

DEAD

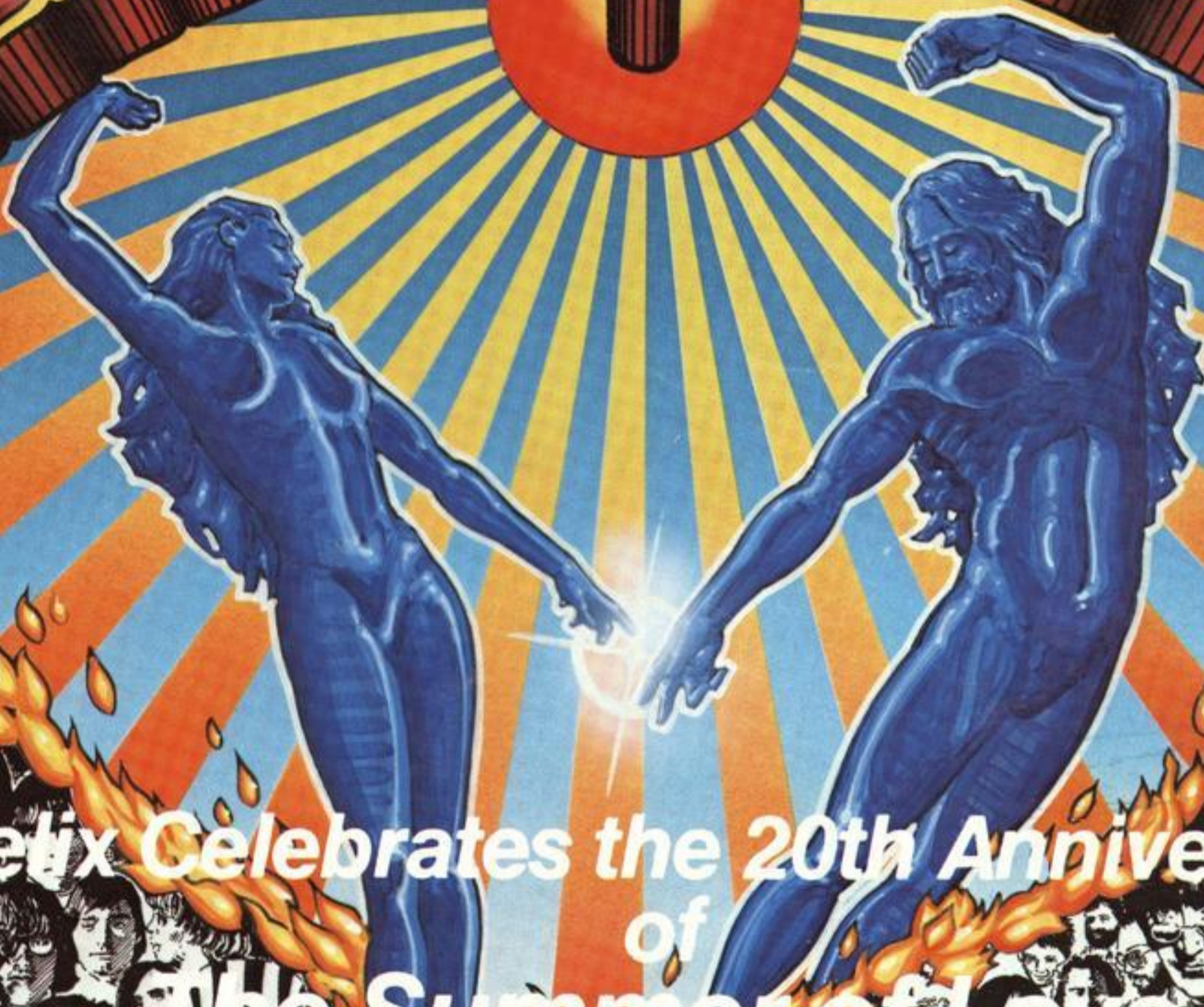
Vol. 14  
No. 3

\$3.50

DOUBLE ISSUE!

65463

# Relix



Relix Celebrates the 20th Anniversary  
of  
The Summer of Love



# 20

© KROMM '87

# ANNIVERSARY

1967  1987



© RELIX '87

# Why go for Relix, when Relix can come to you?



With a subscription to Relix, you get 6 issues filled with the Grateful Dead, Springsteen, Doors, Stones and *all* of our favorite groups.



## REGULAR SUBSCRIPTION Value 1

5 issues \$2.50 × 5 ..... **\$12.50**  
 The photo special ..... **\$3.00**  
 \*And a 20 word classified ad\* ..... **\$9.00**  
**Total Value** ..... **\$24.50**

**YOU PAY ONLY \$15.50**

## SUBSCRIPTION AND "T" SHIRT Value 2

5 issues \$2.50 × 5 ..... **\$12.50**  
 The photo special ..... **\$3.00**  
 Commemorative T+shirt\* ..... **\$9.00**  
 \*And a 20 word classified ad\* ..... **\$9.00**  
**Total Value** ..... **\$33.50**

**YOU PAY ONLY \$23.50**

## SUBSCRIPTION AND BACK ISSUES Value 3

5 issues \$2.50 × 5 ..... **\$12.50**  
 The photo special ..... **\$3.00**  
 \*\$20.00 Credit towards purchase of back issues\* ..... **\$20.00**  
 \*And a 20 word classified ad\* ..... **\$9.00**  
**Total Value** ..... **\$44.50**

**YOU PAY ONLY \$34.00**

**RELIX MAGAZINE**, Subscription Dept.,  
 Box 94, Brooklyn, NY 11229

Send me 5 issues and the Photo Album.  
 I have enclosed:

U.S.A. \_\_\_\_\_ \$15.50 enclosed \_\_\_\_\_ 2 year subscription \$31.00  
 Foreign \_\_\_\_\_ \$19.00 enclosed \_\_\_\_\_ 2 years \$38.00  
 Start my subscription with \_\_\_\_\_ This issue  
 \_\_\_\_\_ Next issue

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_



**RELIX MAGAZINE**, Subscription Dept.,  
 Box 94, Brooklyn, NY 11229

Send Me:

# Value #2	# Value #3
U.S.A. _____ \$23.50 (1 year)	U.S.A. _____ \$34.00 (1 year)
Foreign _____ \$27.00 (1 year)	Foreign _____ \$38.00 (1 year)
U.S.A. _____ \$39.00 (2 years)	U.S.A. _____ \$49.50 (2 years)

T-shirt size: S M L XL

Back issues desired \_\_\_\_\_

Start my subscription with \_\_\_\_\_ This issue \_\_\_\_\_ Next issue \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_



\*Please note all prices above include postage and handling. All items subject to availability and we reserve the right of substitution upon supply. All free ads must be supplied with subscription. If no ad is provided, we will assume you do not wish an ad. All ads will be placed in the most available issue of Relix. **Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for your checks to clear and processing of your subscription.** We reserve the right to refuse any classified ad due to weirdness.



# SUMMER OF LOVE & Highlights of 1967

SPECIAL THANKS TO THE ARTISTS · PHOTOGRAPHERS & HISTORIANS OF THIS TIME FOR THEIR INSPIRATION

DEAD

# RELIX

## MUSIC FOR THE MIND

**LESLIE D. KIPPEL**  
PUBLISHER

**TONI A. BROWN**  
MANAGING EDITOR

**William Ruhlmann**  
Associate Editor

**Richard F. Wilson**  
Controller

### Writers

<b>Allen Vorda</b>	<b>Cary Krosinsky</b>
<b>Peter Gambaccini</b>	<b>William Hartel</b>
<b>Antonia Bell</b>	<b>Joe Harrington</b>
<b>Susan Jelcich</b>	<b>Charles Lamey</b>
<b>Greg Anton</b>	<b>Jeff Tamarkin</b>
<b>Scott Allen</b>	<b>Buddy Cage</b>
<b>Jon Butcher</b>	<b>John Kruth</b>
<b>Janet Butler</b>	<b>Tom Lounges</b>
<b>Tim Cain</b>	<b>Rosina Rubin</b>
<b>Jim Dadey</b>	<b>Kim Simmonds</b>
<b>Adam Goldberg</b>	<b>Mick Skidmore</b>
<b>Jimbo Juanis</b>	<b>Tierney Smith</b>
<b>Patricia Kowalsky</b>	<b>Hardy Smith</b>

### Photographers

<b>Jay Blakesberg</b>	<b>Kurt Mahoney</b>
<b>Chris Fallo</b>	<b>Glenn Mar</b>
<b>Arthur L. Field</b>	<b>Robert Minkin</b>
<b>Brian Gold</b>	<b>J. P. Niehuser</b>
<b>Mitch Hochman</b>	<b>Dave Patrick</b>
<b>Gary Kahn</b>	<b>Brett Pauly</b>
<b>Michael Kirschner</b>	<b>Chester Simpson</b>
<b>Lisa Law</b>	<b>Bob Teese</b>

**Gary Kroman**  
**Michael Swartzbeck**  
**W. Dire Wolff**  
**Steve Johannsen**  
Staff Artists

**Brooklyn Bridge Publications**  
**B. Katchor**  
Typesetting and Design

**Florence Weiderlight**  
Office Manager

cover art by  
**Gary Kroman**

In memory of  
**Paul Butterfield**

RELIX MAGAZINE (UPS 401850 is published bi-monthly by Relix Magazine, Inc., P.O. Box 94, Brooklyn, NY 11229. Printed in the USA. © Copyright 1987 by RELIX MAGAZINE, Inc.

Subscription rates: \$15.50 for 6 issues.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or any information storage or retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. RELIX assumes no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, photographs or illustrations.

All manuscripts and photographs submitted become the property of RELIX and are not returnable unless agreed upon in advance by the publisher and solicitor in writing, and may be used in the future at any time by the magazine in any form unless other specific arrangements have been made in advance. To be properly credited and reimbursed, photograph must be stamped with the name of photographer as he wishes to be credited, and the full address at which the photographer may be contacted.

Second class postage paid at Brooklyn, N.Y. Additional entry fee paid for mailing in New York, N.Y. POSTMASTER please send form 3576 to P.O. 94, Brooklyn, NY 11229.

JUNE/AUGUST 1987

# CONTENTS

- 6 **Farewell to Uncle John's Band**  
by Bill Breen
- 8 **A Day In The Life** by Xavier Monk
- 9 **It's Been Twenty Years Since Sgt. Pepper Taught the Band to Play** by Mark Miller
- 12 **Beatles for Sale, or Beatlemoneya The New Beatlemania** by William Hartel
- 15 **Paul Butterfield, 1942-1987**  
by William Ruhlmann
- 16 **Muddy Waters Remembered**  
by Susan Jelcich
- 18 **Classic Rock, A look at radio today**  
by Peter Gambaccini
- 20 **Dan Healy, A history of sound**  
by Lee Zarde
- 22 **The Summer of Love, Remembered by those who were there**  
by William Ruhlmann
- 24 **Roky Erickson: A picture of Roky's Horror Show** by Allan Vorda
- 26 **Janis Joplin: Twenty years later**  
by Antonia Bell
- 31 **Ball and Chain** by Frank Dalecki
- 32 **Love** by Stewart Hickey
- 32 **"the Sinkers"** by Mike Swartzbeck
- 34 **Truth is Beauty (Even if it's about drugs)**  
by Greg Anton
- 35 **Pink Floyd** by Hardy Stone
- 38 **Poster Renaissance** by William Ruhlmann
- 40 **Jimi Hendrix: The man behind the legend**  
by Christine Wilson
- 42 **Summer of Love Photo Spread**
- 44 **One Summer of Love, Many Mornings of Hate - 1967 Reconsidered**  
by Joe Harrington
- 46 **A Reunion, of sorts** by Rosanne Soifer
- 47 **Shopping Mall Blues** by Kim Simmonds
- 48 **The Renaissance of Jerry Garcia**  
by Cary Krosinsky
- 50 **Spring Training** by Adam Goldberg
- 54 **The Grateful Dead/Meadowlands Arena**  
by William Ruhlmann
- 55 **Song Lists/Tour Dates**
- 58 **My Wife was a Teenage Deadhead**  
by Steve Barancik
- 59 **Back at The Fillmore: 20 years later**  
by Jimbo Juanis
- 60 **The John Cipollina Story**  
by William Ruhlmann
- 62 **Out of Touch - Out of Mind - Out of Sight**  
by Buddy Cage
- 63 **Moby Grape** by Charles P. Lamey
- 64 **A Summer of Love Tour** by Charles P. Lamey
- 66 **The Depth of the Sounds of San Francisco**  
by Charles P. Lamey
- 68 **1967: A Vinyl Retrospective**  
by Mick Skidmore
- 70 **Fragments** by Scott Allen and Toni
- 72 **Bay Area Bits** by Jimbo Juanis
- 74 **Tales of the Bum Barrel** by Dire Wolff
- 75 **It's Alive/Concert Reviews**
- 77 **Vital Vinyl** by Tierney Smith
- 78 **Independent's Daze** by Mick Skidmore
- 80 **Craft Corner/Want Pages**

# EDITORIAL

Dear Readers,

It was Spring. I remember walking down West 8th Street in New York's Greenwich Village, holding daffodils, the scents of patchouli and jasmine oils engulfing me in their scents. The bells that hung from the belt loop of my very worn jeans, the strands of colored beads that hung from my neck, my hair long and flowing. I felt as if I walked in a dream, and everyone within this private world was beautiful.

I remember smiling a lot back then. There was so much love, I could feel it. In my naivety, I removed myself from my family. The distance between me and my peers became increasingly obvious.

A year earlier, some girls in my neighborhood would taunt me. They'd wait until I'd leave my house, and they'd follow me, calling, "hippie chick" and worse. This all came to a head the time they decided to get physical. I was carrying some of my favorite albums under my arm, when there they were. They took my records, ripped up the sleeves and used the vinyl as frisbees. I didn't say a word. I felt sad for them. They just didn't get it. But they never did bother me again.

Years later, I ran into one of those girls. She took me aside and apologized for that time, it had bothered her ever since. She said they just couldn't understand what was happening back then, but in retrospect, they all envied me for finding my identity so early in life.

Some valuable lessons were learned in those years. They were powerful times. I'm glad I had the opportunity to live life during a time that was nothing short of magic.

Well, here it is, our tribute to the Summer of Love. Twenty years have passed. I remember wondering, so many years ago, how the era would be interpreted historically. I never dreamed I would be in the position to chronicle those times.

My thanks to the writers, photographers and artists who have shared their views for this special issue. And, of course, I have to extend my heartfelt gratitude to the musicians that made those years so special. Many are no longer making music, but their statements live on. As for the musicians still sharing their creativity with the world, it is an honor to work with you. Thank you for continuing a tradition.

The Summer of Love was more than a title concocted by the media...much more. Let the love live...pass it on through the children.

Peace and Love,  
Toni A. Brown



Note: This is a double issue. There will be no Vol. 14, #4 as it has been combined with this issue. Have a happy summer.

# PSYCHEDELIC SOLUTION

SA '87



20 YEARS...

BUT A DROP IN TIME

STRICTLY PSYCHEDELIC • FINE ART • POSTERS •  
POSTCARDS • HANDBILLS • BOOKS and PARTIES  
33 W. 8<sup>th</sup> St., 2nd Floor • New York, N.Y. 10011  
(212) 529-2402 • Call or Write for Information.



## Farewell to Uncle John's Band

by Bill Breen

In the early Seventies Jerry Garcia wasn't much of a guitarist, not the way the rock music world perceived him. He was the pedal steel link between Owsley and Hank on Crosby's "Laughing"; the chief navigator on Kantner's *Starship*; the producer of countrified effects on Brewer and Shipley's peyote chants. And he was vaguely known as the leader of the Grateful Dead, that anarchic Hells Angels house band immortalized for their length of hair and lack of bread by the Cowsills. But when Garcia released his solo album in '71, it was significant enough to be noted as a harbinger of dissolution.

"Solo" opposed "group," the fountainhead of Sixties rock. The Beatles were not so much a band as they were a group. In a scene from *Help* they walked through four different doors but entered the same home. The implication was clear—they were four different guys grouping together to produce one sound. When McCartney came out with his solo album it was the same as decreeing divorce. The Beatles died on the threshold of the Seventies, replaced in America by David, Stephen and Graham, who eschewed the communal. After all, they didn't call themselves the Avocados, they called themselves Crosby, Stills and Nash. They weren't a group so much as a composite of solo careers.

By '71 the tribal forces of the Sixties were splintering. It seemed a shame that a group which could produce a song like, say "Ripple" was doing the same. Strange though, because "Ripple" gropes toward a shared experience, realized in music.

Of course the Dead were nowhere near breaking up. Their sound was peaking. Where 1972 brought the flood of commercial success, 1970 marked the band's creative watershed. Nonmusically it was a dire year indeed. It saw the aftermath of Altamont and the New Orleans drug bust, Lenny Hart abscond with the band's money, the death of Garcia's mother and Lesh's father. In a 1971 *Rolling Stone* interview, Garcia pugnaciously contended that "music can contain the black despair." Perhaps adversity pushed the Dead to greater heights.

The spare sound of 1970's *Workingman's Dead* and *American Beauty* produced some of their finest songs, "Everyone of 'ems a gem," a claim that Garcia would find hard to make about any of the Dead's successive studio albums. And in '70 the band stretched out and made that sound soar, producing some of their hottest shows: Harper College, Portchester, MIT, the Fillmores.

In '71 I worked as a wrangler near the Colorado/Wyoming border. It was there that I first heard the Dead, on a country music station broadcasting out of Cheyenne. High on a bluff, the ranch overlooks the Little Snake River. The nearest Wyoming town is Baggs, a gas station/cafe/saloon at a crossroads on rte. 789. That year the people of Baggs drove around in Ford Broncos with bumper stickers noting that the peace sign is a "chicken's footprint". Most of the men, and not a few of the women, looked like working versions of the Marlboro Man. It surprised no one when that hippie walked into the Baggs bar and got his freak flag of freedom shorn by several pairs of sheep shears.

The Colorado town nearest to the ranch was Steamboat Springs, on the other side of the Zirkel wilderness. Steamboat was a cowboy town too. On the outskirts the freaks were building the ski village, and for a while there were some god awful fights between the two factions. But that kind of energy is hard to sustain, and gradually the hippies were left to pound nails and head for the hot springs, and

the cowboys were left to ride the range and raise hell in town. Sometimes the two would meet up, and an uneasy accord would be reached. In a bar I watched a Mr. and Mrs. Iowa walk in, take a look around, and leave with the exclamation that "There's nothing but hippies and cowboys in here!" Ah, the first glimmer of a bond.

Hippies and cowboys. The Dead are both. And in '71 many a Dead freak was out on the edge, living the new maxim. One of them was on the ranch, a buddy of mine who had migrated from Massachusetts with a pound of pot as his grubstake. He spent the winter sleighing hay to cattle in chest deep snow, and birthing calves in the bunk house kitchen. In March, when one of the ranchers up and died, he joined several cowboys in digging the grave. They lit a bonfire to soften the frozen ground and dug all night. On a break he lit a joint. They eyed him but let him be. You don't quarrel with a working man. He was one of them.

In some ways the Dead mirror the cowboy families of the Little Snake River Valley who, generations ago, had sought out the frontier. They have a "don't tread on me" code of individuality. They survive communally—burying their dead, pitching in to put up the hay before the snows. They love the freedom to drive down the wrong side of the road, not caring about who is coming down the other. They live by working, by the work done between wrangling at dawn and putting up camp after dark. They stand so far to the right, they verge on the left. Reverse it and you've got the Dead.

*Workingman's Dead* is about work—"working your ass off." It's the culmination of months of writing and practicing, living and working together. As Garcia recalled, "It was the first record that we made together as a group." Its ethic is work, redefined. According to Garcia work isn't sacrifice but "contributing your own positive energy . . . What I'm doing is my work, but I'm playing." The Grateful Dead is the cumulative effort of individuals working together, showing that, after all, the commune could make it. Their durability doesn't come from indolence.

*Workingman's Dead* is stripped down music about stripped down people—American working people. Like Americans in general, its mood is cautiously optimistic. It's pragmatic in its recognition of the ying and yang of human existence—the brightness of "Uncle John's Band," the dark underbelly of "New Speedway Boogie." Its focus is on people who are pushed to the limits of their own frontiers—the miner who can't escape his woman or the mines in "Cumberland Blues"; the guy who gambles for his life with the "Dire Wolf"; Pig Pen wrestling with the juice, issuing his self fulfilled prophecy in "Easy Wind." In making their portrait of America's working folk, the Dead weren't interested in any message. But what emerges from



*Workingman's Dead* is an exhortation to work, work together. If you do, you may succeed.

A rather frustrated guy named Devine, whose job it was to artificially inseminate the Valley's heifers, lived in a cabin outside Baggs. He was the only one around who had a record player. After work one day we went there to hear *Live Dead*, released around New Year's 1970. The album's inner photos—Garcia grinning with a stiletto, Hart drumming like a mad pirate—presented the only freaks to impress my cowboy friends. That was pleasing. Someone built a fire in the backyard. We sat around it watching the setting sun pull the color from the sky, and heard the opening bass notes of "Dark Star."

The acoustic albums hint that the Dead could kick into overdrive any time they wished. *Live Dead* shows them doing so with a vengeance. It's the Dead's equivalent to jazz, where form is abandoned to a few points of reference, where time stops and space is filled with all that they have known. The dynamics of *Live Dead* are in no small way due to the band's supportive yet vary different players, Tom Constanten and Pig Pen.

Other keyboardists have brought mere coloring to the Dead's music. Yet at a time when the band was wildly improvisational—on *Live Dead* everyone solos, simultaneously—T.C. added a fully realized, extra dimension to their layers of sound. It might be coincidental, it's certainly curious, that after he left them the Dead moved from idiosyncratic, polyrhythmic pieces to songs. As for Pig Pen, the Grateful Dead wouldn't be the same band were he still alive. Can you image him on the cover of *Go to Heaven*? Put simply, Pig Pen gave the band its balls. He is sorely missed.

Though Lesh and Garcia are now passionately worshipped regardless of their performance, fifteen years ago they were cheered and admonished like the heart of the lineup for the hometown baseball team. By '70, with their reluctance to lead the band, Constanten's departure and Pig Pen's diminished role, Weir began to emerge as a semi-frontman. He'd become an inventive rhythm guitarist, alternating between adding texture and subtly soloing, sometimes sounding like he was the only one playing the tune, but playing it in his own coyly eccentric manner. Never a great singer, Weir's Colorado accent—exaggerated or not—tinged the Dead's songs with a Western edge.

It's the Dead's songs that remain closest to the cerebrum and soul. Some of them are platforms for greater adventures, but by '70 they became notably easier to whistle. Hunter brought a wordsmith's sensibility to the lyrics, delighting in the readily identifiable: Pearly Baker and Red Grenadine, Little Ben clock and Willys jeep, River Junction and Big Foot County. These he used as a springboard to create his poetic milieu of those who choose, or are chosen, to live on life's periphery. Sounding like he's making sense even when he's not, Hunter skirted pop's favorite themes to write stories of the folk, and in doing so he gave his best songs an openended timelessness.

The Dead's vocalists fleshed out Hunter's material with their catalogue of covers. Garcia summoned the high lonesome sound of bluegrass, bringing us back to the Stanley Brothers and A.P. Carter; Weir mined the C and W vein of mothers, prisons and railroads via Merle Haggard and Marty Robbins; Pig Pen gave us the jagged blues of Howlin' Wolf and Ellmore James. The Dead absorbed genres of traditional American music, reinventing them ac-

ording to their own sensibility.

Kristofferson's great love story, "Me and Bobby McGee," becomes a song of loss and freedom under the Dead's handling. "Goin' Down the Road," Woody Guthrie's song of Depression era displacement, is alchemized by the Dead into a claim for the liberating possibilities of the road. Like Kerouac and Cassidy, the Dead sensed that the road is the gateway to American myth, and they plumbed its secrets as the "two broken down heroes of the Western night" had done before them.

It's the road that summons memories of the West. The scent of sage after a "twilight thunder with the rain falling down." Pushing cattle through the desert, gazing at the tabletop mountains as the "eagles fill the sky." Putting up fences, sweat staining the posts, cursing the Big Boss Man and making the night's promises. Heading for the high country to move sheep camp with the Wetbacks, listening to their Mexicali Blues tales of home in Chihuahua over a mesquite fire and bottle of tequila.

Though 1970 was the Dead's musical peak, from '69 until '75 their sound was practically seamless, though "Eyes of the World" hints that things might be getting unstuck. An instrumental powerhouse, its lyrics betray a narcissistic retreat from the American heartland to Marin mindlessness. Since '75 the Dead's sound has been tighter but somehow diminished, as many of the songs are unmemorable, and some of them are lesser rewrites of past successes. "Black Peter," with that climbing ensemble chorus and Pig Pen's funeral organ, is instrumentally superior to "It Must Have Been the Roses"; and death as told by the dying is much more compelling than a mere lament. Likewise with "The Music Never Stopped" and

"Playing in the Band," where the perspective from the audience is less interesting than from the stage, and the obnoxious exhortation to "Come on children, come on clap your hands" has none of the inventiveness of Hunter's biblical citation: "If a man among you has no sin upon his hand/Let him cast a stone at me for playing in the band".

Some post '75 songs like the timeless "Mission in the Rain" and "Terrapin Station" are quite successful, though the turtle is not the most potent metaphor for the cyclical nature of existence. Increasingly the Dead's live performances have been riddled by the interminable valleys of disco "Dancin'", punctuated by a few overly structured peaks. I miss past efforts of rising to the challenge of discovering, and rendering, unexplored musical terrain. The Dead didn't always meet that challenge, but there was something wonderful and human in watching them try. Now they jam the hell out of "Shakedown," but one wonders if the song is worth all the attention. Seems it's not just the town that's lost its heart.

Yet with the Dead, once the tune is heard and held near a bit of it remains, indelible. It has been four years since I was out West. But Maine, with its Cumberland County and Dead River, its frontier aspect that makes it the eastern equivalent to Alaska, is fertile ground for the Dead. In October '84 we headed for an extended camping trip into Maine's north woods, and stopped to see the Dead in Augusta. After the show, and all during the days hiking in the backwoods, when the darkness cupped the hills and folded the forest in, I looked for the nightfall of diamonds. I listened for the ripple in still water, I waited for the morning dew.

## 4 NEW SHIRTS FROM THE GRATEFUL DEAD



Blues for Allah



\*From the Dead Movie and The Summer 1986 Tour "T.V. SET"



Skeleton Surfer  
Order thru:

\$10.00

M, L, XL

\*Limited Availability to supply on hand



Chinese New Year  
"Year of the Hare"

Rockin' Relix, Inc., P.O. Box 92, Brooklyn, NY 11229



# A DAY IN THE LIFE

by Xavier Monk

**3**000 miles east of San Francisco the Summer of Love seeped luxuriously into my unsuspecting twelve-year-old mind. I'd seen "Penny Lane" and "Strawberry Fields Forever" "shorts" (the first rock videos? To these eyes anyway) on "Bandstand." Where'd they get those *moustaches*? And the Strawberry Fields one, that was *weird*, man, Beatles jumping backwards into trees and all. Something's happening here and you don't know what it is, do you Dick Clark?

My parents' *Life* magazine with the cover story on LSD arrived, and the pictures were, well, entrancing. I read the journal of the reporter who'd taken a dose with some real hippies, ("They lick the 'joint' so it will burn longer..."), grooved awhile, freaked out, and lived to tell about it. His last entry was a classic, something like "6 A.M.: I'm calm now. The effects have mostly subsided. A little dog just trotted into my room and barked some flowers."

But what really got that summer deep down in my tissues, soaked 'em good and brilliant, was one album, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*.

I know, I know, there were earlier, successful efforts at making rock LP's into a cohesive whole, but this one seemed to forever re-invent the notion of albums. An album could now be a work of art, a format, a *genre*.

Most of the summer, though, I didn't even own the LP: I heard it on the radio. It was amazing: none of *Sgt. Pepper's* songs were

singles, yet the local AM station played almost all of it at some point. They might air "Lucy in the Sky" one hour, "Lovely Rita" and "She's Leaving Home" the next and the "Sgt. Pepper's reprise" into "A Day in the Life" the next.

And it was magical, hearing that music while, out my window, the world blazed.

I read about hippies, I *heard* of the Grateful Dead, I played my last season of Little League, I listened to the radio and to "Baby You're A Rich Man" and "All You Need is Love" on my parents hi-fi.

I'm not sure what "love" meant that summer. Maybe in San Francisco or London it just meant "LSD" or "End the War." Maybe it meant a sort of fiercely wide-eyed "Awareness." Let's try it this way: If a friend of my generation closes a letter with Love, then Love means what it usually means. But if the letter's signed "Peace and Love," well, that's Summer of '67 Love, bolder, more social and full of promise. Sort of "The Deep Hope of Keen Awareness, and Joy for *Everybody*, man, dig?

I went back to school, into 8th grade, after the Summer of Love. A girl in one of my classes had stencilled a large capital L on her ring-binder notebook, and beside that other letter completing her triumvirate: "Love, Luke, LSD." I feel quite sure she'd never been near LSD. Maybe her parents subscribed to *Life*, too.

I got *Sgt. Pepper's* for my thirteenth birthday, just a few days before the end of the summer. I played it dozens of times, acting out little playlets in my head or dances in the living room, each song opening separate doors. Or, I'd just listen, listen carefully, and hold my hand over Paul McCartney's moustache on the inside cover, trying to get him to look like me.

Right around that time, as summer gave way to fall, Johnny Rivers came out with a modest

hit, "Summer Rain," a melancholy celebration of the magic (no other word seems as apt) of that summer. True, he, the narrator of the song, had spent those months groovin' in the sand and I hadn't, but his "jukebox" too had been "playing *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*." I was astounded. It was like, "Wow, this guy lived this summer, too. He felt it. He *got* it!"

A decade after the Summer of Love I sat in a tiny upstairs apartment, dusk coming on, the bead curtain that divided the kitchen from the sitting room glowing rather unnaturally, and suddenly I had a deep sense of lineage. I pictured this same apartment, and by extension thousands like it, all those bohemians who'd ever lived in digs like these, not wealthy but nonetheless rich, drinking in the glory of It All, at least for awhile. I thought of beatniks, of Parisian bohemians. I thought of hippies and that special *Life* magazine and also of that incident in, was it Tom Wolfe's book (?) where the rookie tripper says, "It isn't like in *Life* magazine, it just isn't like in *Life!*" The palimpsest was peeled back, that apartment was many apartments, and the Summer of Love lived on.

I haven't thought of Love much lately except in a more intimate way. But mentally playing the first several bars of "All You Need is Love," the bit from the French National Anthem and then that gorgeous trio of "love's" the Beatles sing, I realize that I need to peel my day-to-day concerns away more often, not as an exercise in nostalgia, but to rediscover and rediscover that other sense of Love, that broad one, which promises plenty. (But which only pays off when you don't expect it to.)

Then maybe I could really sing it with you, John Lennon. Then maybe could say, and mean, "It's easy..."





## It's Been Twenty Years Since Sgt. Pepper Taught The Band To Play

by Mark Miller

**A**S the history of the sixties is written, rewritten and revised, there is one thing that historians and critics will probably always agree on: *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* embodied that decade—or at least the latter part of it—better than anything else on vinyl. Think about it. Is there another album that captures the tumultuous sixties more than the Beatles' *Opus 15*?

But *Pepper* more than just captured the sixties—it was the sixties. Heady, colorful, dissident—it both shaped the tenor of life and beat with the pulse of the art and events which preceded it.

For those old enough to remember, *Pepper* conjures up familiar images, flashing them onto the brain like a musical video camera. Mini-skirts and chain belts, plaids and paislies, bold colors and vinyl dance into view. There is also LSD, Vietnam, a President named Johnson and a model called Twiggy.

Released the first week of June 1967, the album heralded in the Age of Aquarius. It was the clarion call for the so-called summer of love, the summer of Monterey Pop, the summer we trekked to San Francisco wearing flowers in our hair.

Now, almost a generation later, *Pepper* is somewhat of a musical anachronism. Much of it sounds dated today, almost campy, ensconced as it is in the incense-laden cultural milieu of the sixties. Moreover, it doesn't speak to eighties youth the way it spoke to sixties youth. Sixties youth were still innocent enough to believe that the world might somehow find lasting peace. How ironic adopting *Pepper*—an album which symbolized the loss of innocence—as their anthem.

Another irony: When EMI released it on that 2nd of June twenty years ago, the world appeared anything but peaceful or loving. While troops, manned by close to a half million Americans, were committed in Vietnam, American cities braced themselves for another Long Hot Summer. In the Middle East, Arab and Israeli armies squared off for their third war in less than twenty years; this one would last six days, culminating in a stunning victory for the Israelis.

A year later, writer Langdon Winner would wax eloquent on the illusion of coherence *Pepper* lent to that hostile, war-torn time; "The closest Western Civilization has come to unity since the Congress of Vienna in 1815 was the week the *Sgt. Pepper* album was released. For a brief while the irreparably fragmented consciousness of the West was unified, at least in the minds of the young."

Winner was referring to the hippie movement, already a media event by the time it landed on the cover of *Time* magazine in July (Hippies—Philosophy Of A Subculture July 7, 1967). Weeks before, *Life* had featured its own hippie coverage, a photographic essay of San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district, the mecca of the movement if there ever was one. Hippiedom, with its emphasis on altruism and mysticism, beads and strobe lights was definitely happening, said *Time*. They also said this: "Beatles—forerunners of psychedelic sound and once again the forefront with their latest album, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*—are the major tastemakers in hippiedom."

Harvard dropout Timothy Leary, a man of extremes, said this: "The Beatles are evolu-

tionary agents sent by God, endowed with a mysterious power to create a new human species."

But people like rock critic Greil Marcus knew better—knew the Beatles, while at the vanguard of what was happening, were not the inventors of it, but key players at best. "The truth was that this event," wrote Marcus in a *Rolling Stone* article, "represented that point at which the Beatles began to be formed more by the times than the other way around."

Nevertheless, one cannot fault their timing; it was, as always, impeccable. Remember the post Kennedy assassination blues of early '64? The Beatles, invading our shores with their sunny music and impish antics, gave a grieving nation something to laugh about. Later, in the McLuhan, psychedelic era of 1967, Beatle music caught the nation's sentiments once again—though this time with lyrics that bespoke some new realities: drug experimentation, alienation and an increased sexual freedom.

Which all add up to a loss of innocence, *Pepper's* grand cultural statement, its "concept," if you will. From the late sixties on, other groups recorded their own conceptual work, much of it pretentious, some of it original but none of it that grooved with the times quite like *Pepper* did. Most critics still consider it the seminal pop concept album, the first album to fashion a dozen or more songs—written independently—into a thematic score.

The record must be judged a commercial triumph as well. Even before its release, American record dealers, encouraged by the hype, ordered a total of one million copies. By mid June they had sold a half million more than that and by July 1, *Pepper* stood on the summit of

Billboard's top two-hundred albums chart. In the grand commercial scheme of things, *Pepper* ranks sixteenth in sales among pop LPs. As of this writing (Jan. '87) it remains sandwiched between "Tapestry" (15) and "Kingston Trio At Large."

Artistically, however, reviews tend to be mixed—as they have been from the start. True, "it blew everybody's minds," at first, to quote Papa John Phillips, but some critics berated the Beatles for *Pepper's* supersophisticated electronic technology. "An album of special effects, dazzling but ultimately fraudulent," opined Richard Goldstein in the New York Times. Gene Lees of High Fidelity was kinder, summing *Pepper* up this way: "At its best, it is popular music of a high order; at its worst it is tripe."

Whatever their Gestalt impressions, all the critics marveled over "A Day In The Life," agreeing that this enigmatic montage of sound said something profound. Yes, but what? Did the song describe a "flight from banality?" as Richard Goldstein suggested or did it illustrate, said Gene Lees, "the dreary and corrupt quality of life?" Nobody could be sure, nor did anyone claim to verify whether there were actually four-thousand holes in Blackburn, Lancashire. Meanwhile, Newsweek's Jack Kroll pooh-poohed the mundanely popular drug-connected interpretation of the "I'd love to turn you on" refrain. It was, he wrote, John Lennon's "desire to start the bogged-down juices of life itself." The BBC though, didn't buy that—they banned "Life" from the air, a move the Beatles welcomed because they figured it would boost sales.

"Life," probably more than any other song on the album, revealed how far the Beatles had come and where they headed. The beautiful simplicity and divine innocence of the old Mersey sound had been supplanted by the wizardry of complex, double tracked, multi-channel recording—thanks in large part, to producer George Martin. "Please Please Me," the Beatles' first album for EMI, took just twelve hours to record. *Pepper* took four months, cost \$100,000 and employed everything from a forty-two piece orchestra to—of all things—electronic echoes.

*Pepper's* complexity convinced the Beatles that their art had become too sophisticated for stage performances; they felt it would lose much of its poignancy if played live. And they had a point. Take "Being for the Benefit of Mr. Kite!," much of it culled by John Lennon from a Victorian carnival poster. George Martin joined the boys on this one, playing the Hammond organ himself. He recorded it at different speeds, mixed in montages of other organ sounds overlaid with electronic echoes, then cut all the recordings up and recombined them. The result is a meticulously crafted, musical kaleidoscope that would be impossible to reproduce in concert. The same goes for *Pepper's* other songs; though unpretentious in structure by themselves, they remain etched in our consciousness as they appear on the record, fastidious and exquisite.

So the Beatles stopped touring in 1967. No longer a rock and roll band, they had become studio avatars—their transition boldly symbolized by Peter Blake's classic album cover design. The cohesive spirit and raw spontaneity we heard on *Please Please Me*, *Beatles Six* and to some extent, *Revolver*, was missing from *Pepper*, *The Beatles (White Album)* and *Abbey Road*. These albums produced some terrific music, but it was studio music, precise,

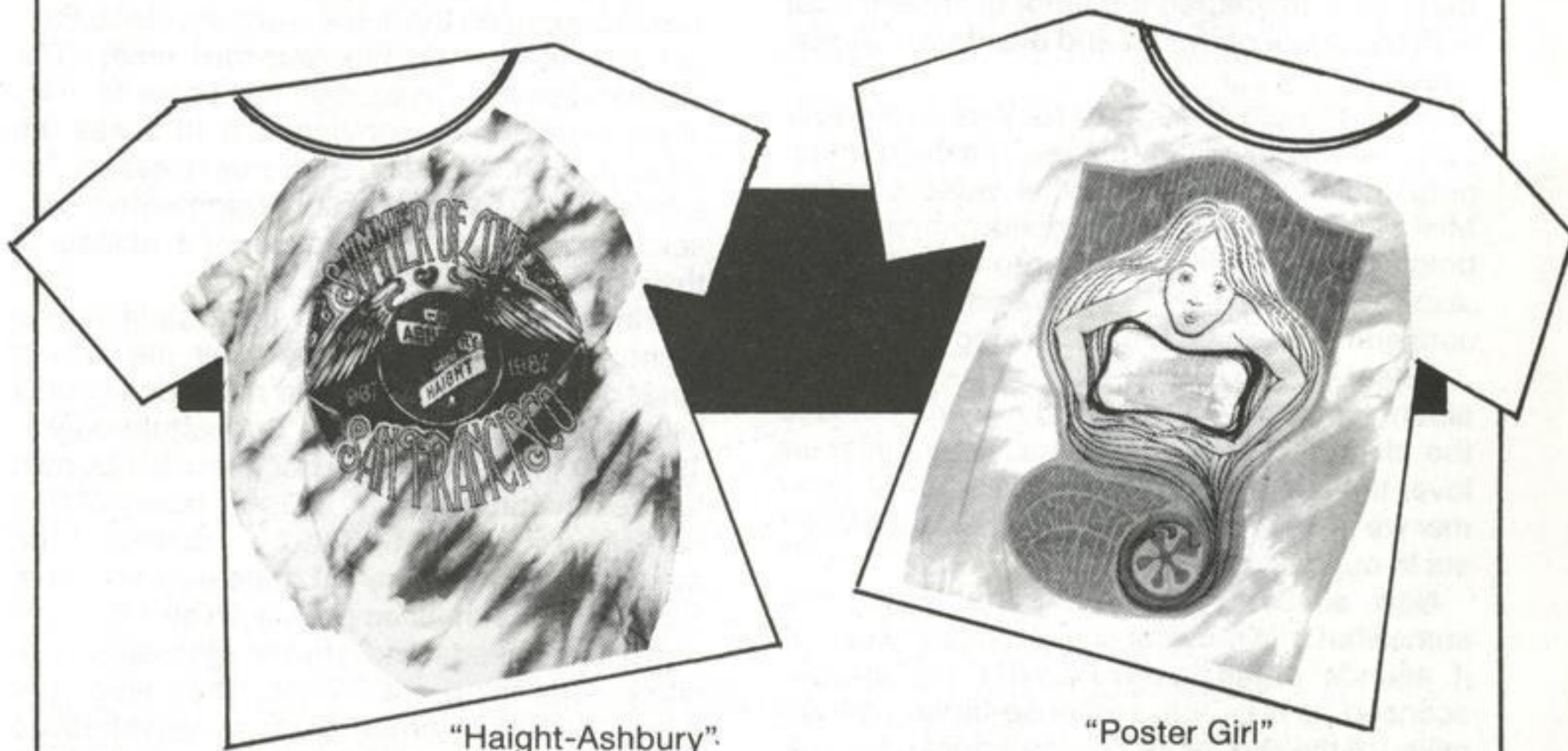


fussy and packaged with special effects to create a certain musical mood.

If *Pepper* provoked debate among Beatle fans over the merits of their heroes' metamorphosis, it also convinced others who still doubted the group's legitimacy to at last take them seriously. Gone were the yea-yea, puppy love ditties of Beatlemania. Now the Fab Four were trying to say important things and gaining

credibility for their efforts. There was the celebrated comparison to Schubert and a paen from conductor-composer Leonard Bernstein during a 1967 TV special. Of course pop pundits saw the creative ripening as early as *Rubber Soul* (1965). Still, it wasn't until the advent of *Pepper* that radical-chicsters like Bernstein got hip and gave the Beatles the kudos they deserved.

## 20th ANNIVERSARY SUMMER OF LOVE SHIRTS TIE-DYE OF COURSE!



"Haight-Ashbury"

"Poster Girl"

M, L, XL

\$14.00 each

Summer of Love, c/o Rockin' Relix, Inc., P.O. Box 92, Brooklyn, NY 11229



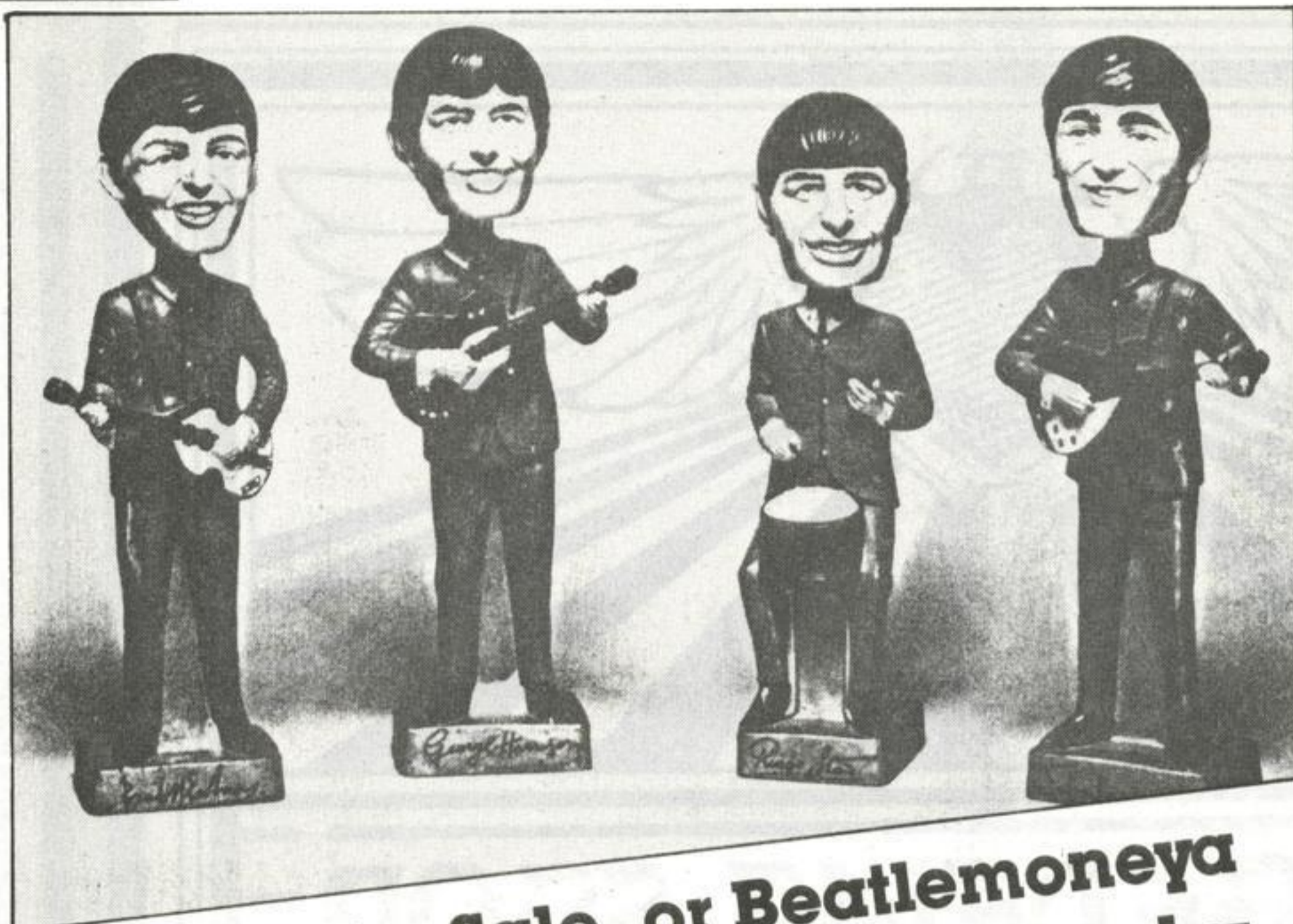
# PSYCHEDELIC SHOP

1072 MARKET St. SAN FRANCISCO, Ca. 94102

Featuring a large assortment of silkscreened and tie-dyed shirts and banners by Mikio, Ed Donahue, Dusty-Rose et al... Collectable posters from the Fillmore and Avalon Ballrooms, plus limited edition fine art prints by Stanley Mouse and Bob Seidemann. We also have books like *Playing in the Band*, *The Summer of Love & The Psychedelic Experience*... Current and back - issues of the *Golden Road* and *Relix* magazines plus buttons, photos, stickers, records, clothing & much more!

Join us in 1987 in celebrating the 20th anniversary of the first Human Be-In and the Summer of Love.

Send \$2.00 For A Mail-Order Catalogue ◦(◦)◦  
(415) 621-0357



A set of 15-inch tall Bobb'n Head Beatles Dolls, made in Japan in 1964 for Car Mascots, Inc. ("complete with instructions"), sold for \$3300.

# Beatles for Sale, or Beatlemoneya -The New Beatlemania

by William Hartel

**I**N 1967, I turned eight. I spent my birthday in front of the Corgi car display in Mel's Toys trying to decide between the Batmobile and the Yellow Submarine. I really wanted the Beatles' colorful sub, but I chose the Batmobile because it had more moving parts, and because my big brother already had a Yellow Submarine (and I would have done *anything* to avoid being like my brother). Sometimes I wish I had been just a little more like him... a Yellow Submarine like his recently sold for \$300 at the prestigious auction house of Sotheby's.

What is a die-cast Corgi toy doing on the auction block of one of the world's oldest and most respected auction firms? It's not just any toy, but a model of the mythical submersible where the Beatles once all lived, and Beatlemania is very much alive. In the past 20 years the expression of devotion to the Fab Four has matured from the deafening screams of adoring teenagers to the silent flash of an auction paddle by very well-to-do businessmen.

Sotheby's usually caters to a crowd more familiar with the works of Paul Cezanne than Paul McCartney. They gained their worldwide reputation for multimillion dollar sales of fine art, antique furniture and jewelry. Sotheby's was the first major auction house to realize that "rock and roll is here to stay" when they sold approximately \$187,000 worth of rock memorabilia in 1980. Other major auction firms have followed, but none offers the quality or quantity of Sotheby's rock shows. Last year, Sotheby's auctioned over \$500,000 in rock memorabilia, from Elvis to Ozzy Osbourne, but the Beatles accounted for over 75% of the lots and over 90% of the total sales.

Many of the Beatles items offered by Sotheby's were originally sold at the "five and

ten store," but there's nothing nickel and dime about them today: a Beatles lunch box (with thermos), looseleaf notebook and collection of gum trading cards recently went for \$1400; a set of 15 inch Bobb'n Head Beatles Dolls sold for \$3000; and a pair of Beatles "one size fits all" mop top wigs (which were once produced at 35,000 per day) sold for \$400. These dime-store trinkets, which have survived 20 plus years of well-meaning-mothers'-spring-cleaning, have turned out to be better investments than Polaroid, Xerox or IBM...

### SIGN HERE...

Wherever the Beatles went they were followed by ink-thirsty autograph hounds. Even though they signed thousands of them, Beatles autographs are still extremely collectable... about as valuable as a Thomas Edison or a JFK. You can even get John Hancock's "John Hancock" for what a collector paid for a letter George Harrison wrote to a fan. Today a flimsy, folded paper napkin signed by all four Beatles

fetches at least \$400; an airplane menu signed on tour sells for \$600; a signed photo or album cover goes for between \$600 and \$1000. Last year Sotheby's sold a portion of a plaster leg cast signed by the Beatles for \$1100.

According to Tworkowski, who has been Sotheby's rock and roll expert for 3 years, "Autographed items from early in the Beatles' career always attract very good prices. These items are more scarce. Very few people bothered to preserve autographs and letters from an unknown group." A letter written to a fan in 1961 in which McCartney confided "I think we'll be making some records soon" sold for over \$4000. A signed copy of "Love Me Do," the Beatles' first hit record, sold for \$2300.

Autographed items relating to the Beatles even after they split up attract impressive interest. In a 1970 letter to *Melody Maker* magazine, McCartney wrote "In order to put out of its misery the limping dog of a news story dragging itself across your pages for a year, my answer to the question, 'will the Beatles get together again'... is no." His letter sold for \$16,000.

More recently Sotheby's offered a copy of the Apple Beatles Biography (1971) in which Lennon had written added spiteful personal comments in red marker (such as rearranging the band's members' names in order of importance, and writing "funeral" over McCartney's wedding photo). That manuscript, which McCartney recently referred to as Lennon's "paranoia manifesting itself," sold for an astonishing \$32,395.

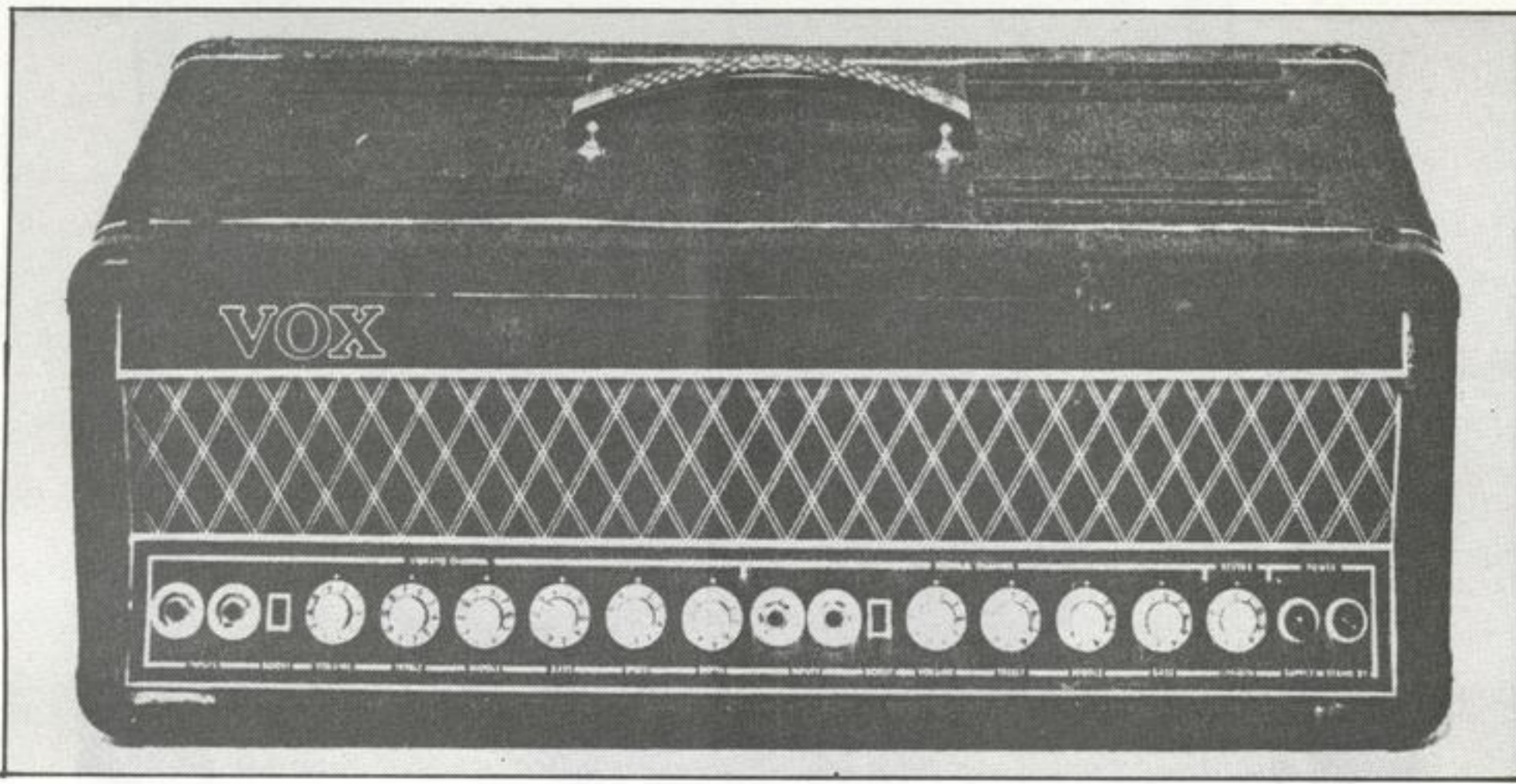
### ITS ONLY ROCK AND ROLL BUT THEY BUY IT

Who is it that would spend more for an autographed Beatles poster than the band earned for performing on the Ed Sullivan Show? As you could probably guess, it isn't your typical high school fan. Most of the items sell to a handful of "investors," who use them to attract business. A lot of real fans show up for Sotheby's semiannual rock auctions, but few have the money to compete with the big-business dollars in the first three rows of the plush showroom, reserved by Sotheby's for "Serious buyers"... like Wally Yost.

Yost, a 39 year old restaurateur and real-estate developer in Pensacola, Florida, has



John Lennon drawing, dated March, 1969. This black ball-point pen sketch, which includes nine self-portraits and three of Yoko Ono, sold for \$6820 at Sotheby's in London, 1986.



John Lennon's amplifier used on Beatles' 1964 tour. Came complete with circuit diagrams and letter of authenticity. Sold for \$3921.15 in 1986.

invested over half a million dollars in Beatles' memorabilia over the past 6 years. He displays his rock collection in several of his restaurants. "These things really draw a crowd," says Yost. And what does he think of their music? "Oh sure I was a fan... I had most of their records, but I was in high school when they were really popular and was more interested in football. Our real motivation for buying Beatles stuff is our restaurant business."

Yost, who spends more time and money on his collection of Napoleonic artifacts, recently purchased the V.W. Beetle preserved forever on the cover of "Abbey Road" (Sotheby's described it as "a usable collectors car with an interesting provenience"). He plans to hang it from the ceiling of his soon-to-open entertainment complex in Pensacola, along with "tons of Beatles garbage." Although he usually just drives a Ferrari, Yost is the proud owner of John and Yoko's 1965 Rolls Royce limousine (which he bought for \$184,000 at Sotheby's 1984 auction) and their 1979 Mercedes station wagon ("We had two guys drive their wagon down from New York with about 3 years' worth of Beatles' stuff in the back...")

Across the aisle from Yost in the front row of rock collectors, and dropping even bigger bucks, is Warwick Stone, rock hound for the Hard Rock Cafe. There are six Hard Rocks worldwide, billed as rock music museums and restaurants. All are decorated with autographed photos, signed instruments, rock star clothing and gold records. According to Hard Rock's co-founder Peter Morton, "Rock and roll is the most important cultural phenomenon of our times." Being at one of his restaurants, he says, "gives customers a sense of belonging to something associated with rock and roll."

To the real fans who show up for the twice annual rock shows, more interesting than who buys the stuff are the items themselves—these are the things a lot of people's dreams were made of... Brian Epstein, the Beatles' manager for many years, didn't always have the best luck finding work for the band. He probably handed out thousands of his business cards without getting a gig. There are still a few of his cards left in the world—expect to pay about \$650 for one. He did get the Beatles a job to perform in London in April, 1963, for about \$200. That tattered contract, stained brown by quarter-century old scotch tape, sold for \$1000.

John Lennon's stage suit (described in Sotheby's catalog as "jacket and trousers of dove grey worsted, the jacket with black velvet collar") from the Beatles' 1965 tour sold for \$4092. A few years after they stopped performing concerts, the Beatles formed Apple Corps

to manage their enterprises. They purchased a Georgian mansion at 3 Saville Row in a fashionable section of London. A set of front door keys to Apple, where the Beatles composed and rehearsed, were snapped up for \$1195.

Some of the most interesting Beatles items auctioned by Sotheby's date to before the members of the band had ever played a note together. Before John Lennon ever picked up a guitar, he was mischievous, outspoken and creative. He failed in school frequently, preferring to mock his schoolmasters over minding them. His high school Latin text, dated "1954, Quarry Bank school," complete with pencil and ink caricatures of his teachers and signed twice by 14 year old Lennon, sold for \$4000.

In 1956, George Harrison's mother gave the pubescent pre-Beatle \$5 to buy a guitar from a school friend. In an attempt to tune the instrument, Harrison unscrewed the neck. The guitar spent several weeks in a kitchen cupboard until his brother Peter repaired it. On this hand-me-down instrument young McCartney and Harrison taught each other to play. The guitar, which Sotheby's formally qualified as "neck joint

damaged and repaired with screws, machine heads missing," was available for \$6138.

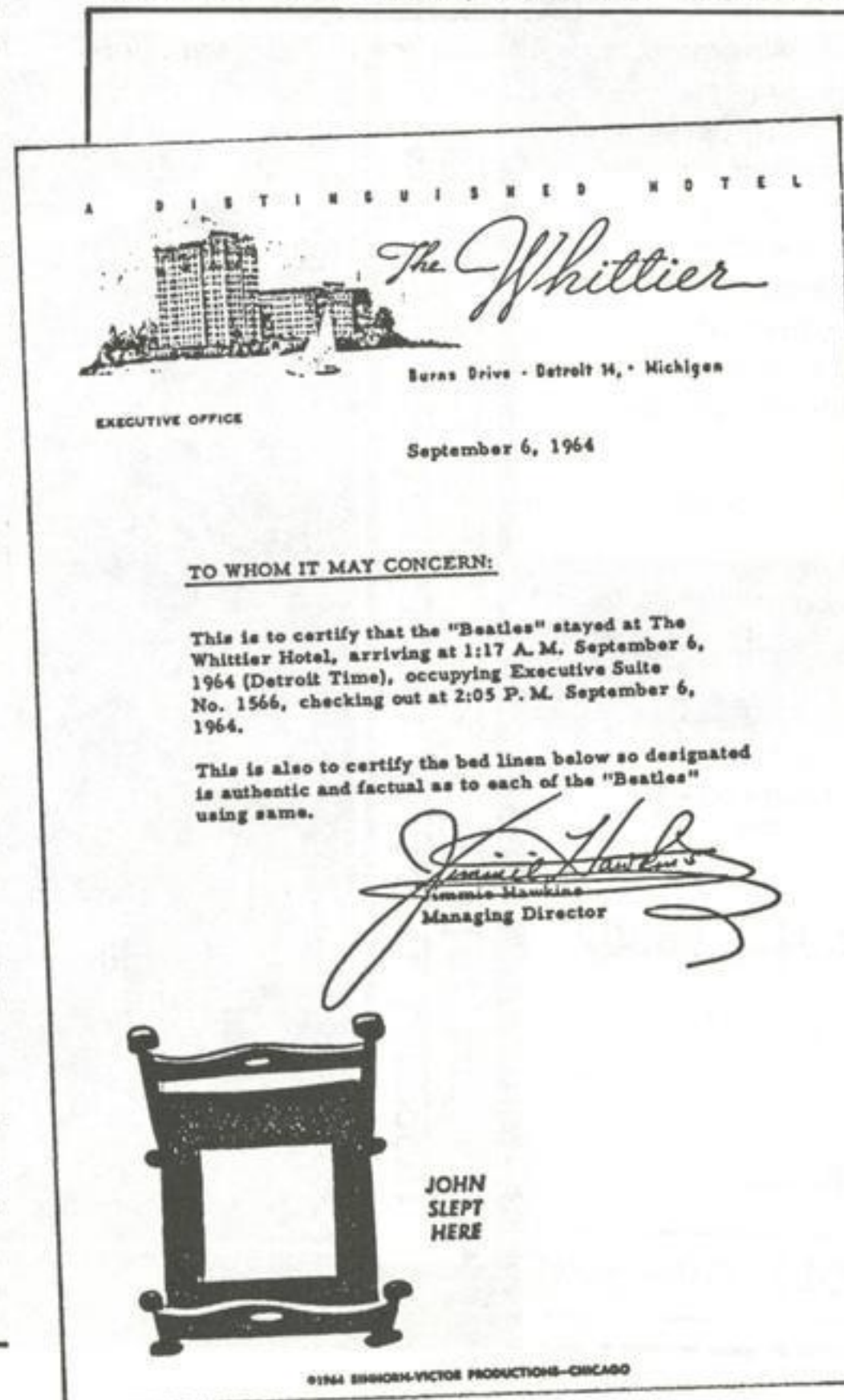
The Beatles are a band of the past, but their music plays on. They still sell over a million albums per year. What ever happened to your Beatles fan club button? Maybe you have a ticket stub from one of their concerts? Or perhaps you picked the Yellow Submarine? Check your attic, your closet and under your bed. If you find your Beatle souvenir, hang on to it—it's probably worth something, and if there's one thing for sure about Beatles' memorabilia, they're getting better all the time.

**FROM RAGS TO RICHES TO RAGS...**

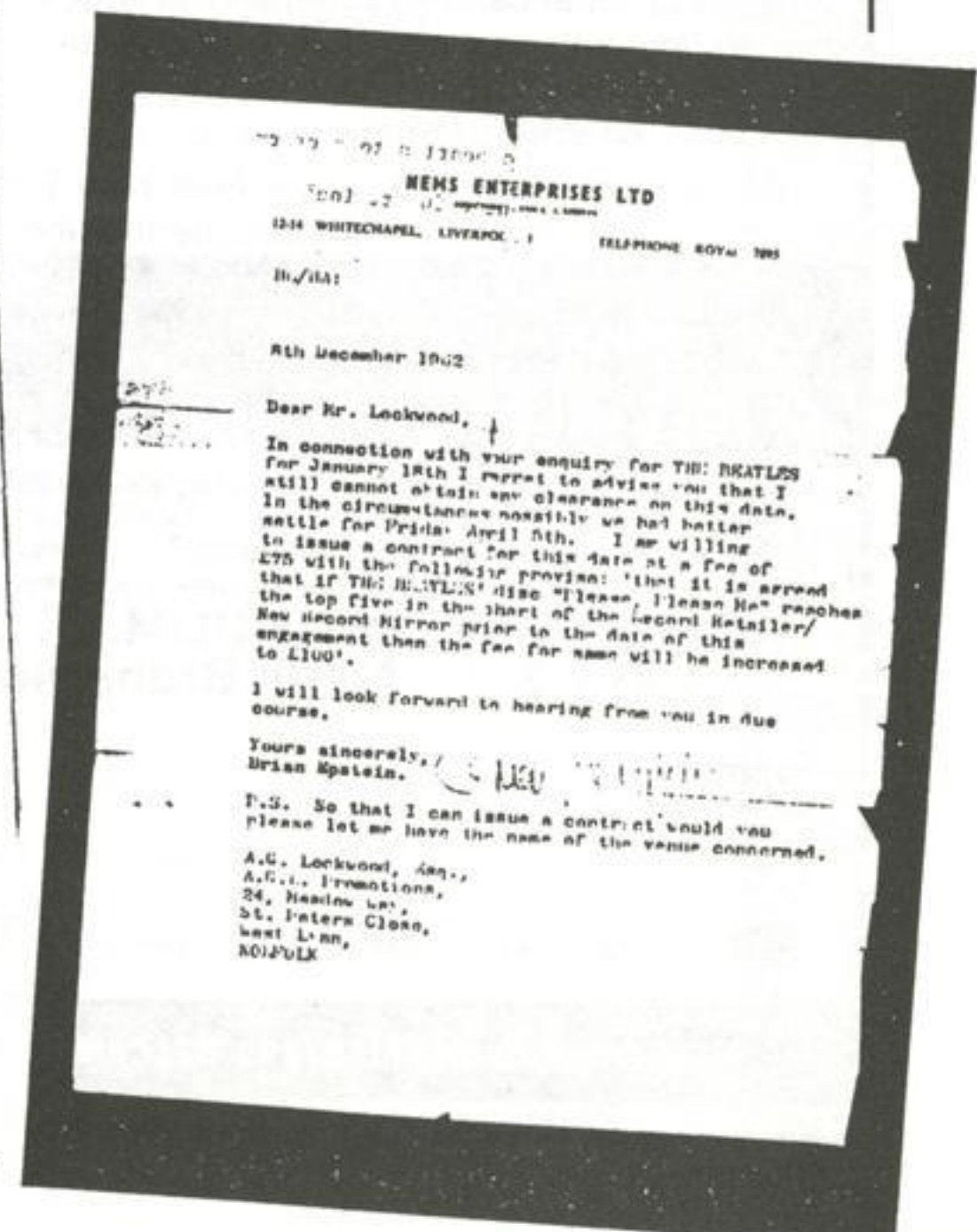
Not everything the Beatles touched turned to gold, or even silver. The World Famous Beatles Bedsheets are still just linen in shopping bags in Richy Victor's closet.

The Beatles first toured the U.S. in 1964, playing in 23 cities. At the time, Victor was a television producer at WBKB in Chicago. He and his fellow worker Larry Einhorn had an idea. "We convinced the manager of Detroit's Whittier Hotel and the Muehlebach Hotel in Kansas City, to sell us the sheets that the Beatles slept on when they stayed there... I forgot what we paid for 'em, 4 or 5 hundred dollars for the Detroit sheets, and \$750 for those from Kansas City (they stayed there 2 nights)." When the Beatles checked out of the hotel, "they plugged up the rooms, just like they would in a murder. We had the managers stuff the sheets inside the pillowcases and ship 'em to us in Chicago by Greyhound (that was the fastest way back then).

"Some reporter got wind of our scheme and the story wound up in newspapers and on TV and radio all over the world. Larry was even on 'To Tell The Truth' (you know, will the real Larry Einhorn, owner of the Beatles Bedsheets, please stand up... they guessed him right



This tattered agreement for the Beatles to perform a show in April, 1963, for about \$300, stained yellow by quarter century old scotch tape, sold for \$1100 at Sotheby's in London, 1986.



away). We thought all the advertising was great, and we went to work cutting up some of the sheets into one inch squares, gluing 'em on affidavits signed by the hotel manager." For example:

This is to certify that the Beatles' stayed at the Whittier Hotel, arriving at 1:17am September 6, 1964 (Detroit Time), occupying Executive Suite No. 1566, checking out at 2:05pm September 6, 1964. Below the manager's signature was a one square inch of linen labelled "John Slept Here," "Ringo Slept Here," etc. ("Actually we had no idea who slept were, it was just a bag of sheets." Victor admits. "They all could have slept in one bed for all I know.")

"Then we tried to sell them...boom. Nothing. The Beatles left the country and the mania died down. Nobody wanted the sheets. We even tried to get 7-up or Coke to give them away as promos. Nothing.

"Next thing you know we get this letter from a lawyer representing the Beatles saying that selling the bedsheets was causing his clients 'great damage.' He ordered us to stop, or he was going to take us to court, and we didn't want that of course, so we stopped. So today we've still got shopping bags full of sheets that haven't been washed in 23 years..."

Victor and Einhorn appeared on Latenight With David Letterman last June, toting their bags of bedsheets. How much money did they make on what seemed to be a "sure thing?" "Well we certainly didn't get anything like the \$184,000 that the papers were all quoting. If you don't consider our time and energy, I would say we just about broke even."



This gold album was presented to the Beatles to commemorate the sale of a million dollars of "Hard Day's Night" albums. It was purchased by Hard Rock Cafe for \$8,800 at Sotheby's last year.

Grateful Dead • Janis Joplin • Timothy Leary • Arlo Guthrie • Abbie Hoffman • Allen Ginsberg • Baba Ram Das • Veroushka • The Fugs • Living Theater • Woodstock • Alice's Restaurant • Haight-Ashbury • Electric Circus • Love-ins • Happenings • Light Shows

**Re-Live the Wild '60's with 223 Dazzling Psychedelic Full Color Photographs**  
**AQUARIAN ODYSSEY by Don Snyder**

New York Times photographer Jack Manning wrote —  
 ..."This fascinating book is a basic primer for the street photographer interested in documenting life around him, and on what can be accomplished with a minimum of equipment and a maximum of imagination. It is a masterful treatise on shooting color in available light, street candids, and a sidetrip to fantasy land."

Copyright © 1979 by The New York Times Company.  
 Reprinted by permission.

8"x11" square bound quality collectible now out of print available in very limited supply (first come, first served).

Order today, don't be disappointed!

I would like \_\_\_\_\_ copies of AQUARIAN ODYSSEY at \$9.95 ea  
 (N.J. residents please add 6% sales tax; foreign orders add \$5.00 postage & handling). Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

Money orders filled immediately, checks clear in 2 weeks.

**AQUARIAN CONTINUUM, LTD.**  
 P.O. Box 2 North Brunswick, N.J. 08902

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

DEALERS AND DISTRIBUTERS WELCOME: (201) 566-3431

**'60's Living Dead**  
**BANNED in Japan**

As seen in: Rolling Stone; National Lampoon; High Times; Heavy Metal; People; and Epic.



METAL PEOPLE CULT



# PAUL BUTTERFIELD

1942–1987

by William Ruhlmann

**P**AUL Butterfield, who died in May at the age of 44, was once described as "America's leading white blues harmonica virtuoso," and his Blues Band was credited as being "the first important integrated blues band of the Sixties."

Butterfield was born on December 17, 1942, in Chicago, the son of a lawyer. Despite his color, he became an aficionado of the urban blues being played in clubs in Chicago's South Side. His harmonica style was derived from Little Walter, Junior Wells, and James Cotton, and by the early sixties he was playing beside them, a "freak" act, before mostly black audiences.

Butterfield formed his first band with bassist Jerome Arnold and drummer Sam Lay of Howlin' Wolf's band in 1963. Guitarist Elvin Bishop soon replaced Smokey Smothers. Butterfield had met Bishop when both attended the University of Chicago. The band was completed by the addition of Mark Naftalin on keyboards and Columbia Records session guitarist Mike Bloomfield in 1965.

