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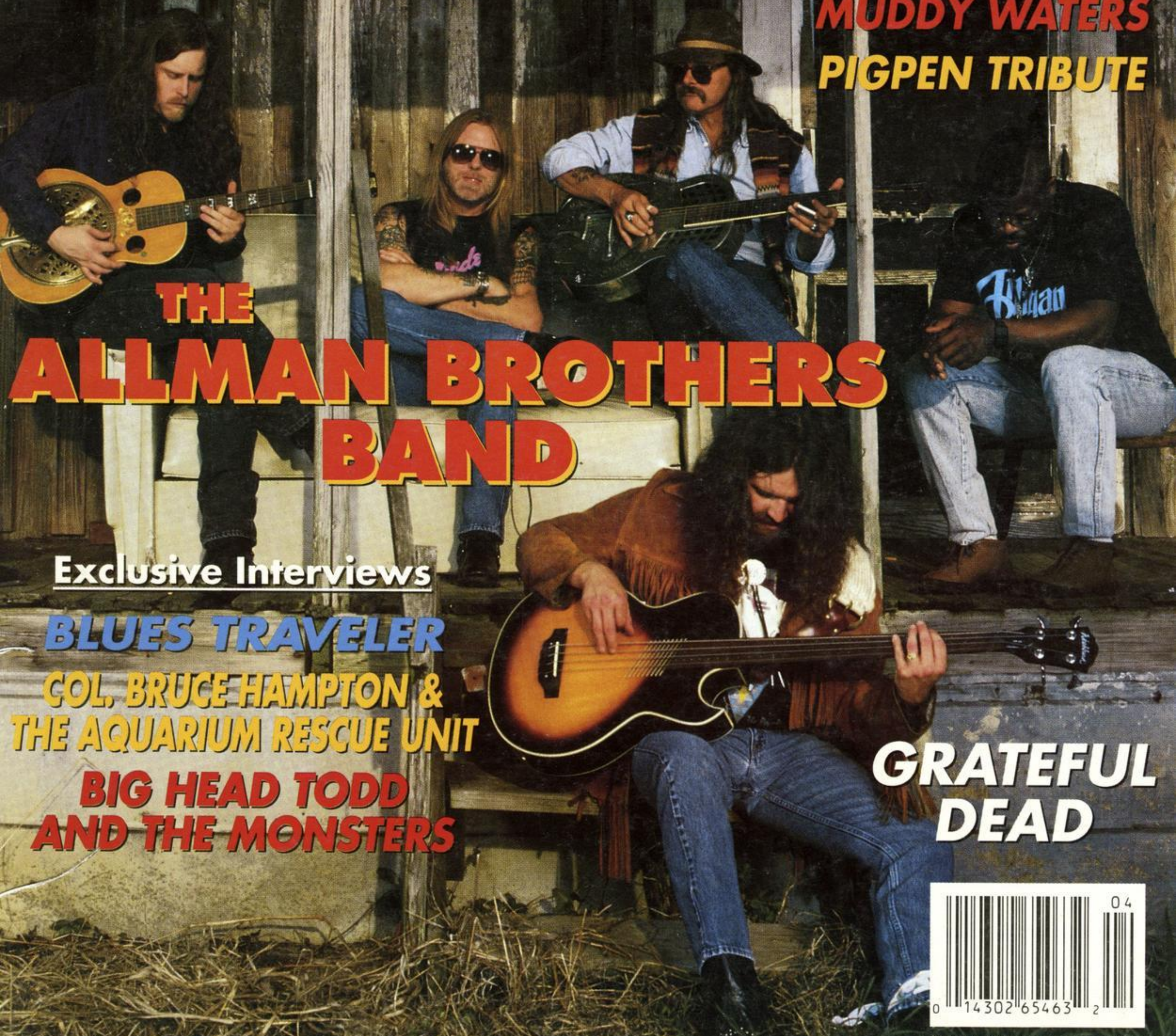
Vol. 20, No. 4

TM

**Special 20th
Anniversary Issue**

Features

BRUCE HORNSBY
DEAD RINGERS
MUDDY WATERS
PIGPEN TRIBUTE



THE ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND

Exclusive Interviews

BLUES TRAVELER

**COL. BRUCE HAMPTON &
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**BIG HEAD TODD
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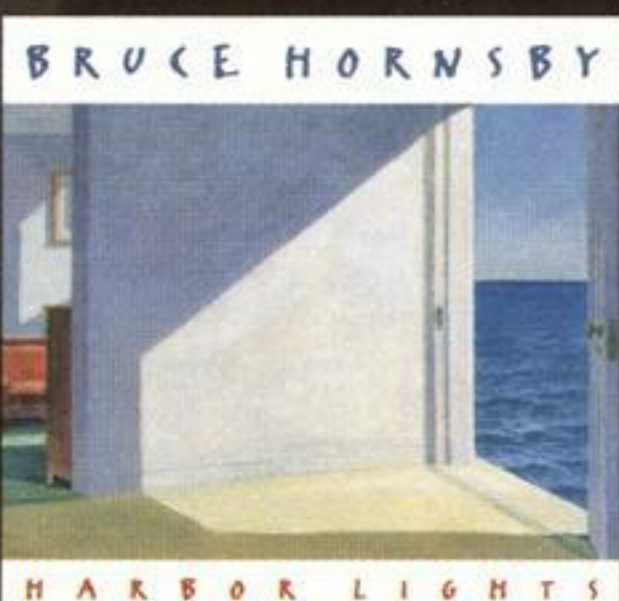
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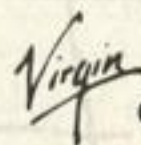
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RELIX MAGAZINE (USPS 401850) is published bi-monthly by Relix Magazine, Inc., P.O. Box 94, Brooklyn, NY 11229. Printed in the USA. © Copyright 1993 by RELIX MAGAZINE, Inc.

Subscription rates: \$34.00 for eight issues. Foreign \$42.00 for eight issues.

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Second class postage paid at Brooklyn, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: please send address changes to Relix, P.O. Box 94, Brooklyn, NY 11229.



Relix Magazine is printed on virgin unbleached water-processed paper with soy-based inks.

Printed in the USA

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Patrick Tracy



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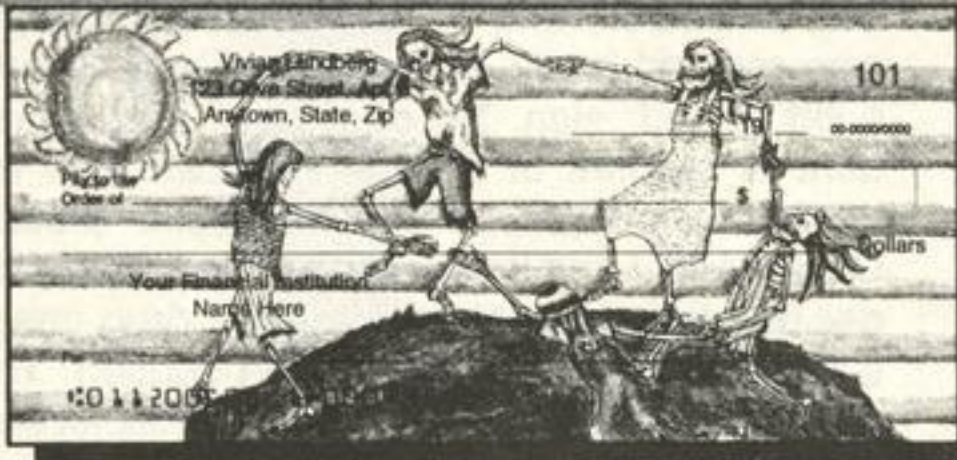
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TICKET TALK

I just returned from Spring Tour, and I am very disgusted with scalpers. In my 11 years of touring, I've never seen scalping as bad as this. I realize that a lot more people are trying to catch the shows, but some of the prices they were charging were crazy. Even fellow Heads were charging anywhere from \$60-\$90! As I spoke to one, he replied, "Hey, I have to make some money for my time and trouble." Some money, yes. But \$30-\$60 over price? Come on! This is the Dead.

Tennessee Jed
Knoxville, TN

Six years ago, I was fuming when I discovered the guy in the lottery line ahead (and I use the term loosely) of me was no Head, but a self-proclaimed Hank Williams, Jr. fan buying up the limit to scalp Heads. This amounted to nothing compared to my hurt, outrage, and disillusionment buying tickets for this year's shows. I'm not into mail order. I enjoy going to get tickets in line (usually in the cold) with my brothers and sisters. Now scalping has become big business. A company out of Connecticut bought up so many tickets before the public sales release that only roughly one-third of those in line for the March '93 Atlanta shows got tickets. Anyone else that wanted them was invited to order from that Connecticut ticket company for \$20-\$70 over the already inflated prices of tickets. I pray the Dead exercise their power in putting a stop to this. I guess I'll have to join the ranks of the mail order.

Penny Price
Lithia Springs, GA

I read the letters trashing GDTs with a real sense of disbelief. Getting tickets through the GD mail order system is a privilege, not a guaranteed constitutional right of every Deadhead. Sure, we've all been disappointed by rejections, but it's hard to believe people think a rejection gives them the go-ahead to go to shows without tickets. What other band even gives you the chance to get tickets through the mail and has an office where you can call to check on your order and be treated politely? As an older GD fan who waited in line for years in front of just about every ticket outlet in Chicago (and still does on occasion), I say count your blessings!

Karen E. Sysol
Chicago

I had this nightmare. I was sending an intricate application to an important company, checking it twice, being sure everything was correct. I even left work early to get the special instrument of finance they specified that they needed.

With a sigh of relief I placed my completed package in the mail, secure in the knowledge that it was all there, sent to the correct address on the specified day with the exact payment enclosed. You'd think I was dealing with the government or some really uptight corporation considering all the rules that must be adhered to in order to successfully complete this mailing. There are 15 separate reasons your application could be denied. I've had these missives turned down before (for reason #15: sold-out before we got your order), but more often than not, I would meet with success. So I wait...

Weeks later, awakening in a cold sweat (remember this is a nightmare), I hear the postal person leaving the mail in our box. I anxiously run down, find my envelope, and tear it open.

"No, this can't be happening," I say to myself as I panic. The marketing company, GDTs, with one stroke of red ink has turned me down for reason #5: my index card was not precisely 3"x5". Some petty bureaucrat with a ruler must have had a field day measuring and rejecting my order because the card wasn't exactly 3"x5".

A long time ago, I heard some music on the radio that changed my life. It was 1967 and the Grateful Dead had something new and fresh to offer. As their songwriting evolved, the music became the soundtrack to my life. It represented freedom, kindness, magic, angst, higher consciousness, and a feeling of being part of their family when you saw them perform.

It is 26 years and over 100 shows later for me now. I spend over \$1,000 a year just on tickets, plus CDs, stickers, etc. I love the scene that has developed over the past quarter century.

But something's gone wrong. Absolute power corrupts even the kindest of people and somehow the music has stopped for those curmudgeons that occupy the GDTs office.

For those of us who have been following the Dead, this callous, bureaucratic attitude has tainted what was once a beautiful scene. This isn't Exxon, it's the Dead! We are not some misbehaving step-children to be chastised by arrogant office workers in Marin. We are your steady customers. We are college professors, business people, doctors, lawyers, artists, and other professional people. We don't treat our clients like this and certainly not our brothers and sisters.

I call upon those in charge of GDTs to think about what it is you stand for. Are you kind?

Randall Marks
Oakland, CA

I am very discouraged with some of the people that are coming into the scene. Yesterday, I was in a very large line to obtain tickets for the March shows at the Knickerbocker in Albany, NY, and there was an attitude among many of the so-called Deadheads that I found irritating. I can understand everyone being a little annoyed because of the way ticket sales were being handled, not to mention the frigid weather upon us at the time, but trying to skip in front of your fellow brother in line was not called for. After waiting for what seemed an

eternity, tickets were sold out before myself or thousands of other fans even reached the ticket window. When tickets were announced sold out, I told myself, "I guess it wasn't meant to be" and proceeded out of line. What really bothered me was the attitude others had when this was announced—a chant of foul language and violent commands to smash the windows began. Is this the message we want left behind?

Michael E. Kunath
Gloversville, NY

It's reported that the Grateful Dead received more requests for tickets for Spring Tour than ever before. Many Heads didn't receive tickets—some complaining that this was the first time they ever missed getting their mail orders filled. There are just so many tickets to go around. Mail order is still the best, most efficient approach to getting into shows. The folks at GDTs are working—for you. I know they'd appreciate your understanding that there is nothing personal in your ticket rejection—it just comes down to the law of averages.—Toni

TALES FROM THE FRONT

I sit here contemplating the recent Chapel Hill shows with some amazement. Being a resident student and a Deadhead, I sometimes clash with the liberal southern University of North Carolina, which happens to have a very Republican conservative Board of Trustees. However, these shows really bridged some gaps, although I'm afraid they created some canyons. The cops got the first laugh when they set up "Drug Checkpoints" on the roads leading to Chapel Hill *the day before the concerts!* The operation cost the State an estimated \$30,000! They only got an alleged 80 grams of mushrooms and 30 grams of marijuana for their trouble. The operation was a stakeout, designed in my opinion, to single out Deadheads because the State Bureau of Investigation placed two agents on an overpass with binoculars and a radio to identify people who reacted badly to a nearby "Drug Checkpoint Ahead" sign. No one that I know, resident or student of Chapel Hill, can ever remember a random "Drug Checkpoint" around Chapel Hill. I find it very strange that the State decided to implement a "random" drug check a day before the Grateful Dead concert. The shameless violation of rights and discrimination to Deadheads by state and local police set the tone for relations for the next two nights.

Further proving the discrimination, another resident who drives a Volkswagon bus with very few stickers, not even attending the shows, was pulled over four times in the two days that the Dead were here!

In the parking lot, there was a bazaar with full-blown vending. The vending led to a recycling nightmare, not to mention the ruined landscape around the Center. The excitement culminated the second night where a rumored LSD bust occurred under violent circumstances in the parking lot. Cops apparently used excessive force and mace on the arrested Deadheads (the cops, by the way, were undercover DEA—BEWARE!), which prompted a crowd of Heads watching the scene to retaliate with bottles and rocks. No one was hurt, though, and the incident was intensely outshined by the performances.

Corbin Meek
Chapel Hill, NC

What's up with women in the men's bathrooms at shows lately? I'm all for equal rights and I do realize that the women's bathroom is always packed, but hey, come on, there are just some places women don't belong. I've seen some serious verbal abuse, and I really feel bad. So do yourselves and us a favor—keep out.

Art Vandalet
NYC

I have been attending GD shows since '84. On Spring Tour, I noticed something that perturbed me. It seems that "got any extras?" has taken another step backwards. The new, updated "Miracle Ticket" is a lot cheaper than it used to be. People are now travelling on tour with no intention of buying tickets. They believe that a heavenly angel will come down and hand them a free ticket. I had two extras for the last night that I brought to the show to resell at *face value*. When I asked these "Miracle Seekers" if they wanted a ticket at face value, they gave me an evil look, thought I was unkind, and responded, "I don't have any money, man. How about Miracling me?" I couldn't believe it.

I enjoy "the scene" as much as anybody, but people walking around with one finger up and a cup of small change in the other hand is not right! If you don't have a ticket to the show, don't come. Quite frankly, the "begging" that goes on at the show is getting annoying. C'mon, if you are going to tour, go prepared. Heads are still getting busted! Don't make yourself an easy target for the police. Be cool, and be careful out there.

Just one more comment. It's great to see the band with new material. But maybe they can spread out their new tunes a little more. For instance, the last night of Nassau's 2nd set opened with three new tunes. I think if they did one or two new tunes each show, we would enjoy them more. Other than that, it's great to see Jerry and the boys enjoying themselves up there.

Kier

On March 18, we took our seven-year-old daughter to see the Dead. I had not seen the boys in six years, so we packed our family and friends into the Civic and headed to the Capitol Center in Landover, MD. What a magical evening we all had.

I had heard a lot of grumbling from us "old timers" about the crowds getting strange and that the magic was just not there at the shows anymore. Well, it's just untrue, everyone was really wonderful to our daughter. She had the most beautiful experience in all of her seven years. When we took our seats a young Deadhead was selling his goods. As I reached into my boot to pull out \$20 to buy Sara a t-shirt, I saw them saying thank-you to each other, and Sara had a t-shirt in hand. He sold Sara a shirt for all of the money in her pocket (15 cents). That was just the beginning.

The band was *on*, the playing was real tight and the sound was incredible! Thanks Dan Healy and Co. and all of you for showing a small child the magic of the "scene." As for the grown-ups, we were very happy about the whole experience. The Grateful Dead just keep getting better and better as they grow.

Renee J. C. Collins
Havre de Grace, MD

NORTHERN EXPOSURE

I am so grateful for your article "The Grateful White North." Finally, deprived Canadian Deadheads, like myself, get some recognition. I love the Dead and believe they are one of the most spiritually transformational groups of this entire century. But being only 15, I never get to see them and partake in the wonderful and magical experience that has been calling me for years. Montreal is a great place, and the band would be welcomed here with open arms. Also, Mickey could check out the Tam Tam that takes place every Sunday on the mountain. It's a place for thousands of people to come, listen, and dance to the healing powers of the drum. So if you guys are reading, this is an official invitation to come up here and visit the old sites of Expo '67. Montreal's missed you guys.

Anonymous

TAPER ISSUES

I have to respond to you and your readers about Vol. 20-1, tapes for sale. I strongly disagree with Todd Thompson (Vol. 20-2). The woman who placed the ad is not selling or putting a price on the Dead's music. She is giving people (such as beginners), a chance to get tapes they don't have. \$55 for 19 tapes is a good deal. After all, either you can mail her 19 tapes and she'll tape them for you or just pay her for buying the tapes. This comes out to about \$2.85 per tape, which is the going price. Therefore, I don't see this woman becoming rich on this offer. I, myself, am proud to say that I ordered the tapes and am very happy with what I got.

Craig Jackson
L.I., NY



Tape collecting is a fun and interesting hobby enjoyed by many. Each tape list is unique and reflects the tastes of the collector. This letter is directed toward the new and long-term collector who has yet to set up their tape list in a coherent and detailed manner.

The absolute worst practice to avoid is the combination of two or more distinct recordings on a single listing. There is no excuse for this other than laziness and/or sheer inattention to detail. It may come as a shock to many collectors, but recordings are seldom 90 or 180 minutes long. I have received shows listed as such only to find they have deviated by as much as 40 minutes from the original listing. This is one reason why incomplete recordings are in circulation. Accurate timings are absolutely essential to tape collecting. It is best to round up to the nearest five minutes on an analogue cassette format. It is also imperative to note the source as well as generation from the master tape (where known). There are differences between acetates, audience, soundboards, FM, and FM Production recordings. List the source!

Not everyone knows their geography (especially Americans), so be sure to list the venue, city, state/province, and country of origin. When trading overseas, note that the dominant form of listing a date is: date/month/yr. Remember to properly transpose your dates when trading overseas. Those who can't be bothered with documenting these simple facts often cannot be bothered with making your recordings with care. If you are going to collect live recordings, you might as well do it right the first time.

BC Tape Collector

HEADS BEHIND BARS

I'm in the Walworth County Huber Dorm for six months to a year for possession and delivery of 17 hits of LSD. I also have three years of probation ahead of me, \$3,000 in fines, 60 hours of community service, drug and alcohol assessment, plus everything else that goes with it. I lost my apartment, I had to sell my touring bus, my VW Scirocco, and other very personal possessions to pay for a lawyer. Not to mention all the other harsh realities that go along with the criminal court process. On top of all that, I'm now a convicted felon, which prevents me from being able to take part in the "backbone of democracy," voting. I just don't understand how they justify the sentence. There is a guy in here for molesting an 11-year-old girl. He got nine months in the Huber Dorm. It just doesn't make sense. I didn't hurt anyone. He ruined a little girl's life. You figure it out. Things have got to change. If anyone would like to write me, I would be very grateful. I'm gonna miss the whole summer tour, and this place is very depressing. I love and miss you all.

Brain Powell
W4065 County Road NN
Elkorn, WI 53121

ERRORS

In last issue's letters column there were two small errors (one mine, one yours). My error, *Blues For Allah* was released in '75, but Fall Tour wasn't till '76. Your error was printing the old East Coast hotline number. The current number is 201-744-7700. Unfortunately, it doesn't really make a difference since whenever there's a new message concerning tickets, it's virtually impossible to get through. By

the time one finally can get through a few days later, it's usually too late to get tickets. The solution is BBS—The Well, where new ticket messages are transcribed. You do need a PC and modem to gain access, though.

Stefan Gedal
Forest Hills, NY

CRUELTY FREE?

This letter is in response to Aiko A.W.'s letter in Vol. 20-2, which was a response to Dave Kopel's article in Vol. 19-2. Aiko asks the question, "Who put you in charge of the overpopulating deer problem? God? Or did you take it upon yourself to represent the starving deer of the world?" I would like to ask Aiko the same questions. Remember, taking no action is an action in itself.

Aiko offers no other solution, but assumes that a deer would rather starve, die from disease, or be taken out by a motor vehicle (which often injures or even takes the life of innocent human victims). If Aiko is not assuming these things, and does have a better solution to the problem, I would be very glad to hear it.

When animal populations are thinned out by legal hunting, the remaining population is a much heartier breed. This fact has been proven over many years by state and federal wildlife agencies. Organizations like Ducks Unlimited and Pheasants Forever secure lands to be used as wildlife sanctuaries. These organizations are chiefly supported by this country's legal hunters.

I have been a legal hunter for 24 years now and a Grateful Dead fan for 13. Just this morning my brother, my father, and I set up goose nests so that they could safely hatch their eggs. We are raising pheasants this spring to release this summer. We stock local farm ponds with fingerling fish. Too many people in this country have the wrong idea about legal hunters. Often they think of us as nothing but killers. We are concerned, responsible, active human beings.

Something Aiko may also like to know is that many hunters donate the meat they get by hunting to organizations such as homeless shelters in order to feed starving human beings.

Please don't knock our (legal hunters) solution to animal overpopulation until you can come up with a better one. Thank you.

Michael Winkler
Peoria, IL

This letter is in response to Aiko A.W.'s letter in Vol. 20 #2. Yes, God did. Jesus Christ was a fisherman, which is hunting. Without hunting in our society, it could lead to more homelessness in today's smaller communities. There are many people who put food in their children's mouths because of hunting, especially in mining, auto, and logging communities where money is tight and jobs are scarce.

I am a vegetarian by choice because I feel it is a healthier way of life. But I do not ridicule people who choose to hunt and eat the food they kill. As for your homeless comment, how do you know Bill doesn't help the homeless in his community? I try and give at least a couple of hours a day helping homeless people. What most homeless really like is intellectual conversation. It is common knowledge that the government isn't addressing our problem, so this is why the common person needs to get involved and give a couple hours

a week. It is the common person who holds the answer to the solution. Motivate yourself!

Mike
Portland, OR

All through my life and most recently in *Relix*, I have had to put up with uninformed people pointing their fingers at myself and other legal hunters for the problems facing wildlife. They love pointing, but never seem to point in the right directions. They need to start blaming the responsible parties such as themselves and land developers. It is the simple existence of human beings that is upsetting the delicate balance of nature. Predatory animals can only survive in their natural state when allowed to live in areas untouched by humanity. So-called animal lovers feeding predatory animals in national and state parks and garbage dumps in areas near forests are very much to blame. Predatory animals are territorial. They are running out of territory because of human population expansion. So if you want to point, why don't you start by pointing in the mirror?

Michael Winkler
Peoria, IL

ENVIRONMENTALLY SPEAKING...

I agree with David Kopel: good environmentalism requires that we understand the complex relationships between human activities and the rest of the planet before we make rash decisions. That is why it is so important to exercise extreme caution before embarking on an activity (such as releasing pesticides into the environment), which may have unknown and potentially harmful effects.

We understand very little about the effects of pesticides on the human organism, not to mention the vast multitude of other species exposed (some of which may not even be catalogued yet). Kopel criticizes the simplistic belief that certain pesticides should be banned simply because they cause cancer in high-dosage rodent tests; fair enough. But is it any less simplistic to blindly continue a course of action when the effects are poorly understood?

Kopel suggests that legislation such as the Delaney Amendment would limit the freedom of shoppers to choose how their food supply is produced. However, current policy virtually eliminates my right to choose an air and water supply free from chemical contaminants (and, yes, it affects my food supply too, since pesticide runoff eventually winds its way to the ocean, polluting the world's seafood supply). And that's not to mention the question of whether or not the myriad denizens of the animal kingdom have a right to choose in the matter.

Kopel points out that many disease- and pest-resistant varieties of organic produce use their own versions of the same pesticides, which is quite true. The absolutist viewpoint focuses on the levels of these chemicals which reach the consumer, but an organic gardener might be more concerned with a different aspect of the problem: pest-resistant varieties only kill bugs that actually eat the plant, they do not generally broadcast the toxin far and wide, in concentrations strong enough to cause residual effects miles downstream from the actual release. Similarly, pest-resistant strains only poison the bug eating them, but mechanical applications generally wipe out or weaken a large variety of innocent bystanders, some of them

beneficial predators which might actually control the problem if given a chance.

Organic gardeners know that all bugs have their place in the food chain; for example, moderate numbers of aphids are actually desirable for providing food to beneficial predators such as ladybugs and green lacewings; broad-spectrum pesticides may kill the aphids for a while, but they usually kill the ladybugs and the lacewings, too. Even organic products such as Bt (a naturally-occurring bacteria which generally targets a single species of pest) should be used with caution, simply because we don't really know what the side effects are from wiping out an entire population of a particular insect.

Kopel's fundamental point is well-taken: know your facts and what they represent; fanatical responses are generally self-defeating. However, it's a wise man who knows how little he knows and, therefore, acts prudently. You are the eyes of the world, not just the eyes of humanity. Rather than focus on how pesticides affect grocery shoppers, perhaps we should broaden our scope to understand how they (along with all the other chemical residues of our modern society) affect the air we breathe, the water we drink, and the many other species of life with which we must share this planet. I suspect that if we take that view, we will find that the Delaney Amendment is not overly restrictive, but actually not restrictive enough. But it's a good place to start.

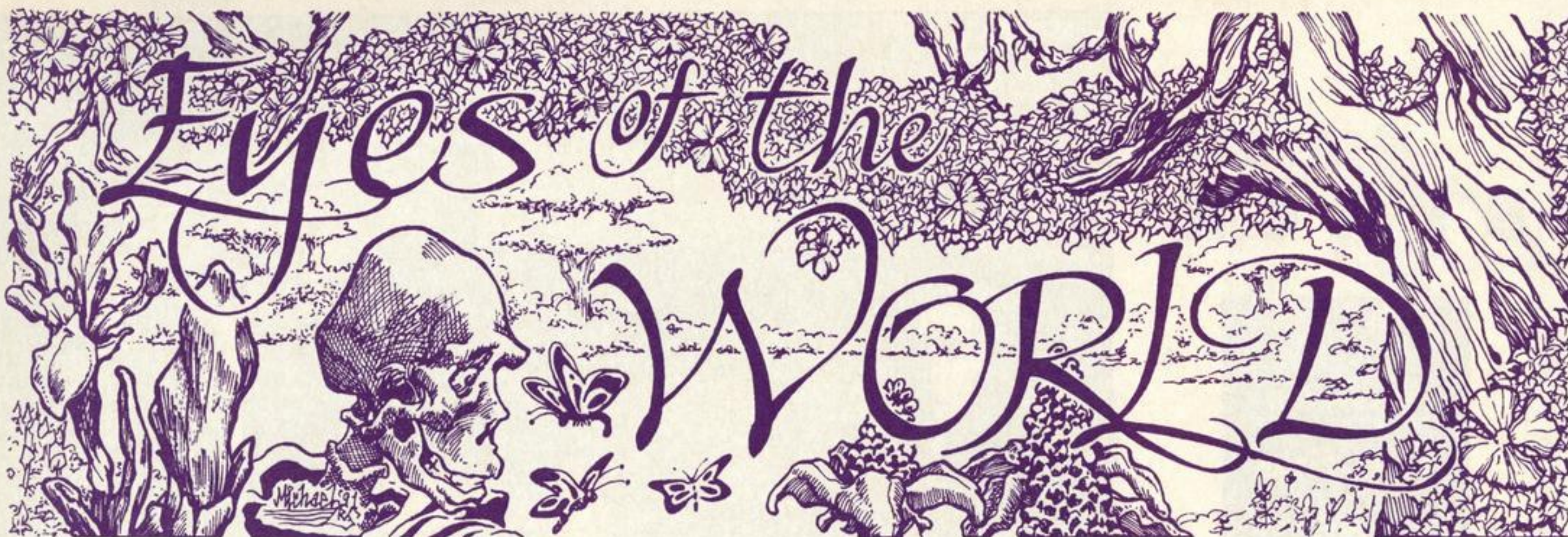
Steve Keller
San Diego, CA

In closing, we have another letter from the controversial Aiko A.W.

Have you considered that while you raise your fist in support of the freedom-seeking hordes, your other hand holds between your yellowed, foul-smelling fingers a smoldering instrument, which destroys freedom and cheapens life. Your "second hand" toxic waste fills the lungs of innocent bystanders as well as your own. Your cigarettes are pumped out of laboratories packed with beagles and rabbits suffocating for your "bad habit." Twelve-year-olds watch as you light up, and they aspire to your mature disorder and physical addiction that is smoking every time you buy one of those neat little packages from the flag waving, union busting, all-American R.J. Reynolds Corporation. You will not die with a smile on your face when chemotherapy has made you so weak that you can't even move your bald head or lift another piece of that junk to your shriveled lips. I've watched loved ones wither and die from the innocuous vice, people who were so sure these things only happened to other folks. Don't talk about blowing up Shell stations or boycotting Coke while you are directly killing people and animals. Show respect for yourself and the lives of others in your immediate environment before pretending to care about the plight of the oppressed, because the personal is the political.

Aiko A.W.
Plainview, NY

NOTE: When submitting letters, please include a line after your signature stating that you "have submitted the letter for possible publication," and then sign your name. Please be aware that in an effort to run as much correspondence as possible each issue, we may edit portions of your letter. Thanks and send all letters to: Letters, c/o Relix, P.O. Box 94, Brooklyn, NY 11229.



In an effort to improve life on the planet as we know it, we have devoted this space to environmental issues. We welcome your correspondence.

"The future's here, we are it, we are on our own." —Bob Weir

by David Kopel

If you want to "think globally and act locally," the best place to start is your own basement or cupboard—because you, believe it or not, are a generator of hazardous waste. How can it be that people who don't live in electroplating shops or oil refineries generate hazardous waste in their homes? The answer is that a large number of everyday household items (from mothballs to oven cleaner to drain cleaner to mercury batteries) contain dangerous levels of toxic constituents. True, you never see the EPA raiding somebody's house and leading the family away in handcuffs because they flushed some liquid drain cleaner down the toilet, but that's because the federal hazardous waste law (the Resource Conservation and Recovery Act) contains a special exemption for household wastes. No matter how hazardous any particular household waste is, chemically speaking, it's exempt from the hazardous waste laws. The household exemption makes sense from an administrative viewpoint, since the EPA has enough trouble regulating American businesses, let alone regulating American households. At the same time, the household exemption creates a loophole by which literally millions of gallons of hazardous chemicals are dumped into America's surface water and ground water systems.

To reduce your own contribution to hazardous waste problems, there are two key steps. First, properly dispose of the hazardous materials you already have. Then, begin using non-hazardous alternatives, to the extent reasonably feasible.

Many city or county governments operate household hazardous waste collection stations. The collection station may be open one day a year, or year-round, depending on where you live. Calling your city or county Department of Health (or Environmental Department) will eventually yield information about household hazardous waste collection in your area—provided that you have enough persistence to get put on hold and transferred from one bureaucrat to another. Other good sources of information about local hazardous waste collection are local chapters of environmental groups such as Sierra Club or the Environmental Defense Fund.

Once you've found out when and where the hazardous waste collection will take place, you can take all of your leftover pesticides, solvent-based paints, wood preservatives, and other dangerous items (more listed below) to the collection agency to be safely disposed of or recycled in special hazardous waste facilities. Even the empty cans that once contained these materials contain hazardous residues, so empty cans should also be taken in for collection.

Quite often, you can avoid generating household hazardous wastes in the first place by substituting alternative products. In some cases the alternatives may be inferior to the original hazardous product—the reason the hazardous products became popular in the first place was that they worked well. So substitution will probably be a process of trial and error.

Remember, though, that by giving up a particular household product, you not only reduce the hazardous waste stream, you also make your home safer for small children and pets who might accidentally ingest the hazardous material.

What kind of products should you start to avoid or handle more carefully?



Aerosols. Giving up aerosol deodorant sprays won't make the ozone layer any better. Ozone-destroying CFCs have been banned from most American consumer products since the late 1970s. But aerosol sprays are highly flammable. Putting an aerosol spray can that isn't completely empty into a trash compactor or a combustion device (a fire) could cause a serious explosion. So make sure any aerosol product that you throw out has been completely used up. And consider buying pump-spray products instead of aerosols.

Antifreeze for automobiles. There are no non-hazardous substitutes. If you have some leftover that you can't use, see if a local garage or service station will take it off your hands.

Auto batteries. Battery acid is highly corrosive. When buying a replacement battery, buy from a vendor who will take your old battery and have it recycled.

Automobile motor oil. Do not pour used oil down the sewer. One oil change's worth of used oil can contaminate thousands of gallons of water. If you change your own oil, collect the used oil, and take it to a local gas station for recycling. Recyclers can refine it into usable oil.

Chlorine bleach. This stuff can seriously damage your eyes. Never mix it with ammonia. As a substitute, try Borax, or non-chlorine bleach, or lemon juice.

Detergent. Liquid dishwashing detergent is much milder than automatic dishwasher detergent. Think how angry all of Madge's manicure customers would have been if Madge had soaked their fingers in automatic dishwasher detergent, rather than a liquid! Try it.



Drain cleaners. These are extremely corrosive. As a substitute, try a plunger, a plumber's snake, or a combination of vinegar and baking soda followed by boiling water. And keep the sink strainer in good condition to avoid problems in the first place.

Insecticides, pest sprays, rat poison, etc. These products work by poisoning small animals, so it stands to reason that big animals (people) should try and minimize, when reasonably possible, their contact with these poisons. You can reduce the need to use poisons—making them a last resort instead of your only pest control tool—through the technique of Integrated Pest Management (IPM).

Integrated Pest Management, which is used successfully in Nicaragua and elsewhere to reduce reliance on expensive and destructive pesticides, simply applies common sense to pest control issues. If you don't want insects or rodents around, be scrupulously careful not to leave them any food supply. Figure out how the varmints get in and out of your house or yard, and block the entrances. Use mechanical traps to further control access.

Once you've done everything reasonably possible to make your environment inhospitable to bugs and rodents, their population will drop rapidly. Pesticides and poisons (the least toxic the better) can then come into play as the final, perhaps necessary, element in your anti-pest strategy.

An excellent book for persons seeking to control any kinds of pests (except human ones) is *Common Sense Guide to Pest Control*, published by Taunton Books. It's an expensive hardcover, but can save you plenty of money by showing how to avoid unnecessary spending on commercial poisons and exterminators.

If you do end up using pesticides and poisons, store the leftovers very carefully, and get rid of them at your community's next household hazardous waste day.

Metal polishes come in two basic varieties: mildly poisonous and very poisonous. If you use them, make sure you're in a well-ventilated room. Try a vinegar and salt substitute, or baking soda with a damp sponge on an unimportant part of the metal, and see if these non-toxic substitutes will work for you.

Mothballs are also poisonous (that's why they work). Cedar chips make good substitutes.

Oil-based paints are flammable and are bad to breathe when painting. If at all possible, use latex/water based paints instead. If oil-based paints are really necessary, buy only as much as you need; if you still end up with leftovers, save them for community household hazardous waste day. Pregnant women should be especially careful to avoid the fumes, which may persist for weeks after the paint has been applied.

Wood cleaners and polishes have fumes which irritate the eyes. Try lemon oil or beeswax instead.

How to store your toxics until hazardous waste collection day comes? Get a plastic container with a lid (say a 5-gallon bucket). Fill the container halfway with (unused) kitty litter. Put the hazardous substance in its original container into the kitty litter-filled plastic bucket. Stick the bucket lid on, mark the plastic container clearly, and keep it far away from children, pets, and anyone else who might ingest it. Corrosion will be reduced if the container is stored on a shelf, rather than on a concrete or dirt floor. ■

BLACK

stokes
the fire
of
freedom

BY JYM FAHEY

Picture this: You are sitting in one of the many bars in the greater New York metropolitan area. You have a penchant for the kind of traditional Irish music that the bar generally features: tin whistle, uilleann pipes, acoustic guitar, and songs about the old country that can squeeze tears into the beers of the most hardened stool denizen. The band hauls in their equipment, sets up, and begins to play. Something isn't quite right. The pipes are there all right, but they are weaving inside and around a drum machine and electric guitar. You and your fellow patrons scream out, "You suck!" or worse. The duet escapes with their lives to gig again...somewhere else, of course. That scenario gives you a good feel for the first six months of Black 47. Chris Byrne, one of the founding pair says, "The beauty of it was, there were so many bars around the Bronx and Queens that you could get fired and still pick up a gig the next week."

In 1989, Byrne was mourning the breakup of his traditional Irish band. Larry Kirwan showed up at their last gig, and a few pints and a few hours later, he and Byrne found themselves in an after hours club. Byrne says, "It sounds like bullshit, but it's the absolute truth. The sun was out now and we're standing outside the bar, and we came up with this idea to start a band. I thought it was your typical whiskey world. 'Great idea!' and then you wake up the next day and it's business as usual. It was actually the one idea spawned from a drunken stupor that I followed through on."

Byrne and his uilleann pipes (a kind of bagpipe) have been working the traditional Irish scene in New York for almost fifteen years so he had a full quota of bars he knew he could count on for a gig. He also found that once he played a bar with his new partner, Kirwan, his list of potential gigs was shorter by one. The traditional Irish bars and the majority of their patrons just didn't get it. Black 47 needed a friendly home base and needed it pretty quickly. In the midst of their darkest hour, they became the house band at Paddy Reilly's in Manhattan. Byrne recalls, "We were running out of pubs at



the time, so I started scouting Reilly's 'cause I knew the place. I scouted it for three Saturdays in a row, and this is no exaggeration, the bartender was playing cards with the two or three patrons who were at the bar. This was a Saturday night at 10:00. It was a disaster. So I presented them with the idea, 'Listen, we're not gonna run anybody out of the place 'cause there's no one here in the first place.'" The logic of Byrne's argument was obvious. When their first gig at Paddy Reilly's, packed with fans who followed them from debacle to debacle around New York, sold more beer and drinks than the place had done in some time, Black 47 had a home. They continue to play there on Wednesday and Saturday nights, but since their exposure on MTV and WNEW, a major rock radio station in New York, the pub is filled to overflowing. The house rocks to the current lineup that includes Byrne on pipes, tin whistle, and vocals; co-founder Kirwan on lead vocals and electric guitar; Fred Parcels on trombone, tin whistle, and vocals; Geoff Blythe (once of Dexy's Midnight Runners) on saxophones; Thomas Hamlin on percussion; and David Conrad on bass.

Black 47's first release on a major label comes from SBK Records and is called *Fire Of Freedom*. The record takes on a number of subjects, many of them extremely political. As Byrne points out, "If you don't address political issues, and you are in a band that's getting exposure, you are quite political because you are accepting the status quo." There are also plenty of very (dark) funny narratives about life in the United States. The best known is perhaps "Funky Ceili (Kaylee)/Bridie's Song," but "Maria's Song," "Rockin' The Bronx" (a hip-hop-flavored Irish reel or visa versa), and "40 Shades Of Blue" will all bring a smile on as your foot taps

to a beat founded on reel, jig, reggae, or rock.

The songs on *Fire* are all written by Kirwan, although his unique delivery and sense of drama are more muted on the record than the live shows. The band aspires to capture that "live" feel in the studio, but they realize that they are probably a couple of recordings away from achieving that. Even so, co-producer Ric Ocasek has done a good job with this record. The music flows well, moving from one mood to another and from one theme to the next. The listener is swept along by the stories and the emotion and the rhythms. It works, but is it Irish?

When the band was exhorted to "play something Irish" after the first tune of their debut gig (a reggae song, as it happens) Kirwan responded, "I am Irish. I wrote the song. That makes it Irish so, shut the #%#@ up!" Byrne approaches the subject a little less passionately, "To me it's the logical Irish band to come out of New York. I could never see this band coming out of Ireland. I thought the Pogues were the logical Irish band to come out of London, with their style. Get a bunch of Irish guys in London and you come up with the Pogues. Get a bunch of Irish guys together in New York and you come up with Black 47. Neither band could have come out of Ireland. We're a New York band with an Irish influence."

To really get the essence of Black 47, catch them live. Having already outgrown Reilly's, their days there are numbered, although that is truly the place to see them. Don't worry though, their road show vibrates as their recent appearance at Farm Aid in Ames, Iowa proved. Byrne swears that after 600 gigs as a band, they take a bit of Reilly's with them wherever they go, so catch Black 47 when they come to your town, and have a pint at Reilly's for me. ■

Ceremony

BY TONI A. BROWN

Geffen Records has just debuted a new release. Reminiscent of *Magical Mystery Tour* era Beatles, Ceremony's *Hang Out Your Poetry* features lead singer/guitarist/songwriter Chastity Bono, daughter of Sonny and Cher. Chastity, together with co-writer/instrumentalist/vocalist (and former NYU roommate) Chance, have formed a band with some serious psychedelic potential.

