left and as we were loading our van we simply helped ourselves to some of the regal goodies that comprised the fixtures and fittings of the hotel.

It was not a very classy end to the night, but we felt vindicated. After all, we said to ourselves, we were booked and had fulfilled our end of the transaction. It wasn't our fault.

There were complaints the next day from each party. There were telephone calls between manager, agent, group and promoter and in the end the whole mess blew over.

I can chuckle at it all now and although it was twenty years ago, the memory stays vivid in my mind for I still have on my desk to this day a very large silver ash tray with gold embossed letters proudly stating THE SAVOY HOTEL . LONDON . ENLAND.

Kim Simmonds  
(New York 1986)

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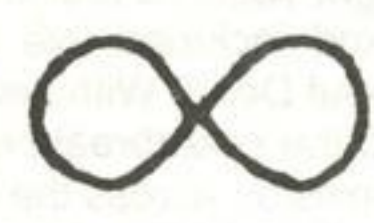
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BOB DYLAN

# BOB DYLAN: Still "Hard To Handle"

by William Ruhlmann  
(Part II - Continued from *Relix* Vol. 13, #4)

IN the last issue of *Relix*, we reviewed the first 45 years of Bob Dylan's life. This time, we have only a summer to review. But as any Dylan fan knows, the summer of 1986 was one of the busiest of Dylan's long career. On June 19, in San Diego, he opened his first major U.S. tour in eight years, a tour which ran through August 3 and included five stadium shows with the Grateful Dead. With his backup band, Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers, Dylan also appeared on television across the country, once on the HBO special, "Hard To Handle," which began its run June 21, and again, live, from Buffalo, NY on the Fourth of July, as part of Willie Nelson's Farm Aid II fundraiser. Then there was the new album, *Knocked Out Loaded*, that hit the stores in mid-July. All in all, Dylan can feel more than justified if he takes the autumn off.

Part of the fun of being a Dylan watcher is

trying to figure out what his songs and performances "mean," and this latest flurry of activity provides a lot of new material to chew on. Let's look at each morsel in turn and see what we can turn up.

Unless you live in the Southwest, the first extended glimpse you could have gotten of Bob Dylan and Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers was the hour-long HBO special, taped in Australia in February. The film, directed by Gillian Armstrong ("My Brilliant Career"), featured a Dylan who appeared clean-shaven for perhaps the first time in public since 1966. Unusually well-lit for a concert film, it was also distinguished by excellent camera work, especially a lot of tracking and crane shots that are hard to accomplish in a concert setting.

So it was an attractive film to watch. The other striking thing about the construction of the film was the choice and sequencing of the ten

songs presented. At the start, Dylan speaks to the audience for the only meaningful comment he'll make. He says he wants to do a song about his hero, that everybody has heroes—he mentions Mel Gibson, Michael Jackson and Bruce Springsteen. He even leads a cheer, facetiously, for Gibson. Then he says, "I don't care nothin' about none of those people." Whether or not this is actually how the concert started, it's characteristic Dylan, to deliberately fake out his fans. This is the same man who opened his 1974 tours singing to people who'd waited years to hear him, "You say you love me and your're thinking of me, but you know you could be wrong."

It's also characteristic Dylan that the song that follows this peculiar introduction is "In The Garden" from his *Saved* album. It serves notice to anyone who was put off by Dylan's Christian Era that his current stance does not deny, but rather integrates that period as part of his world view. Okay, he seems to be saying, I'll come back if you want me to, but you're going to have to accept *this*.

Or at least, that's what Armstrong implies by starting the show with the song. In so doing, she accurately sets up the rest of the show, which will deliver forceful renditions of Dylan classics, and just as forceful renditions of recent songs that have been largely dismissed.

Having endured the rhetorical religion and the "Queens of Rhythm" (four female backup singers), the viewer is then treated to four of Dylan's most significant songs: "Just Like A Woman" and "Like A Rolling Stone" are rendered by the full band, and Dylan performs alone acoustically for "It's Alright Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)" and "Girl From The North Country." On the band songs, the Heartbreakers turn in letter-perfect recreations of the twenty-year old records, getting far closer to the music's threat than the more majestic-sounding Band did in 1974. Dylan himself sings the songs well, if with his usual idiosyncratic phrasing. Probably he never sings a song the same way twice, but if you've heard the original of "Just Like A Woman" so many times it's tattooed in your brain somewhere, then hearing Dylan change all the phrasing makes it sound like parody—and since neither the original nor the new performance is phrased with a conscious ear to lyrics' meaning, it can seem as though Dylan's trashing of his own repertoire, when all he's doing is singing the same, *different* way that he always does.

From there, it's back to the band (and the Queens) for "Lenny Bruce," a recent, inexplicable tribute that sounds better played by the Heartbreakers than it does on record, but is still an odd song. "When The Night Comes Falling From The Sky," a recent apocalyptic song follows, with its verses wildly rearranged, which turns out to do little harm to its meaning. The same may be said of "Ballad Of A Thin Man," which here has to do without its fourth, fifth and sixth verses. But the elimination of so many words ("Like A Rolling Stone" lost a verse, too) indicates that this is a different kind of performance from those Dylan gave in the '60s. Here, Dylan's singing serves the force of the music more than it does the meaning of the lyrics, so he isn't as concerned with singing all those words. It's a practical approach but, like a shortened, TV version of a film you love or a "stageable" version of a later Eugene O'Neill play, something has been lost in addition to just the words. The overall effect of a four-verse "Ballad Of A Thin Man" is just less overwhelming than the seven-verse version.



After the recent "I'll Remember You," the film concludes with "Knockin' On Heaven's Door," which gets an extra verse (well, there are only two in the original). Certainly the slightest, least characteristic hit Dylan ever had, this somehow makes it the appropriate closer, "Hard To Handle," finally, is a good Dylan primer, but no equivalent to the same songs heard in their original versions, despite the Heartbreakers playing and Dylan's own commitment.

Dylan's lack of emphasis on his own lyrics was even more apparent on July 4, when a portion of his Buffalo show was broadcast from Rich Stadium on VH-1. Petty first performed a tight three-song set consisting of "Even The Losers," "Spike," and "Refugee," displaying the increased theatricality he's gained in the last year or so on the road. Dylan, who followed without introduction, was in marked contrast.

The band broke into "Rainy Day Women #12 & 35," and the star of the show, resplendent in high-piled hair and a red flowing shirt, mumbled his way through some semblance of the verses, snarling clearly only on the chorus, "Everybody must get stoned." "Seeing The Real You At Last," from *Empire Burlesque* followed, its mixed-up verses slurred almost as badly. And then, performed in as reverent a way as possible, Dylan did "Across The Borderline," enunciating Freddie Fender's song as clearly as he could.

Uh-oh. If fans could survive a return to religion, a recall to the cover-filled days of *Self-Portrait* seems too far to go. Yet "Across The Borderline" gained from the Dylan treatment; if he had stripped his own songs of meaning, he invested this song with new meaning.

He did the same at his opening concert at Madison Square Garden July 15. In this two-hour, 51-minute, no intermission show, he not only repeated "Across The Borderline," he opened with Faye Adams' R&B hit, "Shake A Hand," and also did "I've Forgotten More Than You'll Ever Know" (which had appeared on

*Self-Portrait*), Rick Nelson's "Lonesome Town," and Ray Charles's "Unchain My Heart." Some critics have called these songs the high-points of the tour, which they might have been, if anyone could have made them out in the hall. Early reports from the tour's first weeks had suggested that the sound was bad, but you had to hear the indecipherable mess coming from the Garden stage to believe it. Hardly a lyric could be made out during the band numbers, which strangely reinforced the de-emphasis on words that was characteristic of the tour, but was nevertheless the worst of all possible worlds for rock's best songwriter.

The show started just after 8:30, with "Shake a Hand" followed by "Positively Fourth Street," "Clean-Cut Kid," "I'll Remember You," "Shot

Of Love," "We Had It All," and "Masters Of War." Once again, Dylan was mixing his classics with lesser, more recent songs, and covers. If he was willing to resurrect a chestnut like the popular "Positively Fourth Street," he also insisted on doing other songs he knew his audience had *not* come to hear. And he insisted on doing them as cavalierly as he liked.

Petty followed with the first of two four-song sets, his friendly manner gaining more cheers than Dylan's gruffness. Petty's songs are conventional rock 'n' roll, but they're listenable and well-suited arena, and so by the time he reached "Breakdown," he had the crowd with him.

Dylan managed to top that by arriving back onstage with an acoustic guitar to turn the clock back to 1964. "The Times They Are A-Changin'" was followed by "It Ain't Me Babe" and "One Too Many Mornings," the lyrics clear, the singing strong.

It was the show's best moment. Then the band returned for a Dylan/Petty duet of "I've Forgotten More," followed by "Band Of The Hand." "What time is it?" demanded Dylan. All you rock critics out there, you must know what time it is. If you don't know what time it is, you're not enough of a rock critic." As it happened, I'd just looked at my watch. It was going to ten o'clock. Touché, Bob.

"When The Night Comes Falling From The Sky" was introduced with an extended, slow first verse, and then came "Lonesome Town," Dylan noting that Nelson had done his songs and now he was returning the favor. Petty's second four-song set went down even better than the first, and then Dylan repeated the three songs from the July Fourth broadcast, in the same way. *Infidels'* "I And I" got a strong reading, and then came "Like A Rolling Stone."

End of show? Why, no. Dylan followed his most popular song with—"In The Garden." If there was anywhere he clearly made the statement, "Take me as I am or let me go," it was here. It was a strange way to end a show, but it made its statement.

Ron Wood had slipped onstage unannounced for the last part of the set, and was his usual self. He played with his hair, had a drink, lit a cigarette, joked with the musicians, and now and then hit a chord on his guitar. "Who's that strange guitarist in the back?" someone

Chris Fallo



TOM PETTY AND DYLAN

asked. "That's no guitarist," came the reply, "that's Ron Wood." Dylan finally introduced him at the encore, which featured "Blowin' In The Wind," "Unchain My Heart," and, inevitably, "Knockin' On Heaven's Door."

What's to be made of all this live work? It's apparent that, as always, Dylan is doing exactly what he wants to do, and that includes performing the songs that made his reputation as well as lesser work and unexpected cover material. And he is performing it as he likes. Yes, the Heartbreakers provide sympathetic backing, but Dylan often throws away his singing, or it is indecipherable in the inferior sound system. What is a new Dylan fan, coming to such a performance to make of this? Legendary as Dylan may be, the willfulness of his recent stage work would make it difficult to choose him to watch even over the far slighter Tom Petty.

Which brings us to *Knocked Out Loaded*, which was released during Dylan's New York visit. His increased visibility inevitably made the album the most anxiously anticipated of the last several years, an anticipation added to by pre-release press reports. But the album, bearing the same Spanish movie advertisement cover on both sides, that appeared half way through the tour, was a curious document.

If previous Dylan albums have often seemed thrown together in terms of playing and production, they at least had a certain cohesiveness born of Dylan's in-and-out attitude toward studio work. *Knocked Out Loaded*, recorded at five different studios, typifies Dylan's usual carelessness with sound and rehearsal, but it also is a stylistic and compositional hodgepodge. It sounds more like a thrown-together compilation album than just the usual thrown-together album.

The album's most usual sound is a knock-

about rock 'n' roll, the rhythm section lurching and everyone else vamping furiously and praying for the chorus. "Precious Memories," for which Dylan takes arranging credit, is done to a reggae beat, "They Killed Him" features a children's choir, and "Brownsville Girl," the album's most ambitious song, is an extended ballad.

The album features five other writers in addition to Dylan, who takes sole writing credit on only two songs. The opening track, "You Wanna Ramble" is an all-night-long rocker by Herman Parker, and this is followed by Kris Kristofferson's "They Killed Him," chronicling the lives of Martin Luther King, Gandhi and Jesus. This is the kind of song that is keeping him from getting a new recording contract.

"Driftin' Too Far From Shore" and "Maybe Someday," the two Dylan compositions, are both in the usual style of his critical songs, though he's done far better. "Maybe I was too hard to handle," he sings, "not sentimental enough." But nothing about the songs suggests that the listener, Dylan's target, ought to change his or her mind about him.

The theme is continued in the Tom Petty collaboration, "Got My Mind Made Up" on Side Two. "Don't ever try to change me," Dylan warns, "I've been in this thing too long." None of this self-serving commentary is unusual for Dylan, but rarely does it appear without some ameliorating talent displayed to justify it.

For some, the talent will seem to come out in "Brownsville Girl," an 11-minute collaboration with Sam Shepard. Just as Dylan's collaborations with playwright Jacques Levy on *Desire* lent a narrative thrust to his writing, his work with Shepard comes off like one of Shepard's surreal monologues set to music. The song is filled with echoes of earlier songs written in a

similar mode; it is part "Sad-Eyed Lady Of The Lowlands" (in fact, it's a kind of sequel), "The Ballad Of Frankie Lee And Judas Priest," and even "Three Angels." But it lacks the kind of dramatic, or story-telling throughline that might have made it more than a bunch of interesting scenes and lines thrown together. If the other songs are lesser versions of Dylan finger-pointing songs, this one is a memory of his greatness as an imagistic poet.

And "Under Your Spell," co-written with Carole Bayer Sager, is the residue of a Dylan love song, a kind of offhand *Blood On The Tracks* rewrite. The themes, the sentiments, the tone of the songs on this album recall earlier Dylan triumphs, but the whole sounds as though he had a week to put together an album between tours, and this was the best he could manage. It's his least substantial full-scale album since *Self-Portrait*.

It's also the final souvenir of this phase of Dylan's career. From here, he's scheduled to appear in a feature film produced by Michael Mann (who produces *Miami Vice* and did *Band Of The Hand*), and then, who knows? When Dylan produced *New Morning* shortly after the debacle of *Self-Portrait* in 1970, Ralph Gleason exulted, "We've got Dylan back again!" We might repeat that statement for the summer of 1986, removing the exclamation mark. For Gleason meant that he had the "old Dylan back, whereas the Dylan we now have is an accumulation of all the Dylans we've had before. The evidence of his tours and his new album is that you can't just have the Dylan you want—you have to take the Dylan Dylan wants to give you, cover songs, religious pleas, and cruel putdowns included. He's the first to point out that he's hard to handle, but for his best work he remains worth that effort.

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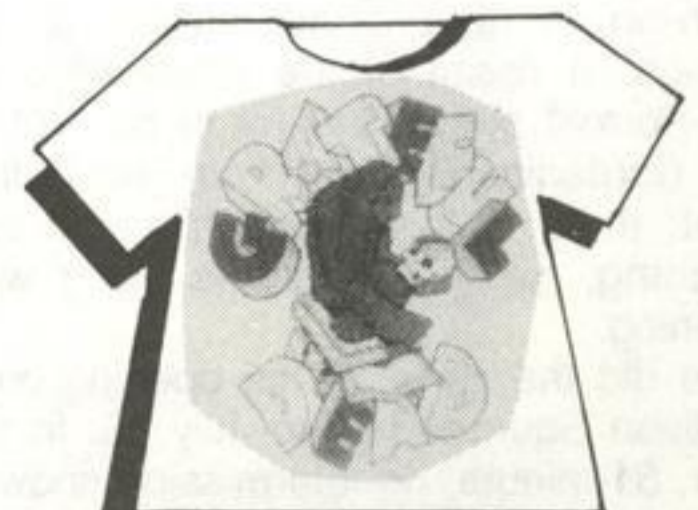
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## STARSHIP BUILDS RADIO CITY ON ROCK 'N' ROLL

by William Ruhlmann

**S**TARSHIP has taken a lot of flak in the last couple of years, not the least of it in the pages of *Relix* (see, for instance, Jeff Tamarkin's condemnation in Vol. 13, No. 1). While everyone has the right to their own opinions on the band's music, the intensity of the criticism, amounting to cries of betrayal, is so strong that a couple of points about the band's history are worth making here before this critic gives *his* opinion of the Starship's performance at Radio City Music Hall on July 11, 1986.

With the departure of Paul Kantner, the last original member of Jefferson Airplane, critics have charged that the hit-making quintet that remains stands opposed to the ideals the Airplane always stood for, and that the revolving-door policy in the band's personnel have long since rendered it faceless and formulaic in its musical approach. But these criticisms ignore two important aspects of the band.

