RELIX

music for the mind

Vol. 20, No. 3

SPECIAL SUMMER ISSUE

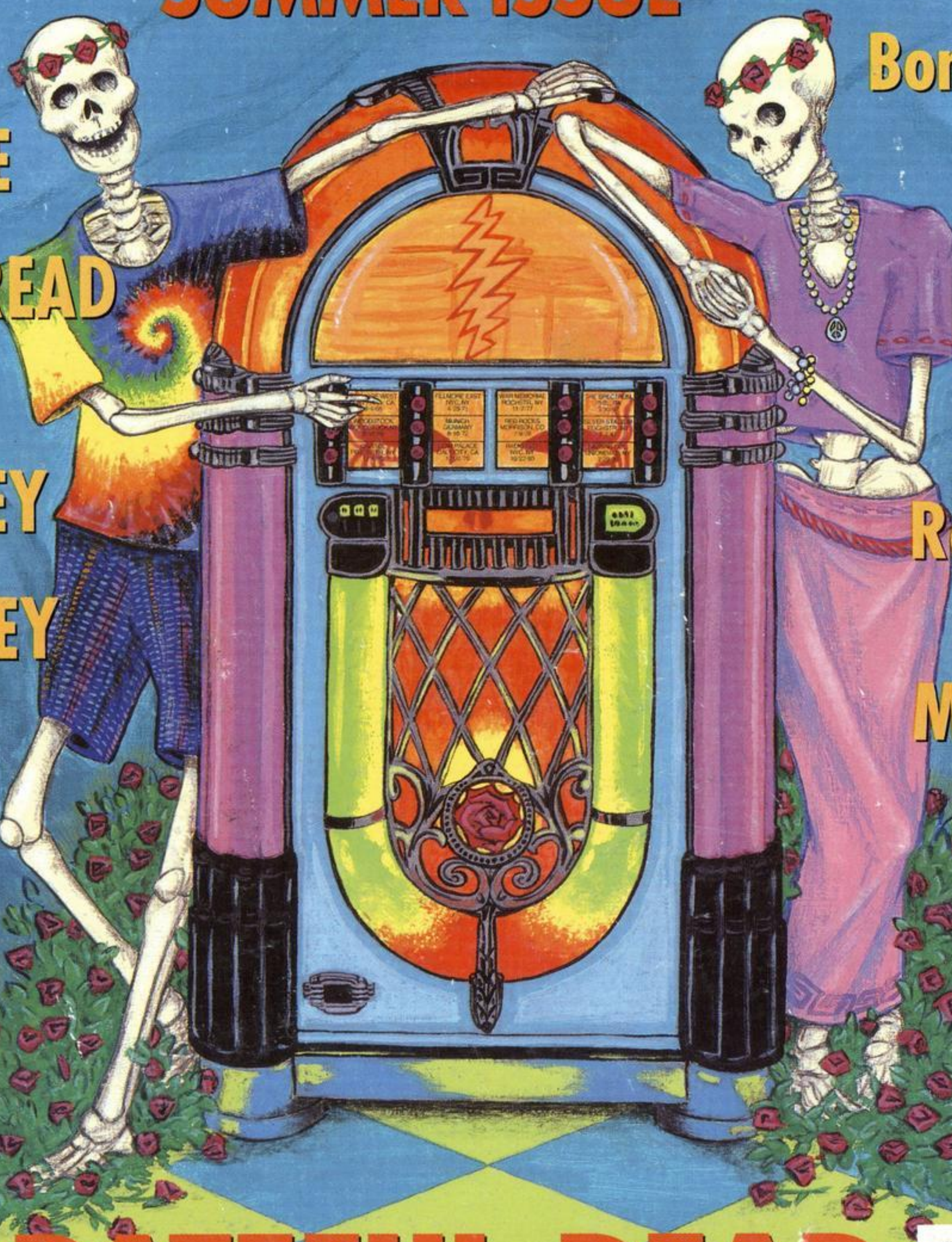
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PIGPEN TRIBUTE

WIDESPREAD PANIC

KEN KESEY

MONTEREY POP



Women In Music

Bonnie Raitt

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GRATEFUL DEAD

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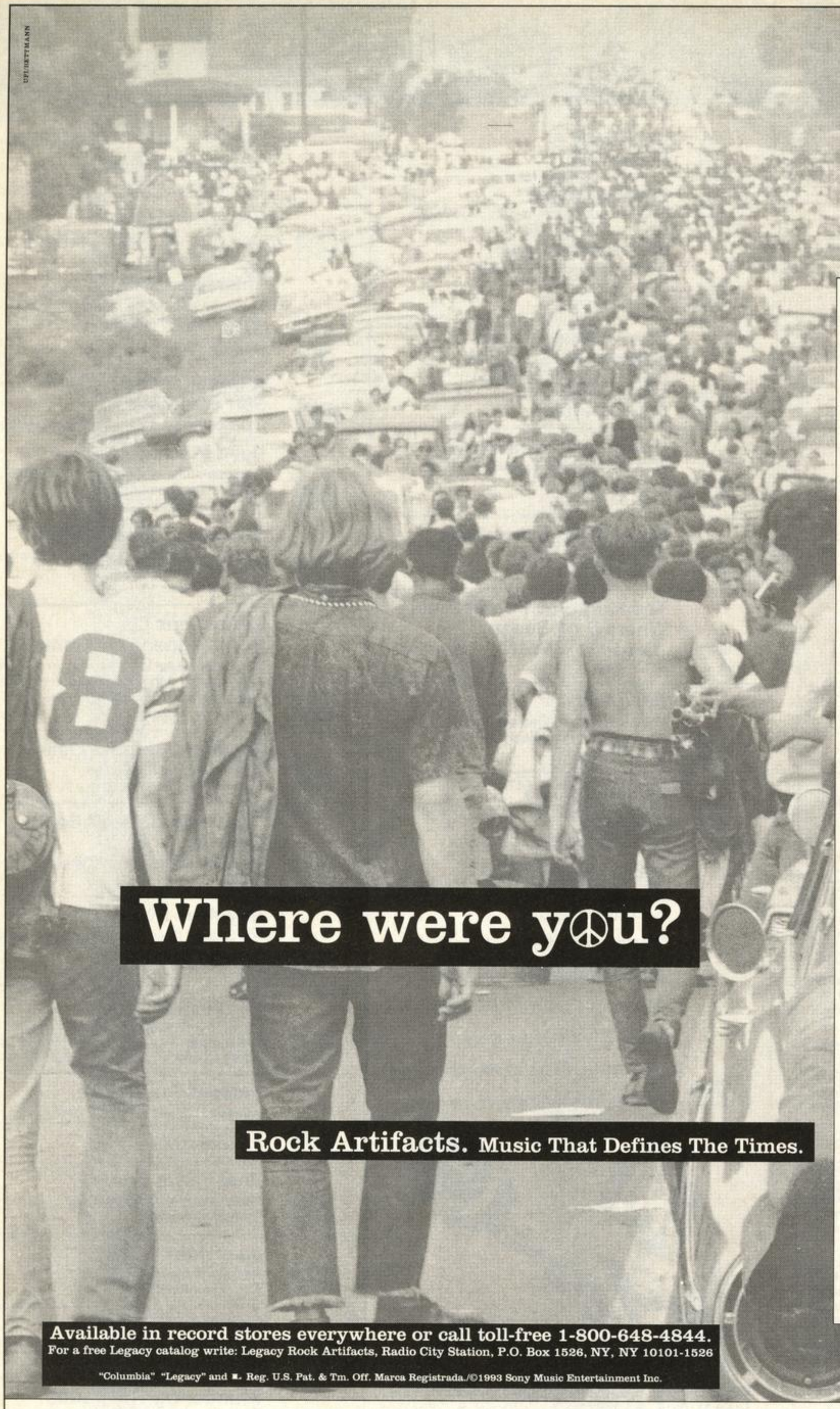
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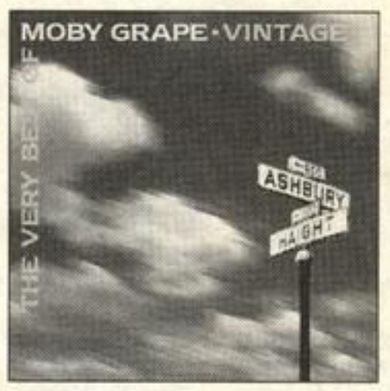
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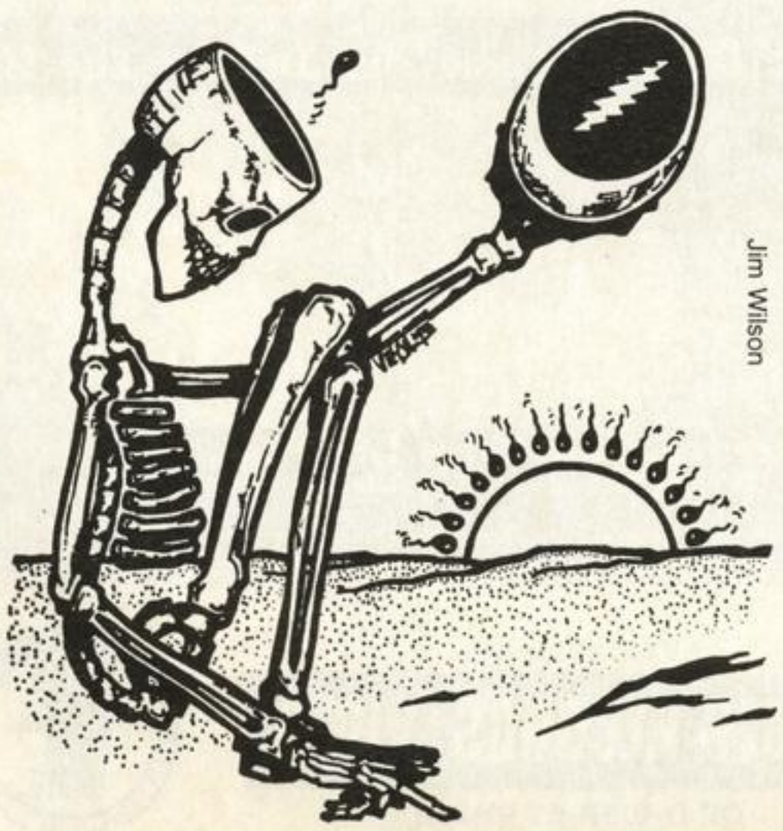
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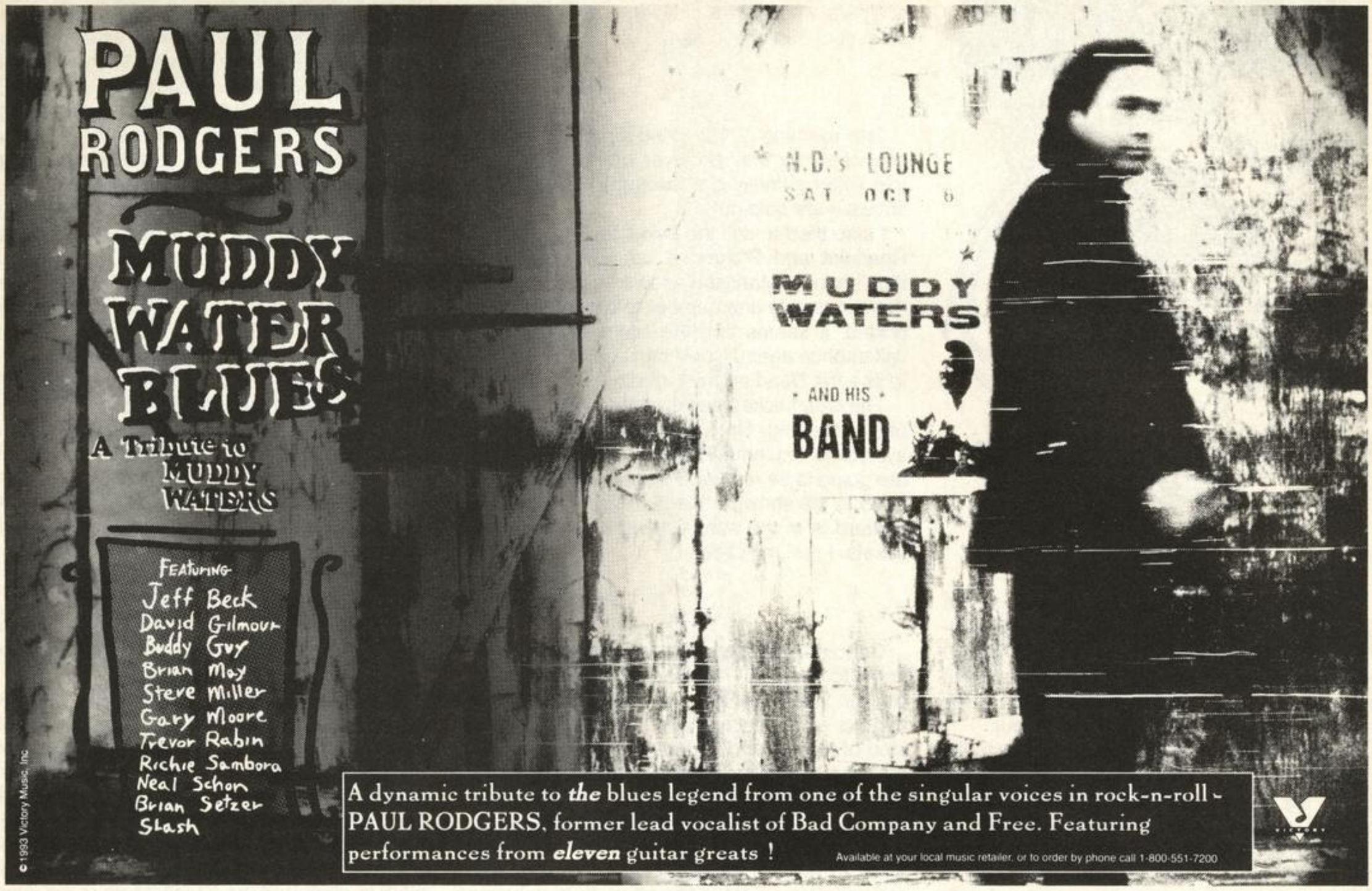
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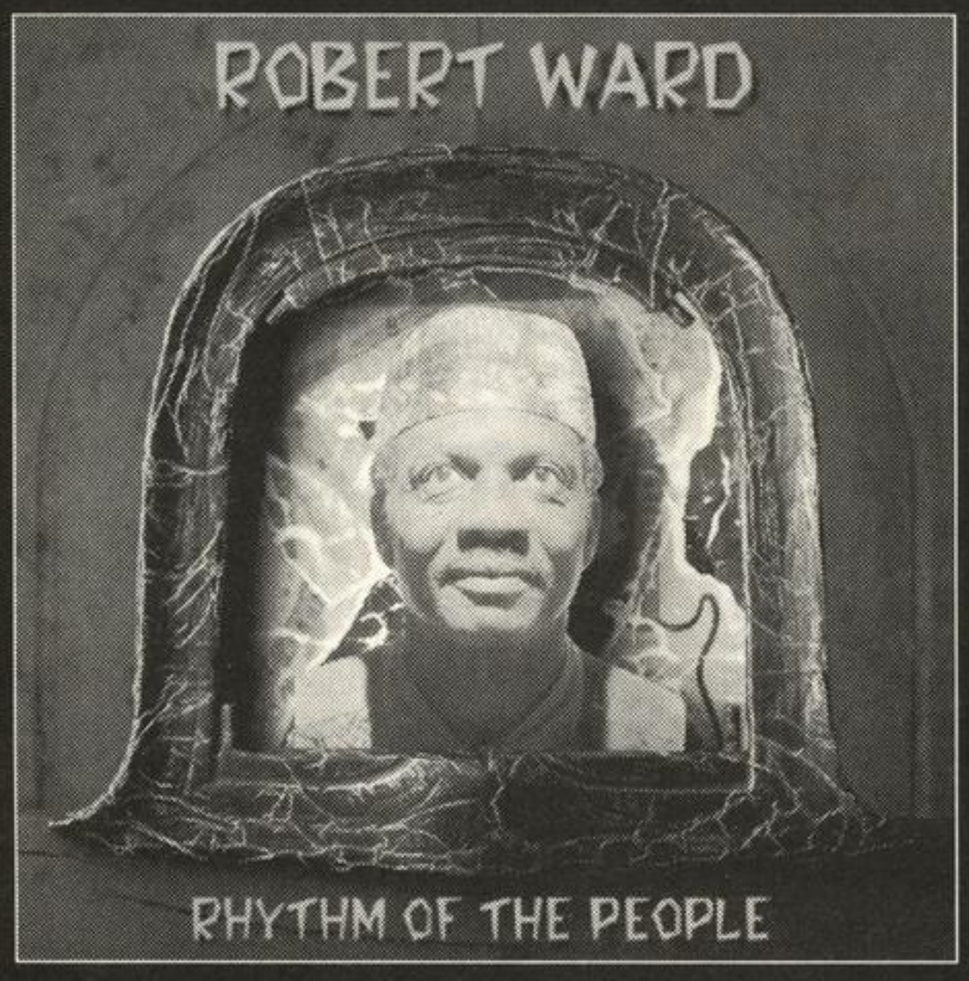
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GDTS

I would like to express my opinion on the fairness of this institution to which we all subscribe, GDTS. Recently I mail ordered for the Nassau shows. Knowing that I was so prompt and exact with my "wish list," I retreated to my listening room to recreate last year's tour.

It wasn't until two weeks ago that I actually entertained the fact that I might not receive my tickets. My friend called from college to inform me that no one up there received tickets for Nassau or Albany! I still retained hope knowing that I was never rejected from this grateful institution because I was always prompt with my mail order.

As the mail slid through the slot of my front door, the 4x10 envelope with those four magical letters in the upper left-hand corner stared me in the face; GDTS. This was it, the moment I was waiting for. I carefully peeled open the envelope; as my heart sunk to my feet I read the enclosed letter. "We are sorry to inform you...we were only able to fill 75 percent...tickets will go on sale at Ticket Master..." What has the Grateful Dead turned into? Are we, the true Deadheads, suddenly forced to take a back seat to this new wave of "Pseudo tie-dyed teeny boppers?" I was led to believe that the folks at GDTS filled the ticket orders by the postmark? I guess 8,000 people must have sent their mail order in on the first day and mine was on the bottom. I Hope the ticket situation for the summer tour is different.

JAG

I wish I had a colorful little story about how I got shafted by GDTS, but there's nothing colorful about it. I mail ordered the first day I could and followed all of the rules ('cause God knows if you send an extra ten cents by mistake, you can kiss your tickets good-bye). When I received my money back for the Albany shows I wasn't surprised, but I thought "hey, at least, I know I'm getting my Nassau tickets. How can I get turned down for a show 10 minutes from my house?" Guess again. About two weeks later, the letter came and I realized that I would very possibly see no shows on the spring tour. I followed the rules, I played the game. I kept my end of the bargain. How can someone have the gall to tell me not to go to a show without a ticket and then not provide me with a single one? I'm gonna just sit home when I know the boys are playing 10 minutes away...NOT! It's funny how there are plenty of scalpers with plenty of overpriced tickets for sale, yet I don't have one.

Jack Dawg
Plainview, N.Y.

This morning (2/13) I tried for three hours to get tickets for the Landover shows, only to be told (after I finally got through) that all three shows were sold out.

I also tried to call the ticket center outlets in Roanoke and Richmond but they said they didn't handle Maryland shows. In other words, there was only one number to call to get Dead tickets. It seems that the scalpers have prevailed once again. Now I can't get a legit ticket to see the Dead on my birthday.

The Dead ticket mail order is a joke, and no one's laughing. Until a more efficient and fair system is implemented for ticket sales there are going to be real problems. Don't tell me not to go to the shows without a ticket when some bastard is in the same crowd selling scalped tickets. I rest my case.

Tom Haun
Toms Brook, VA

Concerning tickets, I would like to say "welcome to the '90s." In order to get tickets I must call the Deadlines for mail order info or freeze my ass off in line all night. After going to that kind of trouble and expense, why should I sell my ticket to a Miracler for less than face value? One way to alleviate the ticket shortage problem would be to make more tickets available to the travelling heads, and reduce open ticket sales to two per person. That way those who are serious can make the effort, thus reducing the number of scalpable extras.

Larry S. Davidson
SacraCalifas

This letter is in response to Crazy Ed (Vol. 20 #1). Do you really think $25 is high for a Grateful Dead ticket? My parents travel to see theatrical presentations like *Cats* or *Phantom* and pay anywhere from $60-$150 per show. I paid over $35 for a U2 ticket, and they weren't worth it, then they showed most of their concert (which remains constant night after night) on MTV. The Dead themselves may not even understand every "fee" they pay out. In terms of ticket surcharges, if you mail order, you pay for the ticket only!

Jeremy L. Davis

ANGRY AND OUTRAGED HEADS

The following excerpts are from the many letters we received in response to "An angry and outraged Deadhead" in (Vol. 20 #1).

The author's statement that "Most Deadheads are sick of the locals ruining the scene" is somewhat hypocritical since the writer stated the Dead "are no longer allowed in my hometown due to 'Deadheads' trashing the city." Maybe I'm wrong, but when the boys played the author's town, didn't that make the author a local?

As for tickets being harder to come by for "true Deadheads," what makes the author any more of a head than me? Whether you've seen the Dead one time or one thousand and one times—if you're there for the music, you're family!

Kevin Waite—A local head
Aurora, IL

He complains about not being able to get tickets because the "locals" buy them all up. When a concert (the Dead or anyone else) is in his town, does he refrain from going so that the out-of-town followers will be able to get in? He also stresses that after travelling "thousands of miles" he will "go to any lengths to get into a show." If he doesn't have a ticket, why is he going, knowing the problems it will cause? And why should the distance he covers give him the right to "rip down fences" and break into a show?

Peter Bowers
Peterborough, NH

Starlake was my first show, and yes, I am a local of Pittsburgh. However, I did not go to the show just to get wasted and party, but to see what the Dead were all about. I felt like I belonged there. How can anyone get introduced to the scene if the boys don't play their local venues? Being only 15, I wouldn't have been able to see them any other way. Isn't the reason the Dead tour is so everyone can enjoy their music? While I read that letter, I thought "What kind of Deadhead could write that?"

Christie Schroth
Pittsburgh, PA

Does this guy realize that going to a show without a ticket makes it look bad for Deadheads? I don't know anyone these days who travels "thousands of miles" without a ticket. It's people like him who go to any length to get into a show, such as gate crashing, etc., who make Deadheads look bad, not the people who go to the show just to party. If this fellow is going to disregard the "Don't come to the show without a ticket policy," I don't think he should call himself a Deadhead.

Craig J
Baldwin, NY

HEADS BEHIND BARS

I'm a Deadhead in Federal prison for 20 years for L.S.D. I received my sentence because the 2,000 hits I had weighed 14 grams, but I received no extra time for the pure gram, which makes 10,000 hits. The "carrier weights issue" has been debated for the past few years, but now that we have a Deadhead vice-president, there may finally be some hope. So I'm pleading for everyone to take the time and write a letter to your senators, congressmen, the President, etc., and plead that this issue be reconsidered.

As you know, we will survive with a little hope from our brothers and sisters on the streets. Oh, and by the way, if you do have an extra stamp, drop me a line (or anyone in prison). I would really enjoy hearing from "like-minded" folks. Thanks for your time.

Fred Mckee 03220-082
POB 4200 JW-A
Three Rivers, TX 78071-4200

In response to those folks who complain about bad seats, mob scenes or show security. I'm tired of hearing it. Quit crying! I'm in a Tennessee prison and have to push and shove just to eat at chow time. I'd give up several years of my life or a body part to have the privilege of being in an obstructed view seat or packed in like sardines in front of the Dead. Sure we'd all like to have room to dance and be in the fourth row, and have Deadhead security personnel, but it's just not likely. You're



A. R. Klosterman

damned lucky to be inside that show, 'cuz believe me there's lots of places less fun. I've been to over 800 shows in 22 years and never took it for granted and I was always thankful to get in. So quit whining and enjoy the show because you could be way worse off.

Robert Levin
Rt 1 Box 330
Tiptonville, TN 38079

NOT JUST BLACK & WHITE

In response to Jordan Schuster and Jim Nelson, regarding the experience of black Deadheads—Jim Nelson was right on target with his comparison of the Dead scene to the black gospel experience. As world-renowned mythologist Joseph Campbell has shown us, through his association with Mickey Hart, the Grateful Dead scene is yet another example of an archetypal mythic rite, an ecstatic religious experience pregnant with possibilities for spiritual transformation. I would hope that in the future more people of all colors will realize the benefits of this experience, for it is, and should be, open to all.

However, I am appalled to hear of the shabby treatment that Jordan Schuster has been experiencing in the Dead scene. We as Deadheads pride ourselves on the peace, love and brotherhood in our scene, and the sense of acceptance and community that we have been able to find virtually nowhere else. It is therefore time for us to practice what we preach. I am calling upon Deadheads everywhere to wake up, shape up, and realize the true meaning of the words, "Ain't no time to hate, barely time to wait." We must welcome all of our brothers and sisters of the rainbow into the scene. Turn on your lovelight and leave it on for good!

Tara Swartz
Philadelphia, PA

After travelling cross country from New York to Oakland in December, I saw killer shows on the 16th and 17th. After the show on the 17th, I was attacked by a roving gang of thugs outside of the Coliseum. I did nothing to provoke them but they realized that I was queer and they wanted to release some energy after the show.

As an appeal to anyone who saw my beating or was beaten themselves in Oakland, please help me build a legal case. I know that there were people around. Be kind and write.

Evan Smith
3263 Ocean Harbor Dr.
Oceanside, NY 11572

THE BEST MEDICINE

On 2/2/92, my right hand was crushed by a confused patient (I'm a RN). Since that time I've had a bizarre nerve syndrome that causes constant pain, swelling and poor temperature regulation...stuff related to the Sympathetic Nervous System. I've tried lots of treatments from medication, to physical therapy, to having big needles stuck in my neck. As of 2/18/93 the doctors were voting on pretty major surgery. Seeking redress from the medical world, I hopped on a plane and headed for the Mardi Gras run at Oakland and the Jerry shows at the Warfield. It started on 2/23/93. During the 1st set after "Loser" there was a lot of good, positive energy from the crowd and band. With the opening notes of "Memphis Blues" my brace came off and I haven't needed it since. All the way through to a great "Johnny B. Goode" my sympathetic nervous system got a powerful jolt and a wonderful release from pain that I've had for over a year. My hand still looks a little funny but all things considered, is working pretty well. So many thanks to all, especially section 112, Father John, and the new friends I made along the way, and of course, the band. I wonder what my doctors will think.

M. Cassidy
Manchester, NH

THE HUNTER GETS CAPTURED BY THE GAME

I am writing in response to a letter from Billy Gardnerville (Vol. 20 #1). In the not so distant past, nature was able to regulate itself. However, pollution and hunters like yourself have made that impossible, putting *our* wildlife in a very precarious position. I understand that plant eating wildlife now must be regulated or food will run out and all would perish. Still, it is hunters who made this so by hunting bears, lions, cougars, wolves and the rest of the carnivore family to the brink of extinction, leaving our environment reliant on us. But the animals you've killed had as much right to live as you do. We are all God's creatures and murder is murder no matter what name it is disguised under. We don't need less deer, elk, etc. What we need is more lions, bears, cougars, etc., who take only what they need to live, keeping wildlife in check in the process, not blood thirsty hunters who consider it fun to hunt down and kill poor, innocent animals.

Kevin Baskovich
Torrance, CA

(continued on page 62)

We want to hear from you.
Please send your correspondence to:

Letters
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Brooklyn, NY 11229

EDITORIAL



Anthony Sebiniano

This issue was intended as a *Deadhead's Summer Vacation Guide.* We would have liked to share more places of interest with you...but we need your help. If you've found some interesting little corner of the world, enjoyed one of the seven wonders, or discovered a place in your own backyard, we'd love to share it with our readers. We have continued to run segments like this over the years in our *Deadhead's Guide To The World* series. We welcome your input.

In addition to our next issue, we will include a bonus...a reproduction of the very first issue of *Dead Relix* magazine. For those of you who weren't reading the magazine twenty years ago, you'll enjoy seeing this rudimentary introduction into publishing. The Allman Brothers are our cover story for that issue. They're doing an intense summer tour, so be sure to catch some of their great shows. The Grateful Dead have also announced their extensive summer tour schedule and the H.O.R.D.E. tour should be underway, so I know we all have a rocking summer ahead of us.

In celebration of *Relix's* 20th anniversary, Hot Tuna, Solar Circus and Taj Mahal played to a packed house at the Warfield Theatre in San Francisco. It was a memorable night of music, one I won't soon forget. It was great to see so many friends. More on the event next issue.

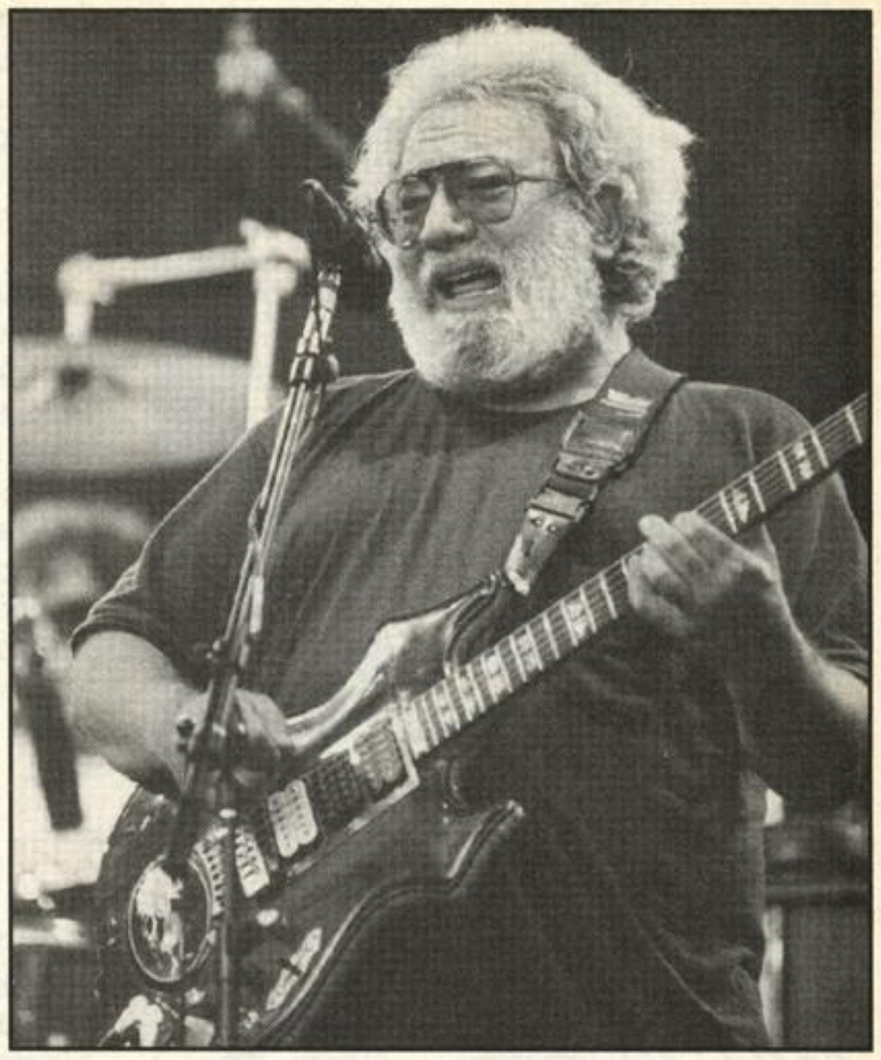
Have a great summer, and remember to act responsibly and respect your brothers and sisters. Be good to yourself and be kind to the earth. See you at the shows.

Love,

Toni A. Brown
Publisher



Rob Cohn / Dead Images



Rob Cohn / Dead Images

Favorite Tapes

After extensive research and listening, the following shows are some of my many favorites:

FILLMORE WEST, SF, CA 2/28/69: Perhaps one of the best "Elevens" of all time, a smokin' version of "The Other One," and the always spooky "Death Don't Have No Mercy." Buckle your seatbelts.

FILLMORE WEST, SF, CA 3/1/69: This show is probably the most widespread of its time through tapers. "New Potato Caboose" offers the listener a chance to transform to another dimension, and "Mountains Of The Moon." 2nd set high points are "Dark Star>St. Stephen>The Eleven" and an energetic "Lovelight." Pigpen's rendition of "Hey Jude" is a great cap off.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL, BOSTON, MA 4/8/71: In my opinion, a highly underrated show of its time. This night features an excellent "Dark Star," a tender "Sing Me Back Home" which leads into a smokin' "Cumberland." The 2nd set closes itself with an amazing "Good Lovin'."

KEZAR ST, SF, CA 5/26/73: This three-set show features excellent versions of "Here Comes Sunshine," "Box Of Rain," "He's Gone," "Truckin'," "Eyes," and a powerful bass jam in the third set.

BOSTON GARDEN, BOSTON, MA 6/28/74: I can't begin to select a highlight. "Sugar Mag>Scarlet>Weather Report>Let It Grow>Mind Left Body Jam>US Blues," "Promised Land> GDTRFB>Sunshine Daydream." God bless the guy who gave me this gem.

OAKLAND-ALAMEDA CNTY ST, OAKLAND, CA 10/9/76: The Hitchcock Theme is only an appropriate prelude to the 2nd set. Highlights are "St. Stephen," "Help On The Way" and "Saturday Night." Wow!

SWING AUD, SAN BERNADINO, CA 2/26/77: Set 1 includes smokin' first ever performances of "Terrapin" and "Estimated." The 2nd set is God sent. Hot versions of "Music," "Promised Land," "Eyes" (followed by yet another testimony to Phil's prowess on the bass) into a funky "Dancin'."

RED ROCKS, MORRISON, CO 7/7-8/78: Highlights from the 1st night are "Scarlet> Fire" and the "Nobody's Fault" jam. From the 2nd night, who can characterize this version of "The Other One?" The Drums on this is definitely my favorite of all time. An energetic "Werewolves" features Donna at her best.

STANLEY THTR, PITTSBURGH, PA 12/1/79: Awesome versions of "He's Gone" into a wild "Gloria" jam, "Looks Like Rain," an energetic "CC Rider," and an emotional "Black Peter."

SPORTS PALACE, BARCELONA 10/19/81: This show features intense tickling of the ivories by Mydland which will leave skeptics open-jawed. Set 2 is a killer! "Scarlet>Fire," "Lost Sailor>St. Of Circumstance>Drums/Space>Other One>Stella Blue>Sugar Mag." Encore "Don't Ease Me In."

HARTFORD, CT-BALTIMORE, MD 4/18-19/82: The 18th features "Phil's Earthquake Space" and the 19th "The Raven Space."

GREEK THTR, BERKELEY, CA 7/13/84: Set 1 peaks are "El Paso," "Brown Eyed Women" and "Dupree's." Set 2 features a "Scarlet>Fire" opener. A shooting star between set 2 and the encore provides the audience and those fortunate to have an audio copy with a "Dark Star" (1st time since 12/31/81) which will just knock your socks off.

BLOSSOM MUSIC THTR, CAYUHOGA FALLS, OH 6/25/85: Highlights of this night are "Day Tripper" and "West LA" for set 1. And "Gimme Some Lovin'," "Playin'," and "China Doll" for set 2.

HENRY J KAISER CONV CTR, OAKLAND, CA 12/27-28-30-31/86: The 30th is perhaps my favorite night. Set 2 features Hamza El-Din during Drums, and the Neville Bros during "Iko>Women Are Smarter." Bob rightfully thanks Art and the boys before a wonderful "Stella Blue."

SHORELINE AMP, MOUNTAINVIEW, CA 10/3/87: Set 1, once again, stresses Brent's abilities on perhaps the tightest GD version of "Pocky Way" ever performed. Other highlights are "Minglewood," the last ever "Brother Esau" and "Bird Song." Set 2 opens with a smokin' "Maggie's Farm>Cumberland" preceded by a sweet "Looks Like Rain>Terrapin."

BRENDAN BYRNE, E RUTHERFORD, NJ 10/16/89: Three "Playin' In The Band"s, a picturesque "Attics," and, oh yeah, a mind blowing "Dark Star."

COPPS CO, HAMILTON, ONT, CANADA 3/22/90: I am sort of biased to this show since it is my hometown. But most will agree that the "Scarlet>Fire" is amongst the best ever. And who can forget that complete "Hey Jude?" Other highlights are "Last Time" in set 1 and "Believe It Or Not" in set 2.

1991 is a smokin' year. There are just too many shows/tapes that deserve mention. I'll try to limit it. 1) THE OMBI, ATLANTA, 4/5: "Terrapin>Stir It Up jam." 2) RFK, DC 6/14: An eye swelling "Stella Blue" and an eerie "Estimated." 3) GIANTS ST, NJ 6/17: "Eyes" opener with numerous "Dark Star" teases throughout both sets. 4) SHORELINE, 8/16: Watch out! Listen closely as Bruce eases the boys from "Scarlet" into "Victim." 5) OAKLAND-ALAMEDA, 12/31: "West LA" is exceptional, not to mention a hot "Other One" and a beautiful "Wharf Rat."

Josh G
Dunda, Ontario

Picking ten favorite tapes is hard for any Deadhead since there really aren't any bad shows, just bad quality. Well, here are my ten favorite shows:

10) LAS VEGAS, NEVADA 4/28/91: This is one of those shows when the crowd can tell it's going to be a hot night by the first song. It opens with a smokin' "Jack Straw," followed by a mellow, smooth "Candyman." Next, a hot "Wang Dang Doodle," the best version of the song that I've ever heard. "Althea" follows and then a tasty "Me And My Uncle>Big River." Jerry closes the set with a smokin' "Bird Song" with guest Carlos Santana! 9) McNICHOLS ARENA, DENVER, CO 12/12/90: This is one of my all-time favorites. The set starts with a smokin' "China>Rider" with some very tasty Garcia licks. The band's next selection is a very mellow "Looks Like Rain." At the end Bobby really heats things up. "Aiko" stirs up the crowd and drifts into a



Rob Cohn / Dead Images

very spacey "Dark Star>Terrapin." This goes into Drums/Space>"Watchtower>Stella Blue." Bobby ends the set by leading the band into a hot "Throwin' Stones."

8) NASSAU COL, UNIONDALE, NY 3/29/90: One of the most monumental shows of all time, featuring Branford Marsalis. The set starts with a sweet "Eyes> Estimated>Dark Star." Branford makes his presence known by wailing away on his magic horn. After Space/Drums/Space, Jerry leads them back into "Dark Star> Wheel." Bobby then takes things over with a rockin' "Throwin' Stones> Lovelight." The show ends with a timely "Knockin'."

7) FROST AMP, PALO ALTO, CA 5/6/89: One of the best set lists of all time, with all the songs played to their peak. I'll just give the set list because to talk about all of the songs would take forever. "Let The Good Times Roll" (Brent really wails on that one, as well as "Pocky Way"). Then "Samson," "Ship Of Fools," "Playin>Eyes>Drums/Space>Take You Home>Wheel>Miracle>Wharf Rat> Round & Round>NFA." The encore was a hot "Black Muddy River."

6) GREEK THTR, BERKELEY, CA 6/21/86: Jerry and Phil have a little conversation with the audience before set 2. The show starts with a smokin' "St. Of Circumstance>Gimme Some Lovin'." This melts beautifully into a sentimental "He's Gone" which is dedicated to Len Bias. "Smokestack> Drums>Other One>Wharf Rat>Throwin' Stones> NFA." As the crowd keeps chanting the "NFA" chorus the band comes out and does a reprise before a sweet "Brokedown" to close out the night.

5) VETERAN'S MEMORIAL COL, JACKSONVILLE, FL 4/8/78: "Miss 1/2 Step," "Uncle John's" and "Big River" open up the show. Then "TLEO" and "LL Rain" followed by a smokin' "Deal." Things really fire up with a "Lazy Lightning"> "Supplication" to end the set. The 2nd set really heats up with a smokin' "Scarlet>Fire." Next was THE killer "Estimated" (the best one ever, by far!)>Eyes (which will blow your mind, and overflows onto side B)>Drums>Sugar Mag." Bobby closes out the show with a roaring "Saturday Night" encore.

4) FOX THTR, ATLANTA, GA 5/19/77: This is a really hot show, if you like the Dead's late '70s classics. Set 1 consists of "Promised Land," "Sugaree," "El Paso," "Peggy-O" (one of the finest versions of one of my favorite songs), "Row Jimmy," and "Passenger" played to its peak. "Loser" and "Dancin'"close out the set. The 2nd set opens with hot versions of "Samson," "Ramble On Rose" and "Estimated," which leads into a roaring "Terrapin," which left room for the smokin' "Playin'>Uncle John's>Drums>Wheel>China Doll" (1st time since 10/19/74) then back into "Playin'."

3) SWING AUD, SAN BERNADINO, CA 2/26/77: 1st ever and hot versions of "Terrapin" and "Estimated." A hot "Deal>Playin'>Wheel>Playin'" to end set 1. Set 2 starts with a rockin' "Samson," but things really get shakin' with "Eyes." Other highlights include "Dancin'," "Big RR Blues," "Help> Slipknot>Franklin's" and "Promised Land."

2) MAPLES PAV, PALO ALTO, CA 2/9/73: A rousing "China>Rider" starts off the set, after a few words by good ol' Wavy Gravy. Next is "Jack Straw" and then the 1st, fastest and best "TLEO" ever. Also "Box Of Rain," the 1st "US Blues," "Sugar Mag" and "Truckin'." After this the 1st "Eyes"> the 1st "China Doll." Set 1 features the 1st "Loose Lucy," "Row Jimmy" and "HC Sunshine," as well as a "Beer Barrel Polka tuning" before "Mexicali."

1) CAPITOL THTR, PORTCHESTER, NY 6/24/70: If you don't like "Dark Star" don't get this tape. "Dark Star>Attics>Dark Star>Sugar Mag>Dark Star> St. Stephen> China>Rider," and "Uncle John's."

Jamie Jollie
Columbia, SC

FILLMORE AUDIT, SF, CA 11/19/66: Ah, what an energetic performance. It opens with a celebratory "Hi-Heel Sneakers" followed by the rare "Pain In My Heart." Wait till you hear the jams on "Cream Puff War" and "Smokestack>King Bee."

SHRINE AUDIT, LA, CA 11/10-11/67: "Viola Lee" from the 10th is so colorful. Close your eyes and you can feel the light show around you. The 11th features a great "Lovelight." Jerry just spins the solo toward the end. "Alligator> Caution" has a drum solo that reminds me of Victorian women glaring from a Venusian swamp bubbling red and purple...a large part of "Caution," as you may know, would later appear on *Anthem Of The Sun*.

MICKEY & THE HARTBEATS, THE MATRIX, SF, CA 10/19/68: This was a pick-up band consisting of Mickey, Bill, Phil and Jerry (and on this occasion, Paul Butterfield) that would get together and do some exploratory jamming on such favorites as "Dark Star>Death Letter Blues," which was basically instrumental. The "Lovelight>Drums> Alligator>Caution>Other One" sequence features some of Bill and Mickey's most hypnotic drumming ever.

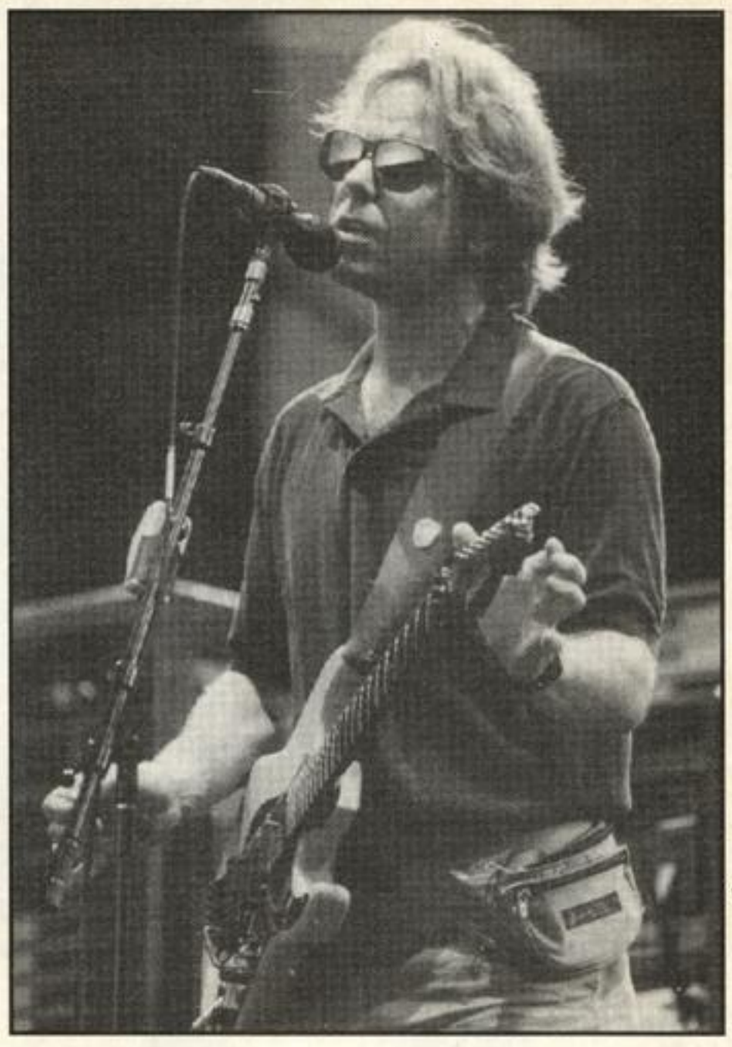
FILLMORE WEST, SF, CA 2/38-3/1/69: From the Dead's greatest run ever. The series that produced *Live Dead* (from 2/27 and 3/2), come in the middle shows which are packed with the same intensity. The entire 2/28 second set is a dream. "Other One (the "Cryptical" reprise floats off into rather spacey territory)>Dark Star>St. Stephen> Eleven>Death Don't Have No Mercy," "Alligator> Caution>Feedback!—love that tune, try humming it at work or school—>We Bid You Goodnight." And 3/1 contains other great moments—"Other One>New Potato Caboose" "Mountains Of The Moon," and "Dark Star>St. Stephen> Eleven> Lovelight," "Hey Jude" encore!

AVALON BALLROOM, SF, CA 4/6/69: The "Other One"s by this time were getting rather fiery, as Phil unleashed the beginning of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony just before Bob's second verse. A great "Lovelight" too.

THE ARK, BOSTON, MA 4/21-22/69: Both 1st sets feature spacey "Morning Dew"s complete with gongs washing upon a Zen beach and 4/21 also has "Alligator," the ultimate "Doin' That Rag" and a great 2nd set "Foxy Lady Jam>Dark Star>St. Stephen>Eleven>Lovelight." The "Lovelight" from the next night was more intense, though, with a brief "Caution Jam" thrown in.

HARPUR COLLEGE, SUNY, BINGHAMTON, NY 5/2/70: Probably the Dead's best show ever. The acoustic set featured rare reworkings of "I Know You Rider" with a "New Potato Caboose" melody and "BIODTL." Then it's off into a tooth-gritting electric set with a harrowing "St. Stephen>Other One>Cosmic Charlie," Pigpen doing his thing on "It's A Man's World," and the ultimate versions of "Dancin'," "Good Lovin'," and "Viola Lee."

THE LYCEUM, LONDON, ENG 5/26/72: All I have is the 2nd set, but what a jam! "Truckin'>Other One>Morning Dew>Other One>Sing Me Back



Rob Cohn / Dead Images

Home" will take you to the edge of the known universe and back.

STANLEY THTR, JERSEY CITY, NJ 9/28/72: Another great 2nd set. In "Greatest Story," Jerry plays the main theme to a certain tune, then it's back into the purple dimension with "He's Gone>Other One>Bobby McGee>Other One>Wharf Rat" followed by "Sugar Mag."

FREEDOM HALL, LOUISVILLE, KY 6/18/74: From the Wall of Sound era comes the best ever "Eyes" which magically melts into "China Doll." More Space with "Weather Report>Let It Grow>Other One>Space Jam>Stella Blue."

PALLADIUM, NY, NY 5/4/77: An underrated show. The 1st set opener of "Miss 1/2 Step>Big River" and closer, "Dancin'," exemplify the same energy the folks would be exuding at Cornell U. and Buffalo just a few days later. Hot "Scarlet>Fire" and "Playin'>Comes A Time>Playin' Reprise" too!

FROST AMP, PALO ALTO, CA 10/10/82: What a 2nd set. "Playin'>Crazy Fingers>Lost Sailor>St. Of Circumstance>Touch Of Grey>Drums/Space>Wheel>Throwing Stones> NFA>Black Peter>Sugar Mag!"

OAKLAND AUDIT, OAKLAND, CA 12/31/89: After opening set with a boiling "Iko," Bob announces "My buddy over here tells me it's the beginning of a new dickhead, I mean decade" before launching into the best "Victim" ever. Mickey goes berzerk on the Beam on the jam at the end. Things calm down somewhat on "Dark Star" before rocketing into an asteroid storm which results in Airto Moreira joining in on Drums which in turn gives way to Space> "Fantasy>GDTRFB> Throwing Stones>NFA."

CAL STATE DOMINUEZ SOCCER FIELD, CARSON, CA 5/5/90: An FM broadcast, they started with "Good Times," an apropos beginning tune! Set 1 also featured a hot "Help>Slipknot> Franklin's" and a powerful "Saturday Night." Set 2 included a lilting "Crazy Fingers>Playin'" (the jam carried me to the pyramids of Egypt, Mexico, and the back of a certain popular slip of green paper)>Uncle John's>Drums/Space>Miracle."

OAKLAND AUDIT, OAKLAND, CA 12/31/90: The 2nd show with Branford Marsalis features a better "Dark Star" than 3/29/90. Gentle waves of aquamarine mist bear emeralds and diamonds in the pre-Drums exploration.

BOSTON GARDEN, BOSTON, MA 9/20/91: Oh my goodness! Set 2 begins with a segue of "Help>Slipknot>Fire!" Later there's a hot "Truckin'">a positively wacky Drums.

Honorable mention: 6/5/69, 12/28/69, 2/13/70, 9/20/70, 2/23/71, 5/21/74, 7/8/78, 3/27/88, and 4/1/91.

Mario C. Tennon



WIDESPREAD PANIC: John Bell, Michael Houser, Todd Nance, David Schools and Domingo Ortiz

PANIC SPREADING WIDE

by Bradley Hogue

Widespread Panic gives improvisational purity a new and refined definition. In the continuing evolution of modern music, bands with the relaxed focus of the Athens, GA based unit are often sadly absent from the ever-narrowing formats of album oriented rock radio stations. Widespread Panic's solution for this has been an extensive touring schedule that has taken the sextet away from their native south and pushed them to share their music with thirsty ears from the east and west coasts and beyond.

