

the golden road
issue 14/summer 1987

Keep On Doin' That Rag...

First of all, many thanks to all of you who wrote in with kind words and moral support after our break announcement last issue. It was nice having some mental time away from the mag, though we also learned there's no real escape. We've basically decided not to decide anything about the eventual fate of *The Golden Road*. We're going to take it as it comes, see how we feel as we hurtle through uncharted realms on the back of this beast. As far as the immediate future is concerned, we'll come out with a fall issue in November, then we'll probably break again until April. We're all confused, but what's to lose? Rest assured we'll always keep you informed of our plans in advance. We're not goin' anywhere for a while, so hang loose.

Don't freak out because the results of *The Golden Road* Poll are not in this issue. We got such a good response—well over a thousand ballots—that it's taking a little longer than expected to tabulate them. You'll recall there were a lot of pretty detailed questions. John Scott, one of the folks behind the ex-

cellent *Deadbase* book of Grateful Dead songlists, has been tirelessly entering the data into his computer up in New Hampshire. We'll have the grand totals and analysis next issue for sure.

We'd like to take a moment to say a special hello to the literally hundreds of new subscribers who responded to our classified ad in the Grateful Dead issue of *Rolling Stone*. If you like what we're doing, by all means tell your friends. We're pretty bad at self-promotion and have flourished mainly through word-of-mouth. And if you have any comments or stories you want to relate, feel free to send 'em along.

This issue features a photospread of dancers at the Greek Theater by Bay Area photographer Jay Blakesberg. Jay, a transplanted New Jersey native who's been taking pictures at Dead shows for ten years, says that by 1980 he stopped photographing the band exclusively and began also shooting people at shows—the dancers, the tapers, the craftspeople outside, the Dead family. "It's a documentary trip," he explains. "These things just don't exist at any other rock shows. Let's face it, it's a phenomenon, and I want to document it and create an archive of the whole scene. As the band says, the crowd is just as much a part of the whole thing as they are." Jay is a dancer himself (he often leaves his camera at home and flails with the best of 'em), and he takes pains not to intrude on the ecstatic experience when he's photographing dancers. His affinity for and rapport with his subjects shows in his pictures.

Our cover this time is by our friend Andrew Wernick, a Bay Area artist who was profiled in our "Deadhead Professionals" article in Issue #4. At that time he made his living as an architect; today he enjoys a successful career as a full-time fine artist. He has been into the Dead since 1967, and he often creates to the sounds of Dead tapes (a December '77 Winterland show with a hot "China Cat-Rider" had a role in the piece he did for us). Says Andrew: "I've always felt that music and color are very similar—just on a different frequency, and colors are just a little harder to dance to." We commissioned Andrew to do our cover and he produced a series of five collages. The one we chose is titled "From Beggar's Tomb: Rusty Strings." He also did the cover of the recent album by jazz artist Randy Berensen, on Zebra/MCA Records. And he is currently working on several other album covers for that label.

—BJ & RM



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FEEDBACK

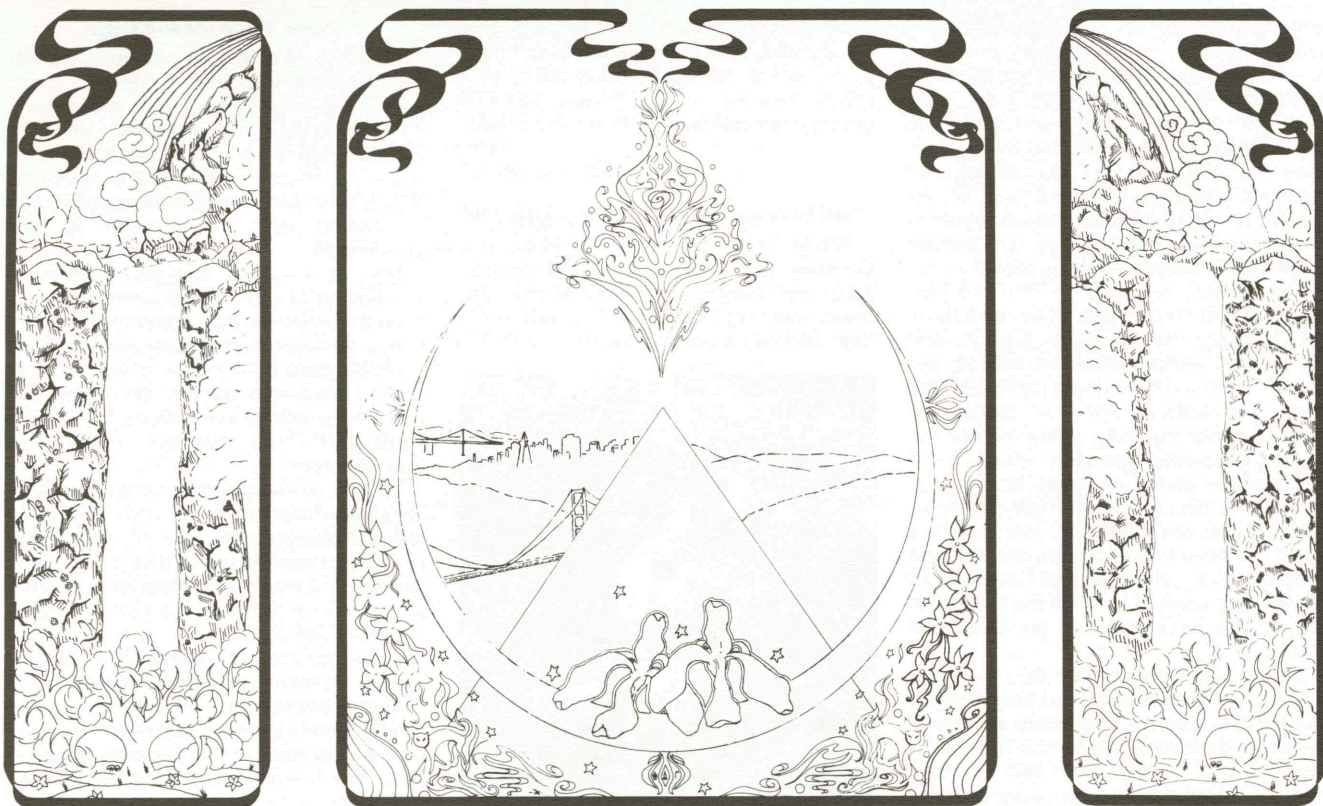


Illustration: Michele Wojcicki, San Francisco

The Music Never Stopped

As I sit here and think of the very special quality of observation, analysis and humor *The Golden Road* brings to the Grateful Dead scene, I am also moved to think of the good-spirited vibes that are pouring into the scene as a whole new crop of young Deadheads joins us.

We all have heard of the uncool gate-crashing scenes in various venues, as well as obnoxious drunkenness and the trashing of areas adjacent to concert halls, and a number of people blame such behavior on the new kids who are coming into the scene as the band becomes more visible and popular. But I have a sense that such screwed behavior is likely a very small percentage of the "new kids on the block." On the contrary, I recently witnessed one of the most optimistic, powerfully magic events I've seen at a Dead show in quite a while, initiated by a group of largely young apparent newcomers.

It happened after the Sunday LSD (Laguna Seca Dead) show. I was roaming/floating around on one of the beautiful hills there, several hundred feet from the stage, as the place was clearing out, when I noticed a large group of people jumping around and singing or chanting. I felt drawn to this group (being a dancer at shows) as if I were in a Carlos Castaneda story. I felt the power of that group pulling me into it. Before I knew it, I was at the center of a group of newcomers and old-timers, dancing as if the band were still playing, all of us chanting "Peace, peace, peace. Love, love, love." It

was very serious, joyful stuff — no posing, just straight from the heart.

Suddenly, spontaneously, the crowd began to fall back from the center, with each person linking hands until there was a huge circle of about 200 people. Everybody was smiling and glowing as the crowd began to sing/chant "Om." After a while, some kid whooped and hollered and ran to the center of the circle. The rest of us followed. The ground literally thundered! The peace/love chant resumed, eventually breaking off into a tribal drum session as empty garbage cans were transformed into drums! The spontaneity and freedom of that moment can only be hinted at, however, its positive effect on me is real.

Back to my original point: the group was mostly "new kids." Now when I hear talk about how these newcomers are messing things up, I recall that scene in Monterey where the "invisible" was made plain. And I think it was the openness of these newcomers that allowed them to perform and participate in gestures that would have no meaning to a cynic. Yet to those of us who were a part of it, it was as if our singing, dancing and chanting were in some significant way a part of healing this divided planet.

There's a whole bunch of new ones comin', and they should be welcomed with open arms and a smile that says "this is how to have fun." I'm sure they'll keep the faith and welcome those who come after.

Michael Van Dyke
San Francisco, CA

Deadheads Are There When You Need 'Em

In April I headed down to Washington, D.C., for the big Central America/South Africa protest. I was proud to see a definite Deadhead presence there. Without sounding too arrogant, it's good to see that people realize there's more to being a Head than tie-dye and partying.

On the bus back from the march, thirsty and very tired, I mistakenly yelled to the front for a Morning Dew (I meant Mountain). A few seconds (literally) later, I was handed a small portable cassette player, blaring 5-2-70.

Later, on the escalator down to the metro in D.C., I bought a "Space is for Deadheads, Not Warheads" bumpersticker, a clever response to Reagan's "Star Wars" weapons proposal.

Well, anyway, keep up the good work, and if it comes up, you might want to mention to the Dead that an acoustic set at Hampshire College would not be frowned upon.

Joe Schloss
Amherst, MA

P.S. I recently heard a local folk singer play a song called "The Loser" that began with the lines: "I went to a Dead show and I couldn't find a dose/ went to California and I couldn't find the coast." Ah, lyricism...

All in the Family

I am 43 years old and have always been a Deadhead of sorts (I usually call myself an old hippie). I haven't been to many concerts

since the mid-'70s because of the roughness and uncoolness of the security people at most large arenas. I remember the tolerance of the late '60s and early '70s, when most concerts were general admission and people could dance and move around freely. I figured the groups allowed the capitalism of assigned seating to take place and, like all good hippies, I decided not to participate in furthering the bullshit. (I know the Dead are not as guilty of this as other groups.)

My children were born in 1967 and 1969 and both attended many rock concerts — the Dead included — with me. My son, now 20, started touring when he was 15; my daughter, now 18, has been touring for the past two years. I was not particularly pleased about my son's going on tour because he stopped going to school, but I realized that education comes in all forms, and finally decided not to fight the inevitable. If you can't beat 'em, join 'em! So I have! I've been to a few shows over the past couple of years, all on the East Coast, and all within easy reach of home. It has been great fun, and I have renewed my Deadhead status.

Things will never be like they were before, but as long as the Dead keep playing like they do, and the Deadheads are able to maintain their cool, maybe this little bit of the past can be kept alive and growing. Keep searching for the secret, keep listening for the sound!

Dori Binsted
Cabin John, MD

Brentheads Unite!

The spring East Coast tour was obviously an excellent one for the entire band. Judging by the songlists, it was especially exciting for Brent! He sang one song every night, and the first night at Chicago's Pavilion, he sang two in the first set! He has such a good voice and he's finally showing it off. Keep up the good work, Brent! You're appreciated!

April Blake
Sacramento, CA

Jumpin' Jer Flash

I am very happy to see Jerry slim and fit! He's moving so much nowadays onstage that it's hard to keep up with him. I could swear I saw Jerry doing jumping jacks at one of the Worcester shows!

Gary Hartman
Clewiston, FL

P.S. Did you see the new game that's played on "The Price is Right"? It's called "The Golden Road."

Down With Scalpers!

Getting down to some serious business, I think something must be done about ticket scalpers. When I missed the postmark for the Hartford shows, I called a ticket agency that advertised in the newspaper — Ticket Mania, in Springfield, MA. Get a load of these ridiculous prices. March 26: rear stage \$45; second level \$65; mid-floor \$100. March

27: same seats but \$20 more for each. I am Dedicated, but I would never pay such prices when the actual ticket prices were somewhere around \$17.25 each. Can't we get together and do something about this?

Scott Hess
South Norwalk, CT

God Save the Child That Rings That Bell

While *in utero*, our new baby boy, Geoffrey, went to many Grateful Dead concerts and Jerry Garcia Band shows. The music was very loud and he obviously could hear and feel it even inside the womb. His



"Dough Knees, Dough Knees" sticker, Wise Guy Productions

usual response was to sleep "just like a baby."

He was born on June 6, and GD tapes were played during labor and after his birth. He went to his first *ex utero* show on June 19 — the Friday Greek Theater show — at just 13 days old. We were nervous about how he would like it, so we strapped him in a baby carrier on his father's chest. Geoffrey slept through the whole concert experience, as if he were reverting back to *in utero* bliss. This was more continuous sleep than he ever gives us at home! He was just an angel. He went again on Sunday with similar results.

Often when Geoffrey is cranky at home and nothing else soothes him, we'll put on a GD tape and he relaxes immediately, then dozes off to sleep. This is not just songs like "It Must've Been the Roses," mind you, but entire shows — drums, space and all.

So, if expectant or new parents have any concerns about how babies like the Dead, here's one report. Of course, Geoffrey was genetically inclined to be a Deadhead and then influenced environmentally. It's hard to say which produced him, but we have a new li'l Deadhead baby. It's great!

Robin and Stu Nixon
San Francisco, CA

Wave 'Em Wide and High

I want to address your comments regarding the American Bald Eagle as a Dead symbol on New Year's Eve. I imagine you have expressed the sentiments of many Heads — too much Americana: first a revolutionary soldier with a guitar, and now this. Maybe there's resentment regarding any association with, or reference to, our government.

Isn't it a shame that such traditional symbols of freedom evoke so many groans from the believers in an alternative society? I was a teenager during Watergate, and am probably even more cynical now than I was then. However, I can't let politicians and their inane activity and policies dampen the spirit and ideals that this country was founded upon.

There's no escaping the fact that the Dead are a very American band. Their roots are in folk and bluegrass music, while their sound is a virtual melting pot of rock 'n' roll, jazz, rhythm and blues, and whatever else comes along — never rejecting any idea merely because it's different.

Allow our minds to cosmically wander for a few moments. We are experiencing a changing of the guard. Today's tie-dyes and swaying bodies are tomorrow's champions. One way or another this darkness has got to give. The foundation is being laid to make this space a peaceful place. You can call my rap the United States blues, but imagine: *E pluribus unum* — Out of the many, one. It's a new dawn. Wave those roses, wave them wide and high.

Jeff Rosen
San Francisco, CA

Terrapin—I Can't Figure Out...

I've recently picked up on some of Harold Courlander's collections of African and Afro-American folk tales, some of which have interesting titles. One from Ethiopia is called "The Fire on the Mountain"; another is called "Terrapin's Pot of Sense!"

Speaking of "Terrapin," I wonder if maybe "Terrapin Station" is related to "Turtle Island," the old Native American name for the world. Oh, Hunter?

Lee Agnew
Norman, OK

Good Morning, Little Schoolgirl

Shortly before leaving for college almost four years ago, my brother turned me on to the Grateful Dead, and I never turned off. In the past four years I have gathered a good collection of Dead tapes — one of quality, if not quantity.

While in college, I had to deal with some very stressful times. The Grateful Dead's music has been a huge release for me. When feeling depressed or anxious, I'd just pop in a tape, sit down, relax, get some perspective on the situation, and go back to my studying. After listening to a side or two of a tape, I'd feel a lot better and more able to deal with reality.

As I graduated from college in May, I thought I'd like to thank my brother, John,

for turning me on to the Grateful Dead, my parents for helping me out with college, financially and emotionally, and the Grateful Dead for their incredible sounds. They made sticky college situations seem a lot more bearable! And thanks to *The Golden Road* for giving me something other than textbooks to read! I will be forever Grateful.

Margaret F. Friedman
Shaker Heights, OH

None of the Above

I have a strange but true story to relate. I teach junior high science in a small school on the Gulf of Mexico. On every Friday's quiz I ask an extra-credit question that usually has nothing to do with science. Last week I asked: Who is Jerry Garcia and what is he famous for? Not one student knew the answer! Among the replies were: he makes cigars; our former principal; the Gerber baby grown up.

As you can see, there is a generation gap in musical tastes here.

Mike Merrill
Clearwater, FL

Don't Hoard Those Boards

It has come to my attention recently that there are Deadheads who have been hoarding tapes. Those people should ask themselves these questions: Did the Dead hoard their music? Do they now? What is the love the Dead hand out so freely all about?

It saddens me to have to write this.

Unsigned
Cheyenne, WY

Room for Everyone

I'd like to respond to the letter in the Winter 1987 issue from Chris Hammersla of Springfield, VA, who wrote that he was disillusioned to find out that John Barlow is a Republican.

I didn't realize that one of the criteria for being a Deadhead was that one be a liberal Democrat! Or that only those who hold the correct political opinions may partake of, or contribute to, the Grateful Dead's art. And since when did we start giving ideological purity tests to songwriters? I thought that went out with McCarthyism in the '50s! Besides, how can you possibly judge what's really in John Barlow's heart and mind?

Ed Sieb
Montreal, Canada

Home on the Range

I would like to point out that John Barlow is a product of his environment, which leads even the wildest of us crazies to be more conservative than our brothers in the cities. And the place Barlow calls home, the Bar Cross in Sublette County, Wyoming, isn't the easiest place to live. Nevertheless, Barlow works real hard as head of the Wyoming Outdoor Council and recently led the fight to close the Phelps Dodge smelter in Douglas, Arizona. His neighbors would probably consider him something left of McGovern.

He's a real hero in my book.

Dave Naslund
Edgewater, CO

Dead Aid

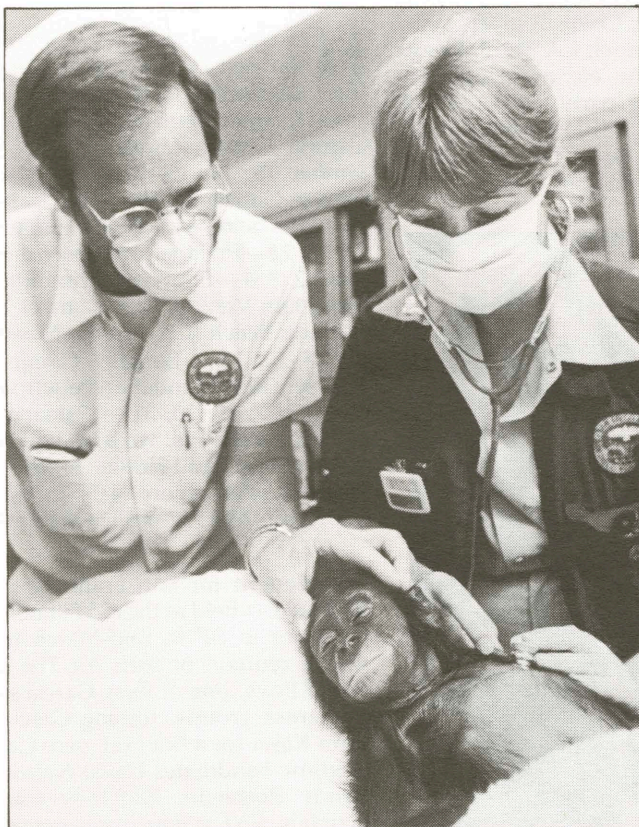
Thanks to all of the many Deadheads who contributed money to a guy panhandling for \$20 bills outside the Mardi Gras and Frost shows, so a female Deadhead could get a back operation. It was for me. I had a spinal fusion April 20 and am still recovering. I did manage to make it to the Sunday Greek show.

The numbness in my toes is gone, as well as the pain in my leg. The fusion doesn't allow me to bend, sit or drive, but it's getting better all the time. I should be dancing by New Year's.

Never in my wildest dreams could I have imagined that folks I didn't even know would contribute money to help me pay for the \$2000 deductible on my medical insurance. A total of \$2008 was raised: one-third from family and friends and two-thirds from the Deadhead crowd at those shows. Many other local folks helped out: building handrails, cooking, cleaning, shopping, childcare and visits. To those who sent cards and to all my friends and Deadheads here and abroad, your good wishes and healing vibes really helped. I love you all.

Blair Carroll
Berkeley, CA

P.S. I have heard someone put up \$7000 so a woman from the East Coast, who was hit by a car outside an East Coast Dead concert, could get an emergency eye operation. So this is not an isolated case — there are some terrific folks out there!



'Why, this is amazing! His brain has doubled in size since he started reading *The Golden Road*.'

DON'T MONKEY AROUND

Laboratory tests have shown there's nothing better for the gray matter than *The Golden Road*. In fact, Soviet scientists are currently at work trying to create a Russian version for a top secret training program to prepare cosmonauts for extended trips in space. But you can sharpen your mind in the comfort of your own home — all you have to do is subscribe.

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DEADLINE

We realize that some of this news isn't exactly late-breaking stuff at this point, but a lot of you don't have access to much of this information from other sources, and we want to provide as complete a chronicle of the scene as we can.

One of the most exciting events we've been to in ages was the much-ballyhooed mid-February World Music in Schools benefit concert in Petaluma, California (an hour north of SF) featuring Olatunji & His Drums of Passion, augmented by Jerry Garcia, Carlos Santana, bassist Bobby Vega and Mickey Hart. Before 1200 people in the tiny Petaluma Veterans Memorial Auditorium, the giant band cooked for well over two hours. It was quite a sight to see Garcia and Santana standing side by side onstage, trading riffs on every song, grinning and dancing with the same abandon as the people in the crowd. And to no one's surprise, Hart fit in with Olatunji's percussionists perfectly. That this exhilarating affair was pulled off with only a minimum of rehearsal made it all the more astonishing. The group played long, highly energized versions of virtually all of Olatunji's best-known compositions, and a special treat for Deadheads was an unexpected rendition of "Fire on the Mountain," sung and played with unbridled passion by Garcia and Santana (who took the second solo), as the huge rhythm section thundered behind them. (That's sure to become great tape filler for years to come!) It truly was one of those once-in-a-lifetime affairs, plus it raised money for a good cause: to bring world music into the Petaluma school system. (Mickey lives in that semi-rural area.)

As we went to press, the much talked about China trip became official. We don't have actual dates, but it looks like it will span a month from early May to early June. Three tours will be available. #1: Japan & Hong Kong; 12 days including two concerts in Tokyo and Osaka and one in Hong Kong. #2: Japan, Hong Kong and part of China; 19 days, including the above plus three shows in Shenzhen and Guangzhou. #3: Complete tour including above plus two shows in Beijing, two in Shanghai and one at the Great Wall.

Space is limited to about 500 for the whole tour. We have no price information at this time, but expect the complete package to be in the neighborhood of \$5000. Departure points include SF, L.A., Seattle, Chicago, De-

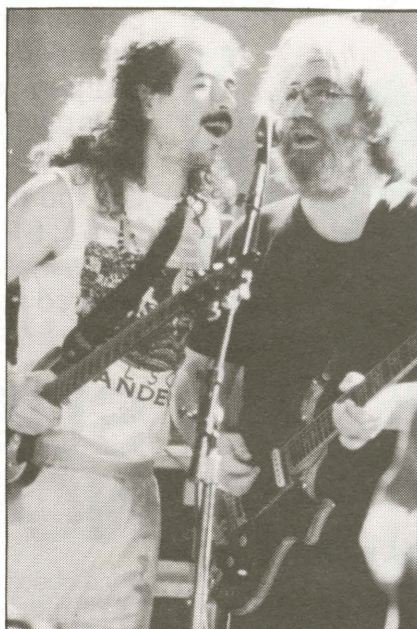


Weir, Dylan and Hart rock out in Foxboro. We'll have extensive coverage of the Dead-Dylan tour next issue. Photo: Ron Delany

troit and NYC. For more information send a sheet of paper with your name, address, work and home phone number, the tour you're interested in and which departure point you'll use, along with an SASE to: China Tour '88, P.O. Box 1260, San Rafael, CA 94915. Please also provide name, etc. of each person in your traveling party. MAIL YOUR INFO BEFORE SEPTEMBER 1! You should get info back from the Dead sometime in September if the proces-

sing goes well. As usual, keep an ear to the Hotline for additional details that might have come up after we went to press.

Here are the tour dates we have for the rest of the year, as of mid-July: September 7, 8, 9 — Providence Civic Center; September 11, 12, 13 — Capitol Center, Landover, MD; September 15, 16, 18, 19, 20 — Madison Square Garden in NYC (one last time, since it's being torn down); September 22, 23, 24 — Philadelphia Spectrum; October 2, 3, 4 — Shoreline Amphitheater, Mountain View, CA; November 14, 15 — Long Beach (CA) Arena; November 17, 18, 20, 21 — Berkeley Community Theater (Rex Foundation benefits); December 27, 28, 30, 31 — Oakland Coliseum. As always, we urge you to call the Grateful Dead Hotline for the latest verified information: (415) 457-6388 in the West; (201) 777-8653 in the East.



Jerry and Carlos sing "Dance to the Beat of My Drum" at Petaluma benefit. Photo: Jay Blakesberg

A benefit for San Francisco poster artists held at the old Fillmore Auditorium in SF in mid-March turned into a reunion of sorts for The Wildwood Boys, one of Jerry Garcia's early bluegrass groups. Joining Garcia and John Kahn for a brief set were Garcia's onetime bandmates David Nelson and Sandy Rothman. Not only was this Garcia's first public appearance with his old pals in some 25 years (although Garcia did play with them at the Dead family's private Thanksgiving party

last year, picking his banjo, no less), it was Garcia's first Fillmore gig in nearly two decades. Other performers helping to raise funds for artists like Kelley & Mouse, Victor Moscoso and Rick Griffin (who have been embroiled in a suit with Chet Helms over the ownership of their early posters) included Maria Muldaur, Country Joe McDonald and 263 bands featuring John Cipollina.

When Elvis Costello played a solo acoustic show at the San Jose (CA) Performing Arts Center April 16, he surprised the crowd by playing the Dead's "Ship of Fools" into "Must've Been the Roses" back into "Ship of Fools." Apparently, the E-Man was turned on to the songs by longtime friend Bonnie Simmons (a DJ at SF's KFOG these days) and Deadhead author/radio producer David Gans. Elvis performed his mini-medley at a couple of other acoustic shows, too, including one in South Carolina where he preceded the song with a reading of the poem "The Day They Busted the Grateful Dead."

This summer's Dylan tour was nearly scrapped when information about the tour leaked out in early March, enraging the perennially para-

noid Dylan, who threatened to cancel the shows. A San Francisco DJ, apparently authorized by a member of the Dead, went public about the Dylan dates during the Dead's Mardi Gras engagement at the Kaiser Convention Center in Oakland. Dylan showed up at the last of those three shows to do a publicity photo session backstage with veteran San Francisco photographer Herbie Greene. (The tour poster comes from that shoot.) Although Dylan declined to play a tune with the band, he did dance in the back of the hall with Wavy Gravy during the show-opening "Quinn the Eskimo" before jetting back to Los Angeles. Once the commotion about the summer tour had passed (it was splashed in papers coast to coast), Dylan calmed down and the planning for the tour continued. Most of their actual rehearsals took place at the Dead's San Rafael studio in mid-May.

Some of you might have heard about a multimedia play called *Bob Dylan: Words & Music*. The first production of Dylan music authorized by Dylan himself, it premiered in San Francisco in late April and enjoyed a short run. The April 22 performance was a benefit for the SEVA Foundation that integrated the talents of Bob Weir into the

production. Bob appeared near the beginning of the play singing "Blowin' in the Wind" with two black women singers (who are regulars in the show); then later he sang a verse or two of "The Times They Are-A-Changein'" with the Dylan character. Weir's strongest moments came on a version of "Desolation Row" sung with the excellent house band, and then a rockin' workout on "All Along the Watchtower." Near the end of the show he helped out on "Forever Young" and "Like a Rolling Stone." This makes Weir one of the only people on the planet to play with Dylan and a Dylan impersonator in the same year.

Several recently issued albums feature members of the Dead. Of particular historical value are a pair of records released by the Relix label: *Before Time Began* has a side consisting of the New Riders' demo tape from November 1969 when the lineup included Garcia, Lesh and Hart; and *Vintage NRPS*, recorded live at the Capitol Theater in Port Chester, NY, in February '71, captures the group at an early peak, right before Garcia was replaced by Buddy Cage (though after Lesh and Hart were long gone). The version of "Dirty Business" from *Vintage NRPS* is

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DEADLINE

definitely the most Dead-like song on any of the group's albums, and alone is worth the price of the record. Another treat from Relix is the re-release (on album and CD) of Mickey Hart's spotty but exciting 1972 solo LP, *Rolling Thunder*, featuring nearly everyone from the Bay Area music scene at the time.

And speaking of Monsieur Hart, the LP he produced of chants by the Gyuto Tibetan monks has finally been released on Windham Hill Records. The Dead have played it a couple of times before shows and it certainly seems to have a calming effect on the crowd, for better or worse. Interesting stuff. Mickey has of late been working at Fantasy Studios in Berkeley producing the next LP by Kitaro, the popular Japanese new age keyboardist. We don't have a release date on that one yet.

There are several new releases on the compact disc front. Warner Bros. has finally begun to put out some of its old Dead albums on CDs approved by the band. So far we've heard *Aoxomoxoa*, the first album and "Skull & Roses," all of which made the transfer to digital fairly well. The first two are a little hissy — they are old analog recordings after all — but boast greater dynamics to my ears, and "Skull & Roses" is a bargain as a single continuous disc. *American Beauty* and *Working-*

man's Dead should be out any day. Grateful Dead Merchandising has put out CDs of *Wake of the Flood* and *Blues for Allah* (both of which have been out of print for many years), and they sound sensational. If you still need to be convinced about the quality of CDs over conventional albums or tapes, we recommend you figure out a way to hear either *Blues for Allah* or *In the Dark* on CD — you'll be amazed at the powerful and clean sound.

