

# RELIX

Music for the Road

Vol. 20, No. 5

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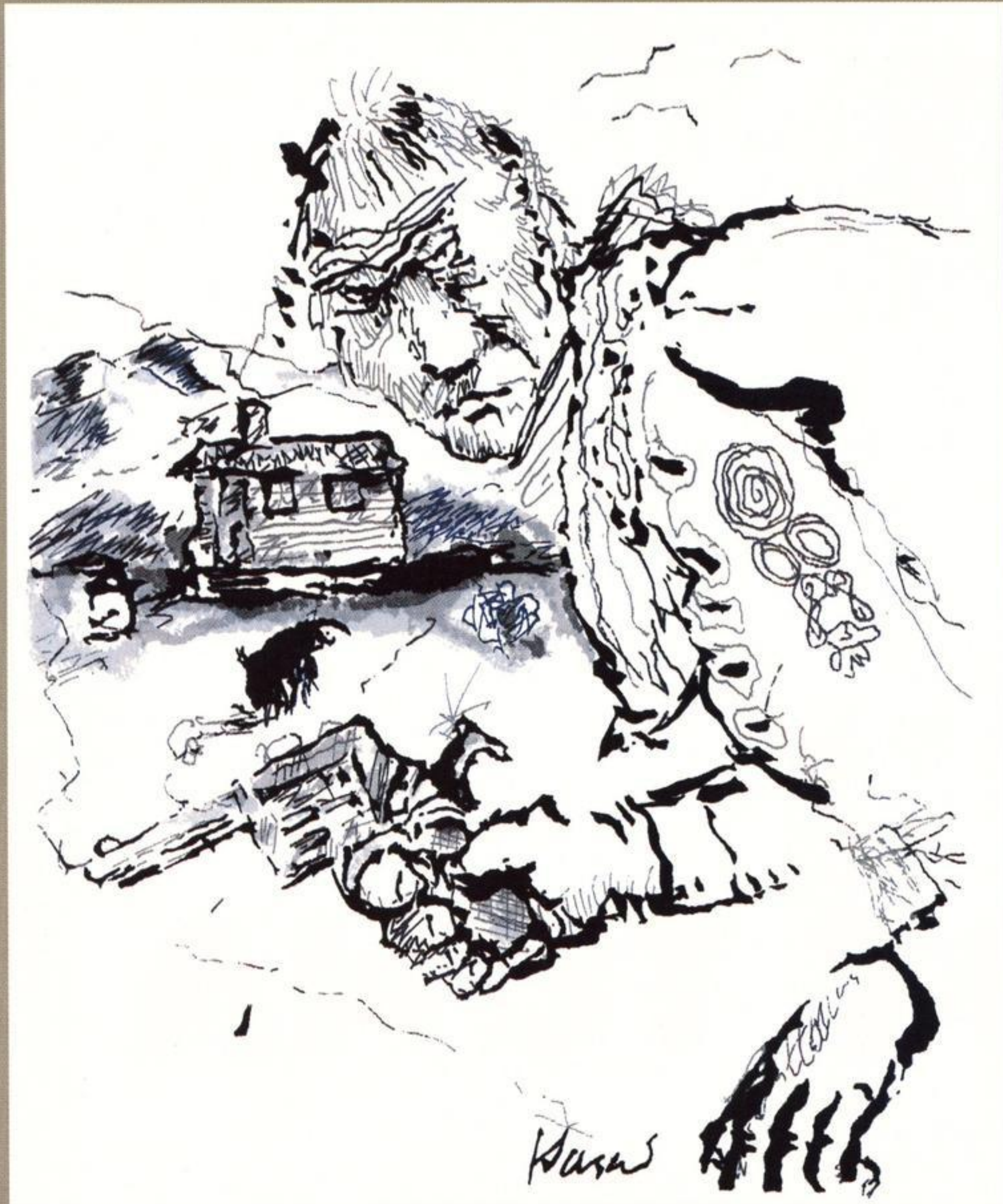


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# MOUSE!



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# Editorial

The Grateful Dead has asked me to bring to light a problem that has gotten out of control. The sale of bootleg and counterfeit merchandise has simply got to end. While the band allows its music to be recorded, video taping at Dead shows is absolutely forbidden. They've asked before, but a recent lawsuit against a video bootlegger has forced them to come down more heavily on this matter. This time, they are quite serious.



Following is a copy of a recent press release issued by the Grateful Dead:

*Ripping off the Grateful Dead, percussionist Mickey Hart once remarked, is like stealing from Santa Claus. The band that gives millions to charity, that permits its audience to make audio tapes—who could be grinch enough to loot the most generous rock band ever?*

*Among many others, hundreds of grinchers, who had been selling their bootleg merchandise at Grateful Dead concerts, had their merchandise confiscated during the band's recent East Coast and Midwest summer concert tour as part of a series of lawsuits filed by the Grateful Dead in New Jersey, Michigan, Ohio, New York, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, and D.C. The Dead estimate that tens of thousands of pieces of illegal merchandise, from t-shirts and other clothing items to stickers, posters, and lyric books, were seized pursuant to Federal court seizure orders and under local anti-counterfeiting and anti-vending laws, enough to overflow the capacity of the storage semi-trailer at several venues.*

*Additionally, a Federal Court unsealed the file and entered a \$15,000.00 judgement (which was stayed by agreement) and permanent injunction against a defendant (with much harsher penalties should he violate the injunction) against the sale of unauthorized videotapes of Grateful Dead concerts. The defendant agreed to the issuance of the injunction.*

*The Dead is still Santa Claus in spirit, but the band has the right to control how it can be*

*commercially portrayed. The issue is not particularly about money—no one knows how much the band loses to counterfeiters, and no one is sitting around calculating the figure. It's a matter of what's right: If the Grateful Dead wants to put out a t-shirt, a sticker or a whatever, only the Dead has a right to do so, and to determine and assure the content and quality.*

*Even a grinch should be able to figure that out. Those who don't get it will have judges explain it to them.*

—Grateful Dead

Readers—For many years, *Relix* has held a strict policy of not advertising the trade (and, of course, the sale) of Grateful Dead videos. Help us help them even more. Stop selling bootleg merchandise, and help the Grateful Dead control this problem by not purchasing these illegal products. Remember, they can stop the show any time they want. So, in addition to picking up garbage, watching out for your neighbor, and respecting the locations the band chooses to play, it's time to police the scene one step further. Let's keep the band happy—they've done at least that much for us.

Anyone with a legitimate question regarding Grateful Dead Merchandising can write them directly at GDM, P. O. Box X, Novato, CA 94948.

Another matter that needs to be addressed is that of the Grateful Dead Ticket Office. In response to a number of letters we printed from readers angry at being shut out of Grateful Dead shows by not receiving tickets via GDTS, I'm happy to announce an overwhelming response in support of GDTS and the work they do. The folks at the Grateful Dead ticket office do an extraordinary job in filling the enormous number of requests they get for each show. Just follow the directions you get from the hotlines, and have the requests postmarked the date stated and you have as good a shot as anyone (and a better chance than if you stand on a ticket outlet line).

Official Grateful Dead hotlines are as follows:  
East Coast: 201-744-7700  
West Coast: 415-457-6388  
Mail Order: 415-457-8457

Due to the amount of material we wanted to cover this issue, the "Letters" and "Favorite Tapes" columns do not appear. They will continue next issue. It was great sharing the reproduction of the very first issue of *Dead Relix* with you, which was included with our last issue. We've come a long way thanks to your support. I'd also like to welcome Claudia Falzarano on board as our new editor.

On October 14th, we'll be holding a multi-celebratory event at Wetlands Preserve, 161 Hudson Street, New York City. We'll be celebrating the 20th anniversary of *Relix* magazine, and Relix Records will be celebrating new releases by Dead Ringers, Tom Constanten, and Solar Circus. Dead Ringers (featuring Tom Constanten, David Nelson, and Barry Flast) and Solar Circus will be joined by special guests for a great night of music. Call Wetlands at 212-966-4225 for more info. We hope you'll join us in the festivities.

See you around!

Toni A. Brown, Publisher

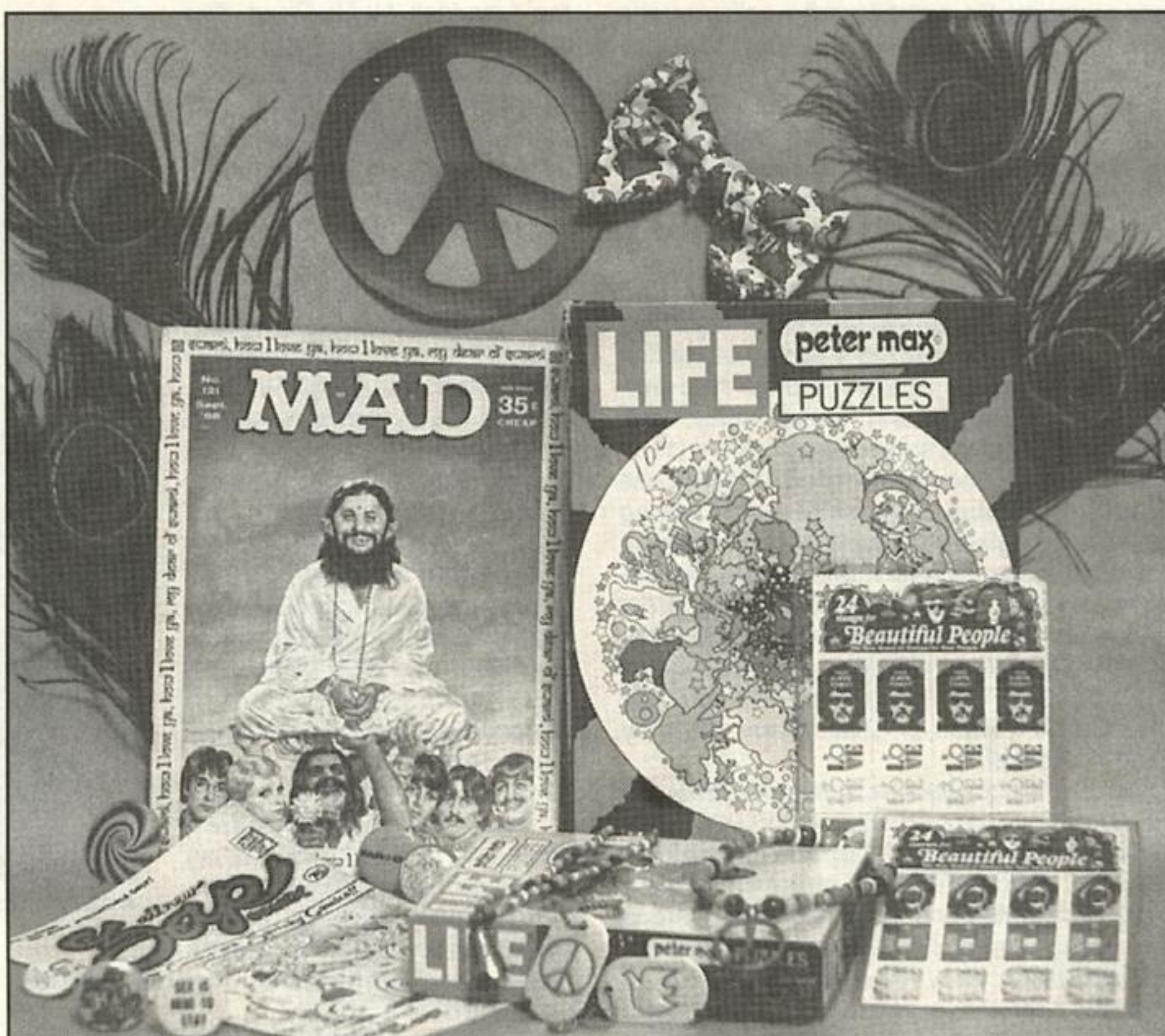


# Psychedelic Flashbacks & Artifacts

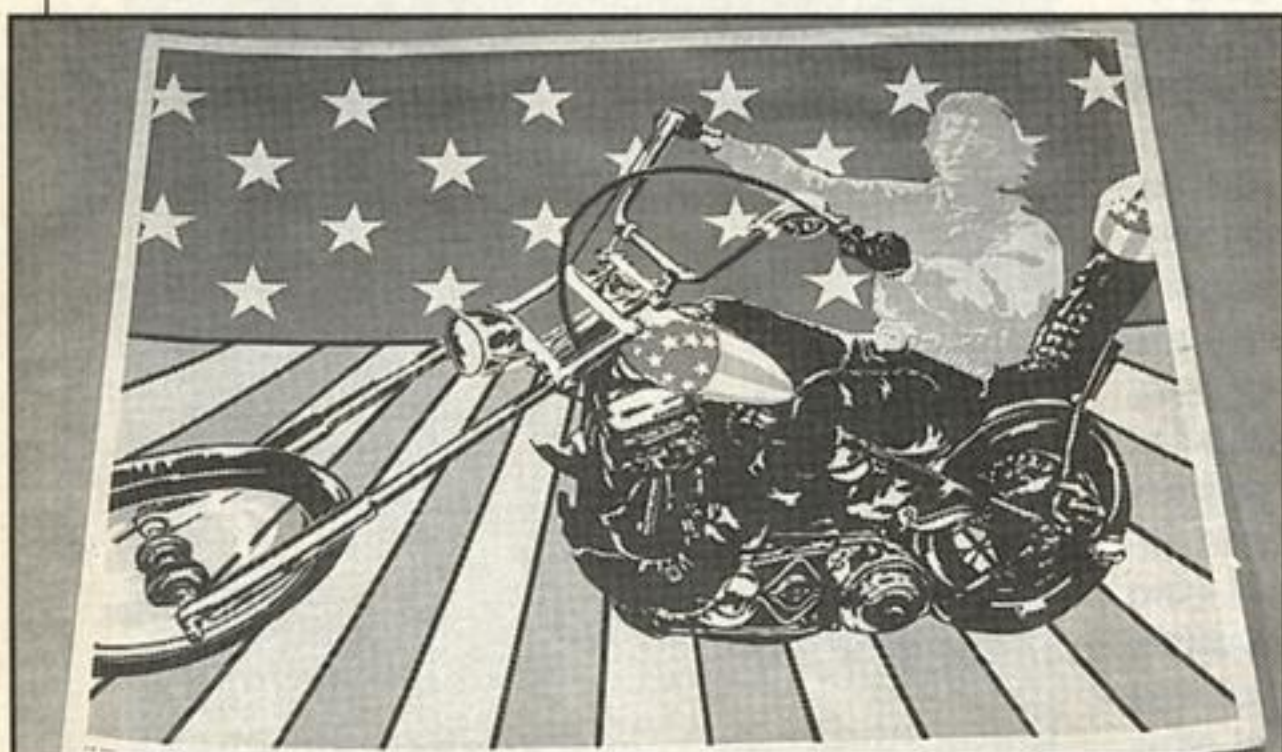
## AN INTRODUCTION TO COLLECTING PSYCHEDELIC MEMORABILIA

BY MICHAEL ZMUDA

The psychedelic period of the '60s was a cultural explosion that spread across the world like a day-glo wildfire. The mind expanding inferno started in 1966. In its flames burned a psychic revolution—a search for enlightenment through spirituality, mysticism, and the use of LSD. San Francisco's Haight Ashbury district officially became the hippie capital where thousands of young people looked to the psychedelic movement, led by Ken Kesey and his Merry Pranksters, for an alternative state of consciousness. By 1968, the original scene started to disintegrate, leaving behind influences that would affect the way we would perceive reality, sexuality, and fashion. These elements became profitable for those who marketed the counterculture—"psychedelic shacks" and "love boutiques" opened up in shopping malls, department stores, and bedroom communities. Leonard Wolf in his book *Voices from the Love Generation*, (Little, Brown & Co., 1968) commented on what legacy the hippie experience would leave on America, "At the worst, we may inherit from the three years of excitement and youthful promise merely a shift in forms of exploration. Twentieth century America has always had a way of buying and selling its revolutionaries because they are so interesting. In 1968, the evidence is that hip is salable. The market is flooded with hippie clothing, jewelry, school supplies, hardware. The Haight Ashbury



Psychedelic merchandise – *Mad* magazine, *Zap Comix* No. 1, Peter Max puzzles & bow tie; *Beautiful People* stamps, beads, pins & dog tags.



A blacklight poster that was influenced by the 1969 movie *Easy Rider*.

is well on its way to becoming one of the gewgaw centers of the world: posters, marijuana pipes, roach holders, buttons and light show equipment are items in the new marketplace. Street signs reading Haight/Ashbury are for sale at thirty dollars a pair."

Music became the vehicle of communication as it combined self-expression with the psychedelic experience. Probably one of the greatest influences that ignited this era took place in 1960 when George Hunter, Mike Wilhelm, Mike Ferguson, Dan Hicks, and Richie

Olson formed the Charlatans, a folk-rock group. Hunter, an artist influenced by Maxfield Parrish, was mainly responsible for much of the Victorian motif associated with the psychedelic period. Ferguson, owner of one of San Francisco's first head shops, sold antiques among the paraphernalia. The Charlatans met Bill Ham, a painter who was "electrifying" his art by projecting watercolor pigments mixed with oil based solutions onto huge screens. By manipulating the liquids with musical vibrations, Ham created swirling, surging psychedelic effects. In 1965, the first psychedelic rock show was produced at the Red Dog Saloon in Virginia City, Nevada when the Charlatans combined their music with Ham's light show. The Red Dog also became the birthplace of the psychedelic poster, which was created by members of the band, who also used turn of the century influences in their artwork. After spending a summer of playing shows at the Red Dog, the Charlatans returned to San Francisco where their new combination of art and performance was

held in high regard by their contemporaries.

The psychedelic spirit thrived as the tribe tuned in to the network of talent. Chet Helms' Avalon Ballroom and Bill Graham's Fillmore Auditorium promoted musical talents such as the Jefferson Airplane and the Grateful Dead. Wes Wilson, with his unique patterns and lettering, produced the first Family Dog posters for Helms' concerts. When Wilson started working for Bill Graham Presents, Stanley "Mouse" Miller and Alton Kelley were given the opportunity to work for Helms. Rick Griffin, Bonnie MacLean, Lee Conklin, Randy Tuten, Norman Orr, David Singer, Robert Fried, and Robert Schenep were other artists who helped create the Family Dog and BGP posters.

Originally these posters were given away for free at concerts and, as the demand for them increased, dealers started to stock back issues. Some of the more popular posters are now into their second or third printing, with the original editions selling for hundreds—even thousands—of dollars. Many of the common posters are reasonably priced investments at \$35-\$45, with complementing handbills, postcards, and tickets at a third of that price. Commercial artists, such as Peter Max and Milton Glaser, who were influenced by this art, created decorative posters that command very high prices. According to Jay Kastor of the Psychedelic Solution Gallery (33 West 6th St., 2nd Fl., N.Y.C., NY 10011), collectors fall into three categories—the serious collector who tries to complete numbered series, the collector who will buy a poster because they like the artwork, or the collector who buys by rock group. He claims that “The serious collector would be willing to pay two hundred dollars for the Family Dog #2 King Kong poster, an ugly but very scarce item, while a Deadhead would be willing to pay up to \$900 dollars for the Family Dog #26 Skeleton and Roses because that collector is interested in the band being promoted.”

Many posters are sold by mailorder. Ben Friedman of the Postermat (401 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, CA 94133) was one of the first to sell psychedelic posters that he had purchased from Graham and Helms. Today, he is still selling from that same stock. Artrock (1153 Mission Street, San Francisco, CA 94103) has created a profitable business based on buying and selling original rock posters to consumers outside of the collectors' marketplace. Two important references for collectors are *The Art of Rock* (Abbeville Press, 1986) by Paul Grushkin, and *The Official Identification and Price Guide to Rock and Roll Magazines, Posters and Memorabilia* (House of Collectibles, 1992) by David K. Henkel.

San Francisco also became the spawning ground of underground comics. In 1968, Robert Crumb, the creator of Zap Comics, peddled issue No. 1 from the trunk of his car. Poster artists Rick Griffin and Victor Moscoso were in town at the time and, together with cartoonist S. Clay Wilson, they joined in on Zap No. 2. Inspiration for the explosion of underground comics was in protest of the repressive comic codes' censorship. Artists and writers such as Robert Williams, Kim Deitch, Spain Rodriguez, and Gilbert Shelton explored themes and subjects previously untouched—sex, drugs, and the counter revolution. Many of the publications were printed through collectives of artists and only had print runs of two thousand to ten thousand copies. Some of the classic underground comics have been reprinted. First editions are usually available at comic book conventions or through dealers, and numerous price guides are available at book stores and libraries.

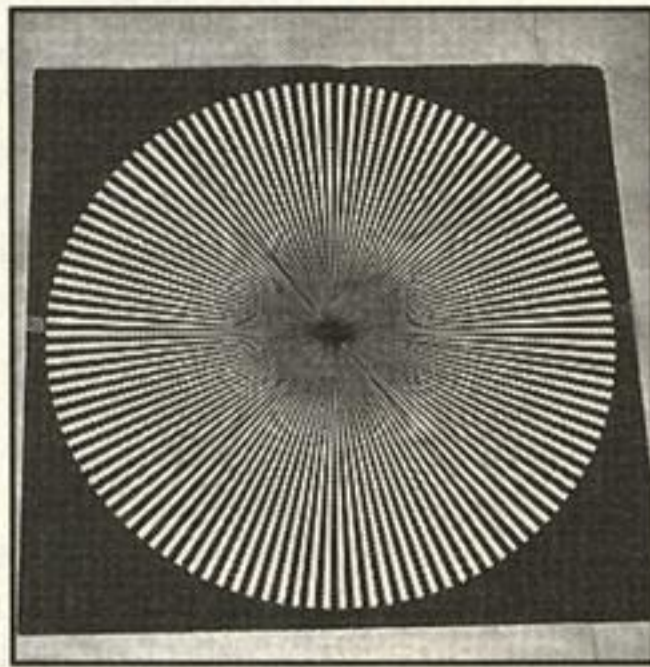
A flashback down memory lane can be enjoyed at flea markets where, for a few dollars, you might find a plastic toy guitar emblazoned with day-glo flowers or a piece of psychedelic-influenced clothing at bargain prices. Vendors at antique shows are stocking lava lamps and

boxes of Love cereal. At used bookstores, you might be able to find a copy of *LSD* (New American Library, 1968), by Richard Alpert, Sidney Cohen, and Lawrence, which is a book dealing with the controversy of the revolutionary psychedelic drug. Record conventions are the ideal place to pick up long out of print copies of *Ultimate Spinach*, *Earth Opera*, or *Blue Cheer*.

Still can't remember the '60s? No problem. Refresh your memory at your local video store for the following movies that were influenced by the experience. *The Trip* (Vestron Video, 1967) stars Peter Fonda as a television commercial director who joins Bruce Dern at his house

and ends up experimenting with LSD. Dennis Hopper and Susan Strasberg also star in this movie that was directed by Roger Corman and was written by Jack Nicholson, with music by the American Music Band. The cult film *Wild In The Streets* (HBO/Cannon Video, 1968), by James H. Nicholson and Samuel Z. Arkoff, stars Christopher Jones as a malcontent teen and international rock star who helps elect Hal Holbrook to the Senate. He gets the voting age lowered to 14 and becomes president, then takes the idea of not trusting anyone over 30 to a bizarre extreme. It also features Shelly Winters, Richard Pryor, Diane Varsi, and Ed Begley, with music by Max Frost and the Troopers. The animated classic the Beatles' *Yellow Submarine* (MGM/UA Home Video, 1968) takes the Fab Four on a psychedelic voyage as they attempt to save Pepperland from the despicable Blue Meanies. It was produced by Al Brodax and designed by Heinz Edelmann. A more recent video by John Lawrence Re and Barry A. Brow is *Dominoes* (Aurora Entertainment Inc., 1989), which is an anthology that combines extraordinary '80s footage set to tunes such as the Grateful Dead's "Dark Star" and Janis Joplin's version of "Summertime."

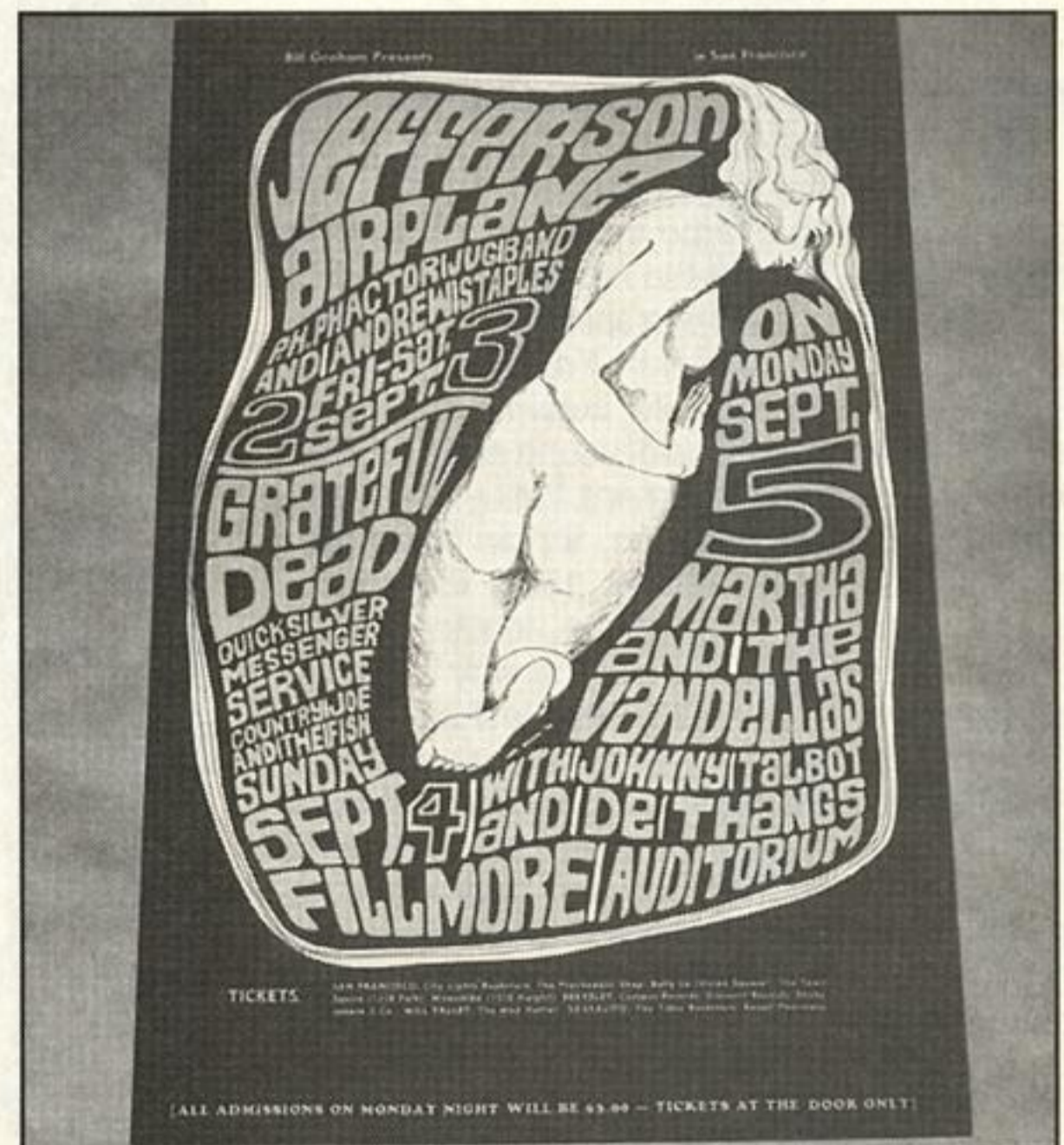
Today the embers of the psychedelic era are still aglow. Kesey has recently made his archives available to the public through memorabilia including books, posters, and videotapes of the Acid Test, Merry Pranksters, and Furthur bus trips (Key-Z Productions, 755 Polk St., Eugene, OR 97402). Rave clubs and parties, which are multi-media events associated with light shows and LSD, are becoming popular social events. Bay rock and grunge groups are using '60s influences in their music. Classic posters and comic art are being presented at galleries and auctions. Contemporary posters by neo-psychedelic artists Frank Kozik and Jason Austin are in growing demand. Following their predecessors, underground comic artists Peter Bagge and Daniel Clowes are on the rise. It's even obvious in today's fashion! Now don't you wish you had a set of Haight/Ashbury signs for sale? ■



A Psychedelic blacklight poster



Dylan, designed by Milton Glaser for Push Pin



A classic Wes Wilson design for a 1966 Fillmore concert poster.



Aoxomoxoa poster by Rick Griffin for a 1969 Avalon concert.

LEADING  
CHILDREN  
OF THE  
WORLD  
TO THE  
BEST MUSIC

# Miracle Mouse

## was a Pied Piper in Reverse

BY JIM MCGUINN



L.D. Kippel

Mouse with a selection of his airbrushed t-shirts

**L**SD was legal in 1963 when Stanley Mouse took his first nibble. It was the first time that the Sandoz Pharmaceutical Company would have a major effect on Mouse's life, but not the last.

Thirty years later, Mouse is using another Sandoz product, cyclosporine, to save his life. The extract from a Norwegian mushroom is directly responsible for keeping his body from rejecting a recently transplanted liver and for prolonging the life of rock 'n' roll's most published graphic artist.

The unconscious and uninsured 52-year-old artist was immediately put on a recipient list after being admitted to the California Pacific Medical Center Bay Area Hospital on April 19.

Time was short, but the news traveled fast among his friends and fans. The unspoken cry of "I Need A Miracle" was answered by the Grateful Dead and its fans as they collectively raised \$250,000 for the 12-hour operation, which was performed on April 25. "The band's feeling was that Mouse is family—there's no question that you help family," said Grateful Dead spokesman, Dennis McNally. And as Jerry Garcia put it, "It's not every day that you get a chance to help save somebody's life." The recovering "Miracle Mouse" said that the Grateful Dead had given him a "...new lease on life. I consider myself to be the Dead's number one fan."

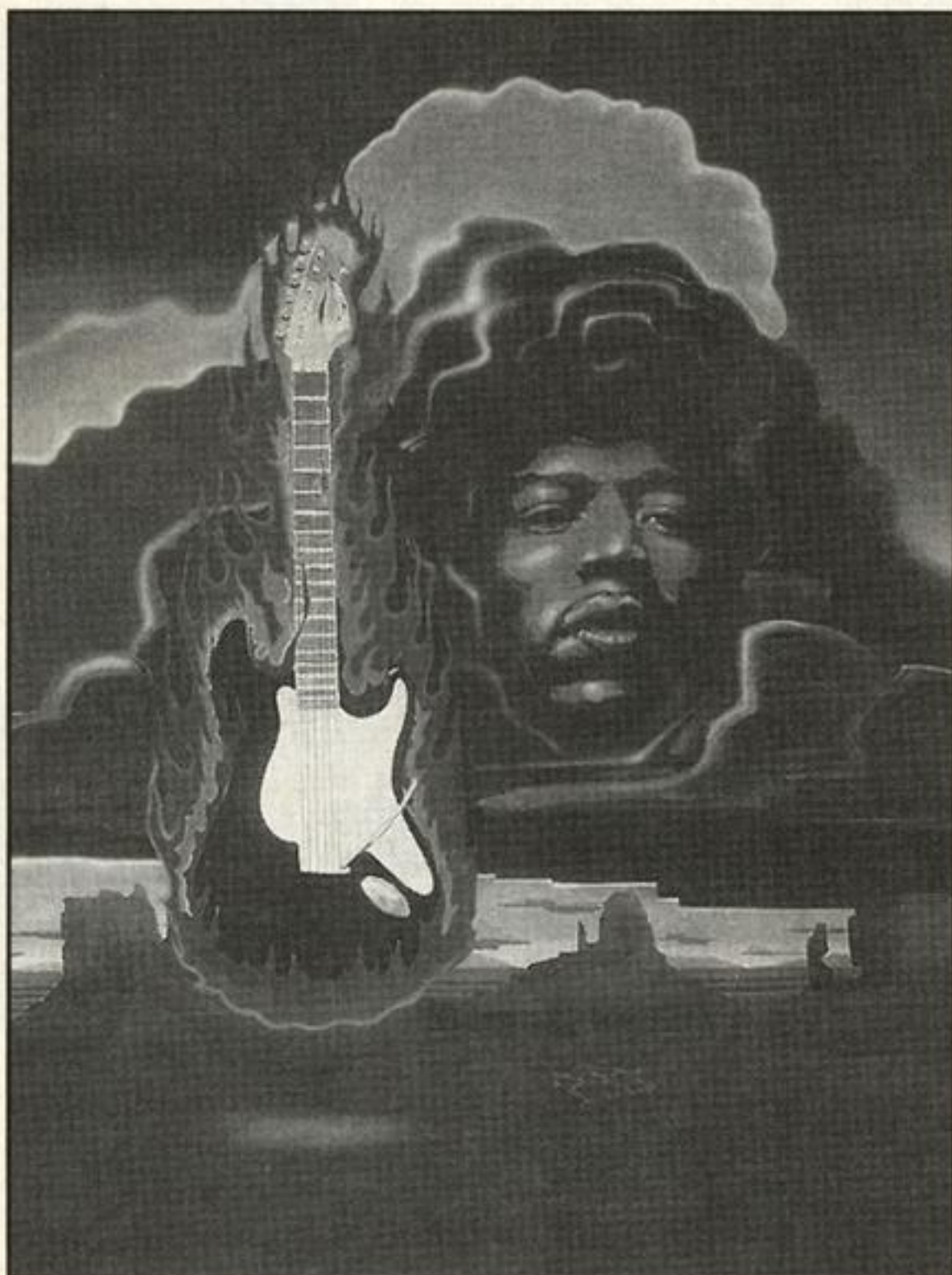
Stanley Miller, nicknamed Mouse because of his quiet manner, said he was spiritually touched by the empathy of his friends and fans. "A lot of times, I thought I was a total nobody, just a schlumpf that nobody remembered. But I came back to a world where people seemed to be saying, 'We love your artwork.' Wow! Was I amazed. When I got well enough to look at what had been written about me in the newspapers, I just blubbered like a baby," said Mouse. "I think I now know how Garcia must have felt when he came back from his coma."

Mouse characterized the '60s as a time when people took psychedelics on a quest for God or spiritual understanding, while people today take them on a quest for a good time. While he doesn't encourage others to take LSD, Mouse does not regret his early experimentation with the hallucinogenic drug. "It gave me a spiritual base for my art," says Mouse. That art found its way onto the first Grateful Dead album cover as well as *Workingman's Dead*, *American Beauty*, *Skull and Roses*, *Europe '72*, *Mars Hotel*, *Terrapin Station*, Bob Weir's *Ace*, Jerry Garcia's *Cats Under The Stars*, and Robert Hunter's *Tiger Rose*.

Paired with his left-handed part-

ner Alton Kelley, the right-handed Mouse painted simultaneously side by side with Kelley until the yin-yang was yanked out of their perfect harmony in the '70s. Disco music was the culprit—Kelley liked to listen to it while he worked, but Mouse did not. This was also a time when Mouse chose to experiment and develop ideas that might not be appropriate for a rock poster, t-shirt, or album cover. Subsequently, he and his family left the Bay Area and moved to Santa Fe, New Mexico where Mouse kept his "Grateful Dead artist" identity a secret. He attended painting and drawing sessions, and studied life drawing and portraiture.

Presenting only his new works, he advertised an art show at his Santa Fe gallery that no one showed up for. When one of his new acquaintances found out about Mouse's true identity, he talked him into having a Grateful Dead memorabilia show. A thousand people showed up for this event. "I guess there is no hiding from the Dead," said Mouse.



Jimmy Hendrix (1942–1970)  
Mouse with Rick Griffin



Book of Dreams 1976  
Mouse/Kelley

For more than a quarter of a century, the art of Stanley Mouse has graced the recordings and concert posters of the Beatles, Jimi Hendrix, Led Zeppelin, the Rolling Stones, the Grateful Dead, Eric Clapton, Paul McCartney, Steve Miller, Journey, Steppenwolf, New Riders of the Purple Sage, Styx, and Mitch Ryder. For many of them, he has designed the definitive signature art covers that went on to become their most recognizable logos. Mouse is responsible for the Grateful Dead's skeleton and roses theme that was adapted from Edmund Sullivan's illustration of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," as well as Journey's scarab, and Steve Miller's winged horse. It's almost impossible to think of these groups without recalling Mouse's gifted graphics.

With the exception of the Grateful Dead, however, today's rock groups seem to be using graphic artists less and less. Rock 'n' roll art that once adorned album covers is fading faster than a summer tan. Now that the format size has shrunk from a 12 X 12 inch album to a five-inch disc, the music industry seems to have retreated from the art that gift wrapped the compositions of our rock 'n' roll heroes. But Mouse doesn't think that the shrinking format size is an acceptable excuse for deleting art from rock recordings. He instead suggests packaging a mini-poster with compact discs and cassettes.

If Bob Dylan was the conscience of a generation, then Mouse was definitely the eyes and guiding light of the same generation. Like the Pied Piper fairy tale in reverse, this Mouse led the children of the world to the best music. "I don't consider myself part of today's rock scene," admits Mouse, who has recently designed art covers for Jefferson Starship's greatest hits disc and Journey's box set. He says that he still accepts rock art

jobs because "it keeps my hands into what's fresh and current."

Wondering if he hadn't invented his own perfect mouse trap, I asked Mouse if he thought that he had limited his career by being so well known in the rock 'n' roll world. "I do regret having painted myself into a corner," he confessed. "People expect and only seem to appreciate razzle dazzle airbrushed art work from me." Mouse says that he has put most rock art projects on the back burner to pursue his own desire to paint figurative life drawings and landscapes. Mouse is quick, however, to identify the graphics of Journey's *Captured Live* album as his best rock art. The concept was his own idea of a scarab within a scarab within a scarab. "The real theme is infinity," he says. "I like it because it transcends rock 'n' roll."

As a teenager in Detroit, Mouse customized his friends' cars with painted flames and pin-stripes. The weather was often so cold and nasty that it was only possible to paint the dashboard of a car because it could be done while being warmly protected inside of the vehicle. His usual payment was a case of beer. Mouse's specialty was transforming the glove box into a goofy, grinning, gap-toothed monster with big, bulging, blood shot eyes. A decade later in London, he duplicated this type of character for the Beatles' Rolidex machine at its Apple headquarters.

Mouse traveled with hot rod and custom car shows for eight years in the late '50s and early '60s. He airbrushed his monster cartoon creations in fluorescent colors on sweatshirts and t-shirts. Unfortunately, many of his drawings were borrowed without permission by Big Daddy Roth who had a runaway hit with Mouse's "Freddy Flypogger" cartoon. Roth added a rodent's nose and ears to Mouse's character and renamed it "Rat Fink" as a pun on Stanley Mouse's name.

Original and authorized reprints of Mouse's art can be purchased directly from him by sending for his 16-page full color catalog. The cost is \$5.00 and is refundable with your first purchase. Send payment to Mouse, P.O. Box 701, Sonoma, California 95476. The recently published *Freehand, The Art of Stanley Mouse* is currently available through the publisher, SLG Books, P.O. Box 9465, Berkeley, CA 94709. This exceptional collection of Mouse's work is \$24.95 for trade paper, \$39.95 for a cloth-bound copy, and \$250.00 for a limited (to 250) deluxe, signed, and numbered edition.

The good news is that Mouse's transplant will keep him with us a little longer. The even better news is that his art will be with us forever. ■



Mouse - Kelley - Wilson - Moscoso - Griffin



Tiger / Rose - Mouse/Kelley



Girl with Swans 1984



New Mexico Landscape 1990



# guitar

## HEROES

of the aquarian age

BY PETE PROWN

**T**he psychedelic years from 1966-69 are universally regarded as a turning point in rock history, and they were also a watershed for guitar players. Before '67's Summer of Love, the electric guitar was somewhat "twangy" in nature, characterized by mutated country licks, a squeaky-clean tone, and some feeble attempts at string bending. Thereafter, the rising acid-rock players turned to the blues and other eclectic sources to create the hard edged vocabulary that modern players continue to draw upon today.

As a quick example, compare just about any song from pre-psychedelic 1965 and then speed ahead three years—you'll be amazed at how different the guitar parts sound. Where once you heard Roger McGuinn's jangly electric 12-string rhythms with the Byrds and George Harrison's neo-rockabilly leads in any number of Beatles' singles, the sound of rock picking in 1968 was reflected by the swirling, fuzzed out-breaks heard in the music of the Jefferson Airplane, Big Brother & the Holding Company, and Jimi Hendrix, the crown prince of psychedelia.

The roots of psychedelic music are easily traced to San Francisco's Bay Area, a mecca of the '60s rock revolution that produced the genre's most influential guitar players. To a lesser degree, but of special note, is the contribution of the trippy guitar playing of the "London underground" with its star attraction, the Syd Barrett-led Pink Floyd.

**ORIGINS:** As the psychedelic movement began to take off in 1966, guitarists in the hotbed of San Francisco were listening to a

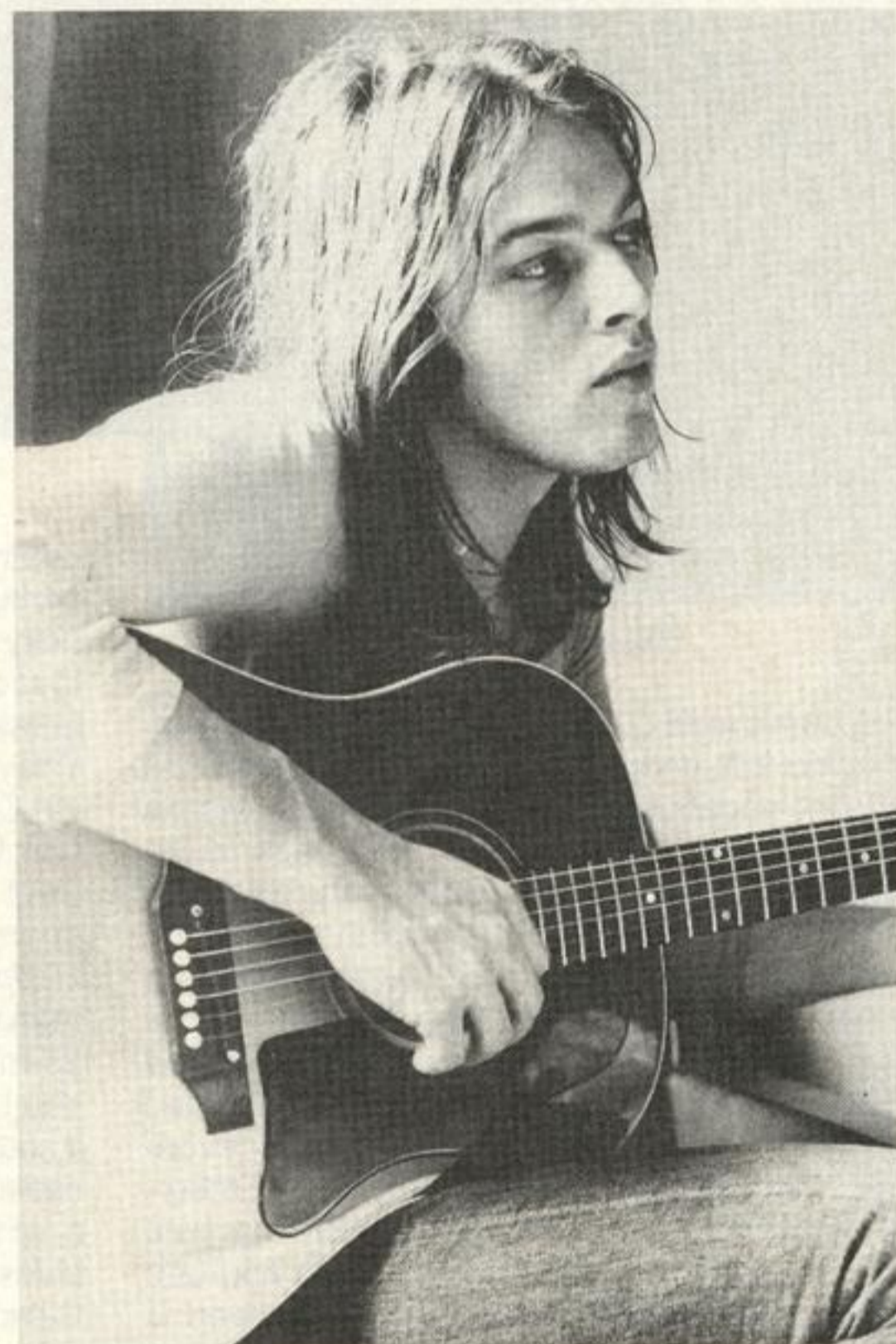
wide range of music that would shape their playing styles. Many players of the day were actually folkies who picked up the guitar as a result of the early '60s folk boom that yielded the likes of Bob Dylan, Peter, Paul & Mary, Joan Baez, and Phil Ochs. (Many others started playing after the Beatles' landmark appearance on the *Ed Sullivan Show* in February, 1964.) After the folk scene blossomed into the electric "folk rock" of Dylan and the Byrds, another native American sound was given a rock 'n' roll makeover: the blues. Where folk had given guitarists a sense of lyricism and melody, blues greats like B.B. King, Howlin' Wolf, and Muddy Waters now showed them how to get down 'n' dirty with their axes by bending strings to emulate the human voice and giving it a touch of vibrato at the end to accentuate the effect. In short, this rediscovery of the blues gave '60s guitaristry what it needed most—*soul*.

The final event that turned your everyday, mild-mannered player of the day into a cosmic Bay Area "axe god" was the arrival of the new wave of British "guitar heroes" from 1965 to 1967. Namely, they were Hendrix, Eric Clapton, Jeff Beck, Keith Richards, and Pete Townshend, all of whom would later dabble in psychedelia. On our shores, American guitarist Mike Bloomfield was turning heads with his virtuoso blues rock improvisations in the Paul Butterfield Blues Band, particularly on the dramatic 1966 *East West* album. In fact, many point to his Eastern inspired leads on the record's title cut as the basis for what became the "psychedelic jam." (For other influential U.S. pickers, check out Harvey Mandel's bluesy guitar work with Charles Musselwhite's South Side System on the *Stand Back!* platter, and future Band leader Robbie Robertson's playing on John Hammond, Jr.'s *So Many Roads*.)

**TWIN PEAKS:** Of the many fledgling psychedelic bands that emerged in '65 and '66, two that still hold a great deal of interest for guitarists are the Grateful Dead and the Jefferson Airplane. Starting with the Dead, their eclectic blend of rock 'n' roll, blues, country, jazz, folk, bluegrass, and jug band music was extremely original and was quickly applauded by fans and

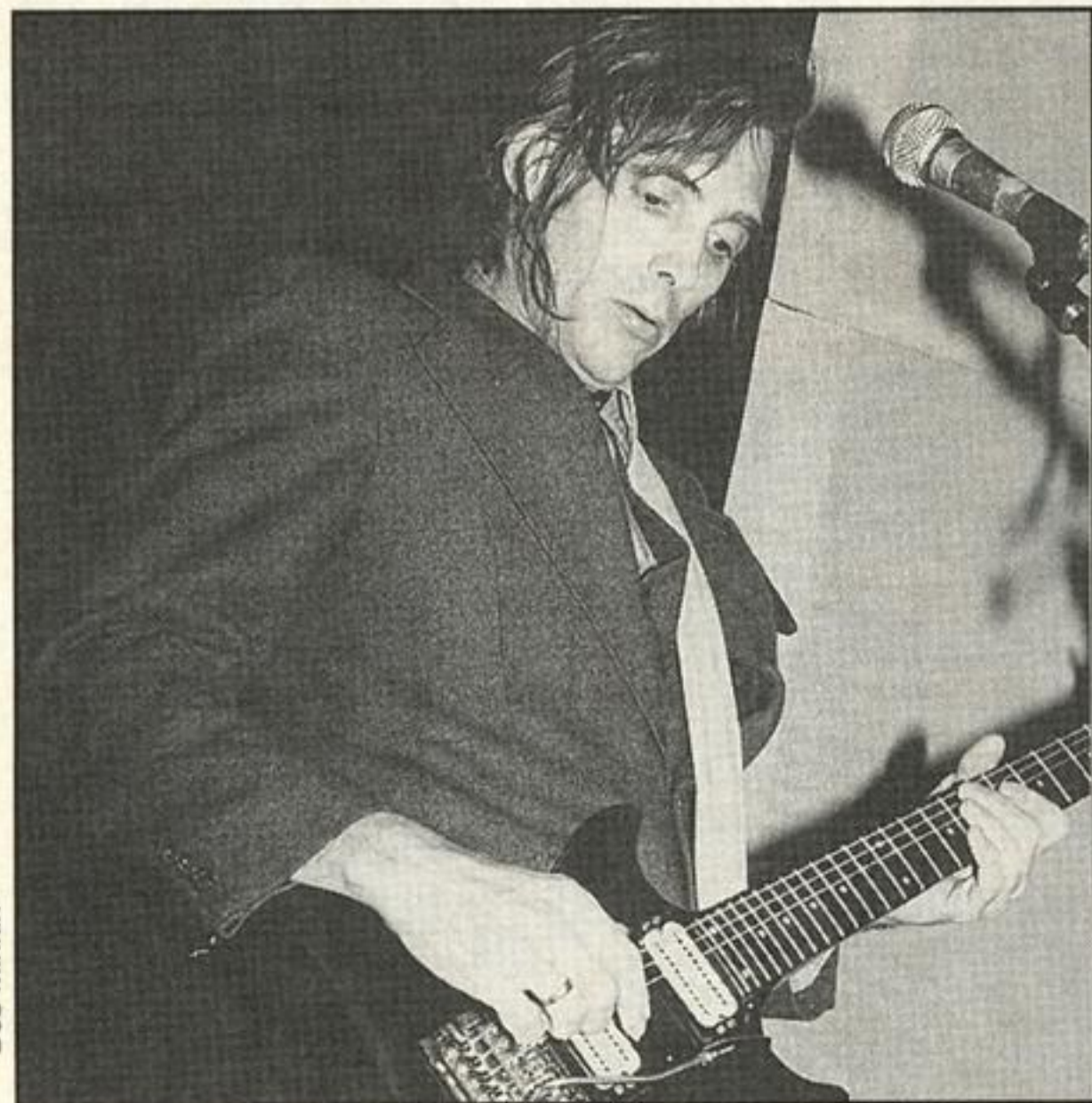
critics. Jerry Garcia also gained acclaim for his melodic solos, while Bob Weir provided the Dead's tight rhythm underpinning, and bassist Phil Lesh held down their bottom with prominent bass lines reminiscent of Paul McCartney or John Entwistle. At their shows and "acid test" parties, the band did away with the traditional three-minute pop song format in favor of long, improvisational jam sessions, similar to those the Paul Butterfield Band had pioneered, though they concentrated more on intricate ensemble playing than individual solo virtuosity.