The March release of their second studio album on Capricorn Records, *Everyday,* which was recorded over a six week period at Muscle Shoals Sound Studios in Alabama, might just prove to be Panic's push over the top. Following the band's self-titled release in July of 1991, and the subsequent rerelease of their *Space Wrangler* album, Widespread Panic has continued to broaden their fan base. Souvenirs from their 1992 season alone are highlighted by the tremendous success they experienced participating in the Horizons Of Rock Developing Everywhere tour (H.O.R.D.E.) with labelmates Col. Bruce Hampton & the Aquarium Rescue Unit, as well as the Spin Doctors, Blues Traveler, Phish, and Bela Fleck and the Flecktones, among others. The band did 150 dates in 1992 and played for over 200,000 people, including one Atlanta show for 14,000. Additionally, the band has emerged as a major concert draw in such cities as New York, Boston, Chicago, Detroit and San Francisco, selling out many venues.

"It's always been a live situation for us," says Panic vocalist/guitarist John Bell about the band. "Our music is honest. It's made for the sake of being in a band, and it just comes out naturally. A lot of people like to be surprised, and wherever we play, it seems we're either right on the verge, or smack in the middle of something new—and if it's new to us, it's got to be a surprise for others. Music should be exciting for everybody all at once." It's also about an evolving process rather than a grand design.

"When a tune is happening and building around me," Bell continues, "I wait to see what comes up. I'm more reporting on it than actually trying to force anything. Actually, our audiences have as much to do with it as we do. If they weren't there to feel any of the feelings, we wouldn't be able to play."

The audiences to which Bell avidly refers often travel over 1,000 miles to participate in a Widespread Panic show. How do they do it? "Trust funds," Bell says laughing. "Capitalist plans on the road—t-shirts, bumper stickers. It's a way of life for some people. They've picked up ways and means by shining examples from the Grateful Dead." They've even been referred to as 'Spread Heads.' "We don't call 'em that," Bell demonstrates. "I like to think that we're a little more original than that. I do see a wide variety of people at our shows, and I love seeing the color and age boundaries shot. That's happening more now that we're playing bigger venues."

The band, which is composed of keyboard player John Herman, guitarist/vocalist Michael Houser, drummer Todd Nance, percussionist Domingo S. Ortiz, bassist/vocalist Dave Schools, and Bell, is now being booked by the William Morris Agency. It's still very clear, though, that the six musicians are running the show. Bell explains, "Ours is a totally ego-free operation with no pretensions, no bureaucratic red tape, and no interests whatsoever in establishing an image."

It takes only about five minutes with Bell to see that he is totally consumed with Widespread Panic, and there was a gentle yet prevailing conviction in his voice when he further explained the image idea. "We were out in California. It was 5:30 in the morning at the end of a Los Angeles runway, and we were there for a photo shoot. They said, 'We might have some video cameras rolling and put it all in a video later.' We hate the posing thing, you know, so basically they had shanghaied us and it was actually a video shoot for a song off *Everyday* called 'Wondering,' and they had instead brought a few cameras to take pictures with.

"Our biggest input was that we were not going to lip-sync. We presented our case real politely and there was no problem with it. They were going to do so much editing anyway I think they could have put any song on it, so we just played. You could really feel things start to warm up out there when we started playing real songs and entertaining the crew. Then it was really cool. There we were, really playing."

The realism in their playing also extends to their songwriting. Bassist David Schools relayed the story behind one of the new album's songs, "Hatfield."

"It's a song we wrote about a guy named Hatfield that actually devised a chemical way to gather humidity and moisture to make it rain. We read the story in a Farmer's Almanac and this guy was fooling around with chemicals in the late 1800's—kind of a hometown Mr. Wizard or something. San Diego was having a huge drought that year, and some people had heard of this guy's work so they called him in, built huge towers for the huge vats of chemicals he would need, and he ended up making it rain so much they chased him out of town and he took his secret with him. A monument has actually been built in his honor." Hatfield is only one of the colorful characters included on the emotion-driven album, and the songwriting remains constantly mature, intelligent and unpredictable throughout.

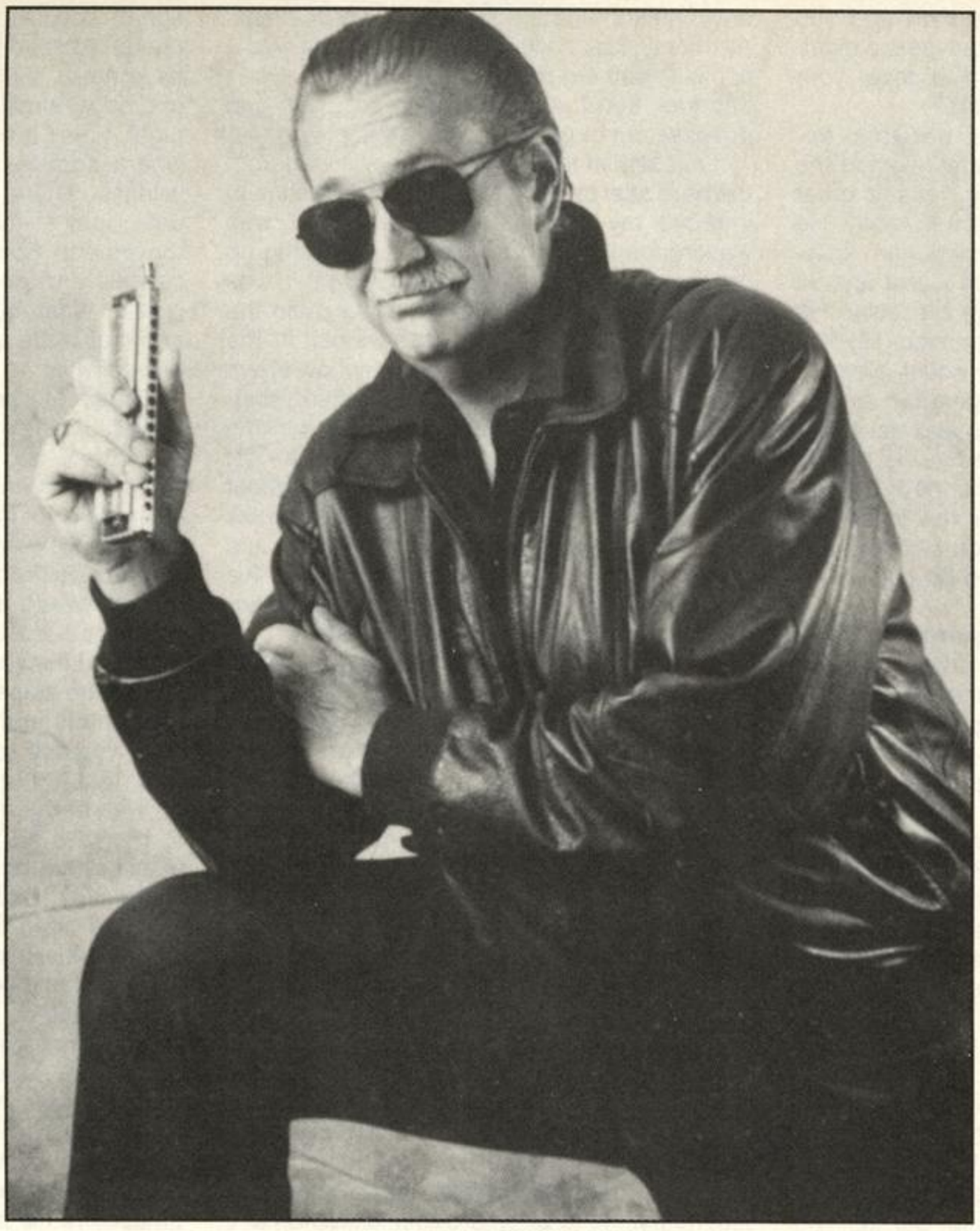
"We don't like cliches in our music," says Schools. "We're not here to judge people that are into that sort of thing, because some people just don't want to be challenged musically. But when you hear a song on the radio that you've never heard before and you know what the next line is gonna say, it gets really cheesy. That's not what radio was originally about. In the '70s, FM radio used to be very daring. It's such a commercial commodity now that some of the magic of it has been lost, I think, due to ratings. Fortunately, now we're getting some great response from college stations and even from some small AOR stations, so it's good to see that there are some other people out there sharing the same dream, and you can turn on the dial and get something good."

"We just jam," interjects Bell. "I like to call it sound reinforcement. We bring out the natural sounds of the instruments. Sometimes we get loud, sometimes it's really soft. Sometimes the simplest musical forms and approaches, something real subtle, can be really nice. We've never had a grand design for our music. We pretty much all learned to play together. Mike, Dave and I have been playing together for nine years now. Even when we're in the studio to record, new jams, different lyrics, and whole songs continue to come out."

As for another tour, the Panic boys are already back out on the road. At press time, details on the continuation of the H.O.R.D.E. tour had not been finalized, but Capricorn's vice president of publicity and media relations, Mark Pucci, said plans are in the works to expand the tour to six weeks or more. "We've been pretty much assured that Panic and Col. Bruce Hampton will participate in the H.O.R.D.E. tour again in late May or early June, 1993," said Pucci.

"A lot of other bands want to get in on it now that it's become such a success," Schools said. "But it was originally set up for the people by the people, so I think it's still a good thing." Bell added that everyone involved in the tour sold a couple hundred thousand units, so there's more of a financial interest in it now than originally. Even so, during the peak of last year's tour, the bands involved all insisted on offering low $10 ticket prices.

"In every sense of the word, Widespread Panic is a real people's band," said Pucci. "They're very tight knit. It's a very democratic band, and it contains that element that fosters a creativity from which all good music comes." ■



CHARLIE MUSSLEWHITE

SETTING THE STANDARD

by Andrew M. Robble

Mixing his raw, authentic, driving blues sound with complex virtuoso solos, Charlie Musselwhite sets the standard for blues. In 1992, as in 1990, Musselwhite received the W.C. Handy Award for Blues Instrumentalist of the Year. With his newest release, *In My Time,* on Dan Aykroyd's House of Blues label, Musselwhite stays true to his Memphis and Chicago-style blues roots as he continues to redefine, explore, and develop the blues for the '90s.

Born in 1944 in Kosciusko, Mississippi, Charlie moved to Memphis at a young age. There he became enamored with the city's diverse musical culture, and quickly became hooked on the blues. "This sounds almost corny, but near my house [in Memphis] there was a creek where I would lay in the shade during hot summer afternoons. I could hear people singing in the fields, and man, it just took me away. Their singing was exactly the way I felt. I liked rock'n'roll, country, hillbilly—but blues, that was it. There was no question about it in my mind since I was a little kid," he recalled.

In Memphis, Charlie started playing the harp and sitting in with several of the city's legendary traditional bluesmen, including Will Shade, Furry Lewis, Earl Bell, Willie Dean, and the surviving members of the Memphis Jug Band. Besides playing harp, Charlie was also becoming an accomplished bottleneck guitar player. Musselwhite frequented the Cotton Club and the Plantation, white roadhouses in West Memphis that featured black blues bands. "I was just hanging out absorbing all this great blues music. I never had any intentions of playing for a living. That was the furthest thing from my mind. I just loved it and I wanted to play it for myself. I would go up and ask the bands to play 'Smokestack Lightning,' and they knew it! This was my first real exposure to the blues," said Musselwhite.

Unable to find work in Memphis, Musselwhite decided to pick up and head for Chicago, where rumor had it that factory work was available. "I couldn't find regular work in Memphis. I had found a temporary job laying concrete. Man, I'll tell you, that was back breaking work and it really gave me an attitude [laughter]. I was also running some moonshine whiskey from the country into downtown Memphis. That was a nice piece of change, but something you didn't do everyday. The police followed me one day on a whiskey run. The next day I packed my bags for Chicago," he recalled.

Arriving in Chicago, Musselwhite found work driving an exterminator around the Windy City. Driving throughout the city, Charlie noticed posters and marquees billing gigs for Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, and Little Walter. "I would see these slips up for these musicians whom I listened to and had their records and I was thinking, man, this is great. Suddenly, I found myself going out to these clubs every night, seeing these people I had listened to but had never seen. I'd seen Muddy and Jimmy Reed in Memphis when they came to play, but never in a casual nightclub situation like this," he said.

With a recommendation from Big Walter Horton, Charlie was soon playing with the likes of Robert Nighthawk, Johnny Young, and John Lee Granderson. His acceptance into the South Side clubs followed. In these clubs he met and played with Little Walter, Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Big Walter Horton, J.B. Hutto, and Big Joe Williams. Being a white man hanging out in the black South Side blues clubs was never a problem for Charlie. He lived right around the corner from Jr. Wells, and was one of the few white musicians both accepted and welcomed into the black clubs. "The people seemed real flattered that I would go out alone in the middle of the night, looking for a club in a new neighborhood, to come and sit in with the band," he says. "I never thought much about going out alone. I was out to have a good time, and I had one! I was certainly not thinking about this as preparing myself for a career. I just loved the music and I was there to play.

"Muddy and Wolf would insist that I sit in. If I was broke, they would give me a few bucks. It was a real warm situation. Playing with Muddy and those guys was great. I can't really even tell you how excited I was. Every night I would be trying to figure out now who do I want to see tonight, Little Walter, Muddy, Sonny Boy, Howlin' Wolf... I mean, what a choice! I was always crammin' to hear everybody I could. I was into partying and I fit right in with these guys. We spoke the same language. These guys both inspired me and gave me an incentive to work hard and develop my own sound," Musselwhite recalled.

Survival for musicians in the early '60s in Chicago was not an easy feat. Charlie remembers the demands on musicians at the time. "You really couldn't survive for too long unless you had a hit record like Muddy, Wolf, or Sonny Boy [Rice Miller] Williamson," Musselwhite says. "There were so many blues bands that the club owners would tell you that if you were unhappy with their offer, there were many other bands waiting to take your place. Some bands would come in and agree to play for less just to get a gig. I worked in clubs where you played seven sets a night, 45 minutes on and 15 minutes off, and I mean to the minute. You didn't mess around with it back then. You got $25 a night, five nights a

week. That was good money then and you learned your chops playing seven sets a night. Some nights that was enough to cover your bar bill, and other nights it wasn't."

In Chicago, Musselwhite became acquainted with the late Paul Butterfield and the late Michael Bloomfield. "Paul was a great player who lived over near the university. He was the only other white musician that I knew who would go out to the clubs alone and sit in. Michael Bloomfield was like a scholar. He could just absorb all this information. He had this great total memory, he could also do other stuff like extinguish cigarettes on his tongue, read paperback books and eat them, and do tricks with razor blades in his mouth. He was a real true man who had a great sense of humor. He could be a real jerk some times as well, but, what can you say—he was way out there. But man, could he play blues guitar!"

Recording possibilities existed as both Elektra and Vanguard approached Musselwhite for his services in 1965. Paul Butterfield had signed to Elektra, so Musselwhite decided to sign with Vanguard. His first recording, *Stand Back! Here Comes Charlie Musselwhite's South Side Band,* received excellent critical acclaim. With the success of both the Butterfield Blues Band's album and his own recording, things started to happen. A one month tour was put together to go to California. "I was working in a factory and I took a leave of absence fully expecting to come back, but I never did. Everything took off from there and I'm still on the road today," said Musselwhite.

San Francisco proved to be an interesting experience for the Chicago blues musicians coming at the beginning of the psychedelic period. The underground radio stations in San Francisco were playing blues on the air. The seminal FM disc jockeys didn't have a play list, and could play whatever they wanted. "We were well received by the people in San Francisco and the people were real open," he remembers. "We were not being played on the radio in Chicago, but we were getting played in San Francisco. The people knew us and liked what they heard. I never saw so many people at one time come out to hear blues music. I was used to these little bars in Chicago. I remember being in the middle of all this weirdness, which was great, and I loved it. People thought I was strange because I had my hair slicked back, my shades on, wearing a black suit. They thought I looked like a cop or something [laughter]. This guy came up to me and says, 'You're Charlie Musselwhite? Man, you're weird.' Meanwhile, this guy has long purple hair, wearing a tie-dye shirt."

The late 1970s and early 1980s saw a sharp decline in blues music in the United States. The arrival of disco played a large role in the decline in blues and other styles of music. Fortunately, Charlie Musselwhite continued working, although the opportunities and venues decreased. His recordings became fewer, and his performances were also suffering because of his heavy drinking. Charlie puts it best, "My drinking was certainly a hindrance to performing and to a career. As the years passed, I found it took more and more alcohol just to do anything. I got to the point where I was drinking two quarts a day just to keep from getting sick. I would drink all the time I was awake. I felt trapped and I didn't know how to get out of it. I just grew up in that environment where everybody I knew drank. All the musicians I knew drank. Drinking was a fine old southern tradition, and in a way, it was bad luck that I could consume so much and not pass out or get ill like some people do.

"I got sick of feeling sick, so I switched from the hard stuff to wine, and I got into nutrition to improve my health," he continued. "I was working on it, but I couldn't imagine going up on stage without drinking. One night I was driving to work and I heard on the radio the story of Jennifer McClure being stuck in the well in Texas. I was really struck by how brave this little girl was in the well, in the dark, singing nursery rhymes. I decided to stop drinking as sort of a prayer in honor to her until she got out of the well. I played that night without drinking for the first time in I don't know how long. Anyway, she made it out of the well, and so did I. I haven't had a drink since [over five years]. Musically, I feel my creativity is better; my mind is more alert and I feel healthy."

Musselwhite's career, as with the blues revival, has taken off again in the last five years. "As far as I can tell, the blues have never been bigger. These little blues societies are sprouting up everywhere. They all have these newsletters. Many of the clubs have blues nights one or more nights a week. Some places even have blues every night of the week. I think this is really great," Musselwhite said.

Musselwhite's past two Alligator recordings, *Ace Of Harps* and *Signature* have both been Handy nominations in the "Blues Song of the Year" category for "My Road Lies In Darkness" and "River Hip Mama." In addition, *Signature* finished second in the Grammys to Buddy Guy's *Damn Right, I've Got The Blues* for "Blues Album of the Year." Playing over 250 dates a year and headlining the major blues festivals worldwide, Musselwhite's playing is legendary. He is an improviser extraordinaire who electrifies his audience through sheer virtuosity. He creates with his harmonica, using shuffles and boogies as a background, an elegant, concise, refined timbre of the saxophone. After all these years, his unique solos have never lost that creative spark which others have studied and tried to copy. "Every night I am always reaching for that place where something else locks in and I am a witness. There is really no thought involved until I get to that point. I call it fishing for a movement. Sometimes I make mistakes because I am trying or reaching for something new or different. I'm always taking a chance, and that is the spirit of the music for me," said Musselwhite.

Charlie Musselwhite's current band has Andrew (Junior Boy) Jones on guitar, Tommy Hill on drums, and Felton Cruise (formally with Miles Davis) on bass. Musselwhite considers his music to be blues for the '90s. "Some people say they are traditionalists. They wear the old suits from the Salvation Army and have the old tweed amplifiers. Now, I think that is cool and I like all that stuff as well. To me a true traditionalist would be somebody who was in the steps of the tradition. For example, my band is at the front of this tradition. If you style yourself exactly like Little Walter [was], well, that is not how Little Walter was being, he was at the front then and constantly trying to progress his blues. So for me personally, I would rather be going forward then just being a revivalist," explained Musselwhite.

It has been 27 years since the release of Charlie Musselwhite's first album, *Stand Back!* He has jammed with all the great Chicago blues masters, and has appeared on many blues anthologies. He has played with everybody from Muddy Waters to INXS. Today, Musselwhite's music is still deeply rooted in the blues, while he is also exploring jazz and funk. He continues to draw not only die-hard blues fans but also younger rock fans who are amazed at his technique and drive. The blues are more popular today than ever and Charlie Musselwhite is in the forefront of the scene, one of the very best and most influential. ■

CHARLIE MUSSELWHITE DISCOGRAPHY

In My Time	House Of Blues/Sony	1993
Signature	Alligator	1991
Ace Of Harps	Alligator	1990
Cambridge Blues	Blue Horizon (UK)	1986
Mellow-Dee	Crosscut (West Germany)	1985
Tell Me Where All The Good Times Have Gone	Blue Rock 'It	1984
Harmonica According To Charlie Musselwhite	Kicking Mule	1978
Times Getting Tougher Than Tough	Crystal Clear	1978
Leave The Blues To Us	Capitol	1975
Goin' Back Down South	Arhoolie	1974
Takin' My Time	Arhoolie	1971
Louisiana Fog	Cherry Red	1970
Memphis, Tennessee	Paramount/Crosscut	1970
Tennessee Women	Vanguard	1969
Stone Blues	Vanguard	1968
Stand Back!	Vanguard	1966

(Special thanks to Mary Beth, Mykel, Chelsea, and especially Charlie Musselwhite.)

A HAVEN FOR BLUES HEAVEN

By Eli Geiger

There's no question that the late Willie Dixon, poet laureate of the blues, left his mark on contemporary music. The songs he wrote make Willie a staple on rock radio; the Doors' "Back Door Man," Zeppelin's "You Shook Me" and "I Can't Quit You Baby," the Stones' "Little Red Rooster," Cream's "Spoonful," and the Allman Brothers' "Hoochie Coochie Man." He also wrote and/or played bass on almost everything that came out of Chess records during its golden age. How much he has influenced the world of music may never really be known or appreciated. His greatest legacy, however, may have been the establishment of the Blues Heaven Foundation before he passed on to the big stage.

The Blues Heaven Foundation intends to keep alive and pass on the rich heritage of blues music. It has recently found a permanent home in Chicago as a headquarters and museum (the first such museum in that blues-rich city). The group makes presentations to school children, passing on the music and passing out harmonicas to the fortunate few to whom they can afford to reach out. Passing the torch in this manner requires funds, and like most philanthropic organizations, Blues Heaven finds funds eternally short. That's why they stage benefits such as the one held at New York's Downtime in February.

Poppa Chubby led the house band, and a special treat was an appearance by one of Willie's daughters, Shirli Dixon. She and Poppa Chubby worked out hard, mostly playing the songs of the Blues Heaven's founder. They were aided by the bass playing of Michael "The Butcher" Merritt, drummer "Smiling" Don Castagno, Jeff "The Doctor" Levine on keys and Big Ed Sullivan on harp. Special appearances by Keith Hart (vocals and harp) and Alison LeBlanc (washboard) added spice to the night.

Lenny Meranus, who put the evening together said, "The visibility and success of the Blues Heaven Foundation will definitely aid in the worldwide resurgence of the blues in the '90s." He plans to put on a larger benefit extravaganza in New York later this year at a larger venue. The benefit will feature a big name headline act and local blues bands, possibly in a multi-stage environment.

Toward the end of the evening, Shirli took the stage to bestow the Blues Heaven Foundation's Red Rooster Awards for relentless work in promoting the blues. The first recipient was Poppa Chubby. Of special interest to *Relix* readers, the evening's other Red Rooster Award went to *Relix* writer Jym "The Snake" Fahey. Jym then joined Poppa and the band, wailing on his harp and singing the blues.

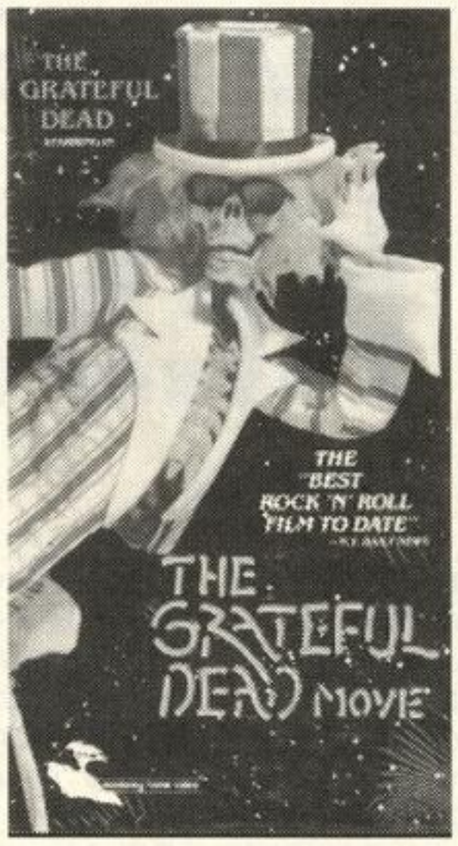
The evening ended with full house participation in performing Willie Dixon's "Wang Dang Doodle." Keep the blues alive. Keep Blues Heaven funded. Everybody's got to do their part. Remember, Willie's watching. ■

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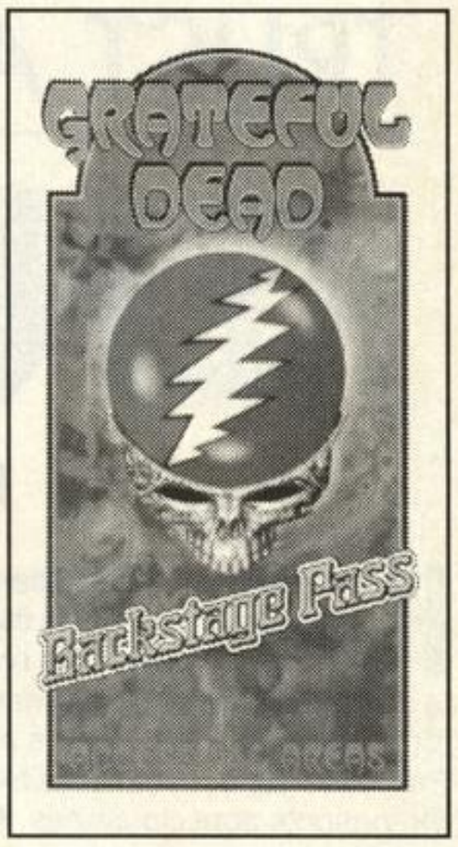
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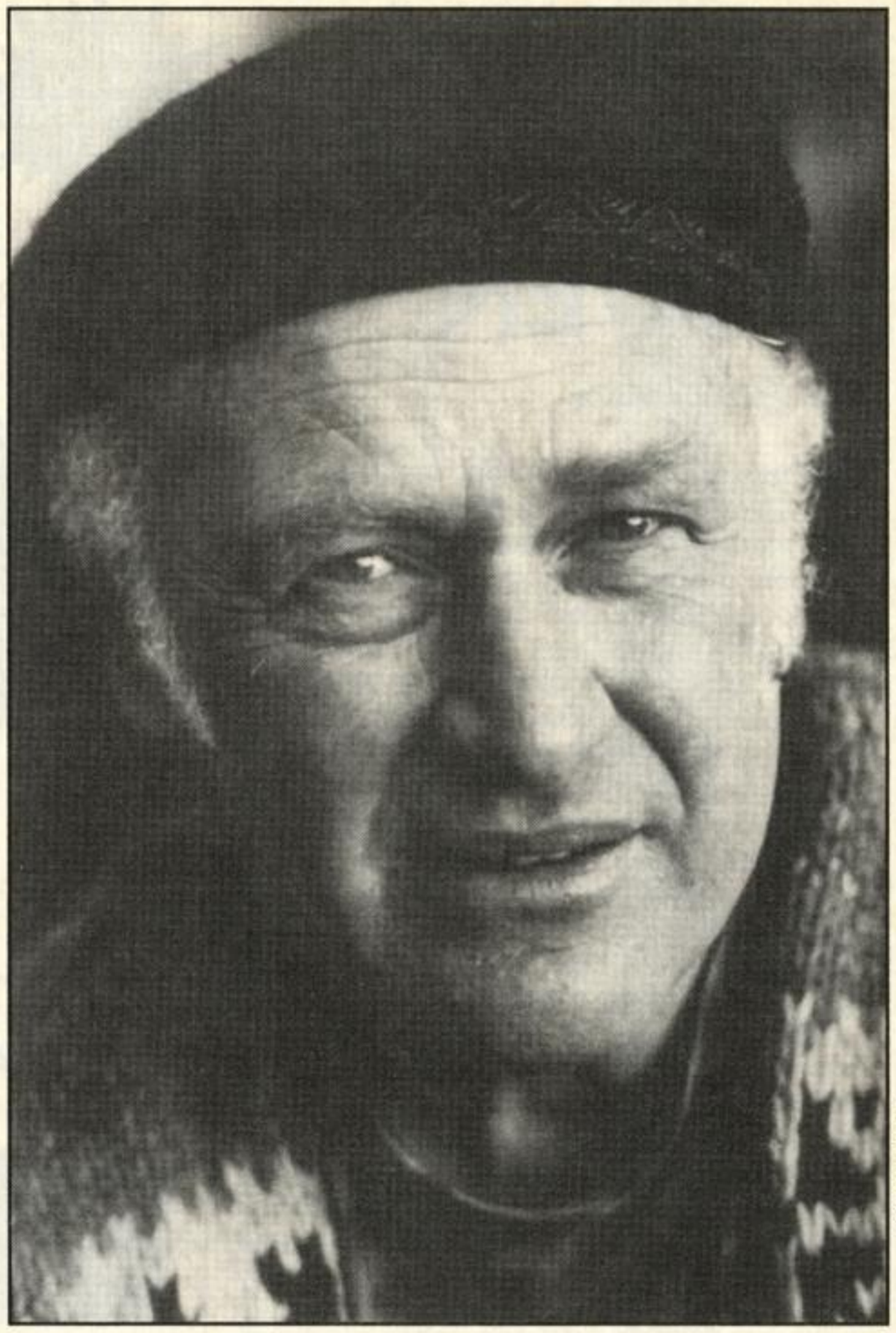
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KEN KESEY

BY JOHN GRADY



Brian Lanker

Ken Kesey's magic challenges America. His characters take on all the madness of our polluted society. This brawling storyteller is a character himself in America's cultural history book. He helped lead a psychedelic Merry Prankster-style revolution which forever altered the nation's consciousness. A caped and costumed super-reveller dispensing electric Kool-Aid at the birth-party acid tests of the Grateful Dead, Ken Kesey's a revolutionary, who, like his pal Neal Cassady, always sparks change.

Born September 17, 1935 in La Junta, Colorado to Fred and Geneva Smith Kesey, he grew up in a westernly mobile family, ending up in Oregon when his father got a job with the Eugene Farmers Cooperative. He was a small town Baptist boy who listened to Bible stories at his elderly Grandmother Smith's knees—memories that later emerged in his "Grandma Whittier" children's stories.

Young Ken loved to put on his own magic shows, adding ventriloquism and hypnosis to his acts, and steadily progressed into more advanced amazements. Excelling equally in the contradictory worlds of sport—as a champion wrestler—and art, in theater, Kesey won a scholarship to the University of Oregon as an outstanding wrestler. There, he majored in speech and drama.

It was during those years that he married his high school sweetheart, Faye Hixby on May 20, 1956. While the Keseys were at college, the bubble-bursting Beat rebels of the '50s began affecting America. So when genius-IQ Kesey graduated in 1957 with a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship to the Graduate School of Creative Writing at Stanford University, he'd already read such radical books as *Howl* by Allen Ginsberg, and Jack Kerouac's Beat bombshell, *On The Road,* based on Kerouac's rambles with Neal Cassady.



Hank Kranzler, courtesy of Key-Z Productions Archives

If Kesey wasn't getting his mind blown enough while enrolled in the high energy writing workshop at Stanford (led by Malcom Cowley, and including such literary soon-to-be luminaries as Larry McMurtry, Robert Stone, Wendell Berry and Peter S. Beagle), what was coming his way next would take him to the highest levels of consciousness possible at the time.

In 1960, Kesey became one of the volunteers hired by the Federal Government to be a human guinea pig on the effects of the "psychomimetic" drugs that were being researched. Psilocybin, peyote, LSD, morning glory seeds, and unknown items like IT-290 were all administered at the Veteran's Hospital in Menlo Park. The effects of these government-run drug experiments blended with the more free-form versions going on at Perry Lane, Stanford's Bohemian enclave. While living there, Kesey the writer started a rambunctious account of the radical life he was experiencing, called *The Zoo.* It pitted a selfish, irresponsible, freedom-loving individual against looming societal obligations and responsibility. But its Beatnik tone was a bit overworked and the novel has never been published.

The coffeehouse, teahead Beatnik action already flourishing there through the '50s welcomed these new styles of consciousness-raising, including LSD. People here amplified the effects with exotic costumes, rudimentary light shows and exultant, psycho-sexual mayhem. It became a place Kesey would return to as a paid orderly, one that would give him the setting for his most famous work, *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest.*

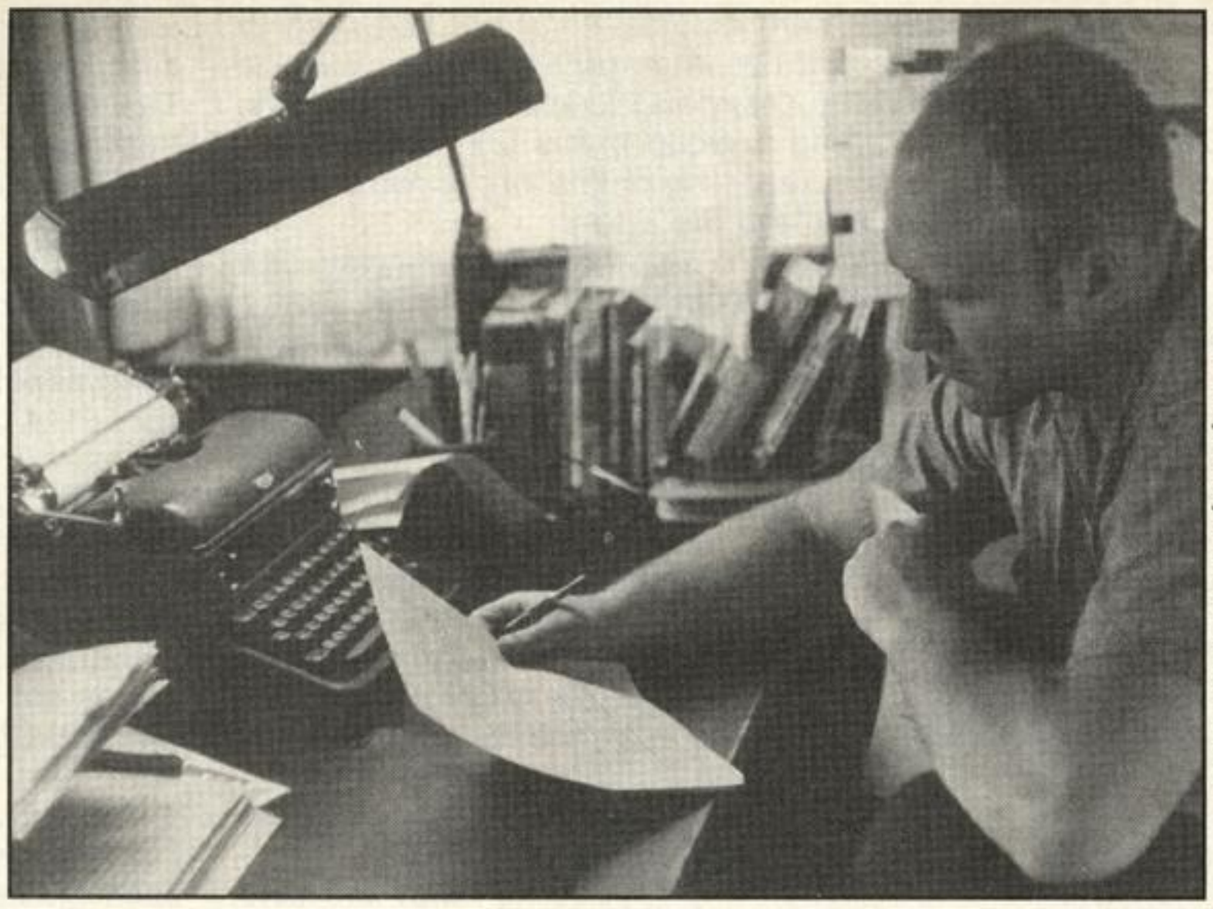
During his nighttime shift work as an orderly in the hospital, Kesey started to put together a new tale of Randle McMurphy, the fast-talking individualist who stands opposed to the authoritative, mechanical and destructive forces of society's witless, spirit-consuming machine. Drawing from real life scuffles and confrontations with orderlies and nurses in charge, Kesey was able to conjure up the eminently loathsome character, Big Nurse Ratched.

Cukoo's Nest pits the wild, fast moving McMurphy against the single-direction Ratched in a battle for control of the ward and the other patients' souls. Kesey was struggling with telling his tale from the relatively flat point of view of his own orderly position. Then, during an intense peyote experience, he became consumed by a Native American spirit and his narrator's character of Chief Broom was born.

This hard-hitting book works on many levels — the little world inside the hospital reflects the big world outside, a laughing, cosmic-giggling fool takes on the sins of the world and redeems the other inmates as a jester-savior. Published in 1962, *Cuckoo's Nest* achieved wide popularity and was staged on Broadway and in the Bay Area in an adaptation for the stage by Dale Wasserman, starring Kirk Douglas, in 1963. The play was revived again in 1971. In 1975, the movie version was released, directed by Milos Foreman, and starring Jack Nicholson. It won six Academy Awards.

After the publication of *Cuckoo's Nest,* Kesey

switched styles, returning to downhome, familiar Oregon. Kesey set his family-oriented, rambling novel *Sometimes A Great Notion* in the logging industry mountains there. The main character, Hank Stamper, follows Kesey-character tradition against the system. The wildcat Stamper family of loggers refuses to go on strike and so are put in conflict with the powerful union and most of the community. Hank, elder son and head of the family business, must also deal with his Ivy League-educated half-brother, Leland. The multiple perceptions at work in this lengthy novel include merging and telescoping time, different points of view and cinematic techniques. Focusing on the plight of the family, Kesey also explores the duelling natures within himself.



Courtesy of Key-Z Productions Archives

Ken Kesey at work

As he worked to complete this novel, a developer bought Perry Lane and had the cottages bulldozed, effectively ending an era. Using the profits from *Cuckoo's Nest,* the Keseys set up shop in nearby La Honda in a log home by a creek, surrounded by redwoods. It didn't take long to attract numerous kindred spirits, including that champion of Beat spontaneity, Neal Cassady. Allen Ginsberg even wrote a poem about the place, "First Party At Ken Kesey's With Hell's Angels."

The associates that gathered around Kesey at the house put him into the eye of a counter-culture hurricane. Bridging the Beat '50s with the Hippie '60s, Kesey and gang pioneered the Acid Tests and the birth of the Grateful Dead experience. It was a permanent exorcism of America's stifling, gray flannel conformity and rigid, artificial "Donna Reed Show" restrictions in an orgy of liberating realizations and shared sensual experiences.

Celebrating around steaming bowls of dry-ice filled electric Kool-Aid and dosed venison chili, music provided by the Grateful Dead and other Bay Area talents, the early stirrings of a new, electro-visionary way of being began to emerge here.

These "Merry Pranksters" decided that America was in desperate need of the righteous fun they were having, and conceived the idea of a pioneering "Bus" trip across the country. With a sort of loose destination being the World's Fair in New York, Kesey and company painted a 1939 International Harvester school bus with legendary colors, slapped the slogan "Furthur" on the front, and with Neal at the wheel, set off to find the future and turn America on in 1964.

For Kesey the artist, dramatist and magician, hungry to express himself beyond words, the bus trip was its own, multi-media novel. Later, in 1968, "new journalist" Tom Wolfe would turn the trip into a novel, *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test.* This gave Kesey the same treatment Kerouac gave Cassady in *On The Road.* Kesey became the subject instead of the author.

Busing back to the Bay Area, the Acid Tests and the Grateful Dead were coming on strong. Jefferson Airplane, Janis Joplin and Santana set the stage for the Summer Of Love, but Kesey had to check out of the scene for awhile; he fled in the bus to Mexico from an early 1966 marijuana bust. He bounced around underground, reinforced by loyal visiting pranksters.

He returned to the states late in '66, partying in disguise at various acid tests before the authorities caught up to him. He served five months in a California jail. Released in 1967, Kesey again checked out of the California activities. He and Faye bought a farm in Pleasant Hill, near Eugene, Oregon and settled down, going back to land near his family and friends, and where he still lives today.

But even out on the farm, there was no escaping the cultural explosion sweeping the nation. Wolfe's *Acid Test* spread through a huge American audience, and pilgrims started showing up regularly at Kesey's place, hoping their new folk hero would grant them enlightenment. "I knew more about a creamery than I did about their revolution," said Kesey.

With Kerouac and Cassady both dead by 1969, plus civil rights conflicts, the Vietnam crisis, assassinations and local disillusionments such as the death-scarred rock concert at Altamont, Kesey was heard to have "given up writing" and was "waiting for the millennium" as the decade of the 1970s began. But he didn't completely stop.

Involved with Stewart Brand in the 1971 creation of the *Last Whole Earth Catalog,* Kesey followed through on some of his own multi-media forms of expression. In 1971, the movie version of *Sometimes A Great Notion,* starring Paul Newman, was released.

He wrote a screenplay called *Over The Border,* a kind of Marvel comic extravaganza version of his escape to Mexico. It follows hero Devlin Deboree (Kesey's alter ego, who appears also in *Demon Box*), who is driven to life's cliff edge by society's material madness.

Collaborating with fellow pranksters Ken Babbs, Paul Foster and illustrator Kermet Barnes, Kesey produced, in 1973, the book *Kesey's Garage Sale,* featuring a forward by Arthur Miller. Contained in it is a compendium of writing, inspiration and sources. Half the book contains the script *Over The Border.* In the rest, the reader dives in and experiences the I Ching, the Bible, Martin Buber, Malcolm



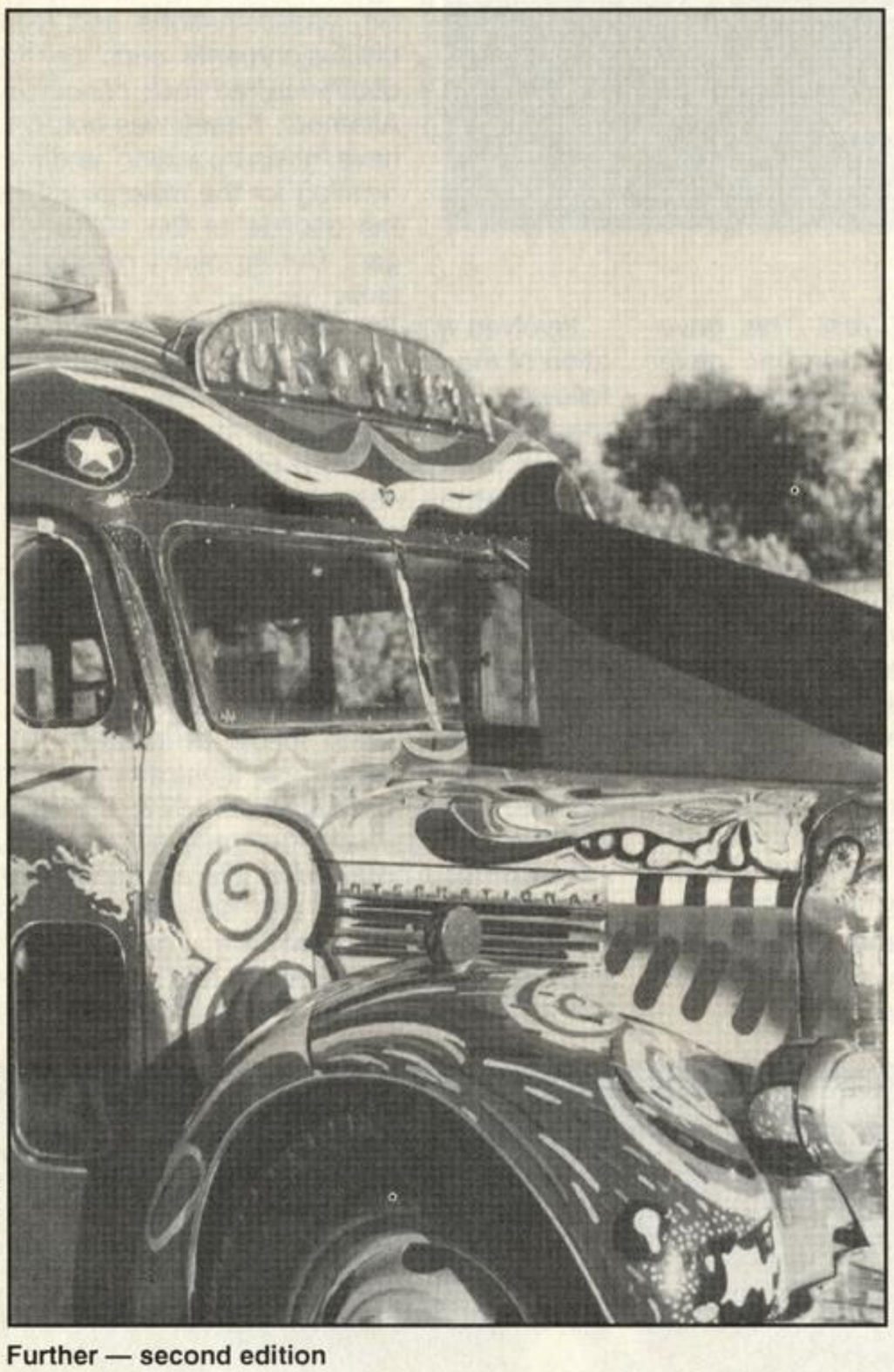
Courtesy of Key-Z Productions Archives

Kesey aboard the original Furthur

X, Buckminster Fuller, William Burroughs and Joan Baez, among many others.

Works by Kesey also appeared in Babbs' sporadic publication *Spit In The Ocean* through the '70s. Here was the first introduction of the wise Grandmother in "Seven Prayers by Grandma Whittier," and his kids' character, Little Tricker the Squirrel. Some material from this time ended up collected in *Demon Box,* including accounts of his trips to Egypt and China.

Kesey took part in a 1982 conference at the University of Oregon in honor of the 25th Anniversary of the publication of *On The Road.* Calling Kerouac a "Paul Bunyan of the Beats," Kesey said that the restless writer was part of a consciousness change in America and other countries that blended Christianity with more religions to produce a fourth world, a human world, neither capitalist nor communist, founded on Beat values of love, mercy and beatitude, tempered with spontaneous humor and hope.



Robert Bromberg

Further — second edition

Maintaining a close relationship with the Grateful Dead, in 1984 Kesey hosted the band's June 21 concert in Toronto that was broadcast live on radio all over North America. He was also part of the Dead's 1984 New Year's Eve event on USA Cable. In 1987 he was back to host a Grateful Dead pay-per-view concert.

Kesey suffered a great tragedy in 1984 when his son Jed, a champion wrestler (like his father), was killed in an accident involving the school wrestling team's van.

With the release of *Demon Box* in 1986, Kesey took off with son Zane and his band Thunder Machine in a promotional tour of the country. The Thunder Machine itself is part drums, part harp, part horns and part washtub bass that has been played onstage with the Dead by Kesey and various other Pranksters. Collecting a group of his old friends in the band, a recording of this tour is available on the videotape *Still Kesey.*

That year he also wrote a screenplay, *Last Go Round,* about the 1910 Pendelton Bronco Riding contest. Here, a black and a white cowboy meet in a classic showdown. It was the first big Pendelton contest, drawing two undefeated cowboys from opposite sides of the States, itching to go against each other. An option to film this script has been purchased and Kesey is working to adapt the tale into a novel.

In 1987-88 Kesey taught creative writing at the University of Oregon and, with thirteen students, produced a novel called *Caverns,* with the central character Evangelist Loach.

Feeling ready for more bus action, Kesey restored a 1947 International Harvester school bus in 1990. The original "Furthur" bus still sits, rusting away with a cardboard skeleton in the driver's seat, in the same spot on the Kesey farm's sheep meadow where it landed after a trip to the Grateful Dead's June 23-24 Oregon shows in 1990.

Outfitted with state-of-the-art music and audio-video recording systems (supplied by the Dead), Kesey used the vividly-painted bus to promote his 1990 book *Further Inquiry.* The new bus adventured across America, including driving through a wall at the Mirage casino in Las Vegas. The trip also had a prank goal to "deliver" it to the Smithsonian, which had expressed interest in the real bus and other psychedelic memorabilia.

"The news got hold of the bus being restored and ready to trip," says Zane Kesey. "Associated Press put a story out that we'd restored the bus, so we just didn't argue. Local news was picking it up all the way across the country. Everybody loved seeing it. We felt like a parade, with everybody giving their best smile, wishing us a good trip. Even the cops. Psychedelic bus trips are a lot more comfortable now than in 1964."

Just like the characters he writes about, Kesey is not content to sit on the sidelines and watch life unfold. He must, like a wrestler, hit the mat grappling and struggling. "I'd rather be a lightning rod than a seismograph" is one of his famous quotes. But the fanciful images that people have of the bus trip aren't quite what Kesey portrays in his 1990 book *Further Inquiry.* In this colorful, multimedia, un-book that includes a flip-movie sequence of Neal jiving on the pages, a scripted drama unfolds. Using twenty years of hindsight in a futuristic courtroom, investigators, judges and participants all try to figure out what effect the driver, Cassady, and the experience of the bus had on those directly involved and the country as a whole. The reality of the bus trip, as found in the "testimony" at the "inquiry," reveals that there was more confusion and yearning than purpose involved. Facing off periodically against police and troopers, the pranksters were saved by their innocence and joviality.

In 1991, Kesey's children's book *The Sea Lion* was published, illustrated by Neil Waldman. As part of the promotion for the book, Kesey appeared in a production of *The Sea Lion* at New York City's Central Park, dramatizing his story as part of the Summerstage program.

Last year Kesey released *Sailor Song,* his first full length novel since *Notion.* He went on a reading tour around the country to promote it. It is set sometime in the future, after the terrifying 1994 devastation of the Pacific northwest coast.

In August, 1992, Kesey held his third decade Field Trip at the farm in Oregon. What had been planned as an extravaganza became scaled back when Jerry Garcia's illness cancelled the Dead's summer schedule..

So it became "like a Be-In," says Zane. "Old hippies described it as a flashback to a Be-In. A thousand people gathered in a little meadow between the old bus and the new bus." Featuring local talents, poets and theatrics, it ended with Kesey dramatizing *The Sea Lion.* The event was filmed by director Gus Van Zandt *(Private Idaho),* who has completed the film of Tom Robbins' *Even Cowgirls Get The Blues,* in which Kesey and Babbs appear in cameos. The Keseys say a form of "Field Trip" will take place at the next Oregon Dead shows.

Son Zane, along with his wife Stephanie, have a company, Key-Z productions, to market and distribute Ken Kesey products and memorabilia, including first edition, signed copies of books, posters and videotapes of Acid Tests, shows, the original and 1990 bus trips, plus much more.

The videotape *Still Kesey,* of the 1986 show with Thunder Machine, is available, along with video and audio tape of Neal Cassady on the road, driving the bus, rapping and flinching.

The latest video is of the Merry Pranksters. "It's not The Bus Movie, but a prerequisite, it explains how the Pranksters got together, what they're like, how they got the bus ready right up to when it was about to take off," says Zane.

Another video available is *Acid Test,* a compilation of Prankster footage from the 1965 Acid Test. "It's got Pranksters singin' and goofin' around, cops harrassin' 'em and shuttin' 'em down while they're still high as a kite," says Zane. At one of the acid tests, there's even a rare shot of Garcia sweeping up after a gig.

