

DEAD

Vol. 12
No. 2

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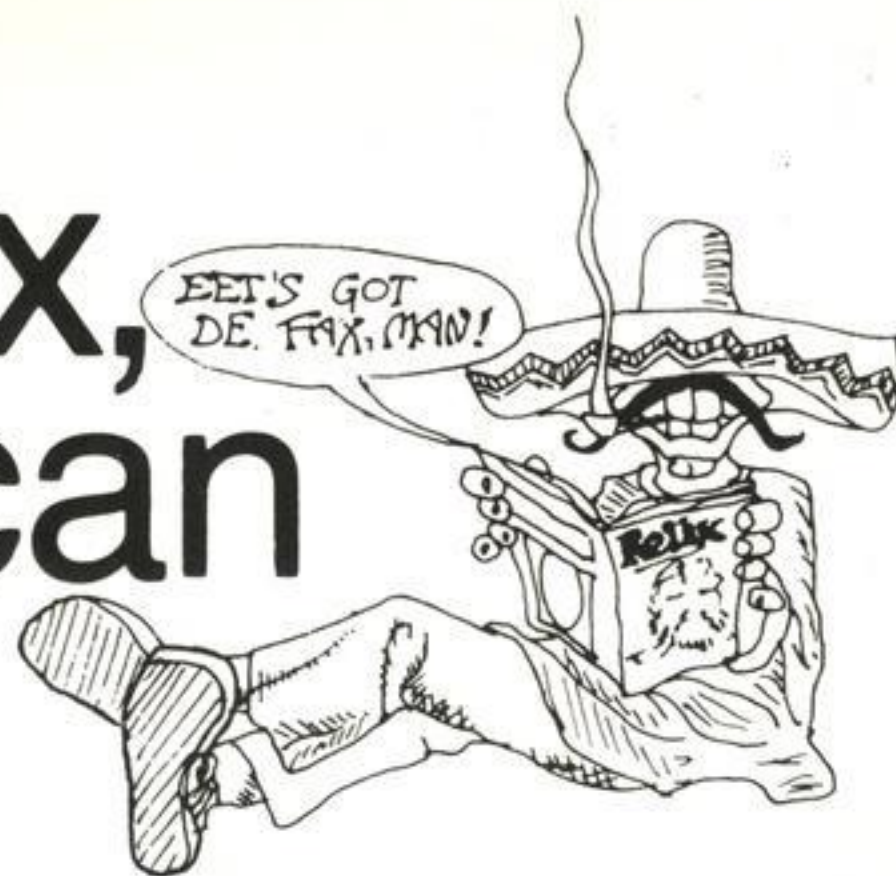
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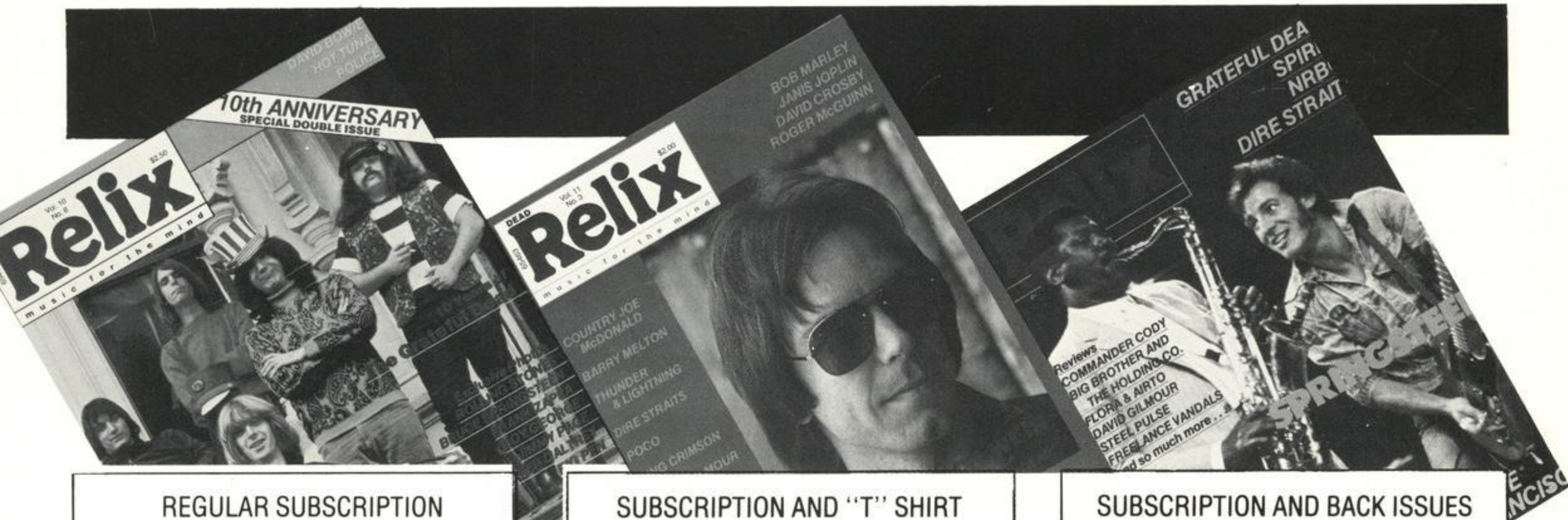


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DEAD

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APRIL 1985 CONTENTS

4 **New Year's Eve**
The Winning and Losing of New Years *by Mark Currie*
New Year's Shows
by Chris Forshay
Song Lists

10 **Fast Forward**
Chris Herold of Kingfish
by Gary Gardner

12 **Matthew Kelly—1985**
by Mick Skidmore

15 **Ringin' in the Changes**
with English Folk-Rock's
New Generation
by Ken Roseman

18 **Mickey Hart Interview**
by Toni A. Brown

21 **Editorial**
by Toni A. Brown

22 **Tape Trading**
And in the beginning . . .
(A guide for beginners)
by Matt Kovary

23 **Eric Andersen**
Tight in the Night
by William Ruhlmann

24 **Peter Rowan**
Singing to the Sky
by John Kruth

27 **Fragments**

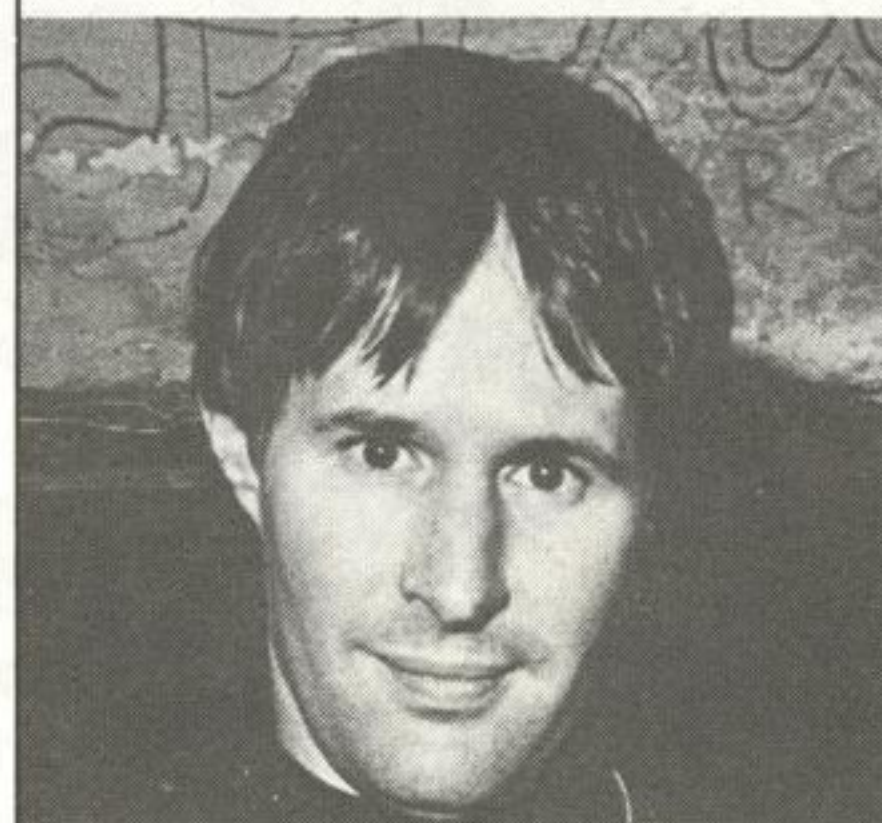
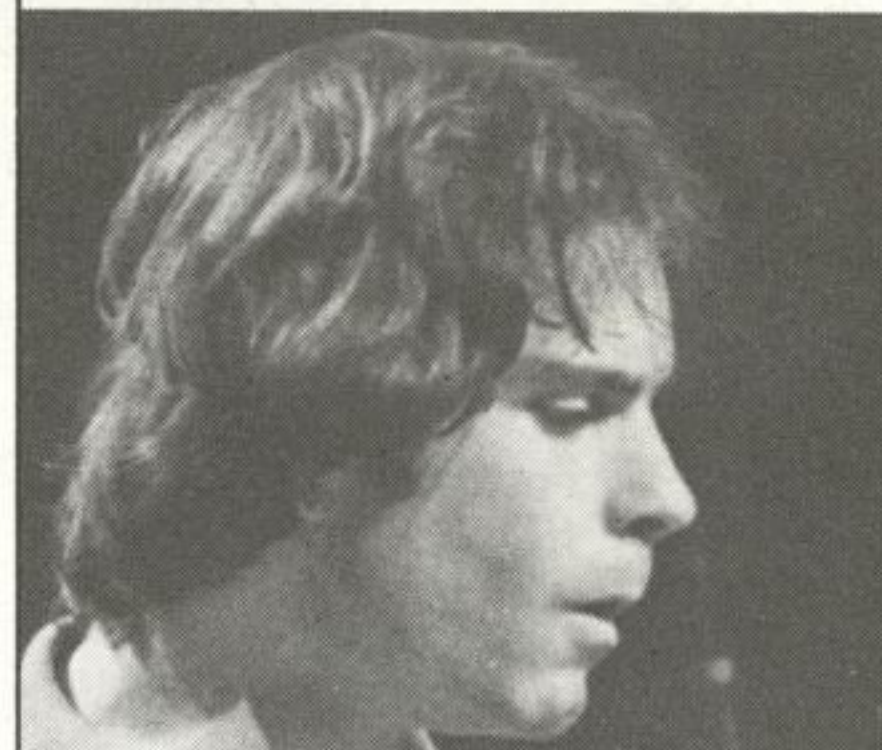
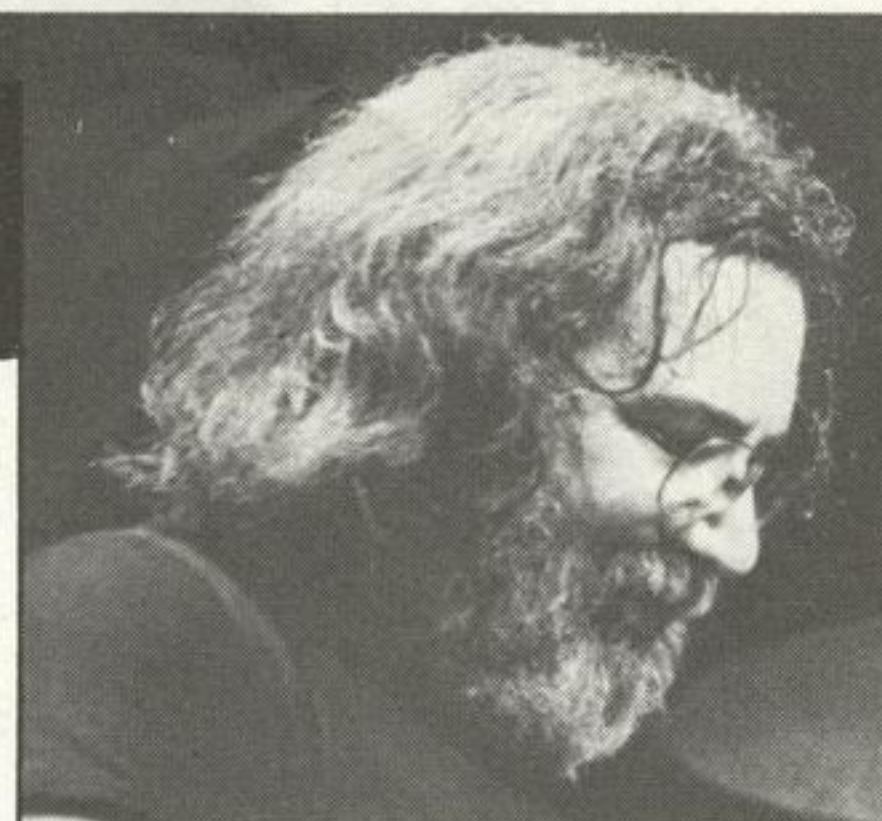
27 **"The Sinkers"**
Comic Strip
by Mike Swartzbeck

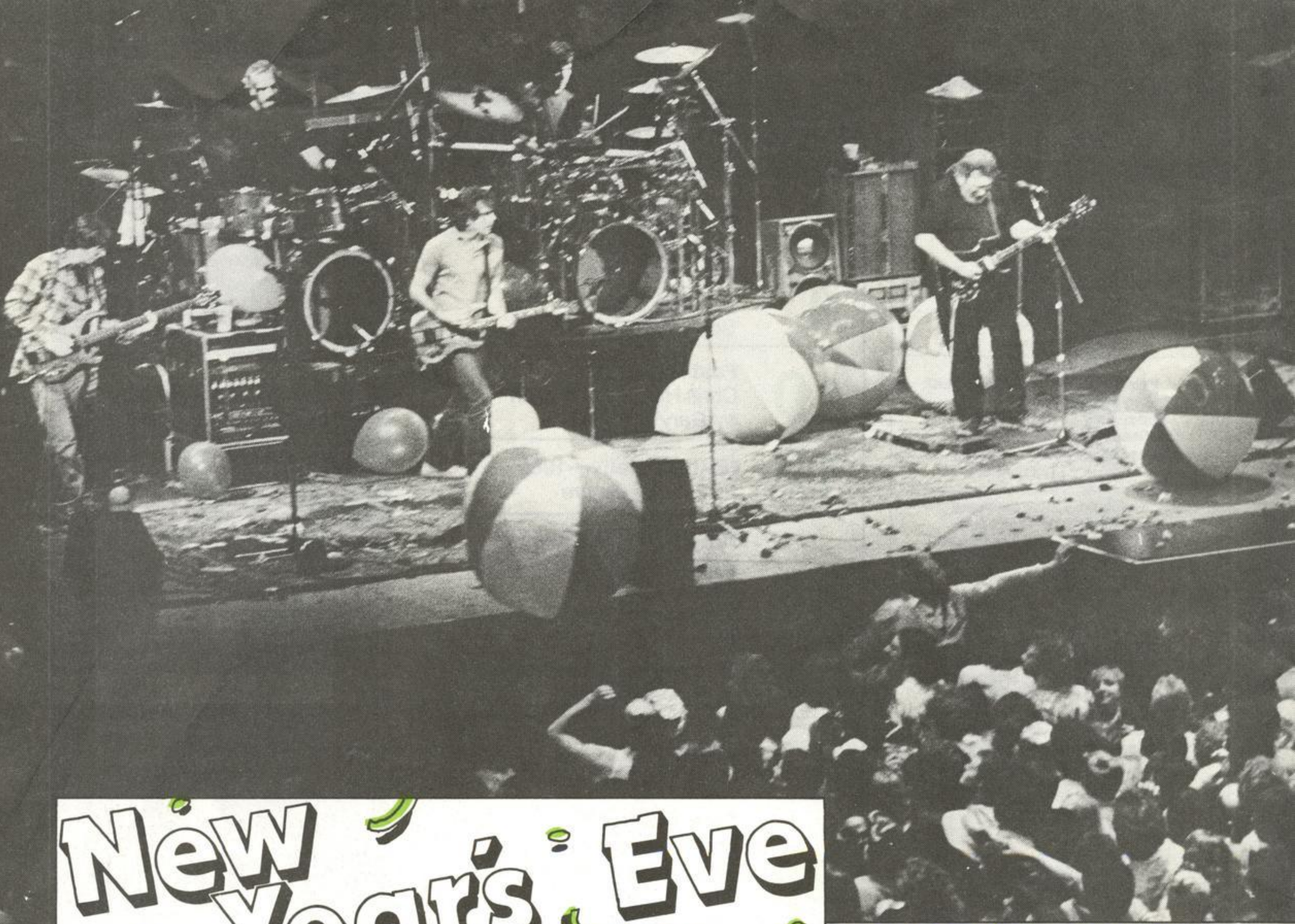
28 **Independents Daze**
by Mick Skidmore

29 **Reggae Riddims**
by Robert Santelli

30 **Ken Kesey**
by Scott Allen

32 **Want Pages**





New Year's Eve

**THE WINNING AND LOSING
OF NEW YEARS**
by Mark Currie

JUST like Mary Shelley, just like Frankenstein, clank your chains and count your change and try to walk the line." New Years Eve started back around Halloween, when everyone at the Berkeley shows was pressing BGP to announce the address for tickets a day early to those attending the last of the six shows. It didn't seem that a day's wait for the hotline announcement would be asking too much of these heads, but then again considering the "prestige and glory" of attending a New Years Eve Show, well hell, what's a day Bill? Well, I tell ya' another day is another dollar, and anyhow that would be cheating. So it was up at the crack of dawn for a million or two hopeful ticket seekers.

Last year's phone wait was like a Mexican holiday compared to this year. Three, even four hours of continuous touch toning produced nothing but busy signals to many. Non-commercial deadheads suddenly start rivaling their more worldly buddies contacts for fear of missing out on a ticket. There was a good chance that it would be broadcast nationally on the radio, but this was New Years, the prize catch, the electrical fiesta grande, the power zone, the major Dark Star possibility, the land

of three sets, the silly balloons and noise-makers. Suddenly a radio becomes awfully one dimensional in comparison to the extravaganza overload available. AAarrgh, curse this one horse phone company of San Rafael, who do I know?

For all the mystique that follows this annual event, it almost becomes a study in victory and defeat. If you win, that is if you're lucky enough (with odds that rival any in Vegas) to get through on the phone, or if you become great friends with either a magazine editor or a janitor at the Dead office you are very much a member of an elite few. If you lose (lose (looz)vt 1: to become unable to find 2: to have taken from one by accident 3: to fail to see, hear, or understand 4: to fail to win 5: to wander from (one's way), then you can either A) pack about \$100 and make a very impressive "Need a Miracle" sign for outside the civic or B) install a massive antenna atop your Massachusetts homestead and dose yourself silly in comparison to your neighbors or C) screw the Dead forever and call them sellouts for ever considering to play in an arena that seats more than 55 people, or under 20,000, keeping both east and west heads in mind. Although there lies a small majority in between, we shall omit these heads as they seem to always be at a show no matter if the Dead are on tour or not. Which of these attitudes seems best? Which is the most healthy for a strong minded, Garcia fearing

deadhead? These questions lie in the realm between a scalper and a first night Dark Star encore, neither of which are comprehensible to me, so I shall leave them for your personal discussion. For all the winners I can say, "cool, it was cool, huh?" As for the losers, well, don't feel bad because at least you can study the bible which will gain you everlasting life, but as for New Year's, well my friend, the grass seemed greener and the wine much sweeter once you made it over that hill.

All the talk and all the hassles, in fact all the problems that besiege mankind gently skip away once the music starts, which it did that evening at around ten-thirty. It began with a fifteen minute long Shakedown Street which pretty much mirrored the whole set. Coming off a night that seemed disjointed and full of musical as well as physical disputes they took their time to get it right, no matter how long or how many changes evolved. When they rocked (i.e. Minglewood), they *rocked all out*, and when they tended towards liquid (i.e. Bird Song), it came as river blue flowing feathers. On the floor, up in the balcony, through the halls everyone twisted and shook as the Dead did their thing. The civic sang together a huge smile, eyes holding eyes in gladness of being inside.

Meanwhile, up on the balcony, a dark jagged structure took up twenty seats under a blanket and waited like a ghost with its army of guards. Above it a dozen authentic Phil & Jerry stash bags hung huge with various colored balloons

All photos by Ron Delany (except where noted.)



and confetti waiting for our magical human time. The first set ended, the lights came on and the bars filled to capacity.

Many guzzles and slurps and laughs later we blitzed down to the floor and made it to our prelocated prime positions. The count-down was on and as our peaks became higher, the noise level rose uncontrollably into a silent roar of pleasure. Suddenly the dark jagged structure was unveiled and someone turned on its love-light as it shone brightly in the shape of a lightning bolt. It took off from up high in a shower of sparks and shot down towards the stage with someone, could it be . . . yes . . . it's . . . Bill Graham . . . waving his arms . . . and he's throwing . . . roses . . . wait no . . . they're CARNATIONS! . . . ohmigoodness . . . twenty-six dollar and fifty cent CARNATIONS . . . what the . . . no time to complain, here come the . . . balloons . . . everywhere and . . . oh yeah, where's the camera? . . . where's the stage?! . . . more balloons! . . . and Jerry's huge stash bag unveils massive beach balls . . . click click click . . . thirty six negatives with nothing but balloons and arms. Where's the band? Then like a breath from the past Sugar Mag came sliding into the new year.

Down on the stage Jerry was surrounded by an army of huge beach and soccer balls and a black man and a white woman dressed in diapers were spraying everybody with champagne and having a helluva good time. The stage was two layers thick with flowers, the roses on top thrown up by the deadheads hid the carnations below. Above, the bolt hung, splitting the years in its yellow blaze.

Scarlet/Fire approached us next and what a savior it was. It broke and scattered and fizzled and popped in all the perfect places, to name just a few. Drums fell into space which made its way into a Spanish jam that kept splitting into four dimensions. It's hard to explain except to say that it just had that New Years sound, similar to Scarlet/Fire. Life becomes perfect whenever the Dead find their way into a good wheel jam. Like being forever imprisoned in your true love's arms, it just carries you away. The wheel turned right into Throwing Stones. Seeing as though they had broken into NFA already on the second night everyone kept their eyes on Phil. The dream came true as Phil rolled right on into Lovelight which pounded along at double time, moving up and down with incredible tightness. We shimmered and sailed through the halls and into all the little cracks the civic had to offer. There it was, New Year's Eve and alas, third set still sat upon the grill. Everyone walked around with a Dark Star in one eye and a question mark in the other.

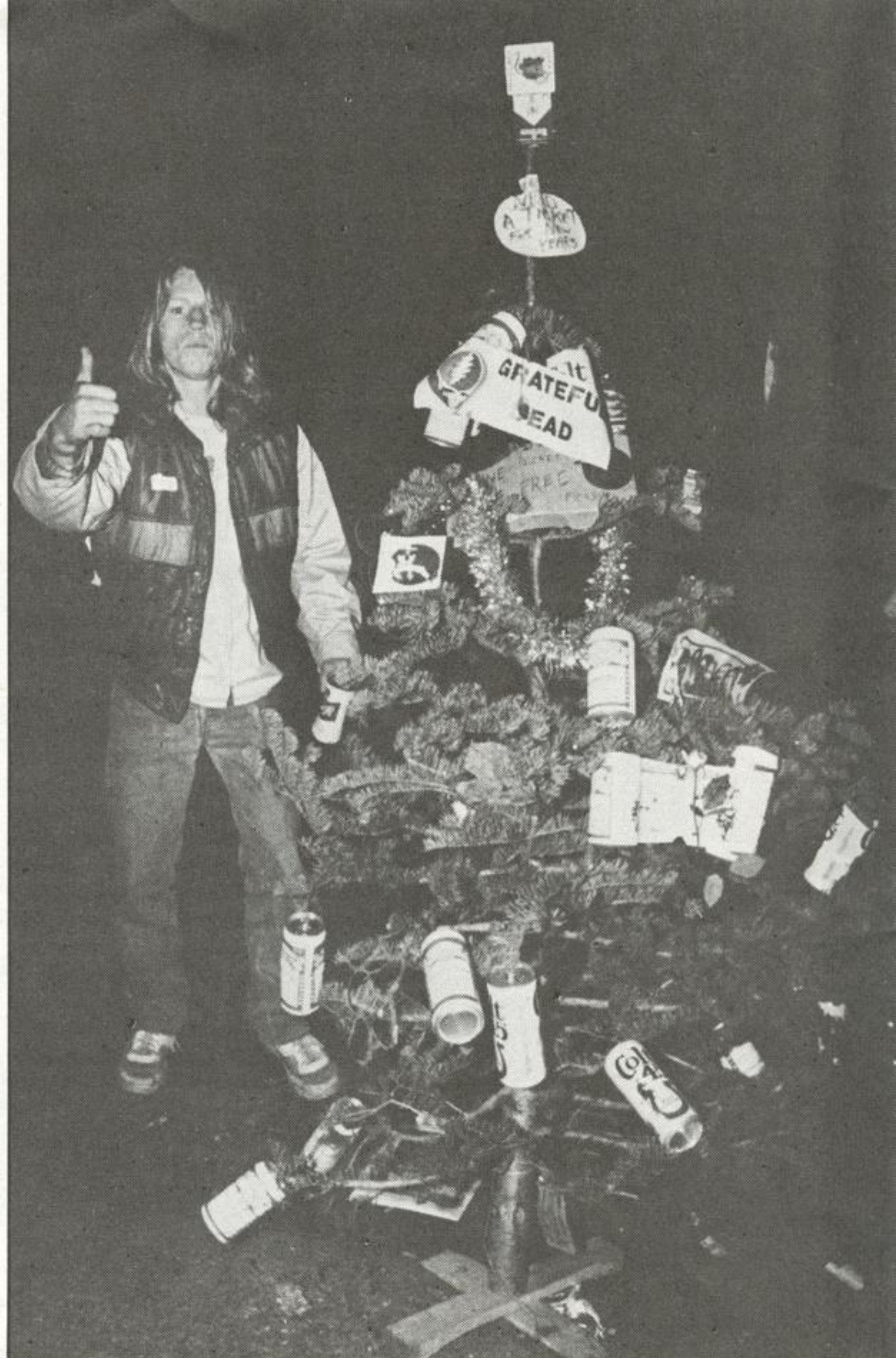
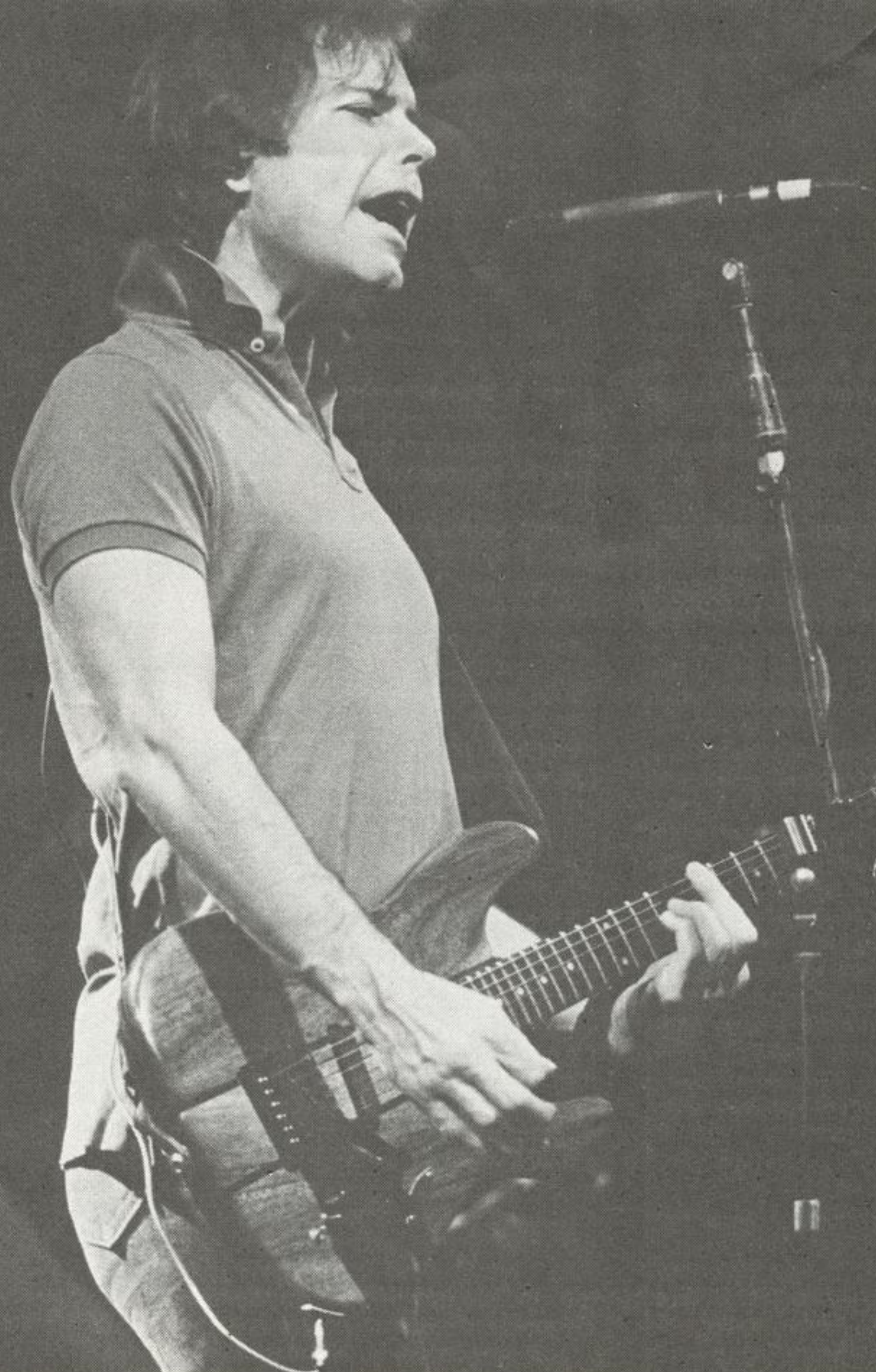
So third set? Howza bouta Dark Star-Alligator, Black Throated Box of Stephen into Casey Jones all with Frank Zappa in Jerry's place? Naw, too obvious. Instead Phil came out singing a little bit of Spencer Davis's "Gimme Some Lovin'." He had his own mic all three shows, and even though he sang into it before, he never really used it until then. The power in his voice was matched only by his conviction. Uncle John's came next with the necessary logic that it holds. Everything in the whole universe smiled or learned how to at this point. A tight Round & Round and then Baby Blue

with a thought of love, hope and strength for Steve Parish ended the night.