Although the band's first recorded work appears on the Elektra Records sampler, *What's Shakin'*, issued in June, 1966, their debut album, *The Paul Butterfield Blues Band*, appeared before the end of 1965. By this time, the band had toured extensively, and Bloomfield, Lay and Arnold had back Bob Dylan at the infamous 1965 Newport Folk Festival appearance when he "went electric."

The album, which featured Chicago blues

standards like "Shake Your Money-Maker" and "I Got My Mojo Working," was well-received, and served to introduce a whole new audience to Chicago blues. A year later, Butterfield followed it with *East-West*, his most popular and most critically acclaimed collection. This album incorporated jazz and Indian styles and made a star of Bloomfield, who left the band soon after to form the Electric Flag.

Butterfield added a horn section to the band by the time of *The Resurrection of Pigboy Crabshaw*, issued in November, 1967. The band had continued to expand its following, appearing at the Monterey Pop Festival the previous June, and was a major national attraction, spreading the word on the blues to an ever-increasing audience.

*In My Own Dream*, issued in July, 1968, continued the R&B leanings of its predecessor, but was the last album by the original band. In April, 1969, Butterfield participated in the *Fathers and Sons* double album organized around Muddy Waters and in July played at the Atlanta Pop Festival. The end of the year saw the release of *Keep On Moving*, an album on which Butterfield introduced an entirely new band and moved toward jazz and soul.

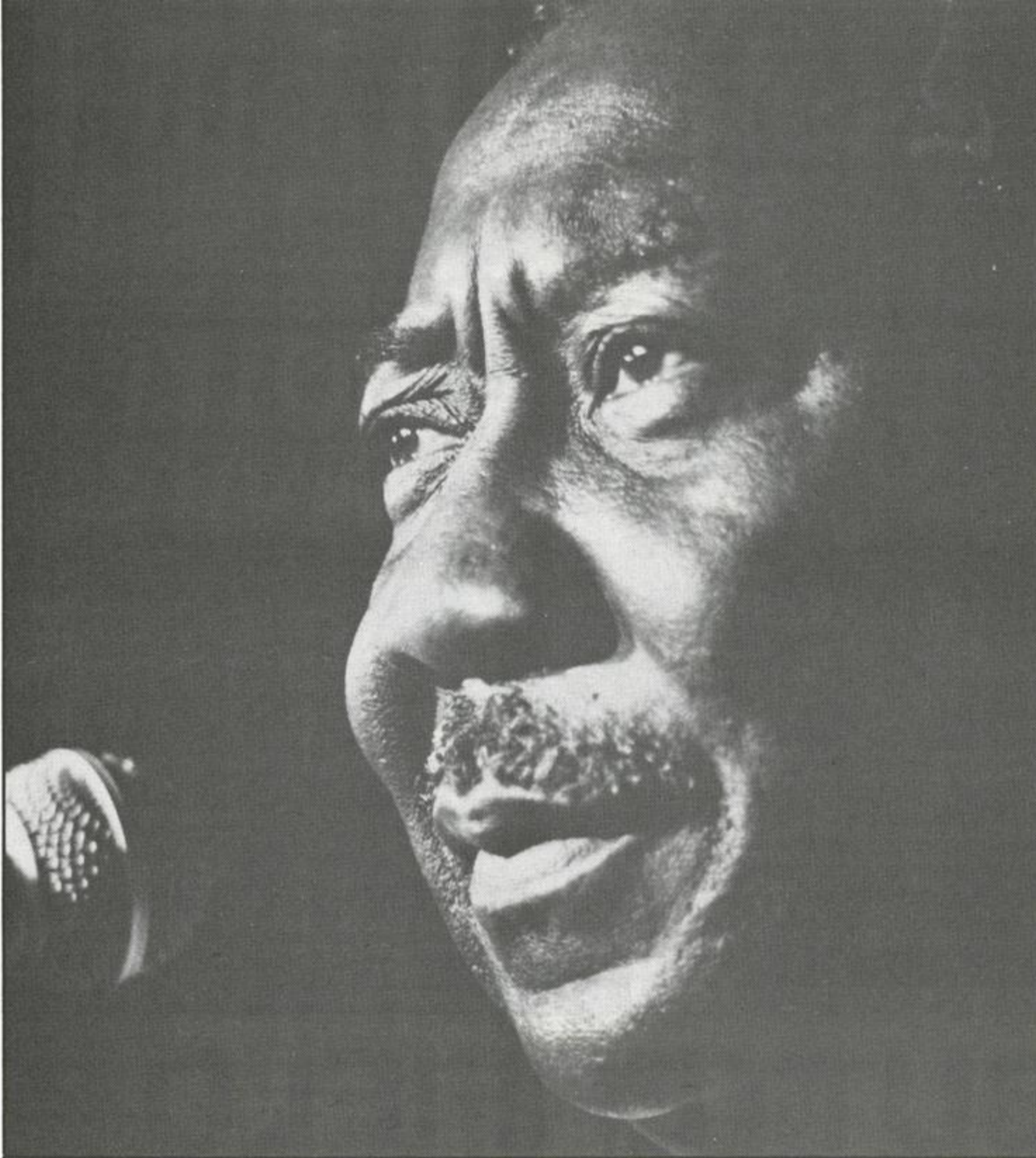
Butterfield met Todd Rundgren in 1971, who produced the double album *Live* at the L.A. Troubadour, and after a final album for Elektra, *Sometimes I Just Feel Like Smilin'*, he moved to Woodstock, where Rundgren lived, joined Albert Grossman's Bearsville label, and organized a new band, *Better Days*, that featured Amos Garrett, Geoff Muldaur, and

Ronnie Barron. The group issued two successful albums in 1973: *Better Days* and *It All Comes Back*.

In addition to his own albums, Butterfield played harmonica with a wide variety of friends, and his name appears on the albums of such contemporaries as Nick Gravenites, Ronnie Hawkins, Felix Pappalardi, Bonnie Raitt, Jesse Winchester, Peter Yarrow, and many others. On November 25, 1976, Butterfield "blew the harp of his life on 'Mystery Train,'" according to *Rolling Stone* as part of the Band's Last Waltz, and in 1977 he joined Levon Helm's post-Band group, the RCO All-Stars.

In 1976, he had recorded a solo album, *Put It In Your Ear*, and he recorded a second one in 1980, *North-South*. In the eighties he often toured with Rick Danko, and last year released his third solo album, *The Legendary Paul Butterfield Rides Again*, with songs contributed by Bob Dylan and Tom Petty, among others, on Amherst Records.

"It would be easy to see Paul Butterfield purely in historical terms," wrote Kit Rachlis in *The Rolling Stone Record Guide* in 1979, "he was after all, the American musician most responsible for introducing urban blues to rock audiences—but that would overlook the music, which holds up surprisingly well." One of the best places to hear that music is on the Elektra boxed set *Crossroads*, compiled by Lenny Kaye, which devotes one full record to the Butterfield Blues Band. "The blues lives on," wrote Kaye in his liner notes, "and will never die."



# Muddy Waters

## REMEMBERED

by Susan Jelcich

**O**NE Sunday morning in early April of 1983, the newspaper hit the doorstep with a small headline running across the top of the first page: "GEORGE BALANCHINE DIES, SEE PAGE 2; Bluesman Muddy Waters dies, see page 68." It was a neat little summation of everything that is wrong with the mainstream's perception of American culture.

Both Muddy, through his music, and Balanchine, through his choreography, were great American cultural innovators. Both devoted their lives to the development and propagation of their respective arts; both had tremendous impact and influence on the succeeding generations of artists. Neither could be considered part of the American entertainment mainstream. Balanchine's ballets were not televised weekly in competition with "The A-Team" and Muddy never battled Michael Jackson or Culture Club for the number one spot on the BILLBOARD charts. So why did tributes to Balanchine appear on page two, and a sterile wire-service obituary of Muddy appear on page 68?

The obvious theory is that George Balanchine was white and Muddy Waters was black.

The implications of black vs. white is not the standard Ku Klux Klan-George Wallace implication of cut and dry racism. It's that Muddy Waters is recognized as a significant contributor to black American music, rather than an American musical innovator. This perception of Muddy as a hero of some mysterious, deep, dark American sub-culture is what placed the report of his death on page 68.

It's an American pastime to pay posthumous homage to people we scorned, ignored or took for granted during their lifetimes. The Federal Government would not have considered making Dr. Martin Luther King's birthday a national holiday at the time of his death, anymore than they would have considered awarding Eldridge Cleaver The Congressional Medal of Honor. It's taken over 15 years of fighting and political footballing to commemorate Dr. King. Will it take another fifteen to acknowledge the greatness of Muddy Waters?

The best way to make a case for Muddy is to simply play one of his albums for those decision makers on the other side of America's cultural tracks. But since these people are

accustomed to seeing things in black and white, let's set down a few facts. McKinley Morganfield, a.k.a. Muddy Waters, was born on April 4, 1915 in Rolling Fork, Mississippi. His first instrument was the harmonica, but by his late teens, through the influence of Robert Johnson and under the watchful eye of Son House, he began to play guitar. During World War II, Muddy was discovered by researchers from the Music Division of The Library of Congress, who twice recorded Muddy's music for posterity. But Muddy wasn't content with being recorded only as a museum piece, so he left Mississippi for Chicago. By the time the war ended, Muddy got his first electric guitar and turned the down-home acoustic blues sound into a blistering electric experience. The definition and perfection of electric blues is probably Muddy's most acclaimed accomplishment, not only within the genre of blues, but in the music it inspired. With all due respect to big band jazz, swing, Bill Haley and Alan Freed, if you want to put your finger on the founder of rock and roll, point it at Muddy Waters.

Muddy signed with Phil and Leonard Chess and produced a string of classic blues hits (that's a separate chart from Top 40) during the Fifties like "I Just Want To Make Love To You," "Hoochie Coochie Man," "She Moves Me" and Muddy's signature tune, "I Got My Mojo Workin'," with which he blew away a predominately white audience at the Newport Jazz Festival in 1960. In 1958, Muddy brought the electric blues to England. Within a year or two, a brisk mail order business was being conducted between London and Chess Records headquarters in Chicago. Members of the burgeoning British blues movement, headed by Alexis Korner and Cyril Davies, ordered every Muddy Waters recording available, and waited impatiently for them to make the slow crossing from one side of the Atlantic to the other. The most well-known aspect of Muddy's career is his profound influence on the British Invasion of the mid-Sixties. Eric Clapton called Muddy his second father; the Stones took their name from Muddy's "Rollin' Stone." His presence is felt on recordings from the Animals to Led Zeppelin to the Yardbirds.

Of course, if words and music aren't convincing, maybe seeing is believing. Witness Muddy's performance in The Band's *The Last Waltz*, where he drove the audience almost to distraction during a concert that featured, among others, Bob Dylan, Eric Clapton and Neil Young. But the ultimate testimony to the grace and beauty of Muddy onstage is an unreleased performance of Muddy at The Checker Board Lounge in Chicago in 1981, accompanied by drop-ins Mick Jagger, Keith Richards and Ron Wood. As Muddy sang "Mannish Boy" accompanied on vocals by Jagger, the world's most confident and cocksure rocker looked like a nine year old Little Leaguer trying to hit a home run because he knows Daddy is in the stands. Jagger pranced nervously and seemed almost reluctant to take his turn on vocals, while Muddy sat calmly, hands spread on his thighs, growling out the lyrics with seemingly little effort, a look of pure joy on his face. Muddy may have been the only person in history to intimidate Mick Jagger on his own turf: the stage.

Then there's the character of Muddy Waters. For over thirty years, Muddy played the club circuit, without a headlining gig at a stadium or arena. He watched bands that knew every riff he had ever played and every note he had ever sung hit number one, tour in private Lear jets,



and rake in a sizeable income. Yet he was never bitter or resentful. Whenever someone came to pay tribute, Muddy welcomed him warmly and invited him to sit in. He took a young Bonnie Raitt under his wing and never gave her any static because she was a woman. He tutored Mike Bloomfield and Johnny Winter (Winter returned the favor by producing Muddy's wonderful late Seventies release *Hard Again*). Muddy always conducted himself with dignity and acted with kindness. He was a star in the stellar sense, although he was never interviewed on *Entertainment Tonight* or appeared on the cover of *Rolling Stone*. We can't be sure that Muddy would have wanted that kind of fame, but he should have at least had the privilege of having it offered and refusing it.

So that's the proof; now where do we go from here? It's time to demand the significant, the petty or the arbitrary. We could get the U.S. Post Office to issue a commemorative stamp. Jamaica was smart enough to do it in memory of Bob Marley. Or we could get the Kennedy Center in Washington to place Muddy among the honorees next year. We could put together an all star band with Stevie Ray Vaughan, Buddy Guy, Eric Burdon, Peter Wolf and Eric Clapton to perform a tribute to Muddy, and Ron and Nancy could sit upstairs and show us their upper plates as if they enjoyed and understood what was happening onstage. We could rename his birthplace "Muddy Waters, Mississippi." Or we could take Bonnie Raitt's suggestion: erect a statue of Muddy in Chicago about 50 feet high, just like the ones they have of Buddha in Thailand.



Bob Minkin

Johnny Winter with Muddy Waters in 1979 at My Father's Place - LI, NY



Both available on VHS only!

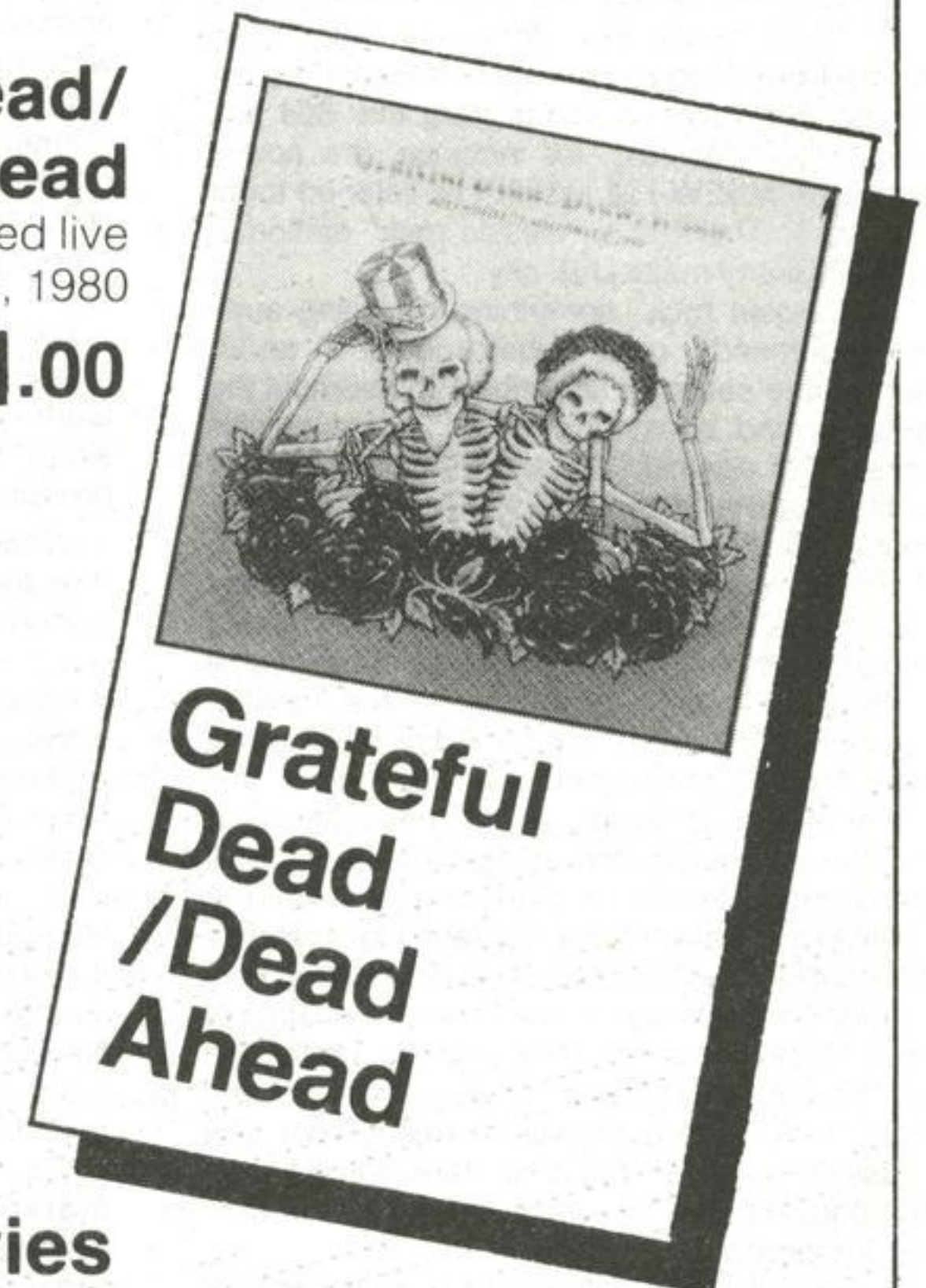
Shipping via UPS included

## Grateful Dead/ Dead Ahead

Recorded live  
Halloween, 1980

**\$31.00**

The  
Grateful  
Dead  
Movie  
**\$41.00**



Order thru:

**Movies**

c/o Rockin' Relix, Inc.

P.O. Box 92

Brooklyn, NY 11229



# Classic Rock

## A Look At Radio Today

by Peter Gambaccini

**T**HE most significant radio programming development of the past year has been the "classic rock" format, in which anywhere from 20 to 80 percent of a station's playlist is given over to songs from the '60s and '70s. The "classics," for instance, are now a staple of WNEW-FM, which I've listened to for 20 years. There is a "classic rock" station in virtually every major U.S. city.

Is "classic rock" something an aging audience demands, or is it just another in an innumerable series of scrambles to overhaul the airways and boost ratings? In recent articles inveighing against "classic rock," three major critics put the blame on listener and programmer alike.

In "Newsweek," Jim Miller claimed "many older fans, disdaining pop pablum but fearing the intensity and abrasiveness of experimental younger bands, prefer instead the familiar sounds of the past." Chuck Eddy of "The Village Voice" complained that rock radio "has never been as boring as it's been this year (1986)" and suggested "by feeding the Big Chill generation illusion of eternal youth, radio is retarding creativity and aggravating audience passivity." And Don McLeese, in a "New York Times Book Review" piece on a new volume of rock history, said rock "has become a reflection of the country's conservative yearnings" and that "rock radio continues to reject most new music in favor of 'Big Chill' fare, forcing contemporary artists to rerecord older hits in their bid for airplay."

These diatribes, which are both on and off the mark, merit a response. Let it first be acknowledged, however, that "classic rock" is a mixed blessing. It still isn't what radio should be, but it's an improvement over what it supplanted.

The most welcome news about classic rock is that it has helped pop music finally lose its status as our most disposable art form. With a few exceptions like the Beach Boys, who've been granted a pass for 20 years, rockers who'd delivered some truly dazzling goods were banished to oblivion if they hadn't done anything hot in the last 18 months. Folks have always been able to find "Casablanca" or "Amarcord" in revival houses or on the tube. They can see the Van Goghs and Monets at the Met just as they could ten years ago. Why should rock music alone have a shelf life of less than two years? "Classic rock" finally recognizes that some enduring work has been produced.

"Classic" programming is fine as long as it's intelligently selective. There was never a better guitar guitar-bass tandem in rock than Jefferson Airplane's Jorma and Jack, and the vocal interplay between Marty Balin, Grace Slick, and Paul Kantner really flies, but that doesn't mean WNEW-FM or any station also has to play dreadful Jefferson Starship garbage like "Jane" and "Freedom at Point Zero." And they might kindly ignore all of those bombastic and overwrought '70s bands stretching from ELP to Asia.

Call it "Big Chill fare" as Eddy did, but if there is no one today matching what Neil Young did in the early '70s (including, alas, the '80s Neil), why shouldn't we prefer to hear vintage Neil? If we like that better than loathsome heavy metal and are sick of poseurs with synthesizers, are we to be blamed? On the airways, the only choice is between classic rock and that drivel.

It's not just the over-30 gang that embraces these "classic" rockers. The younger listener is right in finding the older material more satisfying. In today's pop music, virtuosity is almost completely absent. The new artists we hear, with a rare exception like Mark Knopfler, play computers better than they play musical instruments. Ensemble performance isn't what it once was. Go back to 1968's "Traffic" and compare the dextrous interplay with any group recording today, and you'll feel the '80s are a cheat.

Look at it this way: the top four albums in sales in 1968 were by Jimi Hendrix, Simon and Garfunkel, Cream, and The Beatles. Can any single year in the '80s boast of such an impressive and durable lineup?

What's missing among the kind of new music that does get airplay is artistry and, frankly, real performing talent. Among AOR rockers, there's not a single female voice that's really thrilling. Among keyboard players, only the E Street Band's Roy Bittan truly impresses.

Many of the younger artists pop radio has embraced are actually too tame for Baby Boomers. George Michael and Paul Young are to the '80s what Tom Jones and Englebert Humperdinck were to the '60s, and back then those guys were anathema to rock fans. Paul Young is no more of a rocker than Olivia Newton-John, or Juice Newton, but he's a white male with a Howard Jones haircut, which counts for more than it should.

On rock radio today, the dominant new material comes from older artists. Sure, Whitney Houston and Janet Jackson are mere tads, but you'll never hear them on rock stations anyway. John Fogerty, Bob Seger, Bruce Springsteen, Peter Gabriel, Phil Collins, Steve Winwood, David Bowie, Tina Turner, Robert Palmer, all of the Rolling Stones, and even Mark Knopfler, Huey Lewis, and Tom

Scholz of Boston are all over 35, and Sting, Cyndi Lauper, David Byrne, and Chrissie Hynde are pretty close to that mark. The big news on classic rock radio is usually not the heralding of an exciting new band but the release of Fogerty's first effort in years, the landmark arrival of Springsteen's five live disks, or even the coming of yet another album by the Stones, who've merely been over the hill for 15 years.

It's certain that the last words one would apply to classic rock radio would be "experimental" or "adventurous." New directions from established artists aren't much appreciated. Even the most refreshingly original music of Paul Simon's career gets short shrift, and *Graceland* becomes a best-seller only through that still powerful word-of-mouth. Simon's adventurous album only began getting airplay after it had already sold millions of copies.

Jim Miller was correct in his "Newsweek" complaint that radio is "deliberately ignoring rock's independent fringe." Believe what you want about those notorious "independent promoters," but the truth is that only major label material ever gets aired on the larger commercial stations. The market for small label sales continues to grow, but these radio outlets bar all but the largest eight or nine companies. There appear to be absolutely no exceptions. Even when an acclaimed outsider does get a big label deal, radio can strangely turn a deaf ear. Richard Thompson, an impassioned singer, nimble guitarist, pithy songwriter, has been toping critic's polls for years, and he's now signed to Polydor. What will it take for the WNEWs of the world to finally notice him?

When Jim Miller wrote that older fans "disdain pop pablum," he was right, and he would



**2 sided t-shirt  
only \$10.00**

send orders to: **Rockin' Relix**  
PO Box 94  
Bklyn, NY 11229

Indicate: M, L, XL

probably excuse us for preferring an old Neil Young track to the latest Duran Duran swill. But as for fearing "the intensity of experimental younger bands"—well, it's far from certain that the "Big Chill" gang has even had a chance to hear such bands. Having read about The Smiths from critics on better mailing lists, I never heard the group on the radio and had to check their *Meat Is Murder* album out of the public library. The Smiths are terrific, very smart, very musical, really fresh, and, yes, vegetarians. Older fans would adore them if they received even minimal exposure.

Finally, as to McLeese and his comments about "conservative yearnings" and rerecording older hits—sure, we didn't need another "Venus" from Bananarama. This business of conservative yearnings, though, is a crock. Radio programmers, in their hermetically

sealed environment, are the lone conservatives. Somehow what is called rock music—the wildest, freest, most uninhibited and unlimited means of expression and creativity most post-WWII children have known—fell into the hands of people who didn't cherish that freedom. They were guys who knew how to run the store and make a buck. The ones I've met never really even impressed me as people who *liked* music.

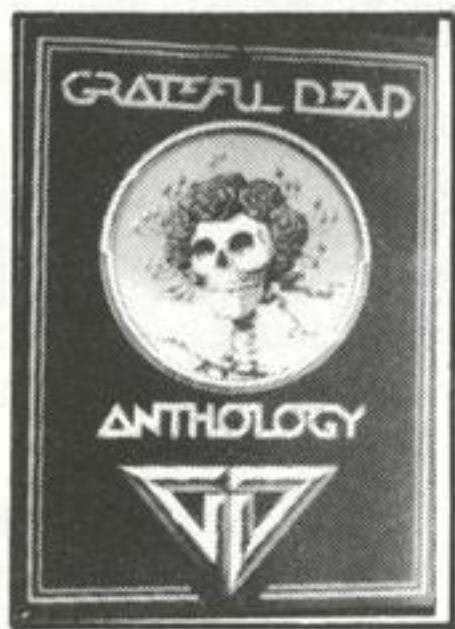
As with TV networks, one radio station will follow the leader; a change is made only in response to someone else's change. Having attempted virtually everything else, why not adopt a new criterion for airplay? Let it be quality, and nothing else. Mix things up a bit. Let's not get into debates about who's a rocker and who isn't (but if Paul Young is, why isn't Kate Bush?) Reward invention. How come I

have to turn to National Public Radio's "Kid's World" to hear "Fishheads" by Barnes and Barnes, more clever and amusing than anything in the Top 40?

The facts, sadly, are these. That I get more good new music at the library than at any any commercial station in New York, so I find myself turning to the radio less and less. That the AOR stations, in terms of new music, are just as restricted and only slightly hipper than Top 40. That in terms of being a pioneering and influential force, WNEW-FM (NYC) is a pale imitation of its former self but is still a far sight better than the rest of the abysmal pop formats in town.

"Classic rock," mixed blessing that it is, is the best of a shoddy lot. Certainly, someone can do better. If you begin with a love of fine, fresh music, you won't need much more.

# From the Relix Library . . .



50 SONGS!  
\$18.95



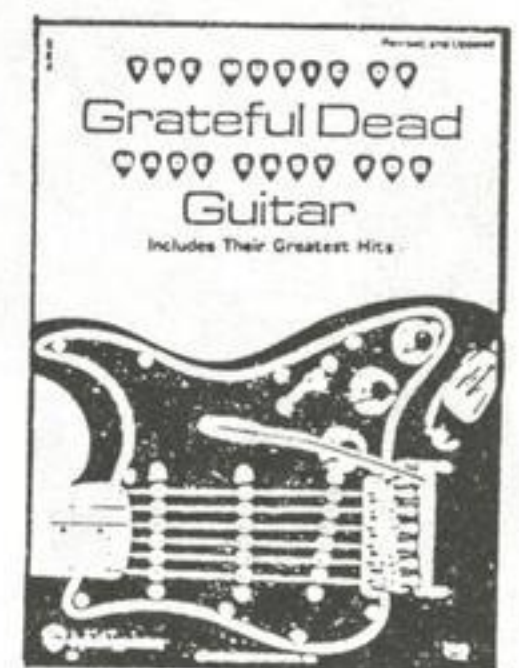
NEW RIDERS  
SONGBOOK  
\$6.95



THE OFFICIAL BOOK  
OF DEAD HEADS  
Softcover \$12.95  
Hardcover \$24.95



MOUSE & KELLEY  
Full Color Poster Book of Artwork  
Over 38 G.D. related art!!!  
—Collectors Item  
\$15.00 (out of print)  
French Edition \$17.50



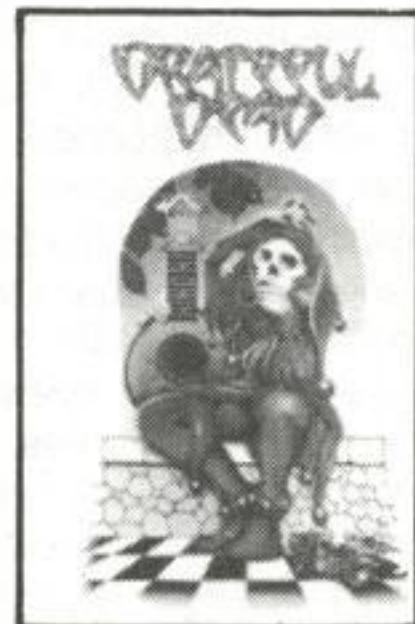
GUITAR MADE  
EASY  
\$6.95



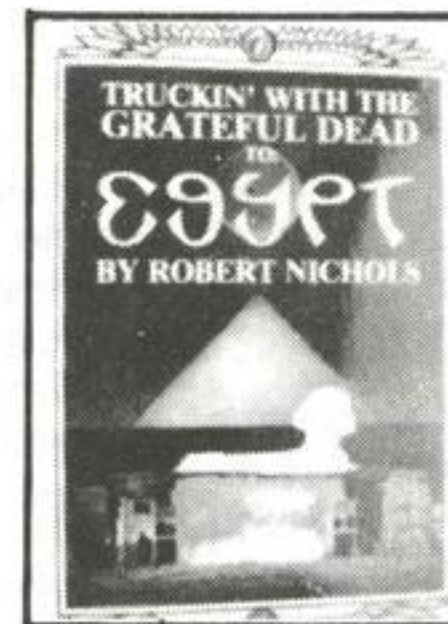
GARCIA  
SONGBOOK  
\$5.95



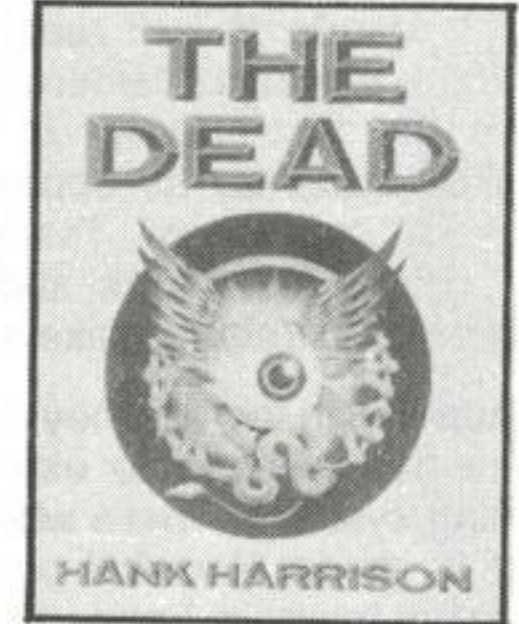
THE DEAD  
VOL. #1  
\$14.00



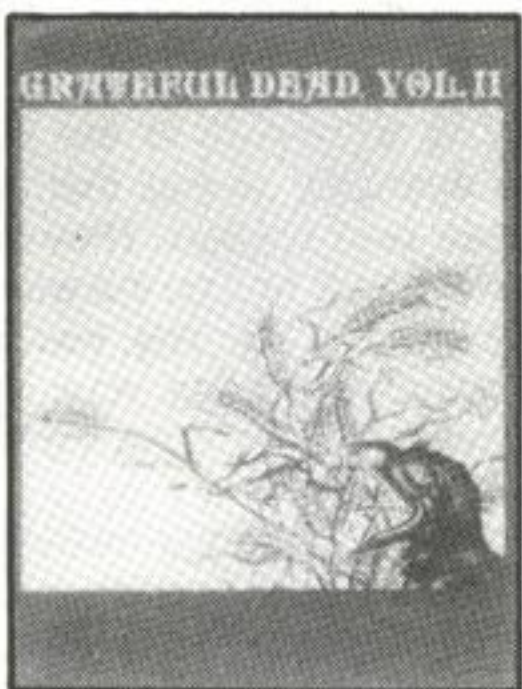
SONGBOOK  
\$16.95



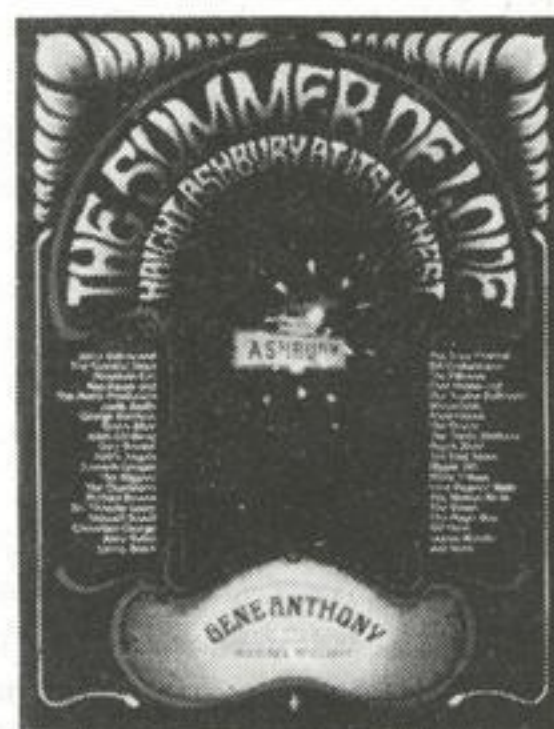
TRUCKIN' TO  
EGYPT  
\$10.00



THE DEAD  
VOL. #2  
\$14.00



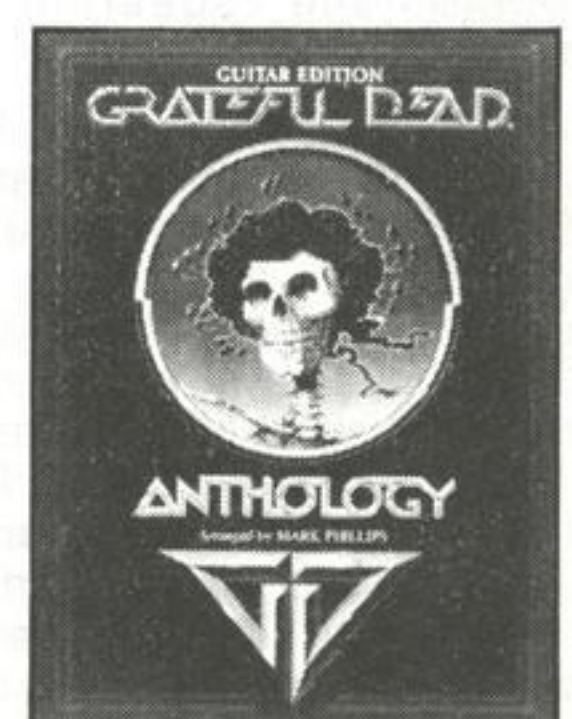
THE GRATEFUL DEAD  
SONGBOOK VOL. II  
featuring lyrics and music of Wake of  
the Flood and Mars Hotel  
\$12.95



SUMMER OF LOVE  
\$12.00



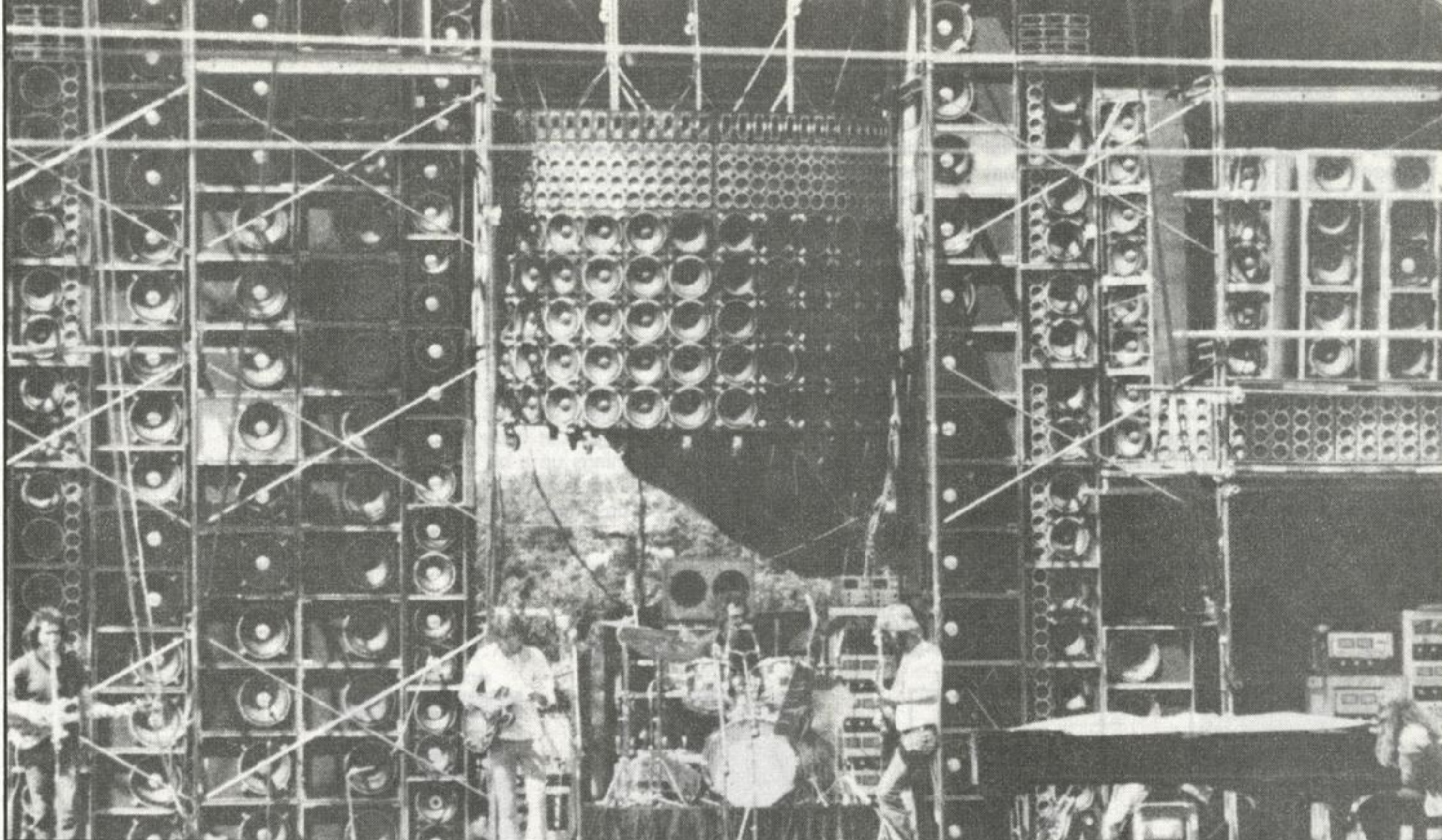
GUITAR SUPERSTAR  
SUPER TAB  
NOTATIONS  
NEW!!  
\$10.95



ANTHOLOGY FOR GUITAR  
\$14.95

Please include \$2.00 for each 2 books ordered!

Send your orders to: **Rockin' Relix Books** P.O. Box 92 Brooklyn, N.Y. 11229



Ted Allen

# DAN HEALY *A History of Sound*

The Wall of Sound - 1974

by Lee Zarde

**F**IRST of all, in the fifties, the only sound that was really happening was developed by the telephone company, Bell Labs, and the only really large type sound equipment that they had was in movie theaters, which by today's standards isn't really very large at all but then it was considered gigantic. That's where the first concept of using mid-range speaker systems, as opposed to full range speakers, came from. That's when they first incorporated crossovers and combining bass speakers with treble speakers.

Then during the war they did a lot of research where they wanted to use loudspeakers as warning systems. That's when they developed a lot of those electrical pneumatic foghorns, which are basically horrendously powerful loudspeakers. They don't have real audio characteristics by today's standards. At the end of the war, the industry began pulling itself back together and regearing for domestic manufacturing.

The optical mono soundtrack was happening in movie theaters. Public address systems were really like the horns that were developed during the war, for instance, the speakers in ball parks. That went on until 1950. Between '50 and '55 the whole concept of high fidelity started getting to be a big deal. That's when hi-fidelity started happening. For the first time outside of movie theaters and otherwise industrial sound environments, multi-range speakers were used. Coaxial speakers were invented and were popular in the fifties. During all of this time record sales were increasing, while hi-fi was starting to happen. This was also when we switched from 78 RPM records to 33 RPM, which offered a lot lower surface noise and better frequency response.

At the same time record companies were happening. They switched from 78 to 33 and created a whole new generation of equipment

for cutting disks and stuff that had much higher quality audio.

*When you were working in the studio, what was happening?*

When I worked in recording studios—stereo radio. This was like in 1960, '61, '62, by then we were getting out of the hi-fi stage and into stereo. When stereo happened, record companies were on the case about it. During this time, these were all technological advancements and so the record industry was of course participating in anything that they figured would in any way enhance record sales. So it was a good deal for record companies. It didn't cost them very much money. They had to gear up their cutting systems from mono to stereo.

Record companies in '64, '65, '66, pretty much had control of the market (which is more like they have it today). But for a while in the sixties, we had our stereo radio and our stereo records, and all of that was cooking along pretty good, but then the industry wanted certain forms of music, and they had their little formulas down and they wanted everybody to do that, and furthermore they wanted you to sign over all of your royalties and your ownership claim to the songs that you'd written.

What happened is that the music of the mid-sixties began to get to be so popular so quick that none of the record companies had any of the bands recorded, and yet the radio stations were receiving tremendous requests for Grateful Dead records and Big Brother records or Country Joe and the Fish records and the Jefferson Airplane and all of that kind of music.

*Did Warner Brothers ever approach you and ask you to work with them?*

We were all renegades. They signed us because there was demand for our records and they're in the business of selling records. So they grudgingly signed us and manufactured our records, but there really wasn't that much rapport at that point. As soon as they lost total

control over everything, they also lost interest. So we had to carry on.

When I began working in the studios in the early sixties, the whole thirties and forties industry were the people who were running the studios and they were all getting older and approaching retirement age. We were real outsiders and renegades, so they weren't willing to pass on information. So everything we learned we had to get together and hack it all out ourselves.

*Did they understand what you were up to?*

Oh yeah, they took lots of stuff from us! There are a lot of things that we developed in San Francisco in the mid-sixties that are now common practice everywhere, that were unheard of until we discovered them! One of the nice things about not being taught and having to figure it out yourself is that there's a good likelihood that you'll figure out new ways of doing things. So in a way it was good for us, I don't regret it. It's unfortunate that the record companies are trying to appeal to the mass public, just like ad agencies and all that crap. They can't have their own opinion. They have to stick to the pulse of things and go the way the wind blows. But for committed artists, you can't have that as an attitude because your art is your life and you have to go with it, not it go with you.

You had AM radio and up to the mid-sixties that's all there was. FM radio was an experimental medium that had started during the second world war, and most of the people who had FM stations had them as a hobby. What happened in the mid-sixties, when we started making our own music, not only were the record companies unfriendly to us but so were the radio stations, because they're all in the same crib. So it turned out that all of these FM stations were kind of lying around, and nobody really cared about them, so that's where we

Dan Healy

went, because it was the only radio medium that we had access to. The AMs were all sewed up by the big-time Top 40 station kind of rock. So we went to FM because nobody cared about us!!

What it did was it turned everybody on to FM, but AM was still making all the money. It was still the hot dog and FM was considered cute and groovy and all that kind of stuff. It wasn't until the nouveau rocksters went and took over those stations, because nobody else gave a shit about them, that everybody began listening to them. That began the whole FM radio craze. That happened in the mid and late sixties.

*What about the quadrophonic phase that was around for a couple of years?*

It was a neat idea. It was fun to listen to. It's extremely hard to record and have it make any sense. The thing that shot it down is the same thing that's shooting down videodiscs. Different companies were trying to pull what RCA Victor pulled in 1949, with the small records with the big holes in the middle, then they had to force everyone to buy their phonograph. That was probably the last time that kind of concept could probably be pulled off in mass scale.

There's actually three different kinds of quad format, and each manufacturer's tried to out-bowl the other one.

You and me, the consumer, just said, hey fuck it. It basically amounted to, if you wanted to be able to have the ability to reproduce all the quad records you could get your hands on, you would have had to have armed yourself with all three systems. And nobody was going for that. And that's basically what really took it down. And that's also what's taken down videodiscs, because they're all fighting and arguing over it, trying to see who can be the one to win out and have everyone make their stuff like them.

*So, it's just a market thing?*

It just gives you a little more. But it also adds more confusion. But even the really far-out stereo system limits your listening. If you're like me, as a record maker, I know that the people who have what I consider top grade stereo systems are maybe one percent of the people who listen to my record. And when it comes down to quad systems, it might go down to a tenth of a percent who really go to the trouble of having a decent quad listening system. So it's impractical. It's like a ballpoint pen that writes under water.

*Do you think the late sixties was really the renaissance in sound?*

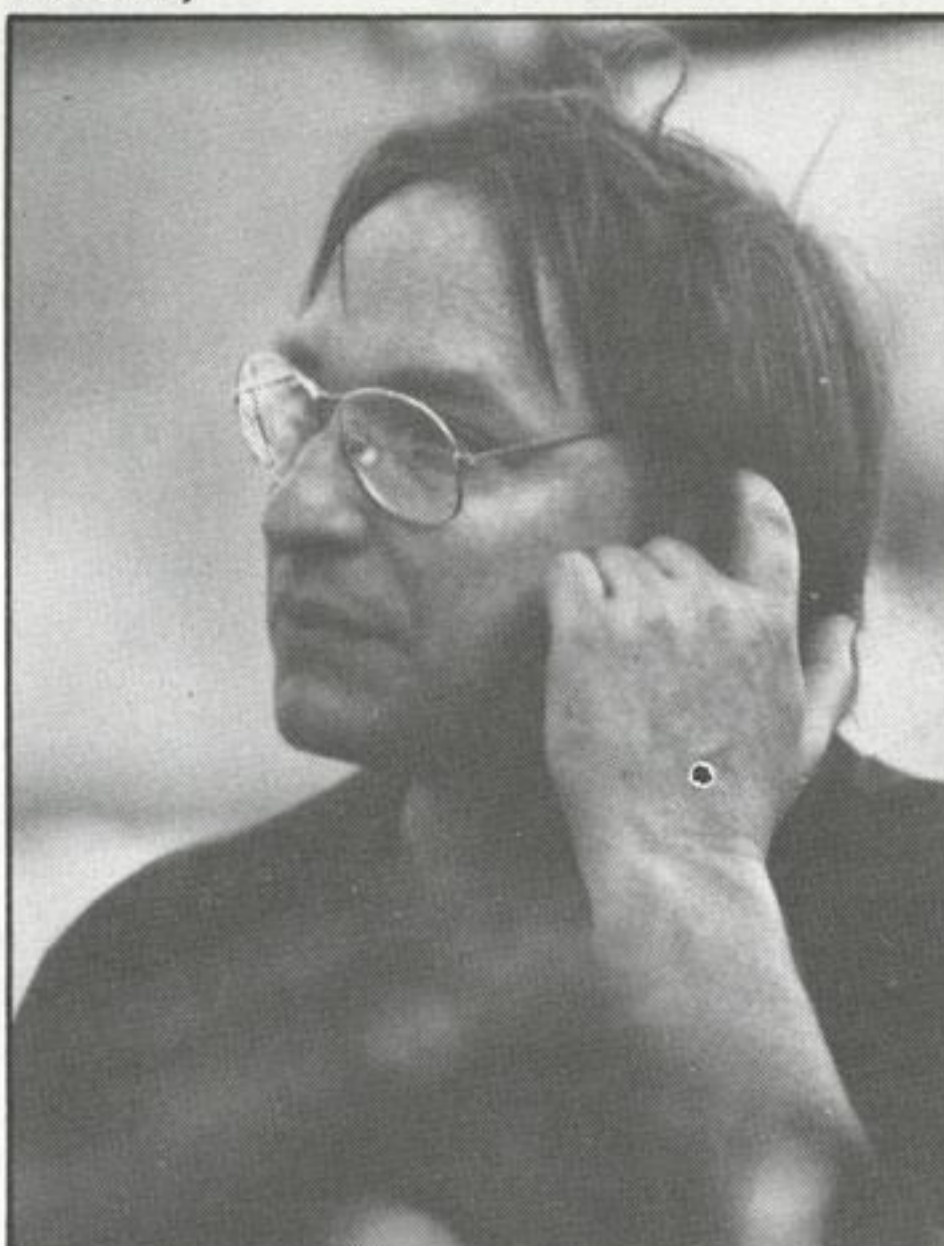
I definitely think so. Between 1963 and 1973, more developments happened in sound than all of the time up to 1963.

*And that was due to people like yourself.*

I discovered that all through the sixties, when I first began toying with the Grateful Dead, that all across the country there were people like us. New York had a set of gyro gearlooses. Boston, L.A., all of the cities had a bunch of gyro gearlooses that were just into wanting to improve it and make it better, largely because we were all freaks.

*Was it a society thing? Why then, and why you?*

We all had long hair. When you'd go to rent a piece of equipment or get some information from somebody, the society who basically controlled everything went "ooo" (e.g., ugh). We had to stick together if we were to get anywhere. So we did stick together. And little by little, when we pushed all of our knowledge together, we realised that there was a reasonable modicum of knowledge. So that encouraged us enough that we sort of set about



Kurt Mahony

developing our own ideas and sharing with each other. And one of the most revolutionary things about it was that this was one of the few times in history when there wasn't a big stink over stealing secrets from each other. This was a generation of share and share alike, and we did. And I think that's one of the reasons it advanced so rapidly. And it's not that the straight part of the world has regained control. But there was a time in the last half of the sixties and the first part of the seventies when actually the American society had gotten away from America. The straights had lost control of it. It was really out there loose for a while. And during that time a lot of progress was made. Now little by little, the record companies have gotten back control and the radio stations have gotten back control. It's not the same boring thing it was before that happened. Until the next renaissance happens, I guess we just bumble along.

*But was it just the right people meeting at the right time? Could this have happened at any other time? Wasn't it just luck that you were in San Francisco?*

I suppose. I didn't know at that time. I was just a kid who got out of high school and I was doing what turned me on. I never really thought about where I was. I never really thought about it like that. I was just vitally interested in it. I was always interested in electronics, since I can remember. When I was five years old I was tearing apart radios. I was always one of those freaky gyro gearloose kids. So, by the time I got to San Francisco, I lived in a houseboat in Corta Madeira and my next door neighbor was John Cipollina. He was in this group Quicksilver and they were kind of getting into the big time around there. This was '64-'65, something like that. He was always coming over to my house, because he knew I worked in a recording studio—"I have a band, you've got to come into one of our gigs." I took him to the studio with me a couple of times. So one night he finally talked me into going to one of his gigs. They were the headline act, and the opening band was the Grateful Dead. So we got there during the Grateful Dead set, and the music had stopped and something had gone wrong with, I think, Phil Lesh's amplifier. I remember walking in, I saw the sound system, they just had one little teeny speaker box on each side of the stage, and I thought, wow, because I was used to being in a recording studio and listening to reasonably different speakers—wow, these

gigs, it ought to sound like it sounds in the studio.

At any rate, Cipollina pushed me onto the stage because he knew I knew about electronics. I did something and it made Phil's amp work. So then the Grateful Dead set got done and Phil and Jerry came up to me and said thanks a lot for coming to fix the amp; I said no sweat and I made some comment like "doesn't it bother you that you can't even hear your voice over this shitty sound system?" And they basically said, "If you can do it better, get with it, if you know anything about this, let's get this on." So basically they said, "go for it." I had sort of a desire. I was working in a studio but that wasn't really doing it for me. So I went over about two weeks later, and for the first time I did a sound system. We rented a place which was called the "Fillmore." I went to all these different companies in San Francisco and Oakland and rented all of the equipment that they had and I took it and I just piled up these big fucking mountains of speakers on each side of the stage, and we did the gig. I started two or three days ahead of time in the hall. At that time it was just a little neighborhood theater, owned by the Fillmore Corporation, an old swing ballroom that had been closed, and nobody gave a shit about. You just signed up on a list and when your name came up, you and your pals could do whatever you wanted. So, that's how we got it, until the scene got to be big, and then Graham leased it for a year.

Before that, it was free theater time. So, I stacked up a huge system. We had the gig there. It was far out, amazing. It was really the dawning of a whole new era, a new way of presenting music. Everybody realized that it was the forerunner of a design for our spaceship.

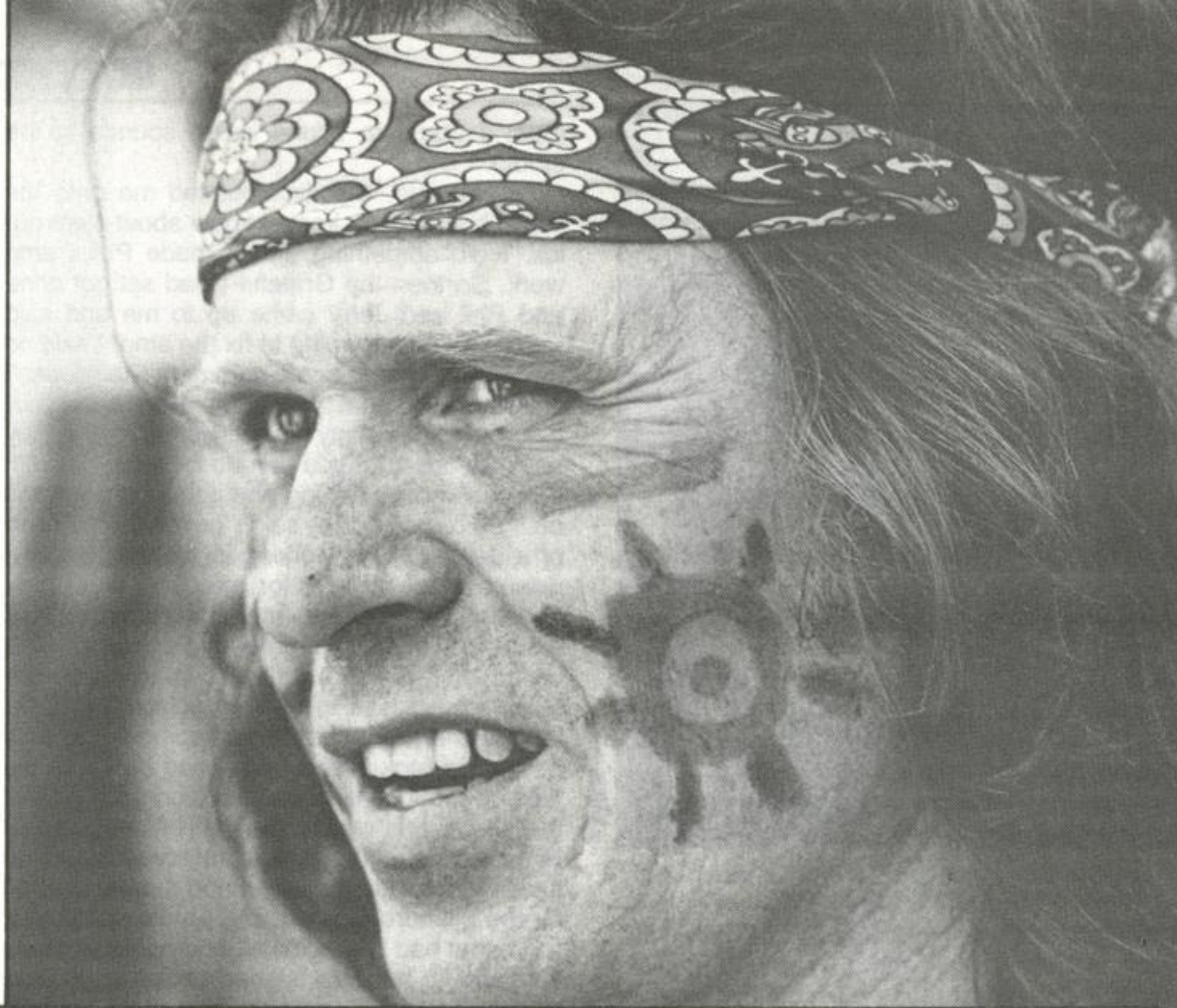
# MARS HOTEL



Half speed production.  
Specially plated & pressed on  
hi quality vinyl in Japan.

**\$15.00 inc P&H**

**Rockin' Relix Inc**  
P.O. Box 92  
Brooklyn, NY 11229



Country Joe McDonald

## The Summer of Love

Remembered by those who were there by William Ruhlmann

**A**S part of its commemoration of the Summer Of Love, Relix asked many members of the San Francisco music community for their impressions and memories of that season, 20 years ago today.

**Bill Thompson:** (manager of Jefferson Airplane) It seemed like it happened so fast. But we had put out a record. What the Airplane did, and I have to take credit for this, it was right before Graham became the manager, is, I came up with an idea of taking along our light show with us, and we went out, and RCA paid for it. And we went to, I think it was only six cities, but one of the halls was Webster Hall in New York. And the band played with a light show. And this freaked people out, they couldn't believe it. There was so much press. And right after that we were invited back to play the Cafe Au-Go-Go. We played Cleveland, we played Detroit, we played Chicago, Dallas and Houston, also. And then we played, L.A., but we came back to play the Cafe Au-Go-Go. It was something new, something different. There was so much publicity, so much press. Some guy fell in love with Grace Slick, that ideal, like a girl in a rock 'n' roll band and looking like these guys, like a Jorma. And our road crew were a very interesting group of people also. And he did an article for *Look Magazine* that came out in March of 1967. And he had all these photos of Grace and talking in interviews with her about being in a rock band, because Grace went to Finch College and looked the straightest of any of the bandmembers, of course. And that seemed to have a huge impact. And "Somebody To Love" went to like Number 3, I think, in the country. And *Sur-realistc Pillow*, that was doing well.

And then *Time Magazine* came out with something, I believe it was in early May, about San Francisco and what was going on and it was a new mecca and the Fillmore Ballroom and the Avalon Ballroom and the posters and

the light shows. And it was basically around the Jefferson Airplane.

And then in June, after school got out, the whole city was swarmed with teenagers and kids. Now, we were playing around a lot at that time. We'd come in and do some free shows, sometimes with the Dead, sometimes on our own. And I think the Dead were playing around the city the whole summer, even before their record came out, with Quicksilver and Big Brother and a lot of other groups, who were the Mystery Trend and a million others playing around that time.

I would say that the Jefferson Airplane was a large part of making the Summer of Love happen. I don't know if that's a good endorsement or not.

But I kind of consider the Summer of Love starting really in '65—I mean, that's a term—starting in '65, coming to a peak at Woodstock, and ending at Altamont. To me, that seemed like the end of the sixties. And it was the end, it was December of '69. But it was like those two things were the old yin and yang, one was great and the other was catastrophe. And we were at both of those, also.

**Ben Friedman:** (owner of Postermat, San Francisco) It seems like the reporters want to show that the Summer of Love was full of free sex and drugs. They run it down, they actually don't give you the Summer of Love, they give you the Summer of Hate. And I was there, and I was on Grant Avenue, and I was looking at people, and I think it was really the Summer of Love. Everybody was very, very nice. The artists were doing a beautiful job, the musicians were doing a beautiful job, and I don't see why they run it down.

And what they were doing was protecting against the stupid Vietnam War, and they were basically correct. Wes Wilson came out immediately, before everybody even knew about the Vietnam War, he came out with "Be Aware," and that was a beautiful poster.

Everybody was more involved in politics and protest, but they weren't involved in hate and violence.

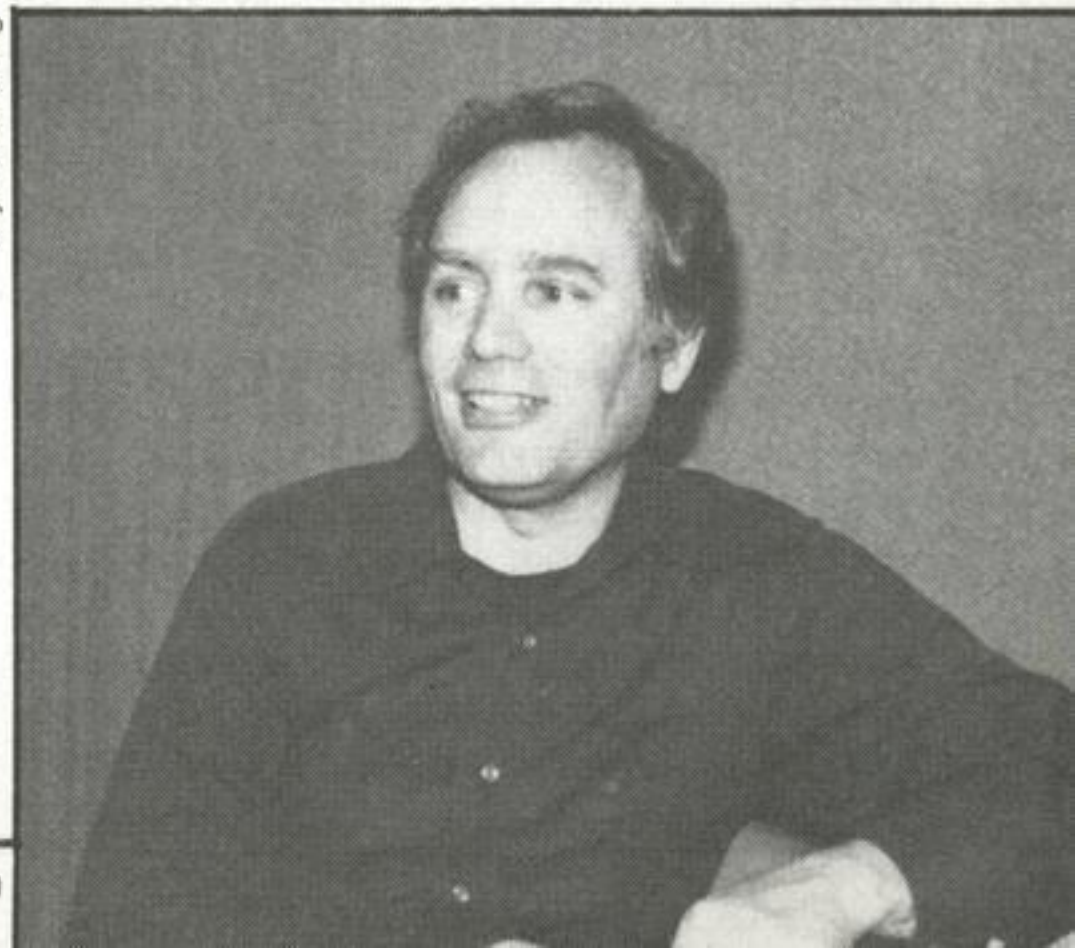
**Country Joe McDonald:** I'd written "Fixin'-To-Die Rag" in '65 and we had released the first Rag Baby EPs, which were the first self-produced EPs of the era. One, which is so well known, is *Country Joe And The Fish Electric*. But there was one before that that had "Fixin'-To-Die Rag" on it. It was an extension of a magazine that I had called *Rag Baby Magazine*.

So, Country Joe And The Fish had put out *Electric Music For The Mind And Body* and maybe *Fixin'-To-Die Rag* that came out in '67, I think. It was a very exciting time. It was very small. I think it's important for people to realize that, that the dancehalls were half-full, that the people at the Human Be-In had short hair, that freaky, crazy things were not as freaky and crazy as we think of them now, that there was a real camaraderie and community sense about things. I was living for a while with Janis Joplin in the Haight and we used to walk around and we would see Peter Albin or Peter Krug, Peter Berg in the streets, say hello, stop, talk. Nobody would come up and hassle you about autographs, no one was famous, then. The only thing that was famous was that the scene was starting to be famous. But it was a very exciting, creative time, very exciting and very small.

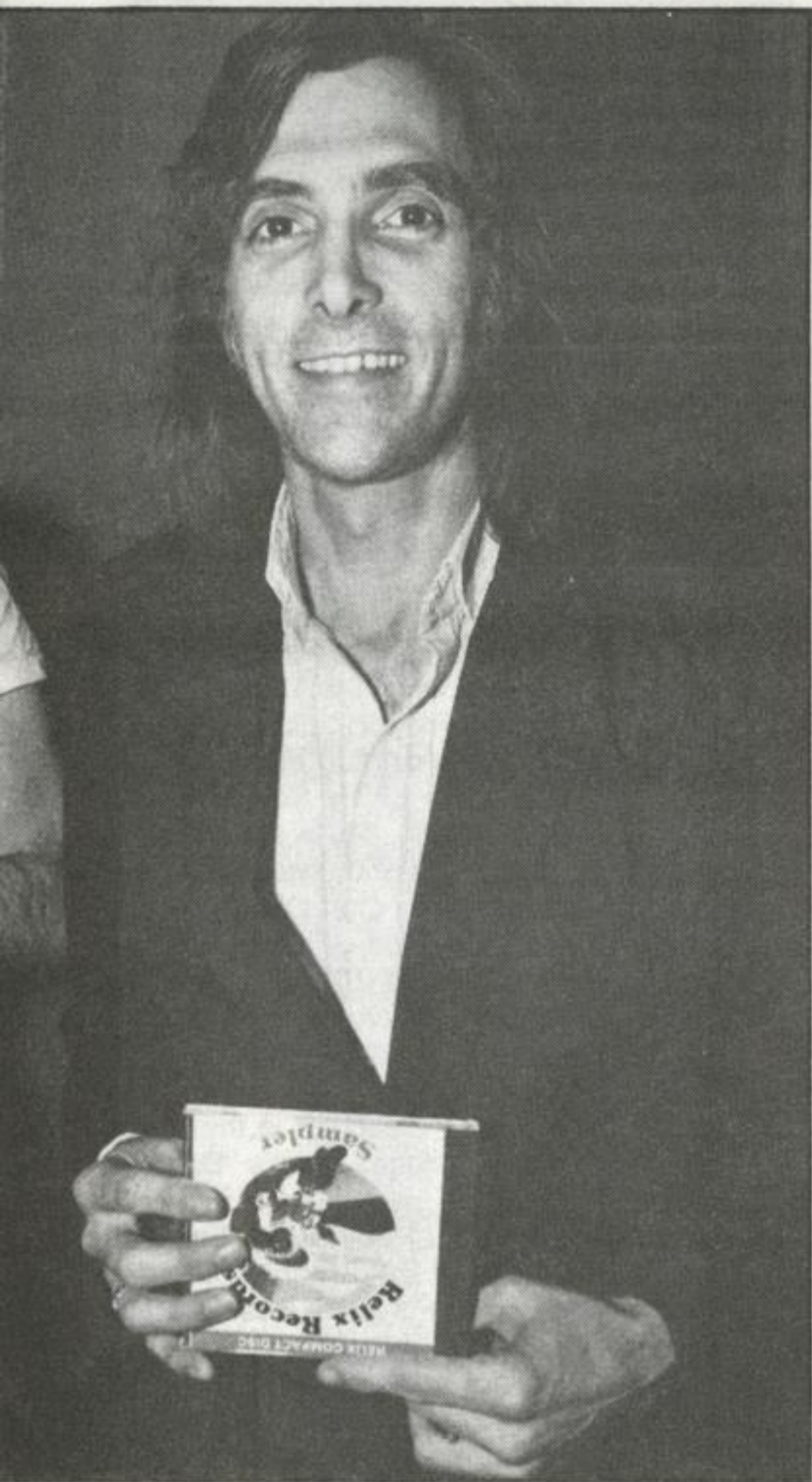
I think it's important for people to realize that, because younger people today try to think about, they want to do something like happened during the Summer of Love or in the early stages of the Aquarian Age and they think they have to do something on the scale of the Us Festival. They think big. And history is really distorted with the size of what was going on in '67. And it's important for people to realize that small is beautiful and that our focuses were very simple and easy to understand. Make love, not war. Small is beautiful. Do your own thing. These weren't just empty slogans. People, if they decided to make a newspaper—that's how the *Oracle* was born, that's how *Rolling Stone* was born, that's how the Be-In was born. Just get an idea—let's put on a concert, let's form a rock band, and just do it. You don't have to have a lot of money, you don't have to think about being a big success. The joy is in doing the thing, making it happen. And that was the fun, very exciting part of the Summer of Love. A lot of people were doing a lot of things. They weren't doing them to make a lot of money or to become really big and famous. They were doing it to make a little bit of money, to have a little bit of success, just to do things, with good motivations. And you can get really swamped by trying to do something bigger than the media hype that we're left with now: Woodstock, Monterey.

Dave Patrick

Jay Blakesberg



Peter Albin



Jay Blakesberg

You have to understand, the amplifiers were small, the PA systems were small, hair was short. It was a small, easy feeling thing and that was the power of it, I think.

To understand '67, you have to understand '57, really, because the late fifties were a real musical wasteland with the exception of some small things like the progressive West Coast jazz movement, the esoteric popularity of Town Hall Party and the Grand Ole Opry, those country-western performers like the Maddox Brothers and Rose. Mainstream music and mainstream culture was very boring and very bad. What legends do we have from that era? Pat Boone? Harry Belafonte? It's really not definitive work. But when you hit '67, we had been waiting for so long to do something that was really meaningful to us. We were playing from our hearts. We were using all the skills that we had developed to play, to express ourselves, to express our lifestyle and we just poured ourselves into it. Not just Country Joe And The Fish, but all the groups, the definitive groups of that era and the output is quite unbelievable in that '66-'68 period. The good, truly unique music that came out of that period. I think a lot of it really had to do with the repression that we felt as young people growing up in the fifties and not having something that was really our own.

We were waiting for our own culture. And then when we got it, we went overboard, of course. We just went crazy. Everyone was something other than just a regular person in those days. I used to paint my face, I would take out these Hopi Indian designs and paint them on my face. I don't know where I got that idea from. And I remember people were making their own beads and making their own clothes.

It's hard to imagine an era in which people wore white T-shirts with nothing on them. But that's, when I grew up in the fifties, what we wore. We wore black, high-topped Keds sneakers with Levis and white T-shirts. And I had a tanker jacket like the kind that Army tank drivers use, and painted a big face on the back of it and I shaved my head once. But I got expelled from school for doing that. It was an era of bleakness, really. So when it changed, and it just kind of changed overnight, when it was discovered that you could put things on T-shirts, it was like an explosion, creating a situation where you've got a guy who wears a black T-shirt and that's his signature. You've got Jerry Garcia and his black plain T-shirt, it's such a bizarre phenomenon nowadays.

For a lot of us, the Summer of Love was the beginning of childhood's end, because we realized that when we rejected our parents and the establishment because we thought that they didn't know what was right, we assumed the responsibility for our own actions. And now, when we look back, we have to admit that Jimi Hendrix killed himself. Janis Joplin killed herself. We signed the contracts that we did. No one put a gun to our heads. We made our bed and we slept in it. That's just the way life is.

**Peter Albin:** (Big Brother And The Holding Company) I was living on Central Street, which is about a block off of Haight Street in the Haight-Ashbury, and I remember getting slightly involved with some of the political groups like the Diggers and the religious groups who were concerned about the focus on the Summer of Love, particularly the influx of teenagers who were expected to completely overpopulate the Haight-Ashbury and who more than likely didn't have money, a place to sleep or any dehydrated food, or, anyway, the essentials of life. So I was a little bit involved with some of the groups that tried to organize free food, particularly the Diggers took care of that. And shelter, and that was taken care of by a few of the religious groups. They opened up their church doors and let people sleep in some of the offices. The medical clinic was involved, too.

Another memory that I have of 1967 was the Monterey Pop Festival, which was something that was very exciting to me. I still have very good memories of that, musicians that got very close to each other from the different kinds of factions, both the local artists and Los Angeles superstars and some of the international stars that came in, Jimi Hendrix and the Who.

I remember also some of the negative aspects of that particular time, when a lot of people started coming in to San Francisco, they were doing things that they learned from newspaper articles in their hometown. Greasy, superficial, stereotypical ways of behaving, clothes to wear, things to say, drugs to take. It left a bad taste in my mouth, to see a lot of these people being something that they weren't, and also taking up a lot of space. That sounds very negative, but it was a very small community, and to have this influx of people that were just products of the media kind of pissed me off.

But I guess my negative feelings changed when some of the people melded into the scene and became part of it and started to, kind of like, "Yeah, you can't just put yourself on all these good people who are in the area, because you'll turn them off." And that's what happened to a lot of the people, a lot of folks who had in the past given freely to panhandlers, people who were in need of clothes, people who were in need of any kind of service

or who wanted a free ticket to a concert—you'd just ask, what the hell. We just got so inundated by panhandlers, now we're starting to say, "Sorry, I got hit down the block over here already." So, they got that kind of feeling at first, I'm sure from people like ourselves who had had that laid on them too much. So they changed, started blending. It got better.

