

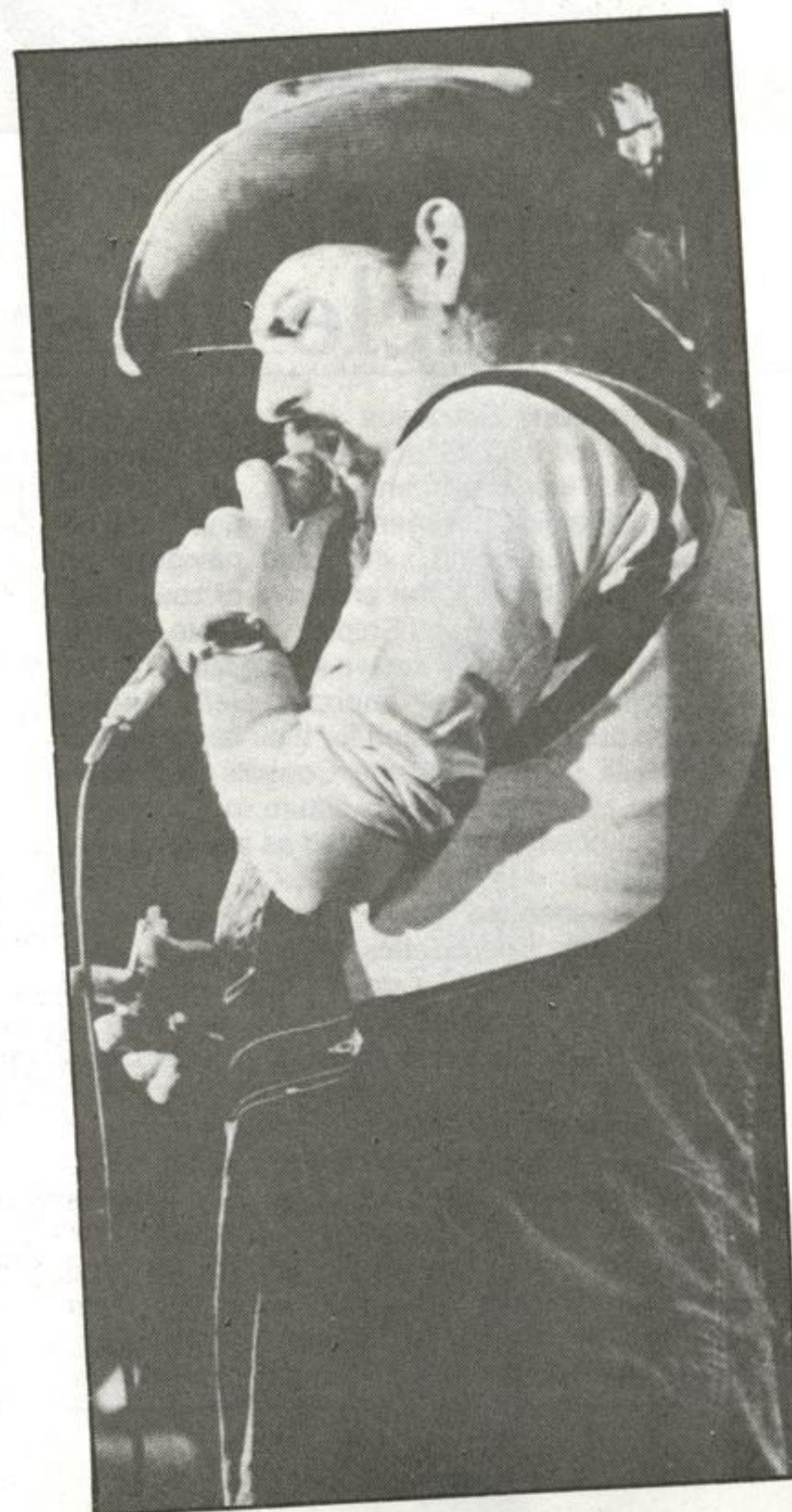
A rather frustrated guy named Devine, whose job it was to artificially inseminate the Valley's heifers, lived in a cabin outside Baggs. He was the only one around who had a record player. After work one day we went there to hear *Live Dead*, released around New Year's 1970. The album's inner photos—Garcia grinning with a stiletto, Hart drumming like a mad pirate—presented the only freaks to impress my cowboy friends. That was pleasing. Someone built a fire in the backyard. We sat around it watching the setting sun pull the color from the sky, and heard the opening bass notes of "Dark Star."