We tumbled back down the hill and into the streets with visions of a BGP munch dancing in our heads, but found only plates of deadhead stir-fry which soothed our souls nonetheless. The sullen ones of misfortune had to rely on stories of magical hallways and incredible colors that come out only on New Year's for some begotten reason, and this seemed to soften their bitterness at karma or whatever else might have done it to them.

Why is New Year's so special? Why do people pay \$200 to scalpers they really don't like? Why didn't they play Dark Star? Why was the music so good and why did it end? Why \$26.50? Why carnations? Why a pony-tail, Jerry? The answers to these and many other questions lie deep in that crevice that seems to find us all at one point, wherever we may roam.

No matter what, not everyone is going to make it in every year and no matter how hard they try, the Dead Office usually gets hassled for not setting it up "fairly." I think that they did a good job and I think the band did their part better than they have in three years, considering the tragedy that occurred. Then again I got into the show so that gives me a big head-start on a positive attitude towards the whole scope of winning and losing at New Years. It is a memory that I can be sure will bring a smile to my face in thirty years sitting by the fire with my grand-kids and photographs. The only thing that really worries me right now is . . . how am I going to get next years ticket?!



NEW YEAR'S SHOWS by Chris Forshay

NO doubt about it, New Year's is something else, for the serious Dead Head. More so than at any other time of year, East meets West. Rather than bicker about cultural/geographical distances that keep them apart, at New Year's, Dead Heads gather and celebrate their common identity.

The rise of People Express as an air carrier has transformed life on the road for most Dead Heads. In years gone by, "jet set Dead Heads" were objects of derision who had more money than sense. But since it's now cheaper to take a plane to the Bay Area from New York than it is to take a bus or train to somewhere closer, a lot more Dead Heads can afford to fly. The People Express flight the day before the first show was at least 85% Dead Heads. This made life a bit uncomfortable for the remaining 15%, but there were no major incidents. By the way, it is considered bad form to smoke *anything* in an airplane lavatory, and the pilot can arrange to have offenders greeted by air marshals when the plane lands, so restraint is well advised.

Upon entering the San Francisco Civic Auditorium, one immediately noticed certain amenities which signified that these were not ordinary shows. For one thing, there was a coat check room. Even though it always seemed to be full when you wanted to check your coat, it was a

good idea. There was also a bar set up in a large anteroom outside the concert area. This was not such a good idea, as it undoubtedly contributed to the Nassau Coliseum-style rowdiness that flared up from time to time on the floor. Although one can argue that alcohol and New Year's are inseparable, few were left wondering why the Dead put "No Alcohol" on all their mail order tickets.

No matter how good the first two shows were, they were destined to be viewed as warm-ups for the big night. That's too bad—they were hot shows. The first show will go down in history for the first "Day Tripper." It also premiered "Nine Hundred Thousand Tons of Steel," a Brent/Phil duet. Surprised about Phil? Well, he had his own mike for the first time in years. He used it sparingly but effectively, ignoring it altogether the second night.

Another good sign was Garcia's animated onstage presence. He wasn't a cartoon, he was just very much into the music, more so than at any time since last April's Hampton shows. He shimmied, he shook, he pumped his guitar for emphasis. Maybe he was showing off his ponytail, which made him look a lot better than he had recently. Then again, perhaps he can see better without all that hair in his face.

Musically, all signs from the first two nights pointed to a killer New Year's Eve. The only glitch occurred after the drums in the second show. Brent took a *protracted* leave of absence from the stage and returned looking somewhat

disoriented. When he returned, Billy Kreutzmann left, as if to say "I waited for you, now you wait for me." Aside from that, the band seemed at ease. Some songs were a tad slower than usual, but not too slow. The first sets were short, but few seemed to mind. They opened the second night (Saturday) with "One More Saturday Night," which is a first by me. Last but not least, the Dead had a day off before the big show. Everything looked good.

Tragedy intervened, in the form of a fatal auto accident involving Garcia's personal technician Steve Parish's wife and daughter. It's impossible to write about New Year's without thinking about it. There were garlands of sympathy flowers on the stage. You couldn't look at the stage without seeing the flowers, you couldn't look at the flowers without thinking. . . . Words fail me.

Considering what happened, we were fortunate that the show wasn't cancelled. Everyone knew about it, so the traditional New Year's celebration took on unusually somber overtones. It reminded me of Hunter Thompson's description of a Hell's Angel's funeral—the community gathered together in the realization that the circle was that much smaller. The unity among Dead Heads, so often lost amid East/West factionalism and other petty disputes, gained strength tonight at the S. F. Civic, as all present realized anew that "the future's here, we are it, we are on our own."

Dead heads who pride themselves on arriving at shows at the last minute showed up extra early. Last-minute stops at the restaurant supply place on Mission Street (for those all-important whippets) were taken care of long in advance. Even those who'd spent the first two nights' pre-show time in the bar raced directly to the floor to secure primo real estate thereon. They were inspired, no doubt, by the unusually lovely New Year's Eve tickets. Larger than usual, they were modeled after the "Skull & Lightning" motif—left side red, right side blue, white lightning down the middle, the words "GRATEFUL DEAD NEW YEAR'S EVE" overlaid in gold. The ushers ripped them lovingly, leaving concertgoers with a first-class souvenir.

The Dead had not one, but two opening acts on New Year's Eve: The Bobs (a cappella new wave) and The Brass Band (musical comedy). The Bobs' highlight was their version of "Little Red Riding Hood," the old tune by Sam the Sham & The Pharoahs. The Brass Band's set featured an amusing instrumental rendition of Country Joe's classic "Feel-Like-I'm-Fixin'-To-Die Rag." Although the audience's mind was obviously elsewhere, both groups received polite, respectful attention.

The scene on the floor was crowded but comfortable. The bar must have been doing a brisk business during the opening acts, because things got dense after The Brass Band finished. In spite of that, there were no hassles, apart from some good-natured verbal sparring between five-foot-six Dead Heads and the six-footers in front of them. The tapers were isolated in a section up in the balcony, which made the floor scene a lot cooler. Tapers, like purveyors of controlled substances, are essential, but that doesn't make them fun to deal with. A quick trip to the balcony left the impression that they enjoyed being apart. It was kind of like dropping in on the chess club in high school. One didn't have to linger to catch the vibes up there.

The Dead opened their first set with a titanic "Shakedown Street." At its peak, the song sounded like vintage "Hard to Handle." It went on and on; it was great. After "Shakedown," though, they lost the spark. Perhaps it was a case of live broadcast jitters, or maybe delayed reaction to incomprehensible tragedy. The band adopted a conservative policy, along the lines of "let's do something we always do." In fact, the first set was almost a carbon copy of last New Year's first set. One welcome variation was provided by Garcia with "Bird Song," but his amp malfunctioned about a third of the way through the song. After "Don't Ease Me In" closed the first set, an anticipatory buzz pervaded the hall. How would Bill Graham make his midnight entrance?

Last year, Graham (dressed as Father Time) came in atop a globe. The year before, he arrived on an amanita mushroom. Tonight, the crowd looked around for clues. Eventually, all eyes focused upon a yellowish light in the upper rear of the hall. Slowly, the yellow light came down from the rafters. It was a lightning bolt. And there, perched atop the bolt, was Father Time, throwing flowers to the multitudes below as the lightning bolt approached the stage. A classical fanfare came over the PA and the Dead, eyes fixed on the bolt, added a few random flourishes. The crowd began the traditional "ten . . . nine . . ." countdown as the bolt drew closer. When the bolt hit the stage it was midnight, and the Dead bolted into "Sugar Magnolia." The traditional New Year's balloons descended from the ceiling. This may be the last year for big balloons that look like beach

balls, since a lot of them wound up onstage. One of them knocked over Garcia's mike. The sound of popping balloons resembled endless rounds of small arms firing. Phil Lesh was wearing an oversize headset, perhaps the better to monitor the live nationwide broadcast. (If that's the case, he has my deepest sympathy since the broadcast was, by all accounts, awful.) Two "Baby New Years," one black and one white, cavorted around the stage. As the band eased into "Sugar Magnolia" (the only repeated song of the three shows), hugs were exchanged throughout the crowd. A hug is a legally binding contract in California.

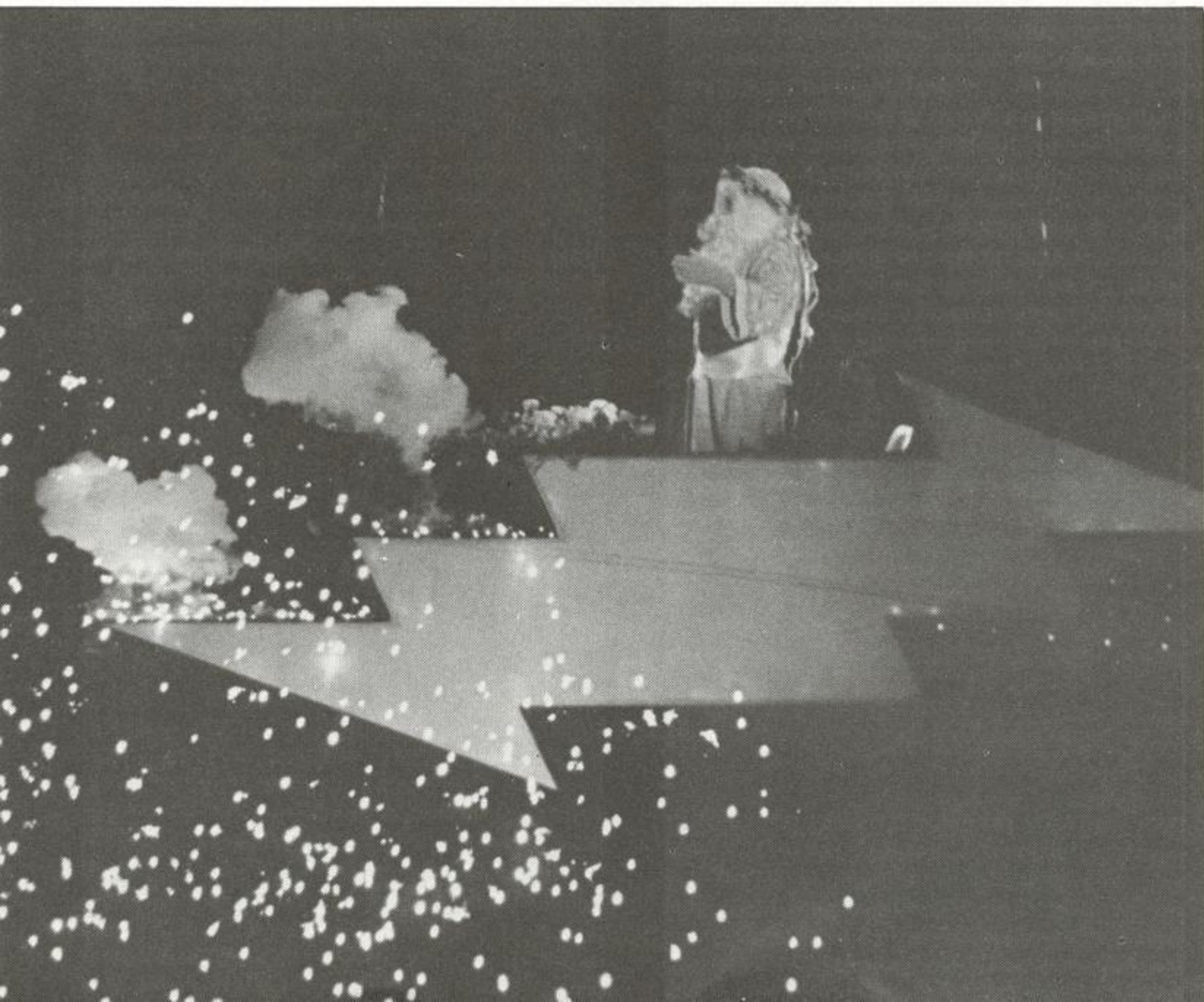
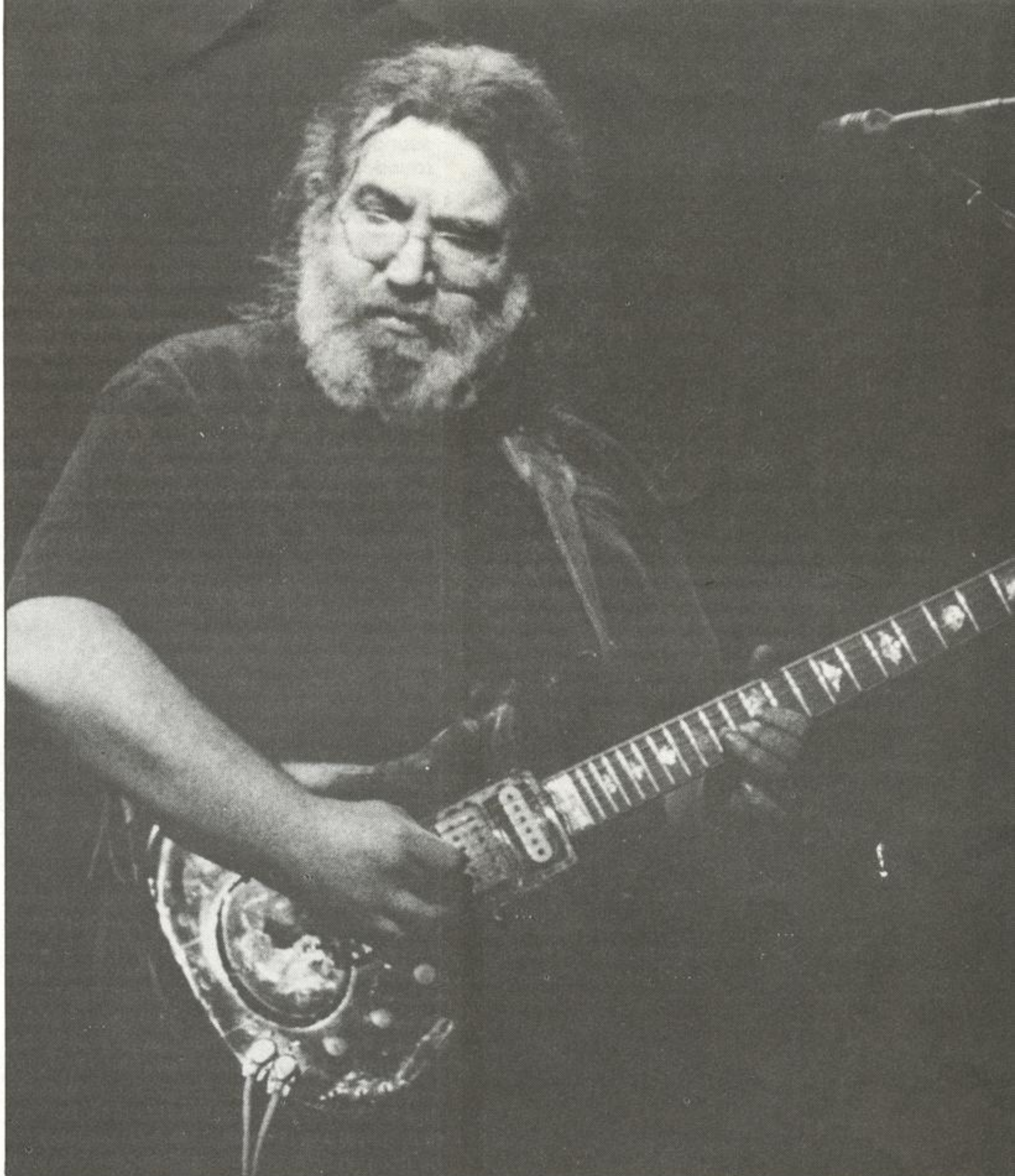
When it came time for the "Sunshine Daydream," Garcia steered the band into "Scarlet

Begonias." This juxtaposition reminded veteran concertgoers (and tape collectors) of the Winterland closing, many New Year's Eves ago. "Scarlet" is one of the greatest Hunter/Garcia collaborations yet. Its "boy-meets-girl, boy loses girl, boy-has-psychedelic experience" story line resonates with rich meaning for many Dead Heads. As the band played on into the second set, Robert Hunter, Wavy Gravy, John Cipollina, various Hell's Angels, Father Time and others could be seen carrying on backstage. There were balloons everywhere, although the balloons that received the most attention were those that were attached to whippetizers which, alas, did not fall from the ceiling.



The second set finished strongly, with the one-two punch of "Throwin' Stones" and "Lovelight." On Saturday, as "Not Fade Away" ended yet another second set, Phil Lesh played every combination of notes he could think of without hitting the familiar six-note "Lovelight" riff. Tonight, as the chorus "ashes ashes all fall down" faded out, a mischievous gleam came into Phil's eyes. He played the riff, the place exploded, and the second set ended as strongly as the first set had begun.

Another New Year's tradition is the "third set." Here is where the Dead can choose to do the unusual: "Dark Star" one year, Tower of Power horns another. Tonight, the Dead seemed emotionally spent. The third set was a labor of sheer love. Without doing anything spectacular, they fulfilled their part of the unspoken deal between themselves and their audience. The first song, "Gimme Some Lovin'," was unusual enough, but tonight's version lacked the intensity of its premiere at the Community Theatre. "Uncle John's Band" was next, reminding one and all that "when life looks like easy street there is danger at your door." After a few seconds of indecision at the end of "Uncle John," Jerry led the way into "Around & Around," to the palpable disappointment of many in the crowd who were expecting something a little more spectacular. The Dead actually played the song's ending instead of going into something like "Johnny B. Goode" or "Good Lovin'," as they've been doing recently. They had trouble with the ending, but they managed to salvage it and go into "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue," an appropriate choice on many levels. The crowd lingered longer than usual tonight, and the security staff was a bit more conciliatory as they attempted to get the people to leave. Eventually they succeeded, but they won't be able to keep us from coming back next year!



Song List—New Year's Shows— S.F. Civic Center

12/28/84

- 1st: Touch of Gray, Greatest Story, Dire Wolf, Tons of Steel, Ain't Superstitious, Down in the Bottom, Dupree's Diamond Blues, Me & My Uncle, Mexicali Blues, West L.A. Fadeaway, Might As Well
2nd: China Cat, I Know You Rider, Looks Like Rain, He's Gone, Spoonful, Drums/Space, The Other One, Wharf Rat, Sugar Magnolia, Day Tripper (PREMIER)

12/29/84

- 1st: One More Saturday Night, Friend of the Devil, Brother Esau, Big Railroad Blues, Cassidy, Althea, Let it Grow
2nd: Samson & Delilah, Terrapin, Playin' in the Band, Drums/Space, Truckin', Stella Blue, Not Fade Away, Brokedown Palace

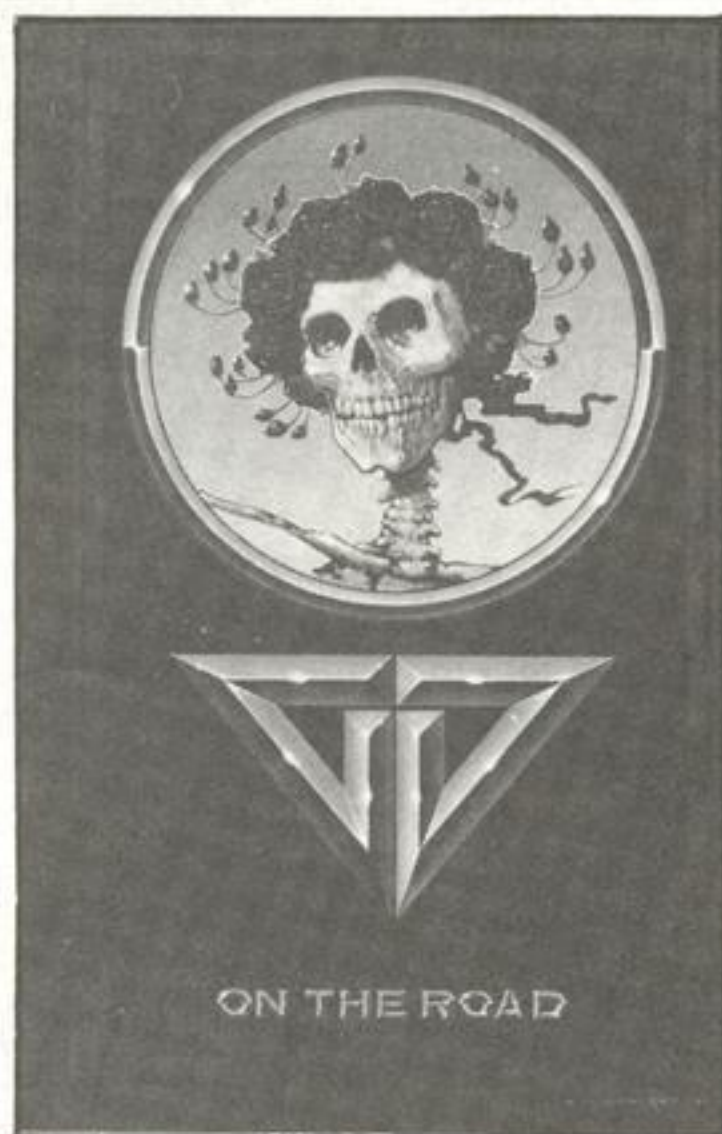
New Year's Eve

- 1st: Shakedown Street, New Minglewood Blues, Peggy-O, Jack Straw, Bird Song, Hell in a Bucket, Don't Ease Me In
2nd: Sugar Magnolia, Scarlet Begonias, Fire on the Mountain, Man Smart Woman Smarter, Drums/Space, The Wheel, Throwin' Stones, Lovelight
3rd: Gimme Some Lovin', Uncle John's Band, Around & Around, It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

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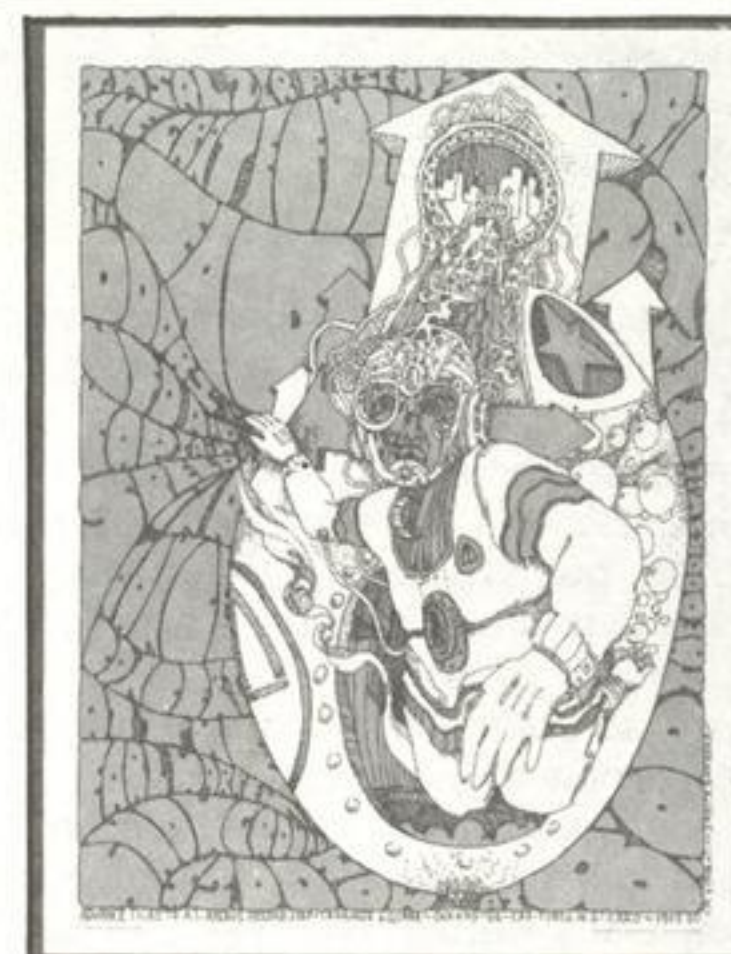
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FAST FORWARD

Chris Herold of Kingfish

by Gary Gardner

It is a multidimensional experience, watching an originating member of psychedelic family-rock listen to his own recordings, only recently released on Relix Records. First there is the music itself—a sampling of a dozen years of Kingfish, perhaps the friendliest blues band America's ever bred. Then there are the watchful reactions of friends and fellow band members at Euphonics, in whose studio this interview is now taking place.