But, actually, in 1968, which was a good time for Big Brother And The Holding Company financially, it was a very bad time for the Haight-Ashbury. The Summer of Love, I think, was just in the beginning of a downward trend, a negative slide for the area. There was actually just too many people. Later, in '68, me and my wife and kids were thinking about moving out, which we eventually did. They had riots in '68, people bringing tear gas in. Hey, that's not what the Haight-Ashbury was about. But there were some people there that pushed the cops too much. So it became a violent place, a lot of rip-offs, people were selling points and heroin rather than grass and acid, which they did in '66. Change was obvious. There were a lot of outsiders in our community and trying to make them feel at home was not working.

But initially, the Summer of Love was a joyous period of time. It just became a little bit much, particularly '68. But I do remember lots of good concerts. We had lots of free concerts in the Panhandle and in various parts of the Golden Gate Park. And outside the area, a lot of benefits, a lot of regular concerts at the Fillmore and the Avalon that were a lot of fun. So there were a lot of very positive aspects. There was a lot of good being done by various service-oriented groups, not only in the Haight-Ashbury, but in San Francisco and in the Bay Area, of which we played a lot of benefits for, the Zen center, the switchboard, the Diggers. Also, once in a while, Joe Blow who got busted for grass.

**Billy Roberts:** (author of "Hey Joe") I was probably over in the grass behind the line of bushes that was behind the stage and I don't remember who I was with! Summer of Love! It was true! That was about as much as I remember of it.

**John Cipollina:** (Quicksilver Messenger Service) I was in town, actually, I was in San Francisco. That was the summer of '67. The summer of '67 was an interesting year for Quicksilver. We were working a lot, but we were still unsigned, which meant that everybody else went on the road and we didn't. So, the Dead had already signed their record deal with Warner Bros. The Airplane had signed their deal with RCA and Country Joe had signed with Vanguard and Big Brother had signed with Mainstream. So they were all carrying on, and they were all on the road, pretty much. I think even the Charlatans were signed at that time.

Anyway, we just carried on. So everybody was pretty much working, and we were working too, we were working in town because all the other bands were on the road. In the summer of '67 there were really only three places to play. There was the Fillmore, there was the Avalon, and there was the Matrix. So what we did is we tried to get a job at one of those places at least every other weekend. So we were pretty much in town during the summer. We got to watch. All these kids deciding during the winter of '66 to run away from home and sleep on our floor. Then of course they all got out to California and all the bands they came out to see were on the road, except for us.



# ROKY ERICKSON:

## A Picture of Roky's Horror Show

by Allan Vorda

**R**OKY Erickson. To many the name means nothing. To a small segment of the musical world he is a legend of almost mythic proportions. To the man himself, he is indifferent to the opinions of the masses.

Myths are created when all the facts are not known. Such is the case with this musician whose career, which has been filled with controversy and rumor, recently started up again and may further add to the myth. It is not the purpose of this article to propagate the myth, but to reveal the human side of Roky Erickson. What follows is an attempt to chronologically bring the reader—those who have heard of him and those who have not—up to date with the life of Roky Erickson.

*The 13th Floor Elevators.* The group, whose name was derived from an old habit of superstitious building contractors to delete the ill-reputed floor, was a spontaneous creation of talent which came together in 1965 in the city of Austin. The band featured the lyrics of a student named Tommy Hall who combined the themes of philosophy and drugs to create a unique psychedelic sound which was augmented by two things: "a funny little noise in the record" and a young lead singer with a great voice. The funny little noise was Hall's device of blowing into a jug with a microphone which caused an eerie effect on its listeners. The lead singer, a seventeen-year old vocalist who was plucked from a group called the Spades, was Roky Erickson.

The Elevators existence was short-lived yet spectacular. The first album was entitled *The*

*Psychedelic Sounds of the 13th Elevators* and featured the hit single "You're Gonna Miss Me" as well as "Roller Coaster," "Splash 1," "Reverberation" and "Kingdom of Heaven." The second LP *Easter Everywhere*, followed with a regional hit entitled "Slip Inside This House," "I've Got Levitation" and a great cover of Dylan's "Baby Blue." The third release was a live album which was a good effort except for an overabundance of crowd noise that was studio dubbed between songs. Then came the nightmare.

Roky Erickson was busted by Texas Rangers during a gig at a state university during a time when the penalties for drugs were extremely harsh. Consequently, in order to escape a long prison sentence, the defense declared insanity for their client which resulted in Roky being committed to a hospital for several years. The Elevators tried to continue without Roky, releasing *Bull of the Woods*, but the band had lost its figurehead and eventually broke up.

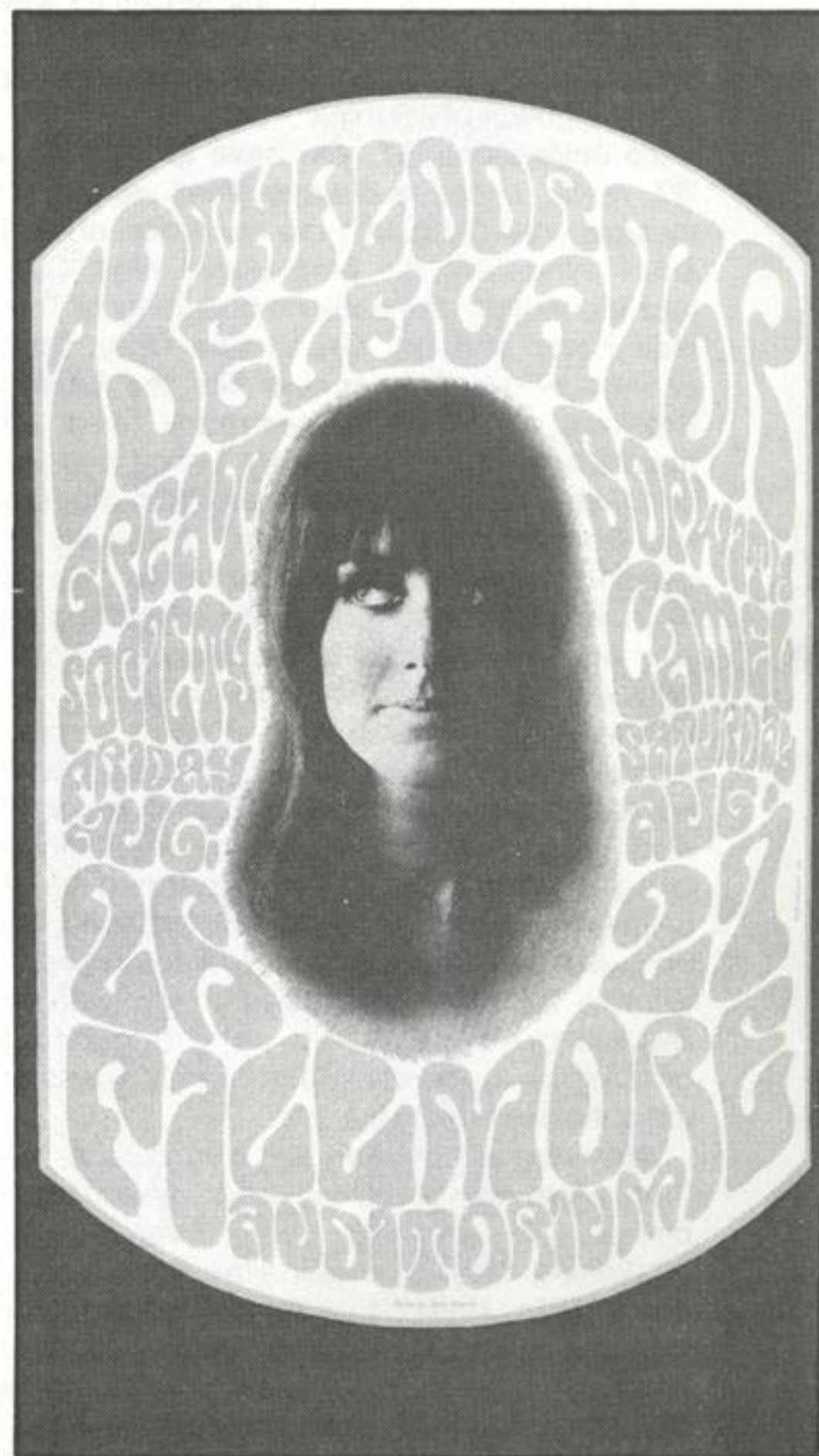
The Elevators even tried to regroup in 1972 after Roky's release, but the magic was gone and the members drifted apart. (Several years later another reunion was planned, but Stacy Sutherland was tragically killed during a domestic squabble in 1978). Occasionally, however, Roky's name would emerge in the music magazines.

For example, in 1975 Doug Sahm released a single available by request only entitled "Two-Headed Dog" which was to foreshadow Roky's obsession with the unnatural. He also gained popularity in Europe where his albums are collector's items. While in England, Roky came to the attention of Howard Thompson who was enamored by the strange songs Roky had

written during (and after) his confinement at Rusk State Mental Hospital. (A collection of Roky's poetry during his imprisonment was published under the title of *Openers*.) Thompson, who has signed such groups as Adam and the Ants and the Psychedelic Furs, signed Roky Erickson to a CBS-UK contract, and an album was released in 1980 (with his S.F. Bay area band) entitled *Roky Erickson and the Aliens*. The American version, *The Evil One*, was released in 1981. Subsequently, Roky has had a plethora of work released:

1. *Weird Tales* by Roky Erickson and the Aliens with the assistance of Jack Casady (Jefferson Airplane) and Paul Zoff (S.V.T.). The album was released in a limited edition by his former Orb managers (Orb, 1982).
2. *Fire in My Bones* LP is a collection of 13th Floor Elevators live (1966) and studio (1966-67) material never before released (Texas Archive Recordings, 1985).
3. *Clear Night For Love* LP by Roky Erickson and recorded in Austin, TX is an excellent, yet strange mix of musical styles under the masterful direction of ex-Doug Sahm bassist Speedy Sparks (New Rose, France, 1985).
4. *Evil Hook and Wildlife E.T.* EP by Roky Erickson featuring a live version of Lou Reed's "Heroin" (Live Wire Records, New Mexico, 1985).
5. *Return of the Living Dead* LP is the movie soundtrack which includes Roky's "Burn the Flames" (1985).
6. *Don't Slander Me* LP by Roky Erickson includes a number of songs earlier recorded on 45's and import LP's (Pink Dust Records /Enigma, 1986).

Future plans call for another Roky LP entitled *Gremlins Have Pictures* and another 13th Floor Elevator LP of unreleased material sometime in 1987.







28 Byrds



29 Sound



30 Butter



Dead/J. Cotton



39 Jefferson Airplane



40 Love



33 Yardbirds



34 Cap. Beefheart



Howlin' Wolf



45 Dead, Jr. Wells



46 Airplane/Dead



49 Rod/Honkey



Robert Broke/Chick



59 Howlin' Wolf



60 Wolf, Big Brother



53 Otis Rush/Mothers



54 Jefferson Airplane



64 Martha & Vandellas



65 Big Brother/Miller



68 The Who/Load, Zone



69 Air./Sanbo/Hendrix



70 Ch. Berry/Animals



71 Bo Diddley/Big Bro.



72 Butterfield/Kirk



79 Butterfield/Crown



80 Cream/Bloc, Plog



81 Holly, Bowl/Airplane

CELEBRATE THE SUMMER OF LOVE  
AT THE

**60 GALLERY**

**POSTER US**

**401-419-423**  
**COLUMBUS AVE**

SAN FRANCISCO CA. 94133  
415-421-5536



Tom Cooil/Artist Publications

# JANIS JOPLIN: Twenty Years Later

A perspective on her art, her life, and a new look at the circumstances of her death. by Antonia Bell

**U**NNAMED, blind notions come flooding back under my skin. Strange tastes, the forgotten scent of yesteryear . . . and She, She was in the world.

I watched from afar, tracing her path; ear to the radio, listening eagerly for a word of her, a tale of what she'd done next. She'd come into the world and changed my future.

Homely, weird me, who looked forward only to a homely and weird lifetime, in a world where I could never measure up.

Then She came, screaming in a Voice of Beauty and Power. Saying, doing everything I ever wished I could. She defied, she laughed at the world. The untimate homely and weird girl-like-me, up there. Hypnotizing the world with the pure power of her soul unleashed.

She had felt the beauty of all the weirdness within her, and let it pour outward. It covered her in psychedelic satin and feathers. It flowed out every pore of her, blurring her finite frame into a human torch.

Why are we still talking about her? This woman who put out her first record at the age of 24, and only released 2 more before her death at 27?

Her effect, not only on music, but on ideas, manners, and morals, was pervasive. No single individual of her rock generation has approached the effect that she had.

Janis invented the female rock vocalist; the idiom and the image. Before her, there never was a female rock singer. There were black women in R&B, from whom she took her cue. But in rock, the closest thing was Leslie Gore and Petula Clark.

Before Janis, white women stood still in an evening gown and sang conventionally. Before

her, no woman made it big unless she conformed to that Hollywood image.

Legions of freaky women followed. We take it for granted today. But Janis was the one who blazed the trail. She broke the mold. The rest followed and imitated.

In the mid 60's, in San Francisco, there was a warm womb of freakiness. There were beginning-to-be women.

Her good friend Grace Slick (of Jefferson Airplane and Starship), is still an important female voice. Grace, also, did a great deal to define how women could sing rock; and is still widely imitated. Outside of Janis, she was probably the only other truly original woman rocker, until Patti Smith.

Still, Grace was a member of a band. With all due respect, and no deprecation intended, she was not driven to be a leader, the way Janis was.

So there were other women. Without that supportive atmosphere, she might never have emerged as she did. But she far excelled them all. In musicality, power, drive, record sales, fame, and all else. She was the only female headliner in rock to command \$50,000 for a performance. For that matter, she was the only female headliner in rock period.

Like all great rock artists, Janis took her inspiration from black Americans. She spent years copying every note Bessie Smith ever sang, the way Eric Clapton learned licks from Freddie King. She idolized Otis Redding and Big Mama Thornton. They taught her to move onstage, to relate to the crowd. She wanted to be like Otis, like Big Mama. A trained ear can hear them in her singing.

But, like Clapton, she was more than an

imitator. She made the music into something altogether new. As Chuck Berry took blues guitar and created from it a new idiom that was definitively rock, Janis, from her R&B heroes, invented rock singing, as we know it today.

As anyone who's tried it can tell you, that primal scream style is not so easy as it seems. It is most difficult to pull off with real artistry. There's a hell of a lot more to it than just standing up there and screaming. As one can hear it listening to the homogenous mass of non-descript, mediocre heavy metal screamers who flood the airways, so impossible to distinguish from one another.

Janis screamed like no one ever. She blew in eternity. She seemed to be a thousand voices sometimes, the bellow of all humanity.

Yet she always did more than just scream. Listen to Ball & Chain, (the one on Cheap Thrills, that is, that she was around to help produce.) She whispered. She was caressingly sweet, unfathomably tender.

She herself often tried to explain, "I don't think when I sing, I don't think, I just feel . . . Feeling is the most important thing." Certainly, feeling is the most important thing in music. However, this over-simplifies the value of what she did.

A million people can stand up there and scream their feelings without thinking. It is not going to sound like Janis Joplin.

Her ability to achieve perfect vocal effects was already fully developed when she came to Big Brother.

*(Peter Albin of Big Brother:)*

*" . . . I was up in my room . . . and I heard this Joan Baez record singing songs I never heard before, and I went down and it was her! (Janis) It was this Joan Baez voice, exactly like the record. And then she had a Bessie Smith voice that was almost exactly like Bessie Smith . . ."*

For her, at that point, to go on instinct was enough.

To come from the center of the soul, pure experience, untainted by thought, was her ideal. Anything less was not for her.

But she was not without clear ideas of what she wanted the music to be.

*(Janis, upon leaving Big Brother)*

*"I want a bigger band with higher highs . . . And I want more bottom, an incredible amount of bottom . . . When I do a rock tune, I want it to be so huge . . ."*

Paul Rothschild said she was the only woman he had met who would make a good record producer.

When one really considers it all, it is mind-boggling how she attained such artistry at such a young age. During her life people said that she was like Billie Holiday, like Dinah Washington. Because her unique, revolutionary style had the impact to change music forever, as they did.

Consider this: All of those giants she was compared to made records for at least 20 years! She was around for only 3. Her career ended only 3 years after she blew the world's mind at Monterey.

Her art was her ultimate statement. Though it may not be politically correct to say so, Janis did as much to liberate women as the entire women's movement put together, between 1967 and 1970.

What was amazing was not that she drank, swore, or had sex. Probably most of the female population has always drunk, swore, and had sex. But they kept quiet about it, if they knew what was good for them.

What was amazing was that she did not keep quiet about it. She said so. To a million people, to a talk show host, calmly, clearly. When it came to a sticky or obnoxious question in an interview, she was like lightning. Quick on the draw, straight to the point. She'd come back at them with some basic truth that left the glib reporters stuttering.

She made them think.

She didn't just babble. She didn't just spout 4-letter words. She made clear, pithy statements about men, women, sexual politics, the music biz, whatever. This is before women's lib, before!

*Dick Cavett: "...Well, it seems I have to defend my entire sex here..."*

*Janis: "Go right ahead."*

Played back one of the Cavett interviews the other night. It was like a prize fight. The audience roared at her every repartee. They cheered long and loud as she threw a left hook, scored a right jab in the gut of society's oppressive hypocrisy.

We hung on her every word. We jumped up and down for joy. Yeah! Go Janis! Rip the whole hypocritical mess to shreds.

*"People aren't supposed to be like me, sing like me, make out like me, drink like me, live like me. But now they're paying me \$50,000 a night to be like me. That's what I hope I mean to those kids out there. After they see me, when their mothers are feeding them all that cashmere sweater and girdle shit, maybe they'll have a second thought—that they can be themselves and win."*

*(from a fan letter:)*

*"She represented me, who didn't go to the Senior Prom and never got elected to anything...All the outcasts who didn't fit in..."*

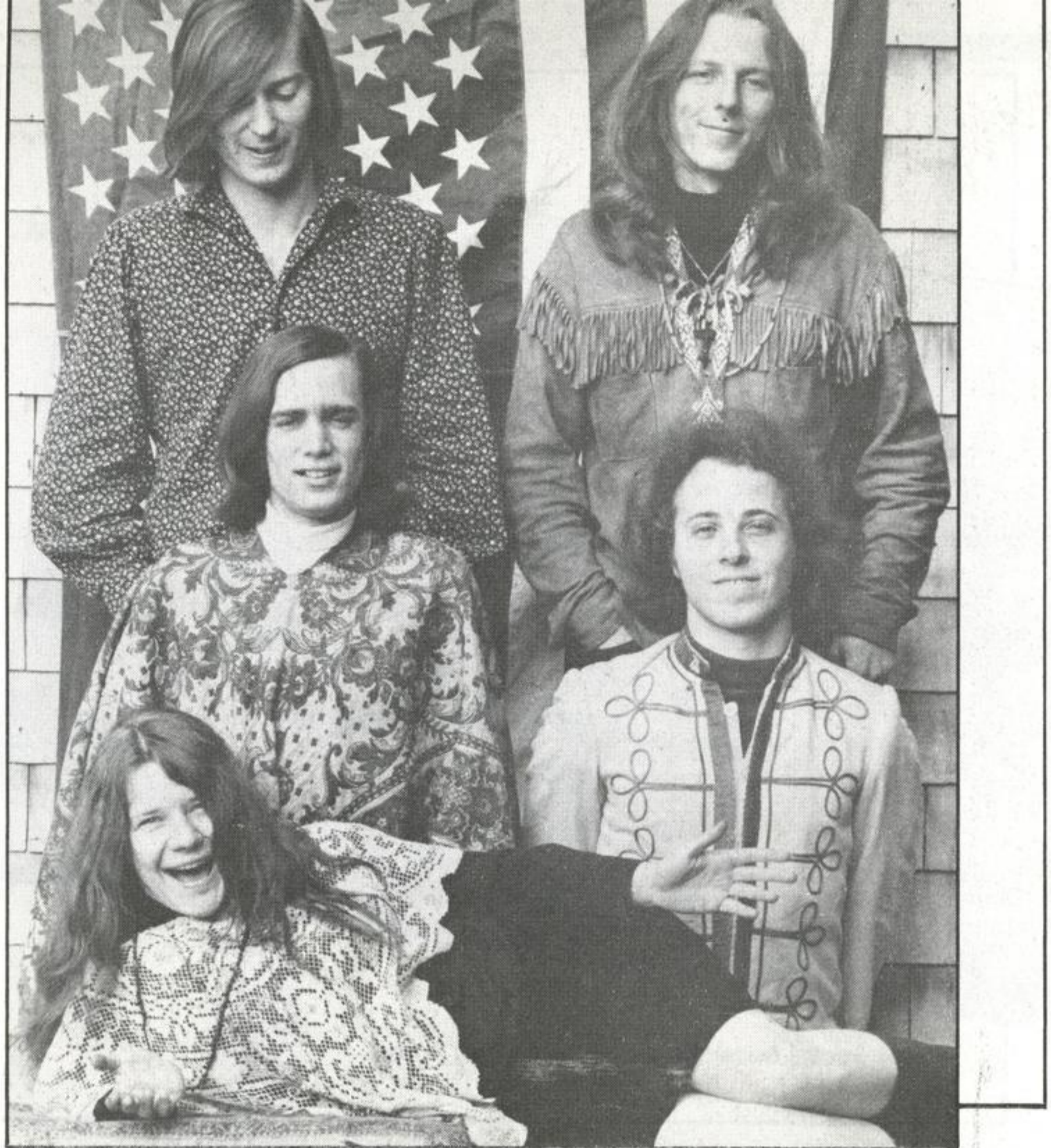
Maybe she didn't go to demonstrations, or campaign for a political cause. Though rhetoric per se was not her bag, her political impact was enormous. She showed the world that a woman could be powerful, successful, and desired, without conforming to the strictly proscribed Hollywood image. She questioned and attacked the oppressive ideas that bind us. She did so very intelligently, very loudly and articulately, every chance she got. On radio, TV, newspapers. Anytime anyone would stick a microphone in her face, the woman had something to say. Something that got you where you lived and MADE YOU THINK.

"What are young people looking for today?" the reporter asked. She made a flabberghasted face like, what an absurd question. But then she got serious. She understood that she was being questioned as a spokeswoman for her generation. She took it seriously. She took it to heart. She came back with one of those incredible instant one-liners. "I think sincerity, and a good time."

She didn't do these things because they were always easy. She didn't do them for self-aggrandizement. (She often poo-pooed her own talent.) She didn't do it because it was the thing to do. Nor was she insensitive to the vicious penalties imposed on those who do not conform.

She already had years of experience in fighting the whole world for the right to be who she was. She'd done it all her life in Texas.

*"This whole success thing that's happened to me hasn't really compromised the position that I took a long time ago in Texas: that was, to be true to myself, to be the person that was on the*



Lisa Law

*inside of me, and not play games. Y'see, that's what I'm trying to do mostly, in the whole world...to be real...It doesn't force a game on me because I refuse to let it force a game on me."*

She transcended political questions by going straight for the root of all oppression: the concentration camp of the heart. The straightjacket of conformist behavior; the padlock on our right to be human, to be sexual, to dance.

She was spontaneous. But it was not only a childish unconscious tendency. Coming from the heart at all times, being real, was a deliberate, adult decision on her part. She took that very seriously.

"...to be myself...to be real" Not as easy as it sounds. In a society in which we are admonished, from cradle to grave, to fold our hands, stand in line, and keep our mouths shut; where we are brainwashed to believe that healthy, life-sustaining instincts, (such as sex), are criminal. To "be yourself" is one of the bravest, most difficult things to do.

Even more so for Janis. She was blessed/cursed with an inexhaustible well of intense creative energy and passion. It took doses of depressants that would knock out the average man, just to bring her down to a level where the rest of us could relate to her. Like any musical genius, she was sensitive as an anemone, acutely aware of vibration levels that most people never feel.

The way the world punished her for her creativity, her 'different'-ness, tore her to pieces inside. Every jab of ridicule and derision stabbed her to the heart. She felt every bit of it. From Port Arthur, TX, where she grew up, to the bartenders who didn't know or care that she was a rock star.

That is the festering wound that she sought to salve with any pain killer she could find.

*"I got treated very badly in Texas. They don't treat beatniks too good there. Port Arthur people thought I was a beatnik...though they'd never seen one and neither had I. I always wanted to be an artist, whatever that was, the way other chicks want to be stewardesses. I read. I painted. I thought."*

We forget what it was like for a woman to try to be anything but a secretary, when Janis was young.

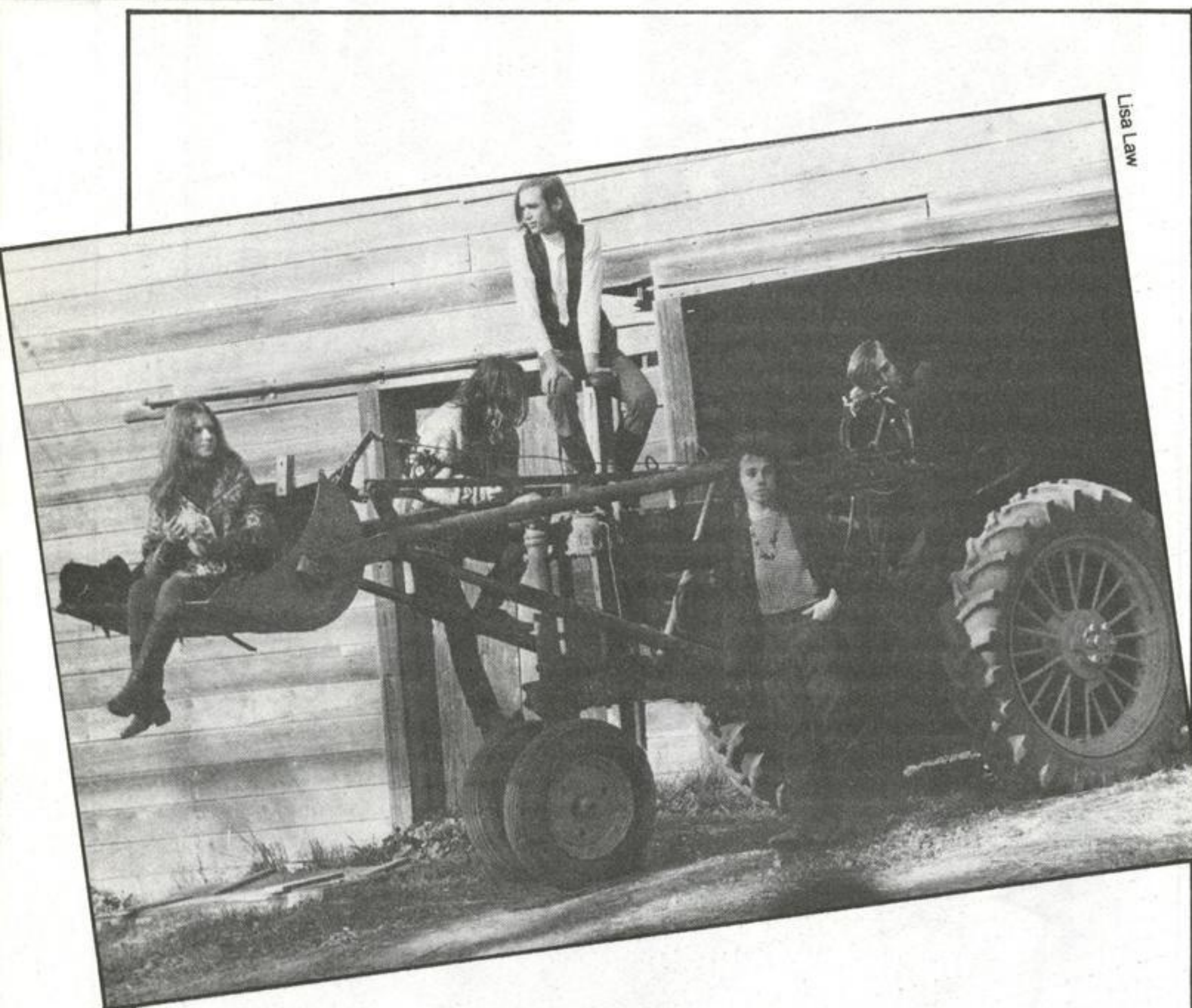
The era immediately after 1970 was 10 years of total revolution for women. Janis was a precursor of that revolution. Since her death, barriers have fallen that stood against women for centuries. What in her day was generally believed impossible has become commonplace. Women have excelled in a hundred fields that were forbidden them from time immemorial.

Women cops, women soldiers, executives, governors, mayors, etc. None of that was dreamed of then. Our collective concept of what women are has been totally revolutionized over the last 10 years. We forget what it was like, back then.

A lot of restrictions on women's behavior have since faded. It's easy to forget what a big deal it was when people began to openly challenge those restrictions.

To understand Janis' overall cultural importance, we need to remember. Let's go back a minute and look at the so-called morals that we once took so seriously.

Remember when a couple living together without being married was a scandal? When nudity in the movies and sex on college



Janis with Big Brother and the Holding Company - 1966

campuses stirred national controversy? When women were fired from jobs for wearing a pair of pants?

What was the 'moral fabric' of 1967? Why were those strict controls on behavior, especially women's sexual behavior, so strong? These issues are the crux of what Janis was about.

Over the last 20 years, a lot of these ideas have crumbled from disuse. But it was Janis who struck some of the first & most flamboyant blows against them.

In 1967, women were the doormat. But if the doormat should get up and refuse to be walked on, the entire oppressive structure that rests upon it threatens to topple.

When women break out of their role, the entire game plan of an oppressive system is shaken. Any woman who publicly proves that it can be done is a threat to that system.

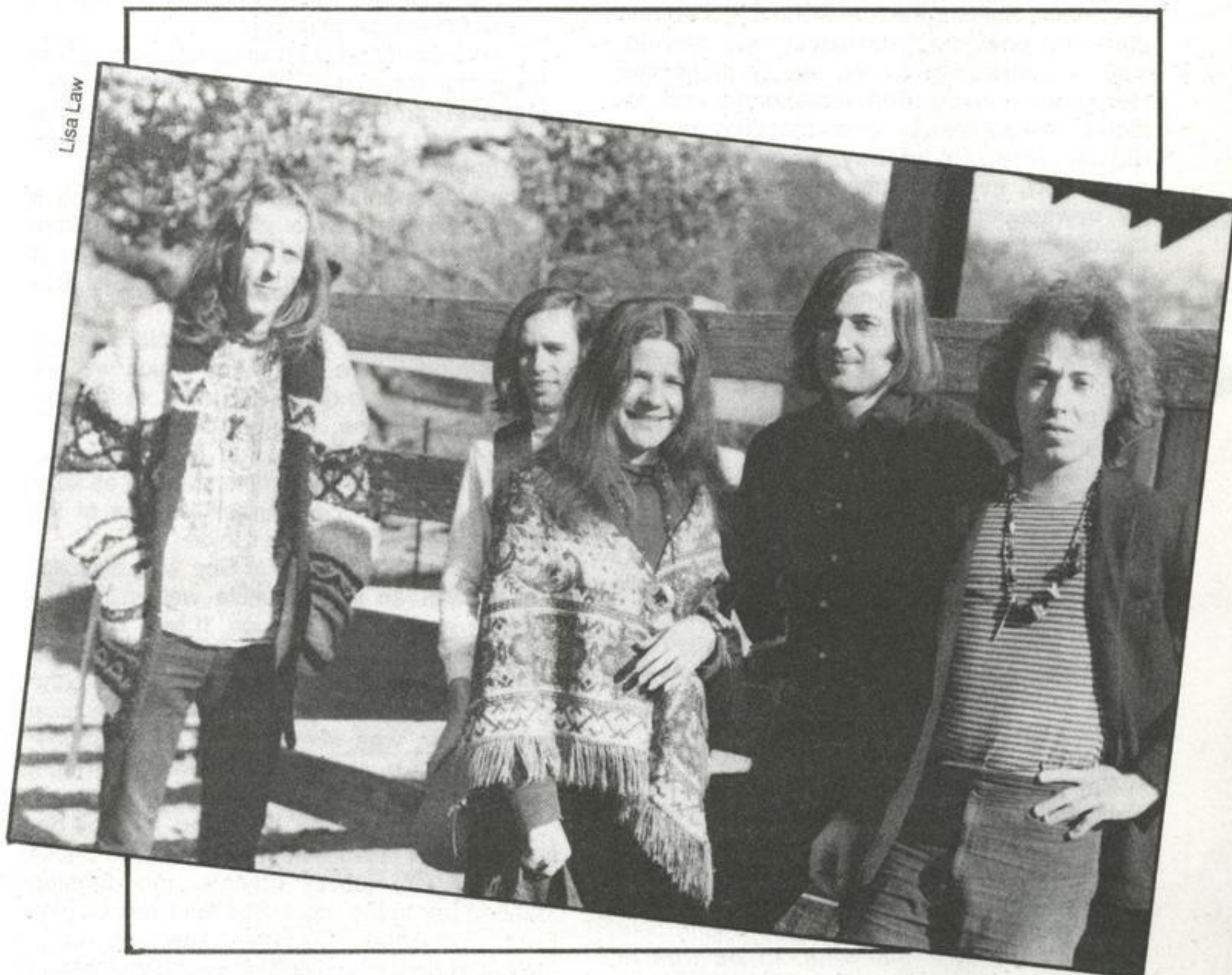
Janis was the very personification of sexual freedom. She lived it, preached it, sang it. She defied female castration, at a time when no one else dared. She proclaimed her right to be sexual.

*"Boy, I sure would like to ball him."*

It really shook people to hear that, 20 years ago. Few women to this day would dare to speak so plain. Though she only said out loud what all women think. From the stir it caused, you'd think her simple words might split the earth like an apple and fling the two halves into the void.

It was not an unconscious slip. She meant what she said. Her commitment was to Truth, as she saw it. And if it got on national TV, well,

Big Brother - 1967 (l-r) Jim Gurley, Peter Albin, Janis, Sam Andrew and David Getz



so much the better. Which may be why Janis does not get the air play that Hendrix, the Doors, and other defunct 60's groups enjoy. Despite the fact that she is as important as any of them. Everywhere today you see posters of Hendrix, of Jim Morrison. But you don't see Janis' face. It's as if they wanted to erase her from history.

It would not be an imaginative tactic. They've been writing strong women out of history for ages. Or making them into 'doomed women.'

Janis has had foisted upon her memory the myth of the "doomed, tragic woman."

Well she was a blues singer, so tragedy was a part of her art. But only a part. She also sang a great deal about life, about living to the fullest. In a conformist era, she exhorted people to wake up, to feel, to dance, to be sexually free. "Get off your butt and feel things, that's my message."

Because she died, she has become a 'doomed woman' myth. But when she was alive, she was a symbol of life, a champion of truth and freedom.

The "doomed woman" myth is used to cover up the persecution of exceptional people who happen to be female. It's sort of like when the police beat you up, then charge you with assaulting an officer; or with suicide.

This mentality has controlled our education, our institutions, and, therefore, our thinking, for centuries. And it hasn't exactly disappeared overnight.

Was Janis a "doomed woman"?

One can say, well, nobody forced her to shoot up. One could also say that no one forces kids to drop out of school. Yet our schools turn out illiterates and drop-outs by the millions every year. Very gifted children often suffer the most, branded as trouble makers by a system that is constricting to them.

A top flight race horse is a delicate creature. She's high-strung, trained to a hair's breadth. That's what makes her so good. The slightest



Lisa Law

shift of weight can break her back. A small error in working her, and she could be ruined.

For a fine animal to be ruined by wrong handling is inhumane. It's a crime.

And our human resources, our national treasures in the flesh, what becomes of them? What becomes of the creative genius of America? What became of Billie Holiday, Isadora Duncan, Judy Garland? Were they all just self-destructive females?

Let's take a look at some other "doomed" geniuses.

Billie Holiday was outlawed from working clubs in New York, and driven out of town in a hail of bullets.

Judy Garland was raised by MGM, from the age of 13. The studio "doctors" pumped her full of pills, morning, noon, and night, year in, year out, before she ever knew what was happening.

Isadora Duncan was the biggest-drawing star in Europe, when she left for Russia. When she returned, no promoter would touch her. She was blacklisted. That is why she spent her last two years in poverty.

Remember Frances Farmer, the socialist starlet who donated her earnings to organize farm workers. The only person in history to receive a lobotomy for first offense drunk driving.

Bessie Smith bled to death on the doorstep of a whites-only hospital. She laid for 30 years in an unmarked grave. (It was Janis who finally erected her a tombstone.)

It seems to me that we need to think about what happened to Janis. If she was a genius, why was she treated like a freak? Even if her

death was self-inflicted, why was she psychologically crucified to such an extremity? What if she were born today, a little girl with her furious energy levels and 'crazy' ideas? What are we doing to the Janis' of tomorrow? Are we caring for our human treasures today?

These are questions that fall on deaf ears in our 'every-man-for-himself' society. But if we admit to responsibility to provide the population with education, clean water, decent housing, fair employment, don't we have a responsibility to care about each other as human beings as well? Does a person have a right to be treated like a human being, even if they make 10 grand a night?

Is self-destruction really a natural by-product of genius? Or is it a sickness in our society that we destroy our geniuses?

Was her death inevitable?

Was her death accidental?

Was it self-inflicted?

These are questions that need to be asked.

*"Would you believe a lot of you reporters actually ask me questions like do I think I'm going to die young and tragically like all the old-time blues singers? I mean, really!"*

*"People seem to have a high sense of drama about me. Maybe they can enjoy my music more if they think I'm destroying myself."*

From these statements, it would seem that she did not share that opinion. On the other hand, she also said she would prefer 10 years of 'super hyper most' to 50 years "sitting in a goddamn chair."

There are people who knew her well who will say that they knew it was coming, that she was

heading for an early death, etc. There are others, who knew her just as intimately, who were completely shocked by her death.

The pressures on her and the toll they took can't even be imagined. It would be plenty, even for a very experienced, secure person who was not overly sensitive. For a hypersensitive, insecure, relatively inexperienced person it was, well, apparently fatal.

But did it really figure? She had a good man now. They were talking about marriage. She was ecstatic with her new band, happy with the record that was nearly finished. She'd made it through the break with Big Brother, survived the problems of her second band. It seemed like she was adjusting to stardom at last. She was in good spirits. It just really did not figure as a time for her to die.

Janis went for methadone treatments and kicked heroin. That was only a couple of months before her death. And that's a fact.

It was rumored that she went back on heroin, a couple of weeks before she died. But rumors are easy to start. Especially when the subject is Janis Joplin.

*"...She took a photographer's camera away, crushing the film beneath her heel because he had snapped her picture with a bottle in her hand. 'I call that fucked up,' she said."*

Did Janis kill herself, accidentally or otherwise?

It is believable that she did. But it is also possible that she did not.

Because Janis had a history of drug abuse, her death was quickly dismissed as a routine case of accidental OD. But Thomas Noguchi, former LA coroner, though he stands behind his

medical conclusions, states, "...there arose the possibility of an accomplice in Joplin's death."

Noguchi found what was, for him, sufficient reason to dismiss that possibility. But in perspective there are too many loose ends that don't add up.

We may recall the grisly image evoked by newspaper reports of "...14 fresh needle marks in her arm." The coroner reports that there was *only one* fresh, unhealed needle mark on her body.

Only one fresh needle mark on her whole body. If she were habitually shooting up before her death, there would have been more. How could she shoot up regularly, and yet have only *one* needle mark?

Besides that single puncture, there were only old scars, long healed. Her road manager, John Cooke, tried to say at the time that they were old scars, and not fresh wounds.

Is it true, then, that Janis was not using at the time of her death? Was she, in fact, clean? Her own band members, who lived nose-to-nose with her through years of touring, seemed to be under the impression that she was off the stuff.

Then there's the mysteriously appearing and disappearing evidence. Her room was carefully searched, and no drugs or "works" were found. Then suddenly a balloon of smack appears in a wastebasket that was empty a minute ago.\*

Next: the coroner establishes that, assuming she shot herself up, and assuming she used the balloon so found, the amount injected was a small one. It should not have been lethal. Why did she die from a normal size dose?

The heroin in that balloon was ten times normal strength. It was almost pure.

Noguchi says, well, that's the dangers of street drugs.

There's only two things wrong with that conclusion. Number one, Janis Joplin didn't have to buy her drugs on a street corner. She bought them from someone she knew and trusted.

Secondly, dealers are in business to make money. They are not in the habit of handing out \$100 bags for \$10.

If Janis injected herself, (which is not established beyond doubt from the balloon in question, then she was sold something that was *deliberately represented* as something it was not. In short, she was set up to die, murdered; as sure as if they'd shot here with a 38.

Yet, has an effort been made to find out who, if anyone, sold her that bag? Why not?

By all accounts, she was in good spirits that night. A motel clerk conversed with her just before she went to bed. She needed to change a \$5 bill, for the cigarette machine. They chatted for "15 or 20 minutes." He described her as cogent, intelligent, cheerful. She got her cigarettes and went to her room.

When her body was found, there was \$4.50 clenched in her hand, and a full pack of cigarettes by the bed.

Now, people who go for cigarettes before sacking out generally like to smoke one before bed. And the first thing anyone would do is put down the change in their hand. One would certainly have to put it down in order to tie off and shoot up.

When and how then did she inject herself?

\* This writer is grateful for Dr. Noguchi's candid and informative book, 'Coroner', and highly recommends it. No wrong doing on his part is insinuated here, but only new perspectives which may not have entered into his medical concerns at the time.

She couldn't have done so before she bought the smokes. If she had just shot up a dose strong enough to kill her, she could hardly have had a 20-minute conversation and appeared perfectly normal.

It really doesn't all fit together somehow. But, having a history of drug abuse made her the easiest person in the world to murder. And so her death was routinely dismissed by authorities too foreign to her life style to see or care about these discrepancies. Those who could have seen, who did care, were too dazed by grief to think straight.

L.A., where Janis died, has got to be the untimely demise capital of the world. Entertainment personalities who have met an unnatural end there are legion. Some of these deaths have been accidental or self-inflicted. Others have been called so that were not. Consider a couple of examples:

Marilyn Monroe's death was ruled an undisputed suicide for 20 years. There is not space here to expound on this case. Suffice to say that even Noguchi, who performed the autopsy, admits that there are many suspicious factors. He will now only call it, 'a very probable suicide.'

A friend of mine, an unknown songwriter in L.A., once undertook to sue a major company over a pilfered song. He received a visit from a stranger who asked him, would he like to continue breathing in & out? Drop the suit or else.

Janis was always clashing with the powers that be. A woman who would dare a wrestling match with a Hell's Angel was not likely to be intimidated. It's hard to imagine how she, so out-there in her principals, and so uncompromising about living them, could avoid the

ultimate show-down. She was the last one in the world to back down or shut up, if she felt she was right. She was a fighter, as well as a lover.

A few hypothetical if's: What if she hadn't died then? What if she was murdered? What if she had not been murdered?

Some might say that she'd have done herself in, eventually. But is that really fair?

Certainly she couldn't have continued in the same way forever. Sooner or later, her habits would have caused health problems. She would have been forced to slow down or clean up.

But isn't it just as likely that she'd have chosen the latter? She took drugs, yes. But not to spend life "...sitting in a goddamn chair."

She had been to the lower depths before, and come back. Years before Big Brother, years in the street, doing and selling drugs. She'd pulled herself out, then. Cleaned up and went back to Texas. Went back to school and worked hard.

In 1970, she was already making provisions to ease the physical strain. She hammered out a plan with her manager, Albert Grossman, that would allow her to tour only six months out of every year. Is this the thinking of a woman with no regard for her health, or one who plans to die tomorrow?

Perhaps she'd have eventually retired. Maybe she'd have thrown it all up to have the kids and middle class security she secretly longed for.

But I can see her today, making records all this time. What new directions would she have blazed by now? If you were still making music today, Janis, what a giant you'd be.



**JERRY JASPAR DESIGNS**

Box 430124  
St. Louis, MO 63143

## Summer's Here and the Time is Right!

HIGH-QUALITY PRODUCTS  
FOR TODAY'S  
DISCERNING DEADHEAD  
— ADD \$2.00 POSTAGE —

T-SHIRTS \$10.00  
BANDANAS \$5.00  
DECALS \$2.00, 3 for \$5  
NOTECARDS \$1.00  
BUTTONS \$2.00, 3 for \$5

New Designs Out Soon!  
Want to See 'em?  
Send SASE For "Catalog"

## NEW PRODUCT "Without Love" POSTERS 5 COLOR SILKSCREEN 24 x 36

\$10.00 + \$2 POSTAGE  
WHOLESALE INQUIRIES  
WELCOME...

Without Love in a 100%  
Permanent TIE DYE  
T-SHIRT \$20.00 + \$2  
POSTAGE

OTHER DESIGNS IN TIE DYE  
TOO.

\$7.50 T-SHIRTS WHILE  
THEY LAST  
NAVY W/O LOVE & YR. OF TIGER ONLY

oh, and please...  
INCLUDE ADDRESS/SIZE  
ACCEPT NO BOOTLEGS!  
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED





## Ball and Chain by Frank Dalecki

I can't remember the last time I heard Janis Joplin wail and wrench her voice through the 8:29 of "Ball And Chain." Maybe it was on the radio. Maybe at a friend's home. I owned the 1968 recording many times over the years, and lost it many times. When I find it again, I think I've forgotten everything, but the Ears, much more so than any other sensory organ, can begin a chain reaction of memories.

Janis Joplin's voice, crying, rising and falling to a subtle, hoarse whisper; James Gurley's guitar riding the waves of her voice; the crowd at The Fillmore Auditorium sounding so far away.

I first heard it all through a heavy set of Koss headphones clapped to my ears as I sat on the cold steel plated floor of a mobile Army office. A truck with desks. The 3.2 PX beer, I remember now, was warm, and the marijuana from the old lady on the beach was harsh.

"Ba Nam" was her name. Or, that was what we called her. "Ba Nam" was the grandmother of her country. She could section a pineapple with a flurry of whacks from her dull machete. Each wedge was exactly the same size as the next, still clinging by a pineapple fiber to the fruit's core. It looked intact, but the gentlest tug could remove a perfect slice.

We bought Ba Nam's pineapples, Ba Nam's bananas, and Ba Nam's pre-rolled joints in a plastic bag. She kept them hidden in the bottom of her basket under a cover of fruit. They came ten to a bag which worked out to less than a dime each for something the size of a Bull Durham cigarette. Ba Nam always tossed in a few bananas, or sometimes a pineapple, with every bag. Maybe it was the other way around. Maybe the marijuana was a dividend with the fruit. If so, we were paying far too much for pineapples and bananas.

There were three tape machines in the mobile Army office, and five desks, each holding at least some of Ba Nam's wares. The tiny refrigerator couldn't keep up with chilling the beer some nights. And Breece, I remember, filed his bourbon under "B". He always talked about some obscure California Mountain Red

Burgandy and couldn't wait to get home to a bottle.

It was Brady who clapped the headphones on me when "Ball And Chain" first came around on the tape machine, saying, "I think you ought to like this." The song was mine after that night. I would play it for myself and leave as sure as if I'd binged on Ba Nam's basket, the tiny refrigerator, and the file cabinet combined. They all laughed watching me listen to Janis.

There was Laite and Thomas, Grulich, Sokol, Likens, Fisher, Van, Ryan, Langeleer, and a score of other old names now still attached to young faces. I've lost track of most all.

The last time I saw Laite was at his wedding. He left for somewhere in The Caribbean some-

time afterwards. Grulich came East on leave before going back for six months. Sokol was wounded at Ben Het. We were afraid he would lose the use of his right hand, but we were told the Tokyo hospital managed to re-join the nerves.

I saw Langeleer in Washington Square Park and didn't recognize him in that setting. He told me that one day, when everyone left the mobile Army office for mess, Van switched his M-14 to automatic fire, placed the barrel against his chest, and fell on the trigger.

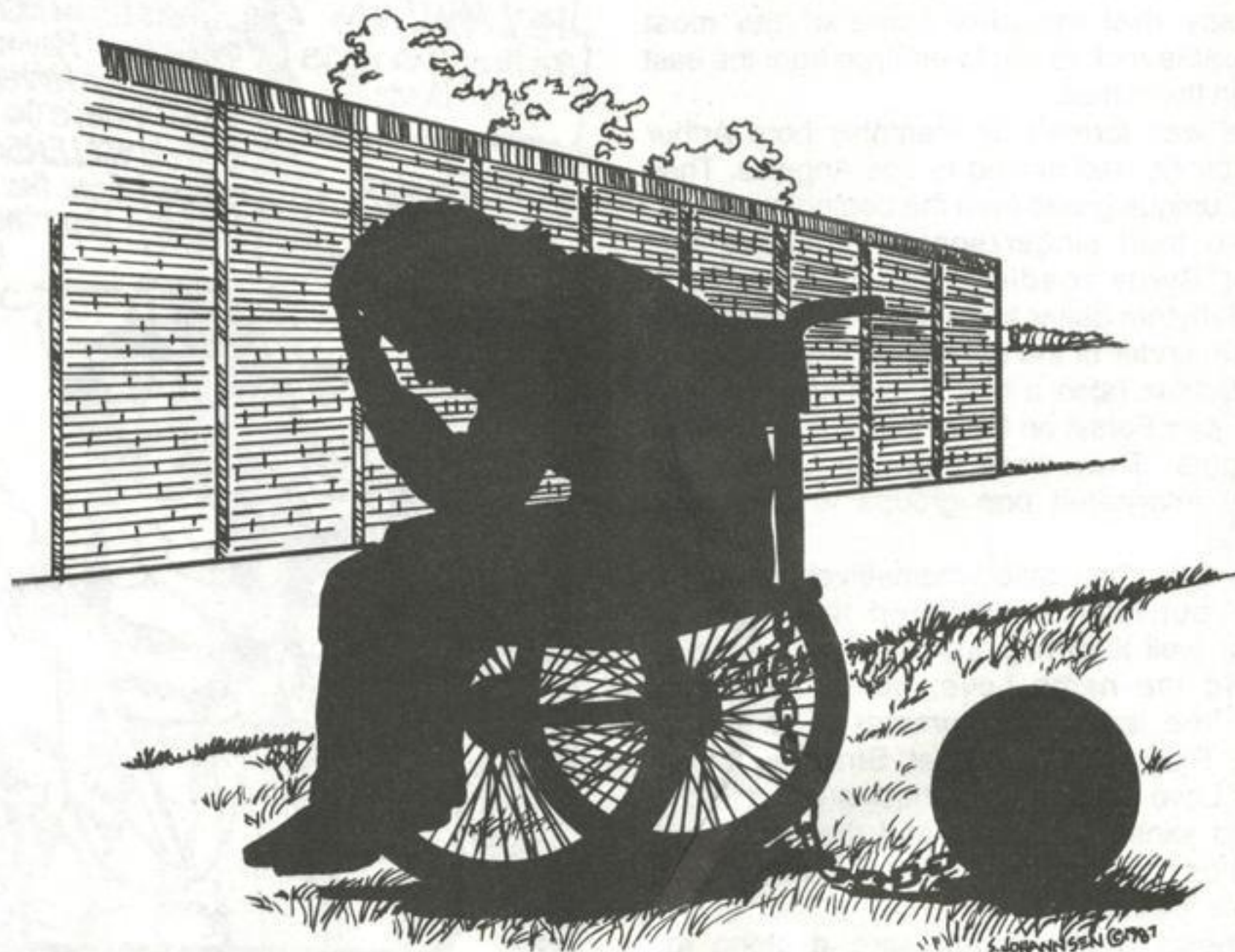
I went to The Vietnam Memorial in Washington on the second day it was open to the public. Some people, looking for names on the wall, complained about the deep mud. I remembered Pleiku and the monsoons.

There were several volunteers carrying already worn books listing the names and their places on the wall alphabetically. The wall lists everyone by year, month and day. If five died in a single action, five names would be grouped together in a single emotion. I waited until a volunteer had a free moment, because I knew Van's name wouldn't be on the wall. I just wanted to try.

We both flipped through the book full of small printed names. There was a similar name, but he was a lieutenant. I said that I didn't expect to find who I was looking for, and the volunteer gave me a quizzical look, but asked no other questions.

On a muddy hill, near where the memorial's statue was later added to the grounds, was a long haired man in a wheelchair. He wore a faded Army issue tropical shirt with my old unit's faded insignia on the shoulder. I didn't know him, but I crouched in the mud next to him. We talked. He lit a joint and we talked some more. I told him about the nights in the mobile Army office, and about how Joplin's version of "Ball And Chain" sent me reeling. He pulled a cassette recorder out of the pouch on his wheelchair, fished around for a cassette, slapped it in the machine, and clapped the earphones on my head.

"Ball And Chain."





Bryan MacLean - Love

Dave Eddy

# LOVE

by Stewart Hickey

**T**HE formation of a rock band in mid-sixties Los Angeles must have been a pretty exciting notion. The Beatles had made rock and roll vital again, while Bob Dylan had infused pop music with an unprecedented sense of urgency. From this background came a group called Love, and they left behind them a legacy that includes some of the most memorable rock music to emerge from the east coast in the sixties.

Love was formed by Memphis born Arthur Lee after he had moved to Los Angeles. They were a unique group from the beginning, featuring two lead singer/songwriters. Lee and former Byrds roadie Bryan McLean each played rhythm guitar and traded off lead vocals. The remainder of the band was rounded out by John Echols (also a Memphis native) on lead guitar, Ken Forssi on bass, and Alban Pfisterer on drums. They were also one of the first racially integrated pop groups to meet with success.

Originally, they called themselves the Grass Roots, but later surrendered that name to another well known group. They prophetically adopted the name Love, nearly two years before the legendary summer of the same name. Playing the Sunset Strip night club scene, Love aquired an enthusiastic cult following and joined the Byrds and the Mothers of Invention as pioneers of the nascent Los Angeles rock culture.

As news of the group spread along the underground grapevine, they were signed to a

reording contract by Elektra records, one of the many companies that were beginning to sniff out the impending California rock explosion. The group's first album, titled *Love*, was issued in early 1966. A cover version of Burt Bacharach and Hal David's "My Little Red Book" was released as a single, and became a chart hit in the spring of that year, receiving airplay on AM stations across the nation. The song was taken from the soundtrack of the movie *What's New Pussycat?*, but the Love version sounded different. The group had taken what was essentially a lightweight pop song and transformed it into a powerful and introspective rock arrangement, with throbbing guitar rhythms and Arthur Lee's sullen vocals.

The hit single was only the tip of an iceberg. *Love* was, in fact, the finest debut that any contemporary west coast group could have hoped for. It was intelligent, rebellious, compassionate, and filled with plenty of the jangly guitar sound that was so characteristic of the mid-sixties folk rock era. Aside from the hit single, the only other cover song on the album was a version of "Hey Joe" (written by Billy Roberts), sung by Bryan McLean. Two other Los Angeles rock groups, the Byrds and the Leaves, were also recording "Hey Joe" around this time. Early on, Arthur Lee established himself as Love's most prolific songwriter, having penned most of the fourteen songs on the first album. Also during this period, he wrote "Feathered Fish," an archtypal dose of acid rock that was recorded and released as a single by another LA group called the Sons of Adam. This same song was also covered by the Other Half, a San Francisco band, who erroneously gave writing credit to Country Joe McDonald on their album.

By 1967, Love had expanded to a seven man group, adding Tjay Cantrelli on flute and saxophone and Michael Stuart on drums, while Alban Pfisterer took up keyboards. Stuart was a former member of the previously mentioned Sons of Adam. This lineup recorded *Da Capo*, which produced a second hit single called "Seven and Seven is." This time, it was an original Arthur Lee composition that made the charts. The song featured surrealistic lyrics intoned over a runaway freight train rhythm, and climaxing with the recorded sound of an

atomic bomb explosion. The rest of the album also revealed a more sophisticated group, with such brilliantly crafted songs as "Orange Skies," "The Castle" and "She Comes in Colors." The entire flip side of the album was devoted to a twenty minute jam called "Revolution," which afforded a rare opportunity to hear the original group improvise.

By this time, Love had earned a great deal of status among underground rock fans, having played headlining shows at the Fillmore Auditorium and Avalon Ballroom in San Francisco. At the end of 1967, working with producer Bruce Botnick (whose other production credits included the Doors and the Butterfield Blues Band), the group recorded the superlative *Forever Changes*. Though Cantrelli and Pfisterer had already left the band, they managed to create a richly textured sound on the album. This was accomplished through the use of an entire arsenal of exotic instruments, ranging from the cello and Latin horn arrangements, to finger cymbals and harpsichord. The album was comprised of songs with such lysergic titles as "The Good Humor Man; He Sees Everything Like This," "The Daily Planet," and the Bryan McLean composition, "Alone Again Or." With its cryptic lyrics and elegant musical style, *Forever Changes* was a perfect statement for the heady days of late sixties California. Its status as a rock classic is underscored by the fact that it has been re-issued nearly twenty years later.

Love had sealed their reputation as an underground legend. Unfortunately, the bubble was about to burst. There had apparently been a great deal of personal tension within the group. As early as the *Da Capo* sessions, Arthur Lee had reportedly considered substituting studio musicians for band members on the album. It has also been suggested that the group felt slighted by the phenomenal success of the Doors, with whom they shared the Elektra label. Whatever the reasons, they were finished by the end of 1968.

With the termination of the original group, Arthur Lee claimed the Love title and set out recruiting a new band. Love became a streamlined quartet, with Lee as lead vocalist, rhythm guitarist, and sole composer. The new members were lead guitarist Jay Donnelyn,





bass guitarist Frank Fayad, and drummer George Suranovich. The instrumental credentials of the new group were impeccable. Suranovich was particularly stunning, and built a reputation for thrilling Fillmore audiences with his furious percussion attacks.

It is interesting to note that the evolution of Love closely paralleled that of the Byrds in many ways. Both groups achieved early success during the LA folk rock era, only to split up due to internal stress. In the case of each group, one lead member (the Byrds leader was Rober McGuinn) assumed control over the group name and repertoire. Both group leaders then skimmed the cream of the Los Angeles rock scene for musicians of a high instrumental caliber, as the trend had shifted away from the tightly structured songs of the British Invasion groups, toward the 'jazz rock' of such late sixties groups as Cream, Traffic, and the Jimi Hendrix Experience.

The revised Love took to the studio in 1969, and the fruits of those sessions included the album *Four Sail*. The opening track was a mesmeric number called "August," on which the new group asserted its instrumental prowess, wailing away like a west coast echo of the Cream. Other standout tracks included "Singing Cowboy," "Robert Montgomery," and "I'm With You."

After issuing *Four Sail*, the group left Elektra and signed with Blue Thumb records. It was on this label that they pressed the double album *Out Here*, which alternated between short songs and long instrumental passages. Guesting on this set was lead guitarist Gary Rowles. Though released on a new label, *Out Here* was actually recorded during the same sessions that produced *Four Sail*.

In 1970, the group embarked on their first

British tour, with Gary Rowles replacing Jay Donnelyn as lead guitarist. The following year, they released *False Start*. This album is most sought after for one track called "The Everlasting First," which featured the lead guitar of Jimi Hendrix. In fact, Arthur Lee had supposedly recorded enough material with Hendrix for an entire album, but contractual complications prevented its release.

As the meteoric sixties wound down into the mundane seventies, Love also seemed to have exhausted much of their creative energy. After *False Start*, the mark two group also disbanded. This malaise was not unique to Love, but was symptomatic of a larger trend. Two of the other major Los Angeles groups from the sixties, the Byrds and the Doors, were also falling apart during this time period.

1972 saw Love's main mover make his solo debut on A&M records with the album *Vindicator*. After a two year hiatus, Arthur Lee, shaven headed and looking like a Zen monk, appeared on the cover of *Reel to Reel*. He was working under the name Love again, this time on RSO, but it was a completely new backup group. Among the guest musicians on the album was guitarist Harvey Mandel. The music showed Lee moving toward a rhythm and blues style, abandoning the earlier rock sound. Though many fans were caught by surprise, Lee was really only returning to his Memphis roots. Nonetheless, the project was short lived.

In the next few years, Arthur Lee became one of the most enigmatic figures in rock, apparently exiling himself from the recording industry. By the turn of the decade, he was competing with Peter Green, Syd Barrett, and John Fogerty for the top spot on rocks' "Whatever Became Of" list. The speculations of long time fans were finally answered in 1981, when

both Arthur Lee and his hair reemerged for a solo effort on Rhino records. It was his first record in seven years, and was simply called *Arthur Lee*. The album contained some genuinely refreshing moments, combining rock, soul, and reggae with Lee's undaunted vision of cosmic brotherhood.

Rhino followed up this release in 1982 with *Love Live*, a picture disc recording of yet another renovated Love. Aside from Arthur Lee, this incarnation of Love was further authenticated by the presence of Bryan McLean, from the original group. The two were reunited through the efforts of lead guitarist John Sterling, who had also worked with Lee on the *Reel to Reel* and *Arthur Lee* projects. Another former associate who was included on *Love Live* was drummer extraordinaire George Suranovich. The music was recorded at the Whiskey A Go Go in October of 1978, and includes live performances of many of the old classics.

Three retrospective anthologies of Love's work have been issued on domestic labels. *Love Revisited* is a compilation of their Elektra work. *Best of Love* appeared on the Rhino label in 1981, and is of special interest to fans and collectors, as it contains three cuts from the groups' peak period that are otherwise unavailable. In 1982, MCA released *Love: Studio/Live*. One side consists of selected and edited material from *Out Here*, while the other side features a live concert performance at the Fillmore East, recorded in 1970.

Reportedly, there is more unreleased Arthur Lee solo material from 1973, not to mention whatever projects he may still have up his sleeve. Then there is the matter of the Arthur Lee and Jimi Hendrix collaboration, which may still be released at a future date.

# Grateful Graphics®

**Buttons**  
 Either one free with any order over \$25.00

**Bumperstickers**

**Shirts**  
 \$10.00 plus \$2.00 P.&H.

**Cards**  
 \$5.00/set plus \$1.50 P.&H.

**Window/Bumper Stickers, Buttons**  
 \$1.00 each plus 25¢ P.&H.

**Tape inserts**  
 \$3.00/25 plus 50¢ P.&H.

**Memo pads**  
 \$5.00/2 plus \$1.50 P.&H.

Send S.A.S.E. for free brochure.

Grateful Graphics®  
 555 Ashbury.\*2  
 (Corner of Haight and Ashbury)  
 San Francisco, Ca. 94117  
 WHOLESAL INQUIRIES INVITED

# Truth is Beauty

(Even if it's about drugs)

by Greg Anton

**D**O you believe it when you're told that smoking two packs of cigarettes a day and rustling beef cattle is really "where a man belongs"? If not, then why believe it when you're told that smoking pot, or snorting coke, or for that matter, shooting heroin, is *not* where you belong?

The obvious answer is that you've got to decipher the mixed, often false messages and decide for yourself.

False information can and does lead people to hurt themselves and others. The message put forth by the government and the media about drugs has been so distorted that it does more harm than good.

Kids are told that marijuana does this and that, and those kids have been using it for years, along with everyone they know, and they feel fine. Then the same kids are told that smoking cocaine is just as bad as smoking pot. Of course the first thing the kids want to do is try smoking coke.

We've all had contact with someone who has ruined our day because they're drunk; not to mention what they've done to their car or job or marriage. Yet anyone over 18 or 21 can buy a quart of whiskey for five dollars. You can buy a .45 caliber semi-automatic pistol and a thousand bullets with a valid driver's license. But, possess a joint—go to prison!

In the '60s, when people started smoking pot and taking acid, the nation was already into drugs in a big way with Benzedrine, Dexadrine, caffeine, nicotine, alcohol and valium. The counterculture rebelled against drugs that contracted their consciousness. They wanted to expand; to break away from the '50s brain death.

Timothy Leary says there is an undeniable correlation between the discovery of easily available brain activators like LSD and, at the same time, the development of the secrets of nuclear fission.

Both the drugs and the music of the '60s were open, flowing, and creative. Today, like the time that surrounds them, the drugs and music are tight and fast. So is the information about them.

There used to be a communal consciousness about what drugs were what. Now, with piss tests, lie detectors, and undercover agents in high schools, information, along with free thinking in general, is stifled and suppressed.

That's why, now more than ever, it's important to be careful and be conscious of what you're doing. To make the world safe for our friends, our family, and ourselves, we've got to make peace with drugs and learn the truth about them.

What is absolutely the worst thing that's ever happened from using pot (besides getting busted)—someone became uptight, or tired? The number of deaths attributed to marijuana in the history of the world is—ZERO. This is *not* true of:

Alcohol  
Cigarettes  
Aspirin  
Cars  
Salty foods

Matches  
Jogging  
Water  
Kitchen knives  
Old mayonnaise

Then why is pot illegal? I think it's related to why they stopped making convertibles. Something to do with freedom. It's one thing to suggest to a fat person that maybe they shouldn't eat so much. It's another thing to put their grocer in prison.

The fact is, there *is* no drug epidemic. But, if the government has their way, there will be one. The number of deaths attributed to cocaine in 1985 was 643 (about the same attributed to slippery bathtubs and snowmobiles). Cars were responsible for 50,000, tobacco for 300,000, and alcohol was responsible for 130,000 (not including 50% of all highway deaths and 65% of all murders!).

The same guy that says nuclear bombs are good says smoking a joint is bad. *You know he's crazy.*

So, we've got no choice but to make our own choice. It's important that we make it a conscious, carefully considered one and avoid the natural inclination to overreact to all the misinformation and figure all drugs are okay any time, in any quantity. They're not. Anything in extreme is potentially harmful.

From personal experience, what substance or activity is most habit forming? Chocolate? Cigarettes? Television? Smoking cocaine? Going to an Alcoholics or Narcotics Anonymous meeting? They're all severely addicting and, at best, a complete waste of time. But who says you have to be productive 100% of the time?

What works for most people is the same relaxed, rational approach of *moderation* that works for food, sex, exercise.

Different drugs are different, and people's reactions and tolerances are different. Apples and chocolate fudge brownie supreme are both classified as food. But, they have totally different effects, depending upon the person, the dosage, what other foods have been ingested, etc., etc., etc.

Our laws promote irresponsibility. The proof is in the pudding. The stricter our drug laws and enforcement become, the greater the variety and quantity of drugs that are available.

You don't need to look at a clock to know if you're tired, and you don't need to wait until you wreck your car to know you're drunk.

If, after thoughtful consideration, you decide on a course of action that coincides with the current laws—great. If not—great—do your best to change the laws, if only by living a good example to others.

Forget what you hear about drugs from the government or any other irresponsible source. Look to tried and trusted sources of information. And above all, look to yourself and trust your own judgment. The life you live may be your own.

Let those who ride decide.

Greg Anton is the drummer with the Bay Area band, Zero. He was also an original member of the Keith and Donna Band and the Heart of Gold Band. Anton is, additionally, a practicing attorney.

The views expressed in this article are not necessarily the views of this publication.

## The Summer of Love

A Multi-Image Slide Show Recreating

The Experience and History of the Haight-Ashbury 1965-68

Featuring the photographs of Gene Anthony and images from the San Francisco Oracle presented by Allen Cohen

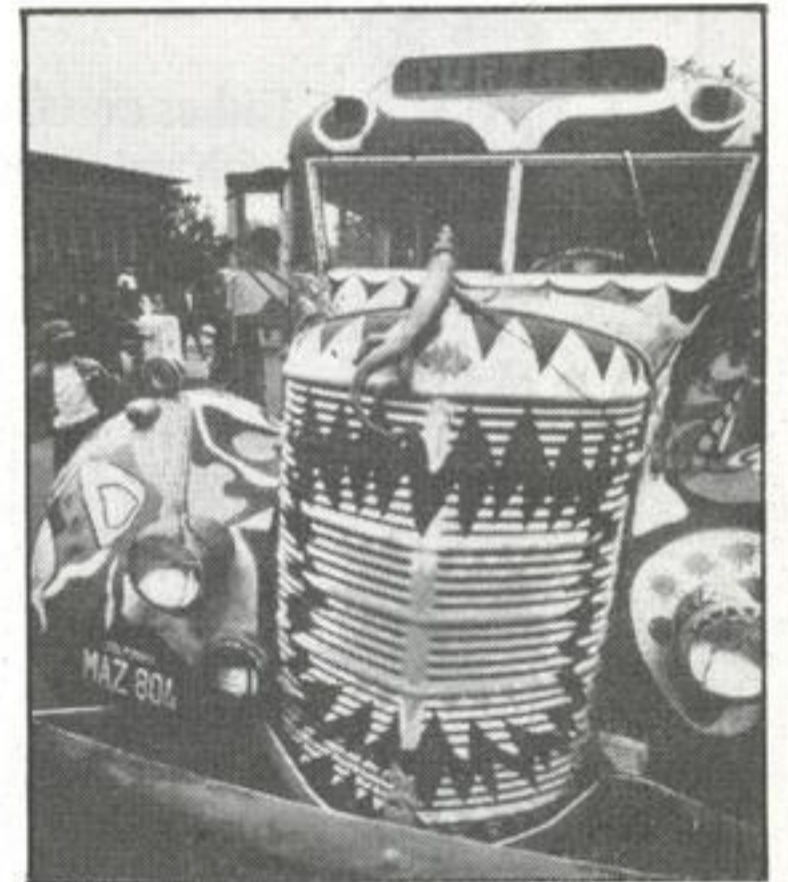
Commentary by Gene Anthony, author of "The Summer of Love," and Allen Cohen, editor of the San Francisco Oracle with Special Guest, Tony Seldin, "Vagabond Poet"

Relive the community rituals—the Human Be-In, the Acid Test, communal living, the philosophies of ecstasy and the politics of resistance to the dream—celebrated in the images, ideas, art and music of:

Allen Ginsberg  
Alan Watts  
Timothy Leary  
Richard Alpert (Ram Das)  
the Grateful Dead  
Jefferson Airplane  
the Charlatans  
Gary Snyder  
Rick Griffin  
Buckminster Fuller

Michael Bowen  
Mouse & Kelley  
Lenore Kandel  
Lew Welch  
Michael McClure  
Lawrence Ferlinghetti  
Ken Kesey  
William Burroughs  
The Diggers  
Hell's Angels

saints, and gurus . . .



The Summer of Love is now available for college performances. For further information, please contact The Summer of Love: Tony Seldin, 63 Maple Ave., Fairfax, CA 94930 (415/457-6273). Prints from Gene Anthony's book, "The Summer of Love" (Celestial Arts Press) are also available. An Oracle poster will soon be available as well.

Tour dates: Evergreen State College, Olympia, Washington, April 18th; Roxie Cinema, San Francisco, May 7th and 8th.



Pink Floyd (l-r) Dave Gilmour, Roger Waters, Nick Mason and Rick Wright

# Pink Floyd

by Hardy Stone

(This is the third and final part of our Pink Floyd series.)

## MASON

**P**ERHAPS the most easily forgotten member of Pink Floyd is their percussionist, Nick Mason. People generally believe that the expendable member of a rock band is the drummer.

Discounting the typical garage band, where a loud and heavy back beat is the only necessity, the man with the sticks is the glue, and the more subtle his efforts, the more effective the music. Any drummer can keep a beat without thinking, and many unskilled drummers tend to drown their fellow musicians in fits of ego-fueled, headless beat combinations. A good drummer should not only know the ups and downs of a selected musical piece, he (or she) must be able to predict what the other elements will do.