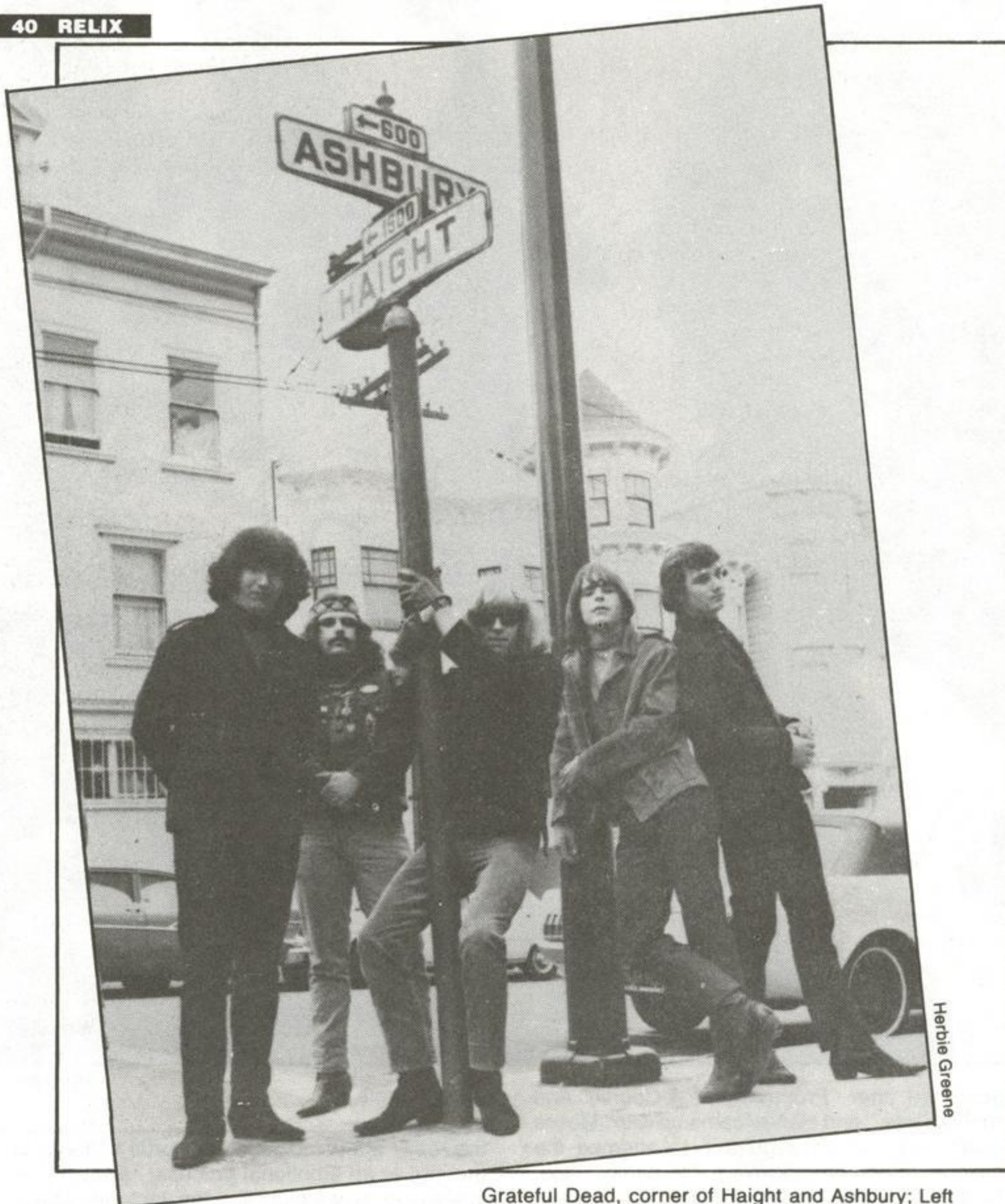
"Easy Wind" hints that the Dead could kick into overdrive any time they wished. *Live Dead* shows them doing so with a vengeance. It's the Dead's equivalent to jazz, where form is abandoned to a few points of reference, where time stops and space is filled with all that they have known. The dynamics of *Live Dead* are in no small way due to the band's supportive yet very different players, Tom Constanten and Pig Pen.

Other keyboardists have brought mere coloring to the Dead's music. Yet at a time when the band was wildly improvisational—on *Live Dead*

everyone solos, simultaneously—T.C. added a fully realized, extra dimension to their layers of sound. It might be coincidental, it's certainly curious, that after he left them the Dead moved from idiosyncratic, polyrhythmic pieces to songs. As for Pig Pen, the Grateful Dead wouldn't be the same band were he still alive. Can you imagine him on the cover of *Shakedown Street*? Put simply, Pig Pen gave the band its balls. He is sorely missed.

With the Dead, once the tune is heard and held near a bit of it remains, indelible. It has been four years since I was out West. But Maine, with its Cumberland County and Dead River, its frontier aspect that makes it the eastern equivalent to Alaska, is fertile ground for the Dead. In October '84 we headed for an extended camping trip into Maine's north woods, and stopped to see the Dead in Augusta, probably for the last time. After the show, and all during the days hiking in the backwoods, the songs I took with me were "Cumberland Blues," "Cold Rain and Snow," "On the Road Again." And when the darkness cupped the hills and folded the forest in, I looked for the nightfall of diamonds, I listened for the ripple in still water, I waited for the morning dew.





Grateful Dead, corner of Haight and Ashbury; Left to right: Jerry Garcia, Pigpen, Phil Lesh, Bob Weir, Bill Kreutzmann

Craftsmanship is the first thing in being a songwriter; if you're a good enough craftsman, eventually that aspect of it will become taken for granted and you can be more and more the artist.

BARLOW: I had the notion of "Mony Mony" as a Mose Allison kind of jive blues . . . It came out sounding like Mose Allison done by Grand Funk Railroad. I was really upset by that for a while and refused to write any lyrics without hearing the music first. I got stubborn and decided that my judgement regarding what music meant was better than Weir's judgment regarding what words meant. That was kind of a silly attitude.

"Knocking' off my neighborhood savings and loan
To keep my sweet chiquita in eau de Cologne
She wants money . . ."

Why did the Dead only perform "Mony Mony" live those few times in the Northwest in '74?

WEIR: Well, a couple of people in the band didn't like the little story in that song which—though tongue-in-cheek—they didn't think was as funny as I thought it was. So we just put that one away.

"You and me bound to spend some time
Wond'rin' what to choose"

GARCIA: I'm a better editor than writer. I do some writing, but I've never developed the necessary discipline to write graceful lyrics. I usually find that if I have an idea that needs to be expressed in words, Hunter can express it better than I can.

He and I don't clash . . . We both tend to focus on the work. *Choosing* a lyric to sing is really about as much responsibility as I would want to have toward the content of a song.

HUNTER: Garcia's muse will visit me and say, "Here's a song for Garcia. If he doesn't appreciate it or do something with it, *then* you can have it.

I write differently for Garcia than I do for myself. I see what he does and doesn't do out of what I've given him over the years, and I've gotten a bit of a suss of what he feels he can speak comfortably.

I know through long experience the sorts of things he *doesn't* like to sing about—that don't express *him*. There's a kind of revolutionary rhetoric that he just finds distasteful. I've tried it on him, but he's just put those things away and forgotten about them.