But most complex of all is the reaction of one of the originators himself, former Kingfish drummer Chris Herold. His eyes dart about inquisitively, his shoulders move slightly to the shuffle rhythms, eyebrows lifting now and again at a particularly well-executed riff. In short, he looks pleased.

Eight years have passed since Herold left Kingfish to pursue music "a bit more delineated and penetrating;" more than a decade since he, bassist Dave Torbert and guitarist Matthew Kelly formed the group. How does the music sound now? "Nostalgic! It's not perfect; it is honest and unpretentious." Any more? A moment's pause. Then, with a soft grin: "It brings no surprises."

...

This, perhaps, might be one of the few times Chris Herold has *not* been surprised by an event; though a calm man, life through the '60's and '70's has been a rollercoaster of unexpected curves.

Take, for instance, the fate of the New Delhi River Band. Owing its name to a blindfolded spin of the globe, the band began in 1966 to perform loose blues. Within months it had become the house band at The Barn in Scotts Valley, California; within a year drawing fans who were willing to drive the many twisting rural roads to hear them play live. "We never released a single recording," muses Chris, "yet collected a following of astonishing proportions." The band was, indeed, a seedbed for many musical units which followed.

Then there was the Great Zen Surprise of 1969. While necking with his girlfriend, Herold witnessed the comings and goings of an odd sprightly man in robes—named Suzuki Roshi. Only 20 at the time, Chris reasoned that his girlfriend's mother simply had strange taste in friends.

One day, however, the temptation overcame him to ask why all these visitors sat for hours on fluffly little cushions; soon, Herold was off to the Tassajara Zen Center to find the Self within him. Zen masters are no slouches in showing student mediators just what nonsense the mind creates. By the third day, Chris had run out of the Center crying for relief from his own mental processes, yet returned, brain in hand, committing himself to finding what was really going on deep down. It was during this period that he

learned to write haiku, and also during this time that Chris entered into an agreement with himself to sit zazen regularly—which he still observes to this day.

Surprise number three: the enormous success of Kingfish—and Herold's own subsequent desire to leave.

...

While the prominence of Kingfish is often attributed to the presence of Bob Weir, who joined in 1975, the band had actually set its format and begun taking itself seriously as early as 1968. Beginning as an unreleased group named "Horses" on White Whale records, the band continued to hone until signed under the new name Kingfish by the Grateful Dead's undead-projects label, Round Records. The first single released from the LP climbed rapidly up the Billboard charts; the group's fortune surged, and it was off into larger halls and the world of industry conventions.

In late 1976, both Herold and Weir left to pursue independent projects, leaving Kingfish to its own devices. Those included two LP's for Jet Records, and the current mostly-retrospective "Kingfish" LP released in early 1985 by Relix.

What Chris Herold found when he left was a band called "Heroes," in which he hoped to find "greater musical responsibility." Kingfish had offered traditional improvisational flexibility; Herold wished for a more coherent structure. What he found was a bit *too* much: "Heroes" built an aura of professionalism about itself," recalls Chris, "and then used that aura to try to generate results." Resigning from the project, Herold left music altogether, and settled in with his wife Carol and soon celebrated the birth of their daughter, Vanessa.

It was in this period that Chris Herold not only learned to love working with his hands in gardening and carpentry, but also found what it was like to work in a more conventional role: at Stanford University, collecting data on a potential aphrodisiac, his job was to "watch cats fuck."

Far more importantly, it was during this time that Herold wrote most of "In Other Words," a handsome chapbook of haiku and longer poems. While the book was to wait until 1982 to see print, the themes within it—family, calm, the essential character of all things, were formed. It was thus with no desire to do so that the last surprise in this current story occurred—when in 1980 Chris Herold was drawn back into yet another musical family.

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Even as Chris "retired" from the public stage, and only miles from his La Honda home, another performing/recording collective had formed. Organized by musician and audio engineer Russel Mulock and named the CAPTEC Project, some three dozen musicians worked with area poet J.J. Webb on music for eventual release.

In 1980, Herold and Mulock met at a relaxed musical gathering on a farm in the Santa Cruz Mountains; striking up a friendship, Chris agreed to record a handful of drum tracks for CAPTEC. After the album's release J.J. Webb departed, leaving the musicians wondering what to do next. As the number participating dwindled, something else was born—a sound, a means of relating, which was once again a surprise to Chris Herold. Sold on Rooty Van Overens' writing skills and keyboard styles and what he heard from Russel Mulock playing rhythm guitar, Chris called former "Heroes" bassist Tom van Rossem. Tom, too, was impressed and slowly a loosely-knit cooperative that van Rossem dubbed "Euphonics" was formed.

That project continues still, and once again, Chris Herold is gearing up for public life. Not as he did in his *first* career in psychedelic bands, but as a communicator in many formats. Chris puts it best, "I'm not just a writer, or just a musician, or even just a family man, but someone who works for *communication*."

Listening now to a new recording—one midway finished, by Euphonics, Chris is asked what he feels. "Euphonics is friendship to me. It's something I'm committed to because of the honesty here." Anything else? "I think there's plenty here that's pleasing to the ear."

—Gary Gardner

GARY GARDNER is a journalist and musician whose work has appeared in the Soho Weekly News, the New Age Journal, Head Magazine and various West Coast weeklies, under many names.

The following poem is taken from "In Other Words" by Chris Herold.

THE HAWK

We ate mushrooms and went for a walk,
and saw the world through the eyes of a hawk.
Sitting down, we began to dream,
and woke to the sounds of a magic stream.
The water, slipping by so slow,
was no longer wet nor cold.
It was alive, and we were part of it.

Along the banks of the tiny brook
there were fields of faces. . .
We had to look.
Some were angry, some defiled,
others glad, we only smiled.
We floated onto a tremendous sea,
that had no breadth nor depth.
It surrounded us as we drifted from its shores.

Not a reference point or sign,
our voyage lost all sense of time.
It was as if all motion ceased,
but I knew that it had much increased.
We found ourselves in the fathomless void,
into which we were dissolving.

Even that was fading fast.
Those moments might have been our last.
But suddenly a piercing scream
wrenched us from that magic dream.
Into the sky, not far away,
there flew a hawk with its fresh-killed prey.

IN OTHER WORDS, Chris Herold's book of poetry, is available for \$5.50 (including postage and handling) from:

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NEW YEAR'S EVE
S.F. CIVIC CENTER
December 31, 1984
C651 - Entire Group
With Balloons

BRENDEN BYRNE ARENA
October 17-18, 1984
C775 - Group Shot
w/Starlights
C776 - Lesh in Tye Dye
*C777 - Lesh & Weir jamming

RED ROCKS, COLORADO
July 27, 28, 29 1982
C601 - Group Shot
*C602 - Lesh
*C603 - Garcia, Weir, Hart
C604 - View of Red Rocks



NY HILTON HOTEL
January 1979 (Candid)
*C820 - Garcia lighting up
*C821 - Phil laughing
*C822 - Bob smiling
*C824 - Garcia smiling

KEYSTONE, BERKELEY
August 1981
C701 - Garcia, Full body
C702 - Garcia, Close up

WINTERLAND
December 29, 30, 31, 1977
C002 - Garcia & Weir
*C003 - Lesh singing
C004 - Garcia & Weir
with balloons
C005 - Weir
*C006 - Garcia, Weir, Lesh

GARCIA BAND
FAIRFAX, CALIFORNIA
August 22, 1981
Lesh as Special Guest
C801 - Garcia
C802 - Lesh (Close up)
C803 - Garcia & Lesh
C804 - Lesh (Full body)

THE SPECTRUM, PHILA.
April 25, 1983
C350 - Lesh
*C351 - Weir & Kreutzman
*C352 - Brent

AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND
MELKWEG
October 15, 16, 1981
C120 - Garcia
C121 - Weir
C122 - Lesh
C123 - Lesh & Weir
*C124 - Kreutzman
*C125 - Garcia, Weir, Lesh

GARCIA BAND
ROSELAND
May 31, 1983
C920 - Garcia
C921 - Whole Band

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
October 1980 Acoustic Set
C110 - Whole Band
C111 - Garcia & Lesh
C112 - Weir

SOLO ACOUSTIC
NYC April 1982
*C950 - Garcia

GARCIA BAND
MUSIC MOUNTAIN, NY
June 16, 1982
C750 - Garcia
C751 - Kreutzman
C752 - Garcia & Kahn

NASSAU COLISEUM
October 31, 1979
*C200 - Garcia, Weir, Lesh
C201 - Garcia
*C203 - Brent & Lesh

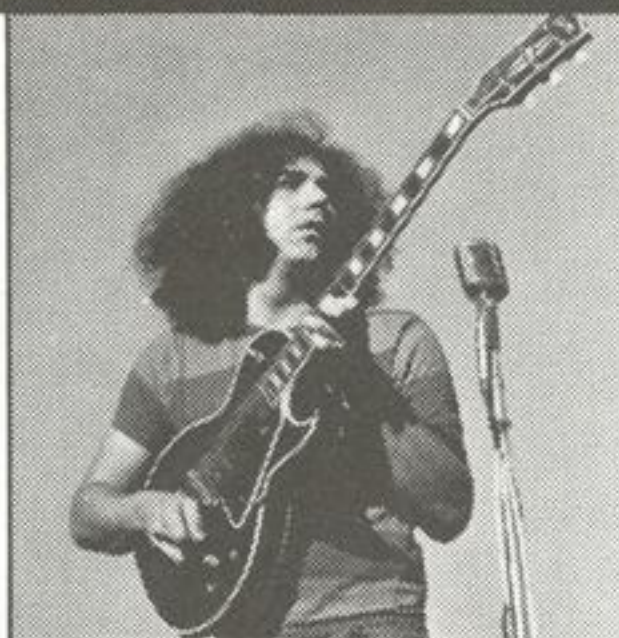
SYRACUSE, NY
September 28, 1976
*C501 - Weir (with beard)

JERRY BAND
Tower Theater, Philadelphia
*C875 - Garcia with Red Shirt

ASBURY PARK, NJ
July 26, 1980
C301 - Garcia

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
January, 1979
C901 - Weir & Donna
C902 - Donna Jean G.
C903 - Group Shot
C904 - Weir, Donna Garcia
*C905 - Garcia, Weir, Lesh
*C906 - Garcia, Donna, Bill

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The Bandshell
May 1968
*SP1 - Garcia, Lesh, Weir

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SAN FRANCISCO
Summer 1967
*SP2 - Garcia

GARCIA BAND—1977
PALLADIUM, NYC
BW45 - Whole Band with Maria
Muldaur & Donna Godchaux

BINGHAMPTON, NY
November 6, 1977
*BW47 - Garcia, Weir & Lesh

CAPITOL THEATER, NEW JERSEY
November 1978
BW6 - Group Shot
*BW20 - Garcia, Donna, Lesh

Lone Star Cafe, NYC
January, 1985
*BW77 - Kreutzman
BW78 - Brent (close-up)
BW79 - Brent (full body)

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
January, 1979
BW61 - Garcia
BW62 - Weir
BW63 - Weir & Donna
*BW64 - Lesh

SAVE THE WHALES BENEFIT
SAN FRANCISCO
August 12, 1977 (Outdoors)
BW12 - Garcia
BW27 - Garcia & Kahn

RED ROCKS AMPHITHEATER
July 27, 1982
*BW69 - Group Shot

RED ROCKS AMPHITHEATER,
COLORADO August, 1979
BW1 - Whole Band
BW2 - Lesh
BW3 - Entire Stage
BW4 - Lesh & Weir
*BW30 - Lesh & Brent
*BW31 - Garcia

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
October 11, 1983
BW40 - Lesh & Weir
(singing St. Stephen)
BW41 - Lesh
BW42 - Lesh & Weir jamming
BW44 - Group Shot

WILLIAM & MARY UNIV.
VIRGINIA
April 16, 1978
BW35 - Garcia, Donna, Weir
(Unique double exposure)
BW36 - Lesh (Candid)

GARCIA BAND
FAIRFAX, CALIFORNIA
August 1981
Lesh as Special Guest
BW21 - Garcia
BW22 - Lesh
BW23 - Garcia & Lesh

HOLLYWOOD, FLORIDA
November, 1980
BW5 - Weir
*BW29 - Garcia (Smiling)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
BW8 - Group Acoustic
BW9 - Group Electric
BW10 - Garcia acoustic
BW01 - Garcia & Lesh acou
BW61 - Garcia & Lesh elec
BW13 - Weir & Lesh electric
BW73 - Garcia, Double Exp



WINTERLAND
December, 1977
BW7 - Garcia & Weir
BW14 - Garcia
BW15 - Group Shot
BW46 - Garcia & Weir
(Unique Double Exposure)

THE MELKWEG, AMSTERDAM
October 1981
BW16 - Weir
BW18 - Garcia
*BW34 - Garcia acoustic

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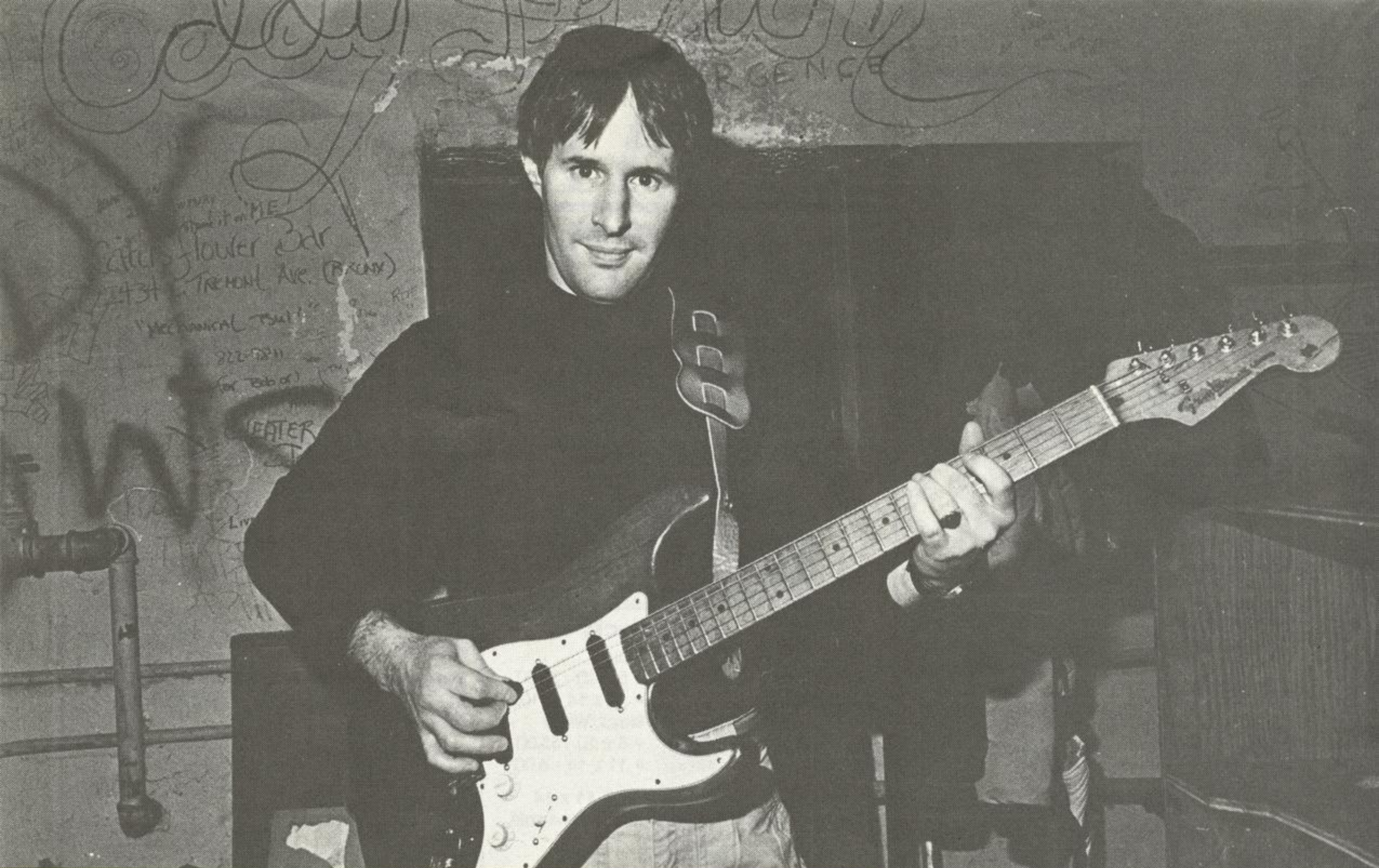
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METAL PEOPLE CULT



Matthew Kelly • 1985

by Mick Skidmore

Matthew Kelly at the Lone Star Cafe
NYC

Bob Minkin

1985 has started out really well for West Coast music fans. First we had a Youngbloods reunion and then an East Coast tour by a revitalized Kingfish. The Kingfish tour was one of the most musically rewarding and enjoyable events I have witnessed in a long time.

The band was fronted by the affable Matthew Kelly. The rest of the band consisted of guitarist Garth Webber, bassist Dave Margen (from Santana), keyboard player Barry Flast, who incidentally did a good job on most of the lead vocals, and surprise, surprise, two members of the Grateful Dead, Brent Mydland on keyboards and Billy Kreutzmann on drums.

I was lucky enough to see the band at a sold-out performance at the Paradise Theatre in Boston. It was only their third show, but they sounded pretty tight. The crowd was quite enthusiastic, to put it mildly.

Unfortunately, they were plagued by equipment problems, which ultimately led to Brent leaving after the Paradise show. Nonetheless, the music was certainly something special. The personnel may have been quite different from the original band, but the music, a varied mixture of rock and blues, still had that classic Kingfish sound. I couldn't help but think of Dave Torbert more than once during the evening. These guys did the name of Kingfish justice with a fine 90-minute set.

Highlights included Brent Mydland's spirited

rendition of "I Just Want To Make Love To You," and a lengthy "Hypnotize," which featured solos by most of the band. Garth Webber was particularly impressive on lead guitar with some fluid runs. Barry Flast sang "Man Smart (Woman Smarter)" and there was a lively version of "Dancin' In The Street." And of course Matthew Kelly played some great harmonica throughout the evening.

After the show I spoke briefly with Matthew, but the actual interview took place in mid-February, following the conclusion of the east coast tour.

Relix: Perhaps you could start by telling us how this recent Kingfish tour came about?

Kelly: I really had no intention of putting this band back together. I have sort of been going back to school, and I just wanted to finish my solo album, *Wing and a Prayer*, which I have been working on. It's now called *Dangerous Relations*. I wanted to finish all the loose ends and tie it up, and have that be that, but I got together with Bobby (Weir) and we put together the All New Kingfish Review. It was essentially pretty much the band that you saw. The nucleus was myself, Garth Webber on lead guitar, Barry Flast on keyboards and vocals and David Margen on bass. We had David Perper on drums.

Relix: Oh yes, Dave Perper. He was in Kingfish before.

Kelly: Recently, he has been with Pablo Cruise and the Youngbloods. He has been real

active. I had another keyboard player, a local guy, and Rahnie Raines was our vocalist. So, we called it the All New Kingfish Review. What would happen was we would do the whole first half of the show, without Bobby. We would do all our classic Kingfish songs and some blues and stuff and then we would bring on Weir for the last six or seven songs. So, that is how it started.

Relix: When exactly was this?

Kelly: Well, the first serious shows I did must have been around January. We did two series of shows, both at the same places in the Bay Area—the Stone in San Francisco and The Stone in Palo Alto, and a few other local places. I was trying to keep it real low-key, and not make a big deal out of it. It was just for fun. What happened was we got such a good response and we were having such a good time that we just decided that we would continue it. I was real happy with the band and I was sorry that Bobby couldn't have been with us on this tour, because I really enjoy working with Weir a lot. As far as Kreutzmann is concerned, Billy approached me and asked me if he could be in the band. It didn't even occur to me, but at the time, Dave Perper was pretty busy working with other groups. So, it worked out perfectly.

Relix: How well do you think the tour went?

Kelly: Well, I think musically the tour was very successful. Some gigs were better than others. We had a real rough start on this East Coast tour because our roadie situation was not right. We had problems every night with the equipment for the first three or four shows, and it was



Bob Teese

distracting. It caused a lot of problems. Ultimately, as you know, Brent left. A lot of that had to do with equipment. Every night the organ was messed up, and as it turns out it's pretty difficult to rent a decent Hammond B-3 organ. Keyboard players are very particular. It's a very personal instrument. But musically, I think we did very well. I was pleased with the crowd response. The reception we received from the people back East was great. I have never felt so welcome. Things got better after the first week. We got a new crew in. It took a good week to iron out all the problems.

Relix: You were talking before about your album *Wing and a Prayer*, which you said had changed its title to *Dangerous Relations*. What is going to happen with that project? It has certainly been in the works for a long time!

Kelly: The problem is I haven't been able to get a satisfactory deal. I have taken it to all, or most, of the major labels, and it has been very well-received. The answer has been the same every time, "It's not commercial." The concept is one thing that intrigues a lot of people and they love the music, but for the major labels they are not interested in a one album deal. They want a band that is going to follow up with lots of other records, something more commercial. This is something that is not any one band. There are all those different San Francisco musicians involved, and was recorded over a ten year period. It is an unusual concept, not one that people know how to market. That's the key to that album, marketing. What I am trying to do is either put it out myself or go with a small label that understands the concept and is willing to get behind it. It has been finished for over a year now and I have had a lot of hard times trying to sell it and getting the right response. Now I have a big advantage, because before I didn't have a band to perform the album, but now I do.

Brent sings two of the songs, Weir sings a

bunch of things and Billy plays on the record. Now that we are starting to perform some of the songs from the record live, that should be a big plus in getting a deal. This album is far superior to anything I ever did with Kingfish. It has some fantastic performances. Recording sessions are often very iffy. Sometimes it doesn't matter if you have the world's greatest musicians there in the studio. It's a very unpredictable place, and sometimes you get that magic. That is why I am so attached to this record.

Relix: What does the future hold for Kingfish?

Kelly: We'll be doing some more shows here on the West Coast, and I'll be doing some more things with Weir. As far as what direction Kingfish is going in, it is really hard to say, because at this point we are still feeling things out. As I said, I was really happy with the way things went musically on this tour. The only thing that I wasn't happy with was we didn't have enough time to rehearse. Even if we had had a couple more days we could have had a whole new repertoire of songs. We started to get bored with the same stuff, and there were a lot of people that came to all, or most of the shows and we had to play a lot of the songs over and over.

Relix: Perhaps you'd like to tell us a little about the recent album on Relix. Who decided on the tracks and how did the project come about?

Kelly: Well, that pretty much came about when I was talking with Les (Kippel-Relix's Publisher) well over a year ago. He asked me if I had any old Kingfish stuff that I wanted released. I was so wrapped up in the *Dangerous Relations* album that it hadn't even occurred to me. I went home, and by this time Dave Torbert had passed away and I thought this would be a great opportunity to do some kind of tribute to him. At the same time, I realized that I did have some stuff that was sitting around unreleased. It probably would never have been released. I thought this was a good opportunity to do something with it. It is nowhere near the calibre of my *Dangerous Relations* album, but for what it is, it is alright. As you know, one side is live stuff and one side is studio.

Relix: I really enjoyed "Put Your Hand On Me, Baby," the song with John Lee Hooker and Michael Bloomfield. When was that done?

Kelly: That is an interesting one. That was

done in 1973, around the same time that I was doing some of the *Dangerous Relations* material. But it is Kingfish backing him up. At that time I really didn't know exactly what I was trying to do. I was recording a lot of old blues artists. I recorded John Lee Hooker, Sunnyland Slim, Brownie McGee, and I was just playing around with this stuff. I was really into the blues back then I didn't know what I wanted to do with it, but it turned out that the John Lee Hooker cut was a real fun session, and that was the original Kingfish band. Kingfish was just forming, it was before we had done a gig or anything.

That country song, "Fox On The Run," just came out of nowhere. David Rea was around to play banjo and I always liked that tune. It was long before Tom T. Hall recorded it and made it a hit.

Relix: What has happened to some of the other old members of Kingfish . . . people like Robbie Hoddinot, Chris Herold (see this issue—ed.) and Michael O'Neil?

Kelly: I have been keeping in touch with all of them. Chris Herold . . . I don't see him very often, but we are still close friends. He lives up in the mountains above Stanford University. He doesn't do a lot of live performances, but he does do a lot of studio work with some friends of his. I have heard some of it and it is pretty good. I have used him for a few sessions. Stuff I have produced for local people that you wouldn't have heard of. He also came and sat in with the All New Kingfish Review in Palo Alto a few months ago, which was a lot of fun. He is a father now and I don't think he is really available to work on the road. He is tied up with his family life.

Robbie Hoddinott is, unfortunately, in jail at the moment. He should be out in March. It's some old drug charge that they finally got him on. I was working on and off with Robbie before that happened and I was going to use him in this band until they threw him in jail. That is when I found Garth Webber. He had been in lots of local bands. He was in the Mark Four Band, which is pretty big locally, and he has worked on and off with Roben Ford, the renowned guitar player. Garth is an incredible musician and I am really pleased to have him in the band.

Relix: Kingfish has a knack of finding good

L.D. Kippel



Kingfish (l-r) Barry Flast, Michael O'Neill, Dave Perper, Matt Kelly and Dave Torbert



KINGFISH—(l-r) Brent Mydland, Billy Kreutzmann, Barry Flast, David Margen, Matt Kelly and Garth Webber —1985

guitar players. First Robbie then Michael and now Garth.

Kelly: Michael was great too. We have had pretty good luck with guitar players. We are kinda like the old John Mayall Blues Band that went through Eric Clapton, Peter Green and Mick Taylor. In that way Kingfish is like a vehicle for these great guitarists.

Relix: In 1979, there was a line-up of Kingfish that consisted of Dave Torbert, Michael O'Neil, Don DeGennaro, Tim Goodman, and Steve Shive. Do you know anything about that band.

Kelly: That was the only configuration of Kingfish that I had nothing to do with. Torbert and I had a parting of the ways. We had split from Jet records and it had been a gruelling few years. Basically, the band had dissolved. I thought Kingfish was no more. Then Torbert went back East with a guy named Steve Amaroso and they got together what was supposed to be the remnants of Kingfish. I heard they sounded pretty good, but that only lasted for a very short time. After they got back from the East Coast I put together the first All New Kingfish Review, which was actually a 10-piece band. A lot of people don't know about this. We had two black girl singers, a pedal steel, Weir, a horn section and the whole bit! We did about 5 shows in the California area.

Relix: Who exactly was in this first Kingfish Review?

Kelly: Myself, Robbie Hoddinott, Dave Torbert. We were the original guys, and then there was Weir and a whole bunch of other people—oh, I don't even remember all of their names. Mostly local California musicians, and some good ones at that. Basically the nucleus was myself, Torbert, Hoddinott and Weir.

Relix: Did you get to record that band at all?

Kelly: Well, I have some live tapes, but we never went into the studio with it. It was a lot of fun. It eventually led to Bobby and the Midnites, and how that happened was Torbert was having some problems, and it was the night before a gig and he couldn't play. So, we had to find a replacement immediately, and I felt weird about calling it Kingfish without Torbert, because we were partners, we owned the name together, and it was a band that we had started together. Tim Bogart came and played bass at short notice, and Bobby Cochran played guitar. We called it Bobby and the Midnites, and the name stuck.

Relix: Why didn't you continue with Bobby & the Midnites after the first tour?