The ability to predict is most crucial for a professional percussionist, especially during live performances, where situations promote improvisation and mistakes threaten to kill a structured number. He must be careful not to overpower the keyboard, vocals, guitars, etc. and yet remain distinctive. A good drummer can be an essential force in tight bands, as evidenced by the beat created by the Dead's Hart and Kreutzmann.

Pink Floyd's man behind the drum kit was born Nicholas Berkeley Mason (Nicky) in Birmingham, England in January of 1945. At eighteen he signed up at Regent Street Polytechnic in London to pursue a study in architecture. He began his musical career when classmates Roger Waters and Rick Wright opted to ease the pressure of the engineering curriculum by forming a pop combo. They fooled around at campus bars and coffee houses in London in the early days and had no real goal of making it in the music business. As time passed, the three learned more about each other, their goals changed, and they felt that the music profession could support some blokes like themselves. And playing in a rock band was much easier than studying line, stress and solid mechanics.

Those early years played on their dreams, and each letdown (as Sigma 6, The Tea Set, The Screaming Abdabs) saw their confidence dwindle. These aborted attempts as R&B outfits made it clear that this profession was no piece of cake. They needed some unique style, and none of the three had had much success at composition. Enter Syd Barrett and the beginnings of Pink Floyd. They tasted slight victory with "Arnold Layne" and "See Emily Play," and their knack for technical sound perfection grew daily. Barrett's departure in mid-1968 served a staggering blow to the young band, but their first Syd-less LP was met

by much critical acclaim. The rest is history.

Nicky Mason (a novice artist, supplied the artwork for the 1972 compilation LP, *Relics*) has done some work outside of the Floyd. In 1974 he produced an album entitled *Round One* for the little-known band Principal Edwards, and he later did a solo attempt entitled *Nick Mason's Fictitious Sports*.

All the material from that LP was written by Clara Bley, a musical figure in her own right, while Nick merely sat behind the drums in his usual role. The album was released in April of 1981.

Nick finds pleasure as an amateur racer, and he toured many European racetracks in '81 to promote his (Bley's) record. Mason is probably the most personable member of Pink Floyd, and a realist at that. From a 1978 interview, Nick tries to explain a major pitfall of innovative bands that realize success. "One of the main criticisms is that at one time we were considered avant-garde, and avant-garde is inevitably tied up with not being commercially successful." A similar fate of Zeppelin, Joplin, Hendrix and the Dead, this is a frequent irony in the popular music profession.

## WRIGHT

Ever wonder why there seems to be so many "classical music" embellishments in the overall Floyd format? Check "San Tropez" off *MEDDLE*, a lesser-acclaimed LP in the Floyd discography. Merry keyboard melodies float through that album that cannot be defined as your typical rock n' roll scores.

"San Tropez" is a fine example of the versatility that Pink Floyd is well known for. That tune (the lyrics speak of sunny vacations by the seashore) combines rhythmic jazz with a mystical light piano that purposely strays from the surrounding theme. Rick Wright takes the listener on journeys to distant lands where the realities of civilization exist only in the imagination. Or how about his solo segment from 1969's *Ummagumma*, entitled "Sisyphus"? Several listenings may lead the imagination to recall Albert Camus' classic existential essay, "The Myth of Sisyphus." The only perceived similarity to Camus' famous work is the cacophony of oblique noise as amps and instruments fall down a hill... then Wright builds a quiet tone of gentle resonance that could represent starting at the bottom of a climb that is doomed to a similar failure. The building of the tone represents an attitude of hopelessness urged by brave thoughts that maybe, just maybe, the crest of the "mountain" will be reached. Notably a self-indulgent keyboard piece, "Sisyphus" brings out the experimental in Wright and his willingness to forge new and intellectual tides in his performance.

Wright is a virtuoso, an exceptional musician and a major designer of the interstellar sound that Pink Floyd is so famous for. His idols in the music profession are Eric Dolphy and Miles Davis, though neither work the ivories.

Richard William Wright was born in London in July of 1945. After primary school he enrolled as a student of architecture at Regent Street Polytechnic in London. It was here that the roots of Pink Floyd were planted. Also in attendance at Regent Street were Roger Waters and Nick Mason. This trio formed a band with the help of Clive Metcalf on bass (Waters played lead) and a pair of vocalists, Keith Noble and Juliette Gale (the latter to become Mrs. Richard Wright). Sigma 6 was born of these individuals, which became The Tea Set, The Architectural Abdabs, and finally The Screaming

ing Abdabs playing covers of soul and R&B numbers, the musicians called it quits when Gale married Wright in 1965-66.

Waters, Wright and Mason were determined to make a final go at forming a pop combo. Waters enlisted his pal from Cambridge school days, Syd Barrett, who coined a name for the outfit, provided the vast majority of creative material, and built an image of "underground," or "counter-culture" mystique. Barrett's ghostly melodies were well received in England, and the efforts of Wright on organ/keyboard were more than a little bit responsible for the misty, liquid sound of early Pink Floyd.

When Barrett could no longer remain with the band he created, Wright helped his former colleague on Syd's second solo effort, *The Madcap Laughs*, near the end of 1970, producing the LP and supplying the keyboards.

His solo efforts include the disappointing *Wet Dream*, released in 1978, and the more recent (and better) *Zee*, done with the band, "Fashion," pressed and marketed in early 1984.

### BARRETT

Syd Barrett is the topic of legends, idol worshipers, and exaggerations. He was an anachronism—a man out of step with his era, far ahead of his time.

Fascination over Syd has always been inflated, probably because people tend to shy away from what they don't understand or they end up placing the object of their confusion on some distant, hard to define pedestal. Barrett was a visionary—he opened up a Pandora's box of avant-garde musical formats. His strongest group of followers continue to worship him—even rank him with the Gods—fourteen years after his last solo LP. His faithful flock (in Cambridge, primarily) published a Syd Barrett appreciation newsletter (called "Ter-rapin," a track off *The Madcap Laughs*, and his second solo LP) for years.

Barrett was born in Cambridge, January of 1946. His Christian name is Roger Keith, but when Pink Floyd was given a name, Barrett called himself Syd because there was already a Roger in the band. He attended Cambridge High School for Boys, where he made friends with his future partners, David Gilmour and Roger Waters. Two years younger than Gilmour and Waters, Barrett proved to be an impressive leader. So enthralled was Waters with the Barrett imagination that Waters recruited Syd after Waters previous rock bands floundered. Barrett was studying to be a painter at London's Camberwell School of Art when Waters made his proposal. While at Camberwell, Barrett learned basic guitar and, oddly enough, was tutored in guitar mechanics by his future replacement, David Gilmour, who was also in attendance at Camberwell.

Barrett gladly responded to Waters' query, and dove into the project. Syd was soon in total control of the band, and the time-tested curators of mystical, interstellar rock were billed as "Syd's Pink Floyd." Because of Barrett, Floyd was well on its way to success in the popular music world.

Syd's Pink Floyd was "the" band to hire when an occasion called for "underground" music that featured musical color and curious psychedelia. Pink Floyd presented an image in total defiance of record market standards.

Syd apparently went too far in his pursuit of the unique, the abnormal, and unknown. He allegedly ate enormous amounts of acid frequently, and the common tale finds poor Syd

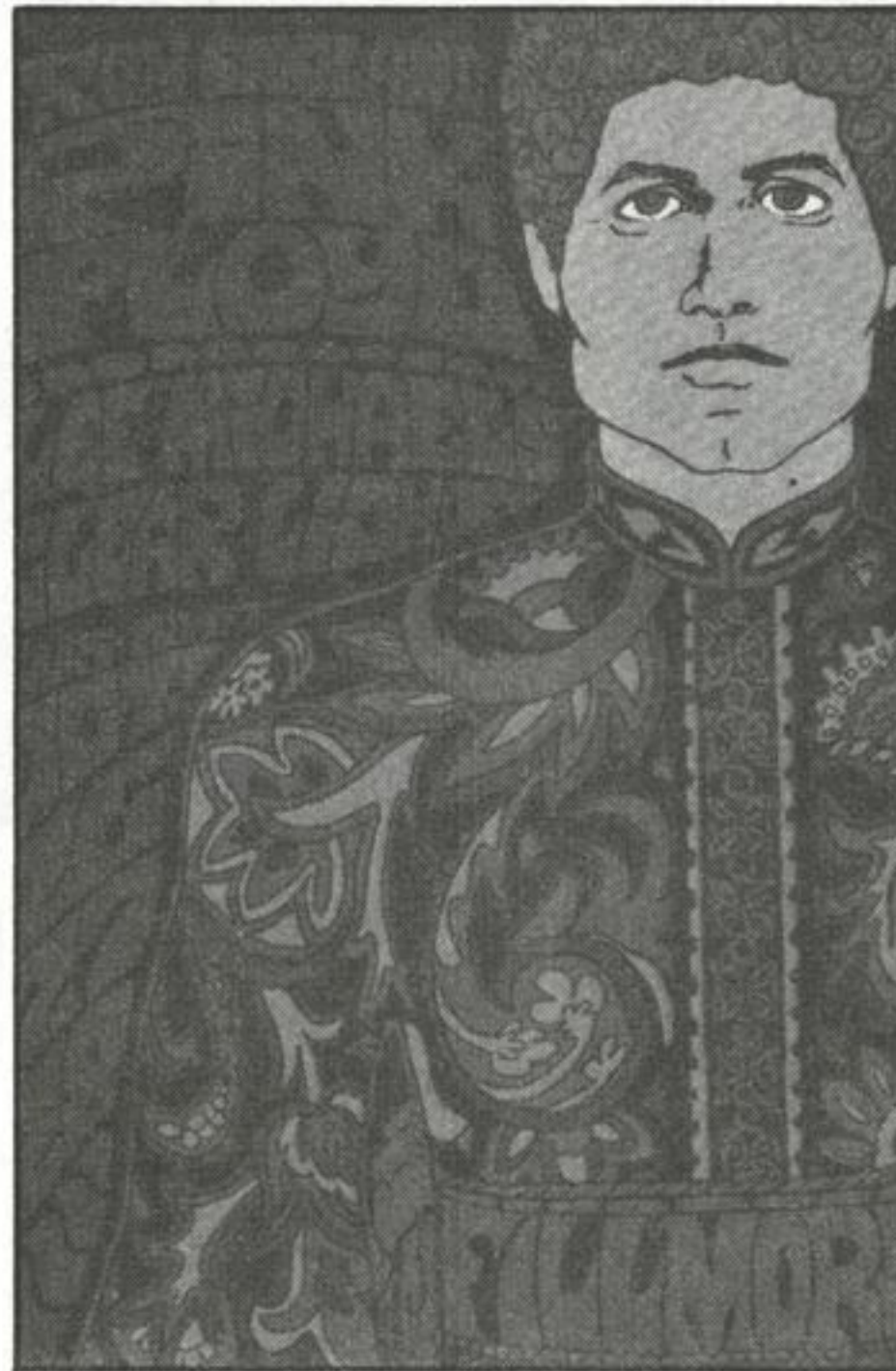
on the verge of a nervous breakdown as a result. His habit got totally out of hand, the band was realizing some success, and to prevent the total collapse of Pink Floyd, it was decided that his former high school buddy and guitar mentor, David Gilmour, should join the band. Gilmour and Barrett played twin leads after David's arrival (February 1968) but Syd wandered off for good in April of that year.

Very little has since been heard from Barrett save his 1970 solo albums *Barrett* and *The Madcap Laughs*. He reportedly spent long hours and days without seeing anyone—hidden in his mother's cellar in Cambridge.

Barrett continues to accept royalties from his early Floyd compositions, particularly Floyd's first, *The Piper at the Gates of Dawn*.

### WATERS

Pink Floyd's early following considered the departure of Syd Barrett as the inevitable wash out of the band. After all, entertainment billings



read "Syd's Pink Floyd." The cult figure was given exaggerated credit for Floyd's innovative musical approach, yet his writings were potent visions of a mental world not addressed in the popular market. When Syd issued his curious farewell, most of his disciples wrote off Pink Floyd as a dinosaur.

Gilmour's lead seemed to float well with Pink Floyd's blend of rock and space, but rumblings of the total collapse of the band were not encouraging to the remaining members.

With no single to buttress the LP, *A Saucerful of Secrets* turned out raves of popular compliment, and this LP can be seen as the most important record in Pink Floyd's history; it made fools of the Barrett loyalists who had claimed that Floyd had no substance without the Madcap.

Looking back on the period, George Roger Waters may regard his debut as the principal composer as his finest hour. Waters penned over 75% of *Saucerful* in the shadows of Syd Barrett. Waters' work on Floyd's second LP indicated a resurgence for the band and stifled negative comments from Barrettesians.

George Roger Waters was born on September 6, 1944 at Great Bookham, England.

He attended Cambridge High for Boys and made friends with Gilmour and Barrett. With designs on becoming a professional man, he enrolled at Regent Street Polytechnic with hopes of becoming an architect.

After Barrett's departure from Pink Floyd, Waters began writing. Though unsure of his abilities as a composer, Waters masterfully came off with some great work for the second LP. He was humbled by Barrett's lyrical prowess, thus Floyd's second album features extended musical pieces.

Barrett was primarily developing a lyrical format in Floyd's early material, calling on abstractions supposedly gained from acid trips. Conversely, Waters deals with the here and now, he works with the concrete. He has visions—not of imaginary nirvanas that Syd put down—but of an overburdened earth suffering from man's in-born greed and the tendencies of human beings to thrust destruction on their inherited enemies.

Tracing the statements made by Waters on vinyl allows one to come to grips with a personal opinion regarding Waters' conception of the universe.

The gloomy darkness that dwells on both "The Wall" and "The Final Cut" has haunted Waters all his life. These musical compositions are classic works of art based on theme. Flawless editing and precision dubbing notwithstanding, most people find themselves depressed after hearing these records. With these "theme" LP's, Floyd has lost some rock n' rollers because of Waters' obsession with alienation and pain.

The morbid facts of life that Waters sketches are a definite departure from typical rock n' roll innocence, and they provide meat for individual thought and reflection.

Roger Waters was born the same year his father, Eric Fletcher Waters, was killed along with many other Allied troops in a nonsubstantial effort to hold a bridgehead near Anzoni, Italy.

"...The memories of a man in his old age are the deeds of a man in his prime. You shuffle about in your sick room and talk to yourself as you die. Life is a short warm moment, and death is a long cold rest. You get your chance to try in a twinkling of an eye, eighty years with luck or even less. You are the angel of death, and I am the dead man's son."

Waters is capable of merriment and carefree relaxation. From *Meddle* (1971), "San Tropez" is a light hearted number focused on the joys of having nothing to do. "Breaking a stick with a brick on the sand, riding a wave in the wake of an old sedan." The drudgery of returning to reality is framed in optimism. "Speeding away on the wind to a new day, if you're alone I'll come home." On trying the impossible: "You say that hill's too steep to climb...CLIMB IT!! ("Fearless"—Meddle)

The paranoia that he is famous for dwelling upon is seen in this cut off the 1970 cross-over LP, *Atom Heart Mother*. "If," the first song on the second side, deals with the lack of trust the composer has for society at large. "And if I go insane please don't put your wires in my brain."

This basic distrust reflects itself increasingly through the 1970s. The inalienable solitude in life prompted Waters (and Gilmour) to come up with this existential lyric in 1975: "We're just two lost souls swimming in a fish bowl, year after year. Running over the same old ground what have we found—the same old fears?" (Title track from *Wish You Were Here*, 1975)

An irony associated with Pink Floyd is the mixture of lyric and musical phrases. "Us and Them" has been heralded as the greatest song ever done by Pink Floyd (written by Waters, Mason and Wright). Laden with the engineering marvels of young Alan Parsons, "Us and Them" mourns into a musical score that exhilarates as it inspires. The lyrics, however, promote the nothingness of life, the sterility of aging and the cruelty of the world economy.

Though many critics like to fit Pink Floyd's "concept" albums in neat little packages, things are not that simple. Following the 1977 release of *Animals*, some critics claimed that the LP categorized people in three groups, pigs, sheep, and dogs. This may have been Waters' intent, but it is difficult to assign a static measurement to an enigmatic musician.

Whisperings of Floyd's impending break-up were given wind with *The Final Cut*, 1983. Waters spotlights a similar desperate character who looks back at his life with an intelligence born of pain. He sees his naive dreams and regrets his gullibility. "The pie in the sky turned out to be miles too high and [now] you hide behind petrified eyes ("Paranoid Eyes")."

The character does not trust anyone. "And if I open my heart to you, and show you my weak side, what would you do? Would you sell your story to *Rolling Stone*, would you take the children away and leave me alone...?" Finding solitude in an innocent children's playground, the character prevents himself from thinking...and all he can think of is the personal degradation the empty isolation caused by life's tortures.

*The Pros and Cons of Hitchhiking*, the first solo LP from Waters, is a welcomed departure from the dank depression of both *The Wall* and *The Final Cut*. Seemingly groping to find some pleasant topic, Waters' work here comes to the very edge of merriment. But it does not go over. Trapped in a swirl of impersonal realizations of life and universe, *The Pros and Cons* is another "concept" album.

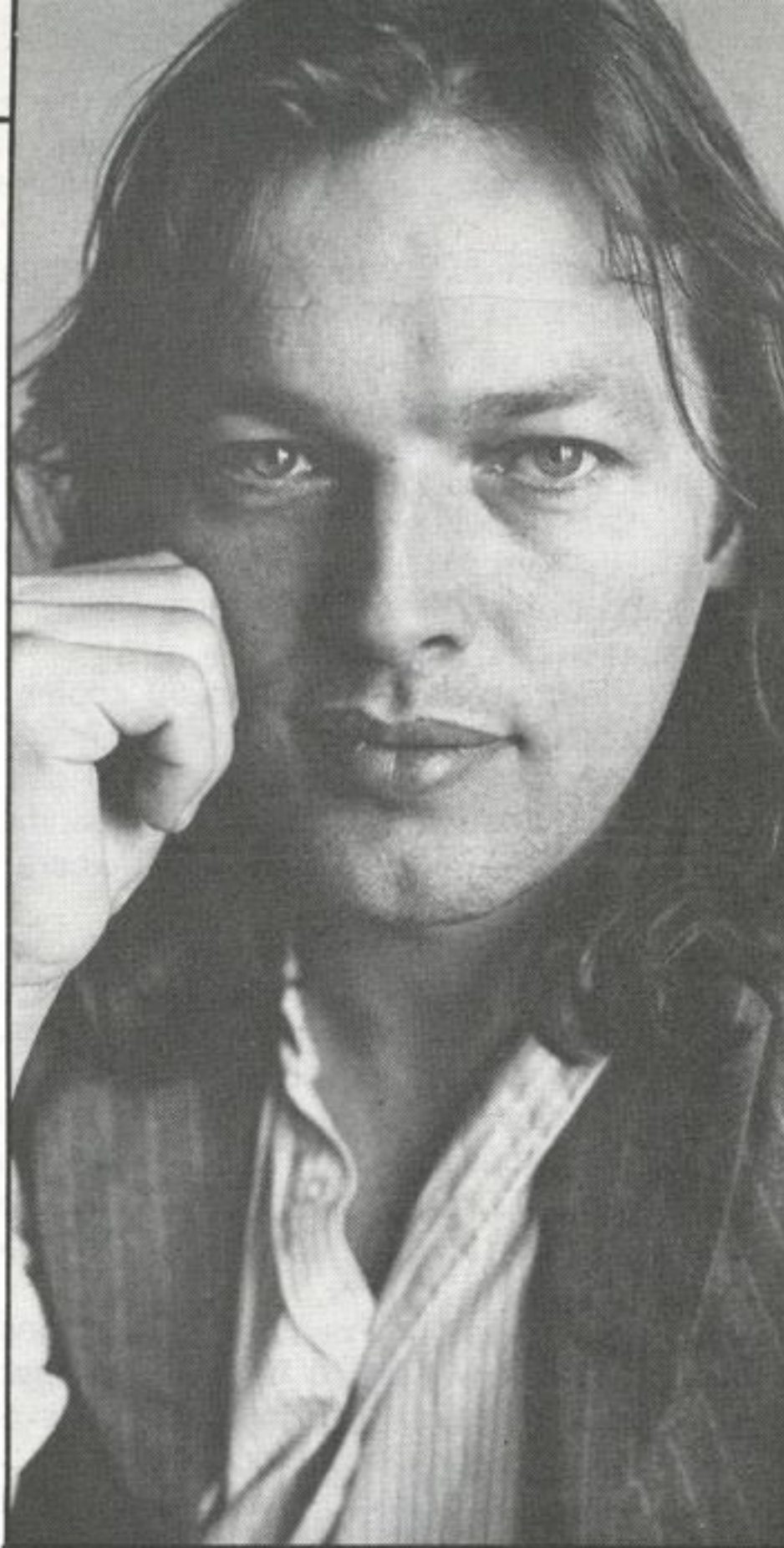
If you thought war was hell, Waters draws a picture of the road—any highway, byway or boulevard—and finds emptiness in shiny cars, faceless women and unrequited dreams. For most people, travel is a brief escape from the everyday humdrum. The first side bears this falacy out; the cold blacktop of vacation and travel can be as empty if not emptier than the everyday.

Eric Clapton joined Roger Waters on this solo LP and follow-up tour. The telltale Clapton lead adds a little optimism that could only come from him, arguably the best guitarist/composer ever in the known (white) universe. Clapton's work is not out of place on the album, and on a recent tour (spring-summer '84), packed houses screamed for Eric; shouts for "Cocaine" and other Clapton greets drifted through the crowd in most cities. It is rumored that on one occasion, Waters told an exuberant flock of fans to "Shut Up," or words to that effect.

Waters is a social philosopher; one might say that he overextends his art in a genre that frowns on social truisms. Still, Roger Waters makes rock n' roll fans listen with their minds.

## GILMOUR

Born just before the end of World War II in Cambridge, David Gilmour attended Cambridge High for Boys with Roger Waters and Syd Barrett. At graduation he made his way to London, where he spent time at the Camberwell School of Art. In London he and Barrett



Mike Rose

sang coffee houses and small parties as a folk duo.

Before joining Pink Floyd in 1968, Gilmour went to Paris, where he formed his own pop group and worked briefly as a male model (just one of his many jobs in France—he is fluent in the language). Asked by Roger Waters to aid in the rehabilitation of Barrett—and take Syd's lead while Barrett was out of commission—Gilmour returned to England in early 1968 to join Pink Floyd. He and Barrett played lead together for a few venues in early 1968, and he became the sole guitarist when Syd took his leave in April.

Gilmour has immense respect for Syd Barrett, and has compared him to Bob Dylan.

A motorcycle enthusiast, Gilmour enjoys collecting old and rare guitars, such as his ancient Rickenbacher, a battered red Fender (one of his favorites), a Gretsch White Falcon, and dozens of others.

On April Fool's Day in 1976, Gilmour's home was vandalized and guitars valued over 6,500 pounds turned up missing. Little real harm done, David could only cop new guitars and agonize over the loss of a few cherished old friends.

Gilmour has been the most active member of Pink Floyd in outside efforts, producing in 1973 a band by the name of Unicorn. That LP was called *Blue Pine Trees*. His first solo effort was released in 1978, entitled simply *David Gilmour*, which won good reviews. Were that 1978 LP reissued today, many hundreds of guitar hopefuls might pay more attention to it; it features basic and crisp lead guitar. His most recent solo LP, entitled *About Face* has sold well in England and America and features scathing licks that would make Hendrix scream for royalties.

Perhaps out of sympathy for his former partner and good friend, Gilmour produced Barrett's first solo LP with bass player Roger Waters. Later the same year Gilmour produced Syd's second album, *The Madcap Laughs* with keyboard player Richard Wright. On the second

album, Gilmour played bass guitar and also dabbled on drums.

Supplying a small portion of creative material for Floyd, Gilmour's contributions were much more personal than Water's cryptic visions of an icy world with little compassion. David Gilmour is a romantic, and a humble one at that. "Most guitarists play twenty notes where one would do. I can't do that, unless maybe I speeded up the tape. I just try to bluff through the fast bits and hope it comes off." And come off it does, to the tune of millions and worldwide adulation.

Gilmour adds an innocent, jolly flavor to Pink Floyd. From "Childhood's End" (*Obscured by Clouds*, 1972), Gilmour is a poet concerned with regeneration. "There'll be war, there'll be peace, but everything one day will cease. All the iron turn to dust/all the proud men turn to dust. And so all things time will mend; so this song will end."

## CLOSE

Not many concerned critics would place Pink Floyd in a category within popular music. If any, that trite category may sound something like "space music," or an inefficient "cosmic." The more one thinks about it, the more tags seem appropriate. "Metaphysical?" "Optically tracked!?" "Lysurgically intensified rock and roll?"

Choose your own moniker, but remember that 'pop' music contradicts intellectual abstractions like "heuristic," or "socially philosophic." Or does it? Rock and roll started with a feeling. Twist and shout. Sensuality is no thinking man's emotion, it rises out of instinct to seize the body.

How much creativity is involved with "She loves you yeah, yeah, yeah"? Floyd has always been able to sound off with rock's steaming belly-beat, but their artistic direction has given popular music mental depth, a rarity indeed for a business that caters to teenagers and daddy's money.

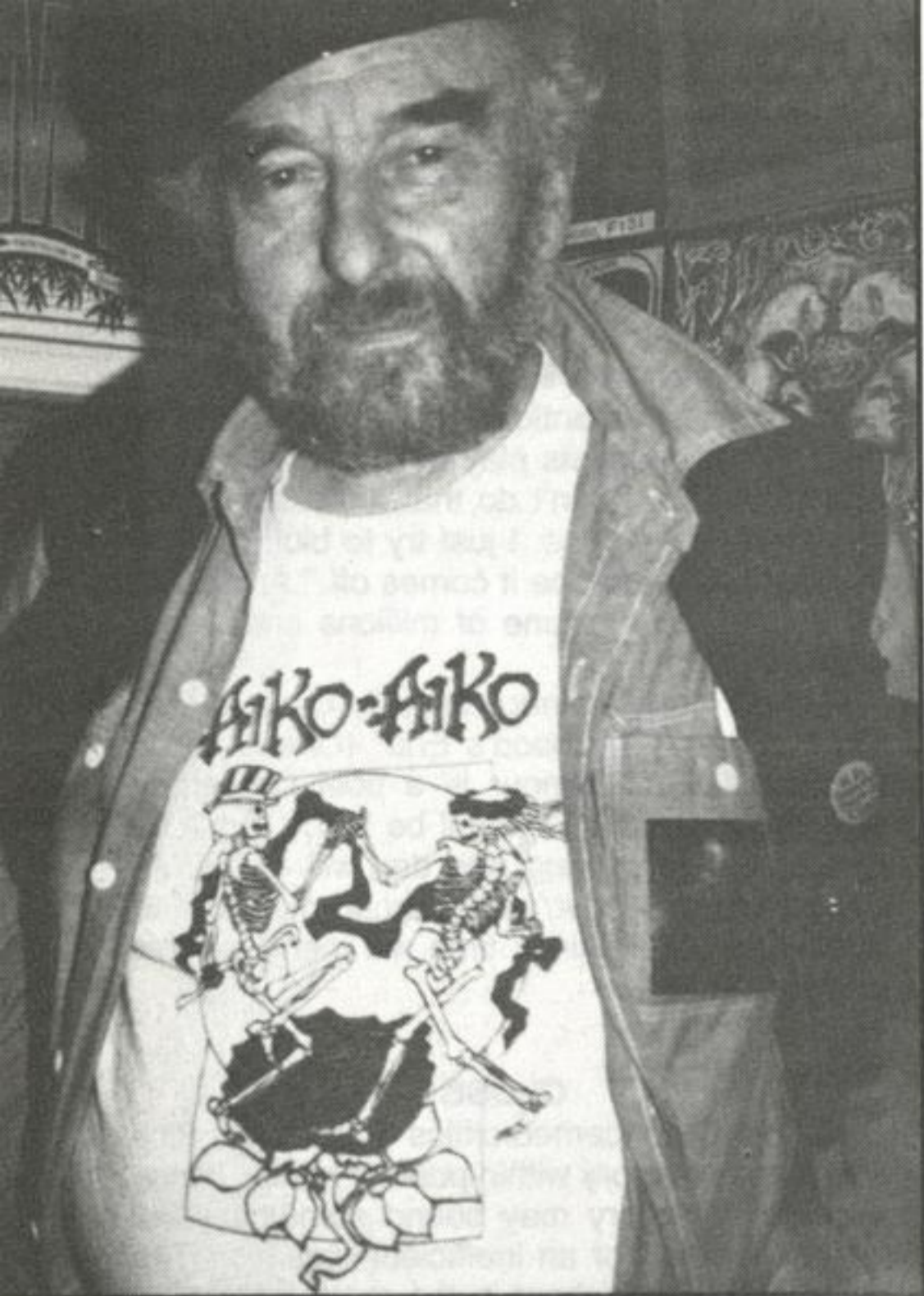
Hard as it may be to assign Pink Floyd a static category per se, one thing can be said with no reservations. The typical trappings of the popular music profession and global fame have not worn on these reclusive English artists.

Many of Floyd's contemporaries in the music business strategically observe the billboards for a clue to what fans are buying. More times than not, the fickle nature of the business limits the scope of popular music to fads.

The most obvious example of this came in the mid-to late seventies, when disco madness was sweeping the planet. Bands strayed from previous rock habits and began incorporating a sound that could be put under multi-colored lights and a booming (if not boring) simple bass drum. (P)Resident offenders: what has been billed as the "greatest rock n' roll band of all time," The Rolling Stones.

Floyd stood by their creative guns when disco threatened, and they produced a sound that was as far from dance halls as Toledo is from Fort Lauderdale. Fad did not dictate the successes of *Animals* or *The Wall*.

True creative art sets new paths for the mind, and Pink Floyd has exposed frontiers with every release. No one can ever call this band for resting on its laurels and regurgitating hits of old. If reputation in the music business were assigned according to the variety of music styles attempted, Pink Floyd would have no peer in Britain, and only one possible contender across the Atlantic, The Grateful Dead.



A corner of Ben Friedman's gallery. Don't miss the black light room and the strobe light corner.

to advertise the shows. Soon, however, the demand for these "throwaway" ads began to grow.

"As the posters went along," said Friedman, "and we got up to Number 40, let's say, and if people didn't go to this particular concert, they wanted a back number. Well, I didn't have 'em. So I told (Bill Graham) that I could sell those posters. If he'd bring me 50 of each of the first 40 posters, I would give him a thousand dollars cash. He said, 'Why would you give me a thousand dollars?' I said, 'Because I'll sell 'em for two thousand dollars.'"

So Friedman started getting 50 copies of each poster, later getting one or two hundred from every show. Helms, getting wind of the deal, also began selling posters to Friedman. Now there was only one problem—where to keep all the posters.

"My lucky break," Friedman said, "was knowing some people who had a huge noodle factory down the street from the store. And they moved to New York, they closed up the warehouse and they guy asked me if I'd be interested in his warehouse, just to keep people from vandalizing it. I said, 'Sure.' I could always put stuff in there. In fact, I liked it so much I decided I would live there."

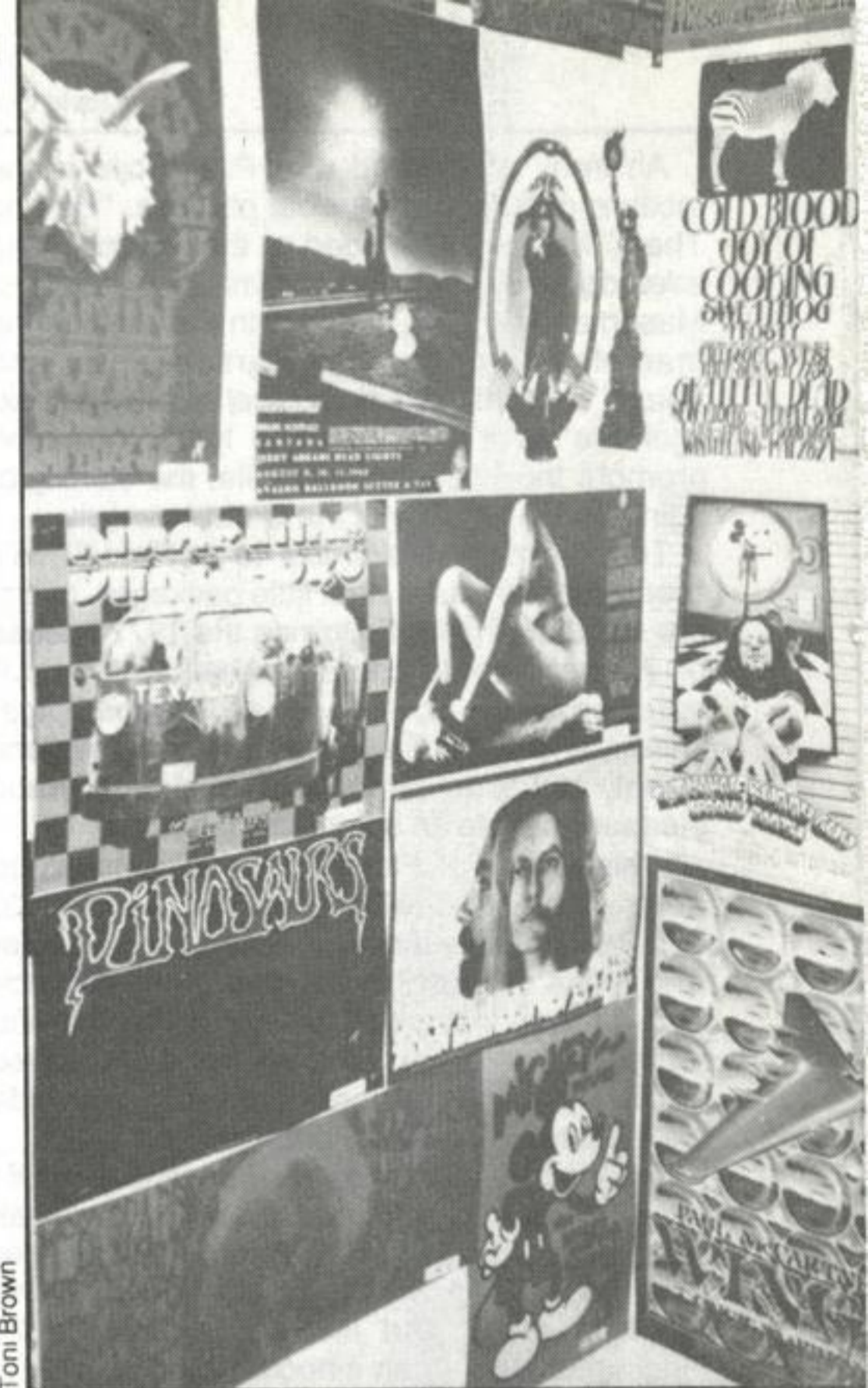
Friedman kept the posters in the noodle factory, and it was good he had the space, since he finally came to the point of acquiring all of Graham's and Helm's stock of posters, as well as the stock of Berkeley Bonaparte, paying each concern \$10,000. Friedman was able to make the cash outlays because of his retail business.

"I had a record store," he said. "In other words, I had a cash flow, whether I had the money or not, and I put out \$30,000 in about two weeks. And (at) Bank of America, the manager was a friend of mine, and he had to talk to me. He says, 'You're good, your money's all right, you've got a good, viable business. But what did you do? You bought \$30,000 worth of pieces of paper with scribbles on it? Are you out of your mind?'"

"I said, 'I started on the posters and as long as I have thousands of them already, I thought I'd buy them all up. They're not pieces of paper with scribbles. This is art.'"

Today, Friedman's ability to recognize art when he saw it has given him a business in which he still sells the same posters he bought up 15 and 20 years ago. Expanding from his poster store to the gallery, he holds signing parties with the artists and sells the posters—still in mint condition—for prices ranging upward from \$20, depending on how many of a given number he has left.

One young man who arrived at Friedman's store 18 years ago and is still a regular customer is Paul Grushkin, the co-author of



Toni Brown

*The Official Book of Deadheads*, and a man who had devoted the past three and a half years to developing an exhaustive book on posters. Grushkin came to the world of graphic art naturally, as the son of a famous New York art director. He recalled that his childhood home contained thousands of art books, so it's no surprise that when he got to Stanford in 1969, he was first attracted to poster art.

As he remembered it, Grushkin hit town with a copy of *Life Magazine* that featured an article about posters and set out to find them. "It was like, 'Where would I get these posters?'" he said. "And somebody said, 'Well, you're supposed to go see Ben Friedman.' And I went to his store, and Ben kind of took a shine to me, I guess, and said, 'Well, come back on the weekend and go see me at my warehouse. And I stood for four hours outside the warehouse until Ben sort of ambled on by and was very surprised to see me, had no idea who I was again, which is Ben's style. Anyway, he did let me into the warehouse, and it was like walking into poster nirvana, it was like a hundred yards of posters. Imagine me—and now I have like ten Fillmore posters in hand that I've bought from him the week before, and I have my *Life Magazine* issue and I'm ready to become a rock 'n' roller for the first time. It's like being dipped into a vat of LSD—every poster I

Ben Friedman - The Postermat in San Francisco

# POSTER RENAISSANCE:

**New book cover 30 years of poster art, Wes Wilson has gallery showing in New York, San Francisco's Ben Friedman keeps on selling**

by William Ruhlmann

WHO could have known, when the first psychedelic concert posters started to turn up on telephone poles and lampposts in San Francisco, that more than 20 years later they would be the subjects of art gallery showings and commemorative books, while the original posters themselves would keep on selling, at ever-rising prices?

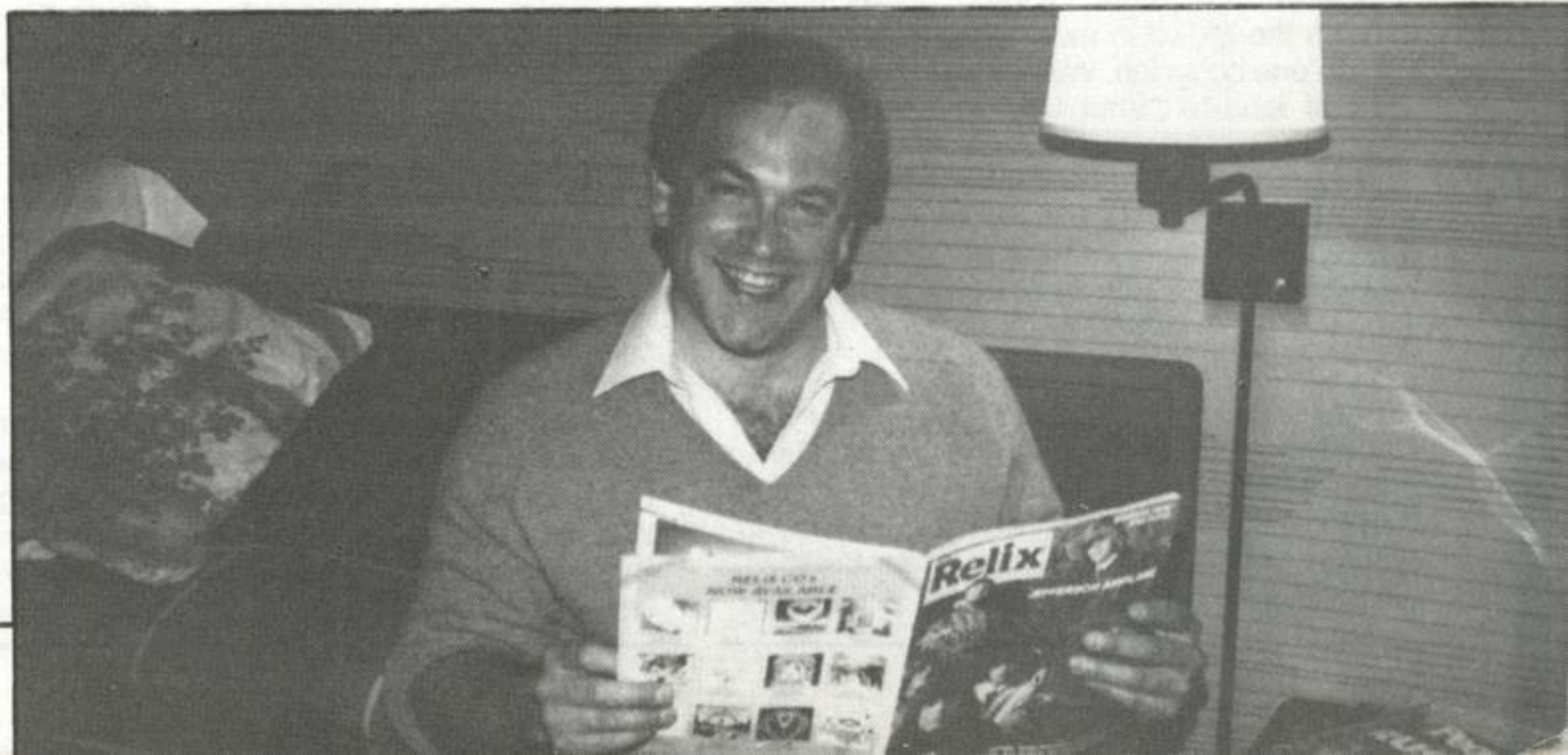
One person who seems to have been able to peer into the future is Ben Friedman, the owner of Postermat on Columbus Avenue in San Francisco, and of a gallery that displays a wide collection of original sixties posters. In an interview at his store, while wide-eyed customers came to the counter asking for back numbers of Avalon and Fillmore posters, Friedman recalled how he'd come to acquire so many posters.

"Originally, we were on Grant Avenue," he said. "That's when the sixties were in full bloom. I had a record store there and the records and posters seemed to be a compatible thing. So we always had a lot of posters that were related to the music scene."

In the mid-sixties, promoters Bill Graham and Chet Helms began putting on shows at the Fillmore and Avalon auditoriums, Friedman noted, and every week there would be a poster, copies of which were given away at the concerts. Friedman would allow the promoters to put posters in the window of his record store

Paul Grushkin - His upcoming book, *The Rock Poster*, covers 30 years of music through posters.

Toni Brown





Paul Grushkin at Poster Artist Benefit - Old Fillmore S.F.

Jay Blakesberg

could've ever dreamt, it was super-saturation in posters and that just started it."

Grushkin became a lifelong customer and collector, even writing letters to Friedman. "My first letter to Ben Friedman," he remembered, "the first lines are like, 'Oh, Ben, I must have the most wonderful dorm room in all Stanford University.' It was so wonderfully naive, but that's what I was living, no different from a hippie in the Haight, essentially, except I was an intellectual white kid going to Stanford and trying to become a rock 'n' roller."

Somewhere along the line, he must have succeeded at that, in the meantime producing the 1983 *Deadheads* book. Soon after, Grushkin was approached by Abbeville Press about another book. Abbeville was run by Bob Abrams, son of Harry Abrams, at whose book company Grushkin's father had worked as art director. "Bob Abrams," Grushkin said, "knew of me and knew of the *Deadheads* book and flew out to California and proposed that I do a book called *The Rock Poster*. And I guess both he and I and my dad were kind of thinking of, well, maybe a 150-page book, the best posters." But *The Rock Poster*, scheduled for September publication by Abbeville, is now much more than that. It's a 500-page oversized book covering more than 30 years of posters, and including *all* of the Fillmore and Avalon posters, reproduced in miniature, along with thousands of others.

"How, three and a half, almost four years later did this become the great opus in the poster world?" Grushkin asked. "I don't know. I guess it was because I sensed the opportunity. Here's an art book publisher who's almost willing to give me carte blanche to create a book. So instead of making it the best 30 Fillmore posters and the best 25 Avalon posters and a smattering of the rest of psychedelia, I decided I was going to go for the gold."

Grushkin's gold-digging took him backwards into fifties posters and forward into the punk and new wave posters of the seventies. A book intended to cover only a few years now starts in 1954 and runs through 1987. "Twenty-five hundred color plates," said Grushkin, "five chapters. First chapter is the fifties. Second chapter is psychedelic San Francisco, not just Fillmore and Avalon, but the Matrix and everything else: California Hall, Hell's Angels dances, KMPX. Third chapter is psychedelic the rest of the country. Grande Ballroom,

Detroit. Aragon Ballroom. Electric Factory. Boston Tea Party. Vulcan Gas Company in Austin, Texas. The Shrine in Los Angeles. The fourth chapter is the 1970s, when everybody got slick. Again, the entire country, plus Europe, plus backstage passes, which became the rock poster of the 1970s and 1980s. And fifth chapter is punk and new wave."

In order to take photographs of the posters, Grushkin had to track down innumerable collectors throughout the country and persuade them to help him. Some didn't even want it known that they had certain posters, others put up various kinds of resistance. But in the end, nearly everyone came through.

Poster artists on the back steps of the Avalon Ballroom: (front row r-l) Mouse, George Hunter, Bob Simon, Bob Fried, Rick Griffin, (back row l-r) Satty - an

"Even harder for me than all of this," Grushkin said. "Was, how am I going to write a text for this book? So I decided to do something that was very difficult. I was going to write it in terms of oral history. I wouldn't tell the stories. I went to the heavy collectors, I went to the printers, I went to the artists, and I went to anybody else that made sense and I just let them talk, and so the text is made up of everybody telling some of their favorite stories, whether as an artist or a printer or a collector."

At the same time, to put out such a book, Grushkin had to get permission to use the posters from all the people involved—a gargantuan task. "Kelley told me when I started the book," he said, "'You can never do it, it'll never be done. You'll never get all those people to agree, ever.'" And the agreements seemed even less likely as the artists started suing Chet Helms and Chronicle Books over issues of ownership of the posters.

Now, however Grushkin has gotten most of the necessary signatures, and the book is on the release schedule. All the effort seems justified by the final product. "It's a history of rock 'n' roll seen through poster art," Grushkin concluded, "and wonderful homage to people like Ben Friedman, who saved the stuff. That's been the excitement of putting this thing together."

Meanwhile, poster art's value as fine art continues to be enhanced by the Psychedelic Solution, the art gallery at 33 West 8th Street in New York's Greenwich Village. The gallery is currently showing an exhibition of the work of Wes Wilson, one of the first of the San Francisco poster artists. So whether you want to see posters on a wall, find them in a book, or buy them for yourself, the renaissance in poster art continues to flourish.

Avalon guard, Victor Moscoso, Wes Wilson and Alton Kelley

Gene Anthony





# Jimi Hendrix: The Man Behind the Legend

by Christine Wilson

**J**IMI Hendrix was a musical genius whose talent was silenced long before it should have been. The unique style and technique that in the '60's was considered by some people as slightly off-the-wall and different, today continues to influence many guitarists. In the '70's many attempted to imitate his style, namely the band Mahogany Rush, and in the music of the '80's you can detect shades of Hendrix in the guitar playing of Prince and Eddie Van Halen. Jimi was well ahead of his time. The sounds that today can be created using modern recording equipment and synthesizers, were made by him in the '60's using simply a guitar and an amplifier.

Born in Seattle, Washington on November 27, 1942, music became a big part of Jimi's life almost from the beginning. At the age of three his interest was sparked while watching his father play the spoons and comb, a form of musical expression dating back to the days of slavery. This interest soon evolved into a fascination for the guitar, which he would often pretend to play, using sticks, brooms, and anything that bore a resemblance to one. His uncle, who obviously noticed this interest, gave him his first guitar when he was 8 or 9. His life soon revolved around that guitar, and he began listening to every blues record he could get his hands on. Muddy Waters, Howling Wolf, and B.B. King were his favorite artists and biggest

influences. This was the style of music he grew up with, and at the age of 15 he began to get small groups together that performed at local teenage dances, featuring rhythm & blues and popular songs.

Jimi was never crazy about school, preferring to spend most of his time with his guitar. As a result, he ended up getting kicked out, and in 1961 at the age of 17, he enlisted in the U.S. Airborne Paratroopers. Even in the service music was a big part of his life. During his basic training he played in Military Service clubs and in cities surrounding Fort Bragg where he was stationed. He discovered, however, that he wasn't particularly fond of being a paratrooper, so in less than a year and after making about 25 jumps, he managed to get out by breaking his ankle and hurting his back.

After his discharge he spent some time playing with a band called The Flames, but while they were touring the south Jimi got left behind one night. Finding himself stranded with very little money, he hitched a ride to the nearest town and got a job playing in a small club. From there he spent the next couple of years playing back-up for several well-known artists, including his childhood idol, B.B. King. He toured the U.S. with Little Richard, and even played with Ike and Tina Turner in L.A.

Soon, tired of playing other people's music, Jimi arrived in New York City in 1964. Due to a

lack of money, he had to pawn his only possession—his guitar—in order to get a room in a cheap hotel. Shortly after his arrival he met Curtis Knight, the man who would become his lifelong friend, and who also fortunately happened to own two guitars. Following their discovery that they were both musicians, Knight showed Jimi a song he had written called, "How Would You Feel?" Jimi loved it, and Knight introduced him to producer Ed Chalpin, who signed them to a recording contract, after which they recorded the song.

Their record company had big hopes for "How Would You Feel," and released it as a single, but it was never really heard in America. It was one of the first black rock protest songs, and many radio station managers, thinking it was too controversial, refused to play it on the air.

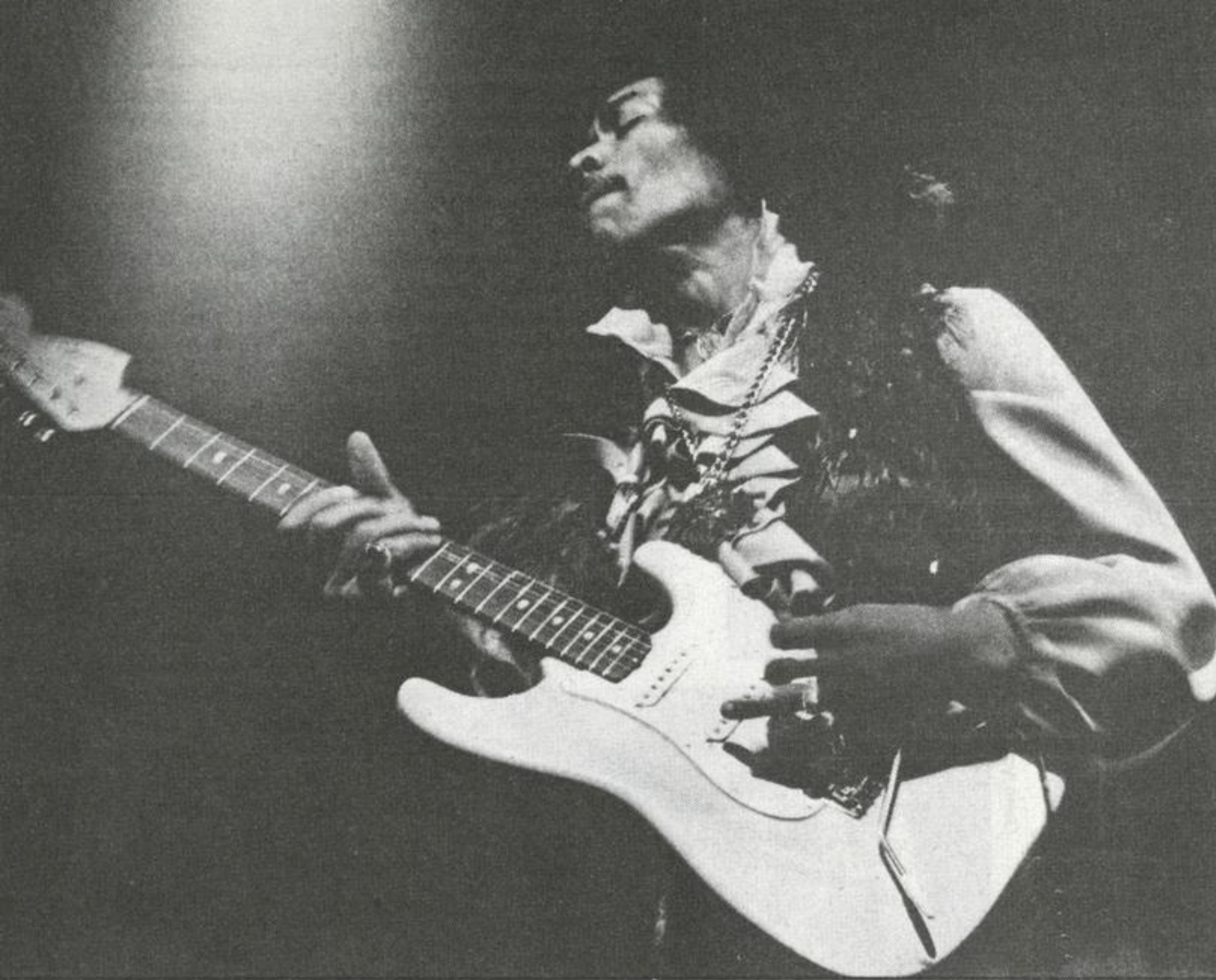
Despite this setback they got a band together featuring Jimi on lead guitar and Knight on rhythm. Included in the lineup were an organist, a bassist, and a drummer. They played various clubs in the New York area, and eventually landed a regular gig at the Cheetah Club, then considered to be *the* club in New York City. They were the seventh band to audition for this job, and during the second song Jimi went into his routine of playing his guitar with his teeth and behind his back. They were hired on the spot.

In late 1965 they played a gig at Ondine's, a club that was a favorite hangout for the British bands. It was here that Chas Chandler of the Animals discovered Jimi, who was still legally under contract with Chalpin. Chandler, telling Jimi that he had fixed this with Chalpin, (which later proved to be untrue and Jimi was taken to court by Chalpin on his return to the U.S.) took him to England where the search began for a couple of musicians to play with him. Mitch Mitchell (drums) and Noel Redding (bass) were chosen to form the band The Jimi Hendrix Experience, and after only rehearsing together for three days, they played their first gig, at the Paris Olympia. Since they didn't know many songs, Jimi would drag each one out, playing very long solos and then coming back to the song's original riff.

The first song the Experience recorded was "Hey Joe," which was written by Billy Roberts. Chandler was impressed with this recording but unfortunately Decca Records, the first label he approached with it, wasn't exactly thrilled; they turned Jimi down. Strangely enough, this was the very same label that had turned down the Beatles, so he was in good company. And just as George Martin had seen potential in the Beatles, Kit Lambert picked up Jimi, obviously knowing a good thing when he saw it. "Hey Joe" was released by Polydor Records in December of 1966 and despite the fact that it got very little airplay, it entered the British singles charts at number 24 on January 19, 1967.

The Experience's first important gig outside of the club scene was with the Who at the Savile Theatre, in February. They got rave reviews, and on March 31 began a 25 day tour that included the Walker Brothers, Cat Stevens, and Englebert Humperdinck. It was during this tour that they came up with the guitar burning scheme, thinking that it would help their popularity. It did. Before they were halfway through the tour Jimi was a star, and both fans and writers began referring to him as the "Wild man of pop." On May 20, Track Records released Jimi's first album, *Are You Experienced?* By this time, "Hey Joe" had reached





Thom Lukas/Artist Publications

number 4 on the charts, and "Purple Haze," released as a follow up single, eventually hit the number 10 spot.

They had taken England by storm and it was now time to conquer America. Jimi was apprehensive about the reception he would receive on his return to his homeland, but these fears were soon put to rest. His reputation had preceded him across the ocean and people recognized him on the streets of New York City. To further allay his misgivings, the American rights to the band's recordings were snatched up by Reprise Records almost immediately. They were given a large advance on royalties, and advance orders for the *Are You Experienced?* album were reported as tremendous.

They played several SRO gigs before going on to the Monterey Pop Festival, which was essentially the turning point in Jimi's career. Among the numerous stars performing at the festival was the Who. Pete Townshend, reportedly envious of Jimi, was dismayed to discover that they were booked for the same day as the Experience, playing back to back, with Jimi on first. Townshend, probably realizing that Jimi was a tough act to follow, persuaded him to let the Who go on first. They did their show, and Townshend, in his usual style, smashed his guitar at the end of the set. When Jimi went onstage he took this one step further with his own guitar—with lighter fluid and a match. He later said that he had set his guitar on fire because he felt that it had given all it could and he wanted to send it out in a blaze of glory, which he indeed did—dumfounding the audience who had never before witnessed a spectacle such as this.

Monterey accomplished everything the management had hoped for; Jimi became a big star overnight. The Experience was offered a chance to play at the famous rock theatres, the Fillmores East and West, but they were unable to accept this offer because they had been booked to tour with the Monkees. Everyone knew that Jimi Hendrix touring with a teenybopper group such as this would never work. It was—as the infamous guitar burning—a ruse

used in hopes of publicity, which they received plenty of. They were kicked off the tour as expected, with their popularity in the bag. That year they were voted 3rd most popular group by the readers of *Melody Maker* magazine.

Their next album, *Axis: Bold as Love*, was released in March of 1968. The end of 1968 saw the release of yet another album, *Electric Ladyland*, amid rumors that the band was going to split up, which they did in February of 1969, after a farewell tour of London and the United States.

In August of 1969 Jimi played his last big festival; the famous Woodstock, which was held in upstate New York. Unfortunately he was booked for the last day, and though the highest paid performer there, by the time he took the stage most of the 400,000 people who had attended had already left. So, when he played his unusual version of "The Star Spangled Banner," the crowd had thinned out considerably.

In the December following Woodstock, he formed a new band called the Band of Gypsies,

which featured Jimi, naturally, on lead guitar, Buddy Miles on drums, and Billy Cox on bass. This band was ill-fated. They only played two gigs together; the first at the Fillmore East on New Year's Eve, and the second—which didn't occur until the end of January of the next year—at Madison Square Garden. This last concert was not a success. During the second song Jimi walked offstage after apologizing to the audience. Surprisingly, rather than making a fuss as might be expected, the crowd simply left quietly. This was the end of the Band of Gypsies.

1969 was thought to be Jimi's least productive year, when in fact, he had spent a great deal of time in his Electric Ladyland studios. At this point in his career he had felt a need to change his image and style of music, but for business reasons he wasn't allowed to experiment. As in many cases of super-stardom, his management wasn't about to take the risk of his changing the style that had sent him to the top. After the break-up of the Experience he holed himself up in the studio and recorded about 800 hours of tape resulting in the type of music that he really would have liked to perform in public—a blend of jazz, rhythm & blues, and rock. These tapes were never released while he was still alive.

Jimi returned to England in August of 1970. This was to be the last chapter of his life. The days before his death were spent with one of his girlfriends, Monika Danneman, who was the last person to see him alive. He died on September 18 at the age of 27. Cause of death was determined as suffocation from the inhalation of vomit due to barbiturate intoxication. In spite of headlines stating that he had died from a heroin overdose, there was no evidence that he had been a drug addict.

The "Wild man of pop" was gone, and the world lost one of its most gifted and progressive musicians. He was one of a kind and there will never be another guitarist quite like him, but his is a legend that will live on, influencing musicians and guitarists for generations to come.

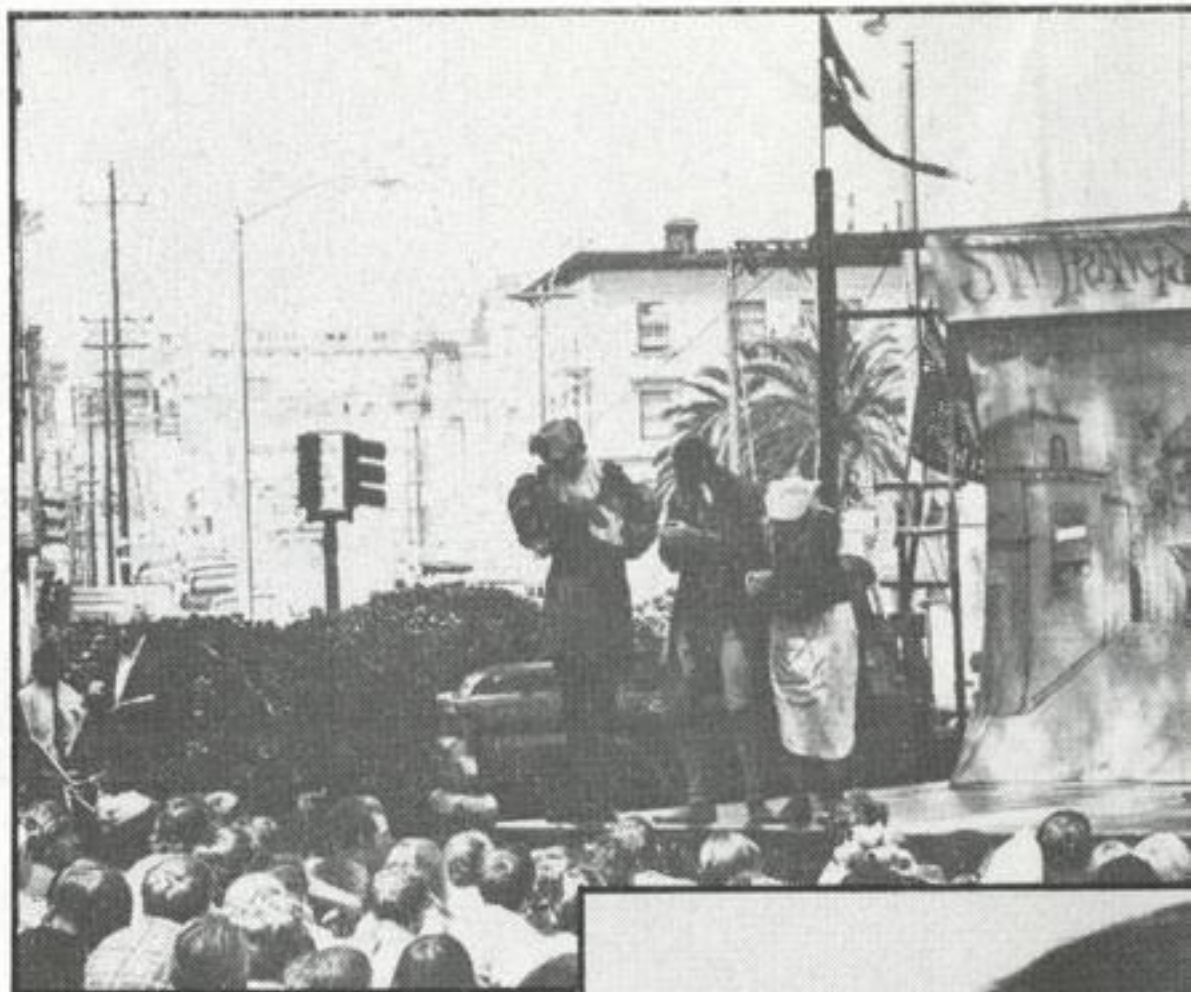
**Live at Winterland - The Jimi Hendrix Experience (Rykodisc).** This CD-only release of Hendrix at Winterland in 1968 captures the live performances with realistic dimension. The 71 minute program includes cuts previously found on the *Jimi Hendrix Concerts* double album, but covers additional material from these shows.



Jimi Hendrix with Curtis Knight and his group in 1966



Gene Anthony



Gene Anthony

Gene Anthony



Longshoreman's Hall - The Trips Festival

Jerry Garcia (a.k.a. Captain Trips)

Tom Copi/Artist Publ.



Lisa Law

Mickey Dolenz of the Monkees at Monterey Pop Festival - 1967

PRESENTED IN SAN FRANCISCO BY BILL GRAHAM

**MONTEREY POP**

**LIGHTNING HOPKINS**

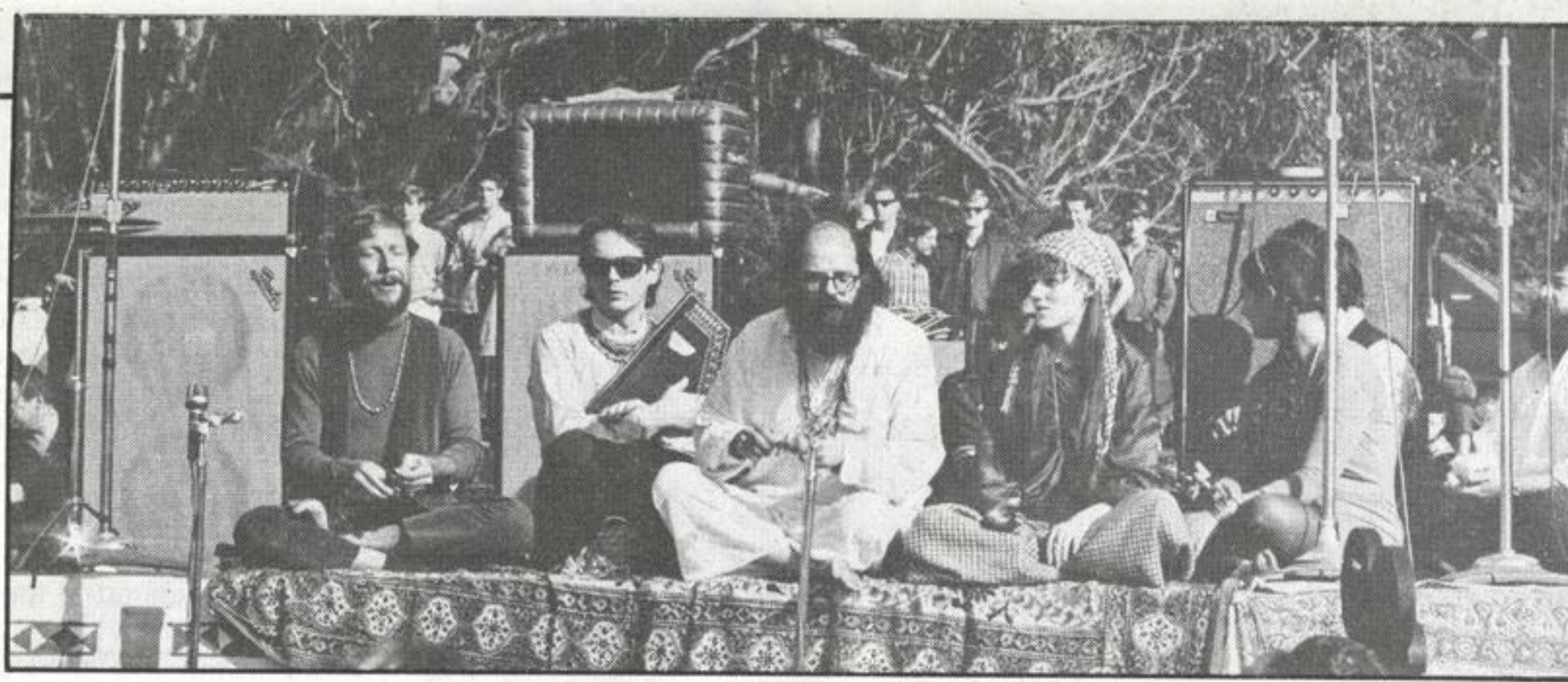
<b>FRI</b>	<b>LOADING ZONE</b>	<b>SAT</b>
<b>21</b>	<b>SUNDAY AFTERNOON</b>	<b>22</b>
<b>6PM</b>	<b>OCT. 4-8 BIRDS</b>	<b>6PM</b>
	<b>2:30 PM</b>	
	<b>COUNTRY JOE AND THE FISH</b>	

**TICKETS**

Gene Anthony



The San Francisco Mime Troupe



Lisa Law

Gary Snyder, Michael McClure, Allen Ginsberg, Mareta Greer and Lenore Kandel - 1967 - Human Be-In



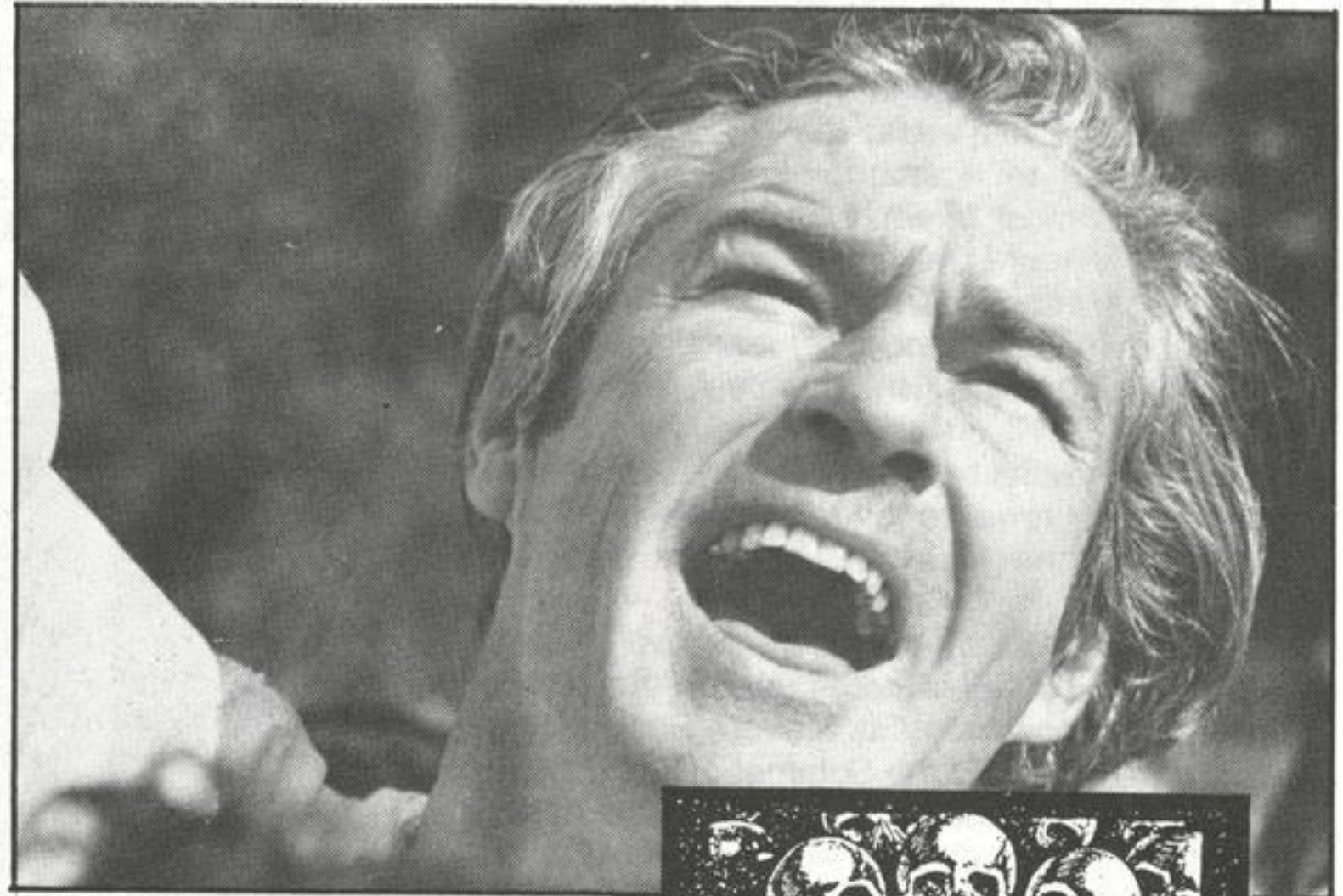
Gene Anthony



The Grateful Dead at the Love Pageant Rally on October 6, 1966 - Panhandle Park

Pig Pen

Lisa Law



Timothy Leary

Gene Anthony



Allen Cohen, editor of the San Francisco Oracle, said, "The Oracle was an attempt to break the lie of our linear habit. It was a contrast to regular papers, intended to show that most newspapers' objectivity was ugly and a lie."





## One Summer of Love, Many Mornings of Hate: 1967 RECONSIDERED

by Joe Harrington

"So everyone up above  
Be in love with love  
'Cause this is the summer  
Summer of Love . . ."

—The B-52's, "Summer of Love"

"This ain't the Garden of Eden  
There ain't no angels above  
And things ain't what they used to be  
And this ain't the Summer of Love . . ."