There's a range of emotions he doesn't like to talk about, and certain ways of relating that aren't his ways. I wouldn't write for Garcia, "I'm comin' to getcha, honey, I'm gonna getcha, yeah, yeah, yeah!" You can't imagine Garcia singing that, can you?

"If you can abide it
Let the hurdy gurdy play"

HUNTER: We have worked a hundred different ways, but Garcia prefers to be given just the lyrics even though I generally write them as *songs*. He'll express his objections to the lyric—what he doesn't like in it or wants more or less of, what he wants changed—and I'll either argue or rewrite to specifications.

GARCIA: Some songs are real slow-growing, and some are moments of inspiration. I can't make them happen.

Every once in a while one pops out. BAM! All of a sudden it's there. "Wharf Rat" was almost instantaneous, and so was a big part of "Terrapin." Both of those fell on incredible coincidences: Just about the time I had those musical ideas worked out to show to Hunter, he happened to have lyrics that fit perfectly, with a little fooling around.

HUNTER: With something like "Touch of Grey," which is a bit difficult, he may say, "How do you do this?" to get an idea of how it rolls along as a song. I'll reach for his guitar to show him some chords, and he'll say, "Wait, wait, wait. On second thought, don't play it for me, because when you do, it takes a couple of weeks for your changes to get out of my mind so I can get to business with it." He wants to create his own thing around the lyrics.

GARCIA: Hunter sang "Touch of Grey" as a sort of dry, satirical piece with an intimate feel, but I heard something else coming through it. "We will get by" said something to me, so I set it to play big. My version is very, very different from his way of doing it. It still has the ironic bite in the lyrics, but what comes across is a more celebratory quality.

"Crazy cat peeking through a lace bandanna
Like a one-eyed Cheshire
Like a diamond-eyed jack . . ."

GARCIA: A lot of the *Aoxomoxoa* songs are overwritten and cumbersome to perform. They're packed with lyrics or musical changes that aren't worth it for what finally happens with the song. But at that time, I wasn't writing songs for the band to play—I was writing songs to be writing songs.

Those were the first songs Hunter and I did together, and we didn't have the craft of songwriting down. We did things that in retrospect turned out to be unwise, from the point of view that it's important that the musicians enjoy playing the tune. When you write a song that's a chore to play, the performances never sound anything but strained.

There's technically too much happening in a song like "Cosmic Charlie" for us to be able to come up with a version of it that's comfortable to sing and play on stage. I never would have thought about that when I started writing songs; I didn't realize you had to think about that stuff.

"Cosmic Charlie" is a recording song. Its weaknesses are part of what's musically clever about it, but also part of what's cumbersome about performing it. The last time we worked it out was in 1976 (with Donna Godchaux singing), and it was effective—sort of. We had a hell of a time getting through it, and the fact that it didn't stick as a piece of material tells me it's flawed. It's not quite *performable*. Most of *Aoxomoxoa* songs have worked their way out of our repertoire; nobody in the band really expresses any interest in playing them . . . Even "China Cat Sunflower" is marginal.



Pig Pen

there at nine or ten o'clock in the morning and the other guys would wait in Jerry's Corvair while I went and got Pig. Most of the time I just knocked on the window, but sometimes I had to crawl through and physically wake him up.

He'd crawl out the window so he wouldn't disturb anybody inside, and he'd tuck his bottle of Southern Comfort into his pants as we walked to the car.

• • •

The Dead played acoustic sets off and on throughout 1970, mixing up the material from *Workingman's Dead* and *American Beauty* with some country and bluegrass standards and a couple of their old jug band tunes. Pigpen threw in some piano and a harp lick here and there, and the band played with him on "Operator." And every so often he'd step out there all by his lonesome and do one, an example of which (Fillmore East, February 13, 1970) was included on *Bear's Choice*.

• • •

ROCK SKULLY: We'd been pushing him for years, and finally he got loose enough and comfortable enough to go out and do it. He went out on the stage and sat down in a chair and played bottleneck guitar. He had a honey in the crowd, and he sang "Katie Mae" for her.

GARCIA: Pigpen influenced a lot of what we were doing just because of who he was. The music had to be structured within his ability; if we came up with anything that was too complicated for him, he'd lay out.

HART: He played hard, but he played the blues—shuffle stuff. That was his medium. He was the blues.

LESH: He was a soloist with his voice and his harp and his personality, but he wasn't really much of an organ player. He'd play little parts in "The Other One," which was always helpful for the texture, but when we started getting into more extended spaces, he would lay out—which was for the best, I guess. We wanted him to be there with us, because he really was one of us, but he would lay out.

LESH: That was his peak. After that, his health started to decline.

HART: I don't think he was (unhappy). He was just living the blues life, you know, singin' the blues and drinkin' whiskey. That's what all blues guys did. That went along with the blues. And it killed him.

GARCIA: We were prepared emotionally for Pigpen's death a year and a half before it happened, when he first went into serious illness. There was a week when everybody

gave blood for him . . . He was in really bad shape, and it looked like he was going to die. Then he recovered and slowly got himself back together.

Getting that ill straightened him out more than any talk from us ever did. He was really working at getting himself together, and he came back to work with the band for a while, but then he just snuck away. It was typical of him, the kind of person he was.

He didn't drink for the last year and a half, but his body was just shot, beyond the point where it could repair itself. It wasn't as though he went on some final bender and then killed himself. He was actually on the road to a new persona, a new self.

A new incarnation.

GARCIA: Yeah, as it turned out.

HART: Pigpen lived it and he believed it. He got caught in that web and he couldn't break out.

SCULLY: We found out later he had what is called terminal liver, and even though he didn't drink for over a year, it was too late. He made the Hollywood Bowl concert (June 17, 1972), but that was the last one. He looked just terrible. He had developed pneumonia and was just in terrible shape.