"The Grateful Dead have used the Bus Video in their light shows and the crowds went nuts," adds Stephanie.

The latest plans in the Kesey camp involve something they call a "Twister." Extending the realms of his expression once again, Kesey envisions this as a "rave," a multi-media tactile event with a lot of things leading up to a tornado effect in the audience. "It will have video projection, lasers, high tech sound and lots of vertigo," chuckles Kesey.

Planning a debut at the Autzen stadium Grateful Dead shows in Oregon this summer, the "Twister" will then hit the road. Interested parties should call Key-Z Productions (503) 484-4315 to book a date. For a catalog of available Kesey merchandise send $1.00 to Key-Z Productions, 755 Polk St., Eugene, OR 97402. ■

Where It All Began



Chuck Boyd / Flower Children Ltd.

The Dead at Monterey Pop

The Monterey Pop Festival

by Dave Gil de Rubio

The 1967 Summer Of Love was a watershed year for rock'n'roll, and the Monterey International Pop Festival was the milestone which measured the true impact of what had snidely been referred to as "kid's music." Monterey laid the groundwork for future large-scale shows. Without it, there would have been no Woodstock, no US Festival, no Live Aid or Lollapollooza. Monterey also served as an international showcase for new artists such as Jimi Hendrix, Otis Redding, The Who, Jefferson Airplane, Big Brother and the Holding Company featuring Janis Joplin, and a whole slew of San Francisco Bay Area bands.

The seedling that started as a simple music festival has blossomed into the non-profit Monterey International Pop Festival Foundation, which continues to give proceeds from any profits made in connection with this event. Some of the charities benefiting have ranged from free clinics in Los Angeles and San Francisco to the plight of Romanian orphans. The latest project is a four-CD box set, released in conjunction with Rhino Records, that came out in the tail end of 1992 to mark the 25th anniversary of Monterey. Included in the cloth-bound box set is a beautifully detailed 95-page book which contains many previously unavailable glossy color photos, as well as a narrative liberally sprinkled throughout with anecdotes by people, famous and not so famous, who attended the show.

The idea of the Monterey Pop Festival started with Alan Pariser, a young socialite who got the idea after attending the 1966 Monterey Jazz Festival. Pariser raised $50,000 and contacted Beatle press agent Derek Taylor. Together, the duo approached The Mamas and The Papas, asking them to headline since every other major group either wasn't touring (the Beatles) or had drug related legal problems (the Rolling Stones).

Head Papa John Phillips decided to speak with his manager, Lou Adler, about the project. Since Pariser was using all his money to woo The Mamas and The Papas, nothing was left to hire other performers. From there, it was decided that the festival would become non-profit, and Pariser was bought out by the ad-hoc committee of Adler, John and Michelle Phillips, record producer Terry Melcher, Johnny Rivers, and Paul Simon. Not long after, a board of governors was established and consisted of the afore-mentioned organizers and investors as well as Donovan, Mick Jagger, Paul McCartney, Roger McGuinn, Rolling Stones manager Andrew Loog Oldham, Smokey Robinson, and Beach Boy Brian Wilson. With such a diverse mix of personalities and industry people, the task of booking became a labor of love. The Byrds were among the first groups to be recruited, along with Ravi Shankar, who was the only person to get paid—his contract had been drawn up before the non-payment of bands agreement had gone into effect.

Everyone involved offered booking suggestions. Oldham recommended the then unknown Jimi Hendrix. Paul McCartney also threw his considerable weight behind Hendrix, as well as The Who. Other bands committed to play were The Mamas and The Papas, Simon and Garfunkel, the Association, the Butterfield Blues Band, and the Electric Flag. Phillips and Adler then met with promoter Bill Graham and music critic Ralph Gleason, who were pivotal in getting many Bay Area bands to sign on. Gleason and Graham were the reason that Jefferson Airplane, Big Brother and Janis Joplin, Country Joe and the Fish, and the Grateful Dead were among others who were now part of the bill.

The weekend of June 16th-18th was decided on for the festival, and the slogan "Music, Love, and Flowers" aptly described the proceedings.

Even the emcees were famous—Eric Burdon, David Crosby, Bill Graham, Brian Jones, Tommy Smothers, Peter Tork, Paul Simon, and John Phillips. The Festival opened with the Association and closed with The Mamas and The Papas, joined by Paul Simon covering "Dancing In The Streets." In between was a wonderful mix of music and culture. Adding to the international flavor were Indian impresario Ravi Shankar and South African flugelhorn player Hugh Masekela, who jammed with the Byrds on "So You Want To Be A Rock'n'Roll Star." Jimi Hendrix sacrificed his guitar and The Who trashed their set. Lou Rawls treated the crowd to musical monologues about ghetto life. Booker T and the MGs played their own set of southern fried soul and then returned to back up Otis Redding, who managed to transcend any racial lines and found a crowd which quickly embraced his music, absent from any white radio playlists up to this point. Monterey was also one of the last gigs that David Crosby and Roger McGuinn played together in the Byrds. Janis Joplin floored everyone with her ability to reach deep inside and make some kind of spiritual connection with the blues by way of Bessie Smith. Jefferson Airplane's impact was such that they became the first of the 'Frisco hippie bands to be signed to a major deal, which immediately sparked off a label frenzy. The box set pristinely captures these great moments.

Monterey Pop became a standard next to which all large festivals would be measured. Not only did the event go off without a hitch, it also gave rock'n'roll, which really hadn't been taken seriously up to that point, new legitimacy. As a result, the music industry became a multibillion dollar business. Logistically, it couldn't have gone better. Concert goers cooperated with local law enforcement and there were no violent outbreaks or incidents. Everyone cleaned up after themselves, and it was truly a case of a theme like "Music, Love, and Flowers" becoming more than a hollow declaration of youth but instead a working concept, at least for that one weekend in 1967. ■



John McMillin

Rob and Bob and Tipper and Al — The Tennessee Inaugural Ball

BILL BALL

by John McMillin

"I wasn't quite sure how to prepare for this," remarked Bruce Cockburn on Bill Clinton's Inaugural night. Then, a shy grin. "But now that I'm here, I see it's a party, and I've been to those before."

Lots of us knew the feeling of wary anticipation. Most of our lives we'd lived in two nations, divided by Vietnam and Watergate, and, finally, by habit and distrust. Our fabled generation had enough dreams and electric guitars to change history, we thought, but the other side held the power switch. Whatever kinder, gentler realities we could create at a Dead concert, the official political world outside seemed like a tough, gritty walk down Shakedown Street. And we weren't accustomed to these Inaugural celebrations, because we hadn't any reason to celebrate.

"I can't remember the last time I played in cufflinks," remarked Bob Weir, and we couldn't either.

It all came together so naturally that night, but four years ago, no one would have predicted that it would come at all. A nobody from Nowhere, Arkansas, stepped out of the woods to lick Bush, making it all look easy in the end. Bill Clinton took the presidential seal, he went up on the presidential podium, and, for the night, we loved him like a rock.

Together with a few thousand of Bill's best buddies, I copped an invitation to the Tennessee Inaugural Ball at the Washington Hilton—$125 a ticket, black tie, cash bar. Actually, there were two balls at the hotel. Most of the fur coats and the high rollers swarmed like June bugs to the bright lights of the main ballroom. There, TV was on hand for when Clinton would sit in on first sax later in the evening. Jimmy Buffett and his Coral Reefers headlined the evening's entertainment.

The down-home, down-the-hall ball drew a couple hundred of us into a modest trade-show hall. With its two small stages and its low-slung ceiling, it became a dark, cozy roadhouse. Especially when Jerry Jeff Walker kicked the evening off to a start, later joined by Emmylou Harris for a song or two. Their western swing numbers provoked most of the dancing at this party. Most of us packed in close, concert-style, just as we had been squeezed together all day on the city streets and in the packed subway trains with hundreds of thousands who jammed the day's ceremonies.

But behind the crush of the first few rows, this was still a small, intimate event. Unlike the bigger ball, so crowded that guests were warned they couldn't return from bathroom visits, this was like the basic senior prom at a small high school, with the senior class hogging the auditorium next door.

Roseanne Cash delivered buckets of country soul, proving, as the song goes, "Women Are Smarter." Papa Johnny Cash joined her for "Tennessee Flat-Top Box" and "Big River." The Man In Black took the evening over the top, sounding as fresh and upbeat as his first night on the Grand Ole Opry.

Enter Weir and Wasserman, in tux and tweed, fresh from Monday's free concert on the Mall. "Easy To Slip" loosened everybody's joints, physically speaking, and Wasserman's instrumental solo of "Satisfaction" had the crowd singing "I can't get no..." Funny thing is, finally we were.

"We have a very important guest," announced Weir, welcoming Al Gore to the stage. Then, like an anonymous cocktail musician, he strummed along in the background while Al and Tipper, reputed to be the nation's highest-ranking Deadheads, took a twirl to a taped "Tennessee Waltz." Tipper Gore, when she's not denouncing rap and death metal, says she likes to listen to *Europe '72* while the Veep's out defending the planet. Bombs away, we're in love again!

"Wang-Dang-Doodle" and "Fever" followed, with Bob so fired up that his bow tie began to loosen.

Having Bruce Cockburn on the bill was yet another step beyond belief. Ten years ago, Cockburn was touring in battle camouflage, grimly predicting the imminent US invasion of Nicaragua. This night, he introduced a "deeply philosophical" song called "Blues Got The World By The Balls." Wasserman chugged along providing the bottom, locking into the groove like they'd played together forever.

"We all share the hope that's in this new thing that's in the air that's gonna change things," Bruce rambled. "Doesn't that sound like I'm sucking up for a green card?" Still, the Canadian radical was proud to be a North American. "We've still got a government that thinks that Ronald Reagan is king... You had your revolution against Britain. You guys figured out who you were and what you were all about. We never did that."

A dozen press photographers filed in as Cockburn finished his big hit of ten years ago. Clinton was making his way to the hotel and Cockburn was playing "If I Had A Rocket Launcher," the most radical musical challenge to US foreign policy since the "Fish Cheer," ironically followed by "Hail To The Chief."

The stage cleared for the main event. The new President made a few sincere but standardized remarks of gratitude. Tony Bennett crooned "It Had To Be You" on tape, and Bill and Hillary danced a dozen steps on the little stage. For a moment, it sounded like a presidential event, but Clinton still looked young enough to have his I.D. checked.

Only Lou Reed, armed with three chords and an attitude, could follow that act. After the Man from Hope, a white punk on dope? The times, they are a-changin'. "Gimmie your tired and poor, I'll piss on 'em," he snarled, and the crowd, more East Coasters than Tennessee Jeds, howled for more.

Maybe that's the moral here, I thought. If our generation has finally taken over, that's the good news and the bad. It's not just us overripening flower children, it's Reed's junkies and cynics, and Buffett's boozy barbarians, and rednecks, too, as Jerry Jeff sang, "Kickin' hippies' asses and raising hell." It's the generation of Dan Quayle and Barry Manilow, after all.

So it was the kind of night when Paul Simon drops in, and you barely remember him coming by. But he was tired, too. Almost as tired as I was after election day back home in Denver, when tickets for the opener of the latest Grateful Dead tour quickly sold out. I was coming off a 30-hour binge of campaigning and celebration, too tired to compete with the youngsters in the ticket lines, chasing a miracle. ■

TIE-DYE TAILOR SEWS UP IMAGE THAT WILL

NOT FADE AWAY

BY JIM MCGUINN

What does President Bill Clinton have in common with the Grateful Dead and the Lithuanian Olympic basketball team? The surprising answer is that they share the same tie-dye tailor, Martin Leffer.

The wheel only rolls around every four years for both the Olympics and the American presidential elections, but Leffer's company, Not Fade Away, made haberdasher history by designing Deadhead threads for President Clinton, the Lithuanian Olympic basketball team, and the Grateful Dead within a span of six months.

Not Fade Away popped out presidential memorabilia in the form of t-shirts, baseball caps and denim jackets for the hippest inaugural party since Theodore Roosevelt's Rough Riders raised the roof of the White House in 1901. Leffer, president of Not Fade Away Graphics Company, described his Unofficial Blue Jeans Bash silkscreen design for t-shirts and denim jackets as an image of a "blue jean pocket with musical instruments and an American flag coming out of the top, and keyboards underneath it." The back of the t-shirt and jacket were emblazoned with the presidential seal.



Leffer said that his company worked around the clock to meet the January 17th deadline for the Unofficial Bash. Meeting last minute deadlines is nothing new to Leffer, whose company was able to produce and sell 70,000 Lithuanian Olympic basketball t-shirts last fall.

The image of a skeleton slam-dunking a basketball while hovering over outstretched hands and tie-dyed in Lithuania's national colors became the most coveted Olympic souvenir when the Lithuanian Olympic basketball team surprised the world by winning a bronze medal. "I feel the design symbolized the struggle of Lithuania," said airbrush artist Greg Speirs about his internationally recognized creation.

The shirt was also meant to give recognition to the Grateful Dead, who donated $5,000 so that NBA's Golden State Warrior guard Sarunas Marciulionis and his newly independent country could play, for the first time in 51 years, as a team apart from the other Baltic Republics. Even though the penniless basketball team finished third place to America's corporate-sponsored professional "Dream Team," their Cinderella effort seemed to inspire the world. "To me, this is a Dream Team," said Leffer. "They haven't had freedom in 51 years."

Leffer is quick to credit Mike Fitzgerald of Scottsdale, Arizona as the catalyst and originator of the first Lithuanian Olympic design. Fitzgerald is the son of Warriors owner Jim Fitzgerald, and a friend of Marciulionis and the Grateful Dead.

The younger Fitzgerald was just starting a collegiate licensed apparel company, but he took time out to make sure that the pipe dream of the Lithuanian Olympic basketball team would became a reality. Fitzgerald donated tie-dye warm up suits, shorts, polo shirts and tank tops with the yellow, green and red Lithuanian flag embroidered on them. "There weren't a whole lot of people lined up to sponsor the Lithuanian team, and I was determined that their deal wouldn't go down," said Fitzgerald.

Marciulionis was introduced to the Grateful Dead by Fitzgerald at a Detroit concert. The band's donation of $5,000 paled when compared with the multi-millions that Reebok, Nike and Adidas invested in their Olympic sponsorship. But as Grateful Dead spokesman Dennis McNally said, "A small time little thing, a small gesture from the heart, has become a fad." The fashion fad has fans from around the world saying adios to corporate clothing as the Lithuanian t-shirt became the Olympic's best selling souvenir, going for as much as $150 in Barcelona once the team won the bronze medal.



Martin Leffer of Not Fade Away

Leffer's Olympic caliber performance of producing inspired products goes back over a decade as a member of a socially conscious, non-denominational spiritual commune in Tennessee. The farm was well known for its anti-nuclear stand, and its use of soy bean products. Straight from the kitchen sink, their brilliantly colored tie-dye t-shirts became well known to Deadheads through Leffer's parking lot promotion at Dead Concerts.

Sales shot through the stratosphere in 1983 after Leffer met Phil Lesh in an elevator and gave him a t-shirt, which Phil immediately wore on stage. Leffer soon began screenprinting over his rainbow tie-dyes, which led to a license agreement with Grateful Dead Merchandising. Not Fade Away Graphics continues to create numerous Grateful Dead designs.

The company employs 25 to 30 people that maintain the same community spirit that Leffer brought from the farm commune. They are involved in the Rainforest Action Network and try to raise the consciousness of the world. Not Fade Away also recently designed the limited edition Panther Dream ski for K2 company, which raised $50,000 for the Rainforest Action Network, Cultural Survival, and the Africa NGO Environmental Network.

The Lithuanian t-shirts are available through phone orders from Not Fade Away in Kingston, NY at *(914) 339-1088 or 1087.* One third of the profits originally went to the Lithuanian Olympic Committee. Leffer now donates that same amount of money to the Lithuanian Children's Orphan Fund, having sold 70,000 shirts in three months and raising $300,000 for the Lithuanian Children's Orphan Fund. ■

WOMEN in music

BONNIE RAITT

TAKIN' HER TIME

BY JYM FAHEY

Judy Collins, with the melodic voice of an angel, released "Both Sides Now" in 1968. Joni Mitchell's sensitive musings produced "Big Yellow Taxi" in 1970. Aretha Franklin's soulful wail first pierced the Top 10 back in 1967 with "I Never Loved A Man (The Way I Love You)." Janis Joplin's bluesy growl brought her a number one album three months after her death in 1970. At that time, a woman's place in the great inclusive category of rock was clearly defined. She could sing, maybe even accompany herself by strumming a guitar or chording a little on a piano, but women in those days were not known as vicious guitar players. In 1971, when Bonnie Raitt signed with Warner Brothers, that began to change.

Even if Bonnie has broken some sexism barriers, it doesn't take a Harris poll to prove that high profile women artists of Bonnie's stature are shamefully rare, as are soloists of her ability. And it doesn't take an expert in human behavior to explain why. Bonnie says it's the result of at least covert sexism. "It's just a bizarre thing why there aren't more women sax players or soloists," she explains. "The ones that I know about, the UFOs and Fanny, you had to do that girl group thing and put on extra makeup and look like the members of Vixen, who can actually play really well. But they have to get all duded up in order to sell records and stuff. And they choose to get duded up like that."

But, Bonnie continues, much of the sexism that holds women back is much more overt. "I think it has to do with whether they put out for the band, frankly. I didn't have to put out, since I was my own backup musician. And whether I put out for myself is my secret. I'm sure if a girl was really stacked, was beautiful and she played electric guitar, she would have been a star at any point. It's a sexual oddity kind of thing for a woman to take [what is] conventionally a man's instrument and play it. They turn into some sort of suggestive thing, which is what I have fought all my career. I just don't put up with that kind of thing. I'm not a sex symbol. I just play."

Of course, Bonnie points out, the same limiting factors which apply to artists, apply to society at large. "How come there aren't women record company presidents? It depends on what they did to get the job I suppose. And nobody's willing to do that if they have any integrity."

Bonnie's integrity and her skills provide a good model for younger musicians just starting out, a fact which has not escaped her astute gaze. "Maybe now that the young girls have seen me on MTV, if I'm lucky, or usually VH1, when they ask their mom for an electric guitar to learn how to play slide, they'll get to have one 'cause I broke through."



Bonnie tends to be a little self-deprecating when it comes to her skills, she even seems a little uncomfortable talking about herself. But don't be fooled, she can really play the blues, the standard of rock'n'roll from the very beginning, with the authority and genuineness of Eric Clapton, Keith Richards, Duane Allman and the other guitarists who had made their musical reputation by stretching the riffs they learned from the records of Muddy Waters, Chuck Berry, Howlin' Wolf and Robert Johnson. One listen to her bottleneck National steel guitar playing on "Give It Up Or Let Me Go" leaves no doubt of that fact.

She can also sing with pain, with joy, with admiration, and with reprobation. Some songs she writes, others she covers, but whether she's singing a song by Robert Johnson, John Hiatt, Sippie Wallace or one of her own, the content and spirit of the song come through. That's part of the secret to her popularity.

All the success that Bonnie has experienced, especially in the last few years, becomes all the more amazing when you realize that her whole career began almost as a fluke. She says, "I came into this business kind of accidentally, getting some extra money on the side playing clubs while I was in college, and the next thing I knew, it was more fun than I expected, and I was better at it than I expected, and for some unknown reason I got more good reviews than I expected. I kind of did it as a hobby. That's why it was surprising to have someone who wasn't dreaming of being a recording star and a touring artist to all of a sudden be given this career. It just happened that the timing of being a young white girl that played slide guitar and did a mixture of R&B and Jackson Brown and blues songs and folk songs [worked out well]."

As humble as Bonnie comes across, she has to admit to some personal contribution to her success. "I had good taste in music. I like to think that that's one of the things that people come to see, the choice of good songs. And

there wasn't anybody pulling that off. Plus I was cheap. I could back myself up with my guitar, so I was a perfect opening act when you wanted to round out the bill."

For Bonnie, who had become a blues fan early in her life, her "accidental" career's early days seemed like a dream. "It was unbelievable. I mean, to travel around with Mississippi Fred McDowell and Big Boy Arthur Cruddup, Muddy Waters, Junior Wells and Buddy Guy when you're 19-years-old was just unbelievable. I still feel really lucky that there's not that many people left who know what it was like to know those guys and listen to them first hand. Luckily we have their records."

She is also aware that the luck of the draw which put her into situations where she could rub elbows with her idols gave her a responsibility, as well. "There's a big debt for those of us that make our living playing rock'n'roll and rhythm and blues and all that soul stuff. It's all based on some of these musicians' music who never got paid. Whereas I got my start opening up for those guys, now that I'm kind of eclipsing their fame, it's really important to contribute to their careers. You can't force radio to play blues records, but you can at least throw some of the money and the attention back on the people that invented this kind of style. It certainly wasn't me. It's important to make the big payback to the great guitar players like Albert King, B.B. King and Albert Collins. There's a whole crop of young blues guitarists who need support also, so I'm encouraging other blues fans to pay attention and make sure you don't buy too many bootleg records from which the living artists don't make any money."

One of Bonnie's favorites is the late Sippie Wallace. "They called her the Texas Nightingale. She was famous back in the '20s, back in the era of Bessie Smith and Ma Rainey and the classic blues singers before the depression and the war stopped the blues market from being able to put out records. In the early part of this century there was a tremendous resurgence of jazz and blues. White people really appreciated it, and black people were putting out great records and making a lot of money. And Sippie, like all the great blues singers, kind of had to retire for a bunch of years until blues fans found out [she was] still living and convinced [Sippie] to come out of retirement in the '60s. I recorded three of her songs on my first two albums before I even knew she was alive. We met in '72 at the Ann Arbor Blues and Jazz Festival, and I convinced her to come on stage and sing one her songs that I'd recorded, 'Women Be Wise, Keep Your Mouth Shut And Don't Advertise Your Man.' After that she said, 'Maybe I'll do one gospel song. I'm getting kind of old. I shouldn't be tempting the devil with this blues stuff.' She heard us rehearse it in the trailer and she started rocking back and forth and said, 'Well, maybe I'll just do this one song.' From there we did a lot of touring together until she died in '86 at the age of 88."

Bonnie learned her lessons well from the blues masters, but she developed her own style and her own way of putting her music across. Bonnie says her distinctive slide guitar playing developed out of necessity. "I wasn't a lead player until I was 23, after my third album, when I got a band. I had a bass player. For my first three albums, I was touring with Freebo. My teen years, when I was learning to play all the folk blues and Bob Dylan, Joan Baez and Judy Collins songs, I was just playing for myself. The style of slide that I grew up playing is the kind that is played by John Hammond. When you just sit alone in your room, you can't play solos, because there's nobody playing the rhythm part. So you do a kind of combination. When you have a band, you can take solos."

Band or no band, Bonnie realizes that the most important thing is really the songs. "When you get great tracks in the studio, you know you've got a song that's gonna last on the road and really pay off for you emotionally and get you off every night playing it." On the other hand, "There are certain songs that you'd think were gonna sound great live and they don't. Sometimes it's good to take your stuff out on the road and road test it and realize that the proof of the pudding is how it sounds to sing it every night."

That's part of the delicate balancing act between the studio and the stage. Bonnie says, "I really have always been a live performer more than a recording artist, except that the records make it possible to go out on another tour. It's a symbiotic kind of thing. You need the advertising budget, you need ten new songs to do. So if I didn't have to go in the studio and find ten new songs, I might get a little lazy and find some other way to make a record. So they really go hand in hand."

If Bonnie had to make a choice between making recordings and taking the music directly to her fans, her sentiments are clear. "Man, there's nothing like the payoff of an audience screaming and yelling, and that interaction with musicians is fantastic. It's like opening night every night. I'm a real responsive performer that way. I need that kind of connection. It's from years of playing clubs. I don't have that kind of massive need to be a record star, or a big superstar. I just care about having another gig."

Of course that oversimplifies things a bit. As much as any artist in the music business, Bonnie Raitt uses her position, her power, and her money to try to make the world a better, safer, and healthier place. "I was raised a political activist, and I think issues of peace and justice and preserving the environment are the most crucial, as much as preserving the kind of music I love."

In the last few years Bonnie has grabbed the spotlight and the awards that had eluded her through the early part of her career. She seems almost embarrassed by her many Grammys—though in her usual fashion, she has been able to share them with people like John Lee Hooker and Delbert McClinton—and has said more than once that she wishes she could have had even a piece of a Grammy back in 1980. That is, however, the way of life and certainly the way of the music business. One thing that does get her goat is the implication that the success of *Nick Of Time* and its follow up, *Luck Of The Draw* mark her comeback. She bristles at that kind of talk, saying, "Contrary to popular opinion, I never was really retired or washed-up. Even if I partied too much, I never let it get in the way of my singing career. I'm one of those artists who just stays out on the road. I've always had a gig and always played the big cities at least once a year. It's just that I wasn't on radio or in the press or in record stores that much, so people think that I went away."

Bonnie hasn't gone away and she's not about to. Both her career and her personal life seem to be firing on all cylinders. According to reports, she's happily married. She's clean and sober. She looks great and is riding the crest of a tidal wave of success. She's starting work on another album, and she will be playing her usual fiery shows when she tours. With all this, she still maintains the view that has kept her going all this time. "I try to do the best I can at any given moment. I've been pretty lucky to do some great songs and perform live and on a lot of people's records that I just love. I've been extremely lucky because of my versatility and because I play an instrument that's unusual."

The word luck keeps coming up in her conversations—and recent album titles—but the fact is that Bonnie has worked hard and maintained her musical honesty, and now, at last, it has paid off. There's a certain luck in any success, of course, but in the big picture, those who have come to know Bonnie Raitt's music are the truly lucky ones. ■



Ron Delany

Garcia and Bonnie Raitt

MARIA MULDAUR
ACCEPT NO LIMITATIONS
BY JYM FAHEY

Maria Muldaur began her career in high school when she formed an all-girl group called the Cameos in New York City. The group's inspiration came from the Everly Brothers. She followed that with a group called the Cashmeres whose joy at being offered a recording contract was dashed when Maria's mother refused to allow her minor daughter to sign (Maria recalls, "She didn't want them to make a white slave out of her daughter"), but Maria's talent would not be denied.

Her latest record, *Louisiana Love Call* on Black Top Records, proves that once again. Her voice, now a shade richer, still has the ability to waft a song in through the ears and up the spine ("Louisiana Love Call" with Aaron Neville), or straight down to the feet where the compulsion to boogie just won't leave you alone ("Second Line"). Maria has also honed her ability to pick a song down to a razor edge. That can be time consuming work. She gets demos by the truckload! She says, "95 percent of what you get is crap." But she knows what she wants when she hears it. She has always performed other writer's songs, though she wrote songs years ago. "Pop songs were easy. There was no mystery to the process," Muldaur says. She quit writing for a long time after hearing Bob Dylan's songs, but has recently begun again.

By performing other writers' material, Muldaur says she is not "hampered by thoughts of 'I want six songs of mine on this record' for the publishing royalties. The songs I sing get a certain timeless quality to them. At my shows, people still request songs that I played 20 years ago. Hit records come and go, but the blues is here to stay. I love Madonna, but I don't think people will be screaming for 'Material Girl' in 20 years. She's had her own brand of success, I'm doing it my way. At 84, Sippie Wallace was pitching songs to me. She said, 'I got this song called "Adam And Eve Got The Blues" that you oughta try.' That's where I wanna be when I'm 84, hanging out after a gig talking to a bunch of musicians."



Ralph Hulett

Maria has lived in the world of musicians since the beginning of her career. When she wanted to learn about "old time music," she went to North Carolina and studied fiddle with Doc Watson and his dad. When she wanted to learn about Gospel singing, she headed for the Black churches in New Jersey to learn first hand. She refused to let herself be daunted by what she didn't know. Instead, she took it on as a challenge and the opportunity to learn something new.

Likewise, in the world of rock, Maria has not been intimidated by the male dominance which is so often cited. "I'm way beyond sexism. I'm 18 steps beyond it. I've never used my sex to get ahead, though I usually end up in relationships with musicians," she laughs. "I wasn't born with the greatest chops, but I always sing with integrity. That's what musicians love. All along I've been treated with respect by musicians, like brothers. We were all equal members back in the jug band days." That would be the Even Dozen Jug Band, where she worked with John Sebastian, Stefan Grossman, Steve Katz and Joshua Rifkin, and later in Jim Kweskin's Jug Band, in which she performed with, and then married Geoff Muldaur, her music and life partner until 1972.

After the jug band, and later, her marriage broke up, Maria says, "I didn't see myself as a solo artist. Making my first solo album was an artist's dream. I just called up people I wanted to work with and managed to put together a great group of musicians and songwriters." With songwriters like Dr. John, Dolly Parton, Dan Hicks and Kate McGarrigie, along with Maria's voice and some great players, it's no wonder that Maria Muldaur garnered heaps of critical acclaim. Her 1972 release, *Midnight At The Oasis,* captured the number three slot on *Billboard's* album chart and foretold Maria's future as a concert draw. Since then, she has gone on to more acclaim in the pop, gospel and jazz veins, including some magnificent work with jazz great Benny Carter and a notable appearance on the Jerry Garcia Band's *Cats Under The Stars* (she also toured with the Garcia Band, singing background vocals with Donna Godchaux), as well as the 1990 children's album, *On The Sunny Side.*

She also has created the life she wanted. "I have no regrets for my career. I regret my managers, not my career. I wanted to have a semi-normal life, and have kids and be in love and live someplace beautiful. Some opportunities may have slipped away, but I have no regrets." ■



Jenni MULDAUR
All In The Family
BY JYM FAHEY

In the ongoing fight between nature and nurture, genetics and environment, Jenni Muldaur presents a strong case for both sides. As the daughter of Geoff and Maria Muldaur, she's got the right parents. Growing up in homes full of music and musicians in an endless stream put her in the right place at the right time. Music surrounded her inside and out. Her eponymous debut album on Warner Brothers Records indicates that it's paid off.

The story of her signing sounds a little like a fairytale. She says, "First of all, my parents used to make records on Reprise, so I knew Lenny (Waronker, President of Warner Brothers Records). But to make a long story short, I was singing at a club with Donald Fagan and Phoebe Snow, just sitting in with them. Russ Titelman (Jenni's producer, whose previous credits include Steve Winwood, Chaka Khan, Christine McVie and Eric Clapton) saw me. I gave him my demo and he liked it. In a couple of weeks I had a deal."

Make no mistake, Jenni's paid her dues. She spent time working the clubs of Marin County and San Francisco in blues bands, including time with the Casuals. She worked on the road with Todd Rundgren, singing back up vocals and learning harmony from the master. She also worked on the *Rush* soundtrack, but didn't really get to work with Eric Clapton on the project. "He wasn't around much. I just did

(continued on page 27)

ain't she a Woman

WOMEN in music

BY JYM FAHEY

When Linda Barnes' taxidriver/detective, Carlotta Carlisle, needs to relax while fighting crime and traffic on the streets of Boston, she often opts to pop in a Rory Block tape. Carlotta's choices just increased. Rory has released an eleventh album called *Ain't I A Woman.*

Rory grew up in New York City in a musical family. Her father, who played fiddle and banjo, used Rory as accompanist at folk festivals when she was only 12. At his leather shop, Rory got the chance to meet and hang with folkies like John Sebastian, Stefan Grossman and Bob Dylan, watching them in afternoon jam sessions with living legends of the blues. She learned licks first-hand from Reverend Gary Davis, Mississippi John Hurt, and Son House. She developed into an extraordinary acoustic blues picker. At 14, while sitting at the feet of Son House, Rory began picking and thumping delta style, accompanying herself on Robert Johnson's "Walkin' Blues." Son House was impressed and even slightly taken aback, commenting, "Where'd she learn to play these songs?" John Sebastian remembers the senior players recognizing a kindred spirit in the young Rory. They responded to her interest by helping her develop her abilities.

In spite of the respect she earned from her predecessors and peers, and the early musical education she received at home, her parents were not in favor of her becoming a professional musician. As she told *Guitar Extra* in 1991, "The message I got was that it was unfeminine to have a career, and that I should get married and have children, despite the fact that I came from a musical, bohemian family. I believed that if I tried to have a career, there would be something very negative about me as a person. It took me years to get over it. When I did, I had the feeling that I didn't have the right to make any demands, so that may be the reason I was pushed around at the beginning of my career."

Rory ran away from home at the age of 15 with Stefan Grossman. The duo headed for the golden coast of California. Shortly after that, she recorded an album for Elektra Records called *How To Play The Blues Guitar.* It is now considered a classic (she has since made a video course called *The Power Of Delta Blues Guitar* [Homespun Tapes]). Nevertheless, the admonitions of her parents had their effect. Rory took off ten years to raise a family.

When she returned once again to tackle her career, major record companies began to show interest. Unfortunately, their interest wasn't strong enough to give Rory creative control. Rory was forced to make concessions and not the records she had wanted. "When I first started out, I just wanted to do the old time blues. Everyone said that the blues isn't commercial, and that I'd never make a living at it. I think the implication was that women artists have no idea what they're doing, so they have to be controlled by producers, all of whom were, of course, men. I did the vocals and went home. Everyone else made the record around me. I didn't like it at all."

Then, in 1981, she signed on with Rounder Records and has since been making the kind of records she always hoped for. She was given back her guitar and the green light to play the blues and her own compositions. Her abilities with both are considerable and reflect her own varied tastes.

In addition to Delta Blues masters like Tommy and Robert Johnson, Charlie Patton and Willie Brown, Rory enjoys old time music, R&B, soul, country, and singer songwriters in the vein of James Taylor and Joni Mitchell. She also loves classical music. In fact, her early practicing came on a classical guitar. "Between the ages of eight and twelve, I played only classical music, and I think my classical training has helped me my whole life. "

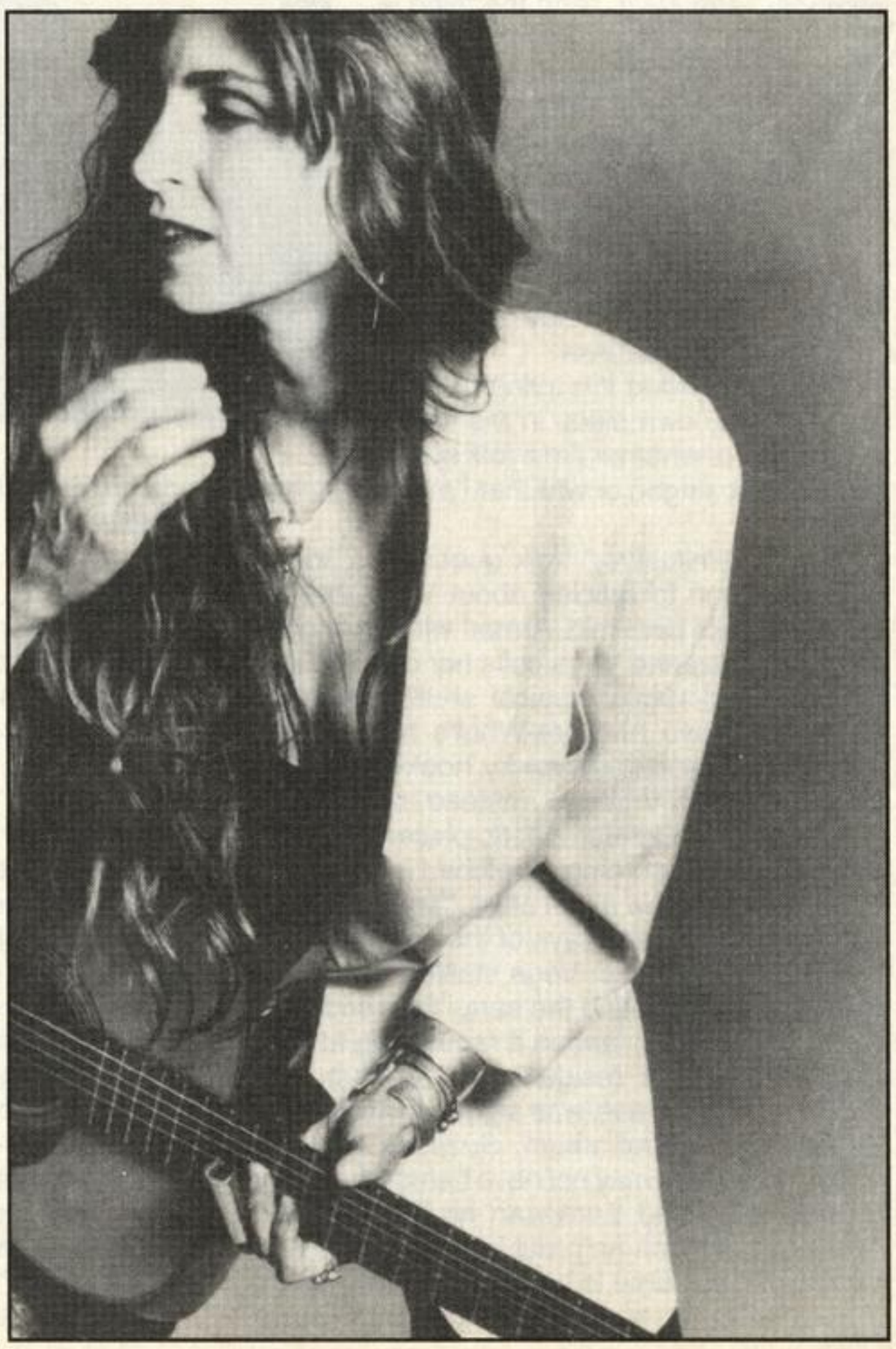
Her latest album, *Ain't I A Woman,* makes it obvious that Rory also spent many hours copping the licks from Delta Blues records. Her slide playing on Robert Johnson's "Come On In My Kitchen" makes the National steel guitar ring with great authority. She also covers two Tommy Johnson songs, "Maggie Campbell" and "Cool Drink Of Water." All three songs are marked with Rory's own delta blues style.

She also wrote six songs for the album. The first two, "Silver Wings" and "Faithless World" (featuring Mark Knopfler on guitar), showcase a voice reminiscent of Joni Mitchell. Her voice on the third track, "Sisters," presents a completely different texture, lighter and bell-like. The title track comes next and was written with Vinnie Martucci. Rory's inspiration for it came from a speech by former slave Sojourner Truth. The oration put the pain and power of Sojourner's life into a brief couple of minutes, exploding with emotion. It brought tears to Rory's eyes when she read it. The song successfully portrays that emotional intensity.

After a trio of blues songs, Rory comes on with one of her own, called "Never Called Your Name," a rollicking song which seems to take the listener on an automobile ride down a back country road, the wind blowing in the windows. The trees overhead blot out the sun in patches, the day is warm and the radio is blasting. John Sebastian's harmonica playing and Shari Kanes' slide work give the song a good time feel which contrasts with the lyrics. "Road To Mexico" follows. It is a classic "on the road" song recalling a night when Rory's son Jordan was starring in a high school play and she was stuck in Texas trying to figure out how to get home. Her voice is rough and strong and much more country than the rest of the album.

In addition to the Robert Johnson and the two Tommy Johnson songs, Rory covers Lottie (Kimbrough) Beamon's "Rolling Log." The four songs give Rory a wide range of vocal and guitar styles to work with—from a low growl to a country yodel. She handles them all with aplomb, but when "Walk In Jerusalem," the final song, hits the air, you'll forget all about what came before. Rory shines on this traditional gospel hymn from the first note. She swoops and calls and sounds like a true gospel singer. Her voice is powerful and rich. She shares the track with the Payne AME Choir, and her son Jordan Block Valdina. The two of them singing together is worth the price of admission alone. Jordon's voice is strong and deep and extremely expressive. He comes by it honestly, as the saying goes.

Rory Block has gone through her share of tragedy and joy, like anyone else. She's seen more than some and less than others. Thankfully, Rory turns her pain and happiness into beautiful and uplifting music. And that makes it better for all of us. ■



WOMEN in music

If you knew suzie

AN INTERVIEW WITH SUZANNE VEGA

BY ELIZABETH HEEDEN

Those who still neatly tuck Suzanne Vega into the folk singer category haven't been listening lately. To paraphrase Woody Guthrie, all music is made by folks, so all music is folk music. But in the male-dominated music industry, perhaps the need to keep intelligent women who make intelligent music in that category overrides any true consideration of the artist.

"What I would really like, I think, is to be in my own category the way that someone like Tom Waits is in his own category," she says. "And the thing is it's true, I think, that men more easily make their own categories. No one thinks of comparing Sting and Peter Gabriel because they're men. And no one thinks of calling Tom Petty a folk singer even though maybe he has certain folk aspects to his music—you know, they call him Tom Petty. They call him his name or they call him a rock'n'roller or whatever.

"Ultimately, what I'm trying to do is carve out my own place in the world, regardless of whether I'm a folk singer or not a folk singer, or whether I'm a pop singer or what."

"Waif," "diminutive," "folk queen" are adjectives common to articles about Vega, but no one ever calls her timid. Armed with an acoustic guitar, Suzanne Vega calls her own shots.

In the mid-1980s musical shuffle between post-New Wave and pre-What's Next Wave, Vega didn't resort to gimmicky, hook-heavy pop songs or an MTV image. Instead, she continued to craft thoughtful, poetic pieces and with each album's recording, stretched her musical boundaries to grow as an artist. "Trying to keep satisfied, really," she says of the progression.

A New York native, Vega stalked the downtown folk scene during the early-'80s, and after much persistence, landed a regular gig at Folk City. Through her residency at the club, she attracted some press, was signed by A&M, and released her debut album, *Suzanne Vega,* in 1985. Those who may not have heard the mostly college radio and European hit "Marlene On The Wall" couldn't help but hear the clear alto strains of "My Name Is Luka" two years later as the anthem of an abused child garnered Top 40 radio play and her second album, *Solitude Standing,* went gold.



Bob Gruen/Star File

Listening to her work chronologically, that progression is easily apparent, and although she no longer fits snugly into the original demure folk slot, the term repeatedly comes up. One reviewer, fishing for a way to peg her newest sound on *99.9F°*, her latest offering, came up with the ambiguous term "industrial folk."

"The fact is that I did spend five years on the folk scene in New York and I was very comfortable with that, although I never felt myself to be a traditional folk singer. I felt that I used the acoustic guitar in ways that are not traditional," she says. "In some ways, yeah, okay...I hate to say that it isn't fair because that makes it sound a little whining, but it's as though you were going to categorize everyone who used a pencil for drawing—if you were going to put them all in the same school because they used a pencil. The acoustic guitar is my instrument, but it doesn't mean that all the songs that I do are folk songs."

Vega has been credited with moving into the folk artist space after predecessors like Joni Mitchell and Janis Ian to open up a new run of female singers — usually underrated and overlooked by rock consumers and radio stations alike, and stereotyped as gaunt, frail, bleeding, bookish women with guitars (and probably glasses). The fact is, with 20/20 vision, Vega just walked into the room.

"It's a little funny," she says, "because it makes it seem as though I had intended to open some kind of door, and the fact is I had assumed the door was already open. But in the long run, I see myself as part of a line of women who came before me and who came after me. I mean, I learned a lot from the women who came before me, like Chrissey Hynde and Rickie Lee Jones, and I keep an eye on who comes after.

"I think it's possible that the success of 'Luka' made people realize that there was an audience for women with guitars, but it's hard for me to sit and take credit for the whole thing, which I don't. I just see myself as a person. A person in line with other people."

While music industry executives try to keep up with her, Vega moves ahead. The stalwart craftsmanship of her work has won her a broad and steady fan base; there is even a Dutch fan club which puts out a Suzanne Vega fanzine. Other Vega appreciators include director John Hughes, who included Vega's "Left Of Center" for his movie, *Pretty In Pink,* and Philip Glass, who used her on his album *Songs From Liquid Days,* not to mention the Grateful Dead. Vega has two cuts on the compilation release, *Deadicated.*

"I met them before at a couple of gigs. Jerry Garcia had come to a couple of gigs...and he came backstage. After that, they were doing a benefit at Madison Square Garden to benefit the rainforest and asked if I would be one of the guests. So I played with them at that show. So really, one thing lead to another and that's how I was asked to do the album."

Both the concert and *Deadicated* donated proceeds to the Rainforest Action Network and Cultural Survival. Listeners of *Deadicated* heard Vega tackle Dead favorites, "China Doll" and "Cassidy."

"We couldn't make up our mind which song to do and I really wanted to do 'China Doll,' and the band really liked doing 'China Doll,' too, but the producer of the album wanted me to do 'Cassidy' because he wanted a song that was kind of upbeat. So we figured out an arrangement for both songs and we thought we'd leave it up to him. He couldn't choose between them, so he put them both on."

Of the MSG concert and her time with the Dead, Vega says: "It was an interesting idea to play with the Grateful Dead because I had been working with a band that was very schooled and very formal, in a sense, and my shows were formal and we all knew what we were going to do and it was almost like classical music in a sense, whereas the Grateful Dead are much more open in their attitude. So when I played with them, I was looking forward to experiencing that, you know, experiencing what was that like to stand on stage and play with this more improvised sort of experience... I mean, it's very different from the way I had

been used to thinking. There is something spiritual about the Grateful Dead phenomenon."

Some of that spirit seems to have stayed with Vega, and although there is no doubt that careful attention was paid to each syllable, each quarter-note, the mood of her latest release is unquestionably playful.

"It was definitely more fun," she says of the recording process, "because first of all, the pressure was off because no one was sure what to expect and no one was expecting an album this soon from the record company, so I wanted to kind of jump on it while I had the songs ready. So no one really knew what to expect because *Days Of Open Hand* had done okay, you know, it sold about a million records worldwide, but it didn't have a hit on it, and after 'Tom's Diner' no one knew what to think, so I felt like I had a good open field to go play."

99.9F°'s calliope of sound begins with the first second of play; a garbage can percussion and the faint rhythm of a satellite whirling through space throw any preconceptions about Suzanne Vega out the window. Of the 12 cuts on the album, there are only two "traditionally" Vega guitar tunes, "Blood Sings" and "Song Of Sand." The remaining ten cuts highlight Vega's willingness to experiment and get a little loose. Producer Mitchell Froom, perhaps best known for his work with Crowded House and Elvis Costello, encouraged Vega.

"I think people were surprised by the sound and so people would say, 'Well, where did all these new sounds come from?' Most of the sounds did actually come from Mitchell, although the approach came from the two of us working together," Vega explains. "But I think that's what he's really good at, is taking someone with a definite personality and taking them, say, one or two steps beyond what they're comfortable with—or what their audience is comfortable with.

"I don't like the insinuation that somehow he transformed everything, because it was really something that we did together," she continues. "It was very much teamwork, and the fact is that Mitchell would not have come up with those sounds if it weren't for the songs, which is something that he has said also in interviews. You wouldn't have a song like 'Blood Makes Noise'—we wouldn't have those sounds if the song didn't say what it did...Together, we were making sure that we were following the spirit of the songs."

Another theory behind Vega's journey into *99.9F°* is that the British group DNA's remake of the previously a cappella "Tom's Diner" into a tantric, highly-danceable club hit a couple of winters ago must have struck a dormant chord within Vega. Not at all. The real link is Vega's third album, *Days Of Open Hand,* released in 1990. Fairlight and Prophet synthesizers, a bouzouki, dumbek, e-bow guitar and whip are some of the instruments listed on the liner notes, and songs such as "Rusted Pipe" and "Pilgrimage" hint at the potential which became full-blown on *99.9F°*.

"That was really more the train of thought," Vega agrees. "Most people, when they connect the dots, put 'Tom's Diner' in as the missing link, whereas actually it was *Days Of Open Hand* that was the missing link. I really feel that what we had done on this album *[99.9F°]* was a continuation of the train of thought. It's more upbeat and it's more playful than *Days Of Open Hand,* but it still had some of the idea."

Vega, who views all of her albums as transitional, further explains: "It wasn't my idea just to get whacky or something. I felt that I had brought enough of my old style with me so that people could understand it if they made the effort to—if they wanted. If they wanted to understand what I was doing, they could very easily do that because there's enough of my old style, like 'Bad Wisdom' and 'Blood Sings,' so that there's still enough of a core there that it's still obviously me."

That core, no matter what the accompaniment, is unmistakable. From the start Vega has tackled the tougher subjects in life—child abuse, life's sad mistakes, street characters, life alone; the things most people spend their lives trying not to look at, Vega examines under a microscope with the clinical eye. She seems to have an empathy for the underdog, as if the poetry she wraps around an individual's predicament helps soften the blow.

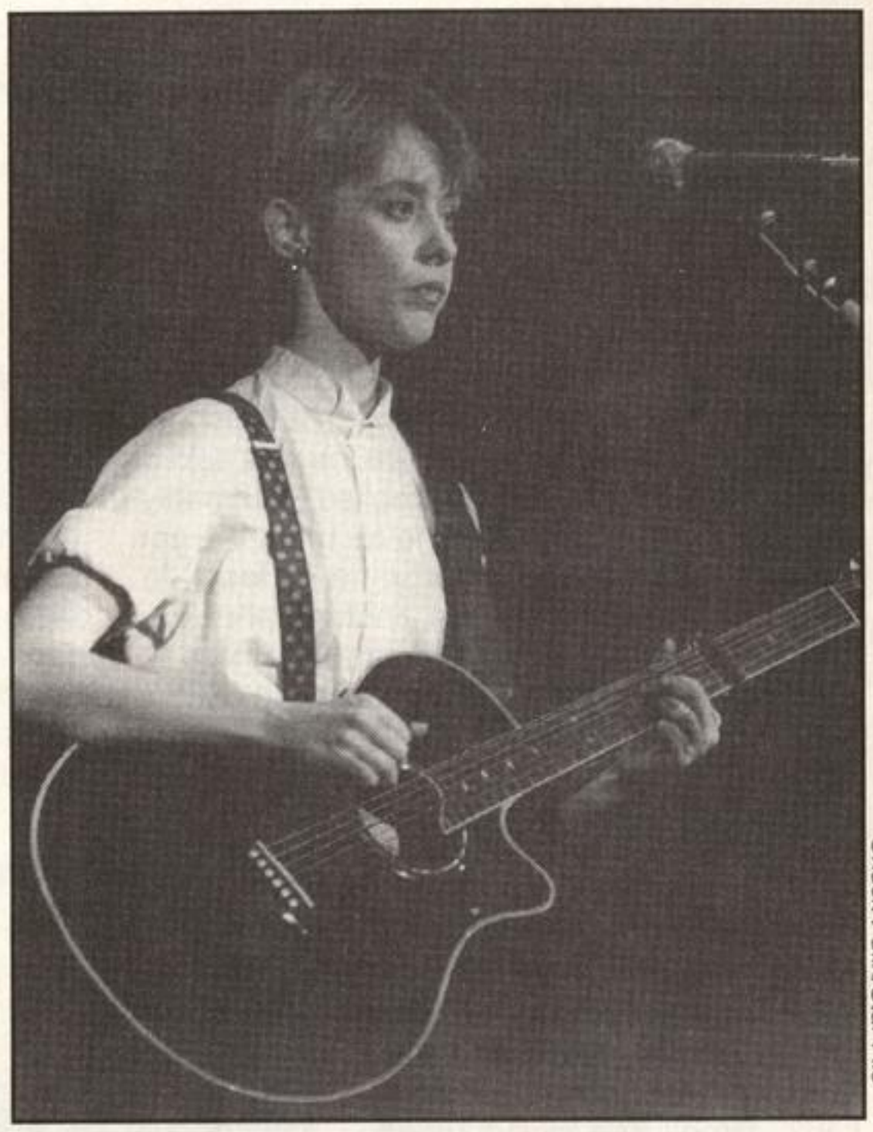
"It puts me in the position of being useful," she says. "If I speak for someone who has no voice, then I am doing something useful in the world. There's something very thrifty to me about that. The idea appeals to me because the other thing is that because the characters are voiceless, it means usually that you haven't heard from them before and so it gives you a chance to be original. It's also something I'm sensitive to. I was a very small kid in very tough neighborhoods, so that's my sort of world position.