Right from the opening track, "The Golden Road (To Unlimited Devotion)," on their 1967 debut, the Grateful Dead began to define the San Francisco sound as well as reveal the



David Gilmour

Thom Lukas/Artist Publ.

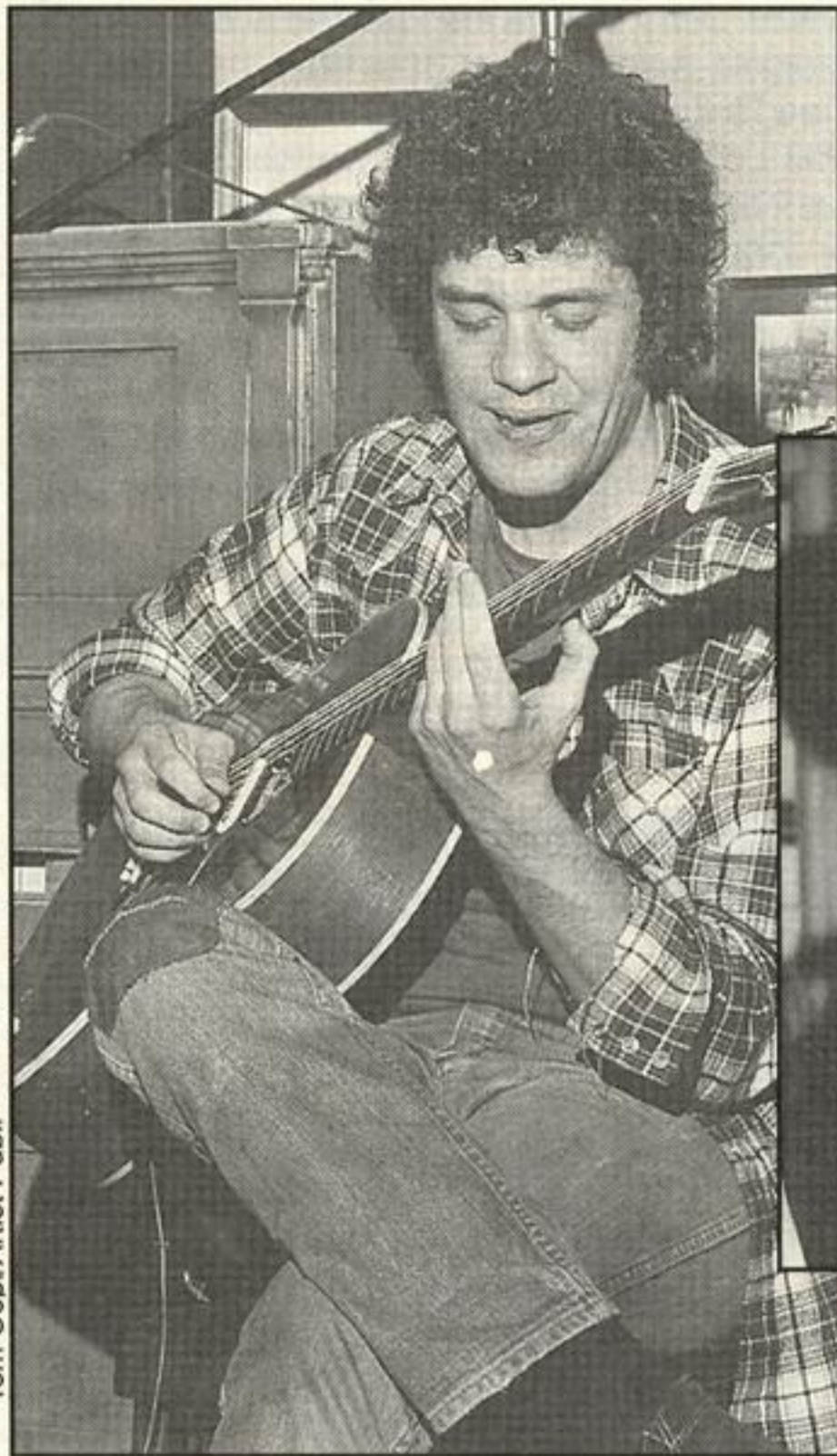


John Cipollina

Bob Minkin

distinctive lead work of Garcia. On that song, Weir and Lesh laid the groundwork for the guitarist to take off with a fuzzy, string-bending solo while he graced the blues standard "Sittin' On Top Of The World" with a fast bluegrass-styled solo that was technically superior to just about anything his acid-rock contemporaries seemed capable of. The album hit closest to the classic psychedelic jam in "Viola Lee Blues," a ten-minute blues groove featuring a long, melodic lead and an up-tempo rave-up at the conclusion. Now 26 years later, Garcia and company still engage in what many consider "psychedelic jams" at their shows and, to many, it still sounds pretty *groovy*, for lack of a better term.

Whereas the Dead played a relatively soft style of acid-rock, the Jefferson Airplane's music was far heavier, using an aggressive blend of socially conscious protest themes, lush vocal harmonics, and electrified folk progressions. Like Garcia, Airplane leadman Jorma Kaukonen had been greatly inspired by country blues guitarists such as Reverend Gary Davis and Blind Lemon Jefferson, as well as by the influential neo-blues of Mike Bloomfield. The



Tom Copli/Artist Publ.

Michael Bloomfield

Airplane's lead guitarist also brought the heavy electric influence of Clapton and Townshend into the vocabulary of psychedelic guitar via his own fiery solos. In mid-1967 (the peak of the fabled Summer of Love), the Airplane's second album *Surrealistic Pillow* came out and its first single "Somebody To Love" quickly became a major hit, incisively capturing the *Zeitgeist* of psychedelia. The recording also showed Kaukonen's developing lead style, which relied on stiff string bends and a heavy use of reverb and distortion effects. Also of note is "Embryonic Journey," a solo acoustic vehicle that was the first song the guitarist ever wrote and one which introduced many players to dropped D tuning (D A D G B E, low to high).

On 1968's *Crown Of Creation*, Kaukonen further revealed his heavier side on "If You Feel" with its Hendrix-like wah wah breaks. To boot, his playing got more exposure than a lot of his peers, since the Airplane appeared at just about every major festival in the late '60s, from Monterey Pop to Woodstock to the ill-fated Altamont concert with the Rolling Stones. Kaukonen later went on to follow acoustic and electric pursuits with Airplane bassist Jack Casady in Hot Tuna and is still active today, just releasing *Live At Sweetwater Two* for Relix Records.

**MINOR MASTERS:** Not to be forgotten is that memorable Jefferson Airplane spin off, Moby Grape. After playing drums for the Airplane on their first album, Skip Spence traded in his drumsticks for an electric guitar and left the band towards the end of 1966 to form Moby Grape. Besides the unusual name, the Grape had the unique attribute of having three guitarists—rhythm players Spence and Peter Lewis, with Jerry Miller on lead. Bypassing the rambling jams common to many psychedelic rock groups, the Grape instead played short tunes packed with creative ideas. With well honed vocal harmonies, intelligent songwriting, and the triple guitar threat of Spence, Lewis, and

Miller, Moby Grape was an instant hit with fans and critics, and were considered one of the best live acts in San Francisco. (See feature in this issue.)

Another band that had a brief run in the limelight was Quicksilver Messenger Service. Led by the late John Cipollina, Quicksilver played letter-perfect acid-rock containing long,



Jorma Kaukonen

meandering jams, mystical lyrics, and Cipollina's raving guitar solos in nearly every song. Originally a classical player, Cipollina got turned on to rock 'n' roll, blues, and folk music in his mid-teens and began listening to '50s rocker Link Wray, Leadbelly, and Chet Atkins, before forming Quicksilver in 1965. Local popularity aside, Quicksilver didn't land a major recording contract until 1968 when they released their eponymously titled first album. Its follow-up, *Happy Trails* (1969), contains Cipollina's finest menagerie of cosmic guitar licks. Listen to his 25-minute workout of Bo Diddley's "Who Do You Love" or the atmospheric "Calvary," where it sounds as if the guitarist is at work writing the basic textbook of psychedelic guitar by pulling a variety of murky minor scale runs, distorted blues licks, and feedback effects out of his Gibson SG.

Next to the Dead and the Airplane, the other best-selling band to come out of San Francisco was Big Brother & the Holding Company, who introduced the world to the voice of Janis Joplin. Behind Joplin's leonine vocals, the lead guitars of Sam Andrew and James Gurley created their own psychedelic sensation and, looking back, their combined playing is a microcosm of that entire guitar style. From the classic 1968 *Cheap Thrills* album, Andrew took lead duties on the hit "Piece Of My Heart" with a distortion and feedback-induced blues break, while on Joplin's rendition of Big Mama Thornton's "Ball And Chain," Gurley gave a medley of solos immersed in heavy fuzztone and uncontrollable amplifier feedback.

Barry Melton, guitarist for Country Joe & the Fish, was another artisan of the electric "freak out." For a quick sampler of his mind-bending sound, try to find the 1967 album *Electric Music For The Mind And Body* in which you can hear the ultra spacey "Happiness Is A Porpoise

Mouth," a tune enhanced by harpsichord-like guitar lines and fuzzy string drones from Melton's electric guitar.

**LATE ENTRANTS:** As the social and political climate began to change in 1968 as a result of events including the Chicago riots and the assassinations of Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King, Jr., so did the sound of psychedelic guitar, as evidenced in the styles of latecomers Steve Miller and Carlos Santana. Unlike most of their peers who were defining '60s rock guitar with long fuzztone-riddled guitar improvisations, Miller gained his reputation for playing short, catchy solos. At times, he replaced solos altogether with catchy chord parts, making him something of a "thinking man's psychedelic guitarist." And to hear how much Clapton was changing the face of rock guitar at the time, just sample Miller's lead in "Space Cowboy," which is drenched with singing bends, a natural sounding vibrato, and thick overdrive tone, all trademarks of "ol' Slowhand."

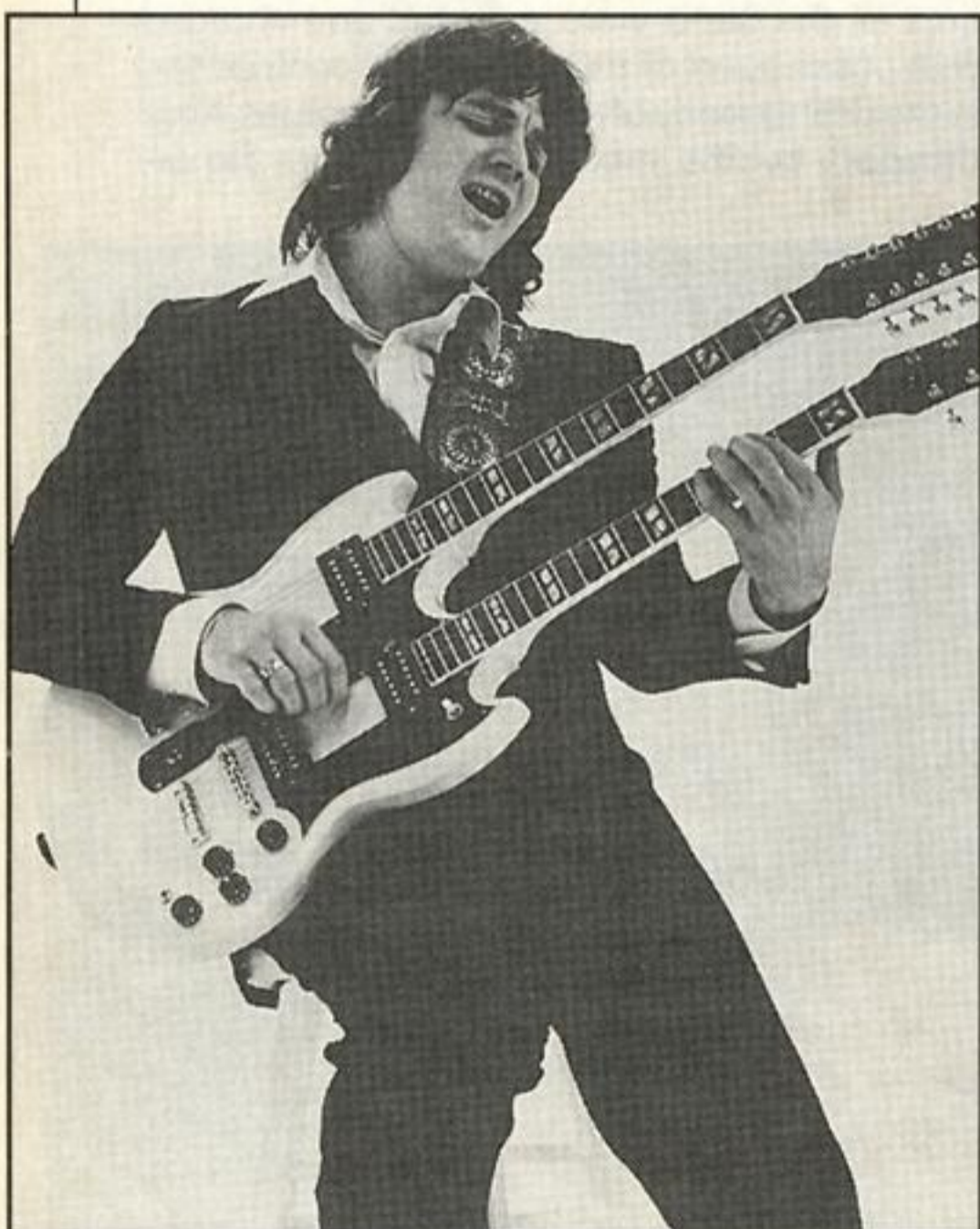
Towards the end of the '60s (and, indeed, of the psychedelic era itself), a new style of rock 'n' roll emerged from within the city limits of San Francisco. It synthesized musical elements from the Afro Cuban tradition, American blues and jazz, and straight ahead rock 'n' roll. This new sound was dubbed "Latin rock," and its maker was an aggressive percussion-laden sextet called Santana, so named for its lead guitarist Carlos Santana. After gaining a large following in local clubs around San Francisco, Santana's popularity soared, and by the end of 1968 the still unsigned band was headlining the famed Fillmore Auditorium. It was at Woodstock in August, 1969 where the rest of the world finally saw what Carlos Santana and his band could really do. The song "Soul Sacrifice," with its pulsating rhythms, drum solo, and Santana's hot blues-based solos, earned them a standing ovation and a prominent spot in the ensuing film. Having grown up on the blues, Santana was miles ahead of most of the earlier psychedelic players, with his firm grasp of the blues rock idiom and its related techniques (particularly the soulful string bend). Add to that his singular style, superb musicianship, and emotional approach to the instrument, and it's easy to hear why the playing style made famous by the likes of John Cipollina, Jerry Miller, and Barry Melton were virtually obsolete by the time the dust settled on Yasgur's Farm.

**U.K. BUZZ:** While the bulk of any discussion



Jimi Hendrix

on psychedelic rock must center on the activities in San Francisco, it would be an error to exclude the London underground. Just as in S.F. and other major cities around the world, a youth movement was afoot in Britain to interweave the effects of hallucinogenic drugs with rock 'n' roll and dazzling light displays. The new scene started to take shape in early 1966, when a newly-formed quartet named Pink Floyd began playing at the Marquee Club for a regular Sunday afternoon show called "The Spontaneous Underground." With a lineup of bassist Roger Waters, keyboardist Richard Wright, drummer Nick Mason, and guitarist/leader Syd Barrett, the band began interspersing electronic sound experiments in between Chuck Berry songs, taking another step in the direction of psychedelia. By that fall, their shows were accompanied by a liquid light show, and in December they became the house band at the new UFO Club, which quickly became the hippest place in London. Soon they were sharing



Steve Miller

the stage with all of England's brave new bands such as the Soft Machine, the Crazy World of Arthur Brown, and Tomorrow, featuring future Yes guitarist, Steve Howe.

In 1967, Pink Floyd released their first single and the album *Piper At The Gates of Dawn*, a multi-faceted recording that contained everything from acid-pop ditties to jazzy piano improvisations to a range of bizarre sound collages. Syd Barrett also showed off his imaginative guitar parts, which like the record, could either be straightforward or thoroughly unsettling as tracks like "Astronomy Domine" or "Interstellar Overdrive" reveal. Following its release, Floyd toured the U.S. and played at both Fillmores, but Barrett was also reputedly taking a ton of LSD, causing him to mentally unravel. According to one source, he would spend entire concerts just staring at the audience and strumming one chord over and over. At the beginning of 1968, his old school pal David Gilmour was brought in on second guitar to help out, but Barrett left anyway a few weeks later, disappearing into his much celebrated obscurity. And just five years later, Pink Floyd moved on to legendary success in the arena of progressive

"art rock," a genre that owes a large debt to early psychedelic bands both from London and the West Coast.

**NUGGETS:** In all, the age of psychedelic guitar is actually just a short blip in the larger history of rock guitar. If we look at the trademark nervous vibrato, harsh fuzztone, and underdeveloped string bending skills that are associated with those and other players of that era, what we find is that they are simply representative of modern rock guitar in its infancy. After years of rehashed rockabilly licks and aging Chuck Berryisms, the pickers of the acid-rock school had finally begun to move rock guitar in a new direction, though few, if any, were skilled enough to run with such major trend setters as Hendrix, Clapton, Bloomfield, and Beck. And while we may chuckle at some of the hopelessly dated riffs on those acid-rock records, what we're actually hearing are players who are just learning how to play extended solos or execute complex rhythms, so it's unfair to condemn them for their innocence. (In fact, isn't the reason people look back on this time with such fondness is because it reminds them of a time when rock was blissfully naive and devoid of today's "corporate rock" mentality?) In the final light, if you're a guitar player or six-string fan and intend to listen to some of the players and records discussed here, just think of the spacey riffs and way-out runs you hear as memorable snapshots from our collective childhood. Only then will you begin to get a more accurate understanding of the psychedelic guitar heroes and their contributions to the way rock guitar sounds today.

## Cosmic Platters, 1966-70

(plus later anthologies; \* = contains live recordings)

**THE GRATEFUL DEAD** [on Warner], *The Grateful Dead* (1967), *Anthem Of The Sun* (1968), *Aoxomoxoa* (1969), *Live Dead* (1970\*).

**JEFFERSON AIRPLANE**, *Jefferson Airplane Takes Off* (1966), *Surrealistic Pillow* (1967), *After Bathing at Baxter's* (1967), *Crown of Creation* (1968), *Bless It's Pointed Little Head* (1969\*), *Volunteers* (1969), *The Worst Of The Jefferson Airplane* (1970), *2400 Fulton Street* (1987). Recordings featuring Jorma Kaukonen: Various Artists, *Woodstock* (Cotillion, 1970\*). Hot Tuna, *Hot Tuna* (RCA, 1970\*). Various artists, *Monterey Pop Festival* (Rhino 1992).

**QUICKSILVER MESSENGER SERVICE** [on Capitol], *Quicksilver Messenger Service* (1968), *Happy Trails* (1969), *Shady Grove* (1969), *Just For Love* (1970), *What About Me* (1970), *Anthology* (1973), *Sons Of Mercury 1968-75* (Rhino, 1991\*).

**MOBY GRAPE** [on Columbia except where noted], *Moby Grape* (1967), *Wow/*



The Grateful Dead

*Grape Jam* (1968), *Moby Grape '69* (1969), *Truly Fine Citizen* (1969), *Moby Grape* [set of six 12-inch singles] (San Francisco Sound, 1984), *The Legendary Grape* (Herman, 1990).

**COUNTRY JOE AND THE FISH** [on Vanguard] *Electric Music For The Mind and Body* (1967), *I Feel Like I'm Fixin' To Die* (1967), *Together* (1968), *Here We Go Again* (1969), *Country Joe And The Fish/Greatest Hits* (1970), *C. J. Fish* (1970), *The Life And Times Of Country Joe And The Fish From Haight Ashbury To Woodstock* (1971).

**STEVE MILLER** [On Capitol] *Children Of The Future* (1968), *Sailor* (1968), *Brave New World* (1969), *Your Saving Grace* (1969), *Number 5* (1970), *Anthology* (1973).

**BIG BROTHER AND THE HOLDING COMPANY** [on Columbia except where noted], *Big Brother & The Holding Company* (Mainstream, 1967), *Cheap Thrills* (1968\*), *Be A Brother* (1970).

**SANTANA** [on Columbia], *Santana* (1969), *Abraxas* (1970), *Viva Santana* (1988\*). Recordings featuring Carlos Santana: *The Live Adventures Of Mike Bloomfield And Al Cooper* (Columbia, 1969\*). Various artists, *Woodstock* (Cotillion, 1970\*).

**PINK FLOYD** [on Columbia except where noted], *Piper At The Gates Of Dawn* (1967), *A Saucerful Of Secrets* (1968), *More* [film soundtrack] (1969), *Ummagumma* (Harvest, 1969), *Atom Mother Heart* (Harvest, 1970). ■



Carlos Santana

# JERRY MILLER

## Moby Grape's Vintage Guitarist

BY ANDREW M. ROBBLE

**T**hey should have been contenders. They could have been champions. Moby Grape had everything going for them and for a few brief months in late 1966 and early '67, nothing to stop them from becoming the Next Big Thing, America's very own Rolling Stones. —David Fricke, *Rolling Stone*

The psychedelic scene incubated in San Francisco's Haight Ashbury district in 1965. Many bands would pass through this scene, but none with the musical prowess of Moby Grape. Named by Bob Mosley, the band fine-tuned their act into an explosive rock-solid unit that made shock waves throughout the musical community. The Grape produced such classic songs as Miller/Stevenson's rockin' "Hey, Grandma," Spence's smokin' "Omaha," Miller's harmony-laced "8:05," Mosley's "It's A Beautiful Day Today," Miller's "Sitting By The Window," and the comical Miller/Stevenson rocker, "Murder In My Heart For The Judge."

Formed in 1966, the band rehearsed daily for up to eight hours at a club in Sausalito called the Ark. The band consisted of Peter Lewis (son of actress Loretta Young) on guitar, Don Stevenson on drums, Bob Mosley on bass, and the eccentric Skip Spence (Jefferson Airplane's first drummer) on guitar. They released the perfect debut album, *Moby Grape*, complete with beautiful four-part harmonies on songs that incorporated rock, jazz, blues, country, and psychedelia. Of course, their triple-guitar attack was led by master guitarist, Jerry Miller.

Miller started playing the guitar around the age of eight. Moving from his native Washington state to Texas in the early '60s, he joined the Bobby Fuller Four and recorded the hit single "I Fought The Law." After the Bobby Fuller experience, he meandered through the northwest and San Francisco, cutting his chops to become a disciplined guitarist (playing the same Gibson L5 he uses today). Miller played ten sets a night with a band called the Frantics. Included in the band were Mosley and Stevenson, who would later join Miller in Moby Grape.

The psychedelic movement and its mindblowing music were in full swing when the Frantics made their first appearance at the Avalon Ballroom. Psychedelic music, influenced by Eastern ragas and their use of atonal modal sound, found an eager participant in Miller as he studied the sitar with Ali Arbar Khan in 1965. "The first time I played the Avalon Ballroom, I was with the Frantics," recalls Miller. "We all had matching suits and razor cuts, playing this slick surf-type music. We saw all the people with long hair having a good time in a real

scene, dancing, all painted up, with this good vibe, and we felt like boobs. We instantly said, 'that's it, we quit.' We dropped out of the Frantics and became part of the beautiful psychedelic scene. Many musicians we heard in those early days were really sour [laughter], but the crowds loved it and with all the energy and emotion behind the scene, we knew we wanted to be a part of it."

Rocketing to the top of the San Francisco scene later that year, Moby Grape commanded the attention of musicians and record company executives alike, and it appeared that America finally had a group to rival the British bands. The group's skill to crank out catchy tunes, intermixed with spacey jams that successfully integrated the San Francisco psychedelic sound with a Byrds-influenced folk-rock sound, complete with a musician's musician on lead guitar, looked like a promising situation. "The minute we played together, I knew it was a magical unit. We had a good time—for a while," recalls Moby Grape's lead guitarist Miller from his home in Oregon. "We would be out there just killin' with our sound continually. When we were on, it was just magical. We spent hours and hours rehearsing our material to get it right. We would throw in the blues occasionally, but we kept to a set list. We always knew what we were doing, and it was tight. We just got pushed too hard and too fast, instead of sitting back and slowing things down. But, hey, I had a hell of a good time, and I'm lookin' to keep right on playing."

Word spread about the new band, and they were asked to open for Skip Spence's former group, the Jefferson Airplane. Miller credits the Grateful Dead and the Jefferson Airplane for bringing Moby Grape into the fold. "If it wasn't for these bands (our peers), there would have been no Moby Grape. The whole psychedelic period was fun, but it got too much media hype and that stimulated the end of the psychedelic period. The initial charm of Haight-Ashbury in early 1965 was that it was quaint. They had the Psychedelic Shop, which was neat, the people were neat; it was no big deal and just fun for the people...groovy, if you will. The media hype brought in so many people that a lot of snakes started moving into the Haight selling a lot of

speed. The whole vibe changed with the influx of drugs that were more drug-like than mind-expanding."

The group was courted by Atlantic, Elektra, and Columbia Records, but ultimately chose to sign with David Rubinson at Columbia Records in 1967 for a \$5,000 advance. In Columbia's haste to capitalize on the band, they released five singles from the album simultaneously. This situation wreaked havoc with radio stations, and instead of Columbia's hope for extensive airplay, the band received little. The only single to chart was Spence's "Omaha."

Then, Columbia, in what they thought was a brilliant marketing strategy, threw a huge party at the Avalon Ballroom to launch the album. The Grape's signature color, purple, was everywhere, from the velvet press kits to special wine bottles with Moby Grape labels (although no one remembered to bring any corkscrews) to the thousands of orchids that dropped from the ceiling, creating an unsafe, slippery dance floor. Hours after the extravaganza, three members of the band were arrested and charged with possession of marijuana and contributing to the delinquency of minors. The charges were dropped, but the media attention from the ar-



Andrew M. Robble Archives

rest plagued the group. "We took over the Avalon," Rubinson explains. "And this is where it became like something out of Jackie Gleason. If Ralph Kramden was going to be a rock star, this would have happened to him. You turn him around, walk him to the pot of gold and say, 'Ralph, go five feet, make a left turn, there's the pot of gold.' He goes right, bumps into a wall, breaks his ankle, and winds up in the hospital."

Added pressure from Columbia to tour and record a second album disrupted the delicate balance of the band. Skip Spence suffered a mental breakdown after wielding an axe through the corridors of the Albert Hotel and was hospitalized in New York's Bellevue Hospital; Bob Mosley later called it quits to join the Marines; and an (alleged) unauthorized attorney signed the group's name and the rights to all their songs over to former manager Matthew Katz.

Hence, Moby Grape's flame went out almost as fast as it ignited. Bad management, record company pressure, and the loss of Skip Spence were more than the band could handle. "Bad management drove us crazy," recalls Miller. "The spark of Moby Grape was always in the five of us. It was a special deal. When Skippy was unable to tour with

us anymore, the chain was broken, and the spark just wasn't there."

During their heyday, though, Moby Grape headlined all the major venues including the Fillmore Auditorium, Avalon and Carousel Ballrooms. They played at the Monterey Pop Festival, toured the US and Europe, and watched their debut album reach number 24 on the *Billboard* charts. The band recorded four more albums for Columbia before finally calling it quits.

Unable to use the name Moby Grape, the former band members have held various reunion gigs over the years, calling themselves the Legendary Grape, the Melvilles, MLMS, and the Jerry Miller Band. Interest in Moby Grape has also been renewed with the release of the excellent box set by Sony/Legacy, *Vintage: The Very Best Of Moby Grape*, the addition of a Moby Grape exhibit to the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, a new cassette release *Jerry Miller, Now I See* (Herman Records), and a video by the Jerry Miller Band performing at the Stanley Mouse benefit in June, 1993.

Miller, Stevenson, and Lewis have remained close friends over the years. "We just did a reunion gig recently under the name Legendary Grape, and the spark was still there," Miller recalls. "All five of us were on stage, even Skippy, and man it clicked. It was truly outrageous. We did 'Omaha,' 'Hey Grandma,' 'Somebody.' I couldn't believe how good we sounded. Skippy looked and sounded great. It makes me wonder what we might have achieved if fate had gone our way."

The future, however, is finally looking bright for Moby Grape. The years of legal hassles and litigation may be approaching an end. The name

Moby Grape might be returned to its rightful owners, and there is even a chance that some royalties may come back to the band. The publicity and renewed interest in Moby Grape resulting from the Sony/Legacy release has been phenomenal. Robert Plant (Led Zeppelin) has just recorded two of Miller's tunes, "8:05" and "Naked If I Want To," for his upcoming album. Plant has also requested that the Jerry Miller Band play with him on his fall '93 tour.

Today, Miller combines lightning-fast riffs, and jazz-influenced chording with clarity, taste, and comfort in any format, be it blues, rock, folk, or jazz. Miller is to the guitar what Ravi Shankar is to the sitar. "My guitar playing has actually returned to my original influences," Miller explains. "I'm back into the Wes Montgomery, Kenny Burrell, and blues influences. That is the reason I bought my Gibson L5 in the first place. I've always been into Roy Buchanan, Albert Collins, B.B. King, and I'm trying to write new music all the time. I just finished a recording project where I'm playing octaves again (like Wes Montgomery) and using my original Fender Bassman amplifier. So I've come full circle back to my roots."

The Jerry Miller Band features former Moby Grape bandmates Stevenson on percussion and vocals and Lewis on guitar and vocals; Dan Abernathy on slide guitar and vocals; Tiran Porter (from the Doobie Brothers) on bass; and Fuzzy John Oxendine (formerly of Sons of Champlin and Sundog) on drums. Miller says



Moby Grape – Skip Spence, Jerry Miller & Peter Lewis

of his new group, "Tiran and Fuzzy are the best rhythm section I have ever heard, let alone played with. If we can get all this legal stuff overturned (and it looks promising) and get back our royalties and rights to our songs, Moby Grape might swim again."

With all the new energy around today, I feel that we are in for a change for the better. All the schooling, knocks, and trouble just had to be that way. Those sour grapes just might become vintage after all [laughter]. ■

For those interested in a sampling of the Jerry Miller Band, check out Herman Records' video release, which was recorded at the Stanley Mouse Benefit in San Francisco on June 5, 1993. The video can be ordered for \$29.95 from Herman Records at P.O. Box 1947, Cave Junction, OR 97523.

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# The Story of Arthur Lee

# Love

BY BYRON MOORE

Something new was happening in Los Angeles in 1965. Old ballrooms and supper clubs were suddenly being converted into hot night clubs for the young. Ciro's, the Whisky A-Go-Go, the Troubadour, the Trip, and Bido Lito's were part of the fabulous sunset strip that became the hub of the new nightclub generation. These descendants of the "beats" and precursors to the "hippies" were a new phenomenon, with their long hair, dope, crazy dancing, and sunshine politics. They didn't take long to develop their own brand of music. One of the first to take the lead was the Byrds, and they soon became the toast of the strip as their magical new music enveloped L.A.

In the crowd at one of these shows was twenty-year-old Arthur Lee who had moved to L.A. with his family from Memphis. He was knocked out by the sound. "Up until I heard the Byrds, everything was rhythm and blues. And they were doing their own material, and it sounded like the music I wrote on my own." And so, Lee decided to form his own band that included former Byrds' roadie Bryan MacLean. At first, his band was called the Grass Roots until he found that another group had already laid claim to the name. Lee renamed them Love. What a perfect name for a band emerging from Southern California in the midst of the new American '60s pop scene.

At a rapid pace, Arthur Lee established Love on the L.A. underground and club circuit. During Love's residency at Bido Lito's in Hollywood, the band was seen by the head of Elektra who was looking to get into pop as his label was almost purely folk-oriented at the time. Elektra wasted no time in signing them.

Their first record, the self-titled *Love*, was released in May of '66 and was essentially a studio version of their live set. The record sold well and was an immediate classic in the new folk-rock style. The Byrds' influence is all over the record, from the cover shot of the band in their hip '66 duds, to the substitution of Arthur Lee's green- and red-lensed shades for McGuinn's granny glasses. One thing was for sure, both bands were punks. Inside, the music revealed lots of 12-string guitar and tambourine on

twelve original and two cover songs. The album leads off with a version of Burt Bacharach and Hal David's "My Little Red Book," which was Love's first single. It reached an impressive #52 on the charts. The other cover is Dino Valente's popular "Hey Joe." When the Byrds played it at Monterey the following summer, David Crosby dedicated it to "...Love and the Leaves and a cat who's gonna play here later, Jimi Hendrix."

After two records, the Byrds hit the radiowaves with "Eight Miles High" and their third album, *5D*, which pioneered a new psychedelic style. Likewise, early psychedelic influences are evident on Love's first album with songs such as the rocking "My Flash On You," the hallucinatory "Colored Balls Falling," and the atmospheric "Mushroom Clouds." The instrumental "Emotions" sounds like a surf band on acid. The standout, however, is "Signed D.C.," an L.A. '66-style junkie's lament/blues number in the vein of Buffy St. Marie's "Codeine." "D.C." remained in the band's repertoire throughout its history.

On the performing front, Love continued to establish itself as a staple of the L.A. club scene. They branched out on three separate occasions in '66 by making the trek from Los Angeles to San Francisco to gig at Bill Graham's Fillmore Auditorium. Most notable was their July 3rd billing with the Grateful Dead.

When Love went back into the studio to record their second album, however, Lee augmented the sound by adding members to play reeds, horns, and keyboards. Released in March of '67, *Da Capo* showed Arthur Lee's sound pushing the perimeters of his imagination by adding lots of color to his arrangements with the additional instrumentation. *Da*

*Capo* produced Love's highest chart entry with the seminal rocking single "7 And 7 Is," which drives right from the opening and ends with an actual atomic explosion, then settles like leaves falling. It peaked at #33 and explains why Love is a forgotten group. They never really had a hit. That's why you're more likely to hear lightweights like the Lemon Pipers or the Strawberry Alarm Clock than

Love or Moby Grape. Despite Love's overall lack of commercial success, "7 And 7 Is" has been covered live by the Bangles as a noisy tribute to their L.A. roots, and also by Billy Bragg who rocked it up for the Elektra anniversary collection, *Rubaiyat*.

Not only did *Da Capo* produce Love's highest chart entry, but its innovative, strong collection of songs and sounds showed Arthur Lee's genius starting to take hold. The album is loaded with potential hits that never were. "Stephanie Knows Who" displays Lee's growing ability to use farther-out time changes and incorporate harpsichord and reed flourishes. "She Comes In Colors" with its "Lady Jane" intro and Bryan MacLean's "Orange Skies" are everything that sunny California pop was all about: tuneful and creative with a trippy touch. Twenty minutes of "Revelation" encompasses all of side two, making it one of the first side-long tracks in rock. No longer a Byrds' clone, Lee was breaking ground all around him. He would later say, "I had to slow down every once in a while so that people could catch up to me."

Another reason for Love's obscurity could also be attributed to its missing the historic Monterey Pop Festival. All of the L.A. heavies were there, so where was Love? Word has it that the group was not all that together at that time. Love was going through a shaky period, not playing well as a band when they played at all. Band members were coming and going, and their uneven live reputation was probably not helped by their lack of proper touring. But this was Lee's baby; he had all sorts of great songs. He wrote, sang, and arranged almost all of their work. So when it came time to record Love's third album, their producer threatened to use studio musicians behind Lee and MacLean. The wake-up call worked. Love tightened up and trimmed down to Lee and its original members: MacLean on guitar and vocals, Ken Forssi on bass, John Echols on lead guitar, and Michael Stuart, who had joined them for their second album, on drums.

*Forever Changes*, their third effort released in November of '67, has been called everything from L.A.'s *Sgt. Pepper* to a complete musical triumph. It's hard to disagree. The album has everything, blending a beautiful flow of arrangements that weave brassy touches, symphonic excitement, acoustic strumming, and muted electric leads, with equally brilliant production, arrangements, and lyrical and musical content into a modern psychedelic mosaic. Incredibly, it was recorded in only 65 hours at a cost of just over two thousand dollars. This amazing music is complemented by timeless lyrics of often nihilistic despair. Lee played on words, bringing them together in a form that through the initial apparent veneer of ornamental summer of love poetry revealed a naked truth, a common consciousness of life and time. Look, for example, at some lyrics from "You Set The Scene:" *You go through changes/it may seem strange/is this what you're put here for/You think you're happy/and you are happy/that's what you're happy for.*

This album is such an organic whole that individual songs are rarely singled out on their own. The only single from *Forever Changes* got as far as #99, but that's irrelevant to the sum of its incredible parts. It's one of those records that, like an earlier L.A. landmark *Pet Sounds*, still reaches and appeals to so many. Around this time, Love's popularity in England was surpassing it at home. *Forever Changes* hit #24 in the U.K., although it failed to garner





The early days at Bido Lido's

mass acceptance at home where the album only hit #152. Nevertheless, in Paul Gambraccini's 1978 book, *Rock Critics Choice/The Top 200 Albums, Forever Changes* comes in at #16 with two of those surveyed choosing it as number one. Quite impressive for a somewhat forgotten band.

The next move was the splendid single "Laughing Stock"/"Your Mind And We Belong Together." This linked Love's acoustic orchestral changes to the harder-edged acid-rock sound that Love would next explore. The record was, perhaps, too complicated to be a hit. Fortunately, though, the two songs are readily available on various Love compilations.

Where did Love go from there? A drastic upheaval followed shortly after the single as Lee scrapped the band and wouldn't be heard from for almost two years. "We used to work every night," he said. "After we started making money, the more we made, the less we worked, the less we were a unit, and Love deteriorated. People's personal habits started to come before the music. Initially, they would listen to me because I wrote 90 percent of the songs. After we became successful, they got big heads. Everybody had money, everybody had a house, a car, a flash Cadillac. They didn't need me. Money spoiled them—it spoiled me, too. It was a strange time. I thought I was gonna kick the bucket. But you still gotta keep on. That's why I got another group." While this new group was not to be heard on vinyl for a few months, they started playing live, including a three-day engagement at the Fillmore in San Francisco with the Staple Singers and Roland Kirk in late April of '68.

Love finally reappeared with *Four Sail* in September of '69 and a brand new lineup of Jay Donnellan (lead guitar), Frank Fayad (bass), and George Suranovich (drums). Love's sound was still full of great melodies and arrangements, but the music was done with a live feel, enabling the band to recreate this new music on stage. Lee was still brimming with songs and an abundance resulted. "August" leads off the record with an intro of attacking guitar and rolling drums, then eases into an electric-folk chorus. Soon the band jams hard, and the new sound of Love is apparent. "In With You" harks back to the jazz tinges of *Da Capo* while "Robert Montgomery" touches on "Eleanor Rigby" with a dash of fuzz and wail. "Singing Cowboy" provides a great rocking structure for a very cool live interpretation.

When compiling the U.K.-only *Elektra Masters*, British critic John Tobler passed by *Four Sail*, dismissing it outright in his liner notes, apparently sulking over the group's new direc-

tion. Some may have been disappointed, although this seemed a logical progression from the first three albums. Like the Byrds, who were also down to one founding member, the original folk flavor, harmonies, and melodies remained with the addition of the live guitar-heavy style. Undeniably, both bands became better in concert.

The next album was culled from the remainder of the *Four Sail* sessions as the double LP *Out Here* on Blue Thumb Records in December of '69. Arthurly, as he was now calling himself, provided a sprawling cornucopia of over an hour's worth of music. Draped over

four sides are acoustic-based numbers such as "Listen To My Song," fuzzy folk-based tunes including "Gather Round" and "Willow Willow," and psychedelic jams on "Love Is More Than Words Or Better Late Than Never" and "Stand Out." "I'm Down" and a Love '69 remake of "Signed D.C." from the first album provide a dose of heavy Arthur Lee blues. The only real flaw is that Arthurly succumbed to the common excess of the day, the drum solo. "Doggone," another wonderful Arthurly song, ends up sandwiching ten minutes of bang, boing, and crash. These moments are best left for live shows as opportune bathroom breaks. All said, *Out Here* is top notch '69/'70 West Coast rock.

Arthurly finally got Love over to the U.K. for a tour where, once again, the band was selling far better. In England *Out Here* made it to #29, but only peaked at a lowly #176 at home. While there, he got together with Jimi Hendrix and recorded an album's worth of material that unfortunately ended up buried in legal problems and remains so to this day. These were, however, the golden days for Love in concert. They even made it up to Vancouver, Canada for a 1970 Valentines Day show with Quicksilver Messenger Service. Love on Valentines Day, how appropriate. Later, Love, now billed as Arthur Lee/Love, played a three-show gig at the Fillmore with Black Sabbath and James Gang.

Just when it seemed Love's lineup was secure, fans noticed a couple of new faces on the cover of the band's sixth album, *False Start*, released in December 1970. The album kicks off with "The Everlasting First," the lone tune from Lee's collaboration with Hendrix to ever surface. The rest of the record mixes some wild, complex, and heavy 1970-style new funk along with Lee's own brand of pop. Lee's singing here is his most soulful yet. Unfortunately, poor sales and Hendrix completists have made *False Start* the hardest to find of all the Love records. Shortly after recording it, Lee dismissed the band, and Love was over.

As the two decades changed hands, many major artists of the '60s struggled to reestablish or even reinvent themselves. Arthur Lee was no different. He emerged in 1972 with a solo album, the hard rocking *Vindicator* on A&M. Like later Love LPs, the album didn't sell well and is considered disappointing by many Love aficionados. In '73, Lee was to release an LP, *Black Beauty*, but nothing ever came of it. A year later, Lee emerged with an all new soul-influenced Love with *Reel To Real* on RSO. This version of Love was short-lived. The album stiffed, and many would say deservedly so. It turned out to be the last

record made under the Love moniker, not really a fitting epitaph.

The mid-'70s saw Lee continuing to play one-off gigs in the L.A. area trying to live down the past. By '77, Lee was convinced to reform Love with original mate Bryan MacLean. The band toured, though no recordings appeared. The only known release from this time was an obscure EP by Lee on DaCapo Records. In the late '70s and early '80s, Lee and MacLean would continue to play together in various incarnations.

A small flurry of releases sparked renewed interest in Love. In 1980, Rhino Records sold a reasonable amount of *Best of Love*, which is the best of the compilations. Two years later Rhino released *Love Live*, which was available as a picture disc, and a brand new self-titled Arthur Lee album, his first in seven years that saw him in the unfamiliar position of being behind the times. That same year, MCA put out an album to cash in on the small revival. The record was simply titled *Love* and was divided between "live" Love and "studio" Love. The studio side is an edited collection of songs from *Out Here*. The live side is a bonus with 20 minutes of tasty tracks recorded at Bill Graham's Fillmore East. While no dates or personnel are given, it's most likely from 1970. The playing is on, as Lee and Co. assault the air with great, heavy Love, leaving fans thirsting for a whole LP's worth.

The revival was short-lived, but with the vault-plundering proliferation of CD reissues, most Love albums are finally available again on import, along with a few new anthologies. *Forever Changes* has almost never been out of print and is available domestically on CD.

Arthur Lee is still with us and is known to perform in the L.A. area, thereby giving hope that Lee and MacLean might be persuaded to give Love another go. The demand for Love on disc has once again brought attention to one of the greatest and most overlooked groups of the '60s. With no boundaries in his view, Arthur Lee rode his unbridled creativity up through a hole in the sky and touched down leaving us with the music of Love. As the Good Book puts it, Love is eternal. Long live Love. ■



# SPIRIT

BY MICK SKIDMORE



*Spirit* – The original line-up – Ed Cassidy, Mark Andes, Randy California, Jay Ferguson & Jon Locke (front)

Los Angeles produced some great music in the '60s including Buffalo Springfield, Love, and the Doors. Yet one of the most accomplished, and sadly ignored bands, was Spirit. True to their name, however, their spirit has remained intact, and they have remained one of the most durable acts from that era, despite a lack of commercial success in recent years.

The band is currently a trio featuring founding members Randy California and Ed Cassidy along with keyboardist/bassist Scott Monahan. Since the original band split in 1970 (ironically during the recording of its best album *The Twelve Dreams of Dr. Sardonicus*), it has gone through numerous configurations and several abortive reunions, but for the most part, Cassidy and California have remained the nucleus.

Throughout the '70s, '80s, and '90s, the band released a slew of mostly memorable albums. The current band still tours, although not as frequently as they would like, and is busy recording new material. "We play at shows and fans come up and say how great we are, but they haven't heard our most recent albums. They are not even aware that we have them," said Cassidy in a recent interview as he discussed the band's frustration at not being able to get a higher profile despite its obvious musical accomplishments.

When Spirit originally got together in 1967, it forged a sound that was a decade or more in front of its time. Last year, there were two

important Spirit reissues, *Time Circle 1968-1972*, a two-CD set that culled material from the group's first four Epic albums along with unreleased gems, and the 18-song single disc *Chronicles*, an expansive collection of rarities and outtakes from 1967-1992 released on the band's own label. Both recordings show the lasting and almost timeless quality of Spirit's music and have helped rekindle some interest in the band. Both are highly recommended, as is the band's last studio album, the independently-released *Tent of Miracles*.

"It's frustrating that it doesn't get out. It gets tiring hearing people at concerts, often business people saying, 'I don't understand why you guys are not big,' and they go on and on. So, I say, 'Great, why don't you do something about it?' But it's really difficult with the way our culture is today. Everything lasts about 15 or 20 minutes," said Cassidy.

The shame of it all is that much of a band's success doesn't depend on musical ability or output. It instead depends on get-

ting heard, and it's businessmen who make a lot of those decisions. Cassidy, who is the oldest rock drummer around (and one of the best) at 70 years old, still remains positive. "I enjoy the playing. I enjoy the music and the audience," he says.

What makes Spirit's music so believable is that there are no pretenses about its melding of different styles. In the beginning, each of the five original members came from vastly different backgrounds. Guitarist California (born Randy Craig Wolfe) was a mere 15-year-old who had already played as slide guitarist in a New York band called Jimmy James and the Blue Flames (the other guitarist in that band was none other than Jimi Hendrix, a guitarist that would have a great influence on California). Drummer Cassidy, California's stepfather, was a noted jazz drummer. He was also a founding member of the noted band the Rising Sons, which also featured Taj Mahal and Ry Cooder. Keyboardist John Locke was an aspiring jazz player. Bassist Mark Andes had played with the pop group Yellow Balloon and a number of other pop and rock bands. Together, Spirit made four superb albums that crossed jazz, blues, and rock boundaries with ease, and perhaps, better than any band has ever done. California is also one of *the* guitar greats as anyone that has seen him play will testify.

Despite being critically acclaimed, Spirit never really achieved the kind of commercial success they deserved. They did have a minor hit with "I Got A Line On You" in 1968. Radio politics, however, snubbed out any hope of the searing Orwellian rocker "1984" from becoming a hit in 1969 after it was banned from playlists for its political content.