First, Jefferson Airplane was always multifaceted, and it was always a *pop* band. True, largely through the efforts of Kantner and Grace Slick, some of the lyrics preached peace, love and marijuana in the sixties, but that was only one side to the band, a side Balin never appeared comfortable with—he liked to sing love songs—and that the Kaukonen/Casady axis was virtually ignored. Also, unlike the rest of the bands of the San Francisco renaissance, the Airplane was a band that, nearly from the beginning, was concerned with making hit records. And they *did* make hit records. Nary a year has gone by since 1966 that they haven't had a record in the charts. When we talk about the Airplane/Starship, we're not talking about half-hour instrumental jams; for good or bad, we're talking about short, catchy songs with hooks. "We Built This City" is hardly a divergence from that.

Second, the Airplane/Starship must be the only continuing musical aggregation without a leader to go through so many changes in personnel and have consistent popular success. Outside of an Israeli kibbutz, they may be the

only successful example of that old sixties idea, the commune. Look at their history. One lead singer arrives and brings two hit singles (Grace Slick). Another hit is provided by a new drummer (Joey Covington). When *both* lead singers quit in the late seventies, instead of folding, the band hires a new singer and remains in the Top 10.

Finally, having parted company with its last original member and changed their name for a second time, they go on to score back-to-back Number One singles for the first time in their career. That is not a betrayal of Starship's heritage, it's a successful continuation of the way the band has always behaved.

That said, it's true that the musical quality of the band has been uneven. A part of the downside to the band's leaderlessness has been a blurring of identity and a mix of kinds of material that has bordered on the schizophrenic. The current edition of Starship may be its most consistent musically, but to reach such consistency, they've jettisoned a lot of musical luggage that some of us liked. There's no denying the current band's slickness as against the crazy-quilt invention of the old Airplane.

If there is any ruling force in the Starship, it must be Peter Wolf, the Austrian writer/producer who brought them "We Built This City" and played keyboards and sax (unintroduced) at Radio City. Wolf has designed a full, soaring sound for Starship that strongly features Mickey Thomas's supple lead vocals and Craig Chaquico's thousand-note guitar soloing. An added, understated feature is Donny Baldwin's drumming, which is in the spare, direct style of Max Weinberg and Liberty DeVito. Call it light-heavyweight.

The last time Starship played New York—still as Jefferson Starship, and with David Freiberg (who was married onstage) but without Kantner—they opened with "Somebody To Love," the first Airplane Top Ten hit, as if to reassert who they were. At Radio City, they opened with "We Built This City" and *then* they did "Somebody To Love." It was a statement of identity of a different kind, declaring that this was the band

that tied those two songs together, that it had a right to play both. Their version of "Somebody To Love" was drastically rearranged, sounding much more heavy metal, but not invalid. "Somebody To Love" is one of Grace Slick's signature songs; she sang it before she ever joined this band, and it's as legitimate now as it ever was.

During the rest of the 90-minute set, Starship leaned heavily on their album, *Knee Deep In The Hoopla*, playing such more popular (if less interesting) songs as "Sara" and "Tomorrow Doesn't Matter Tonight" as well as underrated tracks like "Rock Myself To Sleep" (why wasn't this song a single?), a tour de force for Slick, and "Love Rusts."

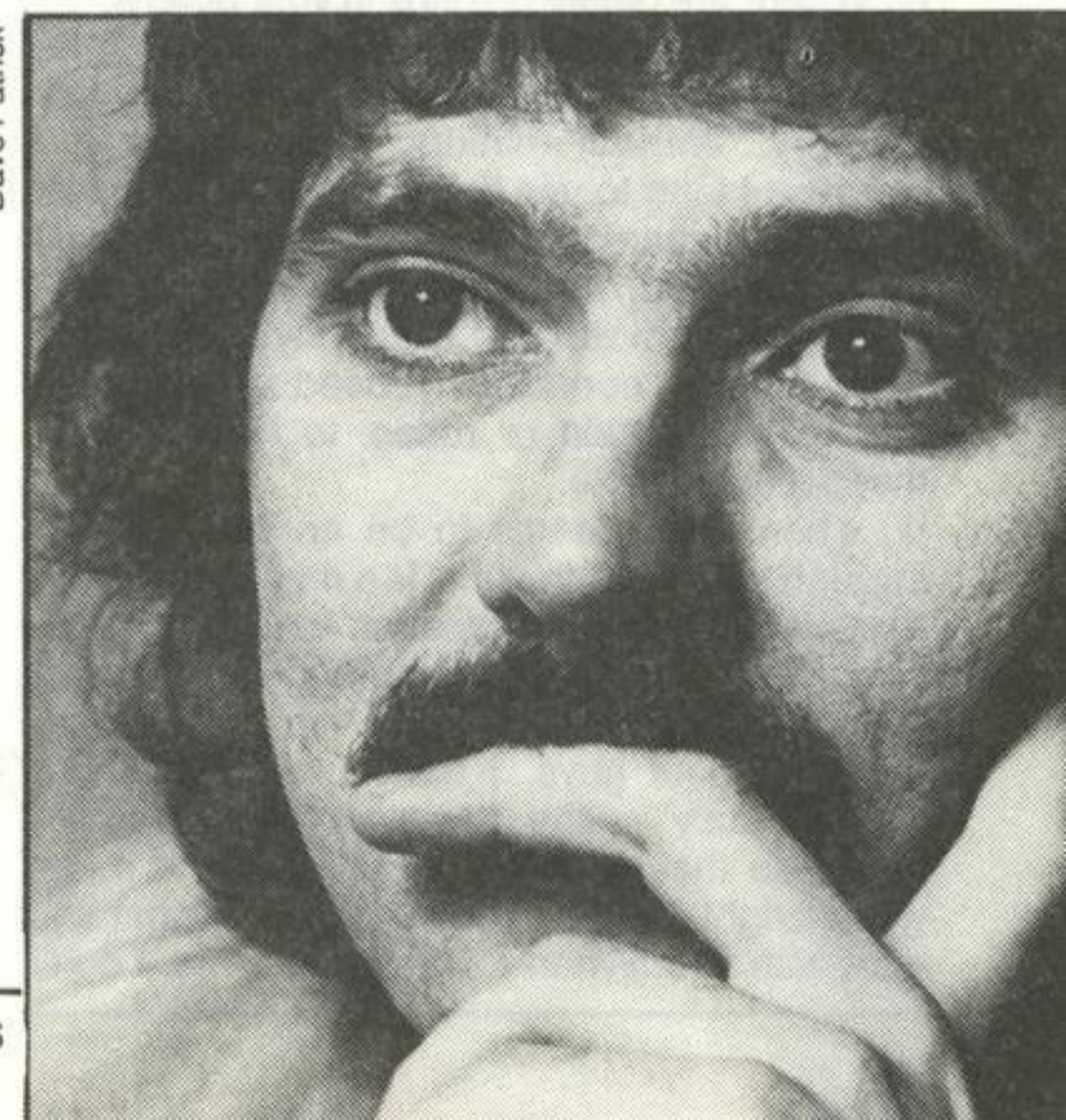
On these and such other recent hits as "Find Your Way Back" and "Stanger," the band displayed some of its most dynamic qualities. Critics may have likened their later work to the melodramatic and bombastic music of bands such as Journey, but Starship's precise triumph is an ability to stand out from such competitors, their arrangements managing to be simultaneously dense with rhythm and instrumentation, yet light and catchy. The twin lead vocals intertwine with Chaquico's keening guitar to form a powerful high end that is often stirring yet never turns harsh. And Pete Sears' simple bass runs, along with Baldwin's spare work, effectively anchor the bottom. Long ago, Marty Balin recognized the potential excitement in this kind of lineup, and despite the shifting personnel, it's a sound the band has always possessed. The sound of Starship circa 1986 is a logical extension of the sound Balin formulated at the Matrix in 1965.

And for all its homogeneity, no band with Grace Slick in it will ever be really smooth. If Thomas as front man tries hard to be ingratiating, Slick is there to undercut him. After singing "Tomorrow Doesn't Matter Tonight," Thomas launched into one of those little speeches lead singers use to gain the approval of their audiences, all about how we were here to have a good time and all that. "We can only do what you want us to do," said the self-effacing Thomas. But Grace had had enough. "I've got a couple of things in mind, Mick," she retorted.

Unquestionably, it's a long way from the psychedelic lightshows of the sixties to the city-line schematic set Starship used at Radio City, and the band's music has become correspondingly streamlined. But if their performance suggested they have changed their style, it also suggested new possibilities—Starship's journey is far from over and it remains, despite innumerable revisions in the flight plan, unerringly on course.

L.D. Kippel

Dave Patrick



MICKEY THOMAS



ROBERT HUNTER

# ROBERT HUNTER

by Robert O'Brian

**Q:** YOUR lyrics seem to be about things in nature. You don't write much about "modern" things.

**A:** Somebody wrote me a letter once, complaining that I used 'styrofoam' in this thing. They said that (my) imagery tended to be timeless and that 'styrofoam' was definitely in time. I guess I do tend to get away from modern-type things. They way my creative intuition—or whatever you call that—it doesn't tend to hand me a lot of those images. I don't go searching for them, either. It's not a conscious exclusion. I remember talking with Allen Ginsberg about our mutual approaches to imagery. I said 'You got a pretty good way with words, but, you've got a lot of cockroaches running through your poems.' And he said, 'Cockroach is a beautiful word!' Well, I guess it's just a matter of taste. I would tend not to use the word 'cockroach' in a poem because I don't find it beautiful.

**Q:** There are plenty of trains in your poems.

**A:** I've never really thought about this before, but my imagery is very much influenced by folk imagery. Without thinking much about it, I suppose I tend to use the kind of images in folk songs. For years and years, I thought of myself as a folk writer as opposed to a pop or rock writer, for the most part. There have been times when I have consciously used a repetitive image, like a train or roses, to have a motif that's recognizable.

**Q:** There also seems to be an idea running through your work that this is a man's world.

**A:** I tried at times to balance that. I was conscious or had my attention brought to that fact several years ago. You know, I'm a guy writing for a band of guys. I tried to do things like "Loose Lucy" . . . the tough woman or something like that. It was a bit divisive and it just wasn't right for me. You've gotta do what sits right with you. When I sit down to write, I don't

often know exactly what I'm going to write about. I'm just lucky if a good line comes out and if that's the line that came out, then I have to follow that one down and see where it goes. I might sit down thinking, 'Well, gee, I don't write enough romantic songs.' When I sit down to write one, I turn out a pile of garbage and the next thing, I got my trains, roses, crows, and card games and stuff. I'm very, very consciously trying not to use that imagery anymore. I'm looking around for other things. I'm experimenting with all different medieval imagery with a bit more philosophic content which only a long piece can allow you to examine . . . very carefully.

**Q:** The press likes to call you and the Dead, "quintessentially American, etc." I hear a lot of British Isles in your work.

**A:** Well, I'm a Highland bagpipe player and I know the Scottish literature. I know child ballads. My stuff is very influenced by British folk tradition, no two ways about it.

**Q:** When did you start writing with the Dead?

**A:** Oh, gosh, I think the first song I ever wrote with Garcia was when we were eighteen and nineteen respectively (1959-60). That was when we were a folk duet and nothing ever came of the song. It wasn't until five or six years later that we began seriously writing tunes. Once the Grateful Dead was established and there was a need for tunes and the whole singer-songwriter thing started to happen . . .

**Q:** Do you ever find yourself writing about things that are second-hand? Like taking an idea from a book and not your own experience?

**A:** I can't really write that way. I'm a heavy reader. I finished Proust last year—congratulate me—and, ah, what comes out of my heavy reading is more of a *commitment* to literature than anything else. As the years go by, I consider myself more and more to be a serious

writer outside of the pop idiom or even the song idiom. I just finished a seventy-page prose dramatic poem called "The Temptation of Faust" which I'm very pleased with . . . which is part lyric and part my verse. The more excellent reading that I do, the more I find that my own writing tends to a higher standard as opposed to getting something in particular. I was just reading something about the troubles in Poland. What I got out of that was, the Polish intellectual's idea of "as if." Let's proceed as if this was a free country. Let's proceed as if there's an audience for serious, thought-out writing. I'm fairly sure there isn't, but I don't dare believe it. In a way, that's what the Dead have done. Pretend that there's an audience for music with some sort of integrity . . . and somehow, acting as if . . . it seems, lately, to have become a reality.

**Q:** Do any of your characters ever meet their other self? Like in Conrad's *Secret Sharer*?

**A:** I think "Dire Wolf" is an example of that. The dire wolf is the shadow of the man in the song who is dead at this point. It's a song by a ghost. I could think for a while and probably come up with a few more examples.

**Q:** I've heard you sing *Terrapin* and it sounded good. Rough, as opposed to the lush arrangement on the album.

**A:** Oh, I wanted to cut through that. *Nobody* liked that arrangement. Keith Olsen, the producer (of *Terrapin Station* - 1977), took the tapes, went off to London, had the London Symphony Orchestra fill up the part he wrote for it, and said 'here's your album, folks.' No one was very pleased with that. I wanted to cut though it.

**Q:** Lyrically, it was excellent. "Lady With a Fan" . . .

**A:** That definitely harkens back to the British roots.

**Q:** Do you have an idea for a tune when you write?

**A:** Always. Jerry prefers that I don't come up with my own melodies. I'll give him a lyric, then I'll put some more lyrics to his melody and record it myself. I find the less I influence him (musically) the better. I do not take any credit for the music.

**Q:** What do you think of all the adulation? The Dead Heads.

**A:** It becomes sort of eerie after twenty years. I'm never comfortable with it. I don't mind reading it, but first hand, I feel like sort of a fraud. I do my best, but the adulation is a little out of line.

**Q:** Wasn't St. Stephen the first Christian martyr?

**A:** He was shot with arrows . . . at the stake . . . yeh, I think he was the first Christian martyr. That's not who I'm writing about, though. That song *came* to me. Sometimes they do, I have to admit it. Sometimes, they just come to me and I get 'em down. Especially back in the old days. Let me just say that it was after the fact that I found out who St. Stephen was. I liked the sound of it. "St. Stephen with a rose . . ."

**Q:** "Eyes of the World" is a great song.

**A:** "Eyes of the World" was quite mystical and, I think, a very right song for the late 60s and early 70s. Looking back on it now, it's kind of dated . . .

**Q:** I don't think so.

**A:** Well, it's a song about compassion, as I understand it. Being able to see things from someone else's point of view. It's always a right message, but it can be overdone. It can be made corny. Of course there are eternal verities. You can't avoid those too much if you want to say something.

**Q:** Are the Dead going to put out another studio album in our lifetime?

**A:** Yes, but don't hold your breath.

**Q:** Would you like to see one?

**A:** Heavens to Betsey, that's my living! It's pretty slim around here! There are record company problems that have been holding (it) up, but it's not my business to say anything about that. It's been straightened out and the record's gonna come out.

**Q:** Where is Franklin's Tower?

**A:** Well, that's a sunny little place off in the upper right corner of my imagination.

**Q:** Would you call "U.S. Blues" a patriotic song or an ironic one?

**A:** A little of all those things. I've found that the chorus, the energy you put into something often overrules everything else. "Steal your wife, run your life . . ." But that can get lost . . . Like "Ridin' that train, high on cocaine, Casey Jones you better watch your speed . . ." When you start going over the details of it, it sounds like the national anthem for cocaine which, I assure you, is unintentional. That's been ridin' by back for years now.

**Q:** Can drugs be a catalyst for songwriting?

**A:** Well, I'd be a damned liar to say that I've never . . . but I don't tend to turn out my best material that way. I get much more high just out of a song that sounds high. Then I'm in touch with my own critical ability. Alcohol is very bad for songwriting.

**Q:** Is there a reason why you don't write lyrics for Bob Weir anymore?

**A:** Weir and I are just coming from very different places. I would work on a tune and I would make it real good, and he'd want something else entirely. So, I'd try something else entirely. It was a lot of work that way and often I

would come up with a compromise. With Jerry, it's different, I can't say why exactly. Also, Jerry has the same folk-type background I do. He tends to like the same imagery. My idea of what a good song is, very much akin to his, whereas with Weir—he's just a different sort of creature.