Hang Out Your Poetry includes delicately layered multi-instrumentation, including the sitar, bagpipes, horn section, and 17-piece orchestra. "We made a decision from the beginning that we wouldn't use any computers or synthesizers on the record. We wanted everything to be organic, sort of the way they did it in the '60s. Back then they had to constantly search for new instruments to get the sounds that were in their head. They couldn't just dial it up on a computer," said Chance.

Chastity and Chance spent lots of time during their years in school seeking out exotic instruments in music stores. Some of the instruments they used were so exotic, they had to teach themselves to play them since they didn't know anyone else who could.

Influenced by bands including the Grateful Dead, the Beatles, Jorma Kaukonen, Bob Dylan, and Crosby Stills and Nash, it's no wonder the music is appealing. When discussing the early musical influences that have affected their sound, Chastity says, "I think that there was a certain spirit and idealism [then], and that's what we grew up listening to. So you can't help but have that be part of what you are."

Ceremony's involvement with the Grateful Dead goes beyond that of fandom. It was Bob Weir who actually suggested that Chastity and Chance form a band. And Jerry Garcia appears on two tracks on *Hang Out Your Poetry*, "Day By Day" and "First Day Of My Life." When asked how they pulled that off, Chastity said, "We're big fans of his, and we had been at a show a couple of years ago and had met him. We kept in touch, and when we told him we were gonna do an album, we asked if he wouldn't mind playing a little on it, and he was totally into it."

Equally as ecstatic was Chance. "He loved the music, and it was an honor for us to get to play with him. Sort of one of those surreal moments in life. I've been to over 300 shows and Chas has been to about 100. When you've seen a person play live so many times and then he plays on your record, on your songs, you just are like, 'Wow!'"

Obviously Ceremony is no stranger to the Dead-

head scene, and this especially comes across in their live performances. The band is open to long, improvisational jams—which is not apparent from listening to the tight and well-produced album. So, like the Dead, you really have to see and experience the show to understand what the band is really about.

Since Chastity and Chance are part of the Deadhead scene, they hope the news will spread about Ceremony and more Deadheads will get turned on. "They're an audience that we really respect because we've been part of it for so many years ourselves. We really hope that they get a chance to listen to this record and get out to see our shows. I think it'd be really neat to see tie-dyes out there. It's nice to be able to respect your audience, and I think we'll cultivate a really good following because we're putting a lot of work and effort into the live shows," Chance explains.

Of course, to reach those moments where the music plays the band, you need a band that has the intuition to let that happen. "We took a really long time finding musicians who have the same vision as we do. We wanted people who would stick with us and be part of a band," Chastity says. Ceremony consists of Pete McRae on guitar, Steve Bauman on keyboards, Louie Ruiz on bass, and Bryn Mathieu on drums. "The current line-up kind of came together after we had made the record. We had a band prior to the making of the record, but stylistically they didn't fit into what we were doing anymore."

As far as being the daughter of Cher, Chastity feels it's a double-edged sword. "In some ways there are opportunities afforded to us because of this, but in other ways I think people tend to be more judgmental of us." Ceremony does have a unique sound in today's musical market, and although Chastity's voice is similar to her mom's, her style is vastly different. When asked if Cher had much to do with Chastity's musical evolvment, she said, "She's always been very encouraging with whatever I wanted to do. She's the type of parent that lets you go and do what you want to do, and then once you find it, she's gonna be very encouraging."

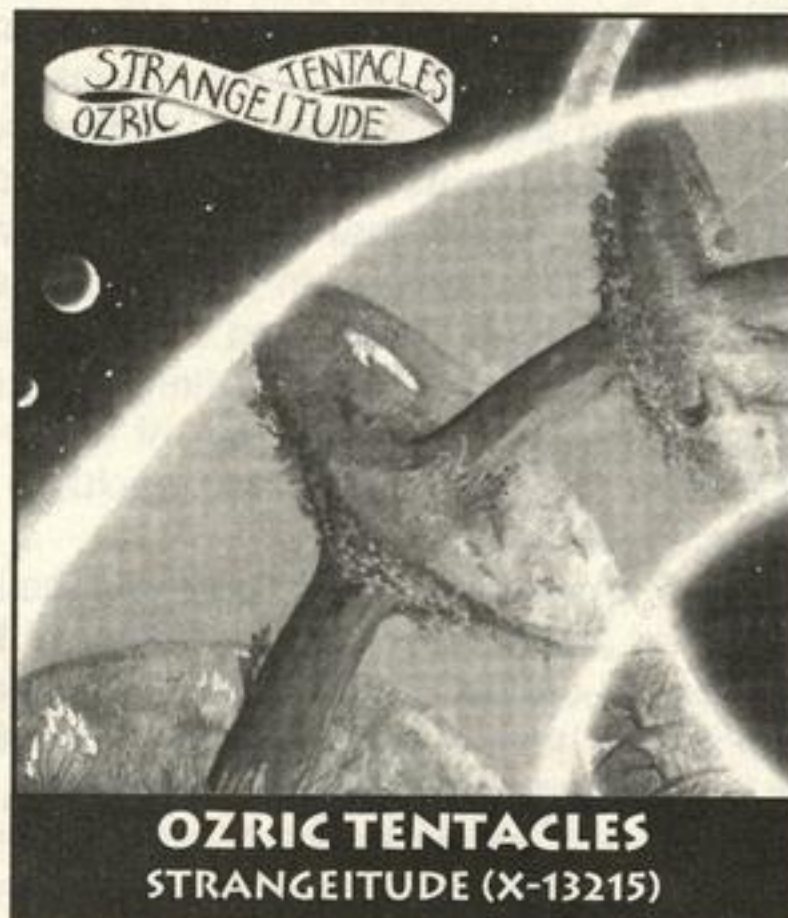
Ceremony is planning to tour in support of their album. There is a lot of depth to their music, and the future looks bright. Watch for their live shows...the ceremony is about to begin!

(Special thanks to Robert Bromberg)



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COL. BRUCE HAMPTON



the Aquarium Rescue Unit

BY TOM LOUNGES

To serious music aficionados and fervent fans of the eclectic Southern scene, the infrequent musical releases of Col. Bruce Hampton are as welcomed as a warm hello from an old friend.

Not the fare of cheesy pop tabloids, Hampton is a favorite son of more high-brow publications such as *CD Review*, whose staff writers had the acumen to vote Hampton's last audio excursion as 1992's "Album of the Year." "We really flipped over that," said Hampton of his new band, the Aquarium Rescue Unit. "What really got us was that they went on to call it, and I quote, 'the best live recording ever!'" *Rolling Stone*, *Musician*, *CREEM*, and others of that ilk echoed the praise.

"I must tell you that I am really surprised at how good that album turned out," he confided. "We had driven all night from [a gig in] Boston to Georgia to do that live album. Man, we were really burnt out. But when we hit that stage, the adrenaline must have kicked in...because it's all there on the tape." Recorded before a packed house at the Georgia Theatre in Athens (home of REM and the B52s) during September of 1991, the music on that self-titled album was so refreshingly different that it became a favorite with folks whose tastes run along the lines of the Grateful Dead, Phish, and Blues Traveler. So much, in fact, that the Aquarium Rescue Unit was invited to tour as part of last year's impressive H.O.R.D.E. concert package with the latter two acts.

"Our audience is primarily between the ages of 20 and 26," said Hampton. "Many of them are the so-called Deadheads. They dance around and have a great time with the music. It's been wonderful playing to these kids, and I think we will get a chance to do it again this summer because we are supposed to do some more dates with Phish, Blues Traveler, and Widespread Panic."

This time out, Hampton and the A.R.U. will be supporting their just-released sophomore effort, *Mirrors Of Embarrassment*. The title is drawn from lyrics of a song Hampton wrote in the early '60s. It expresses his view that the shameful state of the world today might change if mankind looked in a mirror and saw its own embarrassment.

Like its predecessor, the new album is on Phil Walden's re-activated Capricorn imprint and was produced by the label's veteran knobturner, Johnny Sandlin. Sandlin earned his studio wings on landmark Allman Brothers and Wet Willie sides that established Capricorn as a bastion of Southern rock during the early '70s.

With *Mirrors Of Embarrassment*, the A.R.U. refrained from overdubbing to retain a "live" feel, despite their studio confines. They, once again, have served up a tasty musical hybrid that draws equally from jazz, blues, country and rock, with just a flavor of bluegrass. Stand-out selections among the 12 new Hampton-

penned originals are "No Egos Underwater," "Shoeless Joe," "Dead Presidents," and "Gone Today, Here Tomorrow," which do well to display the band's musical prowess and creative spirit. Featured guests who lend a hand on this fresh batch of tracks are Bela Fleck, John Popper of Blues Traveler, and Chuck Leavell of Rolling Stones, Sea Level, and Allman Brothers fame.

Nearly a full-fledged member of the A.R.U., Leavell also performed on their debut outing and is a featured player on many of their live dates. "Chuck has been a very good friend of mine for about 25 years," remarked Hampton. "We met when he was working with the [Allman] Brothers and doing session work at Muscle Shoales (Studio). Nothing would make us happier than to see Chuck join us on a full-time basis, but he is very busy. I can't see Chuck turning down someone like the Rolling Stones or Eric Clapton to play in clubs with us."

Joining Hampton in an official capacity are the stellar quartet of bassist Oteil Burbridge, mandolin player Matt Mundy, guitarist Jimmy Herring, and oddly-monikered drummer Apt. Q258 (his legal name, honest!) The natural talent of each member notwithstanding, Hampton, as bandleader, is the key to the eclectic hodgepodge of sounds that make this group an aural delight.

Not unlike Captain Beefheart and Frank Zappa, Hampton has a knack for bringing together inspired young talents and allowing them creative space. Results are an amalgamation of diverse sounds and musical visions that funneled into a singularly-driven vehicle which thumbs its nose at the bean-counting three-piece suits who guide today's formulaic pop fodder.

"We plug-in and play from the heart," said Hampton. "We don't ever rehearse because rehearsing tends to take the spontaneity out of a performance and make everything too predictable. It's more fun when things take a new twist every time you step on stage." Hampton adds a twist of another sort to A.R.U.'s music when he plys his nimble digits to the strings of his custom-built, one-of-a-kind chazoid. "It's this really strange string instrument that is part mandolin and part cello," he laughed. "It is tuned to 432 with all the strings upside down and the 'E' string tuned an octave below." The odd 432 tuning (a step below the A440 standard) is an

Egyptian tuning that was suggested by bassist Burbridge because of its reported ability to sonically stimulate all five human senses.

Tagged as "The Colonel" while still an infant, Hampton hails from a staunch military family. A self-proclaimed "black sheep," the artist crows proudly that he is the first male in eight generations of Hamptons not to attend West Point. "My family is all military," he said. "We've got generals and majors running around all over. I'd been called Colonel from day one, and it wasn't until I was about five or six that I realized my actual name was Bruce and *not* Colonel."

With the exception of six months spent in the professional wrestling theater, where he was known as Col. Bucky Starr, Hampton has been making music since 1963. "That's longer than the guys in my band have even been alive," he chides.

Hampton began his ascent to sonic guru of the A.R.U. with an outfit called Four From Nine,



which evolved into the Hampton Grease Band in 1966. That band's 1969 release, *Music To Eat*, was a wonderfully twisted excursion into an esoteric Southern-style psychedelic jazz. That landmark vinyl for the Columbia label was so hated by the label's then-president Clive Davis that he allowed only 30,000 copies to be pressed before yanking it from store shelves after just six weeks. Praised by critics and sought after by collectors, *Music To Eat*, has the distinction of being the worst-selling double-album in Columbia history. "I don't think they knew what to do with us," he said. "I was playing avant-garde jazz and mixing it together with blues, bluegrass, rock, and even classical. Back then, the recording business was still dominated by the Mitch Millers, Doris Days, and Perry Comos. They didn't know what the hell to do with a band like us."

Hampton sees a direct lineage between his first group and the Aquarium Rescue Unit. "This band has continued with some of the ideas I had back in the '60s with the Grease Band," he said. "Only now, I think people have been exposed to enough different kinds of music that they can grasp what we are doing." To prove his point, Hampton explained that the original songs on last year's acclaimed live album were

ones he had written during his Grease Band days. The obscure R&B covers which rounded out that album were numbers he covered in club shows during those early years.

Upon the demise of the Grease Band, Hampton formed two equally experimental and innovative projects. During the early to mid-1970s, it was a combo called The New Ice Age. As that decade waned, Hampton forged the more enduring The Late Bronze Age which took him through the mid-1980s. The latter released two classic (in the true sense of the word) albums, *Outside Looking Out* and *Isles Of Langerhorn* which drew raves from the hippest of musical scribes including Robert Palmer, David Fricke, and Ira Robbins.

A 1987 solo album, *Arkansas*, issued under his own name featured many celebrity guests and generated critical acclaim. Yet, like his previous releases, it stalled at the retail counter. Has his lack of commercial success, including

the dismal sales of the Aquarium Rescue Unit's stellar debut, discouraged Hampton? "Not at all," he mused. "A lot of the albums out there today selling millions of copies, I would be embarrassed to have my name on. I'm proud of every album I've done, and I'm happy to say that Capricorn is issuing a collection of my material this fall that includes tracks from *Grease Land* up to now."

Hampton and his outfit pray that major commercial success continues to elude them. "We aren't in this to be 'stars.' We are not out there trying to amass any kind of huge following," he said. "We don't go out of our way to please people. Hell, we're just out to please ourselves. We've already discussed it," he continued. "We have all agreed that if our band gets too successful and too big that we would break up."

Even if gold records continue to elude Hampton, the artist is unsure how much longer he will be plunking his chazoid on the nation's high-

ways and byways. "The road is beginning to take its toll on me," he sighed. "The guys in the band are all in their early 20s, but I'm twice their age, and it's getting harder and harder to keep up. I wish I could tap into (Jerry) Garcia's energy because it is amazing to me how he keeps going all the time."

While a rocking chair on a front porch may sound tempting, Hampton confessed that he could never really give up his Bohemian lifestyle after all these years. "Making music is what I've always done," he said. "It's what I love and what I do best. And I have found some really talented kids who are willing to put up with this ol' geezer. They are the best band I have ever played with, and it would be very hard to walk away from them. But when it does come time to step down," he concluded, "I hope these kids stick together and continue making music because there is a real magic and a real chemistry between them." ■

BIG HEAD TODD & THE MONSTERS PLAY IT SWEETLY

BY JYM FAHEY

Three friends from high school play in a band, go on their merry way to college, but later find that they really want to make music together. They put the band back together, work hard, and catch on with a major label.

A plot too trite and unbelievable for a movie perhaps, but a good start for Big Head Todd and the Monsters. In 1986, bassist Rob Squires and drummer Brian Nevin were in high school, a rock 'n' roll rhythm section in search of a frontman. Squires remembers, "We could never find anybody to sing. Nevin's suggestion was, 'Well, I know this guy who is really musically inclined in my jazz band. Let's see if we can get him in.' That's how we hooked up with Todd." Todd Park Mohr already played saxophone and a little piano. He took on the lead vocal duties and has since become a quality guitarist and songwriter. In fact, Mohr wrote and sang all the songs on *Sister Sweetly*, Big Head Todd and the Monsters' debut release on Giant Records. He also played almost all the guitar parts (Leo Kottke's marvelous fingerpicking assist on "Soul For Every Cowboy" is a notable exception).

Sister Sweetly covers a lot of ground from the heartland rock of "Broken Hearted Savior" to the slow, distorted funk of the title track, from the Curtis Mayfield-ish "It's Alright" to the acoustic endpiece "Brother John." That same mixture carries over into their live show. Squires says, "The variety keeps us, as players, as well as the audience, more in tune and more interested. A lot of bands come out and after they've played three songs, you know what they sound like and every song sounds that way. You can change subtly, whether it's the style of music or through the songwriting, to keep it interesting."

Squires also figures that the music has to be interesting to keep their enthusiastic fans focused throughout the show because, "None of us have really figured out how to talk to an audience, even after playing this long." He continues, laughing, "We're still kind of introverted



and shy, I guess. Some performers don't talk to the audience much, and let the music speak. There's others that are very good at telling stories and cracking jokes. We're more at the end of the spectrum of letting the music speak."

Todd and the Monsters let the music speak quite a bit. As self-described "road hogs," they are never more at home than when sharing their music on stage. Since they came together, beginning with basement rehearsals and friend's parties and then to the bar scene in Boulder, Colorado, the Monsters have gigged and gigged and then gigged some more. They have developed quite a following across the country. They will play the H.O.R.D.E. tour this summer along with Blues Traveler, Widespread Panic, The Samples, and some TBA's, which should help etch their name even deeper in the minds of rockophiles from coast to coast.

Big Head Todd and the Monsters have done well for themselves in just a few short years. The trio signed on with a booking agency that has national "juice." They share a management team with Leo Kottke. David Z at Paisley Park Studios produced them, and they were signed

personally by Giant president, Irving Azoff—"Snapped up," he said, "before anyone else hears you." In some ways, though, they really didn't make it big until this past spring when they traded traveling in an '89 Ford van for the relative luxury of a tour bus. Six people, plus equipment, travelling in a van on the endless performance highway tests the determination of a band. The Monsters passed that test and have moved on.

Big Head Todd and The Monsters have built a reputation based on the power of their songs and the honesty of their performances. They've gone through the trials of recording their first two releases, *Another Mayberry* and *Midnight Radio* for their own label, Big Records, and selling the music by mail and at their shows. These seemingly genuine, nice guys continue to make the gruelling tour scene. Their dues-paying led to their label signing for *Sister Sweetly*, and Big Head Todd and the Monsters look like they are on their way to big things without developing big heads. It's nice when it works that way. ■

BLUES TRAVELER

John Popper & Company Return To The Road

BY ROGER LEN SMITH

"I was in my basement in 1983," says John Popper about his first experiences learning to play harmonica. "I spent a lot of time down there; I wanted to play like Jimi Hendrix."

The obvious differences between the mouth harp and the electric guitar didn't prevent the late guitar God from being one of Popper's main musical influences. "The influence," adds Popper, lead vocalist of the groove-rock machine, Blues Traveler, with emphasis. The man with the mouth harps is also the man with the words. And lots of them. A hurricane of words fly through nearly every Traveler tune as Popper fills the sonic landscape with lyrical images galore.

"I get criticized a lot for that," Popper says of his heavy wordage. While the third and newest Blues Traveler release, *Save His Soul* (A&M), may be long on words, it is also the most powerful collection the band has produced.

A coherent blend of various rock and groove-based styles, *Save His Soul*, is somewhat lengthy at just shy of 70 minutes long. The technical limit of the length of a compact disc (thus far in music technology) is around 74 minutes. "Yeah, we were gonna put more on it," says Popper, wryly, "but we didn't have room. We get on a roll and we keep going."

Like listening to an extended version of Led Zeppelin's "Dazed & Confused" or Pink Floyd's "Echoes," a Blues Traveler disc tends to feel like one long, multi-textured piece of music rather than merely a bunch of songs.

Musically, Blues Traveler wears its influences all over its collective sleeve, soaking up the hard, electric blues sides of Hendrix, Led Zeppelin, and 1960s harp king, Paul Butterfield, in particular.

Guitarist Chan Kinchla brings a crunchy edge to the band's sound, alternating with Popper's wailing harp for the solo sections. Bassist Bobby Sheehan and drummer Brendan Hill lay down a thumping backbone that crosses the terrain of various rock, jazz, funk, and blues-enhanced rhythms.

All mixed together, the Traveler sound makes for a seriously alive stew, ripe with both virtuosity and chaos, frenzy and grace.

The opening cut from *Save My Soul*, "Trina Magna," features Popper mimicking his own lightning-speed harmonica playing with his more-than-a-mouthful approach to lyrics. Its scope is wide and global in an historical sort of way, with Popper leading the song through a variety of moods. An almost Motown-feel engages the harmony-soaked chorus, only then to give way to the heavy but assured bridges that climax the song.

Popper courts life's paradoxes as he sings: *We shall follow and lead/Cause we are simply you and me/In proving our traditions/On the brink of heaven and hell.*

"With that song," he explains, "I was trying to

apply the Trinity as a rule for living, without keeping all the religion. Trina Magna is Latin for the Big Three." (The Father, the Son and The Holy Ghost.)

"If you take all the religion out of it, and you



Blues Traveler (l-r) Chan Kinchla, Bobby Sheehan, John Popper, Brendan Hill

look at it..." Popper explains, "The Father represents knowledge, the tradition of what there is to be handed down. The Son represents change, and the Holy Spirit represents life itself."

Popper exudes a similar philosophical sentiment in song number two from the album, "Love & Greed," in which he warns of the power of the desire of the seemingly disparate subjects. "Love and greed are both desirous," he says.

Never one to dwell on wimpy subjects, in the song "Whoops," Popper attacks the forces of human nature that have caused so much environmental destruction on our planet. "It's saying we're so conceited," he says, "that we think we're above the earth, when we're really just part of the earth. It's not really about bombs. It's about the environment." Popper's tongue-in-cheek title and the chorus (complete with dog barks) lends the song an appropriate levity amid the somewhat daunting lyrical images that layer it. *The earth was our heaven and we didn't know there were rules for us to break/and maybe now we'll find out too late what a clever hell we can make.*

"I wrote that song when I saw this thing on HBO," he continues. "They were torturing these chimpanzees, and their theory for torturing these chimps is that they screamed just like children."

Upon first listen, Popper's harmonica dexterity is more than apparent. His blazingly fast,

precise, and clear tone makes him the Eddie Van Halen of his instrument; high, squealing notes literally flying out of the mouth harp. He packs a mean punch. In various places, Popper climbs the chromatic scale so fast from one end to the other, it seems humanly impossible.

Popper carries twelve Hohner Special 20 harmonicas on him at all times—one for each standard tone on the chromatic scale—giving him a rather Western look about him. Brandishing his harmonicas in an 'x'-shape vest like a gunfighter loaded with ammo and with his trademark fedora hat, Popper looks like he stepped straight out of a Western movie.

Popper's harmonica playing is so fast and choppy at times that, when the Traveler is chugging through an uptempo groove, there seems to be a certain Irish influence. The energy gets so embroiled that the feel is almost like an Irish folk-punk-blues crossover of sorts. "I pride my-

self on my Irish folk-punk-blues," returns Popper in typically deadpan timbre, managing only a slight chuckle.

Vocally, Popper's high-toned tenor can be as light as air or can turn suddenly enraged and angry, as his notably powerful growl kicks in.

Popper started jamming with Hill while they were attending high school in Princeton, New Jersey in 1983. Guitarist Kinchla and bassist Sheehan had both joined Popper and Hill by 1987, and two years and many New York-area club dates later, Blues Traveler was signed to major label A&M. (Originally named the Blues Band, the group cites the demon Gozer the Traveler—from the film *Ghostbusters*—as inspiration for their name.)

A heavy and dynamic four-piece live unit, Blues Traveler has since released an album almost every year, toured incessantly, and built up a following that overlaps with many of the other like-minded, tour-happy, jam-oriented rock groups that have emerged in recent years: Phish, Widespread Panic, and most successfully, the Spin Doctors—to name a few. And, of course, all of these groups readily draw spiritual and musical energy from the Grateful Dead, the quintessential road band.

At arena and theater gigs around the country Traveler has been able to get their word out by opening for such rock stalwarts as The Allman Brothers Band, Santana, Hot Tuna, the Neville

Brothers, Little Feat, and the Jerry Garcia Band.

Blues Traveler's self-titled debut record, released in 1990, has sold over 325,000 copies, making it their top-selling project so far.

The second release, *Traveler's & Thieves*, has sold close to 280,000 units and featured the rockin' single "All In The Groove," which received a fair amount of radio airplay. But don't expect that to mean too much to the band. In fact, Popper reveals a bit of impatience when asked about that number.

"We don't play that song anymore," Popper says plainly. "We feel that it's sort of cheesy." People ask for it; maybe someday we'll bring it back."

Save His Soul has received more radio attention than any previous Traveler album thanks to its very radio-friendly first single "Conquer Me." With the undeniable hook of the song's chorus, the album is off to the fastest start of the three, and with constant touring in venues that hold up to 10,000 people, *Save His Soul* should easily surpass the previous two recordings in sales.

"The first album was like an amalgamation of two years of songs we had," says Popper. "The second record we sort of wrote the songs for and we were trying to write live songs and capture the live feel, but we weren't doing it live so there was something sort of missing. On the third album," Popper continues, "we got comfortable enough in the studio that we were trying to make a studio album and *not* a live album. Like I don't think Pink Floyd played that great live, but, man, the records they make are so incredible."

Known for serious groove capabilities in concert, Traveler is back on the road after a somewhat long (for them) six-month hiatus.

The band was twelve days into the recording session for *Save His Soul* last November, working at Studio in the Country in rural Louisiana, when Popper suffered a broken leg in a serious motorcycle accident. Confined to a wheelchair for over seven months, but happy to be alive, Popper's sense of humor nonetheless got the best of him, as he renamed the current Blues Traveler road trip, "The Steel Wheelchair Tour." "In a way (the accident) kind of helped the record," Popper explains, "because it gave us time to really think about it. We had to take more time than we wanted to. It kind of made us concentrate. I was glad to be alive. I wanted to sort of jump in harder."

After having put out two long, groove-filled albums, *Save His Soul* is an even longer, but more song-based album.

"*Traveler's & Thieves* was more of a jam-oriented album," Popper says. "This time around we focused on the songs and the arrangements rather than just jamming all the way through them."

In its occasional use of the epic approach to song lengths, Blues Traveler is at times reminiscent of the all encompassing feel that King Crimson, Genesis, and Yes brought to the more experimental side of '70s rock.

On *Traveler's & Thieves*, for example, "Mountain Cry"—highlighted by the addition of the soulfully engrossing voice of Gregg Allman—is a ten-minute piece. The favor was returned during their joint tour last summer with Popper frequently sitting in on harmonica with the Allmans.

Blues Traveler's current tour includes another seven-week jaunt with the successful H.O.R.D.E. tour (Hordes Of Rock Developing Everywhere) of last year. A ten-hour extravaganza

of newer bands, the H.O.R.D.E. tour is similar to the Lollapalooza tour concept, only it fits in more with the peace and love crowd, rather than the body-piercing crowd.

As instigators of the tour, last year's H.O.R.D.E. trip saw Blues Traveler playing host to such relatively recent acts as the Spin Doctors, Phish, Widespread Panic, Colonel Bruce Hampton and the Aquarium Rescue Unit, and the psche-folk-adelic master of the banjo, Bela Fleck and his Flecktones (Phish having filled in for Bela Fleck on the tail end of the tour). This time out, the tour consists of fellow travelers Widespread Panic, Colonel Bruce & The Rescue Unit, along with H.O.R.D.E. newcomers Allgood, Big Head Todd and The Monsters, The Samples, and on several shows the funky and literate rockers, Phish. At Laguna Seca in Monterey, California, in late May, the Allman Brothers and 10,000 Maniacs were guest headliners for a pair of H.O.R.D.E. concerts.

"We're working really hard on the H.O.R.D.E. tour," says Popper. "It's shaping up to be a good tour. And then Europe—unless something goes really wrong with my leg." He pauses for a second. "But you can't sit there and try to figure out what will happen to your leg." Another pause, as the counterpoint descends. "Europe isn't terribly wheelchair friendly, though."

At least one group, the Spin Doctors, has reaped a magnum force of exposure from the H.O.R.D.E. tour. After last year's two-month jaunt across the country, this funky four-piece seemed to be everywhere with hit singles, a platinum record, MTV videos and, what must be a shock to the system for any young rock band, the cover of *Rolling Stone*.

Being from the same New York-area club scene, Blues Traveler was actually a main motivation for the formation of the Spin Doctors. Subsequently, the Doctors' success could be an open door for Popper and company. But has the success of the Spin Doctors made things better for Blues Traveler, or is there perhaps some bitterness as the Traveler came first?

"Well, I like to think I was there to help," Popper reflects. "But you know it's sort of one big thing going on. Chris (vocalist for the Spin Doctors) came from the same town we did, Princeton, New Jersey. We're psyched (for them). It's for real."

"We've got this video," continues Popper, "and I mean, we don't know (expletive) about videos. But we've got one on the air. And they're really kind of doctoring the spin in our direction," he says deliberately, "so that we sound sort of accessible."

MTV is such a weird medium for a band that's more accustomed to playing live concerts and recording.

"(Videos are a marketing tool,"

explains Popper. "Really all you can do is try and make a video that MTV will accept. You just have to not take it too seriously. Like, we want to get on radio and to do that you have to dance with MTV. At the same time, it's not worth putting spandex on. You just have to keep it in perspective. (We're) a live band making videos, not a video band that plays live."

Putting relatively new bands together for a national tour surely has its share of risk, but the compatriotism of the groups seems to have outweighed any burdens of the H.O.R.D.E. tour.

"What we're doing with the H.O.R.D.E. tour," Popper says, "is having the seventh slot that's just going to be for local bands in whatever area we're in. There are lots of good bands; they just need exposure. And we want to try and help them get that because there's a lot of great live music out there, and people just need to know about it." ■



Blues Traveler at Laguna Seca 5/29/93



Blues Traveler - Shoreline 7/25/92

Bob Minkin

Bob Minkin

Bob Minkin

it's in the
air

AN INTERVIEW WITH MERL SAUNDERS

by Stephen Dorian Miner

A San Francisco native, Merl Saunders boasts a musical career spanning nearly three decades. Still residing in the city by the bay, Saunders continues to write, produce, and perform music. He has recorded with artists as varied as Harry Belafonte, David Grisman, and Bonnie Raitt. He has also produced records for Walter Hawkins and Johnny Mathis, as well as many of his own projects, including the successful *Blues From the Rainforest*, an album of New Age music dedicated to saving the rainforest, which made its way to the top of the *Billboard* New Age chart in 1992.

Saunders has shared the stage with the likes of Miles Davis, Nick Gravenites, and Jerry Garcia of the Grateful Dead (with whom he has recorded and produced several recordings including *Live At The Keystone*).

Saunders has produced soundtrack music for HBO's *Tales from the Crypt* with director William Friedkin (*Exorcist*, *French Connection*), CBS's *Twilight Zone* (on which he worked with members of the Grateful Dead), and has also produced several soundtracks of children's music for Harcourt, Brace & Jovanovich, a publisher of children's books.

With this extraordinary list of credits, it isn't surprising that Merl Saunders continues to shine as one of the finest musicians to come from the Bay Area and its historical music scene.

For the last two years, Saunders has been touring with his Rainforest Band. He is joined by guitarist Michael Hinton, bassist Michael Warren, and percussionist Vince Littleton. Merl Saunders and the Rainforest Band have just released their first studio effort, *It's In The Air*.

Containing twelve tracks and over 70 minutes of music, *It's In The Air* brings together several influential styles—blues, jazz, and rock, and features songs written and recorded by Saunders throughout his career. Several tracks that appear on the album were co-written with the late Jim McPherson and recorded with the Rainforest Band for this album.

Saunders collaborated with Grateful Dead lyricist Robert Hunter for the track "Resurrection Rag," which they wrote together in the mid 1980s (and recorded on the Dinosaurs' debut *Relix* release). Also included on *It's In The Air* is a song



Merl Saunders and the Rainforest Band

co-written by Karen Baker, Saunders' publicist, marketing director, and friend. Saunders is joined by several guests including Dr. John, who sings and plays piano on the track "Play the Paris Blues." Also appearing are blues harp talents Norton Buffalo and Blues Traveler's John Popper.

With most tracks recorded in one take, *It's In The Air* has a wonderful, "live" feel to it. Produced by Saunders and Marina Zachau for his own label, Sumertone Records, the slick production enhances Saunders' sounds without seeming overproduced. The recording reveals the wonderful warm tones of longtime companion, "Jessica," Saunders' Hammond B-3 organ and continues to prove Saunders' proficiency as a musician, performer, and writer.

Relix: Seeing you perform with the Rainforest Band over the last year, I've noticed a lot of material from *It's In The Air* featured in your sets. Did you have this album in mind, or did you incorporate various songs and fuse them into the scheme of the album?

Saunders: Touring for the last couple of years, people just demand we play certain songs, screaming out names from previous albums. In the 1970s when I was writing some of these songs, I never performed them out. Garcia and I would go on special tours, perform them, and that would be it. For fifteen years people had heard it only on disk, and now when we perform it live, we've given it a '90s feel. I only put songs I like into my repertoire. [I like] updating a song, playing a Grateful Dead tune I was affiliated with [such as] "Sugaree," "Bertha." A lot of people don't know I recorded that one first, so we put it into our repertoire because I like the song. I did Horace Silver's "Sister Sadie" 20 years ago the way he played it, in a jazz vein, and thought recently it would sound good as a hip-hop tune, and so we put it out there and people would say 'that's a great new number,' not realizing that it was written 25 years ago. "Lay Back Baby" and "Left Out In The Cold" took a new form. We put a face lift on "Paris Blues." It came to mind to get Dr. John to sing on it—he'd just come back from Paris and he would relate to it.

Relix: So you didn't have a particular concept in mind for the album beforehand?

Saunders: The concept was to get back to the roots and do a blues album. Before I was doing the Rainforest stuff, I was writing a blues album featuring my Hammond B-3 organ. I stopped when DJ's were telling me that I had something good with this rainforest stuff, so that put *Blues From The Rainforest* on the front burner. *Blues* has been out for nearly four years now, so it was time to get back to making a good blues album.

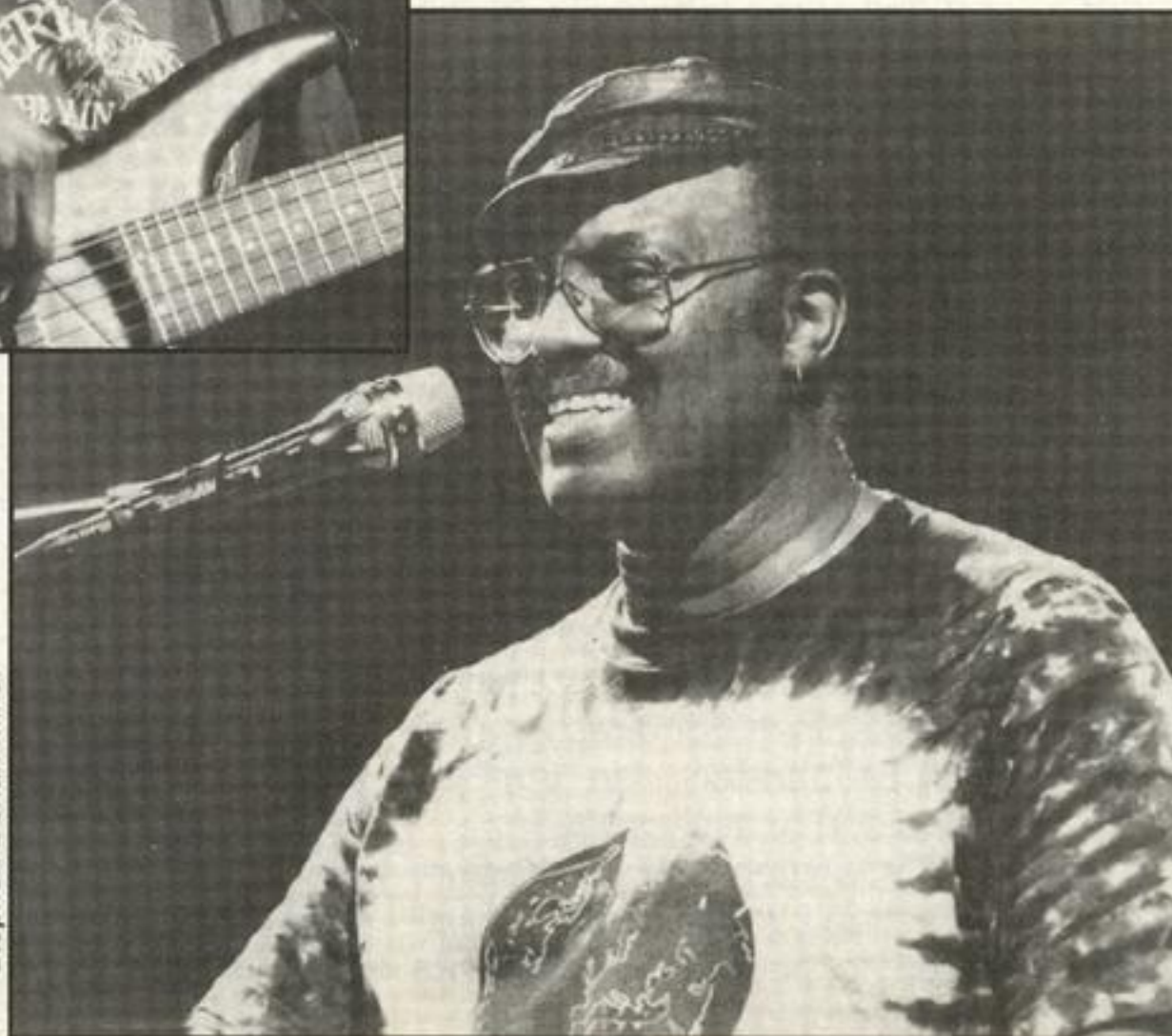
Relix: *In the Air* features your current arrangement of musicians, The Rainforest Band, who you've been working with for three years or so?

Saunders: Right. There have been three Rainforest Bands; this one has been with me the longest. You don't have to have the best band, but the players, their charisma, and chemistry—that's what makes a good band work. Like any team, it has great energy and chemistry in the playing.

Relix: Is this the first entirely studio



Michael Warren



Merl Saunders

Stephen Dorian Miner

Stephen Dorian Miner

effort with this version of The Rainforest Band?

Saunders: Yes, and we're going right back in. *It's In The Air* is getting a lot of play in major markets. They are getting excited out there, and we know we have to follow up.

Relix: Once you're comfortable with a band do you stick with it, or do you like to rotate members?

Saunders: I like to play with other bands. I like playing with Zero—they're great musicians. I like to play with others, but my time is so limited now with all my projects.

Relix: On the last record, *Save the Planet*, you had two Rainforest Bands.

Saunders: I hadn't developed this Rainforest Band, I didn't know *Blues From The Rainforest* would be a great hit. So I didn't know whether I was going to play the blues, or this new age music, so I crossed them. *Blues* was a spiritual album, so was *In the Air* because the energy in the studio



Stephen Dorian Miner

Vince Littleton
with the
Rainforest Band

I finished it in a matter of hours.

Relix: Have you written other songs with Hunter?

Saunders: Yeah. There are some other songs that we wrote together about seven years ago that haven't been brought to the surface yet. [Hunter is] the Rolls-Royce of writers. I got along with him great. It was similar writing with [the late] Jim McPherson who co-wrote some of the material I've been doing.

Relix: Is this a history album in the sense that the music and the people involved span many years of your career?

Saunders: Yeah. The people I'm working with, like Michael Hinton, have worked with me in the past. I started using Hinton to back up

was so great. Most things were first takes.

Relix: "Paris Blues" with Dr. John sounds like it was taken from a live guest spot. It was actually done in the studio?

Saunders: Yes. We laid the track down first, and I sang it to keep it together. No one knew what to do with it, so I said "we're going to have a guest spot, go pick up Dr. John." We got in the studio and sat down face-to-face. He played his piano, I played my organ, we sang to each other and had a great time. That was the first take. After putting down the track "Built for Comfort," I wanted John Popper to play on that, and when he was in town with the Allman Brothers, Popper found me and I got him to stop by Fantasy and put his harp on it.

Relix: When did you and Robert Hunter write "Resurrection Rag"?

Saunders: It was around 1985, 1986, when we were doing *The Twilight Zone*. Phil DeGuere, the producer was doing a movie called *Resurrection Rag*, and he wanted me to do the title song. He asked if I could get Robert Hunter to write the words. I called Bob, and he was a little reluctant at first. Seemed like when he gave me the lyrics I heard how it would go, just like that, and

Jerry on *The Twilight Zone*. I've used Michael Warren on and off for the last ten years. I first used him when I was opening up for the "Crusaders" on a tour. I found my drummer when I was on tour with the Dinosaurs. Spencer Dryden got sick while we were in Spokane, Washington. They were going to cancel the show, and I said, "Call the music department and have them send a drummer that can play rock'n'roll or jazz." They sent over Vince Littleton. When we were playing I said, "any time you want a job just call me." He called a few months later and said, "what about it?" I said, "Yeah, come on!" He's a great person to work with and an extraordinary percussionist.

Relix: You have a history of playing with the Grateful Dead. There's a photograph of you playing Brent Mydland's Hammond at the BCT in 1985. Was that the last time you performed with the whole band?

Saunders: That was the last time I played with them on stage. We played together during *The Twilight Zone* in 1986, 1987.

Relix: Do you have plans to have Garcia on any future projects?

Saunders: That I like to keep secretive. Until Jerry put his part down [on *Blues*], no one knew he was going to do it. That day I said Jerry is coming to dinner. They didn't even know which Jerry it was. It was all planned, but we kept it a secret.

I would like to have him on this new *Amazon* album, but a lot of guitarists have asked me to play on it, so we'll see.

Relix: Do you still have a competent working relationship with Garcia?