Kelly: I had a hard time in that band. It just was not a good vehicle for me. I love working with Weir, but there were just certain elements in the band that I had a hard time dealing with.

Relix: Going back to the past a little more, what exactly happened with Jet records? I assume both the albums you did for them sold reasonably well.

Kelly: We got dropped. the guy that signed us got fired and he was our main supporter. When he got fired, Jet really lost interest in us. It is a shame because at that point I think the band could really have done something. But record companies are hard to figure out. We have been plagued by record companies and their changes in personnel. The same thing happened with our first record, *Kingfish*, on United Artists.

Relix: Can you remember who was in The Plague with you?

Kelly: Can I remember who was in The Plague, did you say? (laughs) How did you know about that?

Relix: Oh, just a little bit of research.

Kelly: I'll say. The Plague was the very first band that I ever played in. That was in Stockton. I don't know if I can remember who was in it. Let me see, Stan Markem was one of the main guys. He was a guitar player from Colorado, and one of the other guys ended up being the lead singer in the play Hair. There was a guy named Dean Moore on bass. He ended up owning one of the big music chain stores.

I had another band called Gospel Oak that was real interesting. I was on my way to the far

east. They were signed to MCA in England. They were from the mid-west. I jammed with them once and they asked me to join them. They had a great deal. Their manager was Tony Barrows. He used to be one of the biggest publishers in Great Britain. He was one of the guys that started The Beatles. If you look at some of the early Beatles albums, he wrote the liner notes. Anyway, they (MCA) didn't know what to do with us because we were so off the wall. Just a bunch of hicks from Indiana. Our music was so different. They hired this guy, Mike Leander, to produce us. He did a lot of Beatles arrangements on *Sgt. Peppers*, but our sound was too raw for him to do anything with. So, he quit and we wound up having a horrible producer, a very young, inexperienced guy, and that is what ruined the record.

A lot of people don't know this but Dave Torbert was going to join that band. He was in Hawaii and was on his way over to join us. We had sent him the money for an airline ticket, and he stopped at his house for a day to get some clothes and stuff and he got a call from Dave Nelson who said he had a band called The New Riders of The Purple Sage with Jerry Garcia and would he like to play bass. So, Torbert thought it all over for all of about two minutes and said "Okay." So, I got this call saying, "Gosh, Kelly, I got this offer I can't refuse so, I can't make it." If it had been one day earlier or one day later things would have been different.

Relix: What about The St. Matthews Blues Band?

Kelly: It was just a band that I had with a guy named Rick Messina. He is a fine blues player. He taught me a lot about blues and music in general. We were around at about the same time as The New Delhi River Band, and shortly after that I got in with Torbert and Herold and we formed Shango.

Relix: Well, we'd better conclude our conversation for now.

Kelly: You could write a book. It gets pretty involved!

Hopefully it won't be too long before we see Matthew Kelly touring again, and hopefully, his album will get released one way or another. It certainly sounds interesting!

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Ringling in the Changes with English Folk-Rock's New Generation. by Ken Roseman

THE changes now breaking through the English folk scene are as dramatic as the psychedelic revolution twenty years ago. Spurred on by a renewed interest in dancing and punk/new-wave's vigour, a new generation of bands wedding rock'n'roll to England's graceful traditions arose over the past several years.

Old timers will recall that the English folk tradition and rock'n'roll first met in 1969 when Fairport Convention, originally thought of England's answer to the Jefferson Airplane, started playing traditional tunes on electric instruments. Since then we've had Steeleye Span, the various Albion bands, and Richard Thompson's successful career. By the mid '70s, however, few other artists had appeared to further explore the paths started by these pioneers and it seemed that English folk-rock had reached a dead end. Actually it was just waiting for the right time to come back, which it has, and with new vigour!

In the early 80's new rumblings were heard. From Oxford came the rebellious Jumbleads, whose brash *The Stag Must Die* mixed the traditional sounds with a new rock sensibility. Several tunes, for instance, were played with choppy rock'n'reggae rhythms. Scratchy electric guitar licks are throughout the album and Caroline Ritson's voice is rougher than those of the sweet sopranos who had come to typify English lady folk singers.

At about the same time Jumbleads broke out, along came the Oyster Band with their sensational release on the group's own Pukka label. The set showcased the band's nifty arrangements of country dance tunes which featured saxophone, melodeon, fiddle, electric guitar and bass but no drums. The Oysters created the stomping swing sound now commonly associated with many of the new dance oriented groups.

Pyewackett, who arrived at almost the same time as the Oysters and Jumbleads were also steeped in dance music but took it in different directions. This obviously educated group brought medieval, baroque, and jazz into their mix with magnificent results. Their 1983 release, *The Man in the Moon Drinks Claret* (Familiar), is a stunning display of the group's innovative arrangements (woodwinds, violin, electric keyboards, bass, drums) being applied

to English, French, and Italian tunes. Pyewackett are also excellent vocalists whose treatment of "Well Below the Valley," with its lush harmonies clearly influenced by pop and jazz vocal styles of the '30s and '40s, is superb.

Home Service is another group that started in the early '80s, but unlike the Oysters, Jumbleads and Pyewackett it included people already well known on the folk scene like singer-songwriters Bill Caddick and John Tams and guitarist Graeme Taylor. What also separates Home Service from the other bands mentioned here is their emphasis on original material and a different instrumental make-up which includes no accordions or fiddles but uses a 2 man brass section and electric keyboards for instrumental colour. This line-up gives Home Service a much less rustic sound than other folk oriented bands but their stately ballads and rousing anthems are nevertheless very English.

Following the lead of these four bands, others seem to be springing up almost daily. Following are reviews of the latest albums from the Oyster Band and Home Service as well as albums by several other new generation folk-rock bands.

The Oyster Band *Twenty Golden Tie-Slackeners* (Pukka)

I defy anyone not to get up and dance to this! It's a selection of the Oysters' favourite dance tunes which jump along like nobody's business. The instrumental blend of electric guitar, melodeon, and sax is fantastic. But what's really fascinating about this is how similar it all is to early rock'n'roll, a point brought home by the rockabillyesque guitar riffing and honking sax solos. Hot stuff!

Tiger Moth *Tiger Moth* (Rogue)

This set of dance tunes has a more aggressive rock feel than the Oysters' collection. Scattered throughout are searing psychedelic guitar solos, bluesy slide guitar bits, and eerie synthesizer washes—not to mention the full drum kit kicking through most tracks. But it's a slower tune, "The Rogue Orange," which I find to be the neatest thing here. Rod Stradling's melodeon handles the main melody while Jon Moore puts in some tasty guitar-fills and a synthesizer fills out the bottom. Chris Coe's hammer dulcimer provides a pretty counterpoint to the rough rock'n'roll feel of several tracks, particularly "The Duchess Dressed in Blue." She also takes the lead on several tunes and hearing hammer dulcimer lead a band of rocking and reeling electric guitars and drums is great!

The Home Service *The Home Service* (Jigsaw)

This is the only new English folk-rock band that owes little or nothing to traditional dance. What you find here are clean, modern arrangements of two old ballads and excellent new songs with that authentic English flavour similar to Richard Thompson's. Bill Caddick and John Tams are outstanding songwriters; "The Old Man's Song," a compassionate portrait of a misunderstood old gentleman and "She Moves Among Men," a brief look at the life of a bar waitress, are vivid slice-of-life pieces. "Walk My Way" is a powerful plea for understanding from the upperclasses to the lower classes plight, asking the wealthy and powerful to "walk my way" and see what real struggle is.

Truss & Bucket Band *Truss & Bucket Band* (Circus)

There's nothing wildly innovative here, just a well done collection of songs and tunes. The



instrumentals bop along at the proper pace with accordion and fiddle generally sharing the leads. What's different about this group are their charming original songs, reminiscent of great English pop groups like the Hollies and the Zombies with their catchy melodies and bouncy beat. "Jigs on 45" is a jolly medley of five jigs that gives you a brief taste of what it's like to hear the band pumping it out at a lively barndance.

The Hookey Band *Making A Song and Dance About It* (Woodworm)

You could call this group a folk-rock bar band. Besides the dance tunes, this set includes cover versions of songs by Richard Thompson, Fairport Convention and the Albion Band, as well as a spiffy version of that folkie standby "Whisky in the Jar." Everything's competently done and I particularly enjoy "Snow Falls," a lovely reading of John Tams' song from the theatrical production of "Lark Rise to Candleford." While the Hookey Band isn't as avant as some of the others I've discussed, they've learned from the right teachers. Now they've got to apply those lessons to developing a more unique style.

Skin the Peeler *Skin the Peeler* (Peelerpheela Publishing)

Here's a group that's definitely in a category by itself, and I've a feeling they'd have pursued this muse regardless of what was going on elsewhere. The Skins draw more from Celtic than specifically English roots and also seem to have listened to a lot of modern art-rock and

funk. For instance, this totally instrumental set contains pieces with lovely flute or whistle and acoustic guitar melodies backed by electronic percussion and a slew of synthesizers and such. The combination works well; on "Dunmoor" for instance, acoustic guitar and whistle lead the electric instruments on a merry rhythmic chase. Remember that funk and old Celtic tunes were/are both intended for dancing which makes the Skins' fusion more natural than you might expect. Imagine a session between Ireland's Bothy Band and a less cosmic Earth, Wind, and Fire and you've got it.

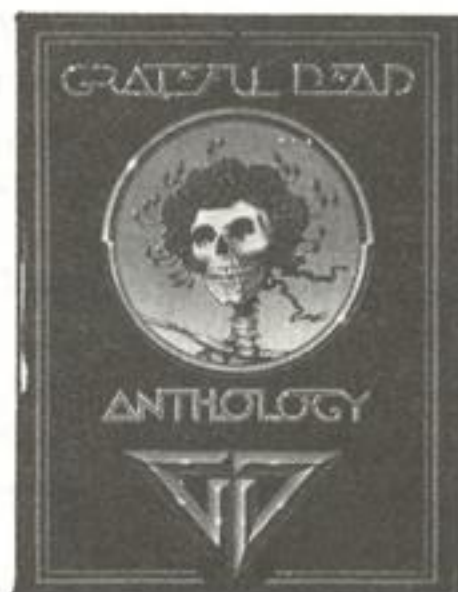
These six records form just the tip of a considerably larger iceberg. I've already read of more bands like Malcolm's Interview, the Keeper's Gate Band, Hunter's Moon, and No Right Turn. They all sound great! And then there are the London street folk bands, like the Boothill Foottappers, The Men They Couldn't Hang, and Yip Yip Coyote, who favour a mix of punk, country, folk, skiffle, and almost anything else they can think of who are a separate (but related) phenomena unto themselves. Anyhow, the English folk scene is booming again and that's great. (P.S. Pyewackett's next album is due soon and will emphasize instrumentals!)

NOTE: The Pyewackett, Oyster Band, and Home Service discs are available from: Silo Records, P.O. Box 429, South Main St., Waterbury, VT 05676. For information on the Truss & Bucket Band: 22 White Hill Court, Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire, HP4 2PS, England. Write to the Hookey Band at: P.O. Box 157, Oxford, OX1 2AZ, England. Contact Skin the Peeler at: Peelerpheela Publishing, 19 Marston Road, Knowe, Bristol, England.

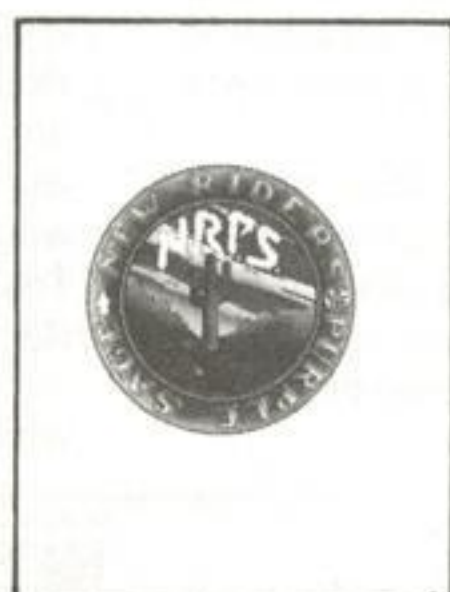
ELSEWHERE

You might be wondering if electric-folk or folk-rock, as it's variously been called, has popped up anywhere else. I'm pleased to report that it has, and even in this very country. **Boiled In Lead** hails from Minneapolis, Minnesota, and they've got a wild line in adaptations of traditional tunes from England, Scotland, and Ireland. They've just put out their first lp and it's hot! Contact Boiled Lead at: P.O. Box 7514, Minneapolis, MN 55407. Ireland's **Stockton's Wing** went electric two years ago and recently issued a live lp recorded in front of an enthusiastic Dublin crowd. The set's evenly divided between re-arranged traditional tunes and the band's original pop-folk songs. The group's arrangements are gentler than those of the other bands profiled here, but they're a talented bunch and this is an lp worth having. Write: Worldwide Management, 15 Batchelors Walk, Dublin 1, Ireland. **Figgy Duff** hail all the way from Newfoundland and their folk-rock style incorporate English, Irish, French and Scotch elements. *After the Tempest* (Boot) is their second album and is a great collection of Newfoundland ballads and tunes. Pamela Morgan's voice has great presence even on record, and Geoff Butler's accordion and Dave Panting's mandolin propel the instrumentals (available from Silo Records). **Malicorne** started out around ten years ago as the French equivalent of Steeleye Span. One of their finest albums is *Almanach*, a salute to the months of the year. It's available from: Immigrant Music, 205 West South Orange Avenue, South Orange, N.J. 07079. When contacting these folks, be sure to let them know where you read about them.

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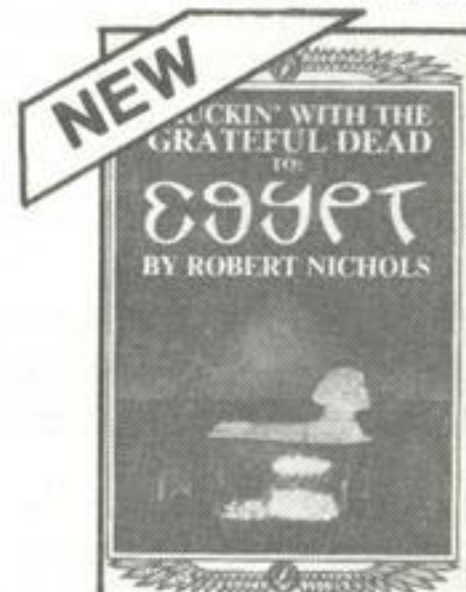
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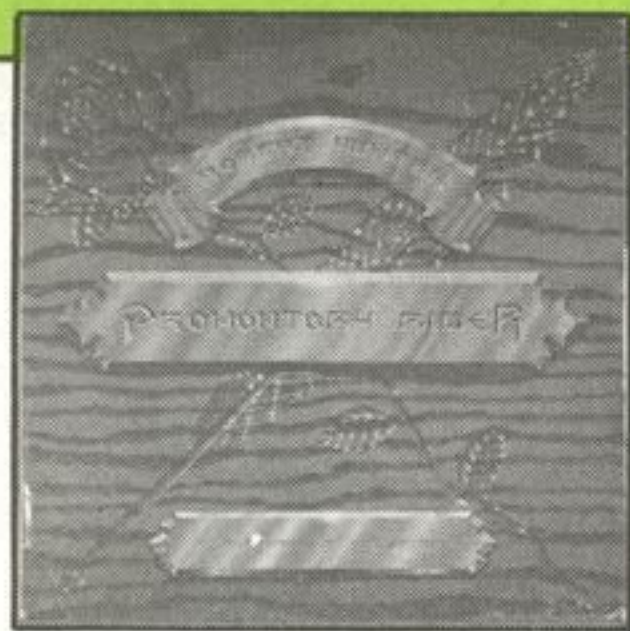
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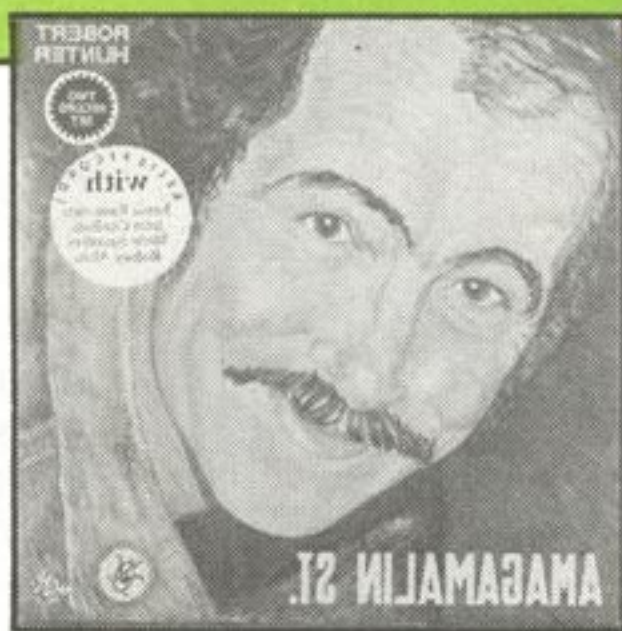
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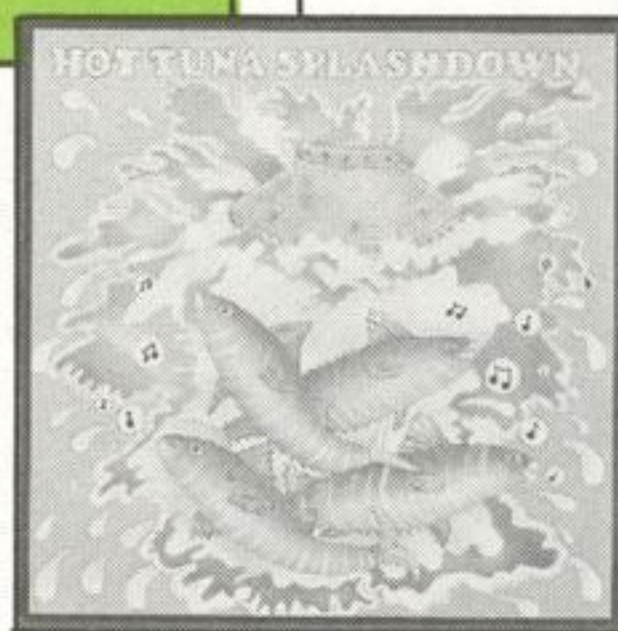
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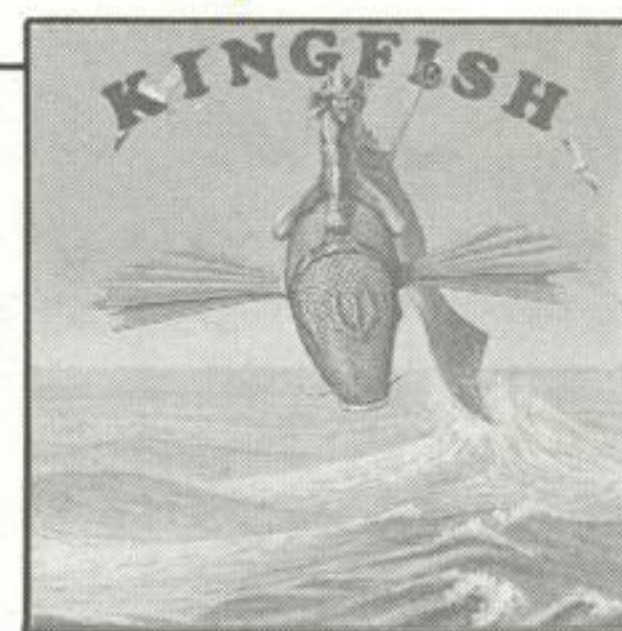
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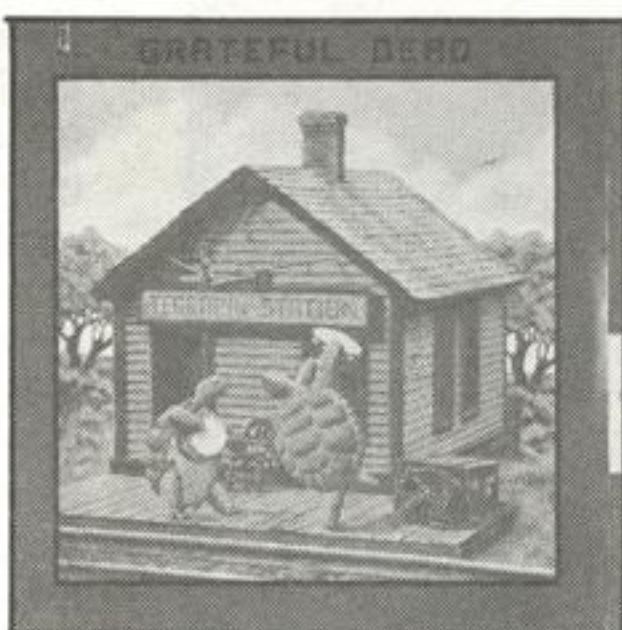
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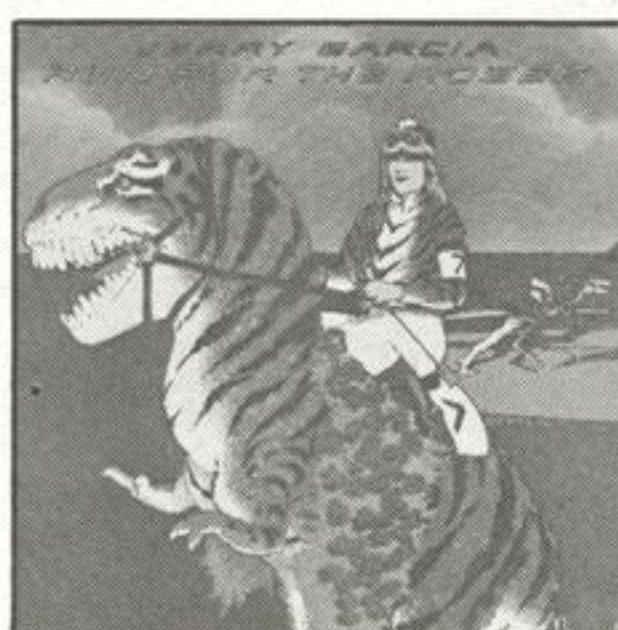
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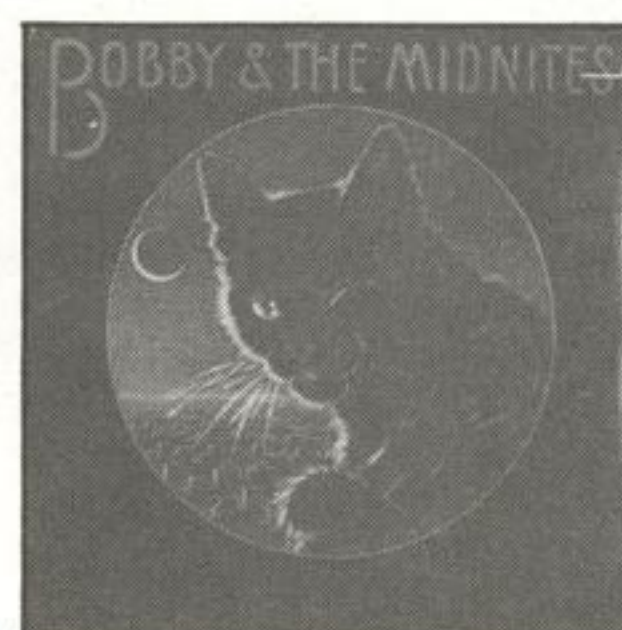
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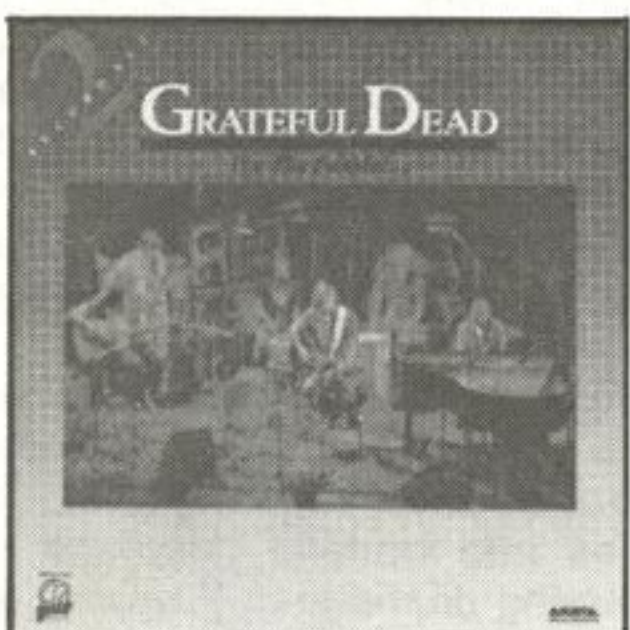
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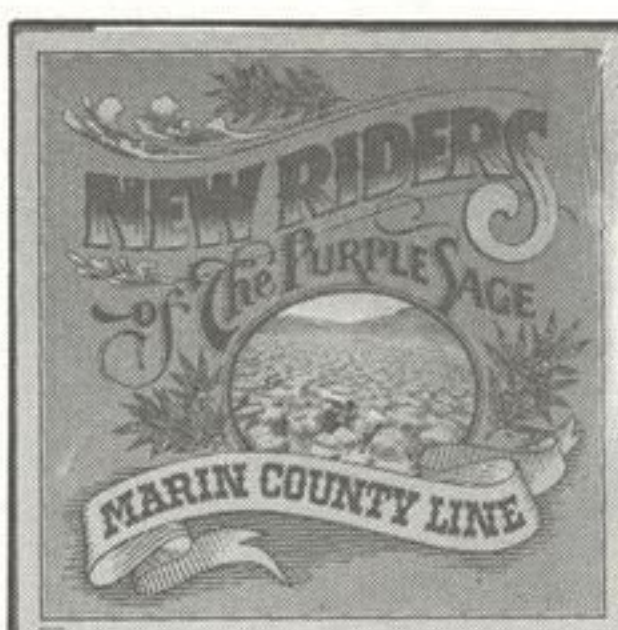
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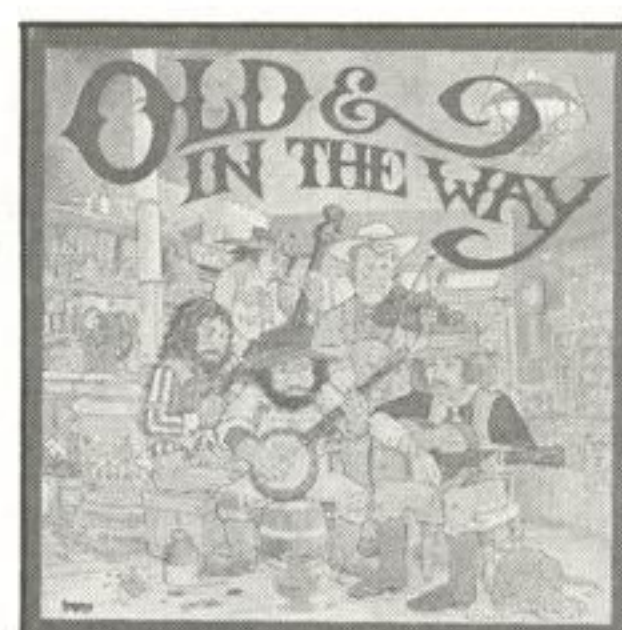
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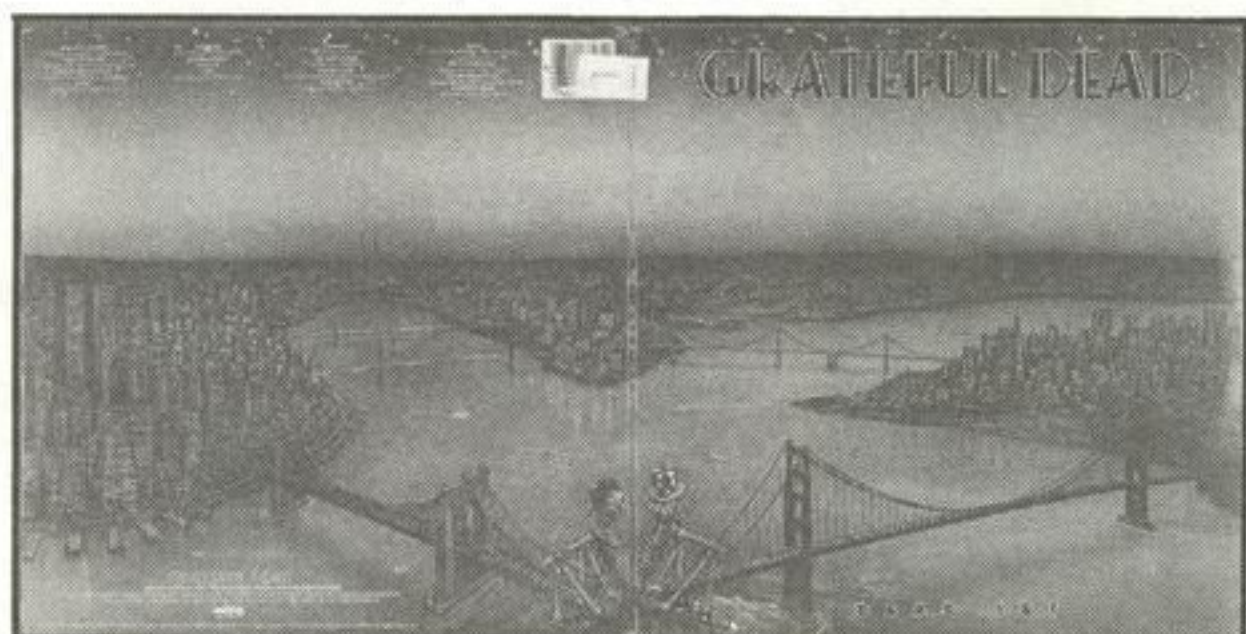
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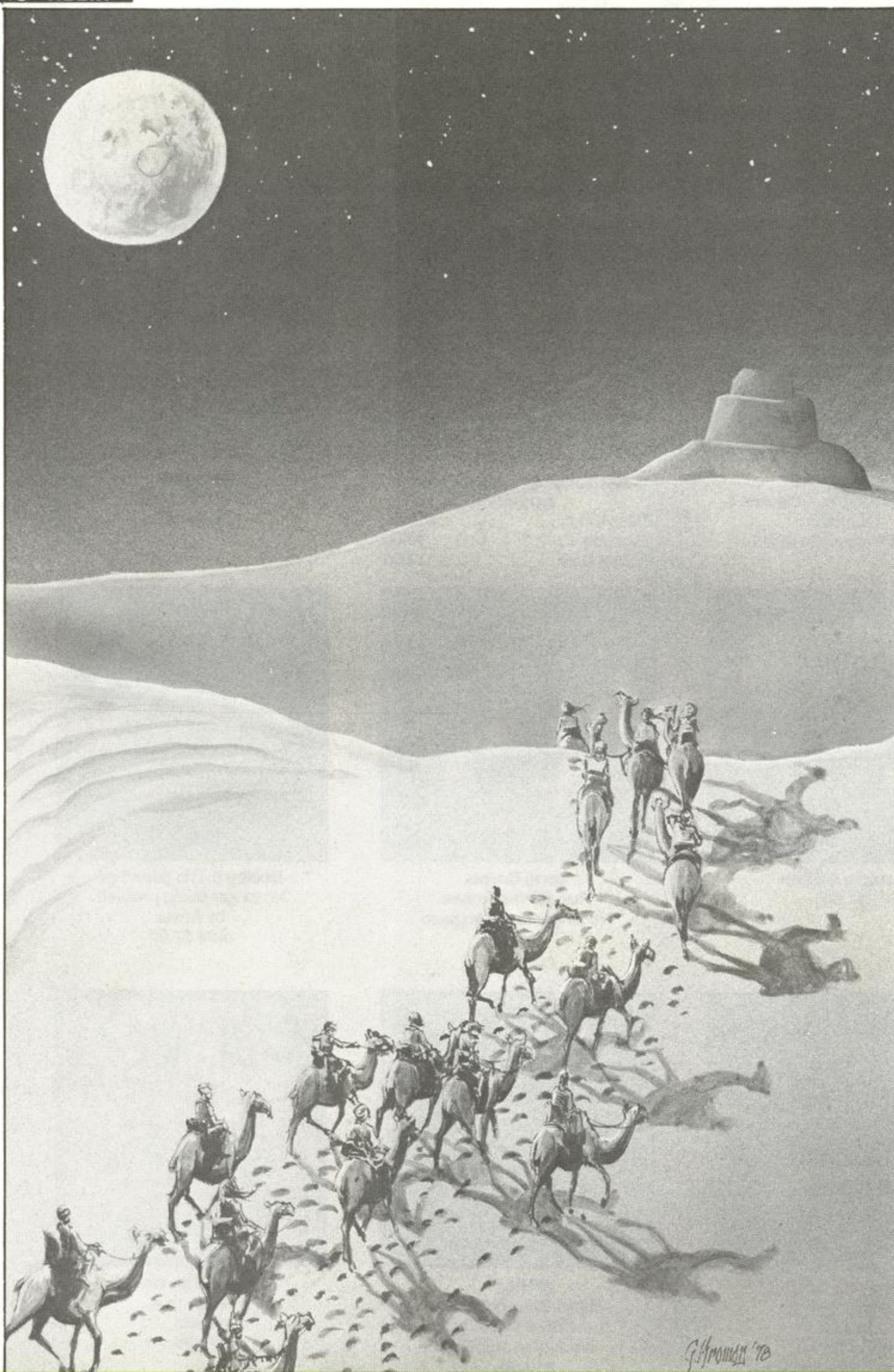