**Q:** You wrote "The Eleven" with Phil Lesh. Where did that title come from?

**A:** The beat on it is (singing) "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven—" Okay? Before we titled songs, we'd call this one, "The Seven," because it was in 7/4 time or "The Nine" and the title of "The Eleven" just stuck.

**Q:** Do you think as an artist you have a social responsibility?

**A:** To my way of thinking, rather than a specific event, anything I'm doing in that direction is only towards the way people look at things—if you can give them a more positive attitude in general. In songs like "Deal", (where) there are almost definite instructions being given on how to approach things. This is the only gift that I can give in that way. As for what to do in a foreign country, I'm not over there. I don't know about it.

**Q:** Do you think you can make art to heal?

**A:** I wouldn't want to be the one to say it, if it's so. There are tunes like "Ripple," though, that tend to do that. I find that in certain instrumental sounds . . . I've been whacking away at the cello lately and those lovely, low vibrations come roaring out of that instrument. I could just play it for hours. You know, possibly more than any verbal thing, the music gives me a sense of healing.

**Q:** Getting back to the roses . . .

**A:** I think it depends on the individual song

you're talking about. I think that one of—if not the finest song in the English language is "I Love You Like a Red Red Rose" by Robert Burns. He's just about my number one favorite songwriter.

**Q:** Is there such a thing as a Super Magnolia? Or were you putting them together?

**A:** Ah . . . (modestly) . . . I was just puttin' it together. The smell of magnolia in Macon, Georgia and definitely in Texas . . . in the air is like sugar.

**Q:** Is there such a place as Terrapin Station?

**A:** I don't know. If there wasn't, there is now! Terrapin Station, I sat down in my living room overlooking the bay and a lightning storm was whipping up real nicely out there . . . and frothy, and I was caught in a rare mood. I just sat down at my typewriter and wrote *Terrapin Station*.

**Q:** There's the Dead's connection with the Hell's Angels . . .

**A:** I'm not up on the Angels or down on the Angels. They exist. There is a positive aspect to them. They're our brothers.

**Q:** What is "Row Jimmy" about?

**A:** Well, it was kind of Jimmy Carter. That's so far back, I couldn't tell you for sure, but at times I've heard that. That's what it meant to me at that point. State of the nation . . . row you know.

**Q:** America is a unique place. We all speak one language.

**A:** Well, I like to say we have a great deal of freedom here. I think our televisions scare us to death in our houses. The only boat to (save us) is for each and every individual who has something to say, to say it. Writers, poets . . . if you overdo it, you make an idiot of yourself. If you underdo it, you don't say anything.

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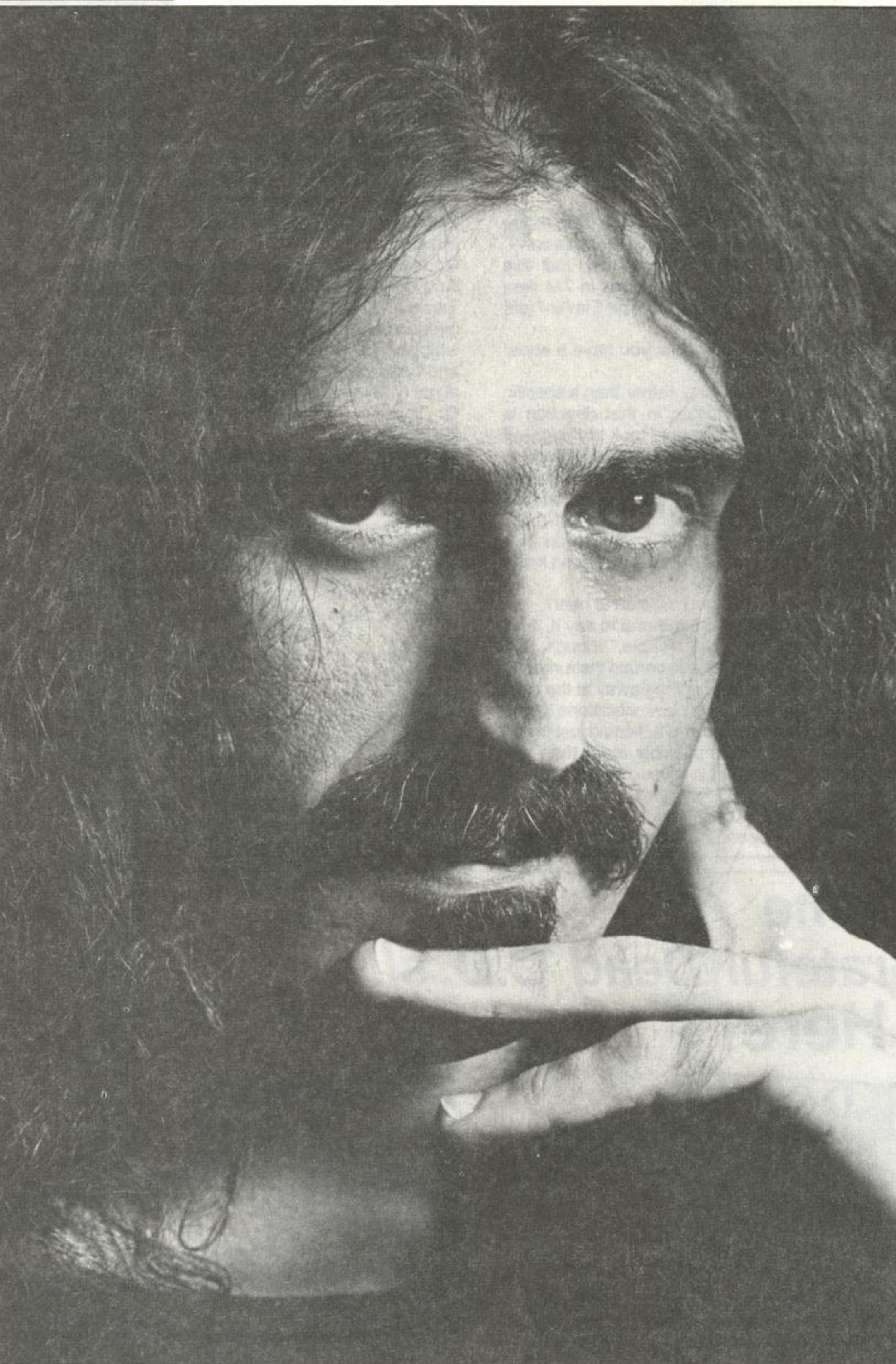


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# FRANK ZAPPA

MEETS

# The PMRC

by John Anthony Wilcox  
and Robert J. Sodaro

**F**OR the few of you out there who may not have been paying attention, *Rock and Roll* has recently come under fire once again. This time out, it's a group of Washington Wives calling themselves the Parents Music Resource Center (PMRC). The PMRC claims are the usual ones—you've heard them all before—Rock and Roll lyrics are corrupting an unsuspecting youth, turning (us) towards drugs, the devil, and whatever other hobgoblins our parents are afraid of this week. One of the few musicians with guts enough to take an active stand against the PMRC's attempts at censoring Rock and Roll is the always outspoken Frank Zappa. We talking with Zappa back in December of 1985. Following are some of his thoughts on the subject. One thing to keep in mind, however, is that it's a safe bet that we haven't heard the last from these Washington Wives, or the PMRC.

**Relix:** What do you think caused the Washington Wives to think that Americans should rate their records, and "protect their youth?"

**Zappa:** Politics.

**Relix:** How so?

**Zappa:** Well, it's a little bit complicated, because the thing didn't start with the PMRC, the best I can tell, it started with the PTA, last year, or maybe even before that. The PTA took it on, and didn't have much success with it, but the reason they took it on, I think, was politically motivated by the woman who runs the national PTA, because she acted against the recommendations of at least four highly placed people in the national PTA. But she said, "Nope, I'm going ahead with it." So she did, and she didn't get anywhere, 'cause the record companies laughed her off. Then they joined forces with the Washington Wives, and that got the record industries attention simply because the record industry received a letter signed by the wives of a bunch of legislators who were sitting on committees that had life or death power over several bills that the record industry was trying to get through congress. So that got their attention, because they never denied the political connection between the women and the husbands. Obviously that was an extortionary tactic used to make the record industry pay attention to this supposedly rational demand. What could it possibly harm to let people know what is in a record? The real answer to what can it harm should go back to this question...What harm is being done? These women have taken a position that is not supported by any medical documentation. That hearing lyrics to a rock song, to any song will make you commit a murder, commit suicide, increase the teenage birthrate, make you use drugs, or damn your soul to hell. So they're talking about this little warning being placed on a record to be truth in packaging. Well I would rather see some truth in packaging for their claims.

**Relix:** What's the difference between rating records and rating movies or comics?

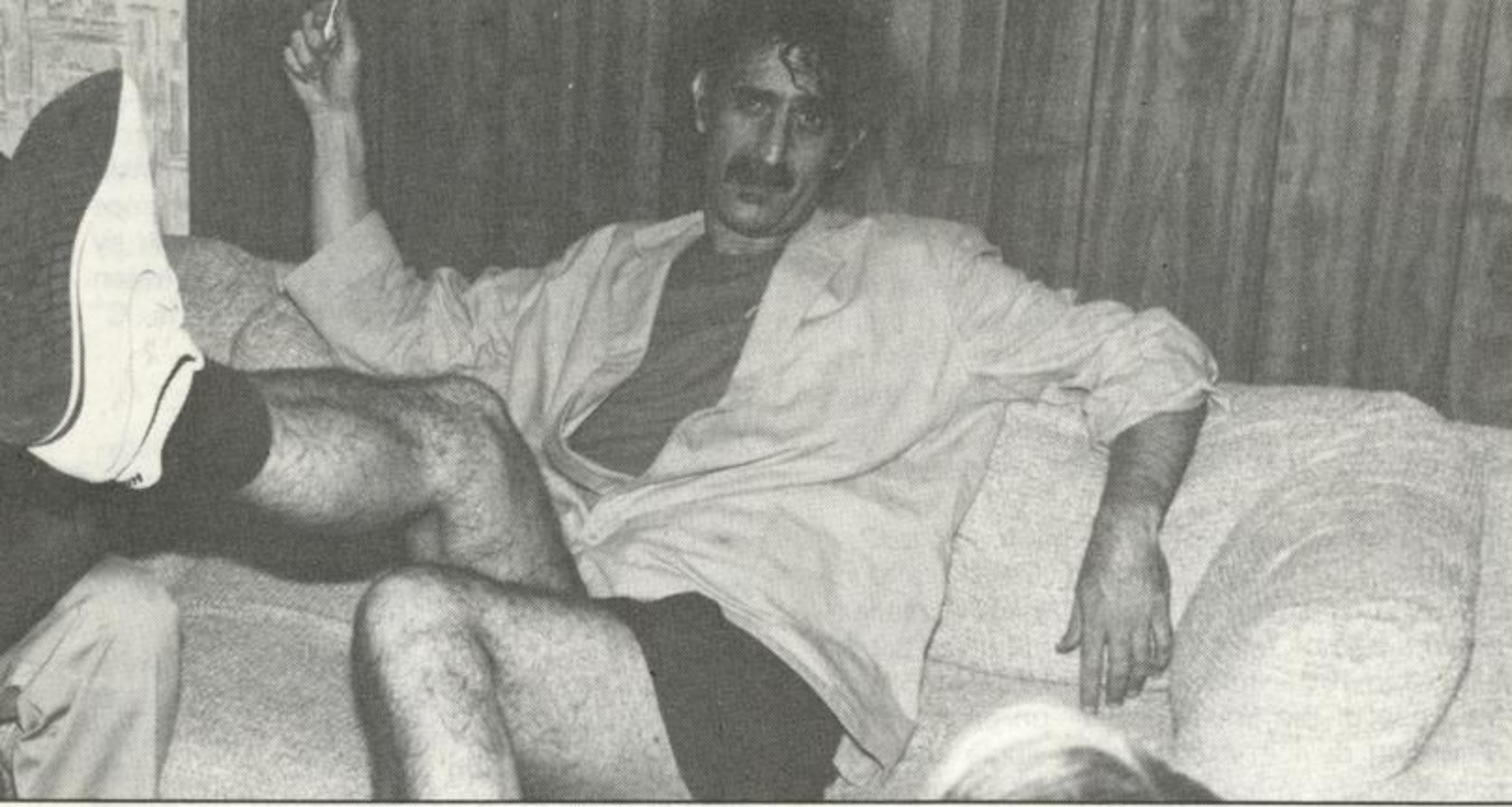
**Zappa:** Well, they don't really rate comics...

**Relix:** No, but they have to get this "seal of approval."

**Zappa:** The movie rating system replaced something that was actually worse, which was the Hays Office, that never should have been installed to begin with. The Hays Office is that wonderful place that used to have little rules like, if a man and a woman are seen together in a bedroom and the man is sitting on the bed, one foot must remain on the floor at all times.

**Relix:** Yeah, and the five second kiss.

**Zappa:** That's right. They had people with stop watches going through reels of film to make



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sure that the foot was on the floor and all the rest of that stuff. They actually had people who did this as a job, and those people definitely wanted to protect their jobs. The movie ratings replaced that. I'm not enthusiastic about movie ratings. The comparison between rating a record and rating a movie ignores this statistic. If a person is hired as an actor to be in a movie, no matter what the film is rated, it doesn't hurt that actor as an individual. It doesn't go against him, because he's hired to pretend, but you start labeling music as being filthy, when a guy's picture is on the album cover, and he wrote the song and he's playing the music, he is a criminal now. Then when he goes to the bank to get a loan to buy a car, or whatever normal people do when they want to conduct their lives, he's got a stigma on him, which is not going to be shared by somebody who played a villain in a movie.

**Relix:** One thing I would like to back track on, that's not clear in my mind, is how it was that the PTA hooked up with these Congressmen's Wives?

**Zappa:** I don't know who approached whom, but I'll tell you that I've been told off the record that the PTA regretted it from the minute that they got involved because the initial demands of the Washington Wives were far more extreme than what the PTA originally asked for. This put the PTA in a logical box, because the PTA has a charter which is First Amendment up and down the line; they even subscribe to the "Free Library Act" which means that no books should be removed from the library because of its content. Well, if you know anything about libraries today, you'll also know that they have phonograph records. And since I addressed the Library Association of America about seven or eight years ago in San Francisco, I was surprised to learn that the statistics at that time were that out of all new library purchases in the U.S., that 60% of it was being spent on records, not books. Because the inclusion of the records in a library was one of the things that would make a person go to a library.

Well, so here you have the PTA. They undertook this thing for whatever political reason, based on the feelings of the ladies that ran the organization. Then the organization winds up in bed with the Washington Wives who claim not to be extremists, who claim to be nice normal ordinary folks. But they are extreme, because if you look at the original press releases that they put out, the things that they were asking for, you could come to some pretty drastic conclusions about how close they were to the middle of the road. They were definitely out in

right field someplace. The record industry responded to the threats from these women, which I thought were pretty mild in the beginning, I thought the industry should have gone after them and nuked them. Since the threatening letter that came from the PMRC was signed over the names of a bunch of legislators who could bring sudden death to a bill, or a number of bills that would bring a lot of extra money to record industry every year they decided to be prudent, and they offered months and months ago to put a generic warning on all these albums, that said, "Parental guidance: explicit lyrics." The ladies said "No, that's not good enough, we have this list of eight demands." Which included dropping people from the label if somebody saw them do something in concert that they didn't like.

**Relix:** That sounds a lot like the black balling that went on in the movie industry during the 50's when people thought you were a communist because you were seen at the Russian Ballet.

**Zappa:** Yeah. By the time it got to the Senate on September 19th, they had given up on all the other demands, and were just begging for some little something on a record. The record industry, sometime between September 19th and November 1st, when the so called agreement was reached, announced a couple of press conferences and cancelled them, claiming that they were having some problems working on details; but that's really bullshit, because what they were waiting for was the *Blank Tape Tax* to have its first hearing in a Senate subcommittee, which occurred on October 30th. So the press conference that announced this supposed agreement took place on November 1st. I have the AP wire report in an envelope sitting right here. I'll tell you what was agreed to, and it was bullshit. These are exact quotes from the paper now. Here it is (reading) "There are no guidelines. The parents groups will have no role in determining what is explicit. What is explicit is explicit. Those artists that have contractual control over their contracts are free to ignore the understanding. Record companies will determine what is explicit." Now what it amounts to is the IRAA doing the PMRC a favor and making it look like they accomplished something, when they really didn't accomplish anything. All this in order to protect their legislation.