Saunders: Yeah. Definitely! The Grateful Dead, there's a lot happening with that. They're a great bunch of musicians, they are very sincere in what they do. When they want to focus, they can focus, and Garcia is one of the greatest guitar players, and I've worked with a lot of great guitar players.

Relix: What are your plans for the future?

Saunders: I would like this band to do *Blues* with the San Francisco Symphony!

Relix: So with a successful record and more touring to come, you're going to keep on keeping on?

Saunders: That's right, we plan to just keep on keeping on! ■



Stephen Dorian Miner

Michael Hinton

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DEAD RINGERS

got it covered

BY TONI A. BROWN

How do you explain it when a bunch of San Francisco musicians get together and perform sets that predominantly feature Grateful Dead cover material? Well, there's no explaining it...but people are loving it!

In an era when more bands are trying to shake the "tribute band" stigma, Dead Ringers are breathing new life into some of the greatest music to have emerged from the psychedelic scene. The band's nucleus consists of Barry Flast (Kingfish), Tom Constanten (Grateful Dead), and David Nelson (New Riders, Acoustic Garcia). These musicians have been around long enough to actually possess some of the same musical sensibilities as the members of the Grateful Dead themselves. Their renditions of such classics as "Cumberland Blues," "St. Stephen > Dark Star > The Eleven," "I Know You Rider," "Truckin'," "Mountains Of The Moon," and many others are definitely their own, but there is an infused sound, something that brings back reminiscences of the earlier, original versions of these songs.

If you're wondering why these great talents have opted for "cover band" status, it was actually the brainchild of booking agent, Michael Gaiman. When Flast was approached, the thought seemed absurd. Two years ago, he'd have never even considered the concept. But something had been missing from recent live Kingfish performances. "I was looking for an answer, and in some strange way, the Grateful Dead provided that answer. When we played the first tune for that first audience I went, 'Yeah, what a great idea!'"

Tom Constanten credits that Gaiman was the catalyst ("and I don't mean the roll call at the dairy farm"), but once it evolved, "it all started to happen, and a rolling stone gets 'round. We've done over 120 shows together."

David Nelson remarked that he initially thought, "What a weird idea. Why would somebody want to do that? Who would come to a show like that?" Whatever the reasons, the formula works because thousands of people have made their way to the shows.

Flast brings us up-to-date on the current lineup of Dead Ringers. "David Nelson on guitar, lead vocals, and mandolin, probably one of the all-time great Telecaster players and one of the

all-time great acoustic guitar flat-pickers. And, of course, we have Tom Constanten formerly of the Grateful Dead, who plays keyboards along with myself. I am the former keyboard player of Kingfish. I also play a little acoustic guitar in the acoustic part of the Dead Ringers' program, as well as sing. And we have Barry Sless, my compadre from Kingfish, lead guitarist and pedal-steel guitarist extraordinaire. And we have Arthur Steinhorn, former drummer for Kingfish, who also played drums in Sless's group Cowboy Jazz (Rounder Records artists for a few years in the early '80s). And we had Panama Fred Campbell, a great vocalist, who was playing bass and acoustic lead guitar. He was our bass player in Kingfish for many years. On our recent tour, Bill Laymon of the New Riders and Gypsy Cowboy has been sitting in."

Nelson continues with regards to the choice of material they've selected to perform, "The original idea was to try to stick to the Golden Age stuff from *Workingman's Dead* and *Aoxomoxoa* and before that, since TC and I were on those records. The other material is just songs that we liked doing, that we thought might be fun. Also, we like the idea of doing traditional stuff because that's how we started playing music."

The name Dead Ringers might seem like some cosmic joke, but Nelson simplifies it. "It was the name of our baseball team back in the '70s. We put together a softball team, and Bill Graham had a team and the Dead had a team. And we would play in these parks out in Marin County and Bill Graham kept beating us very badly, so we went and got some ringers from Oregon, some sandlot professional baseball players, and they were called the Dead Ringers."

As in any environment where music has brought people together, the audience frequently requests material. Flast says the au-

diences yell requests between every song. "But we've started to, in the same sense that the Dead do, interweave the songs together. So now they really don't have an opportunity to do that. Like, in Kingfish, we'd play our song, and then tune the guitar, have a drink, find a harmonica, and the audience had plenty of time to yell out, "Lazy Lightning!"

When questioned on the current sound of the Grateful Dead, Constanten succinctly put it, "Last time I heard them they were doing just fine. The faster they go, the rounder they get. The more they play, the better they get at it. And they were pretty good to begin with."

Turnabout being fair play, the Grateful Dead have their own opinions about Dead Ringers. Nelson says, "At the last Christmas party, I told Garcia what we were doing. He said, 'Yeah? It's okay with me.'"

Nelson's wife, Marishka, works in the

Grateful Dead office. "I gave her a copy of our upcoming *Relix* CD, and she was playing it in the office for about 15 hours straight and had the entire office just hooting and hollering and wondering, 'Who the hell are these guys?' They liked it very much."

When Constanten was asked how it felt to have survived the original Bay Rock invasion, only to carry his work over to Bay Rock—The Next Generation, he admitted that "It's really a lot of fun. It's kind of as if Leonard Nimoy had been taken on the cast of *Star Trek—The Next Generation*. If anything, I feel like I have somewhat more room to spread out and play in this context, mainly because of technological advancements that have allowed keyboards to be amplified so they can be heard more of the time, nowadays."

Being considered a cover band is something that Ringers does think about. "I've thought about this a lot, and I've even found myself talking about it from time to time," says Flast. "I honestly believe that, at least in terms of the way the kids see us, and why they're having such a good time, is because they generally see these guys as having been the architects, in a sense, of that very same music. So they don't see it in the true sense of a cover band. TC once said, 'It's because we're playing it from the inside.'"

TC remarks, "We didn't learn it from the sheet music and off a record. We were in there when it was being constructed and when it was built, and furthermore, we know who we are, we don't have anything to prove. We don't have to play like somebody."

"Also, the Genie is kind of out of the bottle, in that we don't only do Grateful Dead material. We have diversified. We have moved on to other material, until we're finally getting to things that only we do. The only good Ringer is a Dead Ringer."

One can't help but wonder how TC views the songs and how he performs them now, in contrast to when he played them over 20 years ago. "For one thing, there's more of an open invitation to try things now. Especially when the songs were first being presented. The scaffolding was a little rickety, and it depended on people doing a certain thing in the certain context, playing a certain melody. And over the years, I've had the opportunity to rethink a lot of these things and try out other things. And in so doing, coming up with other things that work, which I'm having fun applying, currently."

Flast says, "We're not doing this music because we have nothing else to do. We're doing this because it's great music, and we're having a lot of fun doing it." ■



Dead Ringers — David Nelson, Tom Constanten and Barry Flast

L.D. Kippel



Nelson and Flast

Bob Minkin



HIS LEGACY CARRIES ON

M W MUDDY WATERS

BY ANDREW M. ROBBLE

When Muddy Waters left the Mississippi Delta in the summer of 1943 to search for a job in Chicago, he never imagined that he would become one of the central figures in the development of the urban "electric," Chicago-style blues. Together with Howlin' Wolf, he became one of the leaders of the postwar Chicago blues movement. His musical talent, professionalism, and charismatic personality have left a legacy that has influenced the musical development of musicians in both the blues and rock idioms. Muddy's unique musical sounds and theories are present even today. If Willie Dixon composed the blues, and Howlin' Wolf gave voice to the blues, and Little Walter revolutionized and electrified the blues, then, indeed, Muddy Waters still epitomizes the blues!

Muddy was born McKinley Morganfield on April 4, 1915. His parents were poor sharecroppers who worked a plantation in Rolling Fork, Mississippi, a town located in the southern part of the Delta on Highway 61. McKinley was given the nickname, Muddy, at an early age by his grandmother, who often watched McKinley both play in and eat mud. After the death of his mother, Muddy moved to Clarksdale with his grandmother. The kids in the neighborhood soon gave Muddy the additional nickname, Waters. From the age of three, until the time of his death in 1983, he was known as Muddy Waters.

Muddy received an old squeeze box, his first musical instrument, at the age of five. He progressed to the Jew's harp and finally to the French harp, or harmonica. By 13, he was playing the harp at local fish fries and picnics with his friend, guitarist Scott Bohannon. At 17, he bought his first guitar (a Stella), from a Sears and Roebuck catalog with money he received from selling his grandmother's horse. Living in the Clarksdale region, Muddy frequented the local juke joints where he observed and listened to his earliest blues influences, Eddie "Son" House and Charlie Patton. Muddy drove a tractor by day on the Stovall plantation and played in the jukes and barrelhouses at night and on weekends, all while

staying close to home and his grandmother.

Muddy developed his own bottleneck guitar style and vocal inflections from watching Son House and Charlie Patton and by listening to the legendary Robert Johnson. Muddy's playing in the late 1930s was rooted in basic "acoustic" Delta blues, but he began exploring some current blues hits. His playing revolved around pentatonic blues melodies, chilling bottleneck guitar patterns, and bass runs that he adapted from Son House.

Folklorist, Alan Lomax, was the first to record Muddy. Lomax came to the Delta in search of Robert Johnson, who was already dead. He instead found Muddy and recorded him playing "Country Blues" and "I Be's Trouble" for the Library of Congress. (These recordings were released some 20 years later.)

Muddy was aware of Robert Nighthawk and other blues musicians who had gone to Chicago to record. In 1943, Muddy followed their lead and arrived in Chicago in search of a good factory job and a better life. He found work immediately in a paper mill where his fellow southern workers recognized him and introduced him to various blues musicians including Tampa Red, Johnny Temple, Sonny Boy Williamson, Memphis Slim, Big Maceo Merriwether, and his mentor, Big Bill Broonzy. Broonzy introduced Muddy to many other musicians and helped him settle down and get established in Chicago. Muddy drove a truck by day and developed a strong reputation playing parties and after-hours social functions in the evenings.

Muddy was also fortunate to have relatives in Chicago. In 1945, his Uncle Joe Brant bought him his first electric guitar. Using his bottleneck style and rapid arpeggios, Muddy hollered the blues with his powerful and emotional voice, while his new amplification gave him unlimited musical potential. The unique marriage of voice and electric guitar that Muddy perfected became the archetype of the Chicago-style blues sound.

Muddy had been playing at the Blue Flame Club in Chicago with Eddie Boyd when he met Sunnyland Slim. Boyd left Muddy to play with

Sonny Boy Williamson; Sunnyland Slim and Blue Smitty joined Muddy at the Blue Flame. Muddy's association with Sunnyland led to his first recording session for Columbia Records with Sunnyland under the eye of Lester Melrose in 1946. Although three songs were recorded at this session, they were not released until years later. Muddy again recorded with Sunnyland Slim for Aristocrat Records, which was run by Leonard and Phil Chess. Muddy recorded two numbers, "Little Anna Mae" and "Gypsy Women." Leonard Chess, not impressed with the music, stored the recordings. Muddy again recorded for Leonard Chess in 1948. This time he revived his old Delta numbers that Alan Lomax had recorded in 1941. Although Chess was still not impressed, "I Can't Be Satisfied" and "I Feel Like Going Home" were released and the first pressing sold out in 12 hours. Muddy later recorded "Rollin' Stone" and "Walkin' Blues" for Leonard Chess. These recordings would be his last solo efforts. Sunnyland Slim had a falling out with the Chess brothers, and Muddy went on to play with Little Walter [Jacobs] on harp, Jimmy Rogers on guitar, and Leroy Foster on drums.

With his new band, the hits started to come—"Louisiana Blues," "Long Distance Call," "Honey Bee," "She Moves Me," "Still A Fool," and "Catfish Blues" were recorded in 1951. Little Walter discovered the sound potential of distortion and sustain with a studio amplifier on his harp. Rogers and Muddy were using distortion with their guitars, while Francis Clay supplied the solid backbeat on drums. With the addition of the greatest blues piano player of his generation, Otis Spann, they became one of the greatest blues bands ever assembled. This unit, in conjunction with songwriter Willie Dixon, recorded such masterpieces as "I'm Your Hoochie Coochie Man," "I Just Want To Make Love To You," and "I'm Ready." The last two Willie Dixon tunes would be the only songs that ever cracked the R&B charts for Muddy. These 1954 hits have been the foundation for many tunes and riffs over the years because of the use of stop-time by Muddy's band. The famous stop-time riff, when the whole band plays in unison as in

the beginning of "Hoochie Coochie Man," demonstrates the extraordinary talent that made this Chicago blues band legendary.

Muddy was the king of the Chicago sound throughout the '50s and early '60s. The list of musicians who played in his band during this time span is a "who's who" of Chicago blues: Buddy Guy, Big Walter Horton, Junior Wells, James Cotton, Pat Hare, Sam Lay, Sammy Lawhorn, Pinetop Perkins, Fred Below, S.P. Leary, Matt "Guitar" Murphy, Willie Dixon, Jerry Portnoy, Willie Smith, and Elgin Evans. Muddy, the man and musician, touched each of these individuals in his own special way. In turn, each of these musicians has paid homage to their mentor.

Muddy and his band toured extensively during the '50s and '60s, but with the arrival of rock 'n' roll, the popularity of the blues was declining. "The rock 'n' roll, this hurt the blues pretty bad," said Muddy Waters. "We still hustled around and made it and kept goin', but we were only playin' for black people when rock 'n' roll came along, and it got so we couldn't play any more slow blues. The people just wanted to 'bug.' But, we survived out of it." For a year or two, beginning in 1955 when Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley, Little Richard, and Fats Domino all became immensely popular with both young blacks and young whites, Muddy put down his guitar. "His band was his instrument, and he sang unhampered," reported Paul Oliver in a 1959 *Jazz Monthly* article, "Stamping, hollering, his whole body jerking in sheer physical expression of his blues. He would double up, clench his fists, straighten with a spring like a flick-knife, leap in the air, arch his back, and literally punch out his words whilst the perspiration

poured down his face and soaked through his clothing."

Muddy met with success touring in England in 1960 and 1962. Young English musicians such as Alexis Korner and Cyril Davis were influenced by Muddy's rendition of the blues. Korner and Davis were followed by other groups that included the Rolling Stones, the Yardbirds, and the Animals, who appreciated and performed the blues. The Rolling Stones actually took their name from one of Muddy's songs. Muddy's success in England opened up a whole new, white, college-oriented audience to the blues. Before the Rolling Stones started recording the songs of Muddy and various other Chicago blues' musicians, white audiences didn't know who they were. As Muddy told *Melody Maker*, "Before the Rolling Stones, people over here didn't know nothing and didn't want to know nothing. I was making race records, and I'm gonna tell it to you the way the older people told it to the kids. If they'd buy my records, their parents would say, 'What the hell is this? Get this nigger record out of my house!' But then the Rolling Stones and those other groups come over here from England playing this music, and now, today, the kids buy a record of mine, and they listen to it. Fifteen years ago, after Newport, at some of my gigs, I might have a few kids from the university, but if it wasn't some school date I was playing, if it was just a club in Chicago, it would be maybe one percent, two percent white. I play in places now don't have no black faces in there, but our black faces."

During the psychedelic '60s, many guitar heroes played homage to Muddy Waters. While Muddy himself was playing the Fillmore in San Francisco, musicians such as Eric Clapton, Jeff Beck, Jimmy Page, Johnny Winter, the Vaughan Brothers, and a never-ending list of young guitarists played heartfelt admiration to their guitar hero.

During the last years of his life, Muddy was managed by Johnny Winter and continued to perform his litany of blues classics around the world. Muddy Waters died of cancer on April 30, 1983, at the age of 68. He made many recordings for the Chess, MCA, and Blue Sky labels. The bulk of his recordings for Chess (1948-1963) are available on *The Chess Box: Muddy Waters* (MCA). Of particular interest on the MCA label is the 1969 *Fathers and Sons* recording that features Paul Butterfield, Michael Bloomfield, and Sam Lay as part of Muddy's backup band. Muddy earned Grammys for the best Ethnic or Traditional recordings three consecutive years while recording for the Blue Sky label in the late '70s.

Muddy's influence has been felt by four generations of blues musicians. Recently, Paul Rodgers (Free, Bad Company, The Firm) put together *A Tribute*



J.P. Niehuser

To Muddy Waters that features several guitarists performing the works of the master. All of today's Chicago blues' greats incorporate Muddy Waters' songs in their sets. Muddy was a gentleman, a musician, but most importantly, he was a believer in the blues. Muddy crossed racial barriers of his time and encouraged young white musicians to come into the black clubs of Chicago and sit in with his band. Paul Butterfield, Mike Bloomfield, Nick Gravenites, Charlie Musselwhite, and Elvin Bishop are just a few of the musicians that got the opportunity to cut their chops with Muddy. Muddy Waters has been a fatherly figure to musicians and is best remembered by the players who had the chance to perform with him.

Charlie Musselwhite: "Playing with Muddy was like being in heaven. He always let me sit in and would help me out with a few bucks if I was short."

Ray Allison (Muddy's last drummer): "He was like a father to me. He taught me how to be a professional. I loved the man."

Sam Lay: "When it comes down to blues, Muddy is just my idol. If you ever saw Muddy play and you got close enough to the bandstand, his voice was like a tornado or something you could just feel its coming at you. You could feel it comin' but you couldn't outrun it."

Buddy Guy: "Playing behind Muddy was an honor. I love him so much."

Luther Tucker: "If you didn't play the right music, he'd get upset. He treated me like a son."

Paul Rodgers: "Muddy Waters helped me in my life. Whenever I was stressed out, I could listen to him and get something out of it, spiritually." (*BAM Interview*)

Junior Wells: "Muddy used to call me his son."

Michael Bloomfield: "Seeing Muddy on the road or at a gig or something, it's like gigging with your whole family. With older cats like Muddy, man it's like seeing your old uncle." (*Rolling Stone Interview*)

Danny Kalb: "Muddy loved the Blues Project, and we loved him." ■



Ralph Hulett

Bruce Hornsby

becomes un-dead

BY JYM FAHEY

After three successful albums with the Range, and a few years as one of the hardest working sidemen in show business, Bruce Hornsby has released *Harbor Lights*. "It's an odd concept to call this a solo album as opposed to the others," says Bruce Hornsby. "This record sounds more like a band playing than the first two records. [The records featuring] Bruce Hornsby and the Range were pretty much comprised of demos, with me playing all the instruments. So those were really more solo records in that sense than this one is. Everyone got tied to the demos so they became the first two records, *Way It Is* and *Scenes From The Southside*. But one reason I didn't want to use the band this time was, well, I was going into a little more complex musical area this time and a couple of guys in the Range weren't that well versed in that more harmonically complex music. They weren't into that."

Bruce handled the musical landscape on *Harbor Lights* quite well, with a little help from friends like Pat Metheny, Bonnie Raitt, and a certain well-known guitarist from Marin County. He says, "Once again, not using the band gave me the freedom to cast the record in the sense that I would have a particular song in a particular style and think to myself who would sound amazing playing on this song? All the guests came out to the house. They all came to work. In Garcia's case, it was easy because we were playing Hampton Roads Coliseum for a couple of days with the Dead on my last Dead tour. So he just came over to the house during the off day or during the day before the gig."

Some people were surprised when Hornsby started playing with the Grateful Dead. Bruce thinks those folks just weren't paying attention. "The Dead has always had sort of a folk influence, but they've always been really about improvisation, a certain jazzy element. For me, it's been the same way. I've always been influenced by folk music. There's always been sort of a folk influence on my music, but there's always been that jazz aspect too. So I think



there was always a kindred spirit there. A lot of people wouldn't necessarily get that because in the big picture we come from different worlds. We got on the radio real fast with this sort of wonderful accident, "The Way It Is." Everyone thought it was a B-side, and it became this big hit. So all of a sudden we were catapulted into this hit radio world, sort of typecast into that area. I think a lot of people were surprised when I started playing with [the Dead]. People who don't know much about it probably didn't realize that my band had opened for the Dead two or three times a year for five years before that. We always played with them, and I'd sat in with them a lot. When I was playing with them, they were always talking about working up some of my songs. Some of my songs [on *Harbor Lights*] could be Grateful Dead songs."

Bruce may be more aware of the results of pigeonholing an artist or a band than a lot of musicians. He says that a lot of people think of the Dead as "traditionalists with a back-to-nature approach who are not into technology—when they're completely into that. Probably more so than most any group that I know of."

The problem, as Bruce sees it, is one of getting to know an artist through a public persona, which can sometimes be skewed heavily, on purpose or by accident. "When you have big hits, you have a whole lot of people who know a very little bit about you. And when you have sort of a cult following, you have a small amount of people who know a lot about you. And you know they both have their good and bad points. I think gradually, as the years go by, people are figuring out more of what I'm about. Playing with the Grateful Dead probably blasted people's

one-dimensional notions about me. But I don't do this to get some media profile or some image. It was never about image for me. A lot of my friends couldn't understand why I would just go be a sideman for somebody for a year-and-a-half in the middle of my own career. For me, it was just about a good time and great people to work with and hang with. That's why I did it."

Bruce had to decide between working with the Dead (and nearly everybody else from Don Henley and Leon Russell to the Cowboy Junkies and Liquid Jesus) and refocusing on his own material. He opted for *Harbor Lights*. "When we started making this record in January of '92, I started to extricate myself from the various other musical projects I was doing. Stopped playing with the Grateful Dead, I played with them for a year-and-a-half, about a hundred shows or so. I had a great time doing that. I learned a lot. I got a lot out of it, and I was inspired by that situation and a lot of the other records I was playing on. It was all great input for me and influence. But I felt it was time to get back to me—get back to my own musical projects."

Even though Hornsby is happy with *Harbor Lights* and feels comfortable enough in the recording studio to put one in his Williamsburg, Virginia home, he knows that the magic of making a record is not something an artist can afford to take for granted, commenting, "The recording process for me has always been difficult and elusive. It's so intangible and you can never predict it. It's very maddening in that way. It's so hard to keep your perspective. Imagine if someone straps you into a chair and forces you to listen to the same song 400 times in a row. You think you would be objective about that song? You think you could tell? You think you'd want to hear it again? I think 'No!' is the answer to all those questions. So for me, it's a difficult process. I've always said I've got to find a better way to do it. The piano performances I do tend to be very quick. I tend to just play them. So maybe it's a question of I should just go ahead and play the damn piano first and record everything around that. See if that would work better. Who can say?"

Bruce Hornsby gives the impression of being a regular guy: friendly, polite, intelligent. Why did he decide to concentrate on rock'n'roll piano when guitar was all the rage? He says, "I got into playing the piano because of Elton John and Leon Russell. My brother went to prep school in Connecticut. He was always turned onto this underground music, at least what seemed like underground music to us in Southeastern Virginia. So I remember riding down the Colonial Parkway from Williamsburg to Yorktown and my brother putting in a tape of this song "Amoreena" by Elton John, and it just floored me. It was an amazing, unique sound that I never heard before. I just loved it so much. That, plus the Joe Cocker *Mad Dogs And Englishmen* tape that I loved. My brother had taken a little tape recorder into the Capitol Theatre in Portchester, New York where he had heard this group, Mad Dogs and Englishmen, long before the album came out. It was a great bootleg tape with all this great piano by Leon Russell. So those two tapes I was turned onto by my older brother really got me into playing the piano. That, plus the fact that my parents had a great piano in the house."

Bruce Hornsby made the right choice. He is a successful and respected musician, a family man, and a guy who makes the music he feels in his heart. ■



Jerry Garcia with Bruce Hornsby



Mark Harlan/Star File

gregg

a voice from
our times

ALLMAN

BY JYM FAHEY

the only music with substance to it. Everything else seemed real wimpy."

Even after moving to Daytona Beach, the two brothers often went back to Nashville to visit their grandmother. It was on one of those visits, soon after

And then he quit school and passed me up."

In an early band together, Gregg played guitar and Duane sang. Gregg continues, "Then he left town with another band, and they left their guitar with our band, and nobody sang. I mean the bass player could sing or he could play bass. He couldn't do both at the same time. The

In its various permutations, rock 'n' roll has given rise to a great number of distinct voices: James Brown's scream, Aretha's wail, John and Paul's vocal blendings, Janis Joplin's howl. They are virtually unmistakable. Likewise, there is the smoky growl of Gregg Allman that has led the Allman Brothers Band since the band has had a voice. He, too, stands alone.

Gregg and his older brother, Duane, were born in Nashville, Tennessee as the 1940s were turning into the 1950s. The pain that so enriches Gregg's voice began early on. The boys' father was murdered by a hitchhiker at Christmas time before they had even reached their teens. The brothers' persevering mother, Geraldine, sent them off to military school. Gregg recalls, "I learned a lot in military school. How to shave your head and stuff like that, which is pretty ridiculous. Especially after we bought a guitar and first got laid. We didn't want to go back. We finally both went over the hill."

In 1958, Geraldine moved the boys to Daytona Beach, Florida, and that is where the Allman brothers musical education began in earnest. Gregg says, "That's when we started to learn how to play, when we got to Florida. I had kinda gotten into music, gotten a guitar, and listened to Dick Dale and His Del-Tones and the Ventures. Then I met this black guy who took me across the tracks, literally, to this combination drug store/record store/convenience store/barber shop, all in one room. There was this big huge bin in the middle of it with all these records for \$2 a piece. And he said, 'This is Howlin' Wolf. This is Sonny Boy. This is Otis. This is Garnet Mimms, and this is Patti Labelle and The Bluebells. And Marvin Gaye.' Now that was some music that I could hold onto. I mean it made my whole...every fiber of my existence happy. Man, I was hooked. But back then in 1961, it wasn't that cool to be going over to Blacktown, me hanging out with Floyd, and his partners gave him quite a bit of hell about it. And him hanging out with me. The first time I brought him to my house, you know, my mother, well...anyway, that was

their move, that the boys' excitement about music was kicked into another gear. Gregg remembers, "We went to our first rock 'n' roll concert, which consisted of Jackie Wilson as the headliner, the second was Otis Redding, and they also had Patti LaBelle and the Bluebells and B.B. King on the bill. We sat way up in the top of the Nashville Auditorium. Duane said, 'Man, Gregory, what have we got here? We got to get into this l'il brother.' I mean we were just blown away. B.B. King had this organ player with big, red, processed hair. He was playing this Hammond B-3 like Jimmy Smith. And they had all these horns, and they added excitement to the whole show. And Jackie Wilson! Oh God, I had goosebumps I thought were permanent. They finally went away in about a week."

Gregg began to eat, sleep, and breathe the blues and rhythm and blues that he had discovered through his friend Floyd, across the tracks. His \$22 Sears Roebuck guitar became a constant companion. "Everybody said, 'Who do you think you are, Elvis? You'll never do anything.' My mother was a little skeptical about it, too. When I was in military school, I wanted to get into the band, and she bought me a trumpet. Matter of fact, she bought us both one. In military school, you know you got those officers that are so damn strict, and you know they try to scare you into learning how to play something. So I played it on and off for about a month and then just laid it down. She always called it 'Geraldine's Folly' because she had to pay for it. But I stuck to [the guitar]. I mean it was one of those that make your hands bleed, but I slaved over it."

Meanwhile, Duane had developed a passion of his own: Harley Davidson motorcycles. Duane soon recognized his destiny, however, and picked up a guitar of his own. Gregg showed him a few things. I taught him the basic math. I showed him a bar chord. I turned him on to Jimmy Reed. That's about all I did. I introduced him to the fever, how about that. Then he got into it, just overnight, man. He was a natural.

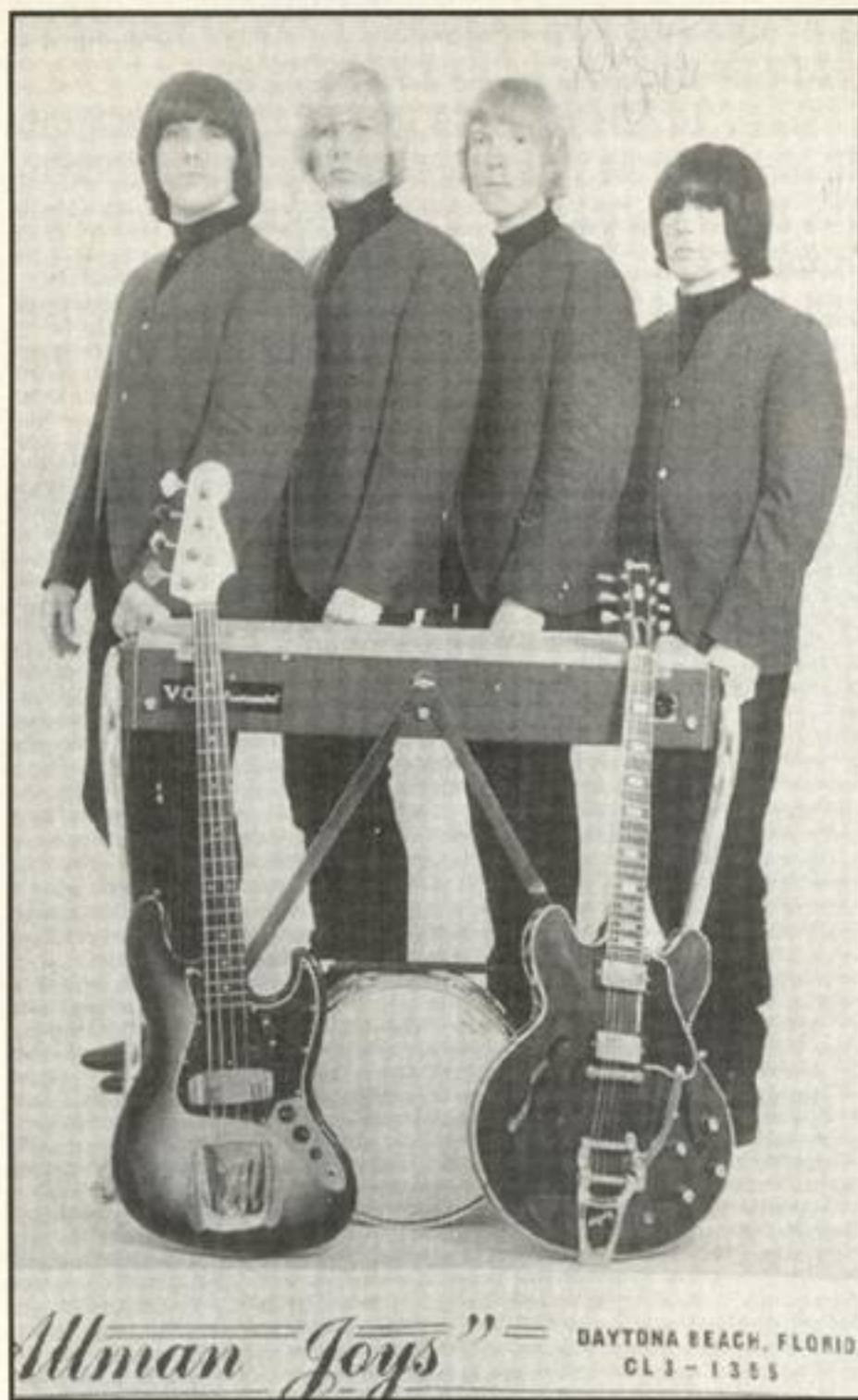


Duane Allman, 1969

Chuck Pullin/Star File

drummer sounded like a strangled macaw, and the guitar player could just whoop it a little. So either I sang or hit the bricks. I wanted to play real bad, so I played rhythm guitar and sang. I was forced into it and then it got to be alright, little by little."

When Gregg graduated from high school, he and Duane began hitting the road together for the first time as the Allman Joys. While a number of their contemporaries had more interest in surf music, the Allman Joys had more interest in Hank Ballard & The Midnighters and the songs of Willie Dixon and Robert Johnson. The Yardbirds, piloted by the guitar work of Eric Clapton, also caught their ears as did Jeff Beck.



Allman Joys

The 1989 *Dreams* compilation package on Polygram Records includes three songs by the Joys, "Shapes Of Things," a Yardbirds' cover, Willie Dixon's "Spoonful," and Robert Johnson's haunting tale of dealings with the dark side, "Crossroads." From the Beatles' "Mersey Beat" to the "Motown Sound", the Allman Joys covered a lot of ground, musically, and in the beat-up station wagon, which was their road home. The constant playing that bar work forces on a band sharpened their chops to a shaveable edge.

In early 1967, the Allman Joys broke up. Gregg and Duane then joined forces with drum-

mer Johnny Sandlin, keyboardist Paul Hornsby, and bassman Pete Carr in Decatur, Alabama. A move to St. Louis put them in the right place at the right time for a wrong result. The band was convinced to move to Los Angeles under the aegis of Bill McEuen, manager for the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band.

Then, known as the Hour Glass, they went through some bizarre sartorial changes and, even worse, some musical ones. Though there were some great musical moments on the Hour Glass' records, those were not happy days for Gregg and the band. They had signed a contract, which gave them virtually no creative control, and were forced to record what they were told. Gregg looks back on those days with some bitterness. "It was good material; it was just, I mean, the producer was an ex-shoe salesman from Miami, for real. We won't mention his name, but it was terrible. They handed us a washtub full of audio discs, right. It was that far back, they didn't even have cassette players. And they said, 'Pick out your record.' I had a few tunes I had written that I didn't even want to show them."

They made a couple of records, but even threats along the lines of "You'll never work in this town again!" couldn't make Duane stay where he didn't want to be. Gregg recalls, "I was actually held hostage. My brother left. The whole band left. They were going to freeze him on the United Artists label. They were going to freeze all of us from recording. Of course, we were all young and naive. We probably could have beat it, but we didn't have money for a lawyer. So Duane said, 'Hey screw it. I don't give a damn what you do,' and left. He was pretty uptight about me staying, you know. He went

back, and the other guys went their separate ways. He went to Muscle Shoals and became a staff guitarist there, but he was a road dog just like the rest of us, and he wanted to get back on stage. So he started putting what became The Allman Brothers Band together one by one."

Meanwhile, Gregg was still miserable out in LA. "I was just about ready to jump in the lake with an anvil tied to my waist or something. I never really thought about suicide, you know, but I just wondered will I ever play with anybody who makes me feel comfortable again. Then one day, March 26th, 1969, the phone rang at about three in the afternoon. And it was Duane calling from Jacksonville and he said, 'I got this band together.' And I said, 'Well, what's it like?' And he says, 'Well I got this hell of a lead guitar player, a man named Dickey Betts. And we got two sets of drums.' I thought, 'God, he's gone off the deep end now!' I asked him, 'What the hell do you do?' He said, 'Well, you'll see,' because he'd learned to play slide during that time. And



Allman, Jaimoe, Haynes, Trucks, & Betts at Avery Fisher Hall, NYC

he says, 'There's this really great bass player, but we don't have any writers or singers. I want you to round this thing out and send it somewhere.'"

Gregg was ready and left the West Coast immediately. "If not sooner. I hitchhiked, which was really against my way of thinking because that's how my father got killed, picking up a hitchhiker. So I got there and we played 'Trouble No More.' They had a set of lyrics laying there on the table. I really didn't think I could cut it, you know. These guys had been rehearsing for some while and I saw (Duane) with that bottle on the guitar. It gives me an idea how some people feel when they first see the Allman Brothers. I was jazzed. I mean what a high. When they got through, I pulled Duane aside and said, 'I don't think I can. I don't think you got the right guy here.' And he pushed me and says, 'You little punk. I told all these people about you. That the band's real good now, but wait till little brother gets here.' He embarrassed me in front of them and really pissed me off. So I snatched them damn lyrics off the table and I said, 'Count this booger off' and I wailed it, man. And the band was formed."

So Gregg got the job as singer, but what about the organ? Gregg's reply is a little surprising. "I didn't play organ until I joined the Allman Brothers. I messed around with a little bit of piano before that in Hour Glass, but that's about it. It was my brother's idea. I always wanted to play on a Hammond, but there's three things you don't do. You don't mess with somebody's



Hourglass

wife, with their Harley, or their Hammond. So I never got the chance to really try one out. When I got there, they had a brand new Hammond waiting for me. It was sitting right there in the living room. I couldn't believe it. I was up for about three days [learning to play]." Gregg still had to prove himself as a songwriter. "When I got to Jacksonville from California, I had like 21 songs, I think, and we sat down and I started playing them. I got through one and they're all sitting there like, 'Well, what else you got?' I was sweating bullets and the last two songs I played were 'Dreams' and 'It's Not My Cross To Bear' and things started hopping then."

The Allman Brothers were determined from the very beginning to make or break themselves their own way. Gregg remembers those days quite well. "There was a certain strength because everybody stuck to their guns, and I mean back then, if you didn't play so many Top 40 songs and so many Beatles' songs, you didn't get a club gig. So, to hold your own and stick to what you believed in and play original songs meant a certain amount of going hungry and poverty, and believe me, we had our share. Had it been just a couple of us, we might have gone back to the club thing and then finally got out and got a job. But it was a real all-for-one, one-for-all. We were a band."

By September of 1969, the faith the Allman Brothers Band had in themselves was paying off. They were in Atlantic Studios recording their first album. Two of the seven songs that ended up on that album were covers. The other five were written by Gregg Allman, including all-time ABB classics such as "Dreams" and "Whipping Post." Though the album did not sell that well, it showed enough promise to permit a second helping.

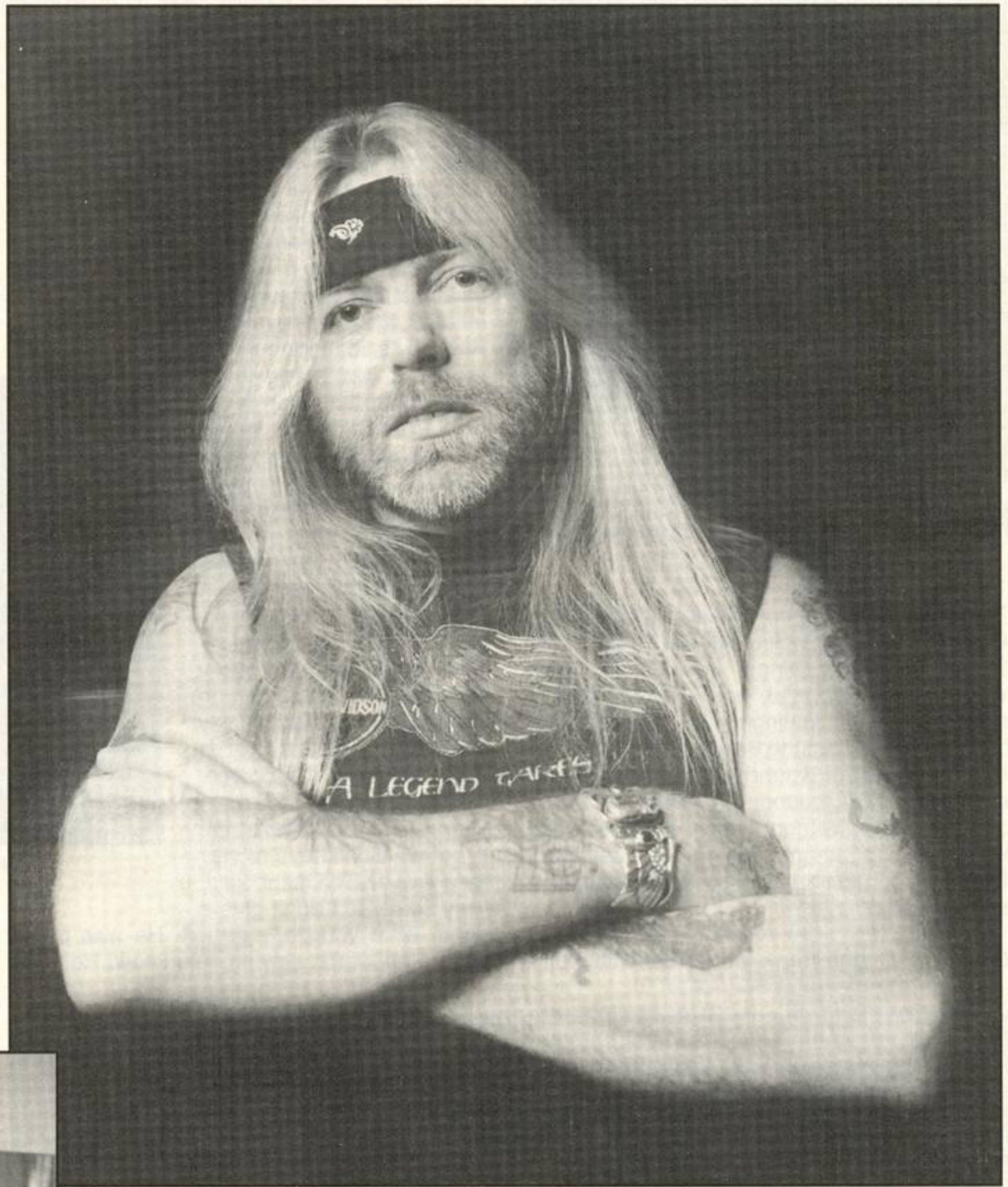
In September of 1970, ten months after the release of their first album, came *Idlewild South*. Gregg was again the predominate writer with four songs, "Don't Keep Me Wondering," "Please Call Home," "Leave My Blues At Home" and "Midnight Rider." Dickey Betts' unforgettable pair, "Revival" and "In Memory Of Elizabeth Reed," and Willie Dixon's "Hoochie Coochie

Man" (with Berry Oakley on vocals) completed the album. Gregg hasn't dominated the writing on an Allman Brothers album to that degree since.