"I don't see it as being victimized, or the people in the song are not looking for pity. They're very matter of fact about their position. They need to be noticed and I guess that was the way I felt even as a kid—that I had a very strong point of view. I'm not a loud person, I'm not aggressive, but I have a very defined point of view and I felt that I wanted to be respected and that's the thing that informs all of the songs — that child's voice saying 'Well, I have my own point of view and I might be small, but I'm not stupid.'"

For Vega, who started writing poetry at the age of seven and teaching herself guitar at 11, keeping that point of view clear and strong and understood lead her into the position of Co-Art Director for her last two albums, even winning a Grammy for art direction on *Days Of Open Hand.*

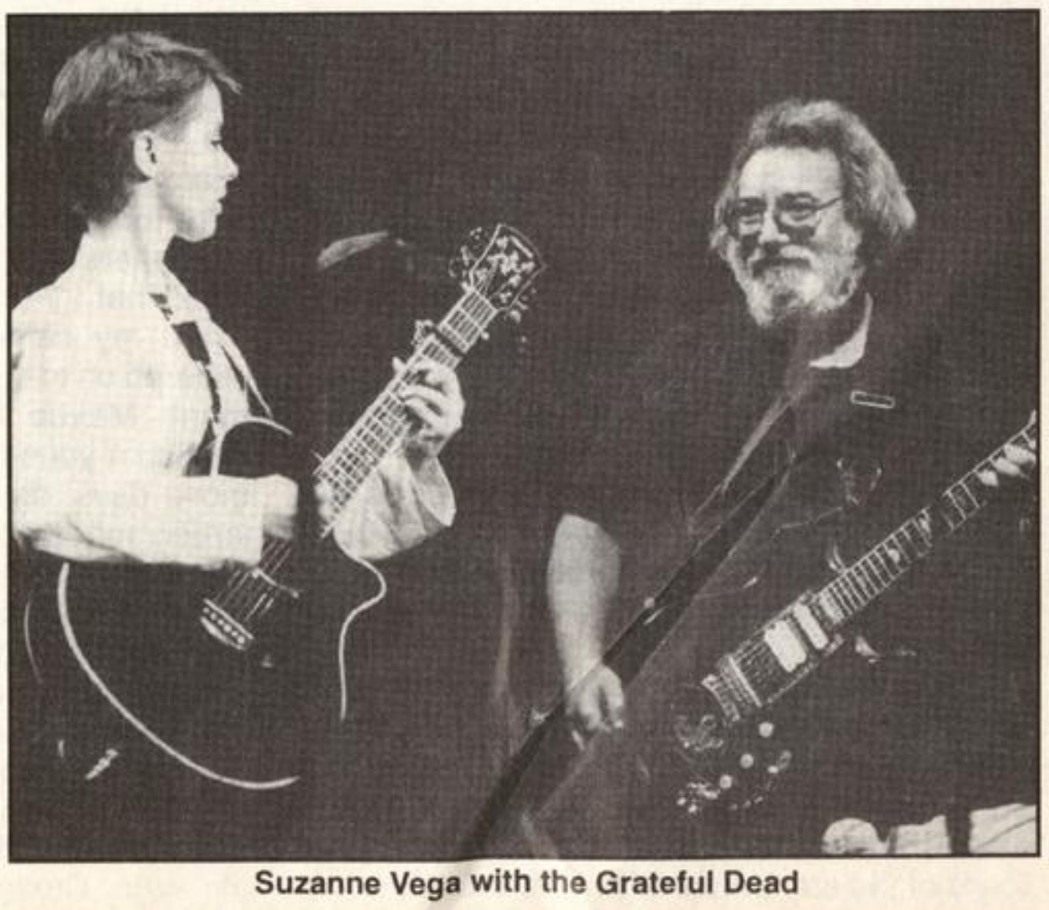
"Mostly what I wanted to learn to do was speak the same language as the people who were going to be doing the art direction," she remarks. "It was not my intention to become any kind of art director, but I wanted to learn how to express my ideas so that they knew what I was talking about...because if you leave it to other people to interpret you, you're going to be in trouble. So I just decided to do it myself. It's something that I've come to enjoy, but in the beginning I found it really overwhelming.

"The other thing I found difficult was trying to figure out how I wanted to present myself, because some people have a very strong image just based on how they look. Sinead O'Connor, for example, Tracy Chapman—these people are unmistakable. You see a photograph of them and you know what they represent, whereas with me, I think it's much harder to interpret what it is that I'm trying to present. It took me awhile to realize that because I never thought of presenting myself as an image. I felt that everything I needed to say was in my work and in the words and in the stuff that I was writing about, and so what did my face have to do with it? Except that the world looks at you, and when they look at you they see your face, you know?" she laughs. "And in this day and age, most people read as much into your face as they do into your work."



Chuck Pulin/Star File

On all four album covers, that face stares back unblinking. "Basically, I play acoustic guitar and that's my main instrument and you can interpret that whichever way you want to," she says point blank. Suzanne Vega knows who she is. ■



Bob Minkin

Suzanne Vega with the Grateful Dead

WOMEN in music

LINDA McCARTNEY'S Got the Picture

BY JYM FAHEY

When Paul McCartney held his press conference to announce tour plans in support of his recent *Off The Ground* album, he was asked about his wife Linda. Paul replied, "Normally she gets a bit eclipsed by the fact that we got married. I always say, 'I ruined her career.'" In truth, Linda flourished as a photographer before she ever met Paul, and has continued to practice her art. She recently published a book of her photographs entitled, *Linda McCartney's Sixties Portrait Of An Era,* which shows off her considerable photographic skills. "For so many years, I didn't want to do a '60s book, because I'm constantly taking photographs and I'm as inspired now as I was then. Even Paul kept saying, 'Why don't you do a '60s book?' And I said, 'Because I really don't want to look back.' Then just a few years ago I thought, 'I want to look at all those contact sheets.' I just wanted to see all these people again. I can remember every minute of it. It's not like it's washed away. I mean Hendrix, I remember every little thing about him and every minute we spent together. And all of it. So I thought, 'Yeah, I'll do a book.' I was ready for it."



Linda's *Sixties* were unlike most people's '60s. While most were capturing their week at the shore or their high school prom on film, Linda was snapping the likes of Jimi Hendrix, Nico, and Bob Dylan. For her it was fun and a way to survive, but she also had serious artistic aspirations. She says, "I really became a photographer because I was inspired by the great photographers—Walker Evans, Dorothea Lange, Cartier-Bresson, Edward Curtis. So it's not about fashion and commerciality. It's more about everyday life. I can take pictures anywhere, anytime. I take as many pictures as ever, I just don't get published like I used to. The Sixties thing is [receiving notice] because [the subjects are] famous people now, but they weren't then. At the same time, I was taking other photographs—I'm well into photography as an art form. And I would never have wanted to be a fashion photographer or anything anyway. The Sixties stuff paid my rent."

Linda moved to New York in 1965 and found an office job with *Town And Country* magazine, but her lunch hours were spent in the photography section of the Museum of Modern Art. Soon she found herself photographing the pop icons of the era, beginning with the Dave Clark Five and continuing through the galaxy of soon-to-be stars, which included the Doors, Jimi Hendrix, Big Brother and the Holding Company, and the Rolling Stones. In fact, it was the Rolling Stones that provided her big break. Her magazine job included opening the mail. One day an invitation to a press reception with the Rolling Stones came across her desk. It wasn't meant for her, but sometimes fate needs a helping hand. She slid the invite into her desk and kept mum about it.

Then, on the afternoon of June 24, 1966, she showed up at the 79th Street Marina where the luxury yacht SS Sea Panther was moored. A mob of journalists and photographers jammed the area. While the journalists were invited on board for a lunch cruise, the photographers were told to shoot from the dock. All the photographers but Linda, that is. She reveals in her book that, "For some reason, even though I had my camera around my neck, I was ushered on to the boat by the Stones' management. Maybe it was because the Stones fancied a young blond-haired girl on board. In those days, the press they had to face was largely made up of older men who knew little about rock'n'roll." Linda seized the moment and began shooting. Once back at the Marina, journalists from the cruise offered to buy all the photos Linda had taken. *Town And Country* had just lost an employee.

Linda's photography career began to take off. *Sixties* includes pictures of most of the major icons of the rock world of the late '60s; the Who, Cream, Simon and Garfunkel, B.B. King, Buffalo Springfield, Otis Redding, the Animals. In fact, shots of the artists who made up most of the British, New York, L.A. and San Francisco scenes at that time (including some marvelous shots of the Grateful Dead) grace the pages of her book. One of her favorites was Jimi Hendrix. She remembers, "Despite his wild looks, he was one of the shyest and most sensitive people I have ever met."

Linda travelled to London in 1967, her mind set on photographing the Beatles and Traffic. She accomplished her goal with Steve Winwood and company and then went after the Liverpudlians. She dropped off her portfolio at the office of Beatles manager, Brian Epstein and hoped for the best. But magic took over. At the Bag O' Nails, her eyes met with Paul McCartney's and they struck up a conversation, resulting in one high profile courtship. To some degree, her photographic work with the Beatles was overshadowed by the love she had found. By the time the Beatles recorded *Let It Be,* Linda and Paul were a solid item, and Linda had started a new career, "I sang on *Let It Be*. That was how it all happened. I was over at the session and Paul said, 'I need a high note here. Can you do it?' And I said, 'No way!' He said, 'Yeah you can.' I was up there so high I still find it hard to sing that note. I was the harmony on *Let It Be.* Nobody knows that. They would have been horrified."

People were still horrified. They blamed Linda and Yoko Ono for the break-up of the Beatles. Linda realizes the absurdity of those claims. "The Beatles broke up the Beatles. I think Yoko and I met our men during a time when they were looking for love. It was all falling apart. The Beatles had done as much as they could do together. I suppose it was just fate and life. I love the Beatles music, so the last thing I wanted to do was break it up. [Yoko] took a lot of flak. I think I took a lot of flak, but we both only fell in love. It's as simple as that."

The vitriol Linda experienced in those days continues even to this day. When she first began to record and tour with Paul, vicious criticism followed everywhere. Then and now people charge that Linda's presence in Paul's band is based on their relationship. Linda says, "In truth, that is why I'm coming along. But now it's grown into the fact that I actually play as well.

And I enjoy it. I know when Wings started,I was having more fun up there than anybody. I might have been an innocent, but that's how all the musicians that we like started out. They weren't all accomplished musicians. Everybody started, 'Okay, that's A.' 'Hey, teach me a new chord.' 'Is that D? Great.' 'What's a twelve bar?' I think if you're having fun, that's what counts. I don't consider myself a great musician, and sometimes I think, 'Wow, what am I doing here?' But then again, when we play together, we play together and that's for us to decide, no one else."

With the publishing of *Sixties,* Linda would like to point out, again, that her interest in photos is in no way genetic. She says, "I'm not related to Eastman Kodak. I am no relation. Isn't that funny? I've been denying it for years. What happened was, when Paul and I got married, all the headlines read, 'BEATLE MARRIES HEIRESS OF EASTMAN KODAK.' So that rumor has stuck. I'm absolutely no relation. In fact, even though my name is Eastman, I never thought to be a photographer because of the name. It was because I was inspired by looking at great photographs."

She can now go on to inspire other photographers with her pictures. They show an incredible eye for the moment. She has continued to hone that ability over the years. Linda says, "I'm not one of those photographers who takes lots of rolls and hope I get one picture. I tend, these days, [to take] one photograph. I know 'when.' There's no point in taking ten others and wasting film. Also, film has gelatin in it, which I recently learned, and gelatin is made from horses hooves, so I've cut down my photography quite a bit."

Any conversation with Linda seems to eventually come around to her vegetarianism. She speaks adamantly on the subject, "Because I really love earth and I'm a spiritual person from my heart, I have a passion about the horror that we are doing. I don't get on a soap box to the point of being aggressive. I try to win people over by touching their heart, by planting a seed, by saying, 'Why don't we eat the grains and the beans directly, instead? An animal eats all these wonderful things, and then we murder the animal, it doesn't make sense.' Plus if we stop eating animals and ate the food directly, over a billion more people would be fed in this world. The funny thing is, the same people who own the corn and the grain, own the beef industry. They could still make money. I don't want to put people out of work. I'm just saying slaughter houses, carcasses and butchery are disgusting things. If you really want to help the environment, go veggie."

Linda puts her money where her mouth is on the subject. She has authored a vegetarian cookbook and gave her blessing to a British company that wished to adapt her recipes to a line of prepared foods. Her permission was simple and direct, "If they're tasty, healthy, and not expensive, absolutely."

Linda's magic life continues with her contributions to Paul's latest record, *Off The Ground,* an upcoming tour, and the critical acceptance of her *Sixties Portrait Of An Era.* Her children are healthy and wise and well cared for. Her veg-evangelism wins new converts all the time. She plans another retrospective photography work without the stars and continues to shoot for her own pleasure. She is successful and self-actualized and must smile with satisfaction and joy at the end of the day. ■

JENNI MULDAUR

(continued from page 22)

some backgrounds. One time though, he came in the studio when Russ and I were working, and he played us some of the songs before he did *Unplugged.* Just him and his guitar. It just blew me away!"

Clapton's music must have made an impression on her before then. She used bassist Nathan East and drummer Steve Ferrone on her album. Both men have made a lot of music with Eric over the years. Others who worked on the album include Donald Fagan (horn charts), David Sanborn, and a quartet of impressive guitarists, Waddy Wachtel, David Mansfield, Andy Fairweather-Low and Warren Haynes. Blue Nile's Paul Buchanan sings a duet with Jenni on "Wondering."

Jenni's got it going on in her career right now, but she knows there's more to life than that. She learned that at her mother's knee. Maria chose to provide a more normal life for her daughter rather than a headlong rush after a career. Jenni says, "I'm the same way. I'm not in love right now, but I would love nothing more than to have a real life to go along with the other stuff, 'cause that's what it's all about. I'm sure it will come. This is just what I do for work and pleasure. It's really a lucky combination."

There's a lot of good music on *Jenni Muldaur.* Her voice is tough and tender. The songs are rough and urban and full of soul. Blues, rock'n'roll, and pop all mix it up pretty well. Don't listen for the name, listen for the music. She is definitely her parents' daughter, but her voice is all her own. ■

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DISNEY WORLD

Better Than The Real World

by Virginia Lohle

Disney World is its own world; a place where we can all be children without guilt, a place where strangers smile at each other, a place where anything is possible and the only real borders are those of one's imagination.

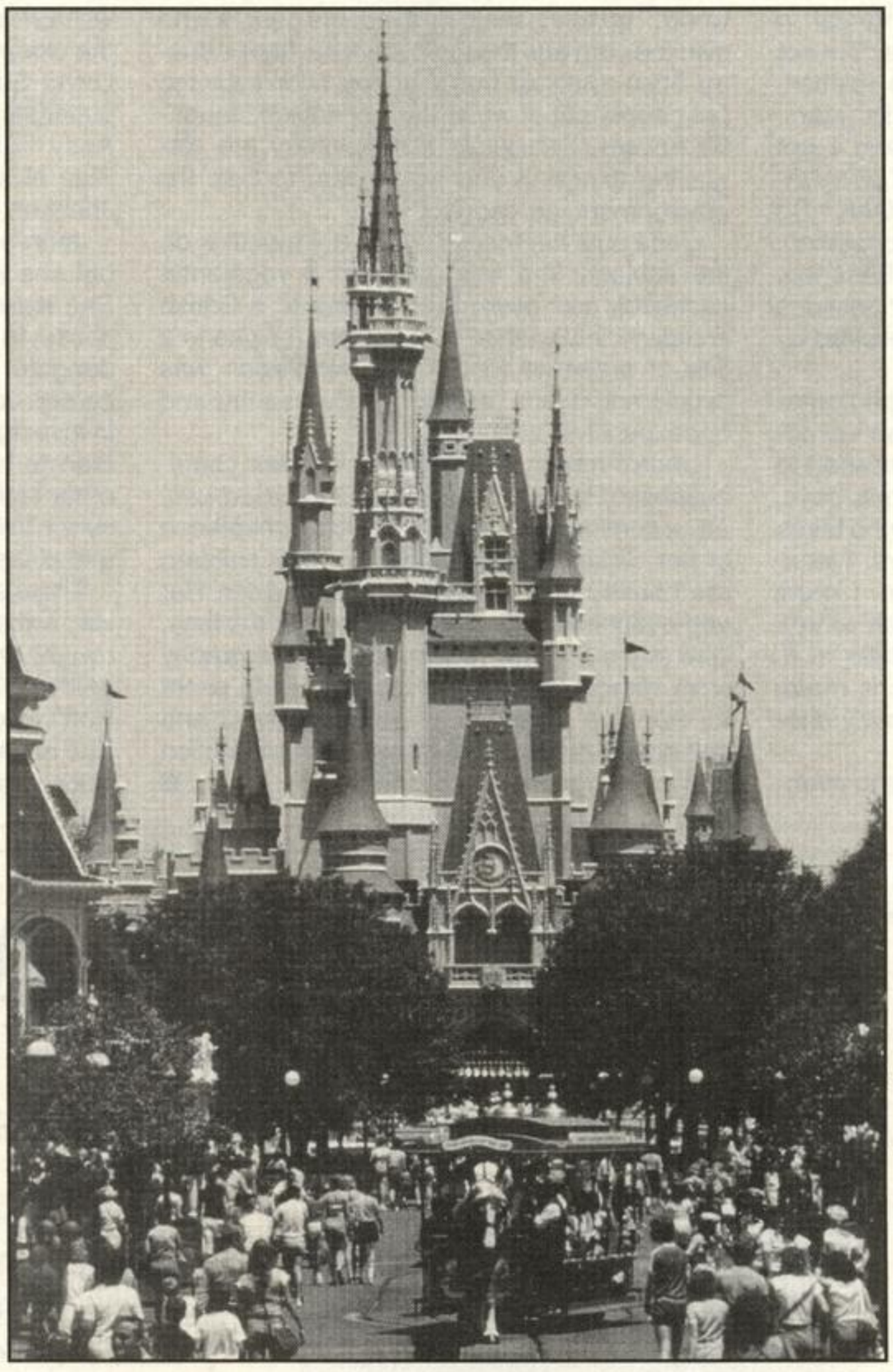
Arriving at the gates, the first thing many visitors realize is the enormous size of the complex. Disney World is twice the size of the island of Manhattan! Visitors drive past gorgeous landscaping on beautiful, smooth roads clearly marked with accurate signs.

Disney World actually consists of seven different theme parks. The Magic Kingdom, Epcot Center and the new MGM/Disney Studios are the most popular. The Magic Kingdom is really the core attraction; the fantasy land Walt Disney envisioned. With the amazing Cinderella Castle looming over the edge of every horizon like a man-made Kilimanjaro, nothing looks like the 20th Century as we know it.

On close inspection, the Castle is a testimony to magnificent craftsmanship; the hallmark of Disney. Attention is given to the smallest detail and the effect is stunning. Beautiful gardens line the path to "Main Street USA," a charming turn-of-the-century village with wonderful shops, exhibits, silent movie houses, penny arcades (some machines actually take a penny) and a vintage town square. Music is everywhere and anything can happen, including a sudden parade! Massive floats appear out of nowhere, hundreds of pretty girls dance through the streets and life-size Disney characters make their way into crowds, hugging children, posing for photographs and further blurring the lines between reality and childhood fantasy.

Adventureland proves to be an exotic jungle of delights; the Swiss Family Treehouse, an exciting Jungle Cruise along hippo and other wildlife-inhabited rivers of the world, a sail through Pirate strongholds and treasure troves and singing Tiki Birds are some of the offerings.

Frontierland features the newest and most dramatic of the attractions—Splash Mountain. Join the *Song Of The South* characters on a log ride to a spectacular splash drop! Explore the caves and secret passages of Tom Sawyer Island, ride a runaway mine train through Big Thunder Mountain.



courtesy Disney Productions

Liberty Square features the famed "Hall Of Presidents" exhibit, an imposing, elegant structure where every American President is eerily brought to life through the magic of audio-animatronics. There is also a beautiful steam-powered Stern Wheeler that sails down the rivers of America, and the scary Haunted Mansion.

Fantasyland is a more classic amusement park; a place to let the kids loose on such rides as the 20,000 Leagues Under The Sea Voyage, the twirls of the Mad Hatter's giant tea cups, forest frolicking with Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs and 3-D Film Flights. Fly with Peter Pan or Dumbo. Visit Mickey's Starland and see Mickey's house, visit all his cartoon friends and moo with the kids and the barnyard animals at Grandma Duck's Farm. It's A Small World will delight young and old as they sing along with children from all over the world.

DEADHEAD'S SUMMER VACATION GUIDE

Tomorrowland is complete with a visit to Mission Control for a blast off to Mars. Watch the *American Journey* film as it surrounds viewers in Circle Vision 360, a circular theater that features intense multi-angle wraparound film. Pilot spacecraft through the sky, or grab the wheel of a race car! And there is always Space Mountain, a breath-taking rollercoaster through space.

Epcot Center is a vastly different park—futuristic and international. There are numerous futuristic attractions; "The Living Seas," "Horizons," "World Of Motion," "Journey Into Imagination," "Universe Of Energy," "Wonders Of Life," the vast "Communicore," "Spaceship Earth" and others will all stimulate and educate. Michael Jackson's spectacular "Captain EO," directed in 3-D by George Lucas, is a surprisingly intense experience. The Land Pavilion showcases "Listen To The Land," a boat ride through arid deserts, tropical rainforests, a hothouse where innovative growing and pesticide techniques are employed, and a fish farm.

The World Showcase is Disney's "Small World": sample an enchilada in Mexico; visit Norway and ride through the "Maelstrom," a zany indoor boat ride through Norway's history and folklore; take a trip to China and see a wonderful Circle Vision 360 Film that travels the country from the lands of the Mongols to the Forbidden City. Beautifully authentic and painstakingly re-created, these national replicas are authentic enough to make visitors believe that they are actually in far off lands.

Each country is completely self-contained. Those who sip beer in the German beer garden will see only Germany. The Eiffel Tower is only visible to those "visiting" France. Avoiding "visual intrusion" is a key concept at Disney. France also has the "Impressions de France" film where the adventurous can learn what it feels like to balloon over majestic valleys on a crisp morning after a glass of champagne. Other countries include Italy, Japan, Morocco and

the beautiful gardens of Canada. And after all that traveling, make sure to go to England and get a good glass of ale at the pub. Each country is staffed by young people native to each culture who spend a year or two in Florida living in an international village.

Movie and television fans will love Disney's MGM studios. The attractions include "Star Tours," a journey through amazing sets from the hit film series. C-3PO welcomes guests as they enter a starspeeder piloted by a robot headed for the Moon of Endor. This thrill-packed spaceship simulator will keep riders screaming!

The "Indiana Jones Epic Stunt Spectacular" is a live action-packed stage production that selects many members of the audience to jump onstage and into the death-defying stunts the movie is so well known for. "Beauty And The Beast" is a lavish stage show based on the hit Disney animated feature. "New York Street" is a fascinating replica of the city that is well worth visiting.

The Great Movie Ride will take you on an exciting adventure through some of cinema's greatest moments. Scenes from *Alien, Raiders Of The Lost Ark,* and *Tarzan* will thrill you and a visit to Oz will delight you.

Anyone who ever wanted to be on television can star along with their favorite TV stars in scenes from "I Love Lucy," "The Golden Girls," "Gilligan's Island," "General Hospital" and many others at the SuperStar Television theater.

Kids will love "Jim Henson's Muppet Vision 3-D" show with audio-animatronic figures, special effects and Muppet mayhem. After taking "The Backstage Studio Tour," highlighted by Catastrophe Canyon, visit the "Honey, I Shrunk The Kids Movie Set Adventure" or "The Voyage Of The Little Mermaid" live musical production.

Serious animation fans will love "The Magic Of Disney Animation" self-guided tour. Here, it is possible to see all the steps involved in making an animated feature film from start to finish, and one may even be able to watch Disney artists hard at work on their next blockbuster animated film.

Aside from the three main parks, there are many more sights, including "Typhoon Lagoon," a giant water park. Bring a bathing suit and pick a sunny day for all the rivers, creeks, falls and rafting imaginable.

In the evening, Pleasure Island is an adult fantasy land where every night is New Year's Eve. There is the Comedy Warehouse where well known and local comics perform, the Adventurer's Club (straight out of late-1800s Kenya), the Cage, which is a very modern disco, and lots of other bars, clubs and attractions. Twirl in a Virtual Reality gyroscope ride or just relax and have a drink while watching an outdoor stage show. Pleasure Island is open well past normal park hours and it's always a party.

The strong environmental awareness maintained in Disneyworld was started many years ago by Walt Disney himself. Recycling,



Splash Mountain



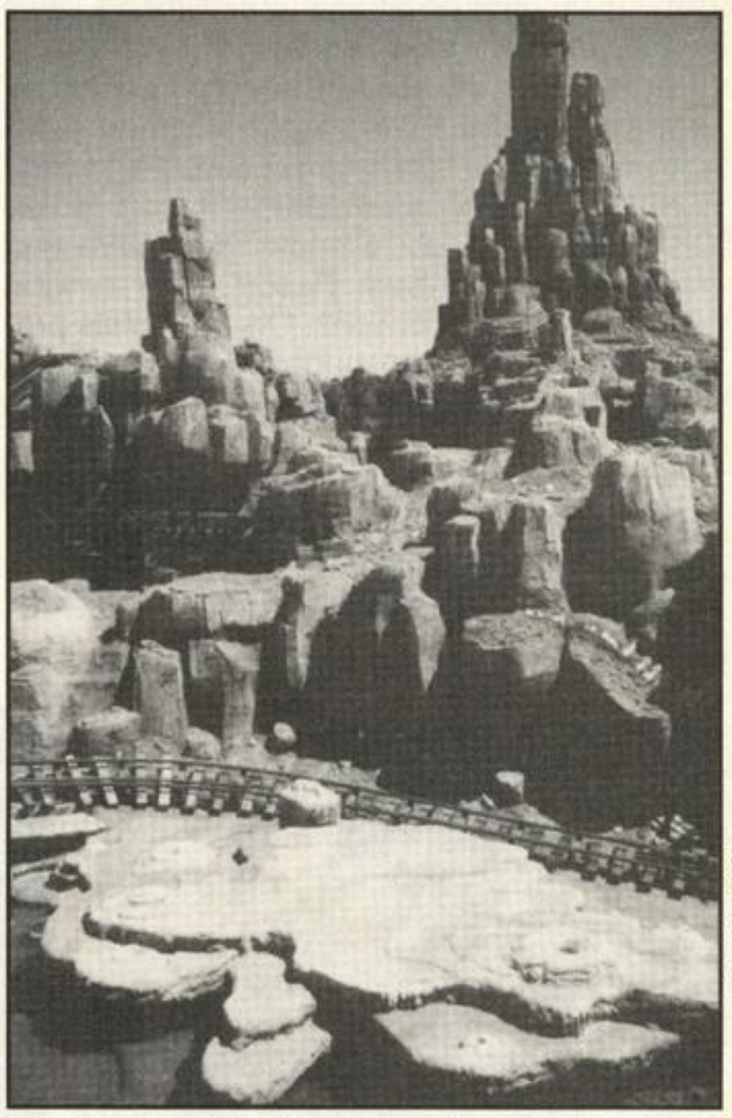
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Lunch at the castle with Cinderella



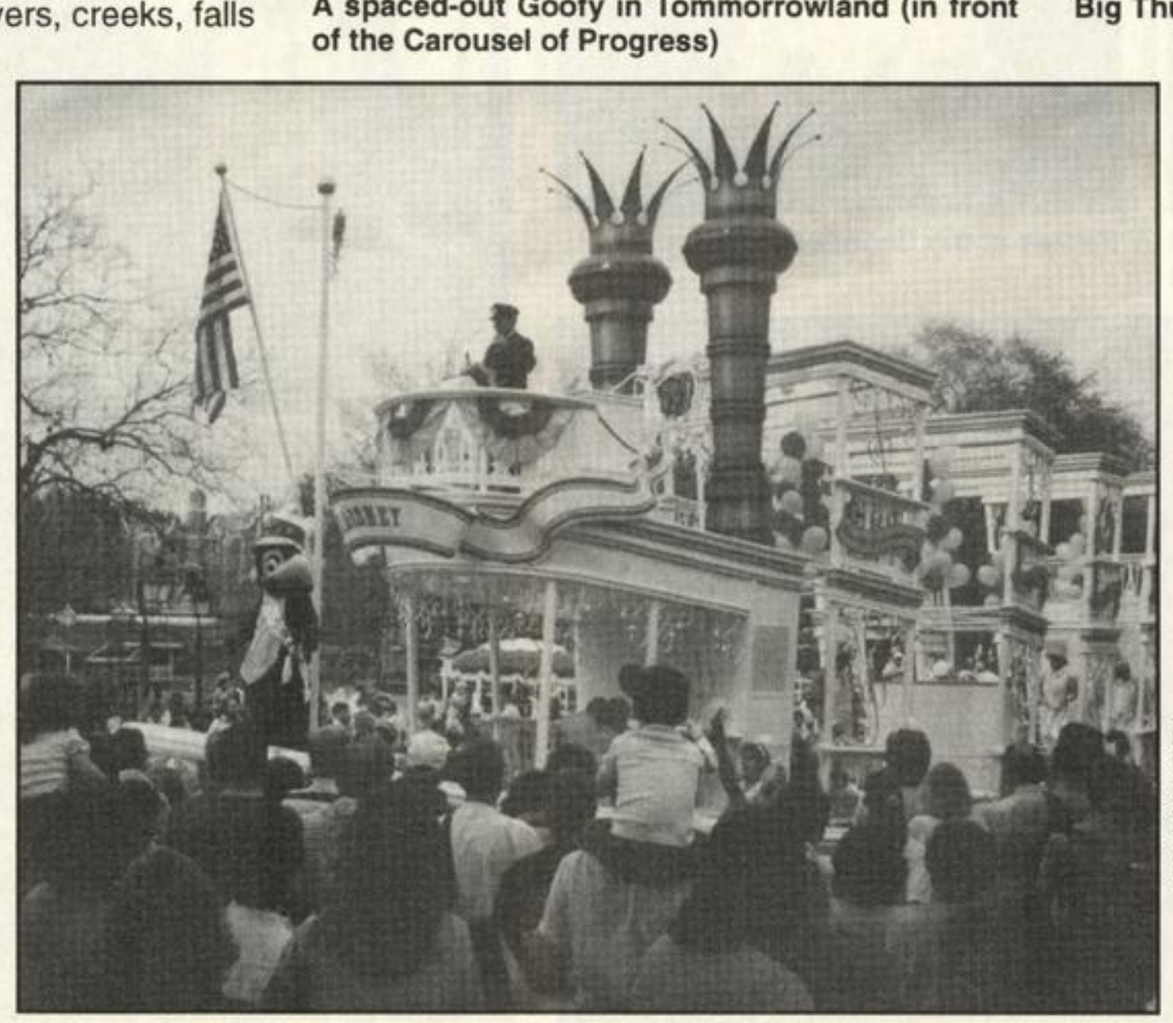
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A spaced-out Goofy in Tommorrowland (in front of the Carousel of Progress)



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Big Thunder Mountain Railroad



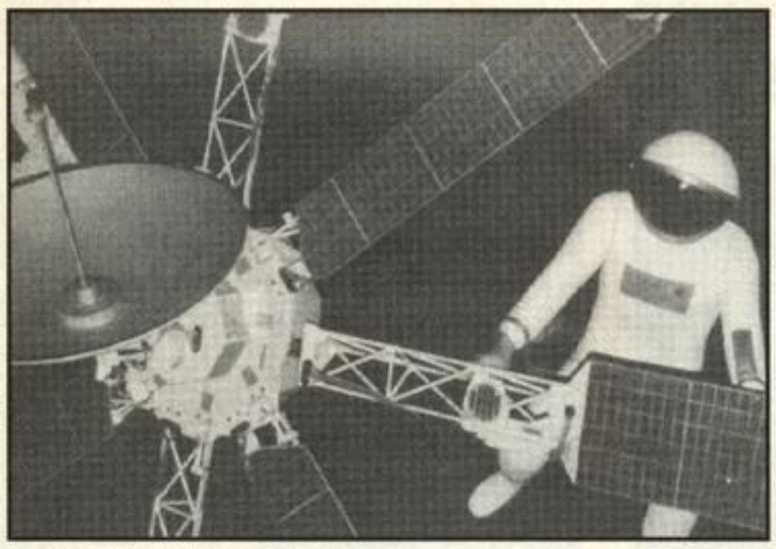
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Don't miss the parades!



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Life-size Disney characters are available for hugging



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Inside Spaceship Earth

water conservation, solid waste management, energy conservation and "green" purchasing are very much in evidence and everybody is encouraged to help. In addition, Disney recently purchased the Walker Ranch, a massive nature reserve adjacent to the property which will remain untouched and undeveloped. *(See Disney Environmental article this issue–ed.)*

There are many accommodations on Disney property. On-site hotels range from the modestly priced Dixie Landings to the opulent Grand Floridian. The Contemporary Resort Hotel, Disney Beach Club, Disney Yacht Club and the "Caribbean Beach Resort" offer a wide range of accommodations. On-site hotels provide free in-park transportation (by riverboat, bus or monorail) and keep everyone in the Disney spirit.

For visitors who wish to camp out or to bring their trailers, Fort Wilderness Campgrounds has everything campers could possibly want. The prices vary greatly according to individual needs, but are generally quite reasonable (approximately $35 per night) and are located in a beautiful wilderness area.

Disney is equally considerate of smokers and non-smokers, with plenty of room and accommodations for all. Tip to smokers: the only place to purchase cigarettes in the Magic Kingdom is at the General Store on Main Street. There is no alcohol in the Magic Kingdom, but there are plenty of establishments throughout the rest of the parks and countries of Epcot.

The restaurants and food services are far too numerous to mention. There is live music almost everywhere—from barbershop quartets to bluegrass, from rock'n'roll to the Disney classics we have all grown up with.

All the attractions and parks are great reasons to visit Disney World, but perhaps the best reason of all is the effect it has on its visitors. The world is a kinder, warmer, more friendly place at Disney. People young and old, from every corner of the globe, all get along…it's just like Christmas everyday.

Walt Disney World Updates: Disney World is constantly updating and adding to its attractions. Some of the updates include a new Tomorrowland at the Magic Kingdom (opening mid-1990s) with science-fiction architectural design, Alien Encounter—a confrontation with extraterrestrial travelers, an updated StarJets ride, and an updated Carousel of Progress. Disney-MGM Studios has added Aladdin's Royal Caravan, and upcoming attractions include Walt Disney's Private Airplane and Sunset Boulevard (including the Twilight Zone Tower of Terror—opening 1994). Several new resorts will be opening by mid-1995. ■

Call Delta, the official airline of Disney World, for a package deal at 1-800-872-7786, or any travel agent.

(Special thanks to Philip Kippel on his factual Disney expertise.)



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Outside of Journey Into Imagination



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Roger Rabbit — directly across the World Showcase Lagoon is the American Adventure



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Pirates of the Caribbean



courtesy Disney Productions

The Chinese Theatre at MGM Studios, home of the Great Movie Ride



courtesy Disney Productions

Spaceship Earth and the monorail provide a scenic backdrop for visitors at Epcot Center

THE MAGIC KINGDOM

Magically Sound Environmentalism

by Robert Bromberg

In an age when one wonders whether they can trust major corporations to employ safe environmental practices, the Disney corporation comes through. Yes, believe it or not, the Magic Kingdom is one of the world's leaders in setting a good example for the corporate world.

Thanks to Kym Murphy, corporate vice president of environmental policy, "Green has obviously become one of Disney's favorite colors." "Environmentality" is the name of the company-wide effort that extends to EuroDisney in France and all the way to Tokyo Disneyland.

Besides planting thousands of trees and shrubs each year, from the beginning, 7,500 acres of Walt Disney World Resort was set aside as a permanent conservation area. However, the new Disney Wilderness Preserve, located eight miles south of Walt Disney World Resort, is perhaps the most significant effort at preservation. The 8,500 acres of wetlands and uplands are being protected and restored in a partnership with the Nature Conservancy. Disney's long-term commitment totals $40 million.

In 1992, Disney opened the Osprey Ridge and Eagle Pines golf courses. At Osprey Ridge, eight nesting towers for native osprey were created. Also, ponds created for the courses were stocked with fish and planted with aquatic grasses, making the area more attractive to osprey and other natural flora and fauna. The courses also contain more than 3,000 young trees, and 40,000 clumps of native grass. Hand-built boardwalks were constructed to avoid cart paths in these sensitive areas.

Recycling continues to flourish throughout Disney. More than 17,000 specialized receptacles have been distributed for office paper recycling. A new $3.5 million, 30,000-square-foot materials recovery facility at Walt Disney World has been created, enabling the company to recycle nearly 65 million pounds of materials in 1992 alone. The goal is to recycle at least 120 tons a day by 1995. Disneyland received the Teddy Roosevelt Conservation Award for efforts such as these.

But Disney has also significantly reduced waste. For instance, purchasing "jumbo" rolls rather than small packages of paper towels and toilet tissue has reduced packaging waste by 813,000 pounds a year. Also, dispenser napkins have been reduced by 25 percent in size, which has decreased paper consumption by 263,085 pounds a year.

An environmentally clean, efficient cogeneration power plant has been installed at Walt Disney World, which allows them to produce approximately 35 percent of the resort's needs.

On another note, the Magic Kingdom's cooling energy was reduced by 20 percent and heating energy by 41 percent, as engineers in Florida have improved the efficiency of the air conditioning and heating systems. This cutback would provide enough electricity to operate 3,000 American homes.

On the west coast, California's Disney Studio became the first Hollywood studio to join the E.P.A.'s Green Lights Program. This program emphasizes the use of energy conservative-lighting systems. Also, one of California's first compressed natural gas fueling stations was installed in Disneyland, encouraging the use of natural gas, propane and electricity for service vehicles.

More than $16 million worth of products containing recycled materials were purchased throughout Disney. This encourages Disney suppliers to provide environmentally sound products.

The installation of a 120,000-square-foot, multimillion-dollar roof will make the composting process at Walt Disney World much easier to control. Currently, all of the resort's landscape waste and sewage sludge is converted into 16,000 cubic yards of nutrient-rich soil amendment each year. The compost is used by the horticulture departments as a soil amendment and on roadway medians as a natural organic fertilizer. Plans to integrate food waste into the composting process, if successful, will double the size of the facility.



courtesy Disney Productions

WDW Golf Courses are irrigated with treated waste water



© Disney

"The immediate need for education and practice in using our natural resources to the best advantage of all, for this generation and others to come, is...apparent to every observant citizen."

– Walt Disney

Each month, Disney Harvest, Walt Disney World Co.'s food donation program, in conjunction with the Second Harvest Food Bank of Central Florida, delivers 20,000 to 40,000 pounds of leftovers from Disney restaurants to feed hungry Central Floridians. This is just another example of the many programs Disney has initiated to reduce waste.

Disney has also substituted environmentally friendly processes such as a citrus-based cleaning system that eliminates the use of potentially toxic chemical solvents. The company restricted water usage to 60 percent of former levels.

Walt Disney World Resort is reusing treated waste water for golf course and landscape irrigation, and will save nearly five million gallons of ground water a day by fall 1993. A 15-million-gallon-per-day advanced waste water treatment plant started operating in February 1993, treating waste water to near lake-water quality. Disney is also irrigating landscapes using sophisticated computer controls. Due to this system's dependency on weather data, it delivers only the water that plants require. This system alone saves more than 50 million gallons a year in irrigation.

In film and television production, "Environmentality" is still prominent. As a leader in the development of environmentally conscious production techniques, Walt Disney Studios proudly accepted 1992's Environmental Media Association's Television Episodic Comedy award.

Perhaps in time the rest of the corporate world will learn to follow in the footsteps of the Magic Kingdom. Imagine... ■



Dave Patrick

A DEADHEAD'S GUIDE TO SAN FRANCISCO

It's never too early to be thinking about your next trip to San Francisco!

If the Grateful Dead don't resurrect the tradition of New Year's Eve shows, there's always Chinese New Year and Mardi Gras shows to entice the fold back to the Bay Area.

If you do have plans to go for a concert, for business, or for pleasure, you're in luck! This **Deadhead's Guide to San Francisco** will help.

A first suggestion is to get hold of a friend who moved to San Francisco to be near all of the things we're going to talk about here. Chances are he or she hasn't had the opportunity to take this tour yet. San Francisco is relatively small (only about seven miles), and Chinatown is right next to the North Beach, which is right next to Fisherman's Wharf, etc., but those hills can kill ya'!

Many of the things to take in here are "sights" and cost you nothing. One of the first things you should consider doing is visiting the Haight.

Haight-Ashbury has gone through some changes since those bygone days, but the vibe is still alive, and it is a very colorful area. There are good bakeries and restaurants on Haight, and many antique and clothing stores. Loyal vinyl record collectors will find a haven at such stores as Recycle Records, Reckless Records, and Rough Trade (all near Masonic Avenue). Shops line Haight Street, offering great tie-dyed clothing, rare t-shirts, handmade jewelry, and unusual artifacts from a very popular era. Vintage clothing stores offer some glimpses at yesterday, but the offerings are pretty well picked over by now. But dig deep and look for that incredible velvet dress or that awesome suede fringe jacket. You never know who wore it last! Great Expectations Bookstore is the place to stop for literature, and don't miss their new t-shirt shop on the corner (you will be mesmerized by the variety!). See live hippies at work at Positively Haight Street. Alongside Jim Preston's fabulous tie-dyed sheets, you will find some unique clothing and gifts. Distractions is another one of the many shops catering to a Deadhead clientele.

Walk along some of the side streets and look at the incredible Victorian houses. You might note that the striking and unusual pastel colors used on these homes are far from the conservative hues used on the buildings where you come from. (I have a feeling we're not in Kansas anymore.) Be sure to stop at 710 Ashbury, a typical San Francisco style house that was home to the Grateful Dead in the mid-'60s.

A few blocks away at the corner of Haight and Cole is the Straight Theatre, once called "The People's Ballroom."

Golden Gate Park is at the base of Haight Street. Here you can stroll the panhandle and feel the cosmic remnants of the Summer of Love. Here, the Dead, Airplane, Quicksilver, Country Joe, and dozens of other bands performed live concerts in the mid-to-late '60s. The Haight Street Fair is still an annual event, featuring many of the veteran performers that made this a tradition. Visit Hippie Hill, the sight of be-ins, love-ins, Mime Troupe performances, nude rompings, music, peace, love, flowers, drugs...get the picture yet? Now, it's just a hill, but with a little imagination it isn't hard to visualize what was happening here only twenty-five years ago. Of course, the bandshell holds its ghosts—many free concert events were held here as well as on the panhandle.

Be sure to visit the park's Japanese Tea Garden and the Hall of Flowers.

Your next stop can be 2400 Fulton Street. This is the address of the legendary Jefferson Airplane mansion. Many old photos of the band were taken on the steps and inside that mansion.

Be sure not to miss the Exploratorium, located in the Presidio. In the Exploratorium's hall you can play with many "hands on" displays, scientific novelties, and new computers with unique programs that will keep you mesmerized. You can spend hours trying to figure out how the optical illusion room works, or make bubbles that are bigger than you. There is something here to interest everyone! Also, the hall is part of a beautiful park that you might want to hang out in for awhile. Relax and watch the clouds roll by.

Old Concert Halls

San Francisco is loaded with old concert halls. There are so many of them that you



Ed Perlstein



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Haight Street



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710 Ashbury

could spend a day searching them out!

The old Winterland, which was located at the corner of Post and Steiner, was torn down and replaced by condos. The billboard on the side which read "They're not the best at what they do" is now history. What a shame.

The Fillmore Auditorium, located on Geary Boulevard, was reopened by Bill Graham Presents in 1988. The San Francisco earthquake kicked the structure hard, and it remains closed. The building is under renovation and is scheduled for reopening this fall.

The Avalon Ballroom, located at Sutter and Van Ness, was a competing hall to Bill Graham's Fillmore, and featured Quicksilver Messenger Service as their house band. This historic site is now the home of the Regency II movie theatre.

These locations are all fairly close together and can be walked to. After checking out these spots, you've got to hop into a car, or rely on buses and cable cars for the rest of the "cultural" segment of the tour.

Longshoremen's Memorial Hall, at the corner of Beach and Mason (Fisherman's Wharf), is the site of some early "Trips Festivals" put on by Stewart Brand of *Whole Earth Catalog* fame. Apparently, the Longshoremen didn't have an eye-dropper full of an idea of what was going to happen in their new hall.

The Matrix Club was run by Marty Balin and brought many talents to public attention during their open mic sessions. Located at 3137 Fillmore, it has since degenerated into a sports bar.

The Carousel Ballroom at the corner of Market and Van Ness has become a car dealership.

Now it's time to hit the roads. Berkeley is a fine place to visit, and you can check out the UC Berkeley campus that houses the Greek Theatre, the famous outdoor amphitheater that seats about 7,000. In 1989, the local community put a stop to Grateful Dead shows there due to Deadhead invasions.

About a block from the Berkeley campus, on University, is where the Keystone was. The Keystone always featured great live music—the Legion Of Mary with Jerry Garcia and Merl Saunders recorded their *Live At The Keystone* series of records there. (While in Berkeley, don't forget to stop at the expansive Amoeba Music at 2455 Telegraph Avenue.)

Goin' Up The Country

After you visit Berkeley, hop on Highway 17 and head north over the Richmond—San Rafael bridge. Time to visit the Wine Country!

Stop in San Rafael before heading north to the vineyards. First stop is the Marin County Civic Center, right off of 101. The center was designed by Frank Lloyd Wright, seats 2,200 and has lots of free parking.

In Mill Valley, the legendary Sweetwater is located on Throckmorton, and Village Music is just up the street. Check out who might be appearing at the Sweetwater, it might be worth a delay in your trip. Village Music is also a landmark—a huge and wonderful music store that is worth the browse.

If you pass Larkspur, stop into Jack Ortman's Larkspur Books to say hello.

A short side-trip to Palo Alto might be worth the effort. This is where things actually all began—Jerry Garcia had one of his first guitar teaching jobs at Swain's on University. Pigpen's gravesite is in the Alta Mesa Cemetery.



AP Wirephoto

Golden Gate Park, 1967

DEADHEAD'S SUMMER VACATION GUIDE



Dave Patrick

A free concert in Golden Gate Park, 1978

And With That...

We're off to Wine country... Remember that drinking and driving laws are tough, and for your own safety, **don't forget to pack your designated driver** (don't leave home without one). Purchase a "Northern California Wine Map" from any tourist trap in SF, and *plan* your trip. Some of the vineyards allow tours and tasting by appointment only, but some of these are worth the effort. Groth Vineyards is a charming stop, and they produce an exceptional Sauvignon Blanc.

Many vineyards offer free tastings to entice you to buy their product. If you don't like something, say so. They'll be happy to turn you on to other samples. Some vineyards charge for tastings. No matter what, you'll more than likely get your money's worth, but free tastings are abundant. It's your choice. You are never obligated to buy anything. (Note: Be sure to have some bread and cheese along—your day won't last very long on an empty stomach.) Napa and Sonoma Valleys are beautiful, so take it slow and enjoy the sights.