If you hear somebody on the radio that sounds kind of like Jerry Garcia pickin' an acoustic guitar and singing about Levi's 501 jeans, you're not hallucinating. Well, maybe you are, but not about that, anyway. After the Grateful Dead turned down the offer to do a short spot for Levi's, Garcia agreed and rounded up his pals Sandy Rothman, David Nelson and John Kahn to cut a little 30-second spot for the San Francisco-based company. As Garcia and friends play a folky tune that sounds a little like "I've Been All Around This World," Jerry sings that a "good pair of Levi's bound to set me free" and "Levi's 501 jeans shrink to fit only me." As in other Levi's celebrity music commercials, Garcia is never identified. Actually, we can't recall ever seeing Garcia in 501s, but maybe they'll be part of his fall tour wardrobe, along with a nice tie-dye or two.

The big news in the world of tape trading this spring was the release of a huge batch of excellent-quality soundboard tapes from the Dead's own collection of masters. They were obtained in a rather strange way. Apparently, tapers learned that the contents of a locker controlled by one of the Dead's former sound technicians was being auctioned to pay off some debts, and that the locker contained hundreds of hours of master soundboard tapes of shows from the '70s. The Deadheads bought the tapes and immediately went about making digital copies and circulating them among tape traders. Shows that had heretofore been unavailable — such as various '71 Capitol Theater concerts, the legendary April '71 Manhattan Center series and a few more obscure Europe '72 shows — are now spreading through the taper community, much to the chagrin of the Dead. Yes, we're afraid the Dead are not too happy about the situation, and there's actually been quite a bit of animosity between the Dead organization and the people who currently own the tapes. The Dead have tried to buy the tapes back — since they belonged in their vaults, *not* the soundperson's locker — but so far the tapers haven't budged. We stand with the Dead on this one: those tapes should be part of the Dead's own archives for them to control as they see fit. With digital copies already made, the current keepers of the tapes should have what they want, so why hold on to the masters? Considering how cool the Dead have been about taping through the years, it seems that returning a valuable part of the band's heritage might be a good karmic move.

What does Phil Lesh have in common with Dr. Ruth, Howard Cosell and Paul Harvey? Each hosts a radio program. That's right, Phil has taken to the airwaves for *The Rex Foundation Presents*, a monthly program he co-hosts with Gary Lambert on Berkeley's listener-supported KPFA. The hour-long program, which currently airs the second Monday of each month from 10 to 11 p.m. primarily showcases contemporary classical, experimental jazz and avant-garde composers — what Lambert and Lesh frankly call "difficult music." Most of this is dense, dissonant and extremely challenging music that doesn't get exposure elsewhere; generally it exists only on tapes since it is too radically uncommercial for most record companies. Phil has



Phil nabs from KPFA's library. Photo: Jay Blakesberg

Continued on page 45

You Know It's Gonna Get Stranger...

the GAVIN REPORT

ALBUM

Reports accepted Monday 9 AM through 5:00 PM
Station Reporting Phone (415) 392-XXXX

MOST ADDED

	2W	LW	TW
In The Dark-GRATEFUL DEAD (ARISTA-CD)	5	6	2
"Dark Light"-BEAT FARMERS (CURB/MCA)	9	9	3
Love And War-ROBERT VAUGHN (ISLAND)	14	13	5
I Could Have Been A Dreamer-DIO (WARNER BROS.)	11	8	6
Still I Rise-ROBERT VAUGHN (ISLAND)	6	4	7
30	12		

SPECIAL SUMMER DOUBLE ISSUE

Rolling Stone

INSIDE THE WEIRD WORLD OF OLIVER NORTH

HOT STARS SURFING SKATEBOARDING VOLLEYBALL

JOURNEY INTO FEAR THE GROWING NIGHTMARE OF EPSTEIN BARR VIRUS

THE NEW DAY

A be-in with the Beatles, Joplin, Hendrix, Che, gurus & ...

People

weekly

Celebrating the '60s'

SUMMER OF LOVE

It's 20 years later. Do you know where your love beads are?

peter max

ALB AMUSEMENT BUSINESS

BOXSCORE TOP CONCERT GROSSES

ARTIST(S)	Venue	Date(s)	Gross Ticket Price(s)	Attendance Capacity	Promoter
GRATEFUL DEAD/BOB DYLAN	JFK Stadium Philadelphia, Pa.	July 10	\$1,493,037 \$21	71,097 90,000	Electric Factory Concerts Monarch Entertainment Bureau
GRATEFUL DEAD/BOB DYLAN	Giants Stadium East Rutherford, N.J.	July 12	\$1,478,350 \$21	71,596 sellout	Monarch Entertainment Bureau John Scher Presents
BOSTON FARRENHEIT	Meadowlands Arena East Rutherford, N.J.	July 1-3, 5	\$1,296,182 \$17.50/\$16.50	75,795 sellout	Monarch Entertainment Bureau John Scher Presents
NEIL DIAMOND	Met Center Bloomington, Minn.	July 8-11	\$1,129,060 \$17.50/\$15	65,005 sellout	Ogden Allied Presents
MADONNA LEVEL 42	Sullivan Stadium Foxboro, Mass.	July 9	\$1,064,975 \$22.50	48,384 sellout	Don Law Co.

MTV PROGRAMMING

This report does not include videos in recurrent or oldie rotation.

WEEKS ON PLAYLIST	PROGRAMMING
7	*BRYAN ADAMS HEARTS ON FIRE A&M
15	*CROWDED HOUSE SOMETHING SO STRONG Capitol
7	*EUROPE CARRIE Epic
5	*FLEETWOOD MAC SEVEN WONDERS Warner Bros.
6	*GRATEFUL DEAD TOUCH OF GRAY Arista
11	*HEART ALONE Capitol
8	JANET JACKSON THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE A&M

Will Success Spoil the Grateful Dead?

Brace yourself. Here it comes. There's something happening here, and from where I sit it's a little bit scary. Maybe you feel it, too. In a nutshell, what I sense is that the Grateful Dead are on the threshold of genuine mega-success, bona fide celebrity, su-pah-stah-dom, baby. The long, strange trip is about to get stranger.

It's been quite a last couple of months for the band: nice cover story in *Rolling Stone*, which had all but ignored them the last ten years; Captain Trips circa '67 on a *People* magazine cover designed by one of the '60s' first great sell-outs,

Peter Max; the debut of the Dead's first MTV music video, "Touch of Gray," aired for the first time June 19 after a video by Motley Crue; an appearance on *The Today Show* that had Bryant Gumbel shaking his head in bewilderment; six sold-out stadium shows, accompanied by giant Diamond Vision screens; a "cover story" in *USA Today*, alias *McPaper*; the release of their first studio album in more than seven years, heralded by a two-page full-color ad in *Billboard* magazine and predictions from Arista Records boss Clive Davis that *In the Dark* will sell more than a million records; the imminent release of a

55-minute live/studio/conceptual video; wild Buckingham Palace nights with Di and Fergie ... Wait a minute, I'm getting carried away.

OK, enough of sensationalized cynicism. Let's talk about what's really happening.

Basically, the Grateful Dead are at a commercial crossroads. Their following has grown steadily over the past several years for reasons we can only speculate about. A lot of it really is just the sort of growth you get when a friend brings another friend, who brings another friend, to shows. And the Dead have never been more acces-

sible to neophytes: both songs and shows have gotten somewhat shorter through the years, and their newer material is fairly catchy. It's no coincidence, though, that the recent surge in popularity comes at a time when there is a trend towards bohemianism among the young, in part as a reaction against the uptight conservatism of the waning days of the Reagan era. Let's face it: the Grateful Dead scene is an oasis in the desert of American Lameness, more now than ever before. It's got something a lot of people want: heart and soul; you can hear it in the music and see it in people's faces—in their smiles, really.

It's fun to see new faces at the concerts. Fun to see the community becoming larger, stronger, more interconnected in so many ways. But there's an ominous side to all this: how big is BIG? So big that getting tickets for shows, already difficult, will become a true nightmare in which only a fraction of the people who want to see the band actually get to, *à la* Bruce Springsteen? There have been major problems at many ticket outlets when Dead ducats go on sale; we could wallpaper the *Golden Road* office with horror stories from subscribers about the boorish, even criminal, behavior of a small number of so-called Deadheads who are giving the scene a bad name. The Dead are already banned from a number of venues. A lot of the trouble, of course, has been caused by people without tickets coming to concert areas because they like the party atmosphere outside shows. Alas, this is likely to get worse as the band gets more popular.

Selling outside the shows has also mushroomed the last couple of years to the point where the parking lots are starting to resemble tacky flea markets, with a lot of the merchants who come down not even Deadheads. Earning a few bucks to cop some tickets is one thing, but a lot of this is gross commercialism perpetuated by sellers interested only in Deadhead dollars and attracted by the heretofore open selling atmosphere. Grateful Dead merchandising and Winterland productions have started cracking down on some of the sellers, but unfortunately this has created a lot of ill will in the Deadhead community. Yes, they're going after the big, possibly mob-connected East Coast bootleggers who wouldn't know the difference between the Grateful Dead and Led Zeppelin. But they're also making threats of legal action against a lot of the relatively small merchants of Dead-related merchandise — good people (and hardcore Heads) who enrich the scene immeasurably. If the Dead organization is suddenly going to change the rules in the middle of the game, perhaps it's time

for them to spell out exactly what the new rules are. As it is, the enforcement has been selective and decidedly unfriendly (a lot of confiscated goods, etc.). A little communication from all the involved parties is clearly what's needed.

Suppose the Dead have a smash hit single. What sort of crowd will that bring in? Well, a lot of cool people will

Let's face it: the Dead scene is an oasis in the desert of American Lameness.

become lifelong Deadheads and your and my friends in the future. But also the element that is attracted by the one hit song they've heard, that comes to a show to hear that song played, and is rude and inattentive until they hear that song (after which point they leave). That's not an overstatement. It is an inescapable by-product of mass popularity. The environment of a Grateful Dead concert is always overwhelming to first-timers, no matter how well prepared they come in. My feeling is that most of the newcomers the last few years were introduced to the band by Heads, but that is about to change. Get ready to encounter a whole generation of fans who perhaps have no previous connection with either the culture or values of the Dead community. They are going to be on foreign soil at a Dead show, and I suspect we're going to have to be their guides, genially (ahem!) advising them that the quiet part of "Stella Blue" isn't the most opportune time to loudly discuss the baseball pennant race or that party last Thursday night.

I realize that when I write these little diatribes, I cast myself in the role of elitist snob who wants to keep the scene small and comfortable for himself and his friends. I'll cop to that. What can I say? Small is beautiful — and manageable. The collapse of the Haight following the Summer of Love is a perfect example of the sort of thing that can happen to a good scene that becomes overpopulated. My paranoia is not un-

founded, and I also suspect that it is shared — perhaps secretly — by a lot of other Deadheads who recognize the scene to be a fragile flower.

It's a tough one. We all want the Grateful Dead to be successful. They deserve it and they've worked their asses off to get to this point. And to say the least, they've never had any sort of master plan for world domination. On the contrary, they've taken many a weird turn away from the mainstream at times when it seemed like they were just a step away from breaking through to the masses. But this time it's going to happen because they're not turning away; indeed, they're leaping in with both feet. And why not? Aren't you a mite curious to see what happens when Dead culture, with its current strength and numbers, crashes head-first into America the Weirdiful? I've got to believe that we will get by, we will survive.

I rest easier at night knowing that at least the album and videos that are intriguing people are state-of-the-art Dead. This isn't the Starship singing MOR bullshit and acting embarrassed that they were part of the '60s. It isn't some Summer of Love package tour cashing in on false nostalgia. No, this is songs about the arms race, sleazy small-time operators, existential angst and perseverance. It's images of mandalas, the tarot, the Ku Klux Klan and the long guns of war. It's skeletons on stage and a mask of eyeballs. Just Grateful Dead '87 is all.

* * *

Join us over the next few pages as we take an in-depth look at the Dead's various new projects: *In the Dark*, the *So Far* video, and the "Touch of Gray" videoclip.

But before we get to the meat-and-potatoes stuff — which is largely based on interviews we did with Garcia, video directors Len Dell'Amico (*So Far*) and Gary Gutierrez ("Touch of Gray") and record co-producer John Cutler — let's hear what Garcia has to say about some of the issues discussed above. We talked the day before the band tripped off to Alpine Valley for the beginning of their summer tour.

I sense a massive Grateful Dead assault coming, like troops coming over Pork Chop Hill or something.

Right!

Does it feel that way to you guys?

Yeah, it does. Although it wasn't planned that way. It's not like we planned D-Day and now we're hitting the beaches. It just worked out that way. So, I really don't know what to think about it except there really isn't

FOR WEEK ENDING AUGUST 1, 1987

Billboard

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ALBUM ROCK TRACKS

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	2 WKS AGO	WKS ON CHART	ARTIST	TITLE
1	3	3	5	GRATEFUL DEAD	A TOUCH OF GREY
2	2	5	9	HEART	WHO WILL YOU RUN TO
3	4	4	7	INXS & JIMMY BARNES	GOOD TIMES
4	5	8	6	38 SPECIAL	BACK TO PARADISE
5	1	1	8	SAMMY HAGAR	GIVE TO LIVE
6	12	18	4	HOOTERS	MAKING LOVE
7	7	6	8	JOHN WAITE	KISS AND TELL
8	10	11	10	WHITESNAKE	STAND BACK
9	11	16	6	CRUZADOS	TOUCH OF GREY

74	90	—	2	MAKING LOVE	J. JAM, L. LEWIS (J. JAM)
75	80	93	3	KISS AND TELL	M. VERDICK, S. BRAY (D. GILROY)
76	77	84	4	STAND BACK	(J. JAM, L. LEWIS) (K. WILSON)
77	NEW	1	1	TOUCH OF GREY	J. GARCIA, J. CUTLER (GARCIA, HUNTER)
78	87	—	2	JOHNNY B	R. CHERTOFF (R. HYMAN, E. BAZILIAN, R. CHERTOFF)
79	82	—	2	IN MY DREAMS	K. CROWNING, R. RICHMAN, A. GRATZER, D. DEVORE (K. CROWNING, T. KELLY)
80	85	—	2	TWISTIN' THE NIGHT AWAY (FROM "INNERSPACE")	R. STEWART (S. COCKE)

THE GRATEFUL DEAD

In The Dark

PRODUCERS: Jerry Garcia & John Cutler
Arista AL-8452

First album in seven years by the legendary band is almost an event in and of itself. Presence of several strong tracks for radio, most notably "Touch Of Grey" and "West L.A. Fadeaway," should fuel the excitement. Expect strong out-of-the-box sales to Dead heads, followed by steady, incremental sales as word of mouth builds with other buyers. Should be one of their best sellers.

◆ THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS
CBS ASSOCIATED 4 07230 (E.P.A.)

◆ THE GRATEFUL DEAD
ARISTA 1-9606

◆ HOOTERS
COLUMBIA 38-07241

◆ REO SPEEDWAGON
EPIC 34-07255 (E.P.A.)

◆ ROD STEWART
GEPFEN 7-2830 (E.P.A.)

EVERY PLAYLIST NEEDS A TOUCH OF GREY

"TOUCH OF GREY," the first hit single from the Grateful Dead. Already the #1 most requested song at album radio. Their first-ever video is in power rotation on TV.

From In The Dark, the Dead's first studio album in seven years. Available now. Catch the group on the biggest sold-out tour of the summer!

Arista Records. Dedicated To Making "Touch Of Grey" The Grateful Dead's First Top 40 Hit Ever!

Grateful Dead

IT'S GOING TO BE A DEAD SUMMER!

ARISTA

that much to it, you know?

What do you mean?

Well, there's the Grateful Dead record, and the video — the short video that goes with "Touch of Gray," the single. The single is a consequence of the album; that's really one thing. And then there's the video which is really a completely separate, but interrelated project.

Have you thought of what real success would mean to the scene?

Shit, I always thought we were real successful! [Laughs]

I know. That's what I'm saying.

As long as people buy tickets to our shows we're successful. And we're already way ahead of that.

When you can sell out Giants Stadium in two hours you're doing OK.

Yeah, how much more successful can we swallow?

Exactly. So what do you do?

I don't know. If this translates to unheard of record sales or something — some enormous number of records — then we'll have a real serious problem. We'll have the problem of where are we gonna play?

Overdemand.

Right. We already have that problem to some extent. [East Coast promoter] John Scher says he has to "de-promote" us. [Laughs] We don't spend any money on advertising anymore. So where do we have to go? At this point, the Deadheads and the Grateful Dead have to get serious. We have to invent where we can go from here, because there is no place.

Do you have any sense of options?

What options? There aren't any in existence that fill the bill in terms of the requirement of the band and the audience. The audience requires the band, the band requires the audience, you know what I mean? And anything short of live performances is short of live performances. So some sort of video isn't going to get it. Bigger venues isn't going to get it. When you're at the stadium, that's it, that's the top end, and that's already not that great. So, we're looking to improve the quality of the experience — that's been our thrust all along — in whatever ways we can. Either by the sound or the production, all the things that have to do with the show.

I don't think we can play that many more shows, so this represents a problem. The answer may be videos and more records and that sort of stuff. I don't know.

It's pretty weird.

It's an interesting problem to have. The problem of being too successful. It's one of those things that completely blows my mind.

Also, in the case of the Grateful Dead, it manifests itself in such a different way than it does with someone like Bruce or U2 because there's such a scene surrounding it.

That's true. We may have to do something like work on material that's deliberately inaccessible. Thin down the audience that way.

That's what I've been suggesting. Come out and play "Blues for Allah" for half an hour.

Yeah, play something that's too weird for words! [Laughs] We could do something like that, but it seems kind

of counterproductive.

Unless it's sincere. Unless the whole thing weirds you guys out so much that that's the kind of music you start making.

Yeah. That could happen.

There's a sort of mini-parallel to this situation. Back in '70, when American Beauty came out, I noticed an influx of this new element shouting for "Truckin'" and "Casey Jones" because they'd heard those on the radio. But as often as not, you'd play 25-minute versions of "Dark Star" and most of those people did not come back. Sort of "natural selection."

That will stay in operation. If people come to our shows expecting to hear the album, they're not going to hear it, you know? They'd have to come to three or four shows. Eventually they'd hear the album, but they wouldn't hear it in the traditional way. So since we don't play down that road, people will either be attracted to our live shows or they won't — those that can get in. But there's already a problem there — they can't get tickets; the tickets are already sold to Deadheads.

As far as I can tell we're at the cul-de-sac, the end of popular music success. It doesn't mean there's no place to go from here. But now we have to be creative on this level, as well, and invent where we're going to go. It's happened before. The times we've gone to play theaters and do runs in places and that sort of thing, were all efforts to address this kind of thing. Making changes in the p.a., that kind of stuff.

But you know, for me the success of the album and everything is still hypothetical. I've heard this before: "Your album is going to be triple-platinum!" and all that stuff. That's not new to me.

I'm not convinced that we've produced something that's that accessible.

Are you going to do TV or any of the usual marketing things to promote the album?

Nah. I've never liked being on TV for any reason. Basically you're there to sell stuff, and I feel funny about that. I don't want to turn into one of those kind of Johnny Carson celebrities, you know what I mean? It's one thing to make a living playing music, because that's what I do, but I would feel funny about doing stuff where you just sit and be clever. I've done a lot of those kinds of shows, and sometimes you can get in a few fast one-liners, but you rarely get into any kind of depth, or anything even close to it. For me it's a burn and I'd just as soon not do it. If there was some format that was ultra-hip and allowed us to all talk at once [Laughs] and handle the whole band, I'd feel more comfortable. It's nice when we can bounce off each other, because it's just like music really. You get into riffing, and we've been in the Grateful Dead long enough to answer almost any Grateful Dead question inventively. It gets to be a craft, really. You do enough interviews that eventually you learn how to bullshit. But that's not something I'm real proud of.

I just have no stomach for playing on television. It's just the wrong form for the Grateful Dead. I mean it's about enough time for us to tune up. Also, television is kind of reductive. The band playing on television seems reduced. It doesn't come through. I don't think much of anything does.

Has Arista's excitement surprised you?

Yeah. Their enthusiasm is almost contagious. [Laughs] It's surprising because in the past they seemed more baffled by our records. But there are a lot of new people there and that has something to do with it.

I assume you're still leaving your options open as to whether you'll find a new label or re-sign with Arista.

We don't have any plans one way or another. We'll see what the fallout of all this is. It's really all premature. We haven't seen what this record is going to do. Like I say, I've heard this stuff before, this excitement. But the thing about the Grateful Dead is that we live in the world of the Grateful Dead and so, naturally, the feedback we get is from people that at least have some interest in the Grateful Dead. So at the least it's biased that way. I don't want to disqualify everybody who says that the record's going to be a huge success—

Particularly those who have money riding on it in bets—

Right. [Laughs] But at the same time,

when it comes out we'll see what it does. We'll see what the permutations are and we'll see if it suggests anything else to us. It may be that Arista will want more singles, more videos to go along with potential singles.

I keep thinking "West L.A." could be a single.

I sort of feel that way, too, but I also feel that "Hell in a Bucket" is a great

"We're sort of like the town whore that's finally become respectable."

single. I don't know.

Was it strange for you to chop down "Touch of Gray" for the single?

I didn't like it. I never do something like that without consulting with Hunter. My trip was to keep the sense of it there. Hunter didn't mind, and if he doesn't mind, it's OK with me. I dislike doing that as a matter of principle, but when it happens, it happens.

In the last couple of years I've noticed the media warming towards the band. Can it really be just the 20th Anniversary milestone?

I guess we might have done that thing — we're sort of like the town whore that's finally become an institution. [Laughs] We're finally becoming respectable.

I also notice there's turnover in the press. There's a whole bunch of different journalists than there were even ten years ago. There are probably a lot more of them who've grown up with the Grateful Dead as part of their — if not foreground cultural material, at least certainly something they've all heard of. And they all have friends who are Deadheads or something. That may have something to do with it. I don't know.

I wonder if one reason the band seems more "respectable" is that for the first time since the early '70s, the outlook for the band coincides with the ideas that are somewhat accepted in the cultural mainstream,

whether it's the basic pacifism or whatever.

I'd like to think so.

That intersects with people like U2 or Peter Gabriel in a certain way. In other words, there's more of an intersection of the ideas of your band and other bands, even though the way you're articulating the ideas is different.

I'd like to believe that. You know, I feel a certain kinship with those guys, even though they lean a little more politically than us. Not very much.

I don't know. I don't feel that close to the center of whatever this culture is. Like I say, I live in the Grateful Dead universe, which has its own parameters, its own goals. For me it's very narrow. I don't mean narrow in the sense of limited horizons. I mean narrow in the sense that the way I experience the Grateful Dead and this culture is: the Grateful Dead is like a door you pass through, then there's another door and you pass through that, then another door, and so on. The door frame and the wall and the room beyond are the rest of the culture. I'm seeing it from the wrong end of a telescope, so to speak, with the Grateful Dead in the extreme foreground.

The Grateful Dead translates to me as my community, my friends, the people that I care about. The kind of first-line political stuff is the stuff you touch with your hands, the people that you see eye to eye with and deal with. Then everything beyond that is some sort of wild rumor you either believe or don't believe. And I have no direct evidence of it. So it's tough for me to talk about that world with any degree of confidence.

Because you depend on what you see and read, and most of that's probably lies.

That's right. I filter it through my own experience. Like my experience with the press is something like a 60 percent error factor with my own words. [Laughs]

Sorry, guy!

Well, not you.

So you figure, "Well, if they're doing that to me, they must be doing it to everybody else, so what can you believe?" Not much. So I don't know what the hell the culture at large is doing. If I believed television I'd be scared or something. But I'm not because I tend to trust my experience of the Grateful Dead world, and my experience of that world is that things are looking better all the time.

It doesn't seem like you're the type whose skepticism naturally turns to either cynicism or anger. Or despair.

No, it doesn't. You're right. For me it's more a matter of "Well, so what!" [Laughs] Push on! Push on!" □

The Album: *In the Dark*

Whether or not you like *In the Dark* probably depends a little on how you feel about the Grateful Dead's records in general. Many of the band's younger fans, "raised" on a steady diet of good-quality concert tapes, don't even know the Dead as a recording band in particular. After all, on the surface, the studio albums pale in comparison with tapes in terms of the energy and intensity of the performances of almost any given song. Add to that the band's own trashing of their records in the press through the years, and it's easy to understand why the current generation of Deadheads tends to view Dead albums more as failed curiosities than legitimate art. As recently as this spring, Garcia said in an interview, "Our records are awful," thereby perpetuating the by now standard bad rap.

Certainly, the three studio albums the Dead made for Arista in the late '70s were seriously flawed: *Terrapin Station* was hideously overproduced by Keith Olsen, who squeezed much of the life out of certain tunes; *Shakedown Street* was basically non-produced by Lowell George, and thus completely lacks dynamism; and *Go to Heaven*, while sonically outstanding, suffers from the fact that the songs were recorded before some of the kinks had been worked out live, so they sound somewhat stiff. All this says is that the grand experiment to use outside producers as a concession to the pop mainstream was a failure.

But I would argue that all of the Dead's other studio records are overwhelmingly successful, precisely because the band has always fundamentally understood that recording is a different medium than playing live. The freedom to experiment in the studio is what gave *Aoxomoxoa* its textural richness; indeed, it's because the songs are so radically different from the way they were performed live that I still play the record (CD now) as much as I do. And really, it's that way with all the albums: whether it's the careful interweaving of acoustic and electric instruments on *Workingman's Dead* and *American Beauty*, Richard Greene's fiddle solo on "Mississippi Half-Step" from *Wake of the Flood*, the layers of keyboards on *Mars Hotel*, or the sheer you-are-there

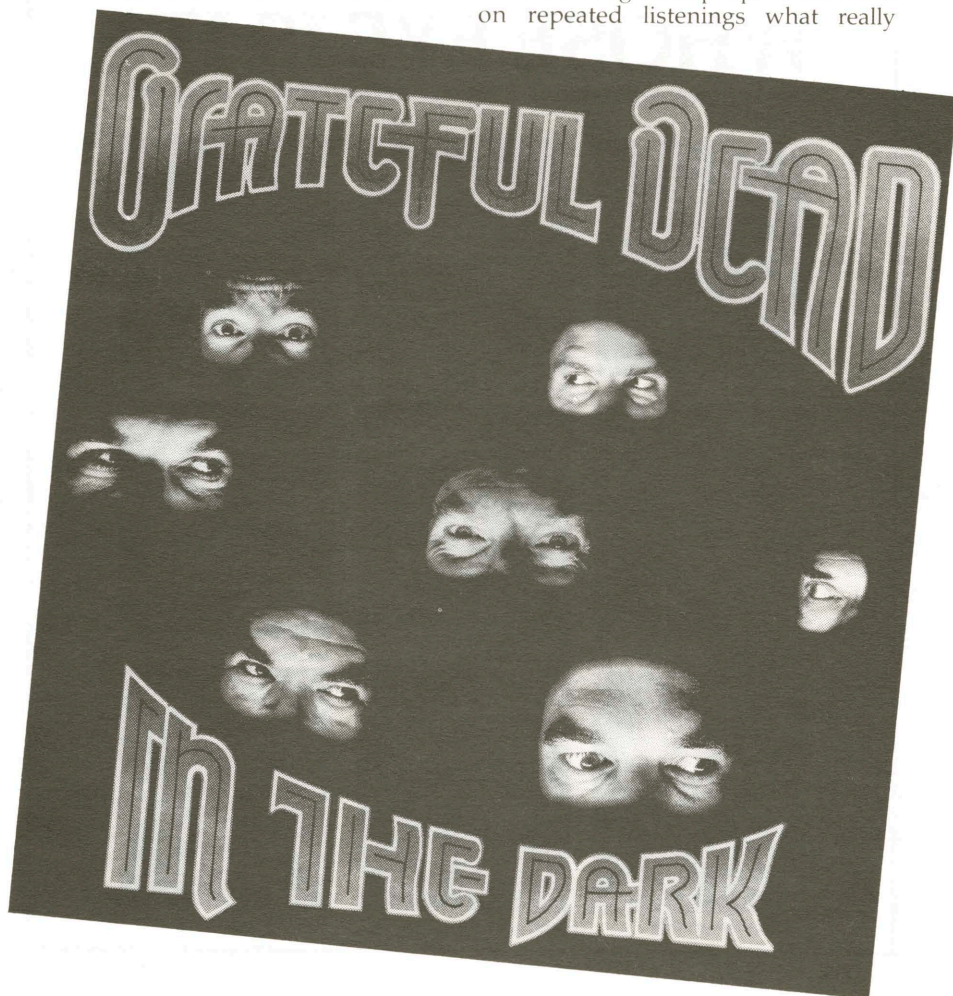
cleanness of *Blues for Allah*, the albums have a vitality of their own, independent of how the songs may have been played before or after the records were made.

But then I'm prejudiced. My formative years were spent with my head between two speakers listening to records — an unending stream of Jimi, The Beatles, Stones, The Doors and, after buying *Aoxomoxoa* in '69, the Dead. The taping phenomenon didn't really hit on a wide scale until the late '70s, so albums were *it*. And truth be known, much as I loved the live "Skull & Roses" and *Europe '72*, to this day I feel a little cheated that the Dead never tackled songs like "Wharf Rat," "Jack Straw," "He's Gone," "Bertha" and "Ramble On Rose" on conventional albums, because the studio environment has always forced the band to look at

their songs in new ways to compensate for the fact that the live Dead experience cannot be accurately reproduced.