After the release of their March 1971 performances at Fillmore East as a double record set, and it's subsequent rise into the Top 20, the Allman Brothers Band was flying high. They

jam sessions are legendary. They headlined sold-out shows all over the country.

Then, on October 29, 1971, Duane Allman died in a motorcycle mishap. His importance to the band cannot be overstated. He was the founder and, in many ways, the leader, musically and spiritually. His presence can still be felt whenever the band performs. In spite of the



Kirk West/Star File

Gregg Allman



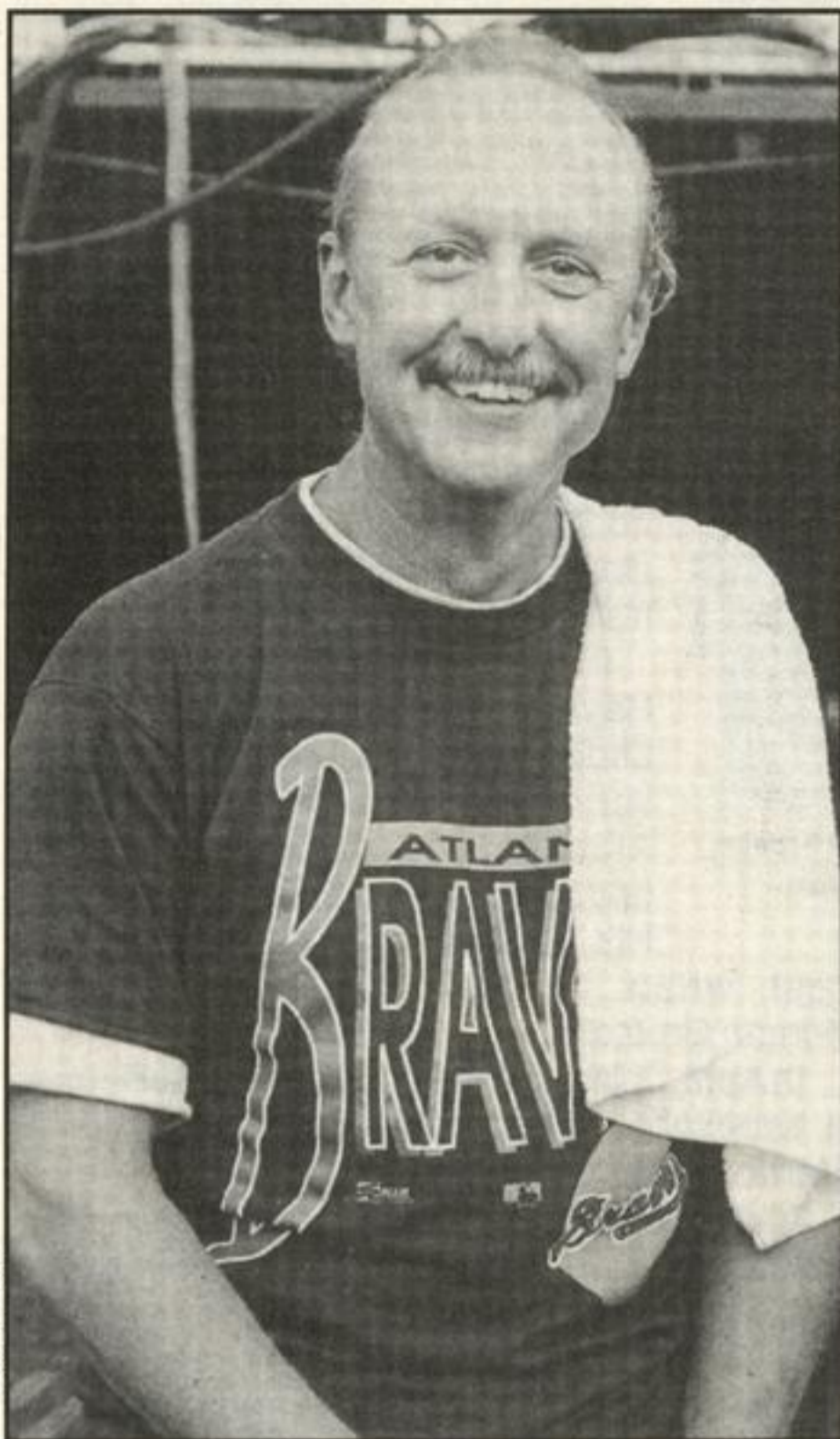
Bob Gruen/Star File

Duane and Gregg Allman

were one of the top concert draws in the country. Their music scorched radio and stereo speakers all over the world. And rightfully so. They had recorded one of the finest albums of all time. In spite of having to fill four sides, there is no fat on the record. The recent Fillmore reissue package (Polygram), and the material which came out on *Eat A Peach* stemming from those dates, show that they could have made it three records and still have left the listener wanting more. The playing of the whole band is superb and in synch, in an almost supernatural way. Gregg's voice is chilling. *At Fillmore East* captured the Brothers in their element. Live! That's where they could tear up in a way that has never truly been captured in the studio. The band was about to hit the big time. Their series of shows in 1971 with the Grateful Dead and the ensuing

loss, the band continued and, unbelievably, finished the *Eat A Peach* album within a few months of the tragedy. Gregg says, "It was devastating, man. The thought of going back into the studio after something like that happens is like, 'Hey, this is ridiculous. What are we, crazy?' But it's either that or go nuts. The thing about it is, we held together. A week after the funeral, we all met back in Miami and cut the last side." The album, which included Duane's last studio performances, climbed all the way to #4. Gregg contributed two songs, "Ain't Wastin' Time No More" and a favorite of Duane's, the first song he had ever begun writing, "Melissa." The Brothers returned to the road, and their bonds tightened.

In October of 1972, the family ties that had kept them going were reaffirmed when the Allman Brothers began to record *Brothers And Sisters* in Capricorn's studio in Macon, their family home. For the first time, they recorded an entire album there. For the second time, tragedy struck



Butch Trucks

in the middle of their sessions. This time Berry Oakley was the victim of a motorcycle crash on November 11, 1972. Again the band carried on. Gregg later commented, "This is the bravest bunch of dudes I've ever seen. I mean we conquered stuff that a lot of other people would have just said, 'Hey I'm outta here!'" Gregg contributed three of the seven songs to *Brothers And Sisters*, "Jelly Jelly," "Come and Go Blues" and "Wasted Words" on which he played rhythm guitar. The album hit #1, the only Allman Brothers record to climb to that height.

That success, and other landmarks, such as the Watkins Glen concert in 1973 where they shared the stage with The Band and Grateful Dead in front of some 600,000 fans, was just not enough. That fall, Gregg's solo album, *Laid Back* hit the street (with a haunting version of "Midnight Rider"). Its top 20 success did nothing to repair the tears in the fabric of the Allman Brothers.

His 1974 tour became an album (*The Gregg Allman Tour*, recorded at Carnegie Hall and the Capitol Theatre in Passaic) that included a 24-piece orchestra and a pair of songs by old friends of the Brothers, Cowboy, who backed Gregg on the tour.

Denials of the Allman Brothers' breakup couldn't disguise the fact that there was trouble in Macon. Gregg wrote two tracks including the title track for *Win, Lose or Draw*, which came out in 1975. The album succeeded both musically and commercially, but things were coming to an end for the Brothers. Finally in 1976, the band declared itself defunct, and the players went their separate ways, although Capricorn released two more albums of greatest hits, one from the studio, one live.

Gregg continued to perform and record, and released *Playing Up A Storm* in 1977. Gregg wrote or co-wrote just four of the nine songs on the album, but his singing was as strong as ever. Guests on the album include Little Feat's Bill Payne and Dr. John. Gregg covered Ray Charles' "Brightest Smile In Town" like a champion.

Both his vocals and his piano playing on that track alone are worth the price of admission.

When Gregg, along with Butch Trucks and Jaimoe, jammed with Dickey Betts and his band, Great Southern, at a July, 1978 concert in New York City, the wheels for an Allman reunion were set in motion. They were soon in Criteria Studios with "Father" Tom Dowd recording *Enlightened Rogues* with Great Southern alumni Dan Toler on second guitar and David Goldflies on bass. The album is often overlooked. Gregg's singing on the album is thrilling, and his single composition, "Just Ain't Easy," proved he could still put his pain into words and make the listener feel it, too.

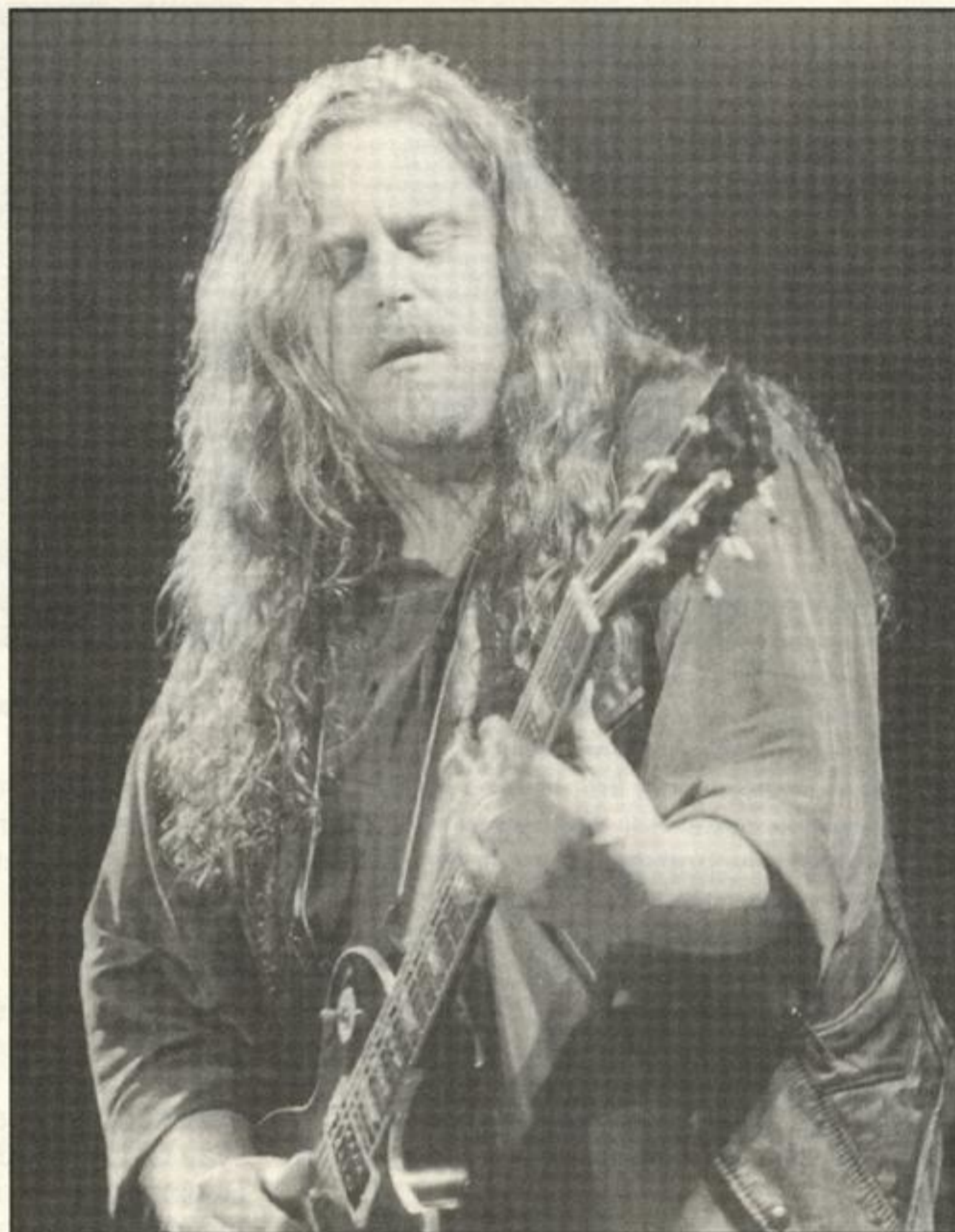
Next came the records which most of the band would like to forget, *Reach For The Sky* and *Brothers Of The Road*. The albums are not their strongest, but there are a number of redeeming tracks on them. Part of the problem was the decline in popularity of the good-time, bluesy jam music that the Brothers had perfected for a decade. There was also a decline in the inspirational fire, which had driven the band since the beginning. By 1982, the Allman Brothers Band had called it quits again.

Gregg kept on playing gigs, but did not release another album for five years. When he finally did, he was long overdue. *I'm No Angel*, helped by a video of the title track which got a lot of play on MTV, put Gregg's new material, as well as his old songs, with and without The Allman Brothers, on the nation's stereos and radios and revived his career. His voice sounded as strong as ever, and "I'm No Angel" was the perfect vehicle and statement for Gregg.

A year and a half later, *Just Before The Bullets Fly* debuted. Six of the ten titles on the album were written or co-written by Gregg. The album was not a great commercial success, but it was an artistic triumph. Ironically, the title track was co-written by Warren Haynes who was soon to join Gregg in the latest incarnation of the Allman Brothers just a few short months later.

That reunion came in March of 1989 when the surviving members of the original band announced that they would reunite to tour in celebration of the *Dreams* CD package, lovingly compiled by Bill Levenson and Kirk West for Polygram Records. Gregg was delighted with the reunion and the family feeling that still existed. He said at the time, "I felt it the day I got here and walked in to meet Jaimoe and Butch and Dickey. I mean there were certain problems we had and it seemed like this was gonna be just a real carnival, but there's still that great feeling of the music. If that feeling ever leaves, there's no way we could do it."

The quartet added Warren Haynes on guitar, Allen Woody on bass, and Johnny Neel on piano and harmonica and took the country by storm. The tour was a success by all critical accounts and, most importantly, in the band's



Warren Haynes

eyes. They have since recorded two acclaimed studio albums and *An Evening With The Allman Brothers Band*, which documented their stellar 1991 tour (it is fitting that they played New York exactly 20 years after the historic Fillmore album was recorded). ■



Dickey Betts

AN ALLMAN BROTHERS UPDATE

by Jym Fahey

The Allman Brothers have been out there, doing it again, tearing up sheds and arenas and captivating all who come into the neighborhood. Just ask those who attended the four-hour show in Santa Barbara. No opening act, no curfew, just fire. In May, at the two-day Laguna Seca Bill Graham Productions hippie fest, they smoked on a day they shared the stage with Phish, Blues Traveler, Shawn Colvin, Jeff Healey, and The Gin Blossoms. (The next day continued in the pre-H.O.R.D.E. mode with 10,000 Maniacs, Blues Traveler, Phish, The Samples, and Big Head Todd and The Monsters.) The Brothers will be appearing on two H.O.R.D.E. shows this summer in Saratoga, N.Y. on July 30 and in Stowe, VT. on July 31.

In late June and early July, they cut right through to their blues core and were joined by Albert Collins and The Kinsey Report on a sweep through the Midwest, including a Chicago gig (where they take the blues very seriously and cut no slack for "close but no cigar").

The Brothers have been touring without a new album which, according to Dickey Betts, takes them a step forward into the past. Betts says, "The first two Allman Brothers Band al-



The Allman Brothers Band (l-r): Marc Quinones, Jaimoe, Butch Trucks, Allen Woody, Warren Haynes, Dickey Betts, and Gregg Allman

bums were recorded with songs that had been honed razor-sharp by being played live at 150 shows each year. By the time we got to the studio, we knew those songs inside out. But that's something we had gotten away from in recent years."

Six new songs grace the Allman Brothers sets this summer. "All Night Train," written by Warren Haynes, gets the Gregg Allman vocal treatment, as does Dickey Betts' "Change My Way Of Living." Betts wrote "Back Where It All Begins" and handles the vocals himself, although the emphasis of the song is really the instrumental interplay during the extended jam. "What's Done Is Done" brings Allen Woody once again into the compositional forefront, a credit he shares on the song with the vocalist, Gregg Allman. Gregg also interprets his own "Temptation Is A Gun." The sixth song follows a long-standing Allman Brother Band tradition by covering a blues standard—Haynes sings a cover of Muddy Waters' "The Same Thing"

rest when he opened shows for the Allman Brothers.

In April, Jaimoe, the god of drums, performed a two-night run in a theatrical production in Hartford, CT.

And in the Allman Brothers—The Next Generation category: Bloodline is a band built around Smokin' Joe Bonamassa, a phenomenal 16-year-old guitarist. On bass and vocals is Berry Oakley, Jr., with Miles Davis' son Erin handling drumming, and Robbie Krieger's son Waylon playing guitar. The band is signed to SBK Records. Five cuts have been recorded under the production eye of Phil Ramone at Skywalker Sound in Marin County. An album is expected in the fall. Bloodline will be touring in August.

Derek Trucks, Butch's 14-year-old nephew, continues to astound audiences with his guitar virtuosity. He appeared in Chicago during the blues festival at Lounge Acts with Col. Bruce Hampton and the Aquarium Rescue Unit, and at Buddy Guy's Legends. ■

EXTRAORDINARY TALES of ORDINARY MADNESS

from Warren Haynes

BY JYM FAHEY

Bob Dylan usually receives credit for bringing the notion of singer/songwriter to the forefront of the musical community. Likewise, Eric Clapton is hailed as the guitarist who exemplifies virtuosity in the consciousness of rockophiles around the world. It's hard to think of a more perfect blend of strong songwriting, powerful vocals, and in-your-face guitar all wrapped up in one package than Warren Haynes. Hear it all for yourself on *Tales Of Ordinary Madness*.

The opening strum of "Fire In The Kitchen" crescendoes into a fiery storm of guitar playing with equally hellish lyrics spat out in Haynes' powerful vocal style. From that moment through the screaming vocal and guitar duet which calls an end to "Broken Promise Land," Haynes shows no mercy. *Tales Of Ordinary Madness*

provides a great indication of the guitarist's abilities. It also meets the high expectations placed on Haynes since rumors of his solo project began to circulate.

Charles Bukowski receives a "thanks" in the album's notes. It's a nod to an author whose stories illustrate a dark side which exists in the underbelly of America. In fact, Haynes pinched one of Bukowski's titles for his own volume of stories.

Haynes challenges the limitation of translating narratives into songs by painting his tales with a broad brush in the darkest of colors. Broken hearts, broken dreams, broken families, and broken lives litter the landscape of the album. Haynes' talent for words is dramatic and powerful. He certainly gets the point across!

What he sets out to say in his songs, he says with a strong, expressive voice. His years of practicing the vocal styles of Otis Redding and Wilson Pickett while chopping wood come through in the emotion he packs into his singing. Each word has its own importance, almost a separate reality from the one that precedes or follows it. Yet the total package flows united in a swirling totality that cannot be ignored.

Now let's talk guitars. Haynes' no-holds-



Warren Haynes Laguna Seca Daze 5/29/93

barred guitar wrestling on *Tales Of Ordinary Madness* comes as no surprise to those who have been paying attention since he sprang into the national spotlight with his work in the Dickey Betts Band on *Pattern Disruptive*. When he brought his fire into prominence during the Allman Brothers Band reunion tour, the word spread. Since that time, he has convinced critics, even the most die-hard longers for the early days of the Allmans, that he is for real.

Indeed, Haynes had the self-assurance to produce the record and the good sense to call on Chuck

Leavell to co-produce. They brought the best out of the players who toil on the album including Bernie Worrell, Marc Quinones, Randall Bramlett, Johnny Neel, Steve Holly, and Leavell (just to mention the few who leap out to the fore from the pantheon of previous successes on projects with some of the biggest guns in the rock armory).

If *Tales Of Ordinary Madness* is a debut album, it's scary to think where Haynes will be a few albums down the road. Without a doubt, this album should have the legs to carry him farther down that road. ■

Kirk West

Bob Minkin

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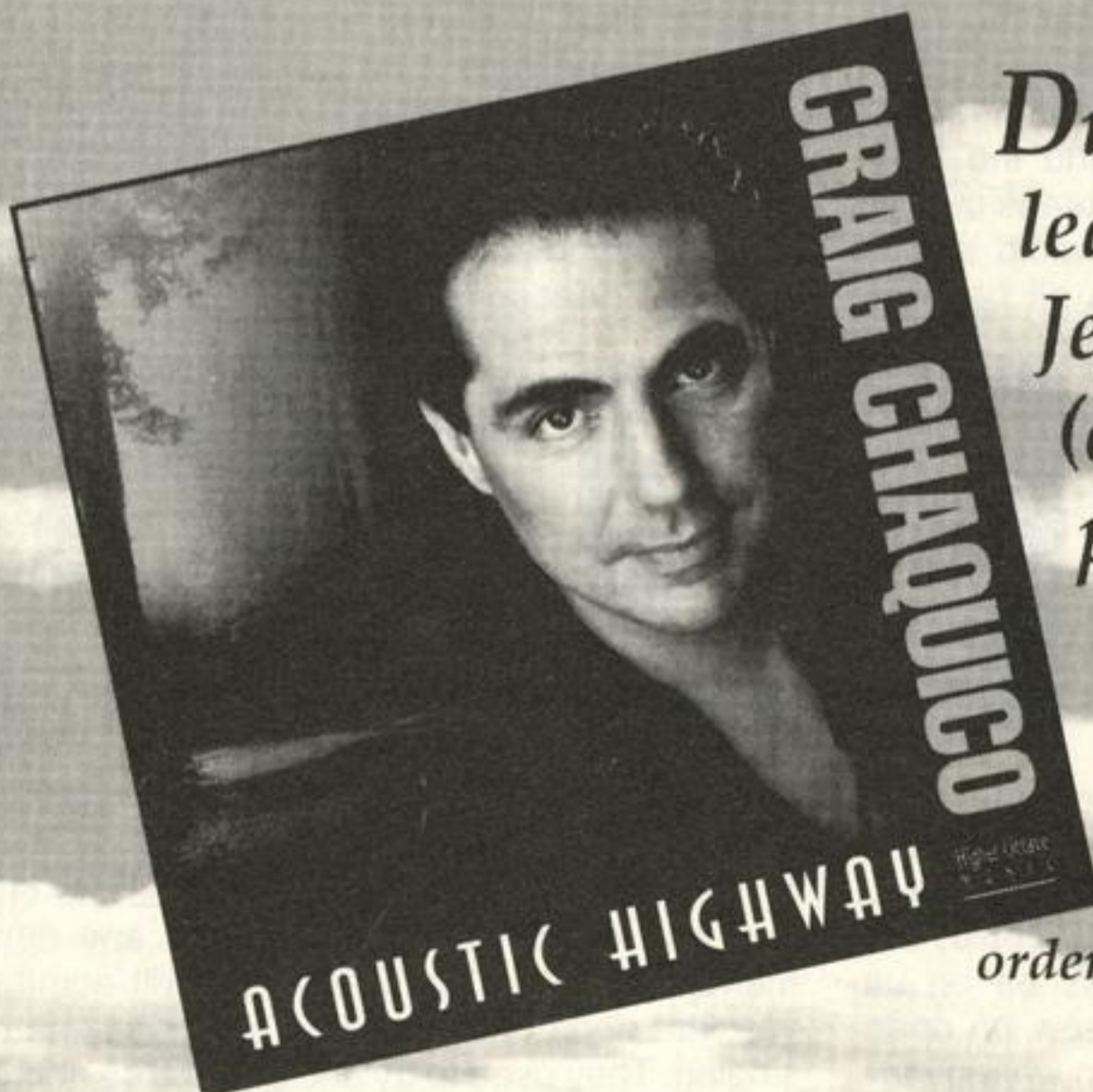
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October, 1970

Reflections on

Ron "PIGPEN" McKernan

SEPTEMBER 8, 1945 – MARCH 8, 1973

By Andrew M. Robble

Ron "Pigpen" McKernan would have been 48 years old this year. Memories of the Pigpen mystique remain fresh in the minds of musicians and fans who encountered the man during his 28 short years. Ron's music (the blues), and the band he helped to form (the Grateful Dead), are still thriving today. This second part in the series, *Reflections on Ron "Pigpen" McKernan*, focuses on the members of the Jefferson Airplane, Big Brother and the Holding Company, New Riders, and The Doors. These bands, and their respective musicians—contemporaries of Ron McKernan—created the San Francisco psychedelic sound. Through their reflections, the memory of Ron "Pigpen" McKernan, bluesman, will never fade. For those fans who were fortunate enough to have seen Ron perform, and for those who only know him through his recordings, these reflections will help to shine a little light on the man.

Spencer Dryden

(Jefferson Airplane, New Riders)

The first time I saw Ron was with the Dead at the Avalon Ballroom. I was blown away because the music was sort of jazz/blues influ-

enced. I remember Ron singing "Hard To Handle." We used to hang out on the road together, and sometimes we even roomed together when I was with the New Riders. During that time, when the Dead and the New Riders were traveling with an entourage of over 40 people, the road managers would switch people to room with so that we all had the opportunity to hang with each other. Pigpen and I were drinkers. We were probably the only two drinkers out of both bands at the time. This, of course, gave us a natural bond [laughter]. We would land in some city or get off the bus and the first thing Ron and I would do would be to look for a liquor store, or we would go find a bar. We were kind of naughty about it because, in those days, doing alcohol was a "no-no" and doing acid was fine. Sure, you know, smoke as much pot as you could, but don't drink. Owsley would always be on us about drinking alcohol when he saw an open bottle around. I would bust on him whenever I would see him in a corner with his little eye dropper, so we were kind of even.

[Ron and I] were both into the blues. I had a jazz background and both of us were raised on rhythm and blues material. Not the slick

modern stuff you hear today, but the real R&B sounds. Ron was very shy, polite, and introverted. Sometimes if he needed a ride home from the airport or something, he would almost be afraid to ask. We both lived in Marin County so I would always offer him a ride, and he was always very appreciative. Ron lived out in farm country, unassumingly, in a small-framed

house. Ron was not one to put on airs or live in expensive houses. He lived a very simple, laid-back life. Unfortunately, his body just could not handle alcohol. My God, man, I kept up with him shot-for-shot, and I should have been dead a long time ago. Sometimes I feel guilty. When you have a com-

panion to hang and drink with, you never think anything will happen to them.

[In the Grateful Dead] Pigpen was the only guy who could sing. You can ask any other members of the Dead, and they will admit to you that none of them could sing. They hated singing. They used to try and it would be abominable [laughter]. They would let Pigpen loose, and a lot of times he would get out from behind the organ and go out and front the band—and he was great! Ron was the guy who would carry the songs that the audience and other

**PART
TWO**

musicians really got into, the ones they would come to see and hear.

[Regarding Pigpen's diminishing role within the Dead], the band began evolving into many directions. Anytime you are with an organization of people that grows together, some people grow together and some grow apart. In the case of the Dead, they were evolving into an almost jazz-oriented, improvisational unit. It was not like they singled any one person out, it was just the natural progression. There were times when they were on Weir's case because he was not coming along fast enough on guitar. Sometimes the band would talk about these things. I know the band hated meetings, but when they happened, they were gargantuan and many viewpoints were discussed and debated. When I was part of the New Riders, I remember these meetings and people would make statements and speak their minds.

Apparently, Ron had made a statement that he didn't want any sorrow or pity when he died. Basically, he wanted everybody to really tie it on and that is what we did. The wake [at Bob Weir's house] took a long time to build up that night. It started off slow with people off in small groups talking and as the night went on, it got more animated. Pretty soon people forgot what we were really there for. It was an excuse for all of us to be there together and to party. I'm sure this is the way Ron would have wanted it.

Signe Anderson (Jefferson Airplane)

The first time I ever met any of the Grateful Dead, we were playing at the Matrix. We hooked up with some engineers who didn't want to be engineers anymore, and we wanted a home base. So, with their help, we got the Matrix painted and ready to open up. The Dead came in to play one night in August of '66. I think we all sat around and talked a lot all the time. Ron was a honey and extremely private. The austere that you saw on stage was not the man. He was a wonderful musician, and the community as a whole really liked Ron.

We would close out our sets on a regular basis by singing together. Oh, God, we would do "Midnight Hour" for an hour [laughter]. That was the best, regardless if it lasted ten minutes or one hour. The power and command that Ron had as a performer really made him special and rise above the rest.

Jack Casady (Jefferson Airplane, Hot Tuna)

When I came out to join the Jefferson Airplane, the band was already two months old. It formed in July of 1965, and I joined in August of '65. The first job I played with them was at Harmon Gymnasium, and we worked at the Matrix a lot. We played shows together with the Grateful Dead. In those days, it was still a small town, and we went and saw everyone who played. Jorma, Garcia, Paul and people like that were from a folk background. They were middle-class boys going to college and learning how to play the guitar. They were on a folk circuit, playing various folk clubs, and running into each other on that level. Ron was also around in that era. I met Ron after he was in the Grateful Dead (recently re-named from the Warlocks). I saw him playing at early shows with the band in the Panhandle. He didn't have a wide repertoire as far as writing original

songs, but the stuff that he did do was great. I really enjoyed his playing. He was a good harmonica player. My friend Melissa and I used to hang out a lot more with the Dead when they had their ranch in those days, and we both knew Ron pretty well. I found Ron's music to be interesting and a lot of fun. He definitely got the crowd going. He really enjoyed his craft. He was also a good, all-around guy. As a matter of fact, in his later years, he had a house about 200 feet from mine in Corte Madera. I visited him a couple of times right before he died. He was not in good shape and it was kind of sad.

He came up on stage [with the Airplane] a few times at the Fillmore and when we did free things in the Panhandle. You have to remember that things were a lot smaller in those days. I'm sure Pig came up and did a song or two—particularly because Jorma and I had a good affinity for the blues, and we would welcome him. There were also times that I would sit in with the Grateful Dead. Most people don't realize it, but Ron was a really shy guy. I don't think he was very confident about himself.

Jorma Kaukonen (Jefferson Airplane, Hot Tuna)

I moved to California in the fall of 1961. I had just come back from Southeast Asia and I was going to school there. We had wound up playing some of the same clubs there in San Jose, where I was living at the time. There was this guy we all knew named Joe Novakovich, who didn't have any fingers, and played autoharp. Novakovich kept telling us about this guy who played blues guitar and harmonica from Palo Alto, "Blue Ron." Subsequently, we met through the clubs. Ron was pretty young at the time.

We did party jammin' and stuff like that. We also did one gig together at the Off Stage in San Jose. Ron did a solo act and played guitar and harmonica. He was actually quite a talented man. It's really subjective for me because the blues is the music I like. It embodied the spirit of the Grateful Dead that I liked at that time. I think that if he had been able to pursue music in a purist (whatever that means) way as a blues player, I think he would have been one of the great ones. If he could have gotten over the fact that you don't have to be a substance abuser or suffer that much to play the blues, he would have lived a lot longer.

I could scarcely claim to know the man because he was such a quiet and introspective guy. He always struck me as a gentlemen. Regardless of his outward manifestation, he was a really good guy.

My main recollections of the early Dead/Airplane shows were that they were fun, and that's what it was all about. I don't think anybody was out to make musical history at the time. We just wanted to do what we were doing and have a good time at it. I don't remem-

ber any bad nights. Those memories are strange and sometimes they are better in memory than they are on tape. Fortunately, I don't have any tapes so I am spared that reality [laughter].

Ron sort of vanished from public view for a long time, and we were not hanging out anymore. So it was not like we lost someone who you are with everyday. These things are always a shock, but everyone knew that things were not going well for Ron and his health was bad.



Rosie McGee

Marty Balin (Jefferson Airplane)

I met Ron when the Dead came into the Matrix when we were building it, and they were known as the Warlocks. Pigpen, Janis, and I would go watch all the blues artists together down at the Fillmore. He was great. I always liked that B-3 organ sound and the blues angle. He lived a block away from me, and we'd see each other all the time. I always thought he was a pretty nice guy—he didn't have to put on for me. He was quiet. I remember Ron would drink whatever was around with Janis [Joplin] and me. We all went to see Muddy Waters and Otis Spann whenever they were in town. Ron was a good guy to hang out with, and I enjoyed him. He knew all the blues clubs and all the great old blues guys.

I remember playing at Graham's place [Fillmore] one night and a huge pie fight broke out. I was singing, and I saw all the guys from the Dead come up to the stage. They put down their cases and opened them up with big grins on their faces, and I thought they were going to jam. Next thing I know they pull out these pies

and start throwing them at us. I got the first one right in the face [laughter] and a huge pie fight developed. Everybody got involved, the cops and everybody. I think Ron kept trying to hide behind the organ and dodge the pies.

So many deaths back then, man. It is always sad. What can you say?

John Dawson

(New Riders of the Purple Sage)

In the early days, Ron was hanging out in Palo Alto at the music stores or going to the Tangent. You would find out about Ron from either of the places. He was kind of a fixture there then. He was always a bit of a kid from the wrong side of the tracks, if you will. Or at least he tried to maintain that image. I don't think he actually came from that type of family. I think he came from a very decent middle-class family. His father was an R&B DJ and all. That was probably what gave him his musicianship, listening to that great old stuff. He was a truly gifted musician who could play the harp like a black guy and sound like a black guy singing the blues. He would hang out with the black folks, so he had an appreciation of their culture and music. As Garcia would say, "Don't go slummin' with Pig." One night I made that mistake, and I ended up sitting outside this sleazy motel on the other side of Bayshore from Palo Alto, waiting for Pig to do whatever it was he was doing inside there [laughter]. There wasn't anything in it for me, but he had a good time.

I never really played music with Pig. Pigpen didn't have too much to do with the early bluegrass scene, but when it turned to the blues—that's when Pigpen came in. Garcia was into both of those forms so Pig would be around sometimes and not at others, depending on what form was happening.

Pigpen was really quiet. I remember running into him in the stairwell in the Lyceum at the Strand in London (1972). Both bands were playing, and it was a big mad scene and all. I remember that Pigpen was beginning to be sick then. He was really getting sad in a weird kind of perverse way that he couldn't seem to get over. I was coming into the gig and he was just sitting on the chair there, so he could be alone, I guess. It really was sad now that I think about it.

Peter Albin

(Big Brother and the Holding Company)

I met him when I first started college in the summer of 1962. I don't think he was going to school or working any clubs at that time. My

brother, Rod, and a friend had this folk club called The Boar's Head. That is where I first met Ron. We went down to Palo Alto to recruit some musicians that played at Kepler's Book Store on El Camino, close to Stanford. There was an area in the back of the store where people could sit down and read. On certain nights, there would be musicians playing there. I don't remember if I saw Ron there, but Garcia used to play there and that is where I met him. At the time, Garcia knew Ron, and they had a mutual friend named Troy Weidenheimer who was an electric guitar player. It was unusual for that time period to be associated with an



London Features International

electric guitar player while being in the "folk circuit." During that early time period, there would be parties around the Stanford area, and Ron and Troy played together in a makeshift band with Sherry Holtelson and a guy named Bob Prinkle. They did some Jimmy Reed stuff, I remember, with Ron on harp.

[In the early days], he didn't have a lot of stuff like pins and chains and that kind of stuff on him like he did in the days with the Grateful Dead. I think that was more for photographic sessions. Generally, he was in fairly comfortable clothing like a tee-shirt or sweatshirt.

We were not close friends, but we played music together every once in a while. As a matter of fact, there are some tapes floating around of us at The Tangent and some other places.

At that time, I knew some introverted people [laughter], and Ron was not one of them. I mean I knew some pretty disturbed people back then. Ron was like cool and hip. He didn't say too much unless he really had something to say. He would joke around a lot. I think that some people found him a little unapproachable. They would be hesitant to get too close

to him. Like, my father and other people thought that he was dirty. Like, he didn't bathe and that sort of thing. This was, of course, completely untrue. The problem was his acne and some of the clothes that he wore as part of that Pigpen image. He didn't like being called Pigpen at first though. I'm not sure, but I think the name might have come from his friend Tonnie [Tio], but it did manage to stick all those years.

As far as being the singer in the band, it was Ron and not Garcia or Weir. Ron was the guy with the looks, and he did front the band. He had a collection of weird things that he would stick on his body. He got more bizarre as time went on with his clothes and stuff [laughter].

Ron was famous, talk about a Tom Waits-type character. Ron was the guy who was living out an image. Not the homeless or down-and-out image like Tom Waits seems to be doing. But it was a black blues guy image. At that time, it was the black blues musician who had the bottle of Port or Sherry in his back pocket sitting in the doorway. Ron hung out with those types of people. He had a lot of friends in East Palo Alto, which was basically a ghetto.

I looked at Ron as a harmonica player and not a guitar player (I had played guitar with Ron, of course) or piano player. I didn't think a heck of a lot about his keyboard playing. I was kind of amazed that he became the keyboard player for the Grateful Dead. I thought he was very limited. He was very soulful and simple, and he played appropriate parts. He would come over to my house and

play the blues on an old, out of tune, upright piano that I had. He was entertaining, but not very proficient at it at that time. I am sure he got better over time, especially when the band went to electronic instruments and practiced a lot. I viewed Ron as a harmonica player, and I thought he was really good on the harp. We went down to see Sonny Terry and Brownie McGee, and Ron was kind of in that style. He liked that genre. He knew about Jimmy Reed and Little Walter, but he didn't play like Butterfield. There is a story, I think Garcia told it, but I am not exactly sure. Anyway, Butterfield was making his first trip to L.A. and they invited Ron to come up on stage to play harp. Ron wanted them to do one of his songs so he would feel comfortable, and the Butterfield Blues Band didn't know it. It turned out to be a rather embarrassing experience for Ron. I don't know, I always felt the Dead should have used Ron more as a harp player in the band instead of put him on keyboards. He always performed quite well. Early on, I have memories of Ron when we would play together, but we basically hung-out in the dressing room together.

We didn't play with the Dead much after

1968. I lost contact with Ron about that time. The last time I saw him I came over to his house to visit him at the church [as we called it].

Sam Andrew

(Big Brother and the Holding Company)

One of the problems is that they were such chaotic times. He had this reputation as Pigpen, but he was a quiet, sensitive, intelligent guy. He was a good friend of Janis', and they hung out and talked quite a bit. Janis was the same kind of person that Ron was. Both of them were kind of exploited as being out on the fringe, or weird, or something like that. But they were both very compassionate, fun-loving, good people, very different from their stage personas. I remember talking to Pigpen about reading music, of all things. We would discuss the concept, and I think he really wanted to do it. I think if he had more time he would have looked into getting the training to allow him to read music. Both of us were in the same boat so it was a rare conversation for that time. Most people were concerned with the feeling aspect of music, and here we are talking about music in a formalistic way. I thought he was a bit unformed. He wasn't finished quite yet. If you compare him to Janis, she had it all together, and Ron was not quite there yet. As far as the blues, I don't think Janis could have ever gotten better at it. I think Ron would have improved as he got older, given the chance.

James Gurley

(Big Brother and the Holding Company)

I first met Ron in the early days of the Fillmore and the Avalon, when our bands would play together. I really liked Ron as a musician, and I found him easy to talk with. Ron kept the band more bluesy, and I always appreciated his sound and approach to the music. When Ron died, I was up in Marin. It was not unexpected due to his liver problems, but it was a great loss to our community.

Gary Jackson

(Big Brother and the Holding Company & The Matrix)

I used to live on Clayton about a block away from Ron. The first time I ever saw Ron was outside the house. I got to know Ron because we both had motorcycles. We also both collected records. It was nothing for Ron to drive 50 to 100 miles away to a record store to find some old blues recordings.

There was this great Janis and Ron episode in a club in San Rafael where Ron would come up and grab Janis and she would punch him, and he would do it again and she would punch him again. This went on for two or three more times, and Ron finally stopped. The funny thing about it was that after Ron stopped, Janis looked upset that he stopped.

We would hang out a lot, and I would see Ron go for long periods of time without taking a drink. Then he would be drinking a lot the next time I'd see him. I always thought that he drank when he was unhappy. I sometimes wondered if he might have had a chemical imbalance because he would have these swings of depression. He seemed later on to be the "odd man out." Ron was a very dear and honest person. I remember meeting him at the Motor Vehicles Bureau and the clerk made a \$100.00

mistake. He stopped when he realized she made the mistake and returned the money to her. That was the type of guy he was. He would never rip anybody off. Ron McKernan was one of the most decent men I have ever met. It was a tragedy that he died so young. He had so much to live for.

Robby Kreiger

(The Doors)

I remember hanging out with Ron a few times. I don't remember his sound coming through the band that much, but I didn't really listen to the Grateful Dead that much. I do remember him being a very necessary part of the band, and he had a real feel for the blues. I do remember one incident where Ron wouldn't let Ray [Manzarek] play his organ at this gig in Santa Barbara in 1967. It was funny because you really would not think that Pigpen would be the kind of guy who wouldn't let you play his organ [laughter]. The band did let us borrow some amps, if I remember correctly. Ask Ray about this story, I'm sure he will remember it better than I do.