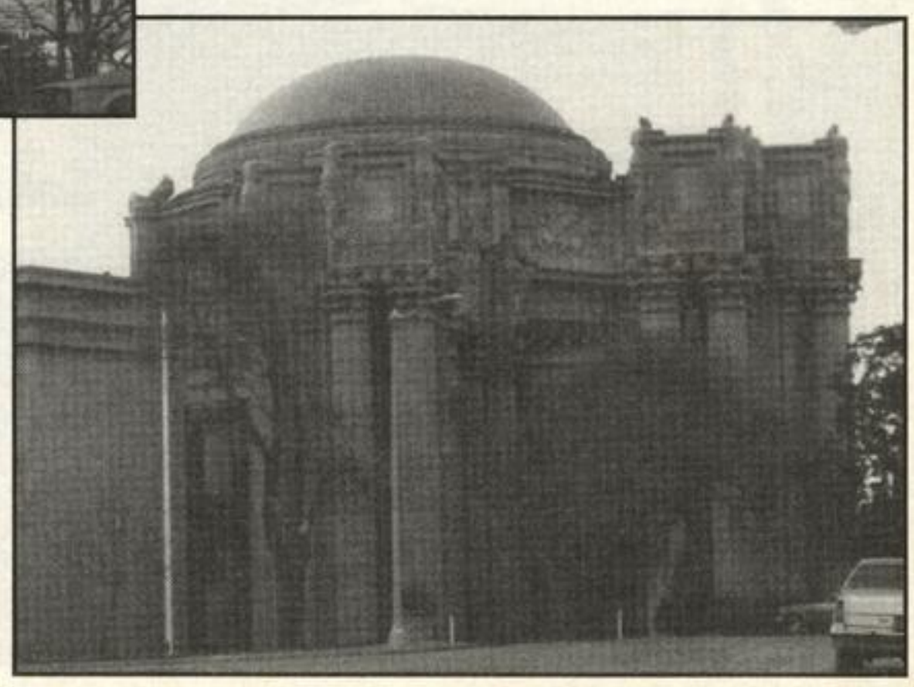


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2400 Fulton Street

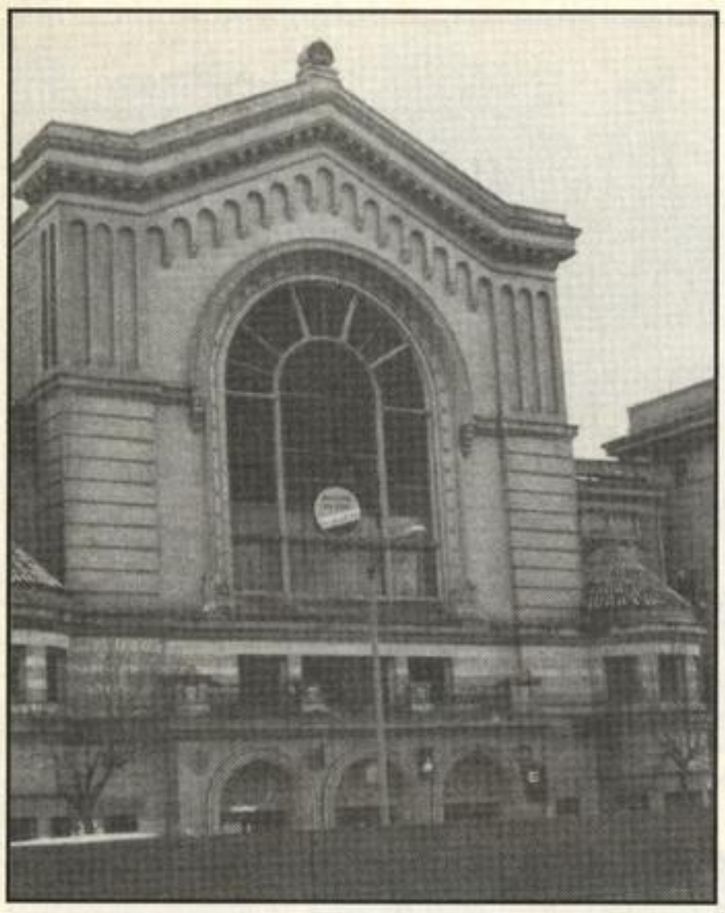
Scenery

After recovering from your wine country excursion, you might want to take in some scenery. On leaving San Francisco, just after crossing the Golden Gate Bridge, take Highway 1 to Mt. Tamalpais. The park closes at dusk, so make sure you start early in the day as the drive is treacherous. Enjoy breathtaking views



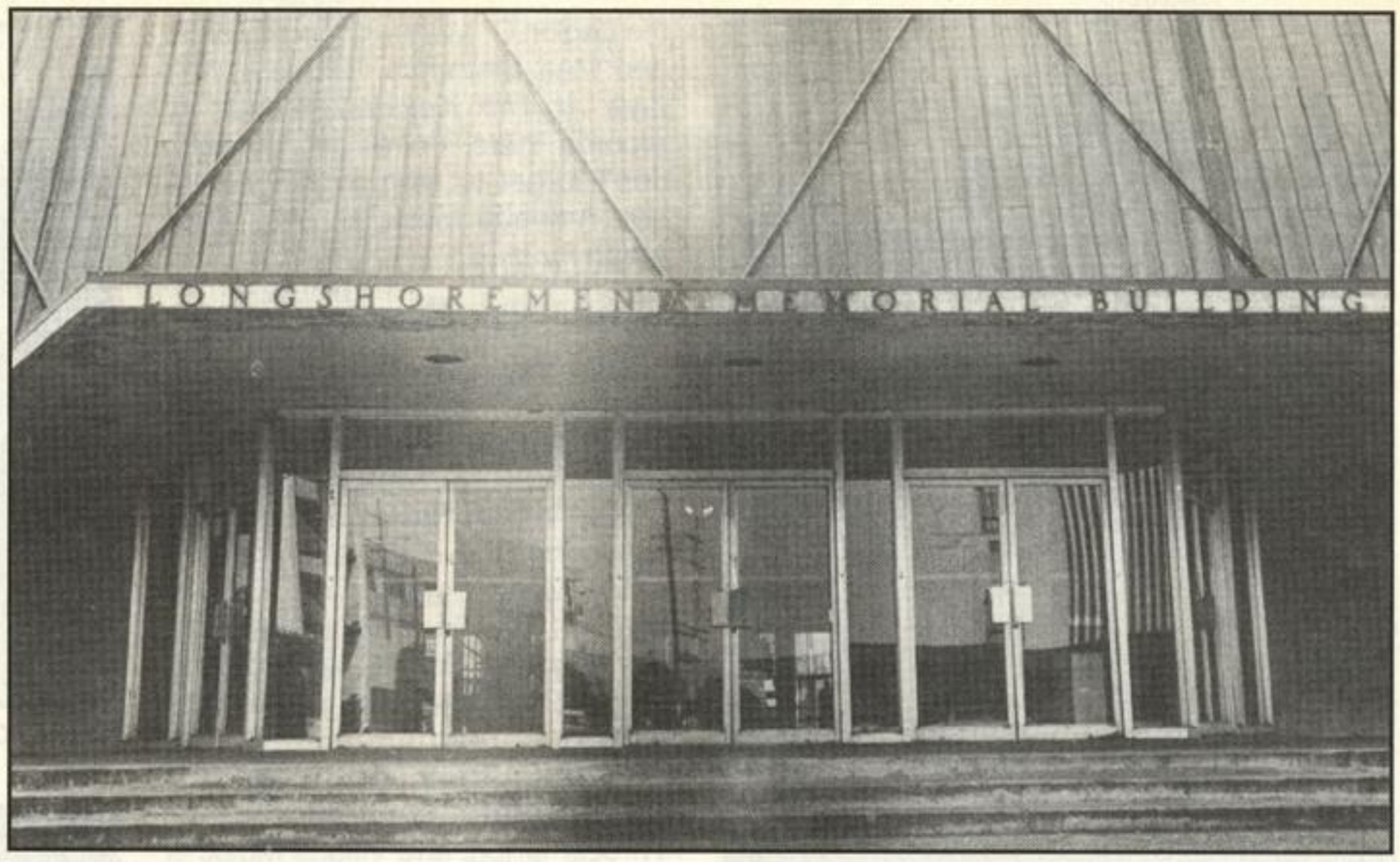
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The Exploratorium



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The Fillmore Auditorium



Michael Kirschner

Longshoremen's Memorial Building

of redwood forests and the Pacific Ocean during this leisurely drive. Stop at the top for a picnic, or just hike on any of the marked trails, especially the one at the summit. Inspirational.

Upon leaving the park, anyone who can still manage a straight line should continue *down* the mountain, and head for Stinson Beach. Enjoy the beauty of Muir Woods on the way.

Stinson Beach was the sight of some early Acid Tests, and many Bay Area musicians have lived there. It's a beautiful town with long stretches of beach to stroll on.

After leaving Stinson Beach, head back towards San Francisco using the coast highway. But don't rush the trip for two reasons—first, the sights are breathtaking; the second, a wrong turn or a poor response and you are in the ocean. The highway is located along cliff edges and drops straight down to rocks and water.

Mornings

Back in San Francisco there are several ways to start a day. At the base of the Golden Gate Bridge there is an old military fort that is open to the public. The view outside of the fort is of the bay and bottom of the bridge, and the splash of waves hitting the stone walls with the wind whipping the spray in your face is a refreshing way to greet the day.

An early morning stroll around Fisherman's Wharf is a treat. Before the area becomes laden with tourists, the brisk morning air will invigorate you as the fishermen bring in their loads and the street vendors begin to set up their wares. Follow the sound of honking to the sea lions.

While at Fisherman's Wharf, take a boat across the bay and visit Alcatraz. You get a round-trip boat ride and an hour tour of "The Rock."

James D. Phelan Beach State Park is a scenic spot for those beach lovers that love to start the day by watching waves actively lick the shore.

Shopping

Shopping can be a problem. Who cares about plastic replicas of the Golden Gate Bridge? A Deadhead wants Dead stuff. So, let's start off at the world renowned Postermat. A San Francisco tradition located at 401 Columbus Avenue (in the midst of Chinatown and North Beach), Ben Friedman has some very rare and unusual posters, so if price is no object see what he can dig out for you from his legendary stash.

Within walking distance of Ben Friedman's Postermat is City Lights Booksellers and Publishers, an old established bookstore that carries many interesting books. A vast selection awaits you. This bookstore was an important locale in Beat Era San Francisco.

Next stop should be the Psychedelic Shop (1098B Market St). A Deadhead's shopping paradise, these folks offer an outstanding array of Deadhead paraphernalia—from incense to a huge selection of psychedelic t-shirts, to posters and jewelry, Guatemalan clothing, and some one-of-a-kind collectibles. They exhibit many of the large displays used at local Grateful Dead festivities. This is a must on your tour.

Artrock has a shop at 1153 Mission Street. Don't miss their varied collection of psychedelic posters and original art.



Michael Kirschner

Formerly the Avalon Ballroom



Relix Archives

Best Comics, located in the Cannery at Columbus in Fisherman's Wharf, has a selection of psychedelic posters and proudly displays some fine original pieces of art by Rick Griffin. They have a great comic selection and a small offering of collectible antique toys.

There are so many stores in San Francisco that would be of interest to Deadheads that it would be impossible to list them all. Just keep an eye open and you'll find them in the strangest of places.



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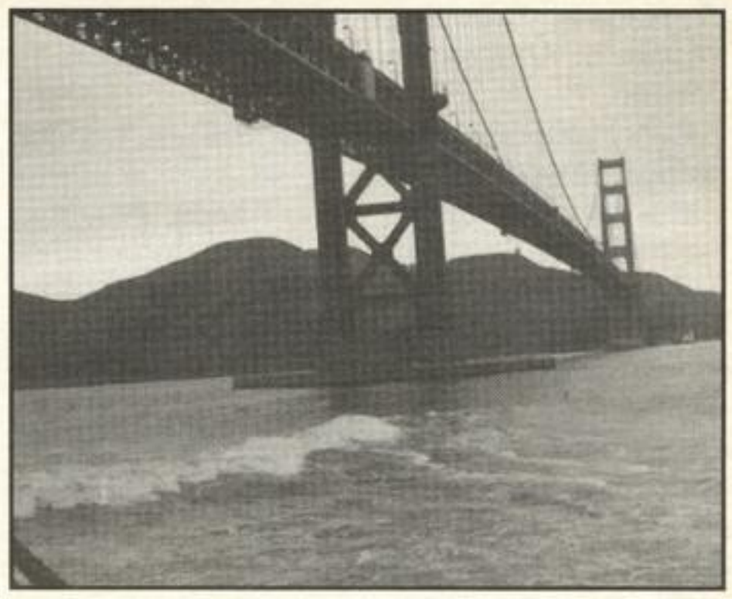
Keystone Berkeley

Music

As you are well aware, San Francisco is home to many of the musicians you've spent your life enjoying. It isn't unusual to find an interesting act on any night of the week. Barry Melton, Nick Gravenites, Country Joe McDonald, Peter Albin, Zero, Henry Kaiser, Clarence Clemons, Jerry Garcia, Gregg Allman, and many other artists appear in town frequently. Some of the venues, ranging from bars to theatres, include Slims, Last Day Saloon, Bimbo's, The Great American Music Hall, The Warfield Theatre, etc. Just pick up a copy of BAM or any local paper and see what's happening.

Eating

Simply put, the worst burrito in San Francisco is better that the best burrito anywhere else. Vegetarians and carnivores alike will find taqueria's in every neighborhood. A great meal for a good price. Japanese food tends toward expensive, so if you have an urge for sushi, shop carefully. Chinatown offers lots of variety at very affordable prices. North Beach is the home of Italian food, and most restaurants are very good. Look at prices and chance it. North Beach is also the place to go for cappuccino and pastry.



Relix Archives

Beneath the bridge

And In The End...

San Francisco is a culturally diverse city. You will find something interesting on every street. Walk it, drive it, roam it. You might very well leave your heart there! ■

DEAD PLACES

A nostalgic tour through Palo Alto and the haunts of the Grateful Dead

By Hank Harrison

Ron "Pigpen" McKernan lies in his grave in Alta Mesa cemetery. It is Halloween and dozens of Deadheads are making an annual pilgrimage to pick up on the vibes. They sprinkle holy water, apply stickers to popsicle sticks and stick them in the lawn. They burn incense, leave garlands of hand picked flowers, even money. This is not the grave of a commoner, this is the grave of a god, a fallen hero, it is like Elvis' grave in Memphis and Jim Morrison's mausoleum in Pere la chaise—a holy shrine.

I knew Ron McKernan was buried in the park and every once in a while, when I ride my BSA through that intersection, a bike I inherited from him, I tip my brim to the guy, but I didn't know it had become a shrine. I don't go in there and worship him, I knew him too well. He wouldn't dig the rah rah.

I just couldn't shake the image of Deadheads flowing into the cemetery like pilgrims to Lourdes. So I went over there to see for myself. Naturally the grounds keepers and park managers were livid. If you want to get a real dirty look just go in there and ask, "Hey, where's Pigpen's grave?"

I found the little placard on his small resting place and shed a tear. Every day the cops have to come down and pick up the roaches. Ironic because Ron didn't even smoke grass. He used to say, "Nope. No weed for me, I'm a real Thunderbird man." Then I got this idea to go home and look up my old address books, maybe notate the locations of the old houses and the places where the Grateful Dead and their pals from the Jefferson Airplane and Quicksilver and Big Brother used to hang out.

I figured, "Hey, famous people get commemorated in London with blue plaques and in Paris they name streets after musicians, but all Palo Alto has is dead poets and philosophers. Why not a Kesey Street or a Jefferson Airplane Memorial Highway? Yes, I know they're supposed to be dead first, but is there any doubt that we need a few new street names to go along with the pending improvements in the infrastructure? Naw," I says to myself, "It'll never happen."

DEADHEAD'S SUMMER VACATION GUIDE

You may wonder how a bunch of weird musicians could start a revolution and keep on touring for almost thirty years. Pundits have predicted their demise in the past only to be greeted by dozens of new tour schedules, but now-a-days the cops are busting small boys for wild LSD behavior at concerts and there's a lot in the castle walls. A few years back Stanford denied the Deadheads their beloved annual shows at Frost Auditorium—maybe because Stanford's parking lots remain curiously full of psychedelically painted buses for weeks after the shows. In the past decade, two Grateful Dead keyboard players have died from overdoses of heroin and cocaine, one in an auto accident complicated by drug abuse, the other at home in his bedroom—they're rough on keyboard players I guess.

So I figure there should be a statue of Pigpen in downtown Palo Alto, maybe right in the middle of the newly proposed Whisky Gulch high rise complex. The commemorative bronze, in the style of Frederick Remington because Ron was proud of his cowboy outfit, will oversee a lot of wild times. There will be a donation box at its base and the money will go to the homeless—Ron would have wanted it that way. Unlicensed buskers could play in the little park, which would be built around the statue. It would be a meet-

ing place and people could hang out like Darm Square in Amsterdam or Trafalger Square in London.

Every year on Ron's birthday, the Los Trancos Woods Marching Band could play a purple tattoo and the various clone bands, including the Graceful Duck (the very first clone band) could jam on old Huddy Leadbetter tunes.

Then, after the music is done, which it never is, we could maybe take a bus tour. Not a psychedelic bus, but one of those big, art deco Gray Line thingees with the bubble windows. This would bring in mucho dinero for the local merchants. At last Palo Alto would be a tourist mecca, like Carmel—only bigger.

The Tour Starts Here

What tour, you ask? Starting from Barroni's liquor store next to University Avenue Bridge (under which Pigpen did some of his best drinking) you go west on University until you come to Swain's Music store. That's where Garcia and Pigpen met and where Pigpen got Jerry his first guitar teaching job around 1962. Bob Weir was one of his first pupils. A friend named Troy Wiedenheimer was the straight man for this operation because he worked behind the counter at Swain's. But the scene had to move quickly as it got way too loud and crowded in the store, especially when Bill Kreutzmann's jazz students came in for lessons. Conflict, conflict! Garcia was teaching the finer shades of Flatt and Scruggs.

Directly across University from Swain's you will note a small stucco store with a Spanish gothic arch. This was once Saint Michael's Alley, now moved to Forest and Emerson. The boys didn't have far to go to get pocket change which kept them thoroughly crullered. Thanks to Vern Gates nobody went uncaffeinated. Performances for money were conducted there too, and after-school women wearing berets and black tights flooded in. These afternoon gigs lead to paying jobs at fraternities at Stanford and to performances at a night club called the On Stage, which is now the mezzanine floor of Stanford Books on the corner of University and High Street, appropriately enough.

The morning scene centered on Kepler's in what we then called Mental Park. Kepler's is now huge, and has moved caddy-corner from the old flat-roofed El Camino location, but inside the new store some of the old flavor is palpable, mainly in the titles selected for window display. The words "whacky" and "alternative" leap to mind.

But if you didn't catch the scene at Kepler's you went up to the Chateau near Alameda De Las Pulgas and Santa Cruz Avenue basically to see what the real scoundrels were up to. The house belonged to Frank Serretoni who rented rooms in the place just so he could have at least four for Lo-ball. This house was torn down in 1988 to make way for condos. Go to the Dutch Goose and have a beer instead.

Grace 'Wing' Slick of Jefferson Airplane fame, helped the boys get gigs in Los Altos. You may not believe it now, what with all those hair dressers and high fashion shops, but deep in the nostalgic underbelly of Los Altos lurks an honest to goodness coffee house called the Boar's Head. Guess who played there? Jorma Kaukonen, David Freiberg of Quicksilver, Paul Kantner, Rod and Peter Albin of Big Brother fame and just about everybody else. This place is not to be confused with the Boar's Head in San Mateo, which was really in the basement of the Jewish Community Center, but what the heck, everybody played there too.

While we're in Los Altos, let's cruise by the stately homes of the Weirs, the Dawsons, the Swansons and the Barlows. In 1965 Bob Weir got his sister Wendy a really big present for her cotillion party—the Warlocks. Sue Swanson, Bob's earliest girlfriend, loaned the band her home for practice sessions around the pool in the afternoons, until the music got too loud. John "Marmaduke" Dawson, Weir's best pal at the time, became one of the founders of the New Riders of the Purple Sage, a Dead buddy band featuring a country and western sound, more like cowboys from Venus, but good, judging from the gold records adorning the walls of the Marmaduke family home.

John Barlow, known laterally as John Perry Barlow because he is now a media guru and only a few votes away from running for Governor of Wyoming—real young Republican if that isn't oxymoronic, was writing lyrics with Weir even at that early stage.

In case you haven't heard, the Grateful Dead began life as the Warlocks—with the late Dana Morgan on bass. Dana and his father ran an instrument repair shop in Palo Alto, which is also on the tour except it's a garage now. So our mythical, ethical tricycle bus returns us to Menlo Park and Magoo's Pizza Parlor—where the Warlocks first played. It's a dim sum palace now, but it was funky then, good pizza too. Pigpen's organ filled the whole front window and the sound filled the whole town. The noise was changing things. Long hair was everywhere in evidence and in sharp contrast to the shlitzies, beehives and flat-tops adorning the local scalps. By late 1965 an electronic twang was taking over for that old blues stomp and grind. The rub-a-dub scrub board was being replaced by the wah-wah pedal, except in the zydeco bands. Club owners were getting jumpy. For support, most of the musicians hung out at Guitars Unlimited (now known as the Double Rainbow Ice Cream Shop on El Camino across from Kepler's) mainly because they could cram into the little practice rooms in the back and try out lots of different instruments. Phil Lesh bought his first bass there.

In 1965 the various bands sought jobs in night clubs, not folk clubs. The Fireside Club on El Camino in San Mateo was one of the first money making jobs. This lead to a month at the In-Room on Old Country Road in Belmont. While returning from the Peninsula we can stop by Sequoia high school where Garcia graduated, we think. His yearbook shows him with a goatee. Or we could wander over to the old Coyote Point campus and try to get a picture of what it was like to play a hootenanny there in 1962.

To finish our tour we could go by Jerry and Sarah's cottage. Not far from there we have the residence once occupied by yours truly, Phil Lesh and Ruth Pakhala on the corner of Ramona. In a weird twist of fate somebody recently bought the house, shingled it and named it *Box of Rain*. There's a sign out front to that effect.

And finally we have the infamous Hamilton house located on Hamilton Street right behind the main post office. It has also been referred to as Willy Legate's house. Nobody knows why since Willy only lived there a short while, if ever, but hey, Bob Hunter lived there and Dave Parker, the Dead's first accountant, lived there too. The back porch had a couch so anybody could crash. You never knew who you might greet in your kitchen on any given morning.

For recreation our tour bus could wander across El Camino to Perry Lane and visit Ken Kesey's old house when he went to Stanford, but it's now basically taken up by I. Magnin's north parking lot in the Stanford Shopping Center. The creek is still there, but it ain't as much fun.

Or we might go the other way across the freeway and out Willow Road to East Palo Alto to find the Anchor Bar where Pigpen used to play blues harp with the late Norm Fontaine and the very much alive Lester Hellums and some of the other brothers between crap games, spread on a blanket, right there on the sidewalk.

Along about 1966 Kesey and his clan moved to La Honda and got natural. Everybody started taking LSD up there and wandering out into the woods. The Hell's Angels and Hunter Thompson started hanging out and Ginsburg and Neal Cassady (Jack Kerouac's pals) got into loud all night fights over the fate of belly button lint. It's also where Neal Cassady hung his hat when he wasn't hanging out at home or at the Hamilton house or at the Chateau, but well, that's another story. Neal was always within striking distance of the action. He and his wife Carolyn lived in a small tract house in Sunnyvale when he worked on the Southern Pacific as a conductor. Of course he finished his shift at University Avenue. If you don't believe me go to your local video shop and rent a copy of *Heartbeat*. You'll see.

The very nostalgia that turns on the Deadheads gets me depressed. They see the outer shells of the places, I see the ghosts. Anyway it isn't so bad anymore. Ron's gravestone is much harder to find—somebody stole the plaque. ■



O'Keefe Center, Toronto, Canada, 1967

GRATEFUL WHITE NORTH

A Grateful Dead History Tour of Canada

by Byron Moore

Canadian Deadheads are a patient bunch. We have to be. Unless you live in the Toronto area, the last time the Grateful Dead came through your town was back in 1977. And that's only if you live in Vancouver. Given that situation, going to shows usually means mail ordering tickets, buying plane tickets, taking time off from work, and dealing with one of the stingiest border crossings possible between two countries as neighborly as ours. Why the Dead rarely play Canada is a continual source of mystery and frustration for Canadian Heads. Just about every other major touring band makes regular stops throughout the country. Many even do separate Canadian tours.

Despite being largely deprived of the Grateful Dead concert experience, there is a Canadian Grateful Dead history, albeit brief, that began back in the Summer Of Love. The Dead were invited to play at the World's Fair—EXPO '67 in Montreal. They performed at the Youth Pavilion and later gave a free concert in the heart of downtown, probably turning a head or two amongst the regular office lunch crowd. The last Grateful Dead date here was the first stop of the Transcontinental Pop Festival in 1970, otherwise known as the Festival Express.

Situated in a set of islands in the St. Lawrence River in the largely French-speaking province of Quebec, Montreal celebrated its 300th birthday last year. This city of upwards of 3 million people, with an international reputation for fun, flair and style, is home to many a world-renowned event, such as the '76 Summer Olympics, a famous annual jazz fest, and Leonard Cohen. There have been many memorable moments in the concert world, too, such as Pink Floyd's performance in '77 to over 70,000. Unfortunately, Quebec Deadheads have now been waiting 23 years for the Grateful Dead to return. High time to bring the show back and check out a little taste of European-style culture just two hours drive from the US border.

In the summer of '67, Bill Graham brought Canadians a taste of Haight-Ashbury with a six-day stand by the Jefferson Airplane and the Grateful Dead at Toronto's O'Keefe Centre. "Kids Dance In The Aisles"—a first for the O'Keefe—and "Hippies Galore At Rock Show" read the daily *Toronto Star* on August 1st. Toronto saw a couple more Dead appearances in the early '70s, the last of that decade was a concert in 1977. Coming in to the country for that show, Bob Weir was nearly busted at the Canadian border for what turned out to be bee pollen. After that, it was another seven years before the Dead returned to Toronto—or Canada, for that matter. Two Seva benefit shows in June '84 brought the Dead back with The Band, Ken Kesey, and Wavy Gravy. Wavy himself even did a routine at Yuk Yuk's comedy club on the eve of the shows. Wonder of wonders, the Dead even returned to the southern Ontario region that is home to about one-third of the country's total population. Two more shows in Toronto in '87 and, boy, we were being spoiled!

The only Canadian shows in the last five years were two two-nighters in the steel town of Hamilton, just north of Toronto, in '91 and '92. The scene was great, the shows hot, and the hassles few, as the prerequisite understanding with city authorities had been taken care of in advance.

Heading west brings us to the only shows to ever grace the prairies and the midwest, the Festival Express of 1970. *Relix* readers may remember Buddy Cage's in-depth memory trip of the Festival Express in the April '84 issue. The Express took the Dead, Janis Joplin, and a host of other acts on a cross-country train trip party with stops that included the prairie town of Winnipeg, Manitoba, where The Guess Who and Neil Young got their rock'n'roll start. Next stop was the Rocky Mountain city of Calgary, Alberta, just north of Joni Mitchell's birthplace, and host to the '88 Olympic Winter Games. Footage of Janis' performance here was used extensively in the film biography, *Janis*.

Unfortunately, the most beautiful portion of the train ride never happened. From Calgary to British Columbia's west coast is some of the most spectacular country on the continent, the Canadian Rockies. Banff National Park, Lake Louise, and the rest of this breathtaking range was omitted thanks to the mayor of Vancouver, who got cold feet and canned the show. While it may have been the most famous event in Canadian Dead lore, precious little in the way of records or info can be found about the Festival Express. A film crew was on board the whole time, but the footage has seen no official release.

Being just up the west coast from California, Vancouver got the jump on the rest of Canada with its own Trips Festival in '66. That same year saw an early appearance by the Jefferson Airplane. The Grateful Dead's first visit to Vancouver was a year later for three shows in mid-July. Although the Festival Express missed playing there, Vancouver did see a couple of shows in the early '70s. A 1971 show was cancelled, but the Dead returned in '73 and '74.

Vancouver is known as the most beautiful city in Canada, nestled between the mountains and the sea. This city of over 2 million is famous for its mellow weather and laid back west coast lifestyle. It's also a gateway to gulf islands, rainforests, and mountain ranges.

There are probably more Deadheads in the Vancouver area than anywhere else in Canada. Since the Grateful Dead last played here in '77, a 1982 appearance by Bobby & The Midnites and a 1990 Seva benefit featuring Bob Weir, Rob Wasserman, Jorma Kaukonen, Rick Danko and Wavy Gravy are the closest thing to a Grateful Dead concert to have graced the "San Francisco of the north." Lately, irregular appearances by the Dead in the northwestern States means western Canadian heads have to plan trips to California to catch their favorite band.

So here we are in 1993, and through the last sixteen years of the Dead's touring, they've only ventured up to play Canada on four occasions, but only in the east. Western Canada is still waiting for the Dead's return.

All in all, Canadian Deadheads don't have it too bad. After all, Dead shows only happen every ten years or so for European Deadheads. Larger cities like Montreal, Toronto, and Vancouver have had their own Dead cover bands for years. *Relix* is readily available to keep us in touch with the scene, the tape exchange is fairly healthy, and any good record store carries most of the available Grateful Dead recordings. Going to shows just takes some planning, time, and money. What we need now are some regular visits by the "band beyond description." This is the new golden age of the Grateful Dead and what better time to renew acquaintances north of the border. So come on back up and bring all your friends to the Grateful White North. We'd sure love to have you. ■



Trips Festival, PNE Garden Auditorium, Vancouver, Canada, 1966

DEADHEAD'S SUMMER VACATION GUIDE

Watch for these Canadian rock and folk music festivals this summer:

July 8, 9, 10, 11: Winnipeg Folk Festival, Winnipeg, Manitoba

July 16, 17, 18: Vancouver Folk Festival, Vancouver, British Columbia

August 5, 6, 7, 8: Edmonton Folk Festival, Edmonton, Alberta

August 13, 14, 15: Highwood—Western Canadian Independent Music Festival, Calgary, Alberta



Herb Greene

Reflections on

Ron "Pigpen" McKernan

September 8, 1945 – March 8, 1973

By Andrew M. Robble

How much he deserved, yet how little he got out of this life. He sang the blues with the power and conviction of a prince. I hope that he's being treated accordingly this very moment. —*Tom Constanten*

It has been 20 years since the unfortunate death of Ron "Pigpen" McKernan. As a follower of both the blues and the San Francisco psychedelic music scene, I was deeply touched when I read the news of his death on that rainy March day. Many questions enter one's mind when news of this variety is learned: why one so young, what if he had lived? Having been fortunate enough to have witnessed Ron perform with the Grateful Dead some fifty-odd times from 1967–'71, I was immediately reminded of the last concert I saw where he performed with the Grateful Dead. It remains one of the few undocumented shows in the annals of Grateful Dead history. Directly across the street from the gymnasium in Scranton, PA, where the band was to play that night in April of 1971, was a casket/vault making company. Deadheads were sitting on the vaults with emblems of skulls and roses displayed on their clothes. Around back, underneath posters advertising boxing matches, stood Ron, wearing a worn brown leather jacket, casually smoking a Pall Mall, his cowboy hat bent up at the sides, harmonica in hand. We exchanged greetings. In retrospect, he was looking tired and thinner in the face, but his eyes said it all—they were the eyes of a bluesman.

That rough, tough, honorary Hell's Angel-like austere of Pigpen was only a stage persona. Similar to his buddy, Janis Joplin, Ron was in fact, quiet, intelligent, caring, a good friend. These are some of the terms that musicians, friends, family, and fans have used to describe him. Growing up in Palo Alto, Ron's musical path was blues-based from the beginning. His father, a rhythm and blues disk jockey, exposed Ron to the sounds of T-Bone Walker, Jimmy Reed, Sonny Boy Williamson, Sonny Terry, and Lightning Hopkins. "Rims," "Blue Ron," and finally "Pigpen" became a fixture in the early 1960s blues scene. Meeting and playing with Jerry Garcia, Jorma Kaukonen, Bob Weir, Bill Kreutzmann, Rodney and Peter Albin, both in Palo Alto [The Tangent] and San Jose [Off-Stage], he established a reputation as an excellent singer, harpist, guitarist, and organist, with a penchant for drinking and loving the blues. The Warlocks, an electric blues band, emerged from this group of musicians. They went on to become the Grateful Dead. Ron was the stimulus, driving force, frontman, and blues influence for the early Dead. He became one of the first San Francisco music stars. Warner Brothers even launched a Pigpen look-a-like contest. His charismatic presence, musicianship, and ability to bring the house down with his songs brought the Grateful Dead to the forefront of this new musical scene. Ron hung with hipsters Neal Cassady, Allen Ginsberg, and Jack Kerouac. He rode "on the bus" with the pranksters and performed at the acid tests. The Avalon, Fillmore, Family Dog, and Carousel Ballroom provided the forum for Ron to sing his classic versions of "In The Midnight Hour," "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl," "Lovelight," "The Same Thing," "Hard To Handle," "King Bee," "Big Boss Man," and "Hi-Heeled Sneakers."

Twenty years is a long time. Although a lot has changed, one thing that remains constant is that there is still a midnight hour every day, and memories of Ron McKernan are still fresh in the minds of the people he touched. Pranksters Ken Kesey, Ken Babbs, and Wavy Gravy, musicians Tom Constanten, David Freiberg, Nick Gravenites, Mike Wilhelm, and Merl Saunders, promoter Chet Helms, and light show artist Bill Ham reflect on Ron "Pigpen" McKernan in the first of this series of articles on his life.

Chet Helms

(Avalon Ballroom, Family Dog, Impresario)

Relix: What are your earliest recollections of Ron?

Chet: I first met Ron when the band was still called the Warlocks, somewhere down the peninsula, possibly at Kesey's place. I always thought Ron was a great performer who had a lot of heart. Probably more heart than musical ability in some ways. In blues singing though, that really counts for a lot. My main sense of Ron, besides his stage presence, was that he was a pretty quiet person, although he had a great sense of humor and a kind of contagious belly laugh if you got him laughing. I found this laugh very enduring. He had that gruff exterior but he was really a very sweet man.

Relix: Was there any specific performance that you remember as particularly outstanding?

Chet: I remember that the Dead always ended their set with "Midnight Hour" and it always lasted at least half-an-hour [laughter]. Pigpen was a very big part of that for sure. Another great number where Pigpen really shined was "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl." There was just something about the feeling he got into "Schoolgirl" that was great.

Relix: How did the news of Ron's death affect you?

Chet: I was deeply affected. I cared about Ron and he was always very kind and supportive to me personally. Not all musicians were supportive of me, but Ron always was [morally] supportive and I appreciated that. Ron never cast me as just management. He viewed me in the same light as anyone else. So many people want to cast you just as a producer. I think I was a producer in a different manner. Many musicians made me feel excluded. I always felt included with Ron. I always felt he was a good guy and I am sure he felt the same towards me. My most graphic memory is spending an afternoon in Olympic Studios over on Stevenson Alley a day or so after Pig died with the Bear [Owsley]. Sharing his grief with me was the most soulful connection I ever made with him. We cried a lot and he played a tape that Pigpen had made and left at his place a day or two before he died. I remember the Bear thinking it was some kind of message or a final closure in their relationship. We both hung our hearts out to Ron that afternoon.



Chuck Pulin

Ken Kesey

("Swashbuckler" or "The Chief," Author, Merry Prankster)

Relix: What are your recollections of Ron?

Kesey: The best memory I have of Ron was at the Muir Beach acid test. This was one of the few times that the acid test got to go its full distance—all night. We knew this one would go because we rented the place for the night. As midnight approached, Pigpen usually sang "In The Midnight Hour." This was about the time that everyone would be taking their acid. There was this big Christmas tree over in the corner. Babbs figured out how to get the tree lights hooked into the strobe lights that were wired somehow into Pigpen's organ, all pulsating to the beat. That night was one of the best times I have ever seen Ron perform. He never drank anything but alcohol, but that night he was a little "loaded," and he kept that "Midnight Hour" going on for what seemed like forever. He could do what none of the other members of the Dead could do, and that was to "come on." He could come to a place where the Dead would be vamping and fill in, making up words and talking trash to the girls. I'm sure he picked this up from listening to all those black blues artists that his father played on the radio. If he continued to live, because he was so good at coming on over the vamps, I think the band would have leaned in that direction and would have become a very good rhythm and blues band. He was a great singer.

Relix: How about Ron the person?

Kesey: He looked liked a Hell's Angel but he certainly wasn't. He wasn't wild or mean enough to have been an Angel. One time we had brought in a crop of turnips here at the farm. You have to cut the tops off the turnips so they will last for the winter. So Ron and I are up there cutting the tops off the turnips and I looked down at his hands. He had the littlest, most effeminate, white dainty hands I had ever seen on a man. Here was this guy looking like some kind of crazy outlaw with a knife cutting turnips with these dainty hands that should have belonged to a concert violinist [laughter]. I think that underneath all his hair and rough veneer, and his nickname, that Pigpen was really quite a delicate person.

Relix: What impact did his death have on you?

Kesey: It was a surprise to me. I didn't know that he was in that bad health. I remember a thing that Mountain Girl said about Pigpen once. She thought that the reason he died was because the doctor told him he could never drink again. The outlook from that news was so bleak that it made him want to get drunk. She thought that if the doctor had said you have to lay off of alcohol for awhile, that would have been better then trying to cut him off cold turkey. It left such a blow that he never recovered. He got a prescription of no booze forever. If someone told me nothing again forever, well, I would just want to go out with a bang, you know!

Old Tim Leary was up here recently [Oregon] to give a talk. It was the most exciting thing I have seen in a long time. He has a new video to show what he is saying. As he began to talk he brought the lights down. You control the brain by what goes into the eyes and ears. As he was doing this, he was showing fast moving pictures of stained glass windows to a background of Gregorian chants. He was doing to us exactly what he was talking about. We were put into a trance-like state by it all. This experience reminded me of why we all got into this business, it was not to entertain. It was to have something happen ritually. I think Pigpen really understood that in an old fashioned holy-roller way. The people came there [to see the band] to have something happen the way it happened, like black people and gospel music.



Herb Greene

(l–r clockwise) Tom Constanten, Bob Weir, Bill Kreutzmann, Ron "Pigpen" McKernan, Phil Lesh, Mickey Hart and Jerry Garcia

Ken Babbs

("The Intrepid Traveller" and Merry Prankster)

Relix: What are your earliest recollections of Pigpen?

Babbs: Pigpen was a good buddy of mine, a great performer and a hell of a showman. What you find is when somebody is around like that and you are with them a lot, you don't see them in any other light. But over a period of time you can see that certain people represent something bigger than themselves. I remember one time we were going up to Portland from La Honda, to do an Acid Test on the bus. [Neal] Cassady was driving, and the Grateful Dead and the Merry Pranksters were all aboard the bus. Pigpen, having that great rhythm and blues background from his father, was in the

back bunk singing songs. I remember it was really cold, too, because it was the middle of winter. There were three young women on the bus: one was an Eskimo girl, all round, bouncy and giggly; the second was like a California cheerleader type with beautiful blond hair, perfect skin, and peach-down thighs; the other was dressed in severe black with long black hair, heavy black eyeliner, the kind of girl you would say "come and hang out at the pad."



Herb Greene

Lesh, Kreutzmann, Pigpen, Weir and Garcia on the steps of 710 Ashbury

Anyway as Pigpen was singing, they all got into the bunk with him. Suddenly the whole bus started warming up. We heard Pigpen back there singing [Babbs sings], "I'm a King Bee baby, I'm a King Bee, buzzin' round your hive [laughter]. We're goin' to make some lovin,' like the world will never know." The whole bunk started to glow with this light that was radiating out and it started getting hotter and hotter until we finally noticed that there were axle flames shooting from outside the bus [laughter] through the window of that bunk. Cassady finally stopped the bus and we got out to investigate and found the axle had caught on fire right under Pigpen's bunk.

Relix: What type of person was Ron?

Babbs: I don't even know if Pigpen, at the time, knew what he was all about. Like I said, he was a good friend and all. We talked all the time. Whenever there would be a hang-up with a Grateful Dead microphone or sound system, he would always tell me, "Babbs, go out there and tell them a story." I would go out and start telling a story and pretty soon the band would start playing and I realized, well, hell, that's the way he got the whole operation going. He was a luminary. He glowed with something when he was out there singing "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl." He was representing something to those schoolgirls, just like he was to everybody else. Then when he sang "Turn on your lovelight, let it shine, let it shine, let it shine," you began to get an idea of exactly what he was. He was incendiary, he was luminescent. That glow that he had came from a fire inside of him that was a pure lovelight, that spread out from him and became the whole love generation. He was like the core of it all. That poor old fire burned so hard in him that he had to dampen it out every once in a while—and that became the thing that probably did him in.

Relix: What was the impact of his death on you?

Babbs: It was a tremendous tragedy. I wish he was still here turning on people's lovelight. When he went, it seemed like the fire went out. I realize now, and this is another beautiful thing about him, that light is still shining and everybody is turning on their lovelight. They're keeping Pigpen alive! When he sang [Babbs sings] "I'm gonna' wait till the midnight hour, when my love comes tumblin' down, I'm gonna hug hug you, squeeze you, do all the things you do, in the midnight hour..." Well, his midnight hour came...too soon.

Wavy Gravy

(Merry Prankster, Woodstock clown, philanthropist)

Relix: What are your earliest recollections of Ron?

Wavy: He was the only member of the band that didn't trip. That was probably the death of him.

Relix: Did you have much personal interaction with Ron?

Wavy: Some during the Acid Test. We were friends. In the early days I would have to go wake up the band, and it was hard to tell where the floor left off and the band began [laughter], especially in the Pigpen area. During his last years, he went the total opposite end of the pendulum, he was the most immaculate and tidy of the team.

Relix: What did you think of Pigpen as a musician?

Wavy: Oh, he was killer! He was probably the best in the band. He was the soul of the band in the beginning. That probably has some indication on his early demise. He paid a lot of dues in the booze of the blues.

Relix: Do you remember Ron at any of the Acid Tests?

Wavy: At Watts, I think, he got dosed. Babbs kept pulling the power on Pigpen's organ and he kept asking for more [laughter], more, more.

Herb Greene

(Photographer)

Relix: Tell me about meeting Ron.

Herb: The first time I met Ron was during the shooting of the band's first publicity photographs. We were living on a flat on Baker Street. The band arrived, rang the doorbell, and we opened the door. The guys charged up the stairs, like a herd of animals, making more noise than was imaginable [laughter]. That was their style back then, always making a lot of noise and causing a commotion. Anyway, the first guy up the stairs was Pigpen. I had never seen him before and he was a terrifying looking guy with his motorcycle gear and all on. So here he [Ron] is leading the pack and when he gets to the top of the stairs he starts asking for some juice. My wife said, "Yes, we have some apple and orange juice in the refrigerator in the kitchen." So later she was telling me how frightened she was when she saw him and how she was reluctant to meet the rest of the band after this thunderous noise and all. It only took about ten minutes with the band to realize that Pigpen was the nicest guy in the world. Ron liked the idea of having his picture taken with the band and we were very cooperative. I think the band really liked the end results of the photographs I took.

Relix: How about Ron as a musician?

Herb: He was a great harmonica player. Back then we were all young and everybody talked about how good everybody was. Jefferson Airplane had their famous "Jefferson Airplane Loves You" sticker and the Great Society immediately came out with a sticker that said, "The Great Society Doesn't Like You Very Much At All." We were always comparing and saying things like, "Is Garcia as good a banjo player as so-and-so, etc." Ron was such a great singer. My fantasy is, and I started a rumor about it a couple of times, that they [the Dead] were going to release a disc with all of Ron's material on it [laughter]. You know, just get it all out and put it on a disc. What a wonderful thing that would be. Like on *Two From The Vault,* the version of "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl" is unbelievable, and "Lovelight," and all that. Man, the guy could really sing. In fact, Ralph Gleason [columnist] went on this writing tirade in his column saying that white singers couldn't sing the blues. The only two exceptions to this were Mick Jagger and Ron McKernan! That was a great compliment from an old timer like Gleason. Peter Albin [bass player for Big Brother] tells the story about how Pigpen found the black feel on the keyboards and how excited he was and all. Then later on I guess he just finally lost his confidence. Ron and I talked about drinking quite a lot. I would visit the band at their house fairly often and Pigpen was always accessible and helpful if you needed him. Their house was usually a mess and the women were always trying to keep it clean. As a matter of fact [laughter], Pigpen had the best table manners of all of them. He was hospitable, quiet, never in-your-face, and he never copped an attitude.

Relix: When Ron was drinking, was he in control?

Herb: I was a drinker and I never got drunk with Ron. Drinking is like playing Russian Roulette, you never know. On stage Ron always appeared in control and never let the crowd down. Once the band got their record deal, they didn't live together anymore and they were really busy playing all the time. Pigpen lived in a wonderful converted church on Cole Street, with Janis, I think. I don't know if he was feeling alienated or not, but he dropped into the background of the band around this time period.

Relix: In the beginning, was it Ron's band?

Herb: Yes. In the beginning it was Ron's band. He was definitely the driving force behind them. He sparked it, he was the heavy, and he was there, no doubt about it. Everybody in the band—Garcia says it—everybody will tell you this, they genuinely miss Ron. Phil Lesh once said in an interview that if he had a choice of having Ron back or the band, he would definitely want Ron back. If it is possible in the cosmic scheme of things to make an arrangement that we would not have the Grateful Dead or to have Ron back, we would want Ron; to hell with the band at that point! I think the band doesn't want to talk about Ron because it really chokes them up. I know Bob Weir adored him and covers his songs. Rumor has it that Bob may resurrect "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl." I think the band just can't bring themselves to talk about Ron. I mean, everybody loved him so—it's hard. He was such a wonderful soul that I couldn't imagine someone not liking him. I always thought a lot of Ron and I miss him. In the case of Ron, you knew he cared about you,

whereas the other guys didn't give a rat's ass about anything and they still don't. He had a sensitive kind of heart about him. He was rare and everybody loved him.

Two last Ron stories: He had this big Harley that he bought but he could never start the damn thing. He would be out in the street trying to get that thing started for like an hour-and-a-half [laughter]. Also, Pig once told me a story that the highest he ever got was one afternoon he spent inside a brandy barrel sniffing the fumes.



Herb Greene

(Clockwise from front): Pigpen, David Nelson, Garcia, Weir, Hart, John "Marmaduke" Dawson, Lesh and Kreutzmann

Mike Wilhelm
(the Charlatans)

Relix: What are your earliest recollections of Ron?

Mike: The first time I actually saw Ron was when the Dead were playing the Matrix. I was impressed with them, although they were a club-like band. They had come up from playing the clubs in the peninsula. They were doing folk/blues type material, late '65 or early '66. The guys I found easy to speak to were Jerry and Ron. The first time I actually got to know Ron I ran into him at the Matrix. I asked him if he wanted to step out and smoke a joint. Ron said, "Yeah, sure. My car is around the corner." We go to his car, I light up the joint and pass it to him. He takes the smallest puff imaginable, and I realized, man, maybe he doesn't smoke pot. Instead, [laughter] he pulls out this bottle of Ripple from his pocket and offers me some. We had a nice rapport. One other time I was over at 710 Ashbury, the day they did a photo shoot of all the bands from the panhandle. The Dead, Airplane, Quicksilver, Charlatans, Big Brother and the Holding Company were all there for the session. When the shoot was over, Ron and I drifted off from the crowd and went up to his room. He picked up his guitar and started playing some slide and singing blues. That was the first time I realized this is where he's coming from. I was really impressed with that side of Ron, which you didn't see that much performing with the Dead.

Relix: What was Ron like in those early days?

Mike: Ron was a really easy guy who was really kind of shy. You could talk to Ron and you found out immediately that he was really easy to speak with and was very intelligent. I used to hear people saying that Ron was a really stuck up guy, but if you approached him, he opened right up. He was just shy. I never got to know Ron real well, and I'm not sure too many did get to know the real Ron. It was one of those things where you connect with someone for only a few minutes, but it goes way beyond that. There was a kindred spirit that we shared. We were into a lot of the same things musically.

Relix: In the beginning, the band was Ron's and then it became Jerry's and Ron seemed to be pushed into the background. Do you agree with this?

Mike: They relied on him because he had been singing in public for awhile and had the confidence to front the vocals. I always liked Ron's vocals. Jerry had a very weak voice and had trouble making himself heard. He had a feeling for lyrics and phrasing, though. Ron's singing was the best! He had that natural blues feeling. I always had tremendous respect for Ron.

Nick Gravenites
(guitar player, Paul Butterfield Blues Band, etc.)

Relix: Do you have any recollections of Ron?

Nick: Well, this guy was a real non-communicator. I don't know if you have run into any loquacious Pigpen stuff. He was a withdrawn blues guy who played harmonica and was the blues influence in that band, the Grateful Dead.

Relix: Would there have been a Dead without Ron?

Nick: Would Christianity have started without Jesus?

Relix: As a blues musician with deep roots in Chicago blues, how would you assess Pigpen as a blues musician?

Nick: I started my musical career with Paul Butterfield. Growing up in Chicago, hearing and being surrounded by these great harmonica players, I fell in love with listening to and watching these guys perform. Remember now, I started with Butterfield, who, God knows, was a fantastic harmonica player, so I was real spoiled. I was a real dilettante when it came to harmonica, after listening to and playing with this caliber of musician. Pigpen was not the best, he was not the best anything—singer, harmonica player—but what he was best at was blues. He was a blues man. Every blues person has a certain kind of attitude and a strong internal identity. You have to remember that that was psychedelia time and internal identity was the thing. He had a lot of it. His nickname, Pigpen, his appearance, his partying and drinking, attitudes, you know. He kept his mud packed well, as we say in the business. For a lot of artists their source of inspiration is their mud. You have to constantly be true to yourself and your expression, and Pigpen did that. He kept true to his blues. I remember seeing the Dead at the Avalon Ballroom and part of their set included Pigpen doing "Midnight Hour." To me, that is the best I ever heard the band and Pigpen play. They did the song with a blues style and Pigpen was the blues. He got the band to play well. You can't really play "Midnight Hour" using psychedelic chords and Pigpen got the band to do it the way it was written. Ron certainly forced them to do it that way [laughter]. And it was successful. We hung out a bit, but he was a real internalized guy. He obviously had some problems, but he kept his blues shit together.

David Freiberg
(Quicksilver Messenger Service)

Relix: When did you first meet Ron?

David: Probably between 1963-'65 in San Jose when he was with Mother McCree's Uptown Jug Champions. We were all folkies back then and I was really impressed with Ron. They were into the blues back then, as compared to us. I tell you what really impressed me was that release by Dan Healy, *Two From The Vault*. I was listening to it and I had forgotten how just right everything was that he played on the keyboards.

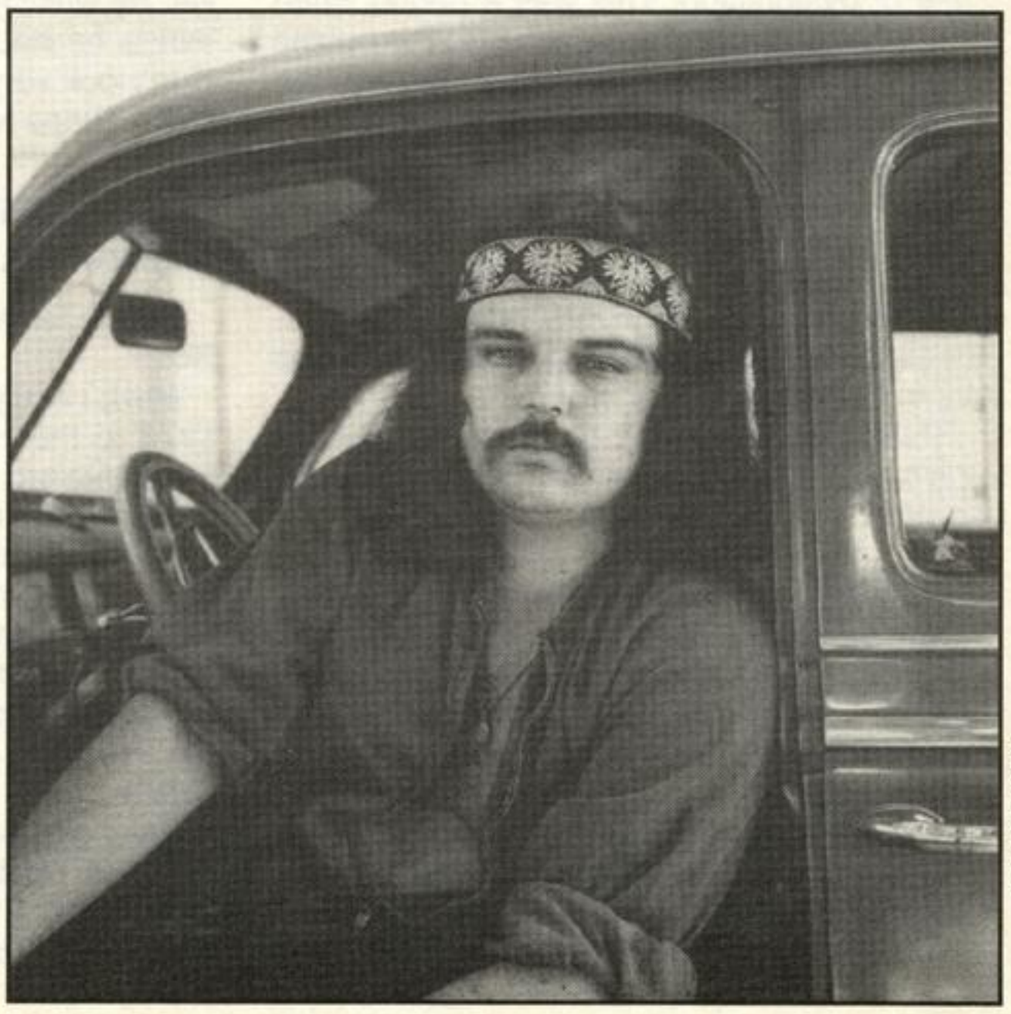
Relix: Did you find Ron to be quiet and introverted?