**Relix:** Has anyone, to your knowledge, done any kind of study that says that teenagers will commit suicide or get brain damage from listening to say, Motley Crue as opposed to Barry Manilow?

**Zappa:** Well, I don't know if it's ever been done, but if you're going to count murders and con-

nect it with music, then more people died because of Wagner than Motley Crue.

**Relix:** How's That?

**Zappa:** Because of Hitler. They've banned Wagner in Israel because of that. Anyone who wants to use the connection between music and death as a guideline as to how, when and where a person should be allowed to consume certain types of music then obviously the most lethal type of music on the planet is going to be Wagner because you just got a bigger scorecard there.

**Relix:** How did you choose to become involved with this?

**Zappa:** I got into it by accident. I was invited to debate Candy Stroud on a CBS news show and I went to Washington and I got a whiff of this and I said, "Holy Shit, this is ridiculous." So I just kept on doing interviews, and it pretty much ate up the last three or four months out of the year. I was doing it all the time, full time.

**Relix:** Are you still going to be speaking out on it, or do you think it is pretty much a dead issue because of that supposed agreement?

**Zappa:** The Associated Press thing announced that the ladies are going to stay in business for at least another year, and the next target is videos.

**Relix:** It seemed to me that whenever they would talk about the lyrics, they would show a video . . .

**Zappa:** Absolutely, and that's preposterous, they were talking about words . . . and I've said this over and over again . . . you want to talk about words, don't show anything. The reason that the thing got as much coverage in the press as it did was the 5 O'clock news said, "Hey, great story. Get me a bunch of video clips, chop them up, take all these things and the announcer does a voice-over, "Is this filthy? you decide." They show you a picture of a Twisted Sister video, for example, and talk about dirty words. Well, there are no dirty words in the song, the song itself is a joke, and the video is funny. At the Senate they took that Twisted Sister video and showed it, and the net result was laughter and applause. Which caused Dan Forth to gavel off all the noise and say, "We won't have any demonstrations here."

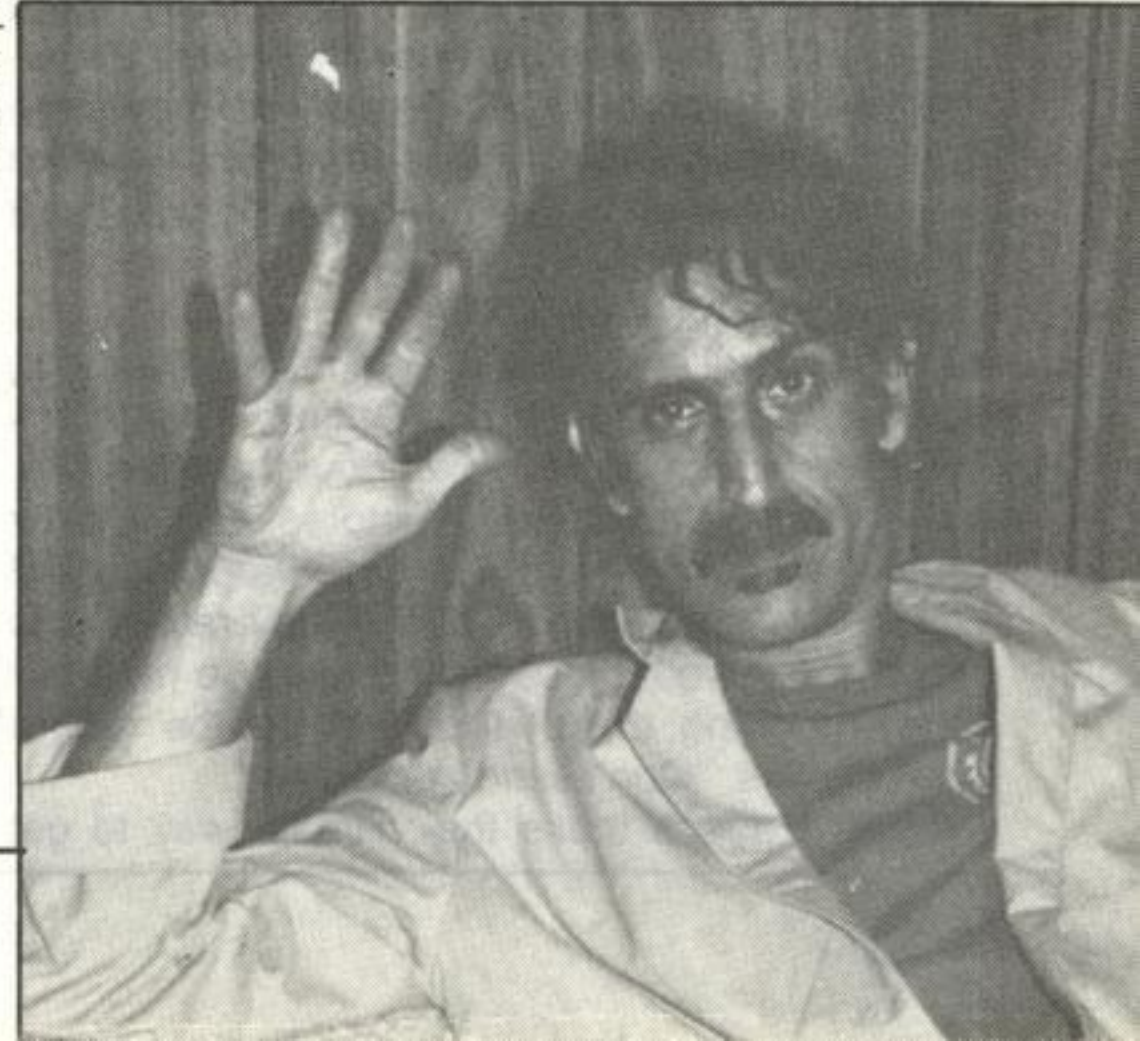
**Relix:** Well, I thought that the video aspect was ridiculous anyway because as far as violence in that video you could get the same thing by showing a 1940's Abbott and Costello or Three Stooges short and get plenty of violence.

**Zappa:** Look at the communist countries where you don't have this kind of music, do you think that they have violence, erratic behavior, unwed mothers, and everything else?

**Relix:** I'm sure they do.

**Zappa:** Sure they do. Why pin it on Rock and Roll, the answer is simple; it's politics, you take a guy with weird hair and bizarre looking clothes on and that's like, this week, we're going

Scott Yobpp



to hate this guy. This is your new target to hate. All of these fundamentalist-fringoid people cannot survive without someone, or something to hate. If it ain't the devil it's Twisted Sister.

**Relix:** It's just interesting that before there was Rock and Roll, before people were singing lyrics like "Kiss the devil, kiss the devil," or whatever, we had these two major world-wide conflicts, and we were listening to Glenn Miller at the time.

**Zappa:** Well, I think that there are more crimes committed by people who listen to Barry Manilow, and Wayne Newton, and the people who commit those crimes—serious crimes that affect large numbers of people. We're talking about political crimes. Because that's the drug of choice, the audio drug of choice, for that kind of mentality, but I wouldn't want to keep them from listening to Barry and Wayne. You know what they used to go after before Rock and Roll... Jazz. The Jazz musicians were supposedly leading the country to perdition 'cause they smoked Marijuana and did Heroin. Gene Krupa was a junkie...

**Relix:** Now it is very chic to listen to Jazz.

**Zappa:** ...and the initial complaints about Rock and Roll were all racial. That's where it all began with Rock and Roll. You don't want your children listening to this, because first they hear it and the next thing you know they'll be in bed with negros. The same people, the same religious fanatics, who used to publish pamphlets to that effect, their descendants—in terms of fundamentalist church hierarchy—they're still in business. The same mentality, this Ku Klux mentality is behind all this. And they can't just go after people of a certain color anymore, because everybody makes Rock and Roll records. So that's the genesis of this.

**Relix:** Do you think kids are more sophisticated today? Do they listen to someone sing "I'm gonna hack you up," in a record and think, "This is reality." Or do they think, "This is music."...

**Zappa:** Most kids don't even listen to the words. They can sing the hook. They really don't follow the storyline (to the song).

**Relix:** The only thing that worries me about the whole thing with these women placing such importance on it, is that maybe kids are going to start to listen.

**Zappa:** Oh boy, if they do I'm sure they'll really be depressed. (General laughter.) The whole idea of lyric content, just in terms of record company policy, has taken a back seat to the cosmetic aspects of Rock and Roll in the last decade. It's never been desirable in the last decade to have a song that was really about anything.

**Relix:** Do you know if this whole PMRC deal has had any effect on the stores?

**Zappa:** Oh yeah. One of the reasons why a few of the people who belong to the RIAA backed out of the deal was because they were threatened by Sears and JC Penney's. They were told by these chains that if they sent a record with a sticker on it, that the company would not buy it or rack it.

**Relix:** I guess money talks.

**Zappa:** That's why MCA originally backed out, so did A&M, and so did Geffen. Then MCA went back in, I don't know about the other two. Then the Camelot Record stores were told by their landlord—which is the Shopping Mall Owners Associations—that if they racked this stuff, they would lose their lease. So naturally they're going to put the heat on the record companies, "Don't send me this shit."

**Relix:** I guess that's the ultimate way to get

someone to respond... threaten them with loss of money.

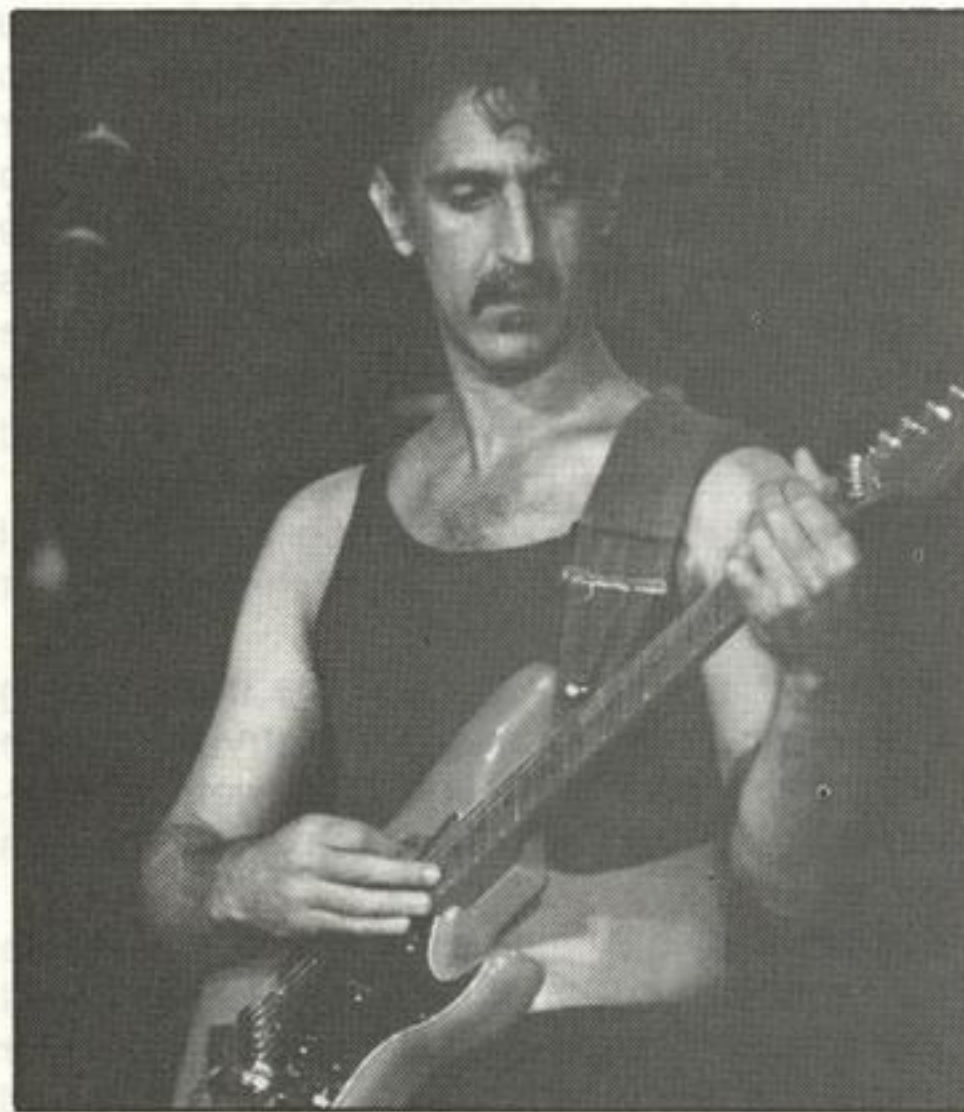
**Zappa:** That's the American way.

**Relix:** Unfortunately...

**Zappa:** That's what the PMRC did to the record industry to begin with. They threatened them (the record industry) with the loss of \$200,000,000 to \$250,000,000 a year in easy money; which is what that blank tape tax amounts to. That's the bill they were trying to protect.

**Relix:** Now what exactly is the blank tape tax?

**Zappa:** In the house it's called HR2911, and in the Senate it's called the Matthais Bill. It places a surcharge of .01 cent per minute on all blank tape, and 10%—in the case of HR2911, 5% in the case of the Matthais Bill—on each single recording device, that's like a single tape recorder, and—in both cases—25% on any dual recording device, like a double cassette machine, or a combination of a turntable and a cassette machine. This is because they say when a guy tapes a record at home they're losing money. The trick involved is that they say



ZAPPA at Merriweather Post—1984

it's needed legislation in order to compensate copyright owners for the revenue lost when a person tapes a record at home. Let's look at it closely, a person tapes a record at home for a variety of reasons, some of which I approve of, and some of which I don't. If a person is taping a record at home in order to cheat someone from earning their living of making music, I don't approve; but, if a person is taping a record at home in self defense because he can't buy a good quality cassette manufactured by the record company... The fact of the matter is if you took a TDK cassette, and a brand new mint copy of an album and made your cassette in real time, not high-speed duplication, off your own record player, you'd probably have a better sounding cassette to play in your car than if you paid the retail price for a commercially manufactured high-speed duplicated cassette which is going to wear out after 15 plays. That's why a lot of people do it at home. Then they don't save it forever, they go over the tape and record something else. That doesn't bother me as an artist or a record company owner. The person who is taping at home in order to cheat and defraud, that pisses me off, and something ought to be done. But let's get back to the line in there—the line that says, "To benefit the copyright owners." Theoretically, you might think that's the person who owns the "C" inside the circle copyright. It's not, it's to benefit the

person who owns the "P" inside the circle copyright. Now this is a new copyright, within the last 10 years I guess, it's the performance copyright, and that is the copyright owned by the record company. The royalty split between the value of the "P" copyright versus the "C" copyright is 90/10.

**Relix:** In favor of the "P"?

**Zappa:** That's right. So they talk about copyright holders to make you think of artists starving in garretts penning these tunes... but it ain't... it's the record companies.

**Relix:** So in other words, if this goes through, the artists are getting screwed even more.

**Zappa:** Of course they're getting screwed. Look how they're getting screwed, the rights that were given up by the RIAA don't even belong to them. They're giving up the rights of a third party in order to protect the money that will be brought to them by a bill that pays big to the owner of the "P" copyright.

**Relix:** So the difference between the "C" and "P" copyrights is that the "C" copyright is the person who wrote the music, and the "P" copyright is the person who owns the performance of that music.