Ray Manzarek

(The Doors)

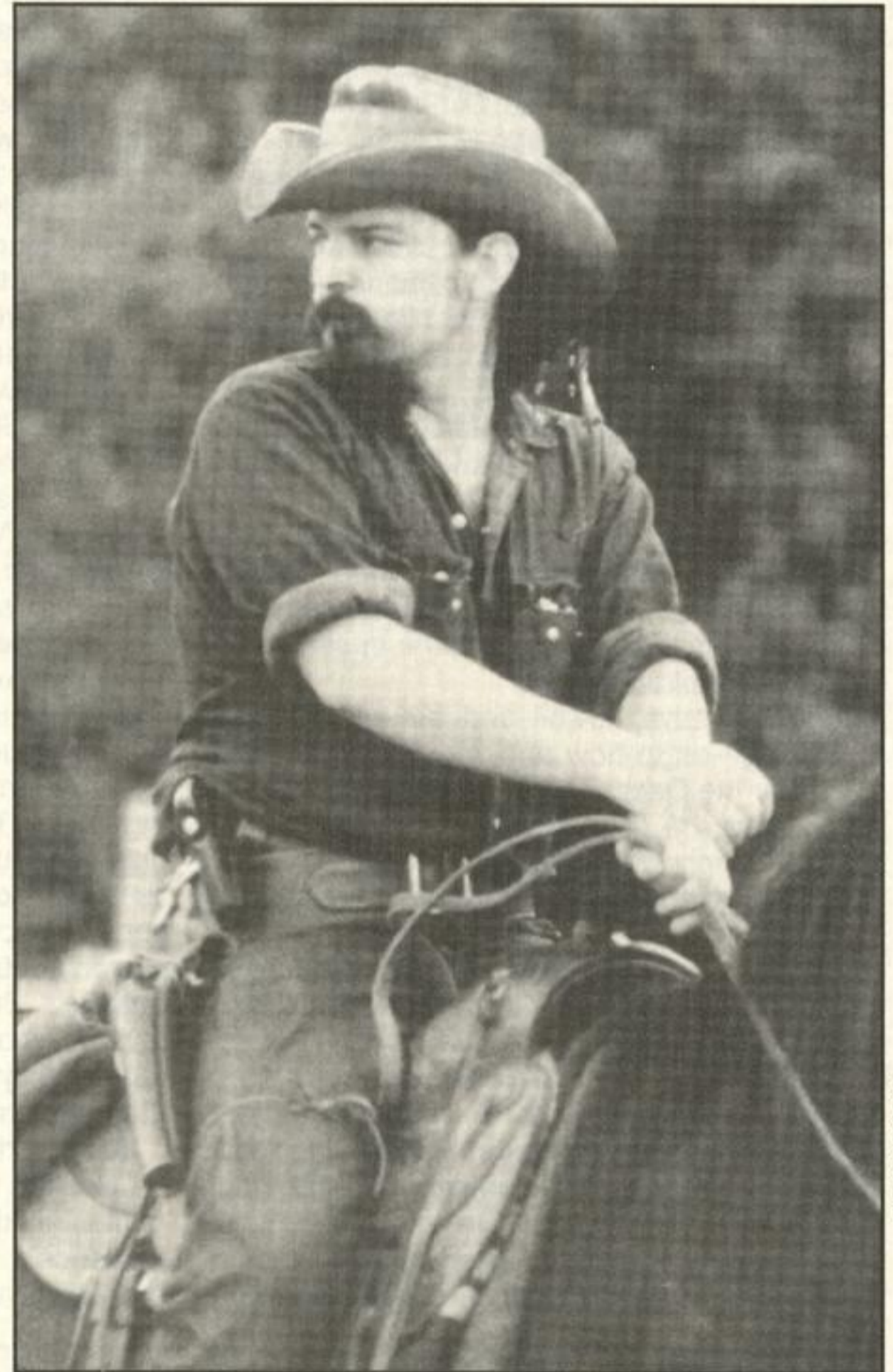
[The Doors and the Grateful Dead played together] in Santa Barbara at Earl Warren Show Grounds. Yes, it was memorable. Pigpen was a real good guy. This is just one of those incidences that happened. The Grateful Dead were famous in early 1967 for having all this incredible equipment. These guys come in with more equipment than you can ever believe: speakers, amps, you name it, it would make you drool. We [Doors] had small Fender amps, or it might have been when we still had a Sears' Silvertone [laughter] amp. Can you imagine a professional band having a Sears' amp? Anyway, we were playing this gig with the Dead and they have all this equipment set up and you just want to kneel down in front of it there is so much. Well, what does Pigpen have, but a Vox organ? Just like mine and on the same side of the stage (stage right). I think, great, now I don't have to bring my organ; I can just set my piano bass on the top of his organ, and I am all set. I go up to Ron and say, "Hey, listen man, we got the same organ so rather than going to the hassle of bringing everything up and tearing everything down, you guys have everything set and ready to go. We are the opening act for the Grateful Dead and you got the last soundcheck. Rather than doing all this, let's save the roadies the time and hassle, and let me play your organ." "No way, man," Pigpen says. "Nobody plays my organ. Absolutely not, you cannot play my organ." So I asked Pigpen, "Well what difference does it make, we play the exact same organ?" Pigpen says to me, "It makes a big difference."

Rosie McGee

(Photographer)

Being Phil Lesh's old lady, I was right in the thick of everything back then, but I probably only spent five minutes with Ron alone. I did take many photographs in those days. Many of my photos of Ron have been published in various books about the band.

[His wake] was in a funeral home in Corte Madera that had a church-like atmosphere. It was an open casket, and the undertakers had him look as good as he could look considering



Rosie McGee

he was dead. It was pretty disturbing. People stood up and said things from the podium. We all filed down the aisle past the casket and paid our last respects and left. It was just very straight and traditional and built around his parents wishes. We were all there, but I don't think this is what we would have done for him as our pal. There was something later that night at Bob Weir's house that turned into a wake/party for Ron. The band jammed, and it was sort of a memorial for Ron. I think that was probably the way Ron would have liked. The wake/party lasted all night, and we stayed up talking about Ron." ■

(Special thanks to Mary Beth Curtin, Carol McKernan, Peter Albin, Sam Andrew, Jack Casady, Jorma Kaukonen, Gillian Teeo, Rosie McGee, Ray Manzarek, and all the musicians, friends, and associates of Ron's who were kind enough to share their time.)

Coming next: A Relix exclusive interview with Carol McKernan, Ron's sister, and more.

GRATEFUL DEAD

LAS VEGAS SHOWS

Spring 1993

by S. T. Harrison

The Grateful Dead returned to Las Vegas for the third year in a row. This year kicked off their Summer Tour, with Sting opening each night. Even before I stepped off the plane, a flight attendant tried, via the P.A., to secure a Saturday night ticket for the man in seat 14B.

Vegas, the town known for quick marriages, divorces, and infinite games of chance, hosted an impromptu dance and drum circle in front of the Circus Circus Hotel/Casino the night before the first show. Clearly, the Deadheads would make their presence felt all weekend.

The morning of the first show was typically hot for Las Vegas at this time of year. Folks driving into the Sam Boyd Silver Bowl contended with the traffic jam, while others skateboarded, walked, or bicycled toward the arena. Sadly, many people came in search of the elusive miracle ticket.

Rumors have flown—and are really quite intriguing—as to how and why Sting came to open for the Dead. The Thursday night before the shows, he discussed this with Jay Leno, saying simply he wanted to see what it [the Dead experience] was all about. In any event, Sting covered a great deal of musical ground during his opening night, playing Beatles songs, Police tunes, older Sting material, and work from his latest album, *Ten Summoner's Tales*.

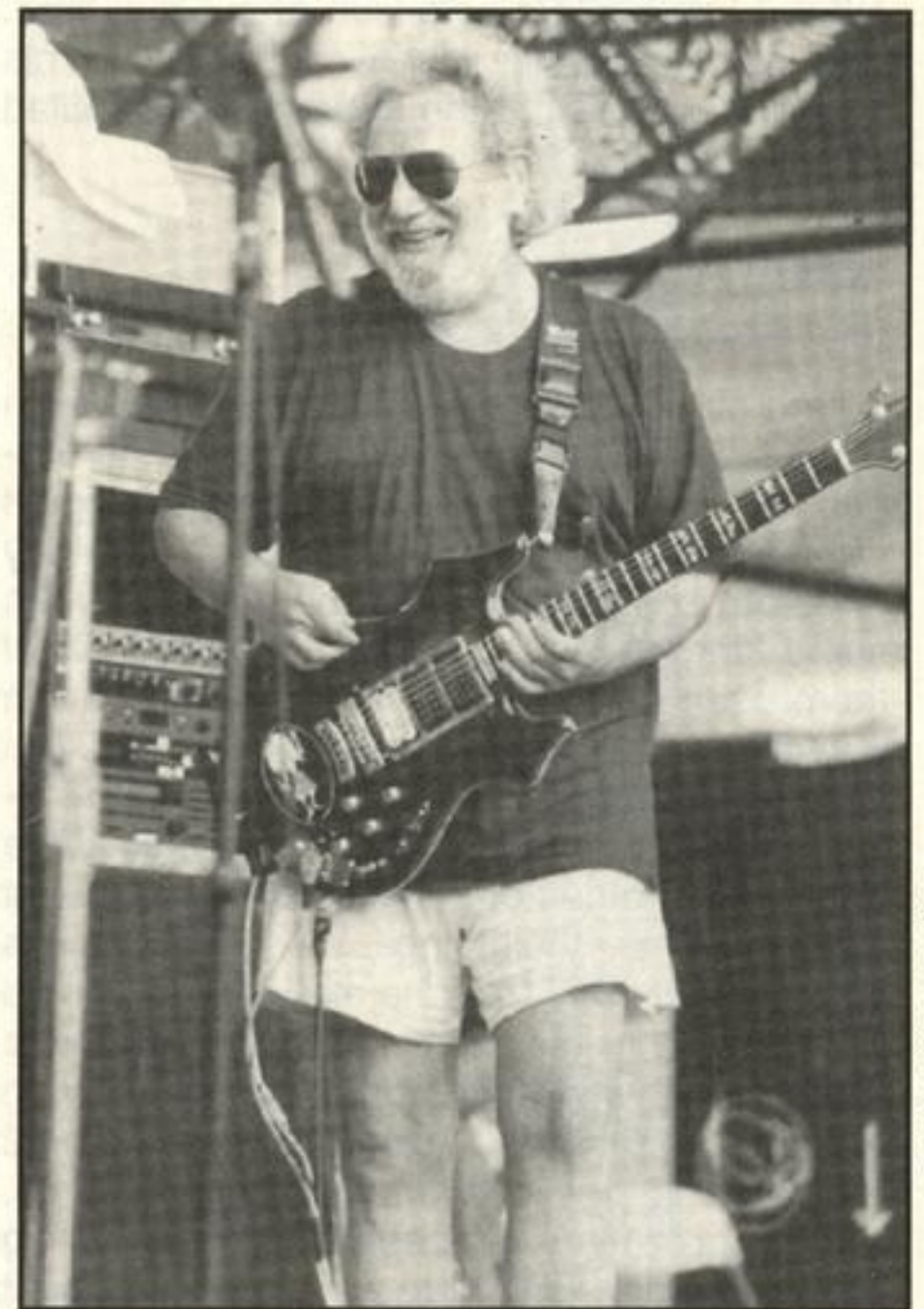
Early in the set, Sting's newest band surprised the audience with "A Day In The Life," from the Beatles' repertoire. He then pumped up the crowd with "Synchronicity II," followed by "Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic," and the expected "Roxanne." After delving into material from the new album, another vintage Po-

lice tune, "King Of Pain," was performed with fine lead guitar work. Numerous Deadheads decided they'd dance the set away, and the band rocked on through the now dizzying heat. David Sancious, Sting's keyboardist for the tour, exhibited his solo prowess on "Make The Best Of What's Still Around," while Sting pounded away on his electric bass closing the set. Though Sting only played for an hour with no encore, the audience enthusiastically applauded his set.

During the set change, the clouds arrived from the South. The safety speech encouraging us, as a group, to maintain an appropriate image while in town, punctuated by a much-too-close thunderclap, ushered in an hour-long, cooling, and welcome downpour. Retiring to the lawn, I watched lightning strike a vehicle in the lot only 150 yards away, as well as a lamp-post. Luckily, a man near the car was only slightly injured by flying debris from the bolt. The storm then flushed the parking lot of the many lingering partiers.

At the start of this first record-breaking attendance show, the Grateful Dead chose "Cold, Rain And Snow" to open things up. The rain had slackened, and we were happy not to see the sun for a while. The audience rocked on to a spunky "Wang-Dang Doodle" before Jerry stopped the set from accelerating with his new song, the slow-tempoed "Lazy River Road." Bob then delivered a clean version of "Queen Jane Approximately," as Jerry peeled off some nice licks between lyrics. The see-saw song list continued with Jerry playing a benign "Ramble On Rose" followed by Bob again, singing "Black Throated Wind." "Liberty," another new Jerry tune, closed out the set. I'd say that as the band becomes more familiar with this song, it improves with every show. The band played cautiously during the set, getting reacquainted. Bob fiddled with his controls often, and the whole band "adjusted" at one point. So far, the only electrical problems had been the thunderstorm.

Jerry wore his trademark smirk of content as he plucked the opening notes of "Scarlet Begonias" to kick off the second set, much to the audience's delight. Opening-day jitters now over, the crowd soon danced to delightful, in-



Stephen Dorian Miner

spired versions of "Scarlet Begonias" and "Fire On The Mountain." After the protracted, incendiary "Mountain," Vince came on strong with his "Way To Go Home." The fine set continued as Bob and company sang the funky "Corrina," with Jerry shining on his riffs, followed with an audience sing-along on "Uncle John's Band." For our efforts we were awarded a blistering jam, and the song faded into "Drums."

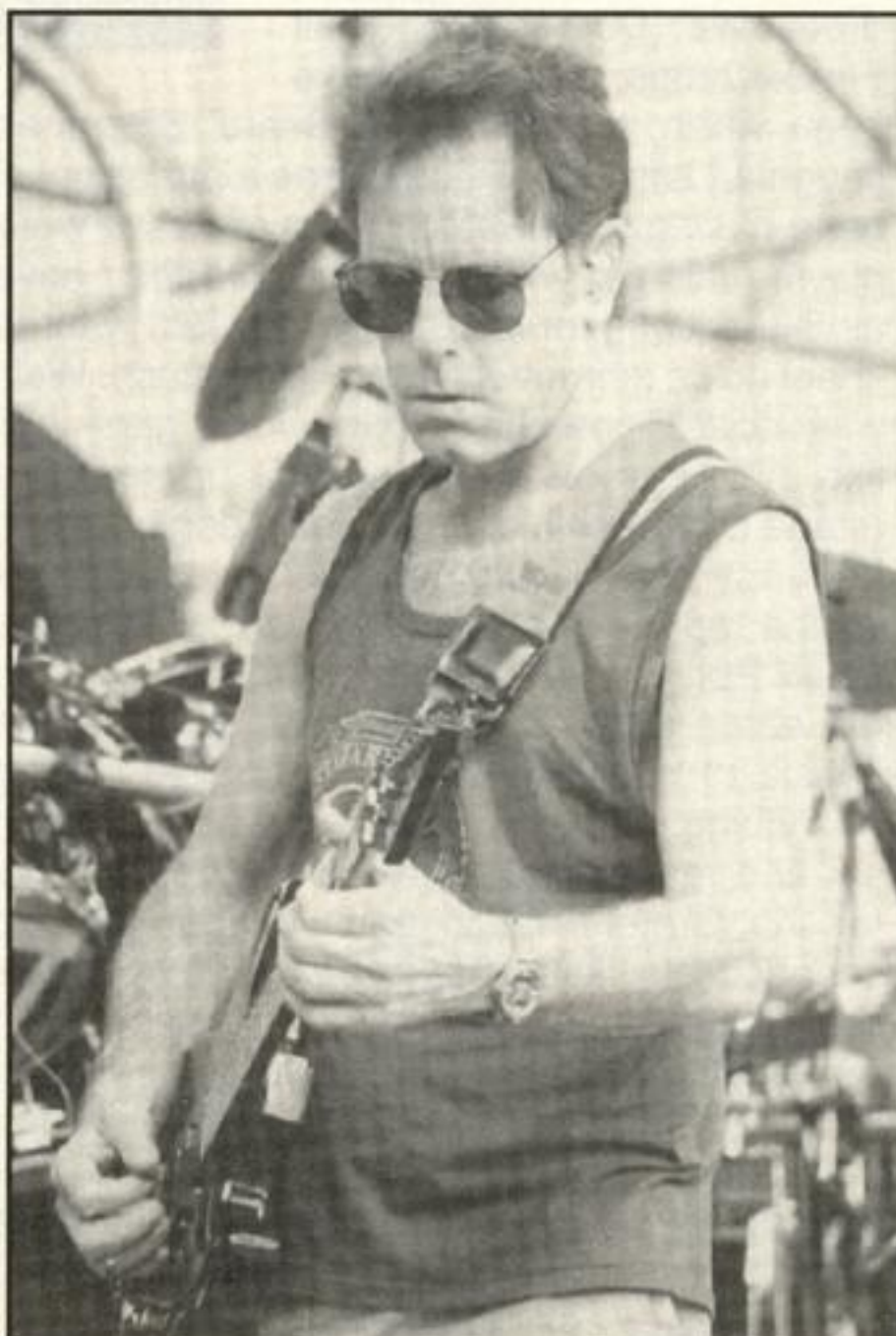
The rain had all but stopped now, but above the stadium a rainbow, that cloned and spliced itself into thirds, amused the crowd during "Space." We could hear the band further adjusting their instruments, volume level, etc., during the inspired jam. When the band felt satisfied, they made a hard left, out of "Space" and into a hard-rocking, loud "I Need A Miracle." "Standing On The Moon," "Sugar Magnolia," and "Sunshine Daydream" closed out the set; Bobby was really excited on the latter two songs. The band encored with a short "I Fought The Law," as a mixed-up fan rushed the stage, only to be dragged away.

The second day saw a near repeat in weather conditions: hot in the morning with clouds rolling in immediately after Sting's show. The parking lot heralded another day of mostly uninterrupted vending. The cops popped several balloon bars: thanks, but no tanks, folks. The crop of creative shirts and stickers were quickly snatched up by fans, though some were confiscated for copyright infringement. Food and drink, from falafel to icy margaritas, sustained the arriving crowd. The usual assortment of drummers, jugglers, and guitarists entertained, as well as the very mobile electric guitarist on roller states from Venice Beach.

Sting, again as prompt as an astute Keno girl, began his set with "Consider Me Gone." During solos, his guitarist and keyboard players along with drummer Vinnie Colaiuta, showed what a tight band he'd put together. Sting then followed with a haunting "Waiting On The Moon" and a fine "If I Ever Lose My Faith In You," without the studio-present harmonica. The set included more of Sting's newest songs such as "Fields Of Gold" and "The Munificent Seven." Other highlights included "Many Miles Away" and "An Englishman In New York." "Roxanne" was repeated, this time



Stephen Dorian Miner



Stephen Dorian Miner

a heavy metal version. During the closing "Every Step You Take," a wedding couple walked through the crowd to great applause, the bride and groom in matching cream-colored tux and gown.

Possibly because of the newlyweds, Jerry played the infinitely romantic "Peggy-O," after Bobby began the Dead set with "Picasso Moon." Dan Healy obliged the crowd-chant: "Turn It Up!" The once rare "The Same Thing" took the crowd to the blues atmosphere before Jerry had us all singing to "Tennessee Jed." Phil sang next, surprising all with the interesting choice of Richard Thompson's "Broken Arrow." To close out the short but tight set, Jerry again took the controls, crooning and jamming hard on a four-star "Bird Song."

After the break, the crowd became euphoric as the band broke into "Here Comes Sunshine," and even more so as the opening notes of "Playin' In The Band" were heard. The boys were in warped overdrive! But they really pulled out all the stops with "Crazy Fingers," steering unmercifully back into "Playin'." To catch their breath, the frontline troops took a break as the drummers took over. After another inspired "Space" came "All Along The Watchtower." A concert neighbor noted that Jerry played like a young man again. He certainly mesmerized us next with his new song "The Days Between." The crowd grew quiet enough to hear a pin drop in-between lyrics. This is another new tune that has come a long way and is now a valued part of the repertoire. The obligatory "One More Saturday Night" closed the set. The crowd was treated to the welcome "Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds" for an encore.

Jerry watched Sting from backstage on night three, as Sting played another wonderfully tight, varied, and rocking show. Opening with a short and sweet "Blackbird" and "Ain't No Sunshine," he soon got political with "Children's Crusade."

A little later, Sting broke out the clean and energetic mega-hit "Fortress Around Your Heart." Next we headed back to Beatles country with "Penny Lane." The show stopper, though, had to be a most unexpected "Purple Haze." Still, the band had enough energy for a screaming rendition of "She's Too Good For Me" and an escalating, pounding "Don't Know Nothin' About Me."

Colorful stage banners blew lazily as the crowd anticipated the Dead's final performance of the weekend. The weary relaxed while a manic drum-dance engrossed others. Jerry once more took the stage in his colorless short pants, and a weary crowd appreciated the chorus to "Touch Of Grey," the evening's opener. Bobby sang "Walkin' Blues" before Jerry's "Althea." I had never seen Bobby belt out "When I Paint My Masterpiece" like he did this evening, and the energy flowed into "Row Jimmy," with Jerry and Vince weaving a magical carpet of riffs. Although we may have, in our lives, seen the band play a little somnambulistic, the band now went ensemble-ballistic, executing what will be a classic version of "Cassidy."

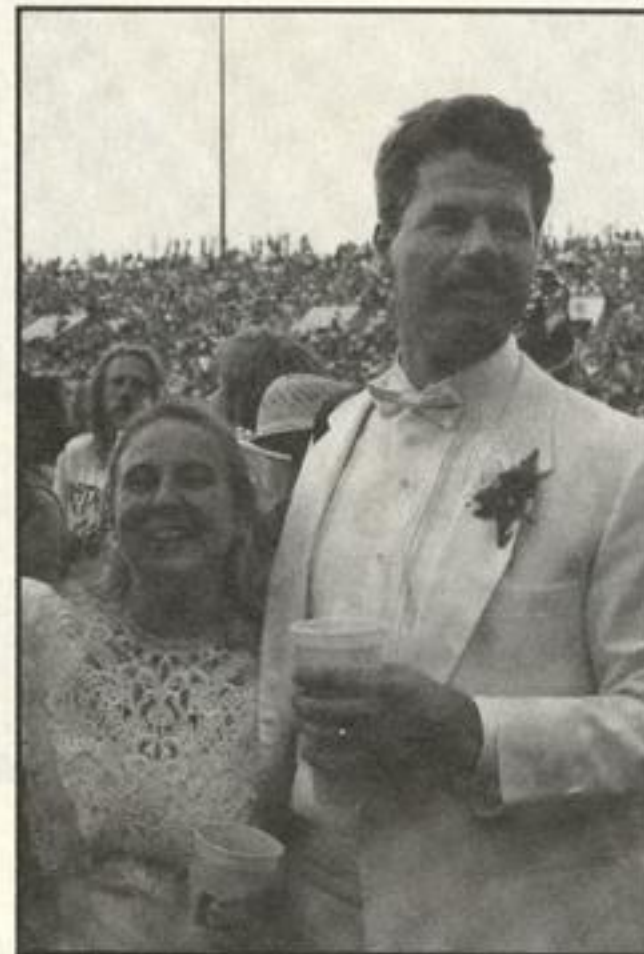
Without much delay, the band continued to

roll us into the second set, beginning with "Samson and Delilah." Next, we went to previously unknown musical places during "Help On The Way," then were snared by a crafty "Slipknot." We danced to "Franklin's Tower"

while Vince spiced up and complemented this fourth song of a ten-song super-set. He then sprinkled us again with higher and higher keyboard notes on "Looks Like Rain." Before "Drums" this evening, the band left us with "Lady With A Fan" into a "Terrapin" that both Phil and Vince let loose on. After "Space," the wall of sound avalanched onto the crowd as the band galloped through "The Other One." A seemingly tireless Jerry then sang a robust "Wharf Rat." Pouring gas on the musical inferno, Bobby started to

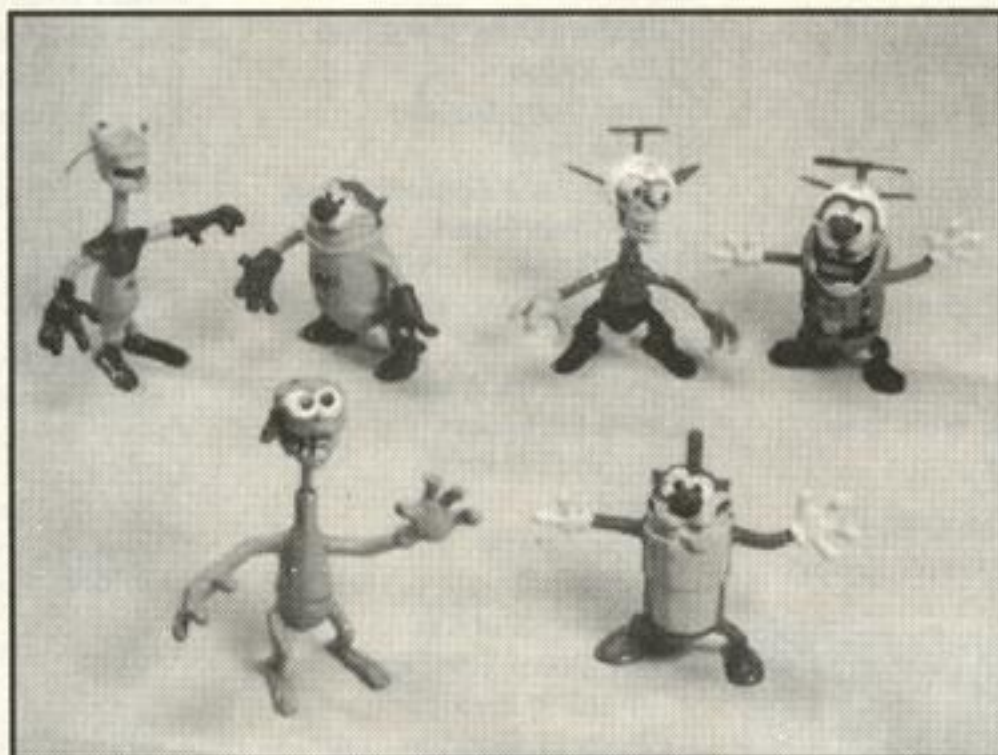
conclude the weekend with "Throwing Stones" and "Lovelight." "Brokedown Palace" was a fitting encore.

A fine weekend of music was had by all. It seems the Dead's summer tour was off to a promising start, and all the people who got "stung" this summer should feel lucky. And if nothing else, the gambling Vegas fans won an earful of musical memories. ■



Monica May

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Grateful Dead Set Lists

MAY 14 - JUNE 26, 1993

Compiled by Cary Krosinsky

**Silver Bowl
Las Vegas, NV**

May 14, 1993

Cold Rain And Snow
Wang Dang Doodle
Lazy River Road
Queen Jane Approximately
Ramble On Rose
Black Throated Wind
Liberty

Scarlet Begonias
Fire On The Mountain
Way To Go Home
Corrina
Uncle John's Band
Drums/Space
I Need A Miracle
Standing On The Moon
Sugar Magnolia

Encore: I Fought The Law

May 15, 1993

Picasso Moon
Peggy-O
The Same Thing
Tennessee Jed
Broken Arrow
Bird Song

Here Comes Sunshine
Playing In The Band
Crazy Fingers
Playin' In The Band
reprise
Drums/Space
All Along The Watchtower
The Days Between
One More Saturday Night

Encore: Lucy In The Sky
With Diamonds

May 16, 1993

Touch Of Grey
Walkin' Blues
Althea
When I Paint My
Masterpiece
Row Jimmy
Cassidy

Samson And Delilah
Help On The Way
Slipknot
Franklin's Tower
Looks Like Rain
Terrapin Station
Drums/Space
The Other One
Wharf Rat
Throwing Stones
Turn On Your Lovelight

Encore: Brokedown Palace

**Shoreline Ampitheatre
Mountain View, CA**

May 21, 1993

Good Times
Feel Like A Stranger
Friend Of The Devil
Me And My Uncle
Big River
West LA Fadeaway
Eternity
Liberty

China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider
Way To Go Home
Estimated Prophet
He's Gone
Drums/Space
All Along The Watchtower
Morning Dew

Encores: Baba O'Riley
Tomorrow Never Knows

May 22, 1993

Mississippi 1/2 Step
Little Red Rooster
Brown Eyed Women
Broken Arrow
Supplication
Stagger Lee
Promised Land

Foolish Heart
Man Smart, Woman
Smarter
Ship Of Fools
Corrina
Drums/Space
The Last Time
Stella Blue
One More Saturday Night

Encore: I Fought The Law

May 23, 1993

Jack Straw
Loser
It's All Over Now, Baby Blue
Just Like Tom Thumb's
Blues
Bird Song
Music Never Stopped

Iko Iko
Wave To The Wind
Saint Of Circumstance
Terrapin Station
Drums/Space
I Need A Miracle
The Days Between
Not Fade Away

Encore: Lucy In the Sky
With Diamonds

**Cal Expo
Sacramento, CA**

May 25, 1993

Bertha
Greatest Story Ever Told
Jack-A-Roe
Wang Dang Doodle
Loose Lucy
Queen Jane Approximately
Lazy River Road
Let It Grow
Don't Ease Me In

Eyes Of The World
Looks Like Rain
Way To Go Home
Truckin'
Drums/Space
The Wheel
Throwing Stones
Goin' Down The Road
Feeling Bad
Johnny B. Goode

Encore: Rain

May 26, 1993

Samson And Delilah
Here Comes Sunshine
Walkin' Blues
Broken Arrow
Ramble On Rose
Stuck Inside Of Mobile
(With The Memphis
Blues Again)
Deal

Box Of Rain
Victim Or The Crime
Crazy Fingers
Playin' In The Band
Drums/Space
Corrina
Playin' In The Band reprise
China Doll
Around And Around

Encore: Liberty

May 27, 1993

Shakedown Street
The Same Thing
Dire Wolf
Beat It On Down The Line
High Time
When I Paint My
Masterpiece
Cumberland Blues
Promised Land

Picasso Moon
Fire On The Mountain
Wave To The Wind
Cassidy
Uncle John's Band
Cassidy reprise
Drums/Space
The Other One
Wharf Rat
Sugar Magnolia

Encore: Gloria

**Giants Stadium
East Rutherford, NJ**

June 5, 1993

Hell In A Bucket
Sugaree
Wang Dang Doodle
Peggy-O
Eternity
Candyman
Music Never Stopped
Easy Answer*

Music Never Stopped
Scarlet Begonias
Fire On The Mountain
Crazy Fingers
Estimated Prophet
Drums/Space
The Other One
Stella Blue
One More Saturday Night

Encore: Box of Rain

* - new Weir song

June 6, 1993

Here Comes Sunshine
New Minglewood Blues
Ramble On Rose
Broken Arrow
When I Paint My Masterpiece
Lazy River Road
Let It Grow

Bertha
Good Lovin'
Uncle John's Band
Playing In The Band
Drums/Space
Corrina
Attics Of My Life
Throwing Stones
Not Fade Away

Encore: Liberty

**The Palace At Auburn Hills
Auburn Hills, MI**

June 8, 1993

Picasso Moon
Althea
Queen Jane Approximately
It Must Have Been The
Roses
It's All Over Now
Bird Song

Truckin'
New Speedway Boogie
Meet You In The Pouring
Rain*
Way To Go Home
Saint Of Circumstance
He's Gone
Drums/Space
The Last Time
Standing On The Moon
Turn On Your Lovelight

Encore: I Fought The Law

* First time Garcia

(Continued on page 67)

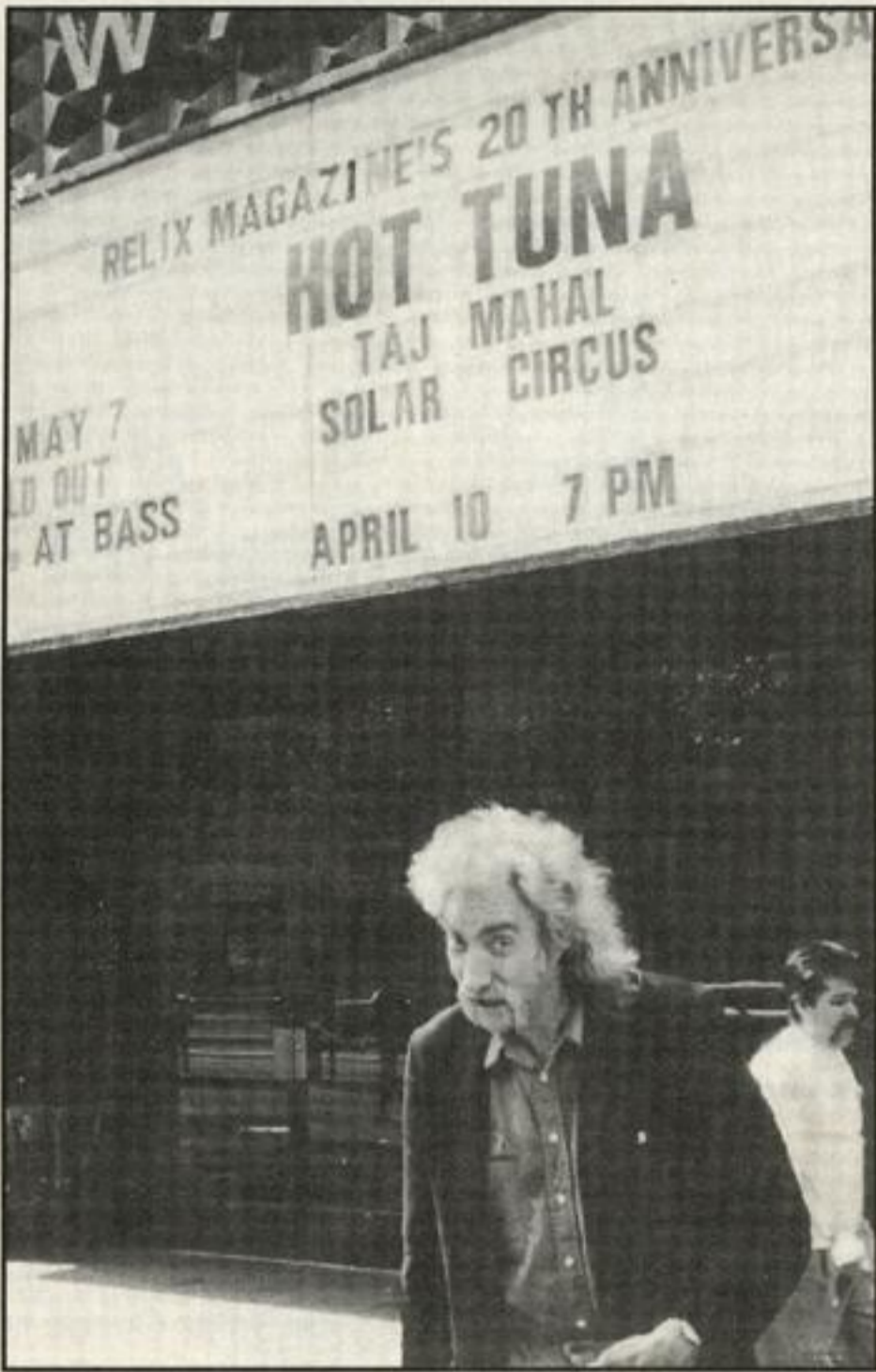


Bob Minkin



Bob Minkin

L. D. Kippel



20 YEARS AND STILL COUNTING

Hot Tuna and friends help celebrate *Relix Magazine's* twentieth anniversary

BY J. C. JUANIS

It was an unusually warm spring evening in San Francisco on April 10th, when *Relix* magazine celebrated its 20th anniversary with a concert at the Warfield Theatre. A good two hours before show time the line of rock fans weaved its way down Market Street,



RELIX ALL-STARS: Pete Sears (Hot Tuna, keyboards), Ken Golujuch (Solar Circus, bass), Michael Falzarano (Hot Tuna, guitar), Charles Mitchell (Solar Circus, drums), Jorma Kaukonen (Hot Tuna), Tom Constanten, Mark Diomedede (Solar Circus, lead guitar) and Tom Donovan (Solar Circus, guitar)

bearing testament to the popularity of one of San Francisco's most enduring bands, Hot Tuna, as well as the relevance of *Relix* magazine, twenty years in continued publication.

Over 20 years ago, a Brooklyn, New York Deadhead named Les Kippel and his friends sought to link up with other Grateful Dead tape traders, and came up with the idea of a free tape exchange newsletter. Kippel sought to network with other closeted fans in an effort to expand his Grateful Dead tape collection.

Although the taping section at Grateful Dead shows is commonplace today, in 1970, the notion of taping a rock concert was virtually non-existent. There were, however, a few pioneers in the realm of taping at the time and Kippel and his friends were determined to seek them out.

Rules were set up, and ethical guidelines strictly adhered to. The trading of tapes were

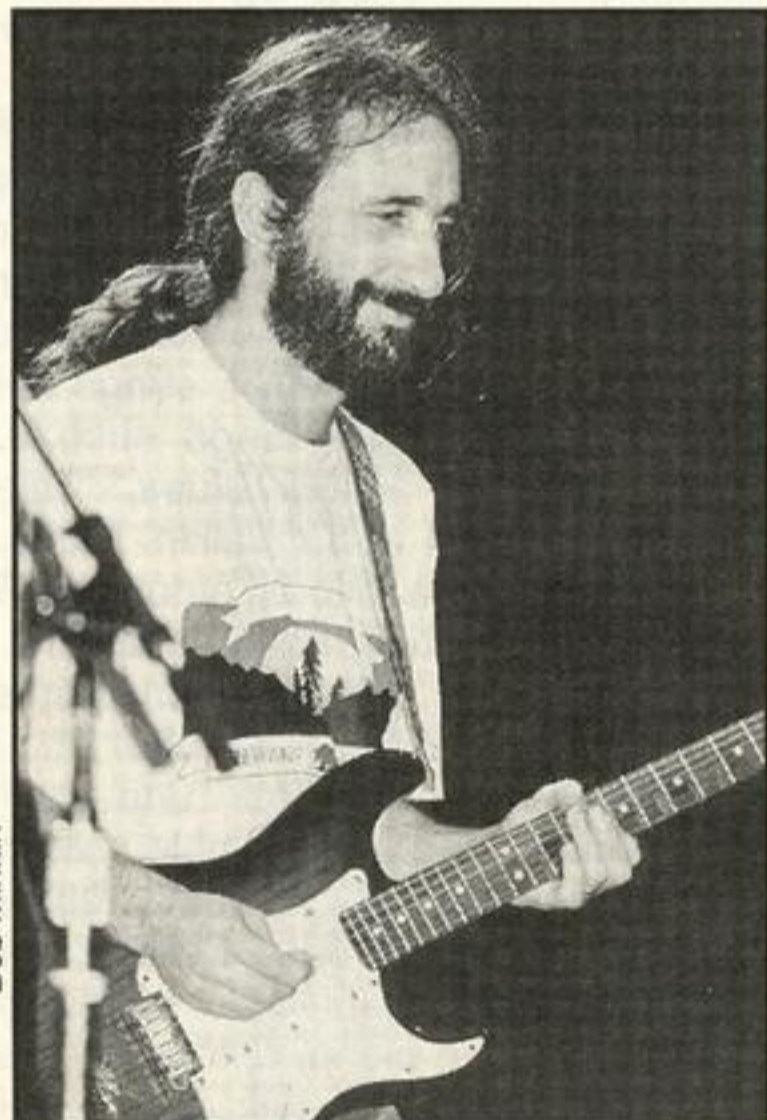
for non-commercial purposes. FREE.

As Kippel met more and more people who shared his vision, he also discovered that many of his other favorite groups, besides the Grateful Dead, were not being covered by the mainstream rock press. Scores of bands including Hot Tuna, Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen, The New Riders Of The Purple Sage, and the Rowan Brothers, were touring nationally and legions of fans were missing out on keeping in touch with them.

In 1973, *Dead Relix* was born. The fledgling publication really began to take off during the Grateful Dead's "retirement" back in 1975. By now Deadheads were beginning to come into their own, and *Dead Relix* was there to share with them the up-to-date facts on their favorite groups. While the magazine eventually dropped the "Dead" in favor of just *Relix* (and for a time even featured hard rock and new wave groups), the focus was never far from the Bay Rock scene.



Wavy Gravy, Taj Mahal and Jorma Kaukonen



Bob Minkin



Bob Minkin



Bob Minkin

Mark Diomedede, Ken Golujuch and Tom Donovan of Solar Circus

Bob Minkin

Bob Minkin



Stuart Brinin

Relix's J. C. Juanis and Toni Brown



Stuart Brinin

HOT TUNA: Sears, Falzarano, Casady and Kaukonen



Bob Minkin

Jack Casady and John "Marmaduke" Dawson

With the addition of Toni A. Brown as editor, and eventually publisher, *Relix* went on to become the largest and most respected magazine devoted entirely to the Grateful Dead and the Bay Rock scene. And that's what brought out the 2,000 folks that jammed Market Street on that hot April evening.

As you entered the lobby of the Warfield, you were immediately taken back by all the memorabilia that decks the walls. It is an impressive collection that was lovingly put together by the Bill Graham Archives. The place is literally dripping with nostalgia.

Inside the historic theatre, fans were treated to an energetic set by one of Relix Records' finest recording acts, Solar Circus. The patrons were up and dancing as Solar Circus let loose with a full blast of musical energy during their set opener "Spin Song." Spearheaded by the soaring guitar pyrotechnics of Mark Diomedes, Solar Circus's years of constant touring appear to have paid off.

Solar Circus's three CD's on Relix Records—*Juggling Suns*, *Twilight Dance*, and this year's *Step Right Up*—have gone a long way in giving the band a boost with new music fans and radio programmers alike. Tight, crisp jamming, along with a catalog of great songs, makes Solar Circus the best of the new groups performing in the classic Bay Rock style. By the time the band finished up their short opening set, the sweaty crowd yelped and hollered for more!