SCULLY (April 4, 1973): He came to the Dead office maybe twelve hours before he died. He came in and said the doctors didn't see any reason why he shouldn't go back to work with the band. We were overjoyed. We were about to go into the studio to record, and we thought he was going to be with us, so it was a terrible shock when we were told his body had been found. He died late Tuesday night (March 6, 1973) or early Wednesday morning, right after he told us he was coming back to us.

We never figured out whether or not he knew all along that he was dying and just didn't want to lay that on us.

GARCIA: Pigpen's decline represented some kind of imminent change. He was more of a showman, more out there than the rest of us. We don't have that anymore.

I tend to think of the Grateful Dead's existence in terms of the Pigpen-as-center period and then the more self-sufficient, growing-out time that came when we got used to playing without him. It's not a question of better or worse—it's just different. Getting Keith, we became a different band.

see him standing
spread-legged
on the stage of the world
the boys prodding him
egging him on
he telling all he ever knew
or cared to know
mike hand cocked like
a boxer's
head thrown back
stale whiskey blues
many-peopled desolations
neon rainy streets
& wilderness of airports
thousands maybe millions
loved him
were fired instantly
into forty-five minutes of
midnight hour
but when he died
he was thin, sick, scared
alone

—From "He Was a Friend of Mine,"
Bobby Petersen's memorial to
Pigpen
Mt. Hermon, California
March 11, 1973



Greg Gaar

and upkeep that vehicle. Make hotel and (if necessary) plane reservations or accommodations with friends, *reliable friends*, well in advance.

Ready yourself ahead of time, leave no room for error and be prepared to handle disaster. The best way to do this is by figuring your finances to cover all these grounds a few weeks before you leave, having worked long and hard enough to have that amount when you walk through the door and sticking to your budget. And then, see the sights, tourist spots and historical landmarks so often just around the corner from where the Dead are playing that night but light years from most Deadheads' minds. The Grateful Dead experience is truly a multi-faceted one—the failure to see this will keep magazines like *Time* (See their article on the Dead in the February 11, 1985 issue) forever speaking of the Dead and Deadheads in the well-worn terms of a "1960's time-warp."

If you're going to be a deadhead, recognize two facts: 1.) you're probably going to continue to enjoy the band for awhile and, 2.) the Dead are probably going to continue playing for awhile. Don't rush things. If you see the band ten times a year, or two-to-three times each tour, which is what I feel is both an inexcusable and financially-affordable amount, take my word, you will more than adequately be able to

keep your finger on the pulse of this band. Seeing the band too often is a detriment to building a foundation through school or work, both of which are impossible to maintain "on the road." For the imprudent Deadheads, Jerry warns, "They better start stashing something."

I believe seeing the Dead too often, and under "a wing and a prayer"—circumstances, also leads to an inability to objectively enjoy and appreciate Dead concerts. The band's song selection, i.e., when Bob Weir plays "Minglewood Blues" instead of "Black-Throated Wind," is too easily criticized and too often put-down. If Jerry or Bob should forget so much as a lyric from an utterly-astounding working-repertoire of 125-plus songs, it's as if Gorbachev just pushed the button. Remember and appreciate the fact that you can count on one hand the number of bands playing a different set in concert from night to night; and, at that, no one even approaches this idea as the Dead do. Deadheads criticizing the band as well as wondering where their next nickel, let alone a meal or ride, is coming from at shows is a hinderance to the music being made by the Dead. The band is sensitive and pretty much in tune with the audience atmosphere. An out-of-control crowd invites the inevitable "Take a Step Back" routine the Dead use to ease the crush at the stage-front and the fans' pitched

emotions; this also disrupts the continuity and intensity of the performance. This was the case in Syracuse, N.Y., on October 20, 1984 when the show nearly ended in set one. Despite three separate pleas that night by Bob Weir, including one warning that "the fire marshalls are going to close down the show," and another by promoter John Scher, the crowd did little to oblige the requests. A Grateful Dead concert, because the band's success on stage is so closely related to improvisation and spontaneity, requires a creative and relaxed atmosphere, not one of criticism, uncertainty, irresponsibility and, to get to the next point, disrespectfulness.