In 1970, the band split almost as soon as it completed its classic *The Twelve Dreams of Dr. Sardonicus* album (it included the FM staples "Nature's Way," "Animal Zoo," and "Mr. Skin"). In fact, Ferguson and Andes formed the more basic rock 'n' roll band Jo Jo Gunne during the album's recording. That band had one hit "Run Run Run," and they also went on to record four albums.

In the early '70s, Cassidy and California reunited as the nucleus of various Spirit lineups, which achieved more success in Europe than in the U.S. A reunion of the original band in late 1983 didn't pay off commercially, although it did spawn a "live in the studio" album *Spirit of '84* (Mercury). As recently as October 1991, the original band got together again, as California explained, "We did a free concert in a park in L.A. with the Doobie Brothers. It was sponsored by KLSX Radio. It was Myles Square



Ed Cassidy



Park, and there was about 60,000 people out there. It kind of coincided with a couple of releases, one was *Time Circle* and the other *Chronicles*. We rehearsed for a couple of weeks and we did the show, and it was great fun." Unfortunately, bad luck plagued Spirit again. Although California had arranged for the show to be both audio and video taped, the recording didn't come out well due to some engineering politics.

California went on to say that the band's underrated 1975 two-record set *Spirit of '76* is being considered for reissue in England. The album is a real classic and contains a wonderful mix of psychedelia and Hendrix-like rock. It also captures the earlier jazz and folk elements of Spirit's music.

"We've got a bunch of new songs right now, and we are in the middle of recording them," said California. "We've been performing them on the road for the last year or so, and people really like them." Some of California's new material draws on the spiritual influences of India and of Native Americans. "The philosophies of the two are very similar as far as the omnipresence of one deity; one God is the essence of everything. That's incorporated in a lot of my present lyrics. Rhythmically, we are trying to incorporate some American Indian feel in a lot of our new songs." Once the recordings are finished, the band will start shopping them to various labels.

Aside from the new material to look forward to, there's a lot of good stuff available for Spirit fans at present. A Danish label has released a live Spirit recording from the 1969 Texas Pop Festival, and aside from the previously men-



Randy California

tioned reissues, there are three different video releases included in *The Spirit Story*, a 60-minute selection of mostly rare concert footage of 18 songs, one of which is the original "1984" video, plus footage from a 1978 concert on German TV's "The Rockpalast," and a number of things from the 1983 reunion. There is also a solo acoustic video featuring California performing many of his most famous songs, in addition to telling stories and talking about his days of playing with Hendrix.

Cassidy also put together *The Ed Cassidy Story* with producer Merl Fankhauser. In the hour-long video, Cassidy talks about his long career in music. Several previously unrecorded Spirit songs are featured among the rare concert footage, which includes a dynamite jam with the Allman Brothers' Dickey Betts and the all-star jam on "I Got A Line On You" from the 1983 reunion.

During his career, Cassidy has also lectured about music as a chosen career, and he has also given drum seminars. In an effort to share his wealth of knowledge, he has put together the "Ed Cassidy Musicians' Survival/Resource Manual." This 140-page booklet covers everything from keeping your mind and body in shape to learning about agents, managers, national health insurance programs, and unions.

Selected Spirit Discography: *Spirit* (Epic) 1968; *The Family That Plays Together* (Epic) 1969; *Clear* (Epic) 1969; *The Twelve Dreams of Dr. Sardonicus* (Epic) 1970; *Spirit of '76* (Mercury) 1975; *Farther Along* (Mercury) 1976; *Potatoeland* (Rhino) 1982; *Tent of Miracles* (WERC) 1991; *Time Circle* (Columbia/Legacy) 1992; and *Chronicles* (WERC) 1992. Randy California solo material includes *Kapt Kopter and The Fabulous Twirly Birds* (Epic) 1973 and *Euro-American* (Europe only) (Beggars Banquet) 1981.

To order the Spirit Video History and other merchandise, write P.O. Box 655, Ojai, California 93024. For *The Ed Cassidy Story* or the manual, write Ed Cassidy, P.O. Box 181, Ojai, CA 93204. The manual is \$20, and the video is \$24.95. Checks or money orders should be made payable to Ed Cassidy. ■

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Dave Patrick

# GETTIN' DOWN

with

## NICK GRAVENITES

From the South Side to Psychedelia

BY ANDREW M. ROBBLE

I was born in Chicago, in nineteen and forty-one." These words were echoed by the late Paul Butterfield on the opening track of his band's ground-breaking first recording, *The Paul Butterfield Blues Band*. "Born In Chicago" is the first of an unlimited set of musical contributions and compositions that helped launch the blues movement in the 1960s. Nick Gravenites, a seminal figure in both the '60s blues and psychedelic movements, wrote this song.

Moved by reading Jack Kerouac's *On The Road*, Gravenites traveled back and forth between Chicago and San Francisco in the late '50s and early '60s, living his beatnik, bohemian lifestyle and playing the blues. Gravenites, always the bluesman, would play, record with, and produce the giants of the '60s. Currently writing his book, Gravenites is still giggin' around and recording today.

Gravenites grew up in a Greek household on the southwest side of Chicago. Plagued by discipline problems, he was expelled from a military academy and graduated from Central Day YMCA High School (the same school that Michael Bloomfield attended) before enrolling at the University of Chicago in 1956. "The University of Chicago was the most extraordinary place in the universe back then," he explains. "It was an active, vibrant, and exciting place to be. It was isolated, and they had many radical educational policies. The place was an anathema to the rest of the city. They were the commie, pinko-queers." It was at the University that Gravenites took up the guitar. "I was living in this fraternity, the original 'animal house,' and a friend started to teach me rudimentary guitar patterns," he remembers. "I learned how to play Calypso style mostly because I could do the strumming and play the chords."

Gravenites joined the University's Folklore Society during orientation week. The Society was a huge and active organization. "It was from my association with the Folklore Society that I got into playing music," Gravenites remembers. "I was traveling to the other folklore societies in Ann Arbor, Michigan and Madison, Wisconsin and getting exposed to the scene." Through the Folklore Society, Gravenites met and developed a friendship with Paul Butterfield.

Gravenites and Butterfield started playing as a duet in a bar called the Blind Pig. "Paul would

play harmonica, and I would play guitar and sing," Gravenites recalls. "We were learning to play music, and we played folk songs from Leadbelly, The Staple Singers—"May The Circle Be Unbroken," "Tops" by Sonny Terry and Brownie McGee, that type of stuff." Gravenites and Butterfield traveled to other folklore societies to play their music. In 1957, Elvin Bishop enrolled at the University of Chicago and started to jam with them. It was during this time that Gravenites and his friends ventured out to the black clubs and got hooked on the blues.

"I had this friend named John Ryland who first turned me onto the music that was happening all around me," Gravenites remembers. "Little did I know that if you walked five or ten blocks in a certain direction that you would run into this whole blues culture, hundreds of bars with hundreds of bands. All the great blues stars playing all the time. John was the guy that took me to my first blues club." The realization that this style of music was available and accessible to Gravenites was mind boggling to him. "I remember walking into a club, and man, the show itself was incredible. It was a blues battle with two bands trading off sets. It was Little Jr. Parker and his band versus Otis Rush with Lewis Meyers on harmonica. These were two great slammin' blues bands going head to head. We got into the club even though I was underage. We caught all the sound from the stage by sitting in the circular booth. I remember the music being great, but it was also the first time I had ever been in a loud music milieu. I mean, I had a headache, man, like you wouldn't believe [laughter]. My head hurt for the whole next day. I wasn't used to hearing music at these volumes." Gravenites quickly became a regular at Frader's Jukebox Lounge and Pepper's Lounge. "Frader's was a traditional blues club where they had a floor show," he remembers. "They would have a snake dancer and people doing specialty numbers. It was pretty wild and really great."

Gravenites, Butterfield, and Bishop started to jam with local black musicians including the Wilson brothers. The music resulting from their interactions would lay the foundation for the young, white, blues musicians who emerged from the Chicago scene and created the blues movement of the '60s. "The people I met in Chicago—Butterfield, Bloomfield, Charlie Musselwhite, Barry Goldberg, Mark Naftalin, and right down the line, these people were playing blues, but the concept of race has to be brought up," he says. "We had contact with

black people, we played with black people in bands; they were our friends, we hung out with them. We had experience in the black clubs. One of the problems I encountered out on the West Coast was that the people here didn't have any experience co-existing with black people. Part of our tradition was playing black music with black musicians. The whole basis of our acceptance was that in the black clubs the concern was, 'could you play?' The people were very vocal. The black audiences really took to Butterfield. They loved to see Paul make the local black harmonica player look bad [laughter]. I remember a night where Junior Wells was playing with Jerome Arnold and Sam Lay. Paul and I go down to the Blue Flame Lounge on 39th Street where they are playing. Junior invites Paul to play (not realizing that Jerome and Sam are part of Paul's band). Paul gets up and plays some wicked stuff, and the audience loves it. They go nuts. Junior got so mad that he just put his coat on and left Paul there playing the gig. The people on the South Side just loved Paul and his playing.

"Paul Butterfield and I were the best of friends; we hung out and played together. He was always playing out on the South Side in these really great funky clubs. He would be the only white guy in the club, much less the only white guy in the band. He was most responsible for the acceptance of white musicians in the black clubs because he was in there all the time."

Big John's, a club on Wells Street in Chicago, became a focal point in the early '60s for young musicians as well as featuring the blues greats—Howlin' Wolf, Buddy Guy, Otis Rush, A.C. Reed, and many others. When these performers were not playing, it was Butterfield's gig. Butterfield had taken over the gig that Michael Bloomfield had left at Big John's. Gravenites had been sitting in with Butterfield at Big John's regularly. Other musicians on the scene then included Charlie Musselwhite, Steve Miller, Harvey Mandel, and Barry Goldberg. It was here that Albert Grossman found Butterfield and arranged for him to back Bob Dylan at the Newport Folk Festival. Butterfield invited Gravenites and the gang to come along and play with him. Gravenites sang at Newport with the Butter Band before heading out to San Francisco again.

The music scene around the San Francisco Bay area, in 1964, was folk oriented. Gravenites started to hang out at a folk club called the Coffee Gallery where he met James Gurley, Wavy Gravy, Howard Hesseman (who was the

bartender), Dino Valenti, Janis Joplin, and David Crosby. The arrival of psychedelic drugs supplied the vehicle which changed the scene to electric. "I remember getting loaded on grass, or whatever, and making funny noises with static on the radio," Gravenites recalls. "There was a certain attraction to that vibration. The psychedelics provided the 'good vibes,' the physical sound that you could feel with your body, and was very conducive to the psychedelic experience. The psychedelic era was when psychedelics got mainstream, ya dig? From the late '50s, there was a lot of drug experimentation involved with the beatnik writers. There was also a lot of drug experimentation with my generation. Part of that experimentation was with psychedelics and LSD. In the early '60s, the only place you could get this stuff was from gangsters [laughter]. So the psychedelic era really started with a media awareness of this movement."

Gravenites enjoyed his early psychedelic experiences in the San Francisco music scene. "A lot of the scene was really beautiful and totally different from my Chicago experiences," he remembers. "When you are not thinking in terms of what is good in music or what is bad in music, your outlook becomes different. At that time I was taking a lot of acid, hanging out with these acid-rock bands, sitting in with them at these huge outdoor shows, and living in a beautiful situation. The people were great; there was lots of fun and joy. I was never thinking about who was playing this or that, I was in heaven, man [laughter]! I got to hear a lot of great stuff. Some of it I was not impressed with, but other stuff was great. I liked Big Brother because they were wild and crazy. I liked Quicksilver because they had a lot of musical talent. I thought Gary Duncan's playing was close to what Elvin [Bishop] and Michael [Bloomfield] were doing. I thought that Quicksilver was the best band musically around. The Grateful Dead had a few good tunes, like "Midnight Hour," because Pigpen made them do it straight blues. I think it was their best number. The first time I saw the Grateful Dead was at the acid test in Watts, down in Los Angeles. I was hanging out with Butterfield and I remember that Jerry Garcia had his head against the wall making this piercing sound with one string. I was informed they were tuning. They did this for over two hours [laughter]. That's all they did was tune for the whole night as far as I could tell."

The young Chicago blues musicians arrived on the West Coast in the mid-'60s. With their professional look and high-quality musicianship, they brought with them a playing standard that made the early, psychedelic, West Coast musician look amateurish by comparison. Gravenites returned to Chicago, faced personal tragedy, some horrible experiences, and returned to San Francisco in 1967. Back in the Bay Area, Gravenites hooked up with an old friend from Chicago, Ron Polte, the manager of Quicksilver Messenger Service. "I was staying at Ron's house and enduring a severe personal crisis at the time," he remembers. "I was hurt bad. My best friend had just died. My business had gone down the tubes. I realized I was an alcoholic, and I was a mess. I spent most of my time running around,

going to dances, dropping acid, and going to Quicksilver gigs. I didn't have to do anything for survival because Polte was helping me out." The people on the West Coast were coming from a completely different cultural basis than the Chicago musicians came from. "When I first came out to San Francisco, the people here didn't know anything about black blues, there was a huge cultural gap," he remembers. "When I started playing Muddy Waters tunes on my little acoustic guitar and stuff, this was like playing music from Mars to them. 'What was that and where did you ever hear stuff like that?' they would ask. Sure, people might have felt amateurish when Bloomfield came out. But, hey, Bloomfield was a great player in anybody's backyard. His virtuosity made many people in San Francisco look amateurish, but Jesus, his playing made people everywhere look like that. He was one of the top guys in the whole world."

When Bloomfield quit the Butter Band, he wanted to put together a blues band with horns. He called his old buddy, Nick Gravenites, to handle the vocals. The Electric Flag was a band with unlimited potential that revolved in constant turmoil. Moving an entourage including musicians, friends, and road crew, proved to be both difficult and disastrous financially. Still, their music remains a testament to some of the finest blues ever played. "The Flag had many different elements," Gravenites remembers. "It was really Michael's band, but he wanted it to be everybody's band. I loved playing with that band in the beginning because it was loaded with talent. Here I was with a great horn section, a great drummer, a great bass player, a great guitarist, all these great players. I was so hyped in the beginning. I remember the first time we got the horn parts ready for "Groovin' Is Easy." Man, it was exciting. But, the gig was really low rent, ya dig? We weren't making money. Albert Grossman was out hustling deals, but I never saw a statement or dime out of the Flag. It turned out this really was not Michael's dream band. It was hard work and [a drag] hanging around airports in places that you really didn't want to be. It became a constant barrage of situational tap dancing. I mean, it was just crazy continually. There were drug problems with heroin in the band and

force was driving us, and we were just there to hold up the instruments. The groove we were in was so heavy that we would look around at each other, not believing we were doing this—it's called transcendence. That is the magic of real music." With the breakup of the Electric Flag, Gravenites continued writing songs and working on his solo album, *My Labors*.

When Janis Joplin left Big Brother, Gravenites was called in to help put a band together for her, write songs, and become her producer. Gravenites had previously produced recordings (with Bloomfield) for James Cotton, Otis Rush, Sam Lay, and Southern Comfort, and his songs were being covered by several bands. "I loved Janis. She was my friend, and she was a blues singer," he recalls. "The only time Janis was difficult to work with was when she was sloppy drunk. I'm extremely protective of my peers and people who I respect as singers and players—people that go out and their music is more to them than just giving a show. It has to do with their own physical satisfaction of emotional content. That is where Janis was at. She was an emotional singer who wore her heart on her sleeve. She would not just sing, but she would do it at physical cost and those are my people whom I identify with. That is why I love Bloomfield so much. He gave more than a show, he gave blood. Same with Butterfield, he also gave blood. I'm really proud of these people. A blues singer to me...there is no higher title."

Gravenites continued to write songs and started a musical relationship with John Cipollina. Nick & Chip, the name of one of their groups, toured Europe several times and recorded. The twosome continued to work in various musical ventures in the Bay Area until the time of Cipollina's death in 1989. Today, Nick Gravenites still gigs around, but solely on his terms. "I play pretty much the same places, but not always," he said. "First of all, I don't have an agent or anybody who speaks for me or calls around trying to get me gigs. I don't particularly want to play every club and go around and play joints. I like to play the clubs where I know the owner. It will be a good experience, and I can do and play what I want. I'm starting to put a tour together again because I figure I got a couple good years left in me. So I should do it now because I might not be able to in a few more years."

Gravenites' current band includes his long-time bassist Doug Kilmer, Roy Blumenfeld (Blues Project) on drums, Pete Sears plays keyboards occasionally, and Mark Adams blows the harp. Gravenites has a recording coming out on the French label, Legend Records, and has appeared on Gary Smith's Blues Band's latest recording, *Up The Line*. Gravenites sings and plays guitar on his two original compositions. He also has two tunes on Greg Douglas' new CD that is coming out in Germany. After all of his years in the business, Nick Gravenites remains a player. "I hate the music business," Gravenites chuckles. "I'm happiest from the time

the first note hits until the end of the show. After that, it's just a pain in the ass. When I'm on stage, man, I'm in heaven. When I get off the stage, then I'm back at the check-out counter at K-Mart." ■



Mark Naftalin, Nick Gravenites and Mike Bloomfield

personality problems between Michael and Buddy Miles. It just got to be overwhelming. I do remember one time in Southern California when the band was in the ozone. We were smokin' so hard that it seemed like an external

# THE KING OF CRIMSON GETS BACK

# ROBERT FRIPP

BY ROGER LEN SMITH

Nearly a decade after splitting up, the masters of outer-limits-art-rock, King Crimson, are reforming for an album and tour that will commence in mid-1994. Guitarist Robert Fripp is once again returning as leader of an enlarged version of the legendary progressive rock band.

For much of the nearly ten years since the last King Crimson tour, Fripp has been living a quiet life while operating a unique guitar workshop/retreat in West Virginia and London. Called Guitar Craft, it is a project that allows him to teach young guitar guns interested in learning his precise, odd, yet head-turning technical approaches. Returning to public view in the music world, however, has Fripp in a swarm of musical activity of late. In addition to taking his Guitar Craft students on a national tour this past spring, Fripp is one-half of another of his infamous two-person collaborations. This time the pairing is with David Sylvian, former noir frontman for the progressive groove band, Japan.

*The First Day* is Sylvian-Fripp's first joint venture. Musically akin to most of King Crimson's work, *The First Day* is a strong debut that flows darkly and smoothly along cryptic and cinematic waters. It highlights Fripp's frenetic fretwork and Sylvian's rich tenor voice. Released in August for Virgin Records, it is a polished pastiche of a project, with subversive funk numbers and longer thematic pieces. Sylvian and Fripp are taking their efforts to the stage, as they have just begun a worldwide tour in support of *The First Day*. Following dates in Japan and Europe, they will arrive in the United States in the beginning of 1994.

All of these musical sideshows, however, will subsequently give way to the return of King Crimson. Known for their offbeat and often manic approach to rock music, the British-bred King Crimson came about in the late 1960s, a time when most commercial rock groups were heavily psychedelic, bluesy, or just plain pop. Fripp and his chameleonic company benefitted from being a bit of all those ingredients. Yet their legendary 1969 debut *In The Court Of The Crimson King* featured a variety of heavy themes and twisted musical passages that were perhaps too sophisticated for the average rock listener. Venturing into the realms of jazz and classical music, Fripp's use of the spacey mellotron, along with his offbeat work on the guitar and other devices, made King Crimson's music an underground sensation, putting it in the land of fantasy and make-believe. Accompanying the haze-inducing mellotron were the occasional flute, cello, or saxophone parts, add-

ing more heady elements to this decidedly unusual rock music. It was a thinking man's position that combined rock with surface traits of funk, jazz, and classical music to create a truly unique and extremely uncommercial fusion.

With odd song titles, even for that time, such as "21st Century Schizoid Man," "Lady Of The Dancing Water," and "Larks' Tongues In Aspic," King Crimson marched to their own beat. The band wrote very few songs of the two-minute "hit" variation. Rather, the songs on their first record were nothing less than six minutes in duration. The epic seven-minute first cut from *In The Court Of The Crimson King*, "21st Century Schizoid Man," immediately divided Fripp and Crimson from the majority of the mainstream. The song's incendiary, paranoid lyrics and tempo changes from medium-paced hard rock to manic, jazz-flavored rock, brought out a vision of the future that was at once nightmarish and intriguing.

Though the lineup changed with each album, Fripp remained the lone constant member and guiding force. King Crimson constantly challenged the conventions of the mainstream music world until the group finally split around 1976, having released eight albums for Atlantic Records.

Fripp kept himself busy by spending five



KING CRIMSON – Adrian Belew, Robert Fripp, Bill Bruford & Tony Levin

years collaborating with fellow avant-garde artists such as Brian Eno, Andy Summers (of Police fame), and the League of Gentlemen for mainly instrumental projects. Fripp also earned some production credits in the late '70s with Peter Gabriel and the Roches. Then at the dawn of the new decade, Fripp met another unconventional guitarist/vocalist named Adrian Belew, and a new chapter of King Crimson was opened.

Effectively, there have been three distinct eras in the life of King Crimson. For the first slew of releases, Peter Sinfield served as the group's lyricist and visionary poet. Greg Lake was featured on lead vocals at that time, but later enjoyed fame in the keyboard-oriented classical rock of Emerson, Lake and Palmer.

By the mid-'70s, bassist John Wetton (later a member of Asia) took over vocal duties and some of the songwriting chores. Crimson had narrowed down from a seven- or eight-piece jazz-rock ensemble to a more fusion-based quartet. This also marked drummer Bill Bruford's arrival.

The third significant point in the Crimson evolution was the addition of Belew and Tony Levin in 1981. With his own non-conventional approach to the electric guitar, including eliciting animal noises from his instrument, Belew made a nearly perfect foil to Fripp's idiosyncratic, jazz-scale stylings. Belew's lyrics were also very much in line with traditional Crimson fare: offbeat, Far-Eastern, and definitely, non-cliche. Now a thoroughly modern-sounding band, Crimson had Belew's less grandiose, somewhat skewed, lyrical vision to bring it into the future from the land of fairy tales. Together with Bruford on various percussives and Levin on bass and the ten-string stick, the band had a leaner and tighter rhythmic base.

Fripp and Belew created three albums of intense, creepy, modern, progressive rock with shades of punk, dark balladry, and naturally, jazz. The three releases, *Discipline*, *Beat*, (a tribute to Jack Kerouac, Neal Cassady, and other "Beats") and *Three Of A Perfect Pair* brought King Crimson into the 1980s with a creativity that, as usual, was lacking from most of the music industry at the time. Appropriate song titles included "Elephant Talk," "Indiscipline," "Neurotica," "Nuages (That Which Passes, Passes Like Clouds)."

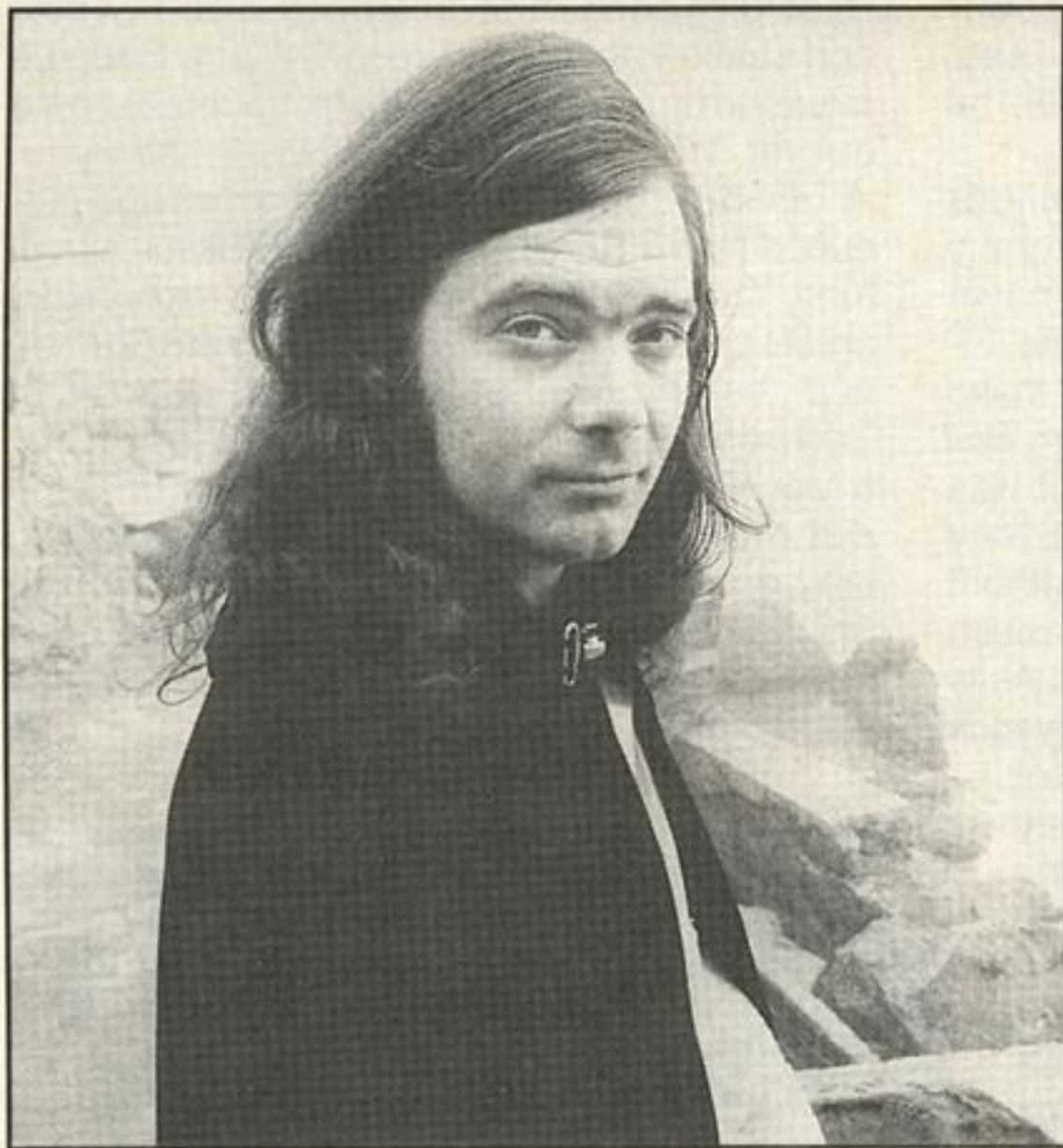
His contribution to Crimson aside, Belew is a chapter of modern rock himself. Having started small in the Midwest, Belew's reputation and resume grew when he signed on as a guitarist for David Bowie's 1978 tour. Belew followed that prominence by collaborating with studio veteran and crazy man Frank Zappa, newcomers Talking Heads and, of course, King Crimson, before working on his solo projects.

King Crimson's new lineup will again feature guitarist/vocalist Adrian Belew and stick player Tony Levin (fresh from Peter Gabriel's world tour), but will most likely not include drummer Bill Bruford. An alumni of other progressive rock bands including Yes and Genesis, Bruford is reported to be on a jazz kick of late.

An excellent boxed set *The Great Deceiver* was released two years ago. Although not always stocked in retail stores, this multi-compact disc collection gives King Crimson's cryptic history a full overview. Listen and you'll learn what it really means to be ahead of your time. ■



Robert Fripp and David Sylvian



Roky Erickson

# 13<sup>th</sup> floor ELEVATORS

BY BYRON MOORE

**M**any claims are made as to which band was the first psychedelic group. The Grateful Dead owe the origin of their sound to the famed early acid tests. The Byrds sang about the wonder of metaphysical tripping in the title track of their third album, *Fifth Dimension*. The Beatles began dipping into the astral plane on their album *Revolver*. But it was actually the 13th Floor Elevators from Texas who first used the word psychedelic on their debut album.

*The Psychedelic Sounds Of The 13th Floor Elevators* was released in August '66 on local label International Artists. The album cover was a trippy day-glo painting of an eye with a pyramid in the middle, which became a sort of trademark symbol for the group. Every song on that LP has psychedelic connotations except, perhaps, their one and only hit "You're Gonna Miss Me," which rose to #56 on the *Billboard* charts. Formed in Austin in late '65, their sound was a swirling, grungy combination of Stacy Sutherland's garage/acid/punk guitar, Benny Thurman's heavy bass, John Ike Walton's manic drums, and two key elements: the intense wail of lead singer and rhythm guitarist, Roky Erickson, and the amplified jug whoops of Tommy Hall.

That first album was like nothing before it—a mix of drugs, philosophy, love, and death that took rock on a new turn with songs like "Reverberation (Doubt)" and "Roller Coaster." The latter made it plain where their heads were at, "Well it starts like a roller coaster ride so real it takes your breath away/And you find you don't have the thirst for words cause there's nothing that you can say. After you trip life opens up, you start doing what you want to do/No one can ever hurt you because you know more than you thought you knew/And you're looking at the world through brand new eyes/And no one can ever spoil the view/Come on and let it happen to you/You've got to open up your mind and let everything come through." In fact, when Dick Clark asked Roky Erickson on an early appearance of *The Dick Clark show*, who the head of the band was, Erickson replied, "We're all heads."

In the summer of '66, Texas seemed an unlikely spawning point for acid-rock. It was tough being a freak in a place where drug

charges could bring a sentence of twenty years' hard labor. Chet Helms, who left Texas for San Francisco in 1962 and went on to become one of the key components in the Bay Area scene, has said that, "In the '60s, the repression in Texas was so severe that to escape it you had to create these vivid mental spaces, so I think you find in Texas some really strong characters with really vivid imaginations, really creative people who've found a way out of that repression to make a place for themselves, for their own sanity. I will always feel a very strong kinship for all the people who've escaped Texas." Knowing this, it's not surprising that being from Texas would eventually be the Elevators' wrecking ball.

The band was first busted at Tommy Hall's apartment in July of '66. Before the charges came to court, the local "hard time" judge was replaced, and the band got off with probation. Erickson, however, was later busted a second time. In order to avoid a harsh sentence, he pleaded insanity and spent three years in Rusk State Hospital, a mental institution. That spelled the end of the Elevators and the beginning of a long downward spiral for Erickson.

Before the end, though, the band had a very intense and influential career. After recording their first album, the Elevators headed off to California to play some gigs and get away from constant hassling by local police. They played live often, and many of those shows were at the Avalon Ballroom in San Francisco, run by Chet Helms. Years later *Live S.F. 66*, a live album from one of those shows, surfaced on Lysergic Records and was distributed by Family Dog Inc. The record sounds like a '66 bootleg, but crackles with raw psychedelic drive on tunes like the psych-folk "Splash 1," the kinetic "Thru The Rhythm," and covers of the Beatles' "The Word" and the Kinks' "You Really Got Me." Some of the other groups the Elevators were billed with were Grace Slick's first band, the Great Society, the Byrds, fellow Texans the Sir Douglas Quintet, Quicksilver Messenger Service, and the Charlatans.

During their span, the Elevators are

only known to have played two shows outside of Texas and California: in Albuquerque, New Mexico and Portland, Oregon. One old friend they knew from back in Texas was Janis Joplin, who had come out to play with Big Brother & The Holding Co. Happy to have some old familiar faces join her in the new promised land, she took them around to the house on Page Street where Big Brother lived, as well as to the Haight-Ashbury home of the Grateful Dead. Joplin, who had almost joined the Elevators back in Texas, was a regular fixture at the group's San Francisco gigs and dragged out everybody she could to watch her fellow Texans play. Her bandmate Sam Andrew described Erickson's scream as kind of metallic and non-human.

The Elevators returned to Texas before the year was out. Why the band didn't stay and

perhaps sign on with a bigger record company in California is a bit of a mystery, especially considering how much safer their lifestyle was there. Then in the fall of '67, the bass player and drummer were replaced by Danny Thomas and Dan Galindo, respectively, and the Elevators began recording their second album, *Easter Everywhere*. *Easter* contained a terrific cover of Dylan's "Baby Blue," which sung by Erickson, brought it to a whole new dimension. Other Elevator classics on *Easter* were "Postures (Leave Your Body Behind)" and the towering, eight-minute "Slip Inside This House," with lines like "If your limbs begin dissolving in the water that you tread/All surroundings are evolving in the stream that clears your head." The album was loaded with cosmic imagery and themes, and the sun on the front cover and Yogi on the back hinted at the influence of tantra yoga. The Elevators remained committed to their role as prophets of the new psychedelic age, gobbling acid and often turning live shows into non-stop feedback excursions. *Thirteenth Floor Elevators Live* was released in January '68. But it wasn't a live recording at all; rather, it was a



collection of studio outtakes and alternate versions of familiar songs with phony cheering and applause dubbed in between tunes. If you listen carefully, you'll notice the same 20 seconds of taped applause used throughout the record. The phony intro was tops, "We're all gathered together here for psychedelic music, we all are a family! Now, let's hear it for the most original psychedelic group in the entire country, 13th Floor Elevators!"

After three killer records bursting at the seams with everything psychedelic rock had to offer, the brief but intense flash that was the 13th Floor Elevators was about over. Erickson's last gig with the band is particularly noteworthy. While staying at Austin State Hospital pending a hearing, he escaped into the waiting car of a friend. He disappeared for three months before showing up to a highly-publicized Elevators' concert where authorities were waiting for him. Consequently, Erickson spent most of '68 to '70 in an institution for the criminally insane. In those days, electric shock therapy was commonplace, even for folks who were just social deviants. Erickson also believed he was being used as a kind of guinea pig to test different drugs at the hospital. After his release, Erickson would further claim that he was still receiving electroshock from the

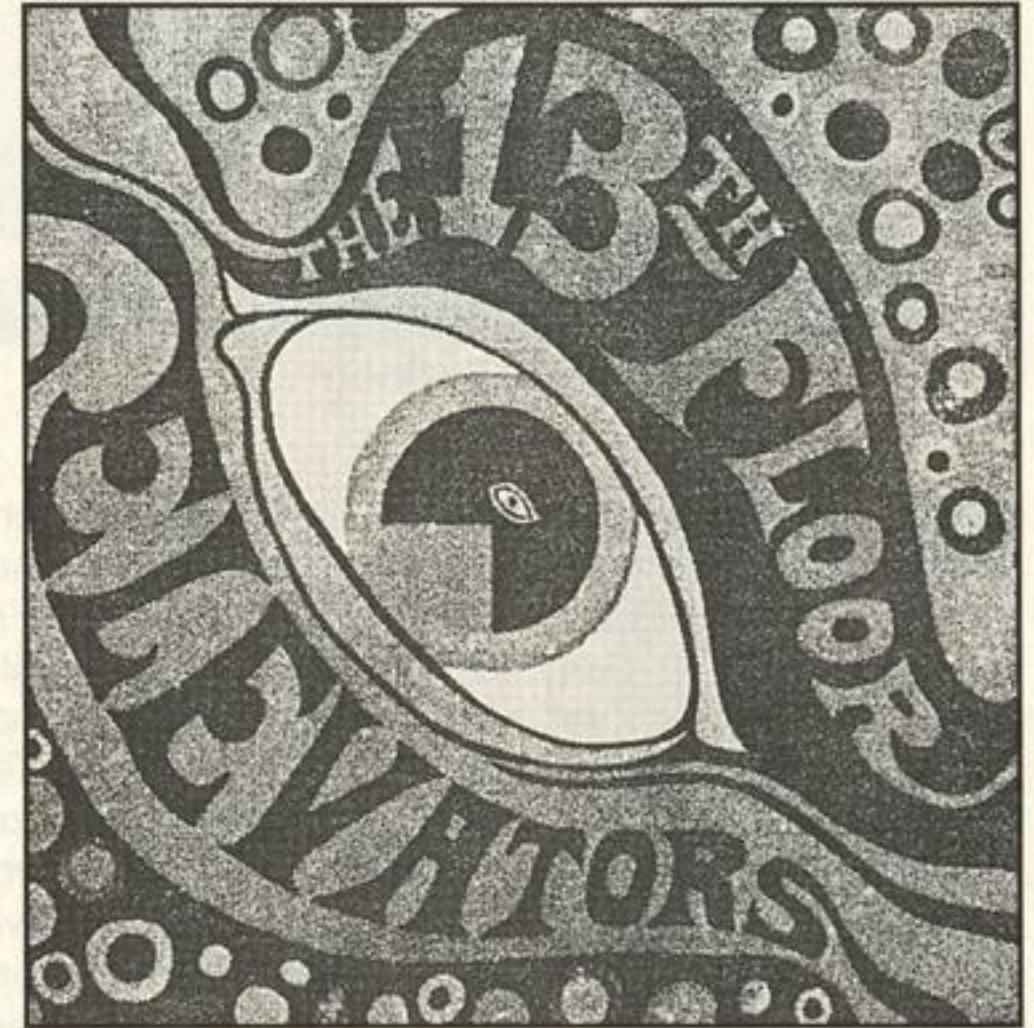


doctors through the power lines. Needless to say, Erickson would never be quite the same again.

With him finally out, efforts were made to put the group back together, but they never got off the ground. The Elevators did, however, make a fourth and final album *Bull Of The Woods* in '69. It was largely guitarist Stacy Sutherland's effort, without Erickson and without much input from Tommy Hall. As is often the case with early rock groups, the members of the Elevator claim they have yet to receive any royalties from the four official releases. Tommy Hall still lives in San Francisco and is said to be

working on a book of his philosophy. Stacy Sutherland was killed in a 1978 domestic dispute. Roky Erickson went on to record a half dozen highly-regarded EPs and LPs in the '70s and '80s before falling into more legal/mental troubles. (His life story since the Elevator days would make a good book on its own—another story for another time.) Today, the original four Elevator albums can be found as CD reissues. Because they were on such a small record company, the original records are quite rare and fetch huge sums on the collectors' market. Many more recordings have seen the light of day, including a couple from the Texas Archive

Recording series that unearthed local TV show and studio tracks. Most recently, Sire Records released one of the best tribute albums to come out yet, *Where The Pyramid Meets The Eye—A Tribute To Roky Erickson*. Compiled and produced by Bill Bentley to benefit Erickson's trust fund, the project brought together such Texan artists as ZZ Top, Doug Sahm, T. Bone Burnett, and the Butthole Surfers, along with other Erickson fans R.E.M., Julian Cope, and Jesus & Mary Chain to play the music of Roky Erickson and the 13th Floor Elevators. This collection proves how the music and influence of the Elevators have touched many the world over. Moreover, the 13th Floor Elevators' music has stood the test of time. ■



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# PSYCHEDELIC ROCK

by Byron Moore

**R**ock music has come a long way from its early barrelhouse boogie, to ditties of teen romance, into its own form of transcendence through sound. Psychedelic rock, in particular, found its niche in the mid-'60s when rockers discovered and combined psychotropic drugs, the thrill of jamming, and the infinite possibilities of the recording studio. Just as the first wave of psychedelic rock hit its peak around 1968 as every band attempted their own *Sgt. Pepper*, a turn towards simpler, more earthy sounds was instigated by people like Dylan, the Byrds, and The Band. It was this mellow, satisfied rock that spurred on punk, which then settled into new wave and monotonous synthesizer music. The rejection of automated synth-rock forced a return to live guitar-based music in the early 1980s and the rebirth of psychedelic rock. This second wave of psychedelic rock, even with the emergence of rap and other styles, has not gone away. But unlike their '60s contemporaries, most of the best modern psychedelic bands are not heard on commercial radio.

In the last decade, there have been some tremendous groups and artists that deserve recognition. At the beginning of the '80s, perhaps rock's weakest period, small pockets of bands began forming all over the map. In the U.K., groups like **The Teardrop Explodes**, **Echo & The Bunnymen**, **Psychedelic Furs**, and **the Cure**, played guitars in response to hit-making synth groups like Human League and Soft Cell. The bands explored old faves like Love, the Byrds, and the Velvet Underground and borrowed the song styles of such founding fathers as John Lennon and Syd Barrett. They further developed their style by using their inherent British knack for good melodies and harmonies. The Furs and the Bunnymen actually made a dent in the charts, which peaked around '87/'88.

**The Cure**, led by Robert Smith, have basically kept the same lineup that they have today. Their once thin, young sound has developed into a huge and powerful din as evidenced on the varied music of '87's *Kiss Me, Kiss Me, Kiss Me*, the grand rush of '89's *Disintegration*, and last year's soaring *Wish*. The group's touring schedule is sporadic, but their shows are a testament to their position as one of the current English psychedelic masters.

Out of The Teardrop Explodes came another British psychedelic master, **Julian Cope**. Since his mid-'80s psychedelic classics *Fried* and *World Shut Your Mouth*, he has gone on to record some dense, essential records with 1990's sprawling *Peggy Suicide* and the recent masterwork *Jehovahkill*. Cope's vibrant body of work has some of the richest swirling sounds

that combine sounds of the psych masters of the past with the beat-oriented music of today.

Around almost as long as the Cure are Australia's **The Church**, whose sound went from charming psychedelic new wave pop on their early '80s efforts to majestic glittering epics on *Heyday* and *Starfish*. Their most recent albums are more ambient and expansive, and as psychedelic as it gets. The mature and surreal *Gold Afternoon Fix* and *Priest = Aura* finds them in a class of their own. Main pen and voice Steve Kilbey has produced a prolific output of solo and group material, while fellow members Peter Koppes and Marty Willson-Piper have released solo projects as well. In 1981 the **Scientists** emerged out of Sydney, playing a swampy garage punk grunge and releasing over a dozen records that rarely saw these shores, before recently packing it in. Also from Australia are the **Hoodoo Gurus** whose great sense of pop melody and '60s guitar crunch are best evidenced on their 1983 debut *Stoneage Romeos* with songs like "(Let's All) Turn On" and "In The Echo Chamber." Yet another Australian band firmly entrenched in '60s-style psychedelia are the **Lime Spiders** whose loud guitar ravings echo Cream and day-glo psych on releases *The Cave Comes Alive* and *Headcleaner*.

Seminal mid-'70s punkers **Wire** from England started out with two-minute bursts of prime punk on *Pink Flag* and evolved into more oblique, fuzzy soundscapes on *154* and *Chairs Missing*. The group took a break and returned with the techno-flavored *The Ideal Copy* in '86. The next record, *A Bell Is A Cup Until It Is Struck*, is the pinnacle of their excellence with a group of songs that take one to another place entirely. Wire has proven to be one of England's most inventive groups. As one critic put it, "Wire expands your mind without blowing it."

Original new wave punkers **XTC** went totally psychedelic in the mid-80s with their side project **The Dukes Of Stratosphere**. The '84 EP *25 O'Clock* showcased their studio wizardry and love for Beatles and Syd Barrett-era Pink Floyd. The Dukes' subsequent efforts have continued their tribute to '60s psychedelia. Between Dukes' projects, the band released the Todd Rundgren produced *Skylarking*, easily the '80s answer to the Beach Boys' evocative *Pet Sounds*.

In the mid-'80s, the Reid brothers' band **Jesus & Mary Chain** from Scotland burst onto the

scene with *Psychocandy*, a minimalist opus of feedback that sounded like Phil Spector had produced the Velvet Underground. Still rocking, they were part of '92's Lollapalooza Tour. Shortly after Jesus & Mary Chain came England's **Spacemen 3**, a band that took extended feedback to new levels with sprawling epics of skagged-out euphoria on a series of albums that either seduced you like a morphine cloud or had you leaving the room with the spins. For pure psychedelic intensity, accept no substitutes for Spacemen 3. In the same vein, and worthy of mention, are fellow Brits **Loop** who never could quite top the brilliance of Spacemen.

**Bauhaus** was an early '80s group that made a good psychedelic-driven noise on numbers like "Bela Lugosi's Dead." The band eventually splintered into **Tones on Tail** and then **Love & Rockets** who made some popular late '80s psych on records like *Express* and *Earth Sun Moon*. Since 1987 **Bevis Frond** has been making homespun psychedelia that relies mostly on Hendrixian guitar freakouts with enough melodic pop thrown in to please any psych fan. Releases such as *Triptych*, *Bevis Through The Looking Glass*, and *Acid Jam* have earned a loyal following in Frond's native U.K. Before the early '80s U.K. bands mentioned above, were the criminally overlooked **Soft Boys** out of Cambridge, England. Finally seeing the light of day thanks to some marvellous reissues, new fans are getting the opportunity to explore one of England's most exciting bands. Their three original releases, *A Can Of Bees*, *Invisible Hits*, and *Underwater Moonlight* are filled with edgy, quirky, psych pop tunes that were all recorded by 1980. They were too melodic and musically proficient for punk and, subsequently, were both ten years ahead and behind. Original Soft Boy



Husker Dü

Robyn Hitchcock said the group aimed to be a cross between *Abbey Road* and *Trout Mask Replica*. Luckily, the core of the band are still together as **Robyn Hitchcock And The Egyptians**, who continue to make some of the best psychedelic pop going on releases like '89's *Queen Elvis* and the recent *Respect*. Hitchcock's uncanny knack for great melody, along with an output that borders on prolific, all make for some of the most brilliantly enjoyable psychedelic pop of this modern psych era.

Meanwhile, there was another psychedelic movement going on in the States. In Los Angeles, a handful of bands were starting to play clubs and hang out in what became referred to as the Paisley Underground. The **Bangles** explored the chime of the Byrds and the harmonies of the Mamas & Papas before losing it on the way to becoming MTV queens. Their first

LP, '84's *All Over The Place* remains their best untainted effort. **Rain Parade** were the most out-and-out psychedelic of the groups with their kaleidoscopic drone on a number of releases, including the impressive EP *Explosions In the Glass Palace*. Guitarist Dave Roback has continued his dizzy guitar stylings in the psych projects of **Opal** and the recent **Mazzy Star**. **Long Ryders** pursued the country-flavored sounds of the Flying Burrito Brothers and Buffalo Springfield on a handful of releases, the most consistent being '84's *Native Sons* that featured a guest vocal by original Byrd, Gene Clark. **The Three O'Clock** made ornamental psych pop for a number of years, eventually catching Prince's eye and signing to his Paisley Park label before fading into obscurity. But they did leave us with a fine peak LP *Arrive Without Travelling*. **Green On Red** went from organ and guitar-driven frenzy to a more roots-based Neil Young and Crazy Horse sound and continue today with a streamlined sound reminiscent of Exile-era Stones on *Here Come The Snakes* and *This Time Around*. **Dream Syndicate** were most often compared to the Velvet Underground, and a listen to their first, and many say best, release *Days of Wine and Roses*, shows why. Singer **Steve Wynn** had a menacingly intense way on stage that combined Lou Reed's iciness and Jim Morrison's flair for intimidation as he tore through his story songs. The band is no longer together, but they left behind some great music. Wynn continues to record solo and has recently formed **Gutterball** with ex-Long Ryder Stephen McCarthy.

From San Francisco came **Game Theory**, led by amazing tunesmith Scott Miller. Produced by Mitch Easter, who also worked with R.E.M. and Guadalcanal Diary among others, Game Theory produced psychedelic pop that seemed to take off where early '70s cult faves Big Star had left off, on albums including '85's *The Big Shot Chronicles* and '88's flawed masterpiece *Lolita Nation*. This is nothing short of brilliant stuff. A recent CD compilation *Tinker To Evers To Chance* has made it easier to find and enjoy the best of this amazing group. Now defunct, Miller has turned his attention to a new project **The Loud Family**. Also from the Bay Area since 1985 are the **Sneetches**, whose records combine crystallized harmonies over pure '60s psych pop in the tradition of the Byrds and Beau Brummels. Still going strong, they play regularly in the Bay Area.

While all of this was going on, underground kings **R.E.M.** were breaking open the door for many of these bands by gaining a large reputation internationally for their superb shows and unique albums. While '83's *Murmur* and '84's *Reckoning* hinted at a kind of Byrdsy pop sound, *Fables Of The Reconstruction* from '85 is the band's most psychedelic effort, from the cover art to the rich, moody production by Joe Boyd (early Floyd, Fairport Convention). The album rings with delights that stay in the mind with its collection of brooding, tingling pieces. Since then, subsequent releases have leaned towards a harder guitar and drum-heavy sound that lack the mystery and, therefore, psychedelic aspect of their early records. Mitch Easter produced the first few R.E.M. records and his personal project **Let's Active** made a handful of timeless, enjoyable '60s-flavored guitar-based music with some killer hooks. *Big Plans For Everybody*, their '86 release, remains the peak.

The early '80s also saw a host of exciting new bands that blazed a new sound for the times. **Sonic Youth**, out of New York, played

with odd tunings and chord structures and have expanded on it ever since, becoming more bold and ground-breaking with every release. From *Bad Moon Rising* through *Daydream Nation* and *Sister*, right up to the recent *Dirty*, the group can purr and howl, and their buzz is a constant pleasure. Neil Young took them under his wing to open his 1991 *Ragged Glory* tour.