—Blue Oyster Cult, "This Ain't the Summer of Love"

IT'S been twenty years since rock's fabled Summer of Love and what's worse, it *feels* like it. The Sixties Dream has taken a real beating in the Reagan years. In twenty years we've come full circle: the Hopeful Optimism has turned to a smug, bitchy Cynic Irony. Therefore most of what is remembered about the Summer of Love and more importantly, the events that caused it to happen, is in the form of the above: either mockingly nostalgic or scornful and degrading. Unfortunately, as nostalgia tends to dwell on Love Beads, the Monkees and other pitiful remnants of that rapidly fading age, they tend to overlook the legitimate contributions to music and our culture it produced.

So what was the Summer of Love anyway? Well, I would say without question that most of what we know today as Modern Rock in some way filters back to the Summer of Love and the year that it happened, 1967. Historically, it represents the dividing line between the first two generations of rock n' roll, and what we know today as Rock, then and now. 1967 was rock's, and in many ways the world's, last year of innocence. It was the year certain things that were happening could no longer be ignored—by the media, by the government and least of all by *those kids*.

In this sense, it was like the Coming Out party of the Hip Set. The rock industry that had been growing in leaps and bounds since 1967, as well as all those who traipsed alongside—hippie radicals, dress designers, pop artists and the fans who supported them all—were more singularly unified in Ideal than in any

other time in history. It's not surprising that they picked a certain symbolic moment in time to announce their community to the world.

Summer of Love: think for a moment of the implications that conjures. A whole season of time dedicated to the idea of universal love. Naive perhaps, but as one grand sweeping altruistic gesture not even USA For Africa can compare. The sixties explosion, which reached its climax during the Summer of Love, was a revolution in every sense of the word. It was a struggle for change, a time when New replaced Old, and isn't that what every revolution has been about?

Of course the voice of self-conscious dissent had always been there shouting below the surface—in the fifties, Allen Ginsberg had been there standing on a hassock naked preaching all-gender convergence and reciting poems to a llama. It's just that all these things seemed to

Grateful Dead at 1967 Human Be-In

come out from under in the sixties. People were tired of Not Talking About It. As a result, there was a whole New Awareness. From the start, the Movement, as it came to be known as, was all about communication, openness. This is what bred the whole notion of Getting It Together. Once again, it was a crazy sort of *communalism*, a sense of belonging to something that definitely wasn't mainstream, but was big enough to warrant being heard nevertheless. It's no wonder some of the old fogies, bred on McCarthy era bullying, yelled "Communist!"

Being dedicated to the concept of Universal Love, as the Movement supposedly was, also brought with it a new openness about sex. I mean, realize how intrinsically Love and Sex are related. By the early sixties, the invention of the pill combined with a new frankness in the media had brought about an almost universal rejection to the outdated puritanical ideals of society's elders. In other words, once it became that easy, it was all over—once they'd lost their bodies, they'd lost their minds. (On a sad note, it is disheartening when we now realize that with the rise of things like the AIDs epidemic, a direct by product of the Sexual Revolution, perhaps the elders were right all along.)

But it wasn't only about sex. You have to remember there were drugs too. Here were minds awake with New Ideas, being brought to think in different directions than ever before about everything, then drugs came along to expand their minds in directions they'd never known existed. Psychedelic drugs were the real fuel of the Revolution. After all, isn't the Summer of Love always remembered as the Golden Age of Psychedelia? And wasn't the psychedelic experience one brought about almost completely by drugs? All those wah-wahs would never have gone off otherwise, all those painted faces would have remained plain. And as for flower power, well, the whole optical sensation of staring at the bulbous buddings of a plant would not have seemed half as thrilling without the drugs!

With the drugs, the music changed. Of course the San Francisco groups were among the first to bring the Psychedelic Tribal Evangelism to the world. A lot of this had to do with the fact that Kesey's Acid Tests originated



Anti-Vietnam War demonstration - 1966 - Downtown San Francisco



Gene Anthony

in this area. The Grateful Dead and many of the other early Frisco groups were there, and in their music one could hear the cross-pollinating of ideas and influences only such a gathering of tribes could produce.

In their own way, the Beatles were in on it too, just like they were in on everything else. The first recorded evidence of, particularly, John Lennon's growing infatuation with strange, tripped-out sounds as well as oblique pseudo-poetic pop-philosopher lyrics was "Rain," a clanking drone of a song with eerie, garbled lyrics. A true gem, but tucked away on the flipside of the "Paperback Writer" single. The Beatles weren't willing to make a full-fledged commitment to psychedelia just yet. But by the time of the next album, *Revolver*, at least Lennon was ready. All of his contributions to the album were insane mind-warpture, especially the closing track, "Tomorrow Never Knows."

The Beatles, the biggest group in rock, were clearly bringing the audience with them in the giant advances they were making in almost all aspects of recording. When their music became clearly too complex to perform live, they quit touring. That gave them the time they needed to concentrate on making the album that would change the way people made albums—*Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. It wasn't their best music, but it was their boldest statement, one never matched by anyone. The time was right for such sparkling, jubilant, *new* sounding music. There was a real sense of hope in the sixties because so many things were happening that had never happened before. All this happened to peak around June of 1967, setting the mood that would make such a notion as Summer of Love seem possible. *Sgt. Pepper*, issued on June 2, served as the perfect soundtrack for the whole summer.

The other major event marking the Summer of Love was the Monterey Pop Festival, held on the weekend of June 16, 1967 at the Monterey Fairgrounds in Monterey, California. Organized by Lou Adler and John Philips, with a veritable who's who of rock stars in tow to offer their support and "guidance," the three day festival

served a call-to-arms for the new rock Community to announce itself to the world. Not only did it make public such as of yet heard-of-but-never-heard acts as Jimi Hendrix and the Who, but it also showed the recording industry the huge audience such acts could attract, thusly increasing the amount the companies were willing to pay for such talent. In this way, Monterey effected the entire recording industry as emphatically as *Sgt. Pepper* did.

The thing that stuck though was the fact that all these people could get together outdoors for several days and nights and could groove on music and get along. The whole notion of the counterculture as an entity of loving unity was best represented here. The hippies made a good showing. Of course, the idea of the open-air "free" (which many of them weren't) rock festival went back to San Francisco and the Acid Tests anyway. But never had such a stunningly diverse array of talent been offered before Monterey. It *could* happen here.

But the idea of rock audience as a unified clan soon slipped out of focus. In San Fran, where it all started, as early as October, 1967, troupes of ex-believers were proclaiming "the Death of the Hippie" (the media had killed it they said). Indeed, it had been cheapened—*Hair* opened on Broadway the following year while TV offered *The Mod Squad*. And there was a cancer alive at the core of the movement itself as viperous would-be gurus like Manson, as well as Hell's Angels and hangers-on, moved in. Finally, the scene soured like milk in an uncovered bucket. 1968 was a particularly bleak, violent and disillusionary year, with the escalation of the Vietnam war, student disruption, the Chicago Convention and the assassinations of Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy. The concept of Universal Peace n' Love already seemed a distant glimmer.

For a brief moment though, it looked hopeful. In the end, what the Summer of Love represented was the solidarity of a generation who thought they could save the world. The success of this was that, in many ways, the so-called Revolution was won. Things really *have* changed a lot in twenty years, after all. The failure is that, despite these changes, we've still got a hell of a long way to go.

RELIX CELEBRATES  
THE  
**20th**  
**ANNIVERSARY**  
**OF THE SUMMER**  
**OF LOVE**

at the  
**Lone Star Cafe**  
61 Fifth Ave.  
NYC

**JUNE 25, 26, 27**

*Scheduled Appearances by*

**ZERO**

John Cipollina, Steve Kimock,  
Martin Fierro, Greg Anton,  
Bobby Vega and guests

**DAVID NELSON's**  
**California Brothers**  
*with Peter Albin,*  
*Spencer Dryden*  
*and Sandy Rothman*

**JORMA KAUKONEN**  
**and TOM HOBSON**  
(Quah)

**LIVING EARTH**

**JELLO BOYS**

Call the Relix Hotline  
for schedule  
**718-692-1986**

Call the Lone Star for  
reservations (recommended)  
**212-242-1664**

# A REUNION, of sorts a short story by Rosanne Soifer ...Can something ever stand the test of time?

**T**HE radio's selections during the past week hadn't helped much...It was 20 years ago today...wear some flowers in your hair...all you need is Love...don't you want somebody to love...Each celebrated the 20th anniversary of the Summer of '67, of more accurately, that particular summer's media nickname: The Summer Of Love.

Sharon liked to think she hadn't changed much over the past 20 years since graduation. Of course the messy urban neighborhood, a divorce, and a too-small apartment could be ignored for only so long. A slowly developing panic over the lack of viable work in her field—freelancing art and producing local art shows—tended also to put an edge on things. Innocent plans on improving society through art was tantalizingly easy when you lived within the protective cocoon of a hip student culture or the seemingly benevolent confines of an economically comfortable marriage. Later, as you coped on your own with everyday living in the surrounding society, you worried only about yourself. Idealism tends to get demolished during a week of job interviews or by receiving a notice of a rent increase.

"You'd better find somebody to love" admonished the Jefferson Airplane. Sharon put away the flyer she had been designing, shooed the cat away from the combination living room/studio window, and closed the door. She decided against starting her next project right away. A walk across the park and some lunch seemed more inviting.

The June weather in Washington Square Park seemed painfully breezy, swirling up dust around her feet, and thoughts of other June days and other breezes.

Sharon had run across Glen several times since graduation, always casually. Once during a ball game, twice on visits to Long Island while shopping with her sister, and of course, during their class' 10th reunion. He was pleasant, preoccupied with both his wife and the awards presentation speech he had to give later on, but cordial enough to Sharon, his old girlfriend with her now-ex husband in tow.

"So great to see you again," he had remarked. "All four of us should get together for drinks or something. We just moved into the city last year. Why don't you and Carrie exchange phone numbers?" Carrie, Glen's wife, was a singularly tailored woman, the kind who appears elegantly out of place among a sequin party crowd, and doesn't care. She evinced polite interest as she complied with Sharon's request. Sharon somehow lost the piece of paper containing their phone number on the way home that night. Nobody ever got in touch.

Sharon thought about Glen—never about Glen and Carrie—occasionally. How could Glen, her wild haired, adventurous, passionately involved with life Glen—find love with a woman who resembled a charity ball hostess? As her own marriage was disintegrating, Sharon would fantasize about a private reunion with Glen, withdrawing and erasing the formal class reunion from her memory bank. They'd run away, or she'd take him away from Carrie, or simply pretend that Carrie never existed. A variety of venues became backdrops: the campus student union, a mysterious train trip during a cloudy autumn evening, or the narrow daybed with the flowered quilt in her apartment.

Idle thoughts often evolved into full strength memories, memories which invariably became more vivid at night with increasing frequency as the radio, with the persistence once attributed only to Greek choruses, programmed more and more Summer of '67

songs. Sharon sometimes wondered if the Spoonful, the Beatles, the Dead, or even the Doors ever realized the potency of their music—not just as tunes, but as full scale trigger mechanisms for emotional baggage that had supposedly been neatly packed away. Glen and Sharon cutting classes and hitch-hiking out into the country, wangling the keys to a hip professor's off campus apartment and spending several passionate nights there, sleeping in each other's arms on the way home from anti-war rallies, meeting at night near the old stadium in a secluded spot where they were sure no one would find them.

As Sharon made her way across Wahington Square Park, she stopped to watch a group of acrobats in unitards, alternately panhandling and performing by the fountain. The boom box brigade near the benches were, as usual, arguing and littering the sidewalk. A ragtag pickup musical ensemble, whose pasteboard plaquard announced themselves as the Twenty Year Experience, were singing back near Judson Church.

Sharon listened, half dazed, as they made their way through tunes by the Byrds, Simon and Garfunkle, and the Stones. She felt lightheaded, both from the music and lack of food. Gradually the sky darkened as if expecting rain, but none appeared. The group of listeners now grew into a big circle, and across the circle, across the park, underneath a portion of sky that was gradually turning the grey-green that often

precedes a summer shower, stood Glen.

His hair was still the same rich brown, but appeared thinner, with none of the wild curl that Sharon once considered his trademark. He wore an expensive summer business suit, which appeared to be pulling somewhat around the waist, and carried a briefcase. He looked serious, as if he was concentrating on enjoying the music because someone said it would be good for him, like jogging or eating carrots.

Sharon made her way over to him quietly, and said the first thing that came to mind—a silly little catch phrase from an obscure Mamas and Papas tune that for some reason had been a favorite of theirs. "I need somebody groovy, someone who's able to move me, yeah!"

The leaves rustled and the man called Glen looked at the woman called Sharon blankly for a few seconds—a few very long seconds. "Sharon," he said with the same controlled friendliness he showed at the reunion 10 years ago, "How's it going?" Nice to see you again."

"Fine," she said carefully. "Feels like memory lane."

"Um," he agreed, "My kid would sure enjoy this."

Sharon sat down. "Who?"

"Glenda, my daughter," he said, pulling out his wallet. "She's 13 now and really likes music."

Sharon felt herself blush. There was already a three year old child in his life 10 years ago that she had known nothing about. Sharon was no more a part of Glen's life after 1967 than any of the songs were part of today's music on the radio. You resurrected past relationships and old songs only for reunions. After the celebration, you must learn to put them away until the next celebration to honor them. Neither can be expected to develop further on their own, since both were perfect within their own limited lifespans. Expose either the music of the relationship to the ravages of time, and they'll both spoil. Both must be loved for what they were, not for what the dreamer wanted them to become.

The rain began and the crowd started to disperse. Sharon walked quickly to a nearby luncheonette and ordered coffee.

It tasted good and strong.

## Shades O' '67! Hippie Postcards!



Assortment of 20 for \$10.00

Rockin' Relix, P.O. Box 92, Brooklyn, NY 11229

\*N.Y.S Residents add sales tax

# SHOPPING MALL BLUES

by Kim Simmonds

**I**n the spring of 1969 during the first U.S.A. tour with my group Savoy Brown, there were plenty of amusing incidents to recall. One in particular comes to mind. I remember starting out with these immortal words from my agent "Eh, Fridays' date has been cancelled but I've managed to fill in....." Now, when any musician hears these words the warning bells start ringing. What usually follows is a hasty last minute substitution gig that is invariably poorly advertised, badly organized and generally a blue-print for a "horror show."

So on being told that instead of playing at the Fillmore Auditorium, we would now be making an important "public appearance," I was naturally sceptical.

In those days we stayed at Loew's Midtown Hotel situated on 8th Ave. and 49th Street in Manhattan. Most of the touring British bands used to stay there and along with the inevitable hookers standing outside the tourist guests would get quite a few shocks!

I remember sitting in the bar/office while my brother and group manager, Harry, convinced us of the importance of the new date. Everything was arranged, he said, for us to play a few songs on equipment that would be provided. We would get to meet our fans, sign autographs and this would all lead to mucho record sales. Despite my protestations that musicians play gigs and only politicians made public appearances, come Friday we were locked in a

stretch limousine and speeding towards Philadelphia.

The trip took longer than had been imagined and after the first hour, as usual spent playing with all the electrical gadgets i.e. windows, T.V., telephone, etc., we settled into silent boredom.

Finally, we reached our destination—a shopping mall! Now, being English and this our first visit to the states (as the English call America) we had no idea of what a mall was. We were soon to find out.

We travelled with a road manager/chaferone at the time a Yorkshireman named Brian, whose job it was to make sure that the on the road business was taken care of as smoothly as possible. He would always say that the two most important things to do at a gig were (1) collect the money and (2) collect the money!! He had us wait while he went inside to check everything out.

Sitting there in the grey of March, we wondered out loud about where we could possibly be. Suggestions ranged from a prison (the huge brick building certainly looked like one) to, God forbid, a dreaded Army base. The suggestions went back and forth between the group members, finally touching on the ludicrous, until fifteen minutes later Brian returned and had us follow him into the building.

I was amazed at where we was taking us. Down alley after alley, past shop after shop, until finally he brought us to a stop in front of one of the isleways where, in the middle, a platform stage had been set up. It stood about three feet high and twelve feet square with stairs leading up to it from the floor. In the center could be seen a record player, on a stand, with two Hi-Fi speakers on either side. Someone had thoughtfully purchased our new album and the sound of English blues music

had attracted a few shoppers who now straggled around giggling amongst themselves, making us feel very nervous.

Brian hastily explained the situation. There was no equipment, so we were going to have to get on the stage and mime! This didn't go down too well but eventually, with everyone threatening mutiny, he herded us up on to the podium and there we stood looking very sheepish, wondering what on earth to do next.

After ten minutes or so a crowd of amused shoppers had gathered about in front of us consisting of mostly housewives with young children and babies. There we stood, five long haired blues musicians with bell bottomed trousers and platform heels! The minutes seemed endless; nothing was happening and meanwhile Brian was rolling around on the floor laughing at the foolishness of the situation.

At that point, Roger the drummer saved the day. He boldly walked off stage into the crowd and started shaking hands and kissing babies! Suddenly all the tension evaporated and while he laughed and smiled and generally played Mr. President, we were able to gracefully exit stage right.

Straightaway, we headed for the nearest bar and with Brian behind us demonstrating, we found one an isle away that served imported Bass ale. Prodigious beer drinkers that we were, a few dozen bottles quickly disappeared. With much merriment we returned to the limousine, and Jack the driver, had to put up with five drunken limeys creating havoc in the back of his vehicle while he drove steadily back to New York City.

In the end, looking back, we never did meet any of our fans or indeed anyone there at the mall who had ever even heard of us, but we did have the consolation of signing some autographs and who knows?—perhaps we even helped sell an album or two.

*And now, Ladies and Gentlemen...*

## Grateful Dead Key Chains and Buttons!

**Key Chains** only \$3.00 each or one of each for only \$30.00



**Buttons** only \$1.00 each  
or one of each for \$11.00

Send you orders to:  
**Rockin' Relix**  
P.O. Box 92  
Brooklyn, NY 11229  
Wholesale inquiries invited

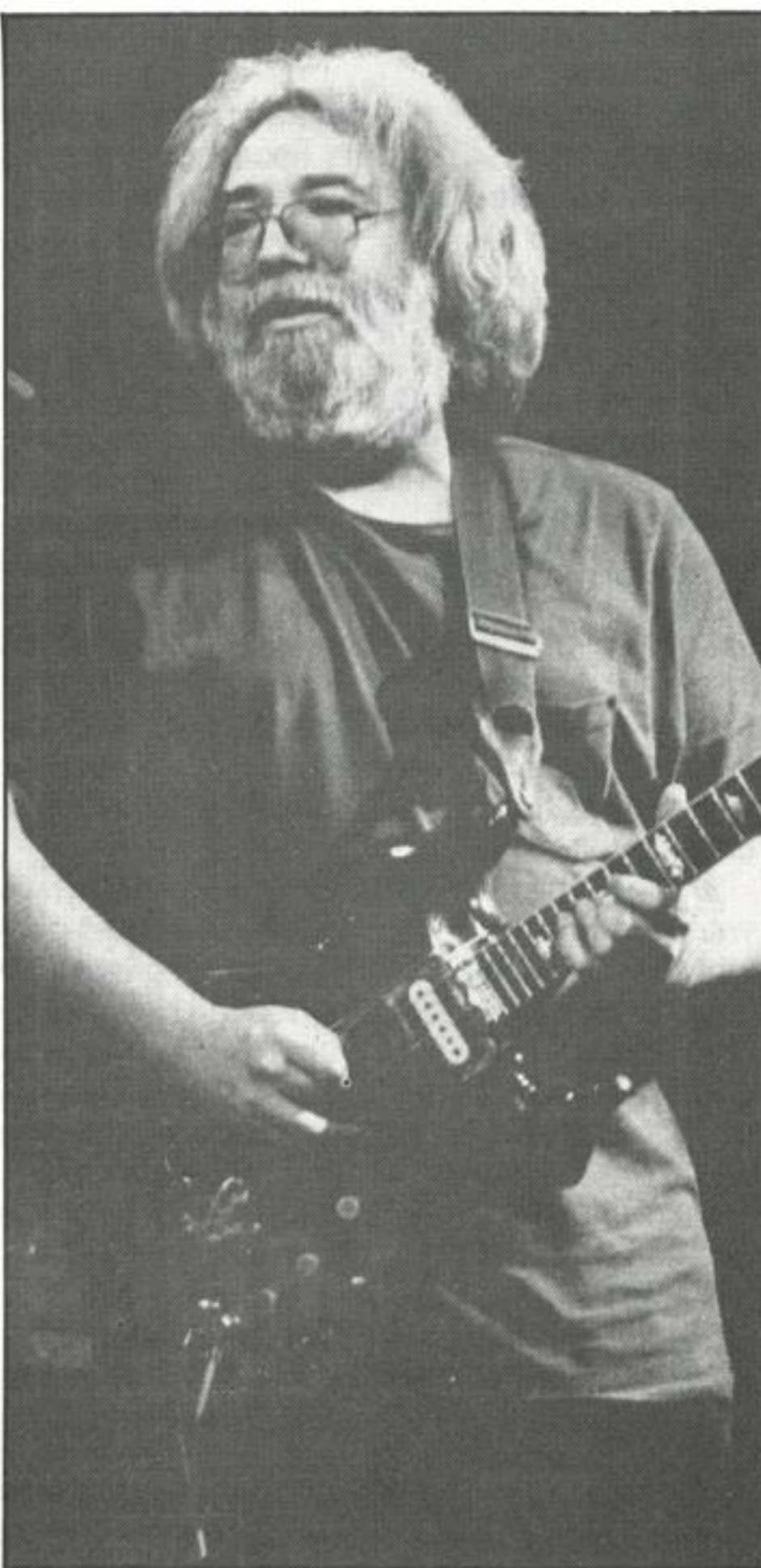
# The Renaissance of Jerry Garcia

by Cary Krosinsky

As has become tradition, the Grateful Dead opened their 1987 Spring Tour with a three-day stand at the Hampton Coliseum in Hampton, Va., March 22nd through the 24th. Only this time there was added significance as these shows marked the east coast return of the Dead following Jerry's illness. Many in attendance were aware of Jerry's successful recovery and improved state of health and mind, but few were prepared for the total renaissance which was to take place before their very eyes.

Jerry dazzled the crowd, performing with a vigor and enthusiasm not seen before. He waved to the crowd at the start of the first show to wild applause, and waved goodbye at the end of the stand, after a beautiful rendition of "Brokedown Palace." He frequently made hand gestures over the course of the three nights. He adjusted his glasses before adding spice to certain lyrics. He strutted around the stage, playing riffs to portions of the crowd, smiling often all the while. Jerry was having a good ol' time.

In fact, by the end of each show, the hoots and hollers that usually accompany the exciting moments of the Dead's (and in particular, Jerry's) playing gave way to a sort of ecstatic, shocked exhilaration. It was sort of like, you can only scream and yell for so long, so you might as well sit back and soak in as much of the



Bob Minkin

Garcia at Brendan Byrne Arena

music as you can as these were clearly very important shows.

Highlights of the first night included a rocking "Hell in a Bucket," a jam-filled "Cassidy," a heartfelt "Deal," and a moving "Black Peter," one of a number of songs with new meaning following Jerry's collapse (I was layin' in my bed and dying). The second night seared with Jerry rocking during "Touch of Grey," and waving fondly at the end of the number. This was clearly Jerry's night as he then belted out "Althea," and moved and shook during a funky "Iko Iko." In fact, during "Iko," when Jerry sang 'my spydog,' he wound up his right arm, and then almost screamed 'say your spydog' and at the same time pointed forcefully to the crowd. Such enthusiasm has not been seen before. By the time the long, jazzy "The Other One," and the personal, extremely moving "Stella Blue" had been rendered, the crowd was at the previously mentioned point of wondrous shock.

The third night had some quite memorable moments as well. "Jack Straw" rocked, "Candyman" went down real smooth, and "Let It Grow" was so perfect, it could be transferred right to vinyl. Hampton's peak, though, came in set two during "Terrapin." During the song's final stirring refrains, an 'x-chemistry' high was reached that just refused to quit. It was a very special moment. The crowd was now thoroughly drained. By the time "Wharf Rat" came around, it was clear. Jerry had gotten a new start and was living the life he should.

The continuing renaissance and recovery of Jerry Garcia is a truly exciting and wonderful happening. The 1987 version of the Grateful Dead is at an all time high. And if the rumored shows with Dylan take place, it should make for an especially hot summer as well. Enjoy!





TERRAPIN FLYER MAGAZINE  
AND  
PETER MARTIN  
INVITES YOU TO

# CLUB DEAD

A NEW NITE CLUB DEVOTED  
EXCLUSIVELY TO THE SIGHTS  
& SOUNDS OF THE  
— GRATEFUL DEAD —

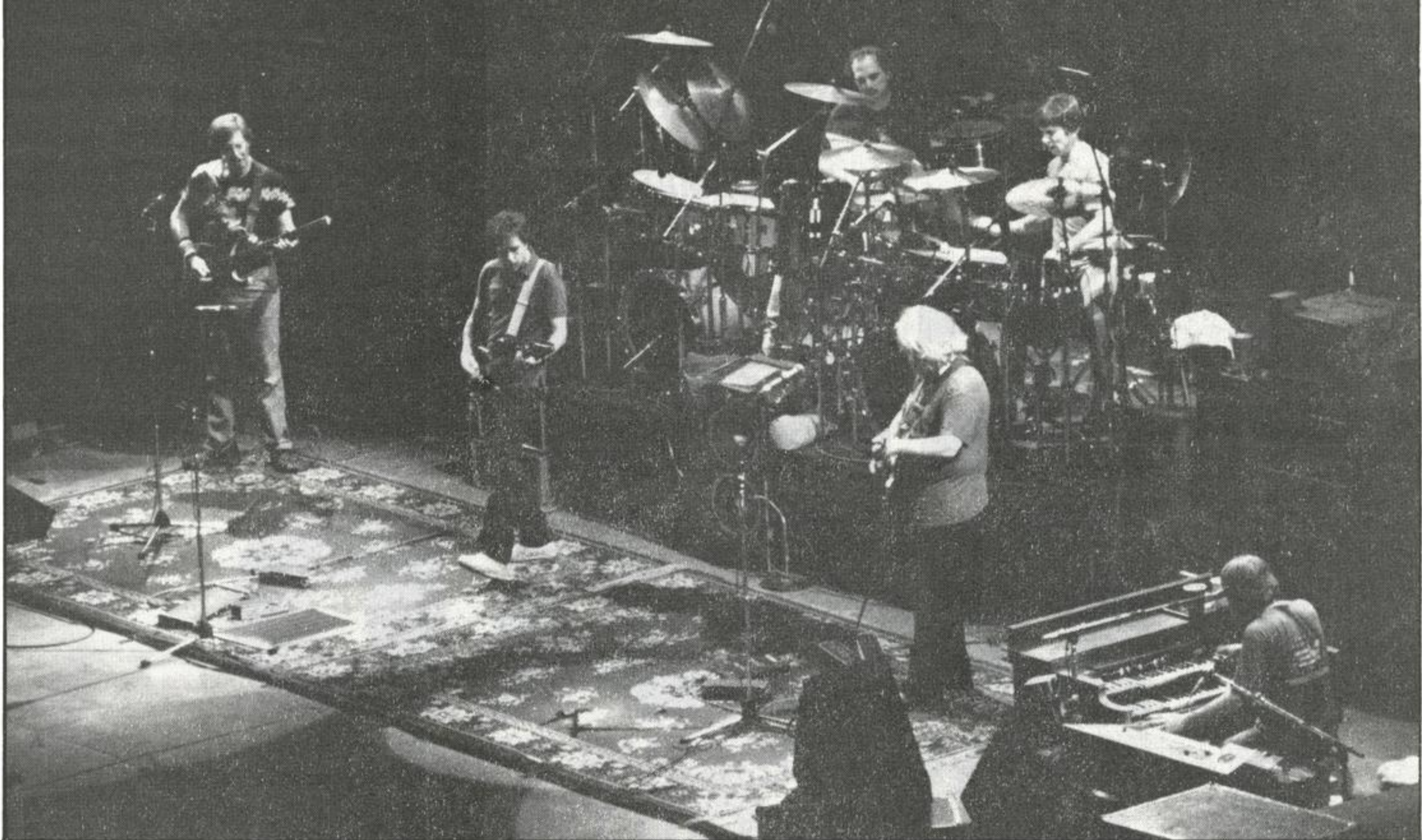
EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT STARTING AT 8 P.M.  
— GATHER WITH OTHER DEADHEADS &  
DANCE & PARTY TO THE BEST OF THE  
GRATEFUL DEAD VIDEO & AUDIO

## CLUB DEAD WILL HAVE

- EXCLUSIVE IN-CONCERT DEAD VIDEO'S ON  
OUR GIANT 6 FT. SCREEN
- THE BEST AUDIO TAPES FROM THE LAST 20  
YEARS FROM OUR 1,000 CASSETTE SELECTION
- TAPE TRADING & SOUVENIR AREAS

EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT AT MINGLES ON THE CORNER OF  
2ND AVE. & 95TH ST. IN N.Y.C. — 212-348-0904

THIS INVITATION IS GOOD FOR UP TO 4 PEOPLE.  
ADMISSION IS \$5. BEFORE 10 P.M.



Ray Ellingsen

U.I.C. Pavillion - Chicago 4/11/87

# SPRING TRAINING

by Adam Goldberg

**T**HE last time the east coast saw the Dead was eight months ago, in Washington, D.C. The July 6 and 7 shows were truly spectacular, the band was tight and the music fluid. However, some problems did occur. The first night, Jerry walked off early on "Looks Like Rain" leaving Phil, Bob and Brent to fill in the gaps. The second night, Jerry stormed off during the middle of "Playin'" and didn't return until the opening chords of "Terrapin Station." True, Jerry fell seriously ill a few days after the shows, but this had been going on for some time.

1987 not only marks the beginning of a new year, but a new Grateful Dead as well. This year's east coast tour showcased a band revitalized and enthusiastic to be on the road. Quite a few radical changes have evolved, and for the seasoned deadhead, that new era we have so often heard Jerry talk about is here. A new transition within that institution known as the Grateful Dead has arrived.

The first of these changes is with Jerry. He looks much healthier and it is reflected in his stage appearance. Do not expect him to walk off the stage anymore, if anything, it will be hard getting him off. His dancing and guitar antics (such as Pete Townsend windmill imitations) sends the audience into a frenzy. A simple raise of his hand and the crowd is in cheers. Even the rest of the band is getting a kick out of it. However, do not be so quick to call it blind adulation. It has been many years since deadheads have seen Jerry so active. Regular Relix readers will remember the Dire Wolff cartoon about "what Jerry thinks while onstage." Well, there is no question where his mind is now. Quite simply, this is a man who is happy and

enthusiastic about being back onstage.

Another change is Jerry's working relationship with Brent. Ever since the inclusion of new Brent tunes into the show, Jerry has walked off when they were performed. Whatever the reason, it was disheartening to see and had a negative impact on the shows. Not in 1987. The first night in Philly, Jerry played his heart out on "Far From Me," running counterpoint around Brent's vocals. Jerry played with a sincerity that no one could dispute. Even more surprising was the third night when Jerry remained onstage for "Tons of Steel."

That leads to another change—the balance that has come out within the band. Everyone has been getting more volume. Brent has been doing a song just about every show. He has also been given plenty of space in which to express himself. This freedom of expression has gone beyond the traditional spots like "C.C. Rider" and "Red Rooster." The third night in Philly, he was given a fine chunk during "Big River" to let loose. It is also interesting to note that after years of standing next to Brent onstage Jerry is finally giving him some attention. As a matter of fact, quite a bit of conversation has been transpiring between the two of them onstage.

Of course, Phil is also getting in "Box of Rain." Granted, he started singing in 1986, but who knew for sure his mike stand would still be there in 1987. He has been singing on Brent songs such as "Tons of Steel," but he is also participating on new compositions. On "When Push Comes to Shove," a new Jerry song, Phil

Brent at Hartford Civic

Bob Minkin

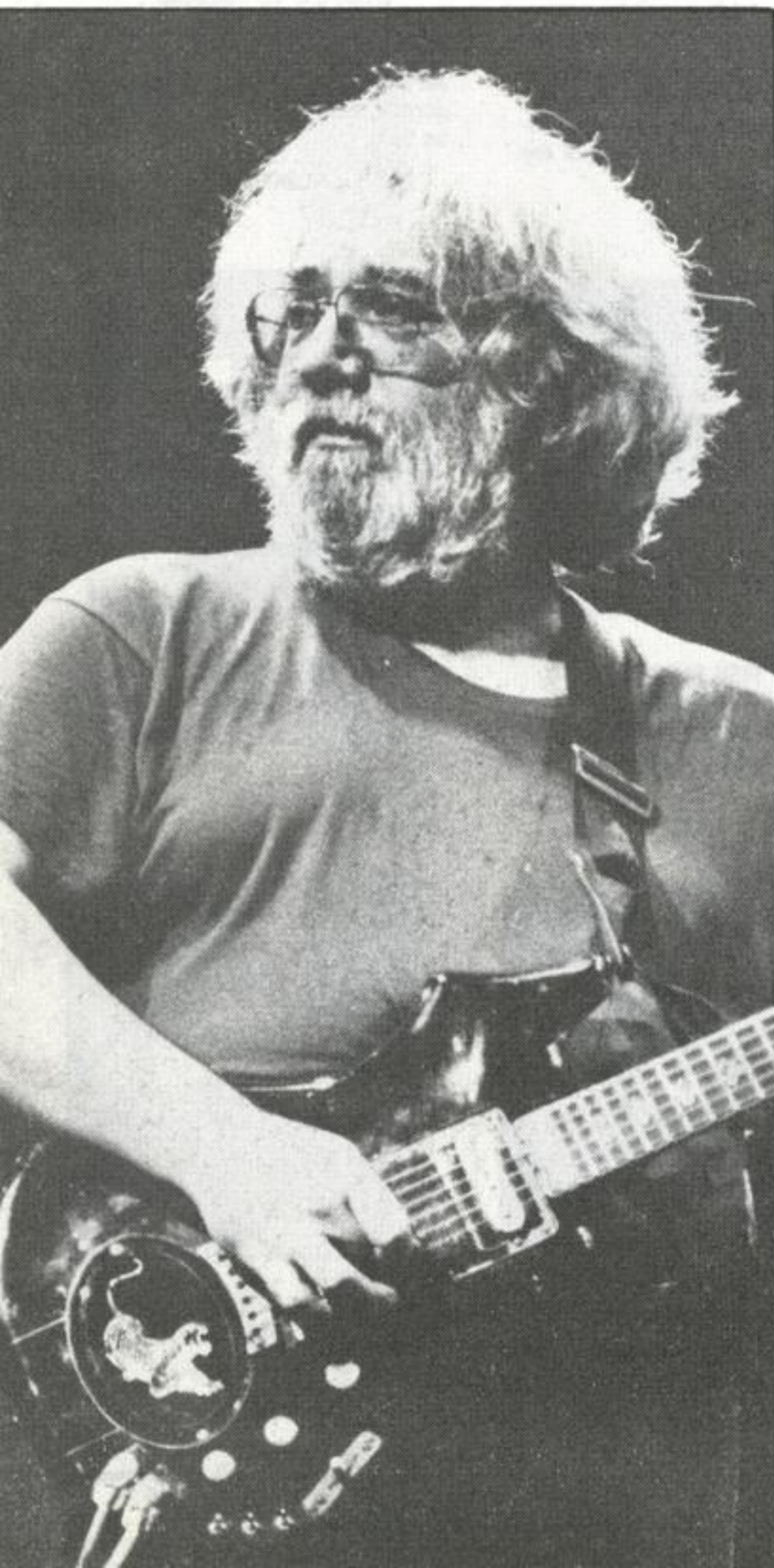


is joining in on the chorus. Expect even bigger things from Phil in the near future.

The added presence of Brent and Phil certainly bring a new dimension to the shows, but it is the material itself that is undergoing transition. From the Fall of 83 through July of 86 the Dead's playing became more and more polished, attaining a degree of fluidity never known before. The length of the shows decreased, but the quality was impeccable. At the time, everyone got real excited and remarked on how tight the Dead sounded. Since this tightness evolved after the disastrous 1982 tour, where extended jams often dissipated into dead air, the fans welcomed it. However the novelty soon wore off, and for good reason. The essence of the Grateful Dead was missing. The experimentation was absent from the shows. The band fell into a groove and no one made any effort to break free. Jerry found a comfortable mode and remained there. Rather than expand, they sufficed by bringing a few older songs into rotation and writing some new ones. The Dead were never noted for their flawlessness, and it certainly was not their *raison d'être* for surviving twenty-one years. To put it bluntly the shows got boring. However, deadheads are very patient people, and this patience has finally been rewarded.

A new facet of the Dead blew in on the March wind. The Spring 87 tour had a rough edge to it, but this indicated several factors. For one, the band was still working out some of the kinks, but what was more important was that the Dead were determined to work out new arrangements. A good example of this was the second

Garcia 3/29/87



Bob Minkin



Phil at the Spectrum

Bob Minkin

night in Philly. The Dead opened with a "Shakedown Street" that never got off the ground, but this was because Jerry refused to fall into the old groove. The rhythm section was also altered, thereby forcing experimentation. "Cassidy" too, was rearranged. The second solo section was given a whole new feel compliments of Brent, who overlaid a patchwork of many different colors and moods to the song. Here too, Jerry shied away from the practical and explored new ideas.

The Dead also had some trouble with the extended jams. The first night in Philly during "Playin'" the Dead stretched a little too far, but they were able to quickly take hold of the situation and put the music back together; something they could not have done in 1982.

Unfortunately, not everything was for the better. Gone was Mickey's array of electronic devices. It looks like there will not be any more trips through the Apocalypse, at least not for now. The space, it is sad to say, has been cut short too.

The lack of extended jams and the shortened spaces is a first step in getting back to basics. The Dead are taking a more fundamental approach (song wise), but such a step is necessary when preparing to embark in new directions. The shows typified a progress in the works, and these new transitions within the Grateful Dead can only mean one thing—an exciting and eventful Summer and Fall tour.

# NOW OPEN



INDOOR / OUTDOOR  
GROWING SUPPLIES  
STORE & MAILORDER

*We Stock:*

- 1000 w Super Metal Halide \$199
- 1000 w H.P. Sodium \$260
- 400w Halide & H.P. Sodium
- Hydroponic Systems
- Light Movers
- **ORGANIC BAT GUANO**
- Soil • Soiless Mixes
- Containers • Grow Bags
- **CO<sub>2</sub> SYSTEMS**
- ECO Grow • Pumps
- Timers • Tools
- **WORM CASTINGS**
- Fans • Reflective Mylar
- Air Filters • Ion Generators
- **ROCKWOOL Distributor**

**CALL FOR PRICES  
& FREE CATALOGS**

*We accept credit cards.*

**USA (800) 255-0121**

**N.Y. (718) 727-9300**

*Write or visit*

## EAST COAST HYDROPONICS

432 Castleton Avenue  
Staten Island, New York 10301  
*Free parking • 5 minutes from interstate*

# RELIX RECORDS AND



**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."

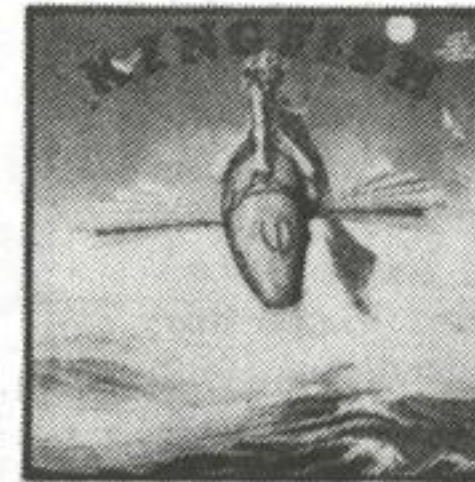
ALSO C.D.



**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.

ALSO C.D.



**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 others.

ALSO C.D.



**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.

ALSO C.D.



**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.

ALSO C.D.



**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.

ALSO C.D.



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

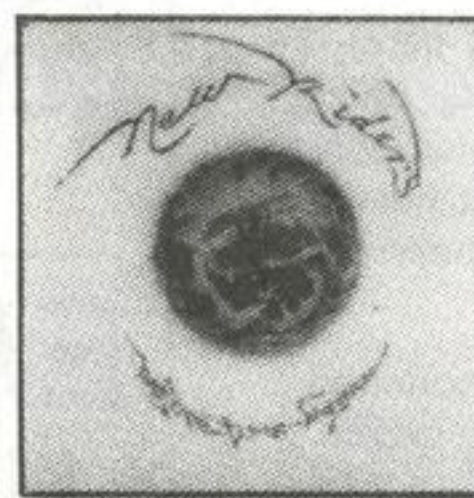


**RRLP 2021**  
**Left Banke**  
**Strangers On A Train**



**RRLP 2023**  
**Acoustic Savoy Brown**  
**Slow Train**

One studio side & one side from the Relix 13th annual party



**RRLP 2024**  
**New Riders**  
**"Before Time Began"**

Material from 1968 & 1969 with friends Phil, Mickey & Jerry

ALSO C.D.



**RRLP 2025**  
**Vintage NRPS**  
**From 1971**

ALSO C.D.



**RRLP 2026**  
**MICKEY HART'S**  
**Rolling Thunder**

ALSO C.D.



**RRLP 2027**  
**JORMA'S**  
**"QUAH"**

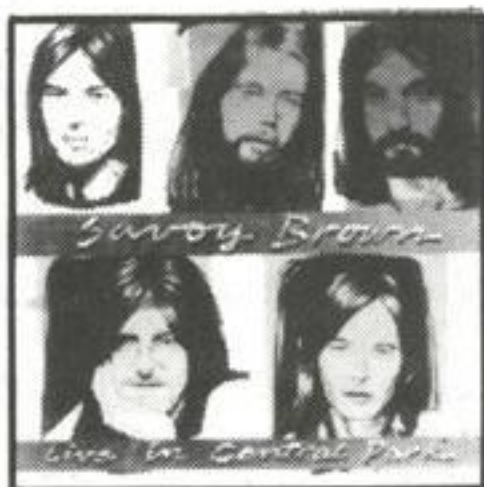
ALSO C.D.

# CDs!



**RRLP 2007**  
**Jorma Kaukonen**  
**MAGIC**

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



**RRLP 2014**  
**Savoy Brown**  
**Live From Central Park**

From a live performance during the Summer, 1972. This performance was rated by WNEW-FM to be the best performance of that summer.

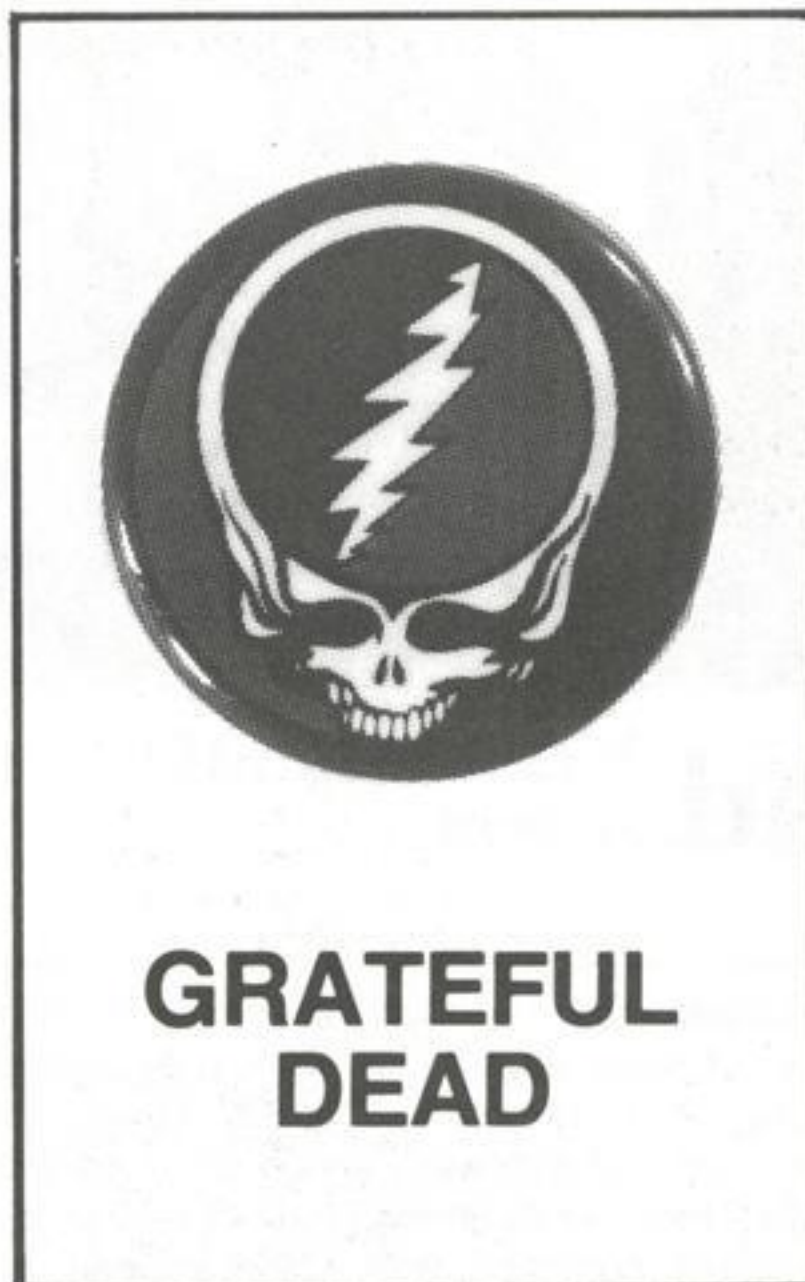


**RRLP 2022**  
**LIVE FROM EUROPE**  
**Flying Burrito Brothers**  
 Material recorded live from their past European Tour.  
**ALSO C.D.**

**LPs- \$10.00**  
**CDs- \$17.00**

All orders thru:  
**Rockin' Relix**  
 P.O. Box 92  
 Brooklyn, NY 11229  
 \*N.Y.S. Residence Add Sales Tax

## Soon To Become A Collector's Item!



Skull & Lightning



Full Skeleton

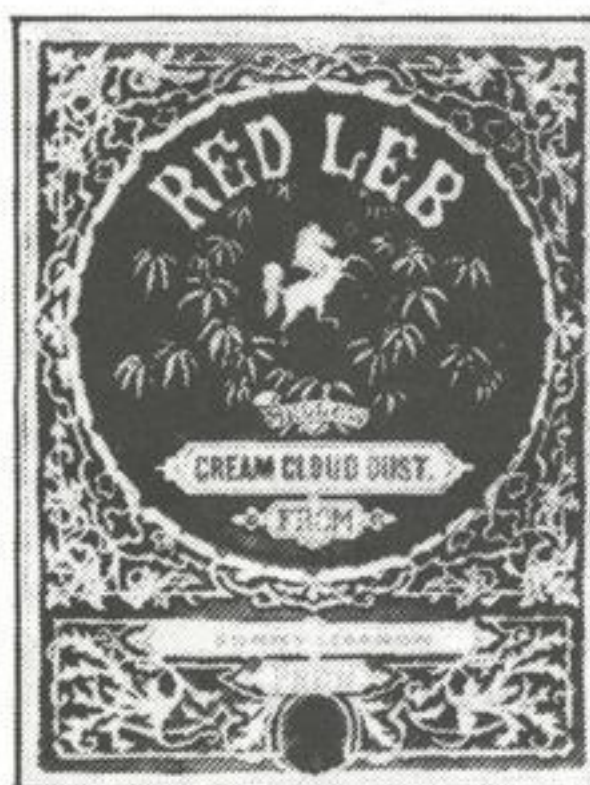
### GRATEFUL DEAD

**\$7.50**  
 each p&h included

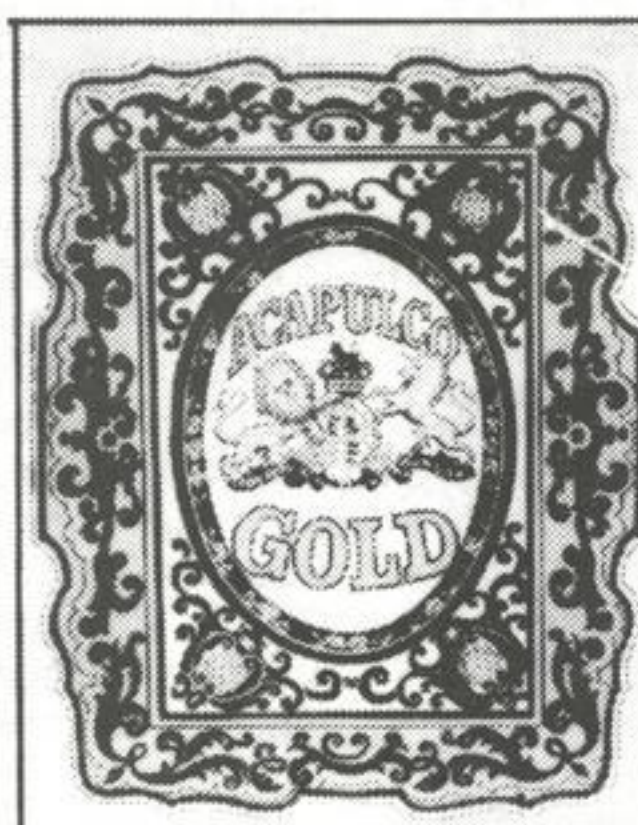
**22 x 33 inches**  
 No Longer Being Printed!  
 Limited to Supply on Hand.

**Rockin' Relix, Inc.**  
 P.O. Box 92  
 Brooklyn, NY 11229

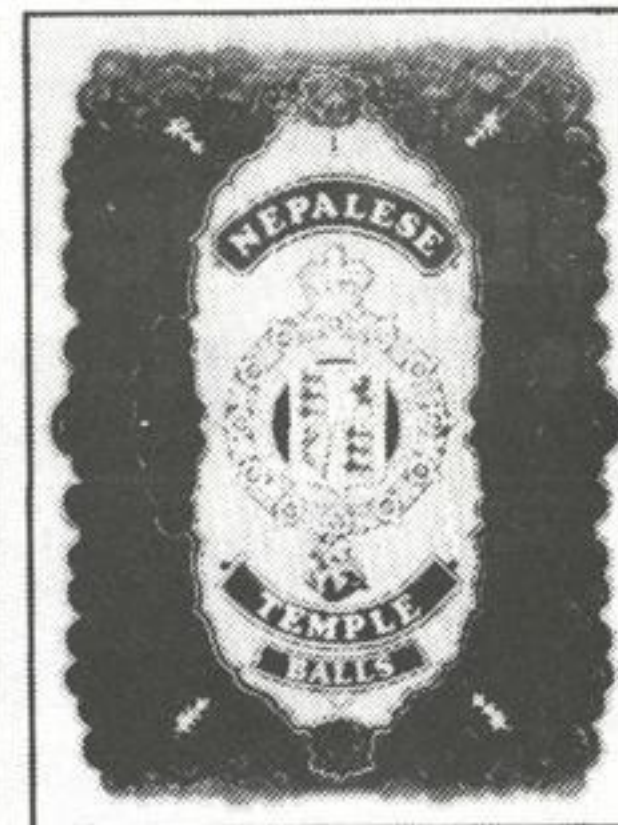
## From a Warehouse Discovery 60's Psychedelic Posters



"Red Leb"  
 Mellow!



"Acapulco Gold"



"Nepalese Temple Balls"  
 —Blows the Mind—

12" x 17"

**Only \$7.50 each**  
**or ALL 3 for \$20.00!**

order thru:  
**Rockin' Relix, P.O. Box 92, Brooklyn, NY 11229**



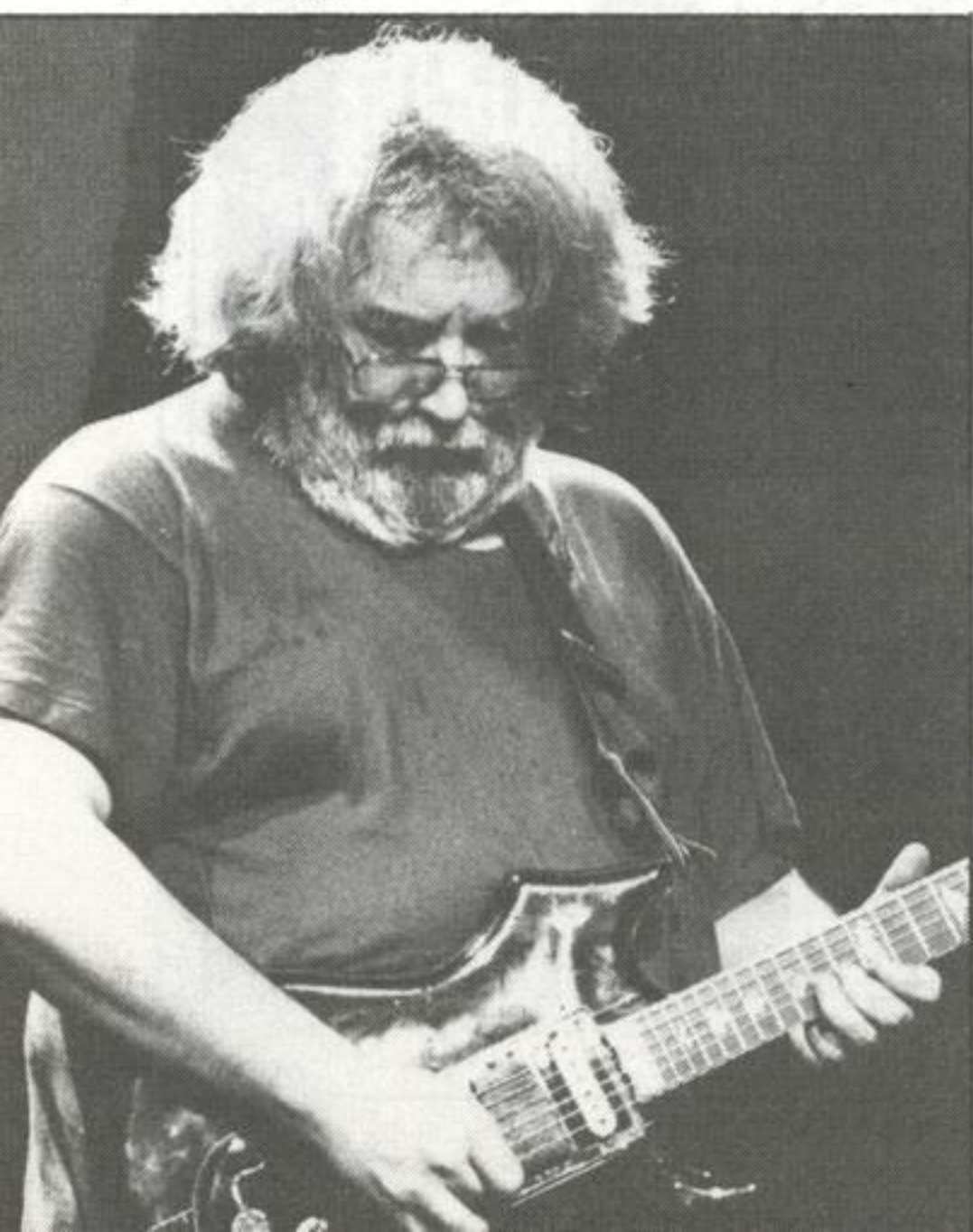
## The Grateful Dead Meadowlands Arena

by William Ruhlmann

ONE of the pitfalls of becoming a permanently sold-out attraction, as the Grateful Dead have become, is that you play increasingly to the converted—those fans who are sufficiently committed to stand on the ticket lines or find out about and fill out the mail order applications. While the assumed acceptance that provides may allow an artist to create in a sympathetic atmosphere, it may also lull him into repetition and stultification.

So when this longtime fan, who never went on to become a full-fledged Deadhead, and therefore tended to stay home with their records more and more even when they appeared nearby, happened upon a ticket to see the Dead on their recent East Coast tour, he boarded the bus to New Jersey with a mixture of hope and worry. What had the years of Deadhead adulation done to the Dead itself? As it turned out, at least small amounts of the hope and the worry were justified.

The advance word on the tour suggested that Jerry Garcia was breathing fire and leaving the rest of the band in the dust, but at the same time reviews in general were very positive. In the taper section, where this fan sat, most of those who were busy setting up their rigs seemed to have been in Worcester, Massachusetts previously, and they felt the band was at a performing peak.



Bob Minkin

Already, the atmosphere at the show was different from other rock shows, as complete strangers patched into each other's tape recorders and borrowed wires, while the tapers section took on its familiar look of the roof of an apartment complex, with poles sticking up as much as 20 feet or more, some sporting artificial roses.

And the show's "differentness" was only confirmed when the lights went down just after 7:45 to deafening applause. Out there in the dark, the band noodled for several minutes. No ordinary rock show, this—what other band fails to choose an opening number, or even, apparently, to tune, before going onstage?

The noodlings made sense to the faithful in the tapers section, however. "Dancing In The Streets," a couple of them noted, and sure enough, the band finally launched into its version of the old Motown classic, with Bob Weir taking lead vocals. He played and sang energetically, getting, as it turned out, his full share throughout the night.

The crowd was on its feet from the frist, and looking around the dark hall, one could see row after row of undulating bodies. They may call that sports timekiller "the wave," but this was a kind of physical current, a response to the music unlike any other audience in rock.

From the opener, the band immediately went into "Franklin's Tower," with a lead vocal performance that gave credence to the Garcia reports. He was definitely singing with more bite than usual. The band's first big musical showcase was the next number, "Little Red Rooster," which featured a slide solo from Garcia and an extra verse sung by Brent Mydland. Mydland also got his own organ solo before Weir came in for the last chorus.

Garcia followed with "Peggy-O," and Weir then took over for a combination of "Me And My Uncle" and "Mexicali Blues." That brought up both the Dead-original quotient of the show and the tempo of the show as well.

The tapers had noted that none of the new songs had turned up in the set recently, but that was all changed with "When Push Comes To Shove," a Robert Hunter-Jerry Garcia song due on the new album, *In The Dark*, this summer. And as usual, the set closer was familiar and powerful: "Jack Straw" followed immediately by "Deal." Total time: 61 minutes.

Fifty-one minutes later, the lights dipped again. Weir led off the set, starting with a

version of "Feel Like A Stranger" that gave over to a spirited "Cumberland Blues." The evening's biggest surprise (at least to this fan) was Mydland's "Tons Of Steel," which he attacked with a fervor previously unheard on the stage. It was enough to make one risk the doubtless unpopular opinion that Mydland may be the Dead's most distinctive vocalist.

The set's extended section began with a reading of Weir's "Saint Of Circumstance," which led into the drums and "space" section. A look around the hall confirmed the suspicion that many Deadheads take this time to case the refreshment and t-shirt stands, or just to visit the facilities.

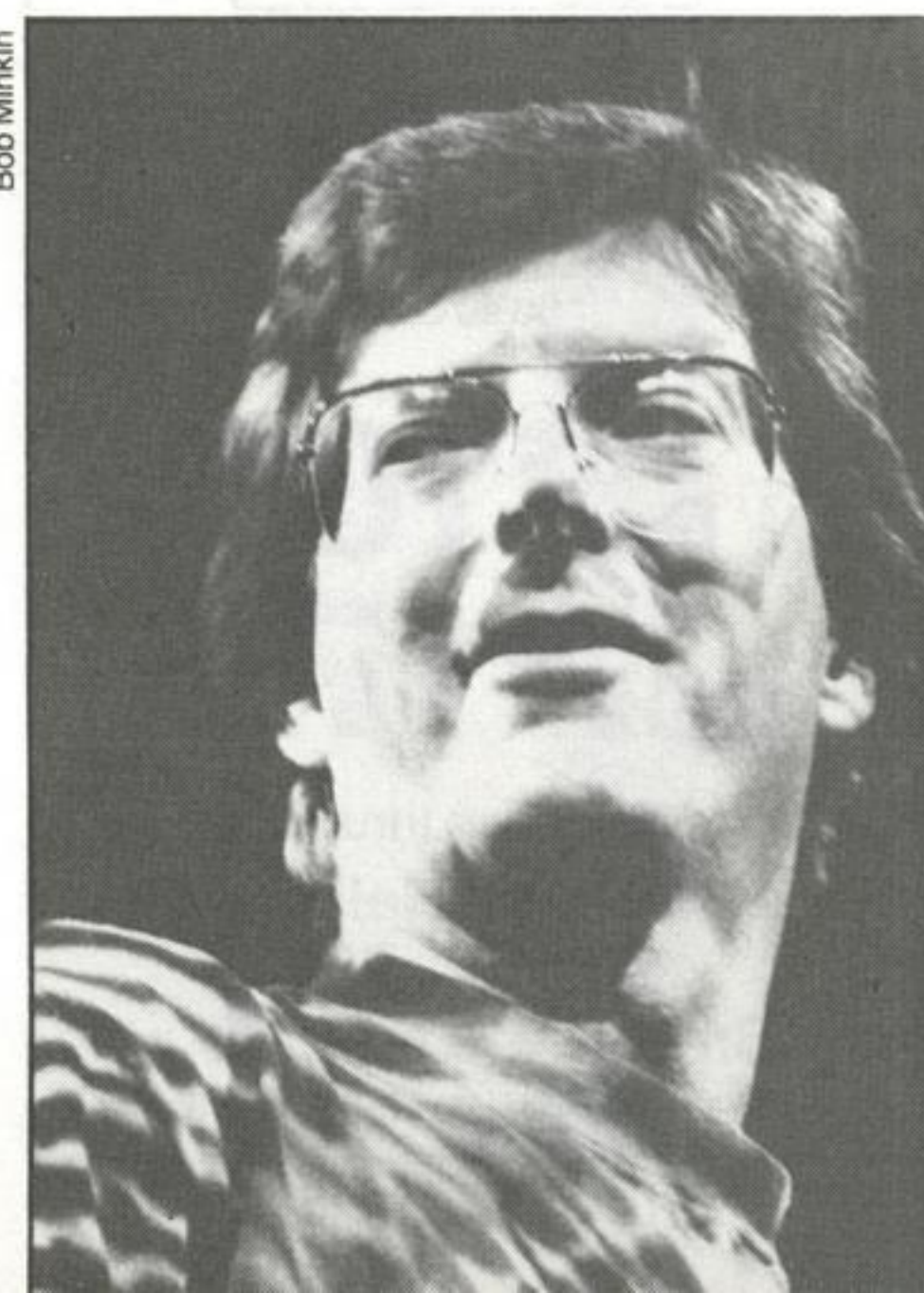
There aren't many bands left that do drum solos, and none that do them the way the Dead do. This one was well handled and well-edited—it made its points and ended. The space section didn't give off any sparks, however, and when Garcia began "Terrapin Station," it seemed to take a while to get the audience's attention back fully.

But they did come back, cheering the end of "Terrapin" as it led into a strong version of "The Other One." "Sugar Magnolia" made a perfect closer, as the stands undulated and sang along.

The band's one encore was the new "Black Muddy River," taken at a slow tempo and gently closing the concert on an elegiac note. Elapsed time of the whole show: two hours, 21 minutes.

If this fan went to see the Dead hoping to see a group that had grown in its years of concert work, he found that group. The new songs work well, and some refinements make some of the older ones tighter and more dynamic for a live environment.

But what about those worries? Well, the Dead do seem to have institutionalized some of their less engaging tendencies, from their noodling between songs to the almost complete lack of spoken communication from the stage. They have a light set-up that would do Journey proud, but it's being run with the talent of a five year old. Like many long-lived performers, though, you have to take the good with the bad. To be a fan (or even a full-fledged Deadhead) is like being a lover—even if you don't love everything about them, there's enough you do love to remind you why you first fell in love, and to keep you in the relationship. With the Dead, that love affair shows no signs of coming to an end.



Bob Minkin



Mardi Gras Parade

Jay Blakesberg

# Song Lists

## S.F. Civic Center Chinese New Year Shows

1/28/87

Shakedown Street  
Get Back  
Peggy-O  
Walkin' Blues  
It Must Have Been The Roses  
It's All Over Now  
Row Jimmy  
Brother Esau  
Bird Song  
Jack Straw

When Push Comes to Shove  
Sampson & Delilah  
Black Muddy River  
He's Gone  
Spoonful  
Drums (w/Jose Lorenzo)  
Eyes of the World (w/Lorenzo)  
Black Peter  
Around & Around  
Sugar Magnolia  
encore: U.S. Blues

1/29/87

Finiculi Finicula  
Hell In A Bucket  
Sugaree  
El Paso  
Loser  
Little Red Rooster  
Brown Eyed Women  
Cassidy  
Don't Ease Me In

Scarlet Begonias  
Fire On The Mountain  
Looks Like Rain  
Terrapin Station  
Drums/Space  
I Need A Miracle  
Stella Blue

Goin' Down The Road Feelin' Bad  
Johnny B. Goode  
encore: Baby Blue

1/30/87

Touch of Grey  
Minglewood Blues  
Candyman  
Me & My Uncle  
Mexicali Blues  
When Push Comes To Shove  
Beat It On Down The Line  
Promised Land  
China Cat Sunflower  
I Know You Rider

Iko Iko  
Women Are Smarter  
Ship of Fools  
Estimated Prophet  
Truckin'  
Drums/Space  
The Other One  
Wharf Rat  
Throwing Stones  
Not Fade Away  
encore: Brokedown Palace

## Kaiser Convention Center Oakland CA Mardi Gras Shows

3/1/87

Touch of Grey  
Little Red Rooster  
Peggy-O  
Me & My Uncle  
Mexicali Blues  
When Push Comes to Shove  
It's All Over Now  
Row Jimmy  
Let It Grow

Hell In A Bucket  
Scarlet Begonias

Fire On The Mountain  
Sampson & Delilah  
Black Muddy River  
He's Gone - jam  
Drums/Space  
The Other One  
Black Peter  
Around & Around  
Good Lovin'  
encore: Don't Ease Me In

3/2/87

Finiculi Finicula  
Jack Straw  
Althea  
C.C. Rider  
Bird Song  
Beat It On Down The Line  
Ramble On Rose  
Feel Like A Stranger

China Cat Sunflower  
I Know You Rider  
Women Are Smarter  
Ship of Fools  
Estimated Prophet  
Eyes of the World  
Drums/Space  
Truckin'  
Morning Dew  
encore: Johnny B. Goode

3/3/87

Mighty Quinn  
Greatest Story Ever Told  
Loser  
Minglewood Blues  
Tons Of Steel  
Cassidy  
Mississippi Half-Step  
Promised Land

Mardi Gras Parade-  
Iko Iko (w/Dirty Dozen Brass Band)  
Saint of Circumstance  
Terrapin Station  
Drums/Space  
Gimme Some Lovin'  
Wharf Rat  
Throwing Stones  
Touch of Grey  
encore: Brokedown Palace

## SPRING TOUR Hampton Coliseum Hampton, Virginia

3/22/87

Hell In A Bucket  
Sugaree  
It's All Over Now  
West LA Fadeaway  
El Paso  
When Push Comes To Shove  
Cassidy  
Deal

Sugar Magnolia  
Scarlet Begonias  
Fire On The Mountain  
Estimated Prophet  
Drums/Space  
The Wheel  
Black Peter  
Sunshine Daydream  
encore: Baby Blue

3/23/87

Touch of Grey  
Little Red Rooster  
Althea  
Me & My Uncle  
Big River  
Iko Iko  
Tons of Steel  
Feel Like A Stranger  
Don't Ease Me In

Box of Rain  
 Women Are Smarter  
 Ship of Fools  
 Truckin'  
 Drums/Space  
 Jam/Other One  
 Jam/Stella Blue  
 Throwing Stones  
 Lovelight  
 encore: U.S. Blues

**3/24/87**

Jack Straw  
 Candyman  
 Minglewood Blues  
 Loser  
 Mama Tried  
 Mexicali Blues  
 Ramble On Rose  
 Let It Grow

Gimme Some Lovin'  
 Black Muddy River  
 Playing In The Band  
 Terrapin Station  
 Drums/Space  
 Dear Mr. Fantasy  
 Wharf Rat  
 Not Fade Away  
 encore: Brokedown Palace

## Hartford Civic Center Hartford, Connecticut

**3/26/87**

Midnight Hour  
 Cold Rain & Snow  
 C.C. Rider  
 Row Jimmy  
 Brother Esau  
 When Push Comes To Shove  
 Desolation Row  
 Bird Song  
 Promised Land

China Cat Sunflower  
 I Know You Rider  
 Looks Like Rain  
 He's Gone  
 Drums/Space  
 I Need A Miracle  
 Black Peter  
 Around & Around  
 Good Lovin'  
 encore: Mighty Quinn

**3/27/87**

Alabama Getaway  
 Greatest Story Ever Told  
 West LA Fadeaway  
 Little Red Rooster  
 Brown Eyed Women  
 Beat It On Down The Line  
 Tennessee Jed  
 The Music Never Stopped

Touch of Grey  
 Sampson & Delilah  
 Cumberland Blues  
 Estimated Prophet  
 Eyes of the World  
 Drums/Space  
 Uncle John's Band  
 Morning Dew  
 encore: Johnny B. Goode

## Spectrum Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

**3/29/87**

Hell In A Bucket  
 Bertha  
 Little Red Rooster  
 Far From Me

Friend of the Devil  
 El Paso  
 When Push Comes to Shove  
 Let It Grow

Mississippi Half-Step  
 Playing In The Band  
 China Doll  
 Women Are Smarter  
 Drums/Space  
 The Wheel  
 Goin' Down The Road Feelin' Bad  
 Playin' Reprise  
 Black Muddy River  
 Sugar Magnolia  
 encore: Mighty Quinn

**3/30/87**

Shakedown Street  
 It's All Over Now  
 Stagger Lee  
 Never Trust A Woman  
 Box of Rain  
 Loser  
 Cassidy

Iko Iko  
 Saint of Circumstance  
 He's Gone-Jam  
 Drums/Space  
 Truckin'  
 The Other One  
 Wharf Rat  
 Throwing Stones  
 Not Fade Away  
 encore: Baby Blue

**3/31/87**

Jack Straw  
 Franklin's Tower  
 C.C. Rider  
 Ramble On Rose  
 Tons Of Steel  
 Mama Tried  
 Big River  
 Candyman  
 Desolation Row  
 Don't Ease Me In

Touch of Grey  
 Estimated Prophet  
 Terrapin Station  
 Drums/Space  
 Uncle John's Band  
 I Need A Miracle  
 Stella Blue  
 Around & Around  
 Lovelight  
 encore: Brokedown Palace

## Centrum Worcester, Massachusetts

**4/2/87**

Cold Rain & Snow  
 Minglewood Blues  
 Dupree's Diamond Blues  
 Far From Me  
 Me & My Uncle  
 Mexicali Blues  
 When Push Comes To Shove  
 Beat It On Down The Line  
 Bird Song  
 The Music Never Stopped

Scarlet Begonias  
 Fire On The Mountain  
 Looks Like Rain  
 Eyes Of The World  
 Drums/Space  
 Gimme Some Lovin'  
 The Wheel  
 Black Peter  
 Around & Around  
 Good Lovin'  
 encore: Black Muddy River

**4/3/87**

Hell In A Bucket

Sugaree  
 C.C. Rider  
 It Must Have Been The Roses  
 It's All Over Now  
 Big Railroad Blues  
 Let It Grow  
 Don't Ease Me In

China Cat Sunflower  
 I Know You Rider  
 Women Are Smarter  
 Crazy Fingers  
 Samson & Delilah  
 Drums/Space  
 The Other One  
 Wharf Rat  
 Throwing Stones  
 Not Fade Away  
 encore: U.S. Blues

**4/4/87**

Touch of Grey  
 Greatest Story Every Told  
 Althea  
 El Paso  
 Tennessee Jed  
 Cassidy  
 Never Trust A Woman  
 Box of Rain  
 Promised Land

Iko Iko  
 Playing In The Band  
 Comes A Time  
 Willie & The Handjive  
 Drums/Space  
 Truckin'  
 Playin' Reprise  
 Morning Dew  
 encore: One More Saturday Night

## Brendan Byrne Arena East Rutherford, New Jersey

**4/6/87**

Dancin' In The Streets  
 Franklin's Tower  
 Little Red Rooster  
 Peggy-O  
 Me & My Uncle  
 Mexicali Blues  
 When Push Comes To Shove  
 Jack Straw  
 Deal

Feel Like A Stranger  
 Cumberland Blues  
 Tons Of Steel  
 Saint of Circumstance  
 Drums/Space  
 Terrapin Station  
 The Other One  
 Stella Blue  
 Sugar Magnolia  
 encore: Black Muddy River

**4/7/87**

**WNEW-FM & KROCK Radio Broadcast**

Touch Of Grey  
 Minglewood Blues  
 Friend of the Devil  
 Beat It On Down The Line  
 Stagger Lee  
 Mama Tried  
 Big River  
 West LA Fadeaway  
 Hell In A Bucket  
 Don't Ease Me In

Box of Rain  
 I Need A Miracle  
 Bertha  
 Ship of Fools  
 Women Are Smarter  
 Drums/Space  
 Gimme Some Lovin'  
 Morning Dew  
 Throwing Stones



Not Fade Away  
encore: Mighty Quinn

## UIC Pavillion Chicago, Illinois

**4/9/87**  
Greatest Story Ever Told  
Promised Land  
When Push Comes To Shove  
Never Trust A Women  
El Paso  
Row Jimmy  
Brother Esau  
Far From Me  
Deal

Scarlet Begonias  
Fire On The Mountain  
Playing In The Band  
Uncle John's Band  
Drums/Space  
China Doll  
Goin' Down The Road Feelin' Bad  
Sugar Magnolia  
encore: U.S. Blues

**4/10/87**  
Shakedown Street  
Little Red Rooster  
Candyman  
Me & My Uncle  
Mexicali Blues  
Brown Eyed Women  
Cassidy  
Don't Ease Me In

Iko Iko  
Looks Like Rain  
Box of Rain  
He's Gone  
The Other One  
Black Peter  
Around & Around  
Lovelight  
encore: Baby Blue

**4/11/87**  
Hell In A Bucket  
Sugaree  
Minglewood Blues  
Loser  
Tons of Steel  
Desolation Row  
Big Railroad Blues  
The Music Never Stopped

Touch of Grey  
Women Are Smarter  
Terrapin Station  
Drums/Space  
Truckin'  
Wharf Rat  
Throwing Stones  
Not Fade Away  
encore: (end NFA) Black Muddy River

Song Lists compiled by Cary Krosinsky and Lee J. Randell.