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Mickey Hart

interview

by Toni A. Brown

MICKEY Hart is well known for his diverse musical tastes that range from mere sounds, which the common ear would hardly find discernible, to some of the most elaborately complex compositions to be found.

Aside from his work with the Grateful Dead as "percussionist extraordinaire," his ceaseless efforts in locating the world's untapped musical resources is of great benefit to all music enthusiasts.

Hart has recently released two albums which should find themselves at home amongst any collection that boasts variety and excellence. *The Music of Upper and Lower Egypt* and *Sarangi—Music of India* are what Hart looks on as just the beginning. The resources are about to be tapped.

RELIX: Why did you originally begin recording world music?

HART: I wanted to learn about the musics of the world and master the art of Nagra remote recording. I discovered that there was a lot of ethnic music that deserved recording. There were so many neglected but worthy artists who could never afford to record their music that I felt I could provide an important service. I had the hope of being able to preserve the remnants of great but often dying cultures in addition to exposing my close friends to "world class artists."

Dan Healy and I began to record such artists as Ali Akbar Khan, Alla Rakha, Zakir Hussein, Father Hines; Hamza El Din, Norma and Jack Teagarden, the great stride piano players, Turk Murphey, the Demon drummers of Japan, etc. We took great care in recording these people. Unfortunately, at the time there was no market for this work. It was not seen as being commercially viable even on a small scale. However, today, due to the shrinking global scene, many more people realize that it is vital to understand life in other cultures. For example, what goes on in Egypt or India has more direct bearing on our current lives. Music is often a key to understanding another culture.

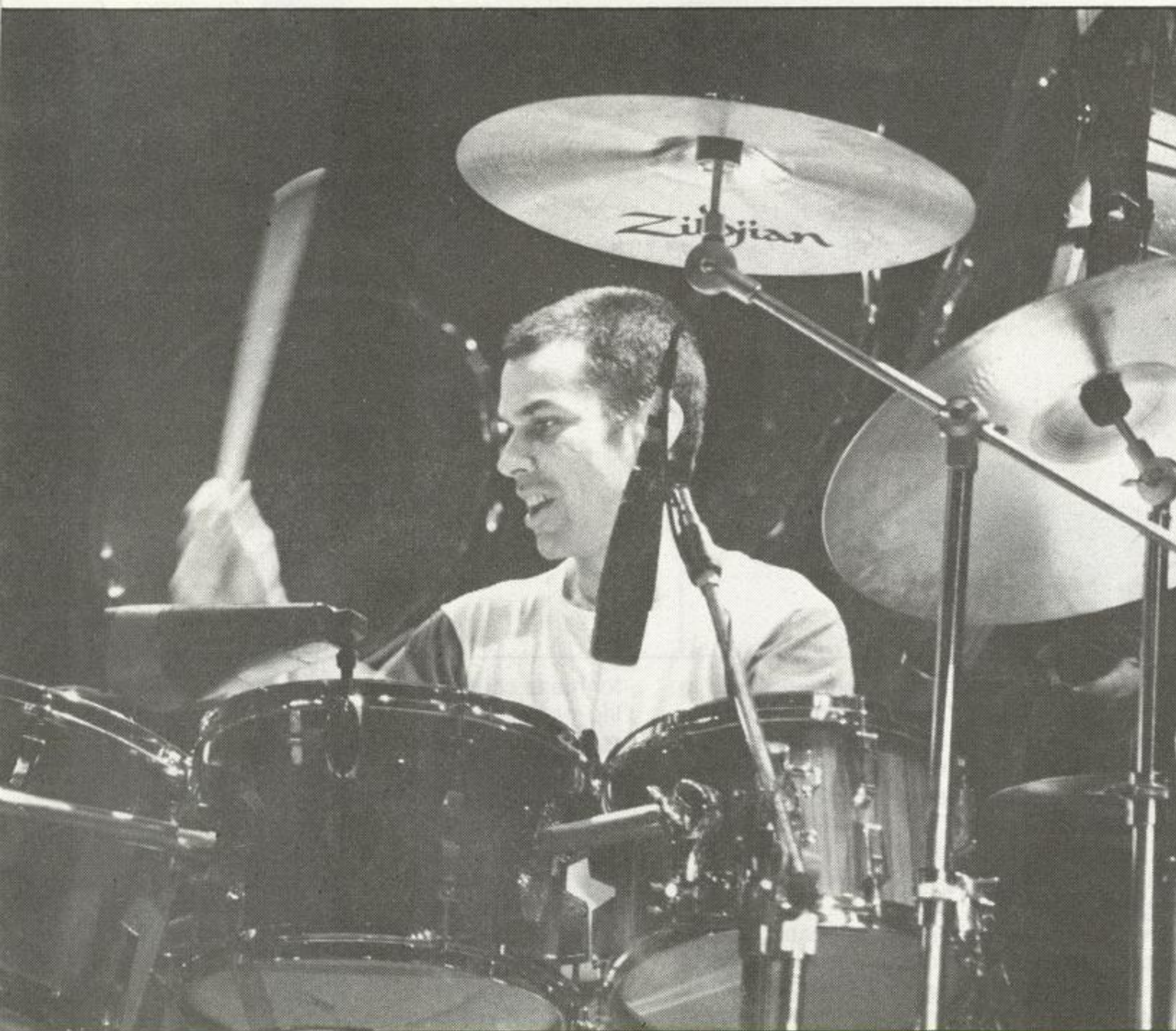
RELIX: You recorded *The Music Of Upper And Lower Egypt* back in 1978. Was that your first visit to Africa?

HART: No. I was there in the early sixties. I traveled to Algeria and Egypt. In Morocco I heard the Dervishes, who sang and danced themselves into trances, also the Hasish farmers playing drums and Magroons (double reed instruments). The farmers played all day and all night, the groove would be sustained for days, with certain musician/farmers dropping in and out to eat and attend to other bodily functions. Occasionally the music would be punctuated by bursts of gunfire.

RELIX: When you were in Egypt, did you study any of the effects of cultural differences on music?

HART: I prepared myself for this trip by learning their national instrument, the tar (a single membrane circular frame drum). I basically put myself in the hands of Hamza El Din, the great Nubian oudist (multi-stringed lute type instrument) and Tarist. Previously, I recorded and produced *Eclipse*, Hamza's record of Egyptian folk music on the Pacific Arts label.

He taught me that music goes along with every part of the villagers daily life. The music was specifically designed to help them with their work. In addition, there was the ceremonial music. These traditions were being diffused because of the twentieth century-electricity powered radios in the home, and



Hart—S.F. Civic 12/83

transistor radios that accompanied camel-drivers in the desert.

In some cases we knew we were capturing the last vestiges of certain kinds of music. In some areas of Egypt, Hamza was my musical guide. In other places, I had to seek the music out by exploring the local habitat.

After the Grateful Dead played in Cairo at the great Pyramids, we went to Aswan. I was accompanied by my engineers, John Cutler and Brett Cohen. From there we went to Komumbo, Hamza's village in the Sudan, and then to Alexandria on the coast.

The first side of *Music of Upper and Lower Egypt* are the recordings of the Felucca boatmen of Aswan. The second side of the record captures the music of desert nomads who live outside Alexandria.

RELIX: Did you find the music varied significantly between regions?

HART: Of course. As any musician or musicologist will tell you, environment dictates the nature of instruments. Scholars such as Steven Feld at the University of Pennsylvania do extensive research on the effects of environment on music. He is specifically looking at music in the rainforests of New Guinea where there is little light.

The Egypt record is an excellent example of environmental and political influences within the musical tradition of a modern nation. The Pharonic, Coptic, Islamic, Maeluk, and Colonial influences are all represented. The folk music tradition reflects the atmosphere and life of its people.

RELIX: Are there any instruments that stick out in your mind?

HART: The tar is my favorite. It's found throughout Egypt. Then there is the mismar, a reed instrument, from the SA'ED region between Luxor and Gerga. It carries the melody and sustains the hypnotic drone. Also, there is a five string lyre.

RELIX: What sort of equipment did you use for the recordings?

HART: For the Egypt record I used a stereo Nagra IV S and Sennheiser shotgun mics. The Indian tapes were recorded on a 16 track Ampex MM1000 to a Studer 2 track.

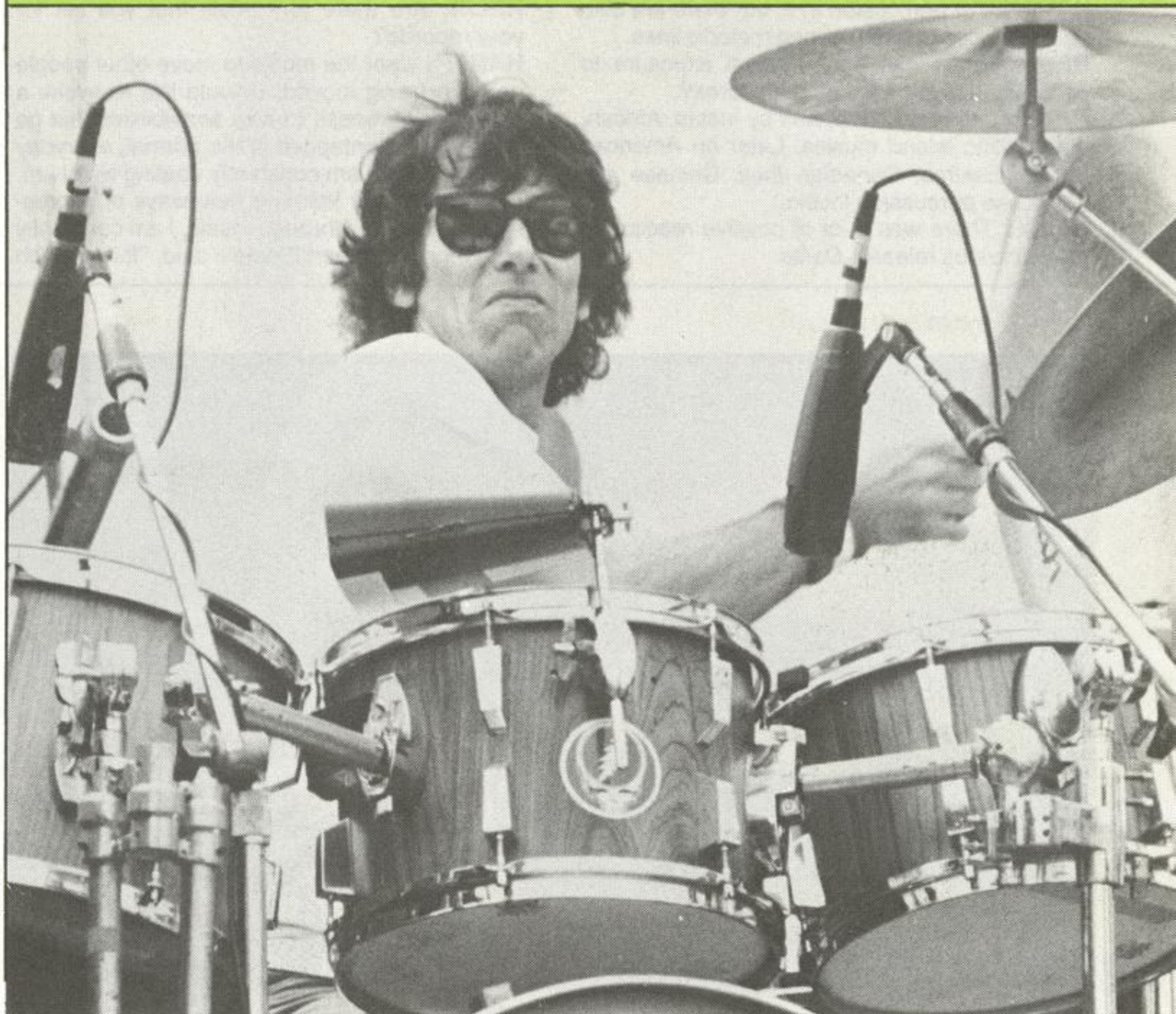
RELIX: *Sarangi, the Music of India*, has a different approach. Tell us about it.

HART: *Sarangi* was recorded in 1974. My teacher Allah Rakha, Ravi Shankar's drummer, was touring with George Harrison. Ravi hired the finest musicians in India to join George and make fusion music. He played at the Cow Palace outside San Francisco.

After the show, Zakir Hussein urged His Father, Allah Rakha, to invite the musicians to play the following day at the Ali Akbar Khan School of Music in Marin County. I was a student there at the time. Dan Healy, Rex Jackson, and I scrambled to set up the 16 track machine. We ended up recording an all night session of these extraordinary musicians playing for themselves. These musicians hadn't seen each other in years. When they were young, they were the hot shots on their own individual instruments. They went their own ways and became famous. This was a chance for them to play with each other and for each other. We rolled tape . . . and *Sarangi* is my favorite part of that evening. The *Sarangi* is a rare instrument not usually heard outside of India. The performers are Sultan Khan on *Sarangi* and Shri Rij Ram on *Tabla*. It was a very moving experience.

Amy Bursten

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RELIX: Are you planning any other similar surprises? Are any other solo efforts on the horizon?

HART: Lots of them, schedule permitting. Once the music is recorded, it lives forever. The dreams are out there. I am just working my way to them. They come around, little by little, if you stay around.

RELIX: What audience do you expect to reach with these records?

HART: I hope to reach all those who wish to explore the world's music. Although this caters to my taste and is my favorite music, I believe its striking beauty will move many others.

RELIX: Do you think percussion enthusiasts will learn from this record?

HART: Not only percussion enthusiasts, but people who appreciate music. There is a goodly amount of percussion in it, but there are also soulful voices carrying strong melodic lines.

RELIX: What was your earliest exposure to percussion music from other cultures?

HART: Latin Music followed by Indian, African, and Pacific Island musics. Later on American Indian, Eskimo, Canadian Inuit, Chinese and Japanese percussion music.

RELIX: There was a lot of positive reaction to your previous release, *Dafos*.

HART: It was incredible. It's now available in Compact Disc (CD) format. In the audiophile world, it's state of the art. They're comparing a lot of audiophile music to *Dafos*. Audiophile recordings are recorded using state of the art recording techniques. They are pressed on virgin vinyl, often designed to revolve at 45 RPM, and utilize packaging techniques to promote longevity of the disc.

I've been getting great feedback on this record. I think it's one of the top 10 imports in Japan. I am very pleased. People appreciate quality. A lot of care was taken in every aspect of the production. The success was no accident, I assure you. Credit is due to the artistry and wizardry of Tam Henderson, Marsha Martin and Keith Johnson of Reference Recordings in San Jose.

RELIX: Are there any goals that you set for your records?

HART: I want the music to move other people as I am being moved. I would like to evoke a spirit of awareness to new sensibilities that go unnoticed or untapped in the normal, everyday waking state. I am constantly updating who I am. I am constantly learning new ways of expressing my feelings through music. I am constantly exploring. As Albert Einstein said, "It is enough

for me to contemplate the mystery of conscious life perpetuating itself through all eternity, to reflect upon the marvelous structure of the universe which we can dimly perceive, and to try humbly to comprehend even in an infinitesimal part of the intelligence manifested in nature . . . The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the source of all true art and science. He to whom this emotion is a stranger, who can no longer pause to wonder and stand rapt in awe, is as good as dead; his eyes are closed."

I hope my music reflects and perpetuates this wonder.

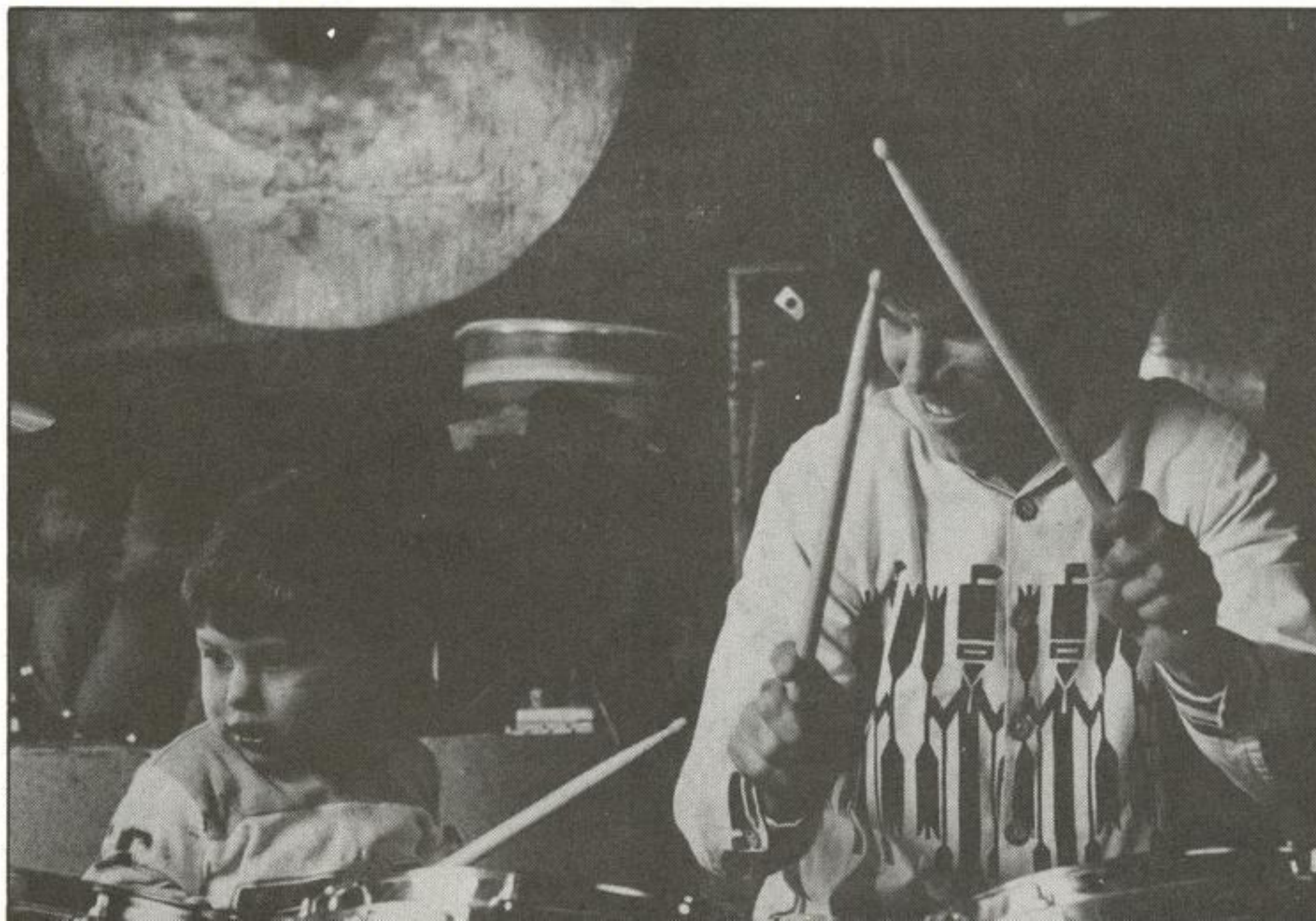
RELIX: I've heard you're working on a book.

HART: Yes, *The Edge of Magic*. It's my personal investigation into the spirit of percussion. Joining me in this project are Professor Frederic Lieberman, Dean of Porter College at U.C. Santa Cruz, and eminent musicologist and Prof. Elizabeth Cohen of Stanford, an acoustician.