**Zappa:** That's right. When you sign with a record company, the company owns the performance, they own the master. So, if in fact, the root of the problem was the work of the songwriter or the performer, then maybe the ladies should have gone after the songwriter or the performer, but they didn't, they went after the record company. They went after someone they would have some leverage over, and that was the RIAA; the organization who represents the people who own the "P" in the circle copyright. And they had a bill—which they're still trying to get through—which for no extra work, will bring 200 to 250 million dollars more per year into the pockets of the record companies. And it's a tax for the record companies collected by the United States government. This is the kind of stuff that really didn't get reported in the coverage of all this bullshit. Everyone was so interested in looking at the Twisted Sister video excerpt that they would show on the 5 O'clock news and worrying about dirty words that they aren't realizing that if they put this through, you, as a consumer, will not get to vote on it.

**Relix:** Where do you see this going?

**Zappa:** Lowell Weicker is a Senator from Connecticut, and I think he should be considered a national resource, because the only person in Washington DC that will go toe-to-toe with Jessie Helms and that Fucking Bible Mafia that's operating down there, is Weicker. The reason I bring him up is because it's going to take people who are actually in government who are willing to stand up to this Theocratic Mafia that is in there now to fight this stuff, because any move towards censorship, you know where it takes you. The end of the road has been illustrated over and over again throughout history. You've got plenty of good examples today, just look at Iran, take a look at Red China under Mao. Anybody who wants to make everybody the same and legislate it, that kind of uniformity is a menace, and you got to fight it. There may be others in congress who share those kinds of concerns, but I don't know about them, I just wish that more of them would open their mouths. The thing that was depressing about the Senate hearing was all those guys who were there for political PR reasons. They all thought, "Now here's a good issue to get on the right side of." Because who could prefer Twisted Sister to saving the children.

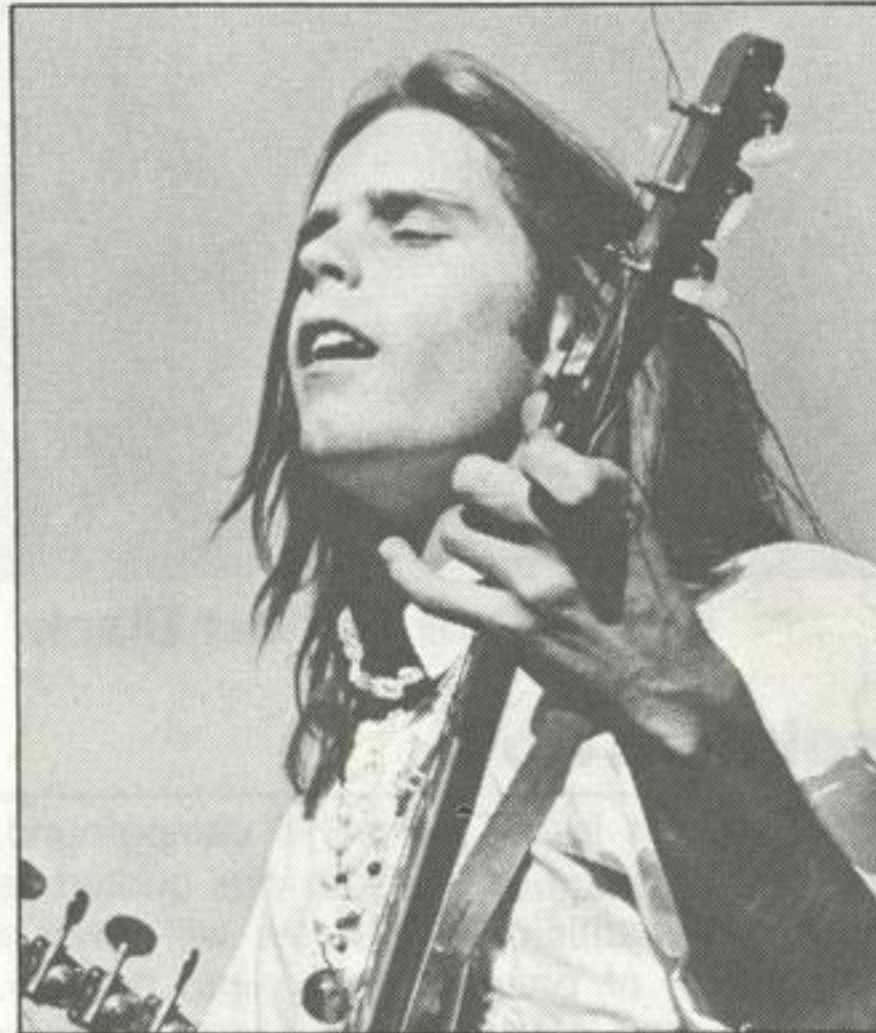
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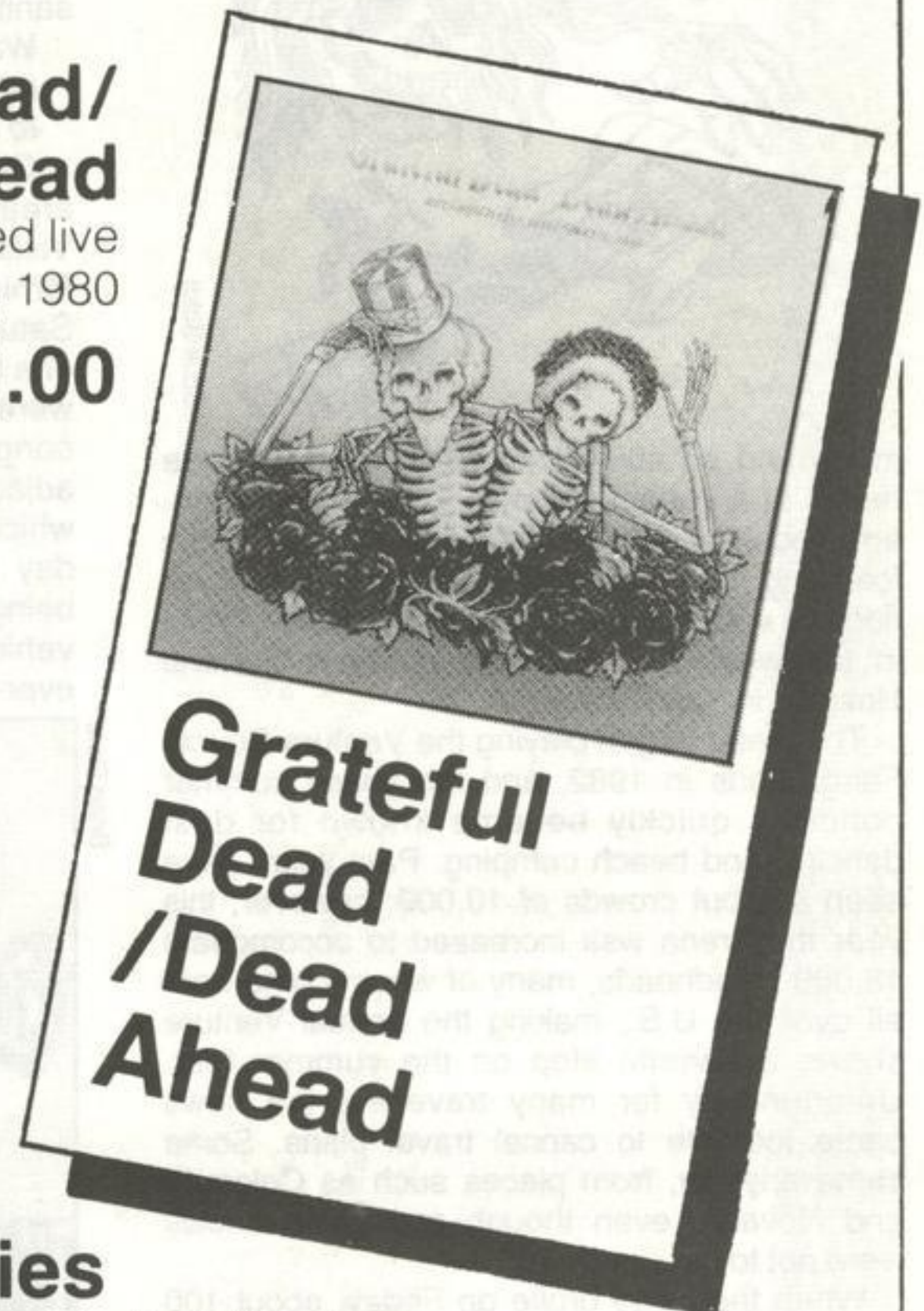
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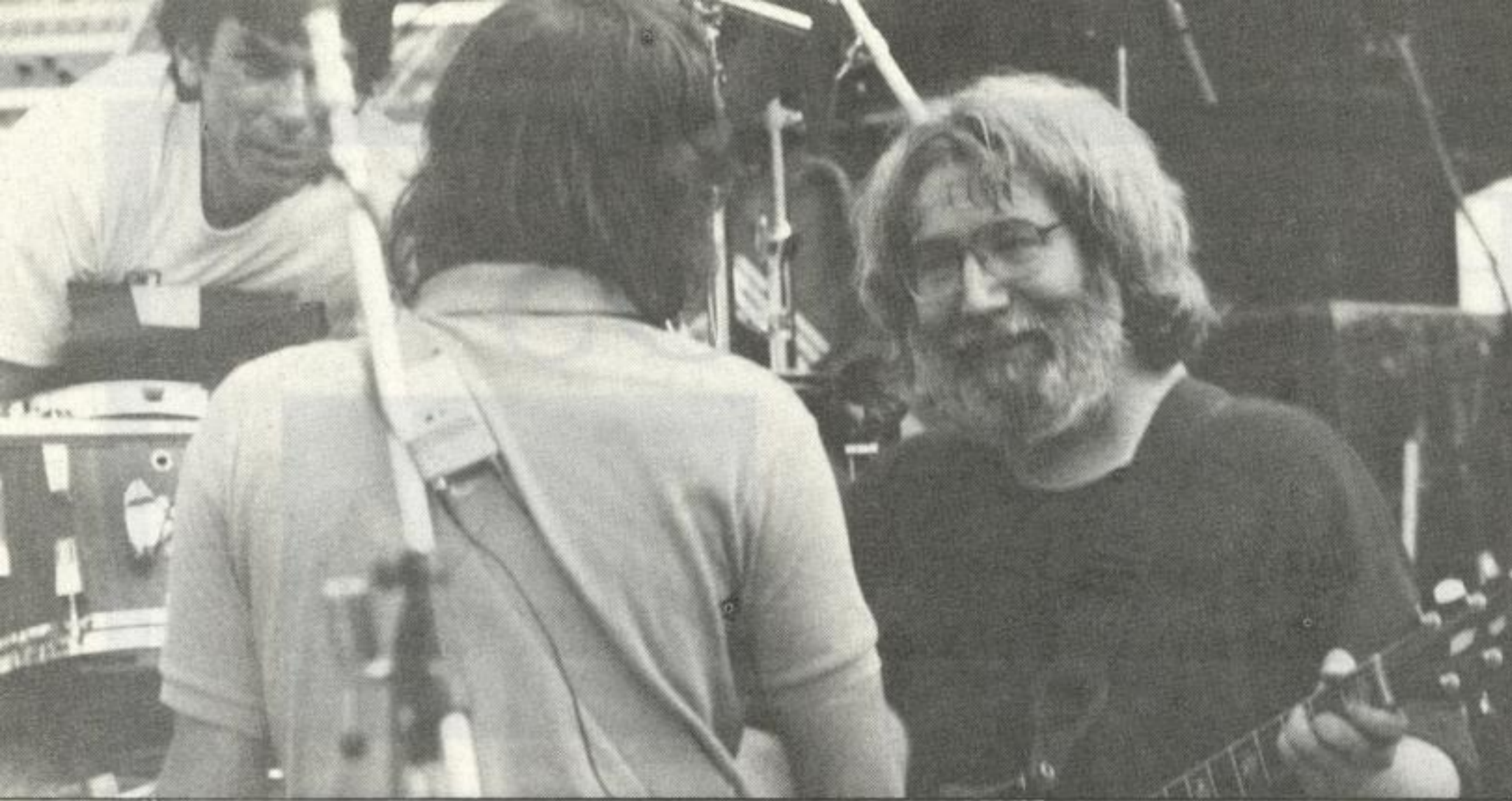
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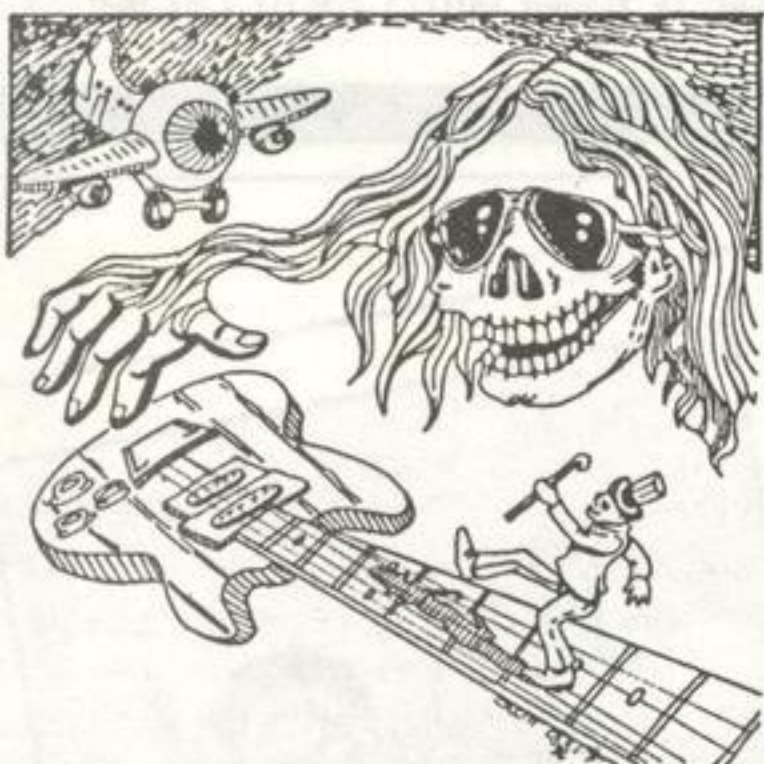
## Ventura '86: The Weekend That Wasn't, or, Desolation Row

by Barbara Wunder Black

*Such a long, long time to be gone  
And a short time to be there.*

A POPULAR slogan during the Vietnam era was "What if they gave a war and nobody came?" The theme for the weekend of July 12th and 13th in Ventura, California, could have been "What if they cancelled a Grateful Dead concert and everybody still came?"

Friday morning the word started spreading like a Southern California brushfire: Jerry Garcia was seriously ill in the hospital, and the shows were cancelled. Reactions ranged, quite predictably, from shock, disbelief, disappoint-



Scott Boldt

ment, and an abundance of concern over the health of a certain guitarist. The hotline reportedly received 10,000 calls in the first 48 hours following the announcement, and Jerry was flooded with flowers and 25,000 pieces of mail in the week that followed at Marin General Hospital in San Rafael.

The Dead began playing the Ventura County Fairgrounds in 1982, and the yearly summer concerts quickly became known for dust dancing and beach camping. Past years have seen sell out crowds of 10,000; however, this year the arena was increased to accommodate 18,000 Deadheads, many of whom come from all over the U.S., making the annual Ventura shows a favorite stop on the summer tour. Unfortunately for many travelers, the news came too late to cancel travel plans. Some came anyway, from places such as Colorado and Nevada, even though aware the shows were not to be.

When the news broke on Friday, about 100 concert-goers had already arrived at a campground set up in the Fairgrounds parking lot. City officials had expected to house some

7,500 campers in the makeshift campground. Ventura Police Sgt. Mike Goth was quoted as saying, "We anticipate that we will have a whole bunch of people coming into the city. When they find out the Dead are not playing who knows what they are going to do."

Who knew what to do, indeed! It was a sad sight to see—hordes of tie-dye clad true believers wandering aimlessly around Ventura's beachfront and downtown areas. Where to go? Fairgrounds officials and promoter Bill Graham decided not to open the camping facilities without the concerts, turning campers away to the virtually nil prospect of obtaining a campsite locally, since area campgrounds were full. About 200 Deadheads went to Rose Valley in the Los Padres National Forest, about 18 miles northwest of Ojai, only to be turned away. Park rangers cited lack of space, water, and sanitation facilities in closing off the camp.