David: Absolutely. He must have been another Virgo, wasn't he [laughter]? He was so quiet. I went to his funeral, and that was the last funeral I went to for a long time. It didn't seem right having a funeral to me. I thought he deserved better than that. As a matter of fact, I'm living in the house that Ron had once lived in with Weir. I didn't know it when I bought it. I just recently found out.

Tom Constanten
(former keyboardist for Grateful Dead)

Relix: What were your impressions of Ron as a person and as a musician?

Tom Constanten: We warmed up to each other gradually. His personality was very different from his image. Ron was very gentle and very considerate. He was rare in that he would



Herb Greene

accept you as you were, on your own terms. He would go out of his way to find out where you were coming from. As a musician, he was fine. Within his selective limits, he was perfect.

Relix: What was life on the road like for the band?

TC: The tour schedule was difficult. We hung out a lot, being roommates, and we shared a house in Novato [CA] for awhile before I left the band. In some ways, we were as close as



Herb Greene

Jerry Garcia and Ron "Pigpen" McKernan ham it up for photographer Herbie Greene

two heterosexual males could be. We would shoot the shit and discuss books we had read. A lot of it was that fast moving rapport you develop hanging together. Our relationship was friendly in the sense that we didn't have to say a lot if we didn't want to because we knew exactly where we were coming from. Ron had a very good take on things and was no slouch when it came to pressing and discussing many varied topics and circumstances.

Relix: Did drinking play a large role in his life?

TC: He drank minute after minute, hour after hour, constantly. He never appeared to be in a state of dysfunction. This was a period when Ron, Weir, and myself were sort of in this bubble in the context of the band. We were not into the common psychedelic sacraments that everybody else was. Pigpen was kind of accepted as being high on booze. They would compare him to Dylan Thomas and other writers who got high on booze. Weir was accepted because he was weird enough and was the closest thing the band was going to have as a pop star in terms of looks or sound.

Relix: You joined the band in late 1968. Was Ron's role in the band at that time a diminishing one?

TC: I don't think you can read into this like a soap opera where so-and-so and so-and-so are conspiring. I know it was a very transitional time for the band. Phil, Jerry, and Mickey, when I joined the band, were heading into a more jazz oriented improvisational unit, Mickey Hart and the Hartbeats being an example of that direction. That's where I fit in, because musically I represented farther out than farther out. What Ron ran into was that the Hunter/Garcia songwriting combination became, in effect, what the Grateful Dead was about. Pigpen could front the band, and it would be very, very good, but it was something else. I think he felt a natural recountrance to really mess with a good thing. If you notice on *Aoxomoxoa,* he is only credited as being Pigpen. He doesn't appear on the album at all. It became a multi-headed beast sort of to speak—a house with two masters, if you will.

Relix: When you joined the band, how did Ron feel about having another keyboardist in the band?

TC: For one thing, Ron always played organ on "Death Don't Have No Mercy." It might have been Ron's personality, but there was never any trace of that sort of jealousy that you might find with guitar players, for instance. With us it was more of sharing the same burdensome problems and picking each other's brain to find ways to cope with the situation. There was never any doubt that we were on each other's side. The way he would say it to me was that he appreciated being able to stand out front with a microphone and harmonica and front the band and sing a tune. The band also brought along a pair of conga drums for him to sit behind to give the illusion of him having something to do.

Relix: I read in your book that Ron was both the best man and father of the bride at your wedding.

TC: Yes, that is true. I met a guy from Scientology who had a license. We asked Ron, and I think he looked at it as a real honor. He dressed up for it, in a way that was quite different for Ron.

Relix: When you left the band in 1970, did you have any idea how Ron reacted to your departure?

TC: He was supportive but realized that there was nothing he could do about it. I was still living with Ron at the time in Novato. Just before he became ill, he moved to another, very strange, house in Novato. You had to walk through the bathroom to get to the bedrooms. That was about the time of the trans-continental railroad thing [Festival Express]. Right after that he moved to a house in Corte Madera. I would stop by and hang out with him there. As a matter of fact, I saw him the last week of his life. He was showing me these low sodium diet things he had to take care of and he really didn't look very good. I didn't realize in just how bad a shape he was really in.

Merl Saunders

(keyboardist, Legion of Mary, etc.)

Relix: Tell me about your first meeting with Ron?

Merl: I had just come back from New York in 1970 to the Haight-Ashbury where I used to live. I started to do some sessions with this guitar player named Jerry [Garcia]. I started hanging out at this club with Jerry and that is where I first met Pigpen. We only lived four blocks from each other. I had heard about Pigpen but I had never met him. My father [laughter] knew more about the Grateful Dead then I did. I was into Jimmy Smith and the Hammond Organ sound. Jerry and I started playing The Keystone in Berkeley and Ron and the rest of the guys would come down. Ron would sit in with us and I was always trying to get him to play keyboards. He would say, "No, I just want to play my harmonica behind your organ playing." That is how we got it going. We had actually discussed doing a thing together with piano, organ, and harmonica. There was a little club right off of Broadway in North Beach that was going to hire us, but unfortunately it never happened.

We liked playing together. Ron was responsible for me playing the organ on "Bertha." He was truly a dear, soulful musician. He was the root of the band, playing the blues the right way. He was a very sweet guy. Very earthy and bluesy.

Relix: In the very early days, most people agree the Grateful Dead was Ron's band. As time progressed, Garcia stepped into the spotlight. Do you think Ron was pushed into the background, or that the band was heading in a musically different (non-blues) direction?

Merl: Jerry would never push Ron into the background. He has great charisma and the people put him in the role of a leader or a takeover person. I think anything those guys did they would succeed in. Yes, I think the band was looking into new musical directions.

Bill Ham

(Ham Light Show)

Relix: Can you tell me about Ron McKernan?

Bill: I remember him as part of the Dead and not much else. I remember Pigpen singing "Midnight Hour" for about an hour at the Fillmore Auditorium at a benefit for the Both Hand Club. This was one of the first times that jazz and rock musicians were on the same bill together. More people came that Sunday than had ever come before. It started at 3:00 p.m. and continued through until after the midnight hour [laughter].

Dedicated to the memory of Kevin McKernan (1958–1993). ■

Special thanks to Carol McKernan, Peter Albin, Sam Andrew, Tom Constanten, Hank Harrison, Gillian Teeo, Jack Casady, all the musicians, friends, and associates of Ron's, and Mary Beth—the guiding light.

Coming next: Members of Jefferson Airplane and Big Brother and the Holding Company reflect.

Here is the original AP clipping on Ron's death:

ROCK STAR'S DEATH RULED 'NATURAL'

Corte Madera, CA (AP)—Ron McKernan, of the rock group Grateful Dead, has died of natural causes related to cirrhosis of the liver, the Marin County coroner's office says.

McKernan, 27, known for what some called his "outrageous appearance" and blues harmonica playing, also suffered from swelling of the blood vessels in his throat, the coroner's report showed Friday.

The musician, whose performance name was "Pig Pen," has not played with the group for several months because he suffered from what the group's manager termed "a severe intestinal collapse." The manager, Jon McIntire said, "He'd been under the care of specialists all through the summer and autumn and was released from hospitalization almost feeling like himself again."

McIntire said that because of liver illness history, McKernan has not touched alcohol in two years.

POSTERS



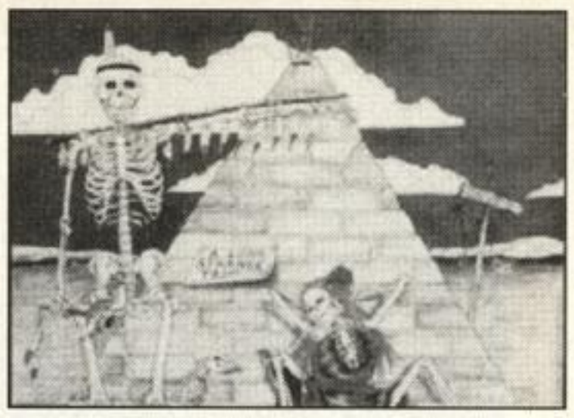
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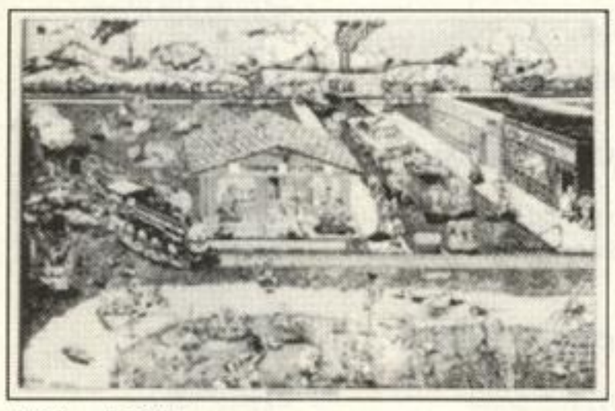
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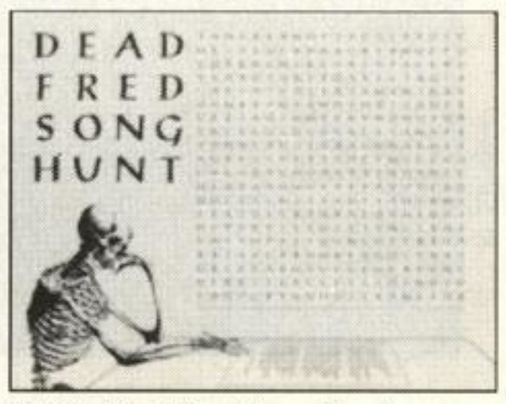
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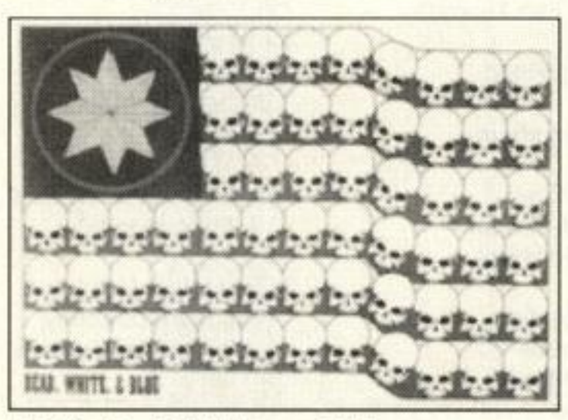
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R. Ellingsen

Spring Tour 1993

Grateful Dead Set Lists

FEBRUARY 21 – APRIL 5, 1993

Compiled by Cary Krosinsky

Oakland Coliseum
Oakland, California

February 21, 1993

Bertha
Greatest Story Ever Told
Lazy River Road*
Eternity+
Ramble On Rose
Queen Jane Approximately
Row Jimmy
Promised Land

Liberty*
Corrina
Crazy Fingers
Estimated Prophet
Samson & Delilah
Drums/Space
The Wheel
I Need A Miracle
Morning Dew

Encore: US Blues

February 22, 1993

Hell In A Bucket
Sugaree
Walking Blues
Althea
When I Paint My Masterpiece
So Many Roads
Cassidy
Don't Ease Me In

Saint Of Circumstance
Scarlet Begonias
Fire On The Mountain
Wave To The Wind
Drums/Space
The Days Between*
Throwing Stones
Not Fade Away

Encore: Knockin' On Heaven's Door

* - premiere: (song by Hunter/Garcia, Garcia on lead vocals)

+ - premiere: (song by Weir/Willie Dixon, Weir on lead vocals)

February 23, 1993

Mardi Gras Show/opened by Ornette Coleman & Prime Time (Garcia sat in on the last song of the set)

Cold Rain & Snow
Wang Dang Doodle
Loser
Stuck Inside Of Mobile With The Memphis Blues Again
Broken Arrow**
Way To Go Home
Johnny B. Goode

Mardi Gras Parade
Iko Iko
Corrina
Lazy River Road
Playing In The Band
Drums/Space*
The Other One*
Stella Blue*
Turn On Your Lovelight*

Encore: Brokedown Palace

* - w/ Ornette Coleman
** - premiere: (song by R. Robertson, Lesh on lead vocals)

Rosemont Horizon
Chicago, Illinois

March 9, 1993

start of Spring Tour '93

Here Comes Sunshine
Wang Dang Doodle
Loose Lucy
Me And My Uncle
Mexicali Blues
Broken Arrow
Eternity
Liberty

China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider
Victim Or The Crime
Ship Of Fools
Playing In The Band
Drums/Space
The Last Time
Black Peter
Sugar Magnolia

Encore: Knockin' On Heaven's Door

March 10, 1993

Feel Like A Stranger
Stagger Lee
The Same Thing
Peggy-O
Queen Jane Approximately
Ramble On Rose
Let It Grow

Eyes Of The World
Way To Go Home
Lazy River Road
Corrina
Drums/Space
The Wheel
All Along The Watchtower
Standing On The Moon
Not Fade Away

Encore: It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

March 11, 1993

Help On The Way
Slipknot
Franklin's Tower
Little Red Rooster
Althea
When I Paint My Masterpiece
So Many Roads
Cassidy
Tennessee Jed
Promised Land

Scarlet Begonias
Fire On The Mountain
Man Smart, Woman Smarter
Uncle John's Band
Jam
Drums/Space
The Last Time
Morning Dew
Sugar Magnolia

Encore: US Blues

Richfield Coliseum
Richfield, Ohio

March 13, 1993

Postponed due to Snowstorm

March 14, 1993

Cold Rain & Snow
Walking Blues
Brown Eyed Women
Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues
Lazy River Road
Eternity
Don't Ease Me In

Touch Of Grey
Samson & Delilah
Way To Go Home
Corrina
Terrapin Station
Drums/Space
I Need A Miracle
Stella Blue
Throwing Stones
Turn On Your Lovelight

Encore: I Fought The Law*

* - premiere: (song by S. Curtis, Garcia on lead vocals)

March 17, 1993

Shakedown Street
Wang Dang Doodle
Lazy River Road
Desolation Row
Ramble On Rose
Eternity
Liberty

Picasso Moon
Crazy Fingers
Playing In The Band
Dark Star
Drums/Space
The Other One
The Days Between
Good Lovin'

Encore: Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds*

* - premiere: (song by Lennon/McCartney, Garcia on lead vocals)

March 18, 1993

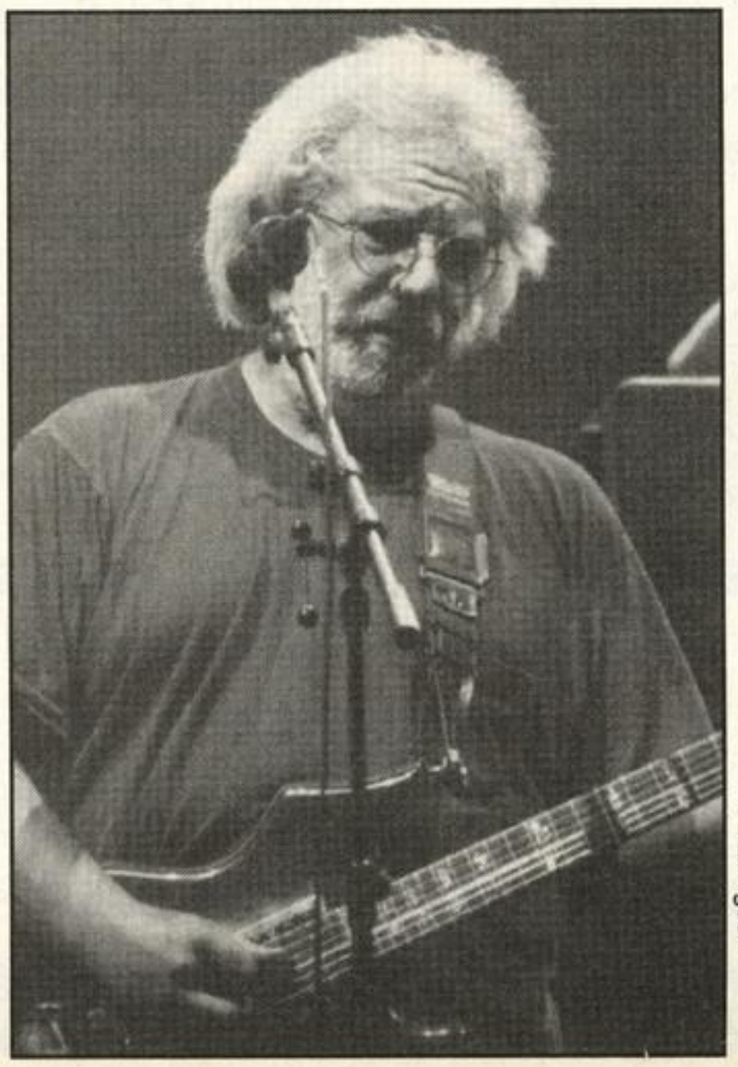
Hell In A Bucket
Sugaree
Walking Blues
Broken Arrow
Loose Lucy
When I Paint My Masterpiece
Friend Of The Devil
The Music Never Stopped

China Cat Sunflower*
I Know You Rider*
Way To Go Home*
Wave To The Wind*
Estimated Prophet*
Terrapin Station*
Drums/Space*
Corrina*

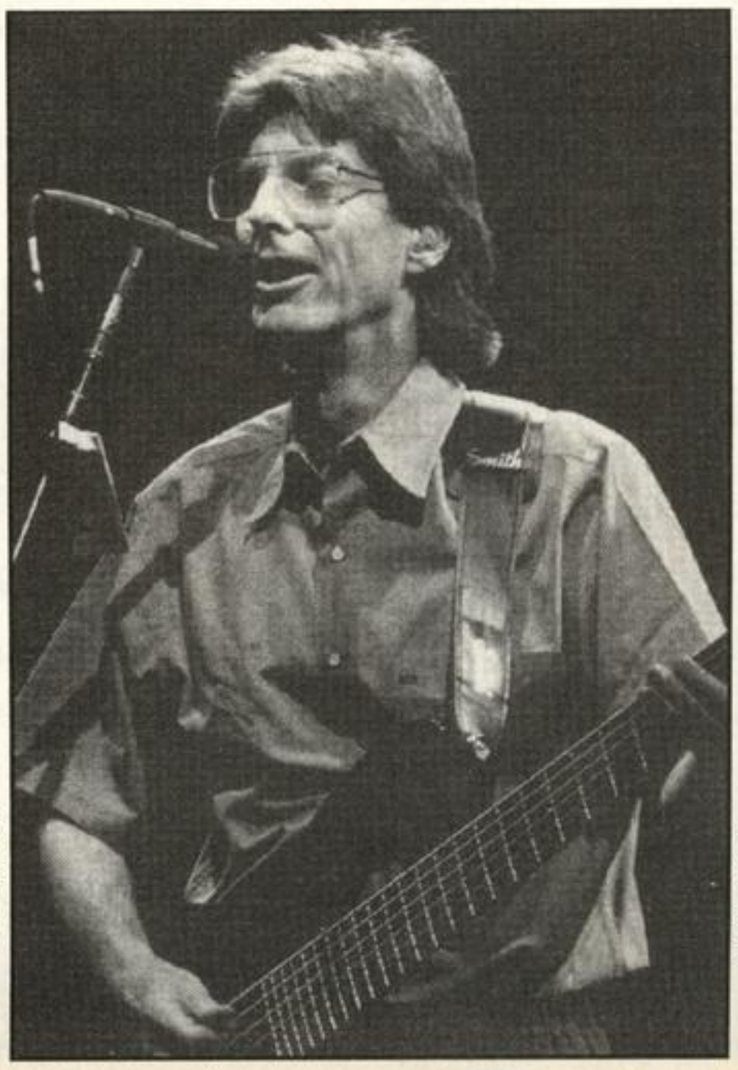
Capitol Center
Landover, Maryland

March 16, 1993

Jack Straw
Row Jimmy
New Minglewood Blues
So Many Roads



R. Ellingsen



Bob Minkin



Bob Minkin

Wharf Rat*
Throwing Stones*
Not Fade Away*

Encore: I Fought The Law*

* - w/Bruce Hornsby

China Doll
Drums/Space
The Last Time
Stella Blue
Sugar Magnolia

Encore: I Fought The Law

The Omni
Atlanta, Georgia

March 20, 1993

Mississippi 1/2 Step
It's All Over Now
So Many Roads
Me And My Uncle
Maggie's Farm
Bird Song
Promised Land

Eyes Of The World
Looks Like Rain
Lazy River Road
Truckin'
Smokestack Lightning
Drums/Space
The Wheel
All Along The Watchtower
Standing On The Moon
One More Saturday Night

Encore: Liberty

March 21, 1993

Feel Like A Stranger
West LA Fadeaway
Black Throated Wind
Candyman
Queen Jane Approximately
Brown Eyed Women
Eternity
Liberty

Samson & Delilah
Way To Go Home
Broken Arrow
Saint Of Circumstance
He's Gone
Drums/Space
I Need A Miracle
The Days Between
Around & Around

Encore: Baba O'Riley
Tomorrow Never Knows

March 22, 1993

Help On The Way
Slipknot
Franklin's Tower
Little Red Rooster
Althea
Beat It On Down The Line
Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues
Lazy River Road
Picasso Moon

Wave To The Wind
Iko Iko
Corrina
Uncle John's Band

Dean Smith Convocation Center
Chapel Hill, NC

March 24, 1993

Jack Straw
Stagger Lee
Wang Dang Doodle
It Must Have Been The Roses
Stuck Inside Of Mobile With The Memphis Blues Again
Tennessee Jed
Let It Grow

Here Comes Sunshine
Playing In The Band
Box Of Rain
Crazy Fingers
Drums/Space
Spanish Jam
Going Down The Road Feeling Bad
Throwing Stones
Not Fade Away

Encore: Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds

March 25, 1993

Touch Of Grey
Greatest Story Ever Told
So Many Roads
New Minglewood Blues
Lazy River Road
Mexicali Blues
Big River
Friend Of The Devil
Eternity
Liberty

China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider
Man Smart, Woman Smarter
Wave To The Wind
Terrapin Station
Drums/Space
Way To Go Home
The Other One
Morning Dew

Encore: The Weight

Knickerbocker Arena
Albany, New York

March 27, 1993

Hell In A Bucket
Bertha
The Same Thing
Peggy-O
Queen Jane Approximately
Broken Arrow
Loose Lucy
Cassidy
Casey Jones

Eyes Of The World
Estimated Prophet
Comes A Time
Corrina
Drums/Space
The Wheel
All Along The Watchtower
The Days Between
One More Saturday Night

Encore: I Fought The Law

March 28, 1993

Mississippi 1/2 Step
Walking Blues
So Many Roads
When I Paint My Masterpiece
High Time
Eternity
Deal

Scarlet Begonias
Fire On The Mountain
Samson & Delilah
Ship Of Fools
Wave To The Wind
Truckin'
Drums/Space
Way To Go Home
Attics Of My Life
Turn On Your Lovelight

Encore: Knockin' On Heaven's Door

March 29, 1993

Let The Good Times Roll
Feel Like A Stranger
Loser
Little Red Rooster
Ramble On Rose
Black Throated Wind
Lazy River Road
Johnny B. Goode

Here Comes Sunshine
Looks Like Rain
Box Of Rain
He's Gone
Drums/Space
The Last Time
Wharf Rat
Throwing Stones
Not Fade Away

Encore: Liberty

Nassau Coliseum

March 31, 1993

Cold Rain & Snow
Wang Dang Doodle
Althea
It's All Over Now, Baby Blue
Row Jimmy
Let It Grow

Cumberland Blues
Truckin'
Lazy River Road
Playing In The Band
Uncle John's Band
Drums/Space
I Need A Miracle
Standing On The Moon
Sugar Magnolia

Encore: I Fought The Law

April 1, 1993

Jack Straw
They Love Each Other
New Minglewood Blues
Candyman
Desolation Row
Stagger Lee
Eternity
Liberty

Iko Iko*
Saint Of Circumstance
Crazy Fingers
Wave To The Wind
Drums/Space
Way To Go Home
The Days Between
Turn On Your Lovelight

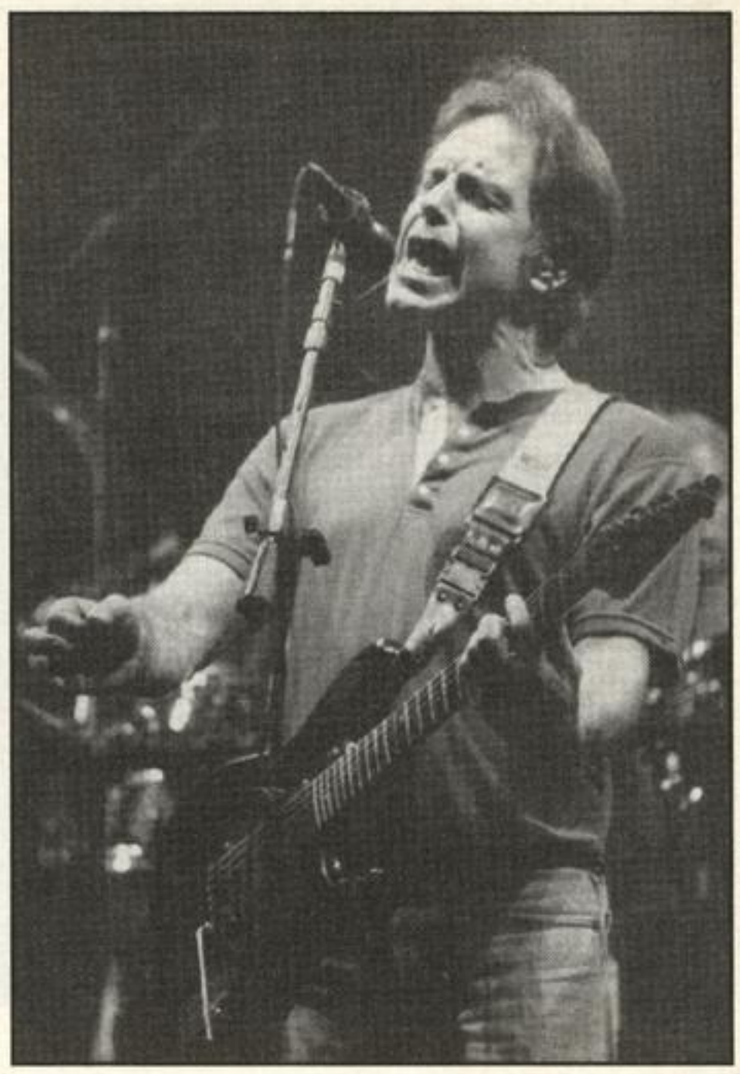
Encore: Rain

* - w/Phil dressed as Barney (children's TV character)

April 2, 1993

Help On The Way
Slipknot
Franklin's Tower
The Same Thing
Jack-A-Roe
Queen Jane Approximately
Brown Eyed Women
Picasso Moon

Scarlet Begonias
Fire On The Mountain
Man Smart, Woman Smarter



R. Ellingsen

Terrapin Station
Corrina
Drums/Space
The Last Time
Black Peter
Around And Around

Encore: Brokedown Palace

April 4, 1993

Midnight Hour
Sugaree
Walkin' Blues
Dire Wolf
Eternity
So Many Roads
When I Paint My Masterpiece
Bird Song

Eyes Of The World
Samson And Delilah
Broken Arrow
Estimated Prophet
Drums/Space
The Other One
Attics Of My Life
Throwing Stones
Not Fade Away

Encore: Liberty

April 5, 1993

Touch Of Grey
Greatest Story Ever Told
Lazy River Road
Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues
Black Throated Wind
Tennessee Jed
The Music Never Stopped
Deal

I Fought The Law
Way To Go Home
Corrina
He's Gone
Drums/Space
I Need A Miracle
Wharf Rat
Gloria

Encore: US Blues

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S. Clark

UNC Dean Smith Center

THE DEAD GO TO COLLEGE

The Grateful Dead in North Carolina

By Steve Clark

ENTRANCE REQUIREMENTS

In a departure from their traditional whistle-stops in the Tarheel State, the Grateful Dead found sanctuary on the campus of the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill. Home of one of the nation's most impressive college basketball programs, UNC had recently constructed the Dean Smith Center, a 22,000-seat indoor facility, a seemingly perfect location to stage a Grateful Dead show. Although the Dean Dome, as students call the Center, had been used before for concerts, all had been one night stands with less than sell-out performances. Enter the touringest band in show business and its trailing pack of gypsies for two days and nights of music and ribaldry.

The usual preparations made, and all unusual logistics attended to, the air was thick with anticipation among students and area residents as the GDP semi's rolled in and the roadies began their stage preparations. Local media had prepared the public for the deluge of tie-dyed humanity. Many were looking forward to the inevitable economic kick in the pants that accompanies all Grateful Dead tours. Others were thrilled at the opportunity to be able to "enjoy the ride" in their own backyard. Some were worried about the survivability of the Dean Dome and its fragile, manicured surroundings.

It was a given that access to, and parking around the Smith Center would be a problem. Only two small roads lead from major arteries to a couple of small parking lots near the facility. Both lots were used during the day by UNC staff, and would be full until 5PM. As concertgoers began to arrive early Tuesday afternoon, campus security carefully and politely protected student parking lots, while handing out information leaflets which, among the other usual concert info, detailed a shuttle bus program from outlying lots to the Center. It also pointed out that the parking lots near the Dean Dome would not be open until 5:30PM.

State and local authorities were prepared for the event. A mid-day roadblock on an offramp of I-40 caught many travellers by surprise on their way to the concerts. According to Captain Raymond Isely of the North Carolina Highway Patrol, 24 drug-related charges were filed against people, who, having seen a posted sign on I-40 eastbound reading "Drug Check Ahead. Be Prepared to Stop," pulled off the highway at the next available exit only to find themselves at the roadblock. For these unfortunate souls it would be too late to read the concert information leaflet item #7: "WARNING!!! It is a misdemeanor to carry drug paraphernalia on your person in North Carolina. Even drug residue carries a felony charge in NC. Nitrous Oxide is also illegal in NC."

For Deadheads, arrival and parking at a snail's pace is nothing new. Most concertgoers patiently waited as traffic crawled towards the Smith Center. It seems a few students and UNC employees were mildly disgruntled by the intrusion on their normally serene lifestyle, but by the second show both Deadheads and UNC'ers alike had adapted to the situation at hand.

Campus and concert security personnel had been well briefed on what to expect. Peaceful people, they had been told, would be everywhere. Ask them to move and they will. As the prediction came true, security staff relaxed, making a comfortable scene for all involved.

Outside, party types were discrete in their imbibement as they were warned in the flyers that open containers in public are illegal in North Carolina. Noticeably absent were the long lines waiting for the balloons of happy air, and the Deadhead shuffling by muttering "doses, doses." Police, by and large, ignored those who were drinking in public unless they appeared underage. Vending was small scale and left alone.

Inside the Dome a gentleman in a wheelchair approached the gates as ticket holders were funneling in. He asked a uniformed policeman standing there to give his spare ticket to the next person turned away with a bogus ticket. The officer graciously did. On the second night, in the middle of the first set, an usher in the rear balcony escorted five people from his section to the second row on the floor because he noticed some vacant seats.

THE CURRICULUM

The energy was extremely high inside the Dean Dome, as showtime drew near the first night. At the rear of his cordoned off area, Dan Healy passed out a six way tap into the soundboard. Tapers scrambled and before long had upwards of 60 DAT recorders patched in. Rapping with the tapers, Healy seemed to be caught up in the good vibes too. The sound check must have gone well.

As the lights went down, a loud roar heralded the band's arrival on stage. From the first note of first night, first set opener "Jack Straw" to the last note of second night encore, "The Weight," the Grateful Dead left no prisoners behind. They scooped up the crowd and proceeded to take them on a wild musical adventure through the old and the new.

Three and four part harmonics were everywhere. Working with the new in-ear monitors has smoothed out the band's vocals immeasurably. The ability to communicate with each other through this system has tightened start-ups and segues. Frequently smiling at one another, the Dead appeared to be enjoying themselves and their fans' enthusiasm.

The visual delights of the Candace Brightman light show also deserve to be noted. The inside of the white teflon cap of the Dean Dome served as an excellent surface for her psychedelic projections. Various fractal and real images were constantly served up, especially during Drums and Space. A pair of fiberoptic frames resembling flying pterodactyls had been added over stage right, which glowed periodically in different neon colors.

The Dead used their second night's performance at Chapel Hill to showcase several of their new works. A ten song first set included four unreleased songs. Smiling at times, Garcia belted out "So Many Roads." After Bobby acknowledged that "southern belles" and "Carolina girls" knew what to do in "New Minglewood Blues," Jerry slowed the pace a bit with a soothing "Lazy River Road." Two cowboy tunes later, "Friend Of The Devil" resurfaced for the first time on this spring tour. "Eternity," a hopeful love song, co-written by the late Willie Dixon and Bob Weir featured solid riffs by bass master Phil Lesh and twinkling leads by Vince Welnick. The Garcia/Hunter composition "Liberty" closed out the set, all four front men harmonizing on the chorus, "Freedom.....Liberty, oooooweee; Leave me alone, to find my own way home."

In the second set Lesh and Welnick each turned out their new songs. A rearranged "Wave To The Wind" had Phil singing again. "Terrapin Station" jammed into a wild "Drums" when it was Mickey Hart's turn to let loose.

Vince brought his "Long Way Home" out of "Space." Having had this number in their bag

of tricks for over a year now, the band treated the audience to crisp harmonics and tight leads, while Welnick built up his vocals to a wailing, high octave finish: "Long, long, long, long,....way to go home."

Phil's bass called up "The Other One," but Weir's voice was beginning to pay the price for the two nights of his full tilt vocals. Garcia bailed him out with an early segue into a moving rendition of "Morning Dew," closing out the second set. Encoring "The Weight" provided a lead verse for each vocalist while 22,000 voices shared the familiar chorus with Jerry, Bob and Vince.

MAKING THE GRADE

The energy level surrounding the Grateful Dead's performances at the Dean Dome should be described as electric. The vibes were great, the Karma was good. The band played energetically and seemed to be enjoying themselves.

Dan Healy came through again. The Dean Dome wasn't designed for its acoustic ambiance. Yet in his infinite wisdom, Healy was able to do what others hadn't. The clean, crisp sound of music filled the Smith Center for the first time ever. Kudos to the master.

POST-GRADUATE WORK

According to *Deadbase IV,* the last time the Grateful Dead played an East Coast college campus was a one night stand on Halloween, 1985, at The Carolina Coliseum Arena at the University of South Carolina. This pre-*In The Dark* era show was held at a 12,000-seat venue. For the Dead to secure back to back nights at UNC Chapel Hill in 1993 is a milestone of major proportions.

It is, however, a fragile milestone. In times when the Dead are losing venue after venue because of problems associated with their fans, it is important for all who love their music to heed the band's pleas.

Camping at the shows is no longer a problem. Deadheads realize that accommodations must be made elsewhere. Vending is still quite prevalent and, when allowed, must cease immediately when authorities choose to close parking facilities.



S. Clark

Consumption in public must be done with discretion. Many states have open container laws that could keep you from seeing the show if caught with only an open beer in your hand.

If you are into drug use or sales, please ponder the advice of Dennis McNally, publicist for the Grateful Dead: "This illusion that you can do anything you want at a Dead concert is an illusion. It's the best place to get arrested in America. It is a terrible place to try to do an illegal business. You may have customers, but half of them will be undercover narcotics officers. The main point to be made to Deadheads is: you are not only endangering yourself, you are endangering the Grateful Dead. Any Deadhead who has an ounce of sense should grab the next guy who walks by mumbling 'doses, doses' and shake him and say 'Wake Up!' Anyone who claims to have any affection or respect for the Grateful Dead should stop anything illegal in the parking lot or inside the shows, period. Hopefully this message is getting through."

Early indications point to a positive local response to the Grateful Dead's visit to the University of North Carolina. Then likelihood of a return engagement is high. It appears that we have passed the test. ■

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BY J. C. JUANIS

Mardi Gras Madness: The Grateful Dead have a way of bringing out the best when it comes to performing on special occasions—whether it's New Year's Eve, Chinese New Year, or Mardi Gras Fat Tuesday. In recent years, it is the Mardi Gras celebration that has replaced New Year's Eve as the high energy spectacle of the year. To add to this year's seasonal high-jinx, the Dead invited jazz great Ornette Coleman to open the festivities, a real treat for Deadheads.

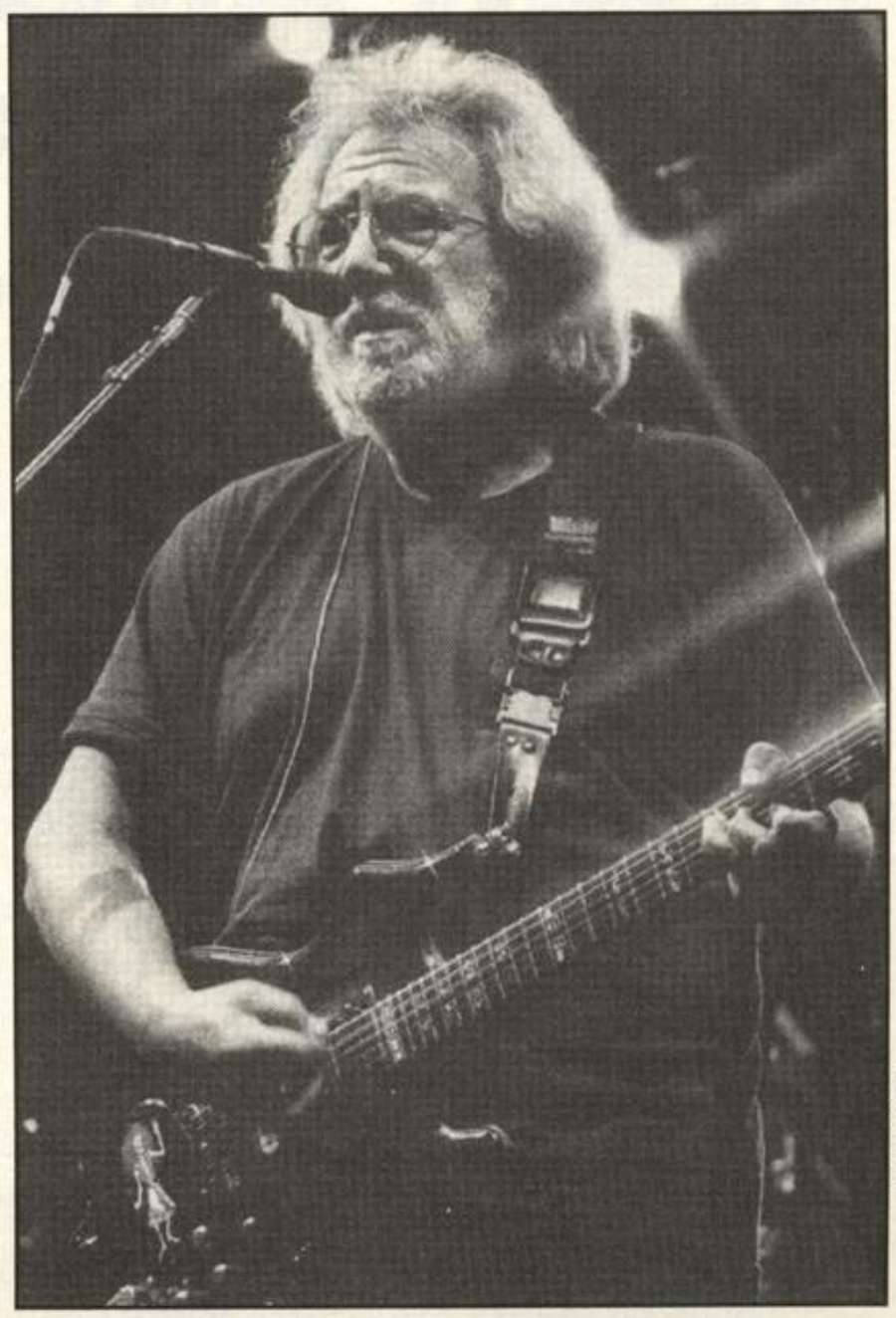
The Grateful Dead were first turned on to Coleman's music back in the mid-'60s when Phil Lesh brought his records to band sessions. After Coleman attended a Grateful Dead concert at Madison Square Garden in 1987, he asked Jerry Garcia to add some guitar parts to an album he was recording with his band, Prime Time. Garcia's guitar work graces "Three Wishes," "Singing In The Shower," and "Desert Players," on Coleman's *Virgin Beauty* (Portrait). Coleman is a heavy jazz player who has spent the last thirty years developing his concept called harmolodics, in which not just the melody, but also the harmony and rhythm are open to improvisation at any point, by any and all band members. Performing on alto sax and later in the set on violin, Coleman was expertly accompanied by Prime Time—Chris Rosenberg and Ken Wessel on guitars, bassist Al McDowell, keyboardist David Bryant, and son Denardo Coleman on drums. Prime Time's 45-minute set focused on avant garde jazz, exquisitely incorporating Caribbean rhythms. Unfortunately Coleman was the victim of poor sound amplification and much of his music was lost in the din of the antsy crowd anxiously awaiting the Dead. Things picked up considerably towards the end of Coleman's set when Jerry Garcia joined the band for a spirited working of "Three Wishes," which raised the energy level in the Oakland Coliseum a few notches.

The Grateful Dead brought with them to the Mardi Gras run of shows a new energy, debuting a new batch of songs. They broke out four new tunes to the delight of reveling Deadheads, the best of which is the Robert Hunter penned "Liberty," given a slower arrangement than the original version included on Hunter's 1987 release *Liberty* (Relix). The song, sung by Garcia, is given a "Stagger Lee" like melody. Other new Hunter/Garcia tunes include "Lazy River Road" and "Days Between." Bob Weir also debuted a new song entitled "Eternity," that was written with Rob Wasserman and the late blues great Willie Dixon. A version of "Eternity," sung by Dixon and accompanied by Weir and Wasserman, is slated to be part of Grammy Award-winning Rob Wasserman's upcoming release *Trios*. With these new tunes, the Dead have enough fresh material for a new recording.

The Grateful Dead opened the Mardi Gras show with an explosive "Cold Rain And Snow" that was in marked contrast to the tepid sound mix that plagued Ornette Coleman's set. Following with "Wang Dang Doodle," the show was kicking into high gear. The highlight of the first set, and perhaps the whole run of shows, was Phil Lesh's stunning rendition of Robbie Robertson's "Broken Arrow." The emotion-laden ballad revealed another side of the Dead's vocal shy bassist. "Broken Arrow" was recorded on Robertson's first solo album and was an MTV hit for Rod Stewart a few years back. The Dead closed the first set with the standard "Johnny B. Goode." Talk among Deadheads during the hour long set break focused on Phil Lesh's much improved vocal prowess.

As the lights in the carnivorous arena dimmed to signal the start of the second set, Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzmann, joined by others on percussion, pounded out a long "Not Fade Away/Iko Iko" beat as attention turned to the rear of the hall where over a dozen huge floats weaved through the crowd. Led by a huge pirate ship which parted through the sea of humanity that filled the coliseum floor, the parade featured a giant wheel ("The Wheel"), Wavy Gravy atop a giant Grateful Dead jack-in-the-box, a mobile disco dance floor, complete with John Travolta look alike, and hundreds of costumed folks throwing beads and trinkets into the crowd. Bringing up the rear was a 30-foot likeness of President Bill Clinton wearing shades and alternating blowing a saxophone and puffing on a huge smoke-billowing joint. Every time he took a hit, Clinton's eyes would light up. Talk about inhaling! The dozen or so floats made their way through the crowd to the front of the stage and then back again as the drummers, and later the band, whipped the crowd into a frenzy with an incendiary "Iko Iko." The band tore into the Mardi Gras classic as Deadheads swirled and danced away.

After a brief pause, the band dove into Bob Weir's "Corrina." Jerry followed with the new "Lazy River Road" (cut from the same cloth as such other Hunter/Garcia gems as "Black Muddy River" and "Standing On The Moon") before the band flowed passionately into "Playing In The Band." Each band member left the stage, one by one, leaving drummers Kreutzmann and Hart alone to pound the life out of their various percussion instruments for a good 20 minutes. When the rest of the band returned, they were accompanied by Ornette Coleman who came out blowing his alto sax. Although tentative at first, the band soon found a groove with Coleman. Lesh and Weir had quite a time trying to get a hand on the intro into "The Other One," but once they and the rest of the band got on track, the song rolled like a locomotive out of control. Coleman certainly found more than enough niches in which to add some tasty lines, but it wasn't until "Stella



Bob Minkin

Jerry Garcia — 2/21/93



Bob Minkin

Ornette Coleman joins the Grateful Dead — Mardi Gras, 1993



Bob Minkin

Franklin's Tower and Bill Clinton — part of the 1993 Mardi Gras Parade

Blue" that the venerable jazz man caught his stride, blowing away while Garcia sang the sensitive passages of the ballad. The Grateful Dead and Ornette Coleman careened full steam into a set-closing "Turn On Your Lovelight" that literally blew the roof off of the Coliseum.

This was a marvelous culmination of an outstanding run of shows. Besides taking a few musical chances, the band provided a new set of songs destined to become mainstays in the Grateful Dead's voluminous songbook.

My Brother Esau: With the Grateful Dead adding many new songs to their repertoire, the band is reportedly planning to enter the recording studio—perhaps before the end of the year. It is known that Jerry Garcia, Bob Weir, Phil Lesh, and Robert Hunter spent some vacation time this past Winter in Hawaii where they put the finishing touches on this recent batch of songs. The Dead plan to fine tune the material during their extensive spring and summer tour before deciding when to actually put the tunes to tape. Aside from the four songs premiered at the Mardi Gras shows, other material includes "Wave To The Wind," written by Phil Lesh and Robert Hunter, "Corrina" written by Bob Weir, Mickey Hart and Bob Bralove, "Eternity" written by Bob Weir, Rob Wasserman, and Willie Dixon, and "Long Way To Go" by Vince Welnick. There you have what will make up the bulk of the Grateful Dead's next release. More will be known after the band "test drives" them on the road. After all, some of these tunes may meet the same fate as such other performed but never recorded songs as "Mason's Children," "Believe It Or Not" and "Keep Your Day Job."

Dawg Biscuits: It's hard to believe that David Grisman did not have a recording contract three years ago. Today the Mill Valley, CA based mandolinist not only owns his own record company, but out of seven releases, Grisman's fledgling company, Acoustic Disc, has received three prestigious Grammy nominations. Grisman recently celebrated a new release by the David Grisman Quintet, titled *Dawgwood* (Acoustic Disc), with a record release party at The Great American Music Hall. Recorded at Grisman's home studio, *Dawgwood* mixes Brazilian rhythms with gypsy melodies, cool jazz, and bluegrass influences.

Grisman's music has managed to defy categorization and boundaries, blending deep and resonant acoustic sounds that are pleasing to the senses. The members of Grisman's Quintet are virtuoso players in their own right, and the master mandolinist let each one stretch and showcase their impressive skills. Opening the late show with a mind expanding bass solo by long time Grisman associate Jim Kerwin, the ensemble playing by the group was nothing short of sensational. Grisman mused during the evening that many of his past releases remain sadly out of print, and as opposed to paying old record labels money to licence his own music back from them, he has chosen to re-record some of the old originals, and a couple of those songs, "Dawgmatism," "Sea Of Cortez," and "Steppin' With Stephane," appear on *Dawgwood*. The other members of Grisman's Quintet are violinist and percussionist Joe Craven, Matt Eakle on flute, and guitarist Rick Montgomery. Grisman, who has a follow up release with Jerry Garcia scheduled for the fall, has also recorded Garcia with guitar wizard Tony Rice for another project as well. Each musician performed on a variety of antique stringed instruments. For a guy who didn't have a record contract three years ago, Grisman defiantly has the midas touch when it comes to acoustic music.



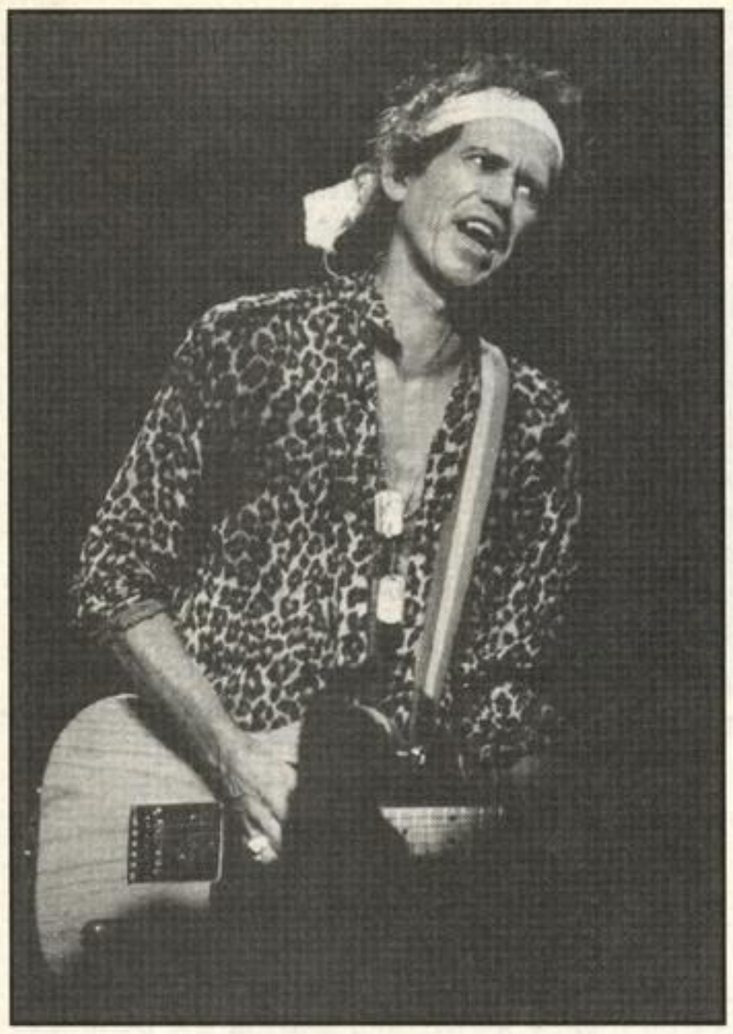
W. Marc Ricketts

More Mardi Gras mania

Rock The Casbah: Being a rock'n'roll legend has been a full time job for Rolling Stones guitarist Keith Richards, who has been the consummate rock star for the past three decades. Known for exciting guitar riffs that have defined the music of "the world's greatest rock'n'roll band," Richards has found a solo outlet for his own music, making his second US tour with his band of musical mercenaries—the X-Pensive Winos. During Richards' recent show at The Bill Graham Civic Auditorium in San Francisco, he certainly displayed a take charge approach, performing tunes from his two solo albums, 1988's *Talk Is Cheap* and his recently released *Main Offender* (Virgin), mixed with a sprinkling of Rolling Stones smashes. Richards and the X-Pensive Winos certainly came to play, performing a two-and-a-half hour set featuring 19 songs. The X-Pensive Winos (drummer Steve Jordan, guitarist Waddy Wachtel, Ivan Neville, son of the Neville Brothers' Aaron on keyboards and guitar, Jerome Smith on bass, and vocalist Sarah Dash) each boast impressive studio credits and provided excellent accompaniment to Richards' rocking numbers.