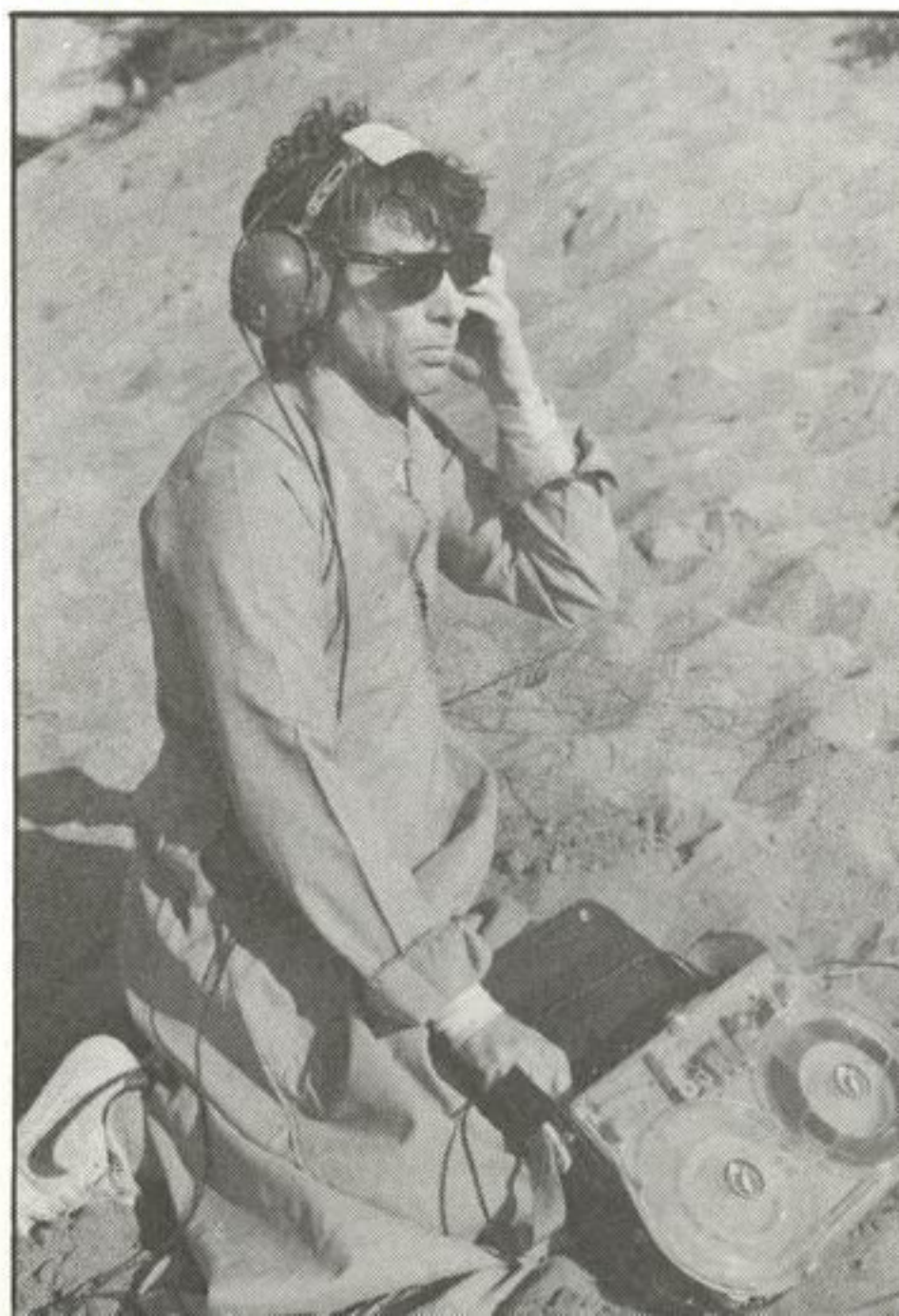
RELIX: Any news on the next Grateful Dead album?

HART: No, but we are working on the theme music for the upcoming CBS series, *THE TWILIGHT ZONE*, which will premier this Fall. We seem to be very good at it. After all we've lived there for so many years.

Taro (2) and Mickey Hart



Mickey Hart—recording



editorial

Dear Readers,

Our letter column doesn't appear in this issue due to the exceptionally lengthy editorial provided for your enjoyment. "Dear Relix" will appear again next issue, so get those letters in to us!

We are always working with a limited amount of space, and it's usually a highly emotional bout for me to decide what does get into each issue of Relix. Your requests take priority, so keep them coming. We like hearing from you.

Our next issue will be a very special one. 20 YEARS OF THE GRATEFUL DEAD! This issue will include rare photos, great stories, an exclusive interview with Brent Mydland (for all of you who missed him in our photo special), a peek at some of the folks behind the band, Robert Hunter and John Barlow, Wavy Gravy and some special surprises.

See you at the shows!

Toni

Our apologies to JOHN PUFKY, our second prize art contest winner (12-1). We spelled his name incorrectly last issue.



Out of the Vault!

360° RECORDS presents world music recorded by Mickey Hart, Dan Healy, and John Cutler

Music of Upper and Lower Egypt

360°-101

Egyptian folk music by the Aswan boat people and desert nomads of the Alexandria region. "The Nile Tapes," the music of Upper and Lower Egypt, are Nagra field recordings made by Mickey Hart and John Cutler following the Grateful Dead's performances at the Great Pyramid in 1978. They are expressions and interpretations of the lives of the Egyptian people which reflect the rich ethnic heritages of the Upper and Lower Nile.

MUSIC OF UPPER AND LOWER



Sarangi: Music of India

360°-102

A rare recording of one of India's most talented *sarangi* players USTAD SULTAN KHAN. Recorded in 1974 by Mickey Hart and Dan Healy in a large granite room called the Stone House, this romantic raga also features Sri Rij Ram on *tabla*. During the performance the sound of the *sarangi* and *tabla* are enhanced by the acoustic properties of the Stone House room.

Sarangi
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Oh, come with old Khayyám, and leave the Wise
To talk; one thing is certain, that Life flies;
One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.



SINCE 1966

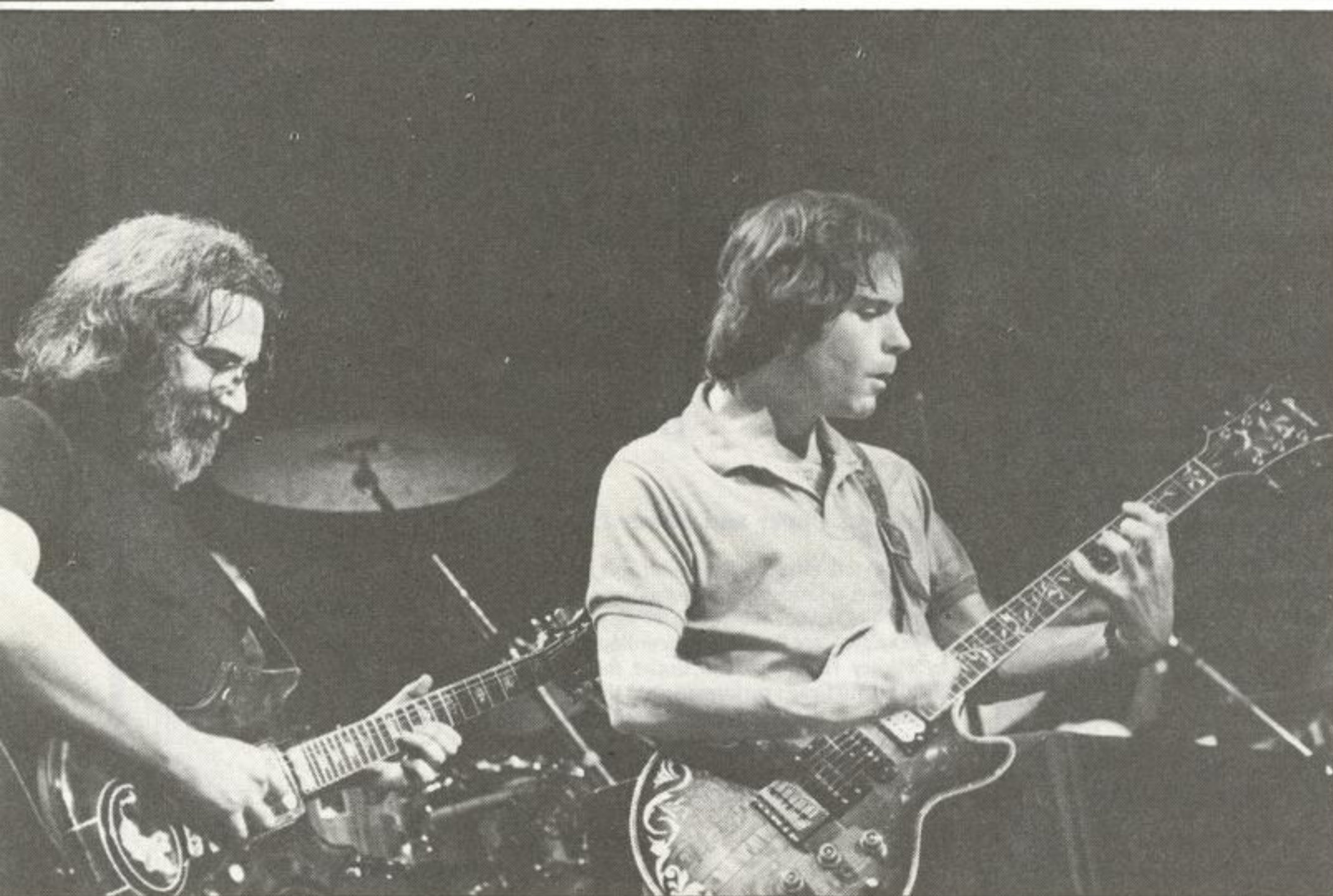
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Randy Bachman

Tape Trading And in the beginning... (A guide for beginners) by Matt Kovary

TWENTY years ago, when I was banging softballs out of the P.S. 41 schoolyard in Greenwich Village, my main prepubescent objective in life was to trade baseball cards with the uppeclassmen. These guys had shoeboxes full of the most sought-after baseball cards in the neighborhood, but they only traded amongst themselves. In contrast, I carried my entire collection around in my jacket pocket and traded with kids who had as limited a collection as I did.

As I look back on those years I realize that the difficulty of trading baseball cards with the big guys was not unlike the difficulty experienced by a beginner who wants to trade tapes with advanced collectors. That's because beginners usually have nothing interesting to offer someone who has nearly everything.

When I read the Relix classifieds placed by tape traders new to the field I see words like "desperate," and "must have this," or "must have that." Let's face it, no one really wants to trade with someone who advertises the fact that they have nothing to offer. You want to be "resourceful," not "desperate" in your search, and there are plenty of resourceful techniques for developing a wide circle of musical pen pals who can help you get high-generation live recordings.

Beginning tape traders are more restrained by their own lack of imagination than anything else. It never occurred to me as a kid, for example, that the way to trade baseball cards with the shoebox set was to learn exactly what cards the heavy hitters needed for their collection. Even the big guys needed the unusual, offbeat cards, those with pictures of lesser-known players, to round out their team photo collection.

The same is true among advanced tape collectors. If you are a beginner's beginner you should trade with other beginners at first. Check the ads; there are many in back of Relix. After you begin trading with a small group and

have gathered a handful of lists, do a quick cross-reference of everyone's recordings. Look for the shows which are unique to each list, no matter what year it was recorded. Even new collectors have one or two shows which distinguish their lists from other lists. Do this until you have gathered enough rarities to attract the upperclassmen of the field into a mail-order friendship. This friendship, of course, will be a mutually beneficial relationship.

Another way for a beginner to cultivate connections is to present an attractive and readable tape list. Too many times I've seen lists scribbled in pencil, poorly xeroxed, and with glaring inaccuracies as far as the dates were concerned.

A list of performances with no date errors is nearly impossible to achieve, especially when your list starts growing and you begin to dive into the older recordings of the '60s, a period of many spontaneous, undocumented performances.

Here are two suggestions for fine-tuning the dates on your list. One—consult "The Official Book of the Dead Heads" by Paul and Jonas Grushkin and Cynthia Bassett which is obtainable through Relix or in most bookstores. It contains a comprehensive appendix of every gig the band played up to 1982, with very few inaccuracies. Two—consult others especially those tapers who have been at it for awhile. If there is a question concerning the date of a certain performance, send them the songlist of the show and other pertinent information. People are usually more than happy to help. It's a never-ending struggle, but part of the fun of corresponding is comparing notes with fellow enthusiasts.

Unless you are a fair calligrapher, all collectors, especially beginners, should take a few extra moments to type their list. It's easy to assume someone with a sloppy, off-the-cuff list also has careless recording habits, isn't quick in

responding to requests, or simply isn't serious about the hobby.

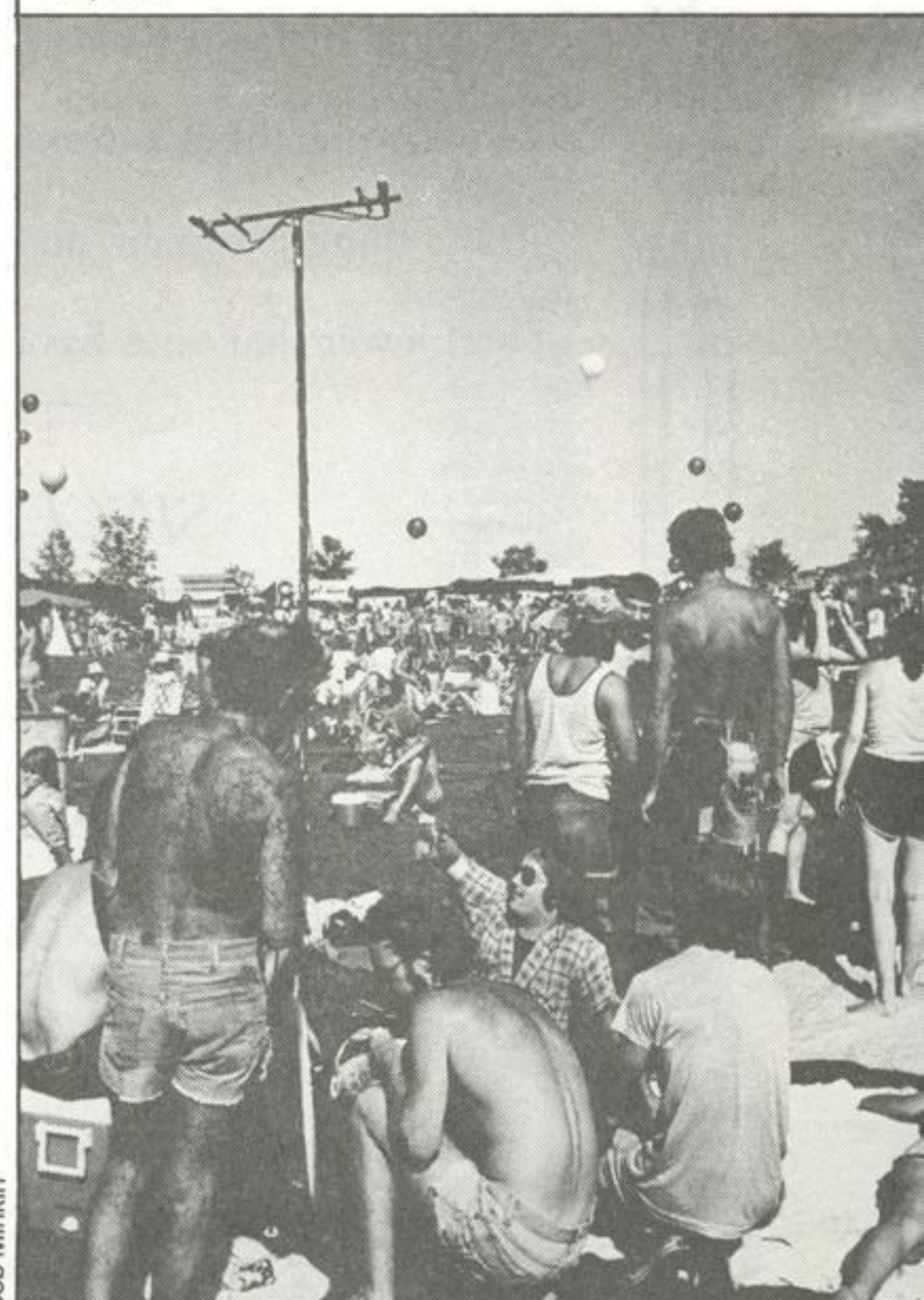
Oddly enough, some of the most beautiful lists I've ever seen were composed on computers, often utilizing mind-dazzling computer graphics. This is state-of-the-art list production and mainly practical for advanced collectors with multi-page tape lists. Instead of retyping an entire list over again to reflect recent updates, the computer, or word processor, provides a convenient procedure for inserting new additions in the proper time slot.

Proper chronological order is so important I can't over stress it. No matter how short your list is, the second most important feature of a truly readable list, after typing it, is to present your performances in the order the band played them. Then people can tell at a glance what you have to offer.

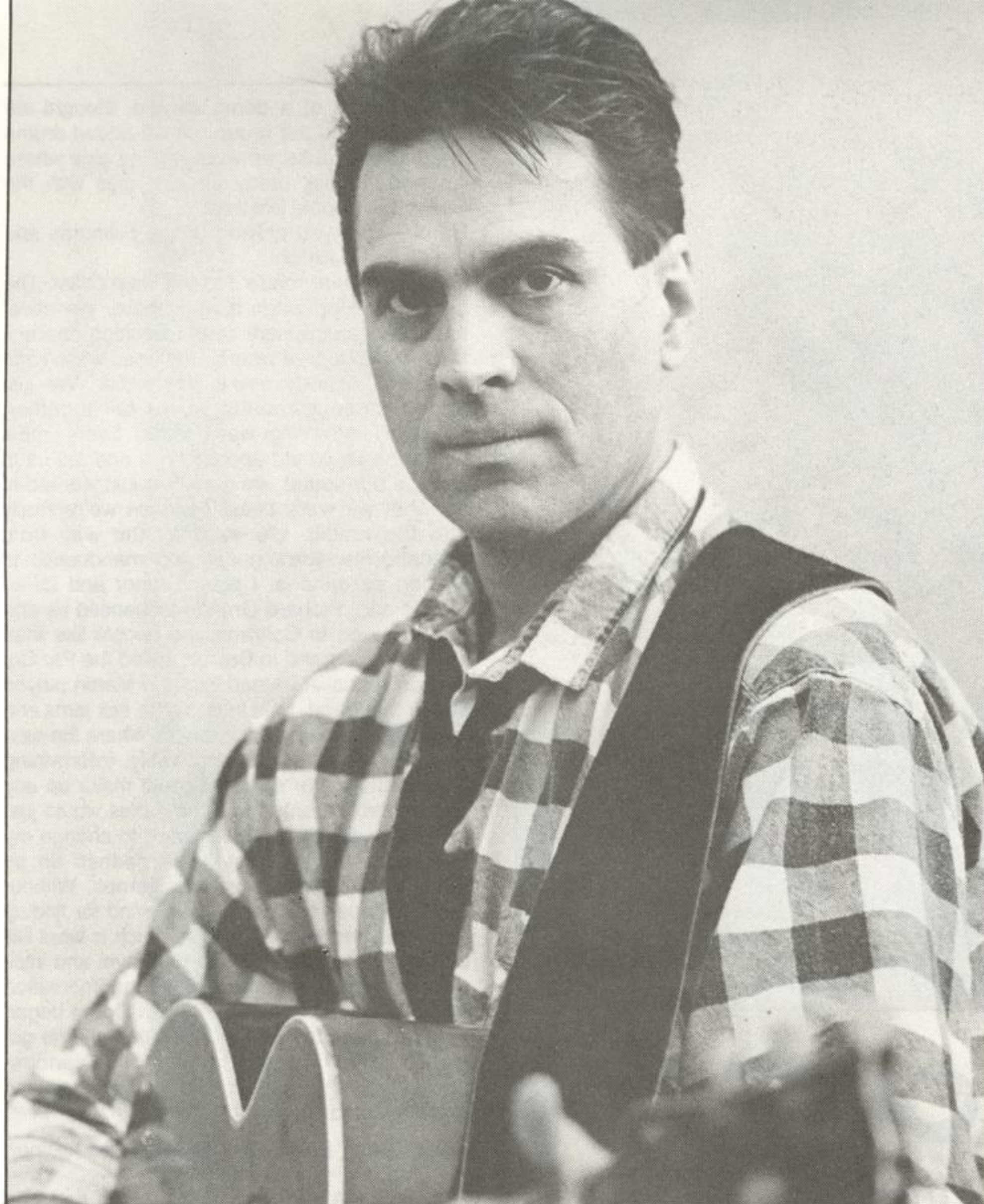
Other features that are practically obligatory for the beginner to include on a list are the location of the concert, the length of the tape in minutes, and the source of the recording. Basically, tapes originate either from the soundboard (sbd), the audience (aud), or the radio (fm). One of my pen pals swears by FM recordings for various reasons: They are perfectly balanced, there are no audience noises, and most importantly, the Dead are usually psyched into giving a special performance because they are reaching a very broad audience.

My final word of advice for beginners is to enjoy the music—both live and recorded. I don't have to convince any of our readers that the Grateful Dead is the finest rock-and-roll band in the world. Yet, with a hobby like this, it's easy to get too much of a good thing. I know some tape collectors who don't go to concerts anymore because they'd rather stay home and listen to their tapes rather than put up with the crowds. That's like not going to anymore baseball games because you'd rather stay home and stare at your collection of rare baseball cards. So go out, meet people, and above all, don't forget those microphone antennas.

Tapers



Bob Minkin



Debbie Green Andersen

Eric Anderson

Eric Andersen

Tight in the Night by William Ruhlmann

THE music starts quietly, first an electric guitar, then a soft theme played on alto saxophone, and then that haunting voice: "I had a dream of you . . ." It's a familiar voice, but you've never heard it paired to music like this before. Eight years after his last U.S. record release, it's Eric Andersen, opening his new album, *Tight In The Night*, just out on his own mail-order record label, Wind and Sand Records.

Although he is best remembered as a folk-singer of the sixties and a singer-songwriter of the seventies, Andersen's music is not so easily categorized. "I'm not really in the folk circuit," he said in an interview in February at the offices of his new label in New York. "I'm not like Robin Williamson or John Hartford, who are on Flying Fish and play folk festivals and coffee houses and campuses. I'm not that, and I'm not really a pop artist. I'm a songwriter, but it's ironic—they always refer to me as a 'folk legend' and the irony is that I don't know any folk songs!"

Listening to Andersen's albums over his twenty-year recording career, you will hear styles that range from acoustic folk to folk-rock, to country, string-augmented ballads, and

straight rock 'n' roll. The diversity is deliberate. "One of the things I've been into," he said, "is concepts, because besides just writing songs and singing I like to sculpt sound and work with sound, and I've had opportunities to do it. Sometimes it's worked, sometimes it hasn't—I try a lot of things out. In music, there're a lot of great spirits."

It's his openness to change, to experiment with different styles, which has made him hard to pin down, but which has also kept his music fresh. The writing, which is as consistent on *Tight In The Night* as it was on his first album, serves as a bedrock on which he can build various musical structures without losing his identity.

And the diversity has allowed him to work with a variety of musicians whose styles might have seemed incompatible. Over the years, his recordings have included such players as Eric Gayle, Norbert Putnam, Joni Mitchell, the Jordanaires, Tom Scott, and Happy and Artie Traum. He's appeared with just his own acoustic guitar, with a rock band, and, last fall, with a string quartet. And he's worked with the Grateful Dead.

Even some dedicated Dead Heads may not realize that the "Anderson" co-credited on

Wake of the Flood's "Weather Report Suite" is Eric Andersen. How did that come about?

"I lived out in Mill Valley," he said, "and I had done some tours—I had toured with the Byrds a little bit and I had toured with the New Riders of the Purple Sage, and I had met Garcia. Garcia had been a fan of mine, in a way. He loved some songs like "Come to My Bedside" (from *Today Is The Highway*, 1965), and he knew them. I had seen him a couple of times, I'd play them and he could play them back to me. He was always very nice.

"So I knew those guys and I had been to a couple of concerts—some of the extravaganzas in Denver and different places. And when I moved to Mill Valley, bought a house, I was seeing Bob Weir from time to time—they were all living out there.

"He was working on this new song and he had tried to work with Garcia and it didn't work; he tried to work with Robert Hunter, that didn't work. So he called me! He said, 'Well, I've been trying it and I can't get it, could you come over and help me work on this?' So, I just went over and we did it—spent a couple of nights on it. I think they were in the midst of recording or just about to record, so he didn't have a lot of time."

"Weather Report Suite—Part I" is easily recognizable as an Andersen song. Its gentle, evocative music gives it a flow continued in the lyrics, which use the elements of nature, wind and rain, to talk about sexual longing until "my lover comes and spreads her wings." This is classic Eric Andersen.

The new album, while it continues his constant songwriting themes, updates his sound dramatically. In keeping with his extensive traveling over the last few years, it was recorded in Canada and Sweden.

"I was up in Kingston, Ontario," Eric recalled, "in a club called Dollar Bill's that was run by these guys who were good friends of Dan Ackroyd's, and they said, 'Why don't you get a band?' And in trying to assemble a band for this gig, I thought, why don't we do a few gigs? My manager, David Jackson, said, 'Why don't you try to get a band up there that's already together,' hopefully a band that could draw on their own, and then get paid separately, so I wouldn't have to carry a band.

"So I met this group called the Rocking Deltoids. We did a couple of days rehearsal and it was just incredible—everybody flipped out. So we went and played a week at Albert's Hall in Toronto and the band was really burning and everybody came down, the television, the newspapers, and it became the hottest thing in town. So we went into the studio and cut some tunes—we were thinking of doing a mini-lp. And I was going over to do a tour in Scandinavia." It was in Sweden that Andersen met Kjell Andersson, a record producer who suggested he finish the album there, and who assembled a band of well-known Swedish musicians to help. The result was released in Europe last year.

"EMI had first rights on it," Andersen said, "and then they came back to me. And one good thing is that it's nice to be working for myself and not be working for a company."

Tight In The Night, which is being released in April, is a mixture of old and new—Andersen's familiar aching voice and romantic lyrics in a new rock context. Don't worry about the categories, just listen to the music.

The album can be bought by mail through Wind and Sand Records, 50 West 34th Street, Suite 11C5-RI, New York, NY, 10001. It costs \$9.95, plus \$1.00 postage and handling (NY State residents add 83¢ sales tax).



Peter Rowan

Singing to the Sky

by John Kruth

PETER Rowan is a singer-songwriter whose work reflects a powerful vision of America. Outlaws and Indians inhabit a landscape painted with neon and moonlight. Broken-hearted romantics lean against jukeboxes or wander aimlessly through pine tree forests in search of their true loves.

There is a preoccupation with the power of nature in Rowan's lyrics. He is forever singing about the land and then creating a cast of colorful characters to occupy it and act out their passion plays.

Whether he is "Waiting For Elijah," entranced by Richard Greene's mournful fiddle or "riding his white horse" with his old pal Mescalito in "The Free Mexican Airforce," Rowan's poetic stories capture the imagination of his listeners.

Peter's music has been an exploration into a variety of styles. There have been detours as well as full blown safaris into bluegrass and country as well as reggae and Irish music. In *Earth Opera*, a band which he formed with David Grisman in the late Sixties, he used a lot of free-form jazz elements which were inspired by saxophonist John Coltrane. Rowan has worked with Mexican accordionist Flaco Jimenez live and on recordings. In his classic "Land Of The Navajo," Peter chills the souls of his audience with heart piercing Indian cries.

His journey and evolution as a musician has been fascinating to follow. From his early days

with Bill Monroe thru his experimental jaunts with *Earth Opera*, the rollicking *Seatrain*, *Mule-skinners* and *Old And In The Way*, Rowan has combined superb musicianship with a clear and powerful voice.

This interview took place during a trip to Peter's home town—Wayland, Massachusetts, where he grew up singing in the pine trees which surrounded his house.

Relix: How did *Earth Opera* begin?

Peter Rowan: David Grisman and I met in Cambridge after I had left Bill Monroe about '64 or '65 and we started playing these tunes that I had written in Nashville that were too esoteric for commercial country releases. David had been playing mandolin on the west coast with Jerry Garcia and Herb Pederson. Then he came east and I came up from Nashville and we got together at Ralph Rinzler's apartment. He had a mandocello and was applying it to some songs I had written. Instead of playing bluegrass rhythm, I was playing more arpeggiated patterns to back up my songs and we were doing them at a slower tempo where we'd really stretch out the time.

Relix: Wasn't Grisman playing electric mandolin as well?

P.R.: Yeah, he had an electric Gibson mandolin that had lots of feedback and fuzztone. We started out like the Incredible String Band, as a duo, but the folk scene was changing so fast that even Elektra records, who had signed us

on the virtue of a demo we did, thought we should expand the group, so we added drums and stuff because we were getting gigs where we had to rock pretty heavily, gigs with the Doors and people like that.

Relix: Were you playing at the Fillmores and the Avalon Ballroom?