*Walk into splintered sunlight,  
inch your way through dead dreams  
to another land.*

Other Deadheads fragmented off to other areas to party and share their sorrow. Isla Vista, the community by the University of California at Santa Barbara, was a lively scene on Saturday. About 500 fans partied to the sounds of a band called the Kingpins, and no problems were reported there. Hundreds continued to congregate at Surfer's Point, a small park adjacent to the empty, locked up Fairgrounds, which prompted police to close the park Saturday afternoon. Police were concerned about being able to get in and out with emergency vehicles, if necessary; also, there were the ever-present "illegal vendors."

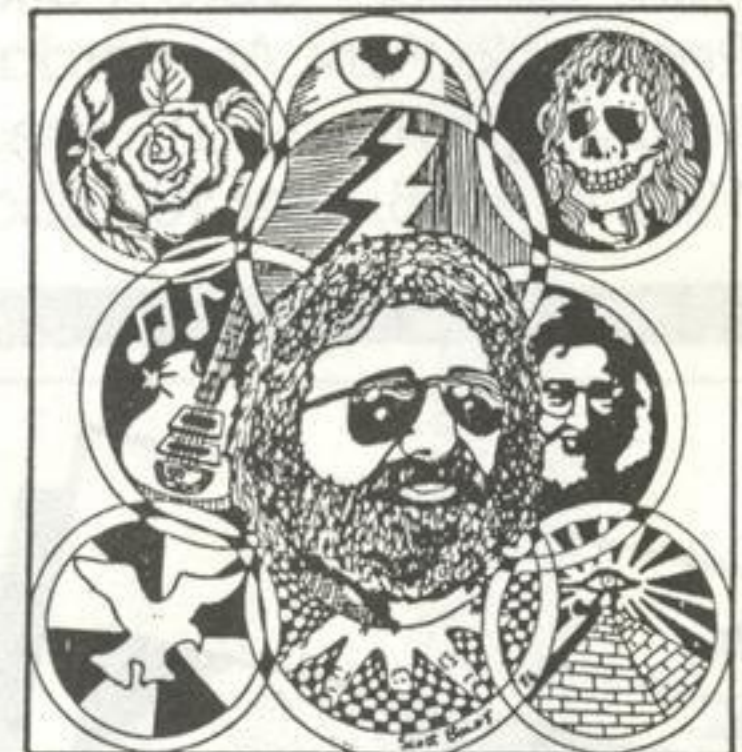
The only Deadhead-related problem reported involved an 18-year-old man (who admitted he was under the influence of LSD) who smashed the windows and hoods of two cars, one of which belonged to an off-duty sheriff's deputy who was surfing at the time. Talk about instant karma.

By Saturday, the scene had ceased to be, and everyone seemed to be moving on and heading homeward. An earthquake that rocked Southern California at 6:46 a.m. Sunday morning was the only thing shaking in Ventura by then.

In the end, the local newspaper, which prints letters to the editor from irate citizens every year about the throngs of disgusting hippies that invade their lovely community, actually ran an editorial titled, "Throwing a Party, Ousting the Guests." The article ended stating, "The events of Friday had the potential to create chaos. That chaos was averted is testament to the good behavior of all those Deadheads, and not the good judgement of Fair officials."

The bottom line is, when money talks, the B.S. walks, as they say. The Dead shows are one of the biggest money-makers of the fiscal year. The cancellation cost the Fairgrounds \$79,000 in anticipated revenue, and the nearby Holiday Inn lost between \$20,000 and \$30,000. Inn manager Greg Bennett stated, "As much of a pain as it is, we're in business to make money."

At the time of this writing, there is talk of re-scheduling the shows for a later date this year.



Scott Boldt

The main concern, though is that Jerry gets the rest and healing he needs, however long it takes, so that we may all continue to ride the bus on this long, strange trip to Never-ever land.

*What do you want me to do,  
to do for you to see you through?  
A box of rain will ease the pain  
and love will see you through.*

Brian Gold







## THE RADIATORS:

On the Road from New Orleans

by William Ruhlmann

ON East Thirteenth Street, just before 9 p.m., a well-dressed couple approaches the t-shirted crowd waiting to get into the Lone Star Cafe and asks no one in particular the inevitable question: "Who's playing tonight?" "The Radiators," someone answers. "Who are they?" "They're good." "Where do they come from?"

That seems like a good question to put to Radiator Ed Volcker a few minutes later in the Radiators' dressing room. "Love," says Volcker, "pain, the wilderness, horses, birds, fish, barbecue, water, tequila, closing down the paraphernalia establishments..."—wait a minute. An easier, if somewhat less thorough answer might be New Orleans. That's where the Radiators came together in 1977, after years playing in other local bands and backing up the likes of Jimmy McCracklin, Charles Brown, David Bromberg, Catfish Hodge, Dr. John, Allen Toussaint, Earl King, Ernie K-Doe, and Professor Longhair. Originally, there was a group called the Dogs, which gradually metamorphosed into the then five-member Radiators, with Volcker as he described it, starting as janitor and working his way down to keyboards (and vocals), Dave Malone on guitar and vocals, Camile Baudoin, also on guitar and vocals, Reggie Scanlan on bass, and Frank Bua on drums. Percussionist Glenn Sears was formally added to the band in 1983, after endless sittings-in.

"It's just a lot of old friendships," says Volcker. "We have fun, we're starting to make a little money, we're starting to change clothes every day, it's great." To elaborate a little on that, the Radiators spent years playing in the New Orleans area, becoming a favorite at Tulane University as well as at clubs like Tipitina's, but not attracting much attention from the world at large or the record companies in particular. Three years on, they formed their own record label, Croaker Records, and issued the single that started "fish head music," a crawfish tribute called, "Suck the Head, Squeeze the Tip." They also released a double live album recorded at Tipitina's *Work Done*

### On Premises.

The album revealed a tight band that had taken its New Orleans influences and infiltrated them through a rock 'n' roll sensibility formed by listening to bands like the Grateful Dead, the Band, the Allman Brothers Band, and Little Feat. Volcker and Malone traded lead vocals, Malone and Baudoin played twin and alternating leads, and with titles like "Cannibal Girls," "Lord You Light Up My Pipe," "Bad Taste Of Your Stuff," and "Low Life," songwriter Volcker defined the lives and times of the common man. Or, as he succinctly put it, "There's no life/Like that low life/And that low life/It's a wild life." In 1981, they followed with another single, "My Whole World Flies Apart," and another album, *Heat Generation*. (All this vinyl is available from Croaker Records, New Orleans, LA.)

By 1982, the Radiators had started to spread fish head music beyond the borders of New Orleans. "Starting about three years ago," says Volcker, "we spend about three months out of the year on the road, and usually in two-week increments. Increments—sounds like something dirty, but it's not." By now, those increments have taken the band throughout the South and Midwest, and on the present tour, they'd taken in Eastern seaboard dates starting in Washington, D.C., and soon to head up to Boston. "Marco Polo is our hero," explains Volcker, "and the Earl of Sandwich is our guiding spirit."

One place they can be heard is on Epic Records' 1985 sampler, *Epic Presents The Unsigned*, where they have a track called, "This Wagon's Gonna Roll." But probably the best place to see them is in a packed bar like the Lone Star. Volcker, while dispensing information, is also writing out three set lists for the band, lists that make it look like this'll be a long night.

Downstairs, the obvious comparisons, to the Allmans and Little Feat, only work because the Radiators suggest the *quality* of those bands. If Baudoin is capable of mixing parts of Duane Allman with Robbie Robertson and much of his

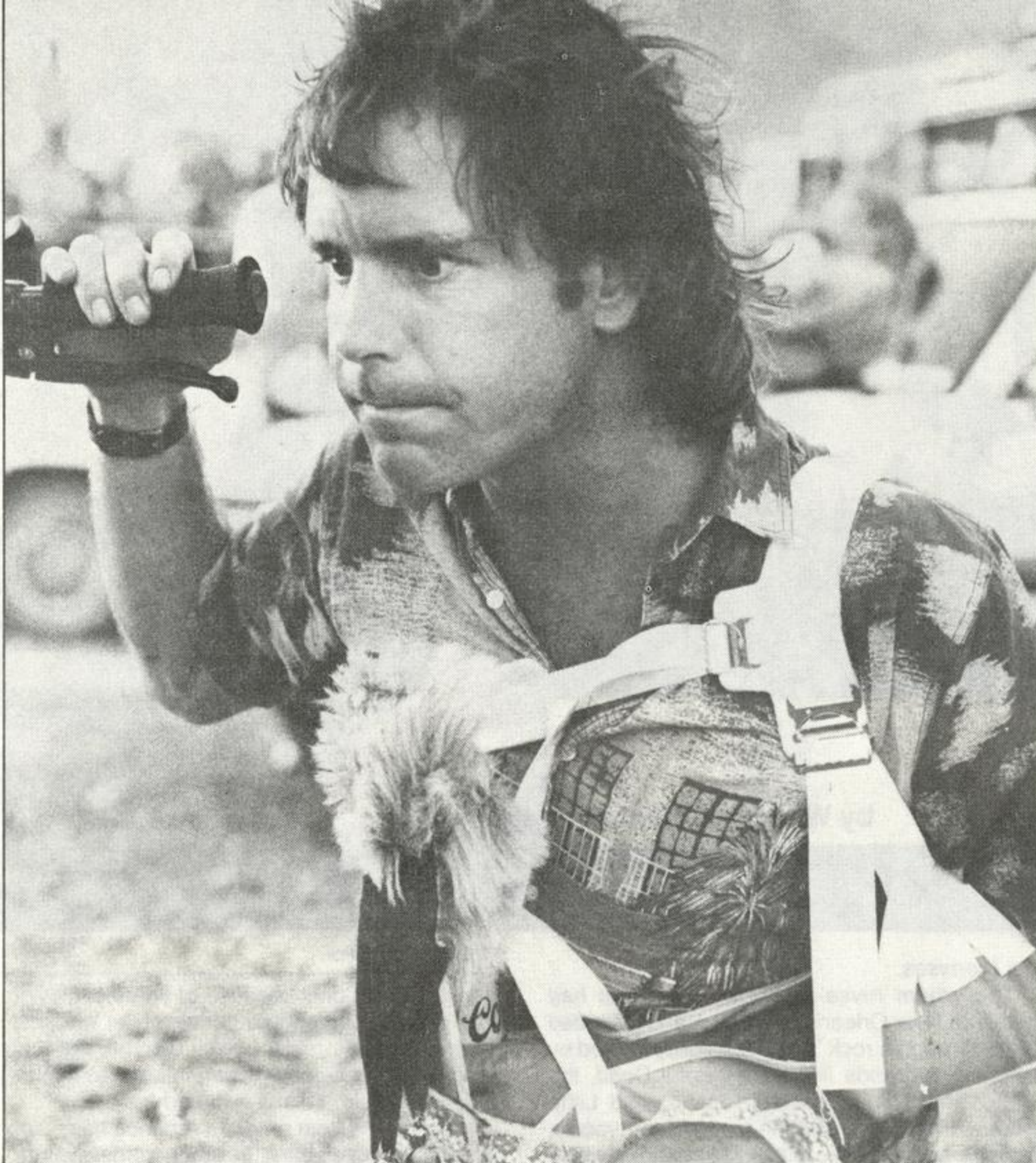
### THE RADIATORS

own style, it's only because of years of playing that give him an encyclopedic style. Volcker's swampy vocals recall Lowell George, but they reach back to George's own influences in New Orleans music. This is a hybrid band, steeped in much of the best music in America has made in the last forty years. In other words, they *do* sound a lot like the Radiators.

They start with "Boomerang," a highly danceable song whose inventive slide work recalls the best of the Allmans, while the melody and rhythm pure Radiators. "Like Dreamers Do" follows with a lovely riff carried by synthesizers and percussion, and proves just as moving to the capacity crowd. Then it's on to an oldie, "One-Eyed Jack," from the first album, a tale of gambling set to a reggaish beat mixed with second line rhythms and infused with the spirit of Pigpen McKernan circa "Operator." "Low Life" is introduced as "the Louisiana state song." The lyrics appear in their entirety above, but it's the music that counts, as the song is turned into an extended, steamy showcase for the guitar work of Malone and Baudoin.

Here is a bar band that has convinced its audience completely playing all original material. Now they turn to covers, starting with the Beatles' "I've Got a Feeling," which turns out to be a perfect vehicle for a two-guitar band, and leads into a medley with "Slow Down," Perkins by way of Beatles by way of Radiators. Having established their pop credentials, they turn to R&B and soul, combining Bobby Blue Bland's "Ain't Nothing You Can Do" with the Staple Singers' "I'll Take You There," before closing with Johnny Cash's "Cocaine Blues." Did you ever go to see a band and figure they had the same record collection that you do?

It's hard to imagine, given the cheering in the bar, that the Radiators will be able to avoid wider exposure, but they've been around enough to be skeptical. "There's a big old world out there," Volcker had said just before they went on, "and hopefully we can keep away from it as much as possible."



Bob Weir at Ranch Rock '86

# fragments

by Scott Allen

“Hi, this is Phil, thank you for calling the Grateful Dead hotline number,” said the Dead’s bassist. “This is a new message as of July 14.”

“Jerry is doing much better, his temperature is normal and his spirits are high. He’s looking forward to getting out and back to work.”

On July 10, Garcia had lapsed into a coma in his Marin County home and was rushed to Marin General Hospital in Greenbrae, California. Bill Graham’s office described Jerry’s illness as “a sudden onset of diabetes” brought on by an infection from an abscessed tooth and acute exhaustion from the Dead’s touring schedule, which had included several recent dates in near 100 degree temperatures with pitch humidity.

Long Island’s *Newsday* reported on July 18 that Garcia “is going to get well but it’s going to take some time.” Promoter John Scher’s office and The Source, a radio news network (NBC) carried by rock-n-roll stations, were other avenues of initial information for East Coast Deadheads.

The Deadhead hotlines were reporting, as of July 23, that all Grateful Dead shows for July and August had been cancelled; it was also noted that Garcia was “stable, walking around a little and steadily improving—the rest of the band members and staff thank you for your

continual concern.”

The New York *Daily News*, in an August 3 clipping entitled, “Grateful Dead star alive and well,” revealed Jerry had been released from the hospital on Friday, August 1, the guitarist’s 44th birthday, and that the West Coast hotline had received 65,000 calls from fans in the three weeks since Garcia had been stricken.

Additional info on the hotline (as of August 4), reported by Dead staff member Eileen Law, said Jerry’s recovery was “continuing” and that he’d been “gravely ill and supported for a time by an artificial kidney machine.”

A message from Jerry was read by Law: “I really want to thank all the well-wishers for all the cards, letters and healing vibes. I felt them. I wouldn’t be out of the hospital this soon if it weren’t for the thoughts, healing help and all the stuff people sent.”

The resultant publicity from Garcia’s physical troubles as well as from the Dead’s 1986 summer tour with Bob Dylan and Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers generated an influx of ballyhoo as momentous as the Dead had received during their 20th anniversary year in 1985. New York disc jockey Howard Stern, appearing on *The David Letterman Show*,

LESH and other band members passed messages along through the Dead’s West Coast Hotline number

kidded that the news of Jerry’s difficulties was surprising, considering that “he was such a picture of health.” Stern added woefully that he hoped this “wouldn’t be the end of those 15 hour Grateful Dead/Hot Tuna concerts.

In the interim during Garcia’s recoup, several new Grateful Dead-related solo bands came together, although it was unclear at presstime how many of these bands would actually see the performing light of day.

Grateful Dead drummer Bill Kreutzmann debuted the Kreutzmann-Margen Band during a late-July seven-show tour of the East Coast and Midwest, including a three-night stopover at New York City’s Lone Star Cafe on July 25, 26 and 27. This group arose from Bill’s association with bassist David Margen in previous bands such as Kokomo and Kingfish. Margen is also noted for his work with Santana and The Sounds of San Francisco, an all-star band with John Cipollina and Greg Douglas.

In a taped interview aired on New York’s WNEW-FM, the late Mama Cass of the Mamas and Papas said that during the 1969 Monterey Pop Festival she and Pigpen got so drunk and gritty the only way to tell the pair apart “was to look for Pigpen’s tattoos!”