Sax ace Bobby Keyes, a veteran of many Rolling Stones hits, enlivened the festivities with his energetic honking. The concert rested squarely on Richards' shoulders, and the man delivered what was expected. Opening with an explosive rendition of Eddie Cochran's "Something Else," Richards was more than content to fire off some mighty guitar riffs, leaving the posing to Wachtel. Playing like someone twenty years younger, the 49-year-old rocker tore up the place with selections from the recent release, "Body Talk" and "Whip It Up." But it wasn't until Richards jammed the intro of "Gimme Shelter" that he had the audience in convulsions. Vocalist Sarah Dash is blessed with a powerful set of pipes, and the Stones classic soared as a result. Richards is clearly a survivor and the concert was more than just a celebration of the past. His voice, raspy and gruff, benefited, as did the rest of the groups' overall sound, from a superb sound mix. Richards' enthusiasm was truly infectious and set the tone for a wonderful, albeit nostalgic, evening of music.

Beluga Whale Watch: Moby Grape guitarist Jerry Miller has a lot to celebrate these days as Sony has just released a two-CD set chronicling the legendary San Francisco band. Included on the 48-track retrospective are 12 unreleased live tunes taken from the Fillmore Auditorium and Avalon Ballroom. Veteran Columbia producer Bob Erwin, who was responsible for the wonderful Byrds boxed set a couple years back, oversaw the project. If that isn't enough, Miller has just released a new solo project titled *Now I See* (Herman Records).



Chris Fallo

Keith Richards

The new recording reunites Miller with Moby Grape mates Bob Mosley, Don Stevenson, and Peter Lewis. Miller's guitar skills are showcased on such songs as "Now I See," "Take A Little Chance," and straight ahead rockers "Give It Hell," and "Love You So Much."

At a record release party held at The Last Day Saloon in San Francisco, Miller and his band performed a set that included some stirring Texas-style blues, mixed generously with some Grape flakes of old, including "8:05" and "Hey Grandma." Old friend Merl Saunders came by and sat in on a couple of numbers, including his own "Do I Move You?" Copies of *Now I See* are available by mail order by sending $15 to: *Herman Records, PO Box 1947, Cove Junction, OR 97522*. Be sure to tell Jerry you saw it in *Relix*.

Glitz and Glamour: The 16th Annual Bay Area Music Awards Show (Bammies), held March 6th at The Bill Graham Civic Auditorium, maintained the tradition of being the music party of the year. Sponsored by the Bay Area based California music industry magazine, *BAM,* the fete gives rock stars and fans alike the chance to get dressed to the nines and party together. Each year is highlighted by unique musical aggregations and jams. The host of this year's Bammies was "Saturday Night Live's" Father Guido Sarducci, and the entire show was broadcast live by local radio station KRQR. The "Rocker," as KRQR terms itself, boasts in advertisements throughout the Bay Area that they "Play More Classic Grateful Dead." The station is also the home of author David Gans' syndicated radio show, *The Grateful Dead Hour.* The Bammies House band, led by Musical Director Austin de Lone was sensational. A walking Bay Area music institution, de Lone lists recording and touring credits as a member of the Moonlighters, Commander Cody, Elvis Costello, the Fabulous Thunderbirds, and the '70s band, Eggs Over Easy. The Bammies house band included de Lone's sidekicks from his Moonlighters and Cody days, drummer Tony Johnson, and Keith Crossan on sax, along with other seasoned pros, guitarist Jock Rockenbach, bassist Michael White, and Neil Young co-hort Larry Cragg on baritone sax.

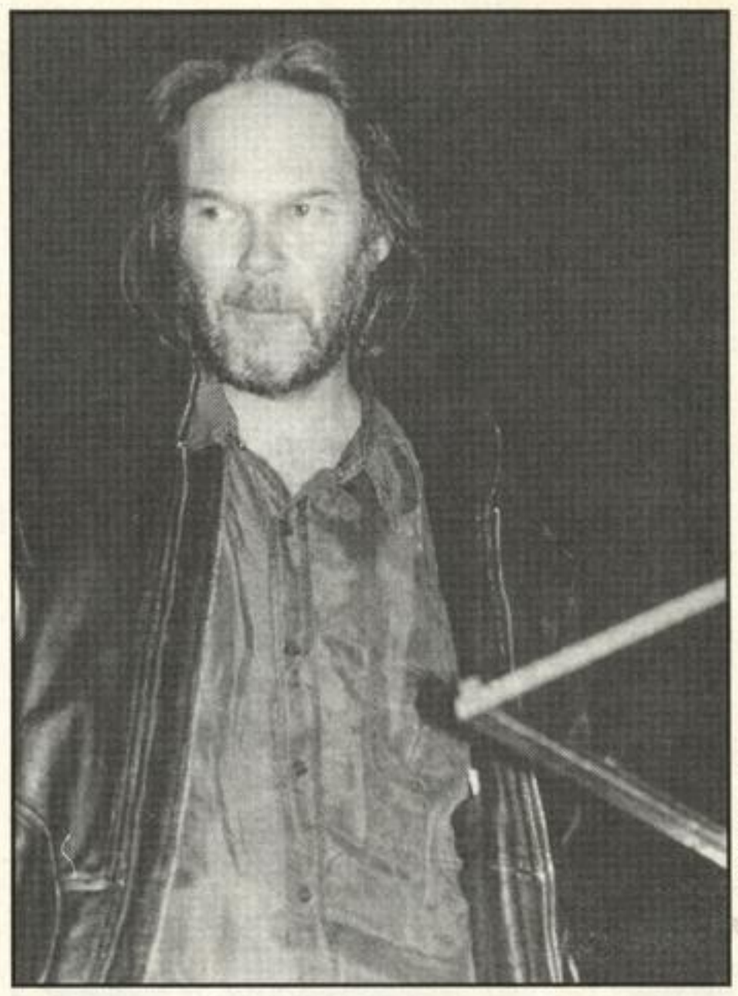
Amongst the musical guests were the Dirty Dozen Brass Band from New Orleans, doing a funky version of "I Left My Heart In San Francisco." Other musical surprises came in a jam that paired Gregg Allman and Allen Woody, on B-3 organ and bass respectively, jazz great Tony Williams on drums, Night Ranger's Jeff Watson on guitar, and Jonathan Cain from Journey on piano. Allman fronted the all-star group, growling out a soulful blues number before leading the band through a rollicking working of "I'm No Angel." Allman has been busy in the Bay Area, writing new songs for the upcoming Allman Brothers Band studio album with fellow Brother, Allen Woody, and singer-songwriter Philippe Mallen. Allman also co-wrote and sings lead on two songs on the new release by Night Ranger axeman Brad Gillis, *Gilrock Ranch* (Guitar Recordings). Allman flexes his vocal muscles on cuts "Honest To God" and "If Looks Could Kill," turning the mostly instrumental release into a musical tour de force. Neil Young showed up to accept the award for Outstanding Album for his recent *Harvest Moon.* The finale jam featured the Santana Band, accompanied by Metallica guitarist Kirk Hammett for a bluesy romp on Willie Dixon's "If You Can't Have Peace." To close the evening's festivities, Santana and company rocked the house on "Open Invitation."

This year's Bammies honored Wavy Gravy by awarding the clown prince of the counterculture The Arthur M. Sohcot Award for Gravy's dedicated lifetime of public service to the community. Born Hugh Romney, Wavy Gravy was part of the 1950s Beat movement in New York's Greenwich Village, plying his trade amongst the area's celebrated coffee houses as a comic, going under the name Al Dente. Romney managed comedian Lenny Bruce for a time, and legend has it that Bob Dylan wrote "It's A Hard Rain Gonna Fall" on Wavy's typewriter. By 1966, Romney relocated to the West Coast and lived on a mountain top commune near Los Angeles called the Hog Farm.



Bob Minkin

Carlos Santana and Metallica's Kirk Hammett — Bammies 3/6/93



Bob Minkin

Neil Young received an award for Harvest Moon — Bammies, '93

Romney gained his first 15 minutes of fame when he and the Hog Farm took over the responsibility of feeding the hungry masses at Woodstock. It was on stage at the Texas International Pop Festival that he received his distinctive moniker, Wavy Gravy, from blues great B.B. King. Later that year, Wavy Gravy and the Hog Farm commune traveled through Europe, eventually ending up in Nepal, distributing medical supplies to Pakistani flood victims. Discovering that many people in that region suffered from unnecessary blindness due to cataracts and vitamin deficiencies, Gravy and his fellow Hog Farmers joined forces with the World Health Organization to form SEVA, an international medical aid organization. Gravy has also taken upon himself to tackle the problems of Native Americans, refugees of violence in South America, and homelessness, as well as running a performing arts summer camp for kids, Camp Winnarainbow. Gravy has written his autobiography, *Something Good For A Change* (St. Martin's Press), and has recorded the first and only psychedelic comedy album *Old Feathers—New Bird* (Relix).

The Bammies post party was held at the grand ballroom of the Marriott Hotel where guests danced and partied into the wee hours to the sounds of the E Street Band's big man, Clarence Clemons.

Lonesome Road Blues: In his nearly 30 years as one of bluegrass music's most dedicated students, Sandy Rothman has earned a reputation as being one of the genre's most talented players. Known primarily as a "musician's musician," Rothman is a master of four of the six instruments that are crucial to a bluegrass band: guitar, banjo, mandolin, and dobro. Rothman traces his bluegrass roots back to the early 1960s when he teamed up with other aspiring bluegrass players, Jerry Garcia and David Nelson, in the short-lived Black Mountain Boys. In May of 1964, Rothman and Garcia drove halfway across the country in a California bluegrass convoy with another legendary bluegrass band of the day, The Kentucky Colonels, featuring the late Clarence White. White is still considered by many to be the most influential guitarist in modern bluegrass music.

Rothman went on to play and perform over the years with Bill Monroe, Earl Taylor, and as a member of the Jerry Garcia Acoustic Band. Last year Rothman teamed up with another Bay Area bluegrass disciple, Steve Pottier, and released a superb new recording, *Bluegrass Guitar Duets* (Tone Bar Records). Rothman and Pottier tackle an array of bluegrass styles on this all-guitar disc, arranging everything from fiddle tunes like "Denver Belle" and "Billy In The Lowground," to the country blues sounds of "In The Pines," the Carter Family's "Forsaken Love," to the old fashioned rip 'em up banjo breakdown "Lonesome Road Blues" to showcase each one's considerable guitar picking skills. What makes this recording particularly worthwhile is the recording quality itself. *Bluegrass Duets* boasts fidelity and dynamics often lacking in older bluegrass recordings, with the sound of the two guitarists literally jumping out of the speakers. Rothman and Pottier both credit Clarence White as one of their main inspirations and the precision and musical clarity these two talents convey on this collection of songs can only come from years of tireless dedication to a genre of music that needs to be preserved and nurtured. *Bluegrass Duets* goes a long way in preserving one of this country's truly original musical styles.



Steve Bloch

DEAD RINGERS GET NORTHERN EXPOSURE

Clockwise from left: Tom Constanten, Fred Campbell, Cynthia Geary and John Corbett (of Northern Exposure), David Nelson, Barry Flast, Barry Sless and Arthur Steinhorn — at Fenix Underground in Seattle (the club is owned by Northern Exposure's John Corbett).

To obtain your copy of this timeless CD, send $16 (P&H) to *County Sales, PO Box 191, Floyd, VA 24091*. Sandy Rothman and Steve Pottier will appear as part of Relix Record's *Bay Rock Sampler #5* slated for upcoming release.

Short Bits: Dead Ringers, the all-star aggregation featuring David Nelson, Tom Constanten, and Barry Flast, appeared recently on *CBS News This Morning*. The band was shown playing at the Fenix Underground in Seattle, WA. The club is owned by John Corbett of the hit television series "Northern Exposure." Also in the crowd for the Fat Tuesday Mardi Gras show were the series' other stars—Cynthia Geary and Darren E. Burroughs...If you did a double take while watching the daily soap opera, *The Guiding Light* recently, that was indeed Tom Constanten. Constanten's part consisted of being recognized as the Grateful Dead's former keyboard whiz by one of the show's main characters. T.C. may be relocating to New York in the near future...In the audience for a recent show by the Barry Melton Band at the Saloon in San Francisco was former American hostage Terry Anderson. The Melton Band featured Peter Albin on bass, Spencer Dryden on drums, and George Michalski on keyboards. Anderson partied the night away to the group's classic psychedelic sound and remarked to Michalski, "I had no idea when I was in captivity that I would be having so much fun just a year later."...Gregg Allman turned up recently to jam with Harvey Mandel, Henry Kaiser, and Steve Kimock at The Psychedelic Guitar Circus held at the Mystic Theater in Petaluma. ■

(Special Thanks to Audrey Pickell, Steve Block, Chris Berry, and Gordon and Robin Kraft for their contributions.)

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Warren Haynes



The Nudes

FRAGMENTS™

J. Garcia: Artist (a/k/a musician) Jerry Garcia is back with a brand new collection of artwork for neckties. The first collection sold out so quickly that Bloomingdale's is presenting two new lines, including a line of boy's neckwear and a scarf collection. Vice-president Al Gore is one of the many fans of these colorful designs, and like us folks at *Relix,* just can't wait to see what Jerry will be coming up with next. Word has it that a line of silk shirts is in production.

On the subject of Jerry, Celestial Arts is publishing the first collection of Mr. Garcia's artwork. The collection includes 35 black and white and 40 color images, from simple pen and ink character studies to elaborate psychedelic landscapes. It will be available in both paperback and hardcover.

The Ambassador Gallery in NYC created quite a scene by announcing that Garcia would make an appearance at the latest showing of his artwork. Hundreds of fans stood on a line that wound around the block. Many were rewarded with a brief audience with the artist—until he was whisked off to the Broadway opening of Pete Townsend's *Tommy* (which he attended with Bob Weir).

POETREAT: Wetlands featured a special poetry reading by legendary lyricist Robert Hunter, whose sharp wit and gift for verbal imagery enthralled the packed room with his epic *An American Adventure.* It was Hunter's first reading on the East Coast, and Deadheads (on layover between Albany and Nassau shows) were treated to this master wordsmith's gift for creative metaphors and paradoxical innuendos. Hunter's delivery made the work come alive. He closed with the a cappella "Boys In The Barroom" to the infinite delight of all.

Barbara Meier, a San Francisco poet, warmed up the crowd for Hunter by reading several original well-paced pieces. *Soul Dream,* about the early days of the Grateful Dead, was especially striking. Her final reading, *Maya Drala,* was written in the rainforests of Mexico. This piece painted a harsh landscape of reality in the rainforests, and was further embellished by a taped accompaniment of exquisite tropical sounds and delicate guitar fingerings provided by Bob Bralove and Jerry Garcia.

Wetlands: Wetlands Preserve in NYC celebrated its fourth anniversary in February. The club has hosted many interesting evenings of music over the years, and recent special events include Warren Haynes' record release party (*Tales Of Ordinary Madness,*Megaforce). Haynes made several appearances at Wetlands in the last year to showcase his incredible solo work. It was fitting that he return to celebrate his debut solo release. Warren's band included Lincoln Schleifer on bass, Steve Holley on drums, and Danny Lewis on keyboards. Previous keyboardist for Warren Haynes, Jeff Young, sat in during the second set, and special guests Mark Quinones and Bernie Worrell lent their support as well. It was a great night celebrating a great release. Just a mention—Xanex-25 kept the crowd hopping between Warren's sets with their heavy guitar-laden psychedelic originals. Their name might give you the impression that these boys are laid back, but don't believe it for a minute!

Other recent Wetlands shows included an appearance by Iron Butterfly (most people missed this incredible reunion due to "the BIG snow"), Midnight Oil, and the Wallflowers (attended by Bob Dylan—his son is in the band). Bands that frequent the Wetlands stage include Zen Tricksters, Solar Circus, the Authority, the Mad Hatters, Max Creek, God Street Wine, Franklin Turnpike, World Within, Border Legion, Shockra, Savoy Truffle, and the inspiring Joan Osborne Band, amongst others.

Infrared Sightings: Image Entertainment announces the release of a new format "Video CD" produced by Len Dell'Amico (*So Far*) and Trigon Productions. This new format allows for a wide variety of special effects to be employed in the disc, titled *Infrared Sightings,* which was based on music from the Grateful Dead's *Infrared Roses.*

Summer Gravy: Wavy Gravy's Camp Winnarainbow will hold its annual week-long session for adults starting on 6/16/93. The camp is located in Laytonville, CA. All camp activities and meals are included in the $50 per day program. The sound system is supplied by the Grateful Dead, and highlights include swimming, hiking and a great concert. Jorma Kaukonen is scheduled to do a guitar workshop. Wavy vows—"Your money back if you don't have fun!" For more info write to: Camp Winnarainbow For Adults, 1301 Henry St., Berkeley, CA 94709

Woodstock Joy: The Joyous Lake in Woodstock, NY has opened its doors once again. For those too young to remember, The Joyous Lake was the place where such musical luminaries as Eric Clapton, Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, the Stones, Dylan, and many other artists used to hang out. It was a place where they could relax, kick back and jam. New owner Peter Perry is very excited about the reopening of this major fixture in the Woodstock community. The Joyous Lake will feature an Italian-American menu. They have a great bar and lots of room to boogie to the hottest live bands around. Music for The Lake is being handled by Ken Hoff, formerly of the Arrowhead Ranch. Come visit historic Woodstock and jump in The Lake. For more info call the Lake Line at (914) 679-1234.

Eclectic Acoustic: The Nudes are putting the finishing touches on their studio album, due for release in the fall. Walter Parks and Stephanie Winters have brought an exquisite collection of original songs to life. Parks' lyrics and memorable vocals are enhanced by Winters' ethereal workings on the electric cello, and her background vocals add yet another dimension to this sophisticated ensemble. Percussion layerings are contributed by Randy Crafton. Reminiscent of the early East Village folk era, the hypnotic melodies they weave will delight you. The Nudes—the most fun you'll have with your clothes on! For a 6-song peep at their new project, send $8.00 per cassette (includes postage) to GPO Box 8720, NYC 10116.

Paradise In Puerto Rico: Congratulations to Grateful Bed & Breakfast who have just marked their first anniversary. Their infectious enthusiasm for providing their guests with an antidote for civilization can only bring them success. So, if things seem a bit too heavy and you need to slow down a few paces, this might be just the cure. Their retreat is located on five acres in the Loquillo Mountains with a panoramic view of the ocean and El Yunque National Rainforest. Write to GB&B P.O. Box 568, Loquillo, Puerto Rico 00773 or call (809) 889-4919.

King of the Blues: B.B. King has agreed to perform the title song on *The Rainy Day Blues,* which is the first in a "Celebrity Series" of children's books published by Better Place Publishing. So where does B.B. come in? Well, the hard cover book illustrates a story narrated on cassette, which is then reviewed in a song by King. The "Celebrity Series" will include many more celebrities in the future.

Green Shoes: Sony Kids has released *Put On Your Green Shoes,* a special environmentally-themed benefit album. Featuring such diverse artists as Richie Havens, Tom Paxton, Willie Nelson, Indigo Girls, Dr. John, and Levar Burton, most of the songs were written specially for this project and all focus on environmental issues. All net proceeds will be equally distributed among the non-profit Songwriters and Artists For The Earth (SAFE—whose mission is to stimulate awareness of environmental and social issues through entertainment projects), Earth Island Institute (an environmental advocacy organization—notable among its credits was the successful drive for dolphin-safe tuna), and Save The Children. Buy it for your kids—it will educate them and give them a brighter future as well. ■



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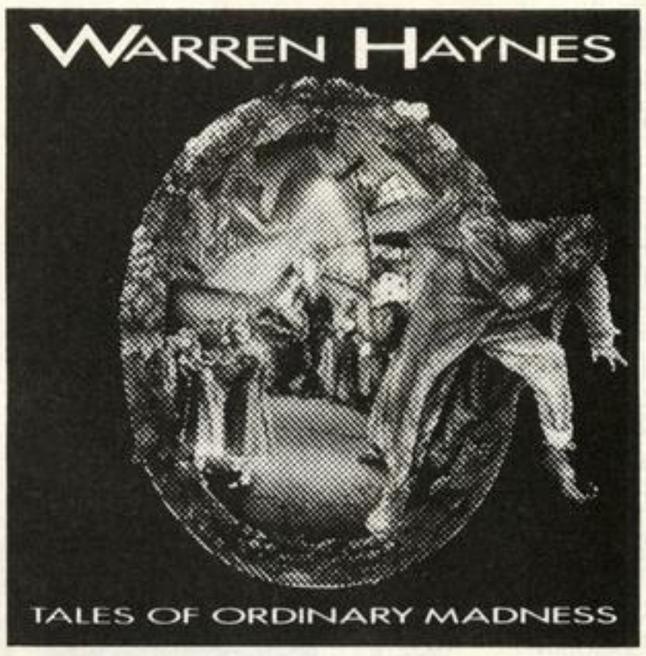
PAUL METSA

Independents DAZE™

by Mick Skidmore

Tales Of Ordinary Madness (Megaforce), the solo album from **Allman Brothers** guitarist **Warren Haynes,** has been much anticipated. Haynes has been talking about making an album for almost five years, and it's finally materialized. The good news is that it was worth the wait.

While the album contains plenty of fiery and tenacious guitar playing, Haynes has put the emphasis on his songwriting and singing abilities, and both are exceptional. Some of the songs have a slightly harder rock edge than his work with the Allmans. A good example is the superb "Fire In The Kitchen," which deals with the plight of urban violence (ironically written before the L.A. riots), and the hard hitting "Sister Justice." In sharp contrast is the funky soulful groove of "Invisible," and the sheer power and intensity of the soulful R&B laced "Broken Promiseland." "I'll Be The One" is outstanding and will easily find its way to radio playlists. This album doesn't have a bad or even mediocre cut. Highly recommended.



Greg Douglass is a renowned guitarist, having played with Hot Tuna, the Steve Miller Band and the Greg Kihn Band, to name a few. Unfortunately, he's had to go to a German label to get his solo offering *Maelstrom* (Taxim) out, which is a shame...it's a sterling effort and deserving of a large audience.

Douglass enlists help from some erstwhile Bay Area musicians, including Norton Buffalo, Nick Gravenites, Steve Douglas and Peter Rowan. Despite the guests, this acoustic-based set is very much Douglass' show.

The album opens with an inspired arrangement of "Police Dog Blues," in which Douglass picks away deftly on guitar while Steve Douglas weaves in and out of the song's melody with some jazzy sax. Other strong cuts are the Nick Gravenites sung "Drugs & Alcohol" and a slew of intricate instrumentals, namely "The Irish Tune," the title cut and "Wailing Wall." The latter is a nice slide guitar/harmonica duet with Buffalo. This album may take a little extra tracking down, but it's worth it.

Guitarist **Kim Simmonds** is back again with another new line up of **Savoy Brown** in *Let It Ride* (Roadhouse). It's something of a patchy album from a songwriting standpoint. Many of the cuts are just average generic blues-based rock. But the shortage of quality songs seems to have inspired Simmonds' guitar playing. There's no less than six instrumentals, three are standouts—the haunting cover of Bill Withers soul song "Ain't No Sunshine," which focuses on Simmonds slashing slide guitar, the Allman Brothers-like "Feel Like Crying," with its melodic acoustic leads, and the meatier rock of "Looking Out." (Magnetic Air Productions, 26 Lafayette Dr., Port Chester, NY 10573).

One of the most pleasant musical surprises in a long time is *Jack Salmon & Derby Sauce* (Schoolkids Records), a solo album by original **NRBQ** guitarist Steve Ferguson and his band **The Midwest Creole Ensemble.**

As one might expect from an ex-NRBQ member, this is fairly eclectic stuff. Not only is Ferguson a phenomenal guitar player, but he mixes a wide variety of styles with relative ease and no small amount of musical virtuosity.

There's a sassy New Orleans feel to "We Be Go." In "Hi De Ho" (here in two versions, live and studio) he gets into a bopping Bo Diddely groove. The nine-minute live version really highlights Ferguson's twangy, string-bending guitar leads. But it's the album's title cut that says it all as Ferguson mixes a gospel sound with a rolling melody, an infectious hook and all sorts of roots and rock influences. A must for NRBQ, Radiators and Dr. John fans (523 E. Liberty, Ann Arbour, MI 48104).

Even though *Papa's Blues* (Bee Bump Records) by **Papa John Creach** slipped out a while ago to little fanfare, it's well worth searching out as it might just be his most cohesive album ever.

At 75, Creach has more energy than many musicians half his age. He is backed here by the capable Bernie Pearl Blues Band in his first album entirely devoted to the blues. The sound is crisp and Creach's violin work equally as sharp. Adding even more vitality is Creach's gruff and gritty vocals, which sound tailor-made for the blues. Highlights of this polished set are the slow instrumental title cut, the soulful "Big Leg Baby" and the suggestive "Bumble Bee Blues," which also features a good slide guitar solo from Bernie Pearl. (CD is $15 plus $2.50 P&P from Pearl Productions, 2256 Magnolia Ave., Long Beach, CA 90806)

For fans of Graham Parker or Bruce Springsteen-type singer/songwriters, **Paul Metsa's** *Whistling Past The Graveyard* (Raven Records) should be of interest. Metsa writes intricate storytelling songs with complex lyrics and rich melodies that would do either of those artists justice, but Metsa is very much his own man.



PAUL RODGERS



DAVID GRISMAN QUINTET

This album contains 11 originals by Metsa, who is backed by a stellar band led by producer and pedal steel guitar Bucky Baxter (from Bob Dylan's touring band) and also including Garry Tallent from the E Street Band, and George Marinelli from Bruce Hornsby & the Range. Two examples of Metsa's strong songwriting skills are the folky "St. Louis County Fair" and the compelling tale of "Jack Ruby." The title cut, an eerie, acoustic, country, blues number, is also impressive and features some good pedal steel from Baxter. (1818 LaSalle Ave. South, Suite 10, Minneapolis, MN 55403)

Muddy Water Blues—A Tribute To Muddy Waters (Victory) is a solo album from **Free, Bad Company, the Firm** and **the Law** vocalist **Paul Rodgers.** It is a fitting tribute to a great bluesman and simply the best thing Rodgers has done since early Bad Company days.

Rodgers is in fine vocal form throughout this album, which is reason enough to buy it. In addition, he has coaxed an impressive array of great guitar players to contribute to the project. Steve Miller plays on "Hoochie Coochie Man," Buddy Guy on "Muddy Water Blues." Jeff Beck injects several cuts with his imaginative leads, most notably on "Rolling Stone." Also lending a hand are David Gilmour, Neal Schon, Slash, Richie Sambora, Trevor Rabin, Brian May and Gary Moore.

One of the most impressive, if uncharacteristic, blues bands around currently is **Little Charlie and the Nightcats.** In their fifth album, *Night Vision* (Alligator), they continue to infuse their upbeat, often tongue-in-cheek songs with limitless energy.

The band's stylistic range is broad and covers everything from Chicago-style blues, swing, Texas-jump blues and just about everything in between. They show off their instrumental prowess in the aptly titled instrumental "Buzzsaw," their humorous side in "My Next Wife" and "I'll Never Do That No More." They even get real serious with the stripped down rootsy blues of "Crying Won't Happen No More." (Box 60234, Chicago, IL 60660)

The **Built For Comfort Blues Band** is made up of the rhythm section from **The Kingsnakes** and three members of New York blues band **The Corvairs.** The band's debut album, *Keep Cool* (Blue Wave), is a solid set of hard rocking blues that should set your feet a-tappin'. The songs are a mixture of originals and covers. There's nothing unusual, but their playing is solid and their approach unpretentious. (3221 Perryville Rd., Baldwinsville, NY 13027)

With so much of today's country music being steeped in overt commercialism, it's nice to hear *Ready For Love* (Rounder) by **Barry & Holly Tashian,** an album of stark and simplistic country with a splash of a bluegrass flavor.

Tashian played with the late Gram Parsons, and although there's a slightly more traditional feel to this album, it should appeal to fans of Parsons and Emmylou Harris. Harris even adds her harmonies to a number of cuts. Former Burrito and Manassas member Al Perkins also guests on dobro. But the album's main appeal is the duo's sweet harmonies and fine songs. Best cuts are the lively title cut and the alluring "Heart Full Of Memories." (One Camp St., Cambridge, MA 02140)

A little more contemporary, but equally impressive is **Katy Moffatt's** *The Greatest Show On Earth* (Rounder). Moffatt's music shares a lot of the same traits as the Tashians, but is even stronger from a songwriting point of view.

Moffatt has teamed up with Tom Russell as both a songwriting and singing partner for much of the album, and it's a magical combination. She deals evocatively with the plight of the disabled in "Born With A Broken Wing." She tackles broken relationships cleverly in the title cut, and sings of a down-trodden Irish boxer in the haunting "Billy Collins."

If there's one song that has hit potential, it's the buoyant country stomper "A Little Love Is A Dangerous Thing," which highlights Moffatt's sweet and tender voice and penchant for rich melodies.

The David Grisman Quartet continues to be a major exponent of quality acoustic music. Their latest album, *Dawgwood* (Acoustic Disc) offers 60 minutes of sparkling instrumental sounds.

A couple of cuts, such as "Dawgmatism," are a little too laid back and predictable, but for the most part Grisman melds a number of musical styles together with pleasing results. The title cut mixes bluegrass and jazz, while there's strong Latin rhythms in "Assanhado." Other strong cuts are a cover of Django Reinhardt's "Bolero de Django" and the nine-minute closer "New Dawg's Rag." (P.O. Box 4143, San Rafael, CA 94913 / 1-800-221-DISC)

Naked Planet is a four-piece San Francisco based band with roots in the '60s. Their debut album *Can't Please Everyone* (Sign of the Times) has hints of influences of the Doors, the Kinks and Rolling Stones. Add to this a touch of R.E.M. and some insightful lyrics firmly steeped in the '90s and you have an interesting album. (P.O. Box 591102, San Francisco, CA 94159)

A little more out in left field is *Cruel Sun* by **Rusted Root.** This Pittsburgh based band has a strange sound. Strong percussive elements are mixed with driving acoustic based rhythms and quirky songs.

At times the band brings to mind Talking Heads-meets-Loudon Wainwright. At others, there are hints of Jethro Tull and even Santana. In short, these guys have a sound that's hard to pigeon hole, but it's distinctive and full of vibrance and energy. Lead vocalist Michael Glabiki's strong leads are complemented by the band's soaring harmonies, especially the shrill backing of Liz Berlin. (P.O. Box 10746, Pittsburgh, PA 15203)

The self-titled album by **Aunt Beanies 1st Prize Beets** (Big Pants Records) is an even more diverse and unusual blend of acoustic sounds than Rusted Roots. This quartet's music is a zany mixture of bluegrass, folk and jazz and should appeal to fans of the likes of Dan Hicks and the Hot Licks. They've got great harmonies, and guitarist Chris Montgomery plays a mean National Steel guitar. Musically they sound more than proficient, and the appeal of their songs, although a little offbeat, grows with repeated listenings. (2701 Coppersmith, Dayton, OH 45414)

Mystical Truth (Mesa), the latest release from much-respected reggae group **Black Uhuru,** shows the genre's ever expanding musical vision. This album is full of infectious rhythms and politically charged lyrics, and is one of reggae's most accessible albums.

The group injects a bouncy R&B edge to the lush, textured sounds of "One Love." They deal with the problem of pollution in "Ozone Layer." But the best cut is a lilting cover of Peter Gabriel's "Mercy Street," about the great poet Anne Sexton. (209 E. Alameda Ave., Suite 101, Burbank, CA 91502) ■



NAKED PLANET



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Major Label Record Reviews

by Tierney Smith

Nanci Griffith calls her latest project, *Other Voices,. Other Rooms* (Elektra) "the dream of a lifetime come true" and it's a beautiful piece of work. A tribute to the folk singers and songwriters who have inspired her, it's certainly a star-studded affair. Among others, Guy Clark, Odetta, John Prine, Bob Dylan, Chet Atkins, Arlo Guthrie and Emmylou Harris lend their vocal or instrumental expertise. Producer Jim Rooney has given the record a spare, haunting feel. It's an easy-going acoustic guitar-based work with a strong melancholy feel, i.e. the pensive beauty of "Turn Around," the wistful reminiscence of "Morning Song For Sally," the tale of a miner's daughter's tragic downfall on "Tecumseh Valley." There's only a few sprightly musical moments here—Woody Guthrie's "Do Re Me," Gordon Lightfoot's "Ten Degrees And Getting Colder"—but mostly *Other Voices, Other Rooms* sounds like one long haunting refrain.

On *Ten Summoners' Tales* (A&M) **Sting** has lost the weighty portentousness that plagued his previous outing, 1991's sometimes ponderous *The Soul Cages.* Before, Sting's melodies sometimes dragged, here they swing. Sting and producer Hugh Padgham have given the songs a lean, almost buoyant sound, and the music isn't the only thing that's lighter. Lyrically, he refers to his songs as a "series of musical jokes." That may be overstating it, but his humor is clearly evident. On "Seven Days" the narrator, a quivering "mighty flea," contemplates facing down his rival who's "over six feet ten," and a wry humor informs "Saint Augustine In Hell" where a hapless soul is led into temptation and finds only torment. *Ten Summoners' Tales* also shows off Sting's flair for the beautiful ballad—the airy poetic beauty of "Fields Of Gold," and the delicate, unabashedly pretty "Shape Of My Heart." Sting's less-is-more approach has yielded satisfying results.

Black 47, whose members include both New Yorkers and Irish British expatriates, have been the unoffical house band at Paddy Reilly's, an Irish ale house on New York's east side, for the past two years. They've been named (deservedly so) "Best Band" by New York's Music Awards and *Fire Of Freedom* (SBK), their first full-length recording, should go a long way toward establishing them as a new musical force to be reckoned with far from the perimeters of their home base. Produced by Ric Ocasek and Larry Kirwan, Black 47's sound combines grungy guitars with sweeping uileann pipes. Their songs are often fiercely political and never understated. They eschew lightweight topics in favor of themes like the 1847 Irish potato famine ("Black 47," hence the band's name) and the tale of a union organizer executed in 1916 ("James Connally"). Singer Larry Kirwan sounds like an especially hyper Ocasek, his songs alternately defiant and melancholy. On that last count, the soaring "Sleep Tight In NYC/Her Dear Old Donegal" is worth the price of the record alone.



BLACK 47

Produced by Don Was, **Willie Nelson's** *Across The Borderline* (Columbia) is not only Nelson's best record in years, it's also his most interesting. With duets by the likes of Sinead O'Connor, Bonnie Raitt, Bob Dylan and musicians comprising members of Tom Petty's Heartbreakers, Little Feat and Raitt's band, the results are remarkably cohesive. Plus, there's sharp songwriting all around. John Hiatt wrote the sweeping ballad "(The) Most Unoriginal Sin," a vivid example of the kind of top notch songwriting Nelson has drawn from here. That includes the Dylan/Nelson composition "Heartland," a tale of the broken American Dream, Nelson's faithful covers of Paul Simon's "American Tune" and "Graceland," two fine Lyle Lovett numbers "Farther Down The Line," and the stinging kiss-off "If I Were The Man You Wanted." Nelson's duet with Sinead O'Connor, who provides the voice of support on Peter Gabriel's despairing "Don't Give Up," provides the record's most unorthodox moment with its jazzy coda. Nelson's own compositions include the record's best song, the spunky "Still Is Still Moving To Me," which has the sound of an instant classic.

Joy Of Cooking's *American Originals* (Capitol) collects songs from the eclectic California band's short early 1970s career, spanning five recordings, including selections from the unreleased *Same Old Song And Dance.* Lead singer Terry Garthwaite possesses an expressive, throaty voice, and along with fellow singer/songwriter Toni Brown, they presented themselves as strong, intelligent women whose songs conveyed personal strength even on the most somber moments. Even when singing of heartbreak they never sank into self-pity. Joy Of Cooking's songs were richly varied, too, from the airy ambience of "Beginning Tomorrow" to the earthy sweep of "Closer To The Ground," the record's best song. They could move with ease from the pure folk strains of "The War You Left" to the jazzy "Did You Go Downtown" that showed off Garthwaite's Joplinesque vocals to good advantage.

Living Colour's third recording, *Stain* (Epic), is a distinctly ornery affair. The mood is set from the record's opening track "Go Away," which expresses exasperation over endless appeals from needy causes. Then there's the testy sentiments of "Never Satisfied" ("I will never be satisfied until it ends in tears") or worse yet, "Postman," which deals with a disgruntled employee who shoots up his workplace. Living Colour's ferocious guitar riffs, courtesy of Vernon Reid, match the rage of the characters Corey Glover gives voice to. While some of *Stain's* more memorable hooks ("Never Satisfied," "Go Away") make all this bile easier to swallow, ironically enough the most tempered song here and the closest to a ballad that they come ("Nothingness," a tale of all consuming loneliness) is by far the finest moment here. Though Living Colour sound a hopeful note at record's end ("Wall" being a plea for unity), it comes too late to salvage the discouraging effect of so much relentless crabbiness.

Everyday (Capricorn) is the third record from the Athens, GA-based band **Widespread Panic.** It starts off promisingly enough on the infectious opener, "Pleas," but the songs become less distinguished from there—there's a sameness that characterizes the midtempo songs (i.e. "Hatfield," "Wondering," "Better Off") but that want of diversity is momentarily provided on the lighter percussive touch of "Pickin' Up The Pieces" which has an almost jarring effect with its change of pace. It takes a while for the pleasures of such slices of life as "Papa's Home" and "Diner" to sink in. Those looking for instant gratification won't find it in *Everyday,* which doesn't offer its pleasures so readily. It demands repeated listenings. ■



JOY OF COOKING

JUKE JOINT

BY ANDREW M. ROBBLE

Buddy Guy is the best guitarist on the circuit today. Last year's W.C. Handy Award Winner for Blues Entertainer of the Year, Blues Vocalist and Guitarist of the Year, Blues Album and Blues Song of the Year, Guy is back on track with his latest, *Feels Like Rain* (Silvertone Records). Guy continues to impress with his falsetto-drenched gospel vocals, blistering multi-note explosive lead guitar playing, and complete uncontested command of the blues. Guy is comfortable playing any style of music, and the list of musicians who credit him as a major influence is a who's who of guitar players. Buddy Guy is in a class by himself.

Feels Like Rain includes songs by Guitar Slim, Ray Charles, Muddy Waters, John Fogerty, James Brown, and Buddy's alter-ego, Jr. Wells. Producer John Porter has retained the rhythm section of Richie Hayward on drums, Bill Payne on piano (both from Little Feat), and Greg Rzab on bass for their second collaboration. Guest musicians include Bonnie Raitt playing a tasty slide solo and singing on "Feels Like Rain," John Mayall's vocals and piano add the bluesy feel to "I Could Cry," appearances by Ian McLagen and Mick Weaver on keyboards, and the Texacali Horns all contribute strong background for Guy to solo. He works his stratospheric guitar magic on originals "She's A Superstar" and "Country Man."

Sam Lay propelled the great Howlin' Wolf's band in the glory years of 1960-'66. Sam then became the drummer in the legendary (and first inter-racial blues band) Paul Butterfield Blues Band. **The Sam Lay Blues Band's** *Shuffle Master* (Appaloosa Records) features Billy C. Farlow on harp (singer for Commander Cody), longtime B.B. King bassist, Mike Doster, Moe Denham on keyboards (Etta James, Gatemouth Brown, Wes Montgomery), and Fred James as producer and guitarist (songwriter for Johnny Winter, Son Seals, Lonnie Brooks). Even with this all-star band, the recording is all Sam Lay. His drums are well-mixed, and even when Lay is keeping a basic 4/4 beat, his playing is exciting. Outstanding tracks include "Mojo Hand," "Sam Lay Shuffle," "Poison Ivey" with an excellent guitar lead by Fred James, and "Red Line." Farlow's harp sounds crisp and Mike Doster is a rock on bass. Fred James is an underrated guitarist, and Sam Lay pushes the beat as good as any two drummers.

Vanguard Records has reissued **Charlie Musselwhite's South Side Band,** *Stand Back!,* and **The Siegel-Schwall Band,** *Where We Walked (1966-1970). Stand Back* was recorded in 1967 when Musselwhite was 22-years-old. Charlie cut his chops with masters Litte Walter Jacobs, Big Walter Horton, and Junior Wells in Chicago's notorious South Side. Harvey Mandel on guitar, Barry Goldberg on organ, Bob Anderson on bass, Fred Below Jr. keeping time, and Charlie Musselwhite on vocals and harp gives the South Side Band its tough, direct, and powerful sound. Raw, tuff vocals, and an in-your-face message are the trademarks of Chicago. Charlie Musselwhite's South Side Band is testament to Chicago and the blues.

Fronted by harpist/pianist, Corky Siegel, and the crisp picking amplified acoustic guitar/mandolin of Jim Schwall, the Siegel-Schwall Band was hot. The 75 minutes of music boasts a generous cross section of each of the four recordings the band did for Vanguard over the period. The band's originals include the raucous "I Don't Want You To Be My Girl," "Bring It With You When You Come," "Angel Food Cake," and their encore number, "A Sunshine Day In My Mind."

John Lee Hooker, who first recorded in 1948, returns with the excellent *Boom Boom* (Pointblank/Charisma). Hooker's voice sends chills in "Sugar Mama," "Thought I Heard," and "I Ain't Gonna Suffer No More." John Lee is aided by Albert Collins, Robert Cray, Jimmie Vaughan, and John Hammond, but the unsung guitar hero is Rich Kirch.

John Primer is one of the finest young blues guitarists working in Chicago today. Weaned on the sounds of Muddy Waters and Slim Harpo, their influences cut through in his playing. *Stuff You Got To Watch* (Earwig) is his first American release. Primer developed his fine slide work under the watchful eye of Sammy Lawhorn (Muddy Waters' guitar player) while leading the house band at Theresa's Tavern in Chicago. He has the maturity, conviction, and guitar chops to be a forerunner in the blues scene for a long time to come. *Stuff You Got To Watch* contains songs by Muddy Waters, Magic Sam, and Otis Rush. With an excellent band that includes Carl Snyder on the ivories, Primer pays homage to his heroes and his roots.

Lester Davenport is back after years of recording obscurity. *When The Blues Hit You* (Earwig) features a tremendous band complete with the legendary Sunnyland Slim on piano. Rounding out the band are John Primer and Willie Davis on lead and rhythm guitars, Robert Stroger on bass and Robert Covington on drums, and Lester on vocals and harp. All tracks are originals penned by Davenport. There's not a bad track on the entire CD. Lester sings with deep soul, and John Primer's slide work brings a tear to the eye.

On A Mardi Gras Day (Great Southern Records) with **Dr. John** and **Chris Barber's Jazz and Blues Band** was recorded in 1983 at London's Marquee Mardi Gras Day party. Dr. John brings spicy gumbo, funk, and rum flavors to the UK. Chris Barber is a British traditional jazzer who fronts a fine band. Dr. John plays his hits, "Such A Night," "Iko Iko," "Right Place, Wrong Time," and "Stack-A-Lee" and is magnificent, carrying the band through a cookin' Dixieland-based "Bourbon Street Parade," and a very bluesy "You Lie Too Much."

Guitar wizardry, pyrotechnics, and good old fashioned twelve bar electric blues are served up by **Jimmy Thackery and the Drivers** on *Empty Arms Model* (Blind Pig Records). Thackery, the ex-Nighthawks guitarist, has put together a stripped down smokin' trio for his latest release. Though light on originals, the covers are excellent. Thackery pays homage to his heroes and stretches out on "Red House," "Lickin' Gravy," and "Honey Hush." Thackery's guitar playing is reminiscent of Buddy Guy, Otis Rush, Stevie Ray Vaughan, and Jimi Hendrix.

The Midnight Creepers from Florida combine a power R&B horn driven feel with some down home authentic smokin' guitar drivin' blues on *Breaking Point* (Ichiban/Wild Dog). Mike Galloway's southern gravel/drawl resembles that of Gregg Allman, and when the band kicks into overdrive, hold onto your seat. Bob Greenlee's production and bass playing is signature King Snake Records. With credentials that include work with Roy Buchanan, Sonny Rhodes, Rufus Thomas, Kenny Neal, Lucky Peterson, and Root Boy Slim & the Sex Change Band, you can't go wrong with the Midnight Creepers. Highlights include "Another You," "Hip Shakin' Baby," and "Handful Of Aces."

Recommendeds: **Omar and the Howlers** *Big Leg Beat* (Amazing Records). The big man can howl with the best of them and his guitar chops are awesome. **Gary Smith Blues Band** *Up The Line* (Messaround Records), is the latest from this San Francisco based group. Smith is a fine harmonica player who fronts a tough straight ahead band. He is lucky to have appearances by harp legend Charlie Musselwhite, and two songs written and sung by Nick Gravenites. Highlights are "Death Of Muddy Waters," "You Can't Hurt Me No More" (both by Gravenites), and the harmonica dueling "Rocket Ride" with Musselwhite. ■

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THE MAD HATTERS

Too New To Be Known™

by Mick Skidmore

Thanks in part to the exposure and success of groups like **Spin Doctors, Blues Traveler** and **Widespread Panic** there's something of a revival going on for spontaneous improvisational-based music. There are a number of bands that could, and should, follow suit in the near future.

Allgood, which hails from Atlanta, GA is one. They've been mentioned in this column a number of times. The group is still touring in promotion of their excellent independent CD release, *Ride The Bee,* and have recently been signed to A&M. A new album should be available by the time you read this.

Halfway Home (reviewed last issue) has been making great strides critically with its stripped down blues-rock sound. In a recent interview, guitarist Dean Zuckerman succinctly summed up the current swing in musical trends when he said, "We're part of the musicality revival."

Two other bands that should be able to capitalize on the industry's new found enthusiasm for "real" music (as opposed to the synthesized, computerized sterile dross so prevalent in the '80s and early '90s) are New York's **the Mad Hatters,** and **Soul Hat,** from Austin, TX. Both bands share common ground, yet sound drastically different.

The **Mad Hatters** are a five-piece band that has gotten very favorable reviews, and become something of a college radio favorite since their formation in 1989. They also headlined at clubs such as the Wetlands, Tramps, and the Lonestar Roadhouse in New York City, as well as playing dates as far afield as California and South Carolina.

The band's demo tape *Straight Through Your Mind* shows them to be a highly proficient musical unit. Their instrumental work far surpasses their songwriting skills, but the overall package is a promising one. The band's eight-cut demo cassette features a studio and a live side. The opening "Sacrifice" is really a dynamic fusion of rock and funk, and highlights the group's tough and adventurous musical abilities. Their guitar jams recall the Allman Brothers. The lighter acoustic-based folk rock of "When I Write My Last Song" shows the group's melodic side. For bookings write: *Music Unlimited, 34 E. 64th St, NYC, NY 10021.*

Soul Hat already has a CD out, *Outdebox* (Spindletop) but the band doesn't have quite the same instrumental tenacity as the Hatters. Overall they have a more polished and diverse sound. More importantly, their songs are one-notch better. The songs stand on their own merits, rather than as excuses for instrumental jams. Nonetheless, the group still gets into some inspired jamming, evidenced by "Stinkpot," and the album's opener, "Prayin' For Rain." This is a highly recommended CD from a band that's quickly establishing a sound of its own. (Current Records, P.O. Box 684744, Austin, TX 78768).

Days Of You is a Canadian band hailing from Toronto. Formed back in 1988, the band has a sound that falls somewhere in the current trend of the Spin Doctors and classic Grateful Dead, with a variety of country rock influences. In fact, the group has opened shows for Kingfish, Blues Traveler, Merl Saunders, and the Spin Doctors.

The group's latest release, its third to date, is *Live.* There's some good stuff here. Side one focuses more on shorter songs. The opening "Only You Go" has a country rock flavor with some good vocal harmonies. They rock out a little more with "At The End Of The Day," while "Telltale Heart" has something of a Band feel to it.

The second side of the tape highlights the band's more exploratory musical nature with some long instrumental passages that segue into one another. The lengthy "The Pin" has some extended Garcia-like guitar, but the group's funkier keyboard work makes it stand out even more. For **Days Of You** hotline or more info, call *(416) 477-3297,* or write: *7 Roanoke Rd, Unit #212, Don Mills, Ontario M3A 1E3.*

The **Tone Poets** is an impressive band from Atlanta, GA. It consists of some seasoned and highly accomplished musicians. Their combined bibliography runs the gamut of stints from **Wet Willie, the Glenn Phillips Band** to **Garth Hudson.**

To date, this trio has a cassette tape available, *On.* The six-song tape is well produced and contains some memorable songs, most notably the Doors-like "Flying Dreams," and the lush textured instrumental sounds of "The End" (not the Doors song). This is a band with a feeling for classic rock of the '60s and '70s, but one that injects a '90s sensibility. (2573 Drew Valley Rd, Atlanta, GA 30319).

The Lost Boys, a New York City band, have been mentioned in this column before. This six-piece band has a self-titled cassette available. It's packed full of good songs, with strong melodies and precise instrumental work. "Cobblestone Road" has a sort of soulful Van Morrison-meets-the-Dead sound. In "Ways Of The World" they tackle the subjects of pollution, animal rights, and the depletion of the



SOUL HAT



THE LOST BOYS

rainforests. But the best song on the tape is "Flair For Life," a bouncy upbeat cut full of hope. The band adds a little extra musical color here and there, with guest musicians adding brass and violin. Write *P.O. Box 523, Orangeburg, NY 10962.* They also have a hotline. For gig info, call: *(914) 634-5695.*

There seems to be no shortage of good Grateful Dead cover bands around. **Border Legion** from Verona, NJ is the latest one to come to our attention. A soundboard live tape shows them to be a very competent and faithful cover band. They handle "Playin' In The Band" and "Scarlet Begonias" very well. Aside from specializing in Dead covers, the band also covers material by the Allman Brothers, The Band, Hot Tuna, and the Beatles. Their tape also has one original song, the rocking "Blue Collar Blues," a song that's in keeping with the rest of their repertoire, and one that shows promise.

