

DEAD

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# Relix

music for

**GRATEFUL DEAD  
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# Enjoyin' the Ride!

The Grateful Dead's Midwest Tour  
by Walt Wrzesniewski

**A**FTER June 28th's work, Dolores and I left St. Louis, the city of blue-oo-ooooos. Ten hours, four tapes, three gas and restroom stops, two and a half states, and one coffee later, we slept in a no-shower motel in Mt. Gilead, OH. Hunter serenaded us until breakfast in Seville where farmers reveled in alfalfa agriculture adventure stories over pancakes, eggs and coffee. Although we looked straight, none of the land tillers joined our discussion of Terrapin symbols.

The sky threatened rain, but the developing Dead Head density brought warmth and excitement. Signs for the Blossom Music Center led us through Cuyahoga Falls, over country roads, past lovely green meadows and trees and creeks and merry tie-dyed hipsters in beat-up cars with flags aflowin' and eyes aglowing.

The manager at some blue-light cheap hotel said, "Every room is full of people for the concert; they're a partying bunch—but they're nice and friendly, so far."

Five hours before showtime, the sunshine dispersed the clouds and told us it was time to go.

The Blossom Music Center was GORGEOUS with soft rolling hills, trees, a breeze, and friendly guards. The Center opened its gates all day, and its many acres hosted a huge family picnic. The Midwest Tour was the second half of the Summer Tour which followed the Spring East Coast Tour with some West Coast and Red Rocks shows thrown in. There was lots of excitement about recent hot shows and great surprises.

Tickets were still available, as they were at all seven shows. The outdoor amphitheater had an acoustical canopy and side supports that reflected the sound at strange angles, remixed it, and shot it up over the seats and out onto the hillside. It was like listening to a show inside a speaker cone. The music lacked some clarity, but it was wonderfully powerful. The Blossom Music Center was an appropriate venue for the hottest show of the tour.

Jerry gave a quick, warm wave to the crowd, and the band used "Bertha" to work out the equipment bugs. "Greatest Story Ever Told" followed and "They Love Each Other." During "C.C. Rider," Phil kept kicking it into a higher gear everytime Bob fell into a slow, juicer groove. Next came the hottest "Bird Song" I can remember hearing. "Hell In A Bucket" (which may be titled "Elegant Pride" because it's classier and because Bobby is emphasizing the "Elegant Pride" lyric more) is back in transition with some parts better and other parts a touch uncomfortable, still too loose. "At least I'm enjoyin' the ride" seemed to wrestle "We will survive" for the tour's theme. Then came a new improved, delicious "West L.A. Fadeaway" followed by "The Music Never Stopped" and a smokin' "Don't Ease Me In."

During the "short break," Dolores and I got acquainted with the people around us. We had all bought the tour ticket book and became great company in no time. Holding good seats to every show with no purchase hassles is about the closest thing to hugging Jerry I can think of.

It was definitely a Jerry Night! Bob seemed out of it until the latter half of the tour. Jerry was already hot as he took the stage for the second set. He led a bright "Scarlet Begonias," ripped into a great "Touch of Gray," and set me on fire with "Dear Mr. Fantasy." What an opener! Traffic's old gem never sounded so fine. Jerry

walked over to Brent, and the two played leads off each other and sang at and with each other. The song, which had just debuted at Red Rocks, may never be sung better again. "Man Smart, Woman Smarter" paled following that tough act, but Bobby's singing was anemic already, and he tried novelties (like whispering lyrics) to make up for it. The Drumz, however, went to heaven! Billy the K went nuts on the traps—man, he was so hot that Mickey stood back with a somewhat astonished look and waved cool air at him. Later the deluxe drummer's duet sent a primitive chanting beat across the Cuyahoga hills and raised hundreds of Indian spirits. Dolores and I dreamed of Indians all night. While Billy recuperated, Mickey and Jerry spaced the band back together and into "The Wheel," "Cryptical Envelopment" (usually called "The Other One"), "Black Peter," "Around and Around," "Jerry B. Goode" (my dream is to have the whole audience, one day, yelling, "Go, Go, Go Jerry Go!"), and encored with "U.S. Blues."

Early June 30th, we joined the gypsy caravan to Indianapolis and checked into the Dead Head Wing of the Indianapolis Inn. Along with the tour book tickets came information on hotels and campsites. We made all our reservations ahead of time, and every hotel seemed like a class reunion.

Dolores and I got lost in the maze of the Indianapolis Sports complex. We wandered around and suddenly found ourselves inside the tennis clay court arena where Phil and Bobby were doing their soundcheck. So we sat and watched them play and adjust and goof off. Guards were all around, but no one bothered us. We just acted cool like the other handful of "insiders."

The clay court was great for dancing—no leg pains at all.

"Jack Straw" opened with "Dire Wolf" bringing lots of smiles and making everyone feel like very old friends. Then came "Minglewood," "Dupree's Diamond Blues," a rockin' "Far From Me," "Brother Esau," "Ramble On Rose," a pretty "Lost Sailor/Saint of Circumstance," and a feet-don't fail-me-now "Deal."

The ushers were used to tennis crowds (their easygoingness, the flower gardens near the stage, and the cocktail bars led me to believe no other concerts had been held there). Nevertheless, the crowd was very well behaved, and a good time was had by all. Many people stacked the folding chairs to make more room

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for dancing. Another crowd could have danced, cheered, and clapped the place to rubble, but the Midwest Tourists never reached East Coast frenzy, although some Californians thought the scene was wild.

The band opened with a fine "Shakedown" serve, volleyed with "Playin' In The Band" and a jam, and ached with a "Terrapin" into some firework traps. A helicopter (police?) buzzed us through Drumz and invaded our party with an incessant, distracting searchlight. Some in the crowd cheered the searchlight, usually to the drummers' confusion who were into a babbling percussion. A stagelight rainbow cascaded over Jerry and Mickey's space until the tennis resumed with "Playin' In The Band."

"Truckin'" segued into a spicy "Spoonful" and a sweet "Stella Blue." From there the action crested through "Goin' Down The Road Feelin' Bad" into "One More Saturday Night." The "Day Job" encore was anticlimactic, but the boys won: game, set, and match.

The next show was July 1st at Pine Knob Amphitheater near Detroit. Dolores and I figured the trip up and on to Kansas City would have burnt us out for the rest of the tour. We also had two lonely cats back in St. Lou, so we skipped Detroit. We gave our tickets to some Northern California friends and told them to give 'em to some needy Dead Heads. We went home, took care of the cats, gave them the set lists (you know how cats are), rested, washed clothes, and headed for KC.

We heard some nice reviews of the Pine Knob venue and show; the sets went: "Iko," "Rooster," "Brown-eyed Woman," "Mama Tried," "Big River," "Tennessee Jed," "Hell In A Bucket," "Might As Well," "We're Gonna Take A Short Break," "China Cat Rider," "Samson and Delilah," "He's Gone," Drumz, Space, "China Doll," "I Need A Miracle," a red-hot "Bertha," "Sugar Magnolia," Clap Clap Clap, and "It's All Over Now Baby Blue."

The five-hour ride through Missouri (pronounced miz'er eee) was a scorcher. We often heard people commenting about how lucky East Coasters are to have so many short-trip treks on tours.

KC's Starlight Theater is another beautiful outdoor theater. The stonework makes the stage look well suited for a Shakespearian Festival.