Backstage, local luminaries including the Grateful Dead's Bob Weir, David Nelson, John "Marmaduke" Dawson, Peter Albin, Tom Constanten and Wavy Gravy, came by to congratulate *Relix* on their successful 20 year endeavor.

Wavy Gravy served as master of ceremonies, sharing with the crowd a bit of his wit and wisdom. Wavy was recuperating from recent back surgery, but that didn't stop the clown prince of the counterculture from getting everybody smiling.

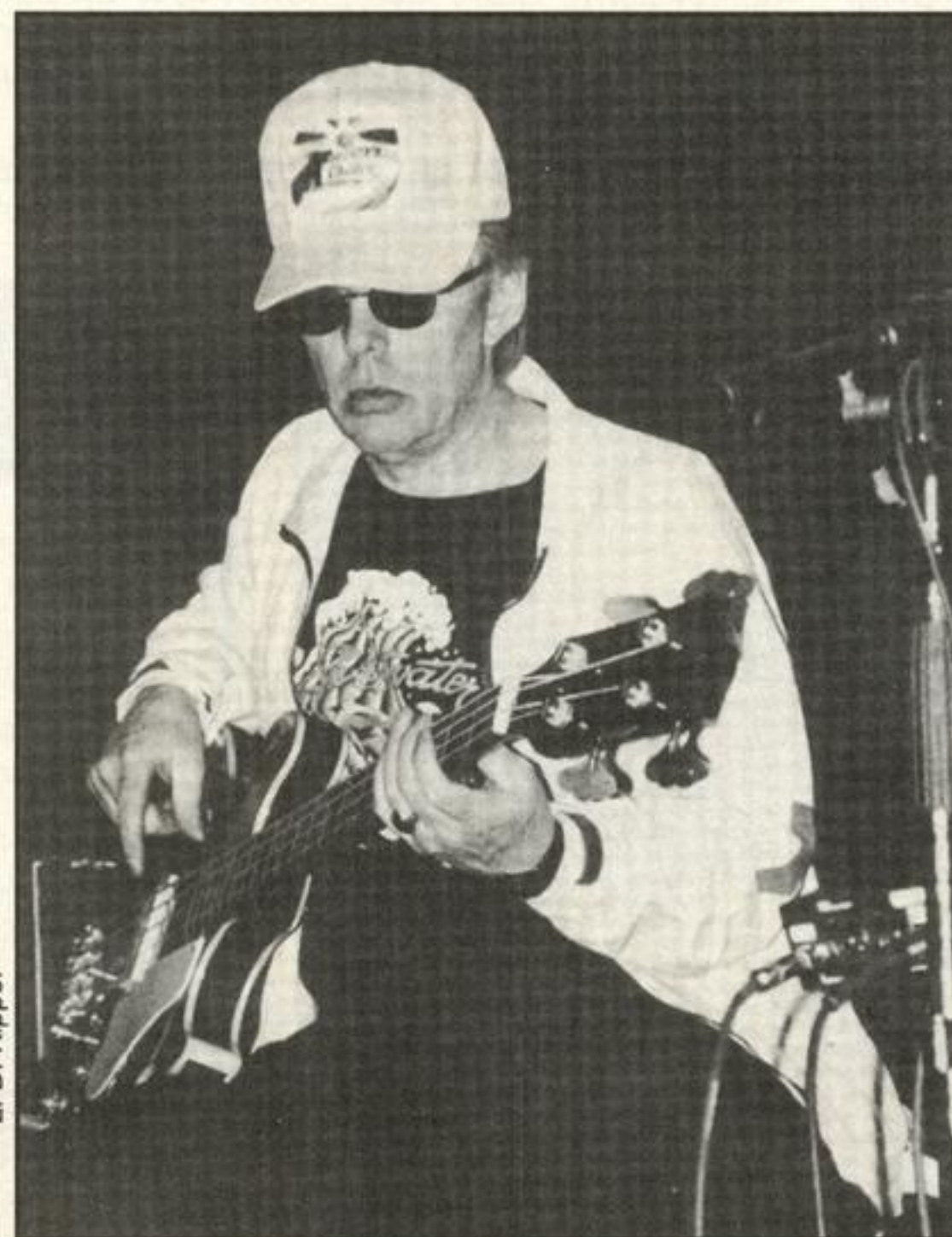
Taj Mahal serenaded the crowd with a set made up of many of his most beloved songs. The Oakland, California musician is a one of a kind performer, wowing all in the packed hall with his bluesy, folk-style songs and wonderful vocals. Songs such as "Stagger Lee," "Fishin' Blues," "Take A Giant Step," and "Walkin' Blues," have made Taj a favorite amongst folk music fans for over three decades.

Because of the time constraints, Taj's set was abbreviated after about 40 minutes so that Hot Tuna would be allowed to give an ample reading of their trademark acoustic blues. Jorma Kaukonen, Jack Casady, and Michael Falzarano were joined by Pete Sears on piano, faithfully recreating the sounds of their recent Relix Records release, *Live At Sweetwater*.



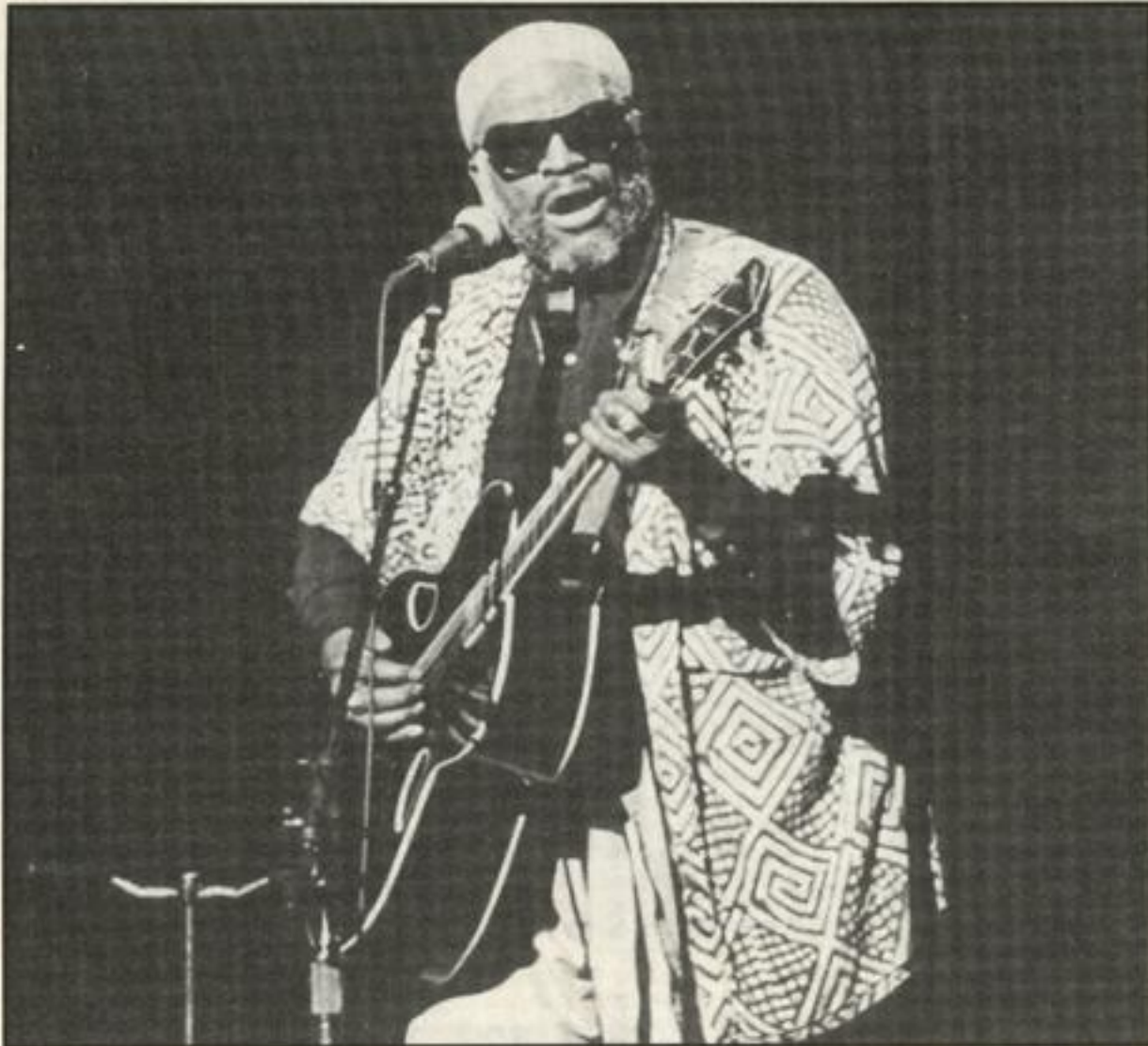
Ralph Hulett

Bob Weir backstage at the Warfield (with John Dawson)



L. D. Kippel

Jack Casady



Stuart Brinin

Taj Mahal



Stuart Brinin

Jack and Jorma

Jorma and Co. hit the road running, delivering a set full of their most memorable tunes beginning with "Whinin' Boy Blues." Hot Tuna performed electrifying acoustic versions of "Hesitation Blues," "Embryonic Journey," "Genesis," "99 Year Blues," and "San Francisco Bay Blues." Pete Sears was outstanding. His rich keyboard fills and dynamic interplay with the other members of the band was stunning. Before taking a well deserved break, Tuna turned in a rousing rendition of "Man For All Seasons."

After nearly 20 minutes, Hot Tuna came back for another marathon set that included Tuna

staples "I See The Light," "Good Shepherd," "Folsom Prison Blues," "Keep On Truckin'," and "Ice Age." Michael Falzarano has certainly come into his own, powering the band on a raved up version of Wilbur Harrison's "Let's Work Together," and the set closing "Pass The Snakes." Jack Casady anchored the band all evening, pounding away on his electric bass while his eyebrows never missed a beat.

The show went on into the wee hours, giving way to Easter morning. The staff at the Warfield handed patrons candy in what was a wonderful touch to a fantastic evening of music. The bash was everything a rock fan could

have asked for—good music, great vibes, and above all, a splendid time. As the fans wearily filed out of the theatre after the five-and-a-half hour marathon, each one was given a free issue of *Relix* and a Hot Tuna poster, prompting more than one person to ask, "When will you guys be back?"

The answer is probably next year, when the magazine turns 21. *Relix* is determined to "come of age" with style. ■

(Special thanks to the Warfield staff, the great folks at AKG, and everyone who shared in this special event.)

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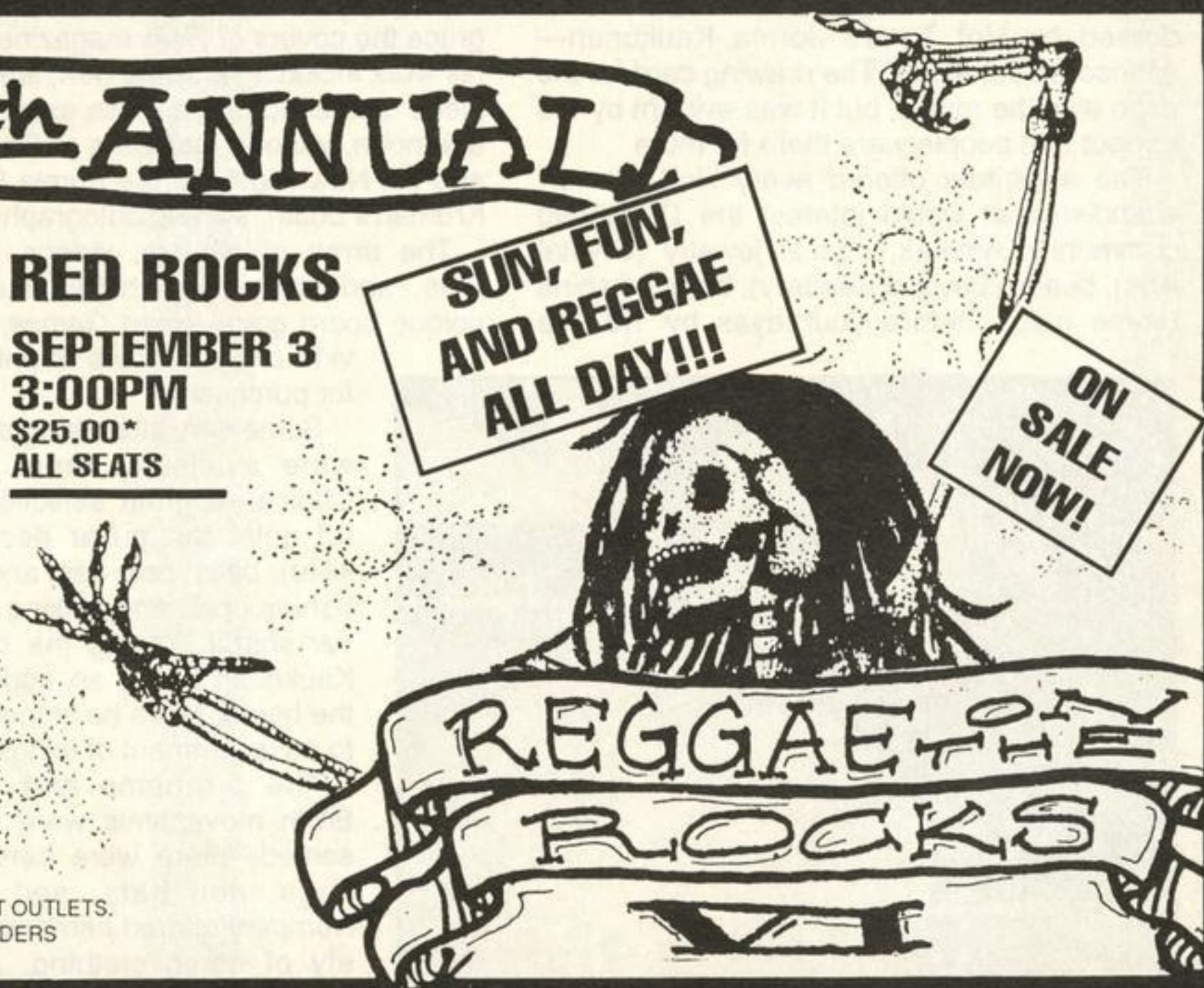
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THE BAY ROCK/PSYCHEDELIC MUSIC EXPO - TAKE ONE

by Jym Fahey

The Bay Rock/psychedelic Music Expo hit the Roosevelt Hotel in New York City on the Sunday of Memorial Day weekend (May 30) and that section of Madison Avenue may never be the same. The well attended expo was a relatively sedate affair, which seemed to please exhibitors, musicians, and attendees alike.

The most confused people in New York that day may have been the Asian, Russian, and African tour groups that wandered in and out of the hotel lobby throughout the day as tie-dye after tie-dye moved into Expo Central.

New York's classic rock station, K-ROCK, and America's Choice—a clothing line endorsed by Hot Tuna's Jorma Kaukonen—sponsored the event. The drawing card for the expo was the music, but it was evident by the turnout that people were there for more.

The exhibitors offered every kind of merchandise that would interest the Deadhead community. Artwork, crystal jewelry (Crystal Arts), beads (Beyond Beadery), tie-dyed shirts (some made before your eyes by Tie-Dye

Dave), etched glass artifacts (Graphic Glass), clothing, candles (Way Out Wax), and much more was available. The variety of items on exhibit provided a look back at the history of rock 'n' roll, as well as the state of the psychedelic subculture, and a look at what the future holds in store.

Gypsy Rose, Old Glory Boutique, Not Fade Away, Liquid Blue, Ripple Junction, Lakes Designs, and others offered vast arrays of quality tie-dyed and unique t-shirts, as well as other assorted merchandise. Terrapin Tapes gave away TDK cassette cases, did their taper best, and sold copies of the popular Deadhead bible, *Deadbase*. A wide variety of old and new concert posters were available.

Gary Kroman, whose works of art often grace the covers of *Relix* magazine, displayed his work including a brand new, limited-edition piece created to debut at the expo. During the afternoon, various members of Dead Ringers and the New Riders of the Purple Sage sat at Kroman's booth, signing autographs.

The array of albums, videos, cassettes, CDs, and other memorabilia such as the unique board game *Head Games*, could provide endless hours of entertainment for purchasers.

Some very interesting accessories were available. From America's Choice—a great selection of vests (of note: the guitar design was a killer), belts, bolo ties, and Hot Tuna t-shirts (including striking *Yellow Fever* shirts). During the day, Jorma Kaukonen made an appearance at the booth where he signed his name to an assortment of things.

The pro-hemp and Save The Earth movements were well represented—there were hemp clothes, bags, and hats, and the Ohio Hempory offered hemp salve, a variety of hemp clothing, and hemp seeds for sale. (Investigation provided the information that the seeds had been sterilized by boiling and, therefore, were legal to sell.) NORML offered a vast assortment of

t-shirts, books, and hemp products, and Headcase sold a variety of hemp hats.

It was all a little like Alice's Restaurant—you could get anything you want.

For those who wanted to improve their mental life, Synchroenergize supplied a relaxing service at the expo. The concept is simple but ingenious. You lay back, put on a pair of customized diving goggles and a set of headphones, close your eyes, and enjoy the trip. White lights spin in the goggles, in harmony with the music in the headphones, working wonders on your imagination. A vivid panoply of colors fill your mind's eye, and a certain sense of euphoria takes over.

Christine Zerrer, the synchroenergizer, provided a good summary of the expo. "It really had a family feeling," she said. "Other retail fairs similar to this have a much more commercial feel to them."

The scheduled bands began early and stayed late. The line-up was intense. Hot, local East Coast bands included Franklin Turnpike, The Other Half, World Within, and Doc Apple, all of whom qualify under the banner of bay rock/psychedelic.

An unadvertised appearance by Jorma Kaukonen and Michael Falzarano (stopping in after the previous day's excitement at WNEW-FM's beach party in Asbury Park, NJ, where they played to 50,000 people, and an all-night concert at the Stone Pony), really capped off the day with an hour-long set—the musical highlight of the day.



Relix artist Gary Kroman with his original work



Not Fade Away's colorful booth supplied their latest designs and the popular Lithuanian Basketball Team shirt

T. Brown

T. Brown

T. Brown

T. Brown

T. Brown



The Ohio Hempery had new hemp clothing designs in addition to a wide variety of hemp products



The folks at Gypsy Rose offered a vast selection of goods, including Victorian Glassworks' latest creations

All the music was very well received. There were several comments about the honesty of World Within's Grateful Dead covers. In fact, former Grateful Dead keyboardist Tom Constanten enjoyed them so much that he sat in on a couple of numbers. The Expo's festivities ended on a high note—provided by Doc Apple, and everyone packed up and headed down to Wetlands to continue the party.

The family affair at New York's Wetlands continued with Dead Ringers and the New Riders of the Purple Sage teaming up for a great evening of fun and music. The show started with an acoustic set by Dead Ringers, reminiscent of Old and In the Way. Highlighted by a beautiful "Mountains Of The Moon," the set included many Dead favorites and a great rendition of David Nelson's "Diamond Joe."

When the New Riders hit the stage, they created a bit of history as Dave Nelson and Buddy Cage joined John "Marmaduke" Dawson on stage. This represents the beginning of a New Riders' reunion—this was the first time these three original Riders were on stage together in more than a decade. In addition to Dawson, Nelson, and Cage, New Riders' Rusty Gauthier and Gary Vogensen submitted their varied talents, and they were joined by Dead Ringers' rhythm section—bassist Bill Laymon and drummer Arthur Steinhorn.

After the New Riders finished their set, Dead Ringers returned for their electric set, and polished everyone off! The musical feel

was like the early days at the Fillmore—three sets, acoustic, a little country, then all out electric. The Ringers' rendition of "St. Stephen>Dark Star>Eleven" was scorching.

The ecstatic, packed house seemed thrilled to be part of this historic and musically grand moment.

The next BayRock/Psychedelic Music Expo is scheduled to take place on October 30th in New York City. It will feature exhibitors, live bands throughout the day, and a Halloween costume ball at night. For more info—go ask Alice. ■



Getting SynchroEnergized at the Bay Rock/Psychedelic Expo

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Albert Ferreira / DMI

Bill Kreutzmann, Bob Weir, Pete Townshend and Jerry Garcia at the opening preview of *Tommy*

TOMMY OPERATES ON BROADWAY

BY JYM FAHEY

Ever since I was a young boy, Tommy has played the silver ball. Pete Townshend first started writing the rock "opera" at the end of 1967, completed it in '68, and The Who brought it to America on tour in '69 and '70. Pete Townshend has his own perspective on *Tommy's* introduction and its present incarnation on Broadway as *The Who's Tommy A New Musical*. "Those days were extraordinary days. I think it's very difficult for anybody who wasn't there to understand this, the birth of FM radio, free radio. People playing more or less what they wanted when they wanted. And audiences who actually, up to that point, had been dance hall audiences. People whose music was for dancing, discovering that they also enjoyed sitting and listening to music.

"Somehow bringing *Tommy* to the theatre takes it back [to that time]. We can re-create the atmosphere in which it grew. We can say, 'We've got plenty of time, a couple of hours here. Sit down comfortably. Okay this isn't the Fillmore, but I think if you smoke a joint nobody is going to throw you out.' The times have changed, and in a sense, what's wonderful about theatre is that you can re-create the mood."

And Townshend decided that this is the time to re-create that mood. "I actually control the rights to *Tommy*, always with deference to the guys in the band. I didn't let it go to Broadway when it was still something that was important and vital to The Who as a performing

machine. When we got together for our 25th anniversary in '89 we did *Tommy*. I was very grateful then because I thought, 'Well at least this is still ours, our piece of music. It belongs to me and Roger and John and to the memory of Keith. It's our thing, and I'm glad it's not out there in theatres because we can do it.' But after that I thought, 'Now is the time. People really want to see this, people really want to hear this music all the time. It's selfish just to keep it for one band who may or may not come together again.' So the time felt right to me."

Tommy's Broadway run has been a huge success. The music is great, though it is used differently in this Broadway incarnation, having more in common with the Assembled Multitude's 1970 version of the "Overture" than it does with The Who. Pete says, "The music in this show is somewhere between the way The Who would play on a quiet night and the way that Henry Mancini might play. It's not exactly rock and roll." That's probably for the best. A theatre the size of the St. James might be blown asunder by a full scale Who assault.

The special effects are outstanding. Director Des McAnuff has made great use of the available technology and computer science for dramatic and startling effect. Creative use of projections, television screens, lighting, and set piece movement kept the show vibrating at a proper tempo.

The choreography by Wayne Cilento was generally very good, and quite outstanding, in

some places. He captured the spirit of three different decades and kept *Tommy* moving.

Some of the performances were simply excellent—Romain Fruge as Cousin Kevin, for example. Paul Kandel's Uncle Ernie was very good though not quite as evil as one might envision him. Crysta Macalush and Buddy Smith were outstanding as the young Tommys (aged 4 and 10). And worth mentioning is Cheryl Freeman's superb performance as The Gypsy. It's impossible, even now, not to think of Tina Turner's portrayal of the role in Ken Russell's film. Freeman seemed aware of this and went on to transcend Tina's portrayal and bring new life to the part.

The show, however, is not flawless. The book, written by Townshend and McAnuff, needs some work to flesh it out. The show moves quickly, almost too quickly, from one scene to another and allows little room for plot and character development. It is almost an outline rather than a story. The new song Pete Townshend wrote specifically for this production of *Tommy* sounds a little out of place, like he had gone to Tin Pan Alley for inspiration.

Finally, we come to the portrayal of the character, Tommy. Michael Cerveris doesn't quite live up to the expectations of the role brought on by Roger Daltrey over these many years. But it's not completely Cerveris' fault. In fact, through most of the show, he covers that inherent flaw well. However, when he sings "I'm Free," memories of Daltrey's ballsy vocals drown Cerveris out. It is to be expected.

When asked backstage at the St. James if *Tommy's* opening on Broadway is a dream come true, even Pete Townshend raised the specter of his old running buddy. "You know, I think it would be if Roger was on the stage, it would be a dream come true. You know Roger and I have still got a dream, and I think that the dream that I want to come true, for me, is that one day I shall be sitting up here having this conversation [and] that Roger will be somewhere in a dressing room. I still feel that we together can do something. And I think that he's not just a great singer; he's a great actor as well. And we're talking all the time now about what we might do and that would make it a very, very special night for me. So no, this is not a dream come true.

"Roger created a Tommy of his own. There was always a Tommy that I wrote about, that he and I used to sing, but when the Ken Russell film happened, Roger became Tommy. Maybe it was actually before that. Maybe it was at Woodstock. The Woodstock film came out and he became Tommy. He grew as a performer. I remember it was like a miracle seeing this guy who'd always been just a member of the band. He was, what we in the music business call, a 'beeping singer.' And then he became a star. He became somebody who could actually hold an audience, and his charisma jumped by an order of 50."

Perhaps the biggest challenge to *The Who's Tommy A New Musical* is the memory of the performances of The Who's old Tommy, Roger Daltrey. All in all, *Tommy* faces the challenge well. See it, touch it, feel it, in New York, or on the road company tour beginning this Fall. ■

LAGUNA SECA DAZE

The Allman Brothers Band
Headline Two-Day
Music Festival

by J. C. Juanis

It was certainly a throwback to another era this past Memorial Day weekend, as over 10,000 rock fans turned out to celebrate the start of summer at Monterey, California's Laguna Seca Raceway. Dubbed Laguna Seca Daze, the two-day fete was part giant camp-out, craft show, carnival midway, and music festival, all gloriously rolled into one. As the masses swirled and danced away beneath sun-drenched skies, they were treated to the Jeff Healey Band, Shawn Colvin, Phish, Blues Traveler, 10,000 Maniacs, and the Allman Brothers Band.

The success of the two-day blowout squarely rests on the shoulders of Bill Graham Presents, who not only put together a wonderfully eclectic roster of acts, but organized a comfortable weekend for the many folks that chose to camp out at the festival's massive site. Festival attendees were given wristbands which gave them in-and-out privileges, so between acts you could go back to your campsite. At the rear of the concert site was a ferris wheel, where fans could really catch the festivities from a higher perspective. The Graham organization successfully updated the rock festival format that mixed '60s sensibilities with the age of the '90s.

Guitarist Jeff Healey got things going with a high-powered set that leaned heavily on the blues. The blind guitarist's unconventional style of playing the guitar on his lap, much the same way a piano player pounds the ivories, is a sight to behold. At times his sound was astonishing, as he and his band rocked through arrangements of the Beatles' "While My Guitar Gently Weeps" and the Doors' "Roadhouse Blues."

Singer/songwriter Shawn Colvin also warmed the crowd with her down-home folk style incorporating accordion, mandolin, and guitar, on an array of original tunes and tasty cover material including a wonderful working of Smokey Robinson's "Tracks Of My Tears."

One of the keys to the festival's success was the inclusion of two bands who represent the new wave of rock music today: Phish and Blues Traveler. Blues Traveler, in particular, have come a long way from their days as the house band at such New York clubs as Nightingales and The Wetlands Preserve. Blues Traveler's unique mix of innovative rhythm and bold improvisation, all the while driven by the explosive blues harp of frontman John Popper, have earned the group a diehard following among rock fans young and old. Blues Traveler's jam-filled sounds are more than amply displayed on their new release, *Save His Soul* (A&M Records). Opening with the folk-driven "Alone," from the group's self-titled debut release, Blues Traveler went on to receive one of the most enthusiastic responses of the day. Singer/harpist John Popper, performing in a wheelchair, the result of a



Bob Minkin

near fatal motorcycle wreck last year, displayed a maturity and self-assuredness, as did the rest of the group, guitarist Chan Kinchla, bassist Bobby Sheehan, and drummer Brendan Hill, that lead to the festival's first encore of the day.

The same can be said of Phish, whose rising popularity translated into a well-received set. Hailing from Vermont, "the land of Ben & Jerry's," the group mixed folk, blues, jazz, and good old fashioned rock 'n' roll during their 50-minute set. Phish's sound is hard to pin down, but judging by the response they received, the crowd was really into the band's sonic whirlwind. Outstanding were Phish members—guitarist Trey Anastasio and pianist Page McConnell, who delighted the audience with jaw-dropping riffs. Performing tunes from their recent release *Rift* (Elektra), Phish dabbled into their eclectic songbook, showcasing tunes that included "The Wedge," "All Things Reconsidered," and "Rift," during their fast-paced portion of the show.

By the time the sun began to set over the Pacific Ocean, the crowd was primed and ready for the Allman Brothers Band, who are entering their 25th year of delighting audiences worldwide with their hard-edged, blues-driven rock. Backstage, band members and their families got together with old friends like former Grateful Dead manager Rock Scully before taking the stage to a thunderous ovation.

And what a show! Over the course of three hours, the legendary band performed three sets of old and new material that harkened back to the glory days. Lead by all the original surviving members (Gregg Allman, Dickey Betts, and drummers Butch Trucks and Jaimoe), the Brothers also included longtime associates Warren Haynes, Allen Woody, and Mark Quinones.

Opening with "Hot 'Lanta," an instrumental from the Allman's watershed release *Live At Fillmore East*, the band displayed their brand of take-no-prisoners, give-no-quarter, rock 'n' roll.

At the end of the tune, drummer Butch Trucks thundered out the song's orchestral ending on the tympani, always a signature of the Allman Brothers sound. Blues Traveler's John Popper joined the group, giving a throaty harmonica solo on "Statesboro Blues." The Allmans debuted several new songs during their first set including "All Night Train" and "Temptation Is A Gun" sung by Gregg Allman. Guitarist Warren Haynes, who just recently released his first solo album, *Tales Of Ordinary Madness* (Megaforce), followed with a rollick-

ing rendition of Willie Dixon's "The Same Thing." The guitar interplay between Dickey Betts and Warren Haynes was stunning, taking each song higher, as was especially evidenced on the Dickey Betts' classic "Blue Sky" and the first set closer "Nobody Knows."

After a brief break, the Allmans came back for an acoustic set that turned quickly into a campfire sing-along for 10,000 people. Gregg Allman possesses one

of the most haunting voices in rock, as he demonstrated during acoustic versions of "Midnight Rider" and "Melissa." Dickey Betts wowed the crowd as well with his country prowess on "Seven Turns" and "Goin' Down The Road Feelin' Bad." But it was the set closing rendition by Betts and Haynes of the never before performed live "Little Martha" that provided what was perhaps the most special moment of the evening. The instrumental, acoustic tune was one of the last songs performed in the studio by the late Duane Allman and is included on the classic *Eat A Peach*.

The third set became a roller coaster ride of old nuggets and new songs that are destined to become classics in the Allman Brothers Band songbook. The band exploded into "Jessica," with Betts providing much in the way of pyrotechnics. Two new songs sung by Gregg Allman, "What's Done Is Done (written by bassist Allen Woody) and "Change My Way Of Livin'" (written by Dickey Betts) showcased the veteran group's blues-based sound.

The centerpiece of the Allman Brothers Band's third set was the eight-minute Dickey Betts tour de force "Back Where It All Began." The song, sung by Betts, incorporates some elements of his other originals such as "Revival," "Ramblin' Man," and "Jessica," and has a long, melodic, instrumental passage reminiscent of the Allman Brothers' vintage sound.

As the Allman Brothers Band closed their show with the climactic "Whipping Post," you could see thousands of fans dancing on the moonlit hilltops surrounding the festival site. The Allman Brothers Band is road testing these new songs and, at press time, had not yet decided whether they would record them live or in the studio for their next official release. Judging from the response at the Laguna Seca Daze, no one would be disappointed if these songs found their way on *An Evening, Set Two*. ■



Phish with Rock Skully (center)

Bob Minkin

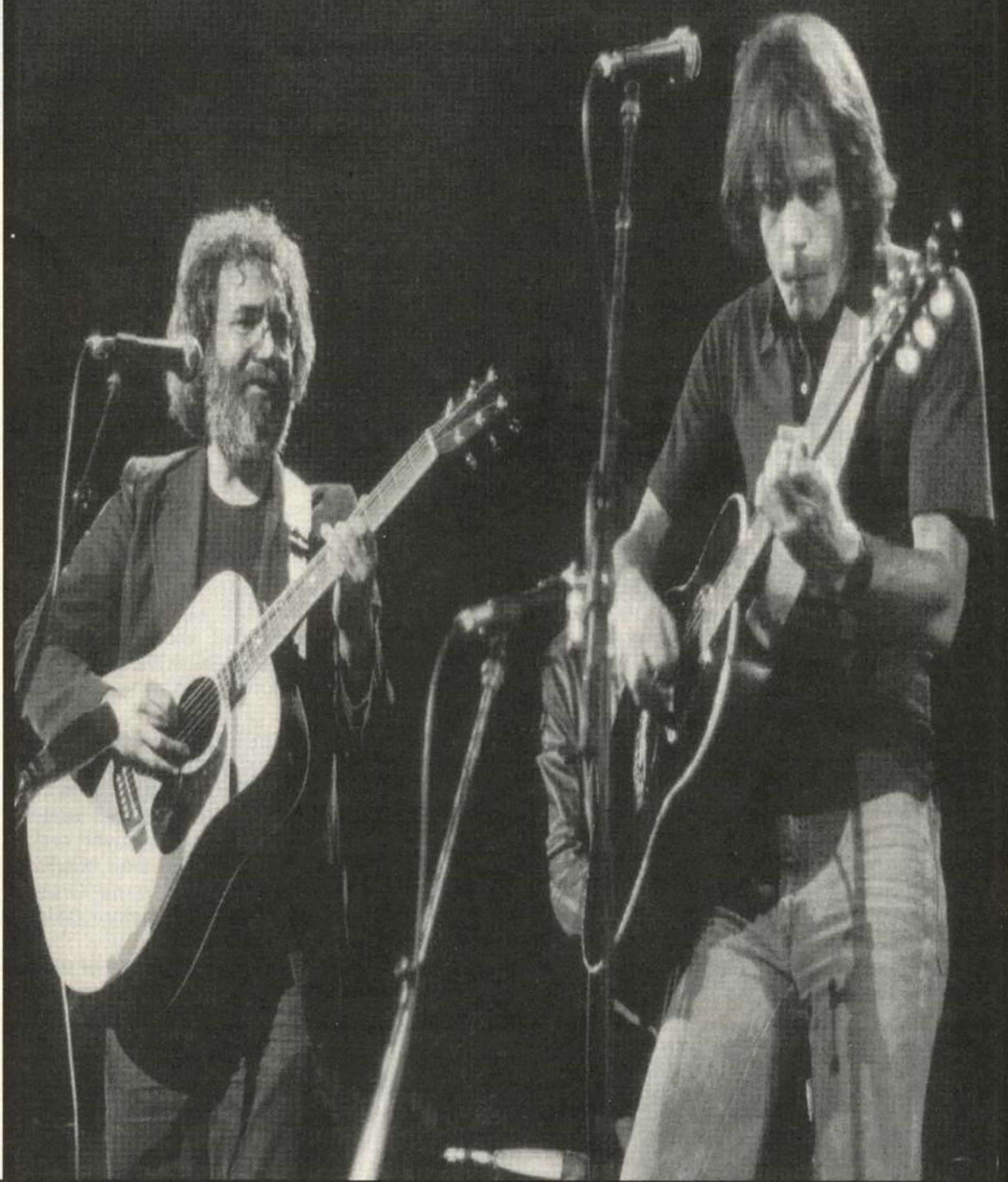
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AUGUST 10th



Grateful Dead Set Lists

(continued from page 34)

The Palace At Auburn Hills Auburn Hills, MI [con'd]

June 9, 1993

Help On The Way
Slipknot
Franklin's Tower
Little Red Rooster
Loose Lucy
Easy Answer
Bertha

China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider
Man Smart, Woman Smarter
Wave To The Wind
Terrapin Station
Drums/Space
I Need A Miracle
Wharf Rat
Around And Around
Encore: Liberty

Buckeye Lake Music Center New Hebron, OH

June 11, 1993

Jack Straw
Foolish Heart
The Same Thing
Lazy River Road
Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues
When I Paint My Masterpiece
So Many Roads
Promised Land

Eyes Of The World
Playing In The Band
Uncle John's Band

Corrina
Jam
Drums/Space
The Wheel
All Along The Watchtower
Black Peter
Sugar Magnolia
Encore: Brokedown Palace

Rich Stadium Buffalo, NY

June 13, 1993

Opening act: Sting
Touch of Grey
New Minglewood Blues
Loser
Me And My Uncle
Mexicali Blues
Broken Arrow
Tennessee Jed
Cassidy
Deal

Samson And Delilah
Lazy River Road
Looks Like Rain
Way To Go Home
Truckin'
Drums/Space
The Other One
The Days Between
Johnny B. Goode

Encore: I Fought The Law

Freedom Hall Louisville, KY

June 15, 1993

Feel Like A Stranger
Althea

Wang Dang Doodle
Friend Of The Devil
Desolation Row
Don't Ease Me In

Victim Or The Crime
Crazy Fingers
Estimated Prophet
Spoonful
He's Gone
Drums/Space
The Last Time
Morning Dew
Encore: Gloria

June 16, 1993

Cold Rain And Snow
The Same Thing
Peggy-O
Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues
Ramble On Rose
Eternity
Brown Eyed Women
Easy Answer
Don't Ease Me In

Foolish Heart
Saint Of Circumstance
Lazy River Road
Corrina
Drums/Space
I Need A Miracle
Stella Blue
Good Lovin'

Encore: I Fought The Law

Soldier Field Chicago, IL

June 18, 1993

Opening act: Sting
Hell In A Bucket
Sugaree
Walking Blues
Stagger Lee
Queen Jane Approximately
Row Jimmy
The Music Never Stopped

Box Of Rain
Iko Iko
Playing In The Band
Uncle John's Band
Jam
Drums/Space
All Along The Watchtower
China Doll
Turn On Your Lovelight
Encore: Liberty

June 19, 1993

Opening act: Sting

Touch Of Grey
Little Red Rooster
Lazy River Road
Me And My Uncle
Maggie's Farm
Broken Arrow
Deal

China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider
Way To Go Home
Truckin'
Smokestack Lightning
Drums/Space
The Other One
Standing On The Moon
Throwing Stones
One More Saturday Night

Encore: Rain

Deer Creek Music Pavilion Noblesville, IN

June 21, 1993

Jack Straw
Friend Of The Devil
Spoonful
Jack-A-Roe
Black Throated Wind
Loose Lucy
Eternity
So Many roads
Promised Land

Scarlet Begonias
Fire On The Mountain

Man Smart, Woman Smarter
Ship Of Fools
Corrina
Drums/Space
The Last Time
Black Peter
Around And Around
Encore: I Fought The Law

June 22, 1993

Help On The Way
Slipknot
Franklin's Tower
Wang Dang Doodle
High Time
It's All Over Now
Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues
Tennessee Jed
Picasso Moon

Victim Or The Crime
Crazy Fingers
Looks Like Rain
He's Gone
Drums/Space
I Need A Miracle
The Days Between
Johnny B. Goode

Encore: Liberty

June 23, 1993

Good Times
Hell In A Bucket
Lazy River Road
Stuck Inside Of Mobile With The Memphis Blues Again
Broken Arrow
Loser
Easy Answer

Samson And Delilah
Way To Go Home
Wave To The Wind
Terrapin Station
Drums/Space
Dark Star
The Wheel
Good Lovin'

Encore: Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds

RFK Stadium Washington, DC

June 25, 1993

Opening act: Sting
Mississippi 1/2 Step
Little Red Rooster
Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues
Althea
Cassidy
Cumberland Blues
Promised Land

China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider
Uncle John's Band
Corrina
Drums/Space
I Need A Miracle
Wharf Rat
Sugar Magnolia

Encore: The Weight

June 26, 1993

Feel Like a Stranger
Brown Eyed Women
Spoonful
Lazy River Road
When I Paint My Masterpiece
Bird Song
Picasso Moon

Iko Iko
Way To Go Home
Playing In The Band
Terrapin Station
Drums/Space
The Last Time
The Days Between
Throwing Stones
One More Saturday Night

Encore: Liberty

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RRCD2060-Tom Constanten (Grateful Dead Keyboardist), Dave Nelson (Acoustic Garcia Band and New Riders of the Purple Sage) and Barry Flast (Kingfish), round out the closest thing to the Grateful Dead without being the Grateful Dead. Their musical performances and their upcoming Relix release promise to awaken Deadheads to a fine musical experience.



RRCD2061-Commander Cody And His Lost Planet Airmen-Lost In Space-recorded from the master tapes found in the vaults of WNEW-FM in New York. The tapes were from a live broadcast of the Commander from a local club in New York in 1975. The combination of real country songs (Armadillo Stomp) and classic Boogie-Woogie (Beat Me Daddy, Eight To The Bar), and Rock N' Roll (Riot In The Cell Block #9) make this a real country music lovers delight.