Which brings us back to *In the Dark*. What makes this a brilliant album in my view — aside from the strength of the songs, which is paramount — is that the band manages both to translate the energy of their current live performances to vinyl, and to add enough interesting and unusual studio touches so that the songs seem utterly fresh. That is no mean feat considering how often most of us have heard this material over the past several years. A lot of Deadheads may think that live versions are somehow sacrosanct, but thank God the Dead don't. Because it's already clear that all the thought and hard work the group put into the arrangements on this record have also affected the way these songs are played live, so tunes that were in danger of becoming stale before the album was even released today breathe with a new life born from the exhilaration of successful in-studio collaboration. Remember, it's been a long, long time since these guys have had a satisfying studio experience.

This is an album where the quirky little touches — animal noises here, synthesized vocals there, peculiar percussion treatments and the like — are the first thing most people notice. But on repeated listenings what really



stands out is the strength of the playing. Garcia's guitar work on "Hell in a Bucket" and "Tons of Steel" is outrageous, as good as anything you could hope to hear live. The bass lines leap out of the mix on nearly every song. Brent has never sounded more imaginative (not to mention audible) with his keyboard splashes. The drums and percussion have more life and punch than on any of the last albums. And Weir's lead vocals, in particular, pack a wallop he's never approached on a studio record. On top of that, there were brilliant arrangement decisions made, from the major overhaul of "Tons of Steel" to the African-sounding choral ending of "Throwing Stones." They took chances and won 90 percent of the time, a great percentage by Grateful Dead standards. If all this seems to border on the hyperbolic, it is only because the record far exceeds my expectations (and I'm a crazy optimist to begin with).

So where did they go right? Well, let's look at the making of the record.

It was only a couple of years ago that some people—even in the Dead organization—wondered privately if the Dead would ever make another record. Dissatisfied with the way their

label, Arista Records, was handling their "product" (to use the parlance of the biz), the band felt scant impetus to turn in the final album owed on their Arista contract. After all, the band was excited about the material they'd introduced to the live repertoire in '82-'83 and they didn't want it mishandled by a company that had shown repeatedly that it didn't understand what makes the Grateful Dead different and special. And since live gigs have traditionally paid the bills for the Dead, there wasn't even the usual immediate financial incentive that most bands have.

Add to that various personal problems different bandmembers were dealing with, the fact that the group was producing itself for the first time since 1975, and the Dead's legendary "studiophobia" (to quote Weir), and suddenly it's not too surprising that a month of sessions in early '84 at Fantasy Studios in Berkeley yielded nothing (except a new intro for "My Brother Esau").

But in April of 1985, the situation changed. The Dead decided to produce a long-form video highlighting their new material and some older nuggets and so they shot three days of sessions (with no audience) at the Marin Veterans Auditorium in their hometown of San Rafael. While Len Dell'Amico di-

rected his camera crew from one truck parked outside the hall, longtime GD tech wizard John Cutler recorded the band from another—Guy Charbonneau's famous Le Mobile remote recording truck. While much of the band's playing was a little ragged (I managed to catch a whole day from inside Le Mobile), there was no question that the tracks had more punch than the Dead usually mustered in a conventional studio situation. Another series of video sessions in November of '85 proved even more productive and gave Cutler another chance to work on his engineering skills in the truck. (An article on the video that eventually came from these sessions, *So Far*, follows.)

So when the band got serious about finally making the record—basically after Garcia recovered from his illness—Cutler rented the Marin facility for two weeks this past January, brought in Le Mobile once again, and managed to get on tape solid basic tracks for the eight tunes they wanted on the record. The band, obviously revitalized following Garcia's return (they'd just completed seven hot year-end shows), seemed to have no trouble putting aside the differences with Arista this time around, and the sessions went smoothly and quickly. And one of the main reasons it all worked so well is that the band went into Marin Vets and just played their songs live as if the place was packed with 2000 Deadheads, like it was at their last show there in April '84.

"The Dead is most successful as a live band," observes John Cutler. "There's no reason why they can't be successful as a recording band, but I think it's apropos that they did their basic tracks in a live situation—as if they were playing live—because that's where their expertise lies. We had them set up onstage in the same places they would be for a concert, and I think that helped a lot. But it's definitely a studio recording."

So much so that all the electric instruments were plugged directly into the console in Le Mobile and, unlike the video sessions, there were no microphones in the hall to pick up room ambience. All of the vocals were overdubbed later at the Dead's Front Street studio, and of course the many sound effects were added later, as well. Though the record certainly contains numerous touches that were clearly studio inventions, Garcia is quick to point out that "the record, really, has an awful lot of *playing* on it. It sounds structured, but it's not really. The jamming on each tune is just jamming." And that's quite a switch from *Go to Heaven*, where producer Gary Lyons literally spliced together many of the

WHOSE EYE IS IT?

One of these folks owns the 13th eye on the Dead's album cover.



Tammy Faye Bakker



Pee-wee Herman



Don King



Bill Graham



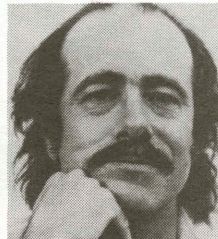
Bill Walton



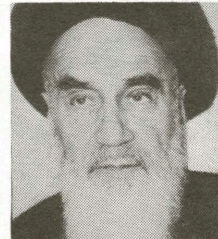
Mr. Bill



Rodney Dangerfield



Robert Hunter



Ayatollah Khomeini

guitar solos and vocal lines from different takes in an attempt to capture some weird sort of "perfection" only he envisioned. That technique is not particularly strange in the recording world at large, but it's basically antithetical to the way the Dead operate.

"These sessions seemed like they went a whole lot easier [than *Go to Heaven*]," Brent says. "This is only my second studio album with the band and I can tell a lot of difference between this and the last album. It feels a lot more natural and it feels more like us on stage."

This time around, Garcia and Cutler shared the production reins, with Garcia essentially having the final yes-no vote. Like the other members of the band, Garcia is basically anti-authoritarian and wouldn't normally look to fill a "cop" role, but when he tackles a project like the album or the *So Far* video, he isn't afraid to put himself on the line and make ultimate decisions.

"It's one of the things I'm good at," he says without a hint of boastfulness, "because first of all, I have some sense of what the Grateful Dead's point of view is. The next part is that I won't let things go past unless I'm sure everyone in the band sees them or hears them. So I know enough about what the potential for political nightmares are. You want everybody to like it, and you want everybody to be participating in it fully, and that means everyone has to believe in the project."

"But you have to be able to say, 'This is it. This is the way it's going to be.' I'm flexible about *what* it's going to be, but once all the news is in—in other words, once everyone's put in an opinion—I take it into account and make changes and then I can say, 'OK, this is it.' Nobody minds talking to me about it, and I don't mind hearing about it from anybody, so that's part of why it's fallen into my hands."

At the same time, Garcia says he was always careful to keep his roles as player and producer separate, and he was adamant about not working on *So Far* and *In the Dark* simultaneously. "It's important for me to divide my time in such a way that projects don't bleed into each other," he comments. "Really, in spite of the fact that the album and video were finished around the same time, the work that went on in both was quite different in terms of displacement in time. Most of the work on the video took place a long time before the record really got started. They only overlap coincidentally. There was never a time when I was working on one in the morning and the other in the afternoon. I can't do that."

"Another thing I can't do is work as performer and producer in the same



John Cutler. Photo: BJ

time frame. So, for example, the days when I had to do vocals for the record, I wouldn't actually evaluate my vocals till another day, because being a performer and being a pair of ears—which is how a producer functions—are two different kinds of energy, and I'm not good at doing both at the same time. I can do one, I can do the other, but not both."

In John Cutler, Garcia found a perfectly ally for the difficult task of recording the Dead. "He's been in the background in the studio for a long time," Garcia says. "But he's been intimately involved. He worked as a second [assistant engineer] for Bob [Mathews] and Betty [Cantor] when we were doing a lot of recording with them, so he's had a lot of experience around the machines. But this is the first stuff where he's had a chance to be *the* guy, and it turns out he's good at it. He's real detail-oriented and you need someone like that when you're recording the Grateful Dead, because the more clearly you hear, the better the work ends up."

Cutler has always preferred to stay out of the public eye, working instead behind the scenes with the Dead, but his work on the album and video is sure to bring him a certain notoriety.

A native of New York, Cutler moved to the West Coast in 1970 to pursue his interest in electronics. "I've been a radio amateur all my life, basically, and I got my taste for custom electronics working as an apprentice for Ron Wickershaw and Alembic [the ultra-progressive company that built instruments and sound equipment for the Dead in the early '70s]," he says. He studied electrical engineering, calculus and physics at City College of San Francisco, and was just a few credits shy of

entering the University of California at Berkeley when he quit school to do tech work for his brother Bill's once-popular Bay Area band, Heroes. "I tried to build custom stuff for them," he says, "but our budget was zero."

Around 1975, he set up his own electronics workbench at a company called Hard Truckers and began doing repair work for local bands. One day [Dead sound mixer] Dan Healy came in and said, 'Hey, I've got 25 McIntosh amps that need fixing in a week, because we've got these gigs coming up. Can you fix them?' So I got a little crazy and stayed up a few nights in a row fixing them and then ended up helping put up a p.a. system for the Dead."

That led to other work for the band. He built the headphone system and other custom equipment for the then-budding Front Street studio, "and after a while I was building so much equipment for the Dead that my other clients were suffering. It got down to an either/or situation and fortunately the Dead put me on salary, and I've been at Front Street ever since." Working closely with Healy, Cutler has had a hand in building almost all the microprocessor-based effects the Dead employ in their live show ("I enjoy making smart things," he says with a smile), and he is in charge of keeping Front Street in top shape and up-to-date.

Besides his work with equipment, Cutler has shown himself to be an able live mixer the last few years, working primarily on the Dead's occasional radio broadcasts and doing some live sound for Dead spin-offs like the Garcia Band and Bobby & the Midnights. It was his work on the Marin Vets video sessions, however, that made him the obvious candidate to engineer and co-produce *In the Dark*.

It would be unfair to the other players to suggest that this was exclusively a Garcia-Cutler project, however. Weir and Brent effectively shaped the tunes each of them wrote, and everyone was involved in making overdub suggestions for nearly every track. Mickey even went so far as to take copies ("slaves") of the basic tracks to his home studio in Sonoma County, work on percussion effects, and then bring them back to Front Street to be married with the original master tapes where appropriate.

The band labored intensively on the album during February and March, and even when the band left town for the spring East Coast tour, work continued long distance. Cutler continually sent out cassettes containing different possible mixes for the players' review; the band members would study them and discuss their different parts, relaying comments back to Cutler, who stayed



The mask of eyes on the back cover. Photo: Herbie Greene

in San Rafael to work on the record.

"I was really impressed with the democracy in this band," says Bob Bralove, a computer-programming genius who helped the Dead devise a number of the amazing effects on *In the Dark*. "In the studio, the lines of communication were always open. Billy and Mickey would bring in lists of things they wanted to discuss about the mixes, and everyone seemed to go out of their way to accommodate the others. It was great to see."

Bralove, who is best known for his innovative programming work with Stevie Wonder the last several years, worked extensively with Hart and Kreutzmann in their search for truly strange sounds, and with Brent to get new sounds out of his Emulator and Kurzweil keyboards. Bralove is an expert in the relatively recent field of digital sampling, in which sounds are stored in computer memory and then can be recalled with a keyboard or other triggering devices, with the characteristics of the original sound changed by the controlling device. (In other words, the sound of a glass breaking can in essence be "played" on a keyboard, with each key played affecting the pitch of the sampled sound. This explains why Brent's keyboards can sound exactly like a fiddle — he is playing an actual sampled fiddle.)

Many of the interesting sound effects and percussion touches on *In the Dark* utilized sampling — from the repitched vibraslaps and shakers on "West L.A. Fadeaway" to the snarling beasts on "Hell in a Bucket" that Garcia labels "the nastiest-sounding pit bulls

ever. God, they're horrible sounding monsters." Actually, though, they are mainly studio creations — "digital doggies," Garcia quips.

Overdubbing is usually a fairly laborious task, and Garcia freely admits that "I hate doing guitar overdubs. I want to go in there and just *do it*, because really, when is it right? You're getting into the realm of infinite possibilities." Yet according to both Cutler and Garcia, overdub sessions for both vocals and instruments went very smoothly. "We rarely had a down day," Garcia says, "a day when absolutely nothing got accomplished. We accomplished something every day."

Several people who were either involved with the project or who observed sessions have singled out Brent as a key figure in shaping some of the album's arrangements. The most obvious example is his own "Tons of Steel," which deviates heavily from the way the band played it live before cutting the album. Its original country lilt has been hardened with effective stacking of keyboard parts, including lines that sound like peppery blasts from the Memphis Horns. And it was Brent, with Bralove's able assistance, who provided so much of the new coloration on "Touch of Gray," much to Garcia's delight.

"'Touch of Gray' came out very different from the way we've been doing it," Garcia says. "For me, it's been a largely unsuccessful song looking for its right approach. It just wasn't right. After I got out of the hospital, all of a sudden I knew that what I really wanted to do to the tune was slow it

Phil: "It's the best-sounding record we've put out in many years."

down. So when we went to record it, the only real difference between the way we'd been performing it and the way we performed it in the recording situation was we slowed the tempo considerably. Then, as we started working on it, it was really Brent who was sort of the father of the new arrangement."

To get the album out by early July, coinciding with their mini-tour with Dylan, the band had to meet a strict mid-May deadline imposed by Arista. This meant a lot of long days putting on the finishing touches and finalizing mixes. At first, it was believed that a couple of the songs would have to be trimmed to fit eight songs on the record, but that problem was solved by dropping "My Brother Esau," which was deemed not quite up to snuff at the time the master tapes were handed in — on time, miraculously. (All the songs are about the length they are live, though the guitar solo on "When Push Comes to Shove" is truncated a bit.) "My Brother Esau" was eventually finished to everyone's satisfaction and added at the last moment to the cassette version of *In the Dark* (because that medium can accommodate longer playing time than a vinyl record). That it was left off the compact disc is a disgrace. Arista's typical bottom-line explanation is that Deadheads don't traditionally buy cassettes, and this will give them a reason to — instead of taping their friends' CDs. (Just more lame thinking from the company that had the nerve to change the title of the Dead's *Reckoning* LP to the embarrassing *For the Faithful*.)

Mickey Hart was the one who came up with the title for the new album: "I was thinking of sensory deprivation, actually," he explains. "When you don't see, other senses are heightened. I thought we should take all the light away from the Grateful Dead. And while we were recording at Marin Vets we took all the lights down, including the exit lights, and we played in the

dark. I wanted to get blindfolds but we couldn't quite get that together, so we just did this, and of course Bobby couldn't find the fretboard. We did it on one of his hardest songs; I can't remember which one. But it was interesting, and of course it didn't sound as good as the idea was. But one thing led to another and 'in the dark' popped out. The Grateful Dead are in the dark, too, which is another one of my foolish notions."

For the album cover artwork the Dead turned to a pair of San Francisco veterans — photographer Herbie Greene, who has been shooting the band since 1965, and poster artist Randy Tuten (who did the lettering). Greene shot the front cover photos of the band members' eyes (plus a mystery eyeball) between sets at the Mardi Gras series at Kaiser Convention Center in Oakland in early March. The front cover shoot went off without a hitch; but the back cover photo has an interesting story attached to it.

"We were shooting the eyes for the front cover," Greene relates, "and this woman walks into the room. I didn't see her come in but Mickey said, 'There's someone here I'd like you to photograph.' And she was wearing this *ghastly* mask covered with eyeballs! It was really pretty weird. But I shot a roll

of Ektachrome just to do it. So the next day we were looking at those shots on the lightbox and it was like, 'Wow, here's the back cover!' It was amazing — we were shooting the eyes and she walks in wearing a mask of eyes! There was definitely some synchronicity to it all. I talked to her after and it turned out she'd never been to a Dead concert before. That makes it that much weirder, which I like. People either love it or hate it. It's definitely a real strong image, though."

Not surprisingly, Arista Records had a few qualms about the mask of eyeballs. After all, is this the image a commercial band should be projecting? (Of course it is!)

"At the very end, the record company sent us a proof of the cover without the mask on the back," Greene says. "They included a letter that said they felt it was a better package without it. So I took the cover to the band one day when they'd just come out of a rehearsal with Dylan and I said, 'What do you think, guys?' Well, somebody pulled the Arista letter out of the envelope and read it and then it was like: 'Well, if the record company thinks it would be better without it, it must be better *with* it! If they think it's no good, it must be *terrific*!' Standing beside me was a woman from Arista, and all of a

sudden the guys in the band are all yelling in unison, 'Yeah, *fuck the record company!*' So I turned to the lady and said, 'Don't you just love them when they're like this?' She couldn't talk. She was completely flabbergasted."

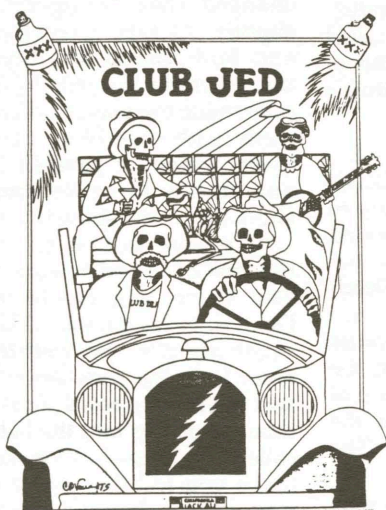
Good ol' Grateful Dead. What's decidedly new for the Dead, though, is that to a man the band members are pleased with *In the Dark*. The fun they had making it is evident in the music, and that makes it more fun for all of us.

"I'm really delighted with it," Phil says. "I think it's the best-sounding Grateful Dead record we've put out in many years — maybe more than ten years."

Garcia agrees. "Technically speaking, it's right on the top. It sounds as good as it could sound in this time." And of the performances he says, "I think the band has never played better on an album ever. I don't think we've ever had better singing, either."

"I'm more than happy," says Mickey. "I think this is one of the few Grateful Dead records I can listen to. When we got it all mixed down, I took a cassette home and I listened to it on my little blaster. I sat there and turned into a Deadhead and I loved it. I think this record will go into the archives and sit well beside the rest of the Grateful Dead material." □

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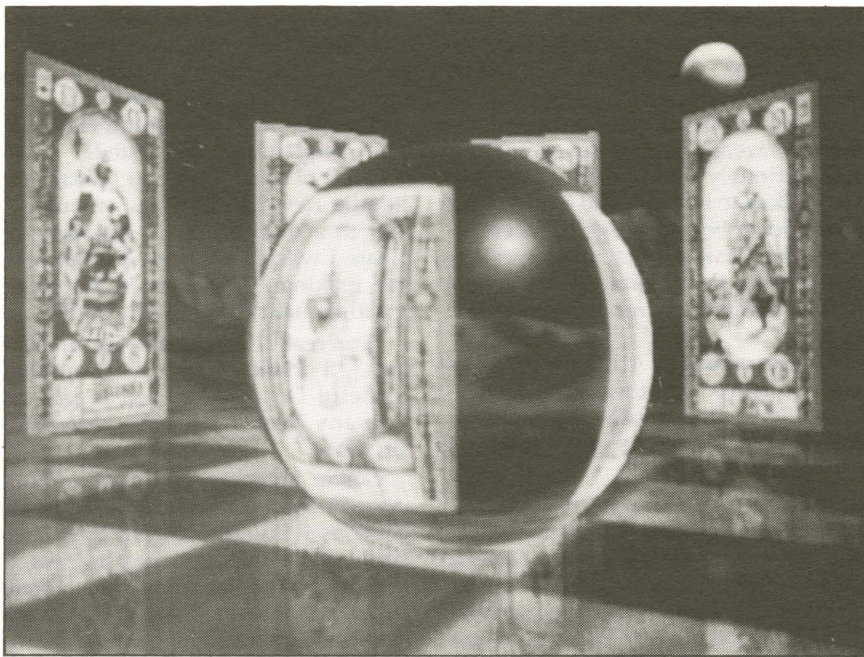
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Left: still frame from "Lady with a Fan"

The Video: *So Far*

In many ways, the most interesting product to come out of the Dead's recent flurry of productivity is *So Far*, the group's ambitious new long-form video (which should be available from Grateful Dead Merchandising very soon. Check the Hotline for details). Its soundtrack is a continuous 55 minutes of what could be termed "second-set Dead" — with tunes flowing seamlessly in and out of each other and a mesmerizing Rhythm Devils jam thumping, roaring and rumbling at its heart.

The music (and some of the video) derives from sessions recorded at the Marin Veterans Auditorium in 1985 and '86, and a few well-chosen chunks from the Dead's 1985 New Year's Eve telecast. But it is the power of the accompanying visuals that separates *So Far* from previous Dead video and film projects: besides footage of the band performing, it incorporates literally thousands of images, from volcanic explosions and expansive nebulae to manic dancers and the grim horrors of war. While not political in a conventional sense, the video nonetheless contains the most overt social commentary the Dead have ever put into one of their projects, and that is bound to make it controversial in certain

Deadhead circles. It is at once a stinging condemnation of war, a bitter indictment of Western civilization's so-called progress, and a joyous affirmation of the life-force and the beauty of nature's mysterious power.

In this project, the visuals have become the seventh member of the band, adding yet another layer of texture to the performances by moving in, around and through the songs in truly "musical" ways. At a time when many Deadheads are worried about the commercial inroads the band has made because of the accessibility of *In The Dark*, the video is an unmistakable expression of the Dead's weirder side. As Garcia, the chief architect of *So Far*, says, "The video is definitely 'outside.'"

Each of the five tunes (plus the Rhythm Devils and "space" segments) is given a very different visual treatment, an approach that might have made for a jarring or disjointed endproduct were it not for the thread of potent music that courses through every second of the work, like blood pumping from a heart through veins out to capillaries and into cells. It is a testimony to the musicians that even when the video is its most demanding — throwing dozens of images at us in the space of seconds, filling the

screen with more pictures than the brain can absorb — it is still the songs and the playing that are ultimately most commanding. And that is because in its structure and execution the video is always unmistakably Grateful Dead.

"My main influence is the Grateful Dead and the way a Grateful Dead show works," Garcia says, "the way there's a certain energy waveform that represents a Grateful Dead show. The video reflects that in a certain way. I used that as a model, because it's one of those things that remains a solid model. You can change the particulars all over the place, but the basic framework stays workable, no matter what you change inside it."

Work on *So Far* actually began more than two years ago. The Dead hired Len Dell'Amico, who directed the band's 1981 Showtime television special and the more challenging *Dead Ahead* home video (both based on 1980 Radio City Music Hall shows), to shoot the band performing, sans audience, at the Marin Vets, while longtime Dead tech wizard John Culter captured the sessions in the Le Mobile remote recording truck. Over the course of three days in mid-April and four days in November 1985, the band ran through a broad cross-section of old and new material, sometimes playing songs two, three, and up to fourteen times to get the best possible performances. Since there was no crowd, the band changed their configuration onstage slightly, so Weir faced the drummers and both Garcia and Mydland were turned more towards Weir. This not only made the players interact more directly with each other than they normally would, it gave Dell'Amico the opportunity to create some beautiful shots that really show that interaction.

"We were looking for intimacy, for the look of a band at work," comments Dell'Amico, who has been seeing the Dead since his days at NYU film school in the late '60s. "We were trying to stay away from the 'rock concert' look, with star filters, big crowd shots, fog and all those shots up into the lights. What is called the 'up-shot' is supposed to make you feel like you're in the front row, so you shoot up into the lights as Tina or whoever struts across the stage. We did more shooting *across* the band, as if we're eavesdropping."

An audio track was eventually constructed (largely by Dell'Amico, aided by Garcia, then mixed by Cutler and Garcia) from the best of the sessions. The first intensive work on the accompanying supplementary visuals started in the spring of '86, with Dell'Amico collaborating closely with Garcia (and editor Veronica Loza,

who'd also worked on the '81 videos) every step of the way. Eventually they devised a method of working — described in considerable detail in the “dialogue” that follows this—that in effect involved visual jam sessions in which they would play with some 150 video-cassettes containing thousands upon thousands of different images, combining them in different ways, always looking for the right accompaniment for each musical section. In most cases it was the feeling of the music and the song itself that dictated the imagery, but their methodology was far from slavish in that regard.

For example, the version of “Playing in the Band” (actually a combination of two versions, one studio, one live, masterfully joined) is one of the spiciest songs in the video, yet its visual treatment is mainly lighthearted, consisting of images of dancers from different eras, cut in time to the music and, in many cases, altered by high-tech video trickery—legs multiply and distort, taking on new, unrecognizable forms. “It becomes beautiful in a strange, Vedic way,” Garcia comments of the piece. “That thing of the legs is kind of a Tantric carpet, pulsing and moving. There’s a thing about life and the way it moves that no matter what you do to it, it retains that life quality. No matter how far you take it from its original look, it still moves like life does.”

The most fully realized manifestation of the videomakers’ unique method of laying down multiple video “tracks” (as they called them) is the Rhythm Devils section, which in its finished form shows flashes of the far reaches of outer space, the creation of the planet, the germ of life and a very condensed history of mankind all in just a few brilliantly edited minutes. Images stack on each other to form bizarre abstractions, or strobe faster than the eye can see. It’s overwhelming in the same way that the best parts of the Dead Movie’s animation sequence are — but here the purpose is more serious, the imagery unmistakably darker. By the time the space jam majestically falls into “Throwing Stones,” there’s no mistaking the message—we’re blowing it bad on this planet and we’re on the road to certain annihilation, unless ... And the answer comes in the form of the show-ending “Not Fade Away,” which is presented completely as a band showcase — no other images. It’s a cautious optimism, but welcome indeed after much of what precedes it.

Technologically, the most adventurous song in the video is “Lady With a Fan” (excerpted here from the “Terrapin Station” suite), which is almost entirely computer-generated. It utilizes



“Tantric carpet” from “Playing in the Band”

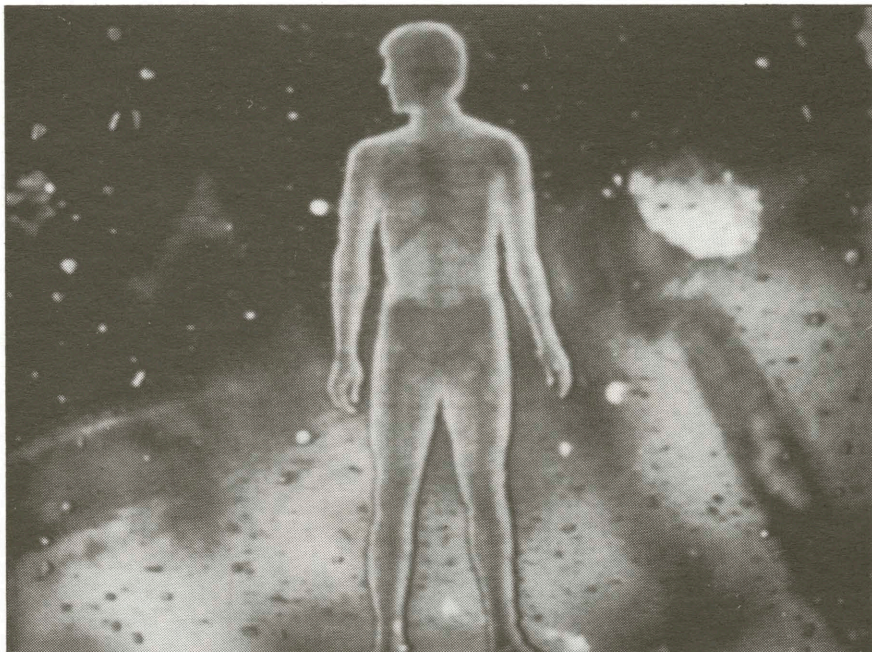
the Quantel Paintbox, which allows almost unlimited frame-by-frame manipulation of images, and the Harry Encore, Quantel’s digital information storage system that gives the operator some of the freedom of multi-track recording except with digitized video information instead of audio. In this case, the dominant images are a trippy chess game set against a strange landscape, and tarot cards that float through the air as if by magic. But don’t expend too much energy drawing connections between the songs lyrics and the visuals.

“There’s no real correspondence between the tarot cards and the ‘Lady With a Fan’ song,” Garcia says with a

smile, “but I guess the images of the tarot cards are archetypes like the images in the song, so they reflect on each other. Also, I like the gameboard reality. I saw a movie a long time ago called *Eight By Eight*, which was a surrealist movie with Yves Tanguy, Marcel Duchamp, Max Ernst, all these surrealists. ‘Eight by eight’ represents a chess board. It had a kind of *Alice in Wonderlandian* quality to it—that surrealist, stretched, infinite horizons kind of thing that has always been fascinating to me. So I welcomed the opportunity to bring in that kind of stuff. Chess pieces, too, had absolutely nothing to do with the song, except for the



Trouble from the Klan in “Throwing Stones”



"Rhythm Devils"

notion of military strategy which pops up in there."

Though there's another hour of material — much of it lighter in tone — that was part of the original two-hour version of the video, Garcia says he doubts much, if any, will ever see the light of day. "The idea of biasing things out is that there's something wrong with them, not that they're good but we can't use them for some reason. Usually we try to use everything that's good. If we had more good stuff it'd be a longer video."