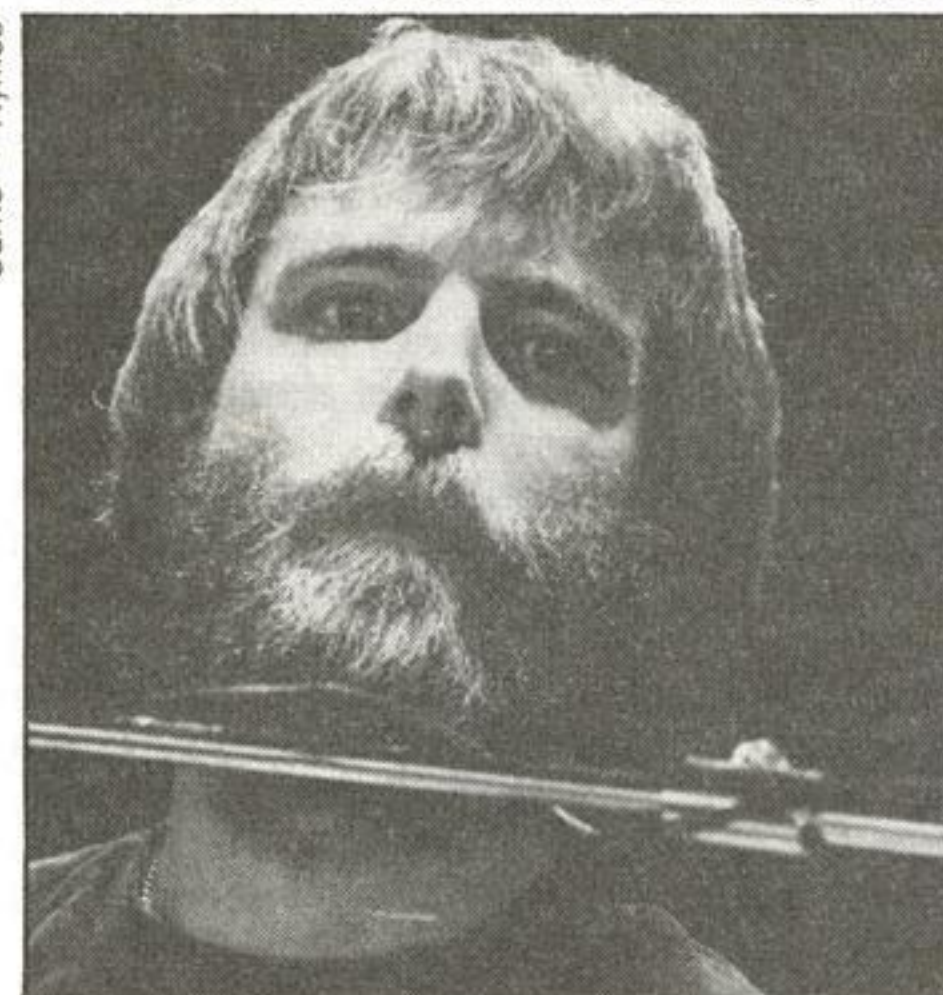
Tapers had no problems with their equipment here or anywhere else on the tour. Thanks guys!

It was sooooo nice to keep seeing all the tour book buyers show after show. Soooo easy to make friends and enhance each show.

"Alabama Getaway," "Promised Land," "Candyman," "Cassidy," another succulent "West L.A. Fadeaway" (the band uses power-chords to accentuate the middle of the "West

L.A. Fadeaway . . . ! . . . West L.A. Fadeaway" refrain using the Brent chords you could barely hear in earlier versions, a slight change that sure does the trick!). "Brother Esau" followed, and every version on the tour was slightly different—not quite steady. I missed the tight beginning of earlier versions. "Loser" was a great wish fulfilled, "Looks Like Rain" a bit perfunctory, and "Deal," once again, did not fail to peak.

We shared our space with a San Diego busi-



Brent Mydland—Toronto 6/21/84

nessman whose schedule crossed the Dead's for the first time in three years. What Joy!

Another great "Scarlet Begonias" ignited the second set of July 3rd, detoured into another great "Touch of Gray," and finished with "Fire On The Mountain." Brent then set his own fire with the new "Don't Need Love," another hard blues heartbreaker. Drumz and Space headed towards "Cryptical Envelopment," but a thunderstorm suddenly threatened. Lightning flashed over the hills behind us and the wind whipped up. Jerry took his cue and spaced into "The Wheel" with literal warnings that if the thunder didn't get us, the lightning would! I think the approaching storm shortened the set to "Throwin' Stones," "Not Fade Away," and another ho hum "Day Job." "Throwin' Stones" has been revamped a touch and includes a new verse about racism. It wins the "Best Improved Bobby Song" Award. "Not Fade Away" faded away, to some people's chagrin. The fade out novelty has faded; and, with the laid-back crowd barely keeping the beat with clapping/stomping, I thought the ending was a letdown, but Dolores loved it, so there you have it, folks.

We quickly were on the highway heading

North when the storm hit. Some who lagged behind spoke of lightning bolts and balls dancing through the parking lot. Hmmmmmmm . . .

On the highway, Dolores and I could see over the flat plains for zillions of miles; and the orange, blue, red and white lightning put on quite a show. We made it to a hotel before all hell broke loose. The next day, we and a number of Dead Heads found water inside our sealed cars.

On Independence Day, we spread the Farewell To Winterland show across the relaxed Iowan countryside and checked into the Excel Inn in Cedar Rapids—Tour Dead Headquarters for the night.

Cops were watchin' us closely until we were inside the Five Seasons civic Center, the only indoor show of the tour.

"Feel Like A Stranger," then "Friend Of The Devil" (what a beautiful bridge with Brent playing piano and vocalizing!), "C.C. Rider," a lackluster "Cumberland," the usual fine Swiss-watch "Beat It On Down The Line," "Row Jimmy," "Hell In A Bucket," and another smokin' "Don't Ease Me In."

Tonight we learned that a guy named Paul was killed in the crash of a Dead Head bus outside St. Louis on the way from Pine Knob to KC. The boys dedicated the Second Set and, especially, "He's Gone" to Paul.

They opened with "Help On The Way" into "Slipknot," "Franklin's Tower," "Far From Me," "Estimated Prophet," "He's Gone," Drumz, a tripper's Spaaaaace, "Truckin'," "Wharf Rat," "Around and Around," and "Good Lovin'." July 4th breathed new life into the U.S. Blues encore—it's the best one I've heard for a long time.

It was another great row of friendly people and another great job by Morpheus Lights. But outside . . .

Fireworks stands lined all the roads leading to Cedar Rapids. Fireworks, Dead Heads, July 4th—get it? I don't care what happened in the big cities that evening—Cedar Rapids was the best place to be. Rocketeers and bombers took positions in the park, in the many-storied parking garage, and along the streets. The busy traffic tried to flow through, but Star Wars erupted. Rockets hit cars and buildings and other rocketeers. Roman Candles chased people lounging on the grass. Rockets exploded into cascades of color only a few yards above the street. Fountains of sparkles gushed forth. Little colored balls of flame exploded on the sidewalks and danced with the people. Rockets were lit then tossed into the air: when they took off, no one knew what trajectory they'd follow. Rockets would crash into the street or a car in the middle of the busy intersection and ricochet off like a wild demon. All the while, the cars in the parking garage had their tape decks going. What a wonderful cacophonous chaos. Everytime something exploded or whistled or screamed or hit something well, crowds would cheer or laugh or applaud. One rocket flew along the sidewalk right between some pairs of legs. It was like the Mary Poppins' scene. The cops drove through but didn't do anything. The security guards at the garage began confiscating the fireworks and politely asking people to move on.

The fireworks continued at the parking lots, campsites, and hotels for the rest of the tour—but nothing matched Cedar Rapids.

We drove through seas of green cornstalks to the Alpine Valley Music Theater, to the two-day climax of the tour. The band was getting low on fuel but gave it their all (as always), and a number of highlights ensued on July 6 and 7th.



Acres and acres of Dead Heads. Many paying for gas and tickets by selling tie-dyes, scarves, buttons, stickers, wall hangings, photos, etc. etc. etc. Frisbee and hackysack every fifty yards. Bubbles and balloons abound. At least 23 million different T-shirts.

"Iko Iko," "Jack Straw," "Candyman," "Little Red Rooster" (without amateur slide-guitar riffs), "Big Railroad Blues," "Me and My Uncle," "Mexicali Blues," "Bird Song," "Let It Grow."

"China Cat Sunflower," "I Know You Rider" (still does it for me), "Ship of Fools," "Man Smart Woman Smarter," "Drumz, Jerry and Bobby Space," "Dear Mr. Fantasy" (not Cuyahoga—but a cooker all the same), "Cryptical Envelopment" (where, oh where, is Phil's booming bass to give this song some traction?), "Black Peter," "Why Don't We Do It In The Road" (the second rendition with Phil joining everyone on vocals in a raunchy/wonderful version that brought the house down), "Sugar Magnolia," and another great "Touch of Gray" for the encore.