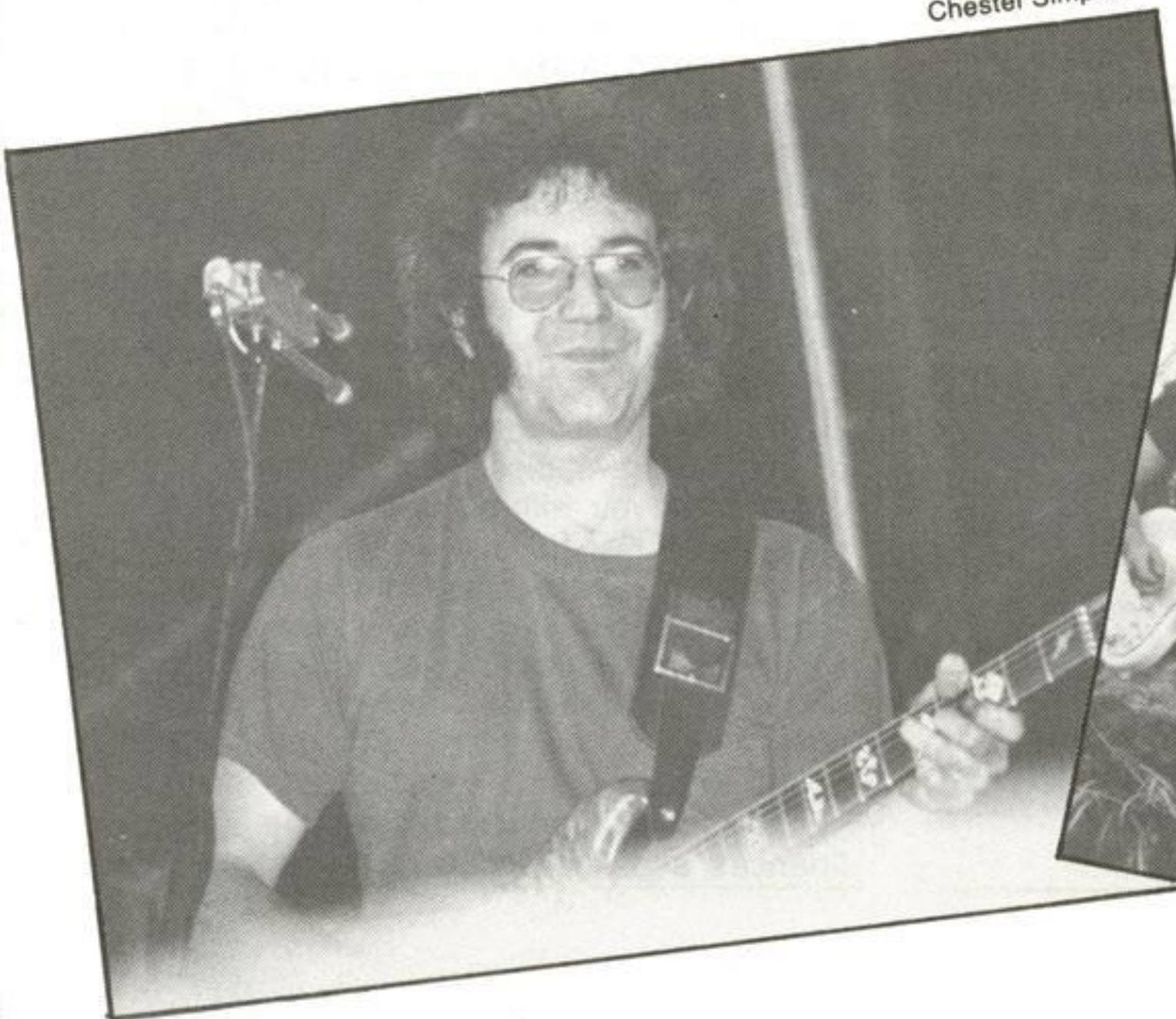
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"So many people are turned off by the audience, people who would ordinarily be able to dig the music if they could," says Phil Lesh, "They're turned off—some guy's puking over the seat next to him...one guy sued Radio City Music Hall because he was so stoned he jumped off the balcony."

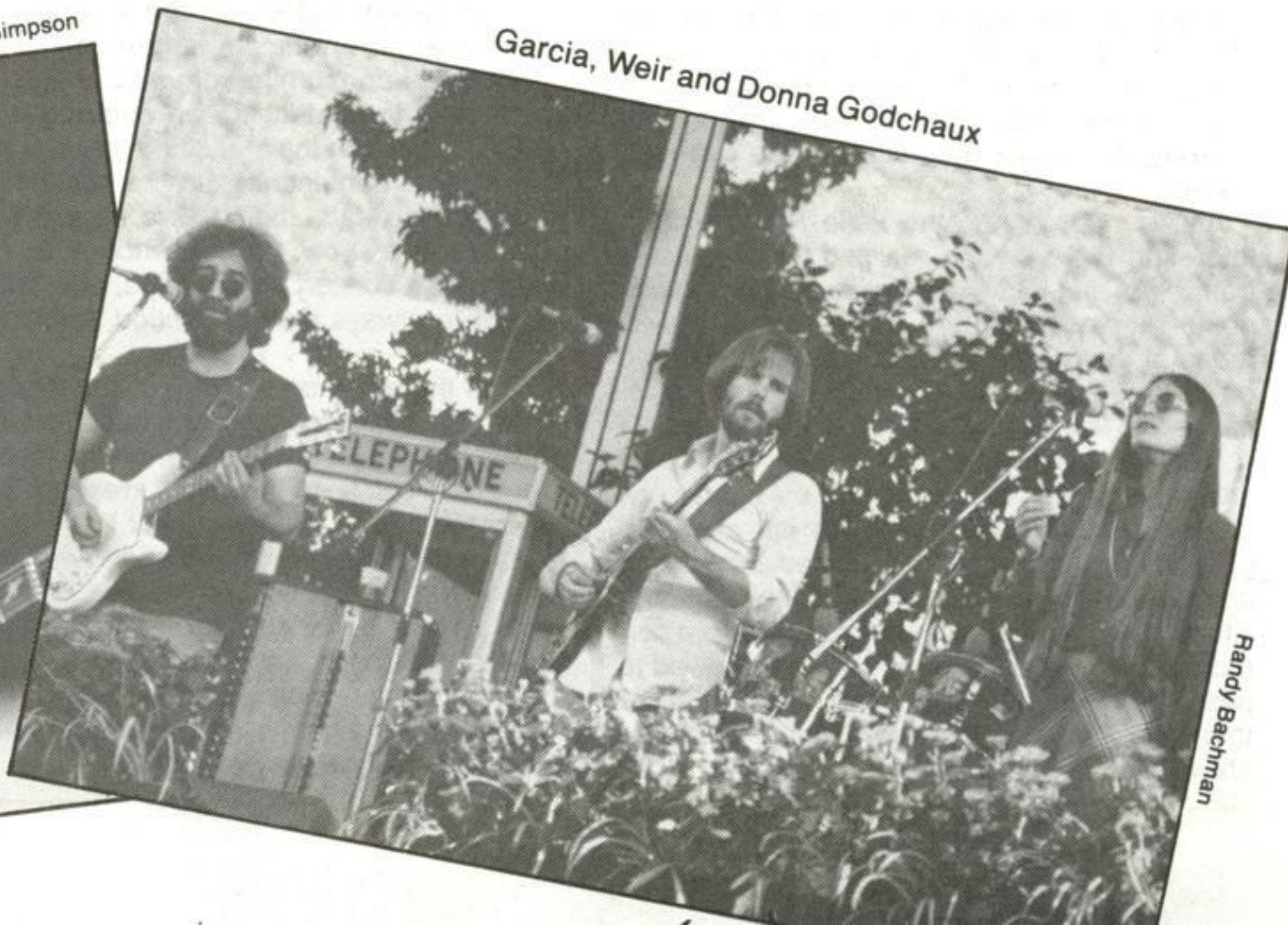
Many people who come to Dead concerts do so under the guise or facade that this loose, easy-going, "safe" environment makes allowable any type of behavior; more often than not these people are fueled by LSD, a drug or alcohol they have no propensity to deal with. Their behaviors are extreme, outlandish and socially-unfit by any society's standards. Aside from the Superman Phil was talking about (who did his thing in October, 1980), let's not forget the Lady Godivas who appeased the crowds with strip-teases at Providence in 1978 and the Meadowlands in October of 1984 and the fatal Olympic high-board imitation another fella performed at Giants Stadium in September of 1977. This is not the "Gong Show" or "Anything Goes," this is real life. "What can I say?" laments Phil. "(It's) part of the Acid Test heritage. We carry that as baggage, or should I say a handicap...I don't think it matters, really...I think some people will come to the Grateful Dead show and if they dig it, they'll be high enough to understand they don't have to wear tie-dyed t-shirts and act like hippies"