But Garcia and Dell'Amico (who relocated from Brooklyn to Marin during the making of *So Far* and now seems like a semi-permanent fixture on the

Dead scene) have obviously got the video bug and both talk excitedly, if vaguely, about future projects.

"To me, video is another form to work with," Garcia says. "I mean this is something like a Grateful Dead record in that we could do this with any other material that we had. It's an approach, and other material would suggest other things to do. Now that we know how to go about it, this could be like number one in a series of 50."

* * *

What follows is a "dialogue," constructed from separate interviews in late June with Garcia and Dell'Amico, discussing the

methodology of working on *So Far*. I think it offers some valuable insights into the way the Dead approach their art, both generally and in this specific case.

Garcia: Chronologically, the first thing we did was record and videotape; then we picked out the performances we liked the best. Actually though, there was already one filter in line there — Len had a master list of some 50 tunes that he more or less wanted us to concentrate on, so we had that as a guide going in.

My experience with the Grateful Dead has always shown me that you can't predict anything, and that any plans you make you have to be ready to change, so the thing to do is go in with a real flexible plan and see what you get and then work off of that. So that was essentially how we approached it philosophically: We don't know what it is precisely, but we know that we want it to look good and we want the performances to be good and we want it to sound good.

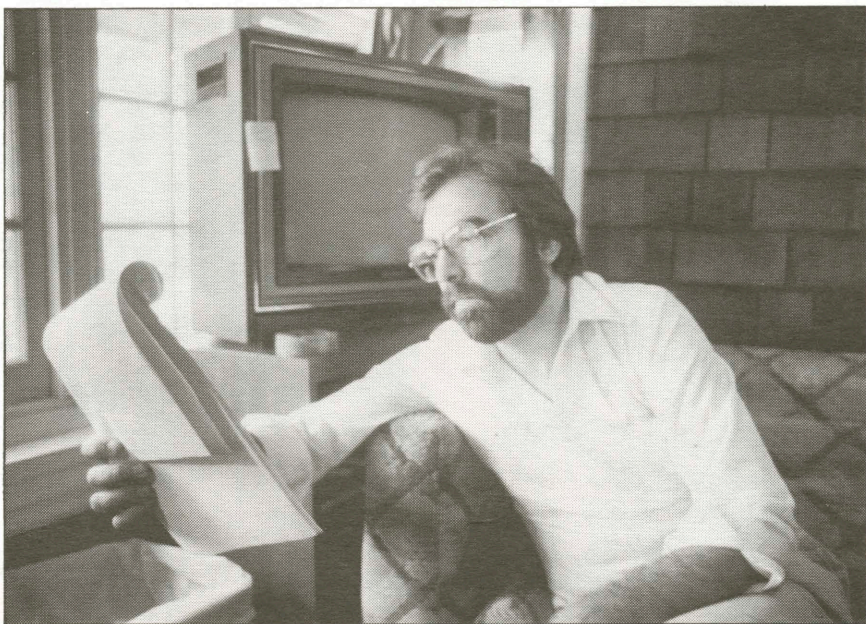
Dell'Amico: We only had a limited idea of what it would be when we did the first recording. That summer [1985], the concept of what we wanted to do went through a process of runaway growth.

Now my normal approach to a job would be to figure out what it is, do it, then finish it — pre-production, production, post-production. Right. And what it is is determined very early in the process for budgetary reasons. But I found out, after about a year, that the Grateful Dead don't work that way. I learned that how much time it took was not relevant. The only thing that mattered was what it was, how good it was, and that it be the best it could be, whatever it was.

So what happened there was a year of all these possibilities being explored. For example, we wrote an entire script with dialogue, scenes and action involving animated creatures. And an outgrowth of that was an idea of having Jer do the artwork, so we pursued that a bit. He did a lot of drawings, we went to an effects house [post-production facility] and put them in the Harry and the Paintbox and animated them.

Then, one day, the band decided they didn't like that approach anymore. They saw that now that it had been developed to a certain point, it wasn't what they really wanted to do. For me it was like, [He shrugs with bemusement] "Oh. OK. Maybe something else."

Another approach that was explored involved all this archival mass media footage — the Grateful Dead in the media. So we hired Ann Uzdavinis to search for stuff, from *Playboy After Dark*



Video director Len Dell'Amico. Photo: BJ

to *Get Smart* and *Jeopardy* and other places that had mentioned the Dead. That one wasn't too developed. The one that went further was the idea of the news—Harry Reasoner [the *Hippie Temptation* documentary] and mentions on CNN and that sort of thing. Plus, of course, there was some thought about a more historical approach—we have a massive vault—and at one point it might have been that.

So it got narrower and narrower, and then, toward the end, it clicked that this mode of working was good and that we were zooming in on a certain thing that had an inherent, what I would call crystal structure, which holds up to viewing from any one of many points of view, instead of an imposed structure where somebody made it look that way instead of it finding itself.

Garcia: The next part of it was really creating a hypothetical whole out of the tunes so the tunes plugged into each other to create one long thing. That took a little fooling around. But we approached it the way you do animation, which is you have the finished soundtrack and then you animate—put picture—to that.

Dell'Amico: The piece you've got here, the 55-minute finished version, was

part of something that was two hours at one point about a year ago. What's left is the middle part—there was material on either side that got axed. The music dictated the last edits or shrinkages. Then the cutaway material—the stuff that *isn't* of them playing—was written as a script to go along with the soundtrack we had.

Garcia: Then we did a lot of brainstorming, just thinking, "What kind of images do Grateful Dead songs conjure?" Well—nature, powerful forces of various sorts, volcanoes erupting, tornados, lightning, strong winds, the ocean and other archetypal things like fire and that sort of stuff. Then we got into human endeavors—everything that people do. And then we went off in a completely abstract space—OK, the music may not directly suggest these things, but these things that are suggested by things that are suggested. So then we got into things like architecture, stained glass windows, tanks, that sort of stuff. It was really sort of a free-associative thing that took place over several months, just collecting lists and lists.

Dell'Amico: We made giant image lists broken down into different categories. I'd call up Ann and just spout out a list of images and she'd go all over the

place tracking them down, putting them on videotapes and cataloguing them so we knew where every image was.

Garcia: Most Grateful Dead music lacks a literal quality. Most of the lyrics don't go anywhere exactly. Some of them have powerful images in them, but rarely do they have specific stuff. I sort of wanted to steer away from being too literal. That got to be a byword in the studio—"Too literal! Too literal!"

Dell'Amico: One reason it worked the way it did is that we took our time and played with it. Everyone had the same attitude, which was that *it* was deciding what it was. On "Playing in the Band," for example, no one ever said at the beginning, "Oh, we'll use a lot of dancing feet." We'd sit around and say, "'Playing in the Band.' What's that about?" "Dancers." "Bands playing. We'll get that!" "Daybreak." "Don't be so literal," somebody else says. But we did get daybreak. "How about 'land'?" You're riffing, coming up with ideas.

So Ann goes and gets footage of dancers, and we look at it, and we say, "No, this isn't it at all." Why not? Well, after seeing what we've got, we decide now that we want dancers from different decades. We want the '20s and '30s and we don't have that. So we'd get a

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lot of that, knowing we'd decide later how it'd go in.

Then the editor [Veronica Loza] gets it — dancers from different decades. OK, so she's got them categorized by groupings — couples, large groups. Then she says, "That's interesting. I think I'll break it down into body parts." Legs, asses. Hands. And she applies her logic to it.

Garcia: The way we approached it at that point was like multi-track recording, the same way you do it with music.

Dell'Amico: One of the differences, though, is that in audio recording all the tracks are one tape. We'd go into these post-production places and have seven one-inch machines going for playback with different things on every machine.

Garcia: Once you start having images and you put them to music, you start to say, "Wow! That looks great! Let's try this!" and it's mainly a matter of slipping the pictures back and forth in relation to the soundtrack. So you find, "Well, this picture works great in this area, and it worked really well over here," and then you make a decision of where to use it, so you sort of prioritize things. And then the rest of it is one of those things of "Well, this looks really great when we strobe between these various images." Or, "Why don't we try dropping out this part of the picture and adding this?" Once you have a handful of pretty good ideas and you start looking at it, it starts telling you what it wants to have.

Dell'Amico: In the one-inch editing room, we'd have the lists and keep track of the images we wanted to look at that way. So let's say on "Playing" we wanted to create a ballroom. We'd take a group dance shot and lay that down and do a silhouette of it. Then we'd say, "Well, let's blow out the foreground and put in a lava-lamp floor that's moving. Now we'll take this dancing couple from this tape, do some jazz on them, and put them over here."

The idea is that instead of laying it out from a strictly cerebral starting point, which is not realistic because it's not based on anything, and then trying to execute something that's already been decided, it's more like you sculpt it as you go.

Garcia: It's a natural process. It's a thing that happens. When you put pictures and music together, magic things happen. Sometimes you don't know why it works, but it works.

Dell'Amico: Some of the people at the post [-production] places thought we were crazy. They're used to harassed and harassing clients who are losing



From "Uncle John's Band"

their minds and are uptight and abusive. So we come in and say, "What we want to do is *play*," and they're thinking, "Oh my god! The client isn't the slightest bit prepared. They don't know what it's going to cost."

So the first time we were in there and working the way we worked, some of the technicians were getting uptight because they felt like everything was taking too long. See, they're trained to worry about that. But when they learn that you mean it, that you want everyone to relax and stop worrying and just do it for fun and have that be the purpose of doing it — to have fun — boy, by the second day they were just flying! At the end of each day the technicians would say things like, "You're getting more for your money than anybody we've worked with."

It became a lot of fun for everybody. When you're in a room with that kind of high-tech machinery, it's a get-off. We asked to have one or more of everything they had, so we didn't have to worry about getting something if we needed it. It was there when we wanted it.

Garcia: In places like that, people want 30 seconds of dynamite. They're spending their top dollar to get it and so they're very goal-oriented. Our way of working is more process-oriented. And once you flash on the process, it takes a while for the operators — the guys who are working for us — to say, "Oh, I see what these guys are trying to do." You have to take them through a passage where you say to them, "Let's leave this image up there, push those things over there, try switching between these things." "You mean like this?" And they try it and then it's like, "Hey yeah, right!" And then *they* start making suggestions. They get to actively join in creatively and suddenly they're not

guys who you're telling what to do — they're people with ideas.

Dell'Amico: If you're doing a dog food ad, you go in with the special effects guy and you explain everything and then he does what you tell him. You don't necessarily get the benefit of his creative experience because you're telling him what to do and the clock is running. So what you get is what the producer has already seen, which is nothing new by definition, because that producer can only use the technology in ways he's already seen — he doesn't have the expertise to know the capabilities of that technology. So that's why it pays to involve the person who knows the technology and let him be creative with you.

Garcia: The video is the Grateful Dead way of doing things, which turns out to be expensive, difficult and unrepeatable. If we went back to do this again, we'd come out with a different finished version. We couldn't repeat it.

If you're going to do something, it's important — for me, at any rate — to shoot high, even if you miss, or even if you're accused of being pretentious. You can *always* accuse someone of being pretentious. But it's a matter of art to be able to convert those images [of war, violence, etc.] from shocking reportage to cathartic epiphanies. That's what we were going after — cathartic epiphanies, to use a phrase coined by a guy we worked with at the Post Group named Larry Lachman. That sort of characterized the project. The idea is to sit there and say, "Yeah, this is getting me pretty weird. This is working!" [Laughs] We were after the idea of electronic mind altering and consciousness altering. And on that level I think it's pretty successful. □

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The Videoclip: “Touch of Gray”

Every Friday morning, the programming brass at MTV gets together to screen the videos that have arrived during the week. Generally, they watch only a minute or so of each clip; bang, bang, on to the next one, please. But on the fateful Friday that the Dead’s “Touch of Gray” videoclip was screened, the assembled group demanded to see the whole film, applauded lustily after the showing, and then proceeded to screen it a couple more times during the day. Not bad for the band’s first foray into the field. It went on the air the following Friday and it’s been in the network’s rotation ever since.

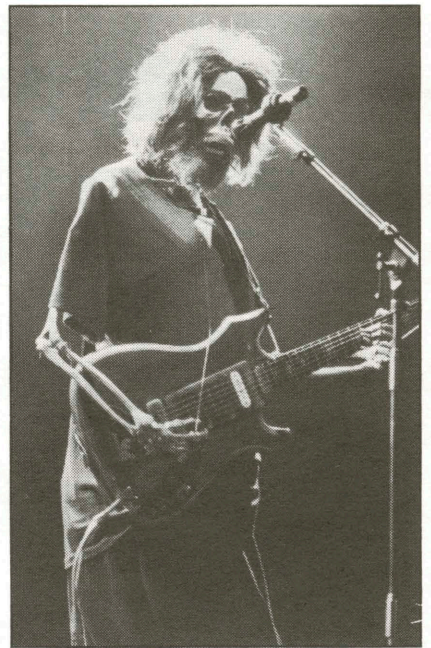
The man behind the Dead’s hilarious send-up of standard rock concert videos — in which puppet skeletons belt out the Hunter-Garcia anthem before transforming into the band near the end — is no stranger to either the Dead world or rock videos. Gary Gutierrez, of San Francisco-based Colossal Pictures, is best known to Deadheads for his psychedelic animation sequence at the beginning of the Dead Movie (see *Golden Road* #8) and the unusual opening for CBS’ recent revival of *The Twilight Zone* (which was accompanied by theme music by the Dead). Out in the “real world,” however, Gutierrez and Colossal are revered for their special effects work on films like *The Right*

Stuff and *Top Gun*, animation for a host of videos and commercials (including many of MTV’s station I.D.s) and much more.

Gutierrez came up with the idea for the video in late February, after Garcia sent him a tape of rough, early versions of a few songs from *In the Dark*. “I called Jerry at a gig in Santa Cruz and said, ‘Look, I’ve got this idea. It seems fairly obvious, but I think people will get a kick out of it. The Dead is a live band so we should do something live, so why not live skeletons? We’ll do them as puppets and make no effort to hide the fact that they’re puppets. In fact that’ll be a lot of the fun of it.’ He said, ‘Go for it!’ and we were on our way.”

When Gutierrez told Arista Records about his idea they flipped for it and gladly provided money for two of Gutierrez’s associates, Tim Boxell and Rich Larsen, to work up detailed storyboards for the shoot. Meanwhile, Gutierrez hired an independent effects specialist named Gary Platek (who has done quite a bit of work with George Lucas’ Industrial Light & Magic effects group) to build the puppets of the band members. Platek assembled the crew of puppeteers and supervised their work throughout.

The skeletons were obtained from a medical supply firm on the East Coast and altered by Platek’s crew — chest



All photos on these pages by Jay Blakesberg

cavities were expanded, bones lengthened to make the skeletons taller, and they were jointed so they could be manipulated as puppets. The six band members were photographed in front of a grid from different angles and in close-up so the puppetmakers could make the skeletons to the players’ precise measurements. Exact duplicate guitars were built, and, of course, the clothing had to be perfect too — right down to Phil’s wrist sweatband.

The actual shoot took place the second weekend in May at a venue the Dead had never played before — Laguna Seca raceway in Monterey. Using plans drawn up in part from examining the stage and lighting set-up at Irvine Meadows a few weeks earlier, the videomakers built scaffolding above the Dead’s lighting rig to accommodate three puppeteers, one for each guitarist; the Billy, Mickey and Brent skeletons were controlled by rods rather than wires. Each puppeteer was equipped with a video monitor to see the action through the camera’s eye. In addition to the full puppets, there were also separate, cable-controlled skeleton hands built for a few close-up shots.

The set-up and preparation was very time consuming, Gutierrez says. “That Friday night before the first show [Saturday, May 9] we literally worked till dawn with Candace [Brightman] and Danny English [who do the Dead’s lighting] programming the lights. Then we crashed, and then the whole crew assembled during the show the next afternoon. Then, as soon as the concert ended, we basically took over the stage.”

Once everything was in place for the shoot that evening, Bill Graham’s peo-



Phil entertains the crowd at Laguna Seca as Bobby and director Gary Gutierrez look on

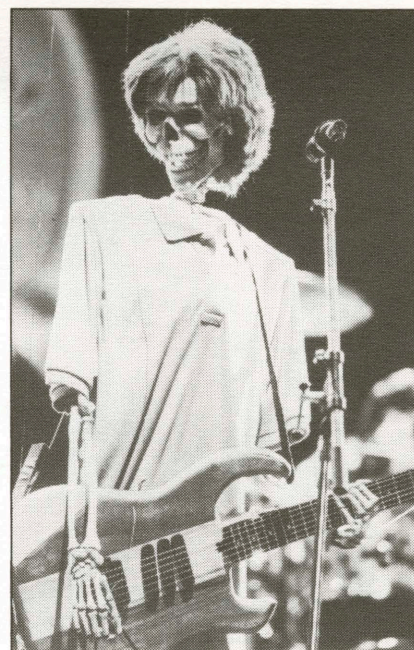


ple went into the huge camping area surrounding the site and invited everyone back into the concert area to play the part of the crowd for the video. Gutierrez estimates that about 3000 Heads braved the foggy night air for five hours to watch the videoshoot. The skeletons were filmed first, manipulated in real time from different angles as the single of "Touch of Gray" blared from the p.a. again and again. (Those on hand were the first people outside the Dead family to hear it.) Then, after a couple of hours, the Dead themselves came out, and their lip-synch for the last part of the video was shot. The band members all seemed to get a big kick out of the evening, and Billy acted as a sort of master of ceremonies, rapping to the crowd and keeping things loose and relaxed.

"It really couldn't have been better,"

Gutierrez marvels of the evening's work. "For us it was very nerve racking because we had to deal with a big audience and all these unknown factors. But everyone was so nice and cooperative. Going into it, everyone from the band and the crew and Bill Graham's people were really great and so helpful, but I wondered if the crowd might be a problem, since they were going to be there so long. But Billy told me early on, 'If you explain to Deadheads what you want them to do and why, they'll do it.' And he was right. People were outrageously nice."

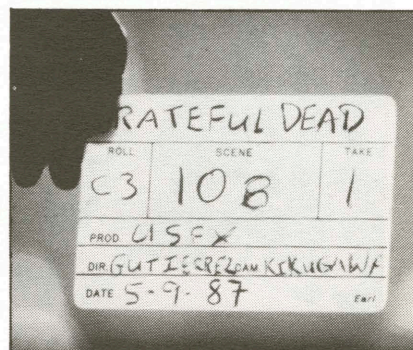
It seems fitting somehow, too, that a canine that practically steals the video by making off with the skeleton Mickey's leg at one point ("The dog has not been fed in years," after all) was just a typical tourhound. "My production manager worried about that shot be-



cause we couldn't afford to get a real trained dog with a trainer and all that, so he and my assistant director went into the campground that night before the shoot and lined up five dogs for me to audition. One of them was this dog, named Tennessee Jed, who could fetch and do everything. He just had so much personality. So we paid the owner a fee to stay with us that night, and then the next night we did six or seven takes, no problem. Great actor," he adds with a laugh.

It was up to Gutierrez and editor Ralph Wicke to assemble the finished video, which stands as a wonderful parody of all the typically bombastic live videos MTV seems to wallow in. "A lot of the joke in our video comes from the fact that we decided to shoot it all documentary-style, like a real-live rock 'n' roll concert," Gutierrez says. "We decided to basically play it totally straight. It just happens to be a concert played by skeletons."

"We all had a great time making it; it was very exciting. Logistically it was quite difficult, but everyone came through like gangbusters. And for something like this to work, that's what you need." □

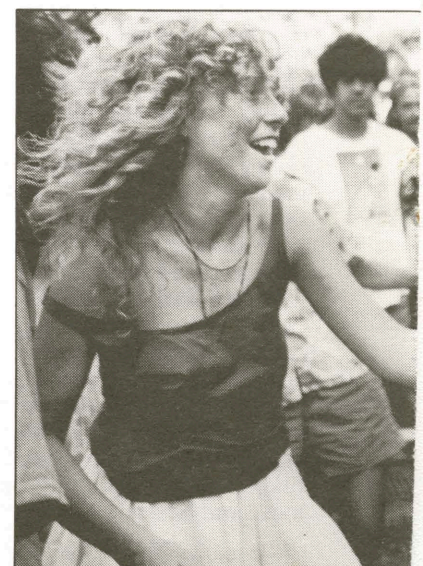


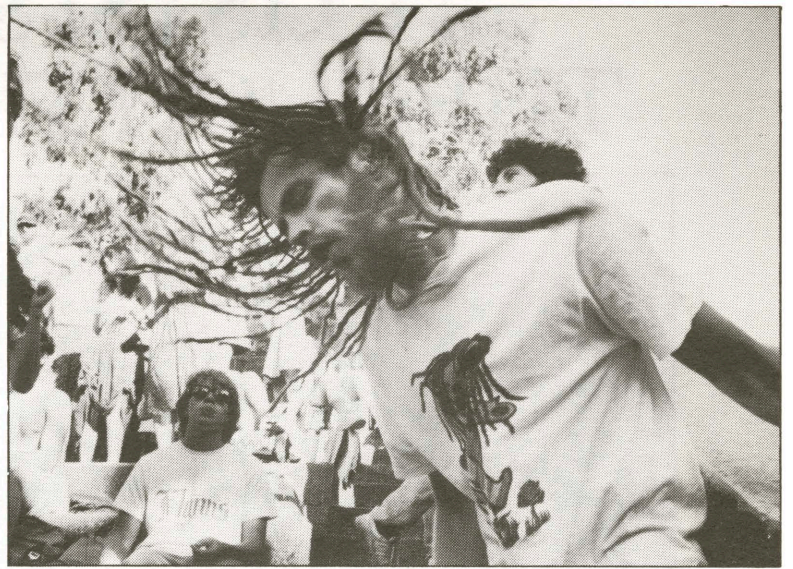


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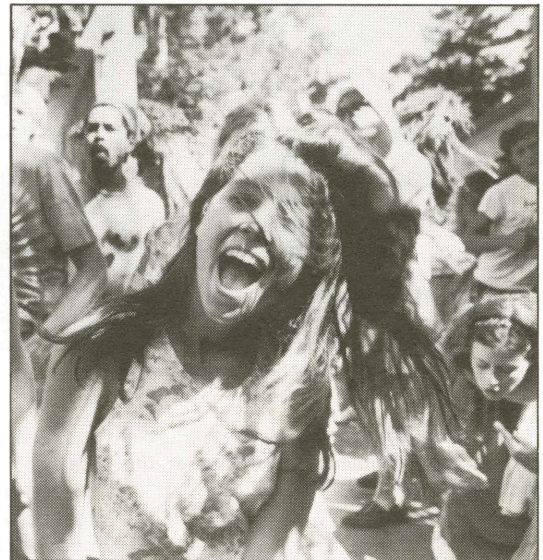
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SET LISTS: SF CIVIC THROUGH THE GREEK



Fun in the sun at Laguna Seca. Photo: Ron Delany

The following show reports come from various correspondents, identified at the end of each one.

Chinese New Year's

1987 got off to a rather inauspicious start at the San Francisco Civic, where the Dead brought in the Chinese New Year (Year of the Hare) with three shows at the end of January. The first concert was unquestionably one of the worst I've ever seen; one of those rare shows where both Weir and Garcia were *way* off all night. Even a surprise version of The Beatles' "Get Back" in the first set failed to ignite the band, it was bungled so badly. Garcia was in fine form the next night and he tried nobly to make up for the continuing deterioration of Weir, who once again failed to remember words to most of his songs and this night barely even played his guitar the whole evening. On the strength of the other players, though, there were decent versions of "Scarlet-Fire" and a few other tunes, but more than a few people left the show deeply concerned about Weir's condition. (At least one contributing factor, we

learned the next evening, was that the day of the second show Weir was forced to put Otis, his dog of 16 years, to sleep.) But, as is typical with this band, they rebounded strongly on the third night. If Weir was still considerably less than 100 percent—his playing and singing still quite tentative—he at least gave it his all and maintained his concentration reasonably well. The show was significantly stronger than the previous two, which just goes to show that it takes all six players to elevate a show from merely good to magical.

(A couple of notes on the Civic shows: SF city officials were so disturbed by the behavior of Deadheads—littering in Civic Center Plaza, alleged destruction of property, etc.—that they have threatened to ban the group from the facility. The highlight of the Chinese New Year's decorations inside was a gargantuan dragon made of balloons, suspended from the ceiling. The entrance of the Hog Farm's dragon during the drum solo the third night was a mind-blower once again, and kudos to the Chinese Orchestra of San

Francisco for the marvelous traditional Chinese music before that show.)

—BJ

1-28-87, San Francisco Civic

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

When Push Comes to Shove ♦ Samson & Delilah ♦ Black Muddy River, He's Gone ♦ Spoonful ♦ rhythm devils ♦ Eyes of the World ♦ Black Peter ♦ Around & Around ♦ Sugar Magnolia/U.S. Blues

1-29-87, SF Civic

Finiculi Finicula, Hell in a Bucket ♦ Sugaree, El Paso, Loser, Little Red Rooster, Brown-Eyed Women, Cassidy, Don't Ease Me In

Scarlet Begonias ♦ Fire on the Mountain, Looks Like Rain, Terrapin ♦ rhythm devils (with dragon entrance) ♦ I Need a Miracle ♦ Stella Blue ♦ Goin' Down the Road ♦ Johnny B. Goode/Baby Blue

1-30-87, SF Civic

Touch of Gray, New Minglewood Blues, Candyman, Me & My Uncle ♦ Mexicali Blues, When Push Comes to Shove, Beat It On Down the Line ♦ Promised Land, China

Cat Sunflower ♦ I Know You Rider

Iko-Iko ♦ Man Smart Woman Smarter, Ship of Fools, Estimated Prophet ♦ Truckin' ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Other One ♦ Wharf Rat ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Not Fade Away/Brokedown Palace

Mardi Gras

This year's Mardi Gras shows at Kaiser Convention Center in Oakland were opened by New Orleans' funky Dirty Dozen Brass Band, who are in some ways actually closer to the New Orleans street band tradition than the Neville Brothers are (though they're not nearly as interesting or incendiary as the Nevilles, in my opinion). They succeeded in getting the crowd's juices flowing each night, though most people I spoke with felt that one night of the DDBB would have been plenty, particularly since they repeated so much of their material from night to night.

Happily, the Dead seemed to be back to their old selves for these shows — Weir had his self-confidence back and that helped pick up the whole band. The first show was good and long, with a 100-minute second set highlighted by strong versions of "Hell in a Bucket," "Fire on the Mountain," "Black Muddy River" and "Good Lovin'." The second night was my favorite of the run. The first set saw deliciously spacey readings of "Bird Song" and "Feel Like a Stranger" (the first since the band came back), and the second set featured two things that have been in very short supply in Dead-land: a slowed-down "Eyes of the World" and "Morning Dew," which was short but very powerful. Even the "Johnny B. Goode" encore rocked ferociously.

The Mardi Gras parade before the second set on 3-3 was chaotic, but still big fun, as the infamous papier-mâché heads of the band (originally designed for New Year's '85, but repainted a third time) danced through the crowd, along with hundreds of brightly costumed revelers. Onstage, the Dead were joined by the Dirty Dozen Brass Band for a spirited, if messy, version of "Iko-Iko." (The two groups sing and play the song differently and apparently didn't discuss those differences before they hit the stage!) Most of the pre-drums was sloppy, but the second half of the show took off, culminating in a fine "Touch of Gray," the tune that had kicked off the three-show run.