## Irvine Meadows Amphitheater - Irvine, CA

**4/17/87**  
Cold Rain and Snow  
Little Red Rooster  
Friend of the Devil  
It's All Over Now  
When Push Comes To Shove  
Desolation Row  
Deal

Touch of Grey  
Sampson & Delilah  
Ship of Fools  
Estimated Prophet  
Eyes of the World  
Drums/Space

Wheel  
Truckin'  
Stella Blue  
Around and Around  
Good Lovin'  
encore: Mighty Quinn

**4/18/87**  
Hell In A Bucket  
Sugaree  
Me & My Uncle  
Mexicali Blues  
West L.A. Fadeaway  
Far From Me  
Row Jimmy  
Let It Grow  
Don't Ease Me In

Iko Iko  
Playing In The Band  
Terrapin  
Drums/Space  
Gimme Some Lovin'  
Morning Dew  
Throwing Stones  
Lovelight  
encore: Black Muddy River

**4/19/87 - Easter**  
Mississippi Half-Step  
Franklin's Tower  
Minglewood Blues  
Ramble On Rose  
Tons of Steel  
Box of Rain  
Cassidy  
Alabama Getaway  
Promised Land

China Cat Sunflower  
I Know You Rider  
Women Are Smarter  
Black Muddy River  
I Need A Miracle  
Cumberland Blues  
Drums/Space  
The Other One  
Wharf Rat  
Not Fade Away  
encore: Brokedown Palace

With special thanks to Dick and Cliff of The Stella Blue Club.

## Frost Amphitheater, California

**5/2/87**  
Hell In A Bucket  
West LA Fadeaway  
Beat It On Down The Line  
Stagger Lee  
Little Red Rooster  
Dire Wolf  
Far From Me  
Jack Straw  
When Push Comes To Shove  
One More Saturday Night

China Cat Sunflower  
I Know You Rider  
Playin' In The Band  
Terrapin Station  
Drums/Space  
Truckin'  
Morning Dew  
Around & Around  
Lovelight  
encore: Black Muddy River

**5/3/87**  
Touch of Grey  
Promised Land  
Jimmy Row  
Little Bunny Foo Foo (a bluesy song sung by Brent following an equip. failure)  
Peggy-O  
Never Trust A Woman  
Cassidy  
Don't Ease Me In

Iko Iko  
Feel Like A Stranger  
Ship of Fools  
Estimated Prophet  
Drums/Space  
The Other One  
Black Peter  
Throwing Stones  
Not Fade Away  
encore: NFA/Mighty Quinn  
Song list thanks to Jimbo Juanis

## Grateful Dead Tour Dates

June 12, 13, 14 Ventura, CA  
June 26, 27, 28 Alpine Valley Music Theater -  
E. Troy, WI  
June 30 TBA  
July 2 Rochester, NY  
July 4 Sullivan Stadium - Foxboro, MA  
(with Bob Dylan)  
July 6 Civic Auditorium-Pittsburg, PA  
July 8 Allentown, PA (?)  
July 10 JFK Stadium - Philadelphia, PA  
(with Bob Dylan)  
July 12 Giants Stadium - E. Rutherford,  
NJ (with Bob Dylan)  
August 22, 23 Mountain Air Music Festival  
- Angels's Camp, CA

East Coast G.D. Hotline #201-777-8653  
West Coast G.D. Hotline #415-457-6388  
Relix Hotline #718-692-1986

## RUMORED DATES

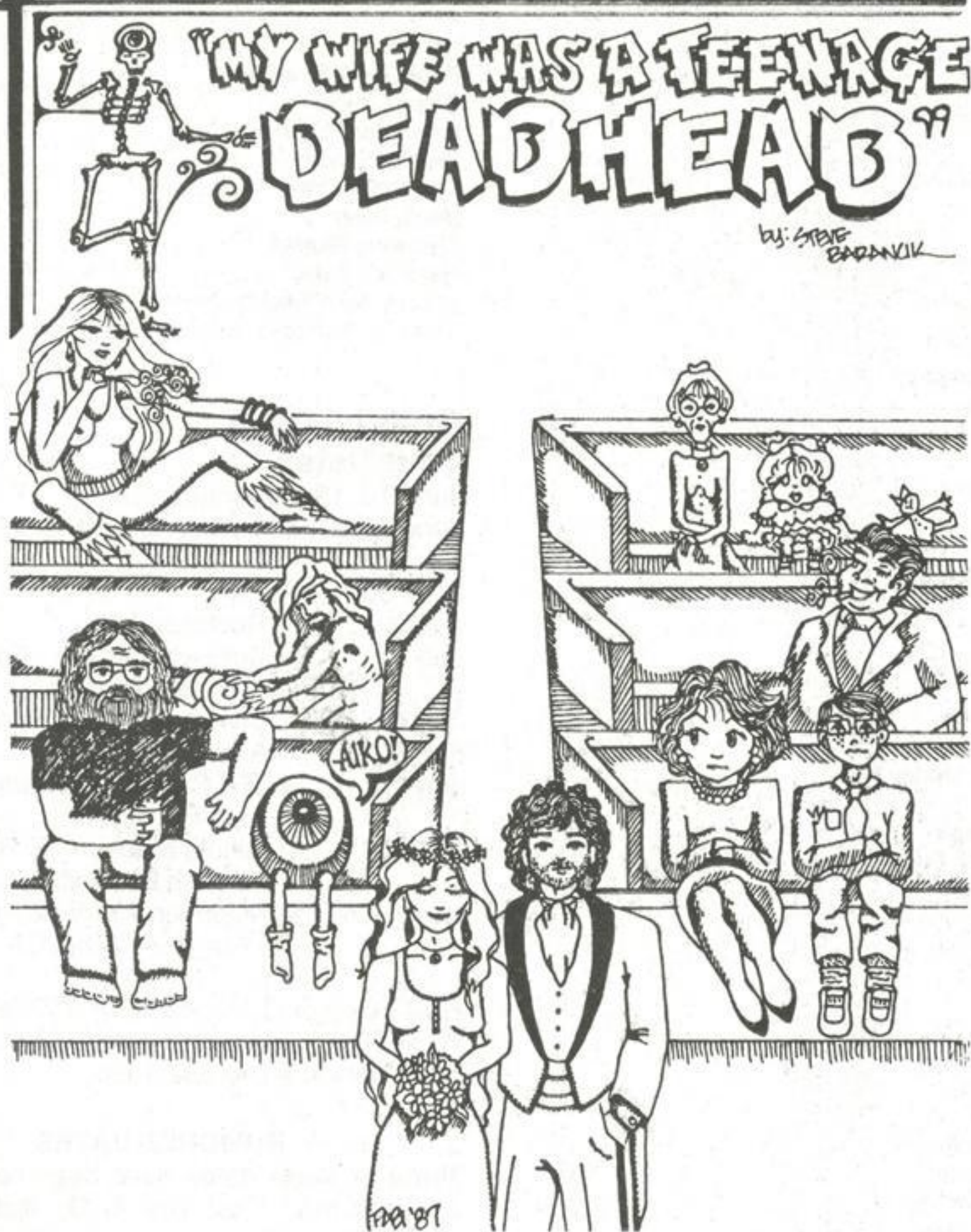
**None** of these dates have been confirmed at press time. Call the G.D. hotlines for confirmation.

June 19, 20, 21 Greek Theater, Berkeley, CA  
June 30 Toronto  
July 8 Allentown, PA  
July 19 Eugene, Oregon w/Dylan  
July 22 Seattle, Washington w/Dylan  
July 24 Oakland, California w/Dylan  
July 26 Anaheim, California w/Dylan  
August 11, 12, 13 Red Rocks, Morrison,  
Colorado  
August 18 Park City, Utah  
September 7, 8, 9 Civic Center, Providence RI  
September 15, 16, 18, 19 Mad. Sq. Garden,  
NYC  
September 21, 22, 23 Philly Spectrum,  
Philadelphia  
October 2, 3, 4 Shoreline Amphitheatre, CA  
November 12, 14 Long Beach, California  
November 17, 18, 20, 21 Berkeley Community  
Theatre, Rex Foundation, CA  
December 27, 28, 30, 31 Oakland Col., New  
Year's  
Summer, 1988, Beijing

## ZERO TOUR DATES

6/17 & 26 The Bayou - Washington DC  
w/New Potato Caboose  
6/18 New Horizons - Richmond VA w/  
New Potato Caboose  
6/19 Empire Rock Club - Phil. PA  
w/Living Earth  
6/20 Allentown, PA  
6/21 Long Branch Park - Syracuse,  
NY, w/Roger McGuinn, Alvin  
Lee-Ten Years After, John Kay  
Steppenwolf  
6/22 The Haunt - Ithaca, NY  
6/24 Call Relix Hotline for info  
6/25 & 26 Lone Star Cafe, NYC  
6/27 Shriver Hall, Baltimore MD  
w/New Potato Caboose

For additional dates and info call the Relix Hotline 718-258-0009



## by Steve Barancik

**M**Y wife was a teenage Deadhead. But now she's twenty.

Last night the phone rang at 4:30 in the morning. My wife pulled all the sheets and blankets off of me—her way of saying I should answer it. Just like with any late night phone call I was filled with a feeling of dread. "Hello," I said.

"Is Laura there?"

"I think she's sleeping. Who's calling?"

"This is Gwen. Is this her husband?"

"Yes."

"Hi. Please tell her that Bob's dog died."

"Bob's dog?"

"Yeah. Bob's dog. She'll want to know. I'd talk but I've still got twelve other calls to make. Bye."

This is typical. I don't know whether she intentionally hid it from me, or if I was just blinded with love, but I had no idea my wife was a Deadhead until after we got married. The time was last June. She had just graduated high school, and I had just graduated college. The world was our oyster. We moved to San Francisco. At the time I thought the decision had been mine, but now I know better.

My wife had told me that decorating our new home would be a cinch, that she had lots of art. I think this was my first clue. When we put her "art" up I discovered that it was all Dead, and being in San Francisco her art collection grows constantly. Every time I open a door or drawer, (yes, she lines our draws with it,) I never know what I'll see. She feels that Dead art must be "circulated" in order to feel its full effect, so every couple days she takes everything down and puts it up someplace else. We spent twenty-five bucks on masking tape last week.

And of course there's the music. Now don't get me wrong—I don't dislike the music. But I can only stand so much of it. Back in October I think it was, I put my foot down—and lifted the needle up.

"No more Dead on the stereo," I said.

My wife looked at me as if I'd outlawed oxygen. "You're kidding," she said hopefully.

"Uh-uh," I said. "You can play it if I'm not around."

"If I got a Walkman could I play it on that?"

"I'd have no objections," I said, but I should have known better. She was out and back in fifteen minutes with her new Walkman. I heard her before she got within twenty feet of the door. Have I mentioned that my wife has the worse voice in the known universe? Imagine Joan Rivers after sucking on helium. She was singing Casey Jones, "...Hits River Junction at seventeen to-o-o..." when I realized that the stereo had been on my side all along, drowning her out. I bought the Walkman from her the second she walked in, (she insisted on making a profit for her trouble,) and ever since then I play my Soothing Environmental Sounds tape on the Walkman, full blast, when she has the stereo on. The Mount St. Helens cut works best.

I'll never forget when I saw our first phone bill. There were two numbers on it that repeated every day, during peak calling hours, and I didn't recognize either of them. I had the usual jealous husband reaction combined with the usual "I'm not made of money" reaction and confronted her with it. "What's this number?" I asked, pointing to the first of the two.

"That's the West Coast Deadhead Hotline," she said innocently.

I wasn't ready for that. "Huh," I finally said.

"Jerry's sick," she said, as if that explained everything.

"Who?"

"Jerry Garcia," she said rolling her eyes like she was talking to her father, not her husband. "He could be dying. I call every day to see how he's doing."

"Well, what's this number?" I demanded, seizing the offensive.

"The East Coast Deadhead Hotline." I suppose I should have been ready for that one.

I'll never forget what happened when Jerry got well and the band started playing here in town. It was a night in December, I think. I went to bed at the regular time, but my wife said she was going to stay up a little later. The next morning my alarm went off, and a very unfamiliar male voice, right next to me, said, "Hey, man, do you think you could turn that off." I went off in search of my wife, stepping over bodies and rolling them over if they looked like her from behind. I found her under the coffee table.

I shook her awake. "Laura," I said, "What the hell is going on here?"

She looked slightly irritated that I had awakened her. "A couple of heads needed a place to crash," she said. I counted "heads," roughly seventy, but I hadn't checked the bathroom yet.

So I did. The bathroom, it seems, was off limits for "crashing." But in the shower were three heads of at least two different sexes, with the water running, two standing and one lying down looking up. I ducked back out and decided against a shower. I reached into the cabinet below the sink for my toothbrush, toothpaste and hairbrush and another strange voice said, "Let's do it in here, man." I decided that for one day I could forego personal hygiene before work. I went to the refrigerator for some nourishment, opened it and twenty-two cubic feet of popped popcorn fell at my feet. So much for breakfast. Our front door was blocked by one very large deadhead who was snoring at the top of his lungs, standing up, so I escaped through the window, relieved that we lived on only the third floor.

I called home from work later that morning to ask that everyone leave. The conversation went something like this.

"I'd like to speak to Laura."

"Who's this?"

"This is the man who owns the apartment you're in."

"You're out of hot water, man." He sounded like he thought I should know.

"Could I speak to Laura?"

"What does she look like?"

"She's the lady who lives there."

"We all live here, man."

When I got home from work, Laura was on her way out the door. "Where are you going?" I asked.

"Shopping," she said. She was holding a list in her hand. I took it and looked at it. There were about a hundred items, each of them in different writing. The first one was "Twinkies." The second was "More Twinkies."

I could go on: The Steal Your Face tie for my first day at work, the famous "I'm in favor of it" comment when we had my boss over for dinner and he sought her opinion on the acid rain issue, or, God forbid, the trick or treat fiasco—but our lawyer has advised us not to comment on that until the judge reaches his verdict. But what's the point? I love my wife and she loves me—though I've a sneaking suspicion that she'd trade me and a blank for an early acid-test tape.

Mouse holding original Skull & Roses silkscreen at Benefit for Poster Artists 3/18/87



Jay Blakesberg

## Back At The Fillmore: 20 Years Later by Jimbo Juanis

**T**HE spirit of the sixties was very much alive as the best of the Bay Area music scene turned out for a dance concert to benefit 60's poster artists held recently at the Old Fillmore Auditorium. This legendary hall was the site where many of the best shows of the Summer of Love occurred twenty years ago. It gave rock fans and memorabilia collectors a chance to hear some great music and to chat with artists: Victor Moscoso, Stanley Mouse, Alton Kelley, Rick Griffin and Wes Wilson, who are currently in litigation with former Family Dog honcho Chet Helms, over ownership of their classic 60's concert posters.

A psychedelic light show, provided by Jerry Abrams Head Lights, beamed on a screen over the stage and gave the show an all around 60's feel.

The evening began with an excellent set by Country Joe McDonald performing solo. This Woodstock Veteran performed his classics "Fixin To Die Rag" and "Entertainment Is My Business," as well as a songbook of songs from the era. His song "Bring Back The 60's Man" segued into Arlo Guthrie's "Coming Into Los Angeles" and Buffalo Springfield's "For What It's Worth." Also performed in this well received set was "Drug Store Truck Driving Man" and "Save The Whales," which Joe dedicated to the Greenpeace organization.

Next up was Maria Muldaur and her band. Maria served up a hot set which featured some of her best known tunes: "Midnight At The Oasis" and "My Sisters And Brothers" as well as some gospel and R&B stuff. I've never seen this lady looking of sounding any better. Her band, led by guitarist Archie Williams, was in top-notch form and really went over big with the appreciative crowd.

But the real musical surprise of the evening occurred when Jerry Garcia and John Kahn were joined for their set by David Nelson and Sandy Rothman. Nelson and Rothman, (along with Garcia and Robert Hunter on bass), were the legendary Black Mountain Boys, a pre-Dead bluegrass group formed in 1963. Nelson

on guitar and Rothman, who doubled on mandolin and dobro, added a very special musical touch on the traditional Garcia acoustic numbers.

Opening with "Deep Elem Blues," they eased beautifully into "Little Sadie." Jerry was in great spirits and appeared to enjoy playing with his old buddies. David Nelson opened "Rosalie McFall" with some great pickin' and the boys performed memorable versions of "Friend Of The Devil" and "I've Been All Around This World." This all too short set ended with a spirited "Ripple." Everyone in the auditorium sang and clapped along on this Dead classic. These guys were really hot and I hope they can get together for some more shows. It was a very special treat for all in attendance.

Following Garcia and friends was the jazz-rock group Zero. This group has been dazzling

Bay Area rock audiences for a couple of years now and has most recently been working on a record deal. Led by guitarist Steve Kimock and boasting the talent of rock veteran guitarist John Cipollina and horn player Marin Fierro, they swung with expert precision on an array of jazzy instrumentals. Kimock's fluid guitar work on Eric Clapton's "The Core" and Otis Redding's "Try A Little Tenderness" was exceptionally impressive. Towards the end of their strong set, they were joined by San Francisco's own Merl Saunders. Merl added his touch as only he can on "Built For Comfort," "That Pleases Me" and "After Midnight."

But there was a lot more music during this marathon evening. Animal Mind, led by Nick Gravenites, turned in a rousing set of bluesy originals. Gravenites, no stranger to jamming at the Fillmore, assembled a band that consisted of former Blues Project drummer Roy Blumenfeld, Thunder & Lightning bassist Doug Kilmer and Paul Rogers on keyboards. Opening with "Down In The Bottom," they had everyone in the house on their feet boogying. Included in this set was Nick's long epic guitar-man "Highland Fling," as well as "Bad Talking Bluesman" and "I'm Gone." Nick reminisced about his friends that he used to play with at the Fillmore, but are no longer with us to due to substance abuse (Michael Bloomfield and Janis Joplin come to mind). He dedicated "Four Floors Of Forty" to them. It was a great set by this legendary Bay Area bluesman.

Closing this fabulous show with some high energy rock and roll was Problem Child. Led by Quicksilver Messenger Service's John Cipollina on guitar and Greg Elmore on drums, they also sported the talents of Steve Miller's guitarist Greg Douglas. Their set, which included original songs "Fever Dream" and "Blind Love," was highlighted by the twin guitar-attack of Mssrs. Cipollina and Douglas. The show climaxed with the ultimate Quicksilver jam: "Not Fade Away," "Mona," "Who Do You Love?" and back into "Not Fade Away." It was a fitting end to this historic show at the Fillmore auditorium.

It's great to be back!

ARTIST RIGHTS TODAY

PRESENTS

JERRY GARCIA

JOHN KAHN

MARIA MULDAUR & HER AMAZING BAND

SAL VALENTINO

MERLE SAUNDERS

COUNTRY JOE

NICK GRAVENITES AND ANIMAL MIND

JOHN CIPPOLINA AND PROBLEM CHILD

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS

MARCH 18 WED 8 PM. DONATION \$5.

IN DANCE CONCERT AT THE OLD FILLMORE 1005 BEARY BLVD SAN FRANCISCO

© 1987



Lisa Law

# The John Cipollina Story

As told by John Cipollina Part One  
by William Ruhlmann

**A**T age 43, guitarist John Cipollina is the veteran of more Bay Area groups than probably even he can name. Best remembered as a member of Quicksilver Messenger Service from its formation in 1965 to his departure in 1971, Cipollina has performed with all the major names in San Francisco rock music, and most of the minor ones. Today he maintains a dual membership in Zero and Problem Child, while continuing to act as a sideman and work on film scores.

Perhaps because of his willingness always to work in groups rather than push for individual stardom, Cipollina has been more a cult hero than many of his contemporaries. Go to a club where Zero is playing and you may see a fan or two with hand-painted Cipollina T-shirts, but his name is not as well-known as his talent and background would suggest.

Nor has he been written about as much as he deserves, although, as the following interview shows, he is an incisive and witty observer of the fascinating times he's experienced. In the first part of his Relix interview, Cipollina describes the years leading up to his joining Quicksilver, starting, appropriately, with his discovery of the electric guitar.

\* \* \*

I've played music all my life and I was raised in a musical family. One day I was driving down the street and I hear this tune on the radio. I was still quite young. I look over at my mother and I go, "What's *that*?" and she goes, "It's an electric guitar." Not a guitar, it was an electric guitar. And I really identified with it, I thought, "Woah-woah-woah! You just said the F word, without saying any words." I mean, a lot of connotations, very rebellious.

That was '58. Mickey and Sylvia, "Love Is

Strange." And it was that guitar lick where he bends it. I had played keyboards for years, I was raised in a keyboard family. Nobody in my family could bend a note on keyboard. And I heard that, I thought, "God, that's really cool!"

And guitars, I had heard guitars go, *cu-chungoo-goo-goo*, that's what they were doing, the big band guitars. I listened to a lot of that, and plus I listened to a lot of guitars, and I never considered electric guitars. They were *electrified* guitars. I had listened to a lot of Wes Montgomery. I had listened to a lot of Billy Strange, Tal Farlow. But when I heard Mickey Baker play these single note lines—now I know what it is and I can approximate that tone and the mystery isn't there as it was at one time. But the point I was trying to make was, when I first heard it, I really related to it. That was the sound of then. That was current. That was what was happening.

And then in the meantime, there were all these guys like Scotty Moore and James Burton, Link Wray, who were the early pioneers. When I first heard Link Wray, I thought that guy was just talking filth, he was swearing with the guitar. Didn't say one word!

What happened then was that I had a mad urge to see what an electric guitar looked like. I heard one and it sounded fantastic. I saw my first electric guitar at teen dances and I thought they looked pretty neat. So then I went to Sherman and Clay, and it was all over. I wanted one real bad. And then my mother caught me in there. I had a Fender strapped on and I had the salesman completely buffaloed. Never touched a guitar in my life, but I just thought, "Wow, this is cool! I'm gonna get one of these and put it in my gun rack." Anyway, my mother said, across the store, "He can't play guitar."

And, so, anyway, it was like, "If you want to

learn to play guitar..." Then I took some classical lessons, at my parents' insistence, which I've always kind of been glad I did. And I got a classical guitar and I took about seven lessons. And I drove this guy nuts, because everything I wanted to do, he didn't want me to do. And then, after I had thoroughly snowed my parents, I went out and got an electric guitar and completely forsaked everything else.

And then I got back to what I wanted to do in the first place. The guitar attracted me because it was so damn portable. I came from a family of musicians, keyboardists, primarily pianos. You want to play the piano, you go to the piano. Mohammed does not call the piano to him. And here was something that I could take out, my parents had a lot of land, acres and acres of land that hit up against a municipal water property. There was several thousand acres behind my parents' house and I could go off in complete seclusion and just thrash the hell out of this thing. And I ended up breaking all the strings, one at a time. I couldn't figure out what six strings was about. So I broke a couple of strings, and four made sense—four fingers and four strings. And then when I broke a couple more and I was down to two I tuned them to fifths and I started actually learning how to play by ear. That was about the time when I got busted, you know, "Hey, wait a second, you wanna play—use an accordion, go to jail," you know, that kind of thing? "So, okay, you want to play, you learn to play right." So I went and I put in my penance and I took these damn classical lessons, learned my scales, and as soon as I got my parents buffaloed into saying that I knew what I was doing, and drove this old teacher completely bats—he was going, "Yeah, he's done, let him loose"—then I went out and got an electric guitar and just dragged it up in the hills and raised hell. But that's how I started playing guitar.

The first *new* electric guitar I saw was not at Sherman and Clay. It was on an aircraft carrier. The fleet was in town and my mother had taken my twin sister and I to go look at the boats, and there was this door that said, "No admittance." And there were all these sounds coming out, and I walked in and there's these two sailors. Looking back on it, I don't think either one of them could have shaved. And they had brand-new Les Paul Juniors with the tags still hanging off of them, and they had brand-new Fender Champ amps. This is about '59. And I took a look at that cherry red, double-cutaway guitar, man. That was it.

So then I was on a quest, neo-Holy Grail. What was that red thing? I started collecting catalogues. I'd go into every record shop and music shop and I'd look through their musical instrument catalogue. And I'd beg, borrow or steal them. I started memorizing everything on the market. Then I got to Sherman and Clay and walked off with a handful of literature. It took me years to find out what it was, and now I know what I saw that initially drove me nuts. It was a '59 Les Paul Junior.

Now, there's so many others, there's so many that I want, ones that I haven't got yet.

So I got into it by getting really strung out on the instrument and the theory and the attitude in general. I never thought I'd be a musician, that was a side thing that happened through it all. I was a wild and crazy art student, living around the beatniks, and really into my art. And I thought, what I really want to do is make a sculpture, something that combines art and music—functional art. And I started designing guitars way before I got into playing one. In fact, I kind of got into playing them just to learn how

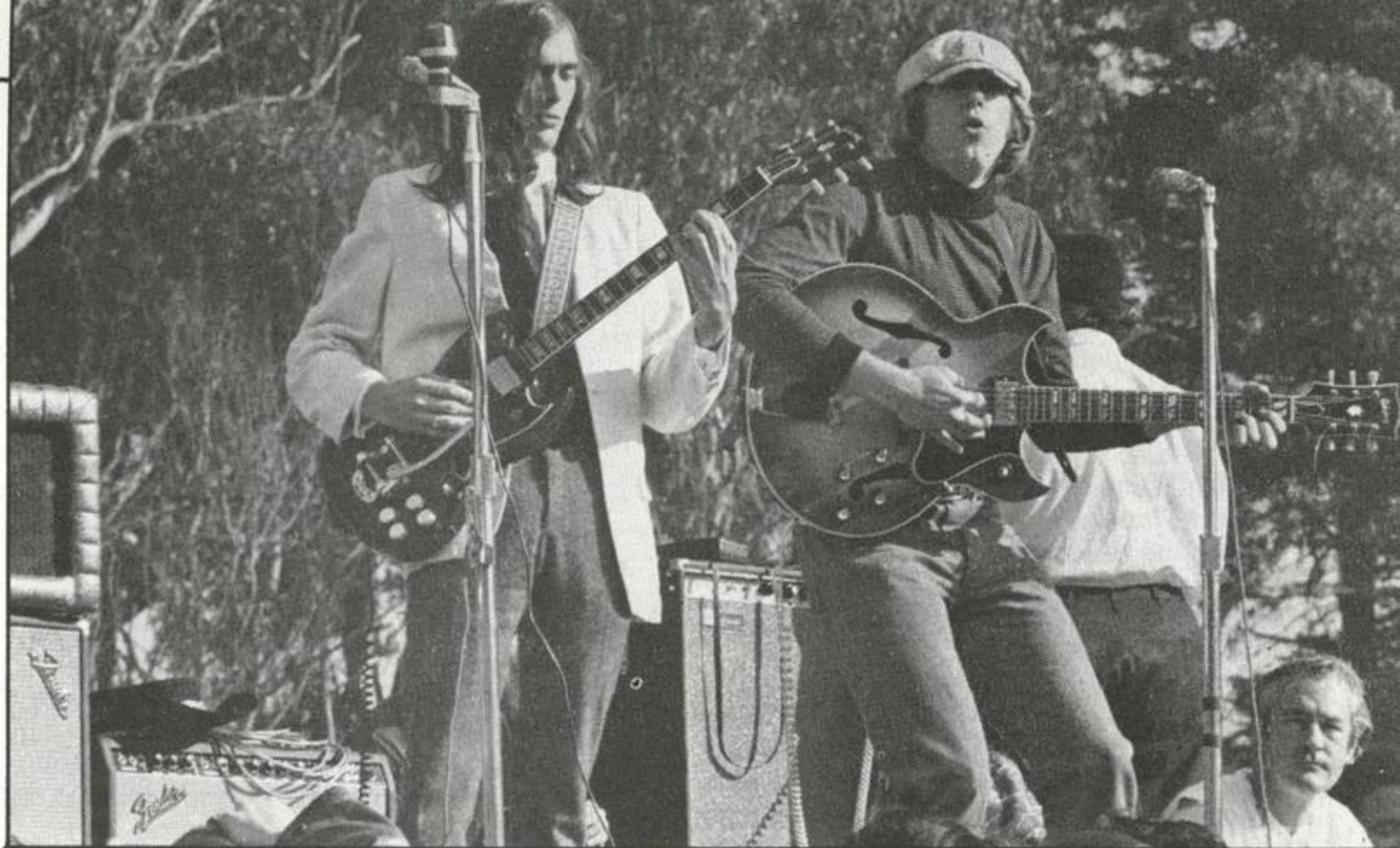
to make them cooler.

I got in my first band in 1959, and it was more of a gang than a band. First of all, I was an ideal candidate for a rock 'n' roller because I was completely uncool and I had no social graces at all. Rock 'n' roll was very uncool when I was in school. What was cool was to have letters or stripes on your jacket and be president of the track team or captain of the football team. Or you could have a fancy hotrod.

I wasn't into girls so much. Girls weren't into musicians at that time. Girls liked to dance, so they'd come down to the dance, but they didn't give squat about the musicians. And then the guys with the car clubs, or the track runners or the football players would go down and pick up on the chicks. And if the girls didn't come to a dance, the band would be held responsible, and chances are somebody would try to seriously hurt you. That was one of my first attractions to a solid-body instrument, because it's a great shield as well as being a pretty formidable weapon.

I used to carry a switchblade in one pocket, and I used to carry a Hamilton fast-action handgun in the other, and that was mainly to protect me from other bands, because there was a heavy rivalry, which you don't have anymore. Nobody knows about rivalries. We were all playing the same songs, we were all playing "What'd I say"; we were all playing all the Jerry Lee Lewis and Elvis Presley songs, Fats Domino songs. Everybody played "Blue Monday" or "Blueberry Hill." So consequently, there was a lot of rivalry. And then the new hit record would come out, and you'd go and you'd get it and you'd secrete yourself in the farthest abyss in your parents' house, preferably, if you didn't have a wine cellar or a cave, either the basement, garage or some place that was socially cool, and you would listen to that record two dozen times until you figured out the licks. And then you'd go play it. And then if you see a guy from another band come in, you don't want him to see what you're doing!

I always thought that the backstages were deliberately set up so musicians could protect themselves. I never had a guitar case, an amp case, that was just something to slow you down. I replaced the AC plugs on my amp probably two dozen times in my first group. When they'd start throwing bottles at the band, and somebody'd go, "Let's get the band!" it was out that backdoor, and I had cord that was permanently plugged into the amplifier, I never unplugged it, and I'd just grab this handle on it and run.



Lisa Law

It changed overnight. It was no gradual thing, all of a sudden, bang! you were now cool, this is now happening. What happened was, rock 'n' roll died out and then you had folk music, that had replaced everything. There were no teen dances. '63-'64, rock 'n' roll was outlawed out here, no public dances, they proved to be just too much of a hassle. And what was cool was jazz, which never made any money, and folk music, which was hip and cool and avant-garde. And I'm still a rocker, I'm still punking around, I've still got my long shirt on and I got my dark glasses. And on hootenany night, nobody would ever let the guy with the—"Who's that guy with the long-sleeved shirt and the dark glasses, and a black Dan-Electro? Man, we don't want you jamming with us." So I didn't do that much playing.

And then, all of a sudden, rock 'n' roll became cool again, and of course it was the Beatles, and the Byrds. But up to that point, I had just given up, I thought, okay. A good career move for me then would have been to mellow out of rock 'n' roll, get into bossa nova, that was a happening thing, get a job playing in a band, do the steak-and-lobster circuit and play "Girl From Ipanema."

I got real good at playing requests. I could play things I had never heard before. And the drunker they'd get, the more I'd promise them I'd play 'em. And then they'd come up, "When you gonna play my song?" and I'd look real hurt

and say, "You didn't hear it? I played it before." And I usually got another tip.

But then I started getting too rambunctious. I was the only guy in the band who was having any fun. And I had let my hair grow. I was a real estate salesman at the time, and I was dropping out of that rapidly.

And then, I just started lying around and jamming, and I hung out with a bunch of crazy flamenco guitar players in a troupe, and that was fun. But I never really thought of making any money. There was an unwritten law that after 18, the Telecaster stays in the closet. You don't do that kind of stuff.

And I was getting to be a real slob by then. My attitude was completely gone. And I didn't really care, it was obvious that I was just going to be one of the great unwashed. I had a good start on being a beatnik, I had it down. I was living in a huge ferry boat with 11 other people and we were paying a little under \$3 a month rent—we were *still* late on the rent!

Life was real cheap, and it was real easy.

I was just playing and hanging out and people who I liked and admired and enjoyed their company started telling me I was good. "Hey, man, you're great, you ought to do this, really play. You could do it." And all my heroes who I considered to be much more advanced—and I still consider to be more advanced—than the people I was hanging out with, the older kids, they were telling me that they couldn't do it, they weren't good enough. So if they weren't good enough, how could I be good enough?

My parents kind of pushed me to quit kidding myself that I was going to get into the mainstream. My father told me, "You're never going to amount to anything," he says, "You're not going to amount to squat. Your only hope is either to be an artist or a musician, there you stand a chance." But he didn't give me much encouragement for anything else.

And he was right. And he was also the first one to come and say, "I like it. Good for you." He also was the one who co-signed for Quicksilver's instruments when we first got them. And he kept doing that for years. As a matter of fact, before he died, he co-signed for instruments for Huey Lewis. None of us ever paid him back all the way.

\* \* \*

In the next part of his Relix interview, John Cipollina will discuss the formation of Quicksilver Messenger Service and the band's rise in San Francisco to national prominence.



**Out of Touch -  
Out of Mind -  
Out of Sight**  
by Buddy Cage

**W**HAT follows is a letter to John Cipollina which I intend to share with Relix readers. In part, it's also a rambling, stumbling collection of sweet and sour nothings and somethings directed to the Deadheads, which in turn can be shared with John. Read it, if you will, and enjoy. Or if you find it more suitable to wrap fish, do so.

Dear John, (no this is not a Dear John letter)

How in the hell are you ol' buddy? I received your note of encouragement, written on semi-official Lone Star Cafe stationery, with unbridled joy. I do miss you.

I remember the last time I saw you as if it were yesterday. Jonathan Swift's Pub in Cambridge, MA. You standing there, arms akimbo, guitar hanging from your neck in such a dashing fashion; sporting that beanie with the plastic propeller on top; the big red clown nose; the oversized floppy-feet props; fly unzipped; one finger stuck in your opposite ear; and that charming way you had of drooling out of one side of your mouth. Unforgettably enchanting.

Any you, thinking all the time that the customers paid their good money just to hear you play. Makes a grown man cry.

Well dear boy, I'm out of the deep black-hole of alcohol abuse which I'd found myself in over the years. Eight days in a hospital de-toxifying from booze. My recovery due, greatly, to the efforts of support I received from my girlfriend, my daughter, old friends like yourself and Toni 'n' Les. Pesky, Nelson, Dawson, Hunter, Jorma, Annette, Eileen, Maruska, Sal, Ivan. Wow! Thanks kids for a major contribution to my life. Love.

Maybe the best way to show my appreciation to those concerned is to start playing again. At one point I thought I was plumb through. There's too many of my old friends that didn't make it. I wish I could see them again and talk with them. But that would only be possible with a Ouija Board.

Saw the Dead perform recently in Worcester. I wouldn't presume to put my feelings in the form of a review, other folks do that. The band was hot. So was the crew. They were all in top form. The rest from touring did them a world of good! I think we all need to take a couple of steps back from time to time. Good lesson, thanks boys!

You know, there's a lot of things I wanted to say and recently, Hunter and Toni urged me to take the opportunity to write a piece on the 20th Anniversary of the Summer of Love. Alas, I feel that I would fall short in the flower power department. My memories from '67 on pertain to events as they happened to me in my career. A working musician. Of course, a lot of the music I was involved in at that time related to the Peace movement and other vital concerns of the sixties and early seventies, that were to find themselves reflected in the words of our songs.

Everyone has their own feelings about those times and I certainly have mine. For instance, I don't think that the world-wide benefit concerts for the starving children would have manifested so successfully had it not been for the groundwork that was laid in our generation.

One other matter of great importance. Remember when we used drugs in a recreational sense? Those days are over. Cocaine is treacherous. Cocaine kills, there's no peace and love in any of that! Alcohol can do a job on

you and your loved ones too.

I have a very fond remembrance of driving to a session on a Christmas Eve morning in Toronto. I was travelling on a freeway from one side of the city to the other, some thirty miles. Endless blue sky. Somewhere up there was a small airplane, evidently on a sky-writing mission.

The message formed "Happy Christmas," followed by "Love," then signed "John and Yoko." I pulled my car into the breakdown lane whereupon, I broke down. Overwhelming sincerity and tremendously touching.

Yeah, twenty years. 1967. You were in Haight-Ashbury John. The mecca? I was in Toronto playing in bars and doing a lot of country-western studio work, getting real pissed off doing all that treadmill shit. Young people around me started changing noticeably, and I fell right in. Needing changes, seeking freedom in expression musically, socially, politically, philosophically. A fresh concept of "dropping out" never crossed my mind.

Certain self-styled pundits who major in Hindsight I and II tell us we are too idealistic and shockingly naive. Mebbe so. But the sixties slogan, "Make love, not war," still sound pretty goddamned good to me.

Along came the first joint, then the first acid. Psychedelia. Clothing styles changed. My playing shifted to the radical. Subtly, at first, but ever onward and upward. My fellow band members, of course, were the second parties to notice. I was the first party. They assumed that I had taken complete leave of my senses temporarily. A rather astute observation, although the "leave" I had taken was far from temporary. My colleagues couldn't quite figure out what was technically different with my musical interpretations of the otherwise closed

and traditional, often corny medium of country music. The heard my backups and instrumentals become increasingly weird. Eclectic, sometimes absurd. And they finally came to the obvious conclusion, "That crazy fucker is stoned out of his mind!!" Ah, the pith.

This steel guitar player had come to the crossroads. No more train whistles. My team mates didn't persecute me for the changes in my style, indeed my altered state was taking me to other types of sessions with a variety of artists. R&B, acid, folk, bluegrass, oriental influences and so forth. All of these different avenues of exploration were in turn slipping me into other head spaces, musically speaking. Magic? Sure felt like it at the time. Still does.

The eighties haven't been so productive. Just doesn't seem to be many places to play anymore. Hey guys, we're in the Dance! Beat Age. Ain't this fun? All dressed up and no place to go. Surely this can't be the end of the trail.

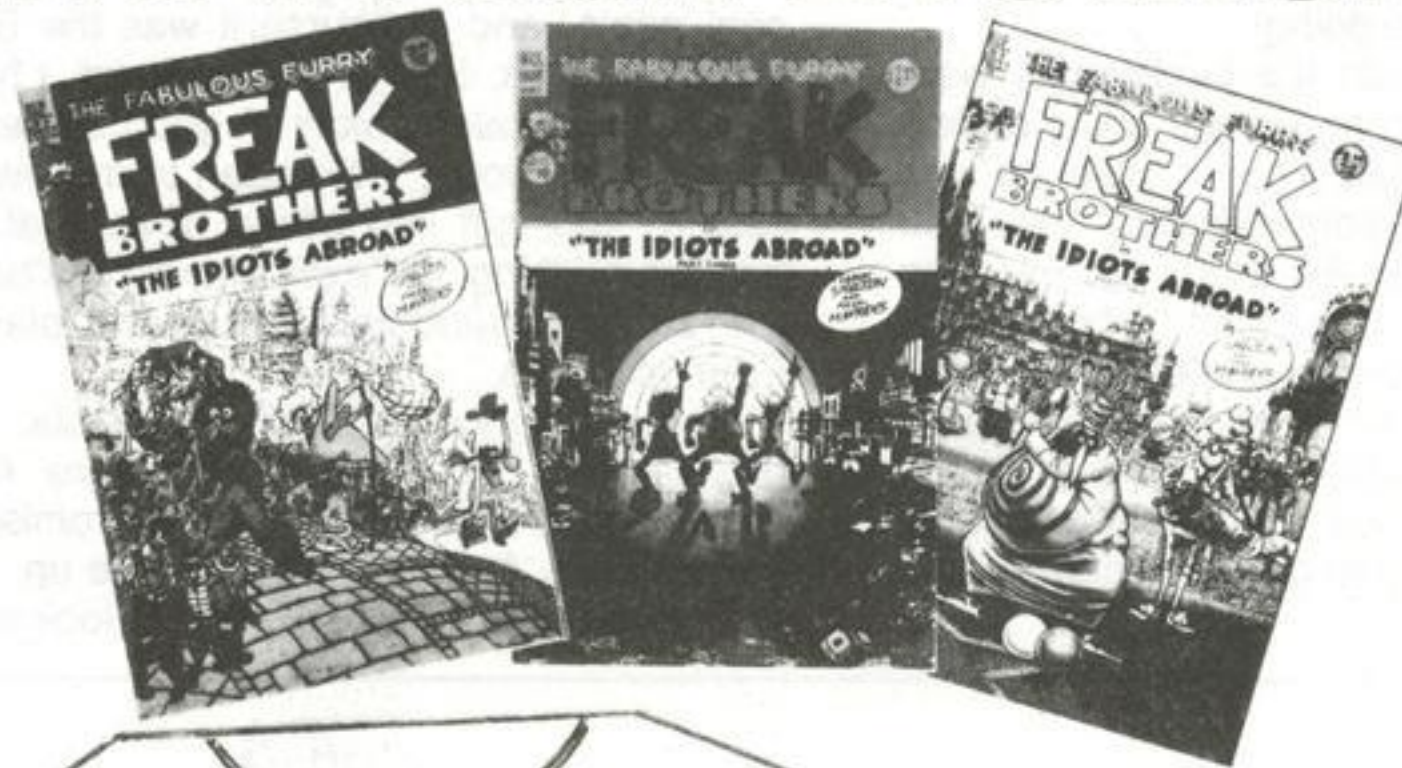
Well John, time to mosey. But let me clear up a couple of things before I sign off. The answer is no. You will *not* baptize me (John is an ordained minister, God help us all). It's already been done. My parents saw to that Christian act before I was capable of making my own decision. But the idea of marketing the Shroud of Turin in the form of beach towels is outstanding.

You know, my special and very dear friend that I would drop a line to your brother (Mario plays bass with Huey Lewis and the News) but I can't afford the kind of postage it takes to reach his new financial neighborhood. Cloud nine.

A friend still kickin',

*Buddy*  
Buddy Cage

# The Freak Brothers!



Trilogy \$7.00



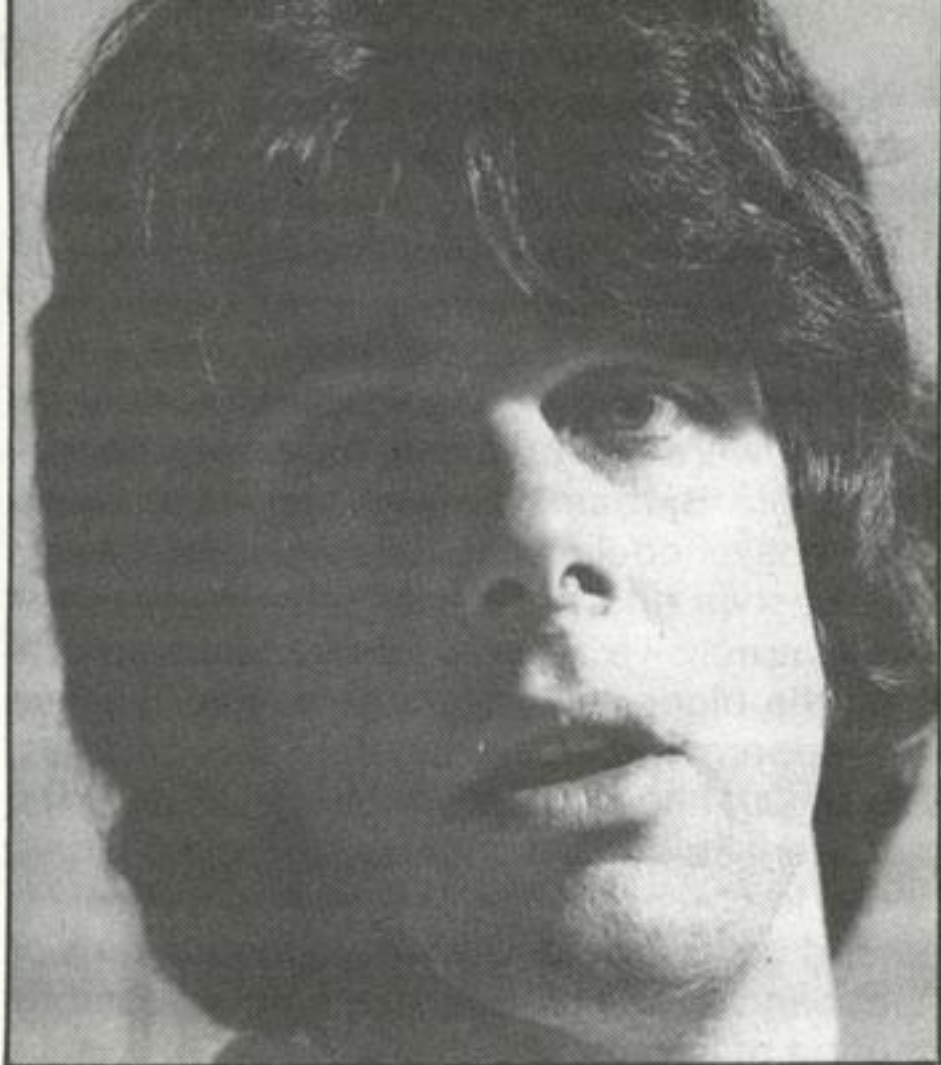
Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers  
T-Shirt \$12.00

M, L, XL

**Do You  
Want Everything?  
only \$18.00**

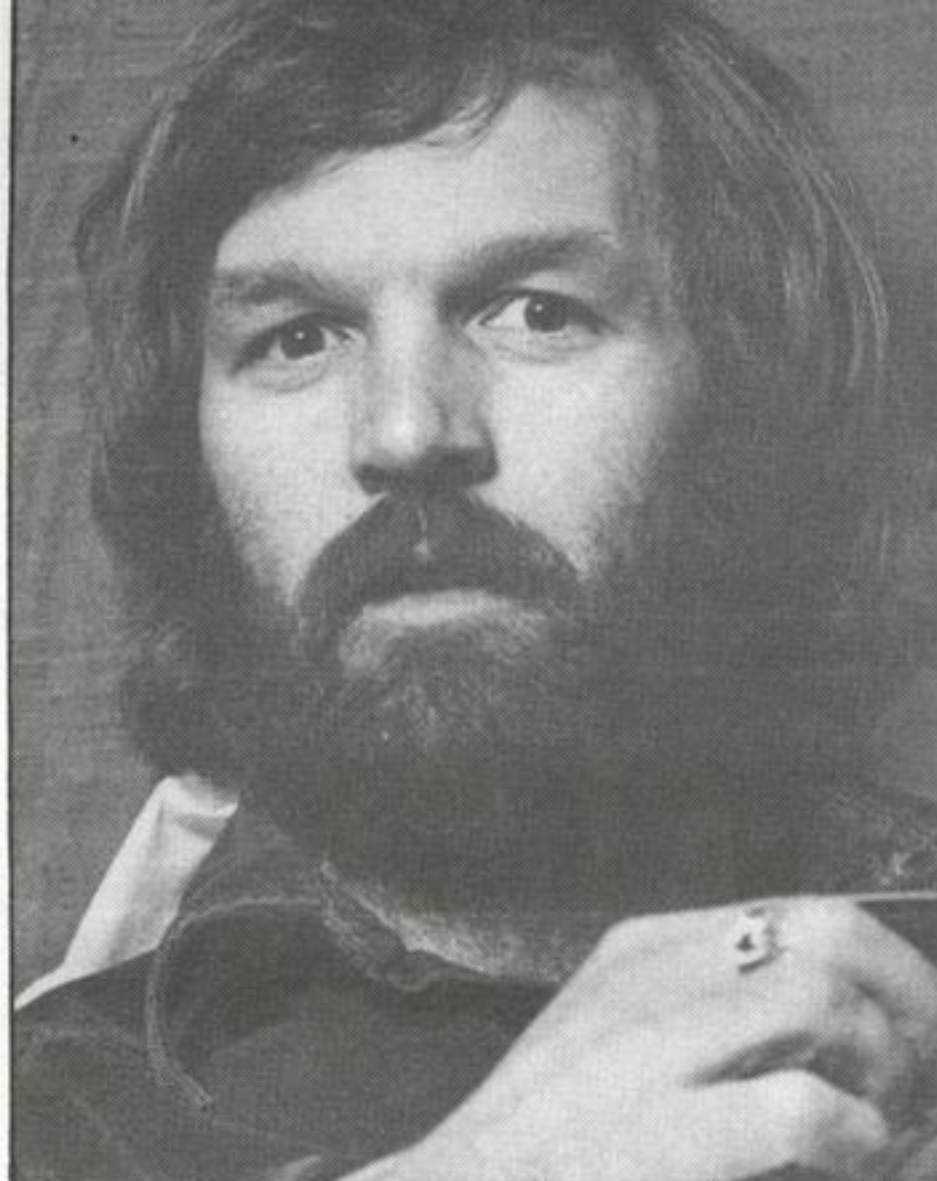
Rockin' Relix, P.O. Box 92, Brooklyn, NY 11229

\*N.Y.S. Residents add Sales Tax



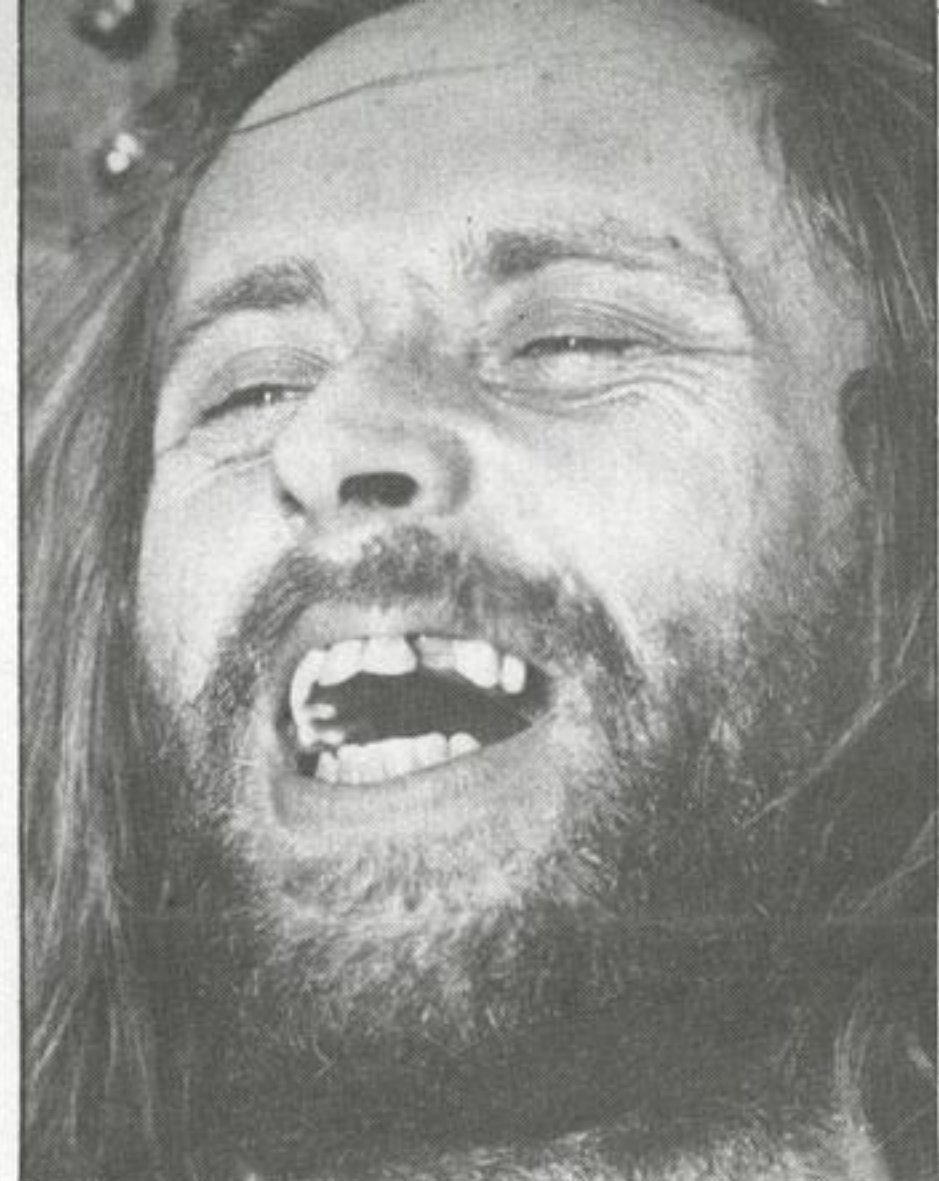
Peter Lewis

Dave Patrick



Jerry Miller

Dave Patrick



Skip Spence

Dave Patrick

# MOBY GRAPE

by Charles P. Lamey

OF all the Bay area bands, Moby Grape's tale is probably the saddest. They had the talent and the album that promised to make them megastars, but unfortunately they ended up lame at the starting gate. Prior to Moby Grape, three of the members had recording experience, which gave them a slight edge over many San Francisco musicians. Skip Spence, who had briefly been in Quicksilver, was the original drummer of The Jefferson Airplane, playing on their debut album. He left them to return to his first love, guitar. Peter Lewis was the guitarist of a Southern California surf combo The Cornells, who made one album in '63, and bassist Bob Mosley was a member of The Misfits, who made a couple of singles. These three, after connecting with guitarist Jerry Miller and drummer Don Stevenson, were thoroughly professional. Add to that the business savvy of manager/hustler Matthew Katz, and it was easy to predict big things for Moby Grape.

After a bidding war for the rights to record the group, Moby Grape inked with Columbia and released their debut in 1967. Instantly, executives began to sniff \$\$\$\$\$. In over exuberance, they simultaneously issued five singles from the album, hyping them as if they had found, at long last, America's answer to The Beatles. Fools. They didn't understand America didn't need an answer to anything at that point. Times had changed and Columbia was treating Moby Grape as if they were Herman's Hermits. A lot of influential people blamed the band for this mistake, and, even though the album sold well, it wasn't the breakthrough it should have been.

The album was a delight that holds up well today, and it might have been the best long-player to come out of the Summer of '67. The record worked because of its perfect blend of hard driving rockers, like "Hey Grandma" and "Changes," with pretty folk-rockers, such as "Someday", "Sitting By The Window," and "8:05." With all five members being accomplished vocalists, their harmonies were impeccable. As soloists, Peter Lewis' sweet timbre worked well with the softer tunes, and Bob Mosley had a great R&B rasp. Their three guitar line-up was unique, in that each guitarist had a distinctive style. Jerry Miller mixed dynamic blues riffs with smooth jazz runs, Skip Spence gave them a firm foundation with a

grinding rhythm, and Peter Lewis played finger-styled. Musically and vocally, this was an exciting first effort.

Maybe it was too good, as people were turned off by their second *Wow* with the bonus album *Grape Jam* (1968). It wasn't bad—far from it with "Murder In My Heart For The Judge," "Bitter Wind," "Can't Be So Bad," and "Motorcycle Irene" being classic Grape, but the few throwaways caused it to pale when put along side their debut. Apparently, there were internal problems, too, as, first Skip Spence quit, and soon afterwards, the band split up. Not for long, though, as in 1969, Moby Grape returned as a quartet, minus Spence, who made a weird solo album, *Oar*. The resulting release, *Moby Grape 69*, was low-key in nature, even to the point of being apologetic in the liner notes for the over-hype which surrounded their debut. The album, which still sounds nice, couldn't change Moby Grape's fortune.

*Truly Fine Citizen* (1970) was without Bob Mosley, who joined the Marines, and, while this, overall, lacked a unified feeling, it wasn't without some gems. The talent was so strong in Moby Grape, they were seemingly incapable of making a bad record, even when the odds were against them. Unable, or unwilling, to promote *Truly Fine Citizen*, Moby Grape, again, broke-up.

They were to rise again in 1971, on a new label, Reprise, and with a new member, Gordon Stevens (electric Viola) joining the original five. It was more consistent than *Truly Fine Citizen*, but the album, *20 Granite Creek*, sorely lacked any standout tracks. Reprise

promised solo albums by Bob Mosley (an uneven one hit the racks in '72) and Peter Lewis (highly anticipated, it never happened), but this reunion was short-lived when their performances were a shambles.

Over the years, various members of Moby Grape have come together for various projects and reunions. Jerry Miller and Bob Mosley were part of a band, Fine Wine, that cut a passable album for Germany's Polydor. Nothing great, but nothing they should be ashamed of either. In 1978, Jerry Miller, Peter Lewis, and Skip Spence hooked up with Cornelius Bumpus (tenor sax/organ), Christian Powell (bass), and John Oxindie (drums) for a new version of Moby Grape, now shortened to just The Grape. They made a live album which leaned heavily in the jazz-blues direction. Original fans were letdown, but it's really not that bad, with some hot playing to be found within its grooves.

In 1983, Moby Grape did *Too Old To Boogie* for Matthew Katz's San Francisco Sound label that was much more in line with their first three albums. Beautiful harmonies, tight performances, and quality songs, all of which couldn't save the album's only problem—poor distribution. This record has been cropping up as a CD lately, and the sound is magnificent. Aging well, Moby Grape deserved a better shot.

Maybe they'll get it now, as, twenty years after the debut that changed a number of lives, Moby Grape will be doing a national tour with *It's A Beautiful Day*. Jerry Miller, Don Stevenson, Peter Lewis, Bob Mosley, and Skip Spence are back together, trying, one more time, to get the respect and financial rewards they deserve.

## FULL COLOR BUMPER STICKERS!



\$1.00 each  
or 12 for \$10.00

Specify which one  
you want!

order thru:

Rockin' Relix, P.O. Box 92, Brooklyn, NY 11229



Ronald Waluliak

## Looking For Your Long Lost Mind Review

# A Summer of Love Tour

by Charles Lamey

**T**RYING to recapture the past is a nearly impossible task, yet a week rarely goes by that a rock band from long ago doesn't try to grasp the golden ring one more time. Some of these reunions have been painfully embarrassing, some have creatively picked up where they left off, and only a handful have been commercially worth the time and effort it takes to start over when the cards are stacked against success. Now with the twentieth anniversary of the "Summer of Love" rapidly approaching, word has filtered down that there will be a national tour to celebrate this momentous occasion.

The odd thing about this one, though, is most projects of this ilk have been based on the nostalgia of old hit singles that blasted from AM radios, and those bands associated with San Francisco's Summer of Love shied away from the more commercial aspects. These groups hated AM radio, longing to be played on the then hipper alternative FM band, even though a few things by The Jefferson Airplane, Big Brother, Sopwith Camel, Blue Cheer, et al. did cross over. Nevertheless, Matthew Katz, who was an important figure as a producer/manager in the early days of the San Francisco scene, working with The Jefferson Airplane, Moby Grape, and It's A Beautiful Day, has put together a package tour to bring back, if only for an evening, all the good things of the summer of '67. Are there enough hippies left to make this happen?

Moby Grape, It's A Beautiful Day, Fraternity Of Man, and The Strawberry Alarm Clock have been busy rehearsing in a rented Venice movie studio soundstage, making sure nobody will be disappointed with the music. Even if the bands stay locked in the past, rehashing their best known tunes, one could do a lot worse than going down memory lane with these four groups.

Moby Grape was one of the first wave of San Francisco bands' brightest prospects with a debut that was sheer perfection. Using three guitars for a blend of folk, jazz, and blues tinged rock, and enhancing their melodic tunes with Byrds-like harmonies and the R&B influenced lead vocals of Bob Mosley, they

were poised for superstardom. For numerous reasons, it didn't happen, and, despite never quite matching that first album, all their subsequent efforts had traces of brilliance. Moby Grape have never quite called it quits, regrouping in various permutations numerous times over the years, even releasing a couple of fairly obscure albums, *Live* (1978) and *Too Old To Boogie* (1983), which, especially the latter, deserved more recognition. Now with the original five, Jerry Miller (guitar/vocals), Peter Lewis (guitar/vocals), Skip Spence (guitar/vocals), Don Stevenson (drums/vocals), and Bob Mosley (bass/vocals) together, they'll see if luck is finally on their side.

Arriving as part of San Francisco's second wave, It's A Beautiful Day was greeted with mixed critical response. On the positive side, FM radio was quick to support them, giving one track, the gorgeous "White Bird," enough turntable time to ensure their debut album was a cult hit. Their blend of soft male/female vocals (David LaFlamme and Patti Santos) with a musical backing that incorporated jazz and classical textures was quite engaging. Nonetheless, some cynics scoffed at the heavy use of classically trained David LaFlamme's violin, saying the group lacked the spark other San Francisco bands had. Those who felt that way ignored one of the Bay area's finest.

The Fraternity Of Man made two wacky albums in the late sixties and, through a series of good breaks, built a small cult following. Unfortunately, a lack of business sense kept them from finding more than that. This Los Angeles area group initially got press coverage through guitarist Elliott Ingber, who had been with The Mothers Of Invention, and later on became "collectable" when drummer Richard Hayward ended up in the vastly more popular Little Feat. "Don't Bogart Me" brought them some national notoriety when it was included on the *Easy Rider* soundtrack, but, despite the track's popularity, people didn't rush out to buy Fraternity Of Man's albums. Those who didn't miss out on some good music and a lot of laughs—these guys didn't take themselves or anything else very seriously. Both albums should be sought out, the second one

even features Bill Payne and Lowell George of Little Feat. Some of the music might seem a bit dated, but, overall, they're worthy of your attention.

Strangely enough, the least collectable of the four were the most commercially successful. Santa Barbara's Strawberry Alarm Clock made psychedelic pop. They adopted the hippie lifestyle and put it into the single format with impressive results. They scored several hits, the biggest being the fantastic "Incense & Peppermints," appeared in two movies, *Psych Out* and *Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls*, and were able to get on television when others more famous for their art, couldn't. Ed King ended up in Lynyrd Skynyrd, although fans of that band would probably be embarrassed by that bit of information.

Besides running the bands through hard drills each day, Matthew Katz has plans to record the four live for CD release, reissuing some of their classic sides, and, maybe, even video taping a concert. He'll use light shows, liquid projection, and feature poster art in the grand tradition of the San Francisco ballrooms. He's hoping to stay away from clubs that serve alcohol and go for large halls where all ages can come and dance.

Even though Matthew Katz had had legal squabbles with both Moby Grape and It's A Beautiful Day, all seems to be forgiven. Everyone is looking to the future and more than ready to put all the bad things, which helped to deter all their careers, behind. It serves no purpose to dredge up the sordid details of these problems when they happened so long ago and those involved are no longer bothered by what took place. It's time to forge ahead with a clean slate.

Speaking to David LaFlamme, leader of It's A Beautiful Day, on the phone just a few nights prior to some California showcase gigs, he filled me in on how the whole thing came about. "I started talking with Matthew about a year and a half ago. We hadn't spoken to each other for twelve or thirteen years easily. He called me about an income tax problem. We had a little problem with the IRS. They were trying to find out who got some money, was it me, or was it him. They sent me a tab for it and I sent it back and said no it was him. So, they sent Matthew a letter. He called me and said 'what is this, I didn't see that dough.' It turned out the attorney saw it.

"During the course of that income tax conversation, we kidded about old times. It had been long enough that we thought our differences through. We talked back and forth since then. When we talked about putting this show on the road, just before Christmas, in November, I came out here (from Utah, where LaFlamme had been living) and rented a house on January 1st. We've been in Los Angeles rehearsing to get the show on its feet, amongst every obstacle in the world."

How hard has it been for musicians, who hadn't played together in years to get it together? According to LaFlamme, "Difficult. What it takes is somebody who is calm enough to act like a devil's advocate. If you've got a couple of people like that, who are really determined and have a feeling for what they're doing, it permeates through the negative somehow. We have that nucleus of people down here. My wife Linda and I, Matthew, and some other friends who have been very positive, very supportive, financially supportive and spiritually supportive, and who want to see it happen. You get just a few people like



that and it's amazing what you can do with it."

Who will be playing in It's A Beautiful Day? "Well, it's my wife Linda (vocals). Now that's not the original Linda LaFlamme, but my second wife Linda, who had been singing with me the past twelve years. She's actually singing all Patti Santos' parts, when we do the old stuff. Myself (vocals/violin/guitar) from the originals, and Mitchell Holman, the bass player. Out of all those people, he was the only one that has had any interest in continuing a relationship with me. Of course, we talked to some of the other originals. The first Linda LaFlamme. She's been trying to make a lot of trouble for us. She's been a big negative factor. We talked to the original drummer Val Fuentes, and he's married, has a family, and works for an airline. At this point, he was interested, but he wanted to sit on the fence and see what was going to happen before he got involved. I have no idea what Patti Santos is doing. She just kind of disappeared. The guitarist, Hal Wagenet, is still doing stuff. We did a show together with Hal, Mitchell, and Val, everybody but Patti and Linda, for Chet Helms' Tribal Stomp at the Greek Theatre in '78. That was the last time we were together and that went great. We rehearsed for three days and for us it was like we never stopped playing.

There are two ways these bands could approach this tour, either by only doing older, more familiar material, or by mixing in new tunes with the songs that are expected. LaFlamme explained why It's A Beautiful Day won't be breaking new ground on this tour. "We're not doing any new originals. We could, but we're waiting on that, because we're doing four acts in four hours and the time we have is going to be used up doing older things." However, LaFlamme promised there will be a few twists in the arrangements. "I can't speak for the others, but, as far as my part goes, what I've tried to do is fillet my stuff. By that I mean a lot of my earlier music, in my opinion, was a little bit too ornate. I've kept the lines the same. It's the same furniture, just less ornate. I've streamlined some of the arrangements to make them more playable, without changing the substance. To the audience, I think it will sound better than it ever was."

David LaFlamme realizes making people aware of this tour, which is being organized on a shoestring budget, is going to be a major stumbling block, but that, as musicians, they have to concentrate on their craft. "That's our biggest problem right now. We're down here rehearsing, getting our shit together. The whole Grape band is down here, all the originals. Fraternity Of Man, I was at their rehearsal a couple of nights ago, and they've got Red Rhodes and all the originals. I just got off the phone with a guy from the Strawberry Alarm Clock and they're buried in rehearsals. They're dead serious about the thing. It's not because they think they're going to make a lot of money or anything like that, it's because their lives have gotten complacent, a little bit boring, and it represents an exciting time in their lives. They're having a great time playing some music that was fun, without all the crap that goes along with the music business nowadays."

Apparently, if all goes well with this tour, other bands are thinking about hooking up with this project. "We have spoken to other bands," LaFlamme said. "I personally spoke to friends of mine in bands from the sixties and they were interested, but kinda fence sitting. We're not saying this show is a locked in for-

mat. It is what it is at this point, and we're hoping to interest other acts in maybe doing some shows."

Keeping mum on those they've talked with, LaFlamme did let it slip that one might be Big Brother & The Holding Company, known primarily for their work with the late Janis Joplin, but who also gave us two wonderful albums minus their legendary frontwoman. "All the guys from Big Brother happen to be back living in the Bay area. David Getz just moved from Los Angeles, where I spent a lot of time with him the past couple of months, up to Fairfax. Both Matthew and I are personal friends with them. They were very interested in getting on a future show. They're all doing other things and have other interests, but the funny part is doing something like this interests them more than what they're doing."

Confident about the various bands' potential, David LaFlamme remains objective about the tour and the forthcoming California gigs. "We look at these shows as a showcase to stir some interest. There's a lot going for us, and, quite frankly, there's a lot going against us. We've done everything we can do. A lot of work. Everybody's sacrificing things for this.

That's the way it is. No promises, no guarantees. It's a community effort by a lot of people. We're just trying to make it fly right now. If we can make it fly, who knows how far it can fly off to. If we can't, I'm afraid it might die right here, a grape on the vine."

For nostalgia sake, or for longtime fans, who want another chance to see Moby Grape, It's A Beautiful Day, Fraternity Of Man, and Strawberry Alarm Clock onstage, there should be a lot of interest in this tour—especially in the Northeast and Europe. If they can survive the early growing pains, this could evolve into something viable, which will use the past as a foundation for new, exciting music, allowing them to join the Dead, Steve Miller, Santana, KBC Band, Starship, and John Cipollina, who continue to make new music without being stuck on the oldies circuit.

If it doesn't work, maybe just hearing these bands are back will remind us of a time when there really was magic in the music and love in the air. These bands were some of the reasons those days were so good. Maybe we can repay some of them by giving It's A Beautiful Day, Moby Grape, Strawberry Alarm Clock and Fraternity Of Man a chance.



by Scott Boldt

## VINTAGE PHOTOS



SP4—Weir



SP2—Garcia



SP5—Lesh

G O L D E N G A T E P A R K  
1 9 6 7

The above rare vintage photos are available as hand-printed black and white prints. 8"x10"—\$6.00  
Please add \$1.00 postage to total order.