You may have heard of a band hailing from Tahoe City called **Burnt Toast.** Due to legal reasons, namely another band with the same name, this Dead-inspired five-piece has changed its name to **Mojo Hana.** Last summer the band opened for the Jerry Garcia Band and Zero on New Year's Eve. A three-song demo shows them to be pretty impressive. "It Ain't Funny" highlights the soulful vocals of singer Lauren Baker. For more info or bookings, contact: *CD management, P.O. Box 2458, Mill Valley, CA 94942.*

By the time you read this, **Indecision** will have a new CD available, *Reservoir.* The band also continues to tour regularly in GA, SC, NC, MD, and VA. Watch for them in your area. For more info, write: *P.O. Box 3534, Charlottesville, VA 22903.* ■

PLUNDERING THE VAULTS™

CD Reissues and Compilations

by Mick Skidmore

The California-based **ERA Records** is the latest label to join in the lucrative CD reissue stakes. The label aims to source their reissues from original session tapes, as well as endeavoring to present product with vintage artwork.

A number of their initial releases should be of interest to *Relix* readers. There are two fine albums from late blues guitar greats, namely **Roy Buchanan's** 1980 album, *My Babe,* and one of **Mike Bloomfield's** best solo albums, *Living In The Fast Lane,* also from 1980.

In addition, the label has put out compilations by hard rockers **Crow,** *Evil Woman,* and by **Fever Tree,** *San Francisco Girls (Return of the Native).*

Columbia/Legacy has entered into the high price, high quality CD field with a new line of discs called *The MasterSound Series.* Each disc is culled from the vaults of Epic and Columbia, and incorporate Sony's 20-bit super bit mapping process, and much like Mobile Fidelity's high quality recordings, the discs feature a 24-Carat gold reflective surface. Of most interest to *Relix* readers would be the superb edition of **Bob Dylan's** classic *Blonde On Blonde,* which is well worth the $25 asking price.

Mobile Fidelity remains at the forefront of the quality reissue scene. One of the label's most interesting and essential releases of late is **Traffic's** 1967 album, *Mr. Fantasy.* The album has always been great, but here the clarity and depth of sound is better than ever, especially on the spacey "Dear Mr. Fantasy" and the psychedelic "Colored Rain." Kudos to Mobile Fidelity for another fine job. Incidentally, the label is in the process of upgrading its mastering facilities, so hopefully we can expect even finer sounding recordings in the future.

Polydor has also been fairly active with its impressive series, *Chronicles.* They've already put out the highly acclaimed, remixed and extended version of the **Allman Brothers Band's** *Live At Fillmore East.* If you don't already own this, you should. It's that good, both from a musical and technical standpoint.

Also in the series are two, two-CD compilations by British blues master **John Mayall,** *London Blues 1964-1969* and *Room To Move 1969-1974.* Mayall has long been regarded as the father of British blues. And it's no small wonder. Musicians of the caliber of Eric Clapton, Jack Bruce, John McVie, Mick Taylor, Peter Green, Aynsley Dunbar, Mick Fleetwood and Harvey Mandel paid their dues with Mayall's **Bluesbreakers** and subsequent bands.

London Blues contains 40 tracks, and features various incarnations of the influential Bluesbreakers. It's a balanced collection with some earlier material, such as "A Hard Road," and the superb Peter Green instrumental "The Supernatural" standing the test of time remarkably well. *Room To Move* contains 30 tracks that cover Mayall's move towards jazz/rock and blues fusion, as well as his foray into acoustic blues territory. The latter is best exemplified by the vibrant "The Laws Must Change" and the nine minute "California," both from *The Turning Point* album.

Both of these sets feature really good sound quality and offer a comprehensive overview of an important but often neglected figure of the bluesworld. For more information on future releases in the series, write: *Chronicles, 825 Eighth Ave., 20th Fl., New York, NY 10019.*

Last year **Rhino Records** undertook the task of covering the entire blues genre with its adventurous *Blues Masters* series of compilations. The first five volumes really lived up to the series' sub-title, "The Essential Blues Collection." The second helping of five volumes, of this eventually 15-volume series, are equally as essential as the first.

This time around, Volume Six, *Blues Originals,* features 18 cuts by the original artists which later became famous rock hits, including **Muddy Waters'** "You Need Love," **Otis Rush's** "I Can't Quit You Baby," and **Howlin' Wolf's** "Back Door Man." Volume Seven is *Blues Revival,* which focuses on the acoustic blues revival of the '60s. Artists include **Paul Butterfield, Jimmy Reed, Muddy Waters, Lightnin' Hopkins** and **John Lee Hooker.** Volume Eight's *Mississippi Delta Blues* explores the blue's Delta roots, while Volume Nine's *Postmodern Blues* is more contemporary with cuts by **Stevie Ray Vaughan, Robert Cray** and **Albert King,** amongst others. Volume Ten, *Blues Roots,* is an interesting collection that delves into the origins and roots of blues from Africa and the south.

These volumes offer an excellent way for anyone to obtain an instant library of this unique and truly American music form. Also, 25 cents from each volume sold is contributed to a special fund to aid blues artists in need.

One Way Records continues to be active with a wide range of quality reissues. They've added two more albums by harmonica legend **James Cotton** to their catalog, *100% Cotton* and *High Energy.*

One Way also has the knack for unearthing long forgotten classic British albums. **The Aynsley Dunbar Retaliations** *To Mum, From Aynsley and the Boys* is a strong album of laid back progressive blues rock. The album was produced by John Mayall and contains some memorable playing.

Soft Machine was one of the most adventurous jazz-rock outfits from Britain. The group's first two albums, the eponymously titled debut from 1968 and the aptly titled follow-up, *Volume Two,* from later the same year, are both interesting recordings. The former delves more into whimsical psychedelia and offbeat, eclectic material. *Volume Two* contains 17 tracks that segue into each other and range from cocktail jazz to the out and out avant garde. But both are recommended to the musically inquisitive.

Two more One Way issues that are perhaps a little more obscure, but should be of interest to collectors are *Go Too* by Japanese musician **Stomu Yamashta,** and *Sunrise* by **Eire Apparent.** The former is a strange but compelling fusion of rock, jazz and classical sounds. Musicians included on the project are jazz guitarist Al Di Mimeola, Santana's Michael Shrieve and vocalist Jess Roden.

The Eire Apparent album is a true lost pop/rock great. This album, dating from 1969, may sound a little dated, but it contains some wonderful psychedelic influenced pop. The group's sound is like a sophisticated cross between the Hollies and the Yardbirds. Add to this the fact that Jimi Hendrix was the producer and that Robert Wyatt (Soft Machine) and Noel Redding (Hendrix Experience) helped out, and you have a true collector's album.

One of the unsung guitar heroes of today is **Ronnie Earl.** *Test Of Time* (Black Top) is a sizzling 18-cut compilation of his work with his band the Broadcasters. It offers plenty of evidence of this one-time **Fabulous Thunderbirds** guitarist's skills. Earl is a master of blues. His lead work is fluid and inventive and avoids the cliches and pitfalls that often plague other guitarists. For a free catalog of the label's other releases, call *1-800-833-9872.*

Columbia continues its strong reissue campaign of Canadian folk/rocker **Bruce Cockburn's** catalog with four more of his albums from the early-and mid-'70s, *In The Falling Dark, Sunwheel Dance, Night Vision,* and *Joy Will Find A Way.*

Other reissues worth a mention are bluesman **Furry Lewis's** *Fourth and Beale* (Lucky Seven), the '60s jazz-rock of **Julie Driscoll, Brian Auger** and **Trinity** in *Jools & Brian* (One Way). One-time Frank Zappa violinist **Shankar's** late-'70s album *Touch Me There* is reissued on Barking Pumpkin. The album features contributions from Zappa. **Nils Lofgren's** *1 Plus 1* with his first group, **Grin,** make a welcome appearance in Columbia's Nice Price series. You can pick up a copy of this classic country rock album up for a mere $7. ■

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BOOK BEAT

by Elizabeth Heeden

There are a couple of biographies that have been out awhile but which still deserve mention. First off, Ellis Amburn's *Pearl, The Obsessions And Passions Of Janis Joplin* (Warner Books) was released last year, as was *Love, Janis* (Villard Books) by sister Laura Joplin (see *Relix* Vol. 19-5 for the interview by Jeff Tamarkin). *Pearl* is a stunning portrayal of Janis at her most vivid and outrageous, whether performing, prowling, or zipping around in her custom painted Porsche. One of the most compelling must-reads for anyone who has ever picked up a book.

Second mention goes to *Electric Gypsy* (St. Martin's Press) by Harry Shapiro and Caesar Glebeek. This guitar god bio is a Hendrix owner's manual, complete with an appendix listing all of Jimi's guitars, equipment, techniques, concert dates, etc. Recently reissued in paperback, the text explodes with photos throughout, including some terrific color glossies. A thorough portrait, *Electric Gypsy* is required reading. Oddly enough, Hendrix also had two biographies released last year, the other being *Setting The Record Straight* (Warner Books) by John McDermott and Eddie Kramer, Hendrix's favorite engineer. Bookstores' music biography sections seem to be carrying many previously released bios of Janis, Jimi, Morrison, et al in an effort to meet a resurgence of interest in the '60s, but the larger picture painted by the reissuing of these books serves to underline the brilliance and artistry of these performers whose music is as valid and exciting today as it was 25 years ago.

The unfortunate death of these and other heroes is the subject of a release from Smithmark books. *Rock'n'Roll Heaven: Legendary Music Stars Who Died In Their Prime* is a compilation of 150 color photographs with a text by Philip Jacobs.

For aficionados of great country artists, St. Martin's Press offers *Hank Williams, The Complete Lyrics,* edited by Don Cusic. This volume boasts of being the first to have collected all known lyrics by the legendary singer, so buy the book and sing along. *Honky Tonk Angel* is a biography about another expired country legend, Patsy Cline. Ellis Nassour chronicles the life and career of everybody's favorite cowgirl, accompanied by some never before published photographs.

From the library of *Musician* magazine come two collected volumes of interviews, *The Rock Musician* and *The Jazz Musician* (St. Martin's Press). Each contains twelve interviews *with* musicians *about* musicians. For example, in *Jazz,* Joni Mitchell discusses Jaco Pastorious, while in *Rock,* Nelson George talks about Marvin Gaye. All makes for interesting reading.

More along the lines of founding fathers, *Les Paul, An American Original,* (Morrow) by Mary Alice Shaughnessy is an interesting bio of the musician who paved the way for rock's electric development, and worked with the Gibson guitar company to design some of the most gorgeous guitars ever made. The legendary Les Paul still plays at New York's Fat Tuesday's.

Between Thought And Expression, Selected Lyrics Of Lou Reed (Hyperion) also contains interviews by Reed of Hubert Selby (author of the stark and one-time controversial *Last Exit To Brooklyn)* and Vaclav Havel, writer/ political prisoner/president of Czechoslavakia. Remember, lyrics are poems ground out to a beat, and Reed is an especially expressive poet.

A tip of the hat to Mary Scott and Howard Rothman's *Companies With A Conscience, Intimate Portraits Of Twelve Firms That Make A Difference* (Birch Lane Press). Among the firms covered are several familiar to *Relix* readers — Birkenstock shoes, Celestial Seasonings tea, Ben & Jerry's ice cream, and, of course, the Grateful Dead. Along with a little history of each of the highlighted companies, the book covers company philosophies and philanthropic interests. It's a nice slice of humanity after reading all those sad dead hero biographies. ■

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DEAR RELIX

(continued from page 7)

NEWSWORTHY

Four stars and two thumbs up for the recent issue of "Entertainment Weekly" for their insightful cover story on the Grateful Dead. Not only was this coverage a fair and unbiased look at the Dead, it was also very descriptive and credible. If you were to attempt to describe the Grateful Dead to the layman, it may be easier to get them to read the article and let them draw their own conclusions. The photos were outstanding and very colorful. It's nice to see someone tell a story with their eyes open.

Living in Las Vegas, I see and hear stories all the time about how repulsive and undesirable Deadheads are. Our city and some of the casino resort executives are always blindly knocking the Dead and its fans. One casino executive has attempted to ban the boys from ever playing here again based on an alleged Deadhead urinating in his parking lot (Circus/Circus). Meanwhile, this same hypocrite has no problem sharing in the millions of dollars in revenue that is pumped into our local economy every time the band comes here.

J. Music
Las Vegas, NV

AN AFFORDABLE CORRECTION

Just a quick note about "Bay Area Bits" and the mention of the Affordables. You left out one person in the band, the sax player, Bobby Strickland. Bobby played with Vince in Todd Rundgren's band, and was a guest soloist with the Ringo Starr All-Star Band. If you listen to the tape of the Affordables, after Bobby's solo in "Way To Go Home," when Vince sings "Who do you want to be?" He says "I want to be Bobby Strickland." Just thought I would mention the oversight and advise you to keep an eye open for this rising star on sax.

Dave Borden
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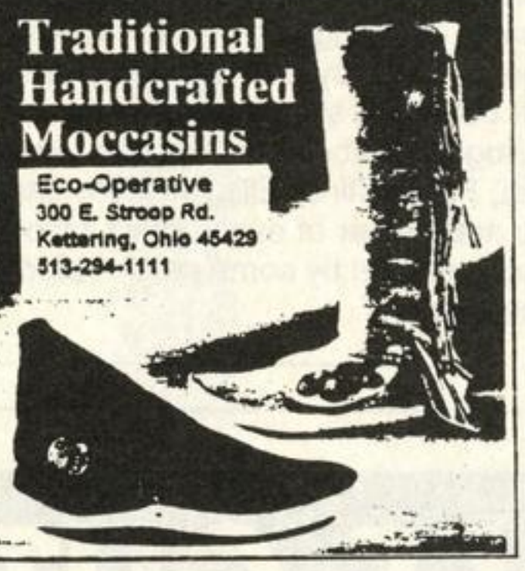
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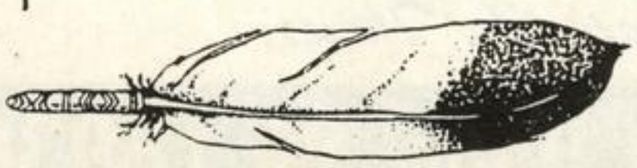
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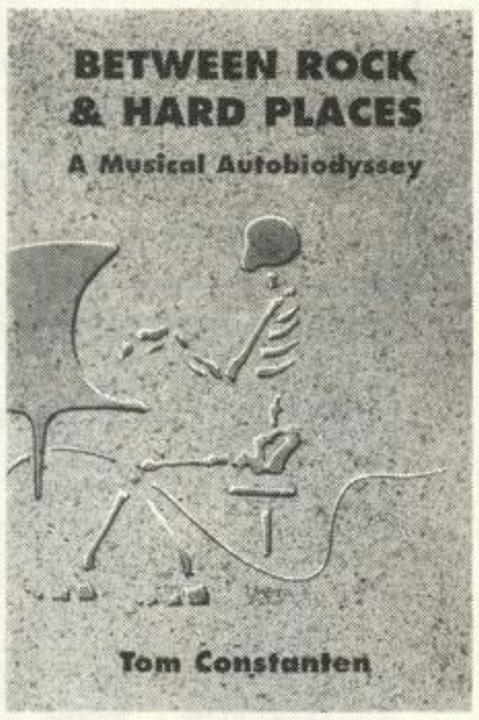
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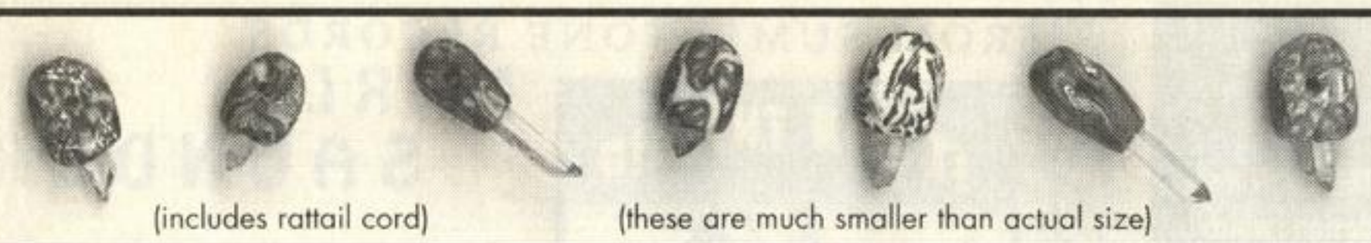
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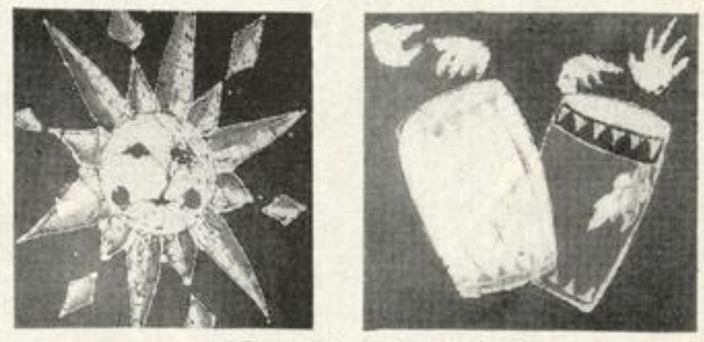
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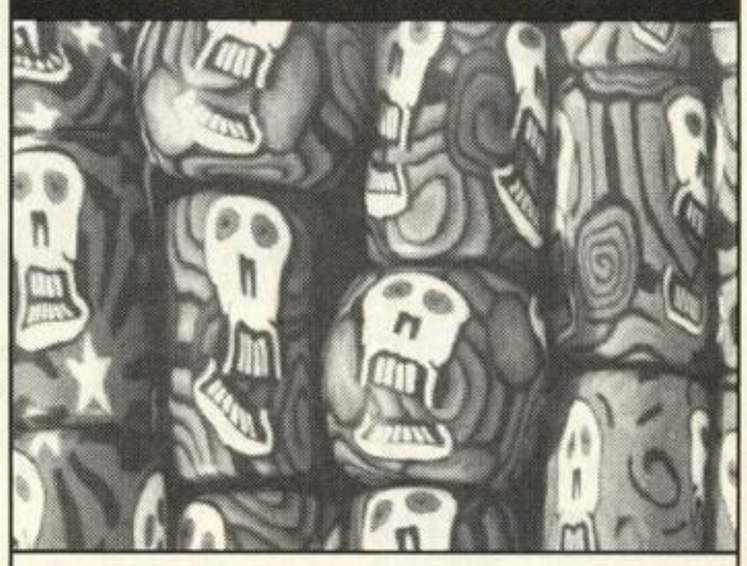
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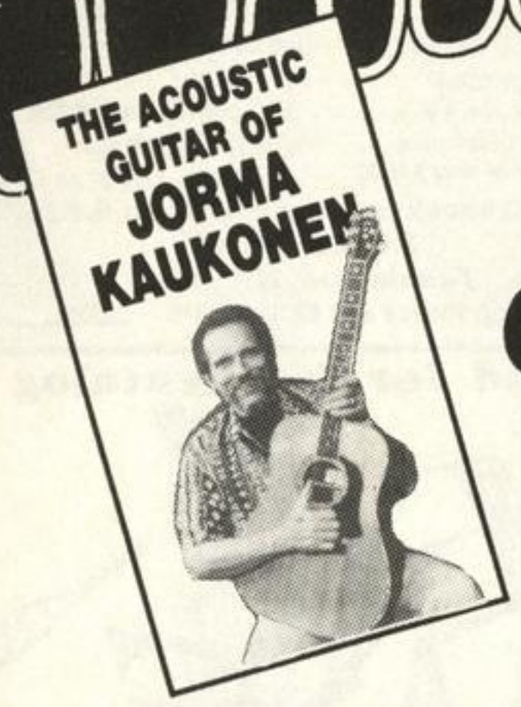
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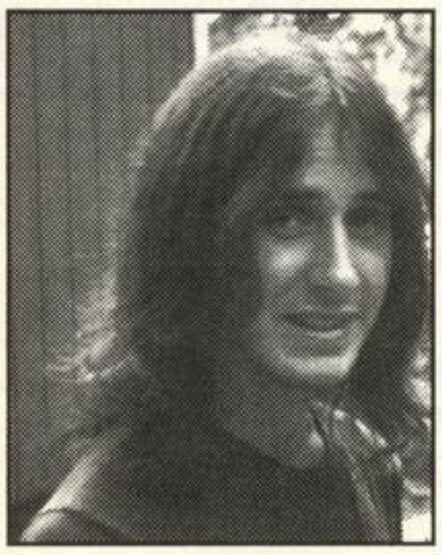
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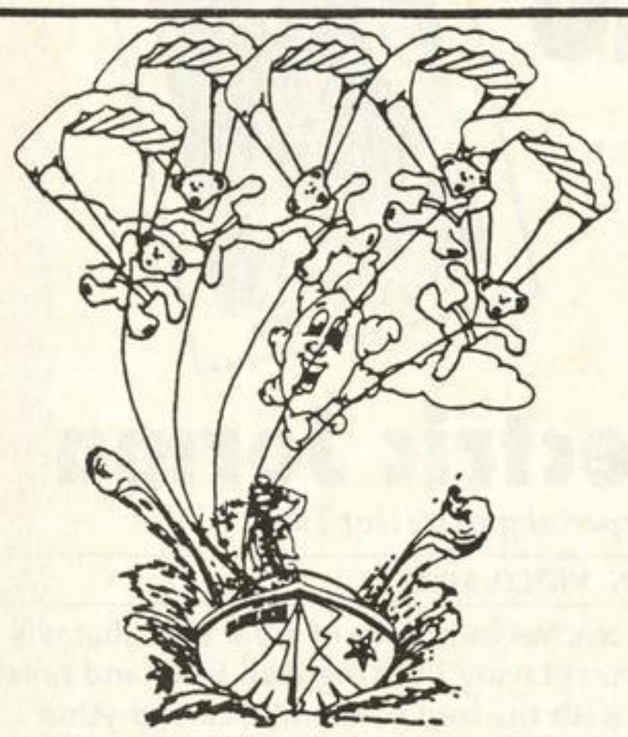
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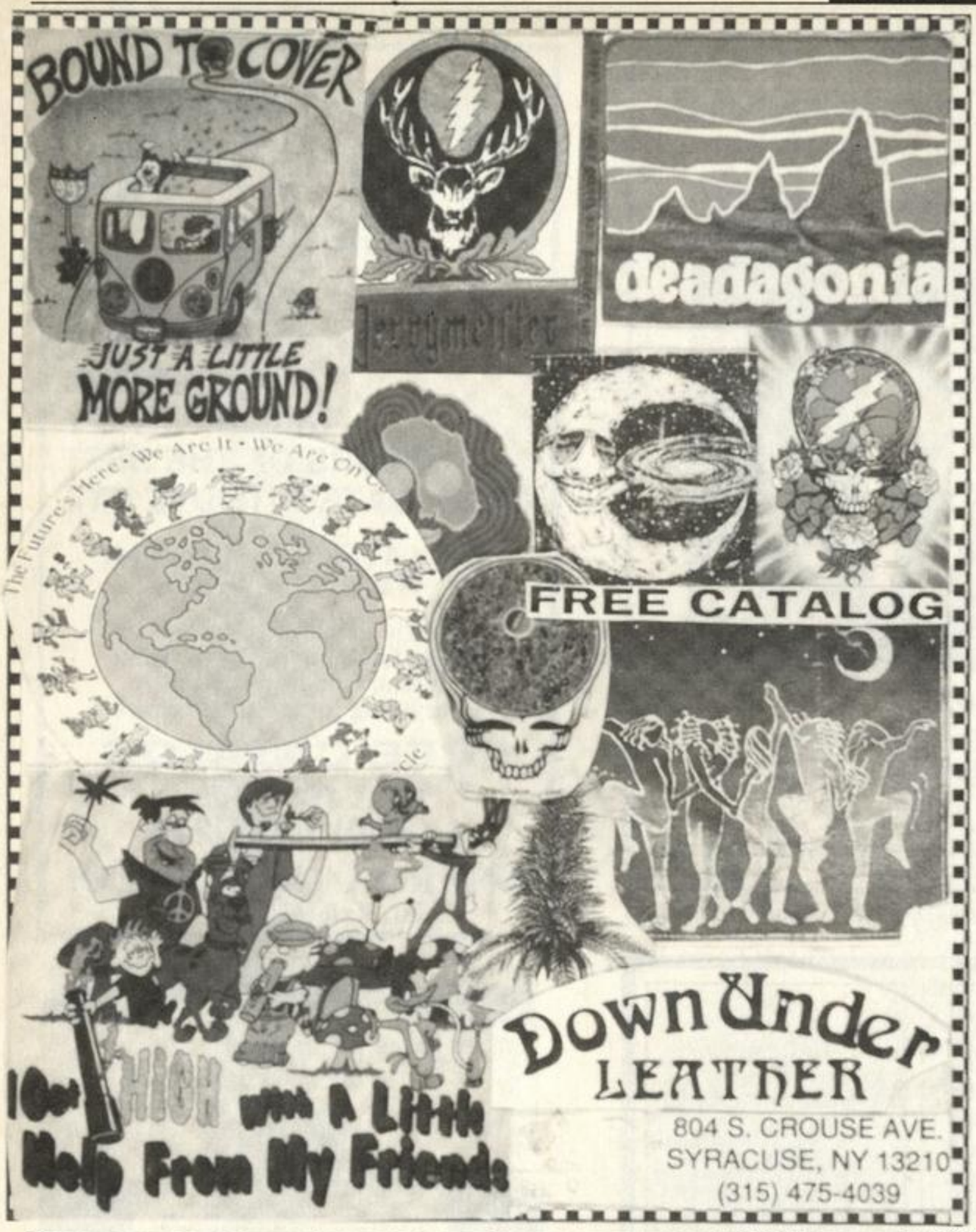
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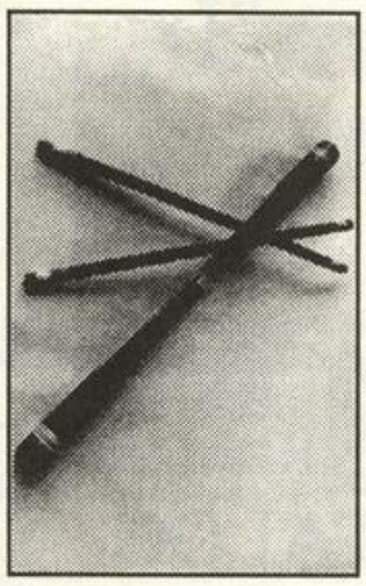
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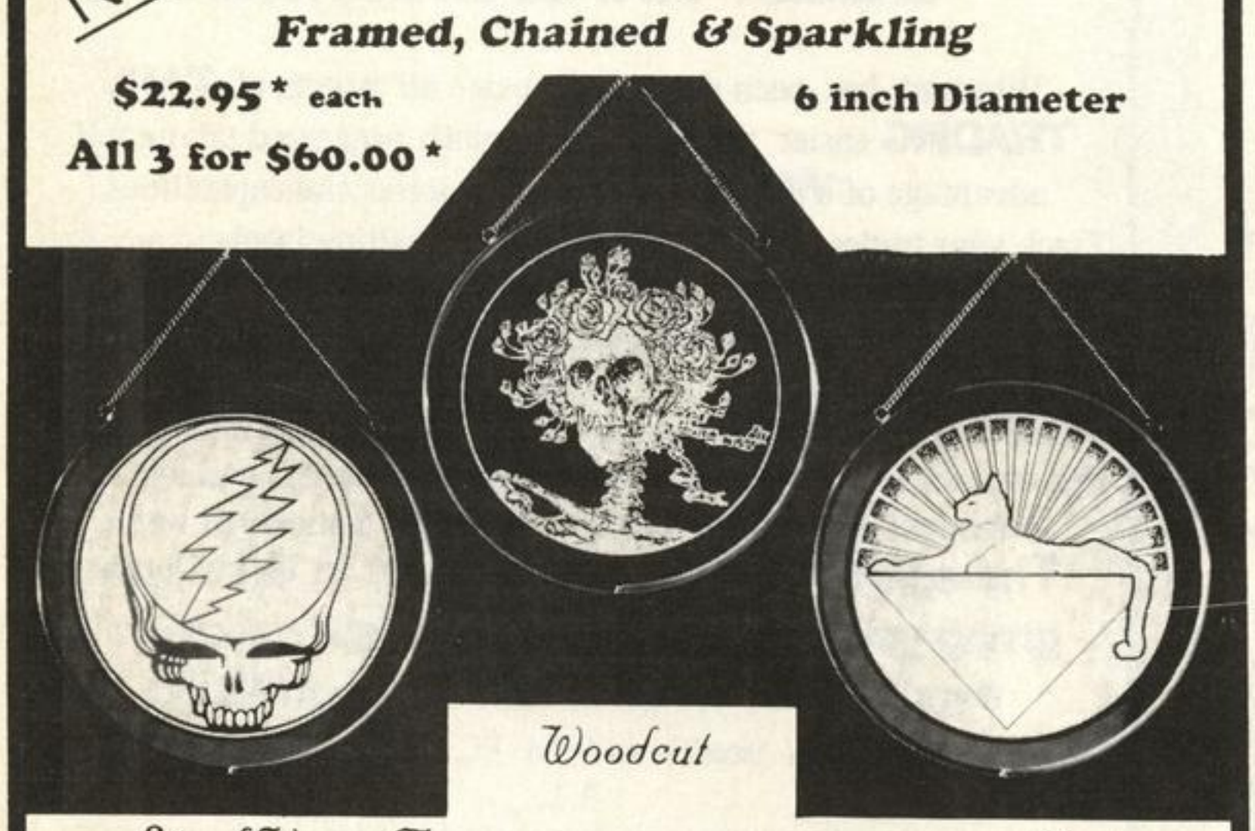
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Let's trade Neil Young CSNY Stones Who Floyd Waters Zep Audio/Video Leo Echavarria 55 Douglass St Keene NH 03431

500+hrs HQ GD Tuna CSNY Stones Zeppelin looking for same esp 90s Neil Young Beacon SBDs all lists answered Bob 16 Antrim Ct Commack NY 11725

Looking for HQ SBDs Phish Blues Traveler Legion of Mary GD etc have many to trade Matt 6752 Landis Ave Carmichael CA 95608

Beg taper pls send lists or any suggestions Chris 1301 Hunters Cove Little Rock AR 72211

New DH needs help building collection will send blanks & postage thanks Laura 52 E Oak Basking Ridge NJ 07920

Ninety seven lists and not one A+ 6/10/73 much HQ Dead/Solo fast CBM POB 162 Norwood NJ 07648

Dat only! D SBD, Aud (schoeps?) list only Dead Phish etc all answered RJ 5730 Swimmer Dr Las Vegas NV 89110

Have 1000hrs of HQ GD-JGB looking for SBD qlty A Hirshman 205 Scott Dr Atlantic Bch NY 11509

Help new trader needs a start will send blanks and postage Lotiar Wenig, Goethestr 3, 4030 Ratinger Fed Rep Germany

Lookin for Feat Rob Palmer T Bolin Fiz have 400hrs of same also Dead 1500hrs Bradley Moller 468 W Ocean Ave Boynton Bch FL 33435

Wanted GD tour shirts all yrs have 1500+hrs to trade or will pay $ Mike 5021 Narragansett #B San Diego CA 92107

Help need Foxboro 90 RFK 92 any accoustic GD/JGB will pay post/supply blanks RKT 83 River Rd Essex CT 06426

Seeking HQ SBDs Exch lists Also need New Grass Revival New Years show 89-90 David 2164 Southville Pk Shelbyville KY 40065

Seeking trades audio video Pretty Things Love Pink Fairies Fugs Suicide, Allan Wood 134 Withins Lane Bolton Lancashire BL2 5DZ England

CDNHD 80+hrs fast & serious no list too small exch lists all answered Dave 82 Roselawn Ave Toronto Ont M4R IE6

Haight & Ashbury radio needs Zero desperately seeking live material! Yves Alexis Frans Birontlaan, 93 2600 Antwerp Belgium

HQ traders Neil Young GD Blues Allmans SR Vaughan Emmylou Clapton etc Lance 1945 Transit Rd Kent NY 14477

Mass head looking for HQ GD JGB Legion of Mary Old & In the Way Weir have lots of HQ to trade Van Leister 19 Merrymount Ave Quincy MA 02170

Have 100+hrs HQ looking for more Derek Walls 1630 Saunders Wooster OH 44691 216-262-2372

125hrs of HQ GD Exch lists 67-92 B. Whitaker 923 Brookhaven Dr Frankfort KY 40601

Help beg seeks 6/24/90 jazz (Metheny, Zawinul, etc) trade/blanks, videos Les 13705 56th Ave So #A-108 Seattle WA 98168

Help old DH new tape collector I'll send blanks & post Tim Frobisher 1624 N Arthur Ave #5 Pocatello ID 83204

Texas: want Soul Hat SRV Blues New Bohemians Goodfoot Fever in the Funkhouse etc have 600hrs Lewis Vanzeezerg 50 E Bellevue #704 Chicago IL 60611

Help, help on the way DH seeks SBDs of Deer Creek 6/6-7/91 Buckeye 6/9/91 Bonner Springs 6/25/91 RFK 6/20/92 Chicago 6/25-26/92 Deer Creek 6/28-29/92 Buckeye 7/1/92 have 300+ to trade P Bowey 9017 White Ave Brentwood MO 63144

Looking for Dallas DH to trade HQ tapes contact Brad S SMU Box 752078 Dallas TX 75275-2078

Looking for HQ GD SBDs esp great Eyes have lots to trade Annett Bauman 10495 Millerdale Stanwood MI 49346

Wanted REM Firehouse New Bohemians Red Hot Chili Peppers lots to trade Milo 2150 Rio Grande Riviera AZ 86442

Beg w 75+ seeking GD traders will send blanks or trade all lists welcome Jeff 5215 Vernon Springs Atlanta GA 30327

Traveling medical pro new taper needs any Atlanta shows esp 92 also Hawkwind Panic Zevon BOC & Kantner/Blowsate any young Mags welcome to drop a line Al Manning 2655-C N Decatur rd #150 Decatur GA 30033

Got lots of GD Panic & others Exch lists write Lee Hartle 295 Barrow St Athens GA 30601

Have Dig Pat Metheny & C Corea Want HQ GD & ABB Exch lists DL Sherwood Ave Louisville KY 40205

Have 140+ hrs GD others Seek more All lists answered Stephen Santaella 240 Anderson St Apt 4I Hackensack NJ 07601

I love Shari Jerry & Legion of Mary lets trade 50 hrs Phish 350 GD Chadd 64 Lincolnshire Lincolnshire IL 60069

Have 150+ hrs will be grateful for 3/20-22/93 & 4/4/91 Atlanta Jason 109 Cedar Crest Tusc AL 35401

Without a warnin! My tapes were gone Pls help send lists M Pasko 667 Lex Dr Charlotte NC 28262

Have/want GD Feat Grape Cipollina FleckTones Bob Miller 1701 W93rd Ave Crown Pt IN 46307

Hey Now! I have nothing to offer but blanks postage a smile and thanks Kind souls pls send lists to Mike 8655 Datapoint #510 San Antonio TX 78229



Looking for Allman Bros tapes 1970-71-72 only will send tapes David Cross 988N 2nd St Phila PA 19123

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Fast reliable trader looking for same seeking HQ LG Blues Traveler God St Wine Spin Drs Phish GD etc have much of same to trade send graded lists to Amy 18 Plum Beach Point Rd Sands Point NY 11050

Swap obscure gems 67-93 swift reliable return Tom C 5505 Knollview Cantonville MD 21228

Beg trader have 50hrs need more will help other begs Jeff Shideler Box 16 Warren IN 46792

Need GD 3/28/73 Spfld & 6/16/74 Des Moines also Phish have 200+ GD & 40+ Neil for trade Todd 55 Karen Dr Ludlow MA 01056

Looking to trade my 150+hrs of Phish 100+hrs others any SRV out there? Exch lists Shawn POB 117 North Bennington VT 05257

So many roads so many tapes 90+hrs all welcome all answered Carl Brandt 15 Laurel Rd New City NY

Receive lowgen & HQ SBDs for yours these must be on metals or XLIIs HQ traders only JB Goode 198 Mt Hope Ave 2nd fl Dover NJ 07801

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Have/trade 400hrs highest qual SBD Dead & others masters through 3rd gen Ben 1008 Ockley Shreveport LA 71106

Let's trade kind shows & smile! I have 200+hrs incl lowgen DATs & JGB Halloween 92 show Bear 7852 Alhambra #C Huntington Bch CA 92647

Will help beg start their collection send for list or call 314-434-7436 George Petsoff 12438 Merrick Dr St Louis MO 63146

Need Mardi Gras shirt w/skeleton climbing Golden Gate Terry 26 Coste Del Norte Greenbrae CA 94904

Have 200hrs GD Seeking other kind traders friends Beg's welcome G Schoolfield 1140-A Johnson Rd Frankfort KY 40601 502-875-5463

LI DH seeks in person or other local shipping trades Have 100 + hrs Exch lists Behmer 83 Davis Ave Pt Jefferson Sta NY 11776

Need best Qual Spring Tour 93 esp Rosemont Have many great shows from Balt MD 4/18/82-summer 92 Brad Seibech Box 235 DePue IL 61322 815-447-2651

Want to connect w/traders w/1000s of hrs various artists 60s-present Chuck Wax 3042 Shannon Ln Bay City MI 48706

Have tons of GD Will trade for Neil Gram Blues Trav Phixh Please write Bobbi 4188 Dunbridge Col OH 43224

My 1st GD show Looking for HQ 3/20,21,22/93 Atlanta Will send blanks/post/thanks to all for a great time Bill 3928 Gourrier Ave #131 Baton Rouge LA 70808

Looking for 7/2/88 7/2/89 6/12/92 3/27-29/93 SBDs Also who has the non-GD Great Woods SBDs? Lists only Bill Box 3228 S Attleboro MA 02703

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Looking to find GD Fl dates 76-91 Also Cap Ctr 7/29/74 JFC 1100 Lucerne Orl FL 32806

Steve Sorandes need GD GD tapes Starting over 410-388-1690 1919 Quentin Rd Balt MD 21222 Call me will send blanks

Pleaase: I need helping friendly Book & live Phish All mine stolen Lauren 68 Rebellion Rd Charleston SC 29407

Experienced trader with 1275hrs looking for hiQual SBDs & FMs Exp traders only reply Brett Calhoun 11739 Ledura Ct #108 Reston VA 22091

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Beginner seeks Rosemont Horizon 4/87 & 3/93; Alpine Valley 88; Tinley Park 90; Soldier Field 91-92; MSG 9/91 Michael Colucci 1350 N wells #A300 Chic IL 60610

Seek QMS Phil & Ned Denver 12/92 Have much-various artists Jeff Gauss 710 N Biron Dr WI Rapids WI 54494

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LOST:Michelle from Rochester during Knockin' On Heaven's Door 3/28/93 Albany Sick? Let's discuss it! David 2115 Gravelly Bch Olympia WA 98502

DH new to Chattanooga needs sisters & brothers Chris 3311 Black Oak Cir Chattanooga TN 37415

John C Troiano one of the coolest guys I have met thanks for helping pass the time Remember paradise waits so smile David Green

Any DHs in Florida? Looking for friends down here write Kim 2902 Nordman Ave New Smyrna Bch FL 32168

Hey now fellow heads when you get confused listen to the music play Ken KC

Paige-I'm gonna love you night and day til the end of time may we stay forever young Rob

Bruce Kuehn may our love not fade away Happy 22nd birthday I love you Miss Wendy

Met Jerry in Las Vegas May 31, 1992 so many shows so many years such a deal what a memory! Paul DH Digregorio

Mom I love you very much hello Jeff Wade Jon Angela and my brother Shael Gratefully Lyle

Am I blind or are there cool Grateful Dead-like hangouts in greater Sacramento? Do share if you have a clue Soupy 4141 Palm Ave #115 Sac CA 95842

Looking for DHs to correspond and meet up with at future shows T Pray 3656 Pearl St Batavia NY 14020

To CES: you are my sunshine daydream! SAO

Lesbian DH seeks others write Squeig 1776 E 4th Ave Vancouver BC V5N 1K1 Canada

North Carolina DHs 19 year old DH seeking new friends and that special hippie chick write to Kevin 943 Hillview Dr Cary NC 27511

37 yr old DH doing time for Uncle Sam singing Big Railroad Blues would like to hear from you I'm a guitar/bass player & any music lyrics thoughts & ideas we can share will be appreciated Doug Carson 97121-012, 3600 Guard Rd, Lompoc CA 93436

Wally from NJ hope to see ya on Fall 93 east coast tour Aloha from the land of Pakalolo Mike

Jerry & the boys have given me the inspiration to keep on truckin Stay well your health is my happiness Thanks continue Playin' in the band Jac

Connecticut DHs Where are you? Just moved here need kind friends Please write Jack Box 264 06751

Need some corresp? We can get penpals for you Inmates welcome Please write Penpals POB 441614 Detroit MI 48244-1614

When it comes to feelings of pain thirst hunger a rat is a pig is a dog is a boy

Female DH 21 mining for a heart of gold Feeling isolated in my beliefs Am spiritual not religious vegetarian kind open enjoy folk festivals shows singing dancing animals Seek male DH w/these qualities holograma tic heart who cares for himself & all others extends kindness & feels oneness w/all life thirst for knowledge Write Heather Anna 101 1/2 East St Warren PA 16365 Eternal spectrum, etheral love Celestial rainbows adorn you Love to all

Jonna there's nothing left to do but smile smile smile We have it all Love Rodney

Marky Mark My kind veggie holy righteous tie-dyed prince If I had the world to give The Flipster

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Montana DH seeking western Montana DH woman & mighty Quinn Encore shows STH 8310 Dark Horse Rd Msla MT 59802

For my Pete 3/12 Happy Birthday you have my heart I love you so your partner Mar

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Giggles My love for you is Built To Last I love you & need you See ya in Maumee Rob

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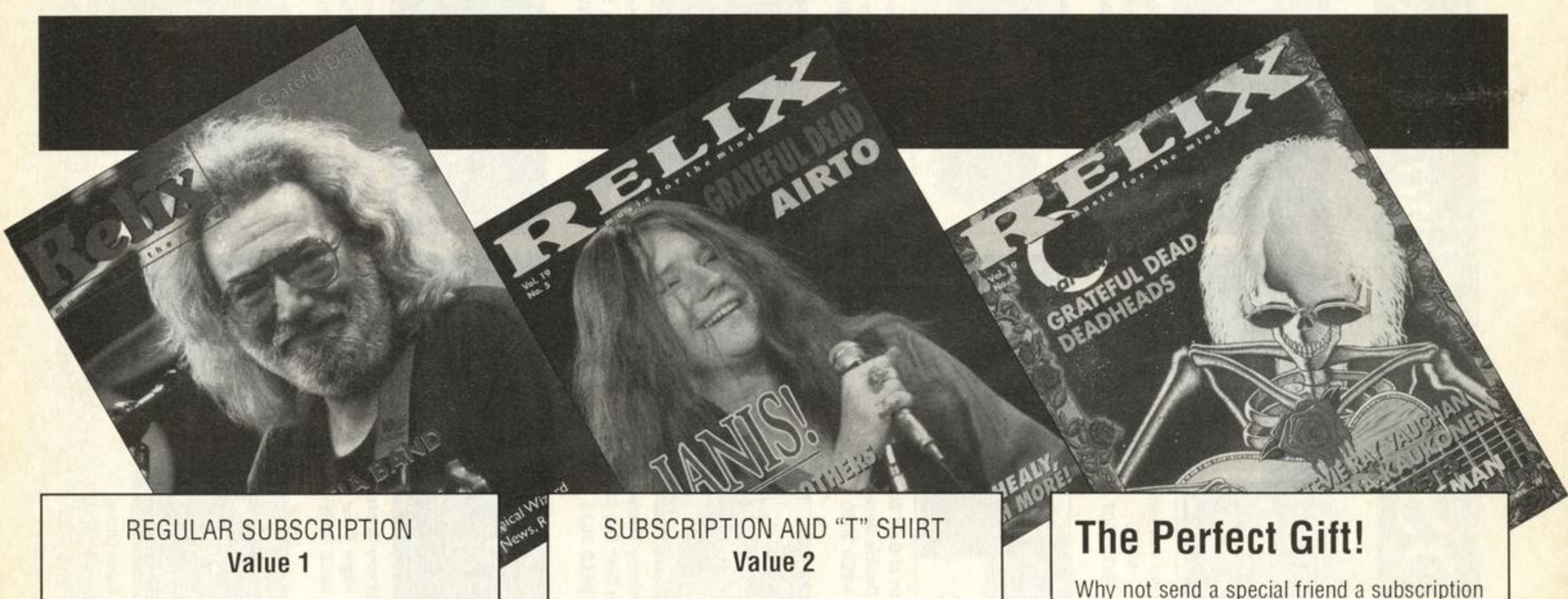
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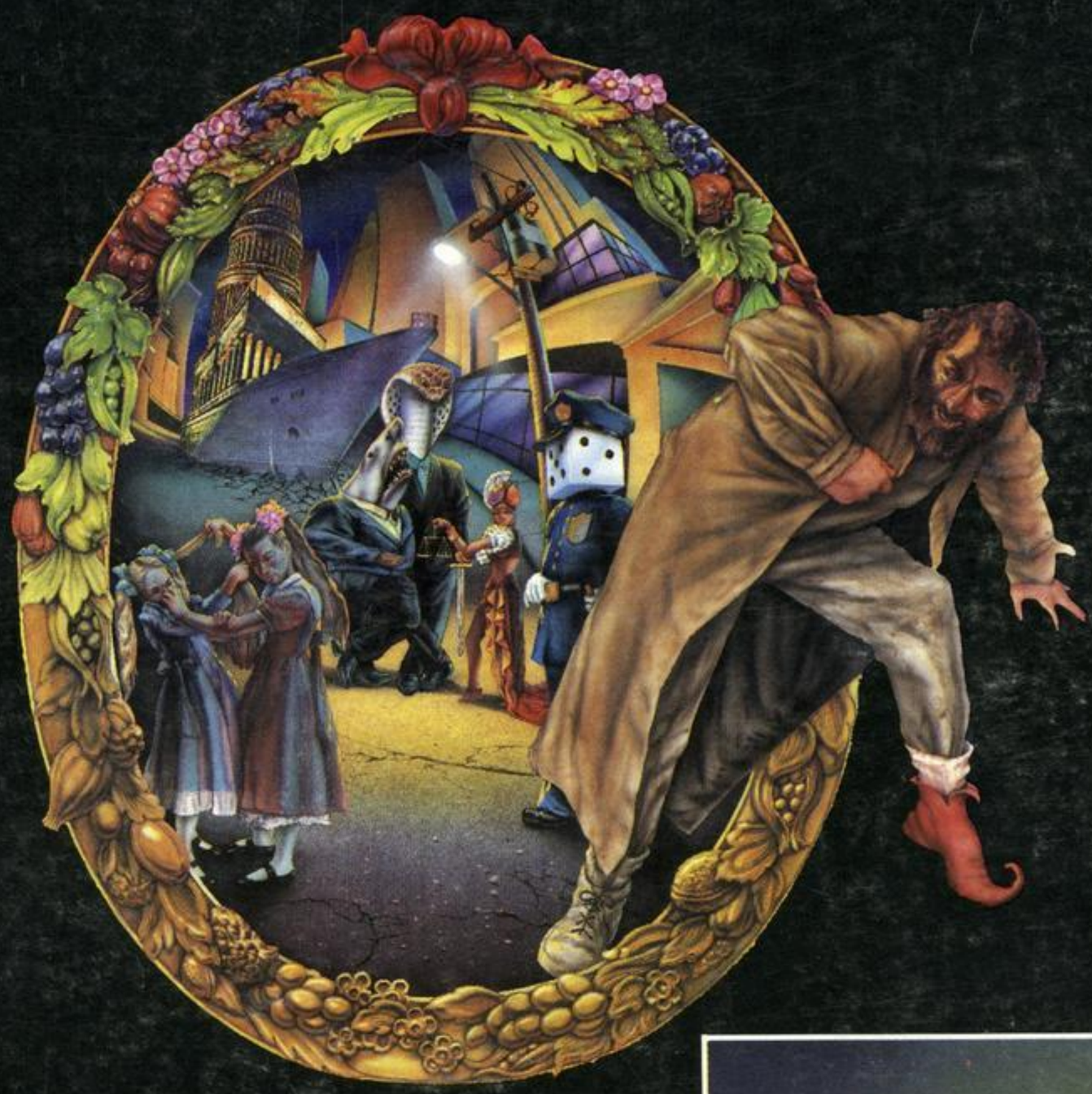
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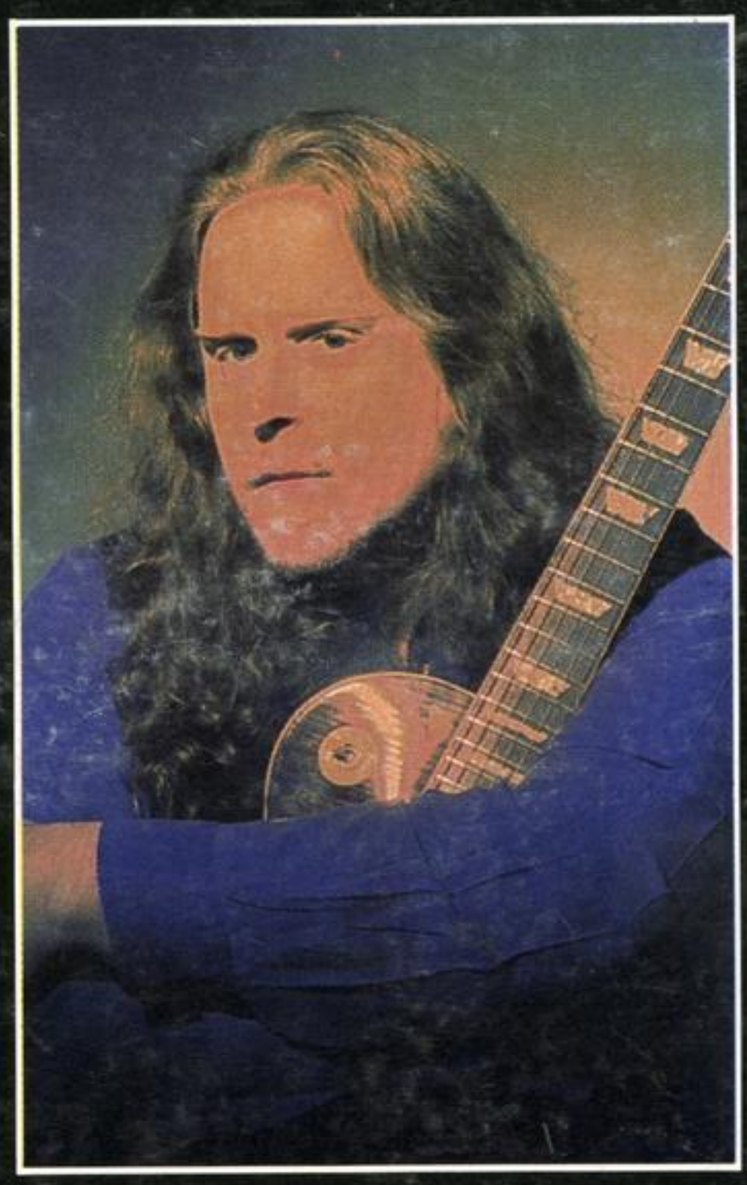
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