A large part of the problem lies with people not doing what they're supposed to. Responsibility begins with the individual—be responsible for yourself. Use common sense. Learn and do things the right way; to paraphrase a quote from "Uncle John's Band," "you know all the rules by now/ and the fire from the ice." Don't learn life's lessons the hard way. Trying to

Chester Simpson



Garcia, Weir and Donna Godchaux



Randy Bachman



Ron Delany

sneak in, bullshit your way in, sit in or record from someone else's prime-location seat (a problem unfortunately encouraged by the general admission policy on the Spring 1985 East Coast tour) or taking up an aisle or two of seats to set-up your taping equipment will serve to only further infuriate the security officers and ushers who already patrol Dead concerts like rabid dogs. Remember, these officers and ushers are, by and large, people who do this as supplementary employment; working all day to come to their night-job and be hassled by some motherfucker who doesn't have one job is not their way of spending a reasonable evening at work. Your discourteous or rude attitude when asked to leave the seat(s) you've unrightfully claimed and your hard-time will make things that much more difficult for the next person needing an usher or security officer and give Deadheads a reputation that precedes them to Lake Placid, N.Y. (you didn't think those police officers were having a picnic at the side of the road when all of a sudden they noticed these cars driving by . . .).

Things became so bad with the Deadheads taping concerts, which the Dead permit (again, like the different song sets each night, remember and appreciate that no other band even remotely approaches an idea as left as this), that the Grateful Dead had to issue a flyer on the problem at their concerts in the fall of 1984.

"Lately," said Bill Kreutzmann in the flyer, "I look out in the audience and see hassles, not enjoyment." The flyer pointed out that tapers are taking seats away from people with appropriate tickets; a sizable part of the audience, including Dead soundboardman Dan Healy, is losing stage visibility and people are beginning to videotape. It was further noted that "police-men are working people who would rather enjoy the show than feel obliged to arrest conspicuous lawbreakers."

The Dead, to hopefully correct the problem, created a tapers-section behind the soundboard, set the limit at six feet for mikestands and made it clear that if you "create a fuss, you'll have the option of checking your equipment or checking out the scene on the street." Letters marked "taper issue" were welcomed at the Deadhead address in San Rafael.

The taping problem is not always the taper's fault. Have you ever been taping a Dead show and had the fella seated next to you yell non-

stop because he knows you're recording? It's as if he thinks he'll be able to one day sit down with you and say, "Hey, that's me yelling 'Dark Star' during 'Stella Blue.'"

Many tape-"traders" send you their blank tapes, which you record onto and return with your blanks, only to find tapes returned that are different than and inferior to the tapes you sent or an empty mailbox day after day. Decide the "how-to's" of trading tapes and be aware, the first word in trading is trust.

Crashing the gates, as 50 Deadheads did at the November, 1984 Garcia-Hunter concert at, of all places, New York City's resplendent Avery Fisher Hall, may have gotten you into tonight's show, but don't count on seeing your hero(es) again at a place like the acoustically-perfect Avery Fisher. Weigh your actions not only in terms of the immediate, but also in light of the future consequences.

Scamming to get in has its reverberations, too. Take for instance the bright fella in Eugene, Oregon who knew the University of Oregon school newspaper's reporter had two tickets on continuous call at the box office for any local concert. When Jerry Garcia Band blew through town, the shrewd dude passed himself off as the college newspaper reporter and picked up the tickets. In Eugene, Oregon, the University newspaper is one of two local newspapers and a big determinant in local opinion. After the real reporter realized what went down, his down-trodden review the next day termed Deadheads as "defer(ring) to (Jerry Garcia's) approach . . . conversations hushing and all eyes rivet(ed) as he passes." The fall-out from such a review in Eugene? The next time the Jerry Garcia Band played there, a smaller-crowd

showed up for a shorter and less-than-enthusiastic show.

Not all that's wrong with the Deadhead scene concerns happenings at the concerts. How about the following, excerpted from a letter to *Relix* magazine publisher Leslie Kippel: "Let it be known I am pissed off . . . You (*Relix*) are trying to be Hugh Hefner when you are only Bazooka Joe. *Relix* will never be a top-rate publication . . . why did you put your questionnaire on the reverse side of the Grateful Dead Concert Reviews? I have been a subscriber in the past, but no more. This is because you still have not sent me Vol.5, #5 and I am sure you will not. See you at the next Dead concert. Hopefully with my missing issue. If I do see you, and I have many times in the past, I will let you know with my mouth if I received my missing issue. If I don't receive my issue, I will let you know with my fist."

Quite a letter, no? Best of all, the missing issue incident this poor-ass is referring to occurred six years *before* he wrote this letter, could this have been on his seething-mind all that time?