— BJ

3-1-87, Henry J. Kaiser Convention Center, Oakland, CA

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

Hell in a Bucket, Scarlet Begonias ♦ Fire on the Mountain, Samson & Delilah, Black Muddy River, He's Gone ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Other One ♦ Black Peter ♦ Around & Around ♦ Good Lovin'/Don't Ease Me In

3-2-87, Kaiser

Jack Straw, Althea, C.C. Rider, Bird Song, Beat It On Down the Line, Ramble On Rose, Feel Like a Stranger

China Cat Sunflower ♦ I Know You Rider, Man Smart Woman Smarter, Ship of Fools, Estimated Prophet ♦ Eyes of the World ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Truckin' ♦ Morning Dew/Johnny B. Goode

3-3-87, Kaiser

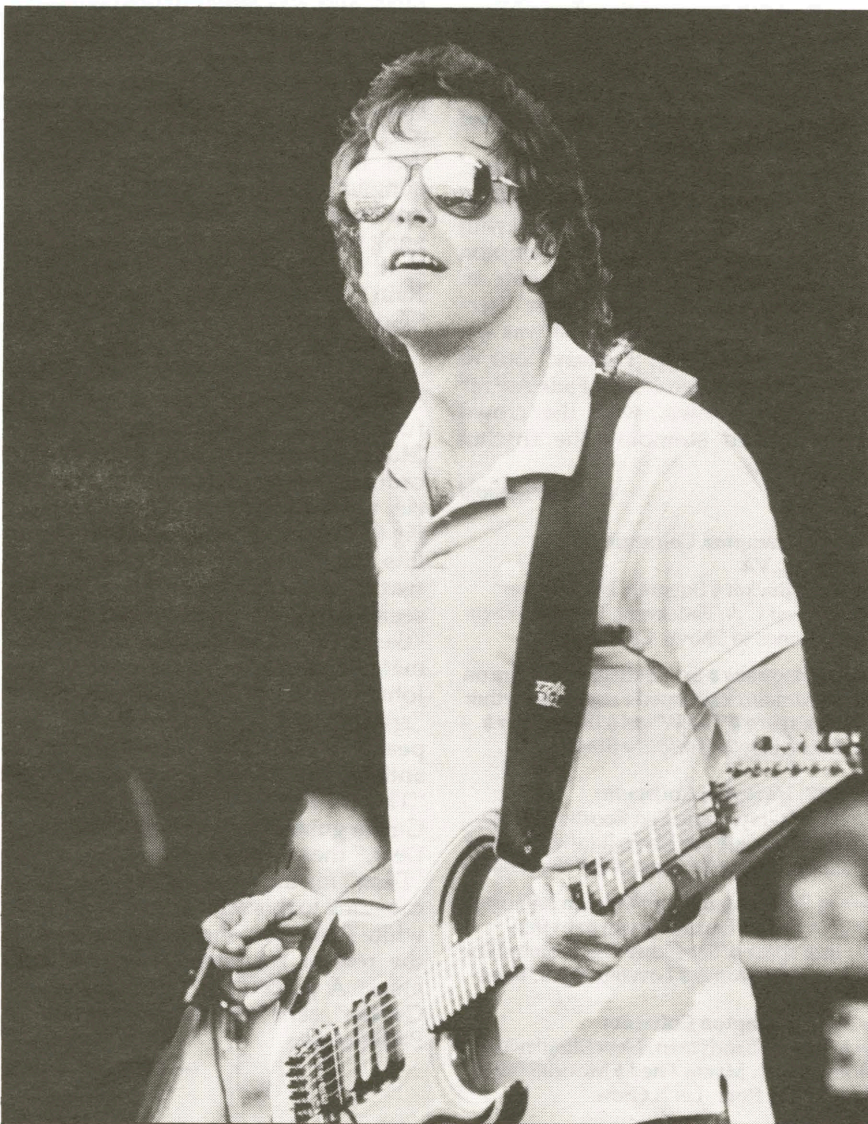
Quinn the Eskimo, Greatest Story Ever Told, Loser, New Minglewood Blues, Tons of Steel, Cassidy, Mississippi Half-Step ♦ Promised Land

Iko-Iko*, Saint of Circumstance, Terrapin ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Gimme Some Lovin' ♦ Wharf Rat ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Touch of Gray/Brokedown Palace
*Mardi Gras parade w/Dirty Dozen Brass Band

Hampton

Having seen ten out of the 13 Bay Area shows since the band's return [editor's note: he missed the Chinese New Year's run], I looked forward to the 16-show East Coast tour. For me, the East Coast has always been a more exciting forum for the band. While some may claim the crowds are louder and less discriminating, they bring a feverish intensity that I have rarely seen at West Coast shows. In Garcia's words, East Coast crowds are "juiced." Also, the East Coast tours really give the band a chance to explore their repertoire because they play so many shows in such a short period (16 in three weeks on this tour, versus 13 in three months in California) that they tend to mix up the song selection more and they are able to build real momentum from city to city.

And the momentum for this tour started in a big way in Hampton. The intensity that was unleashed the first night was almost unbelievable — East



Bob Weir 5-10-87. Photo: Ron Delany

Coasters were clearly delirious about the band's return. The explosive "Hell in a Bucket"—"Sugaree" opening had the crowd roaring excitedly. Though there were bumperstickers proclaiming "GIVE HIM FIVE, HE'S STILL ALIVE," there was surprisingly little talk in the crowd about Garcia's illness or the band's long absence, but it was clear from the outset that the new, improved and more animated Garcia was a crowd-pleaser. Every smile and gesture was met with a roar of approval. An extremely tight "When Push Comes to Shove" (the first in the East) set the crowd off again in the first set. The surprise second set opener, "Sugar Magnolia," was invigorating and was followed by a long, exploratory "Scarlet-Fire." This show also marked the return of "The Wheel" to the rotation.

"Touch of Gray" has entered the class of "Truckin'" as an anthem for Heads, and the version the second night, with Garcia and Weir exhorting the crowd with outstretched arms and big smiles, was particularly inspiring. "Big River" was exceptional and "Tons of Steel" turned up faster and funkier than the previous Bay Area versions. Out of "space" second set, Weir played with "Eyes" a bit before Garcia insisted on "The Other One."

The first set on night three of Hampton was marred by Garcia forgetting the words frequently, but it closed with a strong "Let It Grow." The Hampton Coliseum nearly collapsed during an incredible "Gimme Some Lovin'" second set, but the big surprise was the beautiful "Dear Mr. Fantasy" out of "space." A powerful "Not Fade Away" closed the shows, with the crowd clapping and stomping the rhythm throughout.

— Dave Leopold

3-22-87, Hampton Coliseum, Hampton, VA

Hell in a Bucket ♦ Sugaree, It's All Over Now, West L.A. Fadeaway, El Paso, When Push Comes to Shove, Cassidy, Deal

Sugar Magnolia ♦ Scarlet Begonias ♦ Fire on the Mountain, Estimated Prophet ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Wheel ♦ Black Peter ♦ Sunshine Daydream/Baby Blue

3-23-87, Hampton Coliseum

Touch of Gray, Little Red Rooster, Althea, Me & My Uncle ♦ Big River, Iko-Iko, Tons of Steel, Feel Like a Stranger, Don't Ease Me In

Box of Rain ♦ Man Smart Woman Smarter, Ship of Fools, Truckin' ♦ jam ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Other One ♦ Stella Blue ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Lovelight/U.S. Blues

3-24-87, Hampton Coliseum

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

Gimme Some Lovin' ♦ Black Muddy River, Playin' in the Band ♦ jam ♦ Terrapin ♦

rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Dear Mr. Fantasy ♦ Wharf Rat ♦ Not Fade Away/Brokedown Palace

Hartford

Bushnell Park was awash in color as Deadheads descended on downtown Hartford, treated to sunny skies and temperatures pushing the mercury well into the 60s (very atypical weather for Connecticut in March). Though the scene inside could hardly be described as "mellow," the security forces did seem to have checked their truncheons at the doors. I heard no reports of violence at all, and the crowd seemed able to mill inside the cavernous Civic Center, if not completely at will, at least without fear of physical reprisal. And for the first time, speakers were placed in the halls for the dancers, like at Bay Area shows.

The band kicked off the first show creatively with "Midnight Hour"—"Cold Rain & Snow," but the sound was both poorly mixed and underamplified. The first set never achieved enough volume, and was rather undistinguished, save for a well-played "Desolation Row" and a very upbeat "Bird Song." Nonetheless, much of the crowd hadn't seen a show since Garcia's recovery, and by the time the lights dimmed for Act II, electricity abounded. If the songlist for the second set looks unspectacular, suffice it to say that *every* song was performed energetically, and that "China-Rider," "Looks Like Rain," "Black Peter" and a lengthy "Good Lovin'" were among the best I've seen in the last few years.

The concert the next night had much the same pattern: slow start, moving finish. Only "Tennessee Jed" and "The Music Never Stopped" were beyond ordinary in the first set, but Sweet Susie, what a second set! Garcia's screaming in "Touch of Gray" injected adrenaline into the already rowdy crowd—it was the most inspired version I've ever seen. After the band roared through "Samson," "Cumberland" and "Estimated-Eyes" before the drums, "Uncle John's Band" drifted gloriously out of "space," and seemed, in its first appearance since Jerry's illness, more an anthem than ever. I expected perhaps "The Other One" to follow, but when Garcia guided the band into "Morning Dew," the crowd erupted. It wasn't the "Dew" for the ages, but what a fitting capstone to this set, I thought, as all the white Panaspots shone on Garcia, with the rest of the stage bathed in deep blues. A particularly tight "Johnny B. Goode" sent us home—or on to Philadelphia.

— Peter Braverman

3-26-87, Hartford Civic, Hartford, CT
Midnight Hour, Cold Rain & Snow, C.C.

Rider, Row Jimmy, My Brother Esau, When Push Comes to Shove, Desolation Row, Bird Song, Promised Land

China Cat Sunflower ♦ I Know You Rider, Looks Like Rain, He's Gone ♦ jam ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ I Need a Miracle ♦ Black Peter ♦ Around & Around ♦ Good Lovin'/Quinn the Eskimo

3-27-87, Hartford Civic

Alabama Getaway ♦ Greatest Story Ever Told, West L.A. Fadeaway, Little Red Rooster, Brown-Eyed Women, Beat It On Down the Line, Tennessee Jed, The Music Never Stopped

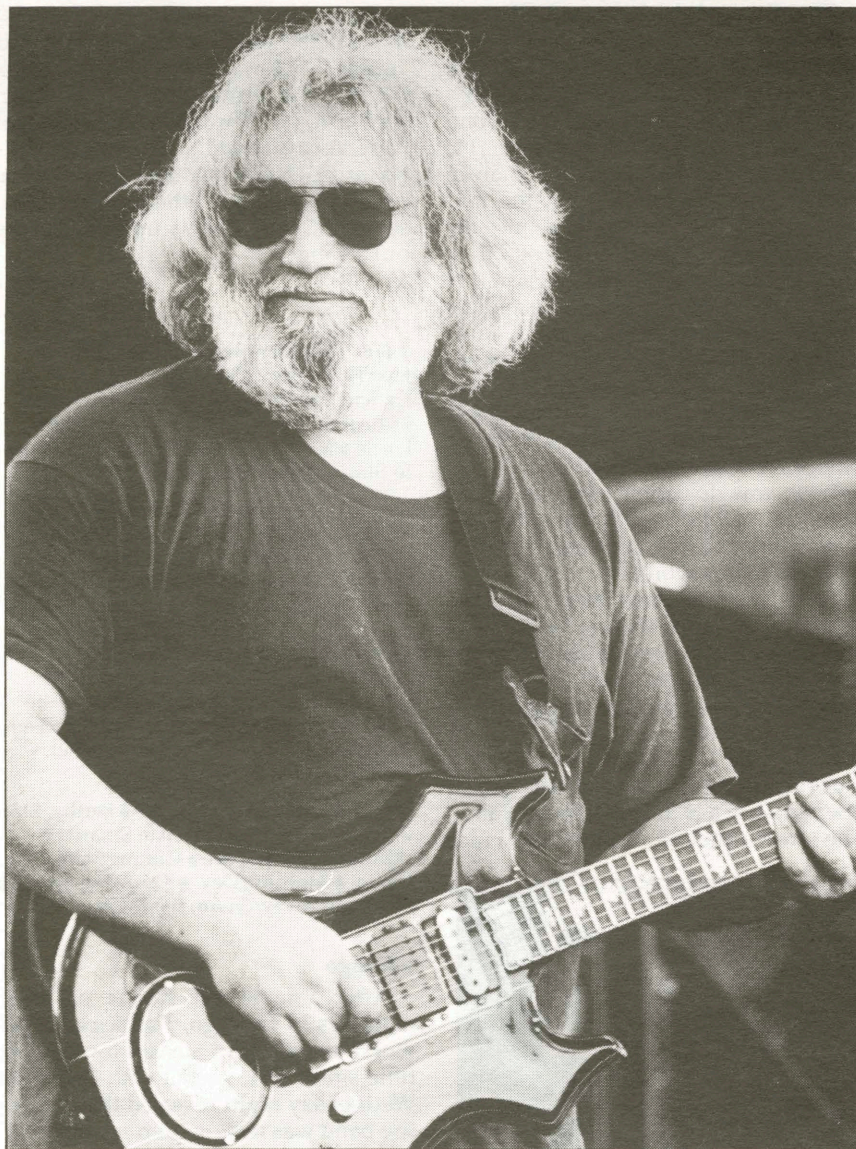
Touch of Gray ♦ Samson & Delilah, Cumberland Blues, Estimated Prophet ♦ Eyes of the World ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Uncle John's Band ♦ Morning Dew/Johnny B. Goode

Philly

The first show here had a starting time of 9 p.m. because the Spectrum was being used for a closed-circuit wrestling match in the afternoon. This led to a rather unpleasant cattle-crowd scene to get into the show, but inside things were generally cool. As in Hartford, there were speakers in the halls. There was some grumbling about the return to reserved seats (after two years of general admission shows), but by the end of the show the ushers were useless and people came and went as they pleased, for better and worse. Brent was the surprise star of the shows, singing a song each night and playing with real passion throughout. (I've noticed a more positive response in general to his work in the East.) The highlights for me the first show were an exciting "Playin'" jam that led to a haunting "China Doll" (marking that tune's return), and an unexpected version of "Black Muddy River" late in the set, which felt like a bonus to an already fine show.

The short but sweet first set 3-30 opened with an almost-too-good-to-be-true "Shakedown." The "Cassidy" closer for that set seemed abrupt and caught many off guard, though it was a potent version. In the second set, the coda of "He's Gone" was masterfully psychedelized by the wizardry of Dan Healy and his various effects devices, and the all-too-rare combination of "Truckin'" and "The Other One" was loaded with powerful playing.

The third show was locally broadcast on WMMR, a great idea since tickets had been so hard to come by. The powerhouse opener of "Jack Straw" into "Franklin's Tower" picked up where the last show had ended. "Big River" was a highlight again, thanks to soaring leads by Brent and Jerry that had everyone rocking. Though I had been waiting to hear "Desolation Row," this night it seemed (very) long on words and short on playing—but



Garcia at Laguna Seca 5-10-87. Photo: Ron Delany

you can't have everything, I suppose. Garcia raised his fists in triumph during "Touch of Gray" second set, apparently overjoyed by the wild reaction of the crowd. And "Estimated Prophet" evolved very nicely into something other than "Eyes" for a change — namely "Terrapin." Another pleasant surprise was a fine "Uncle John's" out of "space."

— Dave Leopold

3-29-87, The Spectrum, Philadelphia, PA
Bertha, Little Red Rooster, Far From Me, El Paso, Friend of the Devil, When Push Comes to Shove ♦ Let It Grow

Mississippi Half-Step, Playin' in the Band ♦ jam ♦ China Doll ♦ Man Smart Woman Smarter ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Wheel ♦ Goin' Down the Road ♦ Playin' reprise ♦ Black Muddy River ♦ Sugar Magnolia/Quinn the Eskimo

3-30-87, The Spectrum
Shakedown Street, It's All Over Now,

Never Trust a Woman, Box of Rain, Loser, Cassidy

Iko-Iko, Saint of Circumstance, He's Gone ♦ jam ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Truckin' ♦ The Other One ♦ Wharf Rat ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Not Fade Away/Baby Blue

3-31-87, The Spectrum
Jack Straw ♦ Franklin's Tower, C.C. Rider, Ramble On Rose, Tons of Steel, Mama Tried ♦ Big River, Candyman, Desolation Row, Don't Ease Me In

Touch of Gray ♦ Estimated Prophet ♦ Terrapin ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Uncle John's Band ♦ I Need a Miracle ♦ Stella Blue ♦ Around & Around ♦ Lovelight/Brokedown Palace

Worcester

The process of getting into the hall was painfully slow, even by Centrum standards; apparently only two doors were open, so a number of people missed the beginning of the show. A hefty contingent of Boston Celtics play-

ers (including Bill Walton, Kevin McHale and Robert Parish) were conspicuous at the left side of the stage and seemed to be enjoying the party on their night off from NBA play. The concert was broadcast on FM stalwart WBCN, a move that, as in other cities, seemed to keep non-ticket holders away from the facility.

During the first show the band seemed a little more sedate than they had been in Philly, but their playing was still exceptional. Highlights the first set included the return of "Dupree's," yet another great "Far From Me," and nice versions of "Bird Song" and "The Music Never Stopped" at the finish. Garcia really got into the "Scarlet-Fire" in the second set, pulling and bending strings as if he wanted to break 'em, and he shined on a lovely "space" reminiscent of his work on the *Zabriskie Point* soundtrack. "Black Peter" (which turned up in every city on the tour) was sung very soulfully, with the crowd predictably responding to the line, "One more day I find myself alive..." Funny how different songs take on different levels of importance and meaning based on the reality of the moment. "Black Muddy River" turned up as an encore for the first time, a nice change of pace from "Brokedown Palace."

The second night had a consistently good first set with a very pretty "Must've Been the Roses" at its midpoint. The second set was sparked by a spunky "China Cat-Rider" and a nice reading of "Crazy Fingers."

The third night at the Centrum has been called by some the best show of the entire tour, and it's difficult to disagree. All four singers got a chance to sing lead the first set, and that seemed to electrify things. The second set opened with a blistering, party-hearty "Iko-Iko," got spacey as it moved on to a healthy "Playin'," rolled into the recently rare "Comes a Time" and then bounced into probably the best version of "Willie & the Hand Jive" to date — all before drums! If that weren't enough, the show ended with a version of "Morning Dew" that was transcendent beyond all expectations.

— Chris Zingg, Dave Leopold & Friends

4-2-87, The Centrum, Worcester, MA
Cold Rain & Snow, New Minglewood Blues, Dupree's Diamond Blues, Far From Me, Me & My Uncle ♦ Mexicali Blues, When Push Comes to Shove, Beat It On Down the Line, Bird Song, The Music Never Stopped

Scarlet Begonias ♦ Fire on the Mountain, Looks Like Rain, Eyes of the World ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Gimme Some Lovin' ♦ The Wheel ♦ Black Peter ♦ Around & Around ♦ Good Lovin'/Black Muddy River

4-3-87, The Centrum

Hell in a Bucket, Sugaree, C.C. Rider, Must've Been the Roses, It's All Over Now, Big Railroad Blues, Let It Grow, Don't Ease Me In

China Cat Sunflower ♦ I Know You Rider ♦ Crazy Fingers ♦ Samson & Delilah ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Other One ♦ Wharf Rat ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Not Fade Away/U.S. Blues

4-4-87, The Centrum

Touch of Gray ♦ Greatest Story Ever Told, Althea, El Paso, Tennessee Jed, Cassidy, Never Trust a Woman, Box of Rain, Promised Land

Iko-Iko, Playin' in the Band ♦ Comes a Time ♦ Willie & the Hand Jive ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Truckin' ♦ Playin' reprise ♦ Morning Dew/Saturday Night

The Meadowlands

There were fewer hassles in the parking lots before the show this year, in part because all week long local rock radio stations aired announcements (including one from Phil Lesh that also ran in other cities the Dead hit on this tour) urging people not to show up if they didn't have tickets. And, once again, broadcasting one show seemed to quell some of the craziness.

The first night's show got underway with a red-hot "Dancin' in the Streets," featuring an extended rhythmic jam dominated by Phil, Mickey and Billy. Garcia came right back with the second "Franklin's Tower" of the tour. He seemed a little less animated than in previous shows I'd seen on the tour (after all it's been a long time since the Dead undertook such a rigorous trek) and he was also a bit hoarse, apparently due to a cold. Nevertheless, he and the band had their moments. "When Push Comes to Shove" went over very well, and the last half of the second set really caught fire, capped by a rollicking "Sugar Magnolia." I also liked seeing "Black Muddy River" as an encore; this version was delivered with lots of raw emotion and feeling. There were certainly hotter shows on the tour, but this one was to be savored.

I felt the second was the better of the two Meadowlands shows. The first set was uneven after exploding out of the gate with another great "Touch of Gray." There was a false start late in the first set on "Hell in a Bucket," but once they got the tune going, it smoked. I really enjoyed the second set, which opened with a beautiful "Box of Rain." The rare second-set "Bertha" was a nice

surprise, and "Gimme Some Lovin'" tore up the place after an abbreviated "space." "Morning Dew" was the peak for me; the show then wound down with a tight "Throwing Stones"—"Not Fade Away" ending. And though it's no rarity, I loved hearing "Quinn" as an encore: there's something special about seeing all four singers up front belting out a song.

— John Kiely

4-6-87, Brendan Byrne Arena, East Rutherford, NJ

Dancin' in the Streets ♦ Franklin's Tower, Little Red Rooster, Peggy-O, Me & My Uncle ♦ Mexicali Blues, When Push Comes to Shove, Jack Straw ♦ Deal

Feel Like a Stranger, Cumberland Blues, Tons of Steel, Saint of Circumstance ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Terrapin ♦ The Other One ♦ Stella Blue ♦ Sugar Magnolia/Black Muddy River

4-7-87, Brendan Byrne Arena

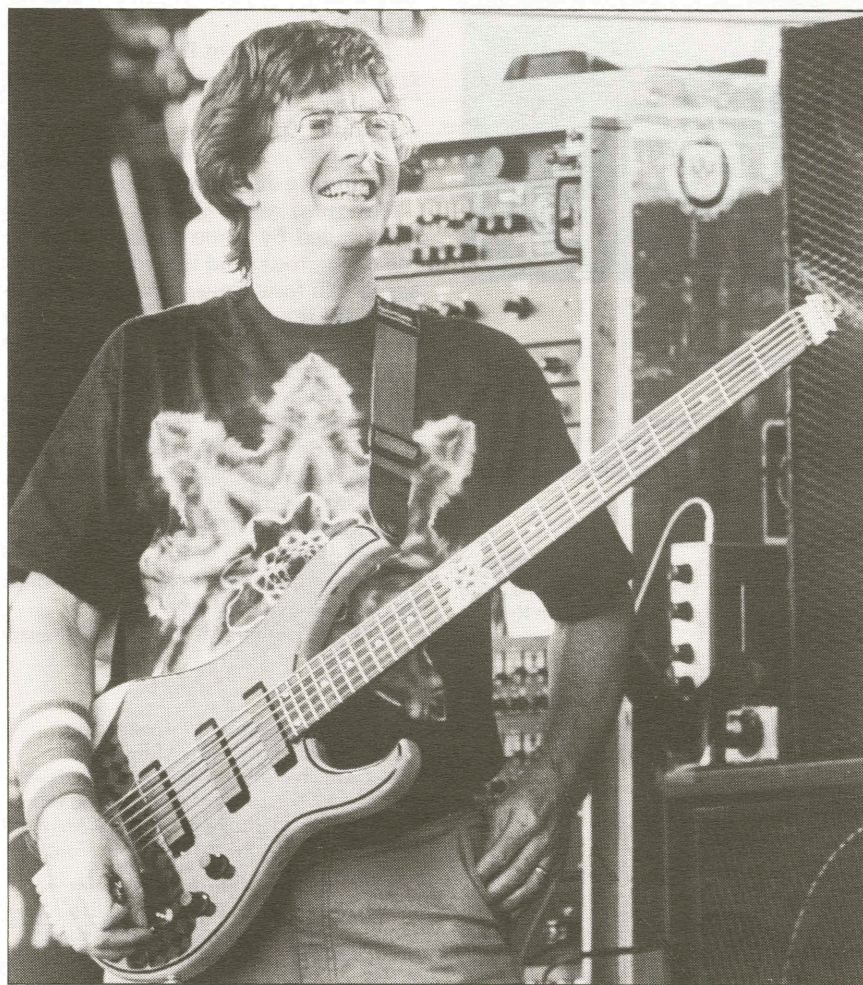
Touch of Gray, New Minglewood Blues, Friend of the Devil, Beat It On Down the Line, Stagger Lee, Mama Tried ♦ Big River, West L.A. Fadeaway, Hell in a Bucket, Don't Ease Me In

Box of Rain, I Need a Miracle ♦ Bertha, Ship of Fools, Man Smart Woman Smarter ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Gimme Some Lovin' ♦ Morning Dew ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Not Fade Away/Quinn the Eskimo

Chicago

After unmatched stories of ticket madness in Chicago, I anticipated the worst as the Dead arrived for the first time since 1981. A chat with Garcia on Wednesday night revealed that the entire band was reeling from spring colds, so our expectations weren't exactly soaring. Most fears vanished Thursday, though, as we arrived in sunny 70-degree weather, and entered the UIC Pavilion—a small (10,000-seat), warm arena not unlike the Civic Center in Portland, Maine. After another stop-and-start first set ("Never Trust a Woman" and "Far From Me" were especially good), the second set treated us to fine versions of several old favorites. "Playin'" and the increasingly rare "China Doll" were standouts, and only "Goin' Down the Road"—with which Garcia truncated Bobby's attempt at a "Playin'" reprise—was a bit of a disappointment.

The next show kicked off with a much-anticipated "Shakedown," followed by a generally strong set, especially "Candyman" and "Cassidy." In Chicago, it was apparent that Garcia was playing off Brent quite a bit, and when Brent finally took an organ solo in the burning "Iko" that opened the second set, Garcia's mobility onstage was almost unbelievable. The rest of the set was *very* well played, high-



Phil during a break in the action 5-9-87. Photo: Ron Delany

lighted by a 1974-style (well, almost) "Other One" jam that began in the middle of the drums, and a rowdy "Lovelight." Even "Around & Around" — dare I say it? — was particularly well done.

I confess that I didn't have nearly so good a time on the last night in Chicago. After several shows with new and creative song combinations, I was disappointed to see a show open with "Hell in a Bucket" — "Sugaree" and close with "Wharf Rat" — "Throwin' Stones" — "Not Fade Away." To be fair, "Tons of Steel," "Desolation Row" (How does he remember all the words?!), and "Terra-pin" were all very enjoyable, and I saw (but didn't feel) a lot of energy in the crowd. Still, I've got to wonder if others aren't also tired and a bit peeved at seeing the same songs appear in the exact same places in the show.

— Peter Braverman

4-9-87, University of Illinois at Chicago Pavilion

Greatest Story Ever Told ♦ Promised Land, When Push Comes to Shove, Never Trust a Woman, My Brother Esau, Row Jimmy, El Paso, Far From Me, Deal

Scarlet Begonias ♦ Fire on the Mountain, Playin' in the Band ♦ jam ♦ Uncle John's Band ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ China Doll ♦ Playin' ♦ jam ♦ Goin' Down the Road ♦ Sugar Magnolia/U.S. Blues

4-10-87, UIC Pavilion

Shakedown Street, Little Red Rooster, Candyman, Me & My Uncle ♦ Mexicali Blues, Brown-Eyed Women, Cassidy ♦ Don't Ease Me In

Iko-Iko, Looks Like Rain, Box of Rain, He's Gone ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Other One ♦ Black Peter ♦ Around & Around ♦ Lovelight/Baby Blue

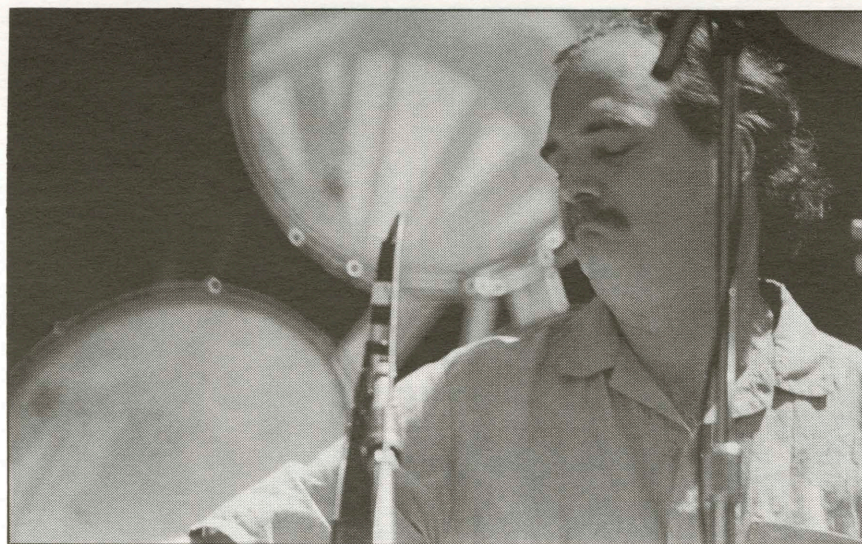
4-11-87, UIC Pavilion

Hell in a Bucket ♦ Sugaree, New Minglewood Blues, Loser, Tons of Steel, Desolation Row, Big Railroad Blues, The Music Never Stopped

Touch of Gray, Man Smart Woman Smarter, Terrapin ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Truckin' ♦ Wharf Rat ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Not Fade Away ♦ Black Muddy River

Irvine

What a difference a tour makes. The band that I saw at the season's first outdoor shows in mid-April at Irvine Meadows (near Los Angeles) was infinitely tighter and more exciting than any of the shows they played in the Bay Area before the East Coast tour. Looking relaxed and self-assured following the success of their eastern swing, the Dead were amazingly powerful all three shows. Though there were once again no real changes in the repertoire (save for "Miracle" into "Cumberland" right before drums the third day), nearly every song they played was



An intense moment with Billy, Frost 5-2-87. Photo: Eric Sabroff

handled with real conviction. And after getting so many complaints about short space jams during the East Coast tour, I was delighted to hear some real "outside" romps the second and third nights. The last show, in particular, had a very spacey second set, with great jams on "China Cat," "The Other One" and "Not Fade Away." The only strange musical happening of the weekend came the second night when a great "Morning Dew" was abruptly cut off before the final solo climax in favor of beginning "Throwing Stones." Folks'll be debating that one for a while!

As one who has been vocal in the past about not liking Irvine crowds, I must say that I had a great time this year, despite the fact that several hundred people successfully crashed the gate Saturday night. The Dead responded sensibly under the circumstances: they cut off all alcohol sales after the second song that night, beefed up security and then sold no alcohol the next day. The difference was dramatic, to say the least. With obnoxious drunks nowhere to be seen at the Sunday afternoon show, the scene was as mellow as a Berkeley Greek Theatre crowd. Irvine already has perfect sound and sightlines. This year it finally had the vibes to match those good qualities.