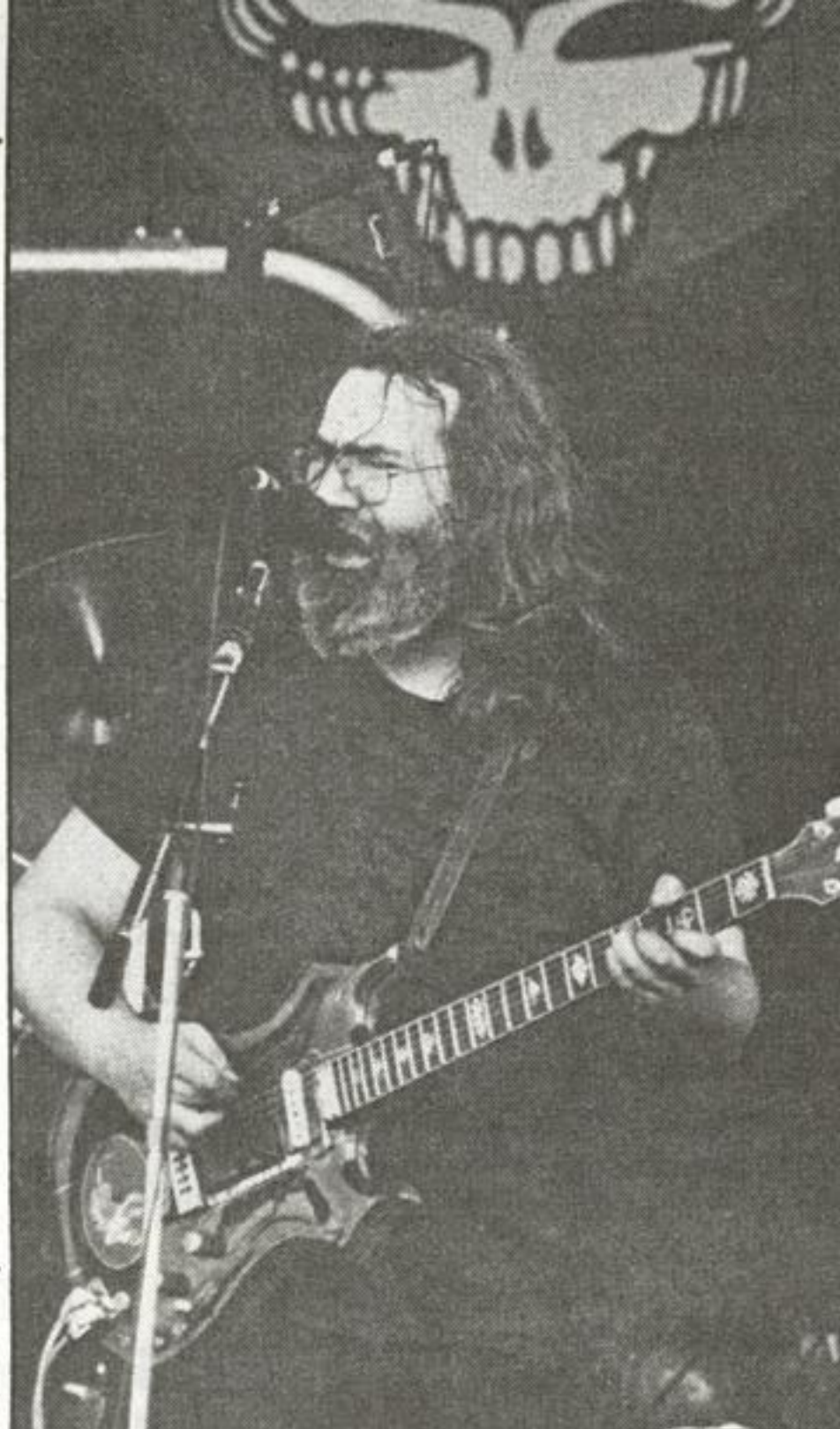
Next day, in a VERY rural Wisconsin restaurant filled with VERY lively Dead Heads eating breakfast at 1:30pm, I remarked to a stoic waitress, "A colorful but friendly bunch." She immediately responded, "COLORFUL, that's for sure!!"

Later, beautiful low cumuli slid across the rolling Alpine Valley through crystal-clear air. The sun was hot and bright, but the air was soooo clear.

Alpine allowed people to camp overnight between shows. Late risers reported a night of screaming and joy whooping till sunrise.

Best explanation by a taper, in a prime recording spot, explaining his unauthorized presence to security: "I know I'm in the wrong seat,

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but there's two guys sitting next to my real seat, and they're REAL High!"

Best free admission: A guy ponytailed his hair, turned his jacket inside out so the red matched the security guards' jackets, pinned his student ID to his jacket, grabbed a scruffy friend, put his arm around his friend's throat, held his arm up behind his back, and rushed him through the main gate.

"Hell In A Bucket" led off, and by this point on

the tour, everyone could cheer to "The world may go to hell in a bucket, but at least I'm enjoyin' the ride. At least I'm enjoyin' the ride!" "Dire Wolf," "Minglewood," "Dupree's Diamond Blues," "Brother Esau," "Brown-eyed Woman" (Brent had piano problems. A specialist had been called in and had worked right up to showtime. He left his tuning cards on the piano. During "Brown-eyed Woman," Brent got disgusted with the tuning job, flicked some of the cards, threw the rest off the stage, and walked off). He came back during "Looks Like Rain" which went into a sizzling "Might As Well." And yes friends, the rumors are true: Jerry did do a pelvic thrust during the song. One can only wonder how long it'll be before he does a Chuck Berry squat hop.

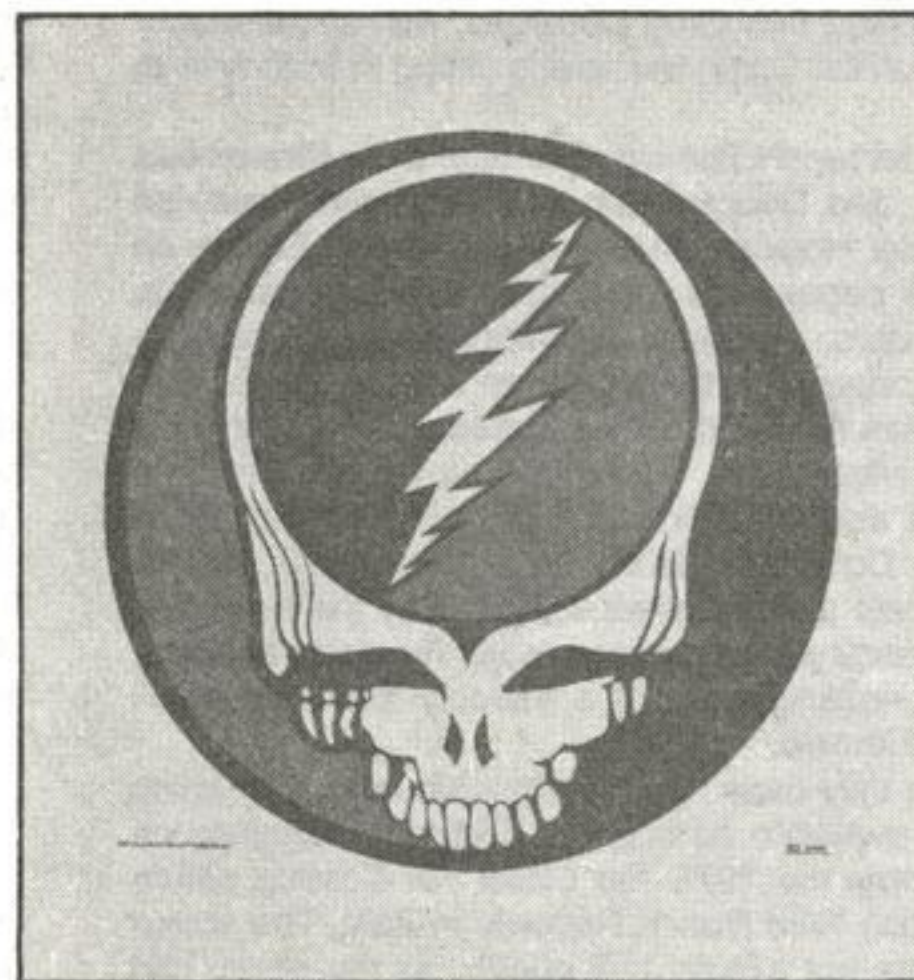
"Samson and Delilah," "Cold Rain and Snow" (ahhh), "Playin' In the Band," "China Doll," "Playin' In The Band" (real brief). Jerry appeared to be running on empty, and "China Doll" really WAS fractured. But he caught his second wind and came out after Drumz all fired up. During Drumz, a group danced high on the hill with colored sparklers (real neat to watch, especially the swaying). Jerry, Bob, and Mickey Spaced us into a hot "Terrapin," "Not Fade Away," "Throwin Stones," "Not Fade Away," "Turn On Your Lovelight" (god only knows what lyrics Bobby is using, and this "Lovelight" sure isn't the great McKernan stomper, but the nostalgia is so strong that the song soars with emotion!), "Not Fade Away" (which did again). They encored with a sweet "Brokedown Palace"—a great goodbye. There was no "One More Saturday Night" on this Saturday Night. A pattern in granite had been broken. Who knows what other surprises are in store for us?