Now I realize this is just rock-n-roll and the Grateful Dead are just a rock-n-roll band; anything you wish to see above this is up to you (and I won't deny there's probably more to this than just rock-n-roll), but things are out of hand. Don't get me wrong, you don't have to go to a Grateful Dead concert to find trouble at entertainment events. Many ballparks now have "family sections" well-patrolled and prohibiting the drinking of alcohol; the New York Yankees distributed their own flyer at the beginning of the '85 season dictating "strict policies with regard to (the) behavior of fans (which) will be

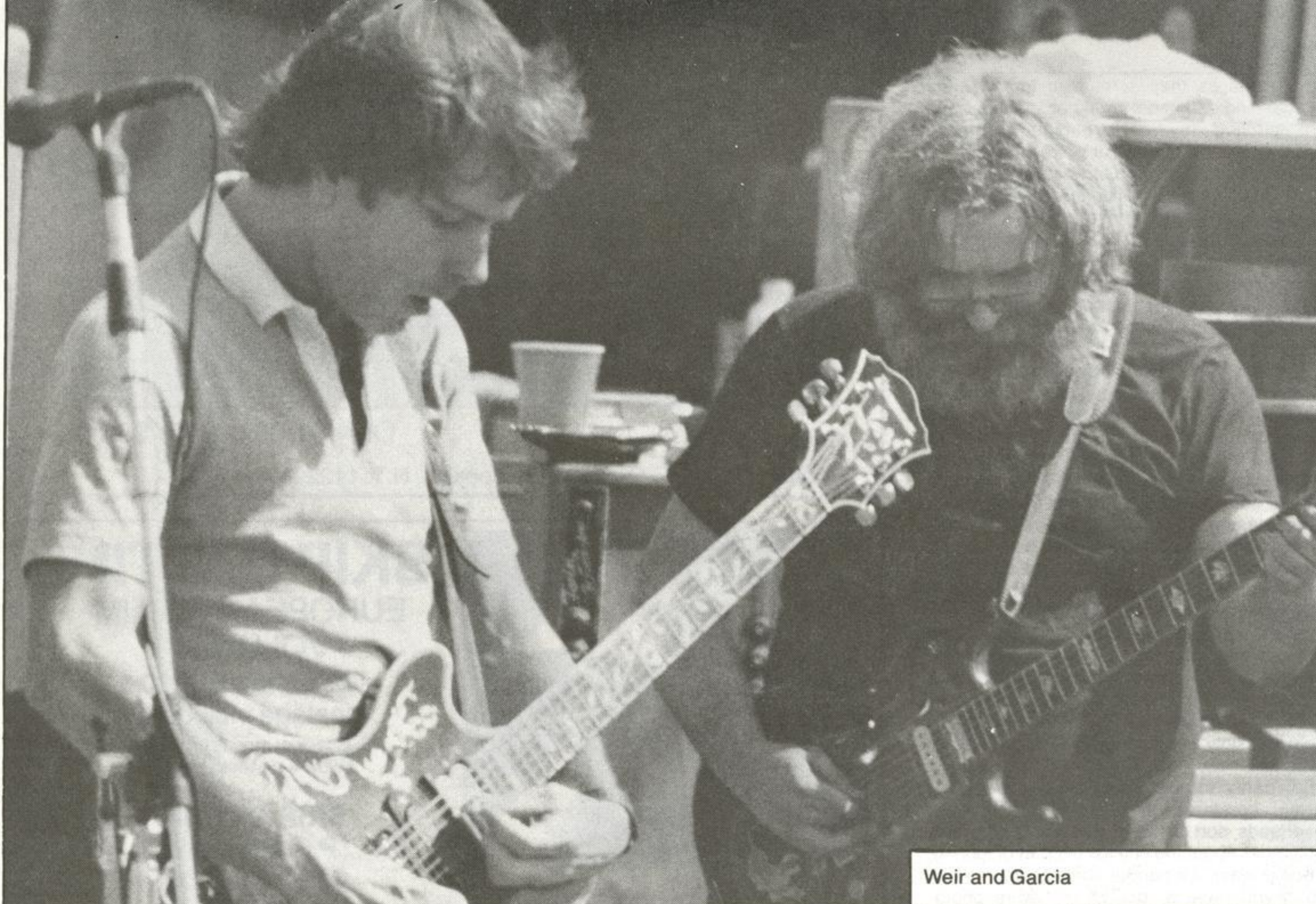


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Weir and Garcia

As it is, I'm the only one who doesn't do well at the show game, aside from my strong aversion to competition or guessing games, or spot quizzes all of which are a means of interdeadhead relating as well as protection against the fakers and the narcs. Let's say you were a deadhead who had just arrived at this little cafe in the bottom of Idaho after having seen the show in Boise, dosed, driven for a few hours in the direction of the next show, stopped by necessity at a rest area, awoken at seven the next morning, picked up 2 deadhead hitchhikers whom your mother would have banished from the house, gotten completely wasted by nine, lost by nine thirty, on the trail again by ten thirty, and finally nearly out of gas seen a sign that said next services 73 miles, stopped to eat and gas up only to find in this cafe two other deadheads.

The two deadheads sitting at the counter are wearing flaming tie dyed t-shirts, one with a skull on it, the other with a silkscreened photo of the band. One has hair below the shoulders and is wearing paisley pants the other has bright striped flares and your normal tossed "I don't give a shit how it looks" hairstyle (my own favorite). Your friends are also strange in their guatemalan pants with vests and no shirts, hair hanging almost half way down their chest, one with a leather cap — the same one Dylan wore on the cover of his first album. You with longish hair, cutoffs, and a dead shirt almost look normal until you look around and notice that no one else even approaches this style — freaks in a straight town, weirdness everywhere and you are the source. Everyone including the cook can hear the conversation but don't know who you are, why so many of you have stopped by, have never heard of the Grateful Dead, and wouldn't recognize the field of Ganja they were walking through — and they all still support

Reagan and thought Watt was a good balance against liberals — how long can those jokes go on?