Now Available

Spring 1987 East Coast Tour Photos —  
Stanford U. and Monterey, CA. May 1987 Photos

G.D. photos from Golden Gate Park to Red Rocks Park, Amsterdam's Melkveg to the Brenden Byrne Arena. 1967-1987

**ROBERT MINKIN**  
PHOTOGRAPHY  
BOX 77 BROOKLYN, NY 11236  
718-380-7095

Send \$1.00 for illustrated G.D. list. Many other S.F. and Blues musicians available. List sent with every order.



Gene Anthony

## THE DEPTH OF THE SOUNDS OF SAN FRANCISCO

A Look at some of the "Other Bands" by Charles P. Lamey

1967. Has it really been twenty years? It's easy to grow misty-eyed nostalgic about the twentieth anniversary of the Summer of Love. It was an era when people could express themselves freely, both in their lifestyles as well as in their music. The rules of existing weren't nearly as rigid, encouraging people to do whatever they felt like, as long as no one else was hurt by their actions. Drugs were used as a tool to break down barriers and acquire knowledge, not as a decadent instrument of wasting brain cells. Free love was a way of communicating, not the act of sexual conquest. Now with bad drugs and life threatening social diseases attacking us from every direction, it would be virtually impossible for those elements to crop up again. But, at least, the good music from San Francisco's Summer of Love still exists. We were right about the music because it never faded.

Doubt that? Well, walk into any record store and check out some recent releases. You'll find albums by The Steve Miller Band, Starship, KBC Band, Santana, Quicksilver, Jorma Kaukonen, John Fogerty, et al. Add to that regular tours by The Dead (with a new Arista album due this summer), Hot Tuna, Kingfish, and John Cipollina in a half dozen bands, and older albums by the likes of Big Brother & The Holding Company and Jefferson Airplane, which outsell a lot of current product, it's easy to see the Summer of Love's musical impact lives on twenty years after the national media exploited it and tossed it aside.

This article's intention is to mention some of those one-time popular bands that were headliner status, but, are now forgotten. The reasons for this are numerous, ranging from

poor management, too many drugs, changing trends, lack of record company support, or just dumb mistakes, but rarely was the quality of music the issue. Some continue to attempt comebacks, while others are content to live with their memories. No matter, the following bands were equally as important to the San Francisco music community, as those still making records today, and their importance should not be understated. These thumbnail sketches are, by no means, the whole story. All the following deserve features of their own, which will, with any luck, be forthcoming, and some would benefit from entire books. Considering the tales these musicians could tell, runaway best sellers wouldn't be hard to imagine.

### BLUE CHEER

Blue Cheer were the black sheep of the San Francisco music scene. Their punkish attitude put them at odds with the love and peace of their fellow performers. They hung out with the Hell's Angels, had the longest hair, and used the biggest amps. Blue Cheer weren't messing around, they meant business. Their first album, *Vincebus Eruptum* (Philips, 1968) spawned the hit cover of Eddie Cochran's "Summertime Blues," and their second, *Outside Inside* (Philips, 1968), was in part, cut outside on a pier because recording studios couldn't capture their sound. Both were closer to what would be later thought of as heavy metal than what the other bands were doing. Still, mixed in with the hard driving rhythms, simplistic riffs, and power chords, were some cool psychedelic production tricks and enough hippie jargon to grab some fringe credibility. After all, hadn't Dicked Peterson (bass/vocals/songwriter), Leigh Stephens (guitar), and Paul Whaley (drums) taken their name from a type of L.S.D.?

With Blue Cheer's third album, *New Improved* (1969), the band members and the music were changing. Randy Holden, Bruce Stephens, and Gary Yoder all took turns in the lead guitar spot, and this, along with the next three albums, were more attuned to what was going on in the city. All four of these long-players compare favorably to what other groups were doing. Each change made Blue Cheer stronger, though it alienated them from their original fans, who didn't fancy their more mellow attitude. Unfortunately, it was too late to win over those who were turned off by their first two albums. Blue Cheer called it quits in the early seventies only to reform in 1985. The resulting album, *Beast Is Back* (Megaforce), was the original power trio with guitarist Tony Rainier filling in for Leigh Stephens. They hit the road looking for a heavy metal audience, which they never found.

### COLD BLOOD

Cold Blood were a popular R&B horn band that often played The Fillmore. Their main strength lay in the vocals of Lydia Pense. Like Janis Joplin, Pense was comfortable singing blues/R&B, and her vocals were always a treat. It's unfortunate the band's horn charts lacked the fire of her performances, as they would have probably been able to break out of the Bay area. Their albums for the San Francisco and Reprise labels are nice, if not exceptional. Cold Blood can be seen performing in the documentary of the closing of the Fillmore. From viewing this, it's safe to say, Cold Blood were more at ease on a stage than in a studio.

### COUNTRY JOE & THE FISH

Maybe the most psychedelic outfit of all, Country Joe & The Fish began as a folk duo of Joe McDonald (Country Joe) and Barry Melton

(the Fish), but quickly became a real rock and roll band adding drummer Chicken Hirsh, guitarist/organist David Cohen, and bassist Bruce Barthol. Being based in Berkeley rather than San Francisco, the band always had political leanings their contemporaries lacked. But Country Joe & The Fish never let it spoil the fun.

Their debut, *Electric Music For The Mind & Body* (Vanguard, 1967) was truly a cosmic listening experience with swirling organs, Eastern guitar leads, "trippy" melodies, and spacey lyrics. Its follow-up, *I Feel Like I'm Fixin' To Die* (1967), continued in this tradition with strong material and the band growing a lot tighter. This also included their legendary "Fish Cheer," which made them famous through its use in the *Woodstock* movie. If anyone wants to get an understanding of what was going on at this time, these two albums are good examples.

Their third album, *Together* (1968) was anything but, as the band was rapidly losing its cohesive feel. It's okay, with a few standout tracks, like "Rock & Soul Music," "Streets Of Your Town," and "Waltzing In The Moonlight," but the Fish were losing their sense of direction. They split and a revamped Fish (with only Joe and Melton retained from the originals) did *Here We Go Again* (1969). Once more, there were a few nice tunes but little magic. *C.J. Fish* (1970) was their final effort with yet another line-up. These guys were real pros and this was the band that played Woodstock. They split after its release. Barry Melton made some solo albums, led a couple of bands, and today he's a member of the, thus far, recordless Dinosaurs and a lawyer. Joe McDonald is still active in political issues and has issued numerous solo albums for Vanguard, Fantasy, and his own Rag Baby label. David Cohen has made instructional records/tapes for both piano and guitar.

In 1977, the original Country Joe and The Fish cut *Reunion* and they nearly recaptured the aura of the first two albums. In the end, though, it was a nostalgia trip for their original fans. From the cover art to the music in the grooves, Country Joe & The Fish's albums are true period pieces, but they still sound fresh thanks to honest performances.

### THE CHARLATANS

The Charlatans were, quite possibly, the most influential San Francisco band and not just because they were one of the first. This group showed tightness wasn't a prerequisite to get one's message across, and that rock and roll wasn't just mindless teenage music but a potent force. A lot of San Francisco folkies would have probably remained on the coffee-house circuit if they hadn't come under the influence of The Charlatans.

The group came into existence during the summer of 1964 when San Francisco State student George Hunter decided to put together a band that would be America's answer to the British pop invasion. To him, it didn't matter that he barely knew how to play an autoharp or bang a tamborine in time. Nor had Hunter any stage experience as a vocalist. He just wanted to make an artistic statement, and forming a rock band seemed the best way. He quickly recruited friends Mike Wilhelm (guitar), Richard Olsen (bass), and Sam Linde (drums). Shortly after their formation, they added pianist Mike Ferguson, who also had the distinction of having one of the first second hand/antique stores in Haight Ashbury. Surrounded by Ferguson's vintage artifacts, Hunter, the art student, hit upon The Charlatans dressing in



CHARLATANS

old clothes, hence their fascination with being thought of as Edwardian cowboys. Bizarre, yet always colorful, even before playing a note in public, The Charlatans were a sensation. After only a few rehearsals, Linde was replaced on drums by Dan Hicks.

At first The Charlatans played white boy R&B/classic fifties tunes, but then they evolved into more of a folk-rock territory. Unlike most other bands, The Charlatans were closer in spirit to The Lovin' Spoonful than The Byrds. They made their debut in Virginia City, Nevada, playing for hippies and college students, building on their western mystique by toying with vintage firearms. Mentally, The Charlatans were living in the Old West, while physically they were breaking new ground with each set they played. Back home, people talked of The Charlatans in reverent tones. When they returned to San Francisco, The Charlatans were as tight as they were going to get.

Producer Erik Jakobson was turned onto The Charlatans, liked what he heard and signed them to Kama Sutra for one album. Nine tracks were cut, but the label balked at The Charlatans wanting to issue Buffy St. Marie's "Codiene" as a single. Eventually, they put out "32-20" on the Kapp label and the relationship was severed. Years later, France's Eva label reissued these sides, which are rough but still enjoyable. It's easy to detect what made The Charlatans so important to the scene, but it's also just as easy to understand why they would quickly be left far behind. Compared to the "more mature" work of The Jefferson Airplane, Quicksilver, Grateful Dead, and Moby Grape, The Charlatans seemed overly simple and old fashioned. In fact, for all their importance, The Charlatans couldn't get a stronghold in the ballroom scene. They were usually to be found in small clubs. The scene quickly passed them by.

An album was eventually released (1969), but Ferguson and Hicks were gone. Hicks formed his Hot Licks, which, through a series of albums found a large cult following. Ferguson ended up in Tongue And Groove with vocalist Lynne Hughes, who often sang and recorded with The Charlatans. The resulting album was nice, but a bit sloppy, yet worthy of being bought because of Mike Wilhelm's tasty playing. Since then, Wilhelm fronted the promising Loose Gravel, joined The Flamin' Groovies for a few albums and tours, and made a couple of fine solo albums. George Hunter is a designer. Mike Ferguson died of diabetes in 1979. Dan Hicks plays solo, and Richard Olsen still performs. Recently, rumors have started to surface about a reunion of The Charlatans, though there's no official word, yet.

#### GREAT SOCIETY

Regarded solely for giving us Grace Slick and the original versions of both "White Rabbit" and "Somebody To Love," The Great Society aren't mentioned as being a good band. They were, at times, really hot. Their two-record set for Columbia consists of primitive live recordings, yet one can feel a dynamic band itching for acclaim. Had they stuck it out, we might be listening to the Society today instead of the Starship. Grace Slick is raw and passionate on these sides, and although it's unfortunate The Great Society never got to make an official album, these sides are entertaining. The Great Society are an important footnote in San Francisco's Summer of Love.

#### IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY

Arriving late on the scene, It's A Beautiful Day epitomized all the good feelings that went

into the San Francisco Sound. Their music was warm, vibrant, and instantly memorable. Some also thought it to be slick, since there was lots of violin, courtesy of leader David LaFlamme's classical training. But, in truth, he propelled them into being a vital band, and his singing, alone with Patti Santos', produced glowing results. Their self-titled 1969 debut was an instant FM favorite, thanks, in large part, to the incredible "White Bird." But, with the exception of some excess, the whole album was worth hearing. Their second, *Marrying Maiden*, was nearly as good, with excellent originals like "Don & Dewey," along with a stunning cover of Fred Neil's "The Dolphins." After that, the rot set in with uneven records being the result of an unstable line-up. David LaFlamme later made two solid solo albums and is now back on the road with a revamped It's A Beautiful Day.

#### MAD RIVER

After releasing their own EP, *Wind Chimes*, Mad River joined Quicksilver, Sons Of Champlin, and Steve Miller at Capitol, but, through no fault of their own, their two albums were lost amongst the many classic releases of the day. Their music was colorfully arranged, making fine use of psychedelic guitar leads. Their self-titled debut (1968) was more consistent, but its follow-up, *Paradise Bar & Grill*, isn't far behind, bringing in a healthy country influence to go along with the acid jams.

#### LEE MICHAELS

Multi-instrumentalist Lee Michaels started in Los Angeles, but came into his own after moving North to San Francisco. Never quite a star, in spite of a few minor hits, Michaels did make numerous albums which varied from interesting to boring. Though capable of playing a variety of instruments, most of Michaels' music was just Hammond organ and drums, played by, first Frosty and later Keith Knudsen, who, eventually joined The Doobie Brothers. A regular in the ballrooms, and, because of his limited use of guitars, a true original. At times self-indulgent, Lee Michaels was also capable of making quality music, too. This dichotomy was probably the reason Lee Michaels couldn't sustain his career.

#### SONS OF CHAMPLIN

One of the Bay area's first bands, the Sons were gigging as early as 1965, even though their debut album, *Loosen Up Naturally* for Capitol wasn't issued until 1969. Actually, they cut an album for Verve in 1966, which except for a single, never came out. It's rumored the tapes were destroyed so we'll never get to hear The Sons in their infancy.

The Sons of Champlin by 1969 were an exciting band that used horn arrangements that ranged from funky R&B patterns to free form jazz. Throughout, Terry Haggerty can be heard playing some blistering guitar lines, and Bill Champlin always sang with plenty of soul. Never stilted, the Sons were probably too loose to score hits, but they did fit in nicely with the hippie community, and, for a short while, that was more important than radio smashes. The

Sons' three albums for Capitol are essential. *Welcome To The Dance* (Columbia, 1971) is a bit uneven, but still worth picking up, and their Ariola albums are more commercial, trying after roughly a decade, to crack top-forty. Today, after a couple of solo albums, Bill Champlin got his wish as a member of Chicago. Terry Haggerty released a wonderful solo album and now has a new tape. Both are close to the spirit of early Sons Of Champlin, and Haggerty, who is better than ever as a guitarist, freely uses the talents of his ex-bandmates. This makes the possibility of a Sons reunion seem somewhat likely.

#### SOPWITH CAMEL

Ah, the curse of AM radio. The Sopwith Camel were a delightful old-timey band not unlike The Charlatans and Lovin' Spoonful. In fact, the likeness to the latter was responsible for them being signed to Kama Sutra and producing the hit "Hello Hello." Lazy vocals, simple guitar breaks, and minimalistic drumming gave their debut a goodtime feelin', and promised great things. Too bad the hipper locals wrote them off as a teenybopper band when they scored their hit, because they deserved a better fate. They tried again in 1973 with *The Miraculous Hump Returns From The Moon* (Warners), but things didn't gel. The album is okay, more in tune with the so-called hipper element, but now they seemed to be behind the pack instead of leading it. Peter Kraemer's vocals were similar to John Sebastian's and no less appealing, indicating a great deal of potential that was suffocated by their lack of acceptance.

These bands, along with familiar names such as Jefferson Airplane, Steve Miller Band, Grateful Dead, Big Brother & The Holding Company with Janis Joplin, and Quicksilver helped to give the San Francisco music community depth. But there were plenty more. Groups like Aum, Oxford Circle, Crome Syrcus, Notes From The Underground, Flamin' Groovies, and Mystery Trend were also kicking up a fuss, as were the transplanted bands like Electric Flag, Buddy Miles Express, Linn County, Charlie Musslewhite, Youngbloods, Mother Earth, and H.P. Lovecraft, who might not have originally been from San Francisco, but certainly contributed once they moved there. Then, there were acts like Daily Flash, P.H. Factor, The Other Half, 13th Floor Elevators, and The Sons Of Adam, who performed in the Ballrooms so often many thought they were locals.

The story is long and complicated, but, from glancing at the charts, watching MTV, checking the club scene, and looking at the dollar value of out-of-print San Francisco bands' records, one thing is certain, the Summer of Love is still going on twenty years after the fact. Maybe the lifestyles and times changed, but the sounds these performers created was good enough to last long after it was declared dead by the media.

# 1967:

## A Vinyl Retrospective

by Mick Skidmore

**T**HE 60's was certainly a radical decade that saw many changes in terms of people's philosophies, social awareness, as well as seeing immense political and cultural change.

It was also a time of great musical innovation. In fact, music took on a new seriousness in the middle of the decade when it assimilated some of these radical changes. The music became looser and freer. It was music to dance to, music to trip to and through the social and political messages of the lyrics, music to listen to on a different level than ever before.

Rock music became the voicepiece for the youth of America. If one had to pick out the high point of the '60s, it would be easy to make a favorable argument for the summer of 1967, the summer which became affectionately termed "The Summer of Love."

The Summer of Love saw the peak of an era that spawned hippies, LSD, communes, free love, sexual freedom, be-ins, light shows, flower power and all manner of other revolutionary ideas and ideals. By 1967 San Francisco was a veritable hot-bed of musical



and cultural activity. It had become for America what Liverpool had been for England earlier in the decade.

It's true, now that we can look back at the innocence or naivety of the times, to argue that maybe the cultural revolution never really got off the ground.

Nonetheless, musically it was an exciting time and the freeness and openness of the sounds that emanated from the San Francisco area had a great impact on what we hear today.

Now, 20 years later, it's interesting to look at some of the albums that made that year so special. Jefferson Airplane was the first of the big-name San Francisco bands to make it nationally on a commercial level. They did so with their second album, *Surrealistic Pillow* (released in February 1967). Musically it may not be their strongest or most exciting album, but it's wonderful mixture of folk, rock, pop, jazz and blues make it one of the most enduring rock albums ever.

Grace Slick, who arrived in the group in late '66 (she replaced original vocalist Signe Anderson), not only added her stunning visual appearance and high-piercing powerful vocals, but a couple of superb songs. She brought "Somebody to Love," a searing rocker written by her then husband Darby Slick, and her own

COUNTRY JOE & THE FISH



"White Rabbit." Both songs were to be hits during the summer of '67.

"White Rabbit" had Grace and the Airplane bringing a drug song to the airwaves and homes of middle America, while "Somebody To Love," captures the power and intensity of the Airplane in a tight three-minute rock song.

"She Has Funny Cars," "3/5's of a Mile in 10 Seconds," and "Plastic Fantastic Lover" all found the band in overdrive with Jack Casady's thunderous bass and Spencer Dryden's jazzy drumming propelling Jorma Kaukonen's shimmering acid-rock guitar lines, while the vocalists Marty Balin, Grace Slick and Paul Kantner complemented each other perfectly."

"Today," and "Comin' Back To Me," were delightful ballads that found Balin in superb form. The Grateful Dead's Jerry Garcia even added some delicate guitar to the latter.

Jorma Kaukonen's instrumental "Embryonic Journey" still sounds as fresh and inventive today as it did 20 years ago. It's one minute fifty one seconds of acoustic guitar magic.

Moby Grape was a group that consisted of former Airplane drummer, Skip Spence (by now playing guitar,) bassist Bob Moseley, drummer Don Stevenson, lead guitarist Jerry Miller and Peter Lewis on guitar. The entire band wrote and sang.

Their eponymously titled debut album (released in May 1967) is one of rock's most neglected classics. Columbia, the group's label, tried to cash in on every aspect of the hippie scene with elaborate publicity stunts (they even released 10 of the album's 11 songs as five singles simultaneously with the release of the album).

Moby Grape mixed folk, blues, soul and country rock with tight four and five piece harmonies and slight psychedelic undertones. Songs like the wistful "8:05" with its delicate complex vocals and melodic jazzy "Someday," and the equally melodic jazzy "Someday," were highpoints of the album, while "Hey Grandma," "Omaha," "Changes" and "Indifference" caught the group, with its three guitarists, in a flood of electricity. A classic album that stands the test of time remarkably well.

If any group embodied all the cultural and musical aspects of the psychedelic '60s more than any other it was the Grateful Dead. In 1967 the Dead released their first album, simply titled the Grateful Dead. There is no

denying that the record was rough in places, and far from musically perfect, but it does have a certain ambience that adequately captures the period. Surprisingly the music (and the group itself) have endured better than any other from the period. Songs like "New New Minglewood Blues," and "Beat it on Down the Line" still appear occasionally in Dead sets.

Highpoints were the psychedelic influenced blues of "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl," and the lengthy "Viola Lee Blues," as well as the charming "Golden Road (To Unlimited Devotion.)" Not by any means a great album, but an influential one of immense proportions.

No retrospective review of 1967 would be complete without mentioning Country Joe and the Fish. This band that hailed from Berkeley, which was led by former folk singer/activist Joe McDonald, made what is undeniably the greatest psychedelic album in *Electric Music For The Mind and Body*. The album with its drug oriented songs, "Flying High," and "Bass Strings," its imaginative instrumentals full of mysticism and hypnotic riffs, "Section 43," "Masked Marauder," and the political satire "Superbird," was by far the most provocative and exciting, not to mention the most musically accomplished of all the Bay Area bands.

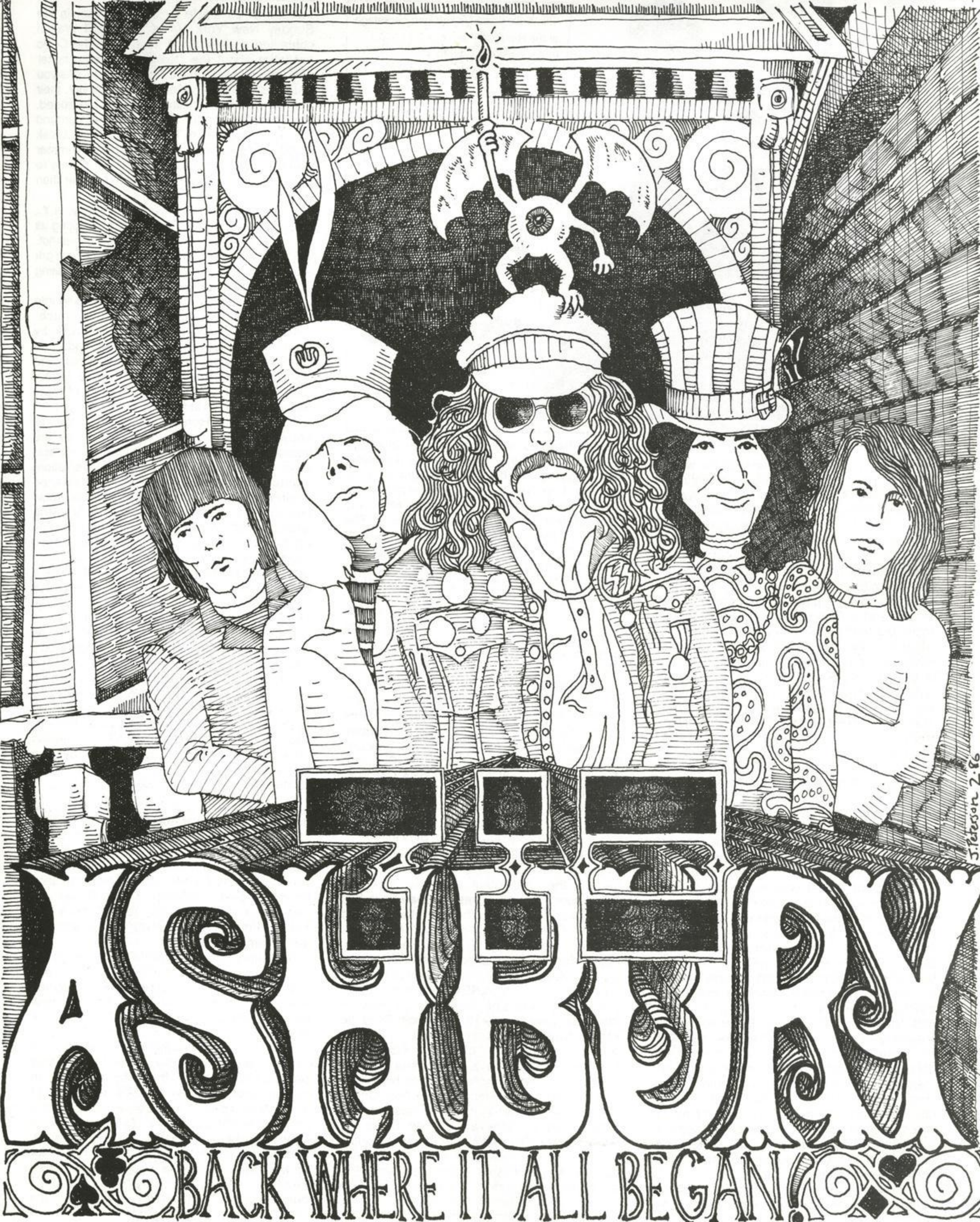
Barry Melton's flickering lead guitar and David Cohen's gloomy, dirge-like organ were the perfect backdrop for McDonald's ethereal, sultry vocals and stunning lyrics.

Songs like the bouncy "Porpoise Mouth," with its sexual connotations, and the complex vocal patterns of "Sad and Lonely Times" were stunning and way ahead of their time, but no songs better captured the trippy nature and magnificence of Country Joe and the Fish better than the atmospheric "Not So Sweet Martha Lorraine" and the lengthy ode to Grace Slick, "Grace."

Truly, *Electric Music for the Mind and Body*, was an album without a bad track, and the epitome of the term acid rock.

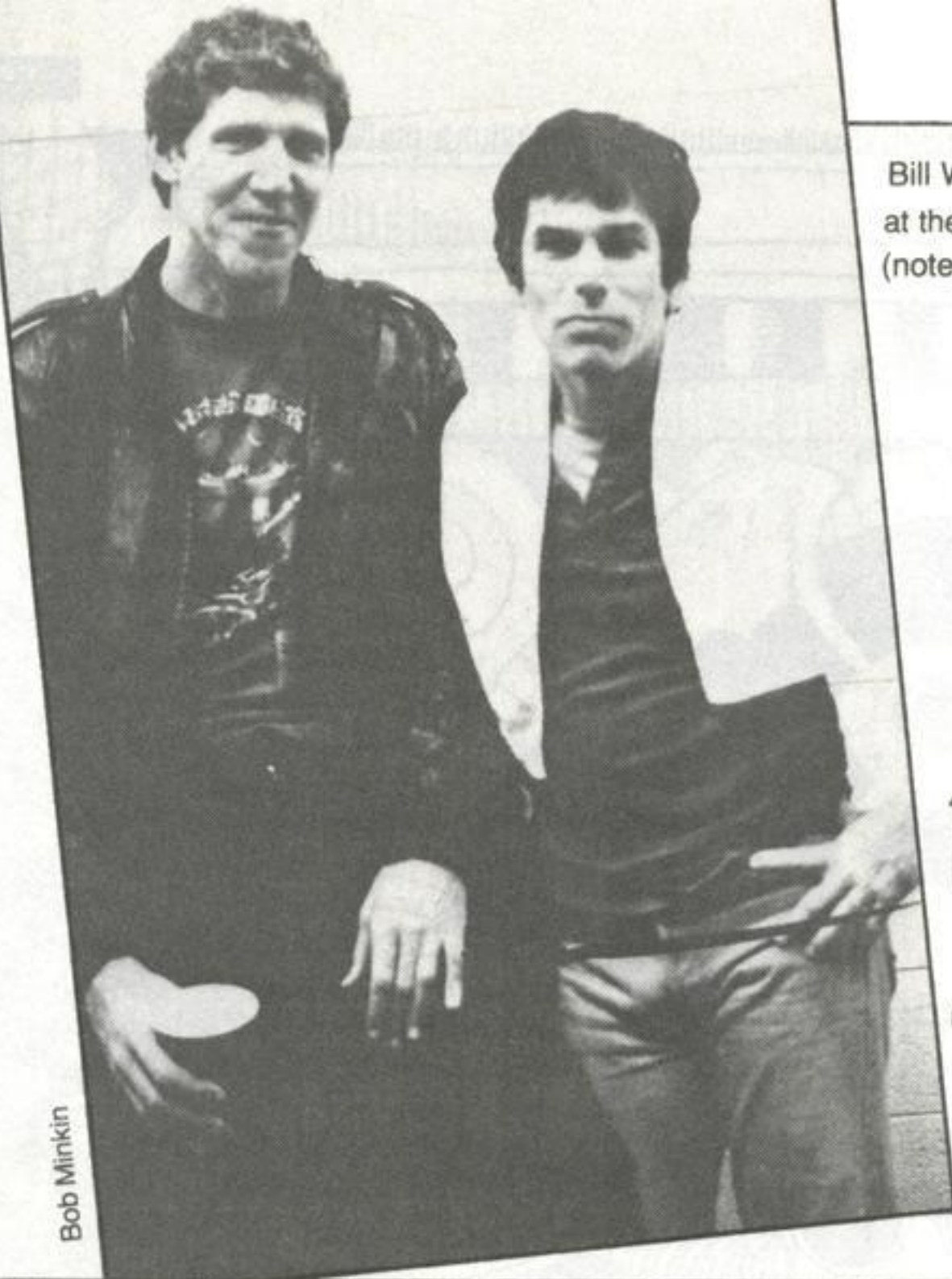
All the albums mentioned here are still available in one form or another and should be in the collection of every self-respecting Relix reader. Sure, there are plenty of great albums out there, and plenty of other classics from 1967, but none that capture so many of the unique aspects of "The Summer of Love" so well, and which in essence portray what Relix is all about. Here's to the next 20 years. It sure has been a long strange trip, but what an interesting one!





J. Peterson 2-86

BACK WHERE IT ALL BEGAN!



Bob Minkin

Bill Walton and Mickey Hart backstage at the Hartford Civic (note: Walton is seated)

## Frag-ments

by Scott Allen

NEVER enjoy hearing anyone say, "I told you so," but the handwriting on the wall is never going to get any clearer. A brief message on the Spring tour information flyer, a regular enclosure with returned mail ticket orders, stated, "The Grateful Dead could be a very popular band that cannot find a place to play." The message pointed out several incidents that, "Left the Dead unwelcome at the San Francisco Civic Center," and, "On a thin edge at the Henry J. Kaiser Convention Center in Oakland." Fortunately, the Spring tour, according to our sources, passed without any major incidents, although there were reports of gatecrashing one night at Hampton, VA. The threat of disruptions during the tour was alleviated greatly by the live broadcasting of several shows along the way, including Philadelphia and New Jersey. The Dead received corporate sponsorship in the form of Ben and Jerry's All Natural Ice Cream, which, in promoting its new flavor, Cherry Garcia, underwrote the cost of broadcasting the April 7 New Jersey shindig. A week before the two Meadowlands shows, on a sunny Sunday afternoon, March 29, promoter John Scher was interviewed on WNEW-FM about the potential for trouble at the upcoming Dead shows. The talk was fueled, in part, by a near-riot the week before at the Meadowlands during an Iron Maiden concert that resulted in 33 arrests. Scher frankly noted that previous incidents at Dead concerts in the area, most notably a November 10, 1985, Dead show at the Meadowlands, made him leery, but he added that he had instituted a tough security plan for the shows. No person without a ticket was admitted over the trestle linking the main parking area and the arena. Scher concluded the interview by saying that the crowd behavior at these shows would be the barometer determining whether or not a major announcement regarding a Dead/Bob Dylan show in the metropolitan area this summer would be forthcoming. In any event, the message is clear: if you don't have tickets, as Phil Lesh advised in a recorded message aired on New York radio stations in the days preceding the Jersey shows, "Please stay at home."

Following two weeks of laying down the basic tracks for their new album in early-January, the

Dead rehearsed with Bob Dylan at their San Rafael studios later in the month for a summer tour bringing the two heavyweight acts together. The Dead and Dylan jammed on Beatles' classics such as "Nowhere Man" and Dylan standards such as "Maggie's Farm." The shows will feature the Dead backing Dylan, as Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers did this past summer, the Dead performing their own material with Dylan possibly sitting in, and an acoustic duet featuring Dylan and Jerry Garcia. The shows are slated for the early-part of July on the East Coast and the latter part of the month on the West Coast.

**RUMOR MILL:** Talk continues to abound that the Grateful Dead will tour communist China in either February (which would coincide with the Chinese New Year) or July, 1988. The event, if it takes place, will commemorate the tenth anniversary of the band's most celebrated overseas jaunt, the September, 1978, concerts in Egypt at the foot of the Great Pyramid. Wouldn't it be great to hear "China Cat Sunflower" in Peking? Or "China Doll" in Manchuria? Remember, the Great Wall of China is the only man-made object visible to the naked eye from outer space. Stay tuned.

**TIME OUT FOR TRIVIA:** Perhaps you weren't aware of that startling piece of information regarding the Great Wall...try your luck with these questions. The Grateful Dead have had only three Top Twenty albums on the Billboard charts. Can you name them? Also, this question was asked by Dave Herman and Marty Martinez (a notorious Deadhead) during the "Rock-n-Roll Jeopardy" segment of the morning show on WNEW-FM: what Dead album title is also a palindrome? First, *Wake of the Flood* peaked at #18, while both *From the Mars Hotel* and *Blues for Allah* hit #16. *Aoxomoxoa*, the title of the band's third album, released in 1969, is a palindrome, a word spelled the same way forward and backward. The title was suggested by artist Rick Griffin. Now, to really get down to it, what was the other title being considered by the Dead for *Aoxomoxoa*? Give up? *Earthquake Country*. Incidentally, the New York *Daily News* ran a rock trivia quiz on April 6 about the Dead. The six questions included, "How many Top Ten singles have the Dead had?" (None).

A March 29 article by David Falkner in the Sunday New York *Times* about Bill Walton contained an interesting quote from the Celtic pivotman about the Dead. "They play better now than they ever have," said Walton. "As you get older, you get better. Their creativity, their spontaneity, their ability to create the speed, the space, to create the environment around them is unbelievable. They took their first break from touring in twelve years—from last summer to the beginning of this year—and they're starting to play again and, boy, it's better than ever."

A "thank you" goes out to the Albany, N.Y., Deadhead who wrote "Fragments" thanking us for mentioning her favorite local band, Slipknot. Be advised, WBAI-FM (99.5) in New York features the music of Slipknot on alternating Thursdays between 9-10 p.m.

As the jet carrying U2 was descending into Los Angeles for the start of their much-anticipated American tour, it was struck by lightning, knocking out the radio and radar. As calm was restored, Bono leaned across the aisle to comfort an alarmed Sophia Loren. "God must have been taking a photo of you," remarked the Irish lad.

"The Prairie Home Companion," the re-knowned public radio show hosted by the legendary Garrison Keillor, featuring bluegrass, other popular American music, conversation, humor, and "Americana," will be replaced beginning October 3 by an as-yet-untitled show hosted by Noah Adams. Deadheads had long fantasized about having Bob and Jerry stop by and play on Keillor's "Prairie Home Companion," whose appeal was far more reaching than the rural and Midwest areas it was targeted for. Adams' new show will be a "guide to an interesting evening," including, music, storytelling, letter reading, and humor.

*The Top 100 Rock 'n' Rock Albums of All Time*, a new book compiled by London journalist, Paul Gambaccini, polling 81 critics from around the world, does not contain any albums by the Grateful Dead or the Jefferson Airplane. What a joke. To leave the Dead's *American Beauty* or *Workingman's Dead*, or the Airplane's *Surrealistic Pillow* or *Crown of Creation* off a list that does include albums by Don Henley, Huey Lewis and the News, Lionel Richie, and Eurythmics, is ludicrous.

Los Lobos is a popular Mexican band just now receiving critical acclaim with the release of their second LP, *By the Light of the Moon*. "It's happy music," says guitarist Cesar Rosas, "about things that have been forgotten by America." Jerry Garcia jammed with the Latino band this past November in San Rafael and has been covering "Evangeline" from Los Lobos' first album in performance with the Jerry Garcia Band.

A January issue of *Business Week* noted in a lengthy article about Apple Computers, Inc., that, "Apple engineers recently entertained members of the Grateful Dead, who now compose some of their songs with the help of Macintosh."

Amy Carter, the daughter of former President Jimmy Carter, frequently in the news for her participation (often with Abby Hoffman) in campus protests over the CIA's recruitment of students at college campuses, was in the press for a different reason. In February, the 19 year-old, whom we loved as a pig-tailed kid, had her car impounded in Providence, R.I., for unpaid parking tickets and the local news articles covering the story noted the car's bumper-sticker: a black-and-white photo of the

Grateful Dead. A few weeks later, on April 15, Amy and Abby Hoffman were both cleared of disorderly conduct and trespassing charges, stemming from a protest at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst, in a Northampton, Mass., court. The pair were counseled by lawyer Leonard Weinglass, who had defended the Chicago Seven in 1969 and whose guiding principle is: "Only radical change will bring about a just society."

The Dead opened a set with "Sugar Magnolia" and closed the set with the "Sunshine Daydream" part of the song for the first time since 1982. The second set of the March 22 show in Hampton, VA., featured this hot arrangement, which had been on the shelf since the second set of the December 31, 1982, New Year's Eve show.

Neil Young is a busy fella. As reported in *Relix*, Vol. 14, No. 2, the Buffalo Springfield, with Young, have recorded a comeback album. With nary a moment to rest, Young has now joined David Crosby, Stephen Stills, and Graham Nash for a CSNY album. Could plans for a CSNY-Buffalo Springfield tour be in the air?

Wes Wsye and Laura Paul Smith of Richmond, VA., continue to do a fine job with their *Unbroken Chain* flyer. For information, send a SASE to: P.O. Box 8726, Richmond, VA., 23226.

The Dead debuted another Beatles' song, "Get Back," during their January 28 show at the San Francisco Civic Center, the Chinese New Year run. It was sung by Bob Weir.

G.B. Trudeau's February 5 "Doonesbury" comic strip featured this conversation. Disc jockey: "Oral Roberts death watch, you're on the air!" Listener: "Yeah, I agree we shouldn't cave in to God's ultimatums. Otherwise, where's it gonna stop? If we pay \$4.5 million to save Roberts, next thing you know, we'll be coughing up \$5 million for Woody Allen, or \$10 million for Jerry Garcia."

Two books about Grateful Dead concert songlists are in print. *Deadbase: The Complete Guide to Grateful Dead Song Lists* is a comprehensive look of songlists from 1965-1986, including such interesting facts as how often songs are played each year, song debuts, and the number of times the Dead have played at various locales. *Dead Sets*, compiled by the Stella Blue Club, an entity of tape traders, offers song lists from 1976-1986 in a bound volume.

Grace Slick and Jorma Kaukonen were heard on the national rock phone-in show *Line One* on March 9. Asked what she most remembered about the Sixties, Grace replied, "Anyone who remembers the Sixties wasn't there." Jorma gave a bit of national exposure to Relix Records when asked about the possibility of Airplane's LPs being released on Compact Disc. Jorma said *Quah* has been re-mixed for a CD release on Relix Records, with RCA's approval. Grace also compared an Airplane song to the Dead's "Terrapin Station" because "both are a mass of music with a lot of changes in time signatures and a lot of crazy ideas."

Every Friday night, Mingles, a club on the corner of 2nd Avenue and 95th Street in Manhattan, becomes "Club Dead," devoted exclusively to the sights and sounds of the Grateful Dead. The happening is run by Peter Martin and the Terrapin Flyer Newsletter, and features Dead videos on a six-foot screen, audio tapes, tape trading, and a souvenir area. Admission is \$5.00 and the party gets underway at 8:00 p.m.

"We are What we Are" is a good new song by a band called The Other Ones.

The Dead pulled out "Morning Dew" for the first time in nearly a year during the March 2 show at Oakland's Kaiser C.C., the Mardi Gras concerts. The last performance of the song previous to this was April 21, 1986, at the Community Theater in Berkeley, CA. The Dead then followed with three renditions of "Morning Dew" within a 12-day period on the Spring 1987 East Coast tour, including the first New York City-area "Morning Dew" (during the April 7 show at the Meadowlands) in seven years (the last had been a March 16, 1980, show at the Nassau Coliseum).

On the evening of March 24 in New York, a New Jersey Deadhead won a new copy of *Steal Your Face!* during WXRK's "Record Upgrade" segment, in which listeners' old or worn albums are replaced with new pressings, when her letter complained that "sides one and two are so worn out they're white." In the week before the Dead's two New Jersey shows, WNEW-FM began giving away "Grateful Dead Concert Kits," including pints of Ben and Jerry's "Cherry Garcia," concert tickets, backstage passes, admittance to a party with the Dead after the April 7 concert, and comps to Club Dead. Now what Deadhead wouldn't be pooped after that?

Jerry Garcia had the following to say in the University of North Carolina campus newspaper, excerpted from a Summer, 1986, interview: "I'd like to play somewhere out in space. I wonder how far the sound would travel if we had a speaker outside? Maybe the creatures on Mars or wherever would hear it, like it, come down to Earth, take over and make us leader."

"Dead still taking chances—and winning" was an article by Lynn Van Matre in the April 10, 1987, *Chicago Tribune* reviewing the concert the night before at the University of Illinois at Chicago Pavilion. The piece observed, "Ultimately, what has won the Dead their place in rock history is their sound, a stylistic amalgamation that's both highly distinctive and nearly always danceable."

**HISTORY'S PAGE, IT IS THUSLY CARVED IN STONE:** Look out for these important dates during the months of June and July:

June 1 - In 1967, the Beatles release *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Heart's Club Band*.

June 4 - In 1966, Janis Joplin arrives in San Francisco from Texas for a second and final time and shortly hereafter joins Big Brother and the Holding Co.

June 7 - In 1965, Phil Lesh attends a party in Palo Alto at which Bob Weir and Jerry Garcia are present. That evening Phil mentions to Jerry that he is interested in playing the electric bass. This date is to later serve as the watermark for the Dead's twentieth anniversary.

June 9 - In 1967, the Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic is opened by Dr. David Smith on Haight St. The Clinic still provides services, including First Aid at Bay Area Dead shows.

June 12 - In 1965, the Beatles are awarded MBEs for "services to export."

June 23 - In 1967, Ken Kesey, prophesying an earthquake, goes to jail for a January, 1966 pot bust.

June 29 - In 1965, the Red Dog Saloon opens in San Francisco and the Charlatans soon become the house band.

July 2 - In 1971, the Grateful Dead and the New Riders of the Purple Sage close the Fillmore West.

July 9 - In 1955, Bill Haley and His Comets'

"Rock Around the Clock" becomes the first rock-n-roll song to reach #1 on the Billboard charts.

July 16 - In 1969, astronaut Neil Armstrong becomes the first man to walk on the moon.

July 18 - In 1984, during the Democratic National Convention in San Francisco at which Geraldine Ferraro became the first woman vice-presidential candidate, Bill Graham and Jerry Garcia are interviewed by the network news. When asked if he wished he was still living in the Sixties, Jerry quickly replies, "No."

Again, remember, if you don't have tickets for a Dead show, and it's sold-out, please stay at home.

### Additional Fragments by Toni

**W**ITH the release of the new Grateful Dead album, *In The Dark*, expect Arista Records to provide collectors with some tasty morsels, like a 7" "Touch of Grey" single, colored vinyl and a picture disc.

We can also hope to see several new Grateful Dead videos. One is a "making of" video, which will profile the Dead in the studio, at work on their new release. An interview video is also in the works. Both are directed by Justin Kreuzmann. Colossal Pictures has plans to do a video of the Monterey Concert.

500 people reportedly stormed the gates at one of the first Irvine shows, while the crowd inside cheered them on. Security was intensely beefed up for the following performance. What? Did this actually happen on the West Coast? I guess the East Coast doesn't have an exclusive on over enthusiastic Deadheads.

Jerry Garcia showed up at the Lone Star Cafe in NYC to sit in with good friends Dave Nelson and Sandy Rothman. This bluegrass combination dates back to the Greenbriar Boys, of which they were all members, in which Garcia played banjo. Nelson and Rothman were appearing as the California Brothers with Peter Albin and Spencer Dryden. The small Lone Star crowd was treated to several favorites which featured Garcia on electric guitar. "Dim Lights, Thick Smoke" and "Rosalie McFall" were amongst the tunes played.

The Grateful Dead have been soundchecking "All Along The Watchtower," but have yet to pull it out in concert. Bob Weir performed it at the opening of "Dylan: Words & Music" at the Zephyr Theater. He also performed "Desolation Row" and "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight."

The San Francisco Peace Parade drew 100,000 participants. The band that performed from a flatbed truck included Nick Gravenites - guitar, Peter Sears - keyboard, Roy Blumenfeld - drum and Doug Kilmer - bass.

*Valis*, a book by the late Philip K. Dick, quotes a girl as saying that her favorite album is *Workingman's Dead*. Dick has always presented unique political insight. This book seems to be of an autobiographical nature, providing much commentary surrounding San Francisco and LSD casualties.

Speaking of books, Relix will be publishing its first novel entitled *Dead Tour*. Written by Alan Neal Izumi, this murder mystery centers around a Grateful Dead tour, as our hero gets his first glimpses into Deadheaddom—the hard way. Outside looking in. Expected release is Fall, 1987.

Well folks, in closing, if you find yourselves in Santa Cruz a little down on your luck, and in need of something to eat, the soup kitchen is out. A flyer listing new criteria for becoming a "guest" includes NO DEADHEADS.

\* (with thanks to Jimbo Juanis.)



Relix 3rd Annual Celebration of San Francisco Music - (l-r) Greg Anton, Country Joe, Robert Hunter, Les Kippel, Barry Melton, John "Marmaduke" Dawson, Dave Nelson, Peter Albin, Toni Brown and Greg Harris

# BAY AREA BITS

by Jimbo Juanis

**GOLDEN Gate Bridge Bummer:** As we go to press, it appears that the free Dead concert to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the Golden Gate Bridge on May 24th is off. Rock promoter Bill Graham, who had organized the concert (which was to feature Huey Lewis and the News, Tony Bennett, Turk Murphy's Jazz Band and others), pulled out when the Golden Gate Bridge District (GGBD) re-negged on its promise to close the bridge during the day-time festivities. On top of that, the GGBD wanted Graham to pay for insurance to cover any problems that might occur. Said Graham, "They wanted my professional opinion...to work for free and then, when they disregard my opinion, pay for the consequences. As of now, I'm out." Graham, however, left the door open if the Bridge District reversed itself and closed the bridge. Stay tuned...

**Trivia:** The same Turk Murphy Jazz Band gave Janis Joplin her first professional gig some 23 years ago.

**Down In Monterey:** 1987 is also the 20th anniversary of the Monterey Pop Festival. In honor of this historic event, the Grateful Dead will be performing at the Laguna Seca Recreation Area outside of Monterey on May 9th & 10th. Bruce Hornsby and the Range and guitarist Ry Cooder are scheduled to perform as well.

Twenty years ago, on June 16th, 17th & 18th, The Monterey Pop Festival was held at the Monterey Fairgrounds, in celebration of the Summer of Love. Organized by Mama and Papa's leader John Phillips and record mogul Lou Adler, it featured the very best of the international Rock scene: The Jimi Hendrix Experience, Ravi Shankar, The Animals, Otis Redding, Big Brother and the Holding Company, Country Joe and the Fish and The Byrds, among other groups. It is recognized as the first rock festival and set the trend for other festivals worldwide during the late 60's. I'll have more on this historic show for Relix readers in the next issue.

**Dylan and Dead:** The word is out that Bob Dylan and the Grateful Dead will get together for at least 7 concerts this summer. Although nothing is confirmed at presstime, a series of stadium sized venues is planned.

Dylan rehearsed with the Dead at their studios in San Rafael recently. "Nowhere Man" and "Maggie's Farm" were among the songs played. Dylan was also spotted at the Dead's Mardi Gras show at the Kaiser where he was having publicity photos taken with the band. Stay tuned...

**Get Well Soon:** Dino Valenti, Quicksilver vocalist and author of such classics as "Get Together," "Fresh Air" and "What You Gonna Do About Me," was hospitalized recently for removal of a brain tumor. We at Relix wish him a speedy recovery.

**Doggy Heaven:** Otis, Bobby Weir's longtime friend and faithful hound passed away recently. Bobby once said that every hound in Mill Valley was related to this ever frisky Otis.

**Lawyers, Guns & Money Dept.:** Mickey Hart has filed a million dollar lawsuit against Aspen Records over the recent Olatunji album he produced. Dinosaur guitarist and lawyer, Barry "The Fish" Melton, is handling the case.

**China Bound?:** At the Grateful Dead's Chinese New Years shows at the SF Civic recently, Bill Graham announced that the Dead would be going to China to play some dates sometime in 1988. Arrangements with the Beijing government are going on now. There is also word of some dates in Japan as well.

**The Times They Are-A-Changing Department:** There is a fine new Jefferson Airplane retrospective album just released. The two LP set entitled "2400 Fulton Street," is named after the legendary Airplane house across from Golden Gate Park. At the record release party, held recently at the Pierce Street Annex (formerly the Matrix Club) Paul Kantner was bounced for smoking a joint.

**Meet the Rock A Byes:** Marty Balin, John "Marmaduke" Dawson, Dan Hicks, Nick Gravenites and Pete Sears added their voices to a rock band of puppets called The Rock A Byes. It's all part of a new feature film, "Meet the Rock A Byes."

**Reunions:** Fans of Moby Grape will be happy to learn that the Grape, along with It's a Beautiful Day, Fraternity of Man and the Strawberry Alarm Clock, got together for a couple of shows recently. Original Grapes: Jerry Miller, Peter Lewis, Bob Mosley, Skip Spence and Don Stevenson performed their classics "Hey

Grandma," "Naked If I Want," "Omaha," "Fall On You" and "805," among others, before fans at the Marin Civic and Cupertino's DeAnza College. Hopefully, more shows by this great group are upcoming.

**BAMMIES:** At the Bay Area Music Award show, held recently at the San Francisco Civic, The Kantner, Balin, Casady Band won for best debut album and Jack Casady took top honors for best bassist. KBC performed "America" and "Plastic Fantastic Lover." Commander Cody, on the mend after a recent auto accident, gave some words of advice to those at the Bammies, "Buckle up your fuckin' seatbelts!" Joh Fogerty won best Bay Area musician of the year and jammed with Chris Isaak, Merl Saunders, Little John Crisley and Bonnie Raitt for the show's star-studded finale.

**BENEFITS:** Terry and the Pirates played a rare gig recently at San Francisco's Chi Chi Club. The show, a benefit for The Haight Ashbury Free Lunch Program, was a rousing success. Led by Terry Dolan, the Pirates consisted of John Cipollina, Greg Elmore, David Haynes and Greg Douglas.

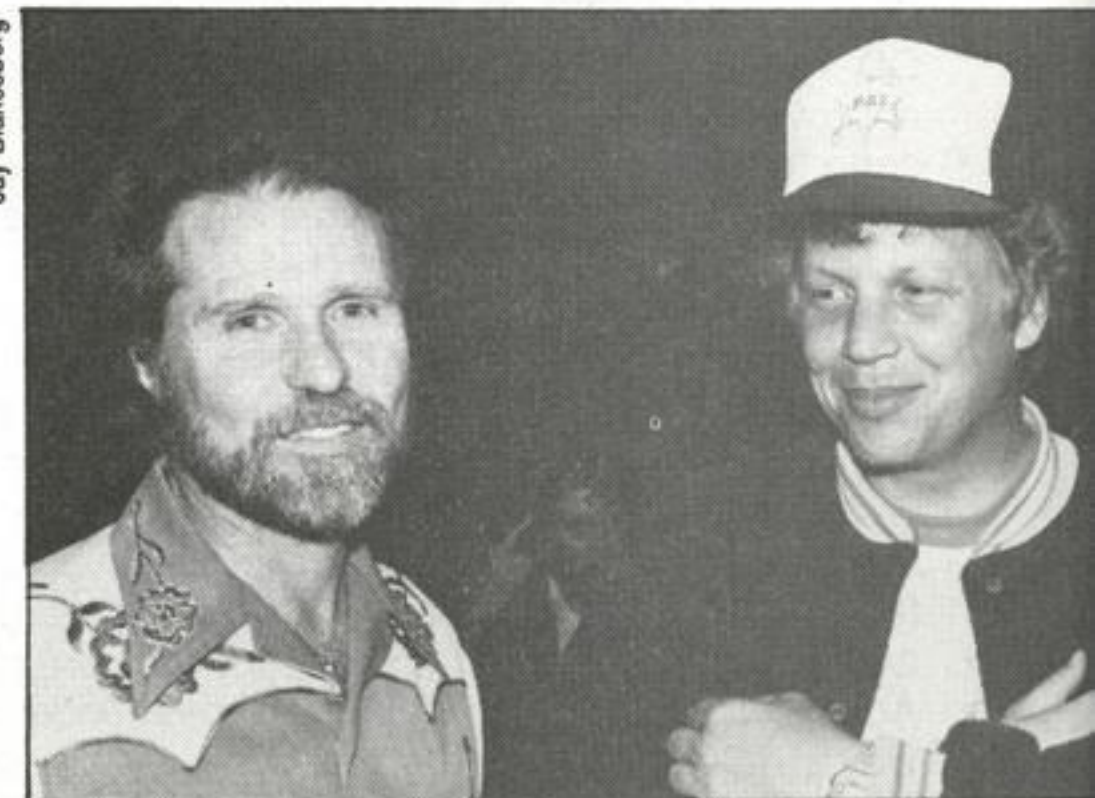
**More Reunions:** The Rowan Brothers: Peter, Lorin, and Chris, got together recently at Mill Valley's Sweetwater. They were joined for their second set by Beach Boy, Mike Love, who sat in on accordian.

**And Finally:** A star-studded benefit for the Rainbow Foundation was held recently at a shopping mall in Larkspur Landing in Marin. There were performances by Maria Muldaur, Kingfish and the Rainbow All Stars. The All Stars consisted of Merl Saunders, Joey Covington, John Cipollina, Greg Douglass, Peter Albin and Billy Roberts. They rocked out on tunes: "Green Onions," "After Midnight," "Suzie Q," "Boogie on Reggae Woman" and Billy Robert's classic, "Hey Joe," as well as Covington's Airplane hit "You're Only Pretty As You Feel."

**Love & Marriage:** Best wishes to David Crosby on his recent wedding to long-time love Jan Dance. Crosby was scheduled to perform with the KBC band at the society's Black and White Ball. CSN are also scheduled to play the Concord Pavillion on August 4th and the Shoreline Amphitheatre in Mountain View, CA on August 7th.

**Audio Video Department:** Jerry Garcia has finished up work on a Grateful Dead Video at One Pass in San Francisco. Jerry can also be heard on the new Neville Brother's LP. He plays guitar on "You're the One."

**King Meets Captain:** Elvis Costello, at a recent solo acoustic gig at the San Jose Civic performed a couple of Dead songs. Against a slide projected backdrop of Van Gough's sketch, "Skeleton smoking a Cigarette," Elvis did a medley that included "Ship of Fools" and "It Must Have Been the Roses."



Country Joe MacDonald and Barry (the Fish) Melton at the Relix Party in San Francisco - 1987



**Dylan: Words & Music:** The first ever authorized stage show based on the life and work of Bob Dylan opened recently at the Zephyr Theater in San Francisco. The show, a multi media celebration, tells the story of the legendary musician entirely through his own words and music. The musical director is Bob Johnson who produced Dylan's classic sixties albums. During a special preview, to benefit Seva Foundation, Bob Weir sat in for a set with the show's band.

**Kate Wolf Remembered:** There was a memorial concert held recently at the Great American Music Hall in San Francisco, to remember folk singer Kate Wolf, who passed away last December 10th. Performers included: Terry Garthwaite, Nina Gerber, Rosalie Sorrels, Utah Phillips and Wavy Gravy. This beautiful lady will be missed by all in the Bay Area music scene.

**Merl & Friends:** Merl Saunders has been playing regularly at Pierre's, located at the Hotel Meridian in San Francisco. You can catch Merl Thursday through Saturday, 7-11pm. He



Ken Kesey and Timothy Leary - 60's Conference - Palace of Fine Arts in S.F., 3/22/87

Hosted by Les Kippel and Toni Brown of Relix, the illustrious event included: Robert Hunter Country Joe McDonald, David Nelson, John "Marmaduke" Dawson, Spencer Dryden, John Cipollina, Greg Elmore, Peter Albin, Barry Melton, Greg Anton, Tom Stern and Greg Harris. Other guests hob-nobbing with the rock stars were artist Stanley Mouse, Paul Grushkin curator of the SF Rock 'n' Roll Museum, Gene Anthony, author of the book "Summer of Love," Dale Djerassi, producer of the film "68," and author of "Hey Joe," Billy Roberts.

A splendid time was had by all.

### 20th Anniversary of The Summer of Love Events By Jimbo Juanis

**T**HIS on-going series of events are being created to rekindle the spirited energies of the Summer of Love held in San Francisco 20 years ago. Some of the events already scheduled include:

**Haight Street Fair.** Haight Street, from Masonic to Stanyon Streets. June 7th, 9am-6pm.

This annual event never fails to bring out the Best of the Hashbury scene. There will be music flowing all day from four different stages. As if tradition, Merl Saunders and "Friends" will perform at the Stanyon Street stage at 2pm. (Two years ago Merl's "Friends" included Bob Weir and Brent Mydland.) Don't Miss it!

**All Beings Parade.** Sunday, June 21st.

It begins at the intersection of Haight and Central streets at 12 noon. This zany outpouring of the 60's counter-culture will march through The Haight Ashbury into Golden Gate Park where there will be a free concert, held at

the famed Hippie Hill. Costumes and festive dress are encouraged.

\* \* \* \* \*

**60's Retrospective Movie Series.** June 20-29. Red Victorian Movie House. 1659 Haight Street San Francisco, 863-3994.

This theater collective offers the film-goer a unique experience. Instead of rows of conventional seats, it consists of rows of soft-pillowed high-back couches. They also serve popcorn in wooden bowls and coffee in real coffee cups. This retrospective will include some of the best films in the 60's genre: The Beatles' Hard Day's Night, Yellow Submarine, Dylan's Don't Look Back, Easy Rider and my personal favorite "The Hippie Temptation." Produced by CBS News in 1967, the latter movie features Harry Reasoner on the subject of "Hippies." Filmed right here in the Haight, it's a hilariously twisted view featuring interviews with psychiatrists, parents and spaced out flower children. It also includes footage of the Grateful Dead at their famed 710 Ashbury house and performing at a free concert in the Golden Gate Panhandle. A camp classic! Call the theater for exact dates and times.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Poster Art Show.** Featuring Stanley Mouse and Rick Griffin. Psychedelic Shop 1072 Market Street SF 415-621-0357.

An art show, featuring two of the most well-known 60's poster artists will be held at the world famous Psychedelic Shop. Owner Mike Van Dyke hopes to have the show coinciding with the Grateful Dead's performance at the Greek Theatre, slated at presstime for the 19-21st of June. Call for exact date and time.

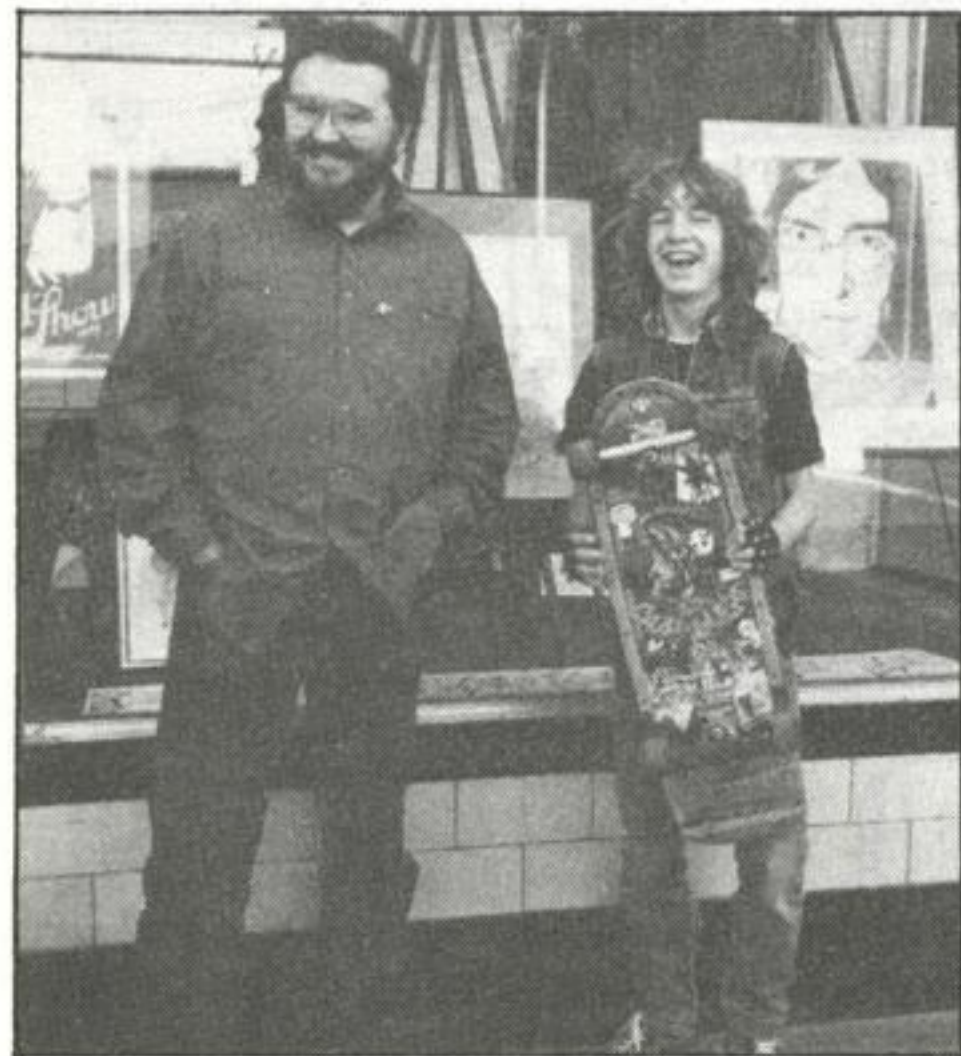
\* \* \* \* \*

**20th Anniversary Summer of Love Celebration.** Polo Fields. Golden Gate Park. Saturday, September 12th. 12-5pm.

This will be the "Event of the Summer." At presstime, the acts have not been announced, although the K.B.C. Band and Country Joe are among those mentioned to play. I'll have more on this event in the next issue of Relix.

\* \* \* \* \*

For more up-to-date information on these and other events commemorating The Summer of Love, contact: Summer of Love Events, c/o Haight Ashbury Switchboard, 1338 Haight Street, SF, CA 94117, 415-621-6211.



Mouse and Son at art opening in Marin County, CA

also performs with his group "The Soma 5," for a jazz brunch at Justin's at the Hotel Meridian, Sundays 12-4pm. Merl also performed with his good friend Max Gail at the Summer of Love show at Moscone Center recently. Billed as Max Gail & Friends, the band consisted of Norton Buffalo, Mike Hinton, Gaylord Birch, John Cipollina, Tony Saunders, and David LaFlamme. Max Gail is best know as "Wojo" on television's Barney Miller.

**Music Celebration:** The guest list read like a who's who of the Rock music scene for the Third Annual Celebration of San Francisco Music, held April 12th in San Francisco.



Jimbo Juanis

Merl Saunders, Greg Douglass, Spencer Dryden, Peter Albin and John Cipollina - The Rainbow All Stars

# TALES OF THE BUM BARREL

Starring: Robert Hunter and Jerry Garcia

By: Dire Wolf

© 1995 W.D. Wolff



This is a pretty nice place you have here. Thanks for inviting me to dinner



Well it's not much, but I call it home. I wanted that '55 chevy but there is a dead cat in it that really stinks. Nice spoons...

Hey you play that guitar in the backseat?

No! I just say I Do to the Chicks



Ha! Ha! Maybe after we finish this can of pineapple we can try to jam awhile

Nothing like an after dinner drink of fine

Vino Really-after that and this joint of Ditch Weed



Gulp Gulp we will be really Trashed

Hey Jerry if you can play so good, what are you doing in a dump like this?

I'm so poor that I can't pay attention so how can I pay my dues?



Well looks like we are all out of canned pineapple

Holy Smoke! What will we do now?



Well maybe I will have to find a (sigh) job.

(sob) Jerry please you don't know what you are saying



Maybe I could sell Used Cars

The Next Day

Well How do I look?

Like a complete asshole



Good then I should get a job

If you go out in the world like that I'll never forgive you

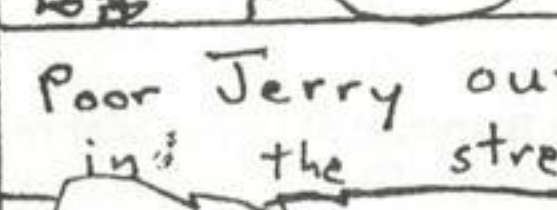


Jerry tries his hand at selling Used Cars

USED CARS

I have \$10,000 Do you have a good car for sell?

Actually they should call this a junk yard



Every Car on this lot is a heap of bolts and Manure

Garcia You are fired!!

I was only being honest

I know that's why you're fired



In this business Dishonesty is our Policy

Now get! Scat!

Poor Jerry out in the streets

All I want is to make an honest living... and maybe get laid and some nice mexican weed and...



I should have listened to Hunter and stayed in the Junk Yard where I belong



Humm it never dawned on me to do something I like

DANA MORGAN MUSIC SHOP



Yes folks the rest is History

Okay now Keep the beat 1 2 3 4 no not 3 before Four

Yes instructor Jerry LESSON SURE Beats selling Used Cars



# IT'S ALIVE

## Savoy Brown The Stone, San Francisco, CA by Jimbo Juanis

IN the late sixties, the British music scene was dominated by groups playing blues-rock. Included in this genre was Cream, Ten Years After, Fleetwood Mac and Savoy Brown. Each group had its own distinctive style, led by guitarists who defined the sound of each particular group. Savoy Brown, led by guitarist Kim Simmonds, were the practitioners of the psychedelic-boogie. Despite various personnel changes, Savoy Brown maintained its blues-based integrity, playing traditional blues as well as original rock tunes.

Since I hadn't seen this group in over 15 years I wasn't sure what to expect when I checked out their gig at the Stone. I sure am glad I didn't miss this show. Simmonds, looking surprisingly youthful and energetic, was joined for this show by Dave Walker, Savoy Brown's vocalist from the early 70's. Augmented by bass and drums, they opened the show with a high energy version of "I'm Goin Down." It was apparent from the onset of the show that Simmonds has retained the chops that used to blow-out arenas worldwide, way back when. Walker's vocals were strong and bluesy and it was a pleasure to hear him singing again with Savoy Brown. "Can't Get Next to You" followed as well as the classic, "Let it Rock." During "Hellbound Train," Simmonds showcased various styles: blues, jazz and heavy metal, during an extended solo spot. Simmonds also played some blistering slide guitar on "Louisiana Blues" and "Tell Mama" the latter being one of the all-time great FM radio hits of the early 70's. They closed the show with a rock-out rendition of "Wang Dang Doodle."

For the encore, Simmonds introduced "One of my favorite artists and major influences, John Lee Hooker." This legendary blues man led the band in a rollicking boogie jam which was the staple of Savoy Brown's concerts in the sixties. Hook looked on in amazement as Simmonds ripped through one virtuoso lick after another with virtual ease. Savoy Brown then sent everyone home happy with a scorching "Hip Shake."

It's been a long time since groups like Savoy Brown ruled the music scene. Nevertheless, it was really refreshing to hear a group with such a no bullshit approach to rock 'n roll. Keep on rockin'.

## KBC Band The Ritz New York City by William Ruhlmann

THE KBC Band's first album, issued in the fall of 1986, suggested that the band had found ways to update and streamline the sound of the bandmembers' former outfits, notably Jefferson Airplane and Jefferson Starship, while holding true to the emotive quality, political commitment and sonic impact they'd brought to those bands. Such suggestions were made explicit in the band's New York debut on a rainy April night, when a thousand or more of the faithful braved the weather and a starting time of 12:30 a.m. to see them.

The fullness of the band's sound was the first thing you noticed about them as they opened with "When Love Comes" from the album. This is a band, after all, that features three guitars on many songs (Balin picks up and puts down his axe throughout the show) and five singers, including guitarist Mark "Slick" Aguilar and keyboardist Tim Gorman on the choruses, while

sax player Keith Crossan often sings harmony with Marty Balin and Paul Kantner. That full sound made the storm outside seem tame, and it was abetted by much of the band's material, especially including the anthem-like "Mariel" among the early songs in the set.

"Mariel was the fourth song, following strong performances of "Wrecking Crew" and "It's Not You, It's Not Me," songs that had featured a soaring, impassioned Balin, and as it does on the album, the song, with its political message and forthright musical statement, came off as nearly a signature song.

It was an early peak in the show, but only the first. "Crossfire," one of four new, unrecorded songs, followed, and was once again an uptempo raver. So uptempo, in fact, that a delay after it for a group discussion led to Kantner's explanation, "We were just talking about taking it down or up after that." Pause. "Up."

The opening riff of "Ride The Tiger" confirmed fans' hopes that they'd get to hear some old favorites, and the song fit well into the new band's lineup. After that, they had to take it down, and did so well with the ballad "Hold Me," a Balin tour de force and one of the album's best songs. "I Don't Mind" and "Dancing With The House On Fire," two more new songs, followed, the latter, Kantner noted, brought to the band by "our mentor," Arista Records president Clive Davis. Then it was time for a dip into the deep past, as the band cranked out a revamped version of Jefferson Airplane's "Plastic Fantastic Lover."

By now, it was apparent that the KBC Band in concert was proving an Airplane/Starship fan's fondest dream, mixing past, present and future in the most complete presentation of the Kanter/Balin axis of the Airplane/Starship yet heard.

"America," the KBC Band's most widely heard song, surprisingly did not prove the concert's pre-encore closer. Instead, they followed with the equally political "Solidarity," another unfamiliar song, and then (or course!) "Volunteers," for a political trilogy that bridged the vision of "America" to the old days of "Amerika" (and I don't mean the TV show).

The first encore again mixed the band's history with its present, starting with "Dream Motorcycle." "See if you remember this one," Balin then said of the upcoming song, and added, "Let's see if I remember it." It was "Today," one of Balin's most beautiful Jefferson Airplane ballads, toughened by the rock band treatment, but still affecting after 20 years. Kanter got his turn to recall the past with a surprising "Girl With The Hungry Eyes" that sounded right for KBC from the first note.

In the second encore, Balin introduced the first song he'd ever recorded, "It's No Secret," and then finished the show with the last song on the KBC album, "Sayonara." Besides providing an appropriate closer,

the song gave a sense of completion, as though a musical resume of the Kanter/Balin partnership had been presented in full.

Which is not to say that the two completely dominated the show. Rather, Crossan's sax, Aguilar's guitar and Gorman's keyboards contributed heavily to the musical statement. And the rhythm section of Jack Casady and Darrell Verduco propelled the songs beautifully. (Casady, in granny sunglasses, grey three-piece suit and red tie, had a sartorial statement to make in addition to his musical one.)

As he left, Kantner, his fist rising in the air, said, "Thanks for making it easy," but the effortless power exhibited by KBC in resurrecting a sound and extending it into the future was what really demanded gratitude. Years in the planning stages, the band comes off as a musical powerhouse, worthy of its past and ready for an important career of its own.

## Olatunji and his Drums of Passion Veterans Memorial Hall Petaluma, California by Jimbo Juanis

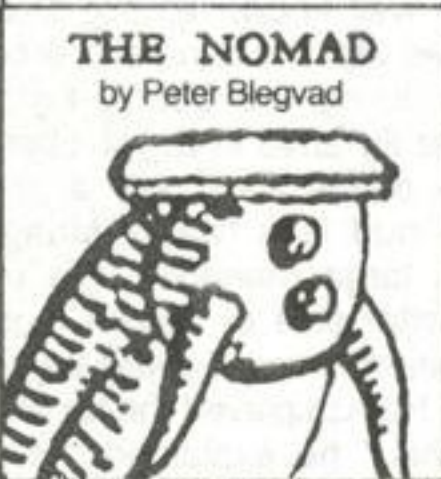
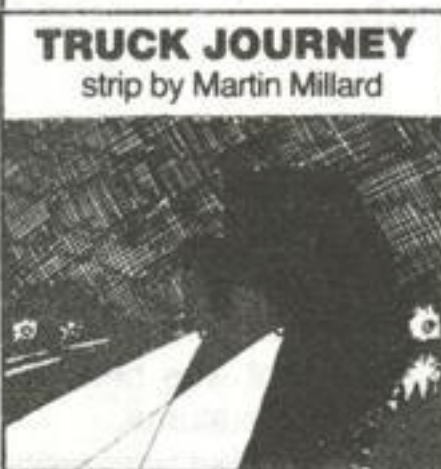
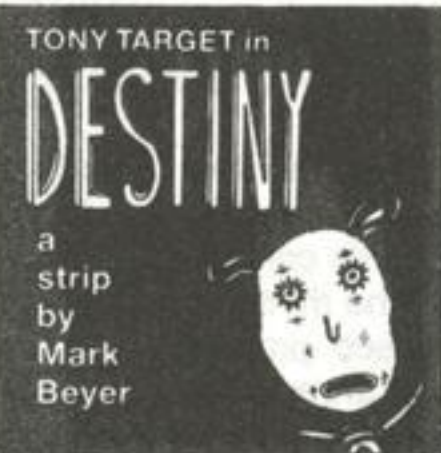
IN what was the most anticipated show so far this year, Nigerian Drum Master Baba Olatunji was joined on stage by the likes of Jerry Garcia, Carlos Santana and Mickey Hart, for a benefit concert for World Music in Schools. This event was held at the intimate Veterans Memorial Hall in Petaluma.