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# Terry and the Pirates

By Mick Skidmore

**T**ERRY and the Pirates is perhaps San Francisco's best kept secret. For close to 14 years they have been playing to small, but enthusiastic, audiences in clubs on the West Coast. Their music is a nice mixture of country rock, folk and pure shit-kicking, high energy rock and roll, all of which is performed in that "loose" San Francisco tradition.

The band is fronted by Terry Dolan, who is lead singer and songwriter. He possesses a unique voice that has a kind of earthy quality. He sings in an unusual, slurred, almost out-of-breath fashion. The Pirates are basically a loose conglomeration of musicians that over the years have had a constantly revolving line-up. Generally the nucleus has been Terry, John Cipollina and Greg Douglass, with all manner of other top West Coast musicians sitting in from time to time.

The most recent line-up of Terry and the Pirates was Cipollina, and Douglass on guitars, David Hayes on bass, Nicky Hopkins on piano, and Gregg Elmore on drums, all people that should be more than familiar to Relix readers, and quite a formidable group by anyone's standards. It may come as no surprise to hear that at times the band comes remarkably close in spirit to Quicksilver. The lead guitar interplay between Douglass and Cipollina is often breathtaking. However, it is Dolan who is the star of the show with his great vocals and excellent songs. Why the band has never been snapped up by a major label is a mystery, and it is nothing short of a travesty that they aren't more well known.

To date they have released four albums, all of which are only available as imports. Their first appearance on vinyl was the 1979 *Too Close For Comfort* album released on Wild Bunch Records in Italy. The sound quality was not exactly hi-fi quality, as the album had been recorded cheaply. However, what it may have lacked in technical qualities it made up for in terms of sheer dynamics and energy. It was made up of live tracks with the exception of the opener, which was the original 1970 demo of "Inlaws and Outlaws" and the closing song, a wistful acoustic ballad "Fare Thee Well." In between was some really raunchy rock and roll. Particularly outstanding is the eight minute "Baby Don't Do It."

Their second album was a studio recording. This time it was released in Germany on the Line Record label. Again it was recorded relatively cheaply, but this time the sound was fine. Terry explains, "We recorded the whole album for about \$3,000. We cut the basics in one day on 16 track and then overdubbed at Jim Stern's house. I gave them the whole package, com-

plete with the sleeve. It is the best seller of my albums, and has sold about 15,000 copies."

Two more albums followed on Country Joe's Rag Baby label, but neither have been officially released in the U.S.A. *Wind Dancer*, the first of these releases, focuses on the more country rock material of Terry's and is a really nice album. The highlights are the poignant "Poe Train" and the rocking "Something To Lose."

The second Rag Baby album, *Rising Of The Moon*, was released late last year and is their best album to date. It is also their most straight ahead rock album. Terry has resurrected the delightful "Rainbow" from the unreleased Warner's album and given it a new treatment. John and Greg get plenty of room to turn in some exemplary licks, most notably on "Purple and Blonde." Terry also shows that he can still write some great catchy tunes. "Razor Blade" would make a great single with its infectious hook "Hey, hey who rocks the night away sharper than a razor blade."

Unfortunately, things haven't worked out too well with Rag Baby and the band are currently looking for another deal. I asked Terry what the current situation was, as the band are presently in a state of limbo. John, as usual is playing with a number of different bands. David Hayes is producing videos, and Greg Douglass is playing with the Greg Kihn band. "Greg and I are still playing together, but only in the studio. We cut a new demo with David Hayes, Greg and Jeff Myer on drums. One of the songs, "Yankee Son," is one of the best songs I have written (I have heard a rough version of it and it's a killer.)

I did some solo acoustic shows last year opening for J.J. Cale. It is important for me to get it across that the Pirates will play again. I am not that motivated at the moment, because it is too damn difficult to even get a rehearsal. I have to make 25 phone calls. I was losing money at the gigs, and I can't afford it, plus we miss Greg. We went to Germany and did the Rockpalast, and seven dates when we got back, but something was missing. Besides playing outstanding lead, Greg plays the grooviest rhythm guitar. Nicky can fill in the rhythms, but it is not the same as a straight guitar. The Pirates will play again. I just want time to rehearse."

Early on in his career Terry actually got signed to Warner Brothers as he explains. "Basically, I got signed to Warners as a solo artist and The Pirates came after that. I got dropped at the same time as Stoneground. I did an album for them that was never released. One side was produced by Nicky Hopkins, and it is still a great side. The other side was produced by Pete Sears. I had the Pointer Sisters, Greg and

John, Prairie Prince from the Tubes, and Lonnie Turner, all playing on the album. It was like an all-star happy-hippie San Francisco album. I had a song called "Angie's Song" on it, and later The Stones came out with "Angie," which I think was influenced by it, but Nicky says it was a coincidence!" The album also contained "Inlaws and Outlaws," which is a great song, and their most well-known number, as it got played a lot on FM radio. "My wife used to work for KMPX, so I used to know the DJ's. They would play the tape and they were always getting fired, and they would take the tape with them. Bill Graham said he heard it played on the radio in New York, which is pretty far out for a tape!"

At present Terry is anxious to get an album out in the States. And he says, "It is important for me to get a record out in the U.S. I have a lot of commercial tunes. We are going to try and put *Rising of the Moon* out in this country. I have the rights for the U.S. We are going to press it ourselves and maybe even do a video. I might subtract a few tunes from it, and add some more powerful material to make it a really strong album. I think we will re-do "Inlaws and Outlaws," and maybe "Something To Lose" and "Montana Eyes." The first priority is getting *Rising of the Moon* out, but by that time I will have a video and a tape of a show we did at Winterland in 1975. I am going to cut that loose some day, just certain songs. It went from terribly bad to exceedingly good from one song to the next—which is one of our qualities!"

I have heard some rough mixes of some of the show and they are truly amazing. "Something To Lose," "Inlaws and Outlaws" and "All Worth The Price You Pay" are among some of the finest rock I have heard in years. Cipollina and Douglass are truly superb on their lead guitar trade-offs. The tape really does deserve to see the light of day.

Terry is rather philosophical about his situation and says he knows he is never going to be a big star, but that he just wants to put out his songs and play for people that are interested. He is open to all offers, and would dearly love to do a more comprehensive tour, but says, "It has to be financially feasible."

Hopefully, someone will take him up on the idea. Terry and the Pirates are a good unpretentious band, as anyone who has seen them will testify. They deserve some success, especially Terry, as he is one hell of a nice guy as well as being an extremely gifted songwriter.

For further information, write: Terry and the Pirates Fan Club, P.O. Box 4355, Arlington Va 22204.



guitar work of Stray Cat Brian Setzer, while the two other Cats, bassist Lee Rocker and drummer Slim Jim Phantom, also play on different cuts on the LP, at the suggestion of producer Baxter.