Let us also say that this group of people have access to most of the state of the art chemical reality adjusters. Let us go further and say that some of the earlier members of this group actually perfected some of these aids but that few outside the group remember that; their fear is simpler, merely that they do these things. Consider that the band these people follow is rarely heard by nonfollowers yet every non-

follower knows of the group — can you name one Dead song that made it to the top forty Casey Casem (if you guessed Truckin or Alabama Getaway you'd be close) — and knows the group for one thing, DRUGS, YEHHEHHHHHHHHHHH, madness: twisted contorted images of shaking heads, glazed eyes, and falling bodies; rotten armpits with sweat running in long shining rivers; dilated pupils that roll and stare and see clearly nothing at all; stringy puke encrusted strands of hair plastered against convulsing cheeks; women with heav-

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ing breasts as they scream in terror at the approaching darkness; doorknobs that pull and turn, circling inward, spreading, blooming, shooting forth in tendrils of grotesque snakes; braless women cursing God and stuffing their babies in ovens and washing the chicken in the bathtub. This is what these people see when they see a deadhead or any hippy for that matter.

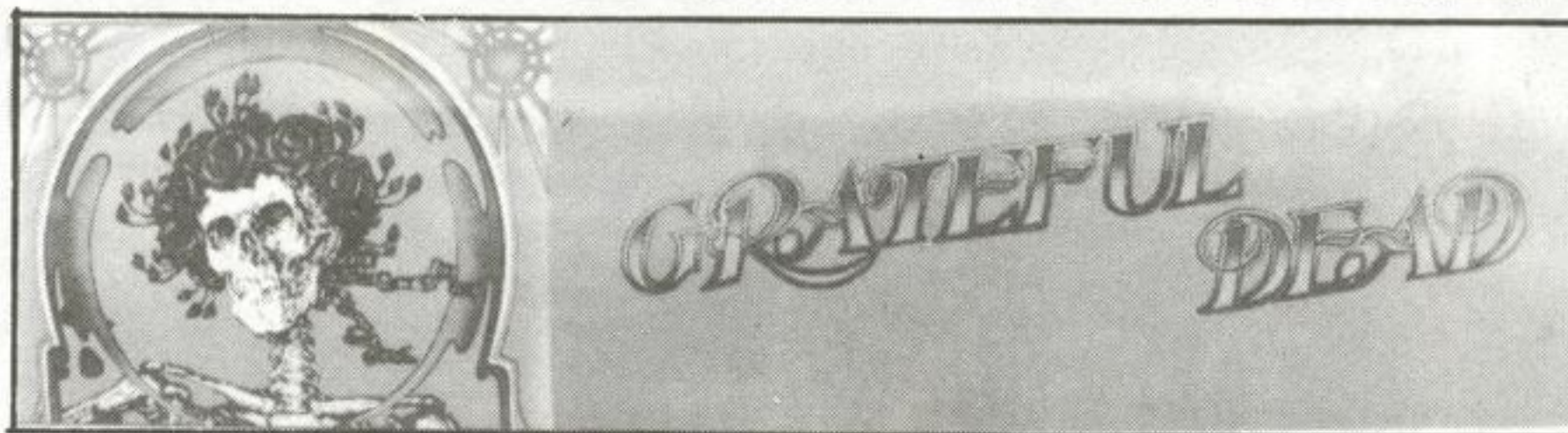
Any righteous man can see the harm in them — the totally nihilistic destructive forces. What would any good american undercover narc do but join the following, participate in the action for a half a year, buying goods all along — If Ronnie says it's okay, it's okay — waiting, watching, writing until the right moment and then when everything is set buy fifty sheets of 125 mic's a blotter for an absurdly cheap price since it's from a friend and then POOF fifty cops kick the door in and beat the shit out of you for good measure. The undercover boy gets a citation and moves back to New York to try it again somewhere else and the price goes up 20% at the last cut. Meanwhile thousands of sheets are still around but the DEA looks good, it made a big bust; yet, for twenty five thousand dollars you can finance your own investigation and bust five grand worth of Vitamin A. Not bad for six month's work. The whole operation is more a public nightmare than any of the terrors you could possibly imagine even if they all were real.

So, partly for selfprotection and partly as normal conversation between enthusiasts, deadheads sort of have a running quiz with each other about the shows. It's part of touring. In some ways it's normal conversation — just like if you have a roomful of nature photographers the discussion centers around nature photography. Generally included in this conversation are the following questions for at least the last few shows as well as one or two older ones to show you've been there as part of the rap that goes back and forth: 1) The first song of both sets. 2) The encore. 3) The skeletons (songs that haven't been played for awhile). 4) The best song of the show — usually there are 1-3 which allows for a little personal taste. From there communication starts. All you narcs out there taking notes? (Like Arlo Guthrie said you can't help it, you're natural born bastards that need an environment where it can blossom in some meaningful direction — so, why don't you join the FBI?)

But it's minimal protection against the finks. Remember them, little plastic critters with big ears that you could buy in supermarkets back in 1963 — cute little buggers. Rat Finks. Squeeler. Narc. The meaning is the same but the poetry is different. It's hard when you're a deadhead with a philosophy of trust, love, openness, honesty, and passivity yet from day one of long hair you have to deceive, cheat, and distrust for selfprotection — a selfdefeating lifestyle that you are forced into — where lies personal freedom, personal expression?

But I ramble. Author's message is over. The concert is finished. My mental orchestration is silenced by the sound of people leaving. They closed with US Blues. I can imagine Garcia, with his long greying hair, picking and swaying back and forth: "How do you do? I'm Uncle Sam, hid'n out in a rock n roll band" as the sun shines down on him. What's he got to worry about. He can walk off the stage into a car and go on to a hotel while the crew cleans up. Me, I've got to crawl into the truck and drive back home 600 miles away in time to return to the warped reality that pays my bills and carries me into the mental vise of industrial psychosis.

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