David Crosby was released from a Texas federal penitentiary on August 8, a week before his 45th birthday, after a five-month incarceration for drugs and weapons convictions. His shoulder-length hair and mustache both sheared, Crosby will now participate in a half-way house release program. He said he was “off drugs” and had written “some good songs in prison,” which he termed “a positive experience.” It’s still hoped a Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young reunion tour will result.

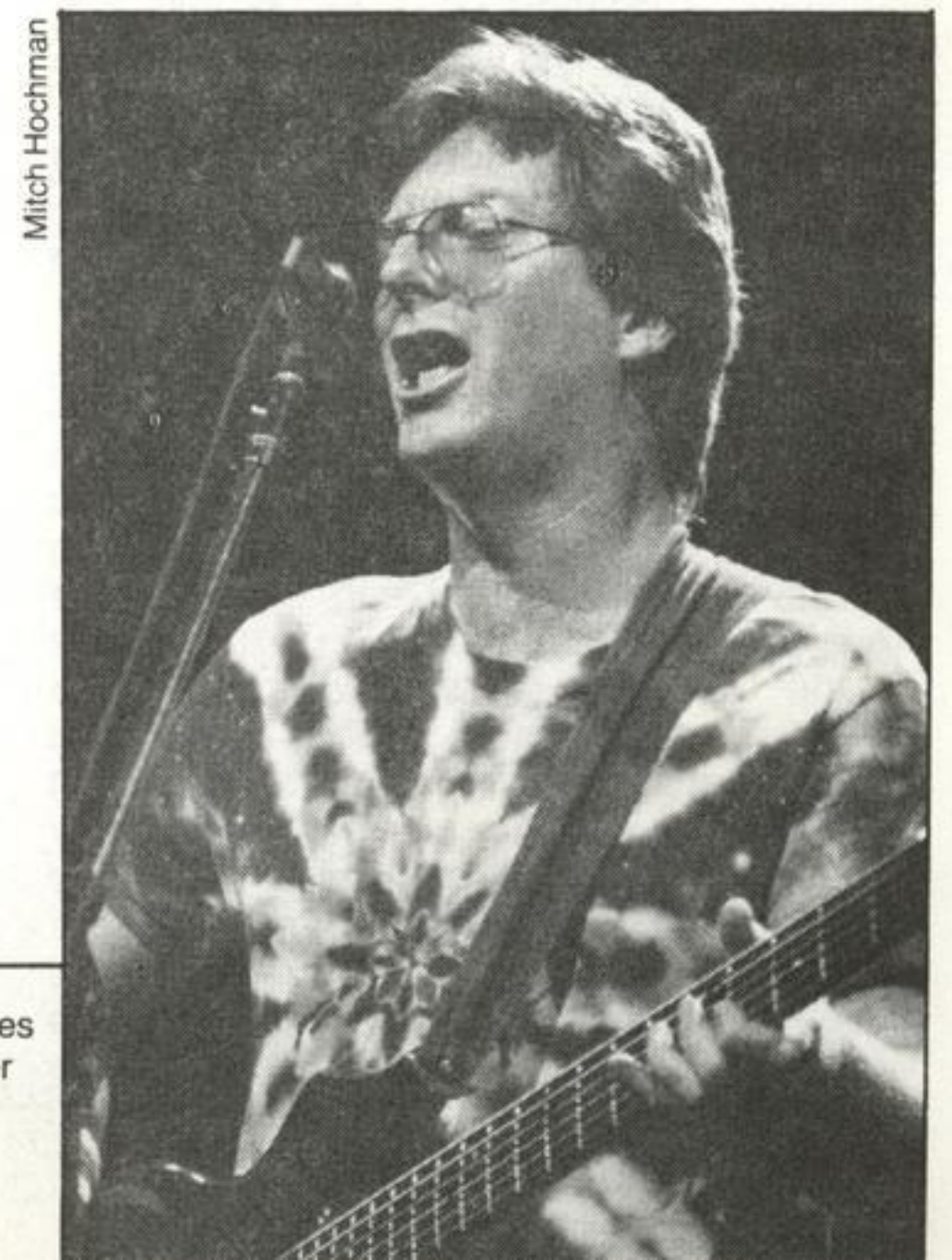
Among the many faces receiving acclaim for their involvement with the Statue of Liberty restoration and centennial celebration was artist Peter Max, a ’60s stalwart.

Max was the East Coast equivalent of the West Coast’s psychedelic concert poster artists, and was known for brightly-colored posters and collages dating from 1966. During the early 1970s, Max went through, he says, “A creative re-channeling and quiet retreat made necessary by too much of the activity of the late-’60s.”

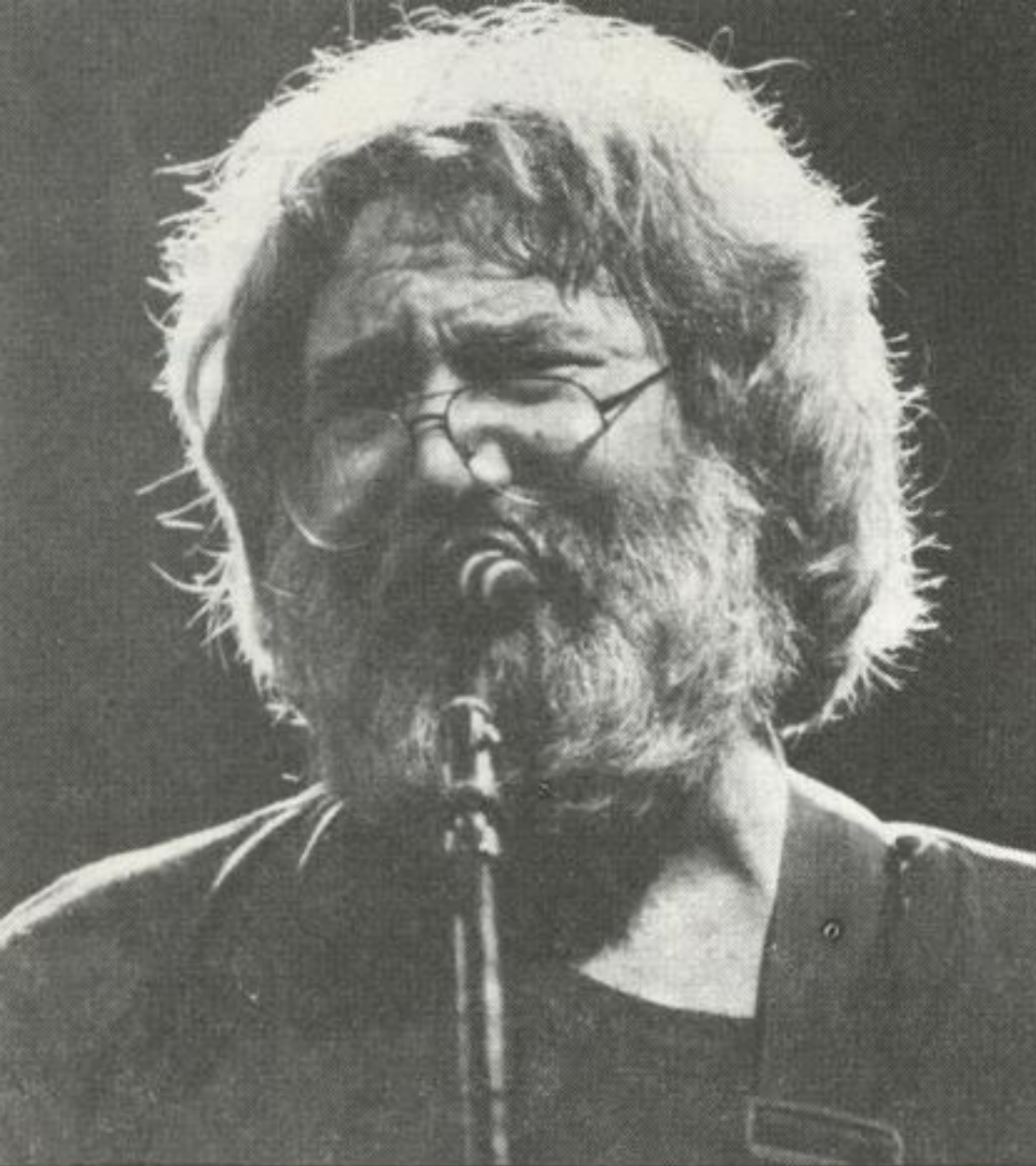
During the latter part of the ’70s, Max contributed to the creative campaign for America’s bicentennial and became involved on a grass-roots level with the Statue of Liberty project.

His early work with the Liberty organization resulted in his being asked to draw variations of

Brett Pauly



Mitch Hochman



GARCIA—Doing well

July 2 show at Akron and during the July 7 show at D.C.

"Little Red Rooster," "Don't Think Twice It's Alright" and "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue" were the numbers Dylan guested on at Akron, while he appeared for "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue" and "Desolation Row" at D.C. Both ap

Where's Phil and the Dead when you need them? *Rolling Stone* reported in its July summer issue that Dylan often suddenly launched into songs the Heartbreakers had not rehearsed or hardly knew. "One night," recalled Petty band member Benmont Tench, "Dylan turns around and goes, 'Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues,' which we'd never played!"

Acoustic Hot Tuna, Relix Records recording artists Jorma Kaukonen and Jack Casady, promoting their August 23 outdoor concert at New York City's Pier 84, appeared on WNEW disc jockey Pete Fornatale's "Mixed Bag" Sunday morning program on August 17.

The duo played three songs, including "Broken Highway" (from Kaukonen's 1985 Relix album, *Too Hot To Handle*) and "Walkin' Blues," during which Casady shined on bass and reminisced about their days together.

The pair first met as college students in Washington, D.C., in 1959, and over the course of the next several years and several relocations, the Jefferson Airplane was launched. With a touch of disbelief, the two noted it was just a week before, August 13, that marked the 21st anniversary of the Airplane's first performance at the Matrix in San Francisco.

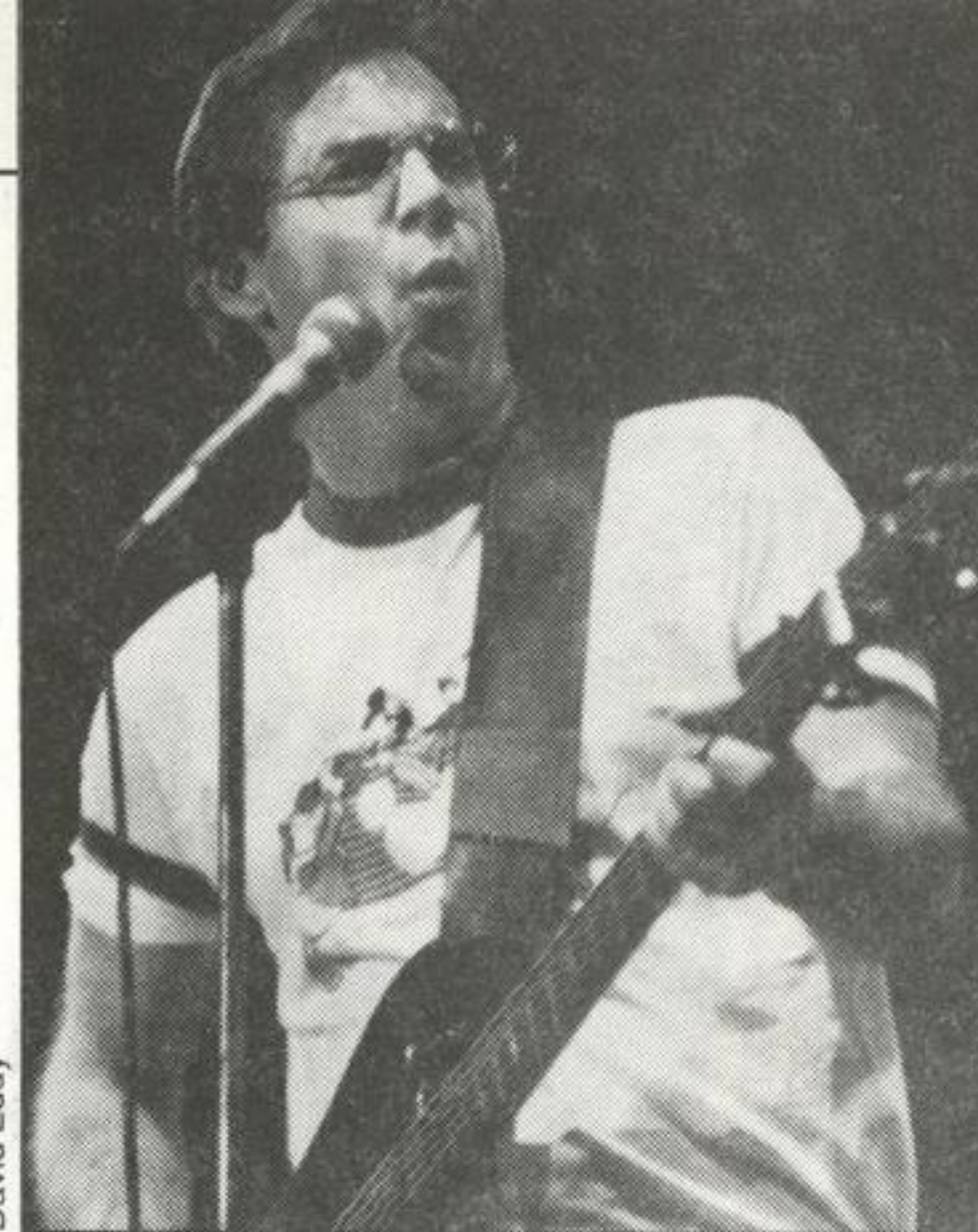
Hot Tuna, they said, began in 1969 during Airplane tours when they'd play together in the hotel rooms they shared on the road.

After Tuna split up in 1978, Kaukonen and Casady played in various bands before reuniting in January, 1986. Meanwhile, the Kantner-Balin-Casady Band is mixing their album, due for release in the fall (and to be backed with a tour), on Arista Records. Apparently, the KBC Band did not use Jerry Garcia as a reference in negotiating with Arista president Clive Davis.

The highlight of the well-conducted interview was Jorma and Jack's talking about their favorite Jefferson Airplane album. Jack, who today still lives in San Francisco, said his was *Surrealistic Pillow*, while Jorma, currently a Woodstock, N.Y., resident, opted for *Bless Its Pointed Little Head* because of its "live energy."

As the conversation drifted to the various personnel Jack and Jorma have played with over the years, the two seemed a little unsure, which prompted John Platty, their host, to remark, "Well, that's what *Relix* magazine is for—to trace the family trees of those bands!"

A Woodstock honorary concert was held in Brandywine, Maryland, on August 16, the 17th anniversary weekend of the event. The show featured Country Joe McDonald, John Sebastian and others, and benefited the Vietnam Veterans of America education fund.



JOHN SEBASTIAN with NRBQ—Summerfest '86

"In the Strangest of Places Dept.": The July 11 *Wall Street Journal* ran an expose about concert taping entitled, "It Doesn't Disturb the Dead at All That Tapers Abound."

The Jeffrey Zaslow article covered the problems and efforts to thwart taping experienced by artists such as Joe Jackson, Bruce Springsteen and Bob Dylan. Also featured was a look at the Deadheads' taping methodology; one taper revealed he has his mom do the dirty work of sneaking his equipment in because "security won't check a mother." Another taper commented, "(I tape because) I want a keepsake, like the girl who saves the corsage after the prom."

Incidentally, the no-taping policy at the Dylan-Dead shows I saw in Buffalo and D.C. seemed to be quite well observed . . .

The 15th Annual Rainbow Family Gathering of the Tribes took place on July 4 in Warren County, Pennsylvania, among the Alleghany



PETER NOONE (formerly of Hermans Hermits) performs at Summerfest

Mitch Hochman

David Eddy

David Eddy

his Statue Design for Presidents Carter and Reagan, which are on display in the White House.

Max's work has more recently, during the 1980s, adorned the cover of *U.S. News and World Report*. He has also created a commemorative stamp for the 1982 World's Fair.

The New York artist said the world needs "a mass-global effort in the '80s to fulfill the spirit of the '60s." He cited promoter Bill Graham's work with the Amnesty International concerts as an example.