P.R.: We never made it to the west coast. The band broke up when it went there. We never had the management or the booking coordinated to the degree where...my head wasn't into business, nobody else's was either. We just hoped those elements would fall together. We didn't know what was needed. Every time a big manager would approach us and tell us to change our sound, we'd say we just wanted to do what we were doing because we're really into the music. We went all the way from acoustic mandolin, guitar and mandocello to playing saxophone. I played tenor and David played alto. Richard Grando influenced us and turned us on to Coltrane and people like that. There was a band in Boston called the Far Cry and an herbalist named Richard Martin played sax in that band. I sat in on some sax jams and had these amazing experiences where the saxophones would be playing freely, intertwining and as the guitar player, I could make up any chords that I wanted and the saxes would just follow my direction. This started to change my outlook on music because it opened up so many possibilities. It was dangerous. Without having a business head and a mind for finding one style and sticking with it, which is what Bill Monroe always said, "Find that style and stick with it!," it was a tremendous experimentation going on all the time. Then *Earth Opera* began to suffer because we lost our direction. We got too far afield. It made for great live performances but it also made for a lot of unknowns and craziness and psychic torture.

Relix: After *Earth Opera* ended you joined *Seatrain*.

P.R.: Yeah, I went back to Nashville and was hangin' out with Kris Kristofferson when he was making his first album. I was amazed. I thought I'd stay there and work on projects, pick up the threads. But I got a phone call from Richard Greene from the west coast, who had been the fiddle player with Monroe when I was with him. Richard had started playing with bassist Andy Kulberg and the remnants of the Blues Project, a New York band (which featured Al Kooper and Steve Katz, who later formed Blood, Sweat and Tears). We started doin' things like "In The Pines" and Richard and I played a few acoustic gigs together. All of a sudden, all that lack of direction and experimenting became very focused. *Seatrain* had management. Albert Grossman (who managed Bob Dylan and Janis Joplin) handled the band. We were immediately playing gigs all over the east coast. We moved back and forth from coast to coast a couple of times. We played a lot of college gigs and the post Woodstock rock festivals. There was a pretty good rock scene in San Francisco so we played there a lot. Then we finally got drummer Larry Atamanuik, who had been with Ronnie Hawkins and was an alumnus of the same school of music as The Band.

Relix: Did you play any other instrument in *Seatrain* beside the guitar?

P.R.: I tried to bring the mandola into it but it was a foreign element in that conglomeration. We were a pretty hard rockin' band. We mostly did kick-ass music like "Orange Blossom Special" and "Sally Goodin." We'd segue those fiddle tunes in with my songs of Kulberg's opuses, where we'd feature the fiddle. In *Earth*

Opera there was alot of free-form stuff based solely on intuition. In Seatrain, all of that stuff had been worked out and was calculated to give maximum energy to the performance with no questionable periods of silence of searching notes.

Relix: Was Seatrain the first band George Martin produced outside of the Beatles?

P.R.: I think so. He did Cilla Black and a few other people in England.

Relix: Seatrain produced four albums altogether. You hadn't joined the band by the time the first album came out and you left the group before the last album was released.

P.R.: Well, the thing about Seatrain was, I found that I had become so specialized in my electric guitar playing. It was good for me. It focused me but I found that when I'd get off the road, I couldn't play an acoustic guitar. My chops were all screwed up from playing these worked out parts and arrangements. It kind of panicked me a little bit. I thought I was losing it. when you focus really hard in one direction, something has to ease up in another. It was incessant touring.

Relix: How long was your stint with Seatrain?

P.R.: Three years. We toured for two of them. It was very exciting. I'd love to do a Seatrain reunion.

Relix: I'd like to see it too!

P.R.: I can now appreciate what was goin' on in that band. I wanted to do the things I did in Seatrain when I left but I couldn't do them, which was how the Muleskinner album (which included the late great Clarence White on guitar, banjo ace Bill Keith, David Grisman on mandolin and the dazzling fiddle work of Richard Greene) and Old And In The Way (recently re-released on the Sugar Hill label, the band included Jerry Garcia on banjo, David Grisman, fiddler Vassar Clements and bassist John Kahn) came about. That was a total return to acoustic music and lit a fuse for the blue-



Peter Rowan and son Michael 1/85

grass revival, from an urban or rock 'n roll point of view. I've met alot of people who started out listening to Old And In The Way and ended up loving the Stanley Brothers or listening to Flatt and Scruggs. That music turned alot of people on to what came before.

Relix: Did Muleskinner ever perform live in front of an audience?

P.R.: Yeah, we did a week in L.A., appeared on a T.V. show and that was all there was. After that it was Old And In The Way and three albums with the Rowan Brothers (Asylum).

Relix: Was your whole family musical?

P.R.: My grandfather Wallace and Uncle Jim played ukes. They knew Hawaiian and swing tunes like "Ain't She Sweet" and "Red River Valley."

Relix: Was the ukulele your first instrument?

P.R.: Yeah, a baritone uke, it was made of plastic. I went out and got a dog leash and made a strap out of it, ya'know like chains and phony leather...

Relix: The dawn of punk!

P.R.: We let our ukes hang low! (laughs) After a year of playing Elvis and Everly Brothers songs, the frets on my Arthur Godfrey ukulele were worn down into the fingerboard, 'cause they were plastic frets. I didn't know there was anything else, for a while. As a kid we'd go up to my grandfather's place for a big family party and we'd be strumming tennis rackets all year long, waiting to get hold of his guitar. We'd get there and his guitar was so beautiful. It was wood! shining...I look at it now and it's the most beat up hunk of wood you've ever seen. It's called a Monterey. The insignia is stenciled on the peghead. That guitar meant everything to me as a kid.

Relix: Were either of your parents musicians?

P.R.: Yes, they both played piano. My dad danced and sang and did soft-shoe routines. My mother played the classics. My dad would play some old college tunes and start tripping on the chords. Half way through a song, he'd just go out, arpeggiating like crazy on the piano. I'd say "Dad! What are you doing?" and he wouldn't even hear me. He'd just be improvising these arpeggiated sequences and that in a

sense was one of my first musical directions. When you couple that with Bill Monroe just chopping chords and expecting you to hit the next note in time, in key...it's lethal man! (laughs) It'll make you write some funny songs.

Relix: When did you write your first song?

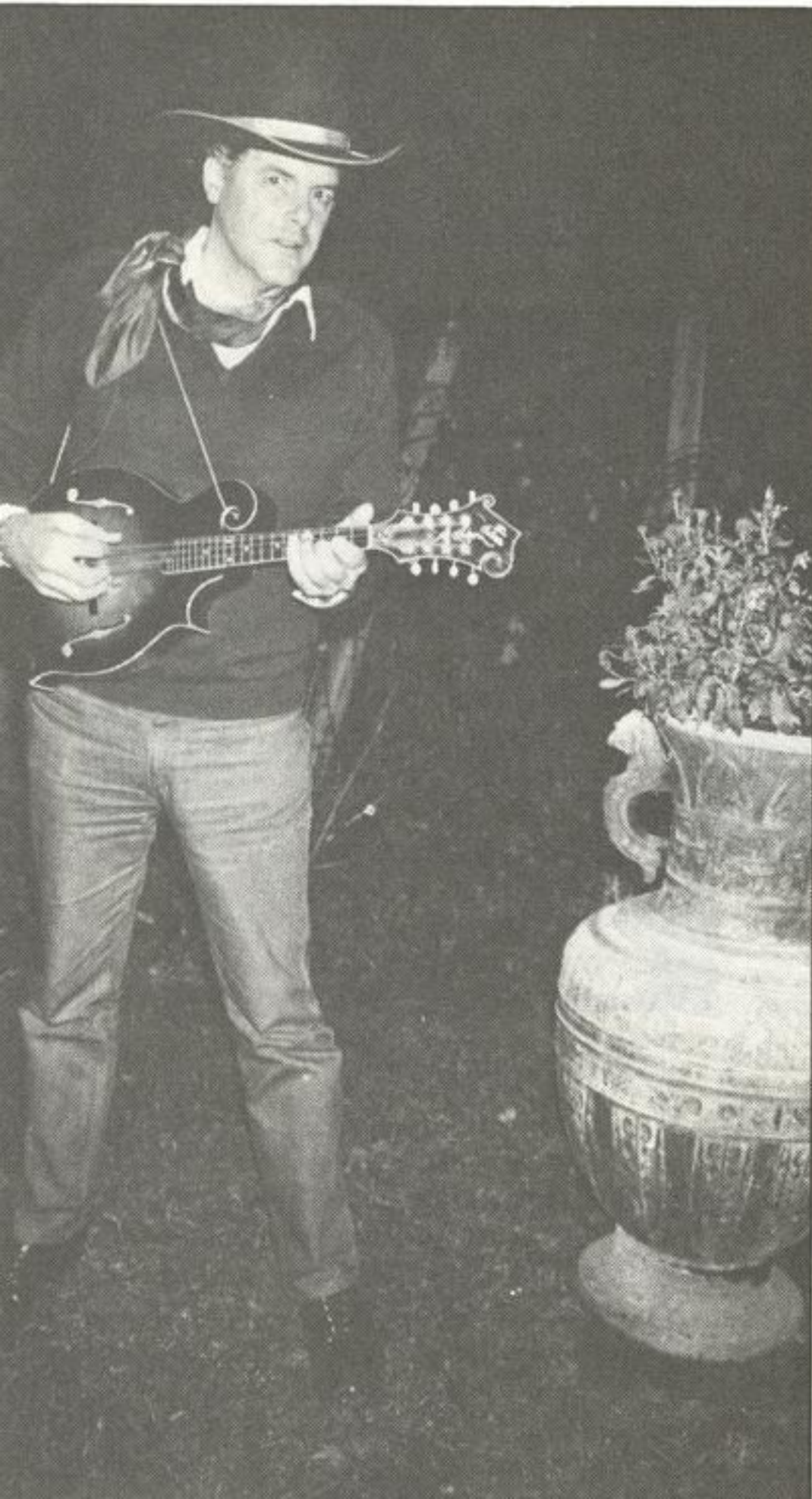
P.R.: At ten. It was called "Blueberry Blues." I wrote it on Cape Cod.

Relix: When did songwriting become a focal point in your life?

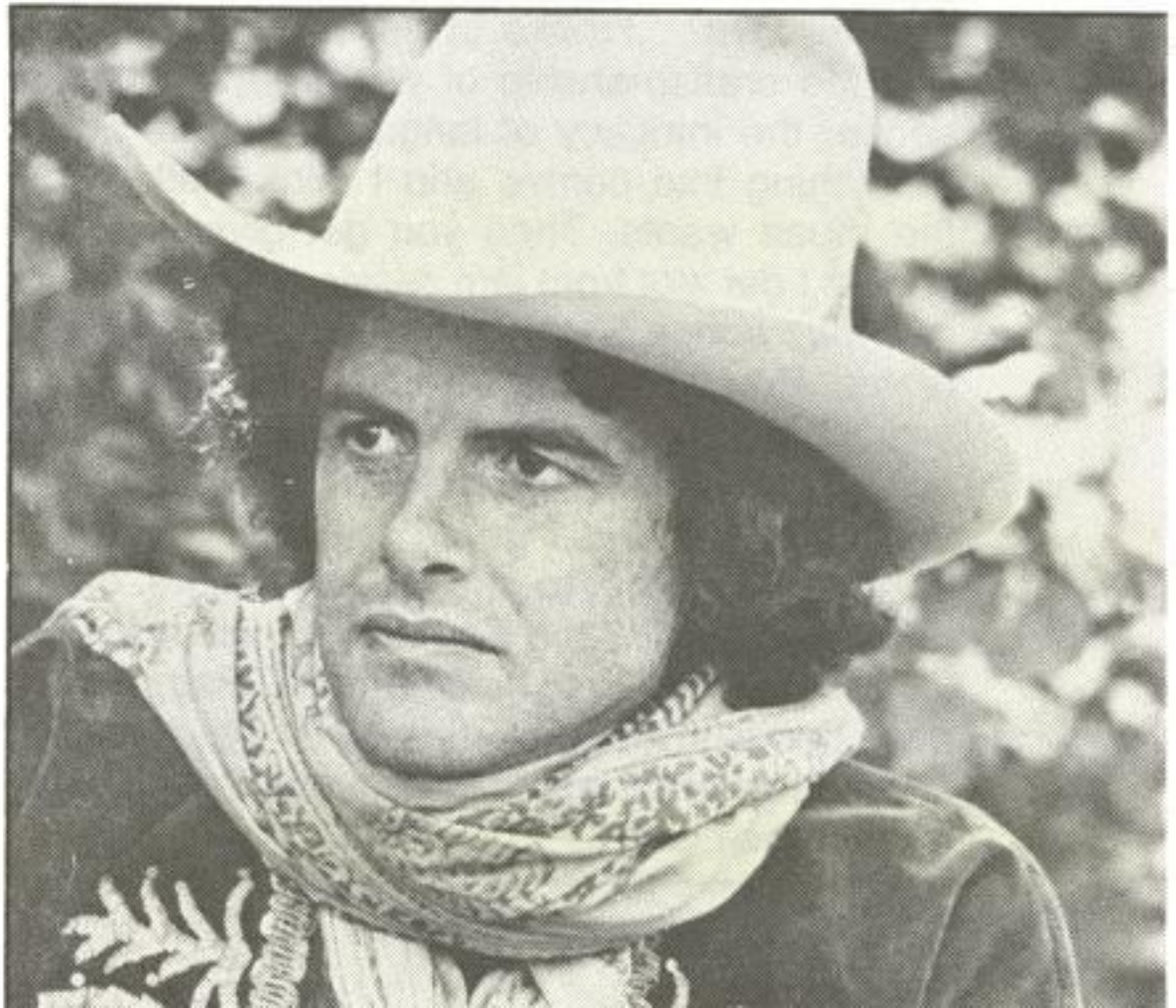
P.R.: When I broke up with my first girlfriend. But actually I had a rock 'n roll band when I was twelve called the Cupids. I wrote a song called "Crazy Joe" which was our theme song. I remember going out and buying Elvis' first records at the grocery store.

Relix: The grocery store?

P.R.: Yeah, I'd ride my bike to Capp's grocery. The first records I bought were Homer and Jethro. I liked them. Then one day I was listening to this gospel station out of Boston and all of a sudden I heard "That'll Be The Day" and I said "My God! What is this?!" Then I turned to the next station and it was just finishing. That hour, that second the record was hittin' the airwaves of Boston. Joe Smith, who's president of Elektra records, was the D.J. It was happening on every station. I couldn't believe it! I said "I've found it! This is what I've been looking for." So I formed this band, the Cupids, and we played sock hops all around Boston.



John Kruth



Relix: Could you talk about the song writing process...What influences you to write and how do ideas and images come to you?

P.R.: Mostly what happens is, I absorb impressions of things. I'm pretty impressionable. I believe that the songs that come to me are a gift from God. They're of the spirit. Maybe I feel that way because I'm naive and don't have any sense of craft about what I do but I just write down what comes and that's pretty much the way the song is finished. Sometimes I'll write a song that has maybe forty verses and I'll have to hone it down. I'm like a vessel and different ingredients are poured in, stirred around and then some kind of fire is laid under me whether it be an emotional or intellectual fire, physical environmental or something that cooks the stew...then I drink it (laughs).

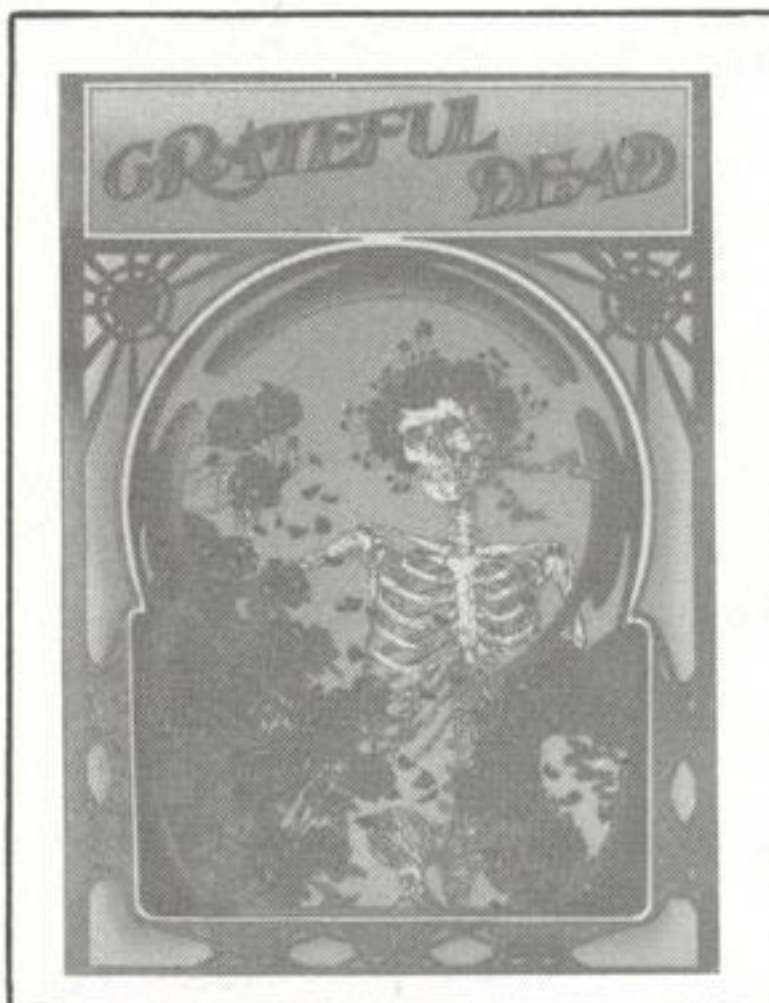
Relix: Do you tend to write the words first or do you get a melody in your head and then write the lyric or is each song individual?

P.R.: Each song is individual. Most songs come complete. Other times I'll check my notebooks and read the words and a melody will be implied. When I write country music I lean towards simplicity. I usually sit with the words and fool with them until they sing right. The whole idea is to get them out from my mind through my mouth with my breath to the listener's ear. I do a lot of writing on the road. When I have a moment on an airplane I'll write a few pages or it I have a moment at my hotel room...it's a mystery how the songs come out. I enjoy it very much. When I started writing, I wrote outdoors. When I started singing, I sang outdoors. I sang to the waves. I sang to the sky. I sang to the trees in the forest. Up in the hills, on the cliffs, that's where I really started to sing. It was a form of communication between us kids. We'd be several miles apart out there in those hills and if you wanted to reach out to somebody you'd have to holler. The holler became a yodel and the yodel became making up songs. I learned songs from watching cowboy movies. But I always return to the earth and natural things as a setting for my music. It feeds me. In the Grand Canyon the rocks really sing! Or to go to the New England woods where I grew up and smell the juniper trees and feel the texture of the rocks and because I saw it when I was so little, it grows in my mind, my memory. It's the basic source of everything I write about.

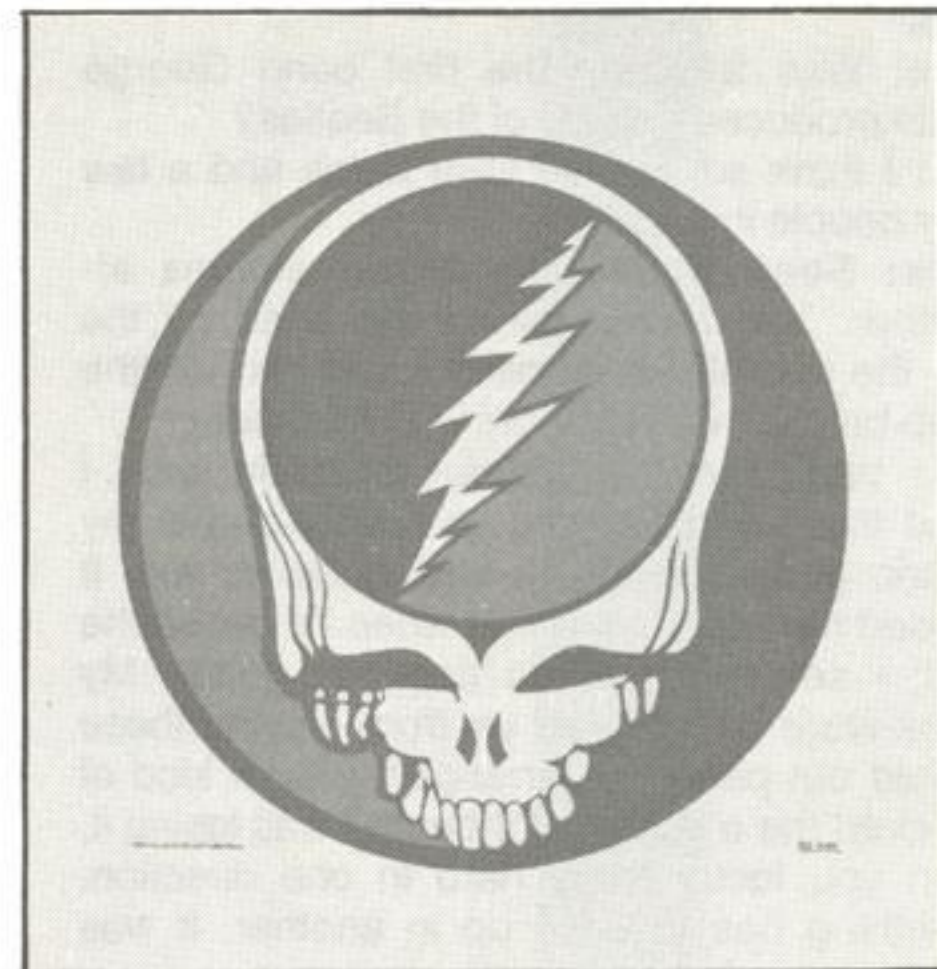
Relix: There's a strong sense of place in your songs. Could you talk about the cast of characters who you write and sing about—Panama Red, etc.

P.R.: They're parts of myself or people that I've actually met. It's trying to see things from the point of view of someone else that is a character whether historical, fictional or mythological. At the moment I happen to be writing more personal songs. About my feelings, separation, love...I'd like to get more into words and the craftsmanship of words, in the poetic sense, the intricacy of language. I write down everything that comes and I think that's what the muse wants. Then you get given deeper songs. I get a lot from jam sessions and I love to make up songs on the spot. That was the basis of the Rowan Brothers music. We spent our time doing that and then for a hobby we made records (laughs). I really don't try to make a song uplifting. But I go on the faith that if the song is uplifting to me, it will excite other people. Even if it's a sad song it will open up some emotions from listening to it. Rather than point things in a certain direction, I just go with it and see where it wants to take me. Songs have a life of their own.

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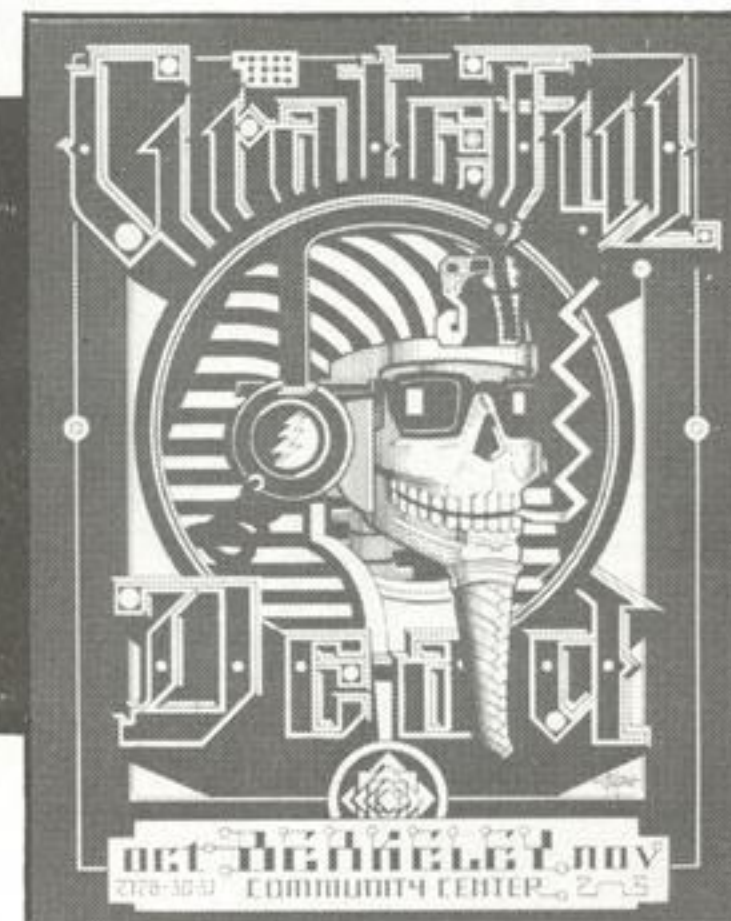
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FRAGMENTS

The Capitol Theatre in Passaic, New Jersey hosted a great line-up this past January. The New Riders, Leon Russell, Jorma Kaukonen and Kingfish all played on one bill. The show was exceptionally long, but the audience didn't mind all that much.

David Nelson is now playing with a band called Thunder Road. Band members include Nelson on guitar & vocals, Mike Hunt on guitar and lead vocals, Henry Norfitt reportedly plays bass similarly to Phil Lesh, Doug Singleton on drums and Jonathan Miguard on steel guitar. Thunder Road covers Honky Tonk and country western styles and the material includes many original tunes, many written by Hunt.

The Flying Burrito Brothers now feature Skip Battin, Sneaky Pete Kleinow, Greg Harris and Jim Goodall. They got back together for a reunion tour this past February-March, following a year hiatus, and were quite happy with the results. So we may be hearing more from these greats in the not too distant future. Sneaky Pete is busy with two other bands, as well as his animation studio. The recent film, *The Terminator*, featured his wondrous animation effects. Greg Harris is working on a new album with some strong backing. We'll keep you posted on this one. Skip Battin has several projects in the works, as well as tending his orchard in Oregon. His latest European released album will become available in the states at a future date. Watch Relix for more on these boys!

The Burritos co-billed with a "Byrds Tribute" band which featured Gene Clark, Michael Clarke and John York of the original Byrds, Rick Danko (The Band), Rick Roberts (Burritos, Firefall) and Blondie Chaplin (Beach Boys). Each night brought a number of surprises — something one would expect when such an incredible group of musicians are put together on one bill. This is what we'd call "creative booking." The performances were solid and fun.

Paul Grushkin of the Bay Area Music Archives is working on a new book which will feature a history of Concert Posters. Grushkin's last book was *The Official Book of the Deadheads*. More on this new project next issue.

Playing in the Band: An Oral and Visual Portrait of the Grateful Dead by Peter Simon and David Gans will be published in June, which will coincide with the 20th anniversary of the Grateful Dead. The book includes over 150 black & white and color photographs.

Robert Hunter's *Amagalin Street*, on Relix Records, was nominated for the Bay Area Music Awards (Bammies) "Best Independently Produced Album" category. Deadlines do not permit us to announce the winners of these awards, but we'd like to thank everyone for their support.

Live 85, the new release by Robert Hunter on Relix Records, is a live, solo acoustic album recorded on tour. Songs featured on this album include "Red Car," "Promontory Rider," "Jack Straw," "Easy Wind," "Franklin's Tower," "Sweet Little Wheels," "Amagalin Street," "Rose/Rose" and "Boys in the Barroom."

A live Jorma album is also scheduled for release on Relix Records. This is a solo acoustic performance which will include "Mann's Fate," "Good Shepherd," "Walkin' Blues," "Winin' Boy Blues," "Roads and Roads &," "Embryonic Journey" and several other classics. Release date is April 15th.