— BJ

4-17-87, Irvine Meadows Amphitheatre, Laguna Hills, CA

Cold Rain & Snow, Little Red Rooster, Friend of the Devil, It's All Over Now, When Push Comes to Shove, Desolation Row, Deal

Touch of Gray ♦ Samson & Delilah, Ship of Fools, Estimated Prophet ♦ Eyes of the World ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Wheel ♦ Truckin' ♦ Stella Blue ♦ Around & Around ♦ Good Lovin'/Quinn the Eskimo

4-18-87, Irvine Meadows

Hell in a Bucket ♦ Sugaree, Me & My Uncle ♦

Mexicali Blues, West L.A. Fadeaway, Far From Me, Row Jimmy, Let It Grow

Iko-Iko, Playin' in the Band ♦ jam ♦ Terrapin ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Gimme Some Lovin' ♦ Morning Dew ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Lovelight/Black Muddy River

4-19-87, Irvine Meadows

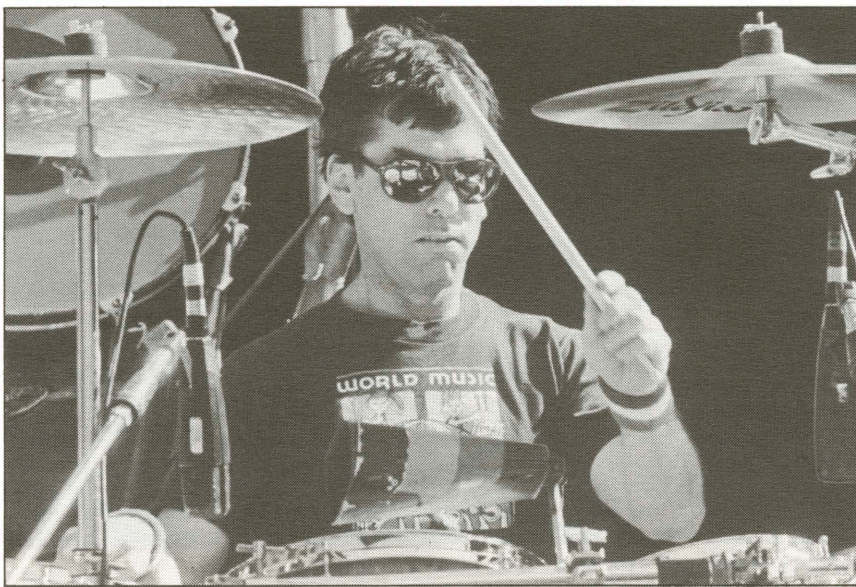
Mississippi Half-Step ♦ Franklin's Tower, New Minglewood Blues, Ramble On Rose, Tons of Steel, Box of Rain, Cassidy, Alabama Getaway ♦ Promised Land

China Cat Sunflower ♦ I Know You Rider, Man Smart Woman Smarter, Black Muddy River, I Need a Miracle ♦ Cumberland Blues ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Other One ♦ Wharf Rat ♦ Not Fade Away/NFA ♦ Brokedown Palace

Frost

Hot weather is a tradition at Frost Amphitheater, on the beautiful campus of Stanford University in Palo Alto, California. Rare is the person who doesn't get sunburned dancing the weekend away on the soft green grass. Spray bottles work overtime at Frost, and it's not too unusual to see clumps of people sprawled on the ground during slow tunes, hoping that cool breezes will restore their flagging energy. Still, heat and all, it remains one of the nicest places the band plays — the quintessential California Dead experience.

This year, as last year, the shows were uneven, though occasionally inspired. Atrocious sound marred the first set of 5-2, a shame since the band looked so "up" and seemed to be playing well. The second set featured a nice "Playin'" that segued beautifully into "Terrapin," a "space" that was straight off Pluto (the planet, not the canine) and a magnificent "Morning Dew," which has become downright common all of a sudden. By the time "Lovelight" came around, the band sounded tired,



Mickey at Frost 5-2-87. Photo: Robert Minkin

and the "Black Muddy River" encore was, alas, dirge-like.

With the sound problems behind them, the band kicked into a groove the next day, turning in a generally well-played, if all too predictable, show. "Touch of Gray," "Promised Land" and "Cassidy" sparked the first set, while set two boasted a happy, jivin' "Iko-Iko," an exquisite "Feel Like a Stranger" (always great in the second set) and excellent versions of "Ship of Fools" and "Black Peter." Slow songs on a hot day take their toll, however, and once again the band pooped out at the close, turning in a "Throwing Stones"—"Not Fade Away" that was strictly by rote. This combination is getting duller by the minute, and if the band doesn't eventually decide to move those tunes around in the set, they're going to face a lot more scenes like I witnessed at this show — Phil looking so bored he literally didn't play on most of "Not Fade Away," and a crowd response so limp many people didn't seem to care if there was an encore or not. I can't help thinking that the band — and not just the fans — would be invigorated by less rigidity. How 'bout "Bertha" as a closer, or "Saint of Circumstance"? "Gimme Some Lovin'?" "Throwing Stones" before drums? "Black Peter" in the first set? There must be some kind of way outta here...

— BJ

5-2-87, Frost Amphitheater, Palo Alto, CA
Hell in a Bucket, West L.A. Fadeaway, Beat It On Down the Line, Stagger Lee, Little Red Rooster, Far From Me, Dire Wolf, Jack Straw, When Push Comes to Shove, Saturday Night

China Cat Sunflower ♦ I Know You Rider, Playin' in the Band ♦ jam ♦ Terrapin ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Truckin' ♦ Morning

Dew ♦ Around & Around ♦ Lovelight/Black Muddy River

5-3-87, Frost Amphitheater

Touch of Gray, Promised Land, Row Jimmy, Peggy-O, Never Trust a Woman, Cassidy, Don't Ease Me In

Iko-Iko, Feel Like a Stranger, Ship of Fools, Estimated Prophet ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Other One ♦ Black Peter ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Not Fade Away/Quinn the Eskimo

Laguna Seca

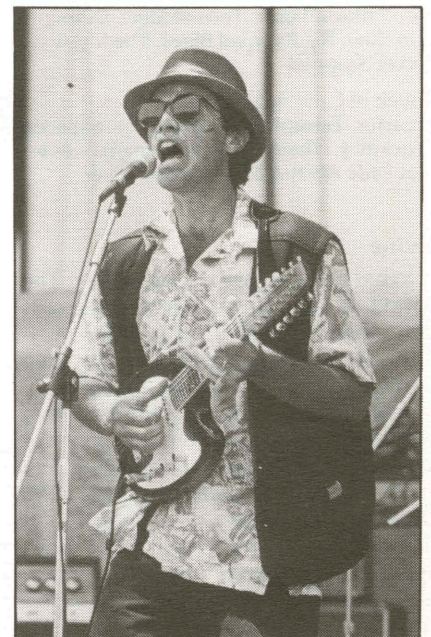
Located a few miles from beautiful Monterey Bay, Laguna Seca turned out to be an inspired locale choice for a two-day mini-rock fest featuring the Dead, Bruce Hornsby & the Range, and Ry Cooder. The concert site itself was on a huge hillside that easily and comfortably accommodated 20,000 people a day, and nearly half that number camped within a few hundred yards of the stage, near a manmade lake. Traffic and parking problems aside (some Heads literally walked miles from their cars) Laguna Seca was just about perfect — isolated enough from the "real world" to seem like it was truly Deadheadland, yet just minutes away from the exotic Monterey-Carmel area, about two hours south of San Francisco. The weather and the vibes were both A-OK.

I really enjoyed the shows, too. Ry Cooder and his crack band (including four black male backup singers) electrified the crowd each day with sets of great gospel-tinged R&B. I've been a Ryhead since the early '70s and had dreamed of this pairing for years — and it was worth the wait. The Deadheads ate it up, and Ry and the band seemed to be having a good ol' time, as well. Cooder is untouchable as a slide player, and his material — which runs the

gamut from humorously lascivious tunes from the '30s to poignant tales of poverty and lost love — offers a multitude of interesting settings for his playing. Ry was given a hero's welcome, and he clearly was moved by it. Scratching his head as the crowd howled its approval following his encore the second day, he said with a smile, "I've never been to one of these before!" (But next time he better play "One Meatball"!)

Though riding the success of his double-platinum debut album, Bruce Hornsby was a little bit out of his element at Laguna Seca. While he and his band played with undeniable enthusiasm and skill (and Hornsby is an avowed fan of the Dead), the overall effect was a little too slick and too rehearsed, especially sandwiched between Cooder and the Dead. (I had seen Hornsby open a John Fogerty show a few months back and had been very impressed, so perhaps the context was wrong this time out.) He got a very good reception the first show, particularly for an admirable stab at "I Know You Rider," featuring the Dead's arrangement. The band actually played better the second show, but lost points with many in the crowd for playing basically the exact same show they had the first day (even down to the between-songs patter).

The Dead rebounded nicely from the occasional lethargy of Frost. The surprise "Sugar Magnolia" opener at the Saturday show had everyone smiling, and the entire concert fairly crackled with energy. In the second set, "The Wheel" was particularly powerful, evolving slowly out of a fine "space," and the "Sunshine Daydream" capper seemed completely "right." To then get "Iko" as an encore was icing.



Ry Cooder testifies: 5-9-87. Photo: Eric Sabroff

The Sunday show was even stronger in my view. The first set had one of the best versions of "Desolation Row" I've seen, and the second set saw a nice workout on "Scarlet-Fire," the first West Coast "China Doll" since the break (and what a version!), and a real rarity: "Playin'" after drums! This last move seemed to confuse even the band, and they quickly escaped to more familiar terrain: an excellent "Throwing Stones"—"Lovelight" close. "Not Fade Away" was an inspired encore choice—it erased the memory of the previous week's debacle—and rather than leaving the stage with the crowd chanting, this time the band just stood there, beaming, for a minute or two, before ending the weekend with an excellent reading of "Black Muddy River." All in all, it was the most fun I'd had at shows since Cal Expo last year, and these were the first concerts I'd seen in '87 that didn't seem like "comeback" shows. This was the start of the next stage.

—BJ

5-9-87 Laguna Seca Recreation Area, Monterey, CA

Sugar Magnolia ♦ Sugaree, Me & My Uncle ♦ Mexicali Blues, When Push Comes to Shove, Tons of Steel, My Brother Esau, Tennessee Jed, Let It Grow

Touch of Gray, Looks Like Rain, He's Gone ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Wheel ♦ The

Other One ♦ Wharf Rat ♦ Around & Around ♦ Sunshine Daydream/Iko-Iko

5-10-87 Laguna Seca

Mississippi Half-Step ♦ Feel Like a Stranger, West L.A. Fadeaway, New Minglewood Blues, Row Jimmy, Box of Rain, Desolation Row, Don't Ease Me In

Hell in a Bucket, Scarlet Begonias ♦ Fire on the Mountain, Man Smart Woman Smarter ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ China Doll ♦ Playin' in the Band ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Lovelight/Not Fade Away ♦ Black Muddy River

Ventura

For this year's "Weekend at the Beach," Bill Graham's organization lengthened and widened the rodeo stadium at the Ventura County Fairgrounds, expanding the capacity from 10,000 to 18,000—and they about filled the place two out of the three days, making the Ventura shows the biggest series the band has played in Southern California. All three shows were top-notch, with Saturday the real standout. The first set that day featured an explosive version of Dylan's "When I Paint My Masterpiece" with Weir wailing on the vocals (interesting, since Garcia sings the tune with his solo band); the crunchiest "When Push Comes to Shove" I've heard; and a long, con-

vuluted "Let It Grow." Second set highlights included a fine "Shakedown," another great "Ship of Fools" (a tradition, it seems, in Ventura, where the band plays facing the Pacific), and an extraordinary post-drums consisting of "The Other One," a colossal "Dew" and "Sugar Magnolia." The Friday and Sunday shows had more typical songlists but seemed equally inspired. (Special kudos to Brent for his "fiddle" solo on "Big River" on Friday!) Though the band hadn't played a show for some time before this series, they seemed incredibly relaxed and very tight. No doubt their rehearsals with Dylan in early June spurred them to new creative heights.

—BJ

6-12-87, Ventura County Fairgrounds, Ventura, CA

Jack Straw, West L.A. Fadeaway, Mama Tried ♦ Big River, Candyman, My Brother Esau, Bird Song, Desolation Row, Don't Ease Me In

China Cat Sunflower ♦ I Know You Rider, Far From Me, Man Smart Woman Smarter, He's Gone ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The Wheel ♦ I Need a Miracle ♦ Black Peter ♦ Around & Around ♦ Good Lovin'/Touch of Gray

6-13-87, Ventura

Mississippi Half-Step ♦ Walkin' Blues, Row

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- What was the most common song to open shows in 1977?
- How many concerts have they played in Kentucky or Katmandu?
- When was the first time that the Dead played "Uncle John's Band"?



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Jimmy, When I Paint My Masterpiece,
When Push Comes to Shove, Cassidy,
Friend of the Devil, Let It Grow

Shakedown Street, Saint of Circumstance,
Ship of Fools, Estimated Prophet ♦ Eyes of
the World ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ The
Other One ♦ Morning Dew ♦ Sugar
Magnolia/Black Muddy River

6-14-87, Ventura

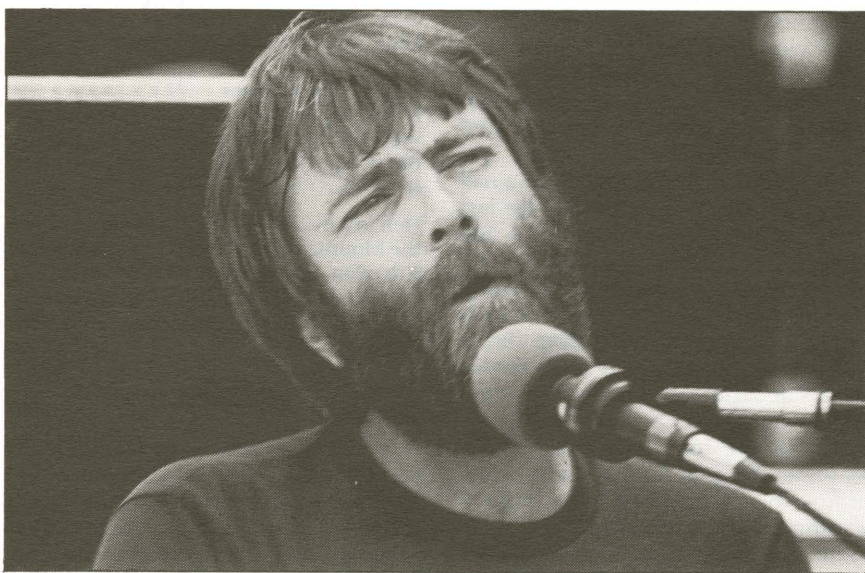
Hell in a Bucket ♦ Sugaree, Tons of Steel,
Ramble On Rose, Me & My Uncle ♦ Mexicali
Blues, Althea, Feel Like a Stranger ♦ Might
As Well

Scarlet Begonias ♦ Fire on the Mountain,
Playin' in the Band ♦ jam ♦ Terrapin ♦
rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Truckin' ♦ Wharf Rat
♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Not Fade Away/Quinn
the Eskimo

The Greek

Lost: One blown mind, left at Greek
Theater in Berkeley during hurricane-
intensity version of "All Along the
Watchtower" second set of Saturday's
show. Brain may be a little frayed
around the edges. Reward for safe re-
turn to *Golden Road*.

Wow. When the Greek Theater is
happening, there's nothing in the Dead
world that equals it. And for these three
summer solstice shows the band was in
peak form. Choosing a favorite concert
from the run is difficult because each



00-00. Soul man Brent Mydland at Frost. Photo: Eric Sabroff

had its own special character — and,
best of all, all three were very unpre-
dictable for the most part. Friday was
the rock 'n' roll night, featuring spar-
kling versions of "Music Never
Stopped," "Bertha"—"Greatest Story"
(to open the *second* set), "I Need a Mir-
acle," "Goin' Down the Road" and
"Lovelight." But that second set also
contained a near-perfect "Terrapin," a
gut-wrenching "Stella Blue" and one of

the most interesting space jams I've
heard in some time.

The first half of Saturday's show was
a little odd—a very short first set, and a
pre-drums second set that seemed like
the end of the first set ("Deal" into
drums?). But the six songs that tumbled
out after "space" hit some exquisite
heights indeed. Following a typically
rockin' "Gimme Some Lovin'," there
were a few seconds of chaos and then

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the band went into a version of Dylan's "All Along the Watchtower" that has to rank with the most electrifying music I've ever seen the Dead play. Aside from the sheer surprise of the song choice, it was delivered with a furious intensity that whipped the Greek crowd into a frenzy. As Weir sang/shouted the lyrics, Garcia unleashed machine gun flurries of notes that must have put a big smile on Jimi Hendrix's face in the great beyond. Let's just put out the CD of it right now — 'cause it'll be hard to top this one (just as they've never quite topped the first "Quinn," 12-30-85). They could've ended the show right there for my money, so getting great versions of "The Wheel," "The Other One," "Wharf Rat" and "Sugar Magnolia" before a rockin' "Saturday Night" encore seemed like gravy. Talk about inspired!

With nearly everyone blissed out from the first two concerts, Sunday's sun-fest was wonderfully relaxed and pleasant. And the surprises kept on coming. The seamless combo of "Cumberland" into "Mexicali Blues" was a treat in the first set (as was Phil's emotional version of "Box of Rain"), and the second set before drums had sterling readings of "Crazy Fingers," "Saint of Circumstance" and, in a nice switch, "China Doll" into "Playin'."

"When I Paint My Masterpiece" magically materialized out of "space," and though, as I've mentioned, I'm real tired of the "Throwing Stones"—"Not Fade Away" close, this one was executed with considerable panache. I did, however, share the disappointment of many who had hoped to hear "Uncle John's Band," which the group hasn't played on the West Coast in more than a year.

— BJ

6-19-87, Greek Theater, Berkeley, CA

Touch of Gray, Little Red Rooster, Cold Rain & Snow, Mama Tried ♦ Big River, When Push Comes to Shove, Desolation Row, Brown-Eyed Women, Music Never Stopped

Bertha ♦ Greatest Story Ever Told, Must've Been the Roses, Samson & Delilah ♦ Terrapin ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ I Need a Miracle ♦ Goin' Down the Road ♦ Stella Blue ♦ Lovelight/Black Muddy River

6-20-87, Greek Theater

Hell in a Bucket ♦ Franklin's Tower, New Minglewood Blues, Loser, My Brother Esau, Bird Song

Iko-Iko, Looks Like Rain, Deal ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ Gimme Some Lovin' ♦ All Along the Watchtower ♦ The Wheel ♦ The Other One ♦ Wharf Rat ♦ Sugar Magnolia/ Saturday Night

6-21-87, Greek Theater



Bozo sells tie-dyes outside Kaiser in Oakland.
Photo: Jay Blakesberg

Alabama Getaway ♦ Promised Land, West L.A. Fadeaway, Walkin' Blues, Cumberland Blues ♦ Mexicali Blues, Far From Me, Box of Rain ♦ Don't Ease Me In

Man Smart Woman Smarter ♦ Crazy Fingers, Saint of Circumstance ♦ China Doll ♦ Playin' in the Band ♦ jam ♦ rhythm devils ♦ space ♦ When I Paint My Masterpiece ♦ Black Peter ♦ Throwing Stones ♦ Not Fade Away/Brokedown Palace

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Illustration: William Cone

A Day in the Country

With Driver,
The Lady and Big Jer

BY KEN BABBS

"I couldn't tell you for sure which of the Merry Pranksters got the idea for the bus," wrote Tom Wolfe in *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*, "but it had the Babbs touch." Babbs was "tall, powerful, a very Rabelaisian creature. Back from the wars, he came on like a great, hearty grizzly bear roaring a cosmic laugh. He gave the Kesey colony much of its new style. . . . He introduced the idea of the pranks, great public put-ons they could perform."

Like his buddy Kesey, Ken Babbs has been living the life of a writer and family man in Oregon since the Acid Test days. Also like Kesey, he doesn't make it to many shows outside the Northwest, but his spiritual connection to the Dead scene has remained strong. After Garcia nearly died a year ago — seems longer, doesn't it? — the first place he went for rest and relaxation was Oregon. He spent a day with Babbs and his wife, Eileen, just bombing around the picturesque countryside, intrepid travelers three. This is Babbs' account of that September day.

"Where did you get the name?" The Lady said shyly, innocently, unaware the same question had probably been asked more times than numbers of feet have trudged the rock staircase of the Dee Wright Observatory.

Imperturbably, casually, as if the first time it were ever posed, Big Jer replied in a raspy voice, "I opened a dictionary and picked it out."

"You talking booger," Driver interrupted, swerving the big Lincoln ragtop with those backward opening doors around a long-slewed curve, tires wallowing. "It's legend now: Egyptian Book of the Dead. Opened with eyes closed, finger stuck blindly on the page; the grateful dead."

Driver righted the car and floored it, jamming them into the hard leather front seat. They

rocketed past a Winnebago galumphing up the hill like a pouchy pachyderm. Driver wheeled into the right lane. A loaded log truck thundered past. Air horn blared. Jake brakes rap-rapped.

Driver rapped back, "Forty tons of trees don't lie. Squash your American imitation Jap crap car flatter'n aluminum beer can." He patted the shiny dash of the '65 cross-country cruiser. "Stick with Detroit's finest." Sang in tribute praise, "A toast to the host of the men we boast." Lips quelled by the next sharp turn, both hands on the wheel.

Big Jer and The Lady relaxed, best they could. Big Jer was Jerry Garcia. The Lady was Driver's wife. They were on a fall afternoon motor tour up the old McKenzie Highway out of Eugene. Most of the year the steep and narrow and winding road was buried in snow to the tops of 12-foot-high, red and white striped poles lining the road. But now the poles stuck out of bare ground and the road was clear and dry, and, with school already underway, relatively free of heavy vacation traffic.

"Nothing but forest and sky and mountains and tumbling lava rocks as far as the eye can see," Driver extolled, "but as Cassady once said, 'you realize the eye can't see all that far. So, going round this curve, set up for that.'"

Big Jer laughed delightedly. Driver lapped it up.

"It's a circular route. We go up the old road, come back the new. So it's not like we've made a mistake and have to correct."

He accelerated down a long straight stretch. Something on the side caught his eye.

"Looked like a radar gun to me," said Big Jer.

"It was covered with canvas," said The Lady.

"I don't like it. They're just sneaky enough."

Driver scowled. He was on the alert. Flashing lights ahead. They got stopped. Not by the heat. Construction. Sweaty bare backs bent over baking pavement pickaxed big grunt ones into little swing ones.

"Now that's real work," said Driver.

"Haven't worked in years, myself," said Big Jer.

"Sure you have, plenty."

"Not real work."

"You mean physical labor?"

"Anything you do that you don't want to do is work. Everything else is play."

"Nice rap, Big Jer, but I ain't buying it. You can't tell me the playing you do isn't sometimes damn hard work."

"You don't know. I bet you don't even know why there's so many hippies in Oregon."

"That's a double neg, and two negs make a pos. Because there's no work."

He pulled to a halt in front of the McKenzie River store. It was too top-down hot in the sun, so Driver backed into the shade. A woman appeared at his side.

"How much you want?" she asked.

He was parked next to the pumps.

"Sorry. Just shade's all."

She nodded and left.

"What've you read lately that's any good?" asked Big Jer.

"Lonesome Dove by Larry McMurtry."

"Must be 2,000 people've told me to read it, and I still don't have a copy."

"I'll loan you mine, on one condition."

"Better hadn't be that I have to remember to give it back. Lay it on me, you gotta come after it."

"Naw, it's not autographed or anything. What I want you to do is figure out what the Latin phrase used in the book means."

"In the frontispiece?"

"No, it's carved on a hunk of wood by one of the two old duffs the book's mostly about. I'll quiz you when you're done."

"You're on. What else you read any good?"

"How about *J.O.B.* by Heinlein?"

"Haven't seen it. Poor old Heinlein's been getting a bad rap lately. Accused of being a right-wing gun-nut police-state shooting-war conservative."

"Ah, that's a bunch of bull. Look at *Stranger*. The hero's always working against the police state, so I don't agree."

"Me neither. It's just a loudmouth minority saying it anyway—"

He was interrupted by The Lady arriving with the cigs. She took her spot in the middle and they hit the road again. The old highway turnoff was just a few miles ahead. That's when she asked about the name.

"Yeah, the legend," Big Jer said. "But it wasn't the Egyptian Book of the Dead. It really was a dictionary, and one of its definitions was 'old folk ballad,' like Childe Harolde, only in this case it's like when someone is wandering in the churchyard at night alongside a cemetery and meets a dead soul who's left things undone, or he's done something bad and until it gets straightened out he's stuck here, wandering and plaintive unless the live person agrees to help."

Driver bounced happily in the seat. "That's the best explanation yet. It makes the name more meaningful. I like it."

"Are any of your songs about that, a dead person getting help?" The Lady asked.

"Hmmm, probably not specifically. But some come close. 'Wharf Rat,' for instance."

"I do believe you got a character emerging," said Driver. "How does that song go, Big Jer?"

"Give me some time. That's one of the after-effects, my memory's slow."

Even so, this soon after being toppled by the diabetic coma that nearly did him in, Big Jer had come back remarkably well. He was woodshedding in Oregon while his wife and kids cleared out their Eugene house. His wife had been living there working for a new book publishing company, but she gave that the keeatus the day Jerry passed out.

He'd just come off the road touring with Tom Petty and Bob Dylan and was home in San Rafael all alone. His housekeeper found him passed out in the bathroom. He didn't know what happened. Woke up in the hospital with tubes stuck in him everywhere, three down his throat alone.

"S'what made my voice so raspy," he said. "I got off lucky though — no medication, no insu-

lin. Doctor said he never saw a man with so much wrong still alive. I had the feeling I'd been poked all over, but I'm not sure what they did. My leg was numb. I had to look to see where it was."

His wife arrived. Plowed through the reporters and friends straight to the head bull nurse guarding the door.

"Who are you?"

"The Wife."

"Right this way."

She took charge. Refused to let them do a tracheotomy. Might screw up his voice. Soon as it was safe she hauled him home, cooked his meals, monitored his progress, and when he was feeling good enough to travel, piled him and the girls in the car and headed north.

Driver was pleasantly surprised when she called him on the phone.

"Jer's here and he'd like to see you," she said. "He gets tired real quick. Can only talk for a couple of hours. Thought you might visit him."

"For you, m'dear, I emerge. And not to get soapy, I really want to see Big Jer. I'll bring The Lady along."

"That's great. Thanks a lot."

"T.N.T. T'ain't nothing to it."

He hung up.

"We can pack a picnic lunch," he said to The Lady. "Wine. And thou."

He began throwing food in the cooler.

"You sure he can eat and drink all that stuff?"

"Good point."

He grabbed the phone. At the first warm hello, Driver felt the glow of an old friendship rekindled. He and Big Jer went back to the days when the band was still called The Warlocks, and had pounded a goodly number of boards together until different jobs, different family situations and different home ports reduced their intersections to short backstage hideys. Now they were jawing free and easy as ever, although Driver realized Big Jer was gonna have trouble hitting any high notes. His enthusiasm was still intact, though. When he heard about the trip he was raring to go.

"It'll take four hours," said Driver. "That OK?"

"Just right."

"I'm packing a lunch. Any restrictions on eats and drinks?"

"None at all. Everything's OK."

Half hour later they were headed east outta town, fully equipped, "Except," Driver said, checking the gauge, "better get some gas, be too embarrassing if we run out," but lost in the throes of the yaks from a joke, he let slip that slap too high on The Lady's thigh and squashed her pack, giving cause for the pause, last chance before the pass, Big Jer was puffing too.

"First time in a long time," he said. "Lost the taste, another aftereffect, filters useless."

Refortified, they headed out. They reached the cutoff and turned onto the old road. The cool verdant spice firs — splashdanced with rippling lights — were a welcome relief from the smazed glare of the parched Willamette Valley wilted after a summerlong sun more California dry than Oregon wet.

"I'm getting hungry," The Lady announced.

Driver wrenched the wheel. Tires squealed. Bodies jounced. They entered Limberlost Campground, family-free from the wallow of vacation glee.

"Like mixing LSD with birth control pills," said Driver, coasting to a stop. A picnic table nestled in the shade alongside a bubbling brook.

"How's that?" said Big Jer.

"You can take a trip without the kids."

"Grrr," Big Jer groaned, and he and The Lady pelted Driver with pine cones as the jokester fled for protection behind a secluded tree.

They sat down at the table and The Lady spread out the fare.

"Ah, the cool, the shady nook," said Driver.

"The repast. If it were done when 'tis done then 'twere well it were well done."

"Must be pot roast," said Big Jer.

"No, it's a metaphor one."

"A metaphor one what?"

"Cheese. Say cheese."

"Cheese."

Driver snapped a quick pic.

"But what is a meta for?" asked Big Jer.

"For making brains wave. As in alpha for tranquility, beta for activity, meta for creativity."

"I could use one of those metas right now."

"Yeah, that cheese sandwich needs some creativity. You don't have to eat it plain. Have some salmon on it. We brought mayo and lettuce, too."

"Mmm, that is tasty."

There was a merry glint behind the specs. Crinkles around his eyes. Giggly grin.

"You never did say what the band's doing for work since you got laid up," said Driver.

"Nothing."

"Tough to make the payments, eh?"

"Yeah, gonna have to borrow I guess to keep going."

"Following the example of our great leader. Spend more than you make and keep borrowing. The kids can pay it off."

"Not forever, I hope. I'm keeping going. I've been editing a Grateful Dead video for about a year and a half, and it's almost done. It's fun work, no pressure of a huge money-making production; just get the nut, enjoy the work, and still have energy for the next thing."

"And I'm getting my guitar chops back. John Kahn and Merl Saunders come over every day and we play for an hour or two."

"Good for them."