On July 4, 1986, Max unveiled a new Statue of Liberty delineate, set against a background of strawberries, in Central Park's Strawberry Fields, the province honoring John Lennon. The proceeds from the work go to the Lennon Foundation.

A retrospective of Max's work on the Statue of Liberty was on exhibit at Jack's Gallery in New York's Soho district during the summer, 1986.

The first single from Cyndi Lauper's new album, scheduled for release on September 12, will be a cover of "Iko Iko."

The *Washington (D.C.) Times* included a four-page supplement about Bob Dylan, Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers the the Dead in its July 6 edition in deference to the July 6 and 7 concerts there.

The *Buffalo News* ran a piece, entitled "Deadheads Grateful to Be Here," in its July 4 pressing which told of, among other things, two upstate New Yorkers busted with more than 200 hits of LSD while on their way to the show. And I was wondering why everyone looked so straight that day . . .

The following day, a happier report in the *Buffalo News*, wrote of a local sheriff "singing the praises" of Deadheads' conduct, this despite one of the most ludicrous sets of circumstances anyone ever undertook just to arrive and park at Buffalo's Rich Stadium. We had to pay some family \$5.00 to park on their lawn.

Dylan performed with the Dead during the



Toni A. Brown

Mountains.

The Rainbow Family "professes common goals," and on this day they held a one-hour prayer circle at noon, during which people held hands and prayed for world peace.

Three of New York's top rock-n-roll stations have been paying homage to the '60s. WNEW has a daily feature called "The Psychedelic Snack." WXRK plays a "Psychedelic Six-Pack" each day and WAPP features a similar segment. All three programs highlight music and interviews from the decade that changed the world and music forever.

KINGFISH in front of Pulsations in Phila. Opening for Hot Tuna



Rob Cohn

Kingfish at Ranch Rock '86 featuring Matt Kelly, special guests Bob Weir and John Cipollina, Jimmy Sanchez (hidden by drums), Ana Rizzo, Steve Evans, Steve Kimock and Barry Flast (not pictured).

Additionally, WNEW dubbed July 13 as "Psychedelic Sunday," playing the music of that era all day, and celebrated the 17th anniversary of Woodstock with a "Woodstock Weekend," the highlight of which was DJ Pete Fornatale's weekly "Saturday Morning Sixties" program.

About Dead cover songs, these original artists had this to say:

Keith Richards on the Rolling Stones' "Satisfaction": "I wrote it overnight at the London Hilton, which was a big deal because I could now afford to stay there. I woke up from a dream, turned on the tape machine, laid the riff down, and fell asleep. The next morning I played it back, and there it was, followed by 40 minutes of snoring."

Steve Winwood on the Spencer Davis Group's "Gimme Some Lovin'": "It was fun and easy to sing and I was only 16 at the time!"

Ken Kesey appeared at New York City's Town Hall on 9/4 as part of a national tour to promote his new Viking Press book, *Demon Box*.

The Oregon author and farmer read two selections from the work, the second accompanied by a five-piece band (including his son, Zane, on percussion). Kesey held a question and answer session with the audience, and then concluded the evening by performing three musical numbers. Following the show, Kesey signed books in the lobby.

The show wound through Portland, Eugene, Boulder, New York, Chicago and Pendleton, Oregon, site of the nation's oldest rodeo, which is the subject of a screenplay Kesey has completed.

*A special thanks is in line to the following folks for their support and contributions to the "Fragments" column: Toni and Les at Relix; Bob and Terry in Manhattan; my brother Chris, and Sandy and Jeff in Eugene. I can't do it without you!*

#### Additional Fragments by Toni

Robert Hunter has gone back on the road for a month long tour, following a year and a half hiatus. His acoustic performances include new material, as well as old favorites.

Joining Hunter on several of his dates is a band called Go Ahead. The name might not sound familiar, but members include Billy

Kreutzmann, Brent Mydland, Dave Margen, Alex Ligertwood and Jerry Cortes. We'll include reviews of these performances in our February issue, as the next issue of Relix is our year-end Photo Special.

By now, you should've heard about the surprisingly successful Monkees 20th Anniversary Reunion Tour. Peter Tork, Davy Jones and Micky Dolenz were joined by fellow Monkee Mike Nesmith (now a successful film producer) for one date in L.A. Rhino Records has re-issued all nine Monkees albums, five of which have entered the Billboard top 100 chart.

Ranch Rock '86 was deemed a rousing success by those that attended. Some of the finest music out of San Francisco was featured. Acts included Zero, Problem Child (John Cipollina and Greg Douglas' new band), Kingfish with Bob Weir on vocals, and Mickey and the

Daylites—featuring special guest Robert Hunter. This was certainly a mix and match set of musicians. Many artists that appeared are involved with more than one band that was featured. Of course, Cipollina sat in with everyone besides his two bands, Zero and Problem Child. Steve Kimock (guitarist extraordinaire), now a member of Kingfish, also played with his other band, Zero. Appearing with Mickey and the Daylites was—Mickey Hart, Robert Hunter, Dave Jenkins (Pablo Cruise) on guitar, Bobby Vega on bass (also with Zero) and David Freiberg on keyboards. The Daylites were later joined by Barry Melton and Kathi McDonald.

Bob Weir, who appeared sporting a cast, contributed vocals to Kingfish. He was unable to play guitar due to a broken shoulder which occurred as a result of a dirt bike accident. Ranch Rock '86 took place in Bordertown, CA, sixteen miles northeast of Reno. Sorry, I missed it!

Summerfest '86 was held at the site that held US Festivals in years past. 7,000 people attended that first day's events, according to festival organizer Bob Crosby. Appearing at the two day festival were the Chambers Brothers, Paul Butterfield, Peter Noone, War, Country Joe, John Sebastian with NRBQ, Canned Heat, Spirit, Blues Image and others.

Our belated congratulations to Relix photographer Bob Minkin on his recent marriage to Anne Zuckerman. The Minkin's can be seen at many New York area events, Nikon in tow.

*Special thanx to Mark Lichtenberger and David Eddy.*

#### GRATEFUL DEAD TOUR DATES

Dec. 15, 16, 17—Oakland Coliseum  
Dec. 27, 28, 30, 31—Kaiser Auditorium

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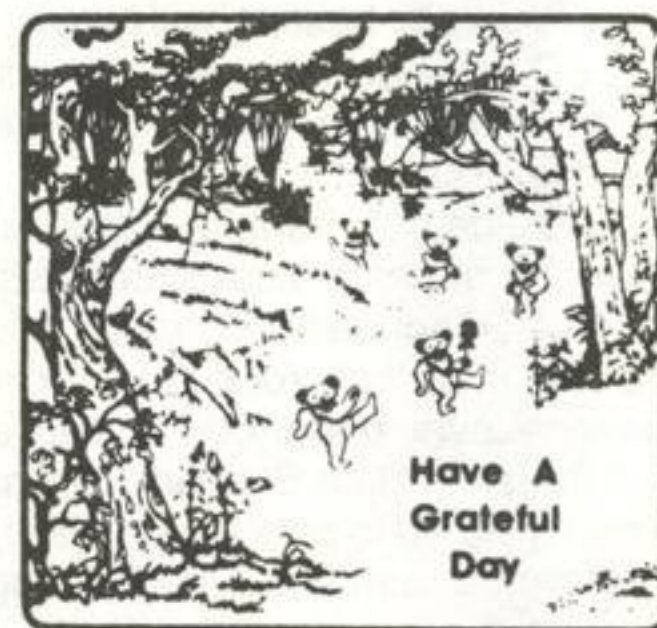


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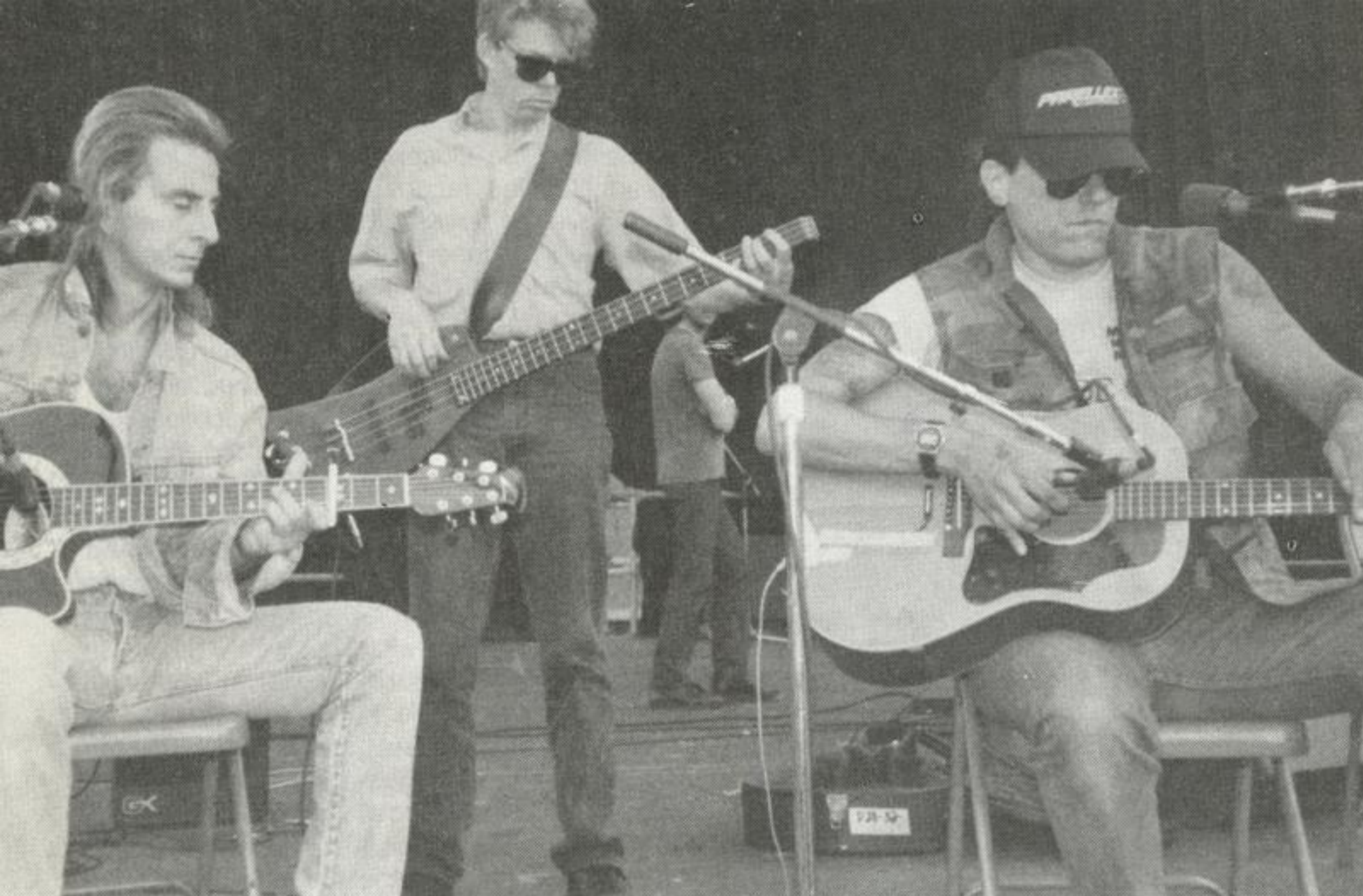
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WHOLESALE INQUIRIES INVITED

Joey Balin, Jack Casady and Jorma Kaukonen—The Pier



L.D. Kippel

## Music on the Pier:

by William Ruhlmann

### The Summer's Best Parking Lot Festival

If you were to pass Pier 84, which greets the Hudson River in New York at about 44th Street, on a clear day in February, you would see a bare lot behind a chainlink fence, home to the occasional flock of seagulls and nothing more. But try stopping by some midweek night in July or August, and it's a different story. Scaffolding backs up against the highway, curtains cover the fence. Inside, portable chairs and bleachers support up to 8,000 fans, and on a big stage appear some of the biggest names in popular music.

The variety of performers presented in the nearly three-month concert series is always amazing, and was no less so in 1986. Beginning with Mike & the Mechanics June 23, it included everything from pop to blues to jazz to country to black music, with several variations on rock 'n' roll in between. So here's a survey of about half of those shows.

On July 10, Van Morrison appeared. Morrison is a performer whose style embraces nearly all the musical genres mentioned above, and he used those and a few unique sounds of his own in a show running an hour and three-quarters. The last time Morrison toured the U.S. was in 1985, following a six-year absence, and then he was opening his set with a medley of his biggest hits, even including classics like "Gloria" and "Here Comes The Night" from his days with Them. This time, Morrison must have felt that he didn't need to introduce himself, because he launched the show with an unannounced song from his then-unreleased new album, *No Guru, No Method, No Teacher*. The rest of the evening would prove a heavy leaning toward material from his 1980s albums.

Though perhaps less familiar to his audience than earlier songs, selections such as "She Gives Me Religion" and "Haunts Of Ancient Peace" match anything from his work of the early seventies. And Morrison was able to cherry-pick that work, too, including a surprising rendition of "Ballerina" from his masterwork, *Astral Weeks*, and encoring with a stirring "St. Dominic's Preview."

A special pairing on July 25 was Joan

Armatrading and Graham Nash. Armatrading has been turning out consistently high quality work since she first attracted notice with the ballad "Love and Affection" in 1976, mixing folk, rock and reggae and singing in an affecting, multi-octave voice that's made her a strong cult artist in the U.S. and a star in Europe.

Nash, in a nearly hour-long opening set, appeared with two backup musicians, one a guitarist and the other manning synthesizers to recreate the sounds of a full band. The taped drum samples must have been audible in New Jersey, since they far overshadowed Nash's familiar reedy voice.

Nominally, he was there to promote his solo album, *Innocent Eyes*, and he did that admirably with a song dedicated to the then incarcerated David Crosby, "Glass and Steel." He also played a few earlier solo songs, and didn't hesitate to perform a clutch of Crosby, Stills and Nash songs.

Naturally, songs like "Just a Song Before I Go," "Our House," and "Teach Your Children" turned out to be the highlights of his set, and one could be forgiven for hearing the old familiar harmonies and imagining Nash's old

compatriots up there with him. As it was, 8,000 singers did their best to make up the lack.

One of the most eagerly anticipated shows of the series would have to have been Santana's appearance July 31. Last year, Santana's nearly three hours onstage were one of the highlights of the summer. Despite the start of what would turn out to be intermittent heavy showers for the rest of the evening, a sold-out crowd was on its feet already when Bill Graham stepped to the front of the stage to say, "We are from San Francisco and this is Santana."

As they had last year, Santana stayed onstage playing without a let-up for more than two and a half hours. In a sense, the band just played one long jam, a jam that resolved itself at various points into songs. The big surprise was that the band's new vocalist is Buddy Miles, who proved to any doubters that he is still *the* Buddy Miles when he sang "Changes" and "We Got To Live Together" half way through. As usual for a Santana vocalist, however, he was employed only part-time.

This is a band that still believes in the solo, and in addition to workouts from Carlos himself, keyboard players Chester Thompson and Tom Costa were given spotlights, as was bassist Alphonso Johnson, whose solo was a concert unto itself. Salsa flutist Dave Valentin was one of several Latin players who joined the band at the end for more solos.

So, with all this music, why was Santans a disappointment? Because the show lacked focus, drifting from song to song, constantly returning to "Soul Sacrifice" to pump up the energy level, but then meandering off into another solo, and another, and another, that's why. More than two hours in, the band encored with "Light My Fire" and a clutch of its earliest hits: "Black Magic Woman," "Oye Como Va," "Evil Ways," and "Jingo." It took such a replay of fifteen-year old triumphs to turn this show into a success, and it shouldn't have. This was the sound of a good band on an off night.

August 4 saw the pop-rock billing of the summer, as Los Angeles came to New York for an evening with Mr. Mister and the Bangles. Two Number One hits have propelled the former band from nobodies to headliners, but their 70-minute set suggested that they haven't yet adjusted to the change. A fancy, multi-layered set, fancy, computerized, rotating lights, even fancy clothes were all described by bassist/lead singer Richard Page as new to the act. At least these additions provided a little

L.D. Kippel



PAUL KANTER visits Hot Tuna and Joey Balin at the Pier