Weir hopes that Bobby & the Midnites will become a permanent outfit, but of course he's not giving up the mother ship. The Dead, Weir said, are about one-third of the way through another studio album, their first in four years, and it will include such concert staples as "Day Job," "West L.A. Fadeaway," "Hell In A Bucket" and "Throwing Stones." The Dead are producing it themselves and it will be on Arista Records again. And what is the main difference between the Dead and the Midnites? "More

L.D. Kippel



Bob Weir

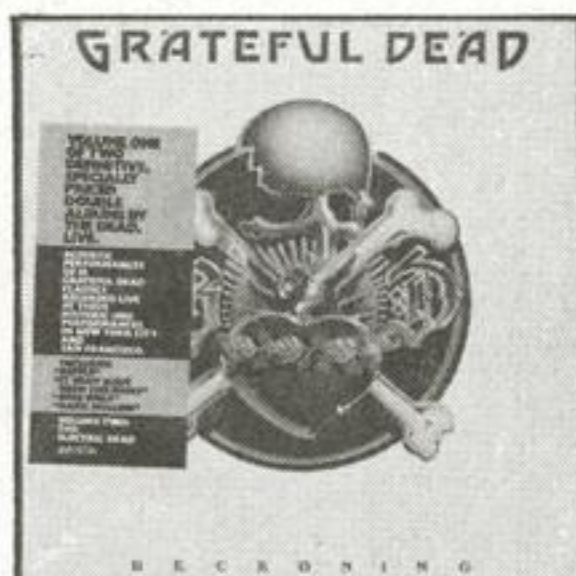
girls in the Bobby & The Midnites audience," Weir laughed when asked.

Weir enjoyed making a video for the new LP, the opening cut and first single, "(I Want To Live In) America," and he also liked the opportunity to have a show taped for a half-hour MTV special. He's also been involving himself with a foundation which studies blindness called SEVA (Society for Epidemiology and Voluntary Assistance), to which he was introduced by old friend Wavy Gravy, and he spends what little spare time he has during breaks in the touring grind at a ranch he co-owns in Wyoming. "And as soon as possible I plan to spend as much time as I can reacquainting myself with popular music," he said. "I've been on the road so much in the last few years that I've been kind of out of touch."

And what does he have in store for Bobby & the Midnites? "I haven't the foggiest idea," is the answer. Keep 'em guessing, Bob.

# RECORDS

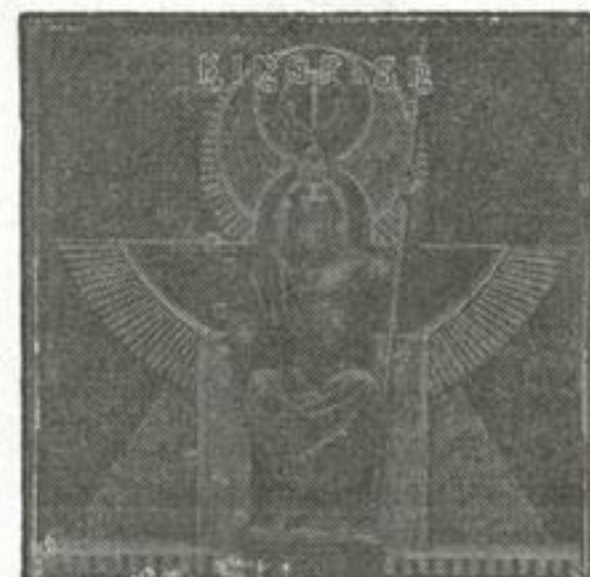
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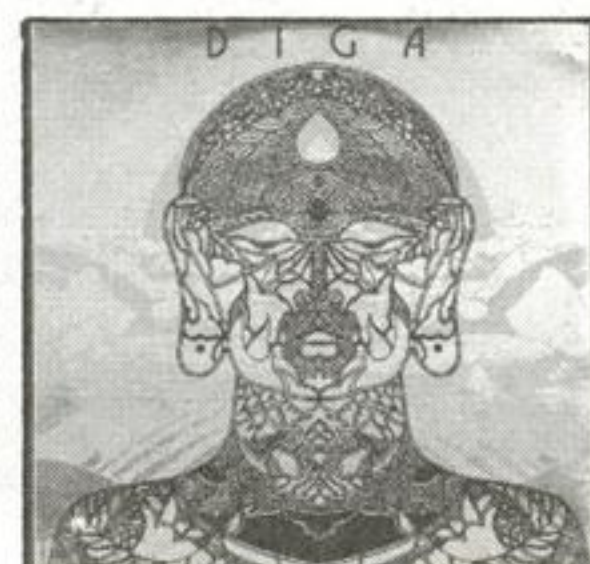
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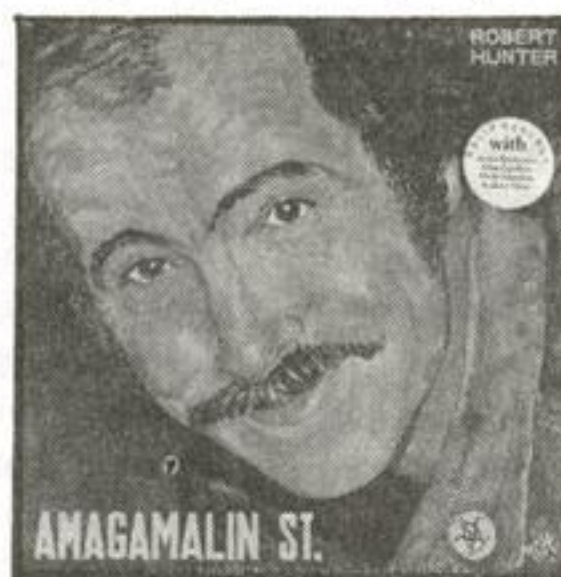
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Bruce Springsteen & The E Street Band  
 From left: Garry Tallent, Bruce Springsteen,  
 Nils Lofgren, Danny Federici, Clarence  
 Clemons, Roy Bittan, Max Weinberg



# BRUCE

by Charles R. Cross

ASBURY PARK, N.J., AUGUST 27, 1984:

"Now Main Street's whitewashed windows and vacant stores, seems like there ain't nobody wants to come down here no more. They're closing down the textile mill across the railroad tracks. Foreman says these jobs are going boys and they ain't coming back, to your hometown . . ."

Less than eight hours ago I was sitting in the Capitol Center in Largo, Maryland listening to Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band play that song before myself and 20,000 other people. It was a powerful concert on a tour that may well go down in history as one of the most memorable populist performances in the tradition of American rock 'n' roll. By integrating material from his masterpiece album *Nebraska* in with songs off his new release *Born in the USA*, Springsteen has painted one of the most intimate portraits of the American spirit ever attempted in rock 'n' roll: Listening to songs like "My Hometown," "Born in the USA" and "Used Cars" in concert one can't help thinking that this is much more than a concert—this is a pure slice of Americana come alive and put to rock 'n' roll.

And here today, driving thorough Springsteen's spiritual hometown on the Jersey Shore, the eerie power of these songs has never been more apparent. Main Street is boarded up, deserted, whitewashed and left standing like a carcass. Once a grand resort town, Asbury Park now stands like a tombstone marking days past—filled with monolithic hotels abandoned but for retired people in wheelchairs sitting on the porch watching time go by. And though I don't actually see a textile mill there's clearly no commerce here—the street corners are filled with men shuffling their feet to nowhere.