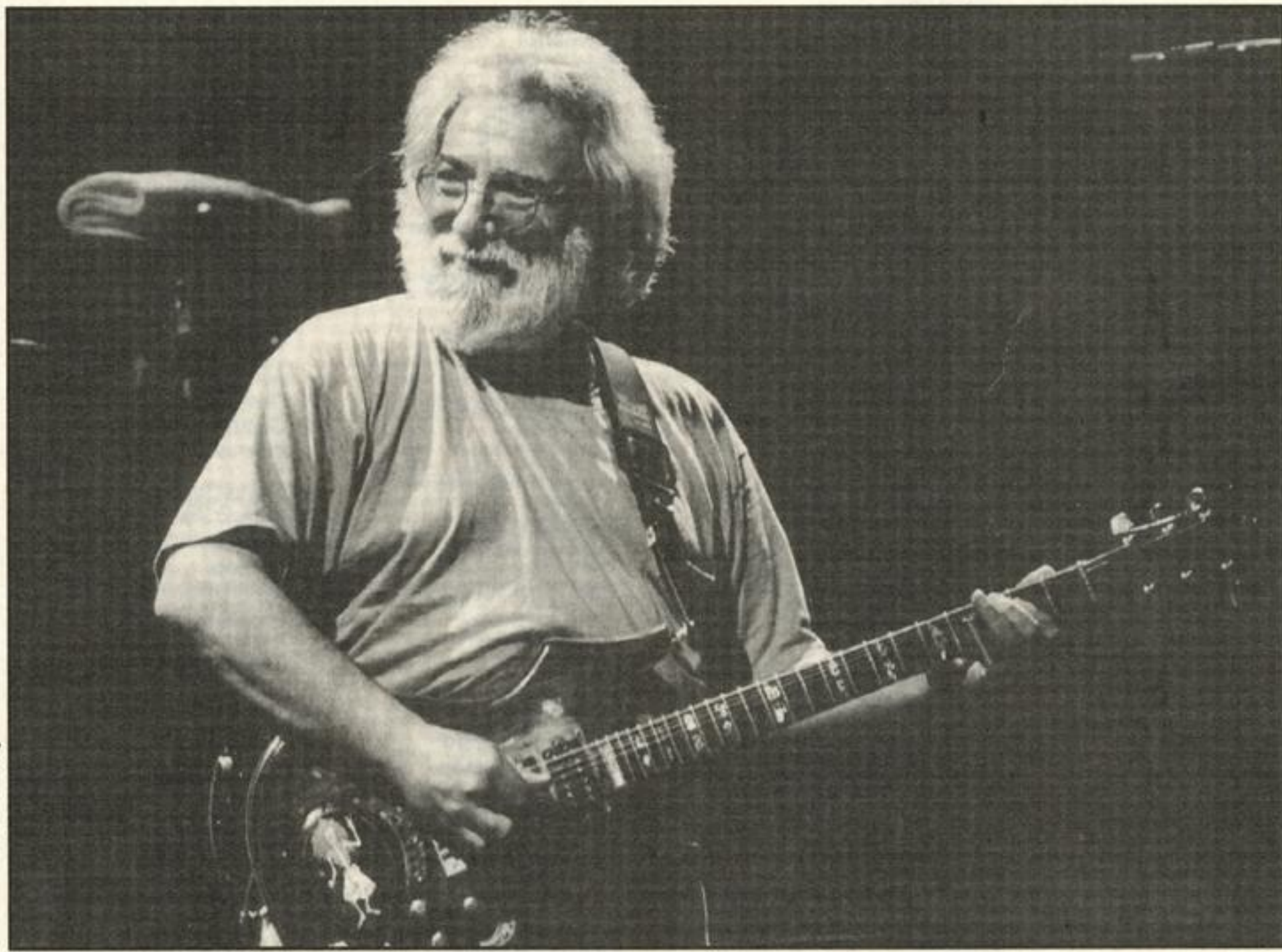
RRCD2062-Hot Tuna Live At Sweetwater Two-These tracks continue the Sweetwater saga with more new acoustic material. Featuring guest performances by Bob Weir, Maria Muldaur and Happy Traum, Hot Tuna goes for the gold with Sweetwater Two. More new material, and a special bonus electric track with Harvey Sorgen on drums, round out a musical performance that shouldn't be missed.



RRCD2063-Former Grateful Dead Keyboardist Tom Constanten brings us a touch of culture with his second solo Relix release, Morning Dew. Not only does Tom give us hot piano versions of Bob Dylan's "It's All Over Now Baby Blue," Jefferson Airplane's "Lather," and the CD's title track "Morning Dew," he polishes off this recorded effort with his friend Jorma Kaukonen performing a duet of "Embryonic Journey".

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Ron Delany

Jerry Garcia performed several dates in Southern California and three days at the Warfield Theatre

Bay Area Bits™

BY J. C. JUANIS

Cream Puff War: Following his return from an exhaustive East Coast tour, Jerry Garcia headed back out on the road with the Jerry Garcia Band, performing several dates in Southern California before returning to San Francisco to perform a three-day run at the Warfield Theatre. Garcia, looking fit and trim, was in extremely good form. Opening the April 22nd show with an energetic rendition of "Cats Down Under The Stars," Garcia and Co. delved into their considerable songbook. Choosing to interpret the work of his favorite songwriters rather than presenting his original material written with Robert Hunter, Garcia showcased his strength as a singer as well as delivering some of his patented, lengthy guitar solos. The powerhouse set included Van Morrison's "He Ain't Give You None," Daniel Lanois' "Eyes Of The Maker," Bob Dylan's "Senor," Smokey Robinson's "When The Hunter Gets Captured By The Game," Norton Buffalo's "Ain't No Bread In The Breadbox," and Peter Rowan's "Midnight Moonlight." The band—John Kahn (bass), David Kemper (drums), Melvin Seals (organ), and vocalists Jackie LaBranch and Gloria Jones have not sounded any better, while Jerry Garcia continues to perform with the vigor and stamina of a much younger man to the delight of Deadheads everywhere.

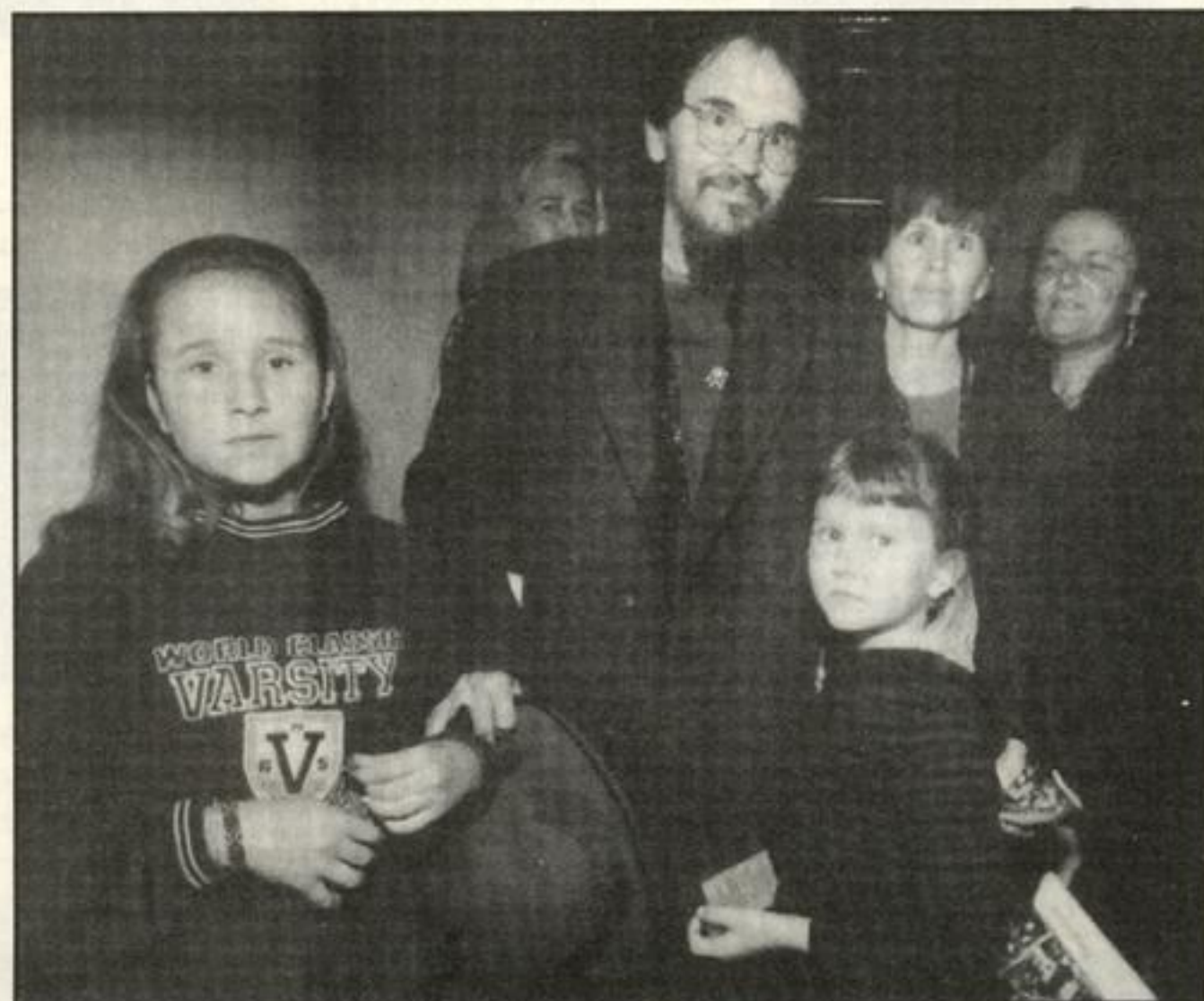
Momentary Madness: A couple of weeks later, Bob Weir and Rob Wasserman brought their Scaring The Children Tour to the Warfield Theatre. Opening act Chris Whitley turned a lot of heads with his bluesy, folk-rock driven, original material. Performing alone and playing

an array of National guitars, Whitley's set caught fire from the get-go as the singer/songwriter performed selections from his recent release *Living With The Law* (Columbia) as well as some choice new material. Most impressive were the tunes "Poison Girl," "Kick The Stones," and "Big Sky Country." Weir and Wasserman were clearly playing to a partisan crowd, and they did not disappoint. Incorporating some great new songs in a set that also included many rhythm and blues standards, Weir and Wasserman drove into each selection with workman-like precision. Wasserman, playing an electric upright bass, and Weir, playing mostly acoustic guitar, began the show tentatively with "Bombs Away," before easing effortlessly into Al Green's "Take Me To The River." Weir remarked, "I've had this song on my mind, so let me try and play it for you," before debuting a new original "It Should Have Happened To Me." Bay Area singer/songwriter Susan James, performing on mandolin, joined Weir and Wasserman for Willie Dixon's "Spoonful," and Bob Dylan's "When I Paint My Masterpiece." Susan

James has also added her vocals to the new recording project by former Jefferson Starship member Pete Sears. Most of the musical fireworks occurred during the Wasserman solo portion of the show. The master bassist gave a stunning demonstration of his considerable skill. The biggest surprise came when Wasserman took a turn on the fiddle playing a sped-up reel that had everyone up and on their feet, dancing in the aisles. Weir came back with a new Ibanez hollow-bodied electric guitar for a rollicking set closing "Wang Dang Doodle." For the encore, Weir and Wasserman were joined by Chris Whitley and Susan James for a scorching new tune, "Easy Answers," that sent everyone home happy.

Blood And Money: Stanley "Mouse" Miller is one of the most beloved of the famous San Francisco psychedelic poster artists. Today Mouse is alive due to the efforts of the Grateful Dead and other friends who came to the aid of the artist when he took ill from liver failure on April 18th. Stanley Mouse is most famous for his colorful posters done for the Fillmore and Avalon Ballrooms. The son of a Walt Disney animator, Mouse grew up in Detroit and received his nickname because he was always the one who kept to himself and quietly sketched away.

Mouse cultivated a style that featured flame designs on hot rod cars before coming to California in the early sixties. Mouse met fellow artist Alton Kelley and developed an output of rock'n'roll art that remains unmatched to this day. Some of Stanley Mouse's works include The "Zig Zag Man" posters for the Family Dog concerts at The Avalon Ballroom, the "Skull and Roses" logo for the Grateful Dead, the "Pegasus" logo for The Steve Miller Band, and the "Scarab" logo for Journey. In 1977, Mouse won the prestigious Grammy award for the cover artwork for Steve Miller's *Book Of Dreams* album. In recent years Mouse has been ill, the result of his years of airbrushing with toxic paint. When the artist collapsed in his Sonoma County home, the prognosis for recovery was slim. Compounding Mouse's situation was the fact that he had no health insurance. Unconscious in a coma and on life-support systems at the California Pacific Medical Center in San Francisco, the word spread throughout the Bay Area music community that Mouse would need a new liver, and the operation would cost \$350,000. Mouse's friends, including Wavy



Stanley "Mouse" Miller at the Bridge benefit

Ron Delany



Bob Minkin

Bill Kreutzmann — Kayak King

Gravy and his publisher Roger Williams, set up the Freehand Foundation which raised about \$15,000 that week, far short of the amount needed to cover his ever-growing medical expenses. By Friday, chances that Mouse would get the needed funds and new liver were grim. Williams pleaded with the hospital's financial officers who relented, and at considerable professional risk, took Williams' promise to get the money. That evening the Grateful Dead pledged \$175,000 for Mouse's medical bills and things began to move quickly. The next day Mouse received a 19-year-old's liver from Arizona. "It's not every day that you get a chance to save somebody's life," said Jerry Garcia of his pledge. Grateful Dead publicist Dennis McNally summed it up: "The band's feeling was that Mouse was family, there's no question that you help family." Mouse, released from the hospital only two weeks after his surgery, has made remarkable progress. At press time, there was a two-day musical benefit scheduled to help defray some of Mouse's medical bills featuring Big Brother and the Holding Company, Dinosaurs, Zero, The Jerry Miller Band, Peter Rowan and the Rowan Brothers, New Riders of the Purple Sage, George Michalski and Kristina Kopriva, Morrison Hotel, and others. Contributions can be made on Stanley Mouse' behalf c/o The Freehand Foundation, West America Bank, 1177 Magnolia Avenue, Larkspur, CA 94939.

Wet and Wild: A 17-year-old surfer is grateful to be alive after being rescued by Grateful Dead drummer Billy Kreutzmann from a fast moving riptide off the Mendocino coast. Kreutzmann, an avid kayaker, was practicing his wave riding skills on his kayak near the mouth of the Big River recently when he spotted the teenager thrashing in the ocean. The 46-year-old drummer paddled over to Fort Bragg resident John Paid who was on a boogie board, but had lost one of his fins. "I went over to help him, he rested, and just leaned up on it (the kayak)," Kreutzmann recalled. As the angry 10-foot waves tossed the kayak against some rocks, Kreutzmann instructed the young surfer to swim to shore. After the kayak bounced off the rocks a few more times, Kreutzmann

decided to bail out himself and head for shore as well. The treacherous riptide prevented the two from making it to shore, and Kreutzmann and Paid pulled themselves onto a rock ledge where they found themselves trapped between a pounding surf and an unclimbable 60-foot cliff. Alerted by guests at a nearby hotel, the Mendocino Volunteer Fire Department lowered ropes down the cliff and pulled Kreutzmann, Paid, and the kayak to safety. "The Coast Guard had a boat in the water and wanted them to swim out to it, but they said 'no way,'" said Foggy Gomes, Mendocino's Fire Chief. "When you're bushed and you're looking at those waves, they look pretty darned big." Kreutzmann, who owns Lost Coast Kayak Adventures in nearby Fort Bragg, later dropped by the fire station to make a sizable donation to the all-volunteer department. "He's quite a diver and kayaker," said Gomes of the Grateful Dead drummer. "He went in to help the kid, and he just darn wore himself out."

Changing Of The Guard: The ownership of Bill Graham Presents will be changing hands, so to speak, as fifteen of the late impresario's employees buy Graham's business empire for \$4.75 million, pending probate court approval. Graham, who tragically died when his helicopter crashed into a power line tower during a driving rainstorm in October 1991, owned a handful of companies that continue to dominate the rock concert production and booking business in Northern California. According to a petition filed in Marin Superior Court on May 7th, Nick Clainos, the executor of the late promoter's \$35 million estate, "has accepted an offer to purchase the business by a newly formed corporation," of which 90 percent will be owned by key employees and 10 percent by Graham's two sons: David, 24, and Alexander, 16. Included as part of the vast empire is Bill Graham Management, which manages the careers of such rockers as Eddie Money and Joe Satriani; Shoreline Amphitheater, a state-of-the-art outdoor concert venue located in Mountain View, 30 miles south of San Francisco; AKG Inc., the nightclub wing of BGP which

Were you there? Do you wish you had been?

Mulberry Neckwear is pleased to introduce THE FILLMORE POSTER TIES, a collection of limited edition neckwear. Based on Bill Graham's archive of 60's and 70's poster art, the initial offering features imagery relating to live performances by Jimi Hendrix, The Doors, Pink Floyd, Jefferson Airplane, Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young and many others. For all of us whose lives were touched by the 60's experience, THE FILLMORE POSTER TIES will bring back special memories of what the posters, the music, and the lifestyle meant in shaping our outlook on the world in which we live.



Mulberry Neckwear introduces the Fillmore Poster Tie Collection

includes the Warfield Theatre, the Fillmore, and the Punchline Comedy Clubs; and Fillmore Fingers, a food concession business providing fine food at all of Graham produced events. The good news in all of this is that the company will continue to be run by the same staff that has continuously set the industry standard of presenting quality live entertainment.

Corporate Kaleidoscope: A Marin-based company has brought the images of the legendary Fillmore Auditorium to Macy's, Nordstrom's, and other specialty stores, and just maybe, we have Jerry Garcia to blame for it. Mulberry Neckwear has licensed the rights from Bill Graham Presents to produce a line of neckties featuring the classic Fillmore posters. The silk ties feature the images created by such artists as Stanley Mouse, Rick Griffin, and Wes Wilson that were used to announce concerts at the Fillmore and Winterland Auditoriums by such rock acts as the Jimi Hendrix Experience, the Doors, Jefferson Airplane, and



Oh, say can you see... Vince, Bobby and Jerry singing the National Anthem!



Welnick, Garcia, the Giants' Bob Brenly, and Weir



Pink Floyd. In the tie business, the Fillmore Collection is referred to as novelty neckwear, and constitutes the fastest-growing segment of the \$1.4 billion yearly demand for men's neckties. Mulberry Neckwear needed to get permission from the acts themselves and that was a process that took nearly two years. Winterland Productions, the T-shirt manufacturing company that Bill Graham Enterprises sold to entertainment giant MCA Inc. in 1988, held the rights to several of the band's images, making the task a little easier in some cases. The Fillmore ties cost \$37.50, with the price tag in the likeness of a Fillmore ticket stub. To introduce the new line, Mulberry Neckwear and the Bill Graham Archives displayed a variety of films, photos, and posters in the men's department of Macy's in San Francisco's Union Square. The ties follow in the footsteps of Jerry Garcia's successful foray into the stylish world of men's haberdashery.

Giant Birdsong: What a long strange trip it's been—from the Haight Ashbury to the pitchers' mound at Candlestick Park. That fact weighed heavily on more than 57,000 fans that turned out for the San Francisco Giants' season opener against the Florida Marlins on April 12th. The sold-out crowd was serenaded during the pre-game festivities as in past years by Tony Bennett, but when it came to the singing of the National Anthem, the men of the hour were none other than the Grateful Dead, sort of. Jerry Garcia, Bob Weir, and Vince Welnick shared the honor from the pitchers' mound, as both teams lined the first and third baselines in

celebration of the start of the 1993 baseball season. The boys did an outstanding job, each singing on key into a wireless microphone. Harry Popick did the sound set-up with Ultra Sound equipment and the normal ear monitors, which made it possible for them to hear what they were doing perfectly in an acoustically nightmarish place. Welnick did the three-part harmony scoring, and they did rehearse! Garcia and Welnick wore Giant team jackets. This was a first for the legendary San Francisco band, although

Bob Weir once sang the anthem at a Golden State Warrior basketball game, and Welnick as a member of the Tubes sang the anthem for the 49'ers. The uninitiated in the stands were surprised when microphones sprang up like antennas around the ballpark just before the first strains of "The Star Spangled Banner."

Pirate Retirement Party: The Larkspur Bookstore, owned by rock journalist Jack Ortman, recently hosted a rock'n'roll auction which featured an exciting afternoon of music that literally stopped traffic in the tiny Marin hamlet of Larkspur. Ortman's store is the only store in Marin that deals with rock'n'roll books, posters, and one-of-a-kind memorabilia. On the street outside of the store was non-stop musical entertainment provided by the Ted Reyes Group, Terry And The Pirates, Naomi Ruth Eisenberg, and J.C. Flyer. The auction featured many prized collectibles including a gold album for *Janis Joplin In Concert*, rare posters, and a couple of signed Roy Orbison albums, to mention a few of the many items offered. Some of the musical

highlights included the return to the concert stage by Terry Dolan. Dolan has been re-mixing his classic album *Too Close For Comfort* with Dan Healey producing. The release will include four additional tracks, all featuring the trademark Pirates, guitar sound by the late John Cipollina. Dolan and his new band of Pirates performed the classic "Cukoo," "Poe Train," and "In Laws and Out Laws." J.C. Flyer was joined during his set by keyboardist George Michalski for a rousing country rocker "Big Wheels." Sixties legend Sky Saxton and Naomi Ruth Eisenberg joined Flyer and his band for a powerhouse rendition of Saxton's smash "Pushin' Too Hard." Saxton and Michalski recently recorded a reggae rendition of the Seed's classic.

Short Bits: Moby Grape guitarist Jerry Miller has been in the studio recording new tracks with a band that includes former Doobie Brother Tiran Porter and Fuzzy Samuals....Canned Heat recently came through town. Led by original member Fido de La Pera and guitarist Harvey Mandel, the Heat performed classics "Goin' Up The Country," "On The Road Again," and "Bull Frog Blues," before being joined by boogie king John Lee Hooker....Expect Harvey Mandel's classic LPs *The Snake* and *Baby Batter* to be reissued on one CD....Talk about diversity, Muruga Booker has been touring with a member of Al Rapone and the Zydeco Expressmen. The talented drummer also found the time to perform on some west coast dates with George Clinton and the P-Funk All Stars....Original Jefferson Airplane vocalist Signe Anderson finished up some acoustic dates with Paul Kantner's Jefferson Starship. Replacing Anderson in the electric version of the same band for a summer tour will be Jefferson Airplane/Starship singer Marty Balin. Bassist Jack Casady and violinist Papa John Creach make four members of the Jefferson Airplane that will be performing as part of Kantner's Jefferson Starship—The Next Generation....*Bluegrass Duets*, the wonderful release by Sandy Rothman and Steve Pottier will be re-mastered and re-released on Sierra Records with additional songs.

Country Honk: Steve Douglas, who was perhaps the most recorded session saxophonist in music, died April 19th of heart failure at the age of 55 while doing a recording session with guitarist Ry Cooder in Hollywood. The Petaluma, California resident played on thousands of recording sessions including Elvis Presley, Phil Spector, Bob Dylan, Eric Clapton, and Frank Sinatra.



Terry Dolan performs at Larkspur Books



Stuart Brinin



Stuart Brinin

LEFT: Scott Mathews, Johnny Bamont, John Firmin, Mark Baum, Marc Russo, and Johnny Colla at the Steve Douglas Tribute Concert

ABOVE: Mickey Hart at the Douglas Tribute

Born Steven Kreisman, Douglas went to high school with the legendary record producer Phil Spector, and became one of "Phil's Regulars," a legendary session group that included percussionist Sonny Bono, guitarist Glen Campbell, keyboardist Leon Russell, and drummer Hal Blaine. These were the musicians who made up Spector's legendary "Wall Of Sound" that graced hit records by Ben E. King, the Drifters, the Righteous Brothers, and Ike and Tina Turner, among many others.

Douglas played the blues with Duane Eddy and the Rebels at Harlem's Apollo Theater in 1958 and with Elvis Presley on the set of the early '60s movie *Girls, Girls, Girls*. Douglas performed his most memorable sax parts on the Eddy instrumentals "Peter Gunn," and "Rebel Rouser" which skyrocketed up the record charts.

In the '70s, Douglas toured extensively with Bob Dylan and Ry Cooder, while also working as a record company executive and producer. Douglas moved to the Bay Area in the early '80s and found a home performing at local clubs such as Mill Valley's Sweetwater.

One of Douglas' own recordings was an album recorded inside the Great Pyramid in Egypt. On May 3rd, a memorial service was held at The Great American Music Hall in San Francisco that was attended by over 500 friends, fans, and family members. The memorial became a combination Irish wake and New Orleans-style street party as musicians paid their respects to the man who was the greatest session player ever.

While Douglas' sax stood alone in front of the stage, the evening began with a saxophone sextet performing as a kind of honor guard: John Firman, (David Bromberg Band), Johnny Colla (Huey Lewis), Martin Fierro (Zero), Mark Baum, Morey Goldstein, Marc Russo, and Scott Mathews on military snare drum. The musicians soulfully performed the theme song from the old TV show "Peter Gunn," a song that was Douglas' trademark. That segued into an hour set by Douglas' good friends and musical associates, guitarist Ry Cooder, drummer Hal Blaine, Booker T. Jones on Hammond B-3 organ, pianist Don Randi, and bassist Robin Sylvester.

Performed with passion were instrumental versions of "Rebel Rouser," "(Sitting On The Dock Of The Bay)," "Green Onions," "Summertime," and other classics. Conspicuously absent were the sax solos; Douglas' sax sat si-

lently at the center of the stage. The evening ended with the musicians on stage as well as the musicians that were in the house including the Grateful Dead's Mickey Hart and guitarist Harvey Mandel, leading the packed crowd in an old-fashioned New Orleans-style parade around the Music Hall before leading out to the street. It was a fitting memorial for one of music's greatest.

Teardrops In My Eyes: Harley "Red" Allen, the man considered by many to be the finest singer in bluegrass, passed away on April 3rd in Dayton, Ohio, due to complications related to lung cancer. He was 62 years old.

Allen, through his tenure with the Osborne Brothers and his own group, the Kentuckians, was associated with many songs that have gone on to become standards in the bluegrass genre including "Teardrops In My Eyes," "She's No Angel," "Down In The Willow Garden," "Once More," and "Wild Mountain Honey." While performing with mandolinist Frank Wakefield in the early '60s, Allen took a young, aspiring mandolinist from Passaic, New Jersey, named David Grisman, under his wing. Allen went on to give young Grisman his first job as a record

producer on *Red Allen and Frank Wakefield* (Folkways FA2408).

In 1991, Allen made his first and only trip to California where he got together with Grisman and other bluegrass aficionados like Jerry Garcia and Herb Pederson. The results are contained on the Grisman produced *Bluegrass Reunion* (Acoustic Disc). Allen was considered a vocal innovator. Sandy Rothman, who performed with Allen for many years explained, "Red possessed a great voice, and he was a great guitar player as well. The main thing about his unique vocal styling was the three-part vocal harmony with the lead on top. This was called "high lead" with the baritone in the middle and the tenor on the bottom. That's what made Red such an innovator, and besides, he could sing all three parts as well."

Allen is survived by three sons, the youngest of whom, Harley, is an outstanding bluegrass player in his own right. ■

(Special Thanks to: Audrey Pickell, David Gross, Mike Somavilla, Michael Dolgushkin, Sandy Rothman, Susana Millman, and Jessica Blue Sky for their contributions.)



(L-R): Jim Kerwin, Jim Buchanan, Red Allen, Herb Pedersen, Jerry Garcia and David Grisman

Jon Sievert



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FRAGMENTS

EVERY TIME THE HUNTER GETS CAPTURED BY THE WORD: *Infinity Minus Eleven* by Robert Hunter is the first book in a series put out by *Spike* magazine in association with Citiful Press & Pigman Productions. These 13 unpublished poems by Hunter are accompanied by charcoal illustrations by Oregonian artist Bob DeVine. Robert Hunter has also published *A Box Of Rain: Collected Lyrics* (Viking), *Night Cardre* (Viking)—his 1991 debut of poetry, *Duino Elegies* (Hulogosi)—translations from Rilke's poems, and most recently *Idiot's Delight* from the Hanuman Book series. Hunter has plans for two more books of poems scheduled for release in 1993—*Bride Of Entropy* and *Sentinel*.

GRAM PARSON'S TRIBUTE: On October 10th at Gonzales y Gonzales (625 Broadway, NYC), there will be a tribute to the late, great Gram Parsons. Last year's tribute lasted 11 hours and featured 27 performers. So, if you're a fan of Gram's, or just interested in a day of authentic country-rock, this revival of the long-missed *Gram Parson's Tribute* series of concerts is a must.

NEW HOPE FOR THE BLUES: John & Peter's in the small town of New Hope, Pennsylvania has been the local hotbed of musical happenings for over 20 years. Having hosted such national acts in their 50-seat club as the New Riders, John Hammond, Solar Circus, Jorma Kaukonen, Steve Forbert, and many others, the club also serves as a retreat for the substantial local talent. Their Tuesday night *Liberty Blues Jam* features some of the community's best players who are later joined by newer performers looking to jam. This established blues night has been happening for over two years.

WHARF RATS: The Wharf Rats are a group of Deadheads who have chosen to live drug and alcohol free. At shows, they can be found in the hall at a table directly behind the stage. Look for the yellow balloons and signs. They offer support, friendship, and hope. You can write for the Wharf Rat newsletter at P.O. Box 248, Manahawkin, NJ 08050. Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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A. R. Klosterman



ROBYN HITCHCOCK

Vital VIEWS™

Major Label Record Reviews

by Tierney Smith

A distinct pattern emerges on *Phobia*, the Kinks' Columbia debut. The band's forays into harder rock tend toward facelessness ("Wall Of Fire," "Babies"), while their lighter, more melodic material ("Don't," "Drift Away," "Surviving") attests to Ray Davies' extraordinary musical gifts. The music is at times deceptively placid, but the emotional landscape is anything but tranquil. The Davies brothers take their listeners into a seething morass of doom and gloom, which encompasses everything from environmental destruction to mental breakdowns. Their lyrical bluntness and sheer weight of their litany of miseries gives the record an almost comical air. "My hostility for you defies description" sings Davies in "Hatred," and you have to smile in spite of it all. As a chronicler of the travails of the Queryman, they've never been more disconsolate but, as the best musical moments of *Phobia* aptly demonstrate, they can be downright inspirational.

The Best Of Joe Cocker (Capitol) is a compilation of Cocker's '80s and '90s material beginning with a '90s version of "Unchain My Heart" and ending with his incendiary version of "With A Little Help From My Friends" (from 1990's *Joe Cocker Live*). In between, Cocker has a way of making even the slickest material sound anything but—his rough-edged vocals lend tunes like "Shelter Me" and "Don't You Love Me Anymore" a vibrant spirit that in less capable hands would have landed them in '80s-era Starship territory. A case in point: Cocker's treatment of the Diane Warren/Bryan Adams' numbers "When The Night Comes," a fine lungbusting rocker, and the memorable ballad, "Feels Like Forever," are far better than any Diane Warren song has a right to be.

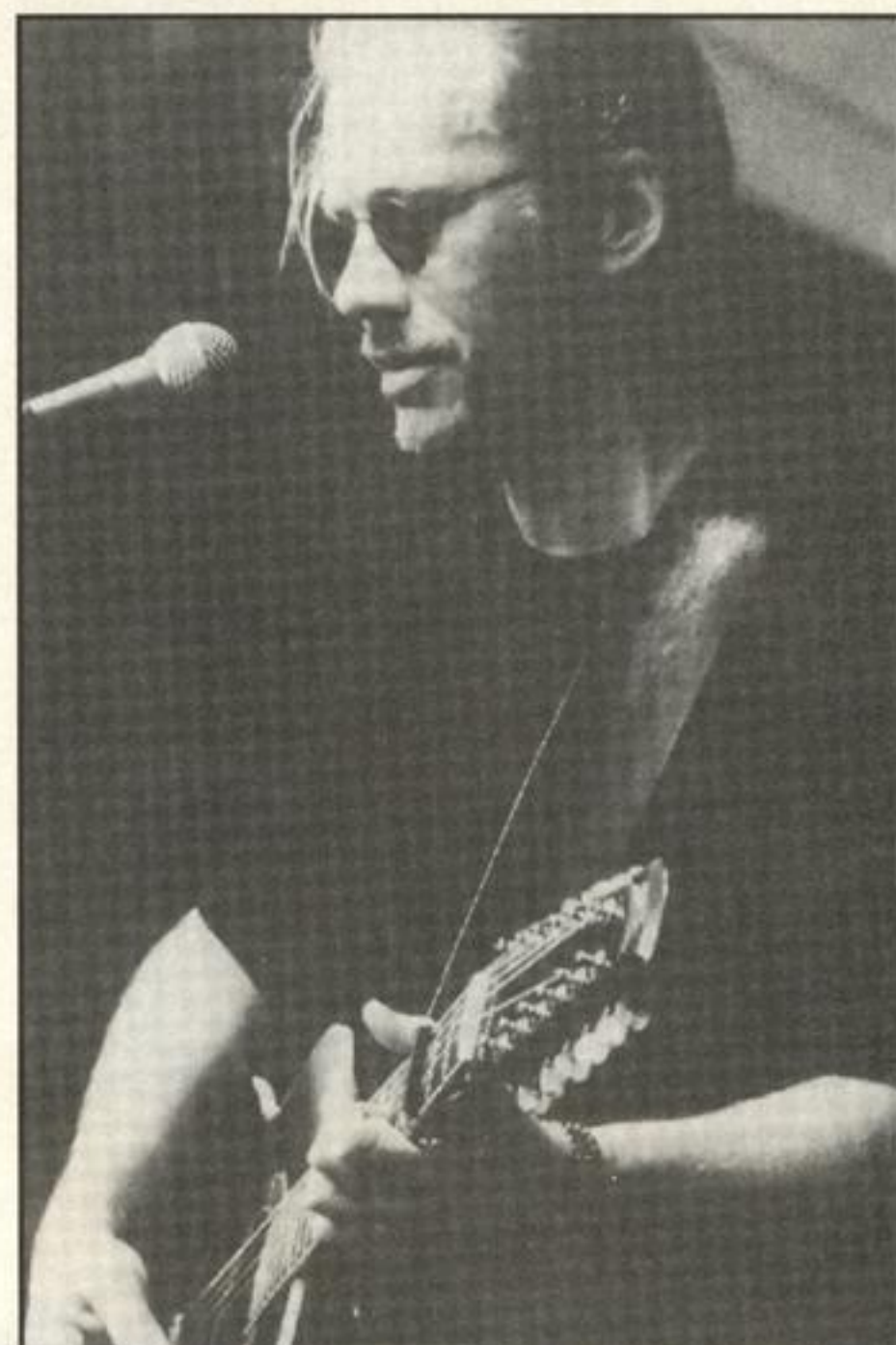
Warren Zevon's *Learning To Flinch* (Giant) is his first live LP since 1980's *Stand In The*

Fire. Recorded at various stops all over the world, from Cincinnati to Berlin, this is an all-acoustic effort. Zevon's schizoid approach to songwriting is well represented here, making his self-description as a "heavy metal folk-singer" seem appropriate: on the one hand, the sensitive singer/songwriter ("Hasten Down The Wind," "Searching For A Heart"); on the other hand, the celebrations of off-balance subjects wedded to upbeat melodies ("Excitable Boy," "Roland The Headless Thompson Gunner"). On the down side, a few of Zevon's more rock-oriented songs ("Boom Boom Mancini," "Lawyers, Guns

And Money") lose most of their sonic punch in their acoustic translations. On the bright side, there are three new songs here, two of which—the melancholy ballad "The Indifference Of Heaven" and "Worrier King" with its snappy slide guitar—rank up there with Zevon's best.

On *Love And Danger* (MCA) has Joe Ely serving up more of the country rock that he's so proficient at. Clearly Ely's found his niche, and what he lacks in surprises, he more than makes up for in strong, memorable material. Ely's songs, along with a few sterling inclusions from Texan songwriter Robert Earl Keen, paint a turbulent, emotional landscape of desperado lovers on the run ("The Road Goes On Forever"), the torments of lost love ("Every Night About This Time," "Highways And Heartaches"), murderous rampage ("Whenever Kindness Fails"), and unbridled passion ("Sleepless In Love"). Ely's songs are sturdy with an immediacy that is fresh and unpolished—no surprise considering that most of this was done live in the studio.

Produced by John Paul Jones, the **Butthole Surfers'** *Independent Worm Saloon* (Capitol), like everything else the group has done, cultivates a cheap novelty air—the listener need only check out the song titles for confirmation ("Some Dispute Over T-Shirt Sales," "Dog Inside Your Body," "Chewin' George Lucas' Chocolate"). The music, however, is better than their titles would suggest. No one would mistake this for message music—the Surfers are as deliberately dumb as can be, but when it comes to mindless white noise, they've got the touch. "Who Was In My Room Last Night?" and "Edgar" are especially good rhythm-charged blasts of white heat. Their music contains the odd element of surprise—the careening chaos of "Alcohol," the abrupt twists and turns of "Tongue," the lovely acoustic ballad "The Wooden Song."



WARREN ZEVON

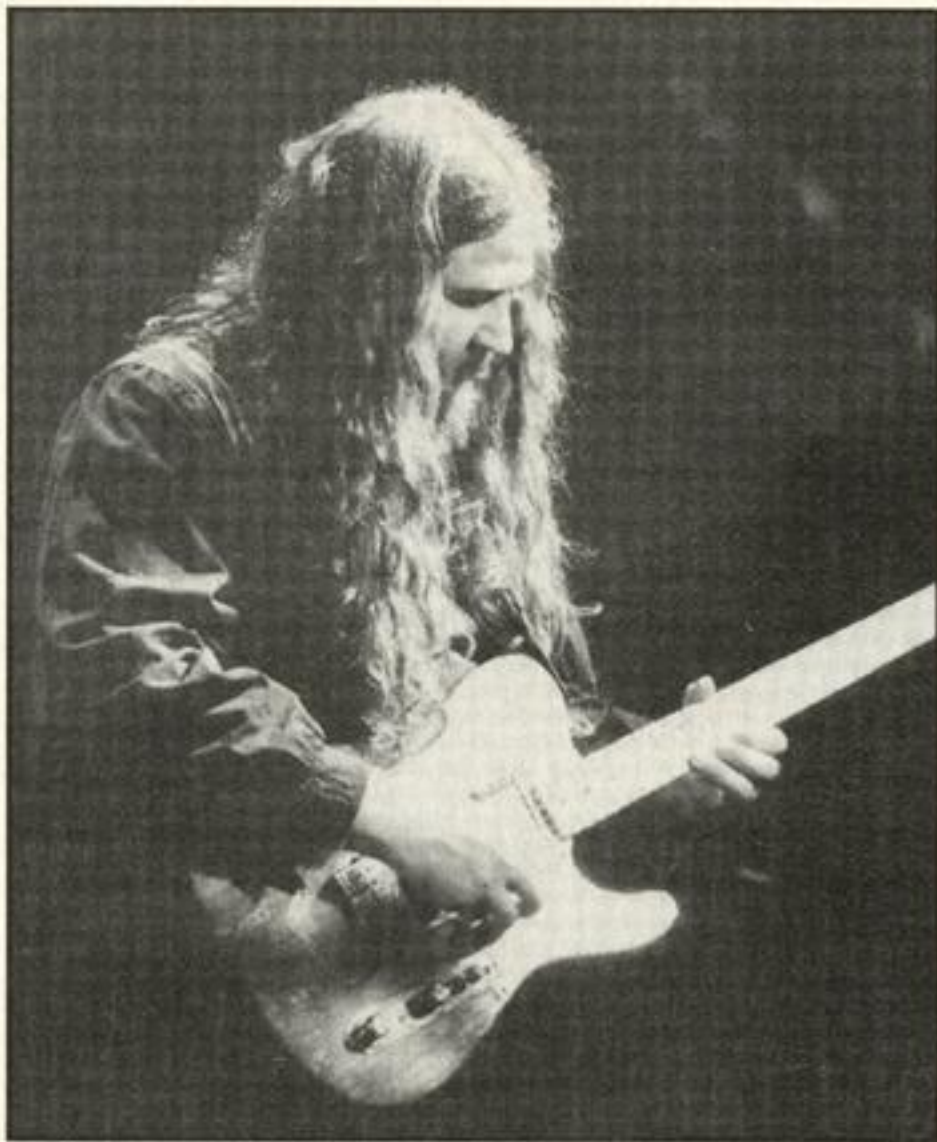
Independent Worm Saloon is, in all its sophomoric glory, a true guilty pleasure.

Robyn Hitchcock and the Egyptians' *Respect* (A&M) is their 13th recording. As with its predecessors, *Respect* is altogether too quirky to win them mainstream success. Hitchcock also reveals what has become a pattern for him—that is, placing the record's best number as the lead-off track; in this case, the dizzying pace of "The Yip Song," with its potent hook, causes every song that follows to pale in comparison. Still, even Hitchcock's lesser songs such as the slow, dreamy ambience of "Arms Of Love" or the languid '60s feel of "The Moon Inside" could outshine many other artists' best material. Hitchcock's unconventional (that is, weird) lyrics, though, sometimes undermine his songs, giving these numbers a novelty aspect that the sturdy melodies don't deserve.

He sometimes takes his penchant for the offbeat to extremes, as on "Wafflehead," a spoken word number that tries to be naughty, but comes off as grotesque instead. Further, the mostly acoustic approach Hitchcock takes throughout the record only serves to emphasize the lack of bite that "The Yip Song" offers in spades. ■



THE KINKS



DAVID THIEL



OZRIC TENTACLES

Independents

★ DAZE™ ★

by Mick Skidmore

It's *In The Air* (Sumertone), Merl Saunders' follow-up to *Blues From The Rainforest*, opts for a funky jazz-rock sound that's colored with a splash of world beat. There's also a heavy emphasis on Saunders' beefy, swirling Hammond B-3 organ playing. His three-piece **Rainforest Band** gets into some neat grooves, especially in "Play The Paris Blues" which features some fluid guitar from Mike Hinton and great vocal and piano work from guest Dr. John.