As the Grateful Dead approach their 20th anniversary on June 7, 1985, their popularity continues to grow. The staff made the error of letting the Dead Heads know when the telephone hotline would inform them of how to order tickets for the 1984 New Year's shows, and on that morning they received 1,800 calls in 5 minutes, knocking out part of Marin County's telephone system. The band also made a contribution to world cultural exchange when the show, broadcast on the National Public Radio network, reached into Siberia from the Barrow, Alaska, station.

The band decided that a three month layoff was too long, and added three shows in mid-February. On the premise that one New Year's Eve is not enough for



John DeCesare

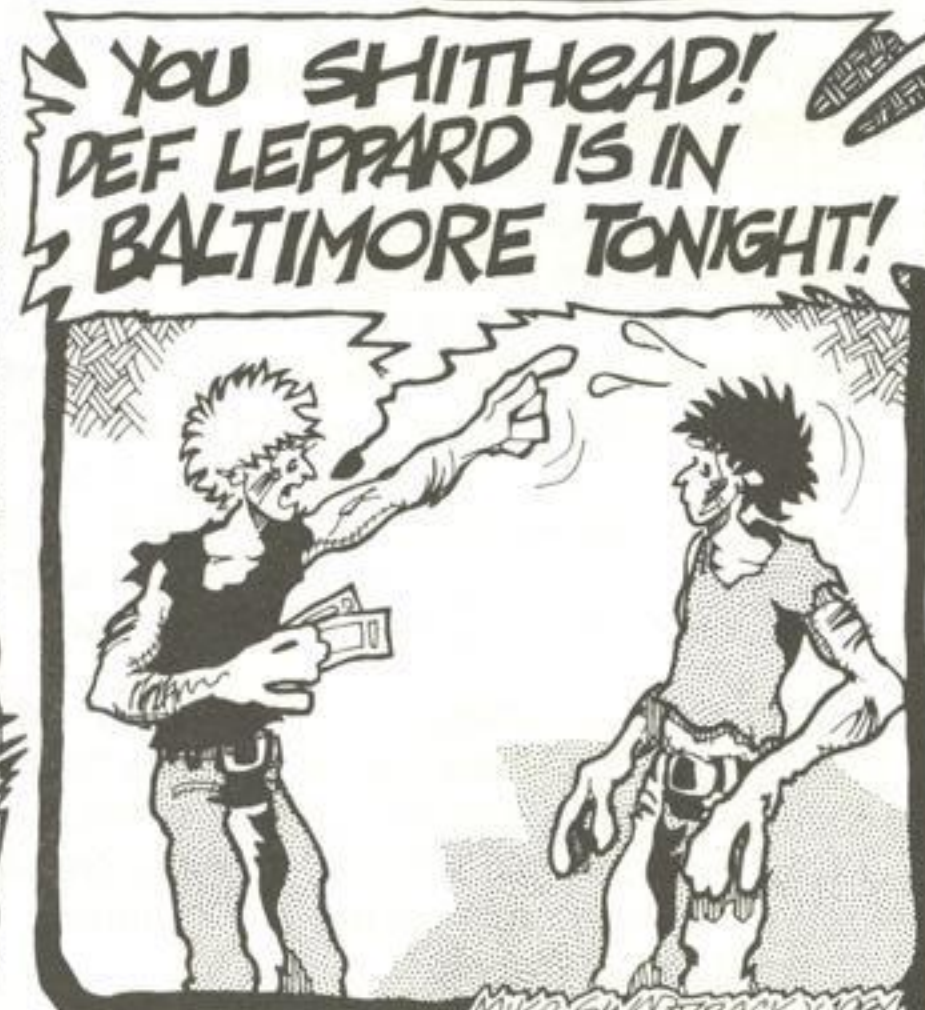
The Flying Burrito Brothers with Relix editor Toni Brown—Skip Battin, Jim Goodall, Sneaky Pete Kleinow, Toni Brown and Greg Harris—at the Lone Star Cafe, NYC

Dead Heads, the shows celebrated the Chinese New Year on February 18, 19, and 20, 1985, at the Henry J. Kaiser Convention Center in Oakland, California. (The band played in this building as the Oakland Auditorium during their New Year's runs of 1979 to 1982; the City of Oakland has spent many millions refurbishing the place.) Tickets to the three shows sold out in about 24 hours.

The regular tour year began on March 9, when the band played four shows for the Rex Foundation, named after their late road manager, Rex Jackson. The Rex Foundation is now a regularly chartered California charitable foundation. The last grant of 1984 was made to the Havergal Brian Society in England. Brian, whom aesthetic advisor Phil Lesh calls "England's Charles Ives," is a neglected major symphonic composer. The grant will help in the digital recording of his *Symphony #7*, composed in 1948.

The Dead organization introduced one innovation for ticket sales in 1985—in addition to tour booklets (one ticket to each show in a tour), they tried selling tickets to some individual shows.

Yes, it's true. Jerry Garcia performed at the Chinese New Year shows wearing a red t-shirt! Stop the presses! He also did most of the Rex Foundation shows in his new attire. Matthew Kelly joined the band the last night of these shows and was highlighted during a spirited "Spoonful."



MIKE SWARTZBECK 1984

Independents Daze

by Mick Skidmore

The past couple of month's releases have further helped strengthen my beliefs that there's a hell of a lot of good music out there that deserves your attention. Not only have there been some exceptional releases from independent labels, but some interesting things from various major labels.

However, first things first. Red House Records, a small Minneapolis label, has just re-issued 44&66 by Greg Brown. Who is Greg Brown, you might ask? He is one of the most underrated 'folk' singers around. 44&66 is a true low budget classic that was originally released in 1980. The re-release has one track substitution, "Beatniks Gonna Rise Again" in place of "Comin' Into You," and considerably better sound quality.

Brown's voice is somewhere between a coherent Leon Redbone and Bob Dylan. The songs, all self-penned, range from melodic folk numbers like "Ring Around The Moon" to bluesy stompers like the title cut, to the soulful "Don't Think Too Much." All are underpinned with some imaginative arrangements that transcend the folk idiom.

Also worth checking out is Brown's second album *Iowa Waltz*, which has some equally impressive songs, including the jazzy "Mississippi Serenade" and the lengthy "King Corn." The latter features some great slide guitar and an earthy vocal from Brown. (\$8.50 each including postage from Red House Records. P. O. Box 4044. St Paul, MN 55104.)

In the bluegrass/new acoustic music area are three interesting albums that virtually feature the same personnel. They are The New Grass Revival's *On The Boulevard* (Sugar Hill), Sam Bush's (from The NGR) *Late As Usual* (Rounder) and Bela Fleck with The New Grass Revival's *Deviation* (Rounder).

On The Boulevard finds The New Grass Revival maintaining its high standard with a set that fuses pop, R&B, gospel and reggae with bluegrass instrumentation. The results are startlingly good. Highlights of this eclectic set are the Irish flavored instrumental "County Clare," a dynamic, inventive version of Bob Marley's "One Love," which segues nicely into "People Get Ready," and "Earth, Water, Wind and Fire." The latter showcases the vocal abilities of singer John Cowan.

Late As Usual features most of The NGR, as well as numerous guests like Nancy and Norman Blake. The record contains some interesting instrumental duets like "Russian Rag" and "Broadway," on which Bush trades mandolin licks with Mike Marshall and Jethro Burns respectively. There are only two vocal tracks, but, they leave you wanting more. The best cut is an interesting bass-mandolin-harmonica arrangement of Little Feat's classic "Sailing Shoes."

Deviation is without doubt the most adventurous album of the three. It consists mainly of first-take improvisations. Overall it has a very jazzy feel to it, and features some quite superlative picking, especially on "Jalmon with Salmon" and "Places."

Mike Marshall's *Gator Strut* (Rounder) is another album that falls into the new acoustic music area. Marshall is very jazz sounding. He covers Thelonious Monk's "Round Midnight," John Coltrane's "Giant Hornpipe" and surprisingly Lennon and McCartney's "Because." Backing musicians include David Grisman, Tony Rice, Bela Fleck, the amazing bass playing of Rob Wasserman and the delicate piano of Barbara Higbie, to name just a few.

There are seven originals by Marshall, but the real standout cut is his adaption of the classical Excerpt from "String Quartet in F Major: Assez Vif-Tres Rythme" by Ravel.

While on the subject of jazz there is an interesting release called *Conjure* (American Clave). It's a collection of poems and prose by Ishmael Reed set to music by an all-star cast of jazz/blues musicians, that include Taj Mahal, Allen Toussaint, Steve Swallow, Carla Bley, Lester Bowie and a host more.

Lyrical, the album is stimulating and powerfully descriptive. Musically, it's a sheer delight. The instrumentalists and singers merge together to create some breathtaking stuff. Taj Mahal delivers some emotive vocal performances particularly on the melodic "Dualism." Also impressive is the soulful "Fool-ology" which has a good vocal by Lester Bowie and some intricate percussion work.

Two short poems recited by Ishmael Reed close each side of this record, which is certainly something special. Available from NMDS. Jazz Composer's Orchestra Assoc., Inc. 500 Broadway, N.Y., N.Y. 10012.

The Brooklyn based Bac-Trac has recently released a whole slew of budget-priced reissues including *Best of The Electric Flag*, which contains tracks from that group's two Columbia albums. However, anyone still unfamiliar with the band would be better off investing in their best album *A Long Time Comin'*, which is still available. Or alternatively, long-time fans of messrs Bloomfield, Gravenites and company will be more interested in *Grooving Is Easy* (Thunderbolt-Import). It contains nine previously unreleased live tracks (complete with incorrect title listings!). It's not the greatest performance and the sound quality is a little murky in places, but it's a nice collection to have.

It Ain't Easy by Chris Smither (Adelphi) is a relatively low-keyed, yet good mixture of acoustic blues and folk. His version of "99 Year Blues" is just okay, but his acoustic renditions of Chuck Berry's "Maybelline" and "No Money Down" are exceptional and highlight his incredible skills. Of his own songs, the haunting "Rosalie" is noteworthy. All in all a fine album of unpretentious music.

Utah Philips' *We Have Fed You All A Thousand Years* (Philo) is a live recording in which he sings and tells the stories of the industrial workers of the world. Some of it is a little tongue-in-cheek, but mostly it's satirical, thought-provoking stuff that's laced with his wry sense of humor. It doesn't come across that

great on vinyl, but was probably much better live. One for unionists.

On The Line (Rag Baby) is the first album by Youngblood Jerry Corbitt in over ten years. For some reason he deems to be known as J. B. Corbitt these days, but that aside, this is an unassuming soft-rock album of mostly Corbitt originals, although he does cover Orphan's "Sit Down and Rock and Roll Man" and former Mad River guitarist Lawrence Hammond's "Shasta Daisy."

There is also a re-recording of "Grizzly Bear" from the first Youngbloods album. Of the new material the title cut and the rocking "Snow Job" are the best. *On The Line* is nothing earth-shattering, but it is more than pleasant. Lots of good musicians are on this including Banana, Greg Dewey, Ozzie Ahlers and David Hayes. (\$8.95 including postage from Youngbloods. Box 130 Point Reyes, CA 95956.)

Bob Wills and The Texas Playboys, Basin Street Blues—The Tiffany Transcriptions, volume three is real vintage stuff that dates back to some radio shows in 1946 and 1947. Many of the songs have never been released before like "Milk Cow Blues," "Basin Street Blues" and the stomping "It's Your Red Wagon." This is one for Commander Cody fans, as it's authentic western swing mixed liberally with jazz and blues, and it stands the test of time remarkably well. By the time you read this volume four in the series will also be out.

Many albums get ignored at the time of their original release, but for one reason or another keep cropping up. Two such records are Annie McGowan's *Rattlesnakes & Rusty Water* (Rattlesnake) and Elliott Murphy's *Murph The Surf* (Courtisanne).

McGowan's album dates back to the early '80s. It's basically contemporary country. Her original songs are quite delightful. Nothing sums up her charming music better than the title of the uptempo "Good Ole Country Music," which is exactly what this is. The poignant "Goodbye to a River" shows her vocal range to good advantage.

Elliott Murphy is one of the most shamefully ignored artists to have emerged from America in the last decade and a half. *Murph the Surf* (nothing to do with surfing, I might add) is one hell of a record. It's full of descriptive, lyrical songs that have catchy melodies and are underscored by some tight rock and roll. Too many people spent too much time comparing Murphy to Dylan on previous albums. On this album, Murphy's music speaks for itself. Just take a listen to the joyous "Continental Kinda Girl" or the infectious "Baby I'm Thinkin'" or the poetic "Dusty Roses" and you'll see what I mean. Available from Courtisanne. P. O. Box 1470, Madison Square Station. N.Y., N.Y. 10159 \$10 including postage.

Run Better Run by the Cheapskates (Midnight Int'l) is a slice of '60s psychedelia/garage band music. There are 13 cuts, all originals. If you like the sound of a Farfisa organ then this is your bag. For me it's a little overbearing, but nonetheless they do have some good songs. The title cut is really catchy, and the one and a half minute "Drive In Movie" is an affectionate homage to The Beach Boys, while the records best cut "Xtra Collestrial" is laden with some superb Doors like slide guitar.

Compleat Records has released a whole batch of two-record-set reissues. The latest include *White Boy Blues*—Classic Guitars of Clapton, Beck and Page, The Moody Blues, *Early Blues*, The Small Faces *Big Music* and

The Immediate Singles Story. Of the four, *White Boy Blues* is undoubtedly the most interesting, as it contains various tracks by Eric Clapton, Jimmy Page, Jeff Beck and John Mayall & The Bluesbreakers among others. Most are one-take studio jams and hark back to the mid-'60s. Also appearing in backing roles are Mick Jagger, Bill Wyman and Nicky Hopkins. This is not exactly classic material, but it's spontaneous and of historical worth. Mayall's "Telephone Blues" (with Clapton on guitar) is really nice.

Early Blues by The Moody Blues is perhaps the least interesting album as it features a very different Moodies from the ones we loved to hate. These recordings find them fronted by Denny Laine (Later in Wings). At this point in time the band was into James Brown and Solomon Burke. There's no trace of the neo-classical grandeur of their later recordings. However, only their first US hit "Go Now" really has any value. The rest sounds very dated. One for completists only.

The Small Faces were never popular in the US, but were nonetheless a good band. *Big Music* has a side of rarities, a live side, plus two other sides of notable material. If you own their classic album, *Odgen's Nut Gone Flake*, then you'll want this too. The Small Faces, by the way, were Ron Wood, Ronnie Lane, Ian McLagen and Steve Marriott.

The Immediate Singles Story contains a couple of Small Faces songs—"Here Come The Nice" and "Afterglow," a couple by Rod Stewart, The Nice's "America" and Fleetwood Mac's "Man of the World" as well as some other rare stuff. A nice diverse package.

While we are still on the subject of independent labels, Relix has another new release. This time it's a half studio/half live set from *Kingfish*. The album chronicles practically every line-up the band has had and is excellent (naturally!).

Of the studio material "Mess Around," which features original piano player Mick Ward is particularly nice, as is the bluegrass run through on "Fox On The Run." John Lee Hooker and Michael Bloomfield guest on the powerful "Put Your Hand On Me Baby."

Bob Weir and Dave Torbert take most of the lead vocals on the live side, which includes spirited renditions of "Schooldays" "Road Runner," "Young Blood" and "Promised Land." The closing cut, "Key To The Highway," is sung by Michael O'Neil and also features some fine bluesy slide guitar from him. I don't need to tell you where to get this one!

AND NOW ONTO THE MAJOR LABELS

The Ballad of Sally Rose by Emmylou Harris (Warner Brothers) is a concept album written by her and Paul Kennerly. Although there is no overt connection between her and Sally, there is something of a biographical overtone, with many of the songs conjuring up the images of the late Gram Parsons. This is evident on the beautiful "Sweet Chariot," which has references to "out in Joshua Tree."

"K-S-O-S" has a delightful instrumental passage and there's even a track called "Sweetheart of the Rodeo." Not by any means her best record, but at least her most adventurous in a long time.

An album for guitar fans is the debut album by *The Firm*, a band fronted by ex-Free/Bad Company singer Paul Rodgers and Led Zepelin guitarist Jimmy Page. There is nothing unexpected on this record, but Rodgers is in good vocal form and there is more than a fair

spattering of flashy guitar licks from Page. Some of the material is dangerously close to AOR, but the complex nine-minute "Midnight Moonlight" is exceptional. It starts as a powerful acoustic ballad before erupting in electricity. Also impressive is the raunchy "Make Or Break," which has some neat slide guitar from Page.

Classic Masters by Ronnie Laws (Capitol) is a cool fusion of soul and jazz. This is a compilation of his work, both as an instrumentalist and a vocalist. But it is the jazzier, instrumentals like "Always There" that work best and display the man's prowess on the saxophone.

Elektra Records has put out the first two of a series of compilations, the three-record *Crossroads—White Blues of the '60s* and the four-record *Bleeker and MacDougal*. Both sets chronicle the label's first decade. *Crossroads* has blues greats like the Butterfield Blues Band, Koerner, Ray and Glover, Danny Kalb and Al Kooper from the Blues Project, Eric Clapton and The Powerhouse, The Lovin' Spoonful and more. *Bleeker and MacDougal* focuses on the labels folk acts like Tom Paxton, Phil Ochs, Tom Rush, Judy Collins and others.

Most of the tracks on both sets are culled from regular albums, but there are a number of rare tracks as well as some that had previously only been available on the samplers—*The Blues Project* and *What's Shakin*. Both albums are really essential recordings that show the timeless quality of the music, and executive producer Lenny Kaye has compiled two informative 20-page booklets to accompany the records, which helps put things in historical perspective.

And now to round things off nicely are a couple of items that didn't quite make it to vinyl. The first is a compilation tape called *Garage Sale*. It's put out by Goldmine Magazine, and was put together by none other than former Relix editor Jeff Tamarkin. It contains some 18 different garage bands. These recordings were selected by Jeff after sifting through literally hundreds of tapes. Bands include The Vipers, The Crickle and The Cheapskates. A great collection of garage band music. Available from ROIR Inc/Goldmine Magazine, 611 Broadway, New York City, NY 10012.

Last but not least, Terry Dolan, who is sadly still without a record contract, has made some of his demo tapes available through the Terry and The Pirates fan club. There are two tapes. The first contains 8 cuts including four by the acoustic Rangers (Terry, Greg Douglass and David Hayes). Of these "Wish I Were Your River" is exceptional. Also included on the tape are acoustic versions of "Genoa" and "The Beginning," which feature Terry and John Cipollina. Terry also concludes the tape with a short rap explaining the recordings.

Tape two contains the first side of the infamous Warner Brothers album, "See What Love Can Do," "Angie," "Rainbow" and "In-laws and Outlaws," on which he is backed by Cipollina, Douglass, Nicky Hopkins, Prairie Prince, The Pointer Sisters and others. Real classic stuff. Side two includes "So Asked You" "I Can't Dance" and others.

Both tapes are made from Terry's own masters and I'm told that the sound quality is pretty good. (I haven't actually listened to these dubs, although I'm familiar with the original recordings.) Prices are a little steep at \$11.50 a tape, but they do come personally autographed by Terry.

Terry and The Pirates Fan Club. Box 4355 Arlington, VA 22204

Reggae Riddims

A Reggae Column
by Robert Santelli

JAMAICA has been in the news these past couple of months, but it hasn't been because of reggae. High prices for gasoline, unemployment figures on the incline, and the return to the political arena of Michael Manley, the island's former left of center prime minister, have caused rioting and unrest on the island.

This, in turn, prompted hordes of vacationers to cancel plans to visit Jamaica. And that's still more bad news, for except for bauxite and ganja, tourism is Jamaica's most important industry.

So it's bad news on the homefront indeed. Fortunately, there's good news in reggae circles, even if it is being overshadowed by the turmoil in Kingston and Montego Bay. The first part of 1985 has produced a number of new reggae albums that are certainly worthy of praise and attention.

Of course, not all reggae comes from Jamaica. The music of Aswad is firm testament to that. Along with Steel Pulse and UB40, Aswad is one of Britain's top-notch reggae outfits. The trio—Brinsley Forde, vocals and guitar; Drummie Zeb, vocals and drums; and Tony Gad, vocals and bass—include a whole host of reggae session studs to bulk up the sound on *Rebel Souls* (Mango), their newest stateside release.

Instead of root-heavy, confrontation-styled reggae, Aswad opts for a sound strongly influenced by the reggae offshoot, lover's rock, as well as American soul and R&B. On *Rebel Souls*, the arrangements are smooth and steady, especially in the vocals departments, and the overall instrumentation is crisp and wonderfully effective. Pay special note to songs such as the lp's opener, "In My Father's House," plus "Chasing the Breeze," and an inspired version of the Marvin Gaye classic, "Mercy Mercy Me."

Aswad has yet to catch on in the States like UB40 and Steel Pulse have. But don't be surprised if 1985 is finally Aswad's year to break from the stable.

California's Jack Miller continues to set the pace for scaling new heights in American-made reggae. His latest album, *Keeper of the Gate* (Haiku) contains careful blends of rock, pop, jazz, and reggae all tastefully coated with clever synthesizer riffs and nods, and riddims that simply defy categorization.

A re-make of Curtis Mayfield's "Give Me Your Love" might be the lp's best track, since it possesses Miller's best vocal performance in addition to some potent instrumentation. But "Sing Praises," "Love Messenger," and the title track aren't far behind. Miller has found a delightfully melodic sax player in Rusty Crutcher and uses his solos to accent the best moments in many of the tracks. Miller, like Aswad, is ripe for recognition.

As for runnings down in JA., it's difficult *not* to see Don Carlos making a very serious dent in the reggae scene with his latest (and best) lp, *Just a Passing Glance* (Ras). With some of the most talented reggae players in the business appearing on the record—Sly Dunbar, Carly Barrett (drums), Bo Peep, Dwight Pickney (guitar), Augustus Pablo, Robbie Lyn (keyboards), Sky Juice (percussion), and David Madden (horns)—*Just A Passing Glance* is a near flawless demonstration of Jamaican reggae at its 1985 best.

For those unfamiliar with Carlos, he's a crooner out of the Sugar Minott/Freddie McGregor mold and elicits the same vocal warmth and breezy comfort that they do. Carlos is rapidly becoming a first-rate composer, to boot. "Just A Passing Glance" and "You Are My Sunshine" (not that "You Are My Sunshine") are the cream of side one's crop; "Front Line" and "Springheel Skanking" are side two's gems. Could Mr. Carlos be reggae's next kingpin? Only Jah knows for sure.

as the 1971 film *Never Give An Inch*, starring Paul Newman and Henry Fonda. 1975's *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* gathered five Academy Awards, including Best Picture, Best Actor (Jack Nicholson for his portrayal of mental patient R.P. McMurphy) and Best Actress (Louise Fletcher).

Ken has additionally written *Kesey's Garage Sale*, 1973, and *The Day After Superman Died*, 1980, a limited edition printing of 300 numbered copies. The University of Oregon's special collections library holds a manuscript collection of Kesey's work, including a script from *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* (cast for Kirk Douglas, who did not appear in the film), as well as other Kesey memorabilia.

Like other Oregonians, Kesey prides himself on his state's tradition, having praised the noted Oregon senator Wayne Morse in print, extolled the efforts of the city of Eugene to remain debt-free and choosing to lead the simple life of a farmer and writer who additionally helps oversee the running of the Kesey Springfield Creamery.

The highly successful Springfield Creamery, run in part by Ken's brother Chuck, has promoted several local Dead shows and produces a line of dairy products popular in the Eugene/Springfield area, including "Nancy's Yogurt."

One of Kesey's fondest pieces is a story he wrote for *Rolling Stone* in 1981 on the death of John Lennon. For the Christmas of 1968, the Grateful Dead had made arrangements with the Beatles, then enjoying the success of the *White Album*, to send over to London a plethora of psychedelics. "A kind of cultural lend-lease," wrote Kesey.

Thirteen people, including Kesey, two Hells Angels and their Harleys, headed across the water. Upon the West coast contingent's arrival at the Apple offices, a hungry Angel seeking something to satisfy his appetite, ran into a little problem with an Apple office executive who made the mistake of calling the Angel a "Leech" and a "mumper." As the executive slid down the wall, the room, wrote Kesey, "suddenly polarized"; it was into this smoldering scene, right between these two forces ready to clash, that John Lennon came in, wearing a red Santa Claus suit and a silly white beard, with Yoko in tow. "That's enough," he said, and it was. The ensuing fracas was avoided and quite a merry party began.

In 1974, Ken Kesey and *Rolling Stone* scribe Charles Perry went to the pyramids of Egypt to, wrote the magazine, "discover the meaning of life and get it over with," although Kesey joked "going to the pyramids to find god strikes me as something of an insult to all the other temples I have visited over the years."

Kesey arrived at the 1966 Trips Festival at Longshoremen's Hall in San Francisco incognito as an "astronaut" because he was on the lam from the law for a pot bust.

The good-natured Kesey hosted the Grateful Dead's 1981 New Year's Eve show and acts as a host for the band when they are playing in the Eugene/Springfield area.

Babbs too acts as a host for local concerts, introducing the Talking Heads with the jest that "after the show everyone will be tested on the lyrics!"

Kesey claims to know two "great secrets" about the Dead: "One is that Jerry Garcia is tattooed black from the waist (up). . . the other is they don't tune up (on stage), they just fiddle around until they play," a joke he introduced the Dead with as host of the band's June benefit show in Toronto for the SEVA Foundation.



Bruce Polonsky

Ken Kesey

by Scott Allen

KEN Kesey, who penned *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and *Sometimes a Great Notion*, is content to till his 70-acre farm in Pleasant Hill, Oregon, where he raises sheep, cattle, fowl and trout. Approaching 50, Kesey has learned to persevere.

Although befelled by a recent personal tragedy, the author will soon begin writing *The Last Go Round*, a movie based on a 1911 rodeo contest. Kesey became the spokesman for the psychedelic-age in the mid-1960's as Alan Ginsberg had for the beatnik-era before him. In 1964, Kesey led a madcap-group of friends, the Merry Pranksters, across the U.S.; the bus, with the word "further" emblazoned on its doors, still resides on the Kesey farm, having once served as a dugout for a local baseball little league.

The Pranksters had an unofficial "leader," Ken Babbs, who lives with Kesey in the Eugene/Springfield area. Kesey had this to say about the two farmers: "We still smoke a lot of pot, and I guess I'm the John Wayne of dope smokers. But we're as solid citizens as can be. Family-types- college-educated."

Ken Kesey wrestled for the University of Oregon team, as did two of his sons, and his daughter, Sunshine, competes for the Pleasant Hill High School track squad. Two of Ken Babbs children, O.B. and Casa, are star players on their Pleasant Hill basketball teams.

It was while Ken's 20-year old son, Jed, was wrestling for the University of Oregon team that tragedy struck the Kesey family. On its way to a match against Washington State University, the team's van skidded on an icy southeast Washington highway, plunged over a guardrail and tumbled nearly 200 feet, leaving a dozen men injured and claiming the life of the author's son and another wrestler.

Self-described as "a hardshell Baptist and trained hardnose jock. . . still adequately blessed with the good build of belief and fairly fit yet with faith," Kesey's first two novels, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, 1962, and *Sometimes a Great Notion*, 1964, brought early fame, compounded when the two works were brought to the stage and then the film screen. *Sometimes a Great Notion*, the story of strikeridden loggers in Oregon, was released