The places and the scenes drawn in Springsteen's song are not imaginary—in Asbury Park you can drive down Kingsley, up Ocean and on the outside of town race down Thunder Road. But perhaps more importantly, the

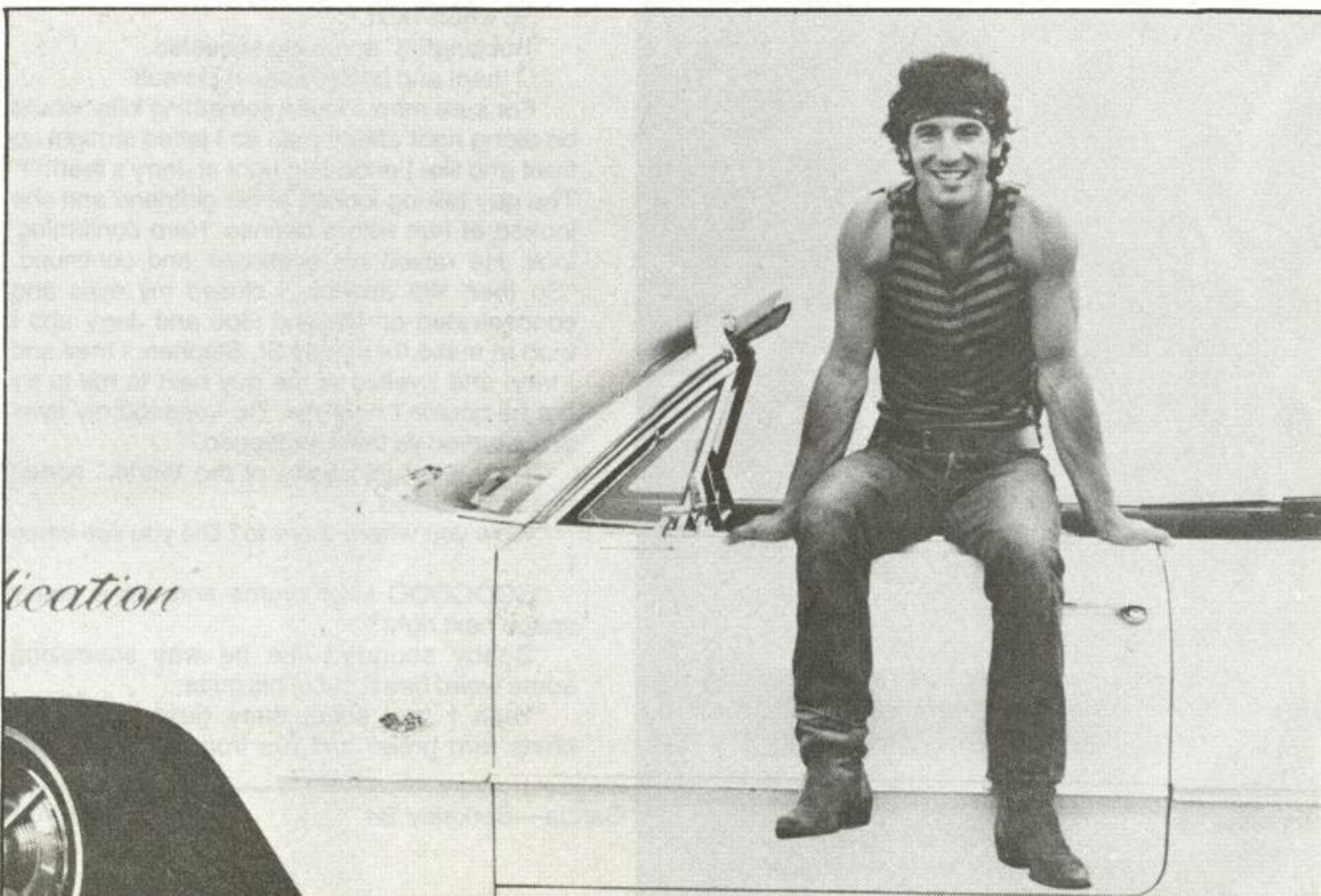
characters Springsteen writes about and the dreams they dream represent real life people we all know. And perhaps that's why when Springsteen opens his concerts with a rocked out version of "Born in the USA," the best song ever written about the Vietnam War, he immediately establishes an emotional bond with his audience that is unmatched in rock.

The biggest question before this tour was how Springsteen would deal with the stark solo material off *Nebraska*, whether he'd work any of these dark depressing story/songs into a show that on previous tours was a great wild celebration of rock 'n' roll. But work them in he did, and rather than do a solo set he intersperses several tunes off *Nebraska* into each set of his four hour show and by doing so he ties these tunes in with such standards as "Badlands," "The Promised Land" and "Thunder Road."

Perhaps the greatest accomplishment of the *Born in the USA* tour is that Springsteen proves there isn't any distance between the celebrated youthful energy of "Born to Run" (I'm pulling out of here to win") and the mournful resolution of "Atlantic City" ("Everything dies baby that's a fact"). What is missing from this show is the adolescent love songs off the first two records. Though they are some of my favorite songs (it's hard not to hum "Sandy" while driving through Asbury Park) they clearly do not fit in with the themes of the *Born in the USA* tour.

Despite the dark, deep intellectual feel of much of the material on this tour, Springsteen and the E Street Band are still rocking, like never before. Miami Steve Van Zandt has been replaced by Nils Lofgren who adds an over-charged punch to much of the old material—he's one of rock's legendary guitarists and he shows why by reinventing the leads to many of Springsteen's classic songs and giving them new life. The rest of the E Streets are all back and are up to their usual standards of excellence. Patti Scialfa has been added on background vocals on about a third of the material. Springsteen does concentrate here on the material from the new album and from *Nebraska* but every show there's always a surprise—in Milwaukee he premiered a brand new song, "Man at the Top," and along the tour he's frequently thrown in songs from his pile of unreleased tunes including "Trapped," "Because the Night," "Pink Cadillac," "Fire" and just last night in Largo the world live premier of "Be True," the wonderful flip side tune about love and commitment.

Sitting here now on the beach of Asbury Park, a beach that Bruce Springsteen spent much of his adolescence sitting on, watching the surf come into this lonely paradise-gone-bad, it is still the tune of "My Hometown" that I can't stop singing to myself. Sitting here today is almost like reading a book and then seeing the movie an hour after you finish reading it. But this is no movie, no book. This is Bruce Springsteen's hometown and as he sang so mournfully last night, "troubled times had come to my hometown, my hometown, my hometown."



Bruce Springsteen



Berkeley 7/15/84

# A WEEKEND IN VENTURA

by Mark Currie  
Photos by Mark Currie

**"RAINBOWS** end down that highway, where ocean breezes blow."

A smile crossed my face as I realized how perfectly it made sense. Huge white and grey pillows danced by sending down light drops every so often. Off to my left, palm trees reached their hands upward, glowing in their victory at being backstage. To my right the ocean stretched off in to the horizon; waves, animated against the blue. Down below the rainbow splashed out in a sea of jugglers, hacky-sackers, and mic stands. I followed the greens, the blues and the reds and all the other colors right up to the pot of gold; the stage!?!? Once you get shown the light, it all seems so logical.

I shook my noggin, let loose a magically gigantic mushroom yawn and headed down into the rainbow. A cement curb surrounded the ex-speedway track and it made for easy sitting, so I pulled out a pen and started writing down the first set.

Let's see . . . . . Started out with a good danceable Shakedown into Red Rooster. Althea bubbled and shook everyone into a frenzy which led into the old Me and My Uncle —Mexicali strut. Next China-Rider shot out of



nowhere. It was one of those times when Jerry's break inbetween the two, sounded like he discovered it right then and there, not like he put it in because it is "supposed" to be there. What seemed to be a sure set closer turned into an incredible Looks Like Rain. Jerry stomped through Might As Well to end it.

Later that night, sitting by the fire I was trying to get the second set list together with some other heads . . . .

"O.K. let's see, it was Cold Rain and Snow wasn't it?"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah then Touch of Grey right?"

"No man that was the encore."

"Oh yeah."

"It was Far From Me," someone decided. Somehow it seemed to hurt him to say it.

"Oh yeah," another head moaned.

"Why is everyone so down on that song. I thought it was unexplicably stupendous."

"It's not that man. I like his blues and his voice and like all of that. It just seems like some girl or maybe an awful lot of them screwed him over big time. He's always bumming over some girl."

"So that's his style. Like the Screw-me-over rhythm and blues." It's got its' place in history.

"Yeah well anyhow, you can't cry over burnt bong hits. Lets leave it at that.

"So whats next."

"Trucking!!!!!" some girl squealed.

"O man, and before space! Unreal!"

"For sure man, I knew something killer would be along right after it man so I jetted straight up front and like I ended up right at Jerry's feet!!!!!" The guy talking looked at his girlfriend and she looked at him with a definite 'Hero confirming' look. He raised his eyebrows and continued. "So then like anyhow I closed my eyes and concentrated on life and God and Jerry and I tried to make them play St. Stephen. I tried and I yelled at the guy next to me to try but he couldn't hear me. So I opened my eyes and what do ya think happened?"

"They went into Eyes of the World," someone volunteered.

"Wow you where there to? Did you see when I . . . . .

"SOOOOOO killer drums and some heavy space next right?"

"Bobby sounded like he was squeezing some weird beast out of his guitar."

"Yeah I saw about three guys in alligator shirts turn green and run from up front. They

looked kind of scared."