"Hunter's been writing some great songs. There's about eight or ten waiting for me to do the music."

"Your idle fingers will never be the devil's playground, me boy. You deserve a reward. Here it is, the culinary masterpiece of the day. Dessert."

Driver peeled aluminum foil off a round dish. "Ta da!" He held up a cold, glazed blackberry pie. They had picked the berries that morning. Big Jer grinned and shook his head.

"That's one thing I can't eat," he said.

"Sweets." He licked his lips.

Driver quickly covered it.

"Too bad. Best remove the temptation. We

gotta hit the trail anyway. I've all fortified, how's 'bout youse?"

Perfect, they agreed. They packed the cooler and Driver put it in the trunk. Big Jer and The Lady took their places. Driver limbered his hands and fingers and climbed in, ready for the wheel. A young chipmunk, brown shiny body cut by a black stripe along its spine, popped out from behind a log.

"All right," said Driver.

He threw out a cracker. The chippie took it in his front paws and sat on his haunches, nibbling.

The Lady pulled the binoculars out from under the seat. The chippie became big as a person. Chewing and twidgeting like his metabolism was on fire.

"Uh-oh. More baksheesh," said Big Jer. "A couple of his buddies."

The Lady passed the binocs to Big Jer. He swung them from one chippie to another. Driver tossed out more crackers.

"This is great," said Big Jer. "The slow down. Not having a zillion things to do. Simply appreciate what's happening and not think about tonight or tomorrow or the next gig coming up or a new song. I've never been able to do it much."

"It's the old Now Trip, Jer. I forget about it a time or two myself. Well, so long, little chipmunks, thanks for the hospitality."

Driver started the car. The chipmunks hustled to their spots on the logs and watched the visitors leave. Driver pulled up short.

"Hell's bells and cocker shells! We didn't get any gas."

"Now what?" said The Lady.

"Yeah, smarty. Now what?" said Big Jer, grinning.

"What else?" Driver wheeled the car around. "Back to the store, over the same road. You'd think I made a mistake or something."

It was a quiet ride to the pumps. The store woman didn't even blink. Driver slunk down in the seat. Probably seen a million loudmouth know-it-all big cars in a day's work. He looked up. She stood waiting.

"Well? How much?"

They headed east again. Turned onto the old McKenzie Highway again. Drove past Limberlost Campground again. New territory at last. Driver relaxed. Rubbed The Lady's leg. She leaned against him.

"Do your Billie Holiday imitation," she said.

They'd been talking earlier about the Billie Holiday documentary on PBS. The best thing on it was the long blues jazz number with Pork Pie Hat and Jerry Mulligan and other jazz greats. Each one took a solo and backed the others on theirs. But when Billie sang, they stopped playing and she was out there all alone. Naked, raw, vulnerable.

"He was supposed to do it at our wedding," said The Lady.

"Too fraught," said Driver. He cleared his throat. "All of me. All of me," he sang in falsetto, "Why not take all of me?"

"Terrible. Awful. Stop," said Big Jer.

"What?" Driver pretended to be offended.

"You don't like it?"

"I hate it. Musicians can't stand a bad note."

"Yeah, I know what you mean. I can't stand to misspell a word, myself."

The Lady patted his knee.

"That's all right, dear. I liked it."

"I'll sing it for you later, when we're shunt of this Philistine."

The forest closed in around them, hulking over the winding, narrow road. They climbed higher and the forest gave way to wet, flat meadowlands. The top and surrounding lava fields lay just ahead.

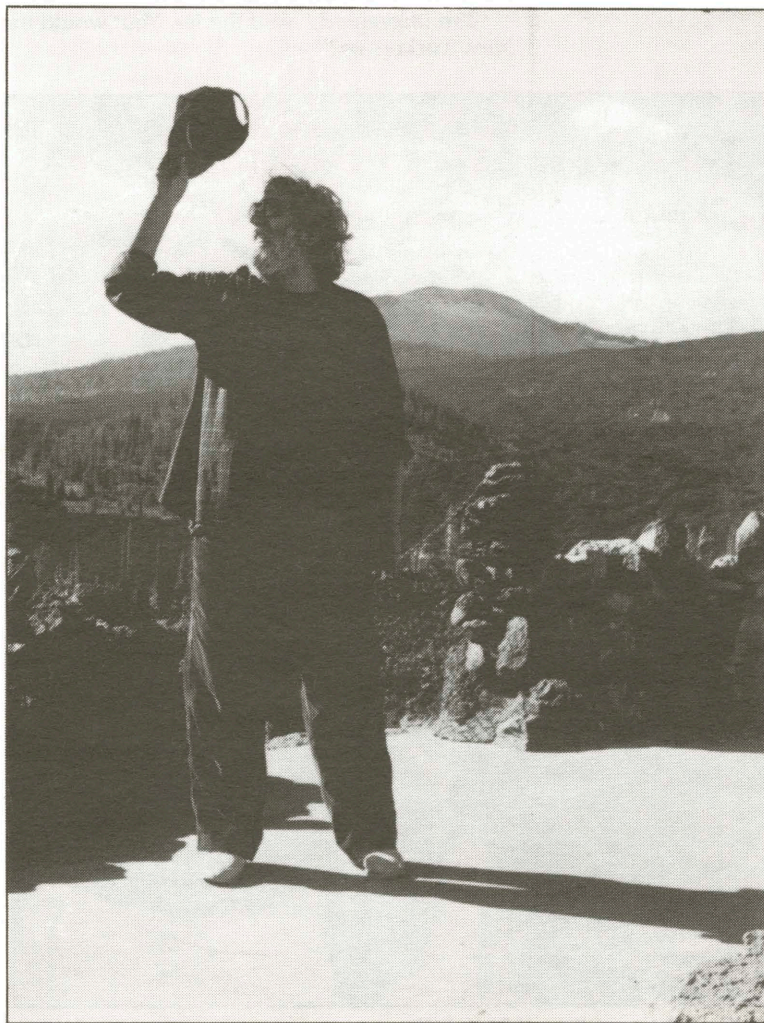
"This was what you'd call a truly catastrophic event," said Big Jer, surveying the ragged mounds of black porous rock. Isolated tufts of green vegetation attested to the scarcity of life-supporting soil.

"When Chief Joseph was leading his tribe to Grandmother's Country, they hid in these lava beds for months trying to ditch the cavalry," said Driver.

Big Jer shook his head. "I can't even imagine walking over this stuff on foot, let alone on horseback."

"This is what you might call real dead land," said The Lady.

Big Jer laughed. They reached the top of the pass and Driver pulled to a stop at the base of the three-story-high Dee Wright Observatory. It



Garcia shields the sun from his eyes at the Dee Wright Observatory. Photo: Ken Babbs

was constructed entirely of rock and was accessible by a long winding staircase, also made of rock. The hand rails were rock. The information signs were rock. The toilets at the base of the tower were made out of rock. The seats themselves were rock. Rock doors swung open and shut.

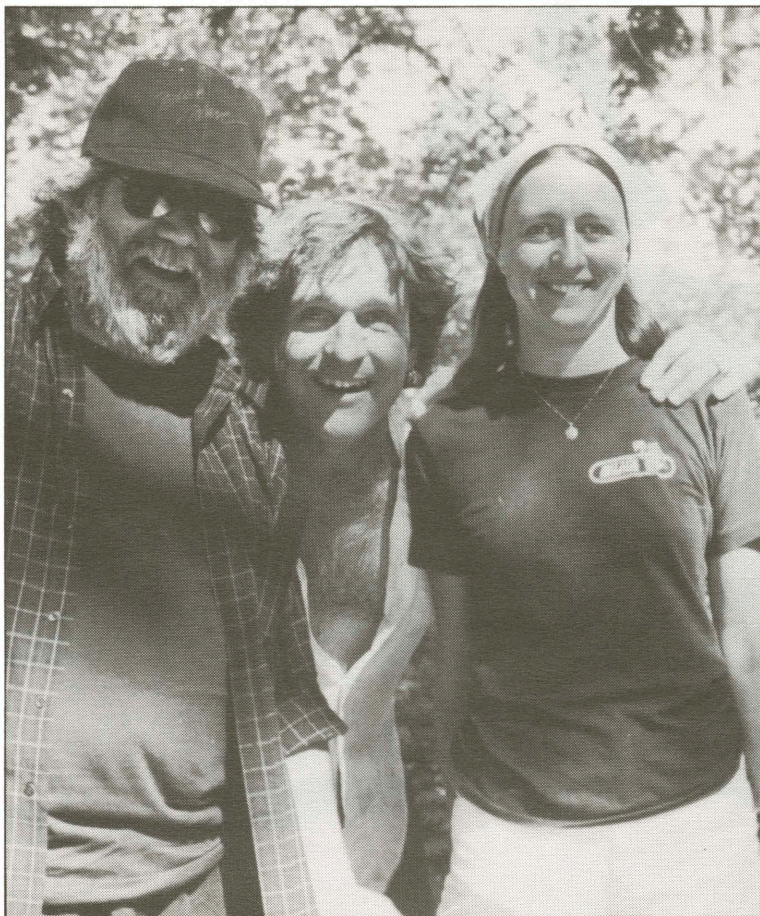
They climbed the staircase to a round room with niches cut in the walls. Each niche framed a mountain. The observatory sat square on the spine of the Cascades, and every peak from Mt. Hood in the north to Packsaddle Mountain in the south was etched clearly against the sky. Rock plaques mounted on the rock walls next to the niches identified the mountains, along with their heights and distances from the tower: stately Mt. Jefferson 10,000 feet high; Mt. Washington, 7800, easily recognizable with its peaked cap resting on a fat head and thick neck. They were all volcanic in origin and fairly recent in activity.

"Why 'twas merely a million years ago," said Driver, "that Belknap Crater blew its top and flung hot lava and rocks toward what the Indian legends say was Belknap's rival; fighting over a maiden they were."

"Pretty heavy artillery," said Big Jer. "Glad I wasn't caught in the middle."

"We flew over Mount St. Helens coming back from New York, and the pilot said when it erupted it blew off a chunk big as Manhattan."

"I'm impressed," said Big Jer, "but would the New Yorkers be?"



On the road: Garcia, Ken and Eileen Babbs

"New Yorkers didn't know what to make of us. They were friendly though."

"It's always been a fun city for me," said Big Jer. "One time a guy took me out to eat at a Kosher Chinese restaurant. The waiters were all Chinese and wore loose black silk pajama outfits with yarmulkes. And the menu was printed in both Chinese and Hebrew."

"Ah yes, the mysterious East," said Driver. "Shall we leave it and continue to the top?"

The rock path wound around the tower to the wide open third deck. A rock wall around the edge kept the tourists from tumbling off. Big Jer navigated easily.

They walked to the center of the deck. A waist-high, round stone platform with a flat brass plate on top was fastened to the floor. The surrounding mountains were raised on the plate in bas relief and lines ran from the center to each mountain showing the distance away and the elevation.

They made another circumferential perusal of the mountains and lava beds, then trudged back to the convertible and set out once more, sun low in the sky, cooler air emerging. They descended into the old Western town of Sisters and stopped for sandwiches and cold drinks at The Gallery Restaurant, famous for the Ray Eyerly paintings of Old West scenes hanging on its walls.

They took the new road home, straight and fast. Driver punched in a tape and cranked it. He sang along, sometimes even hitting the right notes, much to Big Jer's relief. A Grateful Dead song came on, copied off a homemade tape from a Eugene concert a couple years earlier.

"Turn it off," said Big Jer. "I'm too critical. Can't stand the mistakes."

"It's like Billie Holiday," said Driver. "Raw. Naked. Rough. But you're right. She said on that TV special she agonized over every song. Wanted them to be perfect."

Driver switched tapes. Couldn't win for losing. Another Garcia song. "Love in the Afternoon." Driver reached for the eject but Big Jer said to leave it.

"I like that song. It's got some good licks."

They all sang along. Driver dipped and nodded in time with the beat.

"WATCH IT!" Big Jer and The Lady cried in unison.

Driver jerked the car back into his lane. He'd drifted across the center line. S'what comes from goofing, not paying attention. He swallowed a bitter burp. That was scary. No one was coming, but what if? He shuddered and concentrated on the road, mentally flailing himself, thankful Big Jer and The Lady stayed on it so close. Butt-saving road zen: Everyone drives.

"I feel terrible about that," said Driver.

"No harm done," said Big Jer, "but I know what you mean. Gotta make the note every time."

"Won't be long till you're hitting the road again," said Driver.

"Yeah, but till then I'm gonna enjoy myself."

The sun dipped below the horizon. The dry Willamette Valley was still sweltering. They pulled up to the house and piled out. Big Jer's

wife and kids came running to greet him with a surprise. They'd found a '50s acoustic guitar while cleaning the house and wanted him to try it out.

Big Jer led the way inside. He took the guitar out of its case and tried the action. Driver spotted the makings on the counter and mixed a drink.

"You want one?" he asked Big Jer.

"No, no," said his wife. "He can't drink any alcohol."

Driver glanced at The Lady. She took the drink. Big Jer set the guitar down and shook a cigarette out of The Lady's pack.

"No smoking, either," said his wife.

Big Jer laughed.

"What's so funny?"

"Jes' enjoyin' myself's all, boss."

He lit the cig and began playing. His kids sat on either side. Driver and The Lady sipped and listened. The Wife threw a steak on the hot griddle and it sizzled in time to the tune. Bluegrass picking. Everyone hummed along. No doubt about it. Big Jer still had his chops, no sweat on that score.

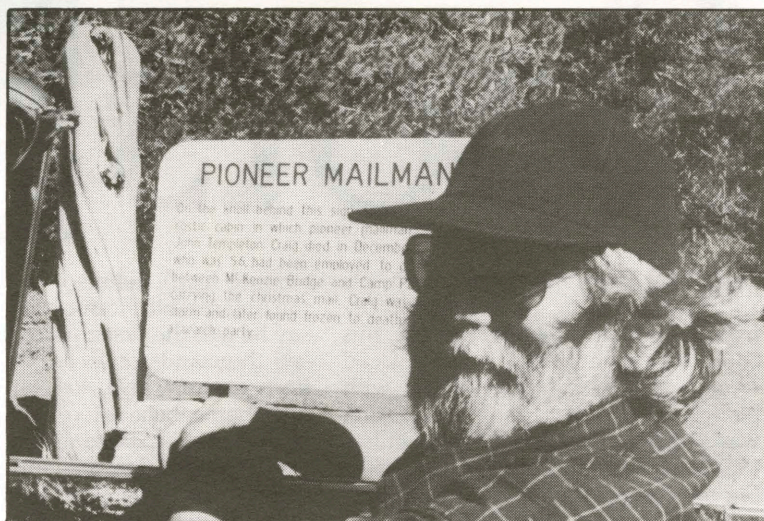
"Great old guitar," he said with a sassy grin.

His kids giggled and wiggled. Driver and The Lady hugged each other. The Wife slapped the steak on a plate.

"Come and get it while it's hot."

Big Jer put the guitar on the couch and headed for the table. Driver intercepted him and stuck out his hand.

"We gotta beat it on home. That was a great



In the front seat of the Lincoln. Photo: Ken Babbs

ride, Big Jer. Just like old times."

"New times," said Big Jer.

"Great times," said The Wife, waggling a fork.

"Thanks a lot, you guys."

"Thank you, too," said The Lady.

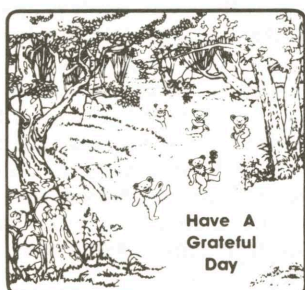
Big Jer dove into the steak. The kids booted up *Morons From Outer Space* on the video. The Wife stuck the scrub brush to the frying pan, and Driver and The Lady moseyed outside. They slipped into the big front seat of the open-top rig and, cuddled tightly together, enjoyed a leisurely drive home.



Buttons

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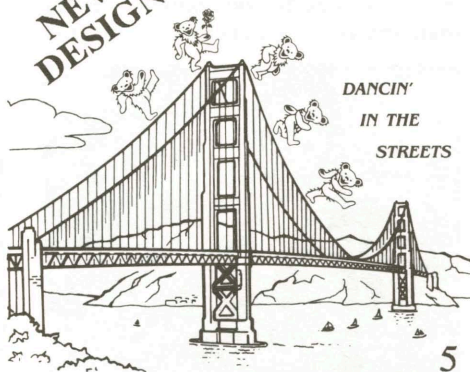
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Tape inserts: \$3.00/25

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

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

Roots



"Get Back" — With a few rehearsals and perhaps sung in a different key from Weir's first attempt (1-29-87), this could be a great number for the Dead — a driving midtempo rocker with plenty of room for jamming. The song was written by Paul McCartney in late 1968 and recorded in January 1969 during the sessions that became The Beatles' last album, *Let It Be*. (Actually, *Abbey Road* was recorded after *Let It Be*, but was released before it so the latter LP would coincide with the release of the film *Let It Be*. Also, *Get Back* was the original title of the album.) The version of "Get Back" on *Let It Be* was recorded at the infamous rooftop concert above Abbey Road Studios January 30, 1969 and depicted in the film.

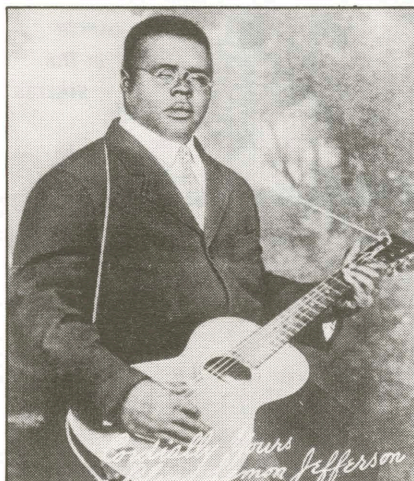
"Death Letter Blues" — Since not many songlists from the late '60s exist, it's difficult to tell whether this song was played more than just a couple of times, or whether it was played at all outside of Mickey & the Hartbeats shows at the Matrix in SF. Whatever the case, it is one of the best-known tunes sung by the great folk-blues singer Leadbelly (a.k.a. Huddie Ledbetter). Though he is commonly credited with writing "Death Letter Blues," it was probably an adaptation of a traditional Texas blues. By the time Leadbelly made his first recordings for the American Record Company in 1935 (following a stretch in prison for attempted murder) he'd already been a street musician for many years, singing popular blues and his own songs. It's quite possible he learned the song from Blind Lemon Jefferson, greatest of the early Texas bluesmen and a big influence on Leadbelly.

Jefferson's repertoire was said to be huge, though his recorded output was relatively small. Leadbelly's original recording of the song can be found on a fine Columbia Records anthology, simply titled *Leadbelly*. It also appears as a cut on one volume of his final, early '60s sessions for Folkways.

"See That My Grave is Kept Clean" — Speaking of Blind Lemon Jefferson, he was the first artist to record this tune, which the Dead performed occasionally during the mid-'60s (with Garcia

singing lead). Jefferson was arguably the first real blues superstar, which is to say he was the first artist in the genre to sell thousands of records nationwide. Born around 1890, Lemon (his given birth name, believe it or not, apparently because of his pale complexion) took up guitar at a young age and supported himself for many years playing at all-night parties, country dances and in brothels throughout central Texas. He was known for his plaintive moaning vocal style, his varied guitar technique and his large repertoire — he is said to have known hundreds of songs, most of which he rearranged or rewrote to suit his style. "See That My Grave Is Kept Clean" actually has its origins in the British folk tradition (as "Two White Horses in a Line") but it was adapted to a bluesier style by blacks during the 19th century. Jefferson cut the tune for Paramount Records during his first sessions in October of 1927 and, like most of his records, it sold very well in black communities. Recording made him a downright wealthy man in the late '20s — he kept residences in Dallas and Chicago and even had a fancy car with a chauffeur for a while. Perhaps because of his great popularity, was very influential; one hears hints of Blind Lemon in any number of other bluesmen who recorded in the late '20s and early '30s.

Jefferson died in Chicago in 1929 — at the peak of his popularity — under mysterious circumstances. Some say



Blind Lemon Jefferson

he died of health complications brought on by a furious blizzard in the Windy City, and of course there have been one or two theories suggesting foul play. (But honest, I wasn't even in Chicago that day . . . OK, I was, but not in that part of town. Well, maybe just driving through. All right, I killed the guy!)

Like many of Jefferson's songs, "See That My Grave . . ." became something of a standard for folk players through the years. Dylan recorded it on his first album, and it is possible that his version rather than the original BLJ 78 inspired the Dead to play it. (Remember, in the mid-'60s there were almost none of the LP re-issues of early blues 78s that are available to us today, so most folk and blues players learned the classic songs from other players rather than from the original records.) Blind Lemon's scratchy original pops up on a couple of different anthologies of his recordings. Mine is the Yazoo double-record set, which is a great collection, sonic limitations aside.

"He Was a Friend of Mine" — This is generally attributed to Dylan, since he was the first to record it (for his first album, though it was not used) and publish it. But back in 1962, when that auspicious debut was released, he told a writer that he had learned the song from a Chicago street singer named Blind Arvella Gray, and then rewritten the lyrics. Indeed, the original copyright filed by Dylan indicates it is traditional with supplemental lyrics. At any rate, the first artist to release a record containing the song was folkie Dave Van Ronk. The most famous version, however, was cut by The Byrds in 1966, as a tribute to slain president John F. Kennedy. In fact, for about a year, David Crosby of The Byrds introduced the song with this inflammatory speech:

"We'd like to do a song about this guy who was a friend of ours. And just by way of mentionin' it, he was shot down in the street. As a matter of strict fact, he was shot down in the street by a very professional kind of outfit. Don't it make you sort of wonder? The Warren Report [the controversial "official" investigation of the Kennedy assassination] ain't the truth, that's plain to anybody. And it happened in your country. Don't you wonder why?"

Frankly, I doubt the Dead were thinking so topically. The song turned up in Dead sets from '66 to '68, though how often it was performed remains a mystery, since set lists from that period are so rare. Garcia sang lead, with Weir and Lesh struggling along with him on the harmonies.

been a fan of this kind of music for years, of course, and has amassed quite a collection of tapes by trading with others (sound familiar?). Among the composers that have been played on the show so far are Havergal Brian, Michael Finnissey and Chris Dench (who's a Deadhead). Lesh and Lambert hope to syndicate the show nationally, either through the Pacifica Network or National Public Radio, so perhaps someday in the not too distant future the show will air in your city. Also, Phil is encouraging suggestions and/or taped submissions for the program. Send to Phil Lesh c/o Rex Radio, P.O. Box 1065, San Rafael, CA 94915. Having the show on KPFA is a sort of homecoming for Lesh — you may recall that he was working as an engineer for the station in the early '60s when he met a young bluegrass picker named Jerry Garcia. The wheel is turnin'.

Speaking of radio programs, *The Deadhead Hour*, produced and hosted by David Gans for KFOG in San Francisco, has gone national! This is the only Dead radio show that is specifically authorized by the Grateful Dead. If you've heard the show on visits to the Bay Area or on tapes that are traded around, you know that Gans consistently broadcasts rare, superb-quality tapes, many from the Dead's own vaults. In addition, he has presented a number of exclusive interviews with band members and people connected with the Dead scene, as well as his own finely crafted sound collages that obliquely comment on the Dead or the events of the day. The show is informative, frequently funny and always unpredictable. WMMR in Philadelphia, longtime supporters of the Dead, have already picked up the show in that market, and other stations are soon to follow. If there's a station in your area that you feel would be an appropriate outlet for *The Deadhead Hour*, write David at 484 Lake Park Ave. #102, Oakland, CA 94610. (Yes, David and *The Golden Road* use the same mail service.) If you can, tell him what kind of music the station plays and who the program director is. David will take it from there.

Also, we'd like to run a listing in an upcoming issue of all the stations around the country that either have a show specifically devoted to the Dead, or that at least give the band substantial airplay. With any luck, this mini-guide will help you find good progressive stations on the dial as you wander the country. So write us and tell us what's happening. From Cupertino, California, to Boulder, Colorado, the Dead are filling the airwaves. We want to assemble as comprehensive a list as we can.



"That's right, Mr. Chairman. Colonel North ordered me to shred all my Back Issues of *The Golden Road*."

BETTER DEAD THAN SHRED

If, to the best of your recollection, you can't remember where one of your old *Golden Road* issues is, maybe it's time for a diversion of funds to **BACK ISSUES**. Copies are just **\$3.50 each**; \$4 to Europe.

Check below to see if you're missing any.

Winter '84: Interview with Mickey Hart, complete songlist of 1983

Spring '84: Interview with Phil Lesh, the Dead on video, an in-depth look at the Dead's stage lighting

Summer '84: Interviews with ex-Dead keyboardist Tom Constanten and artist Alton Kelley

Fall '84: Interview with Robert Hunter, survey of professional Deadheads

Winter '85: Interviews with Dead soundman Dan Healy, the Garcia Band, a look at Dead cover bands, *Tall Tales* 1965–70

Spring '85: Interviews with Garcia about film and video, Donna Godchaux, *Tall Tales* 1970–75

Summer '85: The 20th Anniversary press conference, a never before published '67 interview with Garcia, tales of Egypt

Fall '85: Interviews with Bill Graham, animator Gary Gutierrez (*The Dead Movie*), a compendium of other artists' records that Dead members appear on, photo gallery 1980–85

Winter '86: Interviews with Bob Weir, Dead lighting designer Candace Brightman

Spring '86: Interviews with Dead lyricist John Barlow, the roots of 'Iko Iko' and Mardi Gras music, more Dead videos

Summer '86: History of Grateful Dead Records, GD Book of Lists, Dylan/Dead tour photos

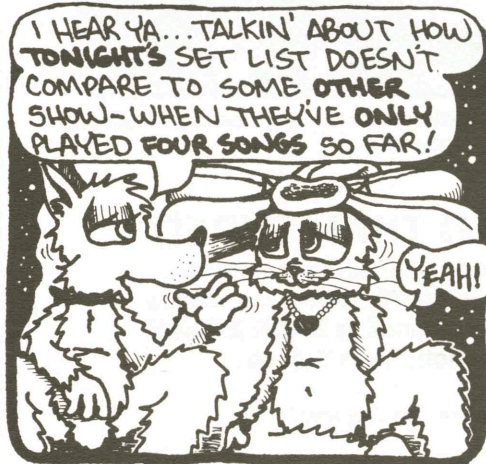
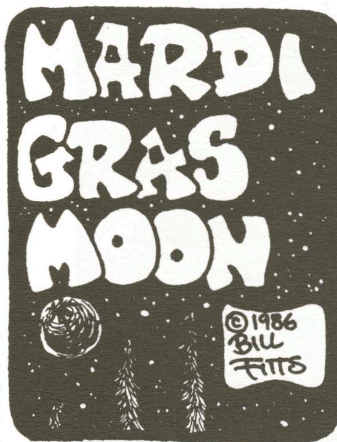
Fall '86: Interviews with Jerry Garcia, Ken Kesey, Robert Hunter

Winter '87: History of the Jerry Garcia Band, interview with John Kahn, *Human Be-In* photos

Send check or money order to:

BACK ISSUES

The Golden Road
484 Lake Park Ave. #82
Oakland, CA 94610



BEST OF BILL FITTS

This issue we offer some oldies but goodies: Bill's handout from last year's Mardi Gras series plus a vintage cartoon from 1984.



NEW YORK POST, MONDAY, JUNE 22, 1987

GOETZ CONFESSES!

By RICHARD STEIER,
SONIA REYES
& TIM McDARRAH

A NEW side of subway gunman Bernhard Goetz emerged yesterday — he's a Dead Head.

Goetz briefly came out of his self-imposed seclusion in his 14th Street apartment to ask a reporter for the new Grateful Dead album, "In the Dark."

The album, which includes the hit single and video "Touch of Grey," is scheduled to hit the stores this week.

The Grateful Dead are famous for free-form jams incorporating jazz rhythms and long drum and guitar solos, as well as lengthy live concerts.

Fans of the rock band — called Dead Heads — are known for their cult-like worship of the group, which has survived for more than 20 years.

Goetz, 39, has refused

I'M 'DEAD HEAD' & WANT LP

to speak to reporters and has not left his apartment building since his acquittal on 12 attempted-murder and other charges — and conviction on a weapon possession charge — last Tuesday.

Earlier yesterday Goetz went to the lobby to get the Sunday papers and some messages.

Building superintend-

ent Agustin Barquet told The Post that Goetz said he was "waiting for the press to go away."

Newspaper, TV and radio reporters from around the country have been camped outside his building 24 hours a day since the verdict was announced, waiting for Goetz to give his impressions of

the trial.

Goetz also told Barquet he was anxious for the building's central air conditioning system to be fixed.

Then, at about 2:15 p.m., Goetz appeared on his terrace, which faces W. 15th Street, and aimed a movie or video camera down at a Post reporter and a wire service reporter.

Goetz began playing peek-a-boo, sticking his head out and pulling it back in over and over again.

Finally, Goetz agreed to talk on the phone.

When asked what he was doing to pass the time, he said, "Does it matter?"

Then he said The Post was "pretty slick" in snapping the only photo of him in seclusion — taken from a building across the street. It appeared in last Friday's editions.



The Grateful Dead rock group, whose jazzy jams and long concerts have drawn a cult-like following since 1960s, have a new album coming out — and Bernie Goetz just has to have it.

Leave it to that paragon of journalistic sleaze, the good old New York Post, to come up with a gem like the one above. When we asked Garcia to comment on the clipping, he shook his head and said grimly, "I don't know *what* to think. It's pretty weird, isn't it?" Yup.