Saunders is joined by Blues Traveler's **John Popper** for a raunchy workout of Willie Dixon's "Built For Comfort." The upbeat, rhythmic title cut has a memorable vocal from Saunders and is one of the album's best cuts, along with the 12-minute instrumental tour-de-force "Mourning Moon." The latter was written by guitarist Hinton and not only focuses on the group's musical prowess, but shows that Hinton is a formidable guitarist with his crisp and inventive soloing. (P.O. Box 22184, San Francisco, CA 94122)

Hillbilly Voodoo (East Side Digital) is a wonderfully unpretentious album by Boston-area vocalist **Barence Whitfield** who gets a helping hand from songwriter Tom Russell. Whitfield takes us on a musical journey that starts with the country blues of "Long Black Train," and saunters jovially through the jazzy and humorous "The Cuban Sandwich" to the stomping roots-rock tale of boxer "Jack Johnson."

There are also imaginative covers of Dylan's "Blind Willie McTell," Van Morrison's "Cleaning Windows," and Jimmy Driftwood's thought-provoking "What Is The Color Of The Soul Of A Man." (530 North Third St, Minneapolis, MN 55401)

Guitarist **David Thiel** from the band **Synesthesia** steps out on his own for *Of the Sun*

(Untamed Ear Music), an all-instrumental solo album. Thiel is helped out by Synesthesia members, but his songs and masterful guitar playing stand out. There are strong jazz elements here. The influences of Carlos Santana, John Coltrane, and Miles Davis are evident. Like the aforementioned artists, Thiel highlights his improvisational skills without sacrificing the rich rhythmic or melodic content of the music. High points of this recommended album are the adventurous "Seven Miles Within," with some experimental Garcia-like leads, and the airy jazz-rock of "Suntrane." (\$10 including postage from David Thiel: 175 Margaret Rd, Amherst, NY 14226)

After a long lay-off, Scottish hard rockers **Nazareth** return with *No Jive* (Griffin Music). The band is still led by the gruff-voiced Dan McCafferty, and they still sit on the tasteful side of the hard rock fence. There's nothing on this album as good as their classic cover of "Love Hurts," but a reworking of another of their big hits, Joni Mitchell's "This Flight Tonight," is a bonus. Aside from the blistering rock of "Hire And Fire" and "Lap Of Luxury," their original material is somewhat generic and lets them down. They use the traditional "The

Rowan Tree" as a folksy segue into the infectious slide-driven "Tell Me That You Love Me," the only song here that could give them renewed commercial success. For fans only! (P.O. Box 664, Lombard, Illinois 60148)

Singer/songwriter **Peter Rowan** has always had a wide musical vision. During his long career, he has toyed with bluegrass, jazz-rock, folk, and country with equal success. *Awake Me In The New World* (Sugar Hill) is one of his best albums ever and has Rowan assimilating country, blues, and bluegrass with wider ranging world beat sounds. This is most notable in the intriguing "African Banjo" and the flowing Flamenco guitar sounds of "Dance With No Shoes." The album deals poetically but bluntly with those that discovered the New World. There's not a bad song here, and Rowan is backed by an all-star cast that includes brothers Lorin and Chris, John Kahn, Richard Greene, and Tish Hinajosa, helping make this a truly special album. (P.O. Box 4040, Duke Station, Durham, NC 27706)

The pairing of two of folk's best songwriters, **Bill Morrissey & Greg Brown**, is not that unusual. They share a common musical background and have been friends for a long time. The surprising thing about their collaboration *Friend of Mine* (Philo) is that aside from Brown's ode to his fetish for fishing, "Fishing With Bill," the album consists of covers of their favorite songs. This pleasing collection features a couple of good blues workouts, "Baby, Please Don't Go" and "Little Red Rooster," as well as the country folk of "I'll Never Get Out of This World" and the traditional "Duncan and Brady." The duo also does a good job on acoustic versions of Chuck Berry's "Memphis, Tennessee" and the Stones' "You Can't Always Get What You Want." Ultimately, this album has the ambiance of a relaxed back porch jam. (Dist. by Rounder, One Camp Street, Cambridge, MA 02140)

A strong blues release is *Crossing Bridges* (Pointblank) by **The Kinsey Report**. The album is aptly titled, as the Kinsey brothers bridge the gap between rock and blues pretty well. Donald Kinsey's guitar playing is both powerful and fluid. His leads are extremely impressive on the hard-hitting blues rock of "Too Early To Tell" and the blistering rock of "Take What I Want." The band adds a soulful R&B feel to the Prince-penned "5 Women" and a guttural funk feel to "Chicken Heads." These guys represent the best marriage of old and new blues genres. (Dist. By Virgin)



THE KINSEY REPORT

Elliott Murphy has long been a critics' favorite, but has failed to break from cult status. Unfortunately, as good as *Unreal City* (Razor&Tie) is, it's unlikely to reach more than faithful fans. It's not Murphy's best work, but the 15-song set shows that he's still a perceptive and articulate writer with a flair for enticing melodies. There's a light acoustic-based feel to much of the album, but it works well on the album's opener "Sicily (Tropic of Separation)" and the lively "Destiny." Other strong songs are the reflective "On Elvis Presley's Birthday" and the alluring, melodic "Sacrifice." (P.O. Box 585, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

The Weedkiller's Daughter (Rykodisc) by folk/rock duo **John & Mary** has a similar texture to Murphy's album, but an overall livelier approach and more of a sense of urgency about it. There's an ethereal quality to Mary Ramsey's voice, and her haunting viola playing acts as a perfect foil to John Lombardo's strident 12-string guitar playing. This is best exemplified in the sultry traditional British song "The Poor Murdered Woman." There's some exquisite, somewhat melancholic, material here. "Cloud Of Reason" deals with an illegal alien worker's death, while "Angels Of Stone" is full of lyrical imagery of a child's disturbed upbringing. This album gets better every time you listen to it. (Pickering Wharf, Bldg C, Salem, MA 01970)

The Spirit Cries: Endangered Music of South America and the Caribbean (Rykodisc). This is the latest world music compilation by **Mickey Hart**, taken from the Library of Congress's Archives. In fact, it's the first of a multi-volume set. As with most of the ethnic music Hart's compiled, this is interesting, yet somewhat unusual, stuff. Most of the music is fairly stark, utilizing very basic instruments such as handmade drums, flutes, and the human voice. These recordings were gathered over a four decade period and span the cultures of South and Central America as well as the Caribbean. It's unique stuff that really does have spiritual and musical worth. These primitive recordings inextricably connect the spirit of the earth with the human spirit through its emotional content.

British band **Ozric Tentacles** has an unusual sound that juxtaposes psychedelia with art-rock, folk-rock, reggae, and just about everything else in between. Their latest album, *Strangeitude* (I.R.S.), displays their expansive instrumental virtuosity and penchant for the unusual. This is the band's first release on a U.S. label. Their spacey electronic musings are best highlighted in "Saucers," which mixes synthesized rock with folk and middle eastern music. The middle eastern sounds also come through in the eerie "Live Throbbe." Although not exactly an exercise in easy listening, this is inspired stuff. The band plays well and adds humor and some interesting twists and time signatures to their music. (I.R.S. Records)

Barbara Lamb is the fiddle player for **Ranch Romance**. In *Fiddle Fatale* (Sugar Hill), she steps out on her own—well, almost! There's a cast of great musicians backing her, Tony Trishka, Jerry Douglas, Sam Bush, Tim O'Brien, and Ranch Romance. To call this album sassy or sparkling is an understatement. This woman

can really play. She's superb in a jazzy working of the traditional "Sally Goodin" and the spirited Texas swing of "Panhandle Rag." She adds even more variety with the Gaelic/Celtic feel of "Old French Reel" and offers a sultry vocal in her duet with Tim O'Brien on the honky-tonk sounding "I'll Never Be Free."

When you're tired of listening to electric rock and roll, you might want to give *Yosemite* (Masia Music) by **George Michalski & Kristina Kopriva** a listen. Pianist Michalski has dabbled in everything from blues to soul as well as TV soundtracks, while Kopriva is a classical violin teacher. Together, they weave some majestic sounds that fall somewhere between new age and classical. They are extremely accomplished musicians, and this is

best highlighted in the soaring "Sequoias" and the stunning piano work of "John Muir." (750 La Playa #714, San Francisco, CA 94121)

Lastly, there's *Love Songs For Amerikka* (Massive Music) by **Michael E. Johnson**. Johnson used to front the excellent reggae outfit **The Killer Bees**. In this solo album, he delivers a vibrant blend of reggae, pop, and rock that in many ways is even more accessible and expansive than the Bees' music. The album's opener, "Sirens," is superb, as is his cover of the Bee Gees "I've Gotta Get A Message To You" and the stunning eight-and-a-half minute cover of Nigeria's revolutionary Fela Kuti's "Trademark." This is contemporary reggae at its best. (P.O. Box 2088, Salem, MA 01970) ■




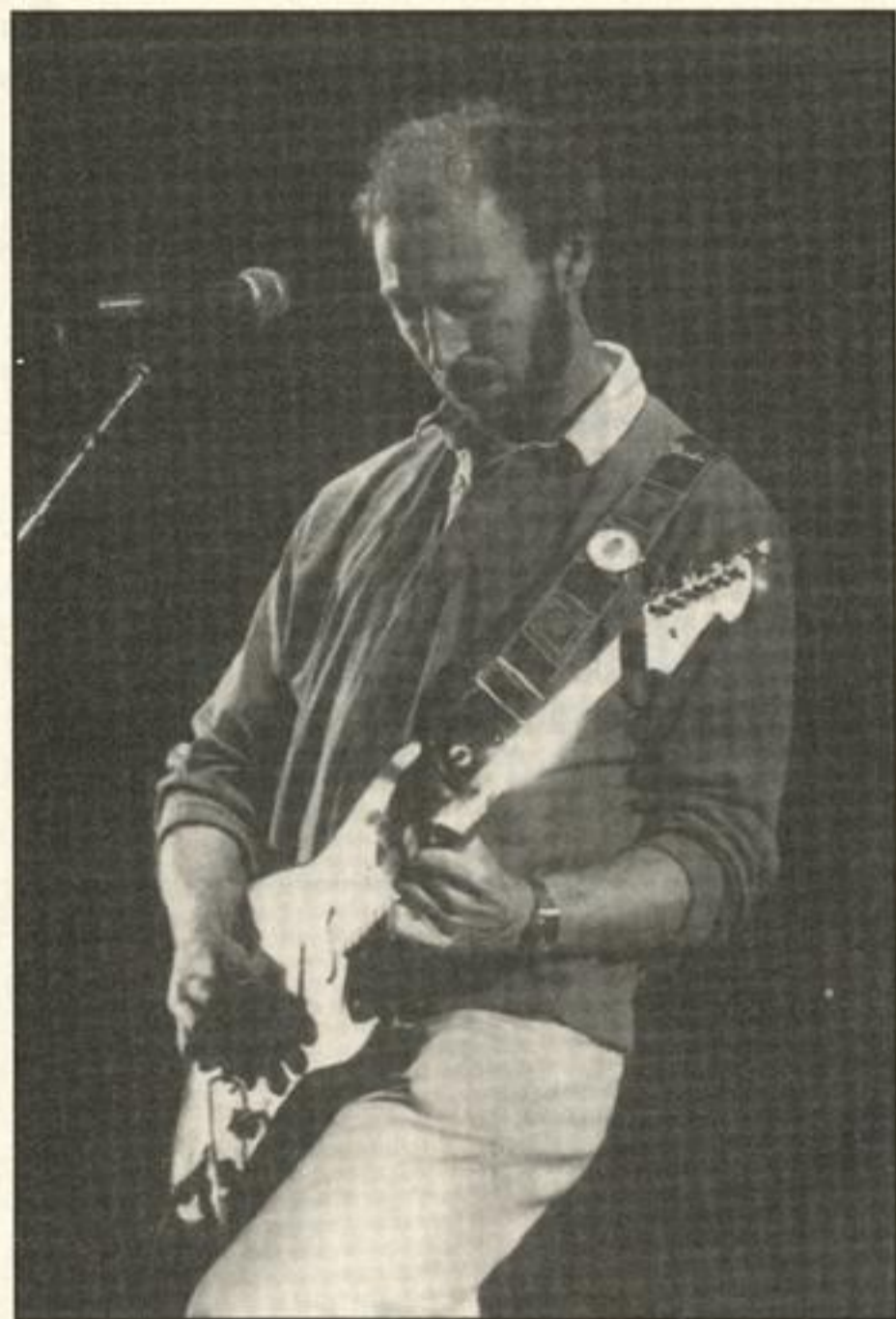
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RICHARD THOMPSON

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CD Reissues and Compilations

by Mick Skidmore

CD reissues, box sets, and compilations are coming thick and fast these days, but thankfully, there are some worthwhile releases. **Moby Grape** was one of San Francisco's most neglected bands back in the psychedelic '60s (thanks to some horrendous marketing and tacky publicity gimmicks—their first album was released simultaneously as five singles!).

The group's self-titled album has long been hailed as a classic, but the new two-CD collection *Vintage—The Very Best of Moby Grape* (Columbia Legacy) shows that they made some other extremely fine music on their four Columbia albums.

Aside from expensive import-only disks, there's been nothing available from the band on CD to date, which makes this collection even more welcome. There are 48 cuts, including most of the first album, and a slew of outtakes, alternate versions, and unreleased gems. There are also three splendid live cuts including a blistering "Miller Blues."

Songs like the lilting "It's A Beautiful Day," the bittersweet "8:05," and the jazzy "Sitting By The Window" show just how good their vocal harmonies were, while such seething rockers as "Omaha," "Changes," and "Hey Grandma" highlight their furious three-pronged guitar sound. If that's not enough, they hit a blues and jazz groove with the rollicking "Can't Be So Bad" (a song that blows away Steely Dan's "Reeling In The Years"), and they get a little psychedelic in "Bitter Wind" and altogether cacophonous with Skip Spence's multi-guitar layered "Seeing."

The album's only faults are the inclusion of the horrendous (but funny) Spence excess, "Just Like Gene Autry; A Foxtrot" and the fact that the label couldn't come up with a version of the group's unreleased live instrumental opus "Dark Magic" for the set (the song has been bootlegged several times). Nonetheless, this is a truly great compilation by a great unsung band. Don't miss them this time around. Incidentally, the sound is dynamite, and the sleeve notes are well written and informative.

Equally as essential as the Grape collection is the three-CD *Watching The Dark: The History of Richard Thompson* (Rykodisc) by the celebrated British guitarist. Thompson has had a varied career—from his days with Fairport Convention through his efforts with ex-wife Linda to his avant garde excursions with Henry Kaiser.

The set covers all aspects of Thompson's career. In fact, over half of the 215 minutes of music consists of rare or unreleased performances. This album is a collector's delight with a definitive version of "Cavalry Cross" (recorded during the big band tour of 1981). There's a wonderful alternate version of "A Sailor's Life" from Fairport's *Unhalfbricking* performed without Swarbrick's violin. Other highlights include the unreleased "From Galway to Graceland," the rocker "Crash The Party," and the traditional "Poor Wee Jockey Clarke," a song Thompson recorded especially for this collection.

If you are a dedicated Thompson fan, this album is a must. If you're just a little inquisitive, this is a great place to start to catch up on the career of one of the most important songwriters and guitarists ever to emerge from the British Isles.

If the Thompson set is a boon for fans, then the four-CD *The Jethro Tull 25th Anniversary Set* (Chrysalis) is sheer heaven! Incidentally, the limited edition (only 40,000 copies) set is really aimed at the die-hard Tull fan. A shorter two-CD version will be out by the time you read this (it will contain some material not included on the 4-CD set). There's some excellent stuff in this lavishly packed set (48-page booklet included). There's a whole CD from a 1970 Carnegie Hall Concert, a CD of remixed classics (basically, all the band's favorite songs), "The Beacon's Bottom's Tapes" from 1992, and "Pot Pourri," assorted live material. One of the highlights of the latter is a fierce medley of "Wind Up/Locomotive Breath and Land of Hope and Glory." But really, it's pointless giving a track-by-track rundown. If you're a Tull fan, you'll want to own this.



THE J. GEILS BAND

Rhino Records has also put out a couple of fine two-CD compilation albums, *Anthology-Houseparty* by **The J. Geils Band**, and *Anthology (1968-1990)* by British rocker **Dave Edmunds**. Both sets are comprehensive overviews of the artists careers and feature the usual excellent sound and extensive liner notes that we have come to expect from Rhino.

The J. Geils set (38 tracks in all) is a reminder that these guys were a formidable party-type R&B and blues band. The early material ("Cry One More Time," "Looking For A Love," and "Southside Shuffle") stands the test of time much better than the glossy pop/rock of "Centerfold." But the real highlights are the ten live cuts culled from the group's two concert albums.

The Dave Edmunds set is a little more hit and miss. Some of the early stuff with his band Love Sculpture makes a welcome appearance on CD, notably the flashy guitar workout of the classical "Sabre Dance" and the bluesy "In the Land of The Few." The simplistic rock'n'roll of "I Hear You Knocking," "Down Down Down," and "The Promised Land" are also memorable. His '70s and '80s pop/rock hits ("Here Comes The Weekend," "I Knew The Bride," and "Crawling From The Wreckage") still have a simplistic charm, but his latter day work with Jeff Lynne is largely forgettable. You could make a superb one disk set out of these two.

Badfinger was one of the best, and most neglected, British pop-rock bands from the '70s. Capitol has reactivated the Beatles' Apple label and have finally reissued Badfinger's best album *Straight Up*. The album includes the two excellent FM staples, "Baby Blue" and "Day After Day." There are also six extra cuts including alternate, less-produced versions of "Money" and "Baby Blue." Great stuff!

The ever eclectic **NRBQ's** early works are represented well with *The Best Of NRBQ—Stay With Me* (Columbia/Legacy). The 24 cuts here are taken from their first album and their *Boppin' The Blues* album with rocker Carl Perkins and are bolstered with half a dozen unreleased gems.

Legacy has also released *The Best of John Kay & Sparrow—Tighten Up Your Wig*. This was Kay's group before he hit the big time with **Steppenwolf**. Included amid some unpretentious blues material is an early version of "The Pusher." This is a must for Steppenwolf archivists.

The Flock was a pioneering late '60s group that mixed jazz, rock, and classical with pop. The group's most noted member was violinist

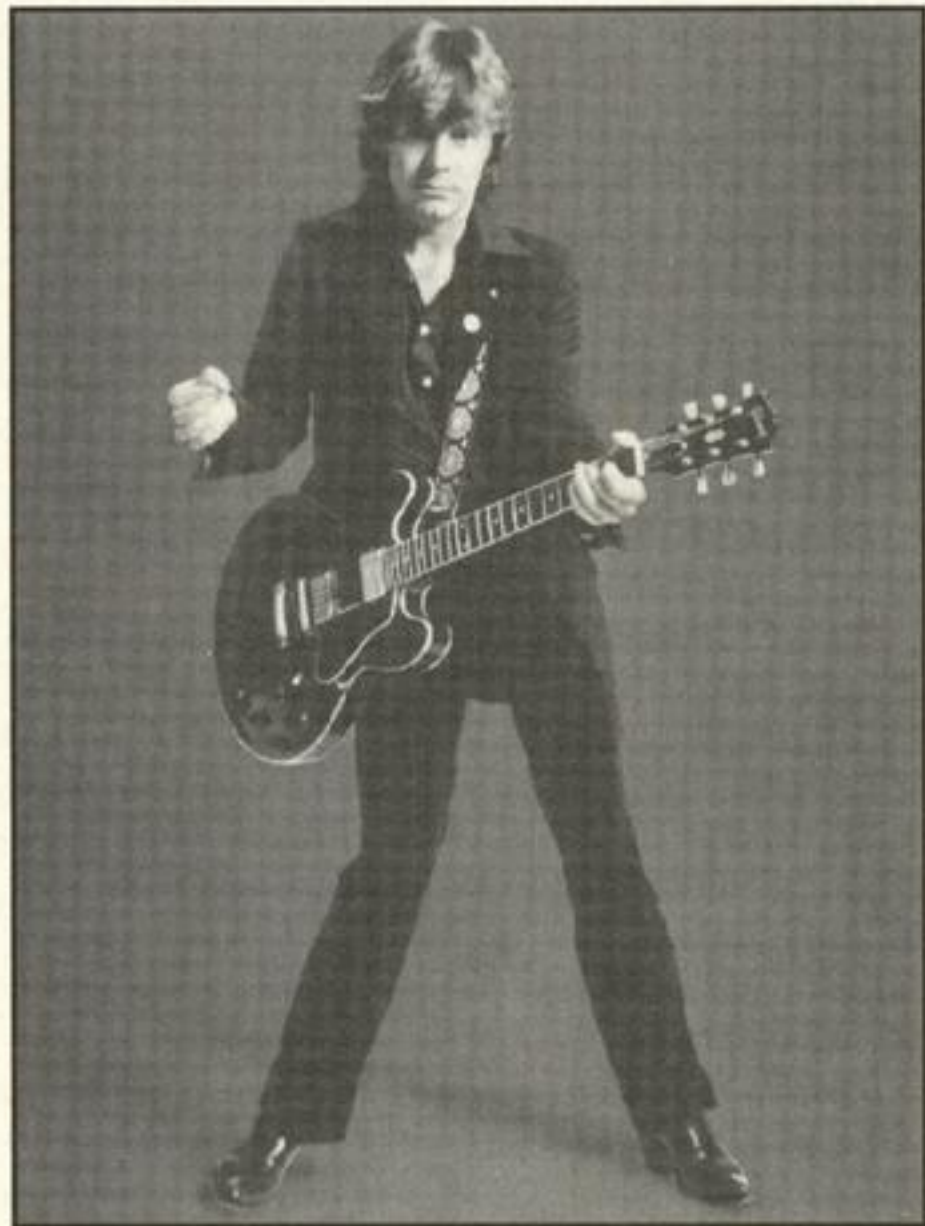
Jerry Goodman who went on to join the Mahavishnu Orchestra and more recently, the Dixie Dregs. *The Best of the Flock* (Columbia/Legacy) is a 15-cut collection culled from their two albums along with five previously unreleased tracks originally slated for their shelved third album.

The music stands the test of time remarkably well. Their cover of the Kinks' "Tired of Waiting" shows their ability at rearranging pop into something much bigger. In many ways, the Flock fall somewhere between Blood Sweat & Tears and

It's A Beautiful Day with perhaps a little more of an adventurous nature than either.

One Way Records continues to unearth more long-forgotten albums. One of the most interesting from their latest batch is *Two Jews Blues* by **Barry Goldberg**. Some of the material from this 1969 recording is a little dated, but there's some good stuff here, and the guest musician list should garner plenty of collector interest. Goldberg utilizes the talents of guitar greats **Mike Bloomfield, Harvey Mandel, and Duane Allman**. The ten-minute "Blues For Barry And" features some inspired guitar from Bloomfield. His ode to Jimi Hendrix, "Jimi The Fox," is a lame song, but is redeemed by Bloomfield's guitar work.

One Way has also reissued no less than six of **John Mayall's** '70s catalog: *A Banquet of Blues, The Last of the British Blues, Lots of People, New Year, New Band, New Company, Notice to Appear, and A Hard Core Package*. Although none of these albums are exactly classics, each has its moments and serves to highlight what an influential figure Mayall has been to "white" blues.



DAVE EDMUNDS

The Capricorn label has released two, two-CD releases, *The Cobra Records Story* and *The Jewel/Paula Records Story*. The former features 54 cuts by artists such as **Otis Rush, Magic Sam, Ike Turner's Kings of Rhythm, Sunnyland Slim, Buddy Guy, and Willie Dixon**. The latter has a slew of cuts by **Roosevelt Sykes, Lightnin' Hopkins** (some unreleased stuff), **Little Johnnie Taylor** and more. Both sets are packaged well with extensive liner notes and good sound.

Columbia continues its *Roots & Blues* series with the two-CD *The Complete Blind Willie Johnson, Champion Jack Dupree's New Orleans Barrelhouse Boogie, The Slide Guitar Volume Two: Bottles Knives & Steel* and, perhaps the most interesting, *A Lighter Shade of Blue—White Country Blues (1926-1938)*. The latter is a two-disk compilation that focuses on white hillbilly musicians that learned their trade from rural black musicians.

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ELECTRIC HURLING STONES



eKOOSTIK HOOKAH

Too New To Be Known™

by Mick Skidmore

Ohio seems to be a first-rate breeding ground for good music. An excellent band hailing from Columbus is **The Electric Hurling Stones**. This band will be of interest to Relix readers for two reasons—one, it features Jorma Kaukonen's road manager, John Hurlbut, and two, they make some great music in the Bay Rock tradition.

The band was originally formed in 1990 by guitarists Hurlbut and Joe Stone as an acoustic duo. The line-up now includes bassist Jay Hansen, drummer/sound engineer Mike Marko, and keyboardist Nate Hollman. The band has opened locally for Hot Tuna, The Band, NRPS, John Hammond, and many others.

Electric Hurling Stones' music fits neatly into that psychedelic blues and country-rock genre.

A nine-song demo of original material shows that they not only have a passion for improvisation, but a penchant for good songs with memorable melodies. Best cut here is the upbeat "Crazy Ways," which has a Dead/NRPS feel with some impressive instrumental work. For bookings or more information, contact John Hurlbut, 3110 El Paso Drive, Columbus, OH 43204.

Another band from the Cleveland/Columbus area is **eKOOSTIK Hookah**, a six-piece ensemble that performs both electric and acoustic music. A studio tape from 1992 titled *Under Full Sail* contains some impressive original material. A more recent demo, which was recorded since the addition of Don Safrenek (formerly of Oroboros), shows even more promise.

Good music and vocals shine, especially on the studio tape. "Walk Real Slow" has a funky, almost Little Feat feel to it, while the title cut, "Under Full Sail," is a classic. A new studio effort will be available by fall, *Cows Without Fences*. The Hookah hotline is 614-267-5252. Write them at Box 40412, Cleveland, OH 44140.

In the Grateful Dead cover band category, there are several bands worthy of your attention this time around. **Ripple** is a competent five-piece band hailing from Barnegat, New Jersey. They've been playing Grateful Dead music since 1978 and currently include covers

by such artists as The Allman Brothers, NRPS, Kingfish, and Eric Clapton. (Ripple, P.O. Box 190, Barnegat, NJ 08005. For bookings, call Ron Penque at 609-698-0053)

For anyone that thinks only U.S. bands do passable covers of the Dead, **Cosmic Charlies** from London, England, proves otherwise. Musically, they are a little thin in places (perhaps due to the lack of keyboards), but they turn in solid, inspired versions of "Hard to Handle," "Box Of Rain," "Playin' in the Band," and more. (57a Meads Lane, Seven Kings, Ilford, London, England IG38QL)

West Virginia-based Reggae/Rock band **Rasta Rafiki** makes a welcome return to this column with *Cousins*. The band has some good infectious reggae material full of socio-political lyrics as well as some offbeat country/rock cuts. The CD shows a lot of maturity from their earlier tapes and is well worth checking out. (Rasta Rafiki c/o Thomas P. Zachtelior, Rt. 3, Box 118-B, Morgantown, WV 26505)

One of the most polished independent bands around is **The Samples**. The band gave up on major label exposure after being asked to go "commercial." Their second self-produced album, *No Room*, is a wonderful melding of rock



RIPPLE



RASTA RAFIKI



THE SAMPLES



BRADLEY FISH

and reggae. You'll find this Colorado band touring as part of this summer's H.O.R.D.E. tour. Check them out! Their sound is not that far removed from some of Sting's best work, and their album is hot. Incidentally, it is packaged in 100% recycled materials and printed with soy-based inks.

Almost as good as the Samples is the Chicago-based **The Freddy Jones Band** with their self-titled CD. The band gets into some interesting grooves here. Once labeled a Deadhead band, they've gone far beyond that. Melody is an intrinsic part of the sound. Their vocals are full, and their musicianship is sharp (there are a couple of Garcia-type licks here and there). They have a sound that fits in with the current Phish-Spin Doctors genre. For bookings, call Armand Sadlier at 301-933-8181. (P.O. Box 138-246, Chicago, IL 60613)

The Bremens is a six-piece band from Kalamazoo, Michigan. *And Now... Dig The*

Bremens is a four-song cassette release that showcases their fairly original sound. There's a distinct '60s and '70s feel to their music with hints of Jefferson Airplane in places. Vocalist Maureen D. Mead has a captivating voice. The addition of an electric violin as a semi-dominant instrumental focus also gives them a slightly different feel. (1106 S. Park, Kalamazoo, MI 49001)

New York-based **The Other Half** is another band with a female vocalist. This four-piece outfit has a fine sounding cassette release, *Through The Looking Glass*. Again, there are Jefferson Airplane influences mixed with a tinge of the Spin Doctors and Blues Traveler. The Other Half has a fairly deep musical well that it draws from. There's the breezy, folk-filled ballad "I Don't" and the funkier rock of "3 Skeletons," as well as some mid-paced Airplane-like rockers. (C. Harem Productions, 11 Greenbriar Lane, Montvale, NJ 07645)

A little more exotic in nature is a cassette release from singer/songwriter/ musician **Bradley Fish**. The digitally-mastered tape contains 15-cuts (13 originals), which feature Fish playing a



THE OTHER HALF

variety of exotic instruments such as Appalachian dulcimer, West African dodno, Chinese guzhin, as well as banjo and guitar. The tape comes packaged in an unbelievably environmentally-friendly wrapping. Vocally, Fish brings to mind a folkier-minded Robert Plant. He also has some good songs, namely "The North Central Illinois Narcotics Task Force Blues." (\$12 including postage from Bradley Fish Music, 204 N. First Street, Dekalb, IL 60115)

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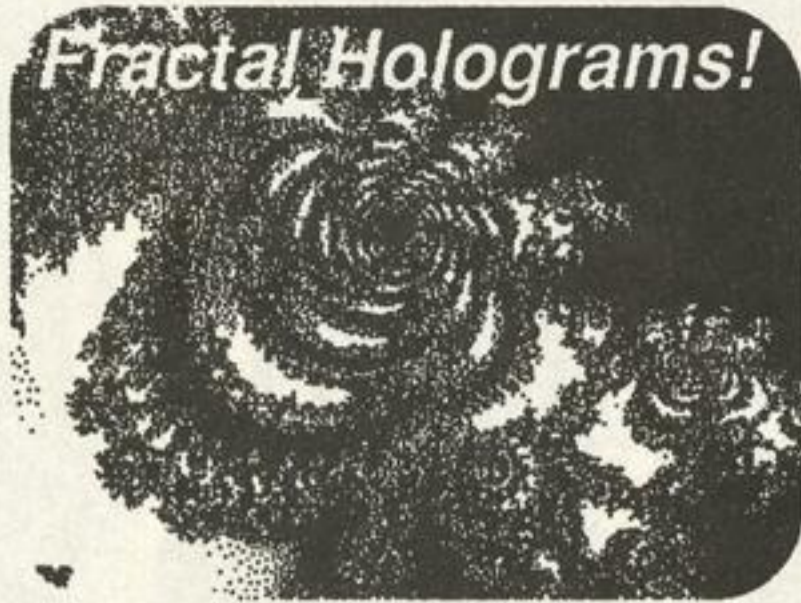
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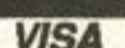
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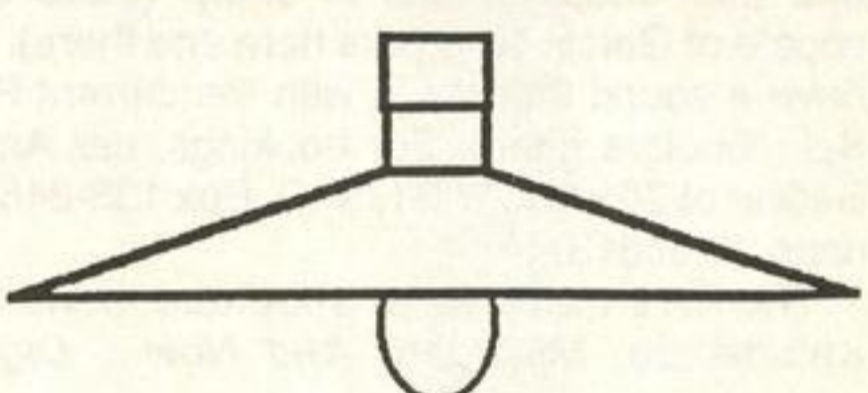
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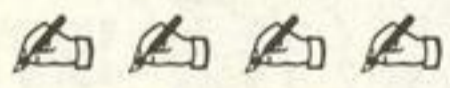
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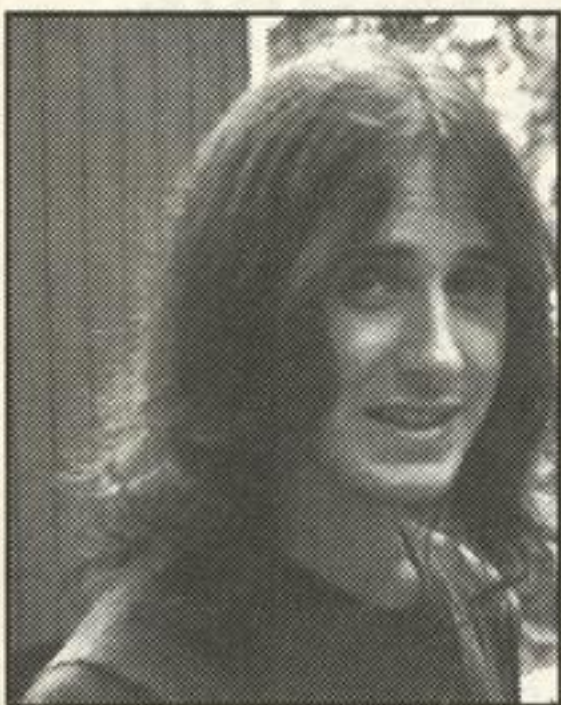
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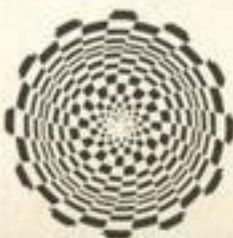
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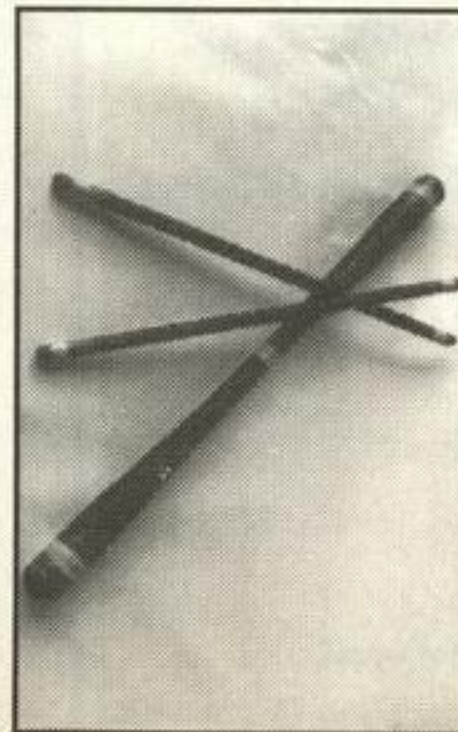
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Aloha Love those HQ SBDs currently craving non-GD w/nuff da kine to make your butt shake Steve D 781 Pauoa St Lahaina HI 96761

Allmans Blues Traveler Phish Bela Have/want the same No list too small Karl 217 Laurel St Longmeadow MA 01106

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Have many GD & JGB HQ SBDs searching for more Send list to Jack 3 Mill Rd Jamesburg NJ 08831

Want Big Brother w/ Michelle Moby Grape Springfield GD 3/27/93 Spoonful let's trade Craig Box 171 Outremont Quebec H2V 4M8

Hey now Syracuse 83 w/ The Band Alpine Valley show if you're holding please write POB 2645 Avon CO 81620

Have/want Legion Garcia GD Saunders much of same to trade Bill Koval 339 Hwy 31 Flemington NJ 08822

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Have 1000+ hrs of Allmans Want more exch lists John Johnston 287 Woburn Ave Toronto Can M5M 1L1

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Aging DH Dad seeks Chicago 6/26/92 Jo Brian brought me so far Peace is ours POB 2430 Harker Hts TX 76543

Need help building coll will send blanks/post Greg 912 Sherman St Boise ID 83702 Peace & thanks

Need SBD New Potato Caboose have same to trade Also GD 300+ hrs Qual not quant Ray 8001 1/2 Hillman Ave Punta Gorda FL 33983

Beg looking for HQ Spr 93 tapes Barbara 2621 N Pine #6 Davenport IA 52804

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I'm a Swedish DH and would like a tape from 10/9/76 my 1st show at Oakland thanks Grateful Prod AB Rudolfstalt S-27191 Ystad Sweden

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Mike thanks for the tapes & Relix See you at the shows Jill & George

Stash-Happy 24th Bday Roomie here's to more chapters in the book & many more sunshine daydreams Jen

Ally many worlds we've come since we 1st left home Summer we're as there as we are here Love Greer

38 yr old guitar player incarcerated until 1997 would love to here from you I'm desperate for written music & lyrics Please write soon Doug Carson 97121- 012 3600 Guard Rd Lompoc CA 93436

Male DH painter/musician 30 sort of alone in NY seeing everywhere too much bad vibes anger etc seek contact w/ NY area DHs singles or whole tribes for friendship shows camping making music smiling at clouds possible trip to Rainbow Gathering in July Also seek penpals from all over Earth esp VA (originally from there & know others there) SF OR WA wherever Let's start a penpal/travel network God is Sound Skyboy 185 Powers St #3 Bklyn NY 11211

RACHEL MAE Welcome to the planet (Scott & Fe are glad you picked Glenelg) Transatlantic kisses from Marti & Phil

Ruhl I'm in jail you're free call Amity for details at 273-6956 Ben Out 6/20/93 Kind FDH for Oregon Country Fair? Lv mess 206-866-3965

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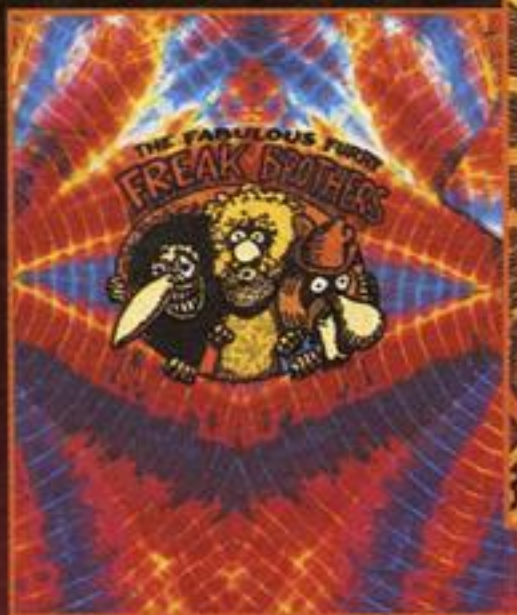


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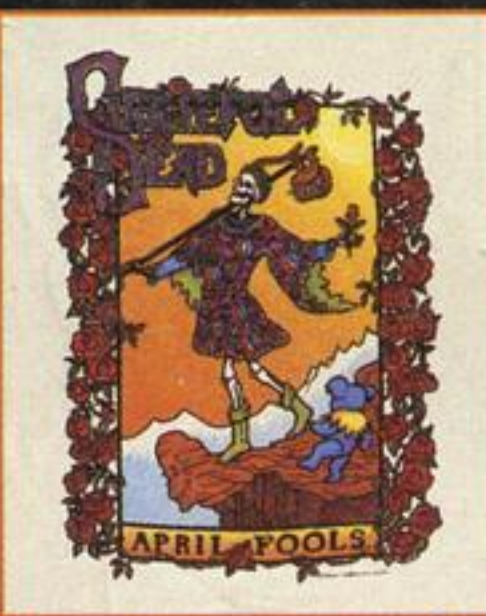
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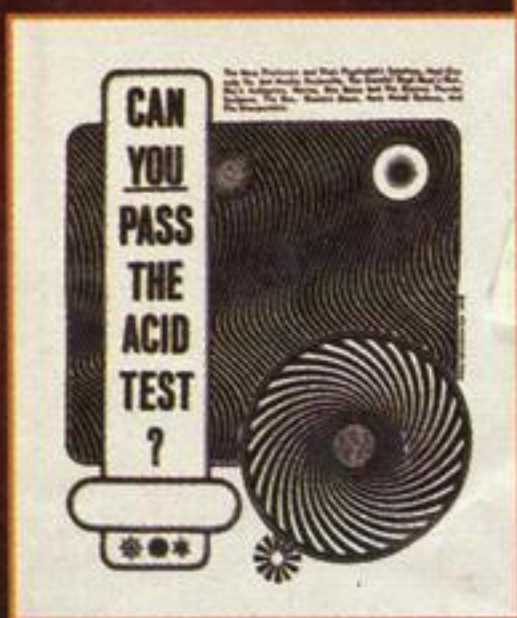
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