"Jerry should break those type of fellas in a little easier."

"So it turned into a mind bending Other One into a sweet Stella Blue right?"

"Round and Round, One More Saturday Night, and then Touch of Grey."

"I can't wait until tomorrow."

"Me neither. Maybe they'll play St. Stephen."

"Or Dark Star again."

"Or Box of Rain."

"Or I just want to make Love to You."

"What. Isn't that Foghat or something?"

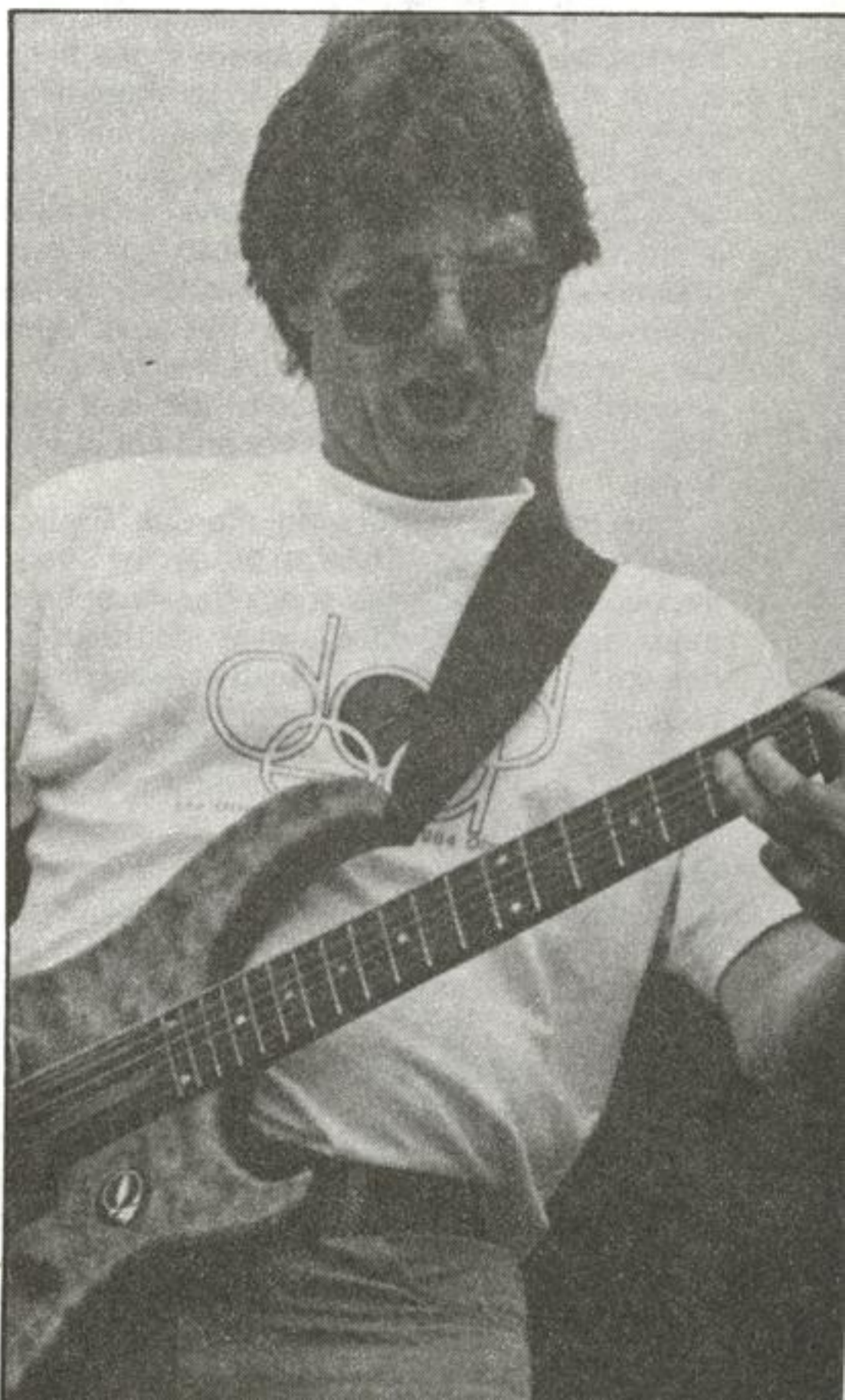
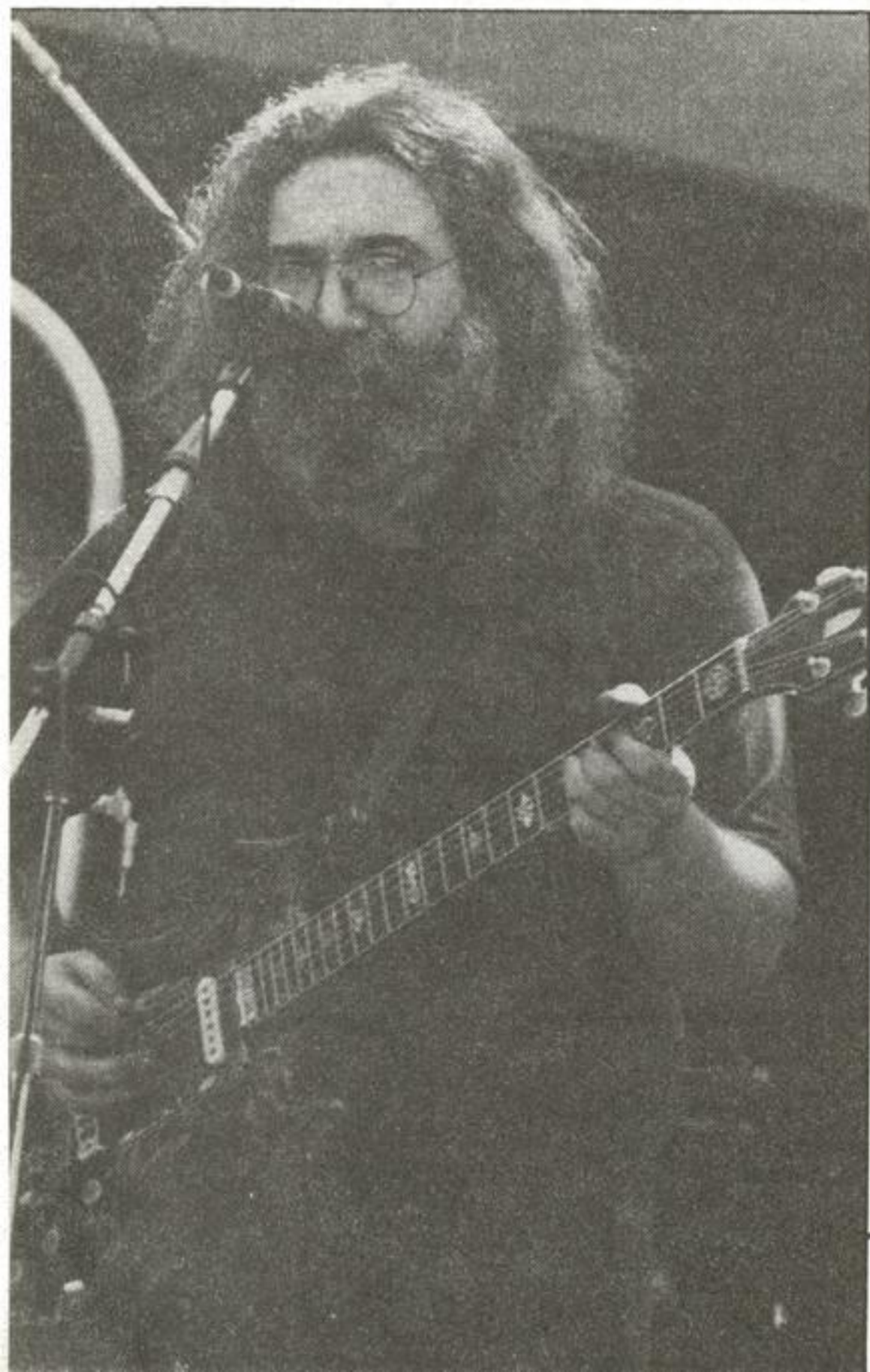
"Yep."

"You're crazy."