The "Golden" Days of Yore: Subscriber Steve Wojtak of Oceanside, CA, sent us a copy of a cool 1913 book called *The Golden Road* by L.M. Montgomery. We'd like to share the author's foreword with you:

"Once upon a time, we all walked on the golden road. It was a fair highway, through the Land of Lost Delight; shadow and sunshine were blessedly mingled, and every turn and dip revealed a fresh charm and a new loveliness to eager hearts and unspoiled eyes.

"On that road we heard the song of the morning stars; we drank in fragrances aerial and sweet as May mist; we were rich in gossamer fancies and iris hopes; our hearts sought and found

the boon of dreams; the years waited beyond and they were very fair; life was a rose-lipped comrade with purple flowers dripping from her fingers.

"We may long have left the golden road behind, but its memories are the dearest of our eternal possessions; and those who cherish them as such may happily find a pleasure in the pages of this book, whose people are pilgrims on the golden road of youth."

Thesaurus Unlimited: Here's one of the better recent descriptions of the Dead's music we've seen, from a rave review of the spring Meadowlands shows by Richard Gehr in the April 21 *Village Voice*:

"Whether jamming with the finesse

of highly attuned improvisers, rocking out in high erotics, moaning some hopeless dirge, or creating a festival atmosphere with New Orleans or African rhythms, the Dead do the do like secret craftsmen in a backwoods guild. After more than 20 years with the same core personnel, the Grateful Dead still construct psychic free-trade zones and cryptic environments wherever they play. Through a constantly changing repertoire of ravishing melancholic grooves, sempiternal boogies, stalwart affirmations of social otherness, and mythologically complex cowboy ditties of John Ford and Huston at their best, the Dead deliver the goods with dignity and elegance."

BEWARE YUPPY ELITISM
SAY YES TO THE DEAD



VOTE
NO!

REMEMBER A NO VOTE MEANS
YES TO THE DEAD IN TELLURIDE

Everywhere We Go the People All

Complain: The Dead almost didn't get to play their shows in beautiful Telluride, CO, this summer. When promoter Bill Graham, who owns a house in the area, first proposed to the city council that the Dead be allowed to play at the town's park, he ran into very little opposition; indeed, most of the members of the city council there are Deadheads. But as word spread through the community, a citizen's group opposed to the concert — mainly because they didn't feel the small town could handle a Deadhead invasion — started a campaign to block the shows. The nay-sayers got enough signatures on petitions to force a referendum on the issue. That's when the campaigning began. Posters with a picture of Garcia and the words: "WANTED: THE DEAD ALIVE" started popping up around town and stickers like the one above were everywhere. In the end, the pro-Dead forces won the vote, of course. To their credit, Bill Graham's organization bent over backwards to mollify the justifiably worried citizens of Telluride by giving locals a good shot at getting tickets and by keeping people without tickets away from the area if possible.

F U N S T U F F

Lost Sailor: According to *Latitude 38*, a San Francisco-based boating magazine, Mickey Hart is working on the soundtrack "for a 12 Meter video," whatever that is. So to get some feel for the subject he sailed aboard the yacht *Bondi Tram* during a recent race in SF Bay. And what do you know—the boat won! To celebrate, Mickey treated the ten-person crew to backstage passes to one of the Dead's Greek Theater shows. Thanks to Charlie Denson for sending along the clipping.

Money, Money: "We're a straight business now," quoth Bill Kreutzmann in the headline of an article about the band in *Forbes*, of all places. (Yes, the same *Forbes* that proudly calls itself "The Capitalist's Tool.") Actually it's a good, non-judgmental piece about how the Dead's business is these days. Among the interesting points: "Bob Weir reckons the band has piddled away anywhere from \$20 million to \$50 million over the last 20 years"; The Dead sell up to 1000 shirts at a big show, but according to GD merchandising manager Bill Candelario, "On a good day we're losing \$200,000 in sales" to merchants outside the arenas where the Dead play; the Hotline receives anywhere from 1500 to 6000 calls a day.

And while we're on money matters, this is shaping up as the Dead's most successful year ever. Their spring East Coast tour alone grossed more than \$4 million; and the three-show stand at Alpine, and individual concerts at Foxboro, Philly and the Meadowlands each



Ever wonder where the Dead's skeleton jester came from? Reader Chris Zingg, Boston, sent us a copy of this old painting by Maxfield Parrish that gives us the answer

grossed more than \$1 million (according to *Amusement Business* magazine). Remember, though, the Dead really took a bath last year because of Garcia's illness.

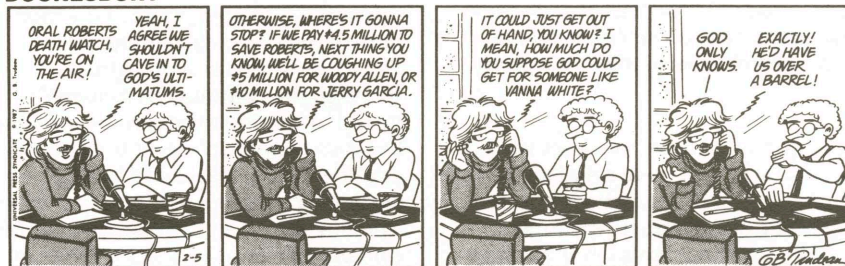
Hoopster Heads: Bill Walton is continuing the ceaseless indoctrination of his Boston Celtics teammates. When the Dead played Worcester, Walton brought a few of his b-ball buddies to a bash at Maggie McNally's Blue Diner that was attended by various members of the band and crew. Walton lamented that he had been unable to see other shows on the tour, but said Deadheads had sent him some tapes of earlier stops on the Dead's Eastern trek. "It's unbe-

lievable the number of tapes he's sent," star forward Larry Bird noted to the *Boston Globe's* Steve Morse, "and we never get any. He keeps them all for himself." A fan of country music primarily, Bird admitted that the Dead's music had grown on him since he saw the band at the Centrum in '86.

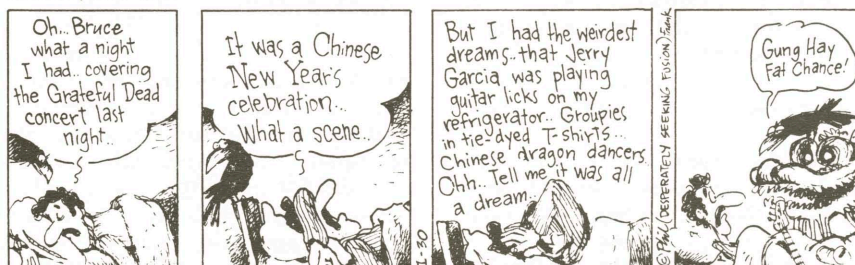
Out in the Cold Rain & Snow: Here's an item from the Portland (Maine) *Express*, sent along by reader Lance Spano: "Earlier this month, the Public Works department uncovered a car that was buried in a huge snowbank at Park and Pleasant streets. It was so effectively covered, it could not be found even after three different PWD workers went to check. Finally, with the help of a front-end loader and a neighborhood woman who knew it was there, it was revealed. It was a green Chevy Nova covered with Grateful Dead stickers. The police determined the car had been there since August... At 22, the Grateful Dead is older and performs better than that Nova, which was towed away for junk."

There's a Pun Born Every Minute: Sam Salamon of Cleveland Heights and Eric Raefsky of Bethesda both wrote to tell us about the National Library of Medicine's new computer system for accessing its bibliographic database. "Grateful Med" is a new software package on floppy disc that permits health professionals and others to use their personal computers to search various on-line medical file systems. We don't know if the designer of the system, Davis McCarn, is a Deadhead, but we sure know a lot of doctors (and computer folks, for that matter) who are.

DOONESBURY

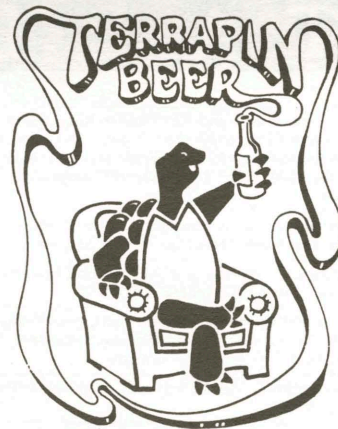
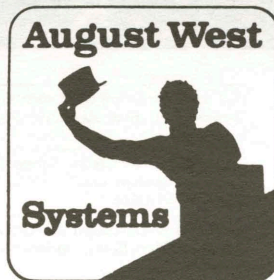


FARLEY / Phil Frank

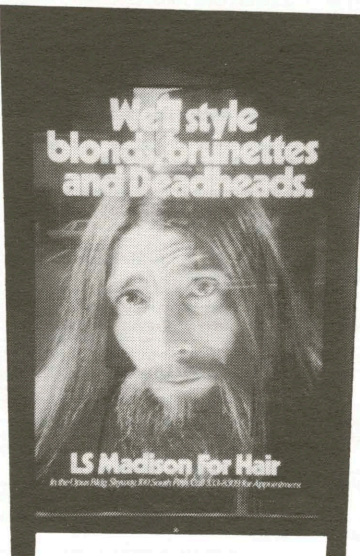


The Dead made it to the comics page twice in the last several months. "Doonesbury," of course, is syndicated nationally. "Farley" is published daily in the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

In the Strangest of Places . . .



Clockwise from above: Turtle race captured in Sports Illustrated (submitted by numerous readers); chimney sweep's logo in Worcester, MA (Rick & Terri Holley, Beaver Dams, NY); custom beer label (Josh McIntosh, St. Louis Park, MN); Australian platform, or "weir" (Renee Blady, Brooklyn, NY); street sign in Minneapolis (Kim Fouts, Memphis, TN); "Look out, look out!" (Phil Bender, Bismarck, ND)



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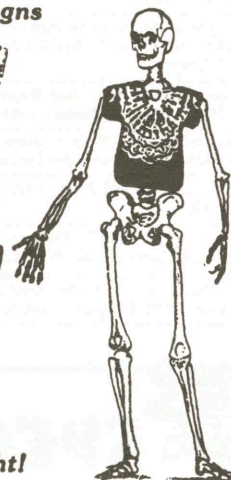
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T A P E T R A D E R S

This is a free service for Golden Road subscribers only. Ads may be no longer than 10 words plus your address. No phone numbers! Deadline for the next (Fall) issue is Sept. 1. Note: The Golden Road is staunchly opposed to the sale of tapes.

Wanted: all 3 Universal Amphitheatre 73 shows. Have 600 hrs. Dan Marsh, 14169 Oro Grande St, Sylmar, CA 91342.

Beginner w/60 hrs, send lists to Todd Schumann, 19600 Shelburne Rd, Shaker Hts, OH 44118.

Want Radiators, Feat, Bonnie Raitt, others. have 1000s of hrs GD/non-GD. Thomas Biedebach, Breslau Str. 78, 3-5880 Luedenscheid, W. Germany.

Have 400 hrs, want 12/86 boards. Matthew, X-004, La Jolla, CA 92093.

Want sbds only, esp. 80s. Have boards to trade. John Erbst, 4818 Mary Ellen, Sherman Oaks, CA 91423.

300 hrs to trade, want 8/6/74, 7/28/82 I, 3/18/77, 8/31/78, Pat Metheny. Rich Rawal, 399 South Eagleview Rd, Storrs, CT 06268.

Have Naks. Will dub lo-gen sbds. for same. Need 72-79. G.K., 1018 1/2 2d Ave N, Gt Falls, MT 59401.

Have 200+ hrs, looking to expand. Jim Green, 2015 62d St, Bklyn, NY 11204.

Show true Dead spirit. New Head desperate for hi-qual. Michael Gould, 8 Sumutka Ct, Carteret, NJ 07008.

Have many metal masters of spring 87 tour to trade. Jim, The Center, 711 Broadway, Bayonne, NJ 07002.

Have 180 hrs GD. Looking for more JGB, Richard Thompson, Zappa. Rudolf Deistler, Lilienstr. 30, 7022 Leinfelden-1, W. Germany.

Have 120 hrs, need more. Grateful Ted, 90 Orchard Dr, Greenwich, CT 06830.

Help on the way? Need 9/13/83 Manor Downs. Have 200+ hrs. Tom, 163 Richter, New Braunfels, TX 78130.

Taper with 2 Naks seeks same. Exchange primo sbds. Backstage, Box 522, Stratford, CT 06497.

Need Mardi Gras 87, JGB at UIC Pavilion, Chicago 8/18/84, Zappa 8/18/84. Scott Levin, 2500 Wilmette Ave, Wilmette, IL 60091.

Want 12/5/71, complete show. T. Taconetti, 3 Wing Drive, Cedar Knolls, NJ 07927.

Tokyo taper, good collection wants to grow. 100+ hrs to trade. Dave Simmons, 3-10-11-701 Aobadai, Meguro-ku, Tokyo, 153 Japan.

New taper needs Greek, Red Rocks, Kaiser all years. Shuey, 5824 N Harlem, Chicago, IL 60637.

Want sbds of Alpine 6-28, 29-86. Have 300 hrs. Brian Brelenthin, 7445 Scot Terrace, Eden Prairie, MN 55344.

Have 350+ hrs GD. Ed Poole, 2315 Ridgeway Rd, Wilmington, DE 19805.

Looking for 5/21/77, 5/22/77, 750 hrs to trade. Garrattsville Store, Box 226, Garrattsville, NY 13342.

Have 225 hrs 11/8/67 to 1/1/86. Need 85-86. D.J. Petroski, 579 Lakeside #101, Pompton Lakes, NJ 07442.

Will trade for recent Dead shows any Rory Gallagher. Len Trimmer, 30 Bvd Raymond Poincare, 92380 Garches, France.

Dead to trade for Cream, Ginger Baker Band, Hawkwind, Zero. M. Brennan, c/o Dead Tape Search Service, Box 554, Monroe, WI 53566.

Chicagoland Deadhead must have Chicago 87 all shows complete. Mark Binks, c/o Solar-Kist, PO Box 273, Grange, IL 60525.

2500 hrs GD, Tuna, Creedence. R. Bugeya, 273 Coachlight Sq, Montrose, NY 10548.

Want complete 8/23/80 Alpine. Have 250+ hrs. Tim Brennan, 1121 St. Charles, Rapid City, SD 57701.

Want Oakland 12/86, Walking the Dog or Day Tripper renditions. Mark Robb, 2121 Del's Ln, Turlock, CA 95380.

Want Garcia 10/4/86, SF. Lt's trade. Jim Halvorson, 3230 Beard Rd, Napa, CA 94558.

Beginner needs help starting collection, also friendly correspondence. Robert Fitch, 5845 W 30 St, Indianapolis, IN 46224.

Want 12/27, 28, 30, 31/86 HJK. GK, 1018 1/2 2d Ave N, Gt Falls, MT 59401.

400 hrs, 65-86 looking for 86. J.R. Bolmarcich, Jr., 178 Pointe Circle N, Coram, NY 11727.

Need them tapes to feed that jones. Have 150 hrs. Dave Morton, 2300 MacDonough Rd, Wilmington, DE 19805.

Beginner wants HJK 12/86, will trade. Jason Smoliak, 14401 W McGinty Rd, Wayzata, MN 55391.

The music never stops — let's trade GD and others. Chris Richter, Tulip Ln, Wantagh, NY 11793.

Want Clapton, Van Morrison, Ry Cooder, blues. Plenty to trade. Russ Dugoni, 41 Big Tree Way, Woodside, CA 94062.

Old Dead Head, young trader. Need Riverbend 6/30/86, Duke 12/8/73. Mark Waugh, 95 Outer Dr, Oak Ridge, TN 37830.

Need Tampa 4/78, Tampa 12/13/78. Dave Jackson, 641 Azalea Ln, #D, Vero Beach, FL 32963.

Need 7/3/71 Fillmore West, have boards to trade. Rick Ware, 2777 SW Archer Rd, #AD 276, Gainesville, FL 32608.

Need Moby Grape, Sons, Chris Darrow. P. Zisook, 1351 Eastwood, Highland Park, IL 60035.

Want 5/14/80, 5/8/81, others. 600 hrs to trade. Tom Whiteford, 48 Franklin St, Brentwood, NY 11717.

Beginning trader seeks 87 Hampton boards. John Hearn, 617 Park Dr, Rock Hill, SC 29731.

Will trade Frost 5/10/86 II for BCT 10/30/84, 11/3/84. John Allegretti, Box 73093, Las Vegas, NV 89170.

Want CSNY, old GD. Lots to trade. Thomas Hempel, 2129 Rock St #5, Mtn. View, CA 94043.

Want 4/19, 20/84, 7/13, 14/85, 7/4/86, 3/22-24, 4/4/Dead, 2/20/87 Garcia. M. Roman, 381 Hudson St, Johnson City, NY 13790.

Beginner wants to trade. Have 150 hrs. Rainer Meerkamp, Apostienstr. 7, 5000 Cologne 1, W. Germany.

Want sbds of 4/9, 10, 11/87 Chicago, 6/28, 29/86 Alpine. Dan Ferries, 5735 Charles, Racine, WI 53402.

Want Big Nigs, other Acid Tests, Seastones, Diga, rarities. Have 400+ hrs. Dave Rones, 11 Bittersweet Ln, Levittown, NY 11756.

Want Dan Hicks, also GD 6/9, 10, 11-76 boards. Have 250 hrs GD + others. Dan Alexander, 5115 Buckingham Dr, Charlotte, NC 28209.

Pre-75 + Pig Pen. Have 200 hrs; will help beginners. J.C., 284C Hampton Rd, Marlboro, NY 12542.

Have 2500 hrs GD, many hours Creedence, Gabriel, Tuna, etc. R. Bugeya, 273 Coachlight Sq, Montrose, NY 10548.

Need Duke 7/20/73, 12/8/73, 9/23/76. Have 500+ hrs. Steve and Val, Rt 7, Box 206, Fairview, NC 28730.

Have 500+ hrs 65-72/86. Need recent West Coast shows. John Begley, 4507 Sherwood Forest N, Columbus, OH 43228.

Send lists to George Clark, 3 Hemingway Dr, Dix Hills, NY 11746.

Have 1000+ hrs, need JGB, pre 70 GD, Richard Thompson. Woody Johnson, 10705 Pebblebrook Ln, Potomac, MD 20854.

New Head needs boots. Blanks sent. Ricky, 1 Greenhill Ln #2A, Hampton, VA 23666.

Need 8/30/83, much from 76-81. Have 300 hrs GD, others. Dan Rozek, 5 Euclid Ave, Belle Mead, NJ 08502.

Fast, responsible trader with 300 hrs. Henry Klingeman, 6 Dellwood Pkwy S, Madison, NJ 07940.

Want Akron, Buffalo 86. 120 hrs mostly sbds to trade. Alan Wallace, 131 Mercer St, #6, Beckley, WV 25801.

Trade for out-of-print LPs: Hooteroll, Kingfish, Rolling Thunder, Sons. Darryl Goss, 9 Cunningham Dr, Framingham, MA 01701.

Have/want Floyd, Peter Rowan, Ravi Shankar, Oregon, early GD. Have 1800 hrs. Robert Girouard, 117 Oak St, E Hartford, CT 06118.

Want Acid Tests and any good shows. Gabe Marano, 24 Monroe Pl, Brooklyn, NY 11201.

Want any 85-86, lots to trade. Lawrence Ladd, 3705 Jaguar, Temple, TX 76501.

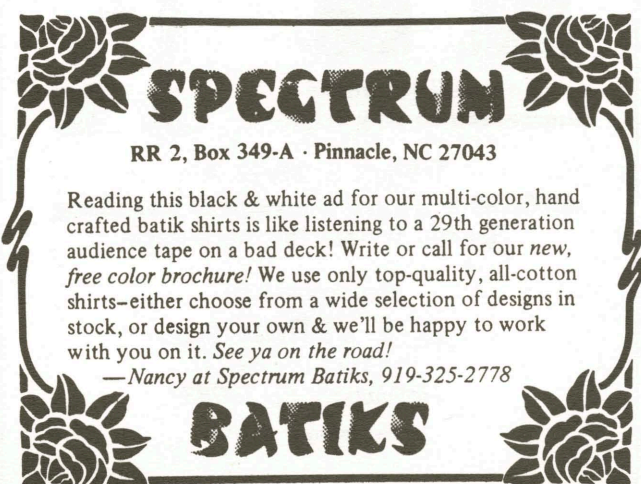
Want New Years 86-87. Lots to trade. D.A.J., 3904 E 34th, Spokane, WA 99223.

Have 500 hrs GD, need LA Paisley Underground bands. Clive Jones, 10 Brook Dr, Corsham, Wilts, SN13 9AU, England.

Want Worcester 4/2, 3, 4/87, have 260 hrs to trade. Dana Farrell, 2 Dows Ln, Woburn, MA 01801.

Need Little Feat, GD, have 75 hrs GD. Mark V, 54 N 3d St, Indiana, PA 15701.

Young Dead Head trying to start collection, will send blanks. Brian, 10591 Touhy, Rosemont, IL 60018.



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Need Moby Grape, Quicksilver, Airplane, Tuna. 1800 hrs GD, others. Beginners welcome. S. Bragg, R.D. #6, Kittingham, PA 16201.

Want Van Morrison, Boz Scaggs, 3/87 Dirty Dozen Brass Band. Sutton, 538 Drunken Ave #7, Salinas, CA 93901.

Let's trade. Have 400 hrs. Stephen Bedalov, 3545 Bradlee Rd, Brookfield, WI 53005.

Looking for 6/20, 21/86, 12/15-17/86, 12/28, 30/86. Bob Henly, 269 Parnassus, SF, CA 94117.

Have 120+ hrs. Want early 70s, recent East Coast tours. Marc Gagnon, 4 Morton St, Concord, NH 03301.

Wanted: 10/17, 18/84, 12/31/79, others. Lots to trade. Greg Thompson, 25 Anne St, Bradford, West Yorks, England BD74RB.

Beginning taper needs help with collection. Any correspondence appreciated. K.C., 4804 Paris Dr, Godfrey, IL 62035.

Have 800 hrs Dead/non-Dead. Want pre-74 Dead/non-Dead. Scott Libin, 16 Trinity Dr, Enfield, CT 06082.

Wanted: Chicago, Uptown Theatre shows 1977-81. Richard Van Oosterhout, 703 Atwood NE, Grand Rapids, MI 49503.

Wanted: U2, Meat Puppets, Echo. Have 700+ hrs GD, others. Michael Remmers, PO Box 778, Arvada, CO 80001-0778.

Have 500 hrs. Seeking mostly older stuff & video, T-Heads. Doug Riblet, 334 E 26 St, #15H-1, NYC, NY 10010.

Want pre-76 Bay bands. 500 hrs GD, 100+ hrs others to trade. Damon Ritter, 3481 Redwing Trail, Bremerton, WA 98312.

Wanted: Chicago 5/13/77, St Paul 5/11/77, Providence 4/26/84 IL, Worcester 10/21/83 I, 120 hrs to trade. Adam Bodner, 39 Ashland Rd, Summit, NJ 07901.



CLASSIFIEDS

There are now two different types of Classifieds, with two different rates: *Personal messages* are \$3 for 25 words or less; *10 cents for each word more. Product advertisements* are \$10 for 25 words or less; *25 cents for each word after that. Only taper ads are free.*

Spodie! Happy Birthday, Love Ya! 7/13/84—a memorable show, always in my mind, including all the others we've done together. Can't forget Spring Tour 83. Just remember if you need someone, I'll be there. Love ya! Johnny.

To Lori Levin: I miss you very much. More than words can ever tell. Please call me. I'm in the phone book. Love, James Lazare.

To my Deadhead sisters and their faithful companions: Get ready for a crazy summer. Can't wait to see you all here, there and everywhere. Love you all—Teri, Berry, Flopsy, Mopsy & Owl.

Tapers and traders: Color your collection Dead. Tape case wraps by mail order. For sample and info send SASE to David Allen Jensen, 3904 E. 34th, Spokane, WA 99223.

Sober Deadheads unite! The Wharf Rat group of Alcoholics Anonymous on tour and in spirit. Love that is real will not fade away. Wharf Rat, 5 Trestlewood Ct #3, Columbus, GA 31909.

Betsy from Utah: Irvine's fine, but Red Rocks! Hope to see ya. Don't let the Mormons get ya. Rodney, 415 N. Claremont St. #4, San Mateo, CA 94401.

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Thanks to all you Wiseguys out there, you know who you are, from Karl and the WGP crew. Send a SASE to Box 6384, Evanston, IL 60204 for more info. Oh yeah, Dough-knees, Doughknees!

Dylan Shrader: Welcome to the world! Wake now discover that you are the song that the morning brings! Congratulations, Steve and Val!—Dave Jackson.

LATELY IT OCCURS TO ME... Donna Mae has rings on her fingers and bells on her shoes and wants to say thanks!... to my "STAGGER" LEE (Hi Face!), for good love; to RON (Kulie) AND DAWN DOLL, for inspiration; to JAN AND LORI, who keep the wheel turnin'; to DENISE, for ribbons and roses; to EDDIE, because once in a while he gets shown the light; to these, and the rest of my Deadhead family, FARE YOU WELL! YOU KNOW MY LOVE WILL NOT FADE AWAY!

Captain, you ain't got no bishness in a coat and tie, put on your cap, grab your bag, get the lambbread out of the oven and let's hit the Golden Road—JB & Hitch.

Hey, kids! Want a copy of the hippest free newsletter around? Write or call: Back Porch Bulletin, c/o Hex Hollow Music, Barto, PA 19504.

Carl and Leslie: Happy wedding! Oh you can see that it's true, they love each other. Love, The Rats.

Something new 'was' waiting to be born. Happy Birthday, Phillip 'Phil' Jones born 2/4/87. You are the song that the morning brings. Congrats to proud parents Margaret and Warren. We love you, Cindy and Jim.

China 88 tour? No, it's not official yet, but it was mentioned by Bill Graham during one of the Chinese New Year shows. I am now taking names of all interested Deadheads who would like to make the trip. If I get enough responses it may be possible to charter a 747 and save some \$\$ on the airfare. I am also working on our transportation and lodging once we get there. I am a Deadhead and not a big company that wants to make a huge profit on this. If we all get together we should be able to do this at a relatively reasonable price. Send your name to: China Tour 88, Box 1701-GR, Bridgehampton, NY 11932 and I will keep you informed as details become available.

'Psychedelic Monographs & Essays' offers the best in hallucinogenic drug research. Upcoming: U4Euh, MDMA, 2-CB, Escaline, MDE, etc. Writers include both established/credentialed & underground alchemists. Each issue is 100 pages & perfect bound—artwork, letters, reviews & more! Sample: Send a check for \$8 to: Thomas Lyttle, 624 NE 12th Ave. apt. #1, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33301.

Hot Tuna: Thanks for Seattle. Here's to Northwest Dead shows in 1987! Northwest Heads wanna play in the band, too! Just a box of rain, Susan! Love, Jim.

Cliff, Regina, Ben, Corey, and Lisa: Thanks a lot for your Dedicated response to my classified. My collection is bigger and better than before those slimeheads broke into my car and stole my deck and bootlegs. It's Deadheads like you that keep this long, strange trip worth traveling. See you at summer shows. Thanx, Marc.

Houston: My day job causes me to relocate there in July. Since most of my friends in NY are Deadheads, I'd like to make similar connections in Texas. Dave Weltman, c/o 24 Flint Rd, East Rockaway, NY 11518.

Remember Peaceful Productions? We're now Garrattsville Country Store, PO Box 226, Garrattsville, NY 13342. SASE gets original T-shirt design catalog. Thanks.

Hey Pat & Jeff: You Maryland mountain boys are missed a lot up here in the New York mountains. Are you touring? Love, Vince, Sue, Cherise.

To Arthur and Sherrill: Mazeltov in advance for your August nuptials! Now that I know where you live, I won't feel like a stranger. Love, Walkin' the Dog.

Joe S.: We always knew your rod was bent! We'll try to keep our cool anyway, even though we miss you. Love, your Oakland Pals.

Robin & Stu: Congratulations on your little Terrapin. He didn't come out of his shell at the Greek, but we expect to see him dancing in no time! Love, R&B.

Happy Honeymoon, Paul & Mel. Without love in the dream it'll never come true. Pleasant dreams, the Eternal Honeymooners.

Hoffmannmanns: The Bay Area is big enough for the both of us. Our couch is ready to receive visiting neighbors. Can't wait.

Bumper Stickers that say DEAD HEAD and resemble state license plates; silkscreened on heavy-duty vinyl. Now available: California, Colorado, Illinois, New Jersey, New York, Oregon, Pennsylvania and Virginia. Send \$2.50 for one, \$4.50 for two, \$5.50 for three, or \$11.50 for all eight (includes postage) to Joe McCullough, P.O. Box 583, Pinecliffe, CO 80471. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Help me find my head! I'm an olive drab (genuine) Aussie 'digger' hat. My 'head,' Greg Fite, lost me on Sat. May 9 at Laguna Seca on the grass about 60-100 ft. back from the stage. If you have found me, write: Greg Fite, 2923 San Mateo St, El Cerrito, CA 94530. Thanks.

Scoop Gould: Thanks for being such a great Roadie. With your help, we will get by. Love, Us.

Congrats Pat & Kelly! The waiting is the hardest part.

Happy 6th Anniversary, B. You know this song, it ain't never gonna end. Love, Juanita.

Hardware Man is now Social Science Man—So glad you made it! Love, the J2

Raised 3 boys, only John & Dave turned bad. Oh well, mama tried. Happy Birthday, you two!! Keep on growin'. Love, R&B.



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