**Husker Du** came out of a fertile Minnesota scene at the same time as Prince, the Replacements, and Soul Asylum. The Huskers started out as faster and louder than all hell, but eventually tamed their sound enough to come out with gems like '84's *Zen Arcade*, with its backwards guitar orgfest on "Dreams Recurring" and other blinding charges through their abrasive, pop-flavored world. Husker Du went on to make some glittering chrome-power pop, then quit when it appeared they had lost their edge. Today the two songwriters of the group are still at it. Drummer Grant Hart is now playing guitar in his band **Nova Mob**, while Bob Mould made a couple of angst-filled solo LPs before forming the icy pop band **Sugar**.

One band that has often been compared to the Grateful Dead are the **Meat Puppets**. Starting out in a hardcore vein, their second record found them working up a unique hybrid of expansive countryisms combined with poetic psychedelia. Their third and fourth albums, *Up On The Sun* and *Mirage*, are their most Dead-like outings with tight and twisted folksy doodlings that often like to touch on that far-away place where good jams go. If you could shrink the Dead down to three players and speed up the music, it would probably sound like either of those albums. Likewise, if the Meat Puppets are still playing in 15 years, they'll probably sound like the Dead. The Pups have been known to gobble a little of the 'ol heaven-and-hell dose for their shows, and are still taking their desert-whipped songs of discovery "out there," going for that x-factor in concert. Ten years on, the Meat Puppets are still doing their thing.

Howard Gelb's **Giant Sand** have turned out about a dozen slabs of rich American lore-laced rock, revealing an abundance of great songs. His Dylan/Young respect is obvious, and while the music isn't psychedelic in the mind-bending sense, it is in the down to earth way that The Band could be. The band hit a peak with '88's *The Love Songs* and have not let down since. Recent efforts such as *Swerve* and *Center Of The Universe* continue to impress with an endless source of fine songs. Also getting their start in the early '80s were **Camper Van Beethoven** from the West Coast, who had a bit of a following amongst Deadheads, thanks to their folksy sound that had a hand in the blotter most of the time. Songs like "Take The Skinheads Bowling" and "We Saw Jerry's Daughter," along with their psychedelic instrumentals driven by a variety of instruments, developed a fondness for the band that is hard to shake. No longer together, a recent compilation of rarities and oddities is a good primer.

The **Feelies**, with their irregular tours and recordings, have constantly garnered the raves of critics for their uncompromising dedication to straightforward, uncluttered rock. Records such as *The Good Earth* and *Only Life* display their charm in a Velvet's style of rhythm that is both strong and friendly. The **Wipers** from the Northwest were led by Greg Sage and his wonderful exploratory guitar for over ten years, earning him a reputation as a kind of six-string hero. A number of releases ensued, but may be hard to

track down now. *The Best Of Wipers and Greg Sage*, a CD comp of these pioneering psychsters, is probably easiest to find. Latest word is they've reformed.

Two bands that continue to go places since the mid-'80s are **Dinosaur Jr.** and the **Butthole Surfers**. Dinosaur Jr. are led by J. Mascis, whose songs and guitar have gone from twisted, little country-punkings on their wonderful self-titled first LP, through anguished, sludgy, hammering dirges on *You're Living All Over Me*, *Bug*, and *Green Mind*. Now on a major label, their superb latest *Where You Been* finds the massive heavy guitar crunchers backed by cello and even girl singers. Lovers of great melody and loud pedal-fueled guitar swirlings, Dinosaur Jr. are fast becoming the leaders of alternative rock whose album releases and concerts are events worth waiting for.

The **Butthole Surfers** are not so much hung up on great melodies like Dino Jr. as they are on creating the most mind-bending, twisted rock possible. Their self-released *Double Live Bootleg* is one of the most psychedelic concerts ever transferred to tape. Band member Paul Leary says, "It used to be that we'd put LSD on our tongues when we started playing, and we'd swallow the hit after the first number. Really, though, it's best taken half an hour before a gig so the furze and lights are all revolving when you pick up your instrument." Their sound has gone from early records of hilarious and obnoxious studio madness on '84's *Psychic...Powerless*, through the supremely bent *Locust Abortion Technician*, to the wondrous *Hairway To Steven*. *Hairway* really brought out the soul of the band's musicianship within the context of humor and studio wizardry, and the band has continued to experiment and stretch the boundaries of music and taste like no one else. Wonder of wonders, their latest, and major label debut to boot, *Independent Worm Saloon*, is produced by ex-Led Zepper John Paul Jones!

A great many of the bands of the psychedelic revival of the '80s were, and are, faithful tributes to '60s psychedelia and garage punk. These bands often pay close attention to detail, from the style of their album cover artwork, to the equipment used, and clothes worn. **Plan 9**, **Chesterfield Kings**, **Miracle Workers**, **Cynics**, **Vipers**, **Gruesomes**, and all-girl bands the **Brood** and the **Pandoras** all took this approach and produced some great energetic rock in the tradition of original psych-punkers like Chocolate Watchband, Seeds, 13th Floor Elevators, and early Stones and Kinks. Among the few that have endured are the **Lyres** and **Fuzztones** who seem to reappear just when you thought they'd packed it in. The Lyres, from the Boston area, are led by main guy and organ driver Jeff Conolly, also known as Monoman. The Lyres have been around since the early '80s and have produced a strong body of punchy, no-frills, sweaty rock that never fails to get things going. Being on a variety of smaller labels makes the band's catalog hard to find, but true infectious classics like *Lyres*, *Lyres* and *A Promise Is A Promise*, with its nine bonus live tracks, are worth looking for. The recent *Happy Now* finds them back on the circuit and true to their vision of blue-eyed rave-ups of black R&B sounds that make ultimate party music. The **Fuzztones** have also been making records and touring for years. Fronted by singer Rudi Protrudi, these guys are a popular live attraction for their stomping, fuzzed-out, psychedelic, garage grunge. With songs like "Green Slime,"



"Love At Psychedelic Velocity," and "Lysergic Emanations," how can you resist? One of their most popular waxings *Live In Europe* displays their tantalizing live energy on way-cool originals and classic '60s garage covers of Love's "7 And 7 Is," Count V's "Psychotic Reaction," and "Blues Theme" from Peter Fonda's B-movie biker flick *The Wild Angels*.

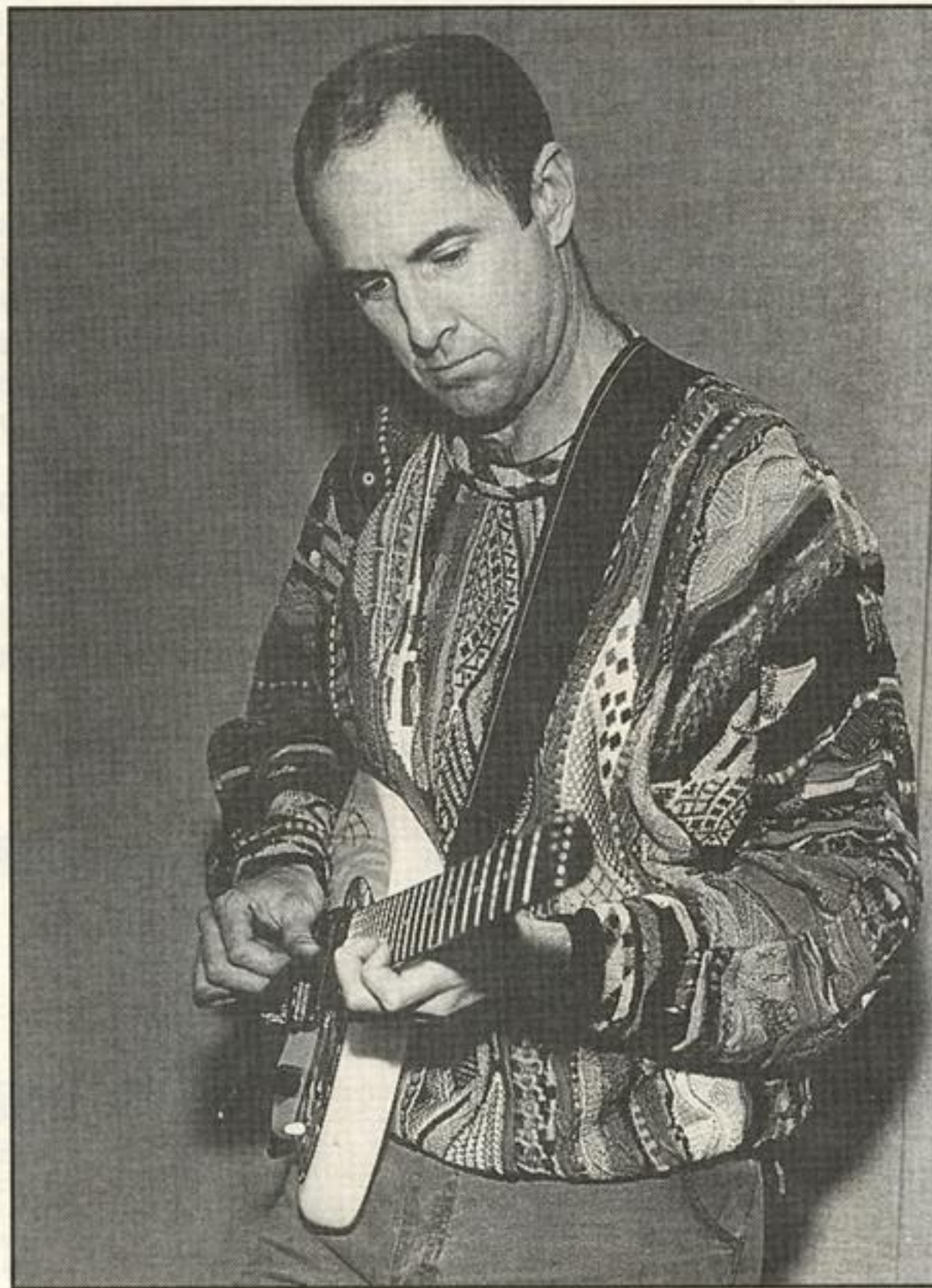
Leaning more to the late '60s/early '70s is **Red Kross**. Starting out in L.A. in their early teens, they peaked with their third LP, '87's *Neurotica*. With just the right amount of whipped distortion and acoustic shine under seamless pop vocal harmonies, the record is infectious and tight and should please any '60s pop aficionado. In between *Neurotica* and last year's long awaited follow-up *Third Eye*, the band concentrated on **Tater Totz**, their satirical send-up cover vehicle, where lots of psychedelic-period Beatles and even Yoko Ono tunes are demolished and reconstructed. The Tater Totz recorded two LPs with help that even included Danny Bonaduce of Partridge Family fame. A live tape of the Totz's only gig, recorded in S.F., is slated for release.

Late '80s psychedelia practically peaked with **Plasticland's** opus *Salon*. This is one of the most sophisticated studio efforts of the decade, with a sonic density second to none. "A Quick Commentary On Wax Museums" lets you know just what tripping in a wax museum could be like! Anything by these masters is worth its weight in microdots. Unfortunately, Plasticland have been laid to rest, but in their place now is **Fabulon Triptometer**, and their album *Padded Lounge* has ex-Plasticman Glen Rehse continuing in the realm and getting nothing but rave reviews. The other main Plasticguy is John C. Frankovic, and his new band **Gothics** delivers the stuff that will satisfy both psych and grunge fans with their latest *Wrong, Wrong*. Loosely associated with Plasticland are **Dementia 13** from Ohio, whose Barrett-like outings have titles like "Psychedelic Mushroom Cloud Explosion" and "Can You Hear The Walls Melting?" that give you an idea of their headspace. Look for '89's *Disturb The Air*, produced by Glen Rehse.

One group that was almost completely overlooked amid the synth pop of the early '80s was Boston's **Mission Of Burma**. Their loud, sharp, and powerful rage was built on a merciless thud of pounding drums, punchy guitars, and chanting vocals with some tape effects thrown in. Way ahead of its time, Burma left behind plenty of overdriven music that saw much of its release after the band called it quits in 1983. The 80-minute CD comp entitled *Mission of Burma* contains most of their strongest work. Drummer Peter Prescott went on to form **Volcano Suns**, which took the melodic and sludgy elements of Burma into a new realm of songs that roar along with great hooks. Prescott is the main writer and singer of this powerful trio whose thumping slabs are chock full of dense melodic raves of cacophonous celebration. After the second LP, '87's *All Night Lotus Party*, guitarist Gary Waleik and bassist Steve Michener left and were rapidly replaced in time for the Suns' best effort *Bumper Crop*. The two ex-Suns formed **Big Dipper**, who took the strong melodic aspect of Volcano Suns and added fantastic hooks and harmonies to come

up with some of the catchiest, loopyest pop of the decade. Their '88 release *Craps* is superb and led to a major label contract, which debuted with '90's *Slam*—a hugely disappointing follow-up. They haven't been heard of since.

White noise and psychedelia bands from the mid-'80s emerged from all over the map. **Pussy Galore**, **Honeymoon Killers**, and **Live Skull** took that route and released a bevy of sonic disturbances. Just as loud and hard is the trio **Killdozer**, who like their name suggests, piledrive songs into the ground with the power of a jackhammer at 33 1/3 rpm. They're known for taking covers like Neil Diamond's "I Am, I Said" and Young's "Cinnamon Girl" and pulverizing them into sonic pulp with vocals of sheer iron-lunged voltage, making them hilariously funny and frightening at the same time. Highlights are LPs *Little Baby Buntin* and *For Ladies Only*. On the more melodic front from the same



Henry Kaiser

period are **Band Of Susans** (who actually had three Susans at the start) with their fuzzy din of guitar and female vocals. Less noisy was **Salem 66**, also led by female players, who made some tunefully psychedelic records. The **Swans**, a very dark and brooding trio, have produced some frighteningly despairing, yet innovative soundburns of their own over the course of their ten years with as many albums. **Galaxie 500**, from Boston, use a bit of the Velvets and plenty 'o reverb like many of the recent Brit bands, but with more basement and less production. Still going strong, the **Flaming Lips** have also carved out a niche for themselves with consistently warped modern psych on albums such as *Here It Is* and *A Priest Driven Ambulance*.

On the loonier side of things is **Bongwater**, whose releases find them going loco in the studio, producing shimmering psychedelia that defies comparison. Their records *Double Bummer* and *Too Much Sleep* have some hilarious

covers and ultra-psychedelic originals. The CD of *Double Bummer* is a treat with lots of bonus stuff, including a cover of Roky Erikson's "You Don't Love Me Yet." These records have some of the most open-ended elastic sounds of the new psychedelic era.

Readers of *Relix* are probably familiar with guitar schizo-virtuoso Henry Kaiser who has a Dead cover band that specializes in numbers the Dead rarely play, such as "Mason's Children" and "St. Stephen." Ex-Dead member Tom Constanten is often in tow. Among Kaiser's ten or so releases is '88's *Those Who Know History Are Doomed To Repeat It*, a hint of the music within. Included are studio renditions of "Mason's Children," a live version of Capt. Beefheart's "Alice In Blunderland," and a lengthy jam of "Dark Star" incorporating "The Other One." *Heart's Desire*, with its wild fractal cover, is a double live recording that captures the Henry Kaiser Band at its best. Also in the veteran category is **Eugene Chadbourne**, whose prolific output throughout the last 13 years (many on his own label Parachute) combines an incredible wealth of material and inspiration. His love of eccentric and goofy medleys of covers (Zappa, Tim Buckley, Phil Ochs), and gift for extending and improvising even country standards on his acoustic guitar, make for a library of eclectic toonage. *LSD C&W*, *Country Protest*, and *Corpses of Foreign Wars* are just a few worthy titles. Chadbourne also recorded two outings with Camper Van Beethoven who add plenty of instrumental textures to his vamps.

What would an overview of modern psychedelia be without the **Cramps**? Since their '79 debut *Gravest Hits*, these psycho/rockabilly/acid monster rockers have been churning out their own brand of skeletal stomp that has inspired legions of imitators. For the best in zombie voodoo minimalist primal rock, there's no one better than these living legends. *Psychedelic Jungle*, *Bad Music For Bad People*, and *Stay Sick* are among the Cramps' best/worst trashy B-music.

Two bands from California have produced some of the most unique and original sounds yet. Armed with unmistakable lead voices, songs, and instrumental atmosphere, **Thin White Rope** and **American Music Club** have defied categorization. They are included here

for their swampy, sinister explorations that are, without doubt, in the psychedelic realm. The gritty vocals of Thin White Rope's Guy Keyser, coupled with the spiraling twin guitars of him and Roger Kunkel, provide the soundscape for the band's smoking amp grooves on excellent records such as *In The Spanish Cave*, *Sack Full Of Silver*, and *The Ruby Sea*. Sadly, the group broke up after the latter's '92 release, leaving behind some of America's most original guitar music. A recent live recording of their last show is their final testament. The Bay Area's American Music Club is based on Mark Eitzel's confessional odes of being down and out and lost that come off more as emotional cleansing than depressing music. The atmospheric, droning instrumentation wraps his writing in deep, seamless arrangements. Still around, AMC's latest *Mercury* continues their expanding sound.

A recent trend in England, Manchester to be exact, created a whole new psychedelic movement. Based around all-night raves and a re-

surge of LSD and Ecstasy, a scene developed where people would haul a truck and generator into a field so that bands could play and people could dance into the wee hours. These bands blended the British flair for harmony and melody with a relentless dance beat often using wah-wah guitar and '60s organ sounds. Some of the bands to come out of this scene are **Inspiral Carpets**, **Ride**, **Charlatans U.K.**, **Blur**, and **Stone Roses**, who after only one release remain the most popular. **Mock Turtles**, also from Manchester, don't have the heavy beat of the current rave bands, but are more true to original psychedelia with the accent on songs. **My Bloody Valentine** has gained quite a name for themselves for a sound that uses infinite layers of fuzz, feedback, and drone that has put them among the top of recent British distortion movement initiated by Jesus & Mary Chain.

**Swervedriver**, less droney with an accent on great hooks and skillful playing, pack an impressive psych punch on their tremendous debut *Raise*. This is definitely a band to keep an eye on. **Lush**, fronted by two women on guitar and vocals, has created a most distinct haze of buzzing guitar changes and ethereal harmonies. The recent *Spooky* is an endless flow that envelopes a circular collection of tunes. Lush's last few efforts have been produced by Robin Guthrie whose band the **Cocteau Twins**, along with **The Fall** and **Felt**, were making records long before most of the recent rave bands, and their influence is obvious. The Cocteau Twins, on their 20 or so albums of exploratory trance tunes, have been trailblazing the way for bands like Lush with many records that have but one or two actual tracks. Their recent *Heaven Or*

*Las Vegas* finds the band rediscovering themselves with an imaginative collection of actual songs.

Similar to the Twins are **The Fall** whose huge body of output (over 30 records!) makes them the forefathers of dreamy experimental Brit-rock. Formed in Manchester in '77, their constant studio adventures find them with an endless array of imaginative work. Another prolific band, **Felt**, have been recording often underappreciated albums (15 at last count) since their debut *Crumbling The Antiseptic Beauty* in '81. The track "Evergreen Dazed" best describes the sound that made them one of the first bands to incorporate chiming Byrdsy guitar in long moody pieces that would soon be adopted by the new psychedelic wave in the U.K.

In a similar vein, atmospherically speaking, are **Talk Talk** whose first records were delicate pop. Lately, they've turned to creating sprawling epics that draw one into an ambient world of muted vocals and distorted guitars that flutter and disappear like butterflies in a field. To enter their garden, pick up *Spirit Of Eden* and the recent *Laughing Stock*.

Even the recent grunge wave out of Seattle has a touch of psychedelia. **Screaming Trees** have been making ambitious, hard rocking, psychedelic-based records before most of the recent grungsters were out of high school. Albums such as *Invisible Lantern*, *Buzz Factory*, and *Uncle Anaesthesia* show them as masters of northwest aggression and psychedelic fancy.

**Soundgarden** have borrowed from original metal monsters like Black Sabbath as a jumping-off point for their swampy, heavy swirl of volume. These guys play slower than most, so you gloriously suffer every buzz and whine of

their amped-to-11 guitars. From Canada are the **Rheostatics** who have developed a solid fan base there with two releases. *Melville* and *Whale Music* show this foursome's love for fragmented pop, psychedelic jams, delicate harmonies, and crashing drive—all often in the same song! True to their northern roots, the songs often reflect their love for things uniquely Canadian. They're sure to hit the States soon.

Meanwhile, a whole new bag of touring monsters have emerged with jamming grooves based around funk, reggae, blues, and whatever else strikes their fancy. **Spin Doctors** and their sudden success have blown open the doors on the Wetlands' scene for road hogs **Blues Traveler** and not-far-behind **Phish**, **Widespread Panic**, **Col. Bruce Hampton and the Aquarium Rescue Unit**, plus Relix Records' own **Solar Circus**, **Max Creek**, **Sandoz**, **Stackabones**, and **Living Earth**. Stay tuned to Relix for regular coverage of these bands.

Finally, and fortunately, a host of tribute albums where various bands and artists pick their favorite song and reinterpret it (sometimes faithfully and sometimes giving it new life) have surfaced as testimonial of the love many of these bands have for original psychedelia. Among the best are tributes to the **Byrds**, **Roky Erikson**, **Syd Barrett**, **Kinks**, **Captain Beefheart**, **Neil Young**, **Brian Wilson**, **Donovan**, and even the **Rutles!** Hearing Dinosaur Jr. play the Byrds, or Sonic Youth playing Pet Sounds, or Butthole Surfers playing 13th Floor Elevators, is a fitting tribute and a trip. Yup, it looks like psychedelic rock is here to stay. Naturally, we've left out lots, and it's coming out of the woodwork as we speak. So dig it up, turn it on, and freak out! ■

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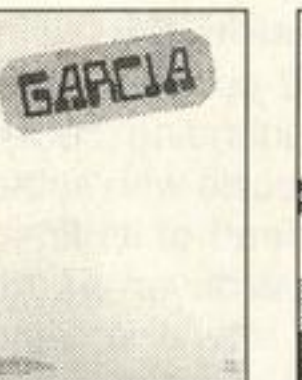
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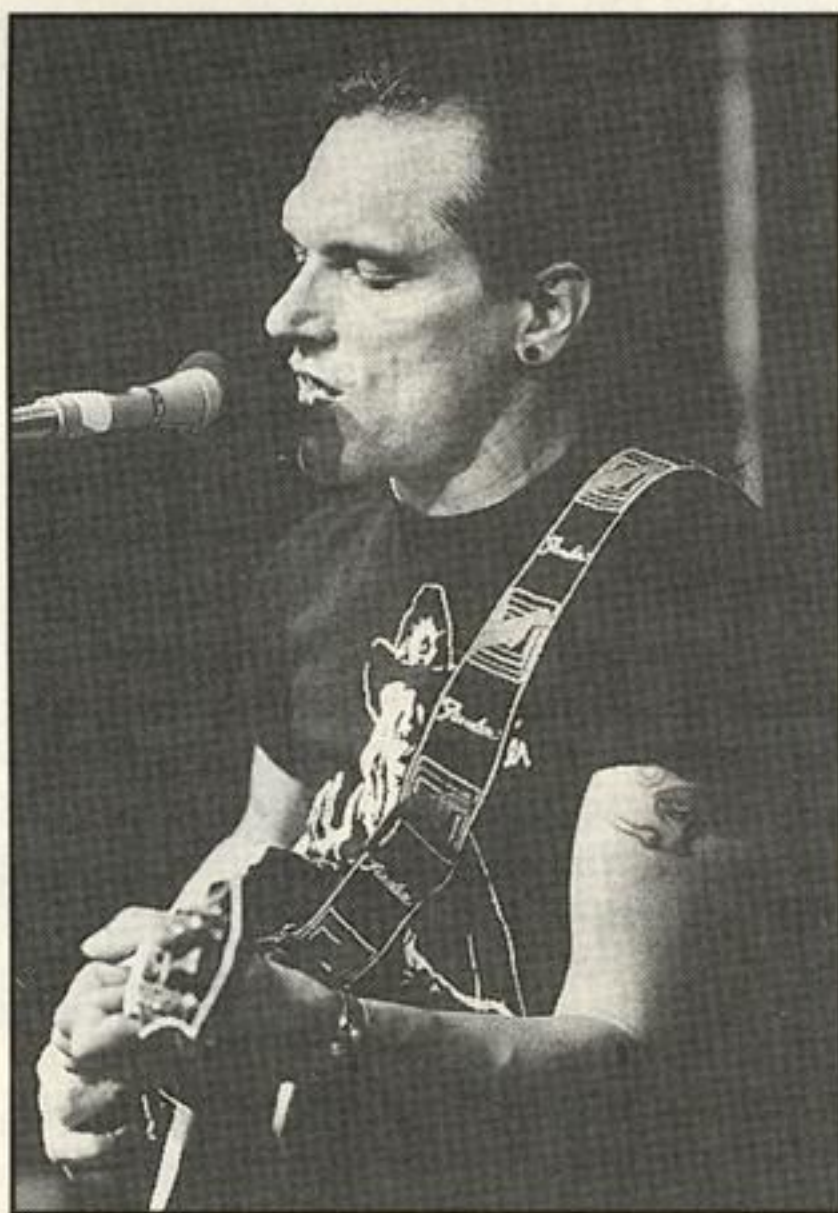
It used to be that hot tuna was something found in casseroles in working class households across the U.S. For the truly initiated, it was an answer to a lyrical question in a bawdy blues song. For those lucky enough to be in or around the San Francisco music scene in 1969, however, the two words took on a whole different meaning.

The Washington, D.C. of Jorma Kaukonen and Jack Casady's youth was full of the sounds of gospel, bluegrass, country, blues, jazz, and rockabilly, not to mention its illegitimate and uncontrollable offspring, rock 'n' roll. Casady remembers, "On a Saturday afternoon, I'd go to the Howard Theatre for \$1.50 and see Ray Charles and Aretha Franklin and scores of other people. What a fantastic musical era to grow up in. We'd go down to a club called the Shamrock and see Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs, and Mike Seeger and his band playing a lot of mountain music and folk music. And jazz. I'd see Cannonball Adderley and Yusef Lateef and Roland Kirk and probably my favorite bass influence at the time, Charles Mingus."

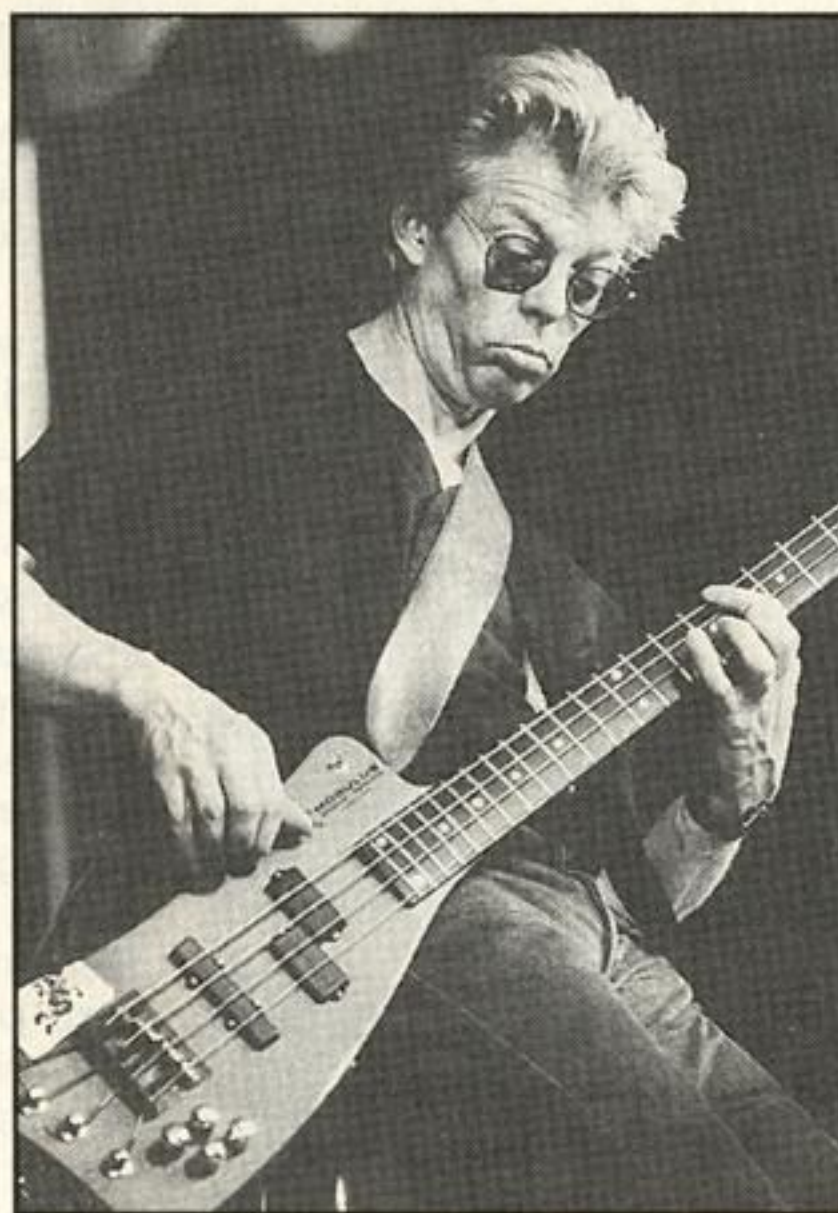
Kaukonen recalls really getting into music in the years between elementary school and junior high. He says, "It sort of all fell into place along with discovering girls. My father was stationed in Pakistan. We would go to parties at various American's houses, and we started dancing. Most of it as music was really pretty loathsome, I guess. I remember dancing to 'How Much Is That Doggie in the Window.' But I remember the year that 'Rock Around The Clock' came out. That really had a profound impact on me. It wasn't rock 'n' roll as we know it, but it was damn close."

Kaukonen and Casady became friends and musical accomplices in D.C. in the early 1960s. The blues were the magnet that drew them together. Kaukonen was friends with Casady's older brother, Chick, and he often came by the house to immerse himself in Chick's extensive blues collection. Once Kaukonen and Casady discovered that they each played the guitar, an even deeper bond was formed.

Kaukonen and Casady got on well musically and personally and found a perfect way to blend the two. Kaukonen recalls, "When we were in high school, we had a garage band called the Triumphs. It was easier than coming up with a real band name. This way we got to use the Triumph motorcycle symbol on our bass drum head. The Triumphs were a funny band. Jack was the lead guitar player. I was the rhythm guitar player and singer. Our drummer was a guy named Warren 'Ubangi Stomp' Smith. The bass



Jorma Kaukonen



Jack Casady

# RED HOT TUNA

BY JYM FAHEY

player was a guy named Mike Honeycutt who didn't have a bass. He did have a Gretch 'Country Gentleman' with those dampers on the bass strings. So he put these real heavy strings on, tuned them down, and put the dampers on.

"We were doing Buddy Holly, some Conway Twitty and Carter Family stuff, a few select Bob Dylan songs, Johnny Cash, and simple rock 'n' roll tunes that we could get. We were absolutely shameless. We started working out almost immediately at a time when we probably shouldn't have. We had a great time, and we certainly weren't afraid about getting our feet wet." Casady recalls, "We played in a bunch of clubs, and one of them, when I was about 14 and he [Jorma] was 17, was called the Rendezvous. We went on before Link Wray." The Triumphs, however, did not make a big splash in the history of rock 'n' roll. In fact, they hardly made a ripple. But the band's two most famous alumni were on the brink of making music history.

country. At the University of Santa Clara he met up with Paul Kantner, as well as Janis Joplin, Jerry Garcia, Pigpen, and several other members of what has become the Bay Area musical royalty.

Meanwhile, back on the East Coast, Casady, in addition to lead guitar, had learned to handle the bass and was plying his trade wherever he could. "One of the guys I played with all the time was Danny Gatton. I played in a lot of R&B bands with a Wurlitzer piano like Ray Charles and three saxes like Huey 'Piano' Smith and the Clowns." He even had the opportunity to work with Little Anthony Gourdin. "I did two weeks with Little Anthony. There was a drummer that I worked with who had worked with James Brown. This gentleman asked me if I wanted to work in a band because Little Anthony was coming to town for two weeks. Things were a lot more innocent in those days in a certain way, but still I found myself in an all-black band at the time. I guess I held my own. I also might be playing in a bluegrass band the next night. It was all good music and good players were playing it, and I was all ears."

At the same time, Casady was passing his knowledge on as a bass and guitar teacher. "I started teaching when I was 18. It was a means of making a little money and getting out of my house and getting an apartment." Unfortunately, the Selective Service gave no draft deferment for self-taught musical education or for unaccredited teachers. With the war in Vietnam on the horizon, Casady enrolled at Montgomery Junior College in Maryland.

Then in August or September of 1965, he got a call from his buddy Kaukonen. Casady remembers the



Kaukonen, Sears, Falzarano and Casady



Chuck Pulin / Star File

call well. "We had a mutual friend named Bob Linder. He was a banjo player. [Jorma and I] hadn't seen each other in over a year. I told him, 'I've been playing bass in a lot of R&B bands. I've been playing bass for a few years now.' Jorma said, 'It'd be great to have you come out to California.' So one thing led to another. It worked out to be a great opportunity for me, and obviously changed my life."

Kaukonen says, "I wound up playing solo dates over there [in California] until Paul Kantner got the Jefferson Airplane going, and we needed a bass player. I just happened to have one on the line." As fate would have it, Casady joined Kaukonen in San Francisco.

The success of the Airplane is well documented, with its nine Top 20 albums in seven years and two Top 10 singles. They were the first rock group to take the stage at the Monterey Jazz Festival (setting the stage for Monterey Pop a short time later). In 1967, the Airplane broke the rock barrier on television's prestigious *Bell Telephone Hour*. More importantly, in an historical sense, they gave voice to the counterculture that erupted on the West Coast and spread like wildfire across the nation better than almost any other band. They spoke eloquently of the cultural, political, and social changes that rocked the country and, for a time at least, separated it into two nations.

Throughout their tenure in the Jefferson Airplane, Kaukonen and Casady continued their investigation of the blues in a way the folk-rooted Airplane never did. On the road with the Airplane, Kaukonen and Casady would return to the hotel after a show and break out their guitars to unwind. Kaukonen says, "This was the dawn of time as far as touring was concerned. Many times hotels didn't have TVs in the rooms. We roomed together a lot. I would teach Jack songs I'd been playing, and he would work out some really nifty parts on them. Sometimes we would go to clubs after jobs and say, 'Look, we play music. We'd like to sit in.' As often as not, they would let us play a short set or sit in. It was great." Casady adds, "In New York, we used to go to a place called Steve Paul's Scene and jam a lot. It wasn't like coming in there and jamming on a Chicago blues format. We'd come in there with chord

changes and tunes that were oriented around Jorma's fingerpicking stuff, interesting songs to work in and build styles around. And out of that grew a band." Needless to say, that band was Hot Tuna.

Kaukonen remembers, "Paul would ask us to do some things in the middle of an Airplane set. It was diversifying our show. It became part of the act almost immediately. We started out doing some solo stuff, but we had mutated even at this date into some electric things. Sometimes we'd get together with Marty [Balin], and he would sing some harmony parts and some solo parts on some of these things. We ended up getting a pretty large repertoire of stuff. It started to get complicated though." Casady says, "There was a period of time where we used to open up for the Airplane and play a couple of hours before the Airplane came on. It actually

worked, and was fun and interesting for the audience. Certainly, the shows weren't in the format of typical pop acts at the time."

By the time of its first album's release in July of 1970, Hot Tuna included Will Scarlet on harmonica. There could be no doubt as to what musical genre the band intended to showcase, with titles like "Hesitation Blues," "How Long Blues," and "Uncle Sam Blues" leading off the album. The playing is great, and Kaukonen's picking is outstanding. He says, "The first album, from our point of view, was a straight acoustic guitar/bass album. It was done live. I think it was a really good album. There was just no room to expand or do anything else dealing with the pure acoustic guitar. So we started transposing some of the pieces onto a Stratocaster with heavy strings. That really worked quite well. It created a natural evolution. [On the second album] I am playing electric guitar from start to finish. It was a transition album and on the way. The next one we did was *Burgers* and that was an all electric album."

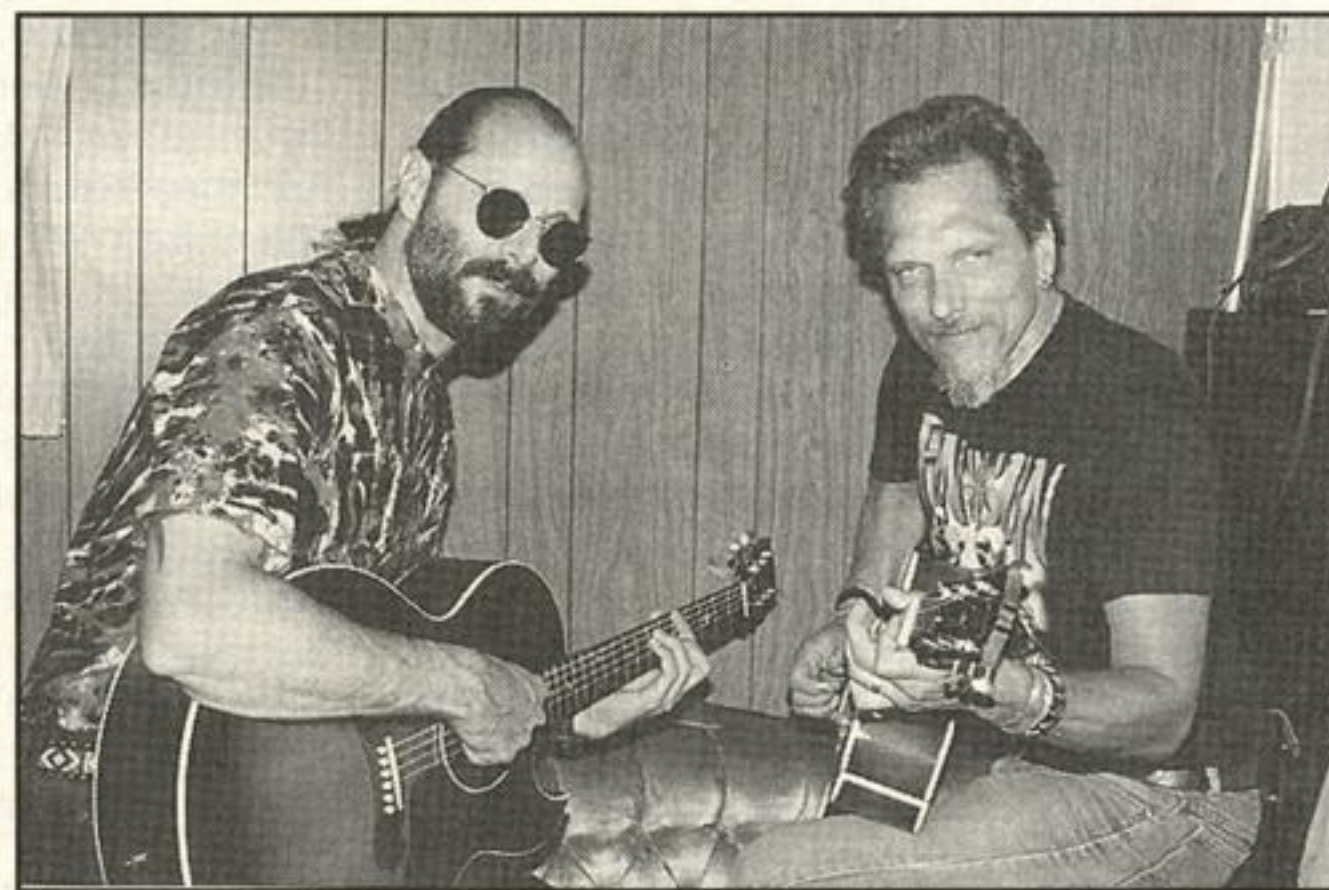
Tuna's second album, 1971's *First Pull Up—Then Pull Down*, included Sammy Piazza on drums and the legendary Papa John Creach on electric violin. Born in Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania town till he moved with his family to Chicago at the age of 18. He received some classical training there, but chose to hit the cocktail lounge circuit throughout the 1950s. Kaukonen's introduction to



L. D. Kippel

Papa John came through Marty Balin and Joey Covington. He relates, "They met Papa John at a club called the Paris Club. John had been playing there once or twice a week. And when he did, the place would be packed with younger people just checking him out. He was really neat. He brought a spirit, a kind of ragtime, behind-the-beat spirit. He also opened a lot of eyes. We came out, and there we were with this old black gentleman who was just wailing. It blew quite a few minds. It blew my mind when I first saw him. He's just incredible."

Kaukonen says that evolution occurred naturally in Hot Tuna. "As we would do material, the songs themselves dictated how we were going to do them and what we needed. You really can't get much more organic in approach than that. That's the way we did things."



Falzarano and Kaukonen

L. D. Kippel



Hot Tuna and friends: (l-r) Jack Casady, Pete Sears, Pat Kelly (WNEW-FM), Marty Martinez (WNEW-FM) and Michael Falzarano

L. D. Kippel

By the time Hot Tuna released *Phosphorescent Rat* in 1973, Kaukonen and Casady had split from the Airplane and were keeping their focus on Hot Tuna. Casady talks about the split this way, "Toward the end, the late '60s and early '70s, the Airplane was such a phenomenon. And it seemed to be carried along with the times of a lot of unrest and disruption. The events overtook the music and the band, it seemed to me. The emphasis seemed to be a little more on the political rallying aspect of the band and less on the musical aspect. When certain aspects of the Vietnam War finally came to a close and certain rallying cries began to subside, the band had just run its course. It had run its course from 1965 to pretty much '71, '72. That seemed to be its time. There were other things to be discovered in life other than continuing to continue for the sake of continuing. So we moved on." The freedom and new-found focus really helped Hot Tuna grow, as *Phosphorescent Rat* indicates. Kaukonen says, "We were really beginning to mutate into the direction that we kept until '77. I was really starting to get into playing a pure electric guitar sound, whereas before, I was using an electric guitar to clone acoustic sounds. It gave me the chance to really start to learn how to play the guitar."

The personnel changes continued through the years, but the anchor, according to Kaukonen, was the connection between him and Casady. "Jack and I really worked well together and as long as we had each other in some way to build on, then everything else fell into place."

Kaukonen and Casady built on their foundation when they added native New Yorker Michael Falzarano in 1983 after the Hot Tuna hiatus of the late 1970s. When Falzarano met Kaukonen nearly twenty years ago in 1975, he had been fronting his own band, the San Francisco-based VAUXHALL. Falzarano explains, "Jorma and I were friends for years before he knew I was a musician. I didn't hide it from him, but I didn't flaunt it either because I didn't want to jeopardize our friendship by having him think that I just wanted to play with him. When he did find out, though, we began jamming and haven't stopped since. I've been in Hot Tuna for about 10 years now, but steadily for the last four."

Falzarano was reunited with Hot Tuna prior to the recording of *Pair A Dice Found* for Epic Records. During pre-production, Kaukonen phoned him and asked if they could use a few of his songs for the upcoming release. At the time, Falzarano was working with his blues and boogie band, the Memphis Pilgrims. The old friends and former bandmates got together, and five songs later, Falzarano was asked to play on the record and rejoin Hot Tuna. He says of his feelings about playing in the legendary group, "In the beginning, and even sometimes now, it seems a little strange. In the early days of my friendship with Jorma, I used to go see Hot Tuna play all the time, and I never dreamed, or even thought, or even considered that someday I'd wind up being a member. But as it turned out, through a couple of strange twists of fate, I wound up in the band."



Michael, Jack and Jorma at Sweetwater

Hot Tuna's newest member is the U.K.-born Pete Sears (whose 1987 album *Watchfire* has just been rereleased on Grateful Dead Records). This current lineup recreates the group that recorded Hot Tuna's *Live At Sweetwater* (Relix Records). Sears says, "I feel like I've come full circle. I got waylaid there for a little while with Starship. I started out in a folk/blues thing. I got exposed to the American players like Leadbelly and Champion Jack Dupree. I was playing with Long John and some other bands back in the '60s. Of course, the Rod Stewart thing was somewhere between folk...sort of a rock/folk or

and take advantage of the chance encounter. That's when the unexpected mystery element comes in. And that's how it worked with Pete."

So, what's in the cards for Hot Tuna fans? Kaukonen says, "We did that *Live At Sweetwater* thing and *Live At Sweetwater Two* (Relix) will be out in the fall, and there'll probably end up being a part three." Casady adds, "We're in the process now of writing new songs. This year we'll be getting together a lot. I just spent a week out at Jorma's ranch. We actually played on his porch. We had a nice time. We're definitely working our way towards writing a lot of material for a new album."

Everybody's in a very good frame of mind, a very creative frame of mind."

In an industry where bookings can be hard to come by, these guys never stop working. Casady has been touring with Paul Kantner's Starship—The Next Generation, and Kaukonen has been working on a solo project. Kaukonen's Ohio-based Fur Peace Ranch (planned as a guitar study camp) is in the developmental stages, and he hopes to see it well on its way by winter. Falzarano continues to write new material, tour constantly with Kaukonen as Kaukarano, and perform with the Memphis Pilgrims when his schedule permits. Pete Sears has been touring and recording with Zero, a band fronted by ace guitarist Steve Kimock and

drummer Greg Anton.

Almost twenty-five years later, Hot Tuna continues to accomplish what many have set out to do. Simply put, the band's longevity is a testament to its talent and dedication. For a sample of its broad-based, well-honed music, check out Hot Tuna's records and live shows (which run longer than almost anyone else's in the business). And for those fans who need an extra helping of Tuna, call the 24-hour Tuna hot line at 614-742-2844 for its upcoming tour schedule. ■



Jorma on steel

something. So now with Jorma, it feels really good to be playing with him now. They're truly in it for the music."

Casady loves the new sound. "[Pete's] touch on the piano and with the accordion really works with Michael Falzarano playing mandolin and Jorma playing steel [guitar] and dobro. The combination of sounds gelled really well. That's how things happen. It's not like in the pop world where you kind of preconceive the kind of sound to go after and then try to fit into those parameters. We like to discover things

# PAUL KANTNER

## CONVERSATION FROM DEEP SPACE

by Thom Wheeler

**B**orn March 17th, 1942, and raised in the San Francisco Bay area, singer, songwriter, and guitarist Paul Kantner is an original member of the Jefferson Airplane, founder of Jefferson Starship, KBC Band, Wooden Ships, and Jefferson Starship—the Next Generation.

*Jefferson Starship—the Next Generation* unites Kantner with Marty Balin, Jack Casady, Papa John Creach, Slick Aguilar, Tim Gorman, Darby Gould, and Prairie Prince. A Jefferson Starship album, tentatively titled *Future Squared*, is in production. In addition, Kantner plans a live stage production of his 1970, Hugo Award nominated release, *Blows Against the Empire*.

**Relix:** What prompted you to use the name Jefferson Starship when you decided to put this band together?

**Kantner:** The band formed just by curious accident as most of our best bands are formed. People found themselves in similar quantum universes at the same moment, and it came together. I had been doing an acoustic thing for about six months, and it sort of formed out of that. We got some stimulus to put a larger band together, and Jack Casady became available as we were starting this band so I asked him if he had the time to play some bass for us.

It became a nexus of Tim Gorman, our keyboard player, Jack, Slick Aguilar, the lead guitarist, and myself. I had been enjoying Darby Gould as a fan in a band called World Entertainment War. Grace Slick had no interest in working when we were starting to put this band

together, so I asked Darby if she would sing with us for a while when her band was sort of in a gray area. Grace is enjoying herself studying biomedical research and animal rights and is completely involved in that.

I re-created the Jefferson Starship largely because of my fascination with science fiction, and I had no better vehicle than Jefferson Starship to do science fiction with. It started out as a science fiction kind of experience with *Blows Against the Empire* way back in ancient times and proceeded through any number of permutations until we got to where we are today.

When I left the Jefferson Starship in 1984, they went in another direction that was quite anathema to me, so I just stayed away. Then they broke up and it was just hanging there, and it had a lot of bad taste left as a result of what had gone on so, as well as science fiction, I also wanted to shine up the memory of the dear beast and put it back into full flight.

**Relix:** We're familiar with several members of the band, but little is known about the other players.

**Paul:** Well, you know Papa John, Marty, and Jack. Slick Aguilar and Tim Gorman joined us when we started the KBC Band. Slick played with David Crosby, the Outlaws, and a host of other people before that. He was playing with Marty when I left Jefferson Starship in 1984. Prairie Prince is the drummer from the Tubes. Timmy has played with The Who, the KBC Band, and any number of local people. The Who and the Jefferson Airplane are probably his major credits.

**Relix:** Darby Gould toured extensively with the band last year. Earlier this year during the band's acoustic dates, Signe Anderson Ettlin, the original female vocalist for the Airplane, enjoyed the vocal honors. Marty has now joined the band. What are the reasons for these changes?

**Paul:** We all have other projects that we're doing. Darby has a project that she's doing with a band called Blind Tom, and she was working with that at the time and I wanted to go out and tour and she wasn't available and Signe was. It was really that simple. The band can be ever changing. One of the charms, for me anyway, of the band is that it has the capability of new people coming in and interchanging various people at different times.

Signe, for example, sang with us. We were doing a folksy kind of thing, which Signe is capable of doing well. Marty has joined us, and it's not necessarily a solid kind of lineup although the crux of the matter between Jack, Timmy, and myself is there. Papa John will be there a lot. Darby is in most of the time, but it's a flexible kind of ship.

**Relix:** After the Airplane reunion and before the current



Ralph Hulett



Ralph Hulett

Jefferson Starship – The Next Generation: Signe Anderson, Slick Aguilar, Darby Gould and Marty Balin

Jefferson Starship, you were involved with a three-piece band with Aguilar and Gorman—Wooden Ships. Is this still a project, or has it been absorbed by the Jefferson Starship?

**Paul:** I still do variations of that. Jack has joined us occasionally and occasionally that blossoms into what we call Jefferson Starship acoustic or unplugged. Various members, whoever is available, will come out and join us in different incarnations, but Jack, Timmy, and myself are sort of the heart of the matter. We still do that at appropriate moments. It's one of my fondest things that I do, actually.

All acoustic twelve-string guitars and pianos, that sort of format, will probably creep its way into Jefferson Starship rather than the other way around. It's a real nice, delicate format, and we've done that before but not concentrated. Every now and again we'll do a semi-acoustic song. It's just expanded more and more as people get more in tune with acoustic music.

**Relix:** It's interesting to note that you seem to be in a similar situation with the band as you were twenty years ago. The Airplane no longer existed, and you were playing halls as the Jefferson Starship with some of the same people that you play with today.

**Kantner:** Yeah, let's see who...Papa John; Marty joined us after a year. Grace and I started it off, and there was Pete Sears, Chaquico, Freiberg, and Barbata. But yeah, there's a rebuilding effort going on. There's a certain bit of skepticism because of all the confusion over the Jefferson Starship name and the situation that went on, but that's just one more hurdle to go over. Generally, the music speaks for itself when we make contact with people. The band is really good, a really powerful band.

**Relix:** I understand that the band has a label interested?

**Kantner:** Well, actually, we're dickering right now among certain people and also expanding to other people as well. We have nothing locked down yet, but we're not worried about that. I expect by the fall we'll have

a contract locked down. We're in no great rush. We're still writing songs, but we're talking to several people and expect to be talking to several more.

**Relix:** Some of your new songs are "Shadowland," "I'm On Fire," "The Light," and "Millennium." How would you describe these songs?

**Kantner:** "Shadowland" is a song about a female serial killer of Republicans. It's sort of a Jonathan Swiftian tongue-in-cheek, but to the point. "I'm On Fire" deals with falling in love with a woman on the edge, on several edges, and the concept of falling in love at times of war. The girl in these songs invaded her way into another called "The Light."

The song "The Light" goes after the concept of where do ideas come from? Where do they generate? It's the search for finding the ultimate source of ideas. Ideas are like a force of nature as I see it, or a force of evolution. Be it the wheel or fire or Henry Ford or just smaller things not on the grand scale. A song, a word, lyric, or any idea. I'm real curious where they start. I call it *the light*. Where the light comes from or how do you find the light, or are you even supposed to find it? Are you supposed to wait till it finds you? That kind of stuff.

"Millennium" has to do with the coming millennium and the sort of chaos that it generally breeds. There has always been traditionally quite a churning about at the turn of the century. This time we not only have the turn of the century, but the churn of the millennium. So it probably multiplies it by ten or a hundred. If you look around you, it's occurring. You don't need to study it. It's watching over you daily. Economically, socially, politically, morally, and ethnically in almost every field. Basic institutions are crumbling as we speak.

**Relix:** Within the framework of the band, there exists a time span of about 50 years, depending on members at the time. Have you noticed a similar age spread within your audience?

**Kantner:** Yeah, there is a wide spread; actually, now that you mention it, some little twelve-year-old girl came up to me at one concert we did last summer and said, "This is the best rock and roll concert I've ever been to," and I didn't want to shatter perhaps my own balloon by saying, "Well, how many concerts have you been to?" so I just appreciated it and said, "Thank you very much. That's real nice."

**Relix:** Being on the road can be a grueling, chaotic, and tiring affair. How do you and the other band members combat this?

**Kantner:** I can't abide by all these rock singers who angst out about how tough it is on the road with their room service, limousines, airplane flights, and stuff. Oh, spare me. It's no big deal. There's a joy of playing that far overshadows any minor physical discomforts, and I like to travel. I don't mind room service. I like to get my bed made every morning.

I have it good both at home and on the road so I find myself real lucky. We've never burnt ourselves out on the road. A lot of bands will go out for four, six, and eight months, which is insane. That's one of the reasons that bands break up.

**Relix:** It's also the reason bands make big money.

**Kantner:** Yeah, but then they're sort of

vacant and vacuous saying, "What am I doing here with all this money?" There are money makers, and there are musicians; put it that way.

Sometimes the two will coalesce and that's fortunate for those when it does, but I don't think that's really the reason people play music. There are a lot of people who play music to play music and, when money comes along, it's a happy circumstance, but they'd still be playing rich, poor, or indifferent.

**Relix:** Is there any possibility of another Jefferson Airplane reunion in the near future?

**Kantner:** Always, till we die.

**Relix:** Has there been any serious discussions about this by anyone?

**Kantner:** None at all. Grace and Jorma are

in alternate quantum universes at the moment.

**Relix:** Grace has, for all intents and purposes, placed herself in a state of self-imposed retirement and yet she recorded the song "I'm On Fire" with you last year.

**Kantner:** Yes, she did! She recorded "I'm On Fire" quite well, actually. We're talking about doing a spoken word record together as well, but we really haven't been able to have the time to sit down and do it because I've been working a lot, and she's been off in her universe. But that's another possibility in the future. ■

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# SPINNING WITH THE SPIN DOCTORS

by Thomas L. Dellecave Jr.

**O**n a sweltering afternoon in mid-July, the East Coast is two weeks into a broiling heat wave, and the Spin Doctors are a month into an MTV-sponsored tour. The temperature, predicted to peak at 100 degrees, doesn't seem to bother the Spin Doctors. Apparently, the hottest little rock 'n' roll band on the summer scene is right at home in the heat.

After being on the road for over two and a half years, the bus has become the band's home. A big improvement from the vans in which band members would have to swap turns at the wheel, their bus is working overtime. Rolling from show to show, night after night, rarely with a day off between dates, the bus has brought the band to the world...or brought the world to them.

In 1991, three months before the release of their debut album *Pocket Full of Kryptonite* on Epic records, the band fled their hometown of New York City for what was supposed to be a six-week tour. They've been out on the road ever since, serving up their funky prescription and winning over Spin-converts at every turn. "I don't think we really knew what we were in for," explains drummer Aaron Comess. "Once we went out, we were out, and we stayed out."

## LEAVING THEM SPINNING

It is out on the road that the band developed their reputation and drummed up support from a hard-core following of Spin-heads. Relentlessly gigging night after night, never playing the same set twice, the Spin Doctors became known for their smooth segues and extended live jams. Leaving behind neo-hippie haven, the Wetlands, and the rest of the New York club scene, the audiences became larger and started to change. Still firmly backed by their original following, the band proved that it had

rock radio and Top 40 appeal as well.

Fueled by two single releases, "Little Miss Can't Be Wrong" and "Two Princes," *Kryptonite* has sold over three million copies. It is gold in England, platinum in Australia, triple platinum in Canada, and is played all over Europe and Brazil. "It's really starting to take off worldwide," Comess says. "Everything kind of exploded." Bassist Mark White says that he didn't know exactly how big the band had gotten until he spent three hours outside of the Garden State Arts Center in New Jersey signing autographs. He quips that he was just waiting to meet someone.

This apparent modesty shouldn't fool you into thinking the Spin Doctors aren't reveling just a little bit in their success. Backstage after a performance in Philadelphia, White pointed out that "everything important is printed" as he signs the backside of a female fan's white shorts in bold, printed capital letters complete with a little smiley face at the end.

## HEARING A NEW SPIN

White is justified in touting his and the band's importance. At a time when traditional guitar rock has been pushed aside by the likes of rap and hip hop, the Spin Doctors have given it a strong second wind. By drawing on very diverse influences, each member brings something different to the band to produce an energetic, gritty, funk-laden sound. "You've got every different strain of music," says guitarist Eric Schenkman, whose parents are classical musicians.

Schenkman hails from Toronto and credits Hendrix and Page as major influences, although he says everybody has affected him. Originally

from Dallas, Comess played in numerous jazz bands before hooking up with the Spin Doctors. Lead singer Chris Barron, originally from Princeton, NJ, attended the same high school as the Blues Traveler's John Popper. He also spent a year studying poetry at Bennington College. White, from Queens, is the only native New Yorker in the band. He says he likes disco and dance music with girls singing lead.

"We're all pretty different types of musicians," Comess says. "There are a lot of things that similar musicians do, like little nuances, peaks and valleys. We can't rely on those things because we don't necessarily do them. Sometimes it's almost a struggle to find those, but we get to them in a unique, different way."

The sound that just kind of revealed itself to the band, according to Schenkman, is heavily founded in the New York scene, an influence that is beginning to change as they see the world. For instance, the driving "Shinbone Alley/Hard To Exist" reminds Barron of a flight into JFK, while "What Time Is It" was born out of the band's first gig. In the middle of their set, the band simply wanted to know what time it was. Of course, as the lyrics now make clear, "It's 4:30. Not late. No, no. It's early, early."

Caught up in the New York environment, the band draws upon just about anything to inspire their songs. The light, loose feel of the music lies in contradiction to Barron's views on songwriting. "It's a very gut-wrenching process. You do it any way you can...kind of like breaking your leg." Barron's lyrics in the live fave "Yo' Mama's A Pajama" gained its phrasing from the rhymes that kids in the lead singer's neighborhood used to belt out while playing, "Yo' mama's a pajama. Yo' mama's a llama. Yo' daddy's a caddy. Yo' sista's a mista." On the other end of the spectrum, Barron is equally capable of conjuring up his own poetic license to deliver a more deeply constructed message. In "Forty Or Fifty," he sings, "Forty or fifty horses, lying in a lot! Red raincoats and rifles, an epidemic has been stopped."

It's their breakthrough single "Little Miss Can't Be Wrong," however, that makes Barron appear almost apologetic. He prefaces the song by saying "You don't have to be a woman to be a bitch," before singing the first line, "been a whole lot easier since the bitch left town." Barron assures those who will listen that the song was written about a single person, not all women, and

that he never expected it to get the exposure that it has.

It's the band's workaholic attitude, live jams, and older influences that have drawn comparisons to the likes of the Grateful Dead. While it is true that they are firmly rooted in what has come before them, don't take the narrow viewpoint that these are a bunch of '60s and '70s retreads, a gathering of hippie wanna-bes finding their way through the wrong generation. Instead, this is the second generation of rock 'n' rollers and the voice of today's, not yesterday's, youth. "We're kind of the second go around," explains Schenkman. "I don't think America is going to give up a whole lot of new stuff in the next 100 years, although I think that everybody's got their own voice." He points out that it's all about permutation, even Prince sounds like a modern Duke Ellington.

Comess sees similarities to the Dead in the





way they approach the music rather than the sounds they produce. He says he has always enjoyed the Dead a lot. "The thing I love about them is they've created their own identity. They've got their own voice on what music is. I think that's our goal, to come up with our own voice and identity within this band. The Dead has been doing that for a long time."

Difficult to categorize, the Spin Doctors has sloughed off labels like yesterday's underwear. Gaining their reputation as neo-hippies on the alternative college scene, the Spin Doctors have moved beyond frat houses to rock radio to mainstream Top 40 radio. This is something that appeals to the band, as they appear to be more interested in reaching across barriers than carving out their own little niche.

## THE GOOD OLD DAYS

New York City proved fertile ground for band members to bring together their individual musical thread, as the band coalesced into an aural macramé with an urban edge. As Comess explains it, he, Schenkman, and Barron came together through the jazz program at New York's New School. Schenkman and Barron had already been playing together with the Blues Traveler's John Popper and Brendan Hill in a band called the Trucking Company. Barron and Schenkman decided to get another band together to play a gig at the Delta Phi fraternity house at Columbia University. They had been playing with a bassist from the New School at the time, but needed a drummer to fill out the band. Schenkman first heard Comess practicing in a rehearsal hall and solicited him to join on the spot. At the now-legendary Columbia gig, they played before a packed house until 5 a.m. "We had maybe 10 or 12 original tunes at the time, a couple of covers, and then when we ran out of material, we would just jam for the rest of the night," Comess says. The Spin Doctors went on to play clubs in downtown Manhattan, but continued to be plagued by bass player problems until White, who had been playing with Comess in a local funk band called Spade, joined. They finally felt that they had the group they were looking for.

"We used to play anywhere from four to six

nights a week around Manhattan, and eventually we got to the point where we were able to make a living playing our music," Comess says. Barron affectionately refers to this period as "the good old days" and says the band is now experiencing "the new good old days." Playing New York clubs, they built their reputation as a live band and began to turn some heads. Comess and Schenkman were sharing an apartment when they started getting calls from David Sonenberg, who would later become their manager. "The first time he called, Eric just completely blew him off," Comess says. "It was hard to tell who was serious and who was pulling our legs. We found out later we blew off a lot of people that were respected." Sonenberg heard about the Spin Doctors through his babysitter who had seen them perform on the club scene. "We were really skeptical about signing anything," adds Comess. "This is something that we built ourselves. We didn't want to give it away to anybody."

The band then recorded six tracks for an EP, but instead decided to release a recording of a live performance from the Wetlands entitled *Up for Grabs*. Eventually, they landed back in the studio to record new tracks to be included with some older ones for *Kryptonite*.

The story behind *Kryptonite* is your not-so-classic, never-say-die tale. After a year, it had gotten a little college airplay and seemed to peak with sales around 60,000. The record company and the Spin Doctors weren't expecting much more from it. Both felt that building up the band would be a slow process, and the best way to do it would be to spend a lot of time on the road, but a letter showed up in the offices of Epic Records from WEQX in Vermont. The radio station had begun playing selected tracks from the record and had been getting an incredible response. They urged Epic to start promoting it to rock radio. They did, and launched *Kryptonite's* success.

## THE NEW GOOD OLD DAYS

The Spin Doctors now find themselves playing to 15 - 20,000 people a night and agree that it is totally different from the club scene. "In a club you could relate on more of an individual level to certain people," Comess says. "[Now] it's almost like the crowd is one person. You have to work in a different way." While White states that "bigger is better" and that he never appreciated having smoke blown in his face on the club scene, the band agrees that there is a dilemma that they are facing after such a quick rise in popularity. According to Comess, they now have to please both their listeners who know them strictly for *Kryptonite* and their hardcore fans who know them for a whole repertoire of songs. Comess further explains that "A band playing in front of 20,000 people with three or four records out has three or four records of material to choose from." The Spin Doctors only have one.

The Spin Doctors have done an above-average job of keeping everybody happy.

On this summer's Alternative Nation Tour, where they headlined and appeared with the Screaming Trees and Soul Asylum, they managed to sneak in their *Kryptonite* tracks while performing a different set each night and playing high-wired improvisational jams that moved flawlessly from tune to tune. The Spin Doctors are able to bring an energy and intensity to each of their live shows and capture a good amount of it in the studio. Unlike a conglomeration of rock stars, the band is comprised of four very



SPIN DOCTORS: Eric Schenkman, Christopher Barron, Aaron Comess and Mark White

skilled, but different, musicians. Their intensity clearly stems from an enjoyment for what they are doing.

"When you first get a band together, you have to be willing to put everything into it," Comess says. "Then there comes a point where if you want to keep the band together and last a long time and continue to write good music, you have to have something to get inspiration from...life. I figure what better time to travel around and live this kind of crazy life. It's the kind of thing you'll be telling your grandkids someday." For now, the band agrees. Schenkman shrugs off questions about tiring out and says "every different level we've been on has had its own stresses and its own point of being able to relax and enjoy it. We always talk about taking time off, but we rarely do."

The band finished up their Summer Tour and headed straight to Europe and Australia. They've already spent time in Memphis and in New York at the Power Station, laying down tracks for the next album. After some proposed time off in December, they plan to finish the album and see its release in early spring. Although it will include some older tunes from the band's club days as well as a few newer ones, Comess says that "listeners shouldn't expect anything drastically different." It's still the same Spin Doctors' sound.

On stage, the four members play off of each other so well that, as Schenkman put it, they "play the space between them as if it was another person. There's a serious other member of the band that we're constantly trying to find," he says. Comess adds that "when you're having an off night, you can depend on that fifth member, the band, to carry the band." As they reach out to new audiences, older generation rockers can rest assured that the rock tradition has been handed down in competent hands in the exciting new voice of the Spin Doctors. ■



Christopher Barron

# Pisces Rising

by Jym Fahey



The hills of Vermont are known for brilliant fall foliage, Ethan Allen, Ben and Jerry's Ice Cream, and now, a band called Phish. Phish was spawned when guitarist Trey Anastasio (who honed his chops with Ernie Shavers, the neo-classical composer and jazzman), bassist Mike Gordon, and drummer Jon "Tubbs" Fishman (who also plays trombone and vacuum cleaner) joined forces. Their debut performance came at an ROTC dance. They didn't exactly "kill." On the other hand, they're lucky that the officers-to-be in attendance didn't kill them either. All in all, that strange gig seems an appropriate beginning for a group as offbeat as Phish.

The group's next stop was Goddard College on the recommendation of their friend Page McConnell. Perhaps McConnell's motivation in getting them to matriculate was pure greed, as there was a finder's fee of \$50 per head offered in those Reaganomic days of trickle-down financial crises. But most likely, he was only hoping to join the band, as he soon became Phish's keyboardist. There was also a rhythm guitarist at that time, although he found religion and left. With that abdication, the quintet became a solid four piece. Phish's next plan of attack was to see if the local enthusiasm they had churned up in Vermont could reach a wider audience.

Their official 1992 bio states that "Phish fans are rapidly growing." Presumably, that means in numbers and not in girth. In any case, their live shows are a tough ticket to acquire these days, and it's easy to see why. Their concerts provide a huge helping of improvisational rock 'n' roll, bordering on fusion.

And although Anastasio doesn't want to be mistaken for an overschooled "fusion cat," the sound is there. Then, of course, there are the trampolines. McConnell bought a couple of them for the band to bounce around on because he thought it was "a great visual thing." Ironically, McConnell is not one of the jumpers in the two songs the trampolines are used on.



PHISH: Jon Fishman, Mike Gordon, Trey Anastasio and Page McConnell

When 1989's home-brewed disc *Junta* (which has recently been re-released on Elektra) was released, Phish's faithful following in the Green Mountain state and elsewhere had solid evidence of the band's talent. When 1990's *Lawn Boy* came out on Absolute a Go-Go Records, the numbers of "Phish Pholk" grew out of mere cult status and sparked major label interest. Elektra Records won over Phish, and their first release for them was last year's *A Picture of Nectar*. Their tongue-tying lyrics, sense of humor, and rich musical chops come through clearly.

The tour in support of that album sent them across the States, and then they swam across the big pond to Europe. When Phish eventually returned home, a series of big events greeted them. First, they joined Blues Traveler, the Spin



Laguna Seca '93

Bob Minkin

Doctors, Widespread Panic, and Colonel Bruce Hampton and the Aquarium Rescue Unit on the H.O.R.D.E. tour. Anastasio says, "There's a similarity in attitude between the H.O.R.D.E. bands: family orientation with your crew and your audience, a focus on playing live. But musically, we're very different. Now, we've developed good friendships and appreciation for each other."

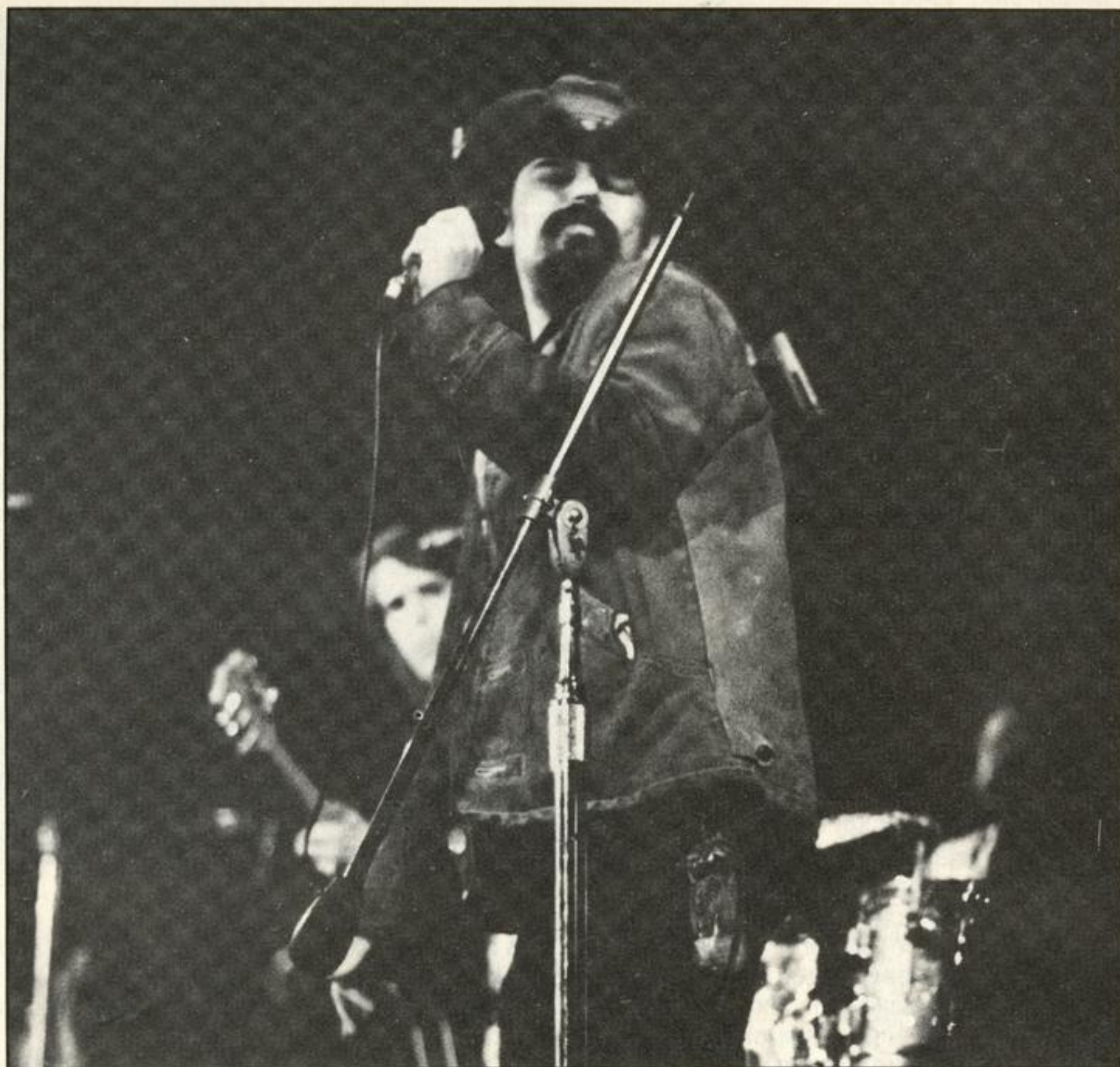
The next big move for Phish was to jump in front of Carlos Santana and his band. Anastasio, for one, was delighted. "Carlos Santana has always been a hero of mine. When I was seven years old, my mom and dad would listen to the *Woodstock* album. Santana's "Soul Sacrifice" was one of the reasons I started playing music. And here we are 20 years later, and Carlos is still going with the right ideas. He's not in it for the money. He's just an incredible guy." When Santana invited Phish members up to jam during his part of the show, there was absolutely no let down. Santana would rip into one of his great solos and then step aside to

let Anastasio follow in his wake. There was no hesitation on the part of the younger six-stringer who definitely held his own. Anastasio had obviously taken Santana's advice: "The best thing you can do is just get out of the way and let it happen."

In some ways, Phish's latest album *Rift* picks up where *Nectar* left off, although there is plenty of growth apparent as well. The time they spent with Santana certainly seems to have rubbed off. For example, there is a samba-ish quality to parts of "Rift" and "Maze," and the guitar sounds reflect Santana's. McConnell's Hammond organ brings Greg Rolie to mind. In spite of their influences, Phish is still their own band though, and they are still devoted to their fans. Anastasio comments, "We try to connect with the audience as much as we can. We have the [computer network] Phishnet, and we answer all our mail personally. You have to remember the reasons you got into this, not to be steered by the different pressures that start to come. It's about love of music, doing fun things, breaking boundaries."

If you haven't caught Phish yet, don't let them get away. Catch them live, and get their records. You'll see what the big splash is all about.





Peter Rasmussen / Artist Publications

Reflections on

# Ron "PIGPEN" McKernan

SEPTEMBER 8, 1945 – MARCH 8, 1973

By Andrew M. Robble

**“W**ithout a warning you broke my heart.” Ron “Pigpen” McKernan has been gone for a long time. But memories of his stage persona, harmonica blowing, tickling of the ivories, and great blues voice still live on today.

This third and final supplement to the series concludes with the reflections of Hank Harrison, author and reportedly early manager of the Warlocks, on his old friend, as well as a *Relix* exclusive conversation with Carol McKernan (Ron’s sister), who shares her memories.

## Carol McKernan reflects on Ron “Pigpen” McKernan

*Carol McKernan, Ron’s younger sister, is a photographer and artist living on the West Coast. Carol has seen both of her brothers, Ron and Kevin, as well as her parents, Ester and Phil McKernan, pass away. Today, she is the archivist of the McKernan family treasures and mementos. Carol expressed a strong interest in the possibility of releasing Ron’s original manuscripts, poetry, photographs, and writings in book form. In addition, she has many unreleased recordings of Ron’s that she is contemplating mixing and releasing to the*

*public. Through these ventures, Carol hopes to keep Ron’s memory shining in the hearts of his fans.*

**Relix:** Let’s talk about your childhood family memories.

**Carol:** My dad was a rhythm and blues disc jockey in Berkeley, and he played the piano. There was always music in the house, but we didn’t sit around the piano and sing [laughter], as it would be hard to sit around and sing boogie woogie. I don’t even remember my mother playing an instrument or having any type of musical background. Around the time I was four years old, my father started working at Stanford University. Dad was an avid record collector. I still have many of his 78rpm recordings around the house. My parents never went through all of the stuff that has been left here at the house. When my grandmother died, all of her things were stored here, and when Ron died, all of his guns, records, instruments, and other personal possessions were also stored here. The same is true for all of my mother’s and father’s possessions. I have rooms that I can barely get into that are literally filled with things that I have not looked at.

Going back over the past is always painful, and I guess we always put off the inevitable. Now with all the members of my family dead, I have to finally find out what is here. Yesterday was the first time that I looked over Ron’s albums in anticipation of our conversation.

**Relix:** Tell me what your recollections of Ron’s early years are.

**Carol:** As I was five years younger than Ron, I don’t remember much of Ron’s youth. I do know that Ron was always the older brother who looked out for me. He was very caring and concerned about what I was doing and whom I was hanging out with. For example, I remember that Ron had a friend named Duane who wanted to take me out, and Ron would not let him. Ron just told him, “No man, you are not taking my sister out.” Duane was persistent. I remember Ron taking him out on the front porch and talking with him [seriously] about it.

**Relix:** Ron would have been around 15 or 16 at this time. Was he out playing in coffee-houses or clubs, as a teenager in the early sixties?

**Carol:** I think so. I remember he was always coming home very late at night and would be hanging out with his friends. I would usually be up reading or something when he would come in and I would go down and we would talk about what he was doing or play a game of chess. We always got along really well and were friends.

**Relix:** Was Ron drinking during these years?

**Carol:** Yes. I will say that in all the years that he drank, I never saw him drunk. I know that he did drink a lot, but he was always in control. However, I never saw him take a drink at my parents’ home.

**Relix:** What type of student was Ron?

**Carol:** [laughter] Well, Ron was well known and well liked in high school. Let’s say he spent quite a lot of time in the principal’s office. He and his friends would be out all night, stop off for breakfast, and then go to school. Ron probably didn’t have the greatest attention span. He had his group of friends, and they didn’t do anything that might be considered straight-laced.

**Relix:** How did Ron get the nickname “Pigpen”?

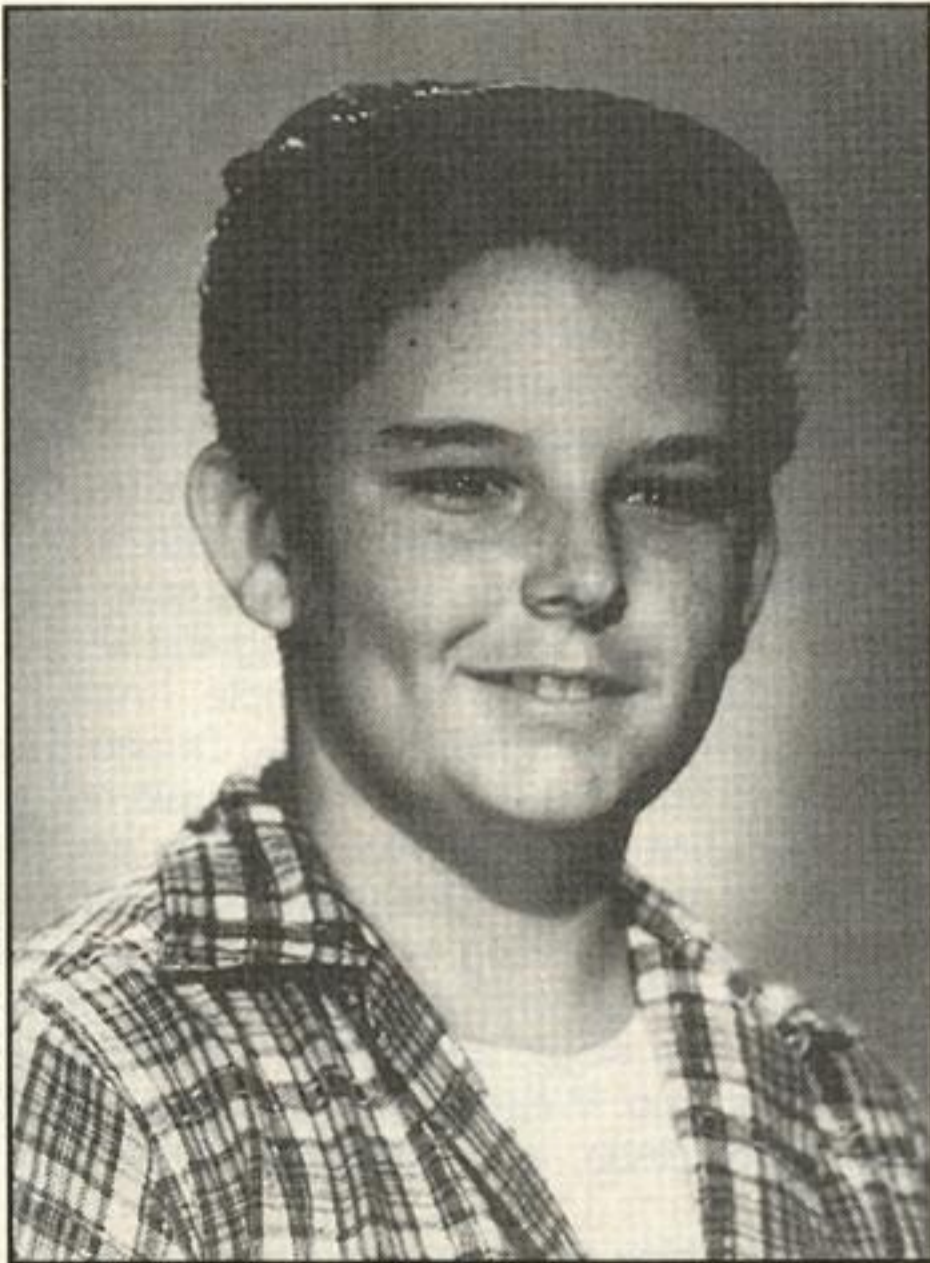
**Carol:** Before he was “Pigpen,” he had the name “Rims.” I don’t know where that came from. It could have been from his friends or he could have given it to himself. The name “Rims” does appear on a number of Ron’s record albums. I always thought the “Pigpen” nick-

name came from his friend Roger. The name comes directly from the comic character. Ron was a real people person who was well liked. He had many girl friends, including some that he was romantically involved with. He also had many male friends and was very popular, caring, and conscientious. Basically, everybody liked Ron, and he liked everybody.

**Relix:** Were your parents supportive of Ron’s choice of music as a career?

**Carol:** That’s difficult to say. My parents never really talked about it. My dad always wanted Ron to be an engineer like he was, but Ron had always been a rebel. When Ron got his first house after playing in the Grateful Dead, he had the family over for dinner and that’s when my parents started to relate in an adult fashion with Ron. I’m sure they were proud of

**PART  
THREE**



Ron McKernan, age 13

him, and I know my mother enjoyed his music. She would go to his performances, whereas my father didn't because he wasn't a crowd person.

**Relix:** Let's talk about music. In 1962, at the age of 17, Ron joined the Zodiacs, playing harmonica and singing. The band sometimes included Bill Kreutzmann on drums and Jerry Garcia on bass. When Garcia formed Mother Macree's Uptown Jug Champions, Ron followed. In June of 1965, the Warlocks (pre-Grateful Dead) played their first gig at Magoo's Pizza Parlor in Menlo Park. Was Ron still living at home at this time?

**Carol:** Yes, Ron was living home and many of the musicians he was playing with would come by and hang out at our house. I remember a white and yellow Cadillac convertible would come to pick Ron up, always in the



Age 6

afternoon, because Ron was never up in the morning. The driver was Neal Cassidy and they would go off to do whatever, band practice or just hang out.

**Relix:** The Grateful Dead's early publicity photographs featured Ron in the forefront and focused on his biker image. Did Ron adopt his Hell's Angel image in the Warlock days?

**Carol:** He never tried to portray an image. He always liked motorcycles and leather jackets. The way Ron looked was the way he always looked. The media portrayed Ron in this image, but Ron was just Ron. He was an honorary member of the New York Hell's Angels and in the early days of the Grateful Dead, the Hell's Angels were the unofficial backstage security for the band because of their friendship with Ron.

**Relix:** When was the first time you remember seeing Ron perform?

**Carol:** My friends knew Ron was a musician, but to them, he was just Carol's brother. I went to my first Grateful Dead show when I was about 16 and was allowed to go to the Fillmore. I was supposed to stay back in the band room. In those days, the room had benches and a few windows that you could open.

The room was for the band, and there were very few people backstage. I did manage to venture out for most of the show. I was really proud to see Ron, and he kept taking me around and introducing me to his friends.

**Relix:** When Ron was on the road with the band, did he keep in touch with the family?

**Carol:** Yes. He and Mom would write all the time. He called whenever he got the chance and was good about keeping in touch with us. Even when he wasn't on the road and in his house, he always kept in touch.

**Relix:** Did the Grateful Dead's success change Ron?

**Carol:** It didn't change him. He bought a better car. He moved into a better area, but he was never extravagant by any means.

**Relix:** Did Ron spend a lot of time practicing his instruments while he was at home?

**Carol:** He played the piano at home. I don't know if you would call it practicing or not. He had his organ there for a while too, and he would play it a lot.

**Relix:** How did Ron feel about being a member of the Grateful Dead?

**Carol:** He liked it. I remember hearing people always talking about "Pigpen" in the early days.

**Relix:** Many people whom I have interviewed have made reference to Ron's shyness. Did you consider him to be shy?

**Carol:** No. I remember Ron telling us how he was always talking to everybody from the busboys in the hotels to fans everywhere. I couldn't imagine Ron not speaking to anyone who would go up to him and talk.

**Relix:** When did Ron first get sick?

**Carol:** He ended up in Novato General Hospital [1971] with a diagnosis of cirrhosis of the liver. When he got out, he needed someone at



Age 2

his house to take care of him, so I went out and took care of Ron.

**Relix:** What type of treatment was prescribed for him?

**Carol:** He was on a low sodium diet, and he also had to weigh out the amount of protein he was eating. At that time, the doctors said the cirrhosis was due to drinking. He never took another drink after his stay at Novato General as far as I know.

**Relix:** How did Ron deal with his illness?

**Carol:** He had some minor depression, but he was very positive.

**Relix:** Ron did get strong enough to tour Europe with the Grateful Dead in 1972. When was his next bout with his illness?

**Carol:** I'm not sure what incident put him back into the hospital. After he got out of the hospital this time, he came back home to live with my parents, my younger brother, and me. He came home to Palo Alto in late October of 1972 and stayed with us until mid-February of '73. During that time, he was pretty weak, although he did play the piano once in a while. I don't remember people coming over to visit him, but he had his own telephone so he may have been in contact with many people. He moved back to his own place in Corte Madera in February and died in March of 1973. Many people claim to have some of Ron's personal things. All I remember was that even before the family got to his house after his death, at least one person went to his house and collected his music. We have never found out who this person was or what happened to Ron's music. I have a bunch of his music and manuscripts, too. I also have many tapes of Ron playing.

**Relix:** Have you ever considered releasing some of those tapes?

**Carol:** My mom went up to Mickey Hart's studio at one time before her death, and they were going to work on them. I guess the concept was just forgotten. Someday I may try to do something with them. I have been talking to some friends about the idea.

**Relix:** Having had the opportunity to go

through Ron's records and reading material, can you pass along some titles of what Ron was into?

**Carol:** As far as books go, he has books by Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, and Walt Kelley's *Pogo*, in addition to many science fiction books. I have many records here that I know are Ron's, because some of them say "Rims," and some say "Pigpen." His collection includes Sam and Dave's *Hold On I'm Comin'*, Little Richard's *Biggest Hits*, Jimmy Reed's *I'm Jimmy Reed*, *Something Else*, and *The Best Of The Blues*, Eldridge Clever's *Recorded In Syracuse*, Lonnie Mack's *The Wham Of The Memphis Man*, Flip Wilson's *The Devil Made Me Do It*, Joe Tex's *Hold On To What You Got*, Sonny Boy Williamson's *Blues Classics*, Lightnin' Hopkins' *Really The Blues*, The Temptations' *Live*, *Ray Charles At Newport*, *The Four Tops Greatest Hits*, Nat King Cole's *Greatest Hits*, and Bessie Smith's *World's Greatest Blues Singer*. I also have many of his harmonicas and his first guitar, which is falling apart.

**Relix:** What do you recall about Ron's wake?

**Carol:** I was kind of in a daze. I remember there must have been thousands of people there. The funeral was private and for the family only. A preacher said a few words mostly for my father's benefit. My mom was more into reincarnation. The wake was for the Grateful Dead family, and I wasn't there for that. I have been told that they partied for days and that is how Ron would have wanted it.

**Relix:** What type of relationship do you have with the Grateful Dead members today?

**Carol:** I just went to one of their shows recently (February '93). I was waiting to hear Mickey and his drums. That is my favorite part now that Ron is gone. It has been a long time since I sat down and talked with the guys in the band. I'm more on a fan level than a family member now. I'm still friends with the women in the Grateful Dead office who have been with the band for a number of years. I don't think the band recognizes me anymore, and I hardly recognized Billy Kreutzmann with his white hair [laughter].

**Relix:** What impact did Ron's death have on you?

**Carol:** I'm still waiting for him to call me from Europe or wherever the hell he is. In 1974, I was dating a guy named Craig who lived in La Honda. He was built somewhat similar to Ron, he rode motorcycles and was sort of an outlaw-type guy. One Sunday I was going to go out to ride motorcycles with him. I had breakfast, got in my car, and started driving to La Honda. I was about ten minutes away and I heard Ron tell me (this is after his death), "Don't go to La Honda." I turned around and went back home. I found out later that day that Craig was nearly killed in a motorcycle accident. His tire blew out and I would have been on the back of the bike. I haven't really heard from Ron since, but I'm still waiting.....



## Hank Harrison (author) reflects on Pigpen

**Relix:** We've been talking with people who knew Ron back in the days when he was with the Dead. What are your recollections of Ron?

**Hank:** After Ron died, I had to grow a beard because for about five years every time I shaved I saw him in the mirror. That is true, I have never told that to anybody before. I'm not that neurotic, but the guy had such a powerful, charismatic persona. He was really a star. Like Amos Milburn or B.B. King, and not a star like Jerry Garcia or Rod Stewart is a star. He patterned himself after the blues stars whom he had seen and heard who came through the Oakland area. He knew these guys [the blues performers], and he was a very humble, down to earth guy. He had a huge star mentality that people don't give him any credit for. When Ron went out and took over that stage, the other guys on that stage could not cut it.

The first time I ever laid eyes on Ron was when the band was playing at Magoo's Pizza Parlor. Phil [Lesh] brought me down from Frisco to Palo Alto. I soon caught up with the legend. He had absolutely no stage fright whatsoever, and there is no doubt that he was the star of the band then. Ron was one of those guys who belonged on the stage. He both thrived and lived for that experience. He always thought from the time he was a little kid that he was going to be a star. He never doubted it, and when he did become a star, it fulfilled his prophecy.

**Relix:** Do you think that Ron realized that he was, indeed, a star?

**Hank:** That was one of the reasons for the downfall. There is no doubt about it. He was a

star before they [Grateful Dead] made any kind of fame. The stardom that Ron had in his mind was different than what the other guys imagined as stardom. He had a clear idea of what it was to be a musician from the point of ethics, performance, and what to do with the fans. He



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was always courteous with the fans. He always signed autographs and took the time to speak to anybody who wanted to talk to him.

**Relix:** How did someone like Ron, with his blues background, hook up with Garcia, who was playing bluegrass at the time, to form the Grateful Dead?

**Hank:** It was his idea for the band. Ron used to bug Garcia constantly at every gig they would play. Jerry would play a set, Ron would play a set, and then all the performers would get together and have a hootenanny to conclude the show. Garcia had just gotten out of the army and was 20-21 years old and Ron was about 15-16. The difference between 15-16 and 20-21 is incredible from a maturity standpoint. Still, Ron was musically so mature and just kept bugging Garcia to start a blues band. So they formed the Zodiacs.

Ron was the stimulus for the blues band that the Grateful Dead emerged from. Ron didn't like the name [Grateful Dead], and he didn't want to do it. He was not 100% into the Dead from the beginning. It was not his cup of tea. Ron was a team player so he went along with it. He really didn't have any clout in the band at the beginning in terms of politics, but he kept getting it anyway because he was so popular. Now you are touching on some of the real dynamic fundamental aspects of his death and the disillusionment of "Pigpen" as a performer. This comes from the very beginning as you can see—the stress, and Ron's inability to manage the stress. The cognitive dissonance that he felt from being in the band, and not being in the band simultaneously.

**Relix:** Were Ron's talents utilized by the band?

**Hank:** No. What the people wanted to see was "Pigpen" and the boys. The people looked at them as "Pigpen" and his backup band, the Grateful Dead. The band and Phil especially resented this. Jerry was bemused by it all at first. Jerry at one time was very enlightened (I

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don't know how he fell from that), but as the Zen masters say, "Your candle can go out at any time." Phil was not pleased (and he was my roommate so I know this) that "Pigpen" got all the publicity, and he didn't get any. But what bass player gets publicity [laughter] anyway? After a while "Pig" was having trouble cutting the charts. Phil made the charts so difficult that "Pig" didn't have the musicianship to keep up with the "Mahler." I mean, "Pig" was a blues musician and not a "Mahler" expert like Phil.

**Relix:** Did Ron ever consider leaving the Grateful Dead in the early days?

**Hank:** Yes. They would not let him. What I suggested to him many times was (and the band accused me of meddling, which I was) to do a solo act when the band would take a break or to open for the band. This would give him the opportunity to do his thing. The band said no. He wanted to form another group and play with them, but that was completely taboo. At least until Jerry did it or Bobby did it with Ace, you know. Leaving the band was frowned upon so badly that Ron, being a team player, didn't do it.

**Relix:** How did "Blue Ron" evolve into "Pigpen"?

**Hank:** Ron was a "white negro." If you can't understand that term, then read Norman Mailer's early essay on it. If there was a "white negro," "Pigpen" was it. He was a Mose Allison type guy, and that's where he came from. He would just as soon sit on the stage and play "Parchman Farm" and the "Wine Song" than to hang out with the Grateful Dead. He got caught up in the camaraderie thing, and then the camaraderie thing fell apart, and he fell apart. He adopted the name "Pigpen" during the Warlocks. They all called him "Pigpen" from the cartoon character. He didn't like the name "Blue Ron." I think he used it as an early stage name, if I remember correctly. Here is the real bottom line, Ron McKernan was the only guy in that band capable of doing a one-man act. Everybody else in the band was either a guitarist, bass player, drummer, or a specialist. Ron was the only generalist. He could play the harp, guitar, dobro, organ, piano, and sing. He had a litany like all blues musicians have, and he could sit there in the limelight and play all night. He played rock songs, blues songs, and lots of great rhythm & blues tunes. He would play "Buick 59," "Earth Angel," Little Richard numbers, he knew them all and played them beautifully!

**Relix:** People say that Ron was very introverted, not at all like his performing Hell's Angel persona. Most people say they didn't "really" know the man.

**Hank:** The Hell's Angel trip was after, man. The poor bastard had been put down so much that he couldn't get off the mat, you know. The guy smoked two packs of Pall Mall's a day and drank a quart of Wild Turkey every day. As an honorary Hell's Angel, Ron had a lot of guns. He was an ace shot. I remember he could pull out a side arm with either hand and hit a target consecutively at about 50 feet. Just before he died, he gave me a couple of his guns. He [during a hospital stay] wanted me to go get his boots for him because he thought he was going to die, and he didn't want to die without his boots on.

**Relix:** Was Ron a happy person or was he always dealing with the stereotypical blues musician syndrome?

**Hank:** The guy had an IQ of over 145, he had perfect pitch, and he was a gifted genius.

This made him lonely and scared that he couldn't get his rocks off by becoming the true person that he really was. His downfall came down to a rejection and the eventual realization of this rejection. He was a very naive, loving, and an open guy. He couldn't believe that his buddies were turning against him. When the ulcer finally came, Ron realized that these guys were not going to support him, even when he was dying.

**Relix:** Ron started to fade out of the band in late 1971 and early 1972.

**Hank:** In 1971 they didn't want to take him along to Paris, but he went anyway to the "Free Freedom Three Days" festival at Chateau Herouville.

**Relix:** What happened after Ron got out of the hospital?

**Hank:** He moved down to be close to his folks [Palo Alto] for a while. This is when he had to weigh out all his food to determine the proper protein, etc. Even when he was no longer in the band, he still talked at times like he was the leader of the band. He never lost the spark. I think he next moved back to Marin County, and Owsley was detailed to get a nurse for him. He was real sad then. I think he just sat down at the piano, wrote some tunes, fell off the piano bench, crawled into bed, and died. I was in Holland at the time. I remember thinking that I abandoned him just like everybody else. Everybody looked at everybody else and said, "Jesus Christ."

**Relix:** Why aren't more of Ron's songs on the Grateful Dead recordings? Did he try to fight to get them on?

**Hank:** Yes! He unfortunately didn't really know how to mix and wasn't very good with the electronics aspect. This fact limited his ability to get his material out. There was this fabulous "King Bee" that I think was later released on *Bear's Choice*, that was supposed to go on *Skull and Roses*. It didn't make it because Phil wanted to do [laughter] a 375-hour version of something else. I remember being in the studio and watching that process happen. "Pig" was really disappointed by that one. A lot of it had to do with keeping him into "Lovelight" and "Midnight Hour" because they were the only songs that they would let him do. So they would let "Pig" come on and sing a few verses and then stretch out and do their Grateful Dead music. Some of Ron's songs were short that



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he had written. He liked to go out and play 3-4 minute songs and do a bunch of them, but that was not allowed. He wanted to do a solo album. At that point, the band needed to get albums out to fulfill contractual agreements with their record company. The band feared he would become a big star and leave the band if they let him record a solo album. Hence, he would have never left the band because he loved those guys. It was like a lifetime commitment to "Pigpen."

**Relix:** Do you think Ron's parents were proud of him being a musician?

**Hank:** Absolutely. His father, Phil, was an old platter spinner of R&B records from Oakland, and retired from Stanford University. "Pig's" folks were very proud of him. ■

#### Dedicated to the memory of Ron "Pigpen" McKernan May Your Lovelight Always Shine

(Special thanks to Carol McKernan for sharing her memories and photographs, Sam Andrew, Tom Constanten, and Mary Beth Curtin.)

*Attention Pigpen fans and Deadheads:* If you are interested in helping to persuade Carol McKernan to release recordings and writings by Ron McKernan, drop us a line here at *Relix* and let us know what you think of these concepts. Fan support and interest will help Carol in making a decision to undertake these massive projects. Write Pigpen c/o Relix, PO Box 94, Bklyn., NY 11229.

# DEAD AHEAD

BY GARY KROMAN

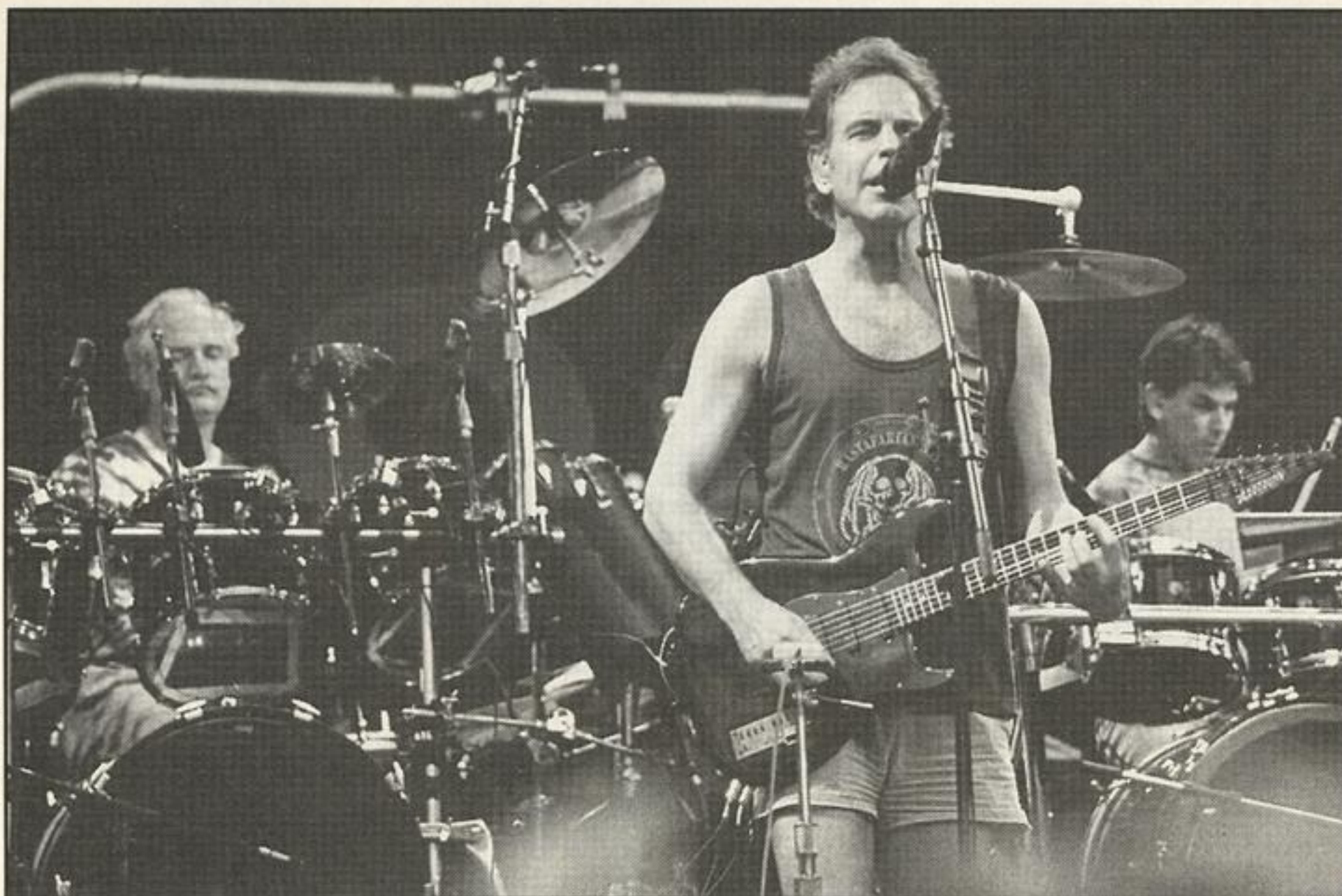
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Don Gilles

# SUMMER TOUR 1993

BY JEFF BRUSIG

It's a Saturday night in the New York/New Jersey Metro area (opening night for the Grateful Dead's 1993 Summer Tour), and it's raining. Not like RFK '90, mind you, but a steady, cold drizzle. The kind that doesn't soak you to the skin, but gets under it. With such a cold, dreary night ahead, Deadheads would understand if the show was not quite up to standards. After all, who gets "up" for that kind of weather? Apparently, the Grateful Dead do, as the Saturday night opener at Giants' Stadium was clearly the better of the two-night stand.

They appeared on stage at 8:15 p.m. and sweetened the bitter night with strong, melodic jamming and sweet morsels of musical forays. After a textbook "Hell In A Bucket" opener, Jerry treated the 60,000 wetheds to a beautiful "Sugaree" that had extended soloing and jamming—setting the "long intro and tight jam" pace for the rest of the evening. It was reminiscent of the free-form jamming they did many years ago.

This was not a "hits" or a "sing-along" night, and the appreciative throng settled back and feasted on the sweet licks that warmed the chilly air. Other first set highlights included Bobby's "Eternity," which was co-written with Willie Dixon, and *American Beauty's* "Candyman." The first set ended with a real treat—"The Music Never Stopped" was wrapped around a brand new Weir tune, "Easy Answers." It's a slow tempo, basic rocker touching on the Zen-like theme of no easy answers in life.

The second set warmed our hearts with a "Scarlet Begonias>Fire on the Mountain" pairing that soared continuously higher for 25 minutes. This rendition solidified the mood and atmosphere for the night, which was consis-

tent with the long jams and intros. After catching their breath, Vince shifted gears slightly with "Long Way To Go Home." Jerry then took the crowd for a cosmic ride with an inspired "Crazy Fingers." Bobby's first contribution to the second set was a tight and melodic "Estimated Prophet." The drums and space portion did not feature any special gimmicks (like last summer's train horns), but space did have soundmen Healy and Bralove hitting the hi-tech hijinks and playing sonic frisbee with the drummers. Mention should also be made of the exceptional light show. Candace Brightman's lighting choices always enhance the songs played, and the graphics splashed upon the big screens are state-of-the-art. The disciplined attention to detail should not be overlooked, especially when compared to other bands' techniques.

Out of space emerged "The Other One," which was given quite a workout, followed by a warm and lovely "Stella Blue," which fit in perfectly with the melodic theme of the evening. Bobby then closed the set with the crowd-pleasing "One More Saturday Night," which had everyone up and shaking their rocking shoes. Phil encoored with "Box Of Rain," and the crowd filtered out into the cold New Jersey night.

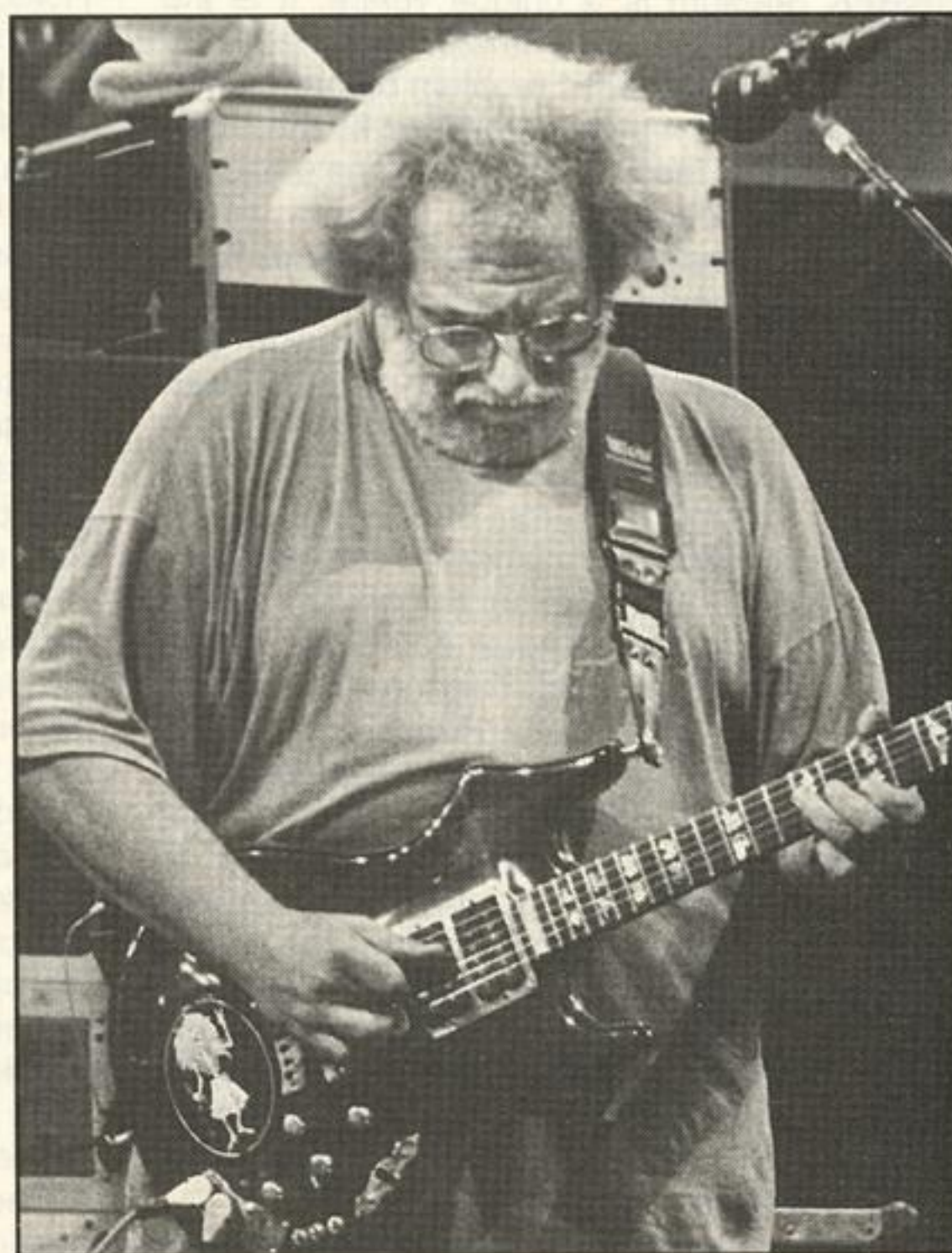
Outside the stadium, not much vending was evident, due mostly to the weather. Giants' Stadium should increase the number of trash receptacles available outside the venue as trash quickly piled up. They should

follow the lead of other large stadiums that provide numerous trash and recycling dumpsters, bags tied to trees, poles, etc.

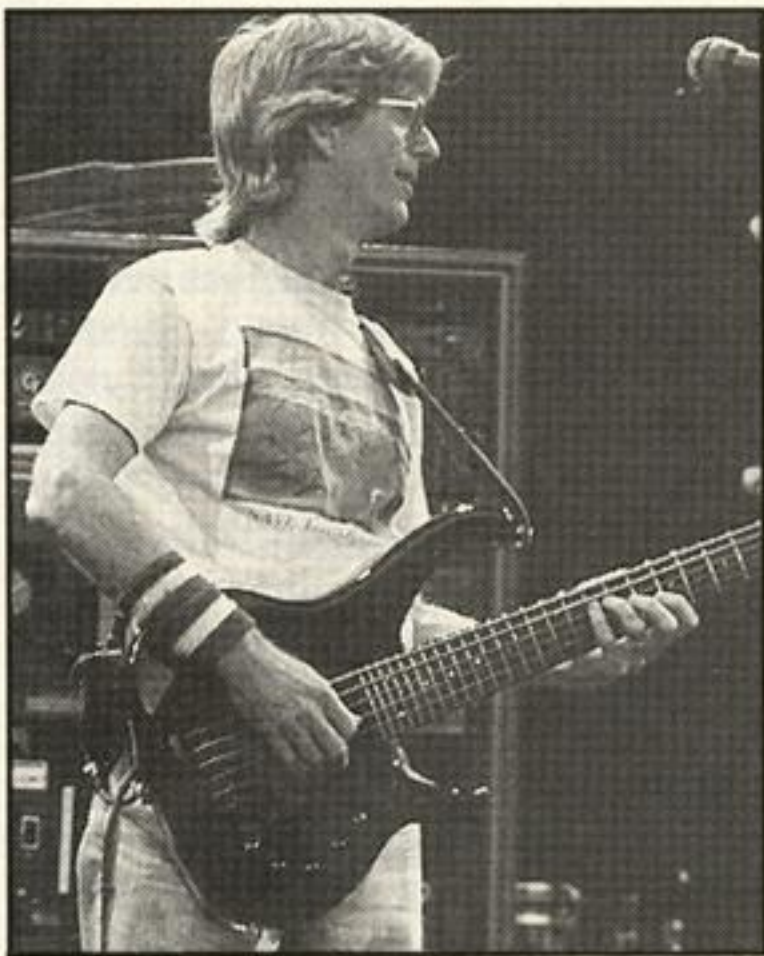
The next day, however, proved a stark contrast as the weather cleared up, and Deadheads were treated to a cool, cloudless evening. As compared to Saturday's music, Sunday's show played more heavily on the "hits." A videotaped message from Mickey Hart implored the crowd on both nights not to jump the 12-foot barricade to the ground seating. There were far fewer people risking the jump than last year, when concert-goers streamed over the walls like lemmings.

Sunday night also greeted us with a harmonious "Here Comes Sunshine." Out of the first set, one standout song was "New Minglewood Blues," which was charged with energy and filled with jams from the previous night. Weir hit some great notes on "When I Paint My Masterpiece."

Song-guessers had their work cut out for them this night, as the boys tuned their instruments for the next set. "Could that be 'Bertha' they're tuning?" the crowd buzzed, and sure enough, a rollicking second set "Bertha" (the first since 9/30/88) jump-started the crowd into a real sing-along. There was barely time to catch our breath as they launched into "Good Lovin'," which is very rarely done before space. If there were any doubts about the crowd's singing ability, "Uncle John's Band" and "Playin' in the Band" laid all fears to rest. Everything was very tight and precise up to this point; the previous night's loose and flowing jams were replaced by perfunctory precision. After "Playin'" wound down, an extended jam led into drums. Space weaved its way into an uninspired "Corrina," and the 60,000 back-up vocalists took a break. Jerry then started what sounded like "The Days Between," but quickly shifted into "Attics Of My Life." This sweet and soulful number has been tremendously enhanced by the renewed vigor of Jerry's voice. The sing-along returned with the overplayed "Throwing Stones," which went naturally into "Not Fade Away." (After a Grateful Dead tour ended recently, someone figured out that "Throwing



Don Gilles



Don Giles



W. Marc Ricketts

Stones>NFA" was played on the average of every third show. That's way too much for a band that prides itself on improvisation.) They encored with the Hunter/Garcia composition "Liberty," a newer song that the faithful are warming up to.

Both nights would have given any newcomer two good examples of the many sides of the Grateful Dead. Not all Deadheads questioned were pleased with both shows, but there did seem to be a little something there for everyone. Outside in the cool, summer night, vending was much more evident on Sunday night. Also much more visible was the trash. Again, we certainly can do a better job cleaning up after ourselves, but it must be stressed that the Giants' Stadium crew did little to assist our efforts.

Weeks later, the tour wound down in the nation's capital. Over the last few years, the Grateful Dead have turned in some memorable shows at RFK. This year, we were treated to the first two-night stand since 1989—a fitting way to wrap up Summer Tour. The weather for both sold-out shows was warm and humid, typical for D.C. in June. During the Saturday show, a dark line of thunder clouds rolled in, but barely a drop was felt.

RFK Stadium is a unique venue. It is the only large stadium on Summer Tour that never seems to have a traffic problem before or after the show. This may be explained by the many different exits leading from the arena that don't all spill into one main area. There is also a subway Metrostop within walking distance. RFK seats only about 45,000 for a concert, making it almost half the size of Giants' Stadium and Soldiers' Field. Another RFK oddity is the welcome with which security greets its concertgoers. Once inside, management is even good enough to remind you that the last Metro train leaves the station at midnight. From the past, RFK learned that seating on the turf was a mistake; this year general admission tickets got you onto the ground. This location seemed highly favorable to many Heads—each night over half the crowd seemed to be on the turf.

Both shows featured old friend Bruce Hornsby on accordion (similar to last year). To Hornsby's credit, his accordion was respectfully restrained and unobtrusive. The Friday show started at 8:15 p.m. with an up-tempo "Half Step" that fired up a lively crowd for two nights of high-spirited singing. Other highlights of the first set included an extended, jam-filled "Cassidy" and the somewhat rare appearance of "Cumberland Blues."

The second set is a prime example of how a

show can look really routine on paper, but can be an extremely enjoyable live experience. To the casual observer, the Friday show exhibited nothing new or unusual. However, as is so often the case, it's not what they play, it's how they play it. The entire show was well-played and songs fit together smoothly. The second set opened with a passionate "China>Rider" that got the crowd's vocal chords going again. The highlight of the second set was "Uncle John's Band," which had a nice little jam halfway into the song. After a drums/space segment reminiscent of the Wall of Sound era, the band appeared to be headed for "The Other One," which was about due in rotation. Bobby surprised everyone, though, with a tight and rousing "Miracle," which had just appeared a few nights earlier in Deer Creek. "Wharf Rat" and "Sugar Magnolia" ended the set in a tight, precise manner, and "The Weight" for an encore is always a D.C. favorite. Interestingly, the second verse of "The Weight" was the only time Hornsby sang solo, and he had to be prodded to the mic. The show ended at 11:45, giving commuters just enough time to catch the last Metro train.

While Friday's show was tight and routine, Saturday's was a little looser and more experimental. A ten-minute "Feel Like A Stranger" set the tempo for Jerry to soar on guitar this evening. Other first set highlights were the bluesy "Spoonful" and the meandering "Bird Song." "Brown-Eyed Women" and "Masterpiece" reminded the crowd of its singing duties. The second set sing-along continued with an "Iko Iko" opener.

After "Iko" came a long pause that any number of songs could have emerged from, but the band chose to go with "Long Way To Go Home." For Summer Tour '93, "Long Way" was played a total of six times out of fifteen shows, once in almost every city, replacing "Throwing Stones" as the most played song. With the momentum noticeably slowed, Bobby resurrected the tempo with "Playin' In The Band,"

followed by an extended jam that was reminiscent of the jams in "Dark Star" and "Cryptical Envelopment." Most of the time, this "Playin'>Jam" leads into drums/space, but on this night, Jerry had a surprise for the crowd: a very unexpected "Terrapin Station." Since this was just played the last night in Deer Creek, most Heads had thought it was put away for the summer. The "Jam>Terrapin" was the strength and backbone of this night, and catapulted the rest of the band into a high-energy mode.

The drums/space segment was stellar and loaded with electronic experimentation that enveloped the audience. Out of space came "The Last Time," and the appreciative throng flexed their vocals again. One of Jerry's latest compositions, "The Days Between," got a pristine treatment, and the noisy crowd actually kept quietly riveted to the song. Out of all of the newer cuts, this one seems to be a Deadhead favorite, with its lush instrumentation and aural landscapes. The predictable "Throwing Stones" followed, which slid into a "One More Saturday Night" that rocked the ebullient crowd, who got one more chance to sing and stomp. They encored with "Liberty."

The books are closed on another Summer Tour. It had a shaky beginning at Giants' Stadium, but several Heads reported some great shows along the way, especially at Deer Creek. There were no major break-out songs this time like last summer's "Casey Jones" and "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl." Other than Hornsby,



RFK with Bruce Hornsby

Don Giles

there were no special guests joining them on stage—not even Sting, who opened for them at several of the larger venues. Missing from the lineup were such favorites as "Shakedown Street" and "GDTRFB." Other crowd pleasers such as "Dark Star" and "Morning Dew" came out just one time each, while other songs were played too much.

Every show, however, should be approached as precious; it's no secret that this fragile, fleeting fantasy we all follow is not going to be around forever. The occasional mediocre shows of today will be tomorrow's taped treasures. ■



# TAPING TIPS

by Alan J. Wallace

If you've been trading tapes long enough that storage space and other considerations are becoming a concern, it's time to shift your focus from quantity to quality.

Beginning tape collectors can't afford to be as choosy because they have to have something, anything, to work with. But at some point (it might be 150 hours for one person, 1,500 for another), you'll start to wonder why you're hanging on to those virtually unlistenable 14th-generation '87 audiences.

If you're looking to upgrade your tapes and get access to the really killer stuff, here are six steps to consider:

1. Become a more critical and objective listener. When considering whether to get or keep a tape, base your decision on how it sounds. Set aside generation hype, tales of how somebody's cousin got it directly from the hot dog guy who ran into Phil in the backstage men's room, etc. Ask yourself not only if you like how it sounds, but if it sounds good enough to interest others. Of course, there are exceptions, such as the only tape you've seen of a show you were at and loved, but unless there's sentimental value, let the tape stand or fall on its objective merits.

2. Beware "grade creep." Hopefully, you've built your collection enough that you've had to revise and expand your list several times, and in the process, your tape's quality has already improved somewhat. That means a tape that was A+ on your first list probably is an A or A- now, and your current list should reflect that fact. When somebody orders an A+ tape from your list, they're expecting to hear your best. And always take list grades with a grain of salt, and expect others to do so, too. Until you've heard somebody's A+ tape, their list grades don't mean much.

3. Don't automatically dismiss audience tapes, but again, be choosy. While everybody loves a crisp, low-gen soundboard, a lot of fine (and bad) audience tapes are being made. When you find an audience tape you like, try to find out what sort of mics were used and how. Mic choice and placement comes down to personal preference, but those factors, along with taken-for-granted details like getting the levels right, is the most important factor in how an audience tape sounds. Once you know what you like, you can seek it out, and others who like tapes from the same kind of mics will be interested.

4. Check other copies of tapes you already have, especially older soundboards. Many times, these tapes have annoying flaws such as cuts, flips at bad times, etc. It's often possible to find copies that don't. It's also worthwhile to check just to see if the other copy sounds better.

5. Build an "other" list. Traders who go to the trouble of collecting several thousand hours of Dead usually have a wider range of musical interests. If you have just 150 hours of Dead, you probably have little to offer such a person, but if you also have 50 hours of "other," you just might have something there that'll pry out

a killer copy of a Dead show in exchange.

6. Act like you know what you're doing. If your aim is to trade with people holding thousands of hours, be advised that they tend to be busy people with little time for bull. If you're responding to a taper ad that asks people not to send blanks, don't. If the ad is seeking only specific shows and you don't have them, don't waste that person's time. And remember it's not a race. Find a comfortable trading pace, which will vary from trader to trader.

Here's one other idea the taper community might want to embrace, one that would improve quality for everybody. Remember that FM signal sound wizard Dan Healy was sending out from the board in spring '88, only to have the nasty old FCC shut him down? Well, given the newfound regard for the Dead at high levels in Washington, maybe we should all be writing letters to the band, the White House, our elected representatives, and the lords of the airwaves, urging a solution be found that would allow the signal to resume.

Just think of it: no mic stands to lug, no crowded-pit contortionism, no need even for a taper section...and anybody with a decent Walkman and a ticket can walk away

with a listenable, virtual soundboard copy of the show.

How about it, people? ■



Tapers — Cleveland, July 1985

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# TOP TEN VERSIONS OF DARK STAR

by Cary Krosinsky

"Dark Star" is a song that is appreciated by many people in many different ways. Although compiling a top ten list of "Dark Star" variations is difficult (since everyone's taste is different, and some versions are hard to come by), the attempt has been made in the framework provided.

1) The *Live Dead* version—pieced together from shows performed 2/27/69 through 3/2/69 at the Fillmore West in San Francisco. This studio-composed hybrid of live segments sets the high standard for comparison. This version has probably been the catalyst for more people becoming Deadheads than any rendition of any other Dead song. (But you already knew that.)

2) 2/13/70 Fillmore East, New York City, NY: A delicate, beautiful reading is given here as Garcia gracefully rides the sound waves with his guitar. Grand stuff—the best of the many Fillmore East versions and, arguably, the best of the lot.

3) 6/24/70 Capitol Theater, Port Chester, NY: Broken into three parts, the song is a sort of homing beacon for a brilliant set. The first verse of "Dark Star" sweetly segues into "Attics Of My Life," only to return to a "Dark Star" jam. This leads crazily into a high strung "Sugar Magnolia" (one of the first) and returns home, finishing the song with the second verse. The high energy continues into the immediately following, spectacular version of "St. Stephen."

4) Europe '72—various sites: It would be impossible, and not fully representative, to only select one of the versions played on this tour. The Dead were playing at their best as an ensemble, and each version was distinct. Anyway, 4/8/72 Empire Pool, Wembley, England featured the Dead at the Glastonbury Fayre Festival where they played a building, symphonic rendition. 4/14/72 Tivoli Theatre, Copenhagen, Denmark provided a look at a solid, classic performance in a *Live Dead* vein. 5/4/72 Olympia Theatre, Paris, France featured pristine playing, filled with clarity. At one point, the music prettily conveyed water delicately falling. And 5/11/72 Civic Hall, Rotterdam, The Netherlands had a long, spacey, varied version.

5) 8/27/72 Old Renais-

sance Faire Grounds, Veneta, OR: The Dead at their finest. Jams cascade successfully and reach repeated crescendos. Much of the time is spent in the so-called "X Chemistry" zone. Lead, rhythm, bass, and piano are on and in the flow. If *Live Dead* set the standard, this set a new one.

6) 2/15/73 Dane County Coliseum, Madison, WI: A unique, peaceful, summery version. Would be well suited for playing during a summer car trip.

7) 10/18/74 Winterland, San Francisco, CA: The last version for over four years was led into from the most interesting take of Ned Legin and Phil Lesh's "Seastones" (a piece of music similar to a quiet space jam that would follow a latter day second set drum solo). This long, dynamic piece serves as a fitting send off to the more psychedelic era of the Dead.

8) 12/31/78 Winterland, San Francisco, CA: Revived for the closing of Winterland, this is a surprisingly interesting rendition. Spirited and high strung, both verses were wrapped around an excellent "Other One." Makes up the best parts of a classic Dead set.

9) 7/13/84 Greek Theatre, Berkeley, CA: A full moon, the summer solstice, and the Greek Theatre. So is it surprising that two verses of near perfection transpired? The only version for nearly eight years was inspired, and clear proof that on any given night the Dead are capable of almost anything.

10) 3/29/90 Nassau Coliseum, Uniondale, NY: The Dead meet great jazz. Branford Marsalis, who had never practiced with the group, was invited by Phil to sit in, and he meshed seamlessly with the band, serving, without question, as a full fledged seventh member for a night. This show arguably qualifies as the most successful performance by a guest star. The entire second set was played at an elevated level as evidenced on the version of "Eyes Of The World" featured on *Without A Net*. And mostly due to Marsalis, "Dark Star" reached a plateau that had not previously been heard. This version provides a clear picture of the value of inspired improvisation, as does the whole history of this song. ■



A. R. Krosinsky

## Helpful Hints while on THE ROAD

In addition to being an avid Deadhead, I am also a Criminal Defense Attorney, formerly an assistant state attorney (an assistant D.A. or assistant prosecutor depending upon which part of the country you reside), and am consistently amazed at the number of "Deadheads Behind Bars," and the complaints about law enforcement's presence at shows.

First of all, the arrest problem, a fairly recent phenomenon at Dead shows, is due largely to the fact that fellow Deadheads openly advertise their drug use by displaying paraphernalia in open view and having things such as bumper stickers with marijuana leafs, as well as shirts, which condone drug use. Maybe it's what you believe, but it's not the way to keep on Leo's good side.

While I would be the first one to defend one's First Amendment rights to display such bumper stickers and the like, it is just plain stupid, given the social unacceptability of drugs in our current society. Accept it or not, it is no longer 1969, and the laws are vastly different now than they were then. Ask our fellow Deadheads behind bars for the total weight of packaged LSD, facing interminable minimum mandatory sentences. While many of our fellow Heads Behind Bars are not criminals by any means, their careless conduct caused their apprehension.

Other common problems I have personally seen '93 include, but are not limited to, the following:

1. Openly advertising "doses" in the crowds. If you sell to an undercover cop after advertising this way, I suggest you deserve to be in prison, but on a charge of stupidity! Recently, at RFK, I approached a young man who was openly selling "doses," and told him he was an idiot for doing this. He appreciated and followed my advice, but only after telling me he was currently on Bond, facing felony drug possession charges in Virginia. Why didn't he learn the first time, and why was it necessary for me to dissuade him from openly dealing dope?

2. Blatant disrespect for law enforcement and local security. Like it or not, these people must be dealt with from arm's length, and do not look the other way at concerts. Do not mock, torment, or "goof" on them, as they will have the ultimate goof when you are arrested.

3. As aforementioned, never display bumper stickers or wear shirts on the way to the show, which openly advocate drug use.

4. Keep roach clips, other paraphernalia, and contraband securely encased in the trunk of the car, with no personal identification in close proximity to the contraband. Do not smoke marijuana in the car, as the smell of marijuana gives Leo probable cause to search the entire car (and, arguably, the trunk and closed containers secured therein).

5. NEVER consent to a search. You do have the right to refuse (although Leos rarely tell you this).

6. If contraband is found, never admit to knowledge. Always refuse to answer questions "based upon the advice of counsel."

7. IMPORTANT: If placed in a police car with a potential co-defendant, say nothing in the back seat to each other. Almost all police cars are equipped with tape recording devices, and, at least in Florida, the courts have held

that there is no expectation of privacy in the back of a police car and any incriminating statements can, and are, admitted against you in court.

I have noticed recently at the shows that the fans seem to be especially destructive and filthy vis-a-vis their garbage in the parking lots. Same with the use of fireworks in the parking lots, and those dangerous balloon salesman who are destroying your brain cells and the ozone. All this does is increase the presence of security, give all Deadheads a bad name, and further limit the venues which will put up with us. You need to realize that, not only are the rowdies making fools of themselves by being rowdy, they ruin everyone's experience and increase everyone's chances of getting busted for something.

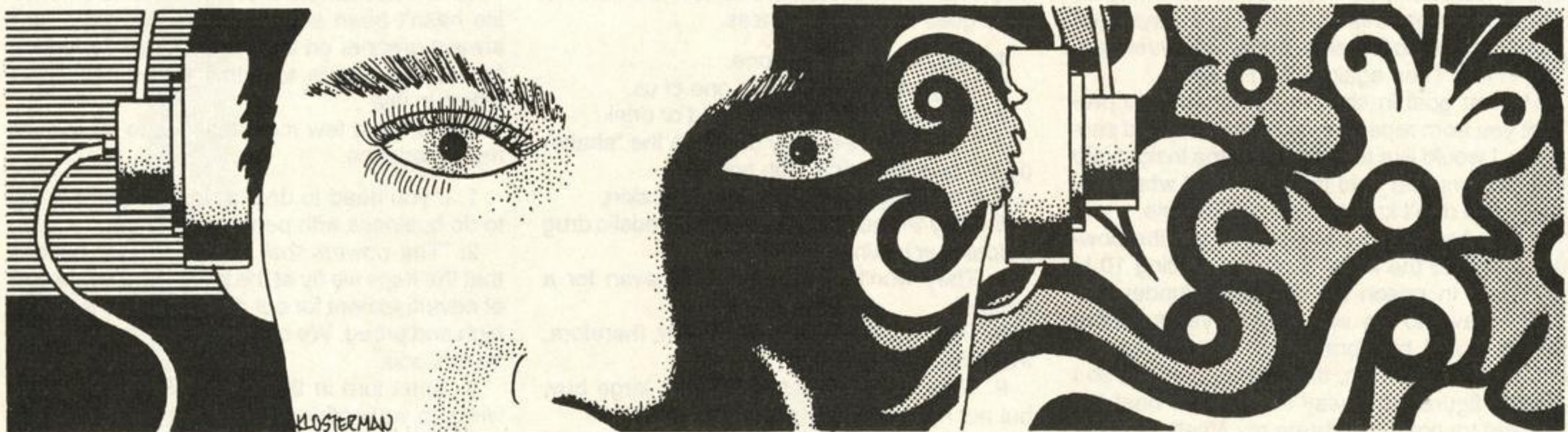
Remember, Deadheads, use your common sense and life experience when on the road

at the shows. The more arrests made at a local venue means more money into that county's coffers. In other words, it is clearly in local law enforcement's best interests to make as many arrests as possible. Politically, it looks good for the local sheriff as well.

If further advice is requested, or if you have any questions, I offer advice to Deadheads on criminal matters nationwide, taking tapes in trade for my advice. Write me at 28 Ocean Boulevard, Stuart, Florida 34995. I am also an avid tape trader with 500 hours, always looking to grow.

Michael B. Rubin, Esquire  
Attorney at Law

**Note:** Relix will be doing an extended feature on Deadheads Behind Bars, Families Against Mandatory Minimums, Amendment Rights, etc. Watch for this important and informative feature in February, 1994.



A. R. Klosterman

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# What a Long Strange Trip It's Been!

FROM TOURING WITH THE DEAD  
TO TOURING FOR THE DEA

by I. M. Foolish

I was busted in 1989 with, what was told to me by the "powers that hold the keys," 500 hits of blotter acid. This was the beginning of one of the weirdest trips I've ever taken in my 36 years. I thought this sort of thing always happened to somebody else, but could never happen to me. Then again, I. M. Foolish.

My first goal in sharing this story is to prevent you from repeating my mistakes, and secondly, I would like to give you some insight into "the powers that hold the keys" and what they know and don't know about our lifestyle.

It was brought to my attention by "the powers that hold the keys" that I was facing 10 to 20 years in prison for this little blunder and would have to do at least 12 years before parole would be considered. I mentioned to you that I am foolish, but I am not stupid, so I tried to figure out a way that I could beat the rap and try not to celebrate my fiftieth birthday in prison.

I had no money, no relatives who were willing to help me out, and no knowledge of the legal system that I found myself thrust into. That's why I had to depend on my own great thinking. I'll remind you, however, that my great thinking is what put me in this predicament to begin with, so you can just imagine the options that I explored.

After several months of driving myself and everybody around me crazy, I reluctantly concluded that I would go on tour as an informant for the DEA. I know what you're thinking, and no, I did not participate in or have anything to do with anybody else getting busted. When push came to shove, I took the money and ran. As it turned out, I did pass go, I did collect over \$200 dollars, and then I went directly to jail. Needless to say, this was not the thinking of a rational mind.

The DEA jumped at the opportunity to have someone like me in their corner. The only problem was that my loyalties to my Deadhead brothers and sisters turned out to be greater than my previous belief that anything I would do would be advantageous to my situation. In fact, the DEA made it very clear that they could promise me nothing, except maybe a nice letter saying that I helped them, but there would be no guarantees.

Regardless of our fears of the DEA, I have found that they are nothing more than over-paid modern versions of the Keystone cops when it comes to dealing with Deadheads. They are afraid of us and our way of life, and they made it quite clear to me that there is only so much that they are willing to do to infiltrate our rank and file. Fortunately, they were also not very well informed as to where we were in regard to parking lot openings, etc., and they

were consistently in the wrong place at the right time.

Based on my experience, you might find it helpful and rather educational to know how the DEA goes about its business.

1. They never travel alone.
2. They will not freely hug one of us.
3. They will not share our food or drink.
4. They will not do any deals on the "shake-down" as they fear a mob scene.
5. A male agent will never wear a skirt.
6. They will not sample any psychedelic drug before purchasing it.
7. They won't front money, not even for a second.
8. They will not forsake a shower, therefore, they smell like cops.
9. They always want to make a large buy, but not right on the spot.
10. They have been known to trade tickets for substances (even small amounts, making you tempted and easy target).

Please use these little tidbits of information to your advantage.

Another issue that I feel is very important to understand is entrapment. Remember that just because you ask a cop if he is a cop, and he says that he isn't, does not mean that he has entrapped you. Don't forget that they are known to lie, so don't fool yourself into believing that this will save you later in a court of law.

When I finally went to court for my charges (without any outside help), I was sentenced to

five years in the State Prison. This was over three years ago. I was offered an early release program, which, to my dismay, I took about 30 months ago. It was originally supposed to be a 16-month program, but I have been in it for over 30 months. I haven't done anything to violate this strict program, but I've been penalized because I have been unable to come up with \$1,600 in fines. Perhaps \$1,600 doesn't sound like a lot of money to you, but to me it may as well be \$16 million. Let me point out, though, that I did *not* write this for the money, and I will leave it at that.

In any case, I must submit to two urine tests a week and go to countless meetings. I was also forced to relocate to a police state for the duration of this program as I wasn't a resident of the state in which I was busted. Needless to say, this has separated me from my family and my Deadhead friends. Oh, and no Dead shows either; it's against their rules. I also have a strict curfew that I must adhere to, so life hasn't been easy. I guess the grass isn't always greener on the other side of the prison fence, but I have to admit that it still beats sitting in jail.

There are a few more lessons to learn from my experience.

1. If you need to deal drugs, be careful. Try to do business with people you know.
2. "The powers that hold the keys" believe that the flags we fly at the shows are some sort of advertisement for our drug trade, so fly yours high and proud. We could really screw them up on this one.
3. Don't turn in the people that love you. It will gain you nothing!
4. "The powers that hold the keys" have been known to tell you just about anything, except the truth. They don't make guarantees. They use you up then lock you up.
5. Keep a lot of money on hand for legal fees should you get caught.
6. Know the legal ramifications before getting thrust into the system.

And finally, please forgive me for considering working against the lifestyle that is ours and ours alone. Even though I've given up my freedom in the process, I've come to realize that there are more important things in life that are just too precious to give up. ■



# Bay Area Bits™

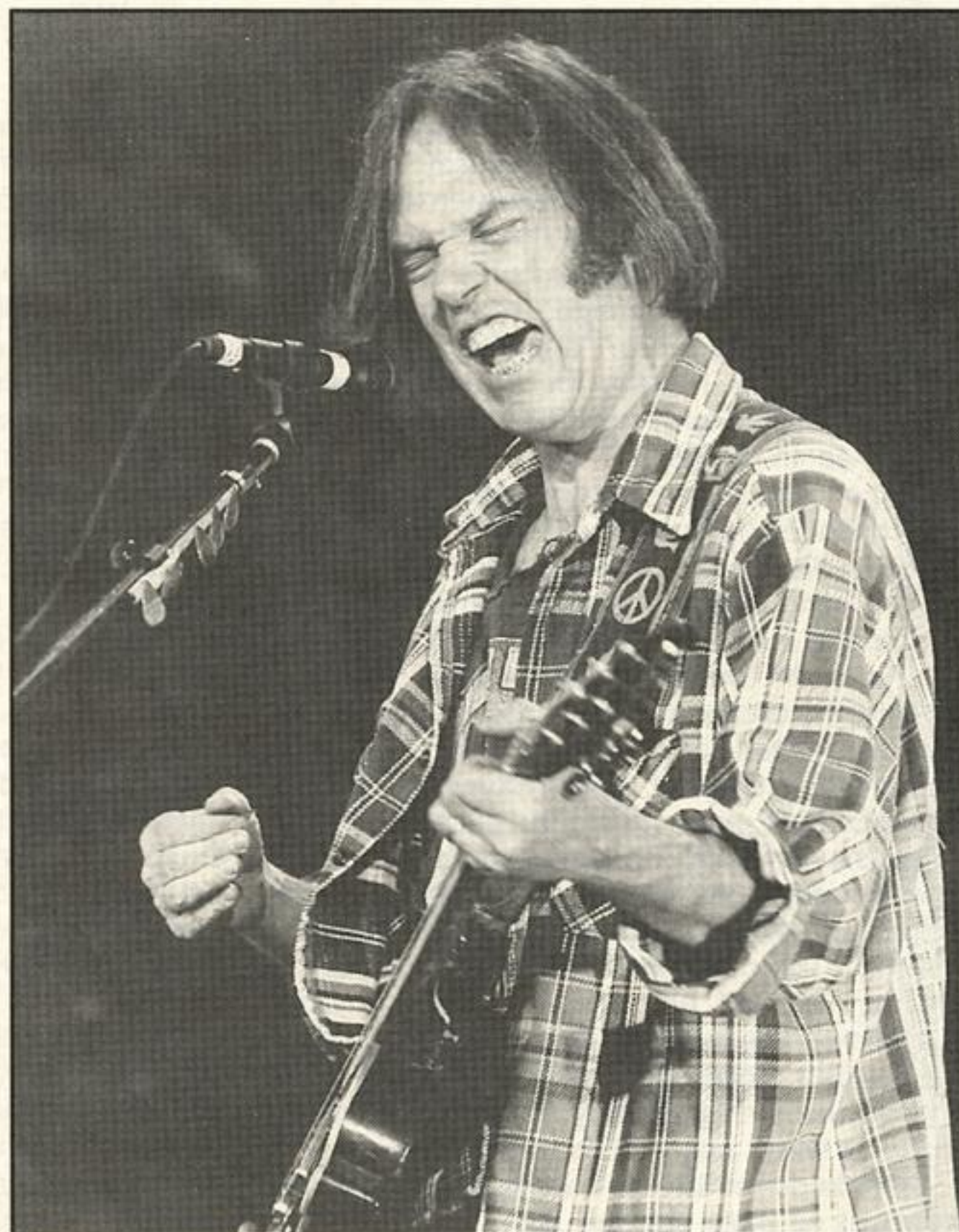
BY J. C. JUANIS

**A**fter *The Gold Rush*: What started with an early morning announcement on Bay Area radio station KFOG led to one of the most satisfying concerts ever as Neil Young decided to test drive his new group at San Francisco's Warfield Theater before setting out on a tour of Europe. Young's "new" group turned out to be Booker T. and the MG's. With tickets for the historic event evaporating in less than ten minutes, the rocker turned in a performance that left even the most veteran rock fan satisfied. The pairing of the La Honda, California resident and the legendary Memphis soul group proved to be a stroke of genius, as Young, cranked up to maximum volume, delved into his considerable songbook, tracing his beginnings by touching base on material from his earliest days with Buffalo Springfield to his current acoustic-flavored *Harvest Moon* (Reprise) release. It was not the first time Young and the MG's have performed together. The two musical giants jammed several times at the Lone Star Roadhouse in New York City and, of course, at the Bob Dylan tribute at Madison Square Garden last October. However, this was the first time Young and the MG's have embarked on such an ambitious undertaking. Booker T. Jones (organ), Steve Cropper (guitar), and Donald "Duck" Dunn (bass) of Booker T. and the MG's were the architects of the lean "Memphis Sound" as members of the legendary Stax/Volt Records house band. While the group had hits of their own such as the instrumental "Green Onions," they earned their well-deserved reputation as the best rhythm section in the music business, backing up other Stax/Volt and Atlantic Records chartbusters such as Otis Redding, Wilson Pickett, Sam and Dave, Eddie Floyd, Albert King, Carla Thomas, and countless others. Guitarist Steve Cropper's writing credits include such smashes as "In The Midnight Hour," "Sitting On The Dock Of The Bay," "Soul Man," and "Knock On Wood." The MG's original drummer Al Jackson Jr. was murdered in 1975, so joining the band for this occasion was popular session drummer, Jim Keltner. Joined by sister Astrid Young and vocalist Annie Stocking, the explosive rocker lived up to his own lofty reputation opening with Buffalo Springfield's "Mr. Soul" before charging into "The Loner" from his first solo album. With the volume cranked to ear-bleeding levels, Young clearly had the crowd in his hands, diving headfirst into "Southern Man," scratching out notes from his guitar in a burst of feedback and noise, as Booker T. laid down a fat organ sound from his Hammond B-3. Taking time out to sit at an upright piano, Young eloquently turned in a touching rendition of "Helpless" before returning to pump up the voltage with "This Note's For You." Young also used the show to perform songs that he rarely, if ever, performs publicly such as "Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere" (from the first *Crazy Horse* LP), "Motorcycle Mama" (from

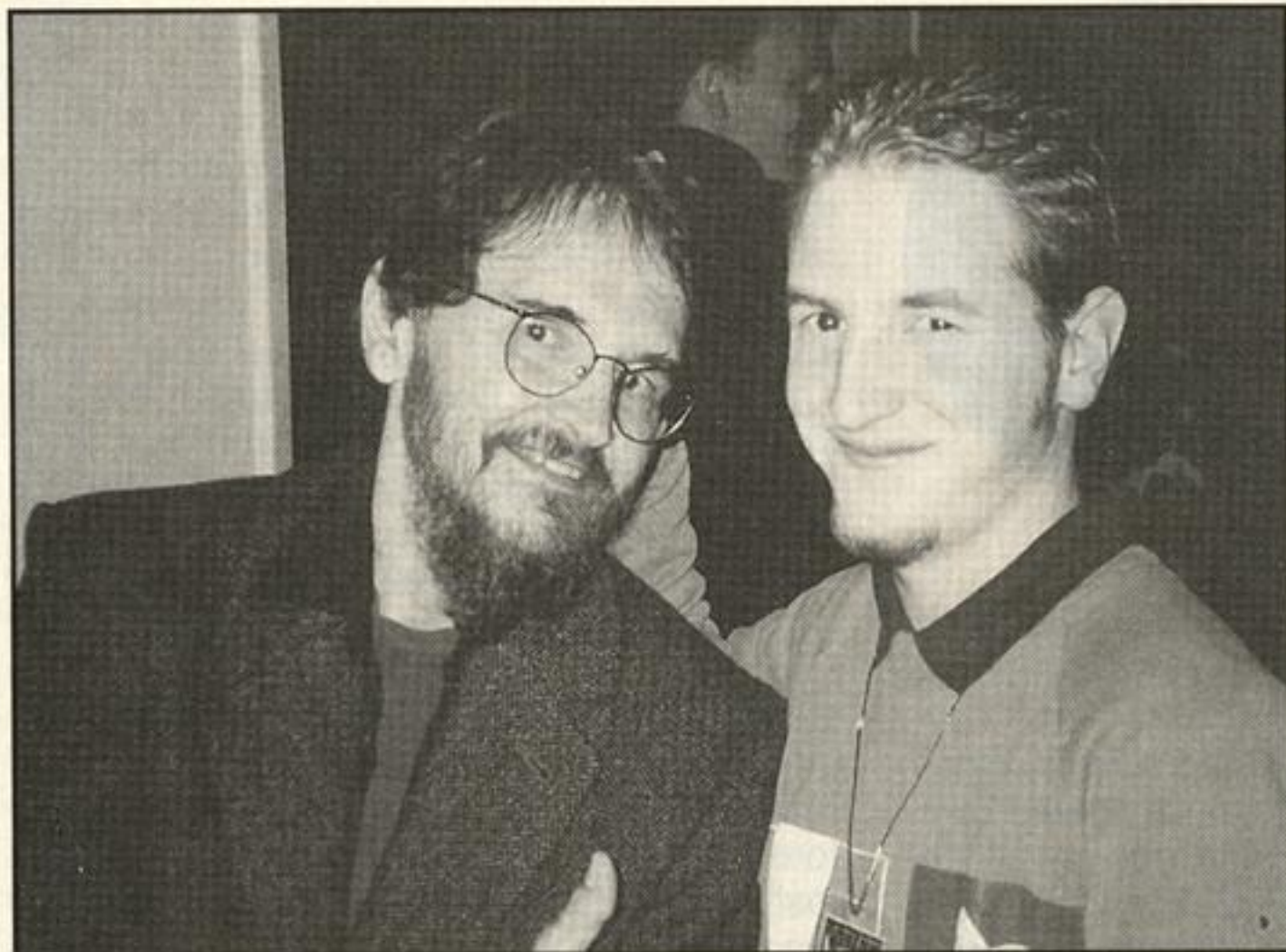
*Comes A Time*), and "I Believe In You" (from *After The Gold Rush*). Other gems performed were "Only Love Can Break Your Heart," "Love To Burn," "Powderfinger," and "Like A Hurricane." Sparks were flying as Young and company performed a 15-minute pull-out-all-the-stops "Down By The River." For the encore, Young surprised everyone in the house with a wonderful reading of the Cropper-penned classic "Sitting On The Dock Of The Bay," rephrasing the song's second verse, "I left my home in Canada and headed for the Frisco Bay." The show climaxed with Bob Dylan's "All Along The Watchtower," which Young and Booker T. and the MG's performed at the Bob Dylan tribute last year. Despite the fact the Neil Young's most recent release, the acoustic *Unplugged* (Reprise), is heading up the charts, Young left the following week for a huge European stadium tour with grunge rockers Pearl Jam. Hopefully, U.S. audiences will get to experience this historic pairing.

**Full Moon Fever:** The third annual High Sierra Music Festival brought nearly 4,000 Northern Californian music fans together for a three-day fete over the 4th of July weekend. The festival, which has been compared to "a cross between the rainbow gathering and a rodeo," takes place each summer, high in the Sierra mountain town of Columbia. With an elevation of nearly 7,000 feet, the festival site, located adjacent to a fresh mountain lake, boasts a stunning mountain setting, as well as the most comfortable accommodations of any music festival—bar none. It also helps to have imaginative musical entertainment, and in that regard, the folks who run the High Sierra Music Festival also come up with high marks. Combining country, rock, bluegrass, reggae, world beat, folk, and blues, giving equal time to established stars of the past as well as the up and coming artists of the future, the High Sierra Music Festival has, in a short three-year period, become a world-class event. This year's festival included NRBQ, J.J. Cale, Joe Ely, Zero, Merl Saunders and the Rainforest Band, Pele Juju, Rhythm Method, WindCave, Austin Lounge Lizards, J.C. Flyer, and Clan Dyken. Friday's show was capped by a sizzling

performance by Merl Saunders and the Rainforest Band. Saunders, standing behind "Jessica," his beloved Hammond B-3 organ, warmed the crowd with his trademark funk and rock sounds performing songs from his recent release *It's In The Air* (Sumertone). The party atmosphere continued into the wee hours in the Cantina located behind the stage area. The La Honda, California-based Rhythm Method kept up the mood. Featured on Relix Records' *Bay Rock Sampler #5*, Rhythm Method plays an infectious brand of rock and reggae originals that had the joint jumpin'. Led by guitarists Gary Gates and Nigel Webb, and featuring the out-of-this-world keyboard and vocals of Mark Binion, Rhythm Method more than amply demonstrated why they are one of Northern California's most popular groups performing today. All of the performances at the festival were broadcast over the radio, bringing the music directly to the people in the campgrounds. Another wonderful idea is the tradition of having singer/songwriters "sing for their breakfast" live in the Cantina over the radio during the morning hours. Saturday's concert was highlighted by a mid-afternoon performance by Pele Juju. The eight-piece all-female band from Santa Cruz, California received what was the biggest response of the entire weekend. Focusing on the incendiary world beat rhythms from Ghana and Nigeria, Pele Juju's magical set showcased the talents of guitarists Molly Higbie and Michele Landegger, and vocalist extraordinaire Dana Hutson. The group's textured instrumentation and powerful harmonies certainly packed a wallop with the crowd. Pele Juju created such an explosive spectrum of sound that the ground literally shook from the force of dancing feet. Pele Juju's good-time message is spread by their self-titled debut release and exciting live shows, which continually add to their rise in popularity.



Neil Young



J. C. Juanis

Mouse and son Uri at the Bridge Benefit

Texas singer/songwriter Joe Ely also provided an inspired set for festival attendees. The honky-tonker was accompanied by a top-notch band who provided solid support on the troubadour's roadhouse anthems. Blending rock 'n' roll with country-blues, Ely is a true original as evidenced on his recent release *Love and Danger*. Closing Saturday's show was a powerful set by Zero. Keeping up the solid energy after such incredible sets by Pele Juju and Joe Ely appeared to have regenerated the jazz-rock band, and the legendary group responded in kind. The improvisational group, led by drummer Greg Anton and bolstered by the fluid guitar work of Steve Kimock, took the crowd into another space. The concert meadow, which was now illuminated by a full moon, quickly filled with twitching "Zero Heads," who swayed away as Martin Fierro honked out a long passage on saxophone during Zero's opening number "Coles Law." Pianist Pete Sears, a member of Zero for quite some time now, was outstanding, taking the forefront at times to turn and guide the band through its improvisational odyssey. Zero focused on their trademark instrumentals for the first half of the concert, breathing fire into such time-honored Zero classics as "Tangled Hangers," "Severe Tire Damage," and Jimmy Cliff's "Many Rivers To Cross." They then brought out vocalist Judge Murphy for a taste of some original Robert Hunter songs including "Horses," "Chance In A Million," and "Home On The Range." Sunday's show was highlighted by an exceptional performance by J.J. Cale, who wowed the crowd. Accompanied by a four-piece band, the reclusive songsmith turned in a set that included his best known tunes done in his distinctive country-blues style. Over the years, the Oklahoma native has influenced, as well as written some of the biggest hits for, the likes of Eric Clapton, Lynyrd Skynyrd, and Dire Straits. Cale, a master on the guitar, mesmerized the audience with intricate guitar passages while adding his unmistakable husky vocals during an exciting set that included "After Midnight," "They Call Me The Breeze," "Cocaine," "Crazy Mama," and "I'll Make Love To You Anytime." The weekend finished on a high note as NRBQ rocked the crowd, performing a diverse mix of high-energy songs that sent everyone home with a smile on their face.

**Shakedown Street:** George Clinton and the P-Funk All Stars are "the Jerry Garcia and the Grateful Dead" of funk. That is the conclusion

of more than one rock journalist, as the legendary funk king from Detroit and his band of more than 20 members put on an astonishing four-hour concert recently at the Circle Star Theater in San Carlos, California. Clinton is best known for his '60s groups Parliament and Funkadelic, and his concert was somewhat of a celebration of his nearly 40 years on the music scene. The audience was a surprising mix of ethnic groups of all ages, and even more surprising was the number (perhaps a quarter of the house) of tie-dyed Deadheads in attendance. This was particularly amazing because the Dead were playing at the Shoreline Amphitheater in nearby Mountain View that very evening. From the very first note, everyone in the sold-out house was up on their feet dancing away to the relentless poly rhythms; long, improvisational guitar solos; group chanting; and other assorted weirdness. Clinton, his hair in rainbow braids and wearing a Star Wars bed sheet, kept up the heavy marathon funk, delivering the goods time and time again on such classic songs as "Tear The Roof Off This Sucker," "Up For The Down Stroke," "Atomic Dog," "One Nation Under The Groove," and "Aqua Boogie" to mention only a few. Clinton brought with him an army of talented musicians that comprise the P-Funk All Stars including Michael Hampton, Blackbyrd McKnight, Andre Williams, and Gary Shider on guitars, Jeff "Cherokee" Buns on bass, Barry Chenault on drums, and Gary Hudgins on keyboards. The P-Funk Horns, Greg Boyer, Bennie Cowan, and Greg Thomas, are the best in the business. Old friends Muruga Booker and Humpty Hump (from the Bay Area-based Digital Underground) also sat in with the All Stars. Muruga added his patented Nada Drum and percussion to the astonishing funk mix. After the show, Clinton told *Bits*, "Something special, almost magical, happens between the band and the audience. It comes down to audience participation, and we've been really having a lot of fun with the Deadheads." Clinton is considered the "Godfather of Funk" and has influenced countless other artists. Humpty Hump summed it up best, "It's like reading comics when you are a kid and then you get to go over Iron Man's house!"

**Montana Eyes:** Speaking of Muruga Booker, the acclaimed drummer has recently signed a deal to manufacture and market his famed Nada Drum with Latin Percussion, the world's largest manufacturer of percussion equipment. Latin Percussion has contracted with Fort Belknap Industries, Inc. for the Montana Indian Manufacturers Network to manufacture the drum, fulfilling Booker's trance vision of some 23 years ago. Within it, he saw that indigenous people would make the drum and, thus, it would be an instrument to help stimulate the economy of people whose heritage and tradition is richly steeped in the sacred drum beat. Trance heart-beat drumming is an historical heritage of

people worldwide. The late jazz great Art Blakey called the Nada Drum "a truly high tech talking drum." At the recent NAAM Convention, held in Anaheim, California, Marty Cohen, president of Latin Percussion commented, "Back in the '70s Muruga was 20 years ahead of his time, but now the popularity of drumming has caught up with him. His time has come." Booker is featured on the new Relix Records' *Bay Rock Sampler #5*.

**Rat In The Kitchen:** Stanley "Mouse" Miller is truly grateful to be alive. With the help of his publisher Roger Williams, the Grateful Dead, and many friends in the Bay Area music community, the famed psychedelic artist was able to beat the odds and get a new lease on life with a much-needed liver transplant. On June 4th and 5th, a series of benefit concerts were held to help defray Mouse's medical bills at the Bridge Nightclub in San Francisco. The cream of the crop of the Bay Area music scene turned out to lend a helping hand to one of their own. Participating were the Dinosaurs, Zero, Big Brother and the Holding Company, the Rowan Brothers, Naomi Ruth Eisenberg, Allen Cohen, George Michalski, Mitchell Holman, Lisa Kindred, Mark Naftalin, Clan Dyken, The New Riders of the Purple Sage, and the Jerry Miller Band. The musical highlights, as you would guess, were plentiful. Rowan brothers Peter, Chris, and Loren demonstrated that they possess what is perhaps the best three-part harmonies in music during a set that consisted of many of this great group's most beloved songs including "Midnight Moonlight," "Land Of The Navajo," "Lonesome L.A. Cowboy," and "Panama Red." The Dinosaurs have recently undergone their most significant personnel change since the departure of Grateful Dead lyricist Robert Hunter and the death of guitar-slinger John Cipollina. The recent departures of Merl Saunders, who left so he can concentrate on touring with the Rainforest Band, and drummer Spencer Dryden, who never liked to tour himself, has brought to the legendary San Francisco band three new members, guitarist Jerry Miller (Moby Grape), violinist David LaFlamme (It's A Beautiful Day), and drummer David Getz (Big Brother and the Holding Company). The Dinosaurs' debut performance with its new personnel found the prehistoric band in good spirits, mining through the various group members past associations with an acid-rock set that included mind-expanding goodies such as "Blind Man," "Who Makes The Moves?" "White Bird," "San Francisco," and "Hot Summer Nights." A jam featuring Zero members Steve Kimock and Martin Fierro, with Big Brother's Michel Bastian, Peter Albin, and Dave Getz, along with John Lee Hooker's guitarist Rich Kirch had the crowd humming through "Big Chill" nuggets including "Shotgun," "Turn On Your Lovelight," and "Chain Of Fools." The New Riders of the Purple Sage, who have a new Relix Records release of classic live material, put the house in a down-home mood dipping into their grab bag of bonafide country-rock classics such as "I Don't Know You," "Glendale Train," "Henry," "Louisiana Lady," and "Friend Of The Devil." Frontman John Dawson was accompanied by long-time sidekicks Rusty Gauthier on guitar and fiddle, guitarist Gary Vogensen, and Bill Laymon on bass, each of whom were sensational. Topping the benefit was the Jerry Miller Band. Miller, no slouch himself when it comes to playing guitar, was joined by his former Moby Grape bandmates, guitarist Peter Lewis and Don Stevenson, for a

rousing set of grape flakes. Miller, who has recently released *Now I See*, has assembled a powerhouse band that kicks ass all around. Doobie Brother bassist Tiran Porter, drummer Fuzzy John Oxendine, and slide guitar wiz Dan Abernathy rounded out the band, which blew the roof off the joint with smoking renditions of "Hey Grandma," "Fall On You," "805," and "Got To Be A Change." The beneficiary of the evening even stopped by to thank everyone for their efforts. Mouse, thin but still looking much better than he had before the transplant, showed off his new work: a caricature of a running liver with giant eyes bugging out of its head appropriately titled "The Liver Which Left Me."

**Remember Betty's Meadow?:** The Freight and Salvage Coffee House in Berkeley recently celebrated its 25th anniversary. The Freight, as referred to by regulars, is the oldest folk music club west of the Mississippi. Due to the tireless efforts of an underpaid staff and an army of volunteers, the club delivers an array of acoustic-based music six days a week. The club is a non-profit organization supported by continued patronage including a sizable contribution each year from the Grateful Dead's charity arm, the Rex Foundation. The club features nationally-touring folk and bluegrass artists on a regular basis and boasts a custom sound system developed by John Meyers. The list of musicians who have graced the venerable stage of the folk music mecca read like a who's who of the genre including Taj Mahal, Bukka White, Rev. Gary Davis, Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen, Utah Phillips, Joy of Cooking, Country Joe McDonald, Elizabeth Cotton, Tom Paxton, and many more. During the month of June, the Freight featured a series of benefits to help the non-profit group put a down payment on the building. On June 25th, the first group ever to play the Freight and Salvage, the Cleanliness and Godliness Skiffle Band, reunited for a one-time show. The Skiffle Band, led by "Dynamite" Annie Johnson on guitar and vocals; Phil Marsh on guitar; Brian Voorheis on guitar, harmonica, and vocals; Rich Saunders on upright bass; and Gary Salzman on the garbage can were joined by ex-Hot Tuna harp ace Will Scarlett for an acid trip down memory lane. In their heyday, the Skiffle Band were mainstays at the Fillmore and Avalon Ballroom, and even played and jammed on numerous occasions with the Grateful Dead. Brian Voorheis recalled back in 1969 at the Santa Rosa Veterans Auditorium when Jerry Garcia sat in on pedal steel guitar with the band. When Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen first moved to Berkeley in 1968, the Skiffle Band took them under their wing. The group was also involved in one of rock 'n' roll's greatest hoaxes, the Masked Marauders. The Masked Marauders caused quite a stir when their "debut album" was reviewed in the October 18, 1969 issue of *Rolling Stone*. *Rolling Stone* reported that the group was made up of Bob Dylan, John Lennon, Paul McCartney, George Harrison, and Mick Jagger. It was all a joke, and the unsuspecting public felt ripped off at the time. (The LP, on Diety DKS Records, is a high-priced collectors' item so everything, indeed, comes around.) The Freight and Salvage was packed to the rafters, and the Skiffle Band surely did not disappoint as the 250 or so patrons swayed, sang along, and tapped their feet to the group's distinctive jug band arrangements of traditional songs that ranged from Jimmy Reed to Johnny Cash, mixed with originals such as "Long Tall Hippie" and "Cozy Cor-

ner Bar." This kind of good-time music is what the Freight and Salvage Coffee House has been about for over 25 years.

**Hillbilly Cadillac:** Bill Kirchen, best known for his work as a founding member of the Moonlighters and Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen, has recently released a new CD with his band Too Much Fun, entitled *Tombstone Every Mile* (Big Moe). The recording, which had been available as an import on Demon Records in England, features Kirchen's brand of western swing, country, rock, and rockabilly. Kirchen and his group were the hit of this year's South By Southwest Music Festival in Austin, Texas. They also performed a successful tour of England where he was joined by old pal Austin deLone, Paul Carrack on keyboards, and Pete Thomas from Elvis Costello's Attractions, during some dates including a couple of live BBC broadcasts. The new release contains a couple of songs that are sure to become classics including the Kevin "Blackie" Farrell and Brian Voorheis smash "Rockabilly Funeral" as well as a Leroy Preston/Blackie Farrell-penned ditty titled "Fool On A Stool." Kirchen was excited about a U.S. tour in support of the new record, and he assured his many fans that "There will be no real surprises, just a good old fashioned hard rockin' hillbilly band." Kirchen is a master when it comes to playing his vintage Fender Telecaster guitar as he more than amply displays during a ten-minute tour de force of "Hot Rod Lincoln." "My Telecaster has more grey hairs than I do," joked Kirchen.

**Stuck in Lodi Again:** Former Creedence Clearwater Revival founder John Fogerty's legal fight with Saul Zaentz and Fantasy Records appears to be headed all the way to the United States Supreme Court. On June 21st, the highest court in the land agreed to decide whether Fogerty should be reimbursed for lawyer's fees he spent while successfully defending himself against a copyright lawsuit. In 1970, while Fogerty was riding high with his Bay Area band Creedence Clearwater Revival, he wrote the hit song "Run Through The Jungle." He assigned the rights at that time to the predecessors of Fantasy, Inc. As Creedence Clearwater Revival took off, so did the fortunes of Fantasy Records who later branched out to include mak-

ing the Academy Award winning movies *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest* and *Amadeus*. After Creedence broke up, Fogerty and the other members of the group lost most of their earnings due to accountants' bad advice and a Panama bank that went bust. Fogerty eventually went on to sue his former accountant and won, and in 1985 staged a brilliant comeback with the song "The Old Man Down The Road." When meeting with Fantasy chief Saul Zaentz, former members Doug Clifford and Stu Cook remarked how much the new song sounded like the 1970 hit. Zaentz, who still owns the copyright, agreed and brought suit against Fogerty for copyright infringement. After a trial in 1988, a San Francisco jury found that Fogerty had not infringed on the "Jungle" copyright. When Fogerty sought to have Fantasy pay the lawyer fees he spent in successfully defending himself, the federal trial judge turned down his request. Fogerty appealed to the 9th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals who upheld the denial of lawyer fees last February, stating that he had not demonstrated that "the suit was frivolous or was instituted in bad faith." Fogerty has remained bitter over the action and at the Bammie Awards last year told the shocked throng "that I urge you not to buy any CDs by Creedence Clearwater Revival because the artist is getting ripped off." Fogerty snubbed his former bandmates, who had just been inducted in the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame earlier this year, by refusing to perform at the last minute with the award-winning band. The case currently being heard by the high court is Fogerty vs. Fantasy, Inc., 92-1750, and a decision is likely to come sometime next year.

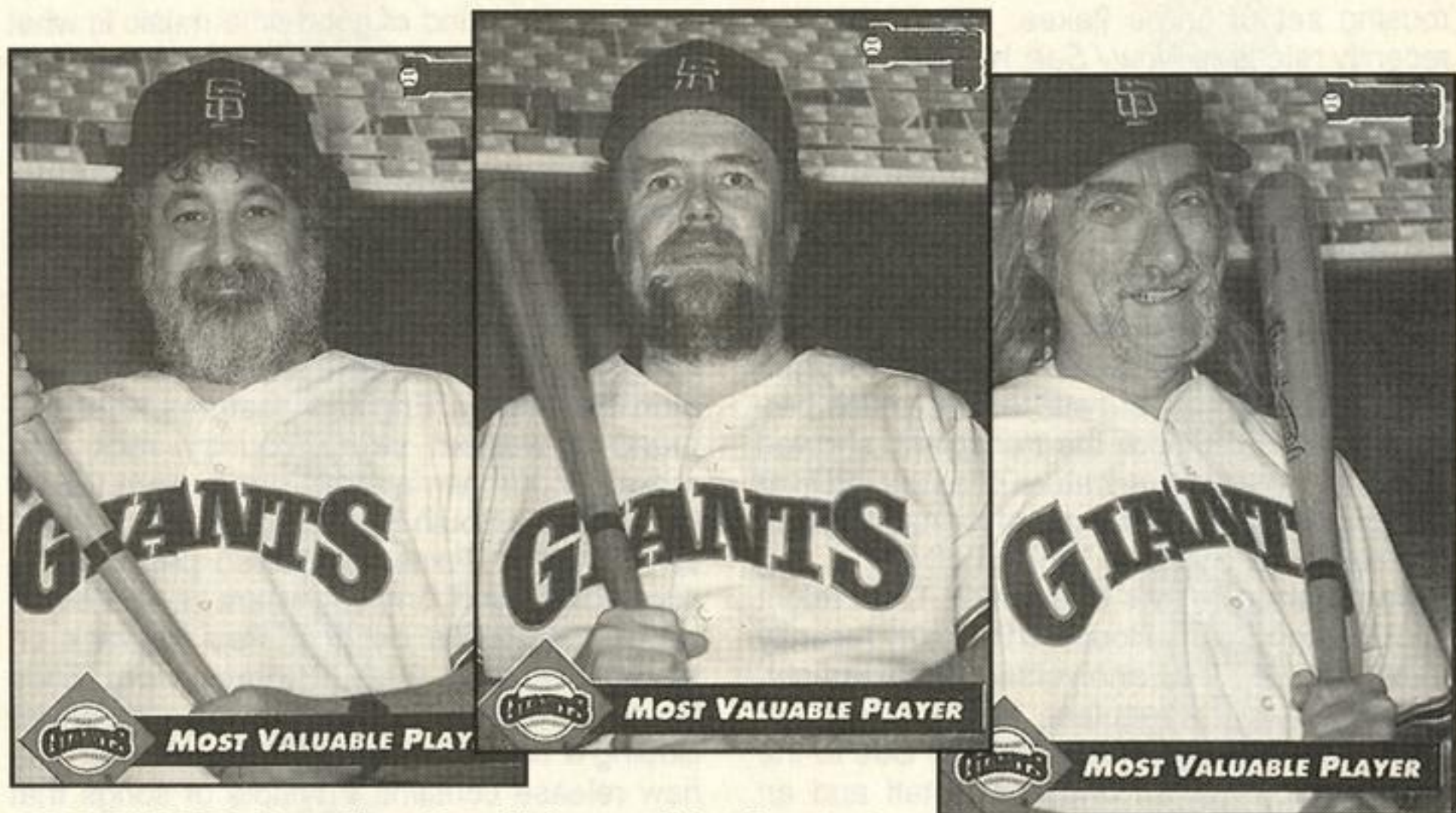
**Big Wheels:** Bluegrass is still alive in North Berkeley as was showcased on July 18th when Black Oak Books hosted their annual bluegrass night in the back of their spacious bookstore. Featured was a performance by the Black Oak Boys: David Nelson on guitar, Sandy Rothman on banjo, Brian Godchaux on fiddle, Butch Waller on mandolin, and Chuck Witley on upright bass. Tight crisp playing and high lonesome harmonies were the order of the evening as these old pros pulled out one chestnut after another from their considerable songbook of traditional songs and breakdowns. Songs by the Carter Family, Bill Monroe, and



THE BLACK OAK BOYS (l-r): Brian Godchaux, Chuck Witley, David Nelson, Butch Waller and Sandy Rothman

Red Allen were delivered with precision and passion throughout the evening. David Nelson was in exceptionally good form singing such classics as "Dim Lights, Thick Smoke," "Diamond Joe," "Ashes Of Love," "Teardrops in My Eyes," and "I'm Just Here To Get My Baby Out Of Jail." Sandy Rothman is one of the finest players in bluegrass when it comes to the five-string banjo, and he is quite a vocalist as well. His aching vocal on "The Ramshackle Shack" and superb picking on his original breakdown "Kentucky Tent Show" were very well received. Sandy Rothman and Steve Pottier's *Bluegrass Duets* has just been released on Sierra Records, and Rothman's new bluegrass recording *The Old Road To Home* is due out soon. Check out Relix Records' *Bay Rock Sampler #5* for some fine guitar picking by Sandy Rothman and Steve Pottier.

**Short Bits:** Former Electric Flag members Nick Gravenites and Barry Goldberg were joined by guitarist Harvey Mandel for a rollicking jam that was the highlight of the Marin Blues Festival...Peter Rowan and David Nelson stopped by the Sweetwater in Mill Valley recently to catch a set by Seattle songwriter Papa Gramps. Also on the bill that evening was the College of I featuring the sons of some famous musicians, Monroe Grisman (son of David), Creek Hart (son of Mickey), and Gabriel Harris (son of Joan Baez)...Pianist George Michalski tinkles the ivories at the Sunday brunch at the world renown Top of the Mark restaurant atop Nob Hill in San Francisco. On a recent Sunday, child film star Macauley Culkin (*Home Alone*) stopped by with his dad and showed a lot of class for a little fella as he graciously



**DEAD RINGERS:** Barry Flast, Dave Nelson and Tom Constanten

tipped Michalski ten bucks on his way out!...Barry Flast and Booker T. Jones did a keyboard duet on a new Country Joe McDonald tune recorded at Berkeley's Fantasy Studios.

**Born Sidestepper:** Dead Ringers, the all-star aggregation of San Francisco's best known musicians, is back on the road following their debut Relix Records release. Besides mainstays Barry Flast, David Nelson, and Tom Constanten, Dead Ringers include Bill Laymon from the New Riders of the Purple Sage on bass, Evan Morgan on guitar, and Peter Grant on pedal steel. Grant was a member of the early '60s pre-Dead band, the Black Mountain

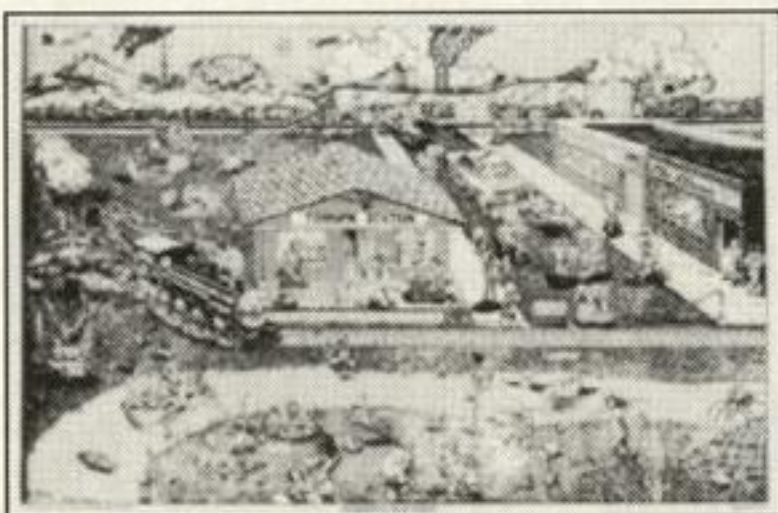
Boys, and plays pedal steel on "Doin' That Rag" on the Grateful Dead's *Aoxomoxoa* album. David Nelson has also put music to Robert Hunter's poem "Born Sidestepper," and Dead Ringers will be performing that tune during their live shows. Tom Constanten's new Relix Records release entitled *Morning Dew* features an incredible version of "Embryonic Journey" with Jorma Kaukonen sitting in on guitar. ■

(Special thanks to Audrey Pickell, Steve Block, Bruce Latimer, Roy Carter, and Jessica Blue Sky for their contributions.)

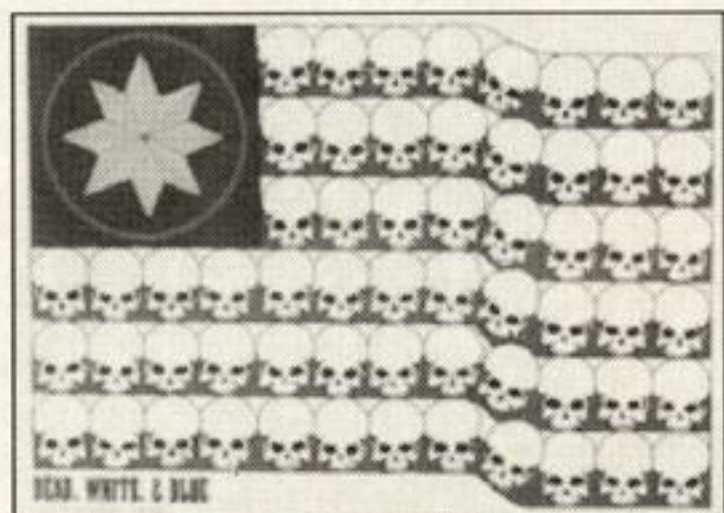
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# Ben & Jerry's

## More Than Just Ice Cream

BY ROBERT W. KURKELA

**B**en & Jerry's innovative corporate approach does more for our planet and its inhabitants than there is room enough to mention. This corporation's environmental and human concerns have set them light-years apart from its business world counterparts. And while they have not yet changed the world, they have changed the notion of how a corporation can, and should, be run in a characteristically ruthless corporate America.

For instance, its 1991 Annual Report was bound by a paper garbage bag and stitched with a sewing machine. The cover was made of Brown Kraft, unbleached Groundwood with 50% postconsumer waste, and the text pages were printed on recycled stock. The back cover reads: "Thanks to East Coast Leotard for stitching the cover of our report. We are glad to be supporting their efforts to re-vitalize the sewing industry in the central Vermont area." Inside, a bumper sticker and ten smaller stickers were included in the centerfold. They all had the same message: "Practice Random Acts of Kindness & Senseless Beauty." Ben & Jerry's got this idea from an anonymous, subversive group that is advocating this slogan. (One example of practicing this is to anonymously pay the toll of the car behind you at a toll booth.) Clearly, Ben & Jerry's hope is that displaying these bumper stickers will encourage a friendlier, healthier attitude in all of us.

Above all else, the main ingredient in Ben & Jerry's progressive approach to making money may be that they have never abandoned the small-town principles on which its company was founded. Childhood friends Ben Cohen and Jerry Greenfield started scooping out their unique flavors from fresh Vermont milk and cream in 1978 in a renovated gas station in Burlington, Vermont. The initial \$12,000 investment, \$4,000 of which was borrowed, has since blossomed into a multi-million dollar company with scoop shops across the country. Inherent

in its approach to business is a concern for the communities in which its factories, offices, and scoop shops operate and also the effect its operations have on society as a whole.

Ben & Jerry's concerns are outlined in its Statement of Mission. Comprised of three inter-related parts, the prevailing theme is a term they call "linked prosperity." The first part of the Statement of Mission is the Product Mission which states: "To make, distribute, and sell the finest quality, all-natural ice cream and related products in a wide variety of innovative flavors made from Vermont dairy products." This fresh milk and cream, to the tune of four million gallons a year, is purchased from family farms in Vermont. Unfortunately, family farms are going out of business at the rate of 100,000 every year and are being replaced by factory farming that brings with it chemicals, pesticides, energy waste, and cropland erosion. Ben & Jerry's believes so strongly in the survival of the family farmer that when dairy prices nose-dived in 1991, they decided to make premium payments of a half million dollars to the family farmers whose milk they buy. And whenever the dairy prices fall below a floor price established by Ben & Jerry's, the premium payments will be reactivated to help the family farmer meet his cost and cope with the unstable, federally controlled dairy pricing system.

The second part of the Statement of Mission is the Social Mission which pledges: "To operate the company in a way that actively recognizes the central role that business plays in the structure of society by initiating innovative ways to improve the quality of life of a broad community—local, national, and international." While most companies in America contribute less than one percent of pre-tax profits to charity, Ben & Jerry's contributes 7.5 percent. In 1991, this amounted to allocations of \$528,000 to the Ben

& Jerry's Foundation, a separate entity from the company. Since its founding in 1985, it has awarded grants of more than \$1.5 million to groups such as One Percent For Peace and Infact, an activist group whose boycott against General Electric recently forced the corporate giant to abandon its involvement with nuclear weapons. Ben & Jerry's also concerns itself with the homeless issue. So much so that a scoop shop in Harlem opened under the ownership of a Harlem entrepreneur and HARK homes, a non-profit organization that hires and houses the homeless. Furthermore, Ben & Jerry's hardcore environmental programs in Vermont include recycling, supplying a nearby pig farm with 500 to 700 gallons of ice cream spillage a day, using energy saving devices, sponsoring and supporting Vermont's Merry Mulching program to recycle Christmas trees into mulch, participating in a paint drop and swap program (reusing paints and solvents), and sponsoring a used tire drop and swap. Company-owned scoop shops, manufacturing facilities, and offices recycle ingredient containers and plastic cutlery. Recycled materials are also sought out in packaging its products. For example, Peace Pop boxes have been switched from virgin to recycled paperboard.

The third and final part of Ben & Jerry's Statement of Mission is the Economic Mission which states: "To operate the company on a sound financial basis of profitable growth, increasing value for our shareholders, and creating career opportunities and financial rewards for our employees." Ben & Jerry's has proven its financial commitment to its employees by instating the Salary Ratio Policy, which maintains a fair ratio between the lowest and highest salaries. At 1991 wage levels (entry level was \$7.50 per hour), the figure was \$18,500. Therefore, according to Ben & Jerry's Salary Ratio Policy calculations, the highest wage they could pay was \$129,920 including benefits. Many praise this policy, which scoffs at the outrageous millions taken home by CEOs of other corporations. Ben & Jerry's further provide for

the financial security of its employees in other ways. The face value of company-paid term life insurance was doubled several years ago to two times annual salary with no maximum (there used to be a maximum of \$75,000). Newly-hired employees' medical and dental insurance begin

after only 30 days of employment, instead of the standard 90-day grace period. There is also equalized health insurance premiums for hourly and salaried employees. Moreover, Ben & Jerry's pays the entire premium for employees and 90 percent of the premium for all dependents, including gay and lesbian partners.

When you buy Ben & Jerry's ice cream, you'll feel good knowing that your money is doing something constructive. Whether it's used for a non-profit organization, a family farmer struggling to survive in Vermont, a hungry and homeless person on the streets of New York City, or an inhabitant of a vanishing rainforest in South America, Ben & Jerry's is making a difference. Ben & Jerry's has shown what a corporation must do for society. Now it is society's turn to show what it must do for Ben & Jerry's. We must make them the norm and not the exception. We must follow their lead and practice random acts of kindness and senseless beauty. We may not change the world, but then again...

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CRAIG ERICKSON



IAIN MATTHEWS

# Independents

## ★ DAZE™ ★

by Mick Skidmore

**W**elsh band **Man** never made much of an impact in the US, despite a number of tours in the '70s and a slew of interesting albums. They were, however, well respected in Britain, Germany, and France. Last year three-fourths of the original lineup got back together for the first time in 16 years (original drummer Terry Williams is currently pounding the skins for Dire Straits). The result was *The Twang Dynasty* (Road Goes On Forever), an impressive 11-cut studio album that showed Man could still mix inspired psychedelic rock with more contemporary sounds and do it better than most. Long, spacey guitar solos were Man's strong point. They drew on **Grateful Dead** influences, English psychedelia, and more importantly, *Happy Trails*-era **Quicksilver Messenger Service**. Quicksilver's John Cipollina actually toured Europe with Man, guesting on their 1975 live album *Maximum Darkness*.

On the new album, they have honed down those skills a little, concentrating on shorter songs. But they still kick into high gear with the soaring opener "A Feather On The Scales Of Justice," which has some biting slide guitar from Micky Jones. Equally as impressive is the harder-hitting rock of "Mad On Her" and the wonderful John Cipollina tribute "The Wings Of Mercury." Both feature some exemplary guitar interplay between Deke Leonard and Jones. Unfortunately, this album is an import only, but it's worth the extra effort in tracking it down. Write to: Unit B, 9d Park Road, Crouch End, London, England N8 8TE.

**Dick Dale** has been called the "king of the surf guitar" for close to 30 years. Many artists as diverse as Hendrix, the Ventures, and John Cipollina have hailed him as an influence. *Tribal Thunder* (Hightone) is Dale's new album. It was produced by San Francisco impresario

and multi-instrumentalist Scott Matthews. Prairie Prince of the Tubes also plays drums here, but it's Dale's furious trebly guitar leads that this album is all about. He cranks up the reverb and lets it rip with some incredibly fast and intricate playing. This is best exemplified in the powerful "Hot Link," which segues "Caterpillar Crawl" with Link Wray's classic "Rumble." Equally good is the tenacious fusion of surf guitar and Bo Diddley rhythms in the title cut. Anyone who thinks this is Beach Boys-type surf music is in for a pleasant surprise. This guy can really play! (220 4th St., #101, Oakland, CA 94607)

Scottish guitarist/singer/songwriter **John Martyn** has long been known as a musician's musician and a critic's favorite. His songs have been covered by the likes of Eric Clapton, Ian Matthews, Robert Palmer, and more. In *No Little Boy* (Mesa), Martyn reworks some of the most popular songs from his 25-year career. What makes the album so special, aside from Martyn's alluring and sophisticated jazzy vocals and wonderful songs, is the array of supporters that help him out. The Band's Levon Helm duets with him on "Just Now;" Pink Floyd's Dave Gilmour adds guitar to several songs, notably the superb rendition of "One World;" and Phil Collins sings on "Ways To Cry" and "Sweet Little Mystery." This really is an impressive album from an artist who's long overdue for commercial success. In a lot of ways, Martyn's music has a lot of similarities to the late Tim Hardin's. (209 East Alameda Ave., Suite 101, Burbank, CA 91502)

Fans of hard-edged blues-rock a la Johnny Winter or the late Stevie Ray Vaughan, should find *Roadhouse Stomp* (Shrapnel/BBI) by Iowa guitarist **Craig Erickson** more than a passing interest. Erickson, backed here simply by bass and drums, shines in this fast-paced set of

originals. His lead and slide guitar work is extremely accomplished and volatile. He is also strong vocally which is most notable in the scathing slide-driven "Midnight Highway," and the lighter tones of "River Song" where his gutsy vocal track perfectly complements his fluid and muscular guitar work. His guitar playing is solid, as is evidenced by the tenacious Hendrix-influenced "Overtime." (P.O. Box P, Novato, CA 94948)

Erickson further shows his versatility by appearing on labelmate (he co-wrote a number of songs and plays guitar), and ex-Deep Purple vocalist **Glenn Hughes's** new album *Blues* (Shrapnel/BBI). Hughes's album, as might be expected, has a slightly more metal-meets-blues feel, and as such, is of less interest. The songs are more cliché-ridden, but nonetheless, there's some inspired playing with a number of different guitarists adding their talents. The best cuts are "I'm The Man," a sophisticated funky blues rocker with some flashy guitar leads, and "Here Comes The Rebel." The latter features the raspy-voiced Hughes at his best. Primarily, though, this is one for Deep Purple fans.

Former **Mother Earth** vocalist **Tracy Nelson** makes a welcome recording return with *In The Here And Now* (Rounder), a solid album of traditional-based blues that's colored with some soulful R&B. Nelson has a really strong voice, something akin to a smoother-toned Janis Joplin. In this album, which was recorded in Nashville, Nelson melds together the old and the new, and makes it seem natural. Both the superb title cut and the Jennings/Joe Sample-penned "When It All Comes Down" sit comfortably next to her blistering interpretations of Elmore James's "It Hurts Me Too" and the powerhouse duet with Irma Thomas on the horn-propelled version of "Please Send Me Someone To Love." (One Camp Street, Cambridge, MA 02140)

Guitarist **Debbie Davies** gained considerable stature during her three-year stint playing alongside Albert Collins. In *Picture This* (Blind Pig), her debut solo album, she offers plenty of evidence that she's one of the best female blues guitarists around. This is quality stuff, from the album's revved-up shuffle opener "Picture This" to the closer, a funky cover of Don Nix's "Going Back To Luka." Davies not only shows an incredible amount of dexterity on the fret, but she's got a real sense of feeling and passion for the blues. Her vocals are also top-notch. Davies gets into a catchy groove in "Wonder Why (You're So Mean To Me)" with guest Albert Collins and offers a sparkling rendition of Freddie King's "Sidetracked." Adding even further credence to her credibility is the fact that most of Robert Cray's band back her here. (P.O. Box 2344, San Francisco, CA 94126)

Also in the blues field is *Ride With Me* (Spindletop) by veteran guitarist **Long John Hunter**. Hunter originally hails from Louisiana, but this 62-year-old has made a reputation for himself in the clubs of Juarez, Mexico and El Paso, Texas. He's not recorded much before, but you'd never guess it from this splendid album, which hops about the blues genre with ease. There are hints of B.B. King in Hunter's crisp playing, a touch of Texas jump blues, and more than a hint of Clarence Gatemouth Brown, but really, the ten original songs are quite exceptional. The loose-natured feel of "West Texas Homecoming" perfectly brings to mind a hot and sweaty club as Hunter displays his guitar

mastery in this tongue-in-cheek cut. (11115 Magnolia Blvd, North Hollywood, CA 91601)

Singer-songwriter **Tom Russell** is a real American troubadour. He writes and sings poetically of the realities of the world, mixing romanticism with social commentary. Vocally, Russell is a cross between Johnny Cash and John Stewart. There's nothing unusual about his new album, *Box Of Visions* (Philo), as it's just more of the finely-crafted songs that have become a trademark of Russell's. "Manzanar" is a haunting tale of an interned Japanese American. In "Coney Island Moon," he reflects on an old love as Rose Flores and Katy Moffatt add sweet harmonies. Even better is the more rock-oriented Warren Zevon-like "Hong Kong Boy." (Distributed by Rounder)

One-time **Fairport Convention** member **Iain Matthews** has released over 30 albums, but his latest *Skeleton Keys* (Mesa) is one of the most pleasant. It's a low-keyed effort with the emphasis on Matthew's original songs and sweet tenor voice. The mostly acoustic instrumentation is sparse but effective, giving the songs a light country-folk air. Matthews has come up with some of his most thought-provoking and poetic songs to date here. This is most evident in the complex lyrical tale "Jumping Off The Roof" and the angst-ridden "Back Of The Bus." The catchiest cut on the album is "Get It Back," a funky country-blues number that owes more than a little to T. Rex's "Get It On." This is one of Matthews's finest works.

**The Goodman Brothers** is a duo consisting of Frank on acoustic guitar and vocals, and Billy on electric and acoustic guitars. Originally from New York, the duo now performs regularly in the Bay Area. In fact, Billy has played bass with Jefferson Starship, and slide guitar with Jorma Kaukonen, electric Hot Tuna, and the Memphis Pilgrims, a side project of Hot Tuna's Michael Falzarano. *Crooked Smile* (Trinity) is the duo's debut album. It was produced by Rusty Gauthier of the New Riders and also features Bobby Vega on bass. But name dropping aside, it is the exquisite harmonies and songs of the Goodmans that grab you. The 16 songs were recorded live in the studio and range from the lilting harmony-filled country-rock of "Independence Day" to an interesting arrangement of "Good Shepherd,"

which features some nice slide guitar. In "To Win Your Love," there's a hint of Simon and Garfunkel in their harmonies. Yes, they are that good. Billy Goodman's slide guitar work shines on the acoustic rocker "Daddy's Got To Play The Blues" and a moody interpretation of "Mean Old World." CDs are \$15.95, cassettes \$11.95, from: P.O. Box 151268, San Rafael, CA 94915.

Britain's **Ozric Tentacles** is back again defying musical categorization with its latest collection of instrumental madness *Jurassic Shift* (I.R.S.). The band offers a jagged spectrum of sounds. It's sort of cosmic-space-rock-meets-psychedelia via progressive rock. But there's nothing retro about the Tentacles' music at all. The title may allude to dinosaurs, but these guys are very much a '90s band. Even when they throw in some flowery middle eastern passages, it's presented in a decidedly contemporary fashion. This band really has forged its own unique sound with its amalgam of pulsating dance-like rhythms, spacey synthesizers, and off-the-wall guitar work. This latest album is their most accessible and exciting to date.

Another band that is equally original is South Africa's **Tribe**

**After Tribe.** *Love Under Will* (MegaForce) is the trio's latest effort. There's a strong percussive backdrop to the group's thunderous rock songs that encompass everything from ethnic African rhythms to heavy metal. This is demonstrated on "Dance Of The Wu Li Masters" and the sweet 13-minute "The Lovers." The band has power, good lyrics, and some clever musical twists.

*Waitin' For The Hard Times To Go* (Sugar Hill) is the latest album from the **Nashville Bluegrass Band**. It may not offer anything new, but it's further proof that the NBB is one

of the finest exponents of traditional bluegrass around. The band's playing is beyond reproach, and their harmonies are near perfect. This is simply honest, unpretentious bluegrass at its best. (P.O. Box 55300, Durham, NC 27717-5300)

The San Francisco-based Celtic folk rockers **Tempest** have another strong album in *Sunken Treasures* (Firebird). This album collects previously unreleased material spanning the group's career as well as eight tracks from their cassette-only release *Celtic Rock*. If you've enjoyed any of their other albums, you'll indeed find this a sunken treasure. It's only a matter of time before a major label realizes just how good this band is. The eight-minute "The Creel"



GOODMAN BROS

is a wonderful meshing of traditional and rock sounds, and this is just an outtake! (P.O. Box 14785, Portland, OR 97214)

Fans of **Commander Cody & The Lost Planet Airmen** will find *Lost in Space* (Relix) of interest. This 14-cut collection is from a March, 1975 WNEW radio broadcast. The sound is good (it was made from the original radio station masters), and the band is in good form. There's a great "Seeds & Stems," a lively boogie-woogie "House Of Blue Lights," and a powerful trio of closers: "Riot In Cell Block #9," "Too Much Fun," and "Don't Let Go." ■

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UNCLE JON'S BAND

# Too New To Be Known™

by Mick Skidmore

The strangely-named **Mitch's Infydels** (there's no Mitch in the band) is a five-piece band that can usually be found playing the clubs of Buffalo, New York. The current lineup has been together since 1990 and, aside from its own music, covers material by the Dead, the Allmans, the Doors, Phish, and others. That in itself may not sound unusual or particularly attention-grabbing, but the group's debut cassette *Walking To The Store On A Sunny Day* reveals a lot more depth. Despite the fact that it was recorded in two days, it's a fairly accomplished recording. Surprisingly, the influences of the '60s bands whose music they cover frequently are not that evident. The closest comparison is the lyrical side of Phish. There's some really zany stuff here. The tongue-in-cheek "Thelma Mae" and "Don't Put Your Trust In A Velvet Elvis" are the two best examples of the group's quirky material, while the lengthy "The Scottish Massingil Overture, Opus #9" highlights their formidable musical skills as the band stretches out with some dynamic instrumental passages.

Mitch's Infydels well worth checking out. For tape orders (\$6 each), bookings, or other information, send a SASE to Mitch's Infydels, 329 Deerhurst Park Blvd., Tonawanda, NY 14223, or call (716) 839-1341.

With a name like **Uncle Jon's Band**, it should be no surprise to find out that this five-piece from Southern Illinois plays music that should be of interest to most *Relix* readers. The band, which has been together in its current incarnation since 1990, has encountered a fair amount of stigma over its name. UJB insists that it has never tried to copy the Grateful Dead, but merely has been inspired by the spirit of the Dead experience. Judging from the finely produced self-titled CD of originals, the band has, for the most part, succeeded in living up to that claim.

The group's writing is focused, expansive, and impressive. Of the 11 cuts, only the sprightly opener "Get Up Lilah" really reeks of Dead influences. Sure, there are odd Garcia-like guitar phrases here and there, but the band injects

plenty of other influences. Fuelled by two drummers, the guitarist and keyboardist share the limelight with some sparkling playing. There's some good music here. Best cuts are the rolling rhythms of "Pocketful Of Jewels," the funkier jazzy tones of "Nothing But Trouble," and best of all, the sophisticated country-rock of "When I Look," which recalls Pure Prairie League at its best, although it has a guitar solo more fitting of Pink Floyd's Dave Gilmour. UJB's hotline is (312) 764-4813, bookings (312) 764-3952.

In a similar vein to UJB is the San Diego-based **The Travel Agents**. This five-piece graduated from the psychedelic house party scene to the club circuit a couple of years ago. They've opened for the likes of Paul Kantner's Wooden Ships, Spirit, Kingfish, and Jefferson Starship. They've also had former Grateful Dead (and *Relix* recording artist) Tom Constanten sit in with them on several occasions.

Although they play a lot of cover tunes (Dead, Lindley, Neil Young, Allmans), they have a dozen or so originals. Six are contained in their self-titled demo tape. The band's music is a lively brand of danceable psychedelic rock. The most promising of its original songs are "Making A Man" and the party-like "Trip Song." For bookings, call (619) 942-1326.

**Doc Apple** is a quintet that hails from Oswego in upstate New York. The band recently played at the Relix Bayrock/Psychedelic Music Expo in New York. A live demo of original songs shows the band to have an interesting, offbeat style. Its emphasis is on original songs with a flair for improvisation, both lyrical and instrumental. The band is much sharper musically than vocally as is evidenced by the Zappa-esque "Ode to Jughead." For more info, call the band's hotline (315) 343-8867.

**The Deal** is a four-piece band from Augusta, Maine that deserves wider attention. They released a debut CD, *The Cool Queen* (Major Records), last fall. The band's influences seem to be the Dead, Steely Dan, the Allmans, and similar fare. In this album of ten original songs, they take those influences and meld them into their own sound fairly well.

They've got some strong songs, notably "Medicine Man" and "Mind Spin," and this album should help expand their audience beyond its local base. The band is also rumored to be a hot live act. For more info, write: 1214 Orleans Road, Chatham, MA 02633.

A little more offbeat is the trio **Hearsay**, which hails from King City, Ontario. The band has a self-titled tape of original music available. It consists basically of spontaneous composition and improvisation. In many ways, the band's music aims in the same eclectic direction as Phish. Hearsay's not as accomplished musically as Phish, or as polished, but there's certainly potential here. For more information, write: Chris Cawthray, 50 Kingscross Drive, King City, Ontario, Canada L0G 1K0.

**Robin Hurt** is a singer/songwriter from Oregon. She has a delightful CD out called *Hurricane's Eye*. The album contains nine original songs and an interesting cover of the Dead's "Box of Rain." Hurt has a good voice, and she writes infectious, melodic, country-rock songs.

Most notable is the rolling "Shoreline (run run run)," with some lively pedal steel guitar, and the more psychedelic folk sounds of the haunting "Canoe," which has an ethereal vocal from Hurt. For more info, write: Grapevine Granny Music, P.O. Box 3004-248, Corvallis, OR 97339. Incidentally, the CD is nicely packed in a cardboard sleeve printed on recycled materials with soy-based inks.