"I know, but it would be killer. Don't you think?"

"You're nuts."

Sunday the clouds were back, thicker than ever. The crowds had thinned out, seemingly most of the L.A. new-wavers had ridden their fashionable wave home. The hackers had taken over the whole back section so I slithered







down into one of the circles right as the Dead fell into Dancing in the Streets. It didn't have the intensity of Saratoga but it seemed to meander a lot longer and smoother, perfect for the hacky beat. It found its way easily into Bertha, which was followed by My Brother Esau. Jerry screamed through Loser, and then the unimaginable almost happened! The band started tuning up for a little Foghat. Instead they chose to do Cassidy followed by a killer Ramble on Rose. Hell in a Bucket was next, tight as ever, with a Day Job to end it.

The second set opened up with some more dancing, this time with Samson and Delilah which flowed right into Ship of Fools. Suddenly Brents' organ filled the arena and the boys followed with some paced heavy blues. Brent wailed on and finally started screaming 'I just want to make love to you.' The audience screamed back in approval and I just shook my head and smiled. It was like a lot of their copies; they take regular songs and just put a little

Dead in them. It's nice to see them pick up a new song and see them struggle a little. The song jammed on for a while, then flowed perfectly into Woman are Smarter; Bobby's warning to Brent's request.

Everyone held for a minute as the boys tuned up and then it came rolling in from the depths of a mossy oak forest . . . 'Let my inspiration flow in token rhyme suggesting rhythm . . . ' this was the Terrapin to beat all Terrapins. Bobby's feedback, Phil's explosive bass lines, and Jerry's sheer volume came together as it does only on those special occasions. It would be a good match for The Other One from New Haven 4-24-84; structured chaos.

The high powered drums fell into some beautiful solo works by Mickey, which led into some excellent Bobby-Jerry duets. Somewhere along the line Mickey had a flute and as he and Jerry matched each others notes, Bobby waltzed around them.

Morning Dew came next, and there isn't much more to say. the Dead have never been billed much as a political band but it is like all the mystery that surrounds them, you need to look below the surface to find it. The sad plea of Morning Dew drills me to the bone with anger at all of this nuclear madness, and the feeling of helplessness that it brings about.

The end of the world was followed by the beginning of the world as they fell into Throwing Stones, which featured a Samson and Delilah jam in the middle. That's right-you guessed it, Not Fade Away came next.

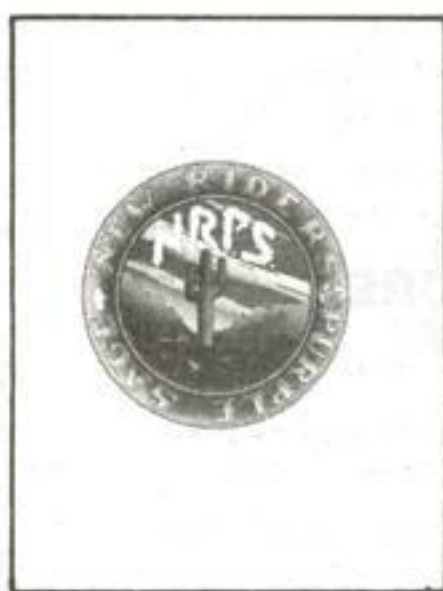
When everyone returned, Jerry started going into Brokedown but Phil seemed to have different ideas. A quick word or two with Bobby, a chuckle or two towards Jerry and Phil led them into Midnight Hour. They blazed on through it and then went to the Brokedown Palace. What a treat!

Afterwards, everyone flowed out into the campground and down to the water. Dead heads sat scattered in silence along the rocks, stunned by the lesson they just received. I sat and watched the sun sink golden into the water and remembered Bobby screaming during Terrapin and Jerrys whispers during Morning Dew; such minor details in the scope of reality but such major principals in the maintenance of my sanity. A seagull dove into the liquid gold and reappeared with some dinner. A surfer made one final trip into the green room and reappeared with a smile. The sun made one final shout at my eyes and then disappeared into the west as it always had and always 'Will and we leave this place an empty stone or that shining ball of blue, we call our home.'

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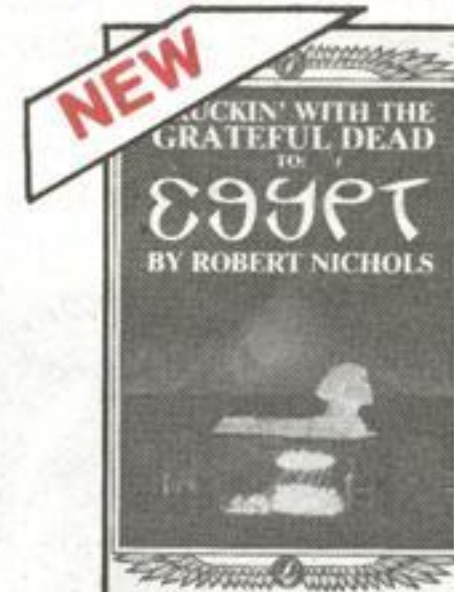
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# FRAGMENTS

**W**ELL, as you all know, Robert Hunter has left the Dinosaurus to pursue several other time consuming projects. Merl Saunders has now joined the band. On August 28th, a benefit concert for Rodney Albin was held at Wolfgang's in San Francisco, featuring the Dinosaurus (with Hunter—his farewell performance), Country Joe McDonald, David LaFlamme, David Nelson and Jerry Garcia. The benefit, although overcrowded, was quite successful.



Rodney Albin

The Grateful Dead have been meeting frequently as of late to try and bring the family unit back together as a whole. Robert Hunter has been put back in charge of Ice Nine Publishing and the band hasn't felt so positive about performing in some years. Hopefully this will bring great new and exciting things in the very near future.

You may know that some time ago, Jerry Garcia bought the film rights to Kurt Vonnegut's "Sirens of Titan." He has begun work on the screenplay, and Robert Hunter has begun penning the music for the film.

"Armageddon Rag" by George R.R. Martin is also on its way to the silver screen. Robert Hunter has written the entire score for this film, with help from Merl Saunders. It will probably be a couple of years before we see the finished project, but the music is something of a basis, so the wheel is turning.

On Hunter's newest release, *Amagamalin Street*, Rodney Albin plays fiddle on the last cut, "13 Roses." This was Albin's final work, and fitting as the cut is a song of farewell to a dear friend. The fiddle track was done from Albin's hospital bed just prior to his death from a long bout with cancer.

Bob Minkin



Matthew Kelly with Buddy Cage &amp; Bad Dog at the Lone Star NYC—far right—artist Gary Kroman on guitar

"13 long stem roses wave a long good-bye  
13 long stem roses wave a long farewell"

Buddy Cage and the current line-up of Bad Dog have been together for almost a year. At a recent gig at the Lone Star Cafe in NYC, Matthew Kelly (Kingfish) joined the band on harp. Bad Dog was billed with the New Riders that evening, and Matthew joined them as well. (John "Marmaduke" Dawson is the only original NRPS). Kelly also joined Bobby & the Midnites at the Beacon Theatre in NYC, where Jorma opened the show. It was a busy week for Matthew Kelly.

Watch for an upcoming Kingfish album on Relix Records. It will feature previously unreleased Kingfish material—live and studio—with special guests Bob Weir and Jerry Jeff Walker. The album will be available within the next 3 weeks.

Also on Relix Records, Hot Tuna's *Splashdown*. This album will be out any day now. Fea-

turing the very best of Hot Tuna, and recorded in 1975, this acoustic version of Hot Tuna's work is a reminiscent breath of what once was great. Jack and Jorma never sounded better. Keep your eyes open for this one!

Tom Constanten will be doing an East Coast tour, taking some time out from teaching. He'll be doing a solo stint from October 19 - 30, and will be performing work "from Ragtime to Dark Star" on piano. It's been some time since we've heard from this ivory tickler, so check out Tom "T.C." Constanten at the following venues:

- 10/20 Syracuse University
  - 10/24 Bitter End NYC
  - 10/25 Lupo's Providence RI
  - 10/26 SUNY Buffalo
  - 10/28 Rusty Nail Sunderland MA
  - 10/29 Hunt's Burlington VT
- Other dates not yet announced.

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Robert Hunter—Caldwell, N.J. opening for Garcia