Opening this great show was Egyptian percussionist Hamza El-din. Hamza is well known among Deadheads for his performances with the band and is best remembered for playing during the Dead's historic performances at the Great Pyramid in Egypt. Hamza opened his short portion of the show with a piece played on an oud. The oud is a twenty stringed instrument, not unlike a large mandolin. His performance reflected the softer side of African music, with a definite Middle-Eastern flavor. Toward the end of his portion of the show, Hamza played the tar which is a large flat drum. "This," he explained, "is my original thing." He went on to explain that the piece represented four elements: fire, waste, earth and air, "when you let the drums play you, you can feel all four elements." Hamza chanted and played what could be called meditative music.

After a very brief intermission, the "band," Carlos Santana, Jerry Garcia, Mickey Hart and Bobby Vega on bass appeared on stage. From the rear of the hall, the sound of thundering drums began. Led by perhaps forty children, plus an array of African drummers and dancers, all in native dress, the procession made its way from the back of the hall through the audience towards the stage. Once on stage, Olatunji led the children in a series of songs and chants. The musicians in the rear swayed and danced to the rhythms and at one point Garcia even led the crowd in a round of clapping to the beat. By now, there were at least sixty people on stage.

After a couple of numbers, the children left the stage to the dancers, drummers and musicians. The drummers started in again on a complex rhythm and Olatunji raised his hand and sang "Its Only the Beat of My Drum." This was the cue for the musicians who





NOW AVAILABLE!  
**PICTURE STORY #2**



\$5.95  
plus \$1  
postage

COMIC STRIPS AND OTHER CURIOUS INVENTIONS  
68 pages • 8½ × 11 • 12 pages in full color

Send orders to:

**Picture Story**  
29 John Street, #801 • New York, NY 10038



exploded into a jam that all in the audience were waiting for. Garcia let loose with a solo that blew everyone away, including Carlos, who applauded Jerry's musical prowess. And so it went. Santana and Garcia traded off licks that brought everyone to new musical heights as the dancers, four women and one man, provided excellent visual fare.

About an hour into the program, Olatunji remarked that they would play something more familiar to the audience and he introduced Jerry Garcia. The band then roared into a blazing version of "Fire on the Mountain." Garcia's vocals and guitar interplay with Santana was stunning, as these two musical giants wailed on this Dead classic.

This two hour show went by too fast. Olatunji remarked that he would like to do it again in a much larger venue, but it appears that this was a one-time event. During the last number, Olatunji, his dancers and drummers left the stage and weaved themselves through the crowd and made their exit in the same spectacular fashion as their entrance.

Much of the credit for bringing this remarkable event together has to go to Mickey Hart, whose interest in bringing World Music to schools brought about this all star show.

Also, a video of this show was broadcast on PBS in the North Bay area, so there is a chance that Relix readers may still have a chance to experience this fantastic show.

**Steve Forbert and the Crickets/  
Webb Wilder and the Beatnecks  
Lone Star, NYC**  
by Jeff Tamarkin

**N**OW, this one sounded good on paper: The Crickets, Buddy Holly's original backing band, fronted by Steve Forbert, singing Holly's songs. Well, like I said, it sounded good on paper; in the Lone Star, it didn't sound all that great.

Forbert, try as he might, just isn't a rock 'n' roller. He's made his bread and butter with simple but moving folkish songs over the past decade or so, and his crusty voice has always been best suited for those emotion-filled, lyrically poignant tales that have made his albums a delight. In fact, Forbert's singing voice is almost the polar opposite of the late Holly's, and although it was fun to hear him and the Crickets—obviously unrehearsed—working out the likes of "Rave On," "Love's Made A Fool Of You" and "Not Fade Away" (yup, it was written for Holly long before Jerry G stepped out onto a stage), musically their collaboration was far from being memorable.

Forbert's segment with the Crickets only comprised about a third of the group's set here, however. Both before and after Forbert joined them, the Crickets—including original bassist Joe B. Mauldin and drummer Jerry Allison—piled on one Holly hit after another. Their current singer, Gordon Payne, did his damndest to imitate Holly's style and inflections, but more often it made the Crickets come off as a typical barroom cover band than the real thing they actually are.

After beginning their show inexplicably with a Little Richard medley, the Crickets hit the Holly songbook for "Oh Boy," "Maybe Baby," "Everyday" and, later on, the biggies "Peggy Sue" and "That'll Be The Day." For variety, they threw in a useless "Summertime Blues" and a 1961 hit by teen idol Bobby Vee, "More Than I Can Say," on which the Crickets were originally involved. A new song which is allegedly being cut by Paul McCartney with the Crickets rounded out the set.

Opening act Webb Wilder and the Beatnecks were something else altogether. The Nashville-based quartet is pure rock 'n' roll down to the bones, and frontman Wilder is, well, wilder than you can imagine. Standing about 17 feet tall and topped with an omnipresent cowboy hat, Wilder managed to concoct a stew of rockabilly, UFO stories, Duane Eddy-like instrumentals, swamp-boogie and spontaneous rhythmic blatherings that'd put the Beastie Boys to shame.

But most importantly, Wilder and his Beatnecks put their feet to the floorboards and kicked. Performing songs from their Landslide Records LP *It Came From Nashville*, these Wilder things carried on the spirit of Buddy Holly and his contemporaries with more enthusiasm than the headliner.



**ORIGINAL CONCERT  
POSTCARDS**

From the Fillmore West, Avalon and  
Winterland Ballroom!

Multi-colored, average size 7½" × 4½"

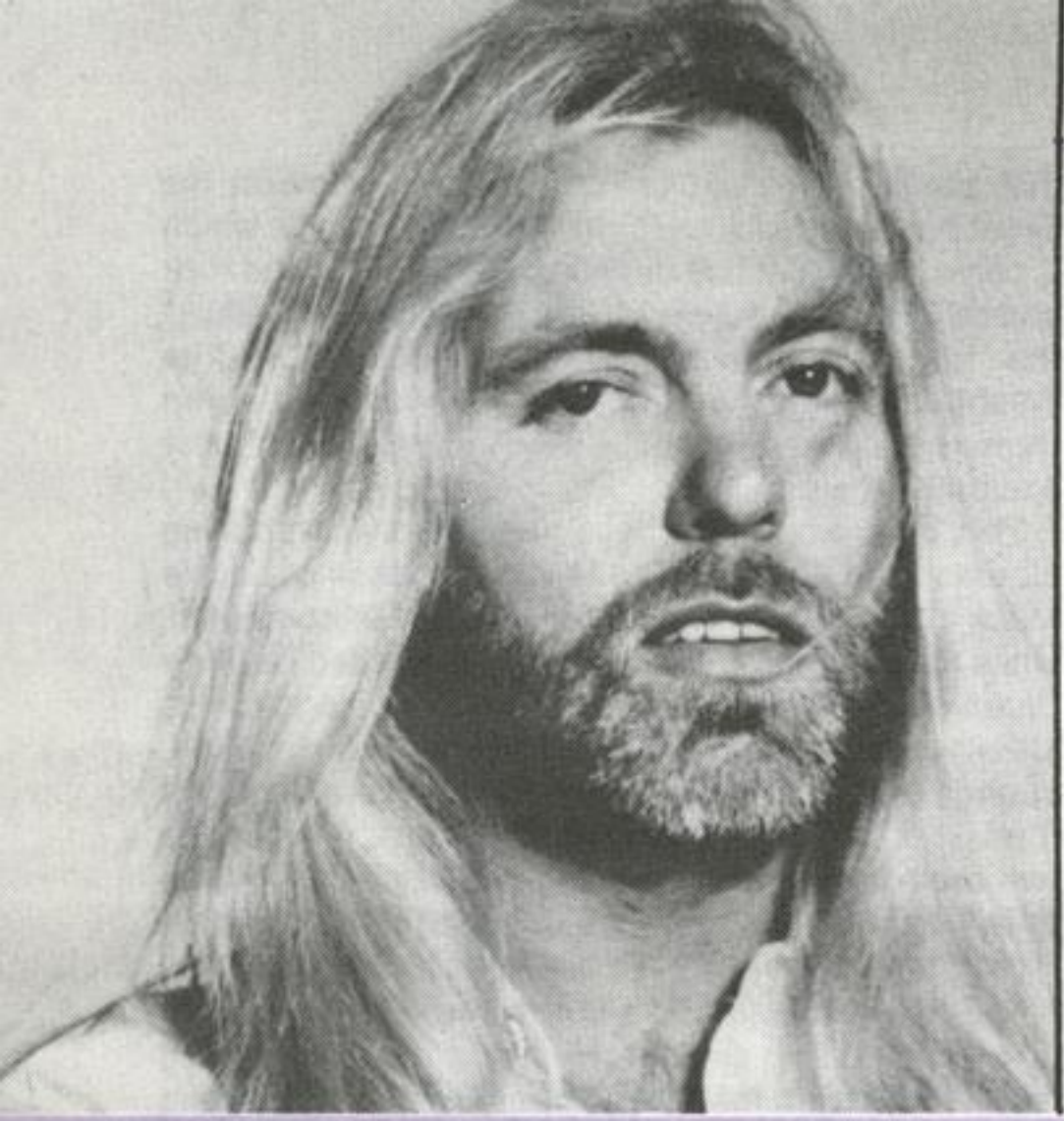
**Set of 6 Assorted Cards \$15.00**

\*\*\* Assortment will come from our large selection of cards.

**Postcards**

c/o Rockin' Relix, Inc.  
P.O. Box 92  
Brooklyn, NY 11229

Greg Allman



## VITAL VINYL

by Tierney Smith

**F**IRST off, the Greg Allman Band returns with *I'm No Angel* (Epic) which begins impressively enough with the title track, a midtempo number that is the LP's best song, and offers more than a few enjoyable moments along the way, though nothing quite measures up to that particular high point. The tunes offered here are in the slow-to midtempo range with Don Toler's melodic guitar fills and some subtle organ and synthesizer touches offering an unobtrusive backdrop to Allman's gritty vocals.

Occasionally things get a bit bland as on the non-descript "Evidence Of Love," Allman's duet with Don Johnson, though it's interesting to note that the two singers' voices are virtually interchangeable on first listen. A tune like "Can't Keep Running," which Allman

sings with conviction, helps to even out the score.

The band includes here a slow, bluesy remake of "It's Not My Cross To Bear," a tune originally heard on the first Allman Brothers LP, while the relaxed pace of "Faces Without Names" and "Things That Might Have Been" find the singer in a more reflective mood. During the course of the LP, Allman covers the emotional spectrum, from the wounded questioning in "Lead Me On" ("Why can't you find it in yourself to just leave me alone?") to the unbridled contentment of "Anything Goes."

Country music doesn't get much better than the good old traditional kind and that's just what Dolly Parton, Linda Ronstadt and Emmylou Harris serve up on their long-awaited *Trio* LP (Warner Bros.). Their timing is nothing if not appropriate. The pure, traditional C&W sound has been making an impressive comeback on the charts of late, as represented by the likes of Randy Travis, George Strait and Dwight Yoakam. *Trio's* simple, stripped-down arrangements and homey instrumental backing (fiddle, mandolin, banjo, acoustic guitar) makes for a delightful back-to-the-roots collection.

On the lyrical side of things, the songs here are almost overwhelmingly weepers—themes of loneliness and heartache are all-pervasive but the generally plucky arrangements make listening to them anything but a downer. Some may bristle at the persistent woe-is-me stance taken by the gals here, especially when you consider that amid all the suffering and weeping the singers show a real fighting spirit only once—on Kate McGarrigle's defiant "I've Had Enough."

Still, Parton, Ronstadt and Harris harmonize well and the melancholia here gives these tunes an especially haunting beauty. When Harris sings, "I wish I were a swallow flying/I'd fly to a high and lonesome place/I'd join the wild birds in their crying," in "My Dear Companion" the result is like a collective sigh. And on Linda Thompson's striking ballad "Telling Me Lies," a tale of betrayal and private torment, Linda Ronstadt sings with a determined conviction.

Being that the trio's personal songwriting input is at

a minimum here, a proper choice of tunes is essential—and they've done well in that department. Included is a fine cover of an old Porter Wagoner/Dolly Parton number, "The Pain Of Loving You," and the transcendent loveliness of Phil Spector's "To Know Him Is To Love Him." There's also a new Dolly Parton composition, the sprightly "Wildflowers," with an appropriate breaking-free sentiment. Listening to Parton singing against a simple acoustic guitar/auto-harp arrangement, one becomes strikingly aware of how Parton as a solo artist is not living up to her potential. She can do much, much better than the half-baked country/rock she seems so enamored of today, and she proves it here. Judging by the writing and execution of "Wildflowers" Parton would do well to pursue the more traditional country path in future outings.

*Trio* ends with two haunting traditional numbers, the delicate "Rosewood Casket" and the soothing spiritual "Farther Along." The latter, featuring all three vocalists taking turns on lead, offers a promise of hope through suffering ("A few more days to labor and wait/Toils of the road will then seem as nothing as we sweep through the beautiful gates").

Santana's latest, *Freedom* (Columbia), is appropriately titled as the word crops up frequently during the course of the recording, and reassuring themes of brotherhood and unity prevail. There's a clear emphasis on percussion, which forms a jumpy backdrop to most of the tunes and the generally busy arrangements deter any threat of dullness.

Excepting the occasional lousy and overwrought moments—"Praise" and "Victim Of Circumstance" respectively, *Freedom* doesn't disappoint. Two instrumentals, the exotic "Mandela" with its busy percussion arrangements and synthesizer patterns and the mellow "Love Is You," featuring Carlos Santana's understated lead guitar and gentle synthesizer colorings, are the LP's standouts. Buddy Miles takes over vocal chores and the lyrics he's given to sing are largely run-of-the-mill. No matter, considering that the lyrics clearly take second place to the music.

Get Your  
C.D. Players  
Ready!

## Here Come The Grateful Dead C.D.'s!! Now Here!

\$18.00  
 \$18.00  
 \$18.00  
 \$18.00  
 \$18.00  
 \$18.00  
 \$21.00

ORIGINAL MASTER RECORDING  
 SHAKEDOWN STREET  
 IN THE WAY  
 Grateful Dead  
 TERRAPIN STATION  
 GRATEFUL DEAD

\$18.00  
 \$18.00  
 \$18.00  
 \$18.00  
 \$21.00

Hear the Grateful Dead sound in the best possible way—No noises, scratches, pops, tape hiss or phase sounds!

C.D.'s c/o Rockin' Relix • P.O. Box 92 • Brooklyn, NY 11229

Soon to be available as C.D.'s: Reckoning, Historic Hot Tuna, Too Hot To Handle, Rock Columbia and other upcoming Relix releases.

\*Please note: Availability of C.D.'s is not constant and delays in shipping may occur. Please allow for possible delays.

# Independents DAZE

by Mick Skidmore

**S**TARTING things off this issue we have something completely different, a comedy record! *Born To Be Tiled*, (Rounder) is a zany, offbeat and entertaining record by the five-piece The Ducks Breath Mystery Theatre.

This San Francisco-based troupe come over like the 80's answer to the 60's Firesign Theater. Most of the material would be best described as wacky, intellectual slapstick. They poke fun sardonically at the yuppie generation, TV preachers, patriotism and politics, amongst other things.

Of the musical numbers, the 60's sounding rocker, "Either Way is Fine With Me," and the whimsical satire, "I'm An Old Folksinger," are the most impressive. Noted Bay Area musician Scott Matthews (The Durocs) produced the record and lends musical support on a variety of instruments.

On a more serious note we have *Inroads*, (Rounder) by New Grass Revival banjo player extraordinaire Bela Fleck. This is his fifth solo effort to date, and again finds him expanding the horizons of the banjo and bluegrass music itself.

His complex, imaginative playing is perfectly complemented throughout by an all-star cast that includes the likes of Mark O'Connor, Jerry Douglas and Sam Bush. However, it is the appearance of Kirby Shelstad on vibraphone that really makes a difference, lending the tunes a truly jazzy air. The interplay between Fleck and Shelstad is quite breathtaking, especially on "Ireland," which mixes Celtic influences with jazz and bluegrass elements. Other impressive tracks are the lengthy "Perplexed" and "The Old Country."

Tony Rice is another musician that has done much for contemporary bluegrass. On his latest album, *Me and My Guitar* (Rounder) he opts for a mostly vocal collection of pop and country tunes, which he colors with his fluid, inventive guitar leads. To his credit he even manages to inject new life into much-covered songs such as Gordon Lightfoot's "Early Morning Rain" and Ian and Sylvia's "Four Strong Winds." Also impressive is the title cut and two dazzling instrumentals, "Tipper" and "Port Tobacco." Both numbers recall Rice's earlier days with David Grisman in their jazzy "newgrass" content. A fine album from an artist that deserves a lot more commercial recognition.

*Songs of Innocence and Experience* (Red House) is Minnesota folk singer Greg Brown's fifth album to date. However, unlike his first four, which were primarily filled with self-penned numbers, this one is more adventurous, being a collection of celebrated English poet William Blake's poems set to Brown's music.

It's certainly Brown's least commercial album to date, but nonetheless an interesting one that's rather austere in nature. His sultry, gruff vocals and imaginative arrangements are impressive. This record works as an overall concept rather than on an individual song-by-song basis.

Also on Red House is *Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Been* by Spider John Koerner (of Koerner, Ray and Glover fame). It's a joyous, unpretentious celebration of urban blues and folk performed with an abundance of empathy and enthusiasm. Koerner has seldom sounded vocally better than on this collection of traditional songs. He is backed by a really hot bunch of musicians, including Peter Ostroushko, Ray Glover, Butch Thomson and Willie Murphy. This mostly acoustic set was recorded in one 12-hour recording session, and it sounds like they had a real ball doing it.

*Carry It On* (Flying Fish) is the kind of record that made folk music such a strong political force back in the 60's. This new two-record collection is a joint effort by folk legend Pete Seeger along with activist/musicians Si Kahn and Jane Sapp.

They tackle classic folk material covering topics like civil rights, racism and unions. Highlights of this emotive record are Sapp's impassioned rendition of "Harriet Tubman" and Seeger's evocative interpretations of "Talkin' Union" and "Bread and Roses."

*Close Cover* (Windham Hill) is the first U.S. album by Belgium keyboard player Wim Mertens. It falls squarely into the "New Age" genre, and is quite an impressive collection. Mertens flits from jazz to classical to pop with comparative ease. He does likewise with synthesizer and acoustic piano. The highlights of this album are the complex 18-minute solo piano piece, "Lir" and the more lush, multi-textured title cut.

There's a whole bunch of albums for Byrds and Burrito fans. First off we have the hard to find Italian import, *Live in Italy* (Moondance) by Sneaky Pete Kleinow, Skip Battin and Ricky Mantoan. This 1985 live set, recorded in Italy as the title suggests, finds Battin and Kleinow teaming up with Italian musicians Mantoan (six and 12 string guitars) and drummer Vincenzo Rei Rosa for a run through of country rock favorites.

It's not a great recording by any means, but it does have its moments. Battin turns in a superb rendition of "Santa Ana Winds," while Kleinow shines on the instrumental "Cannonball Rag" and "Speedin' West." Mantoan adds some nice 12 string to "My Back Pages."

England's Edsel Records has done us a real service by reissuing three albums featuring Gene Clark. There's the two Dillard and Clark albums, *The Fantastic Expedition of* and *Through The Morning Through The Night*, and Clark's hard-to-find solo album, *Roadmaster* (previously only available in Holland). *The Fantastic Expedition* album remains one of the great country-rock albums of all times, with classics such as "This Train Leaves Here This Morning" (Yes, Bernie Leadon was in D&C before The Eagles), "She Darked The Sun" and "Out On The Side." The second album doesn't stand the test of time quite so well, but the title cut still sounds great.

*Roadmaster* is a great album that ironically was never really meant for release. Yet it stands with Clark's best work. Musicians of the caliber of Sneaky Pete, Clarence White and the entire original Byrds (McGuinn, Hillman, Clark and Crosby) back him on various tracks. Highlights are a slow reworking of the 1965 Byrds' song, "She Don't Care About Time" and the gorgeous "She's The Kind Of Girl."

It seems that Relix has gotten around to reissuing some old classics. You can now get Jorma Kaukonen's superb solo record, *Quah*, (well, actually Tom Hobson appears on two cuts) again in its original gatefold sleeve, and Mickey Hart's much-sought-after solo record, *Rolling Thunder*. The latter is perhaps the best ever Dead off-shoot record. Both are essential listening for Relix readers.

Rhino Records are also active on the reissue market with Canned Heat's *Infinite Boogie*, which is actually a reissue of their album with John Lee Hooker originally titled *Hooker 'n' Heat*. The teaming of these boogie giants and the legendary bluesman still sounds as great today as it did over a decade ago. Again, timeless and essential stuff.

A little more in the mainstream rock vein comes Zamp Nicall with his debut album *The New Volunteer* (Neophonic). Nicall has a distinctive voice and has penned some good, melodic rock songs, which have a commercial, contemporary sound. Best cuts are the solo "In My Eye" and the haunting title cut.

Even more impressive is *Street Light* by DeGarmo & Key (Power Discs Records). This Christian music rock band packs a powerful sound and manages to get their message across without sounding too preachy. The strongest number of this well-produced record are the infectious, gutsy "Video Action" and the Tom Petty-ish "Don't Throw Your Love Away."

The last couple of years has seen Queen Ida and her Zydeco Band gaining quite a lot of critical acclaim with their potpourri of musical sounds.

*Caught In The Act* (GNP Records) is a live recording

that captures the excitement of a live show at the Great American Music Hall in 1985. Their music which is cajun in content has dashes of R&B, blues and rock and roll. The self-penned "Sad, Lonesome And Blue," the almost carnival sounding "Willie On The Washboard" and a spirited, accordion-led romp through Nick Lowe's "Half A Boy And Half A Man" best exemplify their sound.

This time around we have two sharply contrasting albums from Alligator. The first is a reissue of Lonnie Mack's 1963 album *The Wham of That Memphis Man*, while the second is a new compilation called *The New Bluebloods, The Next Generation of Chicago Blues*. Mack's album, issued under license from Elektra, sounds a little bit dated in places, but overall it stands the test of time remarkably well. Included here are the two well-known instrumentals "Wham" and "Memphis," as well as some other standouts, "Chicken Pickin'" and the bluesy "Down And Out."

The New Bluebloods' album features ten relatively unknown artists, and there's not a bad one among them. Lil' Ed and the Blues Imperials shine on "Young Thing," a rollicking shuffle number, while John Watkins is equally impressive on the six-minute "Chained To Your Love," a powerful number which features a soulful vocal and some slick guitar work.

Magpie is a duo consisting of Terry Leonino on vocals, dulcimer, harmonica and mandolin, and Greg Artzner on vocals and guitar. *If It Ain't Love* (Philo) is a charming unassuming collection of folk and traditional based songs performed with warmth and perfect precision.

The duo pick great songs from a wide range of musical genres and make them sound refreshing in their interpretations. They do a great version of Phil Ochs' "When I'm Gone," and an interesting rendition of Fats Waller's "If It Ain't Love," as well as a haunting "Hermina De La Victoria," by Victor Jara.

*Step by Step* by John McCutcheon (Rounder) is a very special record. It's an album of hammer dulcimer duets, trios and quartets featuring the groups Metamora, Trapezoid and Walt Michael and Co., as well as Paul Van Arsdale. The music itself is a quite breathtaking mesh of acoustic sounds that combine traditional melodies and arrangements with a new age instrumental flair. Superb atmospheric, haunting stuff played by instrumental virtuosos.

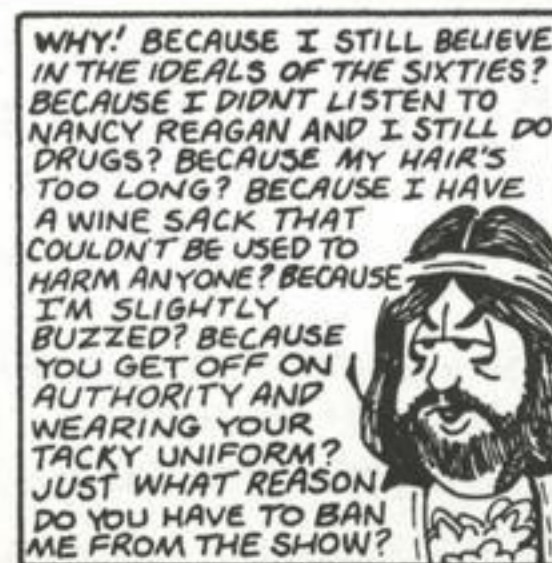
Last but not least we have a bunch of things that only made it as far as cassette tapes, but are well worth checking out. First we have *It's a Monkey's Jungle* from Terry and The Pirates, and the *Acoustic Strangers* by Terry Dolan. Both of these recordings are a little rough in places, but should be of interest to die-hard Dolan fans, as well as John Cipollina addicts.

*It's A Monkey's Jungle* has some hard-hitting rock like "99 Rock" and "Jungle Love," but it's the acoustic tape that's the better of the two. Especially outstanding is the exquisite version of the traditional "The Cuckoo." (T&TP Fanclub, P.O. Box 4355, Arlington, Virginia 22204)

Jerry Jeff Walker has long had a reputation for his great songwriting and robust live shows. *Gypsy Songman* is a 24-track (double length) cassette on his own label, Tried and True Music.

This tape is a collection of Walker's favorite songs recorded with a bunch of friends in a rather ragged, but enjoyable fashion. There are remakes of his classics, such as "Mr. Bojangles," "Charlie Dunn" and "Mild Man," as well as some newer numbers, like his delightful title cut and covers of Chuck Pyle's "Cadillac Cowboy" and David Halley's "Hard Livin'."

Quite simply the most cohesive and enjoyable recorded works available by Walker. (Tried and True Music, P.O. Box 39, Dallas, Texas 78767. \$10 plus \$3 postage and handling.)



**ROLLING STONES  
TELEPHONE**



**A Real Collectible!** While supply lasts  
only \$40.00  
order thru: **Rockin' Relix**  
P.O. 92  
Brooklyn, NY 11229  
*\*N.Y.S. residents add sales tax*



**YES,**  
by popular demand  
you can have this button!!  
Only \$2.00 for 2 buttons from  
**Rockin Relix, Inc.**  
P.O. Box 92, Brooklyn, NY 11229



**LIGHT SHOW**  
(212) 923 3323

Original Design Full color airbrushed t-shirts Send SASE for brochure of designs and info to Scott Boldt 104B Bertan Ave Howell NJ 07731



Bright vivid colors that won't fade at resonable prices. Styles include spirals, double spirals, X's V's, Diamond, Spinals & hearts. Please specify style, size (M L XL) & whether you prefer rainbow colors or darker shades.

Hanes short sleeve Ts .....	\$13.00
Hanes Beefy T Long sleeve .....	18.50
Beach towel 30x60 .....	15.00
Bandanas .....	5.50
Gym shorts .....	12.00
Dresses/Nightshirts .....	18.00
*New Leggings .....	18.00



**Dye-Namics**  
P.O. Box 86  
Liverpool, NY 13088

Prices include postage & handling New York State residents please add applicable sales tax. For free color picture send SASE w/2 stamps. Wholesale inquiries welcome

**Have you or your friends been making crafts and selling them "on the road?"**  
**Do you want to sell more of your crafts to more people?**  
**NOW IS YOUR CHANCE!**

**"Craft Corner"** Advertising rates are as follows:  
1/16th of a page (2 inches) .....\$50.00  
1/8 page (4 inches) .....\$100.00  
1/4 page (8 inches) .....\$200

**We do the layout and typesetting at NO extra charge.**  
pictures and halftones are \$10.00 each.

**Additional Rules:** We must receive the following from you: sample of your product, or picture of your product. Please keep in mind that you can't sell a product that 'infringes' the Grateful Dead trademarks, logos, likenesses or copyrights. (if you are not sure, contact us.)  
**We will highlight the best new product in each issue.**

**This is your opportunity to go worldwide with your products.**  
**Are you ready??**

Contact: **Advertising Dept.**  
c/o Relix Magazine, P.O. Box 92, Brooklyn, NY 11229

**PROFESSIONAL QUALITY DYES!** Make your own tie-dyes with our hard to find High Quality fiber reactive dyes Permanent dyes with bright colors come complete with instructions on dye use & tie-dye techniques We also carry permanent fabric paints in regular & flourescent colors Send SASE for color & price list or get started right away with our special beginners dye package of 4 colors & instructions for only \$16 + \$3 shipping GRATEFUL DISCS 1547 W Briarwood Ave Littleton CO 80120

**GUATEMALAN GOODIES** Friendship bracelets \$10 per dozen wholesale \$60/100 Rasta Rainbow Multicolors Include preferences Elastic shorts w/side pockets \$10 up to 36" waist Shirts V-neck pull overs \$18 Drawstring pants w/side pockets \$18 up to 36" waist Multicolored shoulder bags & wallets \$5 Include sizes Several color preferences & \$2 postage For more detailed info items have FREE brochure Allow 2-3 weeks if on tour sooner otherwise Mail to S Cleaver Box 30244 Oakland CA 94604 We also wholesale.

**COLLECTABLE POSTERS** May the Chicago Wind blow you safely home! Three color poster \$5 per poster 2 for \$9 Price includes shipping Mail check to TR Productions PO Box 341 Olympia Fields IL 60461



**SIZE SMALL**  
Do you wear small shirts? Relix is selling out of their inventory of small shirts. Our selection - \$4.00 each, 3 for \$10.00, 7 for \$20.00. Send your order to: **Small Shirts**, c/o Rockin Relix, Inc., P.O. Box 92, Brooklyn, NY 11229



**Shirts  
the real  
BISCUIT**

\$ 17.50  
(All Costs Includ.)  
Send Ck. or M.O. to E.S.A.Y. PRODUCTIONS  
3020 Bridgeway, Suite 197, Sausalito Ca 94965

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Allow 6 to 8 wk. delivery

# CRAFT CORNER



Tie-dyed t-shirts, longsleeves, tanktops, wallhangings, & more...in high quality, psychedelic colors and designs.

For free color flyer, send 22¢ stamp to:  
13316 Banner Lava Cap Road  
Nevada City, CA 95959



## MEXICAN BAJA SHIRTS!

\$11.00 Each - Postpaid

Sizes S, M, L, XL 100% Cotton

Colors: White, White with stripes & Blue with stripes

SPRINGHOUSE NATURALS  
BOX 27743-R  
PHILADELPHIA PA 19150

Write for our FREE catalog!

SHEEPKNITWEAR presents: in 100% Shetland Lambswool your own unique sweater (wave that flag, even in that cold, cold, cold)

Grateful Dead our specialty! Anything you want; front, back & sleeves or choose from over 80 designs available (all limited editions) Names! Clubs! Teams! Designer Knitwear, Band Motifs. Sweaters also dresses, ponchos, jackets. Prices from \$60, 125 colors every item individually made to measure. Send \$1.00 (refundable) for full color catalogue to: Sheepknitwear, 40 Arthur Rd, Shirley, South Hampton, SO1 5DY ENGLAND Phone # 07-03-392993.

## SIZE MEDIUM

Do you wear medium shirts? Relix is selling out of their inventory of medium shirts. Our selection - \$5.00 each, 3 for \$14.00. Send your order to:

### Medium Shirts

c/o Rockin' Relix, Inc.  
P.O. Box 92  
Brooklyn, NY 11229

# WANT PAGES

Non commercial advertising rates are charged at the rate of \$10.00 for the first 10 words and 15¢ for each additional word. Name, address and zip codes count as words.

Commercial rates are \$20.00 for the first 10 words and 20¢ for each additional word. Display advertising is available at the rate of \$25.00 per column inch CAMERA READY.

Send all ad copy to AD DEPT. c/o RELIX MAGAZINE, P.O. Box 94, Brooklyn, NY 11229.

**RELIX MAGAZINE is strongly opposed to the selling of any tapes.** As the Grateful Dead are against video taping, we maintain our decision not to advertise the trading of video tapes. These decisions are not only made to conform with the wishes of the Grateful Dead Organization, but also to uphold the sanctity of the unwritten rules of tape collecting.

**STELLA BLUE CLUB** Dead sets 1976-1986 Song-lists Vol II The Second 10 years Accurate Complete set lists of the GD 150 pages printed w/cover \$12.00 sent 1st class pay CR Trainor Box 51 Cedar Pines CA 92322 Allow 6 weeks

**GD TAPE CLUB** No Membership fee Absolutely no list too small Could use a few stamps Send lists to Rich Lindner 8655 Kugler Mill Rd Cincinnati OH 45243

**BEAUTIFUL UK ROCK CONCERT POSTERS** 1967-75 Some of the most beautiful rock & psychedelic posters ever produced Rare 1st UK edition originals also some cheaper ltd edition prints from a long time UK collector Including one of the rarest Bob Dylan posters ever printed (Metallic 67 original) Also Pink Floyd Rolling Stones Frank Zappa Hendrix Beatles Zeppelin Doors Bowie Cream T Rex Donovan etc + UK 1960 festivals & UK version of Woodstock Send \$2 for lists of 40 posters to NJ Mentzel 121 Kimberly Rd Penylan Cardiff Wales UK

**Brooklyn, Deadheads** - Relix is looking for trustworthy, hard working, reliable non-cigarette smoker for office assistance. Write to Relix Job, Box 94, Bklyn, NY 11229. Include phone # and any info about yourself you feel is necessary.

**FREE ROCK N ROLL CATALOG!** Over 100 pages of hard-to-find Import & Domestic albums, Singles, Books, Videos & more! **RECORDWORKS** 1013 Reisterstown Rd Baltimore MD 21208 301-484-2080

## WANTED

Let's trade Jorma/Tuna tapes Send list Gadler 180 N Plain Rd Gt Barrington MA 01230

600 Hrs Your list for mine J Henry 455 E 14th St NYC 10009

Carolina Deadhead on the road again 300+ hrs Trades only Sam Higgins 904 Kirkwood Cir Camden SC 29020

Have some Van Band Need more Have 100+ hrs GD 15634 Veronica E Detroit MI 48021 Chuck

Beginner needs Qual GD Neil Young Tuna Have a few Will trade blanks Jim RR1 Box 393 Danielson CT 06239

200+ hrs Want more Tuna CSNY Pie 75 Dead JC 284C Hampton Rd Marlboro NY 12542

New Collector with choice traders Needs 10/29/71 12/1/77 7/1/79 5/9/78 TDK SA-90 pref Qual please to Swithin 598 Maclaren #3 Ottawa Canada K1R 5K9

Anything beyond Dafos? Beg w/lots of blanks & thanx Mike Nagy 16655 LaAvenida Houston TX 77062

Dear Mr. Fantasy Need 5/10/86 6/30/86 6/28-29/86 Have 300 hrs incl 12/15-31/86 & Spring 87 C Laughlin 24 Cross Rd Darien CT 06820

Hey Now Looking for 2/21/82 My first show have 300 hrs GD Kevin Berkery 308 N Louise #13 Glendale CA 91206

Need GD tapes esp Oakland 86 Irvine 87 Egypt CSN new friends 213-375-7411 Gail Gangale 351 Palos Verdes B1 #18 Redondo Bch CA 90277

Have 100 hrs good GD Lets exch lists & trade Dave Kopel 242 Prospect Pk W Bklyn NY 11215

Looking for tape of late 60s Czech group Plastic People of the Universe Jeff Mark 2930A Adeline Berkeley CA 94703

Wanted Qual New Years 1985 86-87 Have Qual Fillmore 71 & others to trade Tom McCormick Box 1734 Nevada City CA 95959

Hours to trade Please send list of GD & Tuna Louis Plante III 695 Talcottville Rd #39B Vernon CT 06066

Original unplayed The GD Movie VHS offered in trade for 15 hrs min GD audio tapes Bid V Buistad Prestegardsvn 14B 0851 Oslo 8 Norway

Beginning GD collector needs your help Will send qual blanks Send lists D Alfieri 2532 E 16 St Bklyn NY 11235

Hey Now Lookin for New Years Hartford 3/26-27 & Meadowlands 4/7 shows D Power Box 1295 Southold NY 11971

Any GD Tuna Jorma Send list Lisa 600 W Ave Sewaren NJ 07077 May have something you're looking for

Wanted MOBY GRAPE tapes esp 87 reunion Also Love Country Joe & Fish 700+ hrs GD & non/GD to trade Perry Morgen 1424 Lehigh 2B Glenview IL 60025

Wanted Original GD 45s Highest prices paid Write Cosmic Charlie Box 238 Kenilworth NJ 07033

A Pizza Place,  
or So It Looks From Space



131 COTTAGE ST.  
BAR HARBOR, MAINE 04609  
(207) 288-5222

The best pizza north of Flatbush  
The best music in the world

1000 hours of new and old Dead to listen to or trade

Let a Deadhead Feed Your Face  
with some of the best food in New England

Try our special Deadhead pizzas — the Medcall  
and the Friend of the Devil



Jorma freak needs GD Tuna Jorma Airplane Have 100 hrs to trade Jason 7 Burr Rd E Npt NY 11731

Have 150 hrs GD incl masters from Spring tour Want anything HiQual Mike 34 Berkshire Way Simsbury CT06070

I need a miracle Lost my tapes of my very 1st show 5/13/77 Chicago Aud John Udell 719 Plainfield Rd Joliet IL 60435

Dark Star Jerry Looking for sets with Dark Star Have plenty to trade Send lists Joe Egan 75 Olde Birch Portland ME 04103

WANTED 85 86 87 GD Have lots of HiQual mostly West Coast stuff to trade Also Springsteen J Browne Little Feat many others All letters answered Dave Kanner 3611 SE Washington Portland OR 97214

Desperately want tape for special friend 1/20/79 Sheas Buffalo Contact Fox 908 West Ave Medina NY 14103

Wanted Pictures of Joan Baez Etta James Band Dylan performing with GD Rich 257 Captain Rd Longmeadow MA 01106

2500 hrs GD related Creedence Tuna Gabriel etc HiQual Low Gen Exch lists R Bugeya 273 Coachlight Sq Montrose NY 10548

SDBD ALERT Trade HiQual old/new sdbds Exch lists Bill Herz 123 Eastern Hts Dr Ithaca NY 14850

Dear Mr Fantasy Need Frost 5/10-11/86 Cal Expo 5/4/86 Riverbend 6/30/86 Have over 300 hrs of sdbds incl 12/15-16-30-3/86 3/3/87 Send lists for trade C Laughlin 24 Cross Rd Darien Ct 06820

Seeking Clapton Derek Cream Faith Have 120+ hrs Write Snark 6061 Village Bend Dr Apt 207 Dallas TX 75206

Need GD Halloween 85-86 4/19, 21/86 SDBD 12/16/86 12/31/86 also Weir acoustic solo Have 200 hrs KB 5905 N Euclid Gladstone MO 64118

Wanted Spirit Moby Grape Sons of Champlin P Zisook 1351 Eastwood Highland Pk IL 60035

Beginner Taper desires old live GD 66-70 Have some to trade Also need correspondence Tim Beeney 1317 W Shenandoah Dr Peo IL 61614

Wanted Fox Theater 10/85 Trade Andy Berman 3281 Gifford Ln Miami FL 33133 305-444-1836

Need HiQual 9/18/82 & 10/8/84 Have list Lets trade Brian LaBrecque Box 350 Bristol NH 03222

RIPPED OFF Minister Deadhead lost all his tapes Can send blanks Gregory Barrette 629 Kailua Rd #204 Kailua HI 96734

I WILL NOT SURVIVE without more tapes Please send lists Will send blanks & cover postage W Lichtman 9913 Ridgeline Dr Gaithersburg MD 20879

TRADE 2000 hrs combined GD JGB Exch lists Nancy Burns RD4 222A Pittengerpond Rd Freehold NJ 07728

TEXAS DH needs help in starting tape collection Will provide blanks & will pass the magic on to other heads Gene B 6300 Westpark #210 Houston TX 77057

Need 12/2/81 Chicago 83 6/30 7/4/84 Alpine 84 85 86 4/9, 10, 11/87 Novack 1100 N. Farnsworth 2C Aurora IL 60505

Have many hrs GD videos & 200 hrs audio Want rare videos & audios Kingfish Jessy Davis Taj Bloomfield pre 77 GD Weir Neil Jorma Chicago Blues Band Stealy Dan Feat Zappa Presly Barton Pay or trade HiQual ONLY Keiji Kurita 2-5-15 Kasugacho Shimizu 424 JAPAN

New trader needs more magic music Have 100 hrs Mary 38 Royalwood Ct Chesire CT 06410

Seeking Bloomfield Butterfield Gravenites Otis Rush Roomful Blasters Thunderbirds Butterfield Will trade GD 6204 Oyster Bay Rd NW Olympia WA 98502

Need Hampton 79 Any/all 86 Hunters Any/all 86 Tuna D dobbins Rt 1 Box 189A Hinton WV 25951

Wanted Live outtakes Goodman Waits PrineWainwright Screaming Messiahs Have large list Tuna Jorma GD others to trade Bruce Box 270633 Montara CA 94037

Wanted Electric Tuna Airplane early GD Will trade 1970s GD Jim Pinchak 29 Beechwood Ct Monmouth Jct NJ

Too much of everything is just not enough Trade some GD? Want some Tuna Bill 1511C Pine St New Orleans LA 70118

Hawaiian Head wants trades from anywhere Exch lists Ernie Norquist 98-351 Koaukai 1204 C Alea HI 96701

New head wants to trade blanks for tapes Dennis Ricketts 1 Geenhill Ln Hampton VA 23666

Chicago DH would like to trade tapes Have 200+ hrs Contact Dave Skrodzki 443 Webster #3 Chi IL 60614 348-5023

Need 2/3/79 12/7/79 Indianapolis Will send blanks John Sheehan 2915 Haverhill Dr Indianapolis IN 46240

Need help finding Little Feat/Lowell George tapes West Germany shows 77 Will supply tapes Trip Box 155 Yorklyn DE 19736

DEADHEAD Looking for Qual GD to trade Have 90 hrs Will send blanks Pete 571 Oaklawn Ave Cranston RI 02920

Need HiQual GD tapes Will trade blanks (Tim B of St Petes: Lost your address) Mike Box 1436 Leominster MA 01453

Need early stuff & low Gen sdbds GD JGB others 1500 hrs Serious collectors only Mark Rizzo Box 7106 Fitchburg MA 01420

Determined DH anxious to expand collection Willing to send blanks Kevin White 544 Adirondack WC CA 94598

Need Qual GD & related tapes Send lists to Guy DuBose 1731 Colby Ave #108 Los Angeles CA 90025

CANADIANS Looking for Canadian DHs to trade tapes with Need tapes to start collection ED Box 296 Cote St-Luc Montreal Quebec H4V 2Y4

Will buy concert photos Send info to Duncan McConnell 936 Mission St #329 SF CA 94103

HELP A DH IN NEED of last years Irvine shows Send lists David 12119 Inavale PI LA CA

British DH needs GD tapes Postage/blanks/thanks Thomas Haight Ashbury Llanasa Rd Gronant Clwyd LL19 9TL

280 hrs GD Band Blondie Marley Quicksilver Neil Young Santana G Baughn 516 Margaret Ave Aptos CA 95003

TRADE Pre-74 GD Airplane Quicksilver Kerouac 1000 hrs John Coulter J5 Cliffside Apts Sunderland MA 01375 Also Live Seastones

Hey Now American DH in Turkey still craves tapes/ letters all replies answered Doug PSC #4 Box 44 APO NY 09294

600 Sdbd hrs Want more Exp only Fred Fisher 3465 Torrance Blvd #N Torrance CA 90503

THE BUS CAME BY & I got on Need tapes have 120+ to trade John Gilleis 14355 Burbank Bl Van Nuys CA 91401 #18

Radio Bdcsts GD JGB to trade Ike Silver 425 Christopher Ave T4 Gaithersburg MD 20379

Desert taper w 75+ hrs wants to trade lists/tapes 1LT Paul Fordiani Bldg 111 Rm 206 Ft Irwin CA 92310

Live GD 450 hrs pre 76 only + other groups M Festa 68th St Bklyn NY 11219

Please help newcomer Will send blanks All letters answered Debbie Box 9454 Charlotte NC 28299 Happy from WC Write Campbell

Have a few HiQual Sdbd Want more Will send blanks or short list D Palumbo RD #1 Salter Rd North Rose NY 14516

Wanted Pink Floyd Send lists to Doug Adams 45 Clearview Dr Pittsford NY 14532

Deadhead stuck in Marines seeks traders & correspondence Glenn 223 Smilax Rd Apt 225 Vista CA 92083

Have 140 hrs GD tapes from 67-68 Will trade Send lists Chris Rt 2 Box 160-75 Denver NC 28037

Need Hershey Pk 6/28/85 1st set Will send blanks postage etc Jason 10 Commons Dr Bradford Woods PA 15015

Our LOVE for JGB TAPES is bigger than a Cadillac Send list to President Frontenac Dev Co 235 Moore St Hackensack NJ 07601

Wanted JGB 5/31/83 GD 5/16/80 Willing to trade Send lists S Canny 1129 77 St Bklyn NY 11228

Desperately need Philly 3/29/87 3/30/87 Will send blanks or trade Adam Ziccardi 6124 Berkeley Orchard Pk NY 14127

Make me smile smile Need Manor Downs & SW tour tapes DC 1718 W Lawndale #347 SA TX 78209

Looking for sdbds Centrum 87 shows Lets trade George Field 117 Singletary Ave Sutton MA 01527

DH in search of black bumper sticker w/muli colored dancing bears Cuthbert 1561 Birnham Dr Charlottesville VA 22901

Have 100 hrs Lets exch lists & trade E Martin 1575A Avati Ln Aurora IL 60505

SERIOUS TRADERS ONLY Lots to trade GD Stones Poco Beck others John Tsalikes 1910 Candlewood Dr Holiday FL 33590

Hey Now Need Merriweather 6/85 Philly Sring 86 & RFK 1st show 7/86 Have Allah & Mars outtakes Jerry Y 521 N Paradise Aberdeen MD 21001 Will send blanks & postage

800 hrs GD greats mostly exc sdbds Looking to trade Send lists 350 Peck Ln Orange CT 06477

Wanted Good Qual 11/24/84 JG Capitol shows Will send blanks Joe Czapkowski 14 Ferris St South River NJ 08882

Will trade GD grab bag of collectibles for HiQual tapes Mix-Man 9 N. Lincoln Wenonah NJ 08090 Also have tapes send lists

New Deadhead in Great White North wishes music would never stop Needs help starting Hiqua collection Will exchange blanks/postage Send lists Drew 1507 Sunnycove Drive Mississauga Ontario Canada L4X 1B4

Have 200+ hrs Looking for 11/17/78 Loyola U Any live Radiators or Sea Level Please send lists NR Cohen 424 Rutherford Blvd Clifton NJ 07014

Wanted Live Neil Young esp MSG 10/7/86 Also want more GD Exch lists Matt Golden 666 West End Ave #5T NYC 10025

Dead lawyer needs music Trade lists Want Airplane QMS Tuna CSNY Jorma Paul Crawford 2510 So 6th St Apt B37 Marshalltown IA 50158

Trade GD tapes HiQual Send lists or call 312-433-6377 David Burman 643 Detamble HP IL 60035

Need Kingfish w/Lazy Lightning also New Have Col 5/10/78 Kevin O'Loane Box 1501 Garden Grove CA 92642

Have Go Ahead Hot Tuna BS & T Hunter from Buffalo 86 Need any JGB or Weir Acid Tests Hunter Hamilton 398 Parkdale BFLO NY

We can share the lists We can share the tapes Write Ed Hinson 3925 Folly Quarter Rd Ellicott City MD 21043

Have Qual GD Need more Exch lists Pat Cooper Rt 2 Box 463T Summerland Key FL 33042

Want 3/31/80 Have 650 hrs GD JGB others J Morrison 115 E Lincoln Ave Roselle Pk NJ 07204

### PERSONALS

Single Jewish Male DEADHEAD 30s seeking female into pre 73 GD & SF music for possible lifelong friendship love & companionship NYC area if possible All correspondence welcome Write Mark Rosenblatt Apt 2C 3050 Fairfield Ave Riverdale NY 10463

Fledgling DH seeks correspondence from DHs all over esp WA state who also like Joni Mitchell Joan Armatrading Rickie Lee Jones I'm stuck in the army! Help!! pv 2 JD Jones C Co 121 Sig Bn Ft Riley KS 66442

To the thousands of good heads who answered by ads I was hospitalized Hope you understand Thanks Aiko Nannette - Oregon

To all Bodies swing to the beat Arms fly hi in the heat The Dead can't be beat.

Happy 29th Birthday Rich Baxley of Denver CO Heres to a Gratefully Deadiated friend Joe & Marjie

Florida Dead Sunshine Daydream Tampa DHs starving but faithful & grateful

Dave Happy Birthday to us I will give what love I have to give long as I live Always Lisa

Patti May that next city we watch melt be Morrison Buzzys Hamden Falling leaves the Bob Weir show Love Colleen

Tom Gary Chris & Gary Had a grate time at RFK along with Big Fella Hey Tojo who are you?

Garcia shows it only gets better Can't wait for Irvine & SF with you Trapper

I'd like to meet other DHs Please write Janice Fink 2269 N Monitor Chicago IL 60639

Looking forward to all of you turning our tranquill seaside town into a colorful happening Lets try again Ventura in 87

Why did you want to say goodbye? Nassau A Coliseum

GD Thanks for Eyes of The World Wake of Floods debut changed my life forever Let it grow John Burritt Canaan NH

The ancient Nostradamus has predicted that Librascope the worlds first Astrological Band will be rising from the Western hemisphere.

Hello to Ann Rogers of Albany NY Hope you enjoyed the Spring tour Love Chris & Annette

Lost friend Mike Maritone where are you? Anyone who knows please write Phil Dyer #N52523 EM Correctional Ctr 100 Hillcrest Rd East Moline IL 61244 or call 301-299-3561

Norm Marc Karen Paul Jim Lets rock Alpine Thanks for Pavillion memories

Hey now dudes at TKB Cold Mazda memories in Philly Dead deafening pre show Thanks JJ & Timmy Peace Big Sister

Big Huge Euge & Celia Thanks for all the great tunes Wool be seein ya soon Love Mad

J KEVIN SMITH You can touch a life with the tip of your finger But once you grasp a life in the palm of your hand No matter how hard you try You can't let it go May Florida bring you all you need.

JIM BRUNKARD Where are you? I'm at Box 972 Kennebunk ME Please write Doug Waterhouse

DONNA MAE WILL YOU MARRY ME? KNUCKLEHEAD

Saluting all the faithful at the summer wall party Curts farewell 86 Day trippers Craig Hol Jen & Tom

Greetings to Paulson Freak PT Logan Cyndie Karen Rob Mike Covie Waxie Scotti JJS Gavey Jennifer Diana Mark Peace DVL

Hey now Leif Surfin in Santa Cruz Thanks for the tape Ready for MEs cold rain & snow? Love Sister

Hello to Jerry & the boys from Patty & Bobby Guerra

Every day Iris Shapiro wakes up to find out that she is the eye of my world Love Will Shapiro

**Attention Deadheads BOYCOTT SCALPERS & ticket agencies Stop gate crashing Lets see more smiles at shows.**

Hey now Dave Herman play us some rock & roll More breakfast in bed w/the good ol GD

Bayside I remember Love Garry

To my wife Karen who I am totally deadiated to I love you

Montana Deadheads or anybody else Lets get together Andy Apple 406-862-5869 603 Scott Av Whitefish MT 59937

Thank you Haiku GD love grows with tie dyed blossoms of Spring On the road again Perseverance furthers Peace

The key to Liger Oz is Love is the law love under will

Everyone who found the Hampton Godzilla to be an irritating distracting raise your hand

Hey now Best wishes in 87 to Jerry & the boys Hanover awaits your return Dartmouth heads

Dr Nitro Get fired up for Nov Berkeley shows Hotel Calif loves gracious DHs AMF Stone

Andy your map reading was excellent Without it we'd still be lost in Worcester Great trip Bob

Stacy Feehan The music never stops Happy Birthday Let the lovelight shine Greg

AL GILHAM in SF area Where are you? Letter came back not deliverable Please write or call Zoe from Winnipeg

Hey George Hows Dallas? Keep those tires rollin Tedd

Jason Since we can't take the Spring tour to Israel we'll bring your spirit to the tour Miss you EYES Scott

Happy Birthday Chuck Hey Abe You guys enjoying the Promised Land? Love from the old coast Jenny B

Thank you GD for the Xmas card You made me feel like family

Jerry Wishing the best brother ever a Happy Birthday Don't forget Red Rocks 87 Love John

To Garcia & gang Why the Pacific NW boycott? We miss & need you Béam down soon Capt Kirk

Don Thanks for being my friend Christi & Cathy We can have hi times if you abide Peace love & GD Alex GRBY

Abby My One True Love You're my sunshine in the morning & moonlight at night Love John

Tony Are the eggrolls & my room ready for Alpine yet? Your E Coast DH Doreen

DEADHEAD would gratefully appreciate correspondence Am behind bars Adam Ellwood 87A1489 Collins Corr Facility Helmuth NY 14079

Heres to Stas Silly Billy & CK for their years of Deadiation Soon the dreams will be really real

Steve Csar Grateful to you for turning me on to the Dead GV 4979 Appaloosa Tr Norcross GA 30071

I love the GD Their music is great Get hi on life Nineteen Twenty

Female DH wanted Tidewater VA Professional man 31 into beaches mountains GD since 69 Please call 804-623-3510

All we are saying is give peace a chance War is over if you want it

Paroled & exiled street cat would love hearing from you Write Nassau Coliseum 390 Ninth Ave NYC 10001 Be Persistent!

MN DEAD FREAKS UNITE Who are you? Where are you? Tapes for trade Jim/Jeff 612-476-4919

Looking for heads that I miss Jack Dietz & Mike Keany from Jersey Keep in touch Debby 6115 SW 35th Ct Apt 6 Miramar FL 33023

Jeff says hi to Utility Muffin Steve Daryl Matt & Jeff from Newfane NY Skeletons come out of the closet

Hey now Can't imagine the effect if the GD played near here John Box 225 Custer South Dakota

Happy Birthday Lars 20 years after Stay above water

JIMBO - HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO US We're in great company May 24th! - Toni

### Advertising Deadlines for Upcoming Issues:

Deadline:  
8/20/87 for October 1987 Vol. 14, #5  
10/20/87 for December Vol. 14, #6  
12/20/87 for February 1988 Vol. 15, #1  
2/20/88 for April 1988 Vol. 15, #2  
4/20/88 for June 1988 Vol. 15, #3  
6/20/88 for August 1988 Vol. 15, #4

### Change of Address

All subscription inquiries must include either your mailing address label or your old address including zip code. Allow 4 weeks processing time. We will not be responsible for replacement of issues not rec'd. because of improper notification of address change. Magazines mailed to the wrong address are destroyed by the post office unless a proper magazine forwarding order has been placed with them.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address \_\_\_\_\_

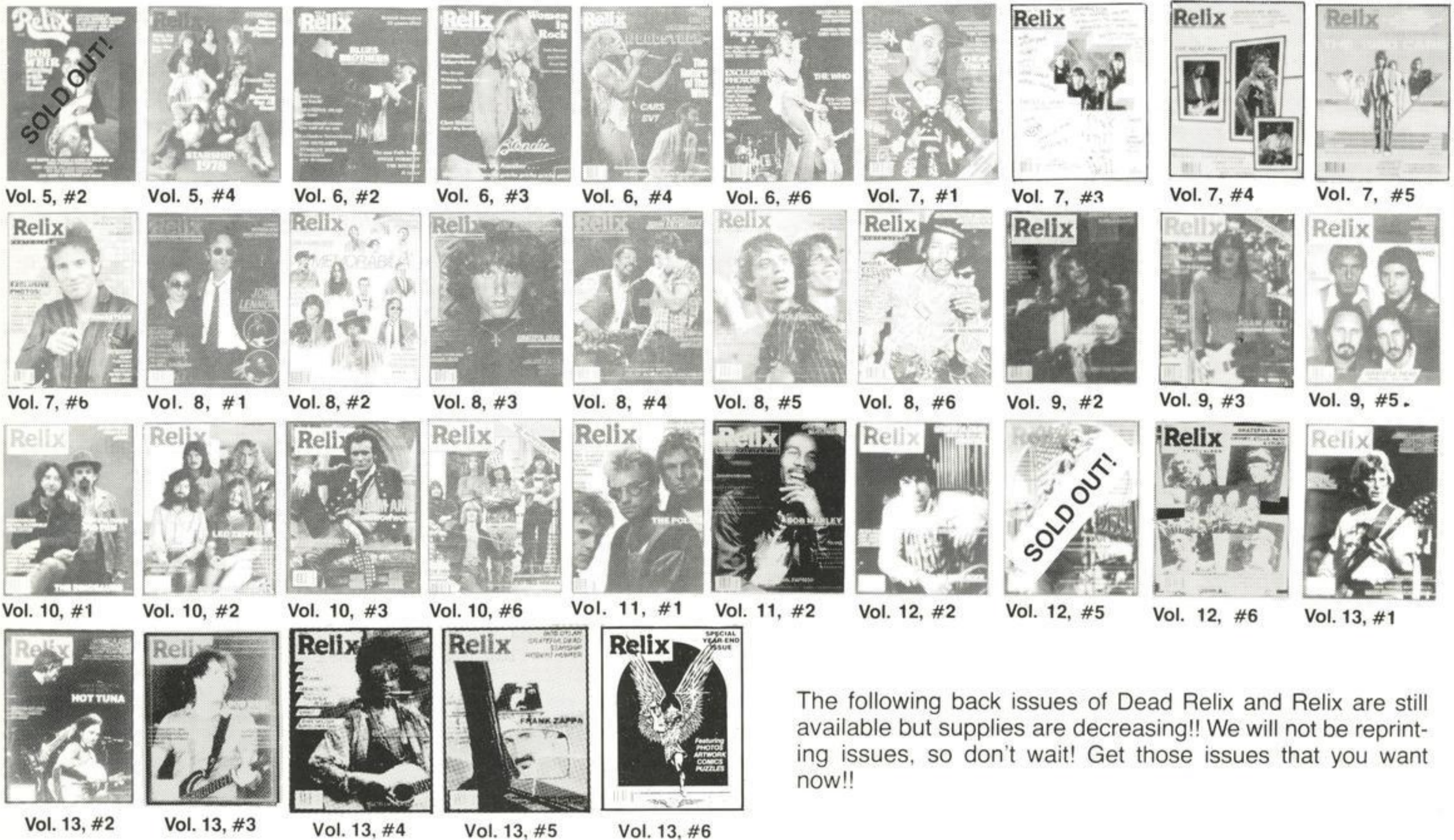
City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_

Please address all subscription orders and inquiries to:

**Relix Magazine**  
P.O. Box 94  
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11229

# BACK ISSUES OF RELIX



The following back issues of Dead Relix and Relix are still available but supplies are decreasing!! We will not be reprinting issues, so don't wait! Get those issues that you want now!!

- Vol. 5, #2** Bob Weir Special: Interview with Bob Weir, Hunter, Tom Waits, Moby Grape, Beatlemania, Dan Healy, the Grateful Dead soundman, sounds off **\$5.00**
- Vol. 5, #4** Jefferson Starship, Stones tour, Leila and the Snakes, Greg Kihn, The Rubinoos, Eddie Money, Pablo Cruise **\$3.00**
- Vol. 6, #2** The Blues Brothers with the Grateful Dead on New Year's Eve at Winterland **\$3.00**
- Vol. 6, #3** Woman in Rock—BLONDIE, Byrds, Dire Straits, Peter Tosh, Janis Joplin, Ronstadt, Larson, Juice Newton, Pearl E. Gates, The Police **\$2.00**
- Vol. 6, #4** THE WHO. Interview with Paul Kantner, The Cars, Woodstock, S.V.T. **\$4.00**
- Vol. 6, #6** PHOTO SPECIAL ALBUM 35 rare and exclusive photos. Including The Who, Stones, Grateful Dead (8), Beatles, Jim Morrison, Springsteen (4) and others **\$10.00**
- Vol. 7, #1** Cheap Trick, Charlie Daniels, Southside Johnny, Mick Taylor, JORMA, Marshall Tucker Band **\$3.00**
- Vol. 7, #3** Featuring PINK FLOYD, Ramones, PIL, Lovich, Clash. Also G.D. Trivia contest **\$3.00**
- Vol. 7, #4** Interview with Jerry Garcia. Blues Brothers, Toots and the Maytals, The Who, Stones and Kinks **\$3.00**
- Vol. 7, #5** THE 1980 CARS exclusive interview. Second half of Garcia interview. Ray Davies, Nash **\$3.00**
- Vol. 7, #6** PHOTO SPECIAL '80 - Exclusive photos of Springsteen, Led Zeppelin, The Grateful Dead, Petty, David Bowie, Pat Benatar, The Rolling Stones **\$4.00**

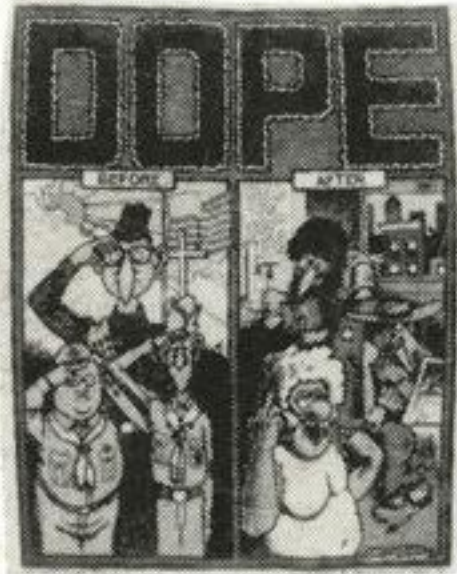
- Vol. 8, #1** JOHN LENNON. Interview with Bill Graham, Dead, Springsteen, Police, Stones, Song Title conterfold, etc. **\$2.00**
- Vol. 8, #2** MEMORABILIA SPECIAL! **\$2.00**
- Vol. 8, #3** Jim Morrison, Grateful Dead History, Lenny Kaye, Garland Jeffreys, Doors Song Title Centerfold **\$2.00**
- Vol. 8, #4** SPRINGSTEEN! John Entwistle, Black Uhuru, Psychedelic Era Artists **\$2.00**
- Vol. 8, #5** The Rolling Stones, Robert Hunter, Marty Balin, Peter Tosh, Grateful Dead Song Title Poster, etc. **2.00**
- Vol. 8, #6** PHOTO SPECIAL featuring—Hendrix, Dead, Stones, Springsteen, Ozzy, Petty, Zappa **\$2.00**
- Vol. 9, #2** OZZY OSBOURNE—A Grateful Dead freak goes to see Ozzy! Interview with Clarence Clemons, GD Song Title bonus poster **\$3.00**
- Vol. 9, #3** JOAN Jett. Ozzy bites the bat, Motels, U2, Flo & Eddie, Robert Hunter, Journey **\$3.00**
- Vol. 9, #5** THE WHO. Grateful Dead Song List, Us Festival, Springsteen, Iron Maiden, Riot, Priest, Steel Pulse **\$3.00**
- Vol. 10, #1** PIG PEN, The Dinosaurs, Morrison, Stray Cats and JORMA **\$4.00**
- Vol. 10, #2** LED ZEPPELIN, Grateful Dead & Jamaican Music Festival **\$3.00**
- Vol. 10, #3** ADAM ANT, Grateful Dead, Tom Petty, Matthew Kelly and more **\$2.00**

- Vol. 10, #6** Double Ten Year Anniversary Issue!! Tons of GD!! **\$4.00**
- Vol. 11, #1** Police, Mickey Hart, Jorma, Arms Benefit **\$3.00**
- Vol. 11, #2** BOB MARLEY, Hunter & Ray Vaughan Interviews. GD New Years & More **\$3.00**
- Vol. 12, #2** Mickey Hart, Matthew Kelly and Kingfish, New Years Eve **\$4.00**
- Vol. 12, #5** May **SOLD OUT!** ater, G.D. Discography **\$4.00**
- Vol. 12, #6** PHOTO SPECIAL Never before seen photos of G.D., Joplin, Hendrix **\$4.00**
- Vol. 13, #1** Jorma, Casady, G.D. **\$3.00**
- Vol. 13, #2** Hot Tuna reunion tour **\$3.00**
- Vol. 13, #3** Bob Weir & the 1986 Trips Festival **\$3.00**
- Vol. 13, #4** DYLAN & DEAD **\$3.00**
- Vol. 13, #4** DYLAN, DEAD & Hunter **\$3.00**
- Vol. 13, #6** Photo Special **\$3.00**
- Vol. 14, #1** The Dead Return **\$4.00**

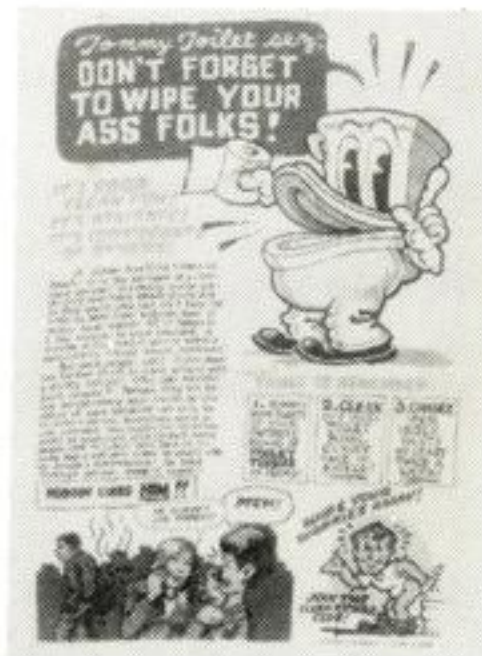
SEND YOUR BACK ISSUE ORDERS TO:  
**BACK ISSUES DEPT.**  
**C/O RELIX MAGAZINE**  
**P.O. BOX 94,**  
**BROOKLYN, NY 11229**

\*Back issues are sent out by second class mail, and can take 6 to 8 weeks to arrive at your house, so please be patient.

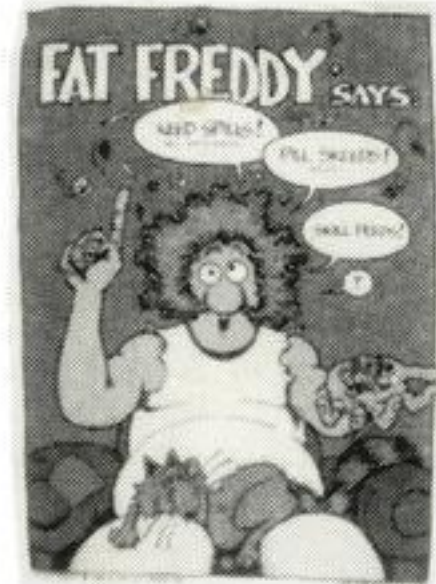
LET'S RETURN TO THOSE GLORIOUS DAYS OF YESTERYEAR  
 WITH THE  
**FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS  
 and  
 FRIENDS!**



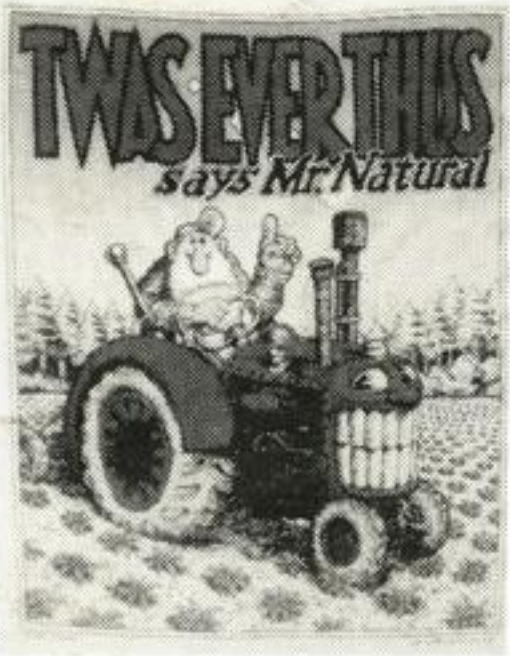
Dope - Before and After



Tommy Toilet Sez:



Fat Freddy Sez:



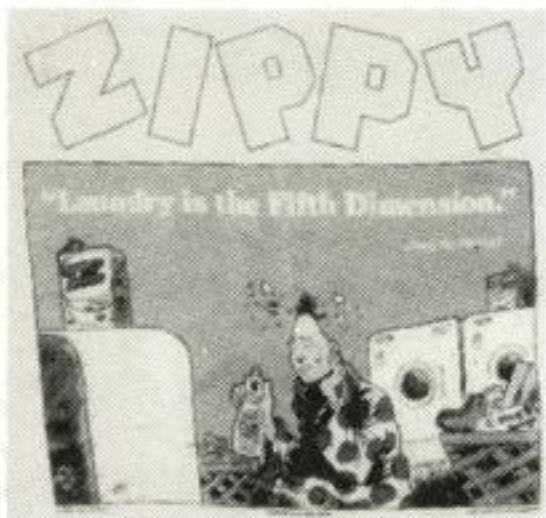
Mr. Natural Sez:



Fat Freddy's Cat #1



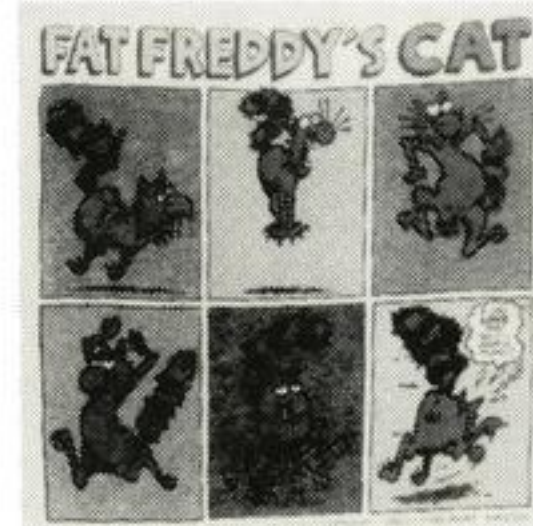
Zippy for President



Zippy - Laundry is the 5th Dimension



The Forty Year Old Hippy



Fat Freddy's Cat #2

**All Shirts**  
**100% Cotton**  
**American Made**  
**M, L, XL**

**\$12.00\*\***  
 Inc. P&H

**3 Shirts for \$33.00**

order thru:  
**The Freak Brothers**  
 c/o Rockin' Relix  
 P.O. Box 92  
 Brooklyn, NY 11229

\*Wholesale Inquiries Invited

\*\*N.Y.S. residents add sales tax