

21

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HELP ON THE WAY.

In another time's forgotten space - that's how it seems now, all we have left have our memories and dreams, but what memories and dreams!! After the Dead's first European jaunt in nine years it's kinda hard to force ourselves back to reality, but spiral downwards we must.

So much has happened in the last four months or so since the tour was announced that we'd need double the amount of pages we have at our disposal to catalogue it all, so we're gonna have to content ourselves with the bare minimum of what's occurred.

First off, it seems apposite to extend our thanks to the Grateful Dead Organisation for their help and consideration towards us with special thanks to Dennis McNally and Vince Welnick both of whom took a lot of time out to help us. Access to the Press Conference, Backstage passes, the Vince interview were amongst the things granted to us so we'd all like to extend a huge thank you to all involved.

We'd hazard a guess that most everybody caught at least one show along the way so there seems little need to elaborate on how "up" the Band seemed for their first major tour outside of the U.S.A. for some considerable time. Suffice to say that apart from Stockholm all shows far exceeded expectations. The Paris and London shows beyond our wildest dreams. (Full reports on pages 28-40).

While the scene at shows in Germany and France was cool and laid back the only real hassles appeared to be in London. The heavy security at Wembley Arena was a dampener on what had gone before. Security was unobtrusive and often non-existent in Paris, Berlin, Essen and Frankfurt while Wembley contrived to make things awkward for everyone. The free and easy vending scene that flowered elsewhere was not to be found at Wembley and having to go through six ticket checks just to get to ones seat was too much.

The Harvey Goldsmith Organisation and Wembley Box Office must also take their fair share of blame. While Box Offices on the continent were positive and helpful. Both Goldsmith and Wembley were instrumental in issuing out-dated and misleading information. The distribution of Wembley tickets was also outrageously unfair, the whole front center block was retained by the promoter and then farmed out to the ticket agencies with their large commission charges while those of us who took time out to queue at the Box Office on the morning of sale had to content ourselves with inferior seating well out on the sidelines. Guess that's how the fat cats of this world get fatter. Thanks Harvey!

We had intended to put out a flyer advising readers of the tour dates but the dire straits of our financial position and the need to put out an advertising flyer for the Wembley shows precluded this so apologies to all of you who were expecting this. Thanks to everyone who wrote or phoned us, it was hectic, but fun.

While on the question of finances. Subs for issues 22, 23 and 24 are due to be paid by January 31st 1991. So please have your monies with us by that date. Anyone who hasn't paid by that date will consequently be removed from the mailing list and will receive no further issues. For 1991, we have decided to keep the price @ 7.00 which in this age of rampant inflation is no mean feat, but it seems likely that increases will have to be made for 1992.

Once again we urge our readers to join with us in writing the pages of



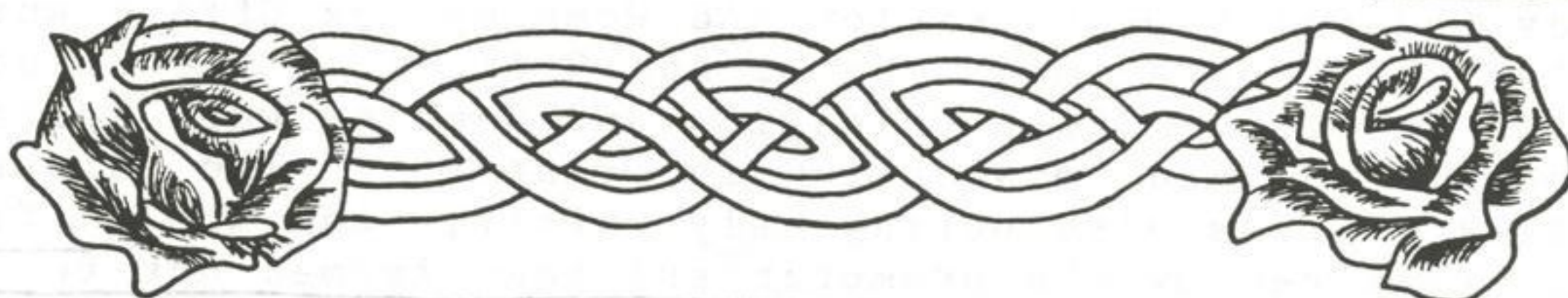
Spiral Light. Your contributions and photographs are invited for No.22 which, all being well will be out somewhere in late February or early March next year. Closing date for contributions will be January 31st 1991. If you need to write to us or need material returned please enclose an S.A.E., no correspondence will be entered into without a stamped addressed envelope. We cannot continue to pay the postage out of our own pockets. Especially as this issue has already been heavily subsidised by those involved.

On a lighter note, the 5th Annual Spiral Light Party was a resounding success. Once again, the Cosmic Charles played a steaming three hour set of Dead covers that had everyone up dancing, (even Dave Smith was seen to move a toe, only the one though!!). If anyone wishes to book the Cosmics they can call Steve on 0628 473167 or Brian on 0708 863032. You won't regret it, we assure you.

Many thanks are extended to the following without whom S.L. No.21. would never have seen the light of day: Dennis McNally, Vince Welnick, Simon Hart of Terrapin Truckin', Strawberry Fields, Fred Ditmas, Paul Mallet, Greg Thompson, Ian Davis, Chris Smith, Pete Molloy, Nick Brown, Brunel University, David Weir, Richard Lee, Mike Lawler. Apologies to those we've missed, you know who you are.

Dave, Lorraine, Rob & Maggie.

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NEWSVIEW.

Well, the Dead finally made it back to Europe for the first time since October 1981. At the time of writing eleven shows were scheduled for Sweden, Germany, France and the U.K.

Of course, by now there is no need to tell you of the sad loss of Brent, a huge shock to all of us. On 29th August it was announced that after a series of auditions the Dead had selected Vince Welnick as their new Keyboard Player. Other candidates apparently included Pete Sears (ex-Starship), Tim Gorman (ex-Who, K.S.C., Commander Cody) and T. Lavitz formerly of Dixie Dregs. Welnick, 39 years of age and a Bay Area Resident of many years is best known as the keyboard player with The Tubes, most noted for their semi-hit "White Punks On Dope" in the '70's and their outrageous stage shows. More recently he had been part of an eleven piece band Todd Rundgren had toured with. Welnick was particularly selected because of his vocal abilities which tipped the scales in his favour, aside from his obvious keyboard talents.

"He was a hit at audition, and the band liked his high harmonies" says band spokesman Dennis McNalley. Welnick made his first appearance as a member of the Grateful Dead on 7th September at the Richfield Stadium, Cleveland, Ohio. For the European shows the band is expected to be augmented by Bruce Hornsby on some, if not all shows. Hornsby appeared alongside Welnick during the bands September shows at the Madison Square Garden, New York.

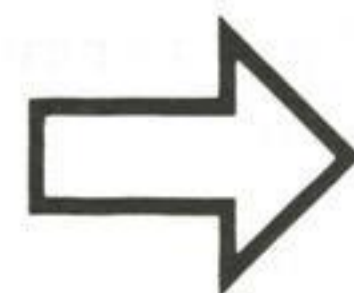
Asked for his reaction to joining the Grateful Dead, Welnick is reported as saying "I woke up one day and I was Dead" "Now I'm Grateful Vince". He has been holed up with the band at the Dead's San Rafael Studios frantically absorbing the band's extensive repertoire. "My only concern right now is learning about 135 songs" he said.

Welnick remembered catching a couple of sixties shows by the Dead when the band's original Keyboardist Pigpen was still alive. He hadn't seen the Dead since, nor was he familiar with most of the band's current repertoire. "Going through the songs" he said, "is like opening up Christmas presents".

The much anticipated live album "Without a Net" was released in America on 21st September, and here on 8th October. Initial limited editions of the C.D. were available as picture discs i.e. a Skeleton/Clown design, by Rick Griffin, as was the rest of the artwork. Whilst there is a triple L.P. and a double C.D. available, there is no cassette release. There is also a strong possibility that this album will be the last Dead release available on vinyl. For further information see the review further on in this issue.

Is your pocket ready for a nine C.D. set release of Vintage Dead from the vaults? Dan Healy is currently at work on such a project that will be available through G.D. Merchandising, with a view to a late '90 or early '91 release date. The C.D. Box Set will, it seems likely, be made up of three individual shows. At this stage no specifics are being mentioned however. Healy is currently ploughing through hours of archive tape with an eye to possible releases.

Also, back on the boiler, is the long talked about Space-Rhythm Devils C.D. release. This is currently being assembled by Bob Bralove, the technical wiz who has been working closely with the Dead for the last few years.



The Jerry Garcia Band may also have a live 'electric' album out during 1991. A number of Bay Area JGB shows have been recorded with a view to a possible release. Been a long time coming this one.

The hyper-active Mickey Hart has a couple of new releases at the moment. His book 'Drumming at the Edge of Magic' was due to be published here during November by Harper and Row. A review of this will follow as soon as possible. Rykodisc have also recently released a C.D. called 'At The Edge'. Hart's first 'solo' release for some time, this is the aural accompaniment to the aforementioned book. Also playing on this release are Garcia, Zakir Hussein, Olatunji, Airto Moreira and a couple of junior members of the Hart family. There is every hope of Mickey making a personal appearance in order to promote his book somewhere in London, venue still to be decided.

Mickey's other album 'Planet Drum' is still unreleased at present. Various bits of information suggest it could now be out in Spring '91 to accompany another book about percussion, also titled 'Planet Drum'.

At the time of going to press a number of new books were making themselves known. Initially, and possibly available by now, is "Built To Last 1965-1990" published in the U.K. by Fantail/Penguin. Authored by Jamie Jensen the book seems to be along similiar lines to the 'Playing In The Band' or 'Book Of The Deadheads' books. By all accounts this one does feature a number of previously unpublished photos. The book should retail at around ten pounds.

Viking Press in America have a number of interesting books planned. First is the long talked about Robert Hunter anthology titled 'Box Of Rain', due for publication before Christmas. The book features 384 pages of Hunters lyrics for the Dead, Garcia, his own solo material, unpublished writings and also a few stories of how certain songs were written.

Viking also have "The Further Inquiry" by Ken Kesey out at the same time. The book is devoted to Neal Cassady, the Pranksters, and the Acid Test days. At a recent Booksellers Conference in Las Vegas Kesey had the 'bus' fixed up to put in an appearance. A second showing also came at the Dead's Eugene shows in June. Way back in June when the American Publishing Industry held it's annual beanfeast there was a replica of the famous psychedelic Bus. Ken Kesey emerged in white tail suit to lead guided tours of the bus and promote his account of it's adventures.

Tom Constanten has a new cassette release available at present. Called 'Outsides', it is a very different release to last years 'Fresh Tracks', being a much more 'avant-garde' selection of compositions rather than solo piano. "If you're open to exploration of different musical worlds, or if you have a brain and you're not ashamed of it, theres a good chance 'Outsides' might be worth your while" TC says in the press release. Available for 11 dollars from TC, P.O. Box 20195, Oakland, CA. 94620. Or send 20 dollars for both 'Outsides' and 'Fresh Tracks In Real Time'.

'The Jack Kerouac Collection' 4 L.P./3 C.D. set, has just been released by Rhino Records in the U.S.A. This box set features the complete recorded works of Kerouac's and comes complete with a 40 page Booklet featuring extensive notes by Jerry Garcia, Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs and Ray Manzarek amongst others.



Following 'Rolling Stone' magazines five page feature on the Dead's current drug/overcrowding/vending problems, the boys have found themselves less a few more venues to play. Definite bans on the Dead have now being lodged by UC Berkeley for the Greek Theater or any other venue on campus, and also Stanford University for the Frost Amphitheater and Maples Pavilion, Cal State, Dominguez Hills in Carson City, CA. a new venue to the band in May, has also announced a ban on the band returning there.

Robert Hunter headlined an evening of poetry and music at the University of Washington on 19th May. Hunter read poems with piano accompaniment by Tom Constanten. 60's Bay Area poet Michael McClure also appeared during the evening.

Holding Together the Jefferson Airplane fanzine recently published their top 50 albums of the 80's. In The Dark made in in at number 50. Howzabout that, we all know it shoulda been number 1!! Keep working on it, Bill!!!!!!

Contrary to popular belief the Dead have **not** been sound checking **St. Stephen** and **Unbroken Chain**. This is official and the chances of either song occuring live appear to be non-existent.

At the Dead's recent Wembley Concerts both Sky and BSB television were scheduled to record three songs each on successive nights. No details of when these are likely to be broadcast are available at present.

Once in a while in the strangest of places: the Dead were given a private tour of the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Palace, the tour kicked off at, you guessed it, St. Stephen's Gate!!!!!!

RICHARD & ROB



"May I suggest that in today's group-therapy session we all work on our contact with reality."



GOODBYE MR FANTASY.

GOING WHERE THE WIND DON'T BLOW SO STRANGE

It's Sunday July 29th. Three days since the news came through. Six days since we saw Brent for the last time, singing his verse in "The Weight", looking and playing as well as he ever has. I guess it's something that we saw his last five performances on this Earth, his last five unique and essential contributions to the joy that is the Grateful Dead Experience. Death is one of the weirdest of all experiences. Tears don't come easy; numbness is the barrier to break through. I guess the slow dawning realization of loss, hitting home each time, will help thaw the ice. Right now, all I can do is so set down all my experiences with Brent, and see what that produces in me, and in you, dear reader. Hopefully it will inspire you to do the same, so that we end up with some tribute, and some evaluation, to honour his life, and his place in our hearts.

It seems silly to grieve over what people would see as just a member of a pop group. And yet, if you've seen someone 50 or 60 times, each time contributing to some of the highest moments of your life, why should you feel so silly? Especially when you're talking about a unique improvisational group, where the whole is inseparable from any one person's contribution.

But there's more to it than even that. Watching that performance of "The Weight", we saw Brent sing his verse with his customary passion, to little response. Then Phil sang a verse, and the place erupted. We looked at each other a little sadly. Hasn't that just been the story of Brent's life in the band? Underrated, underappreciated and certainly under-loved.

That's where it hurts me the most, I think. Having held a candle for someone for several years, cheering him on, urging him to come out of his shyness and do what I suspected he was capable of, feeling for him in his relapses; all this means a lot of loving energy put out that seems to have come to naught.

Well, of course it hasn't all come to naught. But right now, the train certainly has run off the tracks, and the only way back is to start at the beginning, and run along those tracks one last time.

GOOD, GOOD MORNING ...

I first saw Brent at the Rainbow in '81; he made little impact on me then, excited as I was by seeing the band for the first time for 9 years. Seeing one of the first ever first set "Good Times", then known to us only as "Brent's Blues", was not an auspicious start either. By the next time, in Ventura '85, I was able to marvel at his sparkling, sunny piano in the seaside sunlight. But he still seemed just a supporting player, not a main character.