Bill Kelly is another good singer/songwriter. This New Jersey-based artist, along with his band **The House of Cards** has several releases available. The most recent being the 11-song CD *Luck Of The Irish*. Kelly writes memorable pop-rock that's in keeping with the likes of Tom Petty, but with a folk-rock edge. Best songs on the CD are the title cut and the jangling rock of "Dark House." (Buy or Die Discs, 174 Main Street, Hackettstown, NJ 07840)

**Xanax 25** is a new New York band to watch for. They've played CBGB's and Wetlands. Warren Haynes of the Allman Brothers jammed with them earlier this year. The band's demo shows them to have a muscular, funky, rock sound. Singer Jaik Miller has a distorted Joe Cocker-like voice while the band backs him up with a more metal-oriented sound. Their five-song demo has some memorable moments,



DOC APPLE

most notably the gutsy rocker "Dangerous," which comes over like a sophisticated '90s version of Bad Company.

Judging from the lack of information that accompanied a live demo tape by **Stone Grove**, a band from Roanoke, Virginia, it plans on remaining fairly obscure, which is a shame as it seems to have an interesting sound. The tape contains half a dozen or so songs, which are basically funky rock improvisations and jams with a psychedelic undertone. If you see them listed in your area, they'd be well worth the price of a ticket.

**Mother Nature's Army** is a folksy Californian outfit with a cassette release available called *Live At Mama's* (Acoustic Revelation). Social commentary and ecological concerns are prime components of the group's sound (most of the songs are written by guitarist Bayard Johnson). Add to this a touch of humor and a lilting blend of fiddles, slide guitar, and dulcimers and you have an interesting sound. Fans of Woody Guthrie or Country Joe McDonald should find this of interest. Write: 527 San Vicente Blvd., Suite 22, Santa Monica, CA 90402.

Last issue we mentioned the Chicago-based **The Freddy Jones Band**. Obviously, we are not the only ones who think they are good—the band has recently signed with Capricorn. Expect more product from them in the near future. ■

# Vital VIEWS™

## Major Label Record Reviews

by Tierney Smith

On David Crosby's third solo record, *Thousand Roads* (Atlantic), he employs a number of producers (Phil Collins, Don Was, Phil Ramone, Marc Cohn) along with an impressive array of singer/musicians—Phil Collins, Graham Nash, and Jackson Browne, to name a few. The end result makes for a collection of songs that form a smooth, cohesive unit.

Crosby doesn't strain himself here. In fact, with the exception of his version of Bonnie Hayes' "Coverage," with its cheesy shrill tone that sounds totally out of place, these songs go down nice and easy. The spare clarity of the production and the mellow direction of the music gives the record a feeling of sameness at first, but that soon disappears with repeated listenings. He manages to skirt blandness most of the time and a wistful sort of mood prevails. On Jimmy Webb's "Too Young To Die," Crosby takes a fond look back at reckless youth where "There's peace in losing control" and on the quiet folk-pop of Stephen Bishop's "Natalie" he mourns the passing of a cherished friend.

Crosby's choice of material is infectious in a quiet kind of way. "Columbus," written by Irish composer Noel Brazil, is the sort of song that makes an exemplary example of adult contemporary music; "Yvette In English," which Crosby wrote with Joni Mitchell (and sounding very Joni, indeed) is a studied murmur-of-a-tune with its arch description of a brief encounter in a French cafe; while John Hiatt's fine "Through Your Hands" is given a nice melodious treatment. The title track is the record's only tune authorized solely by Crosby, and it has an auto-biographical flavor ("Well I used to walk around with my eyes on fire, my nerves real close to my skin"). These days, though, Crosby couldn't sound more relaxed, and *Thousand Roads* goes down like a cool drink on a scorching day.

The aim of *Midnight Oil's* ninth recording, *Earth And Sun And Moon* (Columbia), was to take a step away from a clean digital recording towards a warmer, more human sound—but some things never change. Frontman Peter Garrett's single-minded harangues are consistent, so too is the band's rich supply of endless hooks. Ringing guitars and soaring harmonies give these songs an almost breezy ambiance—"My Country," "Truganini," "Outbreak Of Love" among others are shining examples of pure pop heaven. Never mind the fact that a glance at the lyric sheet will reveal apocalyptic ramblings of every manner of destruction and pollution, the crumbling of kingdoms, even worlds crashing and stars falling down. Garrett can be unintentionally comical in his hyperbole, and even a title like "Outbreak Of Love," that would seem to promise something uplifting, turns out to be as cynical and gloomy as all the rest ("This is the end of the beginning of the outbreak of love"). The music, as always, saves the day.

*Rave On!!* is the *Kentucky Headhunters'* third Mercury release, and it couldn't be finer. Though the Headhunters have stayed true to their musical brand of country rock (with a strong southern rock edge to it), country radio of late seems to have deemed them a bit too rough-hewn for steady exposure, understandable considering that on many of the new songs the band dispenses with country undertones altogether. No matter, the band's musical philosophy as spelled out by rhythm guitarist Richard Young ("Teamwork, love, brotherhood and havin' a good time—that's what music was created for") permeates every song here. The Headhunters extol the simple pleasures in life, reflected in such good-time songs as their own tuneful party music, which couldn't be more relentlessly catchy ("The Ghost Of Hank Williams," "Celina, Tennessee," "Freedom Stomp"). The pace is energetic, and there's not a ballad in sight to spoil the party mood. ■



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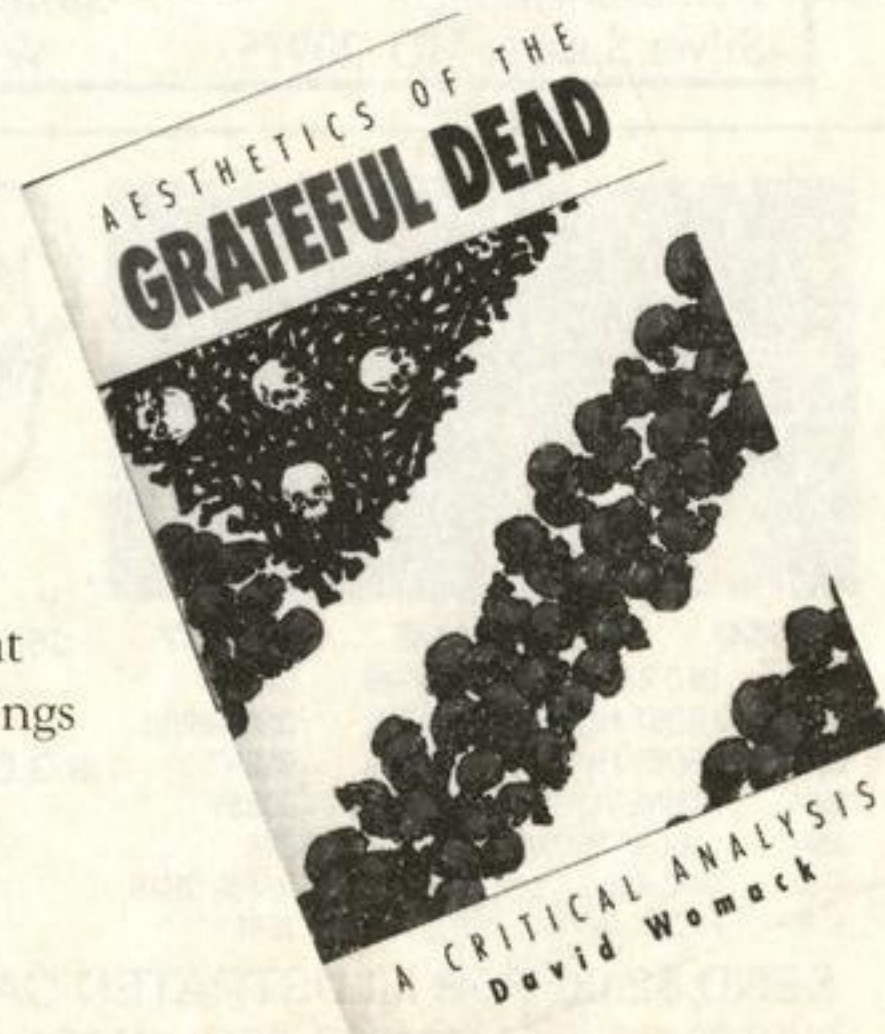
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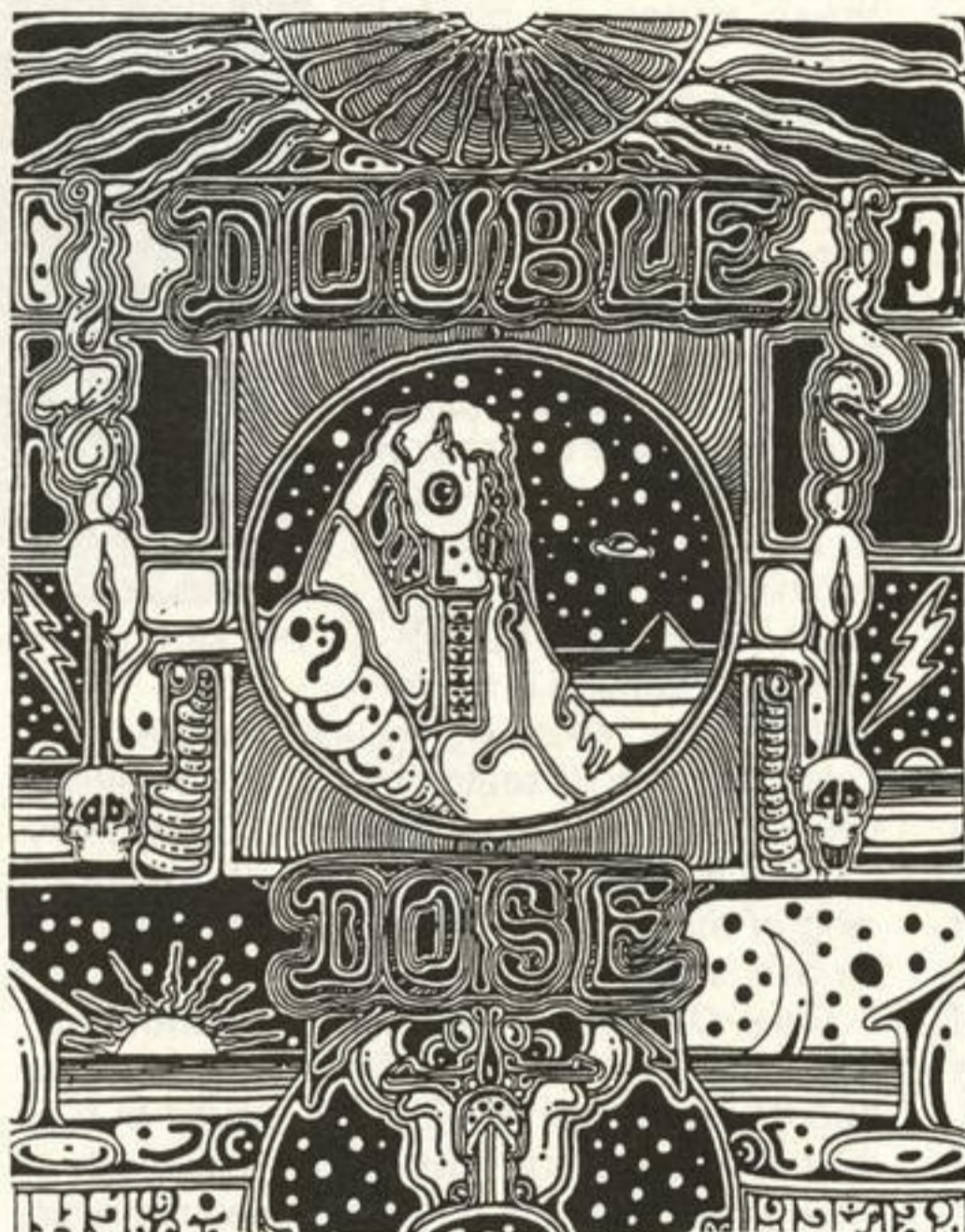
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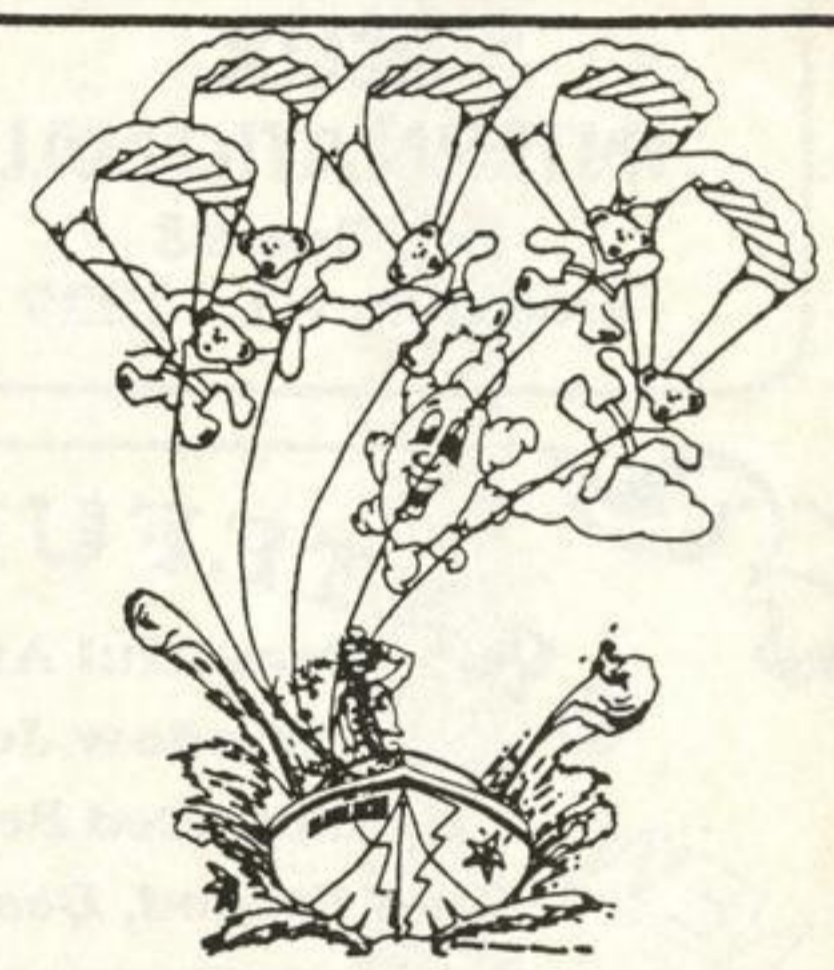
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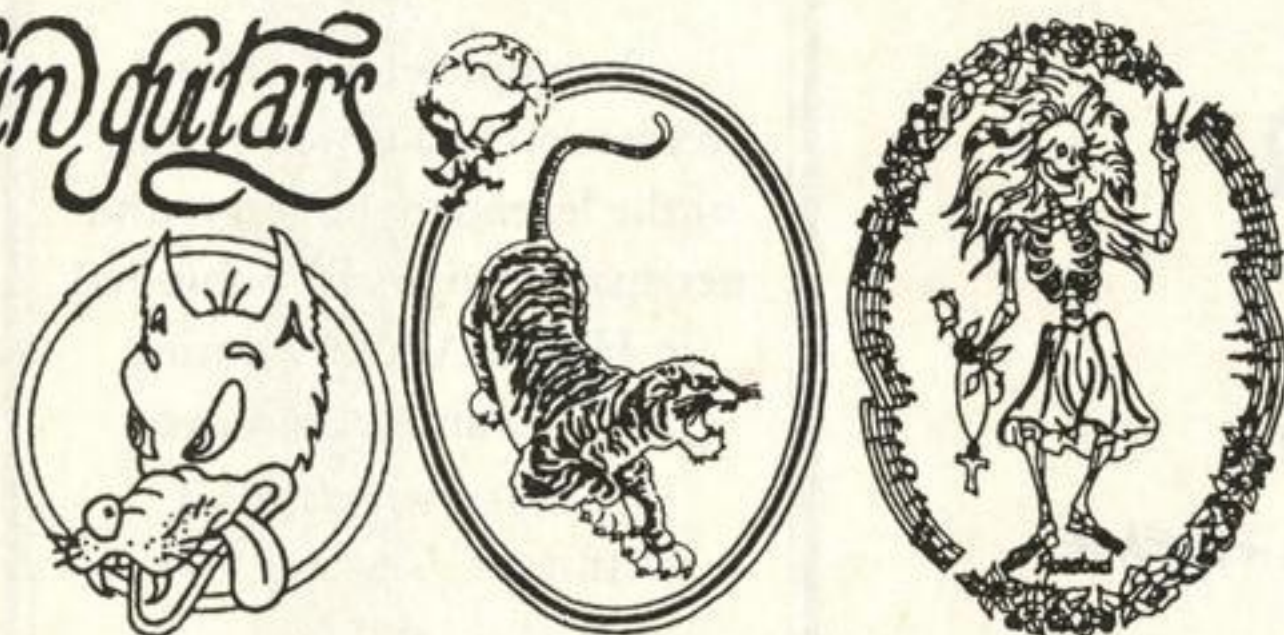
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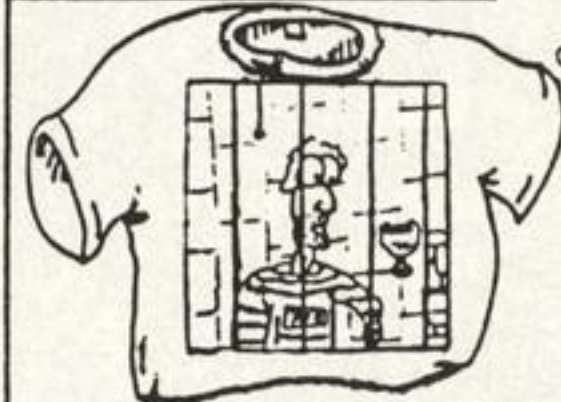
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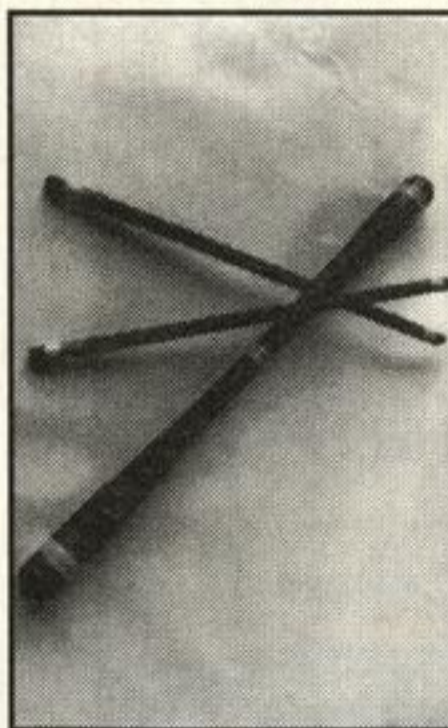
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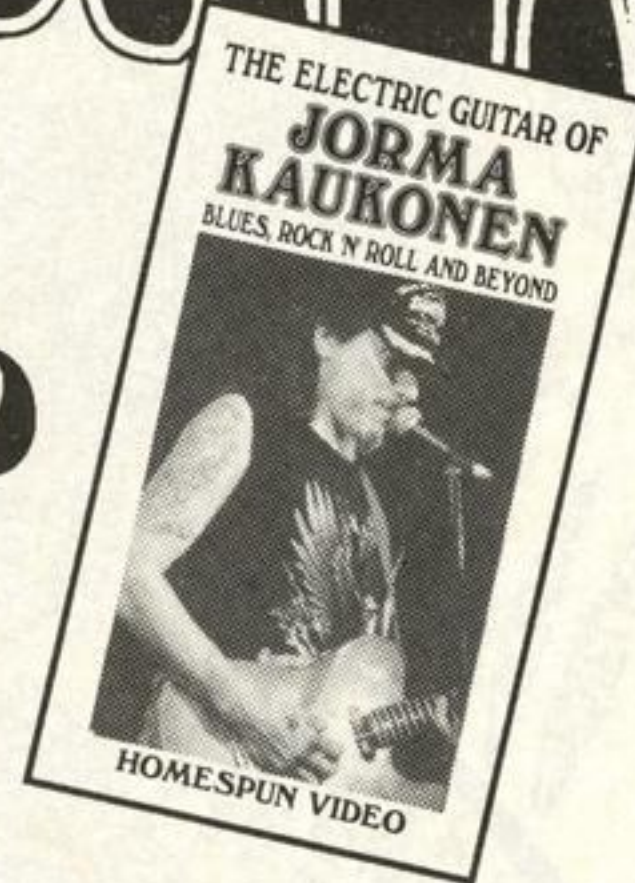
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## WANTS

**A MESSAGE TO TAPE TRADERS:** Tape trading is a free enterprise. Bands that allow the taping of their shows are sharing the music for free. It is no one else's right to place a value on that music.

When trading, try to make contact with a potential partner before sending off blank tapes. You have no guarantee of them arriving at their destination or receiving them back. Sometimes potential traders receive so many responses they have trouble answering them all. Take it slow and let it grow. No videos please.

Looking for Charlotte 91-92 & Atlanta 92-93 R U Kind? Michelle Johnnie Dodds Blvd #121 Mt Pleasant SC 29464 803-881-4872

Looking for McNichols 12/12-14/90 also have small list Chris Rigano POB H Sunset Dr Shenorock NY 10587

100+hrs need traders for fast reliable trading Addison 110 Westmoreland Rd #6 Saint John NB Canada E2V 2E6

Have/want lowgen Phish Weir/Wasser Doors U2 Dylan have lg assort list Dave POB 902 Norwich CT 06360

Hey Now need help restarting collection will send blanks & share thanks EC Kennedy 12 Oxford Annandale NJ 08801

Beginner starting out will happily send blanks & postage Frank 9100 S 55th Ave Oak Lawn IL 60453

The bus came by tape collector seeks GD JGB lets trade lists Henry PSC Box 612 APO AE 09459

Need Neil & Santana esp summer 93 Have 750+ hrs GD 250+ others incl Neil Santana Floyd etc Lists to Cortez 105-38 64th Rd #1K Forest Hills NY 11375

Hey now have 200hrs GD want Creek & GD to trade Beginners welcome Tim Carroll 175-2 Meriline Ave Waterbury CT 06705

Looking for Night With The Family Dog 1970 will send blank tape John Hudon 1430 St Joe River Dr Fort Wayne IN 46805

Help! cant find similar lists 1000+hrs GD want/have 1st-4th gen SBDs will answer all Doug Earl 203 W2nd Prophetstown IL 61277

Looking for 1993 GD 92/93 Jerry and Bob/Rob lots to trade Basz Bouwer Poolsterstraat 7-D 3204 VJ Spijkenisse Holland

Will help beginners gone DAT selling analog for cost of blank NY metro area only (no mail transactions) Amanda (212)989-8830

DAT only have Dylan REM Janglers & more Exch lists Ken Dixon 1400 E 286th St Wickliffe OH 44092

Hey now need A+ SBD Deer Creek 6/21-22-23 very important lots to trade HQ R Tyler 1512 1st St Charleston IL 61920

Non GD taper seeks trades worldwide Reed Hitchcock Thompson Mould Zappa Punk alternative Exch lists Nikki 1278 University #168 San Diego CA 92103

Sober GD fan looking to trade pls send list have over 1000hrs Joe Freeman 51 Main St Commons #808 Danbury CT 06810

Hey now will donate cash to Greenpeace for every GD tape received Dave 1 Spencer Circle Marlboro NJ 07746

I hope you like jamming too beg looking for Reggae pls send list to Rastaman Mike 7411 Windy Hill Ct McLean VA 22101

Looking for "Loose Lucy Spring '91 t-shirts" Dead 11/23/73 El Paso TX New Orleans Jazz Fest live Willie Nelson Waylon Jennings Merle Haggard David Allen Coe & Ray Wylie Hubbard have 750+hrs DL 50 E Bellevue #704 Chicago IL 60611

Reliable trader looking for HQ GD JGB all answered fast turn around guaranteed Brian 96 Scott Ave Castleton NY 12033

Help on the way? I need HQ tapes of Giants 6/14/92 Cap Ctr 3/16-17-18/93 I have 250hrs of GD to trade Peter Campanario 122 Massapoag Ave N Easton MA 02356

New DAT taper have Shoreline 5/21-23/93 will send blanks/post Bill B 3401 Mulldae Ave San Pedro CA 90732

Serious audio trader/taper seeks anyone who taped Led Zeppelin esp looking for Nor Cal Bay area tapers I'm looking for 1/11-12/69 SF 8/1/69 Santa Barbara 8/6/69 Sacto 8/7/69 Berkeley 8/11/69 SF 11/7-8/69 SF 9/2/70 Oakland 6/24/72 Berkeley 5/28/73 San Diego Appreciate your writing Stefan 235 Oak St #28 Brentwood CA 94513 peace

Digital tapers only over 3000hrs of Dead & non-Dead DATs & PCMs looking to trade some need tapes from 80-85 transferred from SBDs also Bromberg tapes Jeff 829 Gainsboro Drexel Hill PA 19026

Need Phish Traveler GD & Suzanne Vega Have 1200 hrs same Gregg 395 Eddy Glover Blvd New Britain CT 06053

For sale Sony WM-D3 w/ Sonic Studios DSM-6P mics Like new Paid \$580 asking \$380 will separate Harry 708-724-0556

Lost 1/2 my tapes in fire Looking for NC GD 3/24-25/93 Panic Allmans & Phish E Colson 1410-B Michelle Ct Co Sp CO 80916

PA head w/ approx 200 hrs needs hot GD esp 93 Jon Dwyer 40 Montgomery Ave Lansdale PA 19446

Have 700+ hrs GD Phish Zep Want uncommon 70s GD Phish Zep E 6654 Willside Ln Wauwatosa WI 53213

Whatcha got? I have a few nice SBDs & need more Vic 485 Heath St Chestnut Hill MA 02167

Help farmers daughter start tape coll will send blanks/post thanks Waldow RR #5 Petiscodiac NB EOA 2H0 Canada

350 hrs GD for your best 72-74 SBDs Lists to St Steven 1331 D St SE #3 WDC 20003

Please help beg trader listen to the GD will send blanks/post Gooderham RR1 Enterprise Ont Canada K0K 1Z0

Looking for Deer Creek 92 Vegas 5/29/92 St Paul 8/1/83 Minneapolis 88 Have lots to trade Terrence 953 S Osprey Ave Sarasota FL 34236

1/2 a mile past Tucson Have 1000+ hrs GD wanted Phish CSN others Eric 280 N Carapan #301 Tucson AZ 85745

Pls help old DH find new tapes of Chicago 3/9-11/93 6/18-19/93 & Deer Creek 6/21-23/93 Will send blanks/post Will be most grateful N Pffingston 1336 Heather Hill Cr Flossmoor IL 60422

Need 6/26/92 6/18/93 6/19/93 & Phish Have 180+ hrs GD begs welcome Katie Wolfley 4906 Brigadoon Rockford IL 61107

Want HQ SBDs Springsteen Neil Cream CSN etc Have mucho HQ GD to trade M DiPrima 40-71 Elbertson St Elmhurst NYC 11373

Looking for HQ tape of GD Las Vegas 5/14-15-16/93 Dale Wagner 1117 Quentin Aurora CO 80011

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Have crispy clear SBDs seeking same esp 92-93 I guarantee qual Will you? Jim 1301C Summerville Columbia SC 29201

Have 450 hrs GD 350 hrs assorted bootlegs want HQ GD Allmans Clapton Band etc E Harvey RD 2 Box 295 Red Hook NY 12571

Help need 1st shows Cap Ctr 9/11-12/87 Irvine 4/24/88 Have 450 hrs Lee 2620 Highland Ave #102 B'ham AL 35205

Help my mind leave my body have 170+ hrs GD Need Albany 92/93 HQ Phish JGB everything M Adams 5 Buck Rd Yardville NJ 08620

Beg trader have 30+ hrs Need more will help other begs Exch lists smiles Kath Box #180 Sanbornville NH 03872

Wanted REM Allmans Neil CSNY Jefferson Man Little Feat lots to trade Manfred Horch Burgallee 53 63454 Hanav Germany

Need JGB 11/16-17/91 Babys 1st shows 300+ hrs HQ GD Mic & Lisa Hiliadis Box 237 Windsor MA 01270

Wanted non-GD originally recorded DAT SBDs blues rock folk have super DAT shows for trade incl a # of Canadian shows unavailable elsewhere for trade only your list gets mine DAT only please Marc Crozier 1780 Eglinton Ave E #607 Toronto M4A 2T2 Ont Can

Looking for GD Meadowlands 6/93 Have lots to trade Andrew Fregola Piazza Chiaves 10 10153 Torino Italy

Looking for GD & Allmans 92-93 Have 2000 shows from everywhere Paolo Balotti Piazza Adriano 9 10139 Torino Italy

Help help help Have 100+ hrs GD need more Exch lists Jawal 1715 Gillaspie Dr Boulder CO 80303

DESP SEEKING ORNETTE DH/jazzhead looking for clean copy of GD Mardi Gras show w/ Ornette Have a few HQ tapes to trade call 305-538-9025 collect

Looking for some SBDs Have 1500 hrs Be kind send list J Weitz 200 W 86 St NYC NY 10024

Have/want GD Widespread Want Traveler Allmans & NRPS looking for traders Matthew Mahar 1582 Riverside Dr Gainesville GA 30501

Looking for all HQ GD shows will send tapes/post etc Lee Guentner POB 267 Santa Margarita CA 93453 805-438-4240

Your Maxell pts for anything in my coll Extensive coll of GD Allmans & Little Feat including all current tour tapes Send SASE to CJC 295 Matson Ford Rd Gulph Mills PA 19428 for more info

English transplant seeks Deer Creeks & all other IN shows GD/Weir/Saunders etc Martin Morris 2117 Nowland Indianapolis IN 46201

Beg trader have Chicagos will send blanks/post Any help appreciated Jeff Cardella 835 Barry 1B Chicago IL 60657

Hey now DH in the Caribau seeking kind free spirits worldwide to trade letts tapes stories etc Peace Pete POB 670 Mayaguez PR 00681

Hey now backpackers climbers marathoners mtn bikers divers etc Starting newsletter for DH Sports Would like to hear from you w/ stories tips music Include add & phone # Send to CES POB 813294 Smyrna GA 30081

DH looking for HQ GD tapes let's trade Send list Dean Hayward 148 Lewis Rd Bristol CT 06010

Have 600 HQ hrs Traders w/ lo-gen full shows SBDs send lists Fast reliable Maryann 57 Hibernia Ave Rockaway NJ 07866

Want Woodstock Bds all groups Neil Poco old GD Bluegrass Celtic large coll White 2 Hall Rd Barrington NH 03825

SBD only Don't miss THIS bus no flakes JS Knudsen Box 1418 Homosassa Spgs FL 34447

Looking for Phresh Phish lots of HQ GD to trade Bill 423 Cambridge St Winnipeg Manitoba Canada R3M 3E9

Need HQ LG bds Cornell 5/8/77 1&2 Swing Aud 2/26/77 2 36 hrs to trade send lists Paul 103 Jay St Chittenango NY 13037

Help 1st show 7/1/84 Pine Knob does tape exist? Girl in Row 4 6/19/93 Soldier send pictures occupant Dawn I love you Tommy 47 Fair SE #2 Grand Rapids MI 49507

550 hrs HQ GD JGB others Exchange lists Begs welcome 2 Naks used John Adams 3141 W 36th Denver CO 80211 303-458-1245

Hey now Searchin HQ SBDs 2/12/70 4/18/70 12/4/65 RFK 93 Have 150+ hrs to trade DSA SU Box 1035 Williams College Williamstown MA 01267

Seeking 12/11/88 Long Beach Have 400+ hrs to trade Also JGB Doors BT Phil 12121 Audelia #603G Dallas TX 75243

Jorma GD Tuna Phish Creek Garcia Have & want trades Alan Grossman Rt 2 Box 1059 MeGayesville VA 22840 703-289-6332

Need HQ 4/15/83 & summer 93 1000+ hrs to trade P Funk? Hurricane Sam 3.183 Clergy St E Kingston Ont K7K 3S6

Need upgrades of 3/23/74 2/5/78 8/31/80 6/20/83 12/16/92 Have 1000+ hrs HQ GD/others ZK 3742 Shannon Cleveland Oh 44118

New BT taper 25+ hrs seeks HORDE Neil Crowes All lists answered Andrew Weaver Lycoming Coll B712 Williamsport PA 17701

Need 9/20/68 3/25/72 6/28/76 8/5/79 12/14/80 5/15/83 Planet Drum & Hart related Michael Morin 19 Russell St Taunton MA 02780

Looking for HQ 70s GD/JGB Exch lists Have 1200 hrs Mark 25 Rose Floral Pk NY 11001

Wanted any Phish GD Allmans Exch lists Mike Booth 4 Montrose Ave Balt MD 21228

Interested in contacting anybody that might have taped Led Zep live in concert from 69-77 Please write or call Paul Castorina 474 Dakota Dr Lower Burrell PA 15068 412-339-4276

Dylan shows wanted Corpus Christi 10-91 Savannah 4/91 Gainesville 11/92 Also tapes of the Dylan Santana shows in southeast Henry Box 163251 Miami FL 33116

Starting collection Send list to Tom 4486 N Star Rd New Weston OH 45348

Wanted HQ Bloomfield Cream old Mayall Traveler Crimson Canned Heat Old blues About anything semi beginner over 250hrs variety Will do post/blanks/trade Kevin 2323 Forest Vale Dr Twin Falls ID 83301 Serious but not psychopathic All lists welcome

## PERSONALS

SWM 35, lost soul, need work & a place w/ a future. Need stable life. I'm sincere, honest & can do any type of work in music, engineering-technical areas, etc. College graduate. Any ideas-please help me out Write Rod H. 101 Creole Dr Kaplan LA 70548 318-643-2014

Happy 19th Geesh what a long strange trip it's been! luv smokey

DH looking for people to tour with call or write Flower 914-776-1952 or 214 Hyatt Ave Yonkers NY 10704

Seeking Jennifer from Dallas TX Shoreline 5/22 and you were so beautiful (your 3rd show) thanks for necklace. Hugs! Pls write Mike Whitford 81 Lincoln Ave Elmwood Pk NJ 07407

To Elden Tim Chris & all my fellow Californian DHs The army sucks Keep Truckin I will survive Terre Haff

Wharf Rats when it looks like rain keep coming back peace love very Grateful LI DH

Zachory Young in Missouri how was the RFK show? Write me the girl who gave you the miracle Kelly Evick 225 Percheron Ct Gambrills MD 21054

Animals are not ours to eat wear or experiment on We must work for harmony

BETH FROM VA I need to see your smile again Remember RFK 6/25? I can't forget Please call 904-677-5946 Jeff from FL I didn't know I'd miss you so

With 40 yrs upon our heads to have them call us child At least we're enjoying the ride Love Scott

American DH recently moved to Japan seeks Tokyo area DH contacts/hangouts Write Walter 2-11-8 Takino Funabashi Chiba 274 Japan

Peace to all Richie UJOB

Pray to God & if you have no reason Pray to God may they play St Stephen

Sugar Magnolia blossoms blooming every other weekend is very gloomy Love John

30 yr old Scranton area DH vegetarian animal & music lover Seeks like minded female DH to share time with. David K 1943 Timberlane Clarics Summit PA 18411-9539

I "Scrap Iron" Anderson do hereby declare that the only real cigar is a Havana Cigar

To The Back, Pole The Neck Rosen, Skippy, Fish B. & the gals at B&L what's up for lunch? Spud

What a long strange trip it's been & now I'm in Federal Prison Please write Doug MacMillen Reg #60072-080 3600 Guard Rd Lompoc CA 93436

Anyone going to be in Norway for the Winter Olympics & want to get together? Ken 5 Wendy Ln E Northport NY 11731

My heart is with you in the stillness of night and at the first light of morning The longing makes me sad The knowing makes me glad There's nowhere to go from here except the last row-hope you'll be waiting

BEN FROM DAYTON thanks girls at Buckeye 93 Mary Brittny Andi Please write 325 Helke Rd Vandalia OH 45377

Angel Eyes I miss you Please don't be mad at me anymore call - Jim

Help 20 yr old Downed DH needs Deadpen friends female/male will write all (Peace n Love always) Johnny Karpiak 115773/prv-2 Box 11401 Yardville NJ 08620

Sheiny + Lotta My Merry Pranksters can't wait to get on the road Got nowhere to go but everywhere

Duane Jimi Brent & Stevie Pigpen Keith Keith & Bonzo John Ronnie & the rest- Death don't have no mercy

Nell we're proud of our favorite DH staying cool in beautiful Flagstaff Happy 18 We love you -M&D

16FDH Want to get to know kind heads worldwide Peace Meara Feely 504 Winnebago Hts Neenah WI 54956

Chris Justin Charlie Jules it's good to know you've got shoes to wear when you find the floor Dad/Zig

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Robert Hunter  
*Promontory Rider*  
RRCD 2002



Robert Hunter  
*Amagamalin St.*  
RRCD 2003



Hot Tuna  
*Splashdown*  
RRCD 2004



Kingfish  
*Kingfish*  
RRCD 2005



Jorma Kaukonen  
*Magic*  
RRCD 2007



Flying Burrito Bros.  
*Cabin Fever*  
RRCD 2008



Matt Kelly  
*A Wing and a Prayer*  
RRCD 2010



Hot Tuna  
*Historic Hot Tuna*  
RRCD 2011



Jorma Kaukonen  
*Too Hot To Handle*  
RRCD 2012



Savoy Brown  
*Live in Central Park*  
RRCD 2014



Various Artists  
*Relix Sampler #1*  
RRCD 2015



Kingfish  
*Alive in '85*  
RRCD 2016



Max Creek  
*Windows*  
RRCD 2018



Robert Hunter  
*Rock Columbia*  
RRCD 2019



Heart of Gold Band  
*Double Dose*  
RRCD 2020



Flying Burrito Bros.  
*Live from Europe*  
RRCD 2022



Savoy Brown  
*Slow Train*  
RRCD 2023



New Riders  
*Before Time Began*  
RRCD 2024



New Riders  
*Vintage NRPS*  
RRCD 2025



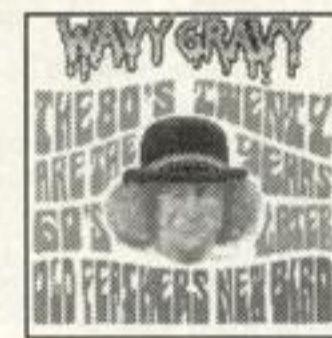
Jorma Kaukonen  
*QUAH*  
RRCD 2027



Commander Cody  
*Sleazy Roadside Stories*  
RRCD 2028



Robert Hunter  
*Liberty*  
RRCD 2029



Wavy Gravy  
*Old Feathers/New Bird*  
RRCD 2032



Living Earth  
*Living Earth*  
RRCD 2033



Johnny Winter  
*Birds Can't Row Boats*  
RRCD 2034



Christmas Jug Band  
*Mistletoe Jam*  
RRCD 2036



Solar Circus  
*Juggling Suns*  
RRCD 2037



Various Artists  
*Relix Sampler #2*  
RRCD 2038



Sandoz  
*Unfamiliar Territory*  
RRCD 2039



Stackabones  
*Stackabones*  
RRCD 2040



Commander Cody  
*Aces High*  
RRCD 2041



Johnny Winter  
*A Lone Star Kind of Day*  
RRCD 2042



Various Artists  
*Relix Bay Rock Sampler #3*  
RRCD 2043



Flying Burrito Bros.  
*Close Encounters to the West Coast*  
RRCD 2044



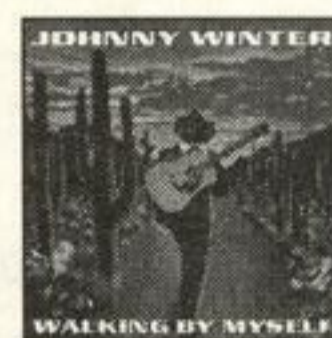
Johnny Winter  
*Night Rider*  
RRCD 2045



Tom Constanten  
*Nightfall of Diamonds*  
RRCD 2046



Solar Circus  
*Twilight Dance*  
RRCD 2047



Johnny Winter  
*Walking By Myself*  
RRCD 2048



Various Artists  
*Bay Rock Sampler #4*  
RRCD 2049



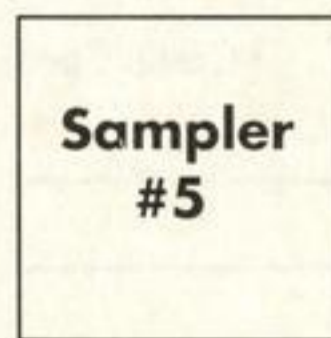
New Riders  
*Midnight Moonlight*  
RRCD 2050



Frank Wakefield &  
The Good Old Boys  
*Frank Wakefield & The Good Old Boys*  
RRCD 2051



Flying Burrito Bros.  
*Sin City*  
RRCD 2052



Various Artists  
*Bay Rock Sampler #5*  
RRCD 2053



Frank Wakefield &  
The Good Old Boys  
*She's No Angel*  
RRCD 2055



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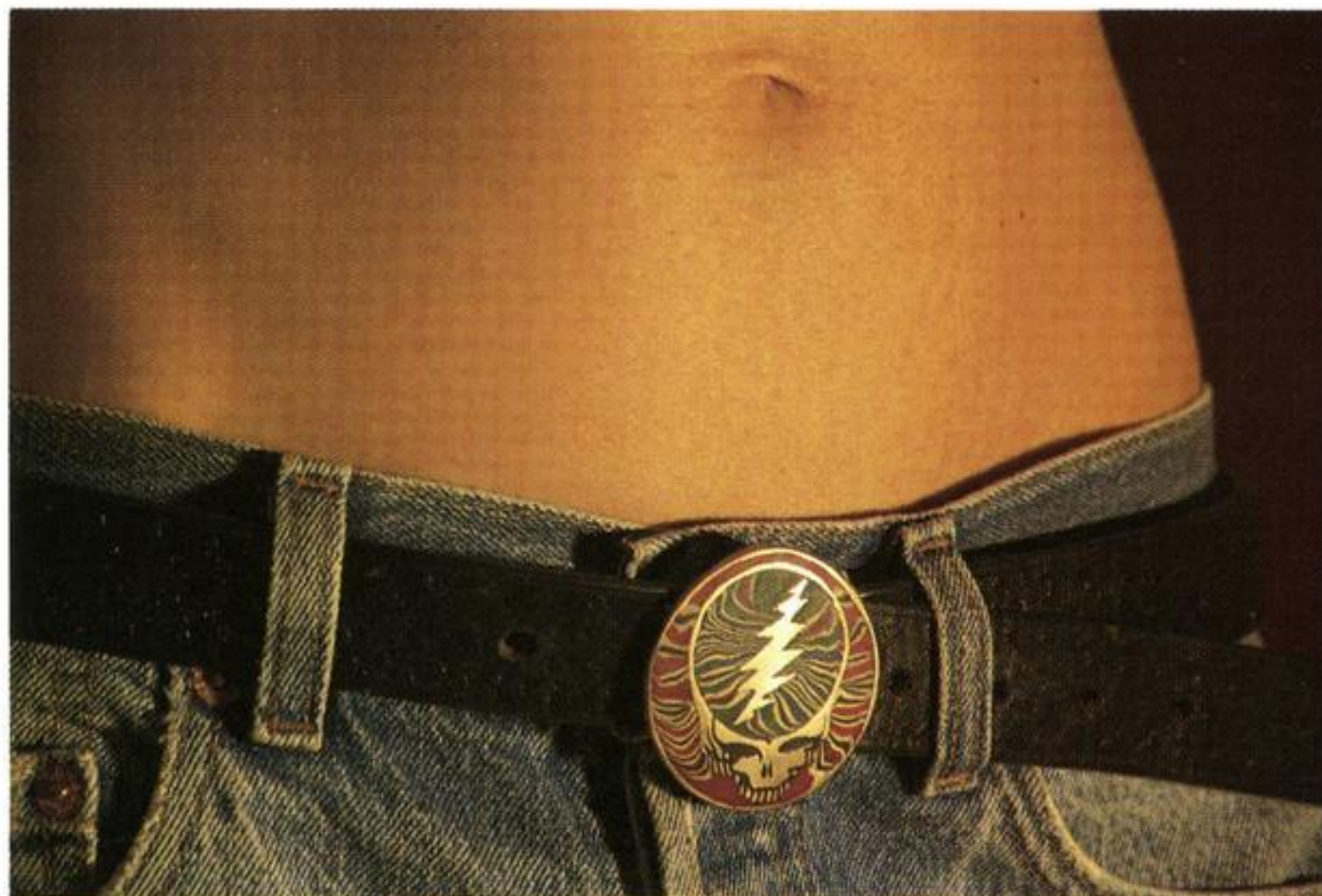
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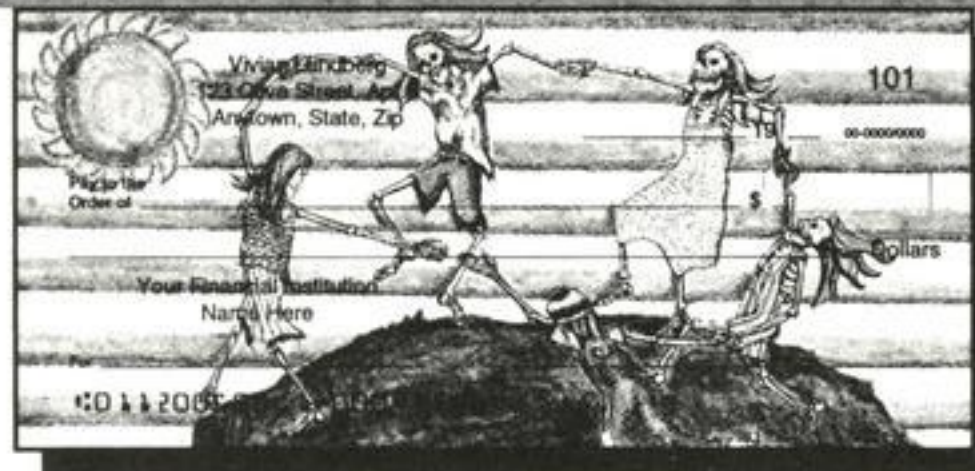
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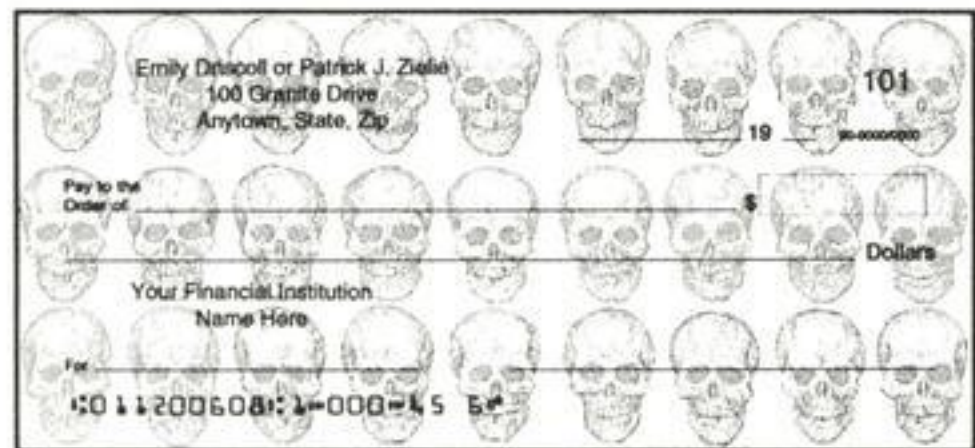
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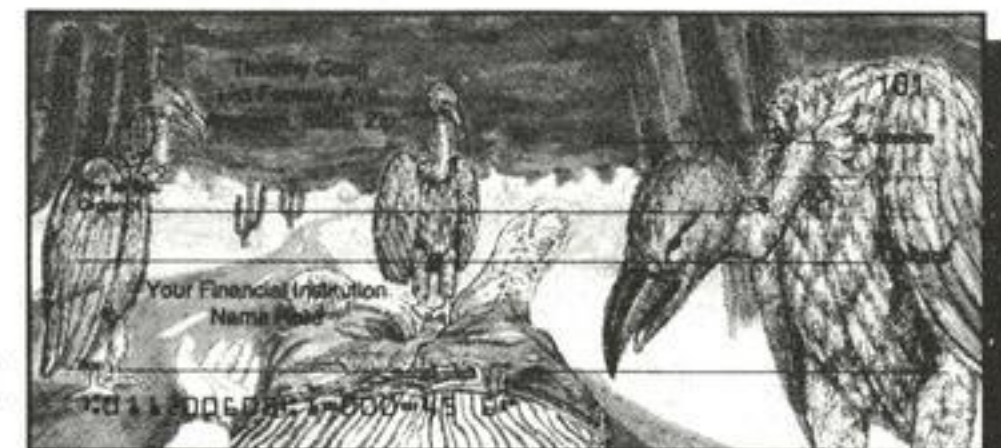


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