YOU GOT TO TRY TO SEE A LITTLE FURTHER

It was not until Worcester in November '85, that I first grasped what his presence was all about, and what it could be. After the classic shows at Richmond, the band seemed a little tired. 2nd night, 2nd Set, they opened with a "Shakedown" that didn't seem to live up to it's reputation, followed this with a good "Women", and then sunk the set with a limp "Ship Of Fools". From there they started a "Supplication" jam, then became a "Playing" jam, but it still didn't feel like enough. Then Brent edged it towards "Don't Need Love". The response from the band was

astonishing. Jerry virtually exited the stage. Phil did likewise, then, seemingly feeling ashamed, came back for a verse. The rest struggled on. Brent meanwhile sang his heart out. (Check the tape; even if you don't like the song, which is understandable enough, the performance should still shine through.) And so they made their way through to the "Rhythm Devils", partially saving the set.

Watching this struggle, I flashed on the image of a soccer team, where the left wing, in this case Brent, was weak, and lacking in the ability to really open up the opposing defense, in this case we, the audience. The rest of the team seemed strong. But there were times when this was too familiar, too predictable, and something different, some extra spark was needed. At the same time, I also flashed on the fact that Brent was capable of really playing and doing so much better; what they call a 'confidence player' in short. Putting the two together, I was left with the very strong conviction that the Grateful Dead would not be a fully realized musical entity until that left winger got the confidence he needed.

CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT'S BEHIND THOSE SLEEPY EYES

And so began my intense interest in, and scrutiny of, Brent Mydland. Everything that I read about him seemed to confirm what I had felt in Worcester. Getting him to talk was a major task, strong mood swings were a feature of his life, and alcohol was in there somewhere too. Talking to American Heads with more backstage type info, I got this picture of someone who had a lot of troubles; things that went beyond simple shyness. They reported tension between him and some members of the band, and all in all, it seemed that it would be hard to see the potential I hoped for become realized. One step forward, one step back, each time. At one show in Spring '86, Jerry glared at Brent so fiercely that he stopped singing back ups for most of the rest of the show. Putting two and two together, I could see that it wasn't anyone's fault, as such. The talk about alcohol bothered me; I felt there was still an underlying cause. Could it be manic depression?? Who would ever say? This is one of the most private bands in existence.

SHAKING IN THE GARDEN, THE FEAR WITHIN YOU GROWS ...

My frustration increased while noting how indifferent the audience seemed to be towards Brent. This was emphasized further in Spring '86, when Phil started to sing again. Now people could yell for someone else other than Jerry or Bob. I could just imagine how Brent might feel in the circumstances, looking out night after night into the audience, and seeing no one even looking his way, never mind shouting for him. Even in the introduction of "Gimme Some Lovin'", the cheers were for Phil, and in "Dear Mr. Fantasy", for Jerry.

WHY DON'T WE, DO IT IN THE ROAD, AND KEEP ON GROWING

In the early years, Brent had sung more of his own songs. Now they appeared less and less, as he felt that they weren't wanted, and focused on the above duets of non originals. On the other hand, maybe this was a way of getting into favour with the audience. If that was his reasoning, it might just have been the right solution.

I GOT MY PROBLEMS; I'M SURE YOU DO TOO.

Then, in summer of '86, came The Knockdown, and we all worried about

Jerry, sent prayers his way, and got him back in a recovery that the doctors themselves called miraculous. At the same time we learnt just how badly Jerry had been fucking up in previous years. The God-like genius shifted from his pedestal, and became a mortal that we could love as an older Uncle.

It wasn't until the Comeback Tour of Spring '87 that I saw Brent again. Of course it was Jerry's Tour, and rightly so. I recall Bobby having a lot of struggles with the lack of attention on him. But there was a major revelation in store.

It seemed that in just about every song, that Jerry had decided to sing part of it directly at Brent. There was even occasions when he sang entire songs to him, grinning in that characteristic way that warms your soul to see. Of course he was grinning at everyone in sight. But there was no doubt where his main energy was focused on the stage. Examples that I can still remember to this day are: "cherish well your thoughts and keep a tight grip on your booze!" "Broken heart don't feel so bad." "Once in a while you can get shown the light". "But it's all over now."

IT'S EVEN HARDER TO BE HEARTLESS WHEN YOU LOOK AT ME THAT WAY

And so it went on and on. You probably recall just how many lines of songs developed new meanings on that tour. "Black Peter" was merely one example. So you can probably imagine how Jerry and Brent found these new meanings to share with each other. Then there was "Tons Of Steel", where Phil and Bob sang back ups, with Garcia standing back grinning from ear to ear like a proud parent, doing knee bends and wild movements in the direction of Brent for the solo. Finally of course there was "Mr. Fantasy", and then "Not Fade Away", with the pair of them singing the entire song to each other.

All this and we were still on the first three shows at Hampton!! What was going on? From where I stood I was getting that Jerry, having fucked up himself, was not only being more humble and less critical of Brent, but perhaps even realizing that the problems of Grateful Dead keyboard players was in part caused by having to be in the shadow of the rest of the band. Thus the only way forward was to really encourage that person to come out and play.

THERE WAS SOMETHING I HAD CAUGHT INSIDE

There was more to come, of course. After the second night at Hartford, the band seemed ready to really hit the roof at Philly, and during the first set, during "Little Red Rooster", we suddenly heard this voice scream out an extra verse. The energy level in the hall shot up a notch. That was Brent??!! It was indeed, as the organ solo confirmed. Adrenalin was pumping, and I felt in no doubt that the next song would be one of his. (Rare back then, you must remember). In a good position to lip-read Bobby, I was able to see him tell Phil, "Far From Me", and indeed it was the return of this song after several years. Garcia's body was going apeshit; the break was a little rough, but who cares? There was a new energy in the air.

Sure enough, that night was a classic show, and the next two nights likewise. A Brent song each night, setting the pattern for the years to come. I got off the bus that tour at Worcester, so I don't know if the energy stayed that way. But I noted that in Chicago, Brent got in TWO songs in the first set.

So it looked like Jerry's brush with death was the turning point for the whole history of the Grateful Dead. We do indeed know that to be true; the whole thing has taken on mythic status, with their performances seemingly getting better each year. What we haven't considered is Brent's role in all that.

SCREAMING HARD TO MAKE IT GO

Onto the summer tour of '87, this time with Dylan. At Pittsburgh, in that wonderful night with the Nevilles, the first set produced another "Far From Me". It was more advanced than the Philly one, and the energy from all the band was even more up. This time, however, there was the first glimmerings of a genuinely excited audience response, that gave me hope for the future.

The dates with Dylan were also a success for Brent. If you listen to the tapes, you hear all manner of unusual and sensitive contributions. The one that stands out in my mind right now came at Giants, near the end of an emotive display. After a strong "Joey", the "Watchtower" erupted, and the jam got higher and higher, with each round of audience screaming producing a lift in Garcia's playing. But what was also happening to lift it was Brent, hair and fingers flying as he raced around the Hammond. The performer was so powerful, that at the end Dylan was moved to utter virtually the only words he spoke on stage for a couple of years. "Thang yewww. The Grateful Dead...." Of course it went unheard in the tumult, but it was something to see the old Groaner so visibly moved!

TEST ME, TEST ME

The Fall of '87 saw Brent take another stride forward. With "Hey Pocky Way", he got to open a show (and later a 2nd set) for the first time, an important psychological step forward. And yet he still met with resistance. I'll never forget the words of an English Head on seeing this:- "My first show for 6 years and I'm praying for "Bertha - Greatest Story"(!!) And what do I get but bloody Brent doing "Hey Pocky Something"!"

That tour was very noisy and triumphant in this COMEBACK YEAR, with oddities like "La Bamba" symbolising the brashness of it all. Brent played his part with the absurdly funny choice of the "Detroit Medley", yet in the background all the time was the rumoured month jail sentence for an offence committed in connection with booze. Again it's a measure of the privacy surrounding this band that the details were so vague; but even that couldn't disguise the contrast with the amount of coverage it would have got if it had been one of the others.

THERE'S A TINGLING RECOGNITION

Somewhere in that time up to the Spring of '88, Brent bounced back, and began to stamp his presence more and more on the music until, by that powerful '88 Summer Tour, people all over the country were acclaiming it as "Brent's Tour". He brought in three new songs too, including "Little Girl Lost", which stunned several audiences. The future never looked so good.

BUT WHEN LIFE LOOKS LIKE EASY STREET

I couldn't wait to get out there for the Fall Tour to see him so strong.

And so we arrived at the Cap Centre and September with great excitement; the whole band had songs coming out of their ears.

Imagine my disappointment to see a Brent, who, though playing wonderfully well, sang none of his songs, and looked as desperate and ill a figure as I've ever seen on a stage. Due to his playing so well, no one back in the hall would believe me. Until the third night, when he came out and played with only one hand. He looked so hangdog that it was hard to watch.

But what was heartwarming was to see the rest of the band push him onwards with loving attention and smiles, forcing him to take extra solos, or initiate the breaks. By the end of the fourth night, he finally managed a smile.

Some of us learnt that he had "been in a bad space" before the tour, "smashing up his house", and on the off night at DC "Smashed up his hotel room"! and in doing so injured that hand. This was distressing news. Would it always be thus - one step forward, one back? Wrestling with the angel every full moon?

Slowly as the tour wore on Brent got stronger and stronger. For me the turning point came one night at Philly, where he did "Good Times", and I got my first sight of the new ending, where he stopped the band, and screamed his heart out for the last four lines. Awesome to see - it was the scream of a man exorcising demons, almost suggesting a therapy technique. It seemed to embarrass the band, who spent the rest of the set pretending it hadn't happened!!

By Madison Brent was recovered enough to bring back "Pocky Way", and we also had the sight of the others singing "Got some things to talk about" looking pointedly at him and smiling! And of course we had the famous incident with his wife putting his daughter on the keyboards for "Little Girl Lost", to his astonishment and no little embarrassment! By the close, I wended my way homewards still hopeful of further gains in '89.

I MUST BE DUE SOME GREAT TIMES

The Spring Tour clearly confirmed those hopes. He started to sing one song each first set one more, added two new songs, making five, and unveiled a remarkable thing we dubbed "Real Love" on our set lists. Listening to the "Blow Away" from Chicago still makes my hair stand on end. Not only was it a monster of a song, as Jerry has said, but the new rap took adrenalin levels at a Dead show to new heights. This, together with the obvious emotion that "We Can Run", "Little Light" and "Light Girl Lost" evoked, made me reflect back to that 1985 night in Rochester. The left winger had finally balanced out the team. But not only that. By his passion he had actually added a NEW level of urgency to the Dead experience. The criticism of Dead shows as being somewhat emotionally bland began to have less truth in it - somewhere in the night, Brent would appear, to scream his heart out, and remind us of pain and of the harsh reality outside the hall, and show those who could perceive it that there is much virtue in confronting and dealing with that reality via screams of rage or pain.

ALLLLNIGHT, ALLLLNIGHT!

This was further emphasised by the continually improving group vocals. A new zest and ambition had been emerging from the other's own vocals, and

the group singing off each other confirmed that the GD was becoming an ever more exciting animal.

Summer '89 saw a very hot tour, and an album with Brent all over it. His stock had never been higher. Tapes reveal ever increasing volumes of cheering to all his interventions, and even when his face appeared on the video screens. A dip in his morale by tour end was brought back up at Cal Expo, where I finally got to see him at full power.

By years end there was again a dip in morale, but it went barely noticed amidst the craziness surrounding the return of so many old songs. Brent had always been the band member most openly committed towards reinstating "Dark Star", and tapes show him holding his own more than capably.

IT'S 3 A.M. IN THE COMBAT ZONE

Looking back over that 18 month period, it became clear that Barlow had a major role in Brents resurgence. There were some parallels in their lives, which meant they were bringing a double shot of emotion to each topic in their new songwriting partnership. Barlow's description of "Start Your Engines" in Golden Road makes that clear, and similarly with "Little Girl Lost". They were moving away from the 'down' emotions that had put off all those Heads who wanted to float through Time Out From Reality as shows. "We Can Run" saw Brent actually seize the topical song lead from "Throwing Stones", and the mawkishness of the "One child crying" line was better understood by reference to "Little Girl Lost".

ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GONNA PULL MYSELF TOGETHER

Nevertheless, there was still resistance to Brent, and some of it marshalled itself around the "Real Love" rap. A closer look at this rap is very rewarding. The Philly one published in "Might As Well" tells the tale best. Let's try and summarize it first :

- (a) Hold your fist up
- (b) Imagine you got love held there in that fist
- (c) You think you can put that fistful of love inside you and keep it there?

"Welllllll, what do you think your rib cage is; a jail cell, mama? You can't hold love in your heart like that!"

- (d) "That ain't real love!"

- (e) "Real love you don't hold onto at all.....You can let it go; you can throw it away and it comes right back to you. That's real love!!"

It's hard to think of a more passionate and sustained expression of the GD experience and philosophy than this. And on top of that, the delivery was full of crazed humour:

"Now open up that fist!
Maybe one finger at a time!
Maybe all fingers together!
Who cares!
Fuck!
Just get them open!!"

People who objected to the "Stadium-like clenched fists" couldn't have been more wrong, for

"Feel that breeze come along!
Feel that breeeeeeeeze!
And let it blow away!"

resulted in a sea of open, waving hands!!

SOON AS I FINISH TEARING MYSELF APART

At the time I was almost afraid to say it. But if this didn't evoke the ghost of Pigpen, nothing ever will. Indeed the rap seemed to follow Pig's own path and take things further down that very road. I wondered if the idea was the result of therapy - the ideas and the imagery were so similar. If this is so, then what a triumph; to bring such feelings into a rock and roll band! Not to mention that this became Brent's first set - ending song, wiping out several audiences lucky enough to experience it.

To some of you, this may seem a digression. The point is that "Real Love" best exemplifies Brent's whole struggle in life and in the GD experience. That is, emergence from shyness and pain to the triumphant assertion that not only will all things blow away, but that you have to let go of your fears and your ego that keeps your love hidden as a prerequisite for it all to blow away. In that first step of courage, no less, you free love to enrich the world, and maybe if you're lucky, you'll get some come back your way. But there's no guarantee of the latter. That's also why it takes courage. In bearing his heart before us, daring to show the softer emotions to us of "Little Light" and "Little Girl Lost", Brent was setting males a new example of how the courage to show softness could enrich all human life. But first you have to face up to pain.....

All the Dead's best lyrics sing of such triumph over adversity, and living with doubt. But years of Deadhead complacency has worn some of those meanings a bit thin. With the troubles of the ever growing scene, a renewed focus on the scene, what we believe in, why we believe it, and how we put it into action, became an urgent requirement. The passion of Brent's songs fit the times perfectly, and none more so than "Real Love". "Don't go to shows cherishing your precious little personal experience, get out there in the parking lots, show your REAL love, and lift up group consciousness once more".

WAIT A MINUTE BABY, IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU!

So here we stood at the entrance to a new decade. Could these new peaks be consolidated? The Spring Tour of 1990 really hit the jackpot. Several shows were classics, and Brent's keyboards got even more prominent, as he leapt into outrageous places, packing whole clusters of notes into bars previously sparse. He began scat-singing in the middle of breaks in earnest, and coped triumphantly with the challenge of Branford Marsalis. New peaks were indeed scaled. No wonder the band didn't want to come off tour for the first time in years!

THIS IS THE LAST TIME I'M GONNA SAY "SO LONG"

So thus we come to Summer 1990. Reports from Shoreline suggested once again a troubled Brent. But even that did not stop him singing his own songs. I have yet to hear the Shoreline "Blow Away", but reviews suggested something going very awry, though now, reading between the lines it seemed he was trying to articulate something in the rap that was

too strong, too deep for him to reach.

Nonetheless, when I saw him at RFK, things seemed pretty good. He added an awesome piece with Phil to the "Dark Star" that night, and the "Fantasy/Jude" vocals hit new peaks. At Deer Creek we finally got a seat near to him. The whole band was in a great mood, and Brent even looked out at the audience. Near us a group of people screamed his name. He looked up, caught it quite unmistakably, and quickly ducked his head back down with a smile so shy it brought a lump to my throat. "Will ya believe us now old buddy??"

YOU CAN TAKE A LOT OF RECKONING, BUT

Thus to Chicago. I'm glad to say the penultimate show saw a "Pocky Way" as awesome as any Dead performance of anything I've ever witnessed. Here and elsewhere, Brent flew round the keyboards, pushing in, taking the lead back and forth from Jerry and Phil.

On the last night, July 23rd 1990, he seemed a little quieter, but still got the second verse of "Good Lovin" to himself. Then in the "Weight" he waved his arms in the air as he sang

"Packed up my bags, I went looking for a place to hide.
That's when I saw Carmen and the Devil, walking side by side
I said "Hey, Carmen, c'mon, lets go downtown"
She said, "I gotta go. But my friend he can stick around."

And that brings me full circle, here on September 9th, as Brent finished that verse to little response, Phil opens up to a huge roar, and we look at each other sadly and shake our heads. "How much longer folks? How much longer before you really show you love this man?"

I CUT MY DECK TO THE QUEEN OF SPADES.
(BUT THE CARDS WERE ALL THE SAME)

The answer was not long in coming. The devil did indeed stick around, and Brent went home off the tour and met him two nights later. Well, home isn't actually the right word. A rumoured split with his wife saw him now in an apartment of his own. The reality of that, plus the usual musicians withdrawal symptoms from the adrenalin rush of touring, saw him slip, accidentally over the line. Well, that's my guess, anyway; and a week later, the band members, Barlow, and two of his friends carried his body to it's last resting place.

IF A RECKONING COMES, MAYBE WE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO THEN

Even now, as I write this, it all still hurts like crazy. Of course, for people who play with death imagery as much as we do, it is almost a point of honour that we have to rise to the challenge and find a way to integrate all this into our understanding of life. Still, it is also right to express pain and sorrow and not cover them up with that infamous hippy blandishment that "everything is just cool maaaaan".

THERE ARE THINGS YOU CAN REPLACE, AND

What haunts me however is not knowing whether our failure to show him the love and appreciation he deserved contributed to him feeling an outsider, and thus more desperate and less fulfilled in the rest of his life. As a deaf person I am well aware of the concept of being lonely in a crowd.

Was Brent lonely 'cos you never just once yelled for him the way you did for Phil and the others? That's what we are left to live with. To quote David Gans. "Dammit. He never knew how good he was." And to quote Barlow's response to the condolences that came in. "God bless you for caring so much. I wish he could have known you did."

I am also haunted by the fact that he was rapidly winning people over. Another year or so, and he'd have been as fully accepted and appreciated as could ever be possible. So near, after 11 years, so near.....

GIMME JUST A LITTLE MINUTE OF YOUR TIME!

So if we, who constantly go on about love and caring and blah blah, failed so signally to give someone who was an integral part of our pleasure and enlightenment enough lovewhat does that say about us? Are we no better than straight society? Hadn't we better learn from this tragedy, and do something for those around us? And not tomorrow. Now. If we can learn now from this whole experience to show "Real Love" while people are here, than maybe Brent's legacy will be more than a series of wonderful performances to stroke our pleasure zones with....

Lay down my dear brother, lay down and take your rest. You can close your eyes now, the world is gonna let you. Ain't no fog thick enough to hide you. Please don't be sad. If it was a straight life you had, we wouldn't have known you all these years.

PADDY LADD London. Sept.20.1990

(Thanks for lyrics, as ever, to Jake Frost).

The Grateful Dead
A Happy Band
Playing,
Through-out
This Holy Indian Land.

Tantric Vibrations
Musical Ireatians
Rhythms,
And
High Rich, Recitations.



The Holy music
Touches us deep
Rich benefits we
Do Reap,
The Grateful Dead
A Happy Band
Playing, throught-out
This Holy Indian Land

Joe Staunton

ON THE ROAD AGAIN: SET LISTS.

5.5.90

Dominguez Hills
Carson, CA.

-
1. Good Times>
The Race Is On
Help On The Way>
Slipknot>
Franklin's Tower
Queen Jane Approx
Loser
Me And My Uncle>
Mexicali Blues
Loose Lucy
Saturday Night
 2. Truckin'>
Crazy Fingers>
Playin' In The Band>
Jam>
Uncle John's Band>
Drums>
Space>
I Need A Miracle>
Dear Mr. Fantasy>
Going Down The Road>
Around & Around.

E. Touch Of Grey.

9.6.90.

Cal Expo
Sacramento, CA.

-
1. Good Times
Feel Like A Stranger
Peggy-O
Me & My Uncle>
Mexicali Blues
Loose Lucy
Masterpiece
Loser
Cassidy
Dough Knees.
 2. Victim Or The Crime>
Touch Of Grey
Looks Like Rain>
Terrapin Station>
Drums>
Space>
Dear Mr. Fantasy>
Hey Jude Coda>
Watchtower>
Stella Blue>
Lovelight.

E. Black Muddy River.

6.5.90

Dominguez Hills
Carson, CA.

-
1. Mississippi 1/2 Step
Feel Like A Stranger
Easy To Love You
West L.A. Fadeaway
Masterpiece
Candyman
Victim Or The Crime>
Foolish Heart
 2. Iko Iko
Samson & Delilah
The Weight
Blow Away
Terrapin Station>
Drums>
Space>
The Other One>
Standing On The Moon>
Throwing Stones>
Lovelight.
- E. The Last Time.

10.6.90.

Cal Expo.
Sacramento, CA.

-
1. Bertha>
Jack Straw
Dire Wolf
Wang Dang Doodle
Row Jimmy
Picasso Moon
Tennessee Jed
Promised Land.
 2. Box Of Rain
Eyes Of The World>
Playin' In The Band>
Crazy Fingers>
Drums>
Space>
Gimme Some Lovin'>
Standing On The Moon>
Throwing Stones>
Not Fade Away.
- E. The Last Time.

8.6.90

Cal Expo
Sacramento, CA.

-
1. Cold Rain & Snow
Walkin' Blues
Jack-a-roe
Easy to Love You
Queen Jane Approx
High Time
All Over Now
Bird Song
 2. Uncle John's Band>
China Cat>
I Know You Rider
Estimated Prophet>
Foolish Heart>
Fire On The Mt Jam>
Drums>
Space>
The Wheel>
I Need A Miracle>
Black Peter>
Sugar Magnolia.
- E. U.S. Blues.

15.6.90

Shoreline Amp.
Mountain View, CA.

-
1. Help On The Way>
Slipknot>
Franklin's Tower
Minglewood Blues
A Little Light
Stagger Lee
Desolation Row
Ramble On Rose
Hell In A Bucket.
 2. Scarlet Begonias>
Fire On The Mt>
Blow Away>
Women Are Smarter>
He's Gone>
Jam(Jerry/Drums)>
Drums>
Space>
The Other One>
Wharf Rat>
Around & Around.

E. Heaven's Door.

16.6.90
Shoreline Amp.
Mountain View, CA.

-
1. Good Times>
Truckin'>
Jam>
Touch Of Grey
Mama Tried>
Big River
F.O.T.D.
Cassidy
Big Boss Man
Saturday Night.
 2. China Cat>
I Know You Rider
We Can Run
Estimated Prophet>
Terrapin Station>
Space Jam>
Mickey's Beam Space>
China Doll>
Sugar Magnolia.

E. Baby Blue.

24.6.90.
Autzen Stadium
Eugene, OR.

-
1. Help On The Way>
Slipknot>
Franklin's Tower
Masterpiece
Loose Lucy
A Little Light
Picasso Moon
Candyman
Let It Grow.
 2. Foolish Heart
Women Are Smarter
Standing On The Moon
Box Of Rain
Estimated Prophet>
He's Gone>
Drums>
Space>
The Other One>
Wharf Rat>
Sugar Magnolia.

E. Brokedown Palace.

17.6.90.
Shoreline Amp.
Mountain View, CA.

-
1. Shakedown Street
Little Red Rooster
Jack-A-Roe
Queen Jane Approx
Easy To Love You
Bird Song
Promised Land.
 2. Iko Iko
Picasso Moon
Ship Of Fools
Playin' In The Band>
Jam>
Eyes Of The World>
Drums>
Space>
I Will Take You Home>
I Need A Miracle>
Stella Blue>
Throwing Stones>
Lovelight.

E. The Weight.

4.7.90.
Sandstone Amp.
Kansas City, MO.

-
1. Cold Rain & Snow
Walkin' Blues
Mississippi 1/2 Step
Queen Jane Approx.
Loose Lucy
All Over Now
Loser
Promised Land.
 2. Victim Or The Crime
Foolish Heart
A Little Light
Scarlet Begonias>
Fire On The Mountain>
Drums>
Space>
The Wheel>
Gimme Some Lovin'>
Stella Blue>
Sugar Magnolia.

E. U.S. Blues.

23.6.90
Autzen Stadium
Eugene, OR.

-
1. Feel Like Stranger
West L.A. Fadeaway
Me & My Uncle>
Cumberland Blues
Far From Me
T.L.E.O.
Cassidy
Tennessee Jed
Promised Land.
 2. Eyes Of The World>
Looks Like Rain>
Crazy Fingers>
Playin In The Band>
Drums>
Space>
The Wheel>
I Need A Miracle>
Morning Dew.

E. Saturday Night.

6.7.90
Cardinal Stadium
Louisville, KY.

-
1. Hell In A Bucket
Sugaree
Easy To Love You
Peggy-0
Desolation Row
West L.A. Fadeaway
Picasso Moon
Ramble On Rose
Music Never Stops!
 2. China Cat>
I Know You Rider
Women Are Smarter
He's Gone>
Jam>
Drums>
Space>
Truckin'>
Wharf Rat>
G.D.T.R.F.B.>
Around & Around.

E. Baby Blue.

8.7.90

Three Rivers Stadium
Pittsburgh, PA.

-
1. Touch Of Grey
Greatest Story
Jack-A-Roe
Minglewood Blues
Row Jimmy
Mama Tried>
Mexicali Blues
Tom Thumb's Blues
Let It Grow.

2. Samson & Delilah
Eyes Of The World>
Estimated Prophet>
Terrapin Station>
Drums>
Space>
I Need A Miracle>
Wang Dang Doodle>
Black Peter>
Throwing Stones>
Lovelight.

E. Heaven's Door.

14.7.90.

Sullivan Stadium
Foxboro, M.A.

-
1. Shakedown Street
Walkin' Blues
Far From Me
Candyman
Memphis Blues
Ramble On Rose
Saturday Night.
 2. Eyes Of The World>
Estimated Prophet>
Crazy Fingers>
Uncle John's Band>
Drums>
Space>
I Will Take You Home
I Need A Miracle>
G.D.T.R.F.B.>
Throwing Stones>
Lovelight.

E. The Last Time
Bid You Goodnight.

10.7.90

Carter-Finley Stadium
Raleigh, NC.

-
1. Jack Straw *
Loser
We Can Run
Me & My Uncle>
Big River
F.O.T.D. *
Masterpiece *
Bird Song *
Promised Land. *
 2. Iko Iko *
Playin' In The Band> *
Uncle John's Band> *
Jam> *
Drums>
Space>
The Other One>
Stella Blue>
Not Fadeaway.

E. Brokedown Palace.

* With Bruce Hornsby.

16.7.90.

Rich Stadium
Buffalo, NY.

-
1. Hell In A Bucket
Mississippi 1/2 Step
Blow Away
Mama Tried>
Mexicali Blues
Loose Lucy
All Over Now
High Time
Let It Grow
Dough Knees.
 2. Sugar Magnolia
Scarlet Begonias>
Women Are Smarter
Ship Of Fools
Truckin'>
Drums>
Space>
The Wheel>
Gimme Some Lovin'>
Wharf Rat>
Around & Around>
Sunshine Daydream.

E. Brokedown Palace.

12.7.90

R.F.K. Stadium
Washington, DC.

-
1. Good Times
Feel Like Stranger
Bertha
A Little Light
Queen Jane Approx
Stagger Lee
Cassidy
Tennessee Jed
Music Never Stopped
 2. Box Of Rain
Victim Or The Crime
Foolish Heart>
Dark Star>
Drums>
Space>
Watchtower>
Dear Mr. Fantasy>
Hey Jude Coda>
Touch Of Grey.

E. The Weight.

18.7.90.

Deer Creek Amp.
Indianapolis, IN.

-
1. Help On The Way>
Slipknot>
Franklin's Tower
Minglewood Blues
Easy To Love You
Peggy-0
Masterpiece
Brown Eyed Women
Cassidy
Deal.
 2. China Cat>
I Know You Rider
Looks Like Rain
Terrapin Station>
Jam>
Drums>
Space>
The Other One>
Morning Dew.

E. The Weight.

19.7.90.
Deer Creek Amp.
Indianapolis, IN.

-
1. Jack Straw
T.L.E.O.
Desolation Row
Row Jimmy
Picasso Moon
Althea
Promised Land.
 2. Victim Or The Crime
Foolish Heart>
Playin' In The Band>
China Doll
Uncle John's Band>
Drums>
Space>
Watchtower>
Black Peter>
Not Fadeaway.

E. U.S. Blues.

21.7.90.
Tinley Park
Chicago, IL.

-
1. Touch Of Grey
Greatest Story
Jack-A-Roe
Walkin' Blues
F.O.T.D.
A Little Light
Queen Jane Approx.
Bird Song.
 2. Scarlet Begonias>
Fire On The Mountain
Playin' In The Band>
He's Gone>
Space>
Drums>
Space>
I Need A Miracle>
Crazy Fingers>
Playin' In The Band>
Saturday Night.

E. Quinn The Eskimo.

22.7.90
Tinley Park
Chicago, IL.

-
1. Box Of Rain
Feel Like Stranger
Loser
B.I.O.D.T.L.
West L.A. Fadeaway
Masterpiece
Far From Me
Tennessee Jed
Hell In A Bucket.
 2. Samson & Delilah
Hey Pocky Way
Estimated Prophet>
Drums>
Space>
The Wheel>
Gimme Some Lovin'>
Stella Blue>
Throwing Stones>
Lovelight.

E. Heaven's Door.

23.7.90.
Tinley Park
Chicago, IL.

-
1. Cold Rain & Snow
Picasso Moon
Never Trust A Women
Stagger Lee
Cassidy
Truckin'
Smokestack.
 2. Victim Or The Crime
Foolish Heart
Women Are Smarter
Terrapin Station>
Drums>
Space>
Watchtower>
Standing On The Moon>
Around & Around>
Good Lovin'.

E. The Weight.

7.9.90.
Richfield Coliseum
Cleveland, OH.

-
1. Cold Rain & Snow
Walkin' Blues
Ramble On Rose
Me & My Uncle>
Big River
Althea
Masterpiece
Bird Song
Picasso Moon
U.S. Blues.
 2. China Cat>
I Know You Rider
Truckin'>
Crazy Fingers>
Playin' In The Band>
Drums>
Space>
I Need A Miracle>
Black Peter>
Lovelight.

E. Heaven's Door.

8.9.90.
Richfield Coliseum
Cleveland, OH.

-
1. Hell In A Bucket>
Sugaree
Minglewood Blues
F.O.T.D.
Queen Jane Approx
Loser
Cassidy
Deal.
 2. Eyes Of The World>
Estimated Prophet>
Terrapin Station>
Drums>
Space>
Watchtower>
Stella Blue>
Throwing Stones>
Not Fadeaway.

E. Saturday Night.

10.9.90.
Spectrum,
Philadelphia, PA.

-
1. Shakedown Street
Little Red Rooster
Peggy-0
Mama Tried>
Mexicali Blues
Row Jimmy
Memphis Blues
Foolish Heart
Promised Land.
 2. Victim Or The Crime
Scarlet Begonias>
Fire On The Mountain
Women Are Smarter
Drums>
Space>
The Other One
Wharf Rat
Sugar Magnolia.

E. U.S. Blues.

11.9.90.
Spectrum,
Philadelphia, PA.

-
1. Jack Straw
Bertha
Greatest Story
Candyman
Queens Jane Approx
Brown Eyed Women
All Over Now
Tennessee Jed
Hell In A Bucket.
 2. China Cat>
I Know You Rider
Looks Like Rain
He's Gone>
Spoonful>
Drums>
Space>
The Wheel>
I Need A Miracle>
Black Peter>
Around & Around.

E. Heaven's Door.

12.9.90.
Spectrum,
Philadelphia, PA.

-
1. Miss' 1/2 Step
Walkin' Blues
T.L.E.O
Me & My Uncle>
Big River
High Time
Masterpiece
Althea
Let It Grow.
 2. Iko Iko
Playin'>
Crazy Fingers>
Uncle John's Band>
Jam>
Drums>
Space>
Pentangle Space>
Morning Dew>
Lovelight.

E. Brokedown Palace.

14.9.90
Madison Sq. Garden
New York, NY.

-
1. Feel Like A Stranger
Sugaree
Minglewood Blues
Ramble On Rose
Black Throated Wind
Jack-A-Roe
Cassidy
Dough Knees.
 2. Scarlet Begonias>
Fire On The Mt.
Truckin'>
Terrapin Station>
Drums>
Space>
The Other One>
Wharf Rat>
Sugar Magnolia.

E. U.S. Blues.

15.9.90
Madison Sq. Garden
New York, NY.

-
1. Touch Of Grey
Walkin' Blues
Candyman
Mama Tried>
Mexicali Blues
West L.A. Fadeaway
Masterpiece
Bird Song
Box Of Rain.
 2. The Weight
Playin' In The Band>
Crazy Fingers>
Uncle John's Band>
Drums>
Space>
Gimme Some Lovin'>
Watchtower>
Stella Blue>
Throwing Stones>
Not Fade Away.

E. Saturday Night.

16.9.90.
Madison Sq. Garden
New York, NY.

-
1. Hell In A Bucket
Cold Rain & Snow
Little Red Rooster
Stagger Lee
Queen Jane Approx
Tennessee Jed
Cassidy
Deal.
 2. Samson & Delilah
Iko Iko
Looks Like Rain>
He's Gone>
Phil Solo>
Drums>
Space>
Standing On Moon>
Space (Confusion!!)
I Need A Miracle>
Morning Dew.

E. Baby Blue.

(ALL MSG SHOWS WITH BRUCE HORNSBY ON GRAND PIANO)

18.9.90.
Madison Sq. Garden
New York, NY.

1. Mississippi 1/2 Step
Minglewood Blues
Loser
Picasso Moon
Row Jimmy
Desolation Row
To Lay Me Down
Promised Land.

2. Eyes Of The World
Estimated Prophet
Foolish Heart>
Jerry/Keyboards Jam>
Drums>
Space>
The Other One>
The Wheel>
Sugar Magnolia.

E. Heaven's Door.

13.10.90.
Iss-Stadium
Stockholm, Sweden.

1. Cold Rain & Snow
Feel Like A Stranger
Candyman
Walkin' Blues
Loser
Queen Jane Approx
Bird Song
Promised Land.

2. Touch Of Grey
Estimated Prophet>
Crazy Fingers>
Playing In The Band>
Drums>
Space>
Watchtower>
Stella Blue>
Throwing Stones>
Not Fade Away.

E. Saturday Night.

19.9.90.
Madison Sq. Garden
New York, NY.

1. Jack Straw
Bertha
Me & My Uncle>
Big River
Musta Beena Roses
Memphis Blues
Help On The Way>
Slip Knot>
Franklin's Tower.

2. Playin' In The Band>
Ship Of Fools>
Uncle John's Band>
Bruce/Jerry/Bobby Jam>
Drums>
Space>
G.T.D.R.F.B>
Stella Blue>
Around & Around.

E. Quinn The Eskimo.

17.10.90
Grugahalle
Essen, Germany.

1. Hell In A Bucket
Sugaree
Minglewood
Ramble On Rose
Me & My Uncle>
Maggie's Farm
High Time
Cassidy
Tennessee Jed
Picasso Moon.

2. China Cat>
I Know You Rider
Truckin'>
He's Gone>
Drums>
Space>
The Wheel>
I Need A Miracle>
Black Peter>
Lovelight.

E. Heaven's Door.

20.9.90.
Madison Sq. Garden
New York, NY.

1. Feel Like Stranger
Althea
All Over Now
Ramble On Rose
El Paso
Brown Eyed Women
Greatest Story
U.S. Blues.

2. Truckin'
China Cat>
I Know You Rider
Women Are Smarter
Drums>
Space>
Dark Star>
Playin' In Band>
Dark Star>
Throwing Stones>
Touch Of Grey.

E. Lovelight.

19.10.90.
I.C.C.
Berlin, Germany.

1. Good Times Roll
Shakedown Street
Little Red Rooster
Brown Eyed Women
Mama Tried>
Mexicali Blues
Row Jimmy
Memphis Blues>
Deal.

2. Scarlet Begonias>
Fire On Mountain
Looks Like Rain
Terrapin Station>
Drums>
Space>
Other One>
Wharf Rat>
Around & Around>
Sugar Magnolia.

E. Baby Blue.

20.10.90.
I.C.C.
Belin, Germany.

1. Jack Straw >
Mississippi 1/2 Step
Walkin' Blues
F.O.T.D.
Black Throated Wind
Jack-A-Roe
Masterpiece
Let It Grow
Box OF Rain.
2. Eyes Of The World>
Samson & Delilah
Ship Of Fools
Dark Star>
Drums>
Space>
Dark Star>
Throwing Stones>
Not Fade Away.

E. Saturday Night.

27.10.90.
Zenith Theater
Paris, France.

1. Hell In A Bucket>
Sugaree
Minglewood Blues
Jack-A-Roe
Black Throated Wind
Ramble On Rose
Masterpiece
Bird Song
Promised Land.
2. China Cat>
I Know You Rider
Saint Of Circumstance>
Crazy Fingers>
Playin' In The Band>
Drums>
Space>
Playin' In The Band>
Stella Blue>
Throwing Stones>
Not Fade Away.

E. Saturday Night.

22.10.90.
Festhalle
Frankfurt, Germany.

1. Bertha
Greatest Story
Peggy-0
Wang Dang Doodle
Foolish Heart
Desolation Row
Bird Song >
Valley Road.*
2. Victim Or The Crime>
Standing On The Moon
Playin' In The Band>
Uncle John's Band>
Playin' In The Band>
Drums>
Space>
Watchtower>
Stella Blue>
Lovelight.

E. The Weight.

* Hornsby Song.

28.10.90.
Zenith Theater
Paris, France.

1. Touch Of Grey>
Walkin' Blues
Candyman
Box Of Rain
Mexicali Blues>
Maggie's Farm
Althea
Cassidy
Tennessee Jed
Stander On Mountain.*
2. Victim Or The Crime>
Eyes Of The World>
Estimated Prophet>
Uncle John's Band>
Drums>
Space>
The Other One>
Wharf Rat>
Sugar Magnolia.

E. Heaven's Door.

* Hornsby Songs

24.10.90.
Hamburg, Germany.

1. Feel Like Stranger
Cold Rain & Snow
Little Red Rooster
They Love Each Other
Me & My Uncle>
Big River
West L.A. Fadeaway
Queen Jane Approx
Iko Iko.
2. Help On The Way>
Slipknot>
Franklin's Tower
Truckin'>
He's Gone>
Drums>
Space>
I Need A Miracle>
Wheel>
Around & Around
G.D.T.R.F.B.

E. U.S. Blues.

30.10.90
Wembley Arena
London, England.

1. Jack Straw>
Bertha
Wang Dang Doodle
Brown Eyed Women
Queen Jane Approx
Row Jimmy
Let It Grow>
Bruce Solo>*
Valley Road.*
2. Picasso Moon
Foolish Heart
Looks Like Rain>
Terrapin Station>
Drums>
Space>
The Wheel>
I Need A Miracle>
Black Peter>
Lovelight.

E. The Weight.

31.10.90.
Wembley Arena
London, England.

-
1. Help On The Way>
Slipknot >
Franklin's Tower
Little Red Rooster
Loose Lucy
Me & My Uncle>
Big River
Musta Beena Roses
Masterpiece
Bird Song.
 2. Scarlet Begonias>
Fire On The Mountain
Truckin'>
He's Gone>
Drums>
Space>
Watchtower>
Stella Blue>
Around & Around>
Good Lovin'.

1.11.90
Wembley Arena
London, England.

-
1. Hell In A Bucket
Friend Of The Devil
Walkin' Blues
Cold Rain & Snow
Mama Tried>
Maggie's Farm
Cassidy
Stander On The Mountain.*
 2. Victim Or The Crime>
Touch Of Grey
Playin' In The Band>
Dark Star>
Drums>
Space>
Hornsby Jam>
Dark Star Reprise>
Playin' In The Band Reprise>
Wharf Rat>
Throwing Stones>
Not Fade Away.

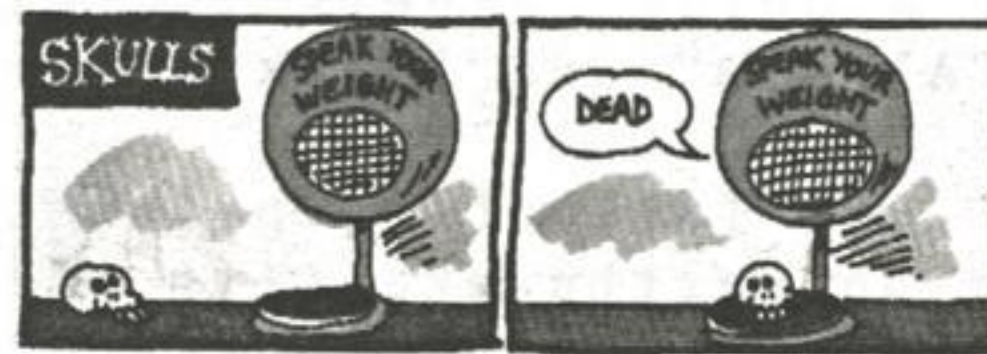
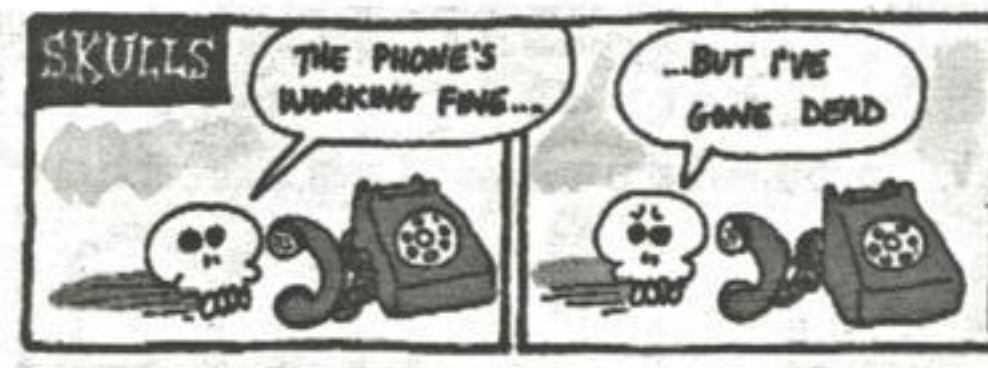
E. Werewolves Of London. E. U.S. Blues.

* Hornsby Song

ALL EUROPEAN TOUR SHOWS EXCEPT STOCKHOLM FEATURE BRUCE HORNSBY ON PIANO



It was absurd, but the painting's eyes seemed to follow Bob across the room.



SUMMER TOUR '90.

AND SO I WRESTLE WITH THE ANGEL

Normally I wouldn't be writing about tours much any more. But I guess since the one I caught in the summer was the last of that model of the G.D., something should be said.

The 1st show for me was R.F.K. I got the feeling from people that the band hadn't really got going up to that point in the tour. But at R.F.K. - WHEW!

For a start it poured like you never seen in England for nearly the whole show. People were seriously wet! And cold by the end too. Thunder and lightning crackled incessantly! It resembled nothing so much as last year's legendary Giants gig.

And the band came out to give the crowd their very best high energy. "Stranger > Bertha" tells you that! They picked lyrics to emphasize their determination to roll with the rain, from "Let The Good Times Roll to Bertha > Music Never Stopped!" A great first set.

2nd was already hot, from "Box Of Rain > Victim > Foolish Heart (a long lost combo), when, as I'd earlier suspected, "Dark Star" arose to a deafening roar. And a real good one - no s--t, with Brent & Phil hitting some astonishing places in the 2nd jam. When they ended the "Star", they jammed on and it got to be 50 mins before "Devils"!! That was long and excellent and a 10-15 minute "Space" followed!

The fun was a long way from over as "Watchtower > Fantasy > Jude > Touch Of Grey"! hit us. The "Jude" refrain and the subsequent jam was just heaven.

To cap it all, the "Weight" was the encore! Remarkable, remarkable show!

I didn't see the next 2, and didn't get especially good reports of them. So to Deer Creek, scene of a great show last year. The first night they were in a great mood, but they seemed a bit tired and the first set was merely pleasant. 2nd set didn't especially burn, though the 2nd break of "Rider", the pre-drums jam, the "Space" and the "Dew" were highlights.

Second night a quiet, sleepy 1st set which burst into life with "Picasso Moon", the "Althea" end break and - surprise - "Promised Land".

Second set was full of surprises. An absolutely explosive "Victim", ending like an earthquake with Mickey on beam. A great 1st break in "Foolish Heart", (though the song faded at the end). "Playing > China Doll > Uncle Johns" - Wow! But not that hot, a little short of energy.

A wonderful Close Encounters - influenced "Space" a fantastic "Watchtower" and two hot "NFA" breaks ended this show real high, and the audience sing us right into the encore.

Yes, a real fun set indeed, but are they saving it for Chicago, energy wise? Interesting to note that they do know one venue from another. Deer Creek last year saw both Close Encounters & "China Doll" brought back. Impressive memories, they have in fact. Better than they let on!



There was a fantastic vending area at Deer Creek, even if it closed every nite from 2 a.m. - but only till 6 a.m.!! Brent was spotted driving a golf buggy around the campsite, and having a good time.

Chicago is an amphitheatre too - an ugly one, new, with very uptight security (no umbrellas!!) and 33,000 to Deer Creek's 18,000. But well sold out.

The parking lot scene is the same as Deer Creek. Even better in fact. I'd say on the last night, it was easily the best I've ever seen. At 2.30 a.m., we left and it was still half-full! Security gave up and were going round buying T-shirts and falafels etc! A great triumph for us.

The shows themselves were mixed. First night first set quite laid back. 2nd was a quiet pre-drums (Two "Playings" in a row tho'!!!) Best "He's Gone" end vocals I've ever seen. A good "Space" (lots of Phil - they all are 10-15 mins now..) but the only thing that was really a highlight in this show was the post drums "Crazy Fingers > Fantasy > Playing Reprise > Saturday Nite".

The whole tour is "waiting for Phil" as he spends forever fiddling with his new bass. Jerry even bangs his head on the drums in mock frustration! Phil also had a shirt on with a pic. of his baby on it! And did I tell you both Jerry & Phil wore shorts!? Well, Jerry's looked like he just cut off his old baggy trousers at the knees!

Second night saw an unusual opener - "Box Of Rain" - but nothing special, apart from a quiet set ending "Hell In A Bucket"! 2nd set opened with "Samson" with Phil very prominent, and then a real turn up; "Pocky Way". Truly awesome - the performance of the tour? One of the best performances of anything I've ever seen them do! Then a good "Estimated > Eyes". Unfortunately, the rest of the show wasn't very together, apart from some great Bobby vocalising.

And so to the last night. A pretty good first set, tho' Weir is still chopping off the end - jam on "Picasso Moon". The strangest thing of all was getting "Truckin > Smokestack" to end the set - three Bob songs in a row, in fact. The execution was rather slow and meditative - still not sure if it worked - but a distinctly different idea!

2nd set gives us an OK "Victim > Foolish Heart", which doesn't return to the last verse but goes into "Women". After the "Terrapin", no end jam - these have sadly started to disappear after such a promising start in 1990. A good "Watchtower" and a lovely "Standing On The Moon" are highlights of the post-drums, with the "Weight" wrapping up the tour.

Back at the parking lot, we talk with a couple of the security; bikers themselves, they tell of how the security have been taught to be shit-scared of us. If they spray water in your face and you feel funny, go and see your supervisor - you may have ingested some of that danged LSD!!

Very few 25 year anniversary items - a surprise. Loads of Simpsons shirts - 6 at least! A Teenage Mutant Ninja Terrapin one! Stickers included "Are You Kind?" "Someone's Got To Turn The Page". "Sometimes



we live no particular way but own own", and the first Brent one, "of all possible worlds, we only got one".

What are the overall conclusions? Not as good a Summer Tour as any of the last 5 years. I'd say all of '85 > '89 (not '86) were better. Don't quite know why - they were very up themselves. There was far too much song repetition, though!

Notable highlights were the wonderful sounds in Phil's new bass - almost cello - like. The LP track of "Picasso Moon" - that sound seemed to be all over the shows now. Phil in "Space" so much was a good sign too. Brent was really prominent often, especially on the organ, and certainly nothing seemed wrong, except maybe a lack of vocal energy on the last night.

So, for these last shows of this model of the G.D. There isn't anything special or mythical that can be said. You'll enjoy the R.F.K. and 2nd Deer Creek tapes. Other than that, Spring '90 is still the one. Just a working band this time, with it's ups and downs, getting ready to slay Europe and show off Brent's new prominence to cynical Euro-Heads!

PADDY LADD



CHROME SPIKE BUNNIES .

Basking in the afterglow (makes it sound like some sort of post sexual experience which from an aural viewpoint in many ways it is) of the Dead's Eleven date European Tour, all the good times come flooding back.

From the opening bars of the appropriate **Cold, Rain & Snow** at Stockholm to the dying embers of **U.S. Blues** at London with it's statement of thanks guys, it was fun but it'll be nice to get home, the tour certainly from a spectator point of view was an unwarranted success. Let's hope the Band think so too because if they deem it so to be the chances of the Band returning next summer appear to be very strong indeed!

The opinion of most people we talked to was that this was one of the best runs of shows ever and the tragic loss of Brent seems to have galvanised the Band into yet another change of course. The changes to some point have been made to accomodate the new keyboard players but nonetheless the shows were a definitive statement of where the band are currently "at". Highlights abounded, a scorching **China Cat>Rider** at Essen, an emotive **Standing On The Moon** At Frankfurt, that 25 minute **Scarlet>Fire** at London, and that monster second set at the last Wembley night which scotched for once and all the unfounded rumour that the Dead don't Jam anymore, stand out by a proverbial country mile.

Bruce Hornsby and Vince Welnicks stunning piano and keyboard work which considering the length of time these guys have been playing with the band was nothing less than miraculous. The **Drums/Space** interludes which occasionally warped us to other worlds, Bobby's impassioned vocals and at times, awesome rhythm guitar work. Phil's earth shaking bass which was more often felt rather than heard, and as Jake put it "Jerry was Jerry" all combined to please the most picky of Deadheads.

The scene outside the shows was cool and laid back with little hassle to the extensive vending scene which nowadays is an integral part of any Dead show, even in Europe it seems. No complaints on that score as it would be difficult to imagine how the shows would have been without the reputed 4000 American Heads who made it over to Europe, they gave the shows some feel and character which would have undoubtedly been missing if the shows had been confined to European audiences with their more staid and restrained attitudes.

All that remains now is to leave you in the capable hands of our reviewers and to say a big thank you to everyone involved in the production of the tour and to all who made it THE experience of 1990.

EDITORS

13.10.90 Isstadion, Stockholm, Sweden.

The first set started with the song from the Soundcheck, and was very appropriate considering a wind straight off the Artic had been blowing all day. Overall this was a somewhat ragged and short set. Some lovely touches during **Candyman**, but nothing really gelled until the last three numbers, and the **Birdsong** was a bit weird. Phil, Bill and Mickey were in great form. Jerry and Bobby a bit unsure and generally I'm sure they were all happy to see the back of the set.

However, the second set was stunning!! **Touch of Grey**, almost seemed like an apology for that first set and a statement of the Band's situation and intentions. The whole set sagged at the end but after the

American Beauty and really I haven't looked back since. I did sort of lose interest about 1983, when lack of coverage in the music press led me to assume that they had split up. Then one fine day I came across Spiral Light and my interest revived. Through the kindness and generosity of Steve Green I have been able to listen to The Dead live on countless tapes, and as a result probably get more out of their music now than I have ever done - roll on October and thanks for your kind indulgence.

DAVE WALLINGTON

THE OTHER ONE

This to me is always

The Bus came by and I got on, was where it all began. There was Cowboy Neal at the wheel of the bus to never ever land.

I see a bus stop on the edge of a field, this must be the lily field, and in a deserted place so redolent of movies about small town America. Why does this never happen at any bus stop I'm ever at? I see it so clearly when I hear this I can almost make it happen. Wish I could.

JUDE FINCH

In the land of the Grateful Dead
Living' and Dyin' is all in your head
In the place called Franklins Tower
There's friendly people, fun and flowers.

Joe Staunton



MAKIN' TRAX

FLYING HIGH WITHOUT A NET

Every decade or so the Dead pull the rabbit out of the hat. Hot on the heels of Live Dead and Reckoning comes Without A Net.

The song selection avoids real commercial danger and neatly wrongfoots everybody's expectations. Originally the L.P. was to exclude any previously released live songs and many of the songs expected to appear - **Throwing Stones**, **Miracle** etc. didn't make it. What we're left with is over two hours of Prime Dead music, mostly culled from the 1st set and pre-drums except **Saturday Night** and I assume the hasty inclusion of **Mr. Fantasy** as an understated epitaph for Brent. "Please don't be sad if it was a straight life he had" indeed.

Lesh & Cutler have gone for the those magic parts of the show when everything comes together and the intricate mesh of sound bounces along at mind and body twisting velocity. On first hearing it's Weir's songs and guitar playing that's the real highlight even though **Walkin' Blues** is the weakest song on the set. **Stranger & Victim** crunch along with a harsh metallic edge, **Let It Grow** is just stunning and **Cassidy** is one of the finest I've heard. The tandem vocal of Brent and Bob is spot on and the spiralling jam that follows is the reason most of us listen to the Dead in the first place. **Saturday Night** is so Chuck Berry-ish that the old philanderer will probably expect royalties.

The **China Cat/Rider** which starts set II is an absolute powerhouse version, guaranteed to send shivers down your spine, **Bird Song**, **Eyes**, and **Help>Slipknot>Franklin's** soar with inventive playing from Garcia.

The drumming is relentless throughout and while this set may not drift off and "go where no man has gone before" it still gets 10 out of 10 and a Gold Star in my book.

I expect you all know this and have spent the last few months driving your firends, families and neighbours up the wall by playing this at mind bending volumes.

ROB SIMONS

(As our entire readership probably now own this album we would like to invite you, the reader, to contribute your views on "Without A Net". The format will run along the lines of previous LP reviews, i.e. overall comments and then song by song breakdown. Closing date for reviews will be 31st January 1991). EDITORS.

MICKEY HART - AT THE EDGE (RYKODISC RCD 10124 IMPORT)

Another of Mickey's rhythm extravaganzas. The sounds to accompany the words in this case. The words being of course the book "Drumming at the Edge of Music" "At The Edge", also turns out to be his most engaging and accessable album since the mighty "Diga".

The first 4 tracks actually flow together into a twenty-five minute piece of superbly realised moods, rhythms and sounds. '4 For Gaia' isn't technically music but that matters not. Mickey and Jerry Garcia create the sounds apparant in a tropical rain forest or jungle, running water, drops of water, bird songs, crickets, snakes and thunder all immediately



place one in the heart of the forest. Whilst Mickey's parts of this track are from '89, Jerry's, credited as 'Forest Zone' hail from 1975, not that you would know if you weren't told. The journey through the forest leads to "Sky Water". Gentle echos and falling water from a cave roof, with gentle fine lines of guitar from Jerry create an atmospheric ambience. This ambience leads into 'Slow Sailing', a duet between Mickey and long-time associate Zakir Hussein. A poly rhythmic and highly engaging piece also featuring a raindrop thumb piano. The rhythms steadily pick up from the middle distance to the foreground, drawing you, the listener, even further into this unusual world. The fourth piece, 'Lonesome Hero', really caps what's gone before. Jose Lorenzo contributes a gently haunting melody on the Berimbau which is almost flutelike, with Mickey playing Pan-pipes, giving the piece a very Andean nature. This excellent use of non-percussion strongly evokes, throughout the set, other cultures and environments away from the Western World. And that's only the first half. As if recommendation more were needed!

The remaining five tracks all offer special moments, ideas and sounds. "The Eliminator" is almost a direct piece of electronic '89/90 Rhythm Devils complete with Jerry's atonal solo in the second part. Whilst the bizzarely titled 'Pigs in Space' features 'spatial processing' from Mickey alongside almost Aboriginal vocal sounds from Airto Moriera.

A real triumph. Thoroughly recommended. Probably will be regarded as a classic in years to come. Excellent playing and composition, the latter being a strong factor in the overall success of the release. Congratulations too to Rykodisc for having the courage to issue such projects. Music would be much poorer without such as this.

RICHARD LEE

BRUCE HORNSBY AND THE RANGE "A Night On The Town" (BMG June 1990)

Despite the titles intentions I'm sure watching paint dry would be just as exciting. Bruce's third LP, and it's just a re-run of the successful formula that first brought him success back in '86 with "That's the way it is". Hornsby himself is no slouch on the keyboards, his live shows finish with request spots - you name it and he'll play it. Garcia's interest is apparant and understandable, but this is just faceless American FM radio fodder.

The main problem here is that there isn't enough of interest to make it worthwhile. Some excellent keyboards incorporating a number of styles, but the songs aren't interesting and there's little melody. You really could be listening to anyone here. It's almost too bland to even inspire like or dislike. The only points that stop it falling entirely into the mire are the guest spots. Garcia plays on two tracks, "Across the river" where he chips in a nicely melodic solo and livens up the finishing coda and also Wayne Shorter crops up on "Fire on the cross" but his solo is so brief it's gone before it's started.

Word has it Garcia invited Bruce to join him on some other "sides" in the studio recently. Lets hope they're more interesting than this. This isn't a bad record it's just a very monotonous one. Too bland and homogenous by far. Get the first LP if you want some Hornsby in your collection.

RICHARD LEE

O F F T H E R O A D CAROLYN CASSADY

TWENTY YEARS WITH CASSADY, KEROUAC & GINSBERG

This is a slightly sad book with a hint of quiet desperation and a slight air of wastedness about it.

Carolyn screams at Neal on page 76 after they've been married for eight months: "You're nothing but selfish". So they both were, him and Jack Kerouac, but could they have achieved and created what they did without being selfish and obsessive about it? It seems as if Carolyn was slightly in awe of them both.

This book has been a long while in the writing and it must have been a painful experience writing it. Carolyn could have had a career of her own. She is a qualified theatre designer. Her own life was subdued to raise the children and mostly to be available for Jack and Neal whenever they needed her.

She comes across in the book as a really straight person and for someone like this to have a three sided relationship as she did and then, this was 1948, seems slightly incredible. But obviously from reading the book, Carolyn didn't feel like this at all.

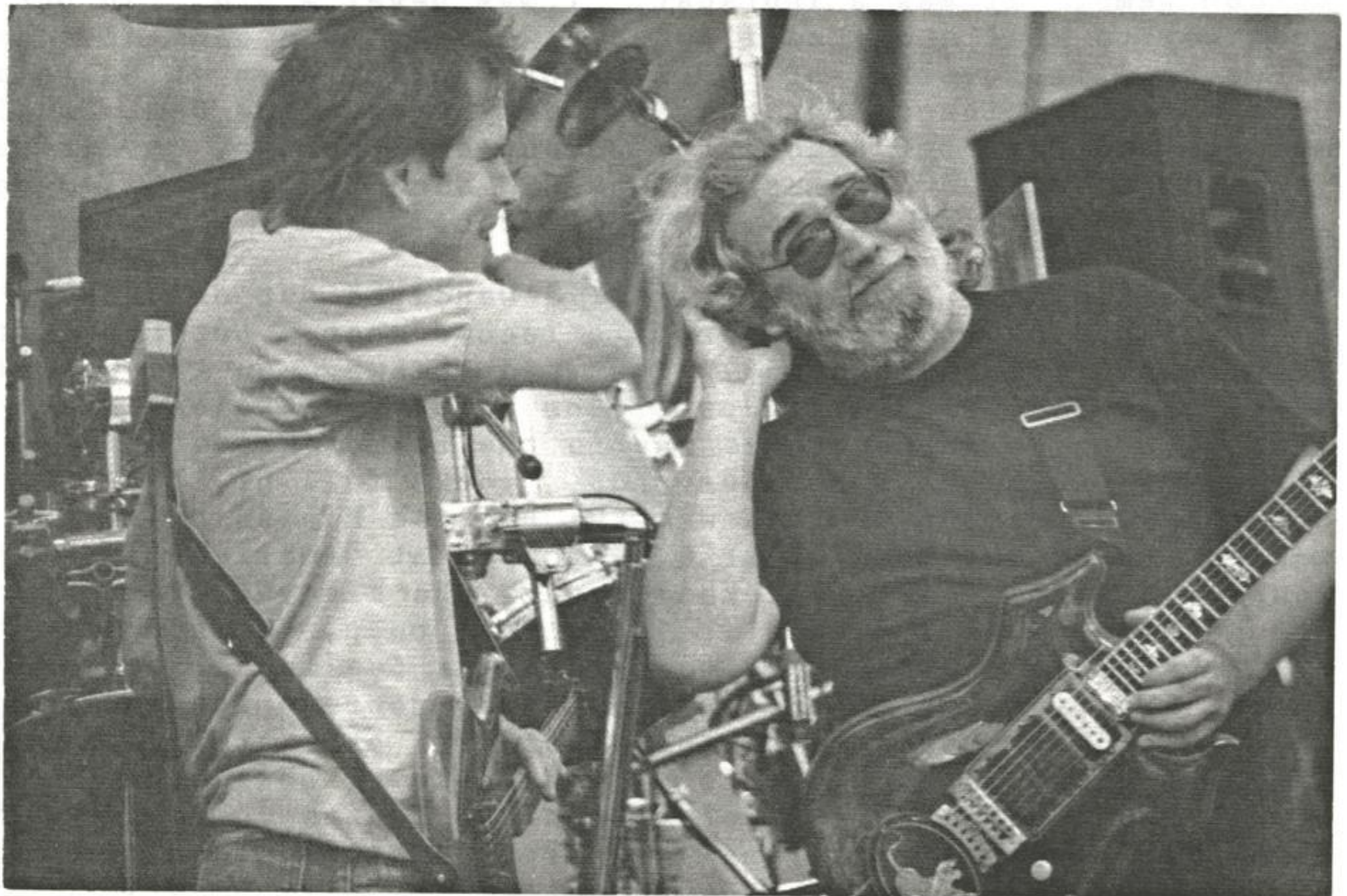
The chapters on the philosophies and ideas of Edgar Cayce are full of interest and this subject is covered very well.

I also thought the book was well illustrated with some photographs I don't remember seeing before.

Chapter 59 reaches Kesey, The Merry Pranksters and the Bus, and for those of you counting the Grateful Dead are mentioned on pages 395, 398 and 400.

Enjoy.

JUDE FINCH



THE FIRST TIME EVER I SAW THE DEAD

Victoria Station in Manchester is a grey slumbering giant that shouts back to yesteryear and the times when it was a vibrant living station, white smoke billowing down the platforms, entire northwest towns and villages to a man filling it's concourse, anxious for the Rhyl bound expresses, reflecting the importance of a nations railway system, it carried men, women and children to and from the heart of the northwest, prior to the 2.3 car family, the station was the centre of transportation, of course by 1972 it was knackered.

"Hey pal what platforms Wigan train on"? "Dunno". "Well what time does it go"? "Dunno". I wouldn't have minded but he was the Station Master. Friday 5th May, 1972 and we were on our way to see "The Lads" finally our anxietys were going to be relieved, the Dead were going to play Wigan! There were six of us I think, as we clambered aboard a six car DMU (I was still trainspotting at the time) frantically searching for a seat, we all shared the same thoughts, what would they look like? What would they play? Rumours had been circulating, as rumours by their very nature do, that they would play every song they'd recorded and they'd be on for at least eight hours! By now we were standing in the Guards Van packed with weekend hippies. The journey was typically English, no one said a word, everybody looking around as if to say "Strange, the trains not usually this full" Eventually somebody said "I wonder if Country Joe will do the fish cheer"? At which point I suddenly realised what a wonderful view there is on the way to Wigan.

As I stood there sweating in my three week old Afghan my mind wandered back to the day it all started cue dream sequence.

Sometime in Jan 1970 my mate Brian Reid and I had nicked off school in Stockport to go to Piccadilly Station to see Man Utd. arrive back from a London game, it was a Thursday, I was never a Utd. fan but it seemed a good way to kill a day so I went, I'd only been back at school a couple of weeks, in November of '69 I'd got knocked down in Rusholme, I was on my way to buy tickets for the M/C Derby League Cup Semi-Final, I'd broke my leg and been off school for a couple of months, as it was my last year, I'd missed so much of the CSE Mock Exams that I'd pretty much given up on getting anything out of school.

While waiting for the Utd. train I'd wandered out of the station just to look around when I came across a record shop, but not just any shop! This was One Stop Records! They had speakers on the walls! Now I'd been used to buying my records from White and Swales, yes the Swales that went on to Jackboot his way to the top of Maine Road, but this was different this was a serious shop, racks full of LP's I'd never heard of, this wasn't Top 40 this was the British Museum of record shops, as I walked round the rows of LP's I stopped at "American Imports" now this sounded exotic! As I flicked through the sleeves, I stopped at a weird orange sleeve as I picked it up it fell open, my god it's a fold out! My first one! I remember to this day a feeling of real excitement at seeing the pictures on the inside, they represented another life, just then a finger tapped me on the shoulder, as I slowly turned I heard a disembodied voice say "that's a remarkable LP absolutely amazing, it's by a band called the Grateful Dead" I looked up to see a bearded man with long black hair wearing leather trousers and denim shirt! My first hippy, uuuggghh, "Er, what's it called"? "Live Dead". He was an angel sent by God to point the way! Actually he said he was a drummer, he told me how good the drumming on Live Dead was due to the fact that



there were two drummers, I just stood there saying "oh yeah".

He pointed out some more LP's that he said I should listen to, Three Dog Night live at the Forum, which is still an absolute classic, Quicksilver's Shady Grove, Creedences' Bayou Country, Iron Butterflies In-a-gadda-davida and the one he asked me to listen to with him in the sound booth, I'll admit I was worried when he asked me that! But feeling excited at what was happening I overcame my inhibitions and stepped in with him, it was the first Allman Bros. Band LP (still their best) I was blown away when that power had come stampeding out of the walls.

As I left One Stop shaken by the experience I couldn't help thinking a door had opened, I don't know if that man is still with us but if he is I'd just like to finally thank him, he saved my life!

Just as I got to the station the United bus was pulling out and Brian Reid was shouting "You missed them"! Yes, I'd missed George Best but found the Dead.

Now while I'd been in M/C Royal Infirmary I'd listened to Radio One 12 hours a day up to that point. I loved Pop Music I had all the Monkees and Beach Boys LP's but in hospital the whole thing fell apart, they played the same 20 songs day in day out, something inside snapped, there must be more to it than this!

The following week I went to a second hand store in Levenshulme and sold five Monkees plus two Beach Boys LP's, I Got 5.75, I got the bus into Piccadilly walked into One Stop and paid 5.50 for Live Dead, I then walked the nine miles back home, I'd thrown off the old ways and was entering a new life, I just didn't know it at the time.

So arriving home late Saturday afternoon I ran up the stairs and put Dark Star on. Now the average length of a Beach Boys song was 2.30 sec, I'm now facing a 23.30 sec song. On first hearing I was confused, worried that I'd made a big mistake and kept lifting the lid to see how much was left. I think it's important to note that I wanted this music to succeed, the liner photos showed another world, I wanted to get behind the notion, but I wanted the music to be good. That first hearing of Dark Star had me worried.

Turned to side two thinking well at least there's two songs on here, I sat back and listened, the opening riff to St. Stephen is the most exciting spine tingling moment I've ever heard, there's just something about, it really is the essence of the Dead's music. It was this opening riff that convinced me that I could play a guitar, I just felt "I could play that". There's another moment within a couple of minutes that combines the music and soul of the Dead, if you had to pick one bar of music that personified the Dead and everything they stood and stand for you need look no further than the moment when Weir screams after the line "Stephen would answer if he only knew how" it's almost lost in the mix but there's just enough of it, enough to portray the freedom that the Dead represent.

Lovelight nailed it for me I knew I was onto something special here and I figured by now the gamble had paid off.

The music had complimented the sleeve perfectly, I knew there was something here, something that meant things could be different, of



course I was ready for a change all I needed now was to see the Band.

About 7.00 pm Wigan Town Square, (it still is) Buses ferrying people to the site, we were getting excited now, only three days to go! We got off the bus at a roundabout and followed the THRONG, I said at the time we should have followed the CROWD instead but nobody listened. We stopped at a corner shop, strange, but that night Wigan was the victim of a cruel Government Economic Experiment, what happened to a town that has 300% inflation forced upon it for three days? Answer it holds a Pop Festival. Coke suddenly costs 50p, an orange was spotted at 20p. At the time we were a pretty lawless bunch and Stevie Guitar Hazelwood half inched a mars bar! We all agreed he'd struck a blow against the Empire so it was O.K.! Now the amazing thing is not one of us had bought a ticket! I still can't believe we risked missing the Dead! Our belief was that strong though! It's like Garcia said in a KSAN 6/72 interview if your vibes are right you'll get in. I might add that only applies to Dead gigs, don't try it at the West Bank at Highbury.

So as we walked round the perimeter fence it came as no surprise to find three roadies charging 2.00 a head to go through a large hole in the fence, it was some 1/2 mile or so from the stage.

Gleefully handing over our money, we clambered through, once on the other side we jumped up and down screaming and clapping, we're in! We trekked over fields till we finally saw the Crowd and the Stage! The sky was overcast and by now it was about 9 or 10 pm. I remember by the time we fought our way through to the front Hawkwind were playing Silver Machine and a girl was dancing topless, "Oh my God, Haight Ashbury" I thought to myself!

The only thing I remember of that first night was thinking how lucky we were to find a corrugated iron fence so close to the stage by which to sleep next to. When we awoke Saturday morning it became clear that the fence was in fact the Backstage Urinals! Now I'd just bought an Afghan coat which stunk at the best of times, but that Saturday Morning it really did smell like death warmed up, anyway we did get a good nights sleep. I remember most of Saturday being spent walking round the tents selling hippy gear, I bought a fringed belt pouch and a wristband The only band I really wanted to see on Saturday were Captain Beyond, Lee Dorman had played bass in Iron Butterfly, a great band, "Metamorphosis" is still one of my all time fave LP's. I think Mike Pinera was playing guitar, anyway we got to the wire fence and shouted hello to Lee, he waved back!

I remember Donovan playing sat on a cushion, he must have had piles, he certainly sounded like it. Country Joe did come on and I think he did the Fish Cheer but I may be wrong, if he did he probably appeared a hapless parody of his former self.

The highlight of Saturday night came at tea time, we were sat on the right hand platform next to the stage, a pounding bass came stampeding out of the P.A. a horn section blasted out a riff that knocked me back. Turning to a girl who was singing along I asked her what it was, "Sunfighter" came the reply, "The new Kantner Slick LP" I said, "Yes" said she "Oh my God" said I, at that point she handed me a roughly rolled cigarette, thinking it was "Old Higginbottoms Twist" I sucked in and in and in! My first joint! By now Sunfighter had slipped in to Who Do You Love from Happy Trails, I was as happy as I ever will be for that next 15 minutes, I don't know what happened to that girl but I hope



she's alive and well and still high!

The rest of the night was spent trying to find some dope and some food, in the end we settled for two burgers.

I remember trying to get to sleep when Captain Beefheart was on, Ray Davies saying it was the last ever Kinks show and Family sounding good and the Flamin' Groovies stealing the whole show with the most energetic set of the weekend.

The next thing I know it's Sunday morning and tonight we will see the Grateful Dead!

"HEY FOR ALL OUR MUDDY FRIENDS
THE GRATEFUL DEAD!"

There are certain moments in life that remain etched on the consciousness for ever more, probably longer than that witnessing the birth of your children, the death of a parent, losing your virginity or killing somebody, I've passed on the latter! (Believe me please!) and finally for me the first five minutes of seeing The Grateful Dead take to the stage late Sunday afternoon. They ambled on stage with no introduction, no big fanfare just a Band doing a show but there's no showmanship, I was amazed at the clothes they were wearing, Lesh was wearing a ski jumper! They just looked so real, as I gazed at Jerry, tears welled up in my eyes, God I truly love these people, that man is the Greatest Man in the World, and I'm here! Now! And I'm watching him play guitar! Bob Weir his hair so short. (it would be another hour before I noticed his ponytail) Look at Lesh, that smile! Jesus, there's Bill Kreutzman. My God, look at Pigpen, He looked mean! Pow! Truckin'! By the chorus we were all crying tears of sheer joy and hugging each other. Somehow I think we knew something was happening that wasn't going to happen ever again.

The main parts of the show I remember was watching Garcia doodle in between the first few numbers. He was incredible. I recall being amazed at the fact that Weir played the lead lines on "China Cat Sunflower", being frightened that a nutter was going to kill Billy when he wandered on stage. I remember vividly Pig Pen coming out from behind the organ to sing. He got a great cheer. Now I thought he sang Lovelight but according to my tape they didn't do it, so I can't remember what it was, probably "Good Lovin'". I remember we kept shouting out for St. Stephen and somebody said, I think it was Lesh, "we've forgotten how to play that!" then after the break in the dark of night they came on and did Dark Star, you know sometimes I think there really is a God. When they left the stage for the last time I was hit by a feeling of deep sorrow, that this might be the last time I see them! Despite my friends warnings I went to the Back Stage Gates, they were open - so I walked through and then I saw Jerry and ran towards him and stood face to face with the Man, I start to blabber, I was trying to be cool and talk with him about music and playing the guitar, I was warbling on when he put his left hand on my shoulder, smiles and said "Take it easy maaan" and then he was gone.

I carried on and found the Tour Bus. I looked up at a window, Pig Pen stared back cold as if to say "Don't even think about coming on board this bus boy." I didn't. I went to the back of the bus and saw a sight I'll never forget. Lesh, Weir, Kreutzman & Garcia were pushing the bus out of the Bickershawe mud, I ran forward and standing between Weir and



Lesh pushed that bus right out of the mud. As it ran clear, Weir said to me "Thanks man" and they climbed on board and were gone, gone on to another town and another time, gone out of my life, my one break came at Bickershawe Sunday the 7th May 1972, the sun finally shone on my back door.

There is no Band like the Grateful Dead, I still love that band like no other. And I can only hope that somehow they overcome Brent's death and carry on Playing In The Band.

PAUL HOLLISTER

BOOK OF THE DEAD - Celebrating 25 years with the Grateful Dead.

By Herbie Greene

Published in the U.S.A. by Dell Publishing. IMPORT

I understand that this isn't supposed to be a pictorial history of the Dead. Rather, it's a brief glimpse at certain periods over the last 25 years. But even as that it comes as something of a disappointment.

All photos are in black and white and the bulk, say 75%, come from 1965-69. There are sections titled Warlock '66, 710 Asbury '66, Rancho Olampali '66, Haight St. '66-68. If you have all the other Dead books there is very little here that you won't already be familiar with apart from successive frames of familiar scenes.

Because Greene wasn't shooting the Dead for a long period the book then leaps forward to 1979 for a series of band portraits at Brent's inauguration. An odd one or two you may not have seen here of Jerry, Bill or Phil.

Then it's forward to 1987 for the Dylan/In The Dark shots as per respective LP sleeves. Here there are some previously unseen shots, however, mostly of the band clowning about at the '87 shoots, including some very animated and amusing Garcia photographs, which are of interest.

Robert Hunter pens a brief, but notable, foreword focusing on the importance of the band's name. More of this would have been welcome.

Bridging the 60's and 70's, David Gans pens an essay titled 'Built to Last' that seems to wander aimlessly through a lot that has been said and written previously. More of Hunter's insights would have been more appropriate.

All in all for me, a disappointment. Good photos attractively presented but ultimately unsatisfying. As it isn't published in the UK it's available only as an import at a rather steep 24.00 (approx.). Available at Virgin Record Stores.

RICHARD LEE

1989 - VINTAGE DEAD ?

Don't know about you, but these days when I trot off to pick the next Dead tape to listen to more often than not I come back with a 1989 tape. So far I've heard these 1989 tapes - 12 February, 6 & 7 May, 21 June, 17, 18 & 19 August, 8, 9 & 16 October and 31 December.

All the tapes I've heard have something to recommend them, the 2 earliest shows 12/2 and 6/5 have powerful 1st sets, with lots of good jamming which is dissipated in the 2nd sets. On the 12/2 because of Dylan's presence and the use of 1st set songs and on the 6/5 because of a 13 song 2nd set which means that nothing stays around long enough to get really interesting except Garcia's cracked voice Wharf Rat which is truly compelling.

The next night at Frost 7/5 has a more sedate 1st set and the fireworks really start post drums in the heavily MIDI'd "Space > The Other One" which has a real edge to it. It is dark and menacing, a really exhilarating version.

Next up is the Video of 21/6 at Shoreline, the highlight for me is a bouncy and seemingly endless version of "Row Jimmy" in the 1st Set. The whole concert is very good and The Big Man's added sax in the 2nd Set supports the sound well. It's great to see them enjoying themselves, Gerry beams throughout and there's plenty of humour and smiles on all their faces especially when Bob has equipment trouble (how unusual!) at the start and begins proceedings by kicking his Amp.

The next tapes I've heard are the Greek shows on the 17/18 and 19 August. The 17th is unexceptional but very enjoyable, smooth and beautiful all the way through but with few surprises. The 18th certainly had surprises with Bob's slowed down versions of "Stones > Lovelight" which split opinion sharply. "An incendiary "Lovelight" (Relix) "The worst moments of my Dead concert watching" (Richard Lee). I've only heard the tape and I must admit to enjoying this section on two counts - 1. Weir's singing is brilliant, more expressive than I've heard it before, and the slowed down version of "Stones" make the lyrics the main focus of the song - 2. Simply that Weir is willing to experiment and take chances with these songs.

Throughout both these shows Weir had equipment problems (yawn) but on the 19th these were partly solved so there's some exciting jamming between him and Jerry on "Tennessee Jed" in the 1st Set. This set ends on an always welcome "Box of Rain". The first time I heard this tape I thought that the 1st set was short simply because they couldn't wait to get back to play the 2nd Set and I haven't changed my mind since. The 2nd Set has fine versions of "China Cat > Rider > Playin' > Uncle John's" then post drums comes a really 'out there' "Space > The Other One". Less dramatic than the 7/5 version, sparkling and lively and very jazzy with everybody working hard to get the whole thing into orbit. An excellent ending to the run of concerts.

The next tapes I've heard are the famous 2 nights as The Warlocks at Hampton on 8 and 9/10. I've only heard the 2nd set from the 8th with it's brilliant version of "Victim", the ending jam is intense and melodic, so much so that it's the only time I can remember Eyes Of The World starting too soon for my liking. The next night is something else again starting out with a cracking version of "Stranger"(usually a sign of great things to come). The 2nd set is well documented and my main view is that like Dylan in 1978 the Dead have discovered that to go forward you sometimes need to take a step back to confront the past and

re-invent it on your own terms.

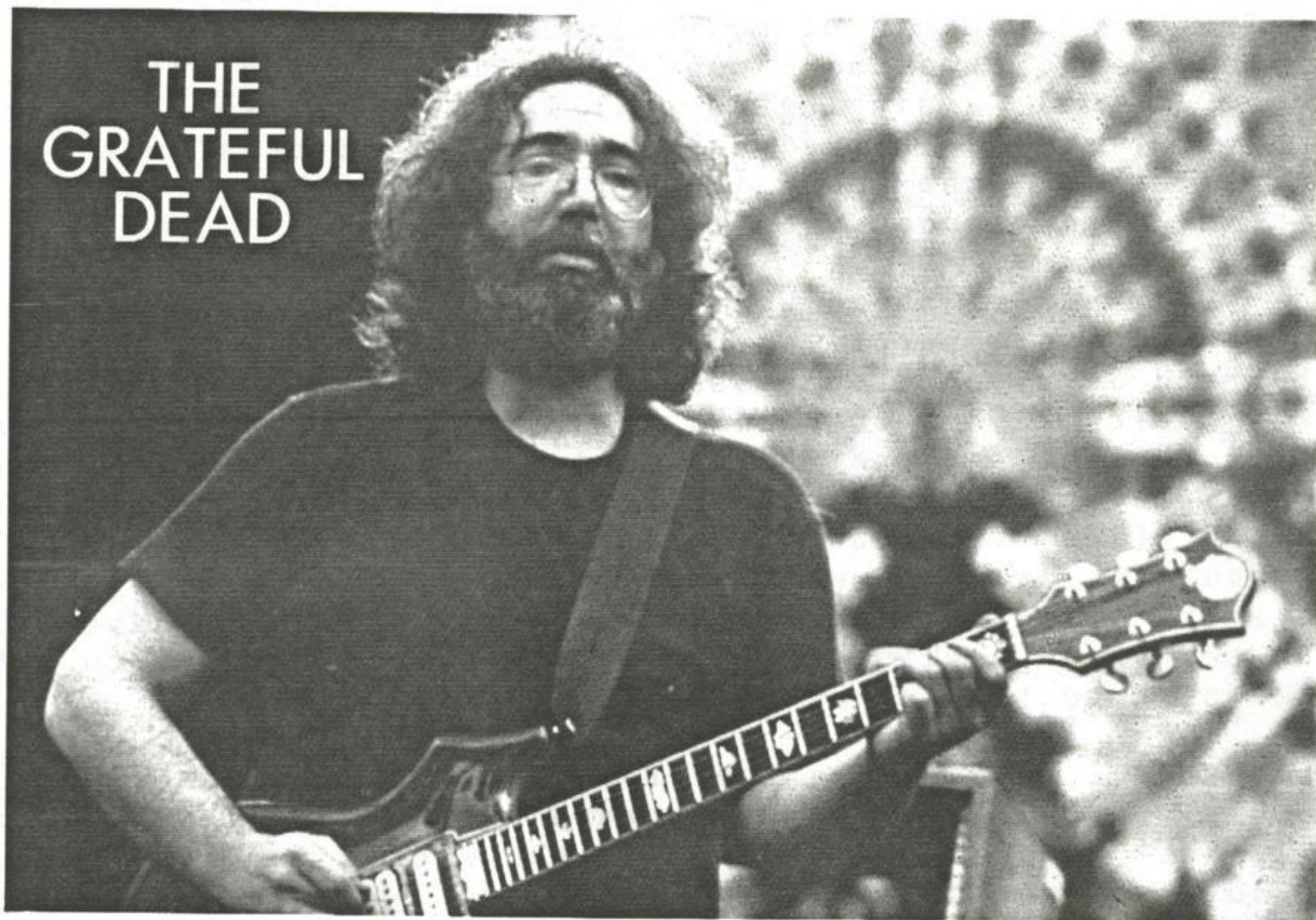
Then comes 16/10, a magic show with it's light and airy set sounding every bit as if it's stepped straight out of 1973.

That leaves me with one more 1989 tape and that's the New Year's show. The 1st set ends with a show stopping "Shakedown Street" full of MIDI effects. After a joyful "Iko" the Dead set off on a menacingly dark and atonal 2nd set, ("Scary but honest, Music for the Nineties" as Scott Wright described it), it's harsh and disconcerting, defying all expectation of a New Year's show. It shows the freedom to explore that's abroad in the Dead camp again and they're exploring both sides of the experience, the light and the dark in both their extremes.

Often the best parts of a Dead tape are the least obvious and they sneak up on you the more you play a particular tape. I've picked out some of the things I noticed straight away, and I'm sure I'll find more highlights in these tapes. One other thing that has struck me about these 1989 tapes is that much of the playing sounds so effortless that it seems as if they are playing on instinct and memory alone with little conscious effort or direction so that the music rolls and flows where it will. A real case of the music playing the band.

We all hear music differently and look for different things but if you hunt out some 1989 tapes I'm sure you'll enjoy them.

ROB SIMONS



TOYNE'S TAPE COLUMN.

OLD RENAISSANCE FAIRE GROUND, VENETA, OR. 27.8.72 SBD

Recommended in Blair Jackson's 'The Music Never Stopped' - even if the date given is out by a day, this is nonetheless a fine example of '72 vintage typified by a Garcia galvanized 'Bird Song'. Greatest Story builds into one of those crescendos that render many of the subsequent '80's incarnations wimpy jobs by comparison. A 'Playin' In The Band' protracted prototype plus 'Dark Star' help to make the highlights of this show which have been somewhat segmented on most tape copies that I've come across. With a slightly undulating sound and some hiss, these still provide excellent quality considering the show's age.

PARAMOUNT THEATER, PORTLAND, OR. 1.10.77 SBD

The first of a truly splendid pair at this venue - the second was ably reviewed in SL16 by that mysterious Mysteron emissary of Mayhem - otherwise known as Black Peter. However, the 2nd set of 1/10 contains one of the finest moments from any concert in my opinion. The set commences with competent versions of 'Roses' and 'Estimated Prophet' into 'Eyes Of The World' with an exalted jam to follow linking into 'Dancing In The Streets'. After a great post 'Street' jam, there is a deftly enchanting diminish. Just when you think that it's all going to wind up in to Drums, Garcia comes through once more, this time changing his sound into an even richer and more deeply textured tonal vibration playing the ensuing solo with a wondrous sense of ambience. A moment when the apex of the pyramid was duly reached. A racey 'Not Fade Away' helps to add further icing. Slight soundboard hum is audible at times but this should not deter you one iota from seeking out this pair of shows.

OLYMPIA HALLE, MUNICH, WEST GERMANY. 12.10.81 SBD

A typically well played show from this year. 1st set highlights include 'Jack Straw' and 'Cumberland Blues' - a rip roaring 'Passenger' and 'China/Rider' as a 1st set closer. 2nd set boasts an unequalled post 'prophet' jam which links into a rousing 'Going Down The Road Feeling Bad'. Just one of a good collection of shows from the Autumn '81 Euro tour.

SPORTS CENTER, INDIANAPOLIS, IN. 30.6.84 SBD

Another one from this fine summer tour. 1st set has a 'Sailor/Saint, Deal' finish. The 2nd starts with an elongated 'Shakedown Street' into 'Playing' In The Band' with Brent helping to imbue Garcia, thus reminding us what we're gonna be sadly missing from now on. Other highlights include an atmospheric 'Drums/Space' - 'Playin' Reprise' into good versions of 'Truckin' and 'Spoonful' before an affecting 'Stella Blue' is followed by 'Going Down The Road Feeling Bad'. The soundboard audience mix helps to enhance the whole aura of the show.

THE CENTRUM, WORCESTER, MA. 4.4.87 AUD.

A winner all the way. 1st set starts with 'Touch Of Grey', a more up than usual 'Greatest Story'. 'Althea' 'El Paso' and a rollicking 'Tennessee Jed'. But it's 'Cassidy' that really enkindles this set as the jam unfolds climbing to a mighty vertex. One of my favourite renditions. The 2nd set features resounding deliveries of 'Iko' and 'Playin' In The Band' > 'Comes A Time'. A cracking 'Hand Jive' with some great stuff from Messrs. Garcia and Weir. 'Trucking' > 'Playing



Reprise' and finally 'Morning Dew' - all go to make up this concert from the Spring '87 tour - a tour which many believe to be one of the finest, if not the finest ever. For any Doubting Thomases still lurking between the reels, this tape goes a long way to convincing them otherwise.

TOYNE NEWTON



DEAD LETTER OFFICE.

Hi there,

The mag[^] was a great read, just love 'Black Peters' column, definitely want some of that. No Phil on the European Tour - can't believe that, what with all the troubles in this world you could always count on Jerry, Phil and Bob and Co. being there. It's kinda reassuring - it's been that way for 25 years, they can't change that now, surely. I'm sure it's just a wild rumour, hope so anyway. Europe '90 seems more and more promising, and it's about time (9 years!!). I feel really neglected, left out, but if it goes ahead, well a touch of cosmic weirdness never went amiss.

Thanks again for the mag, thoroughly enjoyed it...great set lists and I've enclosed my votes for the poll-great fun...thanks a lot man, it's great to know that D.I.E. is around. May the Dead always be with us. Cheers, Emrys.

ED: It's letters like this that make it all worth while. Don't worry about Phil, think positive.

Dear S.L.

I first got into the Dead in about '68 - but didn't buy the first LP. straight away. What really turned me onto them was listening to **Anthem Of The Sun** at a friends house (where I had the nickname "Crash-Out Chris" - whatever that's supposed to mean?) in '69. During Europe '72 I saw them at the Empire Pool, Wembley (very poor acoustics), the Bickershaw Festival (absolutely magical - those little blue caps were around then and Garcia joined the New Riders on pedal steel and fireworks and the sunset and...) and three of the four nights at the Lyceum (still for me the best rock concerts that I've been to). In '74 I saw them at Alexandra Palace (two nights and the Dead not at their best - the most memorable track was Bob's Mexican Hat Dance and that only for it's scarcity value. And then, of course, the first great drought till '81. I saw them at Edinburgh (all seats and no atmosphere) and the Rainbow (two nights and the Dead s..t hot - I particularly remember amazing versions of Althea).

Unfortunately I've never seen them out of the U.K. perhaps when the kids have left home and I have a bit more money to spend on indulging myself, I'll see them in the States. Mind you, Garcia will be drawing his pension by then. Regards, Chris Jones.

ED: Nice to know someone else found the doorway via 'Anthem', but I really can't see why you had to take your school cap to Bickershaw with you!!

Dear S.L.

I would like to express my warmest thanks for such a nice time at the Chesham Party. It was a pleasure for me to have a chance to meet and talk with so many like-minded people, and I am already looking forward to future happy occasions.

I'm also enjoying reading 'S.L.', and not having seen previous print formats am in no position to compare it with earlier editions. I can

only say I am entirely satisfied with the current style of presentation. It is legible and clearly presented and speaking for myself is perfectly adequate as it is.

So how did I get into the Dead? Well, simply by hearing the first LP at a party about a week after it was released over here. I have always been a music fanatic and as soon as I heard the Dead I went "WOW, this is IT!!!", and I still feel that way just as strongly. For some reason I find it hard to explain, particularly to non Deadheads, exactly what it is about the Dead that appeals to me so strongly. All I can say is that no other music has even come close to affecting me and making me feel so good as theirs does. It is a personal thing, and while I may not like something I see nothing wrong with someone else liking it. It's called tolerance.

So, thanks again for a nice time, and I hope reading this hasn't taken up too much of your time. Stay well.
Love & Peace, Michael Fleming.

ED: Michael enjoys writing to people, so drop him a line OK. He can be contacted at 2 Albert Road, Leyton, London, E10.

Dear S.L.

I was numbed when I read about Brent's death in the music press. Although not a fan and sometimes a critic of his more egotistical influences on the music of the Dead, I felt upset and a sense of loss at his passing away.

Indeed it's not so long ago that I wrote a long letter to Dave Bulbeck saying how I felt the Dead were moving into a new era, with the style of playing incorporating more effects and enthusing how I thought Brent was a vital element in this evolution. Certainly some recent performances such as the Hampton show from October '89 and Nassau 29.3.90 along with others rank among the greatest of shows the Dead have ever played. Brent being a vital part of the playing.

Mydland - "They told me, don't worry about playing anything you've heard before from Keith or Pigpen, that's not what we want. Just play what you feel, be yourself and think of dynamics."

I'm sure he gave it his best shot.
All the best, Nick Lewis.

ED: It's gonna be a while before we notice the difference Brent made to the sound, let's look forward, think positive and give Vince (the 'new' boy??) the strength to develop.

Dear S.L.

Brent's death has saddened everyone, it's tragic in both personal terms and also that the impetus which has built up since 1989 in the Dead's music will no doubt be lost.

I started listening to the Dead in March 1981 so for me Brent has always been an integral part of the band even though his contributions have not been universally appreciated. I've enjoyed his playing, singing and

songwriting over those years.

His keyboard playing fitted in straight away with the overall approach of the band. He provided back washes and slabs of electric organ that added an overt excitement to the band's sound. In the mid '80's his blocks of sound often papered over the cracks that were becoming apparent. Since 1987 he went back to a more supportive role and tapes from the last 12 months or so found him mostly providing piano fills in similar vein to Godchaux's work, subtle melody and rhythm work counterpointing Garcia and Weir.

His harmony vocals, I think everyone will agree were never less than excellent.

His lead vocals were very distinctive and lacked variety, as with any distinctive voice you either like it or you don't. Personally I enjoyed them and thought they added an exciting vocal edge to the overall sound.

His songwriting was sufficiently different to be interesting and he was the most prolific songwriter in the band. If he'd released a solo L.P. it may well have been the most commercially successful of the solo releases. Brent also wrote the only song that falls way outside the Deads canon in "I Will Take You Home". I found the lyrics mawkish and sentimental and it's a bitter irony that his death has blown away it's cliches to give the song a real poignancy now.

ROB SIMONS

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In the last issue Graham Simpson was inquiring about the availability of the Henry Kaiser "For those who know history" C.D. We have been informed that Rick Grenda of Comet Records, P.O. Box 1718, Blackwood, N.J. 08012, U.S.A. has some interesting and rare goodies. If you have been looking for something and can't find it why not write to the above address.

+++++

10.30 ROCK STEADY. Rock show for those types who have an extra room in their homes reserved for Grateful Dead bootlegs. This week there is Suzanne Vega live; former teen idol Dion recorded in concert; The Wonder Stuff, also recorded live. Plus, LP news and views.



BLACK PETER.

BOOTIFUL, JUST BOOTIFUL

And talking of turkeys, does anyone remember those excellent Japanese translations of Dead Lyrics from a few years ago ("I told Althea I was a road sign", "My, name is obviously wasted" etc.)? Well I recently came across a Dylan/Dead bootleg 'Touch of Grey' (on Pharoah Records 13164 - honestly) recorded in Eugene 19th July 1987, that opened with the track 'Wheels Are Turning'. This reminded me of a long lasting love affair that I've had with the somewhat esoteric song titles on Dead bootlegs, examples of which I've included here.

To start with, let's have a look at the track listing of 'Captain Trips, etc.' (Impossible Recordworks 1.33), where we find the wonderful 'Before You Let My Muse Go', 'The Devil And Me', 'West Texas, Sante Fe' and 'Back In The Sunshine', which, to lesser mortals such as us should read 'Loser', 'Promised Land', 'Me And My Uncle' and 'Bird Song'.

'Comes Alive' (Unicorn Music UM45AG) has 'Inspiration', 'I Don't Trust Anybody', 'Sweet Alfie' (!!) and 'I Was Born In The Desert' or, to be more correct, 'Terrapin', 'Playing In The Band', 'Althea' and 'Minglewood'. A special mention as well to the final cut 'Deep River' ('Brokedown Palace').

'Jamaica' (Amazing Stork Records ASR7485) opens with "Sugarfree" and also includes 'Arthea'. This was recorded 26th November 1982 at the World Music Festival, Jamaica. 'Weirs Song', 'Manolito' and 'The Jumper' are all to be found on 'Live', a double recorded in Hamburg 29th April 1972. In the real world these turn out to be 'Greatest Story', 'He's Gone' and 'Jack Straw'.

Other examples of the genre include 'The Rose' (also released as 'Live From Long Beach, CA') - 'Must Be Heaven', 'Talking' and 'Go For It', and also 'Owsleys Owls' - 'I Can't Get Through To You', 'Kingfish' and a personal favourite, 'Tasteful Jam'. When in doubt ...

Before we leave this subject, a few honourable mentions - 'Hell In A Basket', 'Orphean', 'Born In A Mountain', 'We Can Shine' and 'Look Out'. Any other examples would be very much appreciated.

NO MAN IS PERFECT ...

The traditional tape review this time, just for once, will be of a show that is below par - Soccer Field, Cal State, Dominguez Hills, Carson, CA. 5th May 1990. The first set is O.K.ish with a fun 'Let The Good Times Roll > The Race Is On' opener (apparently it was Derby Day), followed by a 'Help > Slipknot > Franklins' that soon runs out of steam. The rest of the set is nothing to write home about, although we do get a reasonable 'Loose Lucy' towards the end, so let's move on to set two. 'Truckin'' makes a decent enough start and shifts nicely into 'Crazy Fingers' but it's a depressing journey from this point onwards. 'Playing In The Band' is full of bum notes and 'Uncle Johns' plods along as if wearing muddy wellingtons. Drums and Space are both fine (in fact Space is probably the highlight of the night) but 'I Need A Miracle' is the pits, and you really need to hear it for yourself to realise how awful the band can be at times. 'Mr. Fantasy' has Jerry stumbling all over the place, although he slightly redeems himself with a semi-spirited 'GDTRFB'. The closing 'Around And Around' is truly awful, and gets hilarious half way through when the rest of the band stop, leaving Jerry stumbling along on his own. The boys soon join back in again



turning the song into a shambolic bluesy offering that eventually limps to a close.

Definitely one of the most unschematic offerings I've heard - don't under any circumstances play it to non-Deadheads!!

BUT SOME ARE GREATER THAN OTHERS

On the reverse side of the coin is the second set from R.F.K. Stadium, Washington 12th July 1990. Those of you who were at the Chesham party this year will be familiar with this already, but for those of you who missed it... WOW! There are so many highlights that I could write pages raving and drooling but I suggest that you get hold of a copy for yourself and give it some serious attention earwise.

'Victim' has a space-wars jam that is astounding, and 'Foolish Heart' finds it's way to 'Dark Dtar' as if by magic. In my view the best 'Star' since the classics of '73 and '74, it's a journey to another dimension and sets you up in fine style for what follows - the perfect post drums selection. If anyone had asked me to list the three songs I'd have least liked to have listed these - just shows how mistaken you can be.

Several of us failed to see 'Watchtower' coming, but suddenly it was THERE. A truly atomic version, with a Brent solo so solitary, you'd think he was playing at another venue. It's not that it's weird, it's just so lonely it's frightening. This winds down into a 'Mr. Fantasy' that's just right, Brents mournful vocals so full of soul it breaks your heart. After the 'Hey Jude' coda it's a quick gear change into 'Touch Of Grey' with it's triumphant 'We Shall Survive' chorus, and it's here that you suddenly remember you're listening to one of Brents last shows, and then the pain hits you. 'Watchtower' with it's "There must be someway outta here", 'Fantasy' with it's "Something to make us all feel happy" and then 'Touch' - the final irony.

Truly a Brent memorial show - I shall treasure this tape for ever, and so should you.

WHO ARE THOSE GUYS?

Talking of the Chesham Party (we were, I believe), thanks to all those people who helped to make it (in my opinion) the best ever, especially the boys in the Band. Two great sets, although I felt the second had the edge, with a storming 'Fire On The Mountain' that had Peters feet moving, and a very brave 'Wharf Rat > Truckin' jam that hit me just where it should. A great shame they had to stop playing at midnight as I would have liked a lot more ("Too much of everything is just enough" Yeah, Right!!).

How about some suggestions for a collective name for this bunch? I can't go on referring to them as the Band, it's not original for a start. Anyway, thanks boys, you made an old hippy happy, and that's no mean feat.

STOP PRESS APPARANTLY I AM THE ONLY PERSON IN THE KNOWN UNIVERSE NOT TO POSSESS THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THESE GUYS ARE COLLECTIVELY KNOWN AS COSMIC CHARLIES. I CAN ONLY PUT THIS DOWN TO SERVERE BRAIN FAILURE AND OLD AGE.



!!WARNING!!

It may have been mentioned elsewhere this issue but it won't do any harm to repeat it..if anyone is tempted to reply to the tape ad. in 'Q' magazine (Jack Straw tapes) for Dead tapes DON'T This is not the Jack Straw that used to write for us, and is a complete rip-off (6.00 for one C90), totally against everything the Dead stand for. If you want tapes just advertise in our column - you'll get replies.

FINALLY ...

I will say nothing of Brent, except to quote ...

"So swiftly the sun sets in the sky
You rise up and say goodbye to no one."

'Jokerman' Bob Dylan.

Farewell my friend.

Black Peter

TAPETAPESTAPETAPESTAPETAPESTAPES

Yet more blasts from the past that you may wish to seek out sometime or other. Try the adverts page, or even try an ad. yourself - you never know what you'll turn up.

THE ARK, BOSTON, MA 21.4.69

A great bustling 'Hard To Handle' with some fiery slide guitar opens this show, followed by a tough 'Morning Dew', whilst 'The Other One' > 'Sittin' On Top Of The World' closes side one of the tape in resplendent style. Side two has an ornate 'Alligator > Drums > GDTRFB Jam > Doing That Rag' jam that raises the roof. Next up is a 'Foxy Lady jam', which, in reality, is a short burst of jamming with a few bars of the old Hendrix classic. The remainder of the set, or rather the second set, can be found on the second tape and is a (yawn, yawn) 'Dark Star > St. Stephen > The Eleven > Lovelight' farrago. Only joking folks, it's wonderful really, the 'Star' being fairly short but direct. The encore is a slightly shambolic 'Viola Lee > Feedback' that gets rather out of control. Quality is very good soundboard with some slight hiss. Playing time is around 140 minutes and the copies I've seen have the Crystal Ballroom 3 February 1968 'Star > China Cat > The Eleven' tacked on the end of tape one, so that's an added bonus.

THE ARK, BOSTON, MA 22.4.69

The following nights gig opens with 'Sittin On Top Of The World' and then has 'Morning Dew', 'Beat It On Down The Line', 'Good Morning Little Schoolgirl' and a 'Doing That Rag > The Other One > Death Don't Have No Mercy' jam to close set one. The second tape has an acoustic 'Duprees' and 'Mountains Of The Moon' opening couplet before another 'Star > Stephen > The Eleven > Lovelight' medley. Unfortunately the 'Lovelight' is cut and there's no encore. Quality is as above and playing time around 130 minutes. It's fascinating to listen to the two 'Stars' one after another and try to figure out where they begin to differ. I'm afraid it's all beyond me, I